



The

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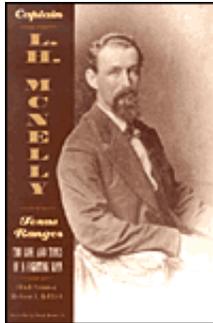
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Captain L. H. McNelly, Texas Ranger: The Life and Times of a Fighting Man

by **Chuck Parsons and Marianne Elizabeth Hall Little**
Review by **Robert Nieman**

State House Press, PO Box 15247, Austin, Texas 78761. Forward by former Texas Governor Dolph Briscoe. 2001. Contents. Notes. Bibliography. Index. Illustrated. P. 310. \$34.95. Hardcover.

No post-Civil War 19th century Texas Ranger has been written about more than Captain Leander H. McNelly. None has been as revered by his men (they called themselves Little McNellys), and none has been more controversial. Outside of Texas, he never reached the fame of other western lawmen such as Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, Heck Thomas, to name just a few. But when his record is compared to theirs, none can walk in his shadow. Before being struck down by tuberculosis at only thirty-three, McNelly packed as much excitement and danger into his short life as did his more notable peers.

Parsons and Little have done a masterful job separating the controversy, myths, and legends that seems to have followed McNelly even during his own time. These stories comprise a list so long that no other historians have taken on the difficult task of separating truth from fiction.

As a young man, McNelly studied for the ministry and was only forced into the life of a warrior because of the War Between the States—or at least so says the legend. The facts, as pointed out by the authors, do not support that myth. Though undoubtedly a religious man, before the war McNelly led a peaceful life as a shepherd. Even though his young life did seem quiet and serene, without question the fire of a warrior was in his soul.

The authors trace McNelly's service in the Confederate Army from his enlistment in 1861 in the 5th Texas Cavalry through the New Mexico campaign until the end of the war. In the Battle of Galveston, McNelly helped capture the Union ship Harriet Lane and received the sword of the commander Captain Jonathan Wainwright, grandfather of the famed World War II General Wainwright—didn't he? Later in the war, he operated behind Union lines as a partisan Ranger in Louisiana. In this operation alone he covered himself in enough glory to have lasted most men a lifetime. Not McNelly, he was only getting started.



xAfter the war McNelly's served as a captain in the hated State Police of

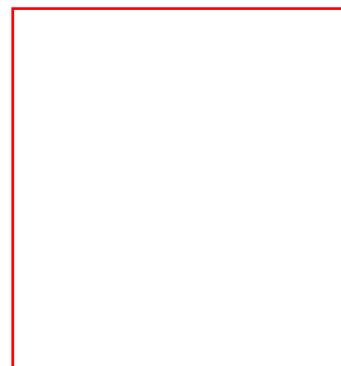
carpetbag governor E. J. Davis. For reasons explained in the book, McNelly, unlike any of the other captains, emerged with his reputation intact. When Davis was finally forced from office [almost literally at the point of a gun], the new administration knew that law and order had to be reestablished in Texas if the state was to survive. And like the phoenix of Greek mythology, the old guard of Texas was brought back from the ashes—the Texas Rangers. Two groups were formed: Major John Jones commanded the fabled Frontier Battalion and Captain Leander McNelly commanded the Washington County Mounted Volunteers in the area between the Nueces and Rio Grande Rivers — the famed Nueces Strip.

The McNelly legend assumed mythical portions on the border. The authors follow his intervention in the Taylor-Sutton Feud in DeWitt County and his actions on the Rio Grande. Here he rose to the status of a savior to many Anglos—and the Devil to many Mexicans. The book ends with his encounter with outlaw King Fisher and his termination by the State of Texas for reasons of health.

No library of the Texas Rangers in general, and Captain Leander McNelly and his Little McNellys in particular, would be complete without this extremely well researched and fully documented book. An absolute must.

§

Robert Nieman was born in McLeansboro, Illinois. He graduated from Martin High School in Martin, Tennessee, and attended the University of Tennessee at Martin. Robert and his wife Donna have lived in Longview since 1978. They have one daughter, Stacey, and one granddaughter, Madison. Together they operate their own business.



Robert's hobby is oral history and as such was given the high honor of being named the oral historian for the retired Texas Rangers.

Robert proudly serves on the board-of-directors of the Texas Ranger Association Foundation and the Texas Ranger Research Center.

Besides retired Texas Rangers, he has also recorded many hours with survivors of the terrible New London School Explosion of 1937 in which over 300 people—mostly children—were killed. He also proudly serves on the board of directors of the New London Museum.

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19th Century Shining Star: Buck Barry

by Robert Nieman

James Buckner “Buck” Barry was born on December 21, 1821, in the New River, Onslow County area of North Carolina. His childhood differed considerably from most children of his era and area—he received a good education. At least it was a good education for a farm boy in the early 1800s.



Buck Barry

Photo Courtesy: Lawrence T. Jones, III
Collection

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In his early 20s, Barry got a bad dose of GTT [Gone to Texas] fever. He traveled to New York and took a ship to New Orleans. From there he booked passage on a riverboat up the Red River. On April 12, 1845, he entered Texas at the booming city of Jefferson. He didn't stay in Jefferson long. He soon joined another group of young adventures and headed to San Antonio.

In San Antonio, the young men soon found themselves members of Captain Jack Hays' company of Texas Rangers. Their job was to drive the Mexican Army out of Texas. Word had spread throughout Texas that the Mexican Army had invaded Texas to capture San Antonio and reclaim the Nueches Strip area for Mexico. This strip was the land lying between the Nueches and Rio Grande Rivers. Disappointed at not finding any Mexicans or a fight, Barry mustered out of the company when the Rangers returned to San Antonio and headed back East.

On his way, Barry stopped in Austin. In his autobiography, it is interesting to read his description of the Texas legislature in Austin sleeping on the ground while being protected by a company of Rangers whose duty was “. . . to keep the Indians from scalping the delegates to the convention, although each member was heavily armed and a first-class Ranger himself.”

Still looking for adventure, Barry rejoined the Rangers and headed up the Colorado River for the Lampasas area in search of marauding Indians. Either serving with the Rangers searching for Indians or fighting with the Rangers during the Mexican War once again under the great Captain John Coffee “Jack” Hays would take up the greater part of Barry's life for the next twenty years.

In between fighting Mexicans and Indians, Barry found time to settle near Corsicana. A natural leader, in 1849 Barry ran for and was elected sheriff of

Anderson County. After serving two terms, he gave up the sheriff's office and ran for the office of county treasurer. He was successful in that campaign, and in 1882 he was elected to the Texas state legislature.

With the outbreak of the War Between the States, Barry once again answered the call to arms. On May 7, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate Army, serving in Colonel Henry McCulloch's 1st Regiment, Texas Mounted Rifles. For the next four years he rode the Texas frontier, fighting a losing fight against invading Indians. But winning or losing, he continued serving honorably until the end of the war. When the war finally came to an end in 1865, Barry had risen to the rank of colonel.

Like most Texans, Barry found the yoke of the carpetbag Reconstruction Governor E. J. Davis difficult to live under. But he, like thousands of other Texans, continued to live and try to make the frontier a safe place to raise families. Even though frowned upon by officers of the U S Army, Barry and many of his fellow former Rangers continued combating marauding Indians and outlaws.

But fighting Indians and outlaws wasn't all that Barry did after the war. In 1847, he had married Sarah A'plis Matticks. To their union were born six children, of which only three survived their youth. In 1862 Sarah died. On July 14, 1865, Barry married Martha Ann Searcy and fathered four more children.

Throughout his life, Barry always had a great interest in the government, as shown by his terms as a sheriff, a county treasurer, and a state legislator. His final effort came in 1898 when he again ran for the Texas State legislature. But Barry's time had passed and he was defeated.

Texas Ranger Buck Barry died on his 85th birthday, December 16, 1906. He is buried in a sepulcher he himself had dug in solid rock on a hill about a mile overlooking his home near Walnut Springs, Texas.

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20th Century Shining Star:

Selwyn Denson “Admiral of the Texas Navy”

by Robert Nieman

Born: November 30, 1909 – Died: May 5, 2001. A simple epitaph in a common form. But for the Texas Rangers, this epitaph meant the loss of one of the brightest shining stars of the twentieth century: Selwyn Hogan Denson; or as his personal card read, “Selwyn Denson—Admiral, Texas Navy”.



Selwyn left behind Lois, his wife of sixty-seven years; one daughter, Etta; and her husband Bobby Connell, also a retired Texas Ranger.

Selwyn was raised in Anderson County, Texas, and graduated from Palestine High School. After graduation, he went to work with a local 5 & 10-cent store for five dollars a week. As was common with Selwyn, he worked extremely hard and his stock quickly rose with the company. He was offered a promotion but would have to transfer to central Texas. He accepted the position and after several more moves, he finally ended up in Kerrville.

But in 1932, Selwyn found himself out of a job when the store he was working for folded. He returned to Palestine and went to work at a local filling station in a job he did not care much for. Soon he found work driving a truck hauling produce out of the Rio Grande Valley. In early 1937, he had an opportunity to move to El Paso and work for an uncle who had bought a service station and needed help.

He had no more than arrived in El Paso when he received a response to the application he had filled out with the newly formed Texas Department of Public Safety. He had been accepted into the Highway Patrol. On August 2, 1937, he reported to Austin to start seven weeks of training at the DPS Highway Patrol School.

On October 18, 1937, Selwyn completed his schooling and was stationed in Dallas. Two years later [June 1, 1939] he moved to nearby Terrell. In early 1941, an opening became available in Palestine and Selwyn jumped at the opportunity to return home. Unfortunately for him, he was destined to remain in Palestine only six months. With the entrance of the United States into World War II, the Army was drafting so many men that the Highway Patrol soon found itself extremely shorthanded and started having to spread itself thin to the point of breaking. Selwyn found himself stationed in Marshall, but at least he was still in East Texas. After only a few months in Marshall, however, patriotic duty called Selwyn and he resigned from the Highway

Patrol to join the United States Navy. He served his time in the Navy as a shore patrolman in the Texas port cities of Corpus Christi, Kingsville, and Galveston before discharging in 1946.

Selwyn was quickly reinstated to the Department of Public Safety on January 10, 1946. He returned to the Highway Patrol where he was again stationed in McKinney, not far from Dallas. However, when an opportunity arose to join the Texas Rangers, he jumped at the chance.

On September 17, 1947, Selwyn Denson became a Texas Ranger. He was stationed in Houston as a member of Captain Hardy Purvis' Company A. He served in Houston for only a couple of months before an opening developed in McKinney. He contacted his friend, the legendary Captain M T "Lone Wolf" Gonzauillas, who welcomed him into Company B.

During his years in McKinney-Greenville, Selwyn worked extremely hard and served the people of his area well. While in Greenville, he became a close friend of the greatest combat hero in America's history—movie star Audie Murphy. Murphy had been raised in the McKinney-Greenville area.

Selwyn remained with Company B in McKinney and then went to nearby Greenville when the duty station was moved there in 1948. In an interview, he was asked what it was like to work under a living legend (Lone Wolf Gonzauillas). He replied that Gonzauillas was the type of commander who let you alone to do your job—as long as you did it right. Selwyn felt it was a great privilege to have served under three Hall of Fame Captains: Lone Wolf Gonzauillas, Bob Crowder, and Jim Riddle.

In 1955, Selwyn was promoted to sergeant and shortly thereafter transferred to Company D in Corpus Christi under the renowned Captain Alfred Allee. In 1967, Selwyn had the opportunity to transfer to Company C in Lubbock where he would serve as sergeant for his old friend from his East Texas days, Captain Jim Ray.

On November 30, 1974, after thirty-seven years with the Highway Patrol and the Texas Rangers, Selwyn retired. He and wife Lois moved to Hilltop Lakes, Texas, near College Station, where Selwyn served as chief of security to the exclusive village. However, he had spent too many years in the excitement of the Texas Rangers and became bored with the peaceful work. He had an opportunity to serve as the bailiff in the local court in nearby Centerville. Though still not very exciting, at least in this job he was around his kind of people—lawmen. After finally retiring for good, Selwyn and Lois continued living in Hilltop Lakes.

As for the card with the name *Selwyn Denson, "Admiral, Texas Navy,"* written on it, Selwyn explained: "It was a political thing." The official document reads:

"The State of Texas, to all whom these presence shall come greetings. Know ye that Selwyn H. Denson is hereby commissioned Admiral in the Texas Navy. With all rights and privileges pertaining thereto and with the duty of assisting in the preservation of the history, boundaries, water resources and civil defenses of the state. In testimony whereof, I have here unto signed my name and cause the seal of the State to be affixed at the city of Austin this the day of September 20, A.D. 1989, Bill Clements, Governor."

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21st Century Shining Star:

Jesse Mack

by Robert Nieman



Jesse Mack, one of three children, was born on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico in Bay City, Matagorda County, Texas, on June 3, 1950. The guiding light of Jesse's early life was his mother Ola; his father York died when he was only six months old. Jesse did have an older brother and sister, Perry and Phoebe. Sadly, Perry died in 1980 and Phoebe followed her brother and father in death in 1993.

After graduating from Sweeny High School in May of 1968, Jesse attended St. Edward University in Austin on a basketball scholarship. After graduation in 1972, he joined the United States Air Force. Completing his service to his country, Jesse tried out with the San Antonio Spurs of the National Basketball Association but was unsuccessful.

In the summer of 1980, Jesse got one of the luckiest breaks of his life when he stopped at a friend's service station in Houston and met Patricia, the lady of his future. Two years later, on June 26, 1982, they were married. Today Patricia and Jesse are the proud parents of four children: Joi, Jonathan, Christopher, and Jessica.

In October 1975, Jesse joined the Texas Department of Public Safety as a highway patrolman and was stationed Houston. In November of 1989, he was promoted to investigator in the Department of Public Safety's Criminal Intelligence Division and was transferred to Corpus Christi.

In July 1994, Jesse applied for and was accepted as a Texas Ranger. His first duty station was in Brenham, and then he later transferred to Houston where he served until his retirement in 2000.

When asked why he wanted to be a Ranger, Jesse's answer was, "They always got the best of everything. But the better decision was the cohesiveness the Ranges had with each other."

He worked many cases during his years as a Ranger, but three stand out.

Republic of Texas

Since its founding in 1823, the Texas Rangers have been involved many bizarre cases—none more so than the 1997 so-called "Republic of Texas

Standoff.” A group of fanatics barracked themselves in an old worn-out mobile home in the Davis Mountains in West Texas near Alpine. They claimed that Texas had illegally joined the United States and that they were the true Republic of Texas.

The last thing in the world anyone wanted was another standoff like the Branch Davidian one that had just happened near Waco. But this time the FBI and ATF were not running the show—the Rangers were.

Two men did attempt a breakout. One was shot to death in a shootout with the Rangers. The other, Richard Keyes, managed to disappear into the rough Davis Mountains. Speculation ran high that he had not survived the barren terrain, but the Rangers were not so sure. Keyes was a survivalist and they thought he just might make it out. And if he did, the Rangers assumed he would do what most criminals do—hunt for friendly faces. One of those friendly faces was in Houston—and the Rangers waited. Several weeks passed and no Richard Keyes, but finally patience paid off and Keyes showed up. Rangers arrested Keyes on outstanding warrants of aggravated kidnapping and unlawful flight to avoid prosecution. Keyes was transported to West Texas, tried, and convicted.

Grimes County Corruption

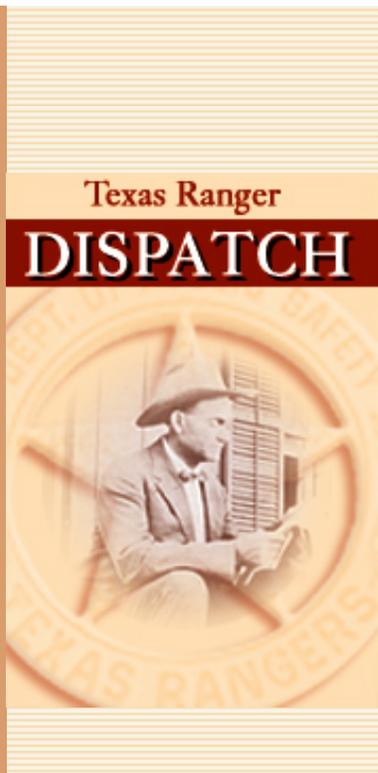
While stationed in Brenham, Jesse was involved in a case of a sheriff accused of theft in Grimes County [Navasota is its largest town]. Before its completion, the case received a lot of media attention. Though not the lead investigator, Jesse was deeply involved.

During the course of the investigation, a large amount of information was gathered on the sheriff. To make a bad situation worse, the whole county was politically split. This caused a huge uproar from both sides. So much was going on that special prosecutors from outside the area were assigned to the case. After the investigation was completed and it was time to go to trial, the difficulty really started. A jury had to be picked from the citizens of Grimes County, which was no easy feat. The trial lasted about two weeks and justice prevailed: the sheriff was convicted and removed from office.

2.5 Million-Dollar Theft from the State Comptroller Office

No state is immune from scandal, including Texas. An employee of the Texas State Comptroller’s Office in Austin, along with an associate, were stealing money through state vouchers issued from the office. Their system was simple and very, very profitable. The employee was responsible for processing fuel tax rebates from tax-exempt businesses such as churches, municipal governments, etc. It is common for these businesses to overpay their fuel taxes and send a request for reimbursement from the state comptroller when they calculate their fuel taxes. Here is where the two criminals’ plan went into action. An illegal voucher would be set up by the employee and mailed to his associate in Houston. This brought Jesse into the case.

The associate had assumed the identity of several different names and opened bank accounts in Houston using these names. As is common with most crimes, a simple routine review of one of these accounts by a bank official threw up a red flag. The bank official contacted legal authorities and search warrants were obtained for both suspects’ home and work areas.



These two people had stolen a bonanza of loot to the tune of 2.5 million dollars. A search of the state employee's home resulted in the seizure \$275,000.00 in cash, numerous Rolex watches, necklaces, diamond rings, a 1995 Lexus, and a pickup truck.

Items obtained in the associate's home were numerous credit cards in different names; more cash; newly purchased items such as large television set, and stereo systems; boxes of checks in different people's names; a 1999 Mercedes valued at \$50,000; and a 2000 Mercedes valued at \$80,000. The associate was never apprehended. It is assumed that he somehow got word of what was going on and fled the county. The state employee, however, will be a guest for the next twenty-seven years in the prison of the Texas Department of Corrections.

When asked what being a Ranger meant to him, Jesse Mack answered, "You are always looked upon to have the answer, no matter what—even though you may not know it. The public expected it, because you are a Texas Ranger."

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Now You Know:



Encounter with Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker

Ask any Ranger who knew him and he will tell you that Bennie Krueger was one of the best Rangers who ever lived and one of the finest men he ever knew. But few know this story—a tale that could have ended in death for Bennie.

It was a cold fall evening in 1933 and Bennie was working as a police officer on the Brenham (Texas) Police Department. He and Officer Arthur Sternberg were sitting in their office trying to stay warm when the phone rang. A lady was complaining that a suspicious-looking car was parked on the side of the road near her house. Would the police please check it out? Even though the car was parked outside the city limits and was not in their jurisdiction, Bennie and Sternberg agreed to look into it.

Parking behind the car, Bennie approached the driver's side while Sternberg came up along the passenger side. Bennie observed a man lying in the front seat, with a man and woman lying under a blanket in the back seat. When Bennie tapped on the rear window, the man lifted his head. Seeing Bennie, he rolled the window down about two inches and asked what the officer wanted. Bennie told him that the people in the nearby house were concerned about them being parked there all night. Would they mind moving on?



By this time, the woman was awake and glaring at Bennie with a look that made the hair on the back of his hair stand on end. Trying to ignore the look, he moved on to the driver. The driver said they were waiting on another party to join them but would move on. Bennie and Sternberg followed the car through town and until it disappeared from sight.

Bennie only wondered briefly about the piercing look from the woman in the back seat of the car and then dismissed it.

But his thoughts didn't stay off the woman with the cruel eyes for long. The next morning while reading a Houston newspaper, he learned that the infamous Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow had somehow slipped through a police dragnet and disappeared. Bennie knew immediately how lucky he and Sternberg were to be alive.



Little did he realize just how lucky. Later Bennie was in Huntsville at the jail when one of the jailers told him that Bonnie and Clyde's driver was in their jail. Would Bennie like to talk to him? When Bennie went to see the driver, he immediately knew that this was not the man he had met that night several months before on the side of a lonely country road.

The man confirmed that he was not with Bonnie and Clyde that night, but that he had heard the twosome talk about it.

Bonnie had said that she had had a submachine gun pointed straight at Bennie. The only reason she hadn't fired was that she was afraid of hitting Clyde.

Bennie Krueger was as tough a Texas Ranger as ever came down the pike, but he later related that when hearing this, his throat got dry and his knees became a little wobbly. He said he realized that he was one of the few officers to have ever confronted Bonnie and Clyde and lived to talk about it.



Other officers were not so fortunate. Two Highway Patrol motorcycle officers, E. B. Wheeler and H. D. Murphy, were patrolling north of Dallas when they came upon a car parked by the side of the road. Approaching the parked car, they were met by a hail of gunfire. Wheeler went down first, followed quickly by Murphy.

A nearby farmer named Schieffer witnessed the murders. He said that two men—Clyde Barrow and Henry Methvin—had shot the policemen. He said that one of the officers had moved his leg. The woman in the backseat—Bonnie—also saw the movement and had gotten out of the car with a shotgun in her hand. Standing over the officers, she proceeded to pump twenty-gauge shots into the officers.

Yes, indeed, Bennie Krueger was very lucky to be alive.

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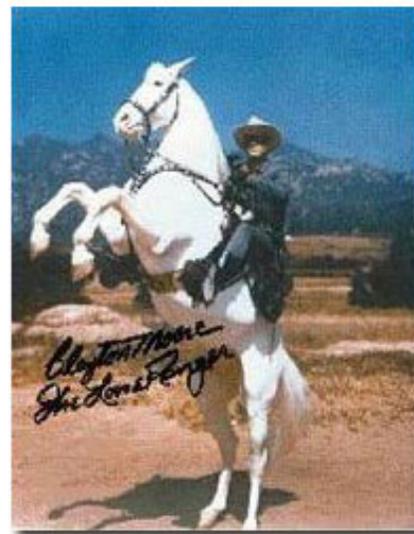
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Who Was That Masked Man?



by **Bill O'Neal**

This question was asked hundreds of times on radio, television, and film. That masked man, of course, was played most memorably on the radio by **Brace Beemer** and on TV and movie screens by **Clayton Moore**. There were 6 motion pictures and 169 television episodes featuring the Lone Ranger, but the character first achieved popularity on network radio.

The Lone Ranger was the creation of **George W. Trendle**. The initial broadcast of *The Lone Ranger* emanated from Detroit's WXYZ on January 31, 1933. The juvenile western show won immediate popularity, and within a year it was the cornerstone of a new radio network—the Mutual Broadcasting System. The thirty-minute program aired at 7:30, three nights a week. On each of these three evenings, there were three live performances to accommodate the three time zones.

The initial episode, which was repeated on a regular basis through the years, centered around the ambush of a band of Texas Rangers by the **Butch Cavendish Gang**. The six Rangers were led by **Captain Dan Reid** whose small command included his younger brother **John**. The Reid brothers were partners in a rich silver mine, but they intended to stay with the Rangers until the notorious Cavendish Gang was apprehended. However, they were guided into a deadly ambush in **Bryant's Gap** by their treacherous scout. Although the Rangers fought bravely, they were gunned down one by one. **Captain Reid** asked **John** to provide his wife and son **Danny** with income from the silver mine. (George Trendle soon created another popular program, *The Green Hornet*. A modern crime fighter, the Green Hornet was a secret identity of crusading newspaperman **Britt Reid**, son of **Danny Reid**—and great nephew of Lone Ranger!)



When John Reid fell wounded beside his dead brother, all six Rangers lay still on the canyon floor and the outlaws rode away. That night under a bright moon, the fallen Rangers were discovered by an Indian. Finding that John Reid was still alive, the Indian carried him to a cave and tended his wounds. Then the Indian buried the five dead Rangers, creating a sixth grave so that outlaws would not suspect there was a survivor.

When John Reid recovered consciousness four days later, he recognized his caretaker as Tonto, a boyhood friend whose life he once saved. Reid would call Tonto “kemo sabe” (faithful friend).

“You only Ranger left,” Tonto informed Reid. “You Lone Ranger.”

Reid announced his intention to devote his life to the battle for justice, and Tonto vowed to stay by his side. Reid devised a mask to conceal his identity. He employed a retired Texas Ranger, Jim Blaine, to work the silver mine, providing the Lone Ranger with income and silver bullets. When he acquired a magnificent white stallion, Tonto remarked, “Him shine like silver.”

“Silver!” exclaimed the Lone Ranger. “That would be a great name for him.” Silver would save the life of the Lone Ranger on many future occasions.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto soon captured the Cavendish Gang. When a later episode saw Butch escape from prison, the Lone Ranger tracked him to Bryant’s Gap and killed him. But Butch Cavendish was the only man the Lone Ranger would ever kill. He apprehended countless villains but whenever shooting was necessary, the Lone Ranger always wounded his opponent. In addition to being an expert marksman and a superb fist fighter, he was a master of disguise. He never drank or smoked, and he spoke flawless grammar. Parents were delighted with such an exemplary role model.



“A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust, and hearty ‘Hi-Yo Silver!’ The Lone Ranger rides again!” Excited audiences listened expectantly for this introductory announcement, accompanied by the swelling orchestral strains of *The William Tell Overture*. The best-remembered announcer was Fred Foy, who joined the show in 1948 and continued until the final episode aired in May 1956. The Lone Ranger was first played by George Steinus, who was soon replaced by Earl Graser. In 1941 Brace Beemer assumed the role, lending his rich bass voice to the Lone Ranger for a decade and a half. Tonto was played by John Todd.

The show was written by the prolific Fran Striker, who had to churn out 156 Lone Ranger radio scripts a year in addition to his work on *The Green Hornet* and other shows! Soon Striker, who sometimes was aided by other writers, also was creating Lone Ranger comic books and comic strips, along with a dozen Lone Ranger novels. Then he was called on to write two 15-chapter Lone Ranger movie serials.

The Lone Ranger was filmed by Republic Studios, which excelled at producing Westerns for juvenile audiences. Lee Powell starred in the title role, while Chief Thundercloud played Tonto. Bruce Bennett and George Montgomery had featured roles. While comic books and comic strips had

pictured the Lone Ranger clad in a raccoon mask, Lee Powell and his stunt double wore a long black mask with eyeholes. The mask dropped well below the chin and since the stuntmen chewed tobacco, several masks were used.

Released in 1938, the fast-paced serial found large Saturday afternoon audiences who were thrilled at last to actually see their radio hero in action. In 1939 Republic filmed a serial sequel, *The Lone Ranger Rides Again*. Lee Powell was replaced by handsome Robert Livingston, who had just played another masked hero of the frontier, Zorro. Chief Thundercloud returned as Tonto, while the supporting cast included Duncan Renaldo (Renaldo later gained fame on TV in his own right as *The Cisco Kid*) and Glenn Strange (who later would become famous on television as Sam the bartender on *Gunsmoke*). Strangely, the Lone Ranger's mount was called "Silver Chief."

Livingston soon returned to his most familiar role as Stony Brooke in Republic's Three Mesquiteers series. The next Three Mesquiteers film was *Kansas Terrors*, released in 1939, and Livingston briefly donned the black mask to make a cameo appearance as the *Lone Ranger*.

In 1940 Republic re-edited *The Lone Ranger* into a feature film titled *Hi-Yo Silver*. Although *The Lone Ranger* remained immensely popular on radio, sixteen years would pass before the masked man would reappear on movie screens. Indeed, long before there was another Lone Ranger motion picture, the masked man had become a hit on the nation's television screens.

Television sets began to appear in American living rooms during the late 1940s and many popular radio programs were tried on TV. *The Lone Ranger* began its first television season on September 15, 1949. Telecast on Thursday nights from 7:30 until 8:00, *The Lone Ranger* became the biggest hit in the early years of ABC-TV.



A veteran actor, Jay Silverheels, was cast as Tonto. A Mohawk born in 1918 on the Six Nations Indian Reservation in Ontario, Canada, he moved with his family to the United States where he became noted for athletic prowess in boxing and lacrosse. In 1939 he began working as a movie stuntman and extra, and he was well known in Hollywood when he won the role of Tonto. Silverheels' real name was the very un-Indian sounding, Harold J. Smith! In 1971 he had his name legally changed to Jay Silverheels.

Another Hollywood veteran, Clayton Moore, claimed the title role. Moore had starred in several Republic serials, including *The Adventures of Frank and Jesse James*, *Jesse James Rides Again*, and *G-Men Never Forget*. He also was featured in numerous Republic Westerns opposite such stars as Rocky Lane. After three seasons on TV, Moore was replaced for the next two years by a minor actor named John Hart. Moore returned as the Lone Ranger in 1954 and went on to achieve permanent identity as the masked man.

When *The Lone Ranger* debuted on television in 1949, there were far more radios than TV sets, and it had been nearly a decade since young fans had seen a new Lone Ranger film at the movies. Therefore, radio listeners were excited to view a small screen version of the masked man and Tonto on the growing number of TV sets in neighborhoods across America.

In 1956 the masked man reappeared on large screens. *The Lone Ranger*, produced by Warner Brothers, brought Clayton Moore, Jay Silverheels, and Silver to movie theaters. Although following the juvenile formula of the radio and television shows, *The Lone Ranger* was filmed in color and boasted a strong support cast including burly Robert J. Wilke and sly Lyle Bettger, two familiar Western villains.



Moore and Silverheels returned to the movies two years later with *The Lone Ranger and the Lost City of Gold*. Filmed in color at Old Tucson, a classic Western set, the movie in one scene featured Clayton Moore unmasked in one of the bearded disguises patented by the Lone Ranger. (Moore and Silverheels actually worked together before *The Lone Ranger*. In Gene Autry's 1949 *The Cowboy and the Indians*, Moore and Silverheels appeared briefly in the same scene—but never met!)

The Lone Ranger aired on ABC-TV from 1949 through 1957, after which there was a steady supply of reruns. From 1966 through 1969 an animated version of *The Lone Ranger* ran on Saturday mornings on CBS, and the cartoon series was revived in 1980 as part of *The Tarzan/Lone Ranger Hour*.

In 1981 the aging Moore was not included in the cast of *The Legend of the Lone Ranger*. Young, muscular Clint Eastwood played the Lone Ranger while Michael Horse was Tonto. The Lone Ranger and Tonto rode to the rescue of a kidnapped President Grant, played by the distinguished actor Jason Robards. Although filmed in color in Monument Valley—John Ford's favorite Western location—*The Legend of the Lone Ranger* was a box-office flop. There was far more violence than customary in Lone Ranger films, and Eastwood was utterly without talent.

But two decades later, *The Legend of the Lone Ranger* is still occasionally scheduled on cable TV, while the 1956 and 1958 Moore-Silverheels movies appear with greater regularity. Indeed, to the general public the Lone Ranger has become the most familiar and recognizable character—real or fictional—of the Old West.

Note: About two years before his death, Clayton Moore was made an honorary board member of the Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum.



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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DISPATCH





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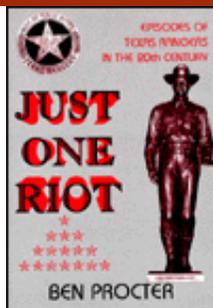
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Book Review:

Just One Riot

by Ben Proctor
Review by Chuck Parsons

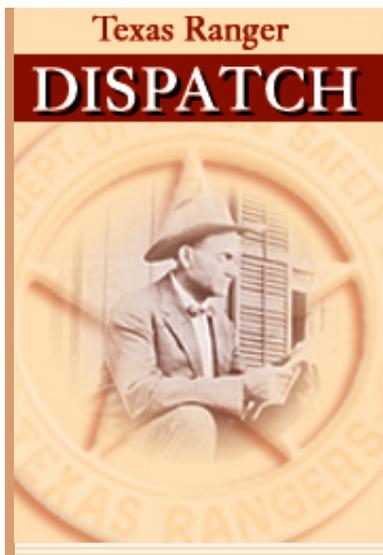
by Ben Proctor. 2000. xii + 178 pages, 69 illustrations, one map. Eakin Press, PO Drawer 90159, Austin TX 78709-0159

This well-written and highly researched narrative describes six well-known Rangers and the primo incidents which will keep their names in bold face in the pages of Texas Ranger history. To Procter's thinking, these men carried on the great traditions originated by Jack Hays, Ben McCulloch, John B. Jones and L. H. McNelly. The book discusses Bill McDonald's treatment of the "Brownsville Affray"; Red Burton's confrontation with the then overpowering Ku Klux Klan; Leo Bishop's conquering the crime wave of San Augustine; Clint Peoples' taking of N. J. Tynes, the "crazed man"; Bob Crowder's bringing the Rusk Hospital riot to resolution; and Jim Estelle's work in the 1974 Huntsville Penitentiary hostage crisis. These men faced these challenges head on, and they survived where lesser men would not have made it.

Not only does Procter narrate the step-by step movements the Rangers took to resolve the problems, but he also explains how the actions involved the gradual changes taking place not only in law enforcement in general, but also among the Texas Rangers in particular. These 20th-century problems could not have been solved by the horseback Rangers with six-guns or Sharps carbines. The cases involved the technical skills which then-modern communication allowed, the working together with other law enforcement organizations, and the recent skills of dealing with hostage situations—rare in 19th-century history. These men were able to make the adjustment from the 19th-century horseback Ranger to the 20th-century lawman. While doing so, however, they still upheld the Ranger mystique.

Procter did not rely on secondary sources alone, although they were used. He was able to interview the Rangers and others involved. In the case of the prison hostage situation, Procter talked to several of those individuals taken hostage who had managed to survive. These primary source materials make the narrative credible and adds realism to what could have been a dry narration of facts at the hands of a lesser writer.

The opening chapter discusses the problems encountered by the Ranger organization as well as the difficulties some individuals had with the transition from horseback Ranger to 20th-century lawman. During the early years, a Mexican Ranger was a rarity, and women and blacks were totally



omitted from consideration for the service. Since then, that aspect of Ranger history has changed. In 1988, Lee Young became the first black appointee in Ranger history, followed by Earl Pearson in 1989. Since then there have been others. Now there are also female Texas Rangers entering the force.

Procter alludes to several shameful events in 20th-century Ranger history, such as the El Pourvenir revenge action of Captain J. M. Fox in 1918; the killing of Mexican prisoners by Captain H. L. Ransom; and the completely ignoring of any need for search warrants by Charles F. Stevens. Procter does not develop these incidents further. Perhaps in the future, Procter or some other capable historian will research these unhappy incidents of Texas Ranger history and balance the positive contribution with the other side of the historical coin.

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The Memoirs of William Callicott, Texas Ranger

Edited and annotated by Chuck Parsons

Part 2

*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**. Although these letters were believed to be destroyed, Chuck Parsons found them and painstakingly translated them. They are fully presented for the first time here in **The Dispatch**.*

§

I will write you the true details of the trip up on Red River, Pease River, [the]

Staked Plains and [the] Panhandle in the summer of 1874 after the Lost Valley fight with the Indians—in the country so rough and [which had] no roads. The major left his wagons and took only pack mules to every nine men to pack our grub and bedding. [He] took with him part of two companies of his rangers, making his escort one hundred ten strong, able to cope with any band of Indians we should fall in contact with.

Not thinking he would be gone over seven or eight days [but] we were gone twelve or fifteen. In about seven or eight days our grub gave out and from then on we had to live on wild buffalo without bread, salt or coffee and many times without wood to cook it with.

We would travel all day with plenty of fine buffalo in sight and maybe at night. When we camped we would have to detail three or four men to take three or four pack mules and go out and kill three or four [buffalo] for supper. Sometimes we wouldn't be able to find anything but a few old males that had strayed off from the bunch. We would have to kill them and take them in for supper and if we didn't have wood to cook it with we would have to gather up some buffalo chips to cook it with as we had no salt. We would cut off a chunk and wallow it around in the ashes to give it a little salt taste. We lived on that kind of eating for several days.

The old major's bread lasted a little longer than [the bread of] the rest of us. When [anyone's bread] was all gone he told us all to come up to his mess and he would divide with us. We all told him and Captain Kenney and the escort doctor [Dr. E.G. Nicholson] to keep it. We could make out all right on buffalo steak.

We were marching one day when we saw about fifteen or twenty men on the plains, several miles off. We thought they were Indians and they thought we were Indians. So we started after them. We ran them as fast as we could. In order to keep our pack mules with us we ran them for about six or seven miles. They ran to where they had their wagons located on a little creek and got ready for battle. But as soon as we got in a half mile of their camp we saw what they were: they were buffalo hunters. They had their wagons all lined up side by side and got in between them to make fight with the Indians as best they could in case we were Indians.

But they saw we were not Indians as soon as we got in a half a mile of their camp and didn't open fire on us. They had buffalo hides scattered all over the ground for [a] half mile so thick that you couldn't step without stepping on one. They were drying them to take back home with them. They took nothing from the buffalo except the hide and tongue. The tongues they kept salted down to take back with them home.

When we saw the hides and wagons we knew what they were. We rode up to the wagons and they all came out from the wagons and gave us a welcome handshake and said they were glad we were Rangers instead of Indians, that a hundred and ten Indians would soon check them up. The major asked them if they had any bread stuff with them they could spare us a little, that we hadn't had any for several days. They said yes they had plenty of soda crackers and dried buffalo tongues. They gave us all the dried buffalo salted tongues we could eat.

After we all got plenty the major ordered us to fall in ranks on our forward march, telling them good-bye as we started on, leaving them a happy set and the major disappointed on the account of them not being Indians. His seven mile run spelled nothing but a good dinner on buffalo tongues and crackers.

So that was the last of our buffalo hunters.

We still kept on scouting the plains on our buffalo diet without salt, bread or coffee, using our same kind of fire fuel for cooking, being wood when we could get it and buffalo chips when we couldn't get wood. That was a hard thing to get on the Staked Plains.

A little incident happened to me one day on that trip. The major one morning told me and another fellow by the name of Bitter Creek—at least we didn't know him by any other name—to get in front of the company and be an advance guard, and to stay about a half mile or a mile ahead of the company, and to keep a good look out for Indians and trails that looked like Indian trails, and if we did [see any] to report back to him at once as fast as we could. When the company started out, we got ahead and stayed in sight of the company till about twelve o'clock in the day, not seeing anything of Indians or trails. We passed over a high hill going on. We couldn't see the company on account of the high hill. We come to a small creek or ravine that had a few trees scattered on the bank of it. We saw about fifteen or twenty big wild turkeys coming down the creek in a trot. I said to Bitter Creek, "Let's get one."

He said "All right," and as fast as they would run by, I would shoot at them, telling Bitter Creek to shoot. He told me no, for me to shoot.

I emptied my pistol, then drew my needle gun and opened fire on the turkeys without killing any of them. I said to Bitter Creek, "Why didn't you shoot?" He said that is not the kind of game I shoot at.

About that time I heard a terrible roaring. I said to Bitter Creek, "What is that roaring about?" I said to him, "I know there is not a train in three hundred miles of this place."

Bitter Creek said to me, "You will find out what it is doing back to the hill."

We saw the major coming with his company—pack mules and all—as fast as he could ride, thinking we were shooting at Indians. He came standing straight in his stirrups and laying the whip to his horse as if he were riding a thousand dollar race.

When he got to [us] he said, "What is the matter?"

I told him nothing, that I was shooting at some wild turkeys.

"All right," he said, "fall back in ranks and consider yourself on double duty for seven days and nights and I will post another man in your place."

I said, "All right, Major."

So I went back in the ranks and another man was sent with Bitter Creek to fill my place as advance guard. So I stood double duty for seven long days and nights for them few wild shots without killing a turkey. So I stood duty, four hours on duty and eight hours off, day and night. That was the major's verdict in the turkey case that happened forty-six years ago and I can look back and see the old major coming over the hill. He only weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds, wore a big hat and beard, [rode] a big black horse that was able to pack a man weighing three hundred pounds.

Well, [I] stood the duty all right, not losing a minute of the time. The trip on the plains was ended without seeing an Indian. When we got back near the camps of the other Rangers, the major sent them back to their companies. That ends the Staked Plains trip.

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

§

Kind Reader [Dr. Webb],

As I have bathed my eyes in warm water and salt and the sun is shining, I will try and write the details of the San Saba fight with the Indians in November 1874. We were on the march from Red River to the Guadalupe River, going to all the different companies stationed along the line, every fifty miles apart. We camped that night on the San Saba River.

It being a dark cloudy night, the guards let two of our horses get out of the herd and stray from camp. The next morning two of our boys were out looking for them. They rode up a small creek. They saw smoke coming up ahead of them out of the creek bed, but the boys knew there was no settlement houses in that part of the country, so they rode up to the bank to see. They found a band of Indians in the bed of the creek that had killed a beef and were preparing a good meal on Texas beef. But as soon as the Indians discovered our two boys, they mounted their ponies and started after our two boys—being nineteen of them and only two of our boys and two miles from camp. They made for camp and the Indians after them.

The Indians ran them till they got in sight of our camp. The Indians, fearing to come any nearer, went back to finish their lost breakfast on Texas beef. They kept one Indian on the bank of the creek to look out while they ate. When the two boys came with the news of seeing the Indians, the major called for twenty-one volunteers. Having only forty men in his escort, he only wanted twenty-one to cope with that many Indians, leaving the balance to guard our wagons and pack mules. When ready, the major and all of us started at full [gallop] and the two boys leading the way back to where they had seen the Indians in the creek.

As soon [as] the Indian on guard saw us coming after them, he jumped up and down in the bed of the creek. [They] stopped eating and mounted their ponies and made for the top of the hill. They ran for about a half of a mile and stopped and got ready for battle. As soon as the major could get us all across the creek and out in the opening, he threw us in line of battle and ordered us to charge them. We went at them in full speed. They fired a few wild shots at us when we were making the charge, not hitting any of us. They then stampeded and every Indian for himself, but all stayed in a straight line, going west. They didn't scatter, they all went the same direction well strung out, the fastest pony always ahead, the next best till they were scattered till there was hardly ever more than two together.

As soon as we overhauled them, we opened up on them using nothing but our pistols, as we could use the pistols better on horseback running. As fast as we overhauled them, we killed them and kept on after the best in the running fight. Me and a little ranger were together. We killed an Indian's horse from under him and the Indian seen a little hole of water ahead of him. He made for

it afoot, and jumped down in it to sell out as best he could. When he jumped in the water, me and Buddy—as we always called him, not knowing his other name—dismounted and started up to the hole. We had our guns presented to shoot.

Just before we got to the hole, the Indian raised his head above the bank to shoot. Not being over ten steps from him, I got the first shot, shooting him in the head, killing him dead. He fell back in the water. Me and Buddy walked up to the hole that was only a little round hole of water and the banks only about two feet high and hardly water enough to cover him. We pulled him out on the bank.

Buddy said to me, "You know how the Indians cut and scalped little Ed Bailey and cut him up in the Lost Valley fight? Let's scalp him."

I said, "All right, go for him."

He took the knife, gathered him by the scalp lock, took the knife and started to cut under the skin. He said to me, "I can't stand it." I asked why. "Well," he said, "I can't."

I said, "Did you ever skin a squirrel?"

"Yes," he said, "but skinning a squirrel and scalping an Indian is altogether different."

"Well," I said, "cut a little hand hold under the back of his head under the skin and cut around his head above his ears, then cut a little space between the meat and hide of his head and take hold of his scalp lock and put your foot on his shoulder and pull back."

"Well," he said, "I can't stand to do it."

"You do it," I said. "Well, you proposed it, do it."

"Well," he said, "I will let it alone." Seeing his stomach had failed him, I took the knife and soon had the scalp off without any trouble.

The Indian has such a bad smell when they are alive and a worse one when they are dead that I can't stand the smell of them. After scalping the Indian and tying it to my saddle we started on. The fight didn't last much longer. The Indian I killed proved to be the chief by his long scalp lock and the feathers in his headdress. That was the only Indian that I killed in that fight that I know of. I kept the scalp for a day or two tied to my saddle and it got to smelling so bad and I threw it away and never did want to scalp any more Indians.

In the fight two of the Indians had their horses killed and were standing on the ground and two of our boys ran up to shoot them. One of the Indians gave his bow a hard pull and broke it half in two. He then threw up both hands with the broken bow in his hands. One of the boys started to shoot him and the other boy wouldn't let him. They killed the other Indian that was still shooting and took the one that had the broken bow a prisoner, him being only a boy of about nineteen or twenty years old.

The fight lasted nearly all day. Two of the Indians were riding a fine horse that they had stolen on this side of Red River. With the start they got on us in the

morning, [they] outrun us all day. Two of our boys run them till sundown when the Indians ran into a big cave. The two boys stopped at the mouth of the cave all night thinking they would ride out that way and they could kill them. But when it got light the next morning, they looked all around the cave and found that during the night, that the Indians had found another hole on the opposite side plenty big to get out with their horses and [had] gone. So that ended the San Saba Indian fight with sixteen killed dead, one a prisoner and two got away out of the nineteen Indians. We didn't lose a man killed or wounded. Captain Kinney's horse was slightly wounded in the knee with an arrow. After the fight, we all started back over the trail of dead Indians, gathering up their bows and arrows, shields and quivers and what guns they had, leather britches and the moccasins, the kind of shoes they wore on their feet.

[We] took our Indian prisoner and went back to camp, all except the two boys that camped at the cave. The next morning the major had the Indian prisoner, with all the Indians' equipment put on a pack mule, and sent five of the boys with him to the city of Austin with orders to turn him over to the sheriff. The Indian equipment was turned over to the old capitol that burned up several years ago and it all got burned up in the museum. The Indian prisoner was kept in the Austin jail for a long time. He was sent to the city of Washington and there he died, so Captain Kenney told me several years afterward. So that ends the San Saba Indian fight from the San Saba River to the city of Washington.

So kind reader [Dr. Webb], if you can make out to read my badly written words and wish to use it in your history, it is up to you. It is all real, nothing added nor nothing taken except as it really occurred in 1874.

William Callicott
Texas Ranger, age 68 past.

§

On our first trip up the line on our way to Red River, we stopped for two days at Fort Griffin, a U.S. fort near the head of the Brazos River, to get some supplies and corn for our horses. At that time, the Tonkawa Indians were camped there under the protection of the U.S. government, having been at one time the largest tribe that roamed the plains. But being on the war path with so many different hostile Indians, they had almost been killed out, now being only about eighteen warriors left and a few old ones left while we were there. The major made a trade with the two old chiefs to go with him as guides, as we didn't know anything about the country and they claimed to know the country from Red River to the Coast. They proved to be of great service to the major's escort as we knew nothing about the country. There were no roads, no boats to cross the river. They knew every ford on all of the rivers and creeks and all of the places to get water.

Sometimes water was hard to find in some parts of that country—at least that will do to drink. There is some of it that nothing can drink it. In this case they did great service to the major. They knew the country so well that you could tell them what place you wanted to go and if at night, they would select a star in the direction and take you there as well as if it were day and they had a road to travel. You could tell them any mountain you wished to go to and they would take a sister star and take you there without any trouble. Sometimes in marching along, we would find arrows that the hostile Indians had lost out of their quivers or had shot at something and missed. They could tell you whether it was Comanches, Karankawas or Apaches. They said they had had

trouble with all of the hostile Indians in the early days in Texas. It seemed that all of the other tribes of Indians had a spite at the Tonkawa tribe. It seems that the Tonkawas were all the more friendly with the whites—at least I never did hear of them doing any harm to the whites—and all of the other different tribes did all the devilment they would in the way of killing and stealing from the whites.

Whenever they could slip over across the Red River into Texas, they would kill every white man, woman, and child they could and burn whatever the whites had. They have been known to take white prisoners and cut the bottom of their feet off and then make them walk on stumps of grass barefooted. One day while we were out there, an old man came to the major and told the major he wanted to join his Ranger company and spend the balance of his days in killing Indians, that one day while he was away from home, that the Indians made a raid on his family and killed the last of his race—not leaving one of them—and then burned his house and all he had. The old fellow was about seventy-five years old and didn't have but a few days left to revenge the loss of his family in, but the old major told him he was too old to do much hard duty, but if he wanted a chance to get even with them, he would give him a chance. He would make a corporal out of him and if he ever had any Indian fighting to do, he could have a chance at them. He would pay him the same as the other Rangers, \$40 per month, and not have him stand any guard duty. The old fellow made a good Ranger for his age but whether he ever got revenge or not, I don't know.

P.S. My old friend, Grooms Lee of Austin, an old Ranger of the escort in 1874, tells me he has been out there where we were in 1874. At that time in some parts of the country there was not a house in two hundred or three hundred miles. {He tells me that at present [they] have fine two- or three-story houses on it and the Lost Valley where we had a fight with Chief Lone Wolf. It is all in a fine state of civilization, and on the spot where little Ranger Ed Bailey was cut up stands a fine school house.

[Not legible] would stay there till the next morning after we had all eaten dinner and were resting from our hard ride. That morning the major came around to where me and three or four of us were lying down and told me to saddle up Old Ball, that he wanted to get the [weight?] off of me [by going] after a buffalo. We could see a small bunch on a hill about a mile off. The major took me and five of the other boys and went out to where they were grazing. In the bunch there was a big male standing off to himself. The major pointed him out to me and said, "Bill, let's see how far you will have to run him before you kill him."

I said, "All right, major." I gave a yell, slapped the spurs to Old Ball and away we went. I ran him for about four hundred yards, leading Old Ball up close beside him, drew my needle gun, landing a bullet behind his shoulder. He stopped and quivered with the blood streaming from his mouth and nose. He fell dead. The major didn't take any hand in the chase but stood and watched us do the work, the same as he stood on the bank of the creek at the Loss Valley fight, telling the boys how to shoot the Indians.

After we all had killed our buffalo we went back to the major and he said, "Well, Bill, you and Old Ball got him all right."

He said, "Old Ball is all right after buffalo," he said. I said I had seen plenty of them when I went up the cow trail to Kansas in 1871, but that was the first one I had ever killed. We all went back to camp, satisfied with our buffalo hunt.

A few days after this, we were marching along when a big bunch of stampeded buffalo came running along at full speed. I said to the major, "Can I get one?"

He said, "Yes, go ahead."

[There was] a big four-year-old male, being nearest to me and on the outside of the bunch, so I started after him, running him for about six hundred yards, running along side of him, shooting him with my pistol. All at once the buffalo stopped and Old Ball, being a trained cow pony, stopped. When he did, the buffalo, being mad from being shot, made a lunge at Old Ball, making a gash in his thigh about six inches long. If you saw a fellow spur and whip a horse, I did to get Old Ball away before he made another lunge at me. He stood shaking his head and bellowing, but as soon as I got Old Ball out of his reach, I drew my needle gun and shot him behind the fore shoulder, a fatal shot. He stood still for a moment, then he tumbled and fell dead, with the blood streaming from his mouth and nose. I got down off of my horse, cutting both knee scalps off to make me a pair of toe fenders for my stirrups, tied them to my saddle and overtook the company that was a mile away. If the buffalo had killed Old Ball, it would have left me in a bad fix, not a tree in sight and the company a mile away.

Well, kind reader, I will relate a sad story that happened to one of our boys. He failed to answer our roll call on account of the corporal that was on duty with the night guards. At roll call he didn't answer to his name when called. The guard reported him to the major and after we had breakfast and [we were] ordered to mount and fell into ranks to march.

The major rode up in front and asked which one it was that failed to answer at roll call. The fellow spoke up and said it was him. The major asked him why he didn't. The fellow said the corporal didn't wake him up. The major asked him if he had any proof to that effect. The fellow said he didn't, that he was sleeping by himself and that he didn't hear him call—if he did call at all.

The major said, "If you can get any proof that he failed to wake you up, I will make him stand the double duty in your place." The fellow said he had no proof to that effect.

The major said, "Then you will have to stand double duty, twenty-four hours one day and night for that offense. That is my rule."

The fellow said, "Major, the corporal did not wake me for roll call and I will not stand [double guard]."

The major ordered us to form twos and forward march. We marched all that day. The major didn't say anything till the next morning, till we fell into ranks for another day's march. The major rode up in front again and asked the fellow if he still refused to stand double duty. He said he did.

"Well," the major said, "I hate to have to discharge a man for that little offense, but my rules must be obeyed. I don't show no partiality with my men. I will give you till tomorrow morning to decide whether you will stand or not. I hate to discharge a man in this wild Indian country."

The major was a good man and hated to have to do it, but the fellow was stubborn and wouldn't stand. Any of us boys would have gladly taken his place and stood for him if the major would have let us, but the major wouldn't

let us. So the next morning when we fell into ranks, that being the third time the major had appealed to him. The major rode in front and said to the fellow, "Have you made up your mind to stand double duty or not?"

The fellow said, "Major, so far as the double duty, I don't mind standing it if the corporal had woke me up. But he didn't."

"Well," the major said, "will you stand or not?"

The fellow said, "No sir, I will die before I will stand it, when I know I am right."

So the major said, "I will have to give you a dishonorable discharge. I hate to do it," the major said to the fellow.

He said, "Write it out."

The major wrote it out and handed it to the fellow, ordered us to form twos, forward march. We all waved him good-bye as we started off. We left him standing on his horse as far back as we could see. He was still standing in there. He didn't know in what direction to start. I don't think there was a house in a hundred miles of that place or a U.S. fort either, nor no roads in a wild Indian part of the frontier. Whatever became of that poor fellow we never did learn. Sometime after that morning, we were on the march and stopped on a small creek for dinner. After dinner we were ordered to saddle up to march on. I went down the creek after my horse that had grazed off from the others. A little ways down the creek, going down the creek, I passed a little thicket near the bank of the creek. There lay a skeleton of a white man, near the eye of the thicket and near the bank of the water hole, with both arms laying out straight from his body and an old-fashion cap-and-ball pistol laying near each hand. There was not a speck of flesh on his skeleton, neither did he look like the wolves or buzzards had ever bothered his bones as they were all laying in the shape like he died. However it was, he must have been killed by the Indians. The Indians must have got after him and he ran in that thicket to protect himself, and they surrounded it and wounded him, and he might—after they left—[have] crawled to the water hole after water and was not able to get back in the thicket. The skeleton looked like it had been there for a year as there was no sign of clothes of any kind about him, and his pistols were badly rusted. It might have been a frontier cowboy who had got lost and was killed by the Indians, as cattle ranches had begun to settle up in some parts of that country where the Indians were not too bad. We all supposed that was the way he was killed, as that kind of killing happened often in Texas by the Indians, at least the frontier part of it. So we all left him as he lay with his pistols not touched as they were no good.

William Callicott
Ranger 1874.

While on the march on the line, [one night?] we came in a little glad prairie that had live oak bushes over it from knee-high to waist-high scattered over it. It being my time for duty, I was on the first relief, [there were] four of us. We had our horses about two hundred yards from camp, sidelined and hobbled to keep the Indians from stampeding them. Our horses were all grazing fine after a hard day's ride. I thought I would get off of my horse and rest him a little. I was standing on the ground by my horse, watching the horses graze. The side lines on the horses rattling had roused up a big black bear from his night slumber. He came just where I was standing with my gun resting in the saddle. He was so near me that I could have touched him with the muzzle of my gun. I leveled my gun at him across my saddle and started to shoot him,

and I happened to think it might cost me another spell of seven days and nights double duty like the turkeys did while we were on the plains for shooting without orders while I was [on duty].

So I got off my horse and went to camp as fast as I could and told the major that there was a big bear down there with our horses, and that I started to shoot him, but I didn't care about having to stand double duty seven days and nights for killing a bear.

"Well," he said, "I am glad you came and told me before you shot it. If you had of before letting me know we would of all been up and in arms thinking it was Indians you were shooting at. Well, if he comes around again, kill him. I won't make you stand double duty for it, but be careful and don't shoot one of them little pack mules for a bear."

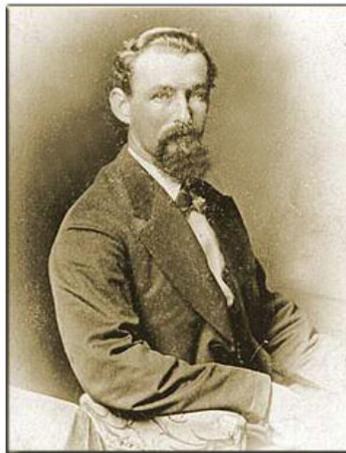
I told him I certainly knew a bear from a pack mule, for I had been raised on the Brazos River in early days in Texas when bear were plentiful in that part of the country. So I went back to the herd hoping the bear would show up again, but he didn't while I was on guard. I guess he had other business to attend to.

We were on our last trip down the line, as it was beginning to get cold weather in that part of the state. We had had already two or three big freezes on us without any tents to stand the winter in. The major came by every company down the line telling the captains to fix up for the winter. We then came down the line to Kerrville, a little country village one hundred miles west of Austin [in Kerr County], to get tents and fix up for the winter. We struck camp on Silver Creek, seven miles from Kerrville, to get ready for the winter. This was the place we started from in the early spring of 1874. Captain Kenney and I lived near together in Austin County and he didn't expect to do any more riding till spring. He got me to bring his horse home for him, so I applied for a discharge and received an honorable discharge on the 25th day of December 1874.

The next morning being December 26 I started for home—a distance of two hundred miles—with Captain Kenney's horse and saddle to head home and a letter to his mother with permission to bear my sidearms to my home.

Back home—Austin County, Texas. So this is the end of my career with Major John B. Jones' escort of Texas Rangers in 1874. I bade the boys farewell at Silver Creek Camp forty-six years ago and never have seen one of them since.

**William Callicott
Ranger, 68 [years] passed.**



Capt. Leander McNelly

§

**April the 27th, 1921
Houston**

Mr. Webb, Kind sir

I send you all the pictures I have in regards to Ranger life in 1874 with Major John B. Jones' escort and with Captain McNelly in 1875 on the Rio Grande River in 1875 against Mexican bandits. This group picture was taken when I first joined Major Jones' escort in Austin in the early spring of 1874, when he first started out.

Three of these pictures are my mess mates. This one sitting to my left are DeJanett; then to my left standing is Ben Pattison; the one standing behind me [is] Zack Wattles, the one that packed Glass in the creek at the Lost Valley fight. He has a pistol in his hand. The one in the middle with a needle gun in his hand is William Callicott. To the best of my knowledge they have all answered their last roll call but me. Grooms Lee and Walter Robinson and myself are all that's left of the first old escort that left Austin with Major Jones' first escort in the early Spring of 1874. This picture you see telling an old Confederate soldier friend goodbye is me, the day I loaded my horse on the train at Burton, Texas, to ship to Austin to join Major Jones' escort. The old soldier friend was John Smith. He served four years in the Confederate Army with General Tom Green's brigade. I was then a little over twenty-one.

This picture of Old Ball and Bill [Callicott] was painted by one of the boys on the extreme Staked Plains. This little huisache tree standing in the rear of Old Ball was the only tree in sight. I rode him all the time I was with Major Jones and also with Captain McNelly on the Rio Grande River in 1875. It is a perfect picture of the horse and also of myself at that time, as it was my first coat of whiskers and long hair as we hadn't seen a barber shop in several months.





The other picture standing was taken in Brownsville on the Rio Grande River when I was with Captain McNelly in 1875. I have tried to have them made over anew but the artist made a poor job of them. I will send you all of them and you can use any you wish and copy them off as soon as you can and return them to me. Be careful with Old Ball and Bill as it is only a piece of blank paper.

If you can find out by Grooms Lee or Walter Robinson the whereabouts of the fellow that painted Old Ball and me—he painted the Lost Valley Indian fight in good shape. He showed it to me after he painted it. It showed the Indians making their first charge and then where they went in to the mountains after Major Jones rallied his men and charged them. I send you a copy of the old *Houston Post*. Maybe Grooms can tell who he is if he sees his name.

P.S. I will later on—if my eyes hold out—will write out the details of our two trips over into Mexico: twenty-six of us at one time and ten of us at another time and also the disbanding of a lot of men that claimed to be Rangers that were not; and also the driving of the thirty-five head of cattle that belonged to old Captain [Richard] King that we got out of the seventy-five head we got out of Mexico. Four of us drove the thirty-five head back to his ranch, a distance of one hundred miles to his home ranch, Santa Gertrudis.

The cloud is getting over the sun; I will have to stop as I can't see the letters I make.

William Callicott
Ranger

§

Houston
April 29th, 1921

Mr. W.P. Webb, Kind Sir

You asked me to tell you what King it was that erected the four-thousand-dollar monument over the grave of our Captain McNelly at his old home [near] Burton, Texas. It was the old Captain King, the owner of the Santa Gertrudis Ranch in Nueces County, West Texas. He was a captain on a government boat before the Civil War in 1861 and after he gave up boat life he went into the stock business. He settled the name of the Santa Gertrudis Ranch that is located forty miles west of Corpus Christi City and one hundred miles north of the Rio Grande. This is one of the largest ranches in western Texas. Him and [Mifflin] Kenedy were partners for a long time till King bought Kenedy out many years ago. One of Kenedy's boys belonged to our McNelly Ranger company in 1875.

Old Captain King was one of the oldest settlers in West Texas and the wealthiest of them all. He owned more stock ranches, more land, more cattle and horses and sheep than all the balance of West Texas put together. He was called the Cattle King of West Texas.



Richard King

He was the King that sent Captain McNelly the check to the Brownsville Bank for a thousand dollars each time we had a fight with the bandits, and also the one that turned over the seven room house to Captain McNelly in the city of Brownsville for us boys to stop in free of charge in case we had to go there at any time. He was the one that gave us fresh horses to ride when ours were rode down. He was the one that told Captain McNelly to never let us go hungry, to kill his beeves or anybody else's. He was the one we drove the thirty-five head of cattle to that we got out of Mexico, November 1875. He was the one that raised one hundred men to come to us in Mexico when Captain McNelly and twenty-six of us were reported to be cut off from water and grub, and it would be a second Alamo massacre with us all with fourteen hundred armed Mexicans in front of us. We stayed there all the same, two days and nights with them in front of us; they were there -- we could see them, they were not over twenty yards from us in the woods up and down the river. We were where we had plenty of water and grub and in Mexico too, but the old Captain King got word of us coming back into Texas and disbanded his men and went back home without coming to us. All of this I will explain in my next writing from start to finish and will give you the full details of it all as it really occurred, if you can make out my writing.



On the morning of November the 19th, 1875, when we charged in to the Cuchattas Ranch [in] Mexico between daylight and sunup, [there were] five on horseback and twenty-one on foot, with old "Casuse" [Jesus Sandoval] on his old Paint horse in the lead, yelling and shooting in every direction, and the other twenty-one of us closed in behind. If the angels of heaven had flown down on them they could not have been any more surprised, as we were the first Rangers or soldiers that had been in Mexico since the old Mexican War.

Don't use this writing in [your] history. I am only giving you the outlines of it and to let you know the King that erected the monument over our Captain McNelly's grave. As I have been so long getting the details of ranger life fixed up for you, that I guess you have got tired looking for it. The next writing I will try and not be so long. My eyes are so bad I can't see, only when the sun shines the brightest.

William Callicott

Ranger with Captain McNelly in 1875

Since we were over there [in Mexico] in 1875 when there was no railroads in that country—now there is a big railroad town. [It] stands where the old Santa Gertrudis Ranch on the Gulf Coast railroad runs there, and now the old ranch goes by the name of Kingsville.

I have seen his wife and all of his family. The old captain has been dead for many years but I think his widow still lives. She was his second wife and many years younger than he was.

P.S. I send you a letter that I got from Mr. Jimines [?] many years ago in regards to the details of ranger life. I wrote off a heap of it and sent it to him in San Antonio, Texas, and his wife sent it back to me telling me that Mr. Jimines

was gone. She didn't tell me where but the way the letter read I think they had a kind of breakup in their camp. Whether Mr. Jimines ever returned or not I can't tell but I still have the details of ranger life a-waiting his return.

P.S. I also send you a letter I got from my old friend Morton King [M. Kinney] who was our quartermaster in the major's escort in 1874. Him and I were the only ones that were from Austin County, Texas, as we lived close together, only he was many years older. He was a captain in the Confederate Army when I was only a small boy. Major Jones was a captain in the Confederate Army, a major in ranger life, and Adjutant General in Austin when he died. Major Jones, Captain King, and Captain McNelly were three great men.

END PART 2

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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The Lone Wolf was Camera Shy

by Lewis Rigler

as told to Robert Nieman

After a long and distinguished career as a Texas Ranger starting in 1947, Lewis Rigler served the Texas Rangers honorably and with distinction until his retirement in 1977. On Saturday, July 16, 1994, fellow historian Bill Utsman and I sat down with Lewis at his office in Gainesville, Texas. During the next three hours Lewis kept Bill and I enthroned as he described several of his cases, and some other entertaining pieces of Texas Ranger lore. Two of these non-cases are fascinating bits of Texas Ranger trivia.



In the first he told an interesting tidbit about Angelina County's Chief Deputy, Hardy Purvis—a future Texas Ranger Captain—and an eighteen-year-old deputy named Homer Garrison—the future Director of the Texas Department of Public Safety and the man all future Colonels who followed him would be compared to.



LEWIS RIGLER: Well you see, Hardy Purvis was the Chief Deputy Sheriff at Lufkin when Homer Garrison was an eighteen-year-old deputy. Did you know that?

ROBERT NIEMAN: No I did not.

LEWIS RIGLER: All right. Homer Garrison was a deputy at the age of eighteen and Hardy Purvis was the Chief Deputy Sheriff of Angelina County. And that's where he [Colonel Garrison] and Hardy Purvis started. And of course Homer always had a soft spot in his heart

for Hardy. Hardy got to be the Captain, and you've got to understand this, Captain's way back there had a lot of power. Because they usually had politicians behind them: the Governor, a senator, and so forth. And the first thing you know they had a little kingdom. And that's the way Hardy Purvis was. He didn't believe in reports and he had several good Rangers, Johnny Klevenhagen, Eddie Oliver, Mart Jones, to name a couple.

The second concerned his first Texas Ranger Captain, the legendary Lone Wolf Gonzauillas. Bob Goss, Gonzauillas' partner in some of the wildest oil field boomtowns in the history of the United States, once said of the Lone Wolf, "The most dangerous place in Texas is between Gonzauillas and a camera." In the early 1950s Gonzauillas retired from the Rangers to go to Hollywood to act as technical advisor to the television program, *Tales of the Texas Rangers*. As Lewis explained, things didn't work out just as Gonzauillas or the producers hoped.

ROBERT NIEMAN: He served as a director or technical director advisor?

LEWIS RIGLER: Gonzauillas?

ROBERT NIEMAN: On *Tales of the Texas Rangers*.

LEWIS RIGLER: He sure did.

ROBERT NIEMAN: Did he ever talk about that?

LEWIS RIGLER: Well I was there when it started.

ROBERT NIEMAN: Tell us about it.

LEWIS RIGLER: Well, he got acquainted with a guy in California, can't think of his name, his son is still active, and that's why Gonzauillas retired. He was going to develop this thing, *Tales of the Texas Rangers*, and I remember the day they brought the crew down to Dallas. And they were going to have him setting at the desk and making an opening statement. And they had the cameras set up and everything and they tried it about ten, fifteen, twenty minutes, and he couldn't get it out. He couldn't do it. He couldn't talk. Finally he said, "You'll have to do it some other way, I can't do it." So they didn't ever use him sitting there at the desk.

ROBERT NIEMAN: A little bit camera shy.

LEWIS RIGLER: Oh yes.

ROBERT NIEMAN: And that's kind of strange about Lone Wolf Gonzauillas.

LEWIS RIGLER: Yeah.

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Guns of the Texas Rangers:

The Colt Navy

by David Stroud



Sam Colt was never satisfied with his latest revolver, regardless of the praise it produced and the acclaims it received. Even as the initial Patersons came off the production line in 1836, the inventor was seeking improvements.



Colt "Texas" Paterson with later M1851 Loading Lever

By 1842, four models were created before bankruptcy forced Colt to close the factory. The Mexican War (1846-1848) and Captain Samuel Walker allowed Colt to return to the arms business he loved, and the doors never shut again.

The Paterson was an average-sized weapon, but the Walkers and Dragoons proved to be massive revolvers, to say the least. In fact, Rangers Ben McCulloch

and Jack Hays criticized the size and weight of the bulky weapons.

In 1850, as the United States searched for compromises to allow California to enter the Union as a free state, Colt produced two revolvers of lighter weight to accommodate the public and attract the military.



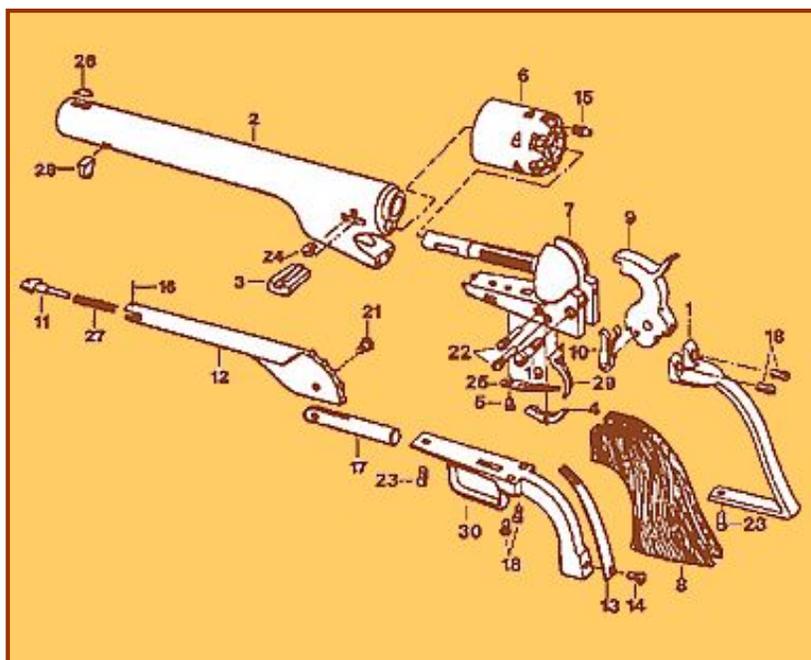
Colt Walker

The Model 1848, better known as the Baby Dragoon, was Colt's initial offering. The pistol was a five-shot, .31-caliber revolver, only 8 inches in length, with a three-inch barrel. The small revolver was not equipped with a loading lever. The Baby Dragoon quickly evolved into the Model 1849, or Pocket Model, which provided the public a choice of a four-, five-, or six-inch barrel and a five- or six-shot cylinder. The Pocket Models were equipped with loading levers. The undersized weapon proved to Colt's best-selling revolver: at the end of percussion production in 1873, more than 350,000 had been manufactured.

However, the military's need for a slightly larger revolver with more firepower caused Colt to quickly return to the drawing board. The solution was to simply increase the size and caliber of the Pocket Model. The result was the Model 1851 Navy revolver.

The Pocket Model and the Navy were both placed into production in 1850. Because of inaccurate research, collectors labeled them incorrectly as to the years they were introduced, and they shall forever be known as the '49 Pocket and '51 Navy.

The basic 1851 Navy is easily recognized as a .36-caliber, six-shot, single-action percussion with a 7-1/2 inch octagonal barrel. The barrels are addressed, and the brass backs straps and trigger guards are silver-plated. The round cylinder is non-rebated and non-fluted with small pins near the nipples. These pins serve as a safety feature to keep the hammer away from the capped nipples when not in use. The grips are one-piece wood, and all are hand-fitted to the gun by workers.



Sam Colt never forgot those who helped him. The Republic of Texas bought his weapons in great numbers, and the Rangers added fame to his revolvers as they battled Indians, Mexican troops and bandits. In gratitude to the Rangers, the inventor initially called the Navy Model, “the new Ranger-size pistol,” or more simply, the Ranger. Regardless of the original name, the term *Navy* quickly replaced it, and that well-known name has caused many inaccuracies.



Samuel Colt

One of the possibilities for the use of the term *Navy* may have been the cylinder scene engraved by W. L. Ormsby. In tribute to the Texas Navy’s initial purchase of his Paterson revolvers, Colt had the battle between the Lone Star fleet and the Mexican Navy roll-engraved on the cylinder of the new model with “Engaged 16 May 1843” appearing below it.

In order to appeal for Navy contracts, Colt used the expression *Navy* to indicate .36-caliber rather than the .44-caliber required by the Army. The United States Navy did purchase some 8,500 Navies with iron back straps, while the U. S. Army contracted for even more with the brass back strap.

The '51 Navy was the revolver that brought Sam Colt universal fame, and more than 240,000 were built before the production ceased in 1873. In fact, as of 1947, nearly one million pistols had used the basic design of the Navy.

As good as the Navy was, Colt continued searching for improvements. Soon after the first Navies rolled off the assembly line, improved '51s were being introduced, demonstrating perfectly the gun maker’s constant search for the faultless weapon. Because of these modest alterations, the '51 Navy has been divided into several models and sub-models. (All serial numbers are approximate, as strict record keeping was not a standard practice).

The **FIRST MODEL SQUARE BACK** has the square-back trigger guard, brass

back strap, and thin barrel lug, with the barrel wedge above the screw. This early model's loading notch is the non-beveled V type, and the one-piece, wooden grips are the Slim Jim style with an upward flare of the butt on each side of the brass butt straps. The wedge screw is under the wedge, and the 5/16" wedge is placed through the thin barrel lug upside down. The serial number range is 1-1250.

The **SECOND MODEL SQUARE BACK** retained the brass square-back trigger guard, brass back strap with the screw placed above the wedge, along with the wedge entering up right. The barrel lug is thin and the cylinder pin is slotted. The serial number range is 1250-4200.

The **EARLY THIRD MODEL** has the small, round, brass trigger guard, brass back strap, and V-loading notch with the wedge screw over the wedge. The loading lever screw enters from the right. The serial number range is 4200 to 30000.

The **MIDDLE THIRD MODEL** has the small, round, brass trigger guard, brass back strap, V-loading lever, thick barrel lug, and the screw is over the wedge. The loading lever screw enters from the left side as do all the exterior screws, and the barrel lug was increased in size from 5/16" to 7/16." The serial number range is 30000-37500.

Most of the **LATE THIRD MODELS** have the small, round, brass trigger guards and brass back straps. A small number are found with round iron trigger guards and back straps. The barrel lug is thick, the wedge is over the screw, and the loading notch is now beveled. The serial number range is 37500-85000.

The **EARLY FOURTH MODEL** has the larger round brass or iron trigger guard and the lading notch is beveled with a thick barrel wedge. The serial number range is 85000-118500.

The **MIDDLE FOURTH MODEL** retains the large brass round trigger guard and back straps of brass or iron. The loading notch is beveled with a thick barrel wedge, and the screw is over the wedge. The serial number range is 118500-16500.

The **LATE FOURTH MODEL** has the large brass trigger guard, a brass or iron back strap with beveled loading notch, and a thick barrel wedge with the screw over the wedge. The serial number range is 16500-215000.

EARLY LONDON NAVIES have the larger round, brass trigger guards; back straps with Slim Jim grips; and V-loading notches with the loading lever screw entering from the right side. The thick barrel lug is present as are British proof marks. The serial number range is 1-2000.

LONDON-LONDONS have the round iron trigger guard and back strap and V-loading notches with the loading lever screw entering from the left side. The thick barrel lug is present, as are British proof marks. The serial number range is 2000-38500.

HARTFORD-LONDONS have the round brass or iron trigger guards and back straps and beveled-loading notches, with the loading lever screw enter from the left side. The thick barrel lug is there as are British proof marks. The serial number range is 38000-43000.

Sam Colt used every means and every spot available to publicize his weapons, and the top of the barrel was no exception. The Paterson barrels were stamped "Patent Arms M'g. Co., Paterson, N.J. Colt's Patent." The Walkers, as well as the Dragoons and the '49 Pockets, bore the mark "Address Sam'l Colt, New York City." However, with the production of the '51 Navy, several addresses were used:

"-ADDRESS SAML COLT NEW-YORK CITY-"

The dashes are on the barrel, with the L [ITALICS] in his name elevated, with a line below it. Serial number ranges are about 1-7,400.

"-ADDRESS SAML COLT HARTFORD CT.-"

The L [ITALICS] in Colt's name is elevated, with a line below. Serial number range is approximately 7,400-101,000.

"-ADDRESS COLT SAML COLT NEW YORK U. S. AMERICA-"

The Serial number ranges are around 101,000-215,000.

The barrel addresses offer an introduction into Sam Colt's business tactics. Since the Navies were mostly made in Hartford, with a few manufactured in London, England, we can only speculate as to the New York addresses.

The Paterson revolver was stamped with the Paterson, New Jersey, address. But as Walker's were being built in Whitneyville, Connecticut, the barrel stamping was changed to New York City.

One possibility of the use of the New York address is the Southern market, whose buyers took unkindly to abolitionists. The anti-slavery movement was especially strong in New England, and Connecticut was no exception. William Lloyd Garrison founded *The Liberator* in Boston, and Southerners hated that radical publication. The Hartford Convention had met in secret from December 1814 to January 1815. The final report of those twenty-six New England Federalists was moderate, but it did call for the repeal of the constitutional three-fifths compromise that gave the slave-holding states additional representation and electrical votes. Sam realized that few Southerners forgot such affronts.

New York was an exception among Northern states. Yankees from New York were extremely Southern in their political views, and the most famous city's newspapers often read as if they were published south of the Mason-Dixon line. Also, Hartford was not as well known as New York City, and any order addressed to Sam Colt would find its way to his sales office there. In 1857, Colt returned to his Hartford stamp for reasons known only to the inventor, and he then resumed the New York address in 1861, along with the personal title of "Colonel."

This Colonel designation is somewhat vague. Colt did serve as major commandant of the First Troop of Governor's Horse Guard in Connecticut, but that was an honorary title rather than military. After the war began in 1861, Sam offered to raise and equip, at his own expense, a Hartford regiment. However, the unit never formed and the rank was withdrawn.

The best explanation for the title is Colt's appointment by the governor as a member of the executive's staff. That position carried the title of colonel. With

an ever-present eye on military contracts, Colt felt that any suggested military experience would help. [Picture of Samuel Colt #15]

Government contracts were always a concern to Colt and may have been the reason for the square-back trigger guard found on his early weapons. The Walker as well as the First and Second Model Dragoon pistols all had the non-practical trigger guards. However, Colonel Talcot had affection for them and believed they offered a more graceful appearance than the round guard. If a small piece of brass would win a contract, Sam would provide it. In 1852, Talcot was gone and the small, round, trigger guard replaced the square back.

Another means of attracting military and civilian sales was the idea of an attachable shoulder stock, which would easily convert the revolver into a six-shot carbine. The inspiration may have come to Colt from the 1855 Springfield Pistol-Carbine issued to the Dragoons. The Springfield was a single-shot, whereas Colt offered a multi-firing weapons for consideration. He received two patents for the shoulder stock in January 1859. The first of these is for a wooden stock and the second for a canteen stock of metal, or two pieces of wood. Both can be attached to '51 Navy's 4-screw cut for shoulder stock.

These revolvers have a stud (screw) in the frame, and the percussion shield has been cut to receive the pronged fore-end of the attachable stock. Also, the back strap has a groove to accept the bottom of the fore-end of the stock. Most of the 4-screw Navies have iron trigger guards or the small, rounded ones of brass. They also have a swivel attached to the front of the trigger guard. The swivel is present on 4-screw Navies from approximate serial numbers 67,000-79,000. After this last number, they were terminated. The shoulder-stock models are found in the serial number ranges of 90000-93000; 100,000; 128,000; 189,000; and 192,000. A mystery is presented with the Navies in the 135000-166000 serial number range: there are 4-screw frames, but the brass back straps are not milled to accept the stock. According to Nathan L. Swayze, the foremost authority on Colt Navies, this was simply Colt continuing his practice of using spare trigger guards on regular Navies. The shoulder-stocked Navies were never popular, and the model was discontinued around 1866.

Another method used by Colt to attract the military market was the stamping of serial numbers on various parts of the revolver. Sam's revolvers are stamped with more serial numbers than any other revolver known to the author. This is a blessing for collectors, for a quick glance will determine if all of the major parts are original to the gun. The inventor informed the military that by having the numbers on different parts, it would require the soldier to be responsible for his weapon. He would not be able to damage the cylinder, for example, and then replace it with that of another soldier's weapon.

Serial numbers appear on the cylinder, loading lever, wedge, barrel, frame, trigger guard, and butt of the back strap. They are also written with ink inside the grip grove. When a weapon appears with mixed serial numbers, the parts have been switched. A cylinder, for example, will sometimes be encountered with no serial number, yet appear contemporary to the gun. The reason is that the part was ordered from the factory as a replacement. Were the revolver returned to the factory for repair, replaced parts would have been numbered.

In 1851, Sam Colt took more than 500 weapons to the Great Exhibition in Great Britain. Those he displayed were beautifully engraved examples of outstanding art. While spectators admired the displayed models, regular revolvers were sold to the public. Because the English were so enthusiastic for his revolvers, and he wanted to get around the tariffs, Colt established a

factory in London in January 1863. Some Navy models were made there and stamped accordingly:

HARTFORD-LONDONS—These revolvers were built in London from parts shipped from the Hartford factory and have brass back straps with small, round, brass trigger guards. The London address is present on the barrel (–ADDRESS COL. COLT LONDON–). The dashes in the address are arrows. Estimated serial number range is 1-2000.

LONDON-LONDONS—These Navies have iron back straps and large, round, iron trigger guards. On the barrel top “–ADDRESS COL. COLT LONDON–“ is stamped. Estimated serial range is 2001-43000.

All Colts made in London have two British proof marks stamped on them. One is a crown over “GP,” which stands for gun makers’ proof, and the other is a crown over “V,” signifying “view.”

The military’s purchase of Walkers and Dragoons did not go unnoticed. The military was a valuable market, and Colt certainly believed it would be a ready buyer for his improved pistol. However, that was not the case. Although the Ordnance Department favorably tested the Navy in 1850, the initial order by the Army did not arrive until January 15, 1855. The two branches of the military are represented by these models:

ARMY-NAVIES are the early types with brass back straps and round trigger guards. Once inspected and approved, each revolver was stamped with the initials of various inspectors on assorted metal parts, as well with a “US” on the left side of the frame below Colt’s patent. Most of the 1,465 Navies ordered were issued to the 2nd U.S. Cavalry, one of the most famous pre-Civil War units of American history. The Indian-fighting regiment was the Army’s elite unit, and it furnished sixteen generals to the Union and Confederate military during the Civil War. Officers such as Robert E. Lee, John Bell Hood, Albert Sidney Johnston, George H. Thomas, and James Ewell Brown (JEB) Stuart gained first-hand knowledge of the effectiveness of Colt’s new weapon while engaging Comanche and Kiowa warriors in Texas. By June of 1859, the Army bought 16,962 Navies and most were in the serial number range of 42,000-80,000.+

NAVY-NAVIES are the later types with iron back straps and large, round, iron trigger guards. They have the small “U.S.” stamped on the frame below “Colt’s Patent” and “U.S.N.” on the butt of the back strap. They are in the serial number range of 89000-91000. The first order, in June 1852, was for 100 belt pistols to outfit Commander Perry’s expedition to the East Indies and the China Sea. Several states also purchased the belt-size revolvers to equip their militia. In 1857, Indiana received 250, and that same year New Hampshire bought 300. Texas ordered 368 Navies in August 1858, and former Ranger Ben McCulloch purchased 300 in the summer of 1860. Another 300 with iron back straps and trigger guards were bought by the state quartermaster, General R. C. Thom.

When the Civil War began in 1861, approximately 98,000 ’51 Navies had been produced. The demand for Colt’s excellent revolver increased during that bitter conflict. Union officers were required to purchase their uniforms and weapons, and many of the soldiers selected the ’51 Navy as their firearm. Because the weapons were privately purchased, there are no government markings on them.

The Navy proved even more popular among Confederate officers and enlisted men. One explanation is availability. In 1860, Colt introduced his Army revolver in .44-caliber, but these weapons were fobbed for Confederate purchase. Therefore, Southern soldiers were better able to acquire the Navies, and many of them did so as they armed themselves for service. By the war's end in April 1865, another 87,000 Navies had been produced and a number of them became the property of Confederate soldiers by battlefield supply.

The close of war did not decrease the public's demand for Colt firearms. Reconstruction and the Westward movement opened new markets to the company. Although Sam Colt died in early 1862, the company he founded continued to produce excellent weapons with an ever-present eye to the future.

The gunfighters, outlaws, and gamblers of the cow towns and barrooms



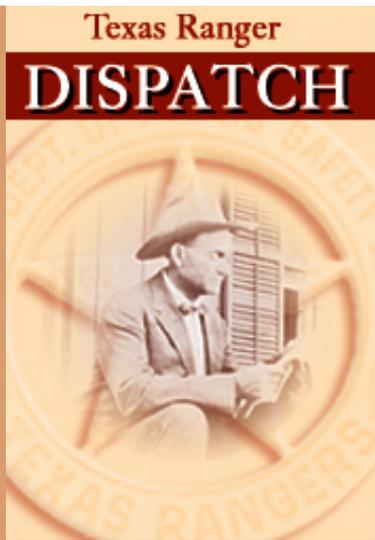
added another colorful chapter to Colt history, as did the Texas Rangers and lawmen who tried to contain them. Shootists such as John Wesley Hardin, Jesses and Frank James, Ben Thompson and his brother William ("Texas Billy"), and many more were introduced to the firearms during the percussion period. Men such as these made use of many different guns, and undoubtedly '51 Navies were part of their learning experiences.

John Henry "Doc" Holliday was given a '51 Navy by his uncle, Doctor John S. Holliday, following the Civil War. The future dentist spent many hours perfecting his shooting skills in the Georgia countryside before tuberculosis forced him west.

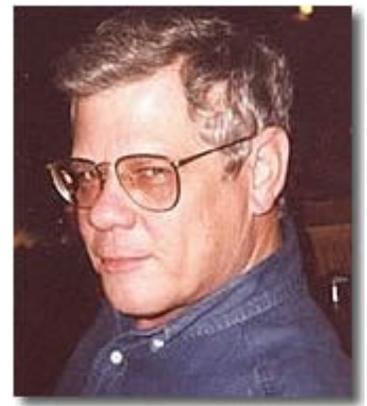
However, the most famous gunman who favored the Navy above other arms was James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok. He was fast and deadly, and long before he was murdered in Deadwood, Dakota Territory in 1876, he had acquired the title "Prince of Pistoleers."

The 1851 Navy is believed to have been Sam Colt's personal favorite. The evidence is derived from the only image of Colt with a weapon. The revolver that is in that picture is the Navy. Colt's personal revolvers seemed to have been an engraved pair of Navies with ivory grips displaying a horse head. In addition to the portrait, Colt favored the Navy for presentation to individuals who could help his business. Among the many recipients of these beautifully engraved gifts were President Franklin Pierce, Secretary of War John B. Floyd, Sam Houston, Czar Nicholas, and Colonel Thomas Lally.

Today, the Colt 1851 Navy is a much sought-after revolver by collectors, and prime examples demand princely sums. Anyone interested in purchasing one of these historical Colts is urged to contact reputable dealers and read as many books on the subject as possible. As Sam Colt urged: "Be aware of frauds."



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