



The

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A Legend In His Own Time R. M. "Red" Arnold

by Bob Arnold, his son
Part I

Robert M. "Red" Arnold arrived on 6 June 1915, the third of six sons born to Jim and Bess Arnold and the grandson of a Civil War veteran who had settled in Northeast Texas near the town of Arp in the 1850s. He was raised on a small 150-acre farm outside Longview near where the Sabine River now flows under U.S. Highway 259 between Longview and Kilgore. The values of self-reliance, honesty, and hard work that he and his brothers learned growing up on the farm were central to him his entire life. Red's word was his bond, and you knew if he said he would do something, it would be done, no matter how difficult it might be.

After graduating from Longview High School in 1933, Red entered the Marine Corps at Parris Island, South Carolina. Following basic training, he was sent to Military Police school. He served on several ships during the next three years, including the Astoria and the Tuscaloosa, and he had assignments in numerous Caribbean and South American countries.

When he was discharged from the Marines in 1937, Red was accepted into the Texas Highway Patrol. When he graduated from the Academy in April 1938, he was assigned as a Highway Patrolman in Corpus Christi. The following April, he returned to San Diego to marry Aline Bell, whom he had met while a Marine stationed at Camp Pendleton, California. They returned to Corpus Christi to begin their life together.

In the early morning of 2 July 1940, two eighteen-year-old men who had stolen a Studebaker in Nacogdoches, Texas, were seen near Edinburg. An ensuing

chase by law enforcement officers began immediately, but the two criminals were able to avoid capture by ditching and stealing several cars. During their desperate attempt to escape, they killed two people: a former Texas Ranger who was a night watchman for the King Ranch and a housewife who was kidnapped when the two stole the car that she and her husband were driving.

South Texas law enforcement officers called Red and his partner Earl Nichols to assist in locating and arresting the pair who had been alluding capture since the previous day. The two patrolmen took positions in an area east of Bishop, Texas, so they could keep the two from escaping in the open prairie. At about 6:00 in the morning, Red and Earl began searching along the King Ranch fences. They came upon a couple of trucks and noticed two men sitting in one of them. Red asked, "Do you think that's them?"

Red and Earl approached the pair and asked them to get out. The two men jumped from the truck and began firing at the officers. The ensuing gun battle resulted in the death of the two outlaws.

Red Arnold and Earl Nichols were commended for their actions by Homer Garrison, director of Public Safety. He stated that their courage and bravery helped to bring respect and great credit to the department. Later, Red reflected, "I guess it was just luck coming upon those boys by that road on that empty prairie, but it was unlucky for them."

In order to broaden his law enforcement experience, Red requested and received a transfer in September 1941 from the Highway Patrol to the Bureau of Identification and Records. He became an expert in fingerprinting analysis and was often a fingerprinting instructor to fellow police officers at the Police Academy in Austin. His fingerprinting expertise was extremely valuable in helping solve many criminal cases over the years of his service.

Red transferred back to the Highway Patrol in June 1942 and was immediately assigned to Lampasas, Texas. Because of World War II, however, he felt an obligation to his country and the need to be with his fellow Marines. Ignoring his draft-exemption status, Red requested military leave from the Highway Patrol in October 1942 and re-enlisted in the Marine Corps. In late October, he moved his wife and newborn son Robert Jr. to live with his parents in Longview. Marine Gunnery Sergeant Red Arnold then hopped on a troop train going to San Diego, California. He joined his buddies for the fight in the Pacific.

Following several months of training at Camp Pendleton, California, Red and his outfit shipped out to the Pacific and "places unknown." One of these unknown places was Pelieu, a small island in the Palau Island chain located west of the Philippines. Pelieu Island was of strategic significance because it could be used as a base for fighter support during MacArthur's pending return to the Philippines.

In early September 1944, now First Sergeant Red Arnold landed on the beach of Pelieu with other members of the 1st Marine Division, under the command of Colonel "Chesty" Puller. Now considered one of the bloodiest engagements of WWII, the advancement of the Marines on Pelieu was very slow. The Japanese fought tenaciously over the few square miles of the island. The First Marines suffered over 60 percent casualties in their attempt to drive the Japanese from their heavily fortified positions and the maze of caves and tunnels that they had constructed.

A final push by remnants of the First Division was made on 21 September,

and Red was seriously wounded during the attack. The Pelieu campaign, which was planned to only take two days, was finally concluded two months later in November 1994. After recovering from his injuries, Red returned to his Marine outfit and made several other island landings before the war ended in August 1945.

Red did not talk much about those difficult war years. He knew that he was one of the lucky ones because he was able to return home safely to his wife and son. Many of his buddies and fellow Marines were not so fortunate. Red sailed back to San Diego in November 1945 and was greeted by his wife Aline. They returned together to Texas to be reunited with their young son and Red's parents and younger brothers.

Red rejoined the Highway Patrol in December 1945 and was assigned to Corsicana, Texas. In early 1948, following the birth of his daughter Joan, he and his family moved to Greenville to a new Highway Patrol assignment.

Red was promoted to the Texas Ranger service in 1954 and was initially assigned to Comanche, Texas. In 1956, he was transferred to Company B in Mount Pleasant, Texas. A writer for a local Houston paper, stretching the truth a bit, once wrote that Red was responsible for an area as large as Virginia. While Red had responsibility for only six counties in the corner of Northeast Texas, with a central location in Titus County, it sometimes would seem to be a much larger area—although probably not the size of Virginia!

The Lone Star Steel Company was located deep in the Piney Woods in Cass County, which was adjacent to Red's area. On two occasions, once in 1957 and again in 1968, the Texas Rangers were called in to perform one of the most distasteful of Ranger duties—keeping the peace during a labor dispute between the union and local management. Shootings, bombings, threats, intimidations, assault, and murder occurred during these strikes. Most Texas Rangers worked with local law enforcement and security personnel during one or both strikes; Red was involved in both.

During the '57 strike, one of the company workers was locked up inside the plant. Someone tossed a large rock through a picture window of his home, frightening the worker's wife and their four young sons. After spending the night locked in one of the bedrooms, the wife called the local sheriff's office to report the incident. Later that day, Red showed up and asked the woman if there was a gun in the house. After showing him her husband's weapons, Red selected a carbine and showed her how to load and use it. He told her that if she had any more trouble, she should go toward the direction of the noise, empty the gun clip, and then call him. Red said that he would come and see if she had shot anything. His calm reassurance of this frightened lady and her children helped the family endure the remainder of the strike. Because of the impression that Red made on the family during that stressful time, friendships were made, and one of those four boys later became a police officer.

Texas Rangers often help each other solve cases that do not occur in their immediate areas. Such was the situation in July 1959, when Red was called to interrogate two men who were arrested in Daingerfield, Texas, by the Highway Patrol. A couple of days prior to their arrest, the two lawbreakers had attempted to sell a couple of guns in Dallas, but they had left when questioned by the antique dealer. The dealer identified the criminals' car and reported its license-plate number to police. A description of the car was sent out throughout the state.

The men were caught and arrested, and their car was searched. Some of the

artifacts that were stolen during the night of 27 June from the Sam Houston Museum in Huntsville, Texas, were found. Among the stolen artifacts that remained missing were several rifles, guns, swords, and knives that had once belonged to Sam Houston.

During Red's interrogation of the two men, they confessed to the burglary, described how they gained entry to the museum, and listed what they had taken. Red called Texas Rangers Ed Gooding and Mart Jones, the investigators on the burglary. He told them what he had found out from the two men. The two Rangers, accompanied by Walker County Sheriff Floyd Farris, drove up to Daingerfield to meet with Red and talk with the two suspects.

The burglars said that they had hidden most of the artifacts on the banks of the Sulphur River near Commerce. The three Rangers and Sheriff Farris drove from Daingerfield with the two thieves to locate and bring back the stolen property. After coming to the top of a steep hill leading down to the riverbank, the criminals pointed to some brush and said that was where the guns and other artifacts were hidden.

Concerned that they would be unable to drive back up the hill because of the mud, Red had everyone pull over to the side of the road. The officers stuck their pant legs in their boots and walked down the muddy road with their two suspects to the spot that the boys had identified. Red told the two boys to go into the thick brush and bring out the stolen property. The two returned, however, saying that everything was too heavy for them to carry, so the three officers helped carry everything out. Red stuck one of General Sam's swords in his belt, and Ed Gooding secured some tomahawks in his belt and picked up a couple of long rifles. They all struggled back up the muddy hill. Gooding and Jones returned the stolen artifacts to the museum the next day.

Texas Rangers were on call twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week to assist other law enforcement officials when needed. At about 4:00 on the morning of 15 June 1971, Red received a call at home from the Mount Pleasant police dispatcher saying that two individuals, later determined to be brothers, had disarmed several police officers during an arrest attempt. The drunken pair had been intentionally forcing cars off Highway 271, a stretch of road about two miles south of Pittsburg, a small town ten miles from Mount Pleasant. The two were threatening to kill one of the officers, and Red's assistance was needed. He quickly left for the scene.

Red stopped in Mount Pleasant long enough to get backup help from Conrad Marrs, a sergeant with the Mount Pleasant Police Department, and Harold Rester, an inspector with the TACB. Rester asked Red, "What is the plan of action?"

Red replied, "There is no plan. Either the two will drop their weapons and surrender, or we'll have to shoot them."

After arriving at the scene at about 4:45 a.m., Red grabbed his carbine and began walking up the center of the highway toward the two men. Rester walked on the right side of the road and carried a shotgun, while Marrs navigated on the left.

Red yelled at the criminals to drop their guns. One of the men hollered back that they didn't have any guns. One of the policemen being held shouted that the men both had guns. Red asked the men again to drop their guns. One of

them had been holding a rifle to the head of one of the officers. He turned to fire at Red, and Red shot him several times.

Red asked the second man to drop his pistol, and when he refused, Red shot him as well. The first assailant recovered enough to pick up his rifle, but Rester shot him as he was running away. He later recovered from his wounds and was charged with aggravated assault of a police officer. The second of the two brothers died later at a local hospital.

Because of Red's actions that night, the lives of three police officers were saved. Red received many favorable comments from state and local police and city officials for his valor and courageous action. When advised by the Department of Public Safety that he was being nominated for the Parade-IACP (International Association of Chiefs of Police, Inc.) as one of the nation's most outstanding law-enforcement officers, he replied in his unassuming way, "I only did what any other officer would have done."

In 1974, Red was selected as the outstanding peace officer by the East Texas Police Officer's Association. His bravery, his devotion to duty, and his many years of commitment to enforcing the law were cited. Red retired from the Rangers in 1978 after a forty-year career in law enforcement, first as a Highway Patrolman and then as a Texas Ranger. Following a short illness, Red died of a self-inflicted gunshot wound in 1979, and he was buried in the family cemetery in Arp, Texas.

Even today, Red's stature and reputation among his fellow Rangers is unquestioned. He dedicated his life to service of both his country and the state of Texas. His courage and bravery were demonstrated on many occasions, and he willingly placed himself in harm's way to protect his fellow officers. He was acknowledged by his fellow Rangers as a "legend in his own time" and a Ranger who did not know the meaning of the word fear.

Red was admired and greatly respected not only by his peers, but also by victims of the crimes he investigated, district and defense attorneys, judges, other police officers, and people in the communities that he served. Red Arnold was considered by many to be "the law in Northeast Texas" for over twenty years and is remembered by his fellow Rangers as "one of the very best."

Bob Arnold

Bob Arnold is a retired polymer chemist who worked at the Dow Chemical Company in Texas City, Texas, for over 35 years. He graduated from Texas Tech and also served as an officer in the United States Army. Bob began his career with Union Carbide in 1967 and has had a variety of laboratory and manufacturing assignments during his career in the chemical industry. Most recently, Bob was involved with implementing information technology systems for the Union Carbide Corporation and, after the merger of the two companies, with the Dow Chemical Company.

Bob and his wife Bejie both grew up in Mount Pleasant, Texas, and they have been married for thirty-three years. Bejie teaches at the University of Houston, Clear Lake. The Arnolds have two children: Jennifer, who is a speech pathologist at Clear Creek Independent School District; and Thomas, who is a flight controller for Space Shuttle Operations at United Space Alliance.


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The Rule of Law

vs.
Mr. Colt



by Bob Dabney

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Our ancestors faced nineteenth-century Texas with a stoicism and courage that set an example for every Texas lawyer today. They stood behind the rule of law at a time when, as often as not, the six-shooter or rope was relied upon to enforce justice as well as mediate disputes.

Calling opposing counsel offensive names would have been very dangerous in that era. In fact, there was a time when lawyers might have responded with lead to some of the insulting antics that are commonplace today.

At the Constitutional Convention of 1875, one of the delegates, the Honorable George McCormick of Colorado County, moved to strike out the clause in Section I referring to dueling. He said he "would never vote to disfranchise a man for fighting a duel or carrying a challenge" for he felt there "were cases where a man's honor or that of his family necessitated fighting a duel or risk being branded a coward." [1]

Even though dueling was no longer a viable choice in settling disputes in the nineteenth century, Texas was so wild that the day of the six-shooter was far from over. In fact, it found added vigor in the day of the cowboy.

Brave lawyers and judges, however, sought to bring justice to the frontier, and the rule of law slowly prevailed over the six-shooter, i.e. Mr. Colt. What were these lawyers and judges like? The following is what one young man learned about some of Texas history's most colorful legal characters.

It was one sunny, summer day in the early 1940s, and the mother of a twelve-year-old boy called her son into her bedroom. She often talked to him about her father, her family, and her life as a young girl growing up in Lockhart, Texas. Her great grandfather and great uncles had been Texas Rangers, and her father and grandfather had been lawyers. She had fond wishes that her young son would be a lawyer also.

The mother brought out a box that the boy had never seen. From it, she took out a big, gold, pocket watch and an old, black pistol. She told him that the

watch was known as a "Stagshead" watch [2], and it belonged to his grandfather. The pistol, a Colt .41-caliber, was given to her father by a friend. Her father had been district attorney of Caldwell County and had sent an accused man to the penitentiary. The brother of the accused threatened to kill her father and a friend had given him the pistol for protection. Her father refused to carry it. Sure enough, the brother took a shot at him. Fortunately, the bullet hit the "Stagshead" watch in his vest pocket. This was her father's favorite watch, and he had it repaired and wore it until the end of his life.

The boy carefully picked up the watch as though it were a living thing. On opening it, he saw his grandfather's name engraved on the inside of the back cover. The young boy was mesmerized by both the watch and the pistol. It was almost ghostly holding the possessions of a man long since dead. The boy's mind formed many questions and began what would become a lifelong love of studying Texas' legal history and the lawyers and judges that shaped it. He started reading and reading and reading. These are some of the colorful, courageous people he learned about.

Top

Robert McAlpin Williamson (1806(?)-1859)

In the 1820s, Texas was still part of Mexico, which until 1821 had belonged to Spain. The land was a paradise of piney woods, hardwood forests, vast savannas, plains, rocky hills, mountains, and brush country, all intersected by numerous rivers and streams flowing to the Gulf of Mexico. The Spanish in the late sixteenth century had brought in cattle and horses. These animals roamed the land, propagated, and spread over the vast expanse of what was then Texas.



Both the Spanish and the settlers who came after had a fierce pride and code of honor. The people were of Scotch-Irish, German, Anglo-Saxon, and similar stock, and they were clannish and fast to protect their own. Dueling was not uncommon, and there was little enforcement of the rule of law, since there were few law officers and still fewer lawyers and judges.

The numerous Indian tribes were restless and rebellious over the settlers' usurpation of their lands, horses, and cattle. The Mexicans, who had only recently won independence from Spain, feared their big neighbor east of the Sabine and felt the settlers were too greedy and aggressive. The United States was casting a lustful eye at the country that would ultimately become the southwestern and western regions of the United States. The three cultures clashed, and the setting was ripe for the violent days ahead.

Since 1823, a group that came to be called the "Rangers" had been protecting settlers from attacks by Indians, particularly the Karankawas. In this time of turmoil, a young Georgian emerged as one of Texas' most outstanding lawmen. He was, in fact, one of the most remarkable men to emerge in Texas history, which was replete with formidable people.

Robert McAlpin Williamson's extensive talents were sometimes overshadowed by the nickname with which this polished and brilliant man

was burdened. When he was 15 years of age, he contracted an ailment that left him crippled for life. His right leg was bent backwards at the knee, and he wore a wooden peg leg. This earned him the moniker, "Three-Legged Willie." The bearer of this nickname was no man to laugh at, however, for he was courageous, an expert horseman, and an excellent marksman. In his prime, it was said that Williamson "danced, rode like a centaur, and brawled with the best of them. [3]

In the late 1820s, Williamson settled at San Felipe de Austin. In 1829, with a partner, he established the newspaper known as the *Cotton Plant* and later edited the *Texas Gazette* and the *Mexican Citizen*.

Williamson appealed to the citizens of Texas to resist the tyranny of the Mexican government [4] and later was sent to the General Consultation of 1835 as a delegate from Mina (now Bastrop). On 29 November 1835, the provisional government there commissioned him as a major, ordering him to organize three companies of Rangers. This crusty frontiersman obviously was held in such high esteem by his fellow Texans that they placed him in charge. [5]

The Texans' faith in Williamson was vindicated. He participated in shepherding Texas families in the Runaway Scrape and then fought in the Battle of San Jacinto, for which he received 640 acres of land. [6] Williamson also became known as the "Patrick Henry of Texas" for his editorials and rousing oratory for Texas independence. The Mexican government honored him by putting a price on his head.

On 16 December 1835, Williamson was elected judge of the Third Judicial District by the First Congress of the Republic of Texas, which also made him a member of the first Texas Supreme Court. As there was no building then available in which to hold court, Williamson convened the first term of the district court of the republic under a large oak tree next to the land where the Colorado County Courthouse was built in 1837. [7] In 1840, Williamson was elected to represent Washington County and subsequently served in the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Congresses and in the house in the Ninth Congress. After Texas became a state, he also served in the senate in the first two legislatures.

Williamson married Mary Jane Edwards of Austin County on 21 April 1837, and they had seven children. An ardent supporter of annexation, Williamson even named one of his sons Annexus.

At one time, Williamson was commissioned by the president of the Republic of Texas to go to a distant county to hold a term of court. As was so often the case in nineteenth-century Texas, the county was divided into factions that spent most of the time cutting each other's throats. No courts had been held for years. The citizens had recently convened a meeting in which they adopted a resolution stating that no court should be held (afraid no doubt, of the numerous indictments for murder that would be forthcoming). When Judge Williamson took the bench, a lawyer rose up and read the resolution. When asked by the judge to cite authority for such a resolution, the lawyer pulled a Bowie knife, laid it on the table, and said, "This is the statute which governs in such cases."

Judge Williamson, quick as lightning, drew his long pistol and, in an unmistakable tone, replied, "And this is the constitution which overrides the statute." [8] The court was held without conflict between the "statute" and the "constitution." After 1849, Williamson was unsuccessful in political races. In 1857, an illness affected his mental brilliance. He died at the home of his

father-in-law on 22 December 1859 and was buried in Wharton. His body was subsequently reinterred in the State Cemetery in Austin in 1930. [9]

Even though handicapped, Williamson obviously rose above his disability. He was a fighter, but he chose the rule of law (tempered by Mr. Colt's extra-judicial influence) and set an example for all future Texas lawyers and judges.

Texas remembered its loyal son by naming Williamson County after Robert McAlpin Williamson and erecting a monument at his grave. His picture was displayed in the state capital, reminding future generations of the fearsome figure of San Jacinto who wore a coonskin cap with nine tails and of the polished judge and orator who was the watchdog of civil liberties and a scourge to vested interests in exas' congress and legislatures. [10]

After reading about Three-Legged Willie, the young boy continued his study of Texas history, reading about a judge who brought about the end of the most vicious feud in Texas and lived to tell about it.

Top

Judge Henry Clay Pleasants
(23 March 1828 – 7 November 1899)

The time following the Civil War is often referred to as the Reconstruction Period. For many citizens of the vanquished South, however, it was more an era for venting anger than a period of rebuilding. The "carpetbagger" government of Texas exacerbated the situation with the appointment of a State Police force, which was little better than the so-called outlaws it pursued. Fencing of land had not begun, and there were frequent disputes over the ownership of cattle and property. Many of Texas' most infamous outlaws thrived during this era. By 1873, there existed in Gonzales and DeWitt Counties a vigilante committee that made life very tenuous for citizens. Sheriff Jack Helms, formerly a captain in the State Police, led the committee. [11]

It was during all this turmoil that DeWitt County was host to one of the longest and most vicious feuds in Texas history. According to some historians, the Sutton-Taylor feud began in the Carolinas, continued during the 1840s in Georgia, and finally came to Texas. Both families unfortunately chose to settle near each other in DeWitt County. [12]

Aside from the Reconstruction troubles, there was a general depression among the people of DeWitt County, which was intensified by bad crops. It was said that there was a "noticeable decay of character and ideals," particularly among the younger citizens. [13] The age of cowboys and cattle drives was in full swing, and one author wrote, "So far as I can learn, there is not a boy of American parentage learning a trade or reading for a profession west of the Colorado." [14] The rustling business boomed, and cattle prices soared. In 1867 Gonzales, prices rose from \$70 to \$100 a head. [15]

Creed Taylor, the patriarch of the Taylor clan, was a rough-and-ready, old frontiersman. He had been a Texas Ranger under Captain John Coffee Hays, who was probably the most formidable fighting man in Texas between 1836 and 1849. Creed's sons were chips off the block. Around them, they gathered a group of kindred souls.

William E. Sutton was not much different from his nemesis Taylor, nor were the men and women who sided with him. The Taylors had already gotten into

trouble with the federal troops, while young Billy Sutton had become a deputy sheriff in Clinton.

Nobody seems to know exactly what started the feud again in Texas. There is a good indication that it arose when Billy Sutton and his posse of cattle rustlers killed Charles Taylor, supposedly a kinsman of the Dewitt County Taylors. Sutton then killed another Taylor, and the feud began to boil. To make matters worse, Sutton became a deputy for Captain Jack Helms of the nefarious State Police. The Sutton-Helms group took it upon themselves to pursue the Taylor clan, which proved to be a fatal mistake for Billy Sutton.

Luckily for peaceful citizens, a lawyer named Henry Clay Pleasants was also living in the community. Born in Richmond County, Virginia, he was educated at the University of Virginia and admitted to the bar of that state in 1852. Pleasants practiced in the offices of Peachey R. Gratton, author of *Gratton's Reports*. Later, he was a partner of the Honorable John M. Guy, one of Virginia's foremost lawyers. Obviously, Henry Clay Pleasants was a highly educated and outstanding lawyer when he moved to DeWitt County in 1854. [16] He married Ann Eliza Atkinson in 1858 and they had four children, one of whom became a distinguished lawyer and jurist like his father. [17]

Pleasants practiced law in DeWitt County until he was elected district judge of the old 23rd District. While signing the Constitution of 1876 formally marked the end of the Reconstruction Era, trouble would continue through the end of the century. It was indeed fortunate for the citizens of DeWitt and surrounding counties that during the first part of that period, Henry Clay Pleasants was district judge.

No one really knows how many people were killed in the Sutton-Taylor feud, but estimates are between thirty and fifty. When a member of the Taylor clan was killed, the Suttons retaliated by killing of a member of the Sutton-Helms group, generally by ambush. In 1873, the feud came to a head with the killing of Pitkin Taylor, another Taylor patriarch. The remaining Taylors swore to get Bill Sutton. John Wesley Hardin, Texas' most famous outlaw and a kinsman of the Taylors, now entered the picture. Along with Jim Taylor, he soon disposed of Jack Helms. [18] No one was safe. A person had to be on one side or the other, and the battle waged all over the county.

Along with his wife and a man named Gabriel Slaughter of Virginia, Bill Sutton boarded the steamship *Clinton* at Indianola. Slaughter was a fine man and a relative of Judge Pleasants. John Wesley Hardin found out that Sutton was at Indianola and alerted his Taylor cousins, who immediately took action. Jim and Billy Taylor and other members of the clan caught Sutton just as he boarded the boat. In front of their wives, both Sutton and Slaughter were killed from gunshots to the head.

The feud continued, even though the inimitable Texas Ranger Captain Leander McNelly was called in by the governor. The Rangers helped to calm the storm to some extent, but in 1876, a terrible crime drew the attention and ire of the whole state. It was the murder of Dr. Philip Brassell and his son George. Dr. Brassell was a peace-loving man, but apparently George got involved with the wrong crowd.

A group of masked men came to Dr. Brassell's house after the family had gone to bed. They took the doctor, his son George, and two younger sons and led them down the road. They coldly executed the doctor and George, but the younger sons escaped in the darkness. Warrants were issued for five men, and they were brought to the courthouse at Clinton. But witnesses could not

(or would not) identify the killers. Judge Pleasants, suspecting that something of the sort would occur, had asked the governor for another detachment of Texas Rangers. The Rangers encamped in Judge Pleasants' pasture under the command of Lieutenant Lee "Red" Hall, who would subsequently make a name for himself through his bravery in the case.

How Judge Pleasants was able to stay alive is anybody's guess, for he presided in many of the trials during this period. Undoubtedly, he must have been one of the most respected men in the county, and events would prove him to be a man of unquestionable courage. It would take a man or woman of steel backbone and determination to take a stand at a time when "bushwhacking" was a common retaliation for simply being friends with one of the feuding families.

On 18 December 1876, the criminal docket was to be called in Judge Pleasants' court. "Red" Hall, a Ranger, had three weeks to get ready for the anticipated fireworks. He reported that the sheriff couldn't be trusted to execute writs as he was on the side of the Sutton party, and they were the defendants in nearly all of the cases. To make matters worse, all of the witnesses in the Brassell case except three women had left the country, and even the women had been threatened that if they appeared before the grand jury. They were told that they would be killed and their homes burned. [19]

Judge Pleasants was as determined as Ranger Hall to put an end to the horrors that had been visited upon the county. He proved his courage one day to Hall's Texas Rangers. The judge was driving down the Victoria road when he saw a man hiding behind a live oak tree. He drove up to within fifty feet of the tree and, pointing his shotgun, called out in his slow Virginia drawl, "I see you, sir. Come out from behind that tree!" A sheepish Texas Ranger stepped out, explaining to his honor that he was waiting for somebody else and didn't want to be recognized. [20]

Hall decided to lay a trap to attempt to end the Sutton-Taylor feud. Joe Sitterlie of the Sutton group was getting married, and a party was in progress at a log house a few miles from Clinton. [21] Fiddle music, food, and liquid refreshments were there. It didn't seem to matter that seven of the guests had been indicted by the grand jury just two days before; everybody was having a good time.

Hall and his Rangers surrounded the house. Hall boldly stepped in the front door, alone and unarmed. He called out the names of the seven men under indictment. After many threats were made by the Sutton crowd, Hall ordered his men to come let the women and children out and then to sweep the porch and doors with shotgun fire, shooting to kill. This did the trick, and Hall soon had the guests disarmed.

There had been seventy men against one Ranger inside the cabin and sixteen or seventeen outside, yet through sheer bravado, Hall had disarmed them all. The bride made a request that the party continue, and the Ranger, being a gentleman, obliged her. He changed guards outside every few hours and let his Rangers come in and take part in the celebration. The next day the seven indicted men were in the town jail.

Judge Pleasants presided over their trial. The accused were each under two indictments: one for the murder of Dr. Brassell and one for that of his son George. The courtroom was jammed with Texas Rangers and members of both parties of the feud. The judge had been threatened. In his pockets were letters telling him that he would be killed if he didn't set the defendants free.

Hall had heard that a rescue attempt would be made. Rangers were bracketing the judge's bench, ready to mete out what might be termed "extra-judicial justice."

When Judge Pleasants was ready to render his decision, the quiet was deafening. In a clear and strong voice, he castigated the crowd for being lawless and for being "murderers, bushwhackers, and midnight assassins." He referred to his threatening letters and the circumstances leading up to the crimes, and then he denied the defendants' bails. Judge Pleasant's final words, "Lieutenant Hall, clear the courtroom," must have signaled to those present that Mr. Colt had lost and the rule of law would prevail.

Subsequent generations of the feuding families became exemplary citizens, and Judge Pleasants went on to serve on the First Court of Appeals. "Red" Hall gained additional laurels as a member of Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War in Cuba.

The young man again wondered how many men or women would have had the courage of Judge Clay Pleasants. He began to realize that these lawyers and judges he had read about showed just as much bravado as the outlaws who were so famous. If the stories of Three-Legged Willie and Judge Clay Pleasants didn't convince him, then the next story he read put "writ refused N. R.E. " on the matter.

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W. C. Linden and the San Saba Mob

In 1879, although the Reconstruction Era was over, Texas was in part still ruled by Mr. Colt. The whole area around San Saba, Llano, Lampasas, Mills and adjoining Counties was rife with feuds and mobs. A group of powerful and efficient cattle rustlers had been raiding the big ranchers' stock. They had numerous witnesses who provided them with alibis whenever needed, so they were never convicted.

To retaliate, the ranchers organized a counter-mob. Before long, this group was overrun by unsavory characters who used it for their own gain. They became known as the "San Saba Mob." Their trademark, according to historian C.L. Sonnichsen, was "an early morning ambush by three men who always put nine expertly placed shots into the head and body of each victim." [22]

Ambushings went on for years, but in 1889, the murder of a farmer named Turner in the Locker community drew the attention of the law-abiding citizens. By 1896, there had been so many people murdered that the editor of the *San Saba News* wrote, "This mob work is a disgrace to the county." [23] The only thing that apparently kept the editor alive was the presence of a detachment of Texas Rangers that had moved into the county under Sergeant W.J. L. Sullivan. In addition, people in the county were getting tired of the killings, as over fifty people had been murdered.

It took an election to end the San Saba Mob. W.C. Linden, a young lawyer from Llano, was running for the key office of district attorney. He was described as a bright and outstanding lawyer, and he was elected. Soon, Linden and Ranger Sergeant W.J.L. Sullivan were fast friends. This proved most fortunate, since the sheriff who was elected was controlled by the mob.

Linden and the Rangers first concentrated on investigating the Turner murder of 1889 as well as identifying the members of the mob. They worked hard and, after interviewing many witnesses, the mob cases were called in 1896. The grand jury indicted two men for the murder of Turner, one of whom was Matt Ford, Mrs. Turner's cousin. Apparently, Ford was the real leader of the mob. Linden moved for a change of venue to Austin for obvious reasons, while the mob sympathizers did everything they could to get the cases dropped and the Rangers removed from the county. [24] The first trial resulted in a hung jury and a second one ended the same way.

Captain Bill McDonald, who would become famous in Texas for his "one Ranger, one riot" statement, took over from Sergeant Sullivan and was horrified at the conditions in the county. In December of 1897, he proceeded to get a number of indictments. It was during this session of court that the stalwart W.C. Linden made what was probably the most dangerous jury argument ever made by a lawyer. With mob violence threatening to break out at any minute and the courtroom filled with mob members, he not only utilized his extensive oratory abilities, but also showed that he was prepared to back his statements up with Mr. Colt's extra-judicial writ.



Little Jim Ford was on the witness stand. Through cross-examination, Linden pointed out that Ford was also under indictment and was only acting as a tradeoff witness for the actual accused man. He pointed out that the accused was to later reciprocate by testifying in Ford's case. He proceeded to chastise the jury by telling them that they would not convict the suspect, and that he knew why. They were too cowardly to convict a man who was backed by the mob, particularly when the leaders of the group were sitting in the courtroom. Linden proceeded to point out the mob members, and then looked at the mob chaplain, who he said was "praying to God at this moment to strike me dead for what I am saying." [25]

The room was quiet and the defense attorneys were too astonished to object. The judge had known what Linden planned and had warned against it, fearing what would happen. Linden turned and his coat flew open to reveal Mr. Colt riding on his hip. The audience gasped. He said, "Yes, I carry a gun. I carry it for just such occasions as this, and you all know I can use it." [26]

It was evening when Linden left the courthouse and started toward his hotel. Little Jim Ford met him outside and threatened him with a knife. Linden also noticed that Ford's friends and kinfolk were sitting on the steps and curbs, all wearing coats they had not been wearing in the courtroom. Little Jim accosted Linden with the knife, and Linden pulled his gun, asking, "Why don't you carry out your plot?"

One of Little Jim's relatives taunted Linden, telling him to explain just what he thought the "plot" was. Linden responded that they had put Little Jim up to starting an argument so they could kill him [Linden] in self-defense. He then proceeded to tell them why they couldn't carry out their plot: they were so used to murdering men from ambush they wouldn't dare kill a man who was facing them. "Besides," he said, "you don't know which one of you I'll kill

while you're killing me." He continued, "I think I can get three of you before you get me. Now you turn around and walk away from here, and I'll shoot the first man that stops or turns around." [27]

Linden went on to his hotel. A little later, he got the news from a friend that the impossible had happened: the jury had brought in a verdict of guilty. Mob violence was ended again through the courage of one lawyer and the Texas Rangers. The rule of law had prevailed.

Well, the young boy, who by now had become a grown man and a lawyer himself, had his questions answered. Those forebears of ours in the legal profession were tough and talented people. They didn't tread water for anybody and, in the end, espoused the rule of law. They paved the way for us to practice in a more civilized environment and set standards in speaking out for what we believe to be right. The little boy only hoped that he could live up to those standards. I ought to know, for I was that little boy.

Robert L. Dabney practices with the law firm of Dabney & Pappas, PC. A native Houstonian, he earned his undergraduate degree from the University of Virginia in 1953 and his law degree from the University of Texas School of Law in 1956. Dabney's long professional career includes service as a staff attorney for Gulf Oil Corporation, trial and general civil attorney in several law firms in which he was a name partner, and ranching in east and south Texas. Dabney serves as a director of the board of trustees of the Texas Ranger Association Foundation in Waco and counts a number of former Texas Rangers among his ancestors.



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Endnotes

[1] McKay, S. S., *Debates in The Texas Constitutional Convention of 1875, 1930*, The University Press, Austin, p. 434.

[2] Actually, an old "Rockford" watch made in Rockford, Illinois, which was the forerunner of the Elgin Watch Company.

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[4] *The New Handbook of Texas in Six Volumes, Vol. 6*, The Texas State Historical Association, Austin, 1996, p. 992.

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[10] Shuffler, "Three-Legged Willie's Legacy."

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[12] Raymond, Dora Neill, *Captain Lee Hall of Texas*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1940.

[13] Sonnichsen, C. L., *I'll Die Before I'll Run*, Harper & Brothers Publishers•New York, 1951, p. 20.

[14] Id., p. 20.

[15] Id., p. 21.

[16] Johnson, Frank W., *A History of Texas and Texans*, The American Historical Society, Chicago and New York, 1914, p. 1181.

[17] Robert Atkinson Pleasants, who graduated from the first law class of the University of Texas in 1884 and later was chief justice of the court of appeals.

[18] Sonnichsen, p. 49.

[19] Id., p. 77-78.

[20] Id., p. 78.

[21] Id., p. 79.

[22] Id., p. 167.

[23] Id., p. 176.

[24] Id., p. 174-185.

[25] Id., p. 183.

[26] Id., p. 184.

[27] Id.

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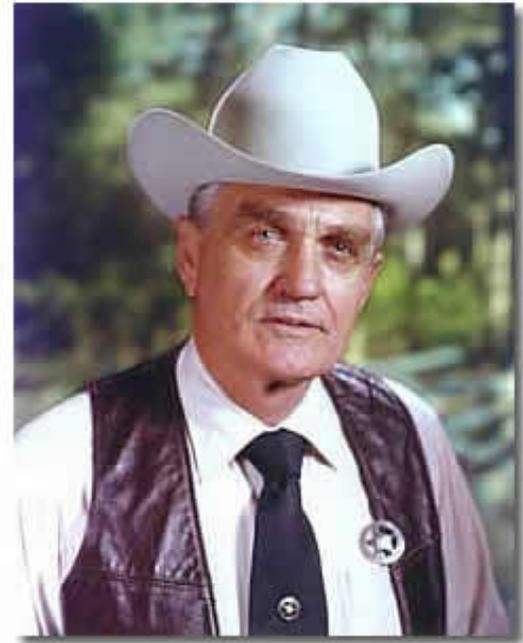
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Glenn Elliott

In East Texas, two words equal law enforcement: Glenn Elliott. Jim Ray, retired Texas Ranger captain and former chief of the Department of Public Safety's Criminal Law Enforcement Division, says of him, "Glenn is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, field Ranger that has ever lived."

On August 26, 1987, the day of Glenn's retirement, Paul Harvey reported on his national radio program, "I don't know what you know about the Texas Rangers, but they are an elite corps of lawmen, respected at all levels of law enforcement and revered in their home state. And if you had to pick one to represent the best of the best, that one would be Ranger Glenn Elliott."

Glenn was born just south of Windom in Fannin County, Texas, on August 1, 1926. His birthplace was directly across the road from the former home of Fannin County's most famous citizen, speaker of the United States House of Representatives, Sam Rayburn, known universally as Mr. Sam. While still a youth, Glenn's family moved to his grandparents' farm just north of Windom. He lived there until he graduated from Windom High School in 1942, married his high school sweetheart Katherine, and joined the Army.

In 1944, Glenn found himself in the South Pacific as an MP. He is quick to



point out that his duty in the Military Police had nothing to do with his later career in law enforcement. He wasn't asked if he wanted to be an MP. Like millions of other soldiers, he was told what his duty would be. In September 1945, he landed in Kobe, Japan, as part of the U.S. Army's occupation force. As soon as he was discharged in 1946, he headed for Windom and his wife and daughter. Glenn and Katherine eventually had two children: Diane and Dennis.

For the next several years, Glenn worked at a tractor plant in nearby Bonham. After the plant's closure, he went to work for a local telephone company. During this time, he

attended the funeral of the mother of his former high school coach, Jim Riddle. Coach Riddle had left teaching and become a member of the Texas Highway Patrol. He encouraged Glenn to apply for entry in the Department of Public Safety. He said the department was looking for some good men—men like Glenn. Glenn followed his coach's advice and made an application to the Highway Patrol. Glenn was atop a telephone pole when he got a message to call Austin.

He had been accepted. When asked if he always wanted to be a lawman, he said he had never given it a thought one way or the other. "All I was doing was looking for a job. I've always been thankful that the opening was with the department."

On April 3, 1949, Glenn Elliott entered the Highway Patrol School at Camp Mabry in Austin. On June 1, 1949, he pinned on a badge and started his career in Longview. It would be thirty-eight years before he would take the badge off.

Glenn served as member of the Highway Patrol until his promotion to the Texas Rangers in 1961. In those years, it was highly unusual for a person being promoted to the Rangers to remain at their current duty station. Glenn was an exception to the rule, and he stayed in the Gregg-Harrison County area.

Hard work is Glenn's trademark, and it is a reputation he well deserves. He says that it doesn't matter where a Ranger is stationed, whether it is a teeming metropolitan area or a sparsely settled rural county, if a Ranger wants to work there won't be enough hours in the day.

During his career, Glenn worked a multitude of cases that covered just about every imaginable crime: murder, kidnapping, strikes, oil-field thief, bank robbery, and everything in between.

Glenn had barely pinned on his Ranger badge when he was initiated in a big way—the slant-hole business in the East Texas Oil Field in the Kilgore area. Fortunately, he had Ranger Jim Ray, from adjoining Smith County, as his mentor and guide during this trying time.

In the early 1960s, crooked oil-field operators were reworking worn-out wells and tapping into nearby producing wells. This wasn't a nickel and dime

operation; millions of dollars were involved. It was so big that, by the time it was finally brought to a successful conclusion, almost every Ranger had worked on the case. Glenn and his fellow Rangers were rewarded in that thousands of illegal wells were shut down.

In 1967, Glenn found himself in another situation that required the assistance of almost every Ranger: the Lone Star Steel strike—a strike gone mad. Glenn, Bob Mitchell, and Red Arnold headed the Ranger efforts. Month after month, the strike went on. Countless cars and trucks were shot up or blown up. Innocent families had their homes attacked and vandalized by unknown gunmen. A young teenage boy who was making a simple delivery to the steel plant was severely beaten by a striker. A bomb was planted in the plant's cafeteria, set to go off at noon when the cafeteria would have been packed. Fortunately, Glenn was able to assist in the disarming of the bomb minutes before it would have exploded. The worst incident involved a worker named Smitty Blackburn, who was shot to death while going to work. This murder still doesn't set well with Glenn because the Rangers were never able to bring this case to a successful conclusion.

In 1975, Inez Phillips was brutally murdered in her home in Gladewater, Texas. Mrs. Phillips was a kindly, elderly lady who had never harmed anyone. For two years, Glenn doggedly worked on this case. His never-say-quit attitude finally paid off when Stanley Faulder was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to death for Ms. Phillips' murder.

Unfortunately, it would be years before the Phillips murder case would be brought to a satisfactory end. For twenty-two years, Faulder twisted and delayed with every legal trick in the book. Time after time, he would receive a reprieve at the last hour. Faulder was a convicted felon from Canada who was in this country illegally. As a last desperate attempt to save his life, his lawyers claimed that the Canadian consult should have been notified when he was arrested. (Faulder's criminal record had originally been obtained from Canadian officials.) This appeal was rejected by the United States Supreme Court.

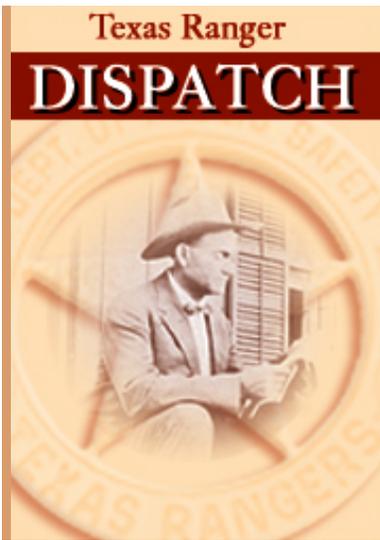
Even this didn't end the case. Former Secretary of State Madalene Allbright got involved and asked that Faulder's life be spared. Never mind that he had murdered Mrs. Phillips by crushing her head with a blunt instrument and then, claiming that he didn't want her to suffer, had slammed a butcher knife to the hilt into her chest. It seems everyone had forgotten or ignored the brutality of Faulder's act—everyone, that is, except Governor George W. Bush. He refused the appeals and in April of 1999, the execution of Stanley Faulder was carried out.

August 31, 1987, was the end of the line for Glenn. After thirty-eight years of devoted service to the citizens of the state Texas, he retired. His retirement party was attended by over 400 of his friends.

Just because Glenn retired didn't mean he slowed down any. Today he spends several days a month in Windom, where he still owns the farm where he grew up.

He has written two books. His first, *Glenn Elliott: A Ranger's Ranger*, has gone through four printings. His newest book, *Glenn Elliott: Still A Ranger's Ranger* will be available this November.

During his professional career, Glenn has had many things to be proud of.



From 1949 to 1987, he had six captains. He says that his proudest honor was that every one of those six told him, "You don't have to work as hard as you do." Yes, he did. Glenn Elliott doesn't know how to do it any other way.

- Robert Nieman

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Captain Richard Sweaney



The Rangers are fortunate to have one of their finest “shining stars” as the new captain of Company B: Richard Sweaney.

Captain Sweaney, who was born in Fort Worth, Texas, in 1948, is one of three children. When he was four, his family moved to the deep South Texas town of Uvalde. After eight years there, they relocated to the border town of Eagle Pass on the banks of the Rio Grande.

Richard graduated from Eagle Pass High School in 1966 and attended Texas A&M University, where he was a proud member of the Corp of Cadets. He graduated in 1970 with a degree in business management in one hand and a commission as a U.S. Army Infantry second lieutenant in the other. After completing airborne training, he became a Ranger for the first time -- an Army Ranger.

By February 1975, Richard was out of the Army and began his career in the Texas Department of Public Safety as a member of the A-75 Class. The class graduated four months later, and Private Sweaney was assigned to Devine as a Texas Highway Patrolman.

Shortly after he arrived in Devine, Richard met a schoolteacher named Donna Ehlinger. In 1976, Richard and Donna were married. They continued to live in Devine until 1985.

In 1985, Richard achieved his lifelong dream when he was accepted into the Texas Rangers. He was stationed in Harlingen, just about as far into South Texas as you can go. It was hard to uproot his family from Devine, but Richard says that the Rio Grande Valley was a wonderful place to live. “It is rich in Ranger history and was a great place to work and get all kinds of experience.”

In 1992, Richard promoted to lieutenant and was stationed with Company B in Dallas. During the seven years that he was a field Ranger, he worked many cases, but three stand out:

The Nordyke Murders

Rangers seldom enter a case without an invitation from state or local officials, and this case was no exception. The bodies of an elderly retired couple were pulled out of the Rio Grande River. Though they had clearly met with foul play, there were few clues. The Harlingen Police Department and the district attorney's office asked Ranger Sweaney if would assist with the investigation.

After a week of intense work, Richard was able to resolve the case. Fingerprints and stolen credit cards led to a teenage boy and girl in Cleveland, Ohio. After contacting officials there, the couple was arrested. Richard assembled a small task force and flew to Cleveland, where confessions were obtained.

It took two lengthy trials, but in the end, the boy and girl were both sentenced to life imprisonment.

Drug Task Force

In 1987, there was a "war on drugs" campaign in the Valley. Richard joined forces with members of the A.T.F., D.E.A., and the district attorney's office to work on large drug organizations and transactions. From 1987 to 1992, the small task force, nicknamed the "Tortuga" (Spanish for turtle), arrested over 100 felons and confiscated over 22,000 pounds of marijuana and cocaine.

The Tortuga's work was invaluable to the citizens of Texas and America. Murder and many other crimes go hand in hand with the illegal narcotics that get into our country. The task force helped put a major dent in the drug traffic. Not surprisingly, Richard found his work with the task force very satisfying.

Flores Murder

A teenager was upset with his mother's attempts to get him to stay in school and quit running with drug users. He didn't like her interfering with his life, and it upset him to the point that he hired another teen to kill her.

Several attempts were made to kill the mother, all unsuccessful. Finally, the teenager came up with what he considered a foolproof plan.

First, he equipped his hit man with a shotgun and a mask and dropped him off on a desolate road. Then he went to his mother and persuaded her to take a drive with him so they could talk over their problems. Arriving at the place where the teen's partner had been left, they got out of the car.

As the two talked, the hit man slipped up to the unsuspecting mother and shot her dead. The son and the shooter got into the car and drove off, leaving the dead woman lying in the middle of the road.

Richard and Southwestern Cattleraiser Special Ranger Hap Roberts began assisting the sheriff's office, and the case was made. The teen killers led the officers to the murder weapon and other incriminating evidence.

One of the teens first went to the Texas Youth Council, but later joined his partner to serve a twenty-year sentence in the state penitentiary.

In 1992, Sergeant Sweaney promoted to lieutenant of Company B in Dallas and became captain on 01 September 2002. He has spent over ten years of his career as Company B's lieutenant.

Upon his promotion to captain, Richard stated, "It's a dream come true to make Ranger Captain. I give the credit to God, my family, the Rangers, the secretaries of Company B, and my friends around the state who have always supported me. I will continue to support the D.P.S. and the Rangers with hard work and dedication. I also will continue my work raising scholarship monies for the children of Rangers, spending time giving talks, and visiting with the citizens of Texas."

For the past ten years, the Sweaney family has lived in Forney. Donna has worked her way up from a fourth-grade teacher to become assistant superintendent of the Forney Independent School District. Richard and Donna have three children: Richard IV, a coach-teacher at Victoria (Texas) Memorial High School; Adam, a senior at Stephen F. Austin State University in Nacogdoches; and Sarah, a sophomore in Huntsville at Sam Houston State University, where she plays center field for the university's softball team.

The state of Texas and the Rangers are very fortunate to have a man of Captain Richard Sweaney's ability.



Company B's New Commanders: Captain Richard Sweaney (left) and Lieutenant Lane Akin (right)

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George W. Arrington



Like some other Rangers of the nineteenth century, George Washington Arrington had a reason for changing his name. Arrington was born John Cromwell Orrick Jr. on 23 December 1844 at Greensboro, Alabama. He was the son of John C. and Mariah Arrington Orrick. His father died in 1848, and the widow Orrick married W.L. Williams, a dentist, in December 1849. Arrington's growing up was typical of the boys his age, but he received a superior education, entering Greensboro's Southern University in October of 1860. Teenager Orrick left the university when war was declared, as did many others.

Young Orrick first enlisted in the Confederate Army on 13 April 1861 as a private in Captain J.W. Williams' Company D of the 5th Regiment of Alabama. He was seventeen years old, 5' 5 1/2" tall, and light complexioned with black eyes and light hair, according to the record. His occupation was given as "student."

Two months later, the Confederacy claimed its first victory at Manassas, only twenty-five miles south of Washington, D.C. Orrick saw a great deal of action during the war, first at Manassas and later at Seven Days Battle, the Battle of Seven Pines, and Gettysburg.

He related to an early biographer that he was captured after Gettysburg but managed to escape by jumping off the train delivering prisoners. He served under Longstreet, Hampton, J.E.B. Stuart, and also Colonel John Singleton Mosby, the "Gray Ghost" of the Confederacy. Orrick remained in the Army throughout the war, heading home after his parole at Berryville, Clark County, Virginia on 29 April 1865.

For about two years, young Orrick worked for a merchant. After fighting in the war, however, he found this work boring. He and seven others rode to Mexico to join the ill-fated cause of Emperor Maximilian, but they arrived too late to join Maximilian's Army as mercenaries. They returned home to Greensboro.

On 13 June 1867, during the trying days of Reconstruction throughout the South, Orrick and Alex Webb, a recently appointed registrar for Hale and Greene Counties, got into an argument. During the course of the dispute, Webb called Orrick a liar. Orrick drew a pistol and fired three rounds, killing Webb instantly. As he fled the scene, Orrick was heard to say that he "would allow no damn negro to call him a damn liar." Orrick fled, leaving behind not only his boyhood home, but also his real name.

After a year spent eluding pursuers in several different states as well as spending time in Honduras, Central America, the now George Washington Arrington arrived in Galveston, Texas, in 1870. For the next several years, he worked a variety of jobs: in a sawmill, on the Houston and Texas Central Railroad, as a farmer in Collin County, and as a cowboy in Brown County. Finally, he quit to join the Frontier Battalion.

There is some confusion as to exactly when Arrington joined up with the Frontier Battalion. Existing service records show his earliest enlistment was on 1 June 1875 as a private in Lieutenant B.S. Foster's Company E. He earned thirty dollars a month. However, some of those service records are apparently now missing from the files. A letter from Adjutant General Henry Hutchins, dated 4 June 1917 and directed to the commissioner of pensions in Washington D.C., states that Arrington's name "appears on the muster rolls of the Frontier Battalion of Ranger Forces, from the 31st day of August, 1874, to the 31st day of August, 1876." He served under Foster all that time.

On 1 September 1876, Arrington was promoted to the rank of 1st Sergeant under Lt. J.M. Denton, now in Company A. Due to ill health, however, Denton soon had to resign. From 1 December 1876 until 28 February 1877, Arrington served under Captain Neal Coldwell of Company A. At this point, there is a three-month gap in the service records, from 1 March through 31 May 1877. The next documented service is shown to be from 1 June 1877 through 28 February 1878 as a sergeant in Coldwell's company. Was Arrington on leave for some unknown reason or is there simply a missing service record?

On Christmas Day 1877, Arrington was again promoted, now to 1st lieutenant of Company C. Apparently, he held the rank of sergeant in one company and lieutenant commanding in a different company, at least for the time from Christmas Day 1877 until 28 February 1878. During these two months and seven days, he received payment of \$167.50.

From 1 March 1878 through 30 April 1879, Arrington was lieutenant commanding of Company C with pay of \$75 per month. On 1 May 1879 until his resignation on 31 August 1882, he was captain of Company C, earning \$100 per month. His last muster was at Sweetwater in Wheeler County.

Although Arrington may not ever be the subject of a Hollywood western, his record shows that he was a firm, determined, disciplined man who understood his job and didn't hesitate to carry it out. Few men began their Ranger careers as a private and finished as a captain.

The early monthly returns fail to mention Arrington by name. This is not

unusual because only the names of sergeants, corporals, or captains were usually identified. By early 1877, however, Arrington's name appears frequently in the scouting reports. On 7 February, Sergeant Arrington was in charge of a nine-man detail to hunt up John R. Burlison, who was charged with murder in Frio County. The report exhibits no heroics, only the results: "made arrest at 2 a.m. - delivered prisoner on 11th to sheriff." On 5 April, Arrington and an eleven-man scout were sent out to arrest horse thieves near Pendencia Creek (?). Sam Williams was arrested for possession of stolen stock. Eleven oxen were confiscated as well as five horses, and all were turned over to the sheriff of Maverick County. In May, Arrington arrested Rol Dublin for theft, Lou Walton for "driving cattle without owner's consent," as well as Abe Taylor on suspicion. Johnny Golden was arrested and charged with an assault to kill in Travis County.

Although this may not seem like a great deal of work in the time period, remember that Arrington was on horseback making these scouts. Much of his time was spent traveling from his camp to the fugitive's suspected location. There were few times that a Ranger used the railroad to traverse vast distances.

In August, Arrington was in charge of a nineteen-man squad to scout Eagle Pass. He was with Lt. Lee Hall of the State Troops. They arrested Bill Bruton for murder, Frank Taylor for theft, one Hart, alias J.W. Hardin. The criminals were confined in the jail at Eagle Pass. All told, Arrington and his group logged in 230 miles.

During his years as a Ranger, Arrington no doubt rode thousands of miles in pursuit of fugitives or following Indian trails, which oftentimes were lost due to rain or other reasons. One of his more spectacular arrests came in July 1878. He and a squad of nine men were sent to Erath and Comanche Counties to arrest a group of men charged with the murder of the "old man Mackey and Jack McDonald." On 17 July, Arrington and his men brought in ten outlaws from Erath and six from Comanche. All were delivered to the sheriff of Comanche County.

Even in the late 1870s, Indians were a possible menace. As far as the record shows, Arrington rarely engaged hostiles in combat, but he was constantly aware of their possible presence.

In the winter of 1878, there was less scouting done, due to the bad weather. However, Arrington and Lt. John B. Armstrong did scout through Stephens and Palo Pinto Counties in search of fugitive Z. Ables, charged with murder in DeWitt County. He was arrested on 26 November, and Armstrong delivered him to the sheriff. There was less activity in the following month of December, as Arrington made only two arrests. From Camp Loma Vista in Throckmorton County, Arrington wrote in his monthly report: "The weather for the last 15 days has been very bad. It snows & sleets." He continued, "Between 800 & 900 Comanche indians from the Ft. Sill reservation are in the Pease river country 100 miles north of this place. are camped in bunches of 40 or 50. so far have stolen very little stock."

In September 1879, Arrington established the first Ranger camp in the Panhandle, Camp Roberts in Crosby County. Arrington's major contribution to Frontier Battalion lore is the hardship march of December 1879 and January 1880. Indians used the vast Texas Panhandle to lose themselves after raiding parties. This part of Texas was little known by white men. Arrington took his Rangers into this harsh area intending to locate the Indian watering holes, also known as the Lost Lakes. If he could find these oases, he could

intercept the hostiles, thus breaking the backs of Comanche and Apache raiding parties. Although his men suffered intensely from the elements, Arrington found his targets. His efforts resulted in the vast land being opened up for ranchers.

Arrington wrote out his resignation on 1 June 1882, and it was to take effect on 31 August. His career as a Texas Ranger ended on Sweetwater Creek in Wheeler County. He turned the command over to Sergeant John Hoffar, who was now to enforce the law with Corporal Charles Shaw and seventeen privates. One of the privates was Albert C. Grimes, who would later become a captain of Company C.

Following his Ranger service, Arrington was elected as sheriff of Wheeler County and fourteen attached counties. He served from 7 November 1882 until his resignation on 4 November 1890, having been elected four consecutive terms to that office. When Hemphill County Sheriff Tom McGee was murdered in office, Arrington was appointed as acting sheriff on 30 November 30 1894, six days after McGee's murder. He served in that position until 3 November 1896.



Arrington and Wheeler County officials in the middle 1880s. Standing from left: Joe Mason, Arrington, C.B. Willingham. Seated from left: N.F. Locke, Emanuel Dubbs, J.J. Long. *Courtesy Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, Canyon, Texas.*

Following his Ranger service, Arrington was elected as sheriff of Wheeler County and fourteen attached counties. He served from 7 November 1882 until his resignation on 4 November 1890, having been elected four consecutive terms to that office. When Hemphill County Sheriff Tom McGee was murdered in office, Arrington was appointed as acting sheriff on 30 November 30 1894, six days after McGee's murder. He served in that position until 3 November 1896.

Arrington owned his own ranch and also became manager of the 250,000-acre Rocking Chair Rancho, appointed to that responsibility on 14 July 1893. He ran 12,000 cattle on that foreign-owned spread.

Arrington married Miss Sarah C. Burnette on 18 October 1883. The couple made their home in Canadian, Texas, and raised a large family.

The "Iron-Handed Man of the Panhandle" died 31 March 1923. He is buried in Old Mobeetie Cemetery in Mobeetie, Texas.


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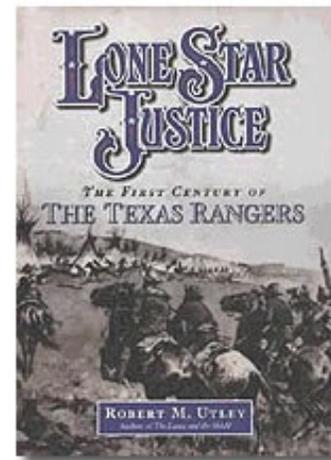
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Lone Star Justice: The First Century of the Texas Rangers



by Robert M. Utley

Oxford University Press, New York. xiv + 370 pages. 42 photographs and 11 maps. \$30.00. Hard cover only. ISBN 0-19-512742-0.

Writing a history of the Texas Rangers, an organization now in its third century of existence, presents a tremendous challenge. Although the subject matter is limited geographically to the state's borders, there are so many strong characters, fascinating incidents, and behind-the-scenes work done by quartermasters and secretaries that it presents a very formidable task to attempt a comprehensive account.

Walter Prescott Webb's single-volume history remains the standard work for many. More recently, Frederick Wilkins presented a four-volume work, and Charles M. Robinson III also attempted the task with a one-volume history. Ranger buffs may have their favorite authors, but everyone should read *Lone Star Justice: The First Century of the Texas Rangers*. Utley does a superior job covering Ranger history through the "four great captains" and entering the 20th century, the end of the Old West.

Although Utley does not attempt to prove conclusively the origins of the Texas Rangers as we know them, he does present what is perhaps more important: the beginnings of the Ranger tradition. This began with volunteer fighting men who were brave and reckless enough to tackle Indians and Mexican marauders in the early days of Texas. Utley argues that the term "Texas Ranger" encompasses two different types of men.

Until 1874, Rangers were citizen soldiers, organizing on occasion when they were called on to track or fight Indians or Mexicans. Various terms were used to describe these men: mounted volunteers, mounted riflemen, even minutemen. "Regardless of formal designation . . . they adhered to a pattern of character, organization, and operation that defined a tradition rather than an institution." [1]

In 1874, the Texas legislature established the Frontier Battalion. This was intended to be a force superior to the minutemen. It was to be a permanent or semipermanent military force, no longer merely "citizen soldiers." Initially, its role was to fight Indians, but more and more, the concern was to establish the law throughout Texas. The responsibilities were varied: settle family feuds in the established counties, protect courts, and enforce the laws throughout the state. Gradually, the term *Ranger* meant lawman rather than Indian fighter.

Utley examines this changing tradition thoroughly, yet without being ponderous. He moves swiftly from incident to incident, from captain to captain, from county to county. Utley knows his subject, having spent weeks reading the bales of documents preserved in the Texas State Archives.

Because the scope of this work is so vast, the history consists of a series of condensed actions. L.H. McNelly and Lee Hall experienced enough adventures in South Texas to justify their own biographies, yet Utley ably discusses their contributions in a single chapter. Likewise, Major John B. Jones deserves a volume, but this master administrator is covered in ten pages. Included therein is the Kimble County roundup, the Horrell-Higgins feud of Lampasas County, and the Ranger war against Sam Bass. The Red River War and the Mason County War are confined to another chapter.

Although some may argue that certain incidents of Texas Ranger history should have received much more attention, Utley does provide an extensive bibliography for those who hunger for additional information. The numerous notes explain sources, and the fifteen pages of bibliography should keep the avid reader content for years to come.

§

Robert M. Utley needs no introduction to people who appreciate great narrative history or to those who have an interest in history in general. His resume includes such recent works as *A Life Wild and Perilous: Mountain Men and the Paths to the Pacific*; *The Lance and the Shield: The Life and Times of Sitting Bull*; *Billy the Kid: A Short and Violent Life*; and *Cavalier in Buckskin: George Armstrong Custer and the Western Military Frontier*.



Besides writing in a style that encourages additional reading, Utley's strength in this work lies in his ability to gather a huge amount of material on the subject and assimilate it into an easily understandable narrative. In brief, this first volume is a masterpiece. Hopefully the second volume is at the press!

-- Chuck Parsons

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Two 1858 New Model Remington Revolvers. The top gun is factory engraved with ivory grips and twenty-three notches. The bottom gun is stamped as property of the Republic of Mexico. (Author's collection)

Guns of the Texas Rangers:

The Remington New Model Army

In 1799, seven-year-old Eliphalet Remington II moved from Suffield, Connecticut, to the small town of Litchfield in upper New York State. There he helped his father farm and operated a forge on the side. According to legend, "Lite," as he was called, needed a new rifle and decided to forge the barrel himself. He then carved a stock. The result of this timely task was a beautiful weapon that shot so accurately at shooting matches, fellow hunters

requested that he build more for them.

By 1822, Remington's barrels were being seen throughout upper New York. In 1828, he devoted his forge to the making of gun barrels and produced 300 a year without scarf icing quality. His work was so impressive that he was awarded a government contract for 5,000 rifles in 1845. Business greatly increased and the father brought his sons Philo, Samuel, and Eliphalet Jr. into the trade. E. Remington & Sons at Illion, New York, opened for business in 1856.

Remington secured the services of Fordyce Beals. He created the first Remington revolver in 1857. That first Remington handgun was a five-shot, single-action of .31 caliber that sported a three-inch octagon barrel and carried the name of Remington-Beals Pocket Revolver. Approximately 2,500 first models were produced during 1857 and 1858. After modification, 1,200 second models and 1,500 third models were made.



Close-up of typical factory engraving on special-order Remington New Models.

As the pocket revolvers found their way into civilian hands, Remington & Sons immediately began designing a larger revolver for the military. The result was the powerful .44 caliber known as the Remington-

Beals Army Revolver. Although 2,500 of them were produced from 1860 to 1862, collectors refer to them as the 1858 Army because of the patent date.

E. Remington & Sons did not overlook the popular .36 caliber. Eight thousand of them were made during the two years of the Remington-Beals' production. Meanwhile, 5,000 improved Navies, known as the 1861, were manufactured in 1862. As the models rolled off the line, the producers looked to improve both. The result was the creation of their best sellers.



New Model Remington in the Slim Jim style of the post-Civil War frontier. Originals were military holsters with the covering flap cut off.

The Remington New Model Army was manufactured from 1863 to 1875. At first glance, it is identical to the older model. However, it was designed to eliminate the problems of its predecessor with a notched frame retaining the cylinder pin, safety notches between the nipples of the cylinder, iron front sights rather than German silver, and frame modification to accept larger grips.

This Remington New Model Army fired six shots of .44 caliber through its eight-inch octagon barrel that bore the top stamp, PATENTED SEPT. 14, 1858/ E, REMINGTON & SONS ILLION, N.Y., U.S.A. /, NEW MODEL.

The enhanced weapon continued such familiar features as the brass trigger guard, wooden grips, blued steel, and an improved loading lever. The handgun was so well received that 132,000 were produced between 1863 and 1875, along with 32,000 New Navies. These cap-and-ball, black-powder revolvers provided the stiffest competition for Sam Colt.

The government eventually purchased some 110,00 Army and Navy revolvers under contracts that reached \$29,196,820.01 before the war ended.

The Remington New Model Army proved extremely popular with both Union and Confederate soldiers because of its solid frame construction. During Reconstruction, lawmen, outlaws, and Texas Rangers continued using the battle-proven handguns.

Eliphalet II died in 1861, and the company was taken over by Philo. It was reorganized as a corporation in 1865 under the same name as before and continued making first-class weapons during the metallic carriage period. Despite the best of efforts, however, the 1875 Remington Single-Action Armies were unable to compete with the Colt Peacemakers and Frontiers. In 1888, the renamed Remington Arms Company was taken over by the New York firm of Hartley and Graham.



Detail of personalization sometimes found on antique weapons. Ivory grip has twenty-three notches while the wooden grip has *Jose Policarpo Garcia* engraved on it.

As with other collectables, it is interesting to learn the



Very rare, special-order, one-piece, oval grip-retaining plate that screws onto the bottom of the butt to hold the two-piece grips in place rather than the standard method (right). Note plate engraving. Only one of this type is known.

price of these historical weapons when they were in production. A Remington ad during the Civil War listed the price of an Improved Navy at \$12, and full-coverage engraving cost an additional \$1.50. Ivory grips could be had for an additional \$5.50, while pearl ones cost \$27. A customer could go first class and receive an engraved New Model Navy with ivory grips for \$26 or the same with pearl for \$35.

However small the prices might appear, the annual wage of a blue-collar worker in 1864 was \$300. A U.S. second lieutenant, who was required to purchase his weapons and uniforms, was paid \$45 a month.

In 1975, E. Dixon Larson provided collectors an extremely fine book and listed the current values for all of the models that Remington produced. The New Model Army's value was estimated to be from \$150 to \$450, and the New Model Navy listed at \$350 to \$550. R. L. Wilson's guide for collectors, published in 1998, listed the price of a New Model Army from \$700 to \$2,500 and the cost of a New Navy between \$600 and \$1,500.

Engraved models are much more valuable, and historical association generally doubles the value at the bare minimum. Therefore, collectors are cautioned to beware of fakes and

purchase from reputable dealers.



Oval plate holding the two-piece ivory grips in place next to the standard butt strap found on the majority of New Models.

For further information:

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Wilson, R. L. *Official Price Guide to Gun Collecting*. House of Collectibles, 1998.



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



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"One-Armed Miller"

**Texas Ranger
Arch Miller**

**by Sgt. Lee Young
Co. "B" Texas Rangers**

I grew up and attended public schools in Brackettville, Texas. This is an area that is rich in Texas history. It possesses a unique culture that has evolved from an interesting mixture of Mexican, Indian, and Texan influences. I grew up listening to exciting stories about Seminole Indian scouts, soldiers, and Texas Rangers. Numerous residents of this South Texas region have, for years, held the Rangers in high regard.

In August 1988, just prior to my induction into the Texas Rangers in September, the Black Seminole Indian Scouts Association of Brackettville held a reception for me at the local George Washington Carver School. I am a member of the organization and a descendant of several Black Seminole Indian scouts who served in the U. S. Calvary from the 1870s to 1914.

The Kinney County sheriff, the Brackettville chief of police, and the Kinney County judge were at this reception, along with many of my family and friends.

While enjoying the friendship and camaraderie, I had several interesting conversations with some of the elder members of the Black Seminole Indian community.

One particularly fascinating discussion was with my former elementary school teacher, Ms. Charles E. Wilson. Ms. Wilson had taught first through third grades at the former George Washington Carver School. She related a story of a Texas Ranger she called "One-Armed Miller."

Ms. Wilson said that Miller was a Ranger who had worked Kinney County during the 1920s. When the word was put out that Ranger Miller was coming to town, citizens would warn each other to hide their moonshine. Even the Kinney County sheriff would spread the word of Miller's arrival. Of course, some of these people doing the warning would lie in wait to see where the moonshine was being hidden and then go steal it!

"One-Armed Miller" was said to make the rounds of Brackettville, arresting drunks or anyone else that he determined needed to be apprehended. It was reported that many folks were familiar with Ranger Miller's arrest procedure, and they had no desire to experience any of his stern law enforcement. It got to the point that all Miller had to do was tell a person to go wait for him in the car. If the suspect knew what was good for him, he promptly complied with the Ranger's orders.

I asked Ms. Wilson if Ranger Miller really had only one arm. She replied, "Yes, he did. He lost that arm (she didn't specify which one) as a result of a knife fight with a Mexican."

The day following the reception, I visited the home of retired Texas Ranger Tol Dawson in Del Rio. I knew Dawson possessed a vast amount of knowledge about Texas Rangers, particularly those who had worked in the Val Verde, Maverick, and Kinney County areas. I told him the story of "One-Armed Miller" and asked if he knew of him.

Dawson had a most interesting laugh. He chuckled a few seconds, and then replied that, yes, he knew who "One-Armed Miller" was. He said that his real name was Arch Miller, and he had worked out of the Big Bend Country.

I then inquired if it were true that Miller was an active Texas Ranger and really had only one arm. I also wanted to know about the knife fight with the Mexican. Once more, I was treated to Dawson's laugh. Growing excited, I knew I was now about to learn some additional interesting information.

Dawson said Arch Miller was out in the Big Bend one day, riding in a Ford Model T with fellow Texas Ranger Lee Trimble. Somehow, they wrecked the Ford. The vehicle overturned, and Miller's arm was severely injured from the accident. There were no medical personnel in the area, so Miller traveled to Fort Stockton. Finding no doctor there either, he boarded a train to San Antonio to have someone there treat his injury.

Arriving in San Antonio, Miller finally found a physician. After examining Miller's mangled arm, the doctor related that gangrene had set up, and the arm would have to be amputated.

Dawson paused momentarily, laughed again, and then continued. "As for your story. . . . Well, now, that doctor in San Antonio could have been a Mexican, and he probably had a knife, and I'm mighty sure that Miller put up a

fight to keep his arm!”

When Tol died a few years ago, he took a lot of Ranger history and folklore to the grave with him. What a shame—and what a loss.

§

Lee Young is a native of Southwest Texas. He was born in Del Rio and grew up in the Brackettville-Del Rio area. Descending from Black Seminole Indians, he is a great grandson of Black Seminole Chief John Kibbetts and Seminole Indian Scout Medal of Honor recipient Sergeant John Ward.



Lee is married to Mary Sanchez of Brackettville, Texas. He is the father of 16-year-old daughter Kristen Marie Young and 23-year-old son Anthony Lee Young.

Lee graduated from Del Rio High School in 1966. After serving in the Navy from 1966 – 1970, he graduated from Southwest Texas Junior College in 1972 and the University of Texas at Austin in 1975. He is certified as a Master Peace Officer and an Investigative Forensic Hypnotist and is a graduate of numerous police and criminal investigation training courses and seminars. From 1977-1980, he served as a criminal justice instructor at Southwest Texas Junior College in Eagle Pass, Texas.

Lee was a Park Ranger in the Amistad National Recreation Area, Del Rio, Texas, in 1971- 1973. He joined the Texas Department of Public Safety in 1973, where his first duty assignment was as a Highway Patrol Trooper. He then served in the Criminal Intelligence Service as an investigator and promo.

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