

# HISTORIA

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## Oklahoma the Mecca for Men of Mystery

SPURNS REGAL SPLENDOR TO BASK IN OKLAHOMA SUNSHINE; ECHOES FROM THE BATTLE FIELD OF NANCE; DID THE CORSICAN FIDDLE CHARM THE HILLS OF AMERICA?

### JOHN WILKES BOOTH

Escape and Wanderings Until Ending the Trail at Enid. Death-Bed Confession That He Was Lincoln's Assassin, Etc.

In the issue of October, 1918, *Historia* ran a brief account of the suicide of John Wilkes Booth under the assumed name of David E. George, at Enid, January 12, 1903. The purpose was not to go into details of the tragedy of 1865—merely a brief of Booth's itinerary in Oklahoma. But the edition was soon exhausted with so many requests for extra copies coming from every quarter of the known world that it has been decided to reproduce the brief with such additions and prefaces gathered from stray notes taken at the time of Booth's visit at Waukomis, which have since been found, and from refreshed memories of what took place during the visit. Also from the stray pages sent by an Enid friend who wrote that they were from a book published by one Emis L. Bates, of Memphis, Tennessee, soon after the suicide at Enid. It appears that on reading telegrams announcing the suicide and the mystery in which it was wrapped, Mr. Bates came to Enid to find out if it was an old Texas friend whom he had known at Glen Rose Mills and at Granberry, as John St. Helen during the seventies, and bringing with him a tintype of his friend taken by a traveling photographer at Glen Rose Mills in 1878. On comparing the tintype with the embalmed George there was no doubt whatever that the cadaver was that of John St. Helen. Besides what is gathered from the stray notes and recalled from incidents of the booth visit at Waukomis, *Historia* takes more or less license with the stray leaves sent from Enid, especially portions in which the confession made by St. Helen to Mr. Bates at Granberry in 1878 when Booth, or St. Helen had given up to die. Death-bed confession to Mrs. Rev. Harper of El Reno in 1902, and letter from Gen. Dana, Gen. Lew Wallace, and various other persons throughout the country.

Now imagine if you will a large wall card of the Equitable Insurance Company on which is a picture of the National Capitol and surroundings, including the navy



yard and approaches to the east Potomac bridge, and a strip of Potomac country some miles south and southeast. Then imagine a rather tall man slightly stooped from the care of years, dressed in a Prince Albert button at the center, wide brimmed rather low crowned black hat, and immaculate black tie from which flashes a small jet. Raven hair reaching to the shoulders and with a wavy trend; black imperial mustache, a rattan cane which he of seeming habit keeps twirling in the right hand between thumb and forefinger as he paces meditatively to and fro. Now he stops in front of the capitol picture and settling back on his heels gives the card a punch with the end of his cane as



though he would punch a hole through it. Then as he approaches it, "Were you ever there?" he turns to his questioner with fixed and piercing eyes as he gives a crisp, "Yes," fairly through clenched teeth. "And I shall never forget it." Here he drops the subject and sauntering up the room a few feet rests his eyes on a large wall map of the United States. First, however, tracing with his cane to the east Potomac bridge, resting the cane at the farther end a brief moment. Then tracing down the stream until his cane rests at a point where he dwells, remarking: "The Sekiah Swamp. Great place for an escaping man. Just wade in a way and then down to a rocky beach with fallen leaves in which all footprints are lost on passing out of the marsh until reaching the road again." Again resting the point of the cane. From thence on the large map a distance where he lingers quite a spell; thence with occasional stoppings southwesterly through Kentucky and Tennessee and into the edges of Mississippi until he reaches a point crossing the Mississippi a few miles below where the Arkansas empties into it. Some distance along the eastern banks of the Arkansas to a point presumably near Fort Gibson where he hesitates a while, then crosses and traces up the stream where he halts, withdraws his cane from the map, and buries himself in deep meditation. Then pointing his cane to the map traces across what was then Indian Territory, northeast through what evidently is now Oklahoma, Kingfisher and Blaine counties, passing out of the territory and into Kansas near Kiowa; thence in a northeasterly direction to a point not far south of Omaha, where he again takes the cane from the map and again muses to himself. Next he traces westerly through the then wilds of Nebraska and Colorado and into Utah until near Salt Lake City where he veers more directly westward, resting at San Francisco. Thence down the coast through Fresno, near Los Angeles, and into Mexico. Another reflective pause, after which the tracing is continued from point to point in Aztec land. Finally the tracing ends at about the point where Fort Worth stands. Here he leaves off tracing and paces a few moments, twirling his cane with one hand as he meditatively twists at his mustache with the other, turning with the remark: "Verily, a rolling stone gathers no moss."

#### The Oklahoma Confession

The story now leads into Oklahoma briefly as told in the Historia account, which is repeated with such notes and remembered incidents of the visit to Waukomis as have since been discovered or that can be called to mind.

Much of the sworn statement of Mrs. Harper is given, being almost verbatim with the Texas confession, and pass to the closing paragraphs or supplemental statement under date of Enid, January 23, 1903.

On the evening of January 13 I was startled and surprised to read in the Enid News of the suicide of David E. George of El Reno, with whom I first became acquainted in March, 1900, in El Reno at the home of Mr. Simmons. Mr. Harper went down in the morning of the 14th and recognized him and told the embalmers of a confession made by David E. George to myself. I went to the morgue with Mr. Harper on the 15th and recognized the corpse of David E. George as the man who had confessed to me in El Reno that he was John Wilkes Booth, and as brevity has been enjoined on me I will simply re-affirm my former statements made in detail by David E. George to me at El Reno, about the middle of April, 1900. Signed by Mrs. R. G. Harper before A. A. Stratford, notary public.

Mr. Bates, the Texas attorney, who had moved to Memphis, Tennessee, on reading the telegraphic account of

the Enid suicide immediately set out for Enid. Arriving there, he met undertaker Pennyman, and on showing him a tintype of Booth taken at Glen Rose Mills in 1878 Mr. Pennyman was overwhelmed, fairly dumfounded. "We need no picture to identify this man in your presence. He is the man." Bates was then given a view of the embalmed eadavar, and although he had not seen his client St. Helen for several years he at once recognized it as his old Texas friend, to whom the confession was made. On examination of the body every distinguishing mark of Booth was found—the embasure where the shin had been fractured, the stiff and curved forefinger in which Booth invariably carried a small rattan cane to cover the defect; the slight scar and droop of one eye brow. On opening the trunk were found wigs, paints, cosmetics, and other theatrical trappings. The hair and mustache had evidently been kept well dyed, for after death they began gradually to crawl out from under the dye, giving the hair and the mustache a steel gray hue.

Mr. Brown, at that time proprietor of the Grand Avenue where the suicide occurred, unhesitatingly expressed the opinion that it was John Wilkes Booth, as he admitted on his dying bed. "In fact," said Mr. Brown, "I don't see how it could be any one else."

After the doctor pronounced it a case of poison and had given up hope of ever pulling the patient from under it, he suggested to the dying man that if he had anything to arrange or to say he had better do so at once. In the meantime Mr. Dumont, who was also connected with the hotel, had come in. The man merely raised his eyes half-pleading, half in calm resignation as he whispered, "I have only to say that my name is not George, I am John Wilkes Booth, and request that my body be sent to the morgue for identification." The end came at 6:30 in the morning of January 14, 1913.

S. S. Dumont, proprietor, and B. B. Brown, clerk of the Grand Avenue, made oath that they knew the suicide who on the 3rd day of December, 1902 and the 13th day of January, 1903 registered at their hotel as David E. George, that a tintype picture shown by F. L. Bates was in every way a perfect likeness in every feature of the suicide. This oath was subscribed before Guy S. Manott, notary public.

#### SIDE-LIGHTS ON BOOTH IN OKLAHOMA

(Reproduced from Historia, October, 1919.)



Although half a century has passed since the tragedy in which J. Wilkes Booth was the active principal, there has been no lessening in reverence for the name of Lincoln, nor much in the bitterness toward the man who wrought his death. This is not confined to those still living who have personal memories of that day, but the spirit of the parent has been transmitted to the son with added energy to such an extent that any reference to J. Wilkes Booth requires a touch of delicacy lest censure if not reprimand follow.

Indeed it means a "path of coals" for any one who dares intimate that Booth was not the man killed at the Garrett home in Virginia in 1865; or that he escaped and during his nomadic meanderings made Oklahoma a



favorite sojourning place until the "ending of the trial" at Enid, in January, 1903, via the suicide route. And yet there is vastly more evidence in favor of that contention than was ever produced that it was Booth who was killed at the Garrett home, instead of some one else. However, it is not the purpose here to go into details of the tragedy further than to throw a little calcium across the tortuous path of him, whom for simplicity sake is here designated as Booth, although that path was under an alias sky, especially that of David E. George; and that path will here be confined as near as practicable to Oklahoma, with only such other references as may seem tending to establish identity of George and Booth as one and the same. As a prelude, reference is made to a letter now among the manuscripts of the Oklahoma Historical Society and which will follow: but before introducing the letter, the reader will be carried back to 1897, when it will be remembered by old-timers, especially of Oklahoma City, occurred the death of General George H. Thomas, whose remains were shipped by his nephew to the old home at Portland, Maine. General Thomas came to Oklahoma City from Texas. He at once inoculated himself with the spirit of the town's active citizenship, and became instrumental in building the city water works, holding 52 shares, or a majority stock, which he transferred to the city in 1892. His son George H., Jr., soon after left the country and with his wife wandered over foreign lands, first to Stockholm, Sweden, from whence he wrote friends here enclosing a photo of himself and wife on a log angling for fish from one of the clear streams of northland. The next letter (with photo enclosure) hailed from Russia. Later he took up a residence in "gay Paree," France, from whence he wrote; this being soon after war had been declared between Germany and France. George suggested a scheme for bringing the Germans at once to their knees—simply sending a few Americans over and place them on the trenches, and then dare Germany to fire. French women, he declared, had been experimented with in that role, but the Germans cruelly ignored petticoats and fired through, over, beyond, everywhere into the trenches.

The same year in which General Thomas died in this city, General Edward L. Thomas, who did service during the Rebellion on the C. S. A. side, died at McAlester where he had served a number of years as Indian agent for the Sac and Fox consolidated tribe. Seeing an account of the death of the two Thomases, Mrs. Louisa A. Walton wrote a letter from Beverly, N. J., to the commander of the U. C. V. at Oklahoma City making inquiry concerning a certain General Thomas for whom she was searching. On receiving such information as was available at this end of the line concerning the Oklahoma Thomases, she wrote again to the Commander of the Oklahoma division U. C. V., at that time Captain John O. Casler, now landscape gardener at the Confederate home near Ardmore. This letter was under Beverly date of April 13, 1898.

"General Edward L. Thomas is not the man I mean. The General Thomas of whom I desire information died either in the summer of '95 or '96. I tried to find a little record sketch of his war record in Philadelphia because I saw it in the 'Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.' I put the paper away carefully, but it was accidentally destroyed by one of my servants before I clipped the piece out. They do not remember it at the 'Telegraph office,' and have searched files of papers for it without success; but as several editions are published daily and one only filed I suppose it was in the edition they destroyed. They tell me that Henry 'George' Thomas was a Confederate General. 'George' Henry a Union General, and that the

one in Oklahoma must be the one. He is not, for he, (the one I mean), died earlier than '97. I met him in Philadelphia in 1863. He fainted on the pavement in front of my Aunt's house one summer morning; her servants carried him into the house; and we used the proper restoratives and sent him in the carriage to the depot (Baltimore) when he was able to continue his journey. He was in company with a younger man, who I never saw again until I saw his face in papers as the murderer of 'Lincoln' (John Wilkes Booth). Their faces are indelibly stamped on my memory; also the conversation. Though we urged them to tell us their names, they refused, though they assured us they were very grateful. I think they feared we would betray them because we were Union women. No true woman would be guilty of such an act, for suffering always appeals to her heart, sometimes against her better judgment. My Aunt daily left her luxurious home to nurse the sick and wounded soldiers at 15th, J. Filbert St. Hospital (now Broad St. Station of Pennsylvania Railroad). There were a dozen Confederates there at that time, and they were just as carefully cared for as the Union soldiers. She lost her life from too great devotion to the work. 'Booth' told us that his friend had been ill, and in his anxiety to reach home had over-estimated his strength. Taking my Aunt's hand in his and looking her full in the face, he said, 'Would you befriend us if you knew us to be enemies?' Her reply was, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' 'You are a noble woman, and have ministered to a man whose life can illy be spared; may God bless you for your kindness' was 'Booth's' reply. Aunt entered into life eternal December 31, 1864, and never knew the names of these men, or the tragic death of 'Booth'. Nor did I, until Lincoln's death know who Booth was. Nor until over thirty years did I know the name of the sick man, until I read his death notice in 1896 or 7. I was a very young girl at the time of this meeting and I am the only one living of the quartette. I shall never forget these two hours, nor the shock I received at seeing Booth's face as the face of an assassin. I had woven a romance around him, and expected to see his beautiful brow crowned with laurels. Alas for my dream. Both men were in citizen dress. General Thomas was a medium sized man (short compared with my father and brothers who are all 6 foot and over), dark mustache, closely cropped hair, swarthy complexion; had a white silk handkerchief knotted around his neck. The piece I refer to spoke of his illness in 1863 in Philadelphia, from a wound on the back of his neck; (that accounting for the handkerchief), that when on his way to join his command he was recognized in Baltimore as an escaped prisoner of war; and was taken to Fortress Monroe." So he must have been captured the day after we saw him. I can not remember the initials of his name, and he must have been in the thirties when I saw him; for he was much older than Booth. Since reading that sketch I remember that Booth's sister, Mrs. Clark, lived one three squares from my Aunt, and I suppose she was caring for him in his illness. I think this General Thomas must have belonged to a Virginia family. Was there not more than one General Thomas in Confederate Service?"

Neither of the Oklahoma Thomases proved to be the one wanted, and she was advised to write to certain parties at Richmond, Va., which she did, locating the Thomas she was after, but who had died some time previous.

It seems that J. Wilkes Booth was then associated with General Bell in efforts to free Confederate prisoners, for



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which General Bell was subsequently hung by the Federal government. One of Booth's beneficiaries was the General Thomas for whom Mrs. Walton was searching. He was a Confederate and had been taken prisoner, and confined in Fort Delaware, from whence by the friendly and sympathetic aid of Booth he escaped. The General Edward L. Thomas referred to was a Brigadier in command of a Georgia brigade, and was an uncle of Heck Thomas, the famous member of the "big three" marshals who gained such fame in out-law hunting in Oklahoma, and who with Honorable W. H. Tilghman and Chris Madsen cut central figures in Mr. Tilghman's movie—"Last of the Oklahoma Outlaws." Heck Thomas served as courier for his uncle the last three years of the Rebellion, being only 14 years old when he entered the service. Died at Lawton, in 1916.

Verily this Walton inquiry seems in some respects rather coincidental, inviting to the field of speculation. Why comes from the far east westward half way across the continent to Oklahoma this weird Booth incident at this particular time when he was in wanderings on the border fringes of this very section? And then the name of Henry "George" Thomas, the "George" being quoted—the name under which Booth went at the time of committing Suicide at Enid five years later. What force was behind it all? Could it have been the Aunt referred to by Mrs. Walton? and if so, might she not have had other Booth matters under veil which the world will never know? There are other transpirings which seem coincidental that might lead to the field of speculation: Boston Corbett, who killed some one, alleged to be Booth, at the Garrett farm in 1865, drifted west into Kansas at the particular season, where he subsequently became sergeant of the Kansas Senate; thence to Texas where Booth spent the '70's, and again in later days, and where he Corbett, went mad and died. It may be called to mind that Boston Corbett shield clear as possible of the Booth episode matter and that any inadvertant reference to his part in the Garrett home tragedy caused a discernable quivering, a slight voice-tremor and biting of the lips. So far as the Historia man knows, Boston Corbett never mentioned the name of Booth, his only reference being, and that only when the question was pressed: "He—killed a man," invariably using the "we." Another thing may not be altogether out of the line of coincidentals: That at the very date of the Walton letter—that is, the same year—1897, General D. A. Dana emerged from his garden at the old Maine home for the first time to give to the world through the Boston press his account of the tracing of Booth so minutely throughout his wanderings, from crossing the Rotomac bridge to Bryantown, to Dr. Mudd's, the Cox home, the Execunt river, the Potomac; the neighing of his horses and their slaughter to keep them silent; what Booth said, how he now and then turned in his saddle—his very thoughts, uttered and unuttered, during these hide-and-seek dodgings until the final "ending of the trail" at the Garrett home and burial of the remains "under a slab in the navy yard near the jail," according to General Dana, and at various other places at the same time, as stated by various other eminent. Indeed what a line of inconsistencies, incoherencies, discrepencies and coincidentals conspire to set the mind wondering, and the imagination wandering through vague fields of speculation! Even the writer is not wholly immune from the arrows of the speculative archer, although he was in conscious existence at the time of the tragedy which left its indelible impression. In fact it fell to his lot to assist in

receiving telegraphic reports of this tragedy from the hour of firing the fatal shot to the closing of last ceremonies over the remains of the dead president. During the '80s the writer filed this report with the Kansas Historical Society, which he was partially instrumental in establishing during a meeting of the Kansas editors at Manhattan, April 9, 1879. In taking this report from the wires the old Morris system was used—indentures on a paper ribbon which automatically unwound from a reel much like those used today only in movies where the young stock gambler unwinds and reads the market's up and down to see whether he wins and gets the girl, or goes broke and loses her. The report was transcribed on long sheets of yellow "onion peel" paper, and made quite a voluminous roll. As the writer had never been in the East and Booth had never been in the West before the great national tragedy, there had been no physical meeting with him. Yet portraits of the tragedian as given in the press and in magazines immediately following the assassination and subsequent, were strongly engraved on memory's scroll. If the affirmative is permissible instead of guess, the first meeting was at Topeka, Kansas, some time in the middle '80s. Passing the Crawford restaurant, then the leading provinder shop in the city, a gentleman was noticed occupying a chair just outside and near the open door, leaned back in a safe angle against the wall. The stranger was in a rather nonchalant mood, gently twirling a small cane between the thumb and forefinger of one hand and as gently twisting at the tips of his raven black imperial mustache with the other. The writer dropped into a chair nearby, whereat the stranger released his chair from the wall and brought it to a square position. This stranger was in a neat-fitting suit of black, coat of Prince Albert pattern, and the hat of the Stetson order, though with a rim somewhat broader than the usual. His hair was jet black, of silky texture, and inclined to curl or wave at the bottom. On squaring the chair, the stranger cast a hasty glance at his visitor, then cast his eyes a trifle down, with a meditative expression, at the same time bringing the hand in which he held the cane to his mustache as he gave the tips another gentle twist. Then he again leaned back against the wall, and looking into the upper blank recited a few lines in a truly dramatic vein, though rather low. Cutting short as if to recover from inadvertance, he once more brought his chair to a square position. The writer was impressed at the strangeness of the stranger, at his dramatic bearing and ventured a trifle familiarity. Slapping the stranger on one knee, who at first gave a quick stare between resentment and surprise, but in an instant assumed an attentive pose. It flashed upon the mind of the writer that his new and ephemeral companion was either a theatrical man or a dramatic reader. Acting upon this he arose and gave an inviting glance down at the stranger, who also arose. As a test to surmise, the writer remarked: "I believe I will take a walk over to the new theatre." (But recently erected, a block or so west of the Crawford.) "The new the-a-tre," the stranger remarked, as he slightly inclined his head and peered up from beneath black silken brows. Raising his countenance and with a side glance: "then you have two the-a-tres, (not exactly questioning, nor exactly in surprise, but in seeming effort to disguise a knowledge of the fact.) With this he stepped to the writer's side, slightly resting one foot as he placed a hand on one shoulder, more friendly than familiar. "I presume we shall meet again—possibly." (The latter word in a tone of question half aside.) "I hope so," was the reply. "I like to meet people, and never meet anyone without a hope of meeting again. Excuse proverbial Yankee



curiosity in asking your name, and I may say, your line." "Well," he returned slightly, turning as he twirled the cane and twisted at his mustache a moment, "I have not been bold enough to ask your name nor your profession. "Campbell," was the immediate interpose: "and yours?" "Let me see," with a trifle meditative pause, then looking his questioner straight in the eye, "how does Thomas, or Johnson strike you, with a traveling suit, for instance?" With this, the stranger lightly pressed the writer's shoulder, and in a manner that bordered on seeming regret at parting, turned away and leisurely passed inside the restaurant twirling his cane. While there was so much peculiar about the incident, the exact date cannot now be recalled. A few years after, while on a Rock Island train somewhere between Pond Creek and Kingfisher, a gentleman entered from another car and seated himself by the writer. There was something in the appearance of the newcomer which at once impressed "Where have I seen that face before," was the first unuttered flash. There was the black curving eyebrows, the black imperial mustache, the black flowing hair, all of which called back the incident at Topeka; but this man was in gray clothes of business cut, and a Scottish plaid cap. At Enid one of the occupants of the seat just in front got off, while another man entered and took the seat, placing a grip on his lap, on which was visibly lettered "C. Carlton." He also carried a bundle of show programs in which the new seat-mate seemed specially interested. Tapping the young man lightly on the shoulder, a program was handed over before he had time to speak. This he held up in front of him with a sort of critical quiz. "Do you belong to the profesh?" was asked by the young man, at which the seat-mate peered over the edge of the program with a staring frown. "The pro-FESH!" as if it was the term that piqued. "No!" And the seat-mate hid his ire behind the spread program a moment. Then as if to amend for inadvertent breach, he asked: "Where do you perform?" The last word after a pause as if trying to coin some word commensurate with "profesh." "O-o—let me see," said the young man, scratching below and behind the right ear. "We show all over—everywhere," with an air of pomp. "I mean your next stand." "Oh," and the young man referred to his memorandum. "At the El Reno theatre." "So! And they have a the-a-tre at that village," with a humorous twinkle. At this juncture Kingfisher station was called and the writer got off the train, reflecting on the peculiar long "a" in theatre that called up the Topeka incident. In fact this long "a" like an unbidden tune, kept up its intrusion for some time.

Referring to this incident on the train, the writer calls to mind that in 1893 Charles Carlton, with blonde hair, etc., put on "Nevada the Gold King" at the Kingfisher hall with a local cast, Miss Henrietta Parker (now Camden) in the leading lady role. Mr. Camden, J. S. Ross, Dr. Spangler, Miss Mize, Mina Admire, being among others of the cast, the writer as "Nevada."

The third meeting with the mysterious stranger—and right here it may be well to state that at neither of these meetings did the writer recognize the party referred to as Booth, nor does he now know that it was him. Hence in designating the party as Booth is wholly in the presumptive. It was at the Waukomis Hornet office during the afternoon of January 6, 1903, when he stopped immediately in front of the door, planting one foot on the entrance sill where he paused seemingly to be recognized before entering. The stranger had black hair, brows and mustache and was dressed in a black suit, the coat being Prince Albert, the hat of the Stetson pattern, the entire showing

the ravages of wear, but clean. There was the little cane between thumb and finger going through involuntary twirlings. There was a noticeable frowning in the features, and beneath the veneering black a slight trace of gray, visible, however, only on closest observation, and recallable only through subsequent events. "Well, come in and look out," said the writer as he noticed the stranger, who stepped inside. The wear of years were such that the writer did not at first identify the newcomer with any one whom he had ever met before; although there were outlines on memory's wall that read a previous meeting somewhere at some time, but where? There was a classical bearing, a manly pose of gentility that stamped him as no common tramp, and this was decidedly emphasized with his first utterance. Tipping his hat slightly, working the little cane and looking straight face-to-face with the writer, and in a pleasing voice of culture, inquired: "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Campbell?" reaching his hand as the cane became idle. "That's my name," returned the writer as he reciprocated the gentle grasp of hands. The newcomer referred hurriedly to a memorandum, then: "W. P. Campbell." "W. P.—that is the name I go by, at least." At this the stranger seated on a high stool which stood near the door, and resting one foot on the floor, gave the little cane a succession of twirls and his mustache as many twists, then looking the writer square in the eye, and with seriously inquisitive tone: "Did you ever know any one to go by a name not really his own." "I may have known many, without knowing it," was the reply. The stranger dismounted from the stool and walked slowly up and fro in a meditative way for a moment, with the now familiar cane and mustache feature. "If not too busy," again taking position on the stool, half sitting, with one foot on the floor. "Always busy, never busy," replied the writer, taking a seat near the stool with his feet cocked on the desk: "Fire away." Again, quite deliberately climbing from the stool the stranger drew near, with such peculiar expression on his countenance that the writer involuntarily arose and squared himself face to face with his questioner. The stranger stepped back a very brief pace as if to give his gestures play. Then closely eyeing as if to rivet attention, and with index finger as close as courtesy warranted, with dramatic pantomime: "Before leaving El Reno—I came from there—I was directed by Mr. Hensley to call on you, the same by Mr. Eyler (probably Ebler) as I came through Hennessey." "Very kind in my friends," the writer interposed, "but what's the drive—?" "Exactly," as the stranger readjusted himself square face to face, preceding with slow yet decisive index-finger gestures and dramatic head accompaniments. "It is a story, the—story—of my life!" with strong emphasis on the last three words. "A story (pause) that will startle—that will make the very world set up and take notice." For a moment there was a mutual eyeing, he seemingly to note the impression he had made; on the writer's part more in a puzzle as to what it all meant. After a moment's suspense, the stranger began a to-and-fro meditative pace with cane and mustache accompaniment. "My friend," said the writer, "from what I have seen of you—" The stranger turned abruptly, and in a tone of surprise suppressed inquiry: "You have seen me before?" "I surely have." The stranger took a half sitting posture on the stool closely eyeing the writer and with seeming unconsciousness of it, slowly twisting at his mustache. "But just when and under what circumstances—didn't I meet you in Topeka once?" continued the writer, meeting the starry gaze of the stranger, who, with a downward glance: "Possibly," then resuming his recent attitude, "I



have—I think I have been there." The stranger had descended from his perch on the stool, and began a meditative to-and-fro as he replied without looking up: "I—HAVE been there." "As I said," continued the writer, as the stranger seated on one corner of the desk, one foot resting on the floor as he side-faced to the writer. "If you will permit me," once more continued the writer, "from what I have seen of you, and I need not go back of this meeting, right here, and from your manner, your bearing and language—everything, I should judge you capable of writing your own story." "Possibly—probably—that is so," returned the stranger as he stepped from the desk and leaned back with both hands resting on the stool behind him. "But it wouldn't be me," quickly shifting the drift and again assuming the former position on the desk corner. "How would it seem to you to be yourself, and yet not you? No matter what you write, or say, or do, whatever your achievements, how high your ambition may reach—it is not you—" Getting from the desk, and facing the writer, with strong index-finger, "NOT YOU!" Turning with the last words and slowly pacing, in a fairly pathetic undertone, semi-solus: "Not me." In a sort of rambling way that comported with his mind, evidently, the stranger alternated with the stool position, and uneasily to-and-froing, cane and mustache fingering, and talking in a fragmentary way as bits of his story were brought out, mixed with inquiries seemingly to test the writer's familiarity with Washington life, and the Potomac country.

Classing the stranger as more than an ordinary man—dramatic reader past the meridian of use; or a one-time knight of the footlights, now too tedious to be entertaining, yet too noble for slight, the writer made casual notes merely out of respect, being frequently admonished with: "Now, just a minute, I'm not quite ready for that." Finally I asked the stranger's name. With an intimation that more about him would be pleasing. "I advertise as a painter." "Scenic?" "No—well, I guess I could paint a scene—with a brush, but—" and he started as if to leave. "There's a job in this town, if you care for one. A brand new building—" Without waiting for further details, the stranger replied, "Thanks, my friend; however, I will not oppose looking over your new structure." We started. When about midway of the street, Scott's opera house was pointed out, with the remark: "You see, this little town is on the way—even has a theatre of her own. "Rather small place for a theatre." Here the stress on the "a" was as had been the case on two other occasions. "The proprietor wants a set of scenery, and—" "Many—numerous thanks," came as an emphatic interpose, as he placed one hand on the writer's shoulder—the same thrilling touch as that in the Topeka incident. "I would not think for a moment of such a job; the theatre has all the reverse charms for me." With this he turned as if to leave, but he was asked not to rush off. "Oh, no," he replied, "Do you have the time?" He was told the hour, and remarked that perhaps it was so late the story might be postponed and inquired if the writer would be in Enid, soon. On being informed that he often went there: "Come Saturday and we can go more into details." "All right," replied the writer, scarcely expecting to do so. "You can locate me by inquiry at the Watrous Drug Store—I am not much on the street." At this, he took the writer warmly by both hands, and looking him straight in the eye in the manner that was a cross between affection, regret at parting, and a sounding of thoughts. "You need not walk," said the writer, reaching into his pockets to bring forth car fare. "No offense, I assure you, and I accept your kindly

suggestion for the deed, but I have plenty of funds—enough, at least, and to pay you well for what I am sure you will undertake to do. There are so many things money cannot buy," as he gave a warm grasp of hands; "such as that friendship I am more than persuaded I shall find in you." Still holding hands, but turning as if choking back some bitter emotion—"Good-bye." Then facing the writer, and with a firm hand-grasp, in a tone of confidence: "You are a man; you have enjoyed the best in life, yet tasted of its bitterest dregs—no—not the bitterest—only perhaps that slight potion all men taste. A man—I may trust you with—but there has been no secret—as yet revealed. Remember Saturday; and once again—good—no; au revoir." After a warm grasp, he let go hands, and headed for the station.

Before closing the chapter one other incident is brought up. It was only a week or so since that Col. James Duffey, who was a police official at El Reno, when George stopped there, but who is now employed at the state capitol, exhibited a photograph to the Historia scribe with the remark: "Gaze on that and tell me if you ever saw it before"—this without the least hint as to who it was. "I surely have," replied the writer as he glanced at the face, Col. Duffy still holding the photo in his hand. "That is the man who called on me at Waukomis in January, 1903, and who a week later committed suicide under the name of David E. George—J. Wilkes Booth." "You are mistaken," said Col. Duffy, assuming a super-positive attitude. John Wilkes Booth was killed at the Garrett home in Virginia, April 25, 1865, by one Boston Corbett. I am sure of this because David E. George, while in a 'spiritually' talkative mood told me so himself—in El Reno—only a short time before committing suicide. George said he knew J. Wilkes Booth was dead, 'because,' said he in a dramatic way, 'the next day after he was killed, the body was taken down the river to a lone island twenty-seven miles from Washington and secretly buried there.' David E. George might have added that "I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead, because the body was taken to Washington City and secretly buried in a room in front of the navy building near the old jail, and a piece of artillery drawn over the place to obliterate it. Further because the body was taken down the Potomac ten miles from Washington, and weighted with stones and sunk. Also, because the body was taken to a secluded spot between the Garrett farm and the Potomac and placed in a pit and consumed by quick lime; because the body was taken to Washington City and secretly buried in a room of the old penitentiary, from whence it was subsequently exhumed and given to the Booth family and buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Baltimore, where a marble marks the head of the mound (unnamed, however.) I know that John Wilkes Booth is dead because the doorkeeper at Ford's theatre, who was an intimatet of Booth's and who assisted in the Green Mount ceremonies, declared it was NOT the body of J. Wilkes Booth. As still more invincible proof that J. Wilkes Booth was the man killed at the Garrett home the fact may be cited that the government, so secure in its convictions decided not to submit the body for identification; nor was a single cent of the vast reward ever paid. Further—the body was quick-limed, drowned, buried—variously at various places and curiously enough by different agencies at one and the same time; so let it go at that. He is dead, dead, dead! numerously dead." After quoting "George," Col. Duffy handed the photo over, with: "Now look at the back of the card." On the back was found inscribed the names, "J. Wilkes Booth," taken at a spiritual seance in



New York, 1894, by the mother of the DuPonts, famous the world over as powder manufacturers.

A friend of Historia states that during a conversation only a few days ago, Mrs. Anstein of El Reno, at whose hotel Booth (under name of George) stopped for many months, declared her belief that George and Booth were the same. She said she was quite well acquainted with him, and recalls many things which now more than at the time, convince her. At one time, she says, when he was slightly under the influence of liquor, some one gravely offended him, at which the offender was dramatically invited to pass on or be passed on, which he reluctantly did, and passed on, muttering an implied or construed threat. "That man has no business fooling with me," said the irate Booth (or George), turning to Mrs. Anstein, side-gesturing toward the retreating offender. "He don't know who he is fooling with—§ killed a thousand times better man than him—he mustn't fool with me. Then calming, Booth said to Mrs. Anstein in a confidential tone: "Can you keep a secret?" At which Mrs. Anstein replied in a careless way, "Did you ever know a woman to keep a secret?" Booth bit at his under lip as he turned away. "I sincerely believe George, as we knew him, had at that moment in mind telling me his secret," said Mrs. Anstein.

The fourth and last time the writer saw Booth was at Enid, at Pennymen's northeast corner of the public square. He was standing with his back to the inner wall, his head slightly bent forward, and his voice once so resonant with charming melody, gave out no sound. Gray was dusting through the brows, the mustache and long wavy hair, the artificial dyes used in keeping them in raven hue gradually fading away. The starry lustre of once captivating eyes was sealed under closed lids. The hands were white and sinewy, folded listless across the breast. The face was a trifle swollen, over it a faint pallor of wraith, and yet a delicate smile of ineffable sweetness as one in pleasant dreams. It was death. That voice which once so charmed and charmed, gesturing with eloquence fairly sublime, and held captives in its miraculous power, whether in Taming the Shrew, or in soliloquies over the browless Yorick, my kingdom for a horse, or over his Desdemona smothered in a pillow of jealous rage. Never again forever hushed. And as Undertaken Pennymen closed the hinged lid over the ashy face, the old thought came—"Verily the way of the transgressor is hard." One so young, so ripe in beautiful treasure, the world in readiness to prone before his mild sweet will, backed by ancestral glory the future unfolding a promise of kindly worth and benefaction. But he loved his southland too well and not wisely. At this phychic time of dreadful consequence, "a bloom doomed in the budding," by one impetuous rash act, ill-judged and bound in a spirit of revenge, or misconceived duty, matters not. Condemned a wanderer, to face an unforgiving world, shunning familiar haunts and loved people, under the ban of remorse, in the shadow of dread and mortal fear. "Myself, and yet—another!" A pent-up life of hateful suspense, longing for some ear to listen to his story which he dares not lisp lest treachery lurk in the wake of false friendship; but the time of dissolution nears. On a couch of excruciable pain, in last mortal anguish, struggling with remorse, eternity in view, the gates ajar, as entering the dark arcanum where no mortal poinard may ever pierce—he dares. But the story, although there is still material for a large volume, is already too long, much more so than was intended. Besides, it seems needless to tamper further with public patience in recital of the confessions made in the cypress shades. The revelation to Mrs. (Rev.) Harper, to Mrs. Simmons, to Mrs. Bears, and others of

his most intimate and trusted acquaintances. These with affidavits may be found in El Reno, Enid and outside publication of date of the final climax, in January, 1903. Those who followed the event will readily recall these things. Hence, let the gates close behind the departed soul—forever shut out from the mortal whirl; forever to wander in mystery land where spirits reft of dissoluble mould revel in cypress bowers in blissful harmony with sweet-tuned choristers, or tread to sounds discordant among spectral forms ever in the shadow of disconsolate gloom.

#### GENERAL DANA'S VERSION

The letter was to the Boston Sunday Globe and was run in that publication in the issue of December 6, 1877. Among other things Mr. Dana declares that in the spring of 1865 he had headquarters at Fort Baker, near Washington City, just above the east branch of the Potomac and within the lines of the Third Brigade of Harding's Division, Twenty-second Corps, commanded by Gen. C. C. Augur, under whom he, Dana, was provost with authority over nearly all of that portion of Maryland between East Potomac and Patuxent. At this time that part of the state was alive with rebels and Dana was commissioned to watch all their movements. While patrolling this country, says Dana, he learned of a plot against the Federal government, and that the stroke would probably be aimed at President Lincoln. Dana at once asked for a troop of veteran cavalry in addition to the regular provost guard, and the request was granted. He established a line of pickets from Fort Meigs on the left to a point on the right and gave orders to let no one enter the city of Washington during the day who could not give a satisfactory account of business at the capitol, while from sunrise to sundown no one should be permitted to enter or leave the city except in case of sickness or death. All suspicious persons were to be arrested and sent to the Commanding General for investigation.

April 14 two men appeared before the guard on the road leading to Washington from the east. Refusing to give their names they were arrested and placed in the guard tent from whence they were sent to headquarters. This was about one o'clock in the afternoon. In the course of an hour or two they gave their names as Booth and Herrold.

About two o'clock p. m. Dana received orders from General Augur to release all prisoners and to withdraw the guards until further orders. Dana then sent an orderly to the officers on the line from Fort Meigs easterly with orders to release all prisoners and report to him at Fort Baker. On the line from Meigs to Surrattsville, Dana says, he went in person and withdrew the guards to his headquarters and that Booth and Herrold were released as soon as the orders reached the guards; that they at once proceeded to the capitol arriving there about 6:30 p. m. Dana says he had guards at each end of the bridge and that one guard knew Booth personally and recognized him afterwards while riding from the capitol soon after the assassination. Dana says he returned to Fort Baker at 11 p. m. and was eating supper when an officer rode into camp with the news that the President had been shot and the assailant and another man had ridden at a rapid pace into the country. The guards were at once called and a detachment sent in different directions, after which Dana says he went to the bridge to learn what he could there; that on his way back he met a troop of cavalry, the 13th of New York, which was ordered to patrol the river as far as Guisi Point and there learn all they could and return to Fort Baker. At the bridge he found an orderly with orders from Augur to report without delay, which he did, and was



ushered into the General's presence, who was at his desk with streaming eyes.

"My God," Augur cries, "if I had listened to your advice this terrible thing would not have happened." (Now, what was that advice?) After a brief conference Dana was appointed adjutant-general on Augur's staff with orders to use his own judgment as to the best way to capture the perpetrators. Commanders of all divisions were directed to observe all orders of Dana as though especially issued by the Commanding General. The first order was that the swiftest steamer obtainable should patrol the Potomac as far as the Patuxent and seize all boats that could not give satisfactory account. Then a steamer should be sent up the Patuxent and all the boats on that river were to be seized as far as Horsehead Ferry. As a reason, Dana says, he had while scouting through Maryland learned that a boat would be used by the assassins who would go by land to the Patuxent, thence across Albert river and on into old Mexico.

Dana returned to Fort Baker where he left essential orders, after which he, with the cavalry then scouting and a small detachment of his own, started on the chase taking the road by way of Surrattsville to Bryantown. As they passed through the former place all was dark; but an old man and woman were found who had a boy sick with smallpox. Failing to obtain any information, the old man was taken into a patch of woods and strung up to a limb. It was a clear night with the moon just rising, its silver tints gleaming on the tree tops and the flickering of the campfire casting fantastic shadows here and there. Indeed, what a weird and gruesome scene it must have been, there in the glare of the campfire and of the moon the body of a man struggling in a spasmodic effort to free himself from the tightening noose. After a few moments, says Dana, the man was ordered lowered. Rather than pass through a second suspension the man said that Booth and Herrold had taken something to eat at Surrattsville, Booth seeming to be badly hurt. They remounted and rode toward Bryantown, to where the Dana posse pushed reins. A few miles from Bryantown a detachment of ten men under a sergeant as patrol guards to watch for suspicious persons in that section, was met. From there the Dana party went directly to Port Tobacco and gave orders for the men to report to him at Bryantown. He ordered the troops to scour up the Patuxent and arrest all suspicious persons and report to him. The guards afterward admitted that they heard the clatter of Booth's and Herrold's horses hoofs as they passed by the road leading to Dr. Samuel Mudd's toward Bryantown, where Dana says he arrived about 6 o'clock p. m. and placed guards on all the roads leading into the village with orders that anyone might enter but none could leave. About 2 o'clock that afternoon the detachment of troops from Port Tobacco returned to Bryantown. Meantime troops had been sent to Woodbine and Horsehead ferries and all boats had been seized and all crossings stopped. By taking possession of these positions and seizing the ferry boats the river was thoroughly guarded and patrolled.

After Booth and Herrold arrived at Dr. Mudd's, according to Dana, the riding boot was slit and drawn from Booth's wounded limb, after which the leg was bandaged and splinted with pieces of a cigar box, and a crutch was made from a broom handle. After breakfast arrangements were made for flight on the instant, should anything happen to arouse fear of too close pursuit. Dr. Mudd came into Bryantown about two o'clock in the afternoon and remained until near nine that night, when Dr. George Mudd, cousin of Dr. Samuel Mudd, approached Dana and asked

as a personal favor that Dr. Samuel Mudd be passed through the lines, and the favor was granted.

During the long absence of Dr. Samuel Mudd Booth and Herrold grew uneasy, and the latter rode to near Bryantown where he hitched his horse to a willow on the banks of a small stream that coursed by and watched for the doctor to emerge through the lines, after which the two returned to the Mudd home, where the fugitives remained for the night. Here Mr. Dana interpolates that having learned that the two doctors were cousins and rank rebels, he summoned Dr. George Mudd, and then and there, to use Mr. Dana's own words, "I told him plainly what I thought of him." Now wasn't that awful, to actually scold the wicked and perverse rebel, and thus fritter away time?

The fugitives left Dr. Mudd's next morning and took the road for Horsehead ferry. When in two and a half miles of there they saw a man about sixty years of age leaning on a fence in front of his house, and from him they gained the information that Booth rode up and asked for a drink of water and also for a drink of whiskey, but of the latter the old man had none. On inquiry from the old gentleman Booth said he had heard of the death of the President from some troops, and asked if there were any troops at the ferry. Being told that there were, he said that he and his partner were detectives in search of Booth and Herrold. When asked what he was doing with a crutch Booth replied that his horse had fallen on him. They then asked the way to Woodbine Ferry and started in that direction under spur. When within two miles of Woodbine they met an old darkey from whom they inquired the distance to the ferry, and being told they asked the news, to which the old darkey held up his hands: "Massa Lincoln done been killed an Woodbine Ferry's chock full o' troops." When asked how many the old darkey replied, "Golly massa they's swarmin' like bees." The two horsemen rode on a short distance and into a mowing field where all trace of them was lost. But they returned to the vicinity of Dr. Mudd's and entered the Sekiah Swamp from the east, where they spent two days and nights.

Dana says he made arrangements for troops to scour the swamps, but a heavy storm made it impossible. On returning to the swamp the next day Dana found where the horses had been tethered and the moss on which Booth and Herrold had slept. He also found the pieces of blanket used in muffling the horse's feet.

The different movements they made from the time of the tragedy to the time of reaching the Sekiah Swamp shows that their course was laid out beforehand. They knew where to go and who their friends were.

Sekiah Swamp lies a short distance nearly west of Bryantown. It is full of quagmire and sinkholes and exceedingly dangerous except by day, and then the greatest caution is necessary, even with one acquainted with the Swamp. Hence Booth and Herrold must have had a guide coming and going. They could never have gotten their horses there alone. To have attempted to do so would have meant their end. There is a small stream running through the swamp large enough to float a small craft. It empties into the Patuxent. After leaving the swamp the fugitives went to a log cabin in a pine thicket quite a distance from any road. It proved to be the dwelling of a man named Jones, who had a negress for a housekeeper. It was in this thicket the two horses were killed. Here Booth and Herrold were kept for two or three days when they were taken by boat to the outlet of the swamp to a point where the troops were stationed and from there carried to a point on the Patuxent nearly opposite Aquia

(Continued on Page 11.)



## OKLAHOMA THE MECCA FOR MEN OF MYSTERY

Oklahoma seems to have been a sort of lodestone of attraction for not only the adventurer, but also of characters traveling for some reason under assumed names with a studied penchant for shrouding the past in mystery. Readers of *Historia* will doubtless recall a brief story published in issue of July, 1920, of one Dr. Sandercook, under the title: "Nobility of the Desert Sands." It seems that at the opening of Oklahoma to white settlement, 1889, among those who came in with the rush was this Dr. Sandercook. El Reno was then the western border of the newly opened country, and there is where incomers mostly landed as a point of radiation. Dr. Sandercook, though having spent a number of years on the Kansas deserts, was still a young-looking fellow primed with the spirit of adventure, of decided English cast, having been born and raised to manhood in London. He was all too highly cultured and polished for a mere commoner, yet firmly held in reserve his past except an occasional sifting dropping during association with some intimate, of which he had very few. From these siftings enough was gathered as evidence that in his early manhood his restless spirit chafed under the hum-drum of royal life and he attached himself to the English army as a private notwithstanding his title to a barony with consequent estates and a life of ease and influence. But even army life proved tame compared with his pulsing ambition. Besides, army discipline was specially gauling and his independent spirit revaulted at restraint. Hence taking self-leave he sailed for the western continent where an untrammelled waste lay in waiting. It was not until after his death which occurred at the home of Mrs. Isabella Brown in Denver, February 6, 1920, that his past came partially to light. In searching through old papers kept in sacred secrecy, one proved to be the original copper-plate certificate of appointment of the Doctor as superintendent of the Oklahoma Board of Health—one for Canadian County (El Reno), under date of 1902; another for Oklahoma City, 1914; licenses to practice medicine, etc. Another document is the original certificate of declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States, which was filed soon after putting the finishing garnish on his medical graduation "over there" after his arrival in America. The declaration was made before E. J. Bates, clerk of Finney County, Kansas, at Garden City, April 2, 1886, and then and there "John Oliver, Baron of Wellington," became a good American, under title of the commoner—Doctor John Sandercook, "renouncing forever all allegiance to, and fidelity to every foreign power, prince, potentate, state and sovereignty whatsoever, and particularly to Victoria, Queen of England." The oath renunciation and of American allegiance was attested by J. Bates, Deputy Clerk.

About this time, old westerners will remember, the white man's propaganda—"a good Indian is a dead Indian"—was prominent on the movie screen of duck canvas over wagon bows. This picture show was the rage at and around Fort Dodge, and the propagandists were enthusiastic devotees of the aforesaid movies, giving a high touch of reality to the screen. Doctors and surgeons were few and far between, the special need of which at this time and place was essentially for sick and wounded Indian exterminators stricken during common forays. "Doc" Sandercook was "Johnnie on the spot" as an army surgeon. Dodge and Hayes were special fields. Mingling in forays and rabble adjuncts, he shared in hair-splintered escapes, but was always at heart a friend of the Indian, and many of them could attest it through more than one friendly turn, one of which actually saved him from joining the morgue among

"good Indians." He was under a movie screen on a prairie schooner, crossing the plains with only a small band of men, when a sudden dash was made upon the schooner few by far outnumbering Sioux. A brave, but unavailing, fight resulted in the extermination of—not the Sioux—but the schooner band—Sandercook being the only one of them left alive. It was this way—he was recognized by the Chief as the friendly medicine pale-face who had dressed a frightful wound for him a few weeks before. In relating this incident, Sandercook said: "Indians are proverbial friends to their friends whom they never forget. I have never had the least trouble with one of them, because I have invariably shown them that I was a friend. The Indian only asks a square deal."

On one occasion, while tripping the plains to Fort Dodge, dark came upon him with many miles yet to cover. He had wandered far through snow-drifting blizzards and his horse was hopelessly worn out. He climbed from the saddle. There under the humble shelter of a friendly cliff, he shot the horse, cleaned and propped it open with sticks, made a night domicile within the carcass, from which he emerged next morning at the beckon from a few cavalymen sent out from Fort Dodge.

Mentioning Doctor Sandercook in her letters, Mrs. Brown said, in part: "With glad interest, I learn that you knew the Doctor, and that you appreciated him, while so many others who knew him did not. As you say, he seemed good for many years, but in the last few years he received so many jolts in finance, health, and other ways, that his courage lowered. We first knew him at Independence, Kansas, associated with Dr. McCulley. After drifting farther west he made frequent return visits to the old town where he had three nephews. Years passed, and misfortune overtaking my household, I was compelled to do nursing with which to sustain myself and family. I was called on to attend Major Grant, an old friend of the Doctor, who was then visiting him. Here we again met, and from that time we kept up a drifting correspondence. While the greater portion of the Doctor's residence in Oklahoma was at El Reno, his last two years was in Oklahoma City. During the holidays of last year, while visiting a patron, he was stricken and had to be taken home in a serious, if not critical, condition, being unconscious for some time. The nurse wrote me, which was soon succeeded by a few lines from himself. Realizing that he desired to be in Denver, my son wrote him to come, which he did as soon as possible. When we met him at the station, he was scarcely able to walk and almost blind, still assumed a wonted cheerfulness and made a hard fight for life, but the end came February 6, 1920. He was 79 years old. He had, at one time, a farm near Geary, which he probably sold. Three nephews and an invalid sister, Mrs. Bessie Clapp, live at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. It is indeed sad to think of his impoverished condition after such a useful career—a friend to man in every sense. Kindly disposed friends here and in Oklahoma enabled us to lay him away in a respectable manner."

Doctor Sandercook was early imbued with the American spirit of adventure and found fruition in a life of near a half-century of constantly recurring experiences in the then wild west. He ventured, that in the concussion of a stunning jar he might enjoy the thrill.

The story of his experiences would make an interesting and exciting volume had he chosen to write them out, which he was admirably competent to do, for he was a ripe scholar, cultured and richly endowed with memory. Or, had he not been wilful too modest to boast, too reserved to give details. Those who knew him best, knew only of



his life what could be gradually and patiently wormed from him, or rather from daily walks with him. In fact, an El Reno friend of Historia once remarked that she knew "Doc" Sandercock for a number of years. He was a frequent visitor, versatile, pleasing and intellectual, but the antithesis of boast—extremely hesitating about self, even to avoidance. "Do you know," she said, "I can think of but one real use for a cork screw in this sumptuary day, and even that would have little pull in drawing from Doc Sandercock any great detail of his numerous adventures and thrilling experiences." And yet he could have been a puffed, feted castle baron in cultured, vainglorious elects of the staid Kingdom. He chose his own bent of life till the desert sands gave away, then settled down to the simple life as a village doctor, to share the common lot and be quietly laid away at the final lowering of the screen.

Incidentally, Doctor Sandercock was a special friend of "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and when that old knight of the plains, the spur and saddle passed away, he was the only person outside the immediate family accorded the privilege of a seat in the mourners' carriage.

Doctor Sandercock was a well-known and respected practitioner at El Reno for a number of years; later Oklahoma City. He was a rather quiet man, yet versatile to a pleasing—never tiresome—degree. He was a great reader and possessed a wonderful memory of what he read. He was born in Devonshire, England, 1850, graduated at "Westward Ho;" a classmate and intimate friend of Conan Doyle and Kipling, England's famous poet-laureate. While of moderately reserved manner, he loved nature in the wild, adventure, hence his coming to the continent of America when college days were over. He resolved at once to amalgamate with America, for America and be a part of America, to share only in her story. He spurned the title which was his birthright—"Sir John Oliver, Baron of Werrington"—and when the title was shaken at him he peremptorily declined, preferring the American title by which his friends over here knew him—"Doc Sandercock." He preferred to remain in America, rather than return to the land of "Barony." He also inherited a vast estate, which did not hinge upon becoming a baron, or even a return to English sovereignty, and he expected in later years to cross the channel to gather this and return for a generous time with his American friends, having been unable to get a passport for that purpose during the Rebellion over there, and which ill health forbade for many years after the conflict. His title of "Baron of Werrington" came from the side of his mother, who was an Oliver. While claiming England as his birth soil, he was no doubt of Celtic stock, with their easy characteristics, his generous impulses, and every element known to Celt social culture. The fact that he had been gotten into the English army as a surgeon and subsequently took voluntary leave for America may be easily conjectured from a casual dropping now and then, a few words when under a lapse of caution in mentioning his life before coming to this country. It may be noted that he never crossed the waters back to his native land.

#### A GHOST FROM THE BATTLEFIELD

At this same opening another mysterious character floated into El Reno, mecca of the wandering from every known land. He was a tall well-built specimen of pronounced French extraction, hair and moustache tinged with grey, and he was of martial bearing. While French was evidently his mother tongue, betrayed through a strong yet pleasing accent and polite suavity common to the higher classes of France, save the slight accent, his English was exceptionally well at command, using choicest words

with but slight disarrangement from the purest English grammatical construction. On his arrival at El Reno he registered under the name of Chas. McNey, having with him a son of perhaps sixteen years of age, who was also polished in manner and exceptionally bright for one of methel ss tutilage. While by no means a secluse, McNey was nevertheless quite reserved and seemed studious in an effort to avoid any allusion to his past. Social and genial, however, when once drawn into conversation. About a year subsequent to the opening another floater found a landing on the North Canadian beach. He was about the same age and general build as McNey, like him tinged with grey, and likewise evidently of the higher French cast; also with martial bearing. Of course this new stranger who registered under the name of Louis Caten, being from the same fatherland with McNey, the two became close friends, chummy, as it were, speaking in times of earnest in high French, but generally in the tongue of their adopted country. On one occasion when the two were holding a usual talking levy at the Anstein, then the only elite hotel in El Reno, Caten made some passing remark about the battle of Nance in 1870 when Marshal McNey went down in a crushing defeat by the invading hosts of Von Molke. At the words "battle of Nance," McNey sprang from his chair and seizing his friends shoulders as his grey eyes fairly bulged in a glare of amaze.

"The battle of Nance!" in suppressed undertone to himself. Then straight into the eyes of his chum: "The battle of Nance! And you was there?" with a vigorous shake. "Say—was you in that battle, at Nance? Yés?" as he again gave his chum a vigorous shake and a piercing stare.

"I was there—"

"You—you—was—in that battle?" Then mumbling something in French he gathered his chum around the neck and showered him with platonic kisses as tears trickled down his face.

"So he was there," in a seeming vein of soliloquy as McNey dropped into a chair and a moment hung his head as in reverie. "Well, well." Then rising and facing his chum: "I could tell you much—" then shifting: "Do you think Marshal McNey was treated exactly right?" Then straightening up and heaving out his breast in a martial round and stroking his breast to a very point of vain boast. "He was a brave general. A brave general," again stroking his breast.

"But he lost the day, and—France lost Alsace-Lorraine," closely eyeing McNey.

"Yes," as McNey dropper his chin in seeming humility. Then straightening up: "But he did not have the men! He did not have the men! And he did not have the equipment." Regretful half to himself: "Too bad! too bad!" Then smothering back his emotion: "We must try to forget those trying days." The conversation next drifted to the Napoleonic era and his ignominious drubbing at Waterloo by Wellington. "Yes," said McNey, "Napoleon was a brave general, but too much dash, and successes gave him over-confidence, under estimated his foe." Resting his elbow on the chair arm and cheek in hand a woman; Then in a tone more of ironic censure: "Napoleon he was a fiddler. Yes, he was a fiddler, and like the Roman who fiddled when his city burned. Napoleon was too much with the ladies, and liked too much the dance. He was at the dance when Wellington he was resting for the morrow." Shifting: "And do you think Napoleon was treated exactly right? Not to let him die on that barren island—ah—did he die on St. Helena? Well I came to America soon after the battle of Nance and for a number of years



clambered over the border ridges between Georgia and North Carolina, and met an occasional man from France—ah—more than one who did not go under their right name—some in exile. Yes, I have listened to the fiddle at little dances among the hills, and seen—in a vision, say you? I could tell you so many things the people would not believe; you would not believe. But it was—only the ghost of Napoleon. Though I heard—mind you—only heard it hinted that it was the real Napoleon, and not a ghost that made joy for the mountain people with his fiddle. And my dear friend of fatherland, so much I could tell you—” Here McNey put his fingers to his lips in mum sign as he side glanced at a number of bar-leaners. The conversation was continued, but in French.

The resemblance of Chas. McNey and Marshal McNey as shown in portraits of the great French general, was a matter of common remark, and dark suspicions borne on whispering wings were rife, that Chas. McNey was none other than Marshal McNey.

A few years after McNey and the son, who had married a prominent school belle of El Reno, moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, where Senior McNey died some years ago.

Historia has been running for over twelve years, during which time it has placed Oklahoma on the map of every country of the civilized world, and there isn't scarcely "a spot of earth" anywhere in the known world that Historia has not reached. It is familiar to every congressman and senator for the past dozen years; the heads of every government department in Washington City; every historical society, state library and university and leading college in the United States. At every postoffice in Oklahoma, every prominent county official including every legislature, every public and state institution. It has worked up an exchange list that takes in practically every historical publication in the United States, every university and higher educational publication, the various Indian publications throughout the Union. It has worked up a correspondence that is of immeasurable value and received hundreds of bound and unbound volumes for review. It has made acknowledgment of every item that has ever been contributed to the Historical Society and has published reminiscences and historic sketches which if combined would make several volumes. And yet—

If Historia is not worth fifty cents to you it is not worth sending. If you don't get a copy of next issue return this within six days and a copy of next issue will be sent free, so you can read the two issues for a penny postage stamp. Fifty cents will get the publication for a year.

J. D. Wilson of Tahlequah, a Cherokee, has presented the museum with a tomahawk that was made by hand with the same process that the arrow heads are made; it was plowed up in his field in the spring. Also a coup stick head very like the arrow heads but about four times the size.

Secured by Mrs. Caarina Conlan.

Mrs. Louise Harrison, mother of the newly appointed Chief of the Choctaws, presented to the Oklahoma Historical Society a safety box brought from Mississippi by her husband in 1832; used not only for money but for all the valuable papers continuously up to the time she parted with it a week ago, it is a little different from those used in banks today, but of a strong tin, with a rounded top.

Miss S. C. Carr, daughter of the Rev. J. H. Carr, now living in California, has sent to the Society quite a collection of pictures of people of prominence in the old Chick-

saaw Nation in the early fifties. Her father established the first school for girls in the Chickasaw Nation, known as Bloomfield, eight miles from the town of Colbert. In a small box of things sent in two decanters used for communion as he traveled around and preached, in many inland districts, and he made the trips on horse back, carrying his books and elements for the communion services as he went. Miss Carr also sent a very interesting history of the life of Rev. Carr and his work among the Chickasaws.

The week before Little Wolf the Chief of the Cheyennes died he wished his pipe of peace to be placed in the Historical Society thereby showing his people that he appreciated the value that his things from a historical viewpoint would have after he was gone to his people or tribe especially, and he seemed to realize he could not live far he said he might never smoke it again. He also gave a picture of himself to the Society.

### GENERAL DANA'S VERSION

(Continued from Page 8.)

creek. From there across the Potomac they made their way to Garrett's, some fifteen miles from Bowling Green, where Booth was killed.

In connection with this letter of Dana's, Historia ventures the instance of another by another author, except not in print. It was directed to Dana and written by F. A. Dumont, who was stationed at the bridge over the east reach of the Potomac that was crossed by Booth and Herrold coming into and going out of Washington the fatal night in 1865. Dumont was then a member of the old provost guard with headquarters at Fort Baker.

"Well do I remember," says Mr. Dumont, "I was detailed from Company C by Capt. A. W. Brigham, then stationed at Fort Mahan with orders to report to you at Fort Baker for duty as provost guard. I did so, and was employed to guard prisoners and in going to Uniontown to search for soldiers without passes. After a short term at headquarters I, with others of your command, was sent to guard the bridge leading from Washington to Uniontown, down by the Navy Yard. I was stationed at the Uniontown end of the bridge, where there were gates to stop people from going across either way, being under orders from Corporal Sullivan, with Sergeant Cobb at the other end.

I was present the night Booth and Herrold rode across after shooting the President. When Booth rode up I was at the block house on duty and heard him ask the guard if anyone had gone through lately and heard the post guard answer, "No," and ask Booth what he was doing out that late at night, to which Booth made some kind of a reply about going to see some one on the T. B. Road. I helped open the gate and he rode away with the speed of the winds. A short time after this Herrold rode up and inquired if any one had just passed through riding a bay horse. On being told there had he muttered something about being a pretty fellow not to wait for him. Well, I opened the gate and let him through and he dashed off in a hurry. About twenty minutes later we heard a great noise and favor across the bridge and in a short time got word that the President had been shot. I remember when you came to the bridge to meet some one who was sitting on the Washington side, but never knew who it was until I read your letter in the Sunday Globe. I remember your going in pursuit, one of Company C's boys, Charley Jones, with you." Signed by F. A. Dumont late private in Company G, Third heavy artillery, Massachusetts Volunteers.

(Continued in Next Issue of Historia.)



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Besides these, every editor who contributes his publication regularly to the Historical Society is by law a full-fledged member and will have as full voice as though a cash member.

Professor Oscar J. Leherer of the State University favors *Historia* with his "Ensembled Method for the Violin for Class Instruction." A printed volume of 95 pages with artistic cover. Professor Leherer is one of the best-known and most versatile musical composers in the west, and his efforts receive admittance to the Etue, Church Chorus and others of the higher order of musical publications. The Oklahoma Historical Society has a large and most valuable collection of Prof. Leherer's compositions, including band and other musical arranged tunes.

Contents of the American Historical Review for July, 1922, takes in a wide and usual interesting scope, including Science at the Court of Emperor Frederic II; Development of Metropolitan Economy in Europe and America; Slidell and Buchanan. Did Emperor Alexius I ask for aid at the Council of Plazena, 1095? The first endowed professor of history and its first incumbent. Lord Sackville's papers respecting Virginian II. Reviews, etc. Published by the MacMillan Company, with J. Franklin Jamison as editor.

Mr. A. M. Willis of Beaver City has just sent the Society an old Spanish Sword, hand-made; too late for review.

Hon. Theodore Schroeder of Cos Cob, Conn., sends *Historia*: Psychologic Aspect of Birth Control considered in relation to Mental Hygiene; by donor. A Unique Heathen to which is added Theodore Schroeder on the Erotogenesis of Religion—A Bibliography, by Nancy E. Sankey-Jones, Cos Cob. The Bishop of Bolshevicks and Atheists—The Rev. William Montgomery Brown, member House of Bishops, P. E. Church; by donor. The Herd Impulse, Democratization and Evolutionary Psychology; by donor. Psychology of One Pantheist; by donor. Are all Radicals Insane? by donor.

Courtesy of Hon. George F. Short, Oklahoma City; folder with portrait and literature in re his candidacy for Attorney General, Democratic primaries.

July, 1922 number of the Quarterly Journal of North Dakota University is devoted almost exclusively to matters on educational lines. The N. D. Historical Society receives a brief mention. Like the Oklahoma Historical Society it is trustee for the state, carried on under five ex-officio and sixteen elected directors, the ex-officios being: The governor, auditor, secretary, state superintendent and commissioner of agriculture and labor. A \$3000.00 home has just been erected. The Society is also trustee for a group of parks. O. J. Libby is secretary. Mr. A. J. Ladd is editor of the Journal, and it is through his courtesy the Oklahoma Historical Society has received the Journal from its first issue.



## CANNON BALL GREEN

Not a few old-timers will recall the subject of this sketch whose stage line from Kingman, Kansas, in an early day brought him both fame and fortune as his was about



the only conveyance always "at your service, sir," reaching far westward not only through the untamed short grass regions of Kansas, but also through the likewise untamed red lands of Oklahoma. He was a large specimen of bone and sinew, standing fully six foot in "his socks," and kicked the beam at from 190 to 210. A whole-souled genial westerner who became universally a favorite of the traveling public. The sobriquet on "Cannon Ball" soon attached on account

of the extraordinary speed he made from point to point and it stuck to him until the final parting of the ways a few years ago. Speaking of his success especially in a financial way, he attributed it to his liberality toward those who he deemed might be of benefit to him. In his success the country editor came in for a very large share. "My office in Kingman was furnished nicely," he said during an interview in the early 1900's when he was an applicant for the Lawton receivership to succeed J. D. Matthews of Norman who declined to stand for reappointment. At that time Green lived on a homestead near Bridgeport, Oklahoma. Continuing: "An editor running a small paper in one of the sun-baker regions in a prairie town would come to me stating he had railroad transportation but was unable to reach places where he felt he could secure subscribers, etc., and requested a half-fare rate. Owners of other and small lines would respond to such requests with a flat 'No!' that it cost just as much to haul you as it does to haul any one else, and no half-fares goes." I kept a supply of elegantly printed passes and would issue one of these to the editor good at any time over any of my lines on payment of half rate, and when he desired to take a trip all he need do would be to hop on. As my lines reached hundreds of miles into the west, this would take a person to almost any old place in the west, barring an occasional gap." In those days, according to Mr. Green, the price of a Concord Coach was \$1200.00, and mules as high as \$400.00. His coaches usually covered one hundred miles a day. In addition to the Concorde, the lines were provided with many smaller stages or coaches; "but when an editor showed up," he says, "I always gave him a seat in one of the big coaches; and told the driver that as I had a wind-pumper aboard to hit only the high places, and that's just what the driver invariably did. I received thousands of dollars worth of advertising from these editors. The reputation of my coaches traveled throughout the country and did not confine to high places, either. Often comfortable carriages owned by competitors would be at the train unloading of passengers at depots and scramble for business. My weather-beaten, dusty coaches would have the words 'Cannon Ball Green' painted on them in big box letters. Strangers who had read and otherwise heard of

my whirl wind trips would pile into my outfits, while the more comfortable vehicles of would-be rivals remained empty."

Cannon Ball Green's business was exceedingly prosperous from about 1870 to 1880—ten years—when the extension of railroads utterly destroyed it. The old coach recently contributed to the Oklahoma Historical Society is one of the best as well as one of the best coaches of his line and did ten years service, subsequently falling into the hands of the Miller Bros. of 101 Ranch who made it an attraction in their annual blow-outs and wild west performances.

One of the prettiest and most unique contributions to the Historical society museum feature came recently from Dr. G. A. Border of Mangum—a number of rare taxiderm specimens of the feathered tribe all artistically mounted and of the bantam stock, one is a small fullgrown chicken-hawk pouncing upon a feathered victim. Another is a Spanish bantam rooster with elaborate comb and gills fiery red. This bantam stands only four inches from foot to back with  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inch body; fan tail six inches at outer circle. On the same mount is a Spanish bantam hen with black body and variegated neck-hood, a trifle smaller than the rooster. Another mount consists of two miniature cranes with bodies seven inches from tail tips to neck, the latter long and conical with long tapering beaks. These are the most perfect specimens of artificial work among the society's entire collection. They came originally from Mexico.

Almost unusual interest attached to the June and July numbers of the National Geographical Magazine. The Far Eastern Question, illustrated with numerous full page plates, is followed by the Splendor of Rome; this by Capri, Island Retreat of the Roman. The July number is for the most part taken up with Cathedrals of the Old and New World, followed by Camargue, the Cow-boy Country of Southern France. Sixteen full plates comprises a colored exhibit of Summer Flowers. This magazine is published at Memorial Hall, Washington, D. C., with Hon. Gilbert Grosvenor as editor.

The most recent contribution by Dr. Charles Zeimann of Oklahoma City include: The Greatest of All World Wars, a 22 by 32 folio taken up with portraits and illustrations and articles digested. The Little Devil, a fascicle volume from Los Angeles, California, this being decidedly a "back number"—August, 1906. April number of the Southwestern News, rich with illustrations. St. Louis Negro Minstrels—End-Men's Jokes, Gags, etc., also a "back number"—1901; book of 100 pages. Making His Way: Interesting bound volume for boys. The Mixer, a magazine for hotels, restaurants and other "mixtures," as issued.

Wiley Britton, the well-known border history writer, continues interest in Pioneer Life in Southwest Missouri. April number of the Missouri Historical Review, published by Floyd C. Shoemaker of the Historical Society, Columbia. Shelby's Expedition to Mexico, by the late John N. Edwards also continues in this number.

The 1921-22 Haskell Annual comes direct from the Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, and contains the usual quota of matter pertaining to that Institution—memorial to the late Congressman Dudley C. Haskell who had the school established when a member of the National House way back in the '70's. Embellished with groupings and full-page plates.



Calvin Morgan McClung, by Dr. George F. Mellon of Knoxville leads in the April number of the Tennessee Historical Magazine edited by Dr. Wm. A. Provine, Nashville. Other articles include The Nathez Trace, by Dr. R. S. Coterill of Louisville; Boyhood of President Polk, by Hon. A. V. Goodpasture of Charks; Battle of King's Mountain by Hon. Samuel C. Williams.

Occupation Hazards and diagnostic signs; Wage Bulletin 307, Hon. Adelbert Stewart, secretary. Hours of labor in the petroleum industry, 1920; Labor Bulletin 297. Comparison of workmen's compensation insurance and administration; Labor Bulletin 301. The Problem of dust phthisis in the granite stone industry; Labor Bulletin 293.

History of Old City Hall (Philadelphia) Independence Hall Bulletin; Constitution of the United States; short history of the convention; Independence Hall Bulletin 7; published by department public works.

The last book catalog issued by Rudolf Geering at Bale (Suisse) comprises a volume of over 200 pages and gives an exhibit of 1218 items on sale by his firm. The scope is broad, taking in history, memoirs, biography, literature, engravures, autographs, etc.

Mr. I. S. Mahan, the veterel general manager of the Oklahoma State Fair favors with a program and premium list of the sixteenth annual fair and exhibition at the Oklahoma City grounds September 23 to 30th, inclusive.

Volume 1 of the Pacific Coast Survey History it at hand with Frederick J. Teggaert as editor; 358 pages; cloth.

Volume I-II-III of "The Story of Oklahoma City" by W. F. Kerr is a late concession to the Historical Society library. Mr. Kerr is one of the best known and most versatile newspaper and history writers in the state and has given the public three rare volumes replete with full plate portraits, scenes and old-time views. An aggregate of 1452 pages in cloth.

Certificate for shares in capital stock of Alabama Oil Co. of Oklahoma City. For your girls and for Oklahoma City; souvenir fold card Oklahoma City Y. M. C. A., 1919. A guide for the scientist, chemist, druggist or doctor; by Dr. Charles Ziemann, Oklahoma City, 1922.

The first issue of Medical Suggestions comes from St. Louis, published by the Walker Pharmacal Company.

Elecutonist Annual, 1878; cloth. Same for 1879. Same for 1877.

One Hundred Choice Selections; 1869. The Evening Visit—Dramatic, 1873. Marking his Mark—bound volume for boys., Los Angeles, Calif. This is decidedly a "back number"—August, 1906. Negro Minstrel—Eed Men's Jeks, gags, etc. Also rather "back number"—1891. By the way—back numbers are more valuable because harded to secure.

Summary of the climatological data for Eastern and Western Oklahoma, by C. P. Day, 1922. Agricultural Dept. Hon. Chas. F. Marvin, Clerk, Washington City.

Courtesy Hon. Wm. H. Murray, Tishomingo.

Decisions and opinions in re labor 1919-20. Courtesy of James J. Davis, Sec. Labor Bureau, Washington City. Project for the civilization of the Indians of North Amer-

ica; by Aaron Clark, 1819. Murray's Record, six-page folder. The record shows the remarkable result in Mr. Murray's presence at roll call, being 188, the next largest being C. D. Carter 121-93; Davenport 128-89; but—Carter was absent 93 to Murray's only 26. Remarks of Wm. H. Murray in H R Jan. 17, 1916 in re homesteading public lands. Warning in re initiative and refe state question 77 petition 50, in tax levies for schools; 1914. Accounts with Oklahoma constitutional convention, by Wm. H. Murray, leather bound.

Sworn oaths as to Indian blood, by Hattie G. Chester, Certificate and Martha F. Boling—Tishomingo, three hundred dollars. Murray, 1916-3.

Directory of Oklahoma; W. C. Appielgar of Guthrie, board; 1921.

Rapid Transit Hand Book for 1922, by 1307. Transit Co. of Philadelphia, T. E. Mitten, president.

Commission of Wm. H. Murray to adjust Chickasaw Nation Affairs; signed by D. H. Johnson, governor Chickasaw Nation, Nov. 19, 1904.

Commission of Emmett Star as assistant game warden; signed J. B. Colin, state game warden, March 12, 1912.

Old Songs in the Airs of 1890-5, Ancien Rams of Souwarak, Green Munster's song; air, William Riley's Cornship. Nelly was a Lady. - Bobtailed Nag. Ah, Yes, I Remember—Answer to Ben Bolt. Low Back'd Car. Satan's Young Man. Oil on the Brain. Good Will Hose Song—Air, Jessie, the Flower of Kildare. The Slain at Baltimore. Isabell, with the Gingham Umbrella. The Corkers—Air, Oh Sussana. I'm Off for Charleston. The Bold Privateer. Mountain Wave. The Coal Black Steed.

Pictorial History of Remarkable Events in America, in four parts. Full plate of Gen. Zack Taylor, and several full page illustrations and portraits; 1849.

Map of Irish Republic showing result of recent election.

Herrington, Kansas, Club Celebrates—New Rock Island organization at dance and banquet. Oklahoma City employes in song and dance—O. J. Bordick, stock claim agent, Haileyville; Meests. F. S. Morris and C. O. McDowell and wives; and J. A. McDongal and John W. Preston and wife, El Reno, among the outside visitors.

Hearing of the judiciary committee under H R 7035, serial 36, 1922; in re pensions for U. S. deputy marshals.

As the editor of Historia will hereafter bear all the expenses of its publication, this is probably the last Historia that will be sent you unless ordered with fifty cents enclosed; except, of course, to those who contribute to the Historical Society Collection, Members of the Society, and exchanges. Tie a string on your finger lest you forget. The same policy will be maintained in the future as in the past. Donors of contributions to the collection will be given as usual together with review of contributions, list of newspapers from time to time, book and exchange reviews, reminiscences, historical sketches, etc.

Thos. D. McKoen for Congress, 1916; fulla.

The Bond-Gore case, by S. P. Spencer.

Owl Catching; by J. H. Robertson.



Indians and archaeology in a issue of the Hobby-Rider by A. D. Vorak at Holton, Kansas has a number of items of interest wherever Indians abound. This department is in immediate charge of George J. Remsburg of Porterville, Calif.

An Outline of History as Told in Firearms is a lead in the June issue of Old Cronies, dramatic, by Harold Roorback, 1860.

Dream Dictionary—paper cover.

American Antiquities and Discoveries in the West, Josiah Priest, 1855; leather.

Speech of H. H. Smith at Stroud, 1860, Chicago, legislature.

Holy Bible, Thomas Young—ballad by J. A. Bruce. Deposited in hotels, election officials; signed by H. H. Smith and J. W. Harris, 1916.

One thousand ruble's worth of stamps on letter from St. Louis directed by Dr. Gregory Zilboorg, now in St. Louis directing plays at the Artist's Guild. A ruble before the war was equivalent to 52 cents in American money.

Bulletin of the American School of Research for May adds interest through a series of illustrations; Chas. C. Torrey, secretary, is editor.

Oklahoma Society for Vocational Education is a new publication in magazine form issued by the State Commission on Vocational Education. J. W. Bridges, editor.

Enid Telephone Directory for 1922.

How Henry Ford will Open the Eyes of the World, by Little McClung; eight pages. The subject is suggested in: "He can—and will, if the government awards him the property." etc.

March number of the Records of the American Catholic Historical Society published quarterly in Philadelphia, with Louis E. Piquignot secretary of the society, as editor, contains the usual line of articles of special interest, among them—The Jesuits, by Thomas J. Campbell; Mrs. Caroline Earle White, Reformer, by Jan. Campbell; Conrad Alexander Gerard, French Minister to America under Louis XVI, by Elizabeth K. Kite.

Printing Trades Bulletin number 35; by Executive Committee Allied Trades, Oklahoma City.

How to elect Jack Walton Governor, and the rest of the ticket endorsed by the Farmer-Labor Reconstruction League; folder with Walton's portrait on front.

Review of the Rockefeller Foundation Fund for 1921, by George E. Vincent, president, New York.

The Palimpsest, John Parish of the Iowa Historical Society, Iowa City, for April contains An Attack on Corinth and a Letter from Theodore Vail among the contents.

The belated number of the Journal of the Illinois State Historical Society for January, 1921 contains as the most interesting and historic features letters of Robt. T. Lincoln and Senator Doelittle; and the Indian War of 1876 as given in letters from Cynthia J. Capron to Thaddeus H. Capron.

Through courtesy of Mr. George Bird Grillell of New York City Historia is in receipt of valuable accessions to the Historical Society library. Coup and Scalp Among the Plains Indians, by donor; 16-pages; reproduces from Am. Anthropologist, April-June, 1910. The Great Mysteries of the Cheyenne, by donor, pages 541 to 575, Am. Anthropologist, Oct., 1910. Ten of land among the Indians, by donor, 16-pages; Am. Anthropologist, January-May, 1907. Names, by donor, 8-pages; Am. Anthropologist, Oct.-Dec., 1918. A Buffalo Sweatlodge, by donor, pages 361 to 375; Am. Anthropologist, Oct.-Dec., 1918. Early Cheyenne Villages, by donor, pages 361 to 380; Am. Anthropologist, Oct.-Dec., 1918; cover. The Cheyenne Medicine Lodge, by donor, pages 247 to 256; Am. Anthropologist, April-June, 1914.

In Cheyenne Obe is river or creek or spring. Mekis is little; hence, Mekis obe is little river. A dove or pigeon is memio. Elk—moi; Turkey—maki-ne; Owl—nintai; Wolf—moni; Antelope—waka; Wild sheep—kosi; Horses—nohi 'san; Sheep—ksai; Grass—no 'e; Water—mapi; Bull—nonah; Rapid—ihaiyo; Earth—kiskik; Cedar—shistoto; Sun—she; Deep—inyatan\*; Elm—homino\*; Hackberry—kohoenuat\*; Kingfisher—masie\*; Fisher—nomahe\*; Box-elder\*—miskiq; Sword—havai 'ovon; Tongues—wit-tanoh; Rosebud—kida; Dandy or dude—tunshinunoi; Crazy or foolish—masone; Lodgepole—noohk; Red—mahoheva; Flint—matsi; Rich—cikum; Yellow—iniovon; Beaver—homa; Sick man—kondi; Dry—punai; Chief—winninui.

\*Touches Oklahoma stream names.

Physician's Certificate to Dr. Charles Ziemann issued by the Cleveland College of Pond S., 1899; signed by E. C. Cowdriek.

Illuminated Map of Europe—Great Britain, France, Austria, etc.; issued by the National Geographical Society. Your Passport to Earth's Beauties and Wonders; by same. Geographical Magazine for Dec., 1922. Contents include Islands of the Pacific. Maura, the richest island in the Southern Seas. Yap and other Pacific Islands under Japanese Mandate. Mystery of Easter Island—all highly illustrated. Courtesy of Dr. Chas. Ziemann of Oklahoma City.

Issues of Today—The Am. Conference at Close Range, November number 1921. S. W. Historical Quarterly, published by the Historical Society of Austin, Texas, Eugene Baker and Herbert E. Bolton, editors. Contents include: Last Treaty of the Republic of Mexico. Founding of Neuestra Senora del Fugio Journal of Lewis Burdsall Harris 1836—cont. Bryan-Hayes Correspondence.

If you will save Historia you will have the complete Booth story when it is finished—about two more issues. Or by sending two dollars you will receive the entire story printed in book form. As only a limited number will be printed it will be necessary to order soon to insure getting a copy. The book will contain something like sixty pages and over a dozen photographs and illustrations. A few copies of "To the Golden State Through Lands That Lie Between" are left—50c.

A picture of Edmond McCurtain, one of the chiefs of the Chectaw Nation; gift of Mr. Russ Vann, of San Bois. It is quite a coincidence that three brothers of the same family should fill the same important office, the others are Green and Jack.

Last walking cane used by Ex-Governor Green McCurtain, made of walnut, and carved out by hand, and presented to him by a friend.