

Now that the danger was over, the citizens dispersed. Angus released his deputies, or rather the greater part of them, and the people returned to town and to their homes. The cattlemen and their hired thugs were taken in hand by the soldiers and within two hours all were on the road and headed for Fort McKinney and safety (and immunity.).

Some five and forty cattlemen and hired killers surrendered to Colonel Van-Horn. Some fifteen or more had already deserted the "hoodooed" outfit which had numbered at the start, when leaving Casper, something like sixty men.

When Colonel Van Horn and his prisoners left the fort, many of us walked over to the deserted encampment, and after looking it over, went on to the house and breastworks. Thus, we saw with our own eyes, actual conditions. We saw just how the defenses were arranged and in just what shape things were left. To look over the ground would be but to convince one of the fear within the bosoms of the cattlemen and their hired minions. Coats, belts, extra clothing, field glasses and even guns lay scattered about in disorder and disarray. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Thus, it was with these ruthless invaders. The last two days they had seen the "handwriting" on the wall. Death had stared them in the face. Every man knew that a very few hours would end things unless the soldiers arrived. Owing to telegraph wires which the cattlemen had cut\* to keep the news of their advancement from leaking out and to other destructive work on the part of the invaders, news of their desperate situation was slow in reaching the ears of their anxious friends outside. It took rush work on the part of their "outside backers" to save their worthless "bacon."

Some quick work was surely done by Acting Governor Barber to secure, in this eleventh hour, the safety of his "pets." When, at last, the telegraph and telephone lines were repaired, he learned of their unfortunate position.

A few more hours and he would have had the privilege of mourning at their funeral, if enough recognizable pieces had been found to justify a funeral, and consoling their bereaved families. For, situated as they were, a few hours more would have told the story. As it was, by getting in touch with Senators Warren and Carey, the President was routed out of bed, the Secretary of War sent for, and the cattle barbarians and their hirelings saved; some for a better, and some for a worse, end. \*

Mercer says, "Military history fails to record another incident where such prompt action and celerity of movement was had as in this case. Barber's telegram to the President left Cheyenne, after dark on April 12, reaching Washington, 2,000 miles away. A consultation between the President, Secretary of War and Wyoming's Senators was held, a telegram order was flashed to Omaha, fifteen hundred miles away and in turn transferred to Ft. McKinney, another thousand miles away, all before one o'clock in the morning of April 13, or inside of six hours. Within another hour, three troops of cavalry were in their saddles and on the road to rescue to besieged 'White Caps' and before sunrise their bugle notes sounded 'rescue' to the waiting 'cattle barons' fifteen miles from the post."

Gradually, Buffalo quieted down when news that the armed invaders were safely in the hands of the soldiers reached the people. During the three days, excitement ran high. Among the city's defenders, "Grand old Robert Foote," one of the leading merchants of the city, deserves first place in the heart and mind of the people. Foote, a western Paul Revere, mounted his famous black horse and dashed from street to street and from home to home calling upon the people to rise and repel the invaders. Again we quote Mercer, "The venerable appearance of Mr. Foote, the bold and fearless utterances made in the presence of open and avowed sympathizers of the White Caps and friends of the people alike, had the desired effect. In less than one

hour a hundred brave men were under arms, ready to lay down their lives in defense of their homes."

This is none too strong, Charlie and I saw Foote riding about and heard his manly pleas to help keep and preserve peace in Buffalo and Johnson County.

Mercer further states anent Foote and Foote's doings, "Mr. Foote, magnanimously and patriotically threw open his store to the multitude and supplied every want of the home guards and besiegers of the T.A. with guns, ammunition, blankets, warm clothing, slickers, flour, bacon, tobacco, canned goods, etc. It went out in a constant flow until thousands of dollars worth had gone to feed and make comfortable the home defenders. The local community and the state at large owe a debt of gratitude to this big-hearted and brave old pioneer that it can never suitably repay, yet he will always hold a warm place in the hearts of all honest residents of the state, as the crime of the invasion will never die, so Robert Foote's noble generosity will live always."

Churches, school houses, store buildings and private homes were turned over to the army of deputies and home guards, who in connection with the City Marshall, worked with might and main to guard and protect the city's streets and the roads approaching town. The good women of Buffalo prepared food: coffee, sandwiches, doughnuts, etc, and all were fed and cared for. Even the younger children were busy - the girls and smaller boys working with the women. The older boys, some not over eight and ten, true westerners, each and every one armed himself with rifle, shot gun or revolver and prepared to die, if necessary, in defense of the city and civil government.

Friends of the invaders (there were Tories even in revolutionary days) spread all sorts of rumors. According to these reports, hundreds were hurrying toward Buffalo to aid and assist the imprisoned cattlemen. These rumors made necessary the presence of the armed guards in the very heart of Buffalo.

Two days after the surrender of the invaders, Champion and Ray, whose shot and burned bodies had been brought to Buffalo, were buried. We again quote Mercer, "A newspaper correspondent made the following mention, 'The funeral of Champion and Ray was held at 2:00 p.m., in a vacant store building on Main Street. The room was full of ladies and but few men could get in. The handsome coffins were beautifully and profusely decorated with flowers. Reverend J. W. McCullom, a Baptist, read from the Scriptures and then offered prayer in which he said, 'We thank Thee, O God, that there are those who have stood by the law. We pray that the law may be strengthened; that if we cannot get justice here, then in the other world.' Reverend Rader then delivered a few remarks. He said, 'These men have been sent into eternity, we know not why. They were not criminals. They were of Christian parents. Ray leaves five brothers and three sisters. His parents could not be notified, the wires were cut, but the same honors have been paid as if they were here.' Many were in tears. Those who had not already viewed the remains were allowed to. A strange sight it was too. The black and charred trunk of Ray's with a floral surrounding. The procession then moved up the main street and out to the cemetery. The hearse was preceded by Reverend Rader and McCullom. Then came a carriage, wagons, footmen and at least one hundred and fifty mounted men. There were probably 500 in all. An eight minute short service was made at the grave by Reverend Rader."

The shot-ridden body of Champion and the burned and blackened remains of Ray had been kept in the undertaker's shop where people might gaze upon them. The sight of these bodies intensified the anger of the people. Also, Champion's blood-stained diary was read, copied, and copies passed about from hand to hand. To further add to the indignation, a half drunken cowboy composed a song, which, set

to music by one of Buffalo's "Rahabs" and sung, spread like wild-fire. In this song Champion and Ray figured as the "Saviors of Buffalo." They, by their gallant defense of the K. C. Ranch, had held off the assassins long enough for Buffalo to make her preparations for defense. The original song was but three or four crude stanzas, but it was enlarged and added to at once. I give, herewith, the finished song. Crude as it is, it shows a frontier folk song in the making as almost every line and stanza was worked on by several. It follows. (Will be given with notes.)

The men of Johnson County, by Clay and men of his ilk, have been and still are, called rustlers. They were, according to these cattlemen, "thieves and desperadoes." No man, cattleman or friend of his, was safe in Johnson County. He would be liable to receive a shot in the back or a knife in his ribs, in the darkness. This the claim, and this is the truth.

R. M. Allen, Manager of the Standard Cattle Company, who had left the raiders just after the K. C. fight, presumably to carry news of the glorious victory to outside friends had been captured by Sheriff Angus and was confined in the jail at Buffalo. Governor Barber ordered him turned over to the military authorities at Fort McKinney. Colonel Van Horn telephoned to Sheriff Angus and asked him if one troop of cavalry would be sufficient to safeguard the prisoner, or would it be better for him to send three? Angus answered, "If you send troops there may be trouble. If you want your man, send one man over after him.

Colonel Van Horn, therefore, dispatched one soldier, a Sergeant in an open wagon with merely his driver for company. With the Sergeant were orders to go to the jail and secure the prisoner. The Sergeant and his driver drove up to the court house, and leaving his driver and the team on the street, walked to the court house through a line of two hundred armed men for his prisoner.

Through the line of men, accompanied by the Sheriff, walked the Sergeant. Allen was turned over to him and he accepted and receipted for the prisoner. Then

the three, Allen, Angus and the Sergeant, stepped out of the east door of the court house. At sight of the armed crowd, Allen's courage failed. It was one thing to engage with a mob of almost three score persons against two lone men, to shoot and burn them; it was another thing to face, along, the friends and relatives of the men he had helped murder and burn. He wanted to return to the safety of his cell, but the Sergeant, seeing the influence Angus wielded over the crowd, ordered him forward and as he hesitated, seized him and fairly dragged him along through the crowd of armed men. No one interfered or so much as passed a jeering word, and the Sergeant, with only the City Marshall accompanying him, mounted the wagon and carried his prisoner rapidly to Fort McKinney, some three miles away.

Of this moving the prisoner, and the stand of the armed citizens, Mercer has this to say, "Knowing that this man had actively participated in the murder of two of their fellow citizens, whose burned and mutilated remains they were then preparing for burial, and believing his delivery to the military meant his discharge without trial for the crime committed, the spectacle of 200 armed men standing by and making no protest is a demonstration of the highest type of manhood and a manifestation of supreme respect for the forms of law such as has never before been shown on the frontier, or anywhere else in this broad land. And yet, these men have been called-outlaws and a price placed upon their heads by the cattle barons.

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