

MITCHELL FAMILY RECOLLECTIONS

Tom's concerns for his young family's safety seem to have been well founded. At family gatherings and around the campfires of hunting camps, Frank and John Mitchell would re-tell the experiences of their father, Tom, and other early settlers in the area. Both Frank and John were seasoned storytellers with seemingly unlimited incidents to draw upon. Unfortunately little of this "Oral Family History" was recorded for posterity. Most of their stories have faded from the memories of their listeners long ago. I recall several, my cousin Albert Mitchell a few more. Their sister, Minnie Mitchell Murphy, recalled others for an article concerning her father that was published in the *Newhall Signal* in March 1961.

INDIANS

Although there were still Indians living in the area when Tom first came to the Soledad, they were from all accounts, mainly peaceful hunters and gatherers who wanted nothing more from the Hispanic and Anglo intruders on their lands than for them to go away and leave them alone. I heard no stories of Indian raids or other serious depredations by organized bands of Indians other than an occasional bit of thievery.

One such tale is of an encounter of Tom with a band of Indians early in his stay in the Soledad. It seems that Tom had killed one of his young steers and was dressing it out when a group of Indians arrived on the scene. They watched the procedure intently and when he had finished indicated through sign language that they would like a part of the steer. He tried to ignore them but they wouldn't leave. Finally in an attempt to be a good neighbor and get rid of them at the same time, Tom gave them half the steer which they devoured on the spot and departed. That evening they came back and took the rest of the steer without Tom's invitation.

The only other Indian tale involved Tom's sons, Frank and John. This incident was not humorous. It seems that a renegade Indian murdered a young woman in lower Mint Canyon for no apparent reason while her family was away from their house. Frank and John Mitchell, who were among the best trackers and shots in the north county, as well as sometime deputy sheriffs, picked up the killer's trail at the murder scene. There were no flashing lights and screaming sirens. It was only the Mitchell Boys and a few neighbors on their horses skillfully following the murderer's footprints as he fled. The trail led them across country east onto the Mojave Desert. The story had two endings. Frank Mitchell's version for my young and tender ears and the one heard by the older family members. Frank told me that they lost the Indian's trail near the Lovejoy Buttes on the Mojave and they didn't catch the murderer. The other version was that the exhausted the killer had set up an ambush with the hope of ending Frank and John's relentless pursuit. It ended the pursuit but not in the fashion the killer had hoped. The story goes that when Frank and John returned their only comment was "That's one Indian that will never kill another white woman". You may choose whichever ending you wish. I heard the story told both ways.

HOBOS

The coming of the railroad in 1876 brought with it the hobos, bums and blanket stiffs that rode on the freight trains and begged for handouts from homes along the railroad right-of-way. Sometime after the Mitchells were well settled in their canyon home a

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disreputable looking hobo came to the door and asked Martha Mitchell for food. The Mitchells usually gave these people food when they were asked, so Martha went into the kitchen and prepared what she thought would be a generous meal for the man.

Martha gave the food to the hobo who gulped it down with out so much as a thank you and then demanded more. Martha refused and he angrily threatened her. Martha stood her ground and the hobo picked up a rock and started for her. She let out scream and took to her heels around the yard with the angry hobo in hot pursuit. Luckily Tom was at home. Hearing the commotion Tom ran to the door and seeing Martha's peril, he snatched up his Walker Colt revolver, a momento from his days as a Texas Ranger, and headed outside. He yelled for the hobo to stop but the man failed to heed Tom's repeated warnings and continued chasing Martha. Tom to save Martha's life reluctantly dropped him with a single shot.

After comforting Martha, Tom hitched up one of his trotting horses and headed for Newhall, ten miles away. Pulling up at Judge Powell's house he was reported to have said, "Judge, there's a dead body in my front yard and I would appreciate your removing it as quickly as possible, sir". The Judge, who was a close friend and also the Township coroner, complied.

TIBURCIO VASQUEZ

Tom and two of his helpers had several encounters with Tiburico Vasquez, one of California's most colorful characters. To appreciate the story of Vasquez one must realize that the winners write history and the tales that are told are written in the winner's media with all of the winner's "spin" included. Tom Mitchell's encounters with Vasquez would not have made any headlines or into any pulp magazine. Now Vasquez did shoot Old Tex, Noah Crisco, but Tex did bring it on himself by trying to shoot Vasquez first.

Tiburcio was born in Monterey, California, and had attended American schools there. He had his first run in with the law at a fandango in Monterey in 1854. A fight broke out and Tiburcio was accused of stabbing the local constable in the heart with his knife. Although acquitted, he soon joined a band of local ruffians that terrorized central California stealing horses and cattle. Eventually, in the early 1870s, he made his way into Southern California and continued his robberies and raids. After striking in the countryside around Los Angeles, he would often hide out in the rugged terrain of upper Soledad Canyon. Strange as it may seem, Vasquez had a cousin who was the respected butcher in the community of Ravenna, near Acton.

Tom Mitchell who raised horses including thoroughbred trotting horses had quite a number of these fine animals at the ranch. One day Vasquez and fifteen of his followers galloped up to the Mitchell ranch house on lathered and tired horses. Vasquez demanded that Tom tell him the location of his "remuda" (herd of riding horses). Thoroughly outnumbered and out gunned Tom figured he might as well tell Vasquez where his horses were and save himself a lot of trouble. Tom described the place where his horses were feeding and Vasquez and his gang rode off at a gallop. Giving the bandits plenty of time to clear out, Tom rode out to see what was left of his herd. Sixteen of his best horses were gone and he was fit to be tied. Several days later a lone Mexican rode up to the Mitchell house. He came into the yard wearing a big smile and threw a small leather bag at Tom's feet. As he turned to ride off he yelled "Vasquez thanks you for the fine horses. That's for you." Tom picked up the bag-- it contained sixteen hundred dollars in gold coin, which more than paid for the loss of his horses.

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Tom had another encounter with Vasquez while he was checking some of his cattle that where grazing up in Mint Canyon. It had been a long hot morning and Tom and his horse were resting in the shade of a tree when Vasquez, alone, rode up. After exchanging greetings, Vasquez said, "I need your help. Would you please tell me what these are?" He took several bags from behind his saddle and dumped their contents on the ground in front of Tom. Tom realized that it was probably loot from a recent stagecoach holdup. He first thought Vasquez had dumped wrapped bundles of paper money on the ground in front of him. When he picked over the pile for a few moments he laughed. Vasquez asked, "Why do you laugh?" Tom picked up one of the bundles and handed it to Vasquez. "These are a bunch of canceled checks that were being sent back to a bank. They are absolutely worthless." Vasquez swore in Spanish, thanked Tom, and rode off mumbling to himself.

Another incident involved one of Tom's hired hands. Old Tex, who originally owned the Agua Frio, worked on and off for Tom for years and apparently thought himself to be quite the all-round cowboy. My father said he was something of a character and not always too bright. For openers Tex wasn't from Texas. No one including Tex knew where he'd gotten his nickname. Dad said he was actually from Tennessee and his name was Noe Crisco. (The US Census confirms his place of origin but shows his name as Noah.)

Tex, it seems, always carried an old double-barreled shotgun of which he was very proud. Frank Mitchell told of an incident involving Tex, his shotgun, a bear and some of Tom Mitchell's bees, which leads into Tex's encounter with Vasquez. Tom Mitchell had a number of stands of bees up at his Agua Dulce Canyon ranch, which was a good location for bees. Another of Tom's helpers, Henry Thomas, was living there watching over the bees and cattle. A bear came down from the hills one night and destroyed a number of beehives to get their honey.

When old Tex heard about the bear he was determined that he was going to put a stop to the honey raids. He was going to get rid of the bear. His plan was simple. He'd build a high platform overlooking the beehives and then he'd spend the night up on the platform and wait for the bear. When the bear got near the hives he'd let fly at the bear with his trusty shot gun loaded with large buckshot.

Tex built his platform about eight or ten feet high at a spot where he could see all of the hives. It wasn't too sturdy, as he it built it from old cottonwood logs and scraps of lumber, but it was strong enough hold him and his trusty shotgun. After dark he crawled up on his platform and waited for Mr. Bear. Tex was soon rewarded with the sound of the bear heading for his new found honey source, Tom Mitchell's beehives. Tex waited until the bear started tearing apart a hive. He took careful aim at the bear's shadowy outline and pulled the trigger on the first barrel. The hammer fell with a metallic click. It hadn't fired. He eased back the hammer on the other barrel and pulled the trigger. That hammer also fell with a metallic click and didn't fire. His trusty shotgun had failed to fire twice. The clicking had not gone unnoticed by the bear that moseyed over to Tex's perch to see what the strange clicking sounds were. Tex was now engaged in a frenzy of cocking hammers and pulling triggers to no avail, the shotgun just would not fire. Unable to see the source of the noise, the bear stood up and put his front paws on the platform which shuddered and leaned precariously under pressure of the bear's front feet. Tex tried to get as far away from the bear as he could without falling off his perch. The bear then decided to take a closer look and started to crawl up with Tex. He had just about made it when Tex's rickety platform collapsed into a pile of kindling with a loud crash. Tex hit the ground running and headed back to the safety of the ranch house. The bear, just as startled, headed for the hills and was not seen again. Tex didn't go looking for the bear either.

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Soon after the bear incident Tex heard that Vasquez was hiding out in what are now named Vasquez Rocks which are located up on the flats about a mile or so northeast of Toms' old Agua Dulce Ranch. (Vasquez Rocks has been a movie location as far back as the writer can recall. More recently for *The Flintstones* and numerous S.U.V and pickup truck commercials. Tex and a not too bright sidekick decided to go after the reward posted on Vasquez's head. So Tex, armed with his trusty double-barreled shotgun and his sidekick, set off to bag Vasquez. With fools luck they stumbled on Vasquez alone, cooking a meal in the shelter of one of the over-hanging rocks. Tex got the drop on Vasquez with his shotgun and called on Vasquez to surrender. Vasquez, ignoring Tex's order, ran for his horse, which from all accounts he always kept saddled. Tex pulled the triggers on his trusty shotgun with the usual result, two sharp metallic clicks. Mounted, Vasquez charged straight at the two would-be bounty hunters that scattered to avoid being run down by Vasquez's horse. As he approached Tex who was still trying to get his trusty gun to fire, Vasquez slid over on the side of his horse putting the horse between himself and Tex. As he passed Tex he leaned under his horse's neck and fired his pistol hitting old Tex cleanly in the chest.

After Vasquez's dust had settled Tex's sidekick got Tex back to the Agua Dulce and on down to Tom's home ranch in the Soledad. Tex needed medical attention badly. The nearest doctor was in Los Angeles so after putting a mattress and a few blankets in the back of a wagon they loaded old Tex on the wagon and headed out for Los Angeles. The railroad at this time had not yet been built through the Soledad and Los Angeles was a good two-day trip by wagon.

Tex survived the trip but had some difficulty with the treatment. The doctor, after giving Tex a couple of stiff jolts of whiskey, took a clean silk handkerchief and placed it over the bullet hole in Tex's chest. He then shoved the silk handkerchief through old Tex from front to back with a rifle ramrod to clean out the wound. Tex somehow survived his treatment and his trip back to the ranch.

Frank Mitchell recalls that Tex wasn't quite as perky as he had been. He lost all interest in going after bear and bandits and even gave away his trusty old double barreled shotgun when he found someone foolish enough to take it. He apparently stayed on Tom's ranch until he passed away some years later. He was buried in the Mitchell Family Cemetery. Tex was apparently grateful to Tom Mitchell for his friendship. When Tex, who had no heirs died, he gave his land in Mint Canyon to Tom. It became one of Tom's main watering places for his cattle, the Agua Frio.

The last Vasquez story involves not Vasquez, but what could be one of his pistols. According to reports of the time, Vasquez carried four .36 caliber US Navy revolvers, two on his person and two on his saddle pommel. In the early 1900s Frank Mitchell found a badly rusted percussion (cap and ball) pistol in the foothills near Acton. On returning to the home ranch, Frank showed the pistol to his father.

Tom questioned Frank at length regarding the trail he had been following and the precise location where he had found the pistol. Tom then said, "Vasquez must have lost that gun. I was in a posse chasing Vasquez and we followed him along that very same trail. No one in the posse lost a pistol." Many years later I cleaned up the old pistol so I could read the markings on it and remove the corroded lead bullets and hardened gunpowder from the cylinder. It was made by Western Arms. In New York, I checked the markings with Francis Bannerman, whose firm had purchased most of the surplus arms and equipment from the Civil War. He said that the pistol had been manufactured by Eli Whitney on contract to the Union Government during the Civil War. It was a .36 caliber US Navy pistol.

THE VASQUEZ PISTOL



MITCHELL FAMILY TRADITION IS THAT THE ABOVE PISTOL BELONGED TO TIBURICO VASQUEZ. THIS TRADITION IS BASED ON SLIGHTLY SHAKY GROUND. THE PISTOL WAS FOUND BY FRANK MITCHELL WHILE RIDING A TRAIL IN THE FOOTHILLS OF MOUNT GLEASON AROUND 1900. IT WAS BADLY RUSTED AND THE WALNUT GRIPS WERE COMPLETELY ROTTED OFF.

WHEN FRANK RETURNED HOME HE SHOWED TO PISTOL TO HIS FATHER WHO QUESTIONED HIM IN SOME DETAIL ABOUT THE LOCATION OF THE TRAIL. HE SAID "I BELIEVE VASQUEZ MUST HAVE LOST THAT PISTOL. I WAS WITH A POSSE HOT ON HIS HEELS FOLLOWING THE SAME TRAIL. NO ONE IN THE POSSE LOST A PISTOL." TOM MITCHELL HAD MET THE ARMED VASQUEZ ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS. NEWSPAPER STORIES OF THE TIME STATED THAT VASQUEZ 'CARRIED FOUR .36 CALIBER NAVY PISTOLS. THE ABOVE PISTOL IS A WESTERN ARMS CALIBER 36 NAVY PISTOL MADE BY ELI WHITNEY FOR THE UNION NAVY DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

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We will never know for certain if Tiburico Vasquez lost that pistol or not but from the location where it was found, its badly rusted condition and that it was a Navy pistol make him a very logical prospect.

[Of historical interest, the single action Colt Frontier or Army model pistol using metallic cartridges did not go into production until 1873. Vasquez was finally captured by Sheriff Rowland at the Brea Ranch in Los Angeles on 14 May 1874. For this reason, most people carrying large pistols at that time were still using cap and ball models.]

When the writer arrived on the Mitchell scene, Tom Mitchell had been dead for more than ten years. Martha had predeceased Tom. Old Tex was gone too. However Henry Thomas, the old Indian Fighter and Army teamster, lived in the adobe that now stands in the Historical Park in Newhall. Henry was a short rotund little man with white hair, a droopy walrus mustache and many gold teeth. He was the last of Tom Mitchell's helpers. He was in his nineties when I knew him but he had retained his sharp mind and quick wit. To me he looked like a happy Santa Claus without his red Christmas suit. Henry had many experiences on the frontier but did not talk about them unless he was asked. If you could convince him to tell you a story, he would settle himself in his rocker in front of the fireplace, put his feet up on a box, light up his old corncob pipe and fold his hands across his stomach. He'd sit for a moment looking at the fire and chuckle to himself as he recalled the experience. Pretty soon he'd look up and begin his tale.

I remember only one of his stories. At the time it happened, Henry was mule skinning for the Army somewhere in Arizona. This particular day he was to take a wagonload of supplies to an outlying post. Apparently the Army wasn't expecting any trouble from the Indians as Henry went without an Army escort. His trip was uneventful until he started through a narrow canyon. His wagon was suddenly hit by a swarm of flaming arrows, which set fire to the wagon's canvas top and struck all around him. He whipped his mules into a gallop charging helter skelter through the narrow defile. The Indians kept up their hail of arrows and the fire around him got hotter and hotter. Finally to get away from the fire and get protection from the arrows, Henry ran up the wagon tongue and crouched down between the lead mules urging them to go faster.

The trail got rougher and supplies started to bounce out of the wagon as its wheels ran over bumps and rocks. Luckily for Henry, the Indians suddenly seemed to be more interested in the supplies than in Henry. They stopped their attack and gathered around the supplies that had fallen from the wagon. When Henry saw that he was not being followed, he stopped and quickly unhitched the mules from the burning wagon and mounting the lead mule, galloped to safety.

Henry Thomas passed away in November of 1929. He was buried in the Mitchell Family cemetery above the white bluff overlooking the Santa Clara River. I went with my father to Henry's funeral. I was standing close beside Dad as the coffin was being lowered into the ground. I heard Dad say to no one in particular "If he hadn't smoked that damned stinking old pipe he would have lived to be a hundred." Later I asked Dad how old Henry Thomas was when he died. Dad thought for a moment and then said "ninety eight."



MARTHA CATHERINE TAYLOR

Mitchell family tradition holds that Martha Catherine Taylor, wife of Thomas Findley Mitchell, was born near Little Rock, Arkansas on 24 December 1847. Her father was Ambrose Taylor who was born in Tennessee. Catherine's mother died when she was an infant. We now have information that Martha's mother was Nancy Stutsman who was born in Bartholomew, Indiana 11 June 1829. She died in Franklin County, Arkansas in 1849.

The 1850 US Census of Franklin County, White Oak Township, Arkansas gives us this information about Ambrose Taylor. The census was taken on 1 August 1850 and Ambrose stated he was thirty-one years old and was born in Tennessee. He stated that he was a farmer. The census enumeration does not show a wife but does show three children. A son, William, who was three, a daughter Martha C. who was two years old and a son John A. who was one year old. Its shows all his children being born in Arkansas

From this information we can deduce that Ambrose had been living in Arkansas for at least three years. It also follows that Ambrose was born about 1819. Of interest is the next entry on the Census sheet. It is for a William Taylor age fifty-six who was born in South Carolina about 1794. We noted above that Ambrose Taylor's oldest son was named William. This William Taylor was probably Ambrose's father. William's wife Millia, whose age was given as forty-five years old, seems too young to have been Ambrose's mother. William's oldest listed son Madison is thirty years old. William's daughter, Salina who was ten was the first of Williams's children born in Arkansas. The last child to have been born in Tennessee, a son, Heuston was fifteen. This means that William and his family came to Arkansas between 1835 and 1840.

Ambrose Taylor took a second wife, Jailia O. Nichols, on 13 July 1851. According to the 1850 US Census for White Township Jailia Nichols was a widow. In 1857 Ambrose Taylor and his new wife left Arkansas and came across the continent to California in a covered wagon.

Frank Mitchell, the oldest son of Tom and Martha, apparently heard some of the trials of their trip from his grandfather Taylor. Frank told the writer the route they had followed but can no longer recall. He did mention one incident. The Taylor's wagon train

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just missed being caught in the infamous Mountain Meadow Massacre by a few hours. The Taylor's wagon train was following the same trail and was close by as the train was wiped out in the massacre. When the Taylor's train came upon the atrocity site the wagons and personal belongings of the victims were still smoldering according to family stories.

The Taylors settled in the San Gabriel Valley, east of Los Angeles. The family listed in the 1860 US Census is as follows: Ambrose Taylor, thirty-five years old. His birthplace Tennessee and his occupation, farmer. His wife, Jailia is listed as being 27 years old. By some miracle between the 1850 and 1860 census Ambrose Taylor only aged four years.

Jailia, was twenty-seven. A son, William, fourteen. Martha twelve. John, ten. Albert, eight. Nancy, seven. Margaret, five. Ret C., two and Louisa five months. William, Martha and John were the children of Ambrose Taylor's first wife, Nancy Stutsman

The others were Martha's half brothers and sisters.

We do not know how Tom Mitchell met Martha Taylor. Their granddaughter, Viola Hiette Peterson, related this bizarre account to her grandniece, Darleen Zollinger, in a taped interview a few weeks before her death in 1991. Viola knew her grand parents only as a young child. It is doubtful that she learned this account directly from her grandparents but probably from her Aunt Minnie Mitchell or her uncles Frank and John Mitchell. --- She could have also just dreamed it up.

This is Viola's account." I understand that in Los Angeles he found a little girl from San Gabriel that was only fourteen years of age and my grandfather was just twenty years older than she was. [*Actually twenty two years older. See section II, Thomas Findley Mitchell*]. So he took her down to the San Gabriel mission and he said now I want you to keep my bride here for four years and educate her. I want her educated in music and the arts. I want her educated in how to make a living for herself. I want her educated in cooking and home raising. And so at the end of four years he went back and claimed her."

The writer went through the remaining records from Mission San Gabriel located now in the archives of the Santa Barbara Mission. No mention of Mary Catherine Taylor was found in the records remaining from the San Gabriel Mission. They appeared to be very incomplete so no conclusions could be drawn regarding Viola's recollections.

According to a sworn statement by Thomas Mitchell he and Martha C. Taylor were married in San Gabriel, California 19 January 1865 by Charles Gridley.

Martha died on 10 August 1905 and was buried in the Mitchell Family Cemetery overlooking the Soledad and the Mitchell home ranch.

Our Stutsman connection was located as we were in the final stages of *Tom Mitchell of the Soledad* and this information has not been completely verified. What we have uncovered to date dovetails neatly into Mitchell family tradition and is supported by information from the U.S. Census, The Franklin County Historical Association and the 1912 sworn statement of a member of the Stutsman family who listed the ancestors and descendants of Daniel Stutsman. We would like to confirm what we have learned with legal documents.

Nancy Stutsman, daughter of the above Daniel Stutsman, was the mother of Martha Catherine Taylor, Tom Mitchell's wife. The following comes from an article written in the *OBSERVER*, the publication of the Franklin County Historical Association in 1978. The article was written by Shirley P. Demere, Historian, for the *OBSERVER* and a descendant of Daniel Stutsman.

The Stutsman family was originally from the lower Neckar Valley in Germany near Stuttgart. [Stuttgart is home to the Bavarian Motor Works where a lot of the big BMWs that hum past you on the interstate are built.] In 1752 the Stutsman family decided to come to America. As far as can be determined the family consisted of a father, mother, a sixteen year old son and a number of younger children. On the trip the father died at sea and Jacob, the sixteen year old son, had to assume responsibility for the family. They landed in North Carolina and settled in Rowan County.

Jacob was dedicated to becoming a minister in the German Baptist Church, known then as Dunkers. In 1753 young Jacob married Barbara Yoder. They had thirteen children, the youngest being a Joseph who was born in 1775 in Guilford County, North Carolina. Joseph married Rachael Karn from another German family in 1794. Joseph and Rachael were opposed to slavery so they migrated north to Kentucky. They found that slavery existed there also so they quickly moved on across the Ohio River into Clark County, Indiana.

Joseph and Rachael seem to have had only one son, Daniel who was born in North Carolina before they moved north. Joseph died in 1802 and Rachael married a John Covert. Daniel apparently did not inherit any of his father's property because of his mother's marriage to Covert. In 1838 Daniel Stutsman and his wife Catherine Allhands decided to move from Indiana to Arkansas---by water.

They got together a collection of rafts, house boats and barges and planned to go down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, down the Mississippi to the Arkansas and up the Arkansas until they found a suitable place. They left as soon as the ice broke up on the rivers and finally reached Ozark, Arkansas on 5 April 1838. They brought with them livestock, seeds, root stocks and all manner of things needed for settling in a new home. They also brought along their eleven children, two with husbands, and a brother-in-law.

They acquired land, established homes and became leaders in the community. Daniel and Catherine had fourteen children. The Historian goes on to elaborate on what happened to the descendants of Daniel and Catherine including whom they married and their children. She notes that Nancy Stutsman Taylor had three children Martha, John A. Taylor and William Taylor.

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Ambrose Taylor appears in the 1850 U.S. Census for White Oak Township, Franklin County, Arkansas. Line 213

Enumerated are:

Ambrose Taylor,	31	Farmer	Tenn.
William	3		Arks
Martha C.	2		Arks
John A.	1		Arks

The 1860 U.S. Census for San Gabriel, Los Angeles County, California, line 1115.

Enumerated are:

Ambrose Taylor,	35	Farmer	Tennessee
Jailia	27		Tennessee
William	15		Arkansas
Martha	12		Arkansas
John	10		Arkansas

Five children whom we assume are by Ambrose and Jailia together or separately are listed below the above. She was a widow and may have had children from her previous marriage.

In her 1912 sworn Affidavit for Arkansas Guaranty Title and Trust Company, Abigail Hudson, a grand daughter of Daniel Stutsman, stated "Nancy Stutsman, who married Ambrose Taylor and left as her only heirs at law, John A. Taylor, William Taylor and Martha Taylor." Only problem is that the copy we have seen is a Xerox copy of a typed copy which noted that the signatures were traced. We hope that we can get a certified true copy from sources in Arkansas.

You will note that the ages of Ambrose Taylor and his children by Nancy Stutsman change in the 1860 Census. Ambrose only got four years older, William is fifteen years old so he gained two years, Martha is the expected ten years older and John A. is about ten years older.



FRANK AMBROSE MITCHELL

Frank Ambrose Mitchell was the second son of Tom Mitchell and Martha Taylor. He was born on the ranch in the Soledad on 14 November 1870. Young Frank grew up on the ranch and attended Sulphur Springs School which was a scant two hundred yards from his front door. Frank became thoroughly familiar with ranching with much on-the-job training early in life. Tom Mitchell raised cattle and horses, and even though he had ranch hands, there was plenty of work and opportunity to learn for his young sons.

The family never explained where the name Frank originated or if they did the writer has forgotten. Our research has found only one Francis Mitchell in the Mitchell line. He was Tom Mitchell's younger half-brother and not a likely candidate for naming honors considering Tom's apparent anger with his father. Further, Francis was a young child when Tom left Texas for California. Ambrose was the first name of Frank's Taylor grandfather. Ambrose was a very popular American name in the early eighteen hundreds.

As a young man Frank made several long trips with his father. In 1887 he accompanied him to Texas to visit Tom's brother and sister. Along the way they stopped on the border of The Oklahoma Territory to watch the mad rush of settlers into that area when it was thrown open to settlement. He also went with his father to Mexico City. I do not know the purpose of the trip but he did mention that they took in a bullfight. Frank worked for a time in the oil fields in the Taft-McKittrick area near Bakersfield. The writer recalls that when he and Frank visited oil drilling rigs working in the Soledad that Frank seemed very familiar with both cable-tool and rotary drilling equipment and explained their workings in detail.

For some years Frank had a fruit ranch in the Simi Valley. The writer does not know if this property was the same place that Tom Mitchell had his sheep ranch before he came to the Soledad or not. In later years Frank appears to have taken over his father's bee business. Frank's bee operation suffered setbacks from the same diseases and moth invasions that had plagued his father's operations.

After his father's death Frank farmed the home ranch in the Soledad. He installed a deep-water pump, which was powered by a monstrous one-cylinder Union Tool gas engine. Its two flywheels were taller than a man. It took a crew of four to manually turn the flywheels to start the engine. In 1928 Frank replaced his cantankerous monster with an

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electric motor that could be turned on by just pressing a small button. During the summer the pump ran continuously for several months to irrigate all the fields. Frank raised alfalfa hay and in later years, when he was too old to farm himself, he leased his part of the home ranch to truck garden farmers.

Like his father, Frank was interested in seeing that the children of the Soledad had good schools. To that end he served as a trustee for the Sulphur Springs School District and the Agua Dulce School District. He also served as a special deputy sheriff under several Los Angeles County Sheriffs.

Frank Married first, about 1898 Lillian V. _____. This marriage ended in a divorce about 1903.

- . Frank and Lillian D. Mitchell had one daughter.
 - i. Sibyl Mitchell (1900-2 January 1952)

Frank married second, in 1918, Florence Edith Manning who had been born in San Francisco but grew up on her father's ranch in the Soledad. This marriage ended in divorce in 1932.

Frank and Florence Manning had one son.

- i. Francis Samuel Richardson Mitchell, (1919-

Frank Mitchell died on 13 February of 1951 of a massive stroke in Lancaster, California. He was buried in The Mitchell Family Cemetery in the Soledad



FRANCES ANN MITCHELL

Frances Ann, "Fannie", Mitchell was the second daughter of Tom and Martha Mitchell. She was born on the family ranch in the Soledad on 24 April 1873. She attended Sulphur Springs School and probably received private music lessons as did her brothers and sister.

When Fannie was twenty she married Samuel Edward Hiette who was originally from Iowa. It is believed that they were married at the Mitchell ranch as their marriage certificate states that the marriage took place at Thompson, California. Thompson, which was about a mile west of the ranch, was the Mitchell's post office address at that time.

Their marriage certificate shows that Samuel was twenty-three years old and his place of residence was Madera. Pastor P.F. Wolff married them on 14 June 1893. Henry Thomas and Maggie Best signed the marriage certificate as witnesses. Henry Thomas would in later years live in the old adobe on Tom Mitchell's ranch. The writer does not know Maggie Best.

Family tradition holds that Samuel was employed by a logging company that was hauling timber from the Yosemite Valley and nearby forests. Their oldest daughter, Viola Mae, was born in Madera, California in 1895. After Viola's birth the family moved frequently. Edith Martha was born in Thompson, California in 1896. Ella Frances was born in Los Angeles in 1898. Fannie Elizabeth was born at Robbin's Ranch, California in 1901. Luther Edward was born at Galt, California in 1903. Grace Ellen was born in Indian Bay, Arkansas in 1907.

The family's move to Arkansas was a tragic disaster. Both Fannie and Samuel contracted typhoid fever and died within two weeks of each other leaving their young family orphaned and half a continent away from any family members. Fannie's brother, John, and his wife, Iva, traveled by train to Arkansas and brought the children back to California. On the way back six-month-old Grace Ellen sickened and died in New Mexico.

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Once back in California John and Iva took Ella to raise. John and Iva had three young sons so Minnie Mitchell, who had inherited the main ranch with the large house, raised Viola, Edith, and Luther.

As mentioned above, Samuel and Fannie had six children.

- i. Viola Mae, (28 January 1895-7 June 1990), married Elmer Richard Peterson.
- ii. Edith Martha, (18 August 1896-27 July 1941), married Robert Elee Helvey
- iii. Ella Frances, (22 August 1898-24 January 1962), married Mr. Campbell
- iv. Fannie Elizabeth, (2 January 1901-8 September 1902)
- v. Luther Edward, (7 August 1903-21 October 1959)
- vi. Grace Ellen, (15 May 1907-3 December 1907)

TOM MITCHELL OF THE SOLEDAD



JOHN WESLEY "J.W." MITCHELL

John Wesley Mitchell was Tom and Martha Mitchell's third son. He was born on 6 September 1875 at the ranch in Soledad Canyon. John grew up on the ranch and attended Sulphur Springs School. Growing up on a working ranch John learned early in life the many skills needed to become a successful rancher. Tom Mitchell was an excellent teacher and both John and his older brother, Frank, became excellent horsemen and skilled cattlemen under his tutelage. They learned helping Tom run his cattle over the open country extending from the home ranch to the edge of the Mojave Desert. They had also helped him raise and break the many horses that Tom bred as part of his operation. According to Frank Mitchell, his father bred and trained thoroughbred trotting horses as well as saddle horses.

When John struck out on his own he established his home ranch near Humphreys which was a railroad siding about one half a mile west down the Soledad from his father's home ranch. John ran cattle like his father but also put his land suitable for farming under irrigation so that he could produce crops without depending on the Santa Clara River for surface water. He drilled deep-water wells and pumped the water through an elaborate system of concrete pipes to all his fields. The writer recalls that John grew alfalfa hay for which there was a good demand. The dairies, mostly located in the suburbs of Los Angeles, and the Los Angeles stockyards, needed a continuous supply of feed. In those days the Santa Clara riverbed ran along the north side of the Soledad Canyon floor and there were large fertile fields lying on the south side of the riverbed from the Youngblood Ranch near Lang several miles down the canyon to Honby. Youngblood, John Mitchell and Remi Nadeau all had these fields piped for irrigation. Beginning with the flood of March 1938 the Santa Clara shifted gradually to the south side of the canyon and most of this farmland was eventually lost to the river.

John carried on a large cattle-raising operation on the grassy hills lying between the Soledad and Placerita Canyon. The grass here was dependent entirely on the rains for moisture to grow. For this reason his rangeland could not support a large herd of cattle throughout the year. It could however support a large number of cattle from spring to late summer. John adapted his plan of operations to suit the climate. He would only run cattle when he had adequate feed to do so. He had several economic advantages over large eastern cattlemen that were his competition. He was just two hours by cattle truck from the Los Angeles stockyards and could move his cattle to market quickly to take advantage of favorable price fluctuation in the market. His shipping costs were far less than eastern

TOM MITCHELL OF THE SOLEDAD

stockmen's and his cattle lost no weight during the short haul to the stockyards. John would start buying eastern cattle in late winter when out-of-state stockmen were often out of feed and forced to ship their cattle to market bringing beef prices down. John selected healthy but skinny cows with calf at the stockyards. By mid-summer when he started shipping his herd to market he had almost doubled the number of animals and they were all as fat as butterballs.

John was very successful as a rancher and in time he branched out into other businesses. To the best of the writer's recollections he was on the board of directors of the Young's Market chain and of at least one bank. He was well known in rodeo circles and served as a judge for the Saugus Rodeo. The Saugus Rodeo was part of major national rodeo circuit attracting competitors from all across the country. The arena was at the Baker Ranch, which was sold successively to Hoot Gibson, a western movie star, and William Bonneli, head of the California State Board of Equalization. In recent years it has been the site of swap meets and auto racing.

John made himself available for public service and was as a trustee of the Sulphur Springs School District for many years. John like his brother, Frank, also served as a special deputy sheriff for the northern part of the county. John of usually serious demeanor could on occasion be persuaded to call some very lively and intricate square dances for community get-togethers. On rarer times he would fiddle some catchy country tunes when no other fiddler was available.

In the late-twenties John sold part of the property at Humphreys to Charles Lemoyne, a silent western movie star. Charlie Lemoyne turned the ranch into a large hog farm. *[John's deal with Lemoyne inadvertently lead to the writer losing his front teeth. Charlie had a stepson, Bill Mong who was enrolled in Sulphur Springs School. Bill was a nice young man and normally very bright and sensible but one day on the baseball field, before the game had begun, he threw the bat from second base to home plate where the writer was standing. The business end hit the writer in the mouth and he has not been quite the same since. To make matters worse the writer's current dentist, who keeps gluing the writer's front teeth back in, drives a new Lexis 400 to which the writer believes he has made a major contribution.]* With the onset of the great depression and perhaps Charlie's inability to make the transition to sound movies, John had to take the ranch back. John's oldest son, Wesley, farmed the property for some years after that.

John moved to the Agua Frio at the head of Mint Canyon and with a Los Angeles real estate developer named Meyers sub-divided a part of the property and sold it off as lots for homes. He continued his cattle raising operations for some years but eventually his youngest sons, Albert and Thomas, took over this operation.

John Mitchell married Ivy A Dyer, (19 September 1880-14 June 1941) of Missouri. John died very suddenly on 16 February 1947 .He was buried in the Mitchell Family Cemetery atop the bluff overlooking the Soledad and the home ranch.

John and Ivy had four sons.

- i. John Wesley Mitchell Jr., (1902-) m. 1st Rosemary Prickett, 2nd Rubean Wofford
- ii. Oscar C. Mitchell, (1905-29 October 1954), m. Glen Insley
- iii. Albert A. Mitchell, (14 December 1909-15 November 1995), m. Betty Dempewolf
- iv. Thomas W. Mitchell, (7 December 1912-7 June 1983), m. Rose Boyer

TOM MITCHELL OF THE SOLEDAD



MINNIE IVY MITCHELL

Minnie Mitchell was born on Tom Mitchell's ranch in the Soledad on 27 July 1881. She was the youngest child of Tom and Martha Mitchell. Her oldest sister, Mary Elizabeth died from diphtheria just twenty days before Minnie was born. Minnie grew up on the ranch and attended Sulphur Springs School. Like her siblings she was given music lessons and played the piano very well. Later she attended a business college in Los Angeles.

Minnie inherited the main ranch house and much of the surrounding land on her father's death. Her brothers farmed her land for her along with their's which provided her with an income. In 1909 she took the responsibility of rearing three of her sister Fannie's children, who were orphaned when their parents died from typhoid fever. They all viewed her as their mother and remained close to her all their lives. Minnie had no children of her own.

Minnie married Walter Edward Murphy, a tall handsome Irishman with a devilish twinkle in his eye about 1919. Walter was from Quebec Province, Canada and spoke English with a French accent mixed generously with an Irish brogue. Walter had been a bit of an adventurer. He had several sailing boats and had sailed along most of the Pacific Coast of North America. Walter armed himself and joined the fray during the time of the border incident with Mexico in 1916. The writer never learned if he was fighting for New Mexico or Poncho Villa. He enlisted in the American Army during World War I and gained United States citizenship.

Shortly after his discharge he came to work for The Pacific Coast Sterling Borax Works, which had a large mining operation at the head of Tick Canyon. Tick Canyon branches north from Soledad Canyon just west of Lang. He worked as a stationary steam engineer at the mine. When the mine shut down and moved out on the Mojave desert he worked for several other large companies including the Southern Pacific Railroad in the same capacity. His career was brought to a close on his last job.

He was working for a company that was quarrying stone for the San Pedro harbor breakwater. He operated a huge steam shovel and was standing by waiting for the blasting crew to break up more rock. The blasting charge failed to detonate so the powder man was withdrawing the dynamite from the hole to find out why it had not gone off. It detonated as he was pulling the charge out. The blasting hole, acting like the barrel of a cannon, shot rock fragments, wadding and other debris several hundred feet. Much of it struck Walter's leg shattering his knee. He almost lost his leg, as it became badly infected from the debris that had been blown into it. At that time antibiotics and microsurgery were yet to be

TOM MITCHELL OF THE SOLEDAD

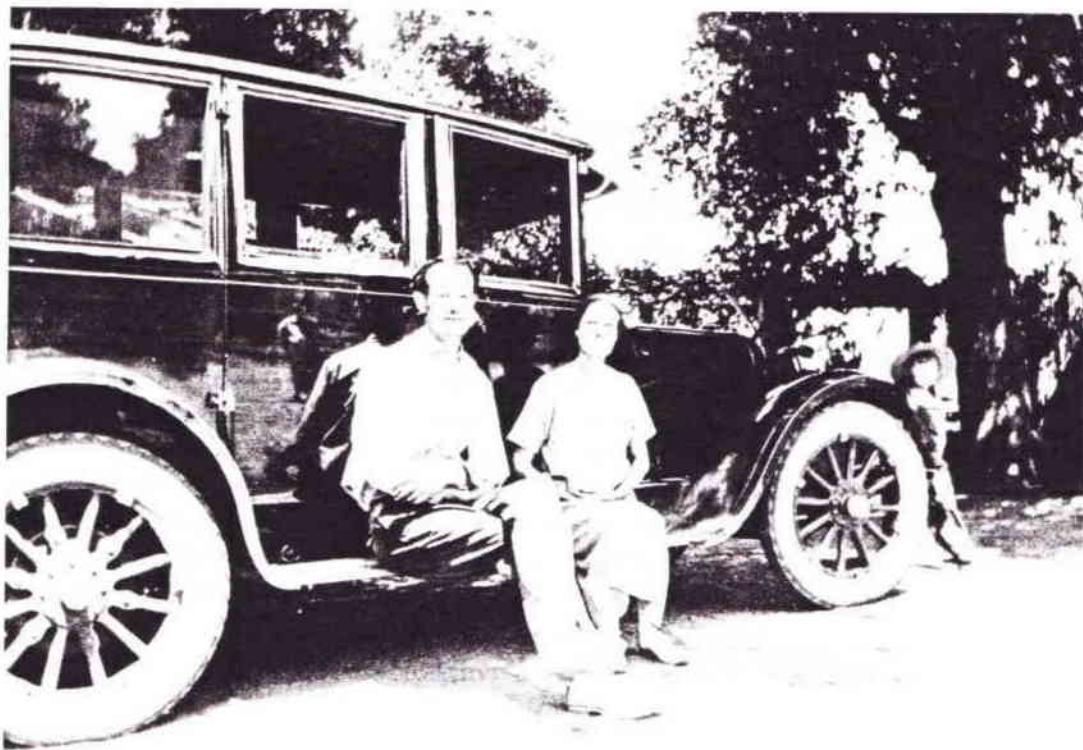
developed. When he finally recovered his knee joint was fused solid so he walked with a stiff-legged gate. After the accident he worked on the ranch. Walter was by no means destitute as his mother and an uncle left him well off at their deaths.

Walter had worked in a number of jobs before the war. At one time he had been an assistant to Harry Houdini, the magician. The writer, in later life, often wondered why Walter had never tried working in the movie industry. Mack Sennett, "The King of Comedy," and Walter were first cousins.

In the 1940s Minnie and Walter leased the ranch and moved to the Santa Cruz area. They bought a home in the redwoods at the north end of Scotts Valley just off Highway 17, from the Post family of cereal fame. When they got older and desired to be closer to medical facilities they bought a home in Santa Cruz around the corner from the hospital.

Minnie finally decided that she wished to return to the Soledad permanently so they built a home on the ranch and moved back to the canyon. Walter died 16 April 1970. After Walter's death Minnie moved from the ranch and lived with her niece, Viola Peterson. Viola was her oldest niece, one of the three orphans that she had reared.

Minnie died in 1971. She was ninety-one years old.



WALTER AND MINNIE MITCHELL MURPHY
At Minnie's about 1925



MINNIE MITCHELL MURPHY AND EDITH HIETTE
At Minnie's, date unknown

ROUNDUP

The annual Mitchell-Nadeau cattle roundup in Placerita Canyon was something the writer always looked forward to when he was very young. It was like a rodeo and a picnic all rolled in to one. For the Mitchells and all the cowboys that were invited to work the round up it was a hard day of riding, fighting their way through brush, going after strays and roping. For the rest of the community, it was a great excuse to get together. The site where most of the activity took place was the large corral in the Placerita. The cowboys started in the Soledad early in the day and drove the cattle across the hills that divided the Soledad from the Placerita.

The roundup was always in the spring and the guests could pick a cool grassy spot under an oak tree to spread their picnic blankets. Long before either guests or cattle arrived the fire in the huge barbecue was started early to build a bed of good hot coals to use when the cooking started. A prime well fattened steer had been cut up into manageable sized pieces just waiting for the moment to go on the barbecue grates. The hosts furnished the meat, chili beans, toasted buttered French bread, salad greens and coffee. Guests could furnish their own deserts and other side dishes as they wished.

The cattle drive usually came over the last hill above the corral about noon. The riders moved them down the slope slowly and into the corral. The cooks had timed their chores to coincide with the arrival of the herd. The working cowboys were quickly fed so that they could get back to work. Then it was time for all the friends neighbors relatives and total strangers to pick up their food and enjoy the feast.

With lunch over the working cowboys went back to the corral and the day's real work began. Now the cattle would be taken individually from the corral by a team of ropers. Outside the corral the ground crew pushed them to the ground and rolled them on their sides. Branding, inoculations and minor surgery, such as cutting ear brands and converting bulls to steers followed quickly.

It was a great day. A time to be with old friends and neighbors. The ladies usually remained in the shade and chatted. Many of the men sat on the corral fence to watch the cowmen roping. For the kids there was lots of open space and grass to play their games. By five the job was over and the last of the cattle were making their way back to their favorite grazing grounds.

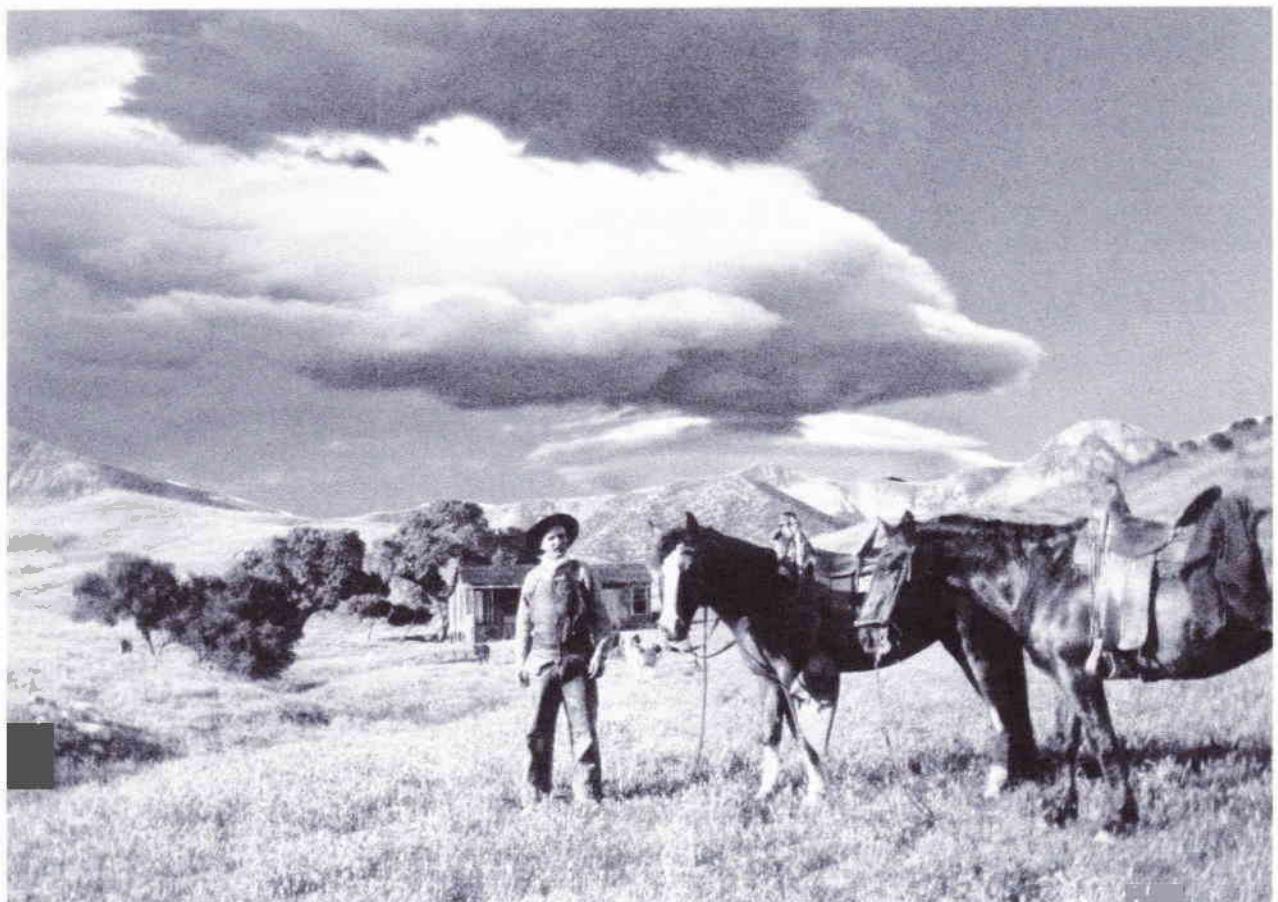
The writer still has one key piece of cooking equipment used at the round up. It is the large brass kettle that was used to brew the coffee. It had

come to California on the wagon of Tom Mitchell's father-in-law, Ambrose Taylor, in 1854. It was war surplus and is stamped "Reissued 13 Feb. 180—".

The corral is gone now along with many of the oaks that gave everyone shade. The cowboys and vaqueros too have gone to greener pastures. The echoes of the ropers yelling at each other in Spanish as they encouraged and teased their fellow ropers faded away long ago. The potreros are no longer dotted with grazing cattle but the houses are slowing inching their way up the slopes. "Civilization and progress" have arrived and have taken over.



THE CORRAL

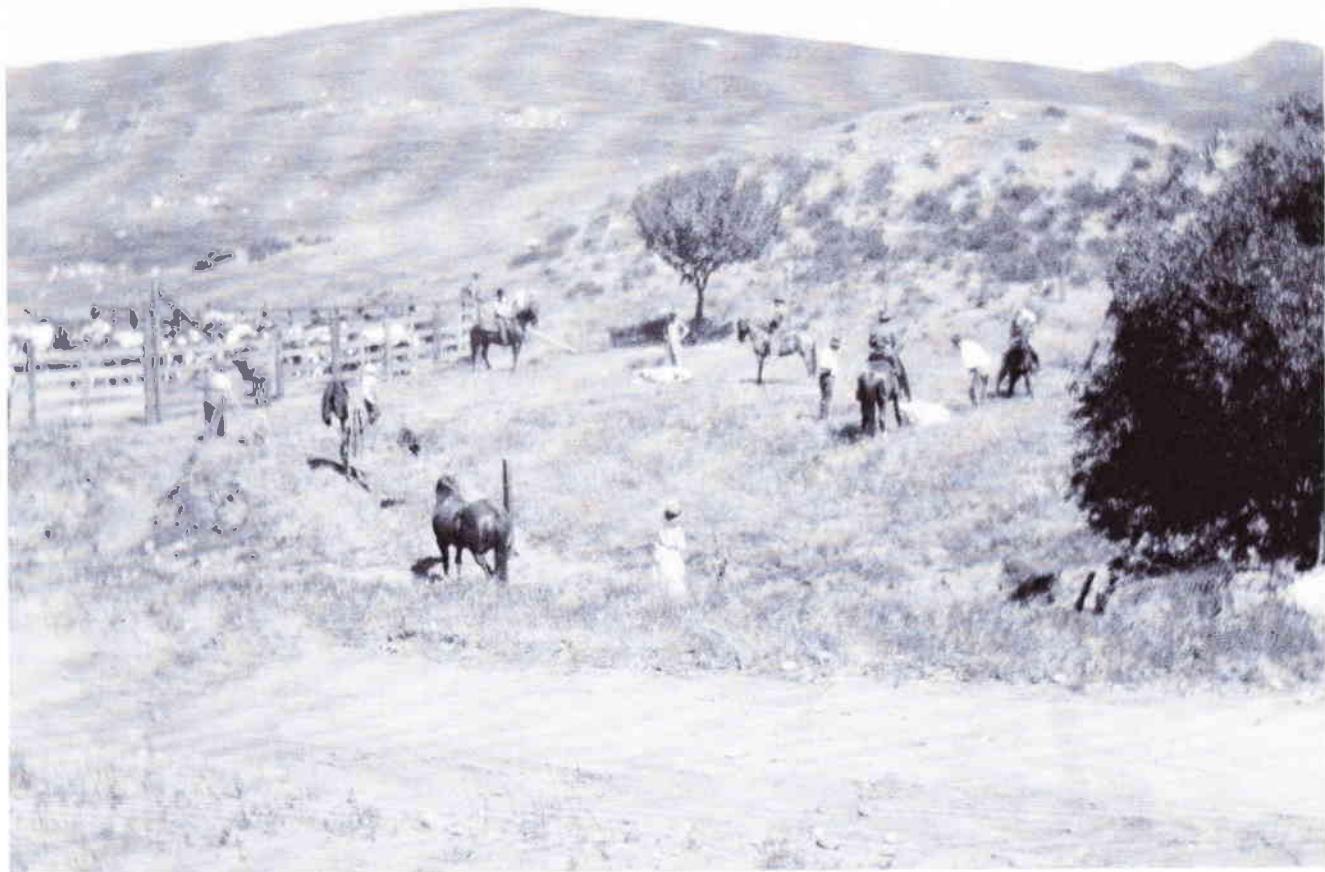


**FRANK MITCHELL ON PLACERITA SIDE OF THE RANGE
ABOUT 1917**

ROUND UP



THE CORRAL



THE WORK AREA. TWO TEAMS OF ROPERS
HAVE TWO ANIMALS ON THE GROUND FOR
BRANDING AND INOCULATION



FRANK MITCHELL, "PONCHO"
ABOUT 1925



THE WEDDING OF THE RAILS

On September 5th 1876. Los Angeles was finally connected with the rest of the United States by rail. The hard working Chinese crews building the railroad met at Lang, California. Lang was a very inauspicious place for anything to happen let alone holding a celebration and driving a golden spike to mate two ends of a railroad. The railroad was completed over rugged desert and mountains of California. Lang was located just west of the narrows of Soledad Canyon and was known for its rotten egg smell. Several foul smelling sulphur springs nearby filled the area around Lang with an awful stench. Growing up about two miles from the springs, the writer can attest to their potency as sometimes the breezes blew the sulphur fumes our way.

John Lang, an early resident of the Soledad, attributed great benefits to the sulphur waters and built a hotel so city folks could come by train to take the waters. Later the Pacific Coast Sterling Borax Works opened a mine and processing plant in nearby Tick Canyon. They brought their borax to a siding near Lang on their own narrow gauge railway. Here it was transferred to the main line to be shipped anywhere in the country. Lang soon became so big that it rated a station and station master. The railway also built quarters to house the section gang and its foreman who maintained the track in its twisting path up the Soledad.

By the time of the fiftieth anniversary of the "Wedding of The Rails" Lang's rail yard had four sidings beside the mainline. John Lang's Hotel had burned down in 1906 taking a lot of the country with it. The fire went out when it reached the Pacific Ocean. The Borax mine moved to the Mojave where they could obtain their borax with an open pit operation which cost much less to operate. In March of 1938 a huge flood swept down the Soledad taking out roads, bridges and railroad track. It also caused a landslide which buried the stinking sulphur springs under tons of earth forever. The loss of major customers, improvements in communications and locomotives made Lang redundant to operations. The old station was unceremoniously knocked down with a bull dozer in 1971.

The writer's father, Frank, and his father, Tom Mitchell, attended the original driving of the golden spike in 1876. In 1926 the writer, his father and other family members attended. What follows are a few photos of the event taken by family members in 1926.

[The first school founded in the area by Tom Mitchell and John Lang was called the Sulphur Springs School and spelled as shown. We have retained the archaic spelling of sulfur in respect of their choice.]

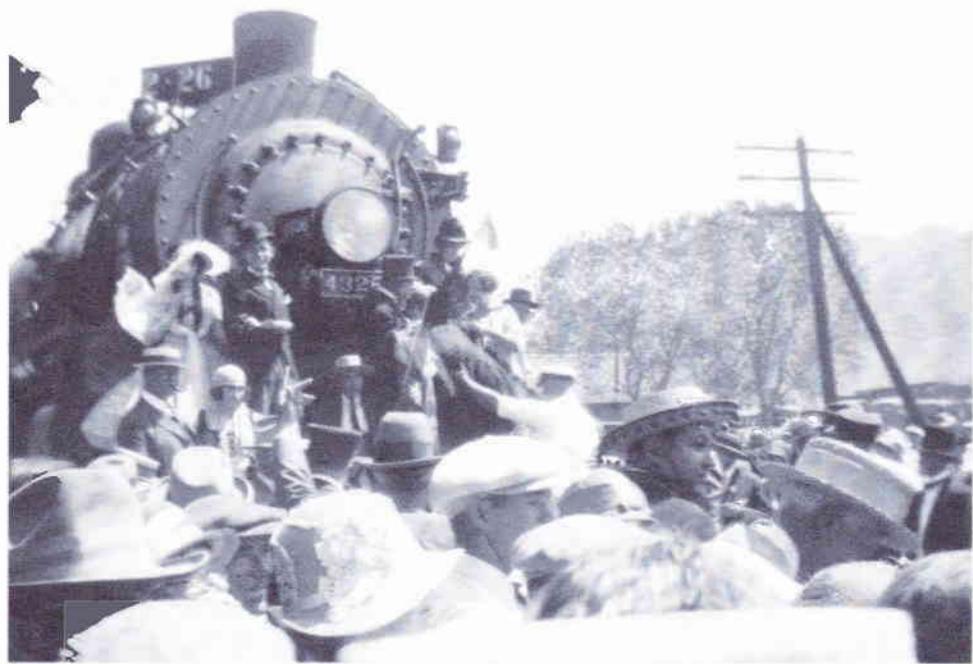


LANG STATION

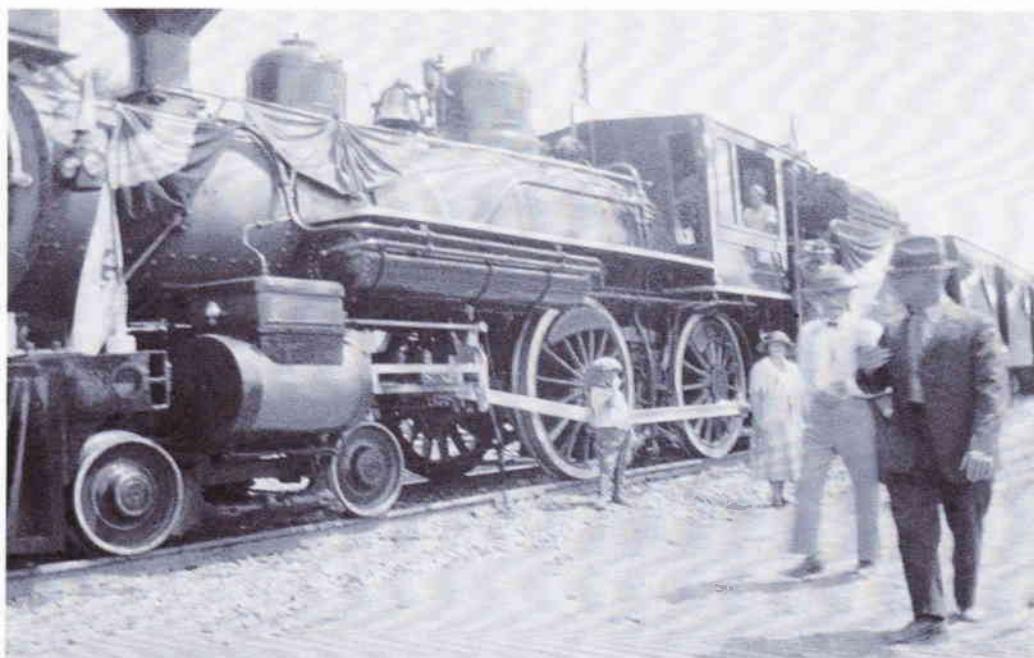
5 SEPTEMBER 1926



MODERN LOCOMOTIVE
PULLING TRAIN FROM SAN FRANCISCO



SPECTATORS TAKE OVER



ANTIQUE TRAIN FINALLY
ARRIVES FROM
LOS ANGELES



FROM L., CATHERINE MANNING, UNKNOWN LADY,
TOM GRAY, CHIEF DISPATCHER OF L.A. DIV. OF
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD, WALTER MURPHY,
TOM MITCHELL'S SON-IN-LAW.



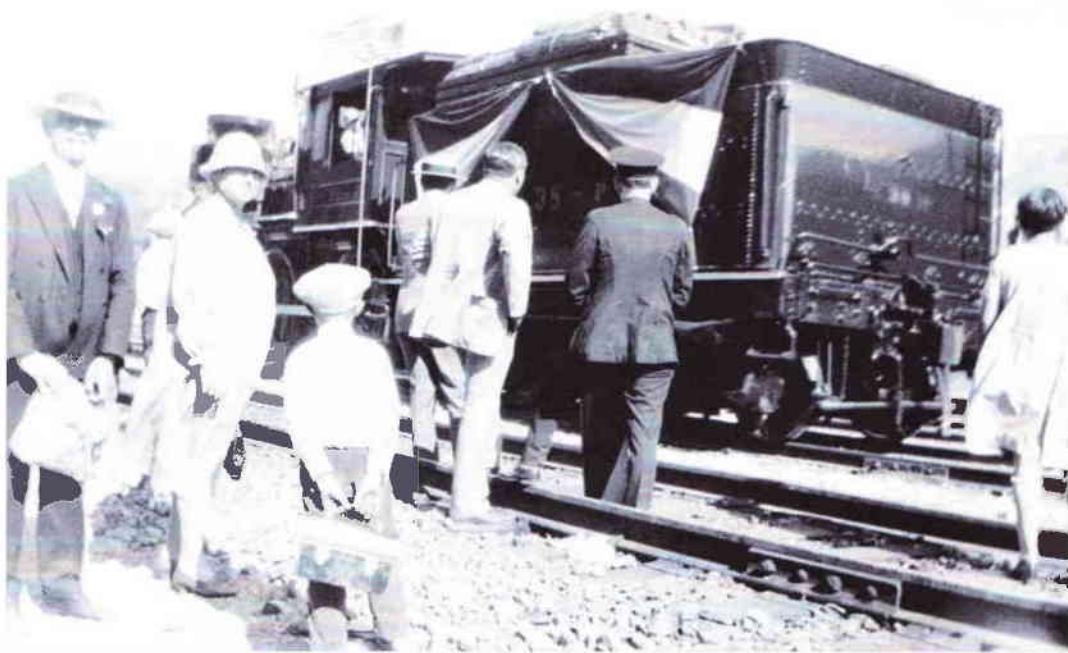


President Franklin D. Roosevelt speaking at the dedication of the Grand Coulee Dam





SOME LINED UP TO BUY THEIR FOOD



WISER ONES BROUGHT THEIR OWN

TOM MITCHELL OF THE SOLEDAD

APPENDIX A

MILITARY SERVICE

THIS APPENDIX GIVES A BRIEF RUN-DOWN AND DOCUMENTATION FOR THE MILITARY SERVICE OF TOM MITCHELL, HIS ANCESTORS, DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES.

APPENDIX A



MILITARY SERVICE

The first of Tom Mitchell's ancestors to come to America carried military titles. Jabez Whitaker who came to the Virginia Colony about 1617 is noted as a Lieutenant and Captain in official Virginia Colony records. His son, William Whitaker is listed in records as Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel. His male descendants in Tom's line were all noted as Captains and filled public positions in addition to being planters. William Whitaker was followed to America by Colonel Miles Cary who came to Virginia in 1646. Colonel Cary died of wounds he received while defending Fort Comfort from a Dutch Naval attack. His son and Tom's ancestor, Thomas Cary, was a major. Thomas' son and grandson Thomas were captains, we presume in the militia. Whitaker and Cary, relatives were colonels and regimental commanders during the Revolutionary War.

Tom's grandfather, James Mitchell Jr. served three years in the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War and after his release from active duty was made an officer in the Virginia Militia at the Battle of Guilford Courthouse.

Tom's father John C. Mitchell served as a private in the Sumner County Regiment during the War of 1812 but did not see any action.

Tom and his two brothers served in the Mexican War with his younger brother Robert losing his life. Two of Tom's Elgin bothers-in-law also served in the forces of The Republic of Texas. Tom seems to have sat out the Civil War but many of his relatives and in-laws served in the Confederate Army. Two of his niece, Bettie Elgin's, husbands served as did the husband of his niece, Cora Mitchell. His older brother, James, was an officer in the Texas Confederate Army.

Neither of Tom's sons saw military service. They were born soon after the Civil War and were too old to serve in World War I. However, World War II and later conflicts found some of Tom's descendants and relatives back in uniform.

They are all on the pages that follow.

K | I Tenn.
(Hall's) | Vols.

卷之三

1 (H. 111.)

John L. Mitchell
Capt. John Wallace's Company of
Infantry, 1 Reg't Tennessee Vol-
unteers.

John G. Mitchell
Capt. John Wallace's Company,
1 Reg't Tennessee Volunteers.
(~~W~~ar of 1812.)

John L. Mitchell
Capt. John Wallace's Company of
Infantry, Tennessee Volunteers.
(War of 1812.)

Appears on **(WAT OR TONE.)**

Company Master Roll

Appears on Company Pay Roll

Company Payroll

Statistical Methods

卷之三

for ~~the 1st~~ 15th to Feb 13 1813.
Bill dated ~~not~~ dated, 181
Commencement of service } Dec 15, 1812.
or of this settlement,
Expiration of service or } Feb 9, 1813.
of this settlement,
Term of service charged, 2 months, ----- days.
Pay per month, ----- \$----- dollars, ----- cents.
Amount of pay, ----- 10 dollars, ----- cents.
[Pay for clothing, *] ----- 17 dollars, 4 cents.
Amount, ----- 27 dollars, 4 cents.

for Feb'r 10 to Aprl 22, 1813.
Roll dated
..... As of - dated, 181
Date of appointment or ~~June~~ / Oct. 1812 ..
enlistment,
For what time engaged or } 12 months
enlisted, Present
Present or absent, Present
REMARK: Pay due from Feby 10, 1813, except where otherwise noted.
Remarks and alterations since last muster:

for 1.00 per day, 1813
 Roll dated March dated, 1813
 Commencement of service, } Feb. 10, 1813
 or of this settlement, }
 Expiration of service or } April 29, 1813
 of this settlement,
 Term of service charged, 2, months, 13 days
 Pay per month, £ 2 dollars, 0 cents
 Amount of pay, dollars, cents
 Difference of pay due } 3 dollars, 96 cents
 from January 1 to }
 February 9, 1813, } 2 dollars, 42 cents
 Amount, 2 dollars, 42 cents

Remarks:

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Remarks: *.....*

* From corresponding rolls of other companies in same regiment.



JAMES WILSON MITCHELL
About 1850

James Mitchell served as a private in Captain Coe's Company for several months during the Sommerville campaign in 1843. Early during the Civil War he was commissioned a 1st Lieutenant in the 23d Battalion of Texas State Troops.

To all to whom it may concern
Know ye that James W. Mitchell a private
in Capt P. H. Co's Company belonging
to the 1st Regiment of the Southwestern Army
of the R. public of Texas was enrolled into
service on the 17th day of October 1842 and
having faithfully performed the duties of a
soldier is hereby honorably discharged given
under my hand the 17th day of January
1843

P. H. Co Capt.

of Company A

3 mos @ 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ \$ per mo \$ 67.50



PUBLIC DEBT

2d Class

REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

This is to Certify, That James W. Mitchell has, under the Provisions of AN ACT of the LEGISLATURE OF THE STATE OF TEXAS, entitled "An Act to provide for ascertaining the Debt of the late Republic of Texas," approved 20th March, 1848, filed with the AUDITOR and COMMITTEE a claim for

Services as a private on the Somervell Campaign

amounting to Sixty-seven 50/100

Dollars; which is sufficiently authenticated to authorize the auditing of the same under the laws of the late Republic of Texas.

The said claim, according to the data before us, is worth, Sixty-seven 50/100

Dollars, in Par Funds, as having been at that rate so available to the Government.

In Testimony whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals

of office, at Austin, this Thirty-first day
of October A. D. 1858

Samuel Almon
Comptroller.

J. M. Fincher
Auditor.

MEXICAN WAR



TOM MITCHELL
ABOUT 1847
PISTOL IS AN 1847 COLT WALKER
PERCUSSION RIFLE NOT IDENTIFIED

Office Address, "Chief of the Record and Pension Office,
War Department, Washington, D. C."

Record and Pension Office,

WAR DEPARTMENT.

Respectfully returned to the
Commissioner of Pensions.

The rolls show that

Thomas F. Mitchell
Capt. Ross Co. Bell's Reg't
Texas Militia Vols (Mexian War)
(Mexian War)

was enrolled Nov. 10th, 1847
at Washington Nov. 18th, 1847;
at Austin, Texas;
and at H. O. & Co. Private
Nov. 19th, 1847
at Bexar Station, Texas,
and that the stations of the Company between
muster-in and the last-named date were as
follows:

Dec. - 1847, near Village
Jan. 1848, " "
May - 1848, old " "
Sept. 1848, Ranges River.

18 ,

Date Co. started for seat of war , 18 .

Date Co. left seat of war , 18 .

The rolls do not show the soldier absent ex-
cept as follows:

Thomas F. Mitchell
Capt. Ross Co. Bell's Reg't
Texas Militia Vols (Mexian War)
Enlisted Nov. 19/48 at
Bexar Station, Texas and
H. O. & Co. Dec. 10/48 as
described Bexar Station Tex.



No further record found

Whereas Thomas F. Mitchell
has not been found on rolls
of Capt. Ross Co. serving
period Nov. 10/47 to Oct. 19/48

BY AUTHORITY OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR:

J. A. M. Morris
Colonel, U. S. Army, Chief of Office.

Per son

FEB 7 1895

Washington, D. C.

(COMMISSIONER OF PENSIONS.)

(612)

Tom Mitchell served in Captain "Big Foot" Wallace's Texas Ranger company in 1850. The US Census was taken of Wallace's company while he was posted at Fort Inge and Tom Mitchell was enumerated in that Census. The parts of the two documents that follow are first a report of the US President to Congress which mention Captain Wallace's role in operations that year. They are essentially the reports of the US Army commanders participating in security operations in Texas. The second document is made up of Captain Wallace's recollections of the same operations some 39 years after they had taken place.

These two reports give the reader some idea how difficult it was for the soldiers and Rangers involved. Captain Wallace does not mention Tom Mitchell by name. He does name ten Rangers who were enumerated in the US Census of his company. You will note that he stated he split up his company taking only about half his men with him. He also could not recall the names of all the men who were with him, which is understandable after almost forty years.

Big Foot mentions an Edward Westfall as being with him. The writer served in the 31st Infantry during the Korean War with Edward Westfall's great grand nephew. Edward Westfall apparently was a career ranger. His great grand nephew, Pat Westfall, was a career master sergeant in the Army. (This is just an example of how small our big world can be sometimes.)

31st CONGRESS,
2d Session.

[HO. OF REPS.]

Ex. Doc.
No. 1.

MESSAGE

FROM

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

TO

THE TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS,

AT THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SECOND SESSION

OF

THE THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

DECEMBER 2, 1850.

Read, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and 15,000 extra copies, with the accompanying documents, ordered to be printed.

PART II.

WASHINGTON:
PRINTED FOR THE HO. OF REPS.
1850.

1st lieutenant of his company, to pass down on the left bank of the Nueces. Lieutenant Brady was ordered to examine the country about the Great Comanche crossing on the Nueces, to pass that stream, examine the Frio, and to join me at Fort Merrill. Lieutenant Underwood was directed to scout about the junction of the Nueces and Frio, to examine the right bank of the former river for about sixty miles, to make a circle to his left, and to return to his post by way of the Laguna Trinidada. With Lieutenant Bagby and my own command, I left Fort McIntosh to examine the country below, extending from the lower Albuquerque to Corpus Christi.

Captain Oakes was again fortunate in finding a small party of Indians. He killed three and captured a number of horses, &c., but, I regret to say, was himself severely wounded. Lieutenant Tyler, of my company, who had been left at Fort Inge during my absence, on learning that the Indians fought by Captain Wallace had not probably left the lower country, united a part of his command with that of Captain McCown, and went out in pursuit of them. He overtook them on the Nueces, about eighty miles above the Leon. The Indians were thirty strong, and advantageously posted. He charged them gallantly, at the head of ten men, killed two, wounded some, and dispersed the remainder. Much booty, consisting of horses, shot-pouches, &c., was left in the hands of the victors. Before arriving at Corpus Christi, at the Peto Chalco, I met Lieutenant Bagby in the direction of the coast, while I went in person direct to that point.

After resting a few days at Corpus Christi, I again left that place, with a view of making a thorough examination of the country in the neighborhood. On the 20th, I despatched Lieutenant Bagby to examine to the Oso, the Alazan to the coast, thence to the San Gertrude, and up that river to Fort Merrill. On the 21st, I left to examine the Aqua Dulce, the Presenos, the Olmos, the Laquarta, and the Rarnariana. I reached Fort Merrill on the 27th, Lieutenant Bagby on the 26th. Neither of us discovered any Indians, or recent signs of Indians. On the 31st, I left Fort Merrill for Fort Inge, in obedience to your order, to resume the command of that post. I reached Fort Inge on the 6th of September.

The country between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, extending from Wool's road to the coast, is for the most part a barren prairie, with but little water and timber. A portion of this country is entirely destitute of water, and in other parts it is only to be found in water-holes, sometimes at great distances, difficult to find, and not always furnishing an abundant or a good supply.

The absence of shade trees rendered the heat very oppressive at times. The thermometer ranged from 94 to 107 in the shade; and this heat was the more sensibly felt, as my men and horses were sometimes from 24 to 36 hours without water. The Indians, disperse themselves over this country in small bands, prowl around the settlements, awaiting a favorable moment to murder and rob, and, having accomplished their object, they speedily cross the Rio Grande and elude pursuit, or fly with speed to their homes in the upper country. It is difficult, nay, impossible, to overtake and punish any of the parties, when they become aware of pursuit. If in danger of being overtaken, they scatter, and, each pursuing a different route to some remote point, they effectually baffle the skill of the most experienced trailers. My object has been, as far as circumstances would permit, to push my scouts through unfrequented parts of the

country, to take up the trails where Indians least expected to be pursued, to follow these trails cautiously and quietly, and in this way to take them by surprise.

If the Indians stop anywhere in the lower country to recruit and rest their horses, they do so, I believe, either on the Arroyos Las Raices and San Roque or about some of the large lakes on the Nueces; and in this connexion I would respectfully recommend that a company of volunteers should be stationed near the junction of the Las Raices with the Nueces. Either this should be done or Laredo should be reinforced with two additional companies, so that the mounted force at that point may be at least equal to one hundred and fifty men. I judge also that good policy, if not necessity, requires that a garrison of regular troops should be stationed at Corpus Christi. In this neighborhood are many Mexicans whose business is to hunt the wild mustangs on the prairies. They are for the most part men of bad character; they live like Indians, dress like them, and I fear resemble them in many other points.

It affords me great pleasure to notice the effective co-operation which I received from Captain Granger and Lieutenants Underwood and Holabird, of the 1st infantry, and from Captain Oakes, of the 2d dragoons. The latter met Indians twice. He is an officer full of zeal, intelligence, and gallantry; and I would especially recommend him to the favorable consideration of the commanding general.

The volunteers, with a few exceptions, evinced much energy and intelligence, and obeyed my orders; but in irregular cavalry, where the horses are owned by the volunteers, it must be expected that they will consider the preservation of their animals as paramount to other considerations. With much respect, I have the honor to be your most obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE,
Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A.

To Major GEO. DEAS, Assistant Adjutant General,
Headquarters 8th Military Department, San Antonio, Texas.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 16, 1850.

Official.

GEO. DEAS, Assistant Adjutant General.

FORT CROGHAN, TEXAS,

August 2^d, 1850.

Sir: I have the honor to report, for the information of the general commanding, that, in obedience to his instructions, transmitted to me through Lieutenant Colonel Fauntleroy, 2d dragoons, and received by me early in the morning of the 26th ultimo, I moved, immediately after reveille, with all the available men of my company, (thirty-two,) in the direction of Fort Martin Scott. In crossing the country between Forts Croghan and Martin Scott, nothing was to be seen of any recent Indian trail; and I feel convinced that I was ahead of the party which had committed the late depredations. At Fort Martin Scott I learned that Brevet Major Merrill, 2d dragoons, had found the trail, and was in full pursuit. He had

for the future, and the back muster-rolls and returns due forwarded, without unnecessary delay, to the Adjutant General's office.

• • • • •

I am, general, &c., &c.,

R. JONES,

Adjutant General.

Brevet Major General Geo. M. Brooke,
Commanding 8th Department, San Antonio, Texas.

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,

San Antonio, September 17, 1850.

GENERAL: I have the honor to forward the reports of Brevet Lieut. Col. Hardee and Major Blake, 2d dragoons, and other officers, of the several scouts which have been made by my direction in this department. You will observe that, although not successful in every instance, it is believed that much good will result from them—particularly that of Brevet Lieut. Col. Hardee.

These scouts have been performed with great labor and privation, and have afforded me much satisfaction in the energy and industry with which they have been executed. You will also receive "orders" No. 39, in reference to a general scout throughout the entire department, to take place simultaneously from each post on the 15th proximo.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. M. BROOKE,

Brevet Major General.

To Major General WINFIELD SCOTT,
General-in-chief, Washington city, D. C.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS,
September 14, 1850.

MAJOR: I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of troops under my command in a campaign against the Indians, made in obedience to "orders" No. 27, of June 4, 1850.

On the receipt of your order, I concentrated Captain Oakes's company, 2d dragoons, and Captain Wallace's company, Texas volunteers, at Fort Inge; and, on the 23d of the same month, made the following disposition for a combined movement on Fort Merrill: I directed Captain Oakes to move down the left bank of the Rio Frio; Wallace to move down the right bank of the Nueces; while I moved, in person, between these rivers, crossing the Nueces about 25 miles from Fort Merrill. At the same time, I sent a detachment of Wallace's company, under Lieutenant Brady, direct to Laredo, with instructions to the mounted company at that post to examine the country north of the San Antonio and Laredo road; while Brady was directed to examine the country south of the same road, and to report at Fort Merrill. The mounted company at Laredo was ordered to return to its post after making the scout above indicated. Oakes reached Fort Merrill on the 3d July, Wallace and myself on the

5th, and Brady on the 9th. No Indians or recent signs of Indians were seen by either of these columns. Captain Grumbles, who had been directed to make a scout to Arkansas bay and Refugio and report to me at Fort Merrill, informed me, in writing, that he had not been able to make this scout, on account of excessive rains. I immediately ordered a part of his command, under Lieutenant Gouch, to the mouth of the Cibolo, to protect the settlements on the San Antonio, while I directed Lieutenant Bagby and thirty men to join me for active service.

On the 8th of July, news having reached me that the Indians had committed depredations near Corpus Christi, I immediately despatched Captain Wallace to the point specified, with directions to take up the trail and to follow the Indians wherever they might go. At the same time, I despatched Captain Oakes across the country to Laredo, in the hope that he might intercept their trail, should the Indians have gone above. By Captain Oakes I forwarded orders to the companies on the Rio Grande, giving such instructions for scouts as to insure a combined movement of all the troops under my command. Wallace returned to Fort Merrill without finding the Mexican who was reported to have been killed, or without seeing any signs of Indians. Oakes, after following a trail of Indians for two days, came upon a camp of a small party of Indians on the 11th. He succeeded in killing two, and in capturing twenty-one horses, one mule, with a number of saddles, bows, arrows, &c.—leaving the Indians who escaped in a perfectly destitute condition. On the 18th July, the troops under my command were directed to make the following scouts, concentrating at Fort McIntosh: Captain Granger, 1st infantry, with a detachment of Captain Grumbles's company, under Lieutenant Bagby, was directed to move on Loma Blanca, from which point they were to divide—the former to return to Fort Merrill by the way of the settlements on the Aqua Dulce and the Oso, while Lieutenant Bagby was directed to move through the country to Fort McIntosh; Wallace was directed to move up the Nueces to Espantosa lake; Brady to move through the country by the most direct route to Fort McIntosh; while I was to reach the same point by passing up the Nueces. Ford, who was at the San Antonio Wells, made a scout on the Rio Grande; while Captain Oakes and Lieutenant Holabird made scouts respectively to the south and north of the Laredo and San Antonio road. In connexion with this movement, and at my request, scouts were sent out from Ringgold Barracks and Fort Duncan in the direction of Laredo—so that ten columns, each column pursuing a different direction, were moving simultaneously between the Nueces and Rio Grande.

In this movement, Captain Ford pursued and drove a small party of Indians across the Rio Grande: they barely reached the opposite bank in time to save themselves. Captain Wallace, in the execution of orders, met with a considerable body of Indians on the left bank of the Nueces: they attacked him, and in the encounter Wallace reports to have killed seven Indians, wounded nine, and to have had three of his own command wounded. None of the other parties met with Indians. I received word on the 27th, and, as soon as I could get my command together, I made arrangements for another movement across the country. I directed Captain Oakes to move down the San Roque to the Nueces, and from thence to proceed through the country to his post on the Rio Seco. I directed Captain Ford to pass down on the right, and Lieutenant Walker, the

Doc. No. 1.

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[Orders No. 39.] HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,

San Antonio, September 17, 1850.

I. The decided favorable result which has attended the recent operations under Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Hardee against the Indians between the Rio Grande and the Nueces, has induced the general commanding to continue, from time to time, a close examination of the several valleys and passes in which the savages may be suspected to be lurking about. Accordingly, the following scouts will be commenced (simultaneously from each post) on the 15th of next month, and will be continued over the country designated for fifteen days—which will allow time sufficient for each detachment to return to its post at the end of the month, should Indians not be discovered; if such should be the case, pursuit will take place.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Hardee, with his own and Wallace's company of volunteers, to examine the Frio and Nueces passes above the line of posts; Brevet Captain Steele, with company "G," 2d dragoons, if possible; and McCown's company, Texas volunteers, to examine the Fredericksburg and the Colorado will be observed by Brevet Major Merrill's company, 2d dragoons, stationed at Fort Martin Scott. The volunteer company lately under Captain Ford will be stationed on the Arroyo Raices, near its junction with the Nueces, and will scout on the right and left bank of that river as high as the Tortuga lake. From Fort Duncan, the scouts will proceed as far as the Espantosa lake, returning by the valley of the Nueces and Wool's road. The mounted company at Laredo to scout to Presidio Rio Grande, and that at Ringgold's Barracks as far as Laredo—both to keep as near the bank of the Rio Grande as practicable. The examinations from Fort Brown will extend towards the Salt Lake and the Arroyo Colorado. Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Abercrombie, who is to be stationed at Corpus Christi, with two companies of the 5th infantry, will order the mounted company of his command to scout to the Oso, Aqua Dulce, San Diego, and Presenos, returning by the way of San Patricio. From Fort Merrill the scouts will go as far as the Raices, by the right bank of the Nueces, and return between that river and the Frio, crossing at the Paso Piedra. The main body of Bagby's company of volunteers will scout in the valley of the San Miguel and Hondo, and its detachment (stationed at the Conquistaria crossing) on the San Antonio, the Waccas, and the Cibolo. The scouts from San Antonio will proceed in the direction of New Brunelles as far as the Cibolo, and down that valley to the Sulphur Springs.

II. In these operations, should the Indians (or recent signs of their presence) be discovered, a vigorous pursuit will be given, with the view to recover stolen property and punish the offenders. In the event of the probability of a long pursuit, information will be sent by the pursuing party to the post nearest at hand, with requisitions for supplies to be forwarded on the trail, as also reinforcements, if necessary. In going over the ground to discover the Indians, it is recommended to the scouts to make but short daily marches. There would, by this plan, be as great probability of discovering the enemy as by longer marches; and, as a matter of course, the men and horses would be all the more fresh, in case a trail were to be found, and pursuit given.

III. At Forts Croghan, Gates, Graham, and Worth, on the frontiers between the Colorado of Texas and the Red river, the respective commanding officers will order such scouts to be made below the present frontier line as may be considered best for the prevention of depredations. The scouts will, in the event of discovering predatory parties of Indians, be governed by the foregoing instructions as to pursuit, &c.

By order of Brevet Major General Brooke:

GEORGE DEAS,
Assistant Adjutant General.

[Extract]

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTH MILITARY DEPARTMENT,
San Antonio, October 10, 1850.

GENERAL: I much regret also to forward copies of three communications on the subject of the abduction by the Indians of two young girls, the daughters of a Mr. Thomas, residing near Llano. Orders have been given to the commanding officers of the several posts in the department to take the most active steps to recapture these most unfortunate women; and should the least trace of them be found, the troops are directed to pursue to the very villages of the Indians themselves, and demand immediate restoration, or instant satisfaction will be taken. It is not known to what tribe these Indians belong, but most probably to the Wacos. In looking at the present state of Indian affairs, I earnestly recommend that a general council be held with the different tribes at the earliest possible period.

I am, very respectfully, your most obedient servant,
GEO. M. BROOKE,
Brevet Major General.

Brevet Major General R. JONES,
Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.

[For the information of the Adjutant General.]

Corpus Christi, Texas,
October 4, 1850.

CAPTAIN: Enclosed I send you a communication from Mr. Norton, of Copano, known to me as a man of character and veracity. Mr. Burns, who is spoken of in the letter, is also known to me as such. Judge Neil, the editor of the paper here, vouches for Mr. Simpson, also spoken of. I send it to you, being the nearest military station, and nearest in the route of the Indians. Please forward it to headquarters.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

P. W. HUMPHREYS,
Agent Second Military Department.

Captain S. M. PLUMMER,
United States Infantry, commanding Fort Merrill.

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS IN TEXAS.

RELIABLE ACCOUNTS

OF

BATTLES, WARS, ADVENTURES, FORAYS, MURDERS,
MASSACRES, ETC., ETC., TOGETHER WITH BIO-
GRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MANY OF THE
MOST NOTED INDIAN FIGHTERS AND
FRONTIERSMEN OF TEXAS.

BY

J. W. WILBARGER.

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

AUSTIN, TEXAS:
HUTCHINGS PRINTING HOUSE.
1889.

I believe it would have been better for me to have pressed my suit bald headed, than to have gone into that cave and waited for my hair to grow out, for, as I have said, young ladies, like bear meat, were cash articles then in Texas, and in great demand, and it wouldn't do for a fellow to wait until his bald head was covered with hair, before he 'staked out his claim.' On my return to Austin, the first news I heard was that the young lady had married another fellow a month previously, who didn't have to wait for his hair to grow before he 'popped the question.' When I heard this I felt worse than I did when I had to ride twenty miles one day with an Indian arrow sticking in the back of my neck, before I could find anybody to cut it out. I really thought I should be a 'cripple for life,' but I went right off and joined the 'Mier expedition,' and after I had killed a Mexican or so at the battle of Mier—drawn a prize in the 'bean lottery' that entitled me to march to the right, whilst those who drew blacks were marched to the left and shot, I was as well as ever."

Wallace gave us a description of several of his Indian "scrimmages," but our book was so near completion that we could insert only the following account of his fight with Comanches in the Black hills, near the Nueces river: "In 1850 I was in command of some twenty rangers and was attached temporarily to Colonel Hardee's force, at that time operating on the Nueces river and between that stream and the Rio Grande. Colonel Hardee had received orders from General Brooks to make a thorough scout for Indians on both sides of the Nueces. He therefore proceeded down the east side of the river with his main force, whilst I and my rangers were ordered to scout the country down the west side. We left camp and went to Carrizo springs, where we found some Indian sign, but none recently made. There was an Indian trail, evidently several weeks old, leading down the country from the springs, and we followed it for about thirty miles to where it crossed the river to the east side. My orders were to keep on the west side, and in consequence I did not cross but continued my route down the river until I came to the coast near Corpus Christi without seeing any more sign of Indians. There I received an express from Colonel Kinney, stating that Indians had been

seen very recently in the vicinity. I requested him to send me a guide who could show me Indian sign; and I stated if he failed to do so and carried us off on a wild goose chase that I would hang him to a live oak limb and let the buzzards play seven-up for his carcass. The guide was sent, and he conducted us to an Indian camp, where we found they had killed a Mexican, had taken his *caballada* of mits, tang horses and gone up the river with them. We followed their trail, but soon came to so many mustang trails leading off in every direction that we could not follow the one on which we had started. Where we lost the trail was on the Agua Dulce creek, and we went from there to Fort Merrill, at which place we were joined by Colonel Hardee and his men. Soon afterwards Colonel Hardee ordered me to go up the Nueces and to follow any fresh Indian trail I might find. When I had gone about twenty miles above the old Laredo road I found a fresh Indian trail, and followed it across the river. There were but few Indians in the party, and after crossing we came to where they had pitched camp on the east side. We encamped at the same place, and I went out to look for a deer, as we had no fresh meat. In passing over a sandy loenility on my way, I noticed a number of fresh moccasin tracks, and found a bunch of mesquite beans hanging on a limb, which I knew had been placed there as a signal to other Indians, and I therefore concluded it would be prudent to return to camp. After dinner, we saddled up, went to the mesquite tree where the bunch of beans was placed, and near by we found the fresh trail of three horses. We followed this trail until it crossed the "Black Hills," which are seven or eight miles from the river, where we struck a valley running east and west. We went down this valley and came to an old Indian camp near what had been a water hole, but it had dried up. There we camped all night without water. At this camp we found a United States infantry soldier's coat, a Mexican soldier's coat and a bridle. We left this camp very early the next morning, and after traveling three or four miles we came to where there was a great deal of fresh "sign"—trails leading off in every direction. Following one of these, we came to a place where the Indians had killed several mits.

lated. "What does that mean?" inquired one of my men. "It is intended," said I, "to let us know if we follow this trail any further that our scalps will be taken." However, this threat did not scare us "worth a cent," and we continued to follow the trail for about four miles beyond the locality where we had found the scalped horse. At that point, on the top of a ridge several hundred yards distant, we discovered an Indian sitting on his horse and holding a lance in his hand. He made signs to us and called out in Spanish: "If you want to fight, come over this way." He was riding a fine sorrel horse, and after he had shaken his lance at us several times he went off at a gallop. Some of the boys gave a yell and started in pursuit of him, and I had great difficulty in stopping them, but I finally succeeded and told them to go back to the pack mules and get all the ammunition we had as I was satisfied we would need it very shortly. In a few moments the Indian showed himself again on top of the ridge, and I ordered the men to stay where they were until I could go to a knoll near by and make a reconnoissance, for I was sure the lone Indian we saw had been stationed there to draw us into an ambuscade. When I reached the knoll I could see eleven other Indians below the point where the first one had made his appearance, and still further down their entire force of more than a hundred warriors. Just at this moment Sergeant Murphy came up, and asked me what I saw. "Indians," said I. "Where?" he asked. "Over yonder," I replied, pointing in the direction. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he turned to go back, "there's a thousand of them!" At that instant an Indian, whom I took to be the chief, sounded a whistle, and the eleven Indians we had first seen advanced and rode around us, but some distance away. I ordered my men not to fire upon them, as I understood very well the object of this manoeuvre. After they had rode around us, finding we would not fire upon them, they galloped off toward the main body of the Indians lower down the valley. We followed them slowly, as I had no intention of being lured into a trap. The chief whistled again, and immediately twenty-five Indians left the main body and took their position in the rear, so as to act as a reserve force. There were about one hundred Indians in the main body, and the moment the

chief sounded his whistle again, they charged upon us in double file, but when they reached a certain point within about one hundred yards, the files turned to right and left, circled around us, firing as they ran—but those who carried rifles dismounted, and taking their positions behind trees, began to pour hot shot upon us in a way that was anything but pleasant. We were not idle ourselves, and returned their fire so effectually that we killed several warriors, wounded a number, and killed and wounded many horses. Such a warm reception compelled them to draw off for a time, but they returned to their camp, mounted fresh horses, and charged upon us again more vigorously than before. My men, however, were all experienced frontiersmen and good shots, and we dropped them from their saddles so rapidly, and wounded so many others, that they hastily fell back again toward their camp. There they re-formed, and being joined by the reserve, which as yet had taken no part in the fight, they charged us for the third time in the most determined manner. But it was the same old thing—we pitched the rifle bullets into them so rapidly they couldn't stand the racket, and once more trotted toward their camp. "In this charge upon us the great "medicine man" made himself very conspicuous—not by fighting, for he had no arms at all—but by circling round us in advance of the rest and waving a bunch of roots he held in his hands backwards and forwards. I saw he was doing us more harm by encouraging the others than if he had been armed, and I told several of the boys who were near me to stop his "conjuring." A number of guns were fired at him without effect, and it really seemed that his roots in some way protected him from our bullets. Finally, however, one took him squarely in the breast, and he pitched headforemost from his horse, roots and all—but he had hardly struck the ground when half a dozen Indians rushed forward and bore him off out of sight; consequently we did not know at the time whether he was killed or only wounded. Before the Indians made the fourth and final charge upon us the chief rode up and down the line, urging his men, as we plainly perceived, to come to close quarters and use the bow and arrow. "Now," said I to the boys, "prepare yourselves; for we are going to catch it hot and heavy." The next moment

they charged upon us in a body, not dividing their force, as they had previously done. The chief was ahead, and I and several of the boys nearest to me leveled our guns upon him. "Shoot at his legs," said I, "and kill his horse, and I will kill him." He came straight for us, and when within about thirty yards three men fired at him. His horse turned a somersault, and the chief, who was some distance in advance of his men, jumped up and started back to them, when I fired and shot him in the right hip. He fell, yelling like a catamount, but rose up again on his left leg, when several Indians rushed up and bore him off the field, going back to their encampment near a water hole. We had been so long without water ourselves that we were suffering terribly for want of it. We therefore mounted our horses and made for their old camp, where we expected to find it. When we got within about one hundred and fifty yards of the camp I took ten men afoot, leaving the rest to bring on the horses and two of our men who had been wounded. I knew very well there were some Indians in the camp, but I determined to drive them from it at all hazards and get possession of the water hole. As I charged up I ordered my men not to run in a straight line, but zigzag fashion, to prevent the Indians hitting us. They did so, and although the Indians gave us a volley as we approached, no one was hurt. We returned their fire and Billy Johnson killed one dead, I shot another and Jim Brown a third. We would have killed them all, but a party from the main body of the Indians at that moment came to their rescue, and we were compelled to fall back towards the men we had left with our wounded and the horses. This ended the fight, which had lasted for several hours. When the rest of my men came up I went back to the water hole, but in the meantime the Indians had retreated out of sight and we saw nothing more of them. The Indian killed by Johnson had two plugs of tobacco in his shot pouch, which was a God send to us, as we had all been without a "chaw" for several days. We found plenty of water at the camp, but it was horrible stuff, for the Indians had been there for some time, and it was literally covered with filth of all kinds. We were so nearly famished, however, for water that we were not very squeamish as to quality, and bad as it was it quenched our

terrible thirst. In this fight we killed twenty-two Indians, left dead on the ground, and wounded fifteen, and killed many horses. Three of the men only were wounded. Rose, Louis Oget and Ruf. Hynyard. As some of our horses were badly wounded also we were unable to follow the Indians farther. Among those who were with me in this fight, and whose names have not been mentioned, were Jack Tannhill, Edward Westfall, Sergeant Jim Brown, William Rice, Bib Miller, a German by the name of Frei and Thomas Rife, who is now, and has been for some time, custodian of the Alamo building in San Antonio. The names of the balance I can not now remember. In looking around the battle ground next morning we found a saddle hanging on a limb of a tree and beneath it a pile of brush. I knew that some "good Injun" was stowed away thereto and I told the boys to uncover him and see what he looked like. They did so and there lay the body of the great medicine man with his bunch of roots still in his hand, and one partially chewed, sticking in his mouth. I supposed, unlike the majority of Indian men, he had great faith in his own remedies, and had tried to cure himself when wounded by chewing one of his roots, but it was no use, and in fact I don't believe the root has ever yet been found that will even follow when he has had a half ounce ball through his lights."

Such is the account just given by this veteran Indian fighter and scout regarding one of his Indian fights, and which was not referred to in the book published some years since, called "The Life and Adventures of Big Foot Wallace." The legislature is now in session and a bill is pending to grant him a land certificate in lieu of one which was formerly granted for services to the State, but the benefit of which was lost to him on account of the want of familiarity with the requirements of law. He is one of the very few whose breasts were living bulwarks for the women and children against the scalping knife and tomahawk for more than twenty-five years. The lives of such men were spent in the camp, on the Indian trail and in savage warfare. He is now seventy-three years old—too old to work—but he looks around on a great State and on plenty and peace everywhere, secured by the struggles and privations of himself and his fellow rangers. Such men had no time to make

the State of Texas
County of Washington & Personally appear
before the undersigned a Notary Public
and for the County of Washington, I
to James and Lindsey P. Rucker two respe-
ctable citizens to me known who being duly
sworn according to law state that they were
on the Wohl Campaign in the Fall of 1842
that they knew Robert M. Ely, and John
Ely in said Campaign. That they arme
and equipped themselves and went from the
County of Washington to the Black Jack Spring
West of the Colorado river when they met the
troops returning from San Antonio and so far
as these affiants know performed all the duties of
good soldiers during the time they were out.

B. E. Farmer

L. P. Rucker

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day
of June AD 1854 I certify which I here
sign my name & affix the impress of my no-
taries seal ~~W. J. G. Carey~~ Not. Publ.

For Washington County

No. 1751

PUBLIC DEBT

Second Class, "B."

OF THE

LATE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

This is to Certify, That John C. Clegg has, under the provisions of An Act of the Legislature of the State of Texas, entitled An Act to extend the provisions of "An Act to provide for ascertaining the Debt of the late Republic of Texas," approved February 7, 1853, filed with the Auditor and Comptroller, Claims for services on the Railroads.

amounting to Fifteen 757 Dollars; which is sufficiently authenticated to authorize the auditing of the same under the laws of the late Republic of Texas. Said claim, according to the date before us, is worth Fifteen 757 Dollars, in specie funds, as having been at that rate so available to the Government.

In Testimony Whereof, We have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals of office, at Austin, this Sixt day of July A. D. 1854.

James Ashby
Comptroller.

J. W. McNair
Auditor.

REPRODUCED FROM THE
HOLDINGS OF THE
TEXAS STATE ARCHIVES

Mo. 1st

PUBLIC DEBT

Second Class, "B."

O F T H E
LATE REPUBLIC OF TEXAS.

This is to Certify, That John C. Elgin ad. has, under the provisions of An Act of the Legislature of the State of Texas, entitled An Act to extend the provisions of "An Act to provide for ascertaining the Debt of the late Republic of Texas," approve February 7, 1853, filed with the Auditor and Comptroller, Claims for Services over Mexi Campaign

amounting to Fifteen 75⁰⁰ Dollars, which is sufficiently authenticated to authorize the auditing of the same under the laws of the late Republic of Texas. Said claim, according to the data before us, is worth Fourty 75⁰⁰ Dollars, in par funds, as having been at that rate so available to the Government.

In Testimony Whereof, We have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals of office, at Austin, this 1st day of July A. D. 1854

Lance S. Shantz
Comptroller.

J. M. Miner
Auditor.



VICTOR HELVEY M3c

Victor served on the aircraft carrier, Suwannee which supported the invasions of Okinawa and Borneo.

VICTOR LEROY HELVEY
US NAVY

Victor Leroy, "Vic" Helvey, a great grandson of Tom Mitchell, went on active duty with The United States Navy on 2 October 1944. After completing Special Recruit Training and Fireman's School at The US Naval Training Center in San Diego, Vic was assigned to the USS Suwannee, CVE 27.

The Suwannee was originally built as a cargo ship, (MC Hull-5) and launched in 1939. It was acquired by the Navy in 1941 and renamed the Suwannee. The Navy eventually converted it to a Sangamon-class escort aircraft carrier. Shortly after its re-commissioning it was sent to the Mediterranean to support the landings at Casablanca. After the invasion it was transferred to the Pacific and supported most of the major amphibious landings in the Pacific Theatre of Operations.

On 25 October 1944 the Suwannee became a victim of the first Kamikaze attacks on American naval forces. A crippled suicide plane managed to destroy itself on the flight deck creating a ten-foot hole. Its bomb fell below decks creating many casualties and causing major damage to the ship. The Suwannee returned to the Puget Sound Naval Yard for repairs. It is presumed that Vic came aboard the ship either at the Puget Sound Naval Yard or at the Oakland Naval Base, where it stopped on its return to the Pacific.

The Suwannee then spent seventy-seven days supporting the invasion of Okinawa. It moved on to the Dutch East Indies to support the invasion of Borneo. She was back at Okinawa when the war ended on 15 August 1945. The ship returned to the Boston Navy Yard where it remained part of the Reserve (mothball) Fleet for twelve years and was then sold. The gallant Suwannee, which won thirteen battle stars during WW II, was cut up for scrap in Bilbao Spain in 1962.

The Suwannee was 553 feet long, seventy-five feet wide, its draught was 31 feet, speed 18 knots, crew three hundred eighty. It carried F6F *Hellcat* fighters, SPD *Dauntless* dive-bombers and TBM *Avenger* torpedo bombers.

Vic was honorably discharged from the Navy on 16 February 1946. While on active duty he received three promotions and was awarded Campaign Medals for the American and Asiatic Pacific Theatres of Operation. He also received the Philippine Liberation Medal and the World War II Victory Medal.

After the war the writer asked Vic what he did on the Suwannee. He laughed and said "I had the most important job on the ship after the Captain's. I was in charge of keeping the ice cream machine running at all times." I suspect that in the eyes of most of the crew what he said was true. I gathered that he was also required to test the quality of his product frequently, as he appeared to be a least twenty pounds heavier than he was when he went into the Navy.

NOTICE OF SEPARATION FROM U. S. NAVAL SERVICE

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—

1. SERIAL OR FILE NO.				2. NAME (LAST) (FIRST) (MIDDLE)		3. RATE AND CLASS/OR RANK AND CLASSIFICATION		4. PERMANENT ADDRESS FOR MAILING PURPOSES		5. PLACE OF SEPARATION	
881-76-58				HELVEY, Victor Leroy				Metalsmith Third Class, SV-6, USNR		PSC NB TI SAN PEDRO, CALIF.	
										6. CHARACTER OF SEPARATION	
										HONORABLE	
										7. ADDRESS FROM WHICH EMPLOYMENT WILL BE SOUGHT	
										Same as No. 4.	
8. RACE		9. SEX		10. MARITAL STATUS		11. U.S. CITIZEN (YES OR NO)		12. DATE AND PLACE OF BIRTH			
White		Male		Married		Yes		5-10-19, Saugus, Calif.(LA Co)			
Sel. Ser. Date		13. REGISTERED		14. SELECTIVE SERVICE BOARD OF REGISTRATION		15. HOME ADDRESS AT TIME OF ENTRY INTO SERVICE		16. NET SERVICE (FOR PAY PURPOSES) (YRS., MOS., DAYS)			
		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO		Los Angeles, Cal. (LA Co)		1537½ E. 85th, Los Angeles, Cal.		01-04-15			
16. MEANS OF ENTRY (INDICATE BY CHECK IN APPROPRIATE BOX)		17. DATE OF ENTRY INTO ACTIVE SERVICE									
<input type="checkbox"/> ENLISTED		<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> INDUCTED		<input type="checkbox"/> COMMISSIONED		10-2-44					
DATE		DATE 10-2-44		DATE							
18. QUALIFICATIONS, CERTIFICATES HELD, ETC.											
See Rating Booklet #15175, Metalsmith Third Class.											
20. SERVICE SCHOOLS COMPLETED											
Fireman Sch., Spec. Recruit Training, NTC, San Diego, California		4		WEEKS		USS SUWANNEE (CVE-27)		22. FOREIGN AND/OR SEA SERVICE WORLD WAR II			
								<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO			
24. SERVICE (VESSELS AND STATIONS SERVED ON)											

IMPORTANT: IF PREMIUM IS NOT PAID WHEN DUE OR WITHIN THIRTY-ONE DAYS THEREAFTER, INSURANCE WILL LAPSE. MAKE CHECKS OR MONEY ORDERS PAYABLE TO THE TREASURER OF THE U. S. AND FORWARD TO COLLECTOR'S SUBDIVISION, VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION, WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

25. KIND OF INSURANCE NSI		26. EFFECTIVE MONTH OF ALLOTMENT DISCONTINUANCE 2-46	27. MO. NEXT PREMIUM DUE 3-46	28. AMOUNT OF PREMIUM DUE EACH MONTH 6.70	29. INTENTION OF VETERAN TO CONTINUE INS. Yes
30. TOTAL PAYMENT UPON DISCHARGE \$ 37.46		31. TRAVEL OR MILEAGE ALLOWANCE INCLUDED IN TOTAL PAYMENT \$ 1.15	32. INITIAL MUSTERING OUT PAY 100.00	33. NAME OF DISBURSING OFFICER Lt. G. L. OWENS (SC) USN	

Point system
Victory Medal World War II
American Area
Asiatic Pacific Area
Philippine Liberation
S.S. #555-07-6792

26. NAME AND ADDRESS OF LAST EMPLOYER General Motors Corp. South Gate, California	27. DATES OF LAST EMP'LMT. FROM 10-36 TO 10-44	28. MAIN CIVILIAN OCCUPATION AND D. O. T. NO. General Assembler (Auto Mfg.) 7-02.311
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39. JOB PREFERENCE (LIST TYPE, LOCALITY, AND GENERAL)

EDUCATION		IN THE GRADE FOR ADDITIONAL TRAINING (TYPE OF TRAINING)	
Assembly Man (Gen. Motors) South Gate, California		None	
44. VOCATIONAL OR TRADE COURSES (NATURE AND LENGTH OF COURSE)			

41. NON-SERVICE EDU. YRS. SUCCESS-
FULLY COMPLETED)

MENT AND
GRAM. 8 H. S. 4 COLL. 0 None None
45. RIGHT INDEX FINGERPRINT 46. OFF DUTY EDUCATIONAL COURSES COMPLETED
None

EMPLOY	<u>2-16-46</u>	
	47. DATE OF SEPARATION	48. SIGNATURE OF PERSON BEING SEPARATED

TO: BUREAU OF NAVAL PERSONNEL

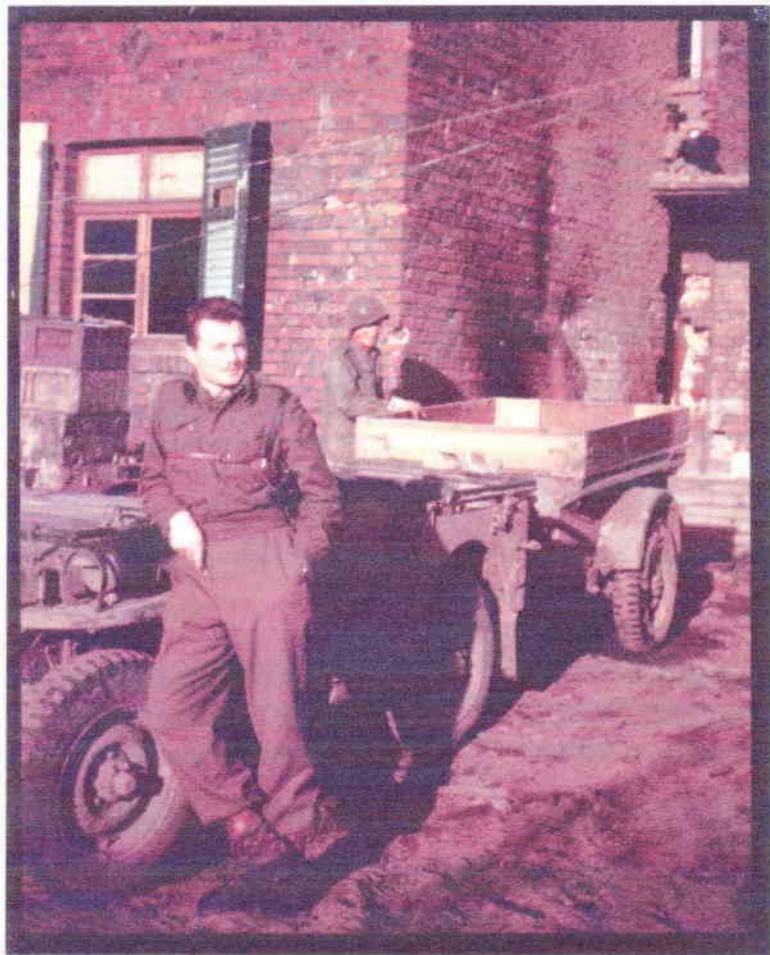
USS PC 477



SKIPPER OF THE PC 477, IRVIN JARRELL JR.
Right to left, Jarrell, Borgfeld, Owen and Gindler.
All proud Texans, tried and true.
Irvin Jarrell was Tom Mitchell's great grand nephew.

The PC 477 was a submarine chaser. There were about 400 of this class ship built during World War II. They were steel ships, 173 feet long with a 23 foot beam. Power was furnished by G.M. Diesels. Top speed 24 knots. They were armed with depth bombs and light guns. The PC 477 was built by the Dafoe Boat and Engine Works in 1942.

[Data from Jaynes Fighting Ships of the World, 1942.]



Captain Mitchell in front of his
H Company command post.
Beek, Germany, December 1944

Lt. Colonel Richard F. Mitchell US Army, Ret.

Lt. Colonel Richard F. Mitchell is the last living grandson of Tom Mitchell. He is veteran of both World War II and Korea. He served in World War II as a company commander and a battalion operations officer in the 405th Infantry Regiment of the 102nd Infantry Division. After stateside duty he was assigned to the 31st Infantry Regiment of the 7th Infantry Division in Sapporo in Northern Japan in the Army of Occupation. Here again he served as a company commander and a battalion operations officer.

In September of 1950 the 7th Infantry Division landed in Inchon, Korea as part of the amphibious operation that forced the North Korean Army to halt their attacks on the Pusan Perimeter and withdraw northward. The 31st's mission was to move south from Inchon and seize the towns of Suwon and Osan. After seizing Suwon the 2nd battalion of the 31st moved on south and secured Osan from a heavily armored North Korean force. During this engagement the troops from the Pusan perimeter linked up with Company H of the 31st Infantry commanded by Captain Mitchell. He participated in five campaigns in Korea, including the Chosin Reservoir Campaign where the Marines and Army troops in sub-zero weather were completely surrounded and vastly outnumbered by the Chinese. He rotated back to the United States to attend the advanced course at the Infantry School and the Command and General Staff College.

After completing his studies at the Staff and Command College he was assigned to the G-2 Division of Headquarters U.S. Army Europe. Here he served as Chief Intelligence Analyst, Order of Battle Section during a long touchy period of The Cold War. In 1958 he was assigned from Heidelberg, Germany to Santa Barbara, California as Professor of Military Science for the Santa Barbara High School District. In 1963 Colonel Mitchell was once again assigned to Korea where he served as Chief G-3 Operations Officer with Headquarters I Corps Group. At that time I Corps Group was the tactical headquarters for the combat troops occupying the western portion of the DMZ between South and North Korea.

From Korea he was assigned to the Office of the Chief of Information, U.S. Army as Chief of the Informational Services Branch. Colonel Mitchell retired at his own request, after 26 years of service in July of 1965. In 1966 he joined the staff of Learning Resources of the University of California at Santa Barbara. He retired in 1990 as the Director of Learning Resources, now called Instructional Services, a major element of The Office of Instructional Development.

He is a member of the 102nd Infantry Division Association, the 31st Infantry Regiment Association, The Chosin Few and the Army Chapter of The Chosin Few. In the latter organization he served as a member and Chairman of the Board of Directors for over ten years.

Awards and Decorations

Bronze Star w/oak leaf cluster, Army Commendation Medal w/oak leaf cluster
Combat Infantry Badge w/star, Army Presidential Citation
Navy Presidential Citation w/ 2 stars Korean Presidential Citation, 2 awards

Service Medals

American Defense, American Campaign, European-African-Middle East Campaign
World War Two Victory, Army of Occupation, Korean Service Medal, United Nations, Korea, National Defense Service Medal, Reserve Service Medal, Korean Government Service Medal

Camp Rice, Korea 1969



SECRETARY OF THE ARMY, STANLEY RESSOR, bareheaded, congratulating **1st Lieutenant Richard F. Mitchell Jr.**, the company commander, of "A" Company, 702nd Ordnance Maintenance Battalion after his inspection of "A" Company's outstanding repair operations.

English Arms



The purpose of this section dealing with arms is to give you an overview of the coats of arms and crests awarded to some of our English ancestors. Some writers have stated that arms were originally distinctive renderings of forms and figures worn by warriors to make them known to their fellow warriors in the heat of battle. Many scholars of heraldry discount this idea today. They were and are the symbols and trappings of pageantry, family, position, power, and often occupations. Many persons not in the warrior class have applied for and were awarded the right to display a distinctive shield or coat of arms. We find that a family may have used the same arms through many centuries. The award of these arms was in each case made to the individual family member using the arms by the College of Arms.

In England the College of Arms is part of the Royal Household and is responsible for all aspects of the awarding, use and display of arms. For a fee, the College on a person's application examines the pedigree of an applicant. If they are by blood, Royal Decree or otherwise entitled to use the arms, the College will award the right to bear those particular arms to that individual. Each person must be individually awarded the arms by the College of Arms to use or display them. Even in a family with an award of arms made to an individual "and the heirs of his body"; individual heirs must apply and receive the right to use the arms from the College of Arms. With very few exceptions, English arms are granted only to British subjects.

There are many families who have been awarded the same arms through many generations. Our Cary relatives have been awarded the same arms since King Henry V (1413-1422) first awarded the arms to Sir Robert Cary at Smithfield for having defeated an opponent in a tournament. That was almost six hundred years ago. The Howard family, our distant relatives, has been awarded the Howard arms for almost as many years. The Howard Dukes of Norfolk are by heredity the Earl Marshals of England whose duties include presiding over the College of Arms.

Arms are often erroneously referred to as a "family crest or crest." A crest, if one is awarded with arms, is not physically a part of the shield of arms but is placed above the shield. The crest is considered part of "the full achievement of armorial bearings." (See the illustrations on the following pages.).

Family historians and genealogists researching English families have learned that it is usually much easier to trace a family who has been awarded arms than those who haven't. The requirement to furnish pedigrees for the award of arms has forced those eligible to keep accurate and complete records of their families for many centuries. The College of Arms keeps the pedigrees of the families to whom they have awarded arms. It will also conduct genealogical research for an hourly fee. There are also a number of publications that list the pedigrees of most individuals and families that have been awarded arms. They

can be of help to people tracking down English ancestors who may have been awarded arms.

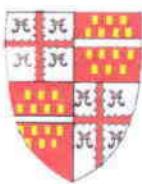
Tom Mitchell's mother was of English descent and it was through her we were able to trace many English ancestors and their arms. The Mitchell side of the family is of Scots Irish descent and we have uncovered no evidence showing that they were ever awarded arms. Our descent from English ancestors is through a number of women who were not heirs of their fathers and therefore did not pass on any right to bear arms.

The illustrations on the next pages show the main components that make up a full achievement of armorial bearings. We have not included more information as this section is intended to be only a brief overview of the subject and an introduction to the arms of some of our ancestors.

We must note that the colors and metals we used on the wreaths and mantles may not be historically correct in all cases. They were not originally part of the award of arms to an individual and are not enumerated in the grants of arms. Prior to the eighteenth century the colors and metals frequently differed from those authorized for the shield of arms. The practice of using the principal color and metal on a shield of arm as colors and metals for mantles and wreaths began during the eighteenth century and continues today.

When we could not find the color and metals of mantles and wreaths for ancestors who lived before the eighteenth century we used the principal color and metal from their shield of arms as is done today.

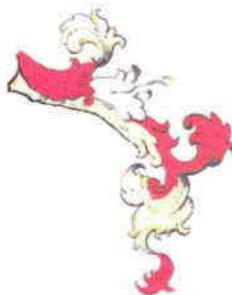
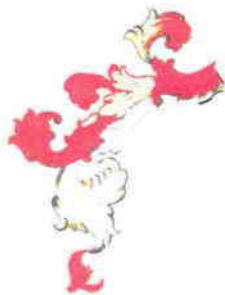
Components of Arms



Shields



Helmets



Wreath

Mantle



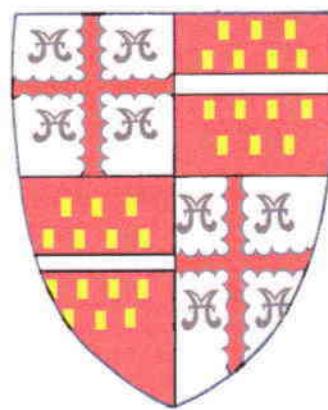
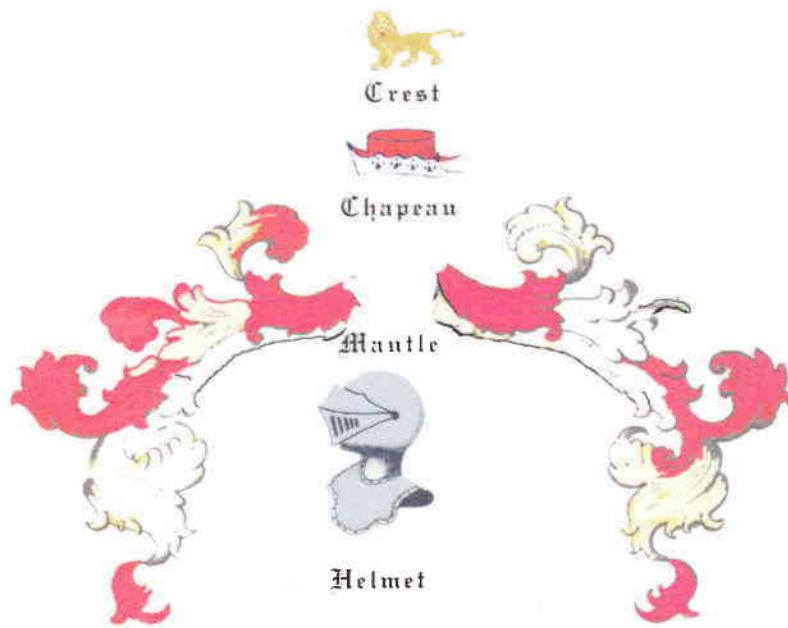
Chapeaus



Crests

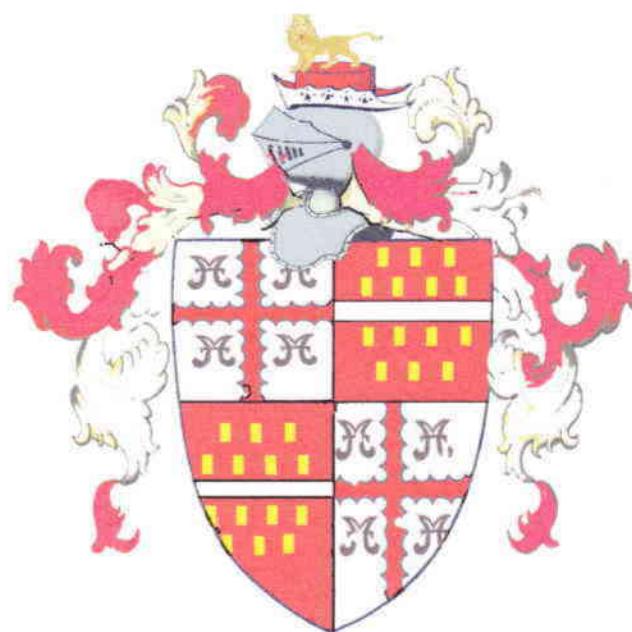
Full Achievement of Armorial Bearings

Exploded View

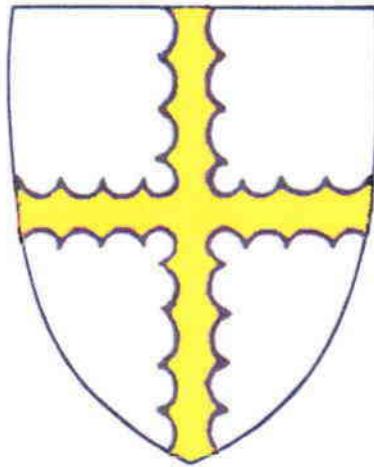


Shield

Assembled

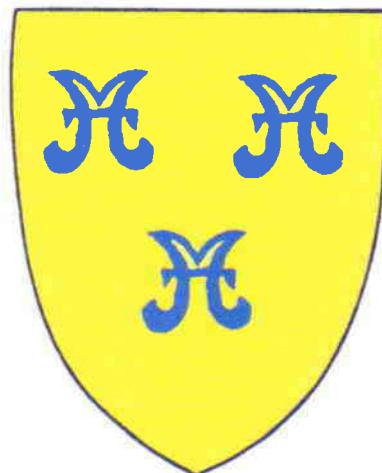


Evolution of Bourchier Arms



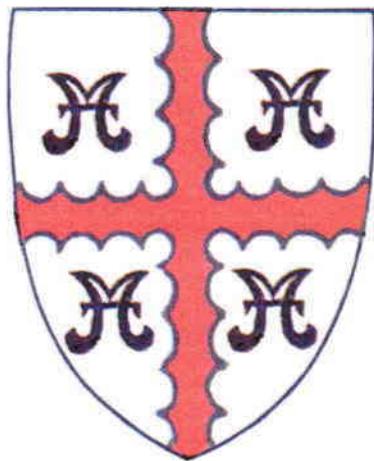
These arms were borne by Robert Bourchier at the Dunstable Tournament in 1334.

Blazon: Silver a cross engrailed gold.



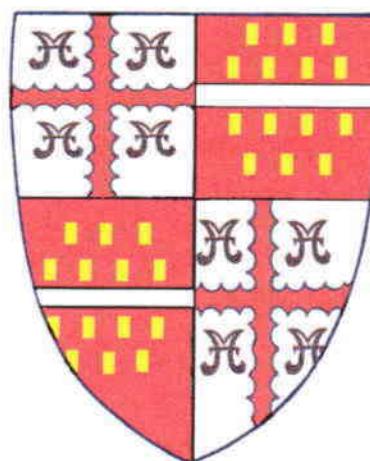
These arms were carried by Hugh Bourchier according to the Dering and Howard rolls.

Blazon: Gold three water bougets blue.



Sir Robert Bourchier carried these arms at the surrender of Calais in 1438.

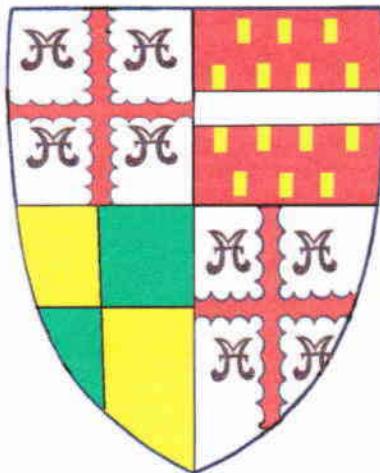
Blazon: Silver a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black.



These arms are believed to have been borne by the sons of Sir William Bourchier and Anne, daughter, of Thomas of Woodstock with minor changes for "difference."

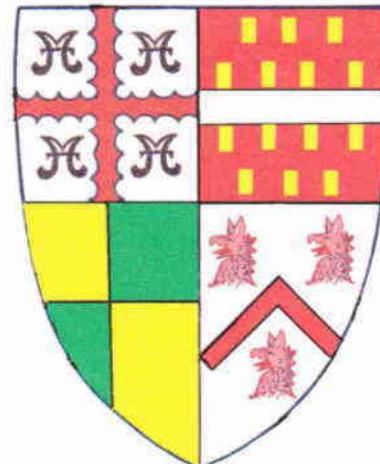
Blazon: 1st and 4th quarterly, silver a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black BOURCHIER. 2nd and 3d red, billets gold, a fess silver LOVAIN.

Evolution of Bourchier Arms



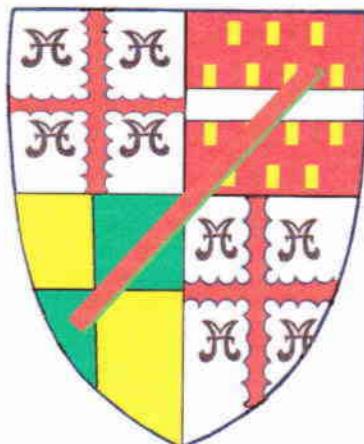
These arms were likely carried by Sir Humphrey Bourchier, son, of Sir John Bourchier, 1st Lord Berners.

Blazon: *1st and 4th quarterly, silver, a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black, BOURCHIER. 2. Red, billets gold, a fess silver, LOVAIN. 3 Quarterly, gold, green, BERNERS. 4. Silver, a chevron red between 3 griffin's heads earased red, TILNEY.*



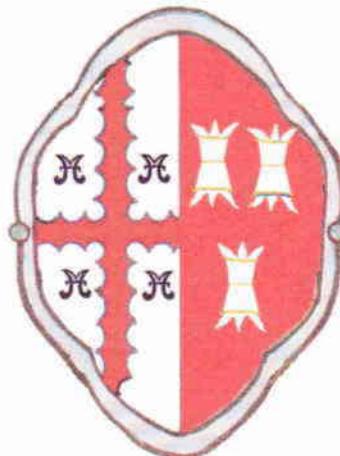
These arms were used by Sir John Bourchier, last Lord Berners.

Blazon: *1. Silver, a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black, BOURCHIER. 2. Red, billets gold, a fess silver, LOVAIN. 3. Quarterly, gold, green, BERNERS. 4. Silver, a chevron red between 3 griffin's heads earased red, TILNEY.*



These arms were probably carried by Sir Ralph Bourchier of Beningbrough.

Blazon: *1st and 4th quarterly, silver, a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black, BOURCHIER. 2. Red billets gold, a fess silver, LOVAIN. 3. Quarterly, gold, green, BERNERS with a red baton sinister overall.*



These arms are after a cartouche over the garden door at Beningbrough Hall. They were arms of John Bourchier who built Beningbrough Hall in 1716.

Blazon: *Dexter, silver a cross engrailed red between 4 water bougets black, BOURCHIER. Sinister, Red 3 double coronels silver, BELLWOOD.*

Barrington Bourchier



With in 1 & 4 a grand quarter (i) Bourchier Silver a cross engrailed Red between 4 water bougets Black (ii) Lovaine Red a Fess between 14 Billets palewise Gold (iii) Berners Quarterly Gold and Green (iv) Tylney Silver a chevron between 3 Griffin's heads erased Red; (2) Banester Silver a Cross patonce Black a crescent uncolored in right chief; and (3) Fyncham Silver three bars Black overall a Bend Ermine.

The College of Arms has no record that these arms were ever awarded to the Bourchiers of Beningbrough. In 1665 Barrington Bourchier presented the above arms during the College of Arms visitation but they were never awarded. The record bears the note that "there was no entitlement because of illegitimacy".

The College of Arms records show that no arms were shown by the Bourchiers on the Herald's Visitation of 1564. A pedigree was registered with the College of Arms in 1748 without arms.

Dugdale's *Yorkshire Arms* describes the arms of the Beningbrough Bourchiers as above with some small differences. However his description includes a note. "All quartettings should be within a bordure engrailed as being descended from John last Lord Berners by Elizabeth Bacon his mistress for his wife Katherine Lady Berners daughter of John Howard, Duke (of Norfolk)." It would appear that Dugdale was allowing them their quaterings if they were placed in a bordure to show illegitimacy. *The Oxford Guide to Heraldry* notes that "At a meeting of a Chapter of the College of Arms in January of 1717 it was noted that by the laws and practice of arms bastards so acknowledged have not only been allowed to be of their father's blood but also to bear the arms and quartering of their fathers with due distinction of bastardy". It uses as an example "The natural issue of John Bourchier, Lord Berners who bore Bourchier, Loveyne, and Berners quarterly with a baton sinister overall. From these few notes we can see that the rules for the awarding of arms became more precise and restrictive over the years.