

Harry Tracy the Desperado

In the Pacific Northwest in the late 1890s.

Chalk Courchane

Once upon a time in the Wild West, there was an outlaw named Harry Tracy who was tracked by posse men, sheriffs and marshals in what would be the greatest manhunt of the early twentieth century, spanning 58 days and ending in suicide.

While much may never be known about his childhood, it is certain this medium-height, dark blue eyed man later emerged into a vicious outlaw with his string of crimes, arrests, and jailbreaks. A born leader who would charm women with his courteous manners, respected by men and always spoke fondly of his mother, Tracy preferred living the life of a desperate criminal. He was a sharp man who outwitted many men tracking him and, coupled with his arrogance, he never hid who he was. When encountered, he would boast, "I'm Tracy." Tracy did not lie.

In compiling Harry Tracy's (and David Merrill's) escapades it was at times difficult to keep it in chronological sequence. Newspaper reports and personal recollections at time did not make the date or place of the events clear. Sometimes the story had different versions. I tried to make a narrative story, but in places parts of the story is repeated several times as I added newspaper articles these were told at the time or within hours or days of the developments. Each has its own version and usually adds new details to Tracy's escapades. So, bear in mind that one event may be told several times. Many footnotes are included dealing with those mentioned who were prominent in the story as friends or pursuers of Harry Tracy, and of certain places he visited. I have tried to include short biographies on the people that he met on his escape and think I have mentioned most of them. Many good writers tell Harry Tracy's stories and they are included here in their own words as they can tell their tale much better than I, so I just compiled them together adding my own words now and then. This makes a detailed and continuous story. At the end is a collection of bits and pieces of articles and novelties generated by his fame. Also the "other" Harry Tracy's that showed up in the news.

"Tracy Earlier Dillinger

Harry Tracy cut almost exactly the same swath at the turn of the century that John Dillinger is cutting today, and there are so many parallels in their careers as almost to suggest how Dillinger may die." Jefferson City Post Tribune, Wednesday, May, 9 1934.

Harry Tracy the Desperado

Harry Tracy was born in 1875 as the 1880 census puts him at five years old. He was the son of Orlando Nye Severns, who was born on August 18, 1849 in Wisconsin and died on November

23, 1892 in Hutchinson, Kansas. Orlando married first on January 12, 1873 to Sarah Catherine Atkinson, September 1850 in Sturgeon Bay, Door County, Wisconsin and died in 1927 in Minong, Wisconsin. She also married Edward Riley Goodwin.

Orlando had three children:

1. Harry Severns (Tracy), with Sarah Catherine Atkinson.

And with Sirilda Ellen Davis:

2. Erva Edgar "Ervie", born August 14, 1880 in Wisconsin and died December 18, 1930. He married Pearl May Kerr (1893-1982).

[Ervie's 1918 WWI draft registration says he was tall, medium build, gray eyes, & dark brown hair. Ervie had a reputation of being "a lady's man." He married three times, but had no children. In the 1920 census, Ervie was farming in Priest River Precinct, Bonner County, Idaho, with a wife Emily & a stepson John Atwood. In the 1930 census, same locale, Ervie had a wife Pearl. Who was born on September 18, 1893 in Minnesota, Pearl May was the daughter of Thomas & Coral Kerr. Ervie was Pearl's 3rd husband. He died of a ruptured appendix after being injured while working in the woods. He was 50. Pearl died 15 May 1982, 52 years after Ervie. She was 88. Earlier, at age 18, Pearl had married on Christmas Day, December 25, 1911 to Rolland Ernest Mack (1888-1912); they had a son: George Albert Mack (1912-1980). Rollie was a homesteader on Reader Creek near Coolin, Idaho. Rollie made a rowboat trip to Coolin on Christmas Day 1912--his first wedding anniversary--to buy a box of apples, some walnuts, and several other things for his wife and 41-day-old infant son. Along toward evening he got in his rowboat and started for home. He stopped at Camp Sherwood and had supper, and then started out again, and that was the last seen of him alive. Days later, a search party found his body a mile nearer Coolin, lying under Walter Slee's steamboat. The supposition is that Rollie had found his old steel rowboat unseaworthy, beached it, and was trying to make his way back to Coolin around the beach, and becoming exhausted, crawled under the steamer for protection, fell asleep, and died from exposure to sub-zero temperatures. Because of the frigid temperatures, his body was found to be in a perfect state of preservation, with the exception of one ear. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/166761036/erva-edgar-severns>

3. Ora Sirena Severns was born on July 7, 1889 and died on November 6, 1971 in Dallas, Texas. She married Frederick W. Brown born November 14, 1887 and died May 19, 1945.

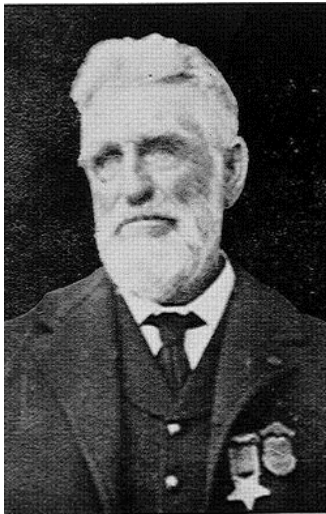
4. Pearl May Severns born December 24, 1890 in Peru, Chautauqua County, Kansas and died June 8, 1988 in Lemon Grove, San Diego County, California. She married Merle Lawrence Parker (1902-1992) in 1968, she also married Fred B. Harris (1885-1965).

<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/55199769/pearl-may-parker>

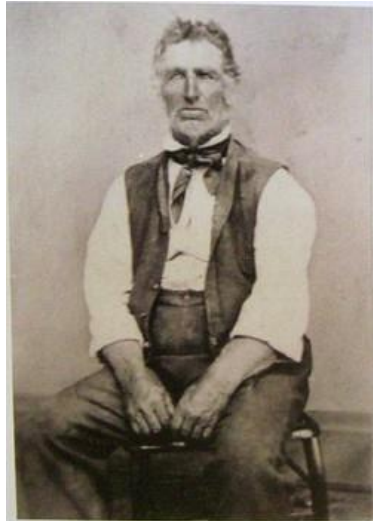
Orlando abandoned his family and married second on November 2, 1891 to Sirilda Ellen Davis (1865-1940); they had daughters: Ora Sirena and Pearl May. Orlando's death at age 43 was tragic. He was working for the railroad; and he and another worker were on a railroad handcar trying to make a track switch when they were struck by a speeding west-bound Santa Fe train at Hutchinson, Kansas, half a mile east of the depot. Orlando's left leg was chopped up badly; his skull was seriously fractured. He died about 15 minutes later. The other worker had a broken arm. The handcar was demolished. Orlando was buried in Potter's Field; no headstone marks his grave. <https://wwwrave.com/memoria.findagl/166684624/orlando-nye-severns>

Orlando parents were James Quick and Susannah Washburn Severns and he had 10 siblings. James Quick Severns was the 2nd child and 1st son of Nye Severns and Magdelene Quick. He married on June 15, 1848 to Susannah Washburn (1830-1913) and they had 11 children. During the Civil War, James Quick Severns served in Company G, 37th Wisconsin Regiment, from March 1864 to August 1865. He was wounded and laid up for two months when a mine exploded

at the Seige of Petersburg, Virginia. James was a farmer and also a surveyor for Wood County, Wisconsin. He served as Justice of the Peace for about 20 years. He was on the Pittsville town board and was also the town clerk. <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/69320929/james-quick-severns>



James Quick Severns



Nye Severns



Magdelene Quick Severns

“Nye Severns was the 10th of 11 children of John Severns. Family tradition says in about 1809, Nye's parents died when an epidemic of Black Plague or Asiatic Cholera swept the country, leaving their younger children orphaned.

Nye was bonded out to a farmer, who treated the young boy like he was a slave. When he was 11 1/2, Nye was hoeing in a field of potatoes some distance from the house when a group of soldiers marched by on their way to the War of 1812. Seeing a golden opportunity to escape his servitude, Nye dropped his hoe and ran off with them. At dinner time the men fed him, listened to his story, and took him to their Colonel. The Colonel told Nye he might stay as his servant, get his food and clothes 'til he was 12, and then enlist. When Nye turned 12, he enlisted in the military as a musician, and became a fifer. Family tradition claims Nye was the youngest recruit in the United States Army during the War of 1812 to draw a soldier's pay. When the war ended and they were discharged, the Colonel became Nye's foster father and took the youth home with him to central New York and taught him the shoemaker trade.

Nye married about 1822 in New York to Magdelene Quick and they had 11 children: Julia Ann, James Quick, John, Harriet, Columbus Delano, Erwin, Elbert, Blair, Bruce, Louisa Jane, and George Warren Severns. Five of the boys served in the Civil War; only four returned home. Elbert died in a military hospital in LaGrange, Tennessee, of smallpox at age 25.

The Nye Severns family moved in 1826 from Ovid, Seneca County, New York, to Cuyahoga County, Ohio, in 1835 to Wilkins Grove, Will County, Illinois, and in 1839 to Rock Island County, Illinois, along the Mississippi River. Nye Severns died at age 75 on Sunday, December 2, 1877.” <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/21809738/nye-severns>

Harry Tracy's Severns lineage goes back nine generations to John and Abigail Kimball Severns. He was born about 1609 in Rattlesden, Mid Suffolk District, Suffolk, England. And died April 9, 1882 in Salisbury, Essex County, Massachusetts. He married 1st Abigail Kimball about 1637 in England. He married 2nd Susanna Ambrose on Oct. 2, 1663 in Salisbury, Massachusetts.

1880 U.S. Census, Wisconsin (Lodi, Wisconsin).

98107	Severns, Orlando	W	M	31	farmer	Wisconsin	Illinois	Illinois
	" , Sarah	W	F	29	wife keeping house	Wisconsin	England	
	" , Harry	W	M	5	son at home	Wisconsin	Wisconsin	

"Tracy A Lodi Product

Lodi Newspaper Says the Oregon Convict Was Born There.

The Lodi Enterprise claims for Lodi the distinction of having been the birthplace of Harry Tracy, the Oregon convict, who ended his life on the eve of capture after a series of murders and crimes almost unparalleled even in the west. The Enterprise says in part:

"Many years ago – so the story is told to the Enterprise – there stood a little old house on the property now occupied by John Granat. A family by the name of Severin resided there, the head of the family being a day laborer. The offspring was named Harry Tracy Severin [someone saw the need to slip in Tracy but it was not a childhood name.], and the neighbors who remember the lad do say that he was a 'holy terror' in every sense of the word. He would swear at his parents and unless his commands were obeyed would display his temper in a manner calculated to give some one a severe fright.

"The family moved to the northern part of the state, after which their former neighbors and friends lost track of them. The recent exploits of the western outlaw, Harry Tracy, brought the facts back to the memory of some of the early settlers, and they are firm in the belief that Harry Tracy Severin, the neighborhood terror when he was a kid, and Harry Tracy, the outlaw, are one and the same.

"The story is related by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haggart, both of whom remember the Severin family, and others say they distinctly remember the family resided there." Portage Daily Register (Wisconsin), Friday, August 8, 1902.

"In all the annals of outlawry of the last decade there has been no bolder criminal than Harry Tracy, the desperately cool, agile-witted, foxily-cunning and brutally murderous convict who has for the last few weeks terrorized the entire Northwest."

The Personal Characteristics of Harry Tracy:

“Tracy is a man of medium built, close-mouthed, pleasant when with men or women for whom he feels no apprehension, inclined to boyish outburst of laughter and gaiety. In the hold-up of the German family near Seattle, he whistled a waltz and asked one of his captives to dance with him. He reads newspaper accounts of himself and seems highly amused. He is fond of children, and whenever he comes in contact with them caresses them. He has the speech and manners of a man of some education; he evidences at times some signs of refinement in action and on occasion can be courteous.

But withal there is a deadly cold glitter of a pale gray eye [dark blue], the viciously resolute jaw, the seamed face of hardship and the general appearance of murderous brutality. His killing of Merrill because he became suspicious of the latter, by hooting him through the back, and the licking and choking of the inoffensive farmhand, Anderson, whom he kidnapped, are evidences of his brutality. No better illustration of his carelessness for danger could be given, or, in fact, no better character demonstration that that at the time he coolly stepped from the Gerrells farm house, jokingly told the imprisoned women that he had visitors coming, and stood with rifle in hand openly laughing at the posse of farmers who were breathlessly running toward him. His boldness is almost that of insanity. His generalship has been sufficient to enable him to openly defy all law and order and escape easily from the meshes spread by a thousand men, all seeking revenge, or the thousands of dollars’ reward offered for his dead body. During all his long flight he steadfastly refused intoxicants. His iron endurance, his perfect coolness and deadly aim, added to his fearsome record, have terrorized the residents of two states, and at this time the end is not yet. For days at a time he has merrily given his defy to all pursuers, although at times within the city limits of Seattle. He is here, there, everywhere, traveling from 20 to 60 miles a day back and forth, a living example of the futility of law when a man of his mark is involved.”

The Oregon Daily Journal, Saturday, July 12, 1902.

Harry Tracy like Bill Miner, the Grey Fox, told various tall tales about his life, and like Jim Grinder the Flathead Reservation outlaw he told of being born in various places. This was usually story-telling and to throw people off from the truth. As evidenced in the following newspaper account of his birthplace and age.

“From prison records his crime – or at least part of them – are known. From the woman who married him and for several months followed the various fortunes of a crook’s wife, comes the only information regarding his birthplace and early years. Tracy is 31 years old. He was born either in Louisville, Ky., or in New York. [In 1902 he was 27 and he was born in Pittsville, Wisconsin according to the 1880 Wisconsin U.S. Census.]

The officers who have been most familiar with him incline to the latter place. Tracy once told a guard in the Oregon penitentiary that he was born in Dutchess County, opposite Newburg, N. Y.

He certainly has a great familiarity with that country. On the other hand, he also knew Louisville, and told of associating with a crowd which he called the “Deer Creek gang,” in Cincinnati, O. [I could not find any information on the Deer Creek gang.]

In Chicago he claims to have been first arrested and served sentence for some petty offense. Certain it is that he came West in 1896, for even then his name figured on the police records of Denver as a bad character. He may have been in the West early as 1894.

“Bad Dude: Desperado Harry Tracy was city’s most “unfavorite” son.” by Dave Engel, Tribune Correspondent.

“Pittsville – Maybe it won’t be fireworks you’ll hear Saturday at Pittsville. Maybe it’ll be Harry Tracy come home.

Harry Tracy, the desperado “and dog of the Wild Bunch,” probably was the baddest, meanest, most “unfavorite” son in Pittsville’s 100-year history.

The Tribune of July 23, 1902, knew Tracy was “a bold, bad man. And he hails from Wood County.

“It would seem that men born or reared in Wood County are destined to become famous in one way or another, if not as a lawmaker or politician, then along the criminal line.”

According to the Tribune, Harry Severns was born at Pittsville in 1873, not leaving town until he was a teen-ager. He was the oldest grandson of J. Q. Severns, a moral and industrious pioneer, Civil war veteran and justice of the peace.

During his life in Pittsville, one of Harry’s chief ambitions, said the Tribune, was to be considered a ‘tough.’”

“While he succeeded in this to a certain extent, nothing was thought of him as a desperate character, he merely being classed among the rising generation of bad boys that can be singled out in almost every community.”

Tracy left Pittsville with his parents, Orlando and Sarah Severns, in 1889 or 1890, for a homestead on Derosiers Lake at the new village of Chittamo, near Minong, but returned often to stay with his grandparents.

At Chittamo, Orlando Severns was elected school treasurer but soon disappeared with public funds. He surfaced in Kansas and was killed in 1891 while working as a railroad section foreman.

“Sarah Severns then married Ed Goodwin at Chittamo, not “a man named Tracy” as had been claimed. Harry continued to log in the woods in winter and to travel to the Dakotas to harvest grain in summer.”

In 1895, he seems to have stolen \$2 from a fellow crew member, was chased by a posse and made a getaway. How Harry Severns achieved the name of Tracy is not known....

“Many of the residents of Pittsville remember Tracy as a bright and intelligent boy,” said the reporter on July 31, 1902. “He was wild, some say, but no one could have predicted the life for him that he has led since he left Wood County.” ... The Daily Tribune (Wisconsin Rapids), Friday, July 3, 1987, “River City Memoirs.”

Harry’s sweetheart was Eugenie (or Jeanie) Carter, and he desperately wanted to marry her and start a new life together. But that took money. So he robbed a post office of \$160. He was kissing Eugenie goodbye as he prepared to hightail it out of town when the sheriff spotted him and opened fire quickly becoming the first man Harry sent to his grave.

Another version:

“Last of the Desperados”, story by George W. Morrow, illustrations by Jac Crawford

“At 17 he drifted into Missouri where he met Jeanie Carter, a local Ozark beauty with whom he fell in love. When he robbed the post office and killed the sheriff of a small Missouri town. Jeanie helped him escape West.

At first she tried to reform him, but when she saw crime was his life, she gave up and joined him. Their romance lasted through shootouts with posses – one headed by her own brother – and jail breaks. Her luck ran out when she was killed by a lawman in Idaho.” Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.

When he turned up later in Missouri, Harry had acquired the surname of Tracy. He hid in an Ozarks shack for a while, then forced two men identified as “bums” to help him rob eight hunters, making off with \$750.

For a while he was in Cincinnati, then Chicago. In Salt Lake City he was arrested for an attempted holdup and sentenced to a year in the Utah Penitentiary. He soon escaped by outwitting a guard and headed for Colorado.

In Colorado, he labored in the goldfields before moving on to Billings, Montana and learning the cowboy trade. By the time he'd reached adulthood he was actively taking part in acts of robbery and theft. One account says: “He started out as a Wisconsin logger and by the age of 21 had drifted west to a logging camp on Loon Lake north of Spokane (his cabin there later became yet another Tracy tourist attraction). Then he drifted to Montana and Utah and at some point decided stealing was easier than working.” Tracy was more interested in rustling cattle. After killing a deputy sheriff named Arly Grimes, he fled back to Colorado, where he reportedly killed two more men.

“It seems Harry Tracy Severn came west to Loon Lake, some 40 miles northwest of Spokane when he was twenty-one and worked as a lumberjack for J. W. Dunlap, while working for Dunlap

(probably as a cook) got into it with two Wilman brothers over their married sister having an affair with Tracy, thus he went into his life of crime.

My father claimed that it was believed his mother killed her first husband by drowning him in a lake but the body was never found so couldn't be proven. They say she wanted to get rid of him so she could marry Uncle Ed, which she did. Perhaps her son Harry came by his callousness naturally.” [His father Orlando actually ran off deserting the family.]

Ricky Moore <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm> [Pat Goodwin and Ricky (Goodwin) Moore are children of Percy Goodwin, the oldest son of John (Johnny) Lyman Goodwin. Percy was born in Washburn County in 1890. Percy lived in Washburn County until 1905 and was educated through the 8th grade at Chittamo school. He left in 1905 at age 15 and went west to Montana in search of his father. He returned about 1907 and lived with his sister, Emma, and her husband in the Cloquet, MN area until 1911 and then returned to Montana. His next visit to Washburn County was in 1964. Harry Tracy/Severens worked for Johnny Goodwin and became Ed Goodwin's stepson. People Histories; Outlaw Harry Tracy (aka Harry Severens of Minong, Wisconsin) written by Ricky Moore]



This is a photo as noted on the photograph, 'Home of Harry Tracy Outlaw,' Loon Lake, Wash.' It was thought that Harry Tracy occupied this log cabin on Loon Lake, WA, during his criminal career. Not so claims Lorinda Travis of the Loon Lake Historical Society. Harry Tracy lived in this remote Cabin on the shores of the lake while on the dodge from the law for his scrape in Fargo, ND. But it was prior to his reign of crime and terror. If you are at all intrigued by this honest to goodness “Wild West” story, it is recommended you select the name on Google Search. You will see a wealth of selections. The one we recommend is, “Tracy Outlaw Harry - Washburn County.” This article, written by Ricky Moore, confirms Lorinda Travis's factual story. This photo is courtesy of the Loon Lake Historical Society for which CDPHS is sincerely grateful.



At the age of 20 years, Harry (Severns) Tracy struck out on his own. Having developed a highly accurate marksmanship he stopped in Fargo, North Dakota. He and some chums robbed a friend and went out on the town for some fun and girly games. The fellow they robbed called the Sheriff but Harry escaped and headed west. Somehow he ended up at Loon Lake, Washington, where he landed this Lake cabin and a Logging job which lasted a year. He then pulled up stakes and headed for Utah. Thus began his life of ruthless crime and endless killing. This photo is also compliments of the Loon Lake Historical Society. <http://www.cdphs.org/index.html>



THIS COMPOSITE PHOTO of Tracy the Bandit and a 1902 bloodhound-led posse on the prowl after the legendary outlaw and killer is from a new book, "Tough Men, Tough Country," by the Oregon writer, Ellis Lucia, published by Prentice-Hall. It is from Walter Denton collection, Oregon State Library.

Tracy the Lumberjack

By Gary Williams

ON PAGE 442 of the American Guide Series, volume on Washington: (A guide to the Evergreen State, 1941) is written the following:

"On the west bank of Loon Lake (some 40 miles northwest of Spokane) is a log hut; it was once occupied by Harry Tracy, better known as 'Tracy the Bandit,' probably the most notorious outlaw of the state since the turn of the century."

Since Tracy has always been one of my favorite "badmen" and I had researched an article on him, I took considerable interest in the claim that he had once inhabited the Loon Lake region. Frankly, my first thoughts were that this was probably just another fictitious tale about this remarkable turn-of-the-century desperado. A couple of trips, however, to the Loon Lake district turned up several old timers who shed a little more light on the story.

FIRST talked to Mr. Qualls, who had owned the Loon Lake General Store for several decades. He was firmly convinced that Tracy had indeed resided on the west side of the lake and had worked for several months in the area. He sent me out to talk with one of the oldest residents of this colorful, wooded region, Archie Swope, 76-year-old retired postmaster of Loon Lake, who had spent the better part of his life around the lake. Swope told me, "Tracy worked for ol' man Dunlap in the winter of 1896-97. He built a small log cabin just across the lake at Corbin's Bay."

The record discloses that Tracy first came to the attention of the law in the spring of 1897 when he was arrested on a burglary charge in Provo, Utah, and was sent to the Salt Pen from which he soon escaped to begin his long reign of terror. If the timetable of the Loon Lake story is to be accepted it would appear that Tracy journeyed from Washington state to Utah where he got in his first serious trouble.

TRACY showed up in the Loon Lake community at the age of 21, having drifted west from his home state of Wisconsin. At the lake he gained employment as a lumberjack under a local lumber and railroad tycoon of sorts, J. W. Dunlap. Young Tracy built a cabin a short way from the lake's edge near Big Island in Corbin's Bay.

According to the local legend, in time an affair bloomed between Tracy and a married woman. The woman's two brothers, the Wilman boys, so goes the tale, came calling at the Tracy cabin one winter's night. Their visit was not a social one for they sported guns, and were bent on breaking up their sister's affair with the future number one Northwest killer. (Another source told that the brothers had it in their minds to blackmail Tracy, though this doesn't seem logical.)

Whatever the exact purpose of their mission, the Wilmans caught Tracy and his paramour at the cabin and Tracy electing not to talk it over, high-tailed it under a hail of gunfire out of the cabin and down to the lake's edge. It was the dead of a Northwest winter, and with the thermometer shivering down below the zero mark, the young

lumberjack-lover took out running across the frozen ice.

Tracy never returned to the Loon Lake country. Some months later he embarked on his lengthy career of banditry, killing and escape that was to write his name in the history books as one of the most daring and feared outlaws ever to turn his guns on society.

QUALLS tells that J. W. Dunlap (now deceased) once showed him Tracy's name in a ledger listing the lumberman's employees. Archie Swope says that when Tracy made his hasty retreat, he had several months' back wages coming to him, and that Dunlap stated, "If Tracy shows up around here, I'll pay him the wages he's got coming."

This in itself wouldn't have been such an interesting statement, had it not been made when the West's greatest man-hunt was in full swing in the summer of 1902, after Tracy busted out of the Oregon pen and was heading toward eastern Washington. Tracy was finally surrounded at the Eddy Ranch near Creston, Wash., in a wheat field on the evening of August 5 and when the posse moved into the field the following morning to get him, they found the desperado lying dead where he had committed suicide during the night.

Some believed that Tracy was heading toward Loon Lake when he was killed; possibly to collect the wages due him to further aid his flight to Wyoming's outlaw retreat "Hole-in-the-wall."

Others expressed the opinion that he was making for Loon Lake to settle accounts with the Wilman brothers.

However accurate these theories were, the story adds an interesting new chapter to the saga of outlaw Tracy.

Tracy's cabin was destroyed by fire during a July 4th celebration in the late 1920s. We are glad that Archie Swope saved an old, rare postcard photo of Tracy's Loon Lake cabin, and allowed us to use it.

THIS WAS the Loon Lake cabin of Harry Tracy, outlaw. (Photo Courtesy of Archie Swope of Loon Lake.)



“Exploits Almost Incredible.

It was, however, not till later that he learned something of the remarkable career of the younger of the two bandits, and when he did he might well have doubled many of Harry Tracy's exploits. They are substantiated by undoubted evidence. They eclipse the boasted escapades of the James gang, “Billy the Kid,” Newt Force, the Younger brothers, and other famous outlaws who sooner or later were killed or captured. Since his last escape several statements of his past career are current. One is that he is a half-breed Mexican, one Manuel Arbertinez, but the most credible account is given by a former sheriff of Montana, who arrested him for a petty theft in 1890 at Dillon, Mont., where he gave the name of Harry Garr, then nineteen years of age.” Evening Bulletin, (Honolulu, Hawaii), Saturday, August 16, 1902. Of course, he was not a native of Mexico, it was another “cover” story of his. Although one division of the three Wild Bunch gangs was the Mexican Division of cattle rustlers.

Harry Tracy or Harry Garr [or Henry Garr], as he then called himself, made his entry "of record" as a criminal in 1891, at Dillon, Montana, where he was arrested by Sheriff Addison O. Rose for stealing a keg of beer. “He gave his age as 19 years and his parents' residence as Missouri. Of his history from the time he left Missouri to that of his arrest at Dillon nothing is definitely known I expect that it was so shady that he would not talk of it. Tracy's early training was evidently not of the best. He remarked to Sheriff Rose on learning that that official had corresponded with his father on the subject of his being in jail: "Well, I don't care a 'cuss.' The old man stole hogs back in Missouri." On his release from the Dillon Jail Garr, as he was then known, disappeared, and for several years no one who knew him at Dillon heard anything of him.

In 1897, in the photograph sent out by the authorities of Harry Tracy, an escaped convict from the Utah penitentiary. Sheriff Rose recognized his former prisoner, Harry Garr.” History of the Remarkable Desperado's Career One Long Record of Murder, Robbery, and Treachery, San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 68, August 7, 1902. [“Former Sheriff Is Dead - Word was received in Dillon last week of the death of Addison O. Rose who died at Reno, Nevada, on the 23rd of last month. Mr. Rose was 78 years of age and his death was due to infirmities incident to old age. The deceased was a former Sheriff of Beaverhead county, serving for our years. He later served the county in the lower branch of the state legislature, being active during the campaign when Dillon was selected for the site of the normal college.” The Dillon Examiner (Dillon, Mont.), August 3, 1921.]

“Tracy's Real Name Henry Garr

So Says ex-Sheriff Rose of Beaverhead County, Montana.

“The real name of Harry Tracy, the Oregon desperado, is Henry Garr, who begun his career of crime in Montana in 1891,” said A.O. Rose, ex-sheriff of Beaverhead county, Montana. Mr. Rose has for the past five years resided near Payette, Idaho. He was four years sheriff of Beaverhead county, Montana, and later was employed as a special detective by the Oregon Short Line Railroad company with headquarters at Dillon, the county seat of Beaverhead county.

Prior to being elected sheriff of Beaverhead county he was a freight conductor on the Oregon Short Line. He is visiting R. C. Halliday, proprietor of the Grand hotel in this city, who was a passenger conductor on the Oregon Short Line running out of Butte, Mont., at the time the former was running freight trams. The above statement was made by Mr. Rose last evening in relating some of his experiences with criminals in Montana, a decade ago. Continuing he said:

Positive he is Garr.

“I am positive that Harry Garr, whom I arrested at Dillon in the spring of 1891 for stealing a keg of beer from the depot platform is none other than Harry Tracy, the escaped convict of the Salem penitentiary. I first learned that Garr had taken the name Tracy in 1897, when I received a photograph from the warden of the Utah penitentiary, accompanied by a notification that he, with four other prisoner, had effected his escape while in custody.

“At the time of his arrest at Dillon, Garr, or Tracy, could not have been over 18 years of age, although he gave his age as 19. He received a jail sentence of 60 days for the theft of the beer, and on his release he went to work for a ranchman in the southern part of the county. He was with his employer but a short time when he made off with goods to the value of about \$20. He was captured and returned to the jail at Dillon. He was tried and convicted and was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary in Deer Lodge.

“While serving his sentence I received a letter from his father from a town in Missouri, the name of which I have now forgotten. When young Garr was again set at liberty he returned to Dillon and secured some clothing he had left in my care. He then went to work with a gang of woodchoppers, but soon tired of that, and decamped in company with another youth, after robbing the camp. I then lost sight of him until I received his photograph from the warden of the Utah penitentiary.

Chose Career of Crime.

“An incident of his final disappearance from Montana, which shows that he had elected a career of crime, was that when he robbed the woodchoppers’ camp there was owing him in wages about \$30, and that the stolen goods did not exceed the value of \$15. He could not resist the temptation to steal. When he returned for his clothes after serving time in the Deer Lodge penitentiary about the first question he asked me was whether I had heard from his folks in Missouri. I told him that I had and he wanted to know what I had replied.

“I told him that I had informed his father of his incarceration in the penitentiary for burglary. He said: “What in h—l did you do that for?”

“You did not expect me to tell him you had been elected governor of Montana, did you?” said I.

“he remained silent a few moments, and then said” “O, I don’t care a cuss; the old man (meaning his father) stole hogs in Missouri.”

When Garr was taken to the Deer Lodge penitentiary he was accompanied by another youth about his own age and a man named Marks, who were sentenced for burglary. Marks, after his release, disappeared, but the young man returned to Dillon, and about two weeks later held up a man on the streets of Butte and was sentenced to 40 years in the penitentiary. The real name of Marks was Morrise, and his home was at Stockton, Cal.” The Spokesman Review, Tuesday, July 8, 1902.

Another version:

“Knocked His Father.

This Sheriff had some correspondence with Garr’s father in Missouri. In response to the father’s request for information about the some word was sent that the boy was serving term for theft. When his time was up he asked if any one had heard from his folks, and when told that information about him had been sent to his parents he said: “What in hell did you do that for?”

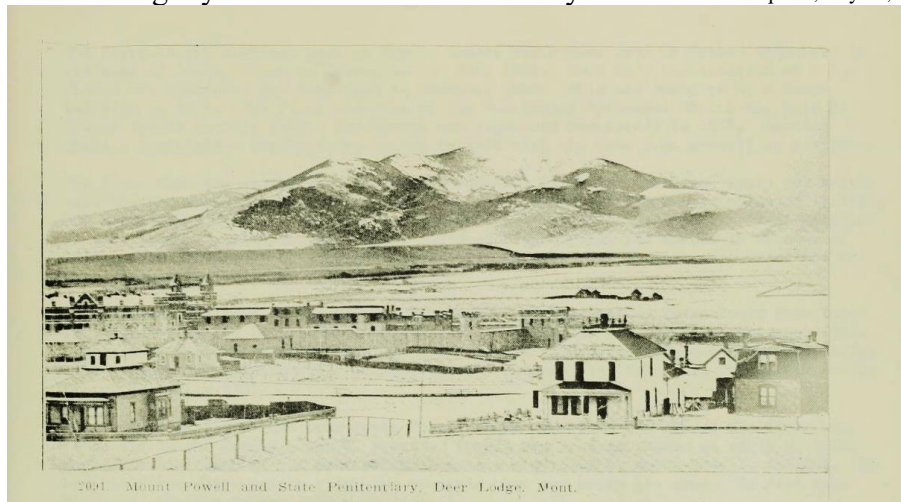
“You did not expect me to tell him you had been elected Governor of Montana, did you.”

He remained silent a few moments and then said: “O, I don’t care a cuss; the old man (meaning his father) stole hogs in Missouri.”

This ex-sheriff, A. Rose, also says: “I am positive that Harry Garr, whom I arrested at Dillon in the spring of 1891 for stealing a keg of beer from the depot platform; is none other than Harry Tracy, the escaped convict of the Salem Penitentiary. I first learned that Garr had taken the name of Tracy in 1897, when I received a photograph from the Warden of the Utah Penitentiary, accompanied by a notification that he, with four other prisoners, had effected his escape while in custody.”

This statement is borne out by subsequent events, for in that year Tracy, in company with one Lant, robbed a store in Cache County, Utah, and followed that up by several other daring robberies.

For these crimes they were finally taken by a posse who, disguised as “tenderfeet,” rode up as Tracy and Lant were preparing for another foraging tour. Tracy was saddling his bronco, and while he was busy with the saddle the officers put revolvers to his head and demanded his surrender. The outlaw had no choice. His companion was also taken and both were sentenced to a term of eight years in the Utah Penitentiary.” *The Cincinnati Inquirer*, July 13, 1902



“Knew Tracy When He Was In Butte

Local Boniface Tells Inside Facts About Desperate Man Terrorizing The Coast. Escaped Convict Had Many Friends In City

Always Seemed to Be Well Fixed Financially and Frequently Played Races – Disappeared Suddenly and When Next Heard from was Charged With Murder in Colorado.

Harry Tracy, the convict who is giving the entire Northwest a scare, spent some weeks in Butte about four years ago and is well remembered by Harry Peterson, a bartender, at the “M & M,” saloon.

“Tracy frequently came in here,” said Peterson yesterday, and he was always a quiet sort of fellow who would never give the impression that he was a desperate criminal. He had many friends in the city and some of them are here now. He used to play the races in the poolrooms frequently when he was here and had plenty of money at all times.

“He disappeared from here suddenly and next thing I heard of him was that he was in some sort of trouble in Colorado. I believe he was charged with murder. I had forgotten all about him until he started on his last rampage.

“Tracy was a Mexican and was a leader in the once notorious “Hole-in-the Wall” or Powder Springs gang of outlaws that infested the northwestern corner of Routt county, near the Utah and Wyoming lines, which committed murder, robberies and other depredations almost at will, keeping the settlers in three states in constant fear for the safety of their lives and property. [He was not part of the main or Butch Cassidy gang, as Hole-in-the-Wall was a refuge for dozens of small gangs and several of the better known gangs.]

Member of Bad Gang.

“For years prior to the lynching of one of the ringleader, Jack Bennet, in 1898, the gang operated extensively, but the lawless career of its members came to a sudden termination then. The murder of William Strong, a boy who was protecting his father’s cattle from the gang’s depredations, caused the citizens of Western Colorado to demand the extermination of the gang. A posse of sheriffs was formed and war declared on the desperadoes. [The boy was actually Willie Strang and he was riding with the outlaws as a camp follower.]

“Tracy about a year prior to this had escaped from the Utah penitentiary and with the famous “Butch” Cassidy he stirred the gang to more daring deeds of violence. When the posse encountered the outlaws a desperate battle was fought. Several were wounded on each side. Hoy, a member of the posse, was killed. Four of the outlaws were afterwards captured by a posse of the Utah militia and Colorado cowboys who had volunteered at the call of the governors of the two states. They were led by Deputy Sheriff Farnham. [See the actual story of this below]

“Jack Bennett, the first to be captured, was believed to be the murderer of Strong [Strang] and he was lynched near the Colorado line. Tracy, Lant and P. L. Johnstone were later taken into custody near Powder Springs, after a hot fight. Johnstone was taken to Wyoming, where he was

afterwards tried and sentenced for life. [Johnstone or actually Johnston was the real killer of Willie Strang.]

Charged with Hoy Murder.

“Tracy and Lant were jailed at Hahn’s Peak. Tracy was charged with the Hoy murder. They were threatened with mob violence, but before the lynching bee was planned they “beat up” the sheriff and fled. The sheriff took the stage for the nearest railroad point and a short distance from Hahn’s Peak Tracy and Lant got aboard, unaware of the officer’s presence. Sheriff Nieman made a quick move and soon had them in custody. [See this story below]

“From there they were taken to Aspen and closely guarded, but they managed to bind and gag the jail authorities and escape again. Large rewards were offered by Governor Wells of Utah and Governor Adams of Colorado, but no trace of the culprits was found until 1899, when Tract turned up at Portland, Ore., having been arrested for robbery. He was given a sentence of 20 years, and on March 20, 1899, he attempted to get out of prison by attempting to murder the jailer. The governors of Colorado and Utah were at loggerheads for six months as to which state should try Tracy, and it was while his disposition was being discussed that he made the two successful jail breaks.” The Butte (Montana) Daily Post, Tuesday, July 8, 1902.

KINSMAN TO TRACY RESIDES IN BUTTE

C. G. Willard, a young man employed at Rippe's cafe, is a second cousin to Harry Tracy, the escaped convict who met death at his own hands Tuesday night.

While Willard is not proud of his kinship to the most desperate outlaw of modern times, he admits being of the same blood as the dead bandit.

"Tracy's real name was Harry Severns,

read of Tracy's crimes in a daily paper and died the next day from the shock.

His "Wild Kinsman."

"Old man Severns married a Miss Waburn and his sister married my grandfather. This makes Tracy a second cousin of mine. I never saw the dead outlaw but had often heard my father speak of him as my 'wild kinsman.'

"I must confess to the fact that I do

C. G. WILLARD,



Young Man Well-Known in Butte Who Is a Second Cousin of Bandit Harry Tracy.

and he came of good stock," said young Willard this afternoon. "He was the grandson of J. Q. Severns, a highly esteemed and respected citizen of Pittsville, Wisconsin. It was not the fault of the old grandfather that the boy went wrong. When Tracy made his daring escape from the Oregon penitentiary, J. Q. Severns was on a sick bed and his relatives refrained from calling him of his grandson's last desperate act, for fear it would fill the old man. Later the feeble patient

not feel at all flattered in being the cousin of an outlaw, even if that outlaw is the greatest of them all. But then those ancestral relationships are things we cannot control.

"I am going to write back to some relatives at my old home in Pittsville and get an account of Tracy's early career. I am curious to know what started him on the road to crime, for by heredity he should have been an honest man and a gentleman."

The Butte Daily Post, Thursday, August 7, 1902, (The Butte Inter-Mountain).

"City Recorder N. J. Judah was yesterday in receipt of a communication from a woman in Chicago, Illinois, who signs herself Minnie Tracy and claims that she was married to Harry Tracy, the escaped convict, on April 8, 1893. She also enclosed a miniature photograph of herself for identification but thinks he, Tracy, would deny the relationship. The letter is self-explanatory is printed herewith:

“Dear Sir – I write you these few lines in regard to Harry Tracy. I saw in the Chicago American an item concerning Harry Tracy which is of no use for me to mention as you already know the details concerning it. The reason of my writing to you is that I am nearly positive by the picture which was sent that he is the man whom I was united to in '93, the 8th day of April.

“Harry Tracy was in the Pen at Little Rock, Arkansas, on August 14th he got out of there in about 9 months. You will enclose find a small picture of me but of course I expect he to deny ever seeing me but I will wait patiently to see. I only hope there could be some mistake but I am afraid there is none. I will close for this time, hoping to hear from you soon. Don't be afraid to tell me all. You will please oblige me. Respectfully, Mrs. Minnie Tracy.

“P.S. – In the letter which was sent to a gentleman it was stated that Harry Tracy was married to some other person. I hold my marriage certificate which can be referred to at any time.” Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 20, 1902, page 2.

“Record of Outlaw

Career of the Fugitive Before He Came to Oregon.

Tracy's career since his arrest and conviction for burglary in this city is well known. He was sent to the Salem penitentiary with David Merrill, whom he killed near Chehalis.

Tracy's Two Wives.

Tracy's family affairs seem to be somewhat mixed up as there are two women who claim him for their husband. One is Mollie Robinson, half sister of Dave Merrill, who escaped with Tracy. She lives in Portland. She is the properly accredited wife of the desperado in this country, as she is known to have been married to him and lived with him in various towns of the West.

The other woman in Chicago, calling herself Mrs. Minnie Tracy, and claiming to have been married to the convict in 1891. She declares that she understands that Tracy has since been married to another woman but that she holds her marriage certificate and can prove her wifehood. It is believed in Portland that the writer from Chicago is some girl who is seeking notoriety. In the event of Tracy's capture alive she will be communicated with.

In 1894 at age 19, a Colorado Springs saloon holdup was bungled by him, and two lawmen were killed as he fled. He went on to Montana, where he joined John Shortell's gang of horse and cattle thieves. Shortell would get drunk and beat up his Indian wife. Tracy, with his curiously exalted notion about the sanctity of women, put a bullet through Shortell's head during one of these brutal attacks.

“Harry dropped out of sight for a while after that, roaming the West and brooding over Eugenie, his lost love. Then, a miracle happened: out of the blue, he ran into her in Cripple Creek, Colorado. Harry wasn't going to let her get away again, and they were soon married. He seemed genuinely interested in turning over a new leaf. They bought a small ranch along the Snake River

below Lewiston, Idaho, where they were happy for a few months. Under an assumed name, Tracy seemed to be a reformed man and a good rancher. [It would be nice to know what that name was?]

Two friends were accused of stealing horses, and they headed to Harry's ranch to hide out. A posse tracked them down and surrounded the place. For once, Harry had no part in this crime. So he and Eugenie decided to flee an increasingly ugly situation. They tried to run for it. The posse opened fire, and Eugenie was hit. Harry went berserk and started shooting like a madman, killing three posse members and sending the rest running for their lives. Harry held Eugenie in his arms as she died, then gently placed her body on their bed. He mounted his horse and road off into the night. His one sincere attempt at "going straight" had ended in bloody failure. If Harry was bad before, it was nothing compared to how he behaved now. He particularly blamed lawmen for his woes." <http://www.jmarkpowell.com/meet-the-old-wests-last-gunfighter/>

"After this article was published in the Creswell Chronicle, a gentleman from Wisconsin named Jim Gardner got in touch with me. Jim, as it turns out, is related to Harry Tracy, whose real name was Severn -- Tracy Severn. Tracy's family was not proud of him, and when he died the Severns did not exactly rush to publicize the connection; in an age that had great faith in the power of genetics, having a vicious killer in the family made the neighbors wonder about the rest of one's clan. Enough time has gone by, though, for Jim to be comfortable telling the full story, which he did in the journal of the Outlaw-Lawman History Association in three articles in the early 1990s. Tracy grew up in Pittsville, Wis., a child of a highly respected and successful family, and as a youngster gave no sign of any predeliction to a life of crime and murder."

http://www.offbeatoregon.com/H1007b_outlaw-tracy.html

Robinson Township, Ottawa County

"Many area residents claimed that Harry Tracy once worked as a farm hand in Robinson Township and departed around 1894 to head west. Farmers said they knew him as Warren Sargent, a young and likable man.

The origin of his presence, or evidence of it, came via a letter in the possession of Edward Stearns, who lived in Robinson Township. Sargent had mailed Stearns the letter, postmarked from the state of Wyoming, a few years after he had left Ottawa County.

Stearns and others likely resurrected the letter and discussion of Warren Sargent after the Grand Haven Tribune published a picture of Harry Tracy on page 2 of its Aug. 18, 1902, edition.

Stearns' mystery letter and its supposed writer became a novelty news item in some West Michigan newspapers shortly after the Aug. 6, 1902, death of Harry Tracy.

The Detroit Free Press, which published an article about the mystery letter on Jan. 3, 1903, vouched for Stearns' integrity and the letter's authenticity. The newspaper said Stearns was "one

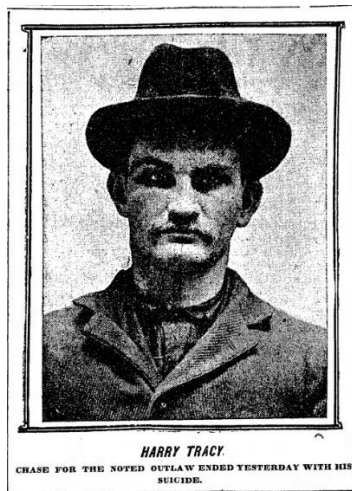
of the best known young men of Robinson Township” and the “letter which Sargent wrote explaining his identity is still preserved.”

In the letter, believed to have been written and delivered to Edward Stearns a couple of years after Warren Sargent headed west, the man stated, “my right name is not Warren Sargent, but Harry Tracy.”

From the tone of the Stearns letter it was taken that Sargent, or rather, Tracy, was “leading a wild life out west,” newspapers reported.

Historians write that Tracy charmed women with his courteous manners, was respected by men and always spoke fondly of his mother. This is how farmers in Robinson Township also described Sargent.

Sundance gang in Robinson Twp.? There have been numerous legends in Ottawa County history, but one that surfaced at the end of 1902 created a lot of excitement and to this day remains a mystery.” Kevin Collier Dec. 31, 2012. <http://www.grandhaventribune.com/article/strange-grand-haven/274231>



Detroit Free Press, Saturday, August 7, 1902. The Salt Lake Tribune, Thursday, August 7, 1902.

“Farm Hand in Ottawa County

Farmers Think Outlaw Harry Tracy Was.

Grand Haven, Mich. – January 2. – Eight years ago a young man who went by the name of Warren Sargent appeared in a farming community in Robinson township, Ottawa Co., and worked for a time for different farmers in that township. He made the acquaintance of any of the young men and girls of the neighborhood and was well liked. After a time he went away and told those of his acquaintance that he was going west. Shortly after Ed Stearns, one of the best-known young men of the township, received a letter from Sargent written in Wyoming, in which the latter stated that his right name was not Sargent, but Harry Tracy. From the tone of the letter

it was taken that he was leading a wild life in the west, and now the people of Robinson are satisfied beyond doubt that the great bandit who stirred the west by his daring crimes and adventures a few months ago was none other than the farm hand they knew as Sargent. His pictures, too, bear a striking resemblance. The letter which Sargent wrote explaining his identity is still preserved.” Detroit Free Press, Saturday, January 3, 1903.

“In late February 1898, Brown's Park Justice of the Peace J. S. Hoy issued warrants accusing John "Judge" Bennett and P. L. "Pat" Johnson of killing cattle. Routt County included the Colorado portion of Brown's Park, so Sheriff Charles Neiman was called upon. Prior to being elected sheriff, Neiman had been stationed in Brown's Park to look after cattle. His intimate knowledge of the region made him the ideal lawman to pursue the area's first arrest.

By the time Neiman and Deputy Sheriff Etan Allen Farnham reached the Bassett Ranch near Lodore Canyon, word was out that Johnson had killed local ranch hand Willie Strang. Johnson and Bennett fled the scene heading for Powder Springs, another outlaw hideout on the Colorado/Wyoming border. Here they met Harry Tracy and partner David Lant, who recently escaped the Utah State Penitentiary together. Johnson, Tracy, and Lant decided to make a run for Robber's Roost while Bennett took off on his own.

The boy had been tagging along with the outlaws, and after a card game which lasted all night, he was horsing around and thought he would pull a prank. He either pulled a chair out from under outlaw Patrick Louis Johnson as he was sitting down, or threw a pan of cold water in his face (accounts varied). Johnson started shooting at the boy's feet to scare him and make him "dance," but he accidentally shot and killed the boy (he may have actually shot him on purpose, since he had a bad temper and had killed men before).” [http://www.eltiste-kaiser.com/HoyFile/Hoy-](http://www.eltiste-kaiser.com/HoyFile/Hoy-1/ValentineShadeHoy.htm)

[1/ValentineShadeHoy.htm](http://www.eltiste-kaiser.com/HoyFile/Hoy-1/ValentineShadeHoy.htm) Another version is “The boy was going from the cabin to the corral and Johnson calmly remarked to one of his pals standing nearby that he guessed he would shoot the — —. He lifted his gun and sent a bullet through the boy, who lingered nineteen hours in great agony. Hoy was very much attached to the boy and his cruel and unprovoked murder, added to the humiliation he (Hoy) had suffered at the "rustlers" hands at the Two Bar ranch and the repeated loss of cattle through them, he was determined to bring the men to account, which he did, but at the loss of this own life.” <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/13593155/valentine-shade-hoy>

Meanwhile, Neiman and Farnham accumulated a posse, including Valentine Hoy, brother of J. S. Hoy.

On February 28, 1898, Colorado Sheriff Charles Neiman, led a posse after them. They caught up with the outlaws near Douglas Mountain.

On the first day of pursuit, just a few miles from the Bassett Ranch, the posse came across the abandoned camp of the three fugitives. Taken by surprise, the trio clambered up Douglas Mountain without their food, bedding, or horses, having run off with just their weapons. The posse gathered the renegades' belongings and headed back to the ranch, leaving Lant, Tracy, and Johnson stranded in the cold winter night. The posse took their horses hoping to flush them out of their hiding place. They followed their tracks until they led into a narrow defile, an easily defendable spot. They

finally cornered Tracy and his companions on a rugged mountainside in Lodore Canyon, high above the Green River. The posse had advanced up the treacherous cliffs to a spot just below a group of large boulders where they had the outlaws at bay.

The following morning, March 1, 1898, while sneaking up on their hiding place, Valentine came almost face to face with Harry Tracy in the rocks. Valentine talked to him and said that he was only interested in getting Pat Johnson, as he wanted him to pay for the death of Willie Strang. Tracy yelled down at him, "What kind of a fool are you, Hoy? Get back down there or I'll blow your head off!" Hoy chose to remain where he was. It was a fatal choice. When the rancher showed himself, Tracy rose up and fired once. Hoy tumbled down the hill with a bullet in his heart.

<http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm> [Other accounts say it was Johnson] The death of the prominent rancher brought more lawmen and posse members into the chase. The outlaws continued to elude the posse for several days through blustery cold weather. John "Judge" Bennett, one of Tracy's friends who attempted to bring them supplies, was caught and hanged from the gatepost of the Bassett ranch. Harry Tracy, the last "Wild West outlaw," gunned down after bloody Oregon jailbreak By Finn J.D. John — July 11, 2010. <https://www.legendsofamerica.com/harry-tracy/> ; http://assets.locable.com.s3.amazonaws.com/uploads/resource/file/3055/21_2.jpg

"Shortly after the shooting of Hoy, Boyd Vaughn, E.B. Thompson and Herb Bassett saw John Bennet approaching. The men concealed themselves before he discovered them. Bennett rode up near them, dismounted and fed his horse some oats he had tied to his saddle. He then walked to the top of knoll and discharged his six-shooter three times; waited a few minutes as if for an answer to his signal and fired his rifle once. The men came from their hiding and by detour rode up to Bennett who seemed not a little surprised.

"By a clever ruse Bennett succeeded in having Bennett accept an invitation to spend the night with him. Bennett and Bassett started for Ladore and Vaughn and Thompson continued their search for cattle. They soon found Neiman and Farnham, arriving there before Bennet. When that worthy was about to enter the house he was faced by two officers and made a prisoner without any trouble.

"Farnham was placed in charge of Bennett, but the following day was forced to yield at the muzzle of about ten Winchesters. The masked men threw a sack over Bennett's head, informed him that he had made his last gun play and without further ceremony strung him up to the cross piece over a corral gate. Bennet pleaded for his life and offered to tell all he knew but his pleadings were in vain. His body was buried in the gulch a few hundred yards from where he was hung. Vernal Express (Utah), Thursday July 25, 1957.

Although cold and hungry, Lant, Johnson, and Tracy held the advantage and forced the posse to retreat. "With darkness falling and one man dead the posse abandoned its hunt for the night, but three days later, on Friday, March 4, the lawmen finally pinned down their quarry in a gulch near Lookout Mountain, some 60 miles from where Hoy had been killed.

The outlaws' stronghold was situated in a deep valley and was bordered on the south by the Green River. Setting their course toward the west entrance to Brown's Hole, some 80 miles away, the desperados raced their horses parallel to the river, the posse pressing hard not far behind. Some hours later, the three men were once again cornered, and despite Tracy's protests, they decided to surrender. <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm> Tracy and Lant were

captured about six miles from Powder Springs. They had wandered far, their feet were bleeding and they were so exhausted from the loss of food and sleep that neither was able to hold a gun, although Tracy had taken one, it is said, from the body of Deputy Sheriff Hoy.

Johnson was taken to Wyoming for trial. Lant and Tracy remained in Sheriff Neiman's custody. During the Douglas Mountain standoff, Bennett was spotted and captured by other members of the posse. In the middle of the night, a lynch mob kidnapped him and hung him - a frequent occurrence where the locals were used to taking the law into their own hands. Fearing the same would happen to Lant and Tracy, Neiman avoided the main roads back to Hahn's Peak. Hahn's Peak jail was nicknamed the "bear cage." The 19th century 14x11-foot, two-cell jail with heavy steel bars looked more like a bear cage than a prison. For seasoned escapees, the cage offered little challenge. The sheriff left food in the corridor outside the cells, then locked the door of the room. When Neiman returned, the prisoners headed back from the corridor to their cells. Tracy created a diversion by asking Neiman for a match, and Lant was able to jump on Neiman. After a severe beating, Neiman pretended to be unconscious, while the two planned their escape. When he knew they were out of earshot, Neiman made a racket. Finally someone helped him escape from his own jail. Although Tracy and Lant had a head start, the harsh winter night forced them to stop and build fires along the way to keep warm. Before daylight, they rode south down Lincoln Avenue in Steamboat, and stopped for breakfast at the W. J. Laramore ranch just outside town. Neiman reached Steamboat in time to catch the stagecoach to Wolcott and was finally able to re-apprehend the fugitives when they tried to board."

http://assets.locable.com.s3.amazonaws.com/uploads/resource/file/3055/21_2.jpg

"Tracy apparently fancied himself a Jesse James figure, in a time when dime novels were romanticizing the fading era of Western bandits. He even wrote a poem about himself while in that Aspen jail. It mocked the courage of the lawmen who had tried, and failed, to capture him after his first escape.

During his incarceration, Tracy wrote a poem, which he gave to Sheriff Charley Nieman. It is published here for the first time, the courtesy of Sheriff Nieman's widow, Ruby, of Steamboat Spring, Colorado. (The spelling is Tracy's.)

We left the Salt Lake pen
As the sun was setting low
And walked along the railroad track
Untill our legs refused to go.
But we struck Park City early where the Morning sunbeams lit
On our stripped pantaloons where a happy party sit.
It's there we took to refuge in some jungles which stood near
and watched the brave policeman while around us they did stear.
It's there we ate our lunches and our weary limbs did rest
Until the sun was sinking in the far and distant West.
When we started on our journey for our home they call the wall
where very few detectives ever dair to call.

For their we have no sheap to heard and corn we do not hoe
 and for other kind of labor old sheats is rather slow.
 Joe Bush is also harmless with his doubled barreled gun
 For when he came to powder springs he was prepared to run
 He is out for noteriety and not atal for gain
 He may arrest a school boy or pull a hobo from a train.
 We claim to be no poetes but the truth we will plainly tell
 of those two brave detectives who have by the wayside fell.
 Now just one word to citesome who for protection cry
 Just vote for braver officers when the swallows homeward fly.
 Yours with Kind Love and Best Wishes
 Harry Tracy

The Spokesman Review, Sunday, July 21, 1963.

[As early as 1872, J. S. Hoy brought in a herd of cattle to Brown's Park, and in 1875, he established a cattle ranch in Colorado, near the mouth of Lodore Canyon, where he was later joined by his brother Valentine Hoy.

Valentine Shade Hoy was born on July 25, 1848 in Hoy's Gap, Marion Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, he was a Civil War veteran, in the Union Army, Company G, 11th Regiment, Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry. He was a Miner, Rancher, Cattleman and Livestock dealer. He was killed by Harry Tracy on March 1, 1898 at Brown's Park (Brown's Hole), Routt County, Colorado. Hoy Mountain was named in his honor. He married Julia Elinoise Blair on December 27, 1883.

Hoy's funeral was held in Fremont, Nebraska. Due to being a member of Fremont's Masonic Lodge, Valentine's body was accompanied by Masonic member's during the entire trip from Colorado to Nebraska. Valentine's final resting place is located in Ridge Cemetery in Fremont, along side his infant son and daughter, and his niece, Winifred M. Davis Chamberlin, the young daughter of his sister, Emily (Hoy) Chamberlin.]
<http://www.eltiste-kaiser.com/HoyFile/Hoy-1/ValentineShadeHoy.htm>



Valentine Hoy

Lant and his friends were taken to Lodore, Colorado, where a hearing was held before Justice of the Peace, James (J.S.) Hoy. He concluded that there was enough evidence for all the outlaws to be tried for Hoy's murder, although it was Tracy who pulled the trigger.

Because Johnston was wanted for the murder of Strang, of Hoy's young ranch hand, in Wyoming, he was turned over to Sweetwater County, Wyoming, Deputy Sheriff S.P. Swanson,

while Lant and Tracy, both wanted for escaping prison in Utah and for Hoy's murder, were transported to the Hahn's Peak Jail by Neiman, stopping briefly in Craig enroute.

After resting in Craig, Neiman successfully got his prisoners to Hahn's Peak and behind bars, but the outlaws were not to remain incarcerated for long.

Following their recapture, Lant and Tracy were returned to Hahn's Peak, but given their penchant for and skill at escaping, it was decided they could be more securely held in Aspen, which, at that time, boasted the most secure jail in Colorado.

The Aspen jail managed to keep the pair for several months as they awaited trial, but again using tactics similar to those that had freed them from Hahn's Peak, Lant and Tracy overpowered a jailer as he brought them food. The adamant Tracy wasn't to be held here long either. <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

"His first recorded jailbreak took place in 1898. Tracy, then 22 years old, had been sentenced to a term of one year in the State Penitentiary at Salt Lake City on July 10, 1897, following a burglary in Provo, Utah. Tracy (No. 939) was in the prison less than two months when he led three other convicts in a daring escape." <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

"One day, with half a dozen other convicts they were sent out to do some grading near the prison. One guard, John Van Stetter, attended them. Several attempts were made to divert the guard's attention, but he kept them all under close watch until Tracy by force of the unusual strength he is known to possess bent the blade of his shovel on a stone. The guard, thinking it an accident, approached to fix it, when the rest gathered around him so closely that he could not use the long-barreled rifle he carried. He had made a replica of a revolver out of wood and tinfoil, he snatched the toy revolver from his belt and threatened Van Stetter, he then wrenched the shotgun away from him. Tracy then made him exchange clothes with him and in the guard's uniform marched the little squad off across the fields, getting a long start before their escape was discovered. He then lit out for Vernal, Utah. [This trick was done by a couple other outlaws, Tom Blanck in 1894 and John Dillinger in the 1930s.]

After their flight Tracy and Lant separated from the others going towards Parley's Canyon, some of whom were recaptured, and moved about a few months. Tracy and Lant held up a man and his wife, who were driving in their direction and securing their buggy escaped into Colorado, where they naturally fell in with a tough gang of kindred spirits operating near Utah, Colorado and Wyoming borders and passing from one state to another as frequently as the officials of any locality became vigilant.

For a time they were under the leadership of George Curry, who is supposed to have taken part with his leader in the Wilcox train robbery. He is known to have been concerned while in Wyoming in the robbery of a bank at Belle Fourche and that of the post office at Big Piney. He was a member of both the Hole in the Wall and the Robbers' Roost gangs, and after the killing of Willie Shields in Wyoming by P. Johnstone, a member of the gang, he, with Dave Lant, Tracy and Jack Bennett, fled to Brown's Park in Routt County, Colorado. Here they committed numerous crimes, one of the being the killing of a ranchman named Hoy, for which Johnstone is

now serving a life sentence at Canon City, but which it is believed by many was the work of Tracy.” The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902

“After their arrest they were placed in the jail at Aspen, Colo., for safe keeping, and Governor Wells, of Utah, wired Governor Adams, asking that they be turned over to the Utah Government as escaped prisoners. Governor Adams consented, but Tracy and Lant held different views on the question. On the night of June 22, 1897, they escaped the Aspen Jail, and in doing so beat Jailer Jones into insensibility with a poker. Jones went into the cell to remove dishes from which the prisoners had eaten their supper. He was attacked by Lant, armed with a poker, and beaten into insensibility. Tracy then possessed himself of the jailer’s gun, but they were chagrined to find that he didn’t have the keys which would admit them to freedom. Nothing daunted they hid in the jail room, and when Sheriff Fisher entered to search for his jailer he found a pistol muzzle in his face, and heard Tracy say: “Throw up your hands, you -----.” Instead of doing so Sheriff Fisher turned and ran for his life, explaining afterward that he went for his gun. When he returned with the weapon both men were gone. Lant has never been captured or heard of since.” The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902

One version is: According to another report in the Courier, on March 22, 1898, while Neiman was locking the prisoners up for the night, Lant managed to slip into a vacant cell [one account has him breaking through the wall], and as Neiman was working to lock Tracy in, Lant overpowered the sheriff, beat him unconscious, freed Tracy and locked Neiman into Tracy’s cell.

Neiman reportedly regained consciousness in time to overhear the outlaws plotting their route of escape, which entailed fleeing south to Steamboat Springs, then taking the stagecoach to Wolcott, where they hoped to board the train.

After Lant and Tracy had fled, stealing two horses in the process, Neiman called for help and was released. He caught up to the pair the following day at the Laramore Ranch, just south of Steamboat, as they awaited the stage. As the outlaws had not yet acquired weapons, Neiman was able to recapture them without incident.

They are thought to have fled up and over to Breckenridge, eventually making their way to Kokomo, now a ghost town in Summit County. One account says they rode toward Ouray.

The account of the above incident as it appeared in the newspaper:

“Wanted By Colorado

Utah Outlaws Will Be Tried For Hoy’s Murder.

Now In Jail At Craig

Report That They Were Lynched Was Unfounded.

Governor Wells Will Not Demand the Return of the Convicts and They Will Be Tried in Colorado – Ranchmen Protest Against Their Return to Utah. (Special to the Herald.)

Denver, Colo., March 11. — A special to the News from Craig, Colo., via Rifle, Colo., tonight tells of the arrival at Craig of Sheriff Neiman and Under Sheriff Farnham on March 9 with Dave Lant and Harry Tracy, two of the gang which have been terrorizing Brown's park. The dispatch says the men were overtaken in a gulch full of snow, and tried to hide in the snow. The posse was sheltered by the bluff and a brisk fire was opened by the three outlaws. It was returned, and finally Johnson came out of the snowbank with hands up. Lant also started to surrender, when he was threatened by Tracy that he would be shot by the latter if he attempted to give up. The shots from the posse were coming closer and closer and Lant finally decided to surrender anyway. Tracy then gave up, but cursed his luck for being in company with such nerveless men.

Before the dispatch was received it was rumored here that Lant and Tracy had been lynched by settlers of Brown's park. The rumor had for authority the opinion of State Auditor Lowell, who owns a large cattle ranch in Routt county." The Salt Lake Herald, Saturday, March 12, 1898.

[David Barnabas "Dave Stillwell" Lant, born September 14, 1874 in Payson, Utah County, Utah and died on May 4, 1947 in Rio Blanco County, Colorado. The son of David and Elsie Tanner Lant, he had eight siblings and a son. Dave Lant, a book about him is "Dave Lant: The Vanished Outlaw," 1st Edition, 1988, by Douglas W. Ellison. "David Lant, as some may remember, was the cohort of the major outlaw and murderer, Harry Tracy. In 1897-1898 Tracy and Lant escaped the Utah State Penitentiary and both the Hahns Peak and Aspen jails before Lant disappeared forever. In Dick and Daun DeJournette's book "One Hundred Years of Brown's Park and Diamond Mountain," Dick claims that his dad told him exactly who David Stillwell was from his many first-hand conversations with Stillwell himself — he was David Lant. Also in their book are accounts from other old timers who were adamant that the mystery man was none other than Lant. This theory has some merit. In addition to correct timing, Rio Blanco and Moffat County are both within close proximity to where Lant grew up in Utah. It would make sense that he would stay relatively close, but not too close, to all that he knew and loved." <https://www.craigdailynews.com/news/from-the-museum-archives-the-outlaw-who-got-away-northwest-colorados-mystery-grave/>, "Somewhere between 1900 and 1910 a mysterious sheep herder appeared in Northwest Colorado who went by the name of David Stillwell. Though he would remain in Rio Blanco and Moffat counties until taking his own life in 1947, nobody knew anything about him. Local residents seemed to simply accept that Stillwell was an alias and that he was probably an outlaw hiding-out in their backyard — none of which bothered them very much. Which outlaw, however, was always the question. The museum, too, believes David Stillwell was an alias. The information he provided for the 1910 census doesn't match any known records. Stillwell also refused to openly talk about his past or the existence of any family members. He effectively went to his grave as a man with no past and no family." <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/17309455/david-barnabas-lant>]

bank president and directors were connected with the sheep industry. It was good business for the Vernal stores and the community.

They practically all have very interesting backgrounds and I wish I had time and space to mention it here. The men whom I will touch briefly on are Walt McCoy and his son Cliff who were long time local sheep raisers. The elder McCoy was among the valley's earliest sheepmen having come here as a young man. He was born in Indiana and then, with his family, moved to Dodge City, Kan., where he later joined up with some of the big trail herds coming out of Texas. It was with one of these herds that he found his way to Leadville, Colo., where he worked for a while. He then made his way to Ashley Valley where he went to work for Youngs, Ericksons and later John Reader. He was an expert with a pistol or rifle and considered a dead shot. He knew Pat Garrett, the sheriff who had killed Billy the Kid in New Mexico years before.

McCoy had the respect of all who knew him and did so all the days of his life. I can well remember him in his later years and he was a good friend of my father.

Walt worked for Readers for many years, taking sheep as his pay. In time

he built up a fine large herd of his own. He was among the early homesteaders on Diamond Mountain and his son Cliff and other family members homesteaded in the Bookcliffs giving them a wide variety of range. Some of their old cabins remain today and some are still in use. Mr. McCoy, along with his son Cliff, were among this area's most successful sheep raisers. As mentioned earlier, they used good judgement and weathered the hardest of winters in the Bookcliffs without too serious a loss.

Cliff later bought his father's interests and continued in the business successfully until 1963 when it was getting hard to find good help and they started passing laws banning the use of poison for coyotes. He could see the handwriting on the wall. Today, at 83, Cliff and his sons operate a successful cattle operation. They still run on land his father owned on Diamond Mountain many years ago.

An incident which happened on Diamond Mountain before the shooting of Valentine Hoy in Browns Park involved Dave Lant who had at one time worked for John Reader, and Walt McCoy made his acquaintance at that time.

(Continued in Wednesday Vernal Express)

Vernal Express (Utah), Friday, October 3, 1986.

All kinds attracted to sheep industry

By George E. Long
(Continued from Friday's Express)

McCoy said Lant was a good worker and a good boxer as he had boxed with some of the local hands. Later he got in trouble and ended up in the Utah penitentiary where he met Harry Tracy. In the fall of 1897 they escaped and made their way to Diamond Mountain and the surrounding area. They were out of grub so one day Lant came into McCoy's camp to obtain some. Tracy held back, hiding in a wash some distance away. He was the dangerous and crafty one of the two.

McCoy said Lant was very nervous and scared and he tried to persuade him to break away from Tracy, but Lant said he knew if he did that Tracy would hunt him down and kill him. So McCoy gave him some food, and Lant went on his way to join the cold-blooded killer, Harry Tracy. Later he shot Valentine Hoy in the Park, was caught and escaped, then went on to kill several more people before he came to his end by his own hand in the state of Washington in the summer of 1902.

Dave Lant was definitely out of place with the likes of Tracy and, like McCoy said, he just got on the wrong track. He went on to join the army and spent time in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War. After that not much is known about him, anyway he left the outlaw trail.

Walt McCoy never got into the more serious scrapes that some of the other sheepmen did. I'm sure part of it was the fact that many people knew some of his background at least and felt that he might give them more than they bargained for. Yes, it would likely be best to leave this man alone. Some I've heard considered it, but that was all it ever amounted to. Here was quite a man and no doubt about it. A builder of the community.

A sheep herder's wages back in those years around the great depression were from 40 to 50 dollars a month and board. If he got a five dollar a month raise it was really great. The owner, besides furnishing his board, furnished the camp gear, horses and other equipment. Usually most herders and camp movers were good cooks and you could almost always bank on a fine meal when you were at their camps. It was always custom to stay for dinner. Sour dough biscuits with mutton or deer meat and cooked just right. In most cases the owners

always provided a fine assortment of jams, canned fruits and a variety of canned vegetables in order to round out an excellent meal.

The Green and White rivers presented a formidable barrier to the sheepmen. Sheep had to be crossed by use of a ferry on the Green and by makeshift bridges on the White in some cases. One such case was by a swinging bridge near the John Glenn place on White River. It was a tedious job to say the least. You could also cross with team and wagon by using extreme care. Imagine putting several thousand head of sheep across the Green by ferry or doing the same by use of a narrow and not to surly swinging bridge.

A note of interest and a sorrowful one at that, about the swinging bridge by Glens on White River, was that one night a big wind storm came up and blew a tree over. Mr Glenn had his bed made under the tree and as a result was killed. A sad ending to a courageous and early White River pioneer.

Today there are only a few herds left in the valley. If they were all put together, they wouldn't make up as many herds as some of our early sheepmen owned individually. Floyd Cook, Dean Chew, Alvey Atwood, Lynn Siddoway and Doc Holmes about round up the herd owners here in the valley. These, along with a few local farm bunches, are nearly all that is left of the once numerous herds which made Vernal famous as a sheepman's headquarters for over 50 years.

Today a lot of the ranges where one used to be able to ride horseback for miles, are fenced. The BLM and Forest Service have the say as to the use of the public lands. Control of predators is almost non-existent. In fact, in some cases, they are protected. Dogs roam the countryside throughout the valley and at times cause serious losses among the farm herds.

You go into a grocery store and see lamb shipped in from New Zealand and Australia. The whole thing is disgusting, but it's not only the sheep industry, it's that way with a lot of other things that we could produce and make better right here in the good ole USA. We sure as heck used to do it.

APARTMENTS

Wednesday, October 8, 1986 Vernal Express 9



CLIFF MCCOY and his pack string prepare for the high country over 60 years ago. Horses, mules and burros were an important part in the sheep business back then.

Vernal Express (Utah), Wednesday, October 8, 1986.

[Charles W. Neiman, Pioneer Sheriff, Died Tuesday - Prominent In Development Of Routt County - One of the colorful figures of the Old West, prominent in the official and business life of Routt county for more than 63 years, passed to his reward in Steamboat Springs Monday when death claimed Charles W. Neiman after a short illness. He had celebrated his 86th birthday on March 24 of this year. He had seen and taken part in the growth of Routt county from the range cattle days up to its present development and had taken an active part in bringing about this growth thru the development of a fine ranch and expansion of irrigation. He was one of the leaders in securing the establishment of the Stillwaters reservoir on upper Yampa river. A few years ago he disposed of his fine ranch, retired from active work and has since made his home in Steamboat Springs. Charles Willis Neiman was born in Wilkesbarre, Pa., March 24, 1861, but as a youth moved with his parents to Kansas, where he attended the public schools and the State Agricultural college. In 1883 he moved to Southern Wyoming and rode for the L 7 Cattle company, one of the big outfits of that time, their operations extending onto Snake river. The next year he entered the employ of the Leavenworth Cattle company and later that of the Ora Haley company, operating on Snake river and the western part of what was then Routt county. He probably knew more about the early day cattle outfits of Snake and Yampa rivers during the days of the cattle rustlers, the avenging angel, Tom Horn, and his foray of assassinations than any one else living in recent years. As sheriff, Neiman and his deputies captured the noted outlaws, Lant and Tracy, and brought them to the Hahns Peak Jail. By a ruse they overpowered Neiman, bound and gagged him and escaped, only to be recaptured by Neiman and his deputy Milby Frazier, the next morning. They were taken to Aspen as being a more secure jail but soon escaped from there. The following bloody career of Tracy in the Northwest made front page news thruout the country a half a century ago. Charlie Neiman as sheriff had what it takes as a peace officer. Below the average in physical stature, he more than made up for it by a quiet, unhurried manner, a usually friendly, but on occasions, a steely eye and an iron determination to follow thru. Fear did not enter into the proposition. His

special deputy, Valentine Hoy, was killed by Tracy before the latter was captured in Browns park. Charlie Neiman was sheriff from 1896 to 1900 and then voluntarily retired, but the people again called upon him as a peace officer and beginning in 1918 he served three more terms as sheriff, a total of 10 years in office. On December 31, 1900, Mr. Neiman was united in marriage to Miss Ruby Carle, daughter of Judge W. W. Carle, a pioneer of the Yampa section. She survives him, as well as two children, Borden Neiman of Geneseo, Ill., and Mrs. Harper Forgey of Steamboat Springs. Steamboat Pilot, July 10, 1947]



Charles Neiman

[“The Wild Bunch hideout of Browns Park (originally called Browns Hole) is a 35-mile-long valley that sprawls from Moffat County through parts of extreme northeastern Utah into south-central Wyoming. Temporary residents have included such lawbreakers as Butch Cassidy, Matt Warner, Isom Dart, David Lant and Harry Tracy. Herb and Elizabeth Bassett kept a horse ranch in the hole, and their daughters Josie and Ann were known to aid and abet various badmen.” The Museum of Northwest Colorado Showcases Cowboys and Outlaws, Linda Wommack.]

“Another posse tracked Tracy and his pals a few days later and arrested them on a Colorado hillside. According to Jim Dullenty’s 1989 book, “Harry Tracy: The Last Desperado,” Tracy offered the deputy a deal.

“Give me a cup of coffee, a fresh horse and 25 yards head start, and I won’t bother you no more,” he said.

No deal. Tracy and his cohorts were charged with murder and taken to the Routt County Jail in Hahn’s Peak, Colorado. They weren’t there for long.” Moffat County’s most notorious: Outlaw Harry Tracy blazed trail of murder, mayhem in Old West, Jim Patterson.

“Within thirty days of capture, Dave Lant, Harry Tracy, W. H. Brown, and Frank Edwards hatched a plan for escape from the state prison near Salt Lake City. On October 7, 1897, the men escaped from a prison work crew while working on a water ditch. They were chased by a posse for over a month, but were never caught. They returned to the Vernal area and from there went on to Wyoming and the Hole-in-the-Wall. They stayed for just a short time before moving on to Powder Springs. They stayed there a short time before moving on to Robber’s Roost. With the help of friends, Lant and Tracy made it over Diamond Mountain to Brown’s Park. Here they were surrounded by passes from two states, having been joined in their flight by one Patrick Louis Johnson, who was also on the run for killing a ranch hand, 15 year old, Willie Strang, at Valentine Hoy’s spread at Brown’s Park.” <http://www.elitiste-kaiser.com/HoyFile/Hoy-1/ValentineHoy1.htm>]

“He and Lant succeeded in reaching a gang of robbers under the leadership of George Curry. With Curry, Tracy was probably concerned in the Wilcox train robbery, and certainly in the

robbery of the bank at Belle Fourche and of the post office at Big Piney, in the same year. Tracy was known as a member of both the "Robbers' Roost" and the "Hole-In-the-Wall" gangs of robbers.” [Flat-nose George Curry] History of the Remarkable Desperado's Career One Long Record of Murder, Robbery, and Treachery, San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 68, August 7, 1902. It has been said that Dave Merrill was in these gangs at the time, too. Although Jim Dullenty, author of “Harry Tracy, the Last Desperado,” 1989, thinks he never was a member of Butch Cassidy’s Wild Bunch. As there were several hundred members of the Wild Bunch he was certainly on the fringes of the gang. Too many early accounts connect him with Big Nose George Currie. Richard M. Patterson in his biography of Butch Cassidy wrote, “With one exception, nothing suggesting a connection has ever been uncovered. Kerry Ross Boren, the lone exception, says his grandfather, who was supposed to have known Butch, claim that Butch personally ordered Tracy to leave Brown’s Park. Tracy’s friends Patrick Johnson and Jack Bennett both knew Butch. This is more than is offered that he was not in the gangs of the Wild Bunch. Why did he want to go back to the Hole-in-the-Wall? The Wilkes Barre News of Thursday August 21, 1902 ran an article titled “Gave Tracy His First Lesson – Butch Cassidy, a Noted Western Outlaw Started Him in Criminal Career.” This in 1902 when Butch Cassidy was still alive and still active robbing trains.

[George Sutherland Currie (March 20, 1871 – April 17, 1900), also known as George "Flat-Nose" Curry, was a Canadian-American robber of the American Old West. Curry was a mentor to Harvey Logan, who would adopt the surname Curry (Kid Curry), and the two robbed banks together before both became members of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch. Curry was killed by a sheriff while rustling in Grand County, Utah. Currie was born in West Point, Prince Edward Island, Canada in 1871, the second of six children of John and Nancy Ann (Macdonald) Currie. His family moved to Chadron, Nebraska where he started rustling as a young man. He gained the sobriquets "Big Nose", and "Flat-Nose" and took up residence at the outlaw hideout Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming. While there, he met Harvey Logan, who adopted his surname and became known as Kid Curry. The Kid's brothers Lonny and Johnnie Logan, following his example, also adopted Curry as a surname. Kid Curry would go on to become one of the most dangerous and feared gunmen of the Old West. George Currie formed a gang that included Kid Curry, and was captured with him on June 28, 1897. The gang had held up the Butte County Bank at Belle Fourche, South Dakota earlier in the month. All but one of them (Tom O'Day), whose horse had run away without him) had escaped with the money, but while planning another robbery a posse caught them in Fergus County, Montana and captured Curry, along with the Kid and Walt Putney. They escaped from Deadwood jail in November by overpowering the jailer. The three men stole horses and made their way back to Montana, stealing supplies as they went. Another posse caught up with them in the Bearpaw mountains. There was a gunfight from which the fugitives escaped on foot, leaving the stolen goods and horses behind. They retreated to the Hole-in-the-Wall, robbing two post offices on their route. At the Hole they were involved in a gun battle with another posse, but the rough terrain, and the defensive structures built and manned by the several dozen outlaw members of the Wild Bunch hiding there, were too much for the lawmen. Curry participated in the Wild Bunch raid on the Union Pacific Overland Flyer train at Wilcox, Wyoming, on June 2, 1899, which became famous, as well as taking part in several other robberies. The Overland Flyer's train crew provided descriptions of the robbers, which local Converse County Sheriff Josiah Hazen recognized as being Butch Cassidy, Kid Curry, Flat Nose George Curry, and Elzy Lay. Hazen formed a posse immediately but Kid Curry and George Curry shot and killed Hazen during his posse's pursuit of them, which slowed the posse. In the ensuing confusion the Wild Bunch were able to wade downstream and escape without their horses. The outlaws walked to a sheep ranch at Castle Creek, where they rested before continuing to the Tisdale mountains on the north fork of the Powder River. Here they were able to obtain replacement horses and resupply. (Local Deputy Sheriff William Deane came into contact with the gang there but was shot and killed by Kid Curry April 15, 1897.) Although the posse greatly outnumbered them and could cover a lot of ground in its search, the Wild Bunch reached the safe stronghold of the Hole-in-the-Wall. Pinkerton agent Charlie Siringo and contracted Pinkerton agent Tom Horn developed information that identified Kid Curry as killing Hazen. There were never any definite accounts connecting Kid Curry to the killing of Deputy Deane, but rumors uncovered by Siringo while he worked undercover indicated that Kid Curry had been the killer. The Currys and some of the other members of the Wild Bunch went to hide at Robbers Roost in Utah, after getting supplies at the ranch of female outlaws Josie and Ann Bassett. George Curry was shot and killed on April 17, 1900 by Sheriff Jesse Tyler while Curry was rustling in Grand County, Utah. Upon hearing of this, Harvey "Kid Curry" Logan, who was also enraged by the recent law enforcement killing of his younger brother Lonny in Missouri, vowed to get revenge. In May, Kid Curry rode from New Mexico to Utah, and took revenge for his brother and George Curry's deaths by killing Sheriff Tyler and his Deputy Sheriff Sam Jenkins in a gunfight.” [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Curry_\(Wild_Bunch\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Curry_(Wild_Bunch))]



The Salt Lake Herald, Tuesday, January 7, 1902.

Left to right top: William H. Brown and Harry Tracy Bottom: David Jones (Dave Lant) and Frank Edwards

["Pal of Harry Tracy Found In State Prison

Recognized by Warden Pratt of Utah State Penitentiary.

Escaped From That Place

W. H. Brown, Desperado Has An Aunt Living In This City

Brown, Tracy and Two Other Convicts Escaped By Holding Up Guard – Tracy was a Noted Bandit.

From Thursday's Daily Times.

During the recent visit to the Kansas state prison as the guest of Warden Haskell, Warden Pratt of the Utah state penitentiary, while being shown through the institution, identified, in the person of William Harris, alias William Golden; W. H. Brown, a negro who escaped from the Utah prison about eight years ago in company with the noted desperado, Harry Tracy, who led the officials in that part of the country on one of the wildest chases ever recorded.

The four men who escaped from the state prison in Utah were: W. H. Brown, the present inmate of the state prison at Lansing Harry Tracy, Frank Edwards, who is serving his time out in the Utah prison, and David Lant, who has never been found.

How They Escaped.

The men were at work upon a ditch near the prison walls at the time of the outbreak. Tracy, who was the ringleader, and who was working in the ditch, suddenly raised up from his stooping position and leveled a revolver at the guard, making the prison official throw his arms away. Then the men gained their liberty and after a long search could not be found. Edwards was the only one that was ever recaptured.

It was thought by the prison officials of the state penitentiary in Utah that the prisoners would all attempt to become involved in some sort of crime so that they would receive a short sentence of probably several months or even a year and in this way elude the officials who were hot on the trail and so that they would be released from confinement soon after the officers had given up the attempt to recapture them and those connected with the prison have been watching closely whenever they visit any other prison to see if they cannot recognize in some of the prisoners one of those that escaped from their prison eight years ago.

Brown Positively Identified.

The officials of the state prison at Lansing have known that Brown was an escape from the Utah prison, but when questioned he would not admit that he had been west of Kansas City.

During the visit of Warden Pratt at the prison the officials had an opportunity to show the prisoner to the head of the Utah prison and he identified Brown because of certain features and marks which stamp him as a criminal different from the ordinary bad man.

Brown entered the prison under the name of William Harris, having been sent to the prison from Wyandotte county to serve a sentence of fifteen years for highway robbery. He has been in the prison since March 21, 1898.

Man Is Known Here.

Brown, alias Harris, alias Golden, is well known in Leavenworth and has an aunt living here who goes to the prison quite often to visit him.

It is not known yet whether Brown will be taken to the Utah prison after the expiration of his term of imprisonment here or not. He is at the present time employed in the twine plant and it was in this place that he was seen by the warden of the Utah prison about a week ago.

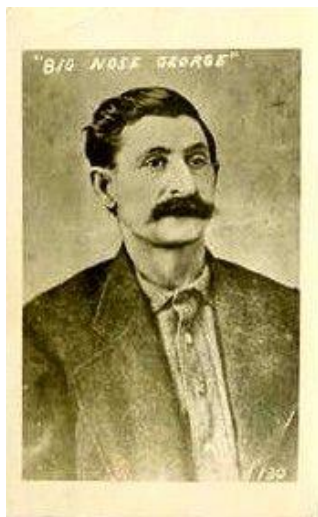
The fact that a number of prisoners that have been confined in the state prison are escapes of other prisons throughout the country, who have remained unidentified brought about the result and determined the officials in installing the Bertillion system of measurement in the prison. After this is a part of the prison it may be possible that a large number of prisoners now confined in this institution will be identified by the Bertillion expert." The Leavenworth Weekly Times (Kansas), Thursday, November 16, 1905.

"Harry Tracy's Pal Returned to Utah

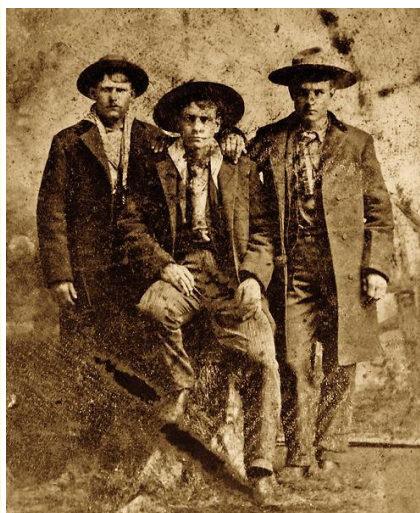
Notorious Bandit Must Complete Sentence He Was Serving When He Escaped.

Leavenworth, Kan., April 6. – William Harris, alias Brown, notorious as a bandit and accomplice of Harry Tracy, the western desperado, was released to authorities of the Utah penitentiary by officials of the federal prison here today. Harris had just completed a sentence here for robbery.

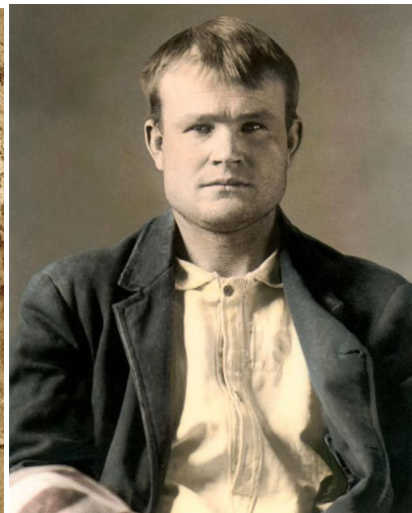
Tracy and Harris escaped from the Utah prison in 1897 after each had served seven years of a fifteen year sentence. [Not Tracy he never served that much time in any prison.] Harris came to Kansas and four years after committed the robbery that led to his incarceration here." St Joseph Gazette (Missouri), Thursday, April 7, 1910.]



Big Nose George Curry



Three of the Logans - L to R - John, Harvey, and Lonnie



George Leroy Parker aka Butch Cassidy

“What exactly did happen to Cassidy is not truly known, but his fame has grown to almost legendary proportions in the west. He has been called a Robin Hood and a protector of the poor; and indeed there are documented cases in which Cassidy distributed part of his take to needy persons. It is said that until the end he never killed a man. This has been verified by several of the men with whom he rode – Matt Warner in particular. He was immensely popular, and a natural leader. He exercised a great deal of control over deadly killers – he was the only man known who could bring such vicious killers as Kid Curry and Harry Tracy to heel with a word. His own courage and loyalty were never doubted by any who knew him – he robbed a bank and risked capture several times to provide legal aid for Matt Warner when Warner was jailed.” The Jackson Hole Guide, Thursday, September 7, 1967.

The Daily Sentinel • Monday, January 4, 2016 3A

FIRST DRAFT

Jail-break artist's denouement remains a mystery

On July 23, 1888, The Aspen Tribune began its account of a jail break the previous day this way: “Pitkin county’s jail is empty and Sheriff Fisher’s star boarders have gone.” Dave Lant and Harry Tracy had escaped, the paper said, and “Jailer Jones bears on his head the marks of their parting caresses.”

It was the pair’s third jail break in less than a year. After being captured in March near Brown’s Park, in northwestern Colorado, they were transferred to Pitkin County because it was believed to have the most secure jail in the region.

Tracy resurfaced in the Northwest. He was imprisoned in Oregon in 1899, escaped in 1902, then killed himself rather than be recaptured.

But David Lant simply vanished.

He was born David Barnabas Lant September 14, 1874, in Payson, Utah, south of Provo, to a respected Mormon family. His father, David T. Lant, would later serve on the Payson City Council.

David Jr. left home at age 16 and worked as a sheepherder in the Vernal area, but likely returned to Payson regularly. He reportedly had a girlfriend there, and may even have fathered a son with her. The girl’s angry father forced Lant to leave town.

His life of crime lasted less than two years, beginning with a saloon brawl in Vernal in early 1897 when he was shot

in the arm by a bartender. No charges were filed and he recovered quickly. However, in August he and two other men were arrested after breaking into a store in Woodruff, Utah, northwest of Vernal, and stealing clothes. In September, Lant was sentenced to eight years in the Utah penitentiary.

There he met Harry Tracy, who was also in prison for stealing clothes. On Oct. 17, 1897, while on a work detail outside the prison, Tracy, Lant and two others somehow obtained a gun and surprised the only guard overseeing them to escape.

Tracy and Lant fled to Park City, then back toward Vernal. But after several near brushes with sheriff’s posses, they left Utah for Wyoming.

They were with several others at ranch just north of the Colorado border in Wyoming when, during a card game on February 15, 1898, an outlaw named Pat Johnson shot and killed 15-year-old William Strang.

Ranch owner Valentine Hoy, whose headquarters were in Brown’s Park, organized his neighbors to chase the killers. All were soon on the trail of Johnson, Tracy and Lant, and they found the fugitives holed up in some rocks. A siege ensued, during which Hoy was killed by Tracy. In the meantime, John Bennett, a friend of Johnson’s who had been present when Strang



David Lant, left, and Harry Tracy after their arrest near Brown’s Park in March 1898. The two outlaws escaped Pitkin County Jail that July. Tracy resurfaced in the Northwest and was imprisoned in Oregon a year later, only to escape in 1902 before killing himself. Lant, however, simply vanished.

was killed, was captured at the Bassett Ranch in Brown’s Park. He was hanged there by vigilantes on March 2, 1898.

On March 4, a posse of roughly 60 people, including lawmen from Colorado, Utah and Wyoming forced the three fugitives to surrender.

Johnson was taken to Wyoming to stand trial for the murder of William Strang, while Tracy and Lant were sent to Hahn’s Peak, to face charges for Hoy’s killing. Brown’s Park was then part of Routt County, with a jail at Hahn’s Peak.

Their incarceration lasted 12 days. Then Lant attacked Sheriff Charles Nelman and beat him unconscious. Lant and Tracy locked him in a jail cell, stole two horses from a nearby stable and galloped into the night.

Nelman recovered and organized a posse early the next morning. At a ranch south of Steamboat Springs they found the nearly frozen men, who surrendered without a fight.

They were returned in chains and special leg shackles to Hahn’s Peak, then quickly transferred to the Pitkin County Jail. According to The Aspen Tribune, it was nearly escape-proof.

The jail had a secure room between the prisoners’ cells and the guard area, where meals were delivered and plates recovered without the guards having direct contact with inmates. Using levers outside the cells, the guards could open the door to the secure area, drop off the food, then retreat and open the cell door to allow the prisoners to gather their food. Lant and Tracy overcame



Photos by MUSEUM OF NORTHWEST COLORADO IN CRAIG/Special to the Sentinel

Some said Tracy killed Lant, fearing he would surrender again. Another story said he was decorated in the Spanish American War, although the war ended in December of 1898. Other sources say he lived a long life as a sheepherder named Dave Stillwell in northwestern Colorado. It’s possible he even reconnected with the sweetheart of his younger days and helped her out financially.

this system by jamming something in their cell door so it didn’t latch properly. When jailer Bob Jones delivered their evening meal on June 22, 1898, the two pushed open their cell door, attacked Jones with an iron poker, took his gun and escaped.

They eluded searchers and made their way to Breckenridge, where they robbed a saloon. At Kokomo, 15 miles from Breckenridge, they robbed another saloon and a homesteader.

After that, they were ghosts until Tracy was arrested in Oregon in February of 1899.

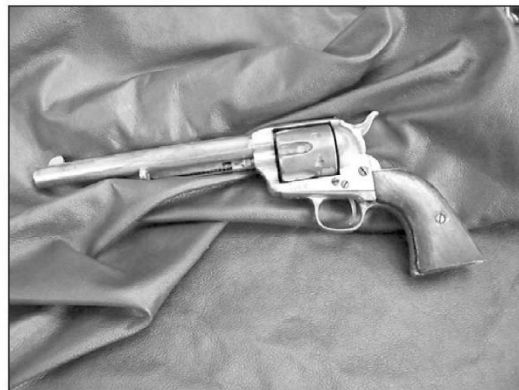
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lived a long life as a sheepherder named Dave Stillwell in northwestern Colorado. It’s possible he even reconnected with the sweetheart of his younger days and helped her out financially.

Like Butch Cassidy, David Lant is an outlaw whose final chapter remains a mystery.

Information for this article came from The Colorado Historic Newspapers Collection, from Kathryn Jenkins Gordon’s book, “Butch Cassidy and other Mormon Outlaws of the Old West,” Erin Turner’s book, “Badasses of the Old West: True Stories of Outlaws on the Edge,” and www.familysearch.org.

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Colt revolver taken from Harry Tracy when he was arrested in March 1898.

Josie Morris, Brown's Park Pioneer, Tells of Early Days



Lee Kay Interviews Josie in her Mountain Home



This is the house that Josie built. The living room has a fire place made of petrified wood.



Josie shows Fred Reynolds, local Game Protector, her flower and vegetable garden.

By Lee Kay Editor Utah Fish and Game Bulletin

There is perhaps no spot in America that furnishes such a moving and dramatic story in the settlement of the West than that in Brown's Park in Eastern Utah. Very early in the history of the West, pioneer people poured through this country. Early in the nineteenth century, part of the Mexican slave trade was conducted through Brown's Park. Later, intrepid explorers made their way into this section. As early as 1825, William Ashley navigated the Green River as did Dellenbaugh and Powell in 1868. Both made interesting notations concerning this area in their diaries.

After the day of the explorer came the trapper in quest of the valuable beaver fur. Then followed the cattle men. Later sheep men came. This brought the range wars that make the history of the country read almost like stories from a dime novel. It became also the rendezvous of the early day outlaw. Butch Cassidy and his gang and others were there.

By the time Josie Bassett as a child came into the picture in 1875, the stage was all set for one of the most dangerous episodes in Brown's Park history; the stage was set with a back-drop of greed and intrigue. The actors on the stage were men struggling for a foothold in the Western world – men who wanted to establish a legitimate business and do their part in the building of the great inland empire. Other actors were those who were to parasitize legitimate industry. There were also those who carved the outlaw trail and then those who expected to open up valuable bonanzas with the single stroke of the pick. There was also the remnant of the Redmen who came to Brown's Park in the wintertime to feast upon the game and to bask in the pleasures of clement weather.

Josie Bassett was only five years old when she arrived here, having been born in Little Rock, Arkansas. Her father was Major Herbert Bassett of Civil War notoriety. After the war he came to Brown's Park to join his brother who had served the Union army and had come here, staking a claim in what is now known as Willow Creek. Josie's childhood recollection of Brown's Park is not only a memory of hardships, struggles and murderers, but many pleasant memories. He had a vivid memory of Brown's Park being lush with grass, up to her tiny head as she traveled from place to place in following her father, a cattle man.

One of Josie's earliest memories was of the fights that occurred along the Outlaw trail. She tells of John Bennett, an outlaw cowboy, who shot and killed Billie Strang, a child of nine years of age. Billie, a playful boy, perhaps lonesome because of no other children there to play with, forced his attention on Bennett. The child teased the inebriate cowboy until, in a fit of anger, he shot and killed Billie. Josie remembers vividly how Bennett escaped and, with an individual by the name of P. L. Johnson, left the ranch hurriedly. In the vicinity of Brown's Park, they picked up Harry Tracy and his companion, Lant, who had only a few days before escaped from the Utah State Penitentiary. This is he Harry Tracy who was later to become one of the West's most merciless killers.

Later, relates Josie, Sheriff E. A. Farnham arrested Bennett when he came to the ranch for food. A posse took out after the outlaws who were rendezvousing [at] the mouth ofadore canyon. In the attempt to capture the three outlaws, V. S. hoy, one of the cattlemen in the South end of brown's

Park, was shot and killed, presumably by Johnson. During the capture of these desperadoes, Bennett met with what the early-day vigilantes claimed was justice – he was hanged at the corral of the Bassett ranch.

When asked if Jose saw the Josie saw the hanging, she said, “Well, I did see the sack that was n his head before they hanged him, and I saw them take him down, placing him in a buggy. They pulled the buggy by hand to a burying place not far away. As soon as the hanging was over, they unlocked the sheriff who had been handcuffed to my father’s bed. I don’t imagine the sheriff put up much of a struggle while he was being handcuffed.

Josie recalled that after the lynching of Bennett, Tracy and Lant and Johnson were taken captive. The latter two were taken to a Colorado jail where they again made their escape. Tracy to become a deadly killer that history described in his final melee in the Northwest where he met his death.

The writer asked Josie to describe Tracy. She said, “He was a small man, and the morning they took him captive, I felt sorry for him. It was freezing cold. His shoes were worn from is feet. He could be described as a loyal friend but a dangerous enemy. I remember the morning him because he gave me a beautiful Indian blanket I prized highly. A few days after, I said, ‘Father, what is this insect?’ His answer was, ‘Josie that is a louse and it came off that blanket that Harry Tracy gave you.’

Josie recalls how Jarvis who ran the ferry boat in Brown’s Park at what is now referred to as Bridgeport, was killed, and her dislike for men like Hood and McKinley reputed to have slain Jarvis. But of all the characters that Josie has known, she has more disregard for Tom Horn, who was reportedly hired by certain cattle interests to “clean up” Brown’s Park. Good and bad alike left after Tom Horn issued a written notice for them to leave. However none took him seriously at first – later Horn came back and killed the first two cowboys he saw, Ilsom Dart and Matt Rash.

At this point in Josie’s history, she left Brown’s Park along with most everyone else, but it seems that after conditions quieted down, she came back and again engaged in the cattle industry.

There are few, if any, living individuals who have the intimate knowledge of Brown’s Park that Josie has. Once I asked her who the two people were who were buried in those graves in a certain part of brown’s Park. She said, “Oh, Mr. Kay, there are not two people in those graves, there are four people.” And she furnished first hand information regarding the death and burial of these people.

It requires more delicate language than the writer can presently muster to describe Josie’s romances. It seems that she had tough luck with her husbands. Three times she ventured the realms of ‘matrimony according to her own statements. But today she lives alone in a canyon retreat where she maintains a complete economic unit for her own welfare. Her two sons are still living, one a rancher in Uintah County and one an ex-movie cowboy in Hollywood.

Josie described her second exit from Brown’s Parkas being a rather dramatic move. She left with her sole possessions, fifty head of cattle and 150 head of sheep. Although the writer does not know, it is presumed that it was not entirely her own volition that caused her to find a new

home. Her move from Brown's Park lead her towards the Indian reservation country at Uintah Basin, but, upon landing at Jensen, she was cautioned that there were really no good places in that area for her to establish a foothold. Josie's independence again asserted itself when she temporarily pastured her cattle and sheep in Jensen and rode the reservation country seeking a new place to live. She returned to Jensen disappointed, when she remembered passing over likeable spot as she had made her way from Brown's Park over Douglas Mountain. Near the head of a canyon, not far from where Father Escalante had traveled in 1776, she staked out her claim - a squatter's right. When she first arrived there, the entire canyon bottom was a sea of plant life, grass herbs and shrubs, and one side of the canyon thickly covered with Greewood. It was here she was to build a house, build fences, break up the land, ride for cattle, herd sheep – in fact, all of the menial tasks representative of home building, besides practicing the culinary arts.

Besides the many jobs Josie had to do to balance the budget, she had hobbies. Very dexterous with the needle, she has patched together some lovely quilts.

It is said of Josie that she can kill a beef on the range, skin it out, dress it, and have it hanging up in forty-five minutes. This is a challenge to the most dexterous men. She maintains a lovely garden, cuts the wood from the range, and brings it in for winter use, rides 25 miles on a saddle horse at least once a week for mail, and goes fishing in the river, a distance of about miles miles from her home. She is a good huntress and maintains she always gets her deer.

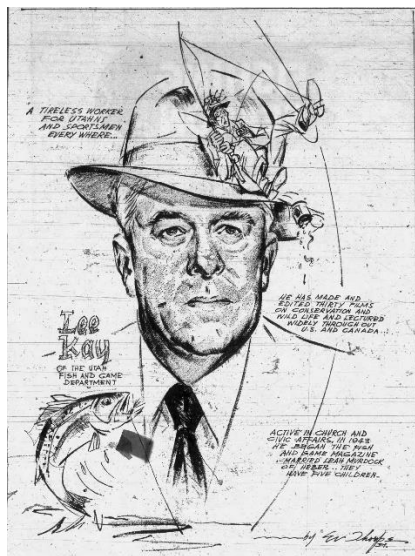
The day the writer took his first occasion to visit and get acquainted with Josie, relations were rather strained around her place. It seems that through a certain deal over which Josie seemed to have little control, part of her ranch property had been taken from her. But she is making adjustments and, lest you think Josie is living in retrospection be informed that she has announced the building of a new home that will become a hunter's guest lodge in one of the most backwoods parts of this Western country.

During the heavy winter of 1949, Josie's acquaintances in Uintah County were more or less concerned as to her welfare, but the heavy snows precluded the possibility of getting in to see how she was doing during the winter. During the last winter, a Department representative rode up to Josie's home. When he arrived there, Josie was busy chasing a coyote that had been bothering her turkeys. After she had settled that score with Mr. Varmint she was asked how the heavy winter had served her. "Not bad ... not bad," she said. And to the query, Did you lose any cattle" she responded, "Not one. As you know, I had no hay to feed them, but I drove down into the wash and, with my axe, I cut down the cottonwood trees and they survived on the twigs and bark of the branches.

Many of the secrets of Josie's life and the mysteries of Brown's Park will die with Josie. Her contemporaries can fill in many of the missing links in one of the West's most interesting stories, but these, too, for obvious reasons, will never find their way to the printed page. Many of the interesting facts have already become legendary. To know Josie is to respect her for her ready wit, her independence, her friendliness and also for the fact that she is still a good shot." Vernal Express (Utah), Thursday, December 27, 1951.

[Lee Kay, was a renowned Utah conservationist and cinematographer. He was known as "Mr. Fish and Game." He was born on March 27, 1897, in Mona, Juab County, to George Edward and Elizabeth Partington Kay. He attended Brigham Young University and served in the U. S. Army during World War I. He married on July 20, 1921 Leah Murdock who passed away in 1980.

He began his career with the Utah Fish and Game Department as a summer employee in 1927, becoming a full-time employee in 1932. He initiated one of the first conservation education programs in the United States. He made his own movies and gave lectures to school children during the showing of these movies. He was chief of information and education and started the hunter safety program in Utah in 1956-57. He had a 35-years career retiring in 1962. He was the recipient of the Bridger Award, the Outstanding Conservation Award of the American Association of Conservation Service and the Silver Beaver Award of the Boy Scouts of America. He was past president of the Utah Mosquito Abatement Association. He was a member of the American Legion, Sons of Utah Pioneers, Knights of the Round Table and Salt Lake Garden Club. He taught in Rains, Carbon County, and in Heber City before his involvement with wildlife conservation and served as principal of the elementary school in Charleston, Wasatch County. He had one son and four daughters. Died at 83 of a heart ailment on May 4, 1980. The Salt Lake Tribune, Tuesday, May 6, 1980.]



Deseret News and Salt Lake Telegram, Wednesday, June 3, 1959.

Emery County Progress, Castle Dale, Utah Tuesday, July 21, 1998 11B

Remembering the history of Brown's Park

By LAYNE MILLER
Progress editor

Tom Freestone and Hugh Crouse spent three days recently in Brown's Park visiting many of the old outlaw hangouts.

The Utah natives share an interest in outlaw history, including Brown's Park. Freestone, a Vernal native, approaches the subject because of his interest in western history. Crouse, approaches the subject a little more intimately. He spent the first part of his life living in Brown's Park. His father, Stanley, and grandfather, Charlie, are part of the area's fascinating early history.

Freestone and Crouse were invited to Brown's Park to celebrate a reunion of former Brown's Park residents. The reunion was organized by Uintah Basin authors Dick and Dawn DeJournette. It was 100 years ago that a 14-year-old was shot in the back and killed while staying on the

Valentine Hoy Ranch in Brown's Park. Hoy, himself, was subsequently shot and killed by one of three outlaws being pursued by a posse which included Hoy.

Brown's Park is a remote valley lying across the borders of Utah, Colorado and near Wyoming. The high desert valley was formed by the winding Green River. Because of its mild winters (Crouse claims they are not mild. They are extremely cold, but the snow does not get deep.) there is abundant game, grass and water. Originally called Brown's Hole, the area was a favorite of Ute and Shoshone Indians, mountain men, cattlemen and outlaws fleeing from the law.

Because of its remoteness, outlaws found they could hide there during their cooling off periods. If a posse showed up from one state, they could simply step across the line into one of the other two. It made a perfect place to hide.

Butch Cassidy, Tom Horn, Matt Rash, Annie Bassett, John Bennett and others sought refuge in Brown's Park.

The events in Brown's Park 100 years ago that triggered the recent reunion began when 14-year-old Willie (William) Strang was shot in the back.

According to the DeJournette book *The History of Diamond Mountain and Brown's Park*, Strang had been working at the Charlie Sparks ranch during 1898. His father, William K. Strang, was leaving the park and wanted to take Willie back with him. Willie didn't want to go. He ended up working with Speck Williams, a black man who owned a nearby ranch.

Several days later, Pat Johnston came by and persuaded Willie to go with him to the Red Creek Ranch, which was owned by Hoy.

When the two arrived at the ranch, several of Johnston's cronies were there in the bunkhouse. After an all night session of drinking and gambling, the men were all nursing hangovers. They were rounding up breakfast and intended to send young Willie to get the horses.

Willie playfully tipped the water dipper and splashed some water in Johnston's face. Supposedly Johnston pulled a gun and fired toward Willie who was running toward the corral. He claims he didn't intend on killing the boy, "just wanted to scare him."

The bullet struck Willie in the spine and he died 18 hours later.

He is buried on a small hill overlooking the ranch. His grave marker misspells his name and indicates Bill Strand is buried there.

A posse was formed out of Routt County, Colo. to search for Johnston who immediately fled the country. Sheriff Charles Neiman felt Johnston had met up with two escapees from the Utah State Prison and were hiding on nearby Douglas Mountain.

Members of the posse are unclear. Several lists exist, but they do not agree. One thing is sure, Hoy was a member.

Tracking the three men was not difficult. It was early March and snow covered the ground. Neiman and the posse followed the tracks in the snow during the day and stayed with local ranchers at night. They encountered the three fleeing men on a small rise.

When Hoy walked between a large rock that had been split into two pieces, a shot rang out and he dropped dead.

Besides Johnston, the outlaws included Dave Lant and Harry Tracy. Tracy eventually proved to be a real bad guy. Law enforcement authorities know he killed at least 10 people and suspect him in 20 other killings.

Lant was serving time for a minor offense and just went along with the prison break because he happened to be there. More on those two later.

After Hoy's death the men moved on with the posse trail-

ing the outlaws over crusted snow and sharp rocks. The trail was also marked by blood-stained rocks because their boot soles had worn through. That evening the trio were trapped in a small ravine at the foot of Lookout Mountain, just inside the Wyoming state line.

The first to give up was Johnston, then Lant and finally Tracy. The posse and the prisoners spent a cold night at the Griff Edward's sheep camp, then made their way back to Brown's Park and the Bassett Ranch.

Along the way they met J.S. Hoy, Valentine's brother, taking Valentine's body to Rock Springs. J.S. served as the local justice of the peace, so he followed the posse and prisoners back to the Bassett Ranch.

During a preliminary hearing held in the Bassett cabin, Johnston testified that it was Tracy that shot Hoy. Johnston

Continued on page 12B

Remembering Brown's Park:

Continued from page 11B

was released to Wyoming officers, Lant and Tracy were taken to Hahns Peak in Colorado.

Johnston appear in Sweetwater County court for the killing of Strang. He was found guilty and was sentenced to life in prison.

However, he was discharged after only nine months but was claimed by Colorado authorities for Hoy's killing.

He was found guilty for that crime and sentenced to no more than 15 years in the Colorado State Prison. He was paroled in 1904.

Lant and Tracy escaped from Hahn's Peak Jail but were recaptured the next day and taken to the Aspen Jail. They escaped there.

Some say he was not seen again in public and was always in hiding. But old-timers in Vernal say he showed up there and lived in the open, with everyone knowing who he was.

"My father didn't talk much about things," said Freestone while visiting Brown's Park. "But one day he told me that Lant was known to be a tough guy. One day he was sitting in a bar in Vernal when someone showed up with a gun and told Lant he was going to kill him."

According to Freestone, Lant turned and told the assailant he was unarmed.

"But if I had as much as a toothpick, I take you down and pick your heart out," Lant responded.

The armed man was so shocked and frightened by the comments that he dropped his gun and fled into the street.

Those who knew Tracy insist he killed at least 10 people and as many as 30.

Valentine's widow, Julia, was stunned to hear that Willie Strang had been killed at her ranch at Red Creek and she was devastated to hear that her husband had been shot and killed as he pursued the killer.

She eventually remarried but separated from her husband and moved to California where her descendants now live. She died in 1934.



Flynn Point on Diamond Mountain was so named when Mike Flynn was shot and killed here while he traveling to Vernal. Most residents of Brown's Park knew who committed the murder, but no one would say. Most were happy when the trouble maker was killed.

Current photos by Layne Miller, older photos courtesy of the Western History Museum in Craig Colorado.



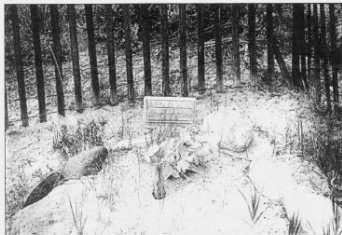
Mike Flynn's Utah State Prison looking photo.



The swinging bridge over the Green River in Brown's Park is rickety, but still far better than the one it replaced.



A pistol Harry Tracy was wearing when arrested for the Strang murder. It is now on display at the Western History Museum in Craig, Colorado.



This is Willie Strang's burial site. Even in death the teenager doesn't get any respect. The marker indicates Billy Strand is buried here and the dates are unknown. The cists are known to those who care to investigate his untimely death.



Tom Freestone (left) and Hugh Crocker sit on the porch of the store at Brown's Park.



Members of the Hoy family and a relative of Dave Lant visit the site of Valentine's murder.

“Tracy at Glenwood (Glenwood Spring Avalanche.)

It is not generally known that Harry Tracy, the escaped convict who is leading the officers a merry chase in Washington, made a one night stand in Garfield county jail. It was when Tracy had broken out of the Routt county jail and had been recaptured by a party headed by the sheriff of Routt county.

He brought Tracy through Glenwood to take him to the Pitkin county jail at Aspen and decided to be on the safe side by keeping him here over night.

This is one jail from which Tracy did not break out, but his captors took no chances with him. He was brought in heavily ironed and the manacles were not removed during the night.

Sheriff Adams has a photograph of Tracy which was furnished him when the latter subsequently broke jail at Aspen. The picture and the accompanying description show the convict to be a very strongly built man of medium height. He has a hard cruel mouth and eyes are deep set and have an expression of cunning. It is said that there are nine or ten murder charges pending against him, most of them for killings during his jail breaking escapades.

Tracy was an old-time resident of Eagle county, having lived a number of years at Gilman where he was employed by William Nottingham in his timber camp. He has relatives at Gilman yet. He was generally considered as a bad man, but never got into any serious trouble while on Battle mountain. From there he drifted to the “Hole-in-the-Wall” country where he killed a stockman for which he was arrested and taken to Hahn’s Peak for safe keeping. He broke jail and the next morning the sheriff followed him by stage. When only a few miles from town, the stage was held up by Tracy who compelled the driver to bind and gag the sheriff, who was the only passenger, and drive him a number of miles into a desolate country. Here he left the coach with both driver and sheriff inside, bound hand and foot. He mounted the best horse in the team after supplying himself with the sheriff’s ammunition and rode off.

A few days later he was surrounded and captured by a posse of cow punchers who turned him over to authorities of Pitkin county for safe keeping in the jail at Aspen. Here Tracy made his escape by beating up the jailer. He cleared his pursuers and made his way to the coast where he got into the present trouble.” *The Weekly Gazette, Colorado Springs, Colorado, July 24, 1902, Thursday, page 8.*

“Passing of the Hole-in-the-Wall

Rendezvous for Outlaws is to be Wiped Out

Farmers Replace Bandits

Narrow, Rocky Pass Will Be Torn Away by Dynamite

The advancing tide of civilization and improvement that sweeps all barriers before it has turned its course toward the heretofore impregnable. “Hole-in-the Wall,” country, that for years past has been the stronghold and plotting chamber of all the blood-thirsty bandits of the west, and if

the dispatches from Cheyenne are indicative of anything, it is but a question of a short time when the mountain-inclosed cancer of blood and carnage will give place to flourishing farms and well-stocked ranches.

The dreaded hole, with its narrow sand rock entrance that has stood for years the symbol of death and plunder, will be but a history, but a dark page in the history of Utah and Wyoming. Civilization, with the powerful agency of dynamite in its hand is to send the rockbound pass into fragments, to make way for a county road, and Hauk's ranch, the rendezvous of the outlaws, where they gathered to plot their depredations, and assembled after them to count the spoils, is to harbor a postoffice for the benefit of peaceful settlers who have already begun to flock into the rich valley in such numbers as to warrant the establishment of a mail station.

To Widen the Pass.

A dispatch from Cheyenne, Wyo., says: "The pass to the "Hole-in-the Wall" lies directly in the path of a county road that is being opened into the rich valley inside, and dynamite is to be used to make the rocky pass wide enough for a road. A communication has also been sent to the postoffice department, asking for the establishment of a postoffice at Hauk's ranch, which is in the very center of the hole. People have been flocking into the valley, and are present there now in such numbers as to make the establishment of a postoffice almost necessary.

For twenty-five years or more past this country has been the safe retreat of the most desperate bandits in the west, the most notorious of which probably were "Butch" Cassidy and his followers, whose bloody deeds are well remembered. The very name of this country has held a certain terror for the peace-loving citizens of the surrounding states, and it will be welcome news to them to know that it is to be purged of its terror of the past.

Description of the Country.

In the light of this change a word of description of the country and a brief history of the 'hole' and the bandits who have defied the law and justice from behind its strong walls will not be amiss. The "hole" is situated in Johnson county, it is a saucer in shape, being impassable everywhere except the "Hole-in-the Wall."

This is a pass between two precipitous walls of sandstone, and is so narrow that a wagon can scarce go through it. A handful of men well armed and stationed behind this gate, according to the statement of officers who have chased bandits to the entrance, could easily hold the place against an army. It is a natural fortification, and the bandits of Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada and Montana lost no time in taking advantage of it.

The hole is called by the officers "the saucer of assassination and murder." According to the information furnished by Deputy Sheriff Joe Bush, Utah's veteran outlaw hunter, this hole has

been used as a safety vault by the outlaws of the surrounding states, for themselves and their plunder.

Retreat For Bandits.

The outlaws of the “Roobers’ Roost” country, he says, when pressed too closely by the officers, were wont to make a flying trip to the “Hole-in-the-Wall,” and there they were safe. Countless times the officers have pursued he desperadoes to this place and bloody battles have ensued, in which outlaws and officers have given up there lives, but never in these chases have the officers been able to pass that gate.

According to the statements of Deputy Bush, the outlaws who used this “Hole-in-the-Wall” as a safe retreat were separated into three divisions, the north, Utah and Mexico divisions. Of these divisions the most notorious was the Utah division, headed by “Butch” Cassidy and partner, Elza Lay, whose depredations are known all through the west. For years the name “Butch” Cassidy has carried terror with it.

Among the most notorious of these associated with him are said to have been a rancher by the name of Buhr, C.L. Maxwell, J.A. Dalton, one of the members of the famous Dalton gang, W. H. Brown, Harry Tracy, David Jones (Dave Lant), and Frank Edwards.

Notorious Butch Cassidy

While Cassidy’s main stronghold was in the “Robbers’ Roost” country, when pressed by officers he always took refuge at the “Hole-in-the-Wall” country and all efforts to capture him have proved futile. The depredations in this state alone attributed to him and his men are almost numberless.

The bank holdup in Springville in 1898 which is still fresh in the memory of Utah people, is attributed to him. On that occasion one of the gang, said to have been J. A. Dalton, was shot and killed. C.L. Maxwell, another member of the gang, was pursued by a posse of citizens under Sheriff Storrs into Spanish Fork canyon and captured in a clump of bushes. He is now serving a term of eighteen years in the state penitentiary for his crime.

Brown, Tracy, Jones and Edwards were afterwards captured, but the three former made their escape. Edwards is now serving time in the penitentiary for his crime and a short time ago was found under the pulpit in the chapel, attempting to make his escape.

Cassidy’s Partner Killed.

Elza Lay, Cassidy’s partner, said to be even more desperate than Cassidy himself, was killed a few months ago in Mexico. A band of Mexican officers came upon him and his gang smuggling articles across into Texas and a battle followed in which Lay and several officers were killed. [This is not correct, Elza Lay was captured and got life in prison but was released in 1906 and moved to New Mexico, he died in Los Angeles in 1934.]

Buhr, who is said to have been the treasurer of the “Hole-in-the-Wall” gang, was killed in Texas a few months ago by rangers. According to the statement of Deputy Bush, Buhr’s ranch in the “Robbers’ Roost” country was used as a rendezvous by all the outlaws. There they would drive their stolen cattle and keep their spoils until they were forced to move them on into the “Hole-in-the-Wall” to prevent capture.

Cassidy, with a big price on his head, is still at large, all efforts on the part of the officers to capture him having been failures. Emboldened by the failure of the officers, he has been known to sally from his stronghold and drink and carouse with men in the little known towns surrounding. It is declared that he has even visited Salt Lake in disguise, but this is doubted. He is now supposed to be in Nevada.

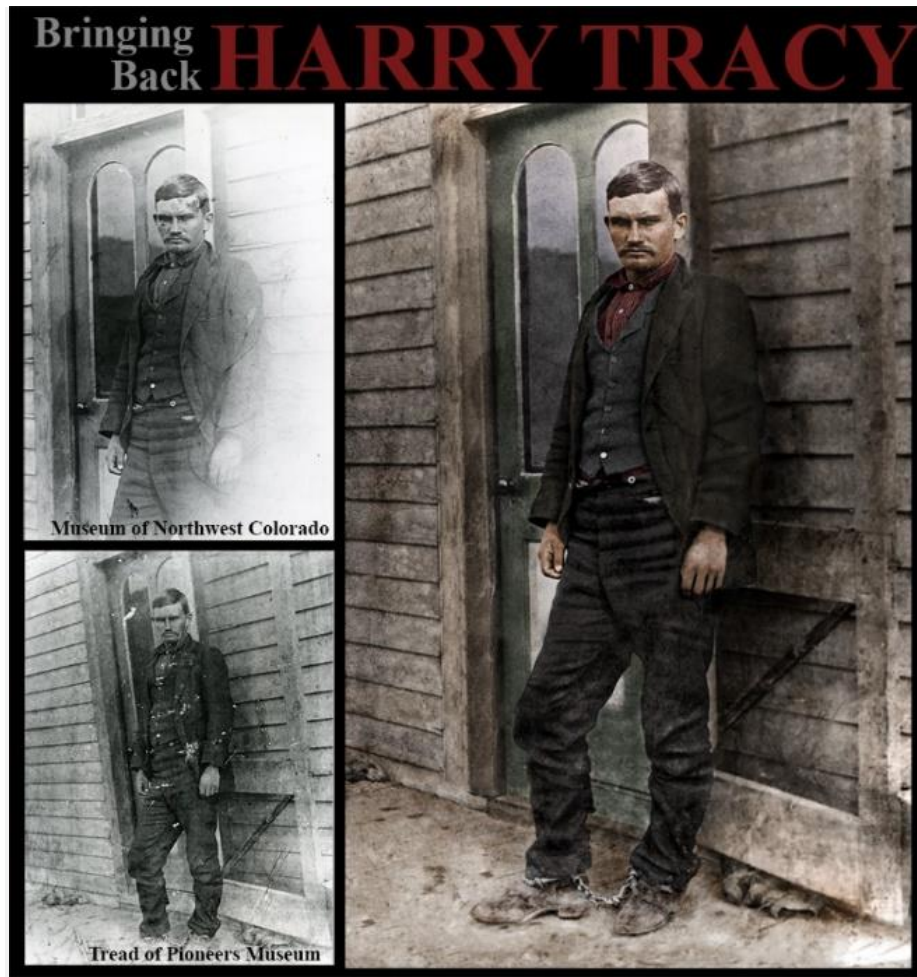
Other Noted Outlaws.

Among the other noted outlaws who have made the “Hole-in-the-Wall” a synonym for outrage and plunder “Dutch Buck” and “Big Face Kid.” The former is supposed to have been connected with the Northern Pacific holdup and is still at large. It is said of him that he fought with his back to the wall, asking and giving no quarter. “Big Face Kid” is supposed to have conducted several train robberies and he, too, is still at large. [Don’t know who they are and couldn’t find anything on them.]

Deputy Bush believes that if the “Hole-in-the-Wall” is opened up to civilization these notorious men will make their headquarters in the “Robbers’ Roost” region.

“I have had intimations before,” said Bush, “that a road was to be opened into that country, and I am glad to hear that it is being done. When it is done it will convert a hole of assassination and murder into a rich farming region. There is plenty of rich ground there that will make splendid farms and ranches. But if this is done I believe these desperate men will move their headquarters to the “Robbers’ Roost” country.” The Salt Lake Herald, Tuesday, January 7, 1902.

“Members of the main Hole-in-the-Wall Gang included such infamous criminals as Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch which consisted of Butch Cassidy (aka Robert Leroy Parker), the Sundance Kid (aka Harry A. Longabaugh), Elzy Lay, Tall Texan (Ben Kilpatrick), Will 'News' Carver, Camilla 'Deaf Charlie' Hanks, Laura Bullion, George "Flat Nose" Curry, Harvey 'Kid Curry' Logan, Bob Meeks, Kid Curry's brothers John and Lonny Curry, Bob Smith, Al Smith, Bob Taylor, Tom O'Day, 'Laughing' Sam Carey, Black Jack Ketchum and his brother, Sam Ketchum,, and the Roberts Brothers, along with several lesser known outlaw gangs of the Old West.” Like the Cowboys of Tombstone, Arizona they were a loose confederation of gangs numbering at least five larger and dozens of smaller bands that were on the fringes, Tracy and Lant was one of those three or four man gangs. And the outlaws numbered in the hundreds.



[Seattle Times July 3, 1902 This photo collage shows three images of notorious outlaw Harry Tracy. The uppermost image on the left was captured by Amos Bennett. The lowermost image on the left was captured by D.W. Diamond at the same moment. The image at the right is a restored, colorized composite of the two images, offering a glimpse of what the bloodthirsty outlaw might have actually looked like. Museum of Northwest Colorado/courtesy. In 1898, Tracy was arrested in Northwest Colorado's Browns Park after escaping prison and murdering posseman Valentine Hoy. Tracy and cohort David Lant were then transported to the Routt County jail at Hahns Peak via Craig. While in Craig for the night, two photographers, Amos Bennett and D.W. Diamond, arrived at the Royal Hotel (next to the West Theater where Cramer Flooring is today) to capture images of the duo. Their photographs of Tracy were taken at nearly the exact same moment and only a couple feet apart. Fortunately, both of the images survive today. Our museum has a copy of Bennett's photo, and Diamond's photo resides with the Tread of Pioneers Museum in Steamboat Springs. These photographs are the only non-mugshot (and still-alive) photos of Harry Tracy known to have been taken ... and he nailed it. His outfit — along with his unnerving gaze and relaxed, unworried stance — look straight out of a bad-man Western. Unfortunately, the images from that day have a few issues. Bennett's photograph held Tracy's direct gaze and has amazing clarity, but it's lacking his legs and shackles. Diamond's photograph is a full-length shot including Tracy's shackles, but the image quality leaves much to be desired. With an image this important to our local and national history, we felt it was finally time to give it its due. Through the wonders of Photoshop, we were able to slowly clean and combine all the best parts (an arm here, a leg there) from both photographs to create a superior, albeit Frankenstein-esque, image. From a standpoint of simple curiosity, we then decided to see what would happen if color was slowly added. The resulting image accomplished exactly what we hoped for: it helped bring Harry Tracy and the Old West back to life. Paul Knowles is assistant director of the Museum of Northwest Colorado. To learn more about Harry Tracy's story, as well as other stories and artifacts from our area's rich Western history, drop by the Museum of Northwest Colorado at 590 Yampa Ave., or visit the museum's Facebook page, facebook.com/MuseumNorthwestColorado. "In all the criminal lore of the country there is no record equal to that of Harry Tracy for cold-blooded nerve, desperation and thirst for crime. Jesse James, compared with Tracy, is a Sunday school teacher."]



Dave Lant

After he and Lant parted ways, Tracy made his way westward, eventually ending up in Washington and Oregon.” “Lant later joined the armed forces and distinguished himself for bravery in the Philippines. After his discharge, he returned to Utah and thereafter lived a peaceful life. Not so with Tracy. He headed to Oregon where he soon teamed up with another young criminal named Dave Merrill, to act out the final and most spectacular chapter of his violent misspent life.” <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

“Robbed The Saloon

A Masked Burglar Enters the Exchange and Holds Up the Proprietor.

Makes A Good Haul

The Robbery Committed at Night. Three Men Arrested Charged with Being Implicated.

“Between the hours of 1 and 2 Saturday morning, P. H. Scally, the proprietor of the Exchange saloon, was held up in his place of business and robbed of a fine gold watch, besides about \$82 in cash, which was in the money drawer. Mr. Scally was sitting in the chair in front of the saloon, which serves as an office and cigar stand, and was evidently taking a trip to the land of nod, for the first thing he knew was being told to hold up his hands and keep quiet by a masked burglar, who was pointing a revolver at his head. He complied with every demand made by his unwelcome visitor and as a consequence lost a valuable gold watch and about \$80 After getting such a good haul the burglar departed by the same route he came – through the back door of the saloon. Having come in his bare feet the burglar was able to reach Mr. Scally without awakening him.

Owing to the fact that there was no one on the street whom Mr. Scally could notify of his holdup, he was compelled to wait until he was relieve Saturday morning, when he told the police, who went to work at one on a still hunt. Had the robber made a haul of the safe he would have secured between \$700 and \$800, as the safe contained that much money.

Saturday night Mr. Scally was in the Sideboard saloon, together with a crowd of gentlemen and was talking about his holdup. He said he did not mind the loss of the money, but he did the watch

very much, as it had been a present from a brother who had since died, and that if he could have the watch returned he would ask no questions and nothing more would be said. At this point one Ed. Kelly, one of the inhabitants of the row on the south side, who had been drinking considerable, came forward and asked Scally if he would treat to champagne if the watch was turned over. Upon being told that he would Kelly reached down in his pocket and pulled out the watch, handing it to its owner. He was promptly arrested by the police and during the conversation let fall several hints implicating two other parties, viz, a man by the name of Lenix Sheets and a young fellow, Billy Links, known as "Jumbo," who plays the piano in one of the houses on the south side. The whole trio have been hanging out on the south side. As soon as the police received the hints they started on a hunt to round-up the other two implicated. Sheets was found on the street and "Jumbo" at Mattie Owens' and all were placed in jail, Kelly and "Jumbo" in the county jail and Sheets in the calaboose. The police say Sheets acknowledged just as much that he planned the robbery and stood watch on the outside on Montana avenue, while "Jumbo" was the watchman at the back door to give the warning in case anyone came that way. The sweater and clothes worn by the masked burglar have not been found. There is no doubt but what the police have made a good haul in bringing these men under arrest, as two of them at least are old-time criminals. Sheets had only arrived in Billings a few weeks ago, having just been liberated from the state penitentiary at Deer Lodge, being sent up from Livingston on a sentence of six months for biting a man. He is a gambler and is well known hereabouts. Kelly has been confined in jail at Miles City, where he was held for committing a crime." The Billings Yellowstone County, Montana Weekly Gazette, Tuesday September 20, 1898.

"He Operated in Montana

Tracy Confessed to Having Robbed Billings Saloon.

Innocent Man Convicted for the Crime and Sent to deer Lodge, but Upon Tracy's Confession in Oregon was Discharged.

Harry Tracy, one of the convicts who escaped Monday from the Oregon penitentiary, after assisting in the slaughter of three guards and one fellow convict, and who was at last accounts still at large, defying the universe and terrorizing the neighborhoods through which he and his pal are traveling, has been in Montana, committed crimes here, and for one of his crimes a young man named Ed J. Kelly was sent to the penitentiary at deer Lodge. He was, however, liberated after serving nine months. It was learned that Harry Tracy committed the crime, and after proofs had been furnished Governor Smith pardoned Kelly.

Tracy, after he escaped from the penitentiary in Utah went to Colorado, doing murder on the way, and was arrested twice, but managed to escape, and from there he went north and reached Billings in the autumn of 1898. There he robbed the Exchange saloon and secured cash and jewelry. Among the things taken was a watch belonging to the bartender, and this he sold to Kelly, saying he wanted to raise money with which to go to North Dakota. When it was discovered that Kelly had the watch he was arrested and accused of the crime of holding up the saloon. He protested and said that he bought the watch from a man named Tracy, but as there was a strong feeling against wrong-doers in Billings, it was thought wise to take Kelly in. The circumstances were against him, and he was tried, convicted and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Sheriff Berky of Yellowstone county was firm in his belief that Kelly was

innocent, and he said as much to the wardens of the penitentiary, but similar stories are told to McTague and Conley upon the arrival of every convict and they paid little attention to the protestations of the young man.

In June of the following year the wardens received a letter from J. F. Janes, warden of the state penitentiary at Salem, Ore., telling of the confession of Harry Tracy, who declared that it was he who robbed the saloon in Billings and sold the watch to Kelly. Tracy signed a statement which read:

“I, Harry Tracy, robbed the Exchange saloon and gave to Kelly a watch which I got from the bartender. It was in September when I robbed the saloon. I don’t know the date, but I think it was just before the county fair. If that man is not out, write and I will give a satisfactory description of the crime, so as to leave no doubt that I did it. Kelly was a stranger to me and did not know who robbed the saloon. I heard him say the bartender was a friend of his and he said also he would give me \$15 for the watch, just to give it back to the bartender. I gave him the watch and left for Dickinson.”

Soon thereafter Kelly was discharged from custody. Kelly lives in Butte.” *The Anaconda Standard*, Saturday, June 14, 1902.

But before his Portland Masked Bandit days Harry Tracy was in Seattle and his history there was covered by the *Seattle Star* in the summer of 1902 when Tracy was on his escape journey from the Oregon State Penitentiary through Oregon and Washington to his old hangout the Hole in the Wall in Wyoming. That article as follows:

“When Tracy Was in Seattle

Harry Tracy, whose notorious escapades have been on everyone’s tongue for the past month, is not entirely unknown to a number of people in Seattle. The police had trouble with him as far back as 1897-98. At that time, it is stated upon good authority that he went by the name of Fisher. He lived for about three months with a companion named Carter in a shack on the hill overlooking the new tenderloin. Tracy, or Fisher, as he was then known, lived for this time only in the shack, as the police raided it one time during his absence. Nothing especially incriminating was found about the premises, so he was not arrested. Carter was forced to leave town shortly after by the police.

The two worked together. Tracy was rather particular in the matter of dress, but Carter was always roughly clad and bore all the marks of a thug. Their occupation would be hard to state accurately. Smugglers, thieves, highwaymen and burglars they are supposed to have been, just as opportunities were presented. Tracy was more or less friendly with several Chinamen of doubtful reputation. He made frequent trips to Meadow Point, and there were continual rumors of small sail boats landing at that place in the night and leaving before morning without undergoing the formality of being inspected by the customs authorities. Tracy was really the share manager and go-between for a gang of opium smugglers who infested the sound during these years. The little sloops used by the gang usually landed at Meadow Point, where they were usually met by Tracy. The field of operations was changed once in a while to West Seattle or when the officers of the law were more vigilant than usual they would sail defiantly through the

harbor at night to the Duwamish river. The sloops were suspected of opium smuggling, but only on one or two occasions could sufficient proof be produced to convict the smuggler. This “business venture” of Tracy’s probably accounts for his good knowledge of the topography of the country near Meadow Point and the best means of escaping inland in case of a surprise, or an attack. Tracy, after taking the smuggled opium into town used to dispose of it to the Chinese, with whom he is on intimate terms.

In the category of his other occupations he was also successful. His great skill in planning a robbery or a burglary together with an open retreat made him a hard subject for the officers to convict. He was always ready with an alibi he worked quickly and was never at a loss if his plans did not go according to calculations.

The late Charles L. Grant knew Tracy well and has more than once followed him in the darkness. At one time Grant saw him enter the front gate of a yard on Sixth avenue. Grant posted himself on the corner, but had been there hardly a minute when Tracy was heard approaching him from behind. Grant could ever explain how the man got behind him so quickly. He gave Grant a plausible excuse for entering the yard and walked on up the street. Sometime later a house on the next street above was robbed. Tracy, or Fisher was suspected, but he came up with the never-failing alibi. Grant, however, kept after his man and succeeded in making it so warm for him that he left town and was not heard of for some months, when he was arrested in Oregon. Tracy always seemed to have plenty of money while here and had no bad habits. He was known to all the “hobo” fraternity as always willing to contribute a little money to help them along.”

Seattle Star, July 12, 1902 [This is probably why Tracy and Merrill went across the Columbia and north towards Seattle instead of east along the Columbia through the Tri-Cities and Idaho to the Hole-in-the-Wall,]

“Tracy himself says that he decided Colorado was getting too warm for him, so he decided to make a clean jump to the Coast. By a series of daring holdups and one hotel robbery in Salt Lake City, Utah he gained money enough to ride “like a gentleman” to Seattle.

While in that city his rendezvous was the tenderloin, his intimates thugs and thieves of the lower class, and his record one of quiet skulking from officers. His life in Tacoma, whither he drifted, was similar. But again in 1898 he again came to the fore as a desperado.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Saturday, July 12, 1902.

“Around 1898, while living in Portland, Oregon, Harry Tracy met Vancouver, Washington - native David Merrill. Perhaps the two men were destined to meet, as Merrill was no stranger to crime. A decade before, on November 1, 1887, while in the Clark County jail on a theft charge, David Merrill (using the alias Dave Robinson) along with two other prisoners escaped from their cell by the use of a key they'd made. In the months that followed, Tracy courted and married David Merrill's half-sister, Mollie [some accounts give her name as Rose]. Not much is known about his bride, nor if they had a child together.” <http://www.franksrealm.com/Indians/Outlaws/pages/outlaw-harrytracy.htm> [One reporter made up his story on Tracy and Merrill and he had them growing up in Portland together and starting their robberies together at age fifteen.]

“Merrill was a hometown product, having grown up in Vancouver, where he was known as David Robinson. His name first began appearing in the papers in the 1880s. When he escaped

from the Clark County jail in 1887, for example, the Vancouver Independent noted: “The parents have done all they can to reform the lad, but he seems incorrigible.” “Merrill formerly served three years in the Oregon penitentiary for robbing a car in this city. After his release, he left the country and showed up again with Tracy, and the two started out on their career of crime.” The Oregon Daily Journal, June 8, 1902.

Harry Tracy, his wife Mollie Robinson and Dave Merrill usually lived with or near Dave Merrill’s mother, with his brother Ben H. Merrill and stepfather Ira Johnson in the household. [Merrill’s half-sister is called Rose in some accounts, but in his letters to her Tracy called her “Mollie.”] The Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon, July 17, 1902); The Cincinnati Inquirer, July 13, 1902.

“David Merrill already had a criminal record when Tracy reached Portland in 1898. Merrill had grown up in Vancouver, wash., and had served sentences for petty theft and robbery. He was the son of “Mother” Merrill, a lady whose home and heart was always open to members of the underworld. His brother, Ben Merrill, was also active in criminal activities.

Tracy and Merrill made a brief sojourn into Washington State, robbing hop growers and saloons. They made little, but gained an extensive “traveling knowledge” of the state which would prove valuable a few years later.

Back in Portland, Tracy settled down to more serious business. He married Merrill’s sister, Mollie, and bought a house. He told neighbors he was working on the railroads – and he was; he was robbing them. Tracy and Merrill committed a series of robberies during the winter of 1898-99, but none of the jobs brought more than \$100.” Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.

Everything was great until the money gave out, and Tracy and Merrill had to go out and get more. This they did with a particular style and panache that quickly got them into the headlines as “the Mackintosh bandits” and they wore grotesque masks during these forays and soon came to be known in newsprint as the “false face bandits.” Harry Tracy, the last “Wild West outlaw,” gunned down after bloody Oregon jailbreak By Finn J.D. John — July 11, 2010; <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm> They became known as the Black Mackinaw Bandits because of their habit of holding up downtown saloons, butcher shops and grocery stores wearing black mackinaw raincoats. One favorite place to rob was hop pickers camps.

An early robbery was of Portland’s 2nd Street trolley car, in this robbery they took the passenger’s valuables and the conductor’s watch. Then they went to Dr. Plummer’s drug store robbed, tied up and gagged the clerk and stole postage stamps. “They went into Russell’s Saloon on East and Grand, tied Russell’s hands behind his back and jammed a towel in his mouth and halfway down his throat, hammering it in with the ends of their revolvers.” They stole an overcoat, a watch and chain and money from Magoon’s Saloon on Sixth and Ankeny. They robbed Otto Neussler’s Saloon, Wey’s Butcher Shop, Barrett’s Butcher Shop, and Offner’s grocery store in various Portland neighborhoods. When no valuables were given up by the victims they were beaten. Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999. Harry Tracy, the last “Wild West outlaw,” gunned down after bloody Oregon jailbreak By Finn J.D. John — July 11, 2010

“Tracy’s Entry Into Prison.”

Seattle, Wash, July 14. – Little is known of Harry Tracy's early life although the newspapers out here are beginning to pick up incidents of his career on the coast.

One dark, cold night early in February, 1899, Detectives Cordano and Ford, and a detachment of police and special detectives started out to arrest two "crooks" in Portland, Ore. They had been hunting them for months. A long series of "hold ups" had been committed and the force felt that its reputation was staked upon the capture of the two robbers, for they always operated together. The detectives had worked hard on the case, and finally came to the conclusion that two young suspicious appearing fellows who occasionally frequented a house on Market street, near First, were the much-wanted culprits. They also learned that the older of the two was David Merrill, who lived in the house with his mother, brother and step-sister, a known "crook," originally from Vancouver, Wash., a tough, fearless fellow who would fight. The other fellow was Harry Tracy, of whom they knew little, except that he was a "tough" and a dead shot.

This was the police plan of action:

When the house was entirely surrounded one of the detectives was to knock on the front door in the belief that if the culprits were inside they would hurry out the back way, which, of course, they had guarded heavily. The knock was promptly answered by the woman of the house, Merrill's mother. Almost at the said moment David Merrill opened the back door, where he found himself looking into the muzzle of Cordano's revolver. Jumping backed he locked the door, but Ford was already in from the front, so the back door was soon reopened by Mrs. Merrill, who declared that her son was not in the house. Mrs. Merrill and her other son, Ben sat in the living room watching the officers search the house.

Merrill's Hiding Place Found.

The house was searched from top to bottom, but no dark corner held either of the men. The officers were beginning to doubt the evidence of their own eyes, when one of them noticed that Mrs. Merrill followed the searchers and watched their every movement, was very nervous when they were in a particular room, so back to that room they went, for an extra search. In sheer desperation one of the men began pulling open the drawers of an old-fashioned bureau, finding only dresses and ordinary personal effects until the last drawer; but as that drawer was pulled open, curled up in it was David Merrill, revolver in hand, a belt of cartridges at his side, and making the most of his cramped position to "get the drop" on the officers. The odds, however, were too great and he surrendered. His mother, wild with rage, insisted that her son was no criminal. Seeing that her pleadings were in vain she began to abuse them, and finally denounced Harry Tracy, who, she insisted, had led her son into his waywardness. Then she determined to be revenged upon her son's friend. Her boy was in the rolls already, and it was no more right that Tracy should share his fate. He could be caught, she said, if the officers would follow her advice.

Merrill's arrest was kept a secret and Tracy was sent for, the message purporting to be from his friend. Tracy came to the Merrill home, where Detective David Weiner was introduced to him as a friend of Benjamin Merrill, David's brother. So well did Weiner play his part that Tracy was not suspicious. He readily consented to go out for a short walk and show Weiner the neighborhood.

But Tracy Was Right About It.

Something in the detective's manner made the outlaw mistrust him. They were walking near a railroad track and a locomotive was slowly passing.

"See that train?" asked Tracy.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess I'll take it. So long."

"I guess you won't." replied Weiner, reaching for his revolver.

Tracy was right about it, although, for he leaped into the cab, but not until he had taken a shot at the detective. Pulling his pistol to the engineer's head he commanded him to pull out with all speed, leaving Weiner wounded. The news was telephoned ahead, a crowd gathered along the track, and when Tracy left the engine he was followed by a mob. After a chase he was downed by an athletic butcher and turned over to the officers." "Has Trouble In Walking," The Topeka Daily Capital, Topeka, Kansas, July 17, 1902.

"When Tracy came back, he figured to the house out something was up, and ran for it. After trading pistol shots with a detective, jumped a train to flee. By an odd stroke of luck, the conductor disabled the train right next to a butcher shop Tracy had robbed earlier, and the butcher's son was ready with a shotgun full of bird shot, which he let Tracy have at relatively close range. The badly wounded robber ran a short distance, but finally gave up and was sent off to serve a 20-year sentence in the Oregon state penitentiary in Salem." Tracy, the last "Wild West outlaw," gunned down after bloody Oregon jailbreak. By Finn Harry J.D. John — July 11, 2010

Several versions of Harry Tracy fleeing from the police:

"In the aftermath, a detective caught up with Harry Tracy, who, in his notorious arrogant manner, leisurely walked straight up to the house, exchanged a few words, and turned around and left. One account has him fleeing the house, running through the trees and hopping aboard a moving train. After telling the engineer to jump, Tracy ran down the cab, leapt to the ground and knocked himself out cold.

Another version, and probably more likely, has Tracy fleeing the house and later hiding out in a butcher shop. Not one to go down without a fight, gunfire was exchanged, where he took a minor bullet wound to the head." <http://www.franksrealm.com/Indians/Outlaws/pages/outlaw-harrytracy.htm>

And: "Tracy attempted to make his escape by capturing the engine of a Southern Pacific train. Clapping a revolver to the head of the engineer, he ordered him to make full speed. A railroad man who had witnessed Tracy's flight, mounted the train and applied the emergency brake. Tracy fled from the train and was pursued by the detective and a crowd. He was shot in the head by a boy, Albert Way, and was taken by policemen." History of the Remarkable Desperado's Career One Long Record of Murder, Robbery, and Treachery, San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 68, August 7, 1902. ["He fell dazed into the yard of a Mr. Wilkinson – a policeman, as luck would have it – and was taken to jail." Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.]



The San Bernardino County Sun, Sunday, April 4, 1937.



Dan Weiner

[“Brave Detective, Who Brought In Harry Tracy, Dies

“Danny” Weiner, Known by Every crook From Alaska to Mexico, Falls Dead On Train Near San Francisco.

“Danny” Weiner is dead.

Without a moment’s notice this morning, on the train near San Francisco, Daniel Weiner, well known on the Pacific coast as a detective, and in Portland as the man who once captured Harry Tracy, fell dead of heart failure. Weiner had been all-in for a month and a week ago left for a trip to California in the hope that the affection might be overcome quickly. Weiner was of robust physique and had enjoyed perfect health practically all his life.

For a number of years “Danny” Weiner had been employed as secret service man at the United States National bank in this city. Day after day he was on duty and perhaps few men in Portland were known to more people at least by sight than was Weiner. As a terror to crooks he was usually brilliant, it being said that every crook from Alaska to Mexico knew him by sight and reputation.

Weiner was appointed to the detective service in the city in 1898. For a number of years he worked with Joe Day, and the two became firm friends. Weiner had the reputation of being absolutely fearless and at the same time peculiarly tactful in his work. Under the Williams administration Weiner resigned and tried to quit work. After awhile he was employed again and never afterwards attempted to leave the secret service. Dan McLoughlin was chief of police when Weiner first appealed to the department as a valuable man for detective work, and the chief soon gave him a place. He made good at once, and became one of the most trusted men in the service.

Tracy, Merrill Rob Saloon.

“Danny” Weiner became famous on the coast following his capture of Harry Tracy. Tracy and Merrill were working in Portland, each carrying a dinner pail and appearing as working men. Entering a saloon in the early morning hours they would call for drinks and when the glasses were placed on the bar the bartender faced two guns and a demand for the cash on hand. The job was a new one and it took some time for the detectives to land the men who were working it. Weiner was one of the first to understand the trick. The men were living with Merrill’s mother, who was dying of tuberculosis.

Ford and Cordon, city detectives, were successful in the capture of Merrill, who was considered the less dangerous of the two men. Merrill had hidden himself behind a bureau when he was captured, after a watch had been maintained for him several days. The officers had the drop on him and he submitted to arrest without trouble. But Tracy was quickwitted and evaded arrest successfully.

The Merrill home was watched day and night in an effort to capture Tracy. Ford, Cordano, Day and Weiner took turns at the dangerous watch. It had been thought that Tracy would have to be killed when captured. Weiner was always chary about shooting a man, for he was a dead shot, and he always worried about the necessity of taking human life. So he cast about for a trick to capture Tracy.

Tracy Steals Engine.

It was Weiner’s watch, and he was on duty in the Merrill home, with the dying woman awaiting the last summons. Harry Tracy slipped quietly into the house. Weiner met him boldly and told him that Merrill had been trapped and that Tracy would need help to get out of town. Harry suggested that the two flee to the hills and make good their escape. Weiner urged the necessity of going down town and getting money and provisions to tide them over. Tracy fell for it, and the two started down town.

Tracy had time to think before Weiner found assistance, and the bandit broke away. A train was puffing up Fourth street, and Tracy made for the engine. He knocked the engineer down, opened the throttle and was in good form to get away. A brakeman had seen Tracy climb on the engine, assuming that he was trying to steal the train to get away, pulled the air, and the train came to a standstill. Then it was that Tracy left the engine, and was shot in the back of the head by a boy with a shot gun. The shot knocked the bandit to the ground, but he regained his feet and made a run for a nearby outhouse, where Weiner captured him. Tracy was sent to the penitentiary only to escape and finally die at the end of an exciting man hunt.

In 1905 Weiner captured the notorious “Billy” Barrett in the United States National bank. Barrett was one of the most dangerous crooks then operating on the coast. This capture had much to do with his employment as a secret service man at the bank, a position which he held at the time of his death.

Made Several Fortunes.

Weiner had made a number of small fortunes, but he was never lucky in speculations. In 1892-94 he lost \$15,000 in the Grand Central hotel deal. In an early day he operated as a ticket scalper and made good money, but the business went to the bad and he quit it.

Daniel weiner was born in New York City. About 35 years ago he came to the Pacific coast. Entering the railroad business he was employed for a number of years by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company. He has a brother, Michael, an invalid, living at Fourteenth and Taylor streets. He had made his home with his brother for a number of years." The Oregon Daily Journal, Tuesday, March 12, 1912.]

"Thus these desperate criminals were landed in the Portland jail, lodged in separate cells and recorded in prison archives of the city:

"Harry Tracy, 25 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weight 160 pounds, light gray eyes, light hair and mustache, and two vaccination marks on left arm, and scar left by a bullet on his left leg."

[One account has him at 5 feet 5 inches tall]

"Tracy entered the Oregon Pen at Salem on March 22, 1899, as No. 4033 - Merrill as No. 4089. Oregon prison records give us this information on Tracy. Real name: Harry Severens, Born at Minong, Wisconsin, Height 5 ft. 10 in., weight 160 lbs., 24 years old, married, raised a Catholic, cook by occupation, has served time in Utah and Colorado Prisons, has a brother and a sister in Wisconsin." <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

David Merrill, 28 years old, 5 ft. 11 inches tall, weight 160 pounds, blue eyes, fair hair, light mustache, four front teeth missing in upper jaw, and two vaccination marks on left arm, but there is only a shadowy record of his past career." [One newspaper account says he only weighed 100 pounds.]

He and Merrill were taken to Portland's Kelly Butte Jail on March 21, 1899. Two months later Tracy nearly pulled off another escape. Someone smuggled a pistol to him, but after a brief shootout in the jail corridor, he and Merrill surrendered. Tracy ended up with a 20-year sentence for assault and robbery (compounded by attempted escape) and was sent with Merrill to the Oregon State Penitentiary in Salem.

"They were, however, not to be taken to Salem quietly, the state capital, and seat of the Oregon Penitentiary. Tracy insisted upon adding another incident to his career. As already stated, Merrill had a half-sister and at the time of the conviction it was reported that she was married to Tracy. She visited the prison shortly before the bandits were to be taken to Salem, and when she was gone. "On when he was about to be taken upstairs to the courtroom for trial, he drew a revolver on Jailer Ned Dougherty. Dougherty dropped to his knees and called out: "It will do you no good to kill me, Harry. I won't open the doors anyway." Some conversation followed and Dougherty suddenly ran to a place of shelter and called to Deputy Sheriff Jordan to fire. Jordan sent a ball whistling past Tracy's head. Tracy fired in return, and, as he ran around a corner of the steel cage dropped his pistol. Then he surrendered." History of the Remarkable Desperado's Career One Long Record of Murder, Robbery, and Treachery, San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 68, August 7, 1902.

["Tracy had secured a revolver from his wife, who had secreted it in her dress. The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.]

"In March, Tracy and Merrill were convicted of highway robbery. The night before sentencing, Mollie Tracy smuggled a revolver into her husband's cell. Tracy fired several shots in an abortive escape attempt, but had to give up." Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.

Tracy would most certainly have killed the guard and escaped had not assistance arrived in time to overpower him and drag him back to the cell.

Then, the pair, heavily manacled and guarded, were taken to Salem, delivered to Warden Jones, and assigned to work in the stove foundry of the prison.” *The Cincinnati Inquirer*, July 13, 1902

Another version is: Portland police might have kept a more diligent watch on Tracy had they been aware of his past escapades. On the morning of his trial, Tracy made another desperate bid for freedom. Somehow, he managed to have a gun smuggled into his cell in the old Portland Kelly Butte jail. At gunpoint he forced the guards to release him from the “strong cell.”

He then ran into his final obstacle, Ned Daugherty, the head jailor, who was commanding the last iron door to the outside. In what would appear to be nothing short of suicide, the old jailor threw the keys through the outer bars and out of reach. Dougherty saw the look of death in the gunman’s eyes as Tracy ran up to him. Then, in what was certainly not typical of Tracy, he proceeded to curse the jailor rather than shoot him. At this moment, Deputy Sheriff Tom Jordan appeared and triggered off a shot which knocked the gun out of Tracy’s hand.

Forced to surrender, this incident stands on Tracy’s record as his only unsuccessful attempt to break out of confinement in his long, bloody career.” <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

“Tracy and Merrill were finally landed at Salem. Warden Jones underestimated the resourcefulness and daring of these two prisoners and trusted too confidently in the strength of the prison they ruled. At all events he did not attempt to separate the two men, who continued month after month to labor in the stove foundry of the prison. The morning of June 9, promptly at 7 o’clock, the prisoners were paraded to their daily task by Guards Girard and Frank Ferrell. This is done so regularly in every prison that the guards regard it as a bit of routine they do mechanically. Nothing to them is more surprising than to be called upon suddenly to do the very work they are put there for.”

“For nearly three years Tracy bided his time waiting for the right opportunity. Since the day of his arrest, Tracy had been suspicious of Merrill. As they labored in the prison shops, Tracy often commented to Merrill about the difference in their sentences. Merrill passed him off by saying that Tracy’s additional time was caused by his attempted break from the Portland jail. This explanation seemed logical enough, but it went on boiling in Tracy’s bitter mind. Whatever bad judgment may have led Tracy to choose his destructive way of life he was not stupid nor was he a double-crosser! He would find out the truth about Merrill someday.”

<http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

Once in the pen, Tracy got started doing what he did best: Planning an escape. Having somehow arranged for some money to be sneaked in for him, he bribed someone – no one knows who – to hide a pair of Winchester carbines in a pattern box in the prison foundry; he bribed a soon-to-be-released inmate named Harry Wright prison wall to get a rope ladder and toss it over the wall. Harry Wright also stole a horse and buggy in Portland, which he sold to assist in raising funds. He purchased two high-grade rifles with short barrels and a quantity of ammunition, which were smuggled into the prison the night before the break.

“Planned Escape Several Years

While in Prison Tracy Wrote His Wife to Send him a revolver and Tools Inside of a Ham.

Evidence has come to light showing that Harry Tracy began his plans to escape from the penitentiary at Salem immediately after his incarceration. The criminal cunning of the man was never fully appreciated by the prison officials. This is easily explained by the fact that although he was known to be a desperate man, his record for breaking out of prisons in Montana and Colorado was at that time unknown.

Tracy's wife lived in Portland when he and Merrill were sentenced to the penitentiary for burglary in this city, and it was through her that the convict tried to secure guns and tools with which to escape. Mrs. Tracy is the sister of Dave Merrill. She is thought to have given the convict some assistance, but the first appeal from Tracy to send him a revolver, a saw and a brace, on the inside of a ham, was unheeded by the woman, as she evidently saw the folly of such an attempt. Tracy took a novel way to write the request for the revolver and tools to his wife.

Used Invisible Ink.

All letters leaving the penitentiary are scanned by the prison officials and therefore the prisoner could only write such a letter as would not be destroyed before it could get beyond the penitentiary walls. He wrote an innocent-looking family letter to his wife, who is Merrill's sister, on April 2, 1899. On the back of this letter he used invisible ink, which when placed over a lamp, would show out distinctly. There was of course no reference in the family letter to the one on the back, but word was sent by other sources for his wife to hold the letter over a lamp to bring out its instructions to her.

These letters have been obtained by The Journal and are published verbatim. The family is as follows:

State Penitentiary. Salem, Or., April 2, 1899.

My Dear Wife – I read your always welcome letter 2 days ago; was more than glad to hear from you. I am getting along pretty well and hope this will find you the same. I am working in the foundry. Well, dear, I will not be able to write much of a letter as news is very scarce here and I am only allowed one sheet of paper. Visiting day here is very day. Say, Mollie, I will talk to Ben if you wish me to but don't believe anything he tells you. He is the worst enemy you have. It was him instead of Dave that turned me and him and your mother only trying to work you for money and information. When your money is gone their friendship will go to. Now, Dear, don't think I am superstitious – I have good reasons for speaking as I do – if you take any stock in him you will see your mistake. If Dave did do me wrong Ben did also and he would gladly do more. As for him taking care of you what did he do when you were sick last winter? Of course I appreciate his kindness now but I know how long it will last. Don't let them get any worse. WE must pray for the best and I am sure your prayer will be answered some day. Well, my dear, don't get discouraged. I will try to get along as well as I can. I have had no trouble yet. Send my

love to mother and every one and you can copy some of their letters and send to me as you can rite as long letters as you wish. Well, goodbye dear.

From Harry Tracy.”

On the back of this letter in invisible ink.

“The appeal on the ack of the above letter is as follows:

Mollie, darling, send me a ham and some sugar and coffee, cut the inside of the ham and put a file and saw and a brace in it. The saws are about the size of a corset steel. The brace won’t cost much and will be handy to hold. Send them as soon as you can.

Get a Colt’s with 25 cartridges, single action and get 25 cartridges for it. The brace is for saws. You can put everything in the ham. Send it to Robert E. Willson. He has only a short time to serve.

Answer right away and tell me if you can get this and you know where I told you to go if you hear about me getting away. Well, good-bye, darling little girl. I am nearly sure to break this time. Save your money so you don’t get broke. Tracy.”

“A letter from Merrill.

On the same date Merrill also wrote a letter to Mrs. Tracy, as follows:

“Dear Sister – Your letter was quite surprise. In fact, I thought you had quit me for good when you throwed in with Ben. You say Ben paid the lawyer. If he did, in the name of common sense, what did he do it for? You know the lawyer throwed me, to tell the truth, he was employed for no other purpose than to put me away for life. Where did Ben get money to pay lawyer.

Well, dear little sister, Ben may be a good boy but he ought just have paid some of the police force to defend me. They would have done as well as Banks. I will say nothing more about Ben or mother. The best I can do is to leave them to their conscients.

Good-by. From your loving brother,

David Merrill.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Monday, July 28, 1902.

Tracy and Merrill began their escapes, when they first reached the state pen. Their behavior was considered dangerous and they spent much of their time in isolation. They were assigned to work in the prison foundry, where they were supervised by guards B. F. Tiffany and Frank Ferrell.

Tracy enlisted the help of another convict, Harry Wright, in his escape plot. Wright was due for release in May, 1902, so Merrill wrote to his sister asking her to Wright with guns and

ammunition. The bottom half of the letter was written in an invisible ink so that it appeared blank to inspecting officers. A chemical materialized the message.

On the night of June 7, the plan went into action. Only one guard patrolled the walls during the night hours. Wright scaled the walls – “broke into prison” – and hid 30-caliber Winchester rifles in a storage box in the foundry.” *Statesman Journal* (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.

“No man of many who were in the foundry seems to have seen what occurred. Certain it is that Tracy and Merrill walked to their places as usual. Certain it is that somewhere near the places in which they worked were two large rifles loaded and ready for work. The two prisoners could not have carried the guns from their cells. No one seems to have seen them seize the rifles, but just as the foundry squad was about to be turned over to the guard, Frank B. Farrell. The convicts were counted in and announced as all present by Girard. While the words were still on his lips a rifle shot echoed through the yard, and Ferrell fell forward with a cry of agony. He had been killed by Harry Tracy. [“..without a warning stepped up behind him and blew out his brains.” *The Oregon Daily Journal* (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.]

“The Break for Freedom.

Frank Girod, one of the shop guards, says the break had evidently been pre-arranged. The men had been lined up and marched to the foundry. The convicts had all been counted, and Girod says he had just reported to Ferrell the number of men in the line, when he heard a rifle shot, and Ferrell fell dead, shot through the back. So close was Girod standing to Ferrell at the time, that his hat was discolored by the powder.

Tracy Shot Ferrell.

Girod says Tracy was the man who shot Ferrell, for he saw him deliberately aim and fire. Both Tracy and Merrill were armed with rifles that appeared to be newly purchased. After murdering Ferrell they turned their attention to Girod and Stapleton, other shop guards, who successfully dodged the half-dozen shots that were intended for them, and sought shelter within the prison.” *The Capital Journal* (Salem, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

The stove foundry is next to the wall. A yard surrounds it and thirty feet from the wall is the “dead line.” Guards are stationed upon the walls armed with heavy rifles to shoot any luckless or reckless prisoner who crosses that line. Tracy and Merrill rushed to the yard, followed by the guards who had paraded the foundry gang to its work. Near the door Frank Ingraham, a life convict, undertook to stop them, only to receive a rifle ball in one leg.

Reaching the yard, Tracy, whose shots seldom fail, fired at every wall guard in sight. One of the bullets killed S. R. T. Jones, a guard, and his fall made every other guard in the place hesitate to expose himself as a target for either of the desperate men. The watchmen returned the fire, however, from all sides and behind shelter, but in the rain of bullets the convicts took a ladder from the side of the foundry, put it up against the twenty foot wall, climbed up and jumped over.

Once over they turned their attention to the fence guards. S. R. "Thurston" Jones, patrolling the northwest corner of the stockade, fell, pierced by two bullets. Another guard, Duncan Ross, was wounded.

In the meantime, two of the watchmen had rushed out of the main gate and circled the outside wall, hoping to head off the fugitives. They ran into them face to face, but with a quickness born of a thorough desperation, the convicts had them covered with their rifles. Compelling the officers to drop their rifles, they made them walk in front of them across the field hostages of the good behavior of their fellow jailers on the walls. Guard Bailey Tiffany emptied his rifle at the men but failed to hit his mark. He was himself wounded and fell from the wall to the ground [one account reported that he leaped from the wall and landed near Tracy and Merrill], where he was picked up by the two escaping prisoners, who calmly used him as a shield while they retreated to the woods. At the edge of the forest they shot him [placed a rifle to his chest and shot him in the heart], took his rifle, and disappeared into the underbrush. Once in the heavy timber the long chase has begun." "Has Trouble In Walking," The Topeka Daily Capital, Topeka, Kansas, July 17, 1902.

"Duncan Ross, a new guard, was on the fence near Tiffany's station, but being unarmed, he was powerless to assist his comrade, who was being carried off by the desperate convicts. The fleeing men fired one shot at Ross, inflicting a slight wound." The Spokesman Review, Tue., June 10, 1902 [One of the bullets pierced Ross' hat, and grazed his scalp. He had been a substitute for Guard Albert Steiner. The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.]

The guards killed were Frank B. Ferrell, shop guard; S.R. "Thurston" Jones, fence guard; B. F. Tiffany, fence guard and Frank Ingraham, life prisoner.

"After leaving the prison, the convicts were last seen following up the course of Mill Creek, from where it is thought they have struck for the tall timber on the Waldo hills, their evident intention being to reach the mountains." The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

"Sheriff Durbin's Posses.

The sheriff of Marion county was called up by the prison authorities, and soon had posses of armed men out in several directions, covering the roads and scouring the fields for the two escapes. Messages were sent in all directions to head off the fugitives. The nearest that any of the posses came to covering the tracks of the convict murderers was by the force headed by Chief of Police Gibson, who went south past the Davidson place. Just half an hour behind them they found a man who had got a glimpse of the fugitives, hatless, but each armed with a rifle, passing the Coleman hop yard at 9:30. They tracked them on south into the timber, when the convicts seem to have made west for the river, keeping in the heavy timber. Mr. Bittner and another man saw and recognized them, but they had got to cover. The men with Gibson were Albert Disque and Jos. Moyer, carrying Winchesters. Chief Gibson says he thinks the convicts will keep hid until night, and then steal a skiff somewhere and drop down the river. Points on the river have been notified to keep a lookout." The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

"Frank Ferrell

Was born in Salem about 32 years ago, and and been employed at the pen about six years, succeeding Harry Minto as inside day guard. As a young man he worked as a packer in the Salem flouring mills. He was a very popular young man about town, and was married about six

years ago to Miss Sylvia Simpson of this city, granddaughter of David Simpson, of this city, with whom they made their home. As inside guard at the foundry he had at times as high as 200 convicts. The position he held permitted him to carry no weapons whatever, although the way he was shot it is doubtful if he could have defended himself. As a matter of fact, he carried his life in his hands every morning from the time he went on duty until he quit at night, and died at his post of duty, as much as any hero in the army or navy. He leaves a mother and four brothers, Newton, George and James, of Salem, and Charles, at Reno, Nev., and a sister, Mrs. Minnie Vibbert, of Celilo.” The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

“B. F. Tiffany

Was about 35 years of age, and his parents reside in Boston. He was married about a year ago to Miss Edna Goodell by whom he is survived. He bravely sacrificed his life at the post of duty.”

The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

“S. R. T. Jones

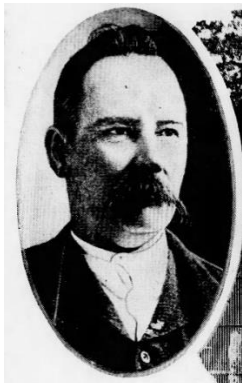
Was nearly 50 years of age, and had been employed at the penitentiary for some time. Before accepting an appointment at the prison, Mr. Jones was a farmer, and lived near Hubbard. He was the victim of a bullet from a cowardly assassin.” The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

“Guard Jones has several relatives in Portland. He was a brother-in-law of Sheriff Jack Hubbard of Spokane, who was killed in a similar manner several years ago. Hubbard had arrested outlaws wanted in Missouri and was on his way to Spokane with them in a carriage when some friend of the prisoners opened fire from behind, killing Hubbard and one of the prisoners.

Jones had resided at Hubbard Station, 18 miles from Salem, for years. The station takes its name from the family of Sheriff Hubbard. Jones leaves a wife and four children.” The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.

Ingraham was serving a life sentence for the murder of his brother in Linn County, when he tried to wrest away Tracy’s rifle he was shot in the leg by Merrill. His leg was so shattered it was amputated by the prison doctor. The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902. [He was later pardoned or his actions.]

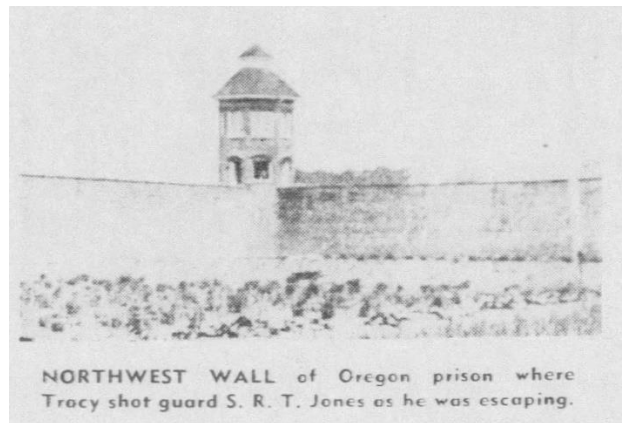
“Deputy Sheriff Matthews said: “The men are desperate characters and they will not likely to be taken alive. They are the most dangerous men that the Multnomah County authorities have had to deal with – in fact, they are as bad as they make them.” The Oregon Daily Journal (Portland, Oregon), Monday, June 9, 1902.



S. R. T. Jones

The San Bernardino County Sun, Sunday, April 4, 1937.

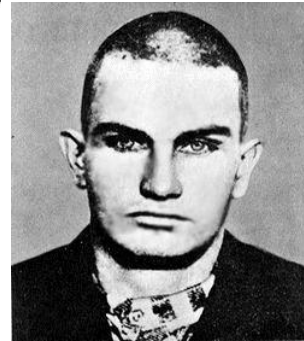
Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Saturday, June 8, 2002.



Frank S. Ferrell B.T. Tiffany S.R. T. Jones

The Spokesman Review, Sunday July 21, 1963.

The Spokesman Review, Sunday, July 21, 1963.



The Hunting of Harry Tracy, The Most Thrilling Man Hunt of Recent Western History by William MacLeod Rain



Dave Merrill

“Dead or alive, \$3,000 reward,” is the heading of a large-type circular that adorns the wall of the office of Chief of Police Larson, and pertains to the capture of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, the convicts who escaped from the Oregon state prison and in so doing shot and killed four men. The circular is over the signature of Warden J. D. Lee of the prison, and bears pictures of the convicts.” June 29, 1902 The Missoulian

The Oregon State Penitentiary's report on the Tracy-Merrill prison break, with Tracy's mugshot attached. (Image: Oregon State Archives)

“Oregon State Penitentiary

Re: Escape of Merrill & Tracy

Salem, Oregon

From Biennial Report October 1, 1902

By Joseph D. Lee, Superintendent

There has been but one jail delivery, which occurred on Monday, June 9, 1903 when David Merrill and Harry Tracy escaped from the molding room of the workshop. Of their escape, flight and death, I will speak somewhat in detail.

There escape was accomplished by outside help. During the preceding night, probably, two rifles and a good supply of ammunition were secreted with the working tools of these two men. Shop guard Frank S. Ferrell and wall guards, S.R.T. Jones and B. T. Tiffany were fatally shot. Convict Frank S. Ingram received a bullet in his left leg which necessitated its amputation. The escapes scaled the wall by means of a ladder which was used for oiling the machinery in the shop, at a point between the posts of the two guards who were killed. Several shots were fired at them, but the range was long and they were unhurt. They quickly made their way to the forest south of Salem. I was at the cottage, but hearing the firing, went quickly to the prison. My son and the assistant warden took the posts of the fallen wall guards; other officers acted with promptness and coolness.

At the time it was impossible to tell how many were in the conspiracy and I deemed it important that a strong cordon be formed around the wall at once. I commenced phoning for help. The asylum being nearest and having several available attendants and employees, I called first. Then to the county and city officers and to the captain of the militia company. I sent a messenger to secure men from the streets. All responded splendidly and a large crowd soon gathered. We were advised that no other prisoners were in the plot and the work of organizing posses began. Able assistance was rendered by Sheriff Durbin, City Marshal Gibson, Captain Kurtz and others. The first posses were armed and on their way in about eighty minutes after the break. Others followed as they were armed and organized. All the surrounding country was notified by phone and by messengers. The roads south of the city were guarded, as well as the bridges and ferries of the Santian and Willamette Rivers. Under cover of the darkness the outlaws backtracked, emerged from the forest near the southern suburbs of the city, robbed parties of their clothing and, passing to the northern part of the city, stole two horses and directed their course northward. In the meantime a request for bloodhounds had been wired Superintendent Catrod of the Walla Walla penitentiary, who generously responded. At 11 o'clock a.m. Tuesday Guard W. E. Carson, with two dogs, arrived and that afternoon the hunt was resumed with vigor in the northern part of the county. Then followed one of the most remarkable chases after criminals in the history of the coast, the details of which are too numerous to narrate, the saddest of which was the killing of three officers in western Washington.

The tragic death of the guards and the unexpectedness of the outbreak turned all eyes to the penitentiary. The public was appalled, the mystified. So much was said in papers and in general

conversation from so many different points of view, a great deal of which was contradictory and inaccurate, that the average citizen hardly knew what to conclude. I credit our newsmen with an earnest desire to furnish the people with the best information possible, but often unauthorized stories get afloat from which some paper draws aboard and grotesque conclusions which another paper criticizes and ridicules. Later, both find that they were fighting impalpable vagaries, but their readers are left in bewilderment and the officers credited with blunders which they never committed.

At the time of the Tracy and Merrill outbreak every man on the roster was well experienced in his line. The armory was much better equipped than is the general impression. The fact is, the same thing could have happened at any time since the establishment of the penitentiary, the weak points being in the bad construction of the wall and insufficiency of the night guard.

During the forenoon of the first day the copy of the poster offering reward for capture of the escapes was in the hands of the printer. The offer of \$1500 for capture and return of Tracy and Merrill, dead or alive, or \$750 each, and \$500 for the man who had furnished the guns. A few days later the Merrill's and Tracy's reward was doubled.

On July 17th, Mrs. Mary A. Waggoner of Lewis County, Washington, accompanied by Sheriff Edward Egceller brought an unrecognizable body in an air tight casket to the prison. She guaranteed it to be the body of David Merrill. It was buried in the prison cemetery.

On August 9th, E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, and S.J. Straub brought the remains of Harry Tracy, who had on the fifth of August, in Lincoln County, Washington received a death wound, but anticipating its fatal result had circumvented the same, and hastened death by sending a bullet crashing through his brain. His identification was unquestionable. On September 6 I signed the warrant for the payment of \$1500 to the above named gentlemen, including other members of their posse, J. J. Morrison and Rank Lillengren. It was a well earned reward.

Since my contact with criminals and my study of related subjects, commencing in 1894, when I became an officer in the municipal court of the city of Portland, I have not met a man with so many strong points to qualify him for successful criminal career as Harry Tracy. His quickness of apprehension and decision was Napoleonic. He had a nerve of steel. With him taking of human life was a question of expediency only. His reckless, dare-devil exploits and hair breath escapes were to his diversion. In conversation with him he was very direct, and altho devoid of much education he had a good use of language. He was especially fortunate in having intelligent and shrewd outside help. We kept him much longer than had any other prison. His devious career and ignominious death furnishes a strong warning to all men who have any tendency toward outlawry. Without a dollar of estate, with a reputation for crime only, while yet a young man his sun set in darkness and his remains lie unhonored in a prison cemetery.

On or about the second day of July, Harry Tracy reported that he had killed David Merrill on the 28th day of June in Lewis County, Washington; but it seems that neither the relatives sought the

body for interment, nor adventurers endeavored to discover it in hope of earning reward for its return.”

The Oregon State Penitentiary's report on the Tracy-Merrill prison break, with Tracy's mugshot attached. (Image: Oregon State Archives)



C. C. Wall wrote in 1952: “The above incident reminds me of the Tracy & Merrill episode. In the early part of 1902, Harry Tracy and Dave Merrill were arrested in Portland on a charge of armed robbery. They were convicted and sent to the pen at Salem. They had already broken jail in Colorado, where they were accused of two murders and 44 robberies. In Portland, before being caught, they had cached away some guns and ammunition. After they were sent to the pen, they immediately made friends with a convict who would be released in a few weeks. By a peculiar set-up at the prison at that time, they saw that it would be possible to have those guns smuggled into them. And this was done. On June 9, 1902, Tracy, being the killer, shot and killed three guards, and he and Merrill made their escape. Then came the greatest manhunt in the history of the Northwest. They crossed the Columbia at Vancouver, and headed north. They passed by through this territory via the Military Road, just east of town. Merrill had some relatives near Napavine, and he wanted to go to their place. Tracy didn't. They quarreled. Tracy then shot and killed Merrill, and went on alone. In the Seattle and Everett area, he had two brushes with the officers, and in the two battles, he killed four officers. He then made his way over the mountains to Eastern Washington, and got as far as Creston, where he was surrounded in a wheat field and mortally shot, and then committed suicide rather than be taken alive. The reason this incident is included here, is the local touch it had with our community. There used to be a family here by the name of Wagoner. Two of the daughters still live here. But at this particular time they were living at Napavine. One day Mrs. Wagoner and her son George were walking down a road near their place, and they stumbled upon the body of Dave Merrill. Merrill had a brother in Chehalis, and was notified and came down there immediately. In the events that followed, he and Mrs. Wagoner were thrown together quite a bit, and soon a romance developed between them. On August 31, 1905, Mrs. Mary Wagoner and Mr. Ben Merrill were married here in Winlock. They made their home in Winlock for several years afterward. A book entitled Harry

Tracy, The Desperate Western Outlaw, was written by W.N. Carter. For many years, the book was a good seller. Perhaps some of you have read it.” A History of Winlock, Washington, written by C. C. Wall 1952; Historical Sketches of Winlock, Washington and Vicinity, compiled by C. C. Wall, and Presented to the Winlock Community Development Group on May 12, 1952.; http://cityofwinlock.com/uploads/3/4/8/8/34880431/a_history_of_winlock.pdf

[David Merrill, following are accounts on Dave Merrill and his family. The Merrill's seem to have been in Portland, Oregon and in San Francisco, California since the 1860s.

“Yesterday in the Courts.

State Circuit No. 2.

State vs. Dave Merrill; arraigned and given until to-day to plead.” Morning Oregonian, September 25, 1888

“Death Beneath the Waters

Lad Ten Years of Age Drowned a Few Days Ago in the Clatskanie River

Wm. Cullen Bryant aged ten years the youngest son of F. G. Bryant (or P. G. Bryant) of Clatskanie was drowned in the Clatskanie river last Wednesday. It is not known how the accident occurred as there was no one with him at the time says the Oregon Mist. The last seen of him alive was at noon of that day coming from Mr. Omar Bryant's place in company with Frank Merrill's son Albert who left him at the Manxanillo's warehouse and went to his dinner Cullen stating that he had to go back up the road and look for a key he had lost.

Not coming home during the afternoon, search was made for him at the various houses of his relatives and friends in the neighborhood where he was in the habit of going. He not being found it was surmised that he might have fallen into the river and at an early hour the next morning the search was resumed when his body was found in the river near the Wagner place on Mr. Bryant's upper place by his brother, Grant Johnson, Anson Orwig and Ed McClure who discovered who discovered it at the bottom of the river his white waist showing plainly through the water the tide being out.

Justice Nathan Nichols acted as coroner and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. At the place where he fell in the road passes near the river bank which is very steep and slippery and it appears that he did not drown at once as his finger marks were plainly see in the mud of the bank where he had struggled or some time in his efforts to get out.

The funeral took place Saturday, the remains being interred in Maplewood cemetery at Clatskanie.” Morning Oregonian, Tuesday, November 13, 1888.

“Is the Underwear Stolen?

Two Men Shadowed and Finally Arrested with Several Large Bundles in Their Possession.

Two men were yesterday evening were seen carrying several bundles along Fifth street in a very suspicious manner. Their peculiar actions attracted the attention of another man, who thought he would shadow their movements until he could notify some officer. He followed them to the corner of Fifth and Taylor streets, where they threw one of the bundles into the backyard of the house formerly occupied by J. P. Howe. By this time the amateur detective's suspicions grew stronger, and he followed the men more closely than ever.

He finally encountered Officer Johnson, who upon learning the circumstances of the men's suspicious movements, placed them under arrest near the corner of Second and Salmon streets. They were taken to the city jail and relieved of their bundles, which were found to contain underwear. The bundle which they had thrown into a backyard was also procured and near the place where they were arrested and the officers found a file, which one of the men had thrown away.

The bundles contained a dozen suits of heavy red underwear, five heavy blue undershirts and three dozen of coarse knit woolen socks. The goods were new and bore the tag, “California woolen goods.”

The men gave their names as David Merrill and Frank Hayes. They refused to tell where they got the underwear, and to all questions they maintained a defiant, sullen silence.” Morning Oregonian, Wednesday, December 18, 1889.

"Dave Merrill and Frankl Hayes. Indicted for stealing a lot of goods from the store of H. Wolf Bros., were allowed till Monday to plead." Morning Oregonian, Sunday, January 5, 1890.

"Around 1898, while living in Portland, Oregon, Harry Tracy met Vancouver, Washington -native David Merrill. Perhaps the two men were destined to meet, as Merrill was no stranger to crime. A decade before, on November 1, 1887, while in the Clark County jail on a theft charge, David Merrill (using the alias Dave Robinson) along with two other prisoners escaped from their cell by the use of a key they'd made. In the months that followed, Tracy courted and married David Merrill's half-sister, Mollie [some accounts give her name as Rose]. Not much is known about his bride, nor if they had a child together." <http://www.franksrealm.com/Indians/Outlaws/pages/outlaw-harrytracy.htm> [One reporter made up his story on Tracy and Merrill and he had them growing up in Portland together and starting their robberies together at age fifteen.]

"Merrill was a hometown product, having grown up in Vancouver, where he was known as David Robinson. His name first began appearing in the papers in the 1880s. When he escaped from the Clark County jail in 1887, for example, the Vancouver Independent noted: "The parents have done all they can to reform the lad, but he seems incorrigible." "Merrill formerly served three years in the Oregon penitentiary for robbing a car in this city. After his release, he left the country and showed up again with Tracy, and the two started out on their career of crime." The Oregon Daily Journal, June 8, 1902.

"Giving Aid to Convicts

Ben Merrill is Jailed on Suspicion at Castle Rock. (Journal Special Service.)

Castle Rock, Wash., - June 28. No little excitement was caused here today by the arrest of Ben Merrill, brother of one of the escaped Oregon convicts, who are believed to be in hiding near this town.

For the past few days Merrill has been hanging around Castle Rock in a general state of drunkenness. He has, of course, been an object of suspicion, but up to last night made no demonstration of any kind.

Early last night, however, while the posse was absent, he secured a horse and quietly rode out of town, returning again before morning. It is thought that he either had or attempted to have some communication with his hunted brother and Tracy, partner in crime, and this morning on the return of Sheriff Huntington, he was arrested and locked up as a precautionary measure. He denies having seen the convicts." The Oregon Daily Journal, Saturday, June 28, 1902.

"Harry Tracy, his wife Mollie Robinson and Dave Merrill usually lived with or near Dave Merrill's mother, with his brother Ben H. Merrill and stepfather Ira Johnson in the household." [Merrill's half-sister is called Rose in some accounts.] The Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon, July 17, 1902); The Cincinnati Inquirer, July 13, 1902.

Dave Merrill's body was found by a Mrs. Waggoner and her son, she traveled to Salem, Oregon from Chehalis, Washington with Dave Merrill's body, she was after the \$1,500 reward. The Oregon secretary of state refused to pay her no more than \$500. The Oregon state legislature introduced a bill to pay Mrs. Waggoner the reward. The Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon, July 17, 1902)

There used to be a family here by the name of Wagoner. Two of the daughters still live here. But at this particular time they were living at Napavine. One day Mrs. Wagoner and her son George were walking down a road near their place, and they stumbled upon the body of Dave Merrill. Merrill had a brother in Chehalis, and was notified and came down there immediately. In the events that followed, he and Mrs. Wagoner were thrown together quite a bit, and soon a romance developed between them. On August 31, 1905, Mrs. Mary Wagoner and Mr. Ben Merrill were married here in Winlock. They made their home in Winlock for several years afterward."

Another Story:

"Hand and Foot of Convict Merrill's Body Projected Above Two Fallen Trees

Gruesome Discovery Made by a Boy Named Roberts in the Forest near Chehalis --- Three Empty Rifle Shells Found Near by -- Body Undisturbed Coroner of Lewis County Notified

Chehalis, July 15 -- 2:00 p.m. -- It is now certain that a body found in the woods near the County farm yesterday is that of Merrill, the murdered partner of Outlaw Tracy.

Yesterday forenoon a boy named Roberts, who was walking through the woods at a point about four miles from this place, noticed a human hand and foot projecting from between two logs. Approaching nearer he observed the bod of a man jammed in a crevice between the logs. The face was pushed downward and hardly any part of the body was visible except the arm and leg.

Roberts was terribly frightened and ran to the reform school and confided his secret to Superintendent Westendorf of that institution. Mr. Westendorf after viewing the body, hastened into town and together with the marshal and the editor of the Bee Nugget, returned to the place of the grewsome discovery for further investigation.

Corona Green was sought, but as he was out of town, it was decided to keep the matter secret until he returned today.

That it is Merrill's body, goes without doubt. All the clothing that can be seen on the corpse, answers perfectly the descriptions of the articles worn by Merrill when last seen in life.

Merrill was known to be alive on June 26, when in company with his murderous companion he was seen near Tumwater. On June 29, Merrill (Tracy? I believe), single-handed, held up old man Laird near Centralia. It is believed that Merrill was killed, probably on the 27th, or a day after the lawless pair left Tumwater.

Tracy told Scott, while walking down the track from Meadow point, July 2, the evening of the day that the outlaw arrived in Seattle after his trip in the launch N. & S., that he had killed Merrill near Chehalis, and had secreted his body in the woods. The finding of a corpse at that place makes almost certain the fact which half the people at least have believed, that Tracy told Scott the truth.

The body in the Chehalis woods has on it a blue coat and striped pants. Such were the garments worn by Merrill when that person was last seen.

All of last night Superintendent Westendorf and a local newspaper man stood guard over the remains crowded between the two logs. At this hour the coroner is momentarily expected to arrive and determine for a certainty that they are those of Merrill, the companion of the blood-stained Tracy. As far as can be ascertained from parts of the body exposed, Merrill was killed by bullets from a 30-30 Winchester. There s a wound on the wrist made by a bullet, and near the place where the body is partly secreted, was found three empty 30-30 Winchester shells. It is probable that three shots were needed to dispatch Merrill. And after Tracy had thrown his body between the logs, the callous desperado leisurely took the empty shells and threw them on the ground." Seattle Star, July 15, 1902

And:

"Warden James, at the inquest over the body of Merrill today at Chehalis, identified the remains as those of Tracy's pal. The principal means of identification was a plate with four false teeth in it, which one of the convicts at Salem told the warden Merrill wore. Other points of identity were more obscure, but Warden James thinks they can be cleared up by telegraphing to Deer Lodge, Montana, where Merrill, it has been ascertained, served two terms in the state penitentiary, once under the name of McTague and once as Carroll. A wire has been sent to the superintendent of Deer Lodge prison. Seattle Star, July 16, 1902

"Find Merrill's Rifle

Pick It Up Not Far From Spot Where Body Was Found

Chehalis, Wn., Aug. 11, - Last Saturday morning Fred Runcorn and J. H. Goff, of this place, found Dave Merrill's rifle a short distance from the place where the corpse of the outlaw was discovered. It was lying partially concealed in the brush about 20 feet from the road leading towards Chehalis.

The gun is a 30.30 Winchester, similar to that carried by Tracy. It is an 1894 model, and when found was somewhat rusted from lying out in the damp for so many weeks. It contained 10 cartridges and had no empty shells, showing that it had not been discharged since it was last loaded. This proves clearly that Merrill did not shoot at Tracy, whatever he may have planned or attempted to do.

It is evident that after killing his partner Tracy, not wishing to be encumbered with two guns, carried it a short distance and then threw it in the brush out of sight. The young men brought the gun to Chehalis and placed it on exhibition in a drug store window. Almost the entire population of the town has been around to look at the relic of the recent sensational career of escaped convicts, and several offers have been made to the finders of much more than the weapon's value." Seattle Star August 10, 1902

"Inquest Proves Merrill's Identity

Chehalis Excited Over Finding Convict's Body – Tracy Holds Up Another Family. (Journal Special Service.)

Chehalis, July 16. – The inquest held this morning on the body found near Chehalis leaves no doubt in the minds of the officers that the body is that of Merrill.

Merrill's brother, Ben Merrill, who has been working in a livery barn here for two weeks, was at the inquest. He is fully satisfied that the body is that of Dave Merrill. J. W. Studebaker, a well-known citizen of Castle Rock, was here at the inquest today, and he is also satisfied of the identity.

He has known Dave Merrill for a number of years. Warden Janes, of the Oregon penitentiary, is here, and he is satisfied as to the identity, and the careful checking up of the scars on the body is adding to the proof.

Merrill's effects consisted of a briar pipe, a sack of tobacco, seven 30-30 cartridges and an upper set of four false teeth.

The body as in a horrible state, at least so far as the head and face were concerned. They were badly decomposed. Parts that had been protected by clothing were in better condition. The inquest developed that Tracy's first bullet struck Merrill almost squarely in the middle of the back. It passed through the body, and made a large gap in the front side of his throat. The second shot was probably fired while Merrill was lying on his right side. It passed through his stomach from side to side, going clear through the body. The third shot was fired into his head....

There is great excitement in the city on account of the find. Hundreds of people have viewed the remains. Many outsiders have come to Chehalis to take a look, and more are expected this afternoon." The Oregon Daily Journal, Wednesday, July 16, 1902.

"Finding of Merrill's Body

Details Brought Out by Mrs. Waggoner at the Inquest.

Chehalis, Wash., July 16. – The details of the finding of Convict Merrill's body were given at the coroner's inquest today by Mrs. Mary Waggoner, of Napavine, who said that about 8 o'clock Monday morning she was on her way from her home to visit her daughter whose home is about a mile from the county poor farm, and about five miles south of Chehalis. Mrs. Waggoner took her 12-year old son, George, along, and on the way they stopped to pick huckleberries. While passing along an unfrequented road through the timber they noticed a bad smell coming from an old cedar log lying to the east of the roadside. First thought suggested that it was a rabbit or some other dead animal, but when they looked down into the brush which partially projected over the log and saw a shoe sole, the thought that they had found Merrill dawned on both.

Hurriedly they went to Mrs. Seeley's home, where the daughter and the members of the family were apprised of the find. They discussed the matter and after taking into consideration certain contingencies that might arise to make things unpleasant if the news were given out too soon, concluded to notify but a few, including Sheriff Deggeller to whom Mrs. Waggoner came direct with her story, Mr. Deggeller's attorney, Mrs. Waggoner's attorney and one other.

The officials at the Oregon Penitentiary were wired as to the conditions of the reward and answered that the terms of the reward would govern, but that a good price would be paid for the return of the body at any rate.

Sheriff Deggeler and a press correspondent sat up all night with the late Mr. Merrill, but each was provided with a gun. It was intended that if anyone found the way out there who was not wanted and who had no business there, trouble would follow.

The finding of Merrill's body bears out Tracy's story of the duel in every part. The roadway where the tragedy occurred is along the side of a hill about 200 yards east of the Northern Pacific main line, and about two and a half miles north and east of Napavine.

There is a house about 200 yards from where Tracy killed Merrill, but it is occupied by a Bohemian, Frank Veba, and his wife. They know little or no English and don't read the Local or state papers. Consequently they knew but a little of Tracy or Merrill and their escapades, excepting such as their Bohemian neighbor had told them of it.

Yet it was the fortune of these two people to see Dave Merrill alive and they are the last people besides Tracy who did see him alive. They told Sheriff Deggeller that at about half past five o'clock Saturday morning, June 28, the two men passed their place. They were walking rapidly and nothing out the ordinary was noticed about their action toward each other. Each man carried a gun. The Verbas describe the dress of each. Veba stood in the garden as they passed and his wife was near the milk house. There was no salutation as the Vebas did not know the men. They did not hear the shots fired that killed Merrell a few minutes later. The ducks were making a loud noise, and furthermore so many people shoot tht no attention is paid to it.

Along the roadway where the shooting occurred is a pretty little stretch of road almost straight for perhaps 50 yards. A cedar tree stands on the east side, being a medium sized one, about 15 inches n diameter. This tree must have been the starting point from which Merrill and Tracy started back to back to step off their aces. Nine paces away, to the north one 30-caliber cartridge, such as Tracy used in his rifle was found. This is just as Tracy said. Ten paces away, to the south, two more cartridges, both empty, were found.

This verifies Tracy's claim that he shot Merrill from behind and then when he did not die, put two more bullets into him to get him out of his misery.

Within three or four feet of where Merrill fell lies an old cedar log, close alongside the road. A little to the east of this lies another, the ends of the two joining in a wedge shape. Over the two logs the brush had fallen, and into this brush, down under and between these two logs Tracy dumped Merrill headlong after murdering him. The body looked as though it had been stood on its head in away, and then stamped down. The place of concealment as perfect, and different people have passed there and never had the slightest suspicion that Merrill was only two or three feet from them." The Oregon Daily Journal, Wednesday, July 16, 1902.



Ed Deggle became the 22nd elected Sheriff of Lewis County and the Lewis County Jail was established in 1900.
https://lewiscountywa.gov/media/images/sm_eddeggleTOUCHED1899190519271931_qkNdKLV.original.jpg

“Gay Mrs. Waggoner

She Elopes with dead Outlaws Brother.

Left Large Family

Finder of Dave Merrill’s Body Causes Great Sensation – Went to Seattle.

Chehalis, Sept. 16. – A sensation has been created here by the elopement last Friday of Mrs. Mary Waggoner, of Napavine, and Ben Merrill, a brother of Dave Merrill, the escaped Oregon convict, who was killed near Chehalis, by Harry Tracy. Mrs. Waggoner found Merrill’s body in some bushes while she was out berrying, and is seeking to recover the \$1500 reward from the state of Oregon. The couple purchase tickets for Seattle. Mrs. Waggoner is 45 years old, have three married daughters and several younger children. Ben Merrill has been working in a livery stable at Chehalis for the last two months.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Tuesday, September 16, 1902.

“Tacoma. - Ben Merrill, a brother of Dave Merrill, the Salem convict, has disappeared from here, saying he was going to join his brother and his partner, Tracy in their effort to evade the officers.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Thursday, June 19, 1902.

“Deserts His Wife – I. B. Merrill. Brother of Dave Merrill and brother-in-law of Harry Tracy, the famous bandits of a few years ago, has deserted his wife, leaving her destitute, according to the story she told the police in appealing for help. Merrill with his wife and son have been living at 503 Mississippi avenue since November 29, moving from Tacoma.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Wednesday, December 11, 1912]



Tracy and Merrill spent their first day out hiding in the woods.

“Bloodhounds sent down from the Washington State Penitentiary followed the scent of the fugitives for some time, but finally lost it. On the day following their escape, Tracy and Merrill entered Salem, Oregon, at 10 p. m., and held up a man at the point of a rifle and took his clothes. They then stole an overcoat and two horses and continued on their way north. The pair were seen

next morning at Brooks, a station on the Southern Pacific Railway eight miles north of Salem. During the night they had found it necessary to get rid of their horses.

“Now with three dead guards behind him, following their escape, they were being closely pursued by men and bloodhounds from the Oregon prison as they fled north toward the town of Gervais. It has been told that Tracy sprinkled pepper along the way to throw bloodhounds off the trail. A posse from the Washington State Prison at Walla Walla and Company F of the Oregon Militia were called in on the trail.” <http://washburn.wigenweb.org/histories/people/tracyharry.htm>

Several times the fleeing convicts dropped in uninvited to meals at various farm houses, where they made no pretense of concealing their identity and even boasted of their exploits. Hospitality that was not freely given was taken anyway, and usually anything else they wanted that was easy to carry. Anyone who resisted was bound and gagged. Occasionally some of the pursuers got an occasional glimpse of the convicts, but all that is known of them during the first few days of their flight was what was related by residents at whose houses they had stopped for food.” *The Cincinnati Inquirer*, July 13, 1902

“Escaped Convicts Add Other Crimes to Triple Murder

The Convicts Steal Horses in Salem

Bold Outlaws Mount Animals and Ride Away. (Journal Special Service)

Salem, Or., June 10 – 11:30 a.m. – Convicts Tracy and Merrill who made a murderous outbreak at the state penitentiary yesterday

Morning are still at liberty, though they boldly invaded the city last night and supplied themselves with citizens’ clothing and horses.

At 10 o’clock last night the two escapes held up J. W. “Jim” Roberts of South Salem stripping him of clothes for their use. They also secured a pair of overalls from Roy Ohmart, a neighbor of Roberts. In conversation with Roberts, the fugitives stated they were well supplied with ammunition and would fight to the death. [J. W. Roberts residing in South Salem, went home at 10 o’clock last night when on reaching his gate he was held up by the two convicts and marched a short distance away from the house, where he was stopped under a big maple tree and ordered to take off his clothes. They took his coat, vest, trousers, shirt and hat, dividing the clothes between them. They boasted of their deed in killing the guards and told Roberts that they were desperate men. After despoiling him of his clothes, the men demanded to know where a boat could be secured, as they wanted to go down river. Roberts threatened with death, told them where a boat could be found. He was ordered to go into his house and not leave it on pain of death, and he obeyed, while they made for the river to secure the boat.]

After chatting with him and securing information regarding the location of boats on the river with the intent to go down stream, they shook hands with their undressed victim and departed, warning him to say nothing on pain death. He obeyed the injunction until this morning, when he informed the officers. In shaking hands Tracy had his right elbow to his side without moving it, as though in great pain. [Learning that a posse was en route to Gervais with bloodhounds, they returned toward Salem, remaining in the woods in the daytime and at night they entered the town, and accosted a citizen named J. W. Roberts (or Stewart) as he was entering the gate

of his home on South Liberty street in South Salem. When two men approaching him from the corner, spoke to. Roberts, thinking the men belonged to a posse returning from the search, stopped, when he suddenly found himself covered by two rifles and heard the stern command: "Stick up your hands." He promptly obeyed and on the order of his captors walked to a big tree near by, where the men, after ascertaining that Roberts was not an officer, made him take off his clothes down to his under garments. These clothes the men appropriated to their own use, throwing away a portion of their striped clothing. The men boasted of their prowess and finally before leaving him asked as to the nearest point on the river where a boat could be secured with which to go to Portland, where, they said, they had friends. "After they took his clothes (the object being to change as often as possible), and then ordered him to go in his house and remain there until daylight under pain of death."

"The first heard of them was 10 o'clock that night, when they came upon J. W. Stewart, south of Salem, on his way home. They made him take off his clothes and enter his house. So violent and effective were their threats that he did not inform the officials for fear of the bandits' vengeance. The fugitives also stole enough clothing from an expressman in the vicinity to enable them to discard the prison stripes, and next they appropriated a pair of horses, on which they rode northward toward Portland." The Cincinnati Inquirer, July 13, 1902; Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.

"During the day several attempts were made to start the hounds on the track of the fugitives, but each time the scent was lost. The hounds were taken to Roberts house, where Tracy and Merrill changed clothing, and put on the scent from the clothing. They followed it to the stable from which the horses were stolen, but there it was lost.]

"Team of Horses Stolen.

A brace of horses, the property of Felix LaBranch, was stolen Monday night, and the theft has been place to the credit of two escaped convicts. The animals were stolen from the barn at the home of Mr. La Branch, at the corner of Twelfth and Center streets.

Mr. La Branch says he last saw the horses at 9 o'clock last night, when he fed them hay for the night. At 4 o'clock this morning they were missing. The horses were taken from the barn through the barn yard and out of the gate next to the railroad. The owner gives the following description of the horses: One dark bay horse with white strip in the face, weight about 1250; one reddish sorrel mare, weight 1200. Both horses were of Clydesdale stock and were unshod. With the horses was taken one halter and two bridles. One of the bridles was of red twisted leather, a regular riding bridle; the other was a single buggy bridle, with which was a pair of lines. The thieves evidently went about the job coolly and deliberately, for several other bridles that had evidently been tried on the stolen horses, and found to be not properly adjusted, were left upon the fence. Owing to the natural clumsiness of the stolen horses, Mr. La Branch does not believe the captors an make much progress, but it is generally believing that if the horses were taken by the convicts in the flight, they were ridden as rapidly as possible until daylight, when the desperadoes probably abandoned the steeds and are laying in hiding.

Saw the Horse Thieves.

A. M. Southwick, who lives one block north of the home of La Branch, says that he saw two strangers, at 11:30 o'clock last night, ride past his house. He horses answered the description of the animals stolen from La Branch. He telephones the night watchman at the court house, but, for some reason, the alarm was not given, and no pursuit was made. Two lone horsemen were seen to pass through Brooks at 12:30 o'clock this morning.

May Have Been Confederates.

There is a well-grounded belief among the police officers that the escaped convicts are receiving outside assistance. This lends confirmation to the opinion of many that the theft of the La Branch horses was committed by confederates of the men for the purpose of throwing the officers off the track of the fugitives. Chief of Police Gibson adheres to the belief that the convicts are in hiding within a very short distance of the city, and that they are receiving substantial aid from friends.” The Capital Journal, Tuesday, June 10, 1902.

At 11:30 o’clock a team of the horses belonging to Felix Labranche, a local saloonkeeper, living in the heart of the residence district of this city on 12th and Center streets, was stolen, and A.M. “Frank” Southwick, who lives near Labranche saw the two men riding out of town “in Indian style,” and observed as they passed under the electric light that both men carried rifles and wore citizens’ clothes.

They looked Suspicious

He did not know them, but their actions being suspicious, he watched them closely at a distance of half a block. The smaller man (Tracy) leaned heavily on the withers of his horse, as though in pain. They rose carefully when under the light, only one passing the corner at a time.

Watchman Notified.

Southwick notified the watchman at the Sheriff’s office of what he had seen. This morning when Labranche reported that his team had been stolen it became evident that the convicts had secured the horses and made their escape. At midnight a resident of Brooks, eight miles north of this city, saw two horsemen mounted on animals answering the description of the stolen horses, and carrying rifles across the withers of their mounts, pass through that place, going northward.

Making for Portland

It is believed the men are making for Portland, where they told Roberts, they had friends who would give them all the aid required to escape.

Some of the officers believe they are heading for the Barlow road and will strike for Eastern Oregon.

On the Trail.

Salem, June 10. – (1 p.m.) – Guard M. E. Carson of the Walla Walla prison with two bloodhounds, arrived here at 11 a. m. and was joined by Sheriff F. W. Durbin and several deputies. They repaired immediately to Roberts’ home at South Salem, where the convicts secured Roberts’ clothing last night, discarding their own.

The Trail Was Warm.

Here the trail was immediately picked up and followed unerringly, the discarded prison clothes giving the scent to the dogs. The bloodhounds went directly to the Labranche barn, where the horses were stolen, losing the trail there. Here the hunt was temporarily cut off while the men went to lunch, as it was necessary to give the dogs a rest before starting on the scent of the horses.

Posse In Pursuit

The pursuit of the escaped convicts with bloodhounds will be resumed when the stolen horses are found. It is thought the men will turn the horses loose this side of Portland, where the trail will then be taken up. A posse of officers is on the trail of the horses now.

On the Lookout

Portland Officers Expect to Make Capture.

The local police who have no jurisdiction outside the city limits are satisfied that they will soon be called upon to chase the murderers down right here at home, as they believe both men are trying to work their way into Portland.

Detective Henry Ford, who is familiar with nearly every foot of ground between here and Salem, said this morning:

“It would not surprise me in the least, in fact, I rather look for it, to see Tracy and Merrill come right to Portland if they can avoid being intercepted.

“We have several reasons for thinking they will come this way. One is that Tracy’s mistress is still the inmate of a North End disorderly house. Besides, the murderers’ friends are all here and in Vancouver, Wash.

“They could cross the river at Newberg or even further up, say North Yamhill, and come down on the west side, following either the line of the Southern Pacific or Portland & Willamette roads.

“They will be more cautious from now on, as they have passed through the worst of it, and will rake no unnecessary chances.”

Despite Detective Ford’s statement some of the local officers who are acquainted with the murderers and their past operations in Portland, are generally of the opinion that the escapes will give this city a wide berth. In the first place, they say, Portland is said to be too small of a place in which to successfully hide two characters so well known as Tracy and Merrill. Nearly every detective and policeman in the city knows both men. Before the robbers were bagged and sent to the penitentiary operated successfully by skillful transformation of personal appearance. They would color their hair and moustaches, raid a store, quickly wipe off the coloring with a wet sponge, and appear again with light hair. The ruse worked to a charm and served to throw the

officers off their track for a long time. The men are now smooth-shaven, and this method of disguise would be impossible.

Sheriff Frazier this morning telephoned many of the smaller towns between here and Salem notifying persons there to be on the watch for the convicts. Nearly all of the points reached, where the men would be likely to pass, had already been informed of the flight by officers from Salem, Sandy, Currinsville, Eagle Creek, Howell, Marquam and Damascus, have been communicated with.

Should the escapes make for Barlow pass going eastward, they would be likely to follow the Sandy road. Or they could strike the path from Molalla and the Oak Grove road over the mountains.

There are numerous ways of reaching Portland. There's the Boone's Ferry road, Sholes Ferry road, leading from Salem; or by coming down the West side of the river they could reach Portland by way of Butteville.

Deputy Sheriff Horace Thielsen is of the opinion that Tracy and Merrill have too much sense to come to Portland, notwithstanding that they are well acquainted with the country about here. He thinks that their start in the direction of Portland was made as a blind; that after proceeding a little way in a certain direction, they will make a loop and go south.

Sheriff Frazier has not as yet sent any of his deputies out to run down the fugitives, although in conjunction with the city authorities a sharp lookout is being kept about the city."

Bloodhounds En Route.

Guard M. E. Carson of the Walla Walla penitentiary, with two bloodhound, passed through Portland this morning to assist in the man hunt are now going on at Salem for Tracy and Merrill, who escaped from the Oregon State Penitentiary there yesterday. [The bloodhounds were Don and Hunter. Don is 18 months old and has been on the job trailing convicts since he was 4 months old, he is pure tan. Hunter is the same age but somewhat smaller. "The broad black band along his back suggests his lineage, which is of a Spanish-Cuban breed, kept for generations on the West India islands for the purpose of tracking fugitive slaves." Mr. Carson is a spare built man of about 30 years of age, and in his short blue coat and buckskin leggings seems capable of the difficult and dangerous duty to which he has been assigned." Weekly Oregon Statesman (Salem, Oregon), June 13, 1902.]

When the chase had lasted some hours at Salem yesterday, Governor Geer wired to Superintendent John B. Catron of the Walla Walla institution, asking that the dogs be sent to be put on the trail of the fugitives. His request was acted on at once.

Guard Carson arrived in Portland early this morning over the O.R. & N., and left at 8:30 by the California Express. The two bloodhounds are said to be the best man hunters of the Pacific Coast, and when they are once laid on the trail of the convicts it is confidently expected that the end will be soon." The Oregon Daily Journal, Tue., June 10, 1902.

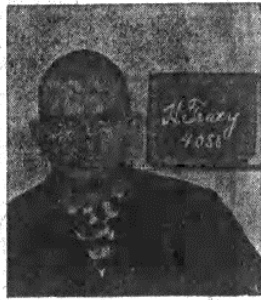
DESCRIPTION OF THE CONVICTS



DAVID MERRILL.

Age, 28 years; height, 5 feet 9½ inches; weight, 167 pounds; complexion medium, hair brown, eyes blue and grey.

Medium built; slightly stoop shoulders; dim pit scar below right temple; dim cut scar above outside corner right eye; dim pit scar right side back base of neck; small brown mole left side back base of neck; cut scar on first knuckle right thumb; two cut scars on second knuckle right index; cut scar third knuckle right index; cut scar between third knuckles right third and fourth finger; two vaccine marks outside left upper arm; two cut scars on first knuckle left second finger; cut scar third knuckle left second finger; pit scar on right knee cap; small pit scar on left side; burn scar on top left instep; varicose veins hollow both knees; small pit scar below left hip and one above left hip.



HARRY TRACY.

Age, 24 years; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 160 pounds; complexion medium, hair light brown, eyes blue.

Medium built; pit scar above the outside corner of the left eye; pit scar back left ear edge of hair; pit scar in front of right ear; pit scar right side bridge of nose; vaccine mark outside left upper arm; cut scar inside second joint left thumb; two cut scars second knuckle left index; cut scar second knuckle left fore finger; small cut scar above right knee; two pit scars on right knee cap; small pit scar below right knee; burn scar four inches long on left hip; small cut scar front left upper leg; small pit scar outside and below left knee; dim brown stain bottom right shoulder blade; brown stain on back near spine; varicose veins hollow left knee.

The Oregon Daily Journal, Tue., June 10, 1902.

“Seen at Gervais

Outlaws Leave Horses and Take to Brush.

(Journal Special Service.)

Gervais, June 10. — The two escaped convicts, Tracy and Merrill, were seen near Gervais this morning at 4:30. They broke into the residence of August King and forced him to furnish them with breakfast.

They asked about different routes out of town, and, leaving their horses, struck into the woods afoot.

One of the men wore a duster and had no hat. Both were armed with rifles.

His afternoon the posse from Salem arrived in pursuit, and upon inquiry learned the above facts. They notified the authorities at Salem and proceeded upon their way.

It was 6 o'clock when the men left Gervais and was last seen one mile east of here on Pudding river, going through the woods.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Tue., June 10, 1902.

Their next appearance was in the town of Gervais, twenty miles north of Salem:

“Gervais, Marion County, Ore., June 10 - Sheriff Durban and posse, with bloodhounds picked up the trail of the escaped convicts at Gervais late this afternoon and pressed them so close that at 9 o’clock tonight they ran into town, held up Dr. C. S. White and Edward Dupuis, two business men of Gervais, took the doctor’s horse and buggy and drove away. The sheriff’s posse, with bloodhounds, was only a quarter of a mile behind. The convicts ran into a road which was fenced up and there abandoned the team and took to the woods through a large field half a mile west of Gervais. The posse is close on the trail and the convicts are exhausted. Their capture, it is thought is a question of only a short time.” The Spokesman Review, Wed., June 11, 1902.

“Dr. White states that when he was accosted on the street and robbed Merrill said but a few words and that Tracy did all the talking. Tracy was very pale and gave his commands so indistinctly that the doctor had to ask the outlaw to repeat his words. Tracy wanted all of the doctor’s clothing, and Dr. White commenced to take off his trousers when Merrill insisted on speed and pushed him into the rig on the lap of Ed Dupuis, who was then thrown out. L. Briggs, a resident of Gervais, states Tracy entered his house, saying he had walked from town, was footsore and weary. He asked for bread and meat, but Briggs had nothing but a loaf of bread. For this Tracy offered 25 cents, saying he was willing to pay for the loaf and some milk. Briggs had no milk and refused the money. Tracy left the articles and left.” Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.

“They were known to be exceedingly well armed, for during the night they had had the audacity to hold up two deputy sheriffs of the pursuing posse and relieve them of their weapons and took such wearing apparel from them as they needed.

All officers realize the desperate character of Tracy, and it is not likely he will be taken without a terrible battle. They have nearly 12 hours’ start of the posse and it is probable the escaping convicts will reach the mountains before being overtaken. It is known that they have friends in Portland, and from their northerly course it is supposed they are endeavoring to reach there.

Louie Butler, an ex-convict, was arrested today on a charge of assisting Tracy and Merrill to secure the horses from the stable.” The Spokesman Review, Wed., June 11, 1902.

“Portland, June 11. – At 7 o’clock this evening Tracy and Merrill, the convicts who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary Monday, after killing three guards, are surrounded in a tract of timber, probably 200 acres in extent, one mile east of Gervais, Marion county. Two companies of the National guard and about 100 citizens, all heavily armed, surround the timber and escape of the convicts now seems impossible.

About 4 o’clock this afternoon Tracy and Merrill emerged from their hiding place and showed themselves in a wheat field adjoining the timber. The posse fired five shots at the fugitives, who returned the fire, but no one was hit. After they had fired two shots the fugitives again took to the woods. Sheriff Durbin, who is leading the posse, and Captain Kurtz, in command of the

troops, think the men will be captured before dark tonight. Pickets have been thrown around the timber at short intervals and it will be a miracle if the men escape.

“From Thursday’s Statesman.

Yesterday was a day of excitement throughout Marion county, and in fact in the Willamette valley, all eyes being turned to Gervais, near which place the murderous convicts, Tracy and Merrill, were in hiding, with large posses searching every nook and cranny for the criminals.

Late on Tuesday night, the criminals eluded their pursuers near the town of Gervais, and although every road and trail was patrolled by armed men searching for them, Tracy and Merrill kept out of the reach of the deputies, and at 4 o’clock yesterday morning serenely reappeared at the August king cabin, where they secured breakfast on Tuesday morning, and again asked for food. They were supplied by King with what they demanded – a loaf of bread, a pocket knife and some articles of clothing – and again took to the woods. King notified the authorities at Gervais, and the men, scattered over the country, were called in and soon surrounded the wood in which the men were located. The bloodhounds picked up the scent at King’s cabin and traced the men into the jungle – a tract of timber covering about 100 acres and adjoining a wheat field.

During the day Sheriff F. W. Durbin telegraphed Governor T. T. Geer an urgent request for reinforcements as he had not enough men to completely surround the timber in which the murderers were located, and the Governor at once called out Company F, Fourth Regiment, O.N.G. of Salem, and Company D, of Woodburn, and both organizations reached the scene of operations during the afternoon, and went on duty at once. Major Reas H. Leabo, of the Fourth Regiment, was ordered to take command of the men.

During the afternoon, the men were sighted several times. Between 4 and 5 o’clock they attempted to crawl through the wheat field adjoining the timber, when Oscar Gallice, one of Sheriff Durbin’s posse, caught sight of them crawling through the ferns in the edge of the timber, instantly Gallice began pumping lead at them out of his Winchester, firing five shots in rapid succession, but the distance was so great – 175 yards, the men dropped down in the ferns out of sight, that none of the shots took effect, and the fugitives slipped away back into the timber. The cordon around the timber was at once drawn closer, and more men were sent out from Gervais to reinforce the posse, the officers making preparations for a long siege. It was proposed to keep the wood surrounded all night, and should the men break out to either capture or kill them. After the firing by Gallice, the two fugitives fired a couple shots, but no one heard a bullet whistle, and it was supposed their firing was done in the spirit of defiance.

A company of thirty men at Oregon City, composed of veterans of the Second Oregon volunteers, offered to join the forces last night, but were requested to wait till this morning. Should more men be required and the criminals be still at large, the Oregon City volunteers will be sent for.

Plan Did Not Work.

Some time before dark last night Sheriff F. W. Durbin planned a sort of ruse with the hope of drawing the convicts out from their concealment and open to fire. Sheriff Durbin quietly made the rounds, visiting all the sentries and advised them of his plans and gave them each explicit instructions which conformed with the plan agreed upon. When he returned to the starting point Dr. H. H. Olinger of this city, got into a buggy and started to drive down the country road which followed the clump of timber, in which the fugitives have taken refuge, the entire length. The object of this move was to tempt the convicts to hold the rig up and attempt to escape with it, whereupon, at a certain understood signal, the sentinels were to open fire. The ruse did not work, however, as Dr. Olinger drove the entire length of the timber and back with the convicts ever revealing themselves.

Provisions were provided for the men standing guard in the way of sandwiches coffee, etc. from the hotel at Gervais and these were distributed around the entire line by several who volunteered their services by the aid of a vehicle.” Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.

The posse is making no effort to close in on the fugitives, but will await reinforcements and endeavor to starve them out. Every man who has a gun within a radius of 10 miles has been summoned to join the posse, and pickets will be thrown out in every direction, so that escape will be well nigh impossible. [On June 11th, the two men were surrounded by a posse of fifty men near Gervais. They were still on the line of the Southern Pacific and were headed north for the State of Washington via Portland. Before noon a hundred men surrounded the woods in which the men lurked. Every man within a radius of ten miles who possessed a gun was summoned to join the posse, and Company F of the Oregon State National Guards also arrived upon the scene. A complete cordon surrounded the apparently doomed men, but during the night the two desperadoes slipped silently through the lines and escaped. The Story of Harry Tracy, Super-Outlaw Story by Thomas Duke, 1910.]

Run Down by Bloodhounds

Early this morning the fugitives took breakfast at the wood camp where they breakfasted yesterday morning. Shortly after leaving the camp the bloodhounds took the trail and followed it to the stretch of timber where the outlaws are now hiding. They are heavily armed, having taken away the guns of two of the posse in Gervais last. Two members of the posse were returning home about 10 o'clock in a buggy when they were held up and their guns and buggy appropriated. Tracy and Merrill drove away, after entering a house in the village and securing food. An hour later the horse returned without a driver.” The Spokesman Review, Thur., June 12, 1902.

Another version:

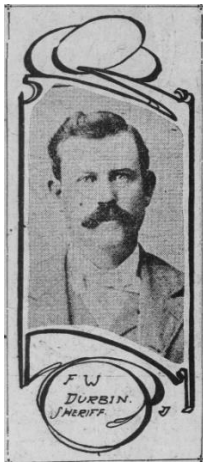
“About noon the next day bloodhounds were put on their trail. Word was wired in all directions, a large reward was offered, and from all sides amateur, as well as professional detectives, prepared to catch the refugees. Their capture was considered only the question of a few hours.

The next word, however, added some humor to the situation to those not immediately concerned. Two members of the Sheriff's posse has ridden far northward in a buggy. Returning, they were

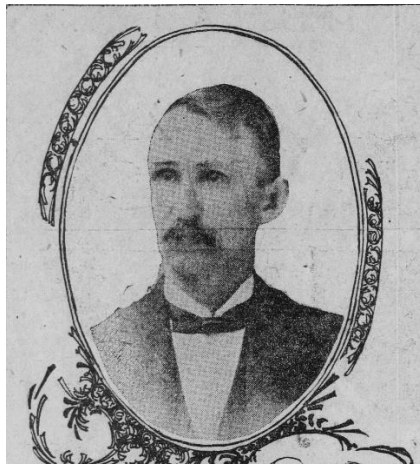
met by the convicts, who, instead of allowing themselves to be taken, held up the pursuers and took possession of the horse and buggy, leaving the officers to walk back home.

As always, he was polite, "I'm Tracy" he told the two men. "We have to take your buggy, we need it more than you do." Leaving the two startled citizens with the outlaws worn out horses and calling out a cheery "Good morning, gentlemen!" the two outlaws thundered off down the road.

By the next day Tracy and Merrill, had abandoned the buggy and were surrounded in a wooded area by nearly a hundred heavily armed lawmen near a place called Gervais, Ore. Later in the day they were joined by the Oregon National Guard." *The Story of Harry Tracy, Super-Outlaw* Story by Thomas Duke, 1910



Sheriff Frank W. Durbin



Governor T. T. Geer

The San Francisco Call, June 10, 1902 The San Francisco Call, Thu., June 12, 1902.

"A Long Picket Line.

Late tonight a picket line extends over five miles of territory, and every effort will be made to prevent the convicts from escaping during the night. Many believe, however, that they will make a break for liberty before daylight, realizing that to remain in the woods another day will mean death or surrender

Suspicious of Officials.

Portland, Ore. June 11. – The Portland police have been notified by officials of the state penitentiary that they suspect "Scotch Aleck" and "Big" Burke, two bunco men now in Portland, of being the ones who smuggled guns to Tracy and Merrill. It is known that the suspects attended the Sunday excursion to Salem. No more has been done as yet. Tracy's wife and the bunco men are inmates of the same North End Saloon." *The Spokesman Review*, Thur., June 12, 1902. ["There it was that sailors rested from drunkenness, or held carousal, and slouching men of the woods played greasy cards on a greasy table. Only the ghost of laughter walks where once the nickelodeons blared their tunes into the night. It is the summary and long-delayed reformation of Burnside street. It is the finish of the North End, of which that very district was once the heart." The saloon was in Old Town, also called Whitechapel and it was later called the North End. It was Portland's vice district. The North End was "wide open" for decades. The North End could be a dangerous

place. Period descriptions detail a population “swarming with holdup men, petty larcenists, bunco men and crooks of every description.” Drunken men were often “rolled,” or beaten up, and all their money taken, particularly between the late hours of 1 and 5 a.m. Some sex workers robbed their clients. Some sex workers were assaulted and even killed by their clients. <https://www.streetroots.org/news/2019/01/04/when-portland-s-old-town-was-north-end> When Portland’s Old Town was the North End A snapshot of a few blocks of Portland’s past by Doug Kenck-Crispin | 4 Jan 2019; — “The Reformation of Burnside,” The Oregonian, Nov. 1, 1923]

“Convicts Are Now Cornered

In Thick Woods With Officers and Militia Around.

The Men visit Woodchopper’s Camp

Demand Something to Eat, Hat Pair of Pants and a Knife – Capture or Death Sure.

Gervais, Ore., June 11. – Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts, are tonight surrounded in a thicket by two hundred armed men one mile west of here. Governor Geer ordered two companies of militia to the scene today and there are about one hundred citizens under arms now doing guard duty around the woods where the convicts are hiding. Sheriff Durbin will endeavor to prevent the convicts from escaping tonight and tomorrow he expects to capture them.

They spent the night in a wheat field just outside of the city limits and this morning took breakfast with Woodchopper King with whom they made no attempt to conceal their identity from Woodchopper King, but demanded something to eat, a pair of pants, a hat, and pocket knife. They left at once not waiting to eat the food, taking it along. They were seen at 6 a.m. by a neighboring farmer’s wife.

King notified the officers and the trail was taken by bloodhounds. Owing to a lack of men, Sheriff Durbin thought best to wait for the arrival of militia. At three p.m. they were seen crossing a field going north. They were frightened back into the woods and not seen again until 5 o’clock when they were shot at five times while attempting to come out through an old orchard. The woods where they are hiding is a jungle composed of vine, maple, ravines and swamps. In the past at two different times escaped convicts have been captured in these woods. There is no question that the prisoners are in the woods. The sheriff has a perfect system of pickets covering five miles of road surrounding the woods, and escape seems impossible. The guns taken from Dr. White and Ed Dupuis last night were found this morning, also a discarded coat and ammunition pouch.” The Missoulian Thu., June 12, 1902.

“Murderers Are Now Surrounded Near Gervais

Entire Power of State National Guard Brought to Assist

The County and City Authorities in Effecting Their Capture.

Sheriff Durbin Will Have Two Hundred and Fifty Men on the Firing Line.

Tuesday night’s Journal told the discovery of the trail of Convicts Tracy and Merrill at Gervais, where they held up a wood-chopper’s camp, and later they met up with Dr. C. S. White and Ed. Dupuis, driving into Gervais, and compelled them to get out and let them drive off the rig, which was abandoned, and they started on foot across the fields for the woods.

Sheriff Durbin, with Mr. Carson, in charge of the bloodhounds from Walla Walla, went down to Gervais, and were followed by Chief Gibson and a posse of the best possible specials that could be picked up on short notice. They were divided into two squads, and proceeded to locate the men, with the help of the dogs. By the help of the dogs the officers found where the convicts hid the bridles, after which the dogs refused to follow the trail. The dogs were again put on the trail out of Gervais and followed until they came to a piece of the state prison soap, which the convicts had evidently used to soap their shoes, and this threw the dogs from the trail again. Too much newspaper publicity has doubtless enabled them to get accurate information of the movements of the men, and of putting the dogs on their trail.

Convicts Seen at 11 a.m.

At 11 a.m. today the third detail of National Guards from Salem have been sent to the front in a carryall, and the rest are going on the 4:30 train. The bugle sounded on Commercial street, and in a few minutes 20 of Company F assembled. And were driven off in a four-horse team for Gervais. Sheriff Durbin telephoned Deputy Colbath at 11 a.m. that young Fisher, of East Salem, formerly a Journal carrier, had seen and identified the convicts as they appeared for a moment on the edge of the strip of timber, and the convicts were now definitely located.

Seen Near Gervais Today.

Fisher lives near the pen. He has been with the posse since they started from Salem, and knows both escapes too well to be mistaken. More militia went from Salem at 11 o'clock, and the rest of the company will go forward at 4:30. Governor Geer has used the utmost dispatch in getting the militia out and under proper officers. The Journal is represented in the cordon and on the firing line by Fred Kress, who can be relied upon for a truthful report of what takes place.

Men Take Breakfast

The little town of Gervais presents almost the appearance of a military camp. Soldiers are coming and going, and there is an excited crowd on the streets. The number of persons who will cheerfully expose themselves to Tracy's unerring aim is limited. The soldiers and other posses all got a breakfast as best they could, and some went without. A cordon of men was formed last night about the 200 acres of brush and timber where the men are supposed to be hiding. It has been tightened this morning on the arrival of trains with additional posses and militia from Salem. All this did not prevent the convicts from getting their breakfast at the wood camp of the man King, where they got supper last night. King reported this, and they were also seen by a Mrs. Pienard, who lives nearby. [In the fall of 1902 Gervais burned to the ground, this is all but two businesses.]

Men May Have Escaped.

A telephone from The Journal correspondent at Gervais reports that the posse is still in the brush, two miles from Gervais. The dogs traced the men from King's cabin to a point so close to the

escapes that the trackers feared they would kill the dogs, and reinforcements were called for. The brush grove is surrounded and more militia from Woodburn and Salem are expected momentarily. Both companies were ordered by Governor Geer to respond. At 1 o'clock a report from Aurora says two men answering the description of the escapes came through there on wheels, going toward Boon's ferry. It may be possible that they have escaped the posse.

Marshal Gibson Talks.

City Marshal Gibson, one of the coolest men in the posse, returned to the city on the 11 o'clock train, and it is his settled opinion that the men are in the woods just east of Gervais. The strip of timber is about half a mile wide by a mile long, almost surrounding by grain grains. This is now fully picketed with armed men, and if the prisoners attempt to come out they will be taken dead or alive. If the pursuers should make a rush upon them in the woods it would doubtless result in several deaths, as the men are desperate, and will fight their way to freedom if possible. The dogs were twice put on their trail this forenoon, and both times went over the same track to the edge of the timber and bayed. It is Mr. Gibson's opinion that the men are lying in the tall grain or brush just at the edge of the trees, taking in all the proceedings of the police, ready to fight if the emergency arises, but saving their strength for the night. Some of the posse believe they have seen the heads of men above the grass, but were not certain.

When they got their supper last night the convicts offered to pay for it, and started, when they met Dr. White's buggy. They took charge of it, including the two guns in the buggy, belonging to Sheriff Durbin and another member of the posse. When they were balked by driving to the end of a closed street, they left the rig, but took the guns with them. Within a distance of 300 yards, they sat down in a ditch and deliberately ate their supper. There they left the guns, and again made their way through the fields to the edge of the timber. After taking the buggy they demanded Mr. Dupuies coat, which he gave them, when one demanded his pants. He proceeded to take them off, when the man in the buggy pulled his pal, and they drove off without waiting for the trousers.

They are about a mile east of town near Old Fellows' cemetery, in what is known as the Barnes timber, where everybody believes they are now secreted. Gibson says that Tracy must be badly wounded in the left arm or side, as he held his gun across his left arm in both instances when he aimed at the men. Under the circumstances, and in the fact that he is too sick to eat, it began to look as though he could not hold out very long.

After getting their breakfast this morning they cut through the field, and their tracks could still be seen in the grain, which was heavy with dew. The bloodhounds followed them over this track twice, proving conclusively their identity and location.

Mr. Gibson thinks it is evident they don't know the country, and that their escape is almost impossible. There being considerable moonlight it is hardly probable that they can get out even in the night. The fact that Tracy is wounded and losing strength makes it conclusive that their

only hope is to capture a team and ride out of the country. It will be a difficult feat, under the circumstances. The people of Gervais and vicinity are pretty badly scared, but they have turned out and are helping most manfully.

Will Close in on the Men.

A 2 o'clock this afternoon Deputy Sheriff Colbath received a telephone message from Sheriff Durbin stating that, with the reinforcements en route, 250 armed men would be on the scene by 4 o'clock this afternoon. Detectives Day, Kerrigan, Ford, Snow, Cordano and others, the most experienced criminal detectives in the Northwest, are on the ground, from Portland. After a consultation of war between the detectives and Sheriff Durbin it was that, upon arrival of additional help, the convicts would be closed in upon, and captured, if possible, before night. It is the opinion of many that if this is done there will be some blood shed before the fugitives are finally overpowered. It is possible the men may not be taken alive.

Relief Party No. 1

The first relief party to go to Gervais took passage on the early morning overland. It was composed of Captain Walter Lyons, Bert McAtee, Fred Fontaine, R. Burt, R. Shelton, C. E. Little and T. F. Fleming. The men were all fully equipped with serviceable rifles and shotguns, and carried plenty of ammunition.

Second Posse Sent.

Sheriff-elect B. B. Colbath mustered another detail of fourteen sturdy men with Winchesters and shotguns, who went to the scene of action on the Albany local. No cars were running, and the men were rustled up just in time to catch the flier, by means of a carry-all from Simpson's barn. Chief of Police Doc Gibson was at the front all night, and has stood shoulder to shoulder with Sheriff Durbin in the hunt for the desperadoes. The second detail consisted of the following husky men: Will Hayden, Ben Smith, H.E. Palmer, Chas. Pugh, Jas. Moyer, J. N. Moore, J. J. Loncore, J. A. McDonald, H. S. Clarke, J. T. Hurley, U. S. Ryder, Thomas Combest, C. E. Hammond, E. L. Bentley." The Capital Journal (Salem, Oregon), Wed., June 11, 1902.

"Posse's Pursuit

Woodchopper King Again Visited by the Men. (By Journal Staff Correspondent.)

Gervais, June 11. – At 8:30 this morning, August King, the woodchopper, who was forced early yesterday morning at the point of a rifle to cook breakfast, arrived in Gervais and reported that he had had exactly the same experience again this morning at 4 o'clock. He said:

"When I went to bed last night I left the door of my house unlocked as usual and was awakened this morning about 4 by the sound of a door opening, and looking up saw the same men who were there yesterday.

“This morning they said, “Well, old man, I guess you know who we are now. We want something to eat again, and we want you to keep quiet.”

They then made King produce a hat which was appropriated by Tracy and after a hurried meal and a parting admonition to keep his mouth shut, the convicts departed along the road to the west, in a very few minutes disappearing into the bushes.

The Hunt Resumed.

King lost no time in reporting to the town, where he imparted his news, and within a few minutes the posse and the bloodhounds were again upon the trail. After but a few moments work the hounds one running on each track, located the men’s traces and followed it till they reached the place where the convicts had crossed a fence going again into thick brush, leaving behind them a trail of crushed ferns which showed that they had passed not a few minutes before.

Fearing that the convicts would cut the dog’s throats, the tracker called them off, and a circle of men was at once posted, completely surrounding the block of bush, after which requests for reinforcements were sent to Woodburn and Salem.

The situation at 8 o’clock was that the convicts are undoubtedly lying concealed in the immediate vicinity of the King house, and as there was no doubt that any attempt to enter the bush with an insufficient number of men would cost many lives, it was decided to wait until the arrival of reinforcements before making any attempt to effect capture.” *The Oregon Daily Journal*, Wed., June 11, 1902.

“They were seen at 5 o’clock by Mrs. Adam Blannard as they were entering the timber. They will probably make another break tonight.” *The Oregon Daily Journal*, Wed., June 13, 1902.

“Thugs Slip by the Posse

Oregon’s Escaping Convicts Breakfast and Lunch at Farmhouses, and Vanish Into the Woods – More Militia Ordered Out.

Portland, Ore., June 12. – The population of three counties is aroused to the highest pitch over the daring break for liberty of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, the convicts who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary Monday after shooting to death three prison guards. They have been hunted by bloodhounds for four days by a posse of nearly 200 armed men, they have been shot at a dozen times and tonight they are still at large. Their daring deeds have terrorized the inhabitants of the country through which they have passed and every demand of the outlaws is complied with by the terror stricken farmers. They have eaten at least two meals a day since their flight began and upon entering a farmhouse they boldly announce that they ate the fugitive convicts.

Last night the fugitives were surrounded in a stretch of woods and Sheriff Durbin, leader of the posse, believed that there was no chance of escape, the pickets being only 150 yards apart, but the wily convicts broke through the line in the darkness of the early morning.

Dodged Loads of Buckshot.

At 2 o'clock this morning Charles Pugh, one of the guards, decided to move back to a more commanding position 50 yards away. He had scarcely taken up his new station when one of the convicts climbed over the fence at the exact spot Pugh had left. Pugh was armed with a shotgun loaded with buckshot. He fired at the outlaw four times without effect.

While this was happening the other convict climbed over the fence at a point 100 yards or more away. [The shots fired at the escaping convicts met with responses from all along the line, and for some unaccountable reason a general fire resulted, directed at the wood, in which the convicts had been hidden. They had escaped, however, and this fact a daylight reporter told the sheriff, when the forces were called off." Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.]

The two fugitives ran rapidly to the center of the wheat field adjoining their hiding place and proceeded on their way together. The sheriff's posse and the troops gave chase at daybreak." The Spokesman Review, Fri., June 13, 1902

"Immediately the bloodhounds were brought into requisition and they took the scent of the one convict at the point he was seen by Mr. Pugh climbing the fence. And here proof of Mr. Pugh's marksmanship was discovered in that the fence rails were filled with buckshot. The trail was followed for a short distance, when the men returned to Gervais for breakfast." Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.

"About this time a telephone message from Monitor announced the fact that the two escapes had taken breakfast at the farm of Barney Aker, near Monitor, about seven miles from Gervais, and Sheriff Durbin and a small party, with the bloodhounds, quickly started for that point, the militia following more leisurely.

At Monitor it was found the men had entered the Aker home and demanded breakfast of Mrs. Aker. While one guarded the children, the other accompanied the woman to the cellar after provisions. They sat down and ate, but at that moment the whistle of a nearby saw mill sounded, and the men, hastily gathering up the provisions on the table, made their escape to the woods. Here the bloodhounds were put on the track, but they did not work well, and the men were placed on the trail. It had become evident that the clothes used to give the dogs a scent of the fugitives were not as effective as earlier in the campaign, so word was sent to the prison to send a new supply, and this will reach Sheriff Durbin this morning.

The two companies of militia – Salem and Woodburn, and the posses, followed the convicts, to the Clackamas county line – Butte Creek – where dinner served. Meanwhile Sheriff Durbin and a small posse went on into Clackamas county, and learning that Merrill had a sister residing there, the house of the family was surrounded, and a search made, but no trace of the men found. Returning to Monitor, another attempt was made to start the bloodhounds at the Aker home when a young woman came riding in hastily, and notified the sheriff that at noon the fugitives had

entered the home of Edward Graves, near the Needy road and secured a frying pan and six pounds of bacon, having immediately after gone into the heavy timber.

The entire force was moved forward to beyond the Graves ranch, and there the woods, entered by the convicts was picketed. Sheriff Durbin then left for Needy, and there met Sheriff J. J. Cooke, of Clackamas county, with a posse, ready to take up the pursuit of the fugitives. Sheriff Cooke at once after learning of the conditions, asked Gov. T. T. Geer for the Oregon City militia, and these, and a posse of deputy sheriffs, were sent out from Oregon City last evening, on the Molalla road, picketing that highway into the mountains, while the Salem and Woodburn troops and Sheriff Durbin's men occupied Needy road paralleling the Molalla road, the ends being closed by the posses. It was thought the men were in this section, and today the dogs will again be used in finding the trail, when the Salem and Woodburn to come home, probably this evening, the Clackamas county officials taking up the chase." Weekly Oregon Statesman, Friday, June 13, 1902.

"Breakfasted at Akers Farm.

At 7 this morning the convicts appeared at the farmhouse of A. Akers, five miles north of Gervais, and demanded breakfast. The men had all gone to work and only Mrs. Akers and her daughter were in the house when the bandits walked up. They made no effort to conceal their identity, and Tracy said: "I suppose you know who we are?" and without waiting for a reply, said: "We are the convicts who broke out of the penitentiary."

Mrs. Akers and her daughter prepared a good meal for the outlaws who held their guns across their knees while eating. Mrs. Akers asked them to lay down their guns while they were eating, but Tracy said he preferred to keep his weapon near him, but assured Mrs. Akers that he would not harm her.

After finishing breakfast, they started north. Mrs. Akers telephoned to Sheriff Durbin at Gervais that the fugitives had taken breakfast at her house and that Tracy appeared to be wounded in the right arm. ["When "the two appeared at a farm of a man named Akers", and Harry gave his introduction of "I'm Tracy," "Mrs. Akers nearly fainted dead away. She expected to be killed by the two outlaws. "Don't worry ma'am," the polite desperado assured her, "ladies are always safe with me." And they were too." Mrs. Akers prepared them a good breakfast. "Tracy even left a few dollars on the table for the food they had consumed." After they had gone the farmer telephoned to Sheriff Durbin, who came on at once with his posse and the bloodhounds. Ruidoso News, Ruidoso, New Mexico, November 28, 1997, "The Old West," 'I'm Tracy,' Drew Gomber, Historian, Lincoln County Historical Heritage Trust.]

["Early on June 13, they broke through a cordon of militia and deputy sheriffs near Gervais and a few hours afterward stopped at a farm near Monitor, which was owned by a man named H. Aikus. They ordered the women folks to prepare a breakfast, and supplied themselves liberally with eatables and cooking utensils." Mr. Aker was called Barney Aker, A. Akers and H. Aikus in the newspaper accounts.]

The sheriff of Clackamas county today organized a posse and joined in the hunt. Company A, Oregon National Guards, of Oregon City, was also ordered out late this afternoon by Governor Geer to take up the chase after the fugitives. They have been tracked all day by the posse and this evening it is supposed they are in the thick woods on Deep creek, about seven miles from Woodburn, close to the border between Marion and Clackamas counties.

It's Up to the Clackamas Sheriff.

Sheriff Durbin turned the leadership of the posse over to Sheriff Cook of Clackamas county tonight and returned to Aurora. Guard Carson of Walla Walla, in charge of the bloodhounds, also brought the dogs in tonight for a rest. Three companies of militia are guarding the roads tonight, though the exact location of the fugitives is not known.

Just at present the desperadoes, who are in Clackamas county, are either sneaking through the undergrowth that adorns the hills west of Molalla, or are taking a quiet sleep, perhaps within easy range of 250 45-70 Springfield rifles, a battery capable of firing a broadside that would mow down the forest like a cyclone.” The Spokesman Review, Fri., June 13, 1902

“Escaped Convicts Have Vanished

The Posse Baffled -- Militia Ordered Home – Capture Remote.

Needy, Or., - June 13 – (2 p.m.) – The noted convicts, Tracy and Merrill, have vanished and the officers have no clue that affords them any satisfaction.

The men are reported to have been seen at several points today, but so far none of the reports developed anything, so the posse has spent the day in the brush without results.

Early this morning a man named Scott was seen going into the mountains with a load of provisions, and it was rumored that they were for the outlaws, as that section used to be the headquarters for a gang of horse thieves.

The chances of immediate capture are now very slim.

The militia will be ordered home this afternoon, as their presence is availing nothing.

Reported Seen

Oregon City, June 13. – It is probable that Tracy and Merrill took breakfast in a wood camp on the Molalla bottom between Barlow and Canby at 5 o'clock this morning. F. A. Sleiglet, county clerk-elect, and George Knight, came down from Canby on the Albany train at 9:30 o'clock, and stated that C. U. Barlow, at Barlow, gave out the information that two men answering the description of the convicts secured breakfast of some woodcutters, who are cutting cotton wood for the paper mills.

About 3: 30 o'clock Mrs. Newbury, postmistress at New Era, telephoned to County Judge Ryan that a man answering Merrill's description came into the store and purchased some tobacco, and departed in a northerly direction. J. E. Bradel of New Era told Messrs. Sleiglet and Knight that he saw both men in that vicinity about the time one of them went into the New Era post office. One of the men had a mustache of about a week's growth, wore a pair of sleek black trousers, and undershirt and old coat.

If these were the men, they would have had plenty of time to reach New Era from the cotton wood camp.

On The Trail

How the Posse Spent the Night at Molalla. (By the Journal Staff Correspondent)

Needy, June 12. – (8 a.m.) – At this time the chances of capturing the bold outlaws Tracy and Merrill seem very slim. The posse comprises two or three hundred men, sheriffs, constables, militia and citizens, led by Sheriff Durbin of Marion county and Sheriff Cooke of Clackamas county.

The militia from Oregon City arrived late last night at this place and, acting on the advice of Sheriff Cooke, proceeded to Molalla, and they deployed for the night. They took up post of duty all along the Molalla woods, watching every trail and road. The fugitives were last seen at Groves' farm house, three miles from Needy, and they were heading toward the timber back of Molalla.

There was reason to suspect that the men, on reaching this dense woods might spend some time in sleep, as they were almost exhausted from their travels without the opportunity to rest.

An effort will be made today to penetrate the woods in an endeavor to run them out, and most of the posse are surrounding the timber.

There are some, however, who hold the opinion that the convicts, knowing that they were closely pressed, would not dare stop until they dropped from fatigue, and should this theory prove correct, the men have passed beyond Molalla corners and got into the thickly wooded Clackamas foothills.

Nearly every possible outlet has been carefully guarded since 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and yet no trace of the men has been obtained since they left Groves' house, There were many rumors, and while the most likely were followed up by the officers, none of them proved of any value as clues.

After consultation with Sheriff Cook last night, Sheriff Durbin and Guard Carson, with the bloodhounds, went back to Aurora to get a night's rest. They are expected about 9 o'clock this morning when the trail will be taken up with the dogs.

Took a Rest

Durbin and His Posse Slept at Aurora. (By Journal Staff Correspondent.)

Aurora, June 13, - (8 a.m.) – Sheriff Durbin, Guard Carson, his bloodhounds and eight of ten men spent the night here after three days' chase after the fugitive convicts. The posse were worn out and could do but little traveling in the fatigued condition in which they found themselves last night.

On arising this morning the news was brought to them that the escapes had been seen at Barlow early this morning, but the evidence was not sufficient to cause much of an investigation by

Durbin's party. He deemed one of the hundreds of idle rumors that are heard in this section almost every hour.

It was simply to the effect that two men answering the description of Merrill and Tracy had been seen early this morning back of Barlow, but no definite information could be obtained at Aurora. Besides, it was deemed unlikely that the men would take such a course.

At this hour there is no certainty of the location of the fugitives, and it is possible that they have escaped into the Clackamas foothills, which are heavily timbered.

Durbin's posse have just departed for Needy, where he expects to meet Sheriff Cook and decide upon a plan of action." *The Oregon Daily Journal*, Fri., June 13, 1902.

"Swears Revenge

Brother of Murdered Guard in Pursuit.

On the train which arrived here last evening from Salem was Charles Ferrell of Reno, Nevada, a brother of Guard Frank Ferrell, who was murdered by the escaped convicts Tracy and Merrill on Monday morning last. In conversation with *The Journal* correspondent on the subject of his brother's death and his own intentions, he said:

"Yes, poor Frank was my brother. I have just come from his grave, and I have made up my mind to take the trail of the devils who killed him and to stay on it till either I or they are dead. It was a brutal, cowardly murder. If they had only given him a chance for his life I wouldn't care so much, but they shot him in the back like the dirty cowards they are, and so help me God, I will never leave their track till I meet them and we do meet somebody is going to die," and Ferrell's square jaws came together with a snap that showed he was in deadly earnest."

Had a Presentment.

"There is a peculiar thing about this business," said he. "You probably know that I am connected with the prison at Reno. Well, all last Sunday night when I was on watch I felt queer. I felt heavy and depressed as though something was going to happen. When I went home after my watch was over, I could not sleep well, and I told my wife that I knew something was going to happen.

"Well, I went to bed and tossed and depressed as though something was going to happen. When I went home after my watch was over, I could not sleep well, and told my wife that I thought I could see my mother crying. I knew that something was going to happen.

"Well, I went to bed and tossed and turned for an hour or so, when I heard a knock at the door. My wife answered it, and when I heard a boy's, voice say "sign here." I knew what was the matter in a second, and was out of bed in a jump. When I went into the other room my wife was

standing there with a telegram in her hand, crying. She offered it to me and I said, "Never mind. I know what's the matter. Before I looked at it I knew Frank was dead. It's a queer thing isn't it?"

I at once got leave of absence, and with, my wife started for Salem. When I got to the prison and found out how poor Frank was slaughtered without a chance for his life I could have cried, but if I can only find them I'll make them pay," and Charles Ferrell's dark eyes flashed in a way that boded ill for the escaped desperadoes.

"What course will you pursue?" was the next question asked him.

Plan of Pursuit.

"As to that I hardly know. You see, there are three others and myself in the party, and we will probably work independently of the posse. My idea is that the best thing to do is to get ahead of those fellows and to lie in wait for them. In that way we will have the advantage of them, and while I mean business, I don't intend to throw my life away if I can help it. We will strike in from Hubbard tonight and try to head them off if possible, but you can bet that if they are once located in the brush I will go in and fight if I go in alone."

At Hubbard Ferrell left the train and was joined by his friends on the platform of the depot, and in a few minutes the little party were on their way to the scene of the chase, bent on exacting a terrible vengeance.

Ferrell is a Quiet Man.

There is an old saying, "Beware of a quiet man," and in this case it would seem to be a good one. Charles Ferrell is a quiet man. He stands about five feet seven, and his easy, confident walk and the jaunty way in which his soft slouch hat sits on his dark brown curly hair would bespeak him a son of the West if he walked the streets of Paris.

His whole body is instinct with life and his face to any observer of physiognomy would be plain that he is a dangerous man when roused. The clean upright profile, the square strong jaw and the quiet, steady eye show the man to be possessed of that grim determination and bulldog tenacity which stops at nothing to gain its end in such a case as this. This one man is more dangerous to Tracy and Merrill than all the hundreds hitherto on their trail, and if fortune favors him the escaped murderers will surely repent in blood." *The Oregon Daily Journal*, Fri., June 13, 1902.

"Seen Near New Era (Journal Special Service.)

Oregon City, June 11. — The militia are returning from Molalla, having been ordered home. Bradel, of New Era, this morning saw a man supposed to be one of the fugitives, near there, and surmised that the other was in the brush.

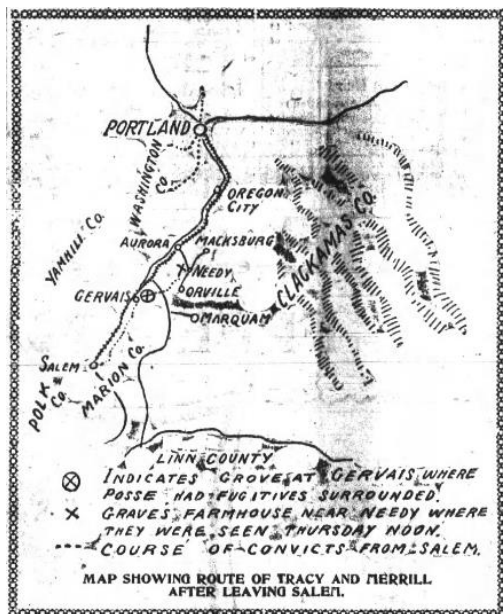
Shortly after, and about 10 o'clock a man came into New Era and reported that he had met two men, probably Tracy and Merrill, on the railroad track, armed with guns. They made for the river.

Bits of the blankets from the escaped convicts' cots at Salem, used to give the hounds scent, were lost. The blankets themselves were received by the sheriff of Clackamas county, at Oregon City, which will be used to give a fresh scent.

Militia Departs

Oregon City, June 13. – The departure of Company A, Third Regiment, O. N. G. last night for Molalla Corners was the cause of almost as great a demonstration as when the Oregon National Guards took their departure for the Philippines. Green and red fire was burned, and rockets whizzed through the air, while the soldiers secured their rations at a grocery store. The soldiers went to Molalla by private conveyance.

During the week one young man made some derogatory remarks about soldiers, and but for the intervention of bystanders would have received more than a black eye. As the militia mounted the wagons there were a number of affectionate farewells, and several young women were observed to be in tears.” The Oregon Daily Journal, Fri., June 13, 1902.



The Oregon Daily Journal, Fri., June 13, 1902.

“Give Up Chase of Thugs

Oregon Posses and Troops Abandon Chase, and the Escaping Murderers Are Rapidly Vanishing.

Portland, Ore., June 13. – The hunt for Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts who slew three guards at the Oregon penitentiary, has been abandoned by Sheriffs Durbin and Cook, and the state troops have been sent home. Governor Geer has doubled the reward for the capture of the fugitives, dead or alive, making it now \$3000, which may lead some one to take up the chase again. Both sheriffs will hold themselves in readiness to proceed in the direction of any authentic report of the whereabouts of the two outlaws, but until such information comes it is believed that it will be just as well to wait at home and allow the fagged out men and dogs to take the rest which has been denied them for the past five days.

All Trace is Lost.

Where the convicts are now, no one knows. They may be walking calmly along some mountain road in eastern Clackamas county headed for the mountains, or they may be working their way toward Portland. They have five pounds of bacon, sufficient to enable them to travel several days without disclosing their whereabouts, and without applying for food at any more ranches, and they are undoubtedly rested by this time from the strain of the first flight ahead of the hounds. The officers believe it is more likely that they will come eventually to Portland. At all events, they are further than ever away from capture, and the only hope the sheriffs have of finding them is in report that come in from along their route when they become hungry and seek food at a farm house.

Hiding an Easy Matter.

Through the densely matted vine maple, currant and salmonberry bushes that fill every bottom and swale and in the fir forests a little further up the range they can move for days without attracting notice. Sheriff [Frank W.] Durbin and his forces hit the trail of the convicts early this morning in the bottom below Graves. The dogs proceeded rapidly for a time, then they lost the scent again. Once more, E. M. Carson, who has charge of them, pushed through the brush and urged the hounds on, and once more they found the trail, but the convicts had evidently backtracked and present the dogs, completely baffled, gave it up and that was the last trace of the convict.

The Last Sight of Them.

Convicts Tracy and Merrill have been hunted for five days by 200 armed men. A man answering the description of Tracy bought some tobacco at a store in New Era this morning, and shortly afterward a farmer going toward the village saw two men with guns jump over a fence. They went toward the Willamette river, intending, it is believed, to reach Portland, by going down the west bank of the river. Charles Ferrell of Reno, Nev., a brother of Frank Ferrell, who was murdered by Tracy and Merrill, has arrived here and declares that he will take up the trail of the fugitives and endeavor to run them down.

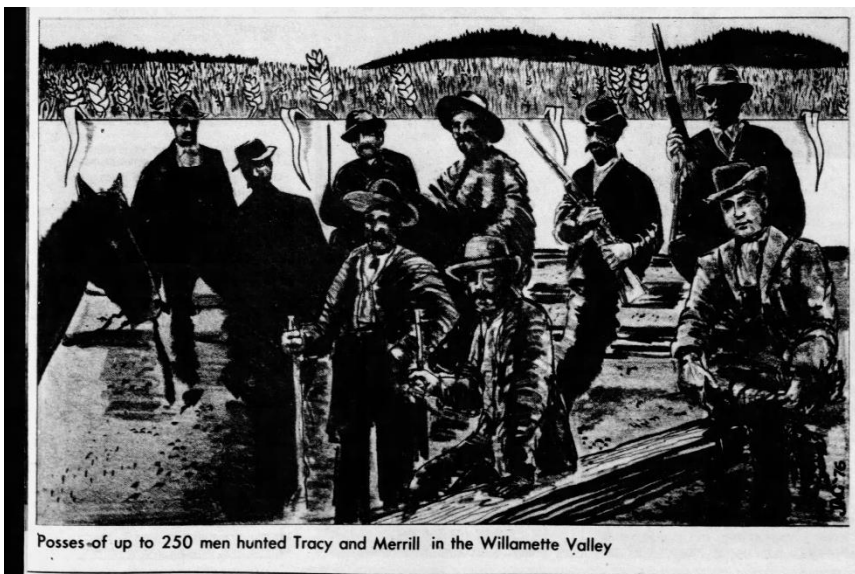
Final Efforts of Officers.

Tracy and Merrill spent the night in the woods somewhere in the southern part of Clackamas county. Sheriff Cook, with three companies of militia, guarded all roads in the vicinity of needy, but no trace of the fugitives was found during the afternoon yesterday or last night.

The bloodhounds were taken to the Graves farm this morning, where the fugitives took lunch yesterday shortly after noon, The convicts took a quantity of bacon from the Graves place, so it is not expected that they will appear at any of the farmhouses for food today.” The Spokesman Review, Sat., June 14, 1902.



Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.



Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Sunday, October 31, 1976.

“Desperadoes Still At Large.

But Sheriff Cooke “Has His Eye on ‘em All the Time.”

Oregon City, Ore., June 14. – All day long Sheriff Cooke of Clackamas county has been on the alert for news of the escaped convicts, Tracy and Merrill, who killed three guards at the penitentiary at Salem. He attributes the abandonment of the search to false rumors which were in circulation yesterday.

“We were thrown off track,” says Sheriff Cooke, “By these false rumors.” If ever I was sure of anything, it is that the convicts are at this minute in the timber between Needy and Markham. I do not believe that they have ever been anywhere else. In that neighborhood the underbrush and woods are thick, affording the escapes every possible protection from their pursuers.” The Spokesman Review, Sun., June 15, 1902.

On June 15, the bandits stole a team from W. G. Randall, near Oregon City, and on June 16 they appeared at the farm of Charles Holtgrieve on the Columbia River and demanded dinner. There were five men in the house at the time and the convicts made them all enter a boat and row them across the Columbia River.

“Portland, Ore., June 15 - A team of horses and a wagon were stolen from W. G. Randall a farmer, near Oregon City, and it is believed that Tracy and Merrill the escaped convicts took them. The horses were no shoes and Randall tracked them for some distance toward Portland. Sheriff Cook of Clackamas county who was notified before noon started toward Portland hoping to find the team which he believed they would abandon after driving a few miles. The detective force of this city started out to intercept the fugitives before they reach the city. It is known that they have friends in Portland who will assist them in hiding if they can reach here.” The Salt Lake Herald, June 16, 1902, “The Man Hunt is Resumed.” [“A team of horses and a wagon were stolen from W. G. Randall, a farmer near Oregon City, some time last night and it is believed that Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts, took them. The horse wore no shoes and Randall tracked them for some distance toward Portland. Sheriff Cooke of Clackamas county, who was notified before noon, started toward Portland, hoping to find the team, which he believed they would abandon after driving a few miles. The detective force of this city started out to intercept the fugitives before they reach the city. It is known that they have friends in Portland who will assist them in hiding if they can reach here.” The Spokesman Review, Mon., June 16, 1902.]

“Fleeing Thugs In Washington

Cross the Columbia in Boat, Rowed by a Farmer.

Men in Pursuit

Supposed to Have Stolen a Team Saturday Near Oregon City.

Doing Toward Portland

Sheriff Cooke of Clackamas County Started After Them, But Is Still Safe.

Portland, Ore., June 15. - Word has just been received from Vancouver, Wash., that two men, supposed to be Tracy and Merrill, escaped convicts who murdered three guards at Salem penitentiary, crossed the Columbia river and landed five miles above that city in the state of

Washington at 11 o'clock this morning. They told a farmer who rowed them across the river that they were the fugitives wanted. Detectives Day and Weiner of this city and Sheriff J. L. Marsh of Clarke county, Washington, with about 20 men started in pursuit of the fugitives shortly before 8 o'clock p.m.

At Their Old Tricks.

About 4 o'clock this afternoon Charles Holtgrieve, a farmer living on the Columbia, about six miles from this city, rode into town and announced that he had rowed Tracy and Merrill across the Columbia river shortly after noon. They landed on the Washington side, about five miles above Vancouver, and started off for the mountains north of there. Before reaching the Columbia two sloughs had to be crossed, and the fugitives held up a man at each crossing, compelling him to secure a boat and set them across. They took the two men with them to the Holtgrieve ranch, where they found three others. They made all five get into the boat, Tracy and Merrill occupying the stern with rifles in their hands. When the Washington shore was reached they ordered their boatmen to return immediately to the Oregon shore. ["Holtgrieve later recalled that Tracy was "laughing and shouting out jokes in a jovial mood." Ruidoso News, Ruidoso, New Mexico, November 28, 1997, "The Old West," 'I'm Tracy,' Drew Gomer, Historian, Lincoln County Historical Heritage Trust; The Salt Lake Herald, June 16, 1902, "The Man Hunt is Resumed."]

[Arriving at the Columbia River, Merrill and Tracy forced three men to row them across to Fisher's Landing. Facing the rower of the boat with rifle at the ready, Merrill told him, "We're not bad men, but we intend to get away, and if anybody stops us, they are sure to get hurt. With us, it's a case of burn at the stake or get shot."]

As soon as the news reached this city, Detectives Day and Kerrigan and Sheriff Cook of Clackamas county set out for Vancouver, where they were joined by Sheriff J. L. Marsh of Clarke county, and about 20 men. They started northeast, in the hope of intercepting the men before they reach the mountains.

Merrill was born in Clarke county, and has lived in Cowlitz most of his life. He is thoroughly familiar with both counties, a large part of both being a veritable jungle. If the fugitives succeed in reaching the mountains there will be a slim chance to capture them.'

"A telephone message from Vancouver at 11:30 tonight states that Tracy and Merrill were met by Ralph Leiser, who was riding a bicycle about five miles from there. Leiser stated that he talked with the men and that they said they were the fugitives wanted. A posse of twenty men are guarding the road between Fourth Plain and Mill Plain, and Captain Sparks and twenty militiamen of the Vancouver company are stationed along the road between Vancouver and Mill Plain." The Salt Lake Herald, June 16, 1902, "The Man Hunt is Resumed."

Narrow Escape of the Sheriff.

Vancouver, Wash., June 15. – Tracy and Merrill, the escaped Oregon convicts, told the men whom they compelled to ferry them across the Columbia river that at one time Sheriff Durbin was within 20 feet of them in the woods, and the militia and posse were close by and also the bloodhounds. Merrill pulled his gun on Durbin, but Tracy kept him from shooting, as it would attract attention to their secure hiding place and a battle would result. They heard members of the posse say, “We have gone far enough; let’s go back,” a few more feet and the convicts would have been discovered.

Tracy and Merrill took a purse containing \$8 from one of the boatmen, but returned \$4, saying they had money and did not need more. Company G of the state militia is in pursuit of the desperadoes. Merrill has relatives here, and was known as a desperado. There is a great excitement over their presence in this section.

Riflemen Go From Salem.

Salem, Ore., June 15. – When the news reached Salem that Tracy and Merrill had crossed the Columbia river into Washington, five men left on the afternoon train to join the pursuers. The men are experienced riflemen, and determined to run the convicts down if possible. *The Spokesman Review*, Mon., June 16, 1902.

“The escaped prisoners pressed forward to Clackamas County, where Sheriff Cook with a posse and three companies of militia took up the chase. As they continued north the desperadoes lived on the country, holding up farms for food and horses as they travelled. They always boldly announced who they were. A dozen times they were shot at, several times they were surrounded, and once Tracy fired and winged one of his pursuers. The reward for the capture of the convicts was doubled, and doubled again, and public excitement grew intense. For five days the sheriff and his posse continued the chase, and then gave up, weary and discouraged.” Tracy, the last “Wild West outlaw,” gunned down after bloody Oregon jailbreak By Finn J.D. John — July 11, 2010

This would begin the most intense and electrifying manhunt in the Pacific Northwest. In the days that followed, heading north and stealing horses, food and clothing as they went, Tracy and Merrill traveled over fifty miles to Portland.

“Avoided the Crowds

Avoiding the railroad and skirting around the larger towns where they knew that large forces of heavily armed men lay in wait for them, the fugitives continued another 100 miles almost due northward through the only thickly settled strip of the country in that part of Washington, that along the line of the Northern Pacific, the only line connecting Portland with the Puget Sound. At any time they hose they could have gone a few miles east, and been lost among the foothills of the Cascade Mountains, absolutely free from pursuit. Still they continued through a country where farms were frequent, and their capture always possible f not likely. This danger made everlasting watchfulness necessary. Fatigue, hunger and loss of sleep were considered mere incidental inconveniences.

Then they were lost sight of for several days. Rumors from pursuing parties and farmhouses were indefinite and vague. Some men who know the ways of criminals and the nature of the

country ventured the suggestion that the pair had finally been wise enough to take to the mountains, and that further pursuit was useless.” *The Cincinnati Enquirer*, July 13, 1902

Merrill and Tracy continued to rob farmhouses along their route of flight. Among their victims was Henry Tiede on Fourth Plain Road. The highwaymen bound and gagged the hapless Tiede, ate a meal in his home and robbed him of \$4 before leaving.

On June 15, about 6:30 a.m., they dined at the house of a farmer named Peedy, about four miles back of Vancouver, whom they tied and gagged, took his clothes and left him lying in the cabin, before leaving. They took his horse, but not before Tracy assured him that “When we’re finished with your horse, I’ll pin your name on the saddle with a bill. Somebody will return it to you.” No one found the horse, but it got home in its own with a \$5 bill pinned to the saddle. *Ruidoso News*, Ruidoso, New Mexico, November 28, 1997, “The Old West,” ‘I’m Tracy,’ Drew Gomer, Historian, Lincoln County Historical Heritage Trust. [Tiede and Peedy sound alike and maybe they are the same man?]

The story:

“Cordon Around Oregon Convicts

Posse Comes Up to Them Near Vancouver, Wash.

Gagged Rancher

Ate Breakfast and Went Off With Supply of Fried Bacon.

Also Changed Clothes

Hounds Have Again Been Brought From Walla Walla and Pursuit Will Be Pressed.

Portland, Ore., - June 15. - Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts, are now in the timber near Vancouver, wash., and the posse of nearly 300 men, believe they have the fugitives surrounded. Tracy and Merrill appeared at the cabin of a rancher named Peedy, about four miles back of Vancouver, at 6:30 this morning, bound and gagged him, stole his clothes and some loose garments which were in the cabin. Then they went away leaving Peedy lying on the ground. He was found by passersby an hour later and told his story.

After going a short distance from Peedy’s cabin, Tracy and Merrill stopped and changed their clothes for the ones they had stolen. The discarded garments, including their prison shoes, were found by members of the posse later in the day. Among the garments found were several taken from Dr. White, who was held up by the convicts in Marion county. This establishes positively that the posse is after the right men.

Experience of Peedy.

Peedy, in relating his experiences with Tracy and Merrill said:

“Shortly before 8 o’clock, while I was still in bed, I heard a loud rap on my door. I got up and opened the door and was confronted by two men carrying guns. They ordered me to stand aside, which I did. They entered and then shoved me down on the bed and tied my hands and feet. They built a fire in my stove and fried some bacon and ate breakfast, after which they cooked all the bacon I had in the house, about five or eight pounds, and put it with what bread I had in a sack. Each of the men put on a suit of my clothes, including a hat and a cap, and a pair of shoes, leaving their cast off things in my cabin. Before leaving they asked me if I had any money and proceeded to go through my pockets, finding \$5. They then put a gag in my mouth and went away, locking the door behind them, saying they would send some one to release me in a short time. I managed to free myself after hard work.”

They Talked Incessantly.

Peedy says the convicts talked incessantly while in his house, telling him they were Tracy and Merrill. A pair of shoes from which the soles were worn almost away; a pair of overalls with several inches of one leg gone, a coat stolen from Dr. White at Gervais and two old hats were found in Peedy’s cabin by Sheriff Marsh and the detectives. The country surrounding Peedy’s cabin and the roads in the vicinity were thoroughly patrolled by officers, and Sheriff Marsh is convinced that the convict’s remained in hiding in a strip of timber surrounding the cabin today.

Deputy Warden Carson of the Walla Walla penitentiary was telegraphed yesterday afternoon and was expected to arrive here with bloodhounds this morning, but he had not put in an appearance up to tonight.

Await Arrival of Hounds.

Late this evening a majority of the officers and other searchers came to Vancouver for a rest and to wait the arrival of the hounds, when the search will be resumed in earnest tomorrow morning. In the meantime it would not be surprising to many people if the convicts would attempt to reach the house of Merrill’s relatives here tonight, and a close watch is being kept by officers on the house in which a half brother and stepfather of the outlaw live.

William Morris, a member of the citizen’s posse from here, was brought to the hospital tonight with his thigh shattered by a rifle ball by a member of the party from Portland. Morris, with a companion, was watching a bridge across the Salmon creek when they were mistaken for the convict by another party a quarter of a mile away. No shots were fired, with the result that Morris fell wounded. He was sitting in a crouching position and the ball struck him in the front part of the thigh, crushing the bone. It is thought the limb may have to be amputated. Morris has a wife and several small children. It was near Vancouver that more bloodshed was added to their long list, though they themselves did not commit the crime. William Morris, a member of the pursuing party, was mistaken for one of the convicts by another member of the party. He was fired upon and seriously, though not fatally, wounded. The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902. [It was near Vancouver that more bloodshed was added to their long list, though they themselves did not commit the crime. William Morris, a member of the pursuing party, was mistaken for one of the convicts by another member of the party. He was fired upon and seriously, though not fatally, wounded. The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902.]

Use of Bloodhounds Again.

Walla Walla, Wash., June 15. — Guard M. E. Carson of the state penitentiary left tonight for Portland with Warden J. B. Catron's two bloodhounds to assist in the search for Tracy and Merrill, Oregon's escaped convicts. Carson will go from Portland to Vancouver and thence directly to the district the fugitives are supposed to be in. The dogs got home from the coast yesterday much exhausted, but are in fair shape now. They are not well hardened yet and it has been a tough experience.

Warden Catron sends the dogs at the request of Governor Geer, who had several long distance conversations with him today." *The Spokesman Review*, Tue., June 17, 1902.

Sheriff John Marsh, of Clarke County, with a very large force, over sixty men, took up the chase with energy. A four-cornered duel took place between the fugitives and two of the posse who came in touch with them, but the convicts again escaped unhurt. For some days after this episode their trail was completely lost.

On June 16, Deputy Bert Biesecker and volunteer Luther Davidson were positioned at a post along Salmon Creek (roughly seven miles from the Washington state line) when just after dusk they spotted the two escapees. After a standoff and trading gunfire, it was here Tracy once again demonstrated he would fight anyone who stood in his way. It is said that Tracy charged them firing as fast as he could.

"Oregon Thugs Near LaCenter

The Will-o'-Wisp Chase Veers to the North.

On Fresh Horses

Posse in Hot Pursuit With Known Avenues of Escape Guarded.

Has Sighted the Men.

When too Close to the Travelers, a Little Shooting Soon Drives Pursuers Back.

Vancouver, Wash., June 17. — Tracy and Merrill, the murderous convicts who have been chased for eight days, are still at large tonight, but a posse in command of Sheriff Marsh of Clarke county is close on their heels near Lacenter, a village 20 miles from Vancouver. The fugitives were seen several times during the day, and at 7:30 tonight a telephone message from Sheriff Marsh at Lacenter states that they passed Pioneer church, six miles southeast of Lacenter and 14 miles from here, late this afternoon. They were on horseback, having stolen two horses from the farm of John Rathburn, after holding up Rathburn's father-in-law, Mr. Kauzier.

After securing the horses the outlaws rode toward Pioneer church, two miles west, then turned north in the direction of Lacenter and Lewisville, on Lewis river. The posse came up scarcely an hour after the convicts secured the horses, and upon learning the occurrence started in hot pursuit. Several miles beyond Pioneer church the trace of the fugitives was lost, but it is believed they passed the main road, leading off the Pioneer road to Lacenter and continued north along a trail through the woods which follows the Lewis river towards Lewisville.

Main Avenues Guarded.

Sheriff Marsh says trusty men have been stationed near Lewisville and other points of vantage along the river, while he himself and Sheriff Totten of Skamania county will stand guard at the Lacenter bridge.

William Morris, who, with L. D. Seal, was mistaken yesterday for the convicts by several members of the posse and was shot through the leg, is resting easy at St. Joseph's hospital and the doctors think the leg may be saved.

Posse Thrice Sighted Convicts

At 8 o'clock tonight James Jackson, one of the posse, telephoned from Lacenter, 20 miles from here, that the convicts were seen three times by the posse during the afternoon and that they were being closely followed. The posse, comprising 50 or more armed men, headed by Sheriff Marsh, and including Sheriff Cooke of Clackamas county, Oregon; Deputy Warden Carson, and the bloodhounds of Walla Walla; Detective Day, Kerrigan and Snow, and several others from Portland, went to the point where the fugitives were seen at noon. From the direction taken by the dogs, the convicts evidently traveled westward, passed Tenny's farm toward Pioneer church. Guards were sent along all roads leading north and west as far as Ridgefield, Pioneer and Lacenter.

Rifle Duel During the Night

Vancouver, Wash., June 17. – A battle occurred about 2 a.m. between Bert Biesecker and Lon Davis [or Luther Davidson], two members of Sheriff Marsh's posse, and two armed men answering the description of Tracy and Merrill, the escaped convicts, in which 11 rifle shots were exchanged. One of the men at least, Biesecker, had a narrow escape, his clothing having been pierced by a bullet.

Biesecker and Davis were two of 15 or more picked men posted along Salmon creek at points where the convicts were likely to cross. About 11 o'clock they noticed two men come down to the creek and get a drink at a point about six miles north of Vancouver, between what is known as Tenney and Betts bridges. At the time the men approached the creek the watchers were not sure of their identity and halted until they again approached the road.

Posse Opened Fire.

The guards then went down the road in the direction of the supposed convicts and when about 30 yards distant Biesecker sent a rifle shot in their direction. The fire was promptly returned and six shots were fired, four by Biesecker and Davis, and two by the convicts, none of which took effect so far as known. Both parties then took to cover and after waiting in their hiding place more than an hour, the guards moved up a quarter of a mile, where their horses were tied. They again lay in wait another half hour in the hope of seeing the fugitives, but nothing occurring, got into the buggy and started toward town.

Another Dodging of Bullets

They had gone but a short distance when bang, bang, bang went a rifle from the brush at the roadside and the guards, now realizing they were in close and dangerous quarters with odds all in favor of their unseen foes, whipped up and drove for their lives. Five shots were sent after them, all of which took effect, but fortunately causing no serious result. The first shot struck a horse, another passed under Biesecker's right arm, cutting a clean hole through the side of his coat, one struck a horse in the head, causing a scalp wound, another grazed the horse's side and the fifth cut through the harness.

The men reached town about 2 o'clock and reported to Sheriff Marsh. George Goddard, a farmer living in the vicinity of the occurrence, reported here this morning of having heard firing three different times through the night. He and a companion with guns spent the night in the brush near his house expecting a visit from the desperados. ["Alerted, Sheriff John Marsh gathered a posse of about sixty men and began staking out likely escape routes. On the afternoon of June 16, Deputy Bert Biesecker and volunteer Luther Davidson had taken up a position near the old Bett's Bridge crossing Salmon Creek just to the east of the current Salmon Creek Avenue bridge. At dusk two men were seen to wade across the creek. When they reached the road on the north side Biesecker stepped out onto the road and told them to stop. A rifle shot was his only response. Both sides quickly retired to cover firing as they went. After thirty minutes, Biesecker and Davidson, thinking that the escapees had fled returned to their buggy so as to get in contact with Sheriff Marsh. As they started, Merrill and Tracy fired five shots from concealed positions. One shot hit the horse in the rump, the second passed under Biesecker's arm, through his coat and grazing his fingers. The third bullet grazed the horse in the head with the fourth striking the horse in the ribs. The last bullet sliced some harness leather. While he urged the horse to speed up, Biesecker believed that horse had already gotten the message. Miraculously, no one was seriously injured." [https://www.clark.wa.gov/sheriff/history-office.](https://www.clark.wa.gov/sheriff/history-office)]

Deputy Warden Carson arrived from Walla Walla with bloodhounds. The dogs appeared to be in excellent form and Carson thinks, with the aid of the cast off clothing of the convicts secured from the house of old man Teede, they may be able to pick up the trail at the point where last night's skirmish took place." The Spokesman Review, Wed., June 18, 1902.

"Lost the Trail of Tracy and Merrill

Have Not Been Seen Since Last Night --- Outlaws Supplied With Food.

Lacenter, Wash., June 18. — The posse in pursuit of Tracy and Merrill, the fugitive convicts, has lost the trail and nothing has been heard from them since yesterday evening, when they were seen near Pioneer, five miles up the river from here. At dusk last evening several of the posse saw two men walking near the timber. The posse called upon them to halt, but the men started for the timber immediately. Ten shots were sent after them, but owing to darkness it was not possible to shoot with any accuracy.

The main body of the posse with the bloodhounds spent the night here, securing a much needed rest after two days' chase over dusty roads and through the jungle. Guards were posted along the Lewis river last night at a distance for five miles from this place. It is known that the fugitives have with them a supply of food sufficient for several days, and it is not believed that they will show themselves again until their food supply is exhausted. The country in this vicinity is covered with timber and a heavy growth of underbrush, making it difficult to travel even on foot. The posse will remain here until some track of the fugitives is obtained, when the hounds will be taken out again." Spokane Chronicle, Wed., June 18, 1902.

"Convict Hunt Taken Up With New Vigor

Tracy and Merrill Appeared at a Farm House and Asked for Food.

Vancouver, Wash, June 19. – According to a report brought here at 11 today by Reuben Targerson, a young man who lives two miles southeast of Pioneer, two men answering the description of Tracy and Merrill came to Targerson's house at 9 o'clock this morning and asked for food. The boy immediately started to Vancouver on a wheel, arriving here at 11 o'clock and notified Sheriff Marsh. The officers after putting the boy through a searching ordeal of cross-questioning, were convinced the boy was telling the truth and immediately telephoned Deputy Warden Carson and Private Secretary Lyons at Woodland to meet the officers at Targerson's place as soon as possible. The posse, consisting of Sheriff Marsh, City Marshal Norton and half a dozen trusty men, then left at once for the point where the convicts were reported to have been seen. They expect to meet Carson and the dogs there by the middle of the afternoon.

Recognized Outlaws.

Young Targerson says the convicts came up to him in the field near his father's house. One man, he said, wore a pair of jean trousers, blue woolen shirt and knit cap. The other had striped trousers and a blue coat and had on a light campaign hat. Both carried rifles and revolvers. Both men also had about two weeks growth of beard and their hair was cut short. The boy said he recognized the outlaws at once from their photographs in the newspapers. They asked Targerson if he could let them have some bacon and flour. The boy called his father and mother, who told the visitors they had no bacon or flour to spare but were just on the point of sending to Vancouver for a supply. Targerson, Sr., asked the men where they were bound for, and one of the men replied they were out looking for escaped convicts. They then asked the distance to Vancouver and left the place, going into the brush.

Excitement Increases.

Excitement here over the man hunt, which has been on the wane for the past two days, was renewed on receipt of this fresh clue. The Targerson place is about 10 miles from here and eight miles from La Center, on the military road. It is about three miles northwest of Teeney bridge on Salmon creek, where the encounter between Biesecker and Davis and the convicts occurred Monday night. Spokane Chronicle, Thu., June 19, 1902.

“Man Asks Burial For Leg Lost In Fight

San Jose, Cal., March 28. – In the will of the late Franklin H. Ingram, filed in the probate court today, he requests that his left leg, amputated as a result of a pistol fight with the notorious bandit Harry Tracy, be exhumed from a field near the Oregon state penitentiary and brought to Santa Clara county for burial. At the time he lost his leg he was serving a life term for murdering his brother, but the government pardoned him for the gallant manner in which he assisted the guards in the fight with Tracy.” March 29, 1916 The Missoulain

En route to Olympia and while in Castle Rock, they had a farm woman feed them and while eating he read the newspaper. It was at this point in time he learned that Merrill had betrayed him to the Portland police. He never let on that he knew of Merrill’s betrayal. He apologized for his appearance left some money and they pushed on. <http://www.franksrealm.com/Indians/Outlaws/pages/outlaw-harrytracy.htm> Somewhere near Napavine, Washington, Tracy rid himself of his partner Merrill by shooting him three times. He told various stories of why he did it: He thought Merrill had betrayed him in Portland; he was jealous because Merrill was getting too much credit in the press; or he thought Merrill had lost his nerve. According to another story, the two agreed to a duel, but Tracy turned on Merrill and plugged him after eight paces instead of 10.

“Wore False Teeth.

Tacoma, July 16. – The inquest over the body of Merrill, the dead convict, has developed the fact that he had served in the Montana Penitentiary at Deer Lodge, one term under the name of McTague and others under the name of Carroll. Information is needed from Deer Lodge as to four false front teeth Merrill wore, which the Oregon Penitentiary officials failed to discover when examining him. Convicts at Salem have since told the warden there that Merrill had false teeth and this fact was telegraphed to the coroner at Chehalis this morning.” The Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon, July 17, 1902

Bloodhounds were called down from Walla Walla; Tracy sneaked around and mixed his scent with that of the pursuing posses, confusing the dogs.

Then the governor announced an \$8,000 reward for the two men’s capture alive or dead. This inspired dozens of ad-hoc citizen posses to pour out of saloons from Salem to Seattle, most of them thoroughly braced with spirits. The result was a chaotic landscape of heavily-armed drunks looking hopefully over every backyard fence for Tracy and Merrill.

"The whole damned country was full of militia, and many of the boys were potted,” Detective Joe Day of the Portland Police Department told writer Stewart Holbrook many years later. “They shot at everything and Clark and Cowlitz counties sounded like the Spanish American War all over again. It was the most dangerous place I was ever in.”

These boozy posses may have made the countryside dangerous for everyone, but they were no match for a professional killer like Tracy. On the few occasions when they found their quarry, they quickly found themselves wishing they had not.”

“Located Men Who Smuggled Guns

Officers Have Evidence In Regard To Outbreak of Harry Tracy.

Salem, Ore., March 31. - Officers of this county feel certain that they have located parties responsible for the smuggling of guns and ammunition into the state penitentiary over two years ago, by which means convicts Harry Tracy and David Merrill effected their sensational escape after killing three guards and that they have enough evidence to convict. The parties charged with the crime are Harry Wood, serving a three-year sentence in in Walla Walla prison under the name of H. C. Mutehart for grand larceny, and Charlie Monte, at present doing a six-year sentence in the Oregon penitentiary for grand larceny under the name of W. Bennett. Officers can lay hands upon either or both at pleasure and the case will be brought before the state grand jury, which convene here next Monday.

A charge of murder in the first degree will be entered against both men. The guards killed during the Tracy-Merrill famous outbreak were: Frank Ferrell, S. R. T. Jones and B. T. Tiffany.”

“Monte Is Guilty of Second Degree Murder.

Salem, Ore., July 12. – The jury in the case of Charles Monte, jointly indicted with Harry Wright for murder in the first degree for having furnished convicts Harry Tracy and David Merrill with guns, to escape from the Oregon penitentiary, brought in a verdict tonight of murder in the second degree. The jury had been out since noon. Wright’s trial will be begun tomorrow morning.” July 13, 1905 The Missoulian

“Outlaws Again Elude Watch

Believed to Be in Woods Along the Lewis River. One Posse Gives Up The Search

Two Sheriffs and Deputies However, Are Beating the Woods and Guarding the Streams.

Vancouver, Washington, June 18. The search for Harry Tracy and David Merrill, the escaped convicts from the Oregon penitentiary, so far at least as the armed posse which has made this city headquarters for the last three days is concerned, has been abandoned for the time being and the majority of officers, detectives, and militiamen returned here this evening.

Nothing has been seen of the fugitives since yesterday afternoon when they passed Nicholson’s farm near Pioneer on horseback. The general opinion among the pursuers is that the outlaws are still in the woods south of Lewis river. Close watch has been kept on all crossings of the river and it is certain the desperadoes did not cross the stream at any of these points last night or today.

Proof that the convicts are located in the timber along Lewis river came today in a report by a man named Lindsley who runs a logging camp in that vicinity who informed the officers that the convicts appeared at his place in the woods late last evening and demanded supper which was given them after which they went away but in which direction the informant could not tell.

It is also reported by Detective Kerrigan of Portland, who returned here tonight that Sheriff Huntington of Cowlitz county, between which Clark county and the upper fork of the Lewis river is the dividing line, has taken up the search on the north side of the river and has posted guards at all crossings while Sheriff Marsh still maintains armed watchers on the Clark county side of the river."

"Baker City

(Journal Special Service.)

Baker City, June 30. — Baker City is not to be outdone by cities in other sections while the convict chase is on, and now has a Tracy and Merrill to offer the public. Sheriff Huntington is keeping phone wires hot in an effort to locate two men who are accused of purloining a valuable black team from contractors working on the O.R. & N. and a single buggy set of harness from "Uncle" Dave Littlefield, of Auburn. The men were last seen passing through Durkee." The Oregon Daily Journal, Monday, June 30, 1902.



The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902 (The text of this article has been added in various parts of this story.)

“Convict Tracy Steals Launch

Daring Deed of the Desperate Man at South Bay.

Claims That He Murdered Merrill

Held Up Six Men and Made Them Do His Bidding – Desperado Has Good Start.

Seattle, Wn., July 2, Advices received from Olympia tonight state that Tracy, the escaped Oregon convict, stole a gasoline launch this morning at South Bay and started up the sound. The launch is the largest of the kind on Puget sound and has 300 gallons of gasoline or enough for a 1000-mile run. Before starting Tracy said he intended firing a few shots at the penitentiary on McNeil island. He said that he had murdered Merrill but the statement is not believed. He gave as reason for the alleged deed that Merrill was growing fainthearted. It is believed, however, that the latter is in the vicinity of his sister's home in Shelton.

Tracy, according to advices, must have passed through Olympia about midnight. At 5 o'clock this morning he appeared at the plant of the Capitol City Oyster company at South Bay and entered the home of Horatio Alling, one of the employees. Another employee, Will Langride was in the house. Tracy told who he was and then began to prepare his breakfast, the two men being warned to keep quiet. While Tracy was cooking his food Frank Scott and John Messenger also employees of the company entered. The convict then made the four stand with their faces to the wall, holding up their hands. At this juncture Capt. Clark of the gasoline launch “N and S” and his son entered. They also were forced to stand with their faces to the wall. During the conversation he learned that the launch was in the bay and after he had breakfasted he ordered the men to take him to it. He made Capt. Clark get the engine in order and start it for him. The captain then jumped ashore and Tracy started on his trip down the sound. It was then about 10 o'clock.

Although he had revealed his identity to the men, they did not report the matter to the authorities until late in the afternoon. The launch is exceptionally large and has made on trip to Alaska.”
[This article does not tell the whole story.]

JULY 1

“His Name in the Pot.

Some time during the night of July 1 Harry Tracy arrived at Olympia alone. How he spent the time between his arrival and sunrise of the following day he alone can tell, but he certainly made his way to the water front, and long before the mist had cleared up over the little fishing camp of the Capital City Oyster Company, at South Bay. Tracy appeared on the scene, A couple of men [Horatio Alling and Will Langride] were preparing breakfast in a tent near the shore of Puget Sound, while a gasoline launch lay a few feet away. The bandit calmly announced that “his name was in the pot,” and when he told them what his name was they did not dispute the fact.

When the meal was prepared he requested the men stand quietly in full view at the back of the tent while he partook of some coffee, bacon, and fried potatoes. During the meal he inquired about the launch. When told that it belonged to Captain Clark, a Seattle electrician in the employ of the company. Tracy ordered that the Captain be sent for.

The Captain mistaking the summons for the customary call to breakfast, entered the tent, sat down and began to eat. Knowing that hunger is painful to some men, Tracy did not disturb him, while the Captain, on the other hand, thought the silent, none too handsome fellow with the rifle was some friend of the men and asked no questions. Through with his meal, Captain Clark rose from the plain board table and thrust his hands into his pockets.

“Take your hands out of your pockets, commanded the hitherto silent stranger.

“Who are you?” demanded the Captain.

“Tracy!”

That ended the argument. At first the Captain thought it was all a practical joke set up by his men, but it was not many moments before he realized the truth. Tracy explained that he relied upon the launch to take him up the sound, and directed how it should be done. Two of the six men about the place were tied securely and left in the tent. Captain Clark, his son and the other men were told men were told to man the launch. They did so, the outlaw, rifle in hand, seating himself in one end of the cabin and keeping his improvised crew in full view. They left the bay about 10 o’clock and made their way up the sound.

[The crew was Captain A. J. Clark, his son Edwin Clark, Horatio Alling, Will Langride, Frank Scott and John Messenger, or Messegee.]

Helped Fix The Engine

When once he made himself clearly understood by his crew pirate, Harry Tracy behave with some graciousness. He once helped fix the engine when it got somewhat out repair, but during most of he trip he carefully guarded his crew and directed the movements of the boat. Once only he gave the crewmen something like an opportunity to attack him. That was when he turned aside to shoot a seal. Captain Clark saw the chance, but was not quick enough.

Sometimes he nodded and dozed a little, but any time one of the crew moved he opened his eyes and brought his rifle into position.

He talked freely about his flight through two states, but most remarkable of all was his story of Merrill. He had killed him, he said, and his narrative is decidedly thrilling. Some time during their flight the day before they found a newspaper containing an account of their escape from the penitentiary in which the two convicts were mentioned on equal footing. This seemed to anger Tracy, and he quarreled with Merrill insisting that his companion’s desire to keep in the backwoods was an evidence of cowardice. An altercation ensued, as a result of which they

agreed to fight a duel. Standing back to back they were to walk off 10 paces in opposite directions, turn and fire. Merrill did not take kindly to this idea, so Tracy, convinced that his opponent was going to be treacherous, topped at the eighth step, turned and shot his companion in the back. This story has been repeated in several guises, some versions stating that the quarrel was on account of some former "peaching" of Merrill that Tracy was laying for an opportunity to avenge. Tracy narrated it in a rambling fashion when other matters did not occupy his attention.

The incidents of the voyage were not wonderful, but they were characteristic.

Any One Would Do

As they approached Tacoma, which at first the outlaw expressed his desire to land, he instructed Captain Clark to run as near as possible to McNeil's Island, where the Washington Penitentiary is located [actually it was a federal prison], as he wanted to get a shot at one of the guards on the wall. He said he did not care what one, so long as it was some one who helped keep his fellow men in prison. The tide, however, would not allow a passage near the prison, at least Captain Clark told the bandit so, and the outlaw had to be content.

At Tacoma a tug sailed near the launch. Its crew had recognized the launch, and, knowing its commander, steamed toward it. Tracy seemed worried.

"I guess I'll take a crack at that fellow at the wheel," he said, as he prepared to do so, and it required all of Captain Clark's persuasion to induce him to give up the idea.

Then the outlaw changed his mind about landing at Tacoma, and ordered that he be taken on to Seattle. If the crew objected they did not do so audibly, and on to Seattle they went. Later in the afternoon they came within sight of Seattle. Tracy said:

"Don't push her too hard, Cap. I don't want to get into Seattle before dark."

The bandit seemed entirely familiar with the water-front of the city, but was very uncertain where to land. After changing his mind frequently he finally ordered a landing made at Meadow Point, near Ballard, a suburb a few miles north of the city, at about 6:30, July 2.

The outlaw prepared to disembark, but in this, as in formal instances, he took no chances. Picking out Frank Scott, one of the crew, as the one man most likely to obey him he commanded him to bind Captain Clark and the others and to accompany him on shore.

"Good-bye, Cap," said Tracy. "You've been kind to me, and I'll reward you. I'll have a stack soon after I get into Seattle, and then I'll pay you for your trouble."

Then carefully guarding Scott they made off toward Ballard. They reached the suburb in darkness, and for a time wandered about apparently without definite aim. His taking Scott with him seemed but a whim, and as they were resting on the railroad track the outlaw explained that he wanted to hold up a policeman and get a revolver. Evidently he was very anxious to get into the city, did not want to do so with his rifle, and was unwilling to risk it unarmed. In a short time he

sent Scott back to the launch, where Captain Clark and his comrades had managed to untie themselves, but were waiting, uncertain what to do. On Scott's return, about 10 o'clock, word was sent to the King County authorities.

When Tracy changed his mind about landing at Tacoma he probably made a mistake, for Seattle and King County has entrusted the preservation of its peace to one of the pioneer heroes of law and order in the Northwest. Sheriff Ed Cudihee is known throughout all that country as the bravest and wisest of the officers of the old school who were used to dealing with just such desperadoes. He and his brother, John, went to Colorado from the timber camps of Michigan and settled in Leadville. An organization of ruffians terrorized that town, murdering any official who undertook to check their lawlessness. They finally made it so strong that the good citizens made a general demand upon the Mayor to rid the town of the outlaws.

The Mayor responded by organizing a posse to exterminate the gang, and among the first volunteers were the Cudihee brothers. Both were strangers to fear, but Ed combined with physical courage an intelligence that soon made him a Captain and eventually a leader of the posse that completely annihilated the gang and restored order to the town. Then Ed Cudihee found as a policeman a trifle monotonous in Leadville, so he moved farther West. Joining the police force of Seattle he became a detective, then Chief of detectives, and about a year ago was elected Sheriff of the county.

Had Tracy known this he might have avoided Seattle, or at least, have approached it more carefully, for as soon as "Jack" Williams, the first of Cudihee's deputies to hear of the matter, learned that Tracy was in King County, he prepared for trouble. He immediately sent word to his chief, and then accompanied by another deputy and the newspaper men, he set out in search of the bandit." The Cincinnati Enquirer, July 13, 1902

He said he "wanted a gun pretty bad and would hold up the first policeman that he met." He was carrying a stolen 30:30 Winchester rifle and 300 rounds of mismatched .45 caliber bullet cartridges. Tracy's gun dilemma later played a big role in the lives of his White River Valley hostages. A Newsletter of the White River Valley Museum April 1998, By Alan J. Stein, March 05, 1998



The Cincinnati Enquire, July 13,1902

Another version:

[It was on July 2d that Tracy reappeared to enact the most stirring scenes of his melodramatic career. He had been heading for the Puget Sound country, and after holding up a farmer or two for practice he modestly decided to honor the city of Seattle with a visit. It was early morning, and the sun was just breaking through the mist and fog that hung over South Bay, near Olympia, the state capital, when a man entered the tent of an oyster fishery company and ordered Mr. Horatio Alling, the manager, and his two men to furnish him a meal.

"I'm Tracy, the convict," said the stranger. "I want something to eat right away. Be quiet, raise no fuss, and I won't harm you."

A launch lay at anchor near the tent, and Tracy ordered one of the men to call her captain to breakfast. The convict waited coolly till Captain Clark and his son had finished breakfast and then ordered Clark to get up steam at once, as he desired to go to Seattle. Before leaving he tied Mr. Alling and the cook hand and foot and helped himself to any clothes that took his fancy.

During the launch ride to Seattle Tracy remained at one end of the little cabin, his gun resting in his lap ready for use in case any of the actions of his crew appeared to him suspicious. For twelve hours the bandit was complete master of the situation. He was easy, unconcerned, and debonair, ready to joke and to laugh with his unwilling servants, but his steely eyes never relaxed their vigilance for a moment. Someone asked him where his partner Merrill was.

Tracy's face set hard.

"I killed him," he answered quietly.

"Killed him?" reiterated his questioner, in surprise.

"Yes, I killed him. He had no nerve and he was a traitor. I read in the Portland papers after our escape that it was due to information from Merrill that I was caught in the first place--that time I stole the engine and was knocked senseless by a glancing shot. Merrill had told them where they could find me. Then, too, he was a coward, always ready to bolt. He was no good. The man was frightened to death all the time. It made me angry when the papers gave him half the credit for our escape. I told him he was a coward, and he got huffy. Then we decided to fight a duel when we were near Chehalis. We were to start, back to back, and walk ten paces each, then wheel round and begin firing. He haggled so in arranging the terms that I knew he meant to play false. I couldn't trust him, so when I had taken eight steps I fired over my shoulder. I hit him in the back. The first shot did not finish him, so I shot again. He only got what he deserved. The fellow meant to kill me treacherously and steal out of the country through the big timber, leaving my dead body among the leaves."

The finding of Merrill's body two weeks later proved the truth of Tracy's treachery toward his companion. He had evidently found that the other man was losing his nerve, and had got rid of him to save further trouble.

However, some historians dispute the gun duel death of David Merrill. Although a man's body was found, partially hidden under a tree stump with three bullet holes in the back, there was no real proof that it was Merrill. Some of Merrill's own family members later insisted he walked out on Tracy following a bitter argument and eventually made his way to Eastern Washington where he remained until his death years later.
<http://www.gesswhoto.com/sheriff-marion-pg2.html>

Tracy and one hostage [Frank Scott] went ashore at Meadow Point (Golden Gardens) around 7:30 p.m. on July 2. They started walking south on the railroad tracks towards Seattle. Tracy eventually released his hostage, and Tracy was thought to have continued south, but he had turned and headed northeast. As soon as it was learned that Tracy was in the area, the manhunt around Seattle began. In 1902, the Seattle Police Department had 60 Patrolmen, 3 Sergeants, 6 Detectives, 3 Jailers, 2 Captains, and 1 Chief. <http://rspoa.org/index.php?officer-enoch-breece>

The outlaw headed toward the north end of Lake Washington and was recognized more than once before he reached Bothell. Here he lay hidden till morning in the dense brush and secured some much-needed sleep. It was raining hard, but there is no doubt that the escaped convict found shelter from the storm under some big logs. Meanwhile, Seattle was full of wild rumors about Tracy Every stray tramp was an object of suspicion, and the greatest excitement prevailed among people. Before night the excitement had increased tenfold. Harry Tracy, it was reported, had come into touch with two posses, had engaged in battle with them, killed three officers and wounded one, and had himself escaped unhurt!

Tracy played his role well, terrorizing the Seattle-area citizenry for the next two weeks, walking into houses with gun drawn and saying, "I am Tracy."

July 3rd proved to be the red-letter day in the career of this arch-criminal. His marvelous luck and cunning remained with him, and, as usual, he escaped unharmed."

Persistent reports came to the city of Tracy's presence near Bothell. It was said that he was surrounded in a brickyard; that he had several times been definitely identified by men who saw him skulking in the heavy timber. Sheriff Cudihee, of King County, a fearless and efficient officer who had a good record for running down criminals, at once ordered posses to the scene and hastened there himself. It may be stated in passing that from that moment to the time of Tracy's death Sheriff Cudihee hung doggedly to the trail of the flying bandit. Other sheriffs took up the hunt and dropped it when the convict had passed out of their bailiwicks, but Cudihee alone followed him like a bloodhound wherever he went, until the question of Tracy's escape or capture came to be a personal issue between Edward Cudihee and Harry Tracy, two of the most fearless and determined men that ever carried a gun.

Tracy was not spotted until around 3:00 p.m. on July 3rd. He was walking north on the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern Railroad tracks. The police were informed. A posse, including Everett Detective Charles Raymond, took the Madison Park ferry to Kirkland. At Bothell the posse separated, and every road was guarded. Two officials from Everett, several from Seattle, and Mr. Louie B. Sefrit, a reporter for the Seattle Times, started down the road toward Pontiac, part of them following the railway track and part the wagon road. About a hundred yards southeast of where the railroad track and the wagon road cross again there were two small cabins standing in a yard which was much overgrown with grass, weeds, and old tree stumps. Three men, named Williams, Brewer, and Nelson, jumped through a wire fence and started toward the cabins, while the others went down the track to examine the cabins from that side. Said one Raymond to Sefrit, the reporter:

"I believe Tracy is in that yard."

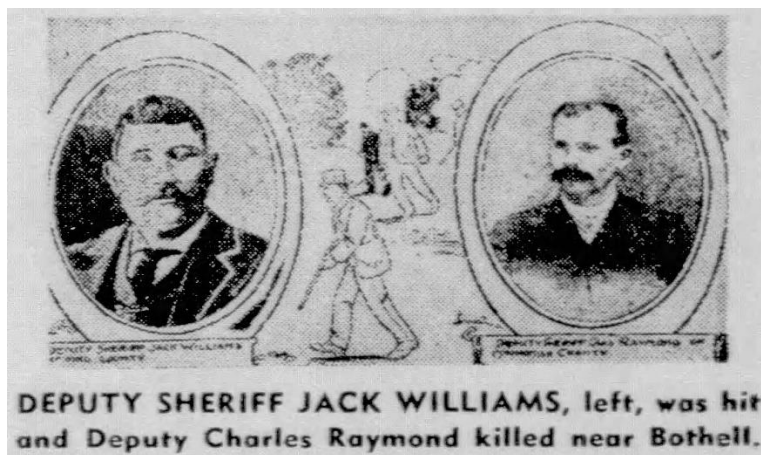
Sefrit answered that he thought so, too, for the grass had been freshly beaten down. He pointed to a black stump some five yards in front of him. Like all tree stumps in the Puget Sound country, it had been partly burned.

"That's exactly where I believe he is," said Raymond. "Let's----"

He never finished the sentence. From behind the stump arose Tracy himself, his Winchester rifle at his shoulder. There came a flash, and Anderson, one of the deputies, fell. Still another spit of flame belched from the rifle, and Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond fell back with a stifled cry. He was quite dead before help reached him. Sefrit took a shot at the desperado with a Colt's revolver, whereupon Tracy wheeled and let drive at him. Sefrit, realizing that he was in an exposed position, fell as if shot. The outlaw fired again at him, then waited watchfully to make sure he had killed his man. A bunch of grass lay between Sefrit's head and Tracy, but the reporter could see the convict crouching behind the stump and knew that the slightest movement meant death. So for some minutes the Times reporter lay there in an agony of suspense, expecting every

moment to feel a bullet tearing through his breast. Then Tracy slowly began to back away in the drenching rain. Two more shots rang out, and Jack Williams, who had been coming forward from the rear, fell, desperately wounded. The ball splintered the stock of Deputy Sheriff Jack Williams' rifle. He only fired five shots, and escaped into the woods after a gun battle lasting about three minutes.

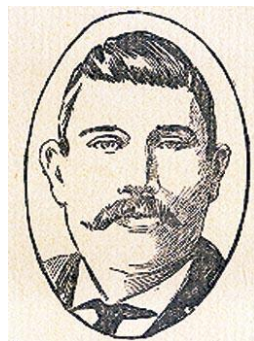
"Jack Williams, who seems to have that tired feeling, on account of still having to carry Harry Tracy's burden, went hobbling down Seventh avenue the other day and stopped for a minute to chat with the Tattler. "Yes, I am alive and able to be out after a fashion, but still have a gentle reminder that Harry Tracy was after me. I am not in politics and I am not talking the influence anyone to vote for any candidate for this or that office, but the man who thinks Ed Cudihee's office showed the white feather in the Tracy hunt in a single particular is talking through his hat. Mortal man could not have done more to capture a desperate criminal than Cudihee and his deputies. I speak from long personal experience and speak truthfully when I say Ed Cudihee is as brave a man as ever chased a criminal in this or any other man's town or country and he demonstrated it in the Tracy hunt." No, I am not asking anything from King county for being maimed perhaps for life. I was doing my duty as an officer and I have no complaints to make or kicks to register." The Seattle Republican, October 3, 1902



The Spokesman Review, Sunday, July 21, 1963.



Charles Raymond



Jack Williams



E. E. Breece

[“Charles Raymond the son of George Luther and Lydia Raymond. He married Elizabeth C. Raymond. Detective Charles Raymond was one of six officers shot and killed by Harry Tracy. He had served with the Everett Police Department for ten years and was survived a wife and eight children. At the time of his death he was 42 years old”
<https://www.odmp.org/officer/11048-detective-charles-raymond> ; <https://www.geni.com/people/Charles-Raymond/6000000024305316514>]

Tracy made his way out of the forest and reached the road that ran parallel to the railroad tracks. Making his way back to Seattle, he met Perry Vincent, a farmer on horseback. Convincing the man that he was a deputy sheriff hot on Tracy's trail, he commandeered Vincent's horse and rode away.

Soon after, he reached the farm of Louis Johnson near Green Lake. "Hi, I'm Tracy," he said, and ordered the farmer to hitch up his horse to a wagon. The two men continued on into the city. Shortly after 6:00, they passed two deputies eating dinner. Tracy coolly watched them as he rode by.

Johnson and Tracy chatted, and the farmer later noted how gentlemanly Tracy was. They passed through Ravenna and Green Lake, and at the top of Phinney Ridge, around 6:00 p.m., Tracy noticed a quaint home of Mrs. R. H. Van Horn on the southwest corner of Woodland Park. They stopped the wagon and entered the home, Tracy with his gun drawn. "If you don't make a noise you are safe," he told the people inside. "I need clothing."

Mrs. Van Horn at once recognized Tracy from his published photograph.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Food, madam, and clothing," returned the urbane murderer. It chanced that there was a man named Butterfield in the house, and from him Tracy coolly took the dry clothing which he wore. Also in the house was a bed-ridden man recovering after being thrown from a horse. Being in a good humor, the bandit dropped into the kitchen and conversed with Mrs. Van Horn while she prepared his meal for him.

"I have never 'held up' a lady before," he explained, while eating the food. "I don't want to have to tie you when I leave. Will you promise not to say anything about my having been here?"

"For to-night I will--but not to-morrow morning," answered the plucky little woman.

"That will be all right," said Tracy; "I'll be far enough away by then. I want to tell you, madam, that I haven't enjoyed a meal so much in three years." He then mentioned his "yachting trip," as he called it, from Olympia to Seattle.

At eight-thirty o'clock a knock came at the door. Mr. Butterfield answered it and said that it was the grocery boy.

"If you tell him anything it will mean death to the men here," Tracy told Mrs. Van Horn significantly, as she went to give her orders to the boy.

Nevertheless, she took occasion to nod her head toward the door and whisper the one word "Tracy" to the boy. He understood, and two minutes later was lashing his horse along the road toward Fremont. King County Sheriff Edward Cudihee was in Fremont when he received word of Tracy's whereabouts, but his posse was in Ravenna. Seattle Police Officer Enoch Breece, his close friend, Cornelius "Neil" Rowley, a miner, and a local insurance man, J. I. Knight, were together in Fremont. They joined Cudihee and all four started towards the Van Horn house. [Tracy later read about Mrs. Van Horn's warning to the grocery boy and said that his carelessness in this case cost two officers their life. Adams County News, Wed., July 9, 1902.]

When Tracy rose to depart an hour later Sheriff Cudihee lay in ambush within six feet of the Johnson wagon.

Tracy thanked Mrs. Van Horn for his meal in courteous fashion. Around 9:30 p.m., Tracy, Louis Johnson, and Butterfield came out of the Van Horn house and started walking towards the horse and wagon. Tracy had a gun to Butterfield's back. As the three got to the horse and wagon, Breece and Rowley appeared. Knight was a short distance away. Breece and Butterfield knew each other. When Breece was close enough, he recognized Butterfield, and he certainly must have recognized Tracy. Breece asked Butterfield who the other two men were. Butterfield lied about the names of the other two, and said they were just visiting a friend at the Van Horn house.

Meanwhile, the vigilant Sheriff Cudihee lay in wait for his man near the wagon. As Tracy sauntered down the path the sheriff of King County covered him every inch of the way with his Winchester. There was just a shadow of doubt in his mind as to which of the three was the man he wanted. He decided to wait until the outlaw climbed into the wagon.

Cudihee would later state that he told Officer Breece to go and gather more men before going to the Van Horn house. That account was never confirmed by anybody. The four arrived at the Van Horn house around 9:00 p.m. It was very dark outside, and it was raining. There was probably no moonlight. It is unknown exactly where the four positioned themselves. Cudihee positioned himself alone somewhere near the horse and wagon where he hoped to ambush Tracy if he came out of the house. Cudihee was armed with a rifle. Louis Johnson's horse and wagon were tied up to a post of the Woodland Park fence on 50th St. just east of Phinney. The other three were in a different spot near the horse and wagon.

The officers could not shoot without endangering the lives of innocent persons, so Breece called out: "Tracy, drop that gun." Quick as a flash the bandit fired and shot Breece once in the chest and once in the head. Officer Breece died instantly. Rowley was shot in the chest. He died the next day. Cudihee stated he fired two shots at Tracy as he was running away. He missed, and Tracy disappeared into the forests of Woodland Park. Cudihee said he was helpless to do anything when the shooting started, but he later stated he was lying right next to the horse and wagon when Tracy came out of the Van Horn house. Tracy continued to use his involuntary companions as shields until he reached a place of safety, when he dismissed them and disappeared.

An autopsy showed that Breece had been killed with a .45, and Rowley was killed with a .38. The only person at the scene who was armed with a .38 was J. I. Knight. Officer Breece was

killed two days before his 56th birthday. Newspapers originally reported that Rowley was a game warden. They retracted that a few days later.

Officer Breece was survived by his widow, Hattie, and three children, Cora, Dora, and Albert. The funeral was held at Brooklyn M. E. Church on July 6, 1902. The church's address is now 1415 N.E. 43rd. Today, it is University Temple United Methodist Church. More than 500 people attended. More than one hundred mourners had to stand outside because no more seats were available. Officer Breece was buried at Lake View Cemetery.



Seattle Police Officer Enoch Breece



Cornelius "Neil" Rowley

[Enoch Ezekiel Breece was born on July 5, 1856 in Licking View, Ohio. On February 26, 1879, Enoch married Hattie Zelma Yarnel in Iowa. That same day, Enoch and Hattie left for Kansas in a covered wagon. Through hard work and sacrifice, he became very successful as a farmer and forester. He owned many hundreds of acres. Enoch was also a schoolteacher for several years and even had a photography business. Enoch and his family moved to the Seattle area in late 1889. He purchased 80 acres of timberland in Snohomish County. To encourage settlement in Brooklyn (now the University District), the first twenty settlers to purchase a lot and erect a residence worth at least \$1,000, were given a second lot for free. Enoch traded some livestock for a lot and built a house. The house is no longer there. If it was, the address would be 4034 14 Ave. NE. He attended the University of Washington for one year, and then accepted a position as a United States geologist, conducting geological expeditions within the state. Enoch eventually owned twenty-two lots in Brooklyn. He erected a business block with stores below and a hotel above. It is unknown exactly where that business block was located, but it would not be a surprise if it was located on what is now University Way NE. Enoch was a Trustee of the Brooklyn M.E. Church. He was a pioneer in Brooklyn and very involved with his community. Enoch was commissioned as a Seattle Police Officer sometime in 1898. Hattie Breece and the children continued to live in the residence after Enoch's death. Hattie died on February 26, 1912, the 33rd anniversary of her marriage to Enoch. She is buried next to him. Albert worked for the Mail Service in Seattle before moving to California. Dora married and moved to the east coast. Cora married and spent the rest of her life in Seattle. She and her husband celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1962 while living at the Norse House, just three blocks from where her father was killed. Cora's granddaughter, Dorothy, lives in Utah. Dorothy's daughter, Beth Payne, lives in Poulsbo. In May 1998, Officer Enoch E. Breece was one of forty Seattle Police Officers, killed between 1881 and 1977, who were posthumously awarded the Washington Law Enforcement Medal of Honor. A sworn member of SPD had been tasked with locating the surviving families of our Fallen, and he had from 1995 to 1998 to do it. He managed to locate four surviving families who attended the 1998 presentation ceremony. After 1998, the Department made no effort to locate surviving families of the other thirty-six officers. Officer Breece's medal gathered dust at the Seattle Police Department for more than 14 years. During the first week of May 2011, Enid Ostrander visited the Metropolitan Police Museum. A chance conversation revealed that she was the granddaughter of William Breece, one of Enoch's brothers. Officer Jim Ritter gave me her contact information, and I gave it to the Deputy Chief of Operations. On August 20, 2011, during a ceremony at her north Seattle home, Enid was presented with Enoch's Medal of Honor. Several months later, I located a great granddaughter and a great-great granddaughter of Enoch Breece. At a ceremony on January 30, 2014, twenty surviving families of our 1998 Medal of Honor recipients finally received the officers' medals. The Medal of Honor Committee authorized a duplicate Medal of Honor for the Breece family. The great-great granddaughter of Officer Breece, Beth Payne of Poulsbo, was presented with that medal during the ceremony. <http://rspoa.org/index.php?officer-enoch-breece>]

[Cornelius "Neil" Rowley was born on August 15, 1866 in Iowa, the son of Samuel and Eliza Nicholls Lump Rowley. Eliza Rowley was from England. He was a miner, he married Jessie M Ewing of Illinois, and had children Emeline L. (Jan 1891), Velman A. (Nov 1892) and Cornelius E. (Apr 1902). He had seven brothers and sisters. He was killed on July 4, 1902 by Harry Tracy at the Van Horn, he was 35 years old. During the gun battle between Harry Tracy and the posse Cornelius Rowley appears to have been a bystander near a shoot-out at dusk and was mortally wounded by a 38-caliber bullet, which was apparently fired by "J. I. Knight, a well known insurance man, who was a member of the posse." {a different source says Neil Rowley was a posseman with the county sheriff's department, and died in the same battle as Seattle officer Enoch

Breece } Cornelius died during the night at Monod Hospital. He was a resident of Fremont, Washington.
<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/115994782/cornelius-rowley>

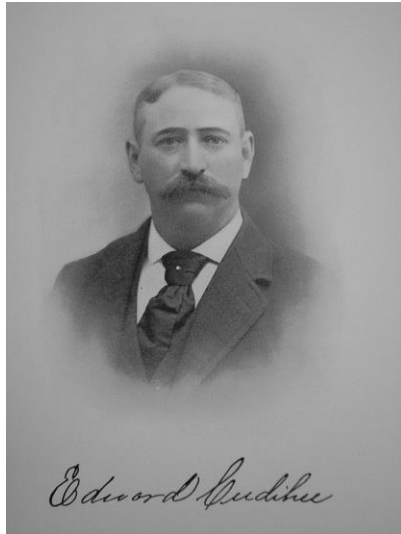
[illegible]

Tracy and Anderson watched the fireworks from the outskirts of Seattle on the 4th of July.

Harry Tracy was still on the run. It would be more than a month before he would be brought to justice. He spent July 4th holding a farmer and his family hostage in Ravenna. The next day he

returned to Meadow Point where he hijacked a fisherman and his boat. He went to Bainbridge Island. After that, he was in Renton, Enumclaw, Kent, and the Roslyn area. He is believed to have jumped on an eastbound freight train and ended up in Wenatchee and then Ephrata.

<http://rspoa.org/index.php?officer-enoch-breece>



Sheriff Edward Cudihee

https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Edward_Cudihee.jpg <https://behindthebadgefoundation.org/wp-content/uploads/2016/09/Williams-John-Jack.jpg>; https://www.historylink.org/Content/Media/Photos/Large/Cudihee_Edward_Detective.jpg

[Edward Cudihee was born in 1852 the son of Daniel and Anne Comeford Cudihee, both born in Ireland. He had four siblings: Mary; Anna; William and Michael. He was elected King County Sheriff in 1900. In 1894 when his was a Seattle detective he arrested the notorious outlaw Thomas Blanck. He died February 23, 1924 in Jackson, Jackson County, Michigan. His brother Michael was called Minor, a member of the Seattle Police force he was killed in the line of duty in 1892, <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/25570446/edward-cudihee> ;

“Edward Cudihee made an excellent record as sheriff of King county and his duties were discharged without fear or favor with the result that the public had the utmost confidence in him. Mr. Cudihee is far removed from the place of his nativity. He was born in Rochester, New York, January 26, 1853, and the family name indicates his Irish ancestry. His father, Daniel Cudihee, was born in the town of Callan, in the county of Kilkenny, Ireland, but, ambitions to try his fortune in the new world, he left his native country in 1826, when a youth of eighteen years, and crossed the Atlantic to the United States, becoming a resident of Rochester, New York. He lived there for some time after his marriage, his wife being Miss Anna Comeford, a native of the Emerald Isle. In early manhood Daniel Cudihee learned the stonemason's trade and followed it for several years, but afterward turned his attention to farming. He removed to Michigan, where he secured and cultivated a tract of land, conducting the farm in a business-like and successful manner until he retired and established his home in Jackson, Michigan. John Cudihee, a brother of our subject, was at one time a resident of Seattle, but is now living in Alaska.

In the public schools of Orleans county, New York, Edward Cudihee acquired his education and under the direction of his father learned the stonemason's trade. Like his father, he afterward became connected with farming interests and still later he turned his attention to merchandising. His identification with the northwest dates from March, 1888, when he came to Seattle. Since that time he has been almost continuously in the public service. He was made a member of the police force and his record in office was commendable, for his duties were discharged with promptness and without fear or favor. He worked diligently to prosecute offenders, yet he was never unkind in his treatment of a prisoner in his charge. The record which he made as a police officer naturally led to his nomination for the office of sheriff of King county, and on the 6th of November, 1900, he was given a majority of two thousand, six hundred and five votes. He ran far ahead of his ticket, a fact which indicated his personal popularity, only one other democrat being elected on that occasion. He had previously held office in Leadville, Colorado, for, prior to his removal to Seattle, he served as a member of the police force of the former city for six years and for two years was chief of police there, being elected by the people to that position. As sheriff of King county his record was most commendable. He served for two terms, retiring in 1904. He then engaged in buying and selling horses and in the livery business, continuing along those lines until 1912, when he was again elected sheriff of the county on the democratic ticket, so that he served the third term in that office.

On the 6th of January, 1909, Mr. Cudihee was united in marriage to Miss Ella Steiner, a daughter of Frank and Rosa Steiner, of Seattle. His fraternal relations are with Seattle Lodge, No. 92, B. P. O. E., with Seattle Lodge, No. 1, F. O. E. and the Chief Seattle Tribe of the Red Men. He has a wide acquaintance and is popular in democratic circles and among those of opposing political faith. History of Seattle From the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time, Illustrated, Volume III, Chicago, The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company, 1916, Clarence Bagley.]

The posse arrived at Tracy's hiding place six or eight hours after he had left. He had taken a rowboat and had gone to the east side of Sawyer Lake, presumably about 2 o'clock this morning, accompanied by his two confederates. Sheriff Cudihee and the posse returned to Black Diamond at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The chase from this point has been abandoned.

Ravenna

Tracy spent the night sleeping in a cemetery. At 7:00 a.m., he showed up at the home of August Fisher, who operated a small ranch a few miles north of Ravenna on July 4, 1902. Fisher was working in the garden, and his 15-year-old son Paul was near the back porch. Tracy carried his gun across his left arm and called the rancher over.

"I am Tracy, and I want you to get me something to eat, and do it quick. I am hungry as a bear." Tracy ordered the man and son into the home, and threatened to kill them if they made any fast moves. Inside were Mrs. Fisher and three young daughters. Mrs. Fisher spoke no English, and Mr. Fisher acted as translator. While he was eating he stationed the family by the door. She fixed a good meal which he praised. He then proceeded to look around the house for clothing. He changed into some of Mr. Fisher's wardrobe, but paused at a black hat he favored. "I guess it is a Sunday article," he told Mr. Fisher, "and as you appear to be a poor man, I will leave it." He also left the clothing that he came in, which he had stolen the day before. Afterwards, he regales them with stories of his exploits, and leaves with a sack lunch and a new set of clothes, although he was at first going to take Mr. Fisher's Sunday suit but couldn't bring himself to take it.

After breakfast, Tracy asked Fisher for a pair of shoes. None met with his approval, until he was given a pair of logging boots which laced up to just below the knee. Donning them, he sat in a corner where he could look outside through two windows, and asked Mrs. Fisher to make him some sandwiches for the road.

Returning to the kitchen, he wolfed down a plate full of bacon and eggs, all the while his rifle resting across his knees. At one point, a dog barked a quarter mile away, and Tracy rose to his feet gripping the gun. When told that it was the dog of a neighboring rancher, Tracy relaxed and continued with his meal.

While his food was being prepared, Tracy told the family -- with no remorse -- how he had killed two men near Bothell and two men near Fremont the day before. He also praised the workmanship of his stolen rifle, pointing out how easy it was to accurately aim, shoot, and kill.

Later, Mrs. Fisher would tell authorities that she was hoping to slip poison into Tracy's sandwiches, but never had the chance. Even though he was animated in his storytelling, he kept a watchful eye on her at all times. Begrudgingly, she handed the desperado a gunny sack filled with non-lethal bacon sandwiches and a few boiled eggs.

Before Tracy left, he told the Fisher family that he would have to tie them up. He admitted that he was reluctant to tie up the mother and the little girls, but had no other option. Then, realizing

that the youngest was only 18 months old, he had a change of heart. "No, I will not tie you people up, because somebody will have to attend to that baby.

Instead, he made them promise that for the next 48 hours they would not tell anyone that he had been here. He took Fisher's name, and told him that some day he'd send the family some money for his pilfered food and clothing.

With that, he left the house and climbed over the back fence. For the rest of the day, the Fishers stayed inside, afraid to leave their home. It wasn't until a neighbor stopped by the next day, that the Fishers told their harrowing tale.

The neighbor contacted police, but by then Tracy was long gone. Unbeknownst to officials, Tracy had already left King County on a stolen fishing boat headed across Puget Sound."

https://harbourpub.com/PDFs/reporter_autumn_; <https://www.historylink.org/File/5386>



AT A DISTANCE.

If I were Harry Tracy
And you were Cudihee,
The sheriff, would you chase a
Poor fellow-man like me—
If I were Harry Tracy
And you were Cudihee?

If you were Harry Tracy
And I were Cudihee,
I should not care to face a
Winchester—I should flee
If you were Harry Tracy
And I were Cudihee.

If we were Harry Tracy
And Sheriff Cudihee,
We would not be so racy—
We'd let each other be,
If we were Harry Tracy
And Sheriff Cudihee.

“Convict Tracy Is Again Surrounded

The Announcement is Made That He Cannot Escape without Another Bloody Conflict.

The Essential Fact, However, Is That He Still Remains At Large

Some Very Crude Work on the Part of the Officers Is Brought to Light and Starts a Controversy Among Them – Fugitive’s Movements So Far as Known.

Seattle, Wash., July 5. – A special to the Post Intelligencer says Tracy is in the vicinity of Bothel almost beyond a doubt. A tract of territory 15 miles in circumference is enclosed by a strong cordon of armed men. Unless the convict stole through the lines last night he cannot make his escape without a bloody conflict.

Every Avenue Guarded.

Every bridge and crossing, every place of strategic importance, in a pursuit of this kind is guarded by men lying in ambush. Others are patrolling the country. A mysterious buggy was seen on the road this morning, but it disappeared and this has added zest to the affair. Tracy was dressed in a dark blue serge coat, brown corduroy trousers and wore a black and brown checked cap. He had a pair of high laced logger’s shoes and carried a gunny sack, a small buckskin package and a 30-30 Winchester.

Starts a Controversy.

The finding of Tracy’s provisions in the cabin where Thursday battle occurred gave rise to a mild controversy to-day. The cabin was reported searched by Bothell deputies yesterday. They said it contained nothing whatever. To-day Deputy Sheriff McClellan, of Thurston county, and Deputy Sheriff Nelson, of King, entered the place and found Tracy’s outfit. Friends of the Bothell deputies declare that the outfit was left there by Tracy last night. Some alleged that the men had not searched very well. A few doubted whether they had ever entered the cabin.

Cudihee Settles It.

Sheriff Cudihee, however, settled the matter by a personal investigation. He found a stone in the loft which had been carried there by some person who had used it as a hammer. He found bread, fresh veal, butter, a frying pan, a can of salmon were found together with some blankets and the place where Tracy had slept.

Al Rogers, who helped the Bothell deputies declared the cabin was thoroughly examined. The mysterious buggy is connected with the finding of the outfit. It was driven rapidly along the country road in the black of night from this direction. It stopped at the cabin for a few minutes and then quickly doubled on its course. The buggy was seen by Deputy Sheriff Frank P. Brewer and Deputy Sheriff Wooley. Half an hour after midnight they heard the buggy approach and saw its dim outline as it went past.

Used Signal Lights.

When it was directly opposite, a man's voice said "This is the town of Wayne." A woman's voice replied her answer was not heard. When the buggy appeared it had three lights, one being strung under the front axle. Two lights almost immediately disappeared. The buggy stopped at the trail leading up to the cabin.

Walked to His Death.

On this trail, Deputy Sheriff Raymond walked to his death. In a few minutes the buggy turned around and went rapidly back toward the deputies. As it passed Brewer shouted "What time is it?" The driver called out "Half past twelve," without altering his speed. The next moment the buggy was engulfed by the darkness. The deputies thought at first it was only a young man taking his sweetheart home.

The finding of the outfit in the cabin has led many to believe it was left there with the occupants of the buggy. It fits exactly with a report that Tracy had friends in the region. "The buggy went past very quickly and I could not tell how many people were in it, said Brewer." A close watch was kept on all roads leading outside the town of Bothell and the buggy did not pass through it. Three tramps have been seen in the woods around Bothell and it is thought by some that they may be aiding Tracy." *The Independent Record (Helena, Montana), Sunday, July 6, 1902.*

On July 5, 1902 he approached a home owned by John Johnson, a stump farmer. Tracy watched the house for more than an hour. He saw a man, his wife, their young son and daughter, and what appeared to be a hired hand.

It was 2:00 p.m. in the afternoon. He rapped on the door, which Mrs. Johnson opened. By employing the usual tactics of announcing his name and displaying his weapons, Tracy terrorized the family. As soon as Tracy told her that he was hungry and being pursued by other men, she knew exactly who he was. Tracy told her that he meant her no harm, and she ran screaming from the house.

Tracy yelled at Anderson to call her back. Anderson shouted out that Tracy would shoot her if she did not stop running, and Mrs. Johnson stopped in her tracks. Nearly breathless, she returned to the home. "That was a foolish thing to do," Tracy scolded her. "I told you that so long as you acted sensibly you would not be hurt and I meant it."

They entered the home. Mr. Johnson was out working in the field, and the children were inside the house. Tracy paid little attention to the boy and girl, and ordered Mrs. Johnson to cook him a big meal. She started to fix bread and cheese, but Tracy demanded meat.

The ritual was the same as at other homes Tracy commandeered. He ate with his rifle over his knees, and would stand at the ready whenever he heard a dog bark in the distance. He slammed back cup after cup of coffee, and told illustrious tales of his pursuit by various lawmen.

After eating, he asked to see some recent newspapers. Mrs. Johnson handed him three copies of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, in which the Tracy story was covered in great detail. Tracy carefully read every word.

He then embellished his side of the story to Mrs. Johnson, comparing his version to the newspaper version. According to Tracy, he never wanted to kill anybody, he just wanted to escape. And if someone got in his way, so be it. "Why, if I were the blood-thirsty villain the papers make me out, I could have killed twenty more men," he rationalized.

By this time, Mr. Johnson had returned home to find a killer chatting with his wife, while handyman Anderson sat silently in a chair. After introducing himself, Tracy took the two men into one of the bedrooms, where he picked out another new set of clothing. He swiped all the gold pocket watches in the house, as well as some provisions. As he pinched a few blankets, he remarked that sleeping in the woods without bedding, "wasn't what it was cracked up to be."

But now it was time for the evening meal, and Mrs. Johnson spread the table again for Mr. Tracy. He pointed out that everyone needed to be fed, and that they should all sit at the table. When Mr. Johnson pointed out that he needed to milk the cow, Tracy let him go to the barn, but told him not to sound an alarm, lest he kill his wife and son.

The family and uninvited guest feasted on eggs, potatoes, fried ham, brown beans, and stew, as well as some preserves. Tracy questioned Mr. Johnson about the Hood Canal region and told the family that he would leave after dark.

He forced Anderson to bind the family, but told him not to tie the mother and daughter too tightly. Tracy then bound Anderson, and then took the hot water off the stove. He wanted to shave before his trip.

His tonsorial task completed, he unbound Anderson, telling him that he would be accompanying him. Anderson was told he would be bound to the oars of a rowboat owned by the Johnsons, so that he could not escape or fight back. The two men left the house. John Anderson was a large, powerful man, from that time until the following Tuesday, Anderson was a mere slave and beast of burden for the bandit.

Within an hour, Mrs. Johnson was able to release her bonds, and untie the rest of the family. Mr. Johnson ran to the home of the local deputy sheriff, who in turn secured a boat to get word to the posse in Seattle.

The next day, King County Sheriff Edward Cudihee chartered the tug Sea Lion and brought his men over to Bainbridge Island. The next few days were spent patrolling the waters of Puget Sound, looking for any clues as to Tracy's whereabouts.

Unbeknownst to the posse, Tracy had slipped right through their fingers again. While policemen and bounty hunters were searching as far north as Deception Pass, Tracy and his kidnap victim landed once again in King County." <https://www.historylink.org/File/5387>

On Saturday, July 6, Tracy appeared at Meadow Point, on the water front, three miles north of Seattle. Here he met a Japanese fisher boy whom he forced to row him twelve miles to Madison Point, on Bainbridge Island. After landing on Bainbridge Island, Tracy sent the fisherman back, and went into the woods to sleep. ["There he compelled a Japanese fisher boy to row him to Madison Point, 12 miles across and down the sound from Seattle. He dismissed the Japanese, declaring that the latter would be killed by Tracy's pal's if he ever told of the trip." Adams County News, Wed., July 9, 1902.]

Before leaving the island, Tracy made Anderson row to the spot where a hijacked fishing boat had dropped him off the night before. The escaped convict entered the brush and returned with two oars and a set of better oarlocks, most likely stolen from the fishing boat.

They set off in darkness towards Seattle. Tracy manned the rudder, while Anderson rowed. As they approached Elliott Bay, the lights of the city were visible on the water. Tracy hoped to find the mouth of the Duwamish River, but low tide made it almost inaccessible, so they landed the boat at West Seattle instead.

Entering the brush, Tracy hid some of their bundles and continued inland. Deep inside the woods, he tied up Anderson, and told him to get some sleep. Tracy went off and slept also. After noon, Tracy returned to cook up a meal.

After starting a small campfire, Tracy made coffee, then fried some bacon. He took Anderson's hat, crushed in the top to make a bowl, mixed bread batter in the hat, then fried the batter in the bacon grease. They spent the rest of the day in the brush, watching out for people who walked by on the beach.

After dark, they returned to the boat and continued to look for the mouth of the river. After a few failed attempts, Tracy became frustrated and abandoned the boat. The next day the boat they used was found in a clump of bushes in Miller's Bay. Walking inland, they found railroad tracks and began following them south.

In the morning, they came upon a tank, and retrieved some water with which to make breakfast. Again they slept, with Tracy taking precautions by tying up Anderson. They woke in mid-afternoon and continued their march.

Just before arriving in Renton, at the Black River bridge, they came upon four men whom Tracy appeared to know. Tracy greeted one of the men by name, but Anderson was kept back, not privy to their conversation. The group of men followed the tracks into town.

By this time, Tracy's picture had been seen for the past week in all the local papers. When people passed them by, some were heard to whisper, "Is that Tracy?" Oddly enough, the comments were directed at Anderson, a strong, strapping man who bore some resemblance. Tracy was amused by this.

Just outside of town, Tracy tied up Anderson once again and left to spend the night elsewhere, presumably with his acquaintances. Anderson thought it might be the last he would see of Tracy, but the next morning Tracy returned, and once again made breakfast. They followed the railroad tracks back out of town, to a home they had passed the day before.

Meanwhile, hundreds of possemen had been searching all points along Puget Sound and Hood Canal, and had come up empty. Tracy's trail had run dry, and most of the Sheriff's men had returned to Seattle, hoping to hear some word of Tracy's whereabouts. That they did, on July 8, 1902.” Harry Tracy returns to King County with kidnapped John Anderson on July 6, 1902. by Alan J. Stein; <https://www.historylink.org/File/5388> ;

He commandeered another boat to Bainbridge Island and then circled back to West Seattle. At this point, even the U.S. Navy was in the hunt, sending a flotilla out to look for him. He headed south to Renton, Kent and Black Diamond, where he terrorized several farm families but never hurt them.

“United States forces have been impressed for service for the hunt after the fugitive Tracy, the revenue cutter Grant and the revenue launch Scout being detailed this morning immediately upon receipt of advices concerning Tracy’s escape to Port Madison and away from there in a rowboat. Before sailing the two vessels took aboard a posse under W. C. Hammond, sheriff of Jefferson county. The men are specially selected for service in the woods. The sheriff is one of the most experienced woodsmen in this part of the country. The government vessels proceeded to Seabeck and from there will go to Brinnon, thus preventing escape to the coast by Hoods canal and the Olympic mountains. The latter, being sparsely settled, would furnish almost an impregnable stronghold for the convict should he succeed in reaching them.

That Tracy is trying to reach friends in Whatcom county is stated to be almost certain in a dispatch from Whatcom last night. Cub Merrill, said to be a brother of Merrill, the convict who escaped with Tracy, lives at Whatcom. Saturday night, while intoxicated, he said that the murderer was on his way to that place. He also stated that arrangements had been made to meet him.

As a result of Tracy’s spectacular jump the greatest hue and cry after a criminal in the state is under way. The government has two launches out guarding the passes through which the convict may reach the shores of Whatcom county. Deputy sheriffs are flocking from all sides to join in the man hunt and when Tract lands he will be hard pressed. The last heard of Sheriff Cudihee and the expedition he leads on the tug Sea Lion to Port Madison, in pursuit of Tracy, was at Sidney. He went there to hold a consultation with Sheriff Sackman of Kittitas county.

News of Tracy’s latest exploit spread like wildfire. Sheriff Cudihee returned from Bothell on the morning train and organized a new posse. The tug Sea Lion was chartered and the party left this afternoon for Madison. It consisted of a large number of heavily armed men.

Until Tracy’s boat was seen off Deception pass no definite news of his movements were received. It was reported that he was heading for the straits. Sheriff Hammond of Jefferson county and a number of guards left Port Townsend on the revenue cutter Grant in search of the murderer. Wild rumors floated around the Sound of a desperate encounter between Tracy and the crew of the revenue cutter. The crew were said to have been in boats and firing into the woods in the vicinity of Apple Tree Cove. The story was credited to the officers of the tug Dolphin. They emphatically denied that it came from them.

From all indications it would appear that Tracy took the outside passage on his voyage to Deception pass. In this case he must have gone past Port Ludlow, Port Townsend, Forts Flagler, Casey and Worden. His boat must have been in sight of these places as the murderer slowly put mile after mile between himself and his pursuers. Adams County News, Wed., July 9, 1902.

On Monday, after a long tramp, they entered the woods from which the notorious desperado, Tom Blanck was killed in in 1894.

Seattle, Wash., July 8. – The situation this morning in the pursuit of Convict Harry Tracy, so far as can be ascertained, finds the pursuing forces with but one clue of any tangibility upon which to work. Tracy has everybody guessing.

The story of the old Indian woman of Port Madison reservation, who claims to have seen and talked with a man answering Tracy's description on Sunday, throws the only apparent light upon the movements of the outlaw since in the darkness of Saturday night he quitted the Johnson home at Port Madison, leaving the occupants bound and gagged and taking with him the hired man, Anderson." Adams County News, Wed., July 9, 1902.

"Indian Woman Sure It Was Tracy.

Seattle, July 7. – A dispatch from Port Madison to William Corcoran, chief deputy says:

"Have talked to an Indian woman. She says the two men in Johnson's boat were at Cape Horn, two miles west of the reservation, at noon yesterday. She is positive of the identify and actions of the man with the rifle. She heard three shots in the same locality at 4 a.m. to-day. The Indian woman and boy watched all night. Tracy can steal a horse from that place. H. F. M'Kay. Deputy." The Spokesman Review, Tuesday, July 8, 1902.

On July 8, 1902, Tracy and Anderson encountered two women, Mrs. W. J. McKinney and May Baker, picking blackberries or salmonberries along the railroad tracks near Renton.

"Reads Like Romance

Tracy Unites Chivalry With Brutality.

A Chapter in the Exciting Race for the Desperado Shows the Nerve He Commands at All Times—His Visit to the Gerrells' Home—His Calmness While Surrounded by Deputies—Emotion While Talking of His Mother—

His Contempt for Interviews—His Opinion of Underwood—Tracy's Alleged Sweetheart Baffling a Deputy Watching His' Pursuers.

The Tracy whom May Baker, an 18-year-old girl of Seattle, will remember for the rest of her life, as a gallant, tender-hearted man with a prodigious love for children, a conversationalist of considerable brilliancy, a merry hearted "joshier," a man with a decided respect for womanhood, but above all a man with an iron nerve. Miss Baker, Mrs. W. J. McKinney, Mrs. Charles Gerrells

and the latter's little children were with Tracy in the Gerrells' home, near Renton, for more than four hours. The last-hour or so the house was surrounded by armed guards, but Tracy never showed the least apprehension. Miss Baker complained of being cooped up in the house all day. Tracy proposed that they should dance to pass away the time. At that moment a photographer was walking down a path toward the house. Armed guards were stationed on all sides. Newspaper men sat smoking a few hundred feet away.

The story of Tracy's visit to the Gerrells' home reads like Alexander Dumas' romances. Nothing that Jesse James ever did in the way of daring and audacity could equal the calmness of the now famous outlaw in the house. He treated the women with the greatest courtesy. He entertained them with his conversation, and soothed Mrs. McKinney's 6-year old child, Ada McKinney, when she became frightened. He carried water for the dinner, chopped wood and made himself generally useful; this at a time when the posse had formed an almost complete circle around the house.

So many new phases of the murderer's character developed during the visit that the women were unable to give any analysis of his personality. He saw a newspaper man go down the track not fifty feet away, and he told the women that there was the posse's advance agent. He intimated that he was fleeing from the reporters who wanted to interview him, and not from the guards. And this was when men were stationed on all sides. Before he walked away from the house through the guards he gave the women several mementoes.

The Gerrells' home is situated about two miles up the track of the old Columbia & Puget Sound Railroad. After loafing around Renton all Monday night, Tracy, with Anderson in tow, started up the tracks. The pair journeyed slowly. They sat down and rested in the dense brush beside the track a few rods on the Renton side of the Gerrells home. They remained there for some time, until Miss Baker and Mrs. McKinney, who were picking blackberries in the vicinity passed them.

Tracy watched them for a long time. Once they were so close that he could almost have touched them with his hand. Tracy passed on up the track from Renton toward the Gerrells home. He then ventured nearer the track. Just then Charles Gerrells, an 18-year-old boy, came up the track. He heard something snap. He looked back, walked on a few feet and looked again. It was then 11:30 in the morning.

"Hey," cried Tracy, " stop a moment my boy."

He stepped from the bushes and walked up to the lad.

"Well, I guess you have heard of me," remarked the convict. He smiled pleasantly as he spoke. The two women were a few yards away.

That's Tracy," said Mrs. McKinney, jestingly, when the murderer spoke the first time.

"No," said Miss Baker, " I don't know who you are."

"Well, I'm Tracy," said the outlaw. His words created consternation among the trio.

" Now, don't be afraid," said Tracy, "I won't hurt you."

"Well, Mr. Tracy," said Mrs. McKinney, recovering from the shock, " I'm glad to see you."

"I would never have known you by your picture," exclaimed Miss Baker.

"Ah, now, you are jollyng me," said the slayer of half a dozen men. "But don't be afraid. I never harmed a woman in my life," and as he spoke he took off his hat respectfully to the two women before him. When he heard that young Gerrells' home was a few rods up the track, he informed the party that all would have to go there. Before they reached the house Tracy sent the boy ahead to warn the mother of the approach. "Tell her," said Tracy, earnestly, " that I bring harm to none of hers."

They entered the house and Tracy took off his hat to Mrs. Gerrells.

"Excuse me, lady," he said, "for entering your home, but you have nothing to fear."

Tracy went in by the front door as he spoke and sat down on a trunk at the side of the room. Inside of five minutes he had quelled all fear among his listeners with the exception of Mrs. Gerrells, who was somewhat nervous throughout his visit. With one exception he made them all feel at home.

As Tracy sat on the trunk, his unwilling companions were able for the first time to observe him closely. He looked fresh and strong. Eliminating his eyes, his face was serene and pleasant. The eyes, however, were an unnatural dark blue. He had an uncomfortable habit of rolling them when he made a threat. The women say that he did not look unusually thin, but seemed to be in fine physical condition. Mentally, they say, he was one of the keenest men they ever met. He was dressed in a black suit and wore a black felt hat. His trousers were much too short, a matter of much merriment to himself. He had neither tie nor collar, but had jewelry to spare.

One of Mrs. McKinney's children began to cry when Tracy entered the house, and Mrs. Gerrells looked terrified. The outlaw called the child to him. "Now, now, little girl," he said, passing his hand around her shoulder and stroking her hair, " don't cry, I wouldn't let anyone harm an innocent little thing like you." When the guards collected around the house afterward, the child crept to Tracy's aide for protection. "

Tracy sent Charles Gerrells, the boy, down town with two watches. The lad was to sell them and buy the convict a couple of revolvers. One watch was a gold cased hunting time piece; the other

an open silver cased watch. They were the ones he had stolen from the Johnsons at Port Madison.

"I want two 45 Colts with six-inch barrels," said Tracy, " and two boxes of cartridges. Now, if you ' peach' on me, kid, you will hear from me."

"I will help you, Tracy," said the boy and started down town. It was nearly noon.

"I am kind of scared, Tracy," said the boy as he left, " but I will help you."

"If he betrays me," said Tracy to Mrs. Gerrells, " I will kill your two other children." Beside Charles, the Gerrells have two other boys, Cyrus and Harvey. Mrs. Gerrells looked frightened and tears came into her eyes.

"That was only a bluff," said the outlaw. "Mother, you have nothing to fear from me. I have a mother. She is reading the papers every day to see if I am caught. When I last heard from her she was in Indiana. God knows where she is now. I wouldn't care about all this scrape I am in if it were not for her sake. God knows lady, I wouldn't harm a hair on your head, let alone these innocent little children. The three women declare positively that as Tracy spoke of his mother the tears stood in his eyes and for the first time the bravado in his manner left him.

A silence followed Tracy's words. To relieve the tension, Miss Baker said after a pause of a few moments: "Mr. Tracy, why do you wear a moustache?"

"Why?" questioned Tracy. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I don't like to see a man with a moustache," said the girl.

"Have you a razor around here?" rejoined Tracy, quick as a flash.

From that moment until his departure the murderer and the three women were engaged in repartee much of the time.

After Tracy had sat on the trunk for a while he put his rifle in one corner of the room. He asked the women to excuse him for a second and going to the kitchen washed himself. He gave himself a good scrubbing. As the murderer was thus engaged he noticed Anderson and immediately led him to the back porch. "Sit there till I tell you to move," said the convict.

Mrs. Gerrells began preparing a meal. Tracy, after he had washed, helped her. He went outside and cut the kindling, carried water from the spring and made himself generally useful. When he went out for the water the special train from Renton with the deputies on board came rushing past. Tracy had just time to duck into the bushes.

Tracy waited until the train passed before emerging from cover. The cars stopped about a mile up the track and then returned to a quarter of a mile below the Gerrells residence. Deputies left

the train at each place and apparently cut off Tracy's escape. Tracy watched the train return from the front window.

"They had on a red-haired reporter when they went up the track," he said to Miss Baker, who was standing beside him. "I can always spot the newspaper men. When I am running from the posse if I happen to look around there is always a reporter about a mile in advance of the rest, with a camera under one arm and a big bunch of note paper in the other. I am fleeing from the interviewers, you know," he continued, laughing heartily. "I am sorry but I can't waste the time."

"What's your address," Tracy asked Miss Baker. She refused to tell him.

"Tell me and I will go down town to-night and rob a jewelry store for you," he said. "Is there anything you would especially like?" He then joked Miss Baker about a ring she had on her left hand, she retorted and the fun was fast and furious when they all sat down to dinner. Tracy went to the rear porch and led Anderson in. The two men sat on one side of the table and the women on the other. The children sat at the ends.

Tracy made himself generally useful again. He ate very little but was as assiduous in his attention to the women and children.

"This is just like home," he declared, " You don't know how much I am enjoying your society."

"You spoiled our berry-picking expedition," complained Miss Baker.

"Well," said Tracy, we'll all go berry-picking in a little while, if you like. I'll help you."

"But we will be late in getting back home to Seattle," objected Mrs. McKinney.

"That's all right," said Tracy gallantly, " I will steal the best buggy in the whole neighborhood and drive you home."

After much good natured chaff between Tracy and Miss Baker and Mrs. McKinney, Tracy picked up an old paper and read of the Underwood case.

"Now, there is a man who, in my opinion, is one of the biggest cowards in the State," said Tracy. "To go and kill a little innocent baby! Why, hanging is too good for Underwood. He should be shown no mercy. Some of the papers say that Tracy is a coward, but they don't know me. I kill men. I never harmed a woman or a child' in my whole life.

"But Tracy," said Miss Baker, "you shot Merrill in the back." "That is unjust," exclaimed the murderer. "The papers have the wrong story. When the newspaper men come around to interview you about my visit, tell them for me that I killed Merrill without treachery. He was a mean-spirited sort of a man. When we quarreled and decided to fight, I was willing to be square. I always fight square. But I knew him and as we walked away ten paces from each other I watched him over my shoulder. At the eighth step he turned to fire. I jumped around and let him

have it. As he reeled and fell I shot him again in the back. Then I walked up to his prostrate body and shot him in the head."

"But you needn't have killed Breece."

"I had to," said Tracy. "The newspapers have got the wrong story about that fight. I told Breece to fling down his gun. In a second we were locked in each other's arms. We struggled for barely a moment, when I raised my revolver and shot him. The men with us then started to run."

By this time the house was well surrounded by guards. Tracy, however, showed no nervousness. His rifle still rested in the corner of the dining room. He kept his revolver by him.'

"We can wait here until it is dark," remarked Tracy, as they rose from the table, "then we will walk down the track together. I will go with you as far as Renton. It will be a nice moonlight walk and in very pleasant company," with a bow to Miss Baker.

"Well, I don't know," she replied. "It won't be very pleasant if deputies are shooting at us."

"But I will be safe," said Tracy, jestingly. "The ladies will have to form a cordon around me. You would do that for me, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, sure," said Miss Baker, "we would like to get killed for you—I don't think."

Tracy then spoke about his crude efforts at making bread, and asked Mrs. Gerrells a number of questions about the proper methods. She explained things to him.

"Why don't you take your wife in Portland along with you?" said Mrs. McKinney, "she could do the cooking."

"The girl whom the police are watching in Portland," said the murderer with impressive earnestness, "is not my wife. She is the sister of Dave Merrill. Her family are not treating her right. I took pity on her. I couldn't stand by and see a woman get the rough end of life. I cared for her. She was sick. I sent her money so she could get proper attention. She never got the money until I found out that it was being held back. Then I had to send it through a third person. No man could stand aside and see a woman badly treated. I know I couldn't and I don't suppose I would stand very high among most people. That's all there is to that story."

"By the way," said Tracy, a few moments later, "I liked the graham bread we had at dinner. I wish I knew how to make it."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Baker, "I feel tired of staying in the house all day and doing nothing. Can't we go out?"

"You bet not," said Tracy. "Do you dance?"

"Yes," said Miss Baker, "I like to dance—sometimes."

"Does anyone here play?" questioned the murderer.

"But why do you ask?" exclaimed Mrs. McKinney.

"Why, I thought we might have a little music and Miss Baker and myself could take a turn or two around the room," said Tracy, with great sangfroid.

At that moment every outlet of escape seemed blocked. The posse was scattered on all sides of the house. Tracy never lost his nerve. A man approached the door and knocked loudly. Tracy took Miss Baker and Mrs. McKinney into the kitchen with him. Mrs. Gerrells was left to answer the deputy. The latter was a Renton butcher.

"Is Tracy in here?" he asked. The man refused to take no for an answer and walked into the house. He went as far as the door into the kitchen, which was half-open. Tracy had retreated through the back door. He stood with it half open. The outlaw could see the deputy without being seen. Tracy's revolver was pointed straight at Miss Baker's heart. Anderson sat dejectedly in a chair on the porch behind the convict.

"Is Tracy in here then?" asked the deputy.

"What would Tracy be doing here?" asked Miss Baker scornfully. The murderer could see every expression on her face, and she dared not give the intruder any hint. The deputy went away, baffled.

The general gayety of the conversation had been interrupted. The party in the house talked for some time regarding the posse until somehow the question of drink came up.

"Liquor," said Tracy, "is a dangerous thing. It should be avoided. I am glad to say I have never been drunk. A man like myself dare not touch the stuff. It dulls the brain. It's almost a curse to humanity."

"What nationality are you?" he asked Mrs. McKinney, in an effort to make conversation general.

"I am Scotch-Irish," she said.

"Why, so am I," exclaimed Tracy cordially. "And you," turning to Miss Baker.

"I'm of English descent," she answered. "I was born in Texas."

"I knew you were a Southern girl," said the convict, admiringly. "I knew it by your speech and because you are so plucky."

Tracy by this time—the hour was about 5—began to think of leaving the house.

"I wish my trousers were not so short," he remarked pleasantly. "I think I will go out and hold up one of the deputies. Do you see anyone up on the track whose trousers would fit me?"

He watched his pursuers for some time and then irrelevantly remarked: "You have beastly weather on Puget Sound. Why, it has rained all the time nearly since I landed here. I think this is an unhealthy country."

One of the boys grinned.

"No, I meant unhealthy in its ordinary sense," laughed Tracy.

"Well, of course, that was under stood," said Miss Baker.

"I think I will go to Seattle to night," he continued. "I would like to see Clancy's place. Do you know just where it is?"

"Of course, we don't," said Mrs. McKinney resentfully. Tracy apologized at once.

"The people are all out for the reward," continued Tracy watching the men gathering on the bank. "They are all after the \$5,000."

"Not it's \$8,600 now," said Miss Baker. "They have increased it."

The murderer frowned.

"That's the way," he said. "They don't want to catch me so I can be punished. They are all after the money."

"A banker has offered \$1,000," remarked one of the women.

"Do you know his name?" demanded Tracy. They replied in the negative. He rolled his eyes.

"I'll find out," he said.

Tracy then left the house and forded the river. He came back in five or six minutes and told Mrs. Gerrells to take Anderson to the chicken coop. He then sent her for some straps and bound his companion to a post. Tracy looked into the house from the back door after he had bound Anderson.

"Well, good bye," he said. "It was just like home." He walked down to the river bank and plunged into a field on the west side of the house. It was filled with shrubs and ferns shoulder high. He crept along the ground to about the middle of the field and then rose to his feet with his rifle in his hands, facing the house. Several saw him from the railroad track but supposed that he was one of the deputies. He then turned and made his way from the vicinity of the house and disappeared in the tall under brush.

The bloodhounds were baying from the woods near by but he never showed the least hesitation. Two newspaper men noticed his figure among the bushes on the river bank and said: "There is a fool of a deputy exposing himself."

A moment later Tracy had vanished in the forest.” Washington standard. [volume] (Olympia, Wash. Territory) 1860-1921, July 25, 1902, Image 1 Neither the Gerrells nor May Baker ever saw him again.” Tracy quietly slipped away.

After a short time, the posse closed in on the house, only to find that their prey had flown. Newspapermen rushed in to interview the women and children, but Mrs. Gerrells instead told them to rescue Mr. Anderson from the chicken coop.

Bloodhounds were brought into the house, and then loosed on Tracy's trail. They hadn't gotten that far, when the dogs suddenly started howling in agony. Wily Tracy had covered part of his tracks with cayenne pepper. By the time the dogs recovered, Tracy was far away.” Ruidoso News, Ruidoso, New Mexico, December 5, 1997, “The Old West,” ‘I’m Tracy,’ part 3, Drew Gomber, Historian, Lincoln County Historical Heritage Trust. ; <https://www.historylink.org/File/5377>



May Baker



Group at the Gerrells' home near Renton after Harry Tracy's departure on July 8, 1902. The cross marks the window from which the outlaw watched the posse gather.

[Willia May Baker, (April, 1884 - 1971) On July 9, 1902, Willia May Baker, Mrs. W. J. McKinney and Charles Jerrolls were taken hostage by Harry Tracy, who had escaped from an Oregon prison after killing three guards and wounding a fourth. Tracy had been serving a 20 year sentence for assault and robbery when he escaped with David Merrill, his brother-in-law, whom he later killed. He was the subject of the most famous manhunt in the Pacific Northwest in the spring and summer of 1902. Baker later appeared in a play about Tracy, entitled *Tracy-Merrill*. She married James Lee McKinney, the son of the woman with whom she was walking when taken hostage. <http://archiveswest.orbiscascade.org/ark:/80444/xv74191>]



John Anderson, hired hand of the John Johnson family was kidnapped from Bainbridge Island by Harry Tracy on July 5, 1902

Cornered, Bad Man Tracy Can't Take It!

Washington Terrorized As Bandit,
Within Sound Of Baying Hounds
And Cracking Rifles, Runs For
Cover, Sees Escape Impossible
And Turns Gun On Self,
Ending Bloody Career And
Thwarting Capture



One Of The Bloodhounds
Used In Tracking Tracy.
Some He Shot And Others
Were Thrown Off Scent
By Pepper Scattered On
His Trail.



Home of Mrs. R. H. Van
Horn in Fremont, Near
Seattle, Where Tracy, Hav-
ing Slain Three Men In The
Morning, Calmly Ate His
Dinner That Evening.

C. A. Straub Led
The Posse Of Creston
Men That Wounded
And Surrounded
Tracy On The Edley
Farm, Finding His
Body The Next
Morning, A Suicide.

Lawyer

Marion Smith, Posseman

(Continued from front cover)

Excitement and terror shook the shores of the Sound. Without a split-second's delay Sheriff Culbuck in Seattle headed a big posse and personally went to find the desperado. Dividing his men into groups he threw an armed ring around Bothell.

A half mile of his squad, closing in on some cabins between the road and the railroad track, separated to cover front and rear. "See the grass yonder?" whispered Deputy Raymond. "I'll bet Tracy's in that yard."

From behind a tree sprang a rifle flamed. Deputy Anderson fell dead. Another flash and Raymond crumpled in death. The other boys charged up at the shot and Jack Williams pitched into the dust with a rifle bullet in his body. Before Sheriff Culbuck could reach the scene from another section the killer had plunged into the brush and vanished.

In Fremont, a Seattle sister, toward dusk of the same day, a team clattered up to the substantial home of Mrs. R. H. Van Horn, Woodland Park. The household entered with him the aged Farmer Johnson who had supplied the rifle.

"I'm Tracy," he said. "I want dry clothes and food."

Feebly tagged out the visitor jolted lightly with his horse as he faced dinner. A knock came at the back door. Tracy greeted a woman, Mrs. Van Horn as she slipped out. "Tracy's here," she whispered to the grocery boy in waiting.

By this time darkness had settled over the Sound. Culbuck, alone in his buggy with his rifle, whipping his horse to a wild gallop, raced for Fremont through the night. Hitching his rig he couched within two yards of the front to which Tracy must return. Angered by the cloying blundering of the posse in the morning the quivering sheriff had gone out to get his man without help.

Suddenly three men came from the Van Horn residence, walking toward the muzzle of the officer's Winchester. He held his fire a moment. There were three of them and he wasn't sure which was the man he was trying to capture. From the other side of the yard a shout rang out. "Those down that gun, Tracy!" Posseman Jones had yelled, with him were the game warden and another man. Their guns were covering their quarry at 10 paces.

If our story ends here we might rest easy in the belief that Tracy had reached the end of the trail. He had suddenly slipped out of a blue of light into the instant blindness of the gloom. A few yards off three officers awaited him with drawn guns and cocked triggers. Concoiled by the very wagon toward which he strode the sheriff of the county lay with a Winchester pointed at his heart.

Culbuck, himself a dead shot, paused only for a few more steps to reveal with certainty which of the three was the desperado. Companion after companion he fell. Brevor's hoarse cry in the night stirred Tracy into instant action. Before the words of command had died the possum whirled his rifle with incredible speed. A bullet tore into the warden's head. The little posseman fell dead. Two more fast shots stunned McKnight, the game warden.

Before the echoes of his cracking rifle had settled the Woodland sheriff the desperado had plunged around the Van Horn house, yanked a high seat with his smoking Winchester and disappeared.

Constable

C. A. Straub, of Creston

Foiled once more by the folly of a posse, Sheriff Culbuck leaped the fence after his man like a bound on a footstool. His rifle flamed a stream of lead after the vanished outlaw, but night had stolen the fugitive from his pursuer. There was nothing left but to carry the dead from the battlefield.

While the reign of terror was in full swing and three days after Tracy had crowded the morgue with the fallen officers, a Japanese fisherman rowed frantically to Puget Sound. He shook so with a strange palsy that his arms and hands would scarce do his bidding.

For in the stern of the boat sat Harry Tracy. He squatted there quite casually, enjoying his summer outing on the water. His rifle hung carelessly between his legs. The cool breeze of the Sound caressed his cheeks. Every few minutes he thrust a hand over the side to let the water stream pleasantly through his fingers. He glanced occasionally in amusement at his terrified sailor being to get him 12 miles up the Sound to Point Madison. When they footed land Tracy dismissed the boatman with nothing worse than an easy grin and a stern warning of silence.

In Seattle a grim man, with neither fear in his soul nor palsy in his hand, plotted and schemed. Ed Culbuck planned his drive like a general mapping a battle. If his men couldn't catch the criminal of the century, and he himself couldn't get a fair shot at him, he nevertheless wouldn't stop until he drove the bandit to his own destruction. It was a battle of grit between two men.

Moatone near Madison, where he had parted from his errandman, Tracy turned up angrily and without notice at the home of Farmer Johnson. As usual, he quickly told who he was, lapped his supper and gave his breakfast order. When he had eaten him and eggs his eye suddenly fell upon John Anderson, the hired man of the Johnson ménage. There followed then one of the strangest episodes in the history of criminal fights.

Anderson was a strapping fellow with a huge and heavy frame. Tracy ordered him to bring in some ropes from the barn. After a pole or two in the rib with his rifle the outlaw told his blundering, camp-bell and grub on the broad back of the captive strong man. Waving forward to his hands he calmly drove Anderson off into the woods like a pack mule. When night came on he unloosed his outfit and tethered the sturdy fellow to a tree.

Tracy pushed feverishly through the woods and jungle. One step ahead of Culbuck's squads of deputies and marks of bands. He played his trail with pepper when the band-



Doctor

E. C. Lanter, Posseman

ing of the dogs got too near. When they caught up with him he shot them and forced his man-pack back over his.

The bandit now was desperate to get rid of his rifle in exchange for a revolver. The sheltering woods of Puget Sound had gotten too hot to serve much longer as a haven. Panic was creeping into him. But the Winchester, which had clicked off its prey with such deadly precision, would instantly betray its owner as the ace hand man of the West if he emerged to suffer reprisals.

Two miles from Renton lay the Gerretts' farm. Close to it ran the tracks of the Columbia & Puget Sound. It was a bright July day when young Gerrett, along with Max Mae Baker and a Mrs. McKinney, guests at the farm, were gathering berries not far from the track. Of a sudden, before the startled eyes of those three Tracy and his strange host of burden arose like gent from the Arabian Nights.

"I'm Tracy," the bandit told the pickers gravely. "But I never harmed a woman in my life. I want you to take me to that farmhouse." Going to the Gerretts' house with the right- and berry pickers Tracy introduced himself to



Mother Gerretts. After he had tied John Anderson securely to a stump of yew he handed two stolen whitties to Charlie Gerrett. "Take these," he ordered, "and buy me two 45 Colt revolvers. Don't tell anyone I'm here, see? Get a move on you."

While the three women were cooking dinner Tracy carried a bucket out toward the truck to fetch water from the spring. He heard a heavy rumble and looked up quickly. Charlie had sounded the alarm. Tracy with his rifle and his well-groomed back turned to the house. A locomotive packed with riders swung around the bend and transferred to a stop opposite the Gerretts.

Soon a guard from Walls Walla penitentiary with the prison bloodhounds and more officers streamed up. Newsman and cameramen had come on the special and a Renton crowd began to fill the woods. The countryside was bristling with guns.

Tracy took to his dinner while the squads of gunmen were closing in. A tense voice shouted at the door: demanded to know if the outlaw was in the house. Instantly Tracy whirled and pressed his rifle muzzle against Max Baker's heart. "Tell them—I'm not here!" the constable whistled.

The 18-year-old girl skirted hesitantly. "No, No, Tracy's not in here," she sang out to the sheriff's deputy.

The grim Max Baker of 1902 was later to become the daughter-in-law of Mrs. McKinney, the older lady. No longer now a resident of Washington she returned quite recently to Seattle for a visit. When interviewed, she laughed and shrugged. "I guess I was pretty scared. But I carried on, else said, so my eyes glanced back through the years to the thrills of that day."

At that, Tracy was quite nice to us women. Offered to let me stand with his rifle. But I said no. I thought he could do very well with it himself."

But returning to the home of the Gerretts. The desperado at length arose and bade the ladies a succinct goodbye. Just then a clamor outside revealed the sliding of the tortured Anderson in the bushes. The posseman on the south wing rushed up together to see. When they took their places again Tracy had slid through the hole in the fire. The hunt was over for the day. The hand of the century had vanished into air.

But two days later he appeared at the farmhouse of S. W. Johnson in Kent. "You get down to Tacoma," he ordered. "Get me two Colts and cartridges. Get back by six or I'll kill the wife and kids, see? Now get going!" All that day

he kept Mrs. Johnson and the children nudged on a knoll that commanded the road. "If the old man don't get back on time I'll burn that house and kill all of you," he told them.

When Johnson raced back with the only gun to be had in Tacoma Tracy took it and a saddle-horse and galloped off.

But the squads of armed men and the bellowing bloodhounds driven after him by his relentless foe Culbuck, had done their work. As he fled the Seattle country he had some rough handling from a posse at Covington. He proved of the jungles of the Sound no more. In stealthy, secret flight he headed for the theater of his early crimes—Wyoming. No word came of him as he squirmed his way over the long trail across the state of Washington.

Then on August 4, 1902, in the sleepy village of Creston, East Washington, a galloping horse, ridden by a wild-eyed boy, awoke the main street with a clang of his iron shoes. Tracy, yes, Tracy himself, was stopping at the Edley farm eight miles away! The boy on the horse had just guided him there!

All of Creston boiled like a pepper. All of it but C. A. Straub the village constable. To him the great Tracy was—just another pain in the neck.

Straub got down his old door rifle and pitched his beam on his way out he stopped to gather a couple of village blades—Marion Smith, the young lawyer; E. C. Lanter, the youthful doctor; Joe Morrison and Frank Lillgren joined them. They paused for the boys to get their fowling pieces and slip a few heavy shells into their pockets. Then the party clattered off for Edley in the constable's hackboard.

Out near the farm the posse, having left the rig, spread a stranger going into the barn. Edley was in the wheat field moving his grain. One of the newcomers worked around in the wheat, explained things and got Edley to drive back to the barn. The handful came out to help with the horses. From behind his rifle and the leveled first guns of his squad the constable sang out: "Hurry, hurry, throw up your hands!"

The fugitive, now lone and gaunt, a wail at his feet, dashed for an instant as if he leaped into the barn for a rifle. Blinded by Farmer Edley and his horse he broke for the wheat field. The rifle flamed from behind a rock. The posse cut loose with a blare of bullets and 12 slugs.

But what happened to Harry Tracy? Four weeks earlier he would have stood on his feet and shot it out with a militia company. Now, instead, he turned his back and tore for the shelter of the friendly wheat.

The constable and his men, hard after him first as they ran, Tracy plumed over on his face, dragged himself along the ground, disappeared in the standing grain. The posse waited. All was still. A single pistol shot cracked out from the wheat.

The boys surrounded the field for the night and closed in at daybreak. The bandit, his leg shattered by the posse's fire, had committed suicide with his heavy Colt.

So died Harry Tracy, worst of the West.

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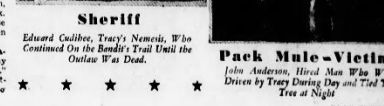
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Sheriff
Edward Culbuck, Tracy's Nemesis, Who
Continued On The Bender Trail Until the
Outlaw Was Dead.



Pack Mule-Victim
John Anderson, Hired Man Who Was
Driven by Tracy During Day and Tied To
Tree at Night

Another Johnson family held hostage. On July 9, 1902, Harry Tracy visits the E. M. Johnson home near Kent, following his escape from a posse near Renton the evening before. He keeps the Johnson family captive throughout the day, and leaves eastward at nightfall. Tracy showed up at the Johnson household at 6:00 a.m., with his gun in his hand. "I'm Tracy," he said, "and I'm hungry and tired." He told Mrs. Johnson to fix him breakfast, which she did.

Mrs. Johnson recalls Tracy's visit "When the breakfast was cooked he sat down at the table and ordered us to do the same. All the time he kept his rifle on his lap and laid a revolver on the corner of the table. He ate ravenously and scarcely said a word all the time. When he finished he said that he enjoyed the meal and felt better.

Tracy looked tired and worn out. He complained that his left leg hurt him; that he had rheumatism in it. Breakfast over, Tracy ordered us all into the front room adjoining the kitchen. Next to this room is a small bedroom without a door. Tracy told us all to sit down. We did so, close together. The bed is close to where the door should be. Tracy dropped onto the bed laying his head on two pillows, which he had placed in a position to prop him up. For nearly an hour he stayed there, scarcely speaking a word. Finally, he arose from the bed and said to Johnson:

"Have you any money? You've got to get me two six-shooters."

My husband looked into his pocketbook and said he had \$22. He offered it to Tracy. The latter replied that he did not want the money, but he did want pistols. He said they would cost about \$15 each. I had \$5, my son \$1 and my daughter 50 cents. This we gave to Johnson, making \$28.50 in all. Tracy said: "Now, Johnson, I want you to go to Tacoma and buy me two six-shooters, 45 caliber. Take a horse and ride to Auburn; there take the train and go to Tacoma."

Tracy knew the time of the train and told my husband he could get back by 6 o'clock that evening. He took his rifle in his hand and, pointing it at me, said to Johnson that if he was longer than 6 o'clock in getting back he would find us all dead.

"I will shoot all your family," said Tracy. "Don't you tell anyone. Don't speak a word, but get the pistols and come back."

"This was about 8:30 o'clock. My husband immediately started for Auburn. He promised that he would do as Tracy had said.

After Johnson left, Tracy again sat down on the bed and I think he dozed, although I am not sure. I was afraid to move and my children almost feared to breathe. In about an hour, Tracy said that he was afraid the dogs and officers might be coming. He ordered us all to leave the house. We went out and closed the door. He told us to not open our mouths. Then he told us to start to the woods back of the house. He marched us through the barn lot and to the woods 300 yards away. He said he was thirsty. I told him where a spring was and led him to it. The spring is on the hillside in a clump of bushes, yet there is a good view of the house. There he commanded us to sit down. He said he would keep us there until Johnson returned. He told my son [Alfred] to watch the house closely and if he saw any strangers to tell him and he would shoot them down.

Alone with the killer, Mrs. Johnson began pleading for the lives of her family. At this point, Tracy asked her if, in any of the news articles about him, she had ever heard of him harming women or children. "No," she replied. But would he kill her husband? Tracy answered: Only if he arrived with deputies.

They gathered by a spring for three hours. The Johnsons didn't say much, and Tracy was not his usual talkative self. As usual, he told stories of the men he had killed, and of his various escapes, but mostly, he remained silent.

In the meantime, E. M. Johnson was getting frantic. He had sped to Kent (not Auburn), borrowed money from a friend, and arrived at Tacoma in good order, but could not find a revolver exactly like Harry Tracy had described. Tracy had ordered a Colt .45 with a 6-inch barrel. At E. A. Kimball's gun store, Johnson bought one with a 7 1/2-inch barrel, the only Colt available. It was a second-hand gun, which worried Johnson. He repeated over and over that it had to be as good as new, and insisted that the proprietor write a guarantee to that effect on the bill of sale.

Cartridges included, the sale amounted to \$11. Asked if he was going to hunt Tracy, the jittery Johnson insisted that no, the gun was for somebody else. Johnson hustled wildly out of the store less than five minutes after he had entered. He proceeded to search unsuccessfully for a second gun, and at the last minute, caught a train toward home.

Mrs. Johnson described the rest of the family's ordeal:

About 4:30 we went to the house. Tracy ordered us into the front room again. He laid down on the bed and told [Alfred] to go out and watch for anyone who might come. No one came to the house all day.

Tracy looked at the clock and saw it was 5:30. He remarked that it was time that Johnson was coming back. . . . Presently [Alfred] came running in the house and said his papa was coming. Tracy seemed pleased. He went to the door. Johnson came in the house on a run. He fell almost exhausted into a chair. He feared the worst. But Tracy was happy to have a new revolver. When Johnson offered to give him the money in place of the missing gun, Tracy declined. "Do you think I want to rob you?" Tracy asked. "However, I will take that money from you as a loan, and will return it when I can."

Tracy laid down on the bed again and rested for half an hour. Then he ordered supper and I got it for him while my husband remained in the room with him. We all sat down at the table and ate. Tracy got up twice and went to the door and looked around.

At suppertime Tracy had asked if there were any strawberries in the house. Mary Johnson had canned some and said she would open a jar. He claimed he hadn't had any for five years, and "ate two large dishes with great relish." Tracy explained why he always tried to pick the homes of poor people to invade when he needed help. He felt that they cared more for their families than did rich people. He also preferred their company, and with them "was surer of forcing a compliance with his orders."

About 8:45 he said he would have to be going. He said he wanted some food to take with him. I boiled him three dozen eggs, gave him five pounds of butter in a can, a large piece of bacon and ham, four loaves of bread, a can of baking powder and about two pounds of flour. I put it all in a large flour sack for him. . . . He got up, put the sack of food under his arm and went to the door.

He said: "Johnson, I am going. Don't you tell anyone I was here or my partner, who is near by, will come and kill you and burn your house. He is watching this place now. Good bye to all of you. Maybe I'll come back some time." [By comparison, the Seattle Post Intelligencer report held that Tracy said, "Well, good bye, Mrs. Johnson, I never will bother you any more," to which she retorted, "I hope you won't." [The PI also said he fashioned a holster for his new revolver out of some old boot tops as she readied his take-along meal.]

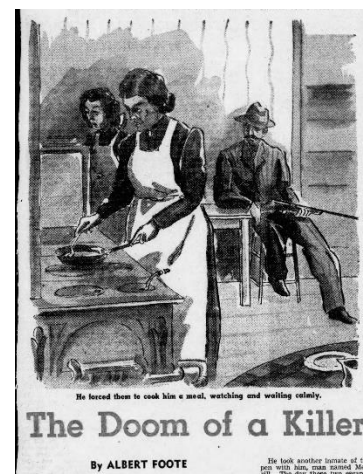
Tracy went direct to the barn, got our gray horse, climbed upon its back and started down the road southeast of the house. He was soon out of sight and that was the last we saw of him. In an hour the horse came back to the house. He had evidently turned the animal loose when he came to the hills two miles below [Lea Hill] our house where the road ends.

The Johnsons spent a sleepless night. The next morning, they hitched up a wagon and drove to the home of their neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Dow. They were so afraid of Tracy that no one could induce them to call the sheriff. The Dows finally convinced them to come into Kent, where they relayed their story to Thomas McColough, a family friend. McColough immediately called Sheriff Cudihee's office.

The Johnson family stayed in town for several days, terrified of their presumed fate if they returned to the isolated farm. In Kent, they rehashed their story several times. Tracy, it seems, was more talkative than they first indicated-or perhaps the Johnsons were more talkative than they first allowed themselves to be. He had shed tears while telling the Johnsons about his mother. He assured them repeatedly that women and children were safe with him. Tracy's considerate ways impressed both Mary Johnson and her daughter, Anna. (Interviewed some 70 years later, Alfred Olson also agreed that Tracy was a "nice sort of a fellow . . . a gentleman.") Harry Tracy invades the E. M. Johnson home near Kent, and escapes into the Cascades on July 9, 1902, by Alan J. Steinn.



Harry Tracy spent 15 hours at the Johnson Home near Kent on July 9, 1902



The Vancouver Sun (Vancouver, British Columbia) December 13, 1947. "The Doom of a Killer." Albert Foote



E. M. Johnson (right) was sent to Tacoma to buy guns for Harry Tracy, July 9, 1902



The gun that E. M. Johnson bought for Harry Tracy on July 9, 1902, is now in the collection of the White River Valley Museum in Auburn, Photo by Alan Stein



E.M. Johnson of Kent, his wife and their son and daughter. Photo by Asahel Curtis, Seattle Post-Intelligencer, July, 1902.

“Merrill Believed Now to be With Tracy

Find his Camp and Captured Some of His Plunder But Cannot Follow Trail.

Seems Probable the Men Will Be Captured

By Associated Press

Seattle, July 9. – A special from Renton at 11 a.m. says that an Oregon penitentiary guard has informed the posse who are chasing Tracy, that Merrill has joined him. Following is the news as it has reached here this morning:

6 a.m. – Carson and Lyons left here at 4 o'clock with the hounds, proceeding to Burrows' boathouse, where they expected the dogs would again take up the scent. A report has just come in that the dogs ailed to take the scent there, and that the party is now working up the pipe line.

Renton, 7:30 a.m. Deputy Sheriff Snyder has just come in from the Jerrell's home where he spent the night with seven armed men. Half a mile north of the house, up the railroad track, they found the place where Tracy had a fire on Monday night and where he and Anderson had slept. They also found the valise taken from the Johnson house, one big blue blanket, frying pan, some old biscuits, a looking glass, three pounds of sugar, match box, six pounds of flour, one pound of butter, a bar of soap and some writing paper, pen and ink and postage stamps.

Renton, 8:25 a.m. – The posse which departed from Renton at 4 o'clock this morning proceeded to Burrows' boathouse at the second bridge, where Tracy was last reported.

Bloodhounds Failed.

The hounds failed to take the scent at this point and the posse took a course back over the hill toward the pipe line, crossing wherever possible all roads. They circled around the pipe line, proceeding south toward Renton. Every empty cabin or house was surrounded and searched. This course was followed until they reached the farm house of George East, about two miles from Renton. East would not answer the summons of the posse and was compelled to answer their queries at the point of a rifle. He acted in an extremely suspicious manner, but the posse concluded to investigate there no further.

The search continued along the pipe line until the county road was struck, where it was learned that a suspicious character had passed along toward Seattle between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning. The posse turned toward Seattle, but after proceeding several miles turned back toward Renton. Walter L. Lyons, with Guard Carson, headed the posse.

Renton, 8:30 a. m. – A man who just came in from Black River Junction said that Tracy was seen at 8 o'clock this morning in a hop drying house near Black River Junction. They have dispatched another posse from the reserve force in Renton. The report states that there are two ther men with Tracy.

Renton, 9:30 a.m. Two men have just come in who report that Tracy has just been driven from the hop house and ran across a clearing within sight of the postoffice, or, in other words, a quarter of a mile from the telephone station at Renton. Tracy was going in the direction of the Southern Point of Lake Wahington. Tracy was carrying a gun. The posse that went to the hop house is in full chase after him. Guard Carson and three other men have just left here to intercept him.

Merrill and Tracy. [They would not except that Merrill was dead even at this date.]

Arillia, wah., July 9., 10:45. – It is now known definitely that Merrill is with Tracy. He joined him last night in the vicinity of Renton and is traveling with him this morning. They were both together at the Hart house on the Squire farm as late as 8 o'clock this morning. Merrill has been positively identified by a man from the Salen penitentiary. It has been learned that Anderson's story regarding the four men whom Tracy met on Monday is absolutely correct. Merrill is one of these four men.

A posse left Renton on a special train at 8:15 and came to Black River Junction. There the party divided into three different sections; one was left to guard the bridge at Black River Junction, another one between that point and the river, and the third went on to Arillia, and is leading out on the road in a direction southwest of Renton. The men are to remain in their places while the blood hounds take up the scent from the Renton end, going down the valley toward the river.

The search this morning has been taken up with much better spirit and better organization than that which marked the bungle of last night. It may be that Tracy will again succeed in eluding his pursuers, but from present indications here it seems probable that before nightfall the desperado will be captured.” The Butte Daily Post, Wednesday, July 9, 1902.

Cities all over America were claiming that he was there.

“Tracy Has A Boston Record

Oregon Outlaw Once in Massachusetts Penitentiary.

A Washington Sheriff Thinks He Has Merrill.

Pursuit Stopped.

Officers Have Lost All Trace of Desperate Convict.

Are Guarding Country Where He Is Thought to Be.

Boston, July 10. – The Post says it is understood that Harry Tracy, the Oregon convict was, eight or ten years ago, a habitue of the Castle street district of this city when that section was one of the toughest in the city. He is said to have served time in the prisons of this state.” The Topeka State Journal, Thursday, July 10, 1902. [Not probable]

This appeared in the Seattle Star and I have added it as it appeared in that newspaper:

TRACY'S RECORD

In 1897 murdered Valentine Hoge, a Colorado cattleman.
In 1897 murdered William Strong, a boy in the same state.
In 1897 Tracy killed Deputy Sheriff Valentine Hay in Colorado. While awaiting trial for murder, he bound and gagged the sheriff at Aspen, Colo., and escaped.
In 1898, when arrested for robbery, shot twice at Detective D. Weiner, held up an engineer and rode away on the locomotive, but was wounded by a butcher and captured.
In 1899, after conviction, held up his jailer with a revolver, and, after exchanging shots with a deputy sheriff, surrendered.
Tracy and Merrill killed three guards, wounded a prisoner, and escaped from the penitentiary. Held up a citizen of Salem and took two suits of clothing, stole two horses in West Salem and rode to Gervais, 20 miles away.
June 10—Held up a citizen of Gervais, Ore., and took food. Surrounded by two companies of militia and 100 citizens. Escaped after exchange of shots.
June 11—Surrounded near Needy, Ore., fired on four times at short range and escaped.
June 12—Held up a citizen near Needy and took food.
June 14—Stole a team near Oregon City and drove away toward Columbia river.
June 15—Held up five men, got food and compelled captives to row them across the river.
June 16—Stole two horses near La Center, Wash.
June 17—Had running battle with two deputy sheriffs near Salmon river, Wash., wounded one and escaped.
June 18—Held up a citizen near Lindley, Wash., and got food.
June 19—Held up a farmer near Pioneer and took food.
June 23—Held up a boy near Agate, Wash., and got food.
June 25—Tracy killed Merrill near Chachalla, Wash.
June 30—Stole two horses near Tenino, Wash., and rode toward Puget Sound.
July 1—Held up a woodsman near Olympia, Wash., and took food.
July 2—Held up five cystemen near South Bay, Wash., got food, captured a gasoline launch and steamed up the Sound, landing near Ballard.
July 3—Surrounded near Bothell, Wash., killed one man, wounded three more, and later killed Policemen E. E. Breece and Neil Rawley.
July 5—Held up Johnson family in Port Madison, rested six hours, stole complete change of clothing and quantity of food. Kidnaped hired man, Anderson, bound and gagged entire family, seized white-hull boat and escaped.
July 6—Landed in South Seattle and concealed boat.
July 7—Held up Gerrells family near Renton, drove women into the house, ordered boy to sell stolen plunder. Chased by posse to Preak farm.
July 9—Held up Johnson family near Kent. Held wife and children prisoners all day while husband went to Tacoma and bought arms for outlaw.
July 11—Held up Frank Pantot, aged rancher, near Auburn. Secured food and clothes.

Seattle Star, August 6, 1902

EXTRA EDITION---ONE CENT A COPY
DEMAND YOUR CHANGE

TRACY FAILS TO WALK INTO TRAP FIXED FOR HIM

**Eludes His Pursuers--Talks to a Girl and
Asks for Information About Roads--
Present Whereabouts Uncertain,
Although He Is Believed to
Be Near Covington**

Star Special Service

Covington, July 11. -- 2:30 p.m. -- It has been reported here that the deputies are engaged in a skirmish with Outlaw Tracy, two and one-half miles northwest of this place.

The desperado has taken to a dense, swampy forest, and is evidently moving northeast in the direction of Kent.

It is certain Tracy has been followed closely since 10 o'clock this morning. He was seen through a clearing by Guard Carson, who held the leashes of the dogs, at 11 o'clock. He was then more than a half mile away, and at once entered the forest, where he now is. For two or three hours he was moving in the direction of Swan Lake. It now appears that he is traveling northwest, in the direction of Kent. It is probable that the outlaw has lost his bearings, and does not know in what direction he is moving.

Ravensdale, Wash., July 11. – 2.30 p. m. – Deputy Sheriff Collins of Franklin, with a strong body of heavily armed Black Diamond coal miners, is moving towards Covington. The deputy is in hourly communication with Sheriff Cudihee, who is reported at this time to be on the very heels of the phantom Tracy. Collins is moving slowly and is posting men at every cross road. It would be impossible for Tracy to get out of the fix that he is certainly now in. Deputy Sheriff Collins will deputize two men to go and investigate a strange story told by a woman this morning at Lake 32, two miles east of Black Diamond. The woman, whose name is not known, said she saw and fed a strange man at her home yesterday. She related that the man had a rifle and two revolvers. She then changed her story and said he carried only a fishing-rod, but talked familiarly of Tracy.” Curtis D. Stratton. [Deputy Sheriff Collins was still unaware that Merrill was dead and had himself convinced that Merrill was shot at by guards at Henry's switch nearby.]

Guard Carson and his bloodhounds and a strong posse with Sheriff Edward Cudihee still hot on Tracy's trail. “Sheriff Zimmerman at this time must be coming in from the north on the locality where Tracy is supposed to be. Zimmerman made a detour up the creek, in order to surround the convict.

We have just learned that Deputy Sheriff Collins of Franklin is in hourly touch with Cudihee, and is approaching with about 20 men from that direction of Black Diamond. This puts a strong body of men at different points about the dense forest that now hides the outlaw.

The rate Tracy is traveling, shows that he is very little fatigued. It is possible that some time during the night he gained the edge of Buckley Burn, where he rested in safety. It is believed that he could have entered Buckley Burn, and had the provisions could have remained indefinitely without fear of detection. The place is an almost impenetrable jungle where no force would be able to follow or apprehend a person wishing to hide. Karl M. Anderson.

Tacoma, July 11. – Reports received here at 1 o'clock, direct from the sheriff's posse, are to the effect that Sheriff Cudihee believes Tracy will be compelled to turn back to the Green River bridge, at the mouth of Sluice creek.

This bridge is a very long trestle work over what is now an extremely swift stream. Sheriff Zimmerman was posted there this forenoon, in charge of a large posse.

Cudihee believes that no matter in which direction Tracy may turn, he is so nearly surrounded by guards that he will be compelled to retrace his steps to this bridge. In such an event his death or capture will be certain.

But a short distance beyond where he is, there is a tract of virgin forest, absolutely uninhabited, and seven or eight miles across. It is thought possible that Tracy will endeavor to make his way in to this, and beneath some sheltering tangle of brush seek the rest of which he now stands so much in need. If he traversed this forest entire, he would come out toward Buckley, where every road, by-path and trail has its alert watcher to head him off or give the warning cry.

On what basis the officers rest their belief that the end will be reached today, it is hard or the layman to conceive. To the man who as a spectator merely, watches the pursuit, if pursuit it may be called, it would appear that nothing absolutely certain is known of Tracy's whereabouts. All is surmise and possibility.

Tracy Talks To Girl.

Auburn, Wa., July 11. – Alice, the 16-year-old daughter of Geo. W. Collins, of Auburn, saw and talked with Convict Tracy, one mile east of Green River bridge at 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Tracy talked to the girl and her brother, Bailey, who was with her.

"How far is it to Palmer?" asked the outlaw.

"Nineteen miles," answered the girl.

"That is too far; Covington is as far as I can make tonight," said Tracy.

Tracy was at once recognized by the girl. He wore a black slouch hat, gray coat, ribbed pants (corduroy) and heavy shoes. Miss Collins said he carried two revolvers and a rifle, the latter being stuffed down his right pants leg.

At this time there is a well-armed posse at a point beyond Covington, and one under Sheriff Zimmerman is within a short distance this side of Covington with dogs. Tracy is on the north side of Green river, near Covington. Sheriff Cudihee is confident that this will be the last day of the Tracy man-hunt.

Auburn, July 11. – 6:00 a.m. – Bloodhounds, with eight selected men, left here at 5 o'clock this morning for Covington, where shots are reported to have been fired at Tracy at daybreak. Dick Galvina, a guard, saw the outlaw attempt to board a train going west on the Covington road, before daylight.

Sheriff Cudihee will be at a point a few miles beyond Covington by 7 o'clock this morning. He says that he believes the outlaw practically caught.

7:15 a.m. – I am just leaving by carriage for point this side of Covington, where the dogs will be put on trail. Something will surely happen by noon today. Karl M. Anderson.

By Karl M. Anderson: Auburn, July 11. – The abandonment of the Tracy chase at Renton Tuesday night was a very unwise move, was conceded yesterday when the notorious outlaw was

discovered to have held up the entire family of E. M. Johnson at his home near Kent, only a few miles south of Renton.

When the desperado left the Johnson home he is known to have gone up White river to the place where Green river meets it. Then his course was up the latter stream. Sheriff Cudihee, when the report reached him, immediately sent posses out. One under Joe Berner of Auburn, went along the line of the Northern Pacific toward Covington. Another started out from Kent, and Sheriff Zimmerman of Snohomish county came to Auburn. Ed. Cudihee, Jim Woolery and two deputy sheriffs boarded the train at Kent and left it at Sumner, when they drove to Puyallup. There they investigated a rumor that was found to have no foundations.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon the startling report was brought to Auburn that Mike Dolan had seen Tracy at the railroad bridge on the Palmer cut-off over Green River, about four miles east of Auburn. Dolan had first seen the outlaw in the road near the river. When Tracy found that he was being watched, he ducked into the brush until he thought Dolan was out of sight. Dolan soon gained a position where he could watch every move of the convict. Tracy soon came out from his hiding-place and climbed to the summit of a knoll nearby. From this position he could remain unseen, yet observe every road from there. Nearby is a tramp's camp, used almost continuously by hobos

When Dolan saw the outlaw he sent word to Auburn and Sheriff Zimmerman, accompanied by four newspaper men, started for the location of the desperado.

The correspondents were placed at different points near the river, on guard, while Sheriff Zimmerman climbed to the summit of a high piece of land, and there stood guard. Tracy did not appear, and at dusk Zimmerman returned to Auburn, when Sheriff Ed. Cudihee had met a large posse of men from Seattle. These men were placed to guard all cross roads and possible places of the convict's escape. Several men were sent to Covington, nine miles from Auburn along the Palmer cut-off. All roads and trails in that direction were also guarded. Heretofore Sheriff Cudihee has been greatly hampered by the fact that guards placed by him had not been faithful to their trust. They have often failed to remain at the posts, and when morning came they have sometimes been missing. This time the sheriff put out only men in whom he could place utmost confidence. Guard Carson, his bloodhounds and Dr. Calhoun and his bloodhound trailer, stayed in Auburn during the night. Sheriff Cudihee and Jim Woolery also remained in Auburn.

Sheriff Cudihee does not consider it advisable to do any offensive work during the period of darkness. In the night concealed guards are used instead.

An unconfirmed report coming from Auburn this morning, states that Tom Coe, a member of the posse, was shot about daybreak by a man supposed to be Tracy. J. A. Bunce and Tom Coe were on the Covington road about four miles east of Auburn, lying in Ambush. A man suddenly came out on the road from the brush. Bunce held him up and the man said he was a member of the searching party. He passed on and was intercepted by Coe, 200 yard further up the road. Coe asked him his business and received the reply that he was a deputy sheriff. In the early dawn the man was taken for Tracy, and Coe concluded to approach near in order to gain a good

description of him. As Coe began to advance the supposed Tracy fired two shots, one taking effect, but with what results is not known.” The Seattle Star, July 11, 1902

“Is Tracy Wounded?

Seattle, July 16. – The only interest in the Tracy hunt today lies in the mysterious disappearance of Sheriff Cudihee, who severed connection with his office and he outside world in general yesterday afternoon when he vanished from the vicinity of Covington. The thing new is the following special from Ravensdale:

“John Currington reports that he discovered some bloody rags in an old shack one mile west of here yesterday. Near by were the ashes of a campfire. He says the rags looked as if they had been used in dressings wounds. A little later, two railroad men saw a mysterious man carrying a gun and hiding behind trees in the same section. There are no deputies in town.” The Stateman Journal (Salem, Oregon), July 17, 1902

It was apparent that Tracy was making his way into the mountains, which made his trail harder to find. By the end of July, no trace of the killer could be found. During this time, the body of David Merrill, Tracy's erstwhile accomplice, was found near Chehalis, shot apart just as Tracy had described it to earlier captives.

Tracy was next seen near Covington. A man was involved in a gun battle with deputies near Black Diamond, but whether it was Tracy or not was never determined. On July 11, a confirmed sighting was made in Black Diamond, and then word came that Tracy might be in Ravensdale.

“Outlaw Tracy About Use Up

Believed to Be Wounded and Must Succumb

Country He Is In Is Surrounded

Was Seen Friday Night Passing a House – Every Avenue of Escape is Watched.

Ravensdale, Wn., July 12. – Harry Tracy, the hunted outlaw, is undoubtedly in the country lying between Covington, Franklin and Ravensdale. At present guards are out as far as Franklin on the east and along the Northern Pacific tracks. A strong posse is leading from Auburn. He is thought to be wounded.

Sheriff Cudihee says there is no question that Tracy is about used up. He says it will be impossible for the outlaw to get out of King county on any railroad train, consequently he must walk, and the roads are watched and every farmhouse is so well covered that a visit would be reported within a few hours. Tracy was last seen on Green river, about two miles southwest of Black Diamond last night by Frank Pautot, a rancher. The convict passed in front of Pautot's house, and a short distance beyond it took to the brush.

Twenty or thirty guards with bloodhounds have started for Pautot's house." July 11, 1902 The Missoulian

"Lost. One convict. Answers to the name of Harry Tracy. For description see small bills. A rewards will be paid for his return to the penitentiary at Salem.

N.B. The warrant that will be issued in payment of Tracy's capture is subject to discount. The quotation is one dollar for one thousand dollars. The price may go lower. The State of Oregon." July 23, 1902 The Missoulian

He was seen next by a stump-rancher named Frank Pautot [Portaut, French-Canadian] who lived in the woods near Black Diamond.

"Last Edition --- One cent a copy Demand Your Change

Unsuspecting Mantrailers Pass Outlaw

He Was in the Potot House Covering His Aged Entertainers With a Rifle --- The Latest Escapade of Elusive Tracy

Karl M. Anderson.

Ravensdale, Wash. July 12. -- 3:00 p.m. -- Harry Tracy, the hunted outlaw, is undoubtedly in the country lying between Covington, Franklin and Ravensdale. It is believed impossible that this man, marvelous as he is, could have gotten out since he was seen at the Potot place last night.

At present guards are out as far as Franklin on the east and along the Northern Pacific track. A strong posse is leading from Auburn. All last night the roads were well guarded on the road south of the Potot place, and all trains on the railroad were searched.

It has been reported here that Tracy told Mrs. Potot that he has been shot twice in the back near Covington Tuesday night. This cannot be verified, as interviewers had from the aged French couple this morning were brief, both victims of Tracy's last night's visit telling more facts and saying all the while that the desperado was silent most of the time and complained, or talked only of his poor physical condition.

I just had a talk with Sheriff Cudihee, and he says there is no question but that Tracy is about used up. The sheriff believes that the chase is nearing an end. He tells me the utmost vigilance will be used and it will be impossible for the outlaw to get out of King county on any railroad train, consequently he must walk, and as the roads are watched and every farmhouse so well covered that a visit would be reported within a very few hours, it seems to him that before many hours the man-hunt will be over.

By Curtis D. Stratton

Auburn, July 12 – 10:50 a.m. – News has just been received here from Deputy Fred Berner that he has Tracy definitely located a mile north of Green River, at a point nine miles east of this place.

The outlaw held up Frank Potot, an aged rancher and his wife, at 6 o'clock last evening, and compelled them to give him supper. He then demanded that the old man drive him to Buckley, and being told by the rancher that he had no horse that could make the journey, the desperado walked from the house at dark and disappeared.

At 8 o'clock this morning Frank Potot appeared at Ray's ranch, a half mile from his own home, accompanied by his wife. The old people were terribly frightened, and it was several minutes before they could tell their story. Mr. Potot said that at 6 o'clock last night he saw a strange man coming from the woods towards his house. The stranger approached with his rifle leveled and when 20 feet away, said that he was Harry Tracy and wanted supper. He ordered the old man into the house, where Mrs. Potot was preparing the evening meal. The convict sat down in a chair by the window and said he was very hungry and tired. He rolled up his right trousers-leg and exposed a very swollen leg. He complained of rheumatism, and said that the recent wet nights had about done him up. ["When Mrs. Pautot set a simple meal of read, butter, milk, and a piece of pie in front of him, a couple bites of the pie and half a glass of milk were all he could get down." He treated Mrs. Pautot politely like he did all women and kept from profanity in her company. "He did not look like a criminal," Mrs. Pautot told the reporter. "He treated us very nicely, and it is hard to believe that he has such a black record." Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999, pages 130-131.]

Mr. Potot said that several times the outlaw placed his hand on his hip, and an expression of pain would pass over his features. From this many believe the man is wounded, and some confidence being placed in the story reported by Bunce to the effect that Deputy Sheriff Crowe, himself and his son had an encountered with Tracy near Covington Thursday night, in which several shots were fired.

While seated at the window, he saw Fred Berner coming up the road. Believing that the posse was close in pursuit, he jumped from the chair, drew his revolver, and with that weapon in his left hand and his rifle in his right, he ordered the old couple into a bedroom.

He remained standing with the bedroom door partly open, where he had a full view of the back door of the house.

With an oath he told the old couple if they uttered a cry he would kill them both and then shoot every deputy that came into the house.

Deputy Berner, followed by several of the posse, were hurrying on to Black Diamond, near which town it was reported that Tracy had been seen. The men all passed the house without inquiring anything about Tracy. This morning Fred Berner, who had remained over night further

up the road from the Potot ranch, inquired at Ray's place and there met Mr. and Mrs. Potot, where the thrilling story was related.

Potot told the deputy that Tracy could hardly walk and that he had commanded him to procure a horse and drive him to Buckley, near Orting, in Pierce county. Mr. Potot told the outlaw that his horse could not travel a mile and if Tracy was pursued, he would be in a bad fix. After arguing some time Tracy said that he couldn't walk that far, and would consequently have to give up the journey. Mr. Potot said the desperado remained in the house until nearly dark and left after threatening the couple with murder if they came from their house that night and told of his presence there. He said he would not be far from their place, and could tell just how they acted.

This news was brought into Auburn this morning, and I am just leaving with Deputy Sheriff Joe Berner and a posse for the Potot ranch, where it is now sure that Tracy is. According to Potot's story the outlaw is in such a bad physical condition that he is unable to travel fast or far. Potot and his wife are both French. Karl M. Anderson

Ravensdale, July 12. – When Tracy left the Potot house last night he repeated threats made to other people he has help up, not to make known his presence there for some hours, under pain of death. It was just growing dark when he departed and he seemed to be going in the line of travel figured upon by the sheriff and his officers yesterday. It is evident that he went direct to the Potot home after being seen by Dave Morgan two and one half miles south of Covington yesterday afternoon. It is certain that he is not very far from the Potot house, for, according to the statement of Potot, he walked with great difficulty. Potot says that he was afraid to warn the deputies last night, as he believed that Tracy was hidden some place near by and would carry out his threat of murdering them.

It is probable that the fugitive is headed for Franklin, Ben and Sim Whitehouse, who are said to be relatives of Tracy, live at that place.

The scene of the Potot hold-up is a by-road not more than 10 or 12 miles west of Franklin. Cudihee has gone to look this matter up. Four men under Deputy Sheriff McClellan have left for Palmer to join the main posse which is working from the point where Tracy was seen last night. Cudihee is going to Covington I will accompany him. Curtis D. Stratton.

Covington, July 12. – Rancher Ray, to whom Potot and his wife came and related their experience with Tracy, was interviewed this morning at his home.

"Potot and his wife came to me quietly this morning," said Mr. Ray. "They were both very frightened and seemed at first afraid to say anything. I could see very well that something unusual happened, and after some persuasion they told me that Tracy had been to visit them. At first I was inclined to doubt them, but the description of the man, together with his quoted statements, assured me that he was really the notorious outlaw. Potot said that about 6 o'clock a man approached their house with his rifle leveled at them. He told Potot he was Tracy and

wanted to get something to eat, right away. Potot says that while his wife prepared the meal, Tracy sat in a chair, apparently in pain. His leg was swollen and when he moved an expression of pain would pass over his face. He frequently put his hand to his hip, as though something pined him there. Potot thought it might be a bullet wound, but could not say for sure. Whatever it was seemed to bother Tracy a great deal.

“From what Potot says, the outlaw has lost his easy, careless way of looking at his pursuit. The officers have made him move too fast, I guess. He was sullen and morose, and ugly. All the time he sat at the window he glanced out on the road nervously. He did not talk much, but when he did say anything, it was complaining of some fresh twinge of pain. He used profanity freely, cursing Potot and his wife frequently for not hurrying more.” [This is not mentioned by other reporters and does not sound like Tracy.]

There were three reporters and two deputy sheriffs at Ray’s ranch when the foregoing statement was made this morning. Old Mr. and Mrs. Potot had retired to rest, but before leaving Potot himself appeared on the porch and talked a short time with the reporters.

He said that in all his experiences he had never been so frightened as during the brief time of the outlaw’s visit. He said Tracy appeared so suddenly and talked so freely of murdering him if he didn’t obey every command that he was not sure but that the outlaw would make his threat good at any moment.

Mr. Potot gave one additional feature to Tracy’s visit that he had not told before. He said that Tracy had not been in the house more than a minute or two before there were two gunshots heard not a hundred yards from the house.

Tracy jumped to the window with one bound and there observed two hunters coming down the road from the direction of Ray’s ranch. Potot said from his position he could also see the two young sportsmen. They had innocently discharged their pieces at a flock of birds, and certainly had no idea that the notorious desperado Tracy was in a house only 100 yards away.

Mr. Potot said that Tracy pointed his six-shooter at his, Potot’s breast, and said: “Did you bring those fellows here?” Potot replied that they apparently were nothing more than boyish hunters, and evidently did not know of Tracy’s whereabouts. Tracy appeared very excited, and watched the pair pass the house and go on down the road, before he assumed a satisfied aspect.

It has been learned that the two hunters were Fred Butterworth, son of the Seattle undertaker, and his friend, L. L. Scott, jun. At Covington the young men learned that Tracy had been in a house which they had passed, and they would hardly believe it. Mr. Butterworth said had he known it, he does not know exactly what he would have done. Still he believes he would have secreted himself near the house and watched for Tracy’s departure, that he might at least have gained information as to which direction the outlaw took.

It was not more than a half an hour after the two hunters passed that Fred Berner and his deputy sheriffs made a similar journey past the Potot place. And all the time Tracy, the much sought after murderer, was within call of these armed men.

Fred Butterworth has been impressed into the sheriff's service, and is now guarding the Green River bridge.

Auburn, July 12. – 3:10 – Just succeeded in talking to Mrs. Potot. Her story is practically the same as her husband that she said Outlaw Tracy was polite and ate ravenously of bread and milk. Mr. Potot said that there was no threat made to her with the gun. She said that Tracy told her he had rheumatism and had also been wounded in the hip and back in a fight he had the night before last. Tracy went out of the back door of the house, going north up hill toward Maple Valley. [He told the Pautot's, "I got wounded in the back just above the left hip. I was hit with a charge of buckshot last night, and the wound is still bleeding."] Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999, pages 130-131.

Deputies Cook, Berner, Woolery and others from Black Diamond, are now south of the house with bloodhounds and will go towards Enumclaw. Tracy had a week's growth of beard and a month old moustache. I follow the deputy sheriff at once. This was written on the Potot farm. Curtis D. Stratton." Seattle Star, July 12, 1902

When informed of the incident, Sheriff Cudihee became convinced the reason Tracy was headed for Buckley was because he decided to hop on a Northern Pacific train headed east across the Cascades.

"The theory on which the officers are working is that Tracy is trying to reach a point near Buckley where the grade is very steep in order to board a freight train. He evidenced his intentions to get east of the Cascades at the Green River Bridge, between Covington and Auburn, but was unable to get aboard the train. The conductor of a freight train perceived the convict trying to swing on to the caboose at the end of the train. He was clearly visible in the light of the lantern on the rear platform, and was seen to drop his pack. When the train passed him, and he returned and picked up the pack." Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999, pages 130-131

"When Tracy Was In Seattle

"On the night of July 11, Tracy was surrounded near Covington. Just before daylight, he approached the lines in such a careless manner that the guards thought he was one of their party. During the night he had evidently crept up and overheard the name of one of the guards, and on being challenged gave that name, and had succeeded in passing through the lines before the mistake was discovered. Eight charges of buckshot were sent after him and Tracy fired one shot in return, but no one was injured. Since Saturday morning Tracy has been hiding in the woods near Covington with two or three companions. He has been unable to travel owing to the wounds which were inflicted by Deputy Bunce. To prevent blood poisoning wounds were lanced by one of his pals." The story below:



TRACY.

Covington, Thursday, July 17, 2:15 p.m.—The outlaw has again escaped. Cudihee's posse got to the cabin about noon today and found the hut entirely deserted. There were evidences in the cabin that the outlaws had attempted to destroy all traces of their having been there. A boat on Lake Sawyer that is always there has been found to be missing. In it is supposed Tracy and his pals escaped sometime during the night.

This news is brought to me by special messenger. A part of the posse is now on its way to this place and the balance has gone to Black Diamond. Cudihee has gone with the first detachment of the posse to look for a new clue. Cudihee is almost sick with disappointment. I have not learned how the desperadoes got through the lines that the officers were supposed to have entirely around the house last night.

Maple Valley and Kent Cross Roads via Ravensdale, Thursday, July 17, 1 p.m.—The notorious desperado, murderer, and escaped convict Tracy has been located in a hunter's cabin in the swamp of Lake Sawyer, about half way between Covington and Black Diamond. Cudihee and posse got trace of him on Monday last which led to the belief that he was in this vicinity and a thorough investigation yesterday convinced Cudihee that the information is correct.

Tracy has two companions with him. They are "Tattoo Red," who is wanted by the police of Tacoma for holding up a saloon in that city last spring and killing the bartender; the other man is known as Simmons and is an ex-convict. All three are desperate men and are well supplied with ammunition and guns.

When Cudihee learned to a certainty that Tracy was entrenched in the cabin he got together a dozen of his best men and arranged to go after the desperadoes. Cudihee and his men spent all of Tuesday night, Wednesday, and Wednesday night in the vicinity of the cabin and all trails and

roads leading to the cabin were guarded and closely watched with the result that Cudihee learned to a certainty that Tracy is there.

At 3 o'clock this morning Cudihee took a dozen men with him when he left the point where this is being written, for the purpose of going to the cabin. They took with them a guide who is familiar with the trail and they expected to be able to return with Tracy and his partners by 12 or 1 o'clock. It was Cudihee's plan to surround the house in the early morning hours and await the appearance of Tracy and the other desperadoes. The time of their appearance will depend upon the hour they awaken from their night's slumbers.

The cabin is well situated for standing a long siege and if the suspicions of Tracy and his pals are aroused they may entrench themselves in the cabin, which is made of logs, and may even have to be burned out. If Cudihee is not heard from by 2 o'clock this afternoon a member of our staff will go to Black Diamond and secure a lot of dynamite with which to blow up the house.

There is no doubt that Tracy was in the cabin yesterday afternoon and the guards who were stationed in the vicinity of the cabin during the night state that Tracy and the gang did not get away.

Cudihee got his clue as stated above, last Monday and at once arranged to make a thorough personal investigation on the quiet. Following out this plan he slipped out of Ravensdale unobserved last Tuesday and took to the woods, first calling some of his best men to his assistance.

Cudihee desired no reporters to be advised of the movements and succeeded in eluding all of them except Larris Cain and Louie B. Sefrit of the Seattle Times and John W. Kelly of the Portland Telegram, all of whom are now on the ground prepared to give quick news to the battle should it occur.

The party which is posted at this cross roads expects firing to begin at any minute. If no couriers arrive from Cudihee's posse by two o'clock this afternoon, a small posse which has been held in relief here will make its way to the cabin for the purpose of investigating the situation. The names of those who make up Cudihee's posse as far as we can now learn, are as follows: James Woolery, J.A. Bunce, Mr. Scurry, of Scurry & West, Seattle; Dick Galvin, ex-Detective Crane, Jack McClellan, of Thurston county; L.W. Nelson, A.D. Warner, Charles E. Linn, Jack and Simon Fraser, of Ravensdale, and N.G. Allen, also two men named Johnson.

While the newspapers of the State of Washington, and hundreds of residents of the various towns and cities were heaping criticism upon the head of Sheriff Cudihee, that official was laying his plans which were intended to bring to earth a criminal who, since the days of Jesse James and the Younger boys, has occupied more space in the press of the entire country than any other desperado now living or dead.

To only a few people was it given to know the movements of Sheriff Cudihee and his trusted deputies during the past few days. While misguided young newspaper men were rushing to the foothills of the Cascades in search of a mythical Tracy, and while newspapers everywhere were telling their readers that the sheriff of King County had given up the chase, Ed. Cudihee was very busy gathering about him a handful of men whom he knew—men who would fight to the death and who would be more than equal to the task of slaying or capturing alive Murderer Tracy and his three confederates.

Cudihee disappeared mysteriously on Monday night. The newspapers—with the exception of The Times—wondered at his silence and his absence from any of the towns in the southern portion of King County, The Times knew of the sheriff's every movement. Cudihee intended to "shake" all of the horde of reporters that were following him about from place to place, and many times, in their quite justifiable anxiety to send news to their papers, giving publicity to plans which had much better remained secret.

It was on Saturday night last that Sheriff Cudihee first received the information that Tracy was hiding in the woods not many miles distant from the Pautot farm at which place he had dinner on Friday night. The sheriff was at Ravensdale when word to this effect reached him.

It was then that he planned to throw the newspaper men off the scent. He expressed disgust at the manner in which the search had been carried on and announced his intention of going at once to Auburn, there to communicate with Chief Deputy Corcoran and to plan a different method of campaign. He suggested to the newspaper men that they had better take a rest of a day or two. Most of them followed the sheriff's advice and came to Seattle, or went to Tacoma or Portland, from which ever place they hailed.

Cudihee doubles back

On the following day Sheriff Cudihee quietly returned to Ravensdale. He called the various posses in from the roads and trails throughout the southern part of the county, and sent all but twelve men back to Seattle. These twelve men were the pick of those in the field, and they were instructed to gather with as much secrecy as possible, at Ravensdale and Covington. So quietly was everything done that all of the newspaper men, with the exception of Mr. Larris Cain, of The Times, were thoroughly deceived, and reported to their papers that there was "nothing doing" and were forthwith called in.

By Tuesday Sheriff Cudihee had received full confirmation of the story that Tracy was in the woods not far from the Pautot farm. Further than this he learned that with Tracy were two men, both of them almost as desperate men as Tracy himself, and one of them "Tattoo Red," a murderer over whose head there hung a reward. By this time the twelve men whom the sheriff had selected for the final act had gathered together.

On Tuesday morning they were all at Covington, keeping well under cover. They remained in the neighborhood of Covington throughout the day and at 8 o'clock in the evening, with Cudihee at their head, they began their journey through the woods.

At this time Sheriff Cudihee did not know the exact location of Tracy and his confederates. He trusted to the search which was to be kept up all of Wednesday to reveal their hiding place. The members of the posse took with them rations enough for a meal or two and went with the determination of staying out until Tracy and his pals were either captured alive or killed—captured alive, if possible, but killed if necessary.

In every way the developments of yesterday were successful. When darkness came on last night Sheriff Cudihee had learned even more than he had expected to learn. He had obtained a complete description of the camp of the outlaw and his pals and had found that where there were but three of them two days before, the number had been increased by one.

He found that Tracy, while suffering from wounds inflicted by the shot from the gun of Deputy J.A. Bunce, was not by any means a dead man. He had been operated upon by one of his pals with a razor and the wounds were beginning to heal. He learned also that the men were well armed and would, in all likelihood, make a desperate fight for life and liberty.

This information came to the sheriff and his posse shortly before dark last night. Because of the nature of the country in which the fight would take place, it was deemed advisable to place all of the men so that the camp would be thoroughly guarded during the night, although Sheriff Cudihee and other members of the posse were at first inclined to make the attack at once.

Wiser counsel prevailed, however, and the thirteen men took up their watch last night with the belief that in the morning with the gray dawn more than one of them would be added to the list of victims of the outlaw Tracy and his murderous companions.

Not more than half a dozen people in Seattle knew last night of the impending battle, if fight it was to be. Deputy Chief Corcoran alone, of all the King County officials, knew of the dangerous task which was to be undertaken at break of day. In fact, Mr. Corcoran was the only person outside of The Times office who had received any information whatever of the movement of the sheriff and his posse.

One reporter for The Times, Larris Cain, has been at Covington since Sunday night. Another reporter, Louie Sefrit, reached Covington Tuesday night. Yesterday afternoon two more reporters, Paul C. Hedrick and Chauncey B. Rathbun, were sent via Black Diamond, and at daylight this morning were in the neighborhood of the camp of the outlaw.

Other reporters from Seattle and Tacoma were hurrying after the mythical Tracy up the foothills of the Cascades southeast of Buckley and were wiring back to their papers stories of dinners and suppers that the outlaw had been eating leisurely along the way. One Tacoma reporter was

astride a horse miles ahead of the Pierce County deputies and sent back by courier to the telegraph office a message to his paper, telling just what he was doing, how far he was ahead of the posse and when he expected to capture Tracy.

Two Seattle reporters, representing a morning paper, had made an unsuccessful search for Sheriff Cudihee Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday morning and were then sent on rush orders to overtake the Pierce County men who were following Tracy over the mountains with the prospect of capturing him at any moment.” <https://blackdiamondhistory.wordpress.com/2017/07/17/tracy-surrounded-again-escapes-from-sheriff-cudihee/>; Tracy surrounded, again escapes from Sheriff Cudihee. July 17, 1902 by Black Diamond History, Originally published in The Seattle Daily Times, July 17, 1902; (Copyrighted, 1902, by C.B. Blethen.)



“Ravensdale, July 17. – 2:30 p.m. – Sheriff Cudihee, with six guards, waited until 10 o’clock this morning for Tracy or either of his companions to come from the cabin in which they were supposed to be secreted.

Growing impatient, the sheriff ordered an attack upon the place, and the guard closed in, firing as they advanced.

Not a sound came from the cabin and when Cudihee, followed closely by Indian Jack Williams, cautiously pushed in the door they found the place empty. There were evidences that the house had been inhabited very recently, and it is now believed that the outlaw and his desperate companions crept, one by one from their place of imprisonment, during the darkness of this morning’s early hours.

Sheriff Cudihee was dumbfounded and hurriedly called a consultation of his men, and it was decided to scour the woods about Sawyer lake, in the hope of gaining a clue to the direction the three men had taken.

Why the cabin was not attacked last night, or even yesterday afternoon, when it is said that Sheriff Cudihee knew Tracy was there, cannot be explained.

The pursuers have worked all along with the theory that the convict was wounded, and it is believed that he cannot get far away.

A boat has been reported missing on Lake Sawyer, not far from the cabin, and it is almost certain that the desperado took that means of escape.

Harry Tracy, the escaped convict, desperado, murderer and outlaw, was at 10 o'clock this morning reported to have been found, and the story of his death was expected at any moment. Sheriff Cudihee, through police methods, found the desperado in a lonely cabin on Sawyer lake, three-quarters of a mile from the junction of the Northern Pacific Palmer cut-off and the Columbia & Puget Sound road, which is two miles west of Ravensdale, or Leary. With two confederates, believed to be the men who killed a bartender at Tacoma was at bay in the cabin, although he was thought to have no idea he was surrounded. Cudihee had with him Deputies Woolery, McClellan, Nelson, Lovejoy, Allen and Warner. All are picked men. When Tracy was seen several days ago near Covington, he was run down in the direction of his present whereabouts by his pursuers and bloodhounds. Then his trail disappeared. Since that time there have been Tracys in almost every bush, and the posses and bloodhounds have gone from one place to another. The Natches pass chase appears to be merely a blind throw Tracy and his confederates off the track. While a few deputies were following an imaginary Tracy near South Prairie, Sheriff Cudihee, with a few trusty men, was working on his present scheme with all the energy he could muster. Sleep was almost out of the question for him, and he took but little. Through the agency of a "stool pigeon," the work of locating the desperado was accomplished.

The startling news of the finding of Tracy was brought to Seattle this morning by Corner C. E. Hoye. The coroner ran on to one of the guards by mere accident, and learned the whole situation.

Dr. Hoye held an inquest at Leary, or Ravensdale, last night. This morning he walked to Henry's switch, two miles west of there, to catch a Columbia & Puget Sound train, where it crosses the Palmer cut-off. While waiting there the coroner heard someone call to him.

"What time is it?" came the voice.

Dr. Hoye was startled, but soon recovered sufficiently to say that it was 6:40 a.m., and that he was merely waiting for a train. He looked around to see who had asked him the question, but saw no one. In a few seconds, however, he saw the form of an armed man about 100 yards from him on a little knoll. Dr. Hoye soon recognized in the man, Richard Warner, a Seattle attorney, who is with Sheriff Cudihee. Warner came down to the coroner and told him the whole circumstances of the chase.

Sheriff Cudihee and a posse of men, among whom are Deputies Woolery, McClellan, Nelson, Lovejoy, Allen and Jake Williams, the Indian scout, were guarding a cabin near Sawyer lake. The cabin is deserted by its owner, and was now forming a hiding place for Outlaw Tracy and his two confederates, according to the story of Dick Warner. The location of Tracy was

ascertained by Sheriff Cudihee through a stool pidgeon last Saturday night. Cudihee went to Auburn from Leary for the especial purpose of seeing this man who was sent him by Sheriff Brisbin of Whatcom. This man, whose name is held a secret, claimed to be a friend of Tracy's, and one was in "on all of his present moves.

He told the startling story that Tracy was lying wounded in a cabin near Leary, with two companions. Sheriff Cudiee at once took considerable stock in the story, and immediately set to work on it. The result was the discovery of the whereabouts of Tracy. Yesterday, Warner told Coroner Hoyer, that the "stool pigeon" went into the house as a friend, and found that Tracy was there with the two confederates, and that he was badly wounded in the hip. The wound is badly lacerated and is filled with puss. Tracy is almost helpless, but is guarded by his two confederates. Sheriff Cudihee has confidence in the "stool pigeon," and is confident that the game is all but bagged.

Cudihee and his men surrounded the house while Tracy and his friends were unaware. Whenever one of the men would come out of the shack, he was to be made the target for all the rifles within range.

Whether the stories of an alleged Tracy appearing in Natches pass are rank fakes, or the work of confederates, is not yet known. The present whereabouts of the convict shows that he is in direct line of the trail of Tracy. When he left the Pautot home, nine miles east of Auburn, he went to a point two and one-half miles south of Covington. The dogs ran him from there to Henry's switch, where the trail was lost. Although since then there has been numerous reports of the convict's whereabouts, no one has been sure of the truth of them.

The present story shows that after leaving Henry's switch, which he most certainly did, he found his friends and went into camp.

Coroner Hoyer is positive in his statements, and said that Warner told him the story in a straightforward manner. The present story clears up all of the mystery that for several days has surrounded the chase. At any moment a report of the capture or killing of the notorious outlaw may be expected." Seattle Star, July 17, 1902



By Curtis D. Stratton – Auburn, July 14.- Tracy has been heard of once more. Indian Agent C. A. Reynolds, of the Muckleshoot reservation, drove hurriedly into town this morning and reported that the Inglis ranch had been held up last night by a man answering the description of the outlaw fugitive. The Inglis ranch is six and one-half miles southeast of Auburn, near Wabash, on what is known as the old Reservation road.

According to the report which comes from an apparently reliable source, Tracy appeared at the ranch shortly before nightfall. He stayed there several hours. The three persons on the ranch were taken completely by surprise and were at the mercy of the desperado.

Latest reports state that Tracy is not lame, and is in a condition to do considerable traveling. About here the rumor of the fight with Bunce and his son claim to have had, is scouted. Deputy Sheriff Joe Berner of Snohomish county has taken a posse from here and has started for the ranch. Sheriff Hartman of Pierce county has been surprised of the facts, and a careful guard has been placed on the roads leading to Tacoma. The roads back to Auburn and Kent are also closely watched, as the outlaw may pursue his old tactics of doubling back on his tracks. To the east and south deputies have been stationed on all avenues of escape.

Among the officers of this place the report is believed to be reliable. The scene of Tracy's latest appearance is on a line with the Pautot ranch, where it is known that Tracy was on Friday night. The Inglis ranch is five miles east of the Pautot ranch and a little south. Tracy, after resting in the woods near Pautot's for some hours, could have traveled easily to the Inglis place.

As late as this morning the convict was seen on the Muckleshoot hill at O'Neil's place, about six miles east of Auburn. Indian Agent Reynold's has authentic information to this effect. The latest story explodes the rumor from Enumclaw that Sheriff Hartman of Pierce county has the elusive fugitive surrounded. The O'Neil ranch is not far from the spot where Indian Alec claims to have seen Tracy on Saturday evening.

Buckley, July 14. – 10 a.m. – It has just been reported here that Tracy jumped a freight train en route to Palmer at 9 o'clock this morning. The point here the desperado met the train is about one mile north of this place. Sheriff Cudihee has been notified, and armed men are hurrying to Palmer. On leaving the train at Palmer, it is reported that the outlaw was shot twice at, but escaped.

Enumclaw, July 14. 7:00 a.m. – The report brought in by young Clarence Burke at 5 o'clock last night that he had been accosted by Tracy, a mile from this place, is not meeting with much credence this morning.

Young Burke, who is 12 years of age, came riding into town on his bicycle at 5:30 o'clock last evening and said that at a point a mile from here a strange man carrying a rifle and a revolver had suddenly stepped from the woods and asked him how far it was to Buckley, and how to get there. Burke said the man looked like pictures of Tracy and that he had told him Buckley was about two miles distant from where they stood, in a southwest direction.

The boy alleges that the man asked him if any deputies were around, and after being told that there were, he issued a strict injunction to the boy not to say that he had met anyone.

Burke could not remember the supposed Tracy's description, but when shown pictures of several different persons, at once picked out Tracy's likeness as answering the general appearance of the man he had seen and talked to.

Sheriff Hartman of Pierce county who was below Enumclaw with a posse, was at once called into town and told the story.

The sheriff at once telephoned to Deputy Sheriff [James H.] Woolery at Palmer for the bloodhounds. Woolery and his posse, with the hounds, came down at a rapid speed, arriving here at 8:30 last evening. The dogs were at once taken out to a place east of Frank Nagle's ranch, where the alleged Tracy was last seen and were given the scent.

They found it at once and started off in a full cry. They followed the trail without a break, for fully three-quarters of a mile. It ran within 30 feet of the country road, showing that the man followed was keeping concealed in the timber, although near enough to maintain a watch of the highway.

The trail was not again found last night. This morning the dogs were put to work at daybreak, but could not pick up the scent.

We have just received important word from Auburn that a man answering Tracy's description held up the old Inglis ranch shortly before dusk last night, and that the outlaw had again been seen at O'Neil's place, one-half mile distant from his last night's exploit. The report looks so good to Sheriff Hartman and the man-hunters about here, that a posse and the dogs will be sent to that locality. If Tracy is near Wabash, on the old reservation road, young Burke's story must be largely imaginative. Karl M. Anderson

Palmer, July 14. – 1 p.m. – Later details concerning Tracy this morning lead to the belief that the posse may be on the right trail at this point. A guard saw a strange man jump off the train, and started towards him, when the fugitive sprang into the brush. The guard was alert and contented himself with firing two shots. The fugitive could be heard tearing through the brush at a rapid pace for several minutes. The officers are inclined to believe the man was Tracy, as from the passing glance the guard had of him, these descriptions seem to tally." *Seattle Star*, July 14, 1902

"Last Edition 4 o'clock p.m.

Tracy

Enumclaw, July 14. – 3:30 p.m. – The reports that Tracy was seen at the Ingall's ranch later at O'Neill's place last night, have been confirmed was again seen a mile from O'Neill's hophouse at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The locality is being surrounded and the bloodhounds will be on his trail before sundown. Curtis D. Stratton." *Seattle Star*, July 14, 1902

Near Buckley.. “Harry Tracy, the Oregon murderer and convict, was last seen, according to reports received here, east of Buckley. He was walking in the middle of a country road and carried a Winchester rifle, slung across his right arm. He seemed very tired and was walking with difficulty. This part of the country is very rough and is not thickly inhabited. The nearest posse from Buckley is about fifteen miles away. It under Sheriff Cudihee.” The Topeka (Kansas) Daily Capital July 17, 1902



“Takes Supper at the Gardner Ranch, 8 Miles South of Bentley

Goldhill Trail, Wash., July 15. – (by Way of Buckley) - - Harry Tracy, escaped convict, murderer and outlaw, has at last been located, and is being hard pressed by man-hunters. He is on the Goldhill Trail, making for the Natches pass. He is at a point about nine miles below Buckley, Pierce county, on the old state road.

A sundown last night he appeared at the Gardner ranch, six miles below Buckley, and secured supper. He left within a few minutes, and at dusk was seen by a pack train driver at Mud Mountain, a short distance below the Gardner place.

This morning he held up a logger named Clark and demanded breakfast at his cabin. He ate hurriedly and continued up the Goldhill trail. Deputy Sheriff McMullen of Pierce county, Nesbitt, a reporter of the Tacoma New, and Stratton of the Seattle Daily Star, are at this time the only ones in pursuit.

The chase at this time is a still hunt, although Sheriff Hartman of Pierce county has been notified at Enumclaw and Sheriff Cudihee at Ravensdale.

The outlaw is traveling very fast and it is believed that he had a good night’s rest after leaving the Gardner ranch. His present pursuers are on horseback and unless he takes to the woods, he must soon be overtaken.

It is thought likely that Tracy will try to cross the Cascades by the Natches pass, having found it impossible to make Stampede, owing to that part of the country being so well guarded.

It is more than likely that the outlaw will take to the dense forest on the approach of his pursuers. It is probable that he will attack McMullen and his escort, as he is without means of knowing how many are in pursuit.

When he left the Clark cabin this morning he was traveling very light, carrying only his Winchester and revolver, but no provisions.

Clark said that the desperado appeared very fresh and showed no signs of lameness whatever. He was good-natured, and during breakfast was inclined to joke rather than take his position seriously.

Auburn, Wash., July 15.

The details regarding Tracy's short visit to O'Neill's place are soon told.

It was at dusk when Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill returned from a drive, and the husband, after putting the horses away, went to the pig-pen to feed those animals. As he passed around the corner of the barn he was surprised to see a strange man run hurriedly along the fence leading to a hophouse several rods back of the dwelling. Mr. O'Neill was in the act of investigating when he happened to think of Tracy. He then became convinced that it was the outlaw he had seen. He walked to his house, and calling his wife out onto the porch, told her his suspicions, whereupon they both started for Jones' place, a half-mile down the road, and there remained all night. In return to their home yesterday morning, nothing was found disturbed, neither were there evidences that the outlaw had slept in the hophouse. It was proven though that someone had occupied a vacant building in the woods and across the road from the O'Neill place."

"Phantom Tracy Has No Fear of Being Captured

He seeks Eastern Washington Trough Natches Pass – Is Told That His Journey Will be a Hard One, but Replies That He Has Lots of Time and Doesn't Care if It Takes all Summer --- Roasts the Deputies and Wants Reporters to Know He Is Well

Buckley, Wash., July 16. – Up along Goldhill trail which winds through the dense forests just to the north of the Mount Rainier reservation, Outlaw Tracy is making his way today. That he is endeavoring to cross the mountains through the Natches pass, cannot be doubted. The desperado, failing to get past the strong guard about Palmer, has done the next best thing in his desire to get into the eastern part of the state, and has attempted the fatigues of what is known to be the hardest trail in this northwestern country. It is this road that the state some five years ago spent \$10,000 in building, and though it is passable through the mountains at Natches, still is nothing more than a bridle path that in some places is almost lost in the tangled forests.

Appears Fresh

There can be no doubt at this time that the outlaw is somewhere along this trail, about 12 miles from this place. He was entertained by M. E. Gardner [Morris Garner], at his ranch Monday night. At that time he seemed cheerful, ate heartily and left without taking any provisions.

Yesterday morning about 8 o'clock he ate breakfast at Logger Clark's cabin, and at that time appeared fresh.

He had not been gone long from Clark's cabin when he met Gus Calihan, a pack-train driver. Calihan had long been up in the mountains mining, and had never even heard of Tracy. He said that the man stopped him and inquired how far it was to the summit. Calihan replied that a man without a pack mule had as hard a job before him as could be well imagined.

Tracy is reported to have replied that it made little difference to him, so long as he could find an inhabited cabin now and then. The outlaw said that he had lots of time and would make Natches pass by easy stages, if it took the rest of the summer.

Calihan reported all this at Buckley yesterday afternoon and described Tracy so accurately that there can be no mistake that the outlaw is in any other place but in the wilderness through which Cold Hill trail runs.

Up to yesterday afternoon but three persons – Deputy Sheriff McMullen and two newspaper reporters were following Tracy. Sheriff Hartman, of Pierce county who was at Tacoma, on hearing for a certainty that Tracy was on the Gold Hill trail, wired authorities at this place to immediately send assistance to McMullen and his small guard.

All this positive information concerning Tracy was directed to Sheriff Cudihee last night at Ravensdale, where the King county officer was supposed to be. This morning nobody seems to know where Cudihee is, and no instructions have come from him to this place to pursue Tracy up the Gold hill. Another report, which further substantiates the fact that Tracy is in the mountains 10 or 12 miles from this place, is the report which J. W. Collingswood of Puyallup, brought here last night.

He said he had been fishing in a small stream 100 yards or more from the trail, when he was surprised to see Tracy pass along a foot trail not more than 50 feet distant from where he was. When the outlaw observed Collingswood he left the little path and disappeared in the underbrush. From this it would seem evident that Tracy wishes to avoid unnecessary exposure. He probably knew by Collingswood's appearance, that the latter was well acquainted with his escapades." *Seattle Star*, July 16, 1902

Tracy at the Garner House Talks Freely of His Plans

Tacoma, July 16. – A special to the Tacoma News this morning states that the story of Tracy's old-up of the Garner house, six miles from Buckley, has been fully confirmed. The outlaw remained in the house until 1:30 o'clock Monday afternoon, and talked freely of his plans. He declared that he intended to spend the coming winter in Tacoma, where he had many friends, and said he had no fear of capture.

"Tell the newspaper reporters when they come here," Tracy said to the Garners, "that I am in the best of health and am not worrying about the deputies or anything else.

“Deputies I have seen are a cheap lot, and don’t know anything. I could have killed a hundred of hem since I left Salem, but it would have been a pity to shoot such innocents.

Most of them are good-hearted, honest farmer boys, who want to get out into the woods and have a good time. And why shouldn’t they? Give them guns and ammunition. They can use them for duck-hunting next fall.

“I have met and talked with many deputies since I visited Seattle, and most of them seemed to be good fellows. Once in awhile I would meet a bad one, but I would side-step him and not let him see me. The kids in the posse don’t know me when they meet me, and I have been safe enough from them.”

When Tracy appeared at the Garner house, one of the boys was shaving. Tracy ordered him to act as barber, and seated himself in a chair to be shaved.

“I can pull the trigger quicker than you can cut my throat,” he remarked to the trembling youth. “Just try and forget that idea if you’ve got it.”

Tracy had two revolvers and 200 rounds of ammunition which the Garner’s saw.” Seattle Star, July 16, 1902

“Tracy Takes Needed Shave

Forces a Young Farmer to Act as Barber for Him.

Last Heard From Near Covington

Men and Dogs Were Hot on His Trail But He Enters a Swamp and Escapes.

Seattle, Wa., July 15. – A special to the Post-Intelligencer from Enumclaw says:

Word reached here this morning that Tracy had dinner Sunday afternoon with Morris Garner three and a half miles southeast of Enumclaw. Garner’s story has, up to the present, been kept quite by him through fear of the outlaw, who he says threatened him.

Garner says Sunday afternoon a man entered the house without knocking, and announced himself as Tracy, saying:

Gentlemen, I am Tracy, and want something to eat quick.”

Garner’s father and three sons had just finished dinner as they told him to sit up and help himself which he proceeded to do, first ordering the two oldest sons to the corner of the room, in front of him, where he could keep them covered with his rifle. At the time of his entrance the youngest boy was shaving. After eating his dinner, Tracy said:

“Young man come here and shave me.” Upon the young man demurring.

Tracy said:

“That’s all right, I am not particular, and if I don’t kick you need not,” whereupon young Garner lathered his face and proceeded to remove his beard.

After being shaved, he helped himself to a pair of trousers hanging on the wall and went out.

This evening smoke was soon ascending from a small gully in the foot hills just east of here. It is believed by many citizens that the criminal is still lurking in this vicinity.

A dispatch from Covington states that last night after the exchange of several shots with deputy sheriffs near the Covington sawmill, Tracy ran to the south of the railroad track and hid himself alongside a wire fence. Here he remained until daylight when he worked south towards the county road through a dense jungle of brushwood. After traveling about a half mile he struck a road leading towards the east, back of Covington station, and followed this a distance three miles to a junction with two other roads at a place locally known as The Forks. Here he met a farmer by the name of Zacker.

“I am Harry Tracy,” said the outlaw, “and I want you to tell me where these roads go to and all about this country. If you ever tell anybody you met me I’ll come back and blow your head off.”

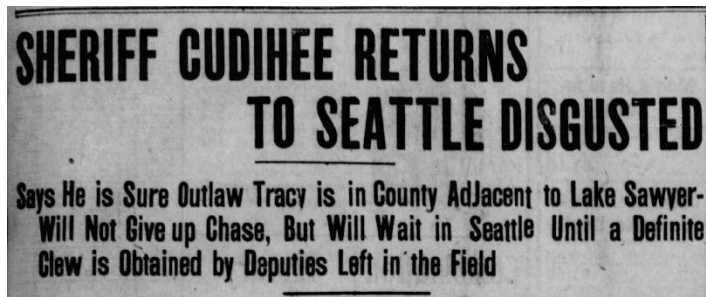
The farmer complied by getting all the information he could about the county and was allowed to depart. A few minutes later, however, Zacker met Dave Morgan of Black Diamond, who was riding towards Covington on horseback.

To him Zacker imparted the whereabouts of Tracy and urged him to inform the sheriff’s posse at Covington as quickly as possible. Morgan rode to the town at whirlwind speed, arriving at 12 o’clock. A posse of fourteen deputy sheriffs, under Jim Woolery, had meantime arrived at 9 o’clock from Auburn with the bloodhounds and searched the neighborhood for Tracy without any particular success though the hounds followed the trail to Sluice creek, where Tracy had evidently waded some distance. Sheriff Cudihee arrived at 11 o’clock and assumed charge of the search.

Immediately upon the receipt of Morgan’s information the posse with the exception of Sheriff Cudihee took the road indicated and traveled rapidly eastward. When about 200 yards from the forks the hounds took up the fresh scent and in their excitement tore themselves loose from their leashes, getting after the outlaw in full cry. The deputies with arms ready for instant use deployed in the timber and followed the hounds down the slope of Covington creek to the railroad track, three-fourths of mile distant.

Tracy practiced a dozen expedients for throwing the dreadful hounds off the scent. He kept mainly up the high bank on the right side of the railroad track, followed it a hundred yards or so and then climbed up again, this fooled his pursuers who were also frequently delayed climbing ridges. The hounds worked well. They were sometimes at fault and were frequently delayed several minutes in picking up the scent, but they invariably found it and the woods rang with their loudmouthed bays as they followed keen on the track of the desperado. For three miles

they held true and were only baffled when Tracy, closely pressed, entered a swampy stretch of land a mile from Black Diamond, thus destroying the scent.



“Sheriff Cudihee returned to Seattle last night after his disappointed in not finding Tracy in the cabin where he was believed to be. The most diligent search was made last evening for the sheriff, but he could not be found. This morning, however, he was seen at his office at the courthouse, and in reply to questions, said he had returned to Seattle on business connected with the present chase – more particularly to look into the records of “Tattoo Red” and ex-convict Simmons, whom he thoroughly believes to be in hiding with Outlaw Tracy.

Sheriff Cudihee said he was keenly disappointed in yesterday’s result, but had not in even the most minor details, given up the chase, as he believes the outlaw to be in the vicinity of Lake Sawyer. He says that he is convinced, from all that can be learned of the case, that Tracy made his way from the cabin in painful plight, and he believes that he is badly wounded.

Within King County

It is the firm belief of the sheriff that “luck will come his way,” and that he will capture or kill the desperado within the confines of King county. He will not return to the Lake Sawyer country until a definite clew is obtained by the deputies who are there. The chase will then be taken up diligently with the picked men and bloodhounds.

The sheriff takes no stock in the story that Tracy has taken the Gold Hill trail, and bases his opinion on his knowledge that the outlaw is badly wounded, and in his present physical condition would be unable to travel fast or far. The accounts of Tracy’s wound show that the portion which is inflamed, and where the larger portion of the shot took effect, is midway between the hip-joint and the thigh bone. To carry an inflamed and crudely operated upon wound in that location is to make each step taken by the fugitive so painful that even his marvelous endurance and grit can hardly prevent it from overcoming him sooner or later.

Is Tracy Wounded?

Sheriff Cudihee is credited with having made his statement that the convict is wounded. At what particular time he was wounded is not made clear, outside of the time when it is alleged the Bunces, father and son, are said to have had a battle with him in the railroad cut near Palmer. The Bunces are not certain that this was Tracy that they were shooting at, if indeed they do some shooting, and they do not know whether any of the buckshot took effect. In fact, the whole story

will bear considerable more verification than has been given it up to the present time. If, as alleged, the outlaw is wounded, he cannot stand the exposure of the damp swamps around Lake Sawyer, and in this event the chase may come to a sudden termination at anytime. But there still has to be absolute evidence that he is hurt, before officers can count much on that theory.

Believes in Accomplices

Besides this, Sheriff Cudihee seems to be placing a great deal of reliance on the belief that Tracy has two accomplices with him at the present time. His belief is that Tracy and the two men, whose names are given as Tom Floyd, alias Tattoo Red," and a man named Simmons, spent several hours in the deserted cabin.

Both Tracy's companions, if such are really with him, are known as bad men. Floyd is suspected, and in fact is almost known to have held up and killed Louis Grumatto, a saloonkeeper at Lakeview, in Pierce county. He has also served two terms in the penitentiary at Walla Walla, the first time for burglary and the second time for horse stealing. Detectives Freeman and Hubbard, of the Seattle police force, were the first to connect Floyd with the crime. Simmons is supposed to be an ex-convict. *Seattle Star*, July 18, 1902

"Strange Lights Seen at Deserted Mines

A Report From Ravensdale This Morning Thar Causes Renewed Interest in the Tracy Man Hunt

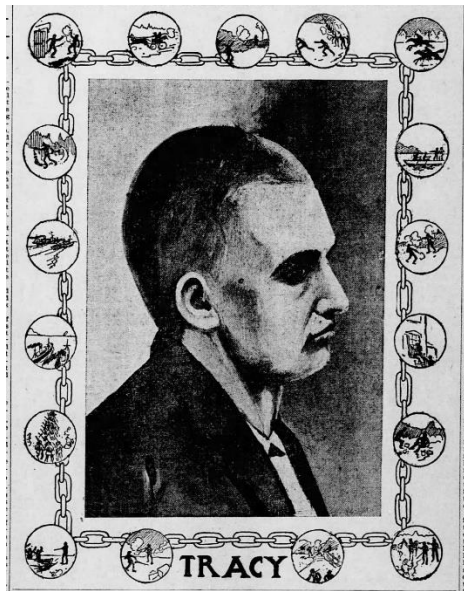
Ravensdale, Wash., July 19. – But one hope seems to be left Sheriff Cudihee to capture Outlaw Tracy and his confederates – that of their being around the old Danville coal mines, one mile from Lake Sawyer. Reports were made this morning through Northern Pacific Agent McIntosh at Leary, that lights had been seen in buildings at the mine entrance. The mines have been deserted many years, and an almost impregnable tangle of undergrowth surrounding them. The outlaws could remain at the mine entrance, which is an easily accessible drift, and in case of pursuit, make their way into the old works, where it would be almost impossible to capture them. Nearly simultaneous with this report word was sent by Simon Fraser of Ravensdale, intimating that he heard noises and saw lights in the Eddyville sawmills, near the mines, and also abandoned. As also at the mines, there are the deserted buildings of the mills standing and almost impassable undergrowth. Officers say this is the most likely place for the outlaws to retreat until Tracy's wound is better.

Notwithstanding these reports, the fact remains that no positive trace of the desperado is obtainable, and the chase is practically at a standstill until the fugitive again holds up some one for food, and thus gives a reliable clew as to his whereabouts.

Rumors are rife this morning that a family four miles south of Enumclaw has been held up, but this later information stands at present unconfirmed." *Seattle Star*, July 19, 1902

"Geronimo's Kind Offer Declined.

At the same time Geronimo, the famous Apache Indian chief, offered his services to the Government to the extent of getting out upon the trail of Tracy and attempting his capture. He has offered to capture the convict and deliver him, dead or alive, to the authorities on his own responsibility. But Uncle Sam is apparently wary in regard to the offer of the Indian chief. Fifteen years ago Geronimo led several hundred Indians in an escape from General Miles in Oregon [actually Arizona], and the Government was put to the expense of \$1,000,000 to round up the band.” The Washington Times, Sunday, July 20, 1902.



The Washington Times, Sunday, July 20, 1902.

“Cudihee Was Thrown By Tracy’s Friends

One of the Cleverest Double-Dealing Games Ever Worked on an Officer of the Law – “Tattoo Red” and Simmons the Instigators of the Plot

That Lewis Ward, the Whatcom gambling-house booster and dime novel hero who has posed as Tracy’s friend, and pretended to have been Sheriff Cudihee’s advisor in the recent Sawyer Lake fiasco, is a rank imposter and never was at any time within miles of the lonely cabin raided by the sheriff’s posse last Thursday, is today the entire underworld of Seattle.

By degrees the real facts concerning the Sawyer lake episode are coming to light. They are not detrimental to Sheriff Cudihee. In fact, they prove that the sheriff was the victim of a clever plot by Tracy’s friends and confederates. The sheriff was given the “double cross,” as the tenderloin styles it, but it was a double that would have deceived men wiser in the ways of criminals than Cudihee, who for the best part of his life has been an officer of the law and a student of criminology.

Yellow Backed Ward

Lewis Ward, the yellow backed stool pigeon, had no more to do with the attempted capture of Tracy at Sawyer lake than has mortal man to do with the guidance of the solar system. This may be stated as an absolute fact, and in contradiction of any and all statements that Ward has made or may hereafter make in regard to the man-hunt. Ward was a despised outsider in the entire proceeding. In the language of the underworld, he was a "buttinski," and has been allowed to boast his own alleged connection with the Tracy case merely because the sheriff and his advisors considered him too ignorant and worthless to be even dignified with a rebuke.

The Real Stools

Fred Floyd, alias "Tattoo Red," and George Simmons, a highwayman and ex-convict. Were the real stool pigeons in the case. They were the men who offered to deliver Tracy into the hands of Sheriff Cudihee, and to them alone is due the fact that Cudihee was deceived into allowing Tracy to escape from the Green River valley after his appearance in the Pautot home.

In the opinion of the best-informed authorities, Tracy was setting a part when he appeared at the Pautot house. The story that he was wounded in the alleged battle of buckshot at Covington, 10 days ago, is regarded by these authorities as a huge joke in the light of recent developments. The outlaw, it is asserted by them, was at that time doing his part toward making good the story later told Sheriff Cudihee by his accomplices. While there is a difference of opinion among the wise ones as to whether Tracy was ever in the Sawyer lake cabin, on one point they are agreed. That is, that Tracy never received a scratch even. In any encounter he as ever had with Sheriff Cudihee's men. [Except that the Pautot's said they saw the wounds?]

The Sawyer lake fiasco was the result of the series of deceptions inaugurated by Tracy at the Pautot farm. Soon after the Pautot story became public, "Tattoo Red" and Simmons arranged a meeting with a well known sporting man at Kent, and then and there outlined him their plan to capture Tracy.

Tried to Aid Cudhee

The Seattle sporting man was one of Sheriff Cudihee's warmest personal friends as well as his staunch supporter in politics, and was as badly deceived by the story of the two outlaws, as was Cudihee. In tenderloin parlance, the whole thing "looked good."

Floyd and Simmons stated that they had been in close touch with Tracy for days. They had met him near Renton about a week before they said, and had been giving him air ever since. But on account on account of his cowardly conduct in murdering Merrill, they had determined to play him false. Merrill, they said was a warmer friend of theirs than Tracy had ever been, and they were ready and willing to give the latter up to justice, provided they were given a big share of the reward offered for the latter's capture.

This information was imparted to Cudihee, and he determined to accept the offer. The principal condition insisted upon by the stool pigeons was, it is said, that all the deputies in the field

should be called in, in order that they might not claim a share of the reward when the outlaw was given up to the sheriff. Cudihee was so impressed with the good faith of their statements, that he agreed to call off the man-hunters, and send them back to Seattle. In this he kept his word.

To Be Delivered Alive

At the first conference Cudihee, it is asserted, stipulated that the outlaw should be delivered into his hands alive, if possible. The stool pigeons demurred strongly, but finally agreed that they would catch Tracy napping if possible, but that he was a desperate man, and they feared they would have to “croak” him to get him.

When Floyd and Simmons departed, it was for the purpose of returning to the Sawyer lake cabin, where they alleged Tracy lay grievously wounded and practically helpless. They were to come back within 24 hours with news of Tracy’s capture or death.

Cudihee and the few who were “next” to the plot, believed that failure was impossible, and that the Oregon outlaw was as good as in their hands.

But hours went by, and “Tattoo Red” and his pal failed to show up. Fearing bad faith, Cudihee at last raided the cabin. It was empty. “Tattoo Red,” Simmons and Tracy, if he had ever been there, were gone. And no trace of them has ever been found.” The Seattle Star, July 21, 1902

THREE BOYS START OUT TO CATCH BANDIT TRACY

Fired by Dime Novels They Buy Arms With Stolen
Money and Run Away to Round Up Desperado.



“Actuated by a desire to win fame as captors of Tracy and filled with boyish fervor to imitate the example of certain gentlemen of the road whose daring exploits have shocked the world, three youths of this city departed Sacramento last Thursday. Their dreams were dissipated within forty-eight hours and the lads returned Saturday bedraggled, rependant, penniless and footsore, resolved never to do it again.

Unfortunately for the lads in question, there is an element of crime attached to their venture. One of the boys succeeded in carrying off some \$75 belonging to his father, with which two wicked looking revolvers, two sombreros and two pairs of overalls were purchased. What was done with the remainder of the money does not appear, but it is certain a portion of it was disbursed for railway tickets, while another portion went for board in the capital city. The lads

were Harry Murasky, living with Mrs. Laman at 43 Ivy avenue; Daniel Horgan, son of Denis Horgan, a carpenter, living at 108 ½ Oak street, and a boy known as “Terrible Teddy,” whose residence is unknown.

The facts of the escapade were first divulged by Frank Mullaney of 133 Hayes street. All of the boys mentioned are under 15 years of age. Mullaney says that early last week Horgan told him that he intended to start in pursuit of Tracy and he asked Mullaney to go with him.

“I didn’t like the job, so I refused,” said Mullaney yesterday. “Horgan offered me \$10 to go with him and I asked him where he was to get the money he said he would get it all right. Teddy said he would go along and when Harry Murasky promised to go I thought the crowd was big enough. I told my mother about the affair, but she paid no attention to it. On Thursday Horgan, Murasky and Teddy left for Sacramento. Horgan seemed to have plenty of money and the boys wore new clothes and hats. They came back broke on Sunday.

An effort was made to see young Horgan yesterday, but when he sought to tell his story he was interrupted by a man who told him to “Shut up.” The lad admitted, however, that he had gone to Sacramento on his journey to Washington and that he returned because his money ran short. To a youthful companion he said that life on the road was not what it was claimed to be and that he would prefer to read of the exploits of thief-catchers rather than suffer their actual experiences

Mrs. Laman would not permit young Murasky to be interviewed. She said the matter was not of public concern and that since the return of the lads they had promised to do better. They are voracious readers of nickel detective stories and their imaginations were fired by the thrilling tales they had read. The escape of Tracy, followed by his remarkable exploits, succeeded in turning their brains to the extent that they resolved to follow him. Who supplied the money for the venture by means of theft is not clearly demonstrated. Horgan shifting the responsibility upon Teddy and the latter claiming Horgan was the delinquent. The boys will be watched in future and at their first effort to repeat the experiment they will be sent to a reformatory.” The San Francisco Call, July 22, 1902

“Tracy Shows Up After Long Rest

Appears at Loggers’ Camp Four Miles From Kanasket and Demands Food --- Desperado is Not Wounded But is Suffering from Rheumatism

Tacoma, July 23. – News was brought here this afternoon that Desperado Tracy has reappeared.

Yesterday afternoon at 3 o’clock Tracy entered Miller’s logging camp, which is located four miles west of Kanasket. He apparently rested securely in the belief that the loggers had not heard of his exploits, and made no threats. There were men at the cabin at the time, one of them

a former fellow-workman of Tracy’s when the latter was following desultory employment near Tacoma. This man recognized him and said: “Hello, Tracy!” The latter assumed a threatening

attitude, but on the friendly actions of his former friend, placed the rifle which he was carrying, in the corner, and sat down.

Tracy appeared neither travel worn or wounded. As soon as he learned that his hosts were aware of his escapades, he talked frankly of the chase and expressed his firm belief that he could elude his captors.

Instead of demanding food, his usual way, he asked if he could be given a warm meal. He was carrying with him a small parcel of food, consisting of a large piece of bacon and a small package of beans. He asked that he might be given some flour and coffee, of which he said he stood in need.

During the meal he chatted with his former companion, and showed him two large revolvers and a considerable quantity of ammunition, with which he said he believed he could? for himself. When asked why he did not take advantage of the lull in the pursuit, and make his escape, he assumed a menacing attitude and said:

“I’m not going to get out of this country until I have settled a matter of business with Merrill’s brother and a brother of that d-----d guard.

“I understand they have been looking for me, and I’ll give them a chance to find me when they least expect it. I don’t care anything about the pursuit, as I can get away whenever I please.”

Tracy said that he had not been wounded, but that on one occasion he had narrowly missed a charge buckshot. When told that it was reported that he showed a wound at the Pautot house, Tracy said that it was untrue., that he was there, and for several days afterwards, the victim of rheumatism. He said that after leaving the Pautot house his leg and hip ached so that he could hardly walk. He added that since that time he had been resting up and taking care of himself.

As there are but four or five men engaged at Miller’s camp, no attempt was made to detain the outlaw. Tracy rested for almost an hour in the cabin, and during the entire time insisted that the door should be left open, that he might obtain a complete view of the trail leading to the cabin door. He appeared alert, cool and not worried.

After finishing his meal and getting a small quantity of flour and coffee, he said: “It won’t do you fellows any good to put the officers next to me. I haven’t done you any harm, and fair play is fair play.”

The news was brought to the Pierce county sheriff’s office this morning by M. P. Bulger, and the chase will probably be resumed at once.

The appearance of Tracy at this point bears out the theory of Sheriff Cudihee of King county, who has a posse located at Ravensdale, in the firm belief that Tracy has never gone far from Sawyer lake. The posse at Ravensdale was immediately notified of Tracy’s appearance at the Miller cabin. One feature which seems to bear out the idea that Tracy has confederates, is that when he appeared at Miller’s he was wearing an almost new derby hat, while rearranging his

provisions, he pulled the old slouch hat which has figured so prominently in his previous description, from his pocket, and placed it in his pack” *Seattle Star*, July 23, 1902

“Tracy Seeks the Brother of Merrill

Outlaw Would Add Another to His List of Tragedies

Appears at a Logging Camp and Converses With the Men.

Says He Has Several Scores to Settle Before Making His Escape from the Country.

Special Dispatch to The Call.

Tacoma, July 23. -Harry Tracy, sleek, debonair and unwounded, has emerged from his retirement. Evidently chafing under the lack of attention he has been receiving from the general public during the past week, the outlaw seems disposed to do something that will again make him a center of interest. He shows no effects of the recent hard campaign he underwent in the vicinity of Seattle.

Tracy appeared yesterday at Miller's logging camp, four miles from Kanasket, and applied for dinner. His request was readily granted, for the outlaw carried his rifle and no one cared to dispute any of his wishes. At the camp was a man who had formerly been a Northern Pacific brakeman and knew Tracy years ago. This man conversed with the outlaw for some time and today he told Sheriff Hartman of this county what had been said by Tracy.

"Now that the posses have been called in, why don't you get out of the Green River Valley while you have a chance?" Tracy was asked.

"I have some business with Merrill's brother," replied the outlaw. "I understand that he is looking for me and I am hanging around to give him a chance to find me."

The bandit's sinister expression as he gave this answer left no doubt that there would be no love wasted when he and the brother of the comrade he murdered came together.

Tracy declared that he hoped to meet Sheriff Cudihee also.

"Cudihee has been too busy on my trail for his own good," said the outlaw. "Well, I hope he finds me. If he does, he won't go out of his way looking for rewards again. I have got two or three scores to settle around here and then I may move on."

Tracy admitted that friends of his had aided in his escape last week by sending the Seattle officials on a "wild goose chase." They had promised, he said, to turn him over to Sheriff Cudihee because of the murder of Merrill. When the Sheriff, pursuant of their stipulation, called in his posses. Tracy took advantage of his good fortune and quietly got away. Then for several days he kept under cover. The convict said that for a time he was closely pressed by the posses, but he never regarded himself in serious danger of capture.

"Some of them are willing enough," he said chuckling, "but most of them don't like my game. When they get too close they find a trail leading off in some other direction."

Tracy has not been wounded and looks fresh and rested. He has had a touch of rheumatism, which accounts for his seeming lameness when he was last seen. This ailment has disappeared, and the convict is in condition for another long game of hide-and-seek. He is armed with a Winchester rifle and two revolvers and has a good supply of ammunition. He is well dressed and the clothing is not that which he wore when last seen. Either he has robbed some house, or a friend has supplied him with new garments. The fugitive wore a derby hat and carried a slouch hat in one pocket.

Tracy's reference to the brother of Merrill indicates that he is kept well informed as to the movements of those on his trail. The surviving Merrill has started out with the intention of killing the murderer, having declared that he would not return to his home until he had avenged his brother's death. For several days Merrill has not been seen. Evidently Tracy, instead of fearing the avenger, is anxious for a meeting. It is in keeping with his past actions that he should deliberately give up an opportunity to escape for the hope of adding one more tragedy to his list of crimes. With these two desperate and fearless men in the woods seeking one another, each thirsting for the other's blood, it is not likely that many more days will pass without another exciting denouement in the career of the Oregon outlaw.

Sheriff Cudihee has again disappeared from Seattle, and is on a still hunt for the outlaw. He left on Monday night and since then has not been heard from. Cudihee, whose bravery is unquestioned and whose record as a taker of criminals has been brilliant, feels keenly his failure to bring Tracy into camp. The veteran officer is said by his friends to be heartbroken, and even though Tracy may leave the vicinity of Puget Sound it is likely that Cudihee will be found upon his trail wherever the outlaw may appear.

It is said by the friends of Cudihee that but for the weak-kneed course of members of the posses Tracy would long ago have been killed or captured. Whenever the outlaw has been in a trap, some loophole has been left open to him, despite the utmost care of Cudihee. It has been hinted even that Tracy has friends in the party of armed men who have been on his trail, and that timely warnings have on several occasions enabled him to slip out of difficult places. Cudihee has never had the fortune to come face to face with the convict and he hopes that, unencumbered by posses, he may succeed in getting close to Tracy and find an opportunity of regaining his lost laurels.' San Francisco Call, Volume 87, Number 54, July 24, 1902

[Kanasket in [King County](#), Washington, United States. Kanasket was a small facility on the Northern Pacific Railway, today's BNSF Railway, created by the opening of a cut-off between Palmer, Washington and Auburn, Washington, built 1899-1900 by the Northern Pacific's contractors Horace C. Henry and his partner Nelson Bennett. Kanasket served as a water-stop for steam-powered trains out of Auburn, as well as a small yard and scale for the NP's Green River Branch northward to Kangley, Washington, Selleck, Washington, and Kerriston, Washington, as well as the large mills located just to the south in Enumclaw, Washington and Buckley, Washington. It was named after Kanasket (alternately spelled Kanaskat), a chief of the Klickitat people, who was killed by the U.S. Army ca. 1855-56. https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Kanaskat,_Washington]

“Tracy –

Evidence corroborative of the story of Outlaw Tracy’s appearance near Kanasket Tuesday, is given by John Coombs of Birch, this county. Mr. Coombs says that the home of his daughter, who lives a short distance from him, was entered by some person in absence of the family Friday night, and a part of a ham, some jelly, bread, and a ladies gold watch stolen.

The house is situated in the mids of a swamp several miles from the main road, and would not be visited by any ordinary tramp in a century. Mr. Coombs believes the prowler to have been Tracy, since the house is only a few miles from Miller’s logging camp, where Tracy was reported to have been seen Tuesday.

Moreover, the house is on the trail down which Tracy would have been obliged to take, had he worked his way down into the White River valley again from the Goldhill trail.

The report was brought to this city today by John Wooding of Auburn who is inclined to believe that Mr. Coombs’ story is worth investigating as it might give a valuable clew.” *Seattle Star*, July 24, 1902

“Another Tracy Story Wired

It Sounds Fishy and There Are Trout in It.

Spent Sunday and Monday Resting

Caught Eighteen Trout and Had His Wound Dressed – On His Way East.

Seattle, Wn., July 23. – A special to the Post-Intelligencer from Roslyn states a man reported to be Harry Tracy spent Sunday and Monday at Camp Creek, 20 miles from Roslyn in Kittitas county. It is stated that Tracy went over the mountains on a freight train Saturday evening. The story of Tracy’s arrival at Camp Creek was taken to Roslyn by a miner named Elsner. It is corroborated by another miner. Tracy, Elsner states, was met by friends and they went Clealum lake [Lake Cle Elum], where they camped for the night. Thence they went to Camp Creek and there Tracy was given food and his wound dressed. Elsner says his wound is rather deep. Tracy, however, went fishing Monday and caught 18 trout. [Camp Creek is in Skamania County and is a gold mining area.]

Sheriff Brown of Kittitas and the marshal of Roslyn refuse to believe the story. Elsner declared that the murderer claimed his wife was at Palmer Junction, but that he was on his way east to see his mother. After he has seen her, he said he would be ready to give himself up.” July 16, 1902 *The Seattle Star*

Day after day the chase after this extraordinary man continued. Hundreds of men beat the woods and patrolled the roads in vain. Once Tracy was wounded, but managed to keep under cover until he was again able to travel. He played hide-and-seek with the officers of King County for weeks, then suddenly broke away for the Cascades on horseback. Weeks later he turned up in eastern Washington en route for his old stamping ground, the "Hole-in-the-Wall" country. More than once his fondness for loitering for days in the same spot showed itself. His effrontery knew no

bounds. At one place [Wenatchee] he made use of the telephone to call up a sheriff in order to tease him about his ill-success in capturing Tracy. Before he left, however, he gave the poor official one grain of consolation. "You've done better than the other sheriffs," he said. "You've talked with the man you want, anyway. Good-bye; I'm afraid you won't see me again."

Nearing the Yakima area: Prosser, Wash., July 23.— Farmers from the Brickleton country report that a man heavily armed and answering Tracy's description held up the people at McDonald's ranch, on Pine Creek, and demanded supper to-night. This was freely given and the man departed without giving any information as to who he was." *San Francisco Call*, Volume 87, Number 54, July 24, 1902

Some thought Tracy had disappeared for good, but on July 31, he reappeared near Wenatchee. Either by train, horseback, or foot, he had made it across the Cascade Mountains into Eastern Washington. <https://www.historylink.org/File/5376>; Harry Tracy takes over the John Johnson household on Bainbridge Island, and kidnaps John Anderson on July 5, 1902. By Alan J. Stein; Rivers In Time Project: King County Landmarks & Heritage Commission

But he did. Eastern Washington does not afford any such hiding ground as the big forests of the western part of the state. From point to point the telephone handed on the message that Tracy had just passed. He doubled here, there, and everywhere; but he could not shake off his relentless pursuers, aided as they were by the telephone wires. Sheriff Cudihee, now thoroughly aroused, swore never to leave the chase till Tracy was taken. Sheriffs Gardner and Doust and Cudihee held the passes and closed in on him.

"Fifth Addition: Tracy Adds More Crime To His Record

It is about Certain That Desperate Outlaw Murdered Sheep Herder on Summit Creek and From Him Took the Jaded Horses

Wenatchee, Aug. 1. -Speculation as to where outlaw Tracy secures the horses which he rode to the McEldowney ranch, has led to all possible enquiry along the route which he is supposed to have traversed.

The officers and well informed stock men of this country incline strongly to the belief that Tracy has added another murder to his long list of crimes.

The pack outfit which Tracy has with him is one that has seen too much use. It is unquestionably one that belonged to either a sheep herder or a prospector. It is more reasonable to believe that it has been in the possession of the latter, inasmuch, as no reports of thet have apparently been made anywhere in this section of the country. It seems very probable that Tracy, to more thoroughly cover his retreat, has done away with the man from whom he took the outfit.

Further details of his visit at the McEldowney ranch show that he was at times talkative. Among other things he said he had been in Seattle since the pursuit began. He said that his reasons for entering Seattle was not, as was popularly believed, for the sole purpose of meeting confederates, but that he wished to make "a good clean-up."

"I have to raise," said Tracy, "at least \$7,500 to pay off the fellows who helped me to escape from the penitentiary, and bills which I have made while on this trip. I'll get it, all right, before I

have crossed Idaho. No man shall lose a dollar on me. If ever I get to the Hole-in-the-Wall, I am as safe as though no one had ever heard of me.”

Tracy said that if Merrill had been anything but a “dog” it would not have been so hard on him to raise the money to meet his obligations. He said he had to kill Merrill on general principles, and was glad he had done it.

All efforts are being made from this point to find where the horse ridden by Tracy were obtained. A search will then be made for the body of the former owner, as it is almost a certainty that murder has been done.

Cudihee May Go.

Sheriff Cudihee is inclined to place a good deal of faith in the Tracy story as sent from Wenatchee. He has not positively decided to go to Douglas County, but, such is his interest in the case and his anxiety to assist in the capture of the desperado that he will probably leave at once to join in the pursuit.” *Seattle Star*, August 1, 1902

This is the actual story related in the news above:

He appeared at a sheep camp in the mountains, the sheep herder tells the story, “A gaunt, weary, fierce-looking man came into camp a little after 9 o’clock identified himself as Harry Tracy, the sheep herder said, and stayed six hours. He made no threats but helped himself to food and clothes. After eating two hearty meals, he divided the remaining provisions into equal portions, leaving half of them with the herder and taking the other half with him.

Practically barefoot and poorly dressed, he took a good pair of shoes and a nearly new pair of overalls.” He took a 30.30. Winchester too, and two horses. He made the sheep herder out an inventory of what he took which was worth about \$40 and told the sheep herder he was send back payment when he got settled. He rode off on a bald-face sorrel and said he would turn the horses loose at the river, which he did, and they returned to the camp a few days later. *Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy*, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999, page 168.

“At 10 o’clock, the next morning, Wenatchee City Councilman W. A. Sanders, who was spending the day at a farm owned by his son-in-law, Sam MacEldowney, was approached by a man who had just ridden up on horseback. Busy packing fruit in a shed on the farm, Sanders noted that the man had the appearance of a sheep herder, many of whom passed that way, so, without pausing his work, merely nodded and said pleasantly,

“Good day.”

“I am Harry Tracy, the convict,” the said man, trying to divert Sanders’ attention from packing fruit to himself.

Thinking the stranger was joking, Sanders smiled and said.

“Help yourself to an apricot. Mr. Tracy.”

“I can see you don’t believe me,” the stranger said, drawing a revolver, and placing its muzzle a few inches from the busy fruit packers’ nose, “but perhaps this will help you to realize that I am telling the truth.”

It did.

“Very well Mr. Tracy,” Sanders said politely. “What do you want?”

“Well, for the present, I want you to keep quiet. I don’t want any disturbances. I want to rest.”

For the next two hours, Sanders later told reporters, relatives and friends, he packed fruit so quietly one apricot could not be heard brushing its fuzz against another. While Tracy lounged on a pile of gunny sacks in the coolness of the shed’s interior and his horses dozed on their feet in the shade outside, Sanders studied the outlaw covertly, worrying over what he might do. Though he said he wanted to rest, he did not doze or close his eyes, keeping up a continual nervous chatter about the weather, the heat, and the fruit crop, without giving away any information about where he recently been or where he intended to go. Jumpy though he was, he seemed to be in good spirits and showed no signs of being wounded.

At noon, Sam MacEldowney, W. A. Sanders’ son-in-law came to the shed and said it was time for dinner. Seeing a stranger present, he invited him to stay and eat with the family.

“Mr. MacEldowney,” said Sanders, “this is Mr. Tracy.”

Not catching the name, MacEldowney acknowledged the introduction and turned to go.

“Stop, Sam,” Tracy said. “I see you don’t remember me.”

MacEldowney, who had formerly lived in Portland and had known Tracy before his conviction, whirled around and studied him more closely.

“My God!” he exclaimed. “It’s Harry Tracy.”

Tracy now took charge of all proceedings, following Sanders and MacEldowney rifle in hand as the trio walked up to the house. Two farmhands were about to sit down and eat when Tracy ushered his hostages in and said:

“My friends, Mr. MacEldowney know who I am, and that what I say goes. Do just as I say.”

Getting no argument from the diners, he directed them all to sit on one side of the table, while he seated himself on the other, so that he could watch the doors leading to the other rooms. Though everyone was nervous, the meal was eaten quietly. Thinking it would be cooler outside, he let everyone go out on the porch when the meal was over, permitting some of the family members to seek shade trees in the yard, while he and his ever-present rifle pre-empted a spot on the porch from which he could keep an eye on everybody.

“The afternoon,” Sanders said later, “dragged slowly.”

During the long afternoon, Tracy showed marked signs of nervousness, Sanders said, “Lying down, jumping up, pacing like a cage animal. He talked rapidly, almost hysterically at times, but with it all he avoided all reference to his past or future course.

When supper time came, he allowed Mrs. MacEldowney to prepare and serve the meal as she had done at noon. When it was over, he began to show signs of activity, ordering his horses unsaddled and looking them over critically. They were good horses, Sanders said, one bay and the other a buckskin, but they showed signs of having been ridden far and hard. Seeing no other suitable horses in the corral to replace them, Tracy ordered the bay and the buckskin re-saddled and said that he was going to leave now, taking Sam MacEldowney as a hostage and guide.

“At this announcement,” Sanders said, “Mrs. MacEldowney, whose nerves were already strained, broke down and began crying violently. The little children joined in chorus with their mother.”

This was too much for Tracy, who turned to MacEldowney in exasperation and said:

“Damn it, man, your wife will cry all night, won’t she? I have a heart left yet. I won’t take you along.”

“We thank you for that.”

One favor deserves another, Sam. Can you get me a couple good horses. They must be shod. What have your neighbors got?”

In view from the house in the pasture of a neighbor named Lockwood, a number of horses could be seen. “Sam,” Tracy asked, “are those horses any good.”

“Yes, I think some of them are.”

“Then get them for me.”

Covered by Tracy’s rifle, MacEldowney went into the pasture of his neighbor, who was not home, and returned with three horses, which Tracy examined carefully. Finding them in good condition and well shod. Tracy ordered them saddled and then made MacEldowney mount and ride each one in turn to show their paces. Satisfied they would do, Tracy had a good-sized gray saddled to ride himself, while his pack-saddle was placed on a slightly smaller sorrel, which he would lead.” *Manhunt The Pursuit of Harry Tracy*, Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999, pages 168-170.

[Samuel John McEldowney was born May 14, 1870 in Chico, Butte County, California, and died October 11, 1930 in Wenatchee, Chelan County, Washington. He was the son of Thomas L. and Ella Henderson McEldowney. He married Elnora “Ella” Sanders, born in Montana in December, 1873 and died May 14, 1946 in Steilacoom, Pierce County, Washington and buried in East Wenatchee, Washington. She was the daughter of W. A. and Amanda Hubbard Sanders. They had five children: Thomas S. McEldowney (1895-1965); Harold Dewey McEldowney (1896-1967); Donald Maurice McEldowney (1899-1984); Kenneth S. McEldowney (1901-1972) and Samuel John McEldowney (1912-1960). <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/35566572/samuel-john-mceldowney>]

[William A. Sanders, born in 1847 and died on August 16, 1929 in Vancouver, Clark County, Washington. Sanders was a pioneer merchant of Spangle, Washington and early Chelan County commissioner. Spokane Chronicle, February 17, 1937 ; <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/51498930/william-a.-sanders>]

[The McEldowney ranch was at Stemilt Creek, seven miles south of Wenatchee. E. W. Lockwood, who resides near Wenatchee, telephoned the sheriff's office here today, saying he is the owner of the two horses brought to the Eddy ranch by Tracy. Sheriff Gardner has had a man in the field looking for the animals since yesterday morning, but they can not be found. It is believed that some one has stolen them. Lockwood did not say how Tracy came in possession of the horses. The Spokesman Review August 11, 1902]

[Wenatchee: John Gellatly said of Wenatchee in 1900, "The whole area surrounding [Wenatchee] was anything but inviting It was absolutely arid and destitute of any kind of timber growth except in the foothills several miles to the rear of the main valley. Sagebrush, greasewood and rocks covered most of the landscape, but on most of the hillside areas, bunch grass provided grazing for a limited number of primitive animals, which included a goodly number of wild horses that had become acclimated to the rigors of some long, cold winters, accompanied by several feet of snow. These horses had become adept at pawing away the snow in order to get at the dried bunches of native grass. There was no road at all to Chelan and to get to Spokane one had to go over Badger Mountain via Waterville or on the Moses Coulee Ferry (Columbia Siding) located opposite Colockum creek's entry into the Columbia. To get to Ellensburg, the closest market place, a very rugged road over Colockum Pass on the Wenatchee range (5,400 feet) and from there down a slope to Ellensburg 50 miles away. Stages, horses, and freight trains carried the mail and other freight to Wenatchee up until the railroad came. The Colockum road was so steep in some places that a tree or sapling was cut near the summit and fastened to the rear of wagons in order to prevent too much wear on their brakes. When it was snowed over in winter the mail was carried over on snowshoes. Thus was the road system, until tax dollars put in the system we have today. Later Blewett and Stevens Passes were paved. There weren't any electric lights, only tallow candles and coal oil lamps. The streets were very unkempt and dusty. The old sidewalks had been "made of rough boards of irregular dimensions and held in place by spikes which were constantly coming loose, making a very unstable walk." And not a house in town was painted. And house flies by the millions! No automobiles only horses and wagons. "Sanitation was an undiscovered art. By 1902 Wenatchee was growing at a good rate and more than 17 new businesses were started, including the Columbia Hotel. Wenatchee has been called "The Apple Capital of the World" since 1902 (and "Bucket of the Power Belt of the Great Northwest"), and every spring at the last of April and the first of May Wenatchee has a festival, with a parade and other festival activities. A grand marshal is appointed every year and at times some quite famous people have been the Grand Marshal. The festival celebrates Apple Blossom time. From the beginning apples were very important to the town of Wenatchee, the apple is "King" in Wenatchee Valley and of both North and South Central Washington, and always was. The apple built Wenatchee. The promotion of apples was one of the top concerns and goals of the resident apple farmers (or ranchers as they are sometimes referred to as), An early apple promoter the Wenatchee Commercial Club was organized in 1903. Wenatchee, is almost in the exact center of Washington State, the Columbia River runs by it and the Wenatchee River is to its north a short distance. The area was the traditional home of the Wenatchi Indians and the Columbia River Indians. Wenatchee is also the county seat of Chelan County." "A History of Wenatchee by Chalk Courchane, Chapter 8 Early Wenatchee Development and Great Northern Railroad and Chapter 9 Businesses and the Fruit Industry.]

Several newspaper accounts of his stay at the McEldowney place follow:

"Tracy Once Again

Notorious Outlaw Reappears Near Columbia River.

Spokane, Wash. -July 21 – A Wenatchee special to the Spokane Review says:

From 10 o'clock yesterday morning until 9 at night, Harry Tracy was an unwelcome guest of the ranch of W.A. Sanders and S. J. McEldowney, six miles down the Columbia river. Tracy came out of the Cascades riding one horse, packing another and leading a third in reserve. He carried a Winchester and two revolvers.

He took dinner and supper at the ranch keeping the men well covered while he ate. Toward evening he forced McEldowney to bring him two fresh horses and turn loose his jaded animals.

He then took Sanders's saddle and ordered McEldowney to go with him to a hand ferry ten miles down the Columbia, but Mrs. McEldowney began to cry, so Tracy said he would not insist on that and left alone. He threatened that if his presence were made known he would return and do

some killing. He headed south. He tallied exactly with Tracy's description, even to the mole on his face.

He gave a complete account of his experience since escaping from Salem including the killing of Merrill and his narrow escape from capture at Seattle. He said that two of the horses he took from a sheep camp in the mountains, and the third was given him by a prospector.

The special correspondent of the Spokesman-Review went out to the ranch of W. A. Sanders this morning, where Tracy passed the greater part of Wednesday. Mr. Sanders talked freely of his experience with the outlaw. After announcing himself, Tracy say:

"Everything will be all right so long as you do not try to give me away. If you do I warn you that it will all be off with you."

"About that time," said Mr. Sanders, "my son-in-law came in from the fields and I introduced Tracy as the escaped convict, but McEldowney did not think I was in earnest and simply invited Tracy to come in and have dinner, but Tracy convinced him that he was really the outlaw and made us understand that he did not want any fooling. He came in to dinner carrying his Winchester and sat it down in the corner.

Mrs. McEldowney had sat him a plate with his back to the door, but he changed his position, saying jokingly that he preferred to "face things." After dinner we all went out on the porch and Tracy took his Winchester into the front room and set it down with the remark that it was empty. He had a big 45 revolver strapped his leg. The holster was made of old boot tops. He carried beside a 38 Colt concealed in his bosom.

Made a Miscalculation.

"I asked him how many men he had really killed since his escape. He replied there were only three. "Some of the men they say I killed when in tight places near Seattle were killed by their own men." In reply to a question as to how he got over here, he said: "I walked and crawled through to the summit where I met an old prospector, who gave me that buckskin horse. Then I came across a sheep camp near Ellensburg and stole those other two pack horses, the Winchester and some flour and bacon."

Why He Changed His Mind.

Tracy had concluded to take McEldowney with him, but the tears of Mrs. McEldowney caused him to change his mind. He said "----- it. Sam, your wife will cry all night, won't she? I have a heart left yet, and will not take you along."

Tracy wore a black coat, somewhat worn, a pair of blue overalls, a black shirt with white stripes and a black hat." Fergus County Argus (Montana), August 6, 1902

“Harry Tracy, the fugitive desperado, is now in eastern Washington. Unwounded, in good health, armed with four guns and 200 rounds of ammunition, provisions for five days and equipped with two horses, Tracy crossed the Columbia river at 5 o’clock yesterday morning, and is now supposed to be headed toward the Idaho line. Tracy declared he wants to hold up a bank or rob an express car. He says that he has promised to give the sum of \$5,000 within a year, to the parties who helped him escape from the Oregon penitentiary. He is making his way to the Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming. When there, he declares, he will be a “thief among thieves,” and will be safe. Tracy spent Wednesday on the ranch of W. A. Sanders, six miles below Wenatchee, on the Columbia river. He crossed the Columbia on Thursday morning at 5 o’clock at a ferry, 18 miles below Wenatchee. The reason outlaw was not reported sooner by Sanders was that he threatened that if he got into any trouble he would return and “get even with the people who reported him. If that was the last thing he did on earth.”

About one o’clock on Wednesday morning, a rider, leading one pack horse, approached the ranch of W. A. Sanders, six miles from Wenatchee.

He said: “Do you know who I am?”

Sanders replied: “No.”

“I am Tracy, the escaped convict.”

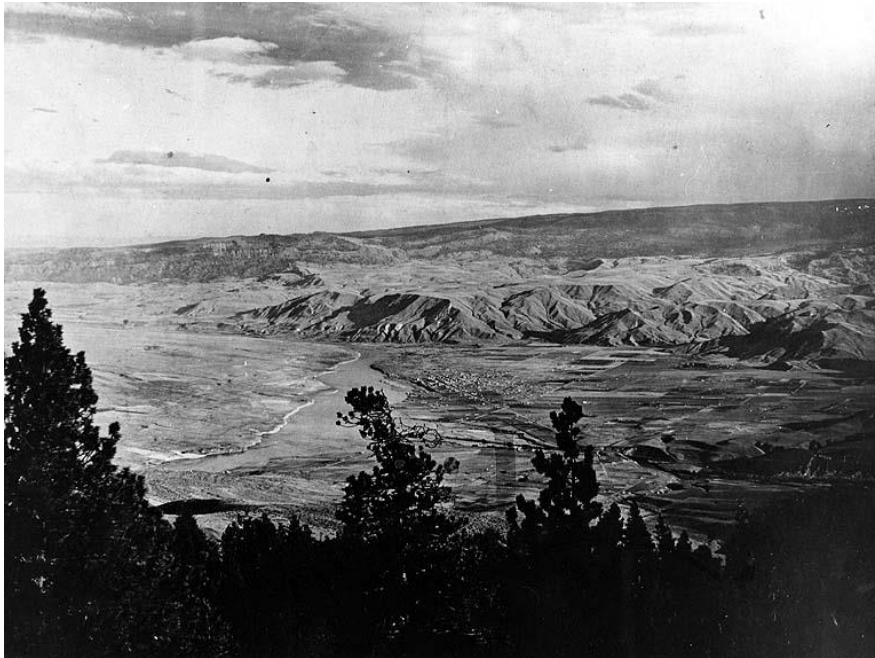
The outlaw announced he would stay all day and he would not harm them if they did not do any “funny business.” He ate two meals at the ranch. Tracy inquired about the bank in Wenatchee and wanted one of the men to help him rob it, but the latter begged off. The outlaw denied that he had been wounded, and said he had gained 15 or 20 pounds since escaping from the penitentiary. He left after he exchanged his two horses for two fresh ones.

At 11 p. m. he appeared at the Moses Coulee ferry, operated by the Mottler brothers, about 18 miles below Wenatchee and wanted to cross in the Columbia. He did not tell his name. The ferryman refused to cross in the night, so Tracy hung around that vicinity until daylight on Thursday morning. He then aroused the ferryman. After crossing the river he said he had no money and could not pay for the ferry. He rode away and has not been seen since.”

<https://www.newspapers.com/clip/22682830/aberdeen-herald/>

[Colockum Road. In 1882, a wagon road was constructed from Ellensburg over the Wenatchee Mountains to the Miller and Freer’s store at the mouth of the Wenatchee River. This is the beginning of the city of Wenatchee. This new road would become known as the Colockum Road. The Colockum Road was steep and dangerous and the residents of Wenatchee and Ellensburg upgraded it to a rough road in 1883. The road was used as a stagecoach and freight wagon road. On November 7, 1885, the Ellensburg Merchants wanted to supply the silver miners in the Okanogan, so they improved the Colockum Road to the Columbia River opposite the southern end of the Moses Coulee. After the road was completed in 1885, a ferry began operation across the Columbia and was known as the Moses Coulee Ferry. Freighters from Ellensburg could now supply the miners in the Okanogan. The Snoqualmie Wagon Road met the Colockum Road at Ellensburg and soon this became the main link between the Puget Sound region and the Big Bend Country. Traveling west from the ferry, the route followed Palisades Road eastward to Sutherland Canyon, where in 1888, the road forked. At this point, in 1888, the left fork was built to Badger Mountain. The right fork continued up Moses Coulee toward Okanogan City and Coulee City. <https://www.sunset-hwy.com/colockum.htm>]

[In 1907 "Motteler Bros. are moving their ferry at Columbia Siding to a location about 100 feet downstream. The change was due to an eddy that formed at the old landing on the north side of the river. Originally appeared in the Wenatchee Daily News, March 18, 1907, "Columbia Valley News," The Wenatchee World, Old news, Linda Barta, 100 years ago – 1907, Apr 1, 2007"]



Wenatchee in 1895.

He was somewhere "in the fastnesses of broken country" between Moses Coulee and Grand Coulee in central Douglas County. "He followed Moses Coulee north, heading for Coulee City. From there he rode east to Almira, where he camped in some caves along Wilson Creek. He stopped at the Stirret ranch and asked for directions to Davenport." Outlaw Tales of Washington – True Stories of the Evergreen State's Most Infamous, Crooks, Culprits, and Cutthroats, Elizabeth Gibson, TwoDot, 2011, page 87.

Two or three small posses are reported to have started out from Big Bend towns to seek him. When at Sanders' house, Tracy was dressed in black coat and shirt, blue overalls, miner's shoes and a slouch hat. He carried extra ammunition in a bag." Aug. 2, 1902 The Anaconda Standard;

In Two Places At Same Time

Harry Tracy at Wenatchee and Ellensburg, Wash.

Wenatchee Story Is Reasonable

Outlaw Has Three Horses – Held Up Two Ranchers, Secured Fresh Horses and a Saddle.

Spokane, Wa, July 31. – A Wenatchee special to the Spokesman-Review says:

From 10 o'clock yesterday morning until 9 at night Harry Tracy was an unwelcome guest at the ranch of W. A. Sanders and S. J. McEldowney, six miles down the Columbia river. Tracy had

three horses. He carried a Winchester and two revolvers. Toward evening he forced McEldowney to bring him two fresh horses. He then took Sanders' saddle and left. He threatened that if his presence were made known he would return and do some killing. He tallied exactly with Tracy's description, even to the mole on his face.

Ellensburg, Wn., July 31. – Slim Evans, living 15 miles north of Ellensburg, reports to Sheriff Brown that Monday a man calling himself Harry Tracy demanded food at the point of a gun. The stranger had a wound on the head. He inquired the way to the Columbia river and warned Evans not to give him away. The sheriff thinks Evans was imposed upon by a man impersonating Tracy.” August 1, 1902 The Missoulian

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 2. – Riding all night, hiding by day, Harry Tracy, the Oregon desperado is traveling across eastern Washington at the rate of sixty miles a day. At 2 o'clock this morning he was close to Ephrata, seventy-five miles due west of Spokane. It is believed to be his pursue to swing through the thickly wooded country north of this cit in to Idaho and Montana, on his way to the Hole-in-the Wall.

Telephone messages received here state that Tracy was seen near Baird, not far from the head of Moose creek, Friday at 9 a.m. In this lonely region he is believed to have spent the day resting and grazing his horses.

Rode Through Main Street.

About 11 o'clock last night a man whom officers are convinced was Tracy rode through the main street of Coulee City. He was riding one horse and leading another and seemed anxious to keep away from the light.

About 2 o'clock this morning some campers beside the road west of Coulee had an altercation with a passing traveler, who is believed to have Tracy. They grumbled because their horses had been frightened and were told if the animals got loose they could catch them.

To the remark that he was traveling late the traveler replied:

“This is the time of the day to travel.”

“Fifth Edition: Says Night Time To Travel

Outlaw Tracy Holds Early Morning Conversation With Party of Roadside Campers – Is Averaging 30 Miles a Night on His Course

Almira, Wash. – Aug. 2. – Tracy was seen this morning about 3 o'clock by three campers a few miles east of this place. He was riding one horse and leading two others, one with a pack. All three animals showed evidence of hard travel. Tracy talked with the campers a few minutes and then proceeded on eastward. No reference was made to his identity, but the men assert that he answered the description perfectly.

Shortly before daylight the campers were awakened by a stampede among their horses, some of which broke loose and ran wildly away. The campers got up to look after their stock, and as they did so a man rode up on horseback, leading two other horses. One of the campers named Ferguson, angrily demanded: "What in h—l are you doing, traveling across country at this time of night scaring people and running off their stock?"

The traveler replied "This is the best time to travel. It is too hot to hit the road much in daytime. You can catch them easy enough."

The traveler then came closer and talked for some minutes. He said he was getting up in the Colville reservation to prospect, and inquired where was the best place to cross the Columbia river. He was told how to reach the ferry north of Wilbur on the road leading to the San Poil mining country, and after a little further talk, tarted away, walking his horses as long as their steps were in hearing.

While conversing with the stranger the campers did not think of his being anything but what he represented himself. In discussing his peculiar appearance among themselves after his departure, one of them suggested that he might be Tracy, though they had not then heard of his reported appearance east of the Cascades. On reflection and comparison of notes all three agreed their visitor bore a marked resemblance to the descriptions of the notorious outlaw. As he sat upon his horse he appeared to be slightly above medium size, and of muscular, but rather lean build. He wore a stubby mustache and showed several days' growth of beard. His face looked careworn and betrayed decided evidence of physical exhaustion. Both rider and horses showed plainly that they had been making a long hard trip. One horse carried a pack. The horseman had a rifle slung across the pommel of his saddle, but no other arms were visible.

The campers arrived in Almira early in the forenoon and told the story. So strong a belief was inspired that the lone horseman was the much sought after desperado, that the news was immediately wired to Spokane and all the intervening towns between. A posse was organized at this place to take up the pursuit, which will leave on the supposed trail before night. It is reported that similar posses will be made up allalong the line of the Central Washington railroad, and every effort will be made to guard the roads leading toward the Columbia. It is not thought probable that he will proceed far towrds Spokane. The country is comparatively open nearly all the way, although with occasional breaks which will afford good temporary hiding places. The country, however, is well settled, and it would be hard for him to keep out of sight long. If he can cross the Columbia he will be almost absolutely safe, as the country is rough and sparsely settled. The crossings of the Columbia will therefore be watched with special care." *Seattle Star*, August 2, 1902

[In 1902, Almira's population was 289 only counting citizens living on the platted town site. Almira is named for Almira Davis, who with her husband, Charles C. Davis, first settled the area and built the first store. George K. Reed and James Odgers platted the town in 1887. Reed and Odgers also platted Hartline and Coulee City. The arrival of the Northern Pacific Railroad in 1889 sparked rapid development. In 1933 the Federal Bureau of Reclamation chose Almira as its headquarters during the construction of Grand Coulee Dam. Shuttle service between Almira and Grand Coulee continued for the duration of the project. After the dam was completed, Almira's population declined. Wheat farming and wheat storage are the principal activities today. <https://www.historylink.org/File/7859>]

Not Heard From Since.

Since then he has not been heard from. Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county and Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county are leading the chase.

Efforts are being made to head off any attempts to cross the Columbia river into the Colville Indian reservation.

One posse is headed toward the Wilson creek and another toward Govan.

Sheriff Cudihee of King County is in the city. It is understood that he will go to Lincoln to join in the chase after Tracy.

Another Account.

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 1 – A Waterville special to the Spokesman Review says:

George McCann has just arrived with a report that at nine o'clock this morning, about 15 miles west of Coulee City, he passed a man answering Tracy's description, and who had the horses supposed to have been taken near Wenatchee.

To Follow Him Up.

Deputy Sheriff Friel and City Marshal Deyers left last night to intercept Tracy at Moses Lake, the only route that could be taken if he is headed for the mountains. Deputy Sheriff Sedgwick, of Coulee City, has been directed to follow up the trail.

Mr. Earl G. Young lived next door to us at 633 Okanogan Street. He and Dale talked over the fence regularly. He was a law officer when Harry Tracy came through Wenatchee in 1901 or so. Tracy was a vicious outlaw and killed numerous peace officers when he had escaped from the pen in Portland, Oregon. He was in Wenatchee only weeks later. He rode his horse right next to the open window of Mr. Young's bedroom. Mr. Young said he was glad he did not wake up. Tracy called the Sheriff while he was in Wenatchee to taunt him. He was finally trapped in a wheat field near Creston by 300 or so posse men and committed suicide with his last bullet. He has been called "The Tiger of the Wild Bunch."

Another little story from my book "From There to Here":

"Mrs. R. L. Tracy lived in a little cottage near the St. Joseph Catholic Church's parking lot at 536 South Chelan. She was 69 in the 1953 Chelan County Census and her husband, Sidney B. Tracy had already died. We used to see her stirring around her place once in a while and thought she might be a witch. Finally, one day Dale spoke to her. She loved the attention and from that day on Dale and Mrs. Tracy were friends. She invited us into her little house to show us some old pictures and books. I remember the place was cluttered almost to the ceiling with boxes of stuff, papers, and magazines, books, and clothes. We had to weave our way through passages of

clutter. She looked old to us. She must have been about 75 then. Dale (or me) one day asked her if she was related to the famed Wild Bunch outlaw, Harry Tracy. She just laughed and said, "Heavens no!" We lived at 408 or 535 Methow Street at that time." From There to Here - A Wenatchee Family's Travels from the Last Best Place to the Apple Capital of the World, David Charles "Chalk" Courchane (2003) revisions 2009.

"Tracy Making His Way To Hole-In-The-Wall, Wyoming

Spokane, Aug. 1. – Harry Tracy is in eastern Wahington. Unwounded, in good health, armed with four guns and 200 rounds of ammunition, provisioned for five days, and equipped with two horses, Tracy crossed the Columbia river yesterday morning, and is now supposed to be headed toward the Idaho line. Tracy declared that he wants to hold up a bank or rob an express car. He says he has promised \$5,000 to the parties who helped him escape from the Oregon penitentiary. He is making his way to the "Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming...." August 2, 1902 The Missoulian

"Posse After Tracy Again

Outlaw is Headed for Southeast and Sheriff is After Him.

Spokane, Wash., Aug 2. – An Almira special to the Spokesman-Review says:

"Harry Tracy is believed to be traveling southeast from this place in the direction of Ritzville. A farmer named Perkins, living three miles east of Almira, saw a man with two-horses and two rifles passing his place in a southeasterly direction this morning. Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county arrived in Almira shortly before noon today and on hearing the story before left for the Perkins ranch. He has not been seen since." Omaha (Neb.) Daily Bee Aug. 3, 1902

"Tracy Reported to Be Nearing Spokane

Spokane, Wash., Aug. 2. – Riding by night, hiding and resting by day, Harry Tracy, the Oregon desperado, is traveling across eastern Washington at the rate of 30 miles a day. At 2 o'clock this morning he was close to Ephrata, 70 miles due west of Spokane. It is believed that his purpose is to swing through the thickly settled wooded country north of this city into Idaho and Montana on his way to the "Hole in the Wall."

About 2 o'clock this morning, some campers beside the road five miles west of Almira, had an altercation with a passing traveler who is believed to have been the fleeing murderer. They grumbled because he had frightened their horses and told if the animals got loose they could catch them. To the remark that he was traveling late, the traveler answered: "This is the time of day to travel, and rode on. This is the last heard of him. The country about Almira is filling up with pursuing officers. Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county and Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county are leading the chase. Efforts are being made to head off any attempts to cross the Columbia river into the Colville Indian reservation. One posse is headed toward the Wilson Creek district, southeast of Almira, and another towards Govan.

Spokane, Wn. Aug. 2. – Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county arrived in Almira today and left for the Perkins ranch. He has not been seen since. Sheriff Cudihee of Seattle arrived in Almira

tonight and left for the Perkins ranch. He believes Tracy passed through Coulee city about 11:30 last night. Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county is co-operating with De Bolt. De Bolt is to scour the country between Almira and Ritzville while Gardner is to guard the northern route. The whole country is aroused.” Aug. 3, 1902 The Missoulian

Tracy had reached the rough country south of the Colville Indian reservation. He had become gaunt as an ill-fed wolf. Hunger, cold, and exposure have tamed more bad men than fear. They sap the physical well-being which in some men is the spring of courage. But they did not affect the iron nerve of his man. He was still as savage and as dangerous as on the day when he broke out of the penitentiary.

“Tracy Making Tracks.

Trail Seems to Be Warm.

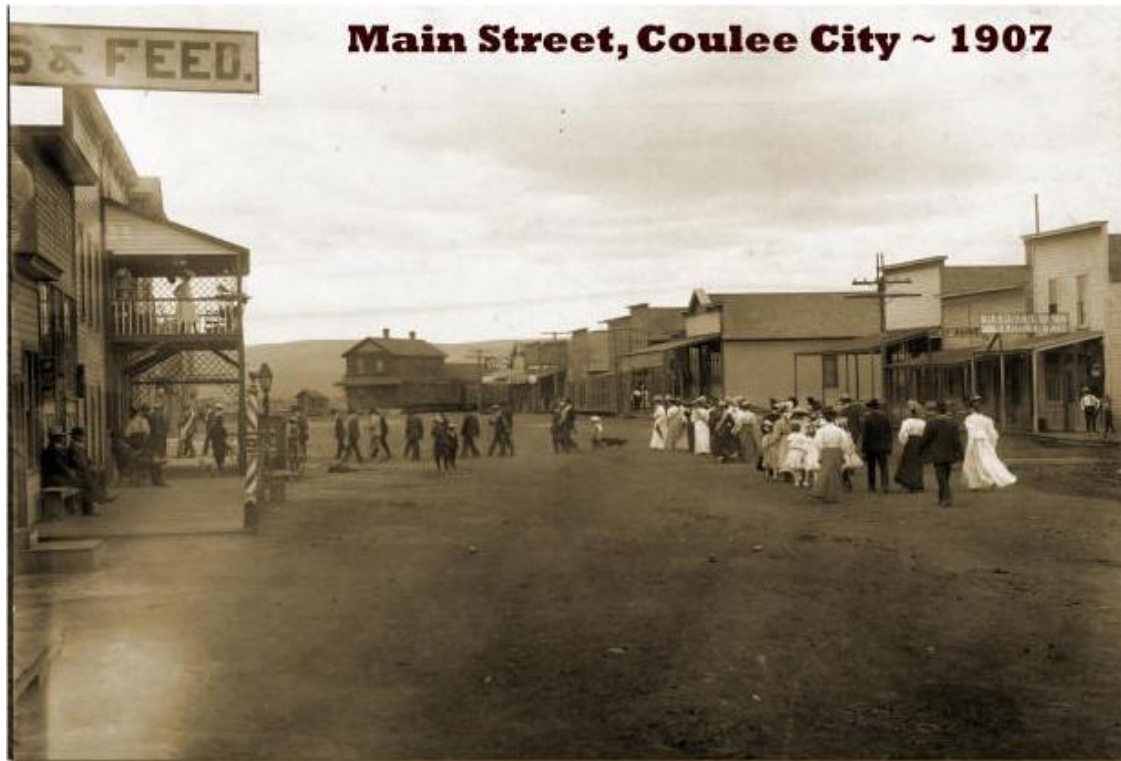
(By the New Associated Press – PM)

Spokane (Wash.) Aug. 2. – An Almira special to the Spokesman Review says:

“Outlaw Harry Tracy is believed to be traveling southeast from this place in the direction of Ritzville. A farmer named Perkins, living three miles southeast of Almira, saw a man with two horses and two rifles passing his place in a southeasterly direction early this morning. Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county arrived in Almira shortly before noon today, and on hearing the story left for the Perkins ranch. He has not been seen since. Sheriff Cudihee of Seattle arrived in Almira from Wilson creek via Coulee City late tonight. The fact that Sheriff De Bolt has not been heard from leads him to believe that he is hot on the trail. Cudihee firmly believes that Tracy passed through Coulee City about 11:30 last night.

“A man riding one horse, with a pack horse following, rode up the main street of that town and was seen by several residents. There is also a story that Tracy was seen near, the Welsh Church at 3 o’clock this morning, but it cannot be verified. Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln county is cooperating with Sheriff de Bolt in the chase. De Bolt is to scour the country between Almira and Ritzville, while Sheriff Gardner is to guard the northern route. Gardner has sent four men to guard the ferries across the Columbia. The whole country is aroused.” Aug. 3., 1902 The Los Angeles Times

“In 1902 there were 7 gambling halls in Coulee City, and also that year notorious killer Harry Tracey came through town. Folks cut bits of tail from his horse as a souvenir. Coulee City is located at what was known as early as 1858 as the middle pass across the canyon - the site where Coulee City now stands was for many years known as McEntee's Crossing of the Grand Coulee.”
<http://www.couleecitychamber.com/history>



<http://www.couleecitychamber.com/history>

Tracy read in a newspaper that Sheriff Edward Cudihee was still on his trail, so he put a notice in the August 5, 1902 Spokesman-Review to send a message to Sheriff Cudihee:

“A Warning to Cudihee

Tracy Says He Will Shoot Sheriff if He Does Not Let Him Alone.

To Whom It May Concern, Tracy scrawled in a note pinned to the well of farmer C. V. Drazon, where Tracy had stopped during the hours just before dawn to water his horses.

Tell Mr. Cudihee to take a tumble and let me alone, or I will fix him plenty. I will be on my way to Wyoming. If your horses was any good would swap with you. Thanks for a cool drink.

Harry Tracy.”

“Tracy Appears Last Midnight

Calls at a Rancher’s Near Wilbur, Announces His Title and Inquires the way to the Great Northern Railway Tracks

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 4. – Harry Tracy reappeared last night about midnight near Wilbur thirty miles west of this place on the Central Washington road. He passed Jack Walter’s ranch a few miles south of Wilbur, on the road leading towards the Great Northern. He rode up to the

house and called to the inmates, who had gone to bed. Walters came to the door and saw a horseman leading another horse loaded with a pack, who accosted him and inquired for directions as to the road leading southward.

Walters approached the man closely and obtained a fairly good look at his features. The rider carried a Winchester across the pommel of his saddle. He talked with Walters at some length, and before leaving announced that he was Tracy. He said that he had been riding steadily at night and lying low in the day time. He inquired of Walters what he had heard of posses in pursuit. Walters told him that he understood that Sheriff De Bolt and a posse were after him and that guards had been stationed on various roads.

Tracy then asked whether there was timber on the road he was following, and whether the country was broken or level. He also inquired how far it was to the Great Northern railroad and whether there were any telegraph stations directly south.

He complained of fatigue and showed it in his face. His horses also, particularly the one which he was riding, showed evidences of hard travel.

Tracy then rode away.

Walters came to Wilbur early this morning with the account of the meeting. He is positive that the man was Tracy, as he stood close to him while talking and obtained a clear look at his features, which resembled perfectly the pictures of the outlaw printed in the newspapers. His equipment and the frank avowal of his identity, coupled with his natural and confident manner of discussing his plans strengthened the belief of the rancher that his caller was the noted outlaw.

“A New story of Tracy’s wonderful daring has come to light. Mr. McGregor, the keeper of a livery stable at Wilbur, on viewing Tracy’s body, positively identified him as the man who came to his stable last Friday night. He says Tracy had two horses which he put up for the night. He also left his rifle and a bundle, asking the unsuspecting liveryman to take care of them until morning.

Where he spent the night is not known, though it is said he ate at least one meal in a restaurant in the town. About 10 a.m. Saturday, he called for his horses, bundle and rifle, paid his bill and rode away.” Detroit Free Press, Saturday, August 8, 1902.

“Tracy at Wilbur Friday.

G. B. Richmond, Seattle Mining Man, Confirms the Story

The story that outlaw Harry Tracy spent last Friday night right in the town of Wilbur is confirmed by G. B. Richmond, a Seattle mining man, who returned from Nespelem via Wilbur last night.

“I left Wilbur Sunday morning,” said Mr. Richmond. “I hired a team from Liveryman McGregor there. While he was hitching up the team he told me that Friday night a man carrying a rifle, riding one horse and leading a pack horse, came to his barn and put up his horses. He asked McGregor to set the rifle in the office, which McGregor did. The man said he would come for the horses at 4 o’clock Saturday morning.

“McGregor said the man did not show up until 10 o’clock the next morning. Then he took the horses out. The pack did not sit on the pack horse to suit one of McGregor’s employes and he started to adjust it. Tracy sharply commanded him let the pack alone. The man’s tone attracted McGregor’s attention to him and he observed him closely.

“When I arrived in Wilbur this morning McGregor said he had been up to Davenport and had a look at Tracy’s corpse. He said there was absolutely no doubt that the man was the same one who spent Friday night in Wilbur. So far as I could learn nobody in Wilbur knew where Tracy spent the night. I was told that a Wilbur restaurant man went to Davenport Wednesday and identified Tracy as a man who had eaten dinner in his place Friday evening.” *The Spokesman Review*, Friday, August 8, 1902.

“This new chapter of Tracy’s “Two months of liberty” has just been brought to light and author of the story is a man named McGregor, who runs a livery stable in the Big Bend town. Yesterday McGregor paid a visit in Davenport for the purpose of seeing the earthly remains of the famous bandit, and he stated last night, after accomplishing the object of his pilgrimage, that the identity of the Wilbur visitor.

The story of the outlaw’s episode, which is the latest to come to light, is much out of the ordinary, and is related by Liveryman essentially as follows:

On Friday evening the proprietor of the livery stable and his men were at work about the place at their usual tasks, when a stranger, carrying a rifle, riding one horse and leading another which was used as a pack animal, appeared at the barn. He made no ado about himself or his animals, and seemed ordinary that the Wilbur liveryman thought nothing of the circumstance, and in no way connected him with anything criminal.

The stranger instructed the barnkeeper as to the disposition of his pack and rifle, which he handed over without question, and then saying that he wanted the horse at 4 o’clock next morning, he left the place.

Where he went is a matter of conjecture, and it is not known whether or not he had a bed that night. It has been learned since, however, that he went into one of the restaurants of the place, ordered dinner, ate it with an apparently hearty appetite, and paying his reckoning, departed unmolested. The restaurant-keeper is now firmly of the opinion that the man who visited him was the nifty criminal, although at the time he had no such idea. It was 10 o’clock next morning before the stranger appeared at the livery barn and asked for his steeds. They were

brought out, a settlement was reached, and the rider proceeded to start on his way when an accident put the liveryman on his guard and caused him to inspect the visitor closely.

The pack was placed on the bay horse, and when about to start the position of it did not suit the liveryman, and he stepped up to straighten it, when the owner turned on him quick as a flash, and with an angry gleam in his eye commanded: "Keep your hands off that; don't touch it again."

This caused the surprised proprietor of the place to look over his man more closely, and for the first time he noticed that on either side of his waist was fastened a big six-shooter. He also took in the details of the man's appearance, so that if he should ever see him again he would know him perfectly.

"I didn't believe in Tracy's being in this country at that time," was the way in which McGregor explained his lack of suspicion, "and therefore did not think of such a thing as entertaining the notorious outlaw." As soon as the news reached Wilbur yesterday morning of the bandit's death, the occurrence came freshly to mind, and McGregor lost no time in getting to Davenport. He saw the corpse and was convinced that he had entertained a lion in sheep's clothing. He states that he cannot be mistaken in regard to the identity of the man." Statesman Journal (Salem, Oregon), Friday, August 8, 1902.

Sheriff De Bolt, of the county, accompanied by Sheriff Cudihee of Seattle, came into Davenport this morning and took the train to Reardon, east of here. It is their intention to guard closely all country roads leading towards Cheney, as the region surrounding that town is heavily timbered and for the most part quite hilly. If Tracy can be headed off before reaching the timber, his capture or death is a practical certainty, as the country all the way westward to Tracy's present whereabouts is open and nearly level.

The Sheriff's party must have passed within a mile of Tracy last night, as they traveled over a road only that distance from the one traveled by Tracy from Walter's ranch about the same time. Seattle Star, August 4, 1902

"Tracy Once More

Oregon Outlaw Appears Near Wenatchee.

Held Up a Family There and Secured

Fresh Horses as Well as Food.

Appeared Excitable and Nervous,

But Showed No Signs of Being Wounded.

Spokane, Aug. 4. – From latest information it is believed Tracy is making his way by night rides in a round-about manner toward Davenport. Saturday night, a stranger riding a horse like the last one appropriated by the outlaw, passed the house of John Sterrett, on Connewai creek, 12 miles

from Davenport. He inquired the way to Davenport from Mrs. Sterrett, but did not come near the house, shouting his inquirt from the road. Posses are guarding every outlet from the section where the outlaw is supposed to be, and there are rumors of his being seen in several places Saturday.” *The San Juan Islander*, Thursday, August 7, 1902.

“She Saw Him In The Moonlight

Mrs. Annine Harder of Ritzville just may have been the last to see notorious killer Harry alive. [those at the Eddy ranch were.]

Almost as vigorous now as she was then, she’s a delight of every newcomer to the Big Bend who wants to hear first-hand accounts of Indians and settlers.

Her best tale, many listeners feel, is that of Harry Tracy.

“It was along in the early 1900s,” she estimates, “I’d guess about 1905. [1902] Harry Tracy, who’d already killed seven people, had escaped from prison at Salem, Ore.

“My husband Jacob was out all that night, riding for cattle. I was alone, except for two sleeping babies in the cabin, which was right on Washtucna lake, near Kahlotus.”

Near 1 a.m., she heard a noise outside, a man’s voice “cussing and swearing.”

There was no neighbor for miles. Both shepherd dogs immediately ran under the house and hid.

“We all knew Tracy had crossed the Columbia, and the whole countryside was terrified.”

Suddenly, a man kicked the cabin door open and swaggered inside -a shotgun over his arm.

“I stood in that bedroom and shook. Apparently, he thought there was nobody there, and he went on.

“I never could prove it was Harry – but a day or two later he was killed near Davenport.

“It as close enough for me; I’m convinced!” *The Spokesman Review*, Wednesday, May 15, 1957.

“Harry Tracy Seen By Farmer’s Wife

The Outlaw is Now Believed to Be Working His Way Toward the Idaho State Line.

Spokane, Aug. 4. – Harry Tracy, the outlaw, is believed to be hiding today in the rough Lake Creek country west of Harrington, waiting for darkness to sneak toward the wild region in southwestern Lincoln county.

Seen by Farmer’s Wife.

A special to the Chronicle from Odessa says that a man answering his description was seen by Mrs. Carben, a farmer's wife, two and a half miles north of town, about 9:30 o'clock last night. He was traveling north on the road that leads to Wilbur riding one horse and leading another, carried two rifles. He did not stop nor speak to the woman as he passed. It is suspected that he merely turned north to find a hiding place.

Sheriff Doust, of Spokane, with a posse, goes west to-day to cooperate with Sheriffs Gardner, of Lincoln, De Bolt, of Douglas, and Cudihee, of King. Gardner and a posse left Harrington this morning. De Bolt left Reardon this morning and is supposed to have gone to the Lake Creek region.

Plan of Campaign

The plan of campaign is somewhat changed, the programme now being to get in front of Tracy and head him off instead of pursuing him. De Bolt tried this plan Saturday night, lying in wait for the outlaw near Odessa, but the road forked and Tracy took the wrong fork, swinging south and missing the ambush.

Headed for Southeast

Signs to-day point strongly toward the theory that Tracy plans to work through the Crab creek and Rock like region, passing near Sprague and working toward Idaho. Along this route are many hiding places. It has long been known as a favorite haunt of horse thieves and desperadoes who might give aid and sympathy." *The Helena Independent*, Friday, August 8, 1902.

At the Eddy Ranch



The Eddy Ranch, where Harry Tracy made his final stand in August of 1902. (Courtesy of Jim Dullenty, Hamilton, Montana)



George E. Goldfinch, Who Gave Clue to Posse.

George Goldfinch



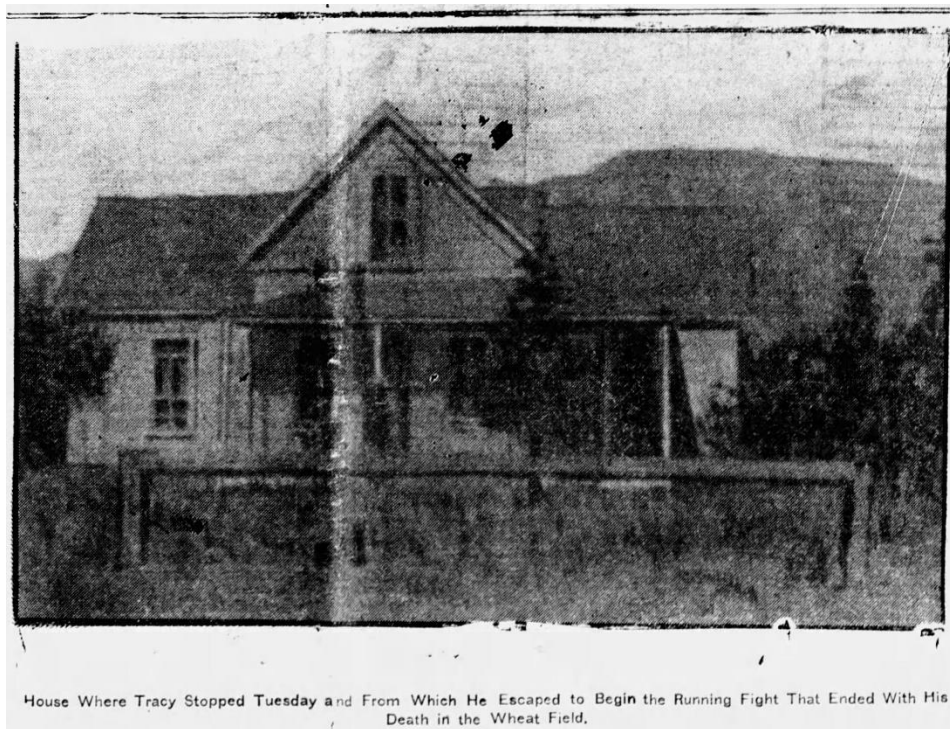
L. B. Eddy, Part Owner of the Eddy E. R. Eddy, Part Owner of the Eddy Ranch.

Lou Eddy



Eugene Eddy

Spokesman Review, August 11, 1902



House Where Tracy Stopped Tuesday and From Which He Escaped to Begin the Running Fight That Ended With His Death in the Wheat Field.

The Butte Daily Post, Thursday, August 7, 1902.

On Sunday, August 4, an eighteen-year-old boy named George E. Goldfinch was riding a horse near the Eddy ranch, about eleven miles from Creston, Washington, just west of Davenport. He observed a man on a high draw, he was cooking dinner over a sagebrush fire. When the man saw young George Goldfinch, 21, a local ranch hand, riding past, he called to him and told him

to come over and have dinner. Goldfinch declined, saying he had already eaten. When Tracy flashed a revolver, young Goldfinch later said he "thought better of the invitation and accepted." Another version is: On August 3, near the town of Creston, 18-year-old George E. Goldfinch was hailed by a dark stranger riding a bay horse, and leading a sorrel. "I'm Tracy, the convict," the stranger stated. "Who are you?" In reply, Goldfinch told him his name, and said, "Pleased to meet you -- I think." Tracy asked the whereabouts of the nearest ranch. Goldfinch told him that the Eddy ranch was nearby, run by two bachelor brothers. Tracy told him to go there, and let them know he was coming.

Once Tracy arrived, Goldfinch introduced him to Lou and Eugene Eddy. Tracy looked around and decided to stay at the ranch for a few days. On Monday, Goldfinch was permitted to go, but was warned to say nothing of what had transpired.

Over the next few days, Tracy tended his horses, shaved, and took a bath. He even showed off his gun slinging prowess to the Eddy brothers by pegging a knothole in a pine board, 60 yards away. They were impressed. Some state that while staying at the Eddy ranch, Tracy helped the brothers build a barn. <http://gaslight.mtroyal.ca/htracy.htm>

"Harry Tracy Surrounded In A Swamp Near The Eddy Farm

Spokane, Wn., Aug. 5. - Harry Tracy is surrounded in a swamp near the Eddy farm 11 miles southeast of Creston, Washington. For four hours before a special messenger left for reinforcements a long range rifle duel between Tracy and a posse of 8 men headed by Sheriff Gardner had been in progress,

The news was brought to Creston by Jack McGinnis, member of Sheriff Gardner's posse.

A telephone message from Davenport at 12:40 a.m. states that McGinnis reached there shortly before midnight. Twenty-five armed men have left in wagons for the scene of battle. Sheriff Doust of Spokane county is leaving at the time of filing this message. In his party are eight or ten armed men. Another wagon load of man hunters will leave at 3 o'clock tonight and more will go as soon as daylight breaks.

Sheriff Cudihee of King county is guarding the Sprague road, while Sheriff De Bolt is on a road leading to Edwall." August 6, 1902 The Missoulian

Meanwhile, Goldfinch had disobeyed Tracy's orders and had phoned the sheriff in Creston. He also offered to act as a scout and advisor in the capture of Harry Tracy. A posse was formed, and on the morning of August 6, it approached the ranch.

Meanwhile, a party of five citizens of Creston, which is in Lincoln County, stopped forever the evil career of the man who had travelled four hundred miles and baffled thousands of pursuers. C. C. Straub, deputy sheriff, Dr. E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney, J. J. Morrison, section

foreman, and Frank Lillen Green, all armed to the teeth, proceeded to the ranch of Mr. L. B. Eddy, where the outlaw was known to be in hiding. The country thereabout is very rocky, and the party took every care not to be caught in an ambush. They saw Farmer Eddy mowing his hay, and while talking with him observed a strange man emerge from the barn.

As they conversed they saw a man step out of the barn. "Is that Tracy?" they asked. Lou said yes, and was ordered to drive to the barn, followed by the possemen.

As soon as Tracy saw them he asked who they were, "Hold up your hands!" yelled policeman C. C. Straub, "We are constables of the law!" Instead Tracy used Eddy and one of the horses as a shield until he reached the barn, where his rifle was hidden. Then Tracy bolted back out of the barn and started firing. He ran from the house with the posse in hot pursuit.

Then Tracy sprinted to the big basalt outcropping known ever since as Tracy Rock.

The Spokesman-Review described it this way: "He had to pass in full view of the posse, which fired again as he tried to reach the rock. One shot must have taken effect then, for he leaped headlong into the wheat field which lay below the rock. ... Presently they saw him sitting up and doing what appeared to be dressing a wounded leg."

He reached some rocks, and leapt behind them. The deputies hid behind nearby rocks, and shots were exchanged. The lawmen began jockeying for better position. Tracy ran towards a wheat field, but in doing so got hit, and fell to the ground.

Two bullets had ripped through Tracy's leg. One caused a flesh wound in the back of his thigh, but the other had hit midcalf, shattering both bones. Tracy wrenched himself forward by his hands, and took cover in the waist-high wheat.

By this time reinforcements had arrived back at the ranch, but no one was willing to travel into the field to find the cornered, injured man. Not knowing the extent of Tracy's wounds, they surrounded the field, in case Tracy tried to escape once again.

He didn't. Tracy had dragged himself over 75 yards, hoping to find a vantage point from which to shoot, but his wounds were too great. Blood flowed out in pulses. A major artery was severed in his leg, and although he had stuffed a handkerchief down inside the wound, the flow could not be staunched.

At every motion of the wheat the posse fired a volley in that direction. Finally Tracy fired one shot and then all was silent.

Having vowed to others that he would never be taken alive, Tracy kept that promise. His energy draining, he brought his revolver up under his right eye, pulled the trigger, and blew out his brains.

The posse waited until next morning to enter the field. The body was removed and brought to Creston, which by this time was filled with throngs of oglers. The Sheriff allowed people to see the body, but many started ripping at Tracy's clothes, and snipping locks of his hair. One man pulled the handkerchief out of Tracy's leg wound, but found it too clotted and wet to put in his pocket. He wrapped it up in paper instead.

Shortly after this, Sheriff Gardner of Lincoln County appeared on the scene with his son. After a conference it was decided not to venture into the field that night, so it was surrounded until the following morning. They then made their way through the grain and found that Tracy had committed suicide by blowing off the whole side of his head with his huge revolver.

An inspection of the body showed that one of his legs had been shattered by two rifle balls fired by the posse. He attempted to stop the flow of blood with a bandage, but as further flight was impossible, he realized the hopelessness of further combat with the determined posse, and therefore made good his boast that he would never be taken alive.

Another account of events at the Eddy Ranch:

“Outlaw Harry Tracy Desperately Wounded Ends His Own Life

Spokane, Wn., Aug. 6. – Harry Tracy, the notorious outlaw whose escapades have startled the nation for the past sixty days, lay dead in Davenport, the county seat of Lincoln county.

Sheriff's posse and others are disputing the ownership of his body. Sheriff Cudihee of Seattle, who came across the state to take up the long and baffled chase, positively identified the outlaw at the inquest today.

His death was intensely tragic. For two days Tracy had terrorized the occupants of the Eddy ranch, out in the Lake creek country, three miles from the little siding of Fellows on the Central Washington railroad. Then five determined citizens of Creston, hearing of his presence there, took their rifles and revolvers and went after him. They knew their business and did it without flinching. When Tracy ran they hung upon his flank as a deer hound hangs to a hunted deer. Sighting the men and securing his rifle, Tracy sought cover behind a haystack, escaping several rifle bullets. The posse then found cover behind a large rock and for a while it looked like a siege.

Runs for Boulder.

Then Tracy broke for a large boulder lying on the edge of a small wheat field and this dash was his undoing. For just as he came to the rock he fell forward, a rifle bullet having broken his leg. He plunged into the wheat and his bloody trail there shows the savage determination of the man. For after receiving this wound, he crawled 75 yards on his hands and feet in order to reach a spot that would command the posse and enable him to pour a merciless rifle fire upon them. But once

only was he able to fire from this vantage point. Then weakened by loss of blood he tried to staunch his cruel wound, failed and with his revolver sent a bullet through his brain.”

[“He apparently gave up all hope of escape after his leg was broken, and, placing the muzzle of the revolver against his forehead, nearly blew the top of his head off. The ball entered near the right eye and came out at the back of his head.” The Seattle Star August 6, 1902.]

“By this time dusk had fallen and the posse unaware of the seriousness of his wound and fearing that his silence was intended to lure them into deadly ambush at once posted themselves to prevent his escape and patiently waited for dawn.

During the night others came on the scene and joined in the cordon. At daylight they found the outlaw’s dead body.

None of the posse was wounded, though all of them had narrow escapes. When they were firing from cover of their rock, they had to lift their heads above cover and everytime this was done Tracy’s rifle sang out and a bullet chipped the rock.

The Man Hunters.

The party from Creston, was made up of the following citizens: C. A. Straub, deputy sheriff; Dr. E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney, and J. J. Morrison, railroad section foreman. These four men, armed to the teeth, set out from Creston yesterday afternoon about 2 o’clock. They were working on information of Goldfinch, a youth, who had been forcibly made the companion of the Oregon convict for over 24 hours at the Eddy ranch. [Another member of the group is supposed to be Oscar Frank Liljengren (1870-1949), born in Lafayette, Nicollet County, Minnesota and died in Camas, Clark County, Arkansas. His parents were from Sweden, Anders August Liljengren and Maria Carlsdotter Dahlberg. The family has one of the rifles involved in the shootout. <http://www.jbatzloff.com/genealogy/getperson.php?personID=I07302&tree=jules>]

Proceeding in a southeasterly direction for about 11 miles the pursuing party made all possible haste in getting near the ranch of L.B. Eddy, situated on Lake creek about three miles directly south of Fellows. When within some few hundred yards of the place they came across Farmer Eddy mowing in a field. The party went to him, and while engaging him in conversation they saw a man leave from a barn.

“Is that Tracy?” asked one of the party.”

“It surely is,” laconically replied Eddy.

The party separated and Lanter and Smith accompanied Eddy in the direction of the barn, while the other two men swung around to cut off any break for liberty in another direction.

Nearing the barn, the two man hunters stepped behind the barn on a slight eminence from which they could watch everything that went on, and the farmer continued up to the door. When he arrived there Tracy came from the barn again and began helping his host unhitch the horse. He carried no rifle although he had his revolvers in place. The fugitive saw the men carrying rifles, and turning sharply on Farmer Eddy said:

“Who are those men?”

“I don’t see any men,” said the host.

Whereupon Tracy pointed out two men on the hill, waiting to be sure of their man before they began shooting. Eddy informed his companion who the men were, and at that time the officers, stepping a little closer commanded:

“Hold up your hands.”

At this juncture the outlaw jumped behind Eddy and placed both the man and his horse between himself and the hunters. In this position he commanded the farmer to lead his horse to the barn, and remaining under this cover he moved toward shelter. When nearly to the stable he broke and dashed inside. He did not linger long, but in the twinkling of an eye reappeared, rifle in hand, and started on a dead run down a valley. Turning on the two men looking for him, the desperado fired two shots, but without his usual precision. Neither bullet took effect, and without waiting for further fighting Tracy took to his heels and made all possible haste down the valley leading south from the barn,

The man hunters were off on pursuit, firing as rapidly as possible at the fleeing figure. Pursued and pursuers engaged in a mad race of life and death toward the brush. Coming to an immense rock the outlaw dodged behind it and resting his gun on the rock began a fusillade.

Fired Eight Shots.

Eight shots in all were fired by the outlaw. Not one landed on the advancing posse. He left this position behind the rock and made a dash for the wheat field. Just as he was entering the field he stumbled, and, falling on his face crawled on into the field on his hands and knees.

This led the hunters to believe that they had at last wounded their man, and notwithstanding the fact that he had disappeared they felt quite confident that they had him where they wanted him and waited quietly.

Therefore, after holding a consultation, they decided to surround the place and wait for daylight.

Shortly after Tracy’s disappearance into the field the watcher’s heard a shot. No investigation was made, however, until this morning, but that shot is supposed to have been the fatal one.

The bullet wounds on the left leg showed the cause of the man’s despair and subsequent suicide. One of those shots had broken his leg between the ankle and knee; the other one cut the tibial artery.

“Man Who Shot At Tracy

Rifleman Smith Tells of the Encounter.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 6. – Mr. Smith, one of the five men who winged Tracy, said: “Dr. E. C. Leonard, Frank Lillengreen, Joe Morrison, Charles Straub and myself, of Creston, upon receiving word of Tracy’s presence at the Eddy farm, started out for the place. We arrived along towards evening, and skirting along a rocky bluff about 40 feet high and about 50 yards from the barn, we saw two men unhitching a team of horses from the mower.

“We were sure one of them was the desired man, but were not positive, so one of us ordered him to throw up his hands. Tracy immediately grabbed Mr. Eddy and shoved him between us and himself, at the same time starting toward the barn, leading the horse.

“Upon emerging from the barn he carried a rifle and a pouch of leather containing ammunition. He started on a run for the marsh, about 50 yards distant. We began shooting at him, and just as he reached the wheat he seemed to fall headlong. He never rose to his feet again, but began a heavy fire with his rifle. We saw him bandaging his leg, just being able to catch glimpses of his head or back occasionally.

“The bullets struck near us and his aim seemed to be good. He would shoot instantly upon appearance of one of our heads above the rocks. After awhile we heard a report from the field and suspected that he had committed suicide.” *The Spokesman Review* August 11, 1902

“A Horrible Sight.

The body presented a horrible sight. It was covered with blood from head to foot, and the unsightly wound over the right eye was a ghastly one. As he lay by his side. His cartridge sack, which was made of buckskin, was found a short distance from him. It contained 150 rifle cartridges. Two boxes of revolver cartridges were also found near the sack which he had carried since he was hunted near Seattle. As his ammunition was not near him, it is believed that he was so weak that he thought he would expire before he could empty the chambers of his guns. Nine loads were found in the rifle.

Tracy’s Attire.

Tracy was without a hat, and had neither coat nor vest. He was wearing a white cotton shirt which he had forced from the Eddy brothers. The shirt was badly torn in many places which was evidently caused by dragging himself along the wheat grounds for nearly 75 yards. For trousers, he wore blue overalls which he had forced the Eddy brothers to give him, as the ones he was wearing were entirely too large. He wore heavy shoes with laces made from heavy buckskin. He wore cheap cotton socks. The only undergarments he wore was an undershirt which was soiled from long usage. It was Tracy, his very features showing that. He resembled his picture in every respect. His eyes were wide set, and have a piercing look. He has a wide forehead which slopes from the very tips of his eyebrows. The back of his head is rather flat. His chin is somewhat projected and rather broad. His lips were firm even in death. His face was lean and

haggard. His body was round but did not contain any superfluous flesh. He was nothing but bones and muscle.” The Helena Independent, Tuesday, August 12, 1902.



courtesy photos The Creston Posse Here are the five men who decided to capture the notorious Harry Tracy when they learned he was at the Eddy farm. Upper row, from left, are Frank Lilligren and J.J. Morrison. Lower row, from left, are Dr. E.C. Lanter, C.A. Straub, and the indomitable Maurice Smith. (From the book "Famous Northwest Manhunts and Murder Mysteries" by Hollis B. Fultz, unknown publisher or date. <https://bloximages.chicago2.vip.townnews.com/chronline.com/content/tncms/assets/v3/editorial/4/b5/4b5ebfaf-4deb-5ed2-9829-896271c13b95/4b5ebfaf-4deb-5ed2-9829-896271c13b95.image.jpg?resize=300%2C212>



Oscar F. Lillengren (Liljengren), who took part in the manhunt for Harry Tracy back in August, 1902, refreshes his memory of the episode by scanning a recent Sunday magazine article by Stewart Halbrook. Insert is picture of the desperado Tracy. The Sunday Oregonian, February 1, 1948.

A man then could buy a good drink of whiskey in any of the town's saloons for 10 cents. The red light district was well controlled and was accepted with no opposition. Farmers in the surrounding area were prosperous, hard-working men who depended almost entirely on hired men's muscles, and those of their numerous horses and mules, for power. The more prosperous and progressive among them were using new-fangled combined harvesters that hot summer of 1902, pulled by as many as 36 horses or mules.

I had my first job in Davenport, working in a second-hand store for 25 cents a day. But that was real money in those days, when a quarter would buy six loaves of bread and 35 cents enough round steak for our family of eight.

Most indelible of my boyhood memories is the raw, month-long escape drama which ended with the violent death of Harry Tracy near Creston, Washington, August 6, 1902. He was the John Dillinger of his day, and had we had a Federal Bureau of Investigation then, he would have headed its Ten Most Wanted Men list.

My father, a Virginian who had been a captain in the Confederate Army, was county auditor. I well remember his coming home one day early in July, 1902, and telling us that news had just been received by telegraph that Harry Tracy, one of two murderous convicts who had escaped from the Oregon Penitentiary at Salem on June 29, had been seen in the Seattle area. Everyone downtown, he told us, was wondering if he might be headed toward our part of the state.

Father must have considered it a likely possibility because he warned all of us not to answer a knock at the door unless we knew who was on the other side. My mother, a soft spoken woman who was born in Missouri and crossed the plains in 1852 in a covered wagon, was terribly upset. She was worried about our family's safety, and laying aside her patching of my knee britches and long stockings, just sat there in a troubled daze.

From then on our quiet little town was constantly on nervous alert. Much to our dismay, we learned from the daily headlines in The Spokesman-Review, which we received by train from Spokane, that Tracy was headed toward eastern Washington, and more and more the news reports of his progress pictured him as a dangerous and murderous thug.

And sure enough, he arrived in our area on August 3, near Creston, 30 miles north of Davenport. He rode out of a patch of timber leading a pack horse and accosted George Goldfinch, a friend of mine, then working for Adam Blenz, a Creston-area farmer. George, 17, was out on a Sunday afternoon horseback ride.

He told me that Tracy asked to be taken to some nearby farm where he could rest up. George guided him to the Lou Eddy place, which was in rough and rocky terrain and devoted almost entirely to stock raising. Walls of lava rock surrounded the house and outbuildings in a wild and harsh manner.

Arriving at the ranch, Goldfinch and Tracy went directly to the barn, still under construction, and found Lou Eddy. Tracy explained to him that he had no money but would work for his keep and either have his horses reshod or trade them for two others fit to travel. Eddy examined their feet and said he could shoe them, Tracy to pay him by working on the barn.

Goldfinch then wanted to leave, but Tracy objected for fear he would give information about his whereabouts. He finally agreed to let him go, threatening to kill his mother if he revealed where he was. Tracy was armed with a 30-30 Winchester and a .45 Colt, so his threat was well backed.

Tracy turned out to be good help. His unwilling employer later reported that he was sociable, agreeable and an incessant talker. He spoke intelligently about the news of the day, but expressed a great dislike for bankers and money lenders. He slept outside, because the weather was hot, about six feet from Eddy's brother, Gene. But he kept his rifle within easy reach and always was on the lookout for trouble.

Goldfinch returned to the Eddy ranch Tuesday morning to learn what had transpired. Tracy again allowed him to leave, probably because he planned to take off the next day for Canada or his old haunts in Wyoming, where, for a short time, he had been a feared member of Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch. Instead, he stayed with the Eddys a third day. The delay cost him his life.

Meanwhile, Goldfinch had come to an agonizing decision. Early Wednesday morning he went to Creston and notified Sheriff Gardner of Davenport that Tracy was at the Eddy ranch. A section foreman who was in the telegraph office overheard his exciting news. Eager to collect the large reward for Tracy's capture, dead or alive, he immediately contacted four crack-shot hunting friends to form a posse.

The quintet included Maurice Smith, an attorney who died in Spokane in 1956; C. A. Straub, identified in newspaper stories as a deputy sheriff and Creston constable; Dr. E. C. Lanter, a physician; Joseph J. Morrison, a section foreman, and Frank Lillengreen, a warehouseman.

These private-enterprise bounty hunters arrived at the Eddy ranch about 6:30 p.m., separated, and approached the farmstead from different directions. What happened next was reported thus in the August 7, 1902, issue of The Spokesman-Review:

"Sighting the men and securing his rifle, Tracy sought cover behind a haystack, escaping several bullets ... then broke for a large boulder lying on the edge of a wheat field. He had to pass in full view of the posse ... One shot must have taken effect then, for he leaped headlong into the wheat field that lay below the rock

"Presently (the posse) saw him sitting up, and doing what appeared to be dressing a wounded leg. The men fired at his head and again they lost sight of him He crawled about 75 yards (and there), weakened by loss of blood, tried to staunch the cruel wound, failed, and with his revolver sent a bullet through his brain. By this time dark had fallen, and the posse, unaware of the seriousness of his wound, and fearing his silence that would lure them into a deadly ambush,

posted themselves to prevent his escape, and patiently awaited for the dawn (by which time 50 or more armed men had arrived eager to help them) "

Hollis B. Fultz, in *Famous Northwest Manhunts and Murder Mysteries*, says that Smith recognized the last shot from the field as that of a pistol and not a rifle. He had wanted to go down immediately to investigate, but was dissuaded by his friends. Shortly after daylight the next morning, of the scores of armed men present, only Smith and Dr. Lanter had the guts to follow Tracy's crawl path to his body.

Fultz's account adds two significant bits of information to the bloody Tracy story: (1) That Smith believed it was his last several shots at Tracy crawling in the field that hit his left leg; after the others he had seen spurts of dust right behind him, but not the last; (2) curious to learn why Tracy, such a dead shot, had come no closer to any of the posse members than he did, he had examined his rifle, and found its front sight bent out of position. Smith believed it had struck the house-sized rock when Tracy dived into the grain at its base. Smith kept the rifle for years and later gave it to the Washington State Historical Society.

Tracy's body, wrapped in a tarpaulin, was brought to Davenport about noon the next, carried through crowded streets. I remember his stiff corpse was on the floor of a livery stable hack pulled by two horses driven by another of my friends, Archie Hopple. He was a little older than I. A hack was a light, high-wheeled vehicle, on the order of a buggy without a top, but with a longer body for a removable back seat. Tracy's corpse was pushed under the back seat, his feet protruding over the back end.

Archie was headed for Stone's Funeral Parlor, but the crowd was so large, and so insistent, that I clearly remember the corpse was quickly shunted instead to a back room of my brother's drug store. Some of the crowd broke in and started cutting Tracy's clothes, shoestrings, hair and even his gun belt for souvenirs, but they were quickly pushed out with only a few gruesome mementos. The crowd tried to break in again but the sheriff and his deputies prevented it. This was my first introduction to the macabre nature of men.

After things quieted down, the sheriff permitted my brother and me to view Tracy's body. There was a large wound in the right forehead and the left leg below the knee was shattered, with the tourniquet, his leather belt, still in place. He was a sandy haired man about five feet eight inches tall, well-muscled, and weighing about 160 pounds. His blood-stained clothes were torn in places. I felt sorry for him, but was macabre enough myself to squeeze his shattered leg. It was mushy, as if there were sand in it.

Two days later, on August 9, Tracy's corpse, in a plain zinc-lined box, was put aboard a train for Salem, Ore., where it was buried in the penitentiary cemetery. Constable Straub sat on the box the entire trip, holding a loaded gun. If he hadn't, Joe Baily quoted him as saying in the July 27, 1952, issue of *The Spokesman-Review*, "souvenir hunters would have cut so many chunks off of it that there wouldn't have been much left." The reward offered by the state of Oregon was contingent on delivery of Tracy, dead or alive, to Salem.

"The Creston Party of five men claim [all of the reward]," The Spokesman-Review reported two days after Tracy's death.

"George Goldfinch claims a good share, and Sheriff Gardner, who says he was at the scene of the battle ... also claims a share Maurice Smith, of the Creston party, said: 'Gardner is not entitled to one cent. He did not get to the scene of action until about two hours after Tracy had committed suicide. Young Goldfinch is not legally entitled to any of it. I do not say whether we, if we get it, will give him any of it ... '"

The matter ended up in a lawsuit, the outcome of which was reported by The Spokesman-Review in the following December 9, 1903, wire story from Olympia:

"After a lapse of 16 months, the reward of \$2,500 for the apprehension of the outlaw, Harry Tracy, will be paid by the state of Washington. The payment of the reward has been delayed because of conflicting claims for shares of it. It will now be divided among Maurice Smith, Charles A. Straub, Joseph Morrison, Frank Lillengreen and E. C. Lanter. They are the men who cornered Tracy on a farm in Lincoln County a year ago, last August, took part in a running fight with him and finally wounded him so severely that he committed suicide rather than surrender. The contending claimants were Richard Gemring, Sheriff Gardner and son and others who arrived after the smoke of battle had cleared away. A lawsuit involving the rights of different claimants was decided last June in favor of the men who took part in the actual battle, and Gemring et al, having taken no appeal, the reward will be paid . . ."

Seventy-one years and two months of hindsight have brought me to the conclusion that Tracy's demise was a brutal, tawdry affair, expressed quite well in this quote from The Spokesman-Review's front-paged August 7, 1902, story of his death:

"The five determined citizens of Creston, hearing of his presence there, took their rifles and revolvers and went after him. They knew their business, and did it without flinching. When Tracy ran, they hung upon his flank as the deerhound hangs to the hunted deer"

The actions of the self-instituted posse were entirely legal, but to me, too much like shooting fish in a rain barrel. The posse members were on high ground surrounding the farmstead, with the added advantage of better cover, shooting down at Tracy. According to one Spokesman-Review account, they got an estimated 30 shots off at Tracy as against no more than five by him at them. There also were published speculations that after he was wounded, he was too weak from loss of blood to use his rifle. The bullet severed an artery. But no one can accuse the posse members of lack of courage.

It can't be denied that Tracy was a dangerous criminal, even if probably demented. He had killed many men and under the old Mosaic legal doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," deserved to be killed; but I don't look back with any pride to how our 1902 society handled that unpleasant chore.

The posse members did perform a public service, but I wish it weren't so apparent that the profit motive played such an important role in their actions. Fultz's account says the publicized high

rewards dwindled to \$4,100 -- \$1,600 paid immediately by the state of Oregon, and \$2,500 by the state of Washington 16 months later.

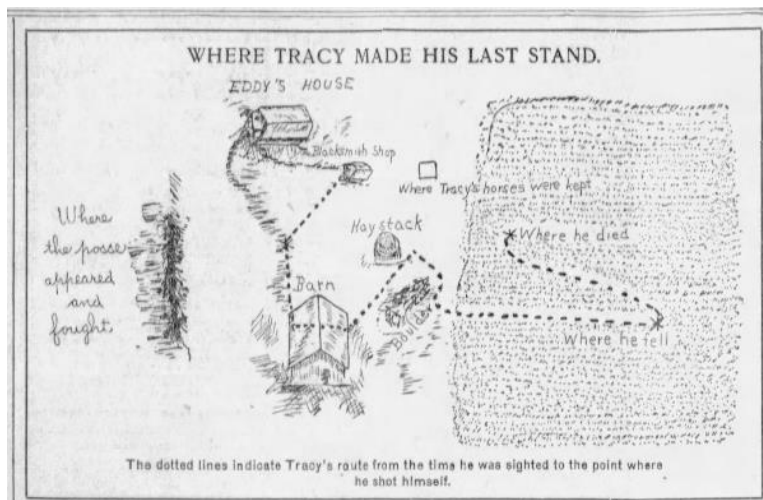
Fultz says the \$4,100 was split evenly among the five posse members, but he makes no mention of legal and other expenses that had to be deducted. I have found no record that George Goldfinch was given any share of the spoils, but I suspect he was, possibly about \$200 or \$300. Dr. Lanter was quoted by The Spokesman-Review as saying, "the boy should have some of the money." Even Smith qualified his quoted opinion that Goldfinch wasn't legally entitled to any of the reward. I remember how incensed the people of Davenport were at the prospect of Goldfinch being given nothing." HistoryLink.org Essay 9206

Ghastly Relic Hunters.

When the sheriff with the body, drove through Davenport, hundreds of people followed up the street and crowded about the wagon. By the time the funeral procession reached Stone's morgue, the streets were crowded and from every corner could be heard:

"Three cheers for Lincoln county."

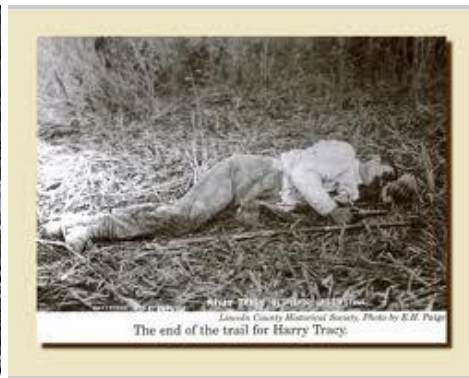
The town was wild. The morgue doors had to be closed and the crowd was asked to stand back. A number were allowed in to see the body and that is when the trouble started. Everyone wanted a relic and most of them got it, for after a short time nothing was left on the body and some even suggested that the body would be gone before midnight. Some one even picked up a clotted blood-stained handkerchief which had been used by Tracy to keep from bleeding to death. Before he could carry the awful relic away, he had to do it up in paper as it was too wet to place in his pocket. Some one got a strap which had been pulled around his leg to keep him from bleeding to death. That too, was soaked with blood which ran from the upper wound. Many locks of his hair were carried away, and in some places his head had been made bald. His trousers were cut into pieces."



On August 5, in Davenport, souvenir seekers tore clothes from his remains, and ripped hair from his scalp. Authorities felt it was necessary to melt his face off with vitriol (sulphuric acid) so that his corpse could not be dug up and put on display by some enterprising body-snatcher later on.

Harry Tracy's body was returned to Salem where it was buried in lime outside the prison walls. \$4,100 reward money was paid to the five wheat farmers.

The burial spot for Harry Tracy is now long gone and nobody knows for sure where his remains in the ground are. Perhaps the mystery is fitting for a man who was able to elude lawmen, trackers and posse men through two states. And just like his relics, we may never know the gaps in just where his life took a wrong turn. Today, over a hundred years later, he remains one of Washington and Oregon's most notorious outlaws.



Harry Tracy lies dead on the Eddy farm near Creston, August 6, 1902



Harry Tracy's body, after his August 6, suicide, August 8, 1902



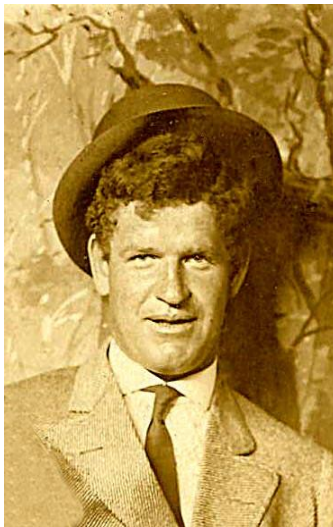
The Kansas City Times, Saturday, September 1, 1934.

Recollections of Al Yerbury of Tacoma: "As a young boy, I would listen intensely as my grandfather Alfred A. Yerbury would tell me about his youth, and life in 1890's Seattle. His parents Jeremiah Yerbury and Ellen (French), were both immigrants from Somerset, England. One story that caught my attention, was his remembrance of outlaw Harry Tracy. Tracy had been on a rampage throughout the Pacific Northwest, and with his death in 1902, the vicinity was once again able to breathe a sigh of relief. Jeremiah "Jerry" Yerbury was a foreman for the railroad in the late 1880's, in The Dalles, Oregon. My grandfather Alfred Yerbury was born there on August 29, 1889. By 1891, his family would move to Seattle Washington. Here he remembered seeing Princess Angeline, daughter of Chief Sealth (Seattle), weaving baskets in the local marketplace.

When Harry Tracy was killed in 1902, his body was brought back to Seattle and put on display. As I recall the story, my grandfather walked passed those in attendance, and placed flowers on the Tracy's casket. That was a day he never forgot. By the mid 1890's Jeremiah had become the Seattle city jailor. From time to time, Jeremiah would bring his young son to the jail. Jailor Yerbury was involved in many cases during this time period, one of note was the escape of convict Tom Blanck in 1894. The notorious outlaw Blanck was able to make a revolver out of wood, and threatened to kill Yerbury if he was not released. Of course, he was released. Blanck then released all the other inmates, and then handcuffed Jeremiah Yerbury to the jailhouse door. He was caught and killed some days later in a copse of woods that Harry Tracy would disappear into in 1902 when he is running from the law.



Princess Angeline.



Alfred "Jeremiah" Yerbury (1855-1937) Alfred Arthur Yerbury (1889-1978)



Jerry Yerbury, wearing white jacket, and son Alfred Yerbury, third from left, holding cigar in the old Tivoli Saloon, downtown Tacoma, Washington about 1915.



Alfred "Jeremiah" Yerbury



Alfred Arthur Yerbury



Alfred and his sister Nellie Yerbury-1890.

"Tracy -

Salem, Aug. 9. – After identification of Tracy's remains by the prison officials the box containing the body was transferred to the chapel prison and the convicts were passed by to look at the remains of their former fellow prisoner and fellow worker. At 2 o'clock p.m. vitriol was placed upon the face to destroy the features and affectually prevent any attempt to steal the

remains hereafter for exhibition purposes. The body was then taken to the prison cemetery and buried without ceremony in a grave already prepared.

Tracy's famous 30-30 Winchester rifle was brought here by Constable Straub and delivered to Superintendent Lee of the penitentiary. The weapon received almost as much attention as did the dead convict." Seattle Star August 9, 1902

"Tracy's Remains Taken To Salem

Creston Men Have the Body in Their Possession.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 7. – The remains of Harry Tracy, the outlaw, were taken from this place for Salem, Ore, at 7 o'clock this evening. They were in the possession of C. A. Straub, Dr. E. C. Lanter and M. Smith, three of the five Creston men who winged the bandit, who was forced to commit suicide to escape being captured alive. The party will go direct to Moscow, Idaho, Wash., on the Great Northern. It will leave there for the west shortly after 9 o'clock. The party will pass through Seattle, thence to Portland and on to Salem.

In less than two hours after it was known here that the party would pass through the Sound and coast cities the members received telegrams asking that the corpse be exhibited at the different stations, more especially in Seattle, where the party was asked to remain one full day.

Dr. Lanter said: "We will not stop at any of the stations. We are going under the instructions of Coroner Moore, and he has ordered the coffin sealed. His instructions are that we are not to make any stops only where it is absolutely necessary.

The corpse, robed in a loose cheap wrapper, was placed in a plain wooden box, which was lined with zinc. The box was sealed. Mr. Moore was ordered to use such a coffin by Governor Geer. The laws of this state say that a coffin being used under such conditions must be sealed. The party had to pay all expenses in connection with the shipment of the body. The men paid for the coffin and for embalming the body.

"Crowds Saw The Body

Hundreds Examined The Wounds Inflicted By The Posse.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 7. – There is still intense interest here over the killing of the famous sheriff fooler, Harry Tracy. The body, embalmed, was stretched out on a couch, covered with a sheet. A new shirt, with a stiff lay down collar attached, had been put on him. It was probably the best shirt he has had for some months. His feet and limbs are bare. Hundreds of people lifted back the sheet and viewed the wounds made by the determined men who hunted him to his death. While the body was being prepared by the undertaker and physicians the crowd had to be fought back and the doors and windows barred.

Relic Hunters Again

Buttons were cut from his clothes and his suspenders were taken, as were his shoestrings and shoe eyelets.

Dr. Whitney, who was working at the inquest, had laid his coat aside and some relic fiend now has it in his possession. It was a light summer coat, and Dr. Whitney says he expects to hear the report that Tracy was a captain in the civil war, as the coat had a G.A. R. button on it.

Embalming Outfit in Jeopardy.

The undertaker came near losing his entire embalming outfit. Some one in the crowd started the report that the array of pans and bottles on the floor contained Mr. Stone's embalming fluids were Tracy's camping outfit, and one man was headed off who was making a noble race for cover with a large dishpan, which was bigger than the desperado's entire kitchen outfit.

Some one picked up a large, fancy line table cloth, which was doubtless the pride of the Stone household. The idea that it was the cover for the numerous banquets which Tracy was given to the Andersons and others of his guests seized upon the crowd and in a moment it was in shreds and everyone present had at least a thread.

"Dutch Jake" Wants Goldfinch.

Young Goldfinch, who gave the information leading to the final result, has been offered a good sum by "Dutch Jake" of Spokane to fill an engagement at his place of business. The boy has not yet decided whether to go. The officers say that the young man showed remarkable judgement in giving his information and his subsequent actions. Goldfinch said when he was traveling with Tracy to the Eddy farm every time they would come to a rough place or a turn in the road his companion would send him back, remarking as he did so: "I am Tracy, the convict, and I do not want you to get hurt." *The Spokesman Review* August 11, 1902

"Tracy Left A Quarrel Behind

Effects of Dead Man Are the Bone of Contention.

Davenport, Wash., Aug. 8. — The lifeless body of Tracy has gone and the excitement caused by his unwelcome presence in the Big Bend and in Davenport has begun to subside. The corpse was shipped in a plain wooden box, with a dark wood stain. The lid was fastened with screws. The body was not on the coffin. Upon the lid of the box was pasted a Northern Pacific blank used for shipping dead bodies. It read:

"August 7, 1902. From Moscow, Wash., to Salem, Ore.

"In charge of Charles Straub of Creston.

"Name of deceased — Harry Tracy.

"Place of death — Lincoln county, Wash.

“Cause of death – Gunshot wound.”

This certificate was signed by O. W. Stone, undertaker. At one end of this box was marked with rough penciled letters the simple word, “Head.”

Charles Straub, Dr. Lanter and Maurice Smith accompanied the body and carried with them the 30-30 rifle, the stock of which was all that remained of the gun that aided him to escape from the penitentiary.

Effects of Tracy

Now that the body of Tracy has been disposed of, the authorities are quarreling over the effects. Those things are of value only as relics, and the fight for their possession is a warm one, and may be carried into the courts. Sheriff Gardner has possession of the revolver and of the camping outfit.

Dr. Moore, county coroner, when asked about the disposition of the relics, said: “I have in my possession the dead man’s clothing. The effects of Harry Tracy belong to Lincoln county. The law specifies that within 30 days they shall be turned over by the coroner to the county treasurer, who shall sell them at public auction.”

Continuing, Dr. Moore said: “I don’t know whether I will bring suit against the sheriff to recover the other goods. The commissioner and prosecuting attorney refused to pay the expenses of the inquest. I had it held on my own responsibility.”

Will Not Pay Inquest Expenses.

Henry Thompson, chairman of the board of commissioners, when asked if the inquest was official, said: “The inquest was unnecessary and we would not have permitted it to be held had not the coroner guaranteed the expenses. I do not know whether the coroner could receive from the county, but do not believe he can, as the prosecuting attorney advised him the inquest was unnecessary,”

Sheriff Gardner said: “The effects of Harry Tracy will be kept right here in the possession of Lincoln county.” Sheriff Gardner has been acting through the whole matter, he states, as if Tracy, being a convict, is different under the law from the ordinary corpse.

Sheriff Gardner has sent notification to the governors of Oregon and Washington not to pay the reward until all parties claiming it are heard from.

Sheriffs Cudihee, De Bolt and members of the posses have gone home.

Cudihee’s Men Handled Body.

As an instance of the interest the people took in the pursuit of Harry Tracy, especially by those who were on his trail, Mr. Stone told of two of Cudihee's deputies who came to him and asked for permission to place the corpse in a box. Their request was granted and with much satisfaction the two tired and fatigued deputies lifted the lifeless form and laid it in the large zinc lined box.

The people of the Big Bend are highly impressed with the determined manner in which Sheriff Cudihee trailed the desperate man. They praise his work from the first to last and regret is expressed on every hand that he was not in at the death. Sheriff De Bolt of Douglas county, Sheriff Gardner and the deputies and citizens are given praise whether they in at the death or not. There is a general feeling of relief here and everyone is glad that the man is dead.

"Second Extra

Dead Outlaw Arrives In Seattle, Where Three Of His Murders Were Committed

Crowds at Dept. Were Immense When Great Northern Train Pulled in at 11:50 This Morning – Body Taken to the Freight Shed Where the Casket Will Remain Sealed Under Strict Guard.

The above article pretty much told the story much like earlier accounts. One new piece of information was:

"Both of the desperado's Colt revolvers have been stolen, but his celebrated 30-30 Winchester is in the hands of C. M. Straub, who will deliver it to Governor Geer of Oregon.

It has just been decided to take the remains to Portland on the 3:30 o'clock train this afternoon instead of at 9:40 o'clock this evening.

The casket is now in the freight sheds of the Great Northern Railway Company strictly guarded by C. M. Straub and the party who succeeded capturing the desperado.

Sheriff Cudihee and Deputy Nelson and Marshall McIntyre, of Ravensdale, accompanied the dead outlaw from Davenport." Seattle Star August 8, 1902

What was said about him:

"I'm Tracy. I don't want to hurt anybody but those who get in my way, but when I say put your hands up, put them up." - Harry Tracy <http://www.franksrealm.com/Indians/Outlaws/pages/outlaw-harrytracy.htm>

The manhunt was over, but legends quickly built up about Harry Tracy. Mere months after his death, dime novels were written and plays produced. After film became popular, at least two silent movies told an embellished version of his story. It wasn't until the rise of more modern criminals like John Dillinger and Bonnie and Clyde, that Tracy's tale began to wane, although the film Harry Tracy starring Bruce Dern was made in 1983, and more scholarly histories have been written since. Jim Kershner can be reached at (509) 459-5493 or by e-mail at jimk@spokesman.com

“The county undertaker put Tracy’s body on display on his front porch and charged the crowd five cents apiece to file by,” said Gary Schmauder, the Lincoln County Historical Society curator and secretary.

In all the criminal lore of the country there is no record equal to that of Harry Tracy for cold-blooded nerve, desperation and thirst for crime. Jesse James, compared with Tracy, is a Sunday school teacher. Seattle Daily Times, July 3, 1902

Tracy had been on the lam for 58 days and had killed 11 people along the way. During that time, he’d furnished eager newspaper readers with a gripping story, and by the end he was the most famous person in the country.

According to a story in the premiere issue of "The American Gun" (Winter 1961, Volume I, Number One), Tracy used an 1894 Winchester in .30-30 and a .45 Colt S&W during a chase across Washington after shooting his way out of prison in Portland, Oregon. Killed eight men during this last rampage, and wound up shooting himself when finally surrounded. Pretty good story. <http://levergunscommunity.com/viewtopic.php?f=1&t=13875>

More than a century after his final days, there are many who consider Harry Tracy to be the last desperado of the Wild West.

“It was over. After murdering an estimated 25 men (mostly law officers), committing at least 43 robberies, 12 or more one-on-one hold ups and making at least six jail breaks Harry Tracy, the last gunfighter of the Old West, was dead at age 27.” <http://www.jmarkpowell.com/meet-the-old-wests-last-gunfighter/>

“Outlaw Harry Tracy, who has led the officers of two states a merry chase for the past sixty days, was captured Friday. Being surrounded and desperately wounded he blew his brains out, rather than to be killed by the posse. Then the pursuers were afraid to go near his body for twelve hours. Tracy was the king of modern outlaws.” August 8, 1902 Mulvane Record (Kansas)

The Emporia Gazette has a copy of “The Life of Harry Tracy,” over which the carrier boys fight, when Mrs. White isn’t looking, to see who’s going to read the next chapter.” Oct. 30, 1902 The Marquette Tribune (Kansas)

“There is no accounting for tastes. Still, what can any one want with a lock of Bandit Tracy’s hair.” Sept. 20, 1902 The Grant County Republican (Ulysses, Kansas)

“Plaster Cast of Tracy.

Showing Hole in Right Temple and Other Grewsome Marks.

Davenport, Wash. Aug. 12. – P. W. Dillon and J. C. McRae have in their possession a plaster mould of the face and bust of the late Harry Tracy, outlaw and man killer. The mould is a perfect one and three casts have already been taken from it. The features are correctly represented, even the pores of the skin being recorded, and the hole in his right temple, made by

the convict's own bullet is plainly shown. The casts show that the man was abnormally developed, the right chest and right side of the head being larger than the left.

These casts are, so far as known, the only ones taken of this notorious outlaw.

Mr. Dillon is a prominent politician and real estate dealer, and Mr. McRae is in the second hand business, both gentlemen living here.” Aug. 15, 1902 The Missoulian

Portland, Ore., Aug. 6. — The reward for Tracy is \$4,100 as follows: State of Oregon \$1500; state of Washington, \$2500; Ferrel, brother of guard killed by Tracy, \$100.” August 7, 1902 The Missoulian

“Coroner's Jury Give Verdict

Harry Tracy Came to Death by His Own Hand.

Remains Taken To Salem, Oregon

Many Flock to Davenport to See Dead Bandit – Governor Willing to Pay the Reward.

Davenport, Wn., Aug. 7. Tracy's body is on the way to Salem, Oregon. The inquest was completed this afternoon and the jury rendered the following verdict:

“We find that the body is that of Harry Tracy, the escaped convict from the Oregon penitentiary; that said Harry Tracy came to his death by means of a gunshot wound from a pistol held in his own hands, after first having been wounded in the right leg by party or parties to this jury unknown; that Harry Tracy at the time of his death was fleeing from officers and posses in pursuit and that no one was blamable for his death, but all efforts to effect his capture were praiseworthy and fully in accordance with the laws of Washington.” August 8, 1902 The Missoulian

Having vowed to others that he would never be taken alive, Tracy kept that promise. His energy draining, he brought his revolver up under his right eye, pulled the trigger, and blew out his brains.

After a few days, it was decided that Tracy would be returned for burial in Salem, Oregon. Tracy's coffin came through Seattle, under guard, and was shipped south. Back at the penitentiary, chemicals were introduced into the casket, so the body would be destroyed, lest someone try to steal the remains.

The manhunt was over, but legends quickly built up about Harry Tracy. Mere months after his death, dime novels were written and plays produced. After film became popular, at least two silent movies told an embellished version of his story. It wasn't until the rise of more modern criminals like John Dillinger and Bonnie and Clyde, that Tracy's tale began to wane, although the film Harry Tracy starring Bruce Dern was made in 1983, and more scholarly histories have been written since.

More than a century after his final days, there are many who consider Harry Tracy to be the last desperado of the Wild West. This essay made possible by: Rivers In Time Project: King County Landmarks & Heritage Commission

A mystery remains that directly involves the White River Valley Museum. The Colt .45 that E. M. Johnson bought in Tacoma on July 9 was supposedly returned to him by a member of the Creston posse. Simply getting the gun back was an amazing feat; Tracy souvenir hunters were said to have grabbed at anything they could get hold of, even the corpse's hair and strips of clothing. The gun remained a Johnson/Olson family treasure for years. In 1972, Alfred Olson decided to give the firearm to the White River Valley Museum. He was the only surviving family member; neither he nor his late sister, Anna, had ever married. Olson claimed that the gun was the same one Tracy used to commit suicide.

The same claim has been made by important gun collectors. A 1981 article in the Pacific Northwest Magazine stated that a Creston posse member named Frank Hodge bought the gun (plus a box of shells) at a police auction for \$13. After his death in 1950, Hodge's widow sold the gun to an eastern collector named William Massey. In 1964, it was sold in turn to Delmore L. Huggins, a collector from Forks, Washington. The revolver was described as a "Colt single-action .32/.20 caliber known as the Frontier model."

Tracy clearly preferred Colt .45 caliber models. That's what Johnson bought for him. Tracy liked the 6-inch barrel variety, but Johnson could only find a 7 1/2-inch model. That describes the model Johnson's step-son, Alfred Olson, gave to the White River Valley Museum 26 years ago. Unless there is evidence that Tracy had turned some other revolver he on himself, more than likely the "real thing" belongs to us-a dubious honor, but one up for people of the White River Valley area who support public history! Stan Flewelling; http://www.wrvmuseum.org/journal/journal_0498.htm

“Seventh Extra - Tracy’s Dead Body May Be Brought To Seattle

Tragic Details of the Outlaw’s Destruction

Harry Tracy, Desperado and Outlaw, Overtaken at the Eddy Ranch Last Evening – At the Approach of His Pursuers He Begins a Running Fight Which Last Until Midnight and Ends Only When the Desperate Man Receives a Rifle Shot Which Breaks His Leg – Fatigued and Helpless, He Crawls into a Secluded Spot and With His Own Revolver Ends A Fearful Life

Davenport, Aug. 6 – The Inquest over Tracy was held here at 2 o’clock this afternoon. The result will not be made known until the officials from Salem Oregon penitentiary arrive to officially identify the body.

Sheriff Ed Cudihee of King County is here and claims the outlaw’s remains, saying that he will take them to Seattle, where the last of Tracy’s murders were committed. The official bases his demand strongly upon the fact that he is the only one in the State of Washington who holds a warrant for the dead outlaw on the charge of murder in the first degree.

People here believe that the officials of Lincoln County will not refuse Sheriff Cudihee his request, as within this commonwealth he surely committed his greatest crime on Puget Sound.

It is, however, well understood that the King County official has no legal right to the body, as his warrant for Tracy's arrest calls for the murderer alive, not dead. However, in the face of this, it is believed that the dead desperado will be taken to the Queen City after the Oregon penitentiary officials have passed upon his identification.

Spokane, Aug 6. — The posse of citizens from Creston will be given the credit for capturing Tracy, and will claim the \$6,000 reward. They are C. A. Straub, deputy sheriff, Dr. E. C. Lanter, Maurice Smith, attorney, J. J. Morrison, railroad section foreman. F. J. Buck Seattle Star August 6, 1902.



(Journal Special Service.) Davenport, Wash., Aug. 6. — Outlaw Tracy is dead. He committed suicide sometime last night on Lake Creek, near Davenport, Wash. His body is now at Davenport, where it was brought at o'clock this morning. The whole top of Tracy's head was blown off by a six-shooter, which was found beside his body in a wheat field."



The Eugene Guard (Oregon), Wednesday, March 21, 1956.

“Beads on the Guns

Recently this column printed a query from Mrs. J. G. Wheaton, W114 Hawthorne Road, and Leon H. Pfluger, 1709 Fourth Street, Bellingham, Wash.

Pfluger, who is a member of the Washington State Gun Collectors, was hoping for information about the Winchester rifle owned by the notorious outlaw Harry Tracy. He wondered, too, if anyone knew of living relatives of Maurice Smith, “the man who downed Tracy.”

Two replies come now in an attempt to help.

From Creston, Wash., Mrs. Harold Roloff writes:

“During one of the Smiths’ visits with us, Mr. Smith mentioned that he planned to give Harry Tracy’s gun to the museum at Olympia. He had also made a tape recording of his account of the capture for the museum.”

Elmer W. Roberts, Route 1, Box 252, Hayden Lake, has a different version concerning the gun.

Tells Roberts:

“Regarding the .30-.30 rifle owned by Harry Tracy and later owned by Maurice Smith as stated in the Spokesman-Review of Deceber 20, I wish to point out that this Winchester rifle was a long barrel .30-.30 and was placed outside the prison wall, together with a .30-.30 Winchester carbine, by a person or persons unknown, with a supply of ammuition.

“When Tracy and David Merrill, who was said to be a brother-in-law of Tracy’s, went over the wall at Salem, Ore., in 1902, Tracy took the carbine and Merrill took the long barrel rifle.

“The long barrel rifle that Mr. Smith had found on Tracy at the time of his death belonged o Merrill, not Tracy. When Tracy shot Merrill he exchanged rifles with him, as he thought the long barrel would shoot farther, and left his carbine about 20 feet from Merrill’s body.

“My uncle, Mr. James W. Roberts, who was a guard at the pen at the time, was slightly ahead of the others when Merrill’s body was found, covered the carbine with debris, then returned after dark and retrieved it. Mr. Roberts had this carbine in his home on South Cherry Street in Salem until November, 1909. I have had this rifle in my possession since that time.

“Mr. Smith could never be sure his shot was the one that got Tracy, as several shots were being fired by several guns. This shot never killed Tracy, only tore a large hole in his leg.

“Tracy knew he was bleeding to death, so took his own life rather than be captured. That is why Tracy had not fired a shot for several hours. The long barrel rifle which was Merrill’s gun and found on Tracy at the time of his death did not have a damaged barrel, which has been reported so many times in the past.

“Mr. Smith did not die at Hood’s Canal in 1956, but died in Spokane, where he had lived for a number of years.” The Spokesman Review, Wednesday, December 26, 1962. [Elmer Roberts is in error on his story about the Winchesters as when Dave Merrill’s body was discovered his .30-.30 was found not far away. Also Mr. Smith did die at Hood Canal.]

“Man Who Felled Harry Tracy Dies at Hood Canal Resort

Tacoma AP – The man who felled Harry Tracy to end the Pacific Northwest’s greatest man-hunt is dead at the age of 81.

Maurice Smith died in obscurity Saturday at the little Hood Canal village of Brinnon – in sharp contrast to the wide acclaim he won on that day 54 years ago when the trail of Harry Tracy came to an end in a barley field 50 miles west of Spokane.

Harry Tracy? It was a name parents could use to frighten their children to sleep while he was on the loose.

Tracy blazed a trail of death and terror across the Northwest after he and another robber left three guards dead or dying in an escape from the Oregon State Penitentiary in 1902. Tracy eluded officers and national guardsmen, killed his companion and would-be captors and commandeered horses and lodging as he fled through Washington.

Smith, a young Spokane attorney, led a five-man posse on Tracy’s trail after a farm boy told of his wheebouts. He wounded the fleeing badman as he ran from a barn. Tracy then ended his own life with his final shot as he lay in a dusty gully.

Tracy’s body was taken back to Oregon prison grounds for burial.

Smith later served in the Legislature, on the Spokane City Council and as a State Liquor Control Board examiner. His death at the Wayside Hood Canal resort was attributed to a heart attack.”

Port Angeles Evening News, Thursday, March 22, 1956.

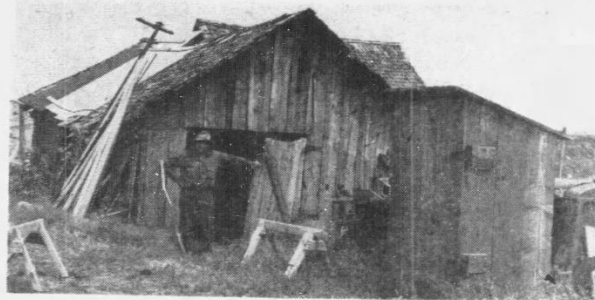
“Maurice Smith, now one of Spokane’s best known attorneys, is reluctant to speakl of the Teacy manhunt today. Give racy the same weapons, the same “gang” and the same modern facilities with which modern bandits supply themselves, and law would be a long time inded with catching up with him, he estimates.

Tracy was smart. He was bold. He was quick and deadly with a gun,” was Mr. Smith’s comment. “He was determined to avoid capture alive, and he succeeded in that.” Spokane Chronicle, March 11, 1935.



Visit to the Tracy Ranch

These photos were taken on the old Eddy ranch, now Charlie Ensor's. Here is where Harry Tracy, after evading capture for two months, came to his death. Top left: From behind the rock ridge at top the posse fired on Tracy, who lay about where photo was taken from. Top right: The present farmhouse, where the old one was. Ridge runs off to left. Center top: Ensor stands in doorway of only farm building that stood when Tracy was there. Center bottom: This was view that posse had. Tracy lay behind rock in center and fired up. That is Tracy rock. Bottom: Ensor stands where Tracy's body was found. The cover: Archie Hoople of Davenport brought in Tracy's body.



AS YOU approach the ranch where Tracy was cornered and killed himself, you get some idea why a bold bandit 50 years ago could have moved across a desolate country without capture for many days, in spite of the hundreds of manhunters who were after him.

You leave the Davenport-Creston highway about 12 miles out from Davenport and take off over a narrow, single-track country road toward the old Eddy ranch. It is a dusty, winding road over sagebrush hills. Here and there it dips into coulees and potholes which suddenly appear as if out of nowhere. Your eyes wander off to a far-distant horizon and see nothing but the colorless, dead countryside. You pass no habitation for miles until you come abruptly upon the old Eddy ranch, now Charlie Ensor's, set in a dip in the hills.

When the photographer, Clint Watkins, newsman Ken Maurer of Davenport, and myself drove up to the ranch a few weeks ago, we found it occupied by Charlie Ensor, his wife and child. Charlie was out in the barn working on his "Cat." We told him we wanted to look over the old Tracy battleground and hoped he would show us around. With a friendly smile, he obliged.

"About once a year, always around this time, someone's always coming out to look around," Charlie said. "Maybe we ought to charge admission here. Make it sort of a shrine."

Charlie took off for the house after that to show us his scrapbooks. He's mighty proud of owning the Tracy ranch, and he knows the Tracy story from having heard it told from first-hand and from going over the scene himself with everyone who comes. Maurice Smith, the former Spokane man who, as an early attorney in Creston, was one of the posse of five who cornered Tracy, used to come out every fall to the ranch to hunt ducks, said Charlie Ensor. That was before Smith went to Seattle. And time after time Smith showed Ensor where they fought.

In the ranchhouse, Charlie Ensor has a scrapbook of the Tracy story, including some tinseltown photos of the buildings of that day. Ensor's father bought the ranch not many years after the Eddy brothers sold it and left for the Walla Walla country. Ensor senior died there in 1918 and Charlie and Sam Ensor ran it, added to it, and now Charlie runs much cattle and sheep there, and makes a good living on the 6000 acres he owns and leases, ranging out from that farm center.

From the ranchhouse we walked across to the new barn, and Charlie pointed out where the old one, the one that was so new the day Tracy came, was located, just to one side. It was near this barn that Tracy was working on the late Tuesday afternoon when the posse from Creston rode up.

Ensor, as he walked with Watkins, Maurer and myself, turned and pointed then to the low palisade-like ridge of rocks that forms a rim behind the ranchhouse, rising some 50 feet above the house and serving to enclose that side of the ranch center, making a natural trap of it. The posse, Ensor said, took stations along this rocky ridge, and from there fired down on Tracy.

Ensor then, recounting the story as Smith often told it to him, took us out toward the marshy land. About 100 yards from the site of the barn rises a sheltering rock.

"That's the Tracy rock," said Ensor. "From behind it, Tracy fired at the posse on the ridge."

We stood behind it and looked up at the ridge, about 200 yards distant. On the ridge we could see a slight rocky rise, a natural breastworks, behind which two men of the posse lay and fired. Shooting upward, Tracy couldn't have had an easy shot.

We climbed then to the ridge, over a barbed wire fence and up a rocky ascent. We stood where the posse had lain that day. They had a clear view down to the Tracy rock and down to the marshland. Their rifles commanded the situation. Tracy's one chance might have been to have escaped in the dark, but he was hit before then.

Ensor said, as we walked away, "They picked up Tracy's body down there in the grassy spot the next morning. You ought to see Archie Hoople in Davenport. He knows all about that. He brought the body back to Davenport, drove the hack with it in it. You go and see Archie."

So, in Davenport again, we looked up Archie Hoople. It's his photo you see on the cover. He's standing before his own home. It was his home in 1902, too. Out of the front door of that home, as a young lad of 12, he ran that August morning when the town was buzzing with word that Tracy had been shot and killed out at the Eddy ranch.

Archie told us about driving the hack out from Davenport to the Eddy ranch that morning under instructions from the town's law officers and from O. W. Stone funeral home to pick up Tracy's body.



That is Archie Hoople's story and he tells it with clear recollection. The passage of time sometimes makes it difficult to pin down the actualities of a story. Newspaper accounts of that day speak of the body being taken to Davenport in John McGinnis' wagon. Archie says he got a team from Denny Moyland's livery stable in Davenport, located where the city park is now, and drove out to the ranch, taking about two hours or more. The body was in the field, where it had fallen, when he drove up. The posse and others who had gathered around were still surrounding it. It was wrapped in tarpaulin and put in the back of the hack, and Archie, with town marshal Jack O'Farrell, drove it back into town.

By the time the body was unloaded at the Stone funeral parlor, says Archie Hoople, some hundreds of the curious had gathered and virtually torn it to

pieces, tearing off the clothing and hair and everything available for souvenirs.

The rest of that day and on succeeding days, Archie recalls, he spent selling newspapers. He was one of the circulation boys for The Spokesman-Review, and the papers went like hotcakes. He had to order a special run of 900 to be sent up to him, he remembers.

That is his big memory now, that memory of the Tracy day. What a thrill it must have been for a 12-year-old boy to head out alone in a hack, driving to the Eddy ranch to bring in the body of the celebrated bandit!

(This is the present-day story of Harry Tracy. The chronological account of the adventures of Tracy the Bandit from the time of his escape on June 9 from the Salem penitentiary to his death on the Eddy ranch on August 7 appears on page 11 of this issue.)

Here Is the Story of Tracy's Epic Flight

The Northwest's Most Famous Manhunt

ON THE morning of June 9, 1902, Harry Tracy and David Merrill, two desperate prisoners at the Oregon state penitentiary at Salem, killed three men, wounded another and escaped from prison.

At 7 o'clock the foundry gang of prisoners was marched to work in the usual manner. Guard Frank Girard counted them into the shop and announced the number to be 150 to Frank Ferrell, shop guard. Just then a shot fired from a rifle held by Tracy felled Ferrell. Tracy and his comrade Merrill, armed with rifles which had been smuggled in, backed away, firing at other guards. A life prisoner, Frank Ingram, attempted to disarm Tracy and was shot and seriously wounded by Merrill. Tracy and Merrill dashed for the walls and scaled them by means of a ladder. Outside, clinging to the walls, they fought a gun duel with fence guards. One of the men, shot another and carried him as a shield, finally killing him. They then disappeared in the heavy woods around the prison.

Law officers of all kinds immediately took the trail of the escaped convicts. Bloodhounds, accompanying the sheriff's posse, picked up the trail at Gervais, 10 miles from Salem, in the late afternoon.

On that first night, Tracy and Merrill were pressed so close that they ran into the town of Gervais, held up two business men, took their horse and buggy and drove away. The posse and bloodhounds were only a quarter of a mile behind. The convicts abandoned the team and took to the woods.

By 7 next evening, Tracy and Merrill were trapped in a tract of timber, near Gervais. Two companies of national guardsmen and about 100 citizens, all heavily armed, surrounded the timber. But next day the headlines read: "Thugs Slip By Posse."

By then the population of three counties was aroused to highest pitch. Soon Tracy and Merrill had been hunted with bloodhounds for four days, shot at a dozen times and were still at large.

Next word was that they had crossed the Columbia into Washington.

About 4 on the afternoon of June 14 a farmer living on the Columbia about six miles from Vancouver rode into town and announced that he had rowed Tracy and Merrill across the Columbia shortly before noon. They landed on the Washington side and started for the mountains.

Before reaching the Columbia two sloughs had to be crossed and the fugitives hid up a man at each crossing, compelling him to secure a boat and set them across. They took the two men to a ranch on the Columbia where they found three others. They made all five men get into the boat, and when the Washington shore was reached they ordered the boatmen to return immediately to the Oregon shore. They took \$8 from the boatmen, but returned \$6 saying they had enough money.

Next day the news from Vancouver: "Tracy and Merrill are now in the timber near Vancouver and the posse of nearly 200 men believe they have the fugitives surrounded."

Early that morning, the convicts had appeared at a rancher's cabin, bound and gagged him, stolen his clothes. Away from the cabin they stopped and changed, and their discarded prison clothes were later found. And so the posse closed in on the convicts.

But by evening a majority of the searchers came back to Vancouver for a rest and to await the arrival of hounds. Meanwhile, one of their number had been brought to a Vancouver hospital with a shattered thigh, from a rifle bullet fired by one of the posse.

There followed a number of days of speculation and rumor, with nothing more definite than word here and there by boys on bicycles, farmers in their fields, loggers in woods camps, of having seen the fleeing convicts. By late June and early July, all traces were gone. Even the newspaper headlines were dropping the story.

It was July 3 before the Tracy story flared again, this time in bold, black headlines: "Thug Tracy's Wild Ride."

Tracy appeared at the camp of an oyster company at South Point near Olympia in the early morning. He held five men at gun point while he took breakfast. A gasoline launch was lying in the bay. Tracy ordered one of the men to call the captain. Captain A. J. Clark, and his son ashore. He marched them at gun point down to the beach with all of them to board the launch, announcing he was going to Seattle.

Captain Clark wanted to make the Seattle run as soon as possible but Tracy expostulated, saying he was in no hurry to reach there before dark. All day they coasted around the Sound. Tracy entertained his fellow passengers with blood-curdling tales of his life, and potshots at seals.

Captain Clark said of the trip afterward, "Tracy suggested that the launch hug in close to the shore as we passed McNeil island, where the state prison is located. He wanted to kill one of the guards. We dissuaded him from this, however."

"We reached Meadow Point about 6:30 and dropped anchor. When dusk began to set in, the convict said he was ready to go ashore."

Tracy made the young man of the group, Scott, tie the others.

Wounds Two Others.

The story from Seattle read: "This has been a red letter day in the bloody career of Tracy. He killed Policeman E. E. Greene in the city limits this evening, after having murdered Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond and Sheriff John Williams earlier in the day."

For the first time since his escape Tracy came face to face with his pursuers, with deadly results for them.

The posse had taken up the trail near Woodville, making its way down the railway track toward Seattle. A quarter of a mile west of Wayne they met a deputy who told them Tracy had been seen near Wayne. They doubled back for Bothell and made a search on the west side of Wayne. One posseman noticed a path running down to a cabin near the railway track. It bore a fresh imprint. The men headed for the cabin, the trail falling almost in torrents. Suddenly from behind a stump about 30 feet distant Tracy's face and neck shot into view, and he flung a 30-30 Winchester into position across the stump and fired. Raymond fell dead in the first shot. In the flurry of firing as Tracy headed for the brush,

the Sound. Boats were launched from many points, searching the Sound for the rowboat. But for long hours Tracy had everyone guessing.

Then the rowboat was found and the chase was on again. Fifty deputies surrounded him in a house near Renton. He had landed at West Seattle in the rowboat, spent a day in a ravine with the hired man, then went to the ranch near Renton. The rancher's son reported it. A load of deputies took a caboose down the rail line and scores of armed men surrounded the house. Tracy got brush behind the house. The posse found only the scared hired man, tied up behind the house. He told a fantastic story about the trip on the Sound, about walking down railroad tracks afterward, being tied up while Tracy met with four confederates.

Tracy was next reported to have spent a day at the house of a farmer near Kent. He forced the farmer to go into Tacoma and buy him a revolver and ammunition. He stayed at the farmer's house, keeping the farmer's family under his guns. The farmer's wife afterward in an interview said, "He was a gentleman in every sense of the word. He spoke of his mother twice and I could see his eyes fill with tears."

Not long afterward he was surrounded in a swamp near Coswig. Though the guards were posted every 50 feet, he success-

fully eluded them. He was believed to have been hit with buckshot in an encounter this time.

Next afternoon a lid passing a gravel pit near Enclaw was hailed by a stranger believed to be Tracy. Again the posse closed in, hounds took up the trail and lost the scent in a swamp. It was on July 15 that report came from Chehalis of the finding of the body of David Merrill in a thicket five miles from Chehalis, just where Tracy had said he had killed his convict partner in a duel. Careful examination of the ground corroborated Tracy's story.

On July 17 came the headline: "Tracy was at 10 this morning reported to have been found and the story of his death was expected at any moment. Sheriff Cudihoe has Tracy caught in a lonely cabin on Lake Sawyer."

But once again nothing came of it. When the sheriff closed in, on the tip of underworld characters, did not have been Tracy's was found—no Tracy.

On July 19, a Tacoma dispatch reported: "After just 40 days of continued pursuit by men and hounds, all organized effort to capture Tracy has ended. Unless he desires to appear and declare himself no further posses will start after him."

From Seattle on July 21: "No tidings of Tracy have been received and the pursuit is abandoned at least temporarily."

Actually from this time on

Tracy was moving quickly toward his doom. He was crossing over to the east side of the mountains. First report came from Wenatchee on July 31: "Harry Tracy has at last made his appearance again. From 10 yesterday morning until 9:30 in the evening he was an unwelcome guest of W. W. Wontch and S. J. McElwain at their ranch, six miles from river. Tracy came down out of the hills from the Cascades and had three horses with him, one of which was riding, the second packed, the third following."

From Ellensburg also on the 31st came this: "The first Tracy story definitely connecting the outlaw with this side of the mountains was brought here last night. Jim Evans, who lives 15 miles north of Ellensburg, made a statement that last Monday a man came to his cabin and said that he was Tracy."

The posses began to swarm here and there. Wenatchee reported, for instance, that a posse came down from Waterville and over near there to put up Tracy's trail. Tracy was reported to have crossed the hand ferry 18 miles below Wenatchee. He was seen riding a fine gray mare and leading a dark sorrel pack horse.

Tracy had now entered a country altogether different from that which had afforded him close cover ever since he had made his escape. The "breaks" of the hills, and the coulee country, however, were not devoid of fine cover.

On August 2 the report was from Almiral: "Harry Tracy is believed to be traveling southeast from this place in the direction of Ritzville. Rumors of all sorts are being circulated throughout the Big Bend."

Spokane had Tracy scare about this time. It was rumored that a man answering his description had jumped from a freight train as it was rounding the curve on Hangman creek. Police were alerted, and folks generally stayed close to home.

Tracy had been moving all this time with slow progression across the dry country from the breaks of the Columbia, through the coulees. On Sunday afternoon, August 3, the handi runner his horse young George Goldfinch, on his orders, George took him to the Eddy brothers' ranch.

"Tracy sent Goldfinch ahead, 'You go ahead and tell them I am coming,' he said."

Tracy had his riding horse and his pack horse and he proceeded leisurely. He soon had the Eddy household in a submissive mood. After supper, he took a bath and shaved himself. Next morning when it came time to begin the new week's work, he discovered that Farmer Eddy was building an overhead track in his barn and decided to give a helping hand. He stayed through Monday and Tuesday, let Goldfinch go home. Goldfinch, after much debating, finally let the story out.

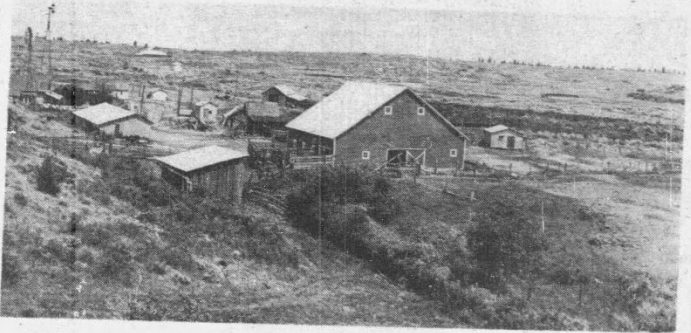
"The event bothered me so much," he said afterward, "that I saddled my horse Tuesday morning and went straight to Creston where I telephoned Davenport." A posse of five determined citizens of Creston was the first to reach the Eddy ranch, about 6:30 that Tuesday evening.

"Throw up your hands, Tracy," came from the posse, but Tracy made a dash for the barn, about 10 feet away.

"As the newspaper story said: 'He gained an entrance and seized his rifle. Not a shot had yet been fired. Tracy would not stay in the barn. He crept along the wall to the door of the barn on the side opposite from the bluff where the men stood. Then he darted from the door like a shot and attempted to reach a haystack.'

In safety behind the stack Tracy shot once at the men but they escaped death by dropping behind a large rock on which they stood. About 20 yards south of the stack was a large boulder and Tracy realized that if he once reached that he would be safe, probably long enough to escape. He made the bolt for liberty."

Tracy fought from behind that rock. He was hit twice by the posse. He dragged himself into the grassland and wheatland, about 100 yards from the boulder. It was there that, in the night, he shot himself.



This scene shows the old Eddy farm, now Ensor's. The barn stands about where Tracy was working for the Eddy brothers when the posse came upon him. The desolate sagebrush country was the same in the outlaw's day.

He had taken a liking to Scott and made him accompany him. "I'll send you a lot of money to make up for kidnapping you and the launch, Captain Clark," said Tracy as he went over the side.

With Scott beside him, he walked away along the railroad track toward Ballard. After a while, he let Scott leave him, saying as they separated, "I'm going into Seattle, to hold up Clancy's saloon. I hear they have 'got some dough down there."

On this boat trip Tracy told the story of the death of Merrill. He killed his convict companion in a gun duel, he said.

On the way up to the Olympia country, Tracy challenged Merrill to a duel. Each was to walk 100 paces from a certain line and then turn around and fire. According to Tracy's story, when he had walked eight paces he suddenly turned around and shot Merrill twice in the back. He said he was sure Merrill was going to cheat and shoot first.

This story wasn't given much credence at the time. It was thought to be just a boastful story of the boastful Tracy, whose prevailing traits, according to Captain Clark, were his "vanity and gall."

Meantime, though, a deadly flare-up in the Tracy story was in the offing. On July 4, the newspaper headlines were:

"Tracy Shoots Four Men—Fears Desperado Instantly Killed Two Officers and Mortally

Williams fell wounded. Tracy made off in woods and brush."

Tracy commandeered a wagon from a farmer in the vicinity. He was next located in the home of Mrs. Van Horn in Woodland Park. A butcher's boy reported this King county sheriff, Cudihoe, drove into the suburb near Bothell. The house was surrounded, but Tracy again exemplified his luck and iron nerve by deliberately fighting his way through the guards, killing Policeman Breese, mortally wounding Guard brush toward Ravenna Park.

As one of the men told the story, "We got the butcher boy to direct us to the house. The team was hitched in plain view. Tracy and two men came out. Tracy walking between it had grown dark so that it was only exact position of the three men. Breese arose and called out, 'Drop that gun, Tracy.' Two shots rang out and by the flash of the last one I saw Breese fall. I did not know the time but one of the shots had hit Rawley. Cudihoe and others were helpless because Tracy was constantly moving and kept in a position where he had fired would have endangered to innocent men."

Again he was lost to view. Next report was his appearance at the home of a man at Port Madison, where he spent the afternoon, ate heartily, changed clothing and at dusk impressed a hired man named Anderson to embark with him in a rowboat on

fully eluded them. He was believed to have been hit with buckshot in an encounter this time.

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TRACY'S MURDEROUS RECORD

In connection with the chase after Tracy, the following compilation of his movements and crimes since escaping the prison at Salem and in the long journey from there to where the chase ended, near Spokane, is of interest.

On June 9, 1902, with Convict David Merrill, Tracy escaped from the Oregon penitentiary at Salem. Here follow the events of his life from that date:

June 9—Escaped with Merrill from Salem penitentiary at 7 a. m., killing Guards S. R. Jones, Frank Ferrell, and B. F. Tiffany and wounding Guard Frank S. Ingram, and shattering the leg of a fellow-convict, who died later.

June 10—Returned in darkness of early morning to Salem, held up J. W. Roberts, whom he stripped of his clothing, stole a team of horses, and made his way with Merrill to Portland. Near Gervais they held up two members of the posse in pursuit and took a horse and buggy.

June 11—Laid a trap for posse and fired on pursuers from ambush near Gervais.

June 12—Broke through cordon of 250 militia men in the night and made their escape.

June 15—In the morning reached Columbia River and forced Geo. Sunderland and Walter Burlingame to ferry them across, landing five miles above Vancouver.

June 17—Heard from at Salmon Creek, where they exchanged shots with posse, and Tracy wounded Deputy Sheriff Bert Blesher. At Ridgefield they stole two horses and continued their flight.

June 23—Robbed house of Pat McGuire, near La Center, while owner was at church, taking clothes and cash.

June 25—Robbed house near Kelso, Wash.

June 26—Stole two horses, but on meeting owner dismounted and gave them back.

June 29—Slipped through strong posse guarding roads near Chehalis during the night.

July 1—Convicts seen on Northern Pacific at Tenino, about 39 miles from Tacoma. Tracy there separated from Merrill, saying later that he had killed him in a duel. If Tracy killed Merrill the number of his murders is nine. Riding one horse he had stolen until it was disabled, he stole another and passed through Olympia.

July 2—Tracy held up six men at South Bay, near Olympia, and forced four, including Captain Clark of a gasoline launch, to embark with him on Puget Sound. He told Clark he had killed Merrill in a duel and that he never would be taken alive. He landed at night at Seattle and started toward Clancy's saloon.

July 3—At 2:40 in the afternoon he encountered the advance guard of the Seattle posse at Bothell, six miles from Seattle. In the battle Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond of Snohomish County, was killed, Deputy Sheriff Jack Williams of Seattle, seriously if not fatally wounded, and Carl Anderson and Louis Secrit, newspaper reporters, wounded. Returning toward Seattle, in the suburbs of the city, he killed Policeman E. E. Breez and fatally wounded Neil Rawley, deputy game warden. Rawley died this morning.

July 4—Order was issued by Governor McBride for two companies of militia to assist in the hunt for Tracy. The desperate convict was seen on the railroad track going north from Seattle. He has a large supply of ammunition, and his aim is so deadly that only a strong posse would dare attack him. A reward of \$5,000 has been offered for him, dead or alive.

July 5—Spent the afternoon at home of Farmer Johnson, near Madison Point, taking farmer's best suit of black clothes; bound and gagged the family and started north in a small boat, taking a farm hand by the name of Anderson, with him as rower.

July 9—Tracy holds up Gerral household and escapes from posse after being hard pressed by bloodhounds.

July 10—Tracy holds up the Johnson home near Kent and secures food.

July 11—Tracy, near Covington, shots exchanged with posse.

July 12—Holds up Prosports' household near Black Diamond. Posse pass the house while he is there.

July 13—Tracy attempts to board freight train on grade near Buckley to get over Cascades.

July 14—Tracy seen near Enumclaw by a boy. Was later shot at by posse.

July 15—Tracy in woods about Buckley, hard pressed by hounds and posse. Body of Merrill, whom he had murdered, found near Chehalis.

July 16—Tracy holds up Garner family. Makes boy shave him, near Enumclaw.

July 17—Tracy was supposed to be surrounded in a cabin near Covington. The Sheriff's posse rushed the cabin and found it empty.

July 31—Tracy holds up W. A. Sanders and family near Wenatchee and spends the day. Also holds up blacksmith named Swazey.

August 1—Tracy crosses Columbia at early hour by holding up ferryman.

August 2—Tracy seen by campers near Almira, working toward Idaho.

August 4—Tracy around Odessa; sends note of warning to Sheriff Cuddehe to give up chase or be killed.

August 5—Tracy hard pressed by posse about Odessa.

August 5—Tracy shot in the leg by the posse, and on finding escape improbable, blows out his brains.

“Tracy in Honolulu

“The people of Honolulu are greatly excited over the daring deeds of Tracy,” said Captain M. Reed, of the steamship Tampton, this morning. “When we reached the island port the people crowded the wharf to meet us, and our first greeting was, “What’s the latest news from Tracy?” We had several Seattle papers aboard with news up to July 9, when Tracy was reported surrounded at Fremont. I wish we had had a thousand, for we could have sold them at \$1 apiece.

“No mail steamer had reached the islands for 10 days and every native and foreigner in Honolulu was crazy for tidings from Tracy. A few days later a mail steamer from San Francisco brought advices up to July 13, when the outlaw was supposed to be surrounded ear Edmonds. The Honolulu citizens are surprised that the officers around Seattle should let Tracy slip through their grasp.” *Seattle Star*, August 6, 1902

“Graves of Tracy and Merrill Being Cleared

Graves of Harry Tracy and David Merrill, outlaws who escaped from the penitentiary in 1902 after killing three guards, and who were never taken alive, which are located in a clump of cottonwoods near the state prison, are being cleared of underbrush by order of Warden A. N. Dalrymple. The small cemetery has not been used for a number of years.” *The Capital Journal*, Tue., December 11, 1923

Tracy was portrayed by the actor Steve Brodie in a 1954 episode of the syndicated television series, *Stories of the Century*, starring and narrated by Jim Davis.

Bruce Dern plays Tracy in the 1982 film *Harry Tracy, Desperado*.

“Movie information sought about Oregon desperado

Producers of the epic Western, “*Harry Tracy – Desperado*.” Now being filmed with Bruce Dern and Gordon Lightfoot, are trying to find individuals who can give firsthand accounts of the real-life Tracy’s reign of terror in the Pacific Northwest 78 years ago.

“*Harry Tracy – Desperado*” will be the first movie to describe the violent career of an outlaw whose June, 1902 escape from the Oregon State Penitentiary triggered a crime spree and massive manhunt that ended with his death two months later in a shootout near Davenport, Wash.

The movie will feature Dern as Tracy. Lightfoot, making his dramatic film debut, will portray the U. S. Marshal who directed the manhunt.

Anyone who can provided personal recollections of these events is asked to address Survivors, care of Solters/Roskin/Friedman, Inc., 9255 Sunset Blvd., Suite 318, Los Angeles, Calif. 900689.
Nov. 22, 1980 *The Missoulian*

He spends hours atop train shooting toughest film yet

By MARILYN BECK
Chicago Tribune-N.Y. News

VANCOUVER, Canada — A turn-of-the-century train speeds through the wilderness.

Outside, the morning is piercingly cold.

Inside, a few passengers huddle near a small heater.

To the right is an array of movie extras in long dresses, plumed hats, stand-up collars, bowlers, cowboy garb.

To the left is a team of production workers bundled in modern cold-weather gear.

Suddenly a thump, then a pair of dangling feet bang against the outside of a window.

"That's Bruce, isn't it?" someone asks.

"Those are his boots," comes the reply.

"Oh, God. Why is he doing this? I knew I'd get too nervous if I came," says Bruce Dern's wife Andrea.

The train slows, stops. Dern lowers himself past the window. From a camera truck comes the bark that another take will be needed.

It's easy to understand why Dern calls "Harry Tracy — Desperado" the most physically demanding movie of a career that has spanned more than 20 years. The film troupe, including former "United States" TV lead Helen Shaver and singer Gordon Lightfoot, has already toiled in the rain, mud and icy waves of the northwestern Pacific to bring the saga of the latter-day outlaw to the screen. And before them still looms a period of shooting in Canada's heavy snow country.

"We're going through all the same areas Harry Tracy went through — and this guy went like John Muir on the run," says Dern of the desperado.

"This has a totally different look than the typical western. We're filming at mountain lakes and caves and the Pacific Ocean. There's a skiing sequence at the beginning, and a sailing scene on Puget Sound."

Because Tracy was "an anachronism, a little late for what he wanted to do," Dern says the film will include modern scenes like one in which Dern holds up a Portland, Ore., trolley from the back of a car.

Like Butch, Sundance and other romantic outlaws, Tracy will emerge funnier and more lovable in real life than he was in real life — although he should be given credit for his sense of humor. The James Gang may have shown panache by sending out press releases about their

robberies, but Tracy displayed daring wit by joining the posse that was hunting him.

Dern considers his role the ideal follow-up to his "Middle Age Crazy" man-in-mid-life crisis and his portrayal of a tattoo artist in Joseph E. Levine's upcoming "Tattoo," which Dern describes as "highly erotic but not pornographic."

"I needed 'Middle Age Crazy' to make people understand I was not the way they saw me," says the actor who has spent years fighting the early typecasting of maniacal parts. " 'Coming Home' helped in the acceptance of Bruce Dern as a recognized artist. 'Middle Age Crazy' showed I can play a romantic leading role."

What would he like next?

"I just look forward to being cast. I wouldn't mind working in TV if it were a challenging, interesting miniseries — though the interruption of commercials is so tough on shows."

Then, responding to a call, he says, "Excuse me, I gotta go back up on the roof."

A few minutes later, Dern clammers on the train roof. The sequence will be shot and reshot until dusk.

Before dawn the next day, the team reassembles.

Canadian actor Michael C. Gwynne plays Tracy's sidekick, artist Dave Merrill, who succumbed to the lure of outlaw life after Tracy commissioned him to paint his portrait. He was, in Michael's words, "an incompetent. Tracy didn't really want him, but it was sort of like when girls don't want to go to the prom with the guy who always wears the plaid jacket — but if there's nobody else ..."

Director William Graham has known Dern since he gave the actor his first professional break in a "Naked City" episode of the late '50s.

"I had hired Bruce as an 'under five,'" recalls Graham. "That means, under five lines. But he kept throwing in these ad-libs and we kept revamping his part. We used him quite a few times in the series after that. He became one of my favorite actors."

Gordon Lightfoot also gives the impression that making "Harry Tracy" is wonderful — though it took him years to turn actor.

"I finally decided it was about time I went ahead and gave it a whirl," says the composer-singer.

"I got excited about this project because Bruce Dern



Actor Bruce Dern

is in it and Marty Krofft is one of the producers. And I've gotten a lot of encouragement from everyone involved."

With the word "western" inducing frowns in studio circles (particularly after the lukewarm reception to this year's "The Long Riders" and the "Heaven's Gate" debacle), the "Desperado" team is eager to point out how different "Harry Tracy" is from the "typical" western.

Producer Ron Cohen, chairman of the newly formed Academy of Canadian Cinema, punches home the point, "Its physical look is different, its time period is different, it's romantic and it's funny."

The Times (Shreveport, Louisiana), Sunday, January 25, 1981.

Harry Tracy was the villain of two popular stage melodramas.

He was the main character in several silent movies.

He was immortalized in numerous lurid dime novels.

He was the title character of a 1983 movie starring Bruce Dern.

During the height of his escape through Oregon and Washington he was seen as a romantic figure among many women. One farm woman kept the remains of supper in the oven just in case Harry Tracy would show up hungry. In Seattle there was a short lived play about him and dime novels were out in newsstands. He was on everybody's mind in Washington state.

And this week at the Lincoln County Fair in Davenport, Wash., the Harry Tracy story comes alive one more time, 100 years to the month after his death. An Old West re-enactment group, the Legendary Characters of the Old West, will re-create the shootout that left Harry Tracy dead just a few miles from those fairgrounds. <http://www.columbian.com/history/profiles/tracymerrill/>

Even today, Harry Tracy remains at least a minor tourist attraction in Lincoln County.

“We’ve had people come out and ask to look at the rock,” said Karen Cole, who now owns the ranch with her husband, Everett Cole. “It goes in streaks. We might not have anybody for a couple of years, and then - boom - we’ll have six or seven. Once an entire Greyhound bus full of people came out from the National Outlaws and Lawmen Association.”

The Lincoln County Historical Society gets the occasional Tracy visitor, too. It owns the death mask of Harry Tracy, a plaster cast made by the undertaker, which is presently on loan to the Northwest Museum of Arts and Culture in Spokane. So if you visit the “Hometowns” exhibit, the visage of Tracy glowers down upon you.

OUTLAW TRACY'S SPECTACULAR ESCAPE, FLIGHT AND TRAGIC DEATH.

GUARD FRANK B. FERRELL.
POLICEMAN E. E. BRUEZ.

OFFICERS OF THE LAW HE KILLED.
GUARD S. R. T. JONES.
GUARD B. F. TIFFANY.

DEPUTY SHERIFF RAYMOND.
NEIL RAWLEY.

OFFICERS OF THE LAW AND OTHERS HE WOUNDED.
DEPUTY SHERIFF JACK WILLIAMS.
CARL ANDERSON.

HOW THE CRIMINAL TRAVERSED TWO STATES, ELUDING HUNDREDS OF PURSUERS.

June 9—Convicts Harry Tracy and David Merrill escaped from the Salem Penitentiary at 7 a. m., killing three guards.

June 10—Returned in darkness of early morning to Salem, held up J. W. Roberts, whom they stripped of his clothes, stole a team of horses and made their way to Portland. Near Gervais they held up two members of the posse in pursuit and took a horse and buggy.

June 11—Laid a trap for posse and fired on pursuers from ambush near Gervais.

June 12—Broke through cordon of 250 militiamen in the night and made their escape.

June 14—Stole two horses near Oregon City and rode through suburbs of Portland.

June 15—In the morning reached Columbia River and forced George Sunderland and Walter Burlingame to ferry them across, landing five miles above Vancouver.

June 17—Next heard from at Salmon Creek, where they exchanged shots with the posse, and at Ridgefield, where they stole two horses and continued their flight.

June 23—Convicts robbed house of Pat McGuire, near Lacenter, while owner was at church, taking clothing and \$20 in cash.

June 25—Stole breakfast near Kelso, Wash.

June 26—Stole two horses, but on meeting owner dismounted and gave them back.

June 29—Passed strong posse guarding roads near Chehalis during the night.

July 1—Convicts seen on Northern Pacific at Tenino, about thirty-nine miles from Tacoma. Harry Tracy leaves Merrill, saying later that he has killed him in a duel. Riding one horse he had stolen, until it was disabled, he stole another and passed through Olympia.

July 2—Tracy held up six men at South Bay, near Olympia, and forced four, including Captain Clark, of a large gasoline launch, to embark with him on Puget Sound. He lands at night at Seattle and starts north to Canada.

July 3—At 2:40 in the afternoon he encounters the advance guard of the Seattle posse at Bothell, six miles from Seattle. As a result of the battle Deputy Sheriff Charles Raymond of Snohomish County is dead, Deputy Sheriff Jack Williams of Seattle is seriously if not fatally wounded, Carl Anderson, newspaper reporter, is wounded by bullet grazing his face. Returning toward Seattle in the suburbs of the city he killed Policeman E. B. Brees and seriously and probably fatally wounded Neil Rawley.

July 4—Tracy eludes more than a thousand pursuers.

July 5—He visits the home of John Johnson at Port Madison, blinds and gags the family, and, taking the hired man with him, steals Johnson's boat and starts on a voyage on the Sound.

July 6—Two Government vessels and thousands of men in pursuit, but without success. Tracy doubles on his pursuers, returning to West Seattle shore.

July 7—Tracy and Anderson spend the day in the woods at West Seattle. In evening they go to South Seattle and then walk toward Black River. Both men travel toward Renton.

July 8—Arrival at Renton. Posse surrounds house harboring Tracy. Outlaw ties Anderson to tree and then escapes.

July 9—Tracy visits E. M. Johnson's home at Kent, and compels Johnson to go to Tacoma and purchase revolver and ammunition. Leaves Johnson house at night.

July 10—Outlaw reported in Auburn. Posse surrounds his supposed hiding place.

July 11—Tracy exchanges shots with posse near Covington and is wounded in leg. Takes refuge in swamp.

July 13—Hounds drive outlaw into swamp near Buckley. Pursuers later exchange shots with him near Enumclaw.

July 15—Body of Merrill found in woods near Napa-vine.

July 17—Plot hatched by Tracy's friends throws posse off trail and outlaw escapes into safer district.

July 23—Tracy visits loggers' camp near Kenasack.

July 30—Spends day at ranch near Wenatchee. Eastern Washington posse takes trail.

August 3—Arrives at the Eddy ranch near Creston.

August 5—Tracy, still at Eddy ranch, is attacked by armed citizens and badly wounded while running for cover. Hides in a wheat field and there commits suicide.

The San Francisco Call, Thursday, August 7, 1902.



Lincoln County Historical Museum, Davenport, Washington.

KTTV 11

STORIES OF THE CENTURY

9:00 TONIGHT

"HARRY TRACY"

... the killer who took the easy way out

Starring Jim Davis and Mary Castle (above) as railroad detectives Matt Clark and Frankie Adams, and Steve Bradie as Harry Tracy. See this exciting, authentic story based on research from official newspaper files.

Presented by Sears, Roebuck & Company

The Los Angeles Times, Sunday, November 7, 1954.

Collector Gets Bang Out of Guns



Jesse Roberts shows pistol purported to have been used by Harry Tracy, notorious Northwest man killer. A few of the large collection of firearms are shown in background. (Gerald Perry.)

By ROBERT N. CHEETHAM
ST. IGNATIUS, Mont., June 24.—When Harry Tracy, notorious killer of 18 men, was on the rampage, he was supposed to have once used a .32-40 Winchester rifle cut down to horse pistol size. This piece is now in the collection of Jesse Roberts who runs a tavern on U. S. 93, north of St. Ignatius. The collection contains more than 200 varieties of firearms, including smooth-bores, rifles, shotguns, pistols and revolvers.

Center of attraction is the Tracy rifle. Burned into the wood, apparently with a red-hot nail, is "Harry Tracy, 190?" The last digit can't be made out. Cut into the butt are three notches.

Whether it could have been used by Tracy in the 1900s is difficult to say. Tracy was committed to jail in Salem, Ore., prison March 22, 1899, or 20 years. On June 9, 1902, Tracy, armed with a rifle, escaped. Then began the greatest manhunt this country has ever seen. It ended the first week in

display of Stevens rifles. Models are bicycle, hunter's head and Annie Oakleys. Most precious Stevens to Roberts is a Walnut Hill. In 1931, while Roberts, then 13, was living in Dixon, Mont., he bought a rifle which he sold in 1937. In the fall of 1956 a stranger showed a rusty, mud-covered rifle and Roberts bought it. It was a mess, but when the collector cleaned it, there on the stock were his own initials, pegged in as they had been 25 years ago.

Dating to 1790 is a French air rifle. This weapon has a hollow metal stock into which air was pumped at tremendous pressure to furnish the propellant for round shot. The weapon was used by underground fighters during the French revolution to kill an enemy noiselessly. Napoleon made it a death penalty to possess one. The example in Roberts' collection has a phony flint lock soldered to the barrel for disguise.

Other items include two set guns for killing game. Legs of steel

were thrust into the ground and a steel hook, projecting forward, was baited. The barrel was loaded and aimed directly above the bait. Any animal which ate was sure to be hit between the eyes. These guns are illegal and a heavy fine is levied if they are used.

Another historical type is the .45-70 carbine like those used by Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn. According to Roberts, even if Custer had not blundered in his plans, he would have lost. This gun jams after five or six rounds and becomes useless. "Custer was doomed before he began to fight," said Roberts.

Bayonets, daggers, bullet molds, powder horns and shell loading equipment are also included in the display.

One of Jesse's favorite stunts is to prime an old muzzle loader, take it outdoors and blast away at his target. After the bull's-eye, he likes to go into the tavern, grab up an ancient accordion and really roll out a polka.

'Affable murderer' became famed outlaw

OUTLAW

CONTINUED FROM 1A

about the escape and subsequent manhunt. Many of the exact details have been muddled over time, the legend no doubt embellished.

"It's a fascinating story," said Bill Gulick, author of the book "Manhunt: The Pursuit of Harry Tracy," published in 1999.

For Gulick, Tracy's tale started as a single chapter in a book he was writing about outlaws of the Pacific Northwest. But the author shelved that project to focus on a man whose real name was Harry Severn.

"The more I got into it, the more I found was there," Gulick said.

Tracy led lawmen, bloodhounds, National Guardsmen, posses and newspaper reporters on the chase.

He outgunned and outsmarted them, always staying one step ahead. He often took the unexpected route, stopping at farm homes along the way for food, a change of clothing and a fresh horse.

He never harmed his hosts and was particularly kind to the ladies, which explains why he often was referred to as an affable murderer.

Headlines were smeared across the front pages of newspapers everywhere, many ridiculing those who failed to capture the man who twice before had escaped prisons in other states.

One headline read "Tracy defeats dogs with cayenne pepper." The story went on to detail his method of throwing the bloodhounds off his trail.

Rewards in excess of \$5,000 were offered for the capture and return of Tracy, dead or alive.

The money — which would be the equivalent of nearly \$100,000 today — enticed amateur bounty hunters to join the search. Reporters covering the chase often carried guns, and some had quick triggers. At least one sheriff complained that both were interfering with the manhunt.

Residents of Oregon and Washington had a big appetite for news about Tracy. Crowds gathered in front of newspaper offices to read updated bulletins.

"It was like the O.J. Simpson case," Gulick said. "Everybody had to have their fix."

Those who had run-ins with Tracy became celebrities when interviewed afterward. Tracy reportedly enjoyed the spotlight, always asking for copies of recent newspapers when he stopped to rest.

Though described as witty and charming by some, Tracy remained a coldblooded killer. In addition to killing the three guards at the state penitentiary, he gunned down three lawmen in the Seattle area, and bragged of shooting and killing Merrill, his partner in crime, in a duel some three weeks after his escape.

The manhunt for Tracy ended in Eastern Washington, on a farm about 50 miles west of Spokane. A posse of five men cornered him in a grain field, at least one of their bullets hitting him in the leg.

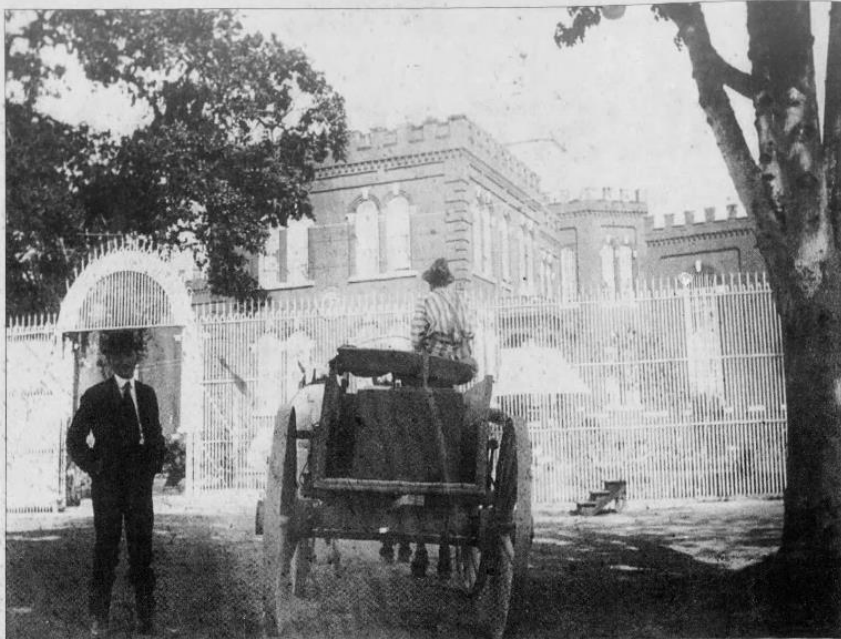
He might have bled to death if he hadn't shot himself above the right eye with a revolver.

Paul Lillengreen, who lives in Edwall, Wash., has a rifle that might have fired the shot that hit Tracy in the leg. It belonged to his great uncle, Frank Lillengreen, a member of the posse.

"I can't claim for sure my uncle's rifle did it," Paul Lillengreen said, "but it could just as well have been his as any of the others."

He said the gun is in working condition and that he last fired it about four years ago.

"I don't really advertise it, but if



Oregon Historical Society, negative #001-E

HAULED BACK: The body of outlaw Harry Tracy is carted back to the Oregon State Penitentiary on Aug. 9, 1902, two months after he escaped from the prison. He was buried next to his partner in crime, David Merrill. The two had been serving time for assault and robbery at the time of their escape. Tracy was sentenced to 20 years, and Merrill to 13 years. Both had served three years of their terms.



someone asks about it, I'll show them," he said.

Lillengreen declined to say where he keeps the gun or whether it's on display in his home.

"That's classified information," he said with a chuckle.

He's toying with the idea of loaning it to the Lincoln County Historical Society in Davenport, Wash., about 10 miles east of where Tracy was killed. The museum already exhibits photographs, newspaper clippings and a frying pan that belonged to Tracy.

The so-called "death mask," a molding of Tracy's face done at the mortuary that handled his body, had been the centerpiece of the exhibit but is now on loan to a museum in Spokane.

Before Tracy's body could be returned to the state penitentiary and identified by prison officials, the mortuary reportedly put it on display for a time to help cover costs, charging a nickel a head. Souvenir hunters pulled

off pieces of Tracy's clothing, even patches of hair.

The body was under careful guard on the train trip to Salem. After being positively identified as Tracy, he was hurried in the prison cemetery next to Merrill, whose body had been discovered some weeks before.

According to newspaper accounts, Tracy's body was covered with quick lime and muriatic, or hydrochloric, acid before it was buried to discourage anyone from stealing and publicly exhibiting it.

Today, no one knows the exact location of the cemetery, although many mark the spot just beyond the current wall in the northeast corner of the prison. When the wall was built in that area in about 1949, some human remains reportedly were discovered but not identified.

Prison officials claim no bones were found during the construction of two buildings in that corner, the last completed in 1991.

Although the whereabouts of his grave are unknown, Tracy's legacy lives on. Long after his escape, correctional officers at the state penitentiary were briefed on the details to ensure that it would never happen again.

Carl Beals, who started working at the prison in 1956, remembers learning about the escape during training sessions.

"They talked about how it occurred and what was learned," said the Salem man, who retired in 1981. "Remember, Tracy and Merrill had outside help."

"The first question I had is, Why didn't they pursue who brought the stuff in?"

How the guns got inside the prison foundry remains a mystery. The reason simply may have been that prison and state officials were embarrassed about the escape and lengthy manhunt, and wanted the ordeal to be over.

Everett and Karen Cole have a constant reminder of Tracy's legacy on their 17,000-acre ranch in Eastern Washington. Tracy Rock, an outcropping of basalt rock, is the place where the outlaw took cover under fire from the posse before he shot himself.

The natural monument is about seven miles off the main highway, and not open to the public.

"We can't have a tourist attraction out there," Karen Cole said.

The Coles are willing to share their



FAME: Newspapers followed the story of Harry Tracy's escape from Oregon State Penitentiary and the 58-day manhunt.

little slice of outlaw history, however, and all it takes is a phone call. If you're in their neck of the woods and are interested in seeing Tracy Rock, call (509) 725-1806.

Salem has been the site of other famous prison breakouts. Bert "Oregon" Jones led an escape of three inmates in 1925 from the state penitentiary, which left Jones and two guards dead. Diane Downs scaled the fence of the Oregon Women's Correctional Center in 1987 and hid out in Salem for 10 days. And

there were many more.

But none has had the staying power of Harry Tracy and David Merrill.

"Since I wrote the book," Gulick said, "I've run into all kinds of people who say their grandfather or great uncle told stories about Harry Tracy."

Statesman Journal news librarian John Markos contributed to this report.

Capl Lynn can be reached at (503) 359-6710 or clynn@StatesmanJournal.com

BIG NEWS:

The San Francisco Chronicle ran a story on its front page on June 10, 1902, about the jail break of Harry Tracy and David Merrill from the Oregon State Penitentiary.

KOBEN R. BLAIR/
Statesman Journal

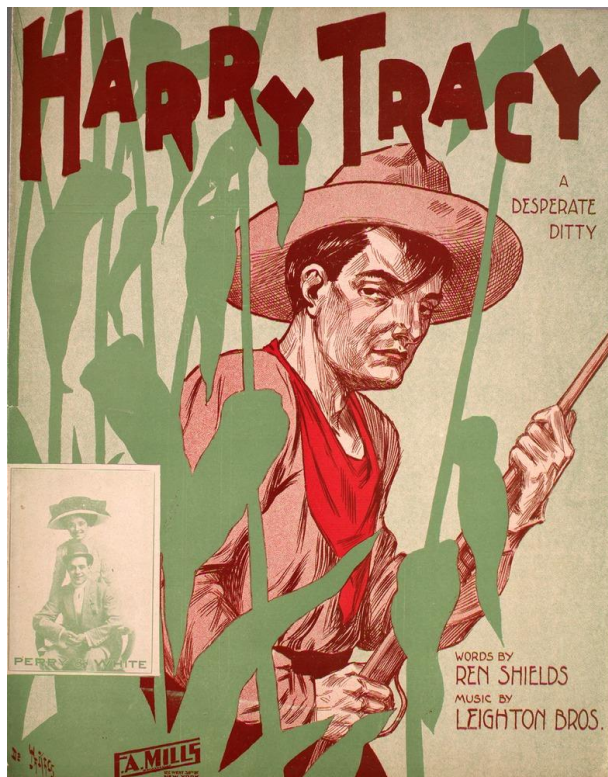


On the shelf

Several books have been written about Harry Tracy, including the following available at Salem Public Library:

- (right) "Manhunt: The Pursuit of Harry Tracy," by Bill Gulick, Caxton Press, 1999.
- "Harry Tracy: The Last Desperado," by Jim Duley, Kendall/Hunt Publishing Co., 1989.
- "Summer of the Hunters, The Last Great Manhunt of the Old West," by John Dashney, Storm Peak Press, 1999.





"Harry Tracy"
(A Desperate Ditty)

Words by
REN SHIELDS.

Music by
LEIGHTON BROS.

Allegro moderato

There
In

Till ready

was a des-per-a-do In the wild and wool-ey west Who was
Port-land he was sent-enced for to do his lit-tle bit, When

Copyright 1911 by F.A. Mills, 129 W. 36th St., N.Y.
English Copyright Secured.

not a - fraid of sher-iffs, and to them he was a pest. In
he tried on his pris-on suit he near-ly had a fit. He

bat-tle he was a won-der, and at shoot-ing he was game, Har-ry
said I must get out of here be-fore I get the gout, Right

Tra-cy was the des-per-a-do's name. Oh you Har-ry, Har-ry
then he got the meas-les and broke out. Oh you Har-ry, Har-ry

Harry Tracy - 4

Tra-cy, Har-ry Tra-cy, In no com-mon
Tra-cy, Har-ry Tra-cy, He liked to lick up

pris-on would he stay. For in most all the jails He would
li-quer ver-y well. While he was do-ing time, He drank

find a pair of scales, Get on the scales, that's how he got a - way.
whiskeybeer and wine, The jail had bars in front of ev-ry cell.

f D.S.

Harry Tracy - 4

The San Francisco Call, Thursday, August 7, 1902.

THE VICKSBURG AMERICAN, JULY 24, 1902.

HARRY TRACY, THE BOLD BANDIT OF THE WEST.

HARRY TRACY.

Copyright BY W. R. HEARST.

REIGN OF TERROR

Inaugurated by Harry Tracy is Without a Paralell in All the Wild History of the West.

(Special to American.)

Seattle, July 24.—Harry Tracy, strutting in the limelight of crime, has been classed as the peer of the renowned Jesse James. In the group are the men who have felt Tracy's arm or have fought him and escaped. On the left of the outlaw is a picture

has resorted to flight when flight was necessary, but when brought to bay has stood out against tremendous odds and fought his way to liberty. Not once during the exciting days covering the period of his escape from the Oregon penitentiary and his strategic flight, has Tracy shown the white feather. Not once has his nerve failed him; not once has he lost his head under pressure of excitement. His maneuvers have been well planned and carefully executed, and after each encounter with the posses sent out to effect his capture he has slipped quietly away leaving a bloody trail to testify to his deadly aim and the terrors that lurk in the barrel of his reliable, hungry-looking rifle.

MARVEL OF THE OFFICERS.

and all of the business was fixed up entirely to the satisfaction of all managers. Manager Rockwood says that he is very much impressed with President Wheatley and he thinks that he is going to do great things for the Cotton States League.

UNIVERSITY ...OF... MISSISSIPPI.

Next Session Opens Sept. 18, 1902

DATES

Of Congressional Joint Debates In This District.

Candidates for congress from the new eighth district will have joint discussions at the following places:

Brandon, Friday, July 25.
Florence, Rankin county, Saturday, July 26.
Utica, Hinds county, Wednesday, July 30.
Flora, August 1.
Redbone, or Grange Hall, Warren county, Monday, August 4.

TUITION FREE

to men and women except in the Law School. All expenses very low. Attractive location. Complete water, sewer, lighting and heating systems. Perfect sanitation. Purest deep well water. Enlarged scientific equipment in new buildings. Special

The Vicksburg American (Mississippi), Thursday, July 24, 1902.

There were sayings in the newspapers on the hot topic of the day, Harry Tracy:

“Ajax defying the lightning is more

Than ever a back number in comparison

With Tracy defying the authorities.”

“Even Senator Tillman is inclined to

Admit that Mr. Tracy has been drawing

His personal antagonisms pretty strong.”

“By compelling an honest rancher’s
Wife to cook him six days’ provisions,
Mr. Tracy testified to his high regard
For a full dinner pail.”

“Convict Tracy will be known to posterity as the Mt. Pelee of criminals.”

The Anaconda Standard, Monday, July 7, 1902.

“Now that a train robber has been killed and Tracy is no more, perhaps Mr. Pat Crowe will have the kindness to feel a trifle worried.” The Daily Signal (Crowley, Louisiana), Wednesday, September 10, 1902.

“Still Tracy may be considerate enough not to fight his battles all over again in the magazines.”

“Mr. Tracy keeps pretty close to the Northern Pacific railroad, and evidently he is prepared to fight it out along this line if it takes all summer.”

“Although only 35, Harry Tracy plays the role of Old Harry to perfection.” [I don’t have any idea what this is all about?”]

“Has the Oregon outlaw confederates?” asks the San Francisco Chronicle. He certainly isn’t recognized as a good union man by labor organizations.”

“Oregon’s Tracy may be Omaha’s Pat Crowe in a new and more exciting role – Denver Post.”

“Central American volcanoes will have to whoop it up in great shape to divert attention from Tracy. – Tacoma News.”

“The open season for convicts is still on in Washington, but the hunters are not making large bags. Portland Oregonian.”

“The only thing that has succeeded in overtaking Tracy, and staying with him for a brief space, is darkness. Helena Record.”

“The pursuers of Tracy ought to go to the homes of families named Johnson and wait for him to call. – Salt Lake Tribune.”

“The elusive Harry Tracy and the delusive Pat Crowe might get together on a community of interest scheme. Omaha Bee.”

For a fellow who leaves so hot a trail, the Washington police seem to find surprising difficulty in tracing Tracy. – St. Paul Dispatch.”

“2:30 p.m. – Tracy is positively surrounded. 2:40 p.m. All traces of Tracy lost. – Colorado Telegraph.”

“Of course, they will get Tracy finally, but it looks as if this would not happen until Tracy gets some more of them. – Chicago Inter Ocean.”

“Mr. Tracy of Oregon is making the most vivid dime novels look like the programme of a Sunday school convention. – Chicago Journal.”

“What is fame? A dispatch about Tracy printed in a metropolitan exchange is under a Seattle, Wyoming, date line! – Tacoma News.”

An amnesty proclamation may be the only thing that will result in putting an end to the Harry Tracy rebellion out in Oregon. - Boston Herald.”

“Perhaps if the pursuers who are daily reported to be “hot on Tracy’s trail” would keep cool they might accomplish better results. - Denver Post.”

“Now if Senator Joe Bailey and Outlaw Tracy were to get together, Mt. Pelee would crawl back into the earth for shame.” San Francisco Bulletin.”

“In surrounding Tracy, the officers are always thoughtful enough to leave a large, unguarded space through which he may depart. – Salt Lake Tribune.”

“A strange story comes from Salem that other convicts are planning to escape. The strange feature is that the prison authorities should have found it out. – Tacoma Ledger.”

“Some say Tracy acts like a hypnotist and others pronounce him a raving maniac. One thing is certain, he has been very impolite, not to say positively rude. – Minneapolis Times.”

“Tracy , the escaped Washington convict, stole a steam launch and compelled the captain and crew to do his bidding. In the other walks of lie he might have stolen a railroad. – Detroit News.”

“If dispatches are to be believed he safest thing for Outlaw Tracy to do would be to boldly march up to the principal hotel n Seattle, register under his own name and go to bed. - Oakland Tribune.”

Desperado Tracy is furnishing no end of interesting matter for the daily newspapers. The eruption of Mt. Pelee furnished little more for the scribes than the night of this western terror. – Dillon Tribune.”

“When we contemplate the success of Convict Harry Tracy in dodging the law it is impossible to repress sorrow at the thought of his misdirected genius. What a trust magnate he would have made!” - Chicago Chronicle.”

“South Carolina has passed a law prohibiting the sale of revolvers weighing less than three pounds or measuring less than twenty inches in length. Evidently Tracy is expected in that neck of the woods. Los Angeles Express.”

“We forget how many constables and deputy sheriffs Mr. Tracy has obliterated since he walked out of jail, but the number is large enough to affect the next census of the state of Washington and give Tacoma renewed hope of catching up with Seattle in the race for first place in population tables. - Philadelphia North American.”

It is a safe venture that more readers are watching the flight of Tracy, the escaped Oregon convict, than watched the sorry meander of Cuban reciprocity through congress. The savage instinct always come to the front in a case of a pursuit, and while few of us will confess to a desire that Tracy escape we have the interest in him which the under dog in a fight always provokes. – St. Paul Dispatch.”

“They now try Boer war methods in

Pursuit of Convict Tracy –

Sure evidence they cannot keep

The fast and furious pace he

Has set them. In the forests dark.

At gunplay he’s their master.

And every one who fights the fiend

Comes to some dire disaster.

The Boer war methods? Simplest yet –

Whenever he’s got them running.

They give report” “We’ve Killed him, sure. –

So we will cease our gunning!” - Chicago Journal” The Anaconda Standard, Tuesday, July 15, 1902.

“Harry Tracy didn’t fight exactly the good fight, but it was an awful stiff fight and if he had put an equal amount of energy into an endeavor to be good and do good, what a different man he might have been.”

“The only thing to be regretted about the passing of outlaw Tracy is that it wasn’t at the end of a halter.” News Journal, (Mansfield, Ohio), Thursday, August 7, 1902.

Even poems were appearing in the newspapers:

The Universal Tracy

From Hoquiam to Siuslaw,
By Puyallup and Washtenaw,
Snohomish, too, and Yakima,
There's Tracy.

The chief of Muckelshoot
Is sure he saw that gay galoot
Make for the hills a wild piroot;
'Twas Tracy.

Constable Swish of Enumclaw
Is on the trail with sandy craw;
He scours the country till it's raw
For Tracy.

The Board of Trade of Chewingum
In posse went with lots of rum—
Now they're the lads to make things hum
'Round Tracy.

Five Sheriffs in five countys swore
They had the outlay in the door.
Surrounded fast and sweating gore,
Their Tracy.

Now every man that has a pull
Is out for cry, but not for wool;
In Washington the woods are full
Of Tracy.”

Washington Standard. [volume] (Olympia, Wash. Territory) 1860-1921, July 25, 1902, Image 1

St. Louis Post Dispatch, Sun., Aug. 24, 1902.

[illegible]

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF

OUTLAW HARRY TRACY

... By Frank James. ...

A FINE MORAL

A THRILLING STORY

This remarkable story by a remarkable man began in yesterday's Sunday Post-Dispatch and will appear exclusively in daily installments in the Post-Dispatch, the final chapter being published in the issue of next Sunday.

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CHAPTER II.

The Runaway.

Every boy in a small town has a sweetheart. Harry Tracy had one. Her name was Lucy, a sweet, old-fashioned name. She was a year younger than Harry, but many years wiser.

The boy had known her ever since he was a little fellow in knickerbockers, playing with girls. There is a period in every boy's life when he plays with girls and is not ashamed of it. This is before he puts on long trousers. After that epoch of transition toward manhood he looks with a kind of contempt, ill-veiled, upon lesser lads who still play with little girls.

Harry and Lucy played together in the yards of their homes until the boy outgrew that sort of thing. Then they attended the same Sunday school as "scholars" where, since the age of 3 years, they had belonged to the infant class.

In Sunday school there was a boys' class and a girls' class. Harry sat in his class and cast glances at Lucy. The girl sometimes stole glances, still more shy, at Harry; but when their eyes met she would frown, wrinkling her pretty forehead to show Harry that she resented his attentions—which she didn't.

Harry's teacher considered him an absent-minded boy. But the real occasion of his inattention to the questions and the reading of the Golden Text was that his mind was present elsewhere—in the girls' class.

Nevertheless, Harry declared in the presence of the larger boys, who belonged to the Bible class, that he didn't like girls.

"They're all so afraid of things," he said, "that they can't enjoy life. They won't even bait their own hooks when they go fishing, for fear the worms will bite, and the worms haven't got any mouths; you can't tell their tails from their heads."

When Harry was 12 years of age his father gave him a watch. He was the proudest boy in Tracyville—the only one of his age who carried a timepiece. It was a cheap affair, but to the boy it represented more value than solid gold. He wore the chain on the outside of his coat. For a few days he was ever ready to show his watch to his playmates, opening it so that they could see the works.

Then, one day, Harry refused to let Dave Merrill see the inside of his watch. Dave called him stinky, but Harry was firm. After that no boy in Tracyville was privileged to see Harry's watch open, and when one of them asked him the time of day he opened his watch close up against his coat and quickly snapped it shut.

One day while the boys were in swimming Dave Merrill sneaked up the creek bank and found Harry's watch in the pile of garments which he had thrown off. Dave opened it. A small photograph of Lucy understood. He told the other boys and Harry was teased for a week.

But boys soon forget to tease, in the multitude of other interests, and Harry and Lucy were permitted to be sweethearts without punishment. Besides, all the other boys had sweethearts, and they knew that there is such a thing as reciprocity in teasing.

All this happened before the boy who called himself "Desperate Dick" came to town. After that there was a noticeable change in Harry's deportment. He became known as a bad boy, and Lucy began to shun him.

When he was 15 years old he was notoriously the worst boy in Tracyville, with Dave Merrill a close second. "Desperate Dick," long here, had been arrested and sent to the penitentiary for theft. Harry and Dave had committed no crime that warranted their imprisonment, but it was town talk that they were headed for the penitentiary.

"Them boys 'll both fetch up to a bad end,



"If you promise to go to work and earn your living in the summer and go to school in the winter," said Lucy, "you may take me to the party."

mark my words," said Old Man Simpkins, the village oracle. "They'll be hung or shot—just recollect my prediction."

Meanwhile Mrs. Tracy grieved deeply over her boy's course and pleaded with him to mend his ways. Harry laughed coarsely at her. His evil associations had caused him to lose his reverence for his mother.

One morning in June Mrs. Tracy prepared breakfast and called her husband, who was milking the cow.

"Bring in some radishes from the garden," she said. "Harry likes them for breakfast."

Then she went up to the little half-story room to call Harry. The bed was empty. The little clothes closet was empty. Mrs. Tracy sat down upon the bed and wept. She understood.

Later in the day it was discovered that Dave Merrill also had disappeared. His aunt, with whom he lived, did not miss him at first, for frequently he had remained away from home overnight without giving notice.

But the noon train brought a postal card, written in a scrawl and mailed on the train. It told that "me and Harry has gone West and won't never come back."

Mr. Tracy and the relatives of Dave Merrill notified the police in several cities, requesting that the runaway boys be arrested and held until they could be brought back, but no trace of the lads was found.

That afternoon the discovery was made that Dave Merrill had robbed his aunt, taking the purse of money which she always kept in her bedtick. It was evident that the boys were well supplied with funds and had boarded a through train for the West.

Harry's mother was broken-hearted, but Lucy was merely sorry. Long ago she had ceased to hold any tender regard for Harry Tracy, and she had besought him to return her picture. The boy, however, had refused to surrender the token, which he still wore in his watch.

Once, when he was about 14, Harry had sought the privilege of taking Lucy to a "party." Parties in small towns are the chief social events. The young people gather at the home of one of the number and spend the evening playing parlor games. Sometimes there are kissing games

—or there used to be, about a generation ago, before Chicago professors and German scientists discovered the osculation microbe and pronounced against the ancient and noble art of kissing.

In those old days—and perhaps yet in far out-of-the-way hamlets—boys and girls were wont to play "Ring Around Rosy" and "King William Was King James's Son," and the like. The kiss was the prize—or was it called the penalty? Sometimes the girls fought against the practice, feebly, and there were boys whose inborn bashfulness precluded their enjoyment of the ever-popular pastime. But in the main the boys and girls, in those old days when human beings were merely human, pre-

BOSTON'S BARBER REGULATIONS.

Board of Health Orders Sterilization of All that Barbers Use on Customers.

A special dispatch from Boston, May 5, 1900, to the N. Y. Sun gives as new regulations of the Boston Board of Health as to barber shops: "Mugs, shaving brushes and razors shall be sterilized after each separate use thereof. A separate, clean towel shall be used for each person. Material to stop the flow of blood shall be used only in powdered form, and applied on a towel. Powder puffs are prohibited." Wherever Newbro's "Herpicide" is used for face or scalp after shaving or hair cutting, there is no danger as it is antiseptic and kills the dandruff germ. Send 10c in stamps for sample. The Herpicide Co., 41 Jefferson av., Detroit, Mich.

HOTELS.

THE NEW

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Harry Tracy, like all boys, has a sweetheart and wears her picture in his watch. She turns against him because of his evil habits. Harry and Dave Merrill run away from home and are heard from in Colorado, where Harry is said to have killed a cattleman and shot a deputy sheriff.

CHAPTER III. The Convict.

The City of Portland was overrun with burglars. For months past the most daring nocturnal robberies had been reported to the police department almost every morning. Stores and the dwellings of the rich residents were entered by men skilled in the use of the jimmy, and no safe or strongbox seemed proof against their tools.

Cash, jewelry, family plate—everything of negotiable value fell into the maw of the thieves. Families would awaken at the usual hour and discover that a window or a door had been pried open and midnight visitors had entered, ransacking the house from cellar to attic, going into the sleeping chambers with impunity, and carrying away whatever they found that could be turned into money.

"There's a gang," said the chief of police.

"Yes," assented the lieutenant, "an organized gang."

"I'll wager my month's salary," said the chief, "that Patsy McGoogle has something to do with this wholesale burglary; and it looks to me like some of it may be the work of Billy the Kid."

"That may be, cap'n," remarked a quiet-looking man in citizen's clothes. "But I've got my own opinion as to the gang. I should say there's only two men in it, and that's not so much of a gang, is it? Incidentally, I know where to lay my hands on these two men, but they are desperate characters, and I shall need a squad of good men to help bag 'em."

The chief looked incredulous, but he knew that the speaker was one of the most acute detectives in Oregon.

"Who are the burglars?" he inquired.

"Their real names I don't know," answered Detective Weiner, "but the record of one of them I happen to have on file in my head. He is a man named Hoy, a ranchman or cowboy, in Colorado, and another man is serving a life sentence for the crime. The man in prison was a member of this fellow's gang, however. The man now operating in Portland escaped, killing a deputy in his flight."

Prior to that time he had been captured by 'tenderfoot' detectives who played a trick upon him, for robbing a store in Utah.

"He was sent to the Utah penitentiary for eight years. One day, with half a dozen other convicts, he was sent to do some road grading near the prison, in charge of one guard."

"This fellow managed to bend his shovel blade, by main strength, and when the guard went to help him fix it he plucked a revolver from the guard's pocket and got the drop on him."

The other convicts crowded around, and this man compelled the guard to exchange clothing with him.

"He then marched the entire party, including the guard, as a supposed convict, several miles down the road, and all the prisoners escaped."

"The fugitive then went to Colorado, and after the murder I have mentioned, he took to the brush."

"Some time later he was captured, so weak from lack of food that he was unable to fire a gun which he had taken from a man he killed."

"They jailed him at Aspen, Colo., and the governor of Utah asked that he be extradited."

"But before this was attended to he escaped from jail, beating the jailer into insensibility with a poker. He then came to Oregon and—"

"It's Harry Gary you're talking about, of course," interrupted the chief.

"Surely you don't mean to say that the notorious Harry Gary is one of the burglars you have spotted?"

"I mean just that, cap'n," responded the detective. "He went by that name in Utah and by another in Colorado."

"One of his aliases, or it may be his real name, is Tracy. He and a fellow named Dave Merrill—"

"Look here," said the chief, excitedly, "if those men are in Portland, and you have located them, it will be a fine catch; but it



"There, curled up and trying to worm himself into a position so that he could use his revolver, they found Dave Merrill."

would be a picnic to take them."

"Give me five men and I'll do it," said the detective, in a quiet manner.

"Where are they?"

"Living in a little house down by the bay with an old woman who is said to be a relative of Merrill."

That night Detective Weiner, with five of his fellow-members of the force, proceeded to the little house down by the bay. Every door and window had been located previously, and the leader of the posse noted his men so that no one could escape without being seen.

He knocked at the front door and was admitted by the woman. As he had surmised, a man attempted to leave the house by the back door as he stepped into the front room. Seeing the officers there the man turned back into the house.

After a brief survey the old woman said: "You can search every room; there's nobody here but me."

The leader called two of his men into the house and a search was made. Apparently no one was there. But the acute detective observed that in a certain small room the old woman appeared nervous.

The officers re-entered the room. The chief piece of furniture was an old-fashioned chest of drawers, unusually large. The officers opened the drawers and found only a quantity of wearing apparel. They opened the lower drawer.

There, curled up and trying to worm himself into a position so that he could use his revolver, they found Dave Merrill.

"Harry Tracy has betrayed us!" the old woman cried. "If you want to capture him I can get him to come here."

With an agreement with the officers she went word to Tracy that Merrill wanted to see him.

Tracy arrived shortly, only one of the detectives being visible. This officer was introduced to him as a friend of Merrill's brother and he suspected nothing.

"Show me around the town a little, Mr. Tracy," the stranger requested. "I've just got into the city."

"Sure," assented Tracy, and he went out for a walk with his new acquaintance.

Presently, however, Tracy began to grow suspicious. The detective overdid his part.

"See that train?" remarked Tracy, as a freight pulled by.

"Yes," the detective answered.

"Well, so long, I'm going to take it."

Whereupon he swung himself into the engine.

Detective Weiner reached for his revolver. Tracy fired once at him and the officer fell, severely wounded; but Weiner was game. He arose and telephoned the news up the track.

With his revolver at the engineer's ear Tracy ordered that the train pull out at full speed.

The result was that Tracy was taken after he left the train, being knocked down by a big butcher whom he tried to pass on a run.

"Next time," growled Tracy, "I won't be so easy."

Tracy and Merrill were sent to the Oregon penitentiary in the little city of Salem. Merrill's sentence was for 12 years, but Tracy was condemned to spend 20 years in the prison, the extra seven being added for shooting the detective.

The two men were set to work in the roof foundry. Every morning at 6 o'clock they arose and cleaned up their cells. Half an hour later they fell into the lockstep and marched to the great, ill-smelling hall where the convicts eat their meals.

A breakfast of black coffee, warmed-over potatoes, greasy bacon and water was eaten in absolute silence from tin dishes placed upon long wooden tables. The men sat on wooden benches, close together, like themselves. Each man lifted his tin cup for coffee as a convict passed behind the line carrying a huge coffee-pot. There was no sugar, no cream.

Cream and sugar are not a part of the convict's fare. They are the luxuries of liberty, which the convict cannot afford.

The bread was not buttered. Butter is another of the luxuries of liberty. It is not one of the necessities of life. Men in stripes, sitting silent in long rows on wooden benches, clad in a miserable monotony of stripes, receive only the necessities of life. They have forfeited the luxuries.

It is a part of their punishment.

After the scant breakfast, Tracy and Merrill again fell into the lockstep. The

long line, like a great striped serpent wormed its way out into the country, dined with stony faces to a score of miles. Here the serpent parted. His head, a snake of the plains, fell apart. Each convict, each convict, went to his appointed place. The machinery began to whirr and hiss and the silence was broken. But all day long it was a miserable monotony of noise, a machine-made noise, a monotonous murmur of wheels, the clatter of the wheels, the clatter of the wheels, the clatter of the wheels.

For a convict to speak to his fellow meant bread-and-water diet, the dungeon, perhaps the whipping post.

At noon again the serpentine lockstep line, and again the scant fare, and again the stone building inside the stone wall. At dusk again, the lockstep, the scant meal, the stone cell, and silence.

Stone is hard. The life is hard, the work is hard. Tracy and Merrill, fresh from freedom of the streets and the green fields and the blue skies, for their misdeeds were made over into men of the stone age.

In the cell only, for a limited time before being ordered to their hard cot, the men are permitted to speak, each to his cellmate. Speech is one of the necessities of life. Without it men will go mad in time.

When is your time up, Tracy inquired of his cellmate, Jim White, one evening while he was nesting upon the stone wall of his cell a little photograph, cut to a circle.

"It's the cat's," inquired White.

"It's a girl I used to know—back home," said Tracy, almost angrily. "I asked you when you got out."

"A month from today."

"Take me along."

"Don't see how I can," replied White.

"But I see," Harry Tracy said. "And I've got a pal here—Dave Merrill; works with us in the stove foundry. You are to take him along, too."

"What's your name, Tracy?"

"Have you been here for years and never noticed how weak the guard is on the south wall at night?" Tracy asked, contentedly.

"It would be easy for a man to get into this pen from the outside."

"But how the— is that going to help a man get out of it from the inside?"

Tracy laughed, a cold, harsh laugh. "Say, White, you've got things to learn yet. How would you like to come back to this ranch for about five minutes, after you're let free next month?"

"Wouldn't like it for a cent," Wright responded. "I'm not fond of this here corral, Mr. Tracy, are you?"

"No more than you are, and, what's more, I'm going to give it the go-by. And you're going to help me. If you don't, I'll see that you're posted before you enjoy a week of freedom. You've heard of Mr. Harry Tracy before you met me, haven't you?"

The other convict shuddered. Just then the corridor guard called. "Get up, Tracy, and get up, Merrill; the night, blow out the flickering candle."

Two or three times that night Harry Tracy, shuddering, and the guard thought he was laughing in his sleep.

"Dreadful of being a poor devil, maybe," said the guard to himself. "I was not acquainted with Mr. Harry Tracy."

(To be continued in the Post-Dispatch tomorrow. The next chapter tells of the escape.)

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CHAPTER V.

The Flight.

In a large tent on the shore of Puget Sound, among the firs and pines, two men were preparing breakfast. One set the table, while the other fried bacon and eggs and warmed up the cold potatoes left over from last night's meal.

The cook sang cheerily at his work. The little camp stove crackled and the fat bacon sizzled an accompaniment to the song. It was one of those roaring "shanty" songs of the old-time mariner:

Ye ho, ye ho! The wind does blow,
An' it's seven leagues a sail,
Ye ho, ye ho, an' away we go,
With a blade for the blubber whale.

"You're mighty pert this mornin', Jack," said the man who was wiping dust from tin plates on the corner of the tarpaulin that served as a table cloth.

"Reckon I be, Bill; but I mought as well sing as cry. We've struck it on this voyage—oysters to beat the band. The cap'n says he never seed the beds so thick. Minds me of the days I used to whale it from New Bedford, 'cept we won't get the ditty we got them days. Whalin' is no good no more, though, an' us old tars is lucky to git a chance to ship for oysterin'. The ain't nothin' the matter with old Jack this mornin', an' he's feelin' chipper as a midshipmite with a hunk o' plum duff with plums all through, cut'er fore-an'-aft or 'midships."

"Better not be so lively," said Bill. "Seed a paper from Seattle yistiddy, an' it said Harry Tracy was a-headin' this way with full sail on, fibboom an' spanker. Spokin' he'd have to an' put a shot over our bows."

Jack laughed aloud. The laugh of an old whaler is hearty, if not artistic. It is a guttural guarantee to compete with howling gales and creaking capstan.

Bill was a mere "coaster, and Jack's hard weather bilarity nettled him.

"I'll bet my month's pay he'd make you walk the plank," said Bill, "if he boarded us."

Old Jack laughed louder. He roared like a seal on the Arctic floe. The next slice of bacon he slipped into the frying pan with a smack that startled Bill. It sounded like a rifle shot.

"Looker here, Bill," said Jack. "I could pick up this cheap landlubber from the Oregon, jes and pinch his foretop into splinters afore he could say Jack Robinson. But don't you be gittin' the white flag ready. Tracy's nabbed long afore this. That paper you seed was a week old. They was after him but an' heavy, an' I doubt not Capt. Clark's ship has been sent out for good an' all. I'm bettin' my last plug o' chawin' tobacco."

"My name's in the pot," said a gruff voice at the door of the tent.

Jack and Bill wheeled around with alacrity. The egg that Jack had just cracked on the edge of the skillet was spilled over the stove and burned to a snear. Bill dropped a tin plate full of hardtack.

"There, now, don't spoil the lunch," said the gruff voice. "I'm hungry enough to eat the tent. I just wanted to say I'd take breakfast with you, gents, seeing it's about ready and I've just happened in."

The big oysterman heaved a stocky man, clad in a dark suit that evidently was made for another person. He was smooth-shaven. He had a heavy jaw and a broad mouth that drooped at the sides, and his lips were thick. His hair was close-



"MY NAME IS IN THE POT," SAID A GRUFF VOICE AT THE DOOR.

cropped, and his complexion was pallid, even though it was sunburnt.

The newcomer carried a Winchester rifle both hands and wore a big pistol at his belt, which was studded with cartridges. "Who mought you be, stranger?" asked Jack. "Huntin' bear in this neck o' the woods?"

"I'm Tracy," said the man with the gruff voice.

Old Jack dropped the fork with which he had been turning the bacon. Bill stood and stared.

Just line up against the wall of the tent there and watch the animal eat," said Tracy.

The men obeyed. Tracy sat down to the table facing them, and devoured a square meal, keeping his rifle in full view upon the table, its muzzle pointed toward the oysterman.

Presently three other men and a boy appeared at the door of the tent. One of them was whistling the "Hot Time" tune.

"Hey, got company," said another of the quartet. "Well, I suppose there's plenty for the wayfarer, though the fare may be coarse," he added, heartily.

Whereupon Capt. Clark of the N. & S. sat down across the table from his guest and fell to. The other three took their place. Tracy having finished his meal by this time and taken a seat on a cracker box at the other side of the tent, with his rifle between his knees.

Capt. Clark and his son and the two sailors ate quickly, as they were due to run down the sound and desired an early start. Bill and Jack were back of them, and they observed nothing strange in the attitude of the two captives.

When the captain arose from the table he put his hand into his pocket to take out his handkerchief, for use in the absence of a napkin. Then the big man with the thick lips, who had sat silent, arose.

"Just take your hand out of your pocket, captain," he commanded. "I'm Harry Tracy. Heard of me, haven't you?"

The captain comprehended instantly and looked helplessly around him. The cook and his mate stood at attention. Tracy had captured the "cook and the mate of the midshipmite and the mate of the N. & S."

He ordered Jack and one of the sailors to the tent post, inspecting the knots to see that the job was well done.

"Now, Cap'n, I must rely on you to take me up the sound. I'm going to Seattle where I've got pressing business. All of you march in front."

The three men and the boy marched down to the launch and went aboard. Tracy following closely with his rifle poised perilously.

"Get up steam," he commanded. Capt. Clark obeyed, and the launch puffed away from shore. Tracy gave instructions as to the direction he wished to take. The captain obeyed instructions.

Seating himself in the bow of the launch, Tracy kept his eyes upon the crew, never for a moment permitting a man to get out of his sight.

The launch steamed out into the sound and headed for Seattle, was a fine morning at sea, but Jack's happy spirits appeared to have been damped by the sudden change in commanders.

"My gaw," he muttered, as he went doggedly about the work to which the deposed captain, under Tracy's orders, had set him.

"No, by Tracy," said the man with the rifle, "used to be known as Gurr in Utah, but I'm better known lately as Tracy. Just tend to your work and I'll tend to mine."

During the day Tracy became even jollier. He was far out at sea, beyond the reach of bullets. Upon every side he could see only water, with a fringe of woods far away—no far to cause him anxiety as to an ambush.

For the time being he felt secure, but he knew that it was a transient security, for even the open sea holds no shelter for the outlaw.

So Tracy, though jolly, was not happy. It was apparent that his oceanic hilarity was but the bravado of the desperate man. It was apparent also, to his impressed crew, that his long flight and his days and nights of incessant vigilance were undermining the man's mental strength.

This was evident to Capt. Clark when his unwelcome guest ordered him to sail along side McNeil's Island, near Tacoma, where the Washington penitentiary is located.

I want to get a shot at one of the guards on the wall, he said. "I don't care which one—any will do."

"The tide is out," said Capt. Clark, "and if we go in there we'll be aground."

Probably the tide was not out, but Tracy was not a Puget Sound mariner, and he did not relish taking the chance. He took the captain's word for it, and the launch kept serenely upon her way.

But the incident served to show that Tracy, instead of merely desiring to escape, had fallen into the spirit of wanton murder and was thirsty for blood. If Capt. Clark, in the man's career he might have commended more closely. The blood-and-thunder hero of the newspaper and of the low stage sensation, never the depicting of the real man.

Toward noon a steam tug appeared above the horizon, sailing almost parallel to the N. & S. miles away. Capt. Clark, through his glasses, saw that the vessel was one commanded by a friend. At the same moment the skipper of the tug recognized the N. & S. and was evident a little later that he had veered his course, and was making for the launch.

"What boat is that?" asked Tracy, who feared that it might be a revenue cutter. Perhaps the men who had been left bound in the tent had been able to release themselves and had notified the authorities of Tracy's latest escapade.

"It's only a friend of mine," the captain replied, "coming over to make a friendly hail."

"When he gets near enough," said the desperate man with the rifle, "I'll just take a shot at that man at the wheel, I'm taking no chances, cap."

Capt. Clark implored Tracy not to fire. "It would only make it worse for you," he explained. "Their crew is larger than ours and their vessel as fast. If a hostile shot came from us they would try to run us down. I know the captain of that tug."

"Then you pull out for all you're worth," commanded Tracy, "and get away from him. I don't want to meet your friend. Get away, quick."

Capt. Clark crowded his little engine up to the last notch, and the trim launch cut the water like a streak. The tug kept up the pace for a mile or so, but evidently her skipper had no more time to lose and concluded that Capt. Clark had not recognized him. The pursuing vessel turned to her former course, and Tracy's growing nervousness abated.

Tracy ordered the captain to make a landing at a suburb of Seattle, about dusk, and he stepped ashore, compelling old Jack, he of the boastful vein, to walk in front of him.

"I'll send your cook back before breakfast," he said to Capt. Clark, "and also pay you for my passage, after I get hold of some swag that's in Seattle. You've been good to me, Cap; so long."

(To be continued in the Post-Dispatch tomorrow.)

INDIGESTION.

Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Constipation or any other ailment arising from a weak or disordered stomach can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It has a record of fifty years of such cures back of it, and we urge every sufferer to try it.

See you. The genuine has our

up over the neck of the bottle.

STETTER'S
H BITTERS.

THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF

OUTLAW HARRY TRACY

... By Frank James. ...

A FINE MORAL

A THRILLING STORY

This remarkable story by a remarkable man began in the last Sunday's Post-Dispatch and will appear exclusively in the daily installments in the Post-Dispatch, the final chapter being published in the issue of next Sunday.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Harry Tracy, a boy in an eastern village, found a companion in a desperate Dick, a runaway boy, who came to town with a pocketful of stolen money. Associated with this boy and the reading of the hard tales made Harry and the child, Dave Merrill, the bad boys of the village. They earned a "kang" and began to pilfer in a small way.

Harry Tracy, like all boys, had a sweetheart and was her picture in his watch. She turned against him because of his evil habits. Harry and Dave Merrill ran away from home and were heard from in Colorado, where Harry was said to have killed a cattlemen and shot a deputy sheriff.

Tracy and Dave Merrill are arrested for burglaries in Portland and sent to the Oregon penitentiary. They are set to work in the prison above ground. Tracy plots with his confidante, whose time is nearly up, to return to the prison at night by scaling the wall at a point where the guard on weak and save two Winchester at a distance point in the foundry, to assist in the escape of Merrill and himself.

Merrill and the foundry to begin work. Tracy and Merrill seize the rifle and shoot down the guard. They scale the wall on a ladder and make their escape. Harry and Dave Merrill are in the woods and Tracy shoots him in the back of the head, leaving him alone with a rifle.

Tracy goes to a house, capturing a gasoline launch and the coasting his rifle. He goes to a house in Seattle, where he meets with Jack Scott, the boy's old friend.

Jack is released and settles Sheriff Oudberg. He is a former sheriff and a man of law. Tracy, a boy, was known as Harry Carr, a name which he had changed. Tracy is in the purpose of shooting the outlaw by the expense of three deputies, who attack Tracy as he leaves a house and are shot down by him.

Tracy leaves a written warning to Oudberg and declares that he is now going to make his "get away." He captures a farm hand, John Anderson, and compels the man to row him on Puget Sound two days, landing at night and being a prisoner to a tree.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Finish.

Harry Tracy awoke from an hour's uneasy slumber in a thicket, started by the rustle of a nightbird's wing above him.

He grasped his rifle more firmly and crouched close to the trunk of a tree. The man was shivering, not with cold, but with deadly fear. He was losing his nerve.

He could ill afford to be thus disturbed, for he needed the sleep. For more than a month he had been tracked and hunted, day by day, night by night, hour by hour, with never an opportunity to snatch a restful period of sleep.

The sweet respite of eight hours of slumber he had not known since his escape from the prison. At times outraged nature had given way for a little while, but always there was the imminent peril of capture. Eternal vigilance, which meant sleeplessness, was the price of Harry Tracy's liberty.

Sleep is one of the necessities of life. Even the state prisons permit sleep. The torture of enforced wakefulness is inhuman, even to one who has not experienced it. It is worse than hunger and more terrible than thirst.

Without sleep men soon go mad. Reason goes whirling into the pits of insanity. Strange, spectral, spooky phantasmal shapes take form within the brain and tantalize the man with nameless terrors. Looking out upon the world with eyes forced to keep open when sleep's compulsion is ignored, one sees a topsy-turvy universe, things appear awry, solid substances melt and float, and all is a mad mixture of chaotic unreality. To such an outlook the earth is void and without form.

Harry Tracy, the outlaw, had reached that point. As he settled down again for another brief nap he suddenly jerked himself to a sitting posture and fired three quick shots from his Winchester, awakening the eerie echoes in the wild Washington forest.

For out of the vast silence had come a hoarse voice:

"Who, who, who are you?"

It was but the hooot of an owl in a tree-top, but to Tracy's disordered mind it was the cry of a deputy, and the man fired at random in his delirium.

The noise of his own rifle more fully aroused him and he stood erect behind his tree.

Reverberating from a mountain wall the echoes of his shots came back to him.

"The devils are shooting at me again!" he muttered. "Let 'em come! let 'em come!" and the outlaw braced himself against the tree and lifted his rifle.

"Pshaw!" he said, a moment later, when the night had died down to utter silence.

"I'm a fool, it was just the boys popping firecrackers back home. I'm at home with mother, and Dave Merrill is with me, and it's the Fourth of July. And there's Desperate Dick, that bad boy. Mother told me yesterday I mustn't go with him any more, and I won't. I must be good to mother."

"I wonder who in law is?" She likes to see us pop the crackers. Ah, here's the little picture she gave me last week; but the day seems so dark I can't see it."

Tracy, with shaking hand, had taken from the breast pocket of his coat the response of the old days.

"Are all the firecrackers gone, Dave? O, what's the matter with the boy? There's a great, ragged hole in the back of his head! Help! help! Dave Merrill has been hurt by a firecracker! Oh, hi! God! am I having a horrible dream? That's not little Dave; it's a grown man, and he's dead, dead, there on the ground staring at me!"

Tracy fell prone on the foot of the tree, gasping and quivering. His rifle under his breast and his head pillowed upon a mossy knoll, at length he sank into an easy slumber, and for three hours slept like a tired child after a romp with its playmates.

Somewhat refreshed and with reason partly restored, he awoke and was startled to find the sun shining full upon him.

He lay perfectly still, glancing uneasily about him.

They were after me last night hot and heavy, was the thought that went through his mind. They got pretty close, but I killed them all. I wonder where Dave Merrill is. I had a dream about him, and he looked such a awful reproach at me. Can it be that I—that I—no, but he would have killed me. Who said that? You lie! Dave Merrill is my friend. I'll go and hunt him up, and then they'll never find us.

Tracy arose to his feet, painfully stiff, and faced about. His feet were numb from the cramped position in which he had lain. He shook them one at a time—sore, swollen feet, torn by thorns.

The exercise seemed to arouse him further. He turned his head from side to side to timber his stiff neck. Slowly and painfully he pushed out his arms, one after the other, transferring the rifle to permit the exercise of his muscles.

Suddenly his hearing, still acute, caught the sound of a crackling twig. He stood at attention, holding his rifle at an angle.

"I guess it's only Dave," flashed through his brain. "I haven't heard with me when we went to sleep last night."

There was a rustling in the brush some rods away.

"Hey, Dave!" called Tracy. He saw a bullet whizz past his ear and he heard the sharp crack of a rifle.

The hunt was still on. Tracy looked a little way beyond the clump of bushes to his right and beheld three men wide apart, crouching for a chance to take aim.

The old trick of the man was wide awake in the instant. He fired rapidly at the three men in succession, as they started up, darting into a shallow ravine for cover he retreated carefully, walking a mile or more in the rank woods. Then he turned out the wooded slope and made for the mountains.

When well out of sight and sound of his pursuers, who feared to follow closely, Tracy heard a deep baying.

"Bloodhounds!" he gasped. "After me again! Well, I'll fix the puppes this time!" Grinding his heels into the turf he paused momentarily and poured a red-powdered substance into his tracks.

It was well he sent that boy into town after this cayenne pepper," he said. "When the papers get hold of the fact that a dog gave it up and went back coughing and sneezing they'll wonder how I got the pepper."

Then Tracy laughed. It was a happy sort of laugh at first, but it augmented into the wild laugh of a maniac.

"Ah, it was Dave's ghost! I saw last night! I killed him—of course, I killed him! Take that—thing—away!"

Tracy stumbled on and spent the day wandering aimlessly along the mountain side, now sitting down to dose a moment and be awakened by frightful dreams, now running pell-mell in his effort to escape from imaginary pursuers.

Now and then the mania lapsed.

"If I only had taken good advice," he said, "I never would have come to this. Why can't a boy do the right thing and be decent when he has the chance? Old Man Simpkins was right; he said I would come to a bad end, and I've come to it. But I won't stop now just yet. I'm going to make my getaway if they'll just keep Dave away from me."

Thus all day and half the night the madman muttered and mandered. At last nature broke down and he sank behind a stone and went to sleep. When day broke he was again partially restored to reason, and again the old fear of bloodhounds and bullets made him alert.

Must eat, said Tracy to himself. "I don't believe I've had a meal for a week. I'll take the first farmhouse and get a hand-out. Maybe I'll stay and visit with them."

After walking down the mountain a few miles he saw arising from the treetops a

thin blue curl of smoke. Beyond was a clearing, where corn and wheat were waving in the sunshine.

It was a beautiful morning, and the golden wheat was almost ready for the late northern harvest.

Tracy stalked up to the kitchen door of Farmer Hopkins' abode.

"Breakfast ready?" he asked of Mrs. Hopkins, who shrunk back on seeing the wild-eyed man with the rifle and the pistol.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am," said the outlaw. "I'm only Harry Tracy, and I'm looking for grub, not gore."

Hopkins and his two hired men approached and Tracy compelled them to hold up their hands while he searched them for weapons. They were not armed.

"It's about time you're cutting that wheat," said Tracy. "I'll stay around a few days and help you. All I want is my outfit and keep."

Tracy ate a hearty breakfast, prepared by Mrs. Hopkins' trembling hands. He told the men to go on about their work. There was no threat of harm to the household as a punishment for informing on him. Clearly the outlaw had become forgetful. His former carelessness was no longer one of his characteristics. He was forging to the right.

When one of the hired hands reached the far side of the cornfield with his plow he hitched the mule and vaulted the rail fence, disappearing in the timber.

Six hours later he reappeared at the farm, having gone to the distant town with a wonderful tale of Tracy, the outlaw.

With him came four men, armed with shotguns, rifles, pistols—any firearm they could find in their haste to capture or kill Tracy and win the reward.

Farmer Hopkins, a nervous man, was at the barn un hitching a team of horses to a wagon, as the party in sight at the premises. The stranger wore a belt, but carried no rifle. There was a pistol in his belt.

Is that Tracy? asked the citizens, who had become officers for the occasion.

"It sure is," replied the hired man. Tracy saw the possemen as soon as they saw him.

Who are those men?" he asked of the farmer.

"Shouldn't wonder if they mought be deputises," replied the farmer. Tracy made a dash for the farmhouse. Presently he reappeared, carrying his rifle. He fired right and left at his pursuers and sidled off toward the barn.

The weapons of the deputies popped repeatedly. Just after he jumped the low fence Tracy was seen to stumble and fall.

He arose again and fired a shot or two, but went on toward the barn. It was evident that he had lost his cunning as a marksman. After these ineffectual shots Tracy slipped to the middle of the field and was lost sight of in the tall grain.

The officers were not eager to go in after him.

"I'm sure I hit him there by the fence," said one, "but he may be playing us a trick. I guess we'll wait."

Night was fast closing in. A quarter of eight after Tracy was lost to view the officers, who had stationed themselves at points surrounding the wheat field, heard a pistol shot from the direction of the center of the field.

They wondered, but they waited.

Morning dawned, and they went in.

There, amid the golden wheat, lay Harry Tracy's body. With a strip of cloth torn from his coat he had tried to bandage his wounded leg to stop the flow of blood that was taking the life out of him.

In his right hand was a revolver, and in the side of his head a great, ragged hole, powder-burned—such a hole as he had made in the back of Dave Merrill's head.

"Poor devil!" said the man who had wounded him. "He saw he was a cornered man and he shot himself."

Then the posse divided his clothes for relics and began to bicker about the division of the loot.

And such was the finish of Harry Tracy.

THE END.

A VETERAN AGENT OF THE POST-DISPATCH.



W. F. HUNT.

Special to the Post-Dispatch.

KYLE, Tex., Aug. 30.—This town, 40 miles north of San Antonio and 22 miles south of Austin, is served daily with the

Post-Dispatch by Mr. W. F. Hunt, who is 60 years old, but serves his customers daily as many Post-Dispatches as of any other paper coming to the town.

ANADA BUILDS MANY SHIPS CHURCHILL'S LATEST WORK

[illegible][illegible]

OH. FOR AN ELEPHANT'S NOSE

The wonderful thing about an old
hant is his nose. He can walk
around his yard. He can chase them
and down his back with it. And if it
happens to be traveling in a stock
he can catch it and for all.

Think what a man could do with
a nose like that. When his
smelling snake he could sit where I
was and sniff in the other women. An
when it came to Dutch lumber he could
hang his nose out of the window and
sniff his neighbors in peace.

O, for a wandering nose!

OUTLAW TRACY ON BOWERY STAGE.

**NEW YORK HAS A DRAMATIC
REPRODUCTION OF THE NO-
TORIOUS CALIFORNIA OUT-
LAW AND THE THINGS HE
DOES ARE WORTH GOING A
MILE TO SEE.**

It required the efforts of the house policeman to save the sheriff and his posse in "Tracy, the Outlaw," from assault by a hostile audience at the 3d Avenue Theater, says the New York World.

Pursued through three acts by what is termed "human bloodhounds," the hero-outlaw had reached the fourth act and Eddy's ranch. He was in the house partaking of Eddy's hospitality when along came Sheriff Cuddy and his men, hot on his trail.

As they forced their way into the house, Tracy was seen to crawl through an upper story window to the roof and from the porch to the back of a horse. Away he galloped, followed by shots from the outwitted pursuers and cheers from the audience.

At this point mechanical exigencies necessitated a "drop" being lowered in order to give time for the setting of the cornfield scene. To kill time the sheriff and his deputies come on to discuss their plans. The "drop" compels them to crowd close to the footlights.

Resentment on the part of the audience immediately broke out in a stream of hisses and derisive cries. Then a bolder spirit hurled a missile at the head of the quaking sheriff.

Bombarded by the Audience.

This was the signal for a general bombardment. All sorts of things were thrown at the man-hunters. The principal ammunition took the form of programmes rolled up into hard wads.

Girls took gum from their mouths and wadding it up fired this form of bullet at the enemies of Tracy and freedom.

A large portion of the audience was on its feet in angry demonstration, and missiles were piling on the stage in great quantity when the gray-uniformed house policeman rushed to the rescue.

"Here!" he cried, running down the aisle and raising a threatening stick; "stop this!"

This intervention appeared to bring the excited spectators to their senses. The air became clear once more and the hisses died into low murmurings.

Curiously enough, the uprising started not in the gallery, but in the parquet. Some of the first to take up arms against the sleuths were women. One woman nearly dropped her baby on the floor in jumping up to enter her protest against Tracy being chased through all four acts.

It may be judged from this that the melodrama does not depict the Oregon desperado as a lawless character. No, indeed! He's a poor, persecuted hero, who first gets put into prison for another man's crime and then gets into trouble by blowing open the safe of an express car for the purpose of obtaining a supposed warrant for his arrest as an escaped convict.

Ha! Ha! A Woman in the Case.

This act, quite naturally, is misjudged by the authorities, into whose clutches Tracy is betrayed by the contemptible, sneaking villain who's sore because Harry Tracy won the girl he wanted.

Tracy's escape from the Salem jail is made possible by a Bowery comedian in the character of a friendly keeper who loves Tracy's sister, a soubrette with yellow hair and double-heeled black stockings.

From this time on Tracy works overtime keeping at bay hordes of pursuers, and each act ends with everybody but Tracy's friends holding up their hands while he covers them with a brace of glistening Colts.

Then it is that a steely glitter is seen in the eyes of Harry Tracy and the fact is realized that he's a dangerous man.

At other times he's not as advertised. He's as good as he can be and as pleasant as Pete Dailey, whom he resembles. He hates to spill blood as much as Dailey hates to spill beer.

He would have grown up a credit to Portland had it not been for that detestable villain who switched his life to the sidetrack of disgrace and once tried to murder him with a blow from a sledge.

That was a thrilling moment, and how the women in the audience did scream with horror when the villain raised the heavy sledge above the prostrate form of Tracy and exultantly cried:

Tracy—He's Nearly Done For!

"Now, Harry Tracy, I have you in my power, and I am going to dash out your brains as I would a dog's!"

Of course he doesn't do anything of the kind. If the ladies had stopped to think before they shrieked they would have realized that an actor—no matter how strong he may be—couldn't stand having his brains dashed out six nights a week and three matinees.

Therefore, it comes to pass that Harry Tracy lives to run away and fight another day.

One nice thing about it is he has lots of company all the time he is escaping. At every step his faithful, weak-looking wife, his double-heeled sister, and the Bowery comedian catch up with him and bring him consolation and delicatessen.

They have friendly roadside visits together, and when any of the natives dare to say they've heard that Harry Tracy is a pretty bad customer, the outlaw promptly takes the center of the stage and declares:

Poor Maligned Tracy.

"Invented lies, all of them, to make my name so despised that the hand of every man will be raised against me."

Once, bowed down by the weight of his wrongs, he turns to his double-heeled sister—made up for escaping purposes like one of the Shoot Sisters in a Wild West show—and says:

"Sing something, won't you, Molly?"

And when Molly does sing the pursuers are considerate enough to wait in the mountain fastnesses until Molly responds to a couple of encores and speaks a piece before again pursuing their pursuit of pursuing.

Unlike the Tracy of recent Western history, this Tracy doesn't die like a rat in a cornfield. Instead, he leaves his coat and hat on the body of a treacherous tramp, who is shot in the face by the Bowery comedian and not only disfigured for life, but killed to boot.

The sheriff and his deputies, with a sagacity common to the breed, promptly identify the body as that of the suicided outlaw, while Tracy goes home to eat pumpkin pie and help the children with their Sunday school lessons.

"Tracy the Bandit."

BOWDOIN-SQ THEATRE — "Tracy, the Bandit," a drama in four acts. The cast:

Harry Tracy.....	Willard Blackmore
Dave Merrill.....	Wilmer Walter
Hank Bradley.....	Carl Fey
Warden Herndon.....	Edwin Denison
"Snoozer" Jackson.....	Will Phillips
Sheriff Delger.....	Butler Haviland
Ranger Addy.....	Lawrence Merton
Mr Merrill.....	D. L. Gaylord
Jim Carson.....	Frank Stech
Montana Madge.....	Corinne Cantwell
Calena Bradley.....	Gertrude Lovering
Mrs Addy.....	Florence Hale

Yesterday afternoon and evening, at the Bowdoin-sq theatre, "Tracy the Bandit" was presented to two crowded houses. The generous applause which it received showed that the large audiences found sufficient to interest them from the beginning to the end. The play is filled with thrilling and pathetic situations, which appealed forcibly to the spectators. The play is based, so far as possible, on facts, and shows in a decidedly interesting manner some of the most daring escapades in the life of the famous Harry Tracy.

During the progress of the play the audience met two big surprises, first, that Harry Tracy is not the black villain he was painted; and second, that he is still at large, at least on the stage. This latter was the greater surprise of

the evening, as everybody expected Tracy would commit suicide in the wheatfield in the last act. A great stillness came over the audience in this last scene, when they thought the outlaw was about to end his days, but an enemy of his is shot in the face by mistake, and his features are so badly disfigured by the shot that the sheriff thinks it is Tracy, while Harry Tracy himself escapes and lives a peaceful life abroad.

The company presenting the piece depicted the various characters in a way that won approval. Willard Blackmore, as Harry Tracy, gave a clever impersonation, and the manner in which he kept within the confines of his part showed him a very capable actor. Wilmer Walter and Carl Fey, in the two heavy parts, were each a distinct success. Corinne Cantwell, as the heroine, was excellent, and Gertrude Lovering and Florence Hale were good in their respective roles. Other characters that deserve mention were given by E. D. Denison and William Phillips.

Life and Adventures of Harry Tracy.

"THE MODERN DICK TURPIN."

More thrilling than that of Jesse James.

The now celebrated outlaw and escaped convict has left a statement fully showing his ancestry and experiences—together with a rehearsal of a score of tragedies, interspersed with thrilling adventures covering his whole career, as robber, wholesale murderer, desperado and all around adventurer and outlaw.

The story of his life is fully authenticated by records of Courts, Prisons and corroboration of many living witnesses.

The statement or statements have been written up in course of his transit across two states and is illustrated with the most fascinating and graphic details of his wants, anxieties, rapturous pleasures in battle and strange fondness for a continuous life of strenuous marauding, and perilous adventure.

JESSE JAMES IS WHOLLY OUTCLASSED.

The manuscript has been prepared and transmitted to his attorney who defended him on several occasions, and especially in a noted murder trial wherein he got a verdict of something akin to an acquittal in the charge of murder in the first degree for the killing of Officer Valentine Hay in Colorado in 1897. The writer has given Tracy and his antecedents careful study for years—knew them well and had relations with the two brothers Harry and Jim Tracy that is rehearsed with more than fascinating exactness, graphicness and thrilling detail.

Harry Tracy requested that the manuscript should not be published or mentioned until after his death or with his written consent.

The book is now prepared for publication, and will furnish novelty and instruction unprecedented in any work of truth or fiction, while every objectionable expression or detail is eliminated. The purpose being to furnish a clean and truthful book of adventures in no way objectionable to youthful or any other readers. It is a picture in words that transcends any fiction, outreaches a fable in imagery and vividness and gives every historical or biographical sketch, even of Kit Carson, Wild Bill, Dick Turpin or Rob Roy a faded semblance to daring, desperation, gallantry and unflinching audacity, as these latter are known in comparison with the renowned Harry Tracy.

GET THE MODERN DICK TURPIN'S STORY.

Written by the versatile and fascinating writer,
LLOYD JONES.

N. B.—As the first edition of the "Adventures of Harry Tracy" will be limited to one hundred thousand [100,000] copies, it is essential that you send your order immediately if you wish to be supplied from the first edition.

Paper bound, 75c per copy; cloth bound, \$1.00. Send your orders direct to the publishers.

**JEWETT & LINDROOTH, PUBLISHERS,
126-132 Market-st., Chicago.**


THE TRIBUNE—ALWAYS RELIABLE.

Chicago Tribune, Saturday, August 16, 1902.

**MONDAY, TUESDAY, MARCH 23-24-25
WEDNESDAY.**

Every Day Bargain Matinee.

Percy Williams' Big Scenic Production,
founded on the life, adventurous career and
supposed death of the noted Oregon Outlaw,
Harry Tracy, entitled



**Tracy
The
Outlaw**

SHERIFF SADDY.

SOME OF THE SCENES:
Tracy's Home, The Temptation, The Hold-
Up of the Train, The Salem Penitentiary, The
Escape, The Duel, The Wheat Field by
Moonlight, Ending With a Transformation Scene
and a Genuine Surprise.

Democrat and Chronicle (Rochester, New York, Sunday, March 22, 1903.

Another fanciful account of Harry Tracy:

THE VANCOUVER SUN—SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1942 PAGE 5

TRACY—WESTERN GUNMAN

By ALBERT FOOTE

"CRACK," and another redskin bit the dust. Calming Deadwood Dick bit off a huge chew of tobacco and with one movement shoved another cartridge into his rifle. Crack, and one more aborigine leaped into space, clawing the air and fell on his face, twilit for a moment and then lay still. Blast their pictures, grumbled the great Indian Scout, the more you kill of the pesky varmints the more there seems to be left."

It was lurid passages like the above which invariably furnished the opening paragraphs of Beade's Dime novels, that boys of my generation devoured behind the security from stern parental censorship of the lofty hay-mow or else deep in the shade of the wood lot.

The right to bear arms by private citizens was one of the provisions in the "Bill of Rights," a sort of codicil to the constitution of the United States. Out in this western country in earlier days the "Right to bear arms" was taken literally and most males packed a six-shooter. Not one in 10 of these was able to hit a barn door at 10 paces. Not one in ten thousand ever drew a bead on a human, pressed the trigger and shot to kill.

Cold-Blooded Killer

The windows of pawn shops used to be piled high with second hand revolvers, there were no restrictions on the sale of these deadly weapons and no real reason for most folks owning one.

There have been some mighty tall tales told of the early day West and its two-gun had men, lightning-quick on the draw, shooting from the hip with deadly accuracy. Some truth to these legends, no question but that Wyatt Earp, the shooting sheriff of Tombstone, Arizona, was a dead shot. Boot Hill, the burying place of that ghost town, is filled with the trophies of his remarkable marksmanship. He was a great artist with the six gun, one who dissuaded the use of the

trigger and fanned the hammer with his thumb."

Jesse James' very name was dreaded in his time, our own Bill Miner, too, was the cause of terrible headaches for the British Columbia police.

Bandits of their calibre were as harmless as old-fashioned drygoods clerks, compared to Harry Tracy, the most deadly cold-blooded killer who ever ran amuck in this Pacific Northwest.

Reign of Terror

For nearly three months in the summer of 1902 Harry Tracy kept thousands of homesteaders, miners and farmers as well as police officers in deadly fear of their lives. Here in British Columbia, Washington and Idaho the peril was real, for during most of that agonizing period no one knew just when Tracy would pop out of the nowhere, coolly train his 30-30, squeeze the trigger and snuff out a life. Tracy never missed his target.

Times were good in the Pacific Northwest in June, 1902, thousands of homesteaders were settling on the land. There were no wars to upset the peace and security of those who were crowding into this favored section of the country, no more fear of being scalped by hostile Indians, new railroads were pushing their way toward the hinterland.

Every day, as the steel was laid, it brought the ranchers closer to the markets for their produce. Wheat, oats, barley and potatoes were selling at top prices. The land smiled on the farmer, he smiled back at the land. Then came Harry Tracy.

Tracy was a many-time loser to the law. He had a long record of ruthless criminal activity. The law had caught up with Tracy and had him locked safely, as the law thought, behind the grim, forbidding walls of the Oregon penitentiary at Salem.

By the performance of some miraculous wizardry he managed to break loose, shooting his way out of the place and leaving three dead prison guards in his wake. He took another inmate of the institution with him, a man named Merrill. The day these two escaped from the Oregon penitentiary began a reign of terror throughout this entire district, for Tracy was the most desperate and successful criminal that ever bade defiance to the law in the Pacific Northwest.

His Ghastly Humor

It was a matter of but a few hours from the time Tracy and Merrill blasted their way out of the "Big House" when the first terrifying reports began to reach the ears of the police. These two men had nothing to lose by committing more murders, both were natural killers, both knew they were living on borrowed time.

Their first exploit was to hold up five men and compel them to row them across the Columbia River. Roaching the Washington shore they stripped these ranchers of their clothing, cash and weapons, leaving them tied up to trees in a spot infested with man-eating mosquitoes.

From then on not a day passed but reports were received from isolated spots of ranchers being compelled to feed the duo and at the point of a gun carry their packs for miles through the back little-used trails.

Tracy's idea of humor was ghastly, for his custom was to jerk open a ranch house door when he was sure the rancher was in and fire a slug

from his 30-30 rifle so close to his victim's ear that he could feel the rush of air from the speeding messenger of death. Now and then he killed one just in the way of advertising to his future hosts that when he honored a man with his company and demand a meal and other things he expected to be served promptly.

Just what actually occurred between Tracy and Merrill on July 2 will never be known but on that fateful day he killed his partner, Merrill, by shooting him in the back. Perhaps Tracy believed in the old adage that "He travels swiftest, who travels alone."

Merrill's body was found in a lonely spot and the finder collected \$1500 reward offered for him dead or alive.

Reward Increased

The next day Tracy was surrounded by a posse near Bothell, Washington, about 18 miles north of Seattle. Tracy broke through the cordon of heavily armed, experienced man hunters, killing one and wounding three more. Now there was a price on Tracy's head of \$5000. Hundreds of deputies were sworn in to aid in killing him, there was no wish to capture him alive as that sort of thing was considered impossible.

His next battle with the human bloodhounds took place almost within the city limits of Seattle. The posse had him surrounded in a house where he had the family at his mercy while they cooked him up a big meal.

Tracy knew mighty well that the moment he stepped out of the door a hundred guns would blast out a welcome. His meal finished he leisurely picked his teeth with a long-bladed knife, arose from the table and praised the culinary skill of the cook, then jerked open the front door.

There was a terrific crash of gunfire, spurts of orange-colored flame flashing from every direction. When the smoke cleared away Tracy was gone, leaving two police officers dead on the ground. He cut two more notches in the stock of his deadly 30-30.

Unwelcome Notoriety

The next report on the movements of the killer came from a rancher named Johnson who lived near Seattle. Tracy

bound and gagged Johnson and his entire family, then he forced a Swedish farm hand named Anderson to row him around the Sound for several days. Later he turned this man loose and for some unknown reason spared his life.

When Anderson regained his freedom he became front page news all over the country, reporters hounded him, showmen offered him vaudeville engagements. Anderson was not the type to profit by this sort of notoriety and he fled Seattle and came over here to Vancouver, stopping at the Palace Hotel. His persecutors followed him here and the last heard of the famous farm hand was that he had gone to Victoria and lost himself in the peaceful atmosphere of that quiet spot.

Some queer sidegigs to the fame of Anderson, for not one but several Seattle saloon keepers had men sitting on raised platforms in their saloons for exhibition purposes, each claiming to be the original Tracy's boat puller.

Bloody Ending

There was a dearth of front page news that summer and Tracy was considered a lucky break by the newspapers. Advertising copy was handled in a different fashion in those days and Tracy was even used to advertise men's second-hand clothing as the following advertisement taken from the files of the "Vancouver World" proves beyond any doubt. Here is what the "World" said:

"TRACY CAUGHT, the report is current of the capture of Tracy, but the accuracy of it is in question. The report that I am selling goods cheaper than anybody in the trade is ABSOLUTELY CORRECT. I. S. D. m n, Gent's Tailor, 54 Cordova Street."

Yes, that report was wrong. Tracy was never caught. He died in a corn field about 11 miles east of Creston, Washington. Surrounded by a posse of hundreds of men, wounded and weak from the loss of blood, he turned his famous death-dealing 30-30 on himself, squeezed the trigger with his tee and blew the top of his head off.

A big sigh of relief arose from thousands of nervous folks all over the entire Pacific Northwest. Tracy was dead. He ceased to be news.



The Vancouver, Sunday, Saturday, December 5, 1942.

There seems to have been two Harry Tracy in the criminal business overlapping in their adventures. There was actually a Tracy family in Minnesota. The Harry Tracy in this family was much older than "our" Harry Tracy who was a Severns, the older one was Thomas Harry Tracy. Two accounts appeared in the newspapers by lawmen who were sure the Harry Tracy they knew was the same man as the Oregon convict. Both were wrong. Also the name Harry

Tracy was seen in the newspapers referring to other men as well, one was Brother Harry Tracy of the National Lecturer of the Farmer's Alliance and another was Harry Tracy a black murderer.

I include their accounts:

This following tale is mostly a faulty recollection by J. W. Collins of Helena, and is no way our Harry Tracy. Although his Oregon prison records states his occupation as cook. Collins remembers an older man and confuses the Tracy family with Harry Tracy's Severns family.

"Early Life of Harry Tracy.

He is Believed by Old Associates to be Partly Crazy From an Old Wound on the Head.

Policeman Collins, of Helena, says to the Montana Record, believes that Harry Tracy, the outlaw and convict who escaped from the Oregon penitentiary and who has been hunted for by posse after posse with bloodhounds, and is still at large, is known to many persons in Helena, the man having worked in this vicinity for several years and even in Helena itself, having been employed as a cook in a restaurant on Main street then located next door to the present site of the Bon Ton café. That this is the same man without a doubt is vouched for by Policeman J. W. Collins, one of the trusted men of the police department. Mr. Collins knew the entire Tracy family and knows Tracy well. In fact, Mr. Collins was raised with the Tracy boys, both having been brought up on ranches almost side by side. They went fishing together and played schoolboy pranks. That Harry Tracy was the same man he knew years ago and whom he saw only three years ago. Mr. Collins has believed for some time that the man's identity was firmly established as the same person last week in a letter received by Mr. Collins from his own relatives.

There is not the shadow of a doubt that this Tracy is the same Harry Tracy I knew in Helena and in our old home in Minnesota I know all the Tracy boys well. All are hard characters.

"My home is on a ranch near Cockatoo, Minn., about thirty-five miles from Minneapolis and within the short distance from the Tracy ranch, where Harry was born and brought up. My folks live there yet, but after I left home I did not see Harry again until in 1886, when his brother in Helena took me up to where Harry was working and there we met.

"During our early boyhood days we had many rough times of it. I believe Harry didn't go to school more than a few days in his life. Nevertheless, he was smart as a steel trap and it was hard to get the best of him. Jim and John, the older brothers kept a saloon in a small town near my home, where regular monthly fairs were held, and there I met the Tracy boys again and again.

The fact is I taught the boys first how to handle the rifle and revolver. All were dead shots. There were few better anywhere. I was a little older than Harry and as on the ranch we had plenty of time on our hands as went out to shoot often. We procured a dozen apples each and when we had assembled we would make a wager. The one among us who could not ten out of the twelve apples when thrown in the air would forfeit his stake. It was very seldom the Tracy

boys had to pay. Harry was an exceptionally good shot for a boy so young and could beat almost any one around there.”

“How did Tracy happen to leave home?” Mr. Collins was asked.

“Well, he replied “it is a long story. Harry, I believe, as nearly as I can recall, was about 14 or 15 years old when he left, and he departed under anything but auspicious circumstances. The Tracy farm adjoined that owned by an old man, and it happened that the two families could not get along well together. Fences would be found down and the cattle belonging to either family strayed in the other’s field. This finally resulted in a quarrel which led to Harry Tracy’s skipping. One morning the fence between the two farms was found torn down and the old man’s cows were grazing in the Tracy corn field. Harry happened to be the one to find it out and he drove the cows out, put up the fence and with the aid of one of his brothers proceeded to try to whip the old man. They had a rough and tumble fight, which resulted in the boys getting the worst of it. This was only the real beginning of the trouble, however, for a few days afterward they again met the man and each of the boys taking a stick started after him with the intention of getting even. The man, however, was ready for them and had one of those old pistols, which he fired at Harry. The bullet struck Harry on the top of the head on the left side and near the front, but it was in some manner deflected and glanced off, after inflicting a serious injury. Harry was carried home and as a result of it was laid up for a long time.

“When he recovered, however, he resolved to have revenge upon his antagonist and with that in view went to the old man’s house and catching him unawares almost killed him. Indeed, Harry thought he was dead and at once left the country. The man, however, did not die, and after careful attention recovered. Tracy did not know this and fled West. I think this affair happened about 1880, although it may have been a year later. [The Harry Tracy of our account was born in 1875.]

That was the last I ever saw of Harry Tracy until 1885, when I met him in Helena, where he was working. I left home in 1883, coming to Helena that year. I did not think any more about the Tracy family until one day in 1886 I met one of the older Tracy boys, at the Northern Pacific depot, and, of course, I at once knew him.

“What has become of Harry?” I asked, during the course of our conversations relating to affairs at home.

“Why, haven’t you seen him?” he replied. “He is right here in Helena. Come on, I’ll take you up and introduce you.”

“We went up town to where Harry was employed and as we entered he said to his brother:

“Harry don’t you know this fellow?”

“No, replied Harry, “I do not believe I do.”

“I had recognized him, however, and he knew me also. He was a little afraid that I was the deputy sheriff and had come to take him back home and so was careful. As soon, however, as his brother told him that I just happened along, he at once threw off his reserve and we had a long chat, going over old scenes. I saw Harry a number of times after that and he worked in Helena and vicinity for a long time. He did considerable mining and there are fifty persons in this vicinity to-day who knew him well. I have since had cause to believe, however, that he went back home and squared up on the trouble he had with the old man. His brother, or one of his relatives, was a county official and I think that it was all straightened up.”

“When did he leave Helena?” Mr. Collins was asked.

“Only a few years ago. Where he went I do not know, but I am sure that he is the same Harry Tracy from the Oregon penitentiary. It has been said that Harry Tracy was not his real name, but that is all nonsense. It is Harry Tracy and although he may have gone by other names that is his true name. [This makes it apparent Policeman Collins is referring to another man, and that he was older and actually a Tracy.]

“The story which has been circulated that he committed a crime in Billings, I believe under another name, is wrong.”

Policeman Collins fully believes that Tracy is insane at times, which is the theory advanced by many who have been observing the outlaw’s movements. He cunning is a characteristic of some of the insane. Mr. Collins believes a blow on the head that Tracy received in Minnesota accounts for his actions.” The Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Monday, July 21, 1902.

“Worked in Iowa.

Harry Tracy, the noted Outlaw, Did a Job in Albia.

The Albia Union is authority for the statement that the notorious Harry Tracy, the Oregon convict, who is a fugitive from justice, is the Harry Tracy who on September 11, 1890, turned a trick at Albia, and who served a term at Fort Madison. The Union says:

“There is little doubt that the notorious Harry Tracy, the fugitive Oregon convict, the most venturesome daredevil outlaw that ever was known, is none other than Harry Tracy who, on the night of September 11, 1890, cut open the Cramer barn doors and stole his driving team, harness and spring wagon. The portraits recently published of him have a striking resemblance to those now in Mr. Cramer’s possession.” [This is the older Harry Tracy.] The Muscatine Journal (Iowa), Friday, August 1, 1902.

KANSAS CLAIMS HIM.

Harry Tracy, the Dead Outlaw, Once Terrorized Crawford County---Was Given His First Sentence to the "Pen" From Here.

Hi Adsit, of Girard, who has served Crawford county in the capacity of under-sheriff and sheriff for many years, and is perhaps the best posted man regarding local criminals than any man in the county, makes the positive statement that Harry Tracy, the notorious Washington desperado, received his first penitentiary sentence from the district court of this county, and once served several months time in the jail of this county. W. H. Braden, of this city, now one of the county commissioners, was sheriff at the time, and he remembers well the Tracy who was a prisoner here, and he, like Adsit, believes the Washington Tracy to be none other than the young man who committed some of the most daring of crimes in this county and terrorized the entire county from McCune to Walnut.

In the latter part of October, 1885, one night Tracy stole a team of horses, saddle and bridle from a farmer at McCune. He used great boldness and rode down the main street on one of the horses leading the other with one hand and flourishing a gun with the other. He then rode north from McCune across Grant township twenty miles to the farm of J. W. Wampler near Brazilton. There, using the same boldness which characterized him, he stole a three seated hack and two sets of harness. He calmly put the harness on the horses, hitched them to the hack and drove off. He arrived in Humboldt, Allen county, in time for breakfast. It was as daring and nerry a piece of thieving as ever known in the criminal annals of Southeastern Kansas. He was chased to the northwestern part of the state and finally arrested. He was brought back to Girard and bound over to the district court by Justice W. B. Crawford. The jail record shows that he was received in the jail Nov. 4, 1885. The record gives his name as Thomas Harry Tracy, and states that he was seventeen years of age, 5 feet 6½ inches high, with brown eyes, auburn hair and fair complexion. The record gave his home as Paola, Kansas. At the June term of court he was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced by Judge Chandler to 2 years and 6 months in the state penitentiary. When they asked him if he had anything to say Tracy arose and made a statement that his parents lived in Eastern Mis-

souri, and he wanted to go to them and stole the team with that object in view. Judge Chandler scored him then for driving northwest to get to Missouri, and asked the young man how he explained that. With stolid countenance the young man refused to answer and he received sentence without moving a muscle. While he was in jail he was the terror of the other prisoners. He ordered them around as if they were his servants, and one night he nearly brained an old man named Stokes because he refused to get up and give him a light for a cigarette. He grabbed a poker and would have killed the old man had not Adsit interfered. The last heard of him here he was in the pen, and until the recent escapades of the Harry Tracy in the west Adsit had almost forgotten him.

"When Harry Tracy commenced to make himself notorious in the northwest," said Mr. Adsit yesterday to a Headlight reporter, "it struck me that the name was familiar, but not until I received a copy of the "Detective," a magazine giving descriptions of all outlaws for whom there are rewards offered, did I place him."

Mr. Adsit then showed a picture of Harry Tracy and a detailed description of the fugitive.

"That description fits the Tracy we had here in '85 to a T," continued the ex-sheriff. He then showed the reporter the jail record at the county jail for the year 1885. "This record is in the handwriting of W. H. Braden. He was the sheriff at that time. I remember the young man well. He gave us a great deal of trouble. He had more nerve than the oldest criminal had yet he was only a boy of 17. The record here gives his name as Thos. H. The boys in the jail all called him Harry and he said himself that he always went by the name of Harry. Braden put him down as from Paola, but that's a mistake. He was following up county fairs and races with fake jewelry, and came here from a fair at Paola. But his home was on the road. He claimed his folks lived in Eastern Missouri. He had been doing a big business with phony jewelry, and while he was in jail he received a large box full of knives, rings and stuff of that kind. He made everybody who visited the jail buy something, and kept the whole gang of prisoners supplied with

tobacco. He was at times good hearted, but if you crossed him he was a perfect devil. I guess there was nearly \$200 worth of stuff in that box that he sent for at Chetopa. He was the nerviest duck I ever had charge of, and if we hadn't watched him constantly he would have broken jail. He nearly did one night before our eyes. The description of the Washington Tracy almost tallies with that of our Tracy. He was 17 years old here. That was in '85, and would make him 34 years of age now. The papers say Harry Tracy was about 35 years of age. The description in the "Detective" gives his height at 5 feet 8½ inches. The jail record here gave it at 5 foot 6½. The description tallies exactly excepting as to his hair. The "Detective" calls Tracy's hair a light brown and Braden called it auburn in the record here, but Braden was color blind, and he always called a man's hair auburn unless it was jet black, so that in my mind tallies also. This portrait looks exactly like the Tracy we had, only he's older. I can't help but believe that it is our Tracy. I never heard of him again after he went to the pen, and it is likely that he worked his way west and has lived in the west ever since. But I never will forget him. He was one of the few prisoners I've had to deal with that really kept me uneasy. I was afraid to take my eyes off of that young fellow. He was treacherous and sly as western Tracy exhibited throughout a cat, and had the nerve that the his sensational escapade."

W. H. Braden, of this city, who was sheriff at the time Tracy was a prisoner here, reiterated what Adsit said.

"Yes, I remember Tracy well," said the ex-sheriff. "Now that you have called my attention to it I remember that he was a nerry young fellow. Come to think about it, these pictures of Harry Tracy do bear a resemblance to the young fellow. I hadn't associated the two, but I wouldn't be surprised if they were the same. The Tracy I had in charge was as game a young fellow as you'll ever find. I remember him well, as I took him to Lansing to the pen, and I can tell you I kept my eyes on him too."

Sheriff Mica Vincent and Under-Sheriff Ed. Walsh are looking up the papers and records and hope to find more information regarding the young Tracy who was a prisoner here. Mr. Adsit is also tracing the matter up and has written the penitentiary authorities and hopes to ascertain what became of Tracy on leaving the state pen.

Missouri Pacific Railway.

Nevada, Mo., Interstate Reunion \$1.25 round trip tickets on sale Aug. 11 to 16 limit return Aug. 18. Lake Park, Nevada, is the prettiest spot in Missouri, G. G. Donahey, agent.

IS HIRA TRACY OUTLAW HARRY TRACY?

Essex Boy Thought to be the Famous Hunted Man—Was Born at Butler Corners and Attended Essex Classical Institute.

Harry Tracy, the western outlaw, is believed to be Hira Tracy born in the town of Essex, where he continued to live until about 16 years ago.

The first information received here that Hira Tracy was the much wanted man in the far West came through a Santa Barbara, Cal., newspaper which reached Essex this week. This paper contained information which led many to believe that Tracy, the man, is Tracy, the Essex boy.

The Tracy family, a large one, consisting of three girls and three boys, formerly lived in Essex. Harmon Tracy, the father, was an industrial farmer and his children were reared much as other children in rural Vermont. His farm lies near the village of Essex Center and at present is occupied by Arthur Goodrich. Here young Tracy grew to manhood. He was educated in the town schools and in the Essex Classical Institute. He and his brother Fred were pupils in the same class, Fred, whose whereabouts have been unknown for years, was the brighter of the two, so the men of today say who grew up with the boys. Fred was troublesome and sometimes made it embarrassing for the instructors. Hira, or Harry as he is called in the West, was uninterested in his studies and dull to a noticeable extent in many of his books. He didn't seem to care much about obtaining an education.

He had a determined disposition and it is said that when his mind was once set upon a thing that it was impossible to divert it.

Harmon Tracy, the father, was gored to death by a bull in his pasture. Harry Tracy was then about 24 years old and had married. He still lived on his father's farm. The bull was killed but this failed to satisfy the ire or grief, and possibly both, of the young man. It is told of him that he took his jack knife and literally gouged out the eyes of the critter, carrying them away in his pocket.

An old teacher of the Institute when asked today if he believed that Hira Tracy was the western Harry Tracy said:

"It does not seem possible to my mind that this boy is the outlaw. I would much rather think that it was his brother Fred. Both boys were in my department when I was an instructor at the Institute, and as I remember them, Hira while not an apt pupil, was less troublesome than his brother. I do recall that he had few associates, that he kept by himself and that the other pupils were free to let him alone. The pictures I have seen in the papers of the outlaw do not resemble young Tracy as I remember him. These pictures doubtless were taken at the state prison where he was confined and presumably show him as the convict with closely cropped hair and shaven face. As I recall him, he was a stockily built youth, broad shoulders, and as strong for a school boy as most men are at thirty."

He was asked if Tracy did not have some difficulty in school in which one of the female pupils figured, and he answered that it was Fred, the brother, who became involved in an escapade and left for the west.

"I do not believe that Fred has been heard from more than twice or three times since he left," continued the former instructor. "The young lady who was concerned in his departure also left the town and located in one of

the New Hampshire cities. At the time, she was engaged to marry a young man of the village. He followed her to the Granite state and found her in a questionable house. He returned and committed suicide in his father's barn. The mother of the Tracy boy died some two years after Fred's hurried departure to the west. At the time he could not be located. A little later, it was ascertained that he was working in a vineyard in California. The next information received was that he had committed a felony and was serving a term in a state's prison. Since then no information has been received from him by his relatives or friends in this section."

Shortly after his father's death, Hira Tracy moved to Essex Junction. He resided there but a short while, taking up his residence in Burlington. The family lived there a short while and then moved to Long Island, N. Y., where he had occupation as a superintendent of a large farm. They afterwards returned to Burlington but the residence was short. Their next residence was at New Rochelle, N. Y., where Mrs. Tracy separated from him, as she says because of ill treatment.



HARRY TRACY.

The story is told that the cause of the separation was because Tracy kept bad company and indulged excessively in liquors. It is told that he brought to his home women of unsavory reputation and that this was the cause of the separation. It was in Essex or Burlington that a daughter was born. She is still living and has been educated by her mother.

The father of Mrs. Tracy was seen today. Lucius Irish is a man well advanced in years but has always borne the reputation of being solid and sensible. It was at the Irish home in Westford, a village lying about 14 miles from Burlington, that Hira Tracy was married.

When told that the outlaw and his son-in-law were thought to be one and the same persons, the old gentleman said it was not impossible to believe.

"It has been a long time since we heard from him and it is just as well if we never heard from him," said the old gentleman. "I don't care about the publicity that may be given this discovery. It might just as well be told now as later, if it is only told right. He

won't make us any more trouble for the officers will get him sometime."

There are living today in the villages of Essex Center and Essex Junction many men of from 38 to 45 years of age, who recall the Tracys and incidents of the early life of the two boys.

"When Hira went away," said Tom Roleau, the village harness-maker, "he came into my place and sat down and said, 'Tom, I am going away.' He did not seem to be very cheerful about it. In fact, he never was a fellow that laughed and joked a great deal. He always seemed to be keeping up a serious thinking, and I tell you it wouldn't have paid to have crossed him a great deal. I have read all that the city papers have printed about the man they are chasing in the west, but it never occurred to me that that man was the Hira Tracy who came in to bid me good bye over 12 years ago."

Other members of the Tracy family, the girls especially, who are now the wives of some well-to-do farmers in Essex and other nearby towns, have always borne excellent reputations. These two sons, Hira and Fred, are the only ones who have appeared conspicuously before the public as evil doers.

Today in the villages of Essex and Essex Junction little conversation has been heard aside from that in which the Tracy boys figure. At the country stores and postoffice, groups of men have discussed the matter, several expressing it as their opinion that Hira Tracy is the man who has held up sheriffs' possses, misled companies of soldiers and successfully stopped the chase of bloodhounds. Others are of the opinion that Hira is not the boy but that it is Fred, and that Fred has taken the name of Hira. Yet the whereabouts of neither for years has been definitely known.

The story which was brought here from Santa Barbara told of the visit to that place of Hira Tracy before he was sent to the Salem, Oregon, prison. He called on Henry Carty, who as a boy lived in Essex, and complained of his hardship and that he was financially stranded. Carty secured him a place on the San Ysidro ranch. His term of service was short. He got drunk, and, taking one of the horses of the ranch, created a sensation in Santa Barbara that terrified even the residents of that western town. He rode away with the horse and also in a suit of clothes which Carty had been kind enough to purchase for him. The horse was afterwards recovered but Tracy never put in an appearance in Santa Barbara again.

When the story of his escape from prison and his remarkable chase over the country to escape the officers of the law became known in the California town, Carty recalled the visit of Tracy and the pictures printed of him confirmed his belief that he was the boy whom he knew in his eastern home. The Carty's lived in what is known as the Lost Nation district about four miles north from Essex Junction. It was at the home of the parents of Henry Carty that Gen. O'Neil of Fenian raid fame made his headquarters when that trouble was at its height.

When Mrs. Tracy was seen today by a reporter of this paper she was reluctant to say anything concerning the man who deserted her many years ago, and who today is the most conspicuous criminal before the public. Tears came to her eyes at the idea that the western outlaw was her husband, and she asked that she and her child be protected from publicity in an affair which could not in any way bring credit upon herself or daughter.

THINK THEY KNEW TRACY

**Spokane Men Who think
They Met Him at
St. Joe.**

If Harry Tracy, the hunted, should come to Spokane, while he might not find every one glad to see him, he might not find himself among strangers. It is now asserted that Harry Tracy, the jail breaker and the man slayer, is the same young Harry Tracy who 15 years ago lead a quiet and unpretentious life in St. Joseph, Mo. Further, J. L. Phillips, formerly assistant chief of the fire department, and J. A. Phillips, formerly secretary of the department and G. E. Conrad, manager of the Oak sample room, 612 Riverside, also came from Missouri, and believe they were well acquainted with the now famous bandit.

To be sure, when the three Spokane citizens read about Harry Tracy, the murderer, they paid little attention to the affair beyond the ordinary curiosity, and it was not till yesterday that they decided that they at one time had lived very near and had been personally acquainted with him.

Mr. Van Luhn, a blacksmith, arrived in the city last Saturday from St. Joseph. He came for the purpose of locating in the west, and yesterday called on his old friends, informing them that Tracy is none other than the quiet lad who spent his time mostly in loafing about town.

Remembers Him Now.

"Yes, I can remember Tracy now," said J. L. Phillips. "When I first saw his picture I saw something familiar about it, but never gave it a passing thought beyond that familiarity. However, when Van Luhn called and recalled old times yesterday I remembered well about him. It was about 15 years ago that I knew Tracy. He must then have been nearly 20 years of age. I was foreman of the hook and ladder and he was frequently seen around that building. He seemed to associate with a very tough gang, but himself was very quiet, though he was known to have had a number of fights. He was raised well, his parents being well to do.

"I remember what I think was the first real bad scrape that Tracy got into. Seven of the boys were in the gang. They planned to hold up a C., B. & Q. passenger train. The officials heard of the plan and sent out a dummy loaded with deputies. The dummy was held up, the doors opened at command, and a regular fusillade from the deputies came. One of the boys was killed, another went to the penitentiary for life, but Harry Tracy and his brother, Stub Tracy, escaped and were not caught."

G. E. Conrad ran a saloon in St. Joseph at the time he believes he knew Tracy, and said:

"Tracy was not considered a very bad boy. He had some fights and finally got associated with some bad characters, but I never knew anything real bad about him. His uncle, Jim Tracy, is one of St. Joseph's most wealthy men, and owns a lot of property. Tracy's mother and father are both dead now, as is also his brother. His brother was shot in a saloon since I left there."

ESCAPED CONVICT WAS A DESPERADO

**HARRY TRACY CONVICTED ON
TWO FELONIOUS ASSAULT
CHARGES**

**Negro Attempted To Murder Blanche
Lewis and Made Desperate At-
tack On Policeman Broxton.**

An Associated Press dispatch in The Chattanooga News yesterday afternoon told of the escape of eighteen colored convicts from the Brushy Mountain branch of the State penitentiary. Among that number the name of Harry Tracy appeared.

Harry Tracy was sent up from this county at the May, 1905, term of the criminal branch of Hamilton county Circuit Court on two charges of felonious assault, being convicted in each case and given sentences of ten and fifteen years respectively. Tracy was charged with making a murderous attack on Blanche Lewis, who later became Blanche Richardson, and in this case he was found guilty, receiving a ten-year sentence. The other case was for an assault committed upon Policeman M. M. Broxton, when the officer attempted to place him under arrest for cutting the Lewis woman. For this offense he was found guilty and given a sentence of fifteen years in the penitentiary. The witnesses against Tracy in both cases were Blanche Lewis, M. M. Broxton, J. L. Harris, J. E. Taylor, Will Burke, M. C. Kerr, O B Rooker, Charles Shelton and Henry Young.

Tracy was a tough character, bearing the reputation of being a desperate man, and the officers here will be on the close watch for him in the event he should return to his old haunts.

“A dispatch from Bellefontaine says: It is possible that Harry Tracy, the Oregon bandit, once lived here. The Rev. Robert Wuestenberger, of Cleveland, says that he knew Tracy in Bellefontaine. A Harry Tracy, son of a temperance evangelist, did live here several years and would be now about the same age as the bandit, but it was thought Harry Tracy lived in Philadelphia.

If all reports are true concerning the “Dr.” Tracy, the temperance evangelist known to Mansfield, and if he is the one here referred to, it is quite possible that he might have such a son as the lately deceased Harry Tracy. Still, even the defunct western desperado was an Ohio product it is not probable that the Buck-eye state will “p’int with pride” to him.” News Journal (Mansfield, Ohio), Thursday, August 7, 1902.

**HARRY TRACY, NEGRO,
AMONG ESCAPED CONVICTS**

**Advices to Sheriff That Ten Have
Been Recaptured—Rewards
Offered for All.**

According to latest advices received at the sheriff's office from Brushy Mountain, ten of the eighteen prisoners who escaped last Wednesday night have been recaptured. The eight convicts still at liberty are all long-term men and are all negroes. They are John C. Thomas, Harry Tracy, James Sanders, Hope Bradshaw, John Thomas, Squire Peteway, George Thomas and Kid Cook. The authorities have issued circulars describing each prisoner and offering a reward for their recapture. These are being sent to every sheriff in the state and the officers hope to round up all of them before long.

John C. Thomas was serving a fifteen-year sentence for murder. He was sent up from Anderson county June 15, 1904, and had about ten years yet to serve. There is a reward of \$150 offered for his capture.

Harry Tracy is a Chattanooga negro, who was serving a twenty-five-year sentence for felonious assault. Tracy is the negro who assaulted a woman in the spring of 1905 and badly injured the policeman who arrested him. He was sent up June 15, 1905, and had over twenty-one years yet to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for him.

James Sanders is a Roane county negro, who was given a fifteen-year sentence for murder in the fall of 1906. He was sent up in November of that year and had thirteen years yet to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for him.

Hope Bradshaw was serving a twenty-year sentence for murder. He was sent up from Knox county March 24, 1904, and had a little over fifteen years yet to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for his arrest.

John Thomas was convicted of grand larceny in Shelby county and was sent up for eight years on Oct. 17, 1907. He had about seven years to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for him.

Squire Peteway is a Davidson county negro, who was convicted of murder in the fall of 1907. He was sent to Brushy Mountain Nov. 26, 1907, under a sentence of twenty years and had served but one year of that. A reward of \$25 is offered for his capture.

George Thomas was convicted of two charges of larceny in Shelby county, the first in 1902 and the second in 1904. He received two sentences of four and seven years, respectively, and had about four years' time to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for his arrest.

Kid Crook was sent up from Polk county in 1905. He was convicted of an attempt to commit rape and received a sentence of twenty-one years. He had a little over seventeen years yet to serve. A reward of \$25 is offered for his capture.

It was at first reported that two guards had been severely, if not fatally, injured when the convicts escaped, but this was learned yesterday to be untrue. All the officers throughout the state are on the watch for the convicts and it is likely that part or all of them will soon be recaptured.

Chattanooga Daily Times, Saturday, November 21, 1908.