EARLY COACHING DAYS
WITH WELLS FARGO

Reminiscences and Anecdotes

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BEFORE beginning my subject—Early Days With Wells Fargo—I should like to preface my paper by reminding you of Australia's famous coach service, Cobb & Co.

Australia's famous Cobb & Co. began to operate in Victoria in 1853. The firm was established by four ex-Wells Fargo employees from New York State, U.S.A.

The four men—John Freeman Cobb, John Peck, James Swanten and Anthony Lamber—were among the many who came to Victoria for the gold rush. They saw the need for transport. They imported harnesses and coaches from Abbott, Downing and Company, Concord, New Hampshire, U.S.A.

In 1859 a company was formed by another former Wells Fargo man from New York, James Rutherford, who acquired Cobb & Co. Under Rutherford's vigorous drive Cobb & Co. gained the lead in road transport in Australia. They entered New South Wales in 1861 and Queensland in 1865. They extended to New Zealand later. The service in Queensland was opened first between Brisbane and Ipswich.

The last horse coach ran from Yuleba (also spelt Yeulba) to Surat as late as 1924.

In America Wells Fargo was one of the most daring and romantic organisations in the history of the United States.

Early in the development of the company as a quick and safe personal service agency, its usefulness was seen and appreciated. The express and its agents were able to perform many services better and more economically than anyone else. Agents were asked to do practically every kind of errand imaginable. Sometimes it was to buy and at other times it was to sell something; again, it might have been to secure information by a personal call that could not be obtained as quickly and definitely by correspondence.

Furthermore, the agents were asked to collect bills, mort-
gages, deeds and other valuable papers, and it also obtained signatures on these and other types of documents, and recorded legal papers by Federal, State, County, City, or town officials. It would examine such records, also. Pawn tickets would be renewed or redeemed, and the pawned articles returned to the owners; it would also pay taxes, and deposit funds in banks for customers. Transport of gold dust, bullion, gold and silver coin, packages of all descriptions, and freight. The firm issued money orders—domestic and foreign—travellers' cheques and money paid by telegraph.

In Australia, agents for Wells Fargo were the Bank of New South Wales and the Bank of Australasia.

In the business of transporting treasure the Wells Fargo people knew violence and death, Indian raids, stage robberies, financial panic, blizzards in the mountain passes, blinding heat and thirst on the desert, and traversed trails boulder-strewn, deep in snow, washed out by rains. It experienced train robberies, and waged titanic financial battles.

Wells Fargo coach in “Straw Hat Day” Parade in San Diego, California, 12 February 1915. Mr. Farley, clad in a dark suit, is sitting behind the driver.

STAGE COACH EMPIRE

Wells Fargo organised a stage coach empire. By the middle of 1860 it was the greatest staging empire in the world.

The “Concord Daily Monitor,” Concord, New Hampshire, dated 15 April 1868, announced to its readers the following: “A novel sight was presented in the Concord railway yard at noon Wednesday, in the shape of a special train of fifteen
long platform cars, containing thirty elegant coaches from the world-renowned carriage manufactory of Messrs. Abbott, Downing and Company, and four long box cars, containing sixty four-horse sets of harnesses from James R. Hill and Co.'s celebrated harness manufactory, and spare work for repairing the coaches, such as bolts, hubs, spokes, through-braces, etc., all consigned to Wells Fargo and Co., Omaha, Nebraska, and Salt Lake City, the whole valued at $45,000. It is the largest lot of coaches ever sent from one manufactory at one time, probably. The coaches are finished in a superior manner, the bodies red, the running parts yellow. Each door has a handsome picture, and no two of the sixty are alike. They are gems of beauty.

"The front wheels were three feet high, its rear wheels five feet, on twin keels of ox hide; it rolls over the granite waves like a galleon — the coaches were built to accommodate nine inside . . . three facing forward, three backward, and a triad in the middle — and a half-dozen more on the deck, above and behind the driver and his two companions."

Wells Fargo operated the world-famous Pony Express in 1860-1861 from St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, a distance of 2,000 miles in ten and a half days. More than seventy riders were in the saddle day and night regardless of the weather. Only one rider lost his life in this service.

Mail rates were $3.00 per half ounce in either direction as far as Salt Lake City, and for the whole trip $5.00 per half ounce.

William Pridham, Division Superintendent, Southern California and Arizona Division, for Wells Fargo & Co. with headquarters in Los Angeles, whom I knew in 1906, was one of the riders. He told me the weight of a Pony Express rider must not exceed 110 pounds.

Another former Pony Express rider, W. F. Sample, a messenger on the Los Angeles-San Diego run in 1907-1908, told me that while being chased by Indians in the Black Hills in Montana when he was far enough ahead he slid off his galloping horse, and hid in a hole near the track while the Indians galloped by.

A former Pony Express rider, Colonel William Cody, well known as Buffalo Bill, when he was fourteen years of age rode 320 miles in 21 hours 40 minutes.

LEGAL BATTLE WITH U.S. GOVERNMENT

Wells Fargo fought the United States Government for the privilege of carrying mails and won. Wells Fargo bought
over two million government 3 cent stamped envelopes on which they printed—"Paid, Wells Fargo & Co. over our California and Coast Routes." These envelopes were sold in tens of thousands at $9.00 a hundred including the United States postage. There also was a delivery charge of $4.00 for each letter.

The lecturer produced one of the envelopes.

Wells Fargo’s bright green mail boxes lined the streets of San Francisco, Portland, Sacramento and other Western towns as late as the 1890’s.

Wells Fargo developed its own police system. Their shotgun messengers are a legend in the epic story of the Western U.S.A. One of them who had been held up said he never knew that a shotgun had such an enormous hole in the end of it. The one he looked into seemed as large as the entrance to a railway tunnel!

In December, 1911, Wells Fargo first began the operation of dog sleds over the top of snow drifts of Alaska—a 479-mile run in the dead of winter from Iditarod to Seward. For the initial run there were two teams of sixteen dogs. In two Yukon baskets rested a shipment of $558,963 in pure gold. A responsibility, but nothing new for Wells Fargo!

**BANK OF NEW YORK**

For years Wells Fargo & Company owned and operated the Wells Fargo Bank in New York City and up and down the west coast of the United States. Years later all were sold, with the exception of one in San Francisco which now bears the name “Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co.”

An article in the *Oakland Tribune* dated 18 March 1953 reads:

“Wells Fargo celebrates its 101st year. Yesterday was the 101st anniversary of the founding of Wells Fargo, a potent name in the old West.

“The first office, a shuttered, red-brick building at the corner of Montgomery and California Streets, bore the name ‘Wells Fargo & Co., Banking and Express.’ The West’s oldest bank now is known as Wells Fargo Bank and Union Trust Co. Its first customers were miners who swarmed into California for the gold rush.”

In my day, Wells Fargo had foreign offices in London, Liverpool, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Shanghai (China), Philippines, Brazil, Argentine, and San Salvador in Central America. In Cuba, Mexico and Alaska it operated a similar service as in the U.S.A.

Wells Fargo was a highly developed organisation. It gave a highly specialised and diversified service.
It was recognised as a good training school. Many prominent business men arranged for their sons to be employed by Wells Fargo for a certain period to gain good business training and experience.

**ROBBERIES AND RAIDS**

The first train robbery was in 1870. Not one person ever lost a dollar, in property or in money entrusted to the care of Wells Fargo. The treasure stolen was promptly made good to the customers.

Prior to 1867 Wells Fargo lost property to the value of $242,500, caused by Indian raids. From 1870 to 1884 their loss caused by robberies of eight trains and 347 stages amounted to almost a million dollars. The records from 1885 onward to 1906 were destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake and fire of that year.

No publicity was given to the robberies.

Wells Fargo had a schedule for the number of guards on a run. All their employees were bonded.

"Wells Fargo never forgets" was known among criminals of the western States. Not even the secret service at Washington, nor the silent detective departments of the European capitals, could excel the efficiency of Wells Fargo's detective force. They had their under cover men, called "spotters."

It was a serious matter for a man who attempted a hold-up. An employee who made an attempt to frustrate one, or who killed a robber, was always rewarded for his courage and judgment by being presented with a fine gold watch suitably inscribed, with chain to match.

Wells Fargo employees were instructed never to risk their life in a hold-up.

We were warned that the first shot in a quick draw usually went wild.

The revolver must be worn on the outside of all clothing. We were told, "Never leave the terminal without your revolver strapped on." Failure to do this meant instant dismissal.

"Keep the revolver hammer on an empty chamber in the cylinder."

Wells Fargo had no worry about transporting express matter from one place to another—all express cars were leased from the different railroads.

**COACH TRAVELLING IN 1858**

To give you an idea what Wells Fargo stage coach transportation was like in 1858 I quote from the Oroville, California, *Record*: "A stage from Shasta passed through town
yesterday with an enormous load. The coach was one of the biggest size. We counted 35 passengers on and inside of it, besides the driver, and, one Chinaman."

Another story written by a gentle clergyman stated: "The passengers were all rough men armed with revolvers and knives. The coach inside contained seven. Outside, three unhappy gentlemen had the pleasure of dangling their legs over the boot, receiving the full benefit of the dust. Seven or eight others hung theirs over the sides, while I, with several others, fixed ourselves Turk fashion upon the top."

Stories have been told about the drivers not drinking. The stage patrons could not dispute this one—"The arrival and departure of the stage coach, its bustle of changing horses, the Olympian descent of its driver, and the ceremonial entry of that great man to the tavern bar were a permanent mining town occasion!"

At the outbreak of World War I in 1914, Wells Fargo had offices in England, France and Germany. Most business in the war zone was at a standstill. Conditions were chaotic. Tourists were stranded. Wells Fargo was practically alone in cashing financial papers held by American travellers. They also were successful in obtaining American tourist baggage from the war zone.

A MESSENGER’S ORDEAL WITH BANDITS

When I joined Wells Fargo in 1905 the Wells Fargo official who controlled the area—Mr. A. C. Summers, told me that in the 1890’s, when he was a messenger on the Los Angeles, California, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, run—900 miles each way—one night while the train was travelling through Arizona he was lying on his cot resting when the train brakes were applied. He went to the car door and looked out. Seeing that the train was in the country—not running into a town—he immediately suspected a hold-up. As the train slowed down he jumped to the ground. When the first passenger car came by he jumped on the steps. As he did so a bandit appeared on the steps opposite. Summers shot the man through the chest, killing him. Summers then hid under the train between a car wheel and the floor. As the other bandits went by looking for Summers he heard them say what they were going to do to him. The gang wasted so much time searching for Summers that they knew the train delay would be investigated so they mounted their horses and fled.

As a reward Summers was presented with a gold watch suitably inscribed, with chain to match, and was promoted to Route Agent.
One robber, who held up twenty-eight stage coaches and never pulled a trigger, used to leave a note behind, signed, "Black Bart, the P.O.8." The reward, $18,000, was offered for the capture of this man dead or alive.

**MOST RESPECTABLE LOOKING**

On his twenty-eighth hold-up he was interrupted by a deer hunter and fled. In his haste he left behind a pocket handkerchief the laundry mark on which, after checking ninety-one laundries, traced him to San Francisco. There, Charles E. Bowles, a most respectable looking man, was arrested and imprisoned for four years. On his discharge he was paid $125 a month by Wells Fargo on his promise to rob no more stage coaches. The story of Bowles was told to me many times by old-time Wells Fargo employees, including the Wells Fargo detective, Johnny Thacker, who arrested him.

George Mitchell, an old-time messenger on the Los Angeles-San Francisco run, told me he had been held up three times during the 1890's. In one of the hold-ups he had a large quantity of silver dollars. The robbers placed some sticks of dynamite on top of the two safes, piling sacks of silver dollars on them. The two safes were blown open. Silver dollars were scattered in the car and out on the adjoining field. Farmers were finding silver dollars for some time afterwards.

In 1916 when I was Wells Fargo agent at Colton, California, a Southern Pacific passenger train from New Orleans, Louisiana, en route to Los Angeles, came in. While it was travelling through Arizona the previous night the train was held up. Two or three attempts were made by the bandits to blow open the big Wells Fargo safe, without success. The messenger told me the valuables were in a safe in another car.

**MESSENGER KILLED BANDITS**

In Texas, in 1916, two men held up a train. One man held the engine crew at bay while the other forced his way into the Wells Fargo car. While going through the valuables in the safe, assisted by the Wells Fargo messenger, who won the robber's confidence by handing over the most valuable packages. At an opportune moment the messenger quickly picked up a mallet and killed the robber by striking him heavily on the head.

The messenger then hurried to the end of the car, trained his shotgun on the bottom of the car door, cocked both barrels and with fingers on the triggers waited. After a while,
the man who had been holding the engine crew at bay came to the car door and called, "Jim, haven't you finished yet?" The messenger pulled the triggers. The man fell dead, shot through the head.

George Hackett, one of the famous Wells Fargo shotgun messengers, had so many exciting experiences that Wells Fargo placed a monument on his grave.

**ENCOUNTER WITH PANCHO VILLA**

During the days of the Mexican revolution, about 1912, when the guerilla leader, Pancho Villa, ruled the mesas, Elmer Jones, a Wells Fargo official in Mexico, later President of Wells Fargo, was travelling with two companions on horseback across the State of Durango, Mexico. They suddenly came face to face with a hostile-looking group of mounted men who raised their guns and asked, "Viva Villa? Viva Estados Unidos?" They were asking which side the three white men favoured. Elmer Jones, who thought quickly, replied, "Viva Wells Fargo!" The Mexicans with a smile on their faces lowered their guns, approached the "Gringoes" to shake hands. American people were called "Gringoes" by the Mexicans.

**BURIED TREASURE**

On another occasion in 1913, during President Huerta's regime, Elmer Jones had buried $756,000 of Wells Fargo money under the pavement of the inner patio of Wells Fargo headquarters in Mexico City. He did the work himself with the assistance of two trusted employees. Even so word of the buried treasure leaked out. A day or two later he was summoned to President Huerta's office. The President smiled and said the Government intended to issue bonds and he would like Wells Fargo to subscribe for $756,000 of the $13,000,000 issue. Jones smiled too. He bought the bonds. *That* was the amount of money he had buried.

Bakersfield, California, was a wild and woolly place, a booming town, everything wide open, gambling dens, dance halls, and the rest, in my first Wells Fargo days.

It was the centre of a big oil-producing district. The Kern County Land Co. and the Union Oil Co., of Moonee, Queensland, fame, had their headquarters there. Murders averaged one every two days. Shootings, stabbings, thieving and fights were nightly occurrences. Oil men came to town for a "bender." Wages were high. Oil drillers received $20.00 a day, paid in gold coin. Naturally, many of them
came to the Wells Fargo office to purchase money orders, travellers' cheques and to forward cash.

Living was high, but it was not expensive to die there!

**A NEW EXPERIENCE**

My first position was as a clerk in the Wells Fargo office. I was obliged to sleep there at night. A .41 Colt revolver was under my pillow, another on a chair near the head of the bed and a 12-gauge double-barrelled sawn-off shotgun was leaning against the wall beside the bed. After I entered the office during the night the two doors were secured with double locks and by an iron bar across the back of both doors.

This was a *new* experience for a youth fresh from school in Quebec, Canada!

While in Bakersfield, I achieved my boyhood ambition—to be a Wells Fargo Express Messenger. “The Morning
Echo," Bakersfield, California, dated 30 August 1905, tells the story: "Roy Farley is now an Express Messenger. Roy Farley, the young man who has been C. H. Shurban's assistant at the Wells Fargo office for the past year, has been promoted by the Express Company to the position of Express Messenger out of Bakersfield on the Santa Fe, and will take his run early in September.

"Ever since Roy's arrival, he has been noticeable on account of his close attention to business and has been on the spot when duty demanded it, and now he is beginning to enjoy his reward.

"He will have the honour of being the youngest Express Messenger on the force. His many friends in Bakersfield will be pleased to hear of his just reward for his faithfulness."

My run was from Bakersfield to Merced and back each day—336 miles, seven days a week. Another man would work the Merced to San Francisco run, 288 miles. In order for one of us to have one day a fortnight off duty, one of us would "double up" each week-end. My week-end on duty would be to leave Bakersfield at 7.30 a.m. Sunday, arrive Point Richmond, across the Bay from San Francisco, towards evening. All express shipments were transferred to the ferry. Upon arrival at the Ferry Building, at the foot of Market Street, San Francisco, my money shipments were transferred to a two-horse caged money wagon. I was driven up Market Street (with its four street-car tracks) to the Wells Fargo Building at Second and Mission Streets. After receiving a signature for each money package, I was driven back to the Ferry Building. At 8 p.m. we left for Bakersfield, arriving there next morning in time for me to have breakfast at the Fred Harvey eating house. At 7.30 a.m. I left on my regular run to Merced.

After five months I was transferred to Santa Barbara, a very beautiful tourist resort on the ocean front, 120 miles north of Los Angeles. Numerous Eastern State millionaires had palatial winter homes there.

One day I was instructed by a Wells Fargo official to report in Los Angeles that night for special duty. I was one of seven armed men detailed to guard a heavy shipment of gold coin en routé to San Francisco. Much of this could not fit in the safes therefore it was piled on the floor of the car.

GOLD BULLION FOR SHIPMENT

From Santa Barbara I accepted a position at Barslow on the Mojave Desert for the larger pay cheque and to gain experience for future promotion.
Each day I went to Randsburg, a rich goldmining camp near Death Valley, to receive among other goods gold bullion for shipment to the mint at San Francisco. I travelled by train from Barstow to the end of the line, Johannesburg, and then by stage coach over a mountain to Randsburg, arriving about 5.30 p.m. At 8 p.m., with my cargo, I travelled back by coach to Johannesburg seated beside the driver, the green treasure box under my feet, my shotgun across my knees, and the 41 Colt in the holster. The revolver belt was filled with cartridges. I carried the revolver on my left side, butt forward, for a cross belly draw.

The two barrels of the shotgun were sawn off, usually twenty inches. Nine No. O buckshot, backed by a heavy charge of black powder, was the standard load. Cutting the barrels short removed the choke; the guns were in effect smoothbores, making them scatter guns and deadly at close quarters.

I was told that a load of buckshot in a man’s belly is not a pretty sight and no doctor can patch it up.

On board the train the valuables were transferred to a large Wells Fargo safe. The train arrived back at Barstow after midnight. This was lonesome country.

An entry in my diary reads: “January 16, 1907. Brought in a $12,000 gold brick which weighed fifty pounds, two small gold bricks and several packages of coin. Total value just over $14,000.” The $12,000 gold brick was the “clean up” of the Yellow Astor mine, the greatest gold-producer in the United States.

A paragraph in an article in the “Westways” magazine, November, 1959, read: “The Yellow Astor produced more than $20,000,000 of gold for its various owners. The mine is still being operated.”

The messenger who relieved me shot his left foot off at the ankle. It was a moonlit night. Two men walking on the road ahead of the coach to avoid the sage brush on the rough terrain, kept looking back, to step from the road for the coach to pass. The messenger feared a hold-up. He cocked both barrels of the shotgun, put fingers on the triggers. In his excitement he pulled the triggers. Had he kept his knees together the gun barrels would have been pointing to the side of the road.

“DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY”

While I was stationed at Barstow, the smiling old mystery prospector, Walter Scott, “Death Valley Scotty,” led his pack burros into town and went back into the desert carrying supplies. He was always loaded with money.
Each time he left Barstow he was followed by "desert rats," thinking they would find Scotty's El Dorado. After a few days' travelling, the followers would wake up in the morning and find that "Scotty" and his burros (mules) were nowhere in sight. "Scotty" had eluded them.

In July 1905, a year and a half before I was transferred to Barstow, "Death Valley Scotty" chartered a special Santa Fe train to take him from Los Angeles to Chicago, approximately 2,000 miles. All fast passenger trains were sidetracked for "Scotty's" special. When the train made a stop at points where engines were changed, "Scotty" would go on the depot platform and give newsboys a $5.00 gold piece for a newspaper. "Scotty" wore a red shirt, a belt filled with cartridges, and a holster with a .45 Colt revolver sticking out.

The Scott Special of the Santa Fe left Los Angeles 9 July and arrived in Chicago 11 July 1905 after having established a record.

"Scotty" was a "suspect" in many a robbery, including Wells Fargo's. He always had an alibi.

I remember one Wells Fargo case—a "dressed sheep"—mutton—arrived at Barstow from a Los Angeles butcher addressed to Scotty. He did not call to claim it. A team of Wells Fargo detectives and deputies from the County sheriff's office went out looking for the mystery "desert rat." As usual "Scotty" had a weather-proof alibi. Even the taxation authorities—Federal and State—investigated the source and amount of "Death Valley Scotty's" income. Scotty said "My castle cost $2,381,000; that included 12,000 acres with a twenty-two mile $80,000 fence around the rocks. About thirty years ago I found gold ore and buried some in caches or deposits in the mountains. I have not converted the caches or deposits in the mountains into cash. There are many hazards in the mountains. Trails and landmarks are buried by cloudbursts. I have not lost any of my caches or deposits."

"Scotty's" castle was built in the middle of the desert about 1930. It is a multi-million dollar showplace.

Albert M. Johnson, Chicago insurance millionaire, once testified in Federal Court in Los Angeles that he gave Scott upwards of $500,000 during their acquaintanceship, partly in appreciation for Scott's aid in restoring Johnson's health, after he suffered a broken back in a train wreck.

Walter Scott—"Death Valley Scotty"—died 6 January 1954 in his beloved castle.
Another interesting experience I had during my one month's duty at Barstow can be related here. I made my regular trip to Randsburg on 9 January 1907, arriving back after midnight. After eating my dinner at the Fred Harvey eating house, Sante Fe train No. 8, en route San Francisco to Chicago, came in. This train always consolidated with No. 8 from Los Angeles whose Wells Fargo messenger ran to Albuquerque, New Mexico. The Wells Fargo messenger on the San Francisco No. 8 was at the end of his run, and was waiting for a train to take him back to San Francisco. The Los Angeles section of train No. 8 was delayed by floods shortly after leaving Los Angeles, and therefore there was no Wells Fargo messenger at Barstow to take the run on to Albuquerque, 747 miles east. I was instructed to take the run. When the train arrived at Needles, on the Colorado River-Arizona State Line, 147 miles east, a train ahead of No. 8 had been held there to consolidate with No. 8 before continuing on to Chicago. I transferred my run to the messenger on the train ahead of No. 8. I got off No. 8 and waited for a Santa Fe train to take me back to Barstow. I arrived at Barstow at 2.35 a.m. 11 January. Route Agent Williams, with headquarters in Los Angeles, was there expecting that he would have to take the run through to San Francisco. When he saw me, he said, "Where did you come from?" He then instructed me to take the run through to San Francisco, 500 miles west. After traveling 175 miles we reached Bakersfield. An east-bound train had just arrived from San Francisco, twenty-two hours late. The messenger on this train should have been on the train I was working. The trains were held while I checked my money shipments to him and he checked his run to me. When I arrived at Barstow, the train from Los Angeles was flood-bound west of Barstow. I received instructions to take the run on to Albuquerque, New Mexico, 747 miles east. I arrived at Albuquerque 5.15 p.m. 13 January. While the train travelled through the high mountains in Arizona snow was deep everywhere and it was very cold. I was not prepared for this climate; in fact the only clothes I had were what was on my back. I remember when the train stopped at Gallup, New Mexico, and the engine crew were taking on water, some Navajo Indian women went to the locomotive and talked to the two men who kicked off a few large pieces of coal. The women picked up the coal and no doubt took it to their hogans (huts) for heating fuel. I took the first train to the west which left at 8.45 p.m. that even-
ing, 13 January, and assisted the Wells Fargo messenger as helper, arriving at Barstow 1.30 a.m. 15 January. In the five and a half days I had travelled and worked 2,325 miles.

My birthday was the following week. Before I was nineteen years of age I had been a Wells Fargo messenger, on different runs, in three States from San Francisco, California, to Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1,200 miles. There was no overtime in those days!

ON MEXICAN BORDER

After a short experience on the desert I was transferred to San Diego, a tourist resort and a U.S. Navy port near the Mexican border. Life there was full of interest. Among the callers at the Banking Department of which I was in charge for six and a half years were millionaires from Eastern States, U.S. navy and army men, Mexican business men and Government officials from the West Coast of Mexico, with all of whom it was a pleasure to transact business.

Many visits through invitations from these people proved educational and enjoyable. Sincere and long-lasting friendships were formed.

It was a pleasure to meet quite a number of the Mexican officers, who were interned at Fort Rosecrans, across the bay from San Diego, when they came to my office in Wells Fargo to arrange for moneys to be paid to people in Mexico. One of them, Colonel Kosterlitzky, a Pole by birth, had been forty-two years in the Mexican Army. At one time, during President Diaz's regime, he commanded all the rurales throughout the Republic of Mexico. Rurales are mounted troops or cavalry. Colonel Kosterlitzky came in two or three times a week to send money, mostly to the rebel government, in payment for the protection of his property. After many payments the rebels destroyed his palatial home, grounds and outbuildings.

Quite often, on Sundays, my wife and I went to Fort Rosecrans on the U.S. Army boat as guests of either the officer commanding U.S. troops or Colonel Kosterlitzky.

CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO

Prior to my acquaintance with the Colonel he had military control of the State of Sonora, Mexico. President Madero had been assassinated and civil war was raging in most States. The Federal Government troops, under Kosterlitzky's command, were defeated by the rebels and, to save capture, Kosterlitzky and his troops with their families, who always accompanied the army, crossed the border into the State of Arizona, U.S.A., and surrendered to U.S. troops. Had these
Mexicans, who were a mixture of Yaqui Indians and Indians of other tribes, been captured by the rebels the officers would have been executed and the common soldiers drafted into the rebel army. From Arizona these surrendered Mexican troops were transferred to San Diego, California, and interned at Fort Rosecrans, across the bay from the city.

Colonel Kosterlitzky and his officers, although living in the internment camp, were placed on parole.

A letter from the Colonel reads:

Colonel Emelio Kosterlitzky,
Los Angeles, 2170 W-31st St.,
Nov. 18, 1914.

Senor R. S. Farley,
San Diego.

Dear Mr. Farley,

Your esteemed favour of the 16th inst. to hand. I am under many obligations to you for your kind consideration not only for myself but also for those shown my subordinates and trust that in the near future I may be enabled to reciprocate.

As per your indication, have written to Col. Reyes in Mexico City, advising him that you kindly have requested your agent at Galveston, Texas, to forward his trunk on my pass.

Thanking you again for past favours, with well wishes believe me to be.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Emelio Kosterlitzky.

Colonel Kosterlitzky was so well thought of that Wells Fargo granted him a pass allowing him free transportation of goods throughout its service in the United States and in Mexico.

At that time the Colonel was a Spanish interpreter in the Los Angeles County Court House.

NO MINOR PERSONALITY

Kosterlitzky was no minor personality. Articles in two American magazines I received in 1945, published by the Arizona State Government, speak of him. One tells about the Colonel and his Mexican Rurales trailing a party of Apache Indians in 1888 in which three Apaches were killed in a running fight. On the body of one, Colonel Kosterlitzky found a gold watch, the inscription on which showed that it belonged to an American sheriff who had been killed by the Apaches. Kosterlitzky had the watch returned to the sheriff's widow.
A Wells Fargo official who had been stationed in Mexico for some years told me that Colonel Kosterlitzky befriended many Britishers and Americans.

When I met the Colonel in Los Angeles in 1915, the time of the San Francisco International Exposition, he told me that an American mining man from Mexico called on him a few weeks before and said, "Get your grips packed; we leave by the 7 o'clock train tonight for a visit to the Exposition." The Colonel said he replied, "I am sorry that I cannot go, I have not the money." The mining man replied, "You are coming as my guest." It was a gesture to repay favours.

This letter from another Wells Fargo client in San Diego was written to me thirteen years after I had left the United States. A paragraph reads:

Office of County Tax Collector,
San Diego County,
San Diego, California,
October 13, 1928.

Mr. Roy S. Farley,
Motor Supplies Limited,
Perry Street,
Brisbane, Australia.

Dear Roy,

"God's Country" extends its best wishes to you with the hope that one of these days you will have obtained sufficient British money to enable you to come back and live with your old friends for the balance of your life.

With the best of good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Herbert A: Croghan,
County Tax Collector.

Employment with Wells Fargo was most interesting. There was so much variety. For instance, from the Banking Department at San Diego I was appointed Agent at Colton, California. The Agent from there had been transferred to Shanghai, China. One never knew where their next transfer would be.

At Colton there was a large Mexican colony. About 5,000 were employed at the huge cement works, others on fruit ranches, and by the four railroads running through the city. Many of these Mexicans came to my office daily to arrange for the transfer of money to Mexico. Often on Sunday mornings my wife and I would walk through Cholo town, the Mexican portion of the city, and converse with them in Spanish. They liked that.

Among other types of business, I arranged for the ship-
ment of pedigreed cattle from New York State for an American millionaire, Mr. Butterick, of Butterick Patterns, who owned a model dairy farm in Colton. I had these cattle shipped express which brought them to Colton in five days instead of three weeks by freight train.

Another Wells Fargo Department was Food Products.

Frequently there were instances of over-production from excessive planting, or because of very hot weather. When such conditions arose Wells Fargo was frequently called upon to furnish a special personal service in connection with the distribution of a part of the crop.

**FINDING A MARKET**

The following article published in the Colton Courier in July 1915, reads in part:

"Pineapples Direct to the Consumer."

"The European war (World War I) spoiled one pineapple market and another is being opened.

"Markets are always here, it remaining only for the producer and consumer to be brought together. This the Wells Fargo Express is trying to do through its agents.

"Mr. R. S. Farley, who has been the joint express agent in Colton for about six weeks, has taken hold of this matter and hopes to enlist the co-operation of all the grocers in the city. Mr. Farley is a very pleasant gentleman who seems to know his business and he hopes to enlist the support of not only the grocers but all the people who use pineapples in this new method of reaching the consumer."

I was successful in finding a market 3,000 miles away.

A rancher called at my office with some delicious persimmons. He said there was no market. He had been giving them to his pigs. I found a market through the Wells Fargo agent in New York City.

Another man who had grown a couple of tons of garlic was in distress through over-production. I found a market through contacting Wells Fargo agents in large eastern cities.

From Agent at Colton I was promoted to Santa Ana, a beautiful place south of Los Angeles, near where Walt Disneyland now is.

From Santa Ana I went to Tonopah, Nevada, 9,000 feet high in the Sierra Nevada Range.

Each Thanksgiving Day Wells Fargo gave all their employees, about 25,000, a large turkey, a quart of cranberries, a quart of oysters, and a head of celery.

In June, 1918, during World War I when the United States Government compelled the express companies in the
United States to merge, Wells Fargo had 12,000 offices, 25,000 employees, and operated over 107,529 miles of railroad. The merger did not include the Wells Fargo companies in Mexico or Cuba. These were purchased by a company formed by Elmer Jones, who was well known to me in 1911 when he was General Superintendent, Wells Fargo & Co., at Los Angeles.

**LARGEST TOURIST AGENCY**

This Wells Fargo Company in 1947 maintained the largest tourist agency in Mexico. It owned ten great stores handling quantities of farm equipment and supplies and carrying a line of automobiles and trucks. In New York City, under Jones' guidance, it developed a fleet of more than fifty armoured trucks painted bright red. They were a familiar sight in the city streets. These armoured cars handled a great percentage of all the money that moved in and out of the principal banks.

Wells Fargo is still in business—transporting millions of dollars a day.

Prior to World War I it was a rule by large companies in the United States for their employees to begin at the bottom and work their way upwards.

My friend, Elmer Jones, worked up from helper, messenger, agent, to the high positions he held. During that time he read law, passed his examinations with honours from the University of Southern California, and was admitted to the bar in California. Wells Fargo employees were encouraged to do likewise. My law course, after two successful years, was interrupted by World War I.

All through my fifteen years with Wells Fargo life was made pleasant through the splendid co-operation of my associates.