

SHE FOUND HIM  
LYING IN M  
MADE OF RUNN

Ross Tanner, Snatched By a Squaw From Mud and Blood of Minnesota Massacre of 1862, Brought to Canada and Raised as an Indian, After 57 Years Finds His White Relatives in Texas—Amazing Romance of Western Plains

"SOME of my ancestors were massacred by the Indians and one of their babies was taken into captivity by the Sioux. Their name was Tanner. Can you tell me anything about them?"

"I don't doubt enquiry, coming to me in a letter from Louis C. Tanner, member of the Liberty School board, sheds light on what is doubt one of the most romantic mysteries in the history of the northwest frontier. The story that was not unraveled itself through the medium of the Sioux Indians of Manitoba, a newspaper article, a magazine article and a white man who has never known who he was, is almost too strange to believe."

The brief facts of this remarkable

A little white baby snatched up out of the mud and blood of the Minnesota massacre of 1862, and brought into northwest Canada by fleeing Sioux refugees. And raised by an Indian.

An appeal made to me four years ago by the wrinkled, old Sioux "mother," asking me to help her to locate her white papoose, whom she had heard had grown into manhood and was married to a Cree woman. The mention of this appeal in the Winnipeg Tribune on January 24, 1921.

The turning up of the lost "papoose" three months later, now a grizzled, illiterate veteran of the plains, seeking some knowledge of who his parents were.

The reuniting of the Sioux "mother" with her white papoose of long ago. And—

Now, strongest of all, the turning up of this white papoose's relatives.

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with the Indians after the massacre.  
I never knew that I was any differ-  
ent from the Indians until I was  
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was picked up by some Cree buf-  
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until I was old enough to fend for  
myself. Since then I've been freigh-  
ting for the Hudson's Bay Company.  
I'd like to find out who I was afore  
the Indians got me. I don't know  
how old I am, when I'm where I  
was born, n'r where my folks were.  
n'r if I have any relatives livin'  
out there in the United States.

TANNER asked the managing editor to get him in touch with Mr. who wrote the "Notter" in the paper about him and said: "I know as Sioux Indian parents—thinking that I might be able to tell him who he was. We were brought together the next morning."

deliberate movements of the native  
North American.

The first question he asked me was the name of the Indian heroine who had rescued him at the massacre and raised him until he was about 10. I told him it was Mrs. Akela of the Oak Indian reserve, eight miles north of Griswold, Manitoba, and 70 miles west of where he was sitting.

"No," I said, "she only told me that she saw you lying in the gutter in mud made of running blood, and that she grabbed you up into her arms and protected you from being killed at Red Wood; so your parents must have been massacred, too," I said.

We were sitting in the magazine editor's car outside his office on a side-street, alone. Tanner's eyes narrowed to slits and took on a far-off look. He said, half to me and half to himself, "Wonder why she picked me up?"

"She said," I explained, "that she just sort of took a liking to you. Anything there in that?"

"She suddenly decided to pick you up and adopt you—before you were stamped into the ground with the other babies."

SHE FOUND HIM  
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"All I remember of her," as though he had not known and was carrying on his own of thought, "was that she was But I must have been 10 years when I ran away and I do I could see her now I could see her."

"Why did you run away?  
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-Yes, they treated me just like  
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I did one night after everybody  
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night—and you can see how  
and young I must have been

# Mussolini Dreams of E

ROME is as surely in the hands of an emperor today as she was when the ruins which now make her the record of her

Rome has indeed romantic and substantial associations with its very earliest traditions. The story of the finding of Romulus and Re-

Emperors in the Capitoline  
and muse over the fate of  
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DAKOTA CONFLICT OF 1862 MANUSCRIPTS COLLECTIONS  
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# White Indian of Plaines



AKISA

Ross Tanner, Snatched By a Squaw From Mud and Blood of Minnesota Massacre of 1862, Brought to Canada and Raised as an Indian, After 57 Years Finds His White Relatives in Texas—Amazing Romance of Western Plains

By CHIEF BUFFALO CHILD LONG LANCE

SOME of my ancestors were massacred by the Indians and one of their babies was taken into captivity by the Sioux. Their name was Tanner. Can you tell me anything about them?

This odd enquiry, coming to me in a letter from Louis C. Tanner, member of the Liberty, Texas school board, sheds light on what is no doubt one of the most romantic episodes in the history of the northwest frontier. The story that has now unraveled itself concerns the mother of the Sioux Indians of Manitoba, a newspaper article, magazine article and a white man who has never known who he was in almost a century to be told.

The little child of this name had been born in the mud and blood of the Minnesota massacre of 1862 and brought into northwest Canada by a Sioux refugee and raised as an Indian.

The escape of this child at the age of ten, to be picked up wandering on the plains and raised by a Sioux tribe, the Crees.

An appeal made to me four years ago by the wrinkled old Sioux "mother" asking me to help her to locate her white papoose, whom she had heard had grown into manhood and was married to a Cree woman.

The mention of this appeal in the Winnipeg Tribune on January 24, 1919.

The turning up of the lost "papoose" three months later, now a grizzled, battle-hardened veteran of the plains, seeking some knowledge of who his parents were.

The locating of the Sioux "mother" with her white papoose of long ago.

Now the rest of all the tangle

took a fancy to. Anyway, I was with the Indians after the massacre. I never knew that I was any different from the Indians until I was about ten. Then I ran away. I was picked up by some Cree but also hunters and stayed with them until I was old enough to find for myself. Since then I've been fighting for the Hudson's Bay Company. I'd like to find out who I was before the Indians got me. I don't know how old I am now when my white mother was born, who my folks were, or if I have any relatives living over there in the United States.

ALL INDIAN BUT HIS FATHER

TANNER asked the managing editor to get him in touch with the man who wrote the "Chief" in the Sioux Indian paper—thinking that I might be able to tell him who he was. We were brought together the next morning.

The only thing I remember of Ross Tanner was his skin. In every other respect he was an Indian. His movements, his way of talking and thinking, all of his mental make-up was that of a pure-bred Indian. I don't think I ever saw such a white man before. His blue eyes and his sunny brown mustache contrasted strangely with his steady gaze and

deliberate movements of the native North American.

The first question he asked me was the name of the Indian heroine who had rescued him at the massacre and raised him until he was about 10. I told him it was Mrs. Akisa of the Oak Indian reserve, eight miles north of Grandview, Manitoba, and 70 miles west of where he was sitting.

"Did she ever tell you anything about my parents—who I was?" he asked after a pause.

"No," I said, "she only told me that she saw you lying in the mud and blood of the massacre and that she picked you up into her arms and protected you from the Indians who had killed your mother and your brothers."

"We were sitting in the managing editor's car outside his office on a side street, alone. Tanner's eyes narrowed to slits and took on a far-off look. He said, half to me and half to himself, 'I wonder why she picked me up.'"

"The said," I explained, "that she just sort of took a liking to you lying there in the blood, and she just suddenly decided to pick you up and adopt you—before you were stamped into the ground with the other babies."

SHE FOUND HIM LYING IN THE MUD AND BLOOD OF THE MASSACRE

"All I remember of her," as though he had just been and was carrying on the thought, "was that she was a white woman. I don't know what she looked like, but I must have been about 10 when I was picked up. I could not have been older than her."

"Why did you not ask her?" he asked. "Didn't you want to know?"

"Yes, they treated me like other babies. They never let me ask questions. I had to work hard. As soon as I didn't know I was different from the other babies, I was away the first chance I got. It one night after everybody was asleep in their tepees. I was lying on the ground with the other babies."

## Mussolini Dreams of Empire

ROME is as surely in the hands of an emperor today as she was when the ruins which

Rome has indeed romantic and substantial associations with its land and music. The story told

INTENTIONAL DUPLICATE EXPOSURE  
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# of Plains Solves Birth



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SHE FOUND HIM IN A GUTTER  
LYING IN MUD.  
MADE OF RUNNING BLOOD

"All I remember of her," he said, "was that she was lying in the gutter, and was carrying on her own head a bundle of running blood. I was about 15 years old when I saw her. I was walking home from school, and I saw her lying in the gutter. I went over to her, and I saw that she was dead. I was very sad, and I carried her home with me. I buried her in the back yard, and I never saw her again."

"Where did you go with the Cree?" I asked.

"Oh, everywhere—all over the plains—down in Montana, in Alberta, and everywhere. We had a lot of fights with other tribes, but I didn't scrap much—only to protect myself. After I left the Cree, I married a half-breed Cree woman and settled down at Westbourne, Manitoba, for twenty years, and I was freighted for the Bay company. Then when she died I married another Cree woman. I have thirteen children, all told, and we live at Amaranth, Manitoba, now."

After a long, Indian pause, to which we both sat smoking, he said: "You know, I wasn't the only white kid the Sioux had. Another band that used to travel close to us all of the time had a white girl, and she was very beautiful. She was about sixteen. I could never get a chance to speak to her; for the chief kept her guarded all of the time—and she was finally married to the chief. But one day, just before I left the Sioux, I saw her going down to a water hole with a pail. That was at Pine Creek. I sneaked down to the hole and had a few words with her. She said ever seen a...

## Dreams of Empire Amid Roman

...in the Capitoline Museum, ruins of another great temple but to them the continuity of family the rival of...

## Mussolini Dreams

ROME is as surely in the hands of an emperor today as she was when the ruins which now make her the mecca of tourists were, instead of lonely and desolate skeletons, then the latest and sturdiest of this world's palaces.

No one can say that King Victor Emmanuel rules Italy. No one can maintain that the people rule Italy. Benito Mussolini rules Italy.

"I swear loyalty to Benito Mussolini, who governs the destinies of Italy. I swear devoted and absolute obedience to his government with uncontrolled conscience, which involves the sacrifice of life, the renunciation of all personal initiative and the daily practice of iron discipline."

This is the oath which the young men of Italy have sworn in support of the man who forty odd years ago was born the son of a socialist blacksmith and lives to bestow his gracious approval on the royal house of Italy and to bandy words and promises with the Roman Catholic pontiff.

### DREAMS OF EMPIRE

Now Mussolini dreams intoxicating dreams of a new Roman Empire. From the Palace of the Senators upon the Capitoline Hill he looks down with his pursed lips and bulging eyes over the ruins of the remnants of the imperial palaces on the Palatine hill beyond. He dreams, ambitiously, upon the glory that was Rome, and while he gazes and dreams, he incidentally rules Italy with a hand of iron, which saved her from chaos a few years ago, the rest of the world is torn between conflicting emotions of admiration and condemnation. One Canadian paper remarks: "The deaf, dumb and blind should fare well in Italy. They come close to Mussolini's ideal of citizenship." And another reflects that Mussolini probably believes that the reason Rome was not built in a day was because he was not given the contract. And the last we hear is that Mussolini, having banished from the Italian House all representatives who oppose his party has offered them terms upon which they may return to their places in the chamber, terms which include acknowledgment that their party represents "nothing at all" and that their late leader is "the biggest criminal in the world."

### HEIR TO THE CAESARS

But men with the audacity of Mussolini in the dim past made Rome veritably an Eternal City. Men of the blood and race two and three thousand years ago brought as tribute to the capital the finest that the world had to offer in military genius, in architecture, in sculpture, in art and in literature. They made of Rome a city of such magnificence that even her poor scarred and broken stones hold within them power to awe the men and women of the twentieth century. As a guide book says, "Fashions change in travel, but the passion for Rome never dies."

Rome has indeed romantic and substantial associations with its very earliest traditions. The story of the finding of Romulus and Remus on the Palatine Hill is well known, and as far back as the fifth century before Christ the legend was accepted, because today there is in Rome an ancient bronze group, executed in that distant day, which shows the twins being fed by the famous wolf. But Rome's history stretches far back beyond the fifth century, as discoveries in the Forum have proved.

### BONI THE MAGICIAN

One of the most fascinating figures in modern Italian history was Giacomo Boni, who died a few months ago after having revealed to the world an undreamed of length in Roman history. Boni was the incarnation of the spirit of Rome. The reflected ambition which burns in Mussolini, fierce though its glow is, is but a poor imitation of the self-effacing and passionate love of Roman glory which possessed Boni. He was a man who seemed to have been born with an intuitive sense for the revelation of Roman history. He apparently had inherited or perhaps, in another life, may have himself possessed knowledge of what lay hidden beneath the surface of earth and debris which the passing centuries had deposited over the relics of Roman greatness. Boni, instinctively, rather than logically, found his way to the choicest bits of archaeological discoveries. He would burn with enthusiasm when a find was about to be made, and a few hours before he actually discovered the famous Black which is said to have covered the tomb of Romulus, he told a friend that his goal was within reach. "I can feel it beneath my feet," he declared.

He was a strange being. Much misunderstood, terribly persecuted and abused by the Romans, for whom he was doing so much. When he finally wrested from them the authority to dig to his heart's content, he went to dwell in a lonely sort of grandeur in a little home on the Palatine Hill, amid the ruins of imperial palaces that had been the delight of Augustus, of Caligula, of Tiberius and others of their ilk. And in the Forum, with every lira he could spare from his scanty remuneration, he replanted the flowers and shrubs of ancient Rome. That is the reason why, sometimes in wandering in the gardens that overlook the Forum today, one finds the quaint and lovely fountains of fruit and flowers with which we are familiar in reproductions of Roman art, hanging upon the tree branches, just as they were made and hung on festival days by Roman hands, now gone to dust for two thousand years and more.

And so there are in Rome today all the materials for a world drama, for the one hand Rome's imperial relics and traditions, and on the other hand, a man with a will of steel, dreaming of a new Empire. The question is, is Mussolini of the stuff of which emperors are made, or is he merely some amazing sample of a man mad with the dreams of personal aggrandizement? Does he growl about the Hall of the

ing on the plains and by an enemy tribe, the Cree.

An appeal made to me four years ago by the wrinkled old Sioux "mother," asking me to help her to locate her white papoose, whom she had heard had grown into manhood and was married to a Cree woman. The mention of this appeal in the Winnipeg Tribune on January 24, 1923.

The turning up of the lost "papoose" three months later, now a grizzled, illiterate veteran of the plains, seeking some knowledge of who his parents were.

The reuniting of the Sioux "mother" with her white papoose of long ago. And—

Now, strangest of all, the turning up of this white papoose's relatives in far-off Texas—through reading an article which I wrote for the Mentor magazine eighteen months ago.

### ROSS TANNER TURNS UP

In 1912 I was visiting the Sioux on their reserve at Oak Lake, Manitoba, getting their first-hand account of the famous Minnesota massacre for inclusion in a historical work, entitled, "When the Indians Owned Manitoba." This work was run serially in the Winnipeg Tribune that winter. In describing how these Sioux had massacred 500 white people at Red Wood in 1862, I inserted one paragraph which read:

"These Sioux brought into Canada with them a little white baby, which had been picked up out of the bloody streets of Red Wood and saved by a Sioux woman during the most frightful moment of this terrible carnage. This child is living somewhere in Manitoba today, an old man."

That was all. I mentioned this merely as a point of human interest, not dreaming that anything would ever come of it. That paragraph appeared in the Tribune on January 24, 1923. On June 13, six months later, a tall, weather-beaten individual, about 65 years old, walked into the editorial rooms of the Tribune and asked the managing editor:

"Who's Ross Tanner?"

"I don't know. Why do you ask?" said Mr. Knowles.

"Cause I'm him," returned the plainman, in his stolid, illiterate way.

"Oh, you're Ross Tanner?"

"Yes," replied the stranger, "but I don't know who I am."

"Well, just sit down and tell me what you are doing at," said the busy editor, sensing that he was confronted with a rare character and not a lunatic.

What followed at this point is best told by quoting a part of the story which appeared on the front page of the Tribune that day—as follows:

"Gaunt, raw-boned and aged, wearing a badge of honorable service in the war, Ross Tanner of Amaranth, dropped into the Tribune office today in an effort to find out who his people are. Asked the reason for his strange quest, he said:

"Well, you see, I can't read nor write, and I only just heard that something was put in your paper about me a few months ago. The woman who runs the boarding house at 329 Pacific avenue, where I stay when I come into town, just told me today. Who put that notice in about me?"

"The files of the Tribune were searched," continues the front-page article, "and it was found that Mr. Tanner had been the only survivor of the Minnesota massacre of 1862, and that he was brought here as a baby by the Sioux refugees in that year."

"That," he said, "it was at the time of the massacre—Red Wood, you know. The Indians had a habit of stealing any children they kinda

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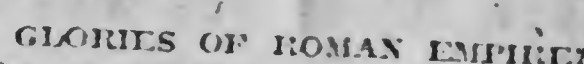




# *Amid Roman Ruins*

John Phillips had had an uncle who came to America from England and joined the California gold rush in 1849. Ten years later this uncle had sent back to Yorkshire for his two brothers and their families. One with a little boy agreed to be the present John Phillips. They came to America and journeyed across the plains in a prairie schooner as far as Fort Benton, Montana, then only a trading post where a few white men met the Indian nomads of the plains. They bartered whisky for buffalo robes. Here the two women were stricken with smallpox and died both in the same day.

# e Amid Roman Ruins



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Mussolini has given Italy peace and prosperity, he has extended her boundaries and enhanced her prestige abroad. But all this rests upon the personal leadership and power of a man, who is even now in bad health. The time for which a malignant disease for which he must be operated upon within the next few weeks. While the surgeon's knife is feeling its way among the tissues of his flesh, the fate of Italy will hang in the balance. A dictator he already is. Will the day come when he will prefer the title of Emperor?

Tanner, gaunt child of massive frame, who is still living with his Indian wife and ten surviving children at Amarant, Manitoba, is not known to have happened to learn the name of Tassell, the Indian scout and interpreter named Kadoshen, who later joined Sitting Bull's band, but is still living in the Minnesota Massacre Slough Lake, Manitoba. These Sioux are still here, in spite of repeated attempts from the United States government to secure their return, for their remarkable escape from the United States cavalry.

The Tanner mystery has been discussed. Who knows, perhaps some day we'll tell John Phillips, the man of the Crows, that he really lives living in California, a resident from gold-seeking days. Maybe wealthy relatives who boast their status as "millionaires of the golden state." But they live back with their old country life stock as a stalwart "Indian" white skin—a man with great muscular strength and bearing all the instincts of the native North American, a man who talks nothing but Indian to his wife and half-breed children—yet an Indian by birth!



