

Hunt for Twelve Years Ends With Arrest of Alleged Slayer

from some messages which we sent to California this afternoon, and will probably be able to give you a definite answer tomorrow afternoon."

It was just 10 o'clock when the California officers, accompanied by Deputy United States Marshal Lee McAfee, Eugene Andrews and W. M. Henson, left the Brinkley hotel to go to the county jail for the purpose of looking at Bill Hatfield.

At the jail the officers were met by Sheriff Sam Rich of Grayson county, Teller Ed Hatfield and a number of Grayson county deputy sheriffs. This was the first time Sheriff Rich had seen the officers from California, and after a short consultation it was decided to bring all of the prisoners downstairs in the back rotunda of the jail, where there was a good light.

Accordingly Sheriff Rich and Assistant called Joe Howard marched the 40 prisoners down. Just outside of the rotunda, which was inclosed with bars of heavy steel, the officers and prisoner men stood. Deputy Sheriff Buffington, who was an old acquaintance of James C. Dunham, stood in the shadow behind a deputy sheriff, where he could see well but could not be seen from the interior of the rotunda.

RECOGNIZES HATFIELD

The men were asked to come up close to the bars and all did so, but Hatfield got in behind several other prisoners, and was asked by McAfee to get in line. After but a moment's time Buffington picked out Hatfield, and then went up and down the line looking at each of the men, but came back to Hatfield. After a few moments spent in this manner all of the prisoners save Hatfield were taken back up stairs.

Buffington walked over to the prisoner and asking him to stand up said: "How are you getting along in here?" Hatfield replied: "Not very well, of course."

After a close inspection of Hatfield, Buffington asked: "Do you remember me?" Hatfield replied in a steady voice and with a staid gaze if possible: "I never saw you before."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Buffington. "Very sure," answered Hatfield. To questions about how he got a certain long scar on the foot, Hatfield replied that he cut his foot with an ax when a boy. He was asked his age and replied:

"I do not know exactly how old I am. Buffington told him that he had heard that he claimed to be only 29 years old, adding: "Surely you are older than that."

To this Hatfield said: "Maybe I am a little older than that, but I have done a great deal of hard work in my life, and you know that makes a man look really older than he is."

"Yes," said Buffington, "you look as though you are about 45." "I know that I am not that old," replied Hatfield, "in fact, I do not know just how old I am, but I am not near 45."

Buffington then took Hatfield to a corner of the room and sitting down by him talked with him for about 10 minutes. Hatfield did not for a moment depart from any previous statement, and did not throw any light on where he had ever lived or give the name of any man who could identify him as Bill Hatfield or as James C. Dunham.

Late tonight Buffington gave the following account of his knowledge of the prisoner and his reasons for recognizing him:

"I knew Dunham but slightly prior to his marriage to Hattie Wells, the stepdaughter of Colonel McGlinchey, at Campbell in 1894, but from that time on I saw Dunham very frequently. Jim Wells, Mrs. Dunham's brother, and one of Dunham's victims, was a very close friend of mine. He lived at the McGlinchey home and I was there a good share of the time. We called Jim 'Kid Wells' and he was an athlete and expert bicyclist."

"I was riding a good deal in those days myself and 'Kid Wells' and I used to team together. Colonel McGlinchey was a fine old man and the family was one of the most devoted I ever knew. After Jim Dunham married Miss Wells he came right into the family and his presence seemed to make no difference. I never heard of a word of trouble between Dunham and the other occupants of the house."

"I remember very well when the Dunham baby was born how excited and happy the folks were about it. That was only three weeks before the murder."

DUNHAM QUEER FELLOW

"I used to work about the McGlinchey ranch helping in the fruit. 'Kid Wells' and I were together nearly all the time. Jim Dunham was going to school at Santa Clara college at this time. He was a queer kind of a fellow. He would come home to the ranch where Wells and I were working and would stop and look at us, merely passing the time of day. He never talked much and seldom entered into any of our fun."

"About the time the Dunham baby was born 'Kid Wells' and I bought a tandem bicycle. I was training for a road race and when the new wheel came my brother, Lloyd Buffington, Wells and I went out to try it. Lloyd and Wells had the tandem and I was riding a single wheel. The boys were making pace for me over a nice stretch of road near the Winchester place and we were going at a fast clip when the front forks of the tandem broke, throwing Lloyd and Wells."

"Wells was very badly hurt. He was just getting about on his feet again when the murder took place or there might have been another ending to the tragedy. Wells was strong as a bull and a thorough athlete when in condition and I don't believe Dunham would have got him right if it had not been for his injuries."

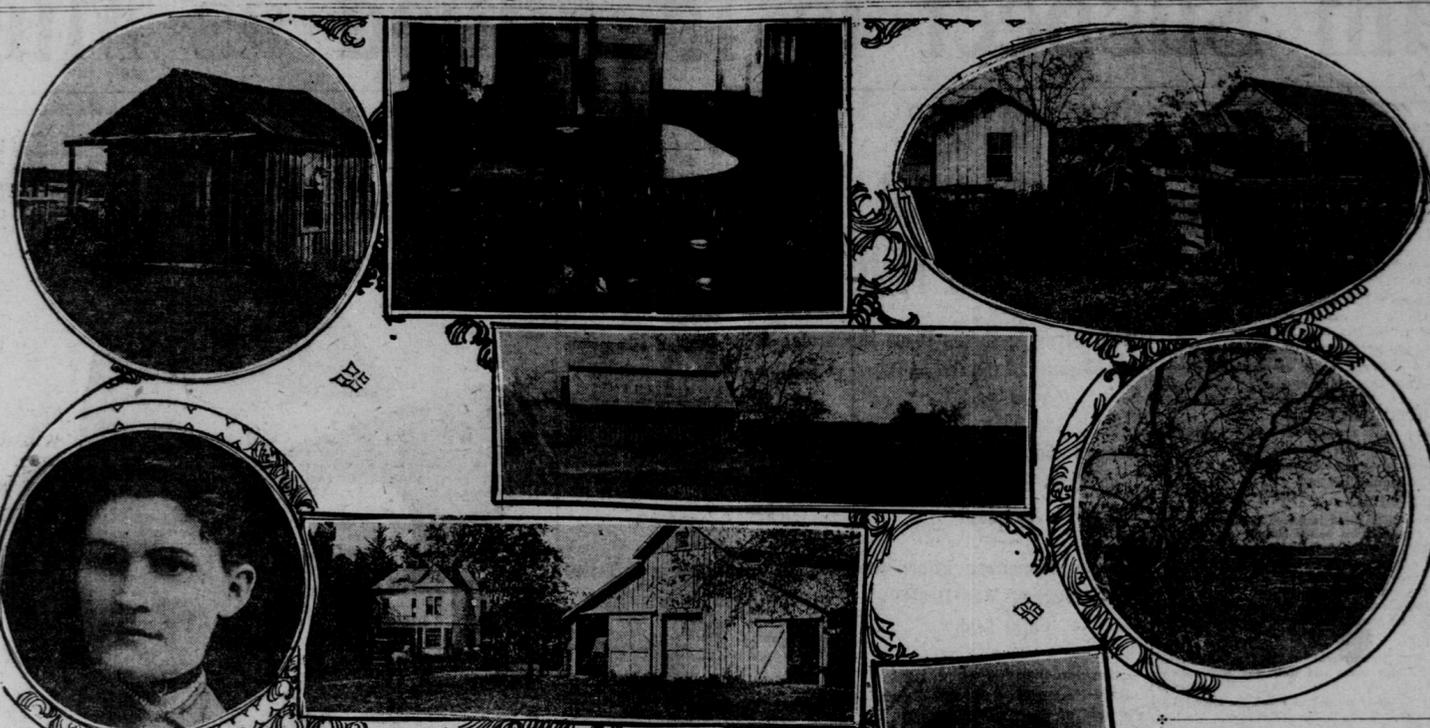
"After the tandem accident I took the wheel into San Jose to have it fixed up. On the day of the murder I went into town to see if the repairs were finished and met Jim Dunham at Osborn's bicycle store on South First street. We were together for some time. I asked him if he was going out to Campbell for the night and he said that he was going to stay with his mother in San Jose. I left him about 6 o'clock."

"About an hour later Frank Sprung, a blacksmith in Santa Clara, saw Dunham alight from a car at the end of the line and start toward Campbell. He was also seen later on the Dry creek road by Robert Hamilton and that was the last seen of him before the murder."

HAD ODD PERSONALITY

"Dunham's personality was out of the usual. I was a young fellow in those days, but I remember distinctly the impression he created on me. He had a way of looking straight at you when you were talking to him that made you nervous. He seemed to be looking through you. There was a droop to the eyelid that intensified his expression. At the top of Dunham's nose there was a peculiar mark, I would call it a

Dunham's Killing of Six Persons Was a Carefully Planned Crime; Colonel McGlinchey Fought Hard for Life, but Fell Before Bullets



Photographs of scenes connected with the killing of six persons by Dunham on the McGlinchey ranch near Campbell 12 years ago, and four of his victims. Upper row, left to right—Cabin in front of which Colonel McGlinchey fell; view in dining room of the McGlinchey home the morning after the murder; fence in foreground of buildings shows where Robert Brisco was found murdered. Below is view showing position from which the killing of Colonel McGlinchey was seen, while on the right is shown the hiding place of Schiele in barn when he viewed the colonel's murder. In third row are shown the house and barn as viewed from place where Colonel McGlinchey fell, and Mrs. Dunham, the murderer's wife (left). In the lower row, left to right, are the photos of Mrs. R. P. McGlinchey, wife of the colonel; James Wells, hired man; Colonel R. P. McGlinchey.

WEIGHTY NEW FORCE TO ENTER POLITICS

Continued from Page 1, Column 4

and suggest the formation of an Alameda county league. A resolution politely suggesting such action was introduced, but met its death in the hands of the resolution committee consisting of John Simmen, Emile Lless and John Pope, who declared that the Alameda county members are in a position to decide upon the separation.

After a spirited contest on the floor among the leading delegates the following officers of the California league were elected: President, John Hermann, San Francisco; vice president, Professor A. Putzker, Berkeley; recording secretary, Henry F. Budde, San Francisco; corresponding secretary, Carl W. Mueller, San Francisco; financial secretary, J. H. Velten, Oakland; treasurer, Julius R. Hans, San Francisco; trustees, Henry J. Kesel, San Francisco; M. Gastmann, Sacramento, and Julius Stirn, Oakland.

Organizing committee—J. J. Mahrs, San Francisco; M. Gastmann, Sacramento; Robert E. Kaestner, Los Angeles; Ernst Steinelweg and J. H. Velten, Oakland.

Constitutional revision committee—C. W. Mueller, H. F. Budde, Emil Lless, George H. Bahrs, Dr. A. E. Brune. Oakland was selected for the convention next year.

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SAY JOHN FOX JR. HELD ON TO MONEY

Continued From Page 1, Column 5

guessed this distance immediately put in a requisition for \$500. Fox was unwilling to part with the money, however, claiming that he had won the pool squarely.

John Murray Marshall, formerly assistant United States district attorney for Massachusetts, now a resident of Pasadena, was one of the men in the pool. Last night at the St. Francis he told the story.

Fox, he said, simply refused to refund the money. There was an ugly controversy for several days. Fox, it was said, was avoided by the passengers. He was ostracized during the last days of the voyage. Captain Dixon said he could take no cognizance of the rights and wrongs of a gambling venture.

Yesterday as he left the steamship Fox was asked about the matter. He paid no heed to the questions. Finally he said:

"I am in a hurry and I can not talk now." Further attempts to get information resulted in the statement:

"I have nothing to say; I can not talk to you about this matter. Fox is said to be a man of considerable means. With him on the trip was his wife. He made the trip to Japan and came back on the same liner."

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Dunham's Slaughter of McGlinchey Family One of Most Cold Blooded Murders

Assassin Carefully Planned Crime and Made Escape Despite Man Hunt Involving Practically Every Man in Three Counties

By Fred R. Bechdolt

Twelve years ago James Dunham turned his face toward the north and chuckled. For three months the whole Santa Clara valley had cried murder, and the cry had begun to die. While manhunters crowded the roads and grim faced officers guarded mountain passes to trap him he had ridden quietly away through their tight drawn lines, unrecognized. The blood of six people did not show on his hands. There was no mark on his brow. He was safe.

Dunham's crime was horrible and his escape was marvelous. On the night of May 26, 1896, he killed six people at Campbell, six miles south of San Jose. One of these was his wife. He broke her neck. Another was his father in law, Colonel R. P. McGlinchey, widely known in Santa Clara county as a public speaker. Dunham shot him down as he fled. His mother in law he butchered with an axe as she tried to rise from her bed. He shot a hired man and hacked down a maid servant with an axe. He shot his brother in law, James K. Wells. Then he rode away from the McGlinchey home, which he had made a shambles, and three counties united to capture him. Rewards aggregating \$10,000 were offered.

His head, he slipped through the lines of his hunters and vanished. Last seen he was going south.

Official investigation showed that Dunham's crime had been coldly planned. He was a man 30 years of age, of small means inherited from his mother. He had twice married and twice had deserted his wives. Then he married Colonel McGlinchey's stepdaughter. She bore him a baby, and that child, 2 months of age, was the only thing left alive in the McGlinchey house after Dunham had done his work.

DUNHAM WAS DISLIKED
The McGlinchey family had not liked Dunham. And the liking had become less when it turned out that he had been brutal to his wife after the birth of the baby. Dunham went to Santa Clara college, studying law, and no one cared for him there because he was a moody man. At home, with the family dislike against him, he was silent, save when he taunted the woman. He finally made up his mind to kill the whole family. Two days before the crime he drew what money he had from the bank, repaired one of his bicycles and hid it.

The night of May 26 he did the thing. Colonel McGlinchey, James Wells, the colonel's stepson, and George Schabile, a young hired man, had gone to the Campbell hall, a mile and a half away, to an A. P. A. meeting. This left at the house Mrs. McGlinchey, the aged mother in law, Mrs. Dunham, her 2 months' old baby, Minnie Schesler, a domestic, and Robert Brisco, a hired man. Brisco slept in a small cabin 100 yards from the house. This was a two storied white structure of the better ranch house type.

At 10 o'clock Dunham went into his wife's room on the upper floor. What happened from then on, the order of the hideous things and their incidents, was finally all pieced together by the officers. First he talked with his wife and told her that he was going to kill her. He gave her a moment to pray and in that moment she scrawled a goody message to her mother. Then he grasped her by the throat, Schesler, a hands and twisted it until he broke her neck. The baby lay beside her.

Minnie Schesler, the servant, was preparing for bed in the next room. She heard the sounds and started hurriedly to dress. Dunham struck her down with an ax as she came toward her room door. Into her mouth—as he had done with his wife—he crammed some loose garments. He crushed her

other. Finally Dunham drew his revolver and shot Wells. The young man

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started to flee. Dunham fired again and again at him and killed him.

CHASED BY MURDERER

Meantime Colonel McGlinchey, half stunned by a glancing blow from the ax, rose and tried to flee. He burst through a rear window and Dunham ran from the front door with his drawn revolver. Shrieking murder Brisco ran toward the cabin, where Brisco slept. Dunham fired at him as he ran. From the hayloft Schabile watched the grim butchery.

McGlinchey entered the cabin and threw himself against the door. The watcher in the barn could hear him pant as his body thudded against the wood. At almost the same moment Dunham hurried himself against the door from the outside and demanded admittance.

"Come out, Mac, I'm bound to get you anyhow," Dunham called.

"I won't come out, Jim. I have two bullets in me already," said the old man. They parleyed this way for another moment. Dunham shot through the door. Then Brisco, fear maddened, leaped through a back window and Dunham shot him as he ran along the fence. McGlinchey seized this moment to leap from the front door. He was running toward the house when a bullet from Dunham's revolver caught him in the body and he crumpled up.

The murderer remembered then that there was another whom he had not killed. He began a hunt for Schabile. He even climbed into the hay loft and struck a match. He stood in the flare of the light glaring round in the darkness and Schabile, a few feet from him, did not breathe.

Roused by the sound of shots neighbors were hurrying toward the barn house. Dunham got young Wells' horse and mounted the animal bareback. Even then, when he had taken his possessions in his arm and was ready to gallop away, he spent many minutes riding up and down the fence line and round the outbuildings seeking the hired man.

MAN HUNT BEGINS
The next day began the hunt which has never stopped since. It started a manhunt with mounted possees and baying bloodhounds. And for a time nearly every man in Santa Clara county was armed looking for James Dunham. The trail led toward Mount Hamilton. Three days after the murder searchers found Dunham in a close wooded gorge near the foot of the mountain. From woodchoppers and from ranchers came fragmentary tidings of the fugitive, but always after he had again vanished. He had ridden to these tangled ravines and he had camped in

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one of them and he had gone somewhere about. For weeks every trail leading from the mountains was guarded. But there was no result. Dunham was thought for a time to have shot himself. Then came stories of his having been seen to the southward. It was reasoned by the officers that he had probably gotten to his bicycle or to some other and had ridden away after a change of clothing, or that he had gone to the railroad and taken a train. Then the manhunt took another form. The bloodhounds were called in. The possees went back to their homes. The roads were deserted. And silent tracers, the most relentless of followers, were placed on Dunham's trail. The old system of reward circulars was resorted to. The close description of the murderer with all his peculiarities and with his photograph was sent out to a thousand sheriff's offices. Occasionally came false tidings. Once there was news of Dunham in Mexico. In 1897 they arrested a suspect there. That year a man was caught in North Dakota and another in Cuba, but neither was the murderer. A man in an Arkansas jail answered the description in November 1897, but proved himself to be another. From Lower California came word in 1898 that Dunham had been seen in a mi-

Continued on Page 3, Middle Column 4

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