

# JOSEPH WARD

Desert Poet. Prospector. And a Manxman.  
His Life and Adventures.

1879-1928.

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## CHAPTER V.

My old friend, Charlie Churchill, camped 14 miles N.W. of Johannesburg, and I often swung 100 miles out of my way to see him. Charley found the Churchill Tungsten property at Atoria, but did not get a great deal out of it himself, but the property later became worth millions, and was a boom centre during the war. His home was an oasis in the desert, a little bit of a garden 100 feet by 10 feet, on the north side of the El Passo peaks. He grew all kinds of fruit in it, bringing his water a distance of about a mile, and storing it in tanks. Charley is always well supplied with comfort for the inner man, liquid and solid, together with a great amount of mental refreshment. His old friends are always welcome, and many hours are passed going over old times, discussing the various opportunities that were missed and the mines we should have discovered. I suggested to Charley that we'd wear a coat of arms, with the insignia, "Mines," in our caps. We used to sit up all hours of the night talking and arguing, sleep all morning, and have a very strong argument as to who should get up and start a fire. I was always loathe to leave there. Sometimes I would rest there a week until I became uneasy, afraid that some crook would get that Cripple Creek or new goldfield ahead of me, which we all had ever in view in our telescopic eyes.

He was a line fellow, Charley; typical Southern boy, Kentucky to his finger tips; he'd shoot you at the drop of the hat, and give his life for you. He would be up at daybreak, shooting birds in the apricot trees. We were happier than was Solomon in his palaces, though we missed the ladies. I think God did wrong to give Solomon so many—or did he take them? Was there one of them who loved him? I'd like to know? This was one thing Charley and I could never figure out. Like many another good thing, we laid it away, in status quo, or had another one and washed it down. Whether they loved him or not, they did not love us; we were too far away, 3,000 years. What is time anyway? Time is nothing to men like Charley and I, yet it be something, as Spencer says, or we could see the thousand wives of Solomon now.

At last I'd decide to leave, and after a thousand goodbyes, I'll saddle up and depart, promising faithfully to write and return.

On January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1918, I had to appear at the Superior Court, San Bernardino. A deputy district Attorney of San Bernardino had forged my name, claiming I had given him the right to take my mail, transact my legal business, and sell my ores, etc. No witness's name was on this paper notary seal, though he had a partner who was a notary, but his name did not appear. I didn't see the order until it was shown me by the postal

inspector, in the Spring of 1918. The inspector saw the order twice, and said the signature was not the same, and it appeared that the man had been practising upon it.

When the inspector demanded the order the second time, the deputy turned as white as a sheet and said he could not find it. Some days later, however, he found it, and on this authority he stole two of my registered letters containing legal papers of my case, forwarded from Portland. He kept them in his office for six weeks, when the Court Bailiff brought them to the Judge's Chambers against my wish, but at the behest of these deputy district attorneys, which the judge admitted. I angrily refused to open them (the big one had already been opened and resealed with red seals, not true circles). The inspector later said that a pencil had been run under the flap and steamed open. I saw the contents of this letter only once, and that was at the inspector's office at Riverside, March, 1918. There were 37 legal papers in it and 13 were missing, including some of the Deputy's letters to me. The Deputy claimed he sent it to Barstow in a plain District Attorney's envelope. I was satisfied there was collusion in the Post Office. The Post Master himself insulted me and ordered me out of the Post Office. It is impossible for me to bring this swindler to book, he and his accomplices being protected by the Federal Office, who brought my enemy to Los Angeles to identify my signature, and denied me access to the Federal Grand Jury or Court. Federal District Attorney O'Connor having to sent to Washington his report that my signature on the forged order was genuine, and that Hirst and Warner had the right to detain and open Joseph Ward's mail, when Warner's name is not on the order, and he indignantly denied having anything to do with it.

The Postal Inspector, in his 32-page report, said that the order was a papable forgery. Why did Federal District Attorney O'Connor do this? A Court House ring in San Bernardino protecting each other under the guise of officialdom. A Federal ex-Grand Jurman told me my case was whitewashed, a wall of professional ethics protecting all. I told Moody Hirst he ought to be shot; he was a forger. Postal Inspector Hollingworth had worked six week on my case. He was satisfied all had broken Federal Laws, and said that surely I was in the hands of the Phillistines.

Judge Dewhirst called me out and said as I stood before him, some ten feet away, "Mr. Ward, you look like a man who who didn't have sufficient nourishment; hadn't you better go to Palton awhile and rest up and eat some nourishing food? Go voluntarily, I mean." Gazing at me under his spectacles, he added, "Ward, you should rest and not worry." I said: "No rest for me. Judge, till you remove the cause. Arrest those men (pointing to Hirst and Warner) for forging my name and robbing my registered mail, and stop the thieves who are stealing 2,000 dollars worth of ore daily. No, judge, I don't want to go there: it's me to the wilds; all I ask is two days start, and old hell will never get me here again; I've had enough of civilization."

Americans, fellow citizens. Yanks, reform the Judiciary before Rome falls. Justice is forgotten, and the rights of man forgot!

Then furl the flag to the dying breeze,  
As circling shadows of night are falling;  
Our bark of life on unknown seas.  
Spirit voices, loved ones calling.

To the rising dawn of another light,  
As one by one we take our flight;  
Each in his turn sped on and on,  
As God in plan of destiny reveals  
Whither a voice invisible one,  
Homeward, wisdom divine conceals.

Purposed tho' hugging heart strings break,  
One thousand deaths we feel at parting love.  
Necessity in great balance—reason seek;  
Seek not—trust divine heaven above.  
Encircling all, as beckoning hands.  
Duty done, our life shall close.  
Calling hither, beyond to lands –  
Revelation, light, recognition, repose.

Then memories veil, its curtain lift;  
Visions light heaven's noblest call.  
The evil of all lives will sift;  
Heart aches cease, love reigns triumphant all.  
In all life's troubles o'er;  
Perfect rest on that distant shore,  
Where dear ones meet to part no more.

Force is not a remedy!—John Bright.

You can fool some of the people all the time; and all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all the time.—Abraham Lincoln.