

ARM OF ANDREW BROADDUS, THUS SAVING THE LIFE OF YOUNG MAN

The following article, written by Mr. J. F. Hawley of this city, a niece of Kit Carson, appearing in the St. Joseph News Press of May 30, is reproduced in full:

There has been reference in The News-Press to the amputation of a good right arm, performed by Kit Carson on his very first expedition and only a few hundred miles from this old home in Howard county. Here a lad of fifteen, he was serving an apprenticeship with a saddler—a detested job. And so, he ran away from it and joined his older brothers at Independence, who, with forty-three others, were about to leave with a caravan of merchandise bound for Santa Fe. While big brothers had always promise to take him with them "some day," they did not care to assume this responsibility, just now, when every mile of the journey was apt to be their last. Besides he was needed at home and must learn a trade. So they put him on his mule and turned his face homeward. But they had not reckoned with the daring youth.

At the point of leaving, there was before them. Colonel St. Vrain was amused at the lad's persistence and asked him what did he have to say for himself. "I can shoot straight," he said, and his answer pleased the commander of the caravan that he was allowed to go on.

The Amputation.

When the present site of Great Bend, Kans., on the Arkansas, had been reached and Kit's assertion had been proven time and again, an accident happened in camp—a serious thing in those days, with no doctors along, much less surgeons. One of their number accidentally discharged his musket and splintered his arm. It became infected and the victim, as well as all the others, knew that he faced certain death unless it was amputated. No anesthetics, no instruments and no knowledge. In all the land there were no other men so saturated with bravery as these seasoned veterans of 1824, yet they turned from the gruesome

task in horror. Young Carson, braver than all, yet tenderhearted, realizing the situation, offered his services, and in such a manner that it carried conviction. With such "implements" as a razor, a saw and a king-bolt of a wagon, the arm was severed. The only assistance given was when several men were required to hold the agonized patient, when the wound was cauterized with red-hot iron. Up to this point there had not been a whimper. The endurance of the patient was as

markable as the courage of the surgeon. Good young blood and a thorough job saved the life to posterity and by the time the party reached Santa Fe the wound was almost healed.

Curious, is it not, that no one has ever demanded the name of Kit Carson's first surgical case. Well, here it is: Andrew Broaddus, father of the late Judge Elbridge Broaddus, was the name so long veiled in obscurity.

Like Kit Carson, he was born in Madison County, Ky.; he was seventeen years of age, this was his first adventure into the land of "Westward Ho"—and his last.

A Missouri Sweetheart.

The journey from Kentucky to Independence, Mo., was made by young Andrew in company with others, who camped along the way in happy fashion. One of these stops was made in crossing the state on the farm of Mr. Askins, near Columbia. And here was planted the seed of romance, which was to bear rich

Fighting Indians, hunting and hopes of winning the West flamed high in the heart of Andrew, no doubt, on the outward trail. All of these accomplishments required "arms," human and otherwise. So the youth forgot his wild dreams very sensibly and returned to Missouri to cultivate the soil—and the seed of romance. On the farm where he had camped, and with the determination of a conqueror, he remained, until the daughter of Mr. Askins, Grace, became his bride. One year longer they remained in Missouri, when a wave of homesickness for old Kentucky bore them, and an infant son, back to Madison County.

Camera Shy.

Any boy who could stand up and have his arm cut off without flinching, might be expected to stay hitched when it was a question of having his picture taken. Not Andrew Broaddus. That might do for women and children—but no camera should be pointed at him.

The writer of this sketch lived and mingled socially with the family of Judge Broaddus. The oldest son, so well and favorably known in Chillicothe, Joseph, and his father, the judge, have both passed away, and this historical connection with Kit Carson almost escaped.

But Mrs. Joe Broaddus, her son, Dick, and charming daughter, Mary, still live in their old family home, 202 Walnut. Quite by chance, Mrs. Broaddus read the popular story in The News-Press and added to it amazingly, by saying, "why it was my husband's grandfather, whose life Kit Carson saved, by amputating his arm."

DEATH OF JUDGE E. J. BROADDUS Former Appellate Court President Was Visiting in Oklahoma.

Judge E. J. Broaddus, 82 years old, former presiding judge of the Kansas Circuit Court of Appeals, died Saturday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. R. N. Simmons, at Hobart, Ok. Prior to his retirement two years ago he was one of the oldest practicing attorneys in Missouri.

From 1900 to 1913 Judge Broaddus served on the appellate bench. Seventeen years previous he was circuit judge at Chillicothe, Mo. His home was at 3132 Brooklyn Avenue.

Judge Broaddus leaves nine children: Mrs. R. N. Simmons, Hobart; Mrs. J. S. Mize, Waureka, Ok.; Mrs. J. L. Newland, Frederick, Ok.; Mrs. M. A. Fitchon, Spokane, Wash.; Miss Martha Broaddus, this city; Jo Broaddus, Chillicothe; E. J. Broaddus, jr., Wagoner, Ok.; Bower Broaddus, Muskogee, Ok., and Frank H. Broaddus, 821 Newton Avenue. Fourteen grandchildren also survive. Burial will be at Chillicothe this afternoon.