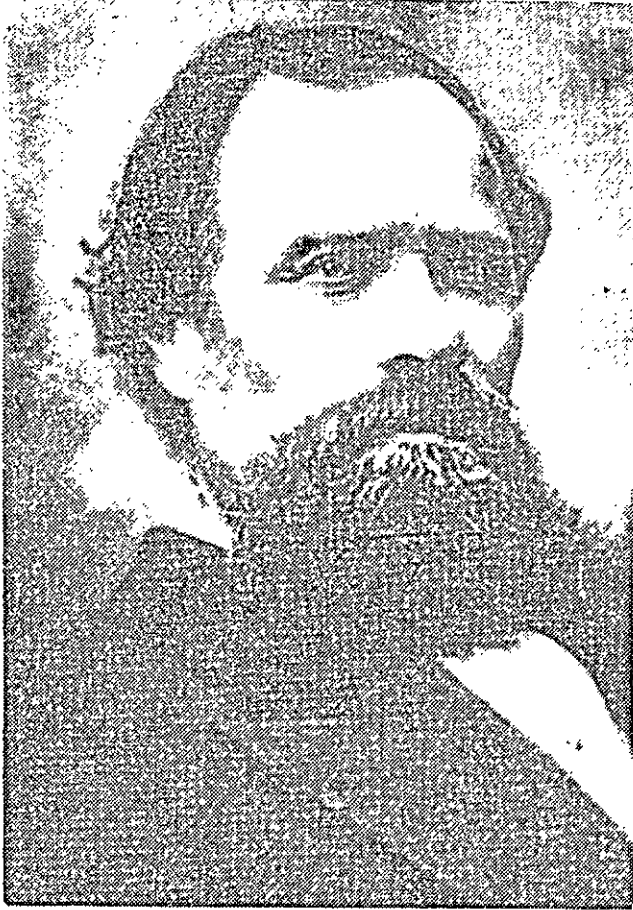


Officer Paid for Bravery With Life In Arresting Shooting Bootblack



DID NOT ATTEMPT TO DRAW A GUN ON HIS MURDERER
Andrew H. Burt . . . Slayer of this peace officer was lynched

Editor's note: In Salt Lake City's public safety building hang pictures of peace officers who died in the line of duty. Each was a hero who lost his life obeying that police tradition that no man must flinch in the face of danger. The Telegram presents here the first of a series of eight articles recalling their heroism.

Crack of a rifle shot sent pedestrians diving into protecting doorways near Second South and Main streets.

His left arm useless, pierced by the bullet that ploughed into his side, Marshal Andrew H. Burt continued to walk slowly toward the crazed bootblack, who, wild-eyed and still clutching the rifle, had backed across the sidewalk and stood leaning against a storefront.

Charles Wilckens, who accompanied Marshal Burt, saw the officer was mortally wounded and leaped for the negro bootblack. Courage returning, other bystanders rushed to his aid and overpowered the gunman. The marshal, seeing the prisoner was disarmed, turned into the A. C. Smith & Co. drug store, collapsed in the arms of a druggist and died a few minutes later.

Upheld Tradition

Thus, on the afternoon of August 25, 1883, did Salt Lake City's first marshal give his life in upholding the police tradition that no officer must falter in the face of danger.

For 20 years, he had been a peace officer, becoming police captain and then marshal. His courage had earned respect of all. He had not attempted to draw a gun on his murderer. Experience had taught him that a drunken or crazed man usually could be overawed by a peaceful approach. But this time he misjudged his man.

Only a few minutes before the shooting, the bootblack, William H. (Sam Joe) Harvey, had threatened F. H. Grice, restaurant proprietor, with a loaded revolver. Grice called to the marshal, warning him to "be careful, he might shoot."

Dropped Rifle

As the officer approached, Harvey asked: "Are you an officer?" Without waiting for the marshal's reply, he fired, fatally wounding the officer. When Wilckens leaped to the marshal's assistance, Harvey dropped the rifle, whipped out the revolver and fired again, the bullet grazing Wilckens' arm.

Other police arrived and took Harvey to the old city hall, which stood where the public safety and fire department buildings now stand at First South and State streets.

An angry crowd gathered at the scene of the shooting. When word of the marshal's death spread, a mob moved against the city hall.

Hanged in Barn

Officers questioned Harvey briefly. Then the crowd began hammering on the doors. Officers stepped outside to quiet the mob. Harvey followed them. Dozens of hands grabbed him, hustled him to a near-by barn, hanged him from a rafter, dragged him through the streets.

Only 25 minutes had elapsed from the time of the death of Salt Lake City's first marshal in line of duty and execution by mob justice of his slayer.