

WEBB, HENRY JAMES
August 8, 1891-February 11, 1931

Henry James Webb, 1913 world champion rider, conqueror of the worst horses known, unacquainted with fear and one of the greatest busters the great West has produced, is dead. He died as he lived-a horseman, nothing his consummate knowledge and exquisite poise in the saddle against the viciousness of a bad horse. Had the animal merely pitched, Henry Webb would be alive today. But when a mount falls, skill, courage, strength, poise go for naught. When the animal Webb was riding, lost his footing and fell violently on his side, the rider came down with even greater violence, and the light went out. One of the best riders known to the West quit his being.

For four full days, Webb lay unconscious in the Wheatland Hospital, where everything that science and medical skill could accomplish was done for him. His splendid strength and great vitality kept the spark of life in his body, but consciousness failed to return, and finally, added hemorrhage increased the pressure of the blood clot on the nerve centers at the base of the brain, and death came. Sustaining injury on Monday, February 7, Webb's condition remained unchanged until afternoon on Thursday. Up to this time, it was considered possible he might recover, although the damages were known to be heavily against him.

On Thursday afternoon, the heart action began to grow weaker, and finally became a mere flutter, the breathing became fast and labored, and it was felt there was no chance for him. However, his vitality extended the struggle to Friday evening at near 6:00 o'clock. Mother, father, sister and brother were with the young man when death came, although he never regained consciousness from the moment of his injury.

The funeral of the champion was one of the most largely attended ever held in the city. Services were held Sunday from the All Saints church, Rev. B.A. Turner officiating. The crowds of friends and mourners was so large that not more than half of the number could get into the church and the funeral procession extended from the church almost to the cemetery. It is estimated to have been more than half a mile in length.

The music provided was the most excellent and the discourse comforting, while the floral offerings were exceptional in beauty and profusion. A splendid floral piece came from the Swan Land & Cattle company, another equally beautiful from cowboy pals of the deceased in Cheyenne, and still another elaborate design from friends in Wheatland, together with many large bouquets and a mass of loose cut flowers.

Unassuming, quiet, unafraid, congenial, a real friend to his friends, Henry Webb was popular. Making no show of himself, he was a central figure at every bucking exhibition he entered, and he always put up a ride that made him a consideration with the judges in the finals.

World champion at Frontier Days in Cheyenne in 1913, winning \$500 in gold and a \$500 saddle offered by Union Pacific railway company, Webb was always in the finals wherever he appeared as a contestant in bucking exhibitions. In addition to winning many less important contests, he was award second place and \$500 in gold at Calgary, Alberta, Canada in 1913 and the following year took second place and \$500 in gold at the big contest at Winnipeg. He secured first place at the Platte county fair last fall, and has always been in best form and ready for the worst bundles of equine cunningness that