

Frank E. McCallum

March 15, 1893

Native of New York

He is interred there with his in-laws and might be just another part of the Cemetery's population, except for a unique experience he had. The events were reported in the Redwood City Democrat of September 1, 1892, citing a "dispatch" from Elk Grove, in Sacramento County, telling of the disappearance of Reverend Frank McCallum of the Methodist Church there:

He was last seen walking down the track at 2PM. His absence was first noted when a business meeting of the church was held Saturday evening and the next morning, when the congregation assembled, he failed to appear. His wife is visiting in Redwood City. She was notified, but she knew nothing of his whereabouts and will return here tomorrow. A party was formed and the parsonage was opened. His bedroom was found to be in disorder and the bedding was lying all through the upper hall. The mattress had been taken off the bed and a large pane of glass was broken in the dining room window. The country is being searched but his horse and buggy were in the stable. His salary was due on Saturday. Foul play is feared as the parsonage has been robbed before. He is very well liked here and great anxiety is felt.

(His wife, a former Miss Winter, whose sister was Mrs. Vasquez, reported that her husband's salary was often in arrears, but that \$400 had just been paid to him.)

In the Democrat of September 15th there is another article:

Word has been received by the relatives of Reverend McCallum.....he telegraphed from Lincoln, Nebraska and wrote a letter from Omaha. He claims to have been kidnapped and carried off after having been robbed.

The reverend gentleman writes that on last Saturday in August, he sat in his study at the parsonage reading until midnight. Then he undressed and went to bed. He had been dozing a short time when a consciousness of present danger awakened him. He opened his eyes and, to his horror, saw two masked men in his room. One of the men placed a large cold muzzle of a six-shooter to the ministerial forehead. The other held the pastor's legs so that he was powerless to resist and then they bound him hand and foot and put a gag in his mouth. One of the ruffians then went through the pockets of the ministerial trousers, abstracting therefrom whatever was of value. The villains then tumbled the clergyman out of bed and, tossing the pillows on the floor, found beneath them the \$325 of the church funds, where money had been hidden by the pastor. The robbers then unbound McCallum's legs, bade him put on his trousers and boots, bound him again, blindfolding him and led him out of the house.

Mr. McCallum says he was marched some little distance, then turned around three times after the manner of blind man's bluff and finally put into some kind of vehicle. In the wagon or carriage, the minister and his kidnappers traveled for four days and nights over rocky and uneven roads, the kidnapped preacher, still being blindfolded, keeping his reckoning of time by the changes of temperature. By the same means he surmised he was traveling at night and kept in hiding by day, there hiding place on one occasion being a gloomy cavern.

At last, the preacher says, he was put upon his feet on the ground and bandages removed from his eyes. There was no sign of habitation and nothing around him but rocks and trees. One of the masked scoundrels gave him a railroad ticket and \$40 in money. Then, pointing straight ahead, the villain said: "Walk in that direction and you will come to a railroad station where the overland train passes at midnight. Board the train and ride as far as that ticket will take you. Never look back and ask no questions. Never go near Elk Grove again nor come back to California on pain of death."

After the horrible experience he had undergone, the minister was ready to obey. Not until Lincoln, Nebraska, was reached by the train did he do anything he had not been told to do. There he had the temerity to jump from the train long enough to send a dispatch to his wife. He then rode on to Omaha, which was as far as his ticket would take him.

And finally, in the Times and Gazette on March 18th, 1893, there appeared an obituary:

Rev. Frank McCallum died in San Francisco, Wednesday, March 15, of consumption, aged 36 years. Rev. McCallum was pastor of the Methodist Church here for two years and was married here to Miss Elizabeth Winter, who survives him. His health has been bad for two years and death was expected. The funeral took place Friday from the Methodist Church.