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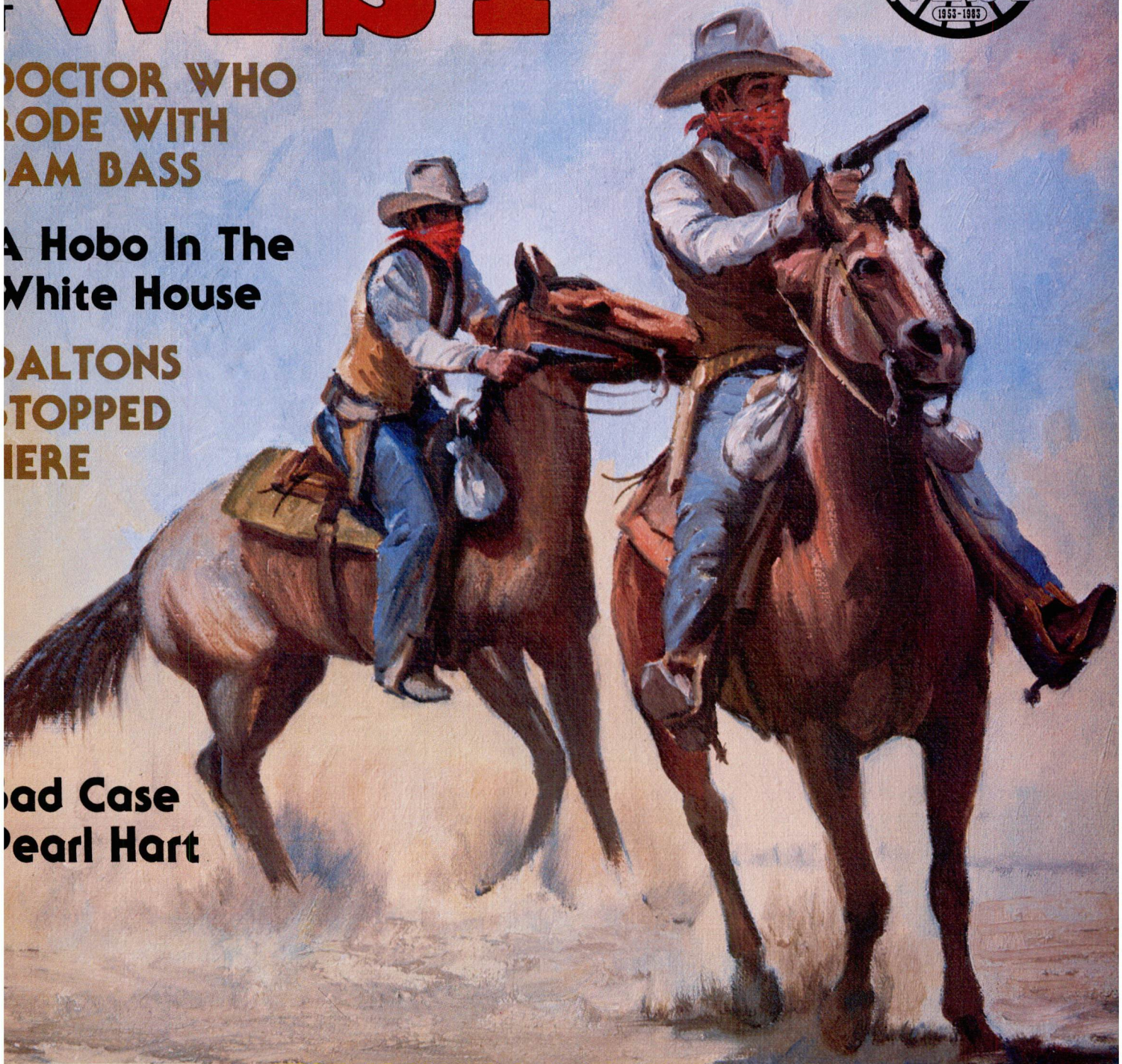


**DOCTOR WHO
RODE WITH
SAM BASS**

**A Hobo In The
White House**

**DALTONS
STOPPED
HERE**

**Bad Case
Pearl Hart**



THE IRISH IN AMERICA

ACE POWELL - ARTIST



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TRUE WEST

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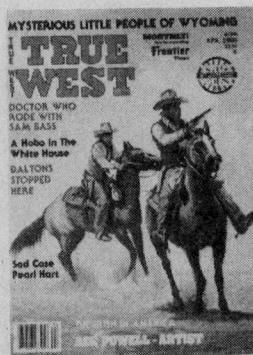
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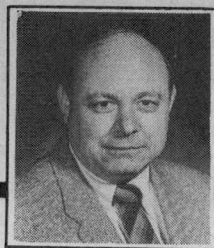


OUR COVER

Could these two be outlaws Sam Bass and Dr. Henri Stewart? Western artist Gordon G. Pond of Winslow, Arizona, calls this painting "The Getaway." Pond's paintings of Indians and southwestern landscapes appear in many public and private collections. His work also appears in *American Artists of Renown, 1981-82*.

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From The Editor



The late Ace Powell for many years before he died was called the "dean of western artists." He deserved that title too because he was one of the best-known western artists of his time. It is unfortunate that I had a rather embarrassing encounter with this great man.

It started back when I was in Havre (Montana) High School. A friend asked me to go with him on a visit to Ace. I had never heard of Ace Powell at the time and I really didn't want to meet him. But I went.

I remember a cozy little house and studio, a pot-bellied stove, lots of paintings on the wall — the kind of artist's habitat you'd expect. I remember it was in Browning, Montana, one of those Highline towns east of Glacier Park. My friend did most of the talking and we went home.

But I was sufficiently impressed that whenever I saw an Ace Powell painting or sculpture I recalled that visit. Since he was one of the most prolific artists of his day, you couldn't miss seeing his artwork if you lived in the West.

Years went by and I found myself a reporter for a newspaper in Spokane, Washington. The paper had me cover a western art show. Ace Powell was to be one of the attractions.

So I wrote what we call an "advance" story. It was a nice, sentimental little piece about my encounter with Ace Powell. I recalled how we went to Browning; how Ace looked in that cozy little bungalow, and how I would always remember that talk with artist Ace Powell.

The editor liked it so much he found an old photo of Ace and put it and my story at the top of page 3. Nice display. I was mighty proud.

I hied myself off to the art show and discovered I was seated right behind old Ace. There was no mistaking his skinny form or the attention he always got. I was hoping he'd turn around so I could introduce myself.

He did turn and I quickly took advantage of it. I confidently told him I was the one who wrote that story about him in the previous day's paper. I think I expected applause.

"Oh yes, it was you," Ace said, turning and glowering. "I don't know where you got that stuff. I never did live in Browning. I always lived in East Glacier!"

I was crushed. I still think he lived in Browning, but Ace Powell must have known where he lived. It just goes to show that after 20 years (the time which elapsed between the visit and the story) even a younger mind can forget.

But like most Montanans I'm still an Ace Powell fan. So in this issue Helen Clark of Butte, Montana, draws an excellent portrait of the "dean." And she knew him much better than I.

Western art is just one of the topics covered in this issue. In fact, there's something for just about everyone.

For those who like fast-paced action, shoot-em-ups and daring raids, there's Wayne T. Walker's story on the doctor who rode with Sam Bass. If you like looking at nostalgic photos, see William D. Adams' superb visions of a bygone

rural America. Adams recently concluded a major show in New York City.

Outlaw buffs will like Konrad F. Schreier Jr.'s story on Pearl Hart and Hood River Blackie is back with a story about a hobo who made it all the way to the White House.

In this issue, we take a special look at the history of western wear. Articles include Raymond Schuessler on Levi's and Charles Raymond on the Stetson hat.

How could we resist Richard Hart's offering on the Irish in the American West? Hart, who owns a graphics art shop in San Francisco, also supplied the artwork. All just in time for St. Patty's Day too.

But the surprise is the story on the mysterious "little people." Those who live in Montana and Wyoming may be familiar with Indian legends of these little gnomes. The little people were always a bit terrifying. Now comes hard evidence that the little people actually existed as you'll see in this issue.

It's getting about time that we mention a big event we're planning and you're invited. The celebration of the 30th anniversary of TRUE WEST magazine is scheduled Saturday night, Aug. 6, 1983, at the Hitching Post Motor Inn in Cheyenne, Wyoming. A little later we'll talk about all the activities we plan for this event, but for those who would like to attend, we want you to know now. We can't send every reader a personal invitation, so consider this your invitation. This is being held the week after Cheyenne's famous Frontier Days so some may want to take in both events. It would be wise to make reservations now at Cheyenne's Hitching Post Motor Inn. This can be done by calling the Best Western toll-free number: 1-800-528-1234. We'll have more information in later issues.

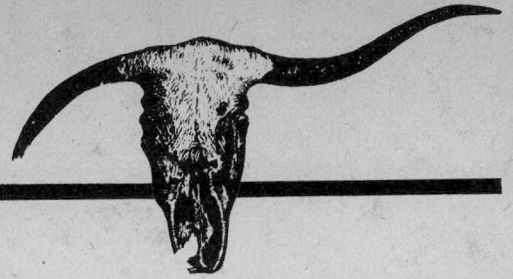
Next month we'll see some naughty ladies in early Nevada; learn how to get food from the mesquite bush; discover what is at the end of the trail in old Santa Fe and hear of a surprising new discovery about the Custer massacre. See you then. — Jim Dullenty



Courtesy Helen Clark

Ace Powell as sculptured by his lifelong friend, Bob Scriver, of Browning, Montana.

Truly Western



Friend of Gaines Preston

I will tell you about a story you ran in the August, 1982, issue of TRUE WEST about the Quien Sabe Ranch.

You tell of a fellow named Gaines Preston. I remember him. The first time I ever saw him was in 1915.

We lived on the Maravillas Creek south of Marathon, 30 miles or so, and our ranch was the Patilla Hill Ranch. Papa was a deputy sheriff.

Next time I saw Gaines was in or about 1916 at the Rosillas Ranch, where he was working for Uncle Joe Graham. He had bought the ranch from L.F. Buttrill and was rounding up everything in the Lazy J to brand on the right hip for Uncle Joe.

A tick inspector then came and when he found ticks, the work stopped and a dipping vat was dug. A wagon was sent to the railroad to get the dip medicine. The inspector quarantined everyone and his mount, and all animals were dipped. There was over 3,500 head of Black Angus cattle plus several hundred head of strays.

It rained every day. There was no tent or wagon sheet for the cook. The beef spoiled and the wood was wet. Everyone was sick from diarrhea and being wet for so long.

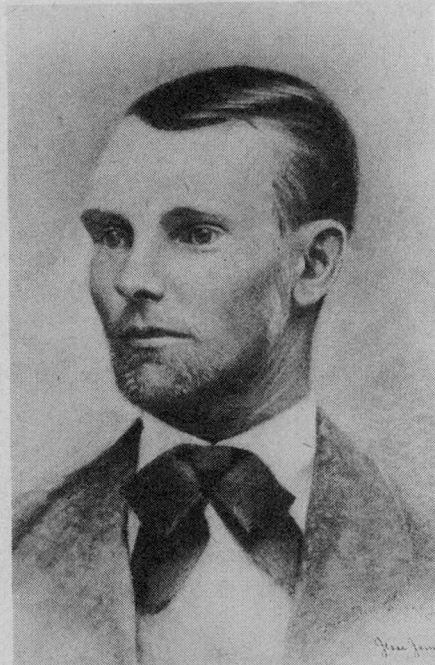
When it quit raining we were turned loose. I do remember all the pitching horses every time we changed mounts. Gaines and my dad were the forkedest cowboys, besides Lou Buttrill. All of Papa's horses pitched every time he forked one.

About three or four months later, Papa sent me to a ranch lower on the Maravillas Creek with a note to the cowboys there. The only fellow there could not read and he asked me to read the note. I did. I got ready to go home and he told me to wait a minute. Then he brought out the prettiest spurs I ever saw. They were the ones Gaines Preston had at the Rosillas ranch. I buckled them on my boots and proudly wore

them for the next 16 years. I still have them. They are brass with an eight-point rowel.

There is one mistake about his cousin that moved from Sierra Blanco, Texas. There is no oil field there now, nor ever was. Good country but you still had to drill to China for water.

A friend who moved to Hamilton a few years ago found Gaines Preston in an old folks home. A year or so ago I asked about Gaines and my friend told me he had died. I'll tell a man Gaines sure was a forked pitching horse rider. That is, he kept a leg on each side of an old pitching horse. — **Thomas Henderson, P.O. Box 358, Marathon, TX 79842.**



Jesse James

Jesse James Story Criticized

In your November issue there is an article by Carl Breihan on the attempted suicide of Jesse James. Breihan states that he received the story from Dr. Simmons' family. He needn't have gone to all that trouble. His article

is simply a reprint of the original story told by Dr. Simmons to a reporter. It appeared in the Kansas City Journal of Saturday, May 6, 1882, and is headed "Jesse James as a Suicide."

The article is dated April 30, 1882, and was itself taken from the Louisville Courier Journal. Part of the actual article is shown on page 59 of James Horan's *Authentic Wild West — The Outlaws*. A partial reprint appears on page 66 of the same book. Nonetheless, I enjoy TRUE WEST and OLD WEST.

They are excellent. I enjoy receiving them very much. There was a magazine in this country called "Western Magazine" but unfortunately it failed to reach circulation targets and ceased after about four months.

I also have the reprints of Hunter's FRONTIER TIMES which I found fascinating and hope you will continue to reprint them. However, I noticed a mistake in the ad for them in the winter edition of OLD WEST.

The ad lists 10 volumes being available, which is 120 magazines. Yet it states that 108 issues are available. I will place an order for volume 10 with my supplier in this country.

In view of the fact that you share the rights of "Butch Cassidy — The Bandit Invincible" with Larry Pointer, I would be interested in your opinion as to its authenticity. Anyway, once again, congratulations on your excellent magazines and keep them coming. — **M.A. Stockton, 11 Chestnut Close, Hoole Lane, Chester, Cheshire CH2 3EJ England.**

Carl Breihan's Reply: This fellow probably is right, but I have not seen the sources he cites. My report was given to me by a niece of Dr. Simmons. She also gave me several other items of little note about Jesse. As you well know, personal stories like this can come from many sources, so I am wondering what the big deal is with this guy?

Pio Pico Story Lacks Spice

Yeech! That Pio Pico yarn in October TRUE WEST is as messed up as a yarn can get. No fault of the author; the history itself on that time is more messed up, so the author did a pretty fair job.

What riled me up is what the author didn't say. Good grief, the spice was left out. Here it is:

Pio Pico House — Old Town State Park in San Diego, California — is his "true" home and well worth a visit.

Pio's brother, General Andres Pico, fought General Kearny of the U.S. Army at San Pasqual (Valley), California. So what? So this:

1. Kearny outnumbered Pico four to one,

2. Kearny had rifles, Pico had lances, yes, lances,

3. Pico beat the pants off Kearny and chased him out of the valley to a place called Mule Hill, and

4. the genius that led Kearny into the teeth of Pico's lances was Kit Carson.

The battleground is now a state park, just outside of Escondido, California.

Old Pio Pico acquired (stole, more likely) Rancho Santa Margarita y Los Flores, which is now another state park.

The yarn mentions somebody called Antonio Carrillo. Now just who was that hombre? Well, he was Leo Carrillo's grandpa — you know, the Hollywood character actor of the 1930s, '40s, and '50s.

Before I finally give up, read the last paragraph of the Pio Pico yarn. That man caused about a zillion parks and such all through California. Seems like wherever he made a footprint there is a park of some kind.

OK! So I'm going! The author had a danged good article — just some things left out. — **D.G. Wilshin, 14531 Cool Valley Rd., Valley Center, CA 92082.**

Hooked on Sixshooters

It was with some interest that I read the story of the Prestons in the August issue of TRUE WEST.

I worked for Tom when he was foreman of the old Clabber Hill ranch near Midland in 1929. H.O. Muriel was one of the cowboys there then and "Shorty" Spires was there as a stray worker. That was the title given to men who were sent over from a neighboring ranch to help work the cattle there and take any

strays that might have wandered over to the ranch adjoining the one that was out on roundup.

I worked for Tom two different times, once when the outfit had sold some big beef steers that had to be gathered and shipped, and another time that same fall when it was time to gather cows and calves and separate them to wean the calves and ship out any that had been sold. The ranch belonged to Arnett and Elwood of Lubbock.

I still remember Tom's cornbread. He did the cooking at the ranch except when there was a round-up crew at work there. Tom was noted pretty well for his culinary art, especially for his cornbread. I remember he always said to be sure and put a tablespoon full of sugar in the batter to make it nice and brown on top.

When we were taking some of the calves to Odessa to ship them, there was another cowboy with us that had been hired just as an extra. His given name was Clint.

Sixshooters had gone out of style then but Clint insisted on wearing one out on roundup or on "drive."

Clint had left his sixshooter in his bedroll for some reason while he was helping hold the herd of calves and Shorty was at the wagon with some of the other hands eating noon chuck. They got to talking about how funny it would be to get Clint's sixgun and hide it just for a joke. Shorty got the gun out and hid it someplace.

That night we had put the calves in some rancher's horse trap, and while we were all eating supper Clint up and said he thought it was a hell of a note that a person couldn't leave his bed lay without someone digging into it.

We all had a good laugh. Shorty got up, got Clint's gun, gave it back to him and razzed him a little about it. Tom told him that a fellow could get into a lot of trouble wearing a gun all the time and he believed he ought to put it in his "warbag."

Clint said he didn't ever wear it except when he was riding fence or pasture just to shoot at snakes, rabbits or sometimes at a coyote if one was close enough.

I never saw him wear it anymore while he was there. I never was very well acquainted with any of the other Prestons, but I did know Bob when I saw him and I never knew that there were any more boys in the family.

Bob was on a ranch down southeast of Midland then, but I didn't know whether he was just running it or owned

it himself.

I don't remember ever seeing Tom in a branding pen with his hat on. He always had his hat off while puffing and sweating and branding and ear-marking and castrating. He was middle-aged and left the wrestling and roping up to the younger men. — **Carl A. Osborn, 412 Elm Avenue, Rifle, CA 81650.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.



NOTICE

The Western Book Company has sold its entire inventory to Creative Publishing Co. If you wish to order books from Western Book Company ads found in past issues of True West and Old West magazines, please write to the following address:

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Hosstail's Small Talk



NOW and then I have touched upon the history of TRUE WEST in this column but I have never given it from beginning to end. When some of you readers drop in on me, I get to talking about way back when TRUE WEST was merely in the idea stage and didn't even have a name.

Seems like you all enjoy this, so I believe this would be an appropriate time to tell it from start to finish. What I mean is we are on our 30th anniversary year right now and will have our 30th Anniversary Edition in August TRUE WEST, so I can cover some of the early days in some columns leading up to that issue and then bring it up to date in our Anniversary Edition.

I have touched on some parts of the history of this publication in recent months, so I will tread lightly on that, but just a shade of repeat I don't believe will be out of the way since we are trying to get it all in one "continued story" now.

I suppose the beginning of my being a publisher was in my becoming a paid writer. I say "paid writer" because when I was nine to 12 years old, I was writing more or less regularly. I would send "reports" of hunting and fishing in Texas to *Fur-Fish-Game* magazine, published in Columbus, Ohio. I never expected payments for these short items.

One month I sent a fairly long report in. The editor wrote me and stated that they were pretty low on funds at that time and he could not afford to pay for the article. But he would be glad to use it if I would let him run it without pay.

I never dreamed that authors got more than the glory of their articles being printed and to see their name in print! I wondered, "Do you mean they get *paid* for these articles?" I decided then to become a paid author.

I was 14 years old when I wrote a story called "Outboards and Waterfalls" and sent it to a New York boating magazine. The morning I received a check for \$19 at our mail box in the farm and ranch country of Burleson County, Texas, I nearly beat my cousin Hop's head in while I was asking him to look at that

check. I will never forget that day — and he won't either. He keeps reminding me of this.

Actually, I got into writing by reading outdoor magazines even before I could read. If that sounds a bit strange, I might mention that my brother-in-law, Johnny Mathis of Wichita Falls, Texas, was delighted that I was so interested in the outdoor magazines he liked that he sent me subscriptions to several of them. I would take one to my mother (before I could read) and ask her, "Mama, what does this picture say?"

I would memorize those words so that I was gradually learning to read even before I started school. When I actually could read, I devoured those publications from cover to cover. Also, I got into the western pulp magazines and I was later to write for a number of them in my spawning years as a writer. They



were the trial balloons for many famous names in writing.

Since most of the outdoor magazines ran stories about the North and East, I got to wondering why there weren't more on the great opportunities for hunting and fishing in the South and West. One day when I was 14 years old, it rained and I had three miles of mud to walk through to school. I stayed home that day and wrote a story which I hoped was for publication and for money. It was written in pencil on loose leaf notebook paper and there were smears here and there where I had done some correcting. In fact, it was far from a professional-looking job in the wildest stretch of your imagination. That is the one I sent off to a New York boating magazine and for which I received a \$19 check. If it had been \$1,900, I don't

think it could have looked any bigger to me at that particular time.

I saved just about every dollar I made on the old farm in those days. I hunted and trapped with my good friend and neighbor, John Henry Kornegay, and kept writing stories.

Papa did his banking at the First State Bank, which was run by Bill Boyd. Chriesman was our closest touch to civilization in those days. It had a population of 120. The Santa Fe Railroad had a depot there with six retail stores and a corn grinding mill. It was a thriving little town. I remember that Ed Marek would take part of your corn as payment for grinding the rest of it if you didn't have the ready cash.

That old one-lung motor kept up a constant put, put, put-put-put all Saturday morning and most of the afternoon. This gave the farmers and ranchers a good social meeting place and a wild tale was spun while someone waited for their corn to be ground or cotton to be ginned.

I knew I was going to need some money later on to carry through with my ideas, so with Papa's help I opened an account in the First State Bank for a whole dollar! I added everything to it I could possibly scrape up and never checked out a dollar because I was thinking that I might want to go to college some day.

I was also thinking about publishing in those early days. We had one of those galvanized cisterns that were pretty common in the country at the time. I got a piece of soft, red rock and drew titles of magazines all over it. One I remember was .44 WESTERN! It showed a gun blast and the title was part of the blast. I also included *Southern Sportsman*, *Western Sportsman* and a number of the other titles that I was to try later.

Mama was cooking for field hands in those days. Each person would help his neighbor so many days and pay it back when his neighbor was ready. Sometimes there would be four or five neighbors paying back help that Papa gave them, and would all be there on the same day.

This would be quite a cooking chore

for Mama, and it would almost invariably be in the hot summer. She would have a red face and would be sweating profusely and in no particular humor to listen to the dreams of her young son. Nevertheless, I had no one to tell my plans of the future to and I would interrupt Mama and tell her about the magazines I was going to publish and the stories I was going to write.

She would stop long enough to listen and in the same tone she would reserve for "Yes, son, I know you are going to be president," she would say something like "It sounds so interesting. I know you are going to do these things some day." I knew she was humoring me and that made it worse. I got so frustrated that I decided upon a course of action.

I got an ear of corn, climbed up on the old corral fence and started throwing it to the chickens. When a goodly number convened, all eating corn, I started preaching to them.

I told those chickens what stories I was going to write, what magazines I had in mind to publish and explained in detail the nature of my plans for the future. When I stopped throwing corn, the chickens would walk away. The big, red rooster (our chickens were Rhode Island reds) seemed to be unusually independent and was paying me no attention at all. In fact, he was trying to get his hens away from this source of irritation. Perhaps he was actually jealous. At any rate, I resented his intrusion and made one of those "leg catcher" bent wire contraptions that worked so well on snagging chickens.

I eased up carefully and snagged the old red rooster! In an attempt to teach him some manners, I tied an unusually big shuck to his tail and turned the old boy loose. He hit out for parts unknown, running as I had never seen him run before. When the corn shuck would rattle and catch momentarily on something and then jump on him and rattle even more, that rooster went wild. He just about ran himself down and the shuck never caught on anything good enough to be pulled off, so he flew up in the big oak tree near the old crib with the rest of the chickens that night. I would wake up throughout the night and hear his startled outcry when the shuck would swing under him when the wind blew hard.

I laughed myself weak over his actions while making speed with that shuck behind him, and I hoped that he had been sufficiently reprimanded to leave me and my flock alone the next day. I didn't have to worry. Evidently when

he jumped to the ground the next morning, the shuck kept rattling and he kept running until he loosened it. And he was right there when I started preaching to the chickens again, and I had to give him another shuck to get rid of the old martyr.

That's enough for this month. I will take it up from here next month and get into the actual publishing. See you then.

— Hosstail



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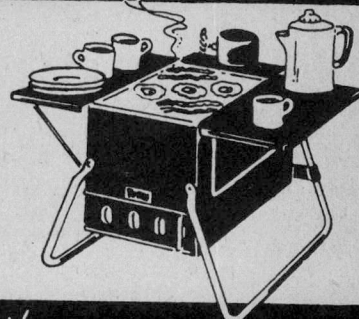
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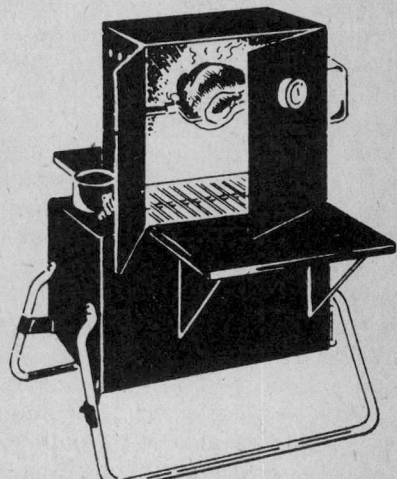
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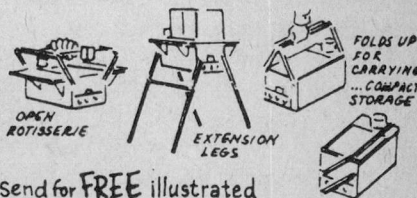
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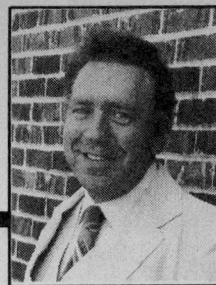
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The Answer Man



Nebraska "Man Burner" Olive. Two of my favorite western personalities are John Wesley Hardin and Clay Allison. So I thoroughly enjoyed a long letter from Ben D. Lawson, 63 Longview Drive, Vacaville, CA 95688, who wrote about these two gunfighters.

Lawson said of Hardin and Allison they were "men who took no water defending their right as they recognized them." In his letter, Lawson also asks about the Nebraska "man-burner" Isom Prentice Olive.

In the mid-1870s, Print Olive and his family left Texas for the Platte River country of Nebraska. He laid claim there to a vast area of land and determined to exclude settlers. He decided to drive out two families, those of Luther Mitchell and Ami Ketchum.

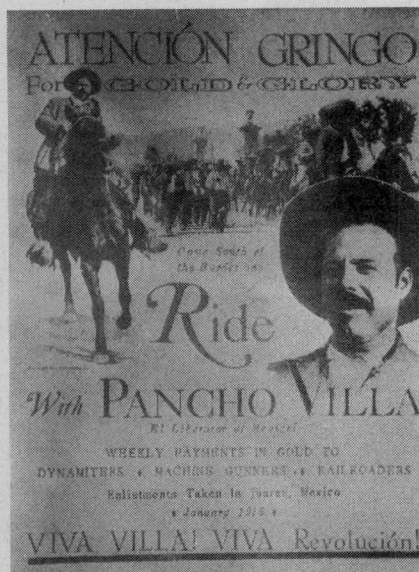
Taking the law into his own hands and with the help from corrupt county officials, Print managed to get physical custody of both of his enemies. Mitchell and Ketchum were both shot, strung up and their bodies burned. Hence the term "man-burner" in newspaper headlines.

Eventually, Olive and a Fred Fisher stood trial, were found guilty and sentenced to life terms. They were released pending a retrial. Olive left the state and took up residence in Dodge City. He never went to prison. Later, in Trail City, Colorado, Joe Sparrow and Olive got into an argument over a \$10 debt and Olive was shot and killed. Ironically, Olive, who seemed the symbol of violence, was unarmed when he met his death.

Pancho Villa Poster. Robert Valdner, 427 Hillman Ave., Staten Island, New York, NY 10314, who has appeared in this column before, is back with another surprise. His latest letter

contained a negative of an original poster in his collection.

The item is a 1915 Pancho Villa recruiting poster. Red, blue and black,



A Pancho Villa recruiting poster.

the actual size is 14 inches by 10½ inches. It was given to him by his grandfather who fought with the Americans against Pancho Villa. See November TRUE WEST.

Western Publications Index. Readers who need help in finding articles about western personalities in back issues of TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and FRONTIER TIMES can do no better than use our Index which lists everything ever written about in these three magazines. The Index is available from Western Publications for \$7.95. Susan Calkins, 9025 Cole Dr., Arvada, CO 80004, wrote asking about back issues

dealing with Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, and the Wild Bunch. The Index gives the issue, page and personalities.

No Authenticated Crazy Horse Photo. In response to a question from Shawn Hock, Box 142, Milan, KS 67105, who asked about a photograph of famed Indian warrior Crazy Horse, I must reply there is no authenticated photo of the great warrior, although several have been identified as such.

Stephen E. Ambrother, in his *Crazy Horse and Custer, The Parallel Lives of Two American Warriors*, wrote that Crazy Horse "refused to pose because he held the Indian belief that to steal his shadow would shorten his life." I agree with Ambrose.

Thirteen Steps and Coils. Why did they have thirteen steps to the gallows as well as thirteen coils for the rope they used in hangings? Was this the origin of thirteen as an unlucky number? So asks C.R. "Dude" Frisch, 2141 E. 14th St., Long Beach, CA 90804.

First, the superstition that thirteen is an unlucky number began even before the time of Jesus Christ. As for thirteen steps on gallows and thirteen coils on the hangman's noose — there was no standard here. There are a number of photos showing legal executions and none seem to show that specific number. For example: The photo of George Maledon, famous hangman for "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker, with his ropes shows that there were fewer than thirteen coils.

There are several photos of the execution of "Black Jack" Ketchum in New Mexico as well as one of the execution of "Cherokee Bill" Goldsby and it does not

appear there are thirteen steps to the gallows.

If a hangman did prepare a noose with thirteen coils and ordered the gallows to be built with thirteen steps, it was simply a matter of his own superstition.

Billy the Kid's Best Girl. Celsa Gutierrez. There is a magical beauty in the sound of that name. She is a tantalizing figure for Carol J. Elliott, 100 N. Lamar, Amarillo, TX 79106. Also capturing Mrs. Elliott's imagination is Billy the Kid. She has read countless books on Billy and like most of us, has found there is no lack of controversy about his life and death, his loves and hates.

In her questions about his death, Mrs. Elliott says, "None of the people interviewed after his (Billy the Kid's) death (July 14, 1881) — none were with Celsa Gutierrez. According to many books she was the Kid's best girl and also sister to Pat Garrett's wife. If this was so, then why didn't anyone question her about her relationship with Billy?"

Mrs. Elliott would also like to know the birthdate, death date and everything else about Celsa Gutierrez.

First, I don't feel convinced that Celsa and Apolinaria Gutierrez, Pat Garrett's wife, were sisters, although I have seen this in print. It does sound terribly romantic that Billy and Pat were one time best of friends and that both men loved sisters. But to me it sounds like another aspect of fiction about the Kid.

My best sources indicate that the Kid was visiting the home of Celsa Gutierrez that fatal night and her husband, Saval, was also there. Billy was friends with both Celsa and her husband. I have read that Saval was an old man while Celsa was young and tempting and that Saval knew of Celsa and Billy's romantic relationship and didn't care! Was Celsa a "girlfriend" of Billy's? Maybe, but no doubt he had others.

The truth is the Answer Man does not have all the answers on this one and some more researching is needed. Such would include New Mexico census records, New Mexico archives and Lincoln County legal records. One thing is sure and that is there will be interest in Billy the Kid as long as there are people who

care about young love and tragic death. Does anyone else know anything about Celsa Gutierrez?

Writer Pulls Leg. I suspect old cowboy writer Bill Cellers, Route 1, Box 273, Drain, OR 97435, is pulling my leg when he asks what are night horses, rawhiding and sky pilot and what does "boy, howdy" mean.

The answers, if you don't know from experience, can be found in Ramon F. Adams' book, *Western Words*.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.



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Back Trail of an Old Cowboy by Paul E. Young. An articulate autobiography by a 90-year-old retired cowboy who recalls run-ins with the Wild Bunch and roundups in Yellowstone River country when it was still open range. 235 pages. \$14.95

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T - III - TIRK W II RIII -

THE saloon smelled of beer and sweat and leather. But it was dark and busy and nobody asked many questions. It was a good place for outlaws like Henry Underwood and Sam Bass to slake their thirsts.

They had just held up the Fort Worth-Cleburne stage. It had been exciting, but not very profitable. They had pocketed all of \$43.

Underwood had time to think. As Bass continued to plunk down \$20 gold pieces, obtained from a train robbery in Nebraska a few weeks before, Underwood considered how he came to be here, with Sam Bass, probably the boldest desperado Underwood had ever met. Bass would one day become a legend in Texas.

Underwood knew he could have been

somewhere else. For, in reality, his name was Henri Stewart, Dr. Henri Stewart, and he came from a prominent family. If he hadn't gotten bored with life, he might still be in Illinois building up his practice and raising a family.

Stewart knew that his father, Charles F. Stewart, had left home in North Preston, Connecticut, at the age of 16. By 21, Charles was clerking at a trading post at Doaksville in Indian Territory. In 1842, he opened a store in Mayhew, a Choctaw settlement on the trail from Fort Smith to Beal's Ferry on the Big Red (Red River).

Here, Henri's father had married the most beautiful girl in the vicinity, Tryphena Wall, a daughter of wealthy Choctaw parents. Tryphena was a schoolteacher.

This marriage produced four children, Charles, Maria, Lavinia and Henry, as his name was spelled by his parents. Later he would change it to "Henri."

On June 27, 1849, Tryphena, 26, died. Realizing she was dying, Tryphena made a rather odd arrangement for the care of her children. She asked Juliette Slate, a friend from Connecticut, to marry Charles Stewart after her death to insure the children a Christian mother.

Miss Slate and Stewart were married in November 1849. Stewart continued his store but bought a river steamboat to sell merchandise at Indian Territory landings and along the upper Red River.

Then one day a fire destroyed his Mayhew store. In trying to wrestle his safe out of the burning building, Stewart overexerted himself. He lingered in poor health for a time and then died. Juliette sold everything and moved her family to Connecticut.

NOT MUCH is known of the Stewart family in New England. All of the children received a better education than was usual for that time. Especially Henry, who attended both Yale and Harvard School of Medicine and became a physician. At this time he changed his name to "Henri."

Henri was handsome with black hair and the high cheek bones of the Choctaw. About six feet tall, he was athleti-



Young Sam Bass.

cally built.

After leaving medical school, Dr. Henri Stewart married and moved to a small town in Illinois where he established a medical practice. A daughter was born to this union. Then one day, Stewart abandoned his wife and daughter, evidently bored with the life of a village doctor.

He drifted down the Mississippi River to New Orleans and there signed on as a ship's doctor on a freighter. For the next three years, Stewart sailed to Cuba, along the coastal waters of South America and all the way to California.

But even this did not seem to satisfy his reckless nature. On a return trip to New Orleans, he jumped ship and went upstream to the Choctaw Nation. There he looked up the families of his father's brothers who had followed his father to Indian Territory. These brothers were James Stewart, a teacher in Choctaw schools, and Wiley Stewart Sr. Wiley Jr., a roughneck and wild cousin, and Henri soon became pals.

Along both sides of the Big Red, the wayward doctor took up a life of dissipation, pursuing thrills and excitement to satisfy a turbulent nature. In the prime of his manhood, when he could have rendered a great service to his mother's people, the Choctaws, he chose to waste his life away.

By June 1875, a warrant had been issued in federal court in Fort Smith, Arkansas, against one "Henry Stewart," for stealing a caddy of tobacco from a Choctaw Indian named John Hare. Learning that deputy marshals were looking for him, Stewart took up residence in Texas for a time.

Dressed in typical cowboy garb of the period, Stewart began hanging around the drinking and gambling holes of the rugged little town of Denton, Texas. He used the alias of Henry Underwood.

He became acquainted with a short, stocky cowboy with black hair and mustache named Sam Bass, who certainly matched Stewart's recklessness. Bass owned a racing mare named Jenny, which became known as the "Denton Mare." Racing all comers over the Southwest, it wasn't long until Bass was racing against Indian ponies in Indian Territory.

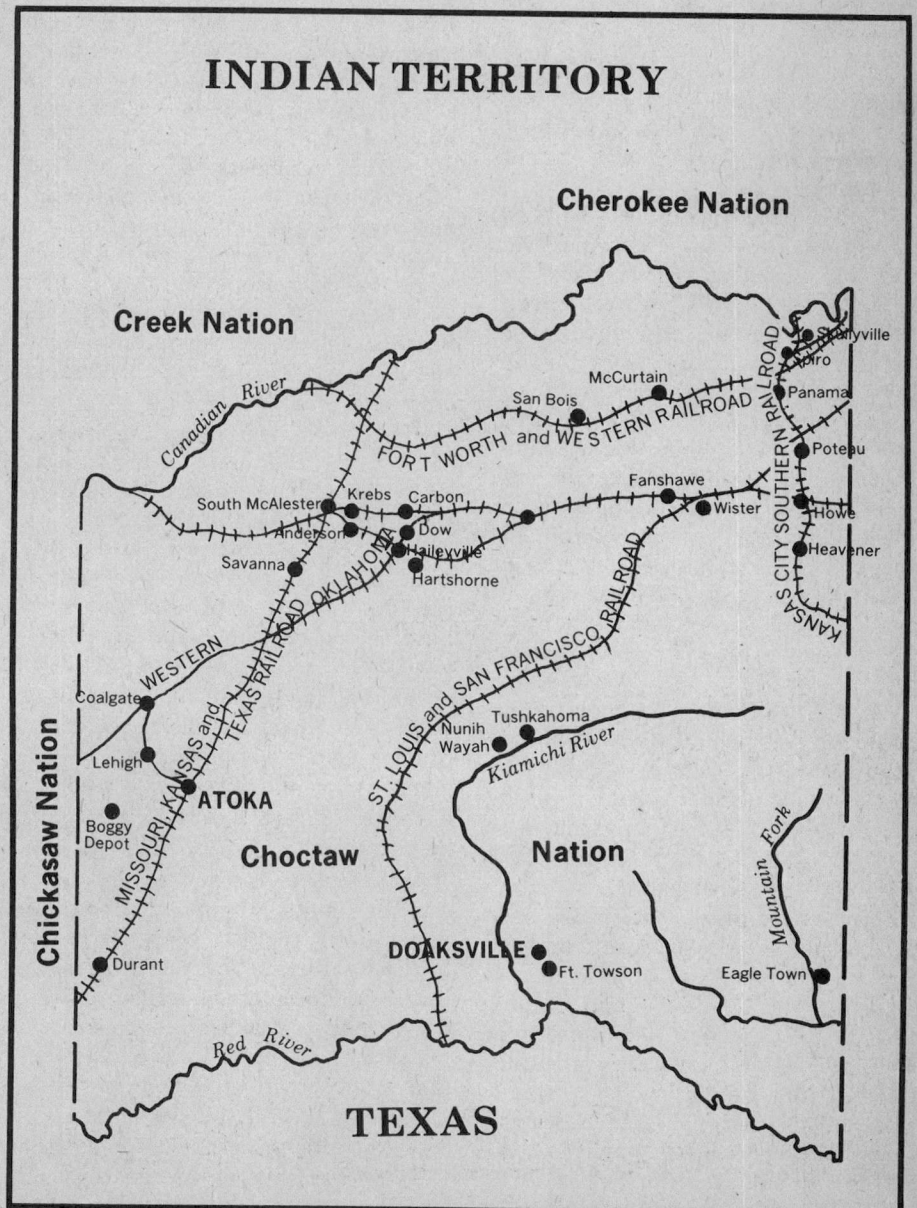
IN THE later part of December, 1875, Underwood (Stewart) and Bass became involved in a brawl, almost killing a man. They left Denton one jump ahead of Sheriff W.F. Egan and his posse. Bass headed for San Antonio while Underwood slipped back into the Choctaw Nation. It was at San Antonio that Bass linked up with Joel Collins, an association that would later lead to riding the owlhoot trail.

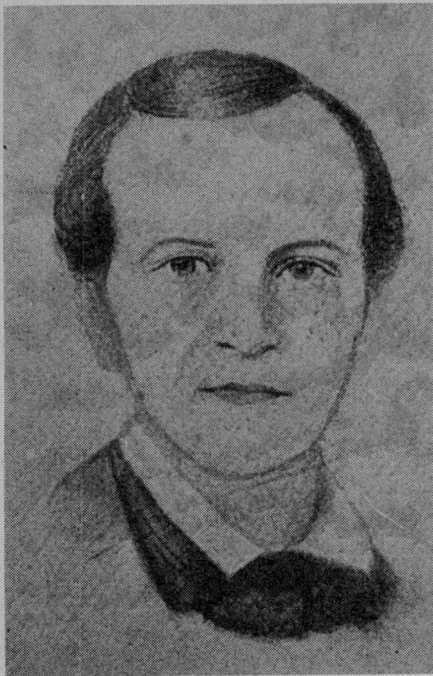
On the morning of July 22, 1877, Stewart was confronted at Fort Washita, Choctaw Nation, by deputy U.S. Marshall N.N. Milor and placed

under arrest for selling liquor to the Indians and passing counterfeit money. These acts were alleged to have occurred the previous October. However, it was a long journey to Fort Smith and the witnesses failed to appear.

Within three months, Underwood was back in Denton with Sam Bass. Bass was buying drinks with \$20 gold pieces obtained in a train robbery in Big Springs, Nebraska. It wasn't long until the three became the nucleus of the new Sam Bass gang. Their first job was holding up the Fort Worth-Cleburne stage.

But the bandit days of Underwood





Charles F. Stewart, father of Dr. Henri Stewart.

were cut short. On Christmas Day, he was arrested in Denton by Sheriff Everhart for the Big Springs robbery. Underwood, or Stewart, was entirely innocent.

The Nebraska train robbery had been committed while Bass was riding in the Joel Collins gang, after driving a herd of cattle to Ogallala. However, Sheriff Everhart claimed Underwood was a member of the Collins gang, that his name was Nixon, and Underwood found himself in jail at Kearney, Nebraska.

In March 1878, Underwood escaped with Arkansas Johnson, his cellmate. They dusted their way to Texas on horses stolen from the barn of a district judge. On March 31, they joined Sam Bass and his gang. This time Stewart had little time for socializing with his old compadre, for they were too busy dodging lead.

After Underwood had been incarcerated in Nebraska, Bass had declared open season on trains. Organizing 15 men into an efficient train-robbing crew, Bass held up four different trains inside a 20-mile radius of Dallas, Texas, within 50 days. Although the monetary rewards were slight, the jobs were planned and executed very intelligently.

FOR a while, it was an exciting game. The Bass gang had to keep constantly on the move trying to keep ahead of Captain Junius Peak and his company of Texas Rangers who were bird-dogging their backtrail. Bass enjoyed the cat-and-mouse games with the law. He'd take his gang into Fort Worth or Dallas

after dark and blow \$20 gold pieces on drinks in their favorite emporiums.

Almost overnight this changed into a bitter struggle for survival as others joined in the chase. Captain Peak seemed to be everywhere at once. Within five weeks of organizing a special ranger company to pursue the Bass gang, Peak had seen to it that a federal grand jury indicted eight members of the gang for train robbing and six others for being accomplices.

Failing to escape across the Big Red at Black Springs, the gang turned toward Denton County, which was more familiar ground. But early one morning at a camp south of Denton, the gang was surprised by a determined posse.

Three gang members were wounded in the attack, Henry Underwood, Charley Carter and Arkansas Johnson. Mounting on the gallop, the gang members headed west.

Only four days later, on May 12, Peak, with a combined force of Texas Rangers and a sheriff's posse, caught up with the outlaws on Salt Creek in Wise County, Texas. Arkansas Johnson was killed in a hail of lead as he stood his ground on the small creek bank.

All of the mounts of the gang members were killed or captured and the outlaws found themselves on foot. Scattering, the desperadoes escaped the best way they could, each man for himself. Some stole local horses and spurred their way out of Texas to parts unknown.

One of these was Henry Underwood, or Dr. Henri Stewart, who crossed the Red River and hid out with his Choctaw girlfriend near Caddo, in the Choctaw Nation. This time Stewart did not ride back to resume the Underwood name. He liked excitement, but the odds became too one-sided for that game anymore.

Later in the summer, Dr. J.B. Jones of Caddo was out in the hills on a sick call when a young Choctaw came to the house he was visiting and insisted the doctor accompany him to render aid to his sister.

According to one source, the sister was Dr. Henri Stewart's girlfriend and Jones delivered her baby. It is not known whether she revealed some secret to the Caddo doctor about her lover or whether it was professional jealousy, but many believed this was the incident that led to a tragic ending for Dr. Jones.

On Aug. 7, 1878, at about 2:30 p.m., Jones left his office in Caddo for the Katy railway station to await the mail distribution. As he walked along the

southern end of the station platform, he was accosted by two drunks on horseback, Henri Stewart and his cousin, Wiley Stewart. Besides revolvers, Stewart carried a Winchester and Wiley packed a double-barrelled shotgun.

Witnesses said that one of the men on horseback called to Jones: "You reported me to the marshals you ----!"

"No, that's not so," a startled Jones replied.

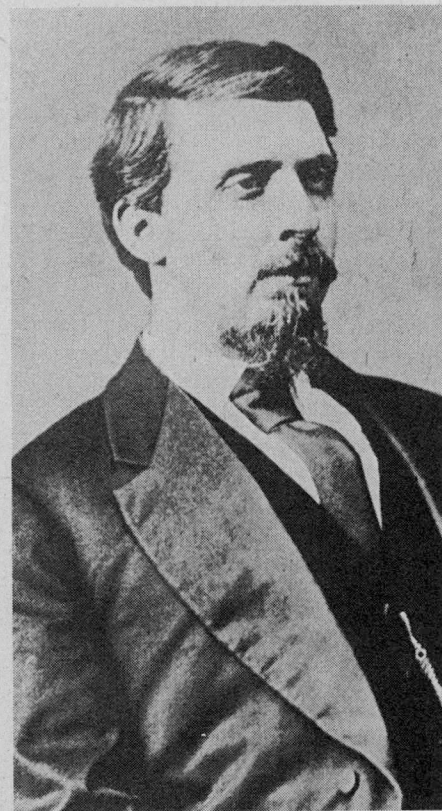
Both of the drunken Stewarts cursed the doctor and claimed it was fact. The argument went on for about three minutes, when without a word of warning, Henri Stewart jerked his sixgun and fired at Jones, tearing off the forefinger of the doctor's right hand.

Wiley, thinking the job was done, whirled on his mount and started to leave. But when he saw the shot had not been effective, he turned in his saddle and leveled a shotgun at Jones. The blast knocked Jones back, striking him in the neck and shoulder.

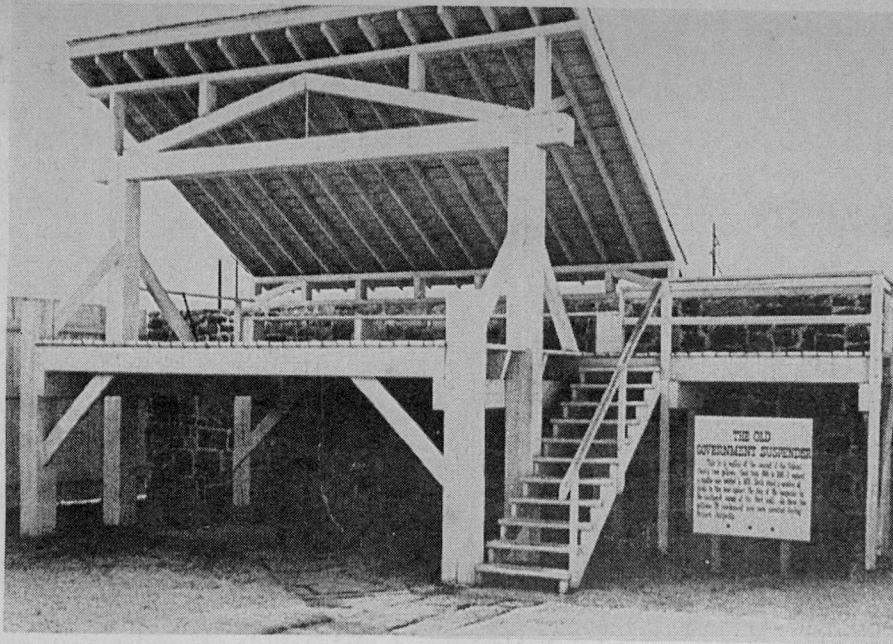
"Oh Lord!" he cried, landing on his back. In a flash, Jones was dead.

The two assassins rode slowly toward the Congregational Church, where Reverend Edward Morris was standing in the doorway. One of the riders yelled, "Get inside or I'll shoot you!"

Thinking the rider was only trying to scare him and not knowing of the murder at the depot, Morris continued



Judge Isaac C. Parker, who sentenced Dr. Henri Stewart to hang.



The gallows where Dr. Henri Stewart dropped to eternity.

standing there. Wiley Stewart reined in his horse and raised his hand, but suddenly fell off his mount, his gun going one way and Wiley the other. Henri Stewart rode back, made Wiley climb on his horse and the two of them rode off.

QUICKLY, the Indian police and deputy marshals began the manhunt. According to Wheeler's Independent, a Fort Smith newspaper, the two were jumped by the Chickasaw sheriff and his posse and during a running gun battle across an open prairie, several lawmen were wounded. The two Stewarts escaped.

Then one day information came that Stewart's Choctaw mistress had received word and money from him. He wanted her to join him in southwest Missouri, but she was afraid of him since the killing. Lawmen got knowledge of the message.

Not long afterward, an unkempt, bearded man sat in a saloon in Monett, Missouri, and bragged of his adventures on the high seas and in the Southwest. He looked up to see two men wearing badges approaching his corner table. He slid his right hand down to his gun butt.

One of the lawmen called, "Dr. Henri Stewart? You're under arrest!"

Stewart started to draw but didn't. He surrendered, was disarmed and placed in irons for the trip to Fort Smith. He was charged with the murder of Dr. Jones. He claimed he knew nothing of the whereabouts of his cousin, swearing they had parted after riding out of Caddo.

ON March 12, 1879, the Stewart case came before Judge Isaac Parker's court and occupied it for the next four days. The jury found Stewart guilty on March 16, even though Stewart stubbornly contended he only fired at the ground with his six-shooter in order to frighten his medical colleague.

Many witnesses backed him up in their testimony, saying Wiley Stewart fired the fatal charge of buckshot. Still, Wiley had disappeared and there was a strong suggestion that Henri Stewart killed his cousin to shut his mouth.

The Fort Smith Elevator of May 23 said this of Stewart: "A sad sight to see

a man of fine personal appearance, good address, possessing a good education, and just in the prime of manhood — placed in such a horrible position through his own reckless folly."

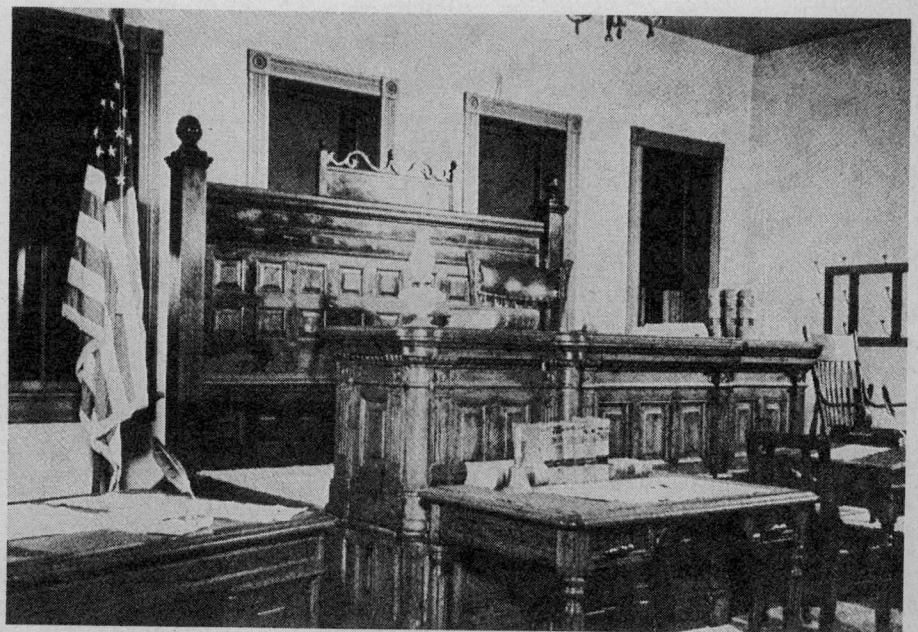
Judge Parker brought Stewart before him for sentencing and said, "I now have no choice but to set your execution date — August 29, 1879. At this time, I sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead!"

On that date, Aug. 29, two men were scheduled to die on the scaffold, Stewart and William "Colorado Bill" Elliot Wiley. The hanging was scheduled at 2 p.m.

While waiting for the final agonizing hours to pass, Stewart was visited by his brother, Charles, whom he had not seen in years. Later, Charles left and bought an expensive coffin. When he returned and he informed Stewart, the condemned man seemed pleased. It was the one time when his features revealed any emotion during the entire ordeal.

Promptly at 2 p.m., the jail door opened and the two prisoners were led out by deputy marshals and jail guards. Neither prisoner had anything to say. Black caps were drawn over their heads and the ropes were adjusted. Right to the end, Stewart and Wiley were cool and stoic in meeting their fates.

There was a loud clunk and a gasp from the crowd of onlookers. The two bodies dropped downward through the opening. By 2:30 p.m., it was over. Stewart's body was lowered and the noose taken from around his broken neck.



Judge Parker's courtroom at Fort Smith, Arkansas.

THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE

— Evidence Found They Existed in Wyoming —

ONE of the unsolved mysteries of the Old West is what happened to the Little People?

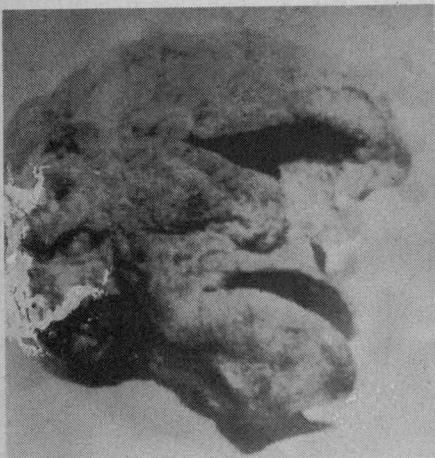
Dorothy M. Johnson, Montana author, summed it up best when she wrote: "I don't mind walking under ladders and I like black cats, but I wouldn't for anything offend the Little People."

Dorothy, like the Crow Indians and others, believes the Little People may still exist. The Crows occasionally leave small gifts for them in the Pryor Mountains of Montana.

The only trouble is that, like Bigfoot or Sasquatch, no one has ever seen the Little People. But unlike Bigfoot, in Wyoming they believe they have discovered the body of a Little Person. They've thought so for years. And while it may not be the "warm body" sought in most detective cases, at least it is a body.

John A. Bonar of Glenrock, Wyoming, tells how in 1969, Bud Williams, owner of the Wardrobe Cleaners in Casper, Wyoming, told him of a Little Man's head on display in a shop in Casper.

Richard Phelps, an orthopedic specialist, displayed the little head and claimed it came from a race of Little People or savages which may have predated North American Indians. Phelps said "evidence points to the ancient existence of these cannibalistic people living in Wyoming. Several adult mummies have been found, three of which



Courtesy John A. Bonar

Pigmy head taken from a cliff near Muddy Gap, Wyoming.

can be documented, along with seven severed heads."

Dr. Barnum Brown, known as the "father of the dinosaurs" because of his discoveries of prehistoric monsters, claimed to have evidence of a small race of people who lived in the Shell Canyon area of Wyoming. The famed paleontologist was working for the New York Museum of Natural History when he discovered the huge diplodocus, used later as a trademark of Sinclair Oil Co.

Ivan Goodman, a Casper used car salesman, had a complete skeleton of a Little Person. Bonar remembers the horrible photo of it in the Casper newspaper in the late 1940s.

Goodman took the mummy back to New York. It was then scheduled to be featured in Robert Ripley's nationally syndicated column, "Believe It or Not." Ivan Goodman died from a brain tumor shortly after.

A Casper librarian claims to have information that a Leonard Wadler of New York City acquired the mummy for study. It was never returned to the Goodman family which spent much money after Ivan's death on attorneys and trips to New York trying to recover the relic.

In 1968, Earl Nightengale, of the radio program "Our Changing World," broadcast a strange story written by Frank Edwards. It was taken from Edwards' book, *Stranger Than Fiction*.

"In 1932, a couple of gold prospectors named Frank Carr and Cecil Main worked in the Pedro Mountains, sixty miles west of Casper. They blasted a solid granite rock. When the smoke and dust had settled, the miners peered into the opening. They got the shock of their lives. For peering right back at them was an ugly tiny mummy of a man-like creature in a cave four feet wide, four feet high and fifteen feet deep.

"He was on a tiny ledge, legs crossed and sitting on his feet. His strong-looking arms were folded in his lap. He was dark brown, deeply wrinkled and his face was monkey-like in some respects. The prospectors carefully wrapped him in a small blanket. They took him back to Casper. Here the news of their disco-

very attracted much attention. Local scientists were interested but they were skeptical.

"But x-rays showed unmistakably that here was a creature that had been man-like. And its small skull, the spine vertebrae, rib cage, and arm and leg bones were sharply discernible. He had been less than 20 inches tall. Its forehead was low, and a flat nose with large nostrils preceded a wide mouth with canine-like teeth. At the time of death it was said to be about sixty-five years old."

According to the radio program, the



Courtesy John A. Bonar

The sensational mummy. Many who have been associated with this relic have met strange deaths.

Anthropological Department of Harvard University claimed that there was no doubt as to the genuineness of the mummy. And two experts of the American Museum of Natural History revealed their x-rays showed a small skeletal structure covered by dried skin. It is smaller than any known human types. And the supposition developed that it might be a form of anthropoid which roamed the North American continent about five million years ago in the

PEOPLE

it up, gives it to suck to pacify it, when it instantly seizes her by the breast and commences devouring it...."

Dorothy Johnson said she saw one of the Little People once, but it was dead. As she put it: "Dead but menacing." She said it was found in 1933 by two young men in the Wind River Mountains.

They had been prospecting for gold on their day off from the Civilian Conservation Corps. Apparently these are the same two as referred to by Frank Edwards and quoted by Earl Nightengale.

She notes that one of the men who came into possession of it two months later died of a brain tumor.

In any case, she said it about 25 years ago in New York "after much correspondence with the man who had it and who was trying valiantly to get it identi-

This is the preserved mummy of a prehistoric man or pigmy, about 20 inches tall, found by prospectors in a sealed cave in the Pedro Mountains 70 miles southwest of Casper, Wyoming. This race of dwarfs may have inhabited the earth more than a million years ago.

Courtesy John A. Bonar



Pliocene Age.

A Wyoming travelogue printed in 1940 says that "skeletons of a race of Little People encased in solid rock extends as far north as the Yellowstone (River) and have been found buried in caves near the Colorado line. Legends of these ferocious pygmies may be found among the Cheyenne, Arapahoe and Crow Indians. A group of interested scientists is seeking a cave in the vastness of the Big Horn Mountains where five of these mummies are said to be buried cross-legged on an ancient ledge. However, these mummies have no connection to an ancient Indian ritual of depriving a skeleton of flesh and the bones disjoined so the bones could be packed in a small space. This led to a false belief that there was an ancient race of pygmies where they were found in the mound region of Tennessee."

Nor is the tiny man found in the Pedro Mountains the only evidence of the legend of the "Little People."

"The Crows' Little People like us human beings if we behave properly," Dorothy Johnson wrote in the Billings Gazette. "But the Snakes and Bannocks know about a different tribe of miniature beings that don't seem to like anybody — except to eat."

She said these creatures are called Nunumbi or Ninimbi or sometimes Little Yellow Men. Granville Stuart, one of Montana's pioneers, told about them in his *Forty Years on the Frontier*:

"In the Salmon River mountains there lives in caves among the rocks, a race of fairies, about two feet high, who with bow in hand and arrow case slung on their backs, go out and hunt and kill sheep, deer, elk and antelope which they carry home on their backs; they eat the flesh and their wives dress the skins from which they make themselves clothes while the men go entirely naked.

"Now whenever the Indians are in their vicinity, and a woman goes out for wood...and happens to lay her infant down and gets out of sight of it, one of these fairies immediately devours it and taking its place, begins to cry at a terrible rate; the woman hearing the child, as she supposes, crying, returns and taking

fied by some reputable scientist. Most of them kept telling him, "There is no such thing. Go away!"

Dorothy said x-rays showed it was not a baby; it had sharp teeth. One lock of hair was still attached which was said to be human but not Indian. "The thing emanated evil," she concluded.

She said the two who discovered the creature died soon after. A long list of others associated with it also died or had severe illnesses. She said a year after she saw it, she was involved in a highway accident that severely injured her and another person. She wanted nothing more to do with it, she said.

Mrs. Winifred Cardwell, a teacher in Alcover, Wyoming, told John Bonar that her husband had loaned a university professor one of the small mummies found in the area. "It was a horrible looking thing and was never returned. I am glad," she said.

Several others have said they found skulls or mummies. James Reynolds of Casper was in a party which he said found several small skulls in local mountain country. Jose Martinez, a Mexican sheepherder, said he found a whole mummy and six skulls while herding sheep on a local ranch. He said the find so jinxed his horse and his sheep he replaced the mummy and skulls and the spell was broken.

In Montana's Beartooth Mountains, while herding sheep, Bill Street, father of the late Sheriff Roy Street of Casper Mountain, tells of finding small skulls in 1922 as well as whole mummies. Street said scientists told him a dwarf people existed before the Ice Age.

Ella Clark in her book, *Indian Legends From the Northern Rockies*, tells of cannibalistic "Little People" as having big stomachs and who were powerfully built. They used sign language unknown to Indians. An Arapahoe Indian spokesman at Riverton, Wyoming, confirmed that the Arapahoes could not contact the Little People through sign language and were much frightened of them.

Such tales also were handed down within Indian tribes in Western Montana. The Flatheads believed the Little People lived underground.

But because of rumored mysterious deaths or ailments associated with the Little People, no one in the West is much willing to talk about them.

White Man's Medicine

By OTTO BOUTIN

AT the turn of the century, a 60-year-old Eastern reporter was sent to cover the Alaskan gold rush. When he studied the Chilkoot Pass leading to the Klondike, he felt that his heart wouldn't survive such a steep climb over icy rocks whipped by a perpetual blizzard. So he remained in Skagway, on the beach, waiting for the weather to get better.

Meanwhile, he interviewed prospectors returning from the Klondike with sacks of gold and many more who were returning with empty pockets.

One evening, while the journalist was strolling along the beach, he saw a huge bonfire lighting up the sky at Dyea, a few miles away. Hoping to get a story, he hurried towards it. The fire was still blazing when he got there. Indians were still adding logs to the ten-foot pile of burning lumber.

Always ready to mix with people, the journalist approached the chief, gave him the "how" sign and shook his hand.

"Big celebration?" he asked, smiling. "Making something good to eat?" Proud of his ability to communicate by sign language, he pointed to the fire, then to his mouth, and then to his belly, which he patted with a circular motion.

"A barbecued reindeer, maybe?"

The chief gave him a dirty look and walked away.

BUT the journalist, accustomed to being treated that way by New York politicians, refused to be intimidated. Smiling and laughing, he mixed with the dozen other Indians.

"Why aren't you happy at such a big feast?" he kept asking. "You should be singing and dancing. Like this." He gave his version of an Indian dance, slapping his mouth as he sang, "Ha-ha-ha-ha. Ho-ho-ho-ho."

Ignoring him, the Indians

remained glum.

One of the younger Indians tapped him on the shoulder and asked him, "Why you laugh all the time?"

"It's going to be a big feast, isn't it? White men always happy at big barbecue."

"No big feast," the young Indian replied. "That's Big Chief's squaw in the fire. Turning to ashes."

"Being cremated?" the journalist asked, his chin dropping in horror.

The Big Chief approached, scowling. He was accompanied by four of his sour-faced henchmen.

"Why you laugh?" Big Chief demanded. "My squaw was good woman. I'm sorry that she die."

One of the henchmen suggested, "Throw white man in fire. Maybe he laugh more loud."

The journalist backed away, shaking his head at the gruesome suggestion. All the Indians were confronting him now, more than a dozen of them, each one more menacing than the other. The old newspaperman gave up all hope when he remembered a trick he had seen in a Brooklyn burlesque show.

He took off his wig and waved it in the air, letting the Indians see his shining bald head. Then he put the wig back on.

"Scalping doesn't hurt me," he explained.

The Indians stared at him in amazement.

Then he took out his false teeth, uppers and lowers, snapped them at the Indians a few times, then put them back in.

The Indians shook their heads in disbelief. Big Chief extended a friendly hand.

"You good medicine man. White man's medicine man."

The journalist nodded. "Good medicine man. Have much power."

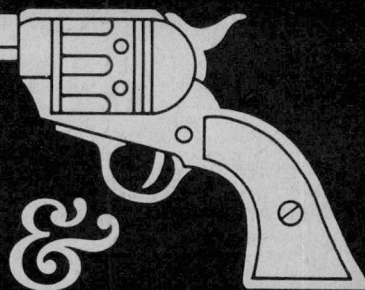
The Indians asked him to stay a while and show more of his power.

"Must go," he said, pointing back to Skagway. "White man needs my medicine."

the intrepid Irish in the American West



••••• * six-guns * shamrocks & * shillelaghs



Story and Illustrations

By RICHARD HART

AMONG the characters who peopled the Old West were in fair measure the sons and daughters of the ould sod — begorra!

Heroes and villains, scallwags and saints, lawmen and outlaws, princesses and shady ladies — the multi-talented Irish supplied an actor or actress to fill every part.

To begin with, the Irish have been in America one heck of a long time. If we turn back to Revolutionary times we discover that no less than nine Irish-Americans were signers of the Declaration of Independence. The total number of Irish in America at that time was insignificant.

It was not until the famine of 1845 that the Irish came to America in droves. The total number of Erin's sons and daughters who settled in America in the ensuing years is estimated at eight million. This is equal to Ireland's total population before the famine.

NOW that the stage has been set, we go west in 1853 to view the Irish in San Francisco.

One Irish beauty, an actress with the non-Irish name of Lola Montez, is making her standing-room-only debut in San Francisco's American Theatre. Lola's real name was Maria Gilbert. Her birthplace was Limerick, Ireland.

In Europe, in the middle 1840s, Lola's

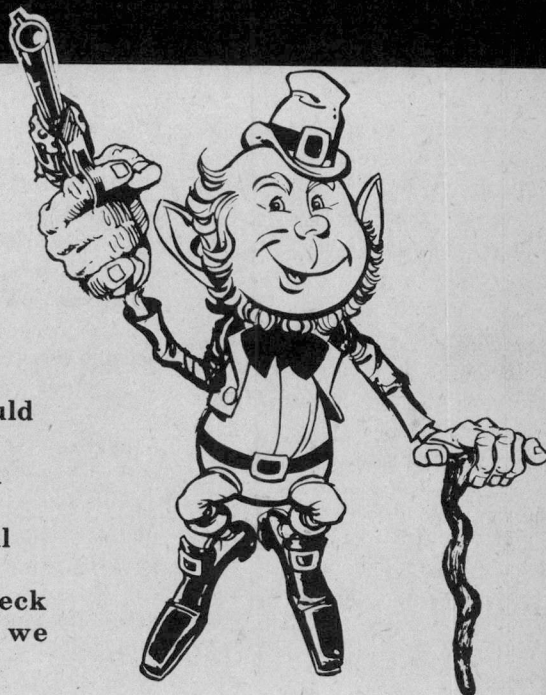
smoldering Latin looks attracted an assortment of lovers from King Ludwig I of Bavaria to Alexandre Dumas, a famous author. Unfortunately, Lola's acting talents were limited as discerning San Franciscans soon discovered. Lola performed her "spider dance" to near-empty theaters. Her celebrated dance consisted of flitting about the stage plucking imaginary spiders from her hair and costume. But this soon bored San Franciscans and Lola collected her insects and hit the road.

She next surfaced in Grass Valley, California, where she lived for a short while — just long enough to bestow a little luster on that small, gold-mining community. Lola Montez died in Octo-

ber 1856. She is remembered in Grass Valley to this day even though she is buried in far away New York.

In 1859, in New York City, a certain Irish male baby was born, christened Henry McCarty. The youngster grew slowly, never attaining a commanding stature. Little Henry headed west to New Mexico. He tried a few names en route until he found one to his liking. For a time he was known as Kid Antrim. He discarded that for the name of William Bonney. Finally, a name he did not choose but did accept with a touch of arrogance was bestowed on him by his peers. William Bonney became Billy the Kid.

It is known the Irish occasionally have





a devilish sense of humor. Billy the Kid demonstrated this in an exchange with a judge who sentenced him to hang by the neck until he was "dead, dead, dead!"

The Kid replied that the judge could "go to hell, hell, hell."

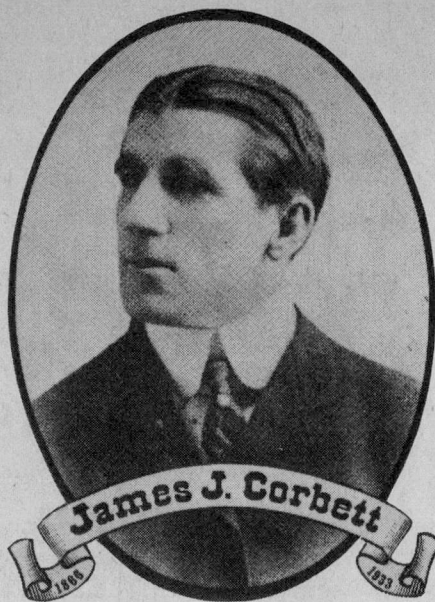
THE IRISH have at times shown a remarkable talent as inventors. Cyrus McCormick invented the reaper; Henry Ford the Model T and, way back when, the Irish invented whiskey.

And then along came Carry Nation, the hatchet-wielding whirlwind dedicated to smashing saloons. Carry, born in 1846 in Kentucky, on her father's side was descended from a pioneer Irish settler. Carry Amelia Moore was her maiden name.

Carry was a robust, powerfully built woman who weighed in at just a few pounds less than Jack Dempsey's prime fighting weight of 188 pounds. Carry, who was to strike fear into the hearts of many a saloon keeper, threw her weight around rather devastatingly.

The end of Carry's career (she died in 1911) preceded Prohibition by nine years.

IF THE real discoverers of the famed Comstock Lode were asked to stand up, it would be two grubbing miners named Peter O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin. When these two worthies discovered in 1859 that their claim had silver in it, a flim-flam artist by the name of Henry Comstock arrived. Henry virtually accused Pete and Pat of claim-jumping. Henry decided in his magnanimity to allow the two miners to work the claim,



now called the Comstock, for an agreed percentage.

Ironically, neither Pete, Pat nor Henry made any real money from the Comstock. All three sold for a pittance. The real winners were four other Irish-Americans who bought the claims, hit the bonanza, and with industry and luck became very wealthy.

The four were John Mackay, a poor emigrant from Dublin; James Fair, who became a Nevada senator; William O'Brien and James Flood.

By necessity, the Irish emigrant became the backbone of America's laboring class. This came from the educational deprivation in their native land. The English landlords would not allow their tenant farmers to attend schools.

The Irish became builders of roads, canals and railroads. The "gandy

dancer" (track layer) learned rail-roading from the roadbed up and proceeded to advance financially in one of America's fastest-growing enterprises.

ENTERTAINMENT helped fill the lonely lives of the western miner, railroad laborer and cowboy. One of the first entertainers to play theaters on the western frontier was a young comic named Eddie Foy. Eddie was born in New York City in 1856 of Irish parents (Ellen Hennessy and Richard Fitzgerald) and grew up in poverty after his mother was widowed in 1863. Eddie turned to entertaining on the street corners to earn a few pennies to help his family survive.

In his early twenties, Eddie traveled west to ply his trade. He seemed to enjoy playing the frontier towns more than the eastern cities. He was at his funniest, singing and dancing before appreciative audiences in Dodge City, Leadville, Tombstone and assorted boom towns of the West.

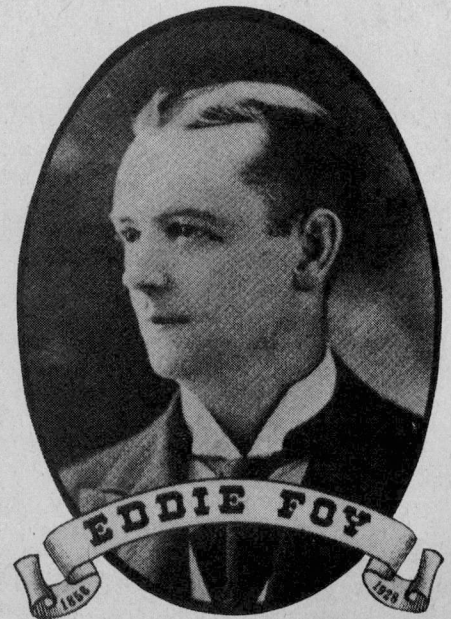
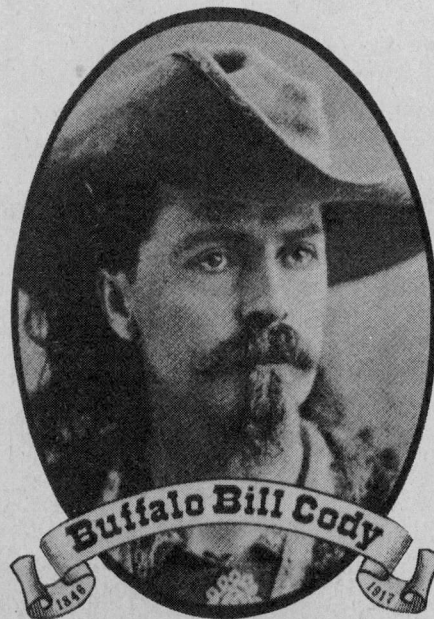
Eddie Foy died in 1928.

Elizabeth Bonduel McCourt — an impressive sounding Irish name and one that few people know. But mention Doe and Tabor and most will recognize the name of Baby Doe Tabor.

Baby Doe acquired this surname from her first husband, Harvey Doe, a lack-luster young man who happened to be the son of the mayor of Baby's hometown of Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

The young Does, heeding the call of sudden riches, moved to mining camps in Colorado. Here Elizabeth Doe got herself nicknamed "Baby."

Baby Doe in a short time met Haw Tabor, a wealthy ex-miner who was to become her second and last husband.



He became a senator and for a time they lived a high life. But his mine, the Matchless, played out and with it his riches. As Tabor lay dying, he whispered to Baby Doe "Hang on to the Matchless."

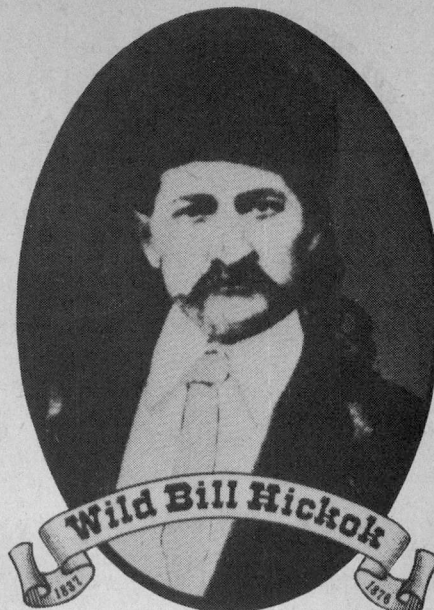
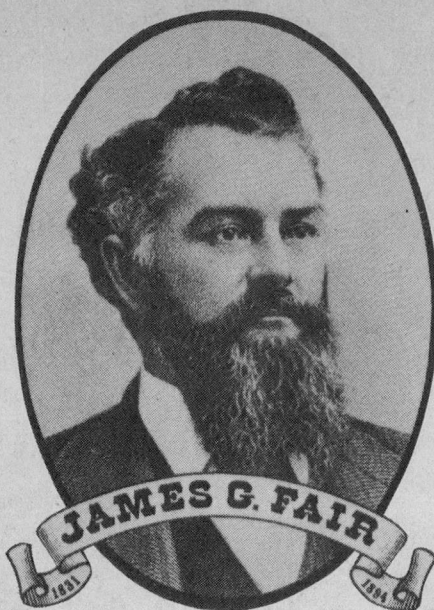
This once beautiful and haughty young lady grew old and slovenly, but she hung on to the Matchless. She spent her last days in a shack on the mine's property keeping faithful watch on a mine nobody wanted. Baby Doe Tabor became the reverse of the luck of the Irish.

COLONEL William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, a descendant of kings of Ireland, achieved something of a coronation in democratic America by being called by some "King of the Wild West." Buffalo Bill's unofficial title was the result of approbation bestowed upon him by his admirers.

An Irish emigrant who was quite a sharpshooter in his own right was on Buffalo Bill's payroll. Frank Butler, lauded as sharpshooting champion of the world, lost his title to 15-year-old Annie Oakley. Butler got even though. One year later he married Annie, became her manager and they lived happily ever after.

Had James Butler Hickok, born in Illinois on May 27, 1837, accepted his friend Buffalo Bill Cody's suggestion that he go into show business, Hickok might have lived to a ripe old age. Hickok, who acquired the name "Wild Bill," decided play-acting was not for him.

Wild Bill's grandfather, Otis Hancock, an emigrant from the Emerald Isle, doesn't seem to have passed on to



young Hickok the sense of humor that usually is part of being Irish. Living in dangerous times as a lawman among lawless frontier hard cases could have had something to do with Wild Bill's taciturn demeanor.

As everyone knows, Wild Bill met his fate at a poker game in the No. 10 saloon in Deadwood, South Dakota, on Aug. 2, 1876. A bullet from the gun of Jack McCall came crashing through the back of Hickok's head. Hickok fell across the gaming table face down. The poker hand he was holding, black aces over black eights, spewed from dead fingers. This poker hand has ever since been known as "dead man's hand."

FROM its beginning in the United States, boxing has been a barometer of an ethnic group's position. The harder

an emigrant race had to struggle, the more boxing champions it produced and, oddly enough, the lower it remained on the imaginary social scale. Disadvantaged Irish youths took to this sport willingly and dominated boxing for years.

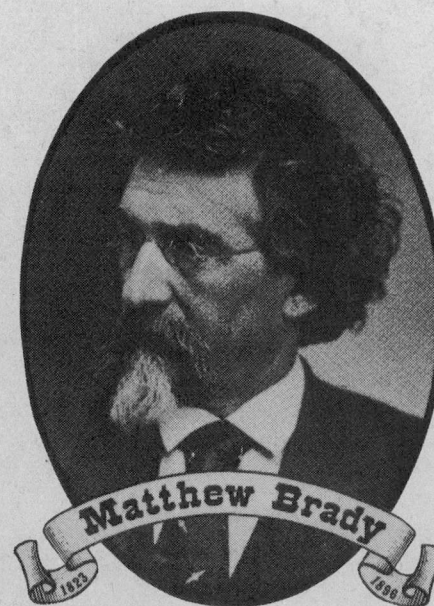
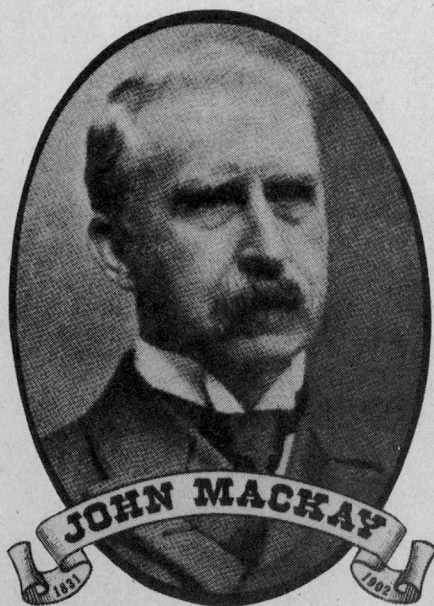
James Corbett, a Californian, and Jack Dempsey, a Coloradan, both great champions, were of Irish parentage. Corbett, born in San Francisco in 1866, grew up in an era when San Francisco was on the periphery of the wild and wooly West.

Dark-visaged Dempsey, Irish and part American Indian, was born in Manassa, Colorado, in 1895. He reigned as one of the most lethal, hard-hitting champions to ever stalk the ring from 1919 to 1926.

When Gene Tunney, who had defeated Dempsey, retired undefeated in 1928, the era of the great Irish boxing champions ended. The Irish were moving up on the social scale and their boxing prowess was fading.

The years of struggle were behind and easily forgotten as new, less hazardous sports and occupations became important to the Irish. Being doctors, lawyers, politicians, writers, artists and successful businessmen fulfilled the new ambitions of the Irish-American.

When March 17 rolls around, Americans from New York to San Francisco wear a bit o' the green and raise their glasses to down a "wee drop of the creature" in honor of Saint Patrick. This ritual never fails to warm the cockles of the heart and make everyone want to be Irish, at least for a day.



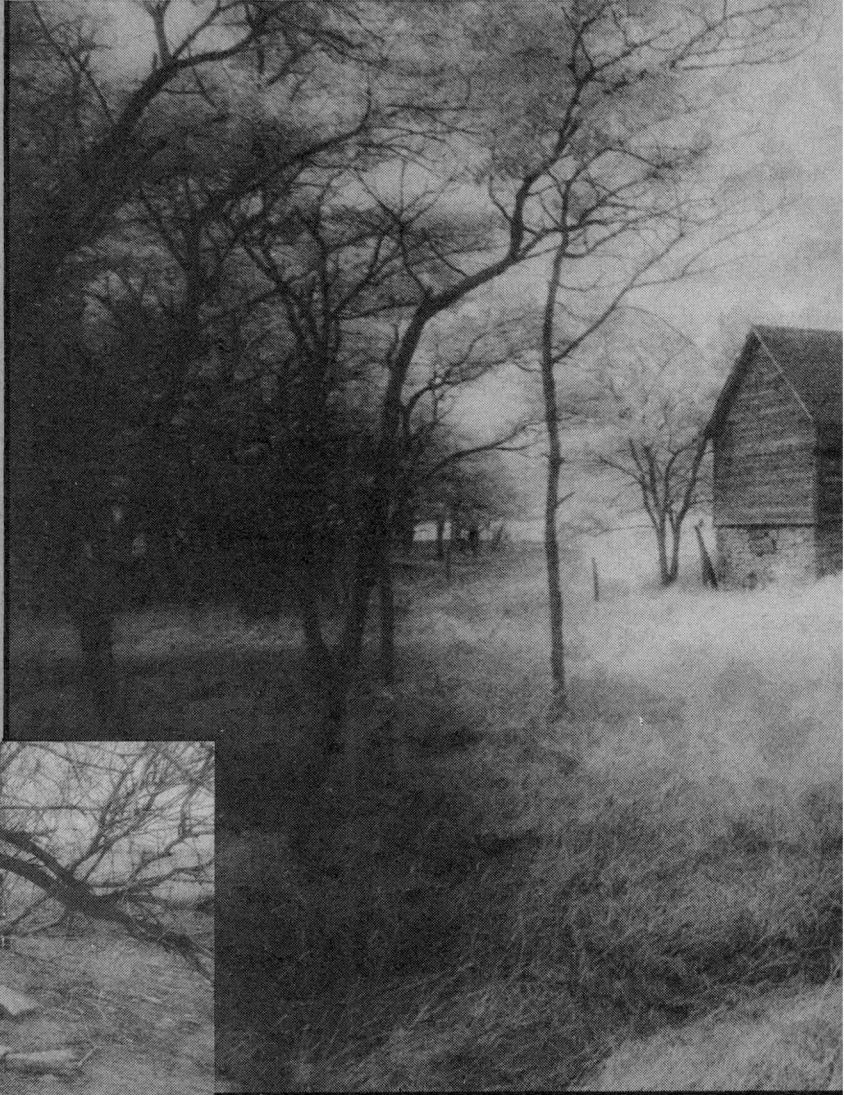


Abandoned farm near Perry, Oklahoma. Framed by a sagging fence, this old farm house is typical of so many farming operations left behind.

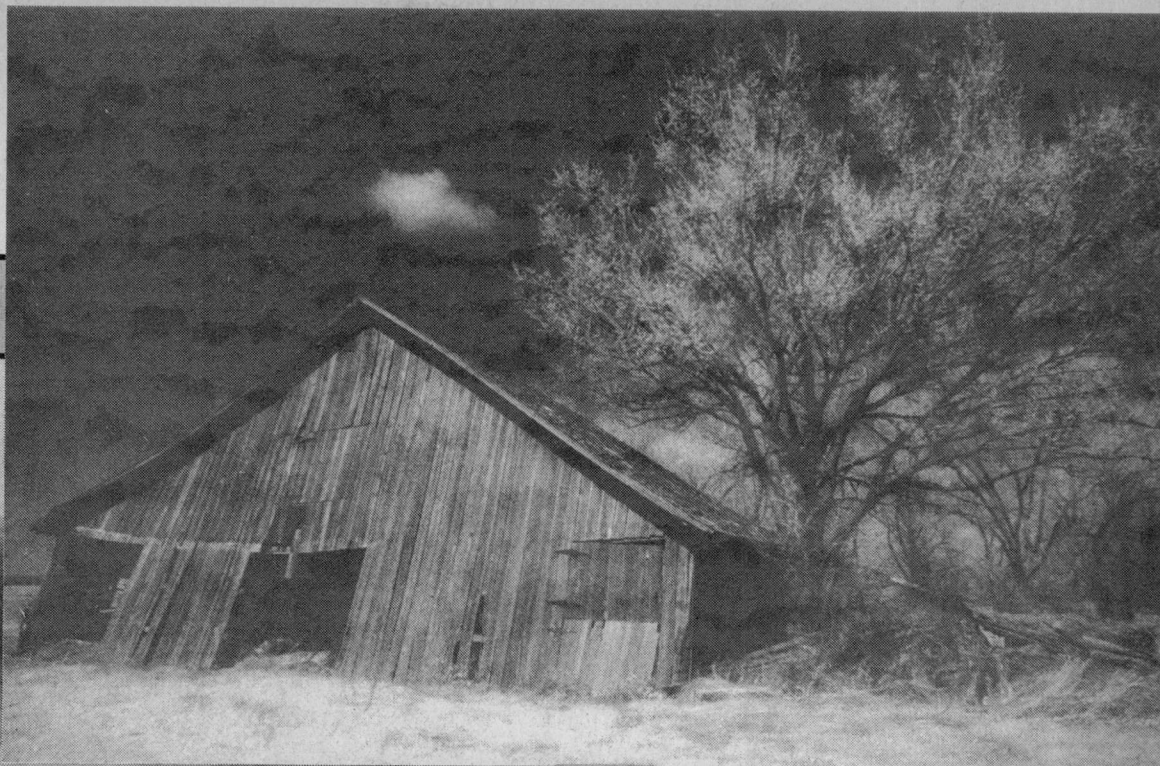
ABANDONED RURAL AMERICA

by William D. Adams

The storm cellar. Anyone who has descended into one of these dark, spider-webbed holes knows how necessary they are when ominous clouds give tornado warnings.



Uncle Archie's old barn. This sturdy barn has seen countless kittens, pigs and assorted farm animals. Archie worked hard to buy farms and care for his children. He died a few years ago. There's oil on the land now.



Leaning barn near Medford, Oklahoma.

America is still the greatest agricultural nation the world has ever known, but the way it farms is gradually changing. This series of photographs, by Houston photographer William D. Adams, reminds us of the changes taking place.

Adams, who recently closed a major showing in New York, used infrared photography to provide a portrait of the decay and insidious fall of America's heartland.

A native of Noble County, Oklahoma, Adams is a contributor to various horticultural magazines and is a weekly columnist for the Houston Chronicle. He also is a regular guest on television in Houston.



Leaving the farm, at least symbolically.



A Hobo in the White House

FOR more than a hundred years, hoboes have lived, laughed and died along America's railroads. No group in American history has ranged as far across the land as the hobo.

Who would have thought that one of these so-called knights of the road would some day walk the halls of the White House and hold the position of senior policy advisor to the President of the United States?

The hobo got his start in the East at the close of the Civil War, but it was in the West that he really came into his own. With the joining of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific at Promontory, Utah, in 1869, the hobo had access to the West and westward he came.

Since then hoboes have taken part in almost every aspect of American life. When Grand Coulee Dam was built in Washington state, the government hired hobo folk singer Woodie Guthrie to

write songs about it. General "Black Jack" Pershing paid hoboes the ultimate compliment by saying they made the best soldiers because they knew how to live off the land and sleep out.

Of the hoboes who have criss-crossed

By HOOD RIVER BLACKIE

Illustration by MICK HARRISON

the country, one has gone farther than any of the others. "Feather River John," who loved the beautiful Feather River route so much he got the moniker, carried that name down the rails and right into the White House in Washington, D.C.

HOBOES like to gather around campfires and tell stories. Every adven-

ture is hashed over and laughed about. Like the time Big Nosed Kelly got bitten by a bulldog in Seattle. Or when Cotton Henry fed a whole handful of chocolate laxative to a wealthy rancher's pet monkey.

Feather River John tells of the time he and his pal, the Hotshot Timer, got nailed by the bulls (police) at Oroville, California. Instead of going to jail, the two hoboes had to play music on their guitar and banjo for their freedom. The Hotshot Timer, like Feather River John, has more or less fallen from grace in the hobo world as he is now attorney Barry Vogel of Ukiah, California.

Feather River John never tires of telling about the time he and Hotshot jumped off a moving freight over along the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad and Hotshot lost his footing. He performed feats of gymnastics seldom seen outside the Olympics. But he

came to rest on his nose which has never been the same.

Then there was the time when Feather River, the Hotshot Timer and myself went to a hobo convention in Britt, Iowa, and had the time of our lives. Little did we realize how our lifestyles would change.

IN 1963, Feather River John hoboed in Vermont with a bedroll and pack sack on his back. Five years later he was elected to the state legislature where he served with distinction.

He lost a bid for the Republican nomination for lieutenant governor but, undaunted, he stayed in politics. Remembering his hobo pals, he established the Hobo Foundation of America which is dedicated to preserving the history and lore of the hobo. Though most people may not know it, the hobo was a traveling working man, not a bum.

When Ronald Reagan became president, Feather River John, using his real name, John McClaughry, became one of five senior policy advisors in the White House. He worked under Martin Anderson, the President's chief domestic advisor. Some Vermont Republicans, who had scoffed at Feather River John, now found they had to see him if they wanted anything from the Reagan Administration.

The ex-hobo served as the White House liaison with the departments of labor, transportation and agriculture, as



"Feather River" John McClaughry

well as of defense and the ACTION agency. He also was executive secretary to President Reagan's subcabinet on food and agriculture and coordinated efforts between the President and agencies that deal with farm and food policies.

He has worked on the staffs of Vermont Senator Winston Prouty and Illinois Senator Charles Percy. Richard Nixon and Jimmy Carter named the ex-

hobo to serve on presidential commissions and in 1968, he worked as domestic consultant on Nixon's election campaign.

Feather River John's relationship with Ronald Reagan began before Reagan reached the White House. While Reagan was governor of California, one of his aids asked John to write a speech on housing for the governor. When Reagan decided to run against Gerald Ford for the GOP presidential nomination in 1975, McClaughry wrote many of Reagan's speeches from his home in Vermont.

After Reagan lost the nomination, he began a regular series of nationwide radio broadcasts and McClaughry wrote about three dozen of the scripts though he admits Reagan did a lot of editing. Feather River John did not meet Reagan in person until 1979, but the two had long held an ideological meeting of the minds.

Recently, Feather River John resigned as senior policy advisor to the President, to run for the U. S. Senate in Vermont. However, he did not survive the primary although he had strong conservative Republican support.

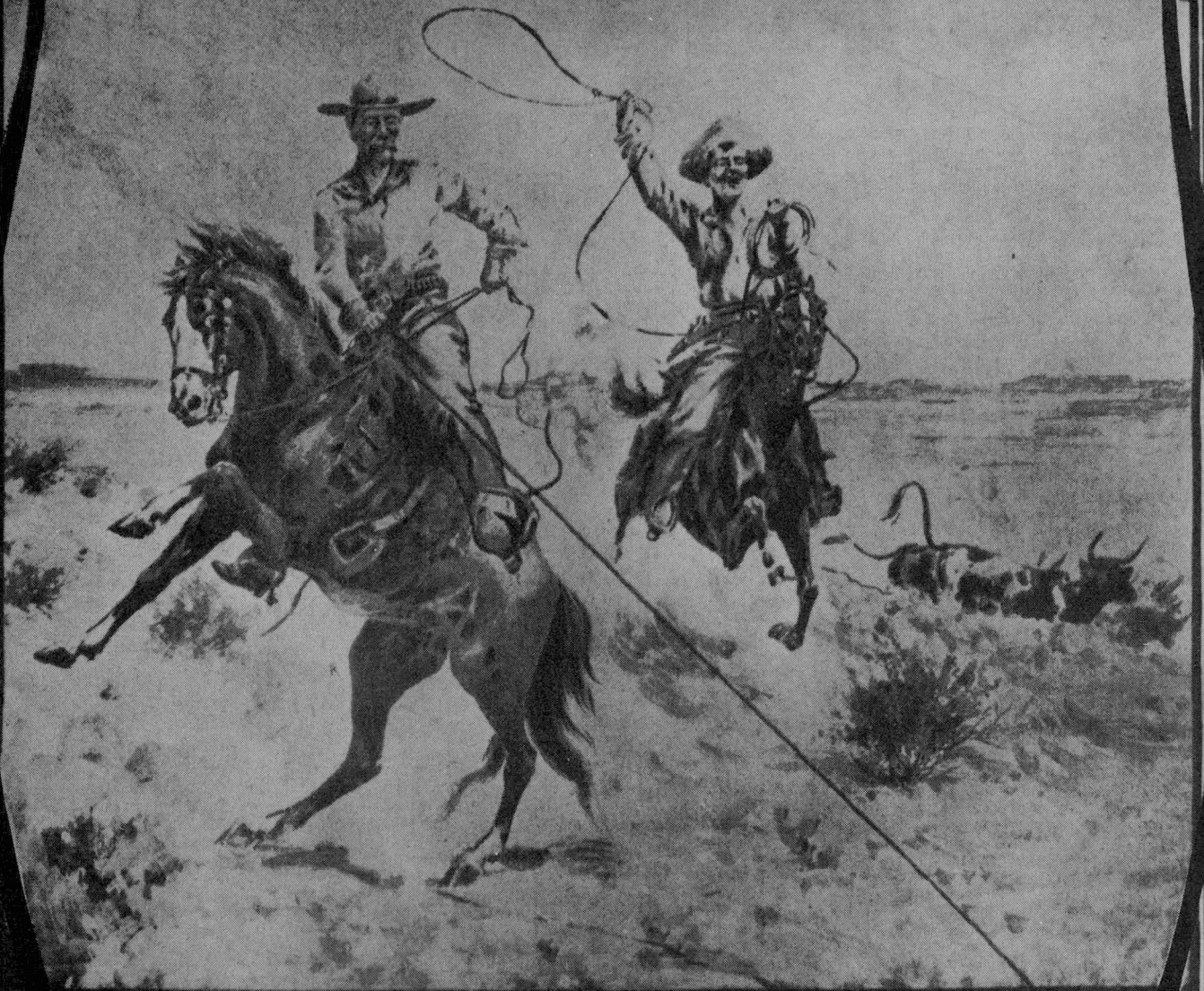
Far away from Washington, D.C., legendary wanderers sit around their campfires at night and hold their heads a little higher knowing that one of them has walked the halls of the White House. And it just may be possible that one of them, one day, will himself be President of the United States.



That's "Feather River" John on the right with President Reagan in the White House.

THE PANTS THAT

all over the west they wear



LEVI STRAUSS & CO.'S

COPPER RIVETED

Overalls.

WON THE WEST

DOC Dinsmore of the Keim Ranch in Fresno, California, was standing in front of a saddlery one day leaning on his horse, when a salesman came up.

"Can I interest you in buying a suit of clothes?" asked the salesman.

"Nope," said Doc. "Got the best tailor in the world already."

"That's covering a lot of territory, cowboy," replied the salesman. "Who's your tailor?"

"Levi Strauss," Doc told him. "Been making my clothes for over 40 years."

Levi's or blue jeans contributed their part to the westward expansion of the United States. These crotch-skinners resulted from the need and ingenuity of a Gold Rush Forty-Niner. As they said among the diggings:

"Some early California settlers found gold in the botton of their pans, but Levi Strauss found gold in his pants."

In early 1850, young Levi came to San

Francisco by ship. In his small allowance of baggage was a bundle of fabric that would be a grub stake when he sold them to makers of tents and Conestoga wagon coverings. Ashore, he met a miner. The miner asked what he'd brought with him on the boat. Strauss

By **RAYMOND SCHUESSLER**

Photos Provided By Author

pointed to his cumbersome roll of fabrics.

"Should have brought pants," said the miner.

"Pants, why pants?" asked Levi.

"Pants don't wear worth of hoot up in the mines," was the reply. "Can't get a pair strong enough to last no time."

"Strong enough, eh?" He took the

miner and the roll of fabrics to a tailor. "Make my friend a pair of pants out of this material," he said.

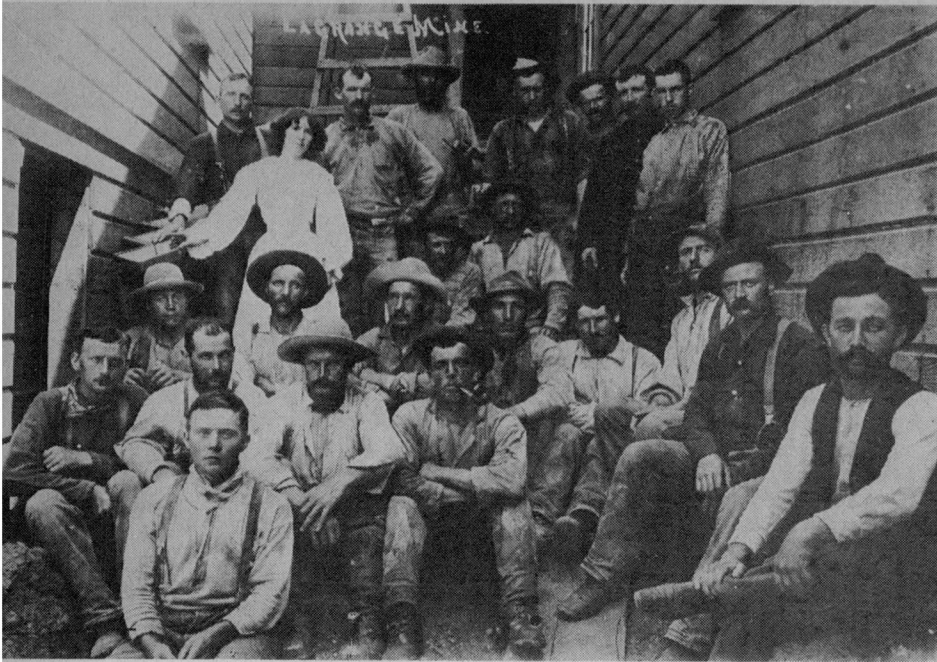
The miner was pleased. He went about town showing off the new pants. "Look at these pants of Levi's," he said. "Doggone if a man ever had pants as strong as these before."

Other miners heard about them and came looking for "the fellow with those Levi's." The name stuck and is still in use more than a century later. Like Napoleon, Levi Strauss became a man who would always be remembered by his first name.

After his orders for pants increased, Levi sent his money back to his brothers in New York with an order for a larger stock of goods. During the next few years, the overland traders whose freight wagons rolled out of San Francisco came to depend more and more upon Levi Strauss to supply them dry



Cowboys, here branding at the L.S. Ranch.



Above: Miners first adopted the Levi.

the iron pants and shortly after, factories were built in Texas at Denison, Wichita Falls and El Paso. Their use soon spread throughout the entire West.

WHEN cattle outfits met in the old trail days, they'd usually "throw out" the cattle and take time to get acquainted. Soon they'd talk up a wager and bring out their meanest horses to see which outfit had the best rider. Sometimes roping and other contests were thrown in, and the folks around were invited to try their luck.

That's how rodeos started and it was the blue jeans that turned up behind the rodeo chutes as often as the horse, not only on the seats of the riders but in the prize money donated by the company.

Below: Miners in California posed for their portraits wearing blue jeans.

goods and ready-to-wear articles, mostly pants.

In 1853, he convinced his brothers that they should combine their capital into one business. He already had contact with a host of tailors and seamstresses with whom he was doing business. It wasn't long before his work clothing acquired a reputation through word-of-mouth advertising. Sales had increased to the point where it seemed feasible to assemble all the tailoring workers under one roof and start a factory.

HOW did blue jeans spread to the cowboy-cattle country from the mines of California?

About this time the cattle industry had grown greatly and the waddy needed pants as tough as any miner. His long hours in the saddle in all types of weather required a strong pair of breeches that would hold together and not burn or bind his crotch.

Traders and scouts who came back from California brought some of the new iron pants with them. The cowboy took to these iron breeches as keenly as they had accepted Stetson's hat and Colt's pistol. It rounded out his uniform just right.

When the orders began to pour in, Levi sent his brother to Texas to survey the situation. It was virgin territory for





Above: Lumbermen of the Old West wore denim also.

Levi's or similar brand pants are still standard for the cowboys on the range just as they have been for a century since the big cattle drives up the Chisolm, Shawnee, Goodnight-Loving and Western trails.

One cowpoke wrote from Sonora, Mexico: "I've gotten down to where I haven't much left but the seams and a few rivets and while I've packed a running iron in my time, I've never gotten coyote enough to patronize any other kind of pants."

Westerners were most loyal to the pants whether they were working or not. They tell of a waddy who called his girlfriend and apologized for not being able to take her to the dance that night because he didn't have a pair of Levi's to wear. Blue jeans became the uniform of the West like kilties in Scotland.

Even a bull couldn't dislodge a cowboy from his Levi pants. Herbert S. DaMaddy of the J E Ranch Rodeo remembers Pancho Villa Jr. when he used to "allow the Brahma and half-bred range bulls with our rodeo to knock him down, gore at him and throw him high in the air. At each performance he wore his blue jeans and at no time had the bulls torn the clothing from his body."

Jeans became obligatory like striped pants at an embassy dinner. Top ranch hands and wranglers tell the dudes, "You'd better change into blue jeans if you aim to get around much in this part

of the country."

Wahoo Charley was a famous Indian guide who knew Teddy Roosevelt and Bill Cody and a dozen millionaires. When newcomers from the East hired him, Charley would inspect their fancy gear and ask:

"Want Big Horn?"

Yes, they nodded.

"Didn't need that then," Charley would say. "Where we go we need just five things: gun, bullets, salt, blankets, and Levi's."

THE jeans have been found wherever hard work and hard ware go together. They dug the gold and iron out of America's treasure trove, they labored

Below: The modern cowboy, still wearing Levi's.



WHERE THE DALTONS STOPPED

By J. C. BEST

BIG SPRINGS, Nebraska, is not without its place in history. Situated about sixty miles west of Buffalo Bill's ranch at North Platte, it became kind of a crossroads with trails leading to Colorado, Wyoming and the Black Hills. The Union Pacific founded the town during construction of the railroad, and it was the Union Pacific, or more accurately, what happened to the Union Pacific at Big Springs that put the little town on the map.

Sam Bass, an Indianan turned Texan, in company with Joel Collins and others held up a Union Pacific train at Big Springs relieving it of about \$60,000. This was in September, 1877.

After the big train robbery, Big Springs settled down to a rather humdrum existence as an agricultural center and meeting place for cowboys, ranchers and railroad men. About 1880, E.A. Phelps, himself a railroader, built the Phelps Hotel in the center of the town. It was here that the first railroad union organizers headquartered while trying to organize the railroad maintenance men.

Bill Nye, the famous Laramie humorist, signed the Phelps Hotel register on a couple of occasions as he journeyed to Omaha and points east. Drummers, following the Union Pacific rails, often stopped at the hotel, sometimes leaving bits of advertisement of their wares in the register.

In 1887, Frank Dalton, a deputy U.S. Marshal, serving under the famous

"Hanging Judge" Isaac C. Parker, was slain in a gun battle with outlaws near Fort Smith. Frank's brother, Grattan (Grat) was appointed to the position. He immediately hired his brother, Robert, as a posseman.

In 1888, Grat Dalton organized the Indian Police for the Osage Nation with Bob and Emmett Dalton as possemen. The trio acquitted itself competently, although there is no record that they ever apprehended any famous bad men. Their record does indicate that they nabbed much criminal small fry.

The three lawmen, working out of Pawhuska, were highly respected and perhaps would have made their reputations as officers, had they not resigned over a dispute over their wages.

In 1889, the Phelps Hotel played host to Grat Dalton, Emit (sic) Dalton and Robert Dalton. The three registered from "I.T." which was Indian Territory.

For what purpose the three Daltons were in Big Springs is not known. Apparently they remained only one night, continuing their journey the following day. There seems to be no question but what they were officers at the time they stopped in Big Springs, but where they came from and where they were going is a matter of conjecture. A year later, they were hunted outlaws and horse thieves. Two years later, Grat and Bob were dead and Emmett shot to pieces by an aroused citizenry during their fatal raid on the Coffeyville, Kansas, banks.



in the lumber camps, on the first railroad and on every important project from Boulder Dam to the diamond mines of South Africa. Most of all, they were found on the seat of the hard-riding cowboy.

There was no denying the strength of these pants. Back in 1899, near Flagstaff, Arizona, an old woodburning locomotive pulling seven cars loaded with logs snapped the coupling between the tender and the first car. Attorney Charles C. Ashurst of Los Angeles who was fireman on that engine recalls:

"Our engineer took off his Levi's, soused them in the water tank, twisted them into a rope, tied them into a link connecting the engine with the car and proceeded on the journey to Flagstaff negotiating several heavy grades."

Barbara Hunter wrote this amazing letter to the Levi company back in 1950:

"A few weeks ago we went to the Mojave Desert to spend the weekend camping and exploring the old Calico mines that are believed to date back to the days of the 49ers. It was in one of these caverns that I found several pair of Levi's, took them home, washed and patched them, and now wear them."

On the under side of the left pocket were printed these words: "For over 18 years." The company proved with pictures that the pants were more than 80 years old.

Many minds helped fashion the apparel the pants are today. Take the brass rivets. Jacob W. Davis had a small establishment in Virginia City, Nevada, catering chiefly to the dandies and wealthy inhabitants. Although a needle and thread was an essential part of every miner's equipment, many repair jobs of one kind or another were still brought to Davis' shop.

A character known as "Alkali Ike" suffered from having his pockets rip out at the corners. This was common at the time: When a prospecting cowboy left town, his pockets were stuffed with every conceivable item, convenient or necessary, that he figured to use while he was at work. The strain on pocket seams especially at the corners was terrific.

On returning from his trips, Alkali Ike would complain to his tailor that the last sewing job had come undone. No matter how often he repaired the pockets, they ripped.

Finally, in exasperation, the tailor took Ike's breeches to the local harness maker who reinforced the pants with copper harness rivets!

The idea of riveting such pants



Phelps Hotel as it looks today.

Courtesy the author

turned out to be a great success. The pockets not only held, but were still good as new.

At first the copper rivets were exposed resulting in damage to fine saddle leather, hosiery, furniture and upholstery. Then two of Levi Strauss' men went hunting. One shot a bobcat.

"He's got a mean set of claws," said one. "Funny, how he can conceal his claws so you wouldn't even know they were there." They applied the same principle to the Levi pants and covered the rivets like a cat's paw.

Levi was not the first to use denim for clothing. Denim, a rugged cotton twill, was first made in the city of Nimes, France, and was called *serge de Nimes*. In America, this was Anglicized by dropping the *serge* and running the *de* and Nimes together to get "denim."

In 1695, denim was known throughout the western commercial world. That year, the Merchants Magazine published in London listed: "Serge denims that cost 6 pence each." Five years later the London Gazette referred to "a pair of flowered serge de Nimes breeches."

The term "blue jeans" originated in Genoa, Italy, several centuries ago. At that time the city specialized in weaving a heavy twilled cotton cloth called "hene" or jean. This material was dyed blue and became a favorite for work clothes. Henry VIII once bought a large shipment of it for the British royal household.

However, Levi Strauss first used canvas that sailors wore. Finally, he got denim and dyed it using indigo, a native dye in the United States. It was originally a dye used for slaves' clothes. That's how the present "blue jeans" came about.


The Levi jeans, like other true western apparel and apparatus, have served a purpose and deserve a niche in history. In fact, the very name "Levi" has secured a place in Western tradition. Western historians and story writers often use the word "Levi" just as a gun is a "Colt" and a hat is a "Stetson."

Will Rogers once devoted a newspaper column to a football game where an unknown Oregon Aggie team defeated the nation's top-ranking New York University eleven.

"It was not the place," wrote Will, "for a raccoon-coat athlete up against an old bunch of wheat shockers whose college emblem is a pair of Levi's overalls."



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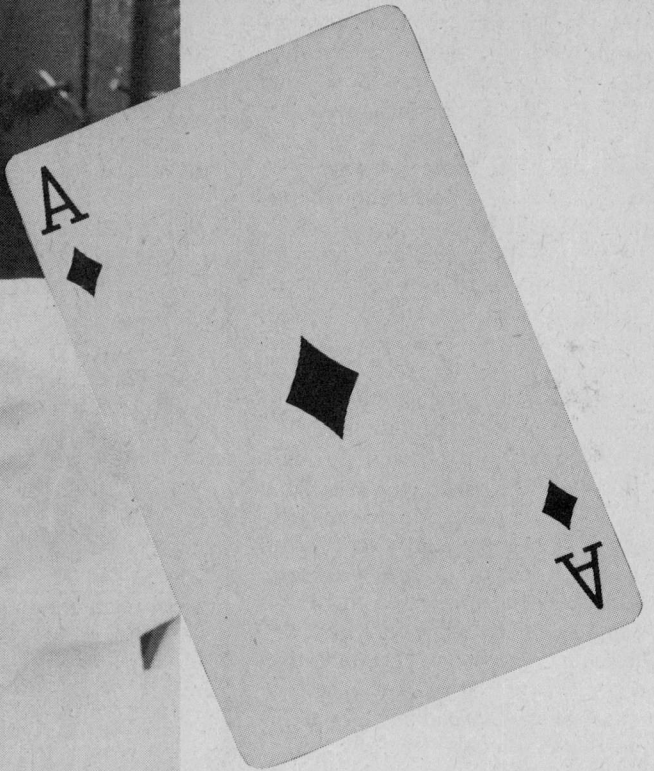
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Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson



ACE POWELL

.. ARTIST

YOU could tell from his walk that he spent many years in the saddle. He leaned a little into the wind. He was tall and lean. He had broad shoulders and a small waist. He had large hands but tapering fingers. His speech was soft, with a slight western drawl. His blue eyes looked right into yours when he spoke. He had a large, slightly-hooked nose and full lips, sandy-colored hair and strong teeth. His skin was weather-beaten and a bit on the leathery side.

With a blanket about his shoulders, he looked almost Indian. He wasn't, only in spirit. He had a friendly smile, but his expression was often solemn. He laughed inside, like his Blackfeet blood brothers. His clothes were western, his boots tailor-made with tops bearing the design of the ace of diamonds from a deck of playing cards. There was nothing Hollywood about him. He wouldn't have won a beauty prize, yet put the things he was together and he was one

ace of a fellow — Ace Powell.

The late Ace Powell, Montana cowboy artist, was inheritor of Charles M. Russell. Although his paintings looked something like Russell's, Powell claimed to resent the comparison and yet everybody made it anyway.

Because Ace's voice was soft, the room about him was always quiet, for no one wanted to miss what he said. He was an authority on Indian lore. He was an authority on living, for he had lived a



Courtesy of the Author

into their families because in oils, watercolors, black and white studies, wood carvings and bronzes, he captured their culture and portrayed it with beauty and understanding. Farmers followed his progress because he portrayed the homestead period as few before him ever did. Loggers were keen about his work because he showed the world the life of these timbermen.

He captured rodeo action, Indian beauty queens, papooses, tepees, medicine horses, smoke signal messages, prairie fires, old-time fiddlers, western

Watercolor at left was done by Ace Powell and is owned by Al Bennett. Below, Ace's sculpture, "Trails to God."



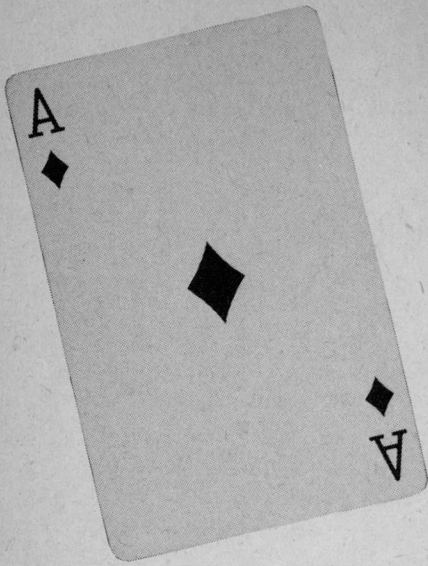
Courtesy of the Author

full life. He was an authority on art because he was an artist.

Powell was known in the Northwest as "the dean of western artists." He wanted to give the world art which sprang from the country he had known and loved. He succeeded. He talked dozens of other artists into staying with the western motif until it came into its own. He lived long enough to see the whole world taking an interest in the Far West and its creativity.

In the end, he bled to death from internal hemorrhaging triggered by a fall on ice which broke his shoulder. At the time of his death in 1977, he was 65. His was one of the largest funerals Kalispell, Montana, ever witnessed. An entire state was aware a creative genius was gone. An era seemed to die with him.

The cowboys and cattlemen discovered Ace for themselves because he was always painting what they knew and appreciated. The Indians adopted him



characters like the outlaw, the prospector, the beaver-trapper, the long-horned critter and the maverick. He ever remained a humble man, happy to help others, pleased to share his art expertise.

He was born Asa Lynn Powell in Tularosa, New Mexico, April 3, 1912, but when only four weeks old, his parents took him to Montana. His grandfather, Austin Powell, came to Montana Territory in 1872 to found a trading post on the Belknap Indian Reservation.

In time, Asa's name was changed to Ace by the cowboys to distinguish him from his father, Asa Powell Sr. Old Asa was a colorful, rugged, powerful cowboy, full of humor and good will, witty, fun-loving, tough as the mountains in which he practiced his trade as a packer for the National Park Service in beautiful Glacier National Park.

Young Ace followed in his father's footsteps, but he was a scrawny lad and packing demanded a sturdy frame. So he turned to guiding in the Park, working six years for the Bar X 6 Ranch, the largest saddle horse company in the United States. He had no desire to make it his life's work because he felt he could be an artist.

As a lad growing up on his dad's homestead in Apgar, he had personally known Charley Russell. Ace had been a companion to the Russell's adopted son, Jack, when Asa Sr. was packing and cooking for the Russells and their guests. Little Ace could draw. It was natural to him. He appreciated color and line. And he was fascinated by the art housed at Bull Head Lodge, Russell's summer home at Lake MacDonald. The exposure to such great art inspired him to become an artist.

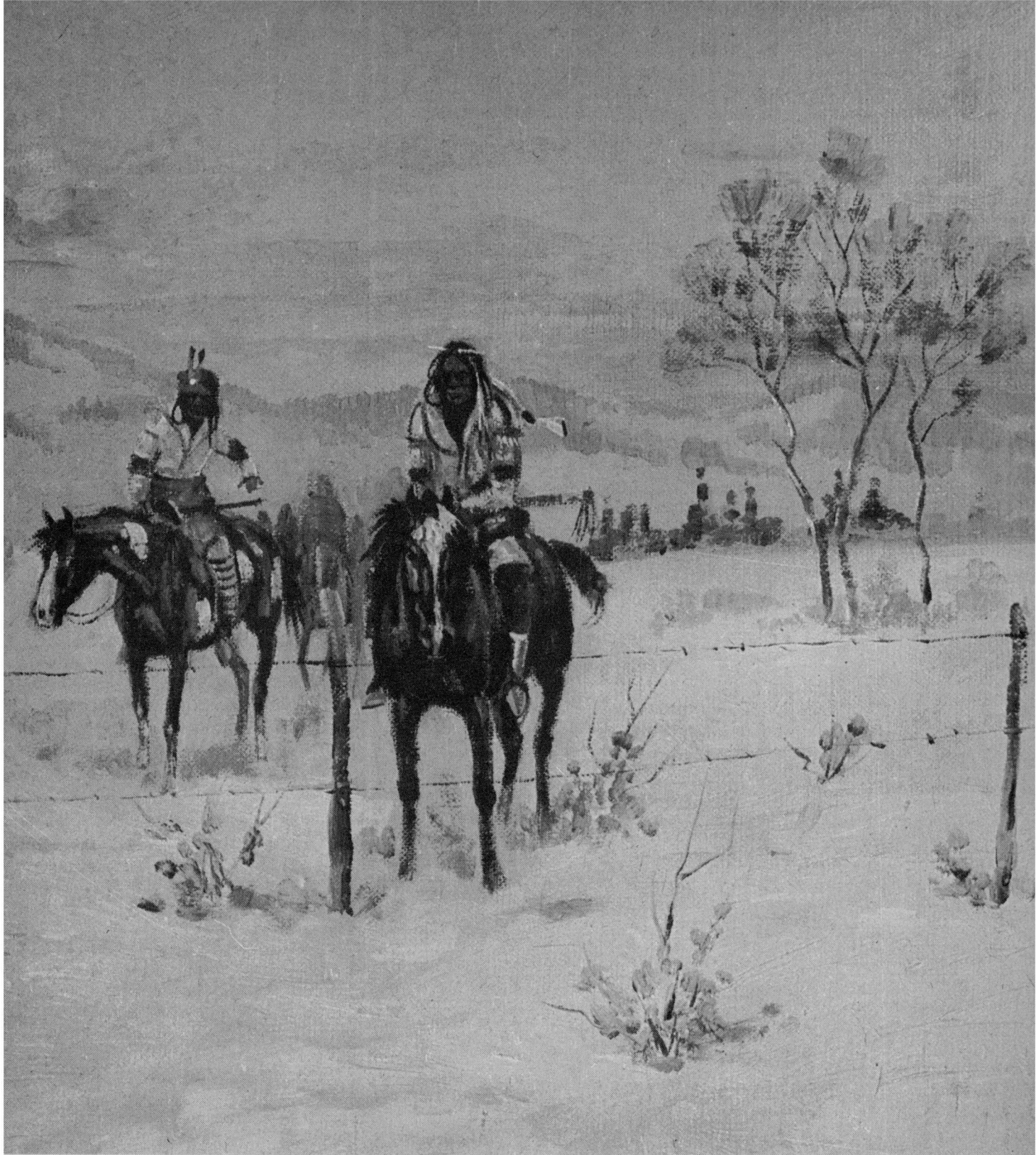


Ace Powell loved to paint Indians, usually Montana's Blackfeet

When Ace was in his early twenties, he met a woman in Glacier who also appreciated art. She was a White Russian 11 years his senior by the name of Helen Betty Sperry. She felt he could realize his ambitions and she prodded him into working hard at mastering technique. When Ace was 26 in 1938, they married. But she died in three

short years. World War II was on and Ace joined the Army Air Corps, serving two years until he developed a lung condition and was granted a medical discharge.

Facing dim prospects, Ace moved to Washington state. There he met Audrey Scott. They were married and had a son, Eddie, who is today an artisan with his



In all of his paintings, one gets the impression of wide open spaces, even when a fence goes through it, as here.

Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson

own Powell Foundry. Audrey ran away and so did Ace's partner in a plaster figurines business they had started. So Ace returned to Montana.

His work was improving. He was developing a tremendous sense of color. He was using the palette knife as well as the brush and liking the results. His sales began to increase. He began por-

traying the Indians' transition from a primitive society to the white man's civilization.

He was carving less but painting more. He was starting to like everything he was doing. He was anxious to succeed because he had a small son to care for.

He found a mother for his son and a wife, Nancy McLaughlin, also an artist.

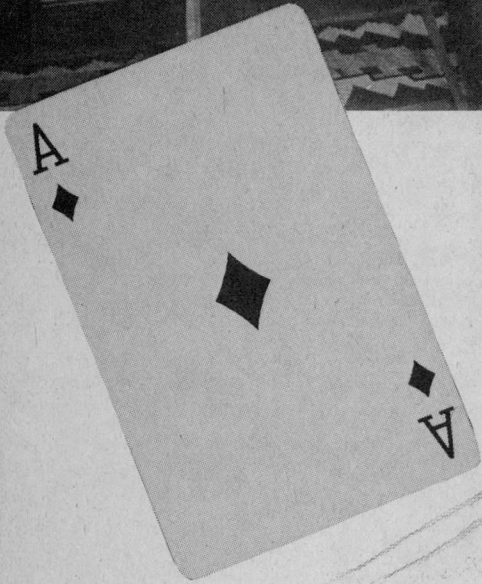
They had three children: David, Christa and Allison.

From 1952 to 1964, this marriage prospered. In those twelve years, the production of both artists was prolific. Nancy was celebrated for her pastels, her portraits of apple-cheeked Indian children and Indian men and women. She used a firelight technique on black



Courtesy Dr. Van Kirke Nelson

Left: Ace is posed with one of his paintings in a photo taken by his friend, Dr. Van Kirke Nelson. Below: This chalk and graphite drawing called "Woman on a Horse" is owned by Ken and Sally Appelbaum. Below left: Another typical Ace Powell oil.



velour paper with dramatic effect. Ace turned out glorious canvases and he was steadily displaying his work in one-man shows.

The pressures on Ace were great. He had more orders than he could fill. His nerves were raw. To escape, he took to the bottle. He had to take the cure.

It was during one of his social bouts that the Powells' beautiful new home and studio at Hungry Horse, Montana, burned to the ground, destroying a wealth of treasures. Ace was back to feathers instead of turkey. Nancy left him shortly thereafter to marry author Richard Lancaster.

Ace was so depressed he took to heavy drinking, but friends helped pull him back almost from the grave. He became an artist reborn and his work took on monumental quality.

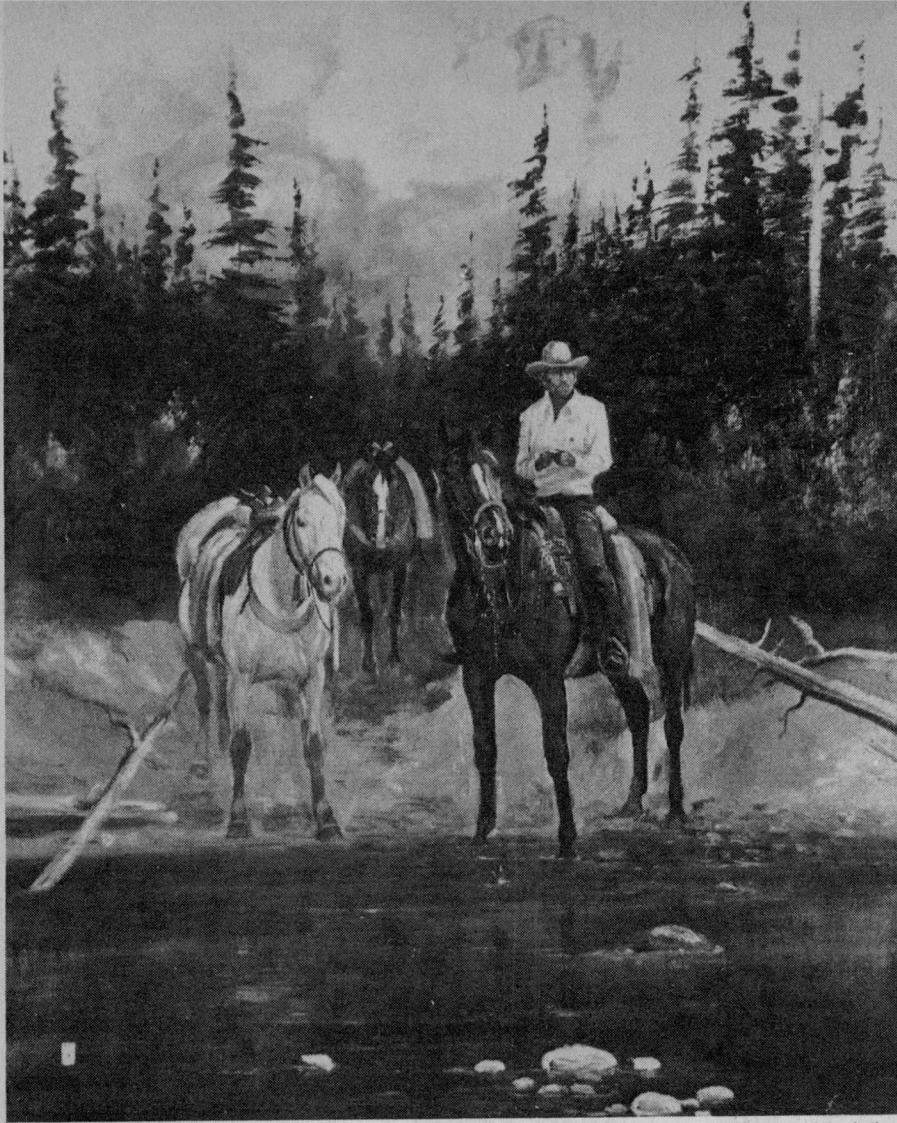
Enter on the scene his last wife, whom he married twice, Thelma E. Conner.



Photos on this page courtesy of the author.

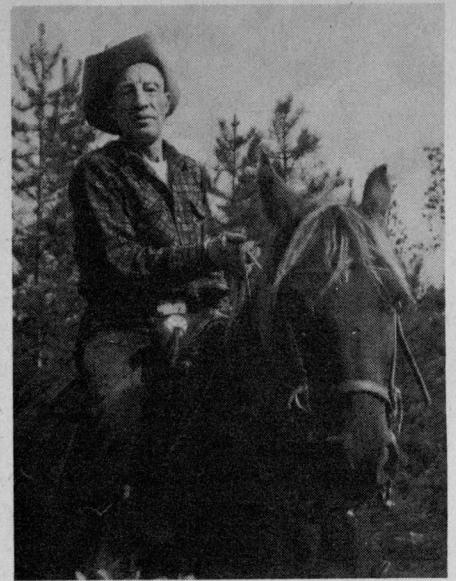
Above: An Ace Powell oil called "A New Era." It is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Snyder. Below: An oil from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Phillips, called "Home on the Range."





All: Courtesy of the Author

Above: an Ace Powell oil called "The Packer." It is owned by D.F. Steiner. Below: "Skidding," a Powell oil owned by his biographer, J.M. Moynahan.



Ace, shown here on his favorite horse, loved Arabian horses and always had one or two.

They had known each other in childhood. They were married in 1965 and again in 1967. She was good medicine for him. She kept him keen about his art commitments. She was a good hostess. He became famous. As Nancy Russell was the woman behind her man, Thelma Powell was the push behind her husband. She was with Ace when he died.

When Ace died, he was commanding big prices for his work. He had developed as a top sculptor as well as watercolorist and oil man. He even turned out a little illustrated book of true anecdotes published by Dr. Van Kirke Nelson of Kalispell, who had helped him through many bouts with alcohol.

After Powell's death, a gigantic one-man exhibit of his work opened at the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This show traveled throughout the Northwest.

Former Senate Majority Leader, now ambassador to Japan, Mike Mansfield, wrote the preface to the printed program offered at the Gilcrease with Ace's art. It began:

"I will always remember Ace Powell. I will remember him for his artistic talents and for his love of life. I will remember his ability to absorb the pageant of our great Western heritage, and to translate that pageant into every beautiful painting and bronze. I will remember him with the very best of American artists, as a man who truly loved our country. Most of all, I will remember Ace Powell as a friend."

Trails Grown Dim



Descendant of a Patriot

I am seeking descendants of Mrs. Pearl Norris, who was born in Nemaha County, Kansas. She was the wife of William G. Norris.

Her parents were Jacob (born 1855) and Era Reed Luesley. Pearl's mother was born in 1854 and the great-great-grandfather was a patriot of the American Revolution.

A friend of mine may link in with one of the mentioned surnames, therefore would also be a descendant of the patriot. — **Donald H. Juilfs, 105 W. Treehaven Drive, Lincoln, NE 68521.**

McWhorter - Paschal - Curry Mosley - Simpson - Gilmore

I am seeking information on John Marion McWhorter, born in February 1848 and died in June, 1910 at Melon, Texas. He was a cowboy and farmer in south Texas. Who were his parents? Did he have brothers? Two of his sisters were Martha Ann who married William Paschal and Evaline who married a Mr. Curry. Was Sarah also a sister?

John McWhorter was married three times: in 1868 in Wilson County, Texas to Nancy Mosley of Alabama; in 1880 in Wilson County to Mrs. Matilda Simpson; and in 1882 in Wilson or Gonzales County to Mill Hannah Gilmore.

Any information on any of these people would be very welcome. — **G.H. McWhorter, 823 W. College, Sherman, TX 75090.**

Smith - Morris - Chapman

The information I seek is on my Smith grandparents and their parents. Robert Franklin Smith was born January 28, 1866 in Austin, Lonoke County, Arkansas. His parents were B.F. Smith

and Alice Virginia Morris. Robert lived in Texas since early youth and was married to Violet Manerva Chapman on December 21, 1889 in Graham, Young County, Texas, settling in that county about 1889 or 1890 where their first child was born.

Violet Manerva Chapman was born September 23, 1870 in Flora, Smith County, Texas. Her parents were Robert Winstead Chapman and Nancy (Nannie) Manerva Morris. Violet died on July 26, 1940 and Robert died August 22, 1954. Both died in Amarillo, Texas and are buried at Clyde, Texas.

I have a family chart made up of Robert Franklin Smith and Violet Manerva Chapman Smith, their children, places and dates of birth, who they married and when, and dates and places of death of six of the eight children (two survived). — **Mrs. Alta Cullum, 3050 E. Bellevue, Phoenix, AZ 85008.**

Chapman - Scoggins - Brittan

Memory Noble Chapman, born about 1825 at Spartanburg, South Carolina, married Mary Ellen Brittan on September 7, 1856 in Williamson County, Texas. Mary Ellen died in 1865 leaving Memory with four children: W.H. (my husband's grandfather), Fannie, Jabe B., and Emma.

In 1875 Memory Chapman left Texas, going into New Mexico, then on to Pecos, Texas. I would like to hear from anyone who has information on Memory Chapman in his last years or who has

visited the cemetery. I need his birth and death dates.

Jabe B. Chapman, Memory's youngest son, left home with his cousin, Jack Scoggins, in 1874. They joined a cattle drive to Wyoming. Later Jabe moved to Colorado where he served for several years as city marshal in La Junta, Colorado. Jack ("Three Fingers") Scoggins came back south to Mexico. I would like to hear from anyone who has read anything about either of these men. — **Joy Wilson, 905 West 21st Street, Houston, TX 77008.**

Freeman

My great-grandfather, Louis Freeman, was born about 1843 in Missouri. He served in the cavalry with the Union army in the Civil War. His chest was caved in when he was caught in a horse stampede; he received a medical discharge.

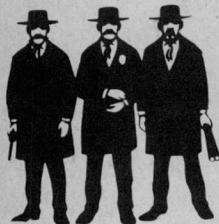
He then became a farmer and died about 1919. His father (name unknown to me) was Jewish-Osage Indian. What was his mother's name?

About 1866 Louis Freeman married Mary Butler who was born about 1845 in Missouri. I do not know her mother's name. She was Irish-Osage Indian. Her father was English. Mary had a sister named Nancy. Any information will be appreciated. — **Joyce J. Barbour, 8877-H. Bldg. 211, Lauderdale Ct., Huntington Beach, CA 92646.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

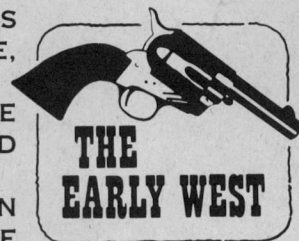
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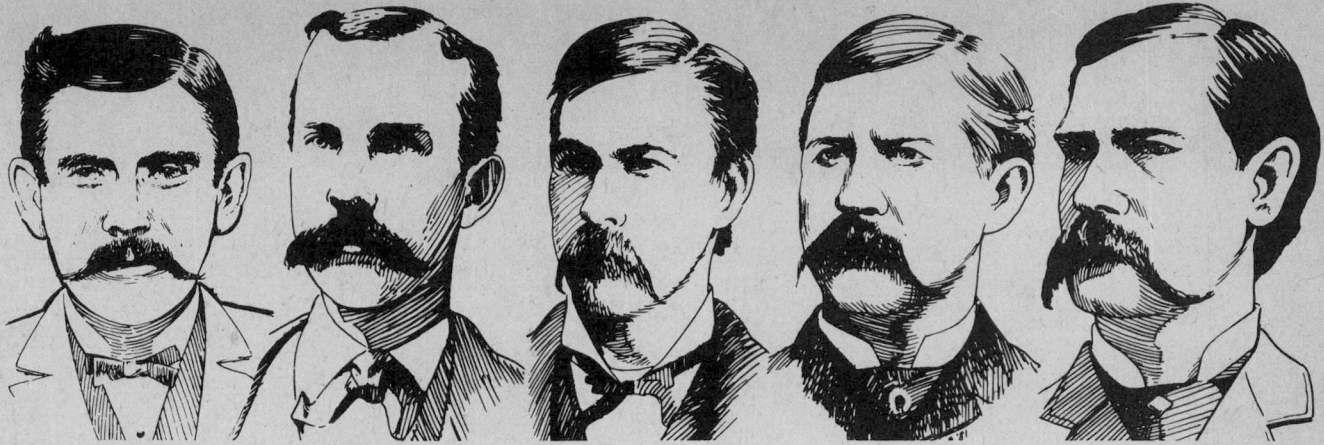


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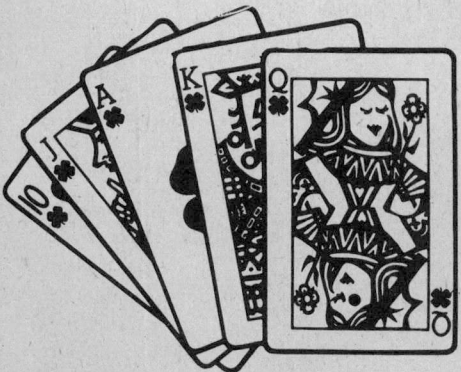
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Stetson's

Natural

Topping



THE COWBOY HAT

By CHARLES RAYMOND

Hairy chest, bowlegs, shootin' irons. All these are incidental. It's the cowboy hat that makes the cowboy. It's a tough hat, a rugged hat, a hat with a thousand uses. Here's how it works and how it all got started.

Before the official cowboy hat was invented, cowboys, gunslingers and budding ranchers wore an absurd and motley array of headgear to keep their hair out of their eyes and the sun from baking their brains.

The toppers ranged from derbies to high hats, to Sherlock Holmes hats, to Civil War caps, to beanies, sunshades, tammies, sailor hats, nightcaps, skull caps, none of which made a western man look like the tough man of action he was in a brand new country. He desperately needed a hat that was symbolic of his new work.

In a nation known for its ingenuity,

someone in the 1860s was bound to devise the perfect headpiece. Such a man was John B. Stetson, son of a Phil-

adelphia hat manufacturer, who went West to cure his tuberculosis, an occupational disease of hatters.

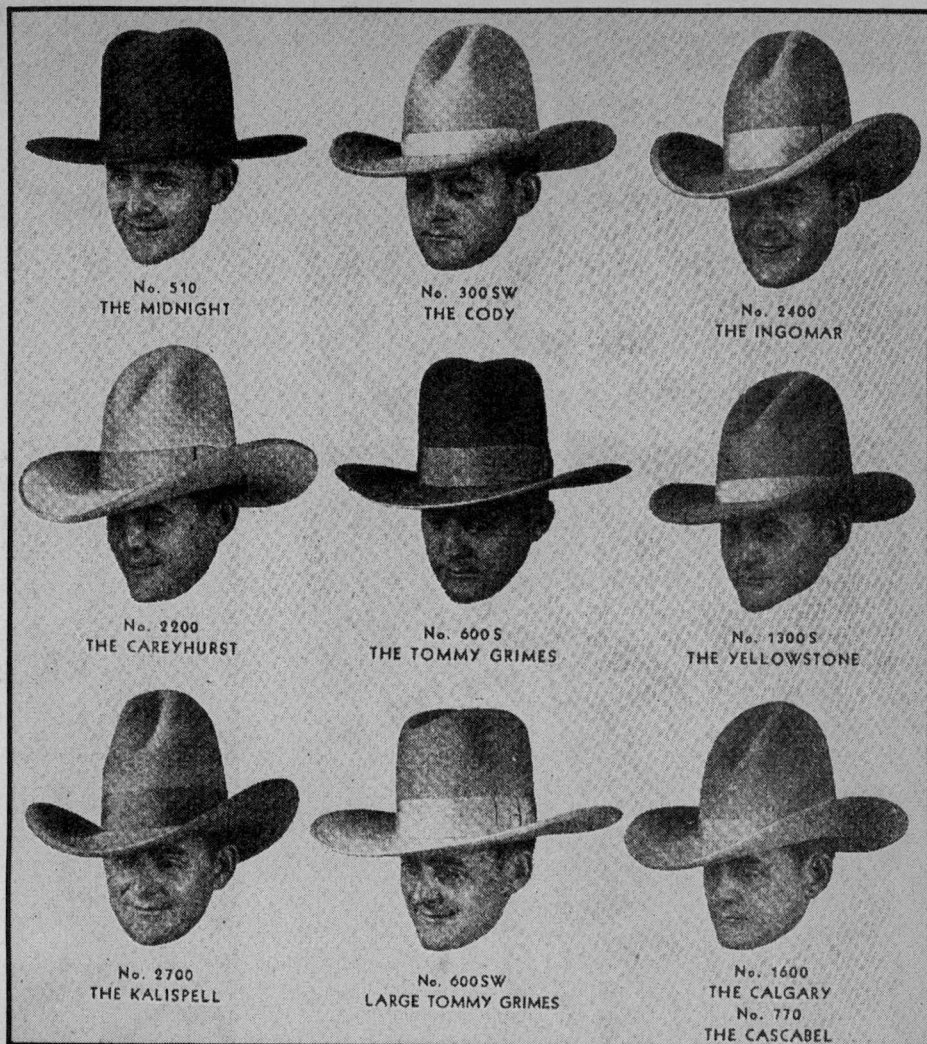
While on a camping trip with a group of friends (some claim he was hunting gold), he found the need to build a shelter. Stetson and his friends had some untanned animal skins which reeked with odor. Stetson, with a hatter's experience, mentioned that cloth could be made without weaving and leather without tanning. "Impossible," his companions insisted.

With a hatchet, Stetson shaved the fur from the hide. Then he cut a sapling and made a hunting bow. With this bow he agitated the fur, keeping it in a little cloud in the air. Filling his mouth with water, he blew a fine spray into the fur as it fell. Soon he had a mat of fur which could be lifted. He then dipped this sheet of matted fur into a kettle of boil-



the last drop from his STETSON

*—most famous
of all Western posters*



Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

Cowboy hat styles, from an old advertisement.

ing water. Stetson kept dipping it and squeezing it until he had a soft, smooth blanket.

As mystifying as the process seemed, it was quite reasonable. All fur strands have hooks or prongs which, when stimulated by hot water, cling to each other. As the felt shrinks, the fibers interlock, grabbing each other and drawing it closer.

His friends were delighted. They had never seen the process before. (In truth, however, felt-making was known from 1500 B.C.) To further amuse his companions, Stetson fashioned a big hat which he proposed to be the most practical bonnet for the West. It was big enough to protect a man from the rigors of the open spaces — sun, rain, wind, flies and foul jokes.

As a joke, Stetson wore the hat on his camping tour, mostly through mining

towns. He attracted a bit of good-natured ribbing. A rugged horseman of the plains (some say he was a Mexican bullwhacker) stopped Stetson and offered to buy the broad-rimmed umbrella of a hat. Stetson let him try it



His Stetson fans the campfire

on and viewed his creation perched jauntily on the head of the mounted horseman. With approval, he sold the hat for five dollars.

WHEN Stetson regained his strength about a year later and returned to Philadelphia, he thought about the silly hat that looked so gallant on the rider and was built so usefully for the West. The cattle business was just getting started. Maybe the cattlemen would cotton to such a distinctive hat which would give them a sort of status symbol to go with their new trade. Besides, it was just dang useful on the plains.

Stetson was barely getting along in his tiny shop at Seventh and Callowhill Street in Philly. But he decided to throw everything he owned and could borrow into his venture. He made several big hats which he called "The Boss



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Above: These are the Miller brothers of the famous 101 Ranch in Oklahoma. Top is George Miller, center is Zack Miller, and bottom is Joe Miller. The three wore their hats slightly different. Right: A cowboy in full dress with equipment poses in Cheyenne, Wyoming. Note the unusual fold in his hat brim.



Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

of the Plains” and sent a dozen samples to dealers in the West and Southwest.

The Stetson attracted the attention of the cattlemen immediately. It not only was useful against the weather, but it “looked a darn sight pretty.” The inventor was soon swamped with orders. In his small shop he couldn’t keep up with the demand. Some dealers sent cash with their orders, hoping for preferred service.

The Texas Rangers just had to have the new lid to signify their prestige. How would it look if a raggy Ranger with a coon cap arrested a crook who sported a jaunty, knightly “cowboy” hat? Cowboys on the trail went nuts over the giant hat and paid outlandish prices for the few that were available.

In a year, Stetson had to build a three-story building 100 feet long. By 1906, he was making hundreds of thou-

sands of hats a year. (In the 1950s, sales reached an estimated four million a year.)

THE cowboy hat, when it was first introduced, was eagerly accepted by cattlemen as their very own. Like a pea-



The railroad builder and his Stetson

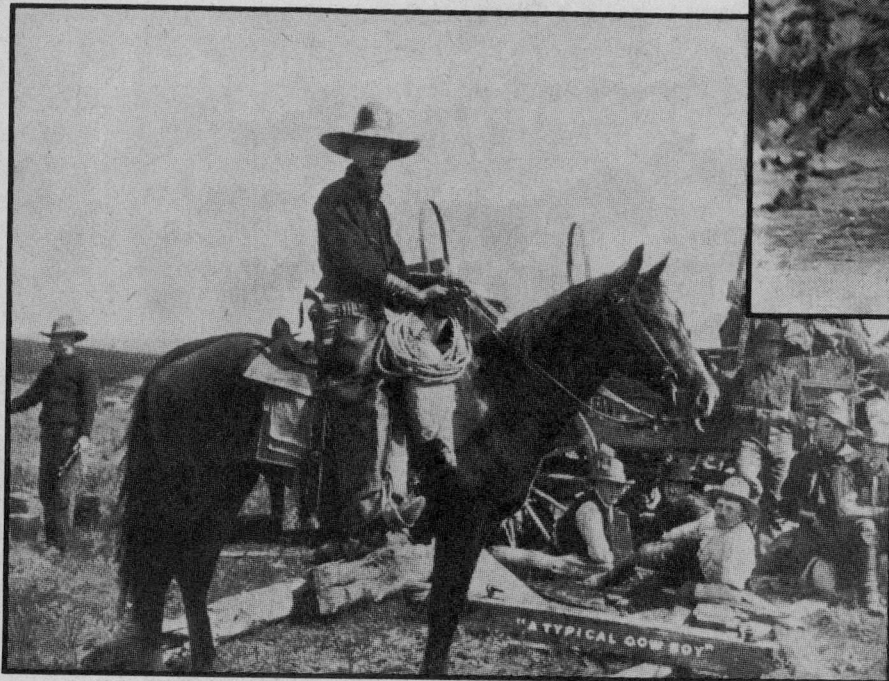
cock needing feathers, John Q. Cowboy needed this headgear.

Nothing made a man look more like a cowboy than a cowboy hat. He might be waddling down the street without his pistol on his hip and still be considered kin to a cow if he had his Stetson on. But if he was seen without his cowboy hat, even though he had a dozen Colts strapped on his torso and was as bow-legged as a wet wishbone, he would be nothing more than just a nude rude dude.

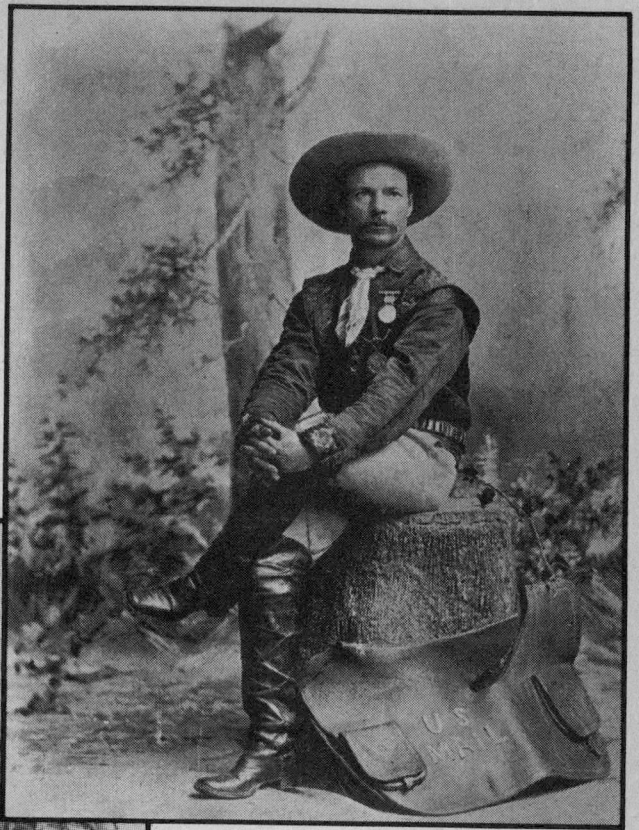
As one bucolic western muse put it: “There among the bulls he sat, but I could tell him by his hat.”

Through the years the hat grew to accommodate a host of chores by the hard working, hard playing cowboy. It had more uses than a movie director could imagine.

It was used as a bucket to fill “ole



Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Above: Billy Johnson, Pony Express rider and participant in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, poses with his gear including his broad-brimmed hat. Left: This "typical" cowboy was photographed in 1903. Note the star on the front of his hat.

Paint" with oats and water; as a sunshade to scan the hills for renegade Indians and as an umbrella to keep the neck-wrinkling sun away. You could help fan a fire or beat out a bush blaze with it. It could be used to whip a stubborn horse, quell a stampede, and send semaphore signals to distant range riders. And it lent prestige to the smug brows of cattle and railroad barons.

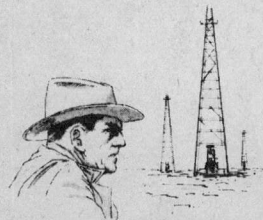
In winter a cowboy tied it down around his red ears with his smelly handkerchief. It was a briefcase, a valise, a file, a fly swatter, or a decoy in a gunfight when stuck around a rock to draw a shot.

Without his Stetson, a cowboy was naked. It was the first thing he put on in the morning and the last thing he took off at night.

It wouldn't be an exaggeration to say that the Stetson has saved men's lives.

One forest ranger who was caught in a forest fire buried himself in the ground leaving only his eyes, nose and mouth exposed which he covered with his trusty Stetson. He was still alive after the fire, although his precious hat was scorched.

When a prospector's canteen was punctured by a bullet in the desert, he emptied the remaining water into his waterproof Stetson. It served as a flask until he reached a waterhole.



The oilman and his Stetson

A COWBOY invested a lot of money in his headpiece, and he never regretted it. When Stetson first made his hat, it sold for \$5. Later it went to \$10 and when made of fine beaver, \$30. Soon men were wearing \$40 hats with a \$4 suit, just as they would put a fifty dollar saddle on a ten dollar horse. (The average wage in the eighties was about forty dollars a month, with top hands getting as much as sixty dollars.)

The felt cowboy hat was both lightweight and durable. You just couldn't wear it out. If it got stomped on in a barn dance, or sat on, or slept in, it would always come back to shape. Even a bullet hole couldn't detract from its quality. In fact, it added glamour.

The Stetson was a thing you could depend on: The bad guys wore black ones and the good guys wore white, and there were no waffling shades of grey in-



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Right: This old-time cowboy group, photographed in 1884 in San Angelo, Texas, displays a variety of headgear as well as other clothing. Below: A 1903 photo of cowboys showing off their spurs also shows their headgear.



Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

between.

You could put six holes in a hat, and it wouldn't unravel. Many hats have been in service 20 to 30 years. It may gain weight and odors, but it is indestructible. A cowboy never bragged about how new his cowboy hat was, but how old it was. It was scrubbed "every time the Republicans swept the solid South."

A cowboy hat wasn't shaped to be worn the same way in all parts of the West. The Southwest used a wider level brimmed, high-crowned hat pinched in for protection against the sun; the Northwest used a smaller crown dented in all around and narrow brim because of the high wind. A cowboy from the desert and plains country would probably wear a wider brim and a higher crown. Hatbands were made of leather, silver conchas, sometimes snakeskin, sometimes horsehair.

The crown was creased in various ways according to the lay of the land and of course one's own peculiarities. In rainy country a hat would be creased just once, down the front to form a rain

drain. In desert country the hat would be creased on four sides for coolness, according to some provincial figurations.

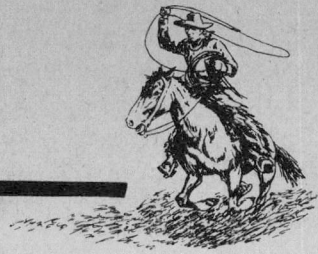


The Canadian "Mountie" and his Stetson

MANY things have changed out West, but the cowboy hat remains the same as it was back in the 1870s. The cowboy hat will never disappear from the West. It's a symbol of big days when big men died doing big things to bring the cattle country under control. And there are enough big heads to keep the felt factories working for ages to come.

Sad days may have fallen upon the Stetson for the original company has been unable to stem the fashion of hatlessness in the nation and has sold out to another firm. We can only hope that the new owners will continue to produce the heroic headgear that has meant so much to our western tradition.

Western Roundup



Russell Art Auction

More than 700 pieces of art will be judged at the 1983 C.M. Russell Auction of Original Art.

The auction, sponsored by the Great Falls Advertising Federation, will be held at the Heritage Inn, Great Falls, Montana, on March 24, 25, and 26, 1983.

The three-day event includes two major auctions, each preceded by the "quick draw" and auction. Twenty-four artists are given 30 minutes to create an art object before a live audience.

Champagne receptions for the artists and exhibitors, receptions for the dignitaries, chuckwagon brunch, daily seminars and over 100 exhibit rooms are also part of the event. The seminars and exhibit rooms are free to the public.

Art found in the exhibit rooms can range anywhere from \$50 to \$600,000. The same is true for the "quick draw" and major auctions.

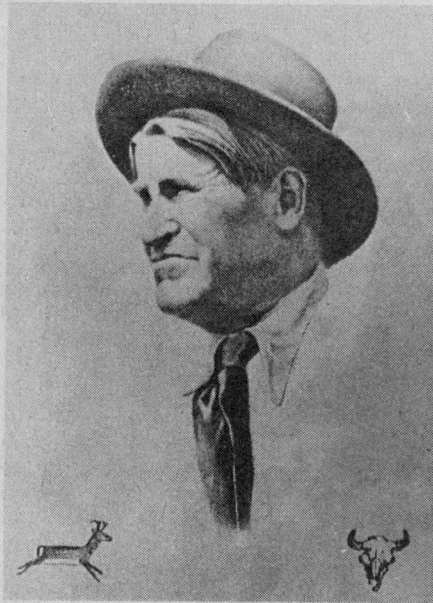
The 1983 honorary chairman will be Ginger Renner, wife of a leading authority on C.M. Russell artwork, Fred Renner.

For auction tickets or more information, contact the Great Falls Advertising Federation, Box 619, Great Falls, MT 59403.

Oldest Museum in Texas. The history, tradition, and the lore of a thousand centuries pass in review as the visitor passes through the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum, the oldest and largest museum in the state of Texas.

Life of the earliest sedentary Indians down through the nomadic tribes is revealed in the anthropological record of the region. The weapons, utensils, clothing, and crafts depicting the life of the Comanche and the Kiowa are known traditionally for their completeness.

Artifacts of the cattle industry from



Charles M. Russell.

the open-range days includes saddles, spurs, lariats, branding irons, bridles, quirts, and chaps.

Pioneer Village, with its full-size, indoor restoration of streets, stores, and shops of a typical small Western town, and rooms representative of the pioneer home, recreates the life of the pioneer.

Guns of the Old West and today tell their own graphic story in a display of nearly 1,000 weapons of the world.

The museum collection of representational art from the region and of the world includes 1,300 paintings, valued in excess of three million dollars.

It is open 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. weekdays and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. Sundays.

Treasure Chest of Nostalgia. Yellowstone County Museum in Billings, Montana, is a rare treasure chest of old-time articles donated by loyal and

enthusiastic people across the country.

The museum's front door opens to a typical living room of the 1890s, a social center for many years after the cabin was built in 1893 by Paul McCormick, Sr. The lower area of the Museum has an authentic roundup wagon used by the 7-7 Ranch on Crow Indian Reservation from 1893 to 1946.

Indian artifacts, dioramas, Calamity Jane memorabilia, and many other Western articles and scenes are available for visitor sight-seeing.

Owned by Yellowstone County, the museum is operated by two curators and governed by three trustees. It was founded in 1953 and officially dedicated in 1956.

Visitors are welcome and admission is free. It is open Tuesday through Saturday, 10:30 a.m. to noon and 1 to 5 p.m.; Sunday, 2 to 5 p.m.

World's Oldest Rodeo. Round up family and friends for the world's oldest continuous rodeo — the 99th Annual PCRA Rodeo.

Located at the Payson rodeo grounds in Payson, Arizona, this event will be held August 26 through 28, 1983. The 99th Annual Rodeo Parade on August 27 at 9:30 a.m., Highway 87 to Highway 260, will accent the rodeo festivities.

Friday the 26th the rodeo will be open at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday, at 1 p.m. and again at 8; and Sunday at 1 p.m. The admission fee is \$5 for adults, \$4 for senior citizens and \$3 for children.

Old and New Merge. Cambria, California, six miles south of Hearst Castle, represents the peaceful co-existence of the old and the new.

On one hand, it is reminiscent of an old-fashioned mining town nestled in the rolling hills, while on the other hand, it becomes a central coast village resort where numerous gift shops, fine restaurants, antique shops, grocery stores, athletic facilities, a library and a medical center are available to the

needs of 3,800 permanent residents and to the many year-round visitors.

Buses daily shuttle passengers south to San Luis Obispo's airport and Amtrack station, Morro Bay, and north up scenic Highway 1 to Big Sur and Monterey.

Meaning "Welsh" in Welsh, 107-year-old Cambria continues its gentle expansion. Vacationers and visitors can also find their own peace and joy in beautiful Hearst Castle country.

Stars Attend Film Festival. Clayton Moore, Richard Webb, Fred Scott and Henry Brandon.

Those are just four celebrities who will be attending the Memphis Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee on August 2 through 5, 1983.

A galaxy of guest stars, a massive film

program, musical entertainment by the stars and an awards banquet will highlight the event which will be held at the Holiday Inn Rivermont. Several of the performers who entertained at last year's awards banquet and show are expected to return this year.

Registration is \$40 for 4 days for each individual; \$50 for a couple. For more information write Memphis Film Festival, 100 N. Main Bldg., Suite 3008, Memphis, TN 38103.

A Dream Come True. Oscar's Dreamland is the dream come true of one remarkable man — Oscar O. Cooke.

Oscar is a man of the land who, in his love for the past, envisioned having a collection of artifacts and farm machinery from throughout his lifetime to share with the world.

Oscar's Dreamland sits on 300 acres of land in Yellowstone Valley just five miles south of Billings, Montana. "Steam is the Thing," an annual two-day event, is held the third weekend in September.

You can watch draw horses, steam machinery, and gas machinery as they all demonstrate threshing, sawing, and plowing.

Oscar's has the world's largest private collection of farm artifacts, nine restored historical buildings, antique cars and covered wagons, among other things.

From June through October there are guided tours Wednesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Library of Congress "Cowboy" Exhibit. A major exhibition on the American cowboy opened in March at the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C.

"Cowboys" is a project of the Library's American Folklife Center. The exhibition will trace America's century-long fascination with the cowboy, following the growth of the cowboy myth from the dime novels of the 1870s to the fashion crazes of the 1980s, and contrast that development with the reality of cowboy life, both then and now.

More than 300 objects will be displayed, including artifacts, paintings, watercolors, prints, posters, books, manuscripts, music, and film clips, the largest collection of visual material on cowboys ever assembled in one exhibition.

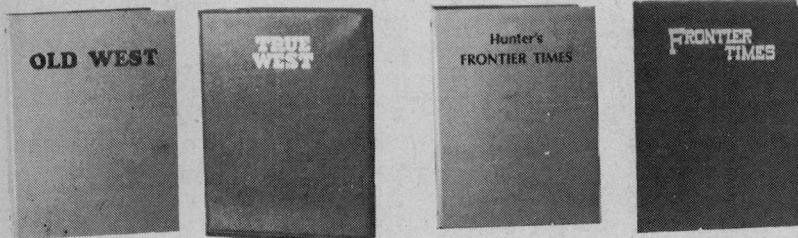
The exhibition is scheduled to run until September 1983 and will then travel to three other North American museums.

Trail Ends at Cowboy Hall of Fame. If you are looking for one of the most famous western sculptures to ever be created in America, it is housed in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"The End of the Trail" sculpture by James Earle Fraser is just one of the museum's several displays of art and artifacts dealing with western United States history. The Hall of Fame also includes a large western history library.

Visitors will find the attraction open from 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day. During the rest of the year it is open from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30

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Friends of the James Farm. Nestled down in a wooded valley in western Missouri is an old log and clapboard farmhouse where the past hundred years have moved very, very slowly. Visitors have come there by the thousands, knowing that men whose names will never disappear from this nation's books of fact and legend once lived there.

That old farmhouse is where Jesse James and his brother Frank grew up. By 1978, after nearly a century of weather damage and a good many years of neglect, it seemed as though time might be about to reclaim the old James Farm. The oldest wing of the house, where Jesse was born, was in ruins. A new front porch, containing the room where Frank died, wasn't much better. Outbuildings had disappeared.

But 1978 was the year the old farm came back to life. It was purchased by Clay County, Missouri, and under the watchful gaze of historic preservation experts, restoration work began.

To help continue the restoration of the James Farm, an organization called the "Friends of the James Farm" has been formed. Annual membership dues help finance continuing restoration work at the farm, and help sponsor writing and research to help future generations know about the James family.

Members receive regular progress reports, a membership certificate and identification card granting free admission to the farm, and will be invited to the annual meeting.

Friends of the James Farm is located at Route 2, Box 236, Kearney, Missouri 64060.

Custer Conference. Little Big Horn Associates, the group dedicated to promoting interest in the Custer battle, will meet at the Northern Hotel in Billings, Montana, on June 20 through 23.

Events include a conducted walk or ride along Davis Creek and Reno Creek to the Custer Battlefield, near Hardin, Montana; a possible overnight camp at the Reno-Bentzen Battlefield; services on the battlefield and more.

Registration fees of \$115 and \$90 for the spouse covers souvenirs, five meals,



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REEL COWBOYS

SOUTHWARD HO

By BILL O'NEAL

Young Roy Rogers starred in just six westerns when Republic Pictures placed him in "Southward Ho" and gave him a new comic relief, George "Gabby" Hayes.

Hayes had been playing in Hopalong Cassidy films, but during the next seven years Roy and Gabby were teamed 41 times, with Hayes establishing himself as the finest sidekick in western movies.

"Yer durn tootin'!" would become as much a trademark of Roy Rogers pictures as of Gabby himself.

In 1938, Roy Rogers (real identity: Leonard Slye from Duck Run, Ohio) had signed with Republic after debuting in movies with the Sons of the Pioneers. (Roy is the only original member of the legendary western singing group who is still alive.) Gene Autry had popularized the "horse opera," but Republic wanted to groom Rogers as a singing cowboy in case Autry balked at future salary offers.

In "Southward Ho," Confederate veterans Roy and Gabby ride to Texas to take over half-ownership of a big ranch inherited by Hayes. The other owner turns out to be an old enemy, a former Union officer played by Wade Boteler. When Reconstruction policies place Texas under martial law, Boteler is named colonel of the cavalry troop assigned to collect back taxes and enforce law in the outlaw-plagued district. But when the cavalymen are revealed to be the evil-doers, Boteler patches up his differences with Roy and Gabby and, backed by area ranchers, they vanquish the bad guys.

There is plenty of action and between fist fights and shootouts Roy slips in a few songs. At this early stage in his career, music did not dominate his movies as in the 1940s, and his costume was still subdued compared to the fringed and frilled outfits he wore later.

Roy's romantic interest in "Southward Ho" was Mary Hart, who co-

starred (sometimes as Lynne Roberts) with Roy in eight movies. Dale Evans, a radio singer, in 1944 came to Republic to appear with Roy in twenty straight movies. The two married in 1947, following the death



Courtesy Duncan Poster Service

Roy Rogers was twenty-six when he signed a seventy-five dollar per week contract with Republic Pictures.

of Roy's first wife the previous year.

When Roy was given his starring series in 1938, he paid \$2,500 for a six-year-old palomino named Golden Cloud. Roy re-christened him Trigger (a name suggested by his first movie sidekick, Smiley Burnette) and rode the magnificent animal in all of his eighty-plus films. When Trigger died in 1956, Roy had him stuffed and placed in the Roy Rogers Museum in Apple Valley, California. When Roy passes on, Dale has threatened to have him stuffed and placed astride Trigger in the museum.

transportation to the Custer Battlefield and coffee breaks.

For information or to send registration fee write Debbie Mangum, Box 39, Crow Agency, MT 59022.

Meeting in Monroe. "A Tribute to an American Legend" will be the theme of the Custer Conference in Monroe, Michigan, on May 13-15, 1983. Several hundred historians will meet in the community where General George Armstrong Custer once lived.

The three-day event will feature the dedication of the new Custer Room exhibit at the Monroe County Historical Museum. General Custer lived in Monroe after his marriage to Elizabeth Clift Bacon in 1864. Called "Libbie" by friends and associates, Elizabeth Custer was a native of Monroe.

Included will be an appearance by Mary Beth Rikeman of Denver, Colorado, who will present a three-act play, "Libbie: The Pleasure of Her Company." Rikeman portrays Elizabeth Custer as she hears radio reminiscences of the 45th anniversary of the Battle of the Little Big Horn when Custer was killed.

Dr. Norman Lincoln of Reed City, Michigan, will be a keynote speaker. He will present "Trumpets on the Plains." This tells the story of the famous Custer-Indian struggle at the Little Big Horn.

Dr. Lawrence A. Frost of Monroe, authority on General Custer and author of numerous historical books about the general's life, is program coordinator for the conference. For additional information, contact Raymond Bottom, 1275 N. Macomb St., Monroe, MI 48161.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.



BEATING UP A ROUNDUP MULE

"ONE TIME I knowed a roundup cook who got drunk an' beat up on one of his chuckwagon mules," an old-time Wyoming cowboy told me over fifty years ago. "We was camped at Moorcroft at the time loadin' out a beef shipment. This cook, Old Bill Smith, rode into town with a bunch of us the night before we was to pull out for the range again for another two-three weeks of grief roundin' up another trainload of beef to trail to town an' ship.

"An' we all bent our elbows at the saloon bars, ol' Bill more than the rest of us. When we rode back to the wagon in the wee hours of the mornin', he was so drunk he could hardly hold hisself in the saddle.

town. The boss, Dick Boswell, was over at the rope corral at the time an' didn't know he had it or see him with it.

"If he'd of knowed he had it he'd of took it away from him an' dumped it out, 'cause they's two things that ain't allowed in a roundup camp. An' that's liquor an' cards. Liquor could cause some ranchers to bring up old grudges an' cause trouble, an' card playin' could cut into the cowboys' sleep when they was never long on that commodity while ridin' with a roundup wagon.

"Soon as foreman Dick Boswell saddled up he loped out of camp ahead of the outfit to ride to the home ranch an'

"WELL, SIR, that mule never forgot that beatin' the cook gave him. He kept watchin' for a chance to git even. An' ol' Bill knowed it too. An' he was always damned careful an' watched him like a hawk when around him. Never got close to his heels if he could help it. Wasn't takin' no chances on that mule kickin' him into kingdom come like he could of if he could of got half a chance.

"But since hookin' and unhookin' the mules from the chuckwagon, an' harnessin' and unharnessin' 'em an' takin' care of 'em was done by the nighthawk with some help from the cowboys at times, ol' Bill could keep his distance from that

By BILL CELLERS

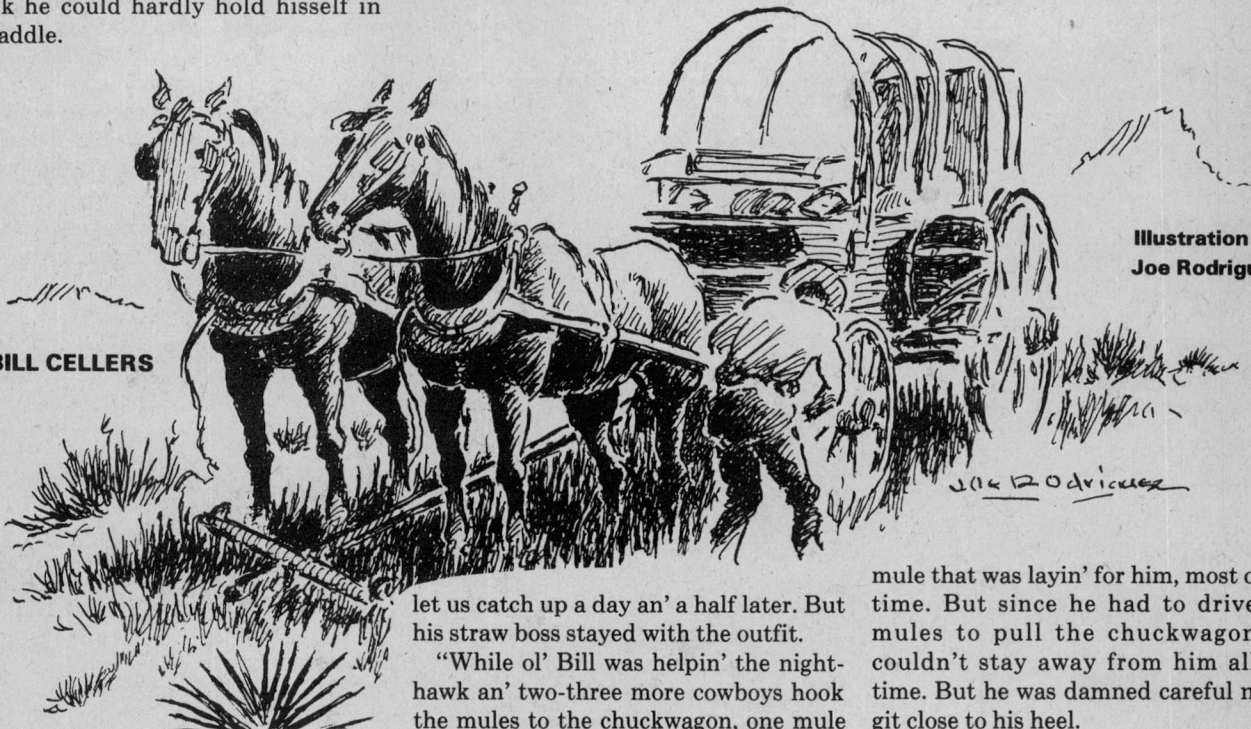


Illustration by
Joe Rodriguez

"When we got to the wagon it was almost time for this cook to start breakfast so the outfit could git an early start back to the range. We wouldn't let him roll up in his sougans, but put him to gittin' started at his cookin'.

"But he was still so polluted a couple of us had to pitch in an help him or he'd never got it done in time. We knowed if he didn't, an' was late stall, it wouldn't set well with the boss. That's why we helped him even though it wasn't our fault he'd drunk more than what was good for him. An' he was cranky as an old wolf.

"WHILE GITTIN' ready to break camp after we'd et, ol' Bill took a snort from a bottle he'd smuggled in from

let us catch up a day an' a half later. But his straw boss stayed with the outfit.

"While ol' Bill was helpin' the nighthawk an' two-three more cowboys hook the mules to the chuckwagon, one mule got mad at him for being so rough with it an' snapped at him, makin' a welt on his arm an' rippin' his shirt. That made ol' Bill so mad he grabbed a rope an' started beatin' hell outa that mule. He was kind of mean to his mules.

"The strawboss rushed over to him an' took the rope away from him. An' he told him, 'Bill, gawddam you, don't you ever do that to any of them mules again. You do and I'll run you outa camp, if I got anything to say 'bout it. An' I oughta fire you right now, 'cause I know you brung a bottle of whiskey with you when you rode back from town this mornin'!"

"That shut ol' Bill up, an' he went about his business an' climbed on the wagon, an' we handed him the lines, an' he started drivin' the wagon on its way.

mule that was layin' for him, most of the time. But since he had to drive the mules to pull the chuckwagon, he couldn't stay away from him all the time. But he was damned careful not to git close to his heel.

"THINGS went on thataway for two years.

"By that time that cook began to think that mule had got over his wantin' to git even with Bill for beatin' up on him. So he began to git careless around him. But that mule hadn't got over his wish to get even with ol' Bill. He was still waitin' his chance.

"One day ol' Bill stooped over down behind the mule to pick up a tug that had come loose to hook it back up. An' that was the chance the mule had waited two years for. He whaled away at ol' Bill with his off hind foot an' kicked him right in the temple an' killed him dead as a doornail. Ol' Bill never knowed what hit him."

Pearl Hart — More Sad

She was the Last Stage



Pearl Hart in woman's attire.

IT may be a little hard to take, but the last stagecoach holdup in the West was committed by a miner down on his luck and his five-foot, hundred-pound gal-friend. He didn't ever amount to much, and she was Pearl Hart, more of a sad case than a hard-case.

Pearl hailed from Canada. She must have been born into hard luck because when she was just sixteen she eloped with a sorry floater named William Hart. He was one of those bums who'd rather carouse than work, and Pearl didn't have much to say for him in an interview she gave *Cosmopolitan* magazine in 1899 — after she'd been chucked in the hoosgow for stage robbery.

Pearl and Bill Hart had drifted west just after the Chicago Worlds Fair of 1893. First they landed in Trinidad, Colorado, and then in Phoenix, Arizona.

As they drifted west they were together sometimes and apart as much. Bill abused the poor woman and she

kept running away from him. Things must have been all right for them once in a while, for Pearl said she had two children — a boy and a girl — of Bill's.

Finally Pearl had enough of Bill. After they parted for good she made her living cooking in miners' boarding houses east of Phoenix, first at Mammoth and then in Globe. Pearl was just getting by when she heard from her

By **KONRAD F. SCHREIER JR.**

Photos Provided by Author

family in Canada that her mother was dying. She set out to scratch together the money for a trip home to console her mother.

ABOUT this time, Pearl had a partner and boyfriend called Joe Boot. Nobody ever did find out his real name. They tried to work a mining claim, but it proved worthless. Pearl was now frantically trying to round up the money to visit her mother. Out of desperation the pair determined to rob a stage.

Having a pretty good idea of what stage runs carried people with money, they picked the Globe-Casa Grande run. The day before they planned to do the job they went to the stage line office in Globe and found that several passengers who might have money would be on the stage. That was on July 14, 1899.

They rode out to the place on the road where they figured they could take the stage easily. It was a bend in the road which seemed to be a favorable spot for their undertaking. They waited and listened until they heard the stage rattling toward them. Then they rode toward the oncoming stage until they met it at the bend.

Pearl and Joe rode to one side as if to let the outfit pass. Then Joe drew his forty-four and shouted, "Throw up your hands!"

Pearl drew a thirty-eight and covered the stage.

Joe said to Pearl: "Get off your horse" as he kept the stage covered. Then he ordered the passengers out of the rig. The driver and passengers were badly frightened. Joe and Pearl were surprised at how easily the job was coming along.

Joe instructed Pearl to search the passengers for weapons. She found none. Then Joe motioned her toward the stage and she searched it. She found the "brave passengers" had left two revolvers behind when they dismounted from the stage. Pearl gave Joe the forty-four she found in the stage, and kept a forty-five for herself.

Then Joe told Pearl to search the passengers for money while he kept everyone covered. She began with a fellow



No doubt posing, this is Pearl Hart in "outlaw" gear.

Case Than Hard Case

Robber of the Old West



The female bandit holding what is said to be a wildcat.

who was shaking the worst. From him she got \$390. The poor chap was shaking so hard she could barely get her hands in his pockets. Of course, that's pretty friendly treatment for a woman to give a man in those days.

The second victim was a dude with fancy duds and his hair was parted in the middle. As he yielded thirty-six dollars, a dime and two nickels, he tried to tell Pearl how badly he needed his money. She took it, of course.

Then Pearl searched the remaining passenger, a Chinaman. He was nearer Pearl's diminutive stature, and just plain scared to death. She went through his clothes, but only found five dollars.

The loot totalled \$431.20 — a lot of money then when a meal cost two bits and a good hotel room was a dollar.

Pearl and Joe didn't take the driver's

money because he was a working stiff. And they gave each of their victims a dollar so they wouldn't be busted. Then Joe ordered the stage driver to go on and not look back if he valued his life.

As soon as the stage was out of sight, Joe and Pearl rode cross country. That was neither fast nor easy in the canyon-cut mountains they were in. They headed south toward Mammoth where they had friends. They holed up outside town.

IN THE meantime, the stage galloped back to Globe and reported the holdup. The local deputy sheriff quickly got a posse together. They had no trouble picking up the robbers' trail away from the scene of the holdup.

There was one of those torrential storms late that day — the kind which happen often in Arizona's mountains in the summer. While the posse was hot on their trail, Joe and Pearl holed up for the day. At nightfall, they moved toward Benson. Just after daylight they spotted a mountain lion and chased it but they couldn't get a shot at it. Then they camped for the day.

Pearl and Joe had slept for a couple

hours when they were awakened by yelling and several gun shots. They reached for their guns, but it was too late. They were looking up the muzzles of two Winchester rifles covering them.

The posse took them without a fight. They were just twenty miles from Benson, and if they had got there they would probably have escaped on a



Pearl posing as if holding up a stage-coach.



This is Pearl Hart, with a cat, in the jail yard.

Southern Pacific Railroad train.

The lawmen treated Joe and Pearl kindly since nobody had been hurt in the holdup. The prisoners were taken to Benson and back to Casa Grande on the train. Then they were taken to the county jail at Florence. Pearl was then transferred to the Tucson jail "...as the accommodations there were better adapted to a woman."

The interview on which much of this account is based was given by Pearl

while she was in the Tucson hoosgow. Photos were taken of her there. She posed with empty guns provided by the photographer. This sort of thing was done often by enterprising photographers back then.

Joe and Pearl were tried separately at Florence in November 1899, and both were convicted. Joe got thirty years in the infamous Yuma Territorial Prison and Pearl got five years in the same place. Joe quickly became a trusty. He escaped in 1900, never to be seen or heard from again.

Pearl was the only woman prisoner in Yuma Territorial Prison at the time. She wilted under the harsh conditions of prison life. The prison was a stone building on a rocky hill. Part of it still exists in a park today. It was freezing in winter and a furnace in summer in the 120-degree heat, common to the Colorado River Valley.

IN 1902, after two years in prison, Pearl's family persuaded Governor Alexander O. Brodie of Arizona to parole her. She had to agree to leave Arizona and never return. Having an offer to tour the Orpheum vaudeville

circuit in an act portraying her brief career as a stage robber, Pearl took the parole.

Vaudeville acts like Pearl's are strictly one-shot deals, and the little lady hadn't anything to offer an audience but her one notorious crime. Around 1903, she was reported to have been running a cigar stand in the mid-west.

An early silent picture called "Yuma City" depicted Pearl's brief outlaw career in colorful, and probably expanded, detail. Pearl got nothing out of the flicker. In 1905, she was picked up in New Mexico on suspicion of train robbery. She was released for lack of evidence. She then dropped from sight.

In 1924, Pearl Hart turned up in Pinal County, Arizona, returning to the scene of her crime. Bold as brass, she walked into the county courthouse and asked

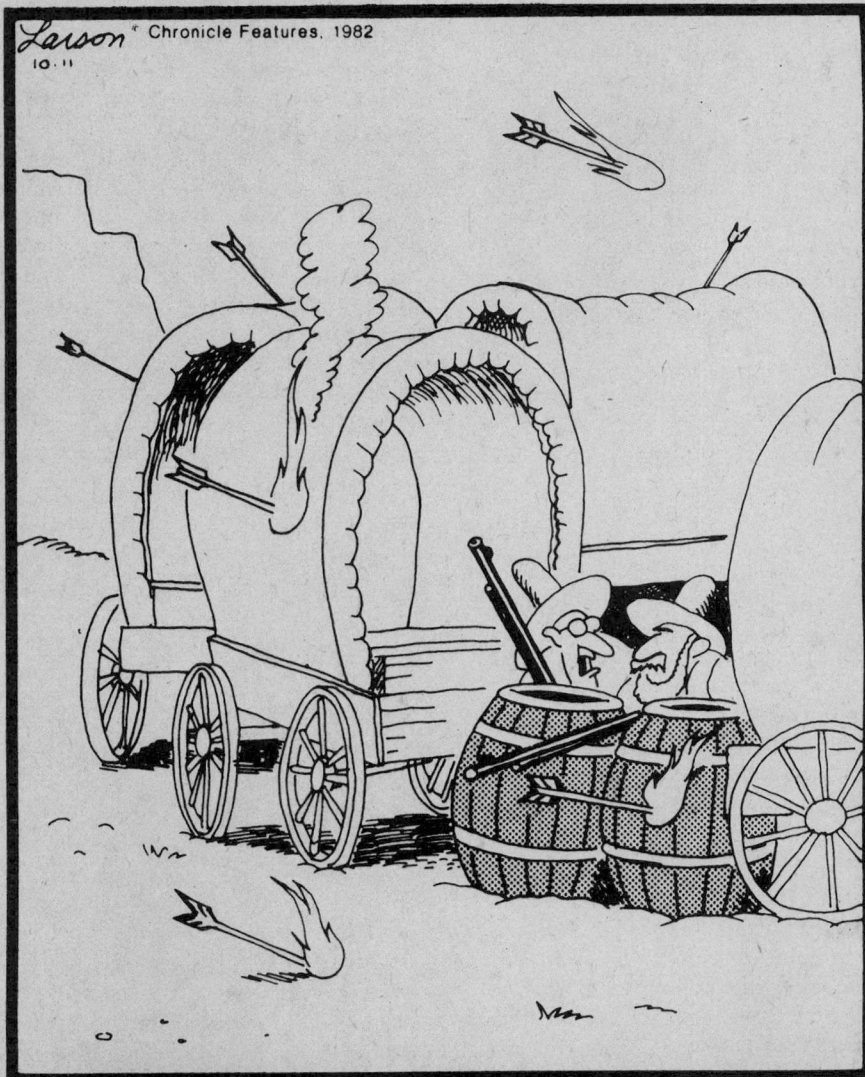
for a tour of the jail. She got it.

She seems to have looked a respectable, if not attractive, woman approaching middle age. When she introduced herself to the jailhouse people as THE Pearl Hart, they were as surprised as they would have been if she tried to bust the prisoners out of the hoosgow.

After she returned to Arizona, Pearl no longer used her real name. According to the old western custom, nobody was curious or talkative about her name and her new name has never been publicized. Of course there were many old-timers who had known Pearl in the old days and knew her after she returned to Arizona. She became respectable so everybody overlooked the fact that she was violating her parole. Pearl died in Gila County, Arizona, in 1955, not far from the scene of her greatest exploit of a little more than a half-century before.

THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Hey! They're lighting their arrows! ... Can they DO that?"

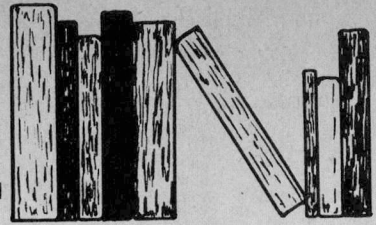


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Plains Indians' Final Glory Days

PEOPLE OF THE FIRST MAN — LIFE AMONG THE PLAINS INDIANS IN THEIR FINAL DAYS OF GLORY. Edited by Davis Thomas and Karin Ronnefeldt. Promontory Press, 95 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016. 256 pp. \$29.95.

On April 10, 1883, Prince Maximilian zu Wied of Prussia, a naturalist by training and experience, left St. Louis on a long journey. It took him a little more than a year and he got as far up the Missouri River as the mouth of the Marias River in Montana. In his party was Swiss-born artist Karl Bodmer.

Maximilian's published account of that journey earned a secure place in the scholarship of the American West and Bodmer's engravings were hailed as masterpieces from the moment of their publication in 1839.

Taken together the work of the two men presents an invaluable record of the American West before the expanding frontier forever changed its character. Within a decade of their journey, white settlement, alcohol and smallpox virtually destroyed Plains Indian civilization.

Now, in a lavish coffee-table-size book titled *People of the First Man*, editors Davis Thomas and his wife, Karin Ronnefeldt, have brought together the work of these two European travelers, using material from the Maximilian-Bodmer collection owned by the Northern Natural Gas Co. of Omaha and housed in that city's Joslyn Museum.

Maximilian's lengthy and sometimes unwieldy narrative has been considerably shortened. The text has been strengthened by adding material from his previously unpublished field journals.

In his carefully correct English, Maximilian recorded everything from what they ate for breakfast — roast meat and buffalo marrow one morning — to

encounters with potentially hostile Gros Ventres, buffalo hunts, sessions with the Mandans in their lodges and storms that drove the boats ashore for shelter.

Detailed and interesting as the text is, the illustrations are what command attention. The editors included only a few of the generally known aquatint engravings. Instead they filled the book with watercolors from Bodmer's field works. These were intended as sketches for engravings he would do upon his return to Europe.

Without exception, the watercolors surpass the aquatints in quality and interest. The double-page full-color reproductions are especially magnificent, retaining the misty quality of a watercolor yet presenting broad panoramas of scenery in strong and vital color.

Bodmer's pencil apparently was rarely idle. There are sketches of Indian utensils, dances, costumes and ceremonies, pictures of fur trading posts, river steamers and keelboats.

Through careful editing, Davis and Ronnefeldt traced sketches to finished work so that, for instance, the note to a watercolor on page 215 informs that the Mandan in the painting became the central figure in the aquatint on page 172.

People of the First Man — the title comes from Mandan legend — is a triumph, an art book with superb design and quality and a readable, significant text.

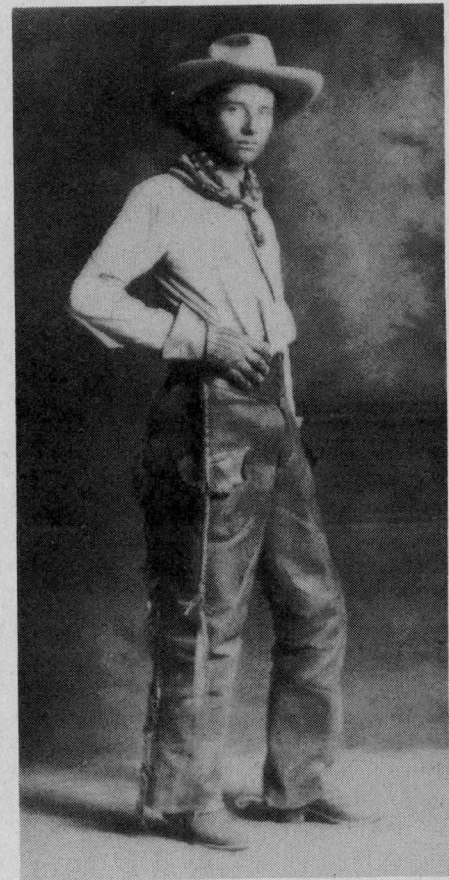
— Judy Alter
Fort Worth, Texas

COWBOY LIFE IN TEXAS

COWBOY LIFE ON THE TEXAS PLAINS: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF RAY RECTOR. Edited by Margaret Rector. Texas A&M University Press,

Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843. 119 pp. \$19.95.

In his luminous introduction to this book, Texas author John Graves (*Good-bye to a River, Hard Scrabble*) puts his



Courtesy Texas A & M University Press

Ray Rector was an experienced cowboy at twenty-one years of age.

finger on "a couple of main problems with trying to say in print anything worth saying about cowboys."

The word has blurred over: Instead of that hired man on horseback, that jack-of-all-trades who contributed so mightily to the opening of the West, there are those who think of "cowboy" in a differ-

True West

ent light. Cowboy to many is the film or television rendition — anything from Gabby Hayes to Bret Maverick. Or he is the kind with pointy-toed boots and a long-necked bottle of Lone Star beer leaning against the bar at Gilley's. He can be a rodeo cowboy, a Dallas Cowboy, an urban cowboy or a drugstore cowboy.

This blurring of the image of the real cowboy is brought back into sharp focus in a new production by one of the most energetic and important of university presses in America, Texas A&M, in its *Cowboy Life on the Texas Plains*.

Ray Rector (1884-1933) was a proud West Texas cow country man who worked on high-plains ranches in the Texas Panhandle (including the vast XIT), rode in several cattle drives and learned the life of the working cowboy first hand. In 1902, with his brother Glen, Ray acquired some photographic equipment and darkroom supplies and, in Stamford, Texas (about 40 miles north of Abilene), began making portraits and taking candid photographs of ranch life and cowboys at work and play.

Most of these wonderful, and sometimes humorous, photos were taken on the Flat Top, Spur and Throckmorton divisions of the S. M. Swenson (SMS) ranches of West Texas. Rector always had an eye cocked for scenes that gave the flavor of everyday life of the rancher and cowhand.

Thus we see remudas of work horses, fine cow ponies, wranglers tending to their grazing and water. We see Buster Lee, famous SMS bronc rider, showing how he tames an outlaw horse. We see cattle at watering holes, on the open range, in stockpens. We see chuckwagons and their bosses (such as Lee Kelly, the "sourdough king"), we see ranch hands playing cards, lady visitors to camp, and rodeos. What Rector produced is wonderful to look at and be reminded of: What a cowboy once meant when the word still meant something important.

There is something haunting about this vanished breed and his way of life that this book brings back to us. Ray Rector's pictures are first class fare.

— Dale L. Walker
El Paso, Texas

HISTORY OF THE UTES

THE PEOPLE OF THE SHINING MOUNTAINS: THE UTES OF COLORADO. By Charles S. Marsh. Pruett Publishing Co., 2928 Pearl St., Boulder CO 80301. 190 pp. Softcover, \$8. Hardcover, \$12.

A history of the Ute nation, this book describes their vast domain which took in the greater portions of Colorado and Utah, measuring roughly 150,000 square miles. The Ute nation was composed of seven bands or tribes. Each dominated a sector of their bastion. Because they were concentrated mainly in mountain wilderness, the Utes were able to live rather isolated from other nations.

This natural fortress also allowed them to be among the last of the Amerind peoples to be conquered and subjugated by the encroaching Anglo. The discovery of gold in 1858 near Denver hastened their fall.

Like their cousins to the southwest, the Comanche, the Utes gained tremendous mobility as a result of the introduction of Spanish horseflesh. For a time, the Utes were a power to be reckoned with.

An example of their long-distance raiding ability was that of Chief Walkara of Utah. In 1840, he led his band to the Spanish-Mexican settlement of San Bernardino, California, and captured 2,000 to 3,000 horses. Walkara, or Hawk-of-the-Mountains, was known as the "greatest horse thief in history" as well as a notorious slave trader.

Although not a detailed or in-depth study, this book gives an interesting layman's portrait of the rise and demise of the Utes. Like so many Amerind histories, it is a tragic story of two cultures meeting head on.

The text is accompanied by a good selection of photographs, maps, a bibliography and index.

The book is at first a bit difficult to get into, but once into the flow, it can be rewarding.

— Steve Peters
Denver, Colorado

LOST GOLD IN CANADA

CANADIAN TREASURE TRAILS. Edited by T. W. Paterson. Stagecoach Publishing Co. Ltd., Box 3399, Langley BC V3A 4R7. 120 pp. \$2.95.

To the aficionado in the lower 48 states, mention of lost mines suggests



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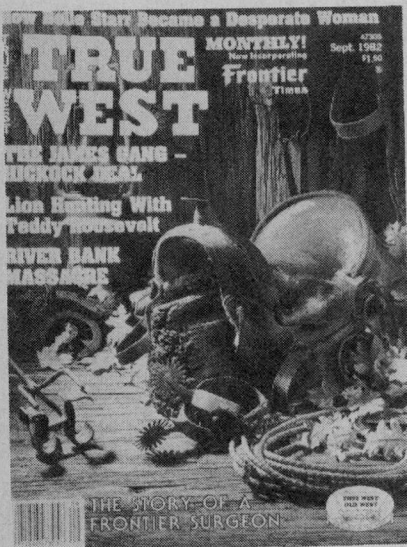
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such names as Breyfogle, Pegleg and the Lost Dutchman. Each lost mine has several things in common: The treasure is said to be unlimited, each had at least one intriguing story and the real bonanza was never found.

But such is not limited to the lower 48. As the book *Canadian Treasure Trails* demonstrates, legendary mines and lost treasures exist in the Canadian provinces as well. As might be expected, British Columbia, with a string of gold rushes — the Fraser River excitement being one of the best known — contributes the majority of the 16 treasure tales in this volume.

Space permits only brief mention of one example of lost Canadian treasure. "McLoed's Missing Millions" remain largely undisturbed in the Northwest Territories somewhere along the Nahanni River at a point now identified as Deadmen's Valley.

Around the turn of the century, after an Indian brought gold nuggets to a Hudson Bay trading post with tales of more, two McLoed brothers made the arduous trek in search of riches. Within a short time, they had plenty of good samples but, with their supplies almost gone, they boarded their crude river raft and headed home. When they arrived at Fort Laird, they were hungry and broke; a dangerous rapid dumped their rich ores into whirling waters.

Determined to return to the source of the riches, the McLoeds went back to the scene next year, taking a third man to help them. That was the last time they were seen alive.

When three years went by with no word, a third McLoed brother set out to find the missing men. He discovered his two brothers reduced to skeletons in bedrolls. No trace of the third man was found so foul play was suspected. A little gold was found and, while it failed to match expectations, it was enough to lure others to Deadmen's Valley — and their deaths.

The story was told and retold many times. Some years later, one R. M. Paterson set out to locate the elusive treasure. His reward was not in the mineral he found at the site, but in a successful book called *The Dangerous River* which was reprinted several times.

The pattern of these Canadian lost mine tales is repeated again and again. Missing prospectors are found later as skeletons but never the mine. Each tale has many variations as delineated by T. W. Paterson whose sources include books, newspapers and magazines. Told

in lively style, these accounts could well lure readers into armchair fantasies of distant trips and finding riches in unknown lands.

The absence of a general map of Canada makes it difficult to locate the lost mines. On second thought, perhaps Paterson wanted it just that way.

— David F. Myrick
Santa Barbara, California

TEXAS BLOOD FEUDS

THE GRAVE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN THREE ESSAYS ON GRASSROOTS HISTORY. By C. L. Sonnichsen. Texas A&M University Press, Drawer C, College Station TX 77845. 90 pp. \$6.50 hard cover.

The term "grassroots historian" a few years back would not have been recognized by many. But because of the efforts of C. L. Sonnichsen, it is a term well recognized and accepted today.

According to this definition, a "grassroots historian" is one who "investigates local matters, pioneer experiences of all kinds but particularly those that people hesitate to talk about — family feuds, riots, mobs, vigilantes, shootouts, personal encounters." Sonnichsen, himself a grassroots historian, has greatly contributed to our knowledge of southwest history.

These three essays have been previously published and all have to do with grassroots history and Texas feuds. The first, "Blood on the Typewriter," discusses how Sonnichsen got hooked on the grassroots history line and his studying Texas feuds when it was still somewhat dangerous in some quarters to do so.

The second essay, "The Pattern of Texas Feuds," is essentially a condensation of a chapter from his book *I'll Die Before I'll Run*. He summarizes the chapter because the McDade feud was representative of the Texas style of feud. It was not limited to family affairs and it did not necessarily start over some trivial matter.

The title essay is most rewarding as it describes the effort Sonnichsen and Hardin descendants made to properly mark the last resting place of Texas' premier gunfighter, Wes Hardin. The remains today rest under a handsome but simple stone in the Concordia Cem-

etery in El Paso, Texas. It took a twenty-year effort to get the grave marked.

The fact that the three essays were previously published is not troublesome because this writing is deserving of more permanent treatment afforded by book publication. Some material is repetitive, but that is not an irritation. Those who have read Sonnichsen's book *I'll Die Before I'll Run* will find the McDade feud summary of little value since it is a summary of a chapter in the book.

Now an essay from Sonnichsen on parallels with today's vigilante groups and the possibility of their actions sparking feuds would be good.

— **Chuck Parsons**
Silver Lake, Minnesota

BITS ABOUT WYOMING

MORE BUFFALO BONES: STORIES FROM WYOMING'S PAST. Edited by Phil Roberts. *Wyoming State Archives, Museums and Historical Department, Barrett Building, Cheyenne WY 82002. 64 pp.*

Since 1978, a series of features, written and distributed to many Wyoming newspapers by the State Archives' Historical Research and Publications Division, under the title of "Buffalo Bones," has run the gamut from frontier humor to tragedy. This third book continues the same well-done format of the two previous volumes.

A majority of the 25 little tales were obviously to be used as filler material by busy editors of Wyoming papers. Often they are accompanied by photographs of unusual interest. For example, the book's cover presents a stunning view of the Tweed Ranch in Fremont County in 1903. The view shows the ranchhouse, rolling hills and homecoming chuckwagon.

The back of the booklet shows a lineup of long-haired frontiersmen, hunters and townfolk, all posing before the renowned Freund Brothers gunshop in Laramie, Wyoming Territory, in 1868.

But it is the book's patchwork quilt of rogues, rascals and rowdies, along with its cowboys and chuckwagon cooks, that makes it such a joy for the armchair historian.

— **Bill Garwood**
Detroit, Michigan

TROUBLES IN IDAHO

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CARPET-BAGGERS: IDAHO'S TERRITORIAL GOVERNORS, 1863-1890. By Ronald H. Limbaugh. *University of Idaho Press, Box 3368, University Station, Moscow, ID 83843. 234 pp. \$19.50 hard cover.*

Idaho's long term as a territory can truly be described as a ship upon a storm-tossed sea. From 1863 to 1890, it experienced practically everything unruly: Copperhead agitation, Indian raids, factional intrigue, partisan politics, sectional rivalry, several "rings" and anti-Chinese as well as anti-Mormon movements.

But its main cross to bear was the army of "carpetbag" administrators sent from outside to rule the territory. In one instance, President Grant sent eight appointees in as many years. Unsatisfactory or unsatisfied, they were either run off or they resigned — as was the case of many before and after them. Local politicians were openly hostile to the carpetbag governors and wanted home rule.



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In this work, Limbaugh's perspective differs from previous interpretations. He sees "home rule" movements as the facade behind which local elites struggled for political and economic self-gain. Elitism is his theme and he makes a strong case for it. The anti-carpetbaggers hid many a sin themselves as they slung brickbats at the appointed governors.

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they saw fit and not have an outsider interfere with their personal power schemes. It's an old political story and it is well described here.

Twenty-seven years and 18 territorial governors later, Idaho finally became a state in 1890.

— Steve Peters
Denver, Colorado

OLD MINING DAYS

GOLD! AND WHERE THEY FOUND IT — A GUIDE TO GHOST TOWNS AND MINING CAMP SITES. By Cy and Jeanie Martin. *Trans-Anglo Books, Box 38, Corona del Mar, CA 92625. 160 pp.*

Whether you are an armchair ghost townner, an avid old-town seeker, a part-time prospector or just interested in old mining booms, this attractive book should be in your library.

It is a guide to most gold discoveries in the United States and Canada.

What is unusual is that the book not only reviews the towns and camps but has several features such as "how to pan

for gold." This section details the tools needed and provides illustrations of the best places to search.

Other features include a chronology of gold discoveries in America; stories of the gold rush days, and much more. An idea is obtained from the chapter titles: "Girls of the Gold Rush," "Along the Mother Lode," and "In the Heart of the Rockies."

Many historic and modern photographs, illustrations, a bibliography and a glossary of old mining terms are included.

It is apparent from the work that the authors have, as they say they have, spent years visiting the old mining sites.

— W. S. Christiansen
Salt Lake City, Utah

COLORADO STAGE

WELLS FARGO IN COLORADO TERRITORY. By W. Turrentine Jackson. *Colorado Historical Society, 1300 Broadway, Denver CO 80203. 86 pp.*

This is a well-researched study of Wells Fargo's brief three-year sojourn

into western passenger transportation — stagecoaching, that is.

The stagecoach era is an interesting chapter in the history of transportation. This account describes a bit of it in Colorado Territory. Although basically an express and banking company, post-Civil War expansion gave Wells Fargo a brief opportunity to engage in the business of transporting people.

It also gave the firm its moment of glory and a permanent niche in American history. So much so that most people envision stagecoaches thundering across dusty trails when they think of the name "Wells Fargo." Wells Fargo and the West became synonymous.

The book opens with a selection of letters written by a brave soul who journeyed across the United States from New York to San Francisco. The letters, by Demas Barnes, were published in 1866. The correspondence covers the western portion of Barnes' trip, from Denver to San Francisco in June and July of 1865. Thus, Wells Fargo is innocent of his barbs because the firm did not get into stagecoaching until late in 1866.

Barnes' sarcastic and ironic wit cuts through the readable pages. He says in Denver on June 21, 1865:

"The conditions of one man's running stages to make money while another seeks to ride in them for pleasure are not in harmony to produce comfort. Coaches will be overloaded, it will rain, the dust will drive, baggage will be left to the storm, passengers will get sick..."

Intense heat, Indian attacks, a stage robbery, Barnes got it all. Needless to say, Barnes returned to New York via steamship.

The book is liberally salted with early photographs, maps, rate tables and even a passenger list bearing the signatures of generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan.

The main body of the book may be a little dry for the average reader, but this is excellent documentation of an early transit system. The book is a must for the serious student of stagecoach history.

This is also the first in a new monograph series by the Colorado Historical Society. It is a commendable job.

— Steve Peters
Denver, Colorado

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Cooking with Acorns

By CAROLYN NIETHAMMER

BALANOPHAGY is a practice that's as western as Tombstone and older than your great-great grandfather. Actually it's easier to do it than to say it because "balanophagy" simply means acorn-eating.

Acorns, the fruit of the oak tree, have been a popular food of mankind for thousands of years. It is probably safe to say that human beings have eaten millions more tons of acorns than they have of all the agriculturally produced grains combined.

On our own continent, acorns were the dietary staple among the California Pacific Coast Indians. Tribes in Arizona and New Mexico, in the southeastern states, and in the northeastern woodlands also ate acorns, although they did not rely on them as heavily as did the Californians.

Anthropologists speculate that the reason California tribes didn't develop agriculture is that they would have had to work harder for less food than they were able to procure simply by harvesting nature's bounty of acorns.

Generally speaking, acorns compare favorably with grains in food value although they are lower in protein and higher in fats (and thus calories) than barley or wheat.

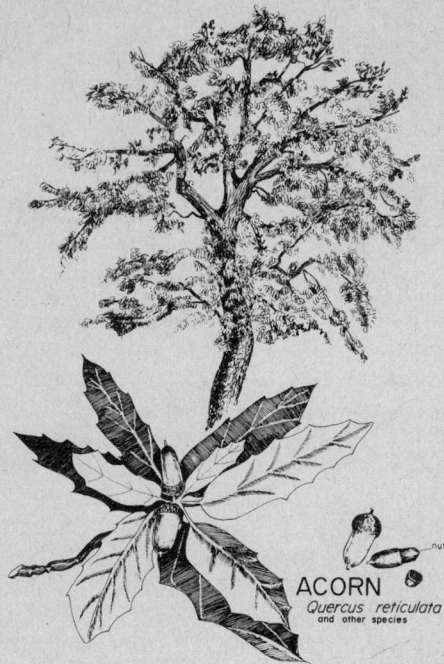
While a high calorie content might be undesirable for an office worker, to an Indian mother interested in finding enough calories to keep her family from starving, acorns were an attractive food.

In earlier years, acorns were usually ground and made into mush but modern balanophagists needn't stick with such plain fare. Properly processed acorns can be included in a wide variety of dishes from stews to breads to pilafs.

Acorns have an unusual, earthy flavor but people who are accepting of new foods find well-prepared acorn dishes very tasty. Even the most skeptical show an interest when they smell the rich aroma of baking acorn bread.

SOUND convincing? The first step for a budding balanophagist is to locate an oak tree and secure a supply of acorns. They're ready to gather when the shells turn brown and they begin to drop from the tree, usually in the fall.

The more than 60 species of acorn-bearing oaks in the United States can be



roughly classified into two groups: The white oaks which produce crops of acorns each year, and the black oaks which take two years to mature a crop of acorns and which usually are quite bitter. It isn't necessary to be a botanist to know in which group a tree belongs: The taste test is sufficient to tell you which are the best acorns in your neighborhood.

Shelling is best accomplished by the old-fashioned smash-and-pick method. A tiny hole in an acorn means that a worm got to that nut before you did. Save your time and toss it out.

The next step is to leach the acorns to rid them of the tannin, a substance which is toxic in quantity and makes the acorns bitter. The emory oak, which grows in the Southwest, produces small acorns so sweet they can be eaten without leaching.

Several other types, such as those produced by the white oaks (*Quercus alba*) are sweet enough so that a few eaten raw cause no ill effects. But most acorns must be leached using one of the methods described below, especially if they are to be eaten in quantity.

The Indian method involved a nest of twigs next to a running stream but most of us don't have that any more. It is easier to boil the nutmeats, changing the water every 15 minutes or so as it becomes rust-colored from the tannin.

Acorns which are not terribly bitter will be ready after a half hour and one change of water. Others may take up to two and a half hours. A double pot spaghetti cooker (collander) makes the operation easier.

Another method of leaching is similar to that used in processing olives. Soak the acorns in one gallon of boiling water and two tablespoons of lye for 24 hours. Carefully rinse the acorns and soak in clean water for 24 hours. Repeat this step two more times. Next soak the acorns in strong salt water (4 cups per gallon) for 24 hours. (This is a modern adaptation of the process used by the northeastern tribes who leached their acorns with woodashes.)

The final step is to dry the meal or nutmeats on trays in the sun or in a 100- to 150-degree F oven. When they are completely dry, grind in a food mill, blender or grain grinder.

If you pass the resulting product through a sieve, you will be able to separate the very fine meal from the coarser chunks. The finer meal can be used like flour in the recipes below or incorporated into your own favorite recipes. The coarser bits can be treated like rice or grain in casseroles or used whenever a recipe calls for chopped nuts.

Acorn Bread

Combine 1 cup acorn meal, ½ cup cornmeal, ½ cup whole wheat flour, 1 teaspoon salt, and 1 tablespoon baking powder and stir until well blended. In another bowl, combine 3 tablespoons salad oil, ½ cup honey, 1 egg, and 1 cup milk. Add to dry ingredients and mix just until all dry ingredients are moistened. Pour into greased 8-inch square pan and bake at 350 degrees for 20 to 30 minutes. Cut into thick slices and spread with butter.

Apache Acorn Stew

Place 1 pound cut up stewing beef in a heavy pan and add water to cover. Simmer until beef is very tender and falling apart. Remove beef from liquid and chop into very fine pieces. Return meat to liquid. Stir in ½ cup finely ground acorn meal, salt and pepper to taste. Heat. (This is one of the few remaining traditional Apache dishes. Many Apache housewives try to gather at least 100 pounds of acorns every autumn so they will be able to satisfy their family's taste for this favorite-of-all meal.)



Wild Old Days



Men Sold By Horse Auctioneer

By DON BELL

When I was ten years old, my first job was selling newspapers in Topeka, Kansas.

I would hurry and sell my papers, then go to what we called the Trading Yard. All towns had a place for traders to congregate and swap horses. For a kid it was a good place to hear all the gossip and learn how to deal in horseflesh.

Traders mostly traveled in covered wagons. My father was a horse trader so I cut my trading teeth very young. I used to watch him trim and fix up his horses for auction.

Any horse that had long legs was a thoroughbred to Dad. Quarter horses were not common back then. But to my father, if a horse had a stocky build and was around 14 to 15 hands high, he was called a quarter horse. Dad would always shear the manes and pull the tail to hock length — then it was a quarter horse. If his horses weren't broken to ride, it was my job to ride them.

There were many ways to improve on the age of a horse. Many old horses would get gray around the eyes and ears. Potash took care of that just fine; it took the gray away — until a Kansas rainstorm washed it off. If a horse was smooth-mouthed but still had a good short tooth, we always put cups in their teeth to make it seem as if they were younger than they actually were.

To "change the age" on any horse was unlawful. So this cupping of teeth was always done after dark and in a barn with doors closed.

Now to the reader who doesn't savvy this cupping of teeth, I will explain. A horse's age is always told by his teeth. That's the first thing a trader looks at.

To make a horse look younger, we always jacked the horse's head up high in a narrow stall and put a twitch on his nose to make him stand still. We then

would take a hot soldering iron and heat the center of the corner tooth to make it soft.

With a three-cornered file sharpened on one end to make a gouge, we would dig out this heated part of the tooth. This would make the cup. Then we would rub nitrate of sugar into the cup. This nitrate darkened the cup and made it look very natural to most traders.

Most horses go smooth-mouthed at ten years and some earlier than that if they are what we called "grassed out." Grassing out happens when a horse eats so much sand and gravel while grazing that its teeth are ground down before their time.

With all this practice, by the time I was fifteen years old, I was a professional horse dentist.

Another thing we had to do with working or harness horses was check their legs. Ringbone and sidebone were common in work horses. Many horses also had collar boils — old set-fast scar tissue.

Each day at these trading yards there were horse races. As a lightweight, I was in demand. I can't remember getting much money even if I won, but it beat selling papers.

At the horse auction all horses had to be hitched to show a buyer he was getting a good work horse. That job fell to me later on. We had a 5th-wheel wagon made by Winona Wagon Works. This wagon turned around short and it was a safe wagon with which to break horses whereas the old dead-axle wagon required several backups to turn it around on an acre of ground.

Buggy horses were in demand and a good driving team or a single buggy horse that was safe sold as high as \$40. A horseshoer or farrier was always working at these sales. You could get a horse shod for \$2.50.

Traders came in from all over the state. Horses were not the only thing

you could buy. A wagon might have a crate of chickens or turkeys. Some traders had a milk cow tied on behind the wagon.

By the sale ring there was a big chalkboard. Anyone who had anything for sale or who needed anything wrote it up on the chalkboard.

After all the horses were sold, if a man wanted a job, he too went into the sale ring. He would tell the auctioneer just what he was qualified to do and what job he wanted.

The highest bidder got the hired hand. Wages were about a dollar a day — never more than \$30 a month. But a hand did get room and board. After he got his first paycheck, as a rule, he slipped the auctioneer a few dollars.

A good teamster sixty years ago was as proud of his team and harness as a man today is of his new car. And a good horse trader, if he'd been born a little later, could've emptied a used car lot and been home for an early supper any day of the week.

Poor Man's Manure

In February, 1881, the Lane County Gazette, California, Kansas, commented on the advantages of snow and reported on a fellow editor who was burning hay to heat his office:

"SNOW. Last Saturday afternoon after we had been treated to a few days of nice spring weather, and just as our better half had given instructions where to lay off the onion bed, the clouds began to gather and distant thunder could be heard. We had about come to the conclusion that old Vennor was a going to let-up on us a little but as subsequent events proved, he had only let go to spit on his hands.

It commenced raining and continued

until some time in the night when it turned to snow and a bigger and wetter snow has never been experienced in this part of Kansas by the oldest inhabitant.

It continued snowing all day Sunday and when it finally subsided, about 12 inches of snow lay on the ground. A heavy wind accompanied the snow, however, and drifted it so badly that traveling is almost out of the question. If it is true that 'snow is the poor man's manure,' there is about the richest lot of poor men around here that ever struck Kansas."

"The editor of the Sterling Gazette has been burning hay. He says:

'On yesterday, we consumed about 100 pounds of hay, the cost of which is ten cents. To keep our office, which is 22 by 23 feet, warm with coal would have cost about 30 cents on such a day as yesterday. The expense of our stove with one magazine all made of the best Russian iron is about ten dollars.'"

— Kansas State Historical Society



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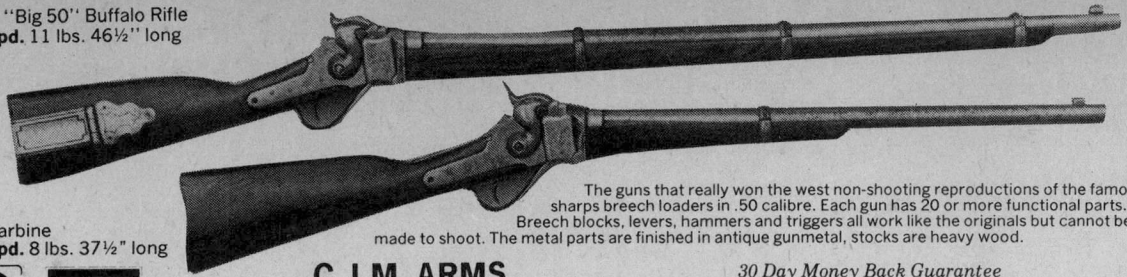
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For 107 years, since that calamity on the Little Bighorn River known as the Custer Massacre, it was believed that only one living thing survived the battle: A horse named Comanche. But there was another survivor of the Custer battle.



Perhaps one of the most romantic places in the West is Santa Fe, New Mexico. For centuries it has been a center of art and culture.



From its beginning, the history of California has been intertwined with the development of its wine industry.



Elisabet Ney was wild, wacky and talented and she became the first Texas artist to win international attention. The loony but loveable Ney is in next month's magazine.



Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid and Etta Place for a few years lived a charmed life at their ranch in Patagonia. But for some inexplicable reason, they returned to their old ways of robbing banks. Their last bullion haul was enormous but they had to bury it. See next month's "A Secret Hoard in Argentina."

Also stories on:

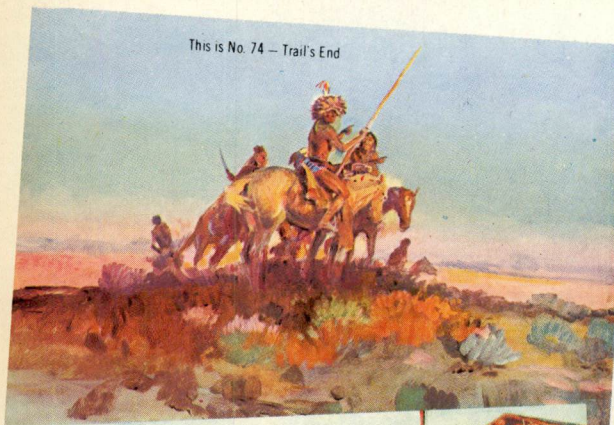
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- The Bus of the West: The Story of the Stagecoach.
- A Hawaiian Ghost Town in the heart of Utah.
- A story on carts in the Old West.

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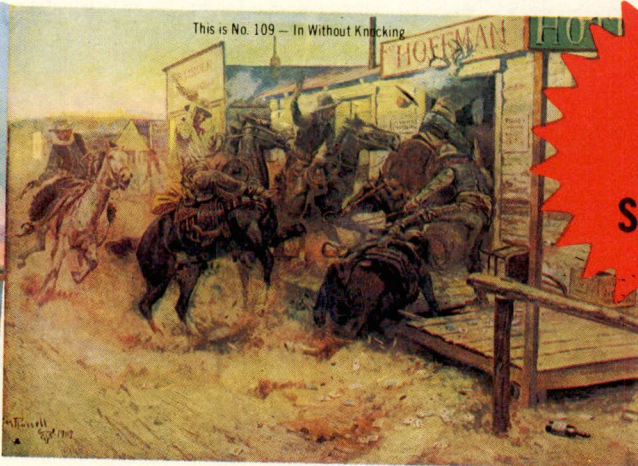
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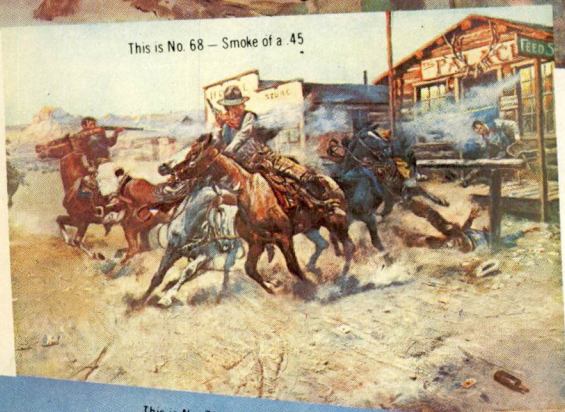


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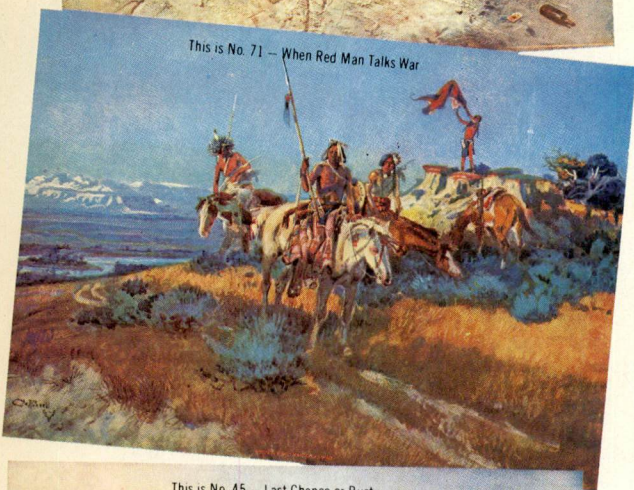


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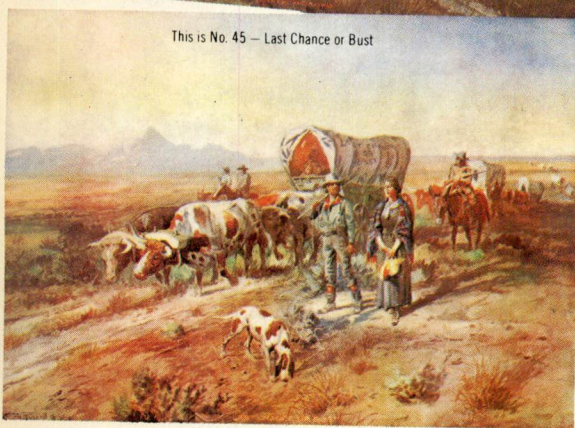
**"120
Different
Selections"**



This is No. 68 — Smoke of a 45



This is No. 71 — When Red Man Talks War



This is No. 45 — Last Chance or Bust

—PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH—

- | | | |
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| 1— Ambushed, 11 x 14 | 43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7 | 86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor) |
| 2— A Tight Daily & Loose Lasso, 13½ x 9½ | 45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9 | 87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½ |
| 3— A Loose Cinch, 11 x 8 | 46— Mad Cow, 12 x 8 (watercolor) | 88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½ |
| 4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11 | 47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor) | 89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½ |
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| 14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8 | 57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½ | 99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½ |
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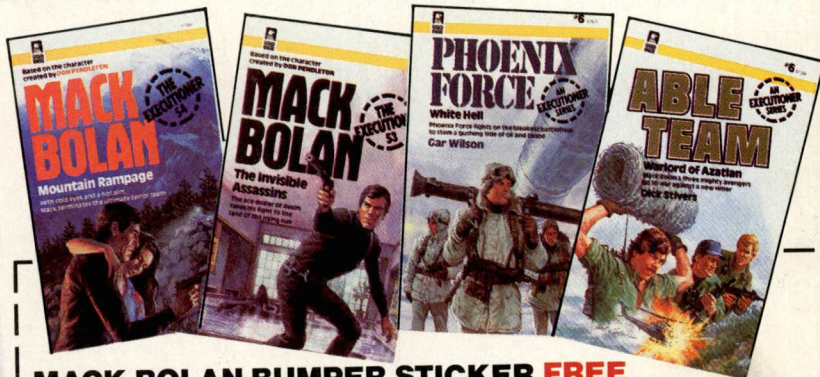


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