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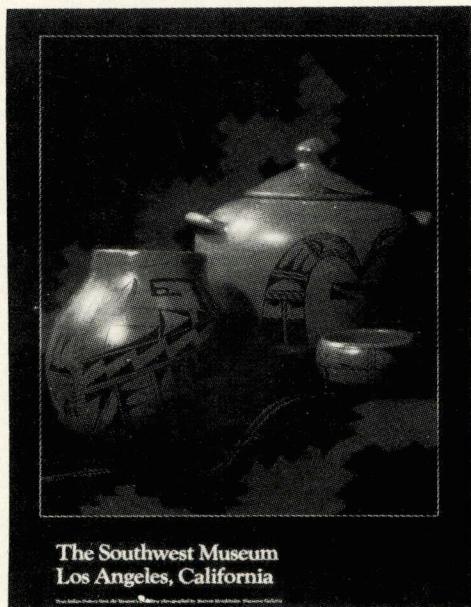
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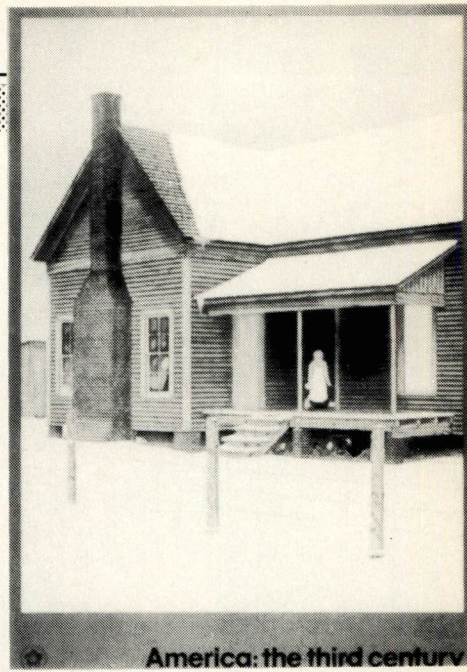
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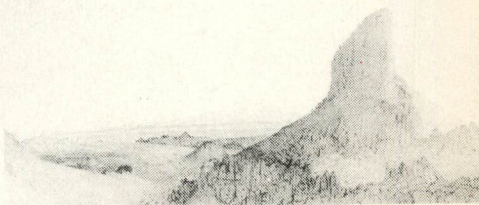
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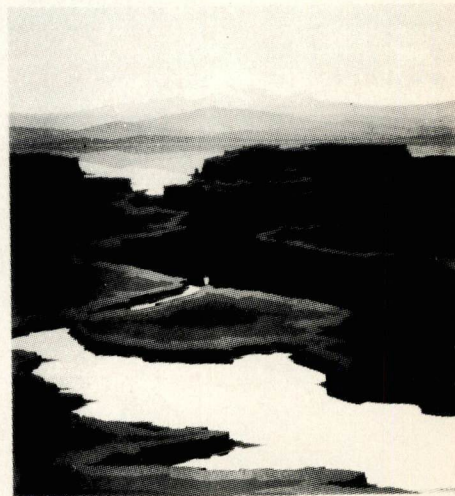
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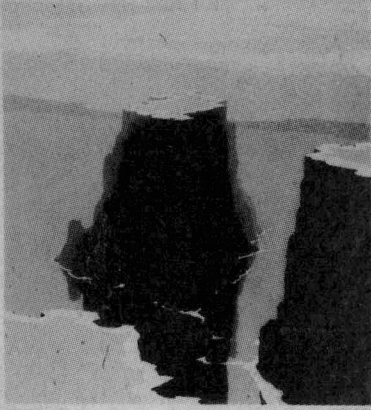
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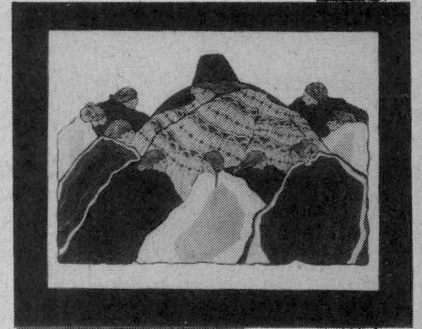


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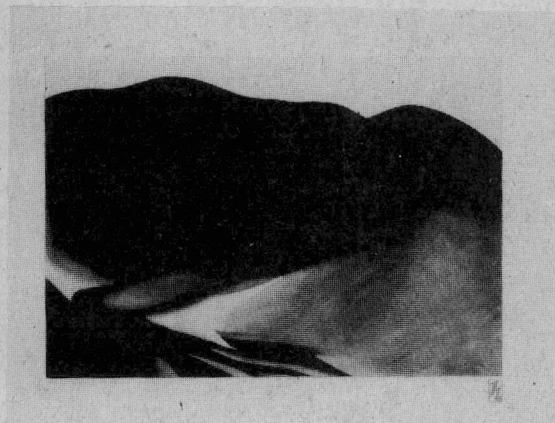
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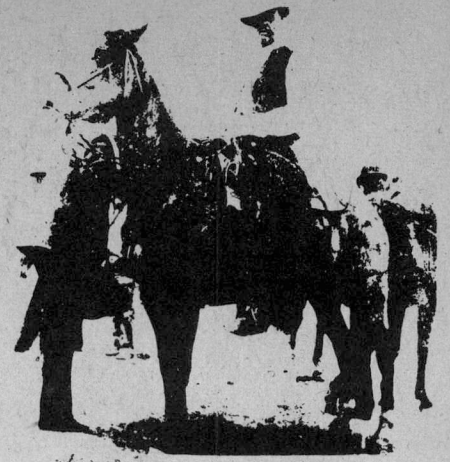
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FEATURES

- 14 **The Killing of Sheriff Logan.** By Jackie Boor. A Nevada lawman's violent death raises questions about his financial practices and his sleeping habits.
- 20 **Tombstone's Dogberry.** By Bob Palmquist. Justice of the Peace James P. Reilly's brief but controversial term lasted through Tombstone's bloodiest season.
- 25 **Quartzville's Still an Attraction.** By Dorothy R. Kliever. Potential riches lure modern prospectors to an Oregon ghost town.
- 28 **Harper's Weekly and the Modoc War.** By Konrad F. Schreier, Jr. Eastern attitudes toward the Indian Wars are evident in contemporary coverage of Captain Jack.
- 37 **His First Hanging.** By Jean A. Mathisen. Drifter James Keffer's boast that he will kill a man before he leaves Wyoming is fulfilled on both counts.
- 40 **The Cantankerous Cow Caper.** By Phil Livingston. The antics of South Texas cowboys haven't changed a bit in the last one hundred years.
- 44 **The Panhandle Indian Scare of 1891.** By Lavern Hays. Panicked Texans flee for their lives before an unseen horde of hostile Indians.
- 50 **An Old ORO Cowhand.** By Beverly Swanson. An Arizona cowboy and his dog inspired Ray Swanson's painting, "End of Another Day."
- 50 **Lawyer with Briefcase—Will Travel: The Story of the ORO's Baca Float No. 5.** By Keith F. Quail. Attorney John S. Watts sets out on horseback to claim 496,000 acres for his clients, the heirs of Don Luis Maria Cabeza de Baca.
- 52 **The Only Girl Among 500 Men.** By Loverne Morris. A young woman goes to work at the Santa Fe Railroad's division headquarters in Emporia, Kansas.



Page 14



Page 28



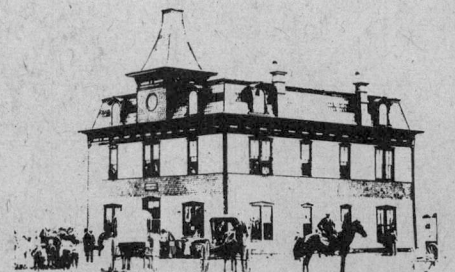
Page 40

DEPARTMENTS

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|
| 5 From the Editor | 58 Trails Grown Dim |
| 6 Truly Western | 59 Reel Cowboys |
| 9 Western Roundup | 60 Wild Old Days |
| 12 Answer Man | 62 Western Archive |
| 56 Books | |

OUR COVER

"The End of Another Day." Be sure to read about the old ranch hand and his dog on page 50.



Page 44

TRUE WEST

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From the Editor

The problem with history is the people who witnessed it. Everybody knows if you ask five people who just saw an automobile accident to describe what happened you'll get five different versions. If it happened a week ago, their memories are even more hazy. And if you're trying to find out what really did happen 50 or 100 years ago, the problems can be mind-boggling.

The difficulties that historians face can be seen in our articles this month. The unreliable nature of eyewitnesses who honestly believe they are telling the truth is evident in "The Panhandle Indian Scare of 1891." It tells how panic spread across the Texas Panhandle when the area's white settlers thought they were being attacked by Indians.

What happened to instill such terror years after the last hostile Indians in Texas had been sent to reservations in the Indian Territory? A group of cowboys, it turned out, were seen from a distance, killing and butchering a calf. A nester saw their fire, heard shooting and yelling, and assumed "that Indians were murdering settlers and burning their homes." The story spread from farm to farm and from town to town until the whole country around Amarillo was in an uproar.

If an eyewitness has any reason to lie, that simply compounds the problem. "The Killing of Sheriff Logan" is a good example. It tells of the shooting of an Oregon lawman and of his killer's trial. There is no doubt that Walter Amphiloque Barieau shot Sheriff Tom Logan—he confessed to that much. But Barieau swore he acted in self-defense, that he thought his life was in danger when he pulled the trigger. Obviously, though, Barieau would have had compelling reasons to lie.

To bolster the defense, Barieau's attorney put together a case of circumstantial evidence casting doubt on Logan's integrity. None of the pieces of evidence by itself was convincing, but taken together they led the jury to acquit Barieau. To this day the case stirs controversy among Oregonians.

If eyewitnesses can't be trusted, what is a historian to make of secondary sources? Most everybody has at one time or another played "Telephone." That's the game where people in a circle whisper a message from one person to the next. By the time it gets back to

the person who started it, the message is usually garbled beyond recognition.

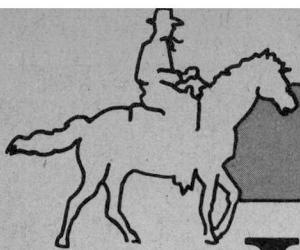
That's what happened in the Panhandle Indian scare. The number of marauding Indians grew bigger and bigger as the alarm spread, and the attack became more and more savage. In an interesting twist, one cowboy rode into a town and told the story, flatly stating that he did not believe it. The townspeople, however, ignored his disclaimer and panicked. When they finally realized it was a false alarm, they turned on the poor cowhand and accused him of telling the story deliberately to cause trouble. One of the best ways to convince people you're telling the truth, I guess, is to deny it.

By the time a story goes from an eyewitness through a reporter and an editor and finally appears in print, the problems in determining its accuracy are even bigger. "Harper's Weekly and the Modoc War" traces the probable route of contemporary information on the Modoc War from the scene in California to its appearance in the Eastern press. The speed of Harper's coverage of the Modoc War was remarkable for the time. Yet after its labyrinthine journey from coast to coast, the information was not very accurate.

When I checked with author Konrad F. Scheier, Jr. on the number of men killed at the Battle of the Lava Beds, he gave me a crash course on the topic. Even the official records are full of conflicting accounts. Since the article was about Harper's coverage of the story, we used Harper's figure.

Ultimately the historian has to sift through all the varying accounts and the conflicting evidence and decide for himself what most likely happened—all the time knowing that the minute his account appears in print it is going to be challenged by other historians on all fronts. This month and every month, we tip our Stetson to the talent, perseverance, and fortitude of the folks whose bylines appear in TRUE WEST.

John Joerschke



Jesse James Controversy

Mr. Jack Wallace wrote in the February '87 TRUE WEST that J. Frank Dalton was really the noted Jesse Woodson James. Well, his own acknowledged friend Jesse Lee James (Orvus Lee Howk, alias Jesse James III) stopped believing that in 1951, when on Dalton's death certificate he supplied an 1844 birthdate. The noted Jesse Woodson James was born in 1847, of course. Howk even called Dalton "Jesse Woodrow James" in the April 1955 issue of TRUE WEST, while revealing that the Missouri Jesse was still alive in hiding in Pensacola, as was Grat Dalton! He also identified the famous fake James-Younger picture I used in my article in the February '86 TRUE WEST, page 19, as being authentic, and used to sell copies, though refunding the money to one fellow who felt taken. Among my collection of Howk letters, I have those extracting treasure-hunting money from a Nashville old-timer, to the immense embarrassment and outrage of his family. Anyone with further information on Orvus Lee Howk may write this writer at box 60072, Nashville, TN 37206.—**Steve Eng, Nashville, TN.**

"Reel" Cowboys Fan

I believe you should retain Reel Cowboys. After all, it's only a page. I read virtually no fiction material about the West and am interested in nonfiction, accurate accounts and photos, but I find the Reel Cowboys page a change of pace and so-called trivia information entertaining—who was in a film who became famous later, shooting locations, behind the scenes production problems or anecdotes, title changes, overseas reception, and injuries on the set.

Even modern westerns like *Lonely*

Are the Brave would be good items for Reel Cowboys. If you get interested enough, like me, you can visit former locations.

I've backpacked all over the West and note its history all along the way and belong to organizations seeking to preserve that history. You don't find many westerns at today's box office; they're almost history, and it's good to reminisce about the good ones. And as I walk around the mountains I find it a pleasure to see the real and the reel West.—**Ron Volk, St. Louis, MO.**

Pleased With Reel Cowboys

As a reader of both fiction and nonfiction where the West is concerned, I not only am not troubled by Bill O'Neal's "Reel Cowboys" column, but am very pleased each month to see another installment in TRUE WEST.

Recently, concerning this particular column, I've seen more mail "against" than "for," so I figured now is the time to weigh-in in favor.

I have copies of TRUE WEST going back to the mid-1950s up to current date, and am of the definite opinion that the "Reel Cowboys" column is not only a fine column, but it is written by a fine western writer. I would not want TRUE WEST to become saturated with fiction on the West, but one column monthly certainly can't taint your otherwise factual approach.—**Michael Frysinger, Lima OH.**

More Cheers For Reel Cowboys

I have noticed some complaints in your magazine wanting you to discontinue the "Reel Cowboys" column. While I can respect the desires of others, I'd rather you continued with it. Can't they just ignore the column if they do

not like it?—**Marion Wilson, Pampa, TX.**

Talking Books

I am a blind person who gets TRUE WEST on Talking Books each month. I enjoy them very much and look forward to each copy every month. My favorite features are "Reel Cowboys" and "Truly Western." I wish I could get OLD WEST on Talking Books, too.—**J.T. Walker, So. Tuscaloosa, AL.**

Carp Fisherman

Thank you for the article entitled "A Fish Story Gone Wild." It appeared in the January 1987 TRUE WEST. The article was an amusing and interesting look at a little-known fact about the introduction of carp into the northwest river. It was well written and historically accurate and will provide me with some consolation in my future encounters with carp at the end of my line! I hope Mr. Kaiser will treat us to more articles about the Pacific Northwest.—**Vicki Kolberg, Troutdale, OR. 97060**

Retired Cowboy

Congratulations on the February 87 issue of TRUE WEST. Do you realize that 2/3 of the authors are new names? I particularly liked "Colorado's Shady Lady" and "A Voice Like A Foghorn." Because I am a retired cowboy, I prefer your cattle ranching and horse stories.—**Red Hoyle, Ione, CA.**

Fan of the Westerns

I have been a faithful reader of TRUE WEST for several years now, and for the greater length of that time I have been reading letters from dissatisfied

readers in the "Truly Western" section of your magazine concerning the omission of the "Reel Cowboys" column in the future. I therefore write to you in defense of it.

Some readers have stated that the untrue subject matter of this column makes it inappropriate in a magazine such as TRUE WEST. To this accusation, I offer the contention that the story of the American West, as most often interpreted by the general public, is a homogenous blend of fact and fallacy, the truth very often being replaced by far more romantic misconception and misinformation, and that this is unfortunately the basis upon which the film industry has in the past as well as presently interprets it.

In addition, I offer in defense of the "Reel Cowboys" column that as a fan of Western movies, this column has of-

fered me an exposure to many movies I had never seen, and thereby has enhanced my viewing of them subsequently. As an avid reader of your magazines, I applaud the variety of subject matter you offer to the reader, and fervently hope that you continue to do so.—**Jody A. Clark, Barron, WI.**

Interested in I.T. Druggist

I enjoyed the article "I.T. Druggist," by Uhlan J. Walker that appeared in the January '87 issue of TRUE WEST. It was especially interesting to me as my grandparents lived at Midland, Indian Territory, before and after their marriage. They were married in 1905 at Lightning Ridge, near Midland. One of their daughters was born at Vanoss. Grandpa worked for the railroad at the time. My aunt had described the hoboes

that came to their door also. Grandpa's mother died and is buried in Center Cemetery, between Stratford and Ada. Grandma's sister died in Valley View Hospital in Ada, in July of 1928.

So you see, my family history on both grandparents' sides covers several of the towns mentioned in the article, as well as being about the same time period. I hope Mr. Walker sends more articles on this area of Indian Territory. I would like to hear more about the people of this area.—**Sandra Wright, Anadarko, OK.**

Gopher Tail Soup

In 1889 a Washington Territory newspaper editor complained, "We can live on gopher tail soup for a while, but not always." Can your readers cite a definition of "living on gopher tail soup"?

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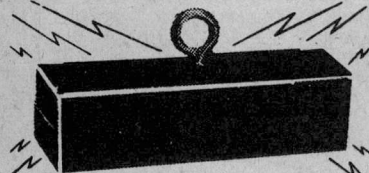


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or its usage in other sources? Was it an actual dish or simply a pioneer expression?—Lynn Jordan, Seattle, WA.

The Last of Coe's Children

My stepmother, Edith Coe Rigsby, daughter of Frank Coe, recently passed away, being the last of the Coe children to do so. Frank Coe fought with Billy the Kid in the Lincoln County War. I thought a few of your readers might remember the numerous stories that have appeared in your publications in years gone by about her and her pioneer family.—Loury Rigsby, Roswell, NM.

West Mineral Kansan

I thoroughly enjoyed the article about West Mineral, Kansas, which appeared in the October '86 issue of TRUE WEST. I was born there on December 16, 1906. I am very pleased to have retained some old photos of the town.

My father was Francis Marion Wade, who was a town marshal. He was in a gunfight with a Mr. Murphy in the White Swan Barber Shop. I never was told the details of this fight by my father. I was fourteen years old when he died in Morris, Oklahoma on May 27, 1921.—Albert Wade, Central Valley, CA.

Kate Moon's Legend

Marcia Piermattei's "Colorado's Shady Lady" in the February '87 TRUE WEST was an absolute delight. Marcia's confident and light writing style—not to mention her howler similes and metaphors—put zesty life into the legend of Kate Moon for this reader. I hope to see more stories of this choice caliber up her sleeve.—Dick House, La Canada, CA.

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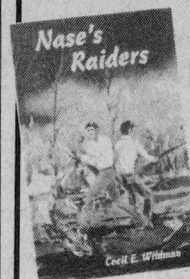
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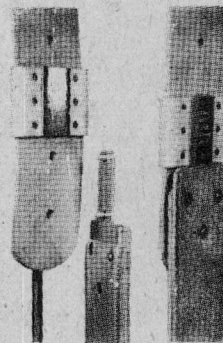
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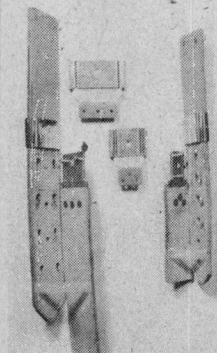
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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

Boot Hill Museum's 40th Year

In 1987 Boot Hill Museum will celebrate its 40th anniversary, marking the year in which the Dodge City Jaycees took over the management of the Boot Hill cemetery site and began construction of the Boot Hill museum building.

Although 1947 is the year in which the museum formally began, activities took place on the hill years before. In 1927 Dr. O.H. Simpson, a dentist whose hobby was sculpture, placed two steer head statues on the hill to commemorate the Texas cattle driven to Dodge City in the 19th century. In 1928 he donated his cowboy statue to the City of Dodge City to be placed on Boot Hill. The statue was cast in cement from live model, policeman Joe Sughrue. Dodge City unveiled the statue in 1929 during the dedication ceremonies for the new city hall (now the Dodge City Fire Department building) on Boot Hill.

In 1932 Dr. Simpson made another contribution to Boot Hill when he placed cement heads and boots with wooden markers in the ground around the steer head monument for a state Rotary Club convention held in Dodge City. Soon after the placement of the heads and boots, Dad Rhodes set up a tent on the hill, sold souvenirs, and kept a tourist register. In 1947 when Rhodes' health failed, the Dodge City Jaycees, realizing the need for an organization to commemorate Dodge City's early settlers and preserve Boot Hill, obtained a permit from the City of Dodge City, which owned the land "to construct buildings and operate concessions representative of the historical life of early Dodge City."

The Dodge City Jaycees raised \$5000 from local businesses and obtained support from businessmen, civic groups, and individuals. Called the Boot Hill Museum, the building, erected in 1947, resembled a 19th century general store with its wooden awning, hitching post, horse corral, and rail fence. Inside the building were exhibits of old newspapers, firearms, saddles, and other historic artifacts.

During the next year, as Boot Hill Museum celebrates its 40th anniversary, the staff will conduct research on the early years of the museum for an exhibit and other special programs. Photographs, objects, and information regarding the museum's history are being collected. If anyone has any material that they would like to donate, please call the curator's office at (405) 227-8188.

Linn County Museum and Moyer House

If you are ever in Brownsville, Oregon, stop in at the Linn County Museum and Moyer House. The museum is located in an old depot with boxcars as exhibition rooms—one restored as a caboose as it was when it was in use. The Moyer House is an old-time house restored as it was when it was lived in. There is no charge for admission, but donations are accepted.

First conducted on March 21, "Carriage Me Back to Old Linn County" will be repeated on April 18 and May 16 from 1:00 to 4:00 p.m. Ticket prices for these events are \$5.00 for adults and \$3.00 for children under twelve. The

price includes refreshments, a wagon tour of the historic city of Brownsville, a theatre presentation at the depot, and admission to the Moyer House.

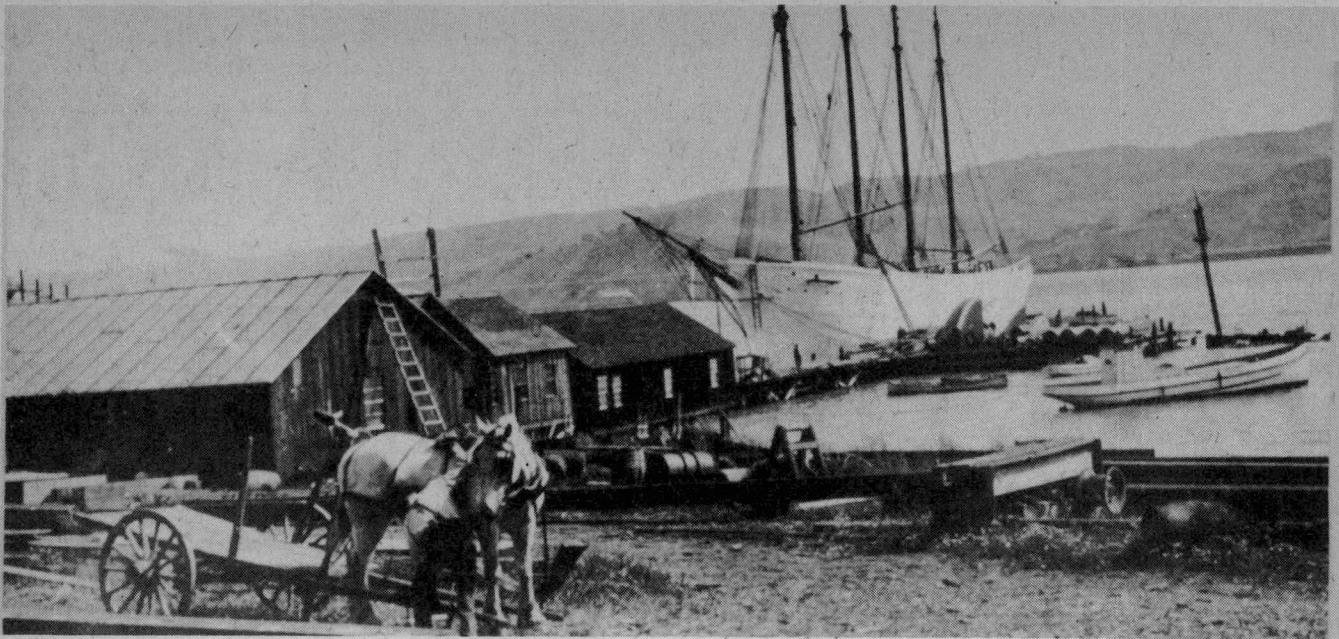
The museum's regular hours are Thursday through Saturday, 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m., and Sunday, 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m. The Moyer House is open on Saturday from 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. and on Sunday from 1:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Order of the Indian Wars

The Order of the Indian Wars, an international historic study and preservation group which is concerned with the Indian Wars era of American history (1590-1890) will hold four meetings during 1987, according to an announcement from Jerry L. Russell, national chairman of the organization, which was founded in 1979.

The eighth annual National Assembly of OIW will be held in the fall as usual. The group will meet at Pueblo, Colorado, September 10-12, with an all day tour, on Saturday, to Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site during their annual Mountain Man Rendezvous, and to the site of the battle of Sand Creek. The 12-15 speakers during the meeting will cover a variety of topics, including the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Sand Creek, the Mountain Men and the Indians, and the battle of Palo Duro Canyon.

The OIW is a very active organization, having held several other meetings already this year. The second annual Eastern Indian Wars Conference took



Benicia Historical Society

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TRUE WEST
Apr. '87

place in Arlington, Virginia, January 31-February 1, with a line-up of speakers including Neal Mangum, chief historian at Custer Battlefield National Monument in Montana; and Vance Nelson, historian for two decades at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, site of the killing of Crazy Horse and of the famous Cheyenne Outbreak.

February 28-March 1 was the first West Coast Indian Wars Conference in Fullerton, California. Once again, Neal Mangum headed the speakers' list, along with Michael Koury of Fort Collins, Colorado, proprietor of the Old Army Press; and Ron Nichols of Costa Mesa, California, president of the Custer Battlefield Historical and Museum Association.

Finally, on March 14-15, the first Gulf Coast Indian Wars Conference rounds out the list, with an emphasis on the Seminole Wars.

Annual membership dues are \$15 with a one-time enrollment fee of \$5 (\$20 to join first time). For more information write Jerry L. Russell, National Chairman, P.O. Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

Benicia, California

What evil-tempered animal from the Near East was dishonorably discharged from the United States Army in 1864? If you guessed camel, then you must have had a relative in the United States Camel Corps.

How else would you know that the

military enlisted camels to carry supplies across the Southern California desert? It's natural to think of using camels in the desert, but these animals had more personality than the Army bargained for. The enlisted men so resented the camels' spitting and screaming that they occasionally "lost" them on the journey. Those that remained were finally sent to the Army's West Coast headquarters in Benicia, California, to be sold by auction. Until they were sold, the camels were kept on the Benicia Arsenal grounds. Since that time, the buildings there have been called the Camelbarns.

The Camelbarn Museum opened in these same buildings in 1985, and is not only a tribute to this unusual piece of U.S. history, but profiles early Benicia life as well. Benicia residents are dedicated to preserving their wealth of mid-nineteenth century homes, churches, and military and governmental buildings.

The state's first permanent capitol, at First and G Streets, has been restored and holds original furniture and trappings of its thirteen-month reign. You can see the senate chambers set up as they were for sessions in 1853. The museum, the capitol, and more are only an hour's drive from San Francisco.

For more information, contact the Benicia Chamber of Commerce at P.O. Box 185, Benicia, CA 94510, or drop by 831 First Street. Ask for the *Benicia History and Historical Tour Guide*, which sells for \$1.00 and details thirty-nine points of interest.

Kansas Quilt Project

The Kansas Quilt Project, Inc., has been incorporated as a nonprofit organization to discover and record information about Kansas quilts and quiltmakers. In cooperation with the Kansas State Historical Society, the new organization will conduct a search to learn more about Kansas quilts, past and present.

Quilters and quilt owners will be encouraged to share their quilts and the stories about them in a series of Quilt Discovery Days to be conducted by volunteers around the state. The goals of these days will be to record information on antique and contemporary quilts and to foster a sense of pride in Kansas quilts and an interest in their preservation. Representative quiltmakers will be interviewed and all information gathered will be organized in a permanent collection to be housed in the

Historical Society Manuscripts Department. An exhibit and publication are planned also.

The project is interested in quilts brought to Kansas as well as those made in the state. Regional styles and quiltmaking traditions will be studied to see how those traditions may have changed over time.

NOLA

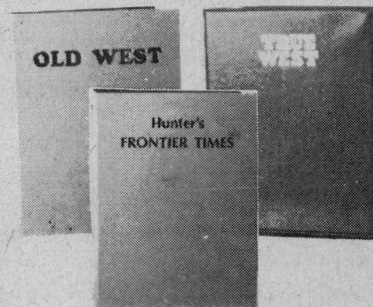
The 1987 NOLA Rendezvous will be held in Kansas City this July. A special part of the Rendezvous is the banquet to be held in honor of descendants of noted outlaws and lawmen of western literature fame. The NOLA planning committee needs to receive information about all such descendants so they can be invited to attend and participate.

NOLA has commitments from descendants of the James brothers, the Younger brothers, and Belle Starr. This will be their first meeting in over a century! All such descendants will be recognized. If TRUE WEST readers know of such descendants of these or other outlaws and lawmen, please send their name and address to: Phillip W. Steele, NOLA Program Chairman, P.O. Box 191, Springdale, AR 72765.



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 four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

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TW 487

Dead Man's Hand

By CHUCK PARSONS

"What is considered to be the most accepted version of the actual cards (denomination and suit) held by 'Wild Bill' Hickock when he was killed?" That question comes from Alan D. Hart, 1346 Cambridge, Corpus Cristi, TX 78415.

Wild Bill's last cards, which have since become known as "The Dead Man's Hand," were the ace of spades, ace of clubs, eight of spades, eight of clubs, and the jack of diamonds. When he was shot, the cards fell from his hands and that is all; he did not draw his pistols in reflexive action as one or two authors would have us believe.

Family Feud. The Sutton-Taylor feud of Central Texas was one of the West's best known family feuds. Fannie McClanahan, HC 69 Box 212, Hugo, OK 74743, has been researching the Taylor family for some time, particularly those who took part in the feud. Her question: "I would like very much to learn the names of Phillip 'Doboy' Taylor's twin sons. I have read that they were three years old when he died at Kerrville, Texas, in 1870. I would also like to learn the name of their mother, supposedly a Miss Newman from a good family and related to the noted Sally Schull."

With so many Taylors, I can come up with an answer that is possible but far from certain. The Taylor-Sutton feud took place largely in the DeWitt County area. The 1870 DeWitt County census lists a James Taylor; his wife, Martha; and their nine children, of whom Scott and Sarah are nineteen-year-old twins. They are the only Taylor twins I can locate. It is possible that there might have been some confusion over the years—that it was not "Doboy" Taylor who had the twins.

The Newman family name comes in as follows. On April 2, 1832, Joseph Tumlinson married Johanna Taylor. She later died, and Tumlinson married Elizabeth Newman. This provides a Newman in the family and shows that, although the Taylors and the Tumlinsons were on opposing sides in the feud, their families were related by marriage.

As for Doboy's mother and her name,

he and his brother, John Hays, and two sisters are listed in the 1850 Bexar County census as children of Creed Taylor. Creed Taylor's first wife, and the mother of the four children listed, was Nancy Goodbread. After Nancy's death, Creed married a Lavinia Spencer. Perhaps one of our readers can provide additional information.

Younger's Buried Treasure. "I have long been interested in Cole Younger because I don't think he was the boob many people believe." So writes Vaughn M. Green, 548 Elm Avenue, San Bruno, CA 94066. "In fact, I believe he was in a group called the Knights of the Golden Circle, and that many of the robberies were used to stash money away to start another war. I believe a lot of this money has never been found and that some of it is still hidden in caves in Oklahoma."

There are many stories about the alleged buried treasures of the James Gang, the Youngers, and the Daltons in Oklahoma. One claims \$110,000 in gold is buried near Pryor, another that \$63,000 lies buried on the south side of

the Arkansas River a mile downstream from the Sand Springs bridge. But before anyone heads for the goldfields of Oklahoma, many an earlier gold hunter has tried unsuccessfully to find the loot.

Cole Younger and the other gang members probably knew of the Knights of the Golden Circle. But I do not believe those bank and train robbers had any thoughts of spending the stolen money and gold on anything other than themselves.

Readers who are interested in more details should consult *Oklahoma Treasures and Treasure Tales*, by Steve Wilson. The book was published in 1976 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Starr-crossed. Belle Starr's husband, Sam, was killed near Whitefield, I.T., in a gunfight with Frank West in 1876. Henry Starr was killed while robbing a bank at Harrison, Arkansas. Robert Lane, Box 104, Elgin, OK 73538, has read a lot about the Starrs. He asks, "Were Sam Starr and Henry Starr related and, if so, how?"

Henry Starr was the son of George



Tom Horn's grave in Denver, Colorado.

and Mary Scott Starr. He was born near Fort Gibson on December 2, 1873. Sam Starr was George's brother. Thus, Henry was the nephew of Sam Starr, the man who married Belle Shirley.

Eclipse Gun Company. An old double-barreled shotgun with hammers belongs to Edwin F. Smith, Jr., Route 2, Box 556, Bell, FL 32619. Stamped on the mechanism is "Eclipse Gun Co."; on top of the barrel "#5122 Twist Finish Belgium"; on the right of the barrel, "Eclipse Comet"; and on the left of the barrel, "Choked." Mr. Smith would like to know the weapon's history. I am a novice with guns, but using Flayderman's *Guide to Antique American Values*, I have been able to determine that Eclipse Gun Company was a brand name. Flayderman points out that the great variety of brand names offers a wide range of opportunities for collectors.

Photo Finish. The location of Tom Horn's grave was the subject of an Answer Man question in June 1986. At the time I had no good photograph of the grave, but since then several readers have sent pictures of that famous Westerner's tombstone. G.W. Patterson, Box 47, Carpio, ND 58725, sent several photos.

Mr. Patterson happened to be in Denver on the Fourth of July and "braved the traffic" to locate the grave. The photo shows Tom's stone on the right and his parents' on the left. His marker reads, "In Loving Memory of Tom Horn 1861-1903." Thanks to Mr. Patterson and to all the other readers who sent prints.

Grave Concern. The January 1986 Answer Man featured a photo of outlaw Will Carver's grave in Sonora, Texas. Interested readers will want to consult the only book-length biography of Carver, *Will Carver, Outlaw*, written and published by John Eaton, P.O. Box 1032, Sonora, Texas, in 1972. Among several other interesting pictures is the photo of Carver in death, which has not appeared in any other publication.



If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. 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 use all questions.

April 1987

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The Killing of Sheriff Logan

By JACKIE BOOR

In the fall of 1898, Thomas W. Logan was elected to his first of three terms as sheriff of Nye County, Nevada. The race had been close, with Logan narrowly defeating an eighteen-year incumbent. The new sheriff was highly committed to law and order, and rapidly gained the respect not only of Nye County but all of southwestern Nevada.

Just over eight years later, Sheriff Logan was shot and killed while at the Jewel Resort in Manhattan, Nevada. The circumstances of his death and the subsequent acquittal of the killer rocked the sheriff's district with shock and controversy. The primary question then has not been convincingly answered to this day. Was Sheriff Logan—husband, father of eight, businessman, public official—a man of virtue or of vice?



Carol Blake Collection

Sheriff Thomas W. Logan (seated left) with deputies.

Logan was born in Washoe Valley, Nevada. His parents were pioneers of 1849. He married Hannah Hamblin, niece of prominent Mormon Jacob Hamblin, and built a cattle business before becoming sheriff. A documentary book written in 1902 by J.S. Travers states that "Mr. Logan is a leading business man . . . and has certainly done grand work in maintaining perfect order in the new mining camp, and [Tonapah] today enjoys a world-wide reputation for order, peace and safety of property."

Standing six-feet four-inches tall, Logan commanded respect as much for his size as for his character. He was known on several occasions to have escorted "unruly elements" to the county line and, after tossing them a five-dollar gold piece, to have said "Now, hit the trail." If an objection were raised, Logan simply patted the handle of his revolver. Further discussion seldom took place.

Logan's ability to remain cool-headed and utilize non-violent tactics to keep the peace is best demonstrated by one eye-witness account of how he handled an enraged Wyatt Earp. "One night Earp became drunk and his wife came into the place and tried to get him to go home. He slapped her face and the act roused the ire of a young miner who was a little ginned up himself . . . A fierce altercation followed and Earp rushed out . . .

"IN A SHORT TIME he came back with two big six shooters and breathing blood and sudden death for the man who defied him. Tom Logan was told of the row and hastened at once to the scene. Pushing his way to the center of the mass, he caught Earp by the arm and without raising his voice, talked him into giving up his guns.

"And I can tell you that it was not only on that occasion that Tom acted as peacemaker. It was a common occurrence. The man did not know what fear was, and he always tried to stop trouble by peaceful means, though there was no better hand with a gun in this country than he."

So it was not surprising that in the pre-dawn hours of April 7, 1906, an unarmed Sheriff Logan took as routine the matter of a disruptive gambler. At the preliminary hearings that resulted from the incident, May Biggs, proprietress of the Jewel would testify, "About five o'clock this morning I went to the back parlor. Several of the boys had already left and [Walter Barieau] was the only one there. I asked him to go.

True West



Central Nevada Historical Society

The hearse carrying the body of Sheriff Thomas Logan headed the funeral procession in April of 1906.

He said he wanted to wait until daylight. I told him it was daylight then . . .

"He said 'No, I'm not going.' I said he should not spoil the fun that they had by keeping me up any longer. He told me to mind my own business. I spoke to him again, and he took me by the wrists in a rough way . . . I went down on one knee and then screamed. I thought he was going to hit me.

"Mr. Logan came in [from a bedroom where he had earlier retired]. He said, 'What's all this?' [Barieau] let go of my wrists. I took the gentleman's hat and he started right after me . . .

"The gentleman did the shooting outside . . . I saw him reach for his gun. He just backed off the sidewalk . . . and when I saw the gun I said 'He's going to shoot!' and I ran back into the front parlor."

Walter Amphiloque Barieau, described in one news article as a "cowardly murderer, an absinthe fiend and all around bad man," emptied his revolver of six bullets. The first shot struck a window. The remaining five hit Sheriff Logan.

The physician called to the scene testified that one bullet struck Logan's right cheek bone, another below the collar bone, another below the right femoral artery

and the other two in his left leg. The cause of death was from a hemorrhage caused by the severing of the femoral artery.

Another witness was Wilson "Jimmy" Bering, the Jewel's piano player, who arrived on the scene just as Sheriff Logan pushed Barieau out of the house. "Mr. Logan said, 'Don't pull that gun.' At the first shot, I ran in the house and Mr. Logan ran towards the man . . . there were four or five more shots . . . and when I came out this man was on the ground and Logan on top of him.

"I COME OUT with Mr. Logan's gun [handed to Jimmy by May, who had retrieved it from Logan's room]. I saw Logan covered with blood. I was excited. I thought he was going to die right then. I was going to shoot [Barieau] but Mr. Logan said 'Don't shoot him.' I let the hammer down and tried to get the gun away from Mr. Barieau. Just then I struck him in the head."

Other witnesses went on to report that Logan, though bleeding profusely, "beat Barieau into insensibility." A deputy was quickly on the scene and took Barieau into custody. Logan, wearing only a blue

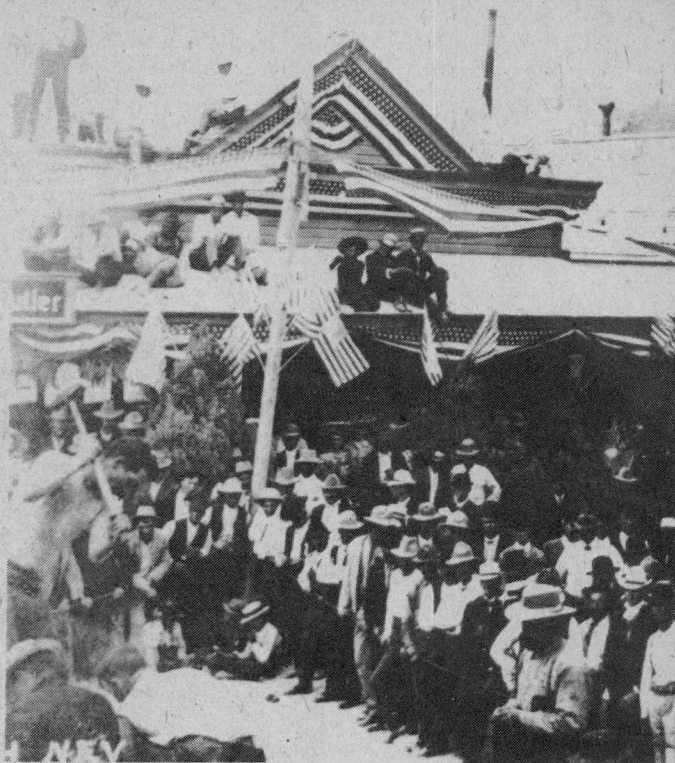
nightshirt, was then carried back into the Jewel, where he lingered for two hours before he died.

Later that day, Barieau found himself seated before a coroner's jury, and according to one reporter, he was suffering from the effects of the crime he had committed. "While the testimony rolled from the lips of witnesses and while the gruesome story chilled the hearts of those who heard, Walter Barieau, sitting under the shadow of the gallows writhed and twisted in a very agony of penitence. Frothing at the mouth like a wild animal, eyes rolling in frenzy, limbs stiff and stark with fright that was within him, Barieau with a wild, inarticulate cry fell to the floor in a fit."

The following day, Barieau was charged with murder. Regional newspapers wasted no time or ink in covering the story. Barieau was practically tried and convicted by the dialogue of reporters and citizens. As he waited anxiously in his cell, the injuries of his struggle with Logan and Bering healing, Walter Barieau endured the anguish of realizing that he had murdered one of the most respected men in the state of Nevada.

During an interview by the *Tonapah Daily Sun*, Barieau, born in Nova Scotia in 1869, told of how he had wandered about the wilds of Alaska before coming to the states two and a half years before. Since that time, he had lived in Goldfield with his wife and daughter.

Mrs. Barieau was also interviewed and told a reporter that she "laid the blame upon the sheriff who had pounded the head of her husband with a gun until he was half crazed and in this frame of mind shot to defend himself." The reporter went on to indicate that the Barieau home was one of the "neatest little



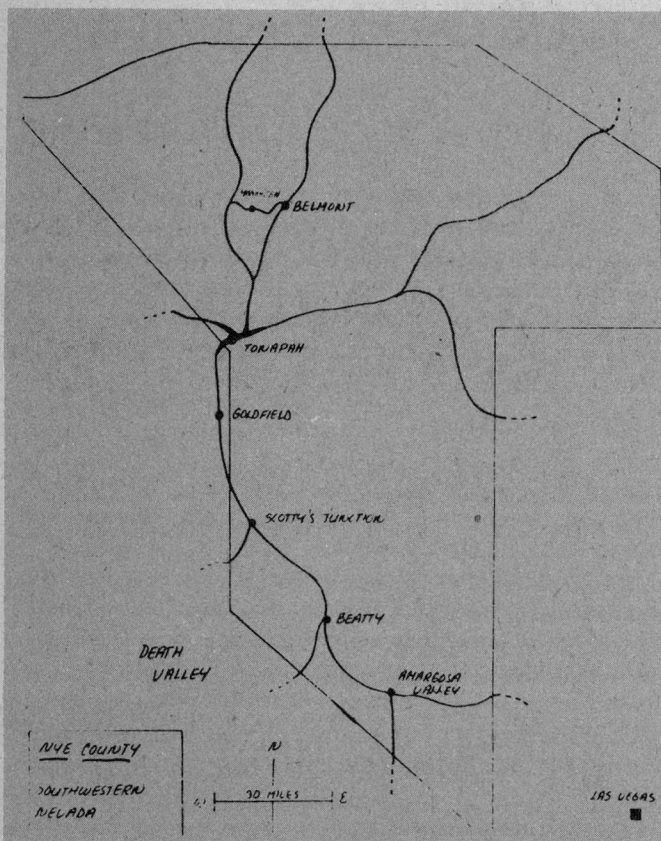
residences in the city and very neatly furnished."

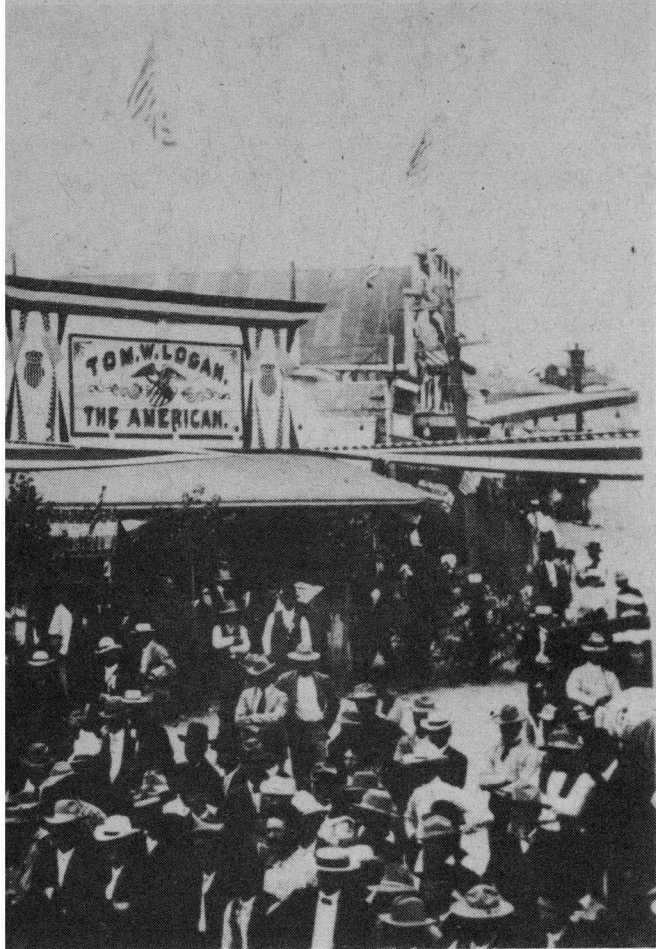
Those who guarded Barieau at the jail said that he was being "most cool and unconcerned. Only once since he was brought in from Manhattan has he shown any sign of emotion [and that] was when his sorrowing wife flung herself against the bars and wept bitterly. Then, and only then did this man of iron give way to his feelings and tears spring into his eyes."

Logan's body lay in state for several days and was mentioned in one family letter "as keeping very well under the circumstances." A local paper provided more vivid details. "Over the coffin a profusion of bright flowers were heaped, and the calm face beneath seemed to have caught something of the spirit of rest and peace. . . hour by hour the fragrant heap grew as men, women and children added their tokens. . . [telling] of the grasp Logan held on the hearts of his fellows."

The funeral was one of the largest ever held in the state of Nevada. Following the services conducted at the opera house by the Odd Fellows and Eagles, a procession snaked through Tonapah to the cemetery. "Slowly the funeral train passed through the streets and down to the sad little plot that marks the resting place of many a brave pioneer, and here the body of Nye County's fearless sheriff was laid to rest under a wilderness of smiling flowers."

A tragic irony cast a shadow over Logan's death as indicated by the *Tonapah Bonanza*. "Less than a fortnight before the fatal affray. . . [Logan] said that he





Central Nevada Historical Society



Helen Clark

Above: Sheriff Thomas Logan, 1898. Left: Logan's saloon, "The American," is seen in the background of this photo of Tonopah's Railroad Days Celebration on July 26, 1904.

was determined to put a stop to the practice of carrying concealed weapons. . . [Logan said], 'In a mix-up, it's the man who has a gun in his pocket with no special purpose that gets into trouble.'"

Because Barieau could not afford his own legal counsel, the court appointed a senior defense attorney, who transferred the responsibility to twenty-nine-year-old Patrick McCarran. His representation of Barieau ignited a distinguished political career for the young lawyer.

WHAT BECAME KNOWN in Nevada history as "The McCarran Miracle" began taking shape when McCarran asked for and got a three-month period in which to prepare his case. He later stated, "I heard that there may be occasions in one's life when his knees would go out from under him but I never believed it to be true. For the first time I realized what it was to be possessed of fear, embarrassment and consternation. . . I had nothing to do but put my whole time into the case."

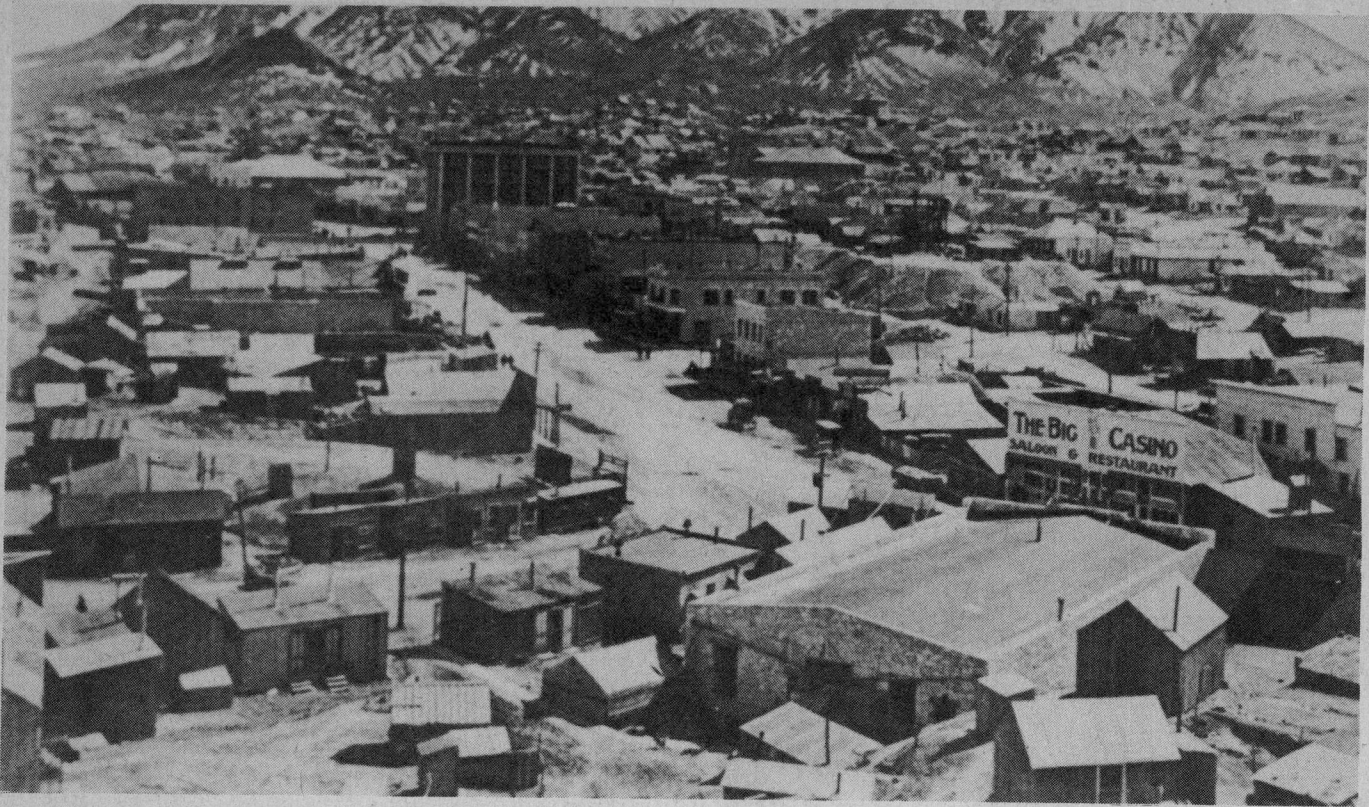
The trial took place in mid-July and lasted four days. McCarran quickly went to work eroding what the prosecution looked upon as a fairly open and shut case. William Pittman, a capable lawyer himself and brother of a future Nevada governor, found himself scrambling to keep pace with McCarran. The Tonopah courtroom became the scene of one of the most intense and memorable exchanges of emotion and oratory ever

witnessed by the people of southwestern Nevada.

McCarran launched a devastating attack against Logan's credibility by showing he was short in his public accounts and had also purchased the lumber used to build the Jewel. The defense went on to establish Logan's apparent infatuation with May Biggs, whom he described as an "enchantress" who had made Logan into a "slave of her every will and wish." A witness was produced to tell about lavish gifts bestowed upon May by Logan. A final blow was dealt when McCarran painted a picture of the supposed hardship Logan's wife and children endured on their ranch in Smokey Valley because he was away so much.

A stunned public read Barieau's version in the *Tonopah Daily Sun*. "The witness [Barieau] told of the visit to the Jewel house and how when wine was served he accepted one glass from which he took a mouthful. This made him ill and he laid down on the lounge and went to sleep. . . May came in and told him to go home. He asked to be allowed to remain but was again told to go. Rising from the lounge he went toward the door but was again overcome by dizziness and returned and laid down again.

"The woman then seized me by the arm and told me to get out, but I was ill and offered to pay for the privilege of sleeping in the parlor and again pleaded with her to let me remain. She refused and so I arose to go. I suppose I was not moving fast enough and



Central Nevada Historical Society

A view of Tonapah, Nevada, as it looked at the time of Sheriff Logan's death in 1906.

she started to shove me along. I objected to this and hit back with my elbow, striking the woman on the arm. . . .

“Suddenly a man dressed in a nightshirt came . . . and punched me in the eye, knocking me to the floor. I arose to grapple with him when he uppercutted me and again knocked me down. I struggled to my feet and then I was struck on the head several times with a heavy instrument . . . When I saw the man had a revolver I drew my gun and fired . . . I fell over backwards off the porch and the man jumped on top of me.

“At the time that the man came into the room I did not know that he was Thomas Logan, sheriff of this county. . . I acted in self-defense all the way through. I have never been in trouble before in my life and have always borne a good reputation.”

During cross examination, Pittman was unable to shake Barieau's testimony and tried in vain to reinstate Logan's credibility. Had Pittman been given the time, he might have been able to uncover some concrete evidence on Logan's behalf.

The night before he was killed, Sheriff Logan deposited around two thousand dollars in a Manhattan Bank for safe keeping. He had collected the money through the week in his official capacity as tax collector. However, the money was left under the name “Logan” and not “Sheriff Logan” so the county could not make any claims until the estate was settled. All previous years, Logan's books had balanced and friends maintained that the same would have

happened this year, but they just weren't sure where the sheriff had placed certain funds.

Logan's involvement with May Biggs was not so easily explained. Being an investor in mining locations and real estate, it was not surprising that he was financially intertwined with the Jewel. His own saloon, the American, was a thriving business in Tonapah. As to their personal relationship, May indicated that Logan was “sleeping with me,” but judging by the standards of the time, that was not cause to throw a man to the wolves.

Not long after Logan's death, a short article had appeared in a Manhattan newspaper saying that it was a terrible shame he was killed at that time, since he had been planning to travel to Carson at the end of the month to find a new home. It was his intention to move his family there so his younger children could receive the benefit of a good education. His three oldest children, all girls, were enrolled in the polytechnic institute in San Francisco at the time of their father's death. Summoned to his funeral, they avoided the great San Francisco earthquake, which struck the next week.

Another article reported that the week before Logan's death, his team had run away with him and, in stopping them, his hands were injured. At the time of the shooting, both hands were still in bandages and he could not have handled a revolver with any speed or accuracy.

With three months between the killing and the trial, Pittman was not able adequately to refute McCarran's

claims. Barieau's reputation remained intact and was reinforced by the constant presence of his supportive wife and child. Apparently, no mention was made regarding information printed by the *Tonapah Bonanza* at the time of the killing. Barieau, the *Bonanza* reported, "attempted to clean out a saloon in Bullfrog, a year ago, with a dirk knife and that he might have succeeded if a Nome mining man had not taken three shots at him."

"Several weeks ago he was chained to a tree in Manhattan by Officer Noffsinger, who had arrested him for drunkenness and disturbing the peace. There was no jail in Manhattan and there was nothing else to do with him."

On Friday the Thirteenth, July 1906, final summations were delivered to the jury. "McCarran," reported the *Bonanza*, "while always eloquent excelled himself . . . and spoke with a feeling that brought tears to the eyes of many in the court room." His major focus was on proving Logan to be a lesser man than the people of Nye County thought, and convincing the jury that Barieau was justified in the shooting because he truly feared for his life.

Pittman's closing remarks were considered to be the best of his career. "His tribute to the memory of Thomas Logan," printed the *Sun*, "was a most beautiful one and reached a climax when the speaker, a close friend of the dead man, burst into tears and sobbed out the remaining words of his sentence. The breakdown of Attorney Pittman was not without its effect on the jury and several of those in the jury box who knew Logan could not keep back tears."

Judge Peter Breen then presented instructions to the jury, emphasizing, "If you find on all the evidence that deceased assaulted Defendant, and that it reasonably appeared to Defendant that deceased was about to take his life, or inflict serious bodily injury upon him, and to prevent this result Defendant shot at deceased, he should be acquitted. . . ."

The first balloting resulted in six for conviction, six for acquittal. As described by the *Sun*, "Ballot after ballot was taken, argument and persuasion were used and one by one those who voted for conviction were won over. . . ." After seventeen hours of deliberation, the jury declared that Walter Barieau was not guilty of the crime of murder.

Eighty-one years have passed. Descendants of Logan, Barieau, McCarran, and others, as well as historians, have yet to agree as to exactly what happened on the morning of April 7, 1906, at the Jewel resort. One theory is that Barieau was a paid gun, hired by one of Logan's business partners.

Regardless of what did happen, the event had an impact on dozens of lives. Patrick McCarran went on to become Nevada's most prestigious politician, serving in the United States Senate for twenty-two years until his death in 1954. William Pittman also enjoyed prominence and success as a leading Nevada citizen. Walter Barieau lived to be eighty-three, and while claiming to have made and lost at least five fortunes

April 1987



William Barieau Collection

Walter Amphiloque Barieau, accused murderer of Sheriff Thomas Logan.

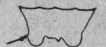
in his life, enjoyed his own prestige as the manager of a plush gambling casino in Ensenada, Mexico. The casino was owned by Jack Dempsey. Barieau, however, never did shed the image of being a "black sheep" in his family.

Hannah Logan, forever embittered and shamed by the circumstances of her husband's death, took to running a transportation depot in southwestern Nevada. She shared only the slightest details of Tom's death with their children. Consequently, each child fashioned his or her own account of what happened. One said, "He was shot in the back by a gambler while passing a saloon." Another offered, "A prisoner under escort grabbed Logan's gun and shot him." And yet another claimed, "He was shot by a bad man while defending the honor of a lady."

The truth, muddy in the beginning, grew more muddy through time. But if the spirit, common goodness, and strength of character exhibited by the descendants of Thomas Logan bear any resemblance to the famous sheriff of Nye county, it is clear that he was a man possessed of far more virtue than vice.

SOURCES

Material for this article was gathered through interviews with descendants, contemporary newspaper articles, and Nye County Court records.



Tombstone's D

By BOB PALMQUIST

Photos Courtesy of the Author
Except Where Noted

When you step outside in Tombstone, Arizona, writes John Myers Myers in his history of the silver camp, "your immediate reaction is of being in contact with the elements rather than in a town. It's an expansive feeling, and may account for some of the high jinks which took place there."

Tombstone today celebrates those hijinks with fre-

quent reenactments and street markers commemorating the town's violent past. A justice of the peace in such a community observes life from the ground level. James Reilly, who served as Tombstone J.P. from July to November 1880, was tailor-made for the role of local judge in the "town too tough to die." His docket book, rescued from the trash heap by Christine Rhodes, present Cochise County, Arizona

James Reilly (seated third from the left at the table) sits with the Cochise County Bar at the Tombstone Courthouse.

As justice of the peace, James Reilly passed on the antics of many prominent figures in Tombstone's legendary history, and he filled newspaper columns with antics of his own.

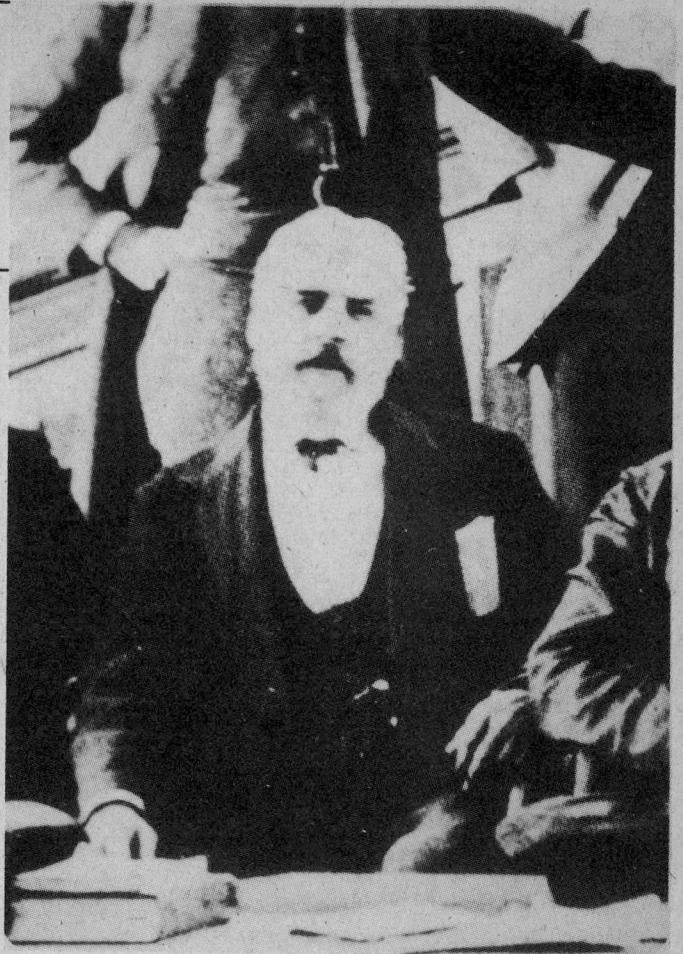


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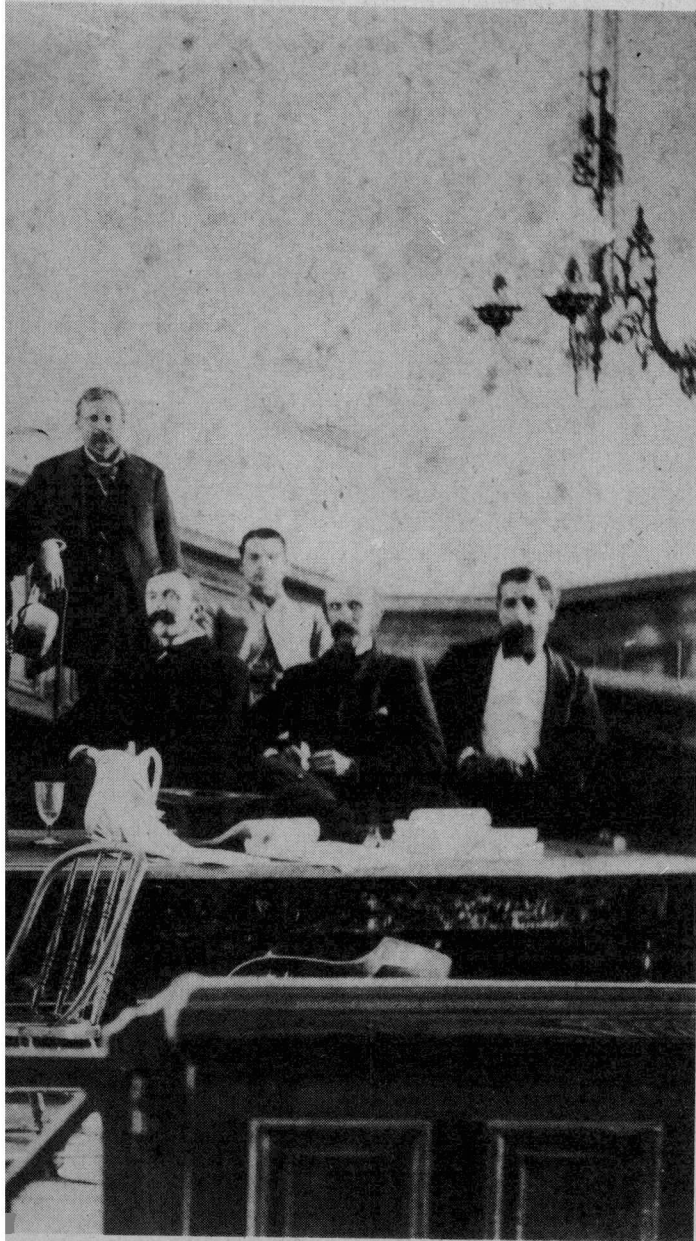
Recorder and friend of history, provides a vivid picture of events during Tombstone's bloodiest summer and fall.

Reilly, born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1830, led a turbulent life before assuming the bench in Tombstone. He had entered the United States through New York City in 1848. The following year he enlisted, as did many another Irish immigrant, in the U.S. Army.

Arizona Historical Society Library, Tucson



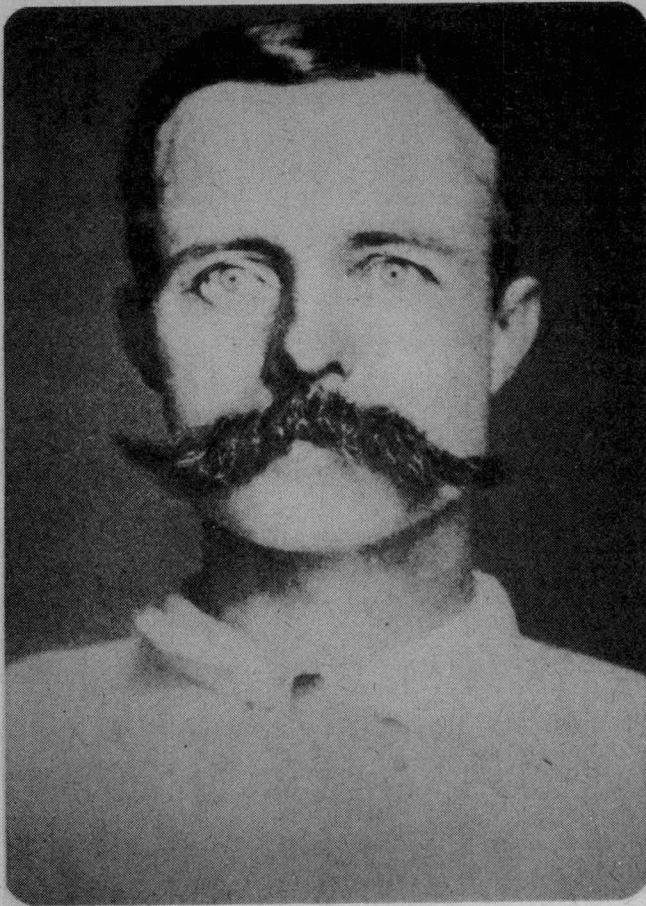
James Reilly.



The young Celt spent ten years with the Eighth Infantry in Texas, then left the service to take up freighting across the Southwest.

In 1863, Mexican authorities exiled him from the State of Sonora to Lower California for killing a Mexican national. Reilly put in two years of his four-year banishment, then made his way to Yuma, Arizona Territory. In Yuma and later in Phoenix, Reilly worked as an attorney and as publisher and editor of a newspaper, the *Expositor*. He soon gained a territory-wide reputation as a contentious curmudgeon who delighted in controversy. Serving as District Attorney of Yuma County, he petitioned the legislature for an increase in salary. "No one having any reasonable degree of fitness for any business in life," he snorted, "can give his time and attention to the business of the county for such a miserable pittance."

In June 1878, Reilly lost his job as district attorney when his bondsmen were disqualified or withdrew. The next month, he and Sam Purdy, who also would play a noisy role in Tombstone, began publishing the *Expositor*, vowing to expose "official fraud, oppression and corruption in this Territory," particularly in Yuma County. The new editor's quarrelsome style quickly drew fire from opposition newspapers. The Prescott *Arizona Miner*, for example, referred in November to the "infamous paper called the *Expositor*," and sug-



Buckskin Frank Leslie's wedding ceremony was performed by James Reilly.

gested that Yumans "consign the dirty concern to a watery resting place—the Colorado River."

The following year, the *Miner* castigated Reilly as "a man whose hair has been grizzled at the early age of 48 years by the impotent fury and ferocity of his passions. For shedding human blood he bears the mark of Cain, the fetters of a just sentence and the stripes of prison discipline have marked his body. Bodily violence best suits this savage being; but innate cowardice and experience of the law have led him to look to slander and litigation as safer roads to the gratification of his malice." The *Miner's* editor and numerous other victims of Reilly's pen, rejoiced when he moved the *Expositor* from Yuma to Phoenix, then sold out and headed for Tombstone.

By May 13, 1880, the *Tombstone Nugget* reported that James Reilly had checked into Gus Billicke's Cosmopolitan Hotel and had decided to resume the practice of law. He promised "prompt attention . . . to all business," with "collections a specialty." Less than two months later, he was appointed Justice of the Peace to fill an unexpired term by the Pima County Board of Supervisors. In that role, he passed on the antics of many prominent figures in Tombstone's legendary history, and he filled newspaper columns with antics of his own.

Late in life, John P. Clum, first editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and mayor of Tombstone in 1881, com-



A drawing of Buckskin Frank appeared in the July 1880 *Arizona Quarterly*.

plained that sensationalist writers made too much of the town's reputation for violence. "During the 365 days of my official administration as mayor," Clum wrote, "There were but three murders committed within the city limits." Those deaths, along with another three men killed in the Earp-Clanton shootout in October 1881, were, said Clum, "as near as we came to having 'a dead man for breakfast every morning.'" The ex-mayor, however, ignored the rowdy year of 1880 preceding his administration. A few leaves from the docket of J.P. Reilly—just one of several Tombstone justices—give a clearer picture of that bloody season in Tombstone.

On July 23, 1880, Reilly, serving as justice and "acting county coroner," conducted the inquest on the body of Thomas J. Waters, killed in the camp's famous shooting over a gaudy shirt. Waters, said the *Epitaph*, purchased a blue and black plaid shirt, little dreaming that the fated garment would hurl his soul into eternity before the sun had set." Parading from saloon to saloon in the new shirt, Waters grew irritated at the ribbing he took over its bright colors.

"I'm chief; I'm boss," he strutted. "I'll knock down the first son of a bitch that says anything about my shirt again." The next man Waters met was his partner, E.L. Bradshaw. Unfortunately, Bradshaw made "some pleasant remark" about the new attire, and Waters kept his promise. "Brad," according to the

Epitaph's report, "washed off the blood, went down to his cabin, put a bandage on his eye and his pistol in his pocket."

Finding Waters on the street, Bradshaw shot him four times. The coroner's jury under James Reilly so found, and recommended Bradshaw be held for trial in Tucson, the county seat. Like so many of the other mankillers who appeared before Reilly that summer, Bradshaw was eventually set free by a Tucson jury.

"On this day," Reilly wrote in his docket on July 31, "Rodger King was brought before me on a warrant . . . accusing the said Rodger King of the crime of murder." King was a hanger-about-town whose crime, like that of Bradshaw, would become one of Tombstone's legendary killings. Modern accounts claim that he and "Johnnie" Wilson, both professional gunmen, quarreled over which was faster, the "cross draw" favored by Wilson or the "customary draw" King espoused. They met on Allen Street, say these accounts, and settled the matter to King's satisfaction.

IN FACT, WILSON—whose first name was Thomas, not "Johnnie"—worked as a roofer rather than as a hired gun. After he and King had scuffled over some undisclosed cause, King borrowed a pistol from his friend "Buckskin" Frank Leslie and shot at Wilson through the door of John Inwall's Headquarters Saloon. The attacker hugged the ground in the middle of Allen Street as Wilson returned fire. Then King pursued Wilson through the saloon and finally killed him. Reviewing the evidence, Reilly on August 1, "ordered the said King to be committed to the custody of the Sheriff of Pima County" pending trial. Like Bradshaw, however, King would be set free after a short stay in the Pima County lockup.

The same day Justice Reilly bound King over for trial, auctioneer Jim Henley and several other men lounged on an Allen Street corner "joshing" a man who was "half drunk." Ward Priest drove by with a lady in a buggy. Thinking the joshing was directed at him, Priest returned to the corner and assaulted Henley, then pulled up when informed he was not the butt of Henley's remarks. Arrested by the new Pima County Deputy Sheriff, Wyatt Earp, Priest appeared before Jim Reilly on August 2.

"Also appeared the prosecuting witness," Reilly noted, "and he acknowledged in writing that he had received full compensation for the injury done and asked that the prosecution be dismissed." Reilly complied with Henley's request, after exacting \$3.25 for his hearing costs and \$2.00 for Deputy Sheriff Earp's fees. Considering the outcome of the King and Bradshaw cases, Jim Henley was a very lucky man.

Wyatt Earp and "Buckskin Frank" Leslie were both involved in the case of George Perine, which opened before Reilly on August 17. On June 22, Buckskin Frank had killed Mike Killeen in a squabble over the affections of Mike's wife May. Or had he? Evidence discovered later that summer indicated that Killeen had been shot not by Leslie but by Frank's friend,

George Perine. Prior to the discovery of this evidence, Reilly made an entry in the back of his docket under "Record of Marriages."

He certified that on July 6, 1880, "N.F. Leslie and May Killeen were by me joined in marriage." Perine was arrested by Wyatt Earp and his younger brother Morgan and brought before the crusty J.P. for a hearing which lasted over a week and resulted in his being sent to Tucson for trial. Like the aforementioned defendants, Perine would also gain his liberty. The sensational testimony given at Perine's hearing was eclipsed, however, by the actions of the presiding justice and Harry B. Jones, one of the attorneys for the defense.

The day before the Perine hearing, Reilly and Jones had argued over another case in which Reilly had been involved as counsel prior to his J.P. appointment. The case was now set to come before Reilly for decision, a rank case of conflict of interest, and attorney Jones angrily objected to the Irishman's statement that he would hear the case. "I'll be damned if you will," Jones declared. Reilly, possessed of an equally short fuse, told the lawyer not to appear in his courtroom again unless he was prepared to apologize, an edict which prompted the *Nugget* to suggest that the justice, like Shakespeare's zany squire "Dogberry" in *Much Ado About Nothing*, imagined court was always in session and that he could hold Jones in contempt for any remarks he did not like.

Next morning, Jones took his seat next to the defendant, George Perine, in the judge's courtroom. Deputy Sheriff Earp, the arresting officer, leaned against the wall. According to the *Tombstone Nugget's* report, Reilly, "with the majesty which would have shamed a Roman Emperor, thundered forth, 'Mr. Jones,' and pointed a massive finger in an unmistakable manner toward the door." Jones refused to budge or to apologize. He had a constitutional right to represent his client, he insisted.

Reilly roared for Earp and the other officers in the courtroom to eject the lawyer. When they proved slow, he charged off the bench to do the job himself. Reilly grabbed Jones' collar, Jones hit Reilly in the face, Jones pulled a pistol, and Wyatt Earp, said the *Epitaph*, "cut the gordian knot of doubt by declaring both parties under arrest." Reilly recorded in his docket that since "H.B. Jones . . . did strike the justice therefore sentenced to pay a fine of twenty five dollars and to be imprisoned in the custody of the Sheriff of Pima County for one day." Reilly ordered Earp to take Jones by stage to the Pima County Jail in Tucson to serve his one-day sentence. The deputy left Jones at the stage depot to await the Tucson coach, returning to Reilly's courtroom in the meantime to listen to the Perine testimony.

Earp found himself the object of the J.P.'s wrath. The deputy would appear in court next day, Reilly announced, to show cause why he should not be held in contempt for failing to remove Jones when originally ordered to do so. Earp calmly replied that it would be



In 1876 Wyatt Earp arrested James Reilly in Reilly's own courtroom.

impossible for him to appear, since Reilly had ordered him to convey Jones to the Tucson jail, and the stage was due soon. Besides, Wyatt continued, Reilly was due for a court appearance himself. Just as soon as the Perine case was over for the day, Wyatt expected Reilly over at Judge Mike Gray's office to answer to the charge of assault filed by Jones.

As if that standoff were not enough, Reilly felt the heat of public opinion over his handling of the incident. Over 100 Tombstone citizens signed a petition that afternoon calling for his resignation. "We deem you," the petitioners said, "incompetent to discharge the duties of your office, and a man of such ungovernable temper and poor discretion that you are unsafe with official power." The signers were members of all competing Tombstone factions, who were rarely able to agree on anything. Wyatt and Morgan Earp, Wyatt's fellow deputy sheriff N.J. Babcock, and Village Marshal Fred White signed on behalf of the law enforcement contingent. Dr. H.M. Matthews, Mayor Alder Randall, mining man Edward Fields, newsman A.E. Fay, cowboys Pete Spencer, Andy Ames, and Andy McCauley, saloonmen Sam Danner, Billy Owens, Milt Joyce, and James Vogan, businessmen Albert Fortlouis and H. Solomon, lawyers Webster Street and B.L. Peel, and notables such as "Shotgun" Collins and William Ritchie all agreed the jurist's "conduct has been disgraceful, and more calculated to impede than to promote justice."

In a response printed in the August 19 *Epitaph*, Justice Reilly sneered that he would be happy to resign if sufficient "respectable" citizens called on him to do so. Finding no one who met his qualifications, James Reilly remained on the bench. Nursing a lasting antagonism for Wyatt Earp, Reilly must have gloated on October 11, 1880, when Milt Joyce appeared in his courtroom to accuse Earp's crony, "Doc" Holliday, of "assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill." Doc, the tubercular dentist and gambler from Georgia, had argued with Johnny Tyler in the Oriental Saloon. Bystanders separated and disarmed the two gamblers, and Tyler left. When Doc demanded his pistol back, Joyce, proprietor of the Oriental, tossed him out.

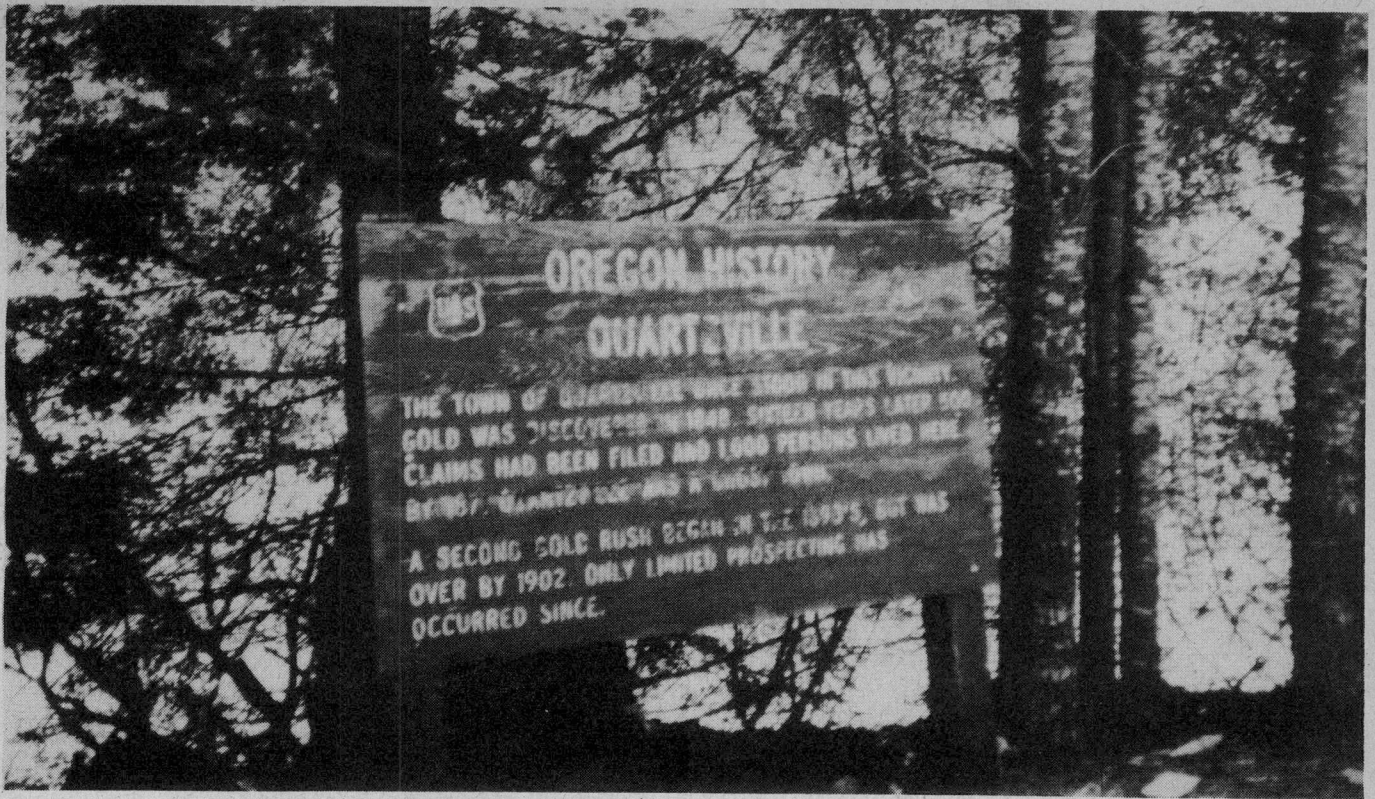
HOLLIDAY returned, having armed himself again, "and with a remark that would not look good in print, turned loose with a self cocker." Joyce was shot in the right hand, and his bartender hit in the big toe before the saloonman was able to wrestle his spindly assailant to the floor and pistol-whip him. Wyatt Earp's brother Virgil, assistant marshal under Fred White, arrested Doc. When the witnesses failed to appear to testify against him on the attempted murder charge, Holliday pled guilty to assault and battery. Reilly fined him \$25.00, dismissing the more serious charge.

November 2, 1880, would mark Tombstone's general election, and many citizens wondered if Reilly would run for a full term as justice of the peace. He finally resolved the question on October 31, when he published a "card" in the *Epitaph* declining to run: "Thanking those friends and fellow citizens who have desired me to continue in office for their past kind consideration and intended future honor, I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your servant.—JAMES REILLY."

Mettlesome as ever, Reilly remained in Tombstone almost to the end of his life. He married Nicolasa Ruiz, thirty-eight years his junior, in 1893. Later they separated, and in 1909, Reilly from a sickbed in Long Beach, California, had her arrested when she attempted to visit him contrary to his instructions. James Reilly died June 8, 1909, in Long Beach. He was "recognized," said the Tombstone *Epitaph*, "as one of Arizona's eminent attorneys." The *Epitaph's* obituary did acknowledge that "the deceased . . . in his life was positive in his likes and dislikes." This was a pale description of Jim Reilly, who had earned much stronger "accolades" from a host of Arizona pioneers. Tombstoners with less misty memories could recall Reilly's fiery temper, his lively docket, and the day he brawled with Harry Jones, earning the title of "Tombstone's Dogberry."

SOURCES

Contemporary newspaper accounts and court records, along with a file on James Reilly at the Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, were used in the preparation of this article.



A historical sign is the only evidence that Quartzville, Oregon, ever existed.

Quartzville's Still an Attraction

The site of the old gold town of Quartzville lies in Oregon's eastern Linn County, approximately sixty-five miles from Salem and east of Sweet Home, beyond Green Peter Dam. Once 1,000 people, mostly miners, lived there, and the town was as lively as any in the Old West. The largest mine was the Lawler at the base of White Bull Mountain.

During Quartzville's second boom, the Lawler Mining Company built houses, and the town had many saloons and businesses, among them the Bryant House. Though the Bryant was a hotel and served meals, its main attraction was gambling. The usual ladies of the evening were inevitably lured to the gold town, ready and able to relieve the miners of their gold dust.

Oregon's wealth, however, was in her timber lands. In a few years in this century, more riches in timber were harvested from the area than all the gold mined there in either of the town's

By DOROTHY R. KIEWER
Photos Courtesy of the Author

two incarnations.

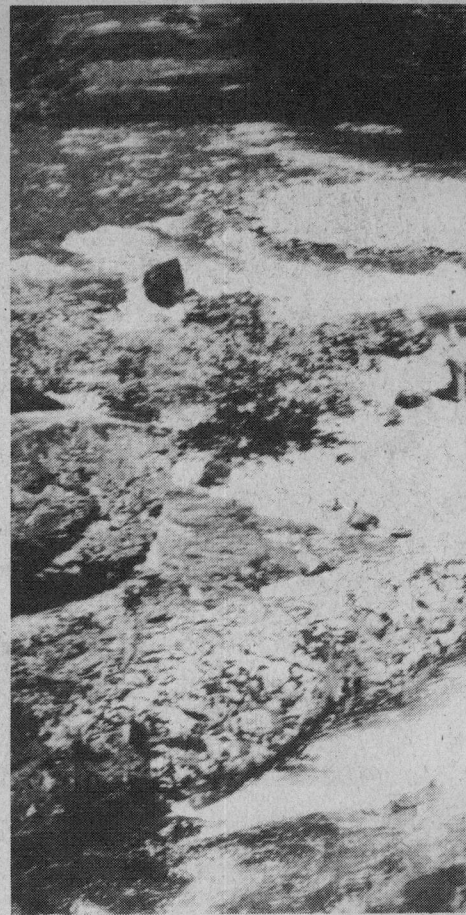
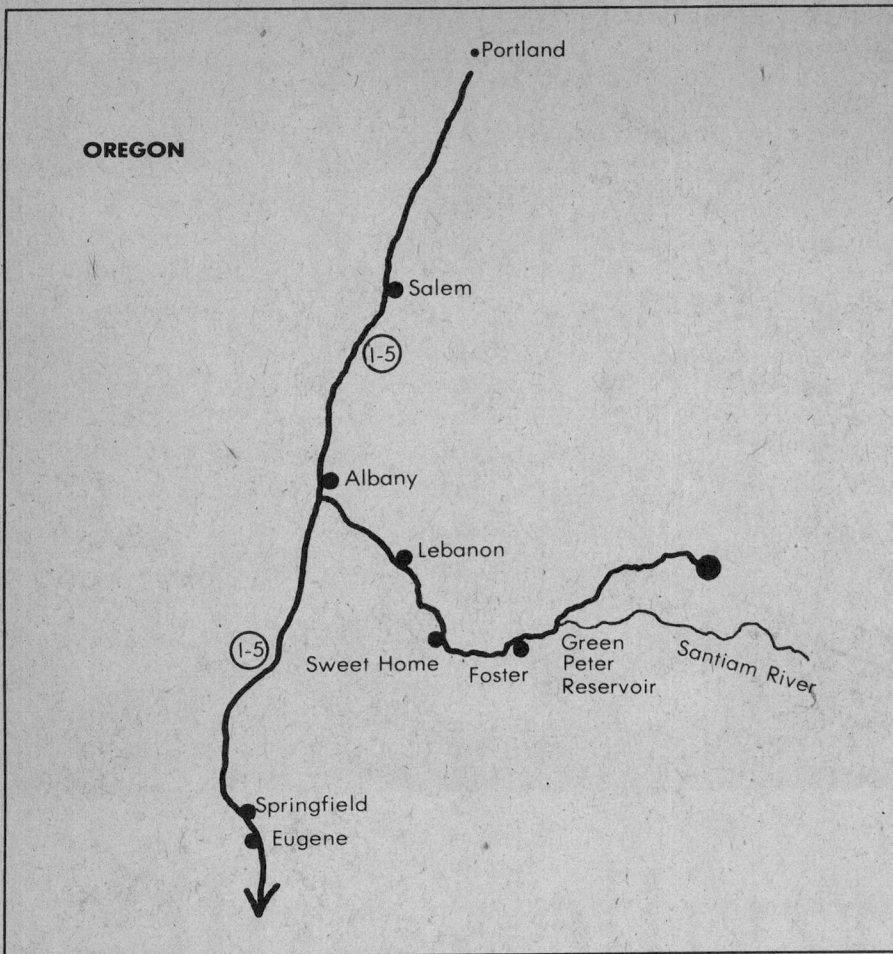
Gold attracted only the adventurous, and when it ran out, they usually didn't stay. Now the only evidence of Quartzville's existence is a historical sign that reads, "The town of Quartzville once stood in this vicinity. Gold was discovered in 1848. Sixteen years later 500 claims had been filed and 1,000 persons lived here. By 1871 Quartzville was a ghost town. A second gold rush began in the 1890s but was over by 1902. Only limited prospecting has occurred since."

The legends of Quartzville are the product of a miner called "Bohemian John," a night watchman for the Lawler Mine. During the day he prospected, hunted, and fished. He was something of a character, even before stumbling onto a rich gold vein. One day while out hunting, he crossed McQuade Creek—

or perhaps it was Canal Creek—on a log. It somehow tipped and unearthed a piece of glittering quartz. The rock was laden with gold.

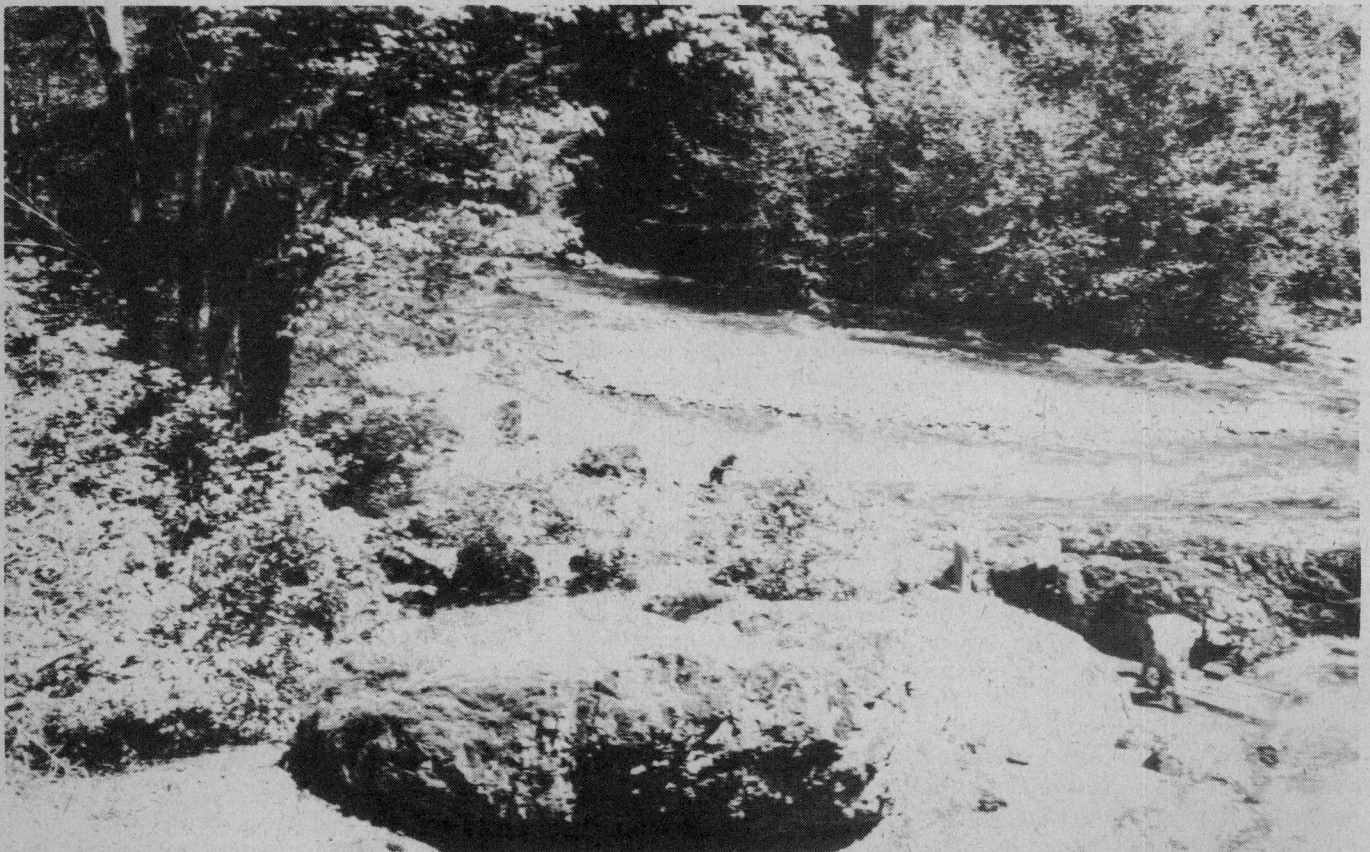
The seam must have been very rich, for Bohemian John gathered up a lunch box and bandana full of ore and then hiked over the mountains to the small town of Gates, approximately twenty-two miles away. According to legend, John was paid \$10,000 for the gold. Though the amount may be exaggerated, it is a documented fact that he told of his discovery and sold the gold in Gates.

Later there were those who claimed John stole the gold from the Lawler Mine, for he was never able to relocate his seam. Such gossip, however, was not unusual when someone struck it rich, and John was never accused of stealing his gold by the Lawler Mine people. He often was followed and began leading people away from the claim. In the process, he likely became confused, until he



Gold hunters along Canal Creek still hope

The seriousness of the local mineral club is evident in the number of its members.





The unsuspecting and the foolhardy are warned away from Quartzville's dangerous old mines.

to strike it rich.

no longer could find the site.

The Lawler Mine closed in 1902 after the British-owned company had recovered its initial investment of \$200,000. Mr. Lawler, who operated the mine for its stockholders, went back to England and never returned.

When the Lawler Mine closed, Bohemian John left the area, too, claiming he couldn't find his vein. But unlike Mr. Lawler, he returned every summer for thirteen years to search for it. Finally he became too ill to tramp the hills—most old-timers said his disease was alcoholism—and gave up the search. Though he told several people of the seam's location, no one has ever found it, and the search goes on.

On nearby mountains, modern explorers can find entrances to ten other mines. Some of these tunnels are large enough to stand in, but they are very dangerous and only the foolhardy attempt to enter them.

We found people still mining the creeks with portable hydraulic dredges. Some were panning in the old-fashioned way. Our search for mines and relics met with signs saying "Keep Out" and large

April 1987

boulders of quartzite with clusters of quartz crystals. The rockhound in me wished for tools to break them open to see if there were pockets of gold within.

A mineral club is located in the area, and the members are obviously zealous in their search for gold, for nearly all of Canal Creek's banks were taken up by gold hunters. They still locate pockets and, with the price of gold these days, it spurs their efforts to search further. And you can always find someone who has a tale about Bohemian John.

TO REACH Quartzville, take the I-5 Freeway to the Lebanon-Sweet Home exit. Then drive east through Sweet Home and past Green Peter Dam to a Bureau of Land Management road called the Quartzville Access Road. Then follow the creek until you reach a place where the road divides into three paths. The center road up the mountain to Quartzville is marked. It is in very good condition.

For most early settlers, Oregon was the end of the trail. They had come to claim homesteads in the rich valleys along the Willamette River. Their vi-

sions were not of elusive gold that often brought heartache and sorrow, but of the homes they would carve out of the wilderness. But the others, those hardy miners, brought a certain verve to early Oregon, and their like will never be seen again.

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Harper's Weekly a

By KONRAD F. SCHREIER, JR.

The Modoc War was a nasty 1872-1873 western Indian conflict in remote Northern California near the Oregon border. At that time, *Harper's Weekly* called itself "The Journal of Civilization," and it was the rough equivalent of today's *Time* or *Newsweek* magazine. In its speed and depth, *Harper's* coverage of the Modoc War

was remarkable for the time.

The Modoc War was one of many "Indian troubles" caused by the white pioneers' greed for land Indians considered their homeland and by the inept actions of both local and eastern United States government officials who dealt with the Indians.

The trouble began November 29,

1872, when the Federal Government ordered a U.S. Army detachment under Lieutenant F.A. Boutelle to the Modoc's camp near Tule Lake California. They were to arrest the Modoc's chiefs and then move the band to a reservation in southern Oregon. The Indians did not want to go. There was a scrap, with one soldier and one Indian killed.



and the Modoc War

Then a group of Modocs led by chief Captain Jack fled into one of the wildest spots in the United States—the Lava Beds south of Tule Lake. The Army leisurely organized a force to enforce the Federal Government's orders on Captain Jack, and did not go into action until January 17, 1873.

In the meantime, the Modoc's had

murdered a few settlers. When the Army tried to round up the Modocs in the Battle of Lava Beds, the Army lost. Harper's said they suffered forty-three dead, and it is believed the Modocs lost none. All this disaster rated in Harper's was a half-dozen lines in the crowded column, "Domestic Intelligence."

The situation simmered on, unnoticed by Harper's although the Modocs continued harassing white settlers and the Army, which remained in their vicinity. President Ulysses S. Grant believed Indian problems should be settled peacefully, and he pushed for a peace conference with the Modocs. One was arranged for April 11, 1873.

count of the Modoc situation and Canby's murder was quite fast for the time and made the story front-page news.

The term "massacre" in the title is misleading. Had it been a massacre, Canby's entire group would have been killed. But they were not, and the killings actually were a double murder. That equally repugnant crime did not "pack the punch" carried by the headline "massacre." Such sensationalism was typical of the treatment of the Indian Wars in the eastern press.

The next issue of Harper's went out May 3. It devoted two pages headlined "The Modocs," and six pictures—three portraits and three action pictures done

A group of Modocs led by chief Captain Jack fled into one of the wildest spots in the United States—the Lava Beds south of Tule Lake. The Army leisurely organized a force to enforce the Federal Government's orders on Captain Jack, and did not go into action until January 17, 1873.

The U.S. delegation was headed by Major General E.R.S. Canby, an officer popular in the East and definitely sympathetic to Indians. While Canby and his group of peace commissioners went to parley with Captain Jack and his party unarmed, there were troops nearby to give support should it be needed.

The peace conference turned into a disaster. Captain Jack and several of his followers drew concealed pistols and began shooting. General Canby and the Reverend Eleazar Thomas were killed, and several others of the party escaped. The panicked support troops failed to act.

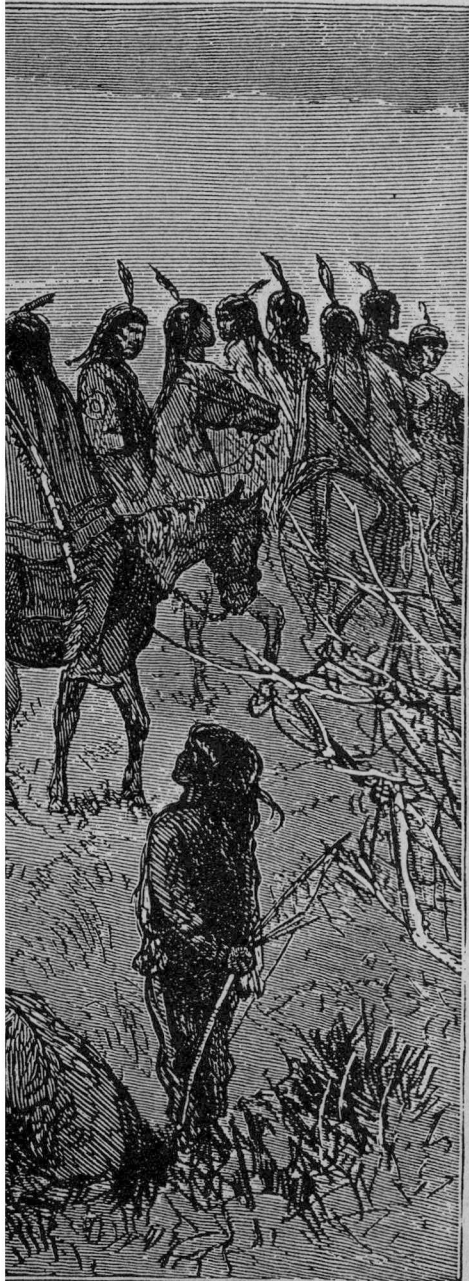
Harper's got "The Modoc Massacre" into the April 26 issue. It took the better part of a page and included a portrait of Canby. The story began, "The treacherous murder of General Canby and the Rev. Dr. Thomas by the Modoc Indians . . ." It included the official Army report by General William T. Sherman issued April 14. Though the reporting was at a much slower pace than news today, the reasonably accurate ac-

count from the artist's imagination—and a map to show where it was happening. Then, as now, most people weren't sure of Tule Lake's and the Lava Beds' location.

The story centered on the problems with the government's treatment of Indians generally and had little to say about how things were going in California. At the time the Modocs were "raising particular Hell," and the Army was unsuccessfully trying to contain them.

The next issue, May 10, had a couple of Indian illustrations, and nothing really to do with the Modoc problem, but the May 17 issue covered it thoroughly. More than three of its sixteen pages were devoted to the story. It referred to the "barbaric Modocs" and accused them of "scalping and torturing prisoners" as well as "murdering innocent settlers." That was all true, and the civilians in Northern California were very upset.

From its vantage point across the continent, Harper's was calling for the Army to end the trouble. The Army,



however, was having problems of its own, many of them due to the lack of any good roads from civilization into the Tule Lake-Lava Bed region.

The May 24 issue devoted a full page to General Canby's funeral in Portland, Oregon. It included two large pictures engraved from photos taken when he was laid in state before the actual funeral, and a few lines of copy. The funeral took place on May 19; getting the photos to New York for the May 24 edition was a remarkable feat. It is too bad *Harper's* did not explain how it was done. The photos probably were first sent on the fast night boat from Portland to San Francisco, then on a river steamer up the Sacramento River to Sacramento and the Central Pacific Railroad depot. Then they would have gone to Omaha on the transcontinental railroad, on to Chicago, and then to New York. They probably were carried by a passenger—the timetables of the day show that could be done in just seven days.

The May 31 issue of *Harper's* featured a good cover picture of Captain Jack and his closest Modoc companions. There was an inside paragraph on the picture, but unfortunately, it does not say where, when, or by whom it was taken. The paragraph comments, "The



Major-General E.R.S. Canby



natural advantages of the country are on the side of the Indian." That is a backhanded comment on the fact that the Army was still not able to resolve the problem.

The Modoc War ended June 3, 1873, when Captain Jack and the last of his Modoc followers were captured. *Harper's* reported the capture on June 14 in a front-page story titled "Our Indian Allies." It included three illustrations and a bit of text, crediting the Warm Springs Indian Scouts who had made the capture possible. The use of the scouts seemed to surprise the *Harper's* writers even though it was standard Army practice in the West.

The June 14 issue also contained five illustrations done from photographs with a story titled "The Modoc War Region." It was mostly on how difficult the country's terrain was.

The June 21 issue carried the story, "The Last of the Modocs," including comment on General William T. Sherman's alleged attitude towards Indians—"A good Indian is a dead Indian." The story reports that the capture of the last of the hostile Modocs was carried out quite peacefully.

Two cartoons ran with the June 21



story. One featured the voracious mosquitoes of the Tule Lake-Lava Bed region. The other featured General Sherman with the doggerel, "One little, two little, three little Injuns." There were also five other pictures engraved from photographs.

The cover of the June 28 issue featured an illustration engraved from a photograph of the lava cave where Captain Jack had been captured. It also contained the illustration of the murder of General Canby and the Reverend Thomas which is frequently used when the story of the Modoc War is retold. There also was a half-page story on the trophies captured from the Modocs, including three illustrations, one of which was a scalp. The stories all stress that the captured Modocs would not be let off easily.

With that, Harper's dropped the subject except for one more short insertion in the "Domestic Intelligence" column. On October 18 seven lines reported the courts-martial convictions for murder and executions of Captain Jack and five of his companions—actually only four were executed after President Grant commuted two of the death sentences. The note is so terse that it is impossi-

ble to tell from it what actually happened.

That was the end of the Modoc War as far as Harper's was concerned. Taken in perspective with what else Harper's was reporting at the time, the Modoc War story is very interesting. In 1873 Harper's stories on California or any of the West were few and far between. Most of them were but a few lines in the

prises as mining, stock raising, and railroad construction. Yet Harper's did not report them.

But the Modoc War was probably the story they printed more on than any other in 1873. Most stories never made more than two or three issues; the Modoc War made eight and got several notes. It was given some forty illustrations, four cartoons, and a map; most

The campaign cost the United States between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000. The amount would be twenty times that in today's money. The campaign was never well run, and it is still called "the most expensive war, per capita of enemy, ever fought by U.S. Troops."

crowded "Domestic Intelligence." But that is not because there was nothing worth reporting in the West. That year General Crook's Tonto Basin Campaign in Arizona temporarily pacified the Apache Indians. A horde of Sioux that year crushed the Pawnees in the Battle of Massacre Canyon in the Republican Valley near present Trenton, Nebraska. There were also some pretty good stories relating to such western enter-

prises never got more than four or five illustrations in all. All that about a little conflict in a California backwater nobody had ever heard of!

There were probably no more than a hundred Modoc warriors involved at the war's peak. Usually their count was nearer fifty. The number varied since Indians always tended to join and leave such enterprises pretty much at will. Including families, the band never topped

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XVII—No. 857.]

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1873.

[WITH A SUPPLEMENT.
PRICE TEN CENTS.]

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a couple of hundred.

The Army force peaked at nearly fifteen hundred troops, Indian scouts, and civilian militia. They not only used rifles, carbines, and pistols against the poorly armed Modocs, but even artillery including 12-pound mountain howitzers and 24-pound Coehorn mortars to throw shells into the Lava Beds.

The casualties were unbalanced. About 170 whites were killed or wounded, including murdered settlers and troops. Only five Modocs were killed in the fighting. One captive committed suicide and four were executed—total, ten dead Indians.

The campaign cost the United States between \$500,000 and \$1,000,000. The amount would be twenty times that in today's money. The campaign was never well run, and it is still called "the most expensive war, per capita of enemy, ever fought by U.S. Troops." None of those facts about the campaign were reported in *Harper's*.

It is difficult to explain why *Harper's* gave the Modoc War so much coverage. Some of it may have resulted from the murder of General Canby, a popular man in the East. It also may have been an easy story for them to get from so far away if somebody was feeding them the information. Certainly someone was sending them the photographs they used to make illustrations, and that was very unusual for any Indian campaign in the West.

Despite its timeliness and depth of coverage, however, *Harper's* reporting of the Modoc War was neither complete nor particularly accurate. At least in its shortcomings, *Harper's* was typical of nineteenth century reporting of the Indian Wars in the West.



THE BOOK MART



TW25—A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS. By Paul I. Wellman. Wellman shows that the organized gangs of robbers and killers—from Quantrill to Floyd—who roamed the Midwest and Southwest from the 1860s to the 1930s went to the same school and were aided by each other's notoriety. First published in 1961, *Dynasty* "is a thriller... but at the same time it is a cool, sane study."—*New York Herald Tribune*. University of Nebraska Press.

Paper \$8.95

Billy the Kid

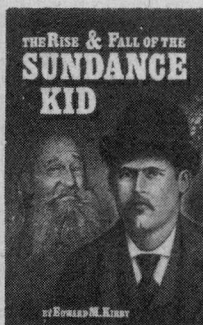
A HANDBOOK



By John Tusk

TW24—BILLY THE KID: A HANDBOOK. By John Tusk. Considered the last word on the legendary outlaw, Tusk's book explodes the myths and corrects the errors perpetrated by historians, novelists, and filmmakers. "An excellent book—the best to date on the Kid and the making of the legend."—*Western Historical Quarterly*. University of Nebraska Press.

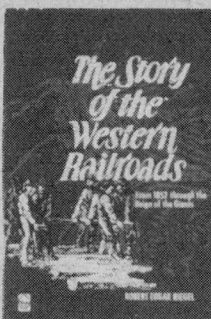
Paper, \$7.95



TW40—THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SUNDANCE KID. By Edward M. Kirby. A thorough study of Harry Longbaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, outlaw companion of Butch Cassidy. Kirby's book explores the Kid's early life in the East, his entry into outlawry, and his career with Cassidy. Kirby also stirs controversy by contending that Longbaugh did not die in South America, but lived until 1955 in California and Utah. Western Publications.

NEW SELECTION!

Paper, \$4.95

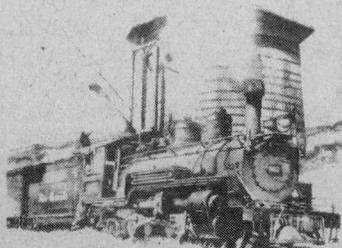


TW45—THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS. By Robert E. Riegel. A leading treatment of the subject, this book follows the Iron Horse's conquest of the American West through Indian trouble, labor difficulties, civil war, and farmer disillusionment. A thoroughly researched study, the volume includes a large bibliography. "The narrative is on the whole accurate."—*American Historical Review*. University of Nebraska Press.

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Rio Grande Narrow Gauge Recollections

By John B. Norwood



TW56—RIO GRANDE NARROW GAUGE RECOLLECTIONS. By John B. Norwood. The author's personal account of his nearly 40 years with the Rio Grande, this well-illustrated, colorful volume offers plenty of ear-bending stories about one of the most famous railroads in the West. Norwood writes of the Rio Grande with great affection and humor. Heimburger House Publishing.

NEW SELECTION! Cloth, \$38.95



Lone Cowboy



Illustrated by the Author

TW41—ROY BEAN: LAW WEST OF THE PECOS. By C.L. Sonnichsen. A new edition of a popular, lively biography, *Roy Bean* profiles one of the most colorful figures of the American frontier, and one of its least likely heroes. Sonnichsen shows in astonishing detail the shady side of western law and entrepreneurship. University of New Mexico Press.

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TW9—LONE COWBOY: MY LIFE STORY. By Will James. In this reprint of a classic western autobiography, a young Will James is on his own, drifting from one outfit to another, herding cattle, busting broncos, and getting into scrapes. "Undeniable reality."—*Chicago Daily Tribune*. University of Nebraska Press.

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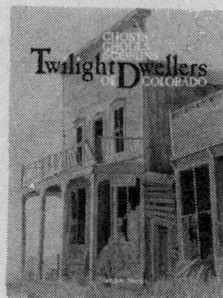
Paper, \$9.95



WILL JAMES

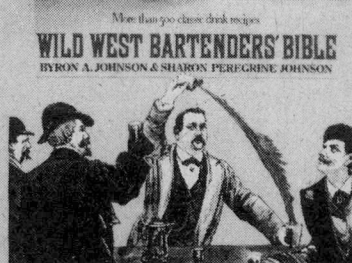
TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times*. University of Nebraska Press.

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TW28—TWILIGHT DWELLERS: GHOSTS, GHOULS AND GOBLINS OF COLORADO. By MaryJoy Martin. From Indian legends through the ghostly present, meet a spine-tingling assortment of Colorado's rich spectral spectrum of phantoms, demons, and spirits in the lively pages of Martin's *Twilight Dwellers*. Martin proves that "ghost reading can be contagious."—*TRUE WEST*. Pruett Publishing.

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BYRON A. JOHNSON & SHARON PEREGRINE JOHNSON

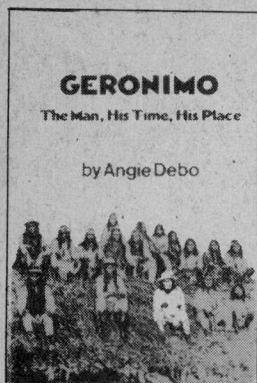
TW52—WILD WEST BARTENDERS' BIBLE. By Byron A. Johnson & Sharon Peregrine Johnson. This beautifully designed and illustrated new book, reconstructs the golden age of the American saloon with chapters on who became saloonists; saloon architecture, furnishings, and stock; and the daily routine of a saloon. It also contains more than 500 recipes from rare bartenders' guides published between 1862 and 1906. Texas Monthly Press.

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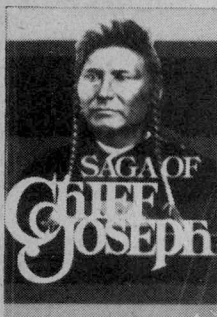
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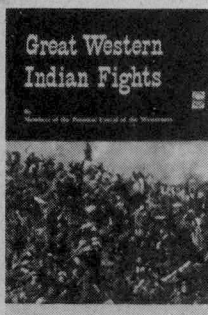
TW43—GERONIMO: THE MAN, HIS TIME, HIS PLACE. By Angie Debo. In this first-rate biography, Debo draws upon Geronimo's own account of his life, first-hand narratives of his warriors and other contemporaries, and traditional historical sources. She portrays him not as "the tiger of the human race," as contemporary accounts described him, but as an individual with his own characteristics. University of Oklahoma Press.

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TW46—THE SAGA OF CHIEF JOSEPH. By Helen Addison Howard. This completely revised edition of *War Chief Joseph* presents in exciting detail the full story of the great Nez Perce leader, with a reevaluation of the five bands engaged in the Nez Perce War, objectively told from the Indian, the white military, and the settlers' points of view. "A priceless contribution to the history of a great and noble race."—*Los Angeles Times*. University of Nebraska Press.

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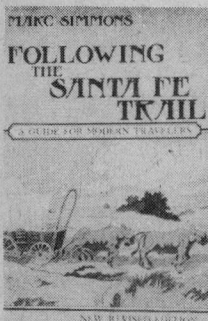
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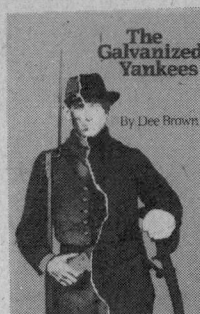
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Paper, \$7.95



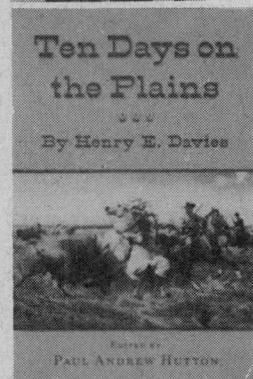
TW51—FOLLOWING THE SANTA FE TRAIL: A GUIDE FOR MODERN TRAVELERS. By Marc Simmons. An excellent reader's guide and traveling companion, this newly revised and updated work is the only complete contemporary guide to the first and most exotic of America's western routes. Designed for home or on-the-road use, Simmons' book shows specific routes, towns, landmarks, and markers. Ancient City Press.

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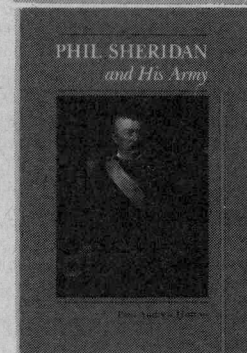
TW33—THE GALVANIZED YANKEES. By Dee Brown. Here is the little-known story of Confederate soldiers recruited from Union prison camps to serve in the West, standing watch over a nation they had once sought to destroy. Exchanging gray for blue uniforms, they became "galvanized yankees." "An accurate, interesting, . . . fresh and informative study."—*New York Times Book Review*. University of Nebraska Press.

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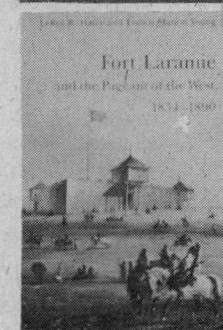
TW35—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. Ed. by Paul A. Hutton. Originally published in a limited edition of fifty copies in 1871, this rare book is an account by Civil War General Henry E. Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies featured a young scout, William F. Cody, as the central figure, making this book one of the most important accounts of Buffalo Bill. Southern Methodist University Press.

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TW27—PHIL SHERIDAN AND HIS ARMY. By Paul A. Hutton. This definitive account of Sheridan's western career not only traces his central role in the final military defeat of the Indians but also reveals much about other important aspects of his varied life. "A completely balanced study . . . readable, informative."—*TRUE WEST*. University of Nebraska Press.

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TW48—FORT LARAMIE AND THE PAGEANT OF THE WEST, 1834-1890. By LeRoy R. Hafen & Francis Marion Young. The authors present a colorful, fascinating history of one of the most important trading and military posts in the West. From its establishment to its abandonment, Fort Laramie proved a vital supply center and rest stop for the westward tide of emigrants. The cast of characters reads like a who's who of the American West. University of Nebraska Press.

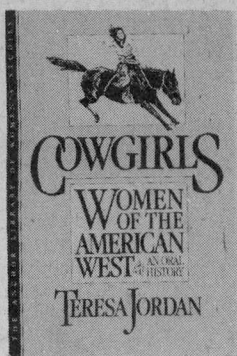
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TW50—FRONTIERSMEN IN BLUE: THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND THE INDIAN, 1848-1865. By Robert M. Utley. A comprehensive history of the achievements and failures of the regular and volunteer armies between the Mexican and Civil wars. Utley's work treats many of the Indian-soldier skirmishes and garrison activities in consummate detail. "Unobtrusive, entertaining, and objective."—*Journal of American History*. University of Nebraska Press.

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Paper, \$10.95



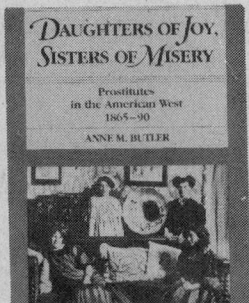
TW—HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE CATTLE TRADE OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST. By Joseph G. McCoy; ed. by Ralph P. Bieber. In 1874, seven years after he had established Abilene, Kansas, as the railroad shipping point for Texas longhorns, McCoy published this enduring eyewitness history of the great cattle drives northward. This closely edited reprint corrects many early errors and includes an excellent introduction. "The first and one of the best range histories. A classic."—*The Book Lover's Southwest*. University of Nebraska Press.
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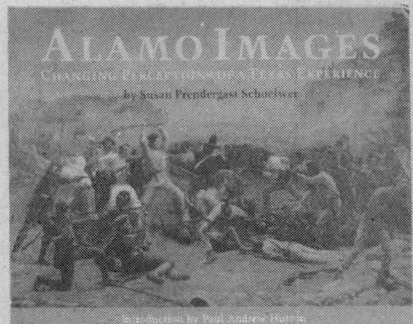
TW36—BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES. By Glenn Shirley. Known as "a female Jesse James," Belle Starr's association with some of the most sought-after outlaws in the West brought her lasting notoriety. Shirley sifts through the fantastic myths surrounding Belle and unearths the facts about the intriguing Oklahoman who ironically was murdered after she finally had decided to go straight. University of Oklahoma Press.
Cloth, \$19.95



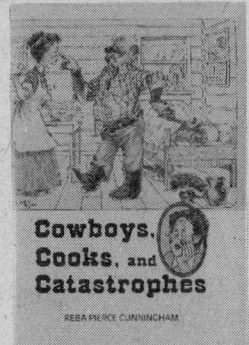
TW38—THE OLD WEST QUIZ AND FACT BOOK. By Rod Gragg. Do you think you know the Old West? The answer to hundreds of questions—from "How long did the shoot-out at the OK Corral last?" to "Why did cattle-drive cooks throw their dirty dishwater under the chuck wagon?"—can be found in this fascinating and profusely illustrated collection of facts, features, obscure details, and overlooked information. Harper & Row.
Cloth, \$15.95
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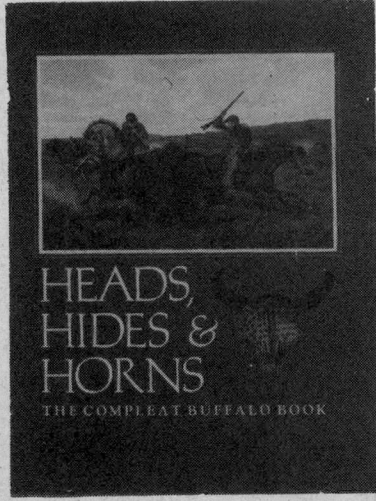
TW1—DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTES IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1865-90. By Anne M. Butler. "Frail sisters," "fallen angels," "soiled doves"—whatever they were called, these women lived lives of nearly anonymous destitution. Anne Butler's account of their lives bears little resemblance to popular depictions in film and fiction. It reveals instead an existence on the brink of despair. University of Illinois Press.
Cloth, \$16.95



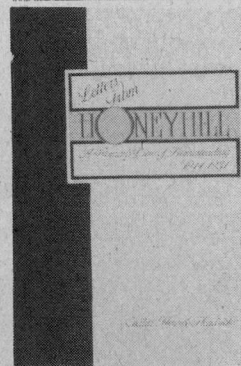
TW20—ALAMO IMAGES: CHANGING PERCEPTIONS OF THE TEXAS EXPERIENCE. By Susan Prendergast Schoelwer. Published in conjunction with an exhibition celebrating the Texas sesquicentennial, this profusely illustrated work focuses on key components of the Alamo story and explores both the myth and the reality of each. Southern Methodist University Press.
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Paper, \$12.95



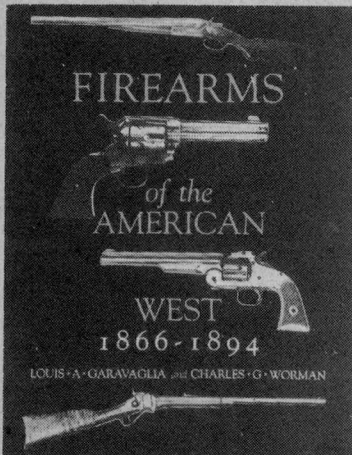
TW23—HEADS, HIDES & HORNS: THE COMPLETE BUFFALO BOOK. By Larry Barsness. Combining superb art and history, this book tells the story not only of the buffalo but also of the relationship between the buffalo and man on the North American continent. "A model of scholarship narrated in a breezy style."—Dee Brown. Texas Christian University Press.
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TW55—LETTERS FROM HONEYHILL: A WOMAN'S VIEW OF HOMESTEADING, 1914-1931. By Cecilia Hennel Hendricks. A treasury of correspondence from a young woman in frontier Wyoming to her family in Indiana, this collection of letters provides a valuable narrative of a young family's life in the West and a commentary on a woman's role in homesteading. "One of the most remarkable documents I have ever read"—Gene M. Gressley, University of Wyoming. Pruett Publishing.
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Cloth, \$40.00

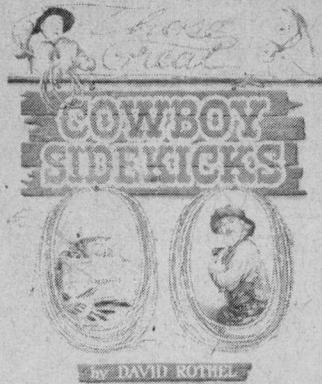
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TW42—FIREARMS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, 1803-1865. By Louis A. Garavaglia & Charles G. Worman. Part one of two-part study. Cloth, \$35.00

TW53—GHOST TOWNS OF TEXAS. By T. Lindsay Baker. In this new release, the author brings back to life eighty-eight of the "best" ghost towns in his native state. The description of each town contains something about its founding, its former significance, and the reasons for its decline. Each town site includes a map and road directions, along with copious illustrations from the past and present. University of Oklahoma Press.

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TW11—THOSE GREAT COWBOY SIDEKICKS.

By David Rothel. A fascinating look at such fondly remembered comic character actors as George "Gabby" Hayes, Smiley Burnette, Andy Devine, and thirty-six others, much of the story is told through the reminiscences of the sidekicks and the cowboy stars. WOY Publications.

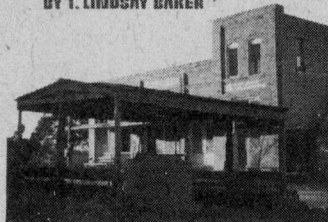
Also available:

Paper, \$17.95

TW31—SHOOT—EM—UPS: THE COMPLETE REFERENCE GUIDE TO WESTERNS OF THE SOUND ERA. By Les Adams & Buck Rainey. WOY Publications. Paper, \$24.95

GHOST TOWNS OF TEXAS

BY T. LINDSAY BAKER

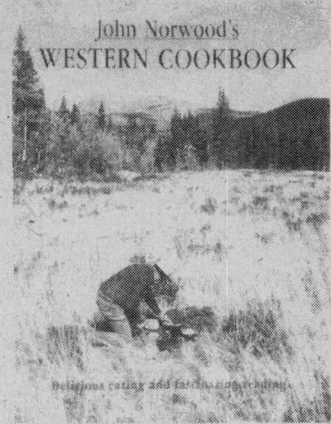


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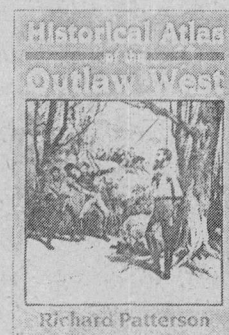
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His First Hanging

By JEAN A. MATHISEN

Keffer pleaded that he was insane at the time of the killing. He claimed that his head had been injured several times and that four times in his life he had gone crazy. But a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned.

The hills around the old Derby stage station are a crimson red—blood red—reminiscent of a savage murder that occurred there in 1901. The killing resulted in the only legal hanging that ever happened in Fremont County, Wyoming.

Old D.J. "Dad" Warren, about age sixty, was the horse tender at the station. Its buildings were constructed of the same rock that makes up the surrounding hills. Set some distance above the carved banks of Twin Creek, the sta-

tion was generally a quiet place where life rolled pleasantly along like the sluggish pink water in the stream—until the day James Keffer paid Warren a visit.

James Keffer was born in Franklin County, Kansas, on February 24, 1874. He moved to the Willamette Valley in Oregon with his parents that fall. He had first appeared in the Lander area in November 1901 and had worked as a powder man on construction of the nearby Enterprise Ditch. He bragged loud and long that he had killed seventeen

men in seventeen states and would kill another before he left Wyoming. He did just that, but he would never leave the state.

Keffer had been in Lander on a four-day spree when he finally left town and showed up at the Derby stage station. He pleaded to Warren that he was dead broke, and the horse tender took him in, offering him a job hauling wood for five dollars and board. It was mid-December 1901.

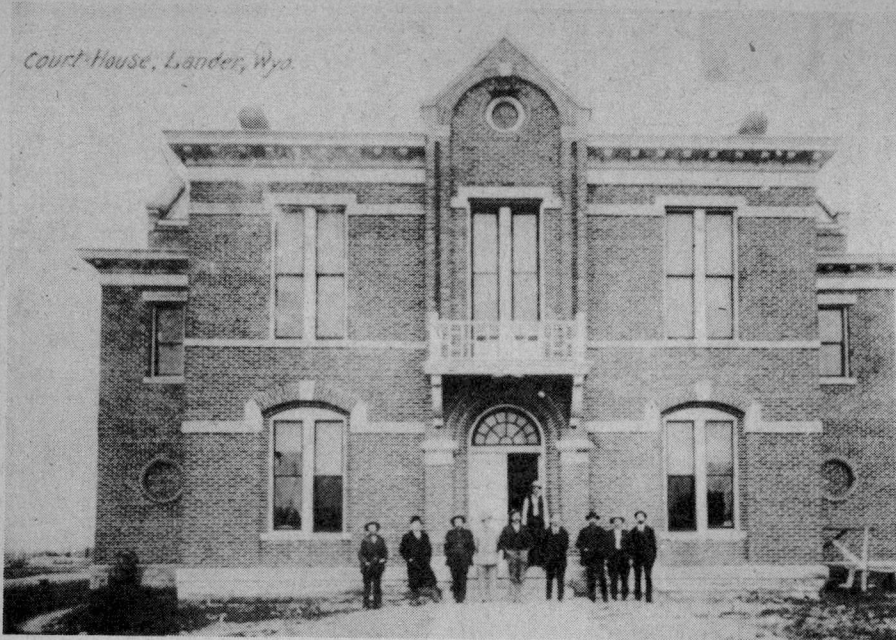
A few days later Warren and Keffer

Pioneer Museum, Lander, Wyoming



Main Street, Lander, Wyoming, as it appeared about 1903.
April 1987

Court House, Lander, Wyo.



Pioneer Museum, Lander, Wyoming

Pioneer Museum, Lander, Wyoming



The Fremont County Courthouse was built in 1886, then torn down and replaced in 1958.

got to drinking at a freighter's camp nearby, and both were drunk by the time they returned to the station. When Warren confided that he had a large sum of hidden money, Keffer decided the kindly thing to do would be to relieve the old man of his burden. He enabled himself to do so by shooting Warren in the head with a shotgun.

Keffer later appeared at the roadhouse at Bruce, four miles away. There he told two men named Gatlin and Matthews of the killing, claiming that it was self-defense—that Warren had tried to shoot him. But Gatlin and Matthews doubted the tale and rode over to Derby to investigate. They found Warren with half of his head blown away and a cocked rifle lying across his outstretched hand. The men returned to Bruce and took Keffer to the sheriff at Lander.

Evidence at a coroner's inquest suggested that Warren had been shot in bed and his body dragged across the room and propped up with the rifle. Keffer had then rifled the place and found only \$5 in cash. Being in checks, the rest of the money was of no use to him.

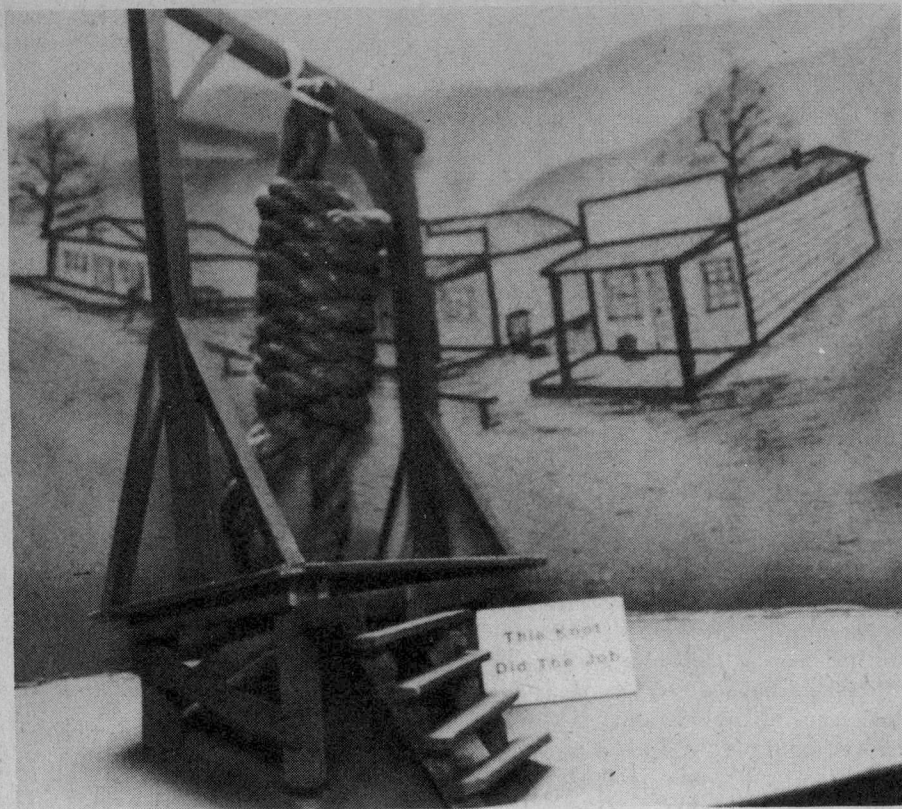
Keffer was brought into district court on December 26. Since he had no attorney, the court appointed E.H. Fourt and D.A. Preston, and the case was continued to the next term. The trial convened June 24, 1902. Much of the trial was taken up simply in trying to find twelve jurors who were not prejudiced—the case was notorious and feelings were running high, for Warren had been well liked and respected.

Finally a jury was selected, and the trial was held. Keffer pleaded that he was insane at the time of the killing. He claimed that his head had been injured several times and that four times in his life he had gone crazy. But a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree was returned. On July 2, 1902, the judge sentenced Keffer to be hanged by the neck until dead on September 5, 1902, and "may God have mercy on your soul!"

An appeal was filed and the Wyoming supreme court issued a stay of execution. Over a year later the court issued a notice on September 14, 1903,

The hangman placed the hood on Keffer just prior to his being hanged at 10:09 a.m.

True West



Author's Photograph

The hangman's knot is displayed at the Pioneer Museum.

that the sentence was to be carried out on September 25.

A scaffold was designed and built by Sheriff Stough. Standing against a corner of the handsome brick courthouse that had been built in 1886, the scaffold cost \$100. It was constructed so that it could be dismantled easily and used again. Some fifty years later, it was still stored in the courthouse basement.

Sheriff Stough issued invitations to the hanging, and several county officials and prominent Landerites attended. The gallows was surrounded by a high

ty James Couch kept the death watch.

Keffer spent the morning before his hanging talking with his "spiritual advisor," the Reverend James Leonard of the Methodist Episcopal church.

The *Fremont Clipper* described Keffer's walk to the scaffold as being "weak"—chances are he would have liked to walk in the opposite direction. However, as the rope was being adjusted around his neck, he greeted the audience with a cheery "Good morning, boys! I have no ill feelings for any man in town, but do not think much of the

ready. "Yes," was the reply, and the killer's body swung out into space. Three physicians pronounced life "extinct" at 10:27 a.m., and the body was placed in a coffin.

Before Keffer was buried, an autopsy was conducted. It revealed no brain or skull damage of the sort of which Keffer had claimed to be the victim. He was finally buried in potter's field at the local cemetery without ceremony and without delay. His grave remains unmarked.

The *Clipper* enthusiastically reported the aplomb of Sheriff Stough, who "never for a moment lost control of the splendid coolness and nerve that characterized the proceedings which is all the more wonderful on account of this being his first hanging." Strange—it was Keffer's first hanging, too. The paper continued, "It can safely be said that the first (legal) hanging in Fremont County was a success, not a harrowing detail having presented itself to the 50 spectators."

Although he is now just a footnote in Lander's history, Keffer shared much in common with two more notorious Wyoming outlaws. He was hanged less than two months before Tom Horn would be executed on November 20, 1903, at the Laramie County Jail in Cheyenne. Horn's would be the last hanging to be held at a county seat in Wyoming. Keffer also shared the same sheriff, the same defense attorney, and the same jail with Butch Cassidy, who had been incarcerated at Lander for a time in 1893.

Orson Grimmett, a former sheriff, kept the knot and noose from Keffer's hanging as a grim souvenir. For a long time visitors to his Arcade Saloon on Main Street could see the "knot from Keffer's necktie." Nowadays it has been granted a place of honor at the Pioneer Museum in Lander as a reminder of the killer and the sheriff who attended the first and final legal hanging in Fremont County.

Evidence at a coroner's inquest suggested that Warren had been shot in bed and his body dragged across the room and propped up with the rifle. Keffer had then rifled the place and found only \$5 in cash. Being in checks, the rest of the money was of no use to him.

fence that obstructed the public's view; J.B. Houghton served as the gatekeeper.

Keffer had been treated well enough, having a hearty breakfast and a cigar for dessert. He had requested a lady "companion" the night before. When the request was turned down, he had gone to bed at about nine o'clock. Depu-
April 1987

judge, supreme court or the governor."

Keffer's ankles, knees, and thighs were strapped, and his hands were bound by the thigh straps. He wore overalls, a flannel shirt, and as one newspaper commented, "the only necktie appears to be the rope."

After a black hood had been put over his face, Keffer was asked if he was

SOURCES

In addition to contemporary newspaper accounts, *Crossroads of the West: A Pictorial History of Fremont County*, by Arthur F. Duntch (River-ton, WY: Crossroads of the West, 1965) was used in the preparation of this article.



The Cantankerous Cow Caper

By PHIL LIVINGSTON
Illustrated by the Author

One thing that a cowboy learns early in his career is that almost anything can happen when he's working with livestock. And when the country is rough and the cattle wild, things can rapidly develop into a situation completely out of the ordinary. Of course, the wilder the action, the better the stories. Sometimes the facts get stretched or get left out to help the story along but... that's part of cowboyin'. This one's true but it's kind of like a Grade B western movie without the hero packin' a guitar... although he does have a white horse of sorts.

Back in the droughty fifties Jack Plume drifted into the South Texas town of Sandia, down in the brush country. He was on a business trip and wearing "civvies" instead of his usual big hat and boots. Night came before he was able to complete his chores, so he was faced with staying over. Since it was Friday, he took in the local movie and turned in early, figuring that he'd have two long days ahead without much to fill them.

Next morning he gravitated to the town cafe. As usual, daybreak found the locals playin' the coffee pot and gossiping before heading for the country. A table next to ol' Jack was filled with members of the big-hatted set, swapping stories. Since like usually manages to attract like, it wasn't long before he'd managed to introduce himself and be invited to join the group.

The conversation was centered around the efforts of some of the cowboys trying to catch a wild cow hiding out in a nearby pasture. Since the area was heavily brushed and covered several sections of ground, she'd managed to hang onto her freedom even after the rest of the cattle had been gathered. She had plenty of room to maneuver and the brush provided lots of cover.

Other than Plume, every man at the table had taken at least one run through the thorns after the old gal... with no success. She'd been there so long and there had been so many attempts made to catch her, that she had become an institution among the local brush poppers. Whoever managed to tie on to the cow and lead her out would really have a feather in his hatband.

When Jack joined the bunch, a lot of good-natured kidding was being handed out to the last pair who had crashed and slashed through the thickets to get a throw at Ol' Bossy. From that point, the conversation drifted to tales of past chases and then toward plans for a group effort the next day. That suggestion was met with enthusiasm, and the details were worked out.

After a few pointed suggestions from Jack, an invitation to be a part of the action was handed his way. After all, it wasn't every day that a feller had the chance to go on a real, South Texas cow hunt. He didn't look like a cowboy with his short-brimmed hat, low-cut shoes and dress pants, but he was a visitor, a nice guy, and needed something to do over the weekend. His newfound friends even offered to mount him on something suitable for his ability. A time was set to meet the next morning and the group broke up.

The sun was slipping over the tops of the scurby live oak trees when a pickup pulling a stock trailer loaded with horses stopped by the motel and honked. Plume came out, hopped into the cab, and the expedition was under way. With some half-dozen riders, this time Ol' Bossy wasn't going to slip away through the brush. Some cowboy was going to get a loop around her horns and lead her to the pens.

It was only a few miles from town to the pasture where the sought-after cow was ranging. Once through the sagging



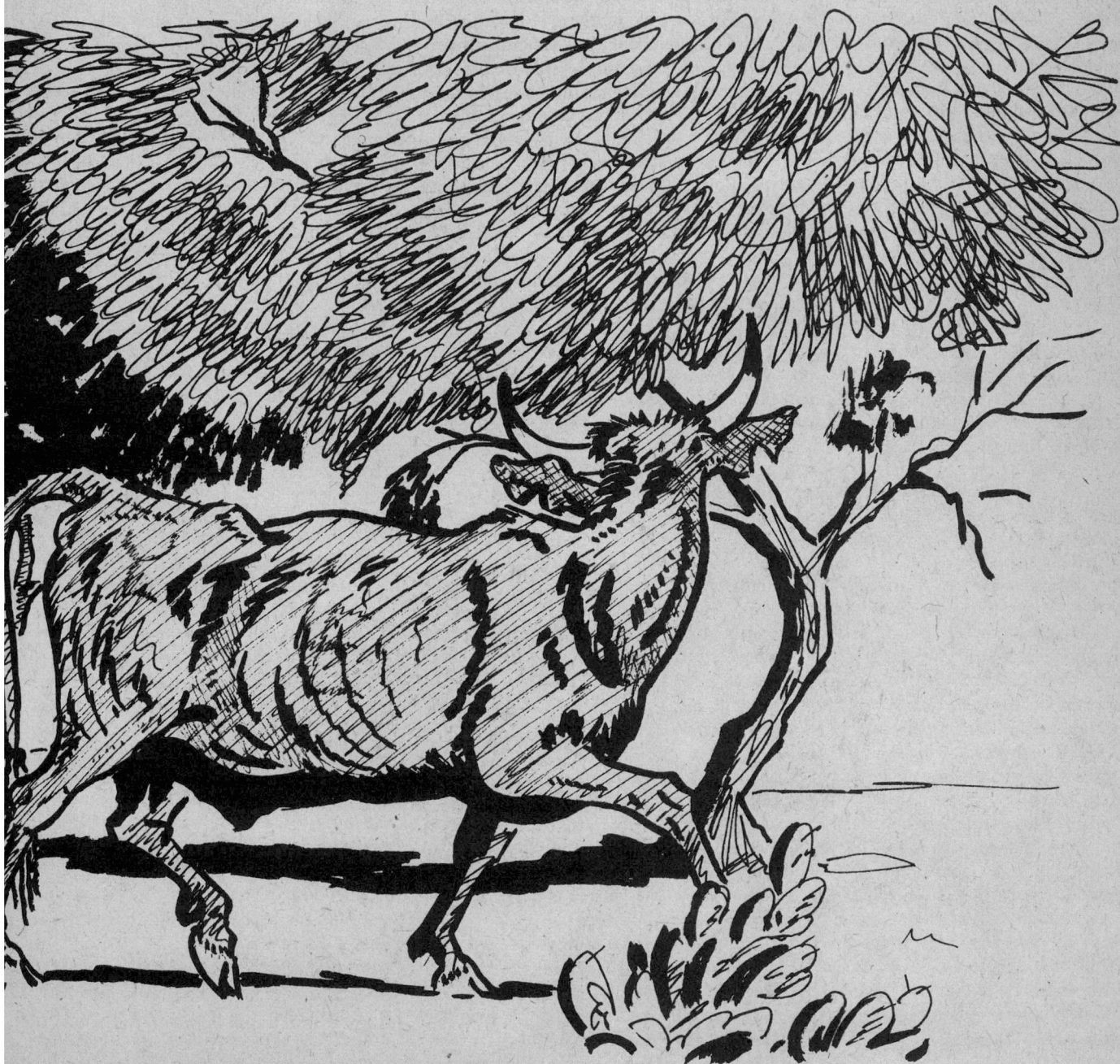
wire gap that passed for a gate, the trucks headed down a bumpy dirt track towards the pens, hemmed in on each side by a dense thicket of underbrush. Most of the pasture was covered by a thick mat of mesquite, huesatch, chaparral, and clumps of prickly pear cactus, accented by tight mottes of moss-hung live oak trees. The occasional clearings, covered with scrubby grass, were becoming smaller each year as they surrendered to the brush. Other than the live oaks and a few big mesquites that dropped a feathery fall of green towards the ground, most of the vegetation grew little higher than a rider's head. However, it made up for lack of height by being so thick that in most

places it was all but impossible to force a path through. And everything that grew was armed with sharp thorns that could easily punch out the eye of an unwary animal or man. The riders who habitually worked in the hostile environment went armored in heavy leather leg-gins, canvas brush jackets, gloves, and protected their feet with toe fenders on their battered saddles.

Here and there through the tight mass of brush, cleared-off narrow trails, or senderos, had been bulldozed. They led to abandoned drilling sites. Other than the winding cattle trails that followed the broken contours of the land, ducking under the low-hanging limbs and around gullies or thick

patches of prickly pear, they were the only openings through the thorny, almost solid wall of greenery that faced the intruders. Along these senderos, dozed-down trees, clumps of dead brush and huge clods of dirt had been pushed into towering piles.

In that rugged pasture, the cunning cow knew every trail, thicket and tight motte of oaks, and she was able to elude capture by doubling back on her tracks to hide until her pursuers gave up. She had the few water holes located and was independent from the windmill-fed tank in the big corral. That prevented some cowboy from trapping her when she came in to drink, as was often done in less well watered pastures. The only



way that Ol' Bossy was going to be caught was to chase her onto an open spot in the brush and get a loop around her horns.

The small band of cow chasers pulled up to the ramshackle set of corrals, located in a clearing, and began to unload their already saddled horses. The thorn-scarred mounts all were well built cowhorses, at home in the brush and ready for a day's work—all, that is, but a bony, almost-white gray that was pointed out to Plume as his horse for the day.

The battered animal had a woebegone expression that testified not only to old age but to a lack of interest in anything but the contents of a feed bucket. His ears flopped listlessly on top of his long head, his legs were knotted and scarred, and his hooves were cracked and broken. In his day, Whitey might have been a cow horse... but that was far behind him.

The ancient saddle cinched on the high-withered back was a matching antique. The hard leather was cracked and curled, belying acquaintance with oil for many a year. It was worn thin on the seat and stirrup leathers, and the lining was eaten away by the mice in the barn.

Tied to the saddle horn was a coiled rope that resembled wet noodles. All in all, the horse and outfit expressed the opinion of the visitor's hosts for his probable ability as a cowhand.

The eager dogs were released from their cage in the back of a pickup, cinches tightened, and the riders swung into the saddles. As the group moved off, the dogs circled and barked in their excitement over the coming chase.

A short distance from the pens, the bunch pulled up, decided which way the cow would probably head, and then agreed on the final strategy. They would make a big circle towards the back of the pasture and then work back to the corrals. Hopefully, that would push the cow towards the center of the pasture and the open clearings there. With the dogs to locate and hold Ol' Bossy, some lucky cowboy might get a throw and end up with beef at the end of his rope.

One of the men suggested that Jack head down the fence line, away from the corrals. That way, it would put him between the fence and the cow, able to turn her back if she tried to jump out. Plume accepted the directions, and instructions on how to find his way back to the corrals. It would be hard for him

to get lost, even in that thick brush, as long as he kept the fence line or one of the bisecting senderos in sight. He realized the reason for the warning, though. A stranger to the country could get lost if he didn't recognize the landmarks in the big pasture. And, none of his hosts wanted to slow down their fun to hunt up some dude who had wandered off and gotten lost. He just smiled and agreed.

Jack had grown up on the back of a horse, chasing wild cattle through the brush of his home country some hundred and fifty miles to the northeast, and he knew that he was capable of returning to the starting point even on unfamiliar ground. No use mentioning that to his traveling partners though. They were convinced that he was a greenhorn. He was getting a lot of fun out of the whole affair, and it was better than moping around town.

Plume drifted along beside the sagging, rusted strands of barbed wire that made up the fence, then turned down a sendero. He reined the clumsy horse around a brush pile with starkly protruding limbs and dried, twisted roots reflecting the early sun, then pulled up near a big oak to look around. The sun was just beginning to shimmer off of the still leaves and the world was coming alive. The sounds of hungry birds and buzzing flies accented the drowsy stillness. A faint shout drifted through the tangled brush from a far corner of the pasture. The dogs must have jumped the cow and one of the brush poppers was signaling the rest of the bunch.

"They're going to have a time getting a rope on her in this overgrown mess unless the dogs head her towards a clearing," thought Jack. Lulled by the warm sunlight, the rider almost dozed as he sat in the saddle. Whitey cocked a back foot and dropped his head.

Then, a movement down the sendero and swaying leaves caught Jack's experienced eye. Identifying it, he froze behind the thin screen of brush that separated him from the open trail. Coming up the sendero at a long trot was a high-horned, black and white cow with three tired dogs in pursuit. She matched the description that his hosts had given him of the day's quarry. Ol' Bossy had been started by the dogs, doubled back through the thorns, and lost most of them and was now trying to shake the other three. If she could get across a creek or maybe jump the pasture fence, she just might do it. The hounds were too out of breath to do more than yelp half-heartedly instead of



baying to tell the riders that they had managed to stick with the cow.

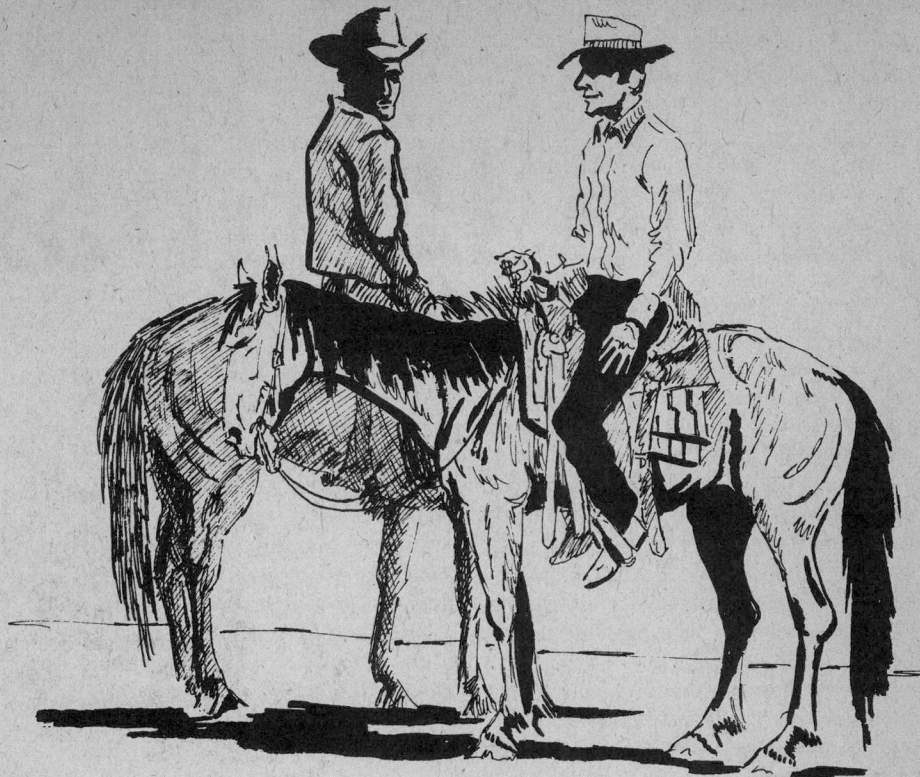
Plume grinned to himself. Ol' Bossy had managed to get away from the boys again. It was no wonder that she'd managed to keep her freedom, if she had the ability to lose a pack of seasoned cow dogs as well as a crew of brush poppers. Then he realized that the cow was going to pass right by him. As close as she was going to be, it would be fun to take a throw himself. Then he considered what he was riding and decided that there wasn't much sense in trying. His horse was doing good to walk without stumbling, much less run.

Even if he did luck out and get his loop on the cow, Whitey wasn't able to handle the mixup at the end of the rope. That cow was going to fight, and it would take a top horse to stay out of those hooking horns, drag her to a tree and then hold the rope tight while Jack dismounted and snubbed her up. The best thing to do was just watch and see which way she went. The rest of the dogs, followed by the cowboys, would be along and he could point them on the trail. Somebody would probably get a chance before the day was over.

The cow was almost even with the man, still oblivious of the foreign presence, when the lid blew off. Whitey slung his head to dislodge a biting fly. Of course, the sudden movement caught the cow's eye. Startled, without taking her eyes off the horse and rider that had so suddenly materialized, she lunged sideways, knocking one dog flat and scattering the other two. Bossy blundered into the brush pile, tripped, staggered, and then jumped again. This time she hung a leg over a protruding branch, floundered on for several steps in a vain attempt to maintain her precarious balance, and then hit the trunk of a big oak tree head on. Bossy went to the ground in a quivering heap.

When the spooked cow went down, the reflexes of a seasoned brush popper took over in Jack Plume. Without thinking, he kicked Whitey into a stumbling gallop, jerking the worn lariat free from the leather string that held it to the saddle fork. The startled horse reached the downed cow in two jumps, his rider leaving the saddle with the speed of a go-round winning calf roper. On the ground, Jack slipped the loop around the cow's horns and pulled it tight, then wrapped the length around the tree and around the horns again in a multi-layered figure eight. Finishing off with a stout knot, he figured, "That'll hold her... if the aged rope doesn't break."

Now all he had to do was wait for the



rest of the crew to show up. The way that the dogs were barking, the cowboys would hear the racket and follow the sound. It would be up to someone else, better mounted than Plume, to lead Ol' Bossy to the corrals. When she came to from that knock on the head, she was gonna' be full of fight.

The cow was on her feet, recovered from her collision with the tree trunk and fighting mad, when the other cowboys came trotting down the sendero. They'd heard the barking dogs and judged that the cow had been cornered. All of them had their ropes down, ready to take a throw if it was possible. What met their eyes was the noted outlaw cow snubbed to a tree, the satisfied dogs sitting out of range and yelping... and off to the side in the shade, one leg draped negligently over the saddle horn, was Jack on Whitey.

SURPRISED COMMENTS flew back and forth as the confused cowboys tried to understand the situation. They saw it... but they didn't believe it. Some stranger who didn't even look like a brush hand had come into their country and done something that no one in three counties had been able to do. Not only was he riding a worn-out horse, but he hadn't even torn his shirt. It was a story that was going to take a lot of retelling, even if the joke was on them.

Ol' Bossy was led to the corrals by a pair of cowboys mounted on stout horses. She fought at the ends of the lariats, sensing that her days of freedom were over. The dogs nipping at her heels

kept the cow moving forward and the cowboys headed her in the right direction. In the pen, she was heeled, stretched out, and the ropes removed. Inside those high fences, she couldn't escape. From there it was only a case of loading her into a trailer and taking her to town. The fun and excitement of chasing Ol' Bossy through the brush was over.

Long after the tired horses had been turned loose, even after the bawling cow had ceased to walk the fences in her solitary jail, the celebration among the cowboys continued. Jack was toasted by thorn-scarred veterans of the thickets, who congratulated him on his skill and luck. And each time that the guest of honor opened his mouth to explain what had really happened, he was shouted down. Modesty had no place among the big-hatted gang that night. They were all too busy retelling his triumph to be bothered with the details. Finally, with a dazed grin, Plume settled back to enjoy himself.

It was only when he started out of town the next morning that he really had time to think back over what had happened. Grinning, Jack shook his head and muttered to himself, "If that bunch knew what had really happened, they wouldn't have made such a fuss about it. Now, the story will spread across ten counties. And I'd better not ever come back to work cows in this country. With the reputation that I've got now, I'll never be able to live up to it."



By LAVERN HAYS

The Panhandle Ir

In the early morning hours of January 30, 1891, a telegraph operator frantically tapped out a message of terror and violence. From the depot of the Fort Worth and Denver Railroad in Salisbury (no longer in existence), Hall County, Texas, the warning went out to all towns along the FW&D tracks in the panhandle of Texas.

"The Indians are coming, killing and burning as they come. I can see the smoke of settlers' homes over the ridge."

The operator continued the messages, each one more dire.

"I can see them fighting about half mile from here."

Later, "They are still fighting, but the cowboys are holding them very well."

Then the last dramatic message came. "I see them coming. I am gone."

Like fire through dry prairie grass, the word spread. That the settlers believed the story is strange, because no unfriendly Indians had been in the area since the mid-1870s, when they went to Indian Territory reservations.

The militant Ghost Dancing of the Sioux, however, led some to fear that the reservation Indians might be stirred up and return to their old camping grounds. Whatever the reason, the settlers believed they were going to be attacked, and thus began what has come to be known as the "Great Panhandle Indian Scare of 1891."

The incident which set the entire Panhandle into a panic took place on the Rocking Chair Ranch in Collingsworth County in the late afternoon of Thursday, January 29, 1891. S.H. "Shafe" Vaughn, ranch foreman, gave an account of the affair.

Cowboys from the ranch were sent out to kill a beef to eat. They found the calf they wanted and started to drive it back to the ranch. One "crazy kid," according to Vaughn, "just had to use his gun." He shot the calf, wounding it but not killing it. The calf ran wild, and the boys did considerable yelling and shooting while finishing the job of killing the yearling.

It was a far piece back to the ranch, so the cowboys decided to skin the calf right there. They made a fire to warm their hands, and the surrounding grass caught fire. The boys again made quite a ruckus putting out the fire. They finally put the beef quarters on their horses and started to the ranch.

This action all took place near a nester's dugout where a woman was alone with her two small sons. Mrs. Will

Johnson assumed from the wild yelling and the shooting, the rising smoke, and what little she could see of the men, that Indians were murdering settlers and burning their homes.

Vaughn observed, "In the dusk, I expect a fresh quarter of beef can look like a scalped settler if you are scared." Too, one of the cowboys lost his hat and tied a red bandana around his head, Indian-style.

Heritage Hall, Memphis, Texas



This 1891 photo taken by Jerry Hays reveals that Memphis was a thriving young town when its citizens, armed with hand axes, headed for Salisbury to fend off

True West

Indian Scare of 1891

Scared senseless, the woman put her two boys behind her on their horse and raced full speed for the nearest neighbor's house. One of the boys fell off, and while she was putting him back on, her husband rode up.

She told him her story of death and destruction, and they took off in a run for the Henry Stall farm. When they arrived, W.L. Huddleston and his two sons had just unhitched their mules

from their wagon and unsaddled the boys' two ponies, intending to spend the night at the Stalls'.

Huddleston, called a tenderfoot, probably had more to do with the spread of the tale than anyone else. When the Johnsons went on to Wellington, he immediately caught one of his tired mules while his sons caught their ponies. Without bothering to saddle the animals, they sped away into the night, headed for Salisbury, where he had come from that day, warning settlers as he rode. He vividly described the pathetic cries of screaming women as Indians ripped the scalps from the heads of white children.

Some say one of the ponies stepped in a hole and fell; some say it was ridden to death. At any rate, Huddleston put the horseless boy on the back of the mule and hurried on.

TERROR-STRICKEN and crazed, Huddleston and the boy rode into Salisbury on the lathered mule around midnight. So well did the man tell his tale of horror and gore that the entire six-family village gathered in the depot. Guns at hand, they barred the door and shoved furniture against it to keep out the savage braves.

Much controversy has arisen as to the telegrapher, whose name has been lost to history, and his messages. Some say he was a great joker. Some say he was scared to death and lost his head. Others say he remained cool and made the messages urgent so that aid would come quickly.

Whatever the truth was, the messages received attention. Eph Harper came into Salisbury from the country with an old cap and ball pistol without a hammer. When asked what he was going to do with it, he said, "I am going to hit them Inguns over the head with it." The Rev. J.W. Harrell had a horse which was "a lazy creature." It ran away that night, and everyone knew it "smelt Inguns."

W.P. Dial rode in to find out what was going on. In the darkness, he heard a bloodcurdling yell and the pounding of

a horse's hooves. Pulling to one side, he drew his gun and awaited the Indian charge. A lone drunken cowboy dashed by.

On the Mill Iron Ranch range, families gathered at the John Gist dugout, and, having no guns, gathered a large pile of rocks with which to defend themselves. One man loaded his large family in a wagon and whipped his mules into a run, telling his wife, "Peg, make them kids behave. The Inguns can hear them four miles away."

In Memphis, some five miles distant, citizens gathered at the Lafferty Hotel. The Rev. J.W. Brice drilled the men in military tactics using one rifle, two pistols, and an old buffalo gun. Undaunted, they broke into the hardware store, borrowed hand-axes, and set out on foot to aid the people of Salisbury.

Meanwhile, Sheriff C.A. Embree rode to Collingsworth County to check out the story. Finding it a hoax, he tended to some other business, not returning to Memphis for three days. Memphis citizens assumed he had been killed by the Indians.

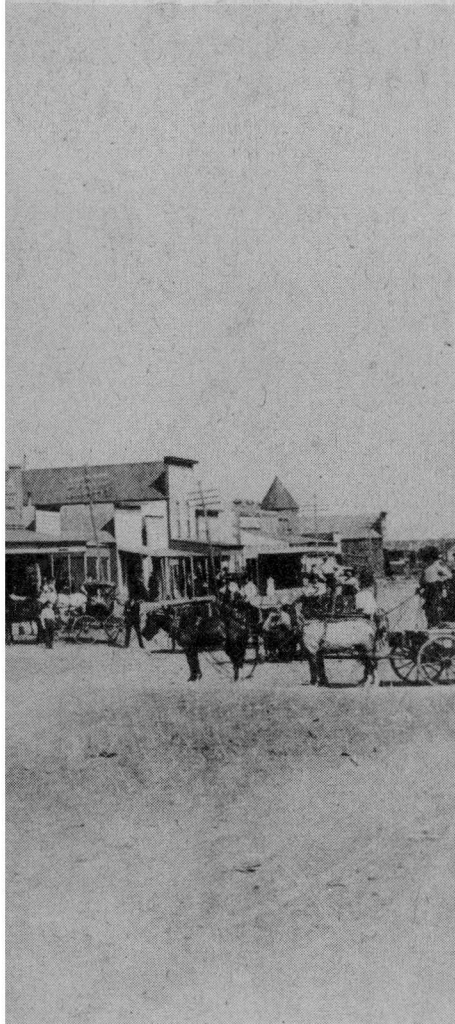
Thirty miles on up the FW&D tracks, the citizens of Clarendon heard the news. G.A.F. Parker recorded, tongue in cheek, that "it was here that the people rose to the highest acts of heroism."

Citizens excitedly crowded the streets when they heard there were Indians at Salisbury. Then Jim Cain, hotel owner, leader in sporting circles, and Anheuser-Busch beer agent, appeared on the balcony of his hotel with his shirt in one hand and his trousers in the other. He proposed that citizens remain calm and go to the aid of Salisbury.

"Every move must have a head," declared Cain, waving his trousers overhead. "Fellow citizens, follow me. I'll be the head, and you can be the tail."

The citizens then broke into a hardware store and armed themselves with weapons, many of which were never returned, according to owner, Henry Taylor.

The men boarded a train from the railyards there and started to Salisbury. On the way, some of the fellows decid-



raiding Indians.

The Randall County courthouse in Canyon City (now Canyon) was heavily fortified in January of 1891 as citizens of the county prepared to fight off the "bloodthirsty redskins" coming from the south, reportedly through Palo Duro Canyon.



ed to check Cain to see just how calm he really was. According to one source, the "tail" found that the "head" had a ten-gauge shotgun with several boxes of twelve-gauge shells, and two .45 pistols with four boxes of .38-caliber cartridges. They also found two quarts of whiskey, which they confiscated.

More than one man remembered liquid fortification. Joe Horn, who was on the train, reported, "There were more drunks got off of that train than I ever saw in my life. There were enough drunks to have stopped all the Indians in the territory if they had been sober. It would have been a terrible slaughter if there really had been Indians, because those volunteers were not able to take care of themselves, let alone fight."

While Cain had been making his stirring speech, John Farrington, boss of the nearby JA Ranch, along with two other JA men, heard the story. They jumped into their one-horse buggy and proceeded to drive their horse to death getting back to JA headquarters. Making the last part of the trip on foot, they awoke everyone at the ranch and gathered up their weapons—eight old buffalo guns, which they had to clean. The panicked women were herded into a cellar near the bunkhouse.

Bill Koogle, who had military train-

ing, drilled the cowboys. They took turns doing guard duty for three days and nights.

Charlie Parks, an Irishman fresh from the "Old Country," had been told that Indians used owl hoots, coyote howls, and the like as signals at night. On guard one night, he heard "the worst noise" he had ever heard. He got a shell jammed in his gun and couldn't get it out. Then, as Parks told it, "The next thing I did, I literally flew. I—God—I run so fast, a stop watch would have been standing still if it had been timing me.

He ran into the guard at the next post and told him about the noise. They investigated. It was a yard gate squeaking on its hinges.

A Mr. Nelson at the ranch had bragged for years about how many Indians he had killed in the Panhandle. His mettle was tested when a nearby nester, Jug Rutherford, who knew the story of the Indians was false, made a fire in front of his dugout, thinking how funny it would be to make the JA people believe Indians were burning his belongings. Nelson saw the fire, "took cramps," and had to be put in the cellar with the women.

JA cowboys spread the news. At the home of Charley Smith, four men, Bob



The Fort Worth and Denver City Railroad depot at Memphis, built in 1891, was

True West

Yates, J. Case, and Arch and Joe Bryan, were visiting and had already turned their horses out for the night. They had only one gun for the five men—a desperate situation. One of the men prayed fervently, "Lord, send, O Lord, let it rain, let it rain four more Winchester rifles, and then rain cartridges 'til daylight."

JA hands Mitch Bell, who didn't believe the story, and Al Phillips, who did, started west together, Bell to go to Tule camp and Phillips to turn south there for Quitaque country. Phillips was scared to death.

As Bell told it, "When we came to a hollow where you couldn't see the moon, Phillips said, 'We're going to run like hell through this.'" They did, Bell said, and through every dark place after that.

At Tule camp, Phillips turned south. Bell, having warned the men and with nothing else to do, moseyed on into Tulia. Bell told the story and said he didn't believe it. The townsfolk, however, did. Men grabbed their horses and guns. A barricade of post wagons was thrown around the town hotel, and women and children crowded in. The "cavalry" scouted for Indians.

Bell and the hotel bartender, Billie Nay, had a big time helping themselves to the liquid refreshments. Bell said Nay kept yelling like an Indian all night, keeping people upset.

Bell hung around for several days, and when the citizens found the story was not true, they accused him of making it up. Bell said, "They came near mobbing me, and I had to do some tall explaining to save myself."

J.W. KENT was assigned to escort the wives of the JA bosses to Claude to catch a train to California, where they would stay until the Indians were gone. Kent rode in the rear as a guard. A thick fog came in, and Kent, not believing the Indian story, went about halfway with the women, then turned around and went back to the ranch. The women never knew he left.

In Claude, W.H. Grinnell, who was elected to head the defense, took an inventory of weapons. They were short—very short. They wired Amarillo, "Send us guns and ammunition." Amarillo wired back, "We need all the guns we can get."

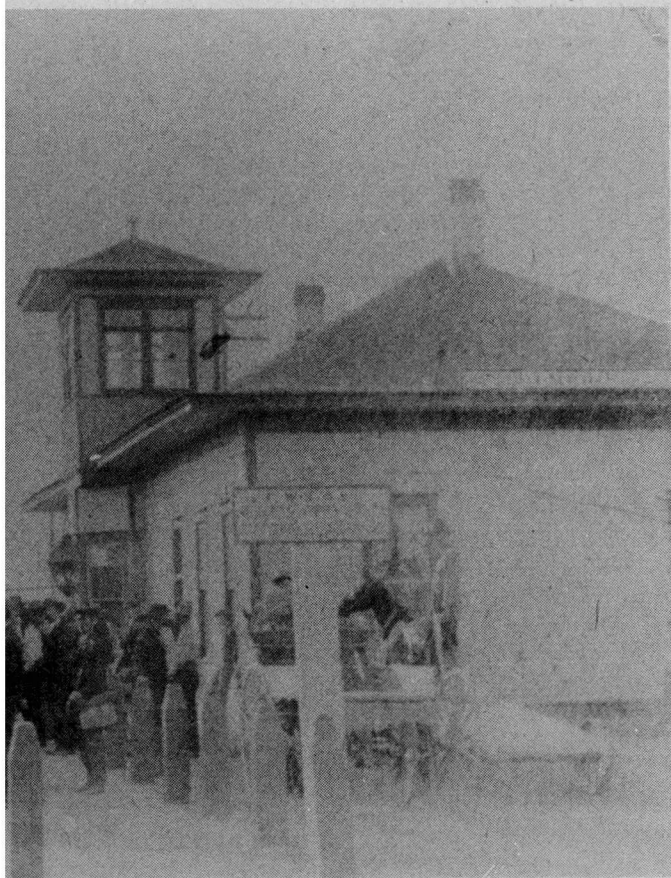
Jim Weaver, a settler, put his sick

mother on a feather bed in his wagon and started to Claude. The mother bounced to the side of the wagon off the feather bed, which then bounced into the air with every bump. Weaver, seeing the flopping bed, came into town looking back over his shoulder and yelling, "They're coming! Right back there!"

When the Ben Timmons family headed for a neighbor's dwelling, Mrs. Timmons sent one of the kids back to the dugout with instructions about her eight-day striking clock. "Stop that clock. It might be dark when the Indians pass here, and they might miss our place unless they hear that clock striking."

At the home of Charley Kite, Mrs. Kite panicked when Charley came in yelling, "The Indians are coming." She had been told before coming to the Panhandle that they would all be scalped. Her reaction was, "I began cleaning the children up, getting them ready to be killed. I was scared. I sat with my babies in my arms all night and cried."

Taylor Collins carried the news from Claude to Panhandle, stopping by the



typical of the station buildings at stops which communicated by telegraph.

April 1987



Mitch Bell, cowboy and wagon boss for the JA Ranch and later a rancher himself, pulled his "Paul Revere ride" by going to the ranch's Tule camp to warn the men of the Indians.



W.P. Dial rode into Salisbury to check out the Indian story and got quite a scare on the way.



J.W. Kent was assigned to escort the wives of the ranch managers to Claude to catch a train to California to escape the attacks.

home of a Mr. McKay, an Irish fellow, six-feet two-inches tall, and a former Union soldier. McKay refused to go with Collins, saying he would die on his farm. While Collins was telling this to the townsfolks, they "heard a racket and looked up and McKay was coming across the railroad ties with his wagon and team, his big pipe turned upside down and his swallow-tail coat flying out behind."

Another character at Panhandle that day was Temple Houston, eccentric son of Sam Houston. He took charge, telling people, "Be not like dumb driven animals, but be a hero in the strife. Why do you fear? In my veins runs the blood of Sam Houston who defended you at San Jacinto, and I can do the same here." However, Houston was believed to be part Indian, and the rumor spread that he was a scout for the Indians, spying on the town. That did little to calm fears.

Meanwhile, in Amarillo, where they needed all the guns they could get, Judge J.T. Holland believed the story readily. The Indians were believed to be coming up the Prairie Dog Fork of Red River to their old camping grounds in Palo Duro Canyon. For some days Judge Holland had seen smoke rising from the canyon—signal fires of the Indians. The smoke was rising straight up and only Indians could make smoke rise straight up regardless of the wind, he said.

Texas Ranger Captain Bill McDonald had just arrived at his new post in Amarillo around midnight. When he received a telegram saying that Indians were raiding in Hall County, he dismissed it as a joke played by the boys on his first night in town. When a railroad man arrived with the second telegram, he became serious.

Loading men, horses, and pack mules on a train, he set out for Salisbury. When he arrived, he found the settlers hiding in haystacks and tall grass or popping their heads out of dugouts like prairie dogs, having evidently deserted the depot along with the telegrapher. He heard the Huddleston story and went to the Rocking Chair to check it out. He then returned to Amarillo, thoroughly initiated into his new post.

FROM AMARILLO, the story raced on. The mail carrier making his run from Amarillo to Plainview, arrived in Canyon, twenty miles south, on Saturday morning. He confirmed the rumor. Yes, it was true that McDonald and his rangers were fighting the Indians. The carrier had a saddled horse tied to his buckboard, and he told a cowboy, "When the Indians come, I am going to quit Uncle Sam's mail and this buckboard and ride out of it."

Mounted messengers went out, and settlers came rushing into town. A.L. Hammond, blacksmith, whose only experience was shoeing horses in the Civil

War, took over the defense. The courthouse was picked as the place to fend off the bloodthirsty redskins. Heavy lumber and posts were gathered, and breastworks were thrown up around the two-story frame building. Men dug trenches from which to defend their lives, and women and children huddled in the vault of the courthouse.

Some thought they would be safer in Amarillo, where there were rangers. They hitched up wagons and buggies and whipped their horses to full speed. As they bounced along the dirt road to Amarillo, they saw Indians on the horizon. Whipping their horses even harder, they drew near to the Indians to find that they were grazing cattle. To the scared settlers, the animals' ears had looked like Indian feathers.

During this flight, one woman lost a child out of her wagon and never knew it. The people in the next wagon picked the child up. Another woman gathered up her belongings, including the dirty laundry, to take with her. Still another swallowed her door key.

Some heads remained cool. W.F. Heller was butchering a beef on his farm when a woman rode up to give him the news. He finished his meat-cutting and took the meat into town for food for the holed-up settlers.

While the fortifying was going on, Sheriff Sam Wise rode into Amarillo to find out just where the Indians were. Finding that the whole story was a



All that remains of the old Salisbury townsite is the concrete foundation of a rural school which served children of the area for many years. Salisbury Hill is in the background at the right.

hoax, he rode back to Canyon, arriving just before dark.

When the truth was known and calm settled once again on the town, someone suggested having a dance. S.G. Umbarger suggested they had best have a prayer meeting. Citizens, however, were more in a celebrating mood than a praying one. So the affair ended with a dance in the courthouse.

The *Canyon City Echo* of January 31, 1891, reported, "Some fool started the report that a gang of Indians numbering about five hundred stampeded from the nation and struck Saulsbery 'all spradled out' and painted the town crimson by killing twenty odd persons and burning the town on last Thursday night." Editor John Edgell then gave an account of the activities in Canyon City and ended his article, "Everyone was badly scared and there is no use denying the fact. It is a strange thing how such reports can get out and carried so far without any foundation whatever."

The *Tascosa Pioneer* wrote, "That great big Indian scare that swept the lower Panhandle last Friday and Saturday, from Salisbury to Clarendon, and Clarendon to Claude, and Claude to Amarillo, and Amarillo to Canyon, was not very creditable to the lower Panhandle's nerves. The badly and forever whipped Indian is too completely worn out as a bugaboo and terrifier to make a really respectable chestnut; and that an ordinarily cool people should have

permitted to spread among them like a conflagration the wholly unreasonable story of a man who must, in his rational moments, be a hysterical idiot and an habitual liar, is passing strange—it surpasseth astonishment. What would the Panhandle do, judging from this display, if fifty or a hundred real Indians, on a genuine warpath, should sure enough break from cover and sweep at us? We'd all break our necks falling over the Rocky Mountains. Sitting Bull, you wrought better than you knew."

In later years, old-timers were able to laugh at themselves as they recorded their stories, embellishing them and giving varying versions. However, one thing stands out, and that is the concern those old pioneers felt for each other. They banded together and pooled what they had, including worldly goods, courage and comfort, foolishness and fears, to face a common danger. Fortunately, that danger was from Indians who never came and a battle that was never fought.

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An Old ORO Cowhand

By BEVERLY SWANSON



Located in the beautiful high desert country between Prescott and Seligman, Arizona, the ORO Ranch is one of the largest in the Southwest United States. It covers 265,000 acres and is one of the few remaining working ranches to employ extra cowboys, wrangler, cook, and chuckwagon for its semi-annual roundups. Fourteen cowhands handle the spring roundup for branding and the fall roundup for shipping.

Percy Coleman Lyons, an old cowhand known as "Coley," was one of the few permanent hands on the ORO Ranch. But he was very permanent, as he was there for forty years.

Born in Runge, Texas,

Coley was a cowboy all his life, except for a two-year stint in Europe during World War II. He never learned how to drive a car, and he never married.

For many years, Coley took care of the ORO's Triangle N line camp. As the camp cowboy, he was responsible for all the cattle on about 6,000 acres.

During the last few years of his life, Coley shared a room at the ranch headquarters' bunkhouse with Bruce Fee. Although Bruce was not a ranch hand, he slept at the ORO every school night so he could drive the school bus to Prescott early each morning. It was a two-hour ride for the school children living on the remote ranches of the area.

Picture this if you will: in 1860 John S. Watts, a Santa Fe, New Mexico, attorney acting in behalf of clients, saddled his horse and set out to select five separate tracts of land totaling 496,000 acres within New Mexico Territory. At the conclusion of his horseback ride, he had selected the five tracts, two of which were located in what is now Arizona, two in New Mexico, and one in what would become part of Colorado. One Arizona tract situated approximately 40 miles northwest of Prescott is known as Baca Float No. 5, now part of the larger ORO Ranch. Baca Float No. 5 contains 98,000 acres of fee land currently owned by the J.J. Corporation, a purchaser for the Green Cattle Company.

Attorney Watts was hired by the heirs of Don Luis Maria Cabeza de Baca, who had married three times and sired twenty-three children before he was killed at Pena Blanca, New Mexico, in 1833. Don Luis received a land grant from the King of Spain in 1815, but he could not fully occupy it because he faced the same problem as General Custer, whose last words are reputed to have been, "did you ever see so

Lawyer With Briefcase— Will Travel: The Story of The ORO's Baca Float No. 5

By KEITH F. QUAIL

d. _____ many Indians?"

The land grant from the King of Spain consisted of 496,000 acres in the vicinity of what is now the city of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The state of the art of land titles in 1815 is illustrated by an excerpt from the grant itself:

On the 15th day of June, 1815, by virtue of the foregoing decree of Lt. Col. Don Alberto Mainez, Governor of this province, I proceeded, in company with my attending witnesses and the petitioners, to the lands granted to Don Luis Maria Cabaz de Baca and his fifteen children . . . at the aforementioned place of the spring of the Holy Ghost, which being examined by me, I made known to them the superior decree containing the favor granted—to all those who were present. Being satisfied with what had been determined, I put them in possession of said tract. They pulled up grass, threw stones towards the four points of the compass, and all exclaimed together, in a loud voice, three times, LONG LIVE THE KING, as evidence of legal possession, which they took quietly, without any opposition whatever.

By 1856 settlers from the United States had moved onto the lands of Don Luis's original grant, and his heirs employed Watts to reclaim it. Watts

In the spring of 1982, Coley contracted pneumonia and passed away quickly. He never complained about being ill, even though he had good reason to do so. His body had been broken by many injuries from the numerous wrecks he had experienced while cowboying.

Coley never had much use for dogs until he met his golden shepherd dog, Hi. Hi originally belonged to the ranch mechanic, but the dog took a liking to Coley and they became inseparable friends. Coley enjoyed Hi and rode his horse until the day he became ill. Bruce Fee and Coley's other friends at the ORO miss him, but his faithful dog Hi misses him the most.

Artist Ray Swanson has painted a number of scenes and cowhands from the ORO Ranch. During one of his painting expeditions to the ranch, Ray got acquainted with Coley. He felt that Coley was the epitome of the traditional cowboy, and he was excited to use him as the



subject in a painting.

In contrast to the kindness that he bestowed on his dog, Coley was rugged and tough. Ray admired his fortitude in completing his ranch duties and riding all day long despite his old age.

For the location of his painting, Ray chose the ranch tackroom, where Coley

stored his saddle every night and took a few minutes to relax. He felt the quiet, warm scene told a strong story of the bond between man and dog. The late afternoon sun warms the touching scene as Coley and Hi share a moment of affection at the end of the day.

Technically, the scene was

a challenge to paint because of the location's contrasting light pattern. The original 30"×44" oil painting is in the collection of Hamilton Kenner, of Florida and Montana. It is appropriately titled "The End of Another Day."

petitioned the Surveyor General of the Territory of New Mexico for relief pursuant to the provision of the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in which the United States agreed to recognize and affirm Spanish land titles in the New Mexico Territory.

At that time, however, the lands were not actively occupied by Cabeza de Baca's heirs, and the United States was determined to protect its citizens who had settled there. After successful legal proceedings and an act of congress, Cabeza de Baca's heirs were finally authorized to float their right to the lands included in the original grant and to select instead five tracts of land elsewhere in New Mexico totaling 496,000 acres. Thus Watts saddled his horse and set out on his mission.

Watts completed his ride and, on June 7, 1865, filed his selection of Baca Floats numbered one through five. The Yavapai County, Arizona, Baca Float No. 5 selection was contained in the petition of John S. Watts to Surveyor General John A. Clark:

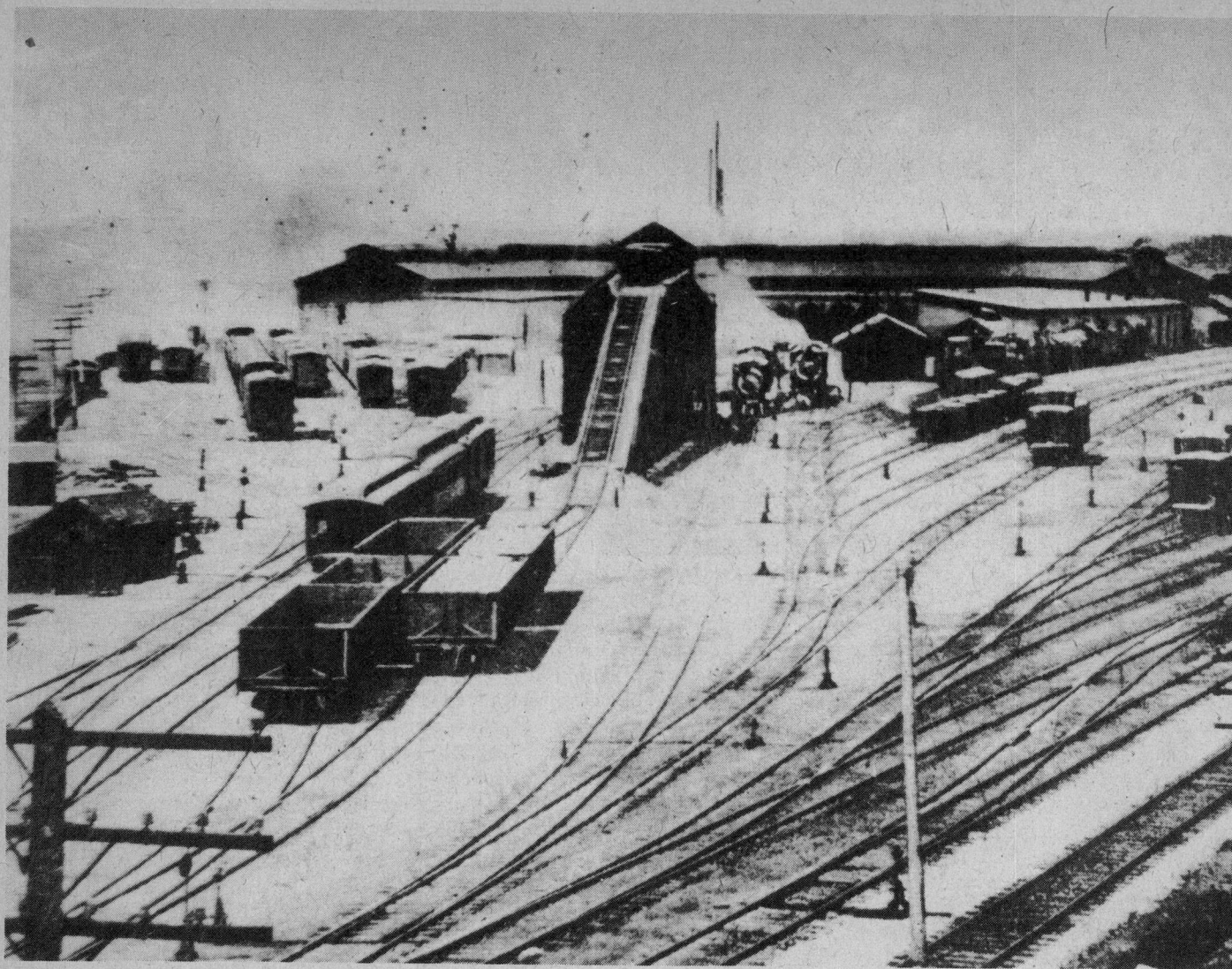
Sir, As Attorney for the heirs of Don Luis Maria Cabaza de Baca I have selected for

relocation under the Act of Congress approved June 11, 1864, the following tract of land situate about 50 miles east of the Colorado River in the trail from Fort Mojave to Prescott: Beginning at the head of Francis Creek at a certain monument erected by John Moss on his trail from Fort Mojave to Prescott in the year 1864 near the large Black or Burnt Mountain, said Francis Creek being one of the tributaries of Bill Williams Fork—commencing at said monument for the center of the west line running from said center north six miles and Eighteen 22/100 chains, thence east twelve miles and 36.44 chains, thence south twelve miles and 36.44 chains, thence west twelve miles and 36.44 chains, thence north six miles and 18.22 chains to the place of beginning, at said monument. Said land is now vacant and not mineral.

The selection was honored by President William McKinley through the issuance of a quit-claim deed (not a patent) dated October 6, 1898, to the "Heirs and assigns of Don Luis Maria Baca, deceased" with no further definitive reference as to the names of such heirs or their assigns. The vesting language undoubtedly has created a problem for title examiners, who would ultimately receive no real comfort from

the fact that on May 30, 1871, a deed was signed by eighty-six individuals who represented themselves to be all of the heirs of Don Luis Maria Baca then in existence. John S. Watts obviously did not worry about the vesting question of explicitly naming those who were intended to be the recipients of title; no doubt in those days he was not concerned about a malpractice claim. Curiously, the deed from the heirs named their attorney, John S. Watts, as the grantee. That may have been done to pay his attorney fees.

The passage of time probably has cured whatever title defect existed in 1871, and in terrain and forage Baca Float No. 5 is still a cattle ranch unexcelled in Arizona. John S. Watts' horseback ride through hundreds of miles of uninhabited and uncivilized country solely for selecting the very best parts of the New Mexico territory compares well with the actions of modern attorneys, who are often reluctant to travel so far as the office of the county recorder to examine a record.



Looking southwest at the Emporia Santa Fe Roundhouse and Yards from atop of the Nutting Hotel located at 302 West Street. The

By LOVERNE MORRIS

The Only Girl A

A young Kansas teacher trades her one-room cou

“Mr. White, will you recommend me to be enrolled in the nurse corps to go to France?” It was April 1918, during World War I. I was talking to William Allen White, the most important man in our town and one of the most important in Kansas.

“No, Verna. Our girls are our country’s future mothers, and I do not like

sending any of you to the front. I am not sending you to France.”

“But you recommended Mollie.”

“Mollie had been given nurse training. If you want to help in the war effort, I’ll send you to Ed Perrine. He is district agent for the Santa Fe, and he is hiring girls on a temporary basis to replace boys called to the service. Shall I call Ed and make an appointment?”

“Please do.”

The appointment was made and soon I was on my way to the depot in Emporia, Kansas, a Santa Fe division headquarters. As I trudged the mile I thought what a different turn my life was taking. I knew patriotism was not my only motive. I had been teaching in a Kansas town of about six thousand people. At first I had prided myself on

discipline. The children marched in and out of the classrooms. According to the principal's rule, if they whispered in line or got out of step, the teacher on duty must rap their knuckles with a ruler. If boys fought on the playground, their room teacher must give them a strapping in the principal's office. All that discipline had spoiled teaching for me.

When I got to the depot, Agent Perrine did not question me much about my qualifications. He said William Allen White had recommended me, and that was good enough for him. He told me to report for work Monday. My pay would be one hundred dollars a month.

The boy who was going to the Army had worked the night shift in the ticket office, so that was the job I was given. At first, the idea was a bit of a shock. I had rarely been out alone at night. But I was not about to let anyone know I had not expected that.

That first Monday when I reached the depot I found that I would be well protected there. Dispatcher Jess Bethurum, whose office was upstairs, was at the door to welcome me. He explained that my office was always kept locked. The only person beside myself with a key was the special agent who was the Santa Fe policeman. Jess showed me a loaded revolver in the drawer of my desk, and told me I was always welcome to bring any problems upstairs to him. He was a fatherly figure of about sixty years and very reassuring.

I needed all the moral support I could get. No modern girl could imagine how

Usually I did not sell many tickets at night. About six night passenger trains stopped at Emporia. I did not have to concern myself with the freight trains or the darkened troop trains that slipped past the station. Most of the tickets I did sell were fares to Kansas City, which was a bit over a hundred miles east of us.

Emporia was a division point on the Santa Fe, and about 500 men worked on the division. That included train men, men in the roundhouse and yards, expressmen, baggage men and ticket clerks at the depot, and track maintenance men. Many came to the office to get their paychecks. They were intrigued to find a girl in the office.

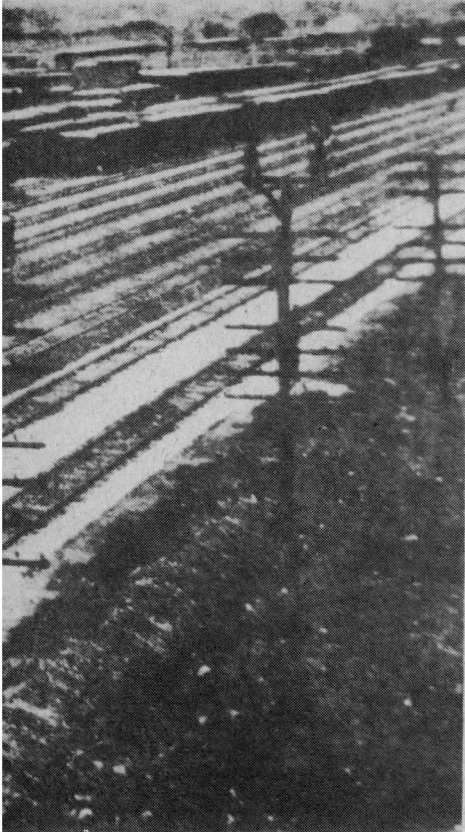
They would often stop at the window for a friendly chat. I found them very different from any men I had ever known, engagingly so. I was fascinated by their friendly, breezy manners, bright red bandanas, and somewhat salty language. But it was a bit of a jolt to find many of them carrying a bottle.

Kansas had prohibition then, and I had never seen anyone take a drink of liquor. Of course some people did put brandy in Christmas fruitcake or plum pudding. Liquor was hard to get in Emporia, but the railroad men could buy it in Kansas City, Missouri.

When I mentioned the bottles of the railroad men to my older cousin, he laughed and said, "Do you remember that tonic that Grandma imbibed daily—Peruna, or some such name?"

"I guess so."

"As I remember it, that was about



photograph was taken circa 1917.

Among 500 Men

My schoolhouse for a railroad station in the city.

getting a town school post that paid \$70 a month. My sister was teaching a one-room country school for only \$55 a month. But I soon had found that I had to take orders from a strict woman principal while Sis took orders from no one. The country school had no principal, and the three school board members were family friends.

My school principal was a terror on April 1987

naive and ignorant of the ways of the world I was.

I worked from 8:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m., with a lunch hour off in the middle of the night. The first two weeks were really difficult because my gizzard rebelled at turning night into day. I had the stomach ache, and I could not sleep days. But finally my body accepted the new routine.

twelve percent alcohol."

I'm sure Grandma never suspected that. She was a strict Wesleyan who did not approve of ballroom dancing or card playing. She had left this life before I started working for the Santa Fe.

I soon got used to the flavorful language of the railroad men and found them jolly and helpful. My experience with them taught me needed tolerance.



The train master had been most helpful. He taught me about the signals, the rules for passenger and freight trains, the quick clearance given troop trains, explained what went on at the roundhouse and in the switching yards. Sometimes he drank too much.

SO WHEN he got a crying jag after a quarrel with his wife. I did not react as a condemning schoolmarm. When he was himself again, he was a bit sheepish, and told me he wanted me to know that he had been wrong and his wife had been right.

During my lunch hour one moonlit night, he helped me climb the side bars of a freight train and let me ride atop as it crept through the yards near the roundhouse.

One night I got a shock when the special agent told me that the girl at

Newton, a small town about forty miles west, had shot and killed an intruder who had broken the window and was climbing into her office. I looked at the revolver in my desk and felt that I could never shoot it. I was glad the window to my office had strong iron bars.

A certain lunch hour adventure made me feel silly. As I often did, I went to the Harvey House down the track. The famous Harvey House girls were not on duty at night. Men were in charge. I ordered a turkey sandwich, and the waiter added a bright red apple. One of the train men at the counter asked me for a bite. He was a young brakeman whom I had met at this counter before, along with other crew men who had finished their runs.

After teasing me about the apple, he asked me to walk with him to the lighted park across the tracks. That

seemed harmless enough, so I went. But when he tried to kiss me, I hurried back to my office. Imagine my embarrassment when one of the men who had seen us asked me if I knew that chap had a wife in Kansas City. I went upstairs and told my tale of woe to Jess. Good old Jess did not smile. He promised me that this brakeman would not bother me again.

After that I usually carried a lunch and ate it upstairs. The telegrapher was on duty upstairs, and he taught me part of the Morse code. He let me use his key to talk to other telegraphers down the line. He laughed at me when one of the senders tapped out, "I love you. What's your name?"

I SOON FOUND out that "stuck up" college boys were not popular with the express and baggage boys. They mimicked the "fancy speech of some college boys who had worked for the Santa Fe. So I kept still about my normal college days and started saying "ain't."

During my stint at the Santa Fe the flu epidemic paralyzed the country. It was so devastating that one doctor told me many people died of fright. The Santa Fe baggage room was full of coffins. To my distress, the baggage boys would nap on the coffin boxes. They survived, but one chap from the roundhouse sickened and was brought to the station to wait for the ambulance. Within twenty-four hours he was dead.

I got a good deal of thoroughly deserved ragging for the time I helped a criminal to escape. A gawky, pimply faced boy of sixteen or seventeen spoke to me in the waiting room during my lunch hour. He was shaking all over. He asked me to sit beside him a little while. I thought he had the flu and offered to call a doctor. He said no, the train he was taking home would arrive in a few minutes. Ten minutes later he boarded a westbound train.

After the train pulled out, the special agent arrived and asked me if I had seen such a boy. I said yes, adding that he was shaking so I was sure he had flu.

The agent said, "You mean shaking with fright. He had just robbed a bank in Kansas City."

Was my face red! The young criminal was arrested and taken off the train at the next stop.

Another part of my education while

working for the Santa Fe did not increase my faith in human nature. It was a shock when I saw some of the top-notch professional men of Emporia taking the night train to Kansas City with "ladies" who were not their wives.

Since the day-time ticket clerks sold many more tickets than I did, I was given the bookkeeping job. The ledger was as big as a card table and had rows of figures. At first I used the adding machine. Then it broke down. Nobody bothered to fix it. The other clerks said adding should be no trick for a school teacher. Fourth-grade math had not been much of a challenge. I struggled with the figures. When the books wouldn't balance, I would spend hours and hours chasing two cents. But I got plenty of adding practice and I can still add.

Figures did throw me one time. A customer wanted a ticket for a long trip covering not only the Santa Fe route, but other lines. I had not had experience in figuring out the cost of such tickets, and the train was due out in ten minutes. The ticket's cost ran into hundreds of dollars. After the train pulled out, I realized that I had not charged enough, was short about \$40. It looked as though it would come out of my paycheck. As usual, I took my troubles to Jess Bethurum. He said we could not collect unless the passenger was willing to pay, but he would see what could be done. He explained the situation to the agent at Gallup, where the passenger would have a twenty-minute wait. That agent told the story to the traveler. Luckily for me, the passenger felt sorry for a green girl and paid the amount due on the ticket.

WHEN WINTER came, my respect and admiration for the train men and track crews grew enormously. Out in western Kansas they battled bad storms, working heroically to keep passengers on trains stalled by snowdrifts safe and warm. Once a train was stalled until frozen cattle could be cleared off the tracks. During a thaw a train had to creep along on a flooded track. But I decided that blizzards were worse than floods. Some track crew members got frozen toes, but all the passengers were kept safe and taken to their destinations.

After I had been working for the Santa Fe for about four months, I started dating an engine man. He was ten years older than I was, and he knew much more about the world. I found him witty and good company. We talked of marriage. Then he took me to see his



Author's Photograph

Loverne Morris, 1920.

mother. Her attitude sent up red warning flags. She certainly was not friendly.

In those days there were no old-age pensions, no Social Security. Relatives took care of old people. This man I was dating supported his mother and provided a home for her. It was plain that she did not want to share that home with another woman. Her cool, almost hostile attitude made me reconsider. A friend who knew the situation told me she had been unfriendly to every girl her son had brought home, that she did not want another woman in her kitchen and intended to stay the sole mistress of the house. Well, I had no wish to share a house with a hostile mother-in-law.

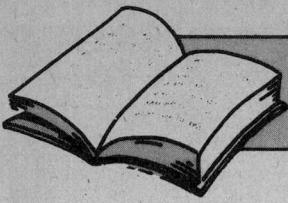
I was wondering what to do next when Jess called me upstairs to tell me the boy I had replaced was coming home

and would want his job back. My eight months with the Santa Fe would be ending. Jess offered me a round trip pass to any place on the Santa Fe lines.

Some of my father's eastern relatives had retired and moved to California. They had invited me to visit them. So, I asked for a pass to southern California.

I joined my aunts and uncles among the orange orchards. After a week I decided to stay in California. That fall I took a job teaching in a pleasant country school near Riverside. No drill sergeant principal, no rulers whacking knuckles! I liked that school but I taught for only one year, for I married a soldier recently home from France. That marriage lasted fifty-six years.





Ghost Town Hunting

GHOST TOWNS OF TEXAS. By T. Lindsey Baker. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. \$22.95 clothbound.

T. Lindsey Baker, who recently authored *Adobe Walls: The History and Archeology of the 1874 Trading Post*, now presents another impressive work on Texas ghost towns. There are a number of other books on this subject, but Baker's special talents and OU's high-quality production efforts make this an outstanding work.

Baker drove over 25,000 miles throughout Texas doing field work—identifying, locating, and documenting “well over one thousand abandoned towns in Texas.” From this grouping he walked the remains of about three hundred actual sites. Three criteria were used for selecting which ghost towns were to appear in the book: (1) the site had to offer something tangible for visitors to see, such as ruins, abandoned buildings, a cemetery; (2) the sites had to have public access—although some are located on private property, they do have access on public roads; (3) the entire state of Texas had to be represented. The eighty-eight sites described are each not more than one hundred miles from another.

Each site discussed in *Ghost Towns of Texas* has an illustration and a small map to guide the ghost town hunter to the site. For further assistance brief directions are given, such as, “Haslam may be reached by taking a gravel country road that leads south from U.S. Highway 84 opposite the highway junction with Farm to Market Road 3174 approximately 1.2 miles west of the Sabine River bridge across from Logansport, Louisiana.”

Of course, the result of reading or just browsing through Baker's book is an urge to go ghost town hunting! Don't be surprised if you discover yourself planning a “research trip” to hunt over the sites Baker describes. Take along your notebooks and camera. It will be

an educational, fascinating trip, and no doubt will cause some emotional moments when you stop to consider the humanity that has gone before.—**Chuck Parsons, South Wayne, WI.**

Father of the Western

TALES OF LONELY TRAILS By Zane Grey. Forward by Loren Grey. Northland Press, P.O. Box N, Flagstaff, AR 86002.

Zane Grey, the father of the Western, had a rare gift of seeing the romance of frontier America and then being able to put it down for all the world to read. Not only was he a writer, but he was a publishing phenomenon with books selling well over 100 million copies, mostly before the “paperback” explosion.

This handsome book is a facsimile of the 1922 edition and is made up of five short narratives, beginning with Grey's enthralling tale of his first visit to Nonnezoshe (Rainbow Bridge) and ending with his description of the savage wonders of Death Valley. In between are stories of hunting and outdoor adventures on Arizona's Colorado Plateau. Except for the books, *The Last of the Plainsman*, his story of Buffalo Jones, and *Roping Lions in the Grand Canyon*, a portion of which is contained here, this is the only non-fiction account of Grey's western travels.

These five short stories prove that Grey was at his best when it came to writing short adventure tales. He is a master in describing the hardship and toil, as well as the excitement and thrill of hunting bear, deer, and wild turkey across the then-primitive western country. Many of the scenes described in his travel writings and many of the interesting characters he met along the way were included in his novels.

Some readers today may say that Zane Grey books are old-fashioned and his writing dated. That may be true for some of his novels, but reserve judgement until after you have read *Roping*

Lions in the Grand Canyon. His description of following a pack of dogs hot on the trail of a mountain lion is accurate, exciting, and more exhausting than any fiction. The thrill of the hunt is actually experienced, and it is refreshing to know that the lion will be roped and captured rather than killed. The same can be said about tracking bears along the Mogollon Rim, or “Tonto Basin,” as Grey called it.

Among the fifty half-tone photographs included in the book is one of historic importance. It is a picture of Nasja Begay and Zane Grey. Begay was the Paiute Indian who led the first white man to the Rainbow Bridge in 1909.

These five stories probably tell more about the man, Zane Grey, than can be found in his novels. We are indebted to the publisher for bringing back this book to a new generation of western readers.—**Arthur Shoemaker, Hominy, OK.**

Mustangs in Western Culture

WILD MUSTANGS. By Parley J. Paskett. Utah State University Press, Logan, UT 84322.

For those who love the West and things western, the very word Mustang denotes the stuff of romance and adventure. Perhaps no other facet of the cattle industry and cowboying was as important as the sturdy little mustangs, truly a “made in America” breed. They were referred to variously as mustangs, broomtails, cayuses, fantails, or some other term used to refer to a tame animal that has gone wild, and their hoofbeats were the sound of western history. Antedating the Anglo cowboys, mustang bands are still found in specific areas of the arid West today.

Parley J. Paskett, who has spent his life as a cowboy and mustanger, enables the reader to vicariously share in the capturing of wild horses as he recounts his experiences. Paskett was one of the last generation to be involved in the

great wild horse hunts of the West. For the most part, his stories are centered in Northwest Utah and Nevada. Almost every chapter recounts the capture of a mustang band, usually to obtain some specific member of the band; generally the quarry was the stallion leading his harem of mares. Throughout Paskett tells of the methods he employed in catching mustangs—his favorite method was to go after a wild horse after it had filled up with water. Other methods are described in detail.

Indicative of the necessary rapport between man and horse and of the dependence of the cowboy upon his mount was the naming of the wild horses which were caught and broke. Frequently the name indicated some characteristic of the animal—often it denoted some coloration peculiarity. Picturesque examples of Paskett's naming of captured mustangs which became saddle horses are such sobriquets as Possum, Suzy, Tiger, Chipmunk, Frosty, Gray Eagle, Phantom, Rat, and Peoho.

A valuable section of the book is the introduction by Charles S. Peterson. It is a condensed but highly informative history of the wild horse in America. Peterson recounts the status of the mustang from its beginning in America with the reintroduction of the horse by the Spanish and continuing up to the present.

Wild Mustangs should be read and enjoyed by those who are horsemen in fact and those who may be but arm-chair horsemen. The story of the capture and use of the mustangs in Western culture is a vital, fascinating part of American history.—Paul F. Long, Alden, KS.

Questions and Answers

THE OLD WEST QUIZ AND FACT BOOK. By Rod Gragg. Harper and Row, 10 East 53rd Street, New York, NY 10022. \$8.95 paperback.

Q: Under what circumstances was this offer made: "Here's one, lady, that's already been saucered and blowed"?

A: A proper matron from the East entered a western train station and demanded a quick cup of coffee during a ten-minute train stop. She was dismayed to receive a cup of boiling-hot coffee, Western-style, but an obliging cowboy seated nearby issued this generous offer.

The *Old West Quiz and Fact Book* by Rod Gragg, who also produced *The Civil War Quiz and Fact Book*. Gragg has assembled a miscellany of sometimes amusing, sometimes interesting, but more often just trivial information about the West:

- Q:** What famous shootist was born in Troy Grove, Illinois, on May 27, 1837?
- Q:** What famous Old West lawman was named Bartholomew and was born in Quebec, Canada?
- Q:** By what name was Butch Cassidy's outlaw gang popularly known?
- Q:** What was Wyatt Earp's full name?
- Q:** Who owned the famous King Ranch of Texas...?

Any western buff worth his spurs could rattle off Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson, the Wild Bunch, Wyatt Berry Stapp Earp, and Richard King. Many other questions throughout this volume of western trivia are equally elementary. The topics covered by this unusual book include outlaws, gun-fighters, mountain men, Indians, the Indian-fighting army, "words of the West," sodbusters, cowboys, and "Hollywood's Wild West." In the latter chapter are questions asking the name of Tom Mix's horse (Tony), John Wayne's romantic lead in *Rio Bravo* (Angie Dickinson), the stage name of Leonard Slye (Roy Rogers), and—a real puzzler—"What movie star cowboy of the 1920s was named Edward Richard Gibson in private life?" (Hoot Gibson, of course, but his correct first name was Edmund.)

A majority of photographs will be quite familiar to most readers of western non-fiction. There is an index, and the bibliography includes such expected sources as Ramon Adams' *Western Words and Come an' Get It*, several of the Time-Life books on the Old West, *Dictionary of American Biography*, *The Reader's Encyclopedia of the American West*, and numerous standard secondary sources.

This book will provide introductory light reading for western neophytes. Admittedly, interesting tidbits are scattered here and there throughout *The Old West Quiz and Fact Book*, but no new knowledge is offered—the material has been "already saucered and blowed" elsewhere.—Bill O'Neal, Carthage, Texas.

YESTERDAY



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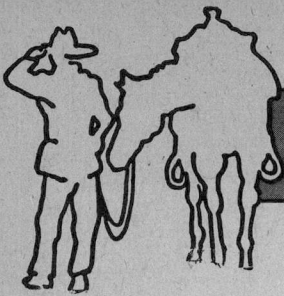
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This type of western trivia comprises



Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

McQueen

I desire information on my great-great-grandfather Thomas McQueen. He lived in Maryland when his son Joshua was born. Besides Joshua, who was a revolutionary soldier serving under General George Washington, he had sons John, Thomas, Benjamin, and a daughter, Elizabeth. From where and when did Thomas come to America? What was his wife's name? When were their births and deaths? I will share what information I have on this branch of the McQueen's.—**Mabel McQueen, P.O. Box 706, Pharr, TX 78577.**

Mooney

I'm looking for information on my grandmother Lola R. Mooney's parents. She was born in Colorado in September or October of 1889 or 1890.

She was given away to Albert and Margaret Davis. In 1900 I found Lola at age ten with the Davis family in Jasper County, Missouri. The census stated that her parents were born in Arkansas.

She named her three children Claude, Irene, and Hazel. She spoke of two brothers. The "R" in her name may stand for Robert.—**Dolores D. Nicolini, P.O. Box 147, Chinese Camp, CA 95309.**

Clark

I would appreciate any information on Henry Malowe Clark and Ara Talitha Phillips. They were married on November 23, 1871, in Georgia.

I would also like to know if anyone in Georgia knew of Samuel Canady or his wife, Hanah J. Fry. Also, I would like information on William Kemsey Fry or his wife, Martha Ann Caroline Steward. The latter pair were married in Norvove, Mississippi, on January 1, 1873. These folks originated in Georgia and Alabama and came to Oklahoma when it was Indian Territory.

I would really like to find out who Sam Canady's and Kemsey Fry's parents were.

The Canady name has been spelled Canida also, depending on which genera-

tion you're reading about and who was doing the spelling. Recently I've been told that later generations of Canady's around Oklahoma started spelling it Kennedy—**Theresa Allen, Rt. 3, Box 394, Bristow, OK 74010.**

Logman-Lannon

I am seeking information on my maternal grandfather who was born John Maurice Logman on January 15, 1862, in Otis, Indiana.

He left home at the age of eighteen, thinking he killed a man during a bar-room fight. It was discovered later that the man was only knocked out. He went to Montana and changed his surname to Lannon. Around Livingston, Montana, he met and married my grandmother, Bridget O'Neill. They had four children: Laura, Margaret, Frances, and John D. Lannon. All are now deceased.

My grandfather had an older brother, Will or Bill Logman, who settled in Alaska and died about 1937 or 1938. I think he also had a sister, Anna Logman, who may have descendants, or perhaps she herself, living in or near Indiana. I would appreciate any information anyone may give me about my grandfather and any of the Logmans. It might be helpful to know that he may have worked for the railroad.—**Don L. Wade, Sr., P.O. Box 294, Stanfield, OR 97875.**

Bernard-Waldron-Hood-Scribner-Calkins-Whipple

Edward Waldron Bernard was born in New York City on October 5, 1862. His parents were Charles Bernard and Annie Waldron. I am seeking their birthdates, places of birth, and the names of their parents and grandparents. There is the possibility that Charles was the grandson, if not the son, of Francis Bernard, Royal Governor of New Jersey in the middle 1700s.

I also need all information possible on

Andrew Coover Hood, born in 1828, and his wife Clarissa Ann Scribner, born in 1837, both possibly born in Pennsylvania, as that was where they were living when their daughter was born.

Guy Augusta Calkins and his wife, Florence Adel Whipple, were both born in the year of 1871, on farms near Bronson, Michigan. Any information will be much appreciated.—**Violet Joan Bernard, 5737 Cascade Drive, Redding, CA 96003.**

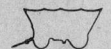
Boles

We are searching for information about Charles E. Boles and his wife, Mary Elizabeth Johnson Boles, and their three daughters, Eva Adelle, Ida, and Francis Lillian Boles. Eva Adelle married Oscar S. James of Hannibal, Missouri; Ida married John Warren and lived in Salt Lake City; and Francis married Vachel S. Dillingham and lived in Oklahoma. These daughters were born in Decatur, Illinois, about 1859-63. Who were Charles E. Boles parents? Who were Mary E. Johnson's parents? I would like to hear from any descendants. I'm also seeking any information available on the 116th Illinois Volunteer Infantry, Company B.—**P.L. Baker, 1111 S. Denver, Apt. 220, Tulsa, OK 74119.**

Mowry

I am looking for information on Dutee Mowry from Rhode Island, who wed Alzada Whipple, daughter of Jencks W. Their two children were Lyman Dutee (my grandfather) and Oscar. Lyman was born in 1845 and lived at Egg Harbor and Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. Oscar was born in 1847 and lived in Chicago, Illinois. Did they marry? Where are they buried?—**Mrs. J.M. Fish, 1318 Spruce Pl., Mound, MN 55364.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and 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 above is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.



The Wild Bunch

By BILL O'NEAL

The *Wild Bunch* is the most violent quality western ever filmed. It is also visually stunning, filling the screen with artfully composed panoramas of sweeping Mexican scenery and men on horseback and a myriad of border country details. The character relationships are complex and thought-provoking, and this controversial but powerful film exudes a tragic sense of fading frontier values.

This *Wild Bunch* is not to be confused with the actual, turn-of-the-century *Wild Bunch* led by Butch Cassidy. Its head is Pike Bishop, portrayed by

cackling old outlaw richly brought to life by Edmond O'Brien.

A former gang member, Deke Thornton, heads the pursuit of the *Wild Bunch*. Thornton, played by tall Robert Ryan, is disgusted by his Judas role and by his motley posse. L.Q. Jones as T.C. and Strother Martin as Coffey are psychopathic bounty hunters who extract gold teeth and boots from slain outlaws. "Egg-sucking, chicken-stealing gutter trash," raves Thornton at the loathsome scavengers he must lead against his old comrades.

The *Wild Bunch* is employed by a

army detail, robbing a bank in an American border town. After a bloody street shootout, the gang sojourns in Angel's Mexican village, and there is a memorable procession scene as the *Bunch* rides out to a moving farewell song from the villagers. The train robbery sequence is tense and exciting—as, apparently, was a battle between Mexican revolutionaries and *soldados* that was cut from the final print. Throughout the story are scenes of rough masculine camaraderie. Even as members of the *Bunch* shoot and drink and whore their way into Mexico, they frequently remind themselves of honorable values that once were an unquestioned part of a now-vanishing frontier. At last they take on Mapache's army, dying in a climactic massacre during which they kill scores of their antagonists.

Pike Bishop and his men, ultimately disgusted with their low and now-pointless way of life, make a deliberate decision to die by some elemental code of honor from their younger days on a wide-open frontier that has now vanished. There are no heroes in *The Wild Bunch*, but the members of the *Bunch* are heroic in their determination to live—or die—by their own standards of integrity. Deke Thornton and Sykes, viewing the remains of their old comrades among the final carnage, decide to stay in Mexico. "It ain't like it used to be," muses Sykes to Thornton, "but it'll do."

It will have to do. Director Sam Peckinpah's favorite Western theme (in the classic *Ride the High Country*, for example, or *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*) was the conflict of aging Westerners alienated by twentieth century civilization and by the disappearance of the Old West and its values. Lee Marvin, who did not participate in the final project, helped develop the original screenplay. But Peckinpah took the screenplay, altered it, and filmed it with the artistic passion of a man as out of step with modern times as the doomed members of *The Wild Bunch*.

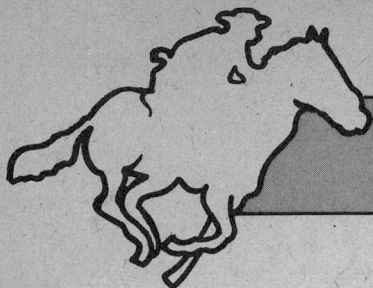


Veteran members of *The Wild Bunch* march grimly toward the climactic massacre of the screen's most violent Western. Left to right: Ben Johnson, Warren Oates, William Holden, and Ernest Borgnine.

William Holden in a firm, gritty performance. Bishop's right-hand man and closest friend is big Dutch Engstrom, played with fascinating subtlety by Ernest Borgnine. Gang members Lyle and Tector Gorch are depicted as rough desperadoes by character actors Warren Oates (Lyle) and Ben Johnson (Tector). The gang is rounded out by Angel, a Mexican revolutionary passionately portrayed by Jaime Sanchez, and by a

drunken, sadistic Mexican general named Mapache to rob a train carrying arms for the U.S. Army. The brutish Mapache, who later cuts Angel's throat, is played to the despicable hilt by Emilio Fernandez. Even more effective in a smaller role is Mapache's lieutenant, portrayed as a leering, obsequious villain by Jorge Russek.

The movie opens with the *Wild Bunch*, masquerading as a uniformed



Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era

The Man Who Asked For

By BILL CELLERS

When I worked in Wyoming in the 1920s, Jimmie Rodebaugh had a sheep ranch about seven miles west of my two uncles' cattle ranch. Jimmie was about forty-five years old and a bachelor. In fact, he never did get married.

Jimmie was always getting himself into hot water. A rancher I knew told me of Jimmie's getting into hot water when he was working for a rancher on the Creigh Divide over in the Black Hills. Since Jimmie was a young man at the time, it had to have taken place around 1900. I don't remember who this rancher was he was working for, but it could have been old man Creigh himself, the man for whom Creigh Divide got its name. So I'll call him Mr. Creigh.

Mr. Creigh and a widow woman neighbor were having a dispute over the location of their property line, where they wanted to build a fence. Rather than go to the expense of hiring a surveyor to run the line, they agreed to have some uninterested person step it off. Who should volunteer to step it off but "Ask For Trouble" Jimmie Rodebaugh, Creigh's hired hand. The widow, expecting Jimmie would not do a fair job but would favor his boss, came prepared for any shenanigans he might try to pull off.

It just so happened that the distance to the line would be stepped off from an established spot on the widow's side of the line. As the widow expected, Jimmie began stepping the distance off by taking just moderate steps, which would put the line on her side and cause her to get shortchanged and lose a few acres.

The widow walked along behind him a short ways, let him take a couple dozen steps or so with no objection. Then she stepped up close to him, pulled a big six-shooter out of her skirt waist, jabbed it into Jimmie's ribs, and demanded in a hard voice, "Step out

there, young man; take good, healthy steps!"

From then on, Jimmie didn't let the grass grow under his feet. And who could blame him with a big hog-leg jabbing him in the side? He took such long steps that when he finished the line was a few yards over on Mr. Creigh's land. But the whole thing tickled Mr. Creigh so much that he let the distance stand as Hot Water Jimmie had stepped it off, and he built the fence from there.

Another instance of Jimmie Rodebaugh's asking himself into trouble took place about 1910. It was told to me by my uncle Albert, who witnessed the whole thing. By this time Jimmie had gone into ranching on his own on Lodgepole Creek, a few miles west of my uncles' ranch.

Jimmie, who was a cantankerous sort of cuss, had fallen out with a man. What it was over I don't remember, but it probably didn't amount to a hill of chili beans. That made little difference to Jimmie. He didn't need much cause to

go on the warpath with someone. He made threats he'd clean the man's plow for him the next time he ran onto him. As near as I remember, the man's name was Jack Cummas or something like that. At the time, he and Jimmie met in a mortal combat so hilarious that it kept the cowboys who witnessed it laughing for a month.

Jimmie was riding with the Twenty-one Ranch—livestock brand was a 21—roundup wagon, as was also my Uncle Albert. Whenever the wagon moved up or down Lodgepole Creek, it always made an overnight camp at Henderson Springs, about five miles down from Jimmie's ranch. One time when it was stopped there, Jimmie heard that his enemy, Jack Cummas, was riding with it. So he seized the opportunity to saddle up and ride down to the camp and clean up on Jack, arriving there while



Trouble

the boys were squatted around the cook's fire, eating supper.

He left his horse back about sixty feet from the chuck wagon—horses were never allowed close to a chuck wagon—strode like a little banty rooster up to the boys, and demanded in a voice mean as the growl of a mad wolf, "Where's that son-of-a-bitch I'm lookin' for to knock the hell out of? Oh, there yuh are, you bastard. Git up on your feet an' take your medicine."

Now, this Jack Cummas was just the opposite of Jimmie. He was an unassuming, peaceful sort of gink who liked to get along with everybody and didn't like to fight. So when Jimmie came at him in such a fierce, belligerent guise, he jumped to his feet and took off up the slope like a scared rabbit to get away from Jimmie. Jimmie took in after him in hot pursuit. Being faster afoot, he began cutting the distance between them. When Jack realized he would have to fight Jimmie he stopped, turned, and the battle was on in all its fury.

For a brief time the fighting was hot and heavy, the air a blur of flying fists landing on each other. But it soon ended in Jack's favor. He had bloodied Jimmie's nose, blacked one eye, and had given him a cut above the other that sent the blood running down across it and blinding him. He had given Jimmie the worst beating of his life.

Old Jimmie Rodebaugh never heard the last of that incident. He had it thrown up to him for years that he was the man who ran another down in order to get the hell knocked out of himself. He didn't like it but had to take it in good humor. One time when some of the boys were ribbing him about it he remarked, "Well, I learned one thing that time. Don't ever overtake a son-of-a-bitch if yuh git the bastard on the run."



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GALVESTON, TUESDAY, MARCH 9, 1875. PRICE—FIVE CENTS.

VOL. XXXV.—No. 52.

Luling, Caldwell County, Texas, the Present Terminus of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway.

A WORD IN ITS BEHALF

EDS. NEWS—Seeing a disposition on the part of some of the 'self-righteous of the land to berate Luling, and to cry aloud and to spare not, about the vice and immorality of the city, I thought I would speak a word in its behalf to those who would back up Luling. I would ask them to examine the beam in their own eyes before they speak of the mote in their neighbor's eyes. To these I say a kind word and ask them to remember the words of our Saviour when he rebuked the multitude for reviling a bad character and said to them: "Let the first innocent one among you cast a stone at her." I do not mean to exculpate Luling from all fault or guilt. To say that there are no cess-pools of iniquity here, would be to utter an untruth; but, on the other hand, to say that it is a modern Sodom and that there are no good people in it, would be to utter an untruth. It is true, Luling, like all railroad towns of any size or note, has many gambling dens. At these places, young men of weak brains and weaker pockets can, if they choose, bet away their hard earnings as fast as they accumulate. But a young man possessed of no moral stamina or firmness can throw himself away, if he desires it, at any place without coming to Luling. So much for the haunts of vice in the place.

Now, a word about its history, population, business men, etc. Luling sprang into existence in July, 1874. It grew very rapidly, and numbers about one thousand inhabitants. There are now two banks in the place; one owned by Harbert, Blanks & Co., and one by J. N. Stagner & Co. The senior member of this latter firm is one of the most enterprising men we have; he never lets the grass grow under his feet; he is one of the few men of the present day who never complains of dull times, but always finds something to do. We have about one hundred business houses here, and all seem to be doing well. Several merchants have closed out, but that was probably as much their fault as that of this place. Further than this the city had overjumped itself, and some one had to fall by the way in the struggle, as all could not win. Among the merchants I will mention the firm of S. M. Phelan & Bro. The junior member of this firm, J. P. Phelan, is another one of our thorough-

going, enterprising citizens. He bears away the palm for extensive advertising over any other merchant in Luling. He says he obtained his desire in all the possible ways a man can imagine while he was in the home-house in New Orleans, next door to the house of S. N. Moody, the man who advertised his shirts up and down the Mississippi, and across to California.

We have several hotels, and as for eating-houses and restaurants, there are too many to enumerate. But the Merchants' Hotel, kept by C. A. Rohrabacker, deserves mention. The proprietor is a Northern man, and consequently possesses none of the Texas laziness, which is a disease prevalent in this country at times. Suffice it to say, he does not permit any of his guests to suffer from inattention. The Sunset Hotel, kept by G. B. Lee & Co.; is another inviting place for travelers.

Our city has been under a cloud, so far as her municipal government was concerned, ever since she has been in existence. This has been caused by a misunderstanding between our Board of Aldermen and our Mayor, which resulted in our Mayor being incarcerated in the county jail last January. He has remained there until within the last few days. He is now with us again. During his absence, bad men who cluster around the terminus of railroads, taking advantage of the powerless condition of the municipal authorities of this place, have by their unlawful acts injured it. They have discharged firearms in the streets and into houses at late hours of the night. There being no Mayor before whom to bring offenders, the policemen were powerless. The citizens, however, have taken the matter in hand now, and we hope for law and order in the future. The Legislature, also, has passed a general bill which will in future relieve us of any trouble.

To the emigrant to Texas we extend the hand of invitation and hospitality. There are still many fine openings here for business men. Caldwell county also can boast of some of the finest land in the State. The citizens of Luling have made up a subscription to pay the expenses of emigrants, while they stop in the place, until they can purchase homes. There is plenty of cheap land in the county, and emigrants can be assured of good homes, and we hope they will give us a trial. A. S. C.

Tremont Street

Is in a most disgraceful condition. It would be a public benefit if the "bog wallows" were smoothed over and the "great drive" were once more in fit shape for vehicles.

Galveston News.

Tuesday, March 9, 1875.

THE CITY.

Weather Report.

(Local Observation.)

Time.	Baro-met'r	Ther-mo'tr	Rel. hum. Atm.	WIND.		
				Dir'n	Miles pr hr	Pres. in lbs pr ft.
6 A. M.	30.12	49	.71	S.	2	.02
11 A. M.	30.17	41	.61	E.	8	.32
3 P. M.	30.12	63	.61	E.	11	.60
3:30 P. M.	30.10	64	.61	SE.	11	.60
9 P. M.	30.13	61	.76	SE.	7	.24
Average	30.13	59	.71	SSE.	8	.32

Boy Run Over.

A market wagon was being carelessly driven down Market street last evening, and when near Twenty-sixth ran over a boy, who lay some time before he could get up. The man drove on a block or two apparently unconcerned about the matter, but finally stopped to see if the lad was seriously injured. The boy was assisted to get home and the man was taken from his seat by two others and carried to see the boy's father, with whom, it is understood, there was a satisfactory settlement.

Blooming.

The trees upon the island are generally beginning to blossom. More especially is this the case with fruit trees. Peach trees are in full bloom, and yards flourishing with such present both a beautiful appearance and pleasant odor. Garden vegetation in different places is also beginning to creep up. Several fresh bouquets have been on exhibition, and the onion and the lettuce, and most other fashionable garden vegetables are growing rapidly. A few more days of warm and genial sunshine will give a verdant hue to the gardens and meadows.

Cruel Beast.

A horse stood tied on Market street near Tremont yesterday, which evidently has not had good training, and in his frolicking hours is more savage than otherwise. His chief delight seemed to bite people who passed. One gentleman was taken unawares and a large slice torn from the sleeve of his coat. This was a disappointment to the "bast," who forsook the sleeve of the next man and caught him by the hand. Another man had his hat soiled by the animal, while one or two ladies were somewhat frightened and small boys took the other side of the street. A "fat take" from an ear will be the next good fortune of that horse.

Phoenix Hook and Ladder

Company No. 2, were at the scene of the late fire Sunday, their attention having been called to a flame that proceeded from a heap of rubbish. This is the second time the smouldering fire has broken out afresh.

"Like to a Had Him."

Mr. Painter, watchman at the Gulf City Press, arrested a thief on Saturday night, about 2 o'clock, who afterward succeeded in making his escape. He dropped in his flight a piece of domestic and a shirt, both specked with blood.

Rough, but Not Ready.

The appearance of Avenue L, from Twenty-second street to Fortieth, is just now a very rough one, and in some places will not afford convenient passage for teams. This is owing to the fact that the track of the new railway has just been laid, and the street on each side has been dug "all hollow" in order to supply material for the road bed. How about this

Theft of Cotton.

A negro drayman was arrested at the Gulf City Cotton Press yesterday, while in the act of driving away with a bale of cotton. He informed the officer that he had placed the cotton upon his dray at the solicitation of a white man, who had instructed him where to take it. A white man, who is suspected, was seen to move off about the time the officer approached. His name is known, however, and there is to be an investigation. At present, the negro and his bale of cotton are in jail.

Got Away With It.

While Mr. Blakely was standing on a box "crying" for the edification of a crowd, somebody slipped a red blanket from under the saddle of his horse, which was standing near. The fellow who got away with it is doubtless preparing for another sixty mile an hour norther.

A Row

Occurred at the saloon corner of Market and Twenty-second streets Sunday night, in which one man struck another, and the other arose to give the offending party a repast in the way of a good pounding. Parties interfered when it was thought he had enough, and any serious damage was prevented.

Sunday School Convention.

A grand Sunday School Convention will be held in this city, at a place to be designated hereafter, on the 2d, 3d and 4th of April next. The Rev. Mr. Paxon, who, it will be remembered, created considerable enthusiasm by his addresses to our Sunday schools last winter, has accepted an invitation to attend.

Goods Stolen.

The front window of Mrs. Jones's millinery establishment, on Market street, was broken open about 3 o'clock Sunday morning, and a number of fine goods, in the way of linens, laces, shirts, bonnets, etc., taken out. The crash of the glass was heard by a policeman, who pursued the thief, but recovered only a few small boxes and a shirt, which were left behind.

Accidents.

A cart, while drawn along Postoffice street heavily loaded, suddenly collapsed by the breaking of the shafts. The horse became entangled in the gearing, but was checked before any damage was done.

April 1987

Letter of Condolence.

It will be remembered that in the telegram that appeared in the NEWS several days ago, giving the particulars of a fire in Dallas, it was stated that the house and truck of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2 were burned up. Secretary Smith, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, of this city, wrote a letter of condolence to the Forman of the Dallas company, winding up his letter by facetiously inquiring if "all the boys were in town" when their machine burned up. Chief Connor, of the Dallas Fire Department, replied that the watchman of No. 2 stood charged with setting fire to his house while in a state of intoxication, and the company was not long enough organized to make them as prompt as older companies.

Cricket Match.

A number of gentlemen, thinking a little exercise would have a beneficial effect on the system, repaired to the open grass plot south of the Waters House yesterday afternoon, and engaged in a game of cricket. Upon one side were Messrs. Ed. Walthew, Woodward, F. Walthew, Sorley and Manass, and on the other were Messrs. Heyworth, Biglin, Hardie, Nesbit and Bright. After a contest of a couple of hours, during which the players showed considerable interest in the game, the score stood 55 to 57 in favor of the side first named.

Cricket is a beautiful game when well played with full sides, and it is suggested that the spirit which has broken out so suddenly be fostered, so that lovers of field sports may have a chance of witnessing games at the park.

Strange Freak.

Mr. Phil. Greenwall relates that he has a hen in his yard that has adopted and tends a number of young puppies as though they were a brood of chicks.

It appears that the mother of the pups died just when she shouldn't, thus leaving her progeny upon the cold charities of the world. This good-hearted hen resolved herself into a benevolent society of one and took charge of the orphans. She goes about the yard clucking and scratching and the little dogs with eyes half open gather about to investigate. But this kind of feeding goes against the grain with them, and were it not for the milk that is given them by means of a bottle and quill, long ere this they would have gone to join their mother in the land where no dog returns. If that hen isn't careful, these same puppies whom she fondles with so much solicitude, will give her particular fits when they grow up.

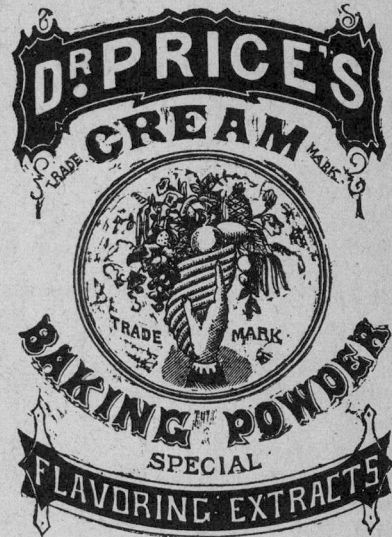
THE Indiana Legislature is attempting to check the prevalence of homicide by reducing the coroner's fee from ten to five dollars.

THE Indians in Arizona are growing quite pacific. A dispatch received at Gen. Crook's headquarters says Major Ogilby has made a clean sweep of the country between the Mogodons and Little Colorado, killing fifteen bucks and capturing thirty-eight prisoners. Among the killed was the Indian who shot Lieutenant King, and one who killed the Santa Fe mail rider last fall. Gen. Crook's tactics answer better than the Quaker policy in preventing Indian depredations.

MEMORANDA.

BALTIMORE, March 2.—The steamer Australian (Br.) which left this port for Liverpool on Friday last and got aground off Hawkins' Point, was yesterday afternoon reported to be still fast. The iceboat Maryland has been down several times to afford relief, but so far without success. The city tug R. B. Kirkland has assisted the Maryland in endeavoring to relieve the Australian, and several large hawsers have been broken without any change in her position having been effected. Barges were sent down yesterday, and it is intended to remove a portion of the cargo, when the steamer can be gotten afloat. She has sustained no damage, and will proceed on her voyage as soon as she is relieved from her present situation.

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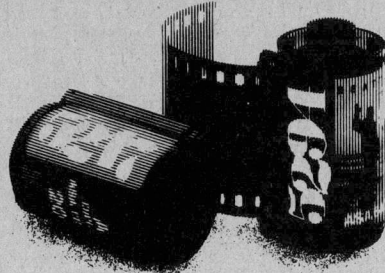
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AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
Mar. 9	June 1987	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1987	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1987	July 1 - Aug. 1
June 9	Sept. 1987	Aug. 1 - Sep. 1
July 9	Oct. 1987	Sep. 1 - Oct. 1
Aug. 9	Nov. 1987	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1987	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1988	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1988	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1988	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1988	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1988	Apr. 1 - May 1

For more information about advertising in TRUE WEST, both display and classified, write Steve Gragert, Advertising Manager, P. O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

AD INDEX

- Carl Anderson.....10
- Austin-Hall Boot Co.....8
- Blevins Manufacturing.....8
- Book Mart.....33-36
- Deep River Cowboy Assn.....8
- Gold!, back issues.....61
- H & H Enterprises.....8
- Home Business Opportunities...67
- Hunter's Frontier Times.....57
- Jim Lyons.....8
- Old West, subscription.....7
- Poster Art.....2-3
- Roundtree Gifts.....57
- Seattle Filmworks.....66
- Vlad Shkurkin.....10
- True West, subscription.....13
- Waymar Marketing.....10
- Western Graphics.....68
- Western Novels.....8
- Western Publications, binders...11

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Free Offer!

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(Offer good through June 30, 1987.)

“Canyon Riding Song”

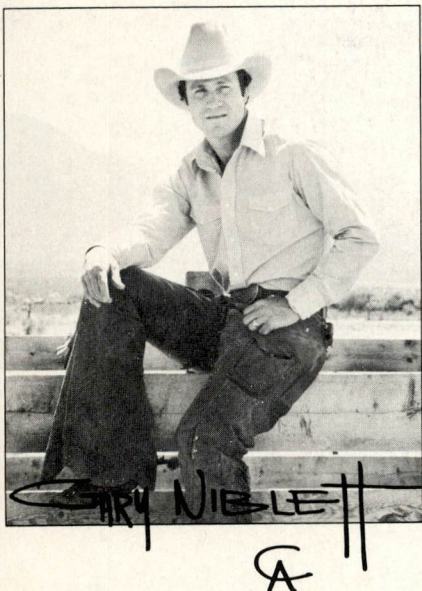
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Signed and numbered.

Paper: Acid free pH neutral, meets Archival Standards

Price: \$125.00



Gary Niblett was born in 1943, in Carlsbad, New Mexico and is now living in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was elected to Cowboy Artists of America in 1976.

The quieter, more subtle moments of the western scene are Gary Niblett's favorite subjects; with his representative, relaxed style, he has immortalized the colorful past of the border states that are his home ground. His first commissions came from neighboring ranchers, who hired

him to paint portraits of their favorite horses. From this beginning, he went on to attend Eastern New Mexico University and the Art Center School of Design in Los Angeles. Niblett worked for Hanna-Barbera animation Studios for nine years, and then returned to the land that had nurtured him.

Write or call:

WESTERN GRAPHICS

205 W. Seventh Ave., Ste. 202
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074

(405) 743-3370