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February '83

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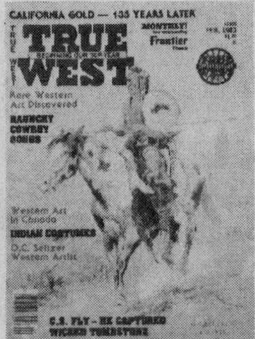


OUR COVER

For the cover of our special western art and music issue, we've chosen "Indian Scout," a painting by noted Montana artist Olaf C. Seltzer. Seltzer, a contemporary of Charles M. Russell, painted this in 1908. It is supplied courtesy of the Charles M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1982 by Western Publications.

From The Editor

There's at least three things we're celebrating in this issue of TRUE WEST: The start of our 30th year; the 135th anniversary of the discovery of gold in California and the development of western art and music.

First things first. Our 30th anniversary year begins with the February issue because it goes on sale on Jan. 1. Joe Austell Small and a few co-workers launched TRUE WEST in Austin, Texas, in 1953. While our big 30th anniversary issue will be the August TRUE WEST, and we'll have some mighty fine reading in that issue, we intend to pick some great stories for each issue this year.

The symbol of our 30th year, which you will be seeing in this magazine frequently over the next several months, is shown to the right.

Most everyone knows that gold was discovered in California in 1848, but what may not be so well known is that some of the structures associated with that historic event are still standing. That gave Sandy Clamage, a photographer in Burbank, California, the idea for the two-page photo layout we have in this issue called "They Found Gold in California."

We've devoted much of this issue to a celebration of western art and music and to get the festivities underway we chose Joe Kelly's tale about C. S. Fly, the famous photographer of Tombstone, Arizona. Bill Kelly, no relation to Joe, has an unusual contribution on the costumes of some lower Missouri River Indian tribes. To go with his story, Bill supplied three of his own drawings.

Anyone familiar with Custer is also familiar with the name of John Carroll, probably as prolific an author on Custer as any living man. Toni A. Broadway visited his home and tells us what the long-time Custer author and collector does with his time.

It just so happened that Carroll, on a recent Custer collecting trip in England, discovered an interesting western art cache. He agreed to share some samples from his find with us.

If you're a collector of Indian baskets, you may have heard of the Indian woman known as "Wizard of the Willow." Russell E. Ewing of Reno, Nevada, gives us an account of Dat-So-La-Lee along with some fascinating photos of her and her baskets.

Although many are familiar with Montana's cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, others outside of Montana may not have heard of Olaf C. Seltzer, the cowboy artist who was Russell's contemporary. Both, in fact, lived in Great Falls. Helen Clark, of Butte, draws a colorful portrait of Seltzer, still a much-loved artist in Montana.

W. Stockton Twogood, a gadfly in art circles in Calgary, Alberta, has written numerous art columns for several Canadian newspapers and is public relations director of the Nickle Arts Museum at the University of Calgary. He traces the development of art in Canada and notes that western art has flourished there just as it has in the United States for the past 150 years.

I have a friend in Spokane, Washington, a perfectly respectable middle-aged grandmother who insists on dragging me to every cowboy hangout and honky-tonk in every town that we visit. She's a hotel executive so she claims she's supposed to know about nightlife in other cities, but she never wants to see anything but cowboy bars.

Her judgment of a cowboy band is simple and to the point: If they can play "San Antonio Rose" — and if they happen to play it while she's there without her having to request it — they elicit raves. However, they can't play it just any old way. It's got to be the way Bob Wills used to do it. Woe to any place where the band tries to jazz it up or make it "modurn." My friend has strongly suggested to more than one band how they ought to play "San Antone."

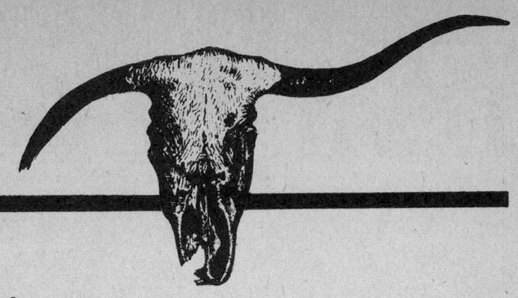
My Spokane friend has never met Guy Logsdon, professor of American culture and folklife at the University of Tulsa, Oklahoma. Probably nobody knows more about cowboy music than Guy, who gives us the benefit of his knowledge in a thorough account of the history of western music we have titled, "Songs of the Cowboys."

Along with Logsdon's story is a delightful — and titillating — piece by Rusty Dalen, who tells us "What Cowboys Really Sang About." According to Dalen, the cowboys weren't singing only about dogies and dying as they drove up the trail from Texas, but you'll have to read the story to discover the rest.

Next month, along with our western action stories, we'll have some travel stories — places to see and things to do in the West. I hope you'll join us then.

Colt 45 was captured by Indians at the Battle of the Rosebud and used in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. It was found among dead Indians two days after the battle. From John Carroll collection.

Truly Western



When the Moon Goes Down

Some of the old-timers in Hill County, Texas, have forgotten more about farming than most of us "youngsters" will ever know. But sometimes their reluctance to accept the effect that 20th Century progress has on our daily lives is most evident.

It was during the time that our first American set foot on the moon that the subject came up while we were taking a break in the field one day.

Old Man Johnson assured us that he never had been fooled into believing that our astronauts were really walking around on the moon. The harder we tried to educate and enlighten the old gentleman, the more steadfast he became in his insistence that the government was up to its old tricks again.

After it became obvious that the discussion could go no further, and we were all happy just to let it drop, Mr. Johnson successfully proved his point and won the argument with his final word on the subject.

"If they's really up thar a'walking all 'round on th' moon," he asked with a bit of a twinkle in his blue eyes, "what they gon' do when th' moon goes down?" — **Dan Edwards, 608 Corsicana Hwy., Hillsboro, TX 76645.**

Named for Sam Preston

For the past several years, I have picked up copies of TRUE WEST at newsstands and have always found them to be very interesting.

Recently I bought the August issue and, to my pleasure and excitement, I found the story about the Quien Sabe ranch in west Texas.

My father "cowboyed" for the Quien Sabe and JM ranchos in about 1900-1902. My mother lived in a dugout at Peck Springs in Classcock County then, most of the time alone, with two small children (my two older brothers). She came to despise Barnes Tillous because his dogs were fed better than she and the babies.

My father left the Quien Sabe before Sam Preston became manager. Later, in about 1915, they became partners in the ranching business and cattle trading business.

When I was born in 1917, my family thought a lot of Sam Preston, so my name is Sam Preston Midkiff. I was "allowed" to go with him on two cattle drives (17 days) in 1929 — a twelve-year-old horse wrangler?

So, you see, the Quien Sabe story is very interesting to me. I was also well acquainted with Bob and Rabe. — **Sam Midkiff, 807 S. 5th St., Lamar, CO 81052.**

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

Hard Workers Get Credit

The purpose of my letter is to assure you of my continuing support for the excellent magazine I have been reading lately.

I particularly enjoyed the recent article about Jack Dalton. There is a historical marker near the Matanuska River Bridge, on the Alaska Railroad, commemorating Jack Dalton's delivery to the first coal mine up the river. This coal-hauling took place early in 1912.

I likewise enjoyed the article about Byron F. Wickwire in the August issue. I had never heard of Mr. Wickwire, but he really did make quite a trek, and survived to return to Wyoming.

Alaska's heroes are all of the same general pattern. Up here it is not the outlaws who draw the attention.

Those who are revered are the individuals who fought the mosquitoes, the difficult terrain, and who accomplished the greatest acclaim for the work they did.

The men who are remembered in Alaska for being the "Galena Gravel Pile Boys" achieved their status not by battling Indians, but for fighting the Yukon River. I happened to be one of the May, 1945 "veterans" of that episode.

My own personal contact with events of historical significance began in Chicago during the first year of the "A Century of Progress" exposition in 1933.

At the behest of an acquaintance, I hied myself to the top of the East Tower of the Skyride just in time to see Slim Williams drive his team of sled-dogs down the middle of Michigan Avenue.

Slim had his sled mounted on the chassis of an old car. He had come all the way from Copper Center, Alaska, down through the Yukon Territory and British Columbia to the vicinity of Deer Lodge, Montana. He was on his way to Washington, D.C. with two goals in mind: To win a thousand dollar bet and to try to convince President Roosevelt there should be a road built to Alaska.

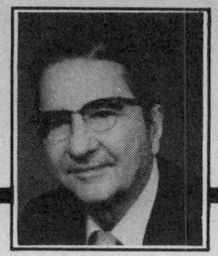
Slim won his bet but it was nine years later, due to the urgency of World War II, when the highway was finally punched through to Alaska. **Jay Russell, P.O. Box 792, Wasilla, AK 99687.**

Type Size Affects Reader

In your May issue of TRUE WEST, you announced and did have the larger print size in your magazine. This occurred in June and July also.

In August and September, you again have small print. Please come back to the larger print. My old eyes are not as good as they used to be. — **Clifton Heeter, 6723 Ponderosa St., Central Point, OR 97502.**

Hosstail's Small Talk



Ever since I left the home spread and headed out to conquer the world I had wanted a little ranch of my own. Liz and I had hatched out three boys and were trying to work our way through the fog in early magazine publishing when we both got a renewal of the "little spread" bug in a bad way. We must have talked about it constantly because one Sunday afternoon when I was reading the classified ads about ranches and read one to Jim, our youngest son, he came out with, "Daddy, why don't we just get in the car and look at some of those ranches? Don't you think it's about time you bought one instead of you and Mama talking about it all the time?"

That statement made sense to me. I told Jim to grab his hat and we got on the road. We headed toward the Hill Country talking excitedly about the type of ranch we wanted. It must have plenty of water, running creeks so we could dam them, be a beautiful spot of ground, have plenty of game and just about everything else that goes into making a little paradise on earth.

Well, a realtor showed us two ranches that afternoon and we came back to Austin thoroughly discouraged. They just didn't look right to us, but we were far from ending the search.

After weeks of hunting, we finally found it — a beautiful little ranch near the town of Dripping Springs. It is only a twenty-five minute drive from our home.

This ranch has three spring-fed creeks, wild turkey, deer, quail and just about everything else you could want in the way of game. I know you ranch owners will pardon me if I say it is one of the most scenic little spreads I have ever seen in my life.

I couldn't wait to get a dam across Onion Creek and get the little lake it formed stocked with bass and hybrid perch.

Later on I put another dam across Boiling Springs Creek, and it turned out to be every bit as pretty as I thought it would. With both lakes well stocked with fish, we drummed up some beautiful dreams about the future.

Well, those dreams have come true and then some. Everybody, or at least those people who are not confirmed city lovers, should have a piece of land that he can play on. We weren't able to build a cabin on the ranch immediately but spent every weekend exploring the place. We took friends out and delighted in their "ohs" and "ahs" over the scenic spots.

That was 17 years ago and we are still just as anxious to get away from city life and roam that piece of land as we were in the beginning. We still find new things to get excited about after all these years.

Last spring Liz and I drove up fairly close to an old turkey hen with her brood. The little ones were just big enough to fly a short distance. They all partially jumped and flew up on a rock fence that surrounds the ranch and just stood there looking at us for several minutes. It was a real thrill to lovers of wildlife.

That old turkey hen did a pretty good job of raising her young, because we saw at least half of them last weekend. The old hen had run all the gobblers off and the hens were in one bunch and the gobblers in another. You could get within forty yards of them in a car and it hit me that they weren't quite wild enough. There is no way that anyone of us would shoot one of those turkeys! They have sort of grown to be our pets and we get a kick out of seeing them over and over again. They stray on two other ranches and we know that we'll lose some of them during the hunting season.

Not "harvesting" our game carried right on down to the big channel catfish that will come up after some floating fish food or even a piece of bread and splash water all over the surroundings. Other fish hear these splashes and come to the scene and pretty soon we'll have fifteen or twenty fish in the water frisking about after food.

Perch are so numerous that you can catch one after another just as fast as you can get a baited hook into the water. This the the one thing we *will* take off the ranch because they are so numerous. Grandpa and the little ones will take care of that situation. We will probably have to start thinning out the deer also, but for the present we are content to watch those white flags flash when we jump deer out of the brush.

We planted some oats in two fields and get a great kick in driving almost upon the deer and counting the number in one bunch as they run. The last time we were out there we counted nineteen in one bunch. They ran off to the fringe of woods, stopped and looked at us like they were wondering what in the devil we meant by invading their domain.

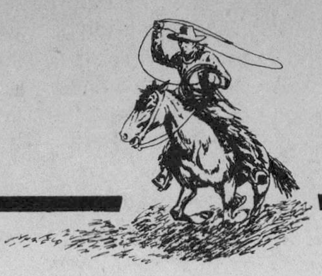
I mentioned the fence rock. It is said that the fences were built by convict labor. The men gathered up rocks all over the ranches and stacked them six feet high to form stock-proof fences. There are quite a few in the vicinity. I rather believe the pioneers did this work themselves to clear their ranches of rocks and provide cost-free fence material at the same time. The fences are supposed to be over one hundred years old.

Joe Jr. has taken such an interest in this ranch that he spends every spare moment cutting cedar and beautifying the place as a whole. We leave the brush piles, and that makes for protection of quail, rabbits and other small game. I have never seen anyone become so fascinated in improving the looks of a ranch. You can find him our there working away on Saturdays and Sundays even. You are also going to be able to find Liz and me out there more and more. I'll be writing Small Talks and answering your letters and doing other magazine work, and Liz will be improving my grammar and typing away.

It is easy to write too much about a place you love, so I'll wind up by advising every one of you to find you a piece of land. Yours is out there somewhere and you will never regret buying it if you can find what you like at a decent price. The satisfaction and enjoyment you get out of "playing" on the place will be worth every dollar you spend on it, and in my estimation, it can do nothing but go up in value for many years to come.

That's enough for this time. See you here next month. — Hosstail

Western Roundup



ART SHOW DRAWS 40,000

The 13th annual Western Art Show and Auction, sponsored by the Museum of Native American Cultures, will be held February 25, 26, and 27, 1983, at the Spokane Convention Center and the Sheraton Hotel.

With extensive and comprehensive collections of Native American art and artifacts, the museum is considered to be among the top five of its kind in the United States. The art show and auction has grown to be the largest in the nation. The 1982 show attracted approximately 40,000 people during the three-day event.

This year 162 exhibit spaces are expected to be filled in the "show" portion of the event. The exhibit area will be open from 10 a.m. until 11 p.m. and is free to the public. The auction portion will be on Friday and Saturday, February 26 and 27, both beginning at 7 p.m.

Prior to each auction there is an activity called "quick draw." This is where a group of painters, sculptors, and carvers are given 30 minutes to complete a work of art from a variety of models.

The Museum of Native American Cultures (MONAC) in Spokane, Washington.

More Wild Longhorns than Texans. The history of people who built America's ranching industry western-style is depicted life-size at the 14-acre Ranching Heritage Center of the Museum of Texas Tech University.

The center houses about 30 historic structures — homes, work buildings, corrals, and windmills — to recreate almost a century of pioneer life. Each structure has been transferred from a working ranch, authentically restored and furnished.

The center shows the development of ranching in a progression of log cabins and dugouts, a stone "fortress" home and even a house built of stalks from the cactus-like sotol plant. The outbuildings include the barn, granary, the ranch office building and a one-room schoolhouse.

The center is open free from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays, and 1 to 4:30 p.m. Sundays.

Four Museums in One. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, houses four large museums dealing with western frontier history.

The four museums are the Buffalo Bill Museum, Winchester Gun Museum, Plains Indian Museum, and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Each deals with artifacts and information about specific areas of western history.

The Center is located at 720 Sheridan Avenue, next to the park, in Cody. It is open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., June through August; 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., May and Spetember; and 1 to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday, in March, April, October, and November.

Spurs on Display. Over 6,000 spurs are on display at Mitchell's Free Western Museum in Gatesville, Texas. The museum, owned by Lloyd Mitchell, displays 6,426 spurs, some of which belonged to movie stars Rex Bell and Hoot Gibson.

The visitor can view certain specialty items, too, such as a pair of spurs fashioned from an old windmill. Other spurs come from the continents of Europe, Asia, and North America. The museum highlights brands of spurs: Boone and Anchor, Star, Crockett, Kelly, O.K., and Hercules.

Mitchell's Free Western Museum is located on Texas Highway 36 in Gatesville.

A Thousand Guns. The largest privately-owned collection of western frontier memorabilia in the world can be viewed at the Frontier Museum in Temecula, California.

The museum, which is a re-creation of the early western town of Tombstone, Arizona, displays over 1,000 authentic guns, many of which were used by famous western figures. Over 60 wax figures, stagecoaches, a chuck wagon, jailhouse, saloon, theater, a western street and shops also highlight the museum.

Visitors can find the Frontier Museum west of Interstate 15E (old 395) two hours southeast of Los Angeles. It is located beween Los Angeles and San Diego. New to Temecula, it was opened to the public April 21, 1982.

Early Urbanites. Territory Junction, in the Montana Historical Society Museum, Helena, is hosting a new permanent exhibit called "The Urban Pioneers."

"The Urban Pioneers" simulates the lifestyles of businessmen and others who lived during the 1860s through the 1880s. It is composed of brief videotapes which show period photographs of the people who settled in Montana Territory towns. Territory Junction itself is a "street" of 11 shops and offices characterizing an imaginary business district.

"The Urban Pioneers" exhibit opened there on March 15, 1982.

Writing Convention. Publishers' booths, speakers, tours, and awards preseations will highlight the Western Writers of America's 30th Annual Convention in Amarillo, Texas, in 1983.

The convention is tentatively scheduled to begin the last Sunday of June and run through the following Thursday (June 26 through 30). Registration is on Sunday, the 26th, and the convention will begin Monday, the 27th.

The chairman of the convention is Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

Tastes of the Past. History, recreation, and scenic beauty are three rewards for visiting Cochise County in Arizona.

The county was molded from Arizona Territory in 1881. Sites in the county include the 200-mile-long Cochise Trail. Along the trail, visitors can see a collection of Indian, pioneer, and western history artifacts. The trail begins at the Cochise Visitor Center in Wilcox.

The Cochise Stronghold, Fort Bowie, Chiricahua National Monument, Tombstone, and several ghost towns are just a few of this area's attractions. Visitors are always welcome.

For Outlaws and Lawmen Only. A group of outlaw and lawman history buffs got together in 1974 in Logan, Utah, and formed the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.

The organization has been going strong ever since and now has more than 500 members throughout the United States, Canada, and overseas. The group provides a means by which those interested in outlaws and lawmen of the Old West can share information and help each other. NOLA, as it is called, publishes a newsletter six times a year and a quarterly magazine.

Membership is $20 a year or $39 for two years. Lifetime members are accepted for $500 ($125 annual payments) and commercial firms or individuals may be sponsors for $100 annual dues.

NOLA has scheduled its 1983 rendezvous in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on August 3 through 6. In addition to regular meetings and speakers, the organization is planning a real old-fashioned mountain man-style rendezvous.

The event will be held in Cheyenne's Hitching Post Motor Inn.

Commercial and noncommercial organizations are invited to display their wares at the rendezvous. Space is being provided on a first come, first serve basis. For more information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82071.

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

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C.S. Fly, Photographer —

By
JOSEPH F. KELLY

HE CAPTURED

THE young prospector was broke. He was down to his last fifty cents when he found a job as a guide and guard for two engineers working in the area. He used his small salary to finance his attempts to locate minerals in the low hills around Fort Huachuca.

Arizona Territory was a desperate place to travel in the 1870s. Hostile Apaches ruled the land outside of the fort walls. When the soldiers of the post learned of the prospector's quest, they taunted him with that comment, "All you'll ever find out there is your own tombstone."

Ed Schiefflin ignored the teasing and persisted in his dangerous search. He found one of the richest silver deposits in American history. He remembered the soldier's taunts and christened his mine, "The Tombstone."

NEAR the site of the first strike was a low hill with a flattened top, known as "Goose Flats." The "boomers," flocking to the silver deposits, started a town at this location and named it for the first mine, Tombstone.

This new town wasn't the toughest town that ever existed in the West, but it had the most notable name and became famous around the world.

The mines promised steady work and high wages. There were throngs of parasites and a lesser number of honest folk. Among the honest few was a man known as C.S. Fly, a pioneer photographer.

His story parallels and illuminates the story of Tombstone. His fellow townspeople lived for the moment. They made and lost fortunes, stole and sinned, worked and died, and left only memories of violence and greed. But C.S. Fly was a rarity. He knew he was a part of a unique period in western his-

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Geronimo's surrender to General Crook, Mexico, 1886, was one of C.S. Fly's most famous photographs.

tory. He had the foresight to record and preserve it.

C.S. FLY was born in Missouri and as a baby, he was carried in a covered wagon to California when his family emigrated during the Gold Rush. He was one of eight children. His mother enjoyed reading and named half of her brood for "Noble Romans."

This baby was christened Camillus Sidney Fly, a name he always tried to conceal. He preferred to use the first name "Charles." He signed his photographic prints, C.S. Fly. His friends called him "Buck."

On September 29, 1879, he married a neighbor, Mary Edith Goodrich, known as "Millie," and moved to Tombstone, Arizona, to seek his fortune as a photographer.

THE man who became famous for his photographs did not care to be photographed himself. There isn't a single known likeness of him.

He had an adopted daughter, Kitty Fly, who became the actress known as Catherine Patterson. Kitty lived to a great age and retired in San Diego. Many years after her father's death, she described his appearance, as she remembered, in a letter dated 1950.

She said he was six feet two inches tall, of slender build, had coal black hair and eyes, and had a long, handle-bar mustache. She said he had a habit of stroking his mustache when he was thinking. He did not talk much; he was not shy, just reserved.

THE Fly family began its work in Tombstone in a tent. Fly saved his money and built a combination boarding house and studio at 312 Fremont

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Another Fly shot: This Eastern "dude" was caught holding prop guns.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Branding at the Lawry Ranch on San Pedro River, south of Tombstone, 1880.

Street. Built of wood, it was destroyed by fire in 1895. Kitty Fly remembered some of her parents' boarders as being dealers at the gambling tables in nearby saloons. These men had unusual names, such as "Ventura Lew" and "Seven-Toed Pete."

The photographer, aided by his wife, took photos for 35 cents per pose. Many of these historic images still exist to show us the real pioneers.

WHILE Millie Fly attended to business in Tombstone, Fly loaded his photographic equipment into a wagon and traveled throughout the countryside taking photos of people and scenes. He took photos of ranchers at work, of Indians and soldiers, scouts and outlaws.

He was trying to make a career in what is now called photo-journalism. His idea was good, but he was ahead of the time. Such a thing could not support a family.

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Fly photo of Ed Schiefflin, the prospector who found the Tombstone Mine.

On a few rare occasions, he made money, such as when he photographed the surrender of Geronimo to the U.S. army. Fly went into Mexico to take photos of the surrender scene which have become a famous part of western history. Few people knew his name, but his work was published on the front cover of Harper's Weekly, then America's most popular magazine.

His other attempts at fame and fortune did not work out well. For example, his images of the death and destruction after an earthquake in Mexico did not pay expenses. He had problems with his wife over his photo trips.

Fly's name has always been associated with the famous Shootout at the O.K. Corrall. Two groups of opportunists, one composed of rustlers and holdup men, friends of Sheriff John Behan, and the other a group clustered around Wyatt Earp, mostly gamblers and town sharpies, had been exchanging threats and insults.

Many people who lived in Tombstone on the day of the gunfight later said that the fight was more like an execution. The cowboys had their six-guns in their holsters and were in the corral preparing to leave town, when the Earps and Doc Holliday started shooting.

In Boot Hill Cemetery, where the Clantons and McLowerys are buried, a grave marker says they were murdered. When the firing began, Ike Clanton, a coward and a loud mouth, ran away, fleeing through the back entrace of the Fly home.

Fly photographed the inhabitants of Tombstone during the glory days. He made photos of such people as the gamblers, actresses, prostitutes, miners, Indians, lawyers and cowhands.

For a time he made a decent living, then business in town started to decline. People had less money to spend on photography and his troubles began.

In 1881 and 1882, fires burned many of the buildings in Tombstone. The final blow occurred when a water table at only eight hundred feet was discovered in the mines. The mine owners tried pumps but could not overcome the water flowing into the mine shafts.

The mines had to be abandoned. The silver is still down there under the water. Those people who lived off the miners' wages left town. Most went to nearby Bisbee, where a large deposit of copper was found, and there was steady work.

Fly tried to find other ways besides photos to supplement his income. He invested in a mine that proved to have been "salted." He tried again at another location called "The Fly Mine."

Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

Eddie Foy, captured by Fly, when Foy appeared at the Bird Cage Theater, 1880.

Fly told a newspaper he'd found a rich silver deposit and a rich copper vein beneath the silver "only three feet down." This must have been wishful thinking, as the location was abandoned.

IN 1895, Fly ran for county sheriff and was elected. An observer wrote, "he owed his election, not to his popularity or qualifications, but to the fact that he had less enemies than the other candidates."

Sheriff Fly succeeded John Slaughter, a cattleman from Texas who had proven a very competent law officer. With the job, Fly also got a deputy, Bert Alvord, who later turned to train robbery.

A crime took place in Nogales, Arizona, that was to cloud Fly's reputation as a lawman. A gang of robbers, led by Three-Fingered Jack, robbed the bank. The event was a comedy of errors. The gang escaped with over $10,000. But only after gang members, tripping over each other's feet, spilled some of the loot and fired a gun by mistake that put a hole in the roof of the bank and

alerted the town to the crime.

As the gang fled, a bank teller pursued them and fired a shot. He missed the robbers, but killed a mule owned by a wood-cutter. The mule was tied to a hitching post in front of the bank.

The robbers fled east toward the domain of Sheriff Fly. He was notified by telegraph that they were headed his way. He organized a posse to pursue them.

Fly and his posse chased the fleeing gang into a canyon, where the robbers ambushed the lawmen. The lawmen fled back to the safety of town.

Some citizens observed that the posse was supposed to chase the outlaws, not vice-versa. One man observed charitably, "Fly is a nice fellow, but he isn't very experienced as a sheriff."

After his less than outstanding career in law enforcement, Fly began to drink heavily and quarrel with his wife. His financial troubles increased.

He left Millie in charge of the studio in Tombstone and he moved to Bisbee to open another studio. He was found dead in his bed on Oct. 10, 1901. The examining physician listed the cause of death to be "acute alcoholism."

Fly's body was returned to Tombstone and buried in Tombstone cemetery, not Boot Hill. His grave was marked with a large stone monument. The expenses of the burial were paid by the miners' union.

A VISITOR to today's Tombstone can see many of the sites which have survived the years, such as Boot Hill, the Bird Cage Theater, the Oriental Bar and the O.K. Corral.

The scenes have survived, but everything is different. Only in the photos of C.S. Fly are things as they were one hundred years ago. The photos are his legacy, a visual account of a transition period of American history when savagery gave way to civilization.

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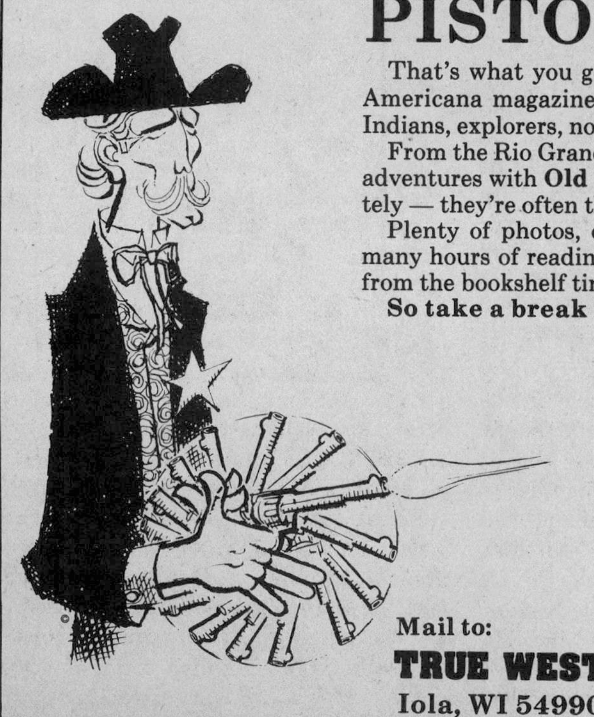

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O. C. Seltzer

OLAF

He Lived

By HELEN CLARK

THE Far West astounded Olaf Carl Seltzer because of its extraordinary expanses — rolling prairies, shining mountains, roaring rivers and shimmering lakes. Compared to Denmark, it all appeared incredible. Even before he and his mother left Copenhagen in 1892, they were amazed with news of the Far West.

"Come West," wrote Louis Jensen, husband of Seltzer's aunt in Denmark. "I'm having ham and eggs every morning for breakfast and I earn two dollars a day!" Jensen was living and working in Great Falls, Montana.

Louis' wife, Laura, her sister, Julie — Olaf's mother — and Olaf did come west.

Great Falls was an exciting place before the turn of the century for a teenager from a foreign land. It was aptly named with the roaring falls in the Missouri River. In the town itself were cowboys, Indians, Chinese, barkeepers, mule skinners, drummers, bankers, freighters and prospectors. The young town was booming in the 1890s. Montana recently had been admitted to the Union, gaining statehood in 1889, and with it came growth.

It was not long until young Olaf was employed by horse outfits including those owned by Pete Hansen, H. H. Hartman and Valentine Lauberheimer. Olaf didn't know much about cowboying but he was willing to learn. He had no idea that someday the pictures he painted of cowboys and cattle would be selling for thousands of dollars. He did not know that the horse would win his heart as a worthy subject for oils and watercolors and that, of all breeds, he would best love to paint the pinto.

Like a fellow Montana artist, Charles M. Russell, Olaf began his cowboy career as a nighthawk, watching the horse remudas during the night hours. But he did not remain a cowboy long. It didn't pay well and he had a mother to support. Olaf's father had abandoned the family while the son was still tiny. No one knows what happened to the father, Christian August Seltzer.

When the opportunity came, Olaf signed as an apprentice machinist in the Great Northern Railway locomotive shop and the pay was good. His mother and relatives were proud of him. Although he plied this trade for years, he yearned to paint and draw. This desire was nurtured by early training in Copenhagen where, shortly before turning thirteen, he had been granted entrance to the Technical Society Institute. There he had shown great promise as a draftsman.

Earning a living at manual work occupied much of Seltzer's time. But he had been able to dabble in art. On Charles M. Russell's thirty-third birthday, March 19, 1897, the two met in the Silver Dollar Saloon in Great Falls.

Seltzer was nineteen at the time and he had not expected Russell to know that he was a would-be artist. Seltzer, of course, was well aware of Russell's art and fame.

According to Mildred Ladner in her book, *O. C. Seltzer, Painter of the Old West,* Russell had seen a "pen and ink sketch of the Turkey Trail in Trigg's Bar."

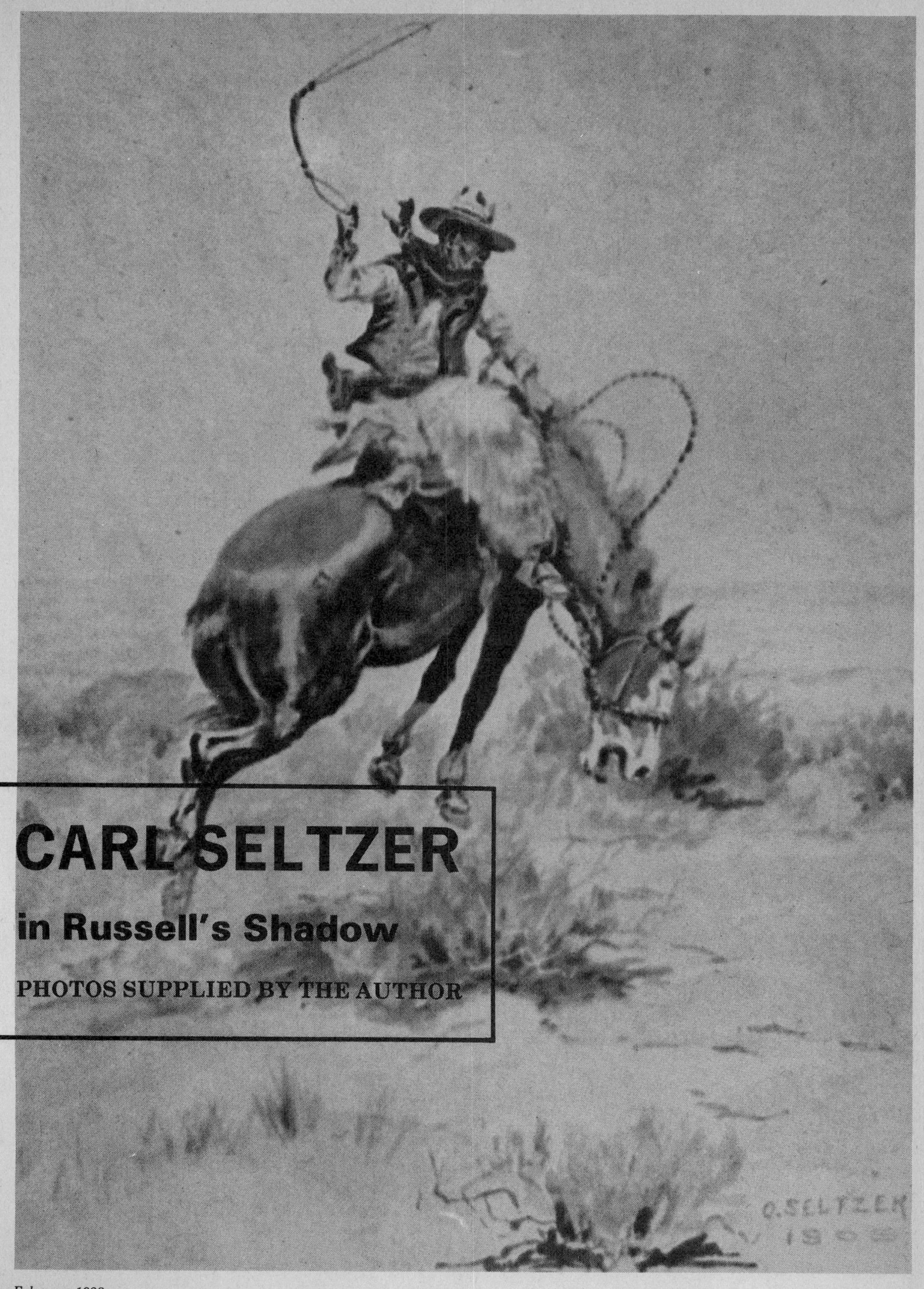
"Words of praise from an accomplished artist like Russell, who was even then selling some paintings for reproduction on calenders, opened new vistas for young Olaf," Ladner wrote.

She noted that the freewheeling Charlie Russell, only recently domesticated by his bride, Nancy Mann Cooper, welcomed this encounter with the young man who had drawn the Turkey Trail. There was an immediate rapport between the artist and the machinist and Seltzer was to live in Russell's shadow for years.

Seltzer recalled after Russell's death in 1926 that the two had enjoyed a close association for many years.

"That raw March day in 1897 when we first met was no doubt a turning point in my life . . . by reason of that meeting and the subsequent association, my future was to a great extent molded."

AS THE YEARS began to pass,



CARL SELTZER

in Russell's Shadow

PHOTOS SUPPLIED BY THE AUTHOR

Courtesy Russell Museum

This oil by Seltzer, called "Success of the Hunt," hangs in the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana.

Seltzer believed he could make it financially by turning to art full-time. But the railroad shops claimed his full attention in early manhood. Not only did he work for the Great Northern, but for the Butte Anaconda and Pacific Railroad in Anaconda, Montana, and the old narrow gauge railroad in Lethbridge, Alberta. In 1900, he worked for the Great Falls Iron Works. Then back to the shops, then the American Refining and Smelting Co., near Giant Springs, northeast of Great Falls. Finally it was back to the Great Northern.

When Seltzer was 25, he met Mabel Cleeland of Basin, Montana, a telephone operator in Great Falls. They were married in 1903. They had two sons, Carl and Walter.

While Russell fueled the fire, it was another meeting that really launched Olaf Seltzer on his artistic career. The meeting occurred in April 1926. Seltzer was introduced to Dr. Phillip Gillett Cole of New York, formerly of Helena, Montana. Cole had practiced medicine in Helena until he went into service in World War I. Following the war, he settled in New York to take up his father's business interests which included a wise investment in a tire valve. Seltzer and Cole met in the home of Dr. W. T. Butler in Helena. Butler was a veterinarian. Both doctors were collectors of western art.

Cole found in Seltzer a kindred spirit. The two men hit it off from the start. They seemed destined to become fast friends and that friendship lasted until Dr. Cole's death in 1941.

Finding a patron of Cole's caliber with marvelous contacts in the East prompted Seltzer to move his family to New York. It was only for a year, but it was enough. Cole kept purchasing Seltzer's works and introducing him to art lovers.

However, homesickness for Montana and the old ties overtook the family and the children began drifting back to Montana. Olaf eventually joined them. There were more trips to New York, but Montana remained their permanent home. It was here that Seltzer's roots were planted. From this western soil, he drew his inspiration for his art.

And what paintings he did! Indians moving camp with their pack travois; mountain men moving from the high country; a stage coach fleeing from pursuing Indians; cowboys at branding time; Indian braves visiting trading posts. He even painted Russell and his buddies of the N Bar N outfit.

For the 15 years of their association, Seltzer was to paint for Dr. Cole several series of paintings, many of them miniatures. One series, for example, was of all the types of humanity found on the frontier. There were watercolors, like The Pioneer Woman, The Vigilante and The Dance Hall Girl. Each painting was meticulously researched.

Many believe that Seltzer recorded the data about dozens of his sketches, with model's names, reasons for attire and anecdotes. But the book has never been found.

The correspondence between Cole and Seltzer was used in the Ladner book. Cole died of a stroke at the age of 57 on June 29, 1941. Thomas Gilcrease purchased the entire Cole art collection, including Russells, Remingtons, Leighs, Seltzers and others for $250,000. Gilcrease, who made his money in oil, built a museum to house the collection and the doors to the Thomas Gilcrease Insti-

tute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahma, have been open since 1949. The museum today is owned by the City of Tulsa.

Seltzer's largest painting was commissioned by the Masonic Order for the library of the Montana Grand Lodge in Helena. This oil, done in 1938, painted on canvas, measures nine feet by fifteen feet. It portrays the first Masonic meeting in Montana in 1862 on Mullan Pass near Helena.

With the advent of World War II, Seltzer went back to the manual labor he had known in his early years, feeling it was his patriotic duty to do so. He began instructing national defense training at Great Falls High School. Later he taught lathe operation in evening classes. In 1942, he went to work as a full-time machinist in the Great Falls Iron Works. On this job, he fell and broke his right arm above the wrist. Confined to home, he taught himself to paint with his left hand.

In 1943, he again went back to lathe work, at Malmstrom Air Force Base near Great Falls. Injury plagued the artist following World War II. He fell while getting off a bus and broke his right leg. Sciatic trouble hounded him from then on and he had to use a cane and eventually a wheelchair.

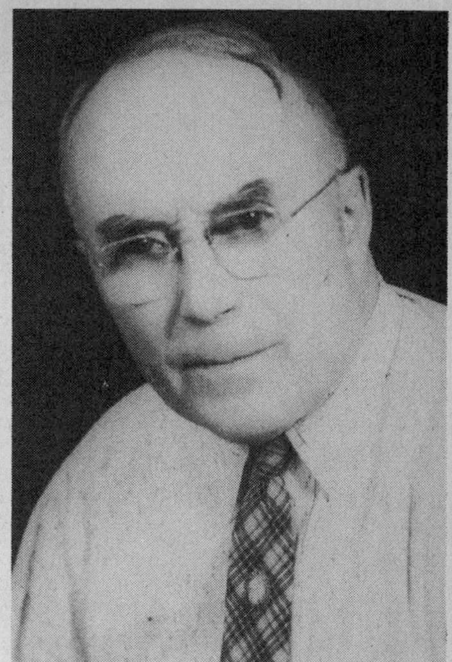
BUT ALL WAS not mishap for this inventive man. He collected butterflies, beetles and stamps. He was an avid reader. He was a family man who loved his old-time friends. Like Russell, when the occasion permitted, he would slip into the bar for a few drinks with old buddies.

"Under most circumstances, Seltzer knew when to stop," Ladner wrote. "He never hid his habit and frequently told stories on himself."

As the years passed, Seltzer continued to paint and write in his notebooks. His fans and customers increased, but there never was for him again another patron like Phillip Cole. Ed Craney, a pioneer Butte radio man, and his wife, Connie, became patrons of Seltzer's work. Their collection was donated to the Greater Montana Foundation and is housed in the Museum of the Rockies at Montana State University in Bozeman.

Seltzer died on Dec. 16, 1957, at the age of 80. In 1960, the Montana Historical Society honored him with a major exhibit. In 1966, a book, *Montana in Miniature,* by Dr. Van Kirke Nelson and Cato K. Butler, was published and did well.

In 1979, the Thomas Gilcrease Institute sponsored the largest one-man exhibit of Seltzer's work ever held. Thousands viewed it. It is estimated that the artist produced more than 2,500 oil paintings and watercolors in his life.



Olaf Seltzer, photo by H. C. Eklund of Great Falls, Montana.

Olaf Seltzer's son, Walter, showed great promise as an artist, but he never carried through. However, the Seltzer name continues in his grandson, Steve, who is making a name for himself in the art world.

Courtesy Russell Museum

"The Raiders," a watercolor by Seltzer which hangs in the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana. Seltzer loved painting pinto horses.

SONGS OF THE COWBOYS

Courtesy the Dobie Collection, University of Texas

By GUY LOGSDON

ON THE cover of Ina Sires' *Songs of the Open Range* (C.C. Birchard, 1928), a typically romanticized verse about cowboy singing was printed:

What keeps the herd from running
Stampeding far and wide?
The cowboy's long, low whistle
And singing by their side.

Cowboys singing as they rode the range, as they drove cattle, and as they night-herded was standard romanticization for decades among the third and fourth generations of cowboy admirers. With the passage of time and the proliferation of published cowboy memories and a greater interest in the development and function of cowboy songs, it has become generally accepted that night-herding and entertainment were the primary functions of cowboy singing. Yet it is difficult to accept night-herding as a cowboy task that required singing or music.

Not all cowboys could sing — even poorly — and not all cowboys could whistle or even wanted to; musical ability and a good memory, which are essential for singers, were not enjoyed by all cowboys. In fact, evidence through printed memories and histories indicates that only a few possessed such talents.

Therefore, if singing were essential to calm herds at night, it can be logically assumed that only a few musically talented cowboys were assigned to night-herding. Yet, evidence indicates that most cowboys took their turns.

Also, domestic cattle of today find no comfort with the presence of a human being; the human voice can even spook cattle that have been pastured in small acreages. While dogs and horses can find comfort in the human voice and with training do respond to vocal affection and commands, the typical cow does not. The cow is a wild, sorry, independent animal. The human voice is usually used to drive cattle, and horses have more to do with controlling and calming cattle than does the human voice.

With the range cows of yesteryear as the wild, waspy, spooky animals that they were, it is more likely that the average cowboy singer would have caused a

Photo at left is of Bev Greenwood, cowboy musician.

What Cowboys *Really* Sang

By RUSTY DALEN

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys — at least if you don't want 'em horrifying the neighbors when they start "ti yi yippy, yippy yea-ing" the songs cowboys *really* sang as they whupped those longhorns up the trail in the late 19th Century.

There are verses youngsters never hear around any campfire these days.

Chances are you've never heard 'em yourself.

Vernon Dalhart never crooned them into a microphone. Gene Autry didn't yodel them to "Champ." Bob Wills didn't set them to a swingin' beat.

Even the "Urban Cowboy" (1980 movie) didn't blare the lyrics of the true-blue cowpoke in that mechanical bull-ride through Mickey Gilley's honkytonk in Houston, Texas.

Why not? Some of the lyrics were just too raunchy, that's why not. Remember those songs you sang in the Army? Nobody wrote down all those verses and published them with sheet music either.

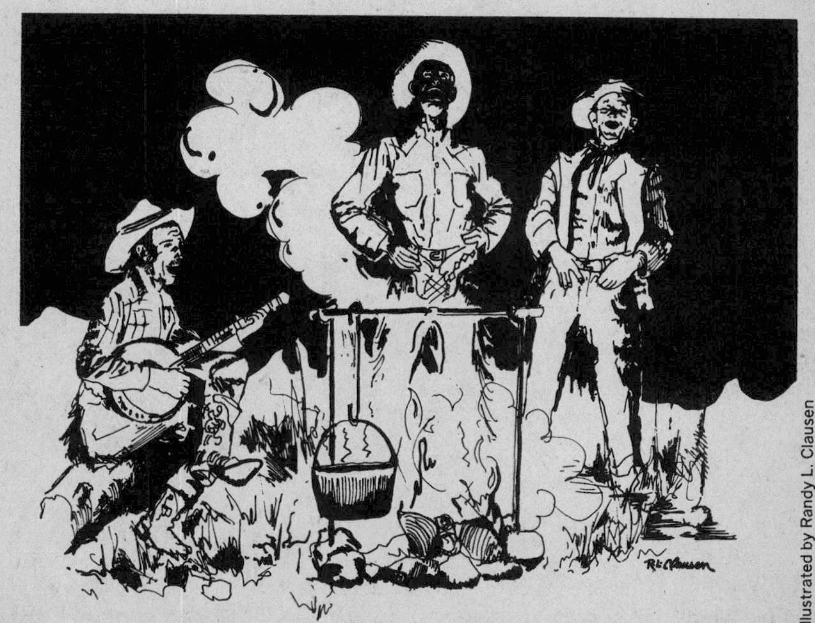
They're the songs men make up and sing when they're away from civilization. Maybe they're bored. Maybe they're drunk. Maybe they're just trying to out-shock their buddies. Certainly no ladies were present.

Take "The Old Chisholm Trail," that rambling ditty about everything that could conceivably happen while driving Texas cattle to market in Abilene or Dodge City, in Kansas.

Supposedly there are more than 1,000 stanzas, "one for each mile of the road from Brownsville, Texas, to Montana." You can bet they all aren't about roping cows, heading off stampedes and eating beans in the rain.

"Back in the 1870s," one cowboy said, "we sang

(continued on page 22)



Illustrated by Randy L. Clausen

stampede instead of preventing it. Then why and how did cowboy songs evolve?

Entertainment was the primary function of cowboy songs and music — self entertainment and group entertainment. During the early range cattle industry days, the loneliness of the cowboy was definitely real, and for the cowboy who enjoyed singing, songs were a source of entertainment and satisfaction.

Also, songs provided entertainment and diversion during the evening in the bunkhouse or around the cowcamp during roundup or on the trail. Cowboy songs were primarily a source of entertainment — they were not work songs as found in occupations such as logging and railroading.

Occupational songs were not always work songs; often they were protest songs. But among cowboy songs little protest material can be found. A few scattered verses of complaint about the heat, the cold, the dry spell, or the heavy rain might be heard, but cowboying differed from most occupations. The cowboy could leave as easily as he entered; he was not born into this way of life nor was he locked into a poverty situation.

Most cowboys were there by choice and they could leave by choice. Also, the general attitude among the cowboys was that of independence, individuality and loyalty. If they did not like working conditions or the boss, they were free to quit. They were not free to create dissention, for the other cowboys would not tolerate it. Therefore, little protest is found in cowboy songs. Also, very few actual first generation cowboy songs were written or composed.

Also, motion pictures and other media of the Twentieth Century created an image of cowboys singing with a guitar accompaniment, but the fiddle was the most popular instrument among cowboys, followed by the banjo; most cowboy singing was unaccompanied.

Courtesy the author

N. Howard "Jack" Thorp, cowboy, horseman, poet and the first person to publish a collection of cowboy songs, shown on his horse.

It was the second and following generations that wrote or composed most of the popular and romantic cowboy songs. Probably the oldest, and certainly the most popular, of the first generation of range cattle industry cowboy songs was "The Old Chisolm Trail." It is a song of two-line stanzas followed by the well known "comma ti yi yippy yippy yi."

The opening stanza is the "Come-All-Ye" narrative that can be traced for hundreds of years in English-Scottish-Irish balladry. Its origin is definitely in folk tradition. Its number of verses exceed the age of the tradition, for most cowboys knew a few verses and with proper lubrication could create new ones.

The literary quality of "The Old Chisolm Trail" and other cowboy songs is not always of the highest standards. J. Frank Dobie wrote that "because of their value to social history, their reflection of a people's experiences and attitudes towards life, they are worth preserving. Moreover, if considered in their proper setting, they do have a kind of literary merit."

But literary merit is not the criteria to use in evaluating a folk song or ballad. Most classic poems and lyrics of literary merit lack the element of common human spirit and experience and survive only through academic use in anthologies. Yet, many cowboy songs continue to live in the memories of both the literate and illiterate; they contain a spirit that appeals to men or they tell a story that captures the imagination — and they are alive even when "literary merit" is minimal.

There were a few more "trail driving days" songs, but many of today's favorite cowboy ballads came after the trail drives ended. One of the all-time favorites is "Little Joe the Wrangler." Many an old-timer has said that he knew Little Joe and was there when Little Joe died while trying to turn the stampeding herd. Later generation cowboys have said, "My grandfather knew Little Joe."

However, the ballad was written by N. Howard "Jack" Thorp — cowboy, the first cowboy song collector, and cowboy poet. Thorp wrote it while "...on trail herd of O Cattle From Chimney Lake, New Mexico, to Higgins, Texas 1898... One night I sat by the campfire with a stub of pencil and an old paper bag and wrote the story of Little Joe...." It was sung to the tune of "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane." While it is possible

that an incident and a character similar to the ballad may have happened or existed, Thorp's ballad was creative imagination expressed through poetry.

N. HOWARD THORP, known among his cowboy friends as Jack, was born in New York in 1867 and enjoyed an affluent childhood that introduced him to the world of polo ponies. His father suffered financial ruin, and for a living Jack turned to buying horses in the West and shipping them east to be trained as polo ponies. He became a highly respected horseman. In March, 1889, as a young cowpuncher or more correctly a horse wrangler, Thorp was working for the Bar W Ranch in New Mexico.

While looking for stray horses one evening he came upon a cow camp and heard a black cowboy singing a new song. The experience inspired him to search for cowboy or western songs. He left the next day with the determination to seek more songs. For one year he rode and worked through Texas, into Indian Territory, back to Texas, and finally back to New Mexico, riding horseback for over 1,500 miles. Jack Thorp's trip was the first song collecting trip in the West.

In 1908 in Estancia, New Mexico, Thorp paid a printer for 2,000 copies of a little red paper-covered book, *Songs of the Cowboys.* This 50-page book was the first collection of cowboy songs to be printed and has become a highly sought after collector's item. It can bring thousands of dollars in the rare books market, yet Thorp sold many of them for 50 cents each, some for less.

Of the 23 songs, at least five were written by Thorp, including the lead song "Little Joe the Wrangler." In 1921 he expanded the number of songs in his book and Houghton Mifflin published it under the original title. Of the 101 songs, at least 27 were written by Thorp. There is no evidence that many of his songs or poems ever entered oral tradition, but certainly a few did become cowboy favorites. In fact, two years after his first book circulated, six of his songs appeared in John Lomax's book *Cowboy Songs* (Sturgis and Walton, 1910) and were listed as "author unknown."

SHORTLY before his death in 1940, Thorp collaborated with Neil McCullogh Clark to publish his autobiography, *Pardner of the Wind* (Caxton Printers, 1945). The best chapter in the book was the lead, "Banjo in the Cow Camps," which also had been published in the August, 1940, issue of The Atlantic Monthly.

The chapter remains the best essay ever written about cowboy songs and singing. Thorp's observations about his 1889 trip and early collecting are worthy of excerpting: "...None of the cowboys who could sing ever remembered an entire song. I would pick up a verse or two here, another verse or two there.... These weren't 'cultured' songs. Sometimes the rhymes didn't match very well. Often the language was rough and for publication had to be heavily exurgated. But ballad-making and song-singing were living parts of cowboy life...."

"Cowboy songs were always sung by one person, never by a group. I never did hear a cowboy with a real good voice; if he had one to start with, he always lost it bawling at the cattle, or sleeping out in the open, or tellin' the judge he didn't steal that horse.... The people of Texas didn't know the National Anthem, but they all knew 'Turkey in the Straw.'...."

"It is generally thought that cowboys did a lot of singing around the herd at night to quiet them on the bedground. I have been asked about this and I'll say that I have stood my share of night watches in fifty years and I seldom heard any singing of that kind....Just some old hymn tune, like as not — something to kill the time and not bad enough to make the herd want to get up and run...."

"Ballad-making and song-singing were living parts of cowboy life."

"Cowboy songs did not always reach me through cowboys. I took them where I found them, from all sorts and kinds of people."

THORP did not appreciate the work of John Lomax, for Lomax did not give credit to Thorp until after 1938. Lomax was a Texan who early in life became fascinated by cowboy songs. His story is told in his *Adventures of a Ballad Hunter* (Macmillan, 1947). His early work with cowboy songs ultimately led him into full-time collecting and writing. His books of songs became standard volumes in many homes, and he and his son, Alan, did much to preserve our folk heritage far beyond cowboy songs.

But his greatest impact was on cowboy songs, because, since the appearance of *Cowboy Songs* in 1910, it has been difficult to find a cowboy singer who does not sing at least one song as printed by Lomax. In 1938 he expanded his volume and gave credit to more of his song sources. It is still considered to be the primary source for the serious collector and student of cowboy songs.

The sources of songs have not always been the cowboy informant, for Thorp, Lomax, and other collectors have always turned to newspapers and livestock journals for printed cowboy or western poetry. In fact, the cowboy singer would see a poem that he liked and set it to an appropriate tune. This provided many second and later generation cowboy songs. An example is "The Cowboys' Christmas Ball" by William Lawrence "Larry" Chittenden, a cultured Texas ranchman-poet. It was first printed in an 1890 Texas newspaper and appeared in the collected works of Chittenden — *Ranch Verses* (G.P. Putnam) which was published in 1893. It was quickly adapted to music and entered oral tradition.

Other examples can be given, but the interested student-collector can have the pleasure of discovery through finding the works of Charles Badger Clark, Arthur Chapman, Owen Wister, Gail Gardner, D.J. "Kid" O'Malley, Romaine Lowdermilk, and other cowboy poets who enjoyed having their works accepted as traditional cowboy songs.

The commercial cowboy singers on records, the singing cowboy movies, the Tin-Pan Alley cowboy song composers, and the cowboy's love of dancing and fiddle music are integral parts of the total cowboy music scene, and the most recent book that included these topics in the narratives is Jim Bob Tinsley's *He Was Singin' This Song* (University of Florida Presses, 1981). This is an outstanding study and is a major contribution to cowboy literature. Tinsley, Glenn Ohrlin, John White, and other collector-singer-writers show that cowboy songs are alive and well in a society that relies on mass media entertainment to break the loneliness — the same kind of loneliness that gave rise to songs that are uniquely American cowboy in content and spirit.

(continued from page 19)

'Chisholm Trail' all the way from San Antonio to Dodge City. There was never a day that someone did not build a new verse."

"Many stanzas were not mailable," observed folk song collector John A. Lomax, in an understatement.

Lomax, who grew up on a ranch in Bosque County, Texas, alongside a branch of the Chisholm Trail, is renowned for collecting and printing an early volume of American folk music to include the tunes, when he published *Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads* in 1910.

All those he gathered weren't printed or printable.

After tracking down a collection of about 100 original cowboy songs in Texas, he wrote to newspaper editors across the West in April 1907, seeking more.

"May I add that ballads and the like, which because of crudity, incompleteness, coarseness, or for other reasons are unavailable for publication, will be as interesting and as useful for my purposes as others of more merit," he said.

Lomax acknowledged "violating the ethics of ballad-gatherers" by combining the best lines from different versions of a song and by cleaning up the language.

"There is a Homeric quality about the cowboy's profanity and vulgarity that pleases rather than repulses," he said. "But as yet, so-called polite society is not willing to hear." That was in 1910 — about the same time of post-Victorian prudery that a Macmillan Company editor revised the manuscript of Owen Wister's *The Virginian,* by deleting the expletive that inspired the famous retort, "When you call me that, smile!" A dash was substituted for the forbidden word.

N. Howard ("Jack") Thorp was another pioneer in identifying real cowboy songs. Poet, actor and veteran cowhand, he rounded up lyrics in a 1,500-mile trek through Texas and New Mexico in 1889 and 1890. They appeared in pamphlet form in 1908 in "Songs of the Cowboys," expanded nearly 50 years later by Utah folklorists Austin E. and Alta S. Fife.

Thorp, too, tells about translating the vernacular of the range into lanugage suitable for the parlor. The song "Top Hand" ridicules a cowboy "too big for his boots."

"As sung in unexpurgated form on the range," said Thorp, "this was probably one of the 'blisteringest' humorous pieces of poetry ever strung together anywhere.

"The song as I expurgated and printed it, and now accepted as the King James version, is very tame by comparison," he added. "I even had to change the title."

Small wonder the songs the cowboys really sang are locked away in the bowels of folklore archives, rather than being performed on "Hee-Haw" or "Grand Ole Opry."

The few folklorists who cared enough to write them down exactly as they were being sung were careful to see that they would be inoffensive in print.

"Frankly," said Lomax of his "Cowboy Songs," they were "meant to be popular."

One of the most popular, even today, is "The Cowboy's Lament" — sometimes sung "As I walked out in the streets of Laredo" or "As I passed by Tom Sherman's Bar Room" or even "My home's in Montana, I wear a bandana."

The tunes, as well as the words, have numerous variations. But the theme is the same: A dying young cowboy, wherever he happens to be lying, regrets his life of sin and requests a proper — or improper — burial.

The "Lament's" predecessors, "The Unfortunate Rake or the Sailor Cut Down in His Prime" and "The Bad Girl's Lament," dealt with venereal disease and the evils of whiskey, women and gambling. The latter three "evils" gain mention in most of the cowboy versions, but not all.

"The Lament" first appeared in print in 1898, sung by a bunch of well-oiled cowpokes at the burial of a dancehall girl in "Lin McLean," a collection of Owen Wister short stories about the same Wyoming cowboy.

"Once in the saddle I used to go dashing...Beat the drum slowly, I'm but a poor cow-boy, I know I done wrong," they sang forlornly.

Teddy Blue (E. C.) Abbott, author of one of the earthier "real cowboy" autobiographies, said he always had to stop and laugh whenever he sang the "Laredo" song, "in spite of it being so sad."

"First he is lying there dead, wrapped up in his blanket, and then he starts telling this big long story of his life and how he met his downfall," Abbott recalled.

His fellow cowboys were usually drunk when they were singing the words: "I first took to drinking and then to card playing," he said.

Courtesy Barker Texas History Center

John Avery Lomax

Abbott pondered why cowboys used to love to sing about people dying. "I guess it was because they was so full of life themselves," he concluded.

In recent years, the life of the song, "Cowboy's Lament," appears to be draining. In one original version, the dying cowboy is shot by a "Greaser," a Mexican; in another, he's shot "through the bowels;" in a popular cowboy songbook for school children, he "got shot with a bullet."

Thus discrimination and bodily functions get excised from the cowboy's now romantic image.

However, preserving the romantic image is not so easy with some songs. One such, named "Bucking Bronco" sees the swashbuckling cowboy through the eyes of a girl, the one he loves and leaves, after a winter's dalliance. Supposedly written by the notorious Belle Starr in 1878, "Bronco" doesn't appear in many songbooks for children. It's message:

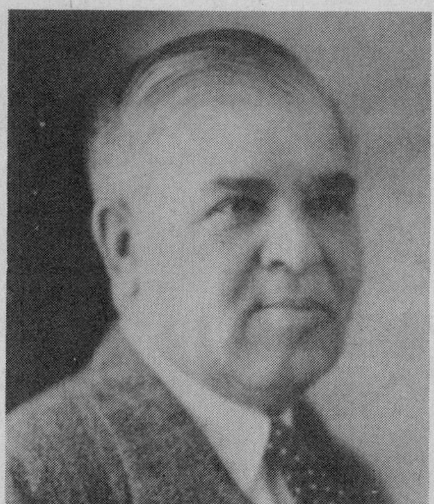
"Now all you young maidens, wher'er you reside
Beware of the cow-boy who swings the rawhide.
He'll court you and pet you and leave you and go
In the spring up the trail on his bucking bronco."

Like most cowboy songs, "Bucking Bronco" has a simple rhythm and tune, lending it to variations and parodies to suit any frame of mind. Verses of more recent vintage are even more explicit.

But as J. Frank Dobie reminded us, "The cowboy lived in a masculine society, where a great deal of song and talk naturally turns on sex and it's frequently downright obscene.

"A good many of the cowboy songs were too raw for gentle ears," Dobie added.

The Answer Man



Edwin J. Smalley

Courtesy American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming

Richard A Proctor

TOM HORN rose to respectability as a lawman but then became a professional killer. He was convicted of killing 14-year-old Willie Nickell (killed by mistake) and sentenced to be hanged. On Aug. 10, 1903, he and a cellmate, Jim McCloud, escaped from the Laramie County, Wyoming, jail but were quickly recaptured by Deputy Sheriff Richard A. Proctor and Sheriff Edwin J. Smalley.

Reader Douglas Kahn, Apt. 4-B, 225 East 76th St., New York, NY 10021, asks for a clarification of photos of the two men. It seems he has seen a photo of R. A. Proctor indentified as Smalley and he has seen photos of Smalley identified as Proctor.

The photos of each are published here to show there should be no trouble identifying the two men. The one of Smalley was taken when he was elderly. Proctor usually sported a heavy dark mustache while Smalley was usually clean shaven. Hopefully these two photos will clear up the confusion.

DARRELL G. Miller, 309 Tree Lane, Prophetstown, IL 61277, asks where he can get a biography of Annie Oakley, exhibition marksman who traveled with the Buffalo Bill Wild West show.

Surprisingly there is no outstanding biography of Annie. The first worthwhile book was Courtney Ryley Cooper's *Annie Oakley Woman at Arms*, published by Duffield and Co., New York, 1927. Cooper, press agent for the show, was strong on the show aspect of her life. Annie Fern Swartwout published *Missie An Historical Biography of Annie Oakley*, in 1947. Since Swartwout was a niece of Oakley this book is strongest on the family aspect. Also, there is Walter Havighurst's *Annie Oakley of the Wild West*, published by Macmillan Co., New York, 1954. All are out of print so you will have to get the books at used book stores or at a good library.

Stewart H. Holbrook's *Little Annie Oakley and Other Rugged People* contains only seven pages on Annie and is unreliable. In print is a profusely illustrated book, *Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill's Wild West* by Isabelle S. Sayers, Dover Publishers, New York, 1981. A must for Oakley readers is Don Russell's *Lives and Legends of Buffalo Bill*, University of Oklahoma Press 1960 and 1970. Also see TRUE WEST, June 1981, for "Annie Oakley Memorabilia," by Tom G. Murray.

STUART N. Lake virtually created Wyatt Earp with his biography of Earp called *Wyatt Earp Frontier Marshal*, published in 1931. Mark Allen Babisk, 25997 Highland Dr., Box H 12, Los Gatos, CA 95030, asks if Lake is still alive.

Lake, who was born in Rome, New York, in 1890, died in his sleep on Jan. 27, 1964, in his San Diego, California, home.

The Lake biography of Earp, though discredited frequently by historians, remains an excellent example of what might best be termed a historical novel-biography. It has been one of the most widely read biographies of a western lawman and has influenced many writers. Thus is remains a significant work.

JOHN Winner, 1227 E. Jaunita, Glendora, CA 91740, wonders if the book, *Hell on the Border*, which he owns is a first edition. He wants to know its value. Since his copy has only 320 pages, it is not a first edition, but perhaps the second edition which would have less value. The first edition had 720 pages, over 50 halftone illustrations, and stiff green wrappers.

The first edition was published in 1898 with Samuel W. Harman listed as author and C. P. Sterns as compiler. Fort Smith, Arkansas, attorney J. Warren Reed commissioned the work. A great deal of the first edition was promotional material for Fort Smith and it contained needless praise for Reed.

The second edition was published by J. W. Rice and is known as the Kendall College Edition. It has 320 pages and originally sold for $2. Another edition appeared in 1971 known as the Indian Heritage Edition, edited by Jackson Gregory and Rennard Strickland. These editors say the first edition is worth $500 to $1,000. The second edition would be more valuable than its first asking price. Glenn Shirley in his new book, *Belle Starr and Her Times*, discusses *Hell on the Border*.

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

By WILLIAM F. KELLY

NATIVE AMERICAN COSTUMES

The Wolf - Kansa

ALONG the Missouri River in North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, and Texas, were located Indian tribes who were only sometimes migratory and who annually planted and harvested crops of corn, pumpkin and squash.

These peoples were, however, quite identifiable as members of the Plains Indian Culture Area. They were hunters and lived on the open range for generations. But there was a distinct advantage to their location on the lower plains, as opposed to the high plains proper: Their domains lay within an area which received an average of 20 inches or more of rainfall per year. That was why they were farmers. They could count on enough precipitation to sustain agriculture as they knew it.

The tribes of this area included the Mandan, Hidatsa, Aricara, Pawnee and Wichita. The first three were in North Dakota, the Pawnee lived in Nebraska and the Wichita in Texas.

Central prairie tribes, generally oriented to the Missouri River, were the Ponca, Omaha, Oto, Missouri, Iowa, Kansa and Osage.

Though these tribes were not large, they were the first western Indians Oregon-bound travelers would see. This was true because the jumping off place for both the Overland (Oregon) and Santa Fe trails was in northeastern Kansas.

The Indians did, indeed, present a most colorful panorama when first viewed by such easterners. The Indians, however, had already seen quite a bit of the whites, beginning with the French traders from St. Louis and later the adventuresome American trappers and traders.

The costuming of these red men not only gave vivid evidence of trade goods but also of a fusion between that of the Indians of the central woodlands to the east (Sauk and Fox, Ojibwa, and so on) and that of the tribes of the high plains to the west (Dakota, Cheyenne, and so on).

Mysticism and pageantry they did have, individually and collectively, and the rites of the Omaha tribe, particularly, were given serious study by early American ethnologists. When the river tribes did act collectively it most often was in their biannual treks to the western ranges.

Fortunately for posterity, there were some in those days, including painters, naturalists and later, photographers, who recorded how these Indians looked in their natural state. We now look at

three resident tribes of the central prairies.

A KANSA CHIEF

FRANCIS Parkman, author of *The Oregon Trail,* saw them during his leisurely trip of 1846, and little wonder, since both the Oregon and Santa Fe trails passed directly through the Kansa range in northeastern Kansas.

But the tribe, which probably never exceeded 1,500 persons in historic times, was already well known to some whites, beginning with French traders as early as 1725. The liaison continued over the years. The Kansa chief shown here, The Wolf, was painted in a portrait by George Catlin in 1832.

The Kansa people were familiar with other dwelling types, such as the earth lodge and tipi, but they developed a style of their own. It was a framework of saplings, looking like a Mongolian tent!

In such surroundings, we can picture The Wolf, a veritable fashion plate, exhibiting both white influences and the adaptation of designs from other Indian cultures.

His pink shirt is a trade item, with full sleeves and a large collar. Atop it he wears a red felt breast ornament, lined with white beads in a rudimentary floral pattern. The apron beneath his shirt is anything but simplistic. Of dark blue trade cloth, it is embroidered with beads in an intricate floral pattern.

The apron is one of a pair worn front and back. It is the successor to the breechcloth. Thus a G-string must be worn under the apron.

The Wolf's leggings are gathered in below the knees by loom beaded garters and in a design that is geometric and more typical of the central prairies Indians. Brightly colored tie strings have been sewn to the end of these and they hang down to the front of his legs.

His necklace is alternately strung with bone and trade beads and from his pierced ear lobes hang very desirable silver pendants. His headdress is a finger-weave turban but in this case it is given a striking topping in the form of a porcupine guard hair "roach." A crest of these animal fibers are so tightly woven together that when they are sewn to a leather base and the base is tied under the wearer's chin and around his neck, the fibers stand upright.

No it has not been made from porcupine quills, but from the guard hair which overlays the quills on the animal.

The Kansa were ultimately removed to Indian Territory and now live in north-central Oklahoma. They also are sometimes referred to as the Kaw, the word used for them by the Omahas, their not-too-distant neighbors to the north.

Big Elk - Omaha

EDITOR'S NOTE

Bill Kelly has spent more than 35 years as a Plains Indian handicrafter. A retired planner now living in Florida, Kelly developed a comprehensive plan for the Crow Creek Indian Reservation in South Dakota. Here, he puts some of his knowledge to work showing us what the Indians of three lower plains tribes looked like.

AN OMAHA CHIEF AND SQUAW

Big Elk was an Omaha chief, the third bearing his name, and a veteran warrior by the time George Catlin painted a full-length portrait of him in 1832. He also was considered "progressive," in that he urged his people to begin adopting the ways of the white man for some time prior to his death in 1853.

The Omaha have the distinction of

Standing Bear - Ponca

central prairie tribes.

The beaded moccasins are the typical, three-piece high plains type.

Accompanying Big Elk is his squaw who, like women everywhere, was sensitive to color and textures. The costuming of the women of the central prairies, while similar among the many tribes, underwent continuous evolution during the second half of the last century.

It was only after cloth came to these tribes, through English trade in the late 1700s, that a wide range of wardrobe was offered the Omaha women. The simple wrap-around dresses were soon made of cloth and a striking new ornamental touch was added, the ribbon-work applique.

never having been completely removed from their historic homeland in eastern Nebraska. They share a reservation with the Winnebago north of the city which is named for them.

By the time that reliable estimates of their population were being made, they constituted about 1,200 persons and have afterwards remained close to that number.

Big Elk's finger-weave turban was made of yarn derived from unravelling blankets. The typical design resulting from this weaving, as shown on Big Elk's turban, is sloping and angular triangles in several colors. A gold eagle tail feather is tilted out of the headpiece and represents one of his war accomplishments, or "coups."

The choker around the chief's neck is of short bone beads with a large shell disc set in front. Beneath this and draped over his shoulders is a symmetrical breastplate of grizzly bear claws.

This artifact is no mean bit of ornamentation. Killing a grizzly was held to be as courageous as killing an enemy warrior.

Big Elk is wrapped in a tanned buffalo hide robe, which is worn wool-side out.

The chief has a brass band about his arm and loose buckskin leggings adorn his legs. The beadwork — done first on leather strips which are later sewn to the leggings — is not elaborate. The strips are, however, put on the front of the leggings, a common practice among

A PONCA CHIEF

Long situated in north-central Nebraska, the Poncas were a small tribe, probably never exceeding 1,000 persons. Their range abutted that of the Dakota and they were alternately either under the protection of or subject to the raids of these powerful people.

The Ponca were thus considerably influenced by the culture of the Dakota of the high plains, yet they continued to live most of the year in fixed, earth lodge villages, farming in the river lowlands.

The earth lodge was a rough, half-sphere of log and sapling framework and could house 20 to 30 persons.

By the time Standing Bear, the Ponca of the drawing, had become a chief, the tribe was well into a transition from native sheeting and ornamentation to American trade goods. His blanket cloth robe has replaced the traditional heavy, wooly buffalo hide and is ornamented by a massing strip of seed beadwork.

This strip, beaded in sections on pieces of buckskin, includes rosettes having designs that fit within circles. When joined together, this strip evidences a bold character of large areas of single colors and thus seems rather simplistic when compared to similar Dakota pieces.

What probably first attracted one's attention to Standing Bear, more than any other part of his attire, is his rakish turban of otter fur, giving him an almost Oriental look. This sleek pelt was adorned by a tail feather of a golden eagle, a coup feather for him, denoting some brave deed.

Streamers of white ermine fur drape from one shoulder of his shirt and a large silver medallion hangs from his neck.

REEL COWBOYS

In Old Santa Fe

By BILL O'NEAL

Ken Maynard had been starring in western movies for nearly a decade when he filmed "In Old Santa Fe." The movie, produced by Mascot and running 64 minutes, proved to be one of the finest of Maynard's 94 films.

Maynard was a superb horseman, and his well-trained palomino, "Tarzan, the Wonder Horse," was the most accomplished mount to gallop across the silver screen. A recipient of the World's All-Around Champion Cowboy Award and long the featured cowboy attraction for Ringling Brothers Circus, Maynard always highlighted his movies with hair-raising stunts shot in closeup so that there would be no question about the use of a double.

Maynard's feats of horsemanship were utilized as stock footage in other westerns for years to come, and "In Old Santa Fe" boasted its fair share of furious riding sequences and prancing tricks by Tarzan. (Maynard bought Tarzan as a ten-year-old in 1926, for $50, and when the animal died in 1940, Ken buried it in a secret location in the Hollywood hills.)

Although the tall and athletic Maynard delivered lines in this movie with his usual wooden awkwardness, he was backed up by Gabby Hayes, the finest sidekick in westerns.

The most notable member of the cast, however, was young Gene Autry, appearing in his first motion picture. Autry already had enjoyed success as a songwriter and radio singer, and Mascot producer Nat Levine became interested in him as a future singing cowboy.

After providing months of training as an actor and rider, Levine inserted Autry and his comic sidekick, Smiley Burnette, into "In Old Santa Fe." Autry performed three songs and by the next year, he had become a sensation as the first star of musical westerns.

Maynard, however, had pioneered this genre, becoming the first — if hardly the most talented — singing cowboy in a 1930 movie he produced himself, "Songs of the Saddle."

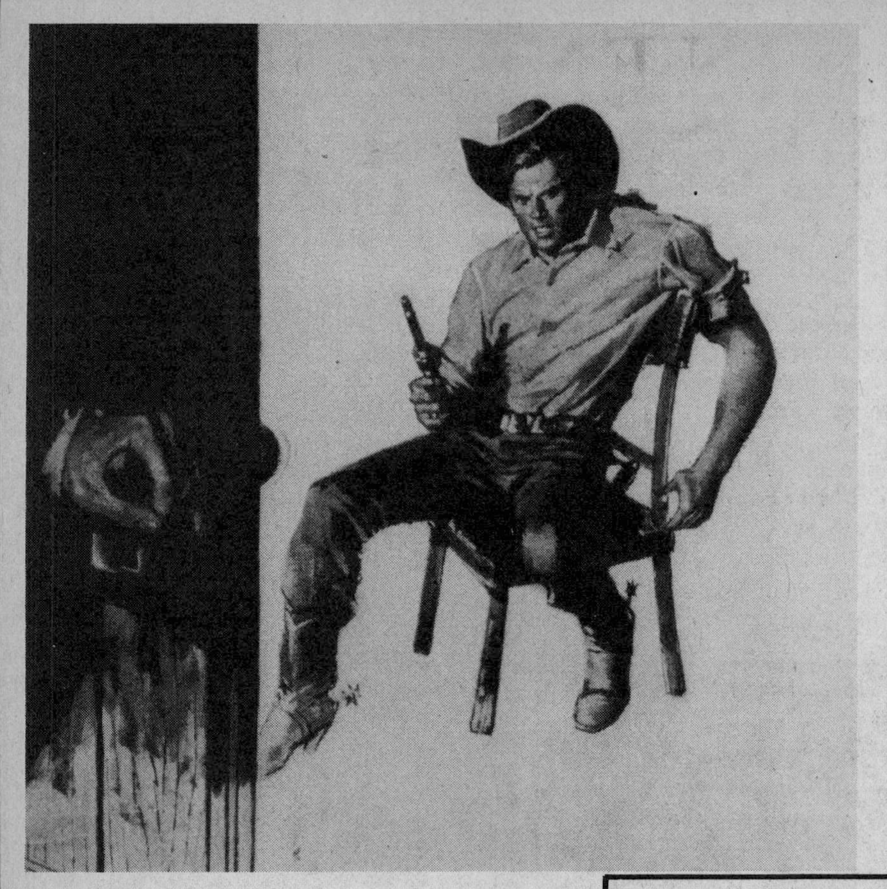
"In Old Santa Fe" opens with Ken and "Cactus" (Gabby) riding down a desert road, Maynard somewhat inexpertly warbling a song before encountering Evalyn Knapp, who provides the romantic interest.

"In Old Santa Fe" turned out to be Ken Maynard's last first-rate western. Restless, possessed of a demonic temper and a ravaging penchant for liquor, he soon was released by Levine. Future Maynard westerns were for small companies with minuscule budgets, and after his final starring role in a 1944 cheapie, he turned to the rodeo circuit.

Maynard died in 1973 at the age of 77. For twenty years he provided young audiences with incomparable thrills as he sped across Hollywood's idealized West.

Courtesy Duncan Poster Service, Dallas, Texas.

Ken Maynard first displayed his phenomenal horsemanship with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show in 1913, became the World's All-Around Champion Cowboy in 1920, and starred in western movies until 1944.



UNUSUAL

AMONG the several well-known Custer researchers in this country, one of the most tireless is a Texan named John M. Carroll. He has more than 165 publications to his credit either as author, editor or contributor.

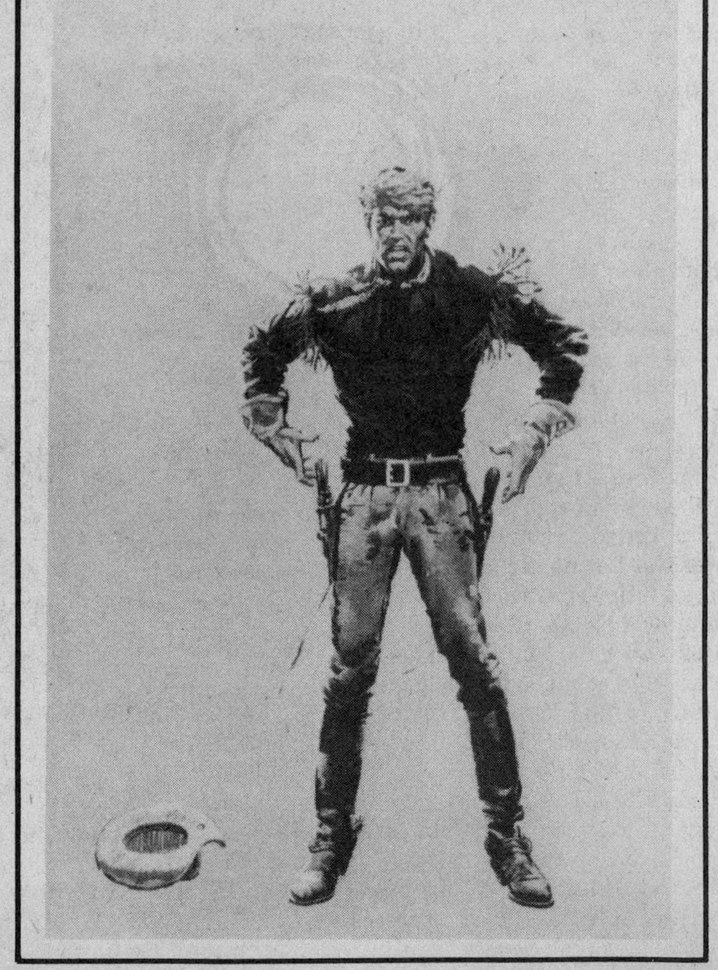
It may be a bit surprising then that he recently made a rather startling western art discovery in England.

While in pursuit of Custer, Carroll has traveled widely in this country and maintains correspondence with western history enthusiasts in Europe, Asia and Australia.

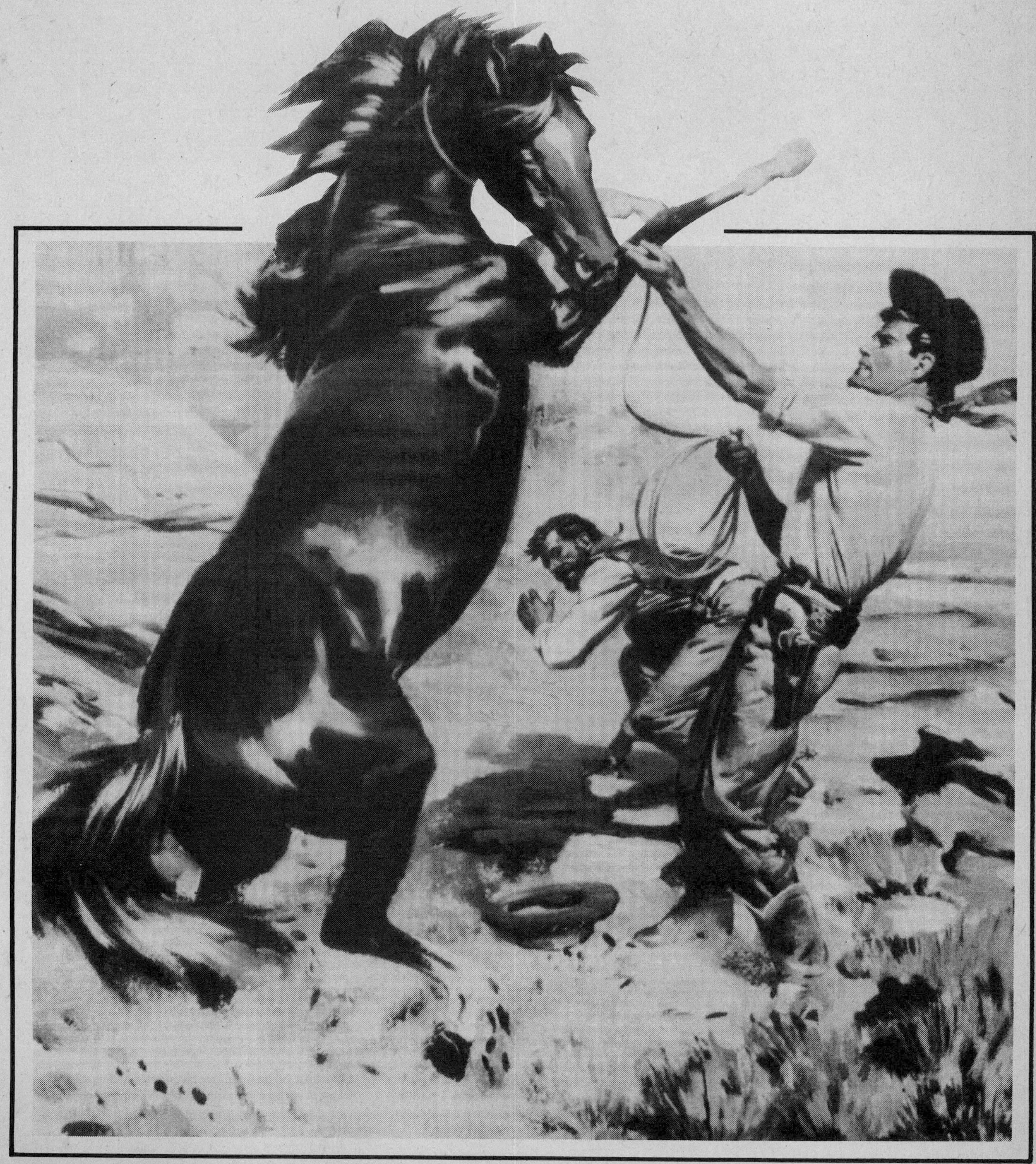
A recent Custer research trip took him to England where in musty archives he not only discovered a "treasure" of Custeriana publications, but he also uncovered some long forgotton pop western art. Some of that artwork can be seen on these pages.

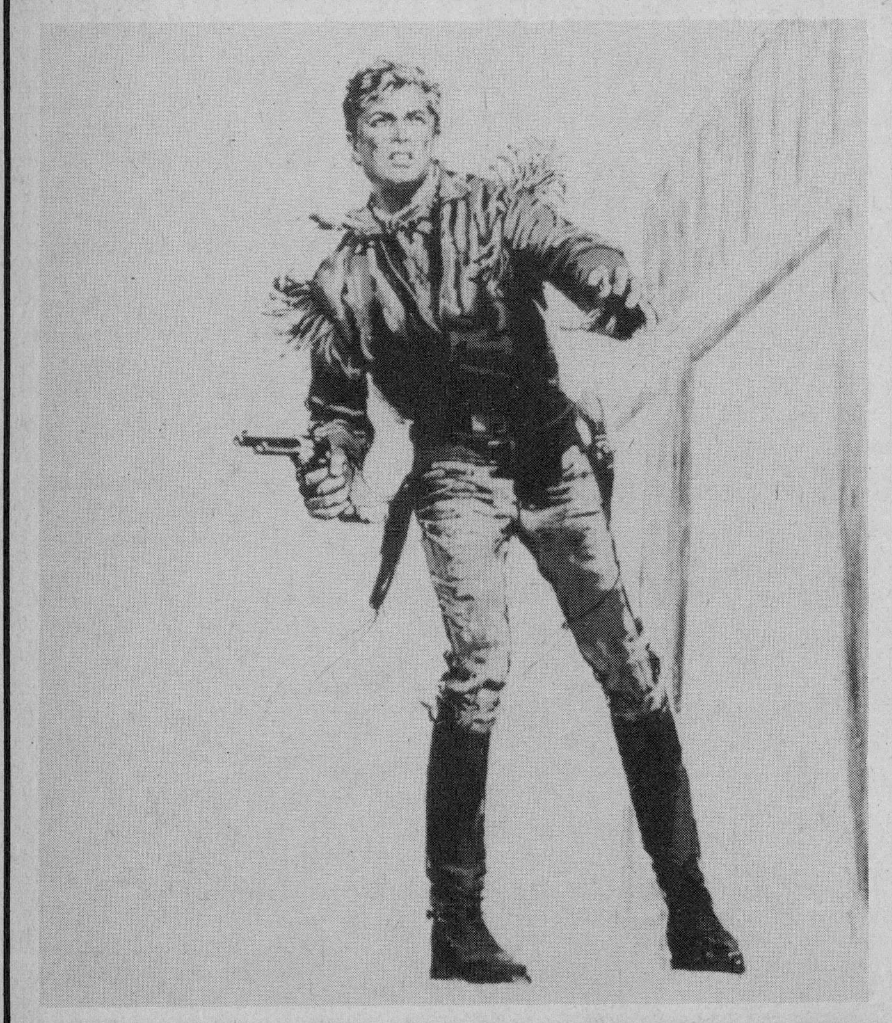
As Carroll tells the story, he went to England to find four missing episodes of

These paintings once graced the covers of western pulp magazines in England.



ART FOUND IN ENGLAND





Sgt. John Ryan's narrative. There were 43 installments of Ryan's narrative of his ten years on the plains with General George Armstrong Custer.

These installments appeared in Newton, Massachusetts, newspapers, beginning with the first episode in the Allen Megaphone in December 1908. The balance of that episode appeared in 1909. The next seven installments appeared in the West Newton Weekly. It is the first four installments of those seven that Carroll does not have.

There were in addition to these, five installments in the Newton Town Crier and the final 30 installments in the Newton Circuit.

Carroll can't finish a book he is writing on Sgt. Ryan until he finds the four missing installments. He learned that an English publisher might have a complete set of the Ryan narratives, so off he went to England. He never found the missing installments, though he did come back with a bundle of Custer items.

But as Carroll explains, "to purchase what I wanted I had to buy a whole lot of materials, among them were a great quantity of splendid original paintings by Bosch Penalva, an Italian artist once living in London."

Penalva's paintings graced the covers of two English pulp westerns, *Cowboy Picture Library* and *Lone Rider Picture Library*. Some of the paintings were signed, some initialed, and some had no identification.

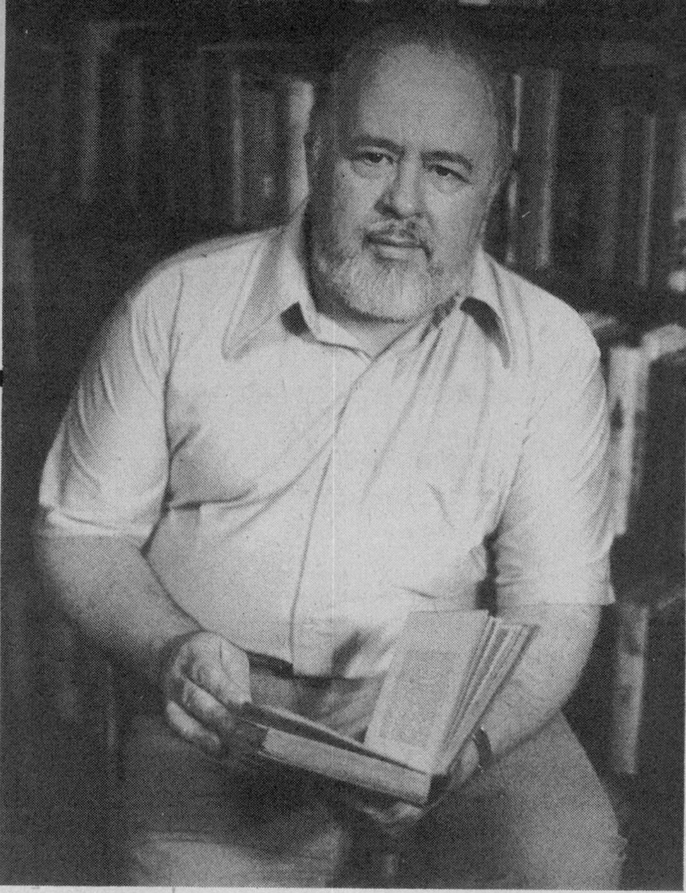
Carroll said the publisher of the pulps explained to him that he preferred the artist's name not appear for fear the artist would gain such popularity that other publishers would take the artist away.

This often happened. It happened to Bosch Penalva. His paintings now sell for several hundred dollars in England when they surface, signed or unsigned, Carroll said.

"I wanted to share these as I think these pictures represent some of the finest art of that particular genre and in many ways it is superior to that which appeared on the covers of our early western paperbacks."

"It is also demonstrative of the popularity of western heritage," Carroll continued. "Unfortunately these paintings cannot be reproduced in color as their impact would be even greater for the viewer."

Carroll said that since the paintings do not reflect his collecting interests he plans to dispose of them.



JOHN CARROLL — COLLECTOR

By TONI A. BROADWAY

ON entering John Carroll's house in Bryan, Texas, you do not see the usual plants, pictures and vases. Instead, you find memorabilia of General George Armstrong Custer and portraits of the Indians who fought in the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

Carroll, historian, writer, publisher and graduate of the Univesity of Texas, once described by the Washington Post as "puckish in appearance," is an avid collector of Custeriana. He has researched and studied Custer for more than 30 years. Carroll focuses on the individuals involved but not to the exclusion of the military activities.

Carroll's collection includes a lock of Custer's hair; a tie Custer wore in civilian dress; portraits of Custer and his family; paintings of Custer and the battle; original written orders issued to Custer; military and Indian weapons used in the battle and various Indian artifacts.

"Errol Flynn turned me on to Custer," Carroll said. Flynn played Custer in the movie, "They Died With Their Boots On." Carroll said the movie was not historically accurate but did capture the essence of General Custer.

"I'm a great admirer of the military," Carroll said. "Especially of the frontier. The media would have you believe Indians were bucolic communal environmentalists which is just not the truth. Their very existence was based on a nomadic warfare."

"My purpose is to protect the military from irrational, unresearched and contemporary-tinged interpretations."

Carroll's military interest came from his father, Lester N. Carroll, who was assigned to the Reserve Officers Training Corps at Texas A&M University from 1917 to 1946.

Carroll is a member of Little Big Horn Associates which meets every year to present new findings and to debate what actually happened at the battle. Some of the members walk the battlefield every June 25, the anniversary of the battle.

In his collection, Carroll has the final battle scene of the first Custer movie ever made. The movie, "Custer's Last Fight," a Bison film, was made in 1911 and was directed by William Inge who used some of the original Indians from the Custer battle.

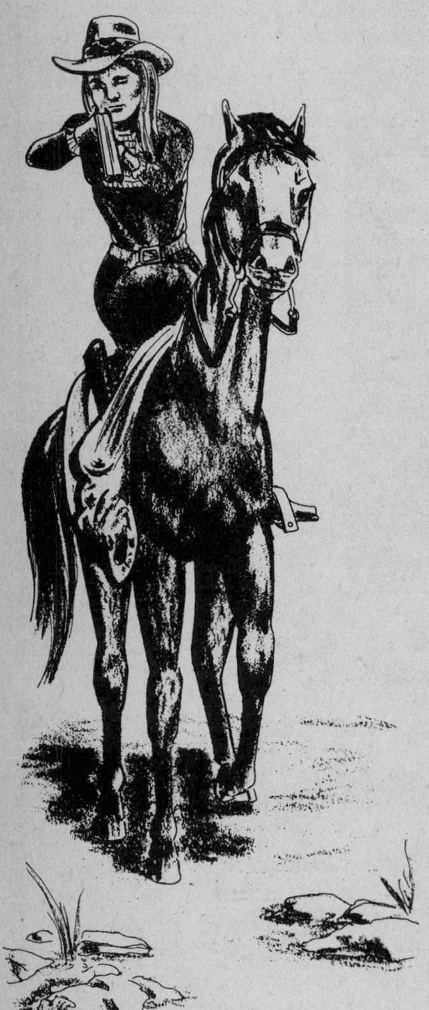
Carroll also has the only film ever made in which Custer's wife, Elizabeth, appeared. Mrs. Custer played a grandmother in "The Pottery Maker," a 1927 movie. Carroll bought the film from the Metropolitan Museum of Art for $50, their copy self-destructing as Carroll's copy was made.

Custer's defeat was a tragedy that Carroll feels could possibly have been prevented had Crook and Captain Frederick W. Benteen followed orders and had Major Marcus A. Reno proceeded with the original plan.

According to Carroll, many people do not know what actually happened at the Battle of the Little Big Horn and depend entirely upon the entertainment media for their history.

He said "The truth is slowly coming out through my hundred and some odd books and publications."

THEY CALLED HER RATTLESNAKE LUCY



By CARROL L. COGBURN

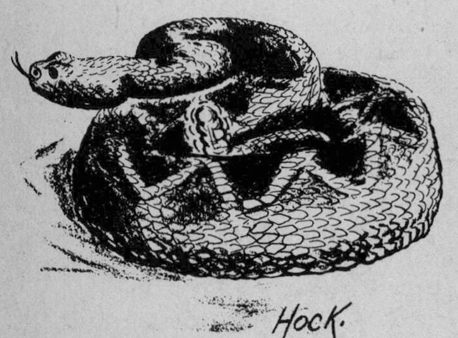
Illustrations By Don Hock

Underneath the edge of an overhanging rock, the huge rattlesnake was making a hair-raising buzz as the horse stepped within twenty feet of it. The rattlesnake sensed the horse was too big for prey so it nervously vibrated its tail. There were several "buttons" of dried skin on its tail from past skin sheddings. These buttons rubbed together producing one of the most dreaded sounds in nature.

The horse snorted but stood steady as the rider took aim with a muzzle-loading double-barrel shotgun. The horse barely flinched as the gun boomed and the snake disappeared in a cloud of white powder smoke.

The rider dismounted, turned the horse and lifted an already heavy towsack from the saddlehorn. With the smell of gunpowder still strong in the hot, humid air the jingling-spurred shotgunner walked over and looked at the bloody snake. Though most of its head was missing, the reptile's body still recoiled at the touch of the hand that picked it up and tossed it into the sack.

"Steady Buck," the woman said quietly to the buckskin gelding. The horse stood rock-steady as she gathered her groundlength skirt and climbed into the side-saddle. As she settled herself, her eyes already were searching the hills for more rattlesnakes.



The woman was known as Rattlesnake Lucy. A witness to these events says that at the time he was about nine years old and he thought Lucy was an old woman. She was probably in her thirties in that year of 1899, in the Chickasaw Nation, just south of Ada, soon to become Oklahoma.

There was nothing secretive about what Lucy was doing. At a time when snake oil was much sought after for various maladies, Lucy always had plenty. She rendered snakes just like other folks did hogs or bears for their oil. Of course snakes are not as fat but they do have lots of oil.

Lucy took full advantage of the large rattlesnake population among the rolling hills south of Ada. Nobody begrudged her a single snake. She could have 'em all as far as the white and Indian farmers and ranchers were concerned.

Rattlesnake Lucy was something of a mystery. No one seemed to recall her full name but there was a popular theory about the white woman who lived alone and paid for her needs by selling snake oil and tanned snake hides. The theory went that Lucy was the victim of a broken love affair and had been left standing at the altar. In fact one old woman claimed she was the first to see Lucy come riding in from the east in that saddle atop the big buckskin horse. She said Lucy was wearing a trail-stained wedding gown and had a single black suitcase tied behind her saddle.

One day the word got around that a man had moved in with Lucy. A boy said he just happened by Lucy's place and saw a scroungy-looking white man in front of the house tending a big black cooking pot.

As the boy stared, the man looked and spied the boy through the wood smoke and fumes. A big pink snake flopped out of the boiling pot. The man maneuvered it back into the pot with a paddle. When he looked up again, the boy had disappeared.

Most everybody knew Brownie. Brownie was best known around Ada as a handyman. When he earned enough at odd jobs he would become pretty handy with a whiskey jug. But since he never bothered anyone, people figured it was his own business if he wanted to drink coffin varnish to get a jag on.

But what folks heard about Brownie and Lucy was somewhat odd. Lucy wouldn't tolerate any ardent spirits within a mile of her place and she believed in working for a living. Brownie had never been known to favor either. So the thinkers got to thinking that Brownie must have a powerful reason to give up whiskey and laziness at the same time. Someone said maybe it was love.

That was a good reason for anyone to change his life.

But others who knew Brownie better, even some who had sworn their undying brotherhood with him when they shared some of his stump-puller, said it was something even more powerful than love — it was money.

And money may have been the answer. Lucy sold snake oil regularly to many customers, not a few of whom were doctors. She was never seen to deposit the money in the bank. Some riders said they had come on Brownie with a shovel out around Lucy's. A time or two Brownie had ducked into the bush to avoid the rider. Once he was caught out in the open and he told the rider he had been burying snake carcasses. Maybe so.

Well Brownie came into Ada one day and he had a disappointed look on his face. He traded some snake oil and skins for a jug of wildcat whiskey and took it clear down to Bird's Mill Creek to sit in the shade and tell his troubles to some of his friends.

The day was pretty far gone when the jug went dry and Brownie weaved off in the direction of Lucy's, which was fairly close by. A couple of his pals weaved along with Brownie but stopped when they came within sight of Lucy's house. They stayed in the brush and watched as Brownie walked up to the house and went in.

Brownie told his buddies he had searched all over Lucy's place and nearly dug up every inch of her land looking for her money and never found a cent. So he decided to search this one last time. He was going to dig up the dirt floor and generally turn the house inside out.

But Brownie hadn't counted on the effects of the whiskey. His friends said they could hear him tearing the place apart when it suddenly got real quiet. They grinned at each other figuring he had found Lucy's money. But when he didn't show or make more noise, the two men started toward the house. Before they got there, they could hear Brownie snoring loudly. His exertions and the alcohol had caught up with him and he had passed out on the bed. Just then the two men outside heard the sound of a horse coming. They dived back into the brush just in time.

They saw Lucy ride up to the front of the one-room log house and drop a towsack of rattlesnakes near the black cooking pot. She stared at the cold pot and ashes for a minute and rode nearer the house and dismounted.

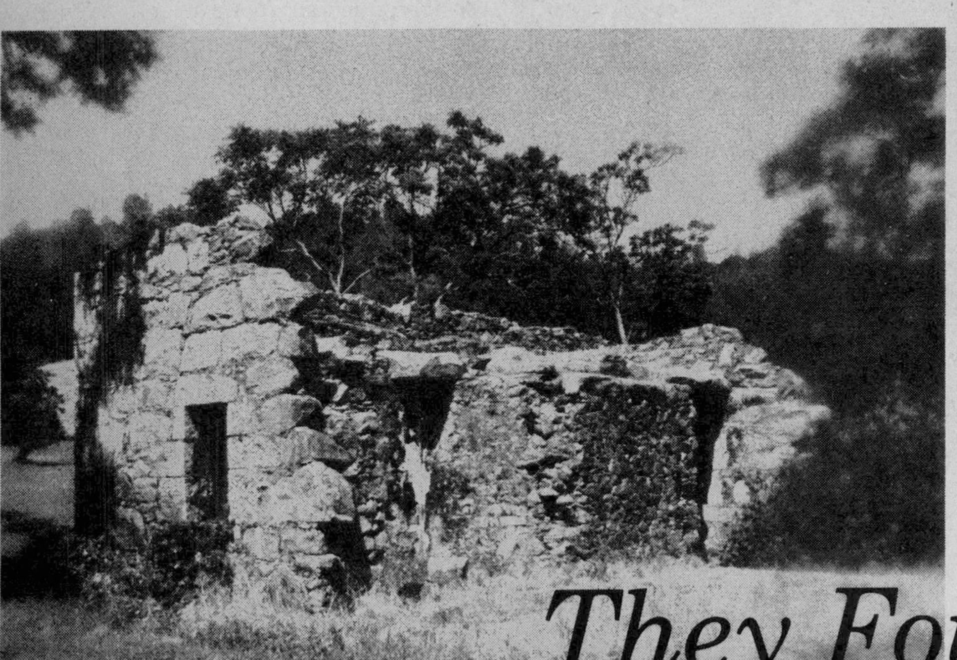
They saw her disappear inside but almost at once she came back out, walked over to the cook pot, and went back inside the house. Then a scream cut through the late evening gloom.

The next thing the two men in hiding saw was Brownie bustin' out of the house on the run. He had a shirt and longjohns on but he was bareheaded and barefooted. Right behind him came a determined and wrathful Lucy. In her upraised hand she was swinging a freshly killed six-foot rattler. The two men did not wait to see more.

Brownie afterward was seen in Ada. His head was swelled twice the normal size and he was all black and blue. He groaned when he walked like he hurt all over. The story goes that he joined a church and married the preacher's daughter.

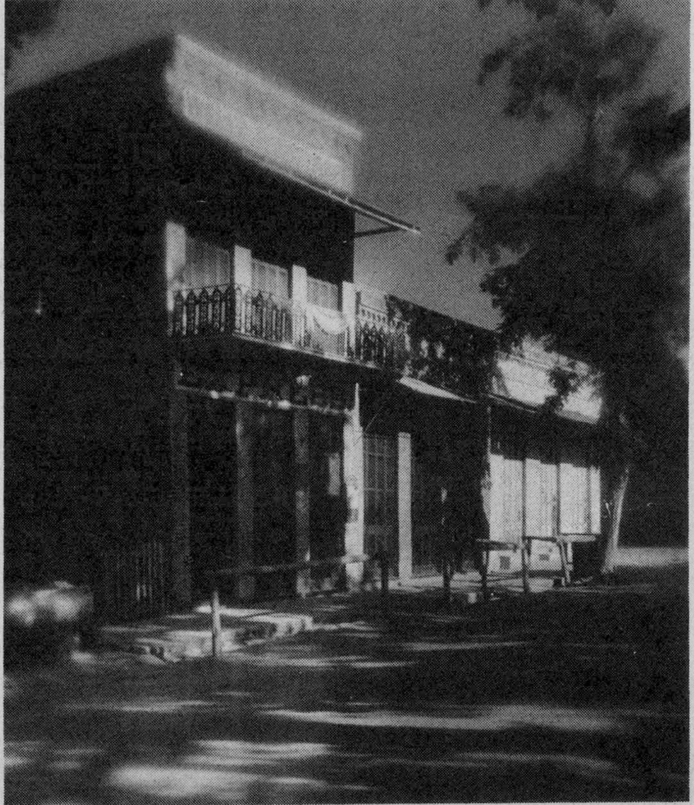
Rattlesnake Lucy? A rider out looking for cattle said he had been by Lucy's and the place was deserted. The same old lady who had said she had seen Lucy come into the country now claimed she had seen Lucy leave. Lucy was wearing her now-familiar black dress with the white lace front. Her suitcase was tied behind the saddle atop the big buckskin horse. The old lady said she figured Rattlesnake Lucy had her wedding gown in that black suitcase as her high-stepping horse disappeared west into the gathering shadows.

Sutter's Mill, Coloma. On January 24, 1848, a carpenter named James Marshall went down to the American River to check on the progress of construction of Captain John Sutter's mill. It was there he found a gold nugget, and the rush was on. The rush of 1848 was strictly local, with one quarter million dollars pried from California. But in 1849, more than a hundred thousand people poured into the state.



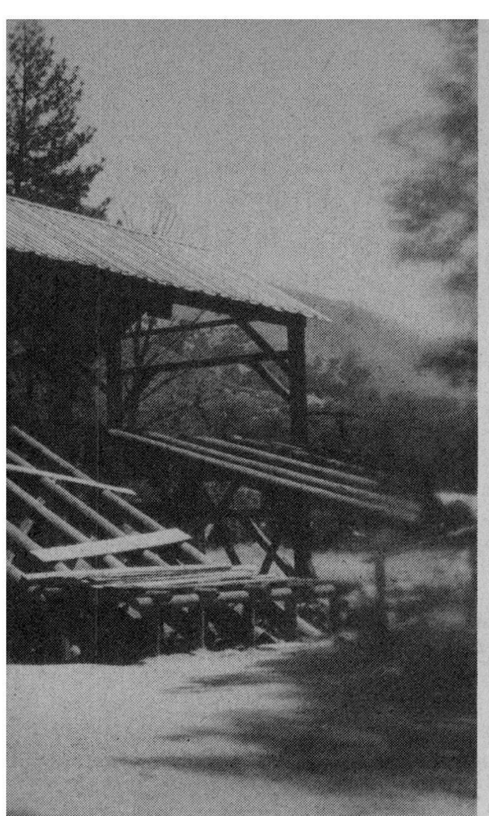
They Found Gold

The mines were virtually free of crime during 1848, and jails were small but useful. This is the remains of one in Coloma. The "Age of Innocence" ended with the forty-eighters, though. With the onslaught of argonauts, life grew raw and in 1855, Coloma was the scene of a celebrated double hanging.

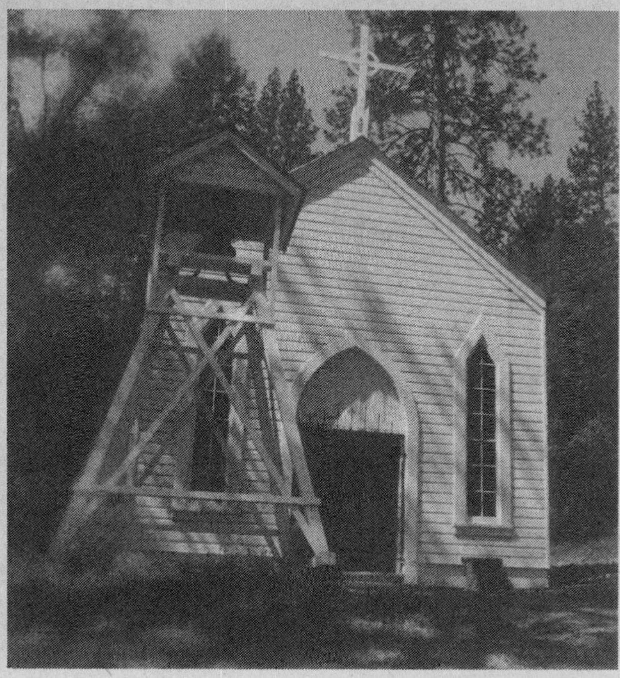


This is the Wells Fargo Express Building, built in 1858, in Columbia, California. Wells Fargo weighed out 55 million dollars in gold over the years using scales so precise the miners claimed "they could show the weight of a pencil mark on paper."

Photos By Sandy Clamage

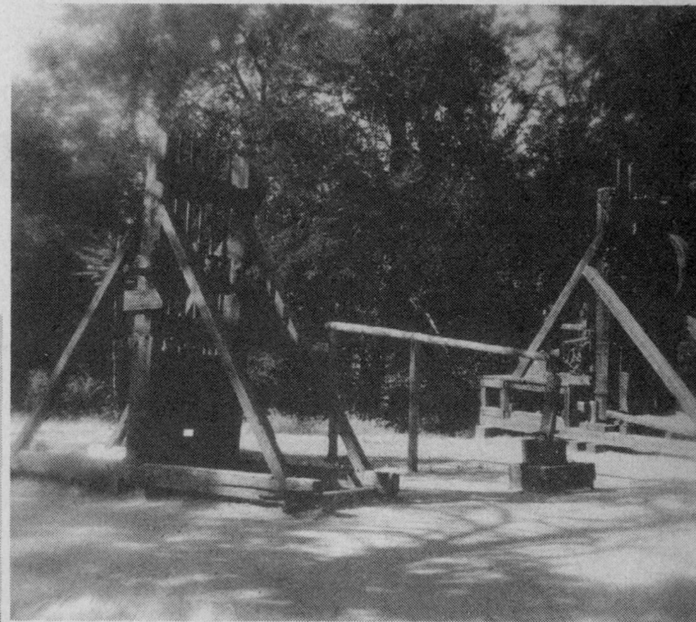


St. John's Catholic Church in Coloma was built in 1865. The graceful, white frame church sits a short distance from James Marshall's cabin.

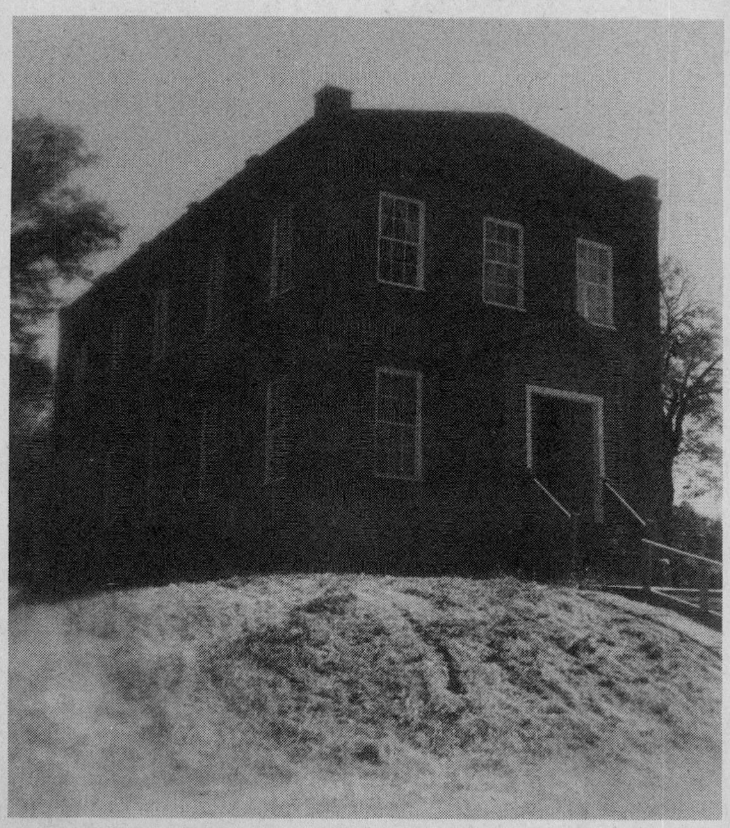


1983 — The 135th Anniversary of the Discovery of Gold at Sutter's Mill

in California!



This stamp mill in Coloma was one of many brought into the Mother Lode soon after gold was discovered. California miners made many improvements to the mill. It became the major ore milling process in the gold region.



Built in 1860, this schoolhouse in Columbia was one of California's first public schools.

"Canoes in a Fog," by Frances A. Hopkins (1869).

The Lure of the West

How the West Influenced the Development of Art in Canada

By W. Stockton Twogood

Photos Courtesy of
Glenbow Museum, Calgary, Alberta

AS IT was for artists in the United States, adventure, romance and fascination for the unknown was the main motivation for Canadian artists to venture west. The grandeur of space, the romantic nomadic life of the Indians, unusual animals and the awesome splendor of the mountains were a constant challenge and source of material for the more intrepid artists of the 1800s.

All types of people responded to that challenge: The inevitable call of the west. Some were amateurs whose real professions took them into the unexplored regions of Canada where additional skills of sketching and painting in watercolors documented their trips such as photography does today.

And there were professional artists who courageously threw in their lot with *voyageurs* and explorers and traveled to regions that were virtually unknown to the white man. These audacious souls usually only traveled with sketch pads, pens and watercolor paints because of their portability.

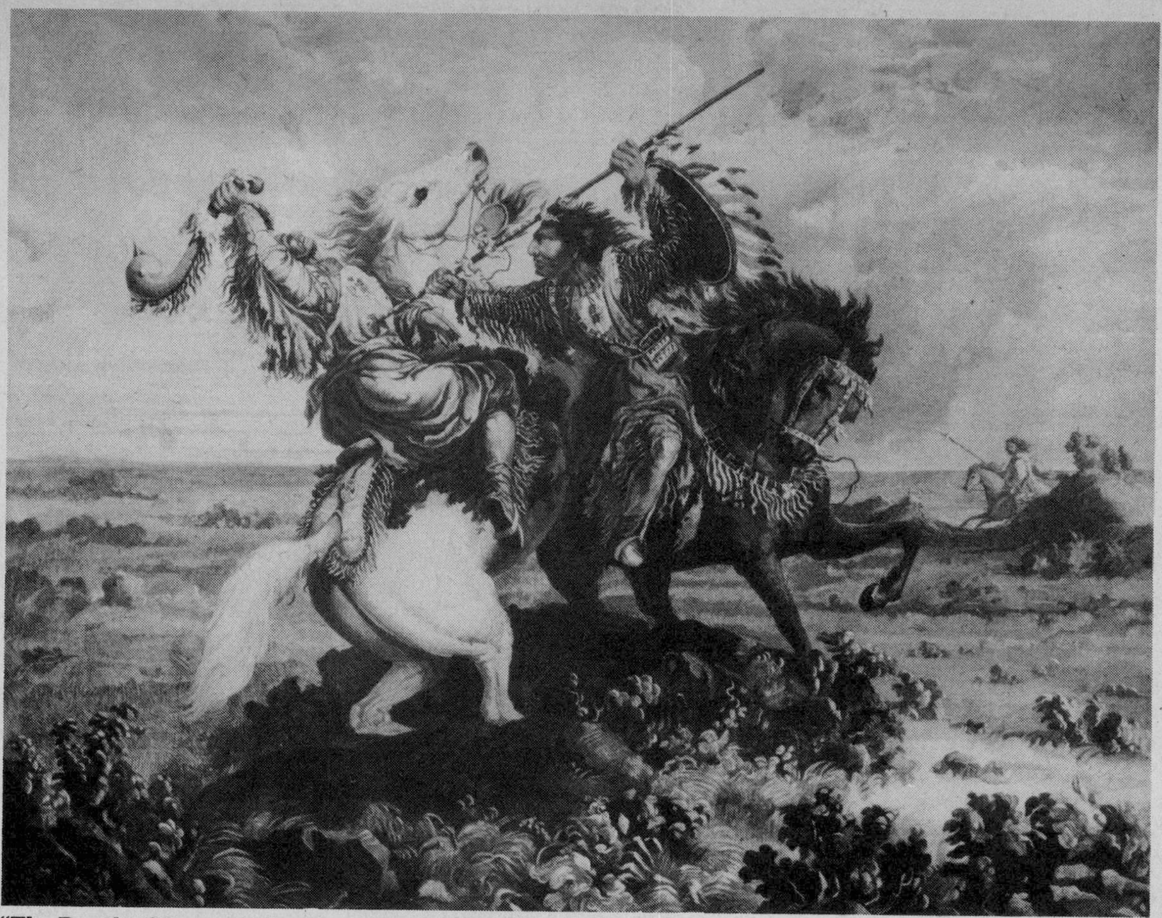
Two such men were painting the West before the better known Paul Kane ventured forth. The Swiss immigrant, Peter Rindisbacher, arrived at the Red River Settlement (now known as Winnipeg, Manitoba) in 1812. The hardships of travel were incredible but the young artist forged ahead over dangerous miles of water and back-breaking portages. Rindisbacher, in his late teens, was a good draftsman and painted the Eskimo and fellow companions with an accurate eye for documentation.

The second artist, Captain Henry Warris, eventually prepared a series of lithographs called *Sketches in North America and the Oregon Territories* which were done on a fact-finding tour to assess the encroachment of the United States on the western lands of the Hudson Bay Company.

Despite Warris' efforts, Canada lost Oregon and portions of British Columbia. This necessitated educating the eastern population about the importance of western Canada. Artists were therefore encouraged to paint romanticized pictures to help develop a keener interest in the vast and uncivilized part of the country.

And no artist was more capable of romanticizing the Canadian West than Paul Kane. As the result of classical training and the influences of contemporary techniques and styles, Kane's paintings were not only highly stylized but rather sugary versions of the West.

He was encouraged to pursue a career



"The Death of Omoxesisixany or Big Snake," by Paul Kane (1848).

Paul Kane (1810-1871) painted "He-Devil" in the summer of 1845.

in painting early by an art master at the prestigious preparatory school, Upper Canada College, and began his career by painting ornamentation on chairs. In his spare time, he painted portraits and some landscapes. But the area in and around Toronto was hardly enough fodder for his ambition.

In 1836, he went to Detroit hoping to continue to Europe to study. But times were hard and Kane wandered around the American waterways painting portraits of riverboat captains in exchange for his passage. He settled in Mobile, Alabama, where he opened a studio and earned enough money to travel to the Continent.

On Kane's return to North America, he was soon caught up in the excitement of the western movement. One considerable influence on Kane was the well-known American western painter, George Catlin. Catlin had been painting the western Indian since 1832.

After returning to Toronto, the Canadian artist was ready to set forth to the hinterlands in 1847. His first portrait of an Indian was of the ferocious Ojibwa Chief, Mani-tow-Wah-Bay.

Kane discovered that his model had many trophy scalps and was terrifyingly

unmanageable when drunk. The Chief's portrait had nothing of Kane's later interpretation of the "noble savage." In fact, the painting reveals a squat, malevolent looking native firmly holding a tomahawk.

Returning East after his first trip, Kane showed his prodigious portfolio to Sir George Simpson who immediately hired Kane for another western expedition. He painted everything he saw and on his return in 1848, he not only had a massive collection of Indian artifacts, but over 500 sketches which would provide him with material for the next 25 years. Kane also got the support of the Canadian Parliament for future painting by selling it 12 works for a mere 500 pounds.

Kane's western world was translated into classical and romantic versions with Indians appearing as Renaissance nobility riding well-fleshed Arabian steeds (known to be copied from Italian engravings) over grassy prairies illuminated by omnipotent skies. His romantic nature was consistent with the age and was only manifested in his finished works while his sketches and drawings in the field were more spontaneous and realistic.

There was also a budding artist who idolized Paul Kane and patterned his life after the older artist. Frederich Verner would become the leading Indian painter after Kane's death. They became friends in later years although Verner, as a little boy, was refused lessons from his idol, Kane. Verner was equally romantic and the romance of adventure led him to the Continent for three years where he fought to liberate Italy.

When Verner returned to Toronto from the Italian battlefield, he opened his studio and began a career as a professional artist. He painted buffalo frequently because he knew that before long, the mighty beast would be decimated. Some of the buffalo works were epic in detail such as "The Buffalo Stampede," which portrays thundering herds running before a prairie fire accompanied by flocks of prairie chickens.

Probably Verner's most unusual Indian portraits are a series done during the treaty-signing ceremonies at Winnipeg in 1875. The Chippewa and Cree were ceding 100,000 acres of land to the government and Verner caught the tragic deculturization of a once proud people. No longer would he portray Indians as noble, but a people intimidated by a strange civilization.

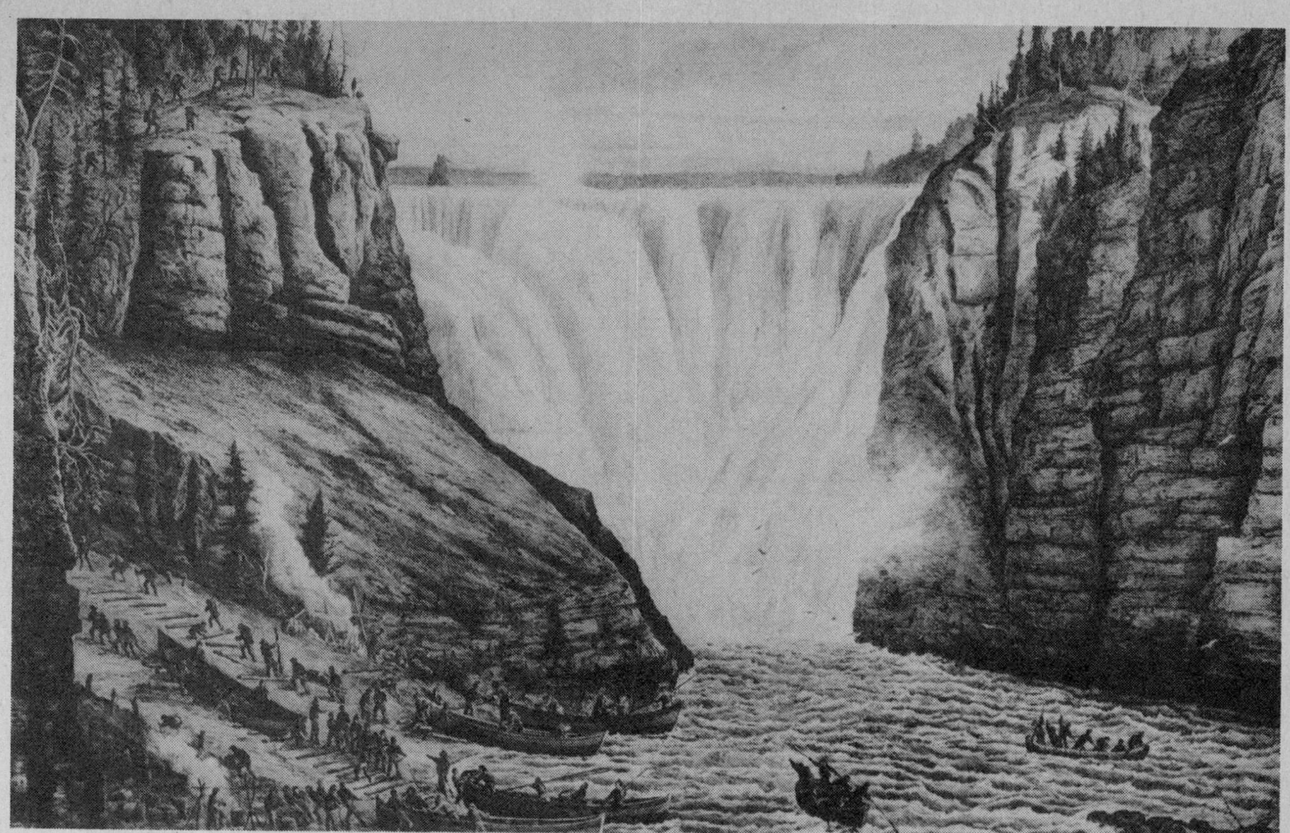
Another artist who worked in the same western motif was William Armstrong. He exhibited his work in Ontario in 1865. He had painted in the Northwest when few dared venture into the more isolated wilderness.

Armstrong had been an engineer in both England and Ireland and helped bring an era to a close in Canada with the western extension of the railroad. He was drawn to the West because of his work on the railroad and he painted during his trips of duty trying to capture the impressive panoramas. And like Verner, he lived to see the end of the Old West and the beginning of the new.

Even the Pacific Coast had its attraction in the pre-Confederation days. With rumors of gold along the mighty Fraser River, men rushed from all points to stake their claims. The British crown sent survey crews and many topographers sketched the landscape and early lifestyle of what later would become British Columbia.

William G.R. Hind was the most important painter of that period. His style was fashionably English and he worked in most of the Canadian provinces. Hind joined the Overlanders in

A scene at Vermillion Lakes, Banff, by F. M. Bell-Smith (1887).



Kakebeca Falls and portage as painted by William Armstrong in 1871. This was a hand-colored engraving on white paper.

1862, traveling though Fort Edmonton to the famous Cariboo country in British Columbia.

He sketched continuously and through his detailed watercolors and oils, a precise chronicle of the trek was maintained. Every blade of grass, every shape of stone was faithfully and painfully rendered. His illustrations gave an accurate description of life, environment and activity in the frenetic gold rush country.

There were other artists at this time who came to reap their profits from those often culturally hungry grubstakers, but there was only one woman of this period who made any appreciable attempt to record her travels. Frances Anne Hopkins was the granddaughter of Sir William Beechy, the London portrait painter who later married the secretary to Sir George Simpson, the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

This English gentlewoman made heroic attempts while traveling with her husband in the 1860s and 1870s to document what she saw rather than dwell on the more subtle atmospheric qualitites that so many of her comtemporaries chose. Her exhibitions in Montreal, Quebec, in 1870, were the first exposure that province had to paintings of the northwest region.

The later artists who were tempted West went during the construction of the railroad but it was not until its completion that the spectacular vistas of the Canadian Rockies had a real impact on more urbane eastern tastes.

Sir William Van Horn, well-known Montreal art collector and major investor in the Canadian Pacific Railroad decided to initiate an ingenius public relations scheme to spread the word about the Canadian West and thus sell more tickets on his trains.

The scheme was to inundate the East with paintings of western scenes which would not only be good promotion but a source of employment for the artists. Free transportation was offered to the artists and sometimes their expenses were paid while they stopped off at some point to capture the monolithic Rocky Mountain peaks.

Some artists such as Mower Martin chose Indians and their villages instead of tediously re-done mountain themes. Artists Marmaduke Mathews and F.M. Bell-Smith each spent 10 consecutive summers sketching along the railroad. They were frequently joined by established eastern artists and illustrators like William Cruikshank, Lucius O'Brien, Robert Harris and Forshaw Day. Toward the end of this pictorial era, Percy Woodcock and John Hammond joined their contemporaries in the golden West.

Not always was it the itinerant eastern artist who painted the bucolic scenes of the West. In some of the burgeoning communities along the tracks could be found regional artists who painted the indigenous environment with a more knowledgeable perspective.

One such artist was a transplanted Englishman who moved his family to the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, in 1885. Lionel Stephenson arrived in the Red River Settlement while soldiers were there to squash the second Louis Riel rebellion. Stephenson found the country exciting and painted the upper and lower Fort Garry with a crassly commercial purpose in mind, to sell to the influx of tourists brought by the railroad. Many of these rather mediocre works found their way east in soldiers' mess kits and curious sightseers' suitcases. Although Stephenson was a serious artist as well, he never was able to establish his reputation in artistic circles.

A better artist and technician than Stephenson was another fellow Winni-

peger, Frank Lynn. He advertised himself as an artist in 1875 but his obituary described him as a pioneer newspaperman who also painted. And somewhere between journalism and painting, he ran a grocery store to support his family. Other artists came to Winnipeg but moved on for lack of support.

A more unusual artist of this time was Father Emile Petitot, a missionary on the Mackenzie River from 1862 to 1882. The French Oblate was the first priest assigned to natives living north of the Arctic Circle where he painted and studied geography, enthnology and linguistics of this little known region. He painted murals (in a quaintly naive style) in the tiny missions he established and built. He used fine and luxurious hair from animals for his brushes and when his French paints were depleted, he developed more by using natural ochres mixed with fish oil. He painted a historic work of Fort Edmonton sitting high above the Saskatchewan River where the present Alberta legislative buildings are located.

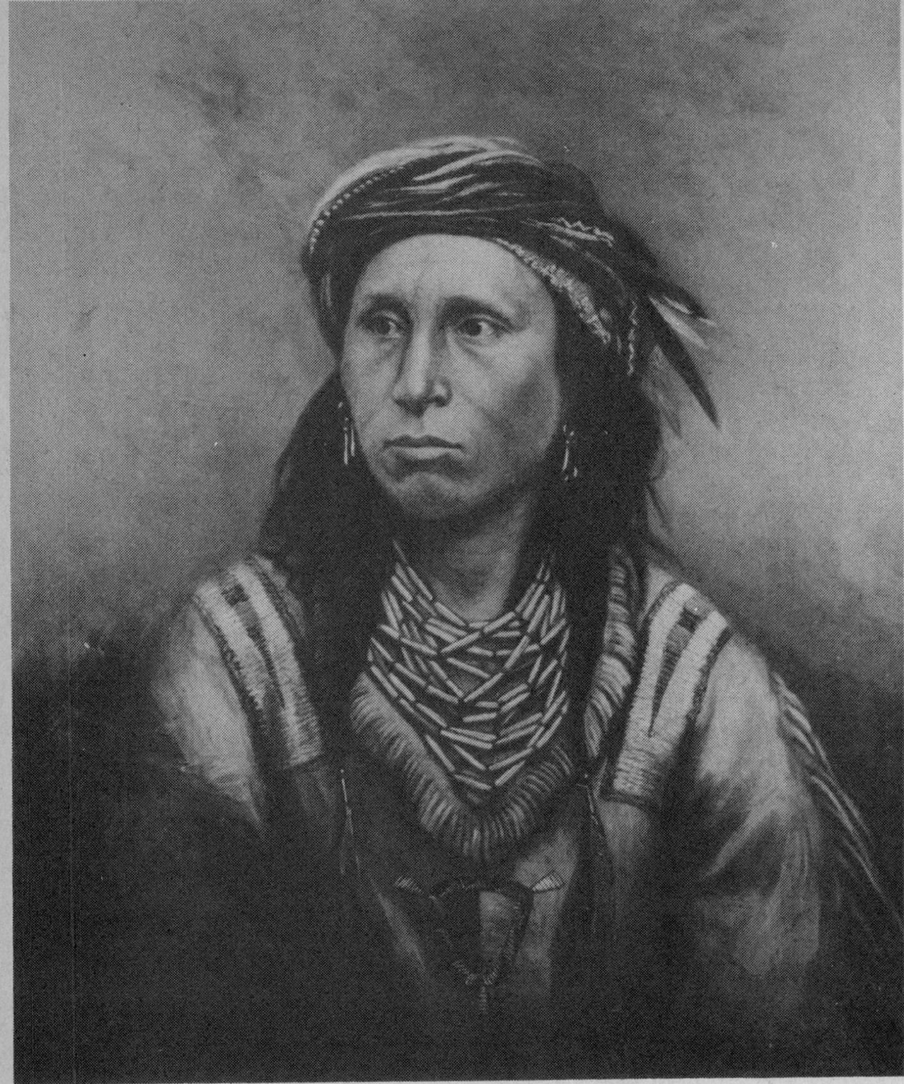
And in the balmier regions of western Canada, far from the frozen north, H. Tomtu Roberts arrived at the end of the railroad in 1886 in Vancouver, British Columbia. He had the audacity to advertise himself as an artist in a city that had absolutely no patronage and little desire to begin any.

But he continued merrily along, meticulously painting the huge Douglas fir on Granville Street, adding the requisite atmospheric touches that gave an ethereal quality, so dear to the hearts of most 19th Century painters.

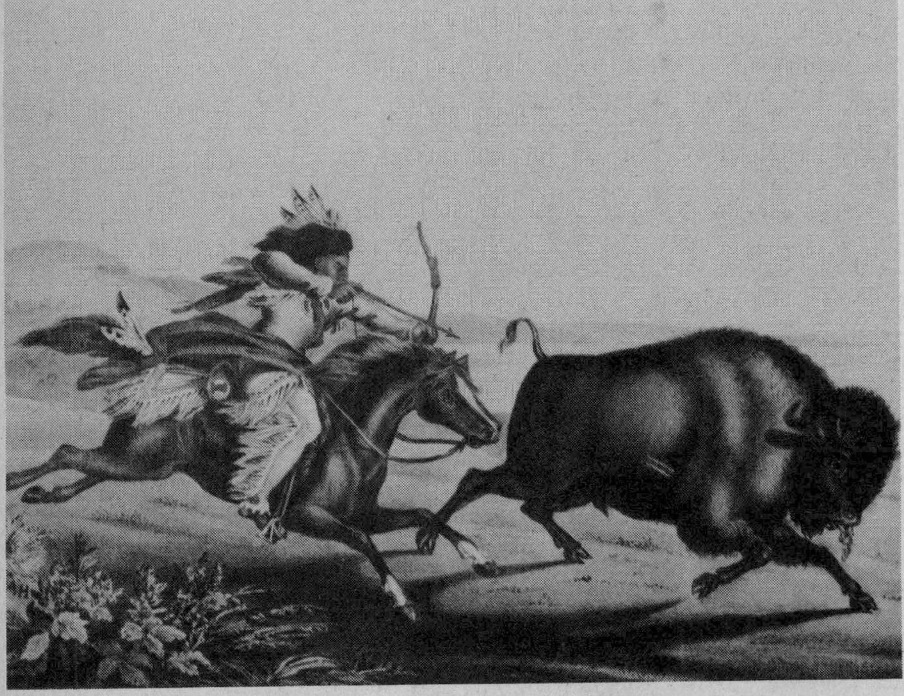
The late 1890s saw the demise of the ubiquitous eastern artist in western Canada. Many were old or dead and others had left Canada altogether. The excitement of the early exploration of the West had peaked and artistic fashion turned its fickle head another direction.

But the vastness, the grandeur and the breathtaking vistas of the Canadian West continue to motivate artists including some members of the famous Group of Seven, Canada's claim to Twentieth Century modern art. The struggle to record the mind-numbing spaces and translate into visual records the passing lifestyle possesses many artists who attempt to capture the West whether successfully or not.

The Canadian West, like the American West, still has about it an aura of romance.



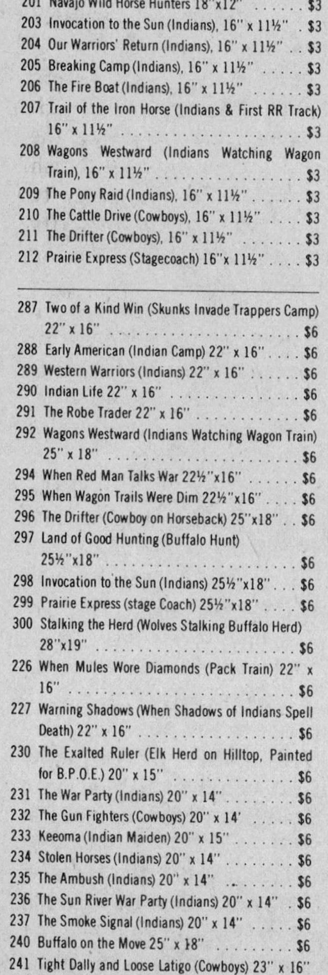
"Ta-na-ze-pa," or "Sioux Dandy," was painted by Frederick Arthur Verner (1836-1928) in 1862.



"Hunting the Buffalo," by P. Rindisbacher, was published in 1837.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists



- 201 Navajo Wild Horse Hunters 18"x12" $3
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- 205 Breaking Camp (Indians), 16" x 11½" $3
- 206 The Fire Boat (Indians), 16" x 11½" $3
- 207 Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians & First RR Track) 16" x 11½" $3
- 208 Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train), 16" x 11½" $3
- 209 The Pony Raid (Indians), 16" x 11½" $3
- 210 The Cattle Drive (Cowboys), 16" x 11½" $3
- 211 The Drifter (Cowboys), 16" x 11½" $3
- 212 Prairie Express (Stagecoach) 16"x 11½" $3

- 287 Two of a Kind Win (Skunks Invade Trappers Camp) 22" x 16" $6
- 288 Early American (Indian Camp) 22" x 16" $6
- 289 Western Warriors (Indians) 22" x 16" $6
- 290 Indian Life 22" x 16" $6
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- 294 When Red Man Talks War 22½"x16" $6
- 295 When Wagon Trails Were Dim 22½"x16" $6
- 296 The Drifter (Cowboy on Horseback) 25"x18" .. $6
- 297 Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt) 25½"x18" $6
- 298 Invocation to the Sun (Indians) 25½"x18" ... $6
- 299 Prairie Express (stage Coach) 25½"x18" $6
- 300 Stalking the Herd (Wolves Stalking Buffalo Herd) 28"x19" $6
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- 227 Warning Shadows (When Shadows of Indians Spell Death) 22" x 16" $6
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- 231 The War Party (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
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- 234 Stolen Horses (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
- 235 The Ambush (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
- 236 The Sun River War Party (Indians) 20" x 14" . $6
- 237 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 20" x 14" $6
- 240 Buffalo on the Move 25" x 18" $6
- 241 Tight Dally and Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 23" x 16" $6

- 245 The Attack (Indians) 18" x 12" $6
- 246 The Sun Worshippers (Indians) 17" x 14" ... $6

- 405 When East Meets West b)cowboy watching Eastern girl) 21"x13" $8
- 219 Chas. M. Russell & Friends (CMR, Others, on horseback) 28" x 22" $8
- 221 The Indian Hunters' Return 28" x 18" $8
- 293 Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt) 21" x 16" $8
- 223 The Intruders (Pastel Pale Colors) (Indians) 28" x 17" $8
- 225 The Surprise Attack (Cowboys with Indians in background) 27" x 19" $8
- 228 Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan (Hunter) 21" x 14" $8
- 229 Innocent Allies (Unscheduled Stage Stop) (Stagecoach Holdup) 21" x 14" $8
- 238 Camp Cook's Troubles (Bronc to Breakfast) (Bucking Horse) 20" x 13" $8
- 239 Doubtful Visitors (Indians Visiting Wagon Train) 20" x 13" $8
- 242 The Loose Cinch (Yander & Yon) Cowboy Roping Cattle 18" x 12" $8
- 243 The Getaway (Cowboys) 18" x 12" $8
- 244 Jerked Down (Cowboys at Roundup) 20" x 12" $8
- 247 Beef for the Fighters (Cowboys) 16" x 16" ... $8
- 248 A Doubtful Handshake (Cowboy, Indian Shaking Hands Horseback) 16" x 16" $8
- 249 Partners (Cowboy and Horse at Campfire) 16" x 16" $8

- 400 Sun River War Party 28"x16" $10
- 401 One Down, Two to Go (Cowboys) 24"x16½" .. $10
- 402 Indian Buffalo Hunt 21½"x16" $10
- 403 Smoking Them Out (Cowboys) 20"x18½" ... $10
- 404 Stolen Horses (Indian) 24"x18" $10

- 250 Nature's Soldiers (Indians) 28" x 19" $12
- 252 A Strenuous Life (Cowboys) 24" x 16" $12
- 253 A Bad One (Cowboy on Bucking Horse at Roundup) 24" x 16" $12
- 254 Cowboy Roping a Steer 24" x 16" $12

- 255 Lewis & Clark Meeting the Flatheads 30" x 14" $14
- 256 The Roundup (Cowboys) 30" x 14" $14
- 257 When Ropes Go Wrong (Cowboys) 24" x 14" . $14
- 258 Through the Alkali (Cowboys) 20"x16" $14

- 259 Riding Line (Cowboy) 26" x 22" $15
- 260 Attack on the Wagon Train 31" x 20" $15
- 261 Carson's Men (Kit Carson, Men Crossing River) 31" x 20" $15
- 262 Watching For Wagons (Indians) 30" x 20" .. $15
- 263 In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon) 30" x 20" $15
- 264 Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street) 30" x 20" $15
- 265 Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians) 30" x 20" $15
- 266 Pipe of Peace (Indians) 30" x 20" $15
- 267 Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene) 30" x 18" $15
- 268 Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys) 26" x 17" ... $15
- 269 The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup) 26" x 17" $15
- 270 Bruin Not Bunny (Cowboy — Horse Shying at Bear) 27" x 18" $15
- 271 White Man's Buffalo (Indians "Observing" Steer) 27" x 17" $15

- 272 Lost in a Snow Storm (Indians Find Lost Cowboys) 36" x 20" $16
- 273 Cow Camp During Roundup 36" x 18" $16
- 274 The Cinch Ring (Cowboys) 36" x 24" $16
- 275 When Horseflesh Comes High (Cowboys) 36" x 24" $16
- 276 When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys) 36" x 24" $16
- 277 The Wagon Boss (Wagon Train) 36" x 23" .. $16
- 278 Salute to the Robe Trade (Indians Waiting for River Steamer) 36" x 22" $16
- 279 Discovery of Last Chance Gulch (Miners) 34" x 23" $16
- 280 The Jerkline (Wagon Train) 32" x 20" $16
- 281 The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train) 20" x 30" $16

- 322 On the Flathead (Indians in Canoe) 29"x20" . $18
- 323 When the World Was Before Them (Cowboy, Pack Train on Prairie) 28"x19" $18
- 282 The Free Trapper (Mountain Man) 31" x 22" $18
- 283 Tight Dally & Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 40" x 25" $18
- 284 Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead (Cowboys) 38" x 24" $18
- 285 A Desperate Stand (Cowboys & Indians) 36" x 24" $18
- 286 When Guns Speak (Cowboys) 36" x 24" $18

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- 301 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38" x 24" $18
- 302 A Dash For Timber (Cowboys) 38" x 22" ... $18
- 303 Prospecting For the Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38" x 22" $18
- 304 Old Stagecoach of the Plains 30" x 20" ... $15
- 305 Indian Trapper 30" x 20" $15
- 306 Cavalrymen's Breakfast 30" x 20" $15
- 307 His First Lesson (Cowboys) 29" x 19" $15
- 308 With the Eye of the Mind (Three Indians & Horses Horses in Storm) 30" x 21" $15
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- 311 The Victory Dance (Indians) 29" x 20" $15
- 312 The Scout, Friend or Enemy? (Indian Cavalry Scout) 29" x 19" $15
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- 314 Fall of a Cowboy 28" x 20" $15
- 315 The Cowboy 26" x 18" $12
- 316 Dismounted (Fourth Troopers Moving) (Cavalrymen) 25¾" x 19½" $15
- 317 Coming and Going of the Pony Express 20"x13" .... EA. $8.00
- 318 The Outlier (Lone Indian Scout on Pinto, front view) 20"x30" $18
- 319 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38"x24" $18
- 320 Dash For Timber (Cowboys Horseback Riding toward Forest) 38"x22" $18
- 321 Prospecting for Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38"x22" $18

COLORPRINTS BY OTHER ARTISTS

- 501 Lone Wolf (Night Scene, wolf howling over Village) Wieruz 18" x 14" $5
- 502 End of the Trail (Famous Indian Painting) by Fraser 18" x 14" $5
- 503 Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) Bonheur 20" x 16" $8
- 504 Custer's Last Fight (Famous Anheuser-Busch Poster) 25¾" x 19½" $12

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- 601 Charles M. Russell (Last Photo Taken)
- 602 Buffalo Bill in Indian outfit (Autographed)
- 603 C.M. Russell & Will Rogers on steps of CMR Studio (Autographed by Will Rogers)

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Any of these prints may be transferred to Canvas for more realistic appearance. Cost is 80¢ per United Inch, plus cost of print.
TO FIGURE UNITED INCHES: Add length and width of print. Example; a print measuring 24" x 16" would have 40 United Inches. Cost would be 80¢ times 40 United Inches, or $32.00 plus cost of print. Canvas prints measuring 30" x 24" or smaller may be ordered on stretcher bars, ready for framing, for $6.00 additional per print.
Please allow 2 extra weeks delivery for canvas prints.

ORDERING INFORMATION

All sizes shown are width by depth. Orders are payable in advance. Add shipping charges as follows: 1-3 prints — $2.00. 4-6 prints — $3.00. 7 or more prints — $4.00.

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Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Dat-So-La-Lee as she appeared in 1900.

Dat-So-La-Lee

NEVADA'S WIZARD OF WILLOW

By RUSSELL E. EWING

THE plump Indian woman with the pixie hair style would never have guessed it, but when she walked into Abe Cohn's Carson City store she started a chain of events that would eventually make her world famous.

The year was 1895, and the woman was Nevada's legendary basket maker, Dat-So-La-Lee.

She went into Cohn's store that day to see if he would buy some of her baskets. Even though she once worked as a maid in his parents' home, the storekeeper failed to recognize her until she pointed to a basket he had on display and told him she made it for him when he was a small child.

Born about 1835 in a Washoe Indian village near Lake Tahoe, Dat-So-La-Lee's given name was Daduda. Because she showed an early aptitude for twisting willow and bark into baskets, Daduda was trained by the older women to be a basket maker. Her father was a chief and it became her job to weave the tribe's ceremonial baskets, a background which probably explains why her basket designs usually depicted tribal legends.

One of her recollections told late in life was of meeting John Fremont. A handful of brass buttons given her at the time were included in the items, her most prized possessions, placed in her grave.

Wars between the Washoe and their neighbors, the Paiutes, were frequent. Four of Dat-So-La-Lee's brothers were killed in battle, and her father died while a prisoner of the Paiutes.

Tragedy continued into her marriage. Her husband, Assu, died of exposure when he attempted to cross the Sierra Nevada Mountains in a winter storm. The two children born to her and Assu died young. In order to survive, Dat-So-La-Lee took employment wherever she could find it.

Eventually she found herself in the Sierra mining camp town of Monitor where she worked for the Harris Cohn family as a maid. The Cohn's young son Abraham took a liking to the

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Interior of Abe Cohn's Emporium, Carson City, Nevada, showing part of his collection of Indian artwork.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Abe Cohn

Indian maid. Dat-So-La-Lee enjoyed little Abe's attention and spent long hours telling him stories about her life in her native village. It was because of her story-telling that Abe Cohn developed a life-long interest in the Washoe.

After a few years with the Cohn family, Dat-So-La-Lee left her job to seek employment elsewhere and not much is known about her for the next twenty years. However it is recorded she remarried during that period.

Her second husband was a mixed-blood ranch worker named Charley Keyser, 24 years her junior. She changed her name to Louisa Keyser, but continued to use her nickname, Dat-So-La-Lee, which means "big hips" in the Washoe language.

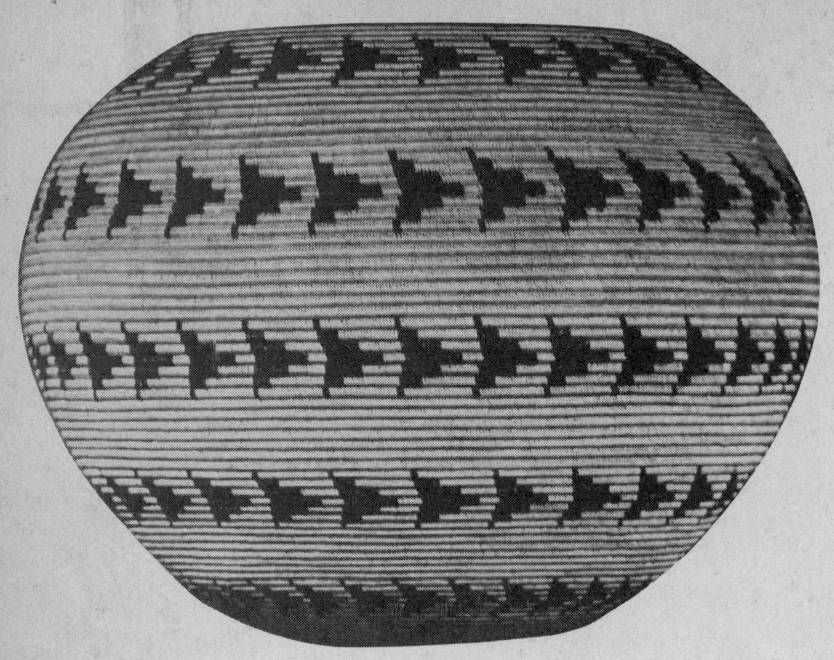
Destiny finally caught up with Dat-So-La-Lee the day in 1895 when she walked into Abe Cohn's store. Cohn bought the baskets she brought with her and promised to buy more. And so began a relationship that was to last for thirty years.

Dat-So-La-Lee became Abe Cohn's protege. She was 60 years old when Cohn built a little frame house next to his own brick and stone house and installed Dat-So-La-Lee and Charley in it. Their agreement was for Cohn to provide the basket maker and her husband free rent and pay all their expenses, including doctor bills, for the rest of their lives. In return, Dat-So-La-Lee was to supply Cohn with a steady supply of baskets.

As the Indian couple's benefactor, Abe Cohn was probably the first person to subsidize American Indian art. A major result of Cohn's beneficence was that, relieved of having to rely upon unreliable sources of income, Dat-So-La-Lee was able to concentrate full attention to her basket weaving.

It wasn't long before prices for her baskets reached into the thousands of dollars, with museums in Europe competing with American museums for examples of her work to add to their collections.

An anecdote told about Dat-So-La-Lee provides some



Dat-So-La-Lee started this basket, "Birds in Flight," in January and finished it in April, 1925.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Wooden marker in front of Dat-So-La-Lee's house, Carson City, Nevada.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

Dat-So-La-Lee posed in her roll as the queen of American Indian basket makers. The staff she holds in her right hand was carved by her husband, Charley, an expert wood carver and arrowmaker.

insight into her character. In 1919, Cohn and Dat-So-La-Lee set out by train to exhibit her baskets at an arts and crafts fair in St. Louis. She soon grew weary of the long train ride and when they reached Kansas City, Dat-So-La-Lee got off the train and started to walk back home to Nevada. Luckily Cohn was able to persuade her to reboard the train because the St. Louis fair was a tremendous success and the pair sold several baskets at fancy prices.

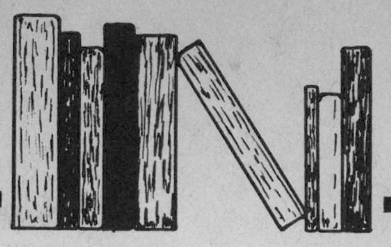
By 1921, Dat-So-La-Lee's baskets were selling for as much as $5,000, and at least one sold for $10,000.

Cohn documented all of her baskets sold through his store by attaching a certificate of authenticity and gluing to the bottom a label on which were printed his catalog number and her initials "L.K." (Louisa Keyser).

In 1925, at 90 years of age, Dat-So-La-Lee suffered so badly from dropsy that her white doctors gave up hope. She reverted back to tribal ways and called for the services of a medicine man. She was taken to Lone Mountain where for three days she huddled beneath a fur robe listening to the medicine man's chants. Finally at peace with her Indian gods, Dat-So-La-Lee returned to her Carson City home where she died Dec. 6, 1925.

Official recognition came late to the famous basket maker. On October 31, 1974, a state historical marker was placed on her grave — after she had been dead for nearly 50 years.

Books



ARTIST KNOWN FOR SPINDLY LEGS

ALFRED JACOB MILLER: ARTIST ON THE OREGON TRAIL. *Edited by Ron Tyler. Catalogue raisonne by Karen DeWees Reynolds and William R. Johnston. Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas. 480 pp. Hard cover. $45.*

Courtesy of Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

This watercolor by Miller, entitled "Buffalo Chase — by a Female," was painted from 1858 to 1860.

Students and collectors of western art recognize Alfred Jacob Miller for his dramatic and important paintings of the West in the days of the mountain men.

Miller's scenery never has quite the grandeur of Moran or Bierstadt and his horses look like Arabians with delicate, spindly legs, rather than the sturdy and realistic cow ponies of a Remington and Russell painting.

But Miller was the only artist ever to attend an annual rendezvous and to paint the mountain men and the fur trade. With Catlin and Bodmer, he was a major artist of the American West in the early half of the 19th Century.

Some may not realize that the great volume of painting and sketching done by Miller resulted from one brief trip, in 1837, with Captain William Drummond Stewart. A new book from the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth, Texas, puts it all in perspective covering the artist's entire life and career and yet emphasizing the central western works for which he is known today.

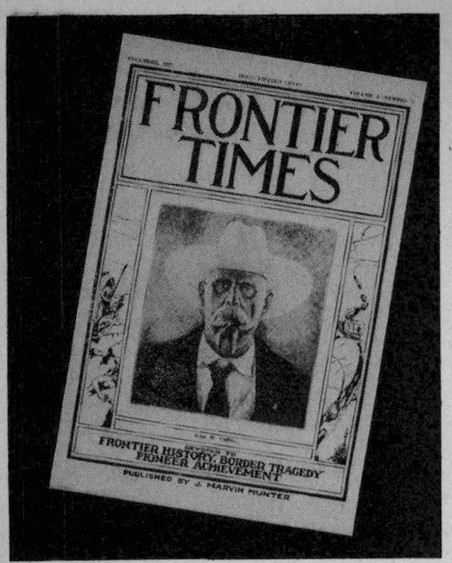
Alfred Jacob Miller: Artist of the Oregon Trail was published in conjunction with a major exhibition of Miller's work at the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore, Maryland, Miller's native city, and at the Amon Carter and the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming.

The book was edited by Ron Tyler, curator of history and director of publications at Amon Carter, who organized the exhibition. Tyler has done a superb job of assembling detailed information on both the artist and his work. The book includes careful footnotes, a detailed bibliography and a foldout map of Miller's route West.

The catalog of the exhibition is reprinted and there is a catalog raisonne, a listing of all known works, their location and such scholarly information as measurements, ownership and location of signature. This catalog, compiled by Karen DeWees Reynolds, research assistant at Amon Carter, and William R. Johnston, assistant director of Walters Art Gallery, is thematically organized, following, as much as possible, the pattern of Miller's career and progressing from western work and portraits right down to scrapbook albums. There are 910 entries.

An introductory essay by Peter Hassrick, director of the Buffalo Bill Center, deals with the problem of Miller's obscurity during his lifetime and later, ascribing it to his reclusive nature and his lack of wide exposure. Johnston then discusses Miller's early life in Baltimore and his European training which, among other things, accounts for those delicate and un-western horses.

Two essays deal with Miller as a western artist. "Alfred Jacob Miller and Sir William Drummond Stewart," by Tyler, tells, sometimes in anecdotal style, of Miller's association with Stewart who gave him his first major commission and an experience which he continued to use as an artistic source throughout his life. In "A Romantic Painter in the American West," Carol Clark, curator of paintings at the Carter, discusses the effect of Miller's European training on his western work. Her essay is a critique of art which nicely balances Tyler's analysis. There is some overlap and repetition in these two essays, but both are



More Western Reading . . .

Faithful reproductions of great western history! In 1923 J. Marvin Hunter began publishing FRONTIER TIMES in Bandera, Texas, recording events exactly as they happened. Today, original copies are next to impossible to find. But, starting in 1972, Western Publications began reproducing these rare issues complete, including the ads. Subscriber copies are mailed every 3 months, 3 issues at a time in a protective envelope 60 years after the original cover date.

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clear, concise and interesting.

A final essay by Johnston, "Back in Baltimore," shows Miller as a regional artist known for portraits and some religious paintings and as a teacher. Miller died in 1874.

This quality book from the Amon Carter Museum is an important addition to any western art library.

— Judy Alter
Fort Worth, Texas

OF BEANS AND BEER

A TASTE OF THE WEST FROM COORS. *Distributed by the Chicago Review Press. 96 pp. Hard cover. $7.95.*

Hey, you beer lovers! Now you can drink your favorite brew and eat it too, thanks to this cookbook from Coors. All set to please, the cheerful looking hard cover book is chock full of a variety of recipes and information we didn't know we wanted to know.

Colorful, graphic illustrations and a descriptive text tell all that's fit to print about the Colorado Coors family and employees, but don't despair. Soon after the commercial comes the meat and potatoes.

Macho recipes for wild goose, buffalo burgers and bear steak are zesty treats placed among the more traditional chops and ribs. Fishermen and other fresh water lovers will appreciate the bacon-wrapped trout and should be curious about the directions for preparing a drunken fish (red snapper with its head removed).

By the way, the omelet with avocado will get everbody's morning off to a wholesome start and keep 'em happy till noon.

We confess that we got ambushed by the spicy chili disguised in the cover photos not because of its taste, but because it looked brown. Maybe that's how they do it in Texas, as the cookbook's description tells us, but we like our chili the way it grows naturally, red or green. Consequently, the Gila River Bowl of Red appealed more to us than did the featured recipe.

Bread, wild rice, beans and even the cactus salad will keep any real westerner satisfied, especially when beer (Coors, of course) is part of each recipe. Sweet Indian pudding starts off with a full cup of the brew and, as any self-respecting cowboy knows, Rocky Mountain oysters (calf, sheep and turkey testicles) just can't be fried right without a-soakin' 'em for at least an hour in beer. Coors, of course.

Helping us get to the particular chow we want in a hurry is a good alphabetical index. Outstanding photographs of western scenery and short, delightful anecdotes throughout the book about various aspects of the old west made us appreciate once again how lucky we are to live west of the Mississippi.

On second thought, going back to the Texas chili, maybe it got brown from a little too much Coors. Who knows? Anyway, we liked the cookbook although we know the recipes can be just as tasty without adding beer.

A Taste of the West from Coors is a very clever way to promote and advertise their product. But, what else would you expect from a beer company's cookbook? It's a good book, though, so buy it and welcome to western cooking. Eat hearty!

— Bobette Perrone and
H. Henrietta Stockel
Santa Fe, New Mexico

NAVAHO ATLAS

THE NAVAJO ATLAS, ENVIRONMENTS, RESOURCES, PEOPLE AND HISTORY OF THE DINE BIKEYAH. *By James M. Goodman. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Ave., Norman, OK 73019. 128 pp. Hard cover. $22.50.*

This is a book of facts about the Navajo. It works best in presenting basic, select information about America's largest and most prosperous tribe of natives.

An example from the history of the Navajo reservation and its satellites can illustrate the atlas's strength and its limitation. West of Albuquerque, New Mexico, a tract of land has been occupied by Navajos and is now officially recognized by the central Navajo tribal government and the U. S. government alike.

Goodman's book tells that this Canoncito area was recognized as part of the reservation in 1949, but has little to say about the apostasy and alienation from the main Navajo groups experienced by the Canoncito group and by similar Navajo settlements at Alamo and

Ramah, nor about the respective reconcilations that eventually followed. A lot of what is noteworthy and interesting about the history and culture of the Navajo people remains outside this book.

The strength of Goodman's atlas is in bringing together in one source a variety of readily identifiable data about "the People." Part two, on environment, part four, on population and part five on livelihood, resources and services are useful to anyone seeking standard and statistical information. Such data are handily summarized and presented cartographically so that they can be easily absorbed.

The book is handsomely jacketed and, in addition to maps, charts and a summary text, contains illustrations by Mary E. Goodman. There are some useful facts in the last part on the unsettled Navajo-Hopi land dispute. The list of maps and graphs that is provided immediately after the table of contents is the quickest and clearest way to locate information.

The Navajo Atlas can do more to justify its subtitle. As a quick guide to selected facts, however, it's handy and to the point. Recommended but with reservations. Anyone looking for really meaty history will need to use other souces along with this one — by writers better able to convey detail, writers like Frank McNitt, W. A. Keleher, or among the younger generation, Peter Iverson or Jerry Kammer.

— Peter Eller
Albuquerque, New Mexico

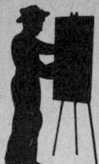
A short summary of books previously reviewed in TRUE WEST:

APACHES AND LONGHORNS: THE REMINISCENCES OF WILL C. BARNES. *Edited by Frank C. Lockwood. The University of Arizona Press, Box 3398, Tucson, AZ 85722. 214 pp. $17.50, hardbound. $8.50 paperback.*

Long out of print, it is good to have this title available once again. These are recollections of a true Arizona frontiersman and shaper of western life and letters. TW January.

BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES. *By Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK 73019. 324 pp. $19.95.*

Shirley risks telling the average reader more than he wants to know but he has written THE book on Belle Starr who needed to be rescued from her legend. TW January.



Western Art and Music

SINGING COWBOYS AND ALL THAT JAZZ
A Short History of Popular Music in Oklahoma
By William W. Savage, Jr.

Much of American popular music had some start in Oklahoma, from the first nationally known singing cowboy, Otto Gray, to the great jazz band, the Oklahoma City Blue Devils, to the blues and gospel songs, including "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Woody Guthrie had his start in Oklahoma as did the rock stars Leon Russell and David Gates. The author presents the rich musical heritage of Oklahoma, showing the West to be a center for American music. **$14.95**

Books on Western Artists

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Painter of the Old West
By Mildred D. Ladner
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Western Artist
By D. Duane Cummins
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RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLEY RUSSELL
By Frank Bird Linderman
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By W. H. Hutchinson
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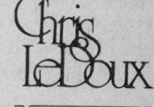

Once in a generation a songwriter/singer comes along who has the real-life experience and the God given talent to appeal to a very special group — those who know and love the old American West . . . and the new.

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He sings about the life of the rodeo cowboy and ranch hands, of the long lonesome miles along the suicide circuit, of the fun and the pain.

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The Battle of

APACHE PASS

By EDWARD H. SAXTON

Photos From
Arizona Historical Society

IT WAS in July of 1862 that a regiment of California volunteers commanded by Brigadier General J.H. Carleton found themselves ready to attempt the crossing of Apache Pass. They were guarding a wagon train bound for the Rio Grande River.

Horses and mules were dying of thirst and it was evident the Indians would put the troopers to a test if the volunteers were ready to get through the pass.

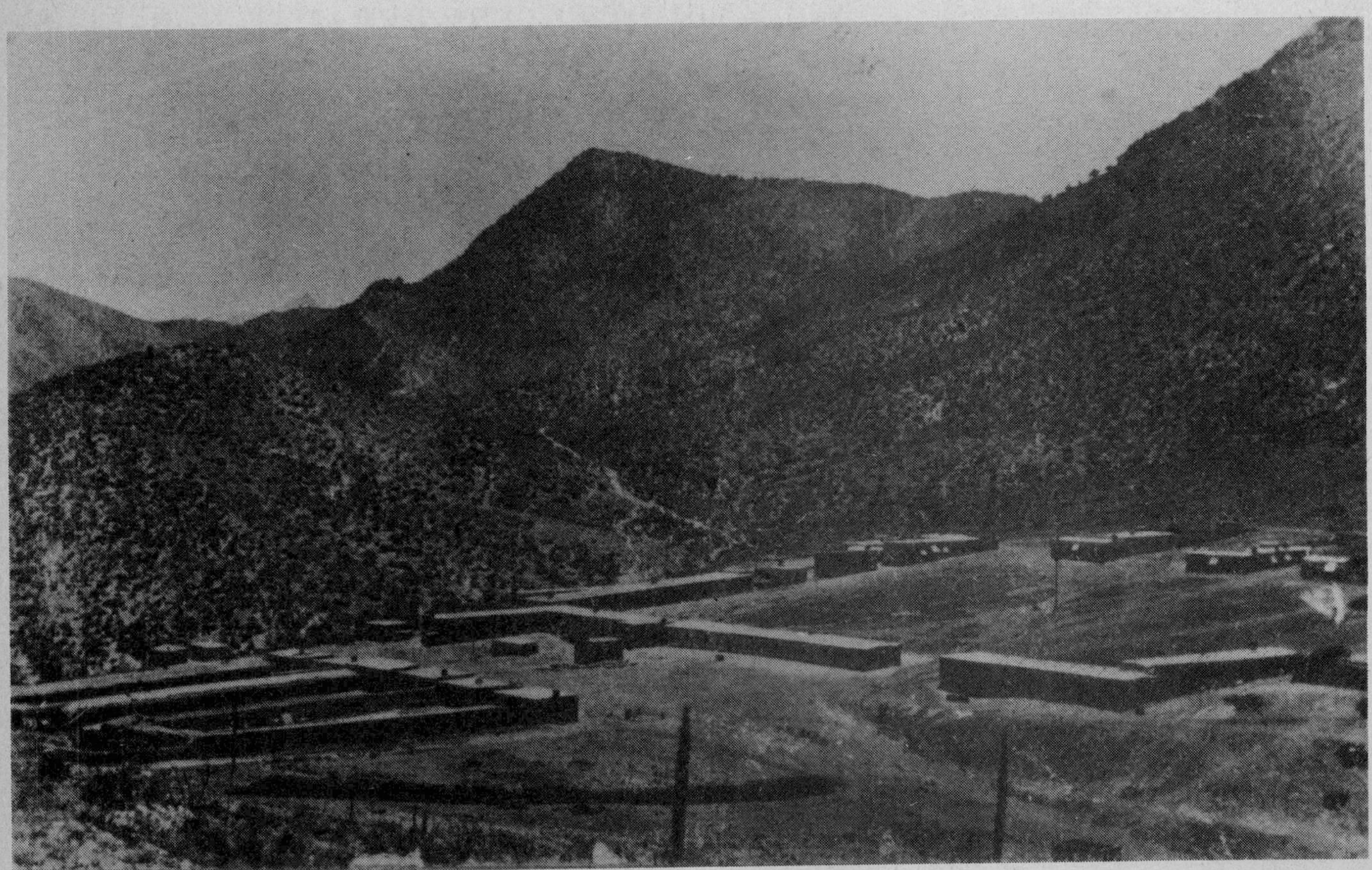
The southeast Arizona pass is a narrow defile between the Chiricahua Mountains on the south and the Dos Cabezas Range on the north. A defeat here meant utter annihilation and the soldiers knew it.

What they didn't know was that chiefs Cochise and Mangas Coloradas had an overwhelming force of Apache warriors on the heights commanding the only reliable spring at Apache Pass.

Though they lacked water, the troopers had plenty of food and an abundant supply of ammunition for both their rifles and the two mountain howitzers they had brought.

Wagons were driven inside the stone corral at the Butterfield Stage Station. Mules were unhitched and chained inside the square. Teamsters and wagonmasters, 28 in all, were supplied with rifles and ammunition and detailed to guard the train.

Troopers placed the two howitzers in the center of the canyon; their ammunition boxes were filled with shells. Twenty infantrymen guarded the two howitzers. Sixty infantrymen were deployed across the canyon as skirmishers. In the rear, in reserve, was the mounted cavalry.



Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, and Apache Pass, circa late 1870s.

It was the Last Great Gathering of Apaches for War But They Kept Fighting for Another 25 Years

When all was ready, bugles sounded the advance and skirmishers moved to the important springs. Apache rifles blazed from the waterhole and from the heights above. A few soldiers fell but the line moved to the water.

Then the little howitzers zeroed in on the puffs of smoke that could be seen on the hillsides. The howitzers spitted 12-pound shells and cannisters of shot left and right. As the howitzers were pushed up the canyon in line with the skirmishers the shells burst splendidly, startling the concealed foes and shaking them from behind boulders and trees.

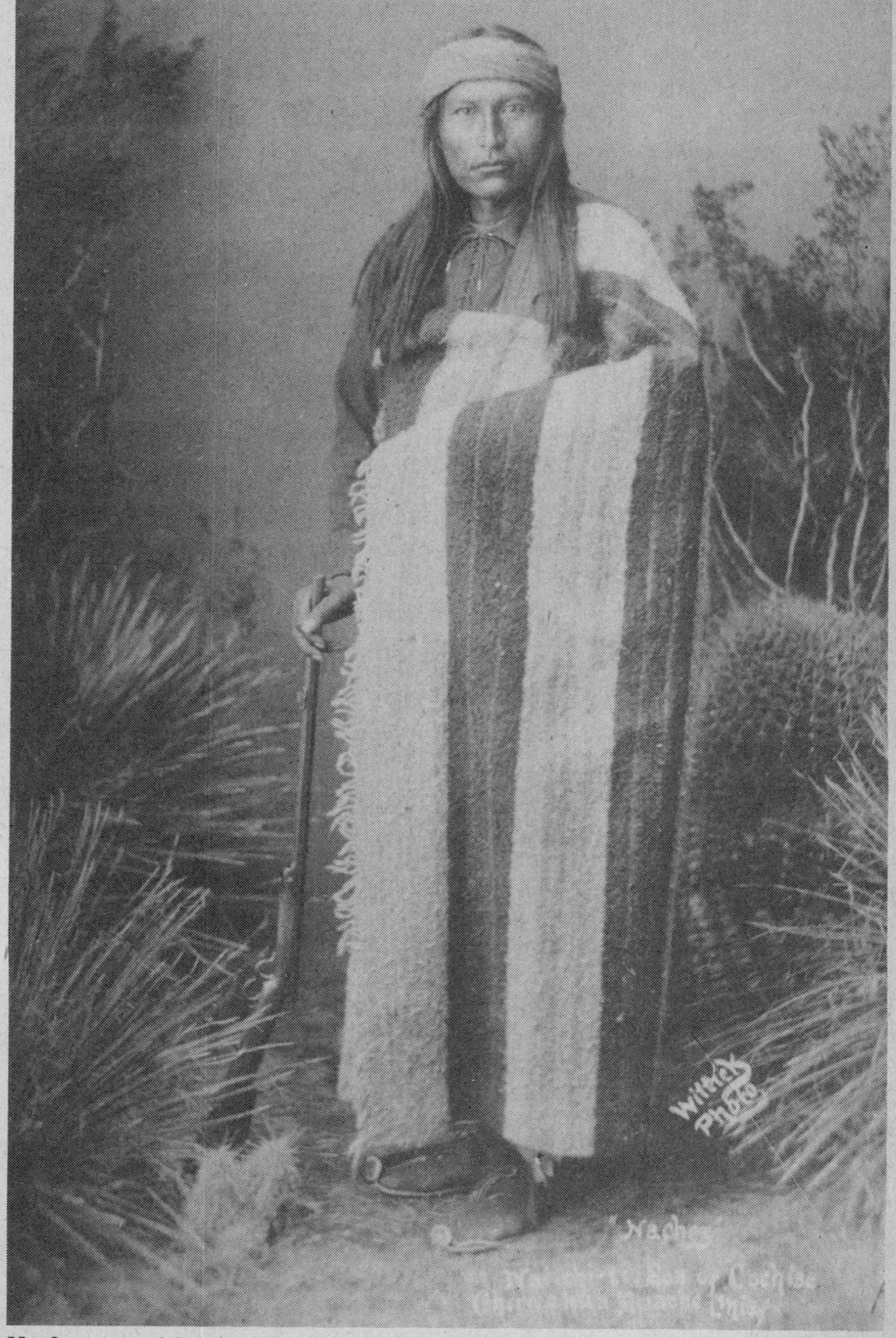
Artillery shots exacted their toll. When the terrified Apaches fled their positions, the skirmishers accelerated their advance and rained fire upon the enemy. The line advanced deliberately, as if on a drill.

Shortly, large numbers of Indians could be seen leaving the springs hurriedly. Those on the heights panicked and fled. The cavalry, no longer restrained, dashed through the skirmish line and hurled itself at the retreating savages. Severe punishment was inflicted on the Indians before they could reach the safety of the high mountains.

The spring was taken and the battle at Apache Pass was won, a vital step on the supply train's march to the Rio Grande.

Cochise and Mangas Coloradas were defeated in their plans to crack the advance of the California column and capture the supply train. Sixty-six warriors were killed and many others wounded. The alliance of tribes formed for this battle was broken and never again could an Apache chief assemble 800 warriors from many Apache tribes to take battle under one leadership.

BUT the Battle of Apache Pass was not an isolated event. It was part of



Nachez, son of Cochise.

Fort Bowie, Arizona Territory, taken in 1884 or early 1885.

overall Indian difficulties which occurred throughout the Southwest as the result of what became known as the Bascom Affair. This ignited bloody warfare which lasted 25 years until the surrender of Geronimo in 1886.

The affair began in 1857, when the postmaster general awarded an overland mail contract to John Butterfield. He launched the famed Butterfield Stage Line which ran from Tipton, near St. Louis, Missouri, to San Francisco, California.

The most perilous stretch of the trail led through Apache Pass, traditional homeland of the Chiricahua Apaches. Apache Spring, a reliable year-round source of water in the pass, made this an ideal site for a stage station despite the Indian danger.

A building was erected there and a stone corral built. Fresh horses were harnessed to coaches here and passengers enjoyed a respite from their rough and dusty journey through the desert.

For two-and-a-half years, Cochise let the stages run through the pass undisturbed. But the "Bascom Affair" ended peaceful times.

It happened in October 1860, when a band of Apaches raided the ranch of John Ward, stole some stock and kidnapped the son of a Mexican woman who lived with Ward. The rancher believed that Cochise had led the raiders and demanded that the military authorities confront the chief, recover his stock and secure the return of the boy.

In February 1861, 54 soldiers, led by Second Lieutenant George Bascom, entered Apache Pass in search of Cochise. They stopped at the Butterfield Station, watered their horses and told the station keeper that they were on a routine patrol to the Rio Grande River.

Lieutenant George N. Bascom

The troops rode on and made camp about a mile from the station. Cochise, who had seen all this from the hills, came to the station to find out what was happening. The Butterfield people told him all they knew, and Cochise, unaware that Bascom was looking for him, approached the soldiers' camp. He voluntarily entered Bascom's tent to talk to him.

In the tent Bascom accused Cochise of stealing Ward's property and of kidnapping the boy. The chief was furious. He slashed the tent wall with his knife and leaped out. In the confusion of his hurried exit, Cochise fled to safety despite a cordon of soldiers around the tent. His companions, however, were not so lucky. All were captured and hanged.

Sporadic fighting bloodied Apache Pass for about two weeks, but with the approach of U.S. Cavalry the Apaches disappeared. Nothing had been settled and 19 people were dead.

THIS marked the beginning of open warfare that raged between white man and Apache for many years. Fighting between the settlers and Indians created a nerve-wracking way of life. Conditions worsened with the outbreak of the Civil

War and subsequent withdrawl of troops from the frontier.

The Confederates were interested in the gold fields of California to finance their war effort. Their best invasion route lay through Apache Pass. To meet this threat, General Carleton led 1,000 California volunteers toward the Rio Grande. On July 15, 1862, the vanguard of Carleton's column entered Apache Pass and was ambushed by several hundred Apaches. During the late afternoon the troopers who were able escaped the pass and returned westward to join the main force and wagon train.

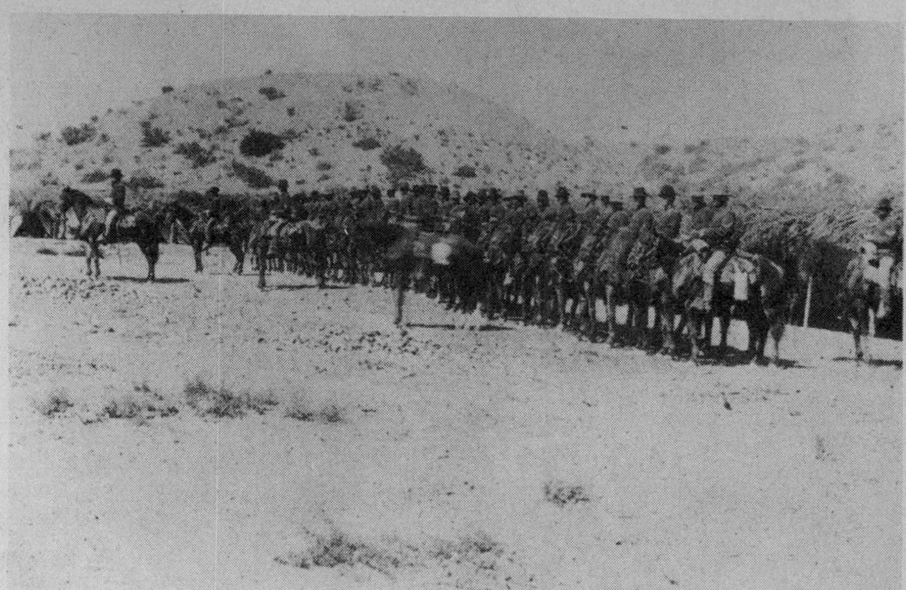
Their escape was hazardous. Sergeant James Mitchell recounted their harrowing experience:

"In leaving the pass we were pursued by more than 50 well-armed and well-mounted Indians. We had a fight and lost three horses killed under us. Sergeant Maynard here has his left arm fractured at the elbow by a rifle ball and Private John Teal was cut off from my party and we think he was killed. We saw him surrounded by 15 or 20 Indians, while we were unable to render him any assistance."

Despite his predicament, Private Teal did escape from the Apaches and reached the wagon train at about one in the morning.

After the battle at Apache Pass had been won and the spring reclaimed, Carleton realized that if the pass were to remain open, it must be fortified. So Fort Bowie was established within a month.

Life at Fort Bowie in the early years had little to recommend it. The post was isolated, the quarters rude, the food bad and sickness prevalent. If the Indians were seldom seen, they were nonetheless present, and vigilance was necessary.



A Sixth Cavalry troop near the Mexican border, waiting orders to hit the trail.

Finally Cochise made peace in 1872, after General Oliver O. Howard agreed to terms that Cochise believed to be in the best interest of his people. The Chiricahuas were given a reservation that covered about 3,000 square miles in southeastern Arizona Territory and included their traditional homeland.

The cause of peace was further aided by the appointment of Tom Jeffords — a former Army scout who won the confidence of the Apaches — as the Interior Department's agent for the Chiricahua tribe.

Fort Bowie remained in active service until October 17, 1894, when it was abandoned.

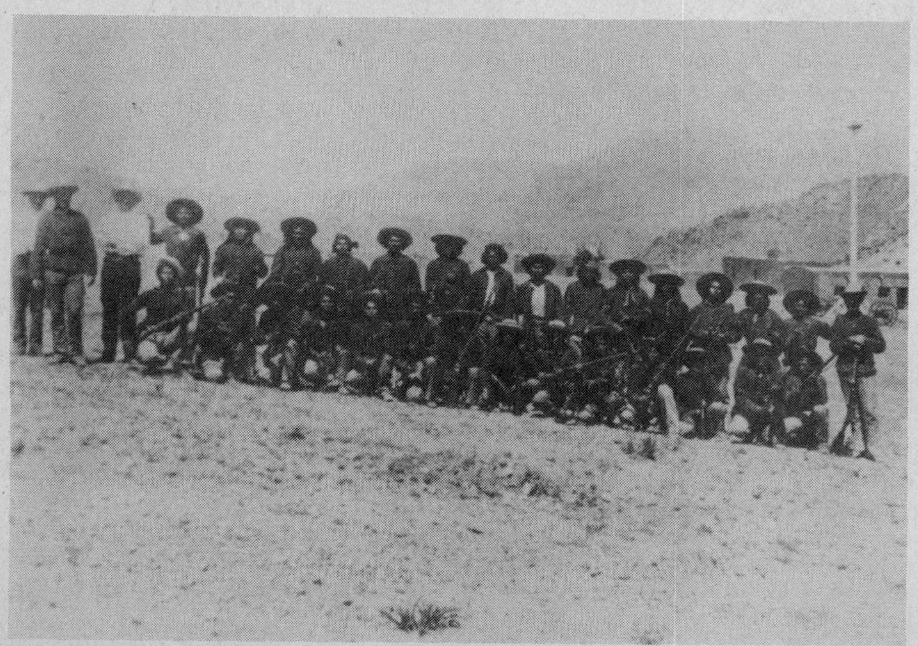
From 1883, until the surrender of Geronimo in 1886, Fort Bowie was the base for General George Crook. Crook relentlessly pursued the wily Apache chief and his renegade followers who terrorized ranchers in Arizona and Sonora, Mexico.

In its later years the fort was improved with commodious barracks for the enlisted men, non-commissioned officers' quarters, officers' row, quartermasters' storehouse, suttler's store, extensive corrals and stables, a hospital, bakery, telegraph office, school, mess halls, tailor shop, wash house, and granary.

Several years after the Battle of Apache Pass, Lieutenant Albert J. Fountain, who took part in the fight, met Cochise. Fountain says that the chief conversed freely about the fight in Apache Pass.

Cochise said that he felt confident, when he saw the soldiers come straggling into the pass, of killing every one. He admitted that his defeat was a stunning blow to the Chiricahua Apaches.

"But," he said, "you never would have whipped us if you had not shot wagons at us." Fountain concludes, "Perhaps he was right."

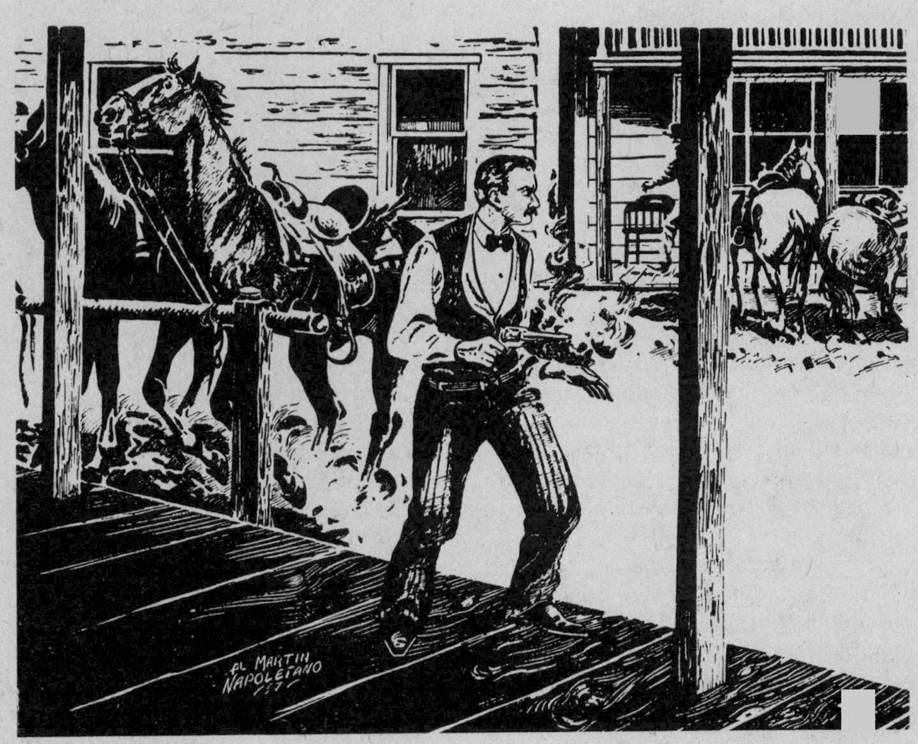


Band of Apache scouts awaiting inspection by army officers at Fort Bowie.

TODAY five thousand tourists a year visit Fort Bowie National Historic Site. It was established by the National Park Service on July 28, 1972. The site contains 1,000 acres dedicated to preserving the nation of the Butterfield Overland mail route, the Apache Pass stage station, Apache Spring and the restored Fort Bowie complex. A park ranger whose address is P.O. Box 158, Bowie, Arizona 85605, is in charge.

Trails Grown Dim

ANCESTOR SHOT BY JEALOUS SUITOR



My grandmother, Madge Marie Anderson, was born March 3, 1892, in Stanton, Iowa. She was raised by her father, Gus Anderson, and his mother who spoke only Swedish. She also had a brother, Charles, who was younger.

Madge and Charles' mother was Cora Marie Fralick but I can find no record of her marriage to Gus Anderson. Cora's mother was Emaline Hunt Summers, born in Downers Grove, Illinois. I don't know her father's first name.

Cora was shot by a jealous suitor and died in Tonapah, Nevada but I don't know in what year. I would appreciate any information. — **Billie Gean Short, Rt. 4, Box 155, St. Maries, ID 83861.**

Walker

William Calvin Walker was born May 10, 1810, in Kentucky or Tennessee. He married a Nancy, last name unknown, born in 1816 in Alabama. A daughter, Mary, was born in 1833 and a son, James G., was born in 1834 in Alabama.

They came to Washington County, Texas in 1837. William Calvin Walker died September 5, 1880 in Lampasas County, Texas. Who were his parents? Who were his brothers and sisters? — **Jimmy Reeves Walker, Box 35, UTEP, El Paso, TX 79968.**

Nole

Lloyd Nole died in Fresno, California, as did his wife, Emma. Mr. Nole left a son; his name is unknown to me. His home state was Nevada. He also left a daughter, Grace, who may be in Indiana.

Before Mrs. Nole died, I was given a few photographs which I would like to share. If you have information on the Nole family, please write. — **Mrs. John Martin, 25 E. Atchison Street, Fresno, CA 93706.**

Tiner-Arnold-Thompson-Hayes

I am searching for my great-great-grandparents. One set is the father and mother of Thomas Jefferson Tiner. I do not know his father's name, but his mother was Lillie Ora Arnold.

The other set of grandparents is the mother and father of Willie Mae Thompson (Tiner). I don't know her father's first name. Her mother was Mary Frances Hayes (Thompson).

My grandfather, T.J. Tiner's father, left his wife and daughter some place in Arkansas, taking the child Thomas with him. My grandfather would never discuss anything about young Tom's mother and sister.

I do not know where, in Arkansas, his mother and sister lived. Any information on these people will be appreciated

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

and will be shared with the later Tiners. — **Ralph W. Tiner, 95 Lincoln Ave., Somerville, N.J. 08876.**

Herndon-Johnson

My maternal grandfather, J.H. Jepthy Henry (Tobe) Herndon was born in 1873. He lived in Quitman, Arkansas, in Cleburne County as a young man. I would like to know the names of his parents and brothers and sisters. He lost his first wife in childbirth in Earle, Arkansas, in 1908. He moved to Oklahoma in 1909.

In 1910 he married Jessie Johnson of Atoka, Oklahoma. In 1912 or 1913, they moved to Wade. A girl, Marietta, was born to them in 1913.

In 1915 to 1917, Herndon and his family moved to Soper, Oklahoma. In 1921 or 1922, he and Jessie separated at Soper and Jessie and the baby girl went to Louisiana.

Herndon moved a short time later in 1922 and was never heard from since. I would like to know where he went, if he had another family later, and where he died. — **Everett W. Paulk, Route 1, Box 1462, Granite City, IL 62040.**

Keller-Sowers

A few years ago in your column "Trails Grown Dim," there was a letter from a woman in Texas who had traced numerous branches of the Keller (all spellings) family back to the Old Country.

Please publish my letter in your column in hopes a relative will see it and respond.

I am searching for information on my great-great-grandfather, John Keller, his ancestors and descendants. Listed below is information on John Keller:

Born: May 23, 1836, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania

Married: Mary Ann Sowers, January 17, 1865, at Chambersburg

Died: May 14, 1914, at Centralia, Kansas

Burial place: Ford Cemetery, Ford, Kansas

Any information on descendants and ancestors of John Keller is welcome. — **Brenda Keller, 550 S. Mesa, Fruita, CO 81521.**

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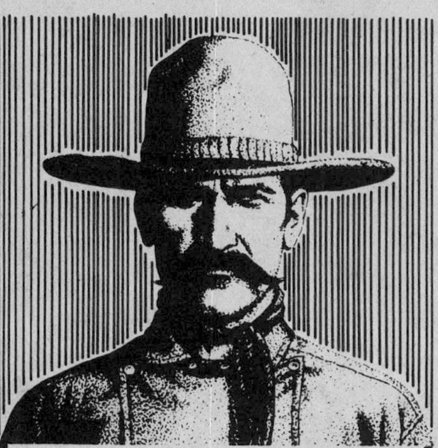

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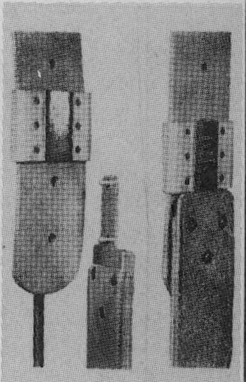

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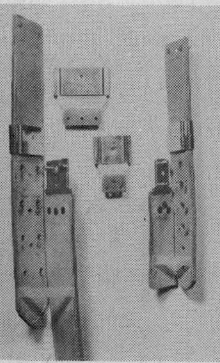

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Ellis P. Bean

ELLIS P. BEAN

The Senoritas Wouldn't Leave Him Alone

By TOM BEAN

ELLIS P. Bean was a rather dashing Nineteenth Century American who fought in Mexico's early revolutions and who, during that time, had several Mexican senioritas fighting over him. At one time he was married to women in Mexico and the United States.

Though his experiences with the ladies were sometimes complex adventures, most of his life was occupied with fighting. Born in Jonesboro, Tennessee, in 1783, Ellis P. Bean was on the Texas frontier with Philip Nolan by 1801.

Nolan headed a crew of twenty men engaged in capturing wild horses or "mustanging." Nolan had been doing this for many years.

But Spanish authorities in Texas eventually said they had evidence that Nolan intended to foment a revolution and make himself king of Texas. The Spanish sent a company of one hundred and fifty soldiers to arrest Nolan and his men.

In the skirmish, Nolan was killed on March 22, 1801. Even though he was the youngest of the mustangers, Bean took charge of Nolan's party. Only Nolan was killed in the Spanish attack. Bean so vigorously led his men in retaliation that the Spaniards raised a white flag. In the truce that followed, they agreed to let the Americans keep their arms. The Spanish commander also told the wild horse hunters if they would go peaceably to Nacogdoches with the soldiers, they would be released and could return to their homes in the United States.

On reaching Nacogdoches, the mustangers were told that they would have to await orders from Chihuahua before they could be allowed to return home.

After about a month, instead of being released, they were seized, put in chains and sent to San Antonio where they remained in prison for three months. From San Antonio they were sent to San Luis Potosi and kept in prison there for sixteen months.

In San Luis Potosi, Bean and one of his companions were allowed to engage in the work of shoe cobblers. In this way they made enough money to buy clothes which they needed badly.

From San Luis Potosi the prisoners were taken to Chihuahua. Bean said:

"All along the road, and at all the

towns, we could look at the places and walk about and see the inhabitants, and we noticed that everywhere they were mixed with Indian, but of a kind and friendly disposition. They were all exceedingly kind to us, presenting us with fruits, clothes and money, so that by the time we reached Chihuahua, we began to think that we would soon regain our liberty."

AT Chihuahua the prisoners were allowed much liberty. Bean engaged in hat-making and began to plot a way to return to his native land.

The charge against the mustangers had been submitted to the King of Spain and he sent back a judgment that, for firing on his soldiers, every fifth man of the Americans should be hung.

Since there were only nine of the prisoners left, as some had been released, it was decided that only one of the prisoners should be put to death. Those remaining were sentenced to five years in prison and were ordered sent, by way of Mexico City, to a fortress-prison in Acapulco on the southwest coast of Mexico. Bean was not the one hung. He and the other survivors were soon on their way to Mexico City.

Courtesy Institute of Texas Cultures

Philip Nolan pointing to map and watching Spanish soldiers approach his fort. The painting was done by Bruce Marhsall in 1972.

About two hundred miles from Mexico City they came to a small town called Salamanca. The prisoners were placed in a large square surrounded by houses and a high wall.

Among the people who came to see the Americans was a beautiful young lady, eighteen or nineteen, who shyly asked Bean if he did not want to escape. When he told her that he thought it was impossible, she told him she could arrange it without any trouble.

She said she had married a wealthy man three times her age to please her parents. She added she did not love her husband. Her husband was away working at some of his mines and would be gone for two weeks.

The lady who was smitten by Bean was willing to help his escape and go with him to his own country to spend the rest of her life with him.

It was night by this time. The lady gave Bean instructions on how to reach her house the next day. Her house was just three doors away. She said they could make plans for Bean's escape and their trip to the United States.

The next morning, under pretense of buying a handkerchief, Bean got permission from the captain of the guard to go to a store some distance away. A guard was sent along with Bean. When they reached the lady's house, Bean gave the guard some money and told him to come back later. The guard left. Bean found the love-smitten lady sitting at an open window, awaiting his arrival.

"Now is the time for your freedom," she said. "I will send my servant to the end of town with your horse and when the soldier comes, I will tell him you mounted your horse and took such a street, and if he follows he will find your horse and not you. He will be afraid to show himself again to his officer but will desert. You must know that I can do it, for they all love money and have none."

But Bean refused saying, "Madam, you are a married lady, and I should be most unhappy to receive such favors from one of your rank and then be compelled to leave you without any hope of seeing you again.

"But if, by the King's order, I should get free, I could then come and spend my days in this town, where I should have the happiness of seeing you, and perhaps, being sometime in your company, if admissible."

This did not convince the senora, who told Bean she had been married about a year and wanted to leave her husband and go with Bean to the United States.

Bean became uneasy for he expected to see the guard return any minute. He felt sure he would be released after reaching Mexico City. He also told the lady that he could not leave his companions as they would be punished if he escaped. For the next three years he was to wish he had taken the senora's advice.

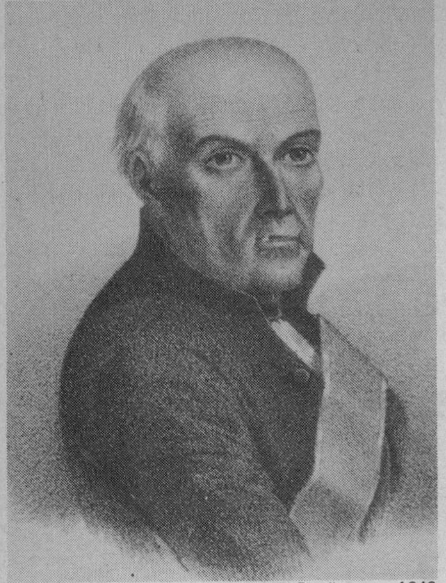
When Bean would not agree with her plans, the woman gave him a package and a letter and told him not to open them until the end of the day's journey.

The prisoners were soon on their way to Mexico City. They stopped for the night at a place called Arcos. As soon as they halted Bean opened the package. It contained gold coins. The letter read as follows:

"About three days since, the news reached this town that some Americans were coming as prisoners. I was very desirous to see them. But it has been an unhappy time for me since I first saw you. I hope you will obtain your freedom in a short time, and will not forget one who is not ashamed to own that the love she has for you is more than she can bear.

"Sir, perhaps you may ask how this can be, when you are bound in irons; you may think a woman very crazy who could love one in that situation. Perhaps so; but when I first saw you, I was touched with compassion; then I found my heart distressed; and when I came to examine myself, I found it to be in love.

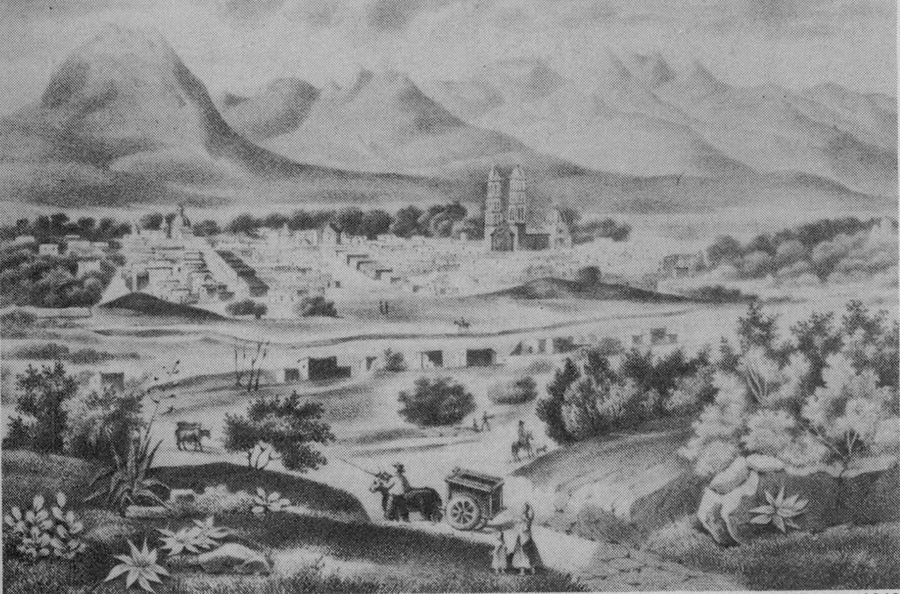
"I can write no more. If you leave



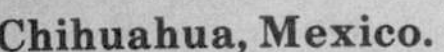
C. L. Prudhomme, 1843

Father Hidalgo

General Morelos



Michaud y Thomas, 1848



Chihuahua, Mexico.

Michaud y Thomas, 1848

Mexico City about the time Bean was there.

Mexico, you will let me know where you go, as it will give me some satisfaction.

"In this letter is a ring from my finger. I hope you will keep it in remembrance of your love."

Maria Baldonada

Bean and the other Americans were kept in Mexico City about a week and then taken to Acapulco.

Most of the next three years Bean was held in solitary confinement in a small cell about three feet by seven feet. His only pleasure was to play with a snow-white lizard about ten inches long. Bean escaped twice but was retaken each time and punished.

ON THE night of Sept. 15, 1810, Father Miguel Hidalgo, a Catholic priest of the little town of Dolores, preached a sermon to his congregation of Indians and Mestizos which aroused them to action. The next day they started the revolution which was, eventually, to free Mexico and the other Spanish-held countries in the Western Hemisphere from Spain's rule.

Father Hidalgo was soon captured and executed. Then General Morelos, who had also been a Catholic priest, led the revolutionary forces for about five years. He, too, was captured and executed by the Spanish forces.

When the revolution broke out, Bean was offered his freedom if he would enlist in the Spanish army. General Morelos was fighting in the vicinity of Acapulco when Bean was released and at the first opportunity Bean deserted the king's army and went over to General Morelos. Bean knew how to make gunpowder and to repair guns. He was of great assistance to General Morelos.

In his memoirs (written about 1816), Bean gave a full account of his services to General Morelos, as well as his (Bean's) trouble with his ladies. He was about to be married in Mexico at one point. The action is a bit confusing because pages 197 to 204 are missing from the original manuscript. Page 205 of the memoirs starts as follows:

"...that my house is your house," and it continues, "and that my daughter who now sits in your presence esteems you, and there is no doubt in my mind, would forsake her home and her parents to follow you in the army, although she has been raised by kind parents, and never lacked anything of enjoyment this place could afford. She has disclosed her mind to me, and says you have promised, when the war is over, to make her your companion. It is then the wish of

Michaud y Thomas, 1848

A wealthy landowner, his overseer and general view of Jalapa, Mexico.

all that you stay with us. The whole of this city shall suffer death before you shall be hurt. We now have in the house a king's pardon for you, and the promise that you shall have the same command in the King's army that you have now. So fulfill the promise to my daughter, marry her, make her happy, and yourself also."

Following this from the girl's father, Bean quotes himself as saying to the intended bride:

"Dear Madam, your offers are fair and friendly, for which I give you a thousand thanks. But no man of honor ought to change his coat to join a despotic monarch and groan under the weight of chains which I have made a feeble attempt to break. True, I have not yet succeeded. But I hope to see this country flourish in the enjoyment of liberty and the despot fly from our coasts. I can never think of changing my mind. I shall ever continue to raise my sword against the King while my life is spared, and he attempts to occupy this land."

Bean said she told him she wished him to preserve his honor and do what was right. She said she would go into a convent and await his return.

Bean then left the wedding group, abandoning his intended bride, and rode off on his horse to join his men fighting in the revolution.

Toward the end of the year 1814, General Morelos asked Bean to go to the United States to obtain aid for the revolution. Bean arrived in New Orleans in time to take part in the great battle of the 8th of January, 1815. Being an old friend of General Andrew Jackson, Bean offered his services and the general placed him in command of one of the big guns on the levee.

After the battle Bean returned to Mexico and reported to General Morelos that the Americans were sympathetic to the Mexican revolutionaries but they were also in a war and could provide little aid.

General Morelos then asked Bean to accompany Don Manuel Herrera, who had been appointed Mexican ambassador to the United States. On arriving at New Orleans, Bean learned the United States had not recognized Mexico's independence. He immediately returned to Mexico. On arriving there he found that General Morelos had been captured by the king's forces and executed.

The fortune of the revolutionaries had reached such a low ebb that Bean abandoned the revolution and returned to his old home at Jonesboro, Tennessee.

Before he left Mexico, Bean married a young lady of fine family who had lost all they had in the revolution. He intended to ship her to the United States. But he was so closely pursued by the royal forces that he had to flee and leave his new bride behind.

Historian H. Yoakum says Bean's wife was Anna Gorthas, related to General Morelos. Yoakum also said she had a hacienda (large plantation) at Jalapa, near Vera Cruz, called "Las Banderillas."

Historian Augustin Cue Canovas, in his "Historia Mexicana," says "In Jalapa, Bean had married Magdalena Falfan de los Godos, a Mexican lady who lived on a hacienda called "La Banderilla."

After his return to Jonesboro, Bean received the sad news that Magdalena had been shot by the royalists. Anguished and sad, Bean abandoned the Mexican people (Bean had become a naturalized citizen of Mexico) and in 1818, he married a North American girl.

Yoakum reported that "soon after returning to his old home (Jonesboro, Tennessee) in 1816, Bean received the sad news that his wife had been shot and her property confiscated. In 1818, he married the daughter of Isaac Midkiff, and he and his family and his father-in-law emigrated to Arkansas. After three years his father-in-law died and Bean and his wife, with three children, moved to Mound Prairie, an old settlement in Texas, where they became colonists."

In 1826, Bean traveled to Mexico City to obtain some reward for his services to his adopted country during the revolution. He obtained a grant of 4,428 acres of land and an appointment as a colonel in the Mexican army.

While he was there he discovered that his first wife, Magdalena, had not been executed as he had been told. He visited Magdalena and spent some time with her at the hacienda "La Banderilla." Then he returned to his home and family in Texas.

For the next ten years Bean served as Indian agent in Texas for the Mexican government. After Texas gained independence from Mexico in 1836, Bean, who was still a colonel in the Mexican army, was uncomfortable in Texas so he returned to Magdalena at the hacienda "La Banderilla."

This story ends with another quote from historian Canovas:

"About the middle of October, 1846, Bean's son, Isaac, came to Mexico seeking his father, and when he arrived at the hacienda where he had been informed his father was living, Isaac was told my Magdelena that Bean died on October 3 of that same year.

"This is the history of the North American, Ellis P. Bean, whose picturesque existence would well constitute the theme of a novel or a moving picture. It is the life story of the forerunner of the Good Neighbor policy; a hero of Mexico's struggle for independence and a friend of our country in her fight for liberty and justice, in that epoch or romance and turmoil in our history."

cooking with a DUTCH OVEN

By BARBARA BLACKBURN

What we now call top-burner cooking was the way they did it in the old days on the frontier. Then they used a Dutch oven which was a three-legged pot that stood over coals and had a flanged lid on which coals could be heaped. Later models had swivel handles so that the oven could be turned around for even heating.

The Dutch oven was used on the hearth. A spoonful of coals from the main fire was heaped in a pile on the hearth. The Dutch oven or spider — footed skillet — was placed over this mound of coals. If the menu included more than one dish, more Dutch ovens were used. When the pioneers were in transit from one home to another, or any time they were outside, they could use the Dutch oven over a campfire.

Dutch ovens were used for baking. Larger ovens were suspended over coals, the smaller ovens put right on the coals. As coals died, they were replaced. The ovens were usually wide enough only for one baking dish or pie pan. The pots had to be shallow enough to allow room for a trivet on the bottom but there had to be space between the food and the top or flanged lid.

An old standby for pioneers was corn porridge or mush. Water was added to rehydrate the dried corn for the mush. Soups and stews needed long, slow cooking to blend flavors and tenderize the meat. Dumplings were added to stretch the meal and make use of the gravy. Dumplings also added to the appeal of the meal.

The housewife of the Old West had little time to watch the pot. Slow cooking freed her for other chores. When liquid boiled away, of course, she'd have to add water. Early hand-written recipes appear to call for too much liquid, but the cooks of that day knew about evaporation in the pot.

Puddings commonly were made in a Dutch oven, but those were not puddings as Americans usually think of them, more like the British puddings. They were usually made of cornmeal or leftover bread, sweetened with molasses and spruced up with raisins. The dough was tied loosely to allow for expansion in a floured cloth and dropped in boiling water until done. The technique of making boiled pudding started with settlers in the East and went west with the pioneers. It was a favorite method employed by cowboy cooks.

Son-of-a-gun-in-a-sack was a favorite recipe on the range. When the ranch cook wanted to be nice to the cowhands he made this pudding. Raisins or dried apples and suet were added to a soft dough. The pudding was placed in a sack cloth and boiled in a big kettle of water or Dutch oven until done. The fact that it was so much trouble to make probably gave it its name.

A Dutch oven minus the legs and lid.

In chuckwagon cookery, the basic cooking utensil was the Dutch oven. Using it skillfully is an art. But when properly done, biscuits for example will emerge brown on the bottom and top from the coals on both sides.

A proper chuckwagon had several Dutch ovens. Some cooks preferred to bake a biscuit bread in the bottom of the Dutch oven. Biscuits could also be fried or baked. To make biscuits, the dough was pinched off in balls, dipped in melted fat and packed tightly at the bottom of the oven. Before baking, the oven was put in a warm place for about a half an hour to allow the dough to rise.

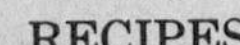
Making biscuits or sourdough bread in a Dutch oven is not easy. There is no thermometer or thermostat. Bottoms of biscuits can burn before the tops are done. Experienced cooks learned to use a few coals on the bottom and more on the top. The same ingredients can be used to make biscuits in a conventional oven indoors, but the flavor and texture will not be the same.

Arthur Chapman, in his book, *Out Where the West Begins,* paid tribute to the Dutch oven this way:

"The old Dutch oven never failed to cook the thing just right.

"'Twas covered o'er with red-hot coals, and when we fetched her out,

"The biscuits there were of the sort no epicure could flout."



RECIPES

SON-OF-GUN-IN-A-SACK

2 cups flour
½ cup sugar
1½ cups soft bread crumbs
1 T baking soda
1 t ground cinnamon
¼ t ground cloves
¼ t ground nutmeg
1 cup raisins, chopped dried apples or prunes or combination

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1 cup ground suet
½ cup chopped nuts
1 can evaporated milk, or ⅔ cup light cream or buttermilk
½ cup molasses
Sweetened whipped cream (optional for topping)

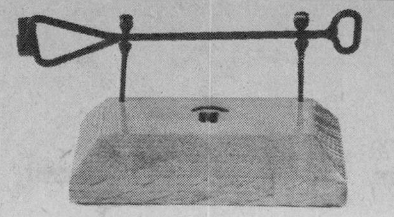
In mixing bowl combine first seven ingredients; add raisins, nuts and suet. Stir in milk and molasses. Mix well. Arrange layers of cheesecloth to form a 16-inch square about ⅛-inch thick and set it 1-qt. bowl. Fill cheesecloth with pudding mixture. Bring up sides, allow room for expansion, and tie tightly with string. (If you have equipment for plum pudding, use that). Place the "sack" in a colander. Place colander in kettle; add enough boiling water to cover the sack. Cover and boil gently for two hours. Remove colander; remove cheesecloth from pudding at once. Turn pudding rounded side up on plate. Let cool for about 30 minutes before serving.

(You can use sausage meat for suet).

HASTY PUDDING

1 cup yellow cornmeal (with germ not removed)
butter
maple syrup, brown sugar, molasses or light cream

In a bowl combine the cornmeal and a cup cold water. In a Dutch oven (or heavy saucepan) bring 3 cups water and ½ t salt to boil. Carefully stir in the cornmeal mixture, making sure it does not lump. Cook over low heat stirring occasionally, for 10 to 15 minutes. Serve pudding with a pat of butter and syrup, sugar, molasses or cream or try a mixture.



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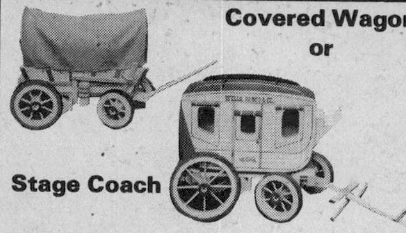

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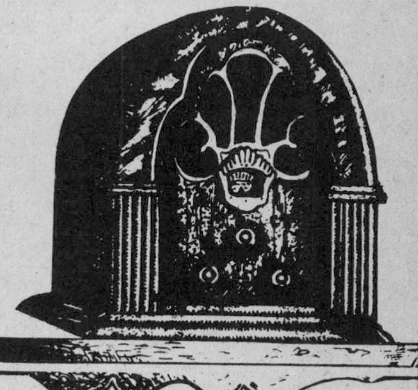

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Wild Old Days

Horse Saves Rider's Life

By LANGFORD JOHNSTON
as told to EVE BALL

One day in early April, 1916, I caught a ride to Magdalena with Dan Gatlin, who was on his way home to Albuquerque, where he lived, from his Tank Canyon ranch twenty miles north of our place on Trenchera Flat, north of the Datil Mountains in New Mexico.

The road from his ranch to Magdalena went right by our house. Magdalena was the cattle shipping point for all the cattle ranches in western Socorro County. The town was about sixty miles from where I lived.

When Dan and I got to town, we stopped at the Wilson Saloon and had a drink. I was just past sixteen years old but in those days the bartenders never asked your age. If you were big enough you were old enough.

Johnny Bowlegs Payne and Ray Morley were in the saloon talking when we walked in. Bowlegs was Gatlin's foreman; he had come in the day before on business. He came over, paid for the drinks, and asked me how I was going to get home. I told him I could catch a ride with someone.

He said he had just bought a horse and saddle from a cowboy who was going back to Texas. He said if I would ride the horse out to Tank Canyon he would take me home from there.

He said he would pay for my room and meals and I could start early next morning, stay at Morley's ranch the first night, and make it to Gatlin's the following day. He said the horse was gentle if I didn't spook him. He told me to untrack the horse when I saddled and walk him off slow when I got on him.

After we ate supper, I went to the livery stable to see the horse. He was a big black with a diamond brand on his left thigh. His name was Diamond. The saddle was on a rack and I got on it to adjust the stirrup leathers to fit.

The next morning I was up by daylight. It had turned cold, the wind was blowing and the sky was overcast. Shortly after daylight, I met Bowlegs in the cafe. We had ham and eggs, hashbrown potatoes, coffee, toast and jelly. (I would remember this meal many times before I had another!)

After we finished eating, we went over to the stable. I saddled old Diamond. He snorted a few times and when I cinched him up he had a big bow in his back. After untracking him I climbed on, held him up, and walked off slowly for a hundred yards. Then I waved good-bye to Bowlegs and headed west.

The Tres Montuoso Mountains showed up ahead to my right as I rode. These peaks are a landmark for travelers for the west. The old-time ranchers coming to Magdalena knew when the peaks came into view they were nearing their destination. So they always were a pleasant sight.

Going west from Magdalena on what is now Highway 60 one travels uphill in timber for twelve miles. Then the San Augustin Plains stretch into the far yonder for twenty-five miles up to the little town of Datil.

One day, the previous summer, a bartender in the Aragon told about a stranger coming in to have a drink. He had just asked an old cowboy how far it was to Datil and the waddy told him he didn't rightly know but it was a "fur piece." I found that if you are riding a horse in a bad sleet storm it is much farther than that. I was wearing a sheepskin-lined coat and a wool shirt, but the wind was blowing so hard it was mighty cold.

Just as we got to Wolf Wells on the edge of the plains, it started to snow. I

Photo courtesy of L.R. Johnston.

The San Augustin Plains.

Photo courtesy of L.R. Johnston.

The old ranch supply store in Magdalena.

Photo courtesy of L.R. Johnston.

The Magdalena Inn, built in 1916.

stopped and watered Diamond, got off him and stomped my feet to try to warm them. I took my bandana out of my pocket, put it over my head and tied it under my chin because my ears were freezing.

Shortly after we left the Wells, the snow turned to sleet. The wind out of the northwest was blowing so hard the sleet was almost parallel to the ground. I don't believe any horse that ever lived could have traveled head-on into that storm very long, but it hit us at an angle and old Diamond never faltered.

Most cowboys either sing or hum as they ride along but I couldn't carry a tune at all, so when riding along I would talk to my pony. Singing or talking soothes a horse's nerves and he quiets down. I think that old Diamond understood every word I said.

He was easy riding with a good gait and was always looking for more country. After about five miles the frost was all over his whiskers. I swear the right side of my face was frozen solid. I had on wool-lined gloves but my hands were too stiff to move.

When we got to White Plains we had to veer to the right for two or three miles and we hit the storm almost head-on. Diamond turned left twice for a moment when the wind increased in violence, but quickly returned to the right direction.

Two or three times I thought about getting off to walk and lead him in order to warn up but doubted very much that I could get back on him for I was stiff with cold. Looking back to the east, Tres Montuoso was just a blur.

The timber near Datil seemed as far away as it had been when I left Wolf Wells and the storm kept getting worse. But Diamond kept going.

Just after we passed the White Flats we met two freight wagons hooked together and pulled by a six-horse hitch. The driver stopped and talked a few minutes. He said White House Canyon above Datil had two feet of snow and if the road hadn't been downhill and the wagons empty, he could never have made it. He was going to camp that night at Wolf Wells.

Just talking to another man in the same predicament helped me some. He had a canvas over the wagon bows and he was out of the wind. But he was cold.

I don't know how long we had been traveling (I never had a watch), but I could tell it was late in the afternoon when we reached the timber and it was about six miles to the Drag A Ranch (Morley's). We didn't stop at Datil. It was almost dark when we got to Morley's.

I put Diamond in the barn, hung a morral of corn on him and went into the house. The cowboys were fixing to eat, but hungry as I was, I stood by the fireplace a long time to thaw out. Then I filled up on beans and sourdough biscuits. After finishing the meal, I went out and took the morral off old Diamond and threw him some gama hay.

That night the cowboys had a big laugh about my ride. Each told of one he had made that was a lot colder and longer, but I didn't believe them. The next morning the storm had abated somewhat. I got home before noon and had a good dinner.

I left home shortly after noon and had gone a few miles when Bowlegs overtook me in his Model T on the way to Tank Canyon. He told me I did a good job riding through that sleet storm. I told him Diamond was one of the best horses I ever rode. He said he would take me home in the morning. I was a proud kid.

When I arrived at the Tank Canyon Ranch, Bowlegs was out in front of the house talking to a man who worked for a small outfit over by Alegra mountain about forty miles south of Gatlin's headquarters.

This fellow claimed to have ridden the rough string at the XIT ranch in Texas. He told everyone he would get on the old mean ponies and toll the hardware to 'em, so we called him Hardware John.

Hardware was wearing a pair of big-roweled Chihuahua spurs. When I got off Diamond, he walked around him looking him over. Bowlegs said, "What do you think of him, Hardware?"

"Well, I'd like to try him out."

He stepped on Diamond and busted him off fast. He spurred him from the front cinch to his flank and Diamond went six feet high and swapped ends. Hardware sailed about twenty feet in the air and landed in the dirt. Bowlegs almost fell over laughing. The horse ran down to the corral and Bowlegs said, "Go down and take the saddle off him and turn him loose."

When I got to Diamond, I patted him on the nose and said, "You sure throwed him high, Old Horse."

One thing I found out for sure: No one will ever know how cold a human being can get until he rides horseback across the San Augustin Plains in a howling sleet storm. And nobody can appreciate the grit and intelligence of a top horse until one saves his life in a blizzard.

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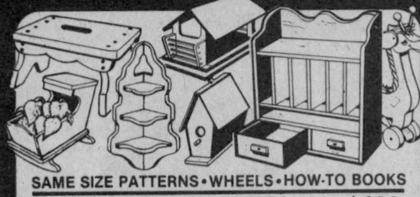

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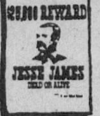

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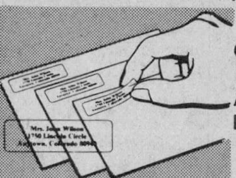

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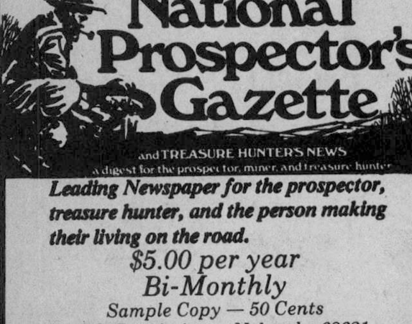

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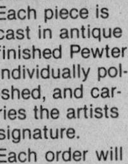

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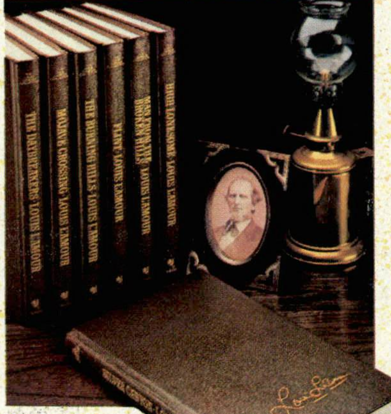

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