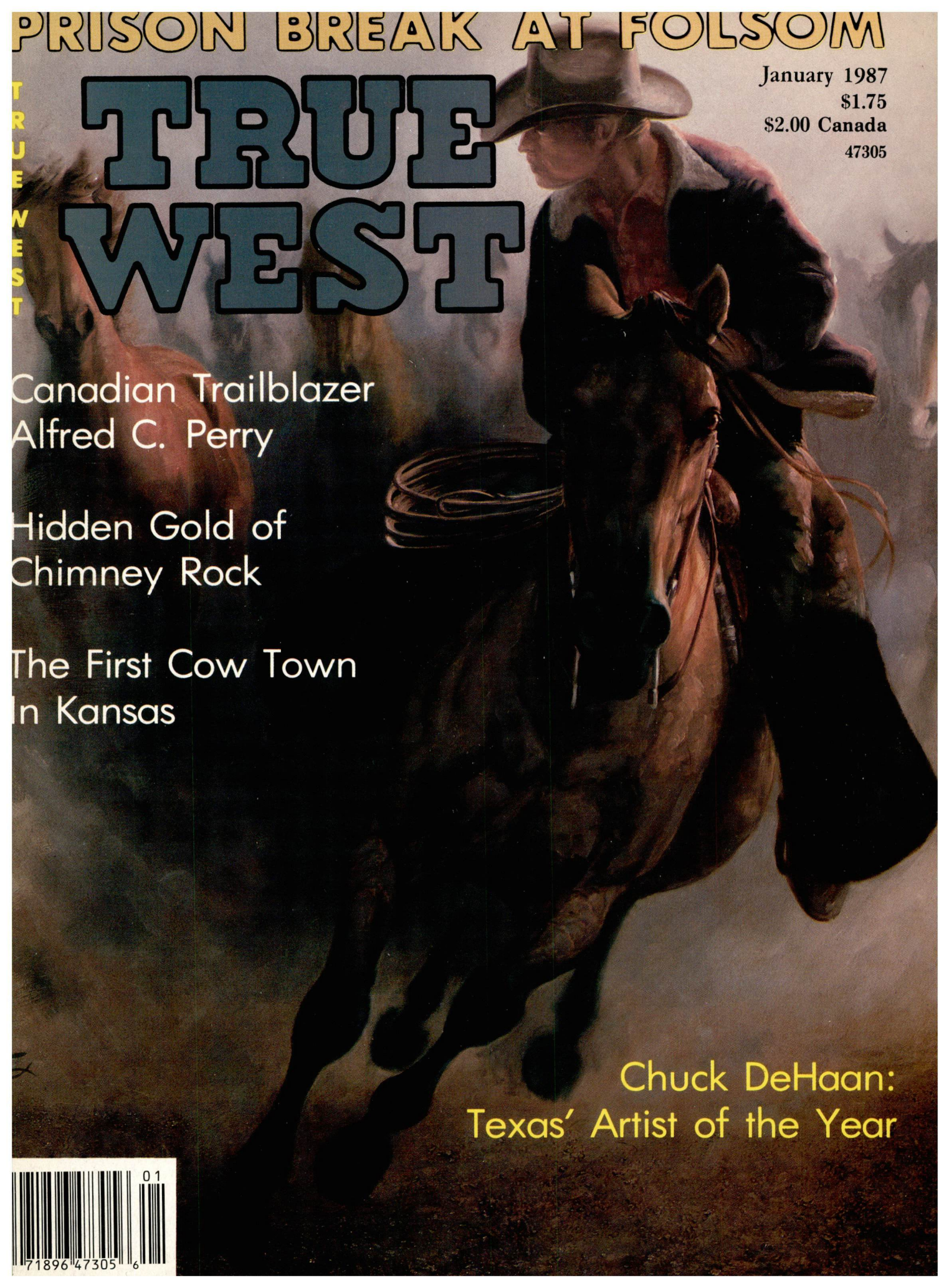
PRISON BREAK AT FOLSOM

TRUE WEST

January 1987
$1.75
$2.00 Canada
47305



Canadian Trailblazer Alfred C. Perry

Hidden Gold of Chimney Rock

The First Cow Town In Kansas

Chuck DeHaan: Texas' Artist of the Year

01
71896 47305 6

The Custer Legend

THE CUSTER STORY
The Life and Intimate Letters of General George A. Custer and His Wife Elizabeth
Edited by Marguerite Merington

"The letters provide a rare and unusual contribution to America's military and social history—a wife's-eye view of war and soldiering, and a soldier's on-the-spot confidences to his wife."—*Saturday Review*. Illustrated, 352 pages. **$9.95**

LIFE IN CUSTER'S CAVALRY
Diaries and Letters of Albert and Jennie Barnitz, 1867–1868
Edited by Robert M. Utley

He was a handsome cavalry hero of the Civil War, she one of Cleveland's most eligible beauties. At Fort Riley, Kansas, the Barnitzes joined Albert's old commander, Gen. George A. Custer. Their first-hand narrative of life in Custer's cavalry is highly literate and graphic. Illustrated, 316 pages. **$7.95**

FIRST SCALP FOR CUSTER
The Skirmish at Warbonnet Creek
By Paul L. Hedren
Introduction by Don Russell

"With a fine sense of location, atmosphere, and historical perspective, Paul Hedren has chronicled the marches and countermarches of the 'Dandy' Fifth Cavalry against the Cheyennes that led up to the skirmish on Warbonnet Creek, and then he has evaluated the significance of the campaign."—*Western Historical Quarterly*. Illustrated, 107 pages. **$5.95**

Other Custer paperbacks available

MY LIFE ON THE PLAINS, by Gen. George A. Custer. $10.95
THE CUSTER MYTH: A SOURCE BOOK OF CUSTERIANA, by W. A. Graham. $14.95
WITH CUSTER'S CAVALRY, by Katherine Gibson Fougera. $7.95
CUSTER'S GOLD, by Donald Jackson. $4.95
CUSTER'S FALL: THE INDIAN SIDE OF THE STORY, by David Humphreys Miller. $7.95
CUSTER: THE LIFE OF GENERAL GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER, by Jay Monaghan. $10.95
THE BATTLE OF THE LITTLE BIG HORN, by Mari Sandoz. $4.50

Cow-Punchin' Classics

TRAIL DUST AND SADDLE LEATHER
By Jo Mora
Illustrations by the author

"*Trail Dust and Saddle Leather* is the best thing in 25 years on the American cowboy and the tools of his trade. It is a comprehensive study of the craft, and the illustrations are the best which have ever been published."—*The New York Times*. Illustrated, 256 pages. **$7.95**

MISTER, YOU GOT YOURSELF A HORSE
Tales of Old-Time Horse Trading
Edited and with an introduction by Roger L. Welsch

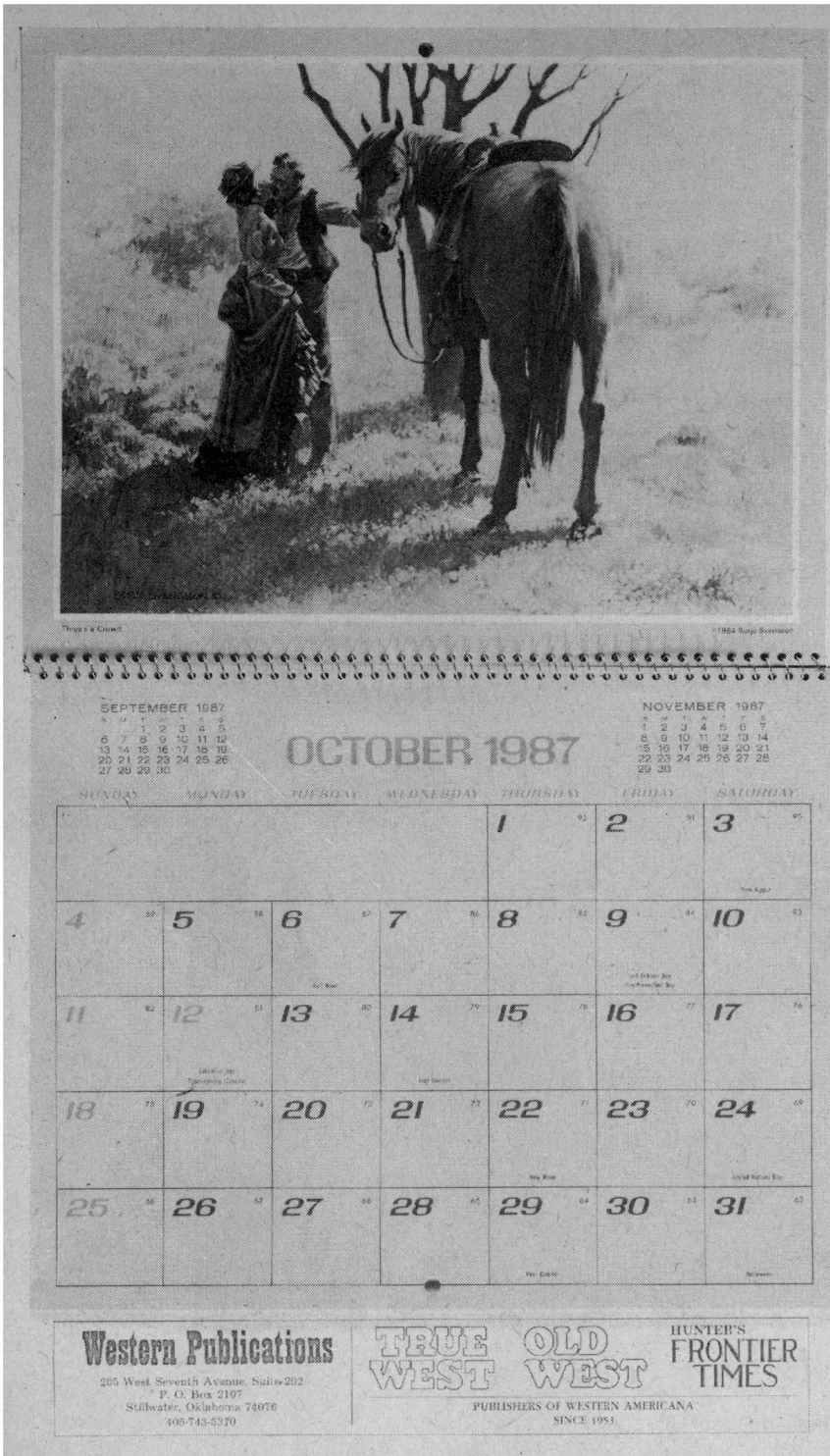
"Anyone with a love for horses, the judging of horseflesh, and an appreciation for the history of man's long association with the horse will like this book."—*Journal of the West*. "This collection of horse-trading tales is a wonderful chunk of Americana, full of sly humor."—*Utah Historical Quarterly*. 219 pages. **$6.95**

MAN, BEAST, AND DUST
The Story of Rodeo
By Clifford P. Westermeier

Here in one comprehensive volume is the colorful and vital story of rodeo. Westermeier takes us from the time of the open range and cattle drives to modern-day rodeos in places from Pecos City and Cheyenne to South America and Australia. Illustrated, 468 pages. **$10.95**

Available at bookstores or from

BISON BOOKS
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA PRESS
901 N 17TH / LINCOLN 68588 0520



actual size: $17\frac{1}{4}$" x $9\frac{3}{4}$"

TRUE WEST

1987 Calendar

FREE!

With two-year subscription to TRUE WEST

This charming, colorful 1987 western calendar is yours free when you begin or renew a two-year subscription to TRUE WEST, America's leading monthly magazine of Western history. Or receive the calendar for only $1.95 when you begin or renew a one-year subscription.

Two-year subscription — $24.00, calendar FREE
One-year subscription — $13.95, calendar only $1.95

- Calendar features 12 full-color reproductions of paintings by Borje Svensson — ideal for framing
- Makes a great daily organizer
- Perfect for gift giving
- Strong, durable, spiral binding
- FREE with new or renewed two-year subscription
- Reduced price with one-year subscription
- QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED, so order today!

Send order to:

Western Subscriptions
P. O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076

For faster service, call 405-743-3370 and charge your order!

☐ Yes, please send me a FREE 1987 calendar with my two-year subscription to TRUE WEST — $24.00 for 24 issues.

☐ Send me a 1987 calendar for only $1.95 with my one-year subscription to TRUE WEST — $13.95 for 12 issues. Total: $15.90.

☐ I wish to order just the 1987 calendar. Send me _____ calendars @ $5.00 ea.

☐ new subscription ☐ renewal/extension

☐ Payment enclosed — check/money order
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax. On foreign orders, including to Canada and Mexico, add $5.00 per year per subscription.

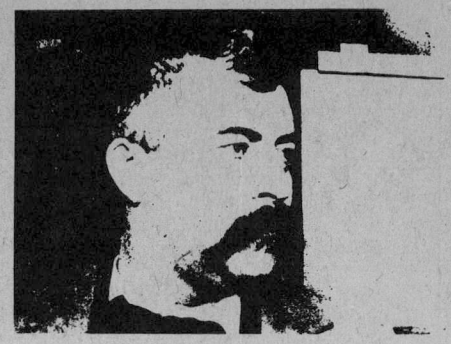
TW187

We will start shipping calendars on December 1, 1986, in time for the new year. Our quantities are limited, so hurry and send your order today!

TRUE WEST

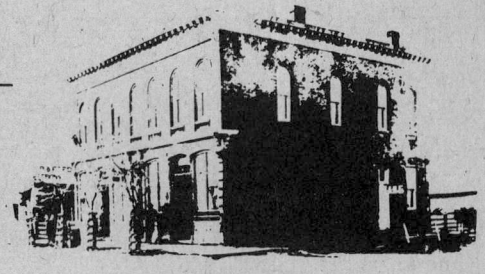
January 1987
Vol. 34, No. 1
Whole No. 225

FEATURES

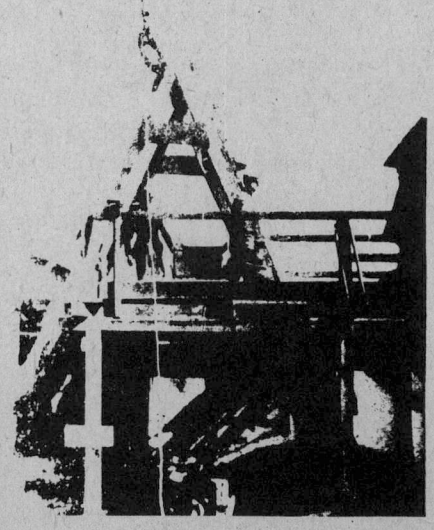


Page 14

Page 20



Page 44



Page 48

DEPARTMENTS

OUR COVER

"Pointing 'Em In," by Chuck DeHaan. DeHaan was recently named Official Texas State Artist for the Year 1986-87.

TRUE WEST

Publisher
Randy Clausen

Editor
John Joerschke

Assistant Editor
Kelli Rhoads

Advertising Manager
Steve Gragert

Subscription Coordinator
Charlotte Brown

Administrative Controller
Kenneth Moyes

Financial Controller
Steven Cundiff

Business Manager
Larry Vredenburgh

TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, 205 W. 7th, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74076. $1.75 per copy; U.S. subscription rate is $13.95 per year (12 issues per year); $26.00 for two years)24 issues. Other countries including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover extra handling and postage. Please provide payment in U.S. funds drawn on a U.S., Canadian or Mexican bank; personal checks, bank money orders or cashier's checks drawn on foreign banks are not acceptable or the national currency, unless the total payment is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Stillwater, OK 74076 and at additional mailing offices.

To assure prompt service when contacting us with address change or other inquiry concerning your subscription, please include the mailing label from a recent issue along with your new address.

POSTMASTER: Please send address change to: Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, 205 W. 7th, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74076.

From the Editor

Well, dadburnit, it's the New Year already and 1986 is history. But we're not quite ready to let last year rest in peace. In the December issue I afflicted you all with a little idle chatter about my favorite articles in TRUE WEST over the past twelve months. Now we're going to give you a chance to get even. At the same time we figger to give some of our contributors a little well deserved recognition.

After spilling all that ink in last month's letter from the editor, I got it through my thick head that such information ought to be goin' in the other direction. What we really need to do, I thought, is to have a democratic vote of TRUE WEST readers to find out what the folks who are payin' for this mag think were the best story and cover of the year.

Daydreaming about that some more I decided, doggonit, it just doesn't make sense to have some big election if the winner isn't going to get some sort of recognition. I finally narrowed the award down to two choices: a high-paid, do-nothin' political post or a commemorative plaque shaped like the "Truth Wagon" that appears at the end of every TRUE WEST article. Since a Truth Wagon would be more prestigious than a political office, I picked the plaque.

So here I am, announcing what we hope will become an annual affair, the TRUE WEST readers poll for the best article and the best cover painting or photograph of the year. We're calling it-- appropriately enough—the Western Publications Truth Wagon Award.

Voting is easy. All you need to do is write the title of your favorite article on the ballot below. (Photocopies are okay if you don't want to slice up your magazine.) To vote for your favorite cover, you can write in either the name of the picture or the month it appeared. Only full-length feature articles in or covers on issues of TRUE WEST dated January through December 1986 are eligible.

Mail your ballot to: Western Publications Truth Wagon Award, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. It will cost a stamp and an envelope to vote, but that's the price of democracy. Ballots must be postmarked by January 31, 1987.

One more thing: Vote, dadblastit, and help make this an annual wingding! If nobody votes, nobody wins, and then we'll have the biggest editorial wreck since Joe Small's tie got caught in his Woodstock typewriter.

John Joerschke

Official Ballot

Western Publications Truth Wagon Award

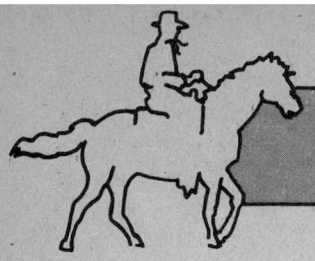
My vote for TRUE WEST's best article of 1986 goes to:

_____

My vote for TRUE WEST's best cover of 1986 goes to:

_____

Mail ballot to Western Publications Truth Wagon Award, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Ballots must be postmarked by January 31, 1987.



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Eve Ball Enthusiasts

In response to your editorial asking readers for input, we think both of your publications have improved a lot in the last year. There are good stories and so many new writers. We enjoy very much the stories that have pictures and illustrations. We look forward every month to the "Answer Man," by Chuck Parsons. He does a wonderful job in answering questions that we send in to him.

The stories by the late Eve Ball are our favorites. The tribute to her by Lynda A. Sánchez in the June 1986 issue was wonderful.

We hope you keep up the good work. **—Sylvester and Mae Hartel, Tucson, AZ.**

Regarding Hardin

Please tell Win Gillihan in "Letters From Our Readers," October 1986, James Allen Hardin has gone down in Nevada history. He was a member of a wagon train in early days and went out to hunt meat for the party when food was about to run out. He and a companion found some rocks of a lead-like material. Being short of bullets, they made some of this lead-like mineral.

He tried to get back later to the spot where he picked up the rocks but never succeeded in locating it. Their camping area became a town and was named Hardin City after James Allen Hardin.—**Mrs. W.H. Brown, Sparks, NV.**

True Hillbilly Clodhopper

You said you wanted to know what people thought about TRUE WEST. Well first of all let me tell you about myself. I was born in a little place near Ava, Missouri, in 1928. I'm fifty-eight years old and totally disabled. When I was a youngster, I got up at 5:00 a.m. and hand-milked seven cows, packed water from a spring, slopped hogs, and then walked three miles to school. I went to school only if there was no plowing to be done. Work came before school. We hauled our corn and wheat to the mill to be ground with a steam motor driven mill to be made into bread. Labor in those days was fifty cents a day. I ran off from home at twelve and went to Colorado. I worked on the Turkey Track Ranch near Colorado Springs. After a couple of years I came back to the Ozarks and later went in the navy in World War II for five years. I made it around the world twice and have been in every state. I am a true hillbilly clodhopper and proud of it. TRUE WEST is all I read. I want true facts and your magazine is the closest thing to truth.

I like stories about gunfights, Texas Rangers, and Indian leaders. I find that a lot of the stories about Jesse and Frank James are untrue. My folks' grandparents were friends of Jesse's. I am supposed to be related to the Jameses somewhere down the line.

Something I don't like to see in TRUE WEST is movie people. I would like to see more western stories without them portraying someone's life. I also don't particularly like stories on Custer.

I liked the October '86 TRUE WEST article on Belle Starr and Calamity Jane. They were both so ugly that they would have to slip up on the dipper to get a drink. Their legend just shows how movies and books can make a mountain out of a mole hill.— **Norman L. Bass, Los Molinos, CA.**

Regarding Custer

After reading "Custer's Navy: The Tragic Journey of the Sternwheeler *Far West*" by Ken Brooks, which appeared in the October 1986 issue of TRUE WEST, I feel Mr. Brooks made several statements which are deserving of correction and/or clarification.

First, Bismarck is still spelled as it is on the c. 1890 map and on the masthead of the July 6, 1876 *Tribune*: B-i-s-m-a-r-c-k; and not B-i-s-m-a-r-k, as it appears throughout the text of the article.

It should be noted that the voyage of the *Josephine* did not end at Pompey's Pillar, but rather twenty-two miles above Pryor's Creek, (forty-five miles above Pompey's Pillar) on June 7, 1875.

I would have no disagreement with the statement, "The *Far West* had covered 710 miles of the most treacherous steamboat water in the country, averaging $13^{1}/_{7}$ miles per hour, an upper-river record never equaled," had Mr. Brooks used the word "voyage" instead of "record." As it is, that statement should be clarified in that the *Far West's* record was never equaled simply because that voyage was never duplicated.

Traditionally, steamboat records could be made only on upriver runs, which eliminated any advantage that one of the two annual rises might give a boat on the downstream run. Be that as it may, in June, 1878, the *F.Y. Batchelor* did better the time made by the *Far West* on the Fort Custer–Fort Buford portion of the *Far West's* voyage to Bismarck.

As for the Fort Buford-Bismarck leg of the voyage, the *Far West* if mentioned at all where records are concerned, is as a footnote, and not as the standard by which others measured their time. Even if it were given that a record could be established on a downstream run, that record would not go to the *Far West*, but to the *Miner* for her Fort Rice to Yankton voyage—750 miles in 38 hours running time—or at an average of 19.7 miles per hour.

This voyage was hailed by the Yankton Press, June 18, 1878 as "the most remarkable feat of steamboat travel ever made on the Big Muddy." However, both the voyage of the *Far West* and the *Miner* were made on the "June rise." And the fact that both are measured in "running time" is critical and should not be dismissed as irrelevant because all of the boats' down time was subtracted from the actual time that it took to get from point A to point B. While the *Far West* made one of the most remarkable voyages of record, it simply was not a record making voyage.—**Doug Engebretson, Belle Fourche, SD.**

Author's Response: Of course Bismarck is spelled B-i-s-m-a-r-c-k. I've known that all my adult life. Why did I type it B-i-s-m-a-r-k? I guess it's one of those glitches that gets embedded in your subconscious. It was a dumb mistake

and Mr. Engebretson has a right to criticize. However, I'm not all that impressed with his comments on boat "records" on the Missouri. There are probably at least a dozen different ways of saying something, or referring to one-of-a-kind performances, and it is easy to find fault with someone else's choice of phrases. I am especially disinclined to compare Fort Rice to Yankton with Little Big Horn to Bismarck. Even so, I'm glad Mr. Engebretson wrote, even critically. People like him keep us on our toes and remind us that we should always try to do better.

Colt Collector

In reference to "The Gun that Won the West Turns 150," (October 1986 TRUE WEST) I own an original 1850 patent .44 cap and ball Colt and original holster used by my late great uncle Spencer A. Hermblin at the Battle of Missionary Ridge and also at Shiloh, Tennessee, where he was disabled in battle on April 2, 1862. The gun is in excellent shape, and many collectors have tried to deal me out of it. I also have a piece of shrapnel that smashed my uncle's knee at Shiloh Hill and a genuine carpet bag from 1776. My uncle Hermblin used this carpet bag while selling real estate in the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma during the land rush.—**Walt Thayer, Wenatchie, WA.**

Mystery Photo

In the March 1986 issue of TRUE WEST there was a picture of a town celebrating on the Fourth of July. Someone was trying to find out the name of that town. Mr. Byron W. Oldham said that that town could be Burlington, Colorado. I agree with him. It looks familiar to me because I got my marriage license there in 1927. What do the native Coloradans think?—**H.H. Pankratz, Crawford, CO.**

Amplification

Much of the material in John W. Sammon's "Alice Fletcher: The Measuring Woman" (November 1986 TRUE WEST) was found in *With the Nez Perces: Alice Fletcher in the Field, 1889–92*, edited by Frederick E. Hoxie and Joan T. Mark (University of Nebraska Press, 1981). TRUE WEST regrets not properly crediting that source.

Harvey House Employee

I read with interest "Fred Harvey's Recipe for Success," by Paul F. Long in the September 1986 issue of TRUE WEST. I worked for the Fred Harvey Company from late November 1942, through the buy-out by Amfac in the late 1960s.

I first worked at the Bisonte Hotel in Hutchinson, Kansas, until May, 1946, when that hotel was sold to the American Legion. I understand it was torn down some years ago and replaced by a Ramada Inn. I also worked for about six months at Newton in that Harvey House. The rest of the years I have worked at Grand Canyon.

I was quite surprised to read that the old Fray Marcos at Williams had, according to Gary DeWalt, been torn down. True, Mr. Van Coverdon's beautiful flower gardens are gone and the building is in sad shape, but it still stands by the railroad track, as it did

forty years ago when I spent my first night in Arizona there. Some of the Arizona Harvey Houses are gone—burned or torn down—but the Fray Marcos still exists.

The years working for the Harvey family were happy times and I remember well the visits made to the properties by the Harveys.—**Mary K. Hoover, Grand Canyon, AZ.**

No Waterway in "Hairy Face"

I think that the writer of "Hairy Face on the Barroom Floor" (August TRUE WEST) was incorrect when he wrote about the miner and his dog. There is no waterway between Vader and Tacoma, Washington.—**J.B. Lucas, Wenatchee, WA.**

Author's Response: The map of Washington State that I used was made by Rand-McNally about 1892, and as I realize now, was not very reliable.

More of the True West

In your October editorial you asked for your readers to respond. Well, here goes. I do like your magazine, and I read it from cover to cover. But you are getting away from the true West. So let's get back to the basics and get some real western stories in again. The movie stories are published in movie magazines, and I saw most of those movies when I was a kid. I just got a little taste of the Old West in the Twenties and Thirties. Now the ranching has grown too modern to suit me. I know that there are a few who still go for the old-fashioned ways, so let us hear more about that true West.—**H.H. Pankratz, Crawford, CO.**

Missing Mug Book

Do any of your readers have a copy of a book of the life of William J. Miller? It was termed as a Mug Book and published in early 1900. I would like to get a copy of it. He was my great-grandfather. I have been told there was such a book.—**Margarette Miller Forrest, Portales, NM.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

Santa Fe Trail Council

Nationally prominent Santa Fe Trail historian Dr. Marc Simmons has been elected President of the newly created Santa Fe Trail Council.

The purpose of the council is to preserve and to promote the Santa Fe Trail, a 950-mile long commercial trade route which stretched from Old Franklin, Missouri, through Kansas, Colorado, and Oklahoma to Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Simmons' election was a highlight of the Santa Fe Trail Symposium recently held in Trinidad, Colorado. The three day seminar attracted more than 230 authors, archaeologists, historians, scholars, and experts, who listened to twenty-six speakers talk about different aspects of the famous trail, which flourished from 1821 to 1880.

Dr. Simmons urged New Mexicans who are Santa Fe Trail enthusiasts to contact U.S. Senator Pete Domenici of New Mexico in Washington, D.C., to urge him to support recent Federal legislation that would designate the Santa Fe Trail a National Historic Trail. Passage of the legislation, Simmons explained, would help to preserve and promote the trail and help to boost tourism at trail sites and trail communities in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Oklahoma, and New Mexico.

Dr. Simmons announced that the next Santa Fe Trail Symposium would be held on September 25-27, 1987, in Hutchinson, Kansas. For further information about the 1987 symposium, contact the Santa Fe Trail Council, P.O. Box 472, Trinidad, Colorado, 81082.

Dr. Simmons also announced that Dr. Leo Oliva, a member of the council's Board of Directors, will escort a Santa Fe Trail Tour on August 7-16, 1987, from Hays, Kansas. The tour, which will take a maximum of thirty people to trail sites in Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Colorado, costs $425 per person. The tour is also available for anyone seeking college credit. For further information contact Dr. Oliva at Heritage Tours, P.O. Box 1, Woodston, Kansas 67675, or phone (913) 994-6253.

For information on membership categories and dues, including a free copy of the council's first issue of its quarterly newsletter, *Wagon Tracks*, send a self-addressed, stamped business envelope to the Santa Fe Trail Council, P.O. Box 472, Trinidad, Colorado 81082, or phone (303) 846-7217.

Archives of Afro-American Life and History

The Barker Texas History Center at The University of Texas at Austin and the Texas Association for the Study of Afro-American Life and History, Inc. will cooperate to develop archival collections and other library materials related to Afro-American life and history, especially in Texas, the South and Southwest.

A "memorandum of understanding" to that effect recently was signed on behalf of the Barker Center by Harold W. Billings, director of UT Austin's General Libraries, and by Melvin Wade, Texas Association president and UT Austin doctoral student in folklore and anthropology.

According to Dr. Don E. Carleton, director of the Barker Center, that repository will house the official archives of the Texas Association.

In addition, UT Austin and the Texas Association will work to identify and define other areas of possible collaboration.

The scope of activities provided for in the agreement will be determined by funds regularly available to UT Austin and to the association for collaborative purposes, and by financial assistance from private sources. The new agreement is to remain in effect until August 31, 1987, with the option of subsequent one-year renewals thereafter.

Illustrated Cookbook for Kansas Children

Food in Kansas, A Cookbook for Young Kansans has been published recently and is available for sale to the public. The cookbook is the product of a cooperative research project between the Kansas State Historical Society and the Kansas State Department of Education. It was developed to explore the foods people in Kansas have produced through time, the manner of preparing and eating that food, and its nutritional value.

Twenty-four recipes, illustrated with historical quotations, historic photographs, and photographs of artifacts, carry the reader through Kansas history and focus on the foodways of ethnic, racial, and occupational groups who have been a part of the Kansas experience. From Son-of-a-Gun

Stew, served up by chuckwagon cooks, to Pawnee corn soup and Fred Harvey's recipe for beef rolls (a Santa Fe dining car's specialty), this taste of history is entertaining and enlightening.

This unusual cookbook was developed by the Education Division of the State Historical Society through a grant provided by the Nutrition Training Program of the School Services Division, State Department of Education. It may be purchased for $6.00 from the Kansas Museum of History gift shop, 6425 S.W. Sixth Street, Topeka, or by mail for $7.50 from the Kansas State Historical Society, 120 West Tenth, Topeka, Kansas, 66612-1291.

The Rogers Aston Gallery of American Indian and Western Art

The Rogers Aston Gallery of American Indian and Western Art is the most significant development in a period when the collections and facilities of the Roswell Museum and Art Center have been marked by growth. In the collection are more than 750 items with the majority dating from 1860 to 1880. The important advance the Aston Collection makes in the scope of the museum is dramatized in the area of Native American Arts and, specifically, the added dimension of the Plains Indian.

The collection of Mr. Aston's bronze sculptures, included at the request of the museum, enhances the special personality of the collection as well as demonstrating the collector's insight into the fascinating circumstances manifest in western history.

One example of the collection is the Ghost Dance Shirt. The Ghost Dance was so named because its basis was a belief in the ultimate return of the Indian dead to this earth. The Ghost Dance shirt was introduced to the Ghost Dance Ceremony by the Sioux Indian. It was made of muslin and the designs were painted on the shirt to give it special powers, the foremost of which was the power to protect the wearer from harm. Many of the Sioux killed in the fierce battle at Wounded Knee were wearing Ghost Dance shirts.

The Ghost Dance Ceremony originated with the Paiute Indians through an "Indian Messiah" named Wovoka. He claimed to have had a vision when taken to the After World where the Supreme Being told him to return to the earth and tell his people to love one another, to live in peace with the whites, and to devote themselves to work. If the Indian did this and danced the ceremonial dance that the Supreme Being had taught him, he would be reunited with his dead and death would come no more. It was believed the earth would open and the white man would be swallowed up. The designs on the Ghost Dance shirts and shields were of the sun, moon, stars, and eagles. Following the tragic battle at Wounded Knee, the Ghost Dance died out in a few years. This piece and many more in the collection can be found at the Roswell Museum and Art Center, Roswell, New Mexico.

Charlie Russell Bronze

A full-sized bronze statue of Charlie Russell and his favorite horse was erected late last year on Central Avenue in the plaza of First Bank Great Falls, Montana. The artist, Buckeye Blake of Augusta, Montana, said the statue is the first large-scale equestrian sculpture of the man Blake describes as a "horse nut." Blake's conception is of a drifting young night herder talking man-to-beast with his closest companion, a scrawny cayuse named Monte.

The actual clay sculpting of "Kid Russell and Monte" took Blake about two months of 16-hour days, but he had the project in mind for much longer than that.

The costs of the project will be recouped through the sale of 26 18-inch-tall bronzes and 100 10½-inch-tall bronzes. The C.M. Russell Museum also stands to receive more than $10,000 from the proceeds.

Blake has been studying Russell for years. As Russell was a pioneer in coupling the narrative skill of the artist with the historian's regard for authenticity, Blake is determined to follow his example. Aspects of the work were rendered with a similar regard for authenticity.

Tona Freeman Blake

Artist Buckeye Blake standing beside his full-sized statue of Charlie Russell.

Blake modeled the saddle after a Russell saddle on display at the Montana Historical Society in Helena. Likewise, the jacket worn by the bronze Russell depicts a jacket Russell used to wear.

Yet with all the attention to detail, Blake would not be content if his tribute to Russell were merely accurate. The sculptor is hoping to bring life to his work. Blake sees Russell as a great animal lover, a lover of the underdog, and he hopes this side of Russell's personality will be the spark that animates the sculpture.

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 photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

Wild Bunch Bu

By CHUCK PARSONS

Three well known outlaws, Ben Kilpatrick, Harvey Logan, and Will Carver, are being researched by Stuart Hodsell, 11 Calder Road, Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England LE4 ORF. Referring to "The End of Will Carver" (TRUE WEST, May-June 1970) Hodsell asks where Carver is buried.

Carver is best known as a member of the Wild Bunch. His face is intriguingly handsome in the famous photo of the Wild Bunch all dressed up in Fort Worth.

Carver was killed by Sutton County, Texas, Sheriff E.S. Briant when Briant and deputies J.L. Davis, W.H. Thompson, and Henry Sharp attempted to arrest him on suspicion of killing Oliver Thornton. Carver was shot on April 1, 1901, and died the next day. His headstone in Sonora bears the simple legend, "April 2, 1901." It was placed on the grave by Carver's long-time friend, George Hamilton.

A Long Shot. "Kreeger's Toughest Arrest," by Robert K. DeArment (TRUE WEST, June 1986), notes that lawman Lew Kreeger shot a man half a mile away. Lee Shambrugh, Box 44, Bringhurst, IN 46913, wants to know the make and caliber of the gun Kreeger used.

I have been unable to determine the type of firearm, but such a shot was indeed possible. There are other records of marksmen hitting their targets from even greater distances using rifles made before 1900.

Buffalo hunters firing Sharps rifles with properly adjusted sights could hit a target up to 1,000 yards away. At the Battle of Adobe Walls in June 1874, hunter Billy Dixon shot a warrior at a distance of 1,538 yards, close to a mile. Dixon attributed the hit to luck, but skill must have been a factor.

It certainly would not have been impossible for Kreeger to have hit his target from half a mile using pre-1900 weaponry.

Unknown Deputy. Ike Clanton was killed June 1, 1887, while resisting arrest. According to Lorezo D. Walters' book, *Tombstone's Yesterday*, a Deputy Sheriff Parnell was involved in the shooting. Carl Heinrich, Box 305, Reno, OH 45773, would like to know more about Parnell.

No other source I know of deals with Parnell. Since Clanton had quite a reputation, the newspapers made good copy of his death, publishing long, highly detailed articles. Yet to my knowledge none of those contemporary accounts even mentions Parnell.

According to the primary resources, the men involved in Clanton's death were Deputy Sheriff J.V. Brighton, Deputy Sheriff Albert Miller, and George Powell. Brighton was credited with killing the notorious Clanton. The Apache County *Critic* commented, "Thus ended the wild career of poor, deluded misguided Ike Clanton. He sowed to the wind and has harvested the whirlwind."

Younger Builders? Did the Younger Brothers ever build a hotel and store in California? Hayden Coggins, P.O. Box 86, La Honda, CA 94020 wrote an interesting letter about that possibility.

The information may be merely a local legend, but it is worth sharing with TRUE WEST readers. "In San Mateo County, California, in a small hamlet of La Honda a family settled . . . driven out of Scarsville Lake . . . They built a home and barns. Below their home a quarter

Will Carver's grave is located at Sonora, Sutton County, Texas.

rial

mile in the very small hamlet they built a hotel and store. The store became a general store. I have always been told that it was built by the Younger brothers—which ones I have no way of knowing. It is now known as 'The Bandit Built Store.'"

I would be very happy to hear from anyone who has any knowledge of this story.

Wetzel Mystery Solved. Ages ago I was asked about an early American character, Lew Wetzel, who supposedly was some type of outlaw. At the time I confessed my ignorance, but I have since been informed of a "biography" of the man and have located a copy.

The Life and Adventures of Lewis Wetzel, the Renowned Virginia Ranger and Scout, by Robert C.V. Meyers, was published in 1883. There may have been a real Lewis Wetzel in the early days of American history, but this book is mainly fiction.

Polk Brothers of Fort Worth. "I am trying to locate any information I can on Lucius J. Polk, who was reportedly sheriff of Fort Worth, Texas, at one time. He and his brother, James H. Polk set up the Polk Brothers Stockyard." So writes Ted Yeatman, J 170, 5099 Linbar Drive, Nashville, TN 37211.

James H. Polk was born in Maury County, Tennessee, in 1842, the son of George W. and Sallie L. Harding Polk. He and brother Lucius served in the Confederate Army.

James H. and Lucius K. Polk went to Fort Worth in 1883. At one time their Polk Stock Yards were the largest in the South. I have been unable to verify any role Lucius K. Polk may have played as a law officer.

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.

By JOHN BOESSENECKER

RED SHIRT &

George Sontag and Frank "Smiling"

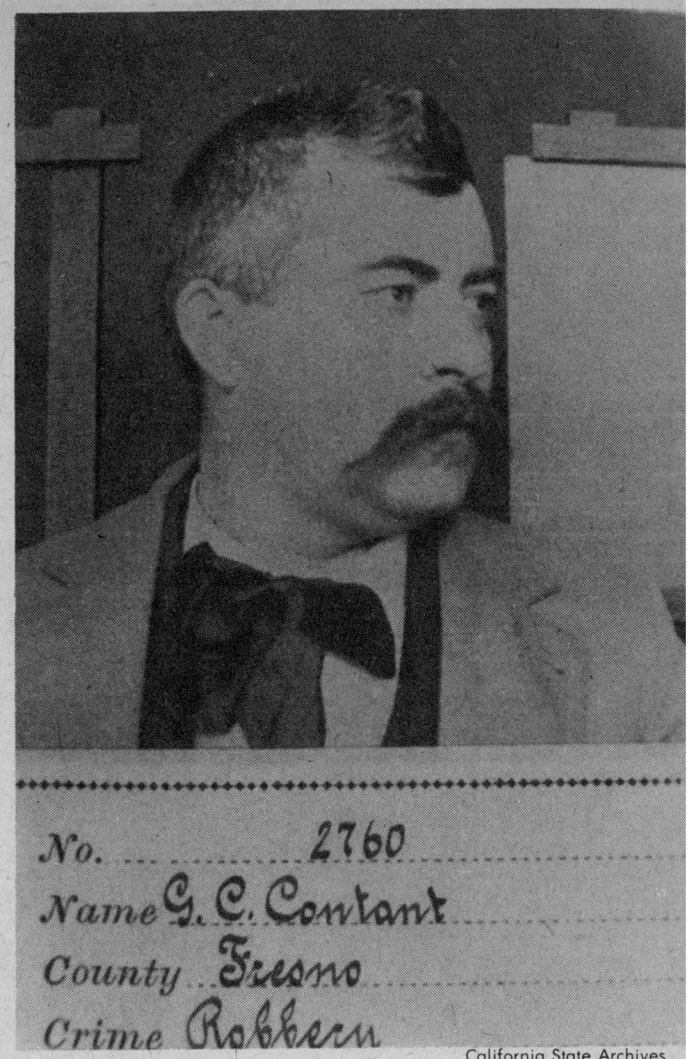
In the blistering heat of a June afternoon in 1893 a horde of curious spectators and newspaper reporters crowded into the captain's office at Folsom prison in the Sierra Nevada foothills east of Sacramento. They gawked open mouthed at three bullet-shredded corpses clad in prison stripes and lined up on the floor. Nearby in the prison hospital lay four more convicts, also riddled with lead but hanging on to life.

This was the bloody tally of an hour-long battle with rifle, revolver, and Gatling gun in which some 3,000 shots were fired. Wrote one newspaperman who gazed upon the lifeless forms in the captain's office, "Half a dozen convicts washed the dead bodies to make them decent for the inquest. They looked at the wounds and talked in whispers. Fifty bullet holes in two men were an unpleasant reminder of the folly of escapes."

The breakout attempt had been planned months before by George Sontag, one of California's most notorious train robbers. He was the younger brother of John Sontag, who with Chris Evans, Visalia farmer, had held up Southern Pacific trains at Pixley, Tulare County, on February 22, 1889; at Goshen Junction on January 20, 1890; and at Ceres, near Modesto, on September 3, 1891. In none of these holdups were Evans and Sontag suspected of being the culprits.

At the time of the Ceres job, George Sontag was living in Chicago with his wife and two children. Already he had served a two-year term for embezzlement in the Nebraska state prison, but now he was trying to "go straight." At his parents' hotel in Mankato, Minnesota, George met his brother John, who had come east for a visit. John told George of his train robbing adventures in California and the younger Sontag became excited about the prospect of easy money. He agreed to assist his brother and Chris Evans in future holdups. In November 1891, the Sontags and Chris Evans robbed a train near Racine, Wisconsin, and in July, 1892, they held up another at Kasota, Minnesota. Their final holdup took place at Collis (now Kerman) in Fresno County, California, on August 3, 1892.

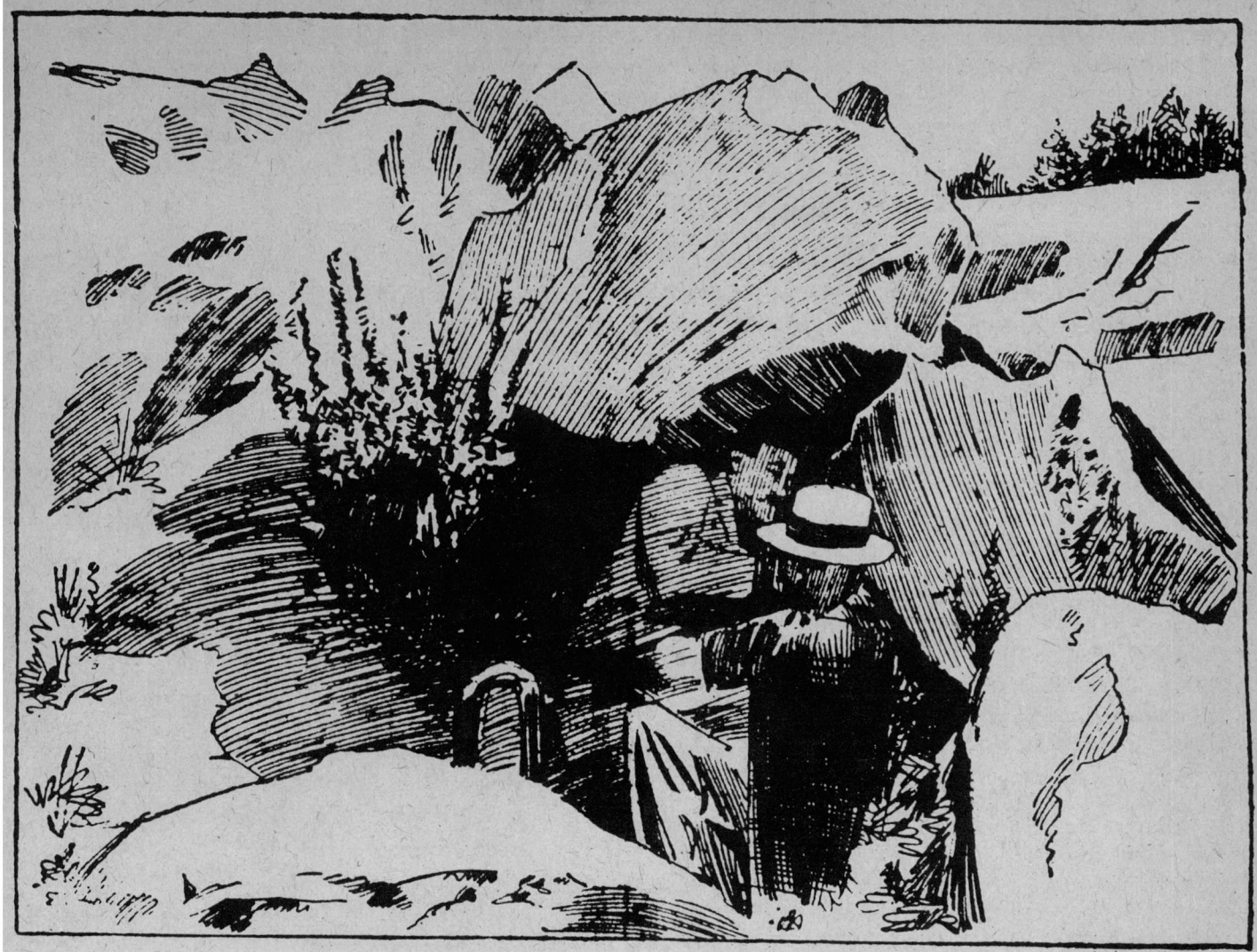
Two days later railroad detectives picked up George Sontag for questioning. While drinking in a Visalia saloon, Sontag had described the Collis job in detail and had claimed to have been a passenger on the train. Such news travels quickly in small towns, and soon



California State Archives

Prison photo of George Sontag who led the breakout attempt in the Folsom quarry in 1893.

the bandit was being "sweated" in the sheriff's office. Sontag refused to admit his guilt, but when suspicious officers went to Evans' ranch to question John Sontag, a shootout erupted in which two lawmen were wounded. Evans and Sontag fled into the mountains. Thus began one of California's longest and most famous manhunts, with Evans and Sontag alternately evading and shooting it out with posses and occasionally sneaking into Visalia for midnight visits with Evans' family.



Author's Photograph

"Sontag's Last Ditch," as sketched by an artist for the San Francisco *Examiner* the day after the gunfight.

George Sontag was convicted of the Collis robbery and sentenced to life imprisonment at Folsom. He entered the prison on November 3, 1892, and soon began making plans to escape. Sontag was certain that his brother and Chris Evans would be willing to aid him, but Warden Charles Aull knew that Sontag was a dangerous and resourceful man. Aull prevented Sontag from having any contact with the outside world and had convict "snitches," or spies, keep a close eye on the new prisoner.

George Sontag tried to convince the prison officers that he had "got religion," and he took a prominent part in prayer services conducted by a preacher from Auburn named Chisholm, who made regular visits to the penitentiary. Sontag led the convicts' choir and prayed as long and as loud as the most devout prisoner. He soon got into the good graces of Chisholm. Although it was strictly forbidden, the unwitting minister agreed to mail several letters from Sontag to Chris Evans' wife and daughter, Eva. Eva

GATLING GUN

Williams' Folsom Prison Breakout

California State Library

The fight took place at Folsom prison to the right of the diversion dam. The Gatling gun tower can be seen on the bluff overlooking the American River on the left, just above the dam. This photo was taken around 1900.

wrote back to Chisholm, who smuggled the replies into the prison. The unsuspecting preacher did not know that Sontag's letters, partly written in code, had requested Eva to obtain guns and ammunition for a prison break. Chris Evans owned a pistol he nicknamed "Betsy" and a shotgun he called "Mr. Ballard." One of Sontag's letters read, "Dear Mrs. Evans: A very dear friend of mine named Mr. Johnson will call on you, and it is my wish that you will treat him the same as you would me. I wish you would introduce him to Betsy and Mr. Ballard, as he is a very nice man. Sincerely yours, George Sontag."

At the same time Sontag befriended Frank "Smiling" Williams, a lifer who had been sent up for stage robbery. Said Sontag later, "Williams was on the square, and a good fellow to tie to." Sontag took Williams into his plans, and Williams in turn introduced the train robber to William Fredericks, a twenty-one-year-old convict whose term was about to expire. Fredericks agreed that upon his release he would go to Visalia and obtain guns to be used in the break. On his last day in Folsom, May 26, 1893, Warden Aull called Fredericks into his office and interrogated him closely about whether he planned to aid any convicts in an escape. Aull was an old and experienced detective, and he suspected that Fredericks would try to aid Sontag. The young convict played innocent and Aull was unable to crack him. But the warden did tell Fredericks that if he ever showed up back at the prison he would be shot on sight.

FREDERICKS was loyal to his convict friends, however, and he went to Visalia and met with Mrs. Evans, who refused to assist him. But daughter Eva was anxious to help, and she arranged for Fredericks to meet Si Lovren, a Visalia saloonkeeper and an old friend of Chris Evans. Lovren gave Fredericks two rifles, a pair of six-guns, and plenty of ammunition. Lovren later claimed the weapons had been stolen from his saloon, but J.V. Brighton, the ace detective who engineered the capture of Evans, claimed Lovren willingly supplied the guns to Fredericks. Lovren himself was later sentenced to life imprisonment for his part in the Tagus Switch train robbery attempt of 1896.

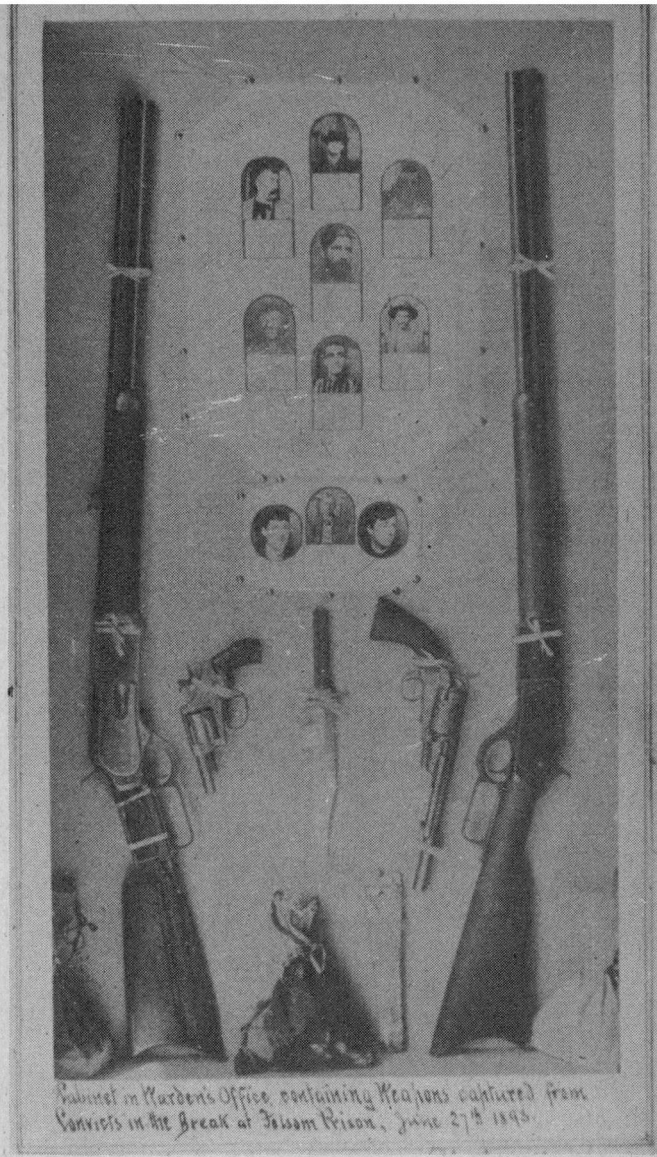
Fredericks beat his way on the railroad back to Folsom. On the night of June 24, 1893, he crept onto the prison grounds and secreted the guns wrapped up in a blanket in a predesignated spot in the quarry. Folsom prison was at that time the only American penitentiary not encircled by an outside wall. It was located on a bluff overlooking the American River. Just below the prison, next to the river, was a large granite quarry. The river was spanned by a diversion dam, from which water was directed into a canal and a powerhouse which supplied the prison with electicity. The hills above the prison were dotted by guard towers outfitted with Gatling guns. Across the river was another guard post, and the prison grounds were patrolled by sharpshooters on foot and on horseback.

Sontag and his comrades knew that any attempt to break out of the prison quarry would be fraught with danger. Indeed, during the previous three months two convicts had been shot trying to escape. But it had been widely rumored among the convicts that the poorly paid guards would not stand up and fight a prisoner who was armed and shooting back.

The next day George Sontag checked the quarry and found the smuggled weapons. By that time Sontag and Smiling Williams had recruited five more reliable men into the plot: Henry Wilson, serving twenty years for burglary; Charles Abbot, a dangerous lifer; William "Buckshot" Smith, a stage robber; Frank "Hayseed" Wilson; and Anthony Dalton. Dalton's true name was Albert Pike Dickinson, and he was perhaps the most interesting of the band. According to a lengthy story published in the San Francisco *Call* and based on interviews with Fresno lawmen, Dalton was suspected of being an accomplice of Evans and Sontag in Tulare County. On the night of August 31, 1891, Dalton had been arrested while burglarizing the Ladd Brothers' gun store on Kearny Street in San Francisco. According to the *Call*'s account he was trying to get guns and powder for Evans and Sontag to use in a train robbery. True or not, it is interesting to note that the train at Ceres was held up on September 3, just three days after Dalton's arrest. Sentenced to five years in Folsom, Dalton, en route to the prison, leaped from the train near Sacramento and escaped but was recaptured a week later. That incident gave rise to the oft-repeated yarn that the notorious Grat Dalton escaped from a moving train while en route to Folsom Prison. In reality, Grat escaped from the Tulare county jail, not from a railroad train.

George Sontag's partners worked in the rock quarry, where fifty convicts, including a dozen of the prison's worst, engaged in hard labor. All troublemakers and escape artists were required to wear bright red shirts to distinguish themselves from the regular prison stripes. In the event of an escape the guards had orders to shoot the "red shirts" first.

Sontag and the others agreed to make their break at 3:30 on the afternoon of June 27. Sontag worked in the stone yard, 300 yards down the river from the rock quarry where his fellow plotters labored. He was



California State Library

In the center are the photos of the men who took part in the prison break. Also pictured are the convicts' captured guns.

helping unload rock from a railraod car when his guard stepped inside a building for a moment. Sontag saw his chance. Jumping down from the car, he sauntered up the railroad tracks to the quarry. There he encountered Lieutenant Frank Briare, in charge of the quarry gang, who was surprised to see the train robber so far from his assigned job.

"Well, what do you want here?" Briare asked him.

"I want rock," Sontag replied, but Briare, alert that something was wrong, started to give the alarm. By then Sontag's companions had spotted him and pulled out the weapons—two .45-60 Winchester rifles, an 1860 Colt's Army revolver converted to fire metal cartridges, a .38 caliber bulldog revolver, a Bowie knife, and three sacks full of ammunition.

The convicts sprang forward, seizing Briare, and Henry Wilson pressed the knife to his heart. Their plan was to use Briare as a shield and force him to climb with them up a boulder-strewn path to the top of the bluff above the quarry.

"Come on!" Sontag ordered.

"Where are you going?" Briare demanded.

"We want you to pass us over the hill," was Sontag's response.

At that moment Lieutenant George Lamphrey ran across the footbridge over the dam to investigate the ruckus. He was confronted by Sontag, who leveled a Winchester at him.

"My God, don't shoot me!" Lamphrey exclaimed, and fled back across the river.

The seven convicts forced Briare to climb up the steep, rocky bluff, pushing and dragging him over the boulders and keeping close to the cliff wall so the guards in the two gun towers directly above could not see them. However, Guards Taylor and Payne, across the river, spotted the band and gave the alarm. They held their fire for fear of killing Briare. By now, Guard Fitch, who was in the gun tower above the convicts, and Guard Joe Prigmore, who manned a Gatling gun in the tower just above the dam, had spotted the escaping prisoners.

Prigmore yelled, "If you don't let that man go I'll kill you!" Prigmore was answered by a blast from Sontag's rifle. The guard jumped for cover but held his fire.

Buckshot Smith, a hammer in one hand and the waistband of Briare's trousers in the other, and Hayseed Wilson, who held a sharp rock drill pressed against the guard's back, continued to force their captive up the hill. Their companions opened fire at any guard who happened to show himself. Smiling Williams and George Sontag handled the Winchesters, while Anthony Dalton fired the Colt's and Charles Abbot the .38. The guards scrambled for cover and none were hit.

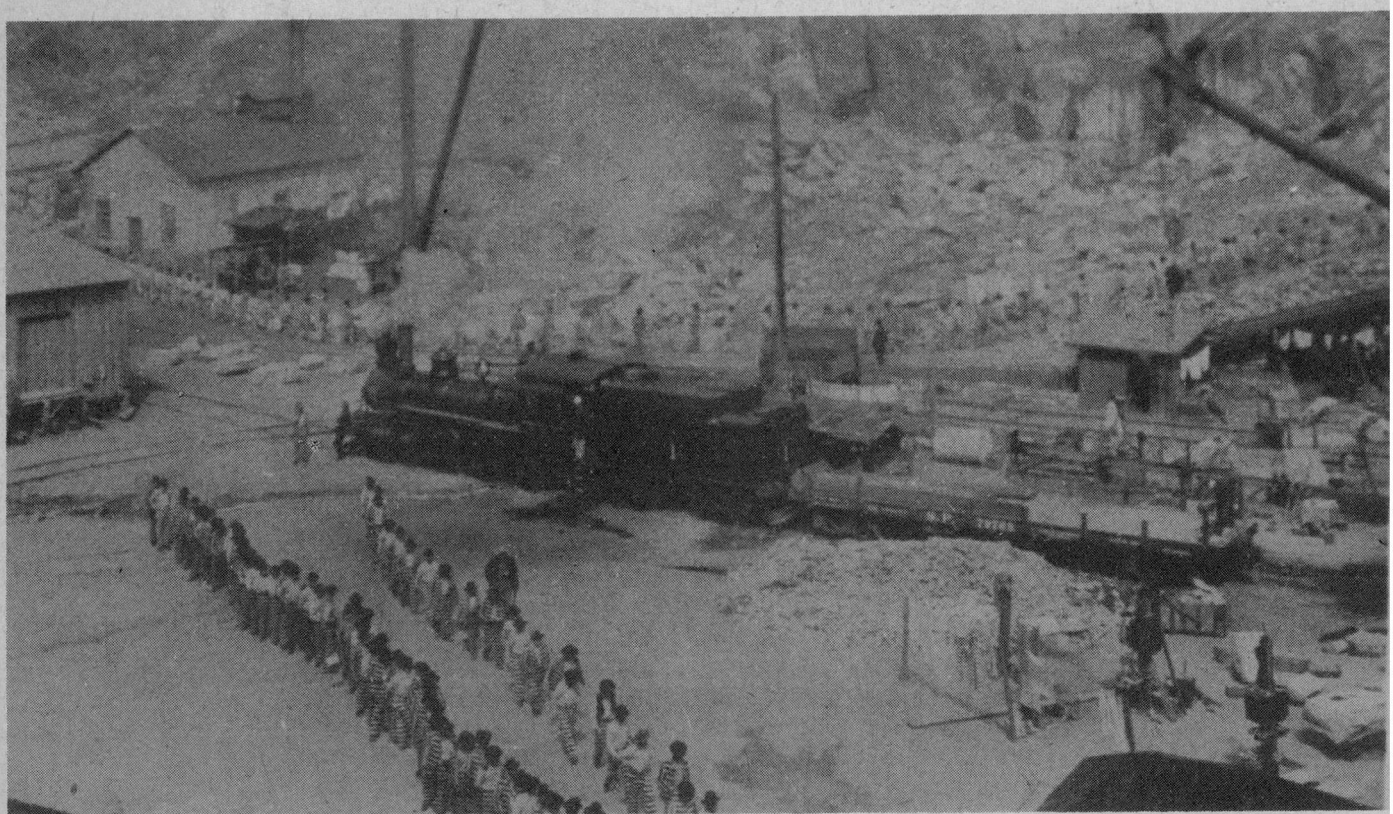
As the convicts reached the top of the bluff, Briare told Wilson, "You look out for me. I'll take you through all right. I'll look out for you."

Briare's attempt to ingratiate himself with his captor infuriated Smiling Williams, who swung up his Winchester and yelled, "I'll look out for you, too!"

WILLIAMS FIRED at Briare at a distance of fifteen feet, and the slug whined past the guard's head. Briare realized that only a desperate act would save his life. He seized George Sontag and yanked him to the ground, then leaped head first over the cliff. Buckshot Smith was unable to free his hand from Briare's waistband, and the guard dragged the convict over the cliff. The two made a near vertical drop of seventy-five feet. Several boulders broke their fall and the pair landed bruised but unhurt next to the canal at the base of the cliff.

Buckshot Smith still clutched his hammer. As he hefted it to crush Briare's skull, the plucky guard snatched up a chunk of granite and struck the convict a terrific blow on the head, knocking him unconscious.

Now that their hostage was gone, Sontag and his partners were fair game for the guards above. Joe Prigmore, Dan Considine, and another guard named Ayers opened fire with Winchesters. Henry Wilson tumbled into a gap in the boulders, perforated by bullets. The convicts leaped into the hole where Wilson



California State Library

The quarry at Folsom prison as it looked at the time of the big shootout.

had fallen and traded fire with the guards, shot for shot.

George Sontag saw that their only chance for escape was to drive Prigmore from his Gatling gun post. He sent several rifle shots crashing through the boards of the wooden gun tower. Prigmore, who had been exchanging fire with his rifle, realized that it was time to use heavier armament. Jumping behind his Gatling gun, he tipped the muzzle down and spun the crank. A deadly barrage of lead spewed into the rock hole, splintering the granite edges of the boulders and sending bullets ricocheting in every direction. Sontag was wounded in the knee, and he handed Dalton his Winchester, yelling at him to open fire at the guard tower. As Dalton aimed the rifle over the rocks several guards took dead aim and fired. Dalton fell onto Sontag, instantly killed.

Warden Aull, alerted by the gunfire in the quarry, seized his Winchester and rushed to the scene. The rest of the convicts in the prison were quickly rounded up and herded back into their cells. Within minutes forty guards had surrounded the quarry, pouring lead into the convict's lair, which was known ever after as "Sontag's Last Ditch."

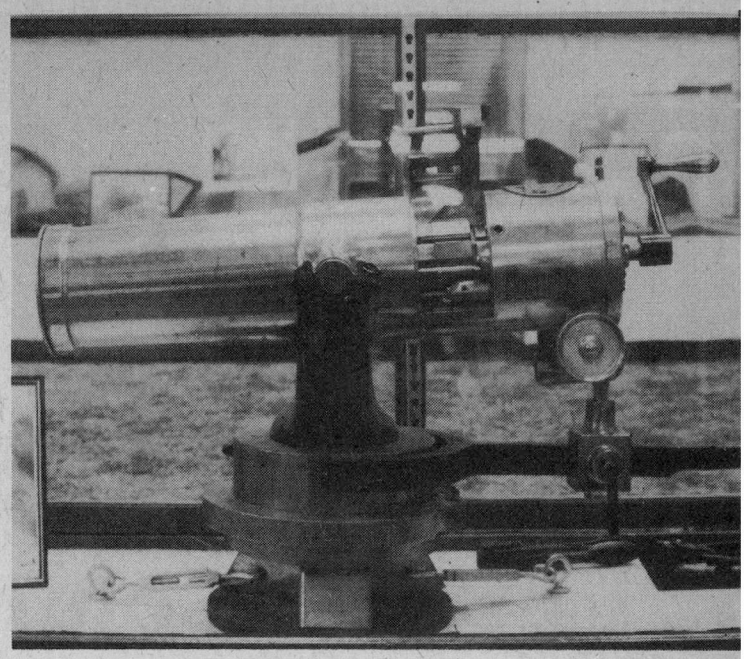
Hayseed Wilson, seeing that soon they would all be killed, crawled on his belly down the boulder-strewn slope to safety. The others were not so lucky. Smiling Williams thrust his rifle barrel over the rocks and opened up at Prigmore, Ayers, and Fitch. The guards responded with well aimed shots, and Williams dropped dead with a bullet in his heart. Other rounds pierced his body and struck a bag of cartridges which he had stuffed into his shirt. They exploded like a string of firecrackers, ripping him to pieces.

Sontag and Abbot were now the only men left alive in the ditch. Piling the bodies of Williams, Dalton, and Wilson into a makeshift barricade, they kept up a hot fire at the guards. But a withering stream of rifle and Gatling gun bullets continued to pour into both the live and dead convicts. Sontag knew it was sheer folly to fight any longer. He and Abbot wriggled as far underneath the boulders as they could to escape the deadly rain of bullets which splattered fiercely against the rocks.

For a moment there was a lull in the firing, and Sontag placed his hat on top of a boulder as a token of surrender. The guards opened up with a new barrage. Sontag fell back, shot through the groin and the ankle. Abbot was struck by three shots, one breaking his leg. He found a stick in the rocks and, tying his handkerchief to it, waved it overhead. Warden Aull ordered his men to cease firing and the bloody escape attempt was over, just forty-five minutes after it began.

Said Sontag later, "I was in a sorry plight. A number of bullets had grazed my skin or entered my body, while the garb I wore was literally shot off."

The guards examined the corpses and found twenty-two bullet holes in Wilson's body and thirty in Dalton's. Sontag and Abbot were taken to the prison hospital. Buckshot Smith and Hayseed Wilson were tossed into the dungeon. Two other convicts, Tom Schell and Joe Duffy, neither of whom was involved in the escape plot, had been wounded in the crossfire.



Author's Photograph

This model of a Colt's Gatling Gun of the type used at Folsom Prison is on display in the prison museum.

A newspaper reporter who visited the quarry shortly after the fight offered a graphic description of the convicts' lair. "The place where Dalton, Wilson, and Williams were killed looked like a slaughter-house. Blood was splattered all over the ground and lay in large dark patches on the loose earth. The rocks were splintered and smeared with the marks of bullets. Empty cartridge shells used by the hands of the desperadoes, now cold in death, lay scattered around, and on a nearby stone were four black hats of the kind issued to prisoners, one of which, Dalton's, was riddled with bullets."

When Warden Aull visited Sontag in the prison hospital, the bandit told him laconically, "I have played my game and lost."

Sontag's wounds eventually healed, and he was given a red shirt to wear. The desperado had seen the error of his ways, however, and he became a reformed man. He served another fifteen years in Folsom and was pardoned in 1908. Devoting himself to prison reform and anti-crime lecturing, he wrote a book about his experiences and in 1914 helped organize a motion picture company, which produced a film about Evans and the Sontags entitled *The Folly of a Life of Crime*.

Little is known about George Sontag's later life, and historians have been unable to learn when and where he died. Like so many outlaws, he flashed across the western scene in a blaze of gunfire, his name trumpeted in banner headlines, but in the end he quickly faded from the public eye and sank into the murky depths of obscurity.

Athabasca River at Jasper's House below Yellowhead Pass. The pass was used by Perry and a splinter group to get to the Fraser River.

ALFRED C. PERRY
British Columbia's Mountaineer Explorer

By RICHARD THOMAS WRIGHT

Thrashing through the bush Moberly saw a large animal rise up. Unperturbed he remarked, "Why, here's a cow," not stopping to consider where a cow might come from. Perry motioned them still. "Grizzly!" he whispered. The bear moved quietly toward them. When it was just a few feet away Perry whistled.

"Perry? Sure I knew him, a downright, down-east Yankee he was, and the most determined fellow I've ever met. Tom Clover and a couple of others and I met him on the Quesnel in '60. He had a claim there but got kind of fed up and kicked his rocker and tools into the river. We came up the Fraser together a few years back."—Timoleon Love.

"We called him The Mountaineer. I'm not sure why. Someone said he was from Tennessee—I don't know."—Tom Clover.

"Perry and I found gold near Jasper's House. He had been in California, you know, and had some great adventures. Everyone knew him. He was what you'd call a 'celebrated character.'"—Pierre C. Pambrun.

"When he worked for me he was between gold rushes. He was a powerful man, tall, lean, kind of quiet spoken. One thing though; he didn't like Indians, couldn't abide them. I told him one day an Indian would kill him."—Walter Moberly.

I MET ALFRED PERRY, the Mountaineer—or at least discovered the image of him that remains 100 years after his death—while researching the Fraser River and Cariboo gold rushes of British Columbia. From newspaper clippings, card files, obituaries, letters, reports, trial bench notes, reminiscences of his contemporaries, all manner of documents except a photograph, a figure emerged. Here was one of Canada's forgotten mountain men, a "well-known explorer" to his contemporaries, a man searching for gold who through exploration made his mark on the development of British Columbia and then died a swift

horrible death.

Perry walked onto the historical stage in the early 1850s. Where and when he was born is unknown. He is reported as both a southerner and a Yankee, but as his partners were usually southerners, it is likely he was from the South. In his autobiographical campfire tales, Perry began his story as we do, with his trek to California in search of gold.

Perry's first steps west mark him as an individual. While the majority of Oregon-bound family settlers and California-bound single plunderers migrated by the safe, reliable ox and wagon, Perry, along with perhaps twenty others, chose simpler transportation—shank's mare. They walked for 2,000 miles, from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean, trundling wheelbarrows loaded with provisions. This method was not ineffective. Records show the "wheelbarrow men" averaging twenty-three miles per day. They were a light-hearted and fearless lot, determined loners who out-traveled everyone on the trail.

It appears Perry arrived in California via the South Pass route, which terminated in Sacramento, well after the rush. Claims were already staked, leaving late arrivals to work as laborers in someone else's ditch or shaft or to prospect for other deposits.

After working a few California streams and, perhaps, later strikes in Oregon such as the Roque River, Perry returned to the East. Soon he heard of the 1858 gold strikes on Fraser's River in the new British colony of British Columbia. Loner Alfred Perry struck west again. Reaching the Mississippi, he went north to Saint Paul, Minnesota, the cutting edge of

the frontier. He walked to Breckenridge on the headwaters of the Red River of the North, arriving with only his gun, a little ammunition, and the clothes on his back. No one ever accused Perry of being a materialist. With a borrowed axe he hacked a dugout canoe and launched himself downstream toward the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Garry, 400 miles north in Rupert's Land, now Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The trip was tedious and boring on the meandering river. He was attacked by mosquitos but surprisingly experienced no problems from the Chippewas on the east or the Sioux on the west. Other travelers in 1858 had not been so fortunate.

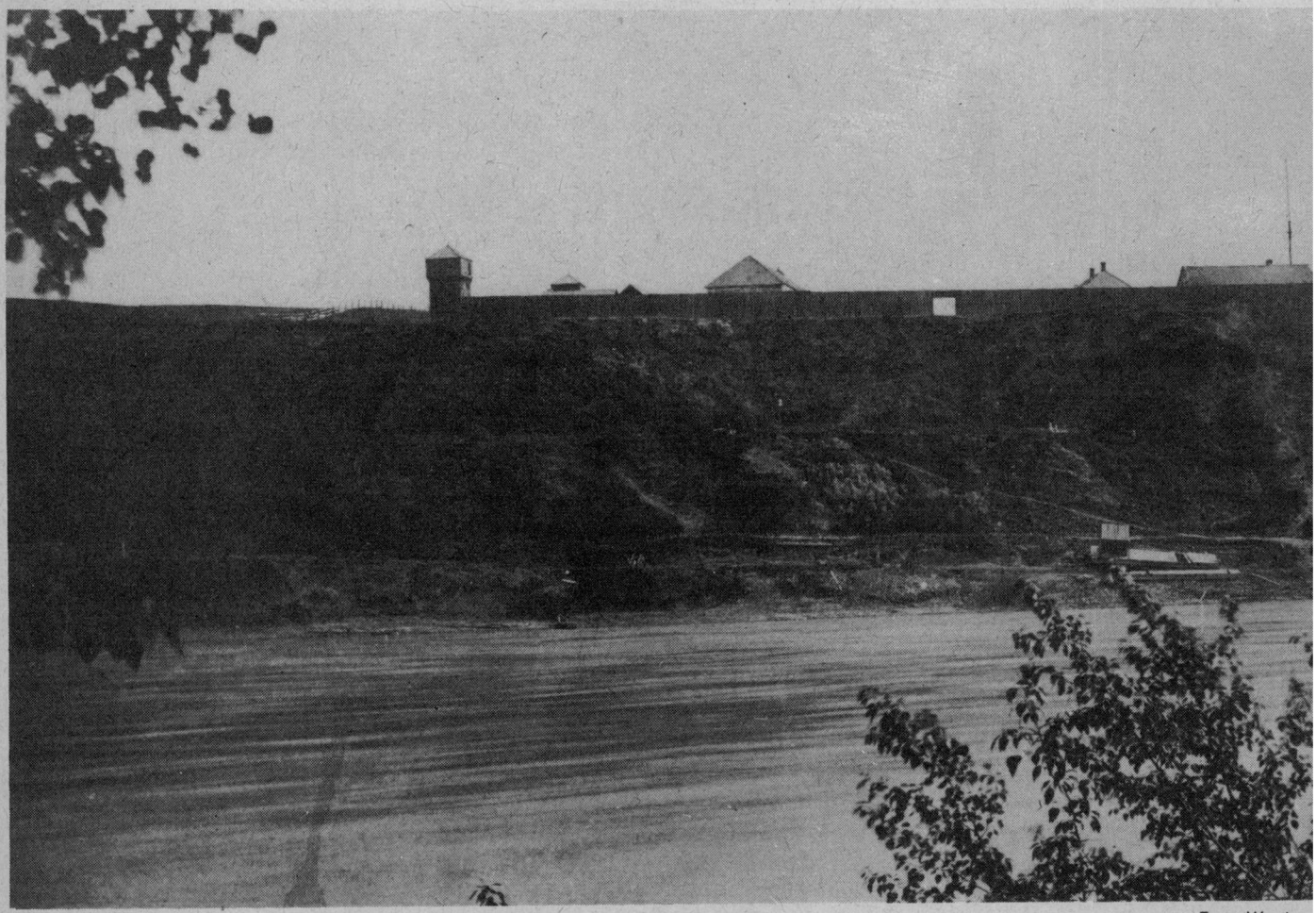
From the rapidly burgeoning settlement around Fort Garry, Perry made his way west 250 miles to Fort Ellice at the forks of the Qu'Appelle and Assiniboine Rivers and then north 320 miles to Fort Carlton on the North Saskatchewan River. There a free-trader such as Pierre C. Pambrun of Lac La Biche hired him to drive a Red River cart of trade goods west to Fort Edmonton, a further 350 miles up the North Saskatchewan.

Perry arrived at Fort Edmonton at a time of transition. Much to the chagrin of the Hudson's Bay Company, miners and settlers were upsetting the delicate balance of fur trade. Several parties had begun overland journeys to the Fraser River gold fields in 1858, but late starts forced most to winter on the plains. The long cold wait caused rifts and alliances changed. Perry joined a splinter group, the obscure Tete-Jaune party that included free-trader Pierre C. Pambrun, and followed the seldom-used Tete-Jaune or Yellowhead Pass to the Fraser River. By the summer of 1859, Perry was sluicing gravel on the Quesnel River in the Cariboo region of central British Columbia.

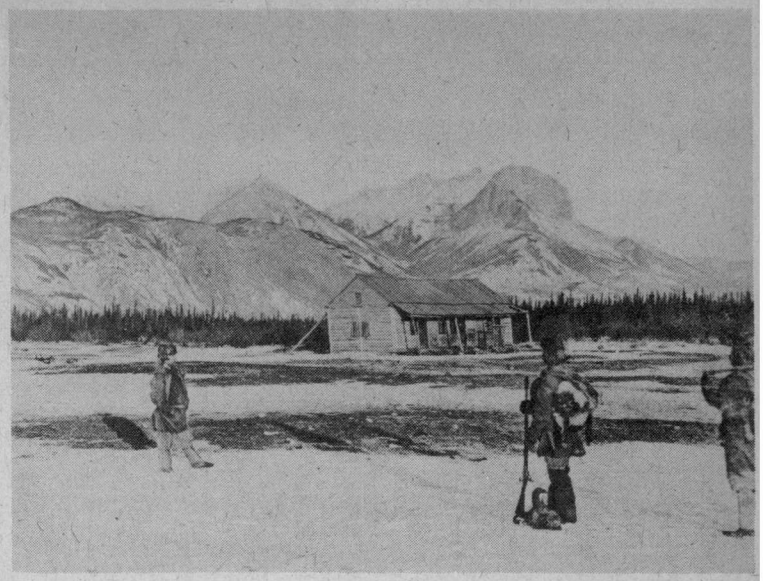
With rocker and pan, he set to work and found a few ounces of gold. The Mountaineer was, however, as someone said, a better explorer than miner: he moved too fast for the latter. The following season, impatience gnawed at him, and when the claim next door began producing more than his, he kicked sluice, rocker, tent, and poles into the river.

PERRY FELL in with four prospectors, "Tennessee" Gilbert Parker, D.F. McLaurin, Thomas Clover, and Timoleon Love, all California forty-niners. They intended to prospect up the Fraser and over the Rockies. Perry decided that if he couldn't mine he would guide, leading the party east over the route he had followed in the spring of 1859. They provisioned at Fort Alexandria on the Fraser River and headed upstream in August 1860.

River travel required back-breaking paddling and pulling, but by early October they had cached their tools at Rearguard Falls, the height of navigation, crossed Yellowhead Pass, and were camping with



Public Archives of Canada



A hunting party at the abandoned Jasper House. Roche Ronde is on the right. Note the flintock rifle and the young bighorn sheep ram's head.

Henry Moberly at Jasper's House. There they split up. Clover, Love, and McLaurin continued to Fort Edmonton. For a few years Clover Mined near Fort Edmonton, where a river bar and later a suburb were named for him. Then he drifted down to North Dakota. McLaurin died of a stroke in 1860. Love wrote many letters to newspapers, fueling a minor gold rush to the Saskatchewan River. He continued prospecting for many years.

Parker and Parry decided to winter at Jasper's House on the Athabasca where it flowed east out of the Rocky Mountains. In late October, Parker went hunting and disappeared. Moberly figured he fell through weak lake ice.

Moberly and Perry talked through the winter, of gold, the fur trade, and of the road building and exploring of Moberly's brother Walter. As the warm winds of spring melted the rivers and wiped the snow from mountain trails, Perry and two Indians headed west again, relying on their rifles for provisions. By June 6, Perry was in New Westminster, a port on the lower Fraser, proposing an overland road via the Yellowhead Pass, which he now knew so well. He crossed the straits to Victoria, the coastal city now surrounding the collapsing palisades of the HBC's Fort Victoria and a couple of days later secured a commission to explore the country between Quesnel and Green lakes for "the purpose of finding a nearer route to the Cariboo."

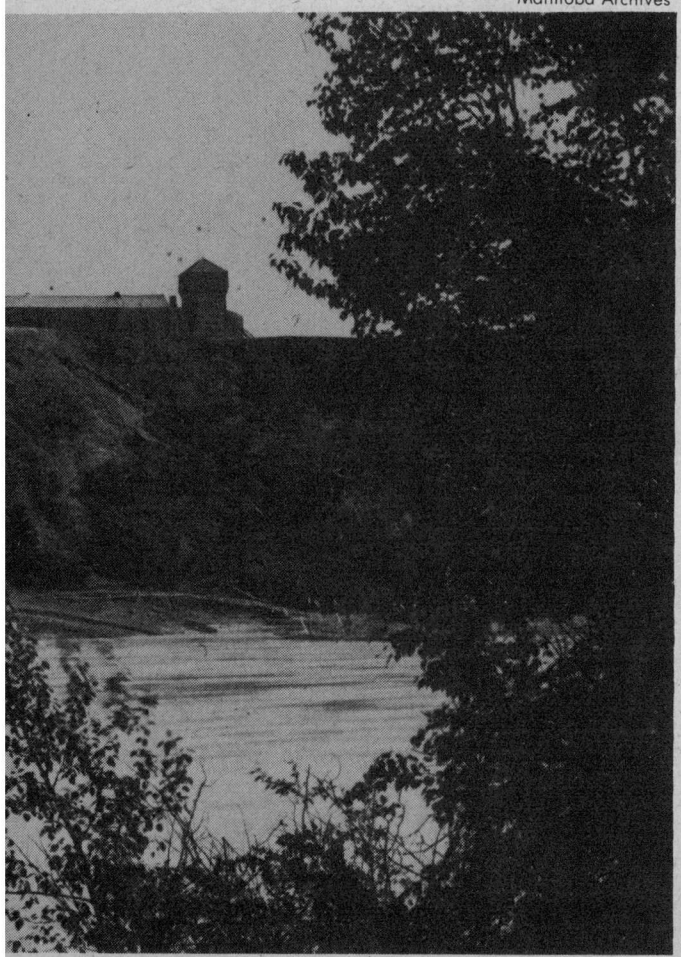
He returned in October, successful, suggesting that a great savings of distance could be accomplished with steamers on the two lakes and further reported the discovery of a large lake between the headwaters of Horsefly and Thompson rivers, likely Clearwater and/or Hobson lakes. On the Gust Epner map of 1862, a creek and a lake south of Horsefly Lake and feeding into Quesnel Lake are named for Perry. Neither fit well with current maps and the names no longer appear.

For the next four years the Mountaineer drops from records. Possibly he returned to prospecting or mining. More likely he kept exploring in government-sponsored searches for routes to areas of commercial importance.

In June 1865, Perry reappears in New Westminster as assistant to Walter Moberly. Moberly, then thirty-three years old, was an engineer by training, an explorer by nature. He had already gone broke building a section of the Cariboo Wagon Road. He was elected to the B.C. legislative council but resigned when appointed assistant surveyor-general for the province to oversee exploratory surveys east of Kamloops. He was a proponent of an overland route west and had doubtless pumped Perry for all he knew.

Moberly could not have chosen a more appropriate assistant than Perry. Moberly has been described as egotistical, impulsive, stubborn, independent, pigheaded, afflicted with tunnel vision—and short. Perry was tall, extremely powerful, soft-spoken, sober, retiring, and amiable, what we might today call "Laid-back"—a mountain man. The two balanced each other. Perry supported Moberly's ego and assisted his explorations while Moberly bankrolled Perry.

Manitoba Archives



Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan in the mid-1800s.

One incident alone proved Perry's worth. Moberly's task was to locate a route east from the Fort Kamloops area to the Columbia River. From a camp on the north arm of Shuswap Lake they headed east. Thrashing through the bush Moberly saw a large animal rise up. Unperturbed he remarked, "Why, here's a cow," not stopping to consider where a cow might come from.

Perry motioned them still, "Grizzly!" he whispered. The bear moved quietly toward them. When it was just a few feet away Perry whistled. The bear stood up and Perry put one bullet into its heart, averting what could have been a tragic mauling and the end of Moberly's explorations.

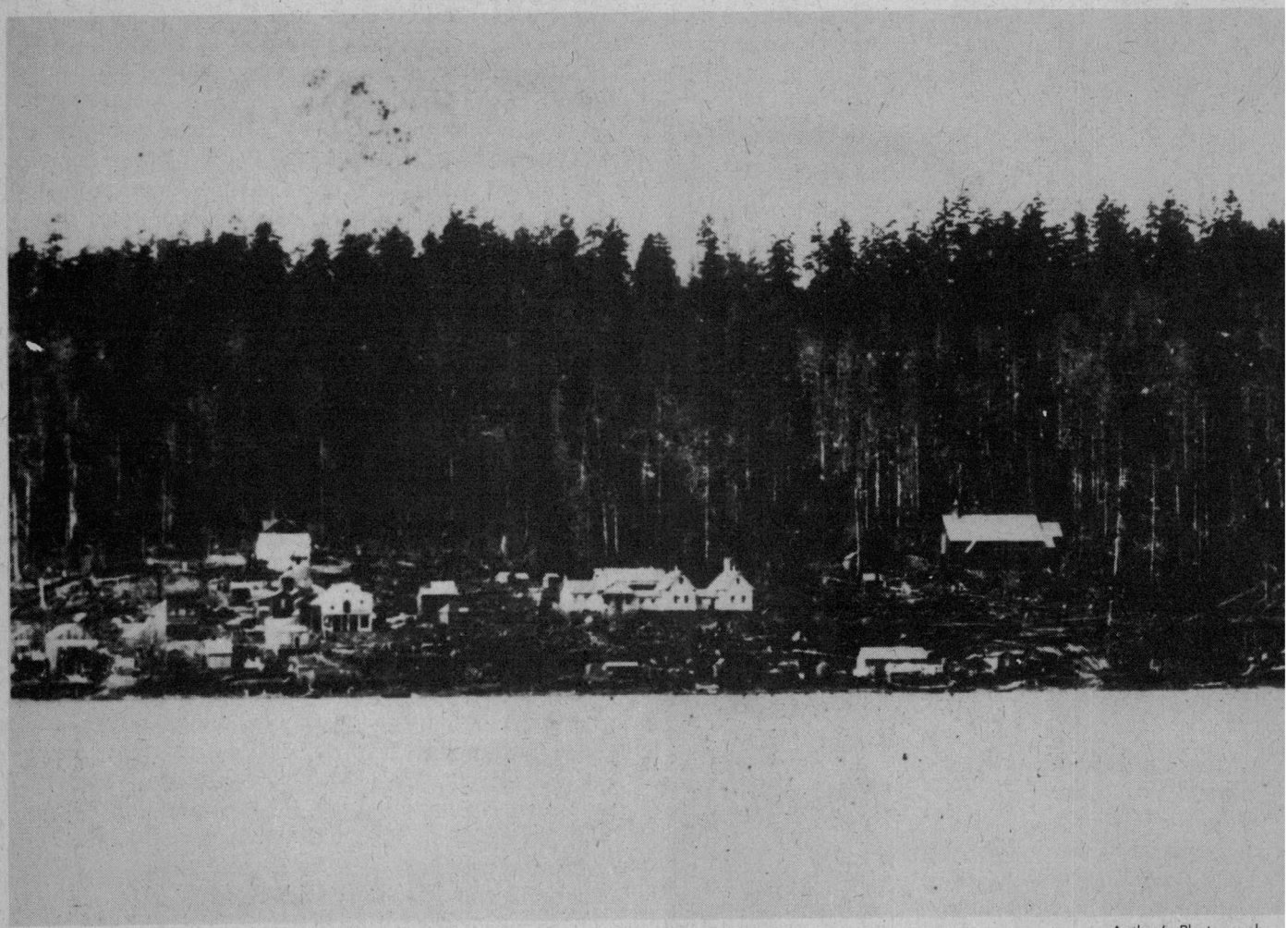
Upon reaching the Columbia they embarked in a hollowed-out log for a swift and dangerous canoe journey that ended at the Big Eddy, now Revelstoke, B.C. Moberly noticed some bald eagles flying westward up another stream, which he named the Eagles. They pushed west, discovering and naming Eagle Pass in the Gold Range. With surveyor's chalk he wrote on a blazed tree: "This is the route for the Overland Railway. And twenty years later the Canadian Pacific Railway ran steel where Moberly and Perry had hiked.

In mid-July, before undertaking the exploration of easterly trending valleys, Perry went to Kamloops for supplies and passed the word that there were "rich diggings" on the Columbia. He and his partners took out $700, Perry said, indicating that he and Moberly must have taken time out to mine rather than explore, though Moberly does not mention doing so. The report helped precipitate the Big Bend gold rush of 1865 and 1866.

AFTER A WINTER halt in explorations, Perry and Moberly were again out searching for an eastern pass over the Selkirks in the summer of 1866. Perry surveyed the snow conditions of the Eagle Pass and then on June 12, embarked on an eastern search up the Illecillewaet River. Moberly and Perry had investigated this river the previous fall, but at a fork had turned north and found it unsuitable.

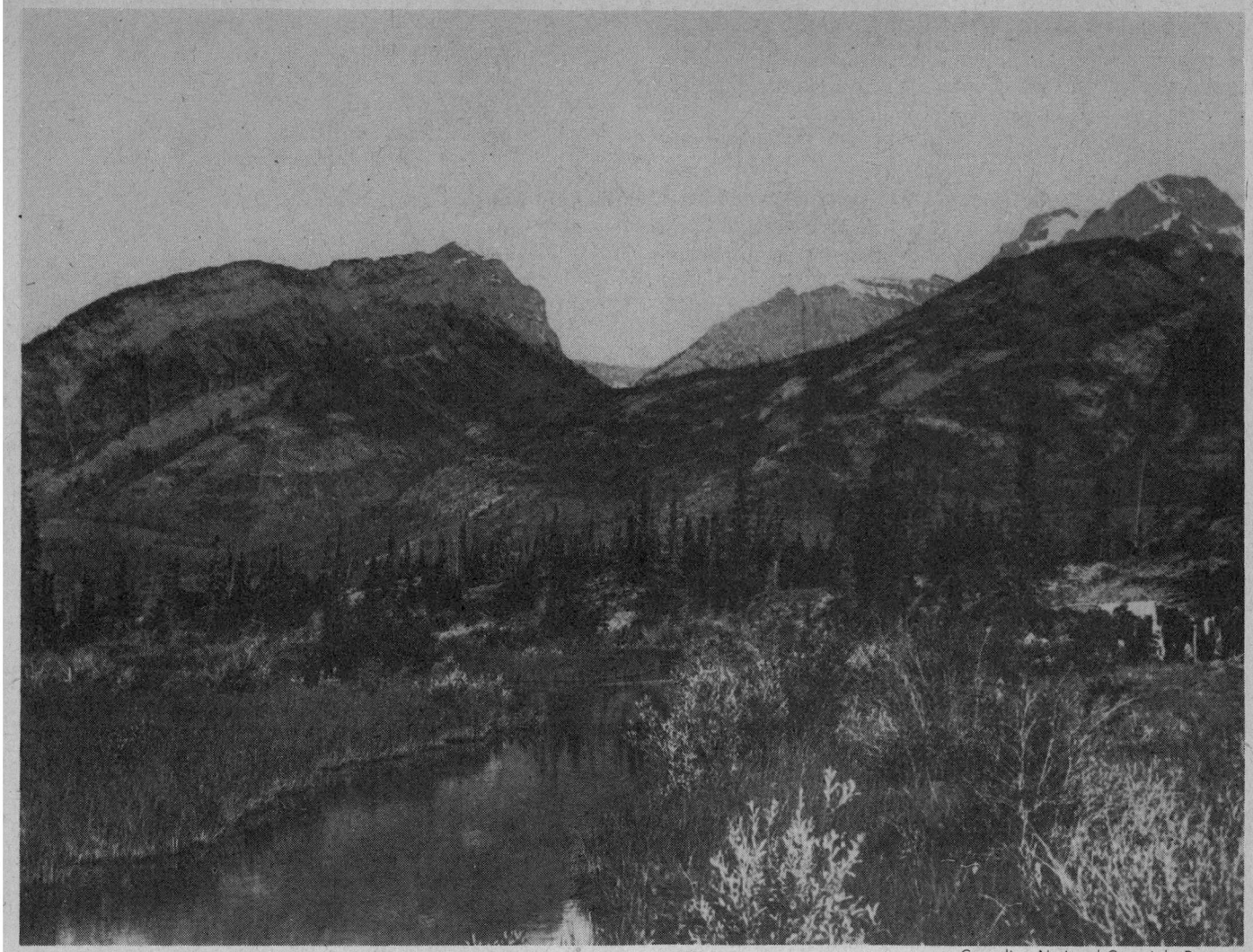
Perry returned and took the fork to the east. It was his chance for recognition and he blew it. Within a month he was back. The route, he said, was no go.

Years later when the CPR came through a pass at the headwaters of the Illecillewaet River, Moberly, annoyed at himself for not checking farther and miffed at the recognition of Major Rogers' pass, would argue that he and Perry discovered the route. But his report



Author's Photograph

New Westminster as it appeared in 1861. The assay office and treasury building can be seen in the center, and the Holy Trinity Church is above right.



Canadian National Copyright Reserve

A survey camp to the right of the picture is almost hidden from view. This photo was taken near Jasper Lake about 1913.

is clear—he had given up. It also records his disappointment in Perry. In an unusually long burst of writing Moberly says Perry "did not reach the divide, but reported a low wide valley was far as he went. His exploration has not settled the point whether it would be possible to get through the mountains by this valley, but I fear not. He ought to have got on the divide, and his failure is a great disappontment to me." Two weeks later Moberly "paid off Perry."

Undaunted in exploration Perry propositioned Mr. Burch, acting governor of British Columbia, and that fall had a grubstake to further explore the Shuswap area. The ill-defined expedition lasted only seventeen days and yielded few results.

For the next couple of years Perry stayed around Kamloops. He wrote to the government in January 1868, suggesting that he would show surveyors a route to the Columbia through what appears to be the Eagle Pass. He asked only his expenses if the pass went unused, but $1,500 (a sizeable sum when laborers were making $3 per day) if the pass proved suitable for a road. Joseph Trutch, commissioner of roads, scribbled a marginal comment to the effect that such exploration was premature, but if the pass were used Perry "would be entitled to favorable consideration from Government and should be liberally dealt with." Though the pass eventually would be used by both a trans-Canada railway and highway, Perry did not profit from it.

Early in the summer of 1869 Perry visited the coast at Burrard Inlet, a natural harbor, the site of several rough logging camps and the embryonic towns of Moodyville, Gastown, and Hastings. Moodyville was scattered around Colonel R.C. Moody's mill on the north shore, now North Vancouver. Gastown was named for Gassy Jack Deighton, hotel owner and former miner. Hastings was growing around another mill. These latter two camps would eventually become Vancouver.

Perry was preparing to accompany William Jones Armstrong, an importer of wholesale and retail goods, on a prospecting expedition to the Cherry Creek country. On the evening of July 29 he visited his friend Charley Hunt, a carpenter who lived near Moody's

Mill. Hunt offered to let Perry bunk-in, but the Mountaineer preferred the beach. Walls and a roof were too much like a coffin. So that night he pulled his blankets around him and went to sleep looking across the salt water to the twinkling lights of the Deighton and Brighton Hotel. The two neighboring towns were rough enough that if the night were still he would have heard the carousing of loggers and mill workers and sailors from the tall-masted timber ships anchored nearby.

About 9:30 that evening Hunt went fishing. Through the dusk and rising mist he saw a canoe pull into Perry's camp. The next morning he passed Perry's camp and went to offer some fish for breakfast. "I stepped up to him and shook him. I saw blood on the blankets and stones and lifted the blankets and saw that his head was cut in two across the eyes."

THE OLD Mountaineer had not heard the canoe scrape on the gravel, nor the stealthy footsteps, nor had he felt the blow from the axe Indian Charley swung, taking off the top half of his skull. For a pair of boots, "a suit of U.S. man of wars clothing," and an old rifle, Perry had been killed, as Walter Moberly had predicted, by an Indian.

Charley, a Squamish Indian, was captured two days later by Irish constable Tompkins Brew and sent to the New Westminster jail. He was tried at the New Westminster Assizes November 1, by Judge Matthew Baillie Begbie. Though Begbie became unjustly known as the "Hanging Judge" he was a stern, sometimes severe justice of the Queen's law.

Charley's defense was that he and Perry had got drunk together, started fighting, and that he had struck Perry in self-defense. Beyond that he was too drunk to remember.

Evidence showed that Indian Charley had been in the area, had tried to entice Hunt into leaving his house with the false warning that a log boom had broken loose, and that he had hidden Perry's goods nearby. The jury reached a verdict of "Guilty of Wilful Murder."

Vancouver Public Library

Judge Matthew Baillie Begbie.

In his summary Begbie said "I have not the least doubt but that this was an utterly unprovoked and dastardly murder by the prisoner. The deceased was as well known a man as any in the colony, remarkable alike for his great strength activity and hardihood, and for his extremely retiring and amiable disposition and perfect sobriety. . . I do not believe he [the prisoner] was drunk. If drunk he probably could not, though a powerful man, have surprised or overpowered Perry, who was quite an extraordinary man." In closing he notes, "Besides, drunkenness would be no excuse."

Judge Begbie, in the peculiar Victorian court language found that Charley, alias Stackeye, alias T'Koi, "not having the fear of God before his eyes, but being moved and seduced by the investigation of the devil. . . did kill and murder one Alfred Perry, against the peace of the lady the Queen her Crown and dignity." He was sentenced to death by hanging.

Begbie's letter to the Colonial Secretary was a fine epitaph for Alfred C. Perry, "The Mountaineer" for he was, indeed, "quite an extraordinary man."

Provincial Archives of British Columbia

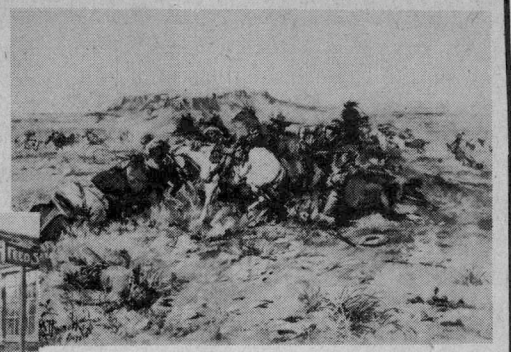
Pictured are Moberly and his party. He is seated third from right.

WESTERN PRINTS

FINE ART REPRODUCTIONS

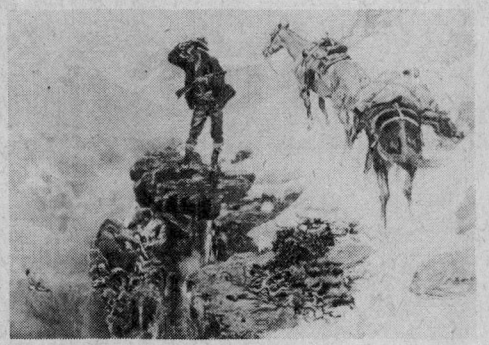
#52 *The Cowboy* F. Remington
26 x 17¾ $15.00

#47 *Smoke of a Forty-Five* Charles M. Russell
20 x 30 $16.00

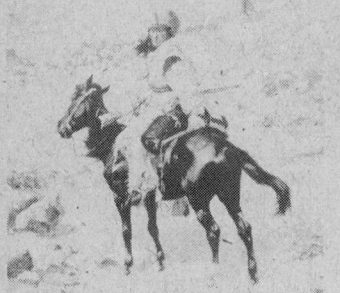


#48 *A Desperate Stand* Charles M. Russell
24 x 36 $18.00

#51 *Two of a Kind Win* Charles M. Russell
16 x 24 $18.00

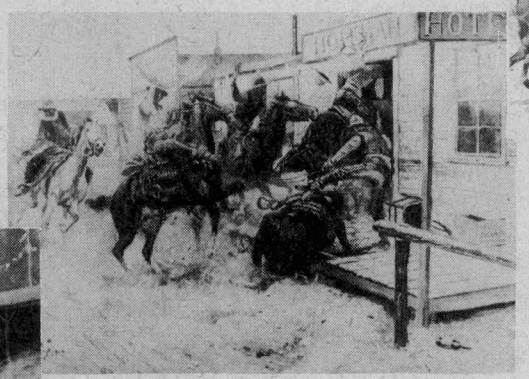


#46 *Meat's not Meat until It's in the Pan* Russell
14 x 20 $9.00

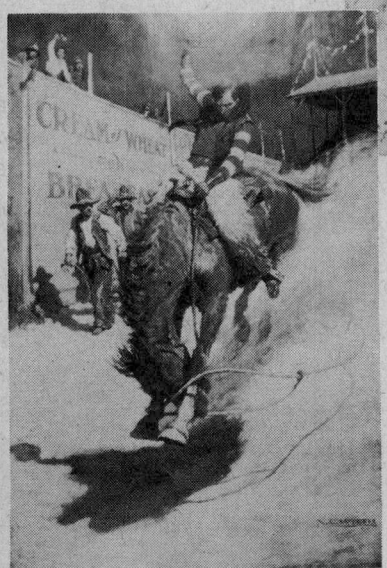


#53 *An Indian Trapper* Remington
30 x 20 $16.00

#49 *A Dash for Timber* Frederic Remington
22 x 38½ $18.00



#50 *In Without Knocking* Charles M. Russell
20 x 30 $16.00



#54 *The Bronco Buster* N.C. Wyeth
30 x 20 $16.00

FULL COLOR ART PRINTS AT AFFORDABLE PRICES!

WESTERN PRINTS, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076

Send me the following prints. I have included $1.00 postage for the first print and 25¢ for each additional print.

Qty.	Print	Price	Total
_____	**#46 Meat's Not Meat**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#47 Smoke of Forty-Five**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#48 Desperate Stand**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#49 Dash for Timber**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#50 Without Knocking**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#51 Two of a Kind**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#52 Cowboy**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#53 Indian Trapper**	$ _____	$ _____
_____	**#54 Bronco Buster**	$ _____	$ _____
TW 87		**Postage**	$ _____
		Total	$ _____

Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax. Write for foreign shipping rates. Please pay in U.S. funds only. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

☐ Payment enclosed

Charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

Account # _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Western artists are historians, depicting the events of their own time or using research to record the happenings of years past. The situations they portray—the people, animals, clothing and equipment—are all interlocking parts of the two centuries that shaped the American West. Some of those artists are mere reporters, painting only what other artists and photographers who have preceeded them have recorded. Others bring the actual cowboy experience to their work, adding the "hands on touch" that gives a piece of art real authenticity. One of the latter in this long trail of graphic historians is Chuck DeHaan. His carefully researched and rendered paintings record the horseback men of the colorful land West of the Mississippi, both of today and from the past. Chuck draws strongly upon his own life for inspiration.

DeHaan, who lives just outside the West Texas community of Graford, does more in his pictures than just "report." He brings to each painting his lifelong involvement with the people, the animals, the events of the western scene. This "feel" can almost put the viewer astride a snorty bronc, alongside an Indian war party, or among cowboys driving a herd of lumbering Longhorns up the Chisholm Trail. Drawing upon his own background, the artist knows how a horse and rider will react to a situation. He knows the backbone twisting jolts that a cowboy receives from a bronc, the thrill of spreading a loop on a bunch-quitting steer, or the quiet enjoyment of just watching a band of colts a-runnin'.

Coupled with this firsthand knowledge is DeHaan's passion for historical accuracy. While the artist is well acquainted with the cowboy trappings of today, he painstakingly researches the clothing, equipment, and the animals of an earlier era to continue a tradition of historical correctness and document the story of his country.

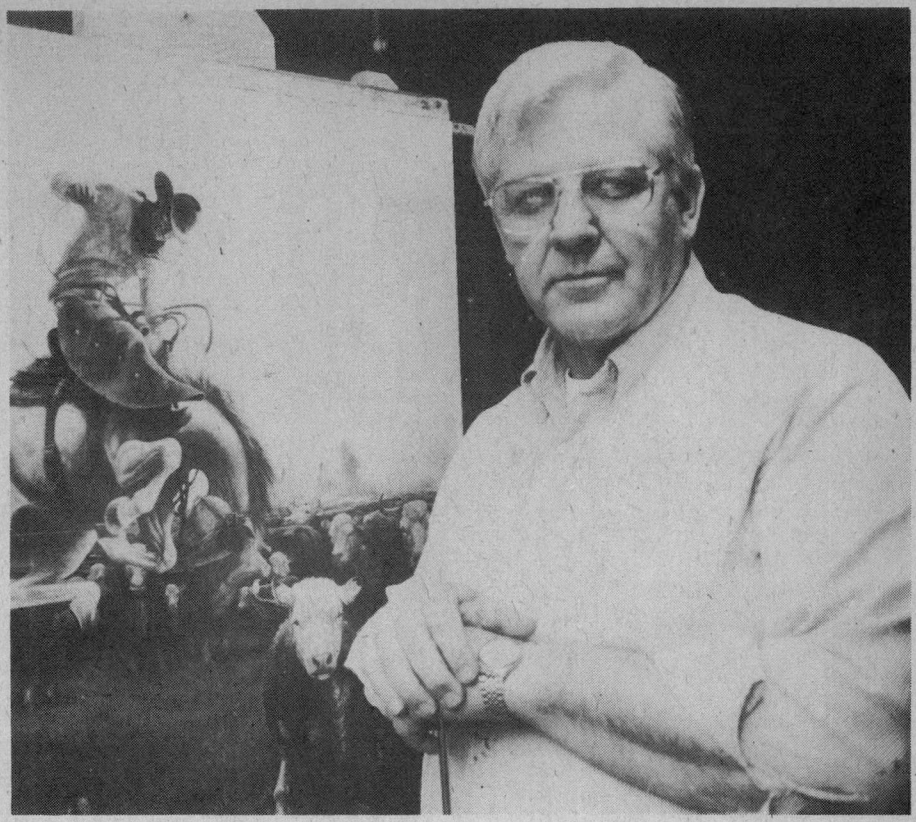
By PHIL LIVINGSTON

CHUCK DeHAAN Horseman, Historian, an

"Up the Chisholm Trail" depicts the nineteenth century cattle drive with compelling historical accuracy.

Chuck would no more seat a Texas trail driver of the 1880s in a modern roping saddle than he would mount a Crow Indian scout of the 1830s on a sleek show champion or arm him with a lever-action carbine. To help him in his research, DeHaan has built an impressive collection of well-thumbed books dealing with the history of the West. He constantly refers to his library, studying drawings, paintings, photographs, and descriptions made by those who actually saw the subject.

In keeping with his passion for historical correctness, the DeHaan studio is almost a museum. The weathered rock building, once a ranch



Chuck DeHaan, the artist, in his studio with a painting in progress.

l Artist

workshop, houses old saddles, bridles, guns, hats, war bonnets, and other memorabilia that often become the subject for part of a DeHaan painting.

The subjects of his Indian paintings—the costumes, the stories that he frequently tells in oil—are the result of his close association with the Crow Nation in Montana.

"Western art is a form of American history, as well as art," smiles the painter, "and that history should be shown as it actually was."

In person, DeHaan looks as if he has just stepped from one of his own contemporary cowboy scenes. Tall, heavyset, with a thatch of graying hair showing under the wide-brimmed hat, Chuck DeHaan looks out at the world with eyes that have squinted across many a dust-covered herd. His usual western shirt, faded Levis, and scuffed boots with spur marks on the heels only reinforce the impression. While the man makes his living in front of an easel, he still appears to have just swung out of a saddle.

Chuck has come by his practical cowboy experience the hard way. Perhaps that is why his paintings convey such strong feelings. He grew up around horse traders and learned at an early age to take a long, careful look at any pony led out for him. While still a boy, he was training, developing mounts for the various performance events, or just straightening out the "snakes" so they could be resold later at a profit. For his own enjoyment, he even trained a trick horse or two. Later on Chuck cowboyed out in the hills for the big outfits, rodeoed for years, and then turned to picking up broncs when his contesting days were over.

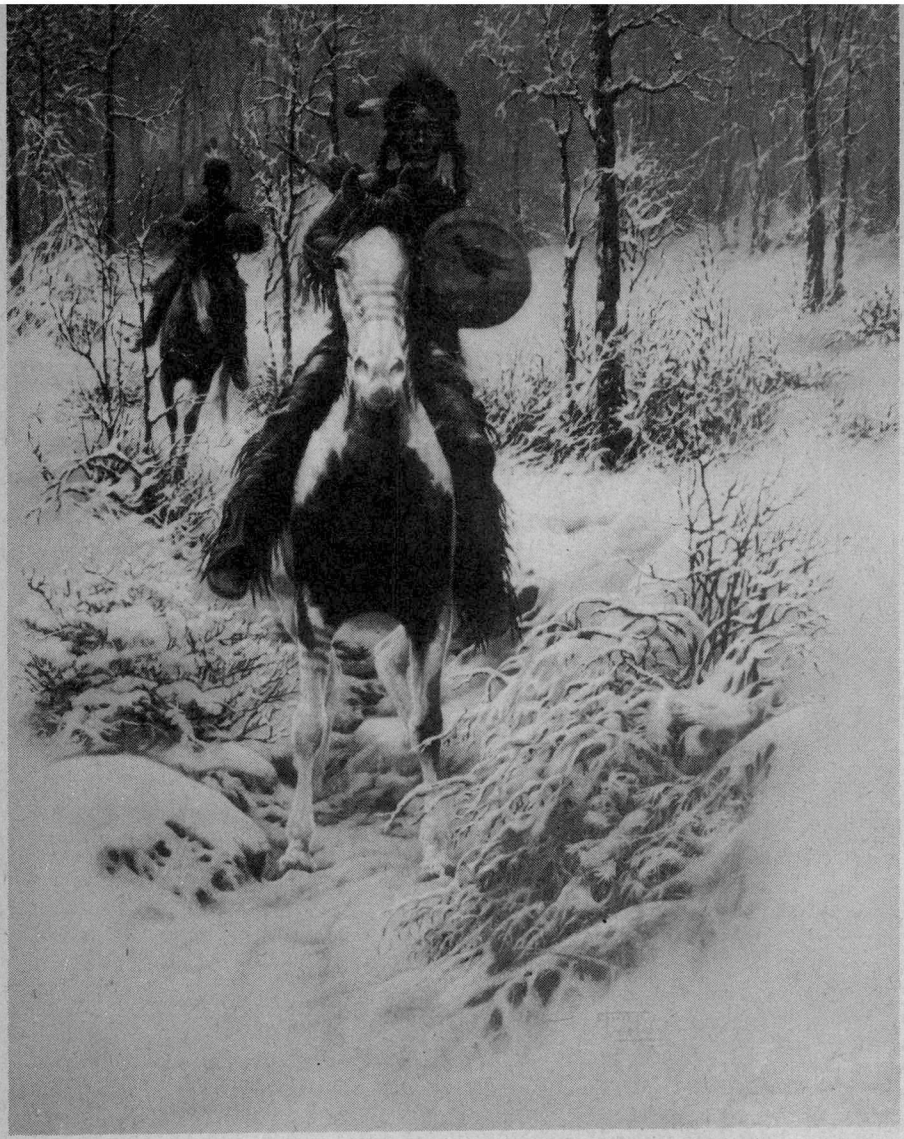
IN THE LATE 1940s, Chuck DeHaan saw his first cutting horse. He promptly fell in love with those dancing, darting equine athletes that carried the title of "top horse" on any outfit. From then on, he successfully devoted himself to training and exhibiting them. In 1969 he rode one, Deuce Five, into the National Cutting Horse Association Top Ten for the year and competed at the finals with him.

During those active years, DeHaan was drawing and painting in the evenings. He worked primarily for his own enjoyment, since he had the urge to document the world around him and the talent to do so. While others suggested that he aim for a career in the art world, Chuck shrugged it off. It was just something that he liked to do with his spare time. Even then, however, his work was beginning to attract the attention of serious art fans.

In 1965 Chuck DeHaan's life reached a turning point. He was managing a ranch near Fort Worth, Texas, training cutting horses and painting at night. One cold, windy morning an old friend stopped by for coffee and some talk. Until time had overtaken him, the man had been a top hand in the cutting horse world, respected for his ability to bring out the best in a horse. Now, he was driving a ranch truck and throwing out feed to another man's cattle, his past arena triumphs just a distant memory and his name forgotten to the current group of cutters.

"All of a sudden," remembers DeHaan, "it dawned on me. There I was in another twenty years if I continued to make my living on the back of a horse. Right then, I made the decision to develop my art. For a long time, I had to wear two hats . . . training horses during the day and painting at night. It was tough at times, but I haven't been sorry."

The western art world has not been sorry, either, that Chuck decided eventually to trade his spurs for brushes. During the past twenty-five years his paintings and drawings have appeared as book illustrations, graced the covers of countless national magazines and catalogs, and enhanced the adver-



"Surprised" exemplifies DeHaan's beautiful work with Native Americans.

tisements of publications reaching the livestock industry. In addition, the originals are proudly hung on home and office walls across the country.

Selected paintings have highlighted Chuck's work as limited edition collector prints produced by the Fort Worth firm of Guildhall and marketed through art galleries around the nation. The first, "Foggy Morning Wait," appeared in 1979 and was enthusiastically received. Since then, signed and numbered DeHaan prints have become a popular investment among art lovers and are snapped up as soon as each issue appears.

One indication of the popularity of DeHaan's work is that "Spooked," a recent print of two Paint horses shying away from a blowing brush, sold out in just twenty-one days.

While many DeHaan fans can boast of owning more than one original, the largest single collection hangs in the office of Potts Leather Company of Dallas, Texas. The paintings, all former catalog covers for Potts Longhorn saddles and riding equipment, record Chuck's continuing development in his craft. One of the early paintings, "Selling Old Yeller," was such a popular catalog cover that the Potts Company issued it as the first DeHaan print back in 1968. More than 12,000 prints were distributed to horse lovers and art fans. The subject was pulled straight from the artist's memories of many Saturday night horse sales. It depicted a cowboy demonstrating just how gentle his Palomino horse was to an audience of potential buyers.

Over a quarter century DeHaan's work has appeared on magazine covers ranging from *Western Horseman* and *Cattleman* to *True West* and *Texas Optimist*. Chuck readily admits that he's long since lost count of the total. Many publications have used more than one of his paintings; several consider it a slow year when they do not showcase at least one. One example is the *Paint Horse Journal*. Chuck produced the magazine's first colored cover, and it has become a tradition for the December cover to be a DeHaan painting. He also was asked to produce a special cover commemorating the American Paint Horse Association's twentieth year.

DeHaan's work has also graced the cover of the prestigious Cheyenne Frontier Days Rodeo program. Again harking back to Chuck's rodeoing, the program showed a saddle bronc rarin' out of the chute, with the rider's spurs up in its shoulders to "mark him out."

A recent, honor came when Chuck was named "The Official Texas State Artist" for the 1986-87 year. The proclamation, signed by the governor and presented in front of the assembled Texas Legislature in Austin recognized Chuck's contributions to Texas and to Western Art in general. "It's the first time that I was ever an official anything," grinned DeHaan. "Still, it's nice to be appreciated and I'm sure proud of being named the Texas state artist for a year."

ANOTHER INDICATION of Chuck DeHaan's having "arrived" as a painter of the western scene was a recent award from the Western Writers of America. That group, composed of the top writers in the western field, presented him with the important Spur Award for the Best Western Magazine Cover of 1984. The award honored "Winter Songsinger," which appeared on the December 1984 *Frontier Times*.

"Winter Songsinger" also has been produced as a signed and numbered collector print and is fast selling out. A commemorative belt buckle, designed from the figure of the Crow medicine man in the painting, has been produced in a numbered series as well. It is available in pewter, sterling silver, or gold. Because of his close association with the Crow Nation, the artist has assigned all royalties from the buckles to benefit the tribe.

To Chuck, perhaps the most impresssive tribute came from Richard Redbird, Tribal Chairman of the Crow Agency, who closely scrutinized the painting. After he had looked a long time, Redbird commented the artist had accurately depicted every item of clothing and trappings a Crow medicine man might have worn a century ago.

One element of DeHaan's work has remained consistent in art and life, regardless of the time period

represented. That is animal and human behavior. In that area DeHaan can fall back upon his years of handling horses and cattle and of observing men and experiencing what can happen when men and animals are mixed. Since Chuck DeHaan doesn't draw from models or reference photographs, he has to know how a roper twists his body to offset the jerk of a lariat against the saddle horn. He has to know the lunges that a bronc will make to dislodge a would-be rider, the look of a steer stampeding off a mountainside, and the way that a horse spooks from a coiling rattlesnake.

"When I'm drawing cattle and horses," the former cowboy remarked, "I can remember what they do in a situation and kinda' work things around until they look right. People are something else, and when I'm drawing a rider I catch myself going through all his moves while I'm sitting on that stool. It's almost as if I'm putting on a circus the way that I twist and turn around. But, it's the only way that I know to get the right feel of what I'm trying to show."

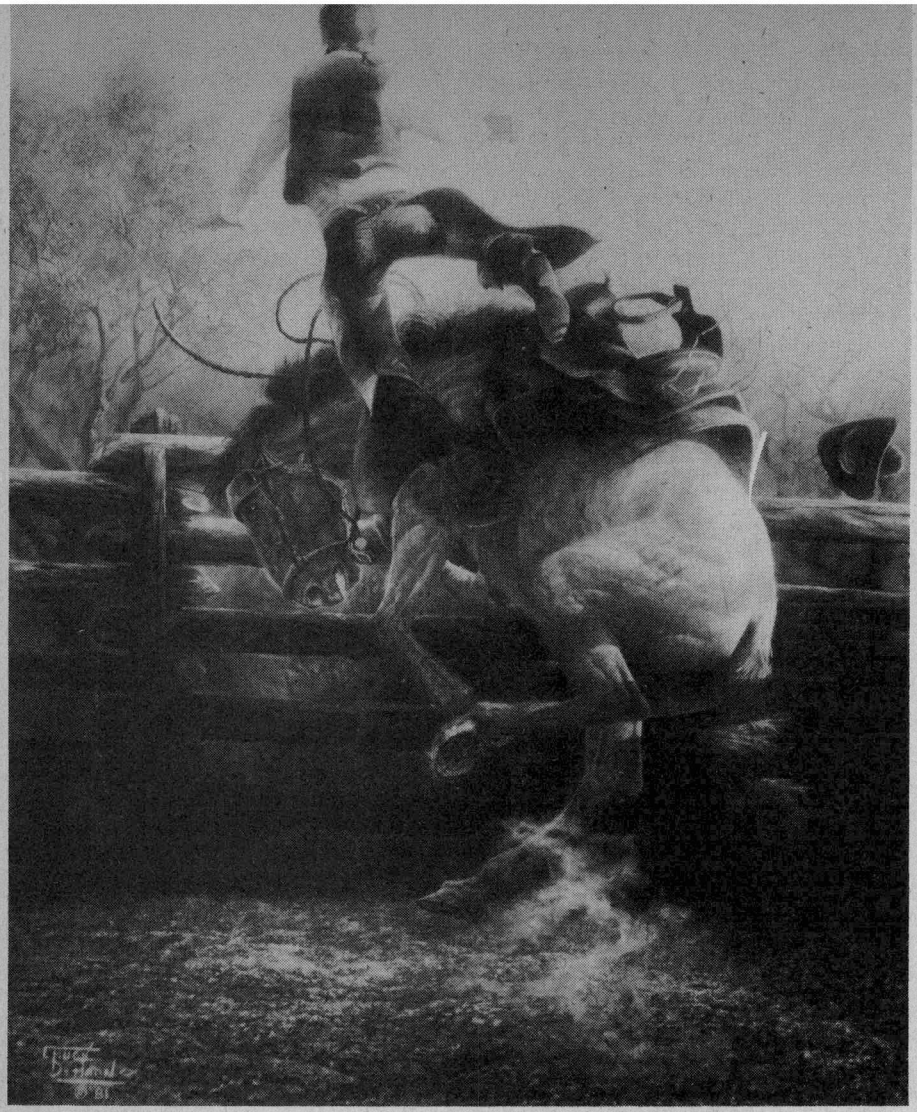
That all goes back to actual experience in the saddle and knowledge of "what is right," even if the action depicted took place before the turn of the century. "Birth of The Cutting Horse" shows a Texas cowboy of the eighties cutting a spooky Texas Longhorn heifer out of a big herd. The rider's clothing and equipment are of the period. Likewise the conformations of the horse, the heifer, and the cattle in the background are all correct and differ from today. The action does not. DeHaan pulls from his own background with cutting horses to depict the proper positions of horse, rider, and heifer in relation to the rest of the animals. He shows the varying actions of all the animals with equal accuracy.

Sometimes, gathering all of that experience has been pretty rough. Chuck laughs, now, about one such incident but agrees that it sure gave him on-the-job training to draw someone getting bucked off. In fact, it put the cap on his bronc riding days. One cold morning several years ago his son, Bud, was fooling with a colt . . . and ol' Dad was leaning against the corral fence handing out plenty of advice on how to go about it. The young horse was humped up, thinking about bucking, but was the kind that could be talked out of the idea if a cowboy would take the time. Bud was taking that time.

Tired of the delay, Chuck walked over, grabbed the hackamore reins out of Bud's hand and proceeded to demonstrate how he used to cheek one, grab a stirrup, and sneak up into the saddle before the bronc knew what was happening.

Years ago, Chuck had been a hand at such tricks, but age and good grazin' had kinda' slowed him down. The action went according to plan until the overage bronc stomper got about halfway into

"Spooked," a limited edition Guildhall print, sold out in twenty-one days.



The artist's own unfortunate experience mounting a bronc contributed to "The Strawberry Roan."

the saddle, his right leg hung out over the cantle. Then, the colt came unstuck. He whirled away from the man hanging in the stirrup, made several pretty good jumps, and ducked off to the right. The cantle's hard slap on the back of his lap catapulted Chuck out and away. He flew through the air in a long, slow arc before hitting the ground like a sack of feed tossed from the back of a slow-moving pickup.

Chuck recollects lying on the hard-packed ground, watching the clouds move across the sky and thinking that things hadn't worked out the way they used to. Then Bud walked up. "Dad is that the kind of ride that made you quit tryin' to rodeo?" Bud asked quietly. "Or, was it something else that you never bothered to tell me?"

The action that took place that morning has since been captured in a painting named from the old cowboy song, "Oh, That Strawberry Roan." It has also been reproduced as a collector print. Only an artist who has felt a horse "suck out from under him" and known that it would be a long way to the ground could have given the painting its feeling.

While his bronc ridin' days are over, Chuck DeHaan is still involved with horses. There is a cutting arena on the ranch and a few horses that will sure look at a cow. As a throwback to his earlier years, Chuck even has a promising Colt that he plans to trick train, just for "something to do."

As with his horsemanship, Chuck DeHaan has had no formal training in drawing or painting. He has developed his talent on his own, through hard work and careful study of other artists. A fan of the late Will James, author/artist of fifty years ago, DeHaan readily admits that James could, "sure draw a horse." He's also a strong believer in the theory that a painter has to be able to draw before he can paint. His work is characterized by the careful underdrawing of each form, animal or person long before any color is applied to the canvas.

Early in his career, Chuck was influenced by the old masters of Europe. He set out to learn their techniques, carefully studying reproductions of each artist's work and, for a time, even mixing his own paint by their formulas. When he began this procedure, he was told western art lovers would not accept the highly finished style. But he persisted, and today, his solidly drawn, well composed paintings have a richness all their own. Western art fans not only accept it but consider the style a DeHaan trademark.

ALONG THE WAY to his present respected position in the world of Western art, Chuck admits to having had lots of help from different people. From some it was a nudge in the right direction or a quick word of encouragement. Others contributed major support in the form of advertising assignments or purchased drawings and paintings. From a few, there was the gift of honest and knowledgeable criticism. All of the help has been appreciated. While Chuck cannot repay those who gave it, he can help others. He feels obligated to look at the work of young artists beginning their careers, to help them work out the problems in a painting, or to make suggestions about the craft.

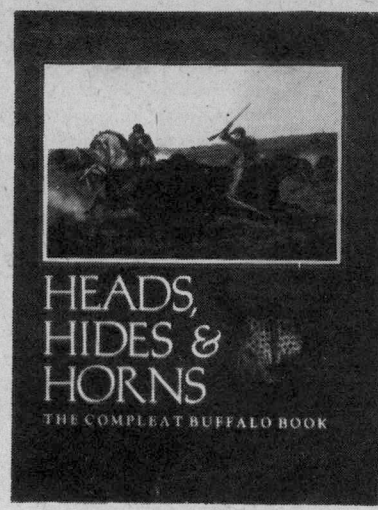
"The one thing that I can't give, the one thing that some people want and feel that I can tell them, is the key to success. That has to come from inside and a person has to find it by himself. No one can do that for anyone else. One thing that I can tell, a fact that I know, is that you have to paint for art's sake, not for what you might get paid. Each piece has to be the very best that you can do. If you try to work the other way around, the thought seems to show through and people tend to lose interest in your work."

As a painter, as a western historian and as a horsemen, Chuck DeHaan has strong opinions about his craft, about western art and about it's place in history. "This kind of art tells a story about the history of our country and that story has to be authentic. It depicts the unique cultures of the Indian, the mountain man, and the cowboy . . . people that no other part of the world ever had. It's history and it's strictly American. I guess that you could say that Western Art, like Dixieland Jazz, is America's contribution to the world's culture."

THE BOOK MART

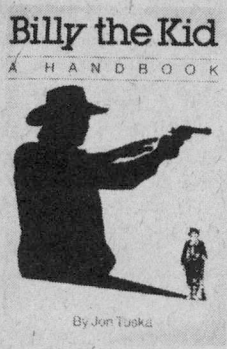
TW38—THE OLD WEST QUIZ AND FACT BOOK. By Rod Gragg. Do you think you know the Old West? The answer to hundreds of questions—from "How long did the shoot-out at the OK Corral last?" to "Why did cattle-drive cooks throw their dirty dishwater under the chuck wagon?"—can be found in this fascinating and profusely illustrated collection of facts, features, obscure details, and overlooked information. Harper & Row.

NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $15.95**
Paper, $8.95



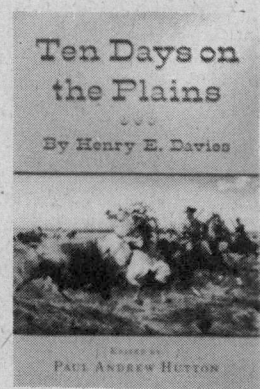
TW23—HEADS, HIDES & HORNS: THE COMPLEAT BUFFALO BOOK. By Larry Barsness. Combining superb art and history, this book tells the stroy not only of the buffalo but also of the relationship between the buffalo and man on the North American continent. "A model of scholarship narrated in a breezy style."—Dee Brown. Texas Christian University Press.

Cloth, $40.00
Paper, $19.95



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

Paper, $7.95

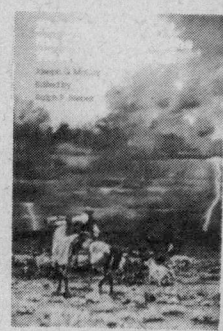


TW35—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. Ed. by Paul A. Hutton. Originally published in a limited edition of fifty copies in 1871, this rare book is an account by Civil War General Henry E. Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies featured a young scout, William F. Cody, as the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

NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $21.95**

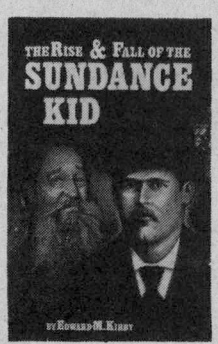
TW25—A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS. By Paul I. Wellman. Wellman shows that the organized gangs of robbers and killers—from Quantrill to Floyd—who roamed the Midwest and Southwest from the 1860s to the 1930s went to the same school and were aided by each other's notoriety. First published in 1961, *Dynasty*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

Paper $8.95



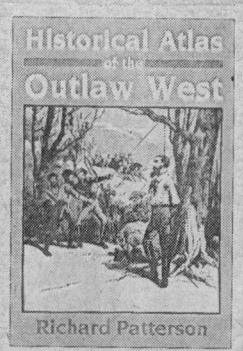
TW—HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE CATTLE TRADE OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST. By Joseph G. McCoy; ed. by Ralph P. Bieber. In 1874, seven years after he had established Abilene, Kansas, as the railroad shipping point for Texas longhorns, McCoy published this enduring eyewitness history of the great cattle drives northward. This closely edited reprint corrects many early errors and includes an excellent introduction. "The first and one of the best range histories. A classic."—*The Book Lover's Southwest.* University of Nebraska Press.

NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $9.95**



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

NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $4.95**



TW22—HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE OUTLAW WEST. By Richard Patterson. A state-by-state, town-by-town guide to the infamous acts of western outlaws, this lively written reference meets the needs of the armchair traveler and the reader on the road. "An excellent resource for writer and explorer . . . a handsome, useable volume."—*TRUE WEST.* Johnson Books.

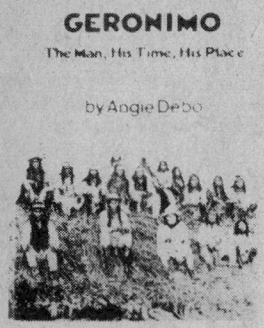
Paper, $14.95

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

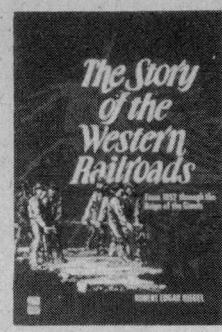
NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $9.95**

Turn the page for more fine selections.

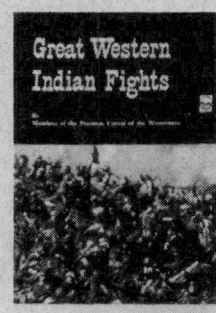
BOOK MART: FEATURING SEVERAL



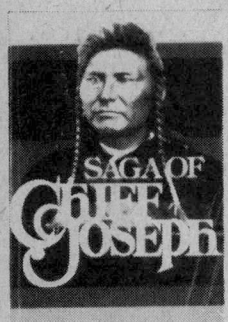
TW43—GERONIMO: THE MAN, HIS TIME, HIS PLACE. By Angie Debo. In this first-rate biography, Debo draws upon Geronimo's own account of his life, first-hand narratives of his warriors and other contemporaries, and traditional historical sources. She portrays him not as "the tiger of the human race," as contemporary accounts described him, but as an individual with his own characteristics. University of Oklahoma Press.
NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $24.95**
Paper, $12.95



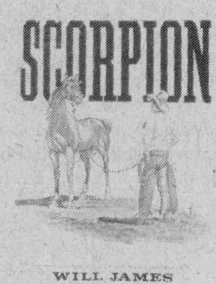
TW45—THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS. By Robert E. Riegel. A leading treatment of the subject, this book follows the Iron Horse's conquest of the American West through Indian trouble, labor difficulties, civil war, and farmer disillusionment. A thoroughly researched study, the volume includes a large bibliography. "The narrative is on the whole accurate."—*American Historical Review.* University of Nebraska Press.
NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $9.95**



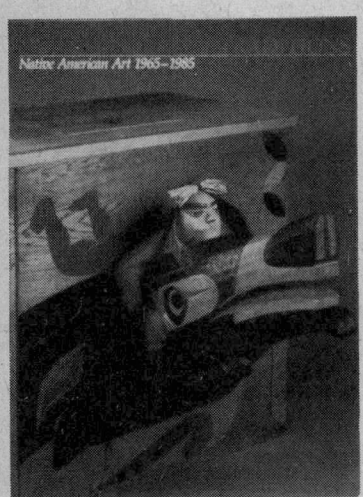
TW44—GREAT WESTERN INDIAN FIGHTS. By the Potomac Corral of the Westerners. Recreated in this exciting volume are twenty-odd battles crucial in the opening of the American West. Among the conflicts included are Bandera Pass, Canyon de Chelly, Adobe Walls, Wagon Box, Fetterman, Washita, Rosebud, Little Big Horn, and Wounded Knee. "Good solid reading, and a whole peck of it."—*New York Times.* University of Nebraska Press.
NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $7.95**



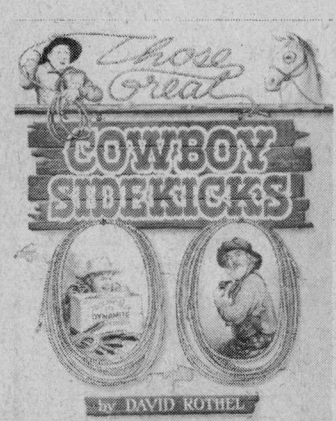
TW46—THE SAGA OF CHIEF JOSEPH. By Helen Addison Howard. This completely revised edition of *War Chief Joseph* presents in exciting detail the full story of the great Nez Perce leader, with a reevaluation of the five bands engaged in the Nez Perce War, objectively told from the Indian, the white military, and the settlers' points of view. "A priceless contribution to the history of a great and noble race."—*Los Angeles Times.* University of Nebraska Press.
NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $7.95**



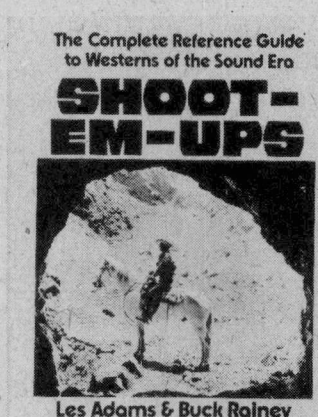
TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times.* University of Nebraska Press.
Paper, $7.95



TW39—LOST AND FOUND TRADITIONS: NATIVE AMERICAN ART, 1965-1985. By Ralph T. Coe. This well illustrated reference work highlights the diversity and richness of American Indian traditional art forms—textiles, basketry, jewelry, carving—during the past twenty years. Coe skillfully shows that much of the Native American past has not been lost, but thrives among tribal groups throughout the United States and Canada. University of Washington Press.
NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $35.00**

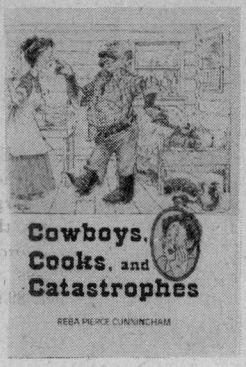


TW11—THOSE GREAT COWBOY SIDEKICKS. By David Rothel. A fascinating look at such fondly remembered comic character actors as George "Gabby" Hayes, Smiley Burnette, Andy Devine, and thirty-six others, much of the story is told through the reminiscences of the sidekicks and the cowboy stars. WOY Publications.
Paper,$17.95



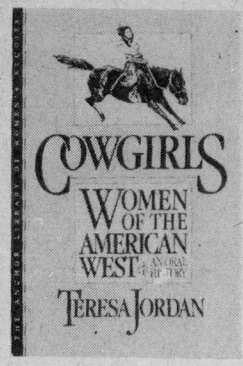
TW31—SHOOT-EM-UPS: THE COMPLETE REFERENCE GUIDE TO WESTERNS OF THE SOUND ERA. By Les Adams & Buck Rainey. An authoritative source book that profiles every American western of the sound era, more than 3,000 films, this guide offers the definitive compilation of western film data. It includes more than 200 photos, as well as brief histories of each western cinematic period. WOY Publications.
Paper, $24.95

AVORITES AND MANY NEW TITLES



TW30—COWBOYS, COOKS, AND CATASTROPHES. By Reba Pierce Cunningham. Based on the author's life in Wyoming, the hilarious misadventures at the N Bar N have been warmly embraced by thousands of readers. Meet some of the most intriguing characters ever to stir a pot of beans in this uproarious, entertaining book. "You may or may not laugh till you cry . . . but laugh you will."—*Lincoln Journal-Star.* Barbed Wire Press.

Paper, $12.95

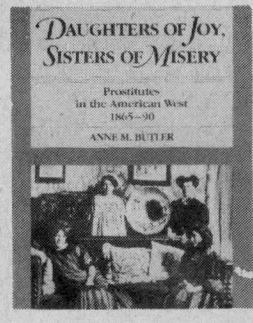


TW29—COWGIRLS: WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN WEST. By Teresa Jordan. Filling an important gap in western literature, *Cowgirls* depicts the female counterpart of the famous American cowboy. The women are portrayed through oral histories, photographs, and special chapters giving an overview of their time. "A real 'page-turner,' *Cowgirls* is both a good read and important source of documentation."—*Western Historical Quarterly.* Doubleday/Anchor Press.

Paper, $10.95

TW36—BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES. By Glenn Shirley. Known as "a female Jesse James," Belle Starr's association with some of the most sought-after outlaws in the West brought her lasting notoriety. Shirley sifts through the fantastic myths surrounding Belle and unearths the facts about the intriguing Oklahoman who ironically was murdered after she finally had decided to go straight. University of Oklahoma Press.

NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $19.95**

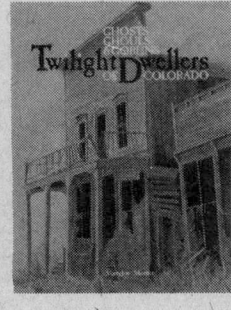


TW1—DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTES IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1865-90. By Anne M. Butler. "Frail sisters," "fallen angels," "soiled doves"—whatever they were called, these women lived lives of nearly anonymous destitution. Anne Butler's account of their lives bears little resemblance to popular depictions in film and fiction. It reveals instead an existence on the brink of despair. University of Illinois Press.

Cloth, $16.95

TW37—TEXAS TEARS AND TEXAS SUNSHINE. By Jo Ella Powell Exley. The settlement of Texas is told through the provacatively different perspectives of sixteen women pioneers of the Lone Star State. A patchwork of experiences, from "high society" to wild frontier, from Indian captive to honeymooning trail driver, these stories offer vivid, personal accounts of life on the frontier. Texas A&M University Press.

NEW SELECTION! **Cloth, $16.95**

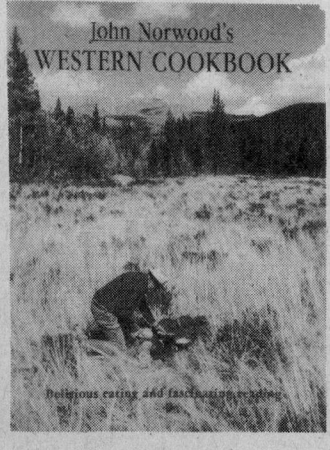


TW28—TWILIGHT DWELLERS: GHOSTS, GHOULS AND GOBLINS OF COLORADO. By MaryJoy Martin. From Indian legends through the ghostly present, meet a spine-tingling assortment of Colorado's rich spectral spectrum of phantoms, demons, and spirits in the lively pages of Martin's *Twilight Dwellers.* Martin proves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

Paper, $8.95

TW13—COWBOY POETRY: A GATHERING. Ed. by Hal Cannon. Compiled as an outgrowth of the first Cowboy Poetry gathering, this collection of classic and new western poetry expresses the tough, honest, and hard-bitten spirit of a unique culture. Peregrine Smith Books.

Cloth, $14.95
Paper, $9.95



TW32—JOHN NORWOOD'S WESTERN COOKBOOK. By John Norwood. The author's considerable experience and salty prose combine to make this cookbook not only a source of culinary pleasure, but also delightful reading. Influenced by southern, black, Mexican, cowboy, and Indian cookery, Norwood's recipes range from hunter's dutch oven meat pies to grilled west coast shrimp, from crawdad bisque to antelope curry. Heimburger House.

Paper, $9.95

TW34—SONGS OF THE SAGE: THE POETRY OF CURLEY FLETCHER. By Curley Fletcher. Fletcher's name is synonymous with cowboy poetry, an oral tradition as old as the American West. Out of print since 1931, this classic collection of Fletcher's western verse contains such favorite poems as "The Strawberry Roan," "Yavapai Pete," and "The Cowboy's Prayer." Peregrine Smith Books.

NEW SELECTION! **Paper, $9.95**

Pinyon Pine: Food And Fuel

By STEVE VOYNICK

Photos Courtesy of the Author

"There are in that country small pine trees and their cones are like little eggs, but the nuts are better than those of Castile..." So observed Alvar Nunez de Cabeza de Vaca during the first Spanish exploration of the American Southwest, a six-year-long survival trek that began on the Texas coast in 1528 and ended on the Gulf of Baja. Cabeza de Vaca was, of course, speaking of the pinyon pine, a paradox among the trees of the Southwest. To the casual observer, the pinyon is little more than a lowly, scrub conifer struggling for existence on the arid, rocky slopes. But those familiar with the little pinyon know it as one of nature's greatest gifts. It was the pinyon that produced the fuel, building materials, food, and medicines that enabled the prehistoric Indians of the Colorado Plateau to survive into the present as the Navajo, Hopi, Zuni and Pueblo. Further west, the pinyon was the tree that made the Great Basin livable—though barely—for the Washoes, Shoshones and Paiutes. Then, as now, the pinyon meant a bountiful harvest in good times and the key to survival in bad times.

Today's pinyon pines are short, stubby, slow-growing, and well adapted to thrive on arid, rocky slopes.

The arrival of pines in the Southwest is a story as fascinating as that of the Indians and Spanish who followed them. Originating in northern Asia 180 million years ago, pines slowly migrated across the Bering land bridge to North America. A group of fast-growing, tall trees suited to the dense, moist forests of the Cretaceous Period eventually reached the highlands of northern Mexico, where the tremendously varied environment promoted the development of new species. About 60 million years ago, a major climatic change began biologically shaping the Southwest into the semi-arid subcontinent we know today. Many pines became extinct, superceded by small, tough, drought-resistant species that were the progenitors of the pinyon. Continued evolution finally produced today's pinyons—short, stubby, slow-growing trees well adapted to thrive on arid, rocky slopes and able to manage a reverse migration northward out of Mexico to spread over the American Southwest.

Today, pinyons grow at elevations of from 4,000 to 8,000 feet, depending upon latitude and regional climate. Pinyon-juniper woodland covers 75,000 square miles in New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and southern California. Of the eleven recognized pinyon species, two are prominent in the United States. *Pinus edulus*, the Colorado pinyon, dominates in the eastern part of the range, while *Pinus monophylla*, the singleleaf pinyon, is found in the west.

When man first appeared in the Southwest some 13,000 years ago, the pinyon was ready to serve him. Legends of tribal origins abound with uses and reverence for the pinyon pine. Pinyon wood provided not only fuel, but material for tool handles, weapons and shelters. Pinyon pitch served as glue and waterproofing material, as well as for ceremonial and medicinal purposes.

The greatest gift of the pinyon pine, however, was the pinyon nut, or pine nut, the large seed that grows on the up-

per surface of each cone scale. Pinyon nuts, which may vary considerably in size and number from year to year, are usually ripe by early September. Very shortly thereafter, the cones dry to spread their scales and drop the seeds. Such seedfalls are usually complete by early October. Once shelled, the seeds may be consumed raw or cooked, which brings out their full, rich flavor. Indian cooking was simple, ranging from boiling, to boiling and mashing into a peanut butter-like paste, to roasting in ovens.

The value of the pinyon nut, long known to the Indians, was recorded later in the journals of explorers from Coronado to Frémont. In good times and bad, it became woven into the fabric of western history. Captain Philip Cooke, traveling with the Army of the West in 1846, told of one of the good times: "...a good spring was found, and there we passed several hours under the shade of pinyon trees, indulging in lunch, with claret wine and pinyon nuts for dessert."

One of the bad times occurred also in 1846, when the Donner-Reed party of California-bound emigrants was stranded in an early Sierra blizzard. Starvation and sickness had already taken a terrible toll when a group calling itself the "Forlorn Hope" made a desperate final attempt to cross the Sierra to reach help in the California settlements. After several members had perished, the group staggered into an Indian village. A week's diet of acorn soup brought little improvement. Although the group's leader, William H. Eddy, was unable to walk, he realized that he must somehow continue on to seek help. Years later, Eliza P. Donner Houghton told how Eddy managed a miracle: "...The Chief with much difficulty procured for Mr. Eddy, a gill of pine nuts which the latter found so nutritious that the following morning, on resuming travel, he was able to walk without support." Eddy, with the last of his strength, walked eighteen miles through the snow to alert rescuers. Over forty men, women and children of the ill-fated Donner-Reed party were saved, thanks to about a half-cup of pinyon nuts.

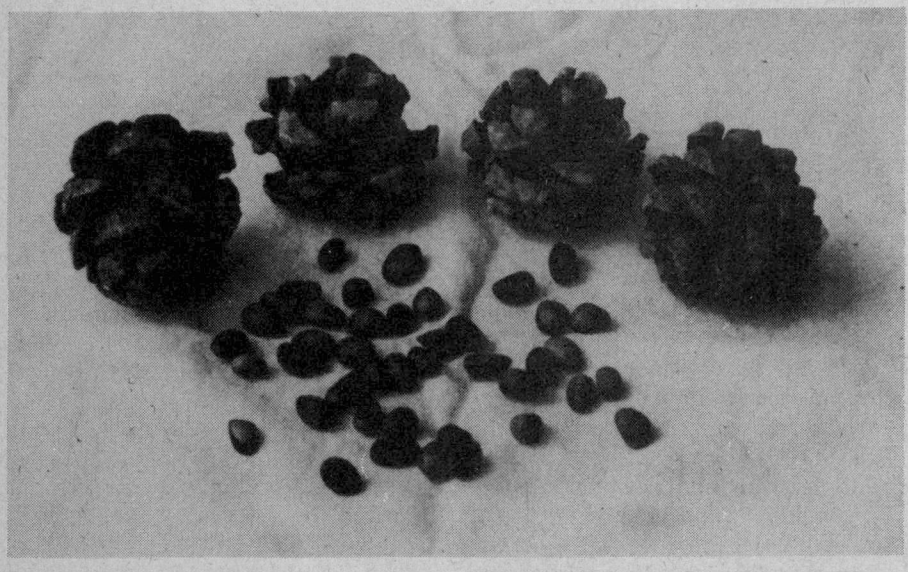
Pinyon-juniper woodland covers 75,000 square miles in New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Nevada, and southern California.

We now know why Eddy was able to perform his heroic feat. Modern nutritionists have found pinyon nuts to be extremely nutritious and on the level of pecans and walnuts in content of protein, fats and carbohydrates. Only one ounce of shelled pinyon nuts contains 180 calories—more than the same weight of chocolate or butter. Pinyon nuts are also high in unsaturated fats and contain significant amounts of vitamin A, thiamine, riboflavin and niacin.

Not surprisingly, the pinyon nut has long been a commercial food commodity in the Southwest. The Navajos often sold their pine nut surplus to the Pueblos and Hopis. And by the early 1800s, great sacks of pine nuts joined wool, hides, and copper ingots in the annual Spanish trade caravan that moved south from New Mexico to Mexico City.

Although few statistics are available, pine nuts are still commercially important. From 1915 to 1940, the pine nut harvest in New Mexico's National Forests amounted to 16,000 tons. Sixty years ago, pine nuts retailed in the Southwest for 40 to 60 cents per pound. Although no one is sure of the size of today's pine nut harvest, the price is clear. Raw nuts sell for about $5 per pound, roasted nuts for $8 per pound.

Unlike many other natural, or wild, foods, pine nuts may easily be collected in quantity. After a seedfall, one person may pick twenty pounds of seeds from the ground in one day. By spreading blankets and shaking the trees at seedfall time, that same person may harvest seventy pounds. Two people, raking the ground after a seedfall and using wire mesh screens to separate the nuts, may



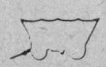
Modern nutritionists have found pinyon nuts to be extremely nutritious and on the level of pecans and walnuts in content of protein, fats and carbohydrates.

collect up to 150 pounds in a single day. After shelling, about two-thirds of the weight will be retained as edible nuts.

Pine nuts may be collected easily on southwestern public lands. Check with state foresters, the Bureau of Land Management, or the U.S. Forest Service for times and places. There are two approaches to pinyon nut collecting. Some pick the green cones before they open, filling gunny sacks and bringing them home. In about a week, all the cones will open to free the nuts. The cones themselves may be used for a pleasant fireplace incense. Others wait for natural seedfalls and collect the nuts only. Stored in their shells, pine nuts will last for at least two or three years. There are many shelling methods. One of the most popular and effective is spreading several handfuls of nuts on a surface, then going over them with a rolling pin to quickly crack each shell.

Although the raw nut has a pleasant taste, roasting brings out a delicious, rich, nutty flavor. Pinyon nuts may be roasted shelled or unshelled. Time and temperature vary with personal preference and the amount of moisture in the nut and are not critical as long as the nut is not scorched. Simply place the nuts in an oven spread evenly on a large cookie pan. Tempertures may vary from 200°F. to 450°F. with times up to two hours at the lowest temperatures. Shelled, roasted nuts may be stored at length in closed jars.

The pinyon pine is an integral and enduring part of the history, lore, culture, and ecology of the Southwest. On crisp, clear fall mornings, a bountiful harvest of pinyon nuts awaits anyone willing to venture into the pinyon-juniper woodlands on the mountain slopes. Even later, when the harvest is done, we may share in another gift of the pinyon—the fire from its wood that once warmed explorers and Indians from centuries past. Ronald M. Lanner, in his fine book, *The Pinyon Pine: A Cultural and Natural History*, beautifully describes a pinyon wood fire: "Pinyon firewood comes into its own on dark nights in midwinter, when warmth and cheer and a bit of excitement is needed. Nobody who has sat before a roaring, pitch-boiling, bubbling, scented fire of pinyon can think of it as the mere consumption of wood. It is the spirited release of centuries of brilliant sunlight absorbed under a cloudless southwestern sky, the sudden and instant flow of energy patiently accumulated."



Pinyon Nut Delectables

Much of the fun of pinyon nut collecting is the pinyon nut cooking. There are a wealth of pinyon nut recipes, mostly based upon Mediterranean and Native American dishes that use the nuts in sauces, dressings, stuffings, breads, cookies, confections, and as additions to main dishes. Here are several excellent recipes which may stimulate your own pinyon nut cooking creativity.

PINYON NUT PANCAKES

- 2 tbs shortening
- 1½ cup whole wheat flour
- 2 tbs sugar
- 2 tbs baking powder
- ½ cup ground roasted pinyon nuts
- ¾ cup water or milk

Add shortening to ground pine nuts and dry ingredients; gradually add and blend water or milk. Knead. Form into thin cakes, cook on hot griddle until golden brown.

PINYON NUT PEMMICAN

- 2 cups chocolate chips
- 1 cup whole roasted pinyon nuts
- ½ cup grated coconut
- ½ cup raisins

Melt chocolate, blend in other ingredients. Pour into greased plastic ice cube mold. Allow to harden in refrigerator. Use as snack or trail ration.

PINYON COOKIES

- 1 cup butter or margarine
- ¼ cup sugar
- 2 cups flour
- ½ cup milk
- 1 cup ground roasted pinyon nuts
- 1 tsp vanilla
- 1 tsp cinnamon

Blend butter, sugar, flour and milk. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Form into two-inch squares and place on cookie sheet. Sprinkle tops with whole roasted pinyon nuts. Bake at 325°F. for 20 minutes.

PINYON NUT SPAGHETTI SAUCE

- ½ cup ground roasted pinyon nuts
- 1 clove garlic
- ½ cup watercress, finely chopped
- ½ cup green scallions, finely chopped
- 2 tbs butter
- ⅓ cup olive oil
- ½ cup grated parmesan
- salt and white wine to taste

Puree pinyon nuts, garlic, and watercress in blender. Sautee scallions in butter. Add cheese, olive oil, and puree to sauteed scallions. Simmer. Add salt and white wine, if desired, to taste, Serve hot over spaghetti or cold over salad.

HIDDEN GOLD OF CHIMNEY ROCK

By JOHN NORWOOD

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Pictured is a view from the probable location of the Ute camp looking east to hills that run from Chimney Rock to the course of the Piedra River.

How accurately can a man recall terrain, characteristics, and locations in a virgin, unmapped and unsettled area after an absence of more than forty years? The answer to that question is the key to the possibility of finding a lost gold treasure. In the early 1850s with gold at $12 per ounce, the treasure was worth about $135,000-145,000; today its value would be more nearly $5,000,000. The story is one of Colorado's better authenticated tales of lost or hidden treasure.

About 1890 a beardless man, almost an albino, appeared in the Pagosa Springs district. Shortly after arriving, he became acquainted and lived with a family named Cooper, who had a small cattle and farm operation near Bayfield. The man apparently paid for his keep by doing chores and other work about the ranch. His name, as he gave it, was either Slim Craven, or Cowan. As the story has been passed on he is most often spoken of as Craven.

Craven was not a good mixer, and during the first days of his association with the Coopers he had little to say about himself. After two or three weeks, however, during which time he had roamed a bit about the country and become more familiar with it, he remarked to Cooper and a couple other men that some forty years before he had made a trip through the area. As he became better acquainted with the Coopers he began to talk more and to tell them of the trip.

Craven and four companions on horseback and leading a packtrain of seven mules were en route east, presumably from the California gold fields with Santa Fe, New Mexico, as their destination. Craven never divulged exactly where their journey started. Five of the packmules carried nothing but gold which, allowing 150 pounds for a normal mule load, would have totaled about 750 pounds. In later days the gold was sometimes referred to as bullion, but according to the Ute's version of the story, the gold was placer gold carried in leather sacks.

Craven recounted that they crossed the Colorado River at Moab, Utah, and continued on into the San Juan country. The Animas was forded at or near the present site of Durango, and the travelers proceeded almost due east, crossing the Pine River about where the Cooper ranch was. From there they rode into the Ignacio Hills, always choosing the easiest route. That brought them over the divide through a wide, easy pass between the Pine and Piedra rivers. U.S. Highway Number 160 today follows the same general route Craven described.

About halfway between the divide and the Piedra River was an open park in which there were the collected brush wickiups of an Indian encampment. No Indians were left in the camp but there were fires, meat cooking, and fresh bread cakes in sight. The Piedra could be seen in the distance.

The party had been moving fast, and eating had been a hit-and-miss proposition. The smell of cooking meat and fresh bread was irresistible. Craven—referred to by the Indians as "Naked Face"—and one other man dismounted and purloined a generous supply of the cooking meat and bread while the other three rode on ahead. Craven's horse was fractious; while Craven was remounting, the animal started bucking and kicking. During the melee one of the wickiups was knocked over. Craven and his companion paid little attention, thinking the wickiup could easily be rebuilt. They rode on.

Craven said the party then rode down a long draw and crossed the Piedra to make a camp for the evening. Hardly suspecting the stolen food and knocked over wickiup would put the Indians on the warpath, they took no precautions when they went to their blankets.

SOON AFTER daybreak Craven left camp to round up the animals. The other four stayed in camp, making preparations to depart. When he was a short distance from camp, Craven heard a warwhoop and guns firing. From his vantage point he watched his companions being slaughtered. Realizing the same would happen to him, he fled on foot. After a difficult, hungry flight he reached Abiquiu, New Mexico. Craven never explained to the Coopers what he had done or where he had been during the intervening forty years.

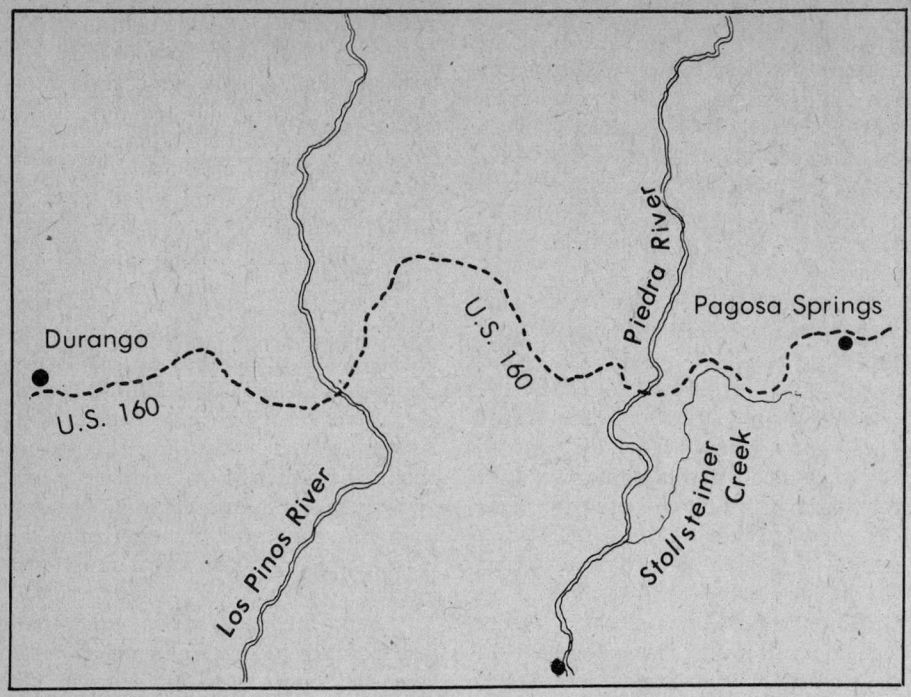
Some time after telling the Coopers his story, Craven rode over to the Piedra. He tried to get Cooper to accompany him, but the rancher could not get away at that time. Craven made the trip alone. Upon his return he told Cooper he had found the location of the massacre without doubt. But he failed to describe the location well enough for Cooper to find it later. He did say, however, that he found the Chimney Rocks and they were as he remembered them. Also he was sure of the camping spot, which was at the point of the ridge the rocks were on. He had found a large white rock in the clump of brush where he had concealed himself in flight. He recalled the camp had been at the upper end of a small flat. The brush was on the flat about 250-300 yards from the camp.

As would become apparent later when the Utes talked, Craven had been very close to his lost gold. He apparently realized the futility of trying to find any of the gold or, being a driven wanderer, got the urge to move on. He soon left the Coopers and is lost to the story. Maybe Craven was kept constantly moving by fear of vengeful pursuers for, in the course of telling his story to the Coopers, he was asked where the party had obtained the five mule-loads of gold. He replied that it was not polite to ask such questions. He did add that when he arrived at Abiquiu, he did not mention the lost gold because men in authority back in California were looking for it.

About a decade after Craven's departure from the Piedra area some old Utes who had become friendlier with the white ranchers told stories that fully corroborated Craven's account. Apparently the Indians had already been telling the Mexican settlers their story, for it was well-known among them even during the 1880s. The Hispanics, however, were not especially good friends of the gringos and had kept the story among themselves.

When the whites did become aware of the tale and began a deeper investigation, they had no difficulty obtaining the story of the battle, including the fact that there was a large amount of gold involved. But, when the whites pressed to pinpoint locations, they received only vague descriptions or locations indicated by wide sweeps of the arms and references to large chunks of the terrain or watersheds. The Mexicans were a bit more specific than the Utes and usually said the site was near the junction of the Piedra and Stollsteimer Creek, which they called *La Francees*.

THE UTE'S version of the story was told best by two of the venerable tribesmen who took part in the battle, Old Washington and Tallian. There were others still alive in the early part of this century, and there was Page Wright, who was in the Indian camp when, according to the Utes, it was burned. He was five years old at the time and did not take part in or see the battle. Page lived to a ripe old age and never forgot the time the five rough-looking whites were observed approaching the camp. There were only women and children in the camp at the time. The men and larger boys were away hunting. Terrorized, the women and children fled to



the brush and timber to conceal themselves.

From their hiding places they watched the theft of food and the eventual firing of their wickiups. Four of the men were heavily bearded but one of them, one who dismounted to take meat and bread, had a face without beard. Thereafter in all their stories he was referred to as "Naked Face." After the intruders left, some effort was made to extinguish the fires. But it was autumn and the material of the lodges was very dry. The camp was destroyed. A runner was sent to find the hunters and tell them what had happened.

Soon after the hunters' return, a scout was sent to follow the whites. He returned shortly after dark and reported the location of their camp. After much parleying the Utes decided to attack the white men's camp at daybreak. There was little concern for stolen food but much anger for the burning of their camp. In retaliation the men would be killed and their horses and equipment taken.

Accordingly, weapons were readied and the warriors took the war trail. They reached the whites' camp before light and took position under the cover of a high bank strategically located within gunshot. There was no activity in the camp until shortly before daybreak, when Naked Face left on foot to bring in the horses and mules.

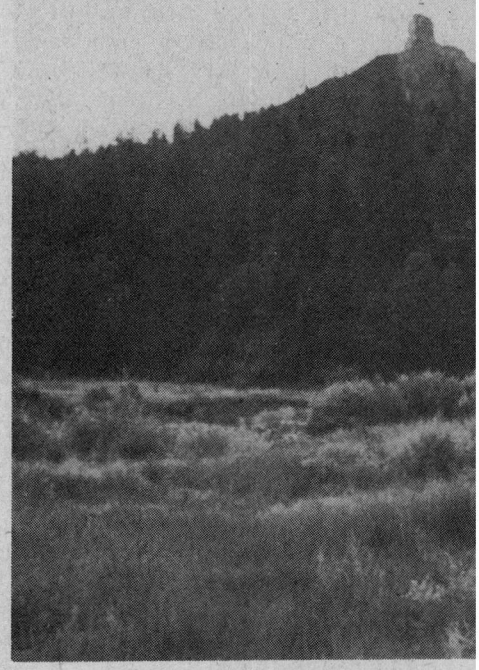
It was just good daylight when the animals approached with Naked Face some distance behind them. The Utes did not want any of the animals to be killed, so they immediately opened fire on the four bearded men, who were up and moving around. The Indians' fire was so heavy and accurate that none of the four was able to reach a weapon. They all dropped in the first fusillade.

The animals were frightened by the gunfire and began to scatter. The Utes, wanting the animals more than Naked Face, made no effort to pursue him but chased all the horses and mules instead.

WHEN THE animals were rounded up, the Utes examined and inventoried their spoils. Among them were ten leathern sacks, none large but each very heavy. The sacks contained gold. The Utes wanted no part of the gold, for they believed it, or even knowledge of its location, would bring them nothing but trouble. Very close to where the four whites had fallen was a deep, narrow crevice such as is made when water follows a gopher hole and gradually erodes away more soil. The sacks were retied, and they were buried in the crevice. Soil and rocks were piled on the sacks, and the surface was arranged to conceal the burial. When the warriors returned to their camp, the head man put a curse on the gold and proclaimed a penalty of severe punishment and even death for anyone who told of the battle or of the gold.

None of the stories that finally were told ever varied substantially in detail, and they all confirmed Craven's account. As willing as they were to give details of the camp's destruction and the ensuing battle, none of the narrators would give the smallest hint of the location of the battleground—or the gold. Neither is there any hint that any of the Utes who knew where the gold was ever tried to recover it.

In 1896 an assayer at the Durango Smelter was tendered a block of gold by an old Ute Indian and his wife and was asked to make it into money. The assayer was busy and chased the Indians away. They took their gold with them. There was some speculation later that it might have been part of the Chimney Rock horde. But this is hardly acceptable for the Indians' testimony all indicates the gold was in placer form, not bullion. At the time of the battle, 1850–51, most of the gold coming east from California was in the form of dust and nuggets.

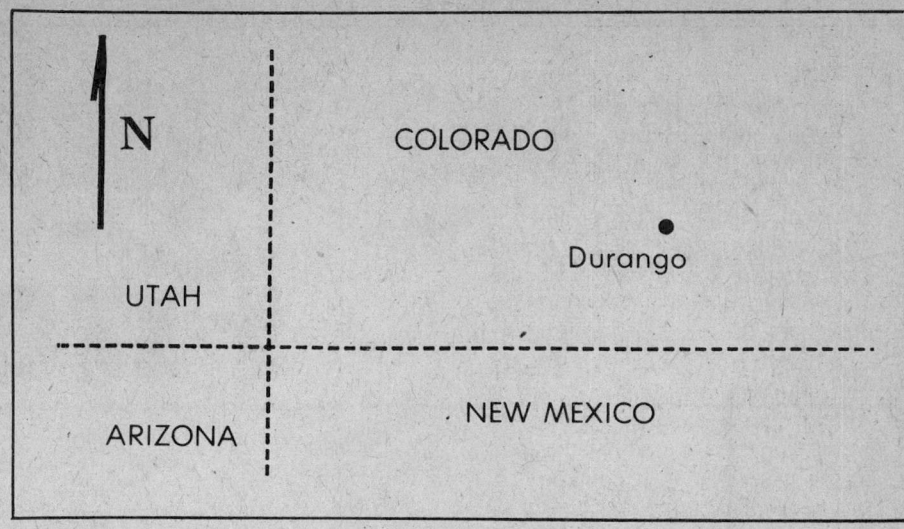


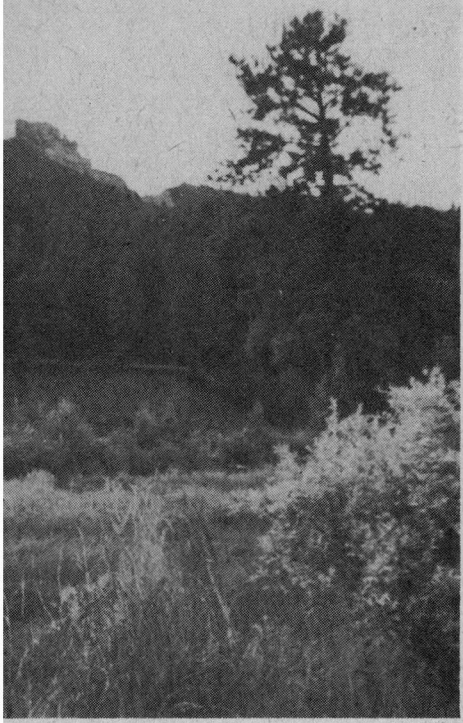
Chimney Rock on the Devil Creek drainage in Colorado more clearly fits the descrip-

There is little reason to doubt either Craven's or the Indians' stories. However, there are a number of valid reasons to doubt that the battle and the subsequent hiding of the gold were, as commonly believed, on Stollsteimer Creek near its junction with the Piedra River. Craven's party consisted of trailwise men, who must have had some idea of the route from California to Santa Fe by way of Colorado. Escalante's trail was generally known, and there were discernible traces of Indian travel eastward from the Animas River near

Durango. The trails tended to follow the easiest grades as well as water, wood, and game supplies and led to the Ute's Sacred Medicine Spring at what is now Pagosa Springs, Colorado. In later years, because of its practicability, Highway 160 closely followed the trails. Logically, Craven's party would have done the same.

Stollsteimer Creek heads five miles northwest of Pagosa Springs and flows southwest by south ten miles to Highway 160, where it turns southwest and flows along the east side of the highway to a small settlement called Dyke. From there, it flows southwest on the east side of a ridge capped by Chimney Rock, entering the Piedra





tion given by Craven than the area where Stollsteimer Creek joins the Piedra.

River about ten miles from Dyke.

Another drainage, Devil Creek, heads about three miles due west of Stollsteimer's head and flows southwest to a point directly west of Stollsteimer Creek. Directly west of Dyke the two streams are less than two miles apart. Devil Creek flows on west of the Chimney Rock ridge to cross Highway Number 160 about two miles northeast of where the highway crosses the Piedra. The creek enters the Piedra about one and one-half miles below the bridge over the Piedra. The junction of the Piedra and Devil Creek is about five or six miles upstream from where Stollsteimer Creek enters the Piedra.

While the Hispanic populace took it for granted that the gold was buried near the junction of Stollsteimer Creek and the Piedra, it must be recognized that when Craven first went through the country he did not know any of the creeks by name. Until he made the trip from Cooper's to look for the massacre site, he had not been taken to either Stollsteimer or Devil Creek by anyone who knew the area. Upon his return he simply stated that he was sure he had found the place, but he did not describe where it was.

Granting that the five men were trailwise, it is reasonable that they took a route approximating that of Highway Number 160, which would place the location of the battle and the burial of the gold in close proximity to the present Chimney Rock Store and campground. Everything points to that conclusion, including Craven's saying they made camp at the end of the ridge running down from the Chimney Rocks. Such a ridge runs prominently down to Devil Creek. The complex of hills that runs down to the junction of Stollsteimer and the Piedra has no such prominent ridge but rather is a series of hillocks and gulches.

The Stollsteimer terrain and the hills leading from either the west or the east of the Piedra are not conducive to horseback travel, nor would they provide any suitable camping or hunting locations for the Indians. Devil Creek, however, does provide these from either side of the river and upstream.

All those old Indians are long gone. It is highly improbable that they ever confided the location of the gold to any younger members of the tribe, for to the old Utes a curse, much like a taboo, was eternal.

Accepting the nearly certain fact that the gold did exist and was buried by the Utes, several possibilities become apparent, among them:

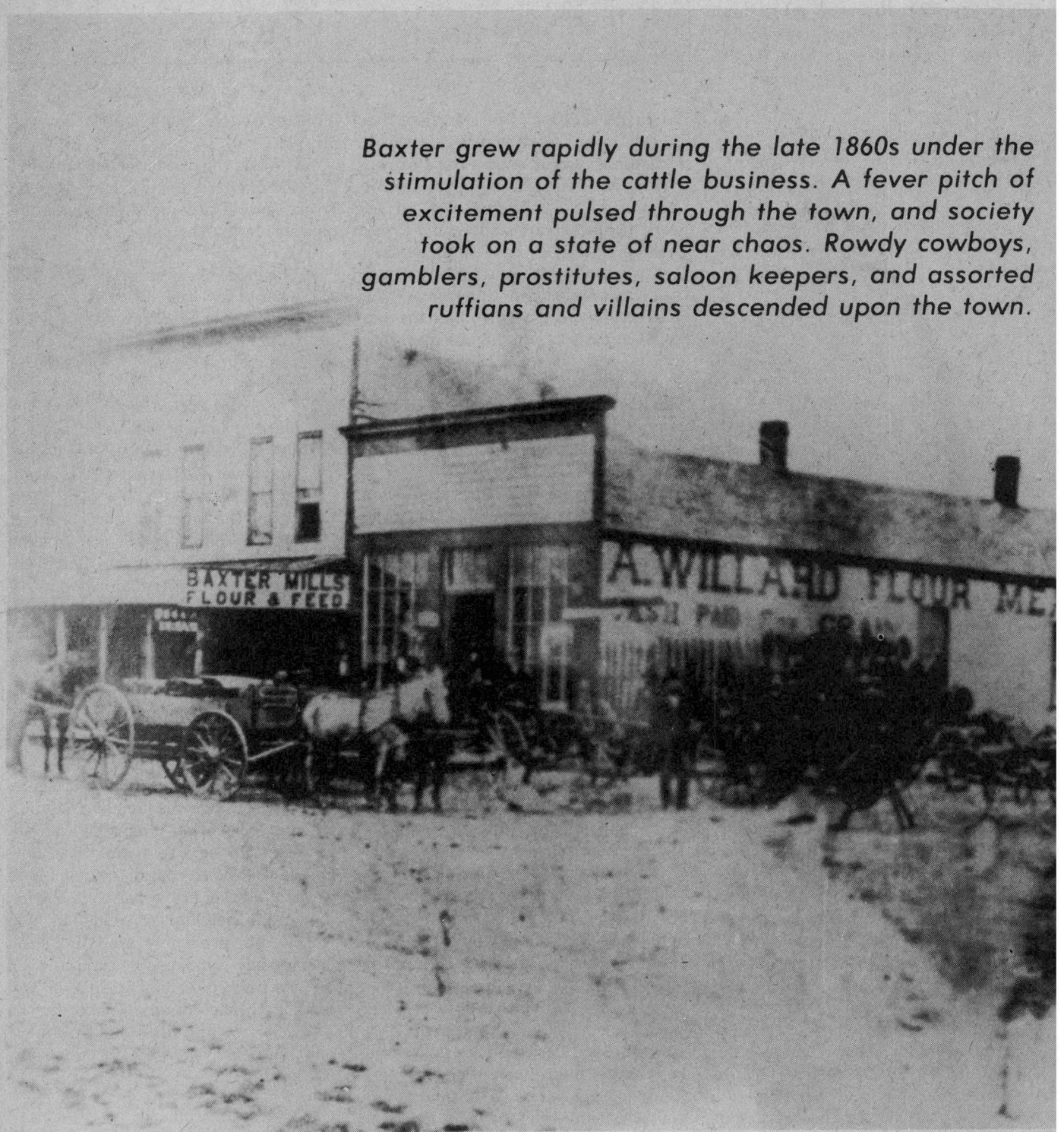
1. The gold, bags rotted away, is still where the Utes buried it, covered even deeper by later deposits of soil from eroding hillsides or it is there and may be exposed at anytime by erosion.
2. The bags rotted and loosed the placer gold to be washed into either Devil Creek or Stollsteimer Creek, whichever is the correct drainage. In that case, careful planning, starting at the junction of either creek might produce good colors, maybe even pockets of nuggets, and eventually lead to the major portion of gold that once reposed at the bottom of the deep, narrow crevice.
3. At some future date the Utes, needing money, may send a pickup load of placer gold to the mint in Denver or offer it for sale to some Arabian shiek.

Of one circumstance you may be sure: several years ago the area surrounding whichever location is correct was adjudicated to be Ute Land. It is now posted with no trespassing signs. If you were found there carrying pick, shovel, and metal detector or gold pan, you would be promptly and not too courteously removed. You might even be hied into court as a trespasser and dealt with accordingly. Whatever the Utes know about this gold—if anything—they won't want you prowling around.

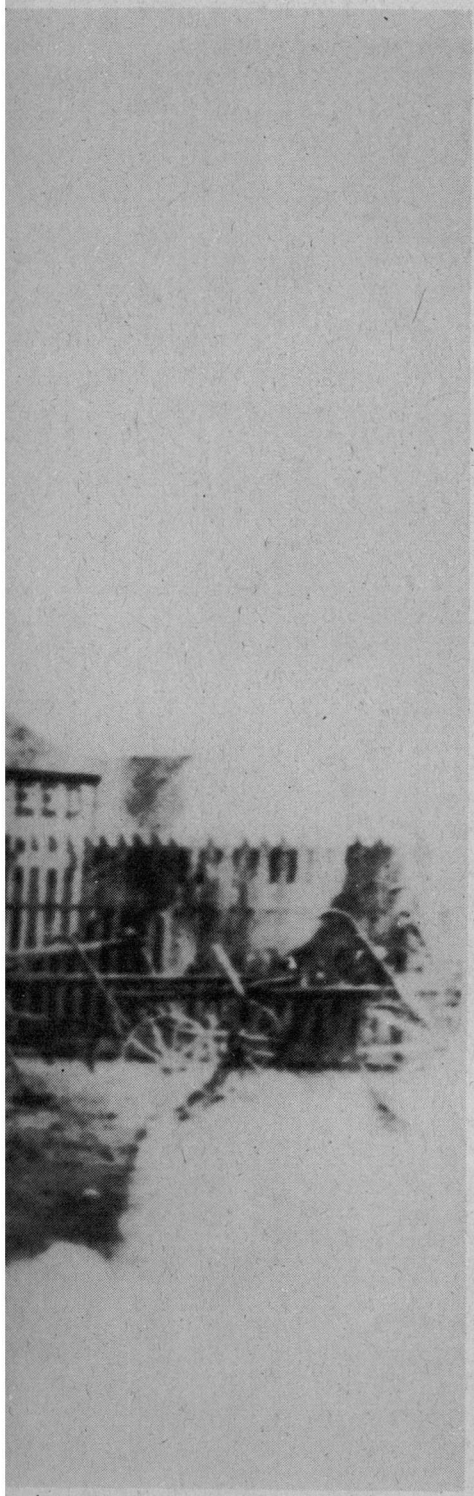
Baxter Springs: First Cow

By LARRY WOOD
Photos Courtesy of Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka
Except Where Noted

Baxter grew rapidly during the late 1860s under the stimulation of the cattle business. A fever pitch of excitement pulsed through the town, and society took on a state of near chaos. Rowdy cowboys, gamblers, prostitutes, saloon keepers, and assorted ruffians and villains descended upon the town.



Town In Kansas



Abilene, Dodge City, Wichita, and Ellsworth are names that almost any student of the Old West recognizes as famous Kansas cow towns. Actually, though, it is another town, Baxter Springs, that lays claim to the title of "First Cow Town in Kansas."

The extreme Southeast Kansas area where Baxter Springs is located was originally part of the land deeded by the United States government to the Cherokee Indians during the mid-1800s when the tribe was displaced from its native lands in the southeastern United States and forced westward along the notorious "Trail of Tears." The first white settler in the region, John Baxter, a charismatic, authoritative preacher with a booming voice and a massive six-foot seven-inch frame, arrived during the 1850s and established Baxter's Place as a trading post along the military road from Fort Scott, Kansas, to Fort Gibson in Indian Territory. Later, the town officially was called Baxter Springs in honor of its first white settler and a nearby spring. The spring was said by the Cherokee to contain great medicinal properties, and its waters were used curatively by the tribe.

As early as 1858 Baxter Springs was used by John Chisholm as a stopover on his prewar drives to Sedalia, Missouri, and as a supply point for cattle destined for Fort Scott. The outbreak of the Civil War put a hold on the Texas cattle trade and, of course, on Baxter's development as an early cow town. The area, however, continued to grow during the war, spurred in part by the construction of Fort Blair, sometimes called Fort Baxter, during August of 1863. Shortly after the fort's construction, nearly a hundred Union soldiers on their way to the post were massacred in a surprise attack by William Quantrill's raiders on October 6, 1863.

The east side of Military Avenue is between Eleventh and Twelfth streets in Baxter Springs, Kansas.

Lingering bitterness over that incident and over the war in general combined with a fear of tick fever to create hostility toward Texas cowboys among many Southeastern Kansans during the postwar years. Despite the ill will, however, the cattle business resumed, with the first postwar drive hitting Baxter in 1866. As the cattle business thrived, economic considerations soon outweighed any prejudices against the Texans. The cattle trade quickly provided a livelihood for many citizens of Baxter, and it was hard to hold a grudge against people who were putting money in their pockets. Some of those people, men who were among the earliest Texans to drive cattle to Baxter, were Enoch Wright, Harvey Ray, and George Duffield.

In 1868 Baxter Springs organized a drovers association for the purpose of buying and selling cattle. A stockyards was constructed with corrals capable of holding 20,000 head of cattle. Baxter's heyday as a cow town had begun.

Several factors accounted for Baxter Springs' prosperity as an early cow town. The military road from Fort Gibson to Fort Leavenworth through Baxter was well established, and it was the shortest route to northern markets. Also, the ample grazing land and abundance of water around Baxter made the town an attractive place to Texans for a pause in their long journey northward. The trip from Texas to southeast Kansas along the Shawnee Trail took an exhausting 100 to 110 days. During their stay in Baxter the cattle were fattened and put into shape for the further drive northward or, later, for shipment by rail to Kansas City.

Baxter grew rapidly during the late 1860s under the stimulation of the cattle business. A fever pitch of excitement pulsed through the town, and society took on a state of near chaos as rowdy

cowboys, gamblers, prostitutes, saloon keepers, and assorted ruffians and villains descended upon the town. Saloons and dance halls were plentiful, and the town was in an uproar night and day during the cattle season. Gunfights became commonplace, and a "Hangman's Tree" located near the celebrated springs was put to regular use.

ON MAY 2, 1870, a thriving, bustling town of about 5,000 people greeted the completion of the Missouri River, Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad into Baxter Springs from the north. A celebration was held on May 12, 1870, to commemorate the arrival of the railroad, and festivities held on the occasion included a canoe race on nearby Spring River and a war dance by several area Indian tribes.

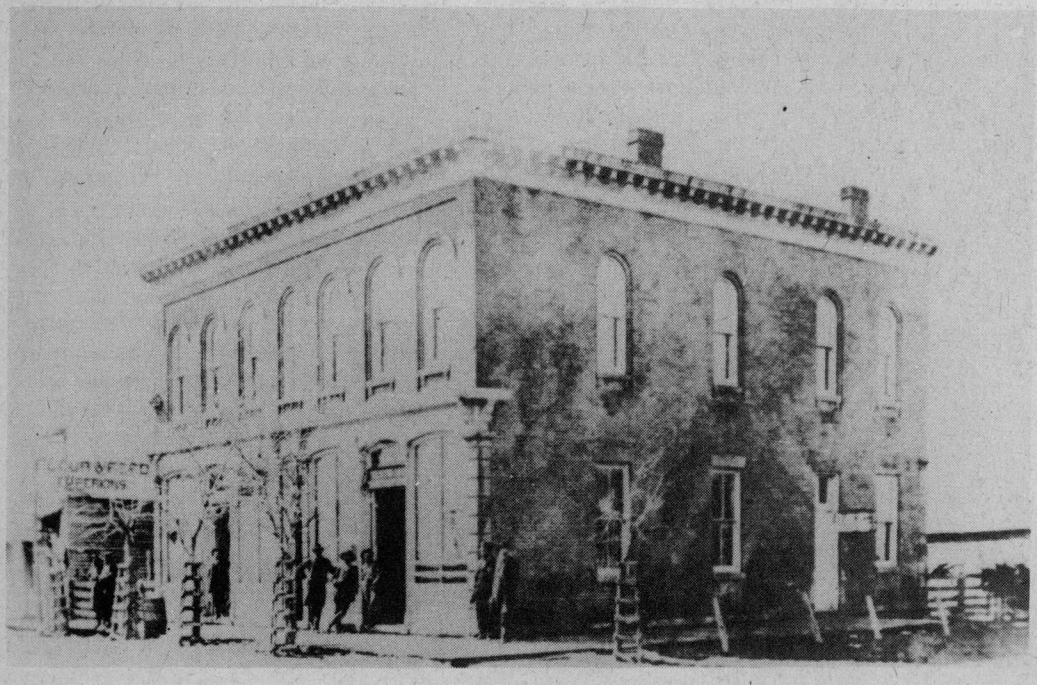
The coming of the railroad spurred a further increase in the Baxter Springs cattle trade. Cattle could now be placed on Kansas City markets after a single night's train ride from Baxter. The Missouri River, Fort Scott, and Gulf built large pens in Baxter to separate and handle the cattle prior to their loading onto railroad cars.

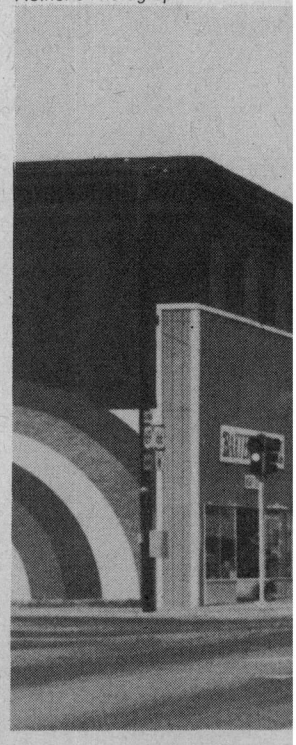
Baxter's phenomenal growth inspired confidence among the citizenry, and the town committed itself to great expenditures for public improvements. Townspeople voted a $150,000 bond for the Missouri River, Fort Scott, and Gulf Railroad in 1869; a $25,000 school bond

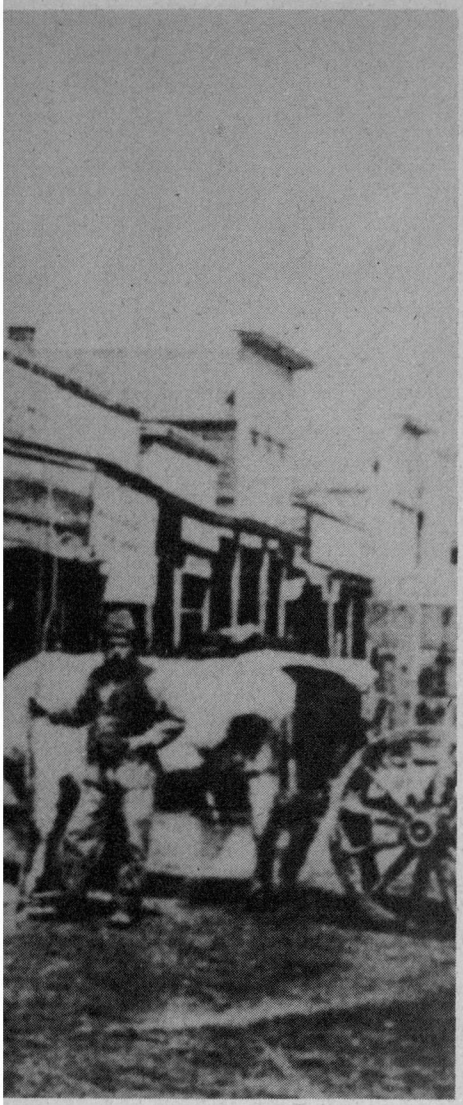
An oxen team and wagon is seen here on a street in Baxter Springs.

The Baxter Bank is now known as the Douthit Building.

Author's Photograph







Author's Photograph

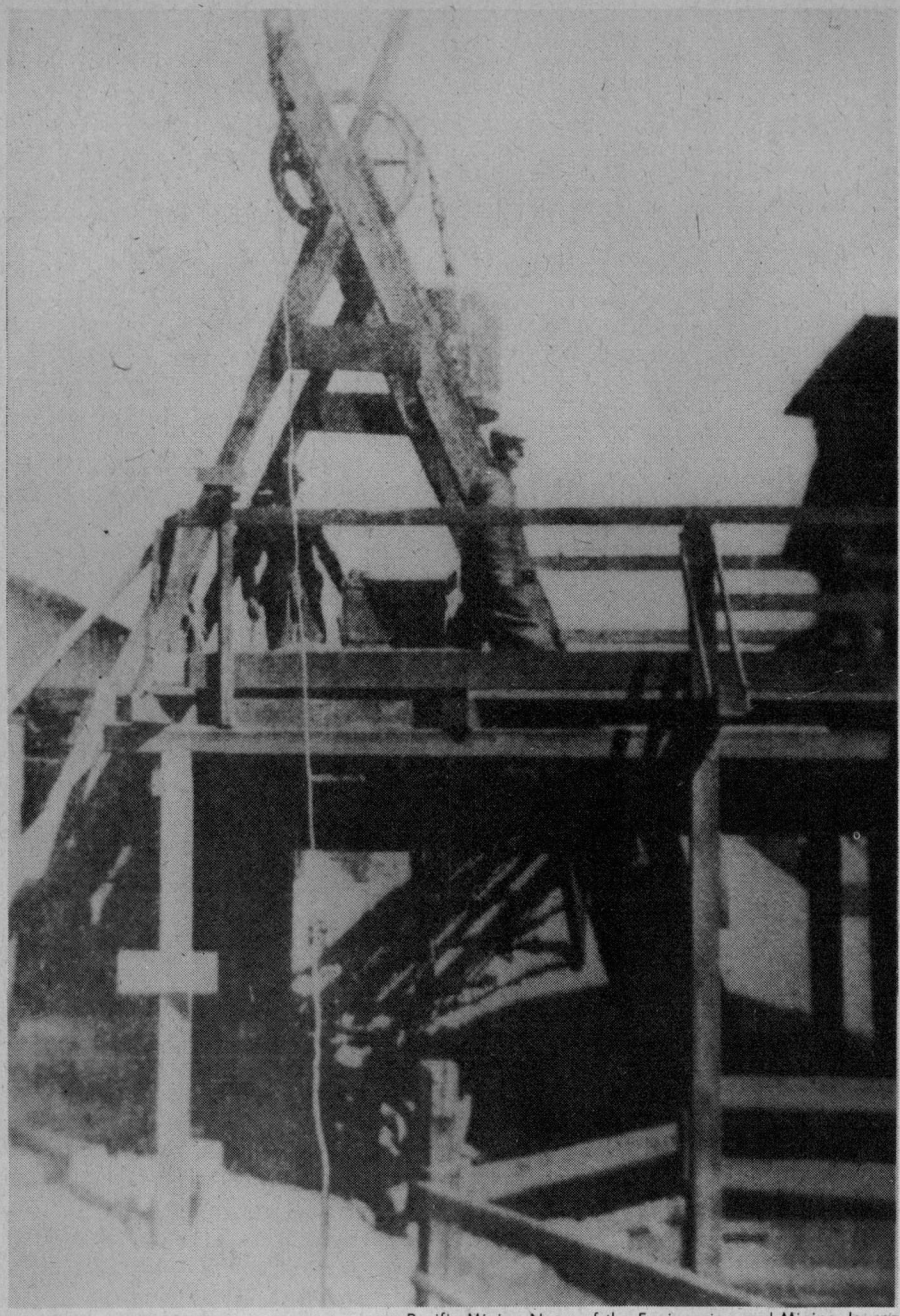
A Chamber of Commerce sign at the outskirts of Baxter Springs welcomes visitors and proclaims the town's heritage as the "First Cow Town in Kansas."

in 1871; a $10,000 bond for a courthouse and jail in 1871; and a $4,000 bond for street improvement in 1873. In so doing, the town heaped upon itself a bonded indebtedness greater than the total assessed valuation of its property.

Then, during the early 1870s much of the cattle trade began to be diverted to railheads further west, and the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad reached Texas, making fewer drives into Kansas necessary. The factors combined to bring about the quick demise of Baxter Springs' importance as a cow town. The town died just as fast as it had grown a few years earlier. By the mid-1870s only a few hundred stable citizens remained to shoulder the burden of public indebtedness the town had voted upon itself. Baxter Springs fell upon hard economic times during the next decade and beyond.

Eventually the town recovered, and today Baxter is a thriving trade center with a population that approximates the 5,000 or so attained during its heyday as a cow town. For a while in the late 1800s many citizens of Baxter would just as soon have forgotten the town's past as a riotous cow town, but over the years that shame has evolved into civic pride. Every summer Baxter holds a weekend celebration called "Cow Town Days" commemorating its heritage as an early terminal for Texas cattle drives. On every major street or highway leading into the community, Baxter proudly displays on large greeting signs at city's edge its claim of being the "First Cow Town in Kansas."

Military Avenue is still the main street in Baxter Springs.



Pacific Mining News of the Engineering and Mining Journal

Pictured is a temporary headframe on one of the California Rand claims. Short term leases were encouraged by the owners to prospect the underground ore bodies.

Silv

It was gold that lured miners to Randsburg, California, in 1893, but the biggest bonanza in silver lay unnoticed just thirty feet off the well-traveled road into town. Twenty-six years later in 1919, two hard-up miners, Hamp Williams and Jack Nosser, stumbled onto this bonanza. How they and their partners managed to maintain legal rights to the California Rand Silver Mine, one of the biggest silver discoveries in California, is an exciting story in western mining history.

Randsburg had been a well populated mining town for most of those twenty-six years after gold was discovered in 1893 by John Searles. Searles, a twenty-mule team driver hauling borax from Death Valley to Los Angeles, found a few nuggets in a gulley along his route. The discovery of a nugget worth $1,000, sent a swarm of miners to the area.

The wife of one of those miners, Dr. Rose Burcham, was so disgusted with her husband for prospecting instead of running their cattle ranch that she opened her medical practice again to support the family. Dr. Burcham went back to work and grubstaked her husband on one condition, that he quit after two years if he didn't find a worthwhile gold mine. Just a few weeks before his time was up, he and his partner, John Singleton, found an outcropping of good ore that produced the Yellow Aster Mine.

How Burcham and Singleton obtained legal rights to their mine illustrates the problem to be faced later by the owners of the California Rand Silver Mine. According to mining laws, a miner on one claim could follow a vein of ore into an adjacent claim. It was important, then, to acquire all the claims surrounding the discovery. When Burcham and Singleton found their rich ore, Randsburg was full of miners eager to latch onto a claim near any discovery, so they loaded their buckboard with worthless rock and told everyone in camp to come and see the "rich ore"

It was important, then, to acquire all the claims surrounding the discovery. When Burcham and Singleton found their rich ore, Randsburg was full of miners eager to latch onto a claim near any discovery, so they loaded their buckboard with worthless rock and told everyone in camp to come and see the "rich ore" they were taking to the smelter. The ruse worked.

By MARIETTA BARRON

er Bonanza

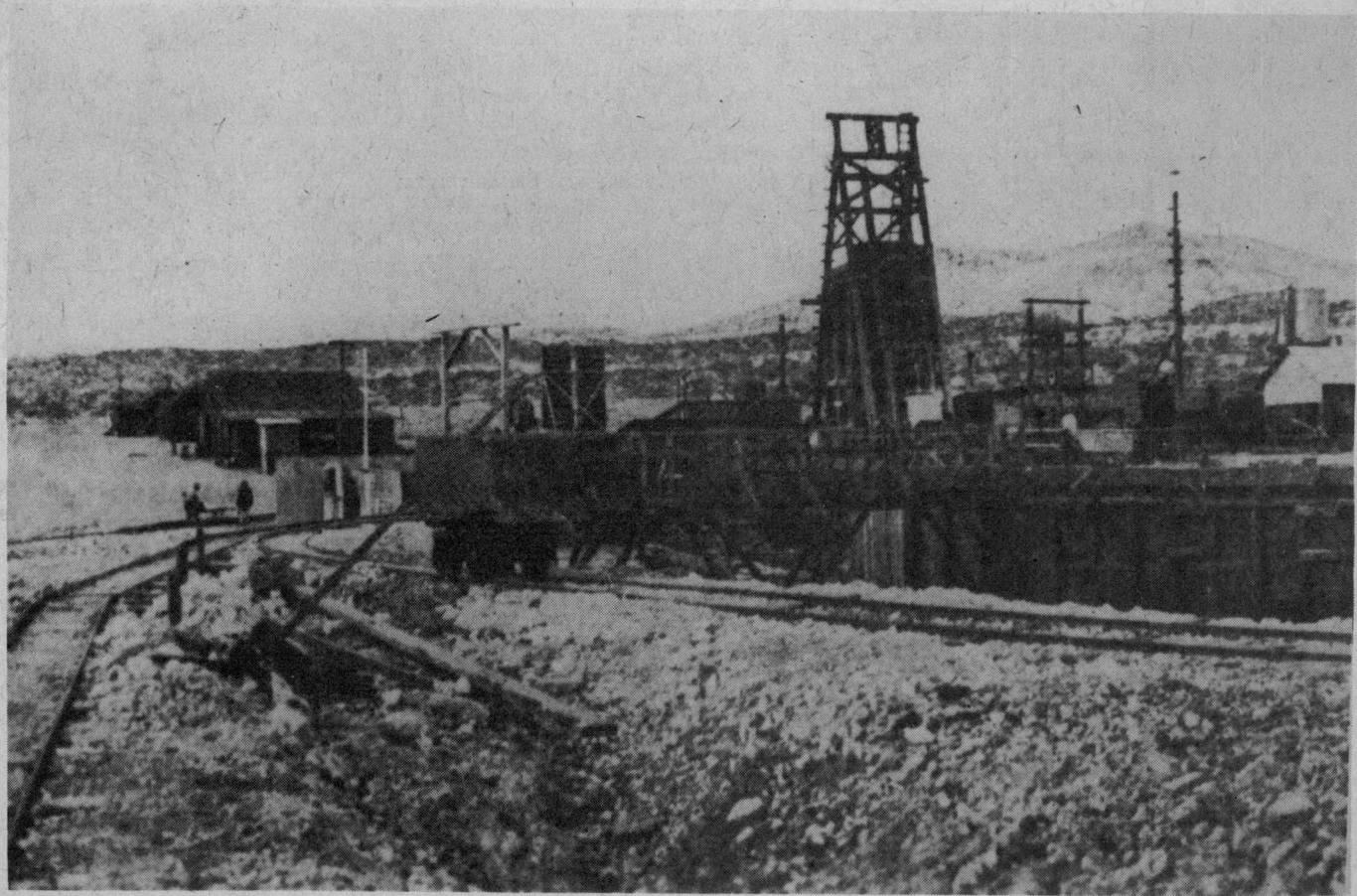
they were taking to the smelter. The ruse worked. No one noticed when they left camp at 2 o'clock in the morning for the county seat to locate their claims.

The Yellow Aster Mine would produce nine million dollars worth of gold bullion, and it caused the camp to turn into the prosperous town of Randsburg. However, in 1913 diminishing ore and expensive litigation had caused the mine to shut down. The area came alive again in 1914 when the price of tungsten jumped from $3.00 to $80.00 per unit creating a frenzy of activity in nearby Atolia. When the war ended in 1918, the bottom fell out of the tungsten market, ending that era of prosperity.

In the meantime, a rich silver deposit lay unnoticed. It took someone with knowledge, luck, tenacity, and a gambler's optimism to discover and develop the California Rand Silver Mine.

Hamp Williams and Jack Nosser were grubstaked by Miss Edith Coons, the Kern County assessor in Bakersfield, and by John W. Kelly, Bakersfield's sheriff. Their claim, the KCN, stood for Kelly, Coons and Nosser. Miss Coons provided $75.00 a month from her modest salary for grub, tools, and blasting powder. Jack Nosser was a stereotype of a typical prospector and a good hard-rock miner. But Hamp Williams, one-half Paiute Indian, grew up in the silver district of Caliente near Bakersfield and had acquired considerable mining skills from his father.

Hamp and Jack worked several



Mining and Scientific Press

Seen here is the shaft and headframe of the California Rand Silver mine. The ore car in the center can hold a ton of ore, and could average $300 a ton.

months on the KCN claim. A one hundred foot shaft was dug, and a few stringers of gold were traced. No worthwhile ore was found, however, and they were very discouraged. At that time, Kelly received a request from a paint company in Los Angeles to provide them with the mineral hematite. A known source of hematite was half a mile from the KCN claim. Kelly wired Hamp and Jack to walk over and stake out a claim on the property.

The morning of April 12, 1919, on their way back from the hematite claim, Jack sat down on a pile of rock at an abandoned prospect hole and picked up a rock to inspect it for gold. When Hamp caught up with him, he tossed the rock to Hamp and asked if it contained any other worthwhile minerals. Hamp's response was an explosion of loud and colorful language. What they had was "horn silver." The word "horn" came from the Spanish word *horno* or furnace, so named because it was so pure it could be melted as-is into bullion bars. Horn silver develops sometimes when the ore is exposed to the elements and the accompanying minerals have eroded away. Other precious specimens were scattered all around them, leading, up to an outcropping fifteen feet away. Before they left that day they had two samples to send to a Los Angeles assay office.

The assay report of their samples was an astounding $280.00 and $300.00 a ton. At the time the Pittman Act, established during World War I to encourage the production of metals needed for war production, guaranteed a $1.00 per ounce price for silver. Fortunately for the California Rand Silver Mine, the guarantee lasted until 1923. In addition to the silver, the samples indicated three ounces of gold per ton. The gold was alloyed with other metals and had not been recognized by the early miners in their search for free gold.

KELLY AND MISS Coons were impressed. Kelly, however, was cautious and needed verification, so he asked Edward T. Grady, a man with considerable experience in mining, to inspect the property. A man with less character than Grady, could have obtained a large portion of the property for himself. Grady, however, was like all the others in this unusual partnership. All believed in square dealings. The high wages later paid to all their workers reflected that policy. The miners received $8.00 a day, and it was said more cars were owned per person than in any other town in the U.S. at the time.

Grady concluded that they indeed had a bonanza. Now that the value was established, obtaining legal title was the next challenge. Luck was on their side again, and new partners who joined the group were a great help. Hamp Williams and Jack Nosser had needed money, so they sold one half of their one-quarter interest to businessmen in Bakersfield. The one-eighth interest they retained enabled them to retire to a comfortable life. Hamp was often seen roaring around in his new Stutz Bearcat automobile. Miss Coons sold half of her interest to J.M. Jameson, the former Kern County Assessor in Bakersfield.

The new partners that helped manage the company were Alfred Harrell, editor and owner of the Bakersfield *Californian* newspaper; Dwight L. Clarke; C.V. Anderson, secretary and lawyer for the company; and of course, Grady. Fortunately, all the claims for the mine were available—except one, the Juanita claim, in the center of the discovery. The Juanita claim was owned by a Los Angeles real estate broker named McCormick. McCormick, like all the other miners in the district had searched for gold. In the meantime he had died, but his wife and son still held a valid

California State Mining Bureau

The big tailings pile at the Yellow Aster mine in the background of Randsburg often blew gold bearing dust over everything in town.

California State Mining Bureau

The money for the California Rand Silver Mine headframe and mill came from stock sales. The stock was made available to local and Bakersfield citizens only, which resulted in big dividends.

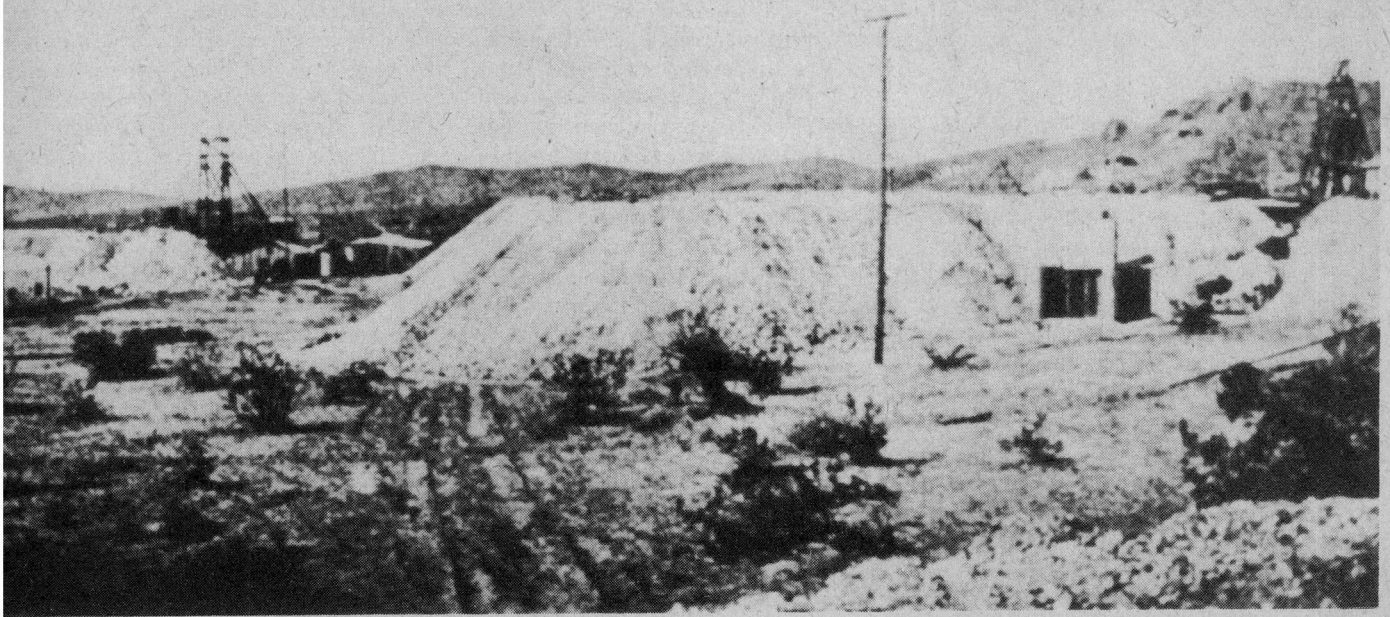
title. McCormick's son agreed to turn over the title for $5,000 to be paid from the first shipments to the Selby Smelter in San Francisco.

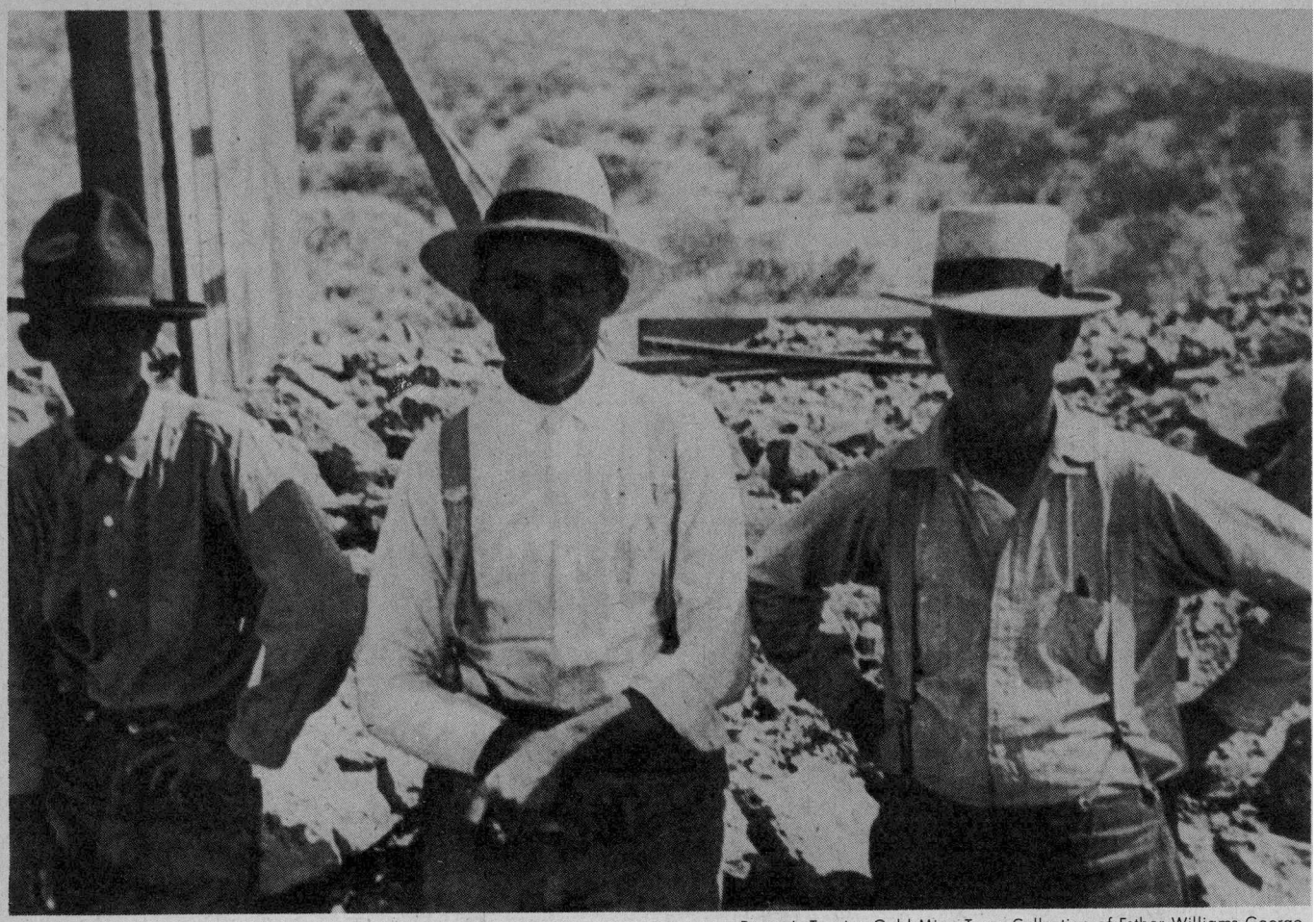
The Selby Smelter officials took one look at their first railraod carload and pushed it aside. From the amount of greasewood and sagebrush combined with the ore, it was obvious the miners had scraped the surface for the first shipment. Selby was sure the Bakersfield bunch probably couldn't even pay for processing that worthless looking stuff. Our heroes were incensed at the big city's attitude and sent a famous two word telegram—"Assay It!"

The next shipments were made from a high grade outcropping at the surface. At that time, it was a mine without a waste dump. Every pound of rock was sent to the smelter. In spite of the greedy smelter and railroad charges of twenty-five percent, a dividend of $96,000 was soon available for the thirteen members.

EVERYTHING pointed to wealth for all when a crisis arose. Harrell realized they did not have a secure title on the property because McCormick's mother had never signed the agreement for purchasing the Juanita claim. According to California mining law at the time, community property applied if a wife of the owner contributed her own money for the property. The younger McCormick

The Grady lease (below) became a crisis for the other owners because too much high grade ore was found too soon.
Mining and Scientific Press





Burton's Tropico Gold Mine Tours Collection of Esther Williams George.

Hamp Williams, the discoverer of the California Rand Silver Mine, center; Jack Nosser, left; and John Kelly right. Notice the early surface ore in the background.

was a lawyer, and no doubt knew he could tie up the mine in expensive litigation. Harrell's phone calls and telegrams to McCormick in Los Angeles were ignored. An emergency meeting was held in Mojave, and six of the principal partners—Kelly, Jameson, Miss Coons, Clarke, Anderson, and Harrell—drove to Los Angeles that night, arriving at dawn.

Since Kelly had made the bond arrangement with McCormick, he was designated to meet with McCormick. The investors had decided they just could not come up with a cent more than $50,000 to pay off the bond for the Juanita Claim. So Kelly began by saying that his partners in the new California Rand Silver Mine wanted to clear up their debts and pay off the $5,000 bond. Kelly feigned astonishment when McCormick indicated the bond was invalid. After an appropriate length of discussion, Kelly intimated that his associates might consider paying off the bond for $10,000, just to prevent hard feelings. When McCormick decided to consider the offer, Kelly said that he would have to consult with his associates first. Kelly couldn't wait to relate the good news to the anxiously waiting partners.

THE NEXT move was like a poker game for high stakes. Kelly, Jameson, Harrell, and Anderson met in McCormick's office. Harrell was spokesman. After much sparring back and forth, Harrell finally asked McCormick how much he would accept in cash that day to pay off the bond. McCormick then demanded $15,000. They all went downstairs to the bank and closed the deal.

It was a jubilant group that drove back to Mojave that night. They had saved $35,000, and the biggest silver mine in California was now all theirs.

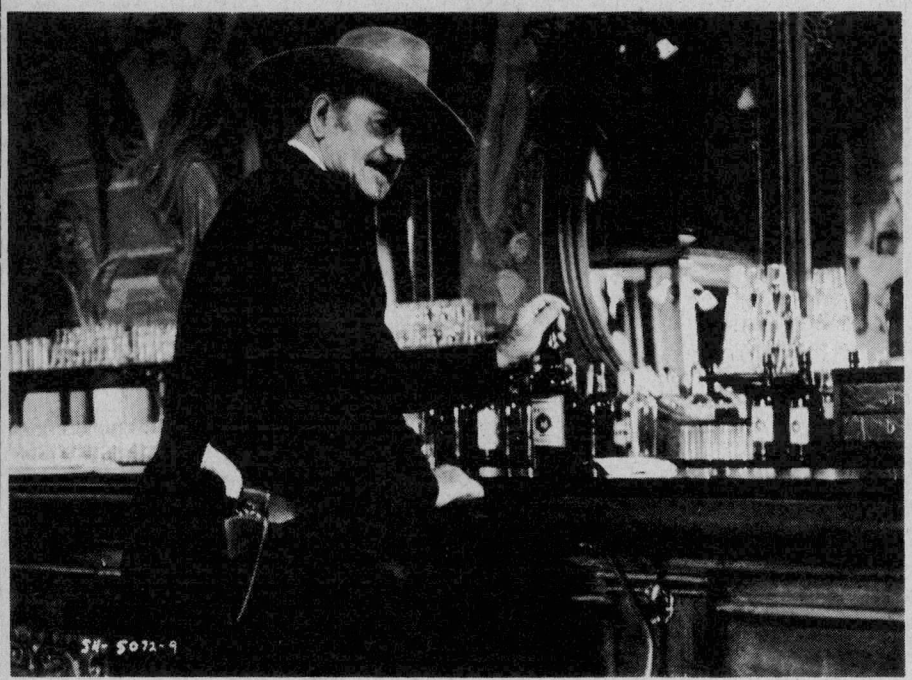
"Can't get a gold mine a silver one will do—Hamp found a silver mine, and a better one too." Eventually, the mine ran out of high-grade ore and shut down, but the principal owners came away with enough money to enjoy a continued luxurious life-style.

Miss Coons lived to enjoy her earnings for nearly sixty years, and Nosser retired in the resort city of Santa Barbara. Hamp Williams lost a great deal of money in the 1929 stock crash, but went on to discover and sell other lucrative mines. Kelly was killed in an automobile accident in the thirties. Grady and Jameson enjoyed their wealth until their deaths soon after the discovery. Harrell wisely invested his earnings from the mine in his newspaper business. A new office was acquired in 1926, and now his great-grandchildren run their newspaper, the Bakersfield *Californian*, from a new $21.5 million facility.

If any of the mine owners had known the price of silver would soar from one dollar an ounce in the twenties to an astronomical six dollars in today's market, they would have felt they were born too soon. Perhaps there is another bonanza lying out there alongside another road, just waiting to be discovered by someone with Hamp William's luck and knowledge.

THE SHOOTIST

By BILL O'NEAL



John Wayne in his final role as a dying shootist ready for his last gunfight.

"I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted, and I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to other people, and I require the same from them."

Aging gunfighter J.B. Books, central character of *The Shootist* (1976), rumbles out these words which have been the code of his life. Books, an anachronism in the West of 1901, was masterfully portrayed by John Wayne in his final screen role. Ironically, as *The Shootist* Wayne played a character dying of cancer. The Duke, of course, had had a cancerous lung removed in 1964, and he died of stomach cancer in 1979.

Books' cancer was diagnosed by a Carson City physician played by James Stewart, himself the star of many memorable Westerns, and the co-star with Wayne in John Ford's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence* (1962). As Doc Hostetler, Stewart details the agonizing horrors of the disease, then advises his patient that if he had the shootist's bravery and skill with weapons, "I would not die a death such as I have just described."

Hostetler is subtly suggesting suicide, but the dying gunfighter conceives of a more valiant and appropriate way to end his life. He discovers who the local villains are—a varied trio of nasty gunmen—and challenges them to a climactic shootout. All of the villains are killed. Books, too, is killed in the melee. Having rid the West of worthless hardcases against heroic odds, he cheats cancer by dying of gunshot wounds.

In addition to Wayne and Stewart, the cast is splendid. Lauren Bacall, who starred opposite Wayne in *Blood Alley* (1955), plays Books' unwilling landlady (knowing she would not admit the notorious John Bernard Books to her boarding house, the shootist innocently introduces himself as "William Hickok of Abilene") with dignity and spunk. Her son, fatherless and bordering on delinquency, is capably portrayed by Ron Howard. Books gives the boy a shooting lesson and an example of courageous masculinity, while imparting his rugged philosophy of life.

Richard Boone, craggy and vicious, plays an eccentric old enemy of Books who favors a horseless carriage as his mount. Another villain is a hard-eyed gambler proud of his gunfighter's skills: Hugh O'Brian (television's Wyatt Earp) essays a character taut and mean and menacing, worthy of Books' final challenge. Harry Morgan is amusing as the local sheriff, frightened of Books and delighted that he is soon to die. Veteran actress Sheree North expertly plays Serepta, Books' former love, who now hopes to wed him for selfish purposes. The superb character actor, John Carradine, is an opportunistic undertaker; he cheerfully informs Books that "The early worm gets the bird."

The Shootist was based on Glendon Swarthout's fine 1975 novel of the same title, and Don Siegel (*Dirty Harry*) was the director. Siegel cleverly opens the movie with action clips from earlier Wayne films, suggesting the dying gunfighter in his prime. The locale of *The Shootist* was changed from one of the West's last gunfighter havens, Swarthout's dusty El Paso, to bustling, Victorian Carson City.

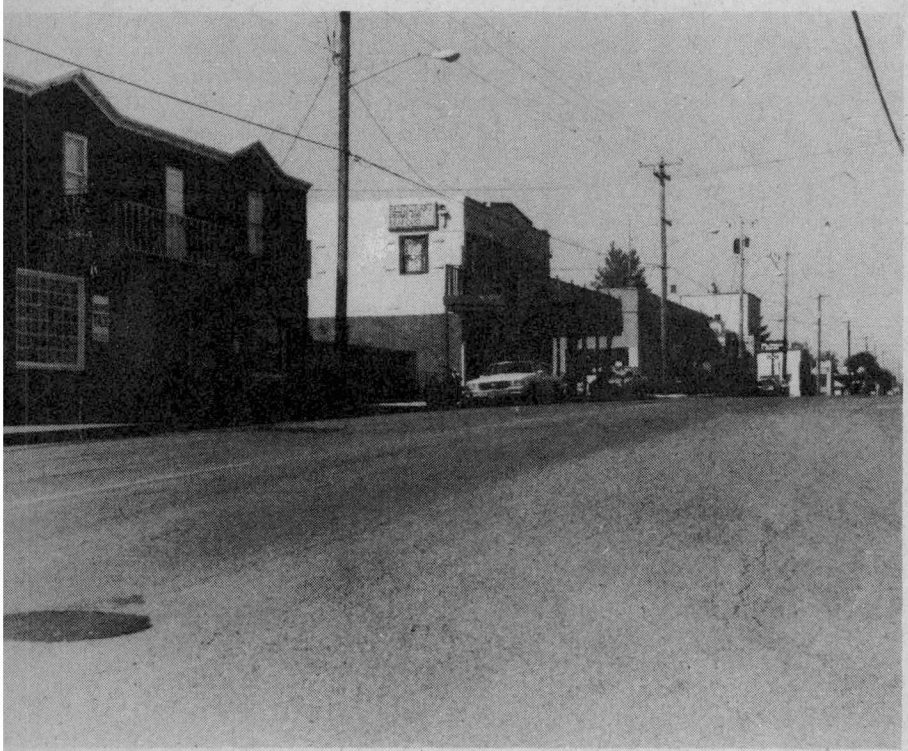
By 1976 John Wayne had become a national institution, fiercely projecting the image of a bold, independent tower of strength—an image by then outdated in a late twentieth century America which fostered a softer, more complex style of manhood. During the last years of his life Wayne tried to develop another screenplay, *Beau John*, but *The Shootist* was one of his few good Westerns since the early 1960s. It is a fitting screen finale for the greatest of all Western movie stars.

A Fish Story Gone Wild

By CURTIS KAISER

Photos Courtesy of the Author
Except Where Noted

The Sandy River east of Captain Harlow's farm rose in the spring of 1881 until it had crested the carp ponds set against the hillside to the west.



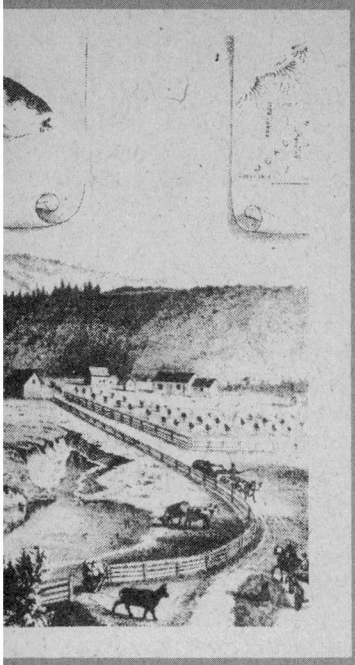
The small village of Troutdale was founded and promoted by Captain Harlow and his family. Even today it maintains its small town atmosphere on the edge of Portland's growing suburbs.

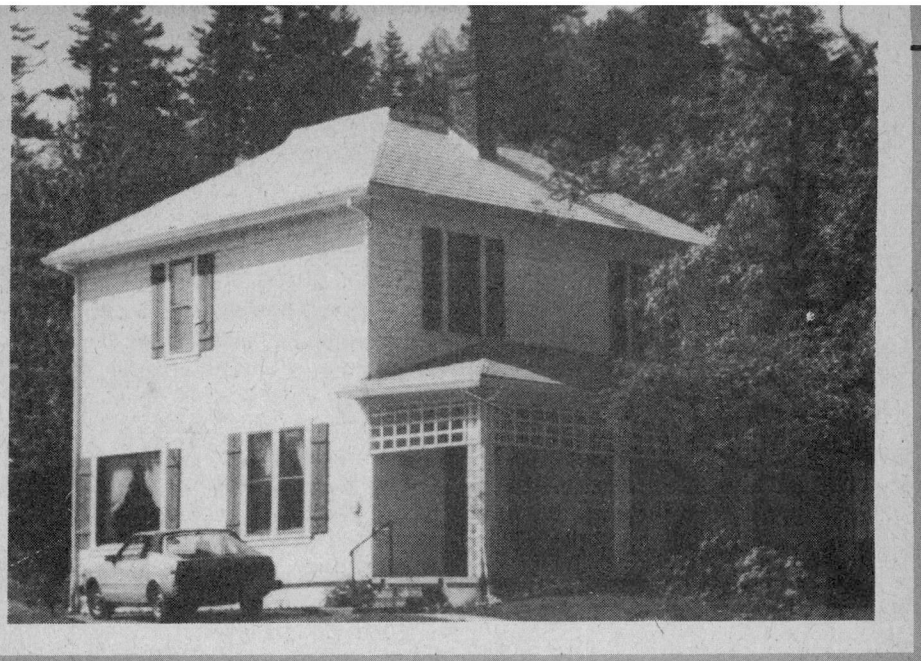
It was the second half of the nineteenth century in the remote northwest corner of the United States. There was money to be made by worthy entrepreneurs and infamy for those who were not quite so successful. One crafty shipping captain had dreams beyond purely financial rewards. He had dreams of introducing a new food fish to the Northwest, a delicate flavor to the palate which only gourmets could appreciate, a fish to be served only with the finest of silver and the most decorative china—the carp.

Captain John Harlow was an enterprising man. Coming to Portland, Oregon, in 1851 he made his fortunes in a lumber mill in partnership with Mayor John Gates; in transporting goods in such sloops as the *Calumet*, the *Shoo Fly*, the *Minehaha*, the *Rip Van Winkle*, and the steamer *Commodore Perry*; and in opening a box factory where "boxes of all kinds" could be found. The captain looked to the future and was never afraid to experiment with new ideas. The populace of Portland marveled when he made and laid the first carpet ever seen in the city. He was an industrious man who had the foresight to see the value in the propagation of carp.

It was a fortuitous morning that fifteenth day of May 1880, when Captain John Harlow, owner of five sailing vessels, three wives, eleven children, and

Oregon Historical Society Neg. No. orhi67429





The original captain's house burned to the ground in the 1930s. This house was built by Fred Harlow and is operated as a museum by the Troutdale Historical Society.

a box factory (not all at once), unveiled what was to become the birth of a fish industry. His thirty-five "genuine German carp" arrived from San Francisco aboard the steamer *Elder*. In W.S. Failing's Portland harbor fish market, they were proudly displayed to the public, a fish never seen in that part of the world before, and never missed since.

In a land where gold rushes were common, Captain Harlow had embarked upon one more rush by investing in the silver-backed carp. He was not the first. Julius Poppe turned his California ranch into a carp producing hatchery in 1872. Carp were first brought to Oregon in April of 1880, just a month before the captain's shipment—an effort to commercialize the fish which ended in financial disaster. But neither of those efforts would have quite the same consequences as Captain Harlow's. The government was pleased at the widespread interest in carp, viewing them as a staple food fish which could live under difficult conditions and breed quickly. The United States Fish Commission's major duty became the breeding and shipping of carp across the country, reaching a peak in 1883 when 260,000 carp were distributed.

But Captain Harlow arrived early to this fishy enterprise. He knew that carp had become a specialty in eastern restaurants, and he hoped they would do as well in the Northwest. An early Oregon journalist, George L. Curry, praised the captain in his endeavor. "Impelled by motives of public worth, and impressed with the gratefulness the hearts of his fellow-men would bear, and anticipating the pleasures resulting from the successful cultivation of these prizes, Captain Harlow appeared the one ordained to successfully inaugurate the cultivation of carp in Oregon."

THE THIRTY-FIVE prized carp went home with him to his farm in Troutdale, Oregon, sixteen miles east of Portland, named after the trout ponds he kept there. For the sake of enterprise the ponds were surrendered to the foreign fish. It was not a haphazard undertaking. The Fish Commission was generous in distributing literature on how to breed carp, and the captain had followed the instructions carefully. His rectangular, rock-bordered ponds were fed by springs which ran from the hillside adjacent to the farm. The carp found the ponds befitting their natural tendency of overproduction, producing 7,000 progeny within the course of a year.

It was this huge crop of fingerlings which the captain intended to harvest at the right size and sell to the finer restaurants of the Northwest. But the spring floods were not kind to his enterprise. The rising waters of the Sandy River, which ran along the eastern end of his farm, backed up onto his lands and crested the breeding ponds. In that fitful flood 3,000 of the young carp escaped into the river.

At about that time, breeders realized a problem with carp—they bred so quickly it would put rabbits to shame. In a short time, the law of supply and demand put the carp producers out of business. Captain Harlow's fine crop of delicate tasting fish rapidly spread through the Sandy River, out into the mighty Columbia River and all its connecting streams.

By 1900 the fish which Captain Harlow had bought for five dollars apiece were worth five dollars a ton as fertilizer. He barely lived past the disaster, dying of consumption November 23, 1883. He left many reminders of his life, his business, the Portland Boy's and Girl's Home which he helped fund, and a fish which lives on in the tangling weeds of swamps, the endless layers of mud of stagnant streams, and the ends of the lines of frustrated fishermen who scoff at the dirty, bottom dwelling beast. Captain Harlow's dream had turned into an ecological nightmare.

Books

Literary Deception

SHERIFF PAT GARRETT'S LAST DAYS. *By Colin Rickards. Sunstone Press, P.O. Box 2321, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87504-2321. $8.95 paperbound.*

Back on February 29, 1908, former Sheriff Pat Garrett, the tall slayer of Billy the Kid, left his ranch in the San Andres Mountains of southern New Mexico. Carl Adamson, a relative by marriage to Killin' Jim Miller, stopped by the house to pick him up in a buggy. The two men started the fifteen mile journey to Las Cruces, New Mexico, and were joined along the way by Wayne Brazel, a local cowboy who had a lease on Garrett's Bear Canyon Ranch. The three men presumably hoped to meet Miller in Las Cruces and negotiate a sale of Garrett's property to Miller. Unfortunately, Brazel had placed 1,500 goats in Bear Canyon, and somebody had to buy him out before the deal could be consumated.

During that trip into town, an extremely controversial event happened. The known facts are these: Garrett and Brazel had been quarreling. Adamson stopped the buggy so that he and Garrett could urinate. As Garrett watered the sand, somebody shot him in the back of the head and shot him again while he was on the ground. Brazel admitted the killing, was tried for murder, and acquitted on grounds of self-defense.

However, many modern historians (as did many people back then) dispute that Brazel committed the crime. They think he took the blame as a likable good-old-boy, knowing he could get away with it. Others suspected of the murder are (and were) Jim Miller, Carl Adamson, W.W. Cox (local rancher accused of paying to get Garrett killed), and Print Rhode, a brother-in-law of Cox. For years, conspiracy buffs have had a field day with this mystery.

Rickards identifies Jim Miller as the slayer, and does so in precisely the same language he used in *How Pat Garrett Died* (Santa Fe: Palomino Press, an imprint of The Press of the Territorian, 1970). The new book is not a rehash, it is an identical twin packaged with a different title. The writing is exactly the same, the photos and captions are the same. The original had 117 pages and the new one has 95, but the print is smaller. The new book includes a limited bibliography and a fair index; the notes are at the end of each chapter instead of the back of the book. These are the only variations. Both books say "First Edition," but nowhere is it said, or even implied, that the latter is a reprint of the former. Nowhere does the second book even mention the first. In fact, this latest book misleads the reader to think it contains original, new, or updated information. It does not.

Colin Rickards is a fine writer and researcher. His first book consolidated most of what was then known about the killing of Pat Garrett. But a lot has changed since 1970. New and fresh evidence has surfaced. Rickards had an opportunity to make a significant contribution, to revise the record, to display anew his investigative talents. But to change a title, to create an impression of fresh material, insight or innovative evaluations, when none is present, is a historical and literary deception.

—Leon C. Metz
El Paso, Texas

More Than A Ranger

"PIDGE": A TEXAS RANGER FROM VIRGINIA. *By Chuck Parsons. P.O. Box 203, South Wayne, Wisconsin 53587. Limited edition, signed and numbered by author, $25.00, clothbound.*

It is always a pleasure to review good history, and Chuck Parsons' *"Pidge": A Texas Ranger From Virginia* is that and more. Pidge was the pen name of Texas Ranger T.C. Robinson, who served under L.H. McNelly from 1874 until 1876. Intrigued by C.L. Sonnichsen's account of Pidge in *I'll Die Before I Run*, Parsons set out to track down the real Pidge. That he has succeeded is a credit to years of painstaking research.

Robinson was born in Virginia, probably in 1847, and migrated to Texas in the early 1870s, as the result of problems apparently arising over a woman. In 1874 he joined McNelly's company and saw action in the bitter Sutton-Taylor War and against the raiders of Juan Cortina. During his years in Texas, Pidge wrote a number of poems and letters remarkable for their humor and compassion.

Parsons has done an excellent job in what is certainly his best book to date. The writings of Pidge are printed in their entirety, and Pidge, highly educated, is never dull. Some of the writings such as "The Dull Season," are downright hilarious, while others, such as "'Pidge' In The Lunatic Asylum," mix ready wit with compassion and furnish information not readily available elsewhere.

Parsons has produced a remarkably good book, lavishly illustrated with rare photographs and drawings, some of which have never been published before. The book is thoroughly footnoted, and the text accurately links Pidge's life and literary efforts.

Pidge is more than another Texas Ranger biography. Through Pidge's own words and painstaking research, Parsons sheds much light on a complex and original character whose humor is as fresh today as it was in the 1870s. Those fascinated by the West will find this a welcome addition to their library. It is a book well worth reading more than once.

—Dave Johnson
Indianapolis, Indiana

The Tragic Life of Little Crow

LITTLE CROW: SPOKESMAN FOR THE SIOUX. *By Gary Clayton Anderson. Minnesota Historical Society Press, 690 Cedar Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101. $19.95 clothbound, $10.95 paperbound.*

The Great Sioux War of 1862 in Minnesota was the bloodiest conflict between Indians and whites in the American West. More than 400 whites were killed within the first few weeks of fighting. Largely the result of misunderstandings between the natives and government, the violence became a war of revenge, for the Eastern Sioux had lost land by treaties and their remaining land had been encroached upon by settlers. Then their crops failed, their credit was cut by traders, and their annuities were withheld by the govern-

ment. Andrew Myrick, a trader unsympathetic to the Indians' predicament, callously commented, "Let them eat grass." Ironically, when the dead were identified, Myrick's lifeless body had a tuft of grass stuffed in its mouth.

But the Sioux rebellion was only a culminating event in the tempestuous life of the biographer's main character—Little Crow. As a young man, this Sioux spokesman felt destined to lead his people. Subsequently, he honed his political career to a fine edge, rising to leadership by fortune of birthright, by calculated marriages, and by astute actions. He became an Indian power broker who realized the futility of opposing the advancing whites. He was an advocate of peace. For that he was roundly criticized by young warriors and traditionalists, thus losing much tribal influence. Yet, when called to serve the tribe, he abandoned his pragmatism and led his people on the warpath, hoping to regain political prestige. In the end, the man who had championed peace came to be considered by whites as the chief perpetrator of the Great Sioux War.

To tell Little Crow's story, Anderson chose to write an "ethno-biography," a biography as seen from the Indian perspective. In doing so, Anderson met problems in finding information about his subject. Consequently, at times when sources were sparse he speculated on Little Crow's background and activities. Anderson admits facing those difficulties and coming up short in places. But he still deserves praise for plugging most of the gaps. All told, this is a thoroughly documented and well-written biography. Readers will appreciate Anderson's handling of Indian politics, the Great Sioux War, and, of course, the tragic life of Little Crow.

—Tim Zwink
Alva, Oklahoma

Mining in Death Valley

DEATH VALLEY AND THE AMARGOSA: A LAND OF ILLUSION. *By Richard Lingenfelter. University of California, 2120 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, California 94720. $39.95, clothbound.*

This is practically *the* book on Death Valley, definitive as an overview of the history of that hellish region. It is splendid in its treatment of mining, from the "mirages" of the Lost Gunsight and Breyfogle Mines of legend (part of the "illusion" in the author's sub-title) to the mundane borax, talc, and clay which succeeded the gold and silver of earlier times.

Mining dominates Death Valley's story, so it naturally takes over this book. As a result, the blundering forty-niners trapped in the desert sink of the Amargosa River, the explorers who followed them, and writers and conservationists who belatedly discovered the desert's charm are given less attention than prospectors, mining engineers, and speculators. The treatment of the promoters, who were really con men like Death Valley Scotty, is perhaps the best part of the book. They mined millions—from the pockets of greedy men in the stock exchanges of San Francisco, Chicago, and New York, not from the rock of Death Valley.

The author, crowded for space in which to tell a big story with a cast of thousands, plus nearly a 200 page appendix of notes, bibliography and index, wisely ends his story when Death Valley became a national monument in 1933. This is a scholarly, yet readable, "en-

cyclopedia" of historical information about the most dramatic desert in the U.S. The price may seem steep, but the book is well worth it, at least for anyone seriously studying the Death Valley story.

—Richard Dillon
Mill Valley, California

A Variety of Good and Bad

LAWMEN AND ROBBERS. *By Carl W. Breihan. Caxton Printers, Box 700, Caldwell, Idaho 83605. $14.95 paperbound.*

In *Lawmen and Robbers* Carl W. Breihan presents the reader with twelve short chapters on various characters of the West. The chapters run from seven to fourteen pages and are diverse in both locations and time periods, ranging from the 1860s through the 1920s, and from Mexico and California to Oklahoma and Montana.

There are chapters on the stage coach holdup artist, Black Bart; the Texas gunfighter, Jim Courtright; Bill Doolin, the Oklahoma outlaw; Al Jennings, another Oklahoma outlaw who later ran for Governor; Mexico's Emilio Kosterlitzky; Henry Plummer, the outlaw Sheriff from Idaho and Montana; the infamous Butch Cassidy; Arizona Ranger Burton Mossman; Tom Vernon, who rode with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; Captain Jack Slade of Colorado and Montana; George Maledon and Judge Isaac C. Parker of Arkansas and Indian Territory; and Pancho Villa.

The serious student of western history will find this volume lacking in several respects. Several of the chapters are simply rewrites of Briehan's previous works. Bill Doolin and Henry Plummer appeared in *Badmen of Frontier Days* and *Outlaws of the Old West*, and Burton Mossman appeared in *Great Lawmen of the West*. There is not an index for the book, which would have been helpful, nor are there any footnotes or chapter sources.

The bibliography runs only slightly over three pages and seems incomplete. Apparently none of Glenn Shirley's books, (*Law West of Fort Smith, West of Hell's Fringe*, among others) were consulted, although three chapters here concern Oklahoma personalities. Lula Parker Betenson wrote a fine book concerning her brother, Butch Cassidy (*Butch Cassidy, My Brother*), which is not listed, nor is Cornelius Smith's *Emilio Kosterlitzky*. In the acknowledgements, the author thanks Father Stanley for his help, but apparently fails to consult his excellent book, *Longhair Jim Courtright*. Most curious of all the missing books in the bibliography is the author's own *Great Lawmen of the West* in which he had a chapter on Burton Mossman.

Some rare photographs are shown. The photo of Bill Doolin on page twenty-eight is not often seen and the photo of Etta Place on page forty-six is also rare. It is disturbing that over twenty photos do not carry any credits.

Mr. Breihan has a free flowing writing style which makes his material enjoyable to read. The beginning student of western history may find this book of interest.

—Robert R. Ernst
Stillwater, Oklahoma

Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

Gamble

John Robert Gamble was born May 20, 1881, in Sevier County, Tennessee. His parents were Martha Jane (Mattie) Jordan and John Larken Gamble.

Mattie Gamble died when John Robert was two years old. After her death, he lived with his grandparents, Larken Boling and Annie M. Gamble. I believe they lived for some time in Brownsville, Linn County, Oregon.

His father, John Larken, lived in Arkansas, and he remarried there. He and his second wife had five children, two of whom lived to adulthood.

John Robert's wife, Maude, died in 1927. I do not know his date of death.

I would like to hear from any descendants of John Robert and Maude Gamble.—**Marilyn Gamble Williams, 117 S. 6th Street, Fairfax, OK 74637.**

Rolfe-Robey

I am searching for descendants of Tallman Rolfe, who was editor of the Nevada *Democrat* at Nevada City, California. I am also looking for descendants of his brother, Ianthus, who worked with him. Tallman was the Justice of the Peace in 1870. He came to California in 1847 and worked for Sam Brannan at Sutter's Fort. He was the first settler at Yuba City. In 1872 he sickened and returned to San Bernardino where he died. He was the uncle of my grandmother Maria Rolfe, born in San Bernardino in 1856. She married Theophilus Robey in 1880, in Park City, Utah. Tallman was born in Maine in 1824, and came west with the Mormons who were the first settlers of San Barnardino. I will gladly correspond with anyone who might have information.—**Clifton Scott, 1010 N.E. 85th Avenue, Vancouver, WA.**

Poland

Born on the Isle of Wight, Elijah Poland spent most of his life sailing on a wind propelled ship until the end of the Civil War. He moved to Virginia, then Pennsylvania, then Illinois, where he married Verno Shop, a full Chippewah Indian. Together, they had four boys: James Samuel Poland, 1868–1927, married to Mary T. Therio, 1874–1949; Ben Poland, married to Addie Therio, sister to Mary; Hank Poland, married to Vina. Hank and Vina had a daughter named Pearl Schwant. Mary Therio had two brothers, James and Albert. James was born blind, and Albert was killed in a cannery accident. They lived in Bloomington and Peoria, Illinois. Any information is welcomed.—**Gail Meeks, P.O. Box 113, College Place, WA 99324.**

Jackson-Bishop-Cadle

I am seeking information on the following families: Jackson, especially descendants of Stonewall; Vaughn, who is said to be of Indian descendants; Hamilton; Sprinkles; Bishop; Barr; Wall; and Cadle. These familes originated in North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, West Virginia, Kentucky, and southeast Missouri.

I have files on these surnames and will gladly check them as I'd like to add to my files.—**Mrs. Martha Sutton, Rt. 5, Box 298, Russell Springs, KY 42642.**

Nelson-Maxwell-Schuster-Vogt-Sanson-Davis-Sackett

I need information about the following people: William Nelson, born 1831, Coffey County, Tennessee; his mother and father, born in South Carolina; Frances Maxwell, married to William in 1858, born in Jackson County, Alabama; their son, James, married to Victoria Schuster, whose family came to the U.S. around 1873; Anna and Joseph Schuster, Victoria's parents from Austria and Switzerland; John E. Sanson, born in Mason City, Illinois, in 1861; Nancy E. Davis, John's wife; Oliver Perry Davis, Nancy's father, born in Ohio; Mary Samantha Davis, Nancy's mother, born in Peoria, Illinois; Sarah Ann Sackett, Nancy's grandmother, born in Greene County, Ohio; Matthias Davis, Nancy's grandfather, born in Franklin, Indiana.

William Nelson and his family settled in Platte County, Nebraska, around 1874. John Sanson and his wife moved to Creston, Iowa, after being married in Allendale, Missouri.

Please write.—**Mrs. Lester Merha (Victoria Nelson), Box 983, Three Forks, MT 59752.**

Fry-Canida-Upton

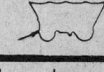
Mary Luliza Fry married William Burdine Canida on November 7, 1901. They were first cousins. His parents were Sam Canida and Hanah Josephine Fry. Her parents were William Kempsey Fry and Martha Caroline Ann Steward. I would like to have information on both sets of parents.

William and Martha were married in Norvoue, Mississippi, January 30, 1873. I couldn't find any information on Sam Canida. Perhaps his last name is the white man's spelling of *K-a-n-e-h-t-a*.

I also need any information you might have on Walter Sylvester Upton, born in Choctaw Nation, September 22, 1888. His grandfathers were Jessie Upton and Fletcher Carter. Walter had four half- and six full-brothers and sisters: Thomas, Ike, Joe, Nancy, Charlie, Hays, Estell, Lonnie, and Lovetta. Estelle was shot and killed in LeFlore County, Oklahoma.

These folks are a mixture of Cherokee, Choctaw, and who knows what else. Our search is at a dead-end at the *Canida* name unless some one can connect us past Sam Canida and Walter Upton.

There is a book, *History of LeFlore County*, that speaks of some of these people. I would like to buy a copy if anyone happens to have one they would part with. Any information will be greatly appreciated.— **Theresa G. Allen, Box 94, Deerwood, Kellyville, OK 74039.**



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

I.T. DRUGGIST

Joseph Price Walker's first drug store was in Midland, Oklahoma. Walker is the first man on the left.

By UHLAN J. WALKER

At the age of twenty-nine, Joseph Price Walker, my father, moved to Midland, Indian Territory, in December 1899. In 1904 he bought a drugstore in Midland. Dr. H.A. Kyle and Dr. J.W. Crews had offices in the drugstore, and they took Papa under their wings to make him a druggist.

In the early years Papa could hypnotize people. Once a man named Wyle Florance came to him in Midland. Mr. Florance's wife had left him and taken their two little girls to Texas. He asked Papa to hypnotize him and send his mind to Texas to see his little girls. Mr. Florance told him how the girls were dressed. Later in checking with the mother, he verified that he had been right in every detail.

Papa stopped hypnotizing people before I was born. He said he became concerned that something might happen to him while someone was under and that they might not ever wake up.

The railroad bypassed Midland by one and one-half miles in 1907, so Papa bought 160 acres of land at Maxwell, Oklahoma, and moved the family and drugstore about eighteen miles north. There they stayed until 1920. I was born there in 1918.

Mary Angell, a relative, was raised with my older brothers and my sister Stella. She remembered that Papa was a justice of the peace at one time. When she was a little girl, her parents told her that a case was being tried in Joe Walker's court. He also performed the wedding ceremony for Mary's sister, Rachel, in 1912.

Mary recalled that Papa would pay her and her sister for the medicine bottles they found, which he cleaned and used for his medicines. With the money, they bought several ribbons for their hair and the best gum they ever ate, "California Fruit."

When Maxwell started to decline, Papa went to Stratford and Vanoss and studied both towns. He decided that Vanoss was the better town. He moved there and built a brick store, which I think he said cost $500.

My father was a pretty fair country doctor, and a lot of people came to him for their ails. In the winter of 1924 a family traveling through the country in an old touring car with quilts up on the sides to keep out the cold came to our door in the middle of the night. Their three children were sleeping in the back of the car under heavy quilts and had gotten sick. They had carbon monoxide poisoning.

We all got up and built a fire, but one of the children was already dead. We were up the rest of the night doctoring the other two children, and the next morning, after burying the child, the family was on its way.

In 1926 smallpox was in Vanoss. Three or four in our family had it. We lived just one block from the railroad, so hoboes always came to our house looking for food. One happened at our door during the pox. My brother Vonnie went to the door with the white salve all over him and told the hobo that there was pox in the house. The hobo backed off the three foot high porch, fell, got up, and ran down the street. There were no more hoboes at our door for a while.

Papa's poison record book lists the drugs signed for by his customers, with notes beside them for their use. Some were for headaches, some were for habitual use. One lady signed for two ounces of paragoric almost every day over a long period. Hers was for habitual use. Others signed for opium and morphine.

When I was seven or eight years old my friend, Earl Baker, and I were always out roaming around. We found where the lady who used the paragoric threw the bottles in a wash out behind her house. We took two tow sacks and my little red wagon and filled them with the empty bottles. After we cleaned the bottles, Papa bought them from us. There were a lot more bottles in the washout, but the lady ran us off when we went back for another load. That ended our bottle project.

Since Papa was not a good driver, my brothers taught me to drive at an early age. When I was thirteen or fourteen I would take Papa to the homes of people who owed him money. In payment he would accept chickens, cured meat, hay, almost anything they could give on the debt. Most times it was nothing.

Papa never turned away anyone who needed medicine, no matter how much they owed him. Some of his old ledgers are full of unpaid bills.

Papa used to carry an old .45 Colt to and from the store, and he slept with it under his pillow. He didn't leave money in the store at night.

In the late 1920s, three stores and the bank on the west side of the street burned in the middle of the night. Papa's store was on the east side, but from our house we could not tell if it was involved; Papa and my older brothers went to see. There was no fire equipment, so all they could do was watch one side of the street burn to the ground.

Tom Cushman, a barber at Sherwood Shores, Texas, knew Papa all of his life. He told me a few years ago that he went to Papa once with sinus. Papa gave him something that stopped it, and Tom has never had it again. Papa had a sure-fire rat poison, too, and he made his own cough syrup in three strengths: "child," "mild," and "the one that will stop your cough."

The highway from Ada to Stratford, Oklahoma, bypassed Vanoss by two and one-half miles about 1925. We moved family and house to what is known as Garr Corner. It took three days to move the house the two and one-half miles, and at night my older brothers slept in the house on the road. They pulled it with a bulldozer, and the wheels under the house were wooden. That was where Papa retired.

In 1944 Papa moved to Ada, Oklahoma. He passed away in 1955, and my mother lived only two years after his death.

Vonnie C. Walker standing inside the drug store at Garr Corner in 1934.

WACO DAILY EXAMINER.

SANGER BROTHERS.
Dress : Goods : Department.
Our Special Offerings in Dress Goods
Dress Robes! Dress Robes!
$12.50 EACH $12.50
$15.00 EACH $15.00
Black Dress Goods.
SANGER BROS.

OLD QUAKER CLUB
MONONGAHELA
RYE WHISKEY.
The Celebrated Dilworth Roasted Coffee.

CAMERON, CASTLES & STOREY,
Wholesale Grocers, Waco, Texas.

WM PITT KELLOGG
Has Mrs. Minnie Wallace Walkup Traveling through Texas with Him.

COLONIZATION

SILVER WAR
Latest Design

LEVINSKI & LEWINE, JEWELERS.
Levinski & Lewine.

BEHRENS & MOSER,
Wholesale Druggists,
Waco, Texas.
Now on hand a complete stock of Holiday Goods of our own importation.
ALL GOODS

YOUNG & BAKER

WACO EXAMINER

Largest Circulation in Central Texas.

WACO, TEXAS, NOV. 25, 1886.

THE FACTS.

All About the Alleged Crime of Henry J. Bennett.

Upon information filed with County Attorney Taylor, warrant issued yesterday, for the arrest of Henry J. Bennett, upon a charge of rape. It is understood that he has left the city. At any rate diligent search, protracted into a late hour last night, failed to uncover his whereabouts. His alleged victim is Miss Mary Gribble. She resides, with her parents, near the St Louis Arkansas and Texas railway company's depot, in this city. The crime is alleged to have been committed last Friday, in the rooms above the White Elephant. Those rooms are not controlled, however, by the White Elephant proprietors. It will appear in the testimony that a drug was administered to the girl by her alleged violator. The victim says that Bennett entered the shooting gallery which her father owns and which she was temporarily managing. She had a barrel of cider on sale and Bennet invited her to drink with him She went to procure a second glass, there being but one at the barrel, and when she returned Bennet handed to her the first glass filled with cider, which he had drawn. She handed him the empty glass, which, in turn, he filled, and while Miss Mary Gribble drank the first glass, he drank the second, the two tipping glasses first. After drinking the cider, Miss Mary says she lost her reckoning, and when she realized what she was about, she found herself in the room as described and in the company indicated, under the conditions stated. She says she commenced crying and demanded to be taken home, and upon her persistant entreaty he left the building with her and started off, escorting her, somewhat in the direction of her home. Meanwhile the agonized parents had given information of the girl's absence, and their fears on her account, to officer Moore, and he was hunting her. He met the pair walking together and conducted them into the presence of her parents, and there, in the presence of the officer, Bennett got down upon his knees and beseeched that no harm befall him on account of the crime which he freely confessed there and then. He went on to say that if Mr. Gribble would lend him the amount of cash necessary he would procure a license and marry Miss Gribble, without delay. He was ordered away from the house and, as the offense he appeared to be guilty of, did not come within the purview of the policeman, no arrest was made. Within the hour of Bennett's expulsion from the Gribble residence, under the circumstances stated, he presented himself at THE EXAMINER office and presented the following paper, which he requested to have adopted as news and published:

An operator named Henry Bennett, from Pittsburg, stole Mary Gribble from the shooting gallery over next the Texas and St. Louis depot early this morning. They were caught to-night by policemen, who have been hunting them all day, and Mr. Bennett made to humble himself in the dust.

The next day he was hanging about Mr. Gribble's place, and during the day Officer Moore intercepted a note in Bennett's hand-writing, borne by a little negro girl, addressed to Miss Mary Gribble; and couched in terms of loathsome endearment, begging her to steal one or two dollars and escape to fly with him, where, he did not state. The father's entreaty that the girl's name be withheld from print, probably weighed too much with reporters, and prevented earlier publication of the above facts.

UNDOUBTEDLY INCENDIARY.

So the Chief of the Fire Brigade Stamps a Fire in a Chicago Hotel.

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—The Central hotel, at the southeast corner of Wabash avenue and Madison street, was damaged by fire early this morning to the extent of about $800. The fire started in room No. 47, on the third floor, in a lot of bed-clothing. A panic ensued among the guests of the hotel, and women rushed out, screaming, in their night clothes. The fire burned rapidly and smoke filled the whole house. It was over half an hour before the blaze was extinguished. Luckily no one was injured. "The fire was undoubtedly incendiary," said Chief Sweeney. "Fire did not start in room No. 47 alone. The hotel was on fire in six different places on different floors and disconnected."

Wonderful Recovery.

DETROIT, Mich., Nov. 22.—In 1876 Mrs. Ida Martin, of Boston, Mich., fractured her left leg, and paralysis of the member followed, with loss of speech. She had not been able to use the limb since or to speak, until Thursday last, when in a remarkable way she recovered the use of both legs and voice. Mrs. Martin during her affliction devoted her time to the construction of crazy quilts, and has been the receipient of several patches from Presidents Garfield, Arthur and Hayes. Thursday she received a patch with the compliments of President Cleveland, and the pleasure of the event induced her to rise. Her son's revolver lay on a stand near by and dropped off, its falling caused the weapon to be discharged. The ball passed through the invailed's paralyzed leg. The shock restored Mrs. Martin's speech, and her limb will be useful after the bullet wound is healed.

Card of Thanks.

To The Waco Examiner.

WACO, Nov. 25.—The inmates of the McLennan county jail desire most respectfully to express their truly sincere and grateful thanks to Mrs. W. T. Harris and her already charming young daughter, Miss Lena for the very bountiful and savory Thanksgiving dinner which the kind sympathies of those ladies, spread before them to-day, thus adding one more to the many similar kindnesses received from the same fair hands. Neadless to say that the gracious presence of the ladies, as they looked in upon the recipients of their bounty with smiles ank words of good cheer, gave to each dish a flavor beyond the ability of the most skilful chef to imitate even much less, supply.

Each kind remembrance goes far to dispel the gloom of the prisoner's unhappy lot and surroundings; to fan into new lefe the almost extinct flame of hope within his bosom; to strengthen his regret for the past and his good resolves for the future; and so, impels his heart to re-echo the holy songs of praise and thanks-giving which on this day. from every quarter of this most favored land, are wafted up to The Giver of All Good from the happy bosoms of a grateful, prosperous and thrice-blessed people.

All success and happiness and every blessing wished for to Mrs. Harris and her lovely daughter and may the bread thus cast upon the waters return to them speedily as it shall most surely a thousandfold!

Joe Walker, Judge,
H. E. Broome, pros. att'y,
Alvin Manning, sheriff,
John Green, cleark,
Officers kangaroo court for the thirty-nine.

For the Holidays.

Mr. Lack the tailor has a line of elegant cloths which he is making into superb and tasteful overcoats, just the thing for the season and for society men.

Returned in Triumph.

Mrs. R. W. Leache has returned from Austin, bearing in her hand a document signed and sealed by his execellency, Gov. Ireland, ordering that in the case of her husband, the sheriff do not deliver him to the penitentiary contractors until the expiration of three months. This is a victory for the lady. Single-handed she has made her battle and won. Three months will probably prove sufficient.

Notice.

It has been decided by the ladies of the Catholic church to have their grand fair on the week before Christmas week, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th, lasting four nights, at Dr. Cock's new two-story building on Fifth street, between Washington and Austin streets.

WACO HOSPITAL.

Dr. H. W. Brown having bought all the interests in the Waco infirmary announces that the institution is now in shape and ready to receive patients suffering with any or all the diseases incident to humanity. The institution is fitted with surgical and electrical appliances. All the improved methods ofsurgical treatment at hand, with excellent facilities for the nursing and care of the sick, baths, massage, vapor treatment, etc. Terms within the reach of the poorest. The sick have the personal care of Dr. Brown. Especial attention given to chronic and surgical cases

Why?

In reading the explanation of the conduct of Henry J. Bennett, under another head, the question will naturally occur, why did he write the article, presented in nonpareil type, about himself? No answer can be given, but he wrote it and brought it to this office, as related. There is much more to tell which THE EXAMINER desires to withhold until he is tried. The object of making the revelation is to show what manner of creature THE EXAMINER referred to in the terms this paper lately employed.

Hot Free Lunch.

The Palace saloon sets a hot free luch every day day. Mr. Kerkow has secured a fine string band that furnishes beautiful music and gives free concerts every night. The restaurant in connection with the saloon is in charge of an excellent cook, and the viands served of the choicest order Lunch at all times.

100 ANTIQUES

TARGET CARD shot and signed by John Wesley Hardin, signed bar tab, 2 business cards, etc. Best offers. $3.00 SASE for photos, list. Jim Rix, 1006 Sans Souci Ct., Walnut Creek, CA 94596. 187

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

FREE LIST OF WESTERN PULP magazines. 1920s to 1950. Many as low as $3.00 each. Write today: Pantechnicon, Box 1038, Agoura, CA 91301. 287

LOST TREASURE. Ghost Town, Western Americana books. Old City, County, State maps. Free catalog. Slocum Books, Box 10998A, Austin, TX 78766. 388

FREE CATALOG, HARVEY DUNN PRINTS and Western books. Write North Plains Press, P.O. Box 1830, Aberdeen, SD 57401. 887

DRUG TALK. Special language of the drug world. Terms, meanings. Be aware. Be informed. $5.95 to Prevention Concepts, Box 331W, Glenrock, WY 82637. 287

REFLECTIONS OF VIETNAM! What it means to have been there. Powerful nonfiction. The best article ever written for and about the Vietnam veteran. Awesome reading! Keepsake booklet form. Ranger Publications, P.O. Box 1355, Dept. TW, Omaha, NE 68101. $5.00. 287

COMPLETE YOUR COLLECTION F.T. 2-138, T.W. 13-220, O.W. 1-89. $10.00 each copy. J. Swale, 408 E. 4 St., Milan, IL 61264. 287

TOP SECRET! The story of the biggest invasion of all times—the invasion of Japan. Who would have gone. What it would cost. From recently declassified documents and plans. Devastating reading! Keepsake booklet form. Ranger Publications, P.O. Box 1355, Dept. TW, Omaha, NE 68101. $6.00. 287

FREE CATALOGS of western fiction. Canford, Drawer 216T, Freeville, NY 13068. 288

WHO'S WHO IN RODEO. Rodeo Hall of Fame honorees. 224 pages. 290 photographs. $14.95 autographed. Willard H. Porter, 606 NW 45th St., Oklahoma City, OK 73118. 287

"*AUBURN*: A California Mining Camp Comes of Age," 160 pages, photographs, maps. $9.95. CA add 6%. Gilmar Press, P.O. Box 597, Newcastle, CA 95658. 487

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS. Western Americana, Civil War, firearms, hunting, fishing, natural history. Catalogs issued. Specify interests. Marcher's Books, Dept. TW, 6204 N. Vermont, Oklahoma City, OK 73112. 1087

WYOMING BOOKS FOR SALE by Marion V. Allen. "Early Jackson Hole," 400 pages of history and hundreds of pictures-$15.00 prepaid. "Snap, a Special Horse," early Wyoming homesteading, many pictures-$7.00 prepaid. Bear Creek Trading Post, Box 65, Shingletown, CA 96088. 687

BUNCHGRASS SAGE and Pine Cowcountry Horses People Incidents Verse Illustrated 115 pages $7.95. E. J. Kirchoff, 1725 S. Sumner Road, CoosBay, OR 97420. 387

FREE BOOK CATALOG. Novels, westerns, romances, childrens; old out of print, found barns, attic. Authors: Grey, Bower, Connor, Fox, Curwood, Kyne, Raine, Wright, Fox, Potter, many others. Postage appreciated. Pierce, 4400A Pine Cluster, Oroville, CA 95965. 188

SELF IMPROVEMENT BOOKS. Earn money, learn hobbies, write songs. Send SASE for information. Patapon Gifts, Dept. W3, 276 Rockaway Tpke., Cedarhurst, NY 11516. 187

GEORGIA'S FABULOUS TREASURE HOARDS. Indian treasures, slave traders' hoards, Civil War treasures. $6.95. Ernie Andrews, P. O. Box 82103, Hapeville, GA 30354. 187

ONE RIOT — ONE RANGER! "Captain Bill McDonald, Texas Ranger," by Albert Bigelow Paine. Clothbound $19.95; papercover $12.95. Shipping $1.50. MC/VISA. Statehouse Press, Box 15247, Austin, TX 78761. 187

THE BIG TRAIL: a newsletter of the films of John Wayne. Sample $2. Six issues $11. Also, 1987 John Wayne Calendar. 12 original illustrations, $5.50. Lee, 540 Stanton Avenue, Akron, OH 44301. 587

BOOKS OVER 100 YEARS OLD. History, school books, religious, Civil War, literature, travel, atlases, etc. Satisfaction or return. Send $1 for catalogues. Antique Books, 3651 Whitney Ave., Hamden, CT 06518. 687

TREASURE HUNTERS. Mix pleasure with treasure with a free catalog from Research Unlimited, Box 448-T, Fremont, NE 68025. Ph. 402-727-9833. 487

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

TEXAS LIMITED EDITION REPRINTS. "The Boy Captive," Marvin Hunter, 1927. Brothers captive five years with Comanches and Geronimo's Apaches. Paperback, 219 pages. $12.00 postpaid. "Life of F.M. Buckelew, the Indian Captive," Dennis, 1925. Never reprinted details — Texas Lipan Apaches. Paperback, 188 pages. $14.00 postpaid. Illustrated. True customs, weapons, raids. "Sharps Rifles and Spanish Mules," San Antonio to San Diego stage, Austerman. True — 30 years adventures — stage stop locations, robberies, Indians. Hardback, 367 pages. $30.00 postpaid. Free history/treasure catalog. TREASURES OF TEXAS, P. O. Box 1695-1A, Kerrville, TX 78029. 387

WESTERN - TREASURE - DESERT. Rare back issues magazines for sale. Write Harold Moody, Box 803, Project City, CA 96079. 287

FREE CATALOG WESTERN HISTORICAL Non-fiction, frontier-cowboy books. Send 22¢ postage. Maverick Publications, 10245 West 14th Ave., Denver, CO 80215. 1187

FREE CATALOG — Western Americana, Mountain Men, Women of the West, Children's. Write the Book Keeper, P.O. Box 12, West Yellowstone, MT 59758. 487

OLD WEST 1-87, $100.00. Relics 1-49, $30.00. Mint condition. Money order only. Alan Petit, R.R. 1, Cutoff Road, New London, WI 54961. 187

250 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

NEED MONEY!! When banks stop . . . we start. Bad credit no problem. Write Bickel, Dept. TW, 4036 Walnut St., Baldwin Park, CA 91706. 287

REPORTS ON STARTING YOUR OWN BUSINESS. Free list. Donald Cart, Box 65044, Lubbock, TX 79464. 187

AMAZING OPPORTUNITY HOME BUSINESS. Secrets revealed. Retire young. Free details. JRM Marketing, Box 1374, Idaho Falls, ID 83403. 187

SUCCESS! LOVE! MONEY! POWER! You can have it all! FREE details. Bestel, 717 E. Maryland, #102TW, Phoenix, AZ 85014. 187

CRIME DOES PAY! Legal, profitable, free report tells how. Don't delay. Write Prevention Concepts, Box 331, Glenrock, WY 82637. 287

TRUE WEST Classifieds

SPECIAL MAIL ORDER OFFER! NOW DEDUCT ANOTHER 10%

Only seven easy steps put you in touch with your best prospects nationwide at a very reasonable rate of only 50¢ per word (15 word minimum).

1. Choose your number of insertions: ☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐ 7 ☐ 8 ☐ 9 ☐ 10 ☐ 11 ☐ 12

2. Mark your category: ☐ Antiques ☐ Artifacts ☐ Books & Magazines ☐ Business Opportunities ☐ Coins ☐ Collectibles ☐ Educational ☐ Employment ☐ Farm & Ranch ☐ Genealogy ☐ Government Supplies ☐ Guns ☐ Hobbies ☐ Indian Related ☐ Photography ☐ Real Estate ☐ Recipes ☐ Records & Tapes ☐ Travel ☐ Treasure Hunting ☐ Videos & Films ☐ Western Merchandise ☐ Want to Buy ☐ Miscellaneous

3. Write your copy: Please print or type copy. Show punctuation marks. For additional words attach separate sheet.

_____

_____

_____

_____

4. Determine your cost: Number of words _____ x 50¢ x number of issues _____ = $_____.

Full payment must accompany all classified space orders. Deduct 10% for running in 3 consecutive issues and 15% for 12 issues. Zip codes are FREE. Up to five initial words highlighted in bold italic FREE; $1.00 per word for each additional highlighted word. Post office box numbers count as three words.

5. Fill in your name and address: Full name and street address must accompany all orders.

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Credit card orders: ☐ VISA ☐ MC

Account # _____

Expiration Date _____

TW187

6. For deadline dates see advertising schedule on page 67 of this issue. If your ad arrives after the deadline date, we will insert it in the next available issue.

7. Mail to: Western Classifieds
P.O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076

250 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY. Unique photo business. Anyone details. Photo's, Box 1291-TW, Whittier, CA 90609. 287

"NEW FORTUNES WITH FORMULAS." 100 valuable chemical formulas. Complete mixing and preparing instructions. Send money order $5.75, U.S. funds, to CBA Distributors, Box 284tw, Lumby, BC, Canada V0E 2G0. 287

EARNINGS UNLIMITED! Mail our burglar alarm advertisements from home! RBM Merchandising, Box 59314, Chicago, IL 60659. 387

LOANS BY MAIL! Instant reply! Rush stamped addressed envelope: Marigold, Box 2030, Richardson, TX 75080. 387

ADVERTISE FREE!!! In over 100 national publications. Moneyback guarantee. For list and instructions, send $3.00 to: MODS, Box 15232(TW), St. Petersburg, FL 33733-5232. 387

175 POETRY PUBLISHERS who pay $5.00 to $500.00 per poem. Lists and instructions. Moneyback guarantee. Send $4.00 to: MODS, Box 15232(TW), St. Petersburg, FL 33733-5232. 387

EXCEPTIONAL BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES! Earnings unlimited! Exciting details, free! Frazier House, 8 Cedar, Fair Haven, VT 05743. 487

FANTASTIC OPPORTUNITY to move ahead of the crowd. Let us put you on the road to success. Write Max Marketing, 130 E. Auer, Milwaukee, WI 53212. 187

EARN EXTRA $$ selling Western Publications products! Magazine subscriptions, books, posters, prints, back issues, and much, much more. As a sale representative of TRUE WEST and OLD WEST magazines you will handle quality western products that will bring extra income and at the same time make you eligible to receive valuable discounts. For more information write: Western Sales, Dept. T-1, 205 West 7th Avenue, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74074. Ph. 405-743-3370, ext. 7. 487

MAKE MONEY WORKING AT HOME. Selling information by mail. Free details rush S.A.S.E. J.W. Advertising, Dept. R, Box 199-15 R3, Tahlequah, OK 74464. 187

EARN 16% annual interest on $5,000.00 minimum investment. Application $25.00. LOANS from $5,000.00 to three million. Application $25.00. Transworld Foundation, P.O. Box 226006, Dallas, TX 75222. 887

260 COINS

50 DIFFERENT LINCOLN CENTS, 1909-1930. $7.50 postpaid. Fallon Coins, 1725 Lazyheart Lane, Fallon, NV 89406. 487

275 COLLECTIBLES

LAW BADGES AND PATCHES for collectors send 2.00 for illustrated catalog. B-PEC, Dept. FT1185, Box 444, Los Alamitos, CA 90720. 287

WESTERN SCULPTURES. 3 catalogs $1. BATCO, 1430 Massachusetts Avenue, Suite 306-193, Cambridge, MA 02138. 587

INDIAN WARS, western military, ghost town, Precolumbian, Indian relics/collectibles. Gemstones. Catalog, $2. HD Enterprises, Box 22082F, Denver, CO 80222. 188

OLYMPIC COLLECTORS NEWSLETTER sent free. Maxwell, Box 41630, Tucson, AZ 85717-1630. 387

WESTERN STOCKS & BONDS for collectors, dealers, decorators: mining, railroad issues, etc. Advise of your specialized interests for most appropriate listings. Also buy. American Vignettes, Box 155-TW, Roselle Park, NJ 07204. 488

GENUINE 1869 California newspaper, in choice condition, plus my illustrated paper Americana catalogue, both yours for just $4.50. PHIL BARBER, Box 8694, Boston, MA 02114. 487

277 EDUCATIONAL

TIME OF JACOBS trouble and coming revival before Jesus returns. Free Bible studeis. God's Watchman, Box 558, St. Maries, ID 83861. 387

280 EMPLOYMENT

JOBS, cruiseships, tugs, riverboats, oilrigs: Women-Men. Work month-Home month. USA + Overseas. Information $3.00. Marine Employment, Box 231, Central, IN 47110. 787

315 GUNS

THOUSANDS OF ANTIQUE GUNS, Swords, Daggers, Polearms, Armor, Militaria, etc. in illustrated catalogs. European, American, Eastern, Japanese, and Oriental. $5 for six issue subscription; William Fagan, Box 425B, Fraser, MI 48026. 187

350 INDIAN RELATED

HANDCRAFTED INDIAN PEACE PIPES, effigies on bowl—bald eagle, kicking bronco, buffalo, bear, Indian chief's head, etc. Colored brochure $2 applied on first order. Chippewa Craft Shop, Goodridge, MN 56725. 187

AMERICAN INDIAN BOOKS, 9911 Torigney Ct., Sappington, MO 63126. Send for free catalog. 687

NOT REPRODUCTIONS. Send $2.00 for 50-80 page catalog. Huge inventory, Indian Shop, Independence, KY 41051. 487

PLAINS INDIAN BUCKSKIN GARMENTS, weapons, beadwork, moccasins, pipes, riflecases, belts. Catalog $2.00. Tecumseh's, Box 359-TW, Shartlesville, PA 19554. 287

SELLING: Caddo Indian Artifacts collected in Ouachita Mountains area of southwest Arkansas. Darlene Taylor, Langley Rt., Glenwood, AR 71943. 187

AMERICAN INDIAN CHIEFTAINS. Finest quality reproductions of original engravings made in 1856. Beautifully printed on 8" x 10" parchment stock. Ready to frame. Chief Cornstalk / Chief Captain Pipe / Chief Roundhead / Chief Pathkiller. Send $3.00 each or, all 4 for $10.00, postpaid, to: Vintage Visions, P.O. Box 5608, San Francisco, CA 94101. 187

COLUMBIA RIVER GEMSTONE BIRDPOINTS. Good — $3.00 each. Fine — $7.50. Guaranteed ancient. Much more. Free lists. Artifacts, Box 23642. Tigard, OR 97223. 187

NATIVE AMERICAN BOOKS. All tribes. Free catalogue. Tsali Books, Box 98, Highlandville, MO 65669. 687

OKLAHOMA INDIAN CRAFTS COMPANY. Warbonnets, porkyhair roaches, buckskin clothing, feathers, costumes. Free catalog. 32 Verano Loop at Eldorado, Santa Fe, NM 87505. 787

ANCIENT INDIAN RELIC'S mail order. SASE Charles Hester, Guntown, MS 38849. 1187

AUTHENTIC INDIAN ARROWHEADS, artifacts. We have the best. Giant list 75 cents. Morris, Box 4771FT, Anaheim, CA 92803. 1187

OBSIDIAN AND AGATE ARROWHEADS. Smooth edge $15.00 per 100. Serrated edge $18.00 per 100. Plus $1.25 shipping. Universal, P.O. Box 9593, El Paso, TX 79986. 487

AUTHENTIC INDIAN CRAFTS & HANDWORK. Quilts, handbags, jewelry, dolls, stationery, water color prints and much, much more. Catalog $1.00. Lakota Development Council, Box P-3, Chamberlain, SD 57326. 1287

400 REAL ESTATE

MILLIONAIRES ONLY: Privacy in bedroom of the Rockies. 170-acre farm near famous skiing, golf, fishing, hunting, Glacier Park. Loaded Gun Ranch, 764 Prairie View Road, Kalispell, MT 59901. 287

#1 TIPS on preparing your house for sale. #2—Some things you should know before starting your new home: LSASE $2.95 each. J-L Publications, Box 426WP, Milliken, CO 80543. 387

NORTHERN IDAHO 5-10-20 ACRES. Trees, meadows, creeks, springs, wildlife. Northwest lake country. Hundreds of choice parcels. Homesites, miniranching, recreation, retirement. Easy terms. FREE brochure, maps, photos. National Associated Properties, Dept. B, 1111 Sherman, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814. (208) 664-8161. 887

FREE LAND CATALOG!! Write to: Northwest Wilderness Properties, P.O. Box 13386, Dept. T/W, Spokane, WA 99213 or phone today (509) 922-2067. 287

450 RECIPES

FREE RATTLESNAKE CHILI RECIPE. With every famous Texas chili recipe ordered. Send $2.00, "Chili," 2928 Antares Circle, Dept-W, Garland, TX 75042. 387

IRISH WHISKEY TRIFLE plus three delightful Irish style recipes. $4 includes airmail. O'Mahoney, Kilmore, Tallow, Co. Waterford, Ireland. 387

SOUR DOUGH BISCUIT RECIPE. Send $2.00 to Box 69, Gail Rt., Big Spring, TX 79720. 287

450 RECIPES

FASTEST CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES in the West. Delicious receipt. $2.00 SASE. Chambers, Rt.10, Box 10080-26, Midland, TX 79705. 387

25 BBQ RIB and chicken recipes. Mild and hot. Send $5.00 to Jeff Posner, 89 Iceland Drive South, Huntington, NY 11746. 187

SKUNK NUGGETS. Trapper's original century old secret recipe. Great snack for parties. $2. Trapper, Box 99682, Tacoma, WA 98499. 387

SWEDISH POTATO SAUSAGE recipe from northern Minnesota. Send $3.00 SASE. To Mike Nelson, R.R. 1, Box 364, Aitkin, MN 56431. 287

VENISON — family favorites sauerbraten/curry/mulligan. $3.00 SASE. HC-80, Box 506, Forks, WA 98331. 187

475 RECORDS & TAPES

OLDTIME RADIO broadcasts on superior quality tapes. Free catalogue. Special offer: Three-hour western assortment - Gunsmoke (two broadcasts), Have Gun Will Travel, Fort Laramie, Frontier Gentleman, Hawk Larabee, The Six Shooter; all for only $7.95. Specify cassettes, eight-tracks, or open reel. Carl W. Froelich, Heritage Farm Drive, New Freedom, PA 17349. 387

COWBOY RECORDS! Rare western music. Marty Robbins, Sons of Pioneers, Rex Allen, more. Bunkhouse, Star Route, Box 30A-3, Bastrop, TX 78602. 187

SELECTED OLDTIME country, western swing, ballads, western recordings. Free nostalgic list, late twenties through seventies. Frontier Records, Box 157-TW, Jenks, OK 74037. 187

495 TRAVEL

THE BACHELOR'S GUIDE TO NEVADA. Visit all bars, ranches, hot spots. Enclose $25.00. Box 1118, North Massapequa, NY 11762T. 187

500 TREASURE HUNTING

TREASURE—Locate quarter mile away with ultrasensitive locator—brochure free. Carl Anderson, Box 270270-BC, Tampa, FL 33688. 488

TREASURE HUNTERS. Subscribe to the premier publication on treasure hunting. 4-issues/year. $5.00. Plus yearly Huge Treasure Book Catalog. Treasure Hunters Exchange, Box 448-W, Fremont, NE 68025. 387

525 VIDEOS & FILMS

"THE GRAND CANYON," 2-hour spectacular helicopter exploration. VIDEO. Breathtaking music. Critically acclaimed. Details FREE! Beerger Productions, 3217-L7 Arville, Las Vegas, NV 89102. (702) 876-2328. 687

550 WESTERN MERCHANDISE

CUSTOM BELT BUCKLES with your logo, solid sandcast bronze, hand finished. Also bronze grips for 45 auto, gun related, cloisonnes pins in stock. Buckles by Mike, 1225 Manzanita, Dept. TW, Los Angeles, CA 90029. 187

OLD WESTERN STYLE COFFIN. Plans $5.00. P&M Associates, Box 1717-B, Paintsville, KY 41240. 687

GOOD LUCK CRICKET. Brass cricket boot pull. Lacquer finish. Useful and decorative. Made in U.S.A. Satisfaction guaranteed. $17.75. A&E Industries, Inc., Dept. TW11, 525 South 17th St., Belleville, IL 62223. 287

OWN A PIECE OF TEXAS history. Miniature hangman's noose. Send $5.00 to Rt. 8, Box 45R6, Lubbock, TX 79407. 187

!!!WANTED POSTERS!!! TEN AUTHENTIC 11 X 17 western outlaw reproductions for only $5.00. Posters, P.O. Box 1389, San Andreas, CA 95249. 487

600 WANTED TO BUY

INVENTIONS, IDEAS, TECHNOLOGY WANTED! Industry presentation/national exposition. 1-800-528-6050, X831. 688

OLD STYLE FRONTIER TIMES MAGAZINES and old saddlemakers' catalogue. Chas. Schreiner, Box 1443, Ingram, TX 78025. 787

OLDER SPURS, chaps, gun leather, saddle catalogs, cowboy gear. Piece or collection. Bill Mackin, Box 555, Meeker, CO 81641. 1-303-878-4525. 387

650 MISCELLANEOUS

MUSICAL SAWS SINCE 1921. Greatest folk instrument ever developed. Easy to play, beautiful singing sound. Details free. "Sawing News." Mussehl-Westphal, 130FT, Delavan, WI 53115. 387

MUSICAL SAWS. C. Blacklock Specials, designed for more range of music. Tenors, baritones, mini-bass, accessories. Charlie Blacklock, 1821-A St. Charles St., Alameda, CA 94501. 887

GUYS, BUY YOUR SWEETHEART a music box. Your reward will be fantastic from her. Catalog $5.00, $10.00 refund. Over 3,000 items. Foster's, 1047 14th, Suite 14, Oroville 95965. 187

ROLEX President look $150 & others available. #1Wholesaler! Order (213) 305-8949. 187

COUNTRY MALE would correspond any subject with same from anywhere. Snaps appreciated. Box 8998, Saskatoon, Sask, Canada, S7K7E7. 287

OLD MAPS of Western states. Write for free brochure. Territorial Quartermaster, Dept. TW, P.O. Box 55939, Tucson, AZ 85703. 287

FREE! Everything you need to start your own mailorder business! Box 65044, Lubbock, TX 79464. 287

KEY FINDER RING!!! Trouble in finding your keys? Just whistle or clap your hands. It will answer you back. Moneyback guarantee. Send $6.95 to: MODS, Box 15232(TW), St. Petersburg, FL 33733. 387

LEAD SOLDIER MOLDS, supplies, soldier sets. Catalog $1.00. Special! Six soldiers, painting guides, catalog and FREE lock blade knife and case $6.00. Coastal, Box 1053-TW, Brick, NJ 08723. 387

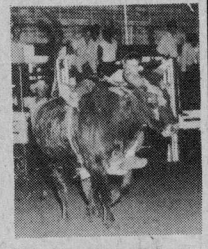
BORROW $1,000 TO $100,000. Also get VISA & MasterCard. Rush 22¢ stamp. Wm. Presley, P.O. Box 58, Hope Mills, NC 28348. 187

OWN A PIECE OF TEXAS history. Authentic Texas trail dust. Send $1.00 to Rt. 8, Box 45R6, Lubbock, TX 79407. 187

RAILROAD GIFTS, WATCHES, Oshkosh overalls, buckles, whistles, books, free catalog. Depot, Dept. TW, Sullivan, IL 61951. 487

Try TRUE WEST Classifieds!

I like TRUE WEST because . . .



"You can see I may not be the best bullrider, but I make up for it by being the best magazine buyer, and that's True West."
—Donald L. Rollins
Tulsa, OK

"I seldom find an article which fails to illustrate the common bond between the Europeans of today and the immigrants who settled the United States of America."
—Steven Hatfield Schomberg,
West Germany

Tell us why you enjoy TRUE WEST . . .

Send us a photo of yourself and twenty-five words or less about why you like TRUE WEST. Send them to: I Like TRUE WEST, 205 West Seventh Avenue, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74074. Like Donald and Steven, you just might appear in an issue of the nation's leading magazine of Western Americana.

Submissions can only be returned if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

TRUE WEST AD SCHEDULE

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

AD INDEX

U.S. Postal Service
STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1A. TITLE OF PUBLICATION	1B. PUBLICATION NO.	2. DATE OF FILING
TRUE WEST	0 0 4 7 2 8 0 5	09-03-86
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE	3A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY	3B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE
MONTHLY	12	$13.95

4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, City, County, State and ZIP+4 Code) (Not printers)
PO BOX 2107 STILLWATER, OK 74076
205 W 7TH, SUITE 202 PAYNE COUNTY

5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHER (Not printer)
PO BOX 2107 STILLWATER, OK 74076
205 W 7TH, SUITE 202 PAYNE COUNTY

6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR (This item MUST NOT be blank)

PUBLISHER (Name and Complete Mailing Address)
RANDY CLAUSEN 205 W 7TH, SUITE 202
PO BOX 2107 STILLWATER, OK 74076

EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address)
JOHN JOERSCHKE 205 W 7TH, SUITE 202
PO BOX 2107 STILLWATER, OK 74076

MANAGING EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address)
RANDY CLAUSEN 205 W 7TH, SUITE 202
PO BOX 2107 STILLWATER, OK 74076

7. OWNER (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given. If the publication is published by a nonprofit organization, its name and address must be stated.) (Item must be completed.)

FULL NAME	COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS
KENNETH NOYES	317 S MAIN SUITE 410 TULSA OK 74103
LARRY VREDENBURGH	RT 1 BOX 179 CLEVELAND OK 74020
STEVEN F CUNDIFF	PO BOX 187 STILLWATER OK 74076
GARY SHROEDER	327 MARSHALL DR CHANDLER OK 74834
ROBERT BARACKER	101 CARTER OKLOSAPHA OK 73018

8. KNOWN BONDHOLDERS, MORTGAGEES, AND OTHER SECURITY HOLDERS OWNING OR HOLDING 1 PERCENT OR MORE OF TOTAL AMOUNT OF BONDS, MORTGAGES OR OTHER SECURITIES (If there are none, so state)

FULL NAME	COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS

9. FOR COMPLETION BY NONPROFIT ORGANIZATIONS AUTHORIZED TO MAIL AT SPECIAL RATES (Section 423.12 DMM only)
The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes (Check one)
☐ (1) HAS NOT CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS ☐ (2) HAS CHANGED DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS (If changed, publisher must submit explanation of change with this statement.)

10. EXTENT AND NATURE OF CIRCULATION (See instructions on reverse side)	AVERAGE NO. COPIES EACH ISSUE DURING PRECEDING 12 MONTHS	ACTUAL NO. COPIES OF SINGLE ISSUE PUBLISHED NEAREST TO FILING DATE
A. TOTAL NO. COPIES (Net Press Run)	90,480	83,367
B. PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	15,199	13,856
2. Mail Subscription (Paid and/or requested)	20,693	18,807
C. TOTAL PAID AND/OR REQUESTED CIRCULATION (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)	35,892	32,663
D. FREE DISTRIBUTION BY MAIL, CARRIER OR OTHER MEANS SAMPLES, COMPLIMENTARY, AND OTHER FREE COPIES	787	146
E. TOTAL DISTRIBUTION (Sum of C and D)	36,679	32,809
F. COPIES NOT DISTRIBUTED 1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	2,913	3388
2. Return from News Agents	50,888	47,170
G. TOTAL (Sum of E, F1 and 2 - should equal net press run shown in A)	90,480	83,367

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete
SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER
Randy D. Clausen Publisher
(See instructions on reverse)

PS Form 3526, July 1984

Gentlemen and Scoundrels of Yesteryear

THE WIMP

By H. Franklin Greene

I took a survey of four women in my office to get a response to the statement: "What would you think of a man who would give up all his responsibilities, reputation, millions of dollars, and work to marry a twice-divorced, homely-looking woman."

Their replies included "cad," "dreamer," "loony tunes," "sick," "mental problems," and so on. Of seven men questioned, however, five of them answered the query with "a damn fool." The other two men said that they had felt the same way many times, but after one or two nights in bed with their great loves, they felt normal again and began looking for another great experience.

She was born Bessie Wallis Warfield in 1896, and she died in April 1986. But she could never explain her Edward. "Perhaps I was one of the first to penetrate his inner loneliness," she wrote. This strange penetration has been questioned by many concerned lovers, historians, and just plain citizens on many continents, especially Europe.

Ever since Edward VIII abdicated the British throne in 1936 for the love of Mrs. Wallis, it has been rumored that she had some sort of mysterious hold over him that was so pleasurable that he could not or would not give her up. For the past fifty years that particular rumor has widely circulated in Europe. No evidence, however, is known to substantiate or disprove it, and none is likely to appear.

To call Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David, the former Prince of Wales, later Duke of Windsor and King Edward VIII, a wimp certainly sounds disrespectful. But consider what a British therapist or psychologist would think and say if you suddenly revealed that a skinny-looking American gal, once divorced and now married (to a friend of yours, no less, American born but really a British citizen), had penetrated your innermost emotions. And moreover, how would he react if told him that you were going to chuck a billion-dollar inheritance just to get her divorced again and then marry you. Calling him a love-sick wimp does not sound too bad, compared to some things I have heard him called.

England's then prime minister, Stanley Baldwin, certainly tried to understand the wayward prince's indifference to court ceremony, his outspoken criticism, alleged sympathy with Nazi Germany, and his personal relationship with Adolf Hitler. At the time these charges were tame compared to some of the lurid comments the prince evoked in the United States and continental European newspapers. Yet Baldwin demanded censure in the United Kingdom for the protection of his prince. It makes you wonder how deep Edward's innermost feelings must have been.

To understand quirky personalities like King Edward VIII, it is necessary to consider the genes in his human make-up and the conditions that made him eligible to be monarch in the first place. In researching Edward VIII's background, a bizarre chain of facts emerge from his family tree.

Edward's father, King George V, was a second son of Edward VII and was not a direct heir to the throne. George's elder brother, Albert Victor Christian Edward, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Victoria's grandson, was leading claimant to the throne. He was the eldest son of Edward VII and the real, direct heir and the uncle of Edward VIII. Now comes the shocker: Edward, Duke of Clarence was an eccentric dandy, whose immaculate, fastidiously extravagant dress set him apart from ordinary royalty. A police raid caught him in a male brothel at age twenty-four, prompting him to resign a commission in the 10th Hussars. He had earlier contracted syphillis while carousing in the West Indies and had also become deeply resentful of women, especially prostitutes.

Dr. Thomas E. A. Stowell, a ninety-three-year-old Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, wrote an article in ***The Criminologist***, an English magazine devoted to police work and forensic medicine. In the piece, Stowell stated that he developed a relationship with the royal family when he studied under the family's physician, Sir William Gull. Gull and Stowell both treated Edward for syphillis.

Stowell revealed that during a three-month period, from August 6 to November 9, 1888, five gin-soaked and bedraggled East End whores were horribly slain and their bodies dismembered. These five murders were carefully detailed in Sir William's diary. Stowell further revealed that the diary identified the killer only as "S" but went into such detail about S's family, youthful pastimes, trips, and "paranoid extravagance of dress." The journal also mentioned how S was identified by many people to the police. One particular point of identification was the way the killer dressed and the cap he wore during the commission of his crimes. One contemporary magazine actually showed the murderer, who appeared to be dressed identically to Edward, including the same mustache and favorite, personally designed cap, killing one of his victims.

Stowell pointed out that high officers at Scotland Yard and members of the royal family, as well as Sir William Gull, were aware that the slayer was Edward. After the fourth murder, they placed him a private mental hospital in the Home Counties.

General Sir Charles Warren, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., then commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was embarrassed after the fourth murder, when his bobbies reported that the killer had chalked a message near the dismembered body and identified himself. The diary related that the police officers were ordered to erase the message and keep silent about what was written. One must commiserate with the commissioner, however.

After five weeks in the mental hospital, Edward apparently was trusted to be on his own. He appeared in London, and within hours after his return to the streets, the fifth victim, one Mary Kelly, was disemboweled.

Commissioner Sir Charles Warren resigned immediately. According to Stowell's notes, which were mentioned in Sir William Gull's diary, Edward responded so well to soothing treatment that he was released from the mental hospital and sent away for a five-month cruise. But his disease, officially described as pneumonia, mysteriously carried him off to the grave within days. Strangely enough, no more murders were committed against the soiled doves in London, and thus ended one of England's seamiest and most celebrated myths.

So if King Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson's love story gives you the shudders instead of goose bumps, maybe there is a reason a reason why Edward VIII gave it all up. What would you do if your uncle was Jack the Ripper?

Chuck DeHaan

Western Writers of America
Spur Award
Best Cover Art
1984

Chuck DeHaan "Winter Songsinger" 18×24

750 limited edition, signed lithographs
Printed on 100% acid-free, museum quality paper. Hand signed and numbered by the artist. First 200 orders will receive a complimentary copy of the award-winning FRONTIER TIMES issue $95.00

Poster $15.00

Oklahoma residents add 6.25% sales tax. U.S. funds only.
Dealer inquiries welcome.

Available through:

WESTERN GRAPHICS
Dept. C
P.O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076
405-743-3373