

MYSTERY OF CUSTER'S LOST GOLD

# TRUE WEST

**MONTHLY!**  
Now Incorporating  
**Frontier Times**

47305  
MAR, 1983  
\$1.50  
®



**MAKING LOVE  
IN THE OLD WEST**

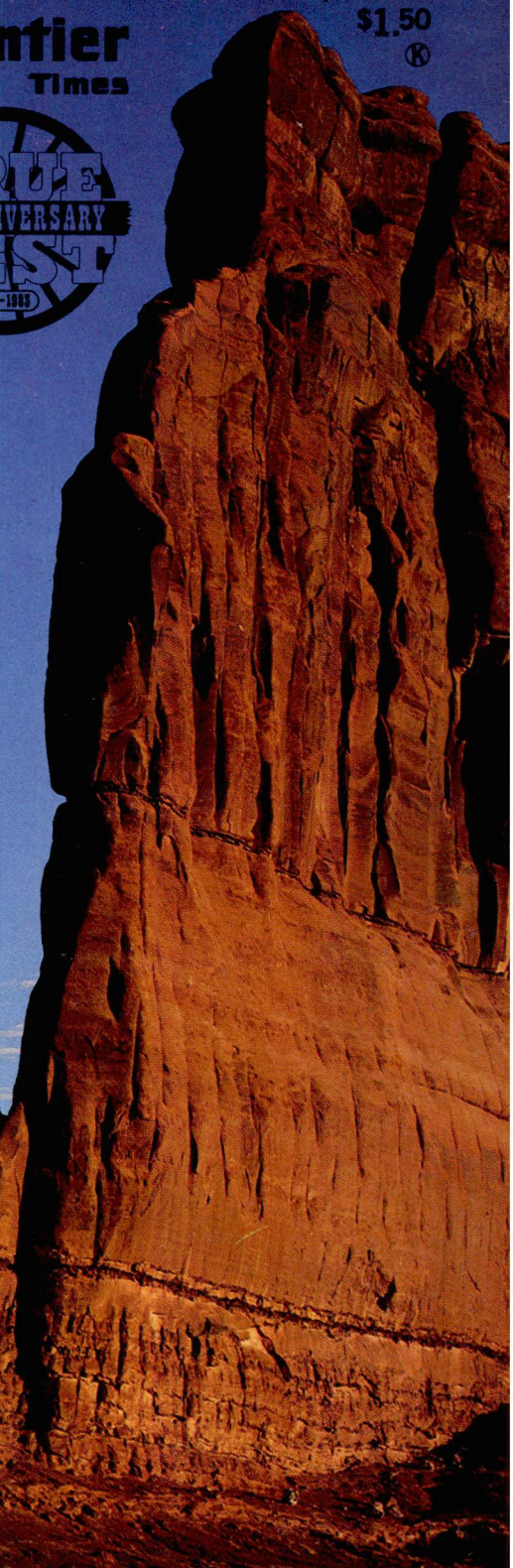
**OUTLAW HANGOUTS  
YOU CAN VISIT**

**— SPECIAL! —**  
**Big 16 Page Section**

## **TRAVEL IN THE WEST**

The places to go and  
the sites to see  
when travelling in  
the West this summer.

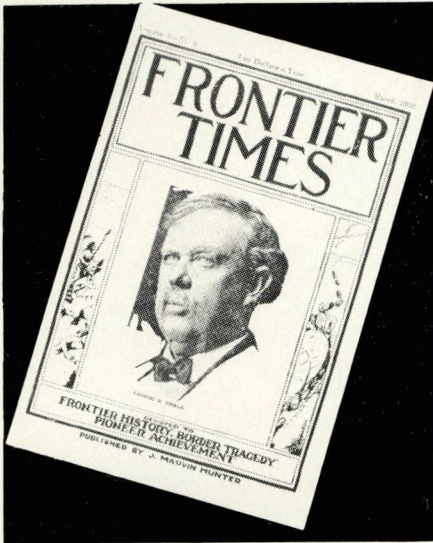
All associated with Old West history!



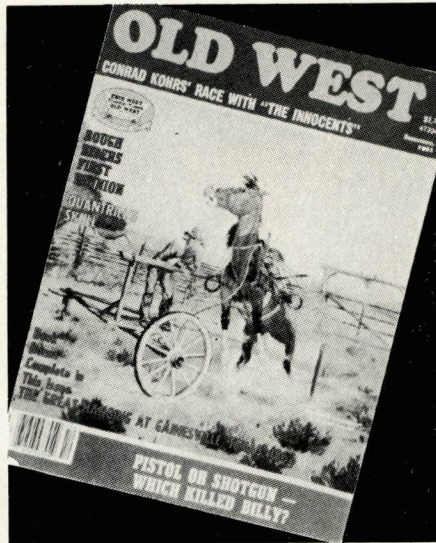
**FREMONT'S LOST CANNON**  
**TOMBSTONE'S LOVE**



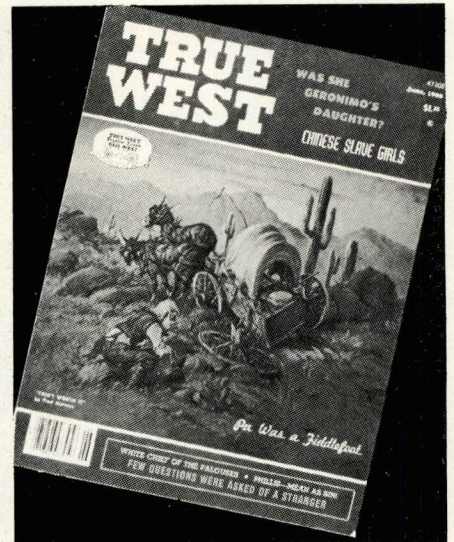
# SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION



Faithful reproductions of great western history! In 1923 J. Marvin Hunter began publishing FRONTIER TIMES in Bandera, Texas, recording events exactly as they happened. Today, original copies are next to impossible to find. But, starting in 1972, Western Publications began reproducing these rare issues complete, including the ads. Subscriber copies are mailed every 3 months, 3 issues at a time in a protective envelope 49 years after the original cover date.



True stories of the Old West in every issue, recording people and times the way they actually were! Life on the dangerous side of the Mississippi between the mid-1800's and the 1920's is documented, including Indians, pioneers, cowboys and anybody who made tracks! Lots of authentic old photos to illustrate the articles. Classified advertising section. Great Western writing worth reading and rereading!



If Western America as it really was fascinates you, then you'll enjoy TRUE WEST! Featured are action stories and articles on badmen, lawmen, range wars, trail drives, cowboys, ranch life, mining, Indians, the frontier army, lost treasure and the gold rush. Regular features include "Trails Grown Dim", non-fiction book reviews and "Hosstail's Small Talk" column, plus classified ads.

**HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES**  
700 E. State St. AGI  
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES as follows:

- New subscription
- Renewing/extending
- 1 Year (12 issues) . . . \$10.00
- 2 Years (24 issues) . . . \$17.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- My check or money order is enclosed
- Charge to my MasterCard/Visa account  
Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
mo. yr.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**OLD WEST**  
700 E. State St. AGT  
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to OLD WEST (published quarterly) as follows:

- New subscription
- Renewing/extending
- 6 issues . . . . . \$4.95
- 12 issues . . . . . \$8.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add \$2.50 per 6 issues for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- My check or money order is enclosed
- Charge to my MasterCard/Visa account  
Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
mo. yr.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

**TRUE WEST**  
700 E. State St., AIN  
Iola, WI 54990

Please enter my subscription to TRUE WEST (published monthly) as follows:

- New subscription
- Renewing/extending
- 1 Year (12 issues) . . . . \$9.95
- 2 Years (24 issues) . . . \$17.95

Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds.

- My check or money order is enclosed
- Charge to my MasterCard/Visa account  
Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
Expires \_\_\_\_\_  
mo. yr.

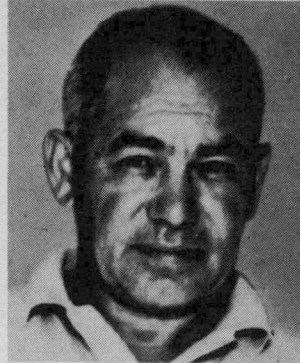
Signature \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# when I planned to retire before fifty

this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey

Starting with borrowed money Duraclean gave me the opportunity for financial security... In eight years I sold out at a profit and retired.



"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. You can start a dealership for as little as \$3,488. Another option is a \$11,588 full cash investment, and if you qualify, Duraclean can work out financing for half this amount. I could work it as a one-man business to start, and operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead, no salaries to pay. Equipment would fit in my car trunk. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) Best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover my volume. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

"Furniture dealers and department stores refer their customers to the Duraclean Specialist. Insurance men say Duraclean can save them money on fire claims. Hotels, motels, specialty shops and big stores make annual contracts for keeping their carpets and furniture fresh and clean.

"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at

a substantial profit before I was fifty."

Would you like to have the freedom and independence enjoyed by Mr. Haikey? You can. Let us send you the facts. Mail the coupon, and you'll receive all the details, absolutely without obligation. No salesman will ever call on you. When you receive our illustrated booklet, you'll learn how we show you STEP BY STEP how to get customers; and how to have your customers get you more customers from their recommendations.

This is an opportunity for a career you will enjoy far more than a routine job. You make many friends who appreciate your quality services.

With no obligation, we'll mail you a 32-page booklet explaining the business. Then you, and you alone, in the privacy of your home, can decide. Don't delay. Get the facts before your location is taken by someone else. Mail the coupon, now.



## Duraclean International



**The first step—send for FREE Booklet today!**

**Duraclean International**  
3-X63 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, IL 60015  
WITHOUT OBLIGATION send free booklet that tells how I can have a Duraclean business. No salesman will call.

PLEASE PRINT

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# TRUE WEST

JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764

700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990

Editorial/Advertising/Circulation Office:

Phone: AC 715/445-2214



## Staff

**JIM DULLENTY**  
Editor

**MARY HAEFNER**  
Editorial Assistant

**BOB SCHMALL**  
Advertising Manager

**MARGIE WILLIAMS**  
Classified Ad Manager

**HARRY BECKER**  
Circulation Director

**PEGGY MOREY**  
Subscription Coordinator

**JUDY SCHMIDT**  
Books/Back Issues Coordinator

TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, 700 East State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990. \$1.50 per copy; U.S. subscription rate \$9.95 per year; \$17.95 for two years; other countries including Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover the extra handling and postage required. Please provide payment in the form of a U.S. funds check 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, whether payable in U.S. funds or the national currency, unless the total payment provided is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Iola, WI 54945 and at additional mailing offices.

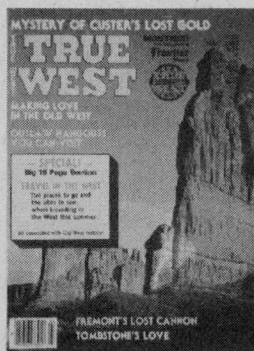
To assure prompt service when contacting us with an address change or other inquiry concerning your subscription, please include the mailing label from a recent issue, along with your new address. Mail all subscription inquiries to True West, Iola, WI 54990.

## In This Issue

FROM THE EDITOR .....	Jim Dullenty	5
TRULY WESTERN .....		6
HOSSTAIL'S "SMALL TALK" .....	Joe Small	8
WESTERN ROUNDUP .....		10
THE MYSTERY OF CUSTER'S LOST GOLD .....	Kathryn Wright	12
JULESBURG, THE WANDERING TOWN .....	Wayne C. Lee	18
GALLARDO .....	Dorothy Beimer	22
PITCHING WOO IN THE OLD WEST .....	Colonel C.W. Mooney	24
RAILROAD MUSEUM .....	Charles A. Page	27
OUTLAW HANGOUTS YOU CAN VISIT .....		28
TOMBSTONE'S LOVE .....		32
GALVESTON'S IRON LADY .....	Judy Hedburg	36
FRONTIER MUSEUM .....	Bob Schmall	38
RIDING HIGH ON THE SILVERTON TRAIN .....	H.L. Miller	42
BOOKS .....		43
FREMONT'S LOST CANNON .....	Ernest A. Lewis	46
ANSWER MAN .....	Chuck Parsons	52
THE DANE WHO HELPED BUILD		
SAN FRANCISCO .....	Ethel Bangert	54
REEL COWBOYS .....	Bill O'Neal	57
TRAILS GROWN DIM .....		58
INDIAN SALMON .....	Barbara Blackburn	59
HOW I KEPT MY SCALP .....	Francis L. Fugate	59
WILD OLD DAYS .....		62

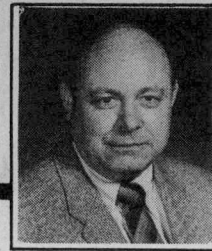
### OUR COVER

From his home in northern California, widely traveled landscape photographer Jeff Gnass visits much of western North America year around to capture the beauty in his photos. He titled this one "Tower of Babel." It is a scene taken last summer at sunrise in the Arches National Park in Utah. We thought it fit well the "Travel in the West" theme of this issue.



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

# From The Editor



Most everyone likes to travel and those of us who have lived a long time in the West especially enjoying travel in the West. We also don't mind if others come to the West and bring some of those greenback dollars. It's hard to believe that everyone is not fascinated with western travel.

But I ran into a gal a few years ago in New York who had different ideas. I was visiting the big city and this young lady knew I was from Montana. She was impressing me with all the traveling she had done. She said she made a major trip every year, to the Caribbean, to Spain, and so on. I thought all that was nice, but I asked her if she had ever been to Montana.

"Montana! I haven't been west of the Hudson River," she exclaimed. "Do you think I'm interested in savages!"

It's a pity some easterners think that way. They don't know what they're missing. The West abounds in mystical, romantic places: Santa Fe, Grand Canyon, Sun Valley, Glacier Park, Lake Tahoe, the Mother Lode country of California, the rain forest on the Olympic Peninsula. The list is endless.

So it should not be surprising that this issue brings you some of the interesting places associated with Old West history. Some of these places are well-known; others not known at all, even to most westerners. Probably the best-known place associated with Old West history is Tombstone, Arizona.

Tombstone's history has been so much written about we thought it might be better to view the old town through the eyes of someone who, more than any other, has brought Tombstone to national attention in the last 20 years, Harold O. Love. He not only owns such places as the Crystal Palace, the OK Corral and, more importantly, the OK Corral gunfight site, but he owns 25,000 acres surrounding the town. See the story on Tombstone's Love in this issue.

But if Tombstone is well-known, historic outlaw sites generally are not known at all. There's Butch Cassidy's cabin in Hole-in-the-Wall in north central Wyoming. Few people know it exists, Cassidy's only "home," built by himself, still standing in the United States.

How many know of that eerie lava rock in the center of a field 50 miles west of Spokane, Washington, where in 1902 outlaw Harry Tracy fought a des-

perate duel with a posse and lost?

Most of these outlaw sites are not on any map and most states don't promote them as tourist attractions. But many are in surprisingly good condition and you'll find out where in this issue.

No outlaws are known to inhabit John Bianchi's new Frontier Museum in Temecula, California, but the guns and artifacts of outlaws and lawmen can be seen at the museum. Bob Schmall gives us an inside look at the museum, a long-time labor of love for Bianchi who has spared nothing to recreate the aura of the Old West.

There's another museum in this issue, this one at Gunnison, Colorado, where they have a great railroad artifact collection. And if railroad history appeals to you, you won't want to miss the ride on the Silverton Train, also in this issue.

If you are even more adventurous, you might want to go searching for John C. Fremont's lost cannon high in the Sierra Nevada Mountains near the California-Nevada border. Ernest Allen Lewis, who has been there, knows something of the rough terrain. For years Lewis researched the lost cannon (he has written a book about it published by Arthur H. Clark Co.) and he sets straight several myths which developed over the years.

While traveling is great fun, unraveling mysteries is even more of a challenge. And in this issue we have one of the great mysteries of the Old West. Kathryn Wright, retired Sunday magazine editor of the Billings (Montana) Gazette, has been following the story since the 1950s and she reveals the latest developments in the increasingly complex puzzle.

To understand, you have to go back to 1876. Custer and his men arrived at the Little Big Horn, pockets bulging with unspent pay estimated at about \$30,000. The Indians got most of the money and other valuables when they plundered the battlefield.

But that is only the beginning of the mystery. Kathryn Wright tells what has happened since.

From time to time in our reading of western history books, we stumble on something that is so unexpected and so unusual we just have to share it. Such is the portion of a book by Col. C. W. Mooney reprinted here. We call it "Pitching Woo in the Old West." It rather quaintly describes how another

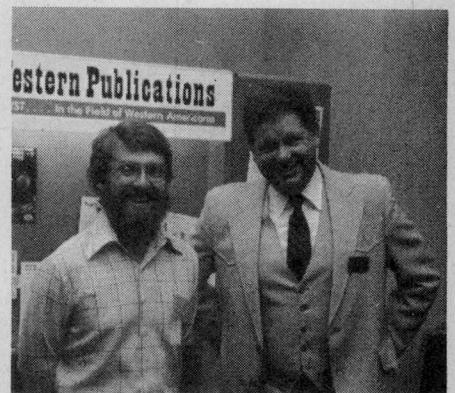
generation courted.

At this point, I should note that Western Publications has sold its western book division to Jim Earle, publisher and book-seller in College Station, Texas. The entire inventory of books has been shipped lock, stock and barrel to Jim and we encourage everyone to place their orders with him.

While Jim is now selling our books, we're still selling back issues of TRUE WEST, OLD WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and our out-of-print magazines, like GOLD!, RELICS and BADMAN. We're also selling Charles Russell and old front cover prints, western art calendars and our Index, which covers just about everything ever written in TRUE WEST, OLD WEST AND FRONTIER TIMES.

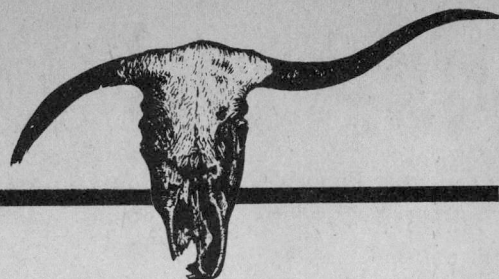
Finally, LeRoi "Tex" Smith and I represented Western Publications at the Western History Association convention last October in Phoenix. This is my first opportunity to mention it and I particularly wanted to note how much I enjoyed the talk by Ivan Doig on how he came to write *This House of Sky*, one of the best books ever written on Montana. His talk was as emotionally fulfilling as his sensational book.

The trip to Phoenix also permitted me time to visit about 40 art galleries in Scottsdale — in search of western artists whose work may appear on our covers — and it allowed me to take a trip to Tombstone, the results of which are in this issue. — Jim Dullenty.



LeRoi "Tex" Smith, right, who helped represent Western Publications at the Western History Association convention last October in Phoenix, and William D. Rowley, association executive secretary.

# Truly Western



## Pistols and Nightgowns

When I was in seventh grade, our English class was requested to make a notebook about Wyoming. My assignment was to interview an elderly lady who, as a child, had an experience with Calamity Jane.

Upon arriving at Mrs. Floan's home, I was treated to milk and cookies and Mrs. Floan told the following story:

"I came from a family of ten children," Mrs. Floan said. "My father was a miner and we lived in a house up on the hill looking down on Main Street (in the town of Deadwood or Lead).

"My mother came down with a ruptured appendix and the nearest hospital was 125 miles away. Of course the trip by wagon would have killed her, so my father decided to let her stay home and let God's will be done.

"Calamity heard of the illness and offered her services as a nurse." Mrs. Floan seemed to hesitate and finally continued, "My father turned her down because she smoked, drank, swore and was of questionable character. She lived in a log house behind a saloon and had only a bearskin for a door."

Calamity assured the man that if he permitted her to take care of his wife, she would behave herself as long as she was in their home. He accepted the pledge and Calamity moved into the house.

She took very well to family life, taking good care of the children, cooking, cleaning, and nursing the woman back to health. Within six weeks Mrs. Floan's mother had recovered her health and the time came for Calamity to leave.

## CORRECTION

We regret that we misspelled the name of author Grace Hayes Jones in the December issue of TRUE WEST. Grace's middle name was incorrectly spelled "Haynes."

Mrs. Floan said that her father was making \$8.00 a week. He, of course, felt that compensation was due, but the family was quite strapped financially.

He called Calamity in and told her that he had no money, but if there was anything in the house that she would like to have it was hers.

Calamity hesitated and then said, yes, there was something she'd like — a pretty white nightgown with tating around the top. The family gave her two of the gowns and she left.

Later that night there were sounds of shooting on Main Street. There was Calamity Jane, roaring drunk, shooting her guns into the air and wearing a beautiful white nightgown crossed by bandoleers. **LaDonna Zall, Box 694, Ralston, WY 82440.**

## They Didn't Hunt — They Drank

I sure did enjoy the article in TRUE WEST about Teddy Roosevelt hunting lions in Colorado.

I went to Cody in July of 1925 to work for Holm Lodge (Crossed Sabers Ranch) as a horse wrangler and horseshoer. In later years I was foreman, corral boss, and took the pack trips into Yellowstone Park.

In 1934 the state of Wyoming gave William G. Shepard (who was editor of *Colliers Magazine* at that time), Roy Howard of *Scripps Howard* newspaper, and one or two other newspapermen a free hunting trip into Thorofare Country, Wyoming. I was one of the horse wranglers on the trip.

They never did do any hunting that I knew of. But they sure drank plenty of moonshine every night.

I later worked for Valley Ranch on the south fork of the Shoshone River.

In 1936 I was on a hunting trip with Valley Ranch. They had Mr. and Mrs. James L. Clark as hunters, also a man

by the name of Burlsheimer. They got a nice bull moose and had a special permit for a cow moose. Both were supposed to be mounted and put in the Museum of Natural History in New York. James Clark was one of the directors of the museum then.

I am enclosing a picture of the moose head that Burlsheimer killed. It was a shirus moose, much smaller than the Canadian moose. **H.D. Vandiviere, Box 393, Harlowton, MT 59036.**



The famous moose head.

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



# Hosstail's Small Talk



Way back in 1948 W.P. Hubbard wrote me about a wolf pack making a kill. W.P. wrote an introductory paragraph and then went right into his father's story. Here it is.

My father was a ringside witness to one of the most dramatic wolf incidents I've ever known. It happened in the Tongue River Valley, some distance south and a little west of Miles City, Montana. It's my dad's story from now on.

On the forenoon of this particular fall day, a snow squall covered the ground with a three-inch blanket of white. During the storm some horses broke out of a corral at the line-camp where I was working. When it cleared up late in the afternoon, I rode to the bluff-like point of a timbered ridge about a mile from camp. There, where a break in the trees allowed me to scan the surrounding country, I halted my horse to see if I could locate the missing animals.

Between the point and nearby ridge across from me, a draw angled downward to the rolling valley. The other ridge threw its shadow, like a straggling banner of purple, over the small, snow-mantled flat directly below me. In the center of the flat, a big, blaze-face crossed Longhorn-Hereford steer, with a fine set of well-curved horns, was nibbling on some buffalo grass protruding above the snow. He was about one hundred yards away. I calculated he was eight years old. The animal was in exceedingly poor condition.

While watching him, from somewhere beyond the draw, the long, drawn-out howl of a wolf came rolling down the canyon. Instantly the steer raised its head and sniffed the wind. Wolves always hunt up-wind. A breeze blowing across the flat and down the draw gave the steer no scent of danger. Presently, he lowered his head and began to feed.

Seconds later the wolf howled again. Others, some close by, answered him. I figured a leader was calling his pack together for a hunt. Pretty soon six of them came up the draw. I reached for my .44 only to remember I hadn't

brought it with me. I was completely unarmed. My next impulse was to expose myself and yell, or roll a boulder over the bluff. Either would have sent those gray devils scurrying for cover. Then it struck me. How would they act — what would they do when making a kill? Since I'd heard many stories on the subject, I decided to wait a while and watch them.

The leader, a big, grayish-white fellow, led the pack at a steady trot. The others were of varying shades of gray. Their long, thick coats stood high above their shoulders and quivered in time with their trot. Their bush-furred tails were carried at a graceful curve. Their erect, alert ears and wide heads bespoke keen intelligence. Even though I knew they were clever killers by instinct and habit, I couldn't help but admire the grand sight they made against a white background of the draw.

The leader stopped short when he saw the steer. Two others eased up, one on each side of him. The others crowded close behind.

Instantly, the steer threw up his head and shook it threateningly. His tail kinked in a stiff arch. Lowering his head, he stamped the ground defiantly with a massive front hoof. Even at that distance, I could see the hair on the back of his neck bristle like quills on a porcupine.

The wolves suddenly relaxed their tense position. They began shifting their feet uneasily, looking at one another, then back at the steer. Pretty soon, as if the big leader had commanded them to do so, three of the gray huskies started to circle the steer. They were plenty careful, keeping at a safe distance. The other wolves sat on their haunches. Occasionally, one of them would lick his chops and move his forefeet in impatient anticipation.

The three circling wolves weaved in and out of the sagebrush. The steer was too range-wise to run. The pack could hamstring and pull him down before he could cover a hundred yards. Consequently he stood his ground. With flip-

ping, defiant moves of his horned head, he watched the wolves closely.

When the wolves had completely circled the steer, they stopped. All looked at the leader, who suddenly arose and started toward the steer with his two followers. The Longhorn took a couple of steps backward, began to paw the earth. The entire pack suddenly became tense. It was evident the attack was about to begin.

When twenty feet from the steer, the leader and his two followers suddenly charged in. With extended necks and heads, the wolves snapped at the steer's nose as they leaped through the air. At the same time, the wolves twisted their bodies back and away from him as a precautionary measure. With each wolf's lunging leap, the steer flipped his head in an attempt to gore the animal with his sharp horns.

While the three in front held the steer's attention, the other three closed in from behind. One of them took a quick snap at the steer's leg, slashed it just above the hoof. Instantly, the Longhorn kicked back with both feet. He struck no. 2 of the circling wolves just back of the shoulder, knocking it into the air. The wolf hit the ground with a yelp of pain. He scrambled to his feet, amid a shower of snow he had knocked from a sagebrush, and limped away to lie down out of danger.

The others paid no attention to him. They continued their vicious attack, snapping and slashing until snow about the steer's heels was splotted with blood. Several times, when a wolf tore a heel, the steer spun around to thrust at him with his horns. As he did, the wolves spun with him.

One wolf suddenly left the front, began circling and snapping at the animal's heels with the others. From time to time, the steer kicked savagely, first with one leg, then with the other.

Then a wolf severed the tendon (hamstring) of the steer's left leg. It hung useless. Instantly the wolves grew bolder, tore at the right leg tendon until they cut it also.

Then came the fatal move. Enraged

by fear and pain, the steer took a short step forward as he attempted to kick. The severed tendons failed to respond. He buckled and fell. The grayish-white leader disemboweled the steer with three deft movements of his slashing fangs. Before the Longhorn was dead, the pack was tearing at his flesh in savage hunger.

After they had gorged themselves, the five wolves immediately left by way of the draw. Never once did they pay attention to their injured wolf, for one unable to defend himself is subject to attack and death by the rest of the pack.

After the others were well down the draw, the injured one arose and limped to the carcass. There he took a few nibbling bites, but was in too much pain to eat. Soon he moved across the flat, away from the others.

Maybe I should have driven those killer-devils off in the beginning, but I didn't. When they started the attack, I became so interested in watching their tactics I forgot about intervening until the steer went down. Then it was too late. Afterward, when I again thought of the steer's poor condition, I knew he would have died during the winter from starvation, or by freezing in a blizzard. That rubbed some salve on my conscience. But I never did tell the range-boss about it.

Those gray-devils put on as cunning and systematic a piece of work as I ever saw. I've seen results of many wolf kills, but that was the first time I ever saw it actually happen.

Some people refer to the wolf as a cruel killer. I don't think that's a fair charge. A wolf is not cruel in the usual sense of the word, for cruelty must be the attribute of a being able to control its actions in accordance with a code of ethics that can arise only from a high grade of reasoning power. A wolf killing to live is no more cruel than a robin taking a worm for food. To my way of thinking, the wolf is the smartest and most successful of all predatory hunters. And unless his number is kept sharply in balance, pretty soon there will be all wolves and no game!

This is Hoss again. Isn't this one of the most interesting wolf stories you ever heard?

See you later. — Hosstail.



## BOYD PERRY Pewter COLLECTABLES



Introducing Dusty, a rough, tough cowboy and his lovable horse, Buckwheat. They are the first two personalities in this hand crafted Limited Pewter Collection.

**\$995** Each

Each piece is cast in antique finished Pewter, individually polished, and carries the artists signature.

Each order will include a brochure introducing Boyd Perry, and information on ordering future pieces.



Show smaller than size.  
Money Back Guarantee

Start your collection today with one or both of these sculptures!

Send Check or Money Order to:  
**ADVERTISING ART SERVICE**

P.O. Box 223 Willow Grove, PA 19090

Please allow 4 weeks for delivery



### THE TRAIN ROBBING BUNCH

by RICK MILLER

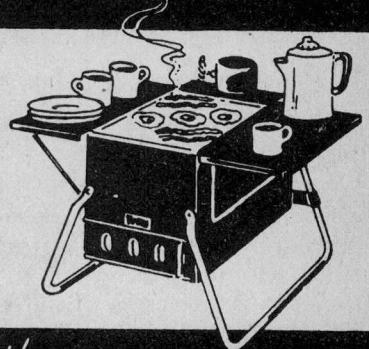
The first book devoted to Captain Eugene Bunch, one of the last of a breed of outlaws. Read about Bunch's career as soldier, politician, editor, gambler, forger, and killer of men. New information on an illusive personality from Texas and Louisiana.

Hard cover ..... \$13.75  
Soft cover ..... \$8.50

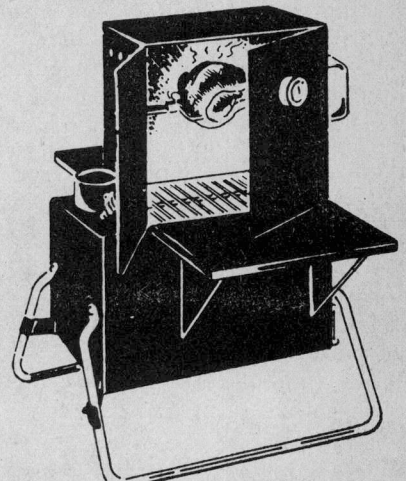


**THE EARLY WEST SERIES**  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

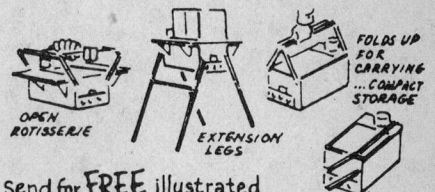
# BEST COOKER! BEST WARMER!



## the RAEMCO 7in1



★Charcoal Broil★ Smoke Cook★ Roast  
Bake★ Barbeque (Rotisserie)★ Fry  
★Space Heat! The 7in1 fires up in minutes...heats for hours unattended  
The most versatile stove for campers use it indoors, outdoors; on trips or at home! Burns wood, charcoal for the most delicious meals; warmest heater ever!



Send for **FREE** illustrated booklet, uses, prices

Phone 201/725-4893

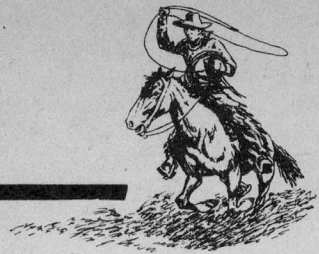
**RAEMCO**

Dept. 316, Box 831  
Somerville, NJ 08876

Please send **FREE** information on RAEMCO 7 in 1

My Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

# Western Roundup



## Trail "Ends" at Cowboy Hall of Fame

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

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

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

p.m. It is located on 1700 N.E. 63rd Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111.

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

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

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

To help continue the restoration of the James Farm, an organization called the "Friends of the James Farm" has been formed.

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

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

**Art Show Draws 40,000.** The 13th annual Western Art Show and Auction, sponsored by the Museum of Native American Cultures, will be held February 25, 26, and 27, 1983, at the Spokane Convention Center and the

Sheraton Hotel.

The museum is considered to be among the top five of its kind in the United States.

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

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

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

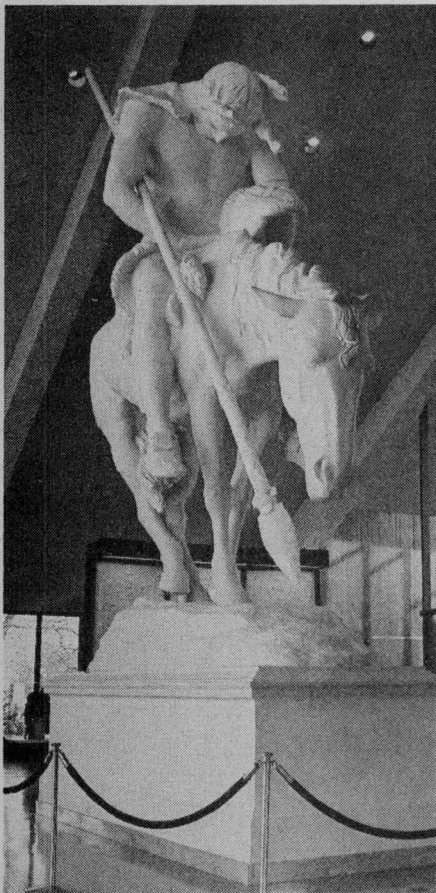
The center shows the development of ranching in a progression of log cabins and dugouts, a stone "fortress" home and even a house built of stalks from the cactus-like sotol plant. The outbuildings include the barn, granary, the ranch office building and a one-room schoolhouse.

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

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

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

The Center is located at 720 Sheridan



The end of the trail for "The End of the Trail." This famous work of art, once lost, now commands a continuous audience in its home at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame.

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

**C.M. Russell Art Auction.** Over 700 pieces of art will be submitted to be juried for the 1983 C.M. Russell Auction of Original Art.

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

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

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

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

The 1983 Honorary Chairman will be Ginger Renner, wife of the foremost authority on C.M. Russell artwork, Fred Renner.

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

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

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

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

**Writing Convention.** Publishers' booths, speakers, tours, and awards presentations will highlight the Western Writers of America's 30th Annual Con-

vention in Amarillo, Texas, in 1983.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Commercial and noncommercial organizations are invited to display their wares at the rendezvous. Space is being provided on a first come, first serve basis. For more information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, Uni-

versity of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82071.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

# The Mystery of SECRET INDIAN CACHES REVEALED

Story by Kathryn Wright

Photos from the Kathryn Wright Collection



Secret vault showing items placed by W. P. Moncure. Several items shown were added when he opened the vault in 1957. Compare with earlier vault photo also accompanying this story.

CAUTIOUSLY opening the door of the General Store at Busby, Montana, two men peered up and down the gravel road between the white frame store and a grassy knoll. A rock and mortar obelisk loomed above the knoll, black against the midnight, cloud-scudded sky of late summer 1938.

Smallest of the two men, W.P. Moncure, store owner, whispered to his Cheyenne Indian employee, "Looks safe, Jules. Let's go."

They bent over a large wooden box, gripped its handles and crossed the road. Only their labored breathing broke the stillness cloaking the Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation in southern Montana. On top of the knoll, they opened a gate in a steel fence surrounding the obelisk and lowered the box to the ground. Moncure smiled as he straightened up and reached inside his jacket as if fumbling for a handkerchief to wipe sweat from his thin, sharp-featured face.

Yes. It was still there. He gave the bulge of an envelope in his pocket a reassuring pat and stepped up to the obelisk's bronze plaque. Slowly he lifted the heavy metal plaque lettered: "Here lie the remains of Two Moons, chief of the Cheyenne Indians, who led his men against General Custer in the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. Erected by W.P. Moncure, Indian Trader."

Moncure braced the plaque open with a two-by-four he'd put inside the fence earlier that night. Shielding his flashlight with one hand, he swung its faint beam into a dark, wood-lined crevice, a secret vault hidden behind the plaque.

"All ready, Jules," he whispered. "Start handing them to me."

Into the vault went a watercolor of Two Moon painted at Moncure's request by Joseph Scherele. (The name "Two Moon" is correct. In the olden days the Cheyennes had no plural in their language. That was introduced by the whites.) Next Moncure put in a rifle taken in hand-to-hand combat by Kills Night on the hot, dusty afternoon that

# Custer's Lost Gold

## AT SNAKE-INFESTED RENO CREEK

Custer's guidon was trampled into the dust and he and his Seventh Cavalry soldiers died on a blood-soaked hill in southeastern Montana.

A wail sounded from a nearby ridge, echoing eerily over the valley. Both men stiffened, tense, alert.

"Just a coyote," Jules whispered.

Then a heavy footstep crackled the native grass outside the fence. Moncure and Jules melted into the shadow of the monument's far wall. Silence. Then another footstep. And another. Jules began inching toward the corner of the monument. There was a bulk out there, a form near the fence. Jules stared into the blackness; then snorted in disgust. "Nothing but a cow. Old Running Wolf's cow loose again."

QUICKLY they finished filling the vault with stone tools used by Cheyennes long dead, an early-day bullet mold and capper, arrowheads, sacred Indian relics.

"These will be safe here," Moncure said. "No one but you knows about this hiding place. Hold the flashlight. I have one more thing to put in."

"What is it?" Jules' whisper was sharp as he saw Moncure take an envelope from his pocket.

"Let's get this glass shield on. Then I'll tell you."

"The envelope," Moncure said as he and Jules took a metal-framed glass rectangle from the box and fitted it into the vault opening, "has the history of the Cheyennes as Two Moon told me. I wrote it all down for the tribe's children and grandchildren. They'll be old when the vault is opened June 25, 1986."

"You write everything?"

Moncure nodded.

"You write about what my people took from dead soldiers? You write where they hid?"

Moncure nodded again. "Someday when the young Cheyenne are old they can go to the hiding place and get the money, the watches, rings. The government won't punish them then."

Jules shook his head. "After battle Two Moon keep his band up north.

Make no trouble. Surrender to soldiers. Is great scout for soldiers. But government remember battle. Government forget good Two Moon do. Only remember Two Moon in battle. Remember all Cheyenne in battle."

"No," Moncure said. "It's a long time to 1986. One hundred and ten years after the battle. Many things will be forgotten. But the Cheyennes must not forget where their battle prizes are hidden."

Moncure turned away to give a final twist to offset screws holding the glass shield in place.

Jules watched. He wondered what he should believe; what he should do. He easily could overpower Moncure; easily remove the shield; take the envelope; burn it. Leave the Cheyenne secrets to be handed down word of mouth, chief to chief.

Jules stepped forward closer to Mon-

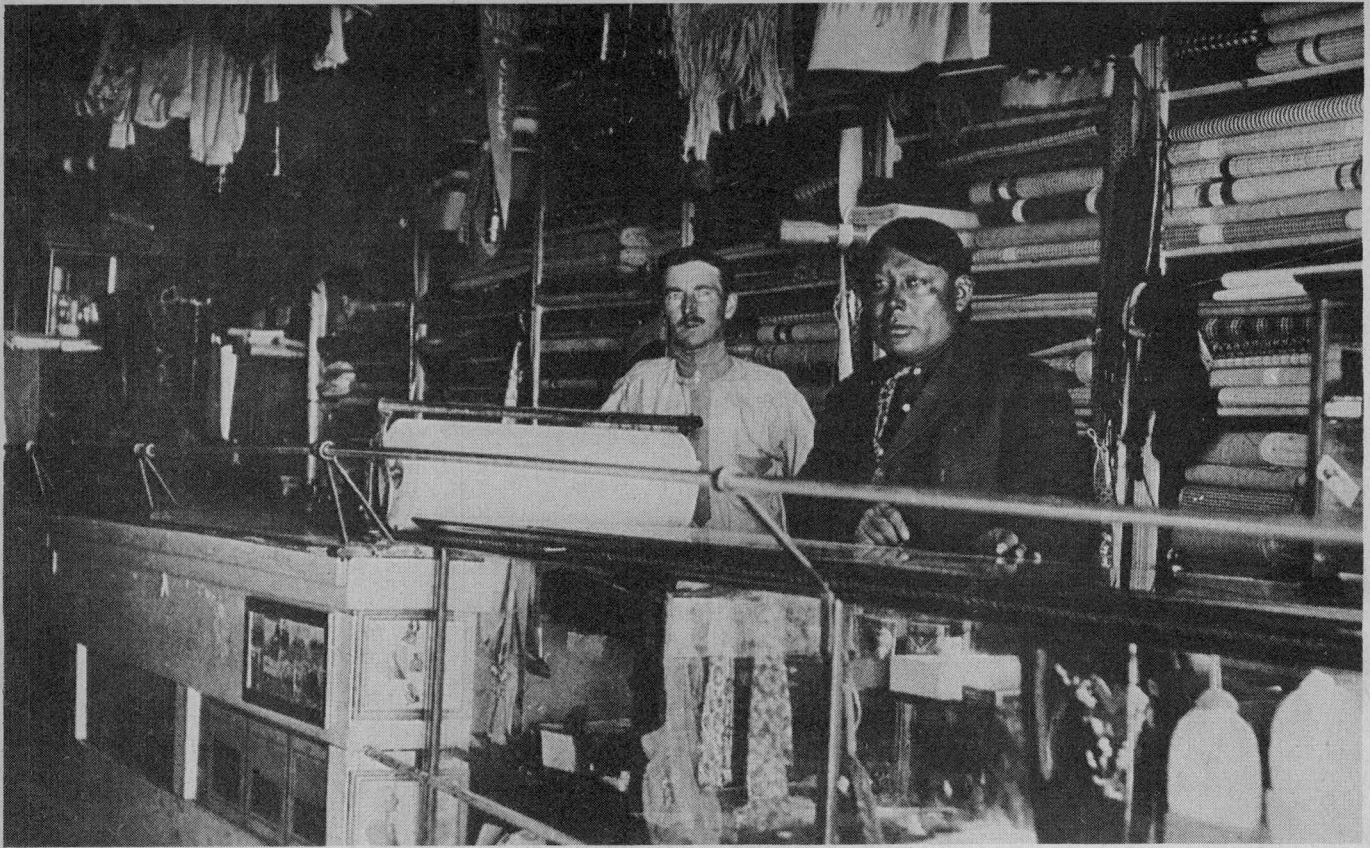
cure's back. His hands reached out. Clouds blown by winds that had carried sounds of struggle between red and white scudded across the sky. Jules' hands were claws at the back of Moncure's neck. Closer and closer he edged.

Then a faint light illuminated the monument. Startled, Jules looked up at the eerily twisted, lava-like rock topping the obelisk. Fred Roundstone, a Cheyenne, had brought it from the tribe's "sacred mountain" when the monument was built in 1936. Jules remembered Roundstone saying the rock "has medicine power. It glow if harm come to Cheyennes."

The rock must be glowing, warning him against Moncure. He looked at the rock. No. The medicine rock was a dead black lump. The light was coming from above. Jules' eyes widened in awe. The clouds had parted. Shining through, lighting the vault, lighting Moncure's



Two Moon monument at Busby, Montana. Plaque guards vault containing relics of Two Moon.



W. P. Moncure, left, with his general store employee, Jules, at Busby, Montana, in the 1920s. The two men originally put items in the Two Moon vault.



W. P. Moncure, Two Moon monument builder, in photo taken in Billings, Montana, in 1957.

thin face, were two rays of moonlight.

Jules stepped back. His hands dropped to his sides and he bowed his head. He had seen a sign greater than any medicine rock could make. He had seen the sign of Two Moon. Two Moon's sign meant it was good. Good to write the Cheyenne history, the hiding place of battle trophies. Someday the Cheyenne children's children would know.

MONCURE finished tightening the offset screws and glanced at the grave beside the monument. A tingling pain went through his right hand, the same pain he felt when he picked up Two Moon's skull a few years back.

He and two trusted Cheyennes were digging up Two Moon's six-foot, blanket-wrapped corpse from the grave it had been put in back of the old chief's lodge. Moncure had decided to rebury Two Moon beside the monument. After all, he reasoned, he'd had the plaque lettered: "Here lie the remains...." He hired men to dig a grave beside the monument. "Tell anyone who asks that you're digging a well," he said.

It had been six years since Two Moon died, and as the skeletal remains were unearthed to be put in a wooden coffin Moncure had built, the skull fell off.

Moncure reached down, picked up the skull and a pain shot through his hand.

He put the skull in the coffin with the rest of the skeleton, closed the lid and loaded it into his truck for the eight-mile trip to the monument.

There, despite secrecy, were Cheyennes. Silent, staring they watched as the coffin was lowered into the grave, supposedly a well hole. Moncure and his helpers started shoveling dirt into the grave. Frequently he glanced at the silent Cheyennes. Finally the grave was filled and mounded over.

Then Moncure lifted an old buffalo skull from his truck and placed it at the grave's head. A low murmur came from the watching Cheyennes. A murmur of approval. The skull was the mark of a chief, appropriate for Two Moon.

Remembering the reburial, Moncure picked up the two-by-four. Jules took the empty wooden box and followed Moncure back to the store. There they parted, Jules to get a few hours' sleep before beginning another day as store clerk, and Moncure to sit in the store's back room thinking of what he'd typed on the envelope's face.

"Why I erected the Two Moon monument.

My connection with Montana Pioneers, Broadwater, Granville Stewart (sic), W.G. Conrad and others.

Busby, Montana, where Gen. Custer spent his last night on earth.

History and location of Starved to Death Rock.

Bozeman Expedition 1874 up Rosebud Creek.

Two soldiers got away from Custer Battle alive.

History, Indian fort up Busby Creek.

Hiding place and location of money and trinkets taken from dead soldiers on Custer Battle Field.

To be opened June 25, 1986. Key — Remove screws with offset screw driver.

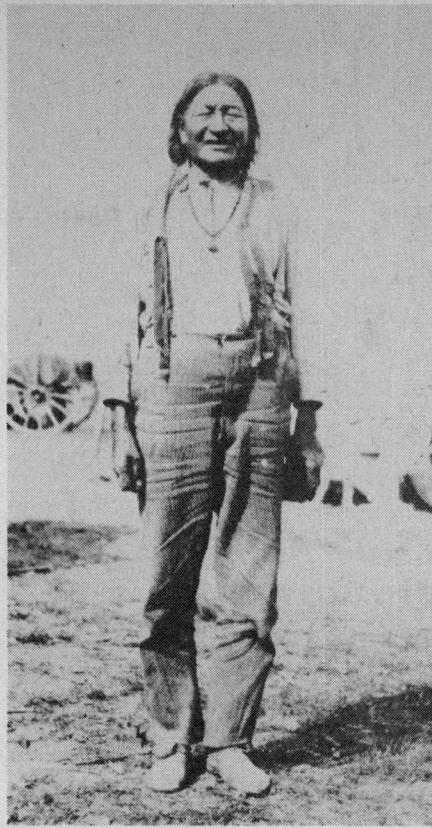
W.P. Moncure, Busby, Montana, June 25, 1936.”

MONCURE'S thoughts turned back to when he came to Montana from his native state, Virginia. He'd studied forestry and was offered a government job, but he turned it down. He'd heard from Montana pioneers of old S.L. Busby, who'd established a ranch in southern Montana a year after the Custer battle. Busby wanted to sell out. So, in 1901, Moncure bought what he could — land and the General Store at Busby — and began 40 years as Indian trader to the Cheyenne.

At first they mistrusted him. Then, because of his fair dealings with the tribe, they adopted him as a “brother.” Two Moon, the aging Cheyenne who'd fought Custer and whose war women had stripped the Custer dead, mutilated their bodies and taken their “funny paper,” watches, rings and religious emblems, often called Moncure to his lodge to talk about Cheyenne history. One day, in 1930, when he was 74 and on his death bed, Two Moon talked about what happened to belongings stripped from the Custer dead.

“Trusted Cheyennes,” Two Moon said, “took the battle loot in government saddlebags, which we'd taken from the soldiers' horses, to hide it in the land of our cousins, the Southern Cheyennes. There were too many soldiers then. Blue Coats all over wanting revenge for Custer's death. The young Cheyennes couldn't make it to the land of our cousins, Oklahoma. So they hid it and came back to tell me where.”

Backing this Two Moon statement, John Stands-in-Timber, Cheyenne historian, wrote in his book *Cheyenne Memories* that “White Wolf, who was in the fight, said a lot of young men picked up silver and paper money. Two different ones said they put it in saddlebags they had taken and carried them up to Reno Creek and cached them in pockets in the rocks. They rode close to the rocks and stood on their horses' backs and pushed the sacks in there.”



Chief Two Moon

Reno Creek rises about five miles east of present Custer Battlefield Monument and flows south into the Little Bighorn River. Its last rush to the river is through a canyon whose rocky walls are pitted with eroded holes and caves. According to Walter H. Willett, retired Bureau of Indian Affairs criminal investigator for Montana and Wyoming, “Reno Creek is hard to travel even now. It's a narrow, rocky road and the whole area is infested with rattlesnakes.”

The battle loot consisted of watches, rings, religious emblems, pictures of loved ones. Things a man would carry into battle.

Interviews with Seventh Cavalry Sergeants John M. Ryan and Daniel F. Kanipe, published in the *Hardin, Montana, Tribune* June 22, 1923, and the *Greensboro, North Carolina, Daily Record* April 27, 1924, state the paymaster of Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, distributed wages on the Hart River, a day's march out of the fort. This was done because of fear many troopers would have deserted if the pay was distributed at the fort.

The sergeants estimated that \$25,000 to \$30,000 was carried into the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Not all of it was in currency. Raymond P. Flynn, archivist in Washington, D.C., wrote in 1956 that

“the troopers were paid in gold, silver and U.S. Treasury or bank notes.”

There were poker games en route to the Little Bighorn. Winners slit their boot tops and shoved the money inside to hide it. Cheyenne war women found the slit boot tops, and Stands-in-the-Timber wrote that “Wandering Medicine, a boy then, told how he and other boys searched some of the soldiers' pockets and boots. That square green money was in them; and some lying around on the ground. So they took some. Later, when they were making mud horses, they used it for saddle blankets. And silver money was found, too. The Cheyennes made buckles out of it.”

MONCURE knew some of this from Two Moon; and he knew I had discovered the secret vault behind the bronze plaque on the Two Moon Monument. William Hollow Breast, Busby School maintenance man, had shown it to me one day in 1955 after I had made many trips to Busby and written feature articles about Cheyenne history. Hollow Breast gave me Moncure's address in Calabassas, California, where he'd been living since his return from a stint in the Armed Forces during World War II.

Moncure came to see me during a trip to visit his “red brothers” on the reservation. He talked about his war service and said after enlisting he'd deeded his Cheyenne monument site to the United States “in trust for the Northern Cheyenne tribe.” Big Horn Country, Montana, records show the transfer from Moncure and his wife in 1941.

I also talked to the Cheyenne Tribal Council, telling them the monument should be secured. “Battle loot belongs to the victors,” I said. Silently the Council listened. Then there was a roar of grunts, a tapping of canes on the Council building floor.

After the meeting Austin Two Moon, great-grandson of Two Moon, took me outside the tribal building, put an eagle feather war bonnet on his head and another one on mine and let the photographer with me take pictures of us.

In 1957, Moncure, who died about 20 years ago when he was over 80, opened the monument's vault and put more historical memorabilia into the hiding place. He attached a typewritten page to the face of the manila envelope, and appointed a committee to guard the monument.

On the committee were the late John Woodenlegs, tribal council president, James King, council secretary, John



**John Woodenleg, Cheyenne tribal council chairman in the 1950s, removes padlock securing bronze plaque at the Two Moon monument at Busby, Montana. Vault behind padlock was broken into in 1960.**

Teeth, John Stands-in-Timber, Martin Roundstone Sr., son of Fred who'd put the "medicine rock" on top of the monument, Frank Waters, Charles White-dirt, Oliver Rising Sun and the late Grover Wolf Voice.

Typed on the page attached to the envelope is:

"In this envelope is found a brief description and explanation of the following:

Why I erected the Two Moons Monument.

My association with the Montana pioneers Broadwater, Granville Stewart (sic), W.G. Conrad and others.

Busby, where Custer spent his last night on earth.

History and location of Starved to Death Rock.

The Bozeman Expedition 1874 up Rosebud Creek. Then Davis Creek to top of divide then to foot of Wolf Moun-

tains then Lodge Grass.

2 soldiers got away from Custer Battle alive.

History, Indian Fort up Busby Creek.

Hiding place and location of trinkets taken from dead soldiers on Custer Battle Field."

WHY Moncure typed practically the same information he'd put on the envelope's face years before is not known. But he said he felt he had done "everything to protect the contents of the vault."

Not quite.

In October of 1960, a Cheyenne who would not identify himself called me at The Billings Gazette where I'd been on the news staff since 1942. He said the monument had been broken into and the manila envelope stolen. He was coming to Billings to tell me about it, he said. I waited at The Gazette for his late

night appearance. He didn't appear. Twice after that he called saying he'd been delayed. "I'm coming for sure now," he declared.

I told Willett an Indian was coming to tell me about the missing envelope and he informed the FBI. An FBI man came to The Gazette and sat behind a desk in the far end of the newsroom facing the door. Each time someone entered he peered out from the newspaper he held. This went on for two nights. The Indian didn't show. The FBI and Bureau of Indian Affairs became disgusted. "Case closed."

But not forever. In August 1977, Norma Wolf Black, now Wolf Chief, of the tribal office in Lame Deer came to The Gazette and gave me a copy of a letter from the Cheyenne Reservation superintendent approving the tribal council's appointment of Martin Roundstone Sr., son of Fred Roundstone, "to seek out and recover valuable documents taken from the Two Moon Monument at Busby, Montana."

In the fall of 1982 I called Martin Roundstone at the tribal office. "Have you found anything?" I asked.

"No."

"Do you have the keys to the monument?"

"No."

"Do you know who does?"

"No. Maybe Jim know. Jim King. Maybe he knows about papers."

"Did you ask him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Don't like to ask questions."

Roundstone said he'd come to Billings to talk to me. Twice he made an appointment. Twice he didn't show. Then a woman who said she was his daughter called. She was bringing Roundstone to Billings the next day. They'd meet me at The Gazette at 1 p.m. I waited until 4 p.m. Waited in vain.

James F. Cann of Billings, retired director of the Montana Division of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, told me, "There's a lot of mystery and intrigue down there. The old people were upset about the monument break-in. The young ones don't know much about it. They're even confused about when Moncure said the vault should be opened. Some think it's 1983. Some think the date's passed."

Allen Rowland, tribal council president, said while in Billings for medical treatment, Roundstone came to see him often. "He never mentioned any search, and I didn't ask him." Rowland said he doesn't know if the shield, broken when



Interior of Two Moon monument as it looked in 1956, before W. P. Moncure reentered the vault to add items. Manila envelope with directions to hiding place of Custer battle loot is at lower center.

the theft occurred, was replaced. He said he doesn't know where the missing envelope is and doesn't know who has keys to the monument vault.

Willett showed me a photo taken after I'd reported the break-in to him. There is no cut in the glass shield in his photo, even though he'd been informed by his investigators that the shield "had been cut or broken."

"This photo was taken right after the theft was reported," Willett said. "But we don't know that the theft occurred in October 1960. The monument caretaker hadn't checked for a long time."

The photo shows the manila envelope in the vault. Perhaps the thief — or thieves — took out the envelope, removed its contents and put the envelope back.

So how did the Indian who called me

at The Gazette in October 1960 know the envelope was "missing"? Why did James King, who talked to me at The Gazette in October, 1982, say "missing papers"? Not missing envelope. He said he didn't have the key; didn't know if the vault is locked now.

To find out, Bernadine Fox, Gazette graphics artist and photographer, and I drove to Busby after the talk with King.

We drove up on the monument knoll. Across the road there was no General Store. It had burned some years ago. There were no log shanties as in the 1950s. Neat, brightly painted frame houses faced the knoll. Silent houses. But Bernadine and I both had the feeling we were being watched.

We went up to the fence around the monument. The gate was locked. Through the fence we could see a rusty

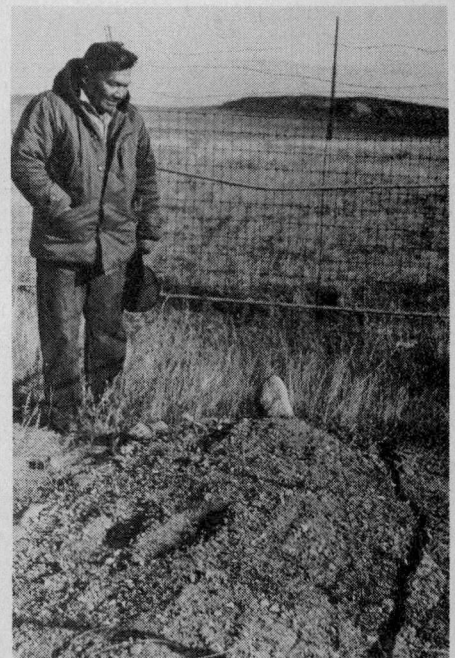
padlock securing the bronze plaque. A car came up behind us. Two Indian-appearing women got out. One of them copied in a small notebook the legend on the bronze plaque. The other one asked me who we were and took down the license on Bernadine's car.

"Just visitors on our way down the road," I said, getting back to Bernadine and telling her we better get going. The Indian women were younger and bigger than I. We left.

When the investigation was underway 22 years ago, Two Moon's discharge paper as a scout for General Nelson A. Miles at Fort Keogh, Montana, from Dec. 11, 1880 to June 10, 1881 was found in a southeastern Montana store. The paper had been traded for a bottle of wine, the storekeeper told investigators.

It's never been revealed — if it's known — who traded the discharge paper. But it did wind up in the collection of the late F.H. Sinclair of Sheridan, Wyoming, so said King who has a Xerox copy of the discharge. It's not known — or revealed — whether the discharge paper was in the monument vault.

All that's known is somewhere in southeastern Montana in a rocky canyon there may be — if the vault thief or thieves haven't already found it — the Custer Battle loot: watches, rings, religious emblems, pictures of loved ones, and money the Seventh Cavalry carried to their "Last Stand."



William Hollowbreast, Cheyenne, at grave of Two Moon beside monument.

# JULESBURG The Wandering Town

## JACK SLADE BEGAN HIS MURDEROUS CAREER HERE

By **WAYNE C. LEE**

Photos Provided By Author

IT was obvious to those around the man that he was dying. But there was a determined fire in his eyes as he glared at Jules Beni. Beni had just put five revolver bullets and two shotgun blasts into his body and left him for dead.

"I'll live to cut off your ears and carry them in my pocket," said the severely wounded man.

His name was Joseph Alfred "Jack" Slade and he lived to carry out that threat. In fact, his name became synonymous with savagery and his reputation spread throughout the West.

Slade was not a big man, certainly not big enough to carry around that much lead and live. So Jules Beni laughed at the threat. Jules was pretty sure of him-

self. This was Jules' town; his country. He'd been here first. The name Julesburg was testimony to that.

Nobody was going to take it away from him. Slade had tried and now Slade was paying for it.

SOMETIME in the mid- to late-1850s, Jules Beni (sometimes spelled Reni) started an Indian trading post on the South Platte River, about a mile below the spot where Lodgepole Creek empties into the Platte. Jules was a Frenchman who got along better with Indians than with people of his own race.

He rarely saw a white man until gold was discovered on Cherry Creek near the mountains in 1858. The discovery prompted those immigrants traveling on the Oregon Trail to shift to the southwest. Instead of fording the South

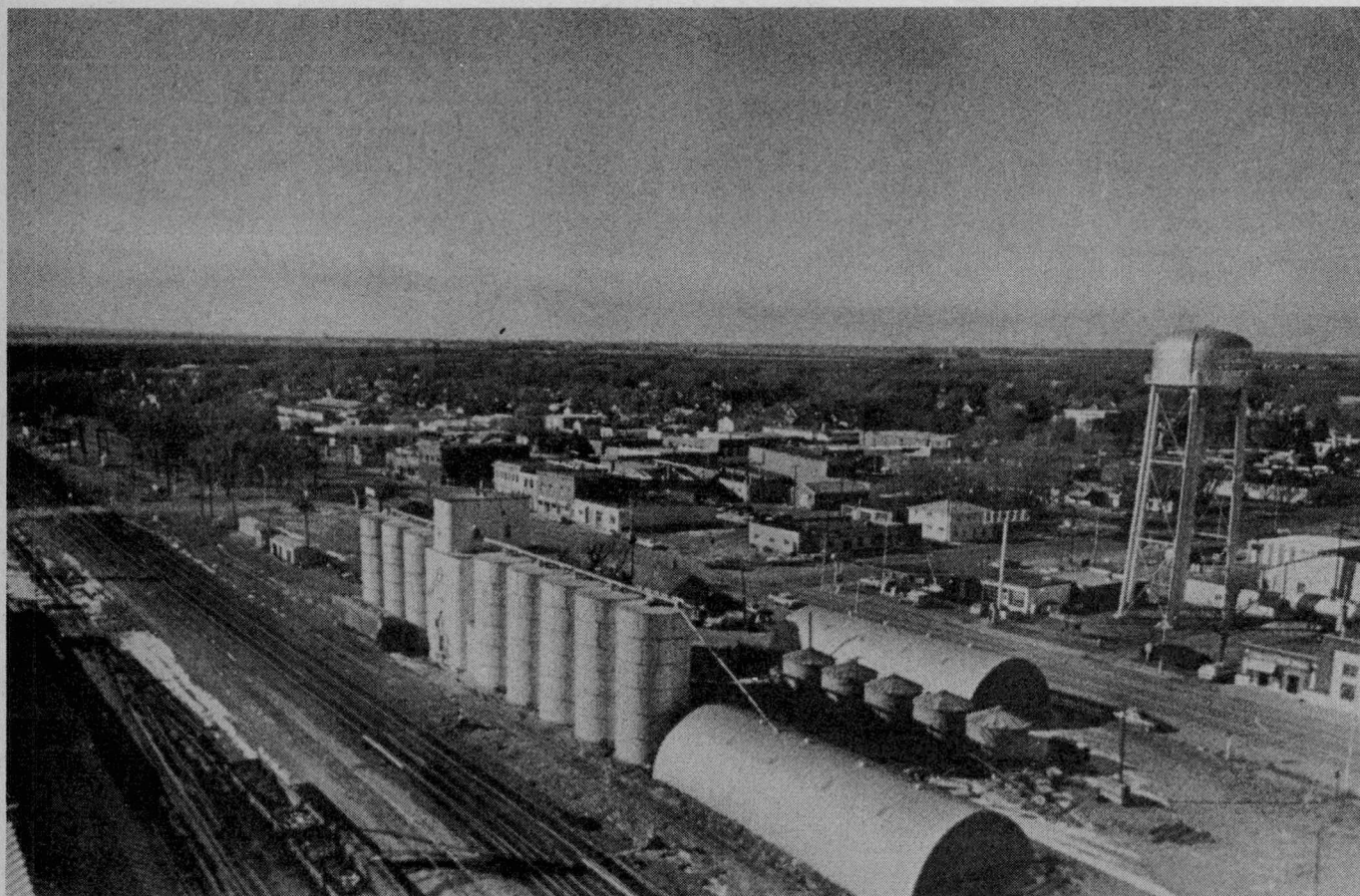
Platte at the California Crossing well to the east (near present day Brule, Nebraska), they kept coming up the south side of the Platte to Cherry Creek.

At Jules' trading post they paused to do some trading. Jules soon discovered the white traveler brought him more profit than the Indian.

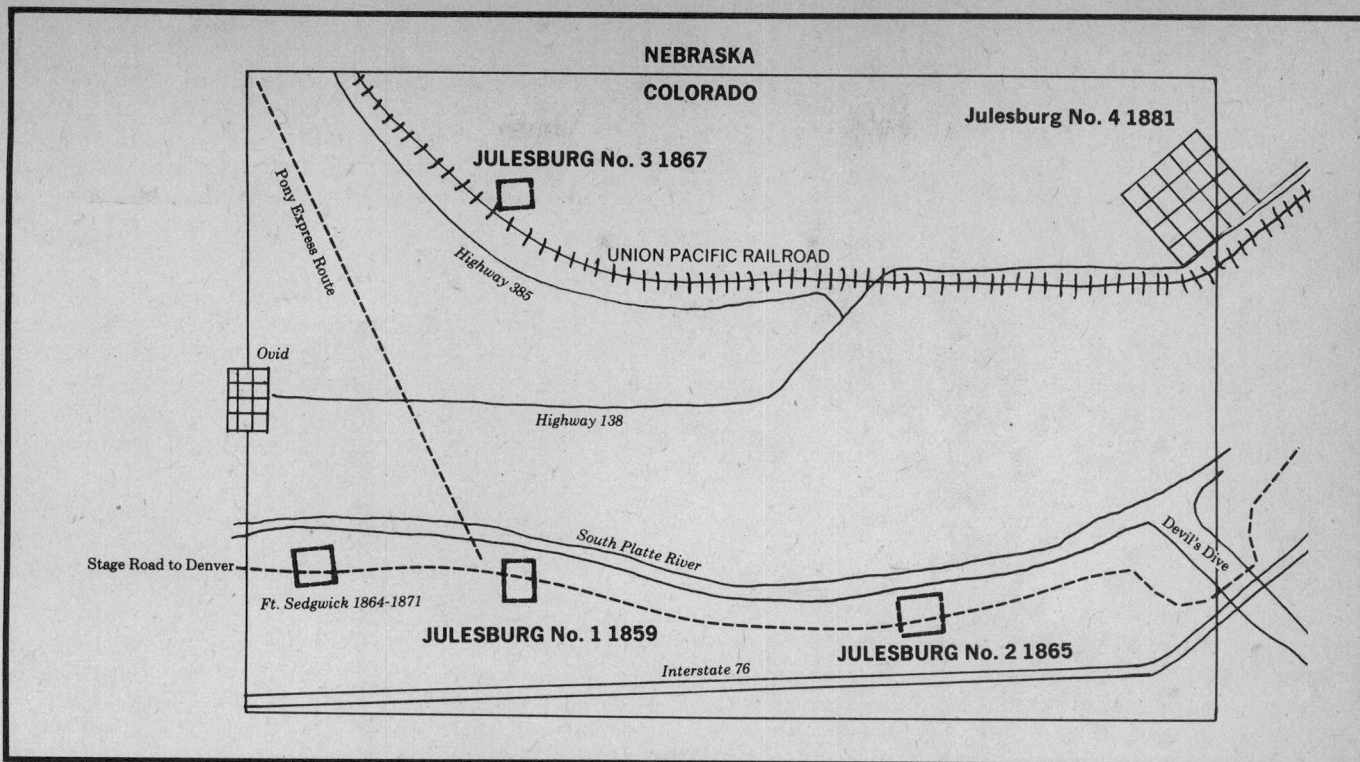
In a short time, the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express crossed the Platte and followed the Lodgepole for a distance then cut north past Court House Rock to join the old Oregon Trail on the North Platte.

Since this new trail avoided the dangerous Windlass Hill, most Oregon and California-bound traffic now came to Jules' trading post to ford the river.

ALTHOUGH Jules was making money like he'd never seen before, he



Julesburg, Colorado, today.



was greedy. He couldn't bear to see those stagecoaches from Denver going back east laden with gold and all that he could get was charges for his goods sold and services rendered.

Two or three miles to the east of the trading post, which was becoming a small town catering to the travelers, was a deep, sandy-bottomed ravine. The road had to cross this ravine which earned the name "Devil's Dive." The slopes were steep and the sandy bottom made going hard for wagons and stages. This was a perfect place for a holdup and many occurred here.

One bandit held up several of the gold-laden coaches before the superintendent of the line surmised the bandit was Jules Beni himself. So the superintendent, Ben Ficklin, fired Beni and brought in Jack Slade, who had a reputation for handling rough situations. Jules was not about to let someone fire him from the town he had started. Slade was warned to be wary of Beni, but Slade thought he had little to fear from the heavy-set Frenchman.

When horses and mules began disappearing from the stage line's pastures, Slade went looking for the missing livestock. Beni had a ranch which he operated while keeping his trading post for the Indians. He had retreated to the ranch when Ficklin fired him.

Slade found some of his missing stock at the Beni ranch. He walked up to the shack and told the husky Frenchman that he was going to take the stolen animals back to Julesburg. Jules simply

glared at him. Slade turned to his helper and signaled for him to cut out the animals and start them for town.

Just a few steps from the door, Slade was knocked off his feet by a bullet in his back. Jules stood in the doorway and pumped four more bullets into Slade. Then Beni reached back and got a double-barreled shotgun and emptied both barrels into the downed man.

A fiction writer wouldn't dare use this exactly the way it happened for no editor would believe that a man could be shot like that and live. But Jack Slade did.

His companion draped Slade over his saddle and took him back to Julesburg. It was there the next day that Jules found him. He had come into town to take over his old job as agent for the stage line. Instead, he found Slade still alive.

Outside, angry men grabbed Jules and put a rope around his neck, stretching him off the ground from the end of a propped-up wagon tongue. Ben Ficklin, the superintendent of the line, was there and ordered him let down just before he was choked to death. Jules promised faithfully to leave the country.

Slade was taken to his old home in Illinois where he slowly recovered. When he returned to Julesburg and his old job, Jules had disappeared into the mountains but he was still robbing stages and raiding stock from the stations. Slade determined that catching Jules Beni would be his first order of business.

SLADE put his men on the alert to watch for Jules. Jules heard that Slade was back. He also knew Slade openly threatened to kill him on sight. Slade considered killing Jules on a par with killing a snake before it bit him.

Some say Slade ran Jules down and in a gun battle between Jules' gang and Slade's men, Slade's men won and Jules was captured. Others say some of Slade's men got the drop on Jules when he was at a ranch talking a horse trade with the owner. That point is in doubt. What followed isn't.

Jules was tied to a corral post and Slade proceeded to do what he'd promised. He knicked him with a few bullets then killed him. After that, he cut off Jules' ears and laid them out to dry.

Slade carried one of those ears with him wherever he went. When he got thirsty and was low on money, he slapped that ear on the bar. The drinks usually flowed freely and on the house.

Slade killed several men in his time and built a reputation as a man to leave alone. Later he was accused of disturbing the peace in Virginia City, Montana. He was convicted on that charge by Vigilantes and was hanged. The irony was that Jack Slade, who killed so many men, was hanged for a simple misdemeanor.

THROUGH most of the War Between the States, Julesburg thrived. Gold from California and Colorado passed through on its way to Union coffers. Confederates tried to disrupt this



This is Joseph Alfred 'Jack' Slade as imagined by an unknown artist. There is no known photograph of Slade.

flow but with little success. The rebels finally convinced the Indians that it was time to cut this road through their hunting grounds while the white soldiers were busy fighting each other in the East.

The Indians tested this idea in the summer of 1864, by picking off lone travelers and small wagon trains. By fall, the authorities had halted all traffic between Fort Kearny and Denver except for groups of at least one hundred armed men. This even applied to stagecoaches. Traffic piled up at Fort Kearny, Julesburg and Denver, waiting for enough armed men to brave the trail.

Denver was cut off from the rest of the world by Indian raiding parties and Governor John Evans was given authority by the War Department to organize a regiment of volunteers.

Colonel John Chivington was put in command and the Colorado 3rd took the field in late November. They hit Black Kettle's village on Sand Creek in southeastern Colorado on November 29. Various reports claimed from 150 to 500 Indians were killed, many of them women and children. It became known as the Chivington Massacre.

Some thought this would break the back of the Indian campaign. But Julesburg found it didn't. A few Indians appeared in early January on the plain south of Fort Sedgwick, a mile west of Julesburg. The fort was constructed from sod walls of the corral on Sam Bancroft's ranch. The government bought the ranch in the fall of 1864 when the Indian raids became so severe that a post was necessary at this busy junction of the trails.



Julesburg Stage Station, at that time in Wyoming, 1867.

Captain Nicolaus O'Brien was in command at the post but his experience as an Indian fighter was limited. Each time a few Indian scouts showed up, a detail was sent to chase them off. On January 7, many Indians appeared south of the fort. O'Brien took the bulk of his men and gave chase, determined to put an end to this harrassment.

The Indians put up light resistance as they fled back to the hills. When the soldiers followed, more than a thousand warriors burst from the hills. The soldiers, in alarm, wheeled and raced back to the fort. They fought as best they could.

Fourteen soldiers were killed before they reached the fort's sod walls. Some say sixteen were killed but only fourteen names were listed.

The residents of the Julesburg area rushed to the fort at the first sign of battle. They expected the Indians to burn the town. But the redskins only plundered it, breaking windows and doors and taking anything they could use. The fort was prepared for fighting but the Indians simply vanished into the hills.

General Robert Mitchell was in command of the forts along the trail from Omaha to South Pass in Wyoming Territory. Determined to punish the Indians for their raid on Julesburg and Fort Sedgwick, he ordered all available men from the forts on the trail to rendezvous at Camp Cottonwood (later Fort McPherson). Only skeleton forces were to be left at the posts to defend them.

On January 14, a week after the battle at Fort Sedgwick, Mitchell led his men in search of the Indians. There were 640 cavalymen with about 100 wagons of supplies and rations. The last week of

the campaign was bitter cold and not one of the men escaped some frostbite. But they found no Indians.

The soldiers returned to Camp Cottonwood on January 26. Mitchell was convinced the Indians were somewhere between the Platte and the Arkansas Rivers and would strike again unless dealt a blow.

THE NEXT day, January 27, was cold with the wind howling from the north and promising to continue the gale through the night. General Mitchell sent an order over the telegraph to every post, station and ranch between Fort Kearny and Denver to set the prairie afire at sundown that evening.

This was done by wrapping a chain around a bale of hay. A rope was then tied to the chain. The bale was fired, and a rider raced his horse along the prairie. He would meet a man coming toward him with a similar ball of fire bouncing behind him.

These little fires, started along the nearly four-hundred-mile south bank of the Platte River from Fort Kearny to Denver, soon burned into one gigantic blaze. The fire in the east burned to the Republican River and stopped. That set between Ogallala and Julesburg jumped the Republican and burned to the Arkansas River and the fire started between Julesburg and Denver burned all the way to the Staked Plains of west Texas.

The Indians avoided the flames by backfiring but the game was chased out and grass for the horses was destroyed. They struck back quickly. This time they wasted no time with tricks. After

raiding the stations up and down the river, they hit Julesburg and Fort Sedgwick on February 2.

The people of Julesburg again fled to the fort. The Indians began burning buildings, one by one, apparently hoping to draw the soldiers or civilians out of the fort to defend the town. But in spite of seeing everything they owned burned, the Julesburg residents stayed in the fort.

The Indians captured eight wagons loaded with liquor when they raided Gillette's ranch west of Fort Sedgwick. They took approximately a thousand head of cattle with them. They cut down the telegraph poles then had a gigantic barbeque.

The roasted meat and liquor put the Indians in a reckless mood. The fort braced for an attack but other than a fire arrow shot into a haystack, which did little damage, no attack came. The next morning the Indians were gone.

The people of Julesburg rebuilt their town but not on the previous site. They moved three miles down the river. That didn't seem logical since the fort was in the other direction. But the fort was enclosed in a military reservation where whiskey could not be sold. The new Julesburg was just outside the reservation line. Soldiers could come and buy all the liquor they wanted.

Julesburg's planners had big dreams. They'd heard of the railroad that would be built that way soon so they planned a town a mile long and a half-mile wide. They left a 58-foot wide path for the railroad tracks.

They set aside a square for the county

courthouse and a much larger area for the state capital building. After all, Julesburg would have the only railroad in the state when Colorado became a state. Why shouldn't it also have the capital?

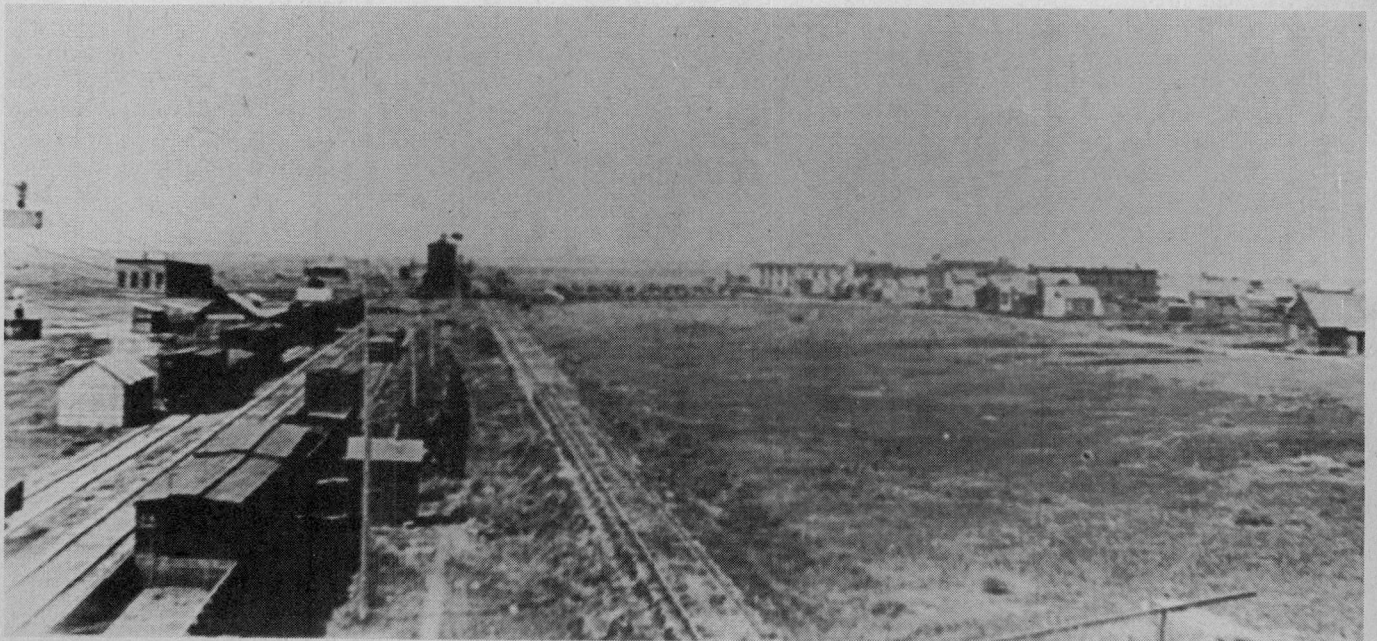
But when the railroad came in 1867, it was on the north side of the river and Julesburg No. 2 was on the south side. A town called Wier sprang up about three or four miles to the northwest at the end of the track. Julesburg No. 2 quietly ended its grandiose plans and moved to Wier, which immediately became Julesburg No. 3.

This town existed for fourteen years and was called the wickedest town on the plains. Many towns claimed that distinction but Julesburg was certainly one of the prime contenders.

In 1881, the railroad built a spur to Denver. The junction was about four miles to the southeast of Julesburg No. 3 so once more the town pulled up its stakes and moved to the junction.

There the residents were determined to name their new town Denver Junction. They didn't want to be named for an outlaw like Jules Beni. But the area had been called Julesburg for too long. They couldn't change it. So it became Julesburg No. 4.

Julesburg is now a quiet farm community located almost in the forks of Interstate 76 and 80. No one frowns on its name now. But it is likely that the name of Jules Beni would have faded entirely from the pages of history if a town had not been named for him.



Julesburg, about 1889.

# Gallardo

## The Dog Who Helped Capture the Silva Gang

By **DOROTHY S. BEIMER**

Illustrated By **KIEL STUART**

THE courage of Gallardo, a little dog, brought one of the last outlaws of the Wild West to justice.

Despite pain and danger, the dog helped capture the last member of the notorious Silva gang which had terrorized New Mexico Territory's most important trading center, Las Vegas, in the late 1800s.

Las Vegas, now a quiet town of 16,000, was once an important stopping place on the Santa Fe Trail. It was later a stop on the main stage line and finally a railroad stop. Vicente Silva's gang were known cattle rustlers and murderers until Silva's brutal murder of his own wife turned men against him.

Beleagued by vigilantes as well as the San Miguel County sheriff, gang members were all brought to justice except Jesus Vialpando, one of the most ruthless and elusive of the gang.

In February of 1895, Vialpando and a sidekick, German Maestas, murdered Pedro Romero after accusing the shepherd of adultery. A boy assisting Romero who witnessed the murder barely escaped the same fate. Maestas was arrested, convicted of the shooting death of Romero, and hanged. But Vialpando eluded the law.

On the morning of January 20, 1895, Tomas Martinez, a rancher at Ojo Baca in Santa Fe County, started out on foot to check his cattle, his constant companion Gallardo at his side. At the same time, Jesus Vialpando and a new partner, Feliciano Chavez, were on their way from the Silva ranch at Ojo del Monte Larrgo, to Las Vegas, accompanied by a



small boy, Emilio Encinias.

Mounted on their best horses, the outlaws cut out a few of Martinez's finest cattle. The rustlers were hungry at noon and butchered one of the cows, hanging the hide on a tree.

They were cooking the meat when they saw Martinez approaching. Instructing the boy to ride to Rowe, New Mexico, and wait for them, the outlaws hid and watched Martinez approach. The rancher discovered the hide on the tree.

As Martinez was examining the brand, the two rustlers decided to kill the rancher before he could report the slaying of his cow to the authorities. It

was agreed that Vialpando would shoot Martinez and Chavez would shoot the little dog.

While Martinez inspected the hide, Vialpando shot him twice in the back. Chavez shot at Gallardo twice, wounding him. The dog escaped and dragged himself the long six miles home.

The Martinez family was greatly alarmed when the wounded dog came home alone, but it was too dark to begin a search. At dawn, after only a few hours rest, Gallardo led a search party to the scene of the murder.

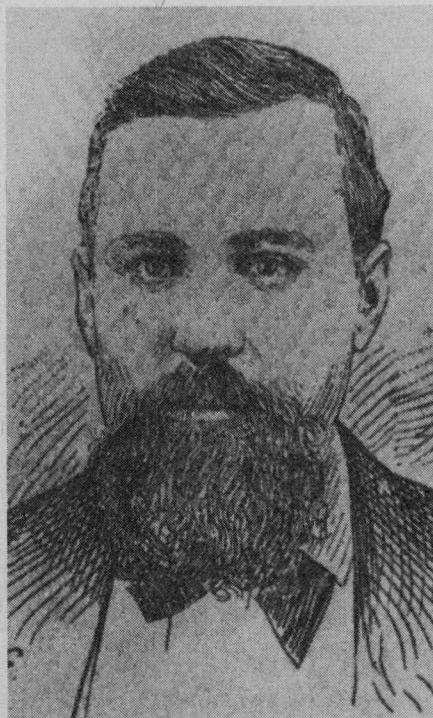
When they reached the spot, the men found nothing but the dead embers of a fire. The fugitives had removed the cow carcass and obliterated all traces of blood.

The group was ready to move on. But Gallardo started whimpering, circling the ashes, and sniffing. The embers were still hot. The dog gave the little bark he always used to greet his master. Gallardo even put one foot into the hot embers and scratched insistently.

The men in the party got sticks and began poking into the ashes. In the still smoldering pile, a man's body was partially burned. The charred remains were recognizable as those of Tomas Martinez. The murderers had failed to destroy all traces of the body in spite of the huge pyre of logs they had added to the fire.

Sheriff Cunningham at Santa Fe received the family's report immediately, and the entire territory was aghast. Martinez was a widely known and highly respected rancher. Peace officers of every county were urged to do their best to apprehend the murderers.

Sheriff Hilario Romero of San Miguel



Vicente Silva



Courtesy of Carnegie Public Library

The Romero home, located about six miles from Las Vegas, New Mexico, was typical of the kind of home raided by the Silva gang.

County somehow learned that the boy, Emilio, had been at Rowe the day of the murder and might know something. Questioning the youth, Romero found that Vialpando and Chavez had been on the Matinez ranch that morning when Martinez approached the site of the butchering.

On February 5, 1895, Sheriff Romero and two deputies, Daniel C. de Baca and Catarino Romero, arrested Chavez at Los Valles about 12 miles east of Las Vegas.

After being grilled all night, Chavez disclosed the whereabouts of Vialpando. On the following morning the last member of the Silva gang was arrested in the house south of Romeroville. With that arrest, the gang's ten-year reign of terror came to an end. Chavez and Vialpando were tried and convicted of murder in the first degree and were hanged in Santa Fe on November 19, 1895.

Gallardo was rightly named. The Spanish word means "magnanimous, among other things, high-spirited,

lively, bold, courageous, brave." He was all of those things.

In spite of his gunshot wounds, the dog traveled over rough terrain to get help for his fallen master. Leading the family to the site of the murder, the dog and his persistence led to the discovery of the body. Certainly it was the work of the lawmen that led Vialpando and Chavez to justice, but if it hadn't been for the dog's loyalty and courage, Vialpando probably would have killed again and perhaps never have been apprehended.

There is no known photograph of Gallardo. It is not known what breed, size, or color he was. All that is known is his amazing bravery and loyalty. Gallardo deserves a place in history.

The San Miguel County Sheriff has commemorated the little helper of earlier days by announcing that the next tracking dog obtained by the department will be given the name Gallardo.

Undersheriff of San Miguel County Gary Beimer said, "The sheriff's office is due to get a new tracking dog soon, and we hope our own Gallardo of the 1980s will show the same courage in the fight for justice that the Gallardo of the 1890s showed. If he does right by his name and is half as good as the first Gallardo, he'll be some dog!"



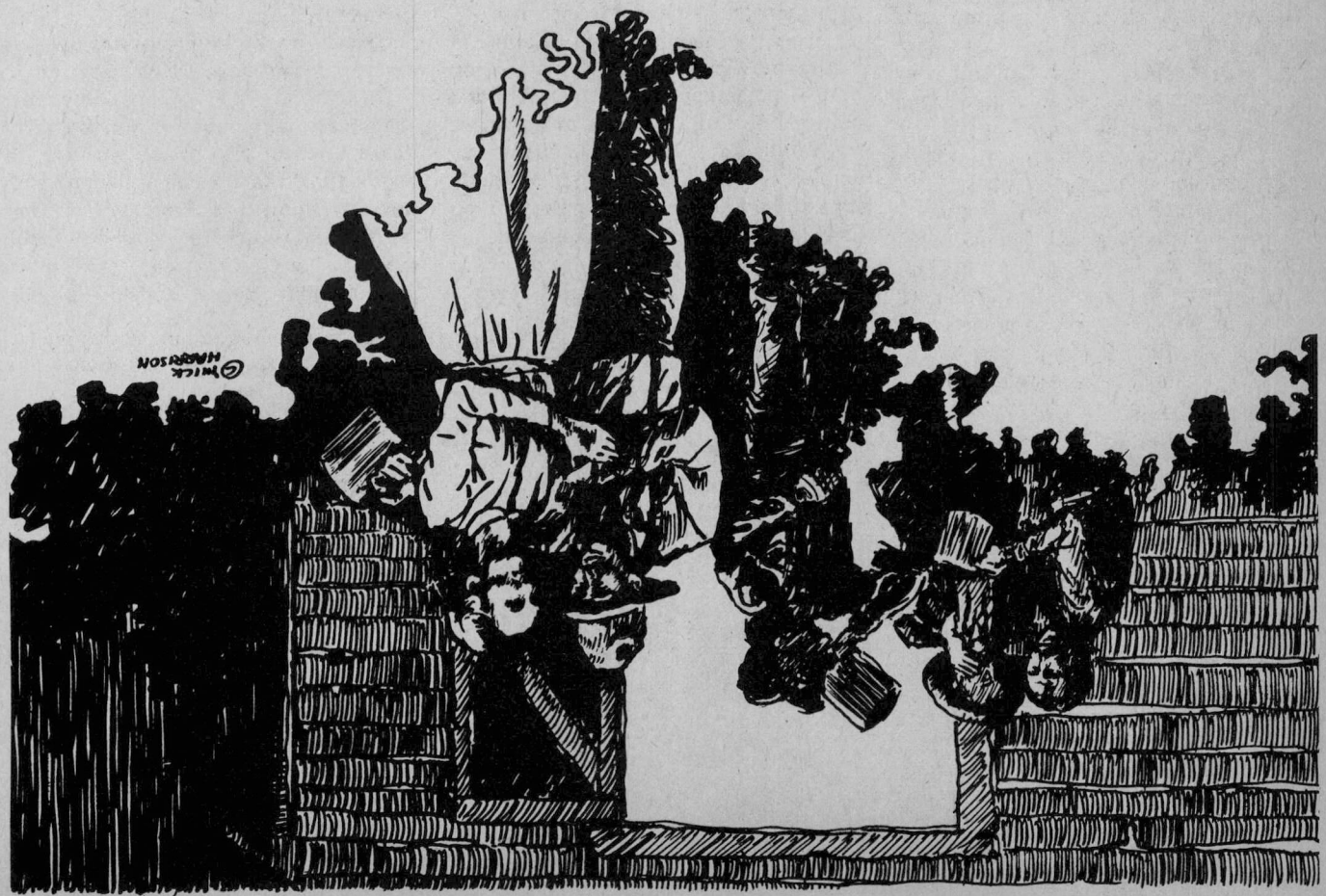
The "Jesse" referred to in this excerpt is Dr. Jesse Mooney Jr., Charles Mooney's father. The "Major" is Jesse's father. How Jesse and other young people of that time and place behaved was handed down to Charles Mooney by his father and mother.

Country, by Col. Charles W. Mooney. 1870s and 1880s in the Ozark region of Arkansas in the book, *Doctor in Belle Starr* That's why it was unusual to find an account of "pitching woo" as practiced in the

views or for whatever reason, we have few accounts of what it was like. And yet love-making had as much to do with winning the West as any other aspect of life. Still, either because most people back then were more puritanical in their

from that period who may be living probably weren't old enough to be making love. of the people who pitched woo during that period (1830-1910) are dead. The few DID young people in the Old West court the way young people do today? Most

# Pitching Woo In The Old West



© MICK HARRISON

It was here in the northern region of Arkansas where young Jesse grew up. These quaint Ozark hill people enjoyed their romantic land. As a lad Jesse could listen to the hum of the spinning wheel and the creak of the loom, as his mother and other women labored long at their endless tasks. Here the menfolk harvested their crops with the rhythmic poetry of their hand cradles in the golden sea of grain, enjoying the generosity that emanated from their hearts.

The Ozarkan's backwoods mode of transportation was either horseback or his linchpin wagon, and he never enjoyed the luxury of the Phaeton Surry like his city cousins did.

It was in this region one could hear the familiar slow groan of the water-propelled wheel at the mill, and where one could obtain a sack of the miller's burr-meal to make tasty cornbread with a few cracklings added, baked in a Dutch oven.

This was all a part of the background of the people of northern Arkansas bordering the Ozark region. Here they nurtured in solitude, and yet they remained unspoiled by the modern way of the commercial world. Young Jesse and his family were a part of this way of life. Here these hill people enjoyed the simple happiness, innocent pleasures, and untroubled quietness, and founded a most unusual folk culture.

Since the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 down to this era these people have lived in a much different world. They have been apart with the colloquial speech and customs which reflect their Elizabethan heritage. They developed a culture of their own in their unusual and unique "Anglo-Saxon seed-bed," secluded in the heart of the great southwest. Here the Ozark settler, though it served him poorly, took his land like his wife, for better or for worse.

To these Ozark people, the banjo, guitar, and fiddle were a vital part of their rural life. It was a part of the Anglo-Saxon heritage brought with them to Virginia and the Carolinas. Afterwards, it followed them westward to the hills of Tennessee and Kentucky, then to the Ozark regions of Missouri and northern Arkansas.

Here the menfolk picked, twanged, and sawed off tunes on the banjo, guitar and fiddle, no matter what the occasion. The more isolated and farther back in the hills, the purer their musical heritage remained. The most popular tunes during this era when Jesse was growing up were "Arkansas Traveler," "Flopp-eared-Mule" and "Knoxville Girl." In



fact, the first tune the Major taught Jesse to play on the fiddle was "Arkansas Traveler."

To these frontier sequestered people, the square dance served an important outlet for their pent-up stream of emotion. It served as a balance wheel to offset the monotony of hardships endured in their laborious life. It tended to palliate the wounds of privations suffered in the lonely mountains.

These Ozark people were strong of heart, close to nature, and above all, self-reliant. Ironically, that same isola-

---

**Illustrations by  
Mick Harrison**

---

tion of hill and hollow that helped to mold their strong traits also guarded their quaint culture and their distinct music.

The Major had recently discussed the square dances of the hill people with Jesse. Although the Mooney homestead at Mountain Home only bordered the Ozark region, the influence of the Ozarkan heritage lapped over the area where Jesse lived.

"I really don't want you to go to the square dances to the west of here," the Major cautioned Jesse. "Out in the hills they have pretty wild dances."

"If you say so, papa," Jesse acknowledged, submissively.

The Ozark people were not unmindful the church had long been the arch enemy of dancing as a diversion of outward manifestation of social life. And

the church was not wholly unfounded in its reasons to back up its staunch stand.

Fearless in their continued pursuit of righteous living, the church knew these dances too often caused trouble gurgling inside the demijohns, and the drinking oftentimes culminated in fightings. It invariably mellowed their amorous instincts to such a point it usually found its mark, and undoubtably shared in responsibility for illicit relations between the sexes.

It was a common belief among the younger set attending these dances that corn liquor was necessary to enliven the occasion and allow them to give vent to their emotions. In this they practiced what they preached, and quaffed at every occasion. Thus they slaked their thirst in the heart of the hill country. The age old tradition of "the devil in the fiddle" was reinforced by the charges of immorality that pointed the finger of accusation that branded these dances with a shady reputation.

But, in spite of the hardships endured by these hardy, penurious people in the backwoods of the hill country of Arkansas, these square dances afforded the teenagers their moments of ecstasy. But the Major wanted Jesse to have nothing to do with these goings-on.

There had long been much tongue-wagging and semi-hushed talk about the disorderly conduct that prevailed at these weekly square dances for the younger set. Since they were chaperoned for the most part inadequately, and sometimes not at all, most of the clandestine activity occurred in the darkness away from the actual dancing.

Many a young up-start had cast a lascivious eye at the unsuspecting feminine pulchritude that attended these dances. Oftentimes they would secretly go outside for drinks of home-made, fiery whiskey, and occasionally lure the hereto-fore innocent girls with them. Ostensibly, it was to look at the moon but in reality to partake of the strong liquor. Too often this would be followed by furtive kisses, and un-ladylike fierce embraces under cover of darkness, down by the creek under the bushes, in their secret trysting places.

The natural barrier of the hill-country girl's inhibition went rampant under the alluring moon, urged on by the exhilarating stimulant of the home-made "mountain dew." After letting her body be drawn close to his, he could feel her warmth and cutaneous softness exciting his sensory impulses. His hill country bashfulness seemed to dissolve into the summer moonlight. Then he caressed



her fondly, kissed her avidly, their hot lips moist and unclosed, eager and devouring. She could see his eyes open and close, his breathing deep and hard, and almost desperate. Her normal feminine composure and barrier, beyond which their temporary happiness could not expand, and the male could not penetrate, usually held their wistfulness.

But now it seemed to disappear with the temporary exhilarance from the potent moonshine, as the Libinous God beckoned to her leeringly and stalked its prey. Then it happened. The young girl succumbed to the stronger biological urge of the male; then it was too late — beyond the point of no return.

Normally, the Ozarkan was a quiet, brooding type. Yet, the fiery drink spurred his maleness and the alcohol served as an aphrodisiac drug that increased his sexual desire. Sometimes the weaker sex let that barrier be crossed during her interlude of exhilaration.

But afterwards, the ruthless results of the passion pits were often inevitable, and the cruel truth prevailed. Eventually in time there were babies, unwanted babies. The news usually leaked out that another girl had gone wrong. The people never seemed to blame the boy

for his part in the illegitimate act of parenthood. It was almost impossible to keep the tragedy a secret. When the truth of her unchaste act finally became known to both parents, they usually protected her. This seemed to make it all right and acceptable among the people of the hills.

However, it was difficult to subdue the wrath of her enraged father. These parents suffered most. They were both brave and tolerant. Blood was thicker than water. Their understanding about the unsupressed animal urge in the direction of sex was deep, and they accepted the humiliation and chagrin with a hardened restraint of sorrow.

But nature seemed to compensate for the victim's sacrifice of her chastity, especially when she refused to divulge the name of the culprit, and thus avoid a "killin'" in the hills. Yet, after nature took its normal cycle, their sorrows turned to happiness when the newborn was put to the breast, and when they felt the delicate soft flesh of the new baby, it made the love of the girl's mother and father irresistible.

The truth was, there were many a "woods-colt" who grew up to later become a fine, well-respected man in these frontier surroundings, undaunted

by the would-be stigma of bastardy.

As it was to be expected, all the preachers in the region voiced their disapproval loud and strong. They said it was sinful for either man or woman to go wrong. Yet the hill people didn't always agree. Ostensibly, to ease their embarrassment, they complained that the fellow wouldn't marry the girl afterwards, because she had tempted him in the first place. One such expectant mother, when faced with the accusation, summed up her defense of her predicament saying:

"It's a darn lie. My baby ain't illegit, cause I married his pa a week 'fore he was borned."

Still, many young women groped for an excuse to alleviate the naked truth and relief from their conscience, as the old ballad said:

"All the ancient historians we do understand

And the bible we have to believe

That woman is sensual and downfall of men

Since Adam was beguiled by old Eve."

(Reprinted by permission of the author.)





Gunnison County Pioneer and Historical Society Museum at Gunnison, Colorado, displays include narrow gauge railroad engine (foreground) and other rail memorabilia. Photos supplied by the author.

# RAILROAD MUSEUM

By CHARLES A. PAGE

WHERE can you find an 1890s telegraph key, a real railroad water tank and even the entire depot?

The answer is at the Gunnison



Telegraphy equipment donated by W. K. Baker to the Gunnison Museum includes (from top, clockwise), sounder, relay, key, sounder and key with sounder.

County Pioneer and Historical Society Museum in Gunnison, Colorado. And the railroad memorabilia came from one man, Willard K. Baker, 78, of Newburg, Missouri. He spent 25 years (1920 to 1945) working for the railroads.

Baker never was a resident of Gunnison County, but from 1940 to 1942, he worked for the Denver and Rio Grande Western on top of Marshall Pass in the winter and near Sargents, Colorado in summer as a telegrapher, station agent and even official postmaster.

Much of the memorabilia he gave to the Gunnison Museum came from a station at the 10,845-foot level on the pass on the Continental Divide.

Baker retired from railroading in 1945, but he didn't really retire. For the next 20 years, he served on merchant ships mostly along the West Coast. In 1965, he finally retired for good to Newburg.

In 1978, when he was serving his second term as mayor of that small city, Baker decided he wanted his railroad collection to be in safe hands but visible to the public, so he made the donation to the Gunnison Museum.

Railroading takes up a large section of the museum's grounds. There the visitor will find a short section of track of a narrow gauge railroad and the narrow gauge engine to go with it. There's also a

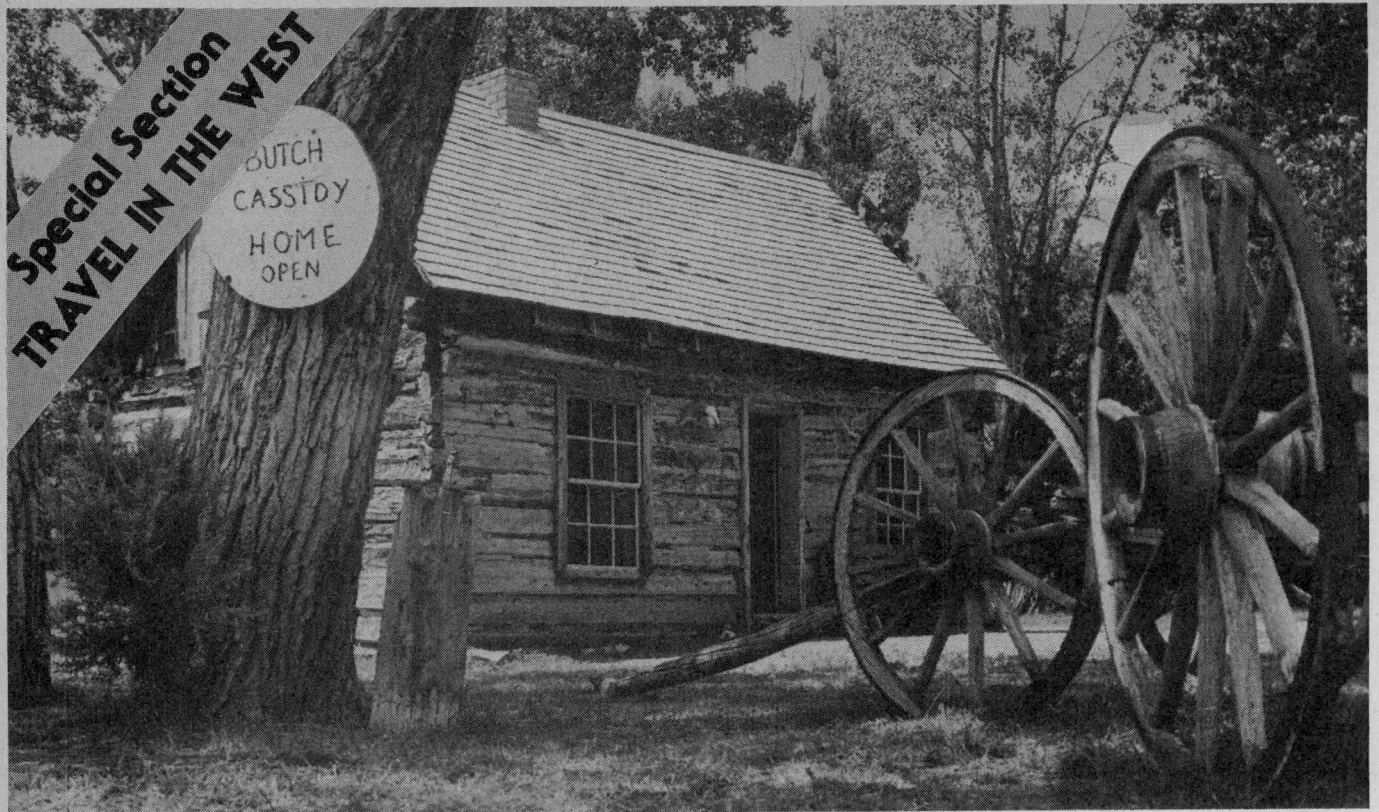
coal car, flanger and caboose.

Also on display at the museum is a water tank taken from the east side of Marshall Pass, near Poncha Springs, Colorado, and the depot is from Sargents at the bottom of the west side of the pass. These buildings had been in use since 1881.

Other railroad items on display, including those given by Baker, are: A telegraph key, a Vibroplex key said to date to the 1890s, a box relay from about 1880, a sounder and resonator made in 1936, a brass coach key, a switch key, baggage tags, wax markers, freight books, tickets, passes, rosters, rules and regulations, employee pay rates and a whole host of other items.

Several years ago, Baker renewed his interest in Gunnison County when he saw a photograph of the remnants of the Marshall Pass station house in a local history book. He wrote to Gunnison residents that a mound of rocks near the dilapidated foundation is where he buried his pet dog in 1941.

To keep the museum going, the society needs financial contributions. But it is also important for the museum to get display items and from Willard K. Baker it got one of the best railroad displays in the country.



The Parker family home, where Butch Cassidy grew up, near Circleville, Utah.

# Outlaw Hangouts



Although the entrance and interior have been remodeled, the Montpelier, Idaho, bank looks about the same today as it did when Butch Cassidy and his gang paid an unwelcome visit in 1896. Cassidy reportedly netted \$7 thousand dollars from this robbery which he staged apparently to pay legal fees of another gang member facing murder charges.

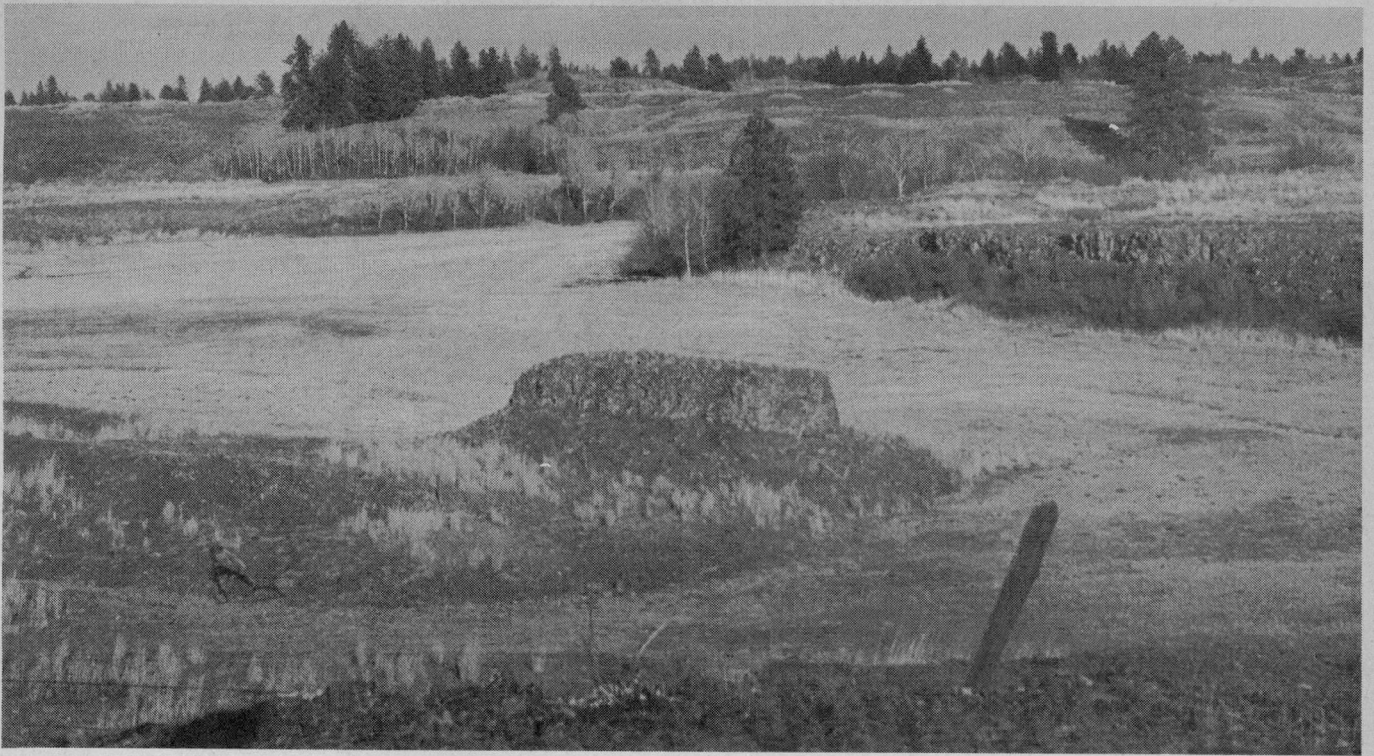
EVERYONE knows there are thousands of historic sites in the West, from Custer's Battlefield in Montana to old Tombstone in Arizona. What may not be so well known is that there are many historic sites in the West associated with outlaw activity.

Some of the outlaw sites are well preserved. Usually in such cases, that's because the owners of the property did the preserving. State and federal governments aren't given much to preserving outlaw memorials.

But other outlaw sites are fast disappearing and in another generation, unless something is done, they will be gone. A good example is the Clanton Ranch in Arizona. Many of the buildings are still there, but they aren't being cared for. As a result, nature is taking its course and the buildings soon will be gone.

An example of an outlaw site which is well cared for is the James farm near Kearney, Missouri. Efforts to preserve the home where Jesse and Frank James spent much of their lives are led by an organization called Friends of the James Farm.

It's an eerie experience to walk into



Over the years this became known as the "Harry Tracy Rock." It was here on an August evening in 1902 that outlaw Tracy fought a blazing duel with a posse and lost. After dark, he limped off to the right into what was then a grain field and killed himself. Posse members fired at him from rimrocks in foreground.

# You Can Visit

the room where Zerelda Samuel lost her arm in an explosion in the fireplace. Zerelda was mother to the James boys. The night of the tragedy, Pinkerton detectives had surrounded the house and threw a flare into the room. The flare exploded when it was pushed into a fireplace.

Because there are so many outlaw sites in the West, this story is limited to those in the Rocky Mountain region. This summer, if you plan to travel in this area, you may want to take in some of the outlaw attractions.

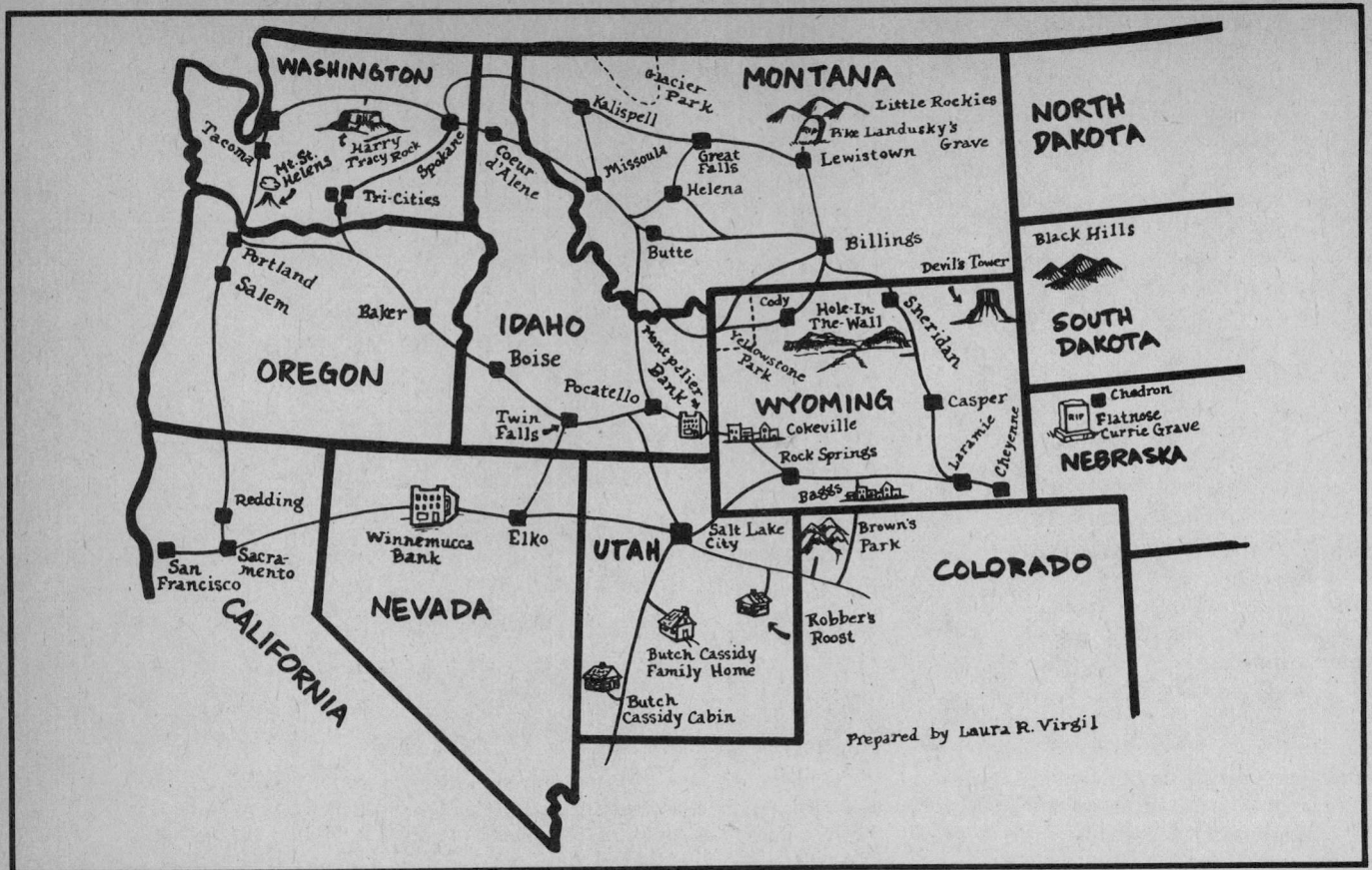
Many of these places are not on state highway maps and often the usual sources for help, such as gas station attendants, won't know where the site is. So just find an oldtimer and most often he'll know the way.

Typical of this kind of site is Butch Cassidy's ranch on Blue Creek in the Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming. Not only is Cassidy's ranch cabin still standing — in good condition — but the trip is worth it just to see the Hole-in-the-Wall from the inside.

Some claims have been made that rustlers drove cattle up over the rim of the long red wall and down into the



At the time outlaw Harry Tracy stayed at this ranch, south of Creston, Washington, it was owned by brothers Gene and Lou Eddy. Tracy first spotted the approach of a posse while at one of the farm buildings and, firing as he ran, raced to a grain field to right of picture. Though the buildings have been remodeled, they look much the same as they did in 1902 when Tracy stayed there.



“hole,” a valley, where they could be easily hidden. Then the outlaws shut off the passage with a rock.

But oldtimers in the area are divided on this and many think that the actual hole in the wall is the rather large “hole” you drive through from Kaycee, Wyoming. A paved road leads you right into the Hole.

In any case, once inside, the Cassidy cabin and another structure he built can be seen on the Curt Taylor ranch. But Taylor’s ranch is not a come-as-you-are tourist attraction. You need an invitation from rancher Taylor.

IT WAS here in the early 1890s that Butch Cassidy by himself homesteaded a 160-acre ranch and using script added until he had a 420-acre spread. He built a couple of cabins, still standing, and some other buildings. He also planted trees, still there, and dug a ditch, traces of which can still be seen.

But Cassidy chose the wrong time to homestead in that particular place. This was Johnson County, Wyoming, and events were leading up to what became known as the Johnson County War of 1892. Although Cassidy never rustled cattle while he lived in the Hole, he was considered an outlaw — and he associated with rustlers. He was, thus, on the rancher black list. When events got too hot, Cassidy was forced to flee. He

sold the ranch on the run to a neighbor, Jim Stubbs. Taylor is related to Stubbs.

The Cassidy cabin on Blue Creek, the only house he built in North America still standing (his cabin in Argentina still stands), is unusual in one respect. It has no windows. Cassidy apparently felt he was safer having only to guard a door.

There is also a Butch Cassidy cabin near Circleville, Utah. This is one of several homes the Parker family lived in while Butch — Robert LeRoy Parker — was growing up.

The family has preserved the basic part of the home and it can be seen by visitors just west of Highway 89, south of Circleville.

PERHAPS the most haunting outlaw site in the West is the “Harry Tracy Rock” on the “Harry Tracy ranch” south of Creston, Washington. Creston is a little village fifty miles west of Spokane on Highway 2.

The dark lava formation, a lonely sentinel in a hay pasture, looks about the same as it did in August 1902 when it was used by Tracy as a fortress to fend off a posse. The ranch at the time was owned by brothers Lou and Gene Eddy who were forced to play unwilling hosts to Tracy for several days.

It was from behind the rock that Tracy fought a desperate duel with the

posse and lost. The rock is about ten feet tall and thirty feet long. Tracy raced from side to side taking shots at the posse members who were firing at him from some distant rimrocks.

The sun was setting behind the posse and Tracy had difficulty seeing his pursuers. Though a crack shot, he never scratched one of them. But they wounded him twice in the leg. After night settled on the blazing battle, Tracy limped off into what was then a grain field and killed himself. The posse, afraid to go into the field though they heard the shot, waited until the next day to go after Tracy’s body.

Everett Cole, who owns the ranch where Tracy died, says every year four or five carloads of tourists come to see the ranch. Cole lives on another ranch nearer Highway 2.

He says he doesn’t mind taking the visitors the few miles down the dirt road to the battle site. The ranch buildings have been renovated over the years, but the ranch looks pretty much the same as it did when Tracy stayed there a few days before the posse overtook him.

There are other outlaw sites you might want to visit:

— Pike Landusky’s grave outside the town of Landusky, Montana, in the Little Rocky Mountains. The Little Rockies are north of Lewistown in the

central part of the state. Landusky was killed by outlaw Kid Curry, Dec. 28, 1894.

— The bank in Montpelier, Idaho, where in August 1896, Butch Cassidy and other gang members took a reported seven thousand dollars. The bank's name has changed and the entrance and interior have been remodeled, but otherwise it looks about the same as it did when Cassidy made his unwelcome visit.

— The First National Bank in Winnemucca, Nevada. Cassidy and his gang also robbed this bank, on Sept. 19, 1900. After the robbery, gang leaders had their photo taken in Fort Worth, Texas, and sent a copy to Winnemucca. The photo, much enlarged now that the bank likes the notoriety of having been robbed by Cassidy, hangs on a wall in the bank. However, the photo was the gang's undoing as it was used by law officers to identify the bandits.

— Cokeville, Wyoming, was headquarters for several outlaws including Hugh and Charley Whitney and Charles Manning. The town, near the Idaho-Wyoming border, looks much the same today as it did in its outlaw heyday.

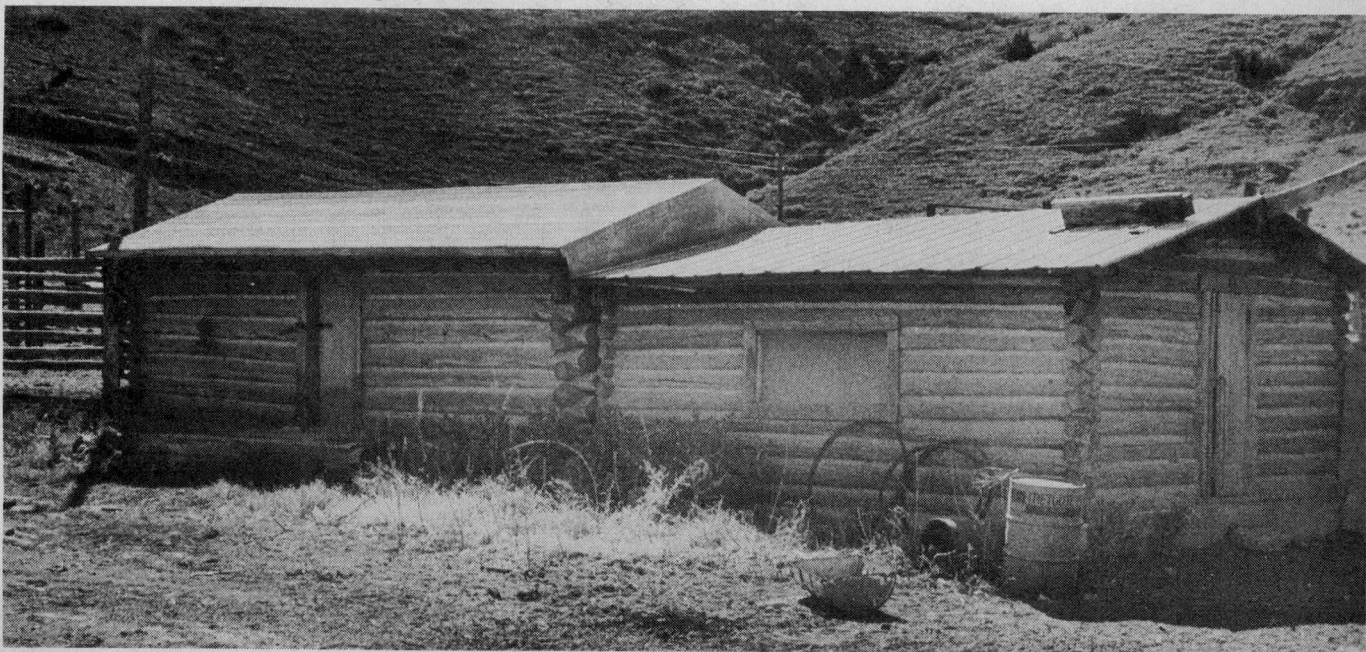
— Flatnose George Currie's resting place in the Chadron, Nebraska, cemetery, is marked by a gravestone. Currie was a rustler in Hole-in-the-Wall country before he joined Cassidy's Wild Bunch. He was one of the outlaws who held up the Belle Fourche, South Dakota, bank in 1897. Utah Sheriff William Preece discovered Currie's camp in April 1900 and shot and killed the bandit.



This is the famous "hole in the wall" near Kaycee, Wyoming. The Hole-in-the-Wall was an outlaw retreat where rustlers concealed their stolen cattle. Now you can drive through the "hole" on this road.



Charles Manning, who died while robbing a train in Oregon in 1911, lived in this house, still standing, in Cokeville, Wyoming. After his death his wife and children continued to live here.



Butch Cassidy built these two log cabins at his Blue Creek Ranch in Hole-in-the-Wall in Wyoming. He lived in the cabin at left which has a door but no windows. Both cabins are still in good condition at the Blue Creek Ranch.

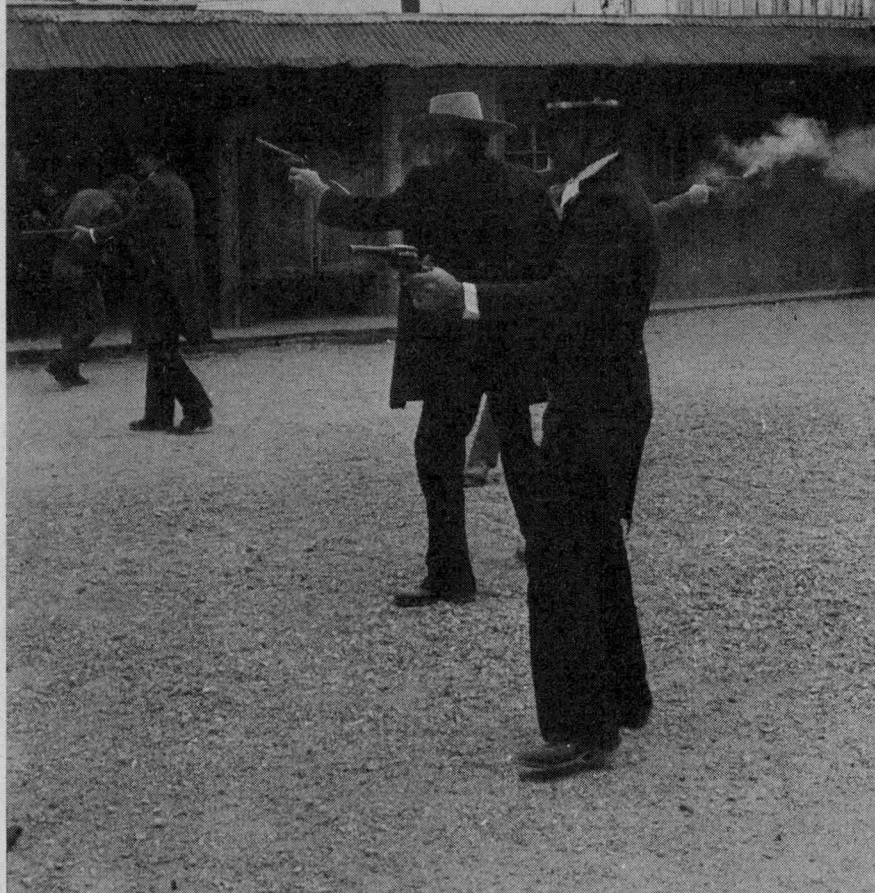
**Special Section  
TRAVEL IN THE WEST**

*Harold O. Love took the nearly forgotten Gunfight at OK Corral and turned it into a national event.*

*In doing so, he has brought thousands of tourists annually to Old Tombstone. Love says he didn't "Save" Tombstone. He says, "I changed it."*

*Love also owns, or has owned, much of Tombstone.*

**CAL WRECK  
ALOON**



Gunfighter group composed of Tombstone residents re-enact the Gunfight at OK Corral. These are portraying the Earp side.

## TOMBSTONE'S LOVE

TOMBSTONE, William Hattich said, may be regarded as an anticlimax.

Hattich, author of a book on Tombstone, said that from the historic viewpoint, the gold discovery in California was much more important. But Douglas D. Martin, another Tombstone author, called the town "the vortex of the gaudiest, richest and most lawless mining camp in the West."

Whatever it was — and that is open to dispute — there is no doubt about what it is today. The little town situated on rolling desert hills in southeastern Arizona is a major tourist attraction.

It was not always so, according to Harold O. Love. He said that before he went there in 1963, before he made the Gunfight at OK Corral a major historical event, Tombstone was a forgotten

little town decaying into desert dust.

There may be some in Tombstone, and out of it, who still will not give Love his due. But for Love's money, and his promotional skills, Tombstone might still be a forgotten place of America's past, visited only by the curious.

No matter, as John Gilchriese wrote, the most important event in Tombstone was the coming of the railroad. No matter that Wyatt Earp spent only a couple of years there. The only thing that ever really mattered about Tombstone — to most Americans — is that famous back alley brawl called the Gunfight at OK Corral.

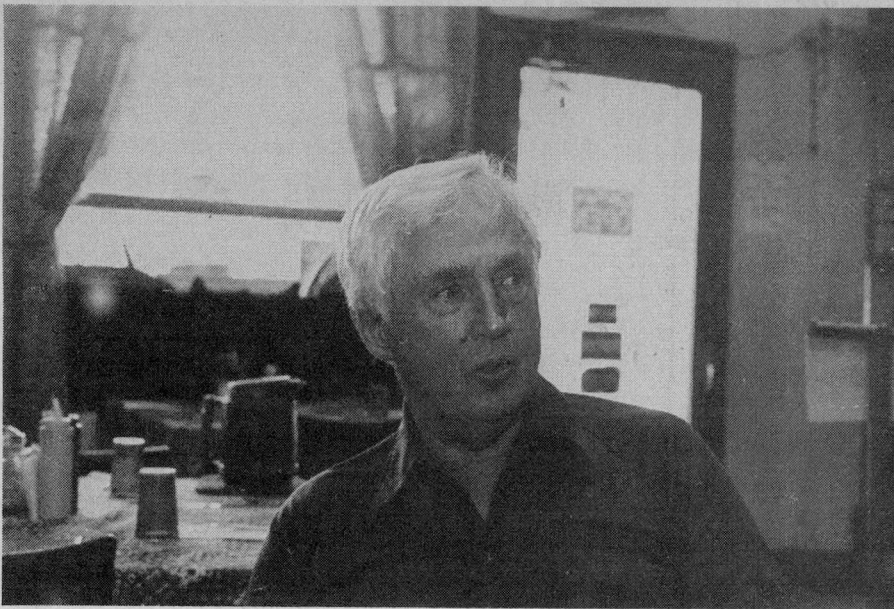
Some writers have made much of the fact that the gunfight didn't occur in the corral but near it. But Love says that's nitpicking. And Love strongly believes

the Earps brought law and order to Tombstone. Others just as strongly believe the Earps were lawbreakers and order came only when they left.

FOR the moment, at least, Love prevails. Some 500,000 tourists annually ply the old boardwalks of Tombstone and admire the 11 major buildings still standing from Tombstone's violent past.

About 200,000 annually visit the OK Corral gunfight site. Others visit the Bird Cage Theater, Schieffelin Hall, Boot Hill Cemetery, the old city hall, the ornate courthouse, the Crystal Palace, and other historic places.

Love, at 73, owns much property in and around Tombstone. He said it all began as the result of a trip to Tucson to



Harold O. Love, above. Parades were big events in early Tombstone, as seen in photo below. Bottom photo shows Old Tombstone as seen from a nearby hill.

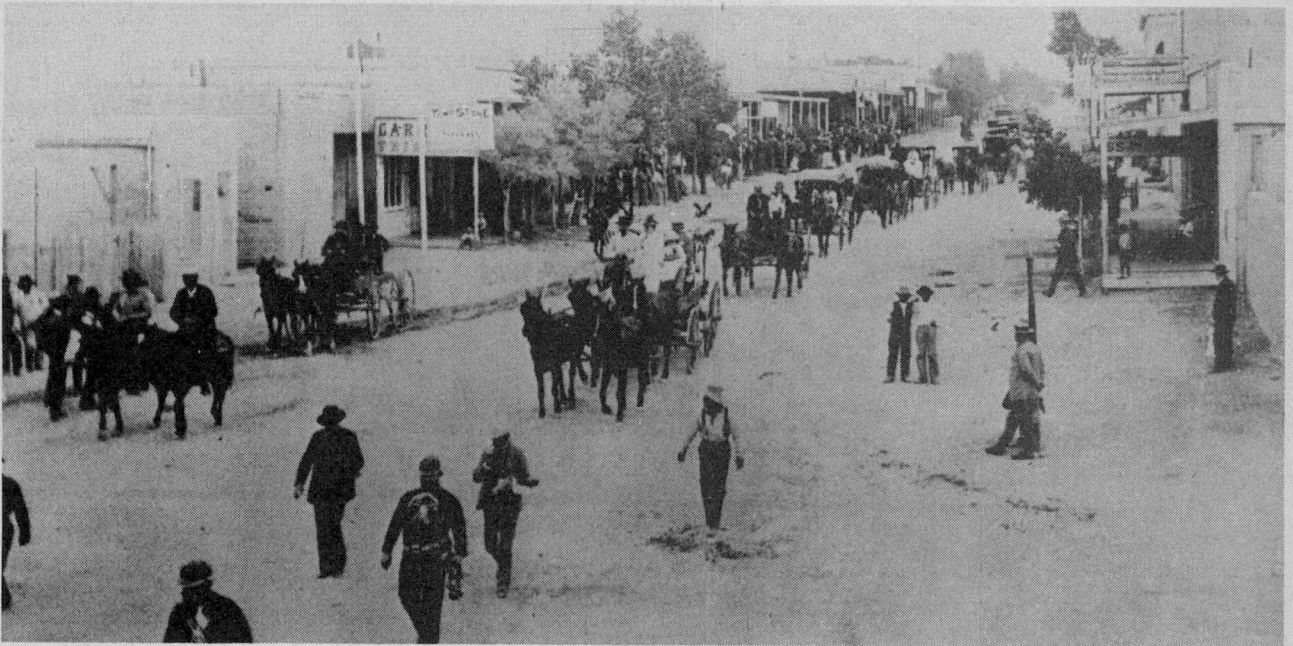
attend the opening of an art gallery. He and other art officianos took a trip into the countryside which included a stop in Tombstone. There he learned the old, ratty Crystal Palace bar was for sale.

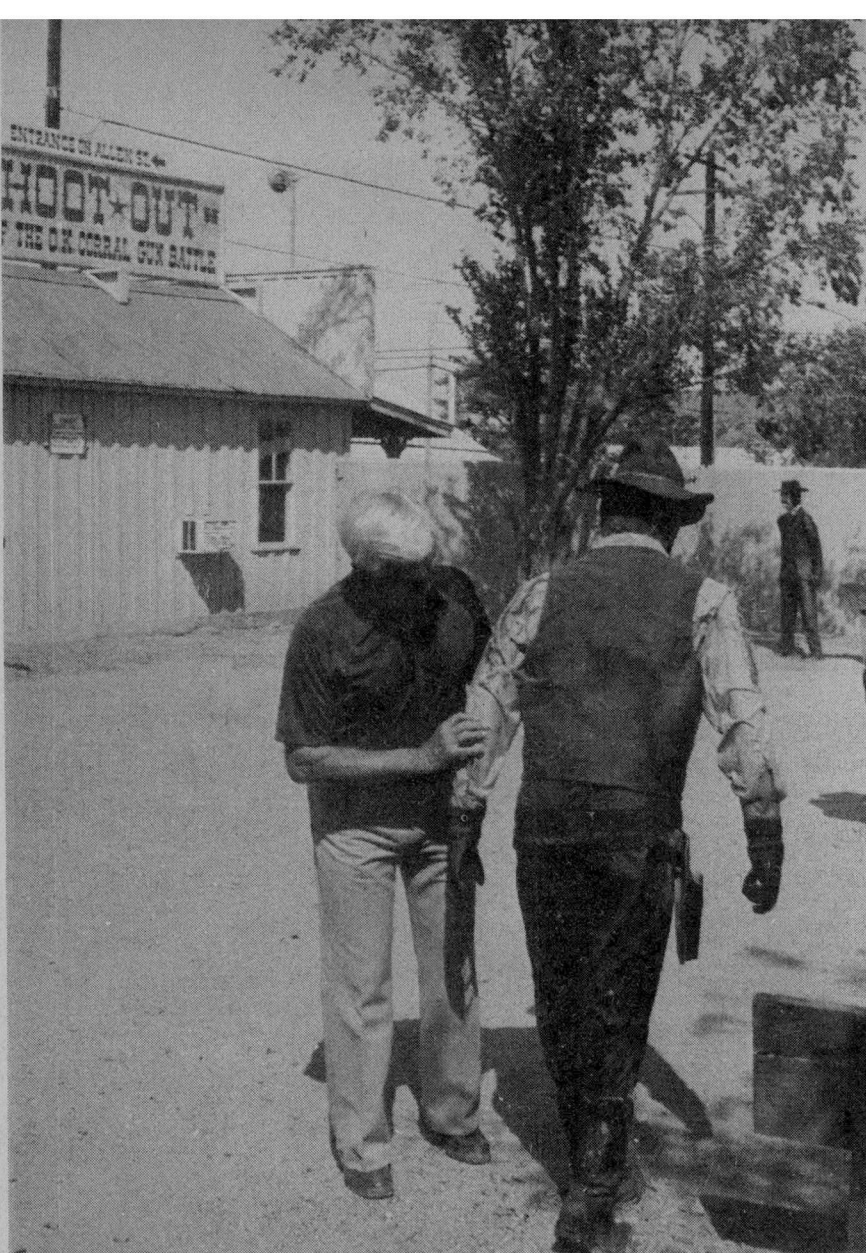
He had always had an interest in history. In undergraduate school he majored in philosophy and history. He became a wealthy Detroit corporation attorney with money to invest and he plunked down \$35,000 on the spot for the Crystal Palace.

"I just wanted to save it, but I could see the possibility of development as well," Love said. However, he insists, he never has invested in Tombstone to make money "but to preserve it."

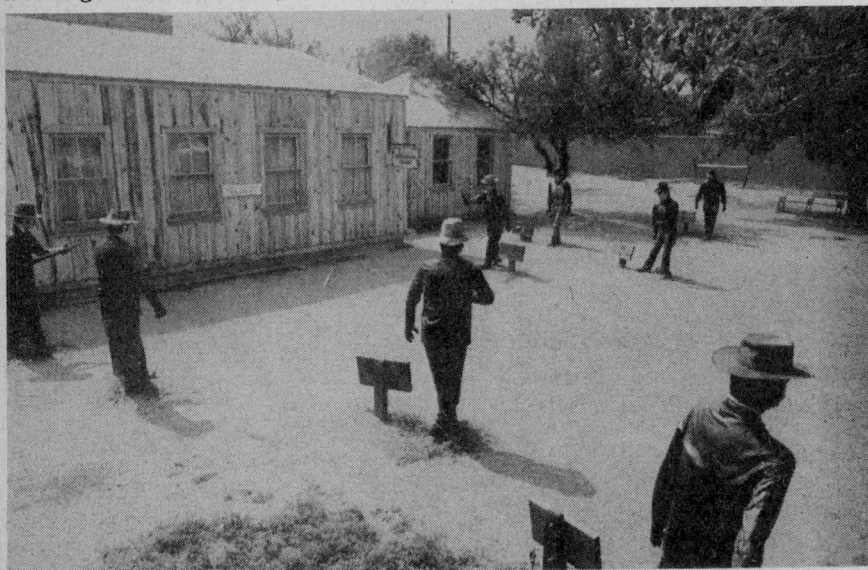
His second acquisition, also in 1963, was the shell that remained of Schieffelin Hall. He paid \$32,000, spent \$200,000 to restore it, and then gave it to the City of Tombstone.

"It was built as a town meeting place





Harold Love (above) personally looks after the mannequins he has placed on the exact spot of the OK Corral shootout. No one knows exactly where the gunfighters stood, but Love has exhaustively researched the battle and knows approximately, see photo below. Love (below, right) prepares to enter a "crib," a red light district shack, which he has preserved near the gunfight site.



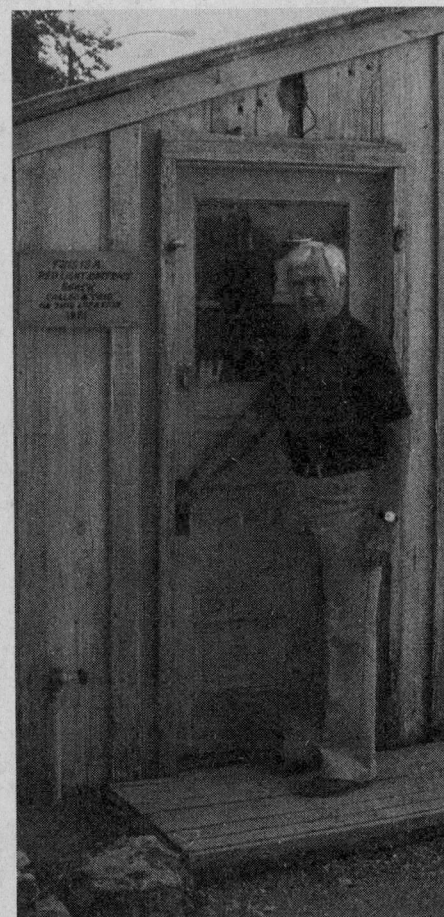
by Ed Schieffelin (the founder of Tombstone) and it's again a city hall," said Love proudly.

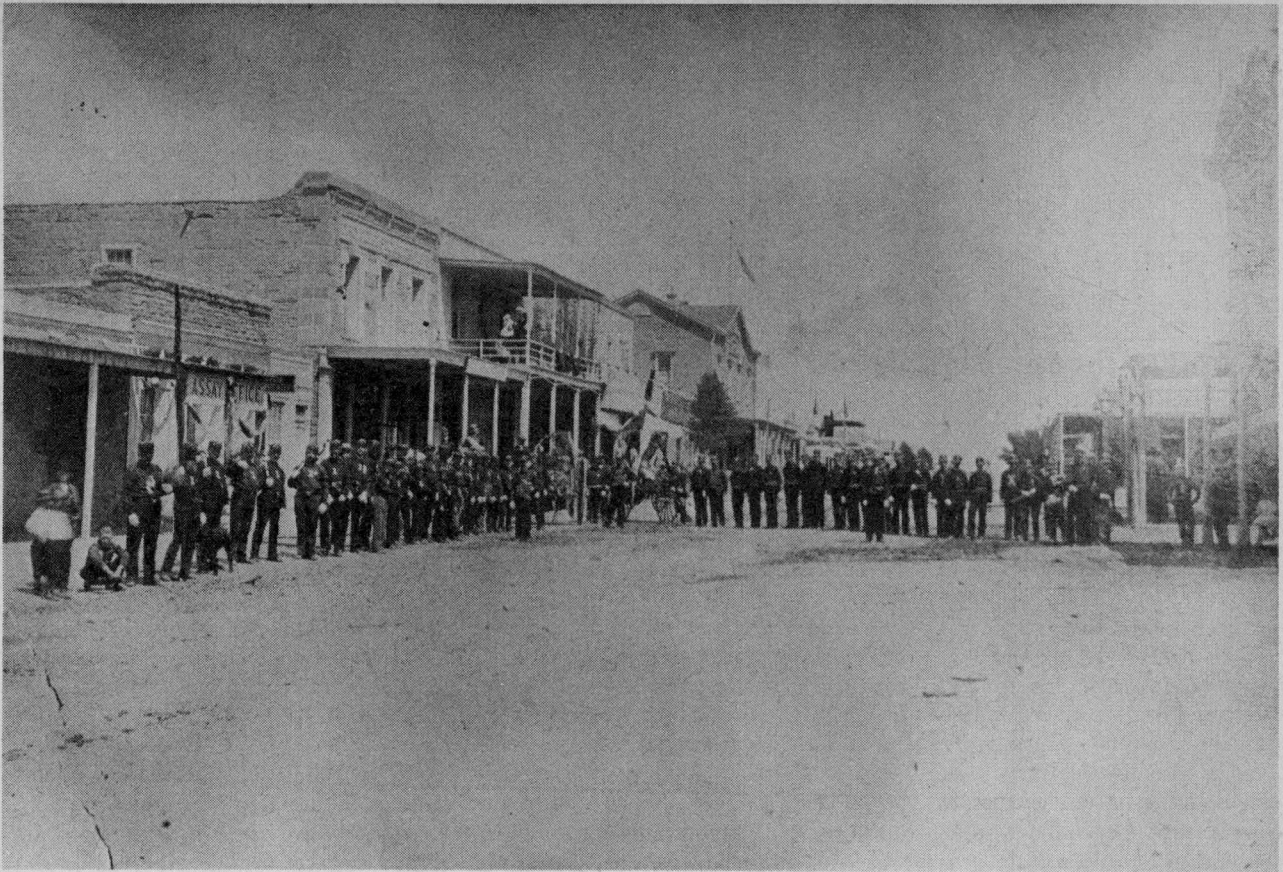
HIS next purchase was the OK Corral gunfight site and a year later he bought the corral itself. He carefully researched where the gunfight took place — "until I looked into it, nobody really cared" — and by the 1970s, the gunfight came to national prominence. A late-1950s movie helped set the stage for Love's efforts.

Love built the 40-room Lookout Lodge, the town's best motel, for \$350,000. He sold his interests in it three years ago. Also for nine years he and his wife, Betty, operated a restaurant in Tombstone.

Love also bought the Tombstone Epitaph, a 300-subscriber weekly, in the mid-1960s. In 1975, it was turned over to the University of Arizona for training journalists and the Epitaph published a national edition which is growing rapidly, Love said.

Love and three others then bought 25,000 acres surrounding Tombstone for what he calls his "cow and calf" operation. The ranch has a home on it; the Loves also have a home in Tucson and they have an apartment in Tombstone in a building next to the OK Corral gunfight site. Love's spread is called the





**Band members and others in uniform line up on the main street in Old Tombstone, apparently on parade day. Eleven of the major historic buildings, including the Crystal Palace and Bird Cage Theater, are still standing.**

Lucky Hills Ranch and incorporates most of the original mines around Tombstone.

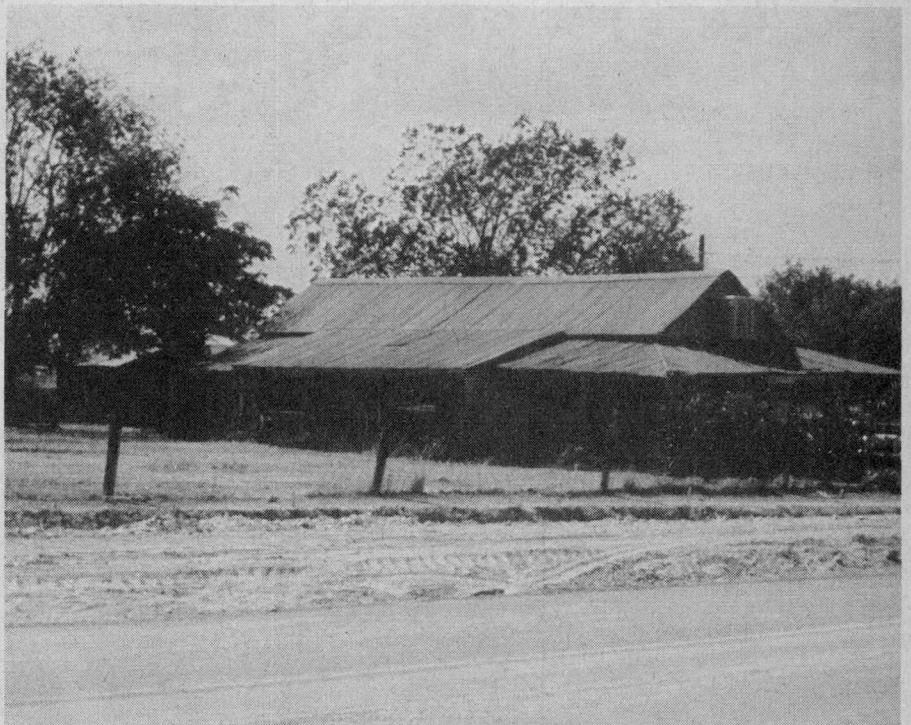
Love retired from his practice in the summer of 1982 though he said he retains some business interests in Detroit. From now on, he added, he will concentrate on Tombstone, a town in which he has invested about \$2 million. Whatever he makes from his Tombstone operations, he said, he puts back into the town.

Although he wants it to grow slowly, he doesn't want it to change very much and he's in a position to see that it doesn't. Still, he says he is not the man who "saved" Tombstone, rather the one who changed it — remade it and brought it to world attention.

For 20 years, Tombstone has been Love's first love.



**Old photos of Tombstone  
from the  
Harold O. Love Collection.**



**This is how the Gunfight at OK Corral site looked when Harold O. Love arrived in Tombstone 20 years ago. The actual corral is out of the photo to the left, but the gunfight took place in the open space at center — which is to the left of the building shown.**

# Galveston's IRON LADY

By JUDY LYNN HEDBERG

GALVESTON, Texas, is probably best known nationally as the subject of a Glen Campbell song — or perhaps as a seashore community on the Gulf of Mexico.

But what tourists often miss is one of Galveston's great historic old buildings, the Galveston customhouse.

Galveston flourished during the days of the Texas Republic. Barges brought wool and cotton down the rivers and on their return, they took flour, farm tools, salt and goods needed by settlers.

The port used the natural harbor to its fullest advantage. Carts and wagons helped unload schooners. Customs

duties collected from arriving vessels made the port a thriving center.

Galveston relied on this seaborne commerce. The city's business community, composed chiefly of wholesale concerns, furnished the trade goods for Texas, as well as parts of Louisiana and New Mexico. Rail and stagecoach connections brought Galveston into contact with much of the Texas interior.

The customhouse, at 20th and Post Office streets, has survived more than a century of change, looking much as it did upon completion. Construction began in 1855 and was finished in 1861. Besides functioning as a customhouse, it also housed the post office and U.S. district court. Its tenure as a customhouse was brief. It ended a year or so after the

Civil War.

Federal architect Ammi B. Young's plans were revised twice before the customhouse was finished. Young planned to use Ionic columns for the first floor, Corinthian for the second, and Doric for a third story. However, the contractors in 1859 decided to make the building two stories instead of three.

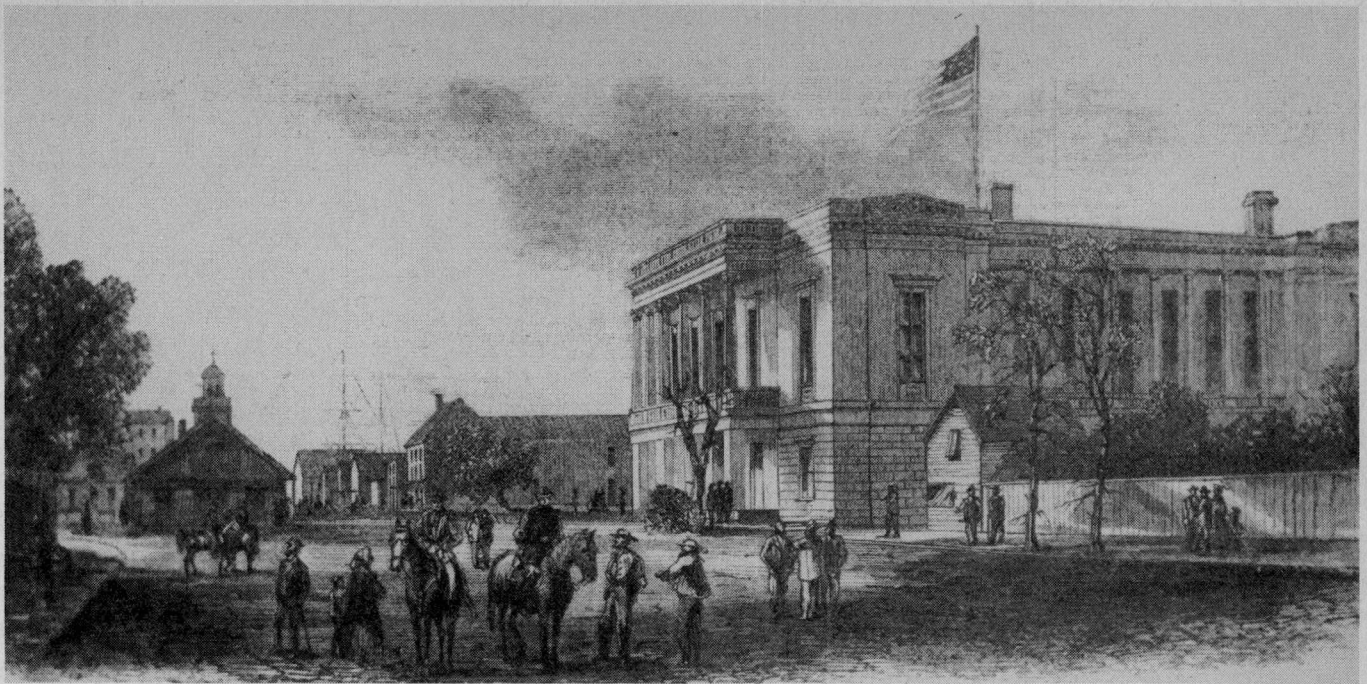
A planned dome intended to guide ships to safe harbor also was eliminated from final plans. Instead, the customhouse is topped by a hidden, low-pitched roof.

MORE than 200 barrels of cement and an equal amount of lime were used in constructing the customhouse. Late Greek Revival in style, the building is



Customhouse in Galveston, Texas. Completed in 1861, it is now a national historic site.

Courtesy U. S. Customs Service



Courtesy Rosenberg Library of Gavelston

**Gavelston's customhouse as it looked just after it was built during the Civil War. From sketch by Theodore R. Davis.**

rectangular, with a projecting double gallery on the west side and inset double galleries on the north and south sides.

Architect Young's majestic array of colonnaded porches stands out, providing a lattice of sun and shadow.

Exterior walls are of solid red-brown brick. Tan bricks are scattered throughout the facades. Exterior wooden doors have central glass panels and a molded lower panel.

Cast iron was used in fences, columns, cornices, balustrades, window and door frames. But the significant architectural innovation was the employment of wrought iron, which entered American construction about 1854-1855. It was used for beams, girders and stairways as well as for shutters and gratings where its toughness improved security.

Its great tensile strength endowed wrought iron with superiority over cast iron and ornamental ironwork was less costly than hand-carved stone capitals and columns.

YOUNG also made the drawings for some of the interior furnishings, such as mahogany benches and desks for the judge and court clerk.

In 1858, construction was suspended because of an outbreak of yellow fever. Yellow fever normally ebbed in late fall but in Galveston it raged on, exacting an enormous toll. A message to Sam Houston concerning construction delays said: "I very much fear that the present generation will pass away before the building is complete."

The building was occupied but a short

time when another disaster befell it — the Civil War. The Confederacy confiscated the customhouse and what's known as the "bread riot" took place in the building. Wives of absent Confederate soldiers marched to the customhouse and demanded flour to feed their hungry families. Many were arrested and a small group was even "deported" to Houston.

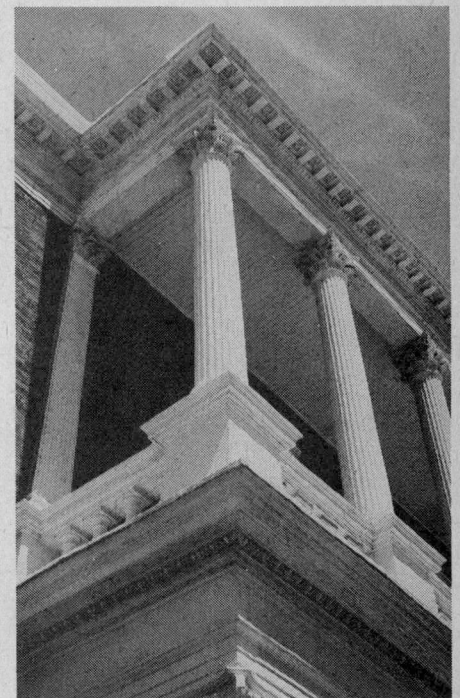
On June 2, 1865, Confederate forces in Texas surrendered, the last gray-clad troops under arms. This was the signal for the blockading Union fleet to take formal and symbolic possession of the customhouse. Three days later the customhouse was the focal point of the official termination of the Civil War in Galveston.

Some 20 years later, a fire swept 48 blocks nearly bare. But the fire resistant qualities woven into the customhouse contributed to its salvation. Then in 1900 a hurricane blew through the city. Winds battered Galveston until suddenly, a huge tidal wave swept in, inundating the city. The customhouse lost only its roof and two chimneys, but the hurricane and tidal wave claimed more than 5,000 lives.

ALTHOUGH her iron and brick facades were periodically lacerated and unkempt, the customhouse has weathered well. Yet not everyone desired to preserve the Iron Lady. Preservation groups and prominent citizens lobbied, cajoled and talked incessantly to secure funds for the customhouse's restoration and authentic interior furnishings.

The restoration of 1966 stripped exterior walls of paint and the original brick was weatherproofed with silicone. Iron columns and trim were repainted their original bright white. Landscapers repaved the sidewalks with brick, interspersing them with trees and lawn squares.

In 1976, the U.S. Customs Service, as part of their Bicentennial contribution to the nation, declared the Galveston customhouse an historic site.



Courtesy Texas Historical Commission

**Corinthian columns are made not of stone or marble but of cast iron. These are on the second floor exterior.**

Special Section  
TRAVEL IN THE WEST



Frontier Museum at Temecula, California.

# FRONTIER MUSEUM

## WHERE JOHN WAYNE STANDS EIGHT FEET TALL

By **BOB SCHMALL**

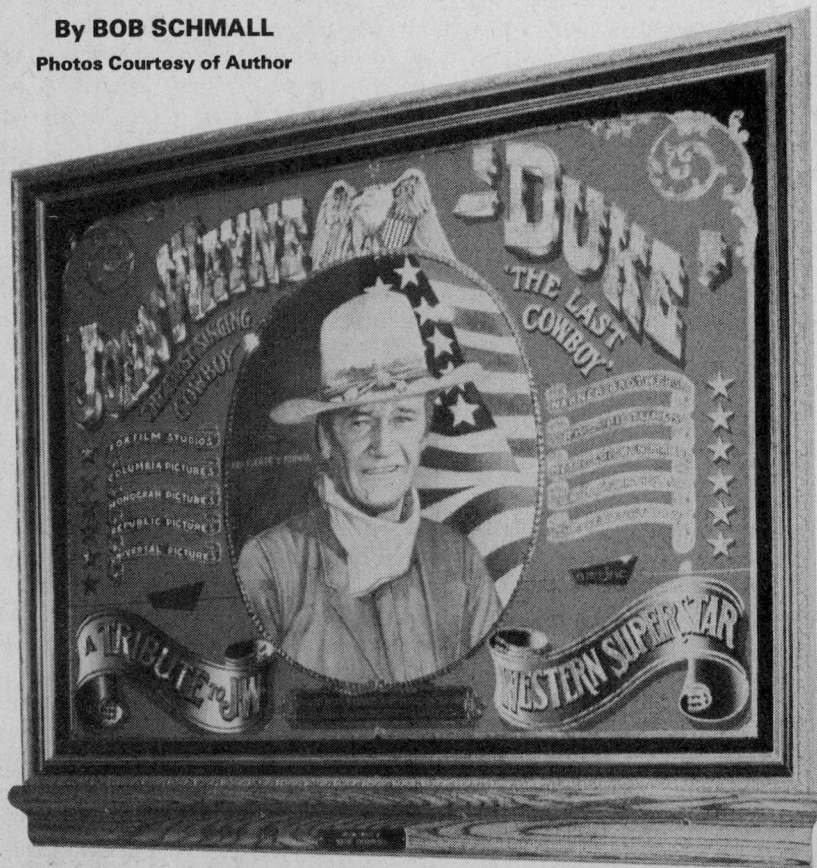
Photos Courtesy of Author

IT doesn't take long to get the feeling of the Frontier Museum in Temecula, California. Just inside the glass doors of the modern building you're confronted by John Wayne, all eight feet of him cast in bronze, gun hand resting easily on one hip and Winchester carbine drooping casually from the other.

It is somehow appropriate that the Hollywood hero most closely identified with the American West should welcome visitors to an Old West museum. But make no mistake about it — behind the slick displays this is a working museum. In fact, this is the largest privately owned collection of western Americana in the world.

The entire project is the vision of John Bianchi, the youngish founder and president of Bianchi Leather Products, the country's largest supplier of gun leather for police, military and civilian uses.

Bianchi, a darkly, handsome man whose casual appearance cannot conceal a strong business sense, took his first step toward fulfillment of a childhood dream by purchasing seven years ago a



Colt .45 owned and used by Wyatt Earp. That plain, well-worn pistol has now become the centerpiece of a heavily documented, 125-gun collection on display at the museum. In addition to the Earp piece, the collection also contains guns owned by Kid Curry, Roy Bean, Frank James, John Clum, John Wesley Hardin, Pat Garrett and nearly every other famous outlaw and lawman.

But Bianchi has not been content to simply show off his firearms.

"I want this to be a true museum in every sense," he said. To achieve that goal, craftsmen were commissioned to create the one-of-a-kind reproductions and dioramas around which the Museum was planned. The collections of Bianchi and other buffs yielded authentic clothing, tack and gear from the period.

In cases where the original articles were not available, reproductions were made using authentic designs and materials. "Authentic western clothing and accessories are not easy to find," Bianchi explained. "We ended up making most of the costumes, which involves some prodigious research."

The Abbott and Downing Concord Coach near the John Wayne exhibit was restored by the last living craftsman who worked for Wells Fargo. This kind of project requires a complete commitment and the resources to back up that dedication. Bianchi obviously has both.

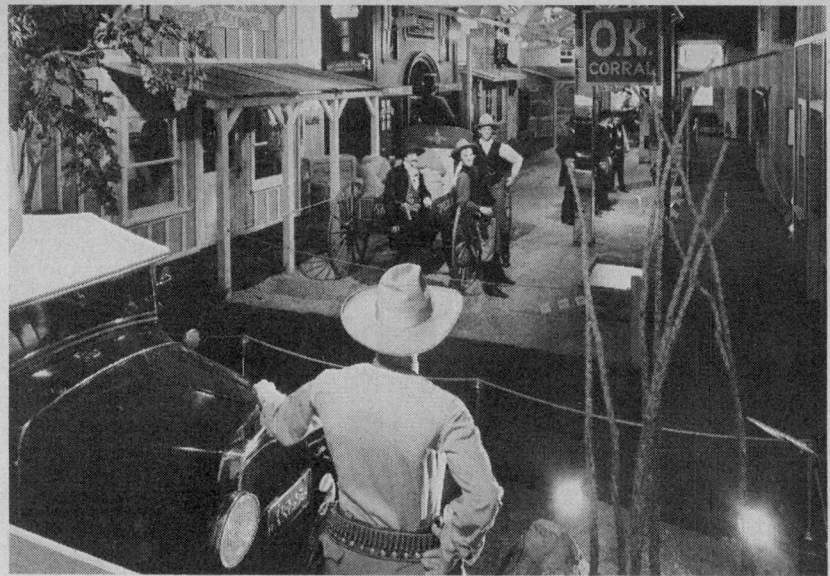
Another necessity is patience. The museum was scheduled to open in 1979, but being finicky takes time and it was April of 1981 before the grand opening.

ARCHITECTURALLY, the building is Spanish style. It is arranged in two parallel "streets" divided by a row of carefully recreated western shops. The first street is a broad avenue taken up by "browsing" displays like the noose which beheaded Black Jack Ketchum, notorious Texas and New Mexico outlaw. Also here are dioramas including a full-scale chuck wagon, Mexican bandits and even the Wild Bunch seated for that famous photograph in Fort Worth.

Noted artist Henry Alvarez was commissioned by Bianchi to create the sixty wax figures posed in the various displays. All are outfitted with authentic clothing and artifacts, and although the likenesses are subject to the limitations of the original images from which they have been sculpted, the feeling of authenticity comes through very well.

At the end of the street a Wild West Show diorama displays a scene from the movie, "Buffalo Bill and the

## SCENES AT THE FRONTIER MUSEUM

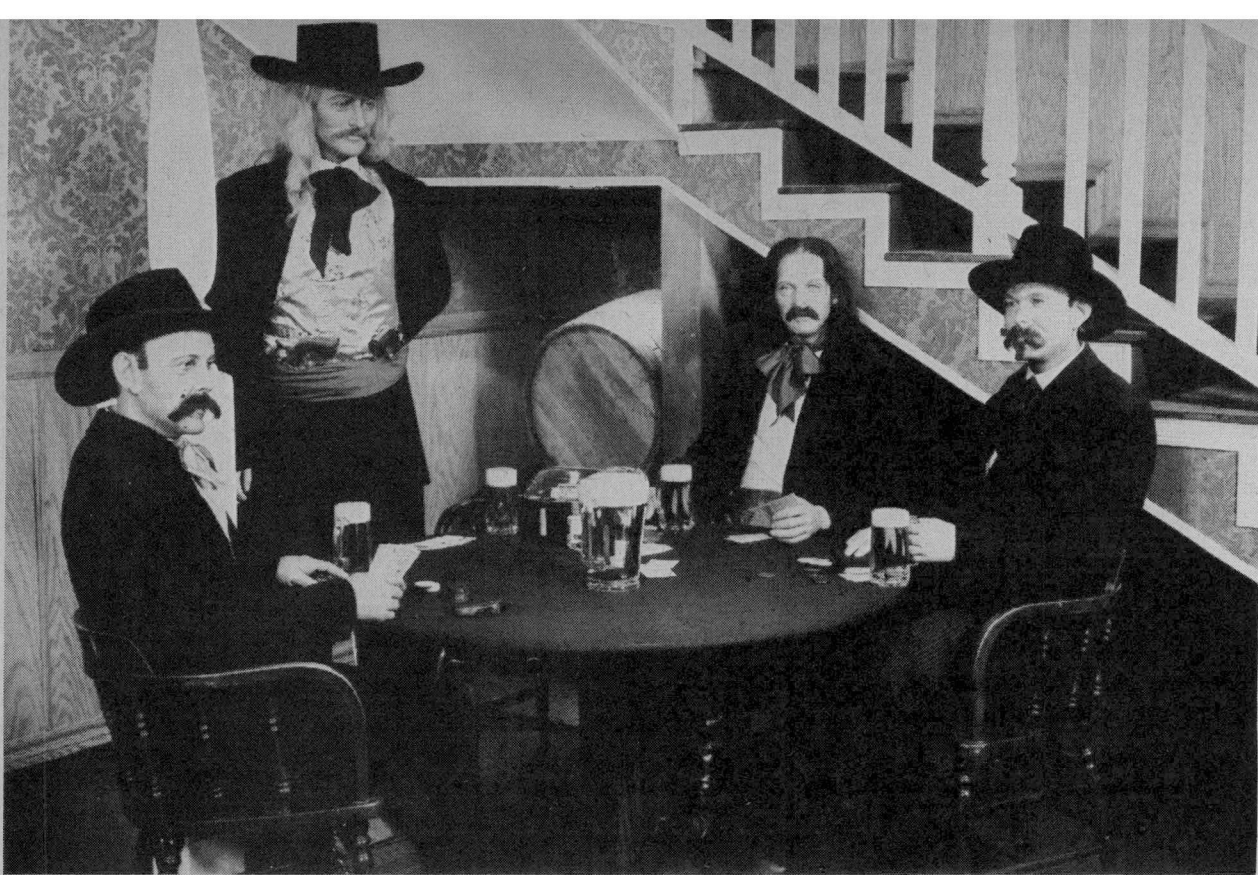


Street scene is recreation of Tombstone, Arizona.



Displays include a scene from Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show (above) and an Old West harness shop (below).





Wild Bill Hickok (standing) supervises a card game in the Longbranch Saloon recreation of the museum.

Indians." Next door, a walk-in Long Branch Saloon offers Wild Bill Hickok overseeing a poker game. (Bill is playing aces and eights all right, but weren't the actual aces both black?) The saloon is large enough to accommodate several tables, and one can picture some future playlet featuring a bowler-hatted bartender introducing the saloon's inhabitants, suitably costumed and rehearsed, to provide some live "flavor" for an audience of curious visitors.

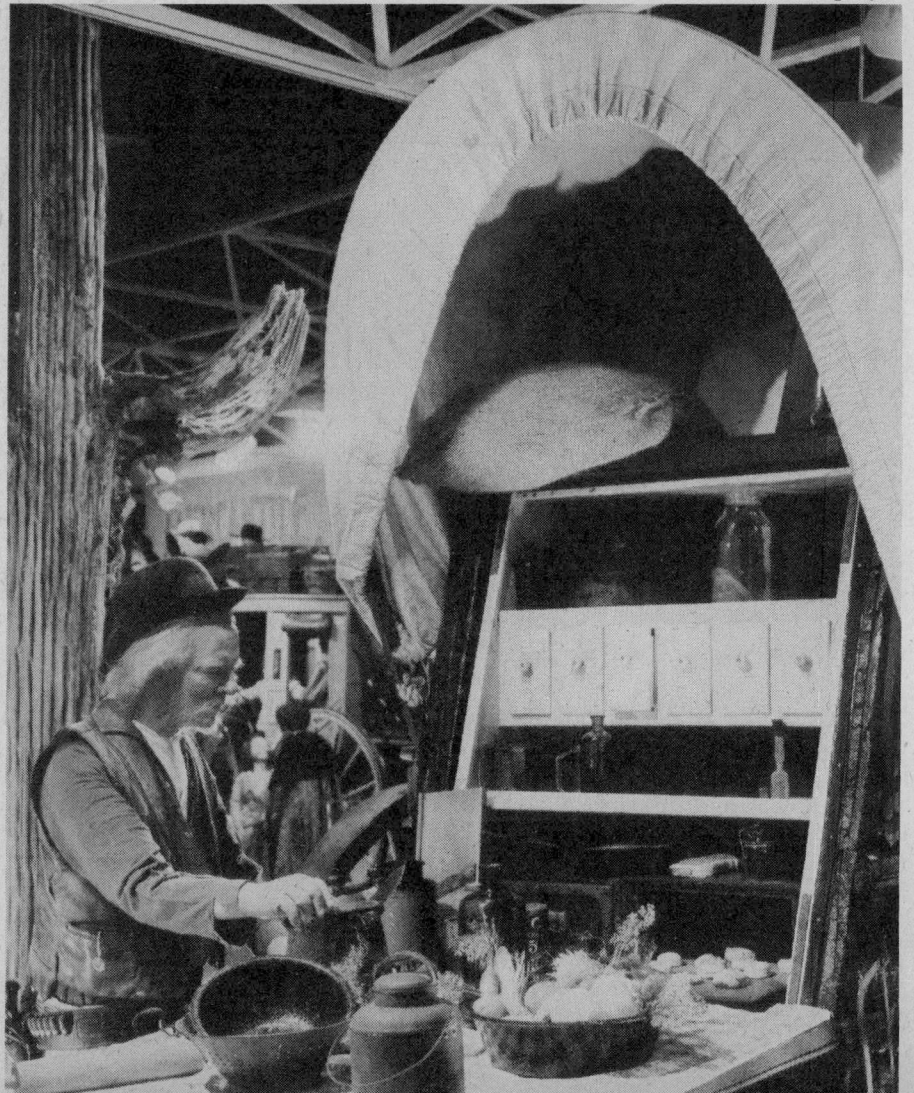
John Bianchi narrates a short film shown continuously in the sit-on-the-steps Frontier theater that is next. A second film covers the OK Corral gunfight and sets the stage for the second main street, a one-block section of Tombstone, Arizona, direct from the 1880s.

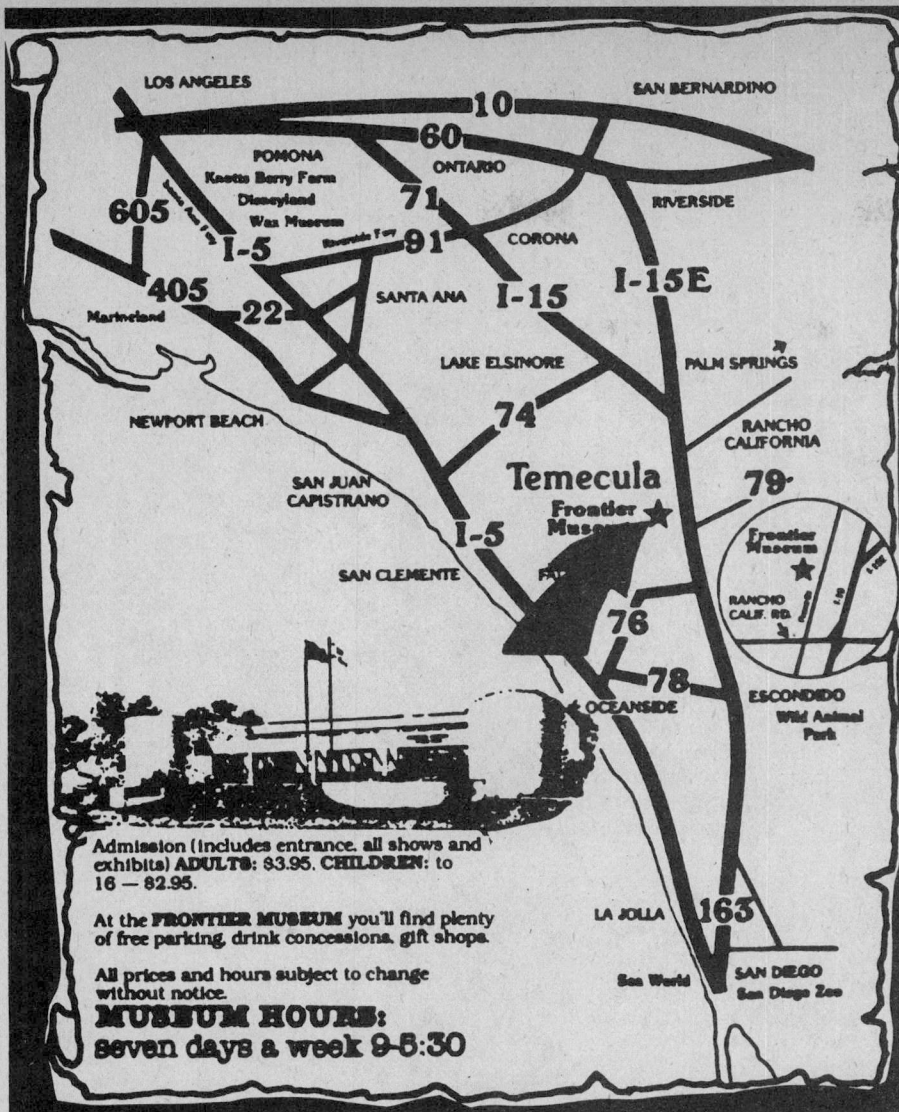
Along one side are the walk-through marshal's office and jail (an appropriate spot for Pat Garrett and the much shorter Billy the Kid to reside). Close by are the jam-packed gun, cutlery and leather shops, the photo studio and a western wear emporium.

Across the dusty street are storefronts of the era filled with artifacts and displays. But be careful. In the middle of the street are four menacing figures in black facing four scruffy outlaws. The OK Corral battle is depicted "as it happened" with sound effects. There is, probably fortunately, no flying lead.

This exhibit is designed so the viewer

A "cookie" or chuckwagon cook is hard at work in one of the museum's displays.





Map to Temecula.

A stagecoach display at the museum.



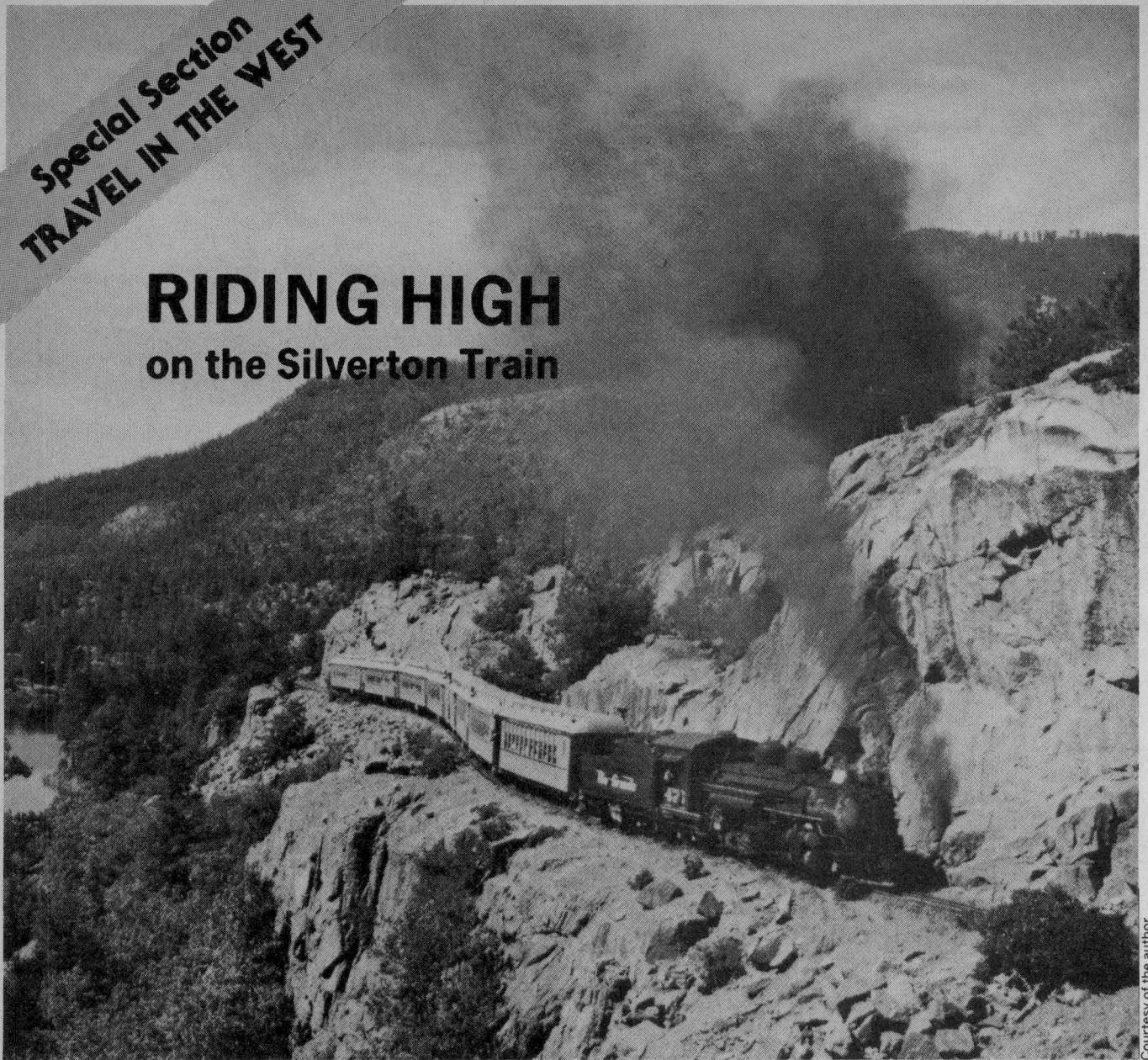
can judge the exact relationships between the men and the buildings in the actual fight. The viewer can also walk in and around the scene looking down the gun barrels. It is an effective show but here again one can imagine a live reenactment for special occasions or weekends.

SOMEHOW the shiny Model A Ford at the foot of the street seems out of place, even with a Texas Ranger leaning on it and watching the action along the street. The car and the cases of ornate twin-rig holsters from the Bianchi shop make an effective transition to ease one back into the present.

All in all, it's a pretty slick operation that could have been just another Southern California tourist exhibit amusement attraction. What keeps the Frontier Museum firmly on the right side is the obvious concern for quality and rigorous authenticity at all costs. Like so many projects inspired by one man rather than a committee, John Bianchi's labor of love never loses track of its goals. It's one of a kind and worth the look.

The Frontier Museum is located at 27999 Front Street, Temecula, California, about one and a half hours north of San Diego and two and a half hours east and south of Los Angeles. Interstate-15 travelers should use the Rancho California Road exit. The museum is open from 9 AM to 5:30 PM every day except Christmas. Admission is \$3.95 for adults and \$2.95 for children under sixteen. Parking is free.

## RIDING HIGH on the Silverton Train



Courtesy of the author

The Silverton — last of the West's narrow-gauge railroad pioneers — near Rockwood, Colorado.

A journey on the Silverton, last of the West's narrow gauge railroads near Rockwood, Colorado, is a scenic adventure. But more than that, it is a trip backward in time. Back to the lusty frontier days of railroading in the Rockies.

The coach you ride in, the laboring engine with its smells and sounds of steam, smoke and working steel, the syncopated rhythm of steam and working steel, the song of wheels on rails, the vastness of the mountains and the solemn intimacy of evergreen forests — all these are part of the experience of riding the Silverton.

It was 1882 when the narrow gauge track reached Silverton, fastest growing mining camp in the scenic San Juans. It was an amazing construction feat when men laid the rails from Durango to Sil-

verton in nine months and two days, working through the howling blizzards of winter.

---

By H.L. MILLER

---

The Silverton line was a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande's pioneer system. It was built on a three-foot gauge tract which proved adaptable to steep grades and sharp curves.

By 1890, the Rio Grande completed a more direct line west from Denver. It was a standard gauge which ran all the way to Salt Lake City and provided a vital link in transcontinental transportation by crossing the towering Rocky Mountains.

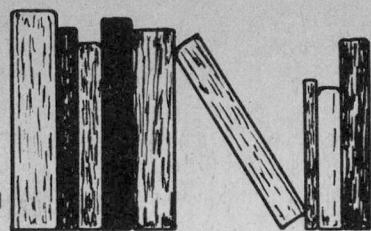
Thus the narrow gauges were bypassed but the Silverton branch contin-

ued, carrying most of the \$300 million in ore produced in the Silverton area over the years.

By the 1950s, abandonment had reduced the little frontier lines to a few freight operations. Only one passenger train was running, the Silverton.

Probably because it was the last, the Silverton stirred with new life. First a few, then several hundred railroad devotees and vacationers came to ride the train for the sheer fun and inspiration of it. Soon, passengers each summer reached the hundred thousand mark.

Today, the Silverton can look to years of continued operation over its 45 miles of track through a region of beauty and rugged grandeur. The Rio Grande has provided for its perpetuation as a living memorial to all railroads and railroaders who helped win the West.



## Building a Western Fur Empire

**ASTORIA.** *By Washington Irving. Edited by Richard Dilworth Rust. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, NE. 374 pages. Soft cover. \$9.95.*

The education of any student and/or scholar of the American West is inadequate and incomplete if they have not read and studied Washington Irving's *Astoria*, especially if their area of interest is early American western expansion or the western fur trade-mountain men era.

*Astoria* is an historical narrative based on John Jacob Astor's attempt to expand his fur trading empire to the West Coast. Nearly all of Irving's story is taken directly from the journals of Wilson Price Hunt, Astor's correspondence and interviews with surviving members of the expedition. Two routes to the Columbia River were planned and executed, one by sea and the other by land.

The *Tonquin*, an excellent ship, loaded with trade goods, sailed from New York City, Sept. 8, 1810. After losing eight men in attempting to find the Columbia River channel from the Pacific Ocean, the *Tonquin* anchored a few miles upriver and the building of Astoria began in mid-April, 1811.

The ship's captain, Jonathan Thorn, allowed trading Indians to board the ship as they were anchored in a harbor at Vancouver Island. Arguments led to a savage battle in which most of the ship's crew were killed. One wounded survivor fired the ship's magazine, blowing up the ship and killing nearly all of the marauders on board. It was a disastrous beginning for this great enterprise.

The overland party under the command of Wilson Price Hunt, after many delays in the Great Lakes region, departed from St. Louis in October, 1810.

During their westward trek they experienced nearly every problem that a malevolent nature, hostile environment and marauding Indians could confront

them with. They were a disorganized skeleton group of individuals when they finally reached Astoria in mid-winter, 1812.

Despite all the tragedies, the remaining Astorians set about establishing trade with Columbia River Indian tribes. Their success was marginal, but just as the venture showed signs of success a killing blow was struck when news was received of the War of 1812. Astoria and all its equipment, furs and holdings were sold (surrendered at a price) to the North West Company, a competing British organization.

In the nearly 150 years since its writing and publication in 1836, *Astoria* has been reviewed many times. This reviewer agrees with Bernard De Voto, Hiram Chittendon and many others who gave their highest praise and acclaim to the book.

In the essential respects of accuracy and comprehensive treatment, Irving's work stands immeasurably above all others on the subject. And, it continues to be the best source for this significant incident in early American Western history.

This epic book has cried out for a responsible scholar to edit it for the last forty years. A storehouse of new historical discoveries, fur-trade era research and extensively researched biographies have been published.

The editor of this book should have added perhaps three hundred footnotes to the narrative filling the gaps and inserting modern-day name locations, and added a comprehensive appendix examining the entire enterprise, why it failed and the subsequent consequences that the failure caused.

The University of Nebraska should be ashamed to have printed it as an "edited book." It is not. Richard D. Rust's editing consists of a small map and thirteen-and-a-half pages of an introduction that basically reviews when, where, why and how Irving wrote the book by what appears to be an excellent exami-

nation of Irving's original manuscript.

— Ernest Allen Lewis  
Penn Valley, California

**THE CALIFORNIA COLUMN IN NEW MEXICO.** *By Darlis A. Miller. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 87131. 305 pages. Hardbound, \$19.95. Paper, \$10.95.*

The California Column was organized to chase the Confederates out of New Mexico Territory in the early months of the Civil War. Colonel James H. Carleton organized and served as its commanding officer. Carleton seems to have been one of those military officers who is absolutely sure God is always with him, but isn't so sure whether it's him or God who is the Supreme Being.

However, historian Darlis Miller doesn't waste much time on Carleton. She's primarily interested in the men who made up the California Column and what became of those who stayed in New Mexico.

They weren't really soldiers. Most came to California to look for gold. It was, after all, only twelve years since the Gold Rush of 1849.

They were young and full of beans and accustomed to knocking about the West. They heard that the Rebels had invaded New Mexico and figured they ought to do something about it. More than 2,000 joined with Carleton in California.

By the time the Column got to New Mexico, the Confederates had retreated to Texas. But there were still Indians to fight. Carleton spent a lot of time on the "Indian problem."

His solution involved killing off many Indians and putting the rest into concentration camps. The Indians didn't much like his solution.

It did give the Californians a chance to size up the territory and decide what

it had to offer a man who might want to settle down after the war. More than a quarter of the men in the Column stayed.

Many married local Hispanic girls. Some got themselves shot in the Lincoln County War. Others stuck their noses into the El Paso Salt War and they got into politics. They figured in county-seat fights, in saloon brawls, in water rights disputes. They were crooks and lawyers who defended crooks. They gave communities bad names and they were solid citizens.

Miller is associate professor of history at New Mexico State University at Las Cruces. She provides copious notes and bibliography for this impressive study. She also provides lists of men from the California Column who lived in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Texas after they were discharged. Anybody looking for good plots for wild west stories or films can find them here in abundance.

— Fern Lyon  
Los Alamos, New Mexico

FORT BLISS, AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY. By Leon C. Metz. Mangan Books, 6245 Snowheights Court, El Paso, TX 79924. 180 pages. \$34.95.

Leon Metz, a gifted and resourceful historian of the Southwest, has produced his sixth book: *Fort Bliss, An Illustrated History*. Like his other works, *Fort Bliss* swings open a gate into a fascinating chapter of our frontier past.

Since 1849, there have been six military posts in and around the strategic El Paso del Norte. Metz outlines the history of each military installation, detailing such significant events as the bloody 1859 fight at Dog Canyon between Apaches and a patrol of Mounted Rifles, the disastrous charge at Carrizal, Mexico, by the 10th Cavalry in 1916, the exploits of the Army Border Air Patrol, and the arrival at Fort Bliss of the 1st Armored Car Troop.

Text and photos record a parade of celebrities who passed through Fort Bliss and/or El Paso: Buffalo Bill Cody, Presidents William Howard Taft and Porfirio Diaz, Charles A. Lindbergh, Pancho Villa, and the Liberty Bell.

The sixth and current Fort Bliss was established in 1893, following a strenuous campaign by El Paso businessmen who recognized the economic importance of a permanent military base. Civic leaders purchased through sub-

scription thousands of acres of land to donate for the permanent post site, streets were built to the fort, streetcars were scheduled between El Paso and Fort Bliss, a ten-inch sewer line to the post was approved, and a swimming pool was constructed at the fort. In response to complaints from the base commander El Paso even closed its raucous Tenderloin District.

In return, military bands offered regular concerts in El Paso plazas and civilians frequently were invited to Fort Bliss for dances, receptions, horse shoes, equipment exhibitions, polo matches and other sporting events.

During the Mexican border difficulties Fort Bliss boomed: By 1916 there were 40,000 troops stationed at Bliss and at a series of camps around town. As early as 1912, monthly paydays pumped \$100,000 into the local economy.

Today the reservation sprawls north into New Mexico, enclosing 1,130,000 acres and almost 5,000 buildings, while providing an annual payroll of \$300 million.

Mangan Books of El Paso has produced a superbly designed volume, handsomely bound in old cavalry colors of blue and gold. There is an appendix, bibliography and index.

Several illustrations provide a captivating supplement to the photographs. There also are several maps. It would have been beneficial, however, to have included a general map showing the six sites of the posts in the El Paso area. A sentence fragment on page 63 and a typo on page 74 provide only minor distractions in an otherwise flawless text.

Metz, a tireless researcher, has accumulated and sifted through a prodigious amount of facts and statistics about Fort Bliss. The casual reader can browse happily through the rich assortment of photographs and illustrations, sampling whatever portions of the text strike his interest, while the history student can find considerable detail about military units and dates.

— Bill O'Neal  
Carthage, Texas

A VAQUERO OF THE BRUSH COUNTRY, CORONADO'S CHILDREN, I'LL TELL YOU A TALE, TONGUES OF THE MONTE, THE LONGHORNS, A TEXAN IN ENGLAND, THE BEN LILLY LEG-

END, OUT OF THE OLD ROCK, RATTLESNAKES, COW PEOPLE, SOME PART OF MYSELF. By J. Frank Dobie. University of Texas Press, Box 7819, Austin, Texas 78712. Paperback from \$6.95 to \$8.95.

J. (for James) Frank Dobie died in 1964 but he is still spoken of with awe and reverence in Texas, not to mention elsewhere in the country and abroad where there is respect for the truth and interest in the folklore of the American West.

Dobie was a formidable figure in his time, a time when Texas letters was considered something of a contradiction in terms. Born on a ranch in Live Oak, Texas, educated at Southwestern University in Georgetown, Texas, and at Columbia University and the University of Texas at Austin, he had a sort of on-going miniature war with the regents of the latter institution. When he was more-or-less fired in 1947, ostensibly for being on leave too often, he continued to enchant legions who crowded his home and lecture halls to hear his slowly drawled stories of mustangs, coyotes, Longhorn cattle, cowmen and the old times.

He was, seemingly from the start of his career, a gifted writer of prose and from 1930 — when his *Coronado's Children* and *Vaquero of the Brush Country* were published — to the end of his life he was a national literary figure, a sort of Texas Carl Sandburg.

Thanks to the efforts of the University of Texas Press, a new generation of readers can discover Dobie without scouring the used book outlets for his works. In eleven beautifully matched paperback volumes, Texas Press is reissuing all of Dobie's books at reasonable prices. Those currently available are:

*A Vaquero of the Brush Country* (1929), in part the story of John Young, old-time vaquero, nemesis of Mexican banditos, prairie fire fighter and rancher. This is also the story of the Chisolm Trail, of ranching in the Texas Panhandle, and of trailing Billy the Kid in New Mexico.

*Coronado's Children* (1930), recounting the legends and folkways of buried treasure in the Southwest — the Lost San Saba Mine, Lost Padre, La Mina Perdida, Maximilian's Gold, the James Boys' Loot, Jean Laffite and Pirate Booty, and so on.

*I'll Tell You a Tale* (1931), a collection of some of Dobie's best writing on Longhorns, mustangs, coyotes, lost mines and buried treasure, tall tales and



J. Frank Dobie books reissued in paperback.

folklore.

*Tongues of the Monte* (1935), Dobie's hauntingly evocative book on his horseback travels through northern Mexico where he lingered in mountain ranches and mining camps and hunkered down by campfires collecting tales and wisdom.

*The Longhorns* (1940), Dobie's masterpiece of Texas history, the story of a breed of cattle which "made more history than any other the civilized world has known."

*A Texan in England* (1944), Dobie's warmly funny book on his experience as a lecturer at Cambridge University.

*The Ben Lilly Legend* (1950), the life of a great American hunter, the self-proclaimed greatest bear hunter in U.S. history after Davy Crockett, "chief huntsman" to Teddy Roosevelt, master sign reader of the Rockies.

*Out of the Old Rock* (1955), containing essays in biography of some of the people Dobie knew in his lifetime — people plain, genuine, unpretentious and independent: A trail driver, a gunman, a wildcatter, a cowboy preacher, a homesteader and a writer.

*Rattlesnakes* (1965), is yarns and legends, gossip and guesswork about rattlers.

*Cow People* (1964) is a record of the fading memories of bygone Texas through the reminiscences of don't-fence-me-in cattlemen such as Ab Blocker and Shanghai Pierce.

*Some Part of Myself* (1967), Dobie's memoir of his life. This book was edited by Dobie's wife Bertha three years after

her husband's death.

This collection of J. Frank Dobie is evidence of what university presses are doing for the western reader, historian and buff, filling a void in publishing and filling it with style and economy.

— Dale L. Walker  
El Paso, Texas

AMERICA, THE MEN AND THEIR GUNS THAT MADE HER GREAT. Edited by Craig Boddington. Peterson Publishing Co., 8490 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069. 186 pages. Hardcover. \$19.95.

This book comprises fifteen chapters, each by a different author, covering famous Americans and their firearms. In some cases the biographies dominate, with the guns mentioned as adjuncts. In other cases the guns take center stage.

For readers interested in pre-Civil War America, there are chapters on Revolutionary War rifleman Timothy Murphy, the pistols used in the Burr-Hamilton duel, the Hawken rifle, and Colt revolvers of the 1830s and 1840s. For Civil War buffs there are articles on the Spencer repeating rifle and on the Confederate cavalry.

More than half the book, however, deals with the post-Civil War period. Tales of life on the Great Plains include Buffalo Bill's buffalo hunt with the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, the 1874 battle between buffalo hunters and Comanches at Adobe Walls, and Theo-

dore Roosevelt's frontier experiences.

As in many books of this type, the individual chapters vary in quality of research and writing. But in general the pieces are well-written, informative, and often accompanied by good contemporary photographs.

Though the book is neither a general survey of frontier life nor of frontier firearms, it does highlight certain aspects of American history. While there is no index, there is a general bibliography, as well as brief biographical sketch of the editor and authors.

— Louis A. Garavaglia  
Colorado Springs, Colorado



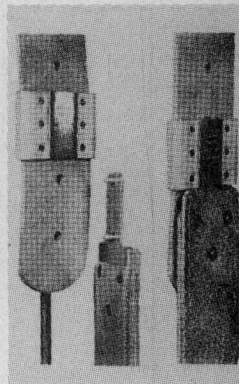
## BLEVINS Stirrup Buckles

Stainless Steel and  
Heat-treated Aluminum  
Satisfaction Guaranteed

NEW  
Leather  
Covered

Prevents rubbing horse or saddle. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly, and very easy to install. Won't slip or stick. Available in 2½" and 3" widths, they are very well made and guaranteed to satisfy.

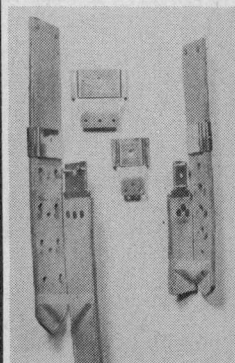
**\$8.25**  
per pair  
plus \$1.25 shipping



NEW  
IMPROVED  
All Metal

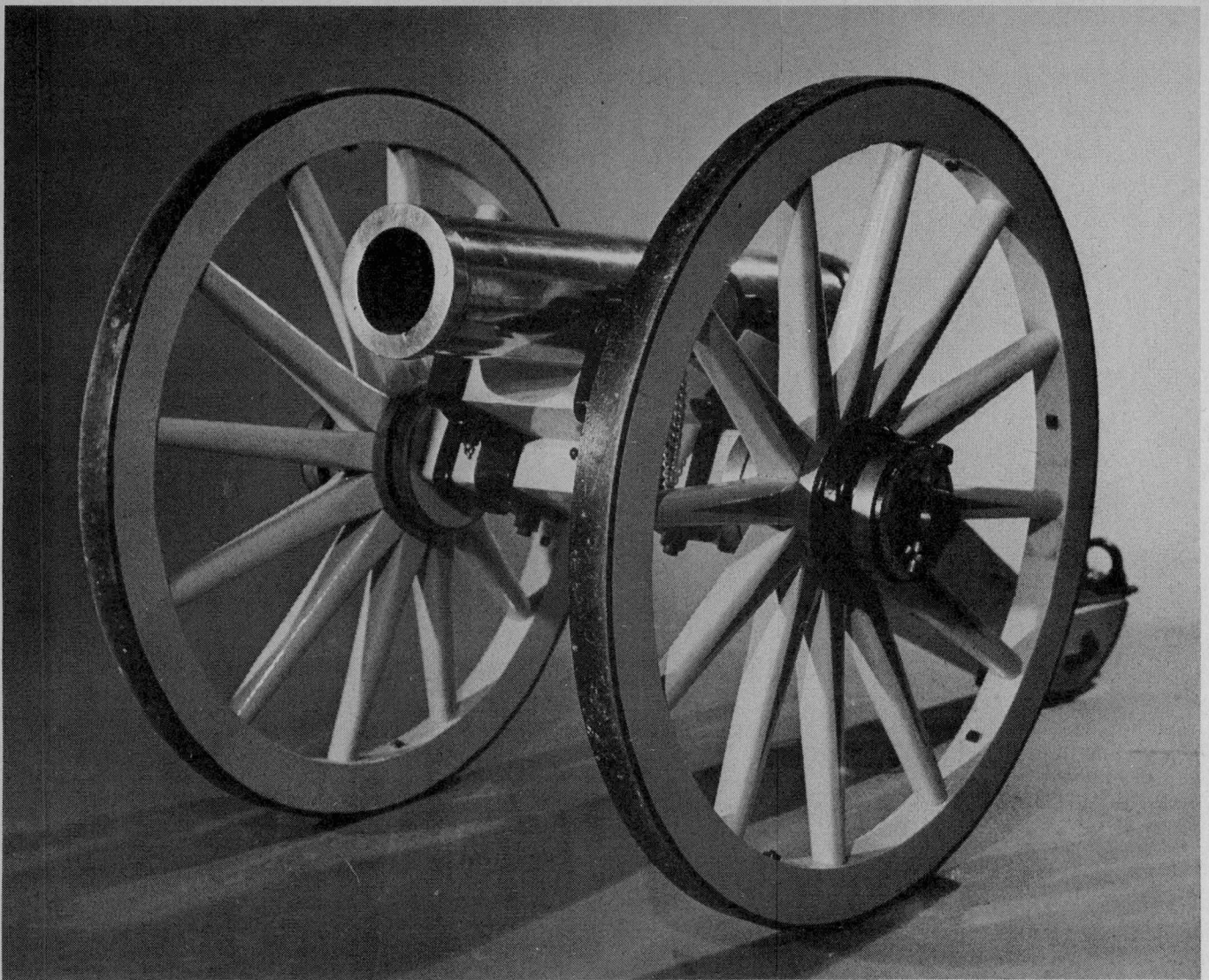
Fine quality stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum, these are in general use throughout the West. Available in 2" width with vertical posts and in 2½" and 3" widths with horizontal posts for standard holes.

**\$6.00**  
per pair  
plus \$1.25 shipping



PLEASE ADD \$1.25 Per Pair Shipping & Handling

Blevins Mfg. Co.  
Wheatland, Wyoming 82201



This howitzer is an exact duplicate of the cannon which for more than a century was thought to be the type abandoned by Fremont on his second expedition in 1843-44.

# *The Strange Story of*

SOMEWHERE east of the Sierra Nevada summit in the tumbled volcanic canyons of the California-Nevada border country lies the wreckage of a U.S. Army brass cannon. Engendered in an era of military innocence, embroiled in political controversy and immortalized in popular legend, the little howitzer has been the object of speculation and intensive search for more than 135 years.

The cannon is still there, somewhere in the craggy mountains right where John C. Fremont abandoned it on January 29, 1844. It left its wheel marks across

*Story By  
Ernest Allen Lewis*

*Photos Provided By Author*

nearly 3,900 miles of prairies, mountains and deserts. When it could go no farther because of the deep snows of the California Sierra Nevada, it was abandoned above the West Walker River in the Sweetwater Mountains approximately seventeen miles northwest of present-day Bridgeport, California. Its odyssey was

heroic, its uses few.

ON his second expedition, Fremont took a more southerly route to the Rocky Mountains than he had in 1842. To save time, shortly after leaving Westport, he split his party. Thomas Fitzpatrick was put in charge of most of the baggage and provisions and sent to Fort Hall by way of the Platte River, Fort Laramie and South Pass.

Fremont and his group went westerly up the valley of the Kansas River, then northwest along the Republican River, on to the South Platte and arrived at Fort St. Vrain on July 4, 1843. Then Fremont made a side trip south to

John C. Fremont



This is the only known likeness of Fremont's lost cannon. This drawing, done by Charles Preuss and appearing in Fremont's "Report of the Exploring Expedition, 1845," has been greatly enlarged to show the cannon and geographical features of the Pyramid Lake area.

# Fremont's Lost Cannon

Pueblo and Bent's Fort for animals and supplies where he again hired his friend and guide of the first expedition, Kit Carson.

Returning north to Fort St. Vrain, Fremont decided against going to Fort Laramie but took a different route to intersect the Oregon Trail. He went up Poudre Canyon by way of the Cache-la-Poudre River, then its North Fork, and through the Laramie mountains.

After crossing the Laramie River, Fremont turned almost due west over what would later be the Overland Trail. On August 5, he camped on the North Platte at a location later to be known as Johnson's Island Crossing.

It was here that a war party of about seventy Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians came charging down on Fremont's small party. But one of Fremont's scouts had seen them in time to give warning and the Fremont party took a good defensive position in a cottonwood grove at the river's bank. The Indians decided not to attack, came in peacefully and accepted gifts.

Journal and diary entries by Fremont and Charles Preuss note that it was here that Fremont's party killed several buffalo with one or more howitzer shots. Not only did they need meat for the trail ahead, but killing great numbers of buffalo with one cannon shot cannister

would have greatly impressed the war party.

Leaving the North Platte, Fremont turned northwest and at the Sweetwater River he was back on the Oregon Trail by August 14. A few days later, he crossed South Pass.

Continuing west, he passed Bear Lake and Soda Springs. And, after some exploration of the Great Salt Lake, he arrived at Fort Hall on September 18, five days after Fitzpatrick and the remainder of the expedition.

Reprovisioned and rested, they left Fort Hall September 22, and after crossing the barren basaltic wasteland of the Snake River Road they passed

Fort Boise, Whitman's Mission and reached the Dalles of the Columbia River on November 4.

With Preuss, Fremont went on to Fort Vancouver for supplies. On a couple of occasions, he commented that Mount Saint Helens had been quite active in November of 1842.

His mission completed, Fremont started his return journey from the Dalles about noon, November 25. The howitzer was the only wheeled vehicle remaining and they were heading for a vast, mostly unexplored, territory, the Great Basin.

On January 10, 1844, Fremont discovered and named Pyramid Lake. On the 18th, he camped on the Carson River near where Fort Churchill would be built 17 years later.

Ostensibly still searching for the Buenaventura River, Fremont continued south until the 24th, when he camped about 20 miles southwest of Hawthorne, Nevada. The next day he turned west, passing through the Bodie Hills which a few years later would yield millions in gold. Coming down Aurora Canyon, he camped on the East Walker River about one mile north of Bridgeport, California.

Fremont accurately and clearly described the landmarks and campsites along his route between January 25 and 29, 1844. The party rested at the Bridgeport camp on the 26th then traveled northwest up the canyon, paralleling present-day Highway 395 across Huntoon Valley and Pimentel Meadow,

camping on Swauger Creek on the night of January 27.

As Fremont stated, January 28, 1844, was a most laborious day. Leaving their camp on Swauger Creek the party wearily trudged through Devil's Gate and passed Fales Hot Springs. Trying to reach Burcham Flat too quickly, they turned north into a series of steep embankments that nearly exhausted the men and animals. After criss-crossing the exposed ridges to avoid the snow drifts in the depressions, they reached the south end of the flat early in the afternoon.

After rest and a meager lunch, they crossed the sagebrush and snow covered plain three miles to little Burcham Creek.

The party with the cannon fell behind because of the snow and thickly bunched, wire-like sagebrush. A healthy sagebrush plant is a formidable obstacle for mules pulling a half-ton of cannon, carriage, and ammunition.

They arrived at Burcham Creek about 4 p.m. when Fremont and most of the party were setting up camp in the saddle of the mountain 1,000 feet above and one mile in front of them. (Hereafter this mountain will be designated Mount 8422.) By nightfall, the cannon party was about halfway up the south face of the mountain when they unhitched the mules, left the cannon, and rode on up to the camp.

The next morning, while the cannon party was going back down the south face of Mount 8422 to retrieve the how-

itzer, Fremont rode down the north face along a gradual trail to the river. As he talked with a group of Washoe Indians, Fremont looked around at the rugged ice- and snow-covered canyon.

Knowing the cannon could go no farther, he sent a messenger, perhaps Kit Carson, back to the camp with this welcome news. The courier probably arrived in camp about the same time as the cannon party returned with the cannon.

It was a jubilant group that rode away from the little howitzer sitting atop its carriage in a small meadow on this high, windswept mountain on the edge of the Sierra Nevada. They may have tried to cache the 500 pounds of ammunition, but they probably made no attempt to conceal or dismantle the cannon. They just rode away. The date was Jan. 29, 1844.

The bronze 12-pound mountain howitzer in the Nevada Museum at Carson City for well over a century was believed to be Fremont's lost cannon. But it is not. It is distinctive in that it is one of the first bronze artillery pieces manufactured in the United States. It is probably the cannon General Kearny lost at the battle of San Pasqual, California, in December 1846.

The Carson City Museum cannon was cast at the Cyrus Alger Foundry in South Boston, Massachusetts, in early 1836. It was delivered to the Army at the Watervliet, New York, arsenal in May 1837. The Army paid \$225 for it. It was probably assigned to the First Dragoon Regiment at Fort Leavenworth in 1837.

It was with General Kearny and his detachment of the Army of the West when he lost the Battle of San Pasqual. This howitzer was probably the one lassoed and lost to Andres Pico. It is also probably the same cannon surrendered to Fremont at Cahuenga, California, January 13, 1847.

Following the California Rebellion, it was with an artillery company at the Presidio in San Francisco. In July 1861 it was assigned to Fort Churchill, Nevada Territory. About this time the cannon was bulged by an overcharge, although it could have happened much earlier.

The Americans refused to fire it in the Battle of San Pasqual because it was in such bad shape. It was deemed unfit for service and was mysteriously given to Captain Augustine Pray and became an ornament in front of his sawmill at Glenbrook on the beautiful east shore of Lake Tahoe.

After Pray died in 1892, the cannon



Horseshoe Cliff on Mountain No. 8422. Washoe Indians may have pushed Fremont's abandoned cannon over this precipice.

had a 50-year comic opera existence around the north and east shores of the lake. It was stolen and re-stolen, hidden, buried and sometimes proudly displayed. Finally, William Bliss donated it to the Nevada Museum for its opening Oct. 31, 1941.

By any measurement, the new Cyrus Alger howitzer was highly successful and a valuable weapon in any command. Maneuverable, easy to transport, and deadly in its effect on an enemy, no commander would relinquish such a cannon without a critical or justifiable reason.

On the other hand, an older foreign-made howitzer, perhaps not as dependable and without the newly developed methods of dismantling, might reasonably be assigned to a scientific expedition endorsed by powerful politicians.

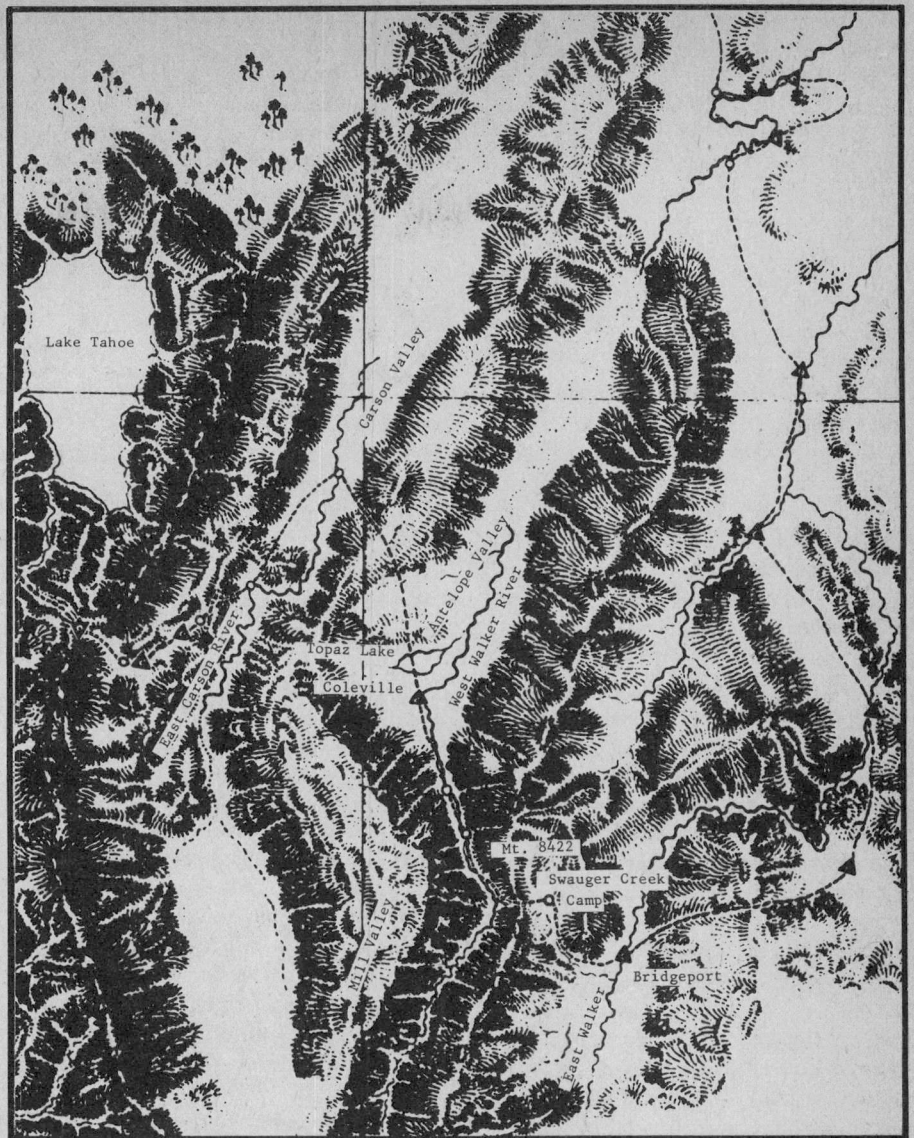
It was in such an atmosphere that Colonel Kearny allowed Fremont to requisition a brass (not bronze) 12-pound mountain howitzer of the type invented by the French. (Not of the type manufactured by the United States.) Although the French howitzer inspired U.S. copies, the Americans used different alloys, different carriages, and developed a superior method of dismantling and transport.

The first known historical analysis of Fremont's route from Fales Hot Springs and the discovery of the cannon was published in 1911, 67 years after the incident. James U. Smith, a native Nevadan, wrote an article for the Nevada Historical Society.

Based on Fremont's narrative and personal interviews with his father, Nevada pioneer Timothy B. Smith and one of the older settlers of Antelope Valley, it was Smith's opinion that the howitzer had been abandoned on the east side of the West Walker River eight or ten miles south of Coleville, California.

He also accepted without question that the cannon had been found among abandoned emigrant wagons which were in Lost Cannon Canyon or another canyon near Pickle Meadows. Smith did not question the authenticity of the cannon which he thought was mounted at Tahoe City on the north shore of Lake Tahoe.

Smith's father, an early rancher near Wellington, Nevada, said that he had seen the abandoned emigrant wagons in Lost Cannon Canyon in 1859. Richard G. Watkins of Coleville, California, who had come to Antelope Valley in 1861, told Smith the cannon was found in one of the canyons leading to Sonora Pass from Pickle Meadows. Both Smith and



Charles Preuss' map of the route taken by the Fremont expedition. The map shows the route following the West Walker River to Coleville, California. Place names have been added for orientation.



Saddle of Mountain No. 8422, where Fremont's party camped on Jan. 28, 1844. The cannon was abandoned here or near here the next day.

Watkins were very old men at the time of the interviews and were trying to recall the events of a half-century earlier.

Five short newspaper articles appeared between 1859 and 1880 reporting that the abandoned Fremont Cannon had been found. There are a number of possible, even probable, explanations for these articles. Each of these articles contains historical errors and fabrications, many of which are obviously intentional.

Putting them all together, Fremont's lost howitzer was undoubtedly seen, but not moved. Any report of the cannon in Virginia City or of other found cannons are references to the Fremont-Kearny Cannon, not the cannon abandoned on Fremont's second expedition three years earlier.

Not one piece of solid evidence has come to light that Fremont's abandoned cannon was found and taken out. One of the greatest pitfalls awaiting the historical researcher is repetitive authority. One historian writes what he believes to be the truth; one or two generations later another historian quotes the first and so on until the premise is accepted as truth.

If just once during the years following the abandonment of Fremont's cannon and the acquiring of the other howitzer, someone would have said, "That is a very nice 12-pound howitzer and I'm sure it has historical significance, but it doesn't appear anything like the cannon Fremont abandoned," perhaps not so much would have been written trying to prove that it was.

The only known "picture" of Fremont's cannon is the sketch Charles Preuss drew at Pyramid Lake only two weeks before the cannon was abandoned. Although Pruess' personality was occasionally criticized, his maps and sketches were highly praised for their accuracy and technique.

Photographs taken from the location where Preuss sat to sketch the expedition party at Pyramid Lake do not depict the scene as accurately as Pruess' sketch or as the human eyes see it. Photo-tech enlargement of the cannon in Pruess' sketch depicts the howitzer as it was. There is no reasonable argument that the cannon appeared any different than the way Pruess sketched it.

If the cannon tube including the handles was of a different type, if the wheels were larger, if the carriage was a different configuration, he would have so drawn them. He depicted the cannon as



**Burcham Flat and the south face of Mountain No. 8422. This was Fremont's view of his route on Jan. 28, 1844.**

it appeared to him and because he sketched the pyramid, the lake, the rocky outcroppings, and the distant hills so accurately, it is logical that his depiction of the cannon is accurate.

There is considerable folklore in Mono County, California, about the cannon, stories of sightings and "lost" locations. Deer hunters have been a traditionally rich source of cannon tales. Not one of these "leads" has ever produced the Fremont cannon, but some of the stories are convincing enough to arouse interest among even the most hard-bitten cynics.

What did the Washoe Indians of Antelope Valley do with the cannon after Fremont abandoned it? The tribe was a small aboriginal race and though surrounded by a plentiful nature, their lives were a daily struggle to feed and clothe themselves and their families. Compared to the Indians of the deserts only a few miles to the east, the Antelope Valley Washoe lived in a paradise.

The Washoe did not have horses and could only have moved the cannon with muscle, if they moved it at all. The cannon and carriage weighed more than 500 pounds, and there were three mule-pack loads of ammunition weighing over 500 pounds.

Whether the cannon was left on Mount 8422 or in West Walker Canyon, it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible for these Indians to move a cannon a distance of more than a mile or two.

Neither could the Indians have dis-

mantled the cannon from the carriage. They had no reason to try and they could not have done it even if they had printed directions.

Although there is no reason to believe that the Indians would want to destroy the howitzer, the possibility must be considered. If this primitive impulse did happen, the most immediate and accessible place to destroy it would have been the granite horseshoe cliff less than 200 yards from where it was left at the January 28 campsite.

They could have pushed the howitzer over this precipice. If this did occur, the cannon is probably still among the huge boulders below. This is one of the least accessible and untraveled areas in West Walker Canyon.

Some historians have suggested that the Indians might have given some religious symbolism to the cannon, but this is doubtful. The Indians more likely considered it an interesting curiosity left by the white men.

The Indians probably hid the cannon in the easiest manner on the mountain where it was abandoned, Mount 8422. They knew the mountain was the least frequented in the surrounding territory by themselves as well as wandering Indians from other tribes. This mountain is not attractive to hunters, fishermen or travelers.

Although Mount 8422 was never attractive to sportsmen, miners of the gold rush era were a different breed. The mountain where Fremont's cannon

was abandoned appears to have no valuable mineral outcroppings but there can be little doubt that the early prospectors gave it some attention. How much and to what extent is unknown.

The harsh reality of grubbing for gold and the outrageous prices for food and equipment soon discouraged most of the prospectors.

Mono County, despite its hundreds of square miles, has never had a population of more than 12,000 people. According to the 1880 census, when all of Bodie's mines were in operation and at peak production, the Bodie population was only 10,000. By 1890, when most of the mines had been worked out, the census showed a county population of 2,002. The present-day population is 7,500 and many of these are part-time residents. Mountainous Alpine County, Mono County's northern neighbor, has a population of 1,100.

There never were many people in this vast mountainous area to search for or stumble on Fremont's lost howitzer. The research on the Nevada Museum cannon produces an overwhelming case against its authenticity.

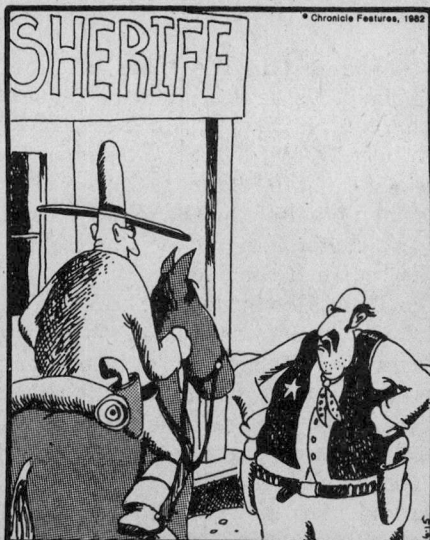
The locale is immense, the altitude steals the breath, the obstacles are formidable, and the treasure is small. In winter it is bitterly cold and the deep snows belabor the human body and tire it in a short time. In summer the heat, rocks, sagebrush and millions of ants mar the way and keep you from resting.

Fremont's howitzer is still somewhere on Mount 8422, or within one or two miles of it. Someday it may be found, but it is still there for those who don't mind a little discomfort.



## THE FAR SIDE

By GARY LARSON



"Hold it right there, stranger. We got us a hatchback law in this town ... So just take it off niiiiice and slow."



## EL PASO LAWMAN: G.W. CAMPBELL

by Fred Egloff

The story of G.W. Campbell, one of El Paso's early marshals who was later killed in a shoot-out with Dallas Stoudenmire.

Based on letters and photographs from the family and other new material.

Hard cover ..... \$12.95

Soft cover ..... \$7.95



THE EARLY WEST SERIES  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

# MID-CONTINENT LEATHER

EVERYTHING  
FOR THE  
• SADDLE AND  
REPAIR SHOP  
• SMALL  
MANUFACTURER  
• MASTER OR  
BEGINNING  
CRAFTSMAN

Each leather is available in several grades so that we can meet your needs for

the **BEST LEATHER** at  
the **BEST PRICE!!!**

Catalog, \$1.25, refundable on first order.  
— Every order is hand selected.  
— Satisfaction guaranteed.  
— Call us free and compare.

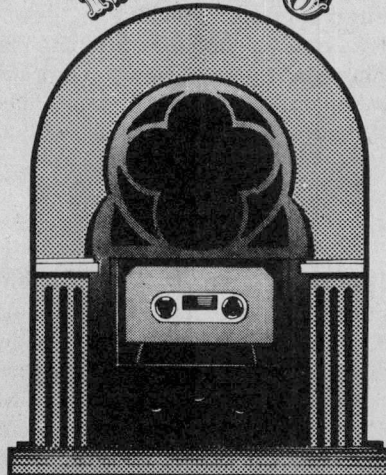
TOLL FREE 1-800-331-9134  
IN OKLA. (COLLECT) 1-918-747-2061

**MID-CONTINENT**  
*Leather Sales Co.*

P.O. Box 4691

Tulsa, OK 74104

## OLD TIME RADIO



— on cassette —

## THE BEST OF OLD TIME RADIO

FROM THE 30's, 40's AND 50's

Now the Golden Age of Radio ... for you to enjoy today. Choose from old time western greats like **GUNSMOKE**, **HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL**, **HOPALONG CASSIDY**, **THE CISCO KID** and many others! Enjoy the vintage country music of **THE GRAND OLE OPRY** ... **PLUS** hundreds of other titles! Order any set for just \$19.95 plus postage and handling and **WE'LL SEND YOU A CATALOG FREE!** (Send \$3.00 if ordering catalog only.) Each set includes 12 exciting original radio shows on six quality one hour cassettes. These nostalgic radio greats make unique gifts ... and they're entertaining company when you travel. Order now ... Charge it with your **VISA** or **MASTERCARD** or send check or money order for \$19.95 plus \$2.00 postage and handling per set in the continental U.S. or \$19.95 plus \$3.00 postage and handling per set for orders outside the U.S. Allow three weeks delivery. Orders are shipped UPS when possible. Send now to: **BWP-TWM RADIO** • Suite 9-E • 1105 North Main Street • Gainesville, FL 32601.

**GUNSMOKE** 12 selections featuring Doc, Kitty, & Chester ... "The Way It Was" in Dodge City, Kansas 1871.  
**GREAT WESTERNS** 12 selections featuring **HAVE GUN, WILL TRAVEL** ... **RED RYDER** ... **GUNSMOKE** ... **HOPALONG CASSIDY** ... **AND OTHERS**.  
**GRAND OLE OPRY** Opry stars like Red Foley, Ernest Tubb, Bill Monroe, Chet Atkins & others featured in this set. (Florida residents add 5% sales tax)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Sets Ordered: **Gunsmoke** \_\_\_\_\_ **Great Westerns** \_\_\_\_\_ **Grand Ole Opry** \_\_\_\_\_

I'M CHARGING IT! \_\_\_\_\_ **MASTERCARD** \_\_\_\_\_ **VISA** \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Acct. No. \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Desired Shipping (Circle one)  UPS  US MAIL

# The Answer Man



**Who was Tom Threepersons?** Robert Valdner, 427 Hillman Ave., Staten Island, New York City, NY 10314, asks the question, "Do you have any information or photos of Tom Three-



Two pictures of Tom Threepersons, circa 1920.



persons? My grandfather scouted with him in Mexico...he had a very active life as a lawman."

Tom Threepersons certainly did have an active life as a lawman. He was a full-blooded Cherokee born at Yenita, Oklahoma, on July 22, 1890. As a child, he moved with his family to the province of Alberta, Canada, where he became an expert horseman.

As early as eighteen years of age, he held a commission as a police officer. In 1910, his father was killed by rustlers and Tom joined the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. During the two years he was a "Mountie," he pursued and killed his father's slayers.

Threepersons' career in the United States began after his discharge from the Army in 1920. He had a short career with the Internal Revenue Service in El Paso, Texas, and in 1922 joined the El Paso police department.

The following year he became a mounted U.S. Customs inspector and in 1928, he put his law enforcement career behind him to concentrate on his ranch in Silver City, New Mexico.

Tom had a completely different kind of shooting hobby — he was an avid nature photographer. He died in 1969 of pneumonia.

**He was Killed By Clay Allison.** Going from law to outlaw, we have several questions about a Southwest desperado named John "Chuck" Colbert, from Roger Burns, 224 Lexington St., Wylam, Birmingham, AL 35224. Colbert is an elusive individual whose apparent claim to fame is that he was killed by shootist Clay Allison. I know of no photographs of Colbert and have never seen a reliable description of him. I know nothing of his early life.

As for Colbert's ability as a gunfighter, all we can say for sure is that he

was not as good as Allison! We do have records of him killing a Negro named Charles Morris near Cimarron, New Mexico, in 1871, supposedly because Morris had run off with Colbert's wife. Near Trinidad, Colorado, he was involved in the killing of L. von Webzer and George Cunningham, two alleged cattle rustlers. Colbert was with a posse at the time. This happened on July 13, 1872. On Dec. 27, 1873, Colbert killed Walter Walker (or Waller) near Trinidad.

The most frequent explanation for his wanting to kill Allison is that about 1866, Allison killed his uncle, Zachary Colbert. He also may have wanted to kill Allison to boost his reputation as a "badman."

On Jan. 7, 1874, Allison and Colbert met for dinner after a day of horseracing and drinking. During the course of the meal, gunfire erupted. Colbert was killed by Allison with a single shot in the head. This took place at Clifton House, near present Raton, New Mexico.

**Wanted: Old West Maps.** From England, we have an unusual request from one G. Dawson, Mt. Dept., HMS Hermes, BtPO (Ships) London, who asks if we have "old maps of the States in the Period of the Old West. What I want one for is to put the places where the Indian tribes came from; also the Old Trails, Goodnight and Co...."

It would be a very large map if we could show all the Indian tribe locations as well as the cattle trails. The tribes were forced to relocate many times. Several books show these things, among them *A Guide to America's Indians* by Arnold Marquis (University of Oklahoma Press, 1974) and the *American Heritage Book of Indians*, edited by Alvin M. Josephy Jr. (1961). For cattle

trails see *The Cowboys* by William Forbis (TIME-LIFE books).

### The Mystery of John Ringo.

Although John Ringo was a well-known gunfighter, he remains fascinating and mysterious. He was involved in the Mason County War of Texas and was a principal figure in the feuds of Tombstone, Arizona, during the early 1880s. Mystery also surrounds his death: Was it suicide or a well-staged murder?

Dave Johnson, 6918 Hoover Road, Indianapolis, IN 46260, is trying to find answers to many questions about Ringo. The main blanks cover the decade from 1864 to 1874.

"I am interested in learning more about John Ringo (1850-1882) and Joseph Hill (1849-1883)."

Readers who have information on Ringo and on Joseph Hill may wish to correspond with Johnson. In addition, he'd like to know the real names of two Deadwood, South Dakota, personalities called "Nigh Wheeler" and "Three Shooter Smith."

— Chuck Parsons

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



## INDIAN CRAFT SUPPLIES

**INDIAN REGALIA FOR THE INDIAN COSTUME CLASS**

Over 200 Costume Kits. Readymade War Bonnets. Readymade Beaded Items. Over 900 Books and Records. Furs. Feathers. Seed Beads. Leathers. Tobacco. Bumper Stickers. Bone Beads. Tin Cones. Skins. More than 4,000 items to choose!

**GREY OWL**  
Indian Craft Manufacturing Co.  
113-15 Springfield Blvd. Queens Village NY 11429 212 464-9300

### THE CAPTURE OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

by CHUCK PARSONS

Read how John Wesley Hardin was captured in 1877 by Sheriff Hutchinson when Hardin was Texas' most-wanted outlaw and the deadliest gunfighter of all time. A highly-researched and exciting story of the premier gunfighter.

Hard cover ..... \$9.95

**THE EARLY WEST SERIES**  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

## GREAT SAUSAGE RECIPES

227 page illustrated book explains sausage making plus home curing and smoking of meat, fowl and fish. Over 100 recipes. Free equipment and supply catalog has more information. For yours, send to:

**The SAUSAGEMAKER**  
177-80 Military Rd., Dept. 80 Buffalo, NY 14207

### .50 Cal. Machine Gun Belts

Enhance your Warbird, gun room, place of business with impressive and unique wall display of .50 cal. shells, 5 1/2" long, complete with copper jacket projectiles intact, including steel links for continuous belt.

- ★ Original Frankfort Arsenal, 1943-44 issue.
- ★ No powder, safe, legal to buy.
- ★ Excellent condition.

Super large 100 rounds,	<b>\$53.50</b>
nearly 9' long	Shipping <b>\$6.00</b>
50 rounds	Shipping <b>\$4.00 \$29.50</b>
25 rounds	Shipping <b>\$3.00 \$16.50</b>

**JOE JELINEK** (312) 758-2183  
1201 Cottage Grove, Chicago Heights, ILL 60411

## FLINT ARROWHEADS

50 for \$10.00
100 - \$18.00
500 - \$75.00
1000 - \$125.00

Collected along the plains of the Rio Grande.

ALL ORDERS ARE POSTPAID  
**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK**

**UNIVERSAL PRODUCTS CO.**  
3005 Juarez Ave., TW-3  
Laredo, TX 78040

## Build Your Own

**Covered Wagon**  
or

**Stage Coach**

These American made wood kits are authentic replicas of the old west and come complete with all necessary parts and instructions for easy assembly. The wagon canvas top and stage coach back flaps and curtains come in either red or blue. The wagon makes a unique lamp with the addition of simple electrical equipment (not included). Wagon size 16x6 1/2 x 8 1/2. Stage Coach size 19x8x10 1/2. Indicate color choice canvas top of wagon and color back flaps and curtains of stage coach. Covered Wagon \$8.25, Stage Coach \$14.55 ppd. Satisfaction or money-back guarantee and immediate delivery. Free details. Canadian add 10% US\$.

**A. Frederick**  
Dept. 2633, Box 1311  
Sioux Falls, SD 57101

## BINDERS

- TRUE WEST is stamped in gold on the cover and the backbone.
- Convenient, easy to handle, it holds 10-12 issues. (Many back issues available.) No punching or mutilation of your copies necessary. You'll like it on your bookshelf!

**Only \$7.95**

**Postpaid — IDEAL FOR GIFTS! —**

**TRUE WEST BINDERS**  
700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990

I am enclosing \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Send \_\_\_\_\_ binders to the following:

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Now you may obtain a sturdy binder with fine simulated leather cover for your copies of TRUE WEST at just \$7.95 each, postpaid.



William A. Leidesdorff

## *From mud flats to big business —*

By **ETHEL BANGERT**

EXCEPT for a short alley near the San Francisco waterfront and a stack of dusty legal petitions concerning the duped heirs of a vast estate he left without a will, the name of William Alexander Leidesdorff is almost unknown.

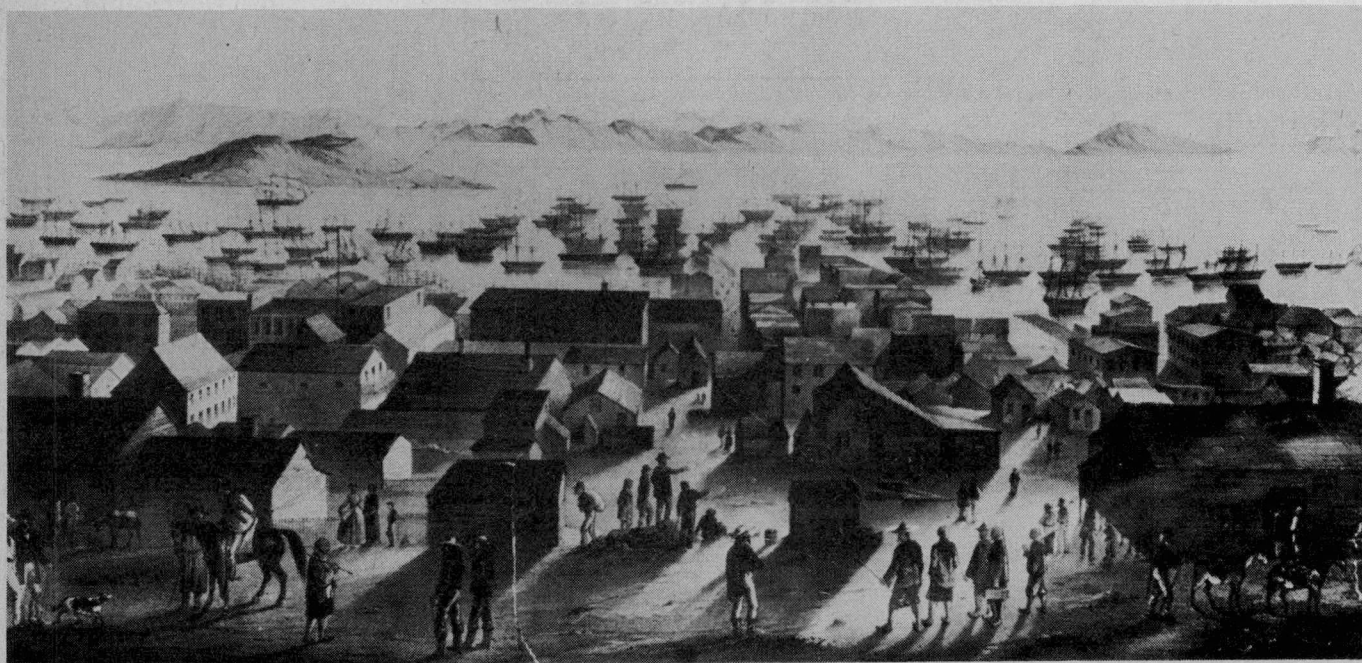
An early California pioneer, at one time Leidesdorff was one of the most prominent men in the West. He was a man who always, to the hour of his death, tried to advance the interests of his adopted city.

According to historian Hubert Howe Bancroft, Leidesdorff was intelligent and well-educated (he had a thorough grounding in the classics). He dressed well, spoke five languages, was enterprising and honorable. If he had any vices, it was a quick temper and a tendency to quarrel at the drop of a hat.

Leidesdorff had a strong British accent although he was actually the son of a Danish sailor and a native woman from the West Indies. An English plantation owner reared him and, when he was a young man, sent him to New Orleans to learn the cotton business.

In New Orleans, the swarthy, handsome Dane fell in love with a beautiful

San Francisco in the pioneer days, the bay, Goat Island and the Contra Costa range of mountains beyond.



# The Dane Who Helped Build San Francisco

girl who had ties to the French nobility. The girl's father insisted the young couple could not become engaged until Leidesdorff had made his mark in the cotton business.

Instead, fortune smiled on the lovers when the young man's patron, the planter, willed Leidesdorff his fortune and died.

The young couple was engaged but one thing discouraged Leidesdorff. He knew how proud his fiancée's parents were. He was worried they would oppose the marriage when they learned the truth about his mother.

His mother, Anna Maria Spark, had never married. She was granted legitimacy for her six children, including William, by an act of Danish law. While mostly Caucasian, Anna Maria was also part black and Carib.

William was right to be so deeply concerned about his prospective in-laws. As soon as he told his sweetheart of his mixed parentage, the young bride-to-be broke the engagement. She said she did so knowing the rage of her father.

The story is that the fiancée died soon after of a broken heart and that young Leidesdorff, in the manner of many grieving Danes, turned to the sea.

LEIDESDORFF ARRIVED in San Francisco (or Yerba Buena, as it was known then) in 1841. He anchored his little schooner in San Francisco Bay. It was the first boat propelled by steam to enter the bay. He acquired it in Sitka, Alaska, from the Russian government. It had been built in Alaska by an American as a pleasure craft for Russian officers.

After his landing, Leidesdorff made frequent trips between Yerba Buena and Honolulu trading hides and tallow. Unfortunately, his small ship was wrecked in a gale after a year or so.

The enterprising Dane used his tallow profits to purchase a lot in Yerba Buena at the corner of Clay and Kearny streets. The next year, 1844, he built a warehouse at California and Leidesdorff

streets. The latter became the alley that still bears his name. He began a highly profitable import-exporting business.

Most people at that time believed California was only a mining country, that nothing would grow there. So millions of dollars worth of flour, butter and lumber were imported. William was on deck to help the trading along.

IN THE SAME year Leidesdorff became a naturalized Mexican citizen. As such, he received a large piece of real estate eight Spanish leagues in size and called the Rancho Rio de los Americanos.

This grant was more than 35,000 acres and today includes the town of Folsom, California as well as part of suburban Sacramento. He also purchased a huge rancho in the area where the city of Lafayette now stands.

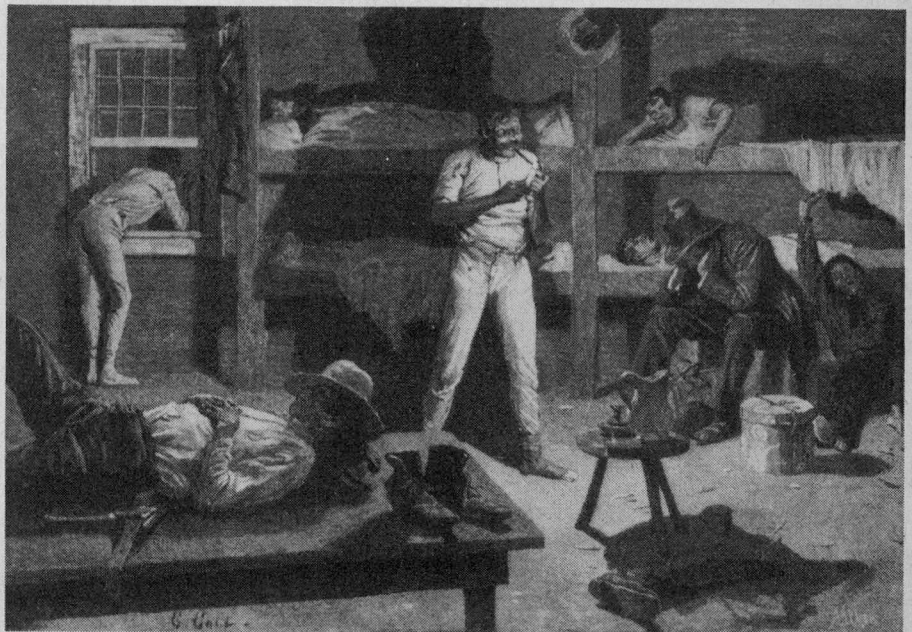
Leidesdorff was a builder. He built his first house fronting on the beach. Then he built the warehouse where he stored hides, tallow and other merchandise. His two-story adobe building on the southwest corner of Kearny and Clay faced what is now Portsmouth Square.

Two years later, Leidesdorff retired from the merchantile business and constructed what became the first hotel in town. A rather pretentious building, considering most people lived in shacks in those days, the hotel operated until 1851, when one of San Francisco's great fires destroyed it.

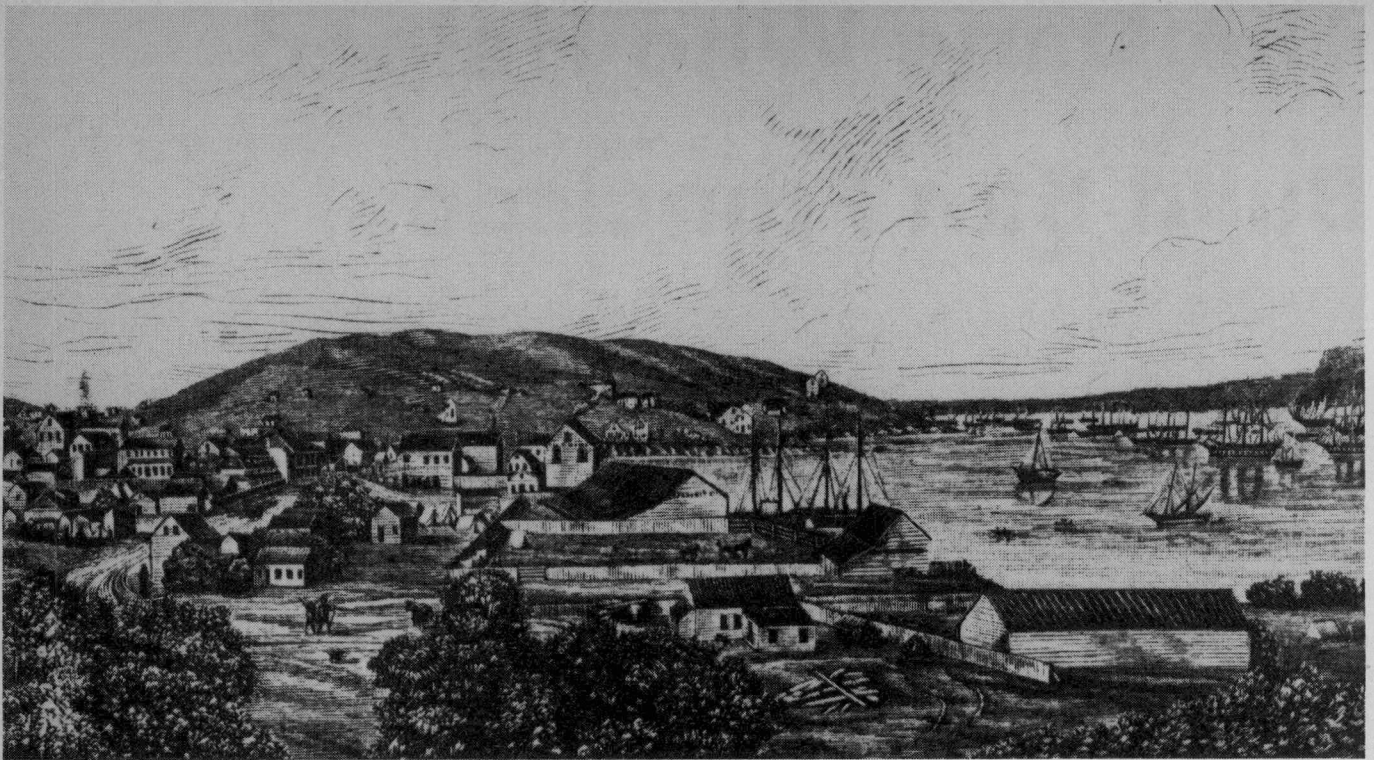
His other city lots became very valuable. During his short lifetime (he died at age 36 on May 18, 1848), his holdings skyrocketed in value. Wild speculation in city lots, merchandise and lumber swept the city driving up prices — and all this was before the 1849 gold rush!

San Francisco, as it was to do many times, rose from the ashes. Mud flats were filled in, sand hills leveled, and houses were built. Banks, hotels and stores were erected. What had been a flea-infested barren sandy waste became a thriving city and Leidesdorff had his Danish finger in just about every civic pie.

STRANGELY, Leidesdorff was completely American in outlook, in spite of his English ties and California-Mexican real estate holdings. American Consul

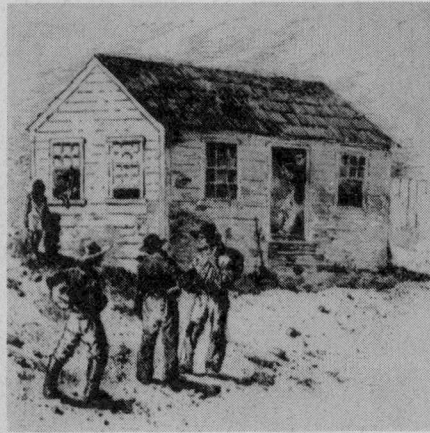
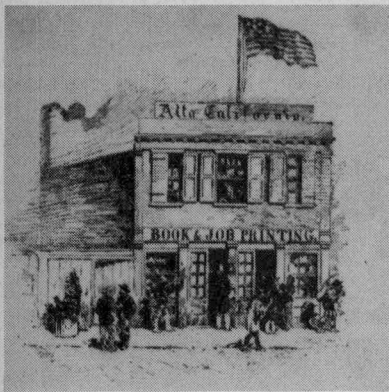


Interior of a San Francisco lodging house, circa 1840s.



San Francisco in 1849.

Photos Courtesy of  
California State Library



Upper left: Building of the "Alta California." Upper right: The first schoolhouse in San Francisco. Bottom: Corner of the Plaza, February, 1850.

Tomas Oliver Larken appointed Leidesdorff United States vice-consul to California in 1845.

Leidesdorff also was a prominent member of the city council and the school board. He was the first treasurer of Yerba Buena. As U.S. vice-consul, he wrote an eyewitness account of how the California Bear Flag Republic was established by a group led by Major John C. Fremont. Leidesdorff's role in these events give him a prominent spot in California history.

When he died so suddenly, Leidesdorff was unmarried and he left no will. His estate passed into the hands of others and in time, became one of the most famous cases of California litigation.

His heirs, his mother, five brothers and sisters, did not understand the real value of his vast holdings and sold their rights for a few thousand dollars.

However, upon Leidesdorff's death, the townspeople honored him by closing all stores and business hours. Flags flew at half-mast on buildings and ships. At the Presidio, small cannon salvos were fired at one-minute intervals. His cortege passed slowly through the town he had loved so much. He was buried with full honors in the church yard of the Mission of Dolores.

Today, the name of Leidesdorff is mostly forgotten and his story is preserved only in musty records and a little alley in San Francisco.

## REEL COWBOYS

# Star Rises with Jesse James Role

By BILL O'NEAL

JESSE James has been the focus of numerous Western movies. The Missouri outlaw and his misdeeds have been portrayed with accuracy, but never was Jesse so thoroughly whitewashed than in 1927 by silent film star Fred Thomson.

Thomson was an outstanding athlete who earned college letters in football, basketball, baseball and track, and in 1913, he shattered Jim Thorpe's decathlon record. He took two college degrees and became a Presbyterian minister and the Nevada commissioner of Boy Scouts.

When his wife died, Fred joined the army as a chaplain, but broke his leg in a service football game. In the hospital he met film star Mary Pickford and a screenwriter who later became his wife. After he returned from World War I, his Hollywood connections, combined with a magnificent physique and dazzling good looks, propelled him into movies.

Quickly Fred became a western star rivaling even the great Tom Mix and in 1927, he signed a contract with Paramount for \$100,000 per film.

His first Paramount movie was "Jesse James." But Jesse was transformed to fit the Presbyterian-Boy Scout morality of Reverend Fred Thomson. The James brothers, who never committed a robbery in the film, were presented as staunch Confederates fighting for a just cause; their commander, the detestable guerrilla William Clarke Quantrill, was portrayed as a Civil War hero.

Fred's mount — an important factor in his popularity — was a superb white stallion named Silver King. In one exciting scene Fred and Silver



Fred Thomson was paid \$100,000 to star in *Jesse James*.

King led the James gang in galloping alongside a speeding train. Fred and his men leap from their horses and clamber through the train's windows. When the James boys are criticized in the film, a character called Parson Bill declared, "If this is justice, durned if I'll be a pastor any more."

Magazines refused to accept such a blatant exoneration of the James gang, and "Jesse James" died at the box office. Fred's career took an abrupt nosedive, but before he could rebuild his following he stepped on a rusty nail and tragically died of tetanus at the age of thirty-eight.

Courtesy Duncan Poster Service, Dallas, Texas.



### Alice's Country Cottage MOUNTAIN MAN SHIRT

100% cotton with homespun look, wooden buttons and dropped shoulder seams, natural color. Authentic 1800's design. XS, S, M, L, XL. \$22.95 ppd. Wholesale orders welcome.

ALICE'S COUNTRY COTTAGE  
Box 3-TW Rohrsersville, Md. 21779

### ALADDIN

### KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP



The original authentic Aladdin Lamp. Features patented kerosene burner, produces brilliant white light. Replacement parts for old and new lamps.

Cat. 60¢ Dept. 27  
CAMPBELL LAMPS  
1108 Pottstown Pike, West Chester, PA 19380

### Save Money! on famous brand WESTERN BOOTS



Delivered to your door POSTPAID!  
Write for FREE COLOR CATALOG & \$2 DISCOUNT COUPON

**JD RANCH STORE**

1408 West Davis • Dept. TW • Dallas, Texas 75208

SELECT FROM  
26 UNIQUE WESTERN POSTER-PRINTS  
SIZE 16" x 20"  
Only \$4.75 each

Add \$1.55 Postage & Handling

CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 6% SALES TAX

BUFFALO BILL • ANNIE OAKLEY  
BILLY THE KID • PAT GARRETT  
GENERAL CUSTER • POKER ALICE  
WILD BILL HICKOK • GERONIMO  
CALAMITY JANE • SAMUEL COLT  
CURLY TOP POST • TOM SMITH  
JESSE JAMES • FRANK JAMES  
WAR CHIEF GALL • WYATT EARP  
DOC HOLIDAY • BELLE STARR  
BUTCH CASSIDY • BLACK HART  
BAT MASTERSON • BLACK BART  
CHIEF JOSEPH • WOODEN LANCE  
SITTING BULL • PERRY OWENS

\* SPECIAL OFFER \*

Buy 10 Posters \$37.50

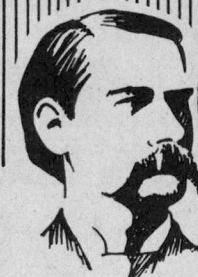
YOU SAVE \$10.

\* ADD \$1.55 POSTAGE 10 ORDER \*



A whole passel of Old West super stars to choose from

Money back guarantee • Send Check or M.O. to  
**HART GRAPHICS**  
50 RINGOLD STREET  
San Francisco, Ca. 94103



## O.K. Corral

THE O.K. CORRAL  
INQUEST  
by Al Turner

Read the complete testimonies given at the inquest following the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral as they were transcribed from the original records. Now you can hear about it from the participants.

Hard cover ..... \$19.95  
Soft cover ..... \$9.95



THE EARLY WEST SERIES  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

# Trails Grown Dim



## Montana Indians Burned Saddles

In 1876, my father, Arlington M. Banks, and a companion, rode horseback to what is now Montana. The Indians stole their horses and the men carried their saddles, hoping they could buy more horses the next day.

That night the Indians burned the saddles. But my father and his friend finally got to San Antonio, Texas, and went to work for Great Northern Railway.

Later my father was conductor on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, between Portland and Dayton, Washington.

There were four conductors called "The Big Four." They were Edward Lyons, Jack McGuire, Billy Barnes, and my father. I understand their pictures together were in the old depot in Portland where Ed Lyons had a concession after retiring from the railroad.

What I am trying to find out is if any of the conductors' descendants have heard the story of how they got to San Antonio. — **Mrs. Dorothy Banks Frazier, 1801 S.E. "N" St., Grants Pass, OR 97526.**

### Whitmire-Linley

John E. Whitmire was born on November 5, 1849, in Johnson County, Texas. He was a freighter and on one of his trips he must have met Mary E. Linley. They were married in 1869. They had four daughters. There was a fifth child who died.

In 1880, they were in Parker County, Texas. In 1884, in Palo Pinto County, Texas. In 1900, I found them in Oklahoma — Indian Territory.

John died in 1905 and Mary followed in 1906. At the time of Mary's death, their address was listed in Palo Pinto County at Mineral Wells. Mary died in Austin, Texas and John in Sparta, Missouri.

John had at least one brother with initials W.B. and Mary's mother was

still alive in 1884.

I would like to find the gravesite of Mary, the names of both of their parents and siblings, and the death place and gravesite of the lost child. — **Bette Posey, 1628 Ina Mae, Del City, OK 73115.**

### Underwood-Dawson-Hunt-Sterns

I am looking for information on my grandmother, Mary Adline Underwood. She was born on February 15, 1882, somewhere in Texas. She died December 27, 1981.

Her first husband was Henry Dawson. They married when she was 13 or fourteen. He was a gunslinger, supposedly. She married my grandfather, W.E. Hunt, in Smith County, Texas on July 11, 1901.

Her parents were Jerry M. Underwood and Mary Elizabeth Ann Sterns. Her second husband, W.E. Hunt, may be first cousin to Texas oil man H.R. Hunt.

She had seven children. I am interested in any information on these family names. — **Geneva M. Hunt, 2422 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, FL 33020.**

### Schoonover-Armstrong Landerger

My grandfather, Peter T. Schoonover, was born in La Salle County, Illinois, on December 20, 1846.

He married Mary Jame Armstrong on November 9, 1863, which was my grandfather's sixteenth birthday. My father

was born February 28, 1868, in Missouri.

They came west to Ferndale, California, on July 22, 1870. In 1872 they separated and Mary Jane married Landerger, and my father took that name.

My grandfather went north to Montana or Wyoming and was a rancher. He passed away in the early 1900s. I would like to know when and where he was buried. — **R.D. Landerger, Box 9266, Santa Rosa, CA 95405.**

### McMinn — Forrester

Absaloman (Absolmon-Absolman) McMinn was born in North Carolina in 1810. His wife, Ruthie, was born in South Carolina in 1806.

Felix Grundy McMinn was born in North Carolina on April 8, 1824. His wife's name was Elizabeth. Were Absaloman and Felix Grundy McMinn brothers? Was Robert McMinn Jr., their father?

My grandfather, born on July 27, 1847, was Joseph Henry McMinn, the youngest child of Absaloman and Ruthie McMinn.

My mother, Dora Florence Forrester, was born on October 10, 1886 in Johnson County, near Mountain City, Tennessee. Did her mother, Nancy Mary McNary McElyea Forrester, die at my mother's birth?

Thomas Forrester was my great-grandfather. Was John Forrester (1780-1841) Thomas' father? Was John from North Carolina? — **Roland McMinn, Rt. 3, Box 139, Mineral Wells, TX 76067.**

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

# Indian Salmon

FISH and shellfish made up three-quarters of the diet of West Coast Indians. By far the most common food was salmon. The Indian method for cooking fresh salmon started with cleaning and flattening the fish.

They dowsed the fish in eulachon or seal oil. It was then inserted between two upright poles, braced with splints. The poles were slanted toward or away from the fire to regulate the speed of cooking.

Each year the Indians prayed for the return of the salmon. All sorts of superstitions surrounded the year's first salmon run. The Chinook Indians, along the lower Columbia River in Washington state, believed that anyone involved in preparing a corpse for burial would drive the fish away. To avert this danger they buried the ill alive.

The first salmon caught in the first run was cooked according to a sacred method, by roasting the head, roe and back on separate spits. Upon catching the salmon, the Indians took out its heart and concealed it until they had an opportunity to burn it, so that the sacred portion would not be eaten by dogs.

The Portland Art Museum displays a dish that once held seafood. It is two feet high and more than 14 feet long. The Indians had carved it in the shape of a reclining woman. The dish was used at a ceremonial feast called the potlatch, once common among tribes along the Pacific Coast. The potlatch left bare both the cupboard and house of the

host. This custom made the host important in the eyes of the guests, who in turn would repay him at their potlatches. Gifts were distributed according to rank, but no one left a potlatch empty-handed.

No one left with an empty stomach either. Food was abundant, with varied dishes. Besides salmon there was halibut, roasted or boiled. To boil fish, the Indians wrapped it in leaves or birch bark. Herring was sometimes eaten with sprouts of berry bushes, acorns and fern root.

A missionary who attended potlatches wrote an account of what the food was really like:

First came berries "preserved in grease and mixed with snow." Then came dried salmon and halibut, accompanied by boiled seaweed with fish and fish oil. This course was followed by a dessert of bitter berries beaten to a froth.

Squaw candy is salmon that has been salted, smoked, and dried in strips. It is as chewable as a licorice stick. The Indians left salmon in the smokehouse a couple of weeks to darken. Today they may cure it lightly.

The potlatch as an institution vanished, but the importance of eating fish to West Coast Indians and settlers remained.

## RECIPES

### Fried Trout

4 eight-ounce trout, cleaned, with

heads and tails

fresh ground pepper

1 lemon, cut into wedges

1 T, heaping, of your choice of herb(s)

½ cup cornmeal, whole grain

½ cup flour

3 T butter

6 T oil or bacon grease

Wash trout and pat dry. Sprinkle cavities and skins of fish evenly with pepper and herbs. Mix the cornmeal and flour together in a bowl, then spread mixture on wax paper.

In a large skillet, melt the butter and oil over high heat. When the foam subsides, roll each trout in the meal and flour and place fish in the skillet. Fry the trout for 5 minutes, then turn over carefully with a spatula. Continue to fry for about five minutes until the trout are crisp and golden brown. Serves four.

### Fish Stew

1 16-lb. halibut, cut into 2-inch pieces

1 lb. salmon, cut the same

1 lb. cod

½ lb. shrimp (ready for cooking)

½ lb. crab (ready for cooking)

1½ lb. scrubbed clams

¼ cup oil of your choice

1 cup chopped onions

½ cup chopped celery

1 T minced garlic

1 crumbled bay leaf

½ t thyme

½ t grated orange peel

2 sprigs parsley

½ cup tomato paste

1 quart clam juice

2 cups dry white wine

2 cups chicken stock

Optional - ½ t saffron

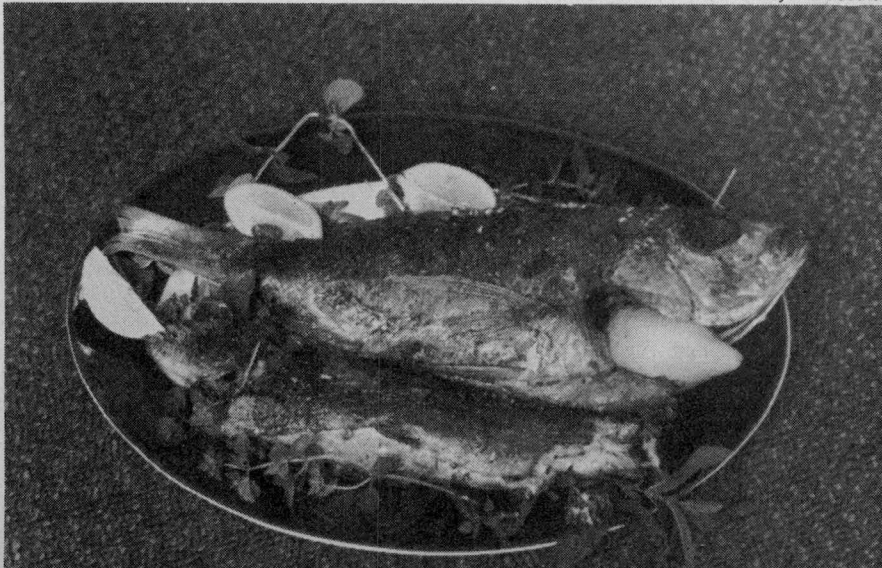
(You can eliminate some of the seafood and substitute fish of your choice or catch.)

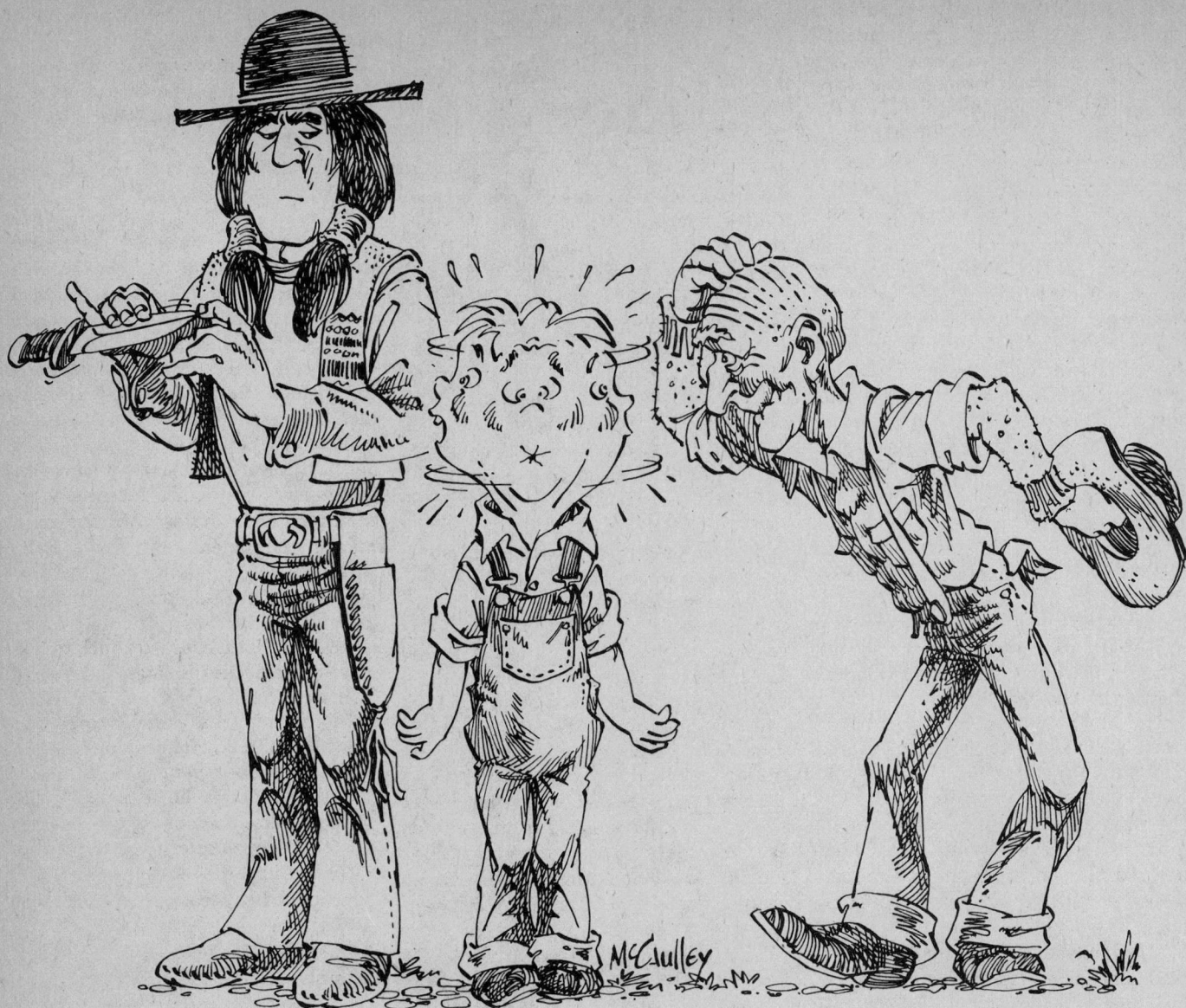
In a heavy six- to eight-quart casserole or Dutch oven, heat oil. Add onions, celery and garlic, and stir while browning the vegetables for five minutes. Stir in bay, thyme, peel, parsley, tomato paste, and saffron. Pour in juice, wine and stock. Bring to a boil. Cover the pan, reduce heat and simmer for 30 minutes. Strain contents to extract the juices. Discard the pulp.

Return stock to casserole and over high heat, bring to boil. Drop in clams, cod, halibut, salmon. Simmer for five minutes. Add shrimp and crabmeat. Simmer a few more minutes until all the clams have opened and the fish flakes when prodded with a fork. Serves eight.

Red snapper and trout

Courtesy of the author





## How I Kept My Scalp

MY most vivid childhood memory dates back to when I was six. The year was 1921, and my parents were living with my grandmother. Grandma was a full-blooded Comanche, and she had decided Mother and I were going to make a trip with her to Anadarko, Oklahoma, for a family reunion.

The decision took considerable courage on Grandma's part because it involved riding a train. Her fear of modern contrivances is illustrated by the fact that she would never ride in an automobile without first taking a bath and changing clothes from the skin out.

---

**By Francis L. Fugate**

**Illustrations By  
Bud McCaulley**

---

"If we have a wreck and I am killed, I am *not* going to have the undertaker find me in dirty underwear," she always explained matter-of-factly.

Preparation for the trip took more than a month, not the least of which was getting together Grandma's medicine bag. There were makings for various teas. Grandma had a tea for everything:

Saffron tea to break a fever, senna tea as a laxative, chestnut tea for whooping cough, and mullein tea for only the Lord knows what. Other children recounted the terrors of castor oil, but that was nothing to what happened after a dose of Grandma's senna tea.

Then there was oil of eucalyptus to be inhaled if you had a cold. Grandma rubbed it on for a rash. I have forgotten what she used oil of fennel for, but she wouldn't leave home without it. A bruise or soreness called for hartshorn liniment. In those days hartshorn was the principal source of ammonia used in

smelling salts. You have never suffered until you have gone to school smelling and burning under a hartshorn liniment poultice. You can bet I never complained of soreness.

As a girl, Grandma lived on the Oklahoma Indian reservation until she was sent to the Carlisle Indian School in Pennsylvania. Winters in Oklahoma were nothing to brag about, but they were mild compared to Pennsylvania. Grandma did not conceal the fact that she had married her first husband, the reservation doctor, to keep from having to go back to Pennsylvania. Three years after the death of the doctor, she married again.

My stepgrandfather was a good man; his only frailty was taking an occasional drink. But Grandma's medicine had contained a cure for this. It consisted of quill-red Peruvian bark, pulverized and soaked in alcohol. Then the bark was strained out of the liquid. If Grandma detected a whiff of liquor on Grandpa's breath, she made him take a dose of this potion every three hours day and night. Apparently, it induced a monumental headache because it took only a day or so for Grandpa to promise that he would never drink again.

Grandma was a staunch member of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, but she was also — unknowingly — a toper. Those were the days of traveling medicine men. A scoundrel named Perkins purveyed Ho-Ro-Ka Indian Tonic, which Grandma swore kept her alive.

The label told about an Indian princess who had concocted the formula and lived to be a hundred and five. Many years later, I found a bottle of the tonic and tasted it. It was a muddy brown, rather acrid in flavor, and it could not have been a bit less than 70 proof. It is no wonder that Grandma was usually pretty jolly; she took a tumbler of that stuff before every meal.

Poor Grandpa! Had he only known, he could have suffered a few fainting spells and had his toddies without facing the terrors of Peruvian bark.

All through the ride to Anadarko, Grandma kept up her strength with Ho-Ro-Ka Tonic.

AT the railroad station we were met by Grandma's brother Tom and a short man who they said was a trader. To me he seemed very, very old. As a result of that meeting, I was to spend the next week in abject terror.

When the leathery-faced trader took off his hat, he revealed a flaming red



scalp, as bald and shiny as a billiard ball. The skin of his forehead and around over his ears was corrugated, like a washboard. He caught me staring at his head and explained that he had been scalped.

Uncle Tom was a tall, fierce-looking man. Two thick black braids dangled from under his hat. He obligingly explained that scalping, if it was done right, did not kill the subject. He whipped out a great knife that glistened from many a sharpening. He demonstrated on the palm of his horny hand how one cut in a circle — oh so gentle — barely slicing through the skin, and then whipped away the hair in a single jerk. I felt his hand tugging at my hair to show how it worked.

"It didn't really hurt," said the trader. "When the hair came off, it sounded like thunder. Then I had to go and faint when I saw him riding off with my hair dangling all bloody. After I came to, my head burned for a while." He fingered the wrinkles. "But it healed up fine except for the skin settling a little." Obviously, he wore his misfortune as a badge of honor.

We were staying with Uncle Tom and his wife. Aunt Minta, Mother called her. She was about as wide as she was tall. She apparently understood English but spoke little if any.

The main features of the evening meal were chicken salad and a stew. Before the meal, Uncle Tom took me to the stew pot, lifted the lid, and fished out a short hairy black and white rope for me to see. Later I learned that a black and white dog was so prized as stew meat that it was the custom to leave the skin on the tail so guests would know. Uncle Tom prodded me with his

finger as a hint of the culinary delight which was in store.

After the meal, Mother wanted to compliment our hostess. She pointed to the remainder of the bowl of chicken salad. "That salad was so good! How in the world did you get the meat chopped so fine?"

Aunt Minta beamed proudly. She pointed to her mouth and made a chewing motion. As soon as we got into our room, Mother had Grandma make her a dose of senna tea.

The next morning after breakfast, Uncle Tom disappeared. He returned with two gigantic horses. He carried a rifle and the big knife dangled from his belt. He burst into the kitchen.

"Francis, you and I are going hunting," he told me.

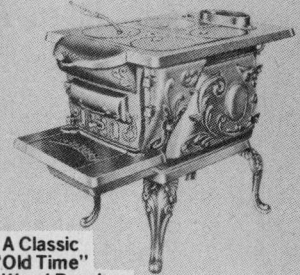
He reached down and ran his hand through my hair. I knew he was testing the quality of my scalp. The kitchen turned on its side, and the next thing I knew I was on the bed in our room, sweating and shaking.

"I know he is coming down with something," said Grandma, "but I don't know what it is. Look, he is as pale as that sheet and shaking like a leaf."

During the next six days, Grandma ran everything in her medicine bag through me. I felt better — mainly because I knew I was not getting out of that bed until the family reunion was over and Grandma was ready to go home.



## SHEEPHERDER®



A Classic  
"Old Time"  
Coal-Wood Burning  
Cook Stove with Oven

Four 7" cook lids-6" outlet  
Shipping Weight 196 lbs.

Shipped F.O.B. Salt Lake City, Utah

**\$198.50**

22 other exciting models  
Steel & Cast Iron

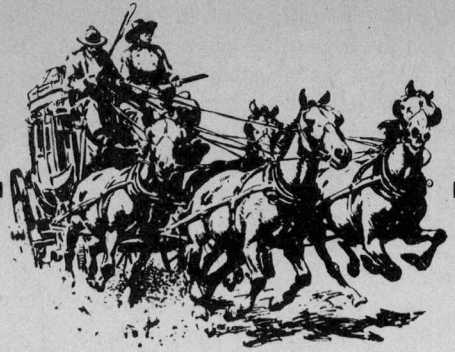


**TRANSOCEAN  
LIMITED**

Manufacturer

P.O. Box 17395TW  
Holladay, Utah 84117  
Call Collect 801-278-3635

# Wild Old Days



## In Trouble Up to Their Ears

By BEN TOWNSEND

Virginia City, Nevada, was frying in the sun one August day in 1859, and it may have been the awful heat that caused a jury to hand down the strangest verdict ever heard in the West.

David Reise and George Ruspas, two small-time thieves, were almost to the Washoe Valley with a yoke of rustled cattle when they were caught red-handed and returned to Virginia City.

A jury found them guilty. Jim Sturtevant, a well-known figure around the mining camps, was chosen to see that the jury's extraordinary sentence was carried out to the letter.

He was to cut off the left ear of each thief in the presence of the jury. Mayhem ran unchecked in the camps and it was hoped such a sentence would go further toward deterring others from crime than a jail sentence.

A large shade tree at the edge of town was picked for the gruesome event.

With their hands tied securely behind their backs, the thieves were helped on horses. Then, accompanied by jurymen and a scattering of townspeople, the solemn procession rode to the edge of town.

Under shady branches of the tree, the jury foreman once again read the instructions. When he finished, Sturtevant nodded to indicate he understood his duty.

He turned to the prisoners. He pulled a long-bladed knife from his belt and ambled towards them. As he approached Reise, he spat a stream of tobacco juice on a lizard scurrying through the sand. Then, wiping both sides of the knife on his grimy pants leg, he reached up and snatched the prisoner's left ear. The sun flashed on the blade like a mirror as he slashed it off.

The removal was so deft that one jurymen's eyes bulged.

"Jim," he exclaimed, "with that kind

o' talent, whyn's you take up barbering in Virginia City?"

Sturtevant said nothing. He flipped the ear to one of the jurymen and stepped over to Ruspas. He wiped the knife off carefully. When he looked up at the prisoner, he was shocked to see the thief grinning broadly.

"What's so blamed funny?" Sturtevant asked.

"Jist waitin' to see how you carry out them legal instructions you got."

"Wal, I'll show you." With those words, Sturtevant's hand lashed out and pulled the thief's long hair aside and grabbed for his left ear.

Sturtevant's jaw dropped open and he fell back a step in shock. Ruspas' left ear had already been cut off.

Sturtevant was stumped. His instructions were to remove the left ear. This posed a legal question in his mind. Would Ruspas have to be freed? Legally, the jury's sentence could not be carried out.

Not wishing to run afoul of justice, Sturtevant retired to the jury sitting around the shade tree.

The jury reconvened. It decided Sturtevant, under the circumstances, could legally remove the prisoner's right ear.

Ruspas' grin vanished as Sturtevant reached for and cut off his remaining ear. Sturtevant turned and flung the ear at the jury.

"Now gentlemen, you got a pair of ears that are rights and lefts and therefore properly mated," he said.

Then he wiped his knife blade clean and stuck it back in his belt. He'd carried out the law.

### Westward with One Wheel

By DON MILLER

Westering Mormons used hand carts as a means of transportation. But three men in Montana Territory used a

wheelbarrow to carry mining tools, provisions, and personal effects for a little-known 150-mile trek between Alder and Emigrant Gulches in the 1860s.

The names of two of the men are lost to history. But the third member of the trio was Michael L. Geary, born in County Claire, Ireland, April 12, 1843.

He joined a wagon train that left Macon County, Missouri, in the spring of 1864, and traveled to Virginia City where he arrived September 13, 1864. He walked the entire distance.

Geary and two companions who had made the Missouri-to-Montana trip found all the good ground staked in the area. So they decided to try their luck at Emigrant Gulch, north of Yellowstone Park.

They had no horses and no money to buy any which were going at \$60 each. But the frugal trio scraped together \$30 and bought a wheelbarrow as their means of transportation to the new El Dorado.

They packed their belongings on the wheelbarrow, which they called "Jeff Davis," and left Virginia City heading for Emigrant Gulch.

Two men pulled the contraption with rope harnesses they designed for the purpose. One man pushed from between the handles of the wheelbarrow.

The trip over the Rockies was arduous, but they reached their destination without incident. However, when they arrived at Emigrant Gulch, they found the diggings to be niggardly. Dejected, they returned the way they had come, pushing and pulling "Jeff Davis" over a tortuous course that totaled 150 miles.

The mecurial Geary was later part of a gold rush to Bear Creek. Instead of using the cumbersome wheelbarrow, he and others ran to the new diggings.

The boomers ran as fast as they could as long as they could, then fitfully rested

until they could run again at full speed. They then fell exhausted, only to regain strength enough to race on as far as they could go. However, they arrived too late to stake good gold properties.

When Geary died in Helena, Montana, at age 79, he may well have been one of the few men in history to have walked, ran, pushed and pulled a wheelbarrow to get to the gold.

## Ambush Quelled by Ants' Nest

By DAN WOODS

In 1879, shortly after the discovery of the Tombstone mines, Milton Hall, his brother Doc Hall, and Frank Buckles started a small cow outfit at the north end of the Swisshelm Mountains in the eastern section of lower Sulpher Spring Valley.

At that time both outlaws and Apaches were troublesome but most of the ranchers made it a point to cultivate the friendship of the outlaws. The ranchers helped the outlaws hide out and loaned them an occasional horse, thus avoiding their depredations.

The Apaches were a different matter altogether. At that period there was no compromising with them and as a consequence it was "war to the knife" between the whites and the Indians.

Doc Hall at one time had a family but because of the Apaches, all that was left of it were some white crosses on a lonely hillside.

One day in the fall of the year 1882, Doc and Frank Buckles took their rifles and set out on foot for the hills back of the ranch to try to kill some fresh meat. As they walked up the hillside towards the sheltering timber, they saw occasional dust clouds rising from the valley off to the west toward the Chiricahua Mountains.

For some time they watched the intermittent rising of dust on the valley floor. Finally thinking it was caused by livestock, they forgot all about it and continued their deer hunt.

They soon jumped and shot a buck deer where it was bushed up on a high ridge. The ridge commanded a view of the valley. After dressing the deer out, they sat down to rest.

While sitting there, they again saw the dust arising from the valley, but this time much nearer — not over a mile away.

After watching it for a few moments, Buckles jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "Hell, them's Apaches! We'd

better find a hideout." There were seven Indians and the men figured that was too many for them. The Indians were also mounted.

They seized the deer carcass, crept down the side of the ridge away from the Indians and hid out among the junipers. Just below them an old Indian trail leading into Old Mexico passed into a creek through a short box canyon.

After a moment's rest, Buckles remarked that when the Indians went into the box canyon there were only two ways out — up the creek or down the creek. They couldn't climb out the sides.

"If I were posted at one end of the box and you at the other, we'd have them," Buckles said.

"That suits me, if you want to try it," answered Doc, "but we'll have to be sure and get 'em all or we'll decorate an ants' nest."

Buckles told Doc to go down among the boulders at the lower end and he'd go above the rocks at the other end.

"We'll have 'em bottled up," he said. "I'll start shootin' when they get in the middle and don't you shoot till I do." With those instructions the men stationed themselves.

Within a few minutes the Apaches came along in single file, and from their hiding place the men observed that each was armed with a rifle carried in an Indian style saddle sling. They looked tough.

They passed on their ponies so close that Doc said he could have reached and touched them with his rifle. Unsuspecting, they continued on their way, talking in Apache tongue.

After they had passed him, Doc slipped out of concealment, found a boulder at shoulder height, and drew a bead between the shoulders of the hindmost Indian.

The war party reached the middle of the box where there was a slight turn. Doc thought, "Now's the time," but no shot came from the lower end. As they passed from view Doc lowered his rifle and awaited Buckles' return.

In a few minutes Buckles came up through the canyon and, with a rather shamefaced air, said to Doc, "I must have turned yellow."

He said he had a good fort all right, but he got to thinking of what Doc said about the ants' nest.

"Pretty soon," Buckles said, "I got to seeing you and me buried up to our necks in an ant hill, with them big, mean red ants running in our ears and up our

noses, picking us to pieces. Then when the warriors came along, all armed and fierce-looking, I just didn't have the nerve to cut down on them."



**BURIED TREASURE**

Locate from a LONG DISTANCE!  
with Ultra-Sensitive **DIRECTIONAL** Locator  
SEND FOR FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE

**CARL ANDERSON**  
BOX 270270B TAMPA, FLORIDA 33688

**DOWSING CLASSES** — ATLANTA, GA.  
Monthly, 4th Saturday, 9 am-5 pm — \$99.50  
Free with Course  
Pendulum, Y-Rod, Angle Rods.  
**GEO-MENTAL TECHNICS**  
ERNE ANDREWS, INSTRUCTOR  
2755 SYLVAN ROAD • EAST POINT, GA 30344  
Phone (404) 766-8141 — Free Brochure

**This Promised Land**  
**THE SAGA OF CALIFORNIA, VOLUME I**  
A NOVEL BY ROBERT EASTON  
"...for the reader who delights in details from this region's rich and volatile past." —L.A. TIMES  
\$9.95 at your local bookstore or \$10.95 (postpaid) from CAPRA PRESS, Box 2068-X, Santa Barbara, CA 93120

**HEY! LOOK THIS OVER!**  
**CHERRYBOMBS**  
**FIRECRACKERS**  
**CANNON FUSE**

M-50's, M-60's. Books to make M-80's, silencers, fireworks, etc. Catalogue \$3.00. Refunded 1st order.

**CAPITOL FIREWORKS CO.**  
1805 West Monroe St., Springfield, IL 62704

**WESTERN POSTERS, BADGES**

OLD WEST POSTERS, aged to look and feel old, 8x11". Billy the Kid, Jesse James, Sam Bass, Sam and Belle Starr, John W. Hardin, Johnny Ringo, Youngers, Daltons, Black Jack Ketchum, Butch and Sundance. Set of 10/\$9.95, 3 Sets/\$25.85, 6 Sets/\$45.00; WELLS FARGO POSTERS, set of 8 posters of this famous company, 8x11". Set of 8/\$5.95, 3 Sets/\$16.05, 6 Sets/\$27.00; MARSHAL Badges, high quality, authentic looking, stamped from heavy brass, antique finish, 3½" across, Star cut-out middle, Texas Ranger, Deputy US Marshal, US Marshal Pecos Texas \$9.95 ea, 3/\$27.00, 6/\$45.00. POSTPAID. Guaranteed Literature \$1.00 — free with order.

**Replica**  
610-577W, Vienna, W. VA 26105

**National Prospector's Gazette**  
and TREASURE HUNTERS NEWS  
a digest for the prospector, miner and treasure hunter

Leading Newspaper for the prospector, treasure hunter, and the person making their living on the road.

\$5.00 per year  
Bi-Monthly  
Sample Copy — 50 Cents  
NPG, Box A, Ames, Nebraska 68621

# Quick Cost Chart For TRUE WEST Ads

\* MINIMUM \$3.20 ANY AD

NUMBER OF WORDS	1 ISSUE	2 ISSUES	3 ISSUES	6 ISSUES
1-10	3.20	5.56	7.98	15.00
11-15	4.80	8.36	11.94	22.44
16-20	6.40	11.14	15.93	29.94
21-25	8.00	13.92	19.92	37.44
26-30	9.60	16.70	23.91	44.94
31-35	11.20	19.48	27.90	52.44
36-40	12.80	22.28	31.86	59.88
41-45	14.40	25.06	35.85	67.38
46-50	16.00	27.84	39.84	74.88
51-55	17.60	30.62	43.83	82.38
56-60	19.20	33.40	47.82	89.88
61-65	20.80	36.20	51.78	97.32
66-70	22.40	38.98	55.77	104.82
71-75	24.00	41.76	59.76	112.32
76-80	25.60	44.54	63.75	119.82
81-85	27.20	47.32	67.74	127.32
86-90	28.80	50.12	71.70	134.76
91-95	30.40	52.90	75.69	142.26
96-100	32.00	55.68	79.68	149.76

32¢ per word over 100 words

Please print and punctuate. Mail to: TRUE WEST, Dept. CX, Iola, Wis. 54990

CLASSIFICATION DESIRED

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Number of words \_\_\_\_\_ Number of issues \_\_\_\_\_ Amount of Payment Sent \_\_\_\_\_  
 IMPORTANT: Box number ads require name and address of advertisers for our confidential files.

ISSUE DATE	ON SALE	DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON SALE	DEADLINE
January	December	October 15	July	June	April 15
February	January	November 15	August	July	May 15
March	February	December 15	September	August	June 15
April	March	January 15	October	September	July 15
May	April	February 15	November	October	August 15
June	May	March 15	December	November	September 15

SEND PAYMENT WITH COPY ON CLASSIFIED ADS ZIP CODE FREE

## 200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

**CATTLE RAISING** - Types of, care, management, excellent reading, booklet, checklist of cow country savvy. Details free. Brookesfield Farm, Box 1063TW, Centralia, WA 98531.

**INDIAN ARTS** and crafts and mountain man supply catalog, 100 pages, fantastic, illustrated, \$3.50 postpaid. Flathead Indian Museum, Box #460, St. Ignatius, MT 59865.

**BOOK WRITER?** May we print your book? We specialize in printing soft cover and hard cover books for writers throughout the U.S. Typesetting, paste-up, printing and bindery, reasonable pricing and prompt service with all operations in our plant. 100 to 2,000 copies. Bireline Publishing Co., Box 415T, Newell, IA 50568.

**JESSE JAMES** Secrets, 60 pages, soft cover, illustrated, authoritative. Money back guarantee. Send \$3 cash. Olde Hickory Press, 1553 7th Ave. Dr. S.W., Hickory, NC 28601.

**HEALTH - RICE**, economical, vitamins, thiamine, riboflavin, niacin, \$7.95. 50 recipes. F.F.N.I., Box 325, Mesquite, TX 75149.

**"IMAGE OF The Barb Horse"**, quarter horse origin, history, much more, \$5. Kenneth Moore, 615 Liesser Dr., Ft. Collins, CO 80524.

## 250 BUSINESS VENTURES

**FREE DETAILS...** \$\$\$ in mail order. Flamingo, 4316 Boyer, Long Beach, CA 90807.

**CLOSEOUT JEWELRY** 55¢ dozen. Wholesale craft supplies. Catalog 25¢. Roussels, 107-2050 Dow, Arlington, MA 02174.

**SHOW THIS** to your wife: Over 2,500 gifts below wholesale. You take orders from our catalog, we drop ship, 1 item or 1,000! Switchboard Sales, 438 West San Ignacio, Green Valley, AZ 85614.

**PROCESS SERVER** business up to \$140 per day. Recession proof. Business booming! Free details: Process Server, Box 314-W, Boston, MA 02188.

**GUARANTEED \$1** per envelope you secure, stuff with our circular, per instructions. Details: Send SASE: Charlo, Box 94457-K, Schaumburg, IL 60194.

**\$300 EXTRA** per month from your garage. Two proven business. Money back guaranteed. Send \$2 for complete information. GAF, Box 4176, Tyler, TX 75712.

## 275 COLLECTIBLES

**HANDCARVED 2"** miniature animals: 5 assorted \$2.25, 2 sets \$4.00. Free list handcrafted gifts. Greg's, Dept. T, 1431 Oakbrook, Lancaster, TX 75134.

**ANIMAL REGISTRATION**/license tags bought. Lea, 4420 Wisconsin, Tampa, FL 33616.

**RARE OLD** western documents, checks, stocks sold. \$1 for two catalogs. Also buying! Distinctive Documents, Box 1475, Orem, UT 84057.

## 277 EDUCATIONAL

**LOCKSMITHING TAUGHT** by master locksmith, crime, means deadlocks, earn now, \$25. First Rate Locksmith, P.O. Box 5822, Tucson, AZ 85705.

**LEARN SPANISH** fast, exciting new method teaches by easy steps. Send for details. Maytext, Dept. C-3, Box 2497, Riviera, AZ 86442.

**DRINKING PROBLEM?** Solve it now! Our no nonsense, hard-hitting, personal motivational information can effectively help you, a loved one or friend solve a drinking problem. Help yourself or someone today! \$7. CommonSense Sobriety, Box 304 TL, Dallas, TX 75221.

**PLUMBING MADE** simple, faucet repairs, toilet repairs, 2 fully illustrated and easy to understand booklets. Send \$1.50. C&A Enterprises, P.O. Box 596, Lombard, IL 60148.

**"HOW I** quit the expensive and deadly cigarette habit after 35 years". Perhaps this unabridged account of my trials and triumph can help you too, to overcome this deadly serious habit and add years to your life. Send \$4.95 for booklet and 50¢ for postage and handling to: Thomas Barnhart, Box 262, Irrigon, OR 97844.

## 280 EMPLOYMENT

**GET THE** job you want! Our job search handbook, written by a current personnel manager, shows you proven methods. Don't be discouraged, get prepared! Only \$9.90 postpaid, moneyback guarantee. Jaye Richards, Box 6007, Suite 140T, Redding, CA 96099.

**JOBS: COLORADO**, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Montana. Computerized newsletter with 200+ new jobs each week. Free details. Mountainwest, 925-J Canyon, Logan, UT 84321.

## 290 ENERGY SAVING

**SECRETS OF** the 200 mpg carburetor! Patent drawings and instructions, \$3. Money back guarantee. Caprock, Dept. TW, Box 30682, Amarillo, TX 79120.

**FREE HEAT** cooling! How to passively solavize easily! Sample information: "Solaritor", 481 Eighth Ave., NY 10001.

## 100 ANTIQUES

**ANTIQUWEAPONS**, relics, militaria, and early western items for sale. Thousands in stock. Illustrated catalog - annual subscription \$3.00. William Fagan, Box 425AB, Fraser, MI 48026.

## 200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

**FOR SALE:** Western - Treasure - Desert, back issue magazines. Send want list to: Harold Moody, Box 803, Project City, CA 96079.

**FREE! WESTERN** Publications 1982 Catalog. Full of color prints by Russell, Remington and others, back issues of True West, Old West, Frontier Times and others, magazine binders and over 200 books about the Great West, treasure and collecting. Get your free catalog by writing to: Western Book Co., 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990.

**FINALLY AVAILABLE!** A complete, comprehensive index for True West, Frontier Times and Old West. Covers six categories: authors and titles; people, places, things; illustrations & photographs; letters; family names; books... 225,000 listings, over 450 pages. Only \$7.95 ppd. Send to: Western Index, 700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990.

**FREE BOOK** catalog. Novels, westerns, romances, childrens; old, out of print - found barns, attics. Authors: Grey, Bower, Curwood, Kyne, Raine, Wright, Fox, Porter. Postage appreciated. Pierce, 4408 Pine Cluster, Oroville, CA 95965.

**BRUNER'S BOOKS** - list free. 1220 Rock Island, El Dorado, AR 71730.

**WINE BEFORE** It's Time. Home wine making booklet with companion recipes. Complete instructions, easy to make in your kitchen. Send \$7.50 to: The Book Farm, R.F.D. 1, Box 560, Rockdale, TX 76567.

**CENTENNIAL EDITION**, "The Great Durango and Silverton Train Robbery." \$5.35. Geo-graphics, P.O. Box 1233, Durango, CO 81301.

**WILD WEST** books, new, used, and rare. Free list. Box 647, Pittsburg, CA 94565.

**TEXAS GHOSTTOWNS**, encyclopedia of, 1750, \$7.95, 50¢ postage. Ed Bartholomew, author, Fort Davis, TX 79734.

**"THE FIRST 20 Year."** from 1902, book by Oldtimer. Free details. Clyde O. Wood, 212 Grand Ave., Ojai, CA 93023.

**HYDROPONICS BOOKS.** For list write: ABC, Box 6751 TW, Lubbock, TX 79413.

**OP TEXAS**, Southwest, Indians, cowboys. SASE for list. Texana Books, 4810 Rockford, San Antonio, TX 78249.

## 200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

**FREE COLORADO** gift catalog. Tumbleweeds, Box 461, Morrison, CO 80465.

**TEXAS TRAILS:** Read the exciting true story of Bob Fudge, Texas Trail Driver, Montana, Wyoming Cowboy 1862-1933. Beautiful simulated brown leather, hard cover, with gold print, a book to treasure. Also a great gift for your special person, \$11. Order from: Walter L. Clark, Rt. No. 1, Box 6, Forsyth, MT 59327.

**DUSTY MEMORIES**, Historic Ghost Town Buildings of Montana, map and beautiful illustrations, \$4 autographed. Kevin Heaney, 817 Fourth St., Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

**FREE! WORLD'S** leading novelty catalog. 1,600 jokes, tricks, science, sports, hobbies. Johnson-Smith, C-6320, Mt. Clemens, MI 48043.

**BOOKS ON** the old west, cowboys, Indians, fur trade. Specializing in limited and first editions, rare, out of print. List \$1. PH: 308-665-2821. Gallery of Arts Western, Inc., Box 32, Crawford, NE 69339.

**OUT BEHIND** The Barn, hilarious true stories (and out right lies) of rural western living during the 20's and 30's. Great gift! \$5.95 plus 95¢ postage. The Old Story Teller, 130 W. 36th, Spokane, WA 99203.

**OLD FASHIONED** Mountain Mothers. Paperback on early women in Kentucky hills meaningful chapter on "What is a mother." \$3.75 postpaid. Squirrel Huntin' Sam McCoy. His handwritten account of feud and homesteading in the west. Paperback \$8.50 postpaid. Appalachian Studies Center, Pikeville College, Box 2, Pikeville, KY 41501.

**OLD TRUE** West, adventure type magazines, books, huge list \$1. Adventure Books, 2449 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4E 2G2.

**CATTLE BARONS** of Early Oregon, 44 page illustrated book reveals their wealth, intrigues, power, feuds, lives, only \$4.50 postpaid. Mediaor, Box 631, Prineville, OR 97754.

**TRUE WEST**, volumes 3 thru 19, 6 issues missing. Frontier Times, volumes 32-1 thru 46-5 complete. Old West, volumes 1-1 thru 7-4 complete. All 203 magazines, \$650/offer. Buck, PH: 714-898-4797 after 11 p.m. EST, CA.

**USED WESTERN** paperback books. Great selection. Send stamp for catalog. Howling Wilderness, Dept. W, Box 242, El Toro, CA 92630.

**WORLDS GREATEST** Bluegrass - Ole Time Country Songbook. Huge book of over 500 most requested songs. With guitar, banjo, mandolin chords, tunings. Special \$16.98 ppd. Country Sales, Box 866-TW, Hot Springs, AR 71901.

**290 ENERGY SAVING**

**THERMOPANE GLASS** for solarium or green house. \$1.50 to \$2.50 square foot. Shane Early, 5238 Challedon Dr., Virginia Beach, VA 23462.

**FIREWOOD LOGS** from sawdust. Easy to make instructions, \$10. Today's Ideas, Box 22304T, San Francisco, CA 94122.

**WOODBURNERS! COALBURNERS!** Why buy fuel? Oregonian developers free solid alternate! Burns hot, clean. Available everywhere. More information, stamped envelope. Woodburner, 307 Lowell, Klamath Falls, OR 97601.

**295 GENEALOGY**

**IN SEARCH.** of...your ancestry? Are you trying to locate an old friend or relative? Try placing a classified ad in our newest category...Genealogy. For more information, see the classified ad form in the beginning of this section.

**MUNSELL, THARP,** Cole. Information before 1825 wanted on Munsell and Elizabeth Cole Scovil, anything on Cora Tharp. Leo David Grenot, P.O. Box 248, Quarzsite, AZ 85346.

**NEED HELP** to get started on your genealogy? I do general research. Send SASE. George Bass, 16223 Deer Lick, Houston, TX 77090.

**315 GUNS**

**THOUSANDS OF** antique guns, swords, daggers, polearms, armor, militaria, and accessories for sale. Detailed illustrated catalogs - annual subscription \$3.00. William Fagan, Box 425BB, Fraser, MI 48026.

**WINCHESTER COMMEMORATIVES,** U.S. and Canadian issues in stock. Dealers inquiries invited. Send SASE (dealers send copy of FFL) for latest price list. PH: 402-330-2541 anytime. Commemorative Firearms Ltd., 2305 S. 168 St., Omaha, NE 68130.

**LONG LIST** guns for sale 50¢. We buy gun collections. Ed's Gun House, Rt. 1, Minnesota City, MN 55959.

**CASH FOR** World War II Japanese rifles, pistols, uniforms, equipment, etc. Ryan, 1013 Linwood Ave., Metairie, LA 70003.

**325 HOBBIES**

**MONEY SAVER:** save money while writing checks. Full cost just \$3 to: Money Savers, P.O. Box 235, Brighton, CO 80601.

**EASY, ATTRACTIVE,** crocheted afghan instructions: Country Road, Easy Comfort, Scrapland Crossings, \$1 each. SASE. Ruth's, 314 Cottage Grove, West Burlington, IA 52655.

**SPORTSMEN'S CATALOG:** Fishing, hunting, lure paints. Send 50¢ refundable. S&S Tackle, Box 1533-W, Manchester, CT 06040.

**TREMENDOUS SAVINGS.** Fabricate your own copper candleholders with my patterns. Catalog \$1. Coppercrafts, P.O. Box 864, Medina, OH 44258-864.

**ORIGINAL BEADKITS:** Doll \$3.50, cross/chain \$2, girl/boy poseable clown \$3, cowboy \$3. Finished double price. Postage/handling, 1-3 items \$1.50. Beading supplies available. Davis, 830 35th, Richmond, CA 94805.

**PARROT SILVER** and Copper Company, Montana, 1899, cancelled stocks with picture of parrot, \$8.95. Dealer inq. welcomed. Jack Curry, Box 7395-R, Jersey City, NJ 07307.

**350 INDIAN RELATED**

**FREE LIST** to serious collectors. 30,000 Indian artifacts, pots, spears, axes, slate, beadwork. Caddo Trading Co., Box 669, Murfreesboro, AR 71958.

**ANCIENT INDIAN** relics for sale. No shop. Mail only. SASE. Charles A. Hester, Guntown, MS 38849.

**IROQUOIS MASKS,** rattles, dolls; also Cree, Slave, Ojibwa. Eskimo crafts. List \$1.00 (refundable). Iroqrafts, Box 7, Onswaken Reservation, Ontario, Canada N0A 1M0.

**INDIAN WARS** your specialty? SASE for information on national study group: Order of the Indian Wars (newsletter, journal, annual meetings). Box 7401T, Little Rock, AR 72217.

**FREE LIST** to serious collectors, 30,000 Indian artifacts. Pots, spears, axes, slate, beadwork. Caddo Trading Co., Box 669, Murfreesboro, AR 71958.

**INDIAN NOTE** cards, 10 per box, \$5 postpaid. Brochure \$1.50. P.O. Box 306, Clackamas, OR 97015.

**AUTHENTIC INDIAN** arrowheads, artifacts. We have the best, free list. Morris, Box 4771, Anaheim, CA 92803.

**DOZEN TEXAS** flint arrowheads \$9; four 2"-2 1/2" obsidian points \$7. Indian artifact list 25¢. Beatty's TW, 1012 Bullet, Sioux Falls, SD 57103.

**LEARN TO** hand chip arrowhead's, kit includes: chipped point, rock and tool. Send money order, \$25. Bob's Custom Jewelry, Box 29, Dinosaurs, CO 81610.

**INDIANS IN** Early Day Oregon, 44 page illustrated book reveals their tribes, customs, wars, only \$2.95 postpaid. Mediaor, Box 631, Prineville, OR 97754.

**350 INDIAN RELATED**

**NO FAKES,** \$2 for 40-50 page listings. Indian Shop, Independence, KY 41051.

**365 PETS**

**AKC BRITTANY** pups. Parents are field winning Gundogs. PH: 919-522-3269. William Spivey, 2106 Emerson, Kinston, NC 28506.

**ARABIAN HORSES.** PH: 602-987-3874 or 963-6950. Tanimara Arabians, 18703 Via Del Oro, Higley, AZ 85236.

**375 PHOTOGRAPHY**

**OLD PHOTOS** copied without negatives. Can be enlarged. Kalispell Litho, Box 247, Kalispell, MT 59901.

**THE FLYING Eagle:** finest laser color reproductions of the ultimate bald eagle photograph, 12 x 20, \$15; beautiful eagle cards, \$2. Dr. Hunter, Box 10-888, Anchorage, AK 99511.

**HISTORIC GRAVES!** Photos/slides. Catalog \$1. John Briggs, 18637 W. Karen Lane, Gurnee, IL 60031.

**400 REAL ESTATE**

**GOVERNMENT LANDS** from \$7.50/acre! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings, \$2 guaranteed. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-KM, Washington, DC 20036.

**ALASKA HOMESTEADS** \$1.25 acre! Canadian land \$1 acre! Repossessed homes \$1; plus repairs each. Report \$3, all for \$5. Homestead, P.O. 5741-TW, Yuma, AZ 85364.

**450 RECIPES**

**BEANS OF** the west. Five great new recipes \$1.00. SASE. JnG Products, 485 Calle Higuera #TW, Camarillo, CA 93010.

**BALANCE MALTED:** will correct your illness. Enclose \$25 in checks or money order. Frank Resnick, 780 Howard Ave., Brownsville, NY 11212.

**FUND RAISING** cookbooks. Details. Calico Kitchen, Drawer 606, Hartwell, GA 30643.

**12 CAKE** recipes. Send \$3 to: Bartlett, 1032 Birch, Sand Springs, OK 74063.

**DELICIOUS BREAD & butter** pickles from squash, \$2 & SASE. C. Hines, 11213 Eastham St., Mesquite, TX 75180.

**CORNERD ELK** or venison is delicious, tasty, simple way to preserve game or home raised meat. Try it. Complete instructions \$3 to: Books 'N Plans, Rt. 1, Box 200A, Scapoose, OR 97056.

**NEW KIND** of outdoor cooking! Backpacking, camping, or backyard, no dangerous fuels, Zip Ztove is the friendly stove! Write for free information. Preferred Products, Dept. 20-JM, Box 296, Lueders, TX 79533.

**NINETY YEAR** old homemade rolls and/or bread recipe, never printed, \$2. SASE. V.E. Wall, 338 Prospect Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016.

**CANELYNE - FANTASTICALLY** delicious beef pie recipe from 14th century England. Send \$2 and SASE to: Pendergrass, 624 Rebenstich, St. Harvey, LA 70058.

**BARBEQUE SAUCE** recipe for all meats, secret meat preparation for best barbeque sandwich in world. SASE \$3. Michael Enterprises, Rt 8, 1002A Shirley, Gulfport, MS 39503.

**100 MEXICAN** recipes. Sample five for \$1. SASE. Pacco, Suite 201, 1698 Market St., P.O. Box 6007, Redding, CA 96099.

**CATFISH STEW,** super recipe found in the south, \$3. Cash or money order. SASE. D&G, P.O. Box 2284, Muncie, IN 47302.

**BEER BREAD,** apple sauce cake, almond ro-candy, peanut brittle, \$1 each; all \$3.50. SASE. P.O. Box 44556, Phoenix, AZ 85064.

**50 RICE** recipes, favorites, \$4.95. Neptune II, Box 325, Mesquite, TX 75149.

**475 RECORDS & TAPES**

**THIRTY MINUTE** cassette - up to twenty coyote howling. Absolutely authentic! Party and camping fun! \$6.95 each, two for \$12.50. Coyote, P.O. Box 177, Roberts, ID 83444.

**490 TRAPPING**


**FREE: TRAPPING** supply catalog, custom dressing/tanning price list. Price lists: leather, rawhide, buckskin, dressed furs/hides. PH: 208-882-0601. Moscow Hide and Furs, Dept TW, Box 8918, Moscow, ID 83843.

**WANTED: RAW** furs; porcupine hair, hides, etc. Free price lists. PH: 208-882-0601. MHF, Dept. TW, Box 8918, Moscow, ID 83843.

**500 TREASURE HUNTING**

**GOLD AND** silver dowsing rods. Find buried treasure. Free brochure. Fred Stewart, P.O. Box 267, John City, TN 37601.


**LOCATE BURIED TREASURE!**  
This machine is guaranteed to locate buried and hidden treasures of gold, silver, and paper money. Locates up to 3 miles.  
**For Free Information**  
Write to: **DANIELS' ELECTRIC SHOP**  
Dept. TW Route No. 2 - Box 136-A, Magnolia, MS 39652



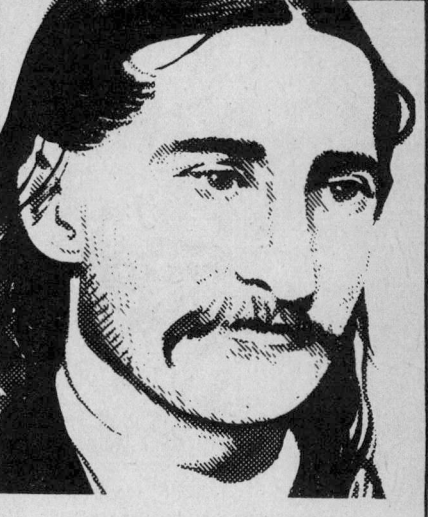
**RUPTURE APPLIANCES**  
**FOR COMFORT!**  
When you slip into a genuine **BROOKS** Appliance you can enjoy heavenly comfort night and day at work or at play! Thirteen million sold, since 1880. You buy direct from the factory - never sold in stores - beware of imitations. Only the highest quality materials and workmanship. (Especially for older people who wish to avoid unnecessary operations for reducible rupture). Send for our **FREE** illustrated booklet with no obligation.  
**BROOKS APPLIANCE COMPANY** (Medicare Dept. 86, Marshall, Mich. 49068) Pays 80%



**1880's American Arms**

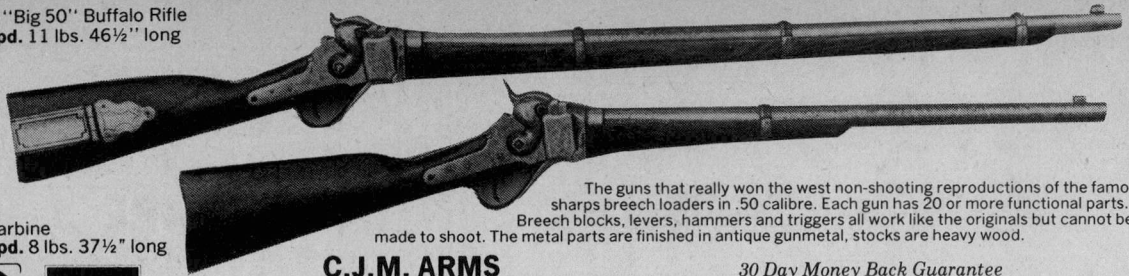


A fascinating reprint of four classic magazine articles from the 1880's on rifles, Gatling Guns, other early machine guns, cannon, and the famous dynamite gun. Originally written during the transition to Smokeless Powder; gives a unique insight into late 19th Century firearms. 48 pages, 39 steel engravings. Softcover \$4.95 + 75¢ pd. Calif. residents add 6% sales tax. \* **Quail Ranch Books**, 2210 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 573B, Santa Monica, CA 90403.  
\*Send check or money order



**I BURIED HICKOK**  
BY Bill Secrest  
The memoirs of White Eye Anderson who knew them all - Hickok, Liver-eating Johnston, Calamity Jane, the James Boys, Texas Jack, Buffalo Bill, Doc Carver and many more. He was a pallbearer at Hickok's funeral.  
Hard cover . . . . . \$17.50  
**THE EARLY WEST SERIES**  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

No. 1895 "Big 50" Buffalo Rifle  
\$99.50 ppd. 11 lbs. 46½" long



No. 1894  
Sharps Carbine  
\$89.50 ppd. 8 lbs. 37½" long



The guns that really won the west non-shooting reproductions of the famous sharps breech loaders in .50 calibre. Each gun has 20 or more functional parts. Breech blocks, levers, hammers and triggers all work like the originals but cannot be made to shoot. The metal parts are finished in antique gunmetal, stocks are heavy wood.

### C.J.M. ARMS

D25 Rincon Valley Ft., TW3  
Vail, Arizona 85641

30 Day Money Back Guarantee

Az. Res. Add Tax

Catalog \$1.00

## 500 TREASURE HUNTING

**RESEARCH SERVICE** takes the wandering out of treasure hunting, you tell us the area and we tell you the what and where. Details \$1 refundable. Research and Recovery Limited, 430 Lakeside Dr., N.E., MD 21901.

**PERSONALIZED DETECTOR** instruction. Learn proper operating techniques. Dramatically increase the quality and quantity of your finds. Discover secrets not covered in your manual. To order, specify detector model and send \$5 to: Detector Training Course, Box 9512, Denver, CO 80209.

**MINE GOLD.** California Placer gold mine \$3,000/terms. William Cate, P.O. Box 1160, Pacifica, CA 94044.

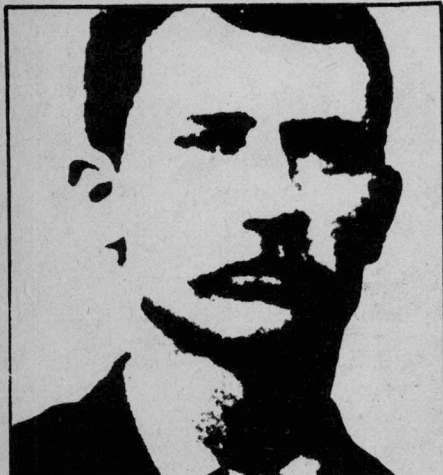
**YOU CAN** learn dowsing for lost treasure, valuable minerals, with this unique high sensitivity pendulum. Immediate shipment, \$7.95 money back guarantee. Stamp brings details. Jonn, 2324C Suffock, Kingman, AZ 86401.

## 525 TREASURE LOCATORS, ETC.

**TREASURE LOCATOR**, find any precious metal. Free brochure. Locator complete with instructions, \$12. Vee Ell Enterprises, Box 705, Heyburn, ID 83336.

## 550 WESTERN MERCHANDISE

**FREE CATALOG**, leather moccasins, many styles. Toll free! PH: 800-854-4325 Ext. 555, CA residents: 800-472-4387 Ext. 555. Moccasin House, Box 16190-K, St. Paul, MN 55116.



### HENRY BROWN: THE OUTLAW-MARSHAL

By BILL O'NEAL

Read about the town hero and marshal. Henry Brown, who was caught while robbing a bank in a neighboring town. Brown had been a buffalo hunter, gunfighter and ally of Billy the Kid during the Lincoln County War. The first book devoted to Marshal Henry Brown.

Hard cover ..... \$12.95

THE EARLY WEST SERIES  
Box 9292, ph. 713-846-7907  
College Station, TX 77840

## 550 WESTERN MERCHANDISE

**THE SCARLET** Nose, "where cultures meet," Indian, Mountain Man, Pioneer, Western, Clothing, Accessories. Catalog \$2.50. 525-A South Main, Carrollton, IL 62016.

**\$20 GOLD** piece medallion reproduction, Kellogg and Company design, complete with chain. Money orders only. VA residence add 4% sales tax. Rush \$25 to: The Spanish Galloon, Rt. 1, Box 52A, Sugar Grove, VA 24375.

**TEPEE LIVING** is not a thing of the past. Inquire now. Top quality and design, wall tents, panniers, bags, etc. Blackfoot Canvas Company, P.O. Box 907, Blackfoot, ID 83221.

**REAL ROCKY** Mountain Gold, made by Mother Nature, a million of years in the making. One gram of real gold. You will receive a certificate of authenticity that each vial contains at least one gram of real placer gold. Only \$47.50 each. Send check or money order. Rocky Mountain Gold, P.O. Box 684, Calimesa, CA 92320.

**CUSTOM BELT** buckles, solid sandcast silicon bronze, hand finished. Buckles By Mike, 1225 Manzanita, Dept. TW, Los Angeles, CA 90029.

**GENUINE WESTERN** brothel medal, Fran's Star Ranch, Beatty, Nevada. Presented to best customers. \$7.86 prepaid. Williges, Box 445-C, Wheatland, CA 95692.

**RATTLESNAKE HAT** hat bands, belts, and expertly tanned skins. Earl Huff, Box 121, Wickenburg, AZ 85358.

**SPACE AGE** ceramic sharpener. Best friend a dull edge ever had! Sharpens knives, scissors, fish hooks, etc. Send \$2. Jemstone Products, Box 2605W, Chattanooga, TN 37407.

## 600 WANTED TO BUY

**ANTIQUE KNIVES** wanted! Will buy old daggers, hunting and military knives. Send description and price: Romex, Box 597, Polson, MT 59860.

**TIN TOBACCO** tags, signs tins top prices paid. Vernon Capps, Rt. 5, Oldsboro, NC 27530.

**IDEAS, INVENTIONS** wanted! Call: 800-528-6050, 800-352-0458 ext. 831 in Arizona.

**WANTED TO buy:** Sets of True West, Old West, Frontier Times, etc. 4015 Kilmer, Allentown, PA 18104.

## 650 MISCELLANEOUS

**CYPRESS WOOD** slabs for clocks, tables, \$1.96 each. 100 minimum. Jim's, P.O. 46-T, Otter Creek, FL 32683.

**OLD STATE**, railroad, county and Civil War maps. 70-120 years old. All states. Stamp for catalog. Northern Map Co., Dept. TW, Dunnellon, FL 32630.

**FACTORY SAVINGS.** Knitted all cotton dish cloths. Soft, absorbent, sanitary. 64¢ each, postpaid. Sangamon Mills, Dept. TW, Cohoes, NY 12047.

**GIFT CATALOG** free wholesale and retail. Write: Inglewood Enterprises, 6131 Hillsboro, Davisburg, MI 48019.

**STOP THOSE** scorching sessions! Stop electric blankets cold night overheating. Send \$1 and SASE for instructions. Innovators, 8000 NW 8th Ave., Gainesville, FL 32601.

**LAND-FOR-Taxes!** Get for almost nothing! Easily understood instructions, \$2.00. Grandcees, TWT7, Hamilton, GA 31811.

**FREE 1,001** things, free gifts, free money. PH: 617-437-9101. Write: ZEF, Box 360-TW, Boston, MA 02101-0360.

**TURN PLASTIC** bottles into toys and decorative accessories! Illustrated instructions for thirty different projects. \$2. Crafts, POB 156-A, West Alton, MO 63386.

**FREE! SOLDIER** mold brochures. Coastal, Box 44-T, Cedar Grove, NJ 07009.

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

**JOURNEYMAN CREDENTIALS** granted legitimate! Write: National Craftsman Union, 210 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1102, New York, NY 10010.

**MILITARY MEDALS**, patches, badges, wings, etc. Large catalog \$1. Quincy Sales, Box 7792TW, Tulsa, OK 74105.

## 650 MISCELLANEOUS

**IMPORTED NOVELTY** knives. Catalog \$2. Kaufman's, 8509 Beverly Blvd. Sp #120, Pico Rivera, CA 90660.

**ONE OF** the oldest weapons. A hand crafted workable sling, same type that David slew Goliath with. Genuine leather. \$5.50. D&G, P.O. Box 2884, Muncie, IN 47302.

**DISCOUNT MEMBERSHIP.** Penpals worldwide. 145 nations. All ages, stamp collectors, elderly, youths, blind welcome. Information: International Penfriends, Box 443TW, Lindsborg, KS 67456.

**CHEWING - SMOKING** tobacco!! Do you chew - smoke? Free samples, prices. Fredco's, Dredan, TN 38225.

**PORTRAIT DRAWINGS** made from photos, prices form \$10 for a 9 by 12, and up. Stephen Winter, 39 Maria St., Acton, Ontario, Canada L7J 2C6.

**HERBS, SPICES**, scented potpourri, teas, natural pet items, many natural products. Guaranteed fresh, best quality. Send 50¢ for catalog to: Lotus Blossom, 478 Hamilton Ave. #264-W, Campbell, CA 95008.

**NEW TELESCOPING** fishing rod, tubular steel constructed, measures only 16 inches, extends out to 6½ feet, comes with free plastic carrying case, yours for only \$11.95; includes postage and handling. Send check or money order to: J.H. Smith, 361 West C St., Brawley, CA 92227.

**FREE SAMPLES** 1,000 thermographed business cards: one color ink \$19.95; two color ink \$22.95. A&J TW-1, P.O. Box 193, Bynum, AL 36253-0193.

**COLONEL, MAJOR**, captain, obtainable commissions in U.S.A. Militia, guaranteed no rejections, send \$3 for application to: Col. Marshall Serna, 444 Young Blvd., Woodburn, OR 97071.

**QUALITY HAND** crafted decorator items, very unique. Send \$1 for brochure to: Unlimited Special Effects, Inc., 3807 Lincoln, Chicago, IL 60613.

**NEW! SILVERTRON** detarnishes silver instantly, no pastes, no chemicals. Free details. Dept. W-2, Box 2177, Martinez, CA 94553.

**EVER THINK** of an idea, forget it and see it later on the market? Many people don't forget, act quickly and are rewarded by American Industry. Write down your idea! We offer free disclosure registration and initial consultation regarding your idea's potential value. Call or write without delay for your free information package. PH: 413-737-5376. American Inventors Corporation, 82 Broad Street, Dept. TW, Westfield, MA 01085.

**ANIMAL OR** people portraits from photographs. Send for photos of my work. Mary Singer, 125 North Baker, Winona, MN 55987.

**SUNFLOWER DISH** cloths, soft, knit, absorbent, 100% cotton cloths, in six different colored stripes, for your own use or to use as money makers for your club. Sangamon Mills Inc., Cohoes, NY 12047.

**STOP! MESSY** toilet overflow easily, inexpensively, guaranteed! \$3. Comtek, 13814 N.E. Clark Road, Vancouver, WA 98665.

**MONEY FROM** your own kitchen? Instructions on how! Selling your favorite recipes. Send \$1, self-addressed stamped envelope. RII Investments, P.O. Box 13666, El Paso, TX 79913.

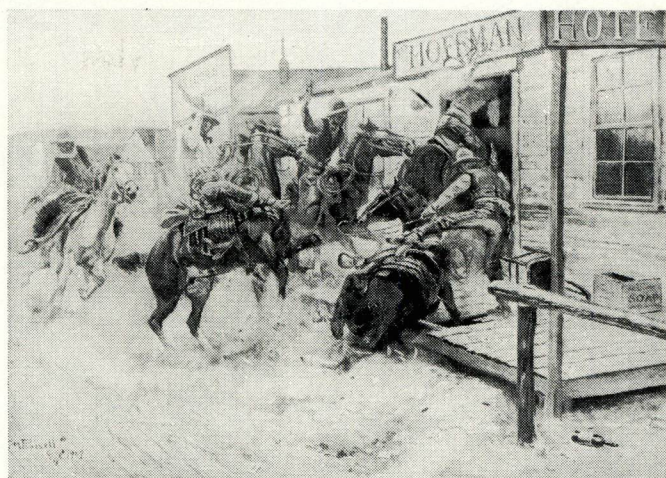
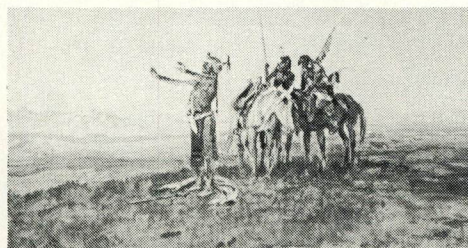
**BONDAGE-ATTENTION** collectors: remember the old Saturday matinees and comic books with the heroine in a dungeon bound in rope or chains or forced to wear a punishment helmet or chastity belt. We have the largest and finest collection of traditional female bondage artwork, photos, magazines, films and video tapes presented with classic Hollywood style. Send \$3 to: Friendship, Box 1654E, Paterson, NJ 07509.

**1886 MAP** reprints of all states west of Mississippi, showing old mining camps, military outposts, trails, ghost towns, railroads. All 22. \$7.95 postpaid. Territorial Quartermaster, 381 Judd, Sierra Vista, AZ 85635.

**FLAGS ALL** types: U.S., Confederate, Historic, State, Foreign, Marine. Catalog \$1. Rebel flags: 2x3' \$10.95; 3x5' \$19.90; 4x6' \$25.90. Shipped prepaid. Broward Flag, Box 8593 TW, Asheville, NC 28814.

# WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

## Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists



- 201 Navajo Wild Horse Hunters 18" x 12" ..... \$3
- 203 Invocation to the Sun (Indians) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 204 Our Warriors' Return (Indians) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 205 Breaking Camp (Indians) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 206 The Fire Boat (Indians) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 207 Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians & First RR Track) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 208 Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 209 The Pony Raid (Indians) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 210 The Cattle Drive (Cowboys) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 211 The Drifter (Cowboys) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
- 212 Prairie Express (Stagecoach) 16" x 11½" ..... \$3
  
- 287 Two of a Kind Win (Skunks Invade Trappers Camp) 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 288 Early American (Indian Camp) 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 289 Western Warriors (Indians) 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 290 Indian Life 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 291 The Robe Trader 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 292 Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train) 25" x 18" ..... \$6
- 294 When Red Man Talks War 22½" x 16" ..... \$6
- 295 When Wagon Trails Were Dim 22½" x 16" ..... \$6
- 296 The Drifter (Cowboy on Horseback) 25" x 18" ..... \$6
- 297 Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt) 25½" x 18" ..... \$6
- 298 Invocation to the Sun (Indians) 25½" x 18" ..... \$6
- 299 Prairie Express (stage Coach) 25½" x 18" ..... \$6
- 300 Stalking the Herd (Wolves Stalking Buffalo Herd) 28" x 19" ..... \$6
- 226 When Mules Wore Diamonds (Pack Train) 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 227 Warning Shadows (When Shadows of Indians Spell Death) 22" x 16" ..... \$6
- 230 The Exalted Ruler (Elk Herd on Hilltop, Painted for B.P.O.E.) 20" x 15" ..... \$6
- 231 The War Party (Indians) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 232 The Gun Fighters (Cowboys) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 233 Keoma (Indian Maiden) 20" x 15" ..... \$6
- 234 Stolen Horses (Indians) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 235 The Ambush (Indians) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 236 The Sun River War Party (Indians) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 237 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 20" x 14" ..... \$6
- 240 Buffalo on the Move 25" x 18" ..... \$6
- 241 Tight Dally and Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 23" x 16" ..... \$6

- 245 The Attack (Indians) 18" x 12" ..... \$6
- 246 The Sun Worshippers (Indians) 17" x 14" ..... \$6
- 405 When East Meets West (cowboy watching Eastern girl) 21" x 13" ..... \$8
- 219 Chas. M. Russell & Friends (CMR, Others, on horseback) 28" x 22" ..... \$8
- 221 The Indian Hunters' Return 28" x 18" ..... \$8
- 293 Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt) 21" x 16" ..... \$8
- 223 The Intruders (Pastel Pale Colors) (Indians) 28" x 17" ..... \$8
- 225 The Surprise Attack (Cowboys with Indians in background) 27" x 19" ..... \$8
- 228 Meat's Not Meat Until It's in the Pan (Hunter) 21" x 14" ..... \$8
- 229 Innocent Allies (Unscheduled Stage Stop) (Stagecoach Holdup) 21" x 14" ..... \$8
- 238 Camp Cook's Troubles (Bronc to Breakfast) (Bucking Horse) 20" x 13" ..... \$8
- 239 Doubtful Visitors (Indians Visiting Wagon Train) 20" x 13" ..... \$8
- 242 The Loose Cinch (Yander & Yon) Cowboy Roping Cattle 18" x 12" ..... \$8
- 243 The Getaway (Cowboys) 18" x 12" ..... \$8
- 244 Jerked Down (Cowboys at Roundup) 20" x 12" ..... \$8
- 247 Beef for the Fighters (Cowboys) 16" x 16" ..... \$8
- 248 A Doubtful Handshake (Cowboy, Indian Shaking Hands Horseback) 16" x 16" ..... \$8
- 249 Partners (Cowboy and Horse at Campfire) 16" x 16" ..... \$8
- 400 Sun River War Party 28" x 16" ..... \$10
- 401 One Down, Two to Go (Cowboys) 24" x 16½" ..... \$10
- 402 Indian Buffalo Hunt 21½" x 16" ..... \$10
- 403 Smoking Them Out (Cowboys) 20" x 18½" ..... \$10
- 404 Stolen Horses (Indian) 24" x 18" ..... \$10
  
- 250 Nature's Soldiers (Indians) 28" x 19" ..... \$12
- 252 A Strenuous Life (Cowboys) 24" x 16" ..... \$12
- 253 A Bad One (Cowboy on Bucking Horse at Roundup) 24" x 16" ..... \$12
- 254 Cowboy Roping a Steer 24" x 16" ..... \$12
- 255 Lewis & Clark Meeting the Flatheads 30" x 14" ..... \$14

- 256 The Roundup (Cowboys) 30" x 14" ..... \$14
- 257 When Ropes Go Wrong (Cowboys) 24" x 14" ..... \$14
- 258 Through the Alkali (Cowboys) 20" x 16" ..... \$14
- 259 Riding Line (Cowboy) 26" x 22" ..... \$15
- 260 Attack on the Wagon Train 31" x 20" ..... \$15
- 261 Carson's Men (Kit Carson, Men Crossing River) 31" x 20" ..... \$15
- 262 Watching For Wagons (Indians) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 263 In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 264 Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 265 Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 266 Pipe of Peace (Indians) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 267 Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene) 30" x 18" ..... \$15
- 268 Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys) 26" x 17" ..... \$15
- 269 The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup) 26" x 17" ..... \$15
- 270 Bruin Not Bunny (Cowboy—Horse Shying at Bear) 27" x 18" ..... \$15
- 271 White Man's Buffalo (Indians "Observing" Steer) 27" x 17" ..... \$15
- 272 Lost in a Snow Storm (Indians Find Lost Cowboys) 36" x 20" ..... \$16
- 273 Cow Camp During Roundup 36" x 18" ..... \$16
- 274 The Cinch Ring (Cowboys) 36" x 24" ..... \$16
- 275 When Horseflesh Comes High (Cowboys) 36" x 24" ..... \$16
- 276 When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys) 36" x 24" ..... \$16
- 277 The Wagon Boss (Wagon Train) 36" x 23" ..... \$16
- 278 Salute to the Robe Trade (Indians Waiting for River Steamer) 36" x 22" ..... \$16
- 279 Discovery of Last Chance Gulch (Miners) 34" x 23" ..... \$16
- 280 The Jerkline (Wagon Train) 32" x 20" ..... \$16
- 281 The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train) 20" x 30" ..... \$16
- 322 On the Flathead (Indians in Canoe) 29" x 20" ..... \$18
- 323 When the World Was Before Them (Cowboy, Pack Train on Prairie) 28" x 19" ..... \$18
- 282 The Free Trapper (Mountain Man) 31" x 22" ..... \$18
- 283 Tight Dally & Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 40" x 25" ..... \$18

- 284 Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead (Cowboys) 38" x 24" ..... \$18
- 285 A Desperate Stand (Cowboys & Indians) 36" x 24" ..... \$18
- 286 When Guns Speak (Cowboys) 36" x 24" ..... \$18
- FREDERICK REMINGTON FULL COLOR PRINTS**
- 301 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38" x 24" ..... \$18
- 302 A Dash For Timber (Cowboys) 38" x 22" ..... \$18
- 303 Prospecting For the Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38" x 22" ..... \$18
- 304 Old Stagecoach of the Plains 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 305 Indian Trapper 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 306 Cavalrymen's Breakfast 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 307 His First Lesson (Cowboys) 29" x 19" ..... \$15
- 308 With the Eye of the Mind (Three Indians & Horses in Storm) 30" x 21" ..... \$15
- 309 Stamped by Lightning (Cowboys and Cattle) 30" x 20" ..... \$15
- 311 The Victory Dance (Indians) 29" x 20" ..... \$15
- 312 The Scout, Friend or Enemy? (Indian Cavalry Scout) 29" x 19" ..... \$15
- 313 Episode of a Buffalo Hunt 22" x 20" ..... \$15
- 314 Fall of a Cowboy 28" x 20" ..... \$15
- 315 The Cowboy 26" x 18" ..... \$12
- 316 Dismounted (Fourth Troopers Moving) (Cavalrymen) 25¼" x 19½" ..... \$15
- 317 Coming and Going of the Pony Express 20" x 13" ..... EA. \$8.00
- 318 The Outlier (Lone Indian Scout on Pinto, front view) 20" x 30" ..... \$18
- 319 The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38" x 24" ..... \$18
- 320 Dash For Timber (Cowboys Horseback Riding toward Forest) 38" x 22" ..... \$18
- 321 Prospecting for Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38" x 22" ..... \$18

### COLORPRINTS BY OTHER ARTISTS

- 501 Lone Wolf (Night Scene, wolf howling over Village) Wieruz 18" x 14" ..... \$5
- 502 End of the Trail (Famous Indian Painting) by Fraser 18" x 14" ..... \$5
- 503 Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) Bonheur 20" x 16" ..... \$8
- 504 Custer's Last Fight (Famous Anheuser-Busch Poster) 25¼" x 19½" ..... \$12
- SPECIAL! 8" x 10" BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS — \$1.50 EACH**
- 601 Charles M. Russell (Last Photo Taken)
- 602 Buffalo Bill in Indian outfit (Autographed)
- 603 C.M. Russell & Will Rogers on steps of CMR Studio (Autographed by Will Rogers)

### CANVAS PRINTS

Any of these prints may be transferred to Canvas for more realistic appearance. Cost is 80¢ per United Inch, plus cost of print.

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

### ORDERING INFORMATION

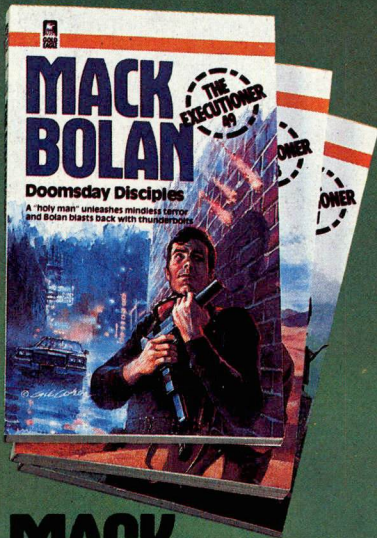
All sizes shown are width by depth. Orders are payable in advance. Add shipping charges as follows: 1-3 prints — \$2.00. 4-6 prints — \$3.00. 7 or more prints — \$4.00.

### WESTERN COLOR PRINTS

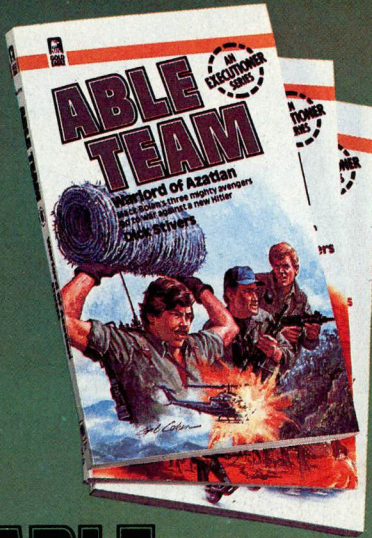
Dept. WC  
700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990



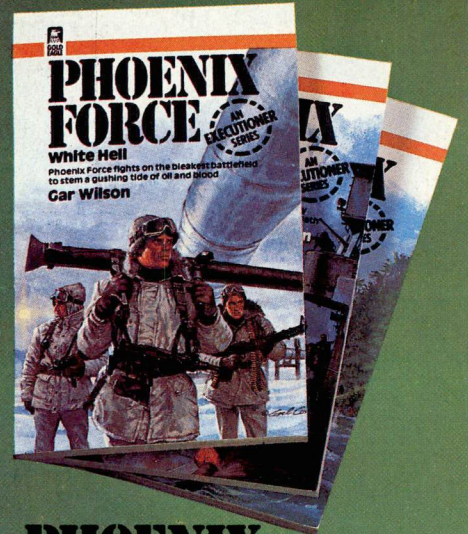
# GET INTO THE ACTION



## MACK BOLAN



## ABLE TEAM



## PHOENIX FORCE

Bloodthirsty killers are stalking innocent victims. Power-hungry madmen are threatening democracy. Savage terrorists are trying to destroy our world.

MACK BOLAN—THE EXECUTIONER, and ABLE TEAM and PHOENIX FORCE are always prepared for deadly combat with our enemies, always ready to defend and maintain personal freedom for civilized man. Their raw courage, nerves of steel and gut-chilling missions deliver the action you want, the way you want it.

Get into the action with MACK BOLAN, ABLE TEAM and PHOENIX FORCE, the most popular action adventure books in America. New titles are on sale every month wherever paperbacks are sold.

Coming soon, Bolan and his avenger squads, ABLE TEAM and PHOENIX FORCE, join forces against the ultimate terrorist outrage—20 million Americans held hostage! Look for the 384-page Bolan Bestseller STONY MAN DOCTRINE.

GOOD NEWS! These exciting books are now available through a mail-order subscription service. For more information, please write:

GOLD EAGLE READER SERVICE  
1440 S. Priest Drive—Dept. A  
Tempe, AZ 85282  
U.S.A.

