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WEST

TRUE WEST

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*Steamship Pacific***

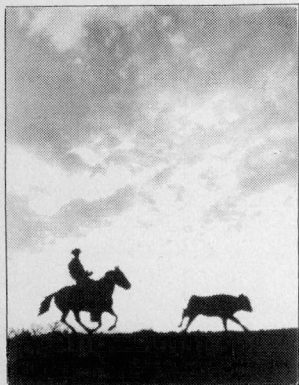
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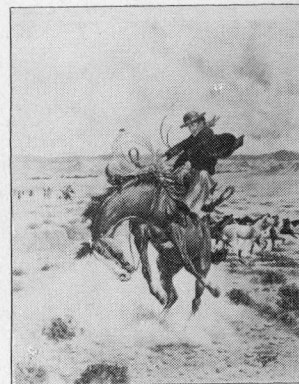
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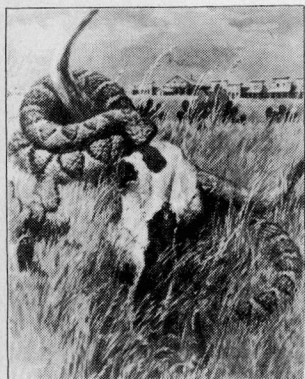
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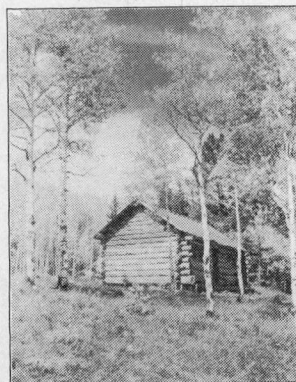
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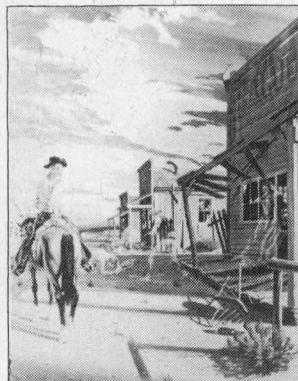
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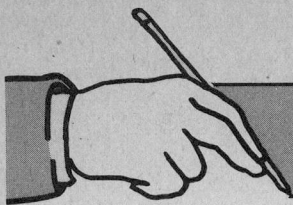
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14. Spanish Treasure
17. Flathead Indian
19. Buffalo Hunter
20. Lobos Hold A Wake
21. Old Homestead
23. Lucky Shower
24. Welcome To Boot Hill



From the Editor

I'm a born skeptic. And I'm especially skeptical of reputed 7th Cavalry survivors of the Battle of Little Big Horn. So when I first saw Ray Maketa's manuscript suggesting that Comanche was not the only horse to have survived the massacre, I had my doubts. But "Nap: the Gray Horse of E Company" is one story that should be read.

Maketa is the type of researcher who can dig up obscure facts and build a convincing argument. He also is careful to acknowledge any weaknesses in his own theories and to separate speculation from fact. The result is a thoughtful account of government records and testimony clearly indicating that there may very well have been a second equine survivor of the battle.

But what difference should it make now, over a century later, whether one horse or two, or, for that matter, no horse at all escaped death at the Little Big Horn on June 25, 1876? The battle remains a clear, fleeting victory for the Indians in a cause that was doomed from the outset. The gray horse's struggle to survive amid the clamor and confusion of the conflict, however, testifies to the noble spirit of the species. That nobility of spirit, that determination to live in the face of overwhelming danger, is worthy of human contemplation. So the story is as important today as it would have been a century ago.

Human Heroics. Jerry Eckrom's "The Wreck of the Steamship *Pacific*" vividly presents a human version of the struggle to survive. It's the story of Neal Henly's 72-hour ordeal in the waters of the Pacific Ocean off the Northwest Coast. Two drawings by Ed Walker, a fine western artist, illustrate the story. Walker does beautiful western watercolors, too. Last summer he stopped by our offices with two sensitive portraits of Plains Indian mothers and their babies, "A Mother's Dream" and "Madonna of the Plains." If you ever stop in to visit, be sure to see them.

Tall Tales. The January TRUE WEST included Paul Taylor's "Silver Reef: Bastion of Hell in Mormom Utah." Taylor is back this month with "The Biggest Liar in the West," one of the funniest true stories you'll ever read.

Just as he did for his story of Silver Reef, Taylor came up with some fine photographs to go with this biography of Jim Townsend, a protege of Mark Twain's during his days as a journalist in the West.

Speaking of Photographs. After we ran Jim Hitt's story on Ronald Reagan's career in western movies, many of you wrote that you would rather read about the *real* cowboys who starred in movies. So this month we obliged with Hitt's follow-up, "The Myth-Makers: Real Cowboys in the Movies." You'll read about such genuine cowboy stars as Tom Mix, Hoot Gibson and Art Acord. And you just can't beat those old Hollywood publicity photos.

Black Pioneers. "Allensworth: California's First Black Town" tells the life story of Colonel Allen Allensworth and his efforts to establish a self-sufficient black community early in this century. Like so many other American pioneers, Allensworth—a native of Kentucky—turned westward to fulfill his dreams.

Many buildings in the town that bears his name have been restored. Others will be. It's worth the trip to see this often forgotten chapter of American history.

Quite a Woman. From the Southwest comes the story of Bernice Walsh McLaughlin, who in her heyday set a world's record high jumping a horse at the Calgary Horse Show in 1911. Originally from Canada, Bernice and her new husband homesteaded in New Mexico. Widowed as a young woman, she led a fascinating life, and it's all here in Linda Cozart's "The Amazing Mama Mac."

Coming Next Month. The April Frontier Times will be a special ranching issue. We've rounded up some of the finest stories on cattlemen—and cattlemen—to come across our transom in the last year and put 'em together in one magazine. Those and a variety of other true stories of the West will make it an issue you won't want to miss.

—John Joerschke



Courtesy South Dakota Memorial Art Center, Brookings

"Harvey Dunn: A Son of the Middle Border," features some of the South Dakota native's finest oil paintings. "After School" was painted in the early 1950s.

TRUE WEST



March 1985

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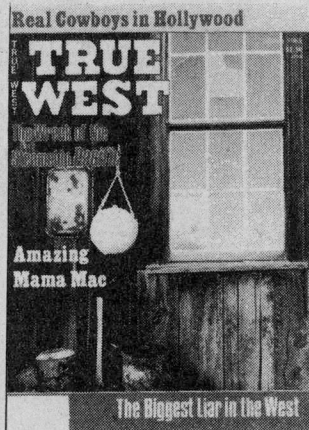
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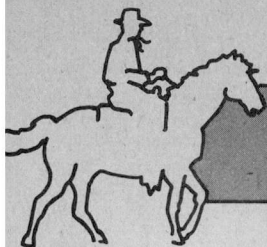
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OUR COVER

Stephen E. Strom's photograph, "Wall-Ranger's House," was taken at Bodie State Park, California, in 1979. Now a ghost town, Bodie was once the home of James Townsend, the subject of our feature, "The Biggest Liar in the West."

Manuscripts, artwork and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope of sufficient size for return with all submissions. Mail to Western Publications, P.O. Box 667, Perkins, OK 74059. Copyright 1985 by Western Publications.



Truly Western

Letters from our readers

Good Ol' Boy

Hot damn, ah allus knowed yew war one uv thuh good ol' boys an' ah'm with yew. Got mah Dec. '84 FT terday an' read "From The Editor" fust, like ah do ever' time. Hell no! Don't go back ter thuh "sick seventies" where ah damn near gave up on thuh maguzenes.

Ah won't giv' up on yo' iffn yo' keeps yore wurd an' ah'm a bettin' yew shore as hell will. Wal, keep 'em movin', ah'll be a waitin'. So long, vaya con Dios y hasta luego, amigos. Muchas gracias!—**M. E. Randenberg, Box 272, Bieber, CA 96009.**

One Man's Opinion

Yes, there is still much material about Billy the Kid and Sundance. On the other hand, "Finney's Hollow" by Olevia Myers, (Frontier Times, March 1969) was the best article ever carried in Western Publications' magazines.

All according to—**Morris Bell, 120-N-29, Gatesville, TX 76528.**

He's Hooked

I have been a subscriber since about 1956, when I stopped in at the D-Y Cafe north of the Missouri River one day and the lady in charge started talking about Walt Coburn and his stories of that area in your magazines. Since then I have been "hooked."

I have known Roland Matthews for many years and enjoyed his article, "Recollections of an Early Montana Cowboy." He might be 98 years of age, but to see him walk the streets of Lewistown and listen to him tell of the old days, he has a world of knowledge stored away.

I also enjoy Precision Screw Machine Co.'s back page articles of the old West very much. Keep up the good work and stories.—**Donald Morrison, Rt. 2, Box 2117, Lewistown, MT 59457.**

March 1985

Who Is This Man?

I have been trying for over three years to locate this person. Maybe some of your readers can help locate him or his family. The print was found in an old log



cabin on the Kenai Peninsula in Alaska. Everyone that sees it agrees the man is young, maybe 25-30 years.

The only clue I have is that on the back in large printing is a word that looks like LACURE or LA QOUR. It appears that the person who wrote the letters used a blue crayon.—**E. M. McGann, Early Years Museum, Box 174 Happy Valley, Anchor Point, AK 99556-0174.**

Marshall Bond Letter

Your new issue of Frontier Times lives up to its traditions and continuity of "The Old Frontier Times"! Keep up that good work. Yours is a rare magazine for these times.

The article "The Mysteries of Arizona's La Fortuna" by Leonard Cameron, FT October 1984, brings this

story to mind:

As an avid researcher on history folklore and legends of the southwest I am prone to prowl and wander in the wildest places. A few years ago I picked up a copy of "University of Arizona" Arizona Bureau of mines, geological Series No. 7 Bulletin No. 134, dated February 15, 1933. Since it was in usable shape, I paid one dollar for it and took it home.

At a convenient time I opened it and began to pursue the contents, when, lo and behold a letter fell into my lap! The letter is addressed Marshall Bond, Esq. It is signed by a man named Franklin and posted from Inde, Durango, Mexico, on October 12, 1934, and briefly describes the "La Fortuna" workings as they were in 1914—20 years before the letter was written and 10 years after the mine was closed. Included in this little bonanza was an Arizona Yuma County Hiway map dated January 1923.

The bureau of mines bulletin describes the geology and mineral deposits of southern Yuma County, Arizona. Interestingly, total production of the La Fortuna mine as compiled in the bulletin for the years 1896 to 1904 was \$2,587,987. The mine was worked twice after that, the last time briefly in 1926, but added very little more to that figure.

That Marshall Bond was interested in this mine is evident from notes and drawings also found in the bulletin. Whether he actively pursued his interest in the "field" is speculation, but that the "La Fortuna" mine still lies dormant adds to the irony and mystery.—**Maurice A. Lipkowitz, 7248 Del Norte Dr., Goleta, CA 93117.**

Arbuckles Coffee

I am writing regarding the letter from Dick Spencer, publisher, of Colorado Springs, Colorado, in "Truly Western" in the October '84 issue of Frontier Times. I was born a Westerner in West Texas, but drifted off to other occupations. Having been born at the turn of

the century, I learned a lot in my early days.

My father was a western cowhand. He woke me at five each morning to build the first wood fires of the day, and taught me how to make coffee. Of course it was Arbuckles Coffee, coming in a brown paper sealed bag of about a pound of unground coffee beans. I do not know if they sold any ground coffee in that day. I have measured out a day's supply of the beans many times, ground them with a coffee grinder on the wall, and put the coffee on to boil.

When the sacks were empty it was a rule of the house to save the coupon, or signature as it was called then. This was a space on the bag bordering the Arbuckles signature, and was worth a small sum for ordering various articles that were advertised. My personal order was one of my first pocket knives.

It does me good to read something of that day that I can plainly remember.—**Willard Matthews, 417 Evans, Angleton, TX 77515.**

Song For Silverheels

Regarding William C. Henderson's letter (October 1984 *Frontier Times*) about Silverheels, the Florence Nightingale of Fairplay, Colorado—this heart-of-gold whore is the subject of a song written just about 20 years ago. Called "Silverheels," it is mis-titled "Gold Mine Blues" on the album *The Elusive Bob Lind* (Verve Folkways, FT-3005) from 1966.

The singer and writer, Bob Lind, attended college at Gunnison, Colorado, and the album was released without his permission, nor any compensation to him. He wrote and sang the hit version of "Elusive Butterfly" which over 80 people have done, including Dolly Parton.—**Steve Eng, Co-Director, Tennessee Western History and Folklore Society, Box 60072, Nashville, TN 37206.**

Ex-Newspaper Man

When I was a young man in the panhandle of Texas I thought I wanted to be a newspaper man and trotted all over gettin' news. One time I found an elderly spinster on the Oklahoma border that I had known all my life. I asked her if I could write a sort of history of her life. She agreed.

She was born there on the ranch, helping with the roundup and branding.



This neglected monument near Mammoth, in Yellowstone National Park, memorializes the first people buried there.

matter of fact she sort of ran the place in her older years. I asked her if she had ever been sick and she said, "Lawsy, yes, snake bit and broken bones and all." I scratched my head and said, "Miss Mandy, have you ever been bed ridden?" She looked at me so funny and said, "Lawsy, yes, Ab, and twice in a buggy, but you ain't goin' to put that in the paper are you?"—**Ab Gunter, Rt. 1 Box 165, Wheeler, TX 79096.**

Interested in Old West

I've been reading your magazine for about six months and I am surprised how much there is to know about the Old West and how often we are hoaxed by misconceptions. Your magazine appears to be an accurate account of the outlaws and crime fighters and the true stories of the brave men and women who settled America.

I would be very excited to see more stories about the iron horse, stagecoach and other modes of transportation. I am also interested in finding out about the old west towns that have grown into major bustling cities of the twentieth century. Once you have been to the great cities such as Dallas and San Francisco you realize what it took to become what they are today and it becomes even more fascinating.

Thanks for such a fun magazine!—**Paul Tagg, 1817 N. Sylvainer Ave., Fort Worth, TX 76111.**

High on a hill overlooking Mammoth, the park headquarters in Yellowstone Park, a group of people in the past found it fitting to pay tribute, with this stone, to two young women who died too soon. The lower left inscription reads: "The first laid to rest in Mammoth."

This tombstone is alone except for the bear, elk and buffalo that use it as a scratching post. It is not pinned to its base; as a result it gets pushed over and damaged. It gets righted now the then by a stranger such as I.

It would be good if some group of people in or around Mammoth could see to it that this stone was properly pinned to its base, so it could survive a few more years as a tribute to the first laid to rest in Mammoth.—**James Jenkins, 4256 S. 164 St., Seattle, WA 98188.**

Mariposa, Arizona??

In the November 1984 issue of TRUE WEST, page 53, in "Big Lawmen" by Bill O'Neal, it seems to me he doesn't remember his geography too well—but then maybe its just a typo error when he puts Mariposa County, California, in Arizona. I had the idea that the Arizona county was "Maricopa" County.

I've lived here in Mariposa, California, since 1970. I guess since the county is now in Arizona that explains the

True West

unbearable heatwave we've been having here since sometime in June this year. I do seem to remember tho', a small town some miles west of Bakersfield on the plains by name of Maricopa. I don't know much about it, never having been there. I do believe, however, that in the early days of California's history, it was quite a bustling cowtown.—R. E. Cassidy, Gen. Del., Mariposa, CA 95338.

Editor's Note: You're right R. E.! But you can't blame Bill O' Neal—it's a typo. Mariposa is in California and Maricopa is in Arizona

The Writer Wasn't Drunk

What sort of "Swamp Juice" or "Pop Skull" was Barbara Meehan drinking when she said the people at the mountain man rendezvous brought "apple pie in jugs" (page 55, November 1984, TRUE WEST).

Try to picture someone putting apple pie in a jug, (a little at a time) then the

God forsaken job of getting it out again. A hell of a lot she don't know about "mountain men" and a lot less about how to carry "apple pie".

Here in the Northwest we raise millions of boxes of apples, but we never put "apple pie in jugs."—Walt Thayer, Box 2175, Wenatchee, WA 98801.

Editor's Note: Apple pie goes in and out of a jug the same way as Swamp Juice and Pop Skull.

More Matthews

The people in Ferguson County, Petroleum County and Garfield County would like to hear more stories of the history of Roland Matthews and Mayberry of the early day life. Like the time he took his car across the Missouri River on a cable and when he carried mail across the Missouri on pack horses, when all you could see was the horses' feet sticking up in the air and his hat floating down the river. There are many, many other experiences.—Lyle Kimble and Bill Town, 401 Bench Bl. #6, Billings, MT 59105.

Singing Our Praises

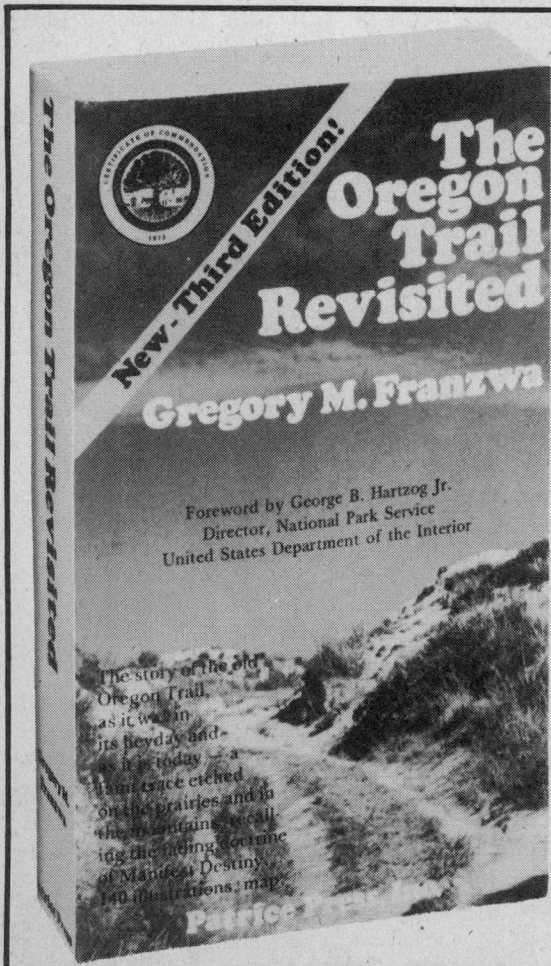
All I can say about the October issue is: Bravo, Bravo, and give us more of the same.

How about some stories by Charles Coburn and the Circle C Ranch? Once in a while though, a book-length story. I read the issue from cover to cover and enjoy each and every story.

Are you going to tell us the results of the survey?

Once again, all of you may stand up and take a bow.—Mr. & Mrs. Philip E. Keil, 7107 Hickory Grove, San Antonio, TX 78227.

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by Western Publications will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to Western Publications, P.O. Box 667, Perkins, OK 74059.



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This 436-page book, with 140 illustrations, not only tells the story of the old Oregon Trail in its heyday, but gives explicit directions to lead the vacationer to wherever the route of the trail may be reached in safety by the family automobile. It takes you from the Independence Landing, on the Missouri River north of Independence, Missouri, all the way to Oregon City, Oregon, in the Willamette Valley — the end of the Oregon Trail. There is a "Speed Trip" section in the back of the book for those in a hurry, who choose to reach the story spots like Fort Laramie on the highways rather than on the back roads. It would be hard to find a more appetite-whetting slice of history, either for armchair types or for students eager to get the feel of American reality with their own two feet. \$6.95 paperback (3rd ed. only); \$12.95 hardcover (2nd ed. only). Add \$1.75 mailing. Mo. tax: 32¢ & 60¢ respectively.

OTHER OREGON TRAIL BOOKS FROM THE PATRICE PRESS:

Historic Sites Along the Oregon Trail, by Aubrey L. Haines, is a 453-page illustrated directory of 394 places important in trail days. Paperback, \$12.95, Mo. tax 60¢; Hardcover, \$24.95, Mo. tax \$1.15. Shipping \$1.75.

Maps of the Oregon Trail, by Gregory M. Franzwa, offers 133 full-page present-day county maps with the trail shown as a red line. Paperback, \$14.95, Mo. tax 69¢; Hardcover, \$24.95, Mo. tax \$1.15. Looseleaf (22 rings), \$27.95, Mo. tax \$1.29. Shipping \$1.75 exc. looseleaf, at \$2.50.

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Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

Honorary Chairman Named

William C. Foxley, owner of the Museum of Western Art, Denver, Colorado, has been named honorary chairman for the 1985 Charles M. Russell Auction of Original Western Art.

Foxley spent his early summer days on a Montana ranch; it was during this time of his life the seed was planted for creating the Museum of Western Art.

Foxley's real ambition was to be a doctor, so working with his father on their Omaha, Nebraska, cattle lot did not exactly fit his interests. He received his B.A. degree in pre-med from the University of Notre Dame in 1957. But a week before he was scheduled to take his entrance exams for medical school he and a friend were suspended for blowing up a sink with a firecracker!

Needing time to sort out his priorities, Foxley joined the Marine Corps for a three-year stint. When he returned to civilian life, he found the Foxley cattle operation in Nebraska in rather poor condition as his father had died his last year in college.

Not only did he feel owning cattle feed lots was not an exciting business, he felt there really was no future in it. But he felt he couldn't just walk away from the family business without giving it a fair chance. By sticking with it and learning all there was to know, he became a successful cattleman and entrepreneur.

By this time Foxley was looking for some type of diversification outside of agriculture. One such diversification was his passion for western art. Foxley moved to Denver and began his collection as a "fun hobby." It was increased by knowledge obtained from reading art books. Like many other new collectors, Bill became "hooked" on western art. He formulated a collecting strategy resulting in a remarkable grouping of paintings and bronzes. Once making the



William C. Foxley

commitment to build up the collection, he bought up every available important Russell and Remington on the market.

Foxley's next venture was to own an art museum. He purchased the Navarre building in Denver. Built in 1880 and opened as a school to educate young ladies in Christian virtues, the building was sold in 1889. It then became a gambling casino and brothel. A threat to close the building in 1904 brought about the conversion to a fine restaurant and was continued as such until 1977.

The museum opened in December 1983. It houses Foxley's collection of Western paintings and bronzes assembl-

ed over the last six years. The museum will also offer a traveling exhibit gallery. To celebrate the opening of his art museum, Foxley has published the book *Frontier Spirit*. It will be a collector's item and contains 130 color plates plus 200 pages of text telling the unique American story of an impatient, resolute, adventurous spirit in search of new horizons.

C. M. Russell Auction. The 17th Annual C. M. Russell Auction of Original Western Art will take place March 21, 22, 23, 1985, at the Heritage Inn, Great Falls, Montana. This is the largest and most successful Western Art Auction of its kind in the United States, sponsored by the Great Falls Advertising Federation for the benefit of the C. M. Russell Museum.

This year the Russell Auction offers two major auctions of western art, three receptions, 100 exhibitor rooms open to the public, a chuckwagon brunch, two quick draws and two quick draw auctions.

For information contact: Great Falls Advertising Federation, Box 619, Great Falls, MT 59403, (406) 761-6453.

Fremont County Pioneer Museum. The story of Lander, Wyoming, as well as much of the West, is told in a sturdy log cabin the Pioneer Association of Lander Valley built in 1915. It has expanded considerably to house a varied collection of reputed displays.

An outstanding collection of Indian artifacts is highlighted, including an eagle thigh sundance whistle, many por-

True West

cupine quill decorated items and excellent examples of the high art of beadwork. The story of the Lander cowboy who rides the bucking horse on Wyoming's license plates is told there, and you'll see an old town in replica.

The Pioneer Association was founded in 1886 and will soon be celebrating its centennial. The Pioneer Museum is open year-round from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., June through September; 1 p.m. to 4 p.m., October through May, located at 630 Lincoln St., Lander, Wyoming. Admission is free.

Calico Ghost Town. According to Duffy, an old prospector, "The whole town was crowded into adobe houses, tents and dugouts that lined both sides of Main Street. When it got too thick, they put up wooden bridges or gangplanks across the gullies and dug out places to live on the canyon sides."

Old Duffy is remembering the pretty little ghost town of Calico, which in its heyday boasted 22 saloons, a population of about 4,000, and the richest silver strike in California history. Nestled in the nooks and crannies of the Calico Mountains, just 10 miles north of Barstow and three hours from Los Angeles, Calico was restored to its former condition by Walter Knott, and has now been turned over to the County of San Bernardino as a Regional Park.

Famous mines include Silver King, Odessa, Oriental, Bismarck and Maggie. The campground is open 24 hours and on weekends there's a campfire and street entertainment. Celebrations include: Hullabaloo on Palm Sunday, Calico Spring Festival in May, Calico Days in October, and Western Fine Arts Show in November.

The town is located on Ghost Town Road, off I-15, 10 miles north of Barstow. For more information about Calico Ghost Town write Box 638, Yermo, CA 92398.

Taps for Buffalo Soldier. Buffalo Soldier was the name the Indians of the Southwest gave the blacks who served in the Army from just after the Civil War until about World War I. Former Master Sgt. John Campbell Jr., 90, was buried with honors at Fort Huachuca, Arizona, last fall.

Men like Campbell had to be very patriotic to serve in view of the segrega-



Courtesy Sid Richardson Collection of Western Art

C. M. Russell's "When White Men Turn Red," 1922.

tion of races in the United States. They couldn't eat with the whites, go to shows with them or even buy houses in certain areas. But Campbell was a firm believer in democracy and saw that the future would change.

Campbell's vision was realized at the ceremony as blacks and whites, male and female soldiers stood together to honor him as pallbearers, the honor firing party and members of the B Troop Memorial. An Army bugler played "Taps" for Campbell just after a 21-gun salute echoed across the post cemetery's green grass and rows of white headstones.

NABBC Convention. The Old West was alive at the second annual convention of the National Association of Belt Buckle Collectors, August 31 through September 2 in Wichita, Kansas.

The event proved a success, as the number of exhibitors was nearly double that of last year. There were buckles commemorating significant personalities involved in the taming of the West, and others heralding the 100th anniversary of Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. One buckle manufacturer had just released the second four-buckle set in a pewter series honoring the western art of Charles M. Russell.

As buckle collecting continues to grow as a hobby nationwide, collectors enjoy getting together at swap meets and events such as the convention in

Wichita. And most of them didn't consider themselves collectors at first. Many were just folks who liked to wear attractive buckles and bought a few here and there.

The NABBC, chartered in April 1983, now has members in 33 states and Canada and continues to attract attention. The organization strives to put buckle enthusiasts in contact with each other and to foster clubs of collectors. There are now five such clubs in the nation, and several more are organizing.

"The Voice," official bimonthly publication of the NABBC, reports new buckles on the market and club news and events. The NABBC also issues an annual buckle, which is to be produced by a different manufacturer each year.

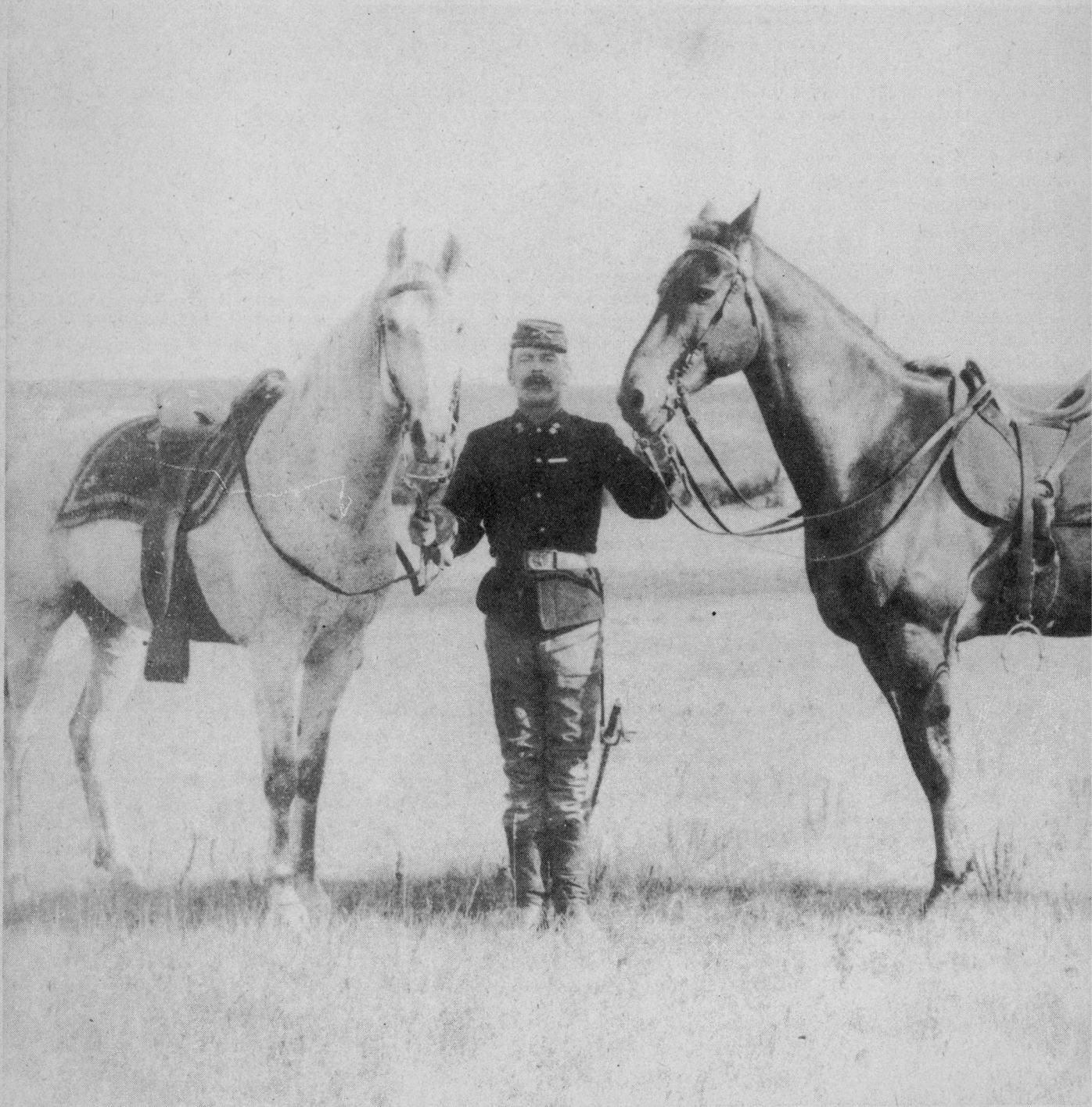
For more information about the National Association of Belt Buckle Collectors, write to: NABBC, Dept. WP, Box 47070, Wichita, KS 67201. A free sample copy of "The Voice" is available on request.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 667, Perkins, OK 74059.

Nap:

The Gray Horse of E Company

By RAY MAKETA



Comanche was not the only horse to survive the Battle of the Little Big Horn.

According to legend only one living creature survived Custer's Battle of the Little Bighorn. Recently uncovered evidence, however, indicates that there was at least one other survivor. The story begins on the twenty-fifth day of June, 1876.

By sundown of that fateful Sunday, General George Armstrong Custer and his entire battalion of more than 200 Seventh Cavalry officers and men were dead. Four miles away on the bluffs overlooking the Little Bighorn, Major Marcus Reno and the balance of the regiment were digging trenches in preparation for the onslaught of Sioux and Cheyenne that they knew would come at dawn the next day. They were unaware of the fate of Custer and his five companies.

With daybreak on the twenty-sixth came the buzz of bullets as the hostile Indians tried in vain to overrun the troopers. Finally at about 7 p.m. they gave up the attack. The assembled Indians from the village moved off toward the Bighorn Mountains. Early the next morning a cloud of dust was seen far to the north and so, emerging from it, was a column of mounted men. Some of the nervous Seventh Cavalry troopers thought it was the Indians coming to finish them, others thought it was Custer coming to the rescue.

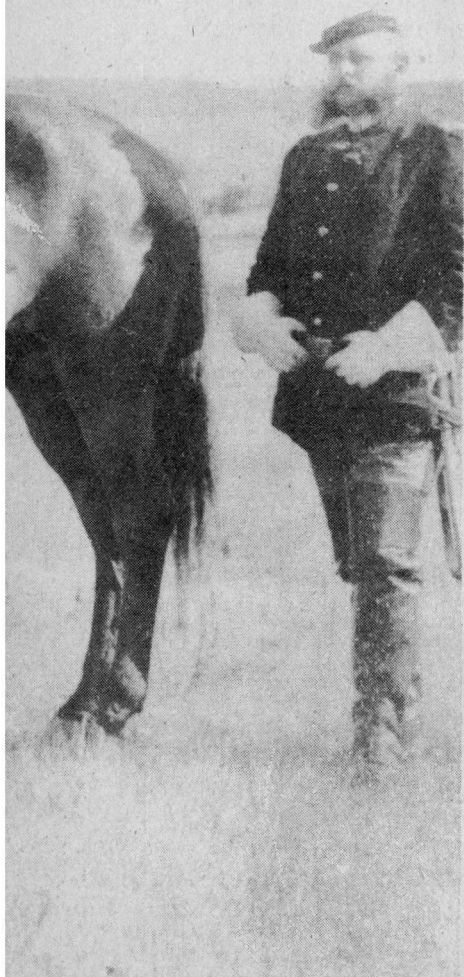
Major Reno's Adjutant, Lieutenant Luther Hare, along with Acting Engineer Officer Lieutenant George Wallace, was sent to investigate. A short ride brought them close enough to see that it was, instead, the command under General Alfred Terry. An officer from Terry's column brought the sad

news that Custer and his men had been found dead and mutilated on a ridge four miles downstream.

Early on the morning of June 28, 1876, the surviving Seventh Cavalry officers and men gathered to begin the grim task of burying their dead comrades on the Custer Battlefield. The morning was bright and clear as they moved north, following the trail that Custer had taken three days before. From a high point some distance from the field they observed what appeared to be white boulders. When told that the objects were the naked bodies of the dead soldiers, D Company Captain Thomas Weir, exclaimed, "Oh how white they look!" As they hastened forward, an awful sight greeted their eyes. Scattered about, singly and in groups, lay the bodies of more than 200 of their fellow soldiers.

The troopers were deployed in skirmish line, by company, each covering a specific area of ground. The company commanders searched for the dead commissioned officers while the enlisted men, in the charge of the first sergeants, were busy counting and burying the dead where they found them.

The bodies of the fallen troopers were not alone. Strewn about were dozens of dead and wounded cavalry horses. Comanche, the mount of I Company Captain Myles Keogh, was found near his fallen master. One white horse was discovered mired in the mud on the right bank of the Little Bighorn a short distance below Medicine Tail Coulee ford. Captain Frederick Benteen put a bullet between its eyes to "put him out of his misery." No doubt others were



L-r: Unidentified gray horse, blacksmith Gustave Korn, Comanche, and Captain Charles Isley.



Courtesy North Dakota State Historical Society

Interpreter Fred Gerard's testimony at the Reno Court of Inquiry in 1879 helps identify the gray horse.

found wounded or disabled and suffered a similar fate.

Lieutenant Edward Godfrey of Company K searched the areas adjacent to the field hoping to find some surviving officer or trooper. In his diary on June 28 he recorded: "I found a gray horse . . . [and] *I took him in.*" Godfrey tells little more than the horse's color. He does not say where it was found, or whether it was wounded. He does, however, leave one important clue. In his diary the lieutenant underlined the words "*I took him in.*" He must have done this for some good reason, the most likely being to emphasize the fact that this particular horse was led back to the command and saved rather than being destroyed as were the others.

Standing alone, this evidence would hardly support a conclusion that the gray horse was a genuine survivor of the battle. But a close examination of the various sources reveals some startling clues not only to the validity of Godfrey's simple diary entry but also to the name and fate of the gray horse.

The civilian interpreter, Fred Gerard, tells us that the animal was wounded and where it was found.

On June 25, Gerard had been with mayor Reno's battalion in the valley fight. During the retreat to the bluffs he was left in the timber with scout Billy Jackson, Trooper Thomas O'Neil and Lieutenant Charles DeRudio. In 1879, at the Reno Court of Inquiry, Gerard testified that he heard firing coming from the Custer Battlefield while he was hiding in the timber along the river. When asked to locate the place from which the firing came, he identified it as "the place above where the first dead man of Custer's command was found. Subsequently, when we went to bury the troops, there was a horse wounded, standing in the stream where we crossed."

He was questioned further: "On which side of the stream was the horse standing?" A. "On the left-hand side." Q. "What kind of horse?" A. "I have an impression that it was a gray horse." Q. "Where was that place you found the gray horse in reference to point 'B' on the map?" A. "I would say about where the letter 'L' is in the Little Big Horn."

Referring to the battle map used at the inquiry, it appears that the gray horse was found near the Little Bighorn River at the mouth of 'E' Company's deep ravine. Company E was the gray horse troop!

Two questions arise: was the gray horse a cavalry mount, and what became of it when the combined Dakota

True West

First Lieutenant Luther Rector Hare, Reno's adjutant and first Seventh Cavalry officer to learn of Custer's death.

and Montana columns began the slow and painful march down the Little Bighorn to the waiting steamer *Far West*? Testimony of Company D Second Lieutenant Winfield Scott Edgerly provides the answers.

Beginning in 1902, Historian Walter Camp interviewed many of the men who lived through that fateful June day. Lieutenant Edgerly, who had been in Captain Benteen's battalion, had this to say about his experiences during the detail of burying the dead: "... one of 'E' Troop's gray horses was found wounded at the river near Custer Battlefield, and appeared to be much frightened and very shy but followed the troops at a distance all the way to the crossing of the Yellowstone." The gray horse, then, was not only returned to the command, but accompanied the troopers to the mouth of the Big Horn River.

Early in 1879 a story circulated in Chicago that a U.S. Cavalry horse was found in a Sioux camp in Canada and that the animal was a survivor of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. When quizzed by a Chicago *Times* reporter, Major Marcus Reno said: "I wonder if that could be the gray horse we lost two days after the battle? A corporal of Company 'C' . . . rode a gray horse when my command engaged the Indians . . . near the river. The corporal was killed early in the fight, and, in the retreat to the hills . . . the old gray followed (me). Somewhere (near) the river the gray was (wounded) . . . to such an extent that he could walk only with the greatest of difficulty. After the battle . . . we urged the old gray along (with us) . . . but in the confusion of crossing the (Yellowstone) he was somewhere overlooked and was never seen by the command again." While Reno's comment contains errors ("C" Company rode sorrels not grays), and several discrepancies, it bears too many similarities to the other accounts to be ignored.

Another of Walter Camp's interviews includes the final and, possibly, the most important clue to the mystery of the gray horse. Sometime between 1910 and 1918 Camp interviewed William G. Hardy, who was trumpeter of Company A in June, 1876. Hardy had much to say about the horses found on the Custer Battlefield: "Comanche was not Keogh's regular horse but one belong-
March 1985



Courtesy of Seventh Cavalry Collection, Fort Bliss, Texas.

ing to McGinnis and Keogh had him this day as an extra horse. McGinnis was left sick at [Fort] Lincoln. Found Drinan's horse wounded in back and he had to be killed. Bustard of I Company had DeLacey's horse and this horse was found dead on village side of river down near ford [but it might have been led over and shot because too badly wounded]. The gray horse found on the battlefield was taken to Ft. Lincoln and children used to ride him. His name was Nap."

So, Nap, the gray horse of an E Company trooper, survived the battle and eventually found himself back at Fort A. Lincoln, a pet of the children, much as the famed Comanche, an officer's horse was the pet of the post's officers and ladies.

There are no other known clues to complete the story of Nap, so the details necessary to fill in the gaps can only be guessed. How did Nap get back to Fort Lincoln? Perhaps he was transported aboard the steamer *Josephine* which followed the *Far West* by only a few days. A more likely explanation is that he made the long overland march with the troopers. Or could he have been on the *Far West* along with Comanche? This is not an unreasonable theory. Private Peter Thompson stated, "... Comanche and one of General Custer's horses were put on board the steamer[*Far West*]". However, Lieutenant Godfrey

recorded that Dandy, the General's surviving horse, remained with the regiment in the field and did not return to Fort Lincoln until September. It could be that the other horse Thompson saw was Nap.

Why has the narrative of the gray horse gone unnoticed these many years? One possibility is that Nap died before the Comanche fable began and was therefore quickly forgotten. There are very few early references to Comanche, and it appears that his legend took on much more importance in later years than it had immediately following the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

One last piece in the puzzle of the gray horse might be found in a photograph of Comanche taken at Fort Lincoln sometime after the Battle of the Little Bighorn. Pictured in this scene from the Elizabeth Custer collection at the Custer Battlefield National Monument are Comanche, blacksmith Gustave Korn, Captain Charles S. Ilsley, and a gray horse. The handwritten caption on the back of the fading photograph does not identify this animal. Why would an unnamed gray horse be included in a picture with so famous a subject as Comanche? Surely not by chance or accident. It could be because he was Nap, another genuine survivor of the Little Bighorn.





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Courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

True West

By JIM HITT

The Myth Makers

*Early movie cowboys
were the genuine article.*

As the turn of the century arrived, the American cowboy saw his world ending. Barbed wire had closed the open range, and the big ranches from Texas to Montana faced bankruptcy. Knowing only the life of the saddle, most cowboys faced a bleak future. In searching for new lives, many drifted to Hollywood between 1910 and 1915 and entered the embryonic motion picture business.

A few, of course, did not simply drift to Hollywood. Some came on the run. S. Y. Slim rode out of Thermopolis, Wyoming, on a stolen horse, a posse hot on his trail. He and many others spurred on by much less urgency found that Hollywood offered opportunities. The studios needed stars and stunt riders. The cowboys arrived eager to fill those needs.

For many cowboys, movies were a seasonal job. During the spring and summer, the cowboys followed the rodeo or wild west show circuit, winding up for roundup in the fall on the surviving ranches. They worked on pictures in the winter months. Some like Hoot Gibson, Art Acord, Pete Morrison and Neal Hart made movies a year-round occupation. Some prospered, a few found stardom and wealth. Most simply found a job that was easier and paid better than ranch life.

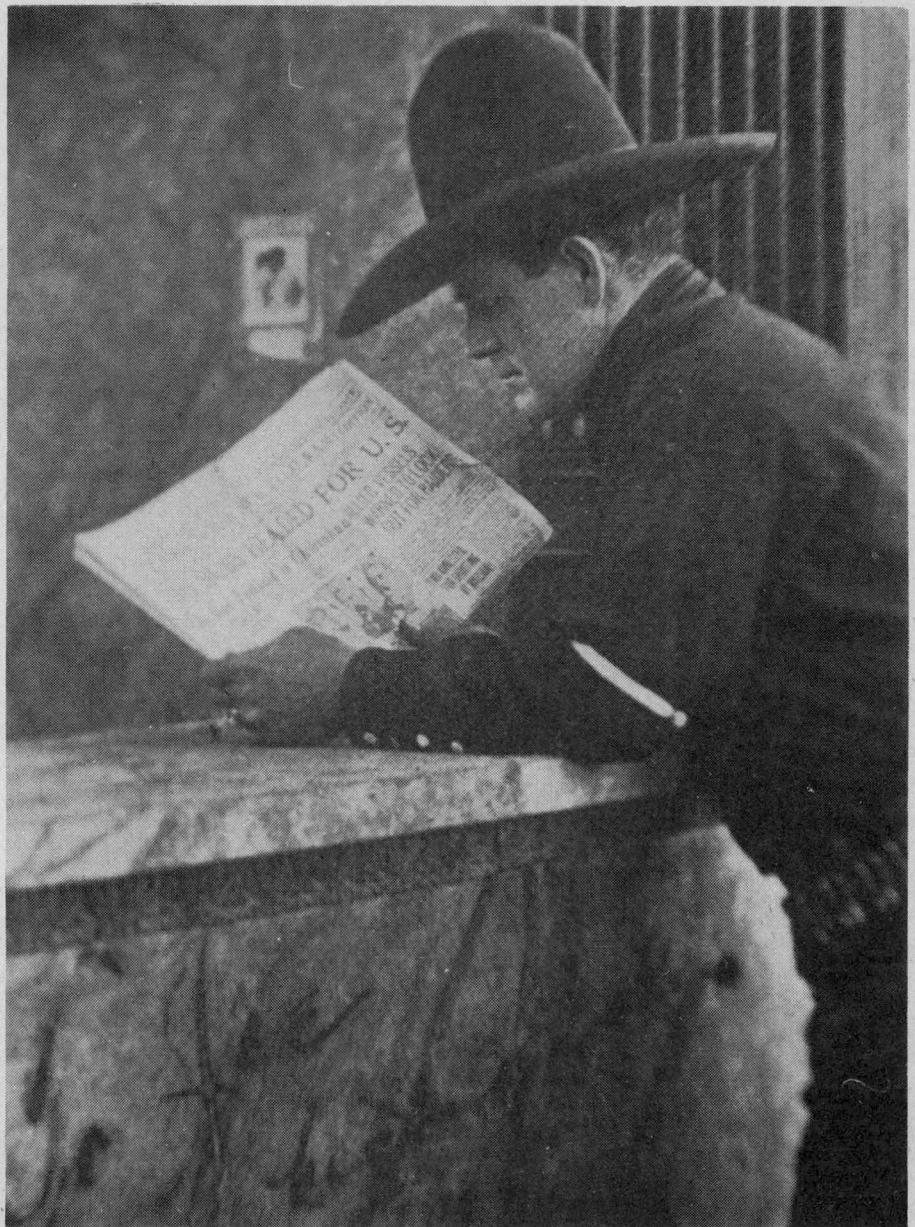
One of the first motion picture companies to employ cowboys extensively was 101 Bison Productions, which was actually a joint production company. The New York Motion Picture Company had leased 18,000 acres of land near Santa Monica, California. In 1910 the entire company moved its facilities west to avoid prosecution in a patent war that had divided the entire motion picture world. That same year, the Miller Brothers' Wild West Show, which was also already involved in filmmaking, came to California seeking the sun in an effort to improve their movies. The ac-

tual home of the show was Bliss, Oklahoma, and its owner, George Miller, had participated in the Oklahoma land rush. In November of 1911, New York Motion Picture Company and the Miller Brothers' Wild West Show, both hassled by detectives for the patent companies, merged forces. The Miller Brothers moved their equipment to the

Santa Ynez ranch and the two companies became known jointly as 101 Bison Productions.

The ranch had only one entrance, and the owners of the 101 Bison felt secure in their isolated environment. The company began to turn out some impressive short files under the direction of Thomas Ince. The first was *War On The*

Courtesy of Victoria Allen



Neal Hart reads the news in one of his Universal westerns, 1917.



Courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

Art Acord was one of the first western stars to emerge from the ranks of real cowboys.

Plains, a cavalry and Indians story. Ince used real cowboys and real Indians. The film, when completed, had a dusty primitive look and feel almost as if it were a documentary rather than a fiction film. It proved a success, and Ince followed quickly with such films as *The Deserter*, *The Indian Massacre*, and *The Battle Of The Red Men*. They all received excellent reviews, and critics were quick to point out their authentic look.

Conditions on the Santa Ynez ranch were often like those on the real frontier. Cowboys lived in bunkhouses that were different from ranch bunkhouses only in the fact that the smell of old horse blankets thrown in corners or sweaty clothes hung about the room were gone. Insects and rattlesnakes abounded. But the cowboys loved their existence. They usually stayed to themselves away from other actors, and they didn't have to account to anyone. If they wanted to stay up all night and drink and play poker, they could do it without interference.

Working for 101 Bison was also easier than working on a ranch. Where a cowboy on a ranch might put in 18 hours a day, he would be regulated by daylight hours working for the Bison 101. There was no night shooting.

Pay was also better at Bison. On a ranch, a cowboy would usually be paid a scant \$40 a month. The studio, however, paid a cowboy a basic salary of \$2.50 a day plus an additional \$2.50 for each stunt.

The work was often dangerous, then, for those people working with them knew little of riding and performing while making the movie, the star, Enid Markey, was being pursued by 30 cowboys dressed in Arab costumes. Unable to stay aboard, she slipped from the saddle and tumbled to ground. Doubling up into a knot, she expected to be trampled to death. As the thundering hooves pounded the ground around her, she screamed. But expert horsemen that they were, the cowboys rode around her. One of them came back, dismounted, picked her off the ground and dusted her off. In the meantime, the director discovered that, in the heat of excitement, the cameraman had fainted. The director immediately put Miss Markey back on her horse, obtained another cameraman and re-filmed the entire scene. This time, there was no accident.

Even though by mid-1910 101 Bison was in full operation, the patent war still raged. Universal, which was Bison's principal enemy on the West Coast, hired a gang of thugs to stage a raid on the Santa Ynez ranch and destroy as

much property as they could. When the 101 Bison people heard of the impending raid, they turned to a tough cowboy named Jim Brooks for help.

Many Indians were encamped on the ranch, and Brooks had them dress in full war regalia with painted faces and bodies. Although they had no live ammunition, he issued muskets to them. Taking two cannons used in the films, he positioned them, and the Indians, on the ridge of the canyon overlooking the only entrance into the ranch. When the hired thugs from Universal showed up, they saw the Indians silhouetted on the ridge and the cannons staring them in the face. The cowboys, also eager for a little fun, joined in, firing their blank-filled revolvers. The thugs retreated without a fight.

Other companies, hearing of Bison's success, also hired cowboys to protect them from the patent companies. While he was working at the Essanay studios, Allen Dwan, the famous film director, hired Pete Morrison and his two brothers, who were tough Colorado cowboys and had the reputation of shooting first and shooting fast. Universal and other patent companies left Dwan and Essanay alone.

At last, Universal called a truce, and the patent war ended. But there was still plenty of work for cowboys. Universal bought out 101 Bison and built a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where they began to grind out western films. They hired many of the cowboys who came over from Bison.

Most cowboys found the film business a young man's game, although few dated back to the days of cattle drives. Frank Murphy was perhaps the oldest. Born in 1858, he had driven cattle on various trails from 1876 to 1888. Another old-timer, Milt Brown, had driven a stagecoach in the Rockies, and several times bandits had held up his stage in typical Hollywood fashion. He had also served as a government scout against the Indians. Later, he joined the Miller Brothers Wild West Show and drifted to Hollywood with them. Even Wyatt Earp tried his hand at acting, although by 1915 when he was cast in a small part in *The Half Breed*, a Douglas Fairbanks' film, he was already a one-eyed old man. On top of that, he also had the bad fortune to be a very bad actor. His career began and ended with that one film.

Because there were simply too many risks involved for the older men, most of the cowboys who worked in films were relatively young. They were often required to fall from their horses as well



Courtesy of Victoria Allen

Joe Ryan starred in Vitagraph serials, 1910.

as do hard riding and roping. Sometimes they even had to shoot at each other with live ammunition. In 1915, Cecil B. DeMille was filming *The Captive*. Since using charges to simulate bullets striking was both tricky and time consuming, DeMille decided to load a few guns with balls in order to make timbers splinter realistically. The extras advanced on a makeshift fort firing their weapons when suddenly a young cowboy named Clarence Chandler collapsed to the ground, his head shattered by a ball.

STARS SOON began to emerge from the ranks of the cowboys. One of the first was Art Acord. Tradition holds that Acord was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1890, but it is probable he

was actually born of Mormon parents in Utah. As a young man, he punched cattle on various ranches. In 1908 he joined the Dick Stanley-Bud Atkinson Wild West Show and toured the country with them as a trick rider and bulldogger. Hoot Gibson was appearing with the show at the same time. In 1910 the show wintered in California, and both Art and Hoot signed on with D. W. Griffith as stuntmen for a film entitled *Two Brothers*, which was being filmed in San Juan Capistrano. At one point during the filming, Henry B. Walthall, the star of the film, dropped his hat. Art rode over on his horse and, from the saddle, retrieved the hat and handed it to the actor. Art had been unaware that the camera had been rolling during the entire proceedings. Griffith paid Art an additional three dollars for the stunt. Later in the film, the famous director had Art rear his horse back until it fell on him. The fine rider that he was, Art Acord was not hurt. By the end of the film, he had become a full-fledged stuntman.

At this juncture in his life, films were still not Art Acord's only occupation. In 1911, he won the world's bulldogging contest at Pendleton, Oregon, where he threw the bull in 24 seconds. As late as 1916, he was still riding the rodeo circuit. But Hollywood called him back. In 1916 the general manager of the Selig Polyscope Company wrote to the president of the company saying, "There is no greater rider in the country than Art Acord, champion of the world." Thereupon, he hired Art to do most of the Indian falls and spills during the battle scenes in the film *The Invaders*. During the filming, Art also doubled for the heroine, Ann Little.

Selig soon gave Art the lead in his own series of short films. He played a continuing character, Buck Parvin. But just as his career was about to take off, fate intervened. The United States entered World War I, and Art enlisted immediately. He went to France with the American Fourth Division. For his heroics during the battle of Verdun, the French awarded him the Croix de Guerre.

When the war ended, Art Acord returned to Hollywood to pick up his career. Universal immediately signed him to a three-year contract to do features and serials. His first effort was the 18 chapter serial, *The Moon Raiders*, completed in 1920, and it proved a smashing success. Features soon followed.

Art, however, could not handle the success that Hollywood offered. Most of the cowboys in Hollywood drank, some

heavily, but Art used liquor as an emotional crutch. Basically a solitary man, he could not handle his loneliness. When he was sober, he was extremely likable and gentle, but once liquor had taken hold, he became hostile and belligerent. Often his recovery from barroom brawls delayed the making of his films. As a result, Universal let him go in 1923. By then he was also taking drugs. He turned to the cheap, independent filmmakers and made a short series of feature films. But with the arrival of sound, his career was over.

Art Acord's death mirrored the downward trend his life had taken over the preceding several years. In 1930 he traveled to New Mexico, supposedly to help plan a wild west show, although he may have been involved in gun-running. A hotel clerk discovered Art's body in his hotel bed, his stomach slit open, probably as the result of a knife fight.

ANOTHER COWBOY to make it big in the silent films was Hoot Gibson, Art Acord's close friend. Born Edmund Richard Gibson in Nebraska in 1892, Hoot's first job was herding cattle for his grandfather. In 1910 he signed with the Dick Stanley-Bud Atkinson Wild West Show and toured the small towns of America. When Selig opened a studio at Edendale, California, both Gibson and Acord went to work there. Both men were hired for *Two Brothers*. Hoot was paid \$5 a day for doubling one of the stars, Henry B. Walthall.

In 1912, Hoot won the title of All-Around Cowboy at the Pendleton Rodeo, but it was a career in films that beckoned to him. In 1915 Universal hired him to double for Harry Carry. In that same year his roommate, John Ford, the famous director, featured Hoot in *Knight of the Range* opposite Harry Carry.

Hoot, like his friend Art Acord, was an unpredictable westerner. He, too, drank a great deal, and he constantly was getting into fights, even with his closest friends. John Ford once related an incident that aptly illustrated Hoot's temperament. In 1915, Hoot and Ford shared the same apartment. Hoot owned a player piano, but he had only one tune for it, which he played constantly. One night Ford needed sleep because of an early work call the next morning, and Ford asked Hoot to turn off the piano. Ignoring his friend, Hoot continued to play it. At last, after several requests, Ford leaped out of bed, rushed into the living room and knocked Hoot off the piano stool. He then smashed the stool over Hoot's head.



Hoot Gibson at the close of the silent era.

Courtesy of Victoria Allen

Jumping to his feet, Hoot grabbed a whiskey bottle and came after his friend. Neighbors separated the pair before the fray became serious.

By the time World War I arrived, Hoot was already playing second leads. When Hoot returned from overseas, John Ford recommended to Universal that they hire him as a director, which they did at \$150 a week. By chance, however, he wound up acting instead, and his future was assured. He first starred in a series of two-reelers, each having a running time of approximately 20 minutes. They were usually light on action but filled with humor, which Hoot was particularly adept at handling. This format proved so successful that Universal retained it when Hoot moved to features.

Very few of Hoot's two-reelers still

survive, but one, *The Man with a Punch*, based on a short story by well-known western writer W. C. Tuttle, is a good example of the whole series. In the film, Hoot plays an undercover ranger who manages to expose a crooked sheriff and win the girl by the fadeout. It is not a lasting work of art, but it provided 20 minutes of fast-paced, amusing fun. During the entire proceedings, Hoot seemed to play the role with his tongue-in-cheek, and the film had a light, whimsical touch.

Hoot could ride and fight and was a real showman, all stemming from his days with the rodeos and wild west shows. With varying success, he remained in films throughout the silent era and well into the sound era, finally retiring in 1944. However, he did make one last film appearance in 1961 in *The True West*



Courtesy of Jeff Walton

L-r: Big Boy Williams, Harry Carry and Hoot Gibson in *Powdersmoke Range* (1935).

Horse Soldiers for his old friend John Ford. He died the following year.

ALONG WITH Art Acord and Hoot Gibson, Tom Mix followed the rodeo circuit, and the three crossed trails long before they ever reached Hollywood. But where the lives of the other two are often obscured by the years, Tom Mix has emerged larger than life. Many of the stories that comprise the Mix legend, however, are stories that he spread about himself. He was never a Texas ranger nor did he fight with Teddy Roosevelt as he claimed. But he did change the face of the western film forever.

Tom Mix was not even born in the west. A native of Pennsylvania, he moved to the wilds of Oklahoma in 1901 after deserting from the army. At that time, desertion was a far less onerous offense than today, although later, the various studios for which Tom worked tried to hide that fact from Tom's past.

Tom's association with films began in 1910, when he allowed Selig Polyscope Company to use his ranch for filming *Ranch Life In the Great Southwest*. Tom
March 1985

was also hired as general advisor. At the conclusion of the filming, he became a permanent member of the staff, serving as a double and animal handler.

Between 1910 and 1917, Tom Mix wrote, directed and starred in several hundred single and multiple reel westerns, most of which were uneven and weak due to his own inexperience and Selig's lack of money. His real impact in film came with the feature length *In the Days of the Thundering Herd* and *Chip of the Flying U*, both made in 1914. These films provided excellent showcases for Tom's abilities in handling ropes, guns and horses.

By 1917 when he joined Fox, Tom was already a popular star, and he wisely decided to leave the writing and directing to others. Fox set about creating the Tom Mix character the public best remembers today, that of the flashy westerner completely divorced from reality. But Tom kept a tight rein on the production, making sure the stories were both well-written and the characters logically motivated. Violence was used only as a last resort. In his films, Tom neither drank nor swore.

Also, romance was kept to a minimum.

By 1919, Tom was the most popular cowboy on the screen. His reckless devil-may-care personality and his refusal to deal with realism had skyrocketed him to the top. The audience came to identify incredible stunts and expert horsemanship with Tom Mix. His name stood for sheer entertainment without depth.

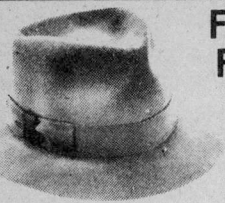
Through the silent period and well into the era of talkies, Tom Mix remained the quintessential cowboy in the minds of the American public. The image he established was so strong that most screen cowboys who followed adopted his flashy style rather than the more austere and realistic style of his predecessor William S. Hart. Even after he retired from films in 1935, he continued to promote his own image of the American cowboy. He was on a publicity campaign for his Tom Mix Circus when he met his death in a car accident in Arizona in 1940.

WHILE ART ACORD, Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix were certainly the most famous of the early screen cowboys, there were many other real cowboys who, if they didn't make it to the top,



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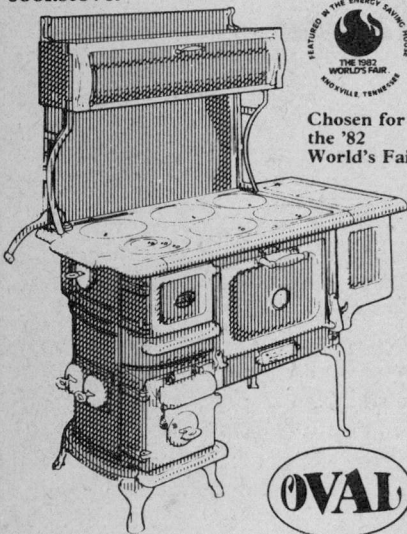
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at least managed to find a foothold in the film industry. Pete Morrison was a good example of that second rung of cowboy stars who made acceptable western films. Pete was born in Colorado in 1893. In 1910 he won the title of World Champion Rodeo Rider at the Cheyenne Rodeo, and once he joined the movies, his skill on horseback enabled him to become a daredevil stuntman. In 1912 Pete worked for the 101 Bison during the patent wars, acting, along with his two brothers, as a bodyguard for the company. Later he performed the same function for Essanay.

Pete worked as a stuntman and extra for much of the early silent period, but in 1921, Universal gave him his own series. Most of his films were under an hour's running time. Even though they were cheaply made, they were fresh and unusually plotted. For instance, *Blue Blazes*, made in 1924, concerns a young woman who travels west to find the killer of her father who had been murdered 20 years before. The climax of the film occurs during a violent thunderstorm with flood waters threatening the girl and Morrison, who are trapped in a cabin in a canyon. *Triple Action*, made the same year, featured outstanding stunt work, some of which was done by Pete Morrison himself.

By 1926, Pete Morrison's starring days were over, and he became a character actor attached to the Hoot Gibson unit at Universal. With the advent of sound, Pete went abroad to Argentina, Brazil and Mexico, where he made a series of films for independent producers. When he returned to the United States, he once again became a character actor for Universal until he retired from films in 1935. Never a great actor or a strong screen presence, Pete managed to go as far as he did on the strength of his athletic abilities, the same kind of abilities that had propelled others like Art Acord and Hoot Gibson to the top.

Another cowboy on that second rung of stardom was Neal Hart. Although born in the East, he left in his early twenties and headed west. By the turn of the century, he was working on various ranches in Wyoming. In quick succession, he became a deputy sheriff in Manville, a brand inspector for Converse County and a U. S. marshal. Later, he joined the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch Show and toured the country as a roper and a bulldogger.

In 1913, Neal ended up in Los Angeles, where he and several other cowboys quit the show for the easy



Courtesy of Victoria Allen
 Tom Mix, circa 1917.

money being paid by the movie producers. For three years, he existed in relative obscurity in supporting roles. But in 1916, director George Marshall hired him to star in a short western.

Neal Hart was on his way to becoming a star. In his late thirties and balding, he soon sported a luxurious growth of hair, and his salary climbed from \$5 a day to \$500 a week. Watching George Marshall closely, Neal learned to write, direct and act, and as a result, he set up his own production company. His first film for his own company was *When The Desert Sailed*. This film, as well as those that followed, stressed action and adventure, and he billed

himself as "America's Pal." Although no real actor, Neal looked good in the saddle. Realizing his limitations he stuck to riding, shooting and fighting. Needless romance was strictly avoided.

With the advent of sound and advancing age, Neal Hart retired from films. He did return one last time in 1949 for a small part in Universal's *The Younger Brothers*. Neal Hart died that same year at the age of 70.

THE COWBOY WITH the longest tenure in films was Edmund Cobb. Born in Albuquerque in 1892, he grew up on a ranch where he became an excellent horseman. In 1910 he made his first appearance before the camera. The Saint Louis Motion Picture Company was on location in the area and used him in a small part.

His appetite whetted, Ed joined the Lubin and Romaine Fielding Company, which shot its films in and around Las

Vegas, New Mexico. In 1914, he landed his first job with an established motion picture company, Essanay. By 1922, he was playing leads in various films for Arrow Production Company based in Hollywood, and in 1924, he had the distinction of playing the lead in perhaps the worst silent serial made, *Days of '49*. It was a slow bore. While the serial could have killed the career of many stars, Cobb somehow survived, winding up at Universal, where he starred in a series of two reels.

By the time sound arrived, Edmund Cobb's starring days were over. His career changed directions, and he became a character actor, appearing in literally hundreds of films, both western and non-western. While he worked mostly in low budget, "B," films playing villians or weak-willed sheriffs, he occasionally made an appearance in more prestigious productions. He finally

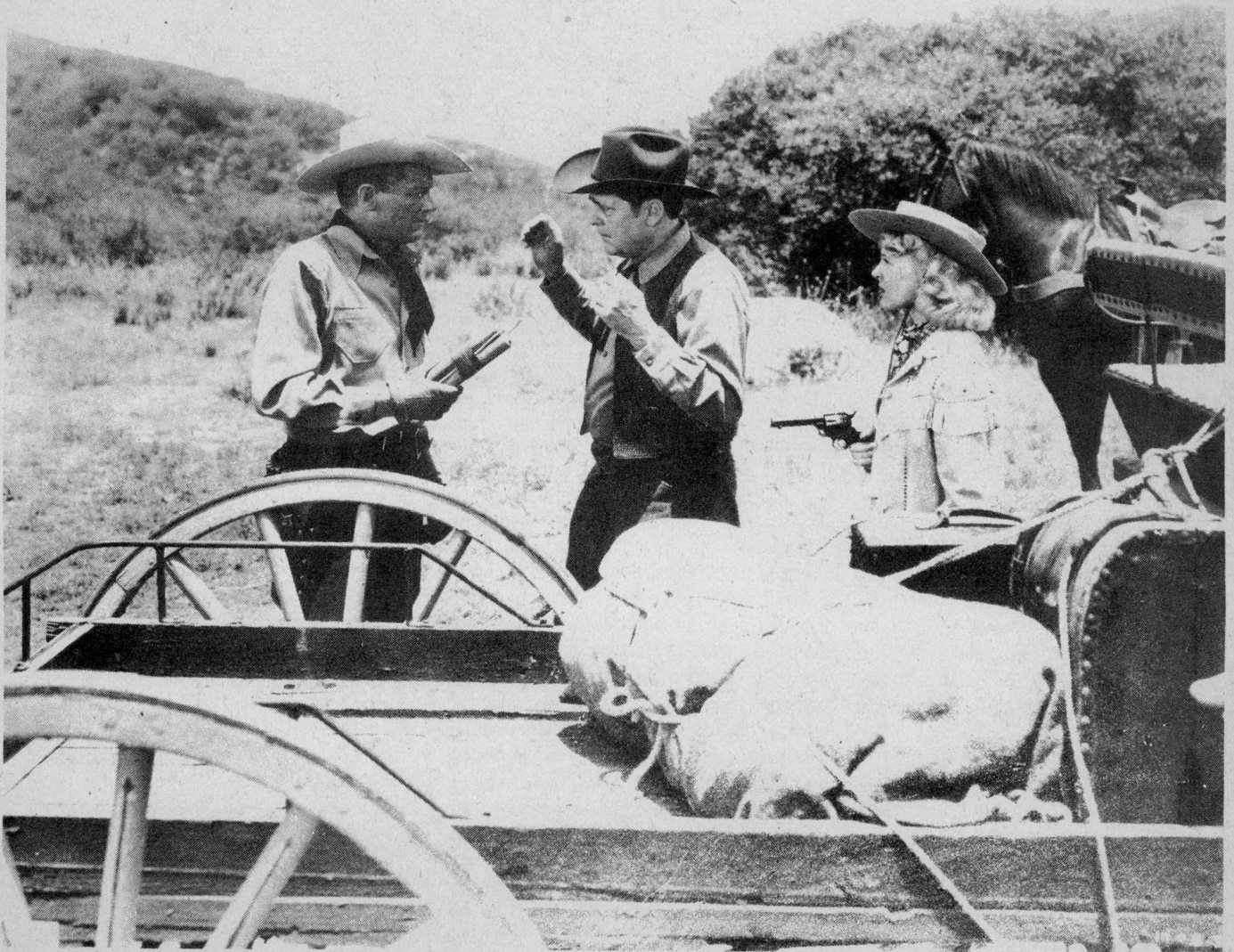
retired in 1965 after 55 years in front of the camera.

Gone now are the cowboys who rode off the range and into the movies in those early days before 1915. Most of their names and faces are forgotten, their images having long ago turned to dust on decomposed nitrate film. While most never appeared in a film that could remotely be called great, they contributed much to the film industry and to American history. These men, some who risked their lives for \$2.50 a stunt, brought immense pleasure to a rapidly growing audience. More importantly, they created an image of the American West that lives with us today—an image not of how it was, but rather an image of how we wish it had been.



Judy Clark holds the gun, Tom Keene holds the dynamite, and Edmund Cobb holds up his hands in *Desperados of the West* (1950).

Courtesy of Chuck McCleary



Answer Man



Were the Earps involved in the murder of Newman H. "Old Man" Clanton and several of his associates in the Skeleton Valley Massacre? Allan R. Gschwind, 3917 Conrad F-17, Spring Valley, CA 92077, wrote to discuss that possibility.

When Mr. Gschwind was visiting Tombstone, one of the more knowledgeable residents claimed the Earps took part in the massacre that ended Clanton's life. Not long after the ambush, Warren Earp and "Doc" Holliday supposedly were seen nursing wounds that could have been suffered in the "battle."

A search through contemporary references to the incident leads to the following conclusions. To the best of our knowledge, seven Americans were ambushed by a group of Mexicans at sunrise on August 13, 1881: Old Man Clanton, Charles Snow, Jim Crane, Richard "Dixie Lee" Gray, Billy Lang, Billy Byers and Harry Ernshaw. They were camped not far from Lang's ranch near Skeleton Valley. About sunrise 25 to 30 Mexicans, possibly soldiers, attacked. If the attackers were indeed Mexican soldiers, they probably were under the command of one Captain Carrillo. One article stated that Captain Carrillo "had been scouring the country . . . in search of a party of cowboys who had been depredating on Mexican soil."

Of the seven cowboys, the first five were killed. Byers and Ernshaw were wounded. The best known of the group was Clanton, identified consistently in the accounts as "Mr. Clanton." He was the father of Billy Clanton, one of the three cowboys killed by the Earp party at the O. K. Corral in October of that year.

The only other cowboy who had earned any notoriety was Jim Crane. From the best sources available it is apparent that he—along with William S. Leonard, Harry Head, Luther King, Johnny Barnes and, conceivably, "Doc" Holliday himself—was involved in the attempted robbery of the Tombstone-Benson stagecoach on March 15, 1881. In the attempt, driver Eli "Bud" Philpot and a passenger named Peter Roerig were killed. One of the contemporary accounts identified Crane as "the last of the gang of robbers who par-



Newman H. "Old Man" Clanton

icipated in the stage robbery when Bud Philpot was killed."

Among the best known members of Tombstone society was George W. Parsons [no kin to "The Answer Man"]. On August 17, he noted in his famous journal, "Dick Gray—the lame one—was killed by some Mexicans along with several others among them the notorious Crane and revenge seems the order of the day, a gang having started out to make trouble. This killing business by the Mexicans, in my mind, was perfectly justifiable as it was in retaliation for killing of several of them and their robbery by cow-boys recently this same Crane being one of their number. Am glad they killed him, as for the others—if not guilty of cattle stealing—they had no business to be

found in such bad company."

From the contemporary sources, it is fairly certain that Clanton and his associates were killed not by the Earp party but by a group of Mexicans who believed they were taking vengeance on American cattle thieves. As with any answer dealing with the Earps, however, this one will probably raise more questions. I welcome divergent opinions.

—Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, Western Publications, P.O. Box 667, Perkins, OK 74059. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to use all questions.



The Biggest Liar in the West

By PAUL TAYLOR

The year was 1879. Twenty-four hooves pounded down C Street as the southbound stage carried the loose and lanky Colonel James W. E. Townsend out of Virginia City, Nevada. Amid great cheering from his comrades, Townsend lifted his arm in farewell and then collapsed in his seat. As the dust settled, the gang from the *Territorial Enterprise* tramped into a saloon to toast the new editor of the *Bodie Miners Index*.

James Townsend was a sagebrush country journalist who roamed the mining camps of California and Nevada for over 40 years. Jim followed the miners, merchants, gamblers and prostitutes from one boom camp to another. The urge to roam was common among members of his profession. He wore his hair long and sported a bushy mustache. His pants were baggy and always unpressed. Jim was mainly remembered in the far west for his originality of wit and the outrageous tales he printed. He kept the boys in the mining districts laughing for years with his quaint expressions and humorous use of words.

A native of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Townsend arrived on the coast early in the Gold Rush period. In October, 1849, his name appeared on the passenger list of a ship docking at San Francisco. He worked on the *San Francisco Herald* for a time, but later moved to Sacramento. In the early fifties, Auburn knew him, as did Hangtown and Jackass Hill in old Tuolumne County. During the boom days of Virginia City, Nevada, he worked intermittently on various Comstock papers, matching wits with the best of the old sagebrush journalists: Bret Harte, Jim Gillis, and Mark Twain, to mention a few.

March 1985



Courtesy of California State Library

James W. E. Townsend was such an unmitigated liar that even his closest friends could not sift fact from fiction. This photograph was taken in the early 1880s.



Bodie was a booming camp of 5,000 eager souls when Townsend launched the *Bodie Miners Index* in 1879.

A score of western journalists have at various times been credited with being the true originator of Mark Twain's famous "Jumping Frog of Calaveras" everyone except Twain, himself. Among those mentioned (however weak the argument might be) is Jim Townsend, a claim to fame which he never denied.

Townsend's personal background before arriving in the West is vague. Doubtless his contemporaries knew even less of his past. Jim was such an unmitigated liar that even his closest friends were unable to sift fact from fiction. The *Virginia City Chronicle* once carried a review of his life, prepared, some say, by Jim, himself. According to the *Chronicle*, he was born in Patagonia of English nobility, following an unfortunate shipwreck from which only his mother survived. She was subsequently eaten by the local natives, Jim himself being saved and fattened for the future.

He miraculously escaped, however, on a log and paddled to sea where he was eventually picked up by a whaler and taken to New Bedford. He then became

a Methodist minister, preaching with "glorious results" for ten years before traveling to the Sandwich Islands as a missionary for another 20 years. He reformed and opened a saloon in New York. Jim then tried his hand at journalism. Fifteen years of this reduced him to poverty and preaching. He returned to the saloon business and after another 18 years brought his wealth to the Pacific Coast. And finally, the biography states: "For several years, Mr. Townsend ran eight saloons, five newspapers and an immense cattle ranch. For the past decade he has devoted himself to journalism and is, of course, once more poor. Some of his friends, who are of a mathematical turn of mind, have ascertained from the data furnished by him the remarkable fact that he is 384 years old."

The *Bodie Miners Index* was launched by Jim in 1879. Bodie was a booming camp with 5,000 eager souls crowding her main street. Thirty-six saloons were busy day and night satisfying the thirst of the citizens. But the *Index* was short-lived. This journalistic paradise was spoiled by the presence of four

newspapers already operating in camp.

This is the same year that gold was discovered high on the desert flank of the Sierra Nevadas. Lundy, a new boom camp, squatted on the floor of a narrow canyon with mines dotting the cliffs at dizzying heights. Jim moved to town and established its one and only paper.

Townsend's Lundy weekly, the *Homer Miners Index*, is considered by authorities one of the best examples of mining camp journalism in the early history of the far west. The paper was published in a little two-room shack, along with somewhat unfavorable conditions. Because of its location in a narrow canyon, Lundy was the target of frequent avalanches plummeting down from the 13,000-foot peaks.

"The wind is a holy terror," Jim wrote, "a puff of it will turn a dog inside out." One issue read: "The *Index* wears a cadaverous aspect this week . . . the Boss has gone to Bodie on business. The [printing] devil has been taking medicine so that his work at the case is spasmodic and jerky. The printing office is open on all sides and the snow flies in wherever it pleases. In the

True West

morning everything is frozen solid. It is hard to set type under such conditions. When the office is dry, it is too cold to work in. When it is warm, the printer needs gum boots and oil-skins. In fact, it has been a hell of a job to get this paper out."

But Jim liked Lundy. "There's more gold here than at Jackass Hill," he wrote to friends in Virginia City. "When we climb the hills in snowshoes, we can hear the gold below howling for quick-silver."

Lundy, however, failed to achieve the booming population originally predicted, so news was a problem in the young camp. The shootings, knifings and general mayhem so prominent in larger mining camps of the time, occurred on a limited scale among the 500 citizens of Lundy. Jim found it difficult to fill his columns. Once he complained in print: "It requires inventive genius to pick up local news here. This scribe has to trust to his imagination for facts and to his memory for things which never occurred."

But the colonel did his best. Regarding a case of horse-theft, Townsend chronicled: "A man named Quinn . . . or something like it . . . found a rope near Mount Gibbs a while ago and dragged it all the way to Devil's Canyon . . . 70 miles away. When he got home, he was astonished to find a horse attached to the east end of it. Being a religious man and firmly married to a schoolmarm, too, he was stupendously puzzled over the circumstances. It looked very much like horse stealing as they viewed things in Mono County."

Lacking adequate news, Townsend relied heavily on his imagination to solve the space problem. In this category, he was surpassed only by Mark Twain. Among his fillers were:

"Of the 250,000 words in the English language, most of them were used by a woman in Bodie last Sunday, when she discovered after coming out of church, that her hat was adorned with a tag, upon which was written in bold characters, 'Price reduced to \$1.15.'"

"It's so dark in the Table Mountain Tunnel that a piece of charcoal looks white."

"It is learned that Lundy women will refuse to be vaccinated now because it sometimes superintends lockjaw. They would rather have smallpox than enforced speechlessness."

"Our townspeople are complaining about mosquitoes. Friends, if you want to see mosquitoes, go to Alaska. They're so thick up there that you can swing a

Homer Mining Index

Saturday—July 1, 1893

JOTS AND SPLINTERS

Facts and Fancies of
Local Interest



It will be Fourth of July all next week.



He who makes a practice of cheating the printer seems to find favor in the sight of the Lord.



It is a cruel sport, of course, but there will be some cock-fighting on the Fourth. So bring on all the birds you can find.



John Becker has invented a powder which makes neither smoke nor report. This will make it possible to indulge in bar-room fights without disturbing the quiet customers.



There are thousands of sheep between here and Bodie, and not a shepherd in charge can speak English. The fat bell-wethers are more intelligent than their owners.



Lundy will be a lively camp next week. Besides many visitors from other parts of the county, all Mono Lake folks will be here, and all the miners will, of course, come down from the hill.



There will be no church services tomorrow, the preacher being on a protracted spree. It is about time to stop this thing. A preacher has a perfect right to get drunk, but it is wrong to be drunk all the time.



J. F. Hearne has purchased a pair of 1200-pound horses of Al Taylor and will put them on the other end of the route, to drag the stage up Cottonwood Canyon, where a strong team is required. He now changes horses at Hector's Station and makes good time.

Courtesy of the author.

Homer Mining Index is considered the best of mining camp journalism.

pint cup through the air and catch a quart."

"The Bodie papers are changing to Tri-weekly. The Bridgeport paper remains weakly as before."

"Jeff McClellan is going to South Africa as mine foreman, not as superintendent. This makes it safer for the company."

Occasionally, Jim's fillers reached feature dimensions. Apparently, news was scarce the day he wrote:

"While S. B. Barkham was on his way to Lundy the other day, he met with a singular as well as a laughable incident. Jogging along the road, he met a man on the dead run, who looked at him with pleading eyes, and shrieked.

"Stop me, for God's sake, and away he flew in a flame of dust. Thinking that the fugitive might be propelled by some occult force . . . or a flock of hornets in his breeches . . . Barkham gave chase.

"Stop yourself, you damned fool," cried Barkham.

"I can't," sobbed the man. Barkham grabbed him and they fell into a heap exhausted. A generous jolt of whiskey revived him. He was, he explained, afflicted with some sort of nervous paralysis. When one of his spells came on, he lost all control of his legs and they ran away with him. He usually carried a halter with which to hitch himself, but had carelessly left it in camp the night before.

"How far did you come at that gait?" asked Barkham.

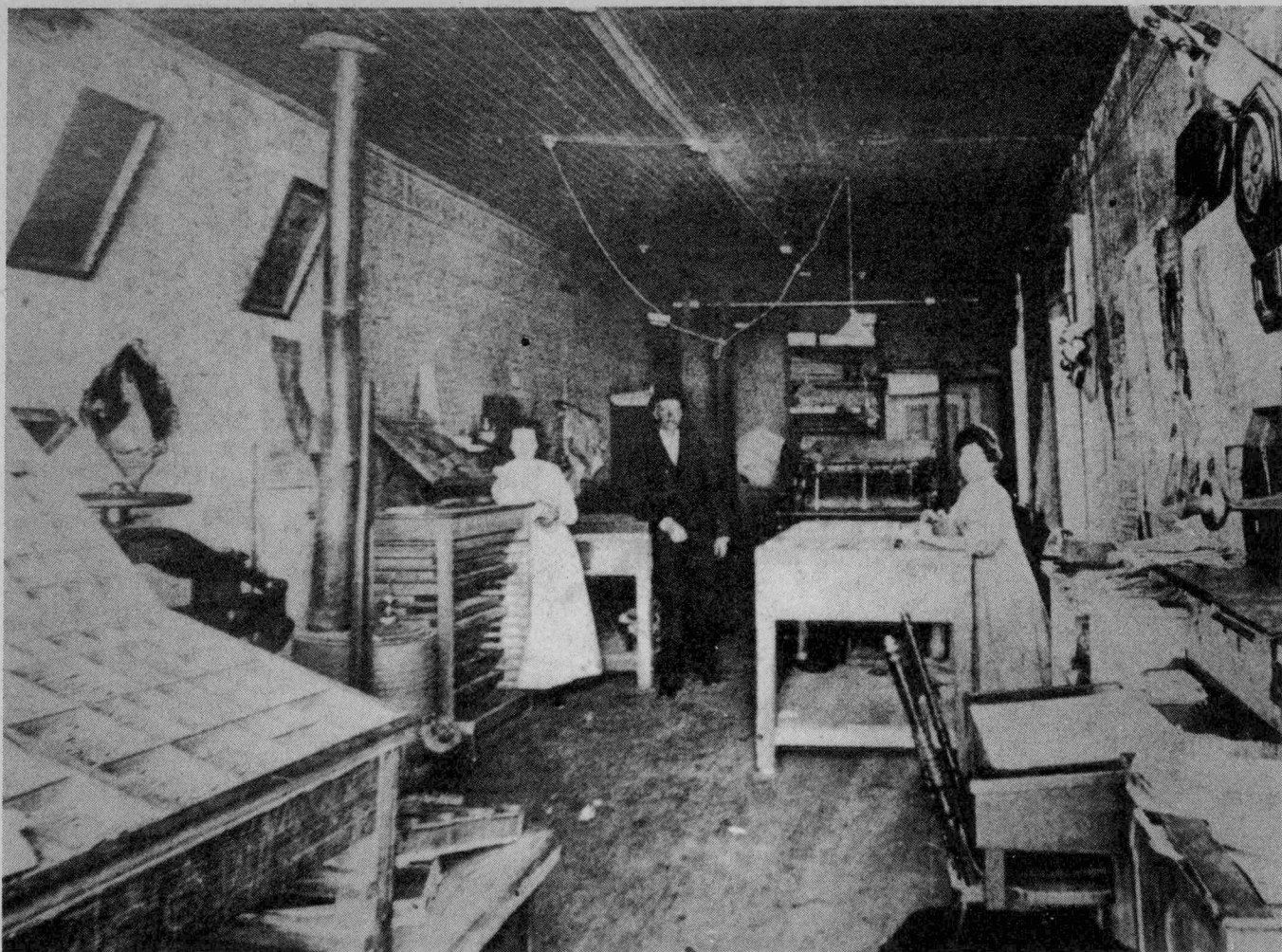
"I don't know," was the reply, 'but I came through Mammoth City about daylight . . . been going all night.'

"Good Lord!" cried the astounded Barkham, 'You have come more than one hundred miles.'

"That's nothing for me. I would have done it quicker, but down the way a piece one leg went faster than the other, so I had to run around in a circle for about four hours. I was pretty well tuckered out and if you hadn't stopped me I would have run myself plumb to death. Guess I'll rest here awhile then I'll work up another spell and run back to camp again."

Barkham left the man, suggesting it would be better for him to go hobbled all the time.

Townsend found the mechanics of machinery fascinating and tinkered with improving mining equipment. While residing in Lundy, he added to his list of inventions. To the uninitiated it was difficult to know when he was serious. No one was fooled by his grindstone that worked both ways simultaneously, and the new gadget was accepted at face value by even the most naive. One of his brainstorm, however, was picked up by Dan De Quille of the Comstock's *Territorial Enterprise* and republished for laughs. Jim invented a perpetual motion device for pumping machinery, consisting of a windmill that



Courtesy of California Department of Parks and Recreation

Office of *Miners Index*. During the camp's heyday the *Index* competed with four other tabloids.

would hoist loose sand in addition to the usual load when the wind was favorable. In a lull, the sand was utilized to operate turbine wheels, thus constituting uninterrupted pumping. The entire Comstock shook with laughter when an engineering journal published the idea. An engineer in Boston actually calculated the exact horsepower such a device would produce.

The San Francisco *Mining and Scientific Press* once reported: "Jim Townsend is here taking in the mid-winter fair. He says he left the *Index* all set up and printed full of news three weeks ahead, and is here to look after his flying machine, one of the greatest inventions of the age, surpassing anything ever talked of. It is so complicated that in order to bring it to a standstill after once getting it started, one has to begin stopping it six hours before starting it."

As the Lundy boom declined, the collection of outstanding debts became a problem for the editor of the *Index*. Jim used his own collections methods. "Ah, there," he would write, "all persons in-

debted to this paper are requested to pay up."

If that approach failed, he tried another "Death lights upon us like a June Bug and no man can tell when he will turn up his toes. Therefore, it behooves delinquent subscribers to pungle with a generosity commensurate with the poor editor's wants, to the end that his mind may be without prejudice when the obituary season arrives."

As the operating budget of the *Index* declined, Jim resorted to a stock cut of a ragged beggar. Each week, below the cut, he changed the name: "John Jones, stand up! You continued to take the paper from the post office without even paying postage on it. Are you dead, dead broke or a dead beat?"

As the eighties faded, so did Jim. He gave up and left Lundy. Jim occasionally tried his hand at mining. An *Index* news item reported: "Jim Townsend has about completed his arrastra. It is constructed along the most scientific principles, illustrating Jim's aptitude for mechanics, which is only excelled by his

capacity for whiskey, which is simply unlimited."

Townsend's path throughout the west is difficult to follow after his mining days. He is reported to have worked with the *Esmeralda Star* in Aurora, Nevada, and later on the staff of the Benton, California, *Messenger*.

In the early nineties, Jim found his way back to Lundy. Promoters were attempting to boost the camp's sagging mine stock. The majority of stockholders were shipowners from New Bedford, Massachusetts. James Gordon Bennett, the principal promoter, decided the town needed a lively newspaper to paint a rosy picture for the disgruntled easterners. The effect on the sale of stock would be beneficial. It was an old western trick. Bennett sent for Lyin' Jim.

This was a challenge equal to the talents of James Townsend. Although Lundy had declined to a mere 200 population, Jim set about the task methodically. The *Index* was soon boasting news of three large grocery

True West

stores, two banks, saloons, millinery stores and a large mercantile. He brought a busy railroad into Lundy, publishing appropriate time tables of arrivals and departures into a community which was never to hear the whistle of a locomotive.

Describing the Lundy Art Gallery (which never existed), he wrote: "Sanford has decorated the walls with charcoal sketches of every prominent man in camp," After elaborating at length on the portraits, he concluded: "The Deputy District Attorney looks like a horse's foot in a sock, and yet the Colonel's features are all there, except the ears, and there is not room for them unless the roof is raised."

The society page was filled with lively social events. Jim copied columns from the San Francisco papers, substituting appropriate names and describing costumes at great length. For further reality, Jim promoted a scandal in the metropolis of Lundy, a shocking affair involving the mayor and the wife of a city councilman. The story dragged on for weeks and was avidly followed by readers up and down the Pacific Coast as well as by subscribers in the far-away east. Only those close to the scene, and those who were acquainted with Lyin' Jim, knew Lundy had no mayor, or a City Council.

Jim obviously tossed caution to the winds as he wrote of this social gathering: "Joseph Thompson was attired in a light buff silk handkerchief to conceal the absence of a collar. Marion Budd's shape was advantageously displayed by a close-fitting jumper and long auburn chin whiskers to match. Jim McCallum was dressed . . . also. George Sherman appeared under a high forehead and behind an insinuating kind of nose. Charley Traver appeared as a gray eagle, or a bald eagle, we forget which."

The late George Montrose of Carson City, Nevada, was fond of recalling those last days of Lundy. According to Montrose, when the gold mines had all but given out, the promoters made one final grand effort to bolster the town's sagging fortunes. Several large eastern investors were invited west to inspect the mines. The trip was arranged to bypass Lundy itself. Doubtless, the city fathers preferred that prying eastern eyes not see to what degree the town had declined.

The party was met in San Francisco and escorted to Yosemite Valley where a pack-train carried the visitors to the crest of the Sierras and on to the site of the mines. This was simple enough. The



Courtesy of the author.

This barren building in Aurora, Nevada, is said to be the home of the *Esmeralda Star* where Townsend reportedly found employment after the *Index* failed.

big problem was Jim Townsend, himself. It was necessary that he be present. But Jim had no use for horses. Lacking complete confidence in any mount, the thought of trusting a simple-minded horse with his life on those steep trails was almost more than he could bear. Montrose had been assigned the job of getting the editor to the meeting site. After much work and coaxing, Jim reluctantly mounted his horse. The trail was steep and rough. Soon Jim was sore

and dog tired. But, by some miracle they arrived at the conference, where Jim was at his lying best, spinning tall tales around the evening campfires.

All efforts to revive Lundy failed. With the mines no longer producing and her population on a decline, poor old Lundy lay down to die the noble death of a western mining camp. Jim Townsend returned to Bodie as publisher of the *Bodie Miners Index*. Competition was nil in the once-booming camp. Her four



Old Stroup Takes a Bath

By TOM BEAN

Illustrations by TERESA HOLDER

Old Stroup said that looking back on it, he didn't guess that school was any harder on him than on any other boy. But when he got to be nine years old, the three mile walk got to be harder and harder, and he gave it up by taking the turn in the road that led away from the schoolhouse and toward the West where there were cowboys and Injuns.

Fifty years went by, and Old Stroup owned a good little ranch, just under the caprock, in the Panhandle of Texas, southeast of Silverton. There were a little over 18 sections of 640 acres each in the ranch.

One evening, Jake Edwards, the cowboy who was working for Old Stroup at the time, came in, and talking about the day's work, happened to say that the canyon over towards Silverton sure was deep and hard to cross.

This gave Old Stroup an opening and he says, "It ain't deep at all to what it used to be. When I first came out here wild burros used to water at that spring

up at the head of the canyon. We used to lay up there on top of the rim with a 30-30 and shoot them when they came in to water. We shot so many of them

that we filled that canyon half full."

Old Stroup lived to be 90 some-odd years old, and he began to wonder about the family he had run off from so long ago. He tried to locate them, and found out that some of them were "city folks." Regardless, he still wanted some of them to come see him. So, he started to build a bathroom on the house. If any of the "city folks" came they would be more comfortable.

One morning Old Stroup picked up the telephone receiver and heard two neighbor women talking on the party line:

First woman: "I heard Old Stroup is building a bath room on his house."

Second woman: "I'd like to see that old coot in a bath tub."

Old Stroup said that tickled the hell out of him and he broke in on the line and said:

"Come over here on Saturday night and you can!"



The Wreck of the Steamship Pacific

By J. A. ECKROM

Line Drawings by Ed Walker

At first all the young quartermaster knew was that something had gone wrong. One moment he'd been drifting off to sleep in his bunk near the bow of the steamship *Pacific*, the next he was sprawled on the deck. The ship might have gone aground, but there wasn't time to think it over. Throwing on what clothing he could, he raced topside as cold seawater swirled in behind him.

It was after nine o'clock on the night of November 4, 1875. Twenty-year-old Neil Henly was about to face the most harrowing ordeal of his life.

Up on deck all was confusion. Captain J. D. Howell was standing in his underclothes, shouting something about lifeboats to the purser. Passengers and crew milled about in near panic. The night was dark, with even the low sliver of moon obscured by clouds. No land was visible anywhere.

Away in the darkness, Henly could just make out the masts of a sailing ship. Not for many days would he know that the ship was the *Orpheus*, and that she had collided with his own ship. They had come upon each other in the night 30 miles southwest of Cape Flattery, a ship-killing promontory jutting out of the northwestern corner of Washington Territory. The mistakes made that night would cost many lives. For too long the lookout on the *Orpheus* mistook the masthead lights of the *Pacific* for a shorebound lighthouse. Maybe it was careless of Captain Sawyer to halt his ship directly in the path of the steamship, even if a sailing ship was supposed to have the right-of-way. Maybe Captain Howell was lax in leaving the bridge of his steamer in the hands of an inexperienced third officer. Until only a few months before he had been a wagon driver for the steamship company in San Francisco; it's doubtful he even saw the *Orpheus* until it was too late.

What happened, and who was at fault,

would be debated furiously at the inquest which followed, but the answer was lost that night, along with many good men.

The one certain thing is this: with whistle screaming, the *Pacific* rammed the *Orpheus* near the starboard fore rigging, bounced off, struck again, and then vanished into the night. Ironically, while Captain Sawyer cursed the steamer and set about repairing his ship, the *Pacific* was sinking. Her 24-year-old timbers had buckled and allowed seawater to gush in. Already she was listing to port, and now there was more bad news. Earlier in the day, as she'd passed along the rugged coast of Vancouver Island, the *Pacific* had developed a slight list to starboard. In an effort to trim ship, the two portside lifeboats had been filled with water. There were approximately 275 souls on the *Pacific* that night. At best, the lifeboats could have held 160. Now as the ship sank ever lower, two of the five lifeboats had been rendered useless.

By superhuman efforts at least one starboard boat was lowered, but it crashed against the side of the ship and capsized. The *Pacific* was soon listing so badly that further launchings were impossible.

Henly had been one of the score of passengers and crew in the overturned lifeboat, and he watched from the water as the *Pacific* rolled over, seemed to break in two, and vanished beneath the waves. He was swimming close enough to become entangled in the guy chains on the steamer's funnel as she took her plunge, and for a few harrowing moments he thought he would be dragged to the bottom with her. At last he wrestled free and gained the surface, to find himself in a sea of wreckage and floating humanity. Somewhere in the darkness he heard the voice of a young girl calling plaintively for her mother.

There were other voices, but the North Pacific is a brutally cold sea; one-by-one the voices fell silent.

Henly had more than his share of whatever it is that makes a man a survivor. Apprenticed to a ship builder in his native Scotland at the age of 14, he ran away to sea within six months. The sea was in his blood, and it carried him to Australia and then to San Francisco, before fate put him in a bunk on the *Pacific*.

Now he swam to a section of the hurricane deck which had floated free. Eight others had preceded him. Captain Howell was there, along with three other crewmen. Among the passengers were



Amid the clamor and confusion of a sinking steamship a young man began a 78-hour struggle to survive.

a slim young woman with dark hair and a tall fellow that Henly took for an actor. Curiously, Henly noted, the actor was still wearing a stovepipe hat. The woman, whose name Henly never learned, prayed incessantly, sometimes trying to pull herself to a kneeling position between waves. Howell was drenched and shivering in his underwear, and he used the young quartermaster as a windbreak. The wind had grown stronger and the seas were breaching the raft more frequently. All but a few of the *Pacific's* crew and passengers were dead by now, and the grim tally book was still open.

Dawn was near when the second

disaster struck. The woman was still praying and Captain Howell was questioning Henly about the shipwreck, when a wave, larger than the rest, crashed over the raft. Howell, Second Mate Wells, the woman, and the man in the tall hat were swept to oblivion. None of them were ever seen again.

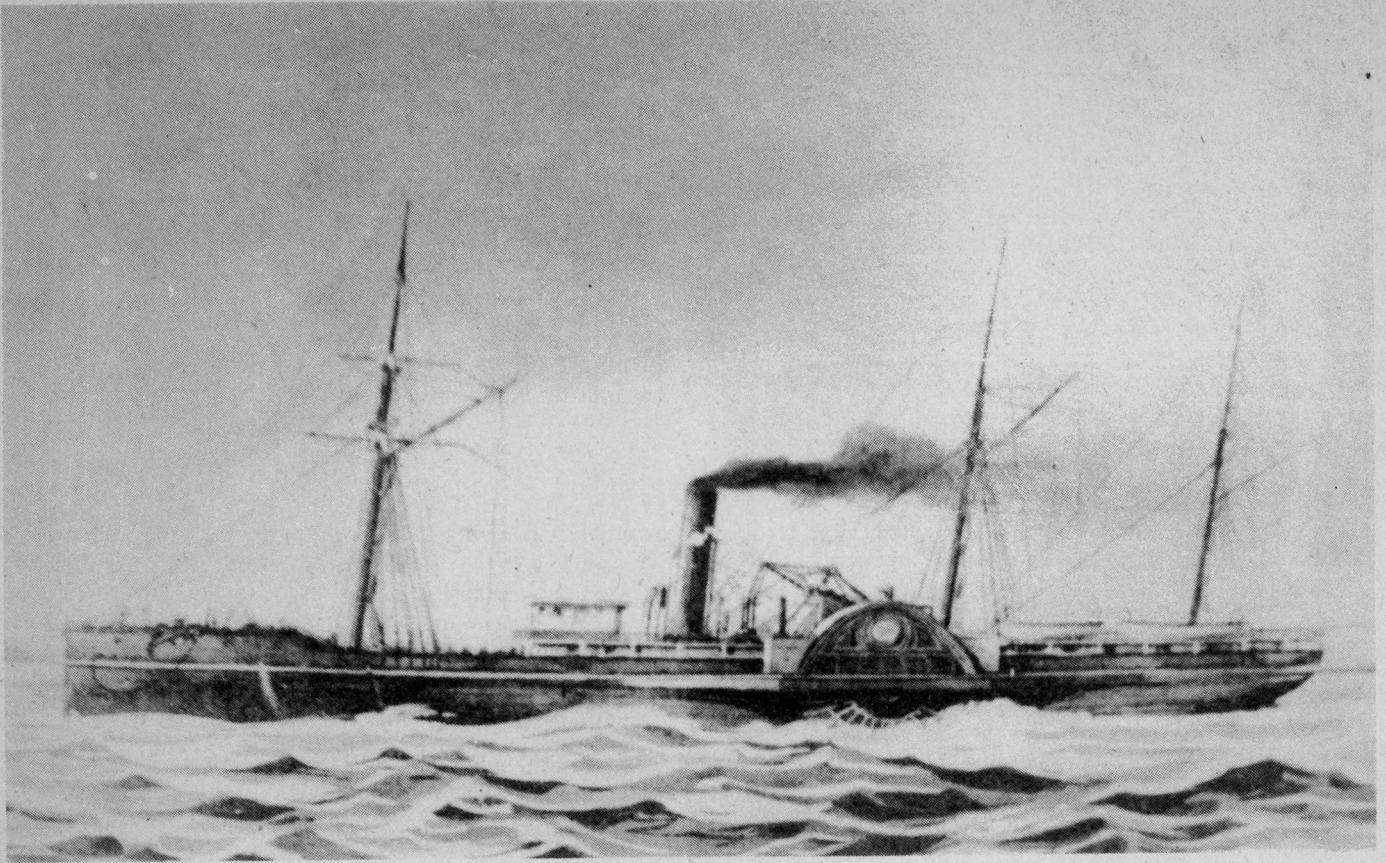
When the foggy gray dawn broke on November 5, four men still clung to the makeshift raft: Henly, one of the ship's three cooks, another quartermaster, and an elderly passenger. Their despair deepened as no rescue ship appeared on the horizon.

The end was near for the cook. He had been washed into an opening which had

been a skylight, and was too weak to pull himself up onto the raft. His face was battered by pieces of floating wreckage until he could endure no more. "Goodbye boys," he said with icy calm. With that, he released his grip and slipped away into the waiting sea.

Worse sights were yet to pass before Henly's eyes. The doughty quartermaster spoke for himself in an interview with a *Tacoma Morning Union* reporter in 1895: "During the afternoon the old man passenger began to stiffen. He was calm, too, although it seemed sure death sooner or later. Very little was said. We were kept busy holding on and dodging the seas. After each sea there would be





Courtesy of Washington State Historical Society.

The S. S. *Pacific*.

some coughing and shaking of heads to get free from the ducking.

"Once someone asked the old man if he had ever been in such a scrape before. He shook his head sadly, but said nothing. . . . About three o'clock I turned to look at the old man, and he was dead. He had been clinging to my trousers with one hand, and in death he still held on. I felt queer realizing that a dead man was holding on to me, but I said nothing, and did not release the dead man's hold. In a few minutes the waves washed him over the side, and I was alone with Tom Anderson, another quartermaster, like myself, from the *Pacific*.

"Soon after the old man died, Tom, who had been looking at him, became wild and crazy. We could not land, and although vessels passed in and out of the straits, they were not within hailing distance. This, or the frightful appearance of that dead man, I don't know which, must have affected Anderson, and he lost his reason. It was an altogether different feeling that came over me, now that I was alone with a crazy man, as compared with the feeling aroused by having the dead man fast to my trousers.

"I said nothing to Anderson, who was a Scotsman, like myself, but I watched

him like a cat watches a mouse. I did not know what he might do. His eyes rolled, and he looked desperate. We never talked after the old man died. He kept talking to himself about the awful scenes of the wreck, and the danger of his being drowned. He did not know where he was, but thought he was aboard the *Pacific*. . . . Friday evening about sunset he remarked, just as if scolding someone: 'I am not going to stay here any longer. I'm going ashore.' At that he walked off the side of the piece of deck, just as if he were on land, and then I was alone. I looked about to see if he came up, but he did not."

Now Henly was alone at the mercy of an uncaring sea. His chances were poor, but circumstances worked in his favor. Though he had no food or fresh water, the constant drenching of the waves saved him from dehydration. He had the stanchion of the ship's wheel to grasp, and, though the water was cold, the weather was unseasonably warm.

By now the fragile raft had begun to break up under the ceaseless battering of the sea. On Saturday he managed to catch a long floating box and drag it onto the raft. It gave him some protection from the wind, and he was able to sleep in fitful snatches. He sighted several ships in the distance, only to have them

pass without seeing him.

By Sunday his clothes were in rags, and his legs were swollen enormously. He could not feel them, and the numbness crept gradually higher. By nightfall it was nearing his heart.

During the night Henly was almost washed away in heavy seas, but somehow he hung grimly to the raft. Even the toughest of men could not endure forever, and Henly knew he was reaching the end of his strength. Even then, luck had not entirely deserted him. Early on the morning of Monday, November 8, Henly was roused from his stupor by shipboard noises. He turned his head and recognized the lights of a vessel bearing down upon him. Sailors on the revenue cutter *Wolcott*, by now resigned to finding only wreckage and floating bodies from the *Pacific* disaster, were amazed to see a bedraggled figure lurch to his feet on the raft and begin waving. A boat was lowered and Henly was carried aboard the cutter, having survived for an amazing 78 hours on a raft on the open sea.

In time Henly learned that he was one of only two survivors out of the approximately 275 persons who sailed on the *Pacific*. The other survivor was a passenger, Henry Jelly, who was picked up after clinging for two days to a

True West

piece of the pilot house roof. Henly also learned that the other ship in the collision, the *Orpheus*, was, herself, wrecked only hours later on the coast of Vancouver Island.

Regardless of what he had been through, the sea was still Henly's home, and he was soon back to it. He recuperated a short while, testified before an inquest in Victoria and a Board of Inquiry in San Francisco, and then shipped out. Many ships knew his footsteps in the years that followed. He served on Puget Sound freighters, on a liner connecting America with the Orient, and on a revenue cutter in Alaskan waters. During the Spanish-American War he saw service on a troop transport in the Philipines.

For a while he tried to swallow the anchor. He married, settled in the little Puget Sound city of Steilacoom, and tried his hand at market gardening, even doing a stint as city marshal. In time he managed to find the best of both worlds. Only a few miles across the water from Steilacoom sat the federal penitentiary on McNeil Island. Henly became the superintendent of boats for the prison, making daily passages from Steilacoom to the island for 20 years.

He was always reluctant to talk about

the *Pacific* disaster, and, curiously, each time a newspaper reporter would coax him into telling the story it would come out a shade different. What the *Tacoma Morning Union* reported him saying in 1895 was different on several points from what the *Tacoma Daily Ledger* recorded in 1922. It is hard to tell whether the numbing hours of the ordeal were more of a blur to him than he admitted, or whether a frustrated reporter embellished his sparse account.

Henly is gone now, although he lived far longer than seemed possible on that terrible night of November 4, 1875. He and his wife lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary in Steilacoom. He lived to see sail give way to steam, and steam to diesel. He was still going strong in 1942 when he addressed the sixtieth reunion of the Pioneer Association of the State of Washington.

"Quit the sea?" he told them. "No, I kept right on. I'd like to go to the navy now and say 'I'd like to relieve some of your men for a spell.'"

When death took him on March 13, 1944, he had outlived his shipmates on the *Pacific* by more than 68 years.



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Harvey Dunn: A Son of the Middle Border

By JOSEPH STUART

Photographs Courtesy South Dakota Memorial
Art Center, Brookings

In 1941 Harvey Dunn wrote that he preferred "painting pictures of early South Dakota life to any other kind, which would seem to point to the fact that my search for other horizons has led me around to my first."

Dunn was born during the blizzard of March 8, 1884, on a homestead near

Manchester in eastern South Dakota—what was Dakota Territory until 1889. His father, Thomas, had broken the prairie sod behind oxen. His mother, Bersha, had gathered wild prairie flowers to decorate their shanty. Harvey, sister Caroline, and brother Roy had endured below-zero cold to and

from school in nearby Esmond. Harvey Dunn's paintings of early South Dakota life ring true because he was, in novelist Hamlin Garland's words, "a son of the Middle Border."

Dunn's "search for other horizons" began during 1901-1906 with art training at South Dakota Agricultural College in Brookings, the Art Institute of Chicago, and with Howard Pyle in Wilmington, Delaware. His father had reluctantly given his blessings, since he was losing a husky hand capable of putting in 14 hours a day behind the plow.

Howard Pyle matter-of-factly described himself as a businessman whose business was painting pictures. He was, in fact, the acknowledged father of modern American illustration, and a superb teacher. His typical wisdom to "Grandeers"—Dunn, N. C. Wyeth, William Henry Koerner, Thornton Oakley, Frank Schoonover, and other advanced students—was: "Don't make it necessary to ask questions about your picture. It's utterly impossible for you to go to *all* the newsstands and explain your pictures." Above all, he inspired students to "render service to the majesty of simple things."

In his typical self-effacing humor, Dunn described his graduation from Pyle's school: "One day, after looking at my work, he sighed deeply and in the voice of a tired and disappointed old man, suggested that I get a studio somewhere and see if I could get some work to do." It was 1906, the beginning of Dunn's meteoric career in illustration. That year his work first appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* and he illustrated E. W. Hornung's *Dead Men Tell No Tales* for Scribner's.

Rex Beach, Jack London, George Pattullo, Booth Tarkington, Stewart Edward White, and Owen Wister are but



South Dakota native Harvey Dunn was among the most successful American illustrators of the twentieth century.

True West



"Jedediah Smith in the Badlands," 1947. Oil on canvas, 38 x 34".

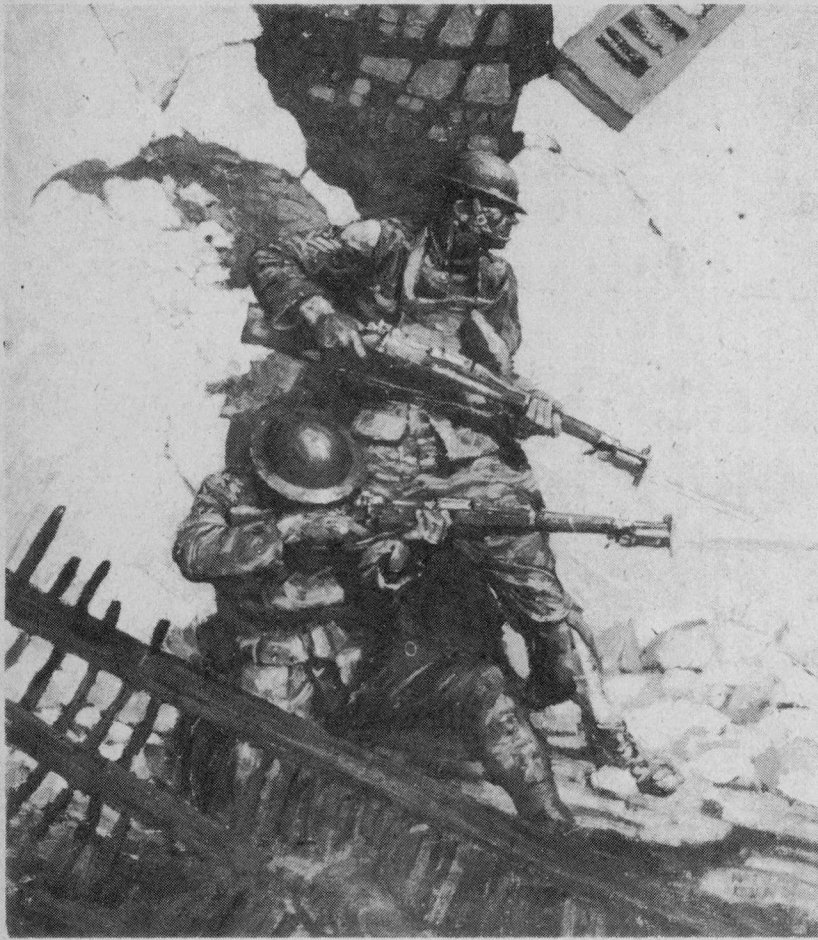
a few of the writers Dunn collaborated with in books and such magazines as *Country Gentlemen*, *Outing*, and most frequently, *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Dean Cornwell, one of Dunn's most successful students, credits Dunn's success in this way: "He wanted true
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substance in his work, not just literal appearance. He would rework a painting for months because he thought it didn't have substance. With Dunn, substance and truth were synonymous."

Dunn, his wife Tulla, and their children Robert and Louise were living

in Leonia, New Jersey in 1918. He was 34 years old, one of the most successful illustrators in the country, and a teacher of such magnetism that he was considered to be the successor to Howard Pyle. America was at war, preparing to send its Expeditionary Forces to



"Street Fighting," 1928. Oil on canvas, 38 x 34".

Dunn believed his paintings of the First World War would be the work for which he was remembered, but they were stored away and forgotten.

Europe. Dunn was invited to become one of eight artists to accompany the forces and record the action. To his wife's dismay, he eagerly accepted.

Captain Dunn recorded some of the most fierce action in the American campaign at Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Saint-Mihiel, and Seicheprey. According to Edgar Howell, former curator of military history at the Smithsonian Institution, Dunn's paintings transcended that particular, terrible war, and portrayed the "universal man at war."

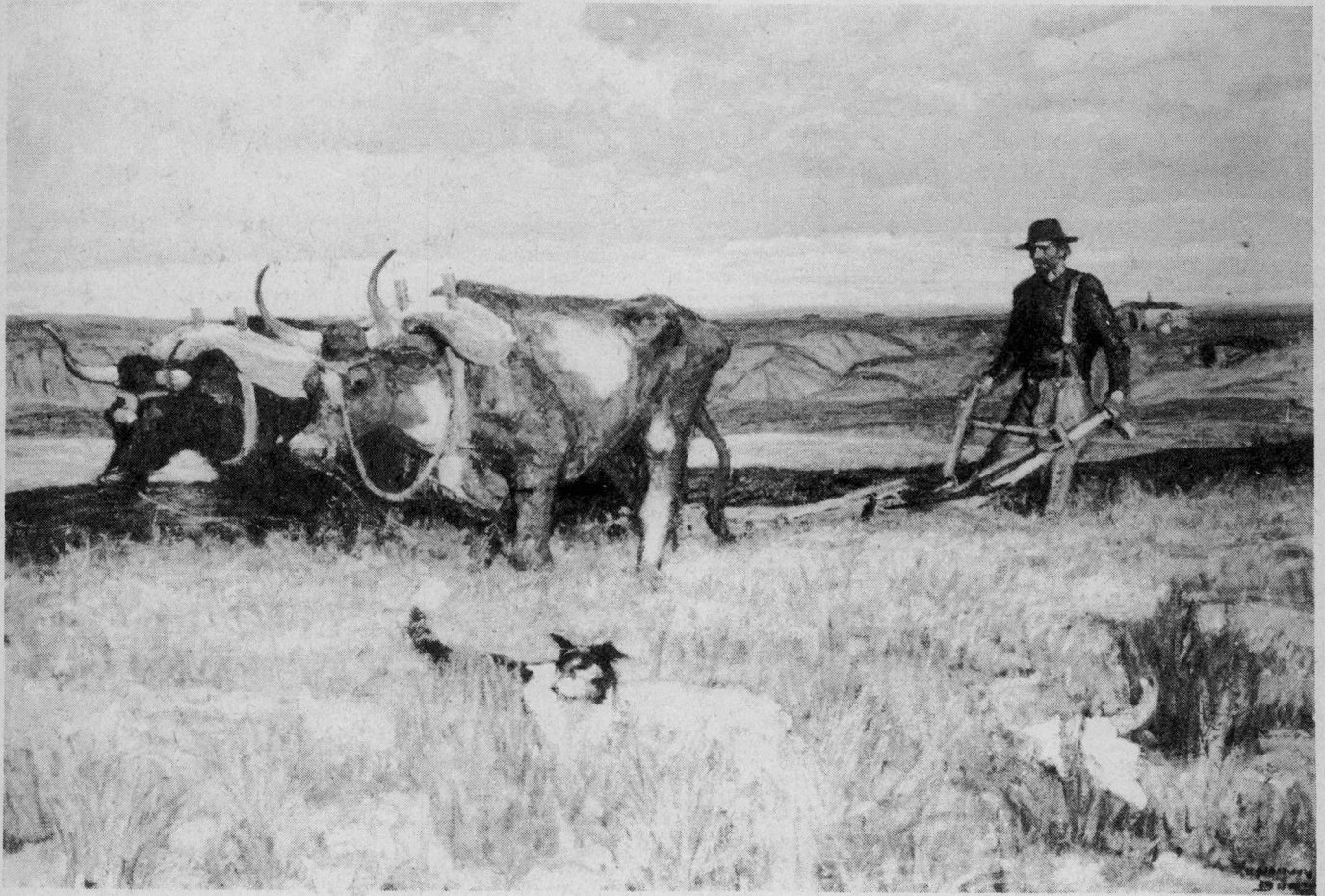
Dunn believed that these paintings would be his great work, the work by which he would be remembered. Instead, with the Armistice, the paintings of the eight artists were stored away in the Smithsonian, and the war faded from memory. Were it not for his paintings for the covers of *The American Legion Monthly*, beginning in 1928, Dunn's A. E. F. work would be all but unknown.

Although he continued to illustrate and teach after the war, and had a magnificent studio in his new home in Tenafly, New Jersey, his heart didn't seem to be in his work. In 1927 he made a trip with son Robert to South Dakota, the West Coast, and to visit former student Arthur Roy Mitchell in Trinidad, Colorado. "Mitch" was a colorful cowboy-artist who would eventually hold the questionable title of "King of the Pulp Westerns," and it was probably his bawdy behavior and enthusiasm that snapped Dunn out of his melancholy.

Dunn began annual visits to South Dakota to visit relatives and friends, attend the Old Settlers' Celebrations at De Smet, near his birthplace, and sketch. The sketches became paintings back in Tenafly. Several versions of "Buffalo Bones Are Plowed Under" were painted. Thomas Dunn had plowed under an old buffalo trail on the homestead, but the man in the paintings was not Harvey Dunn's father. He was, instead, Dunn's archetype of the homesteader; an ordinary man called upon for superhuman effort. And the plowing of virgin prairie was this man's ultimate act of commitment to the land.

Dunn did not seem overly excited with his election to National Academician in 1945, the highest honor that could be paid an American artist by his peers, perhaps because of his increasing involvement with the South Dakota paintings. Dunn gave a masterpiece, "Dakota Woman," to the Friends of the Middle Border in Mitchell, South

*"Any man can look at a true work of art
and feel kin to it with he who made it—
for he has the same number of heartbeats a minute . . ."*



"Buffalo Bones are Plowed Under," 1940s. Oil on canvas, 40 x 60".

Dakota, and sold a superb work for a token fee, "The First Furrow," to the library in Flandreau, South Dakota.

But no one really grasped the magnitude of his work until an exhibition of 41 paintings was held in the Masonic Lodge at De Smet during the summer of 1950. Public reaction to his paintings was anticipated by Dunn in

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a lecture to students at the Grand Central School of Art in New York during the 1930s: "Art is a universal language and it is so because it is the expression of the feelings of man. Any man can look at a true work of art and feel kin to it with he who made it—for he has the same number of heartbeats a minute, comes into the world to face the same

joys, sorrows and anticipations, the same hopes and fears."

Dunn gave most of the paintings to the people of South Dakota, to be displayed at South Dakota State University in Brookings, where he had begun his search for other horizons almost 50 years before. The university prepared to confer an honorary Doctor

of Fine Arts on Dunn in May of 1952. By then desperately ill, he could not attend and the degree was awarded in absentia. He died in Tenafly, October 29 of that year.

The Dunn Collection, now over 70 paintings, is today displayed in the South Dakota Memorial Art Center at South Dakota State University. A part of that collection is on tour in the Middle Border in celebration of the artist's centennial.

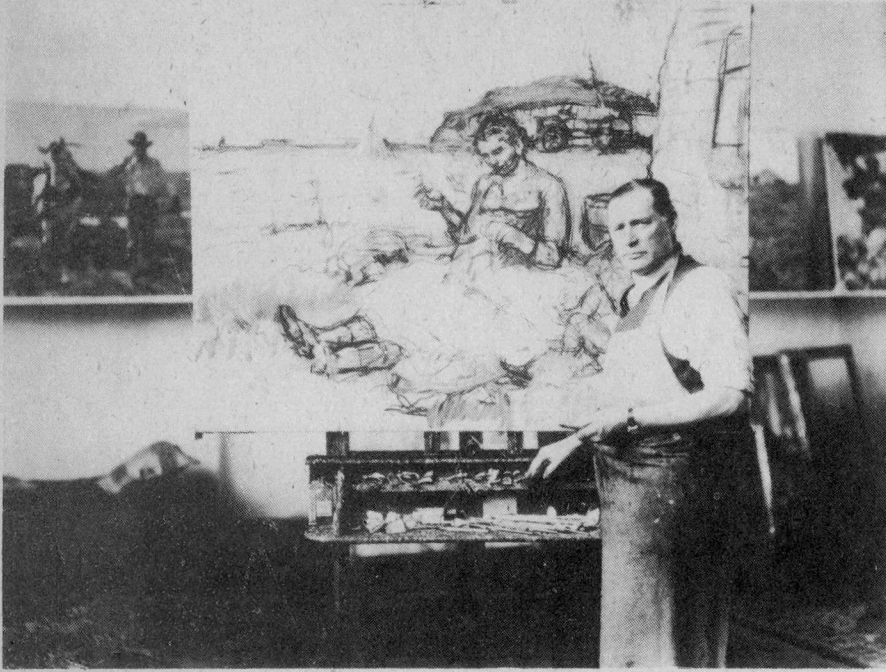
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"An Artist Goes to War: Harvey Dunn and the A. E. F. War Art Program," *The Smithsonian Journal of History*, Vol. II, No. 4, Winter 1967-68.



Harvey Dunn in his Tenafly, New Jersey, studio, 1940s.

"A Driver of Oxen," 1940s. Oil on canvas, 26 x 40".





Colonel Allen Allensworth's restored home.

Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

Allensworth: California's First Black Town

TODAY few could identify the historical significance of Allensworth, a small former farming community 40 miles northwest of Bakersfield in California's southern San Joaquin Valley. Established in 1908, the town appeared very much like other rural villages in the state's fertile agricultural belt around the turn of the century. There was, however, one important difference that made this town stand out from its neighbors. Allensworth was the first and only California community founded and governed by blacks.

The town was essentially the creation of Colonel Allen Allensworth. Born a slave on April 7, 1842, in Louisville, Kentucky, as a youth of 12 he suffered a fate endured by Uncle Tom in Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel of the

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By RICHARD PETERSON

1850s. Young Allensworth was sold "down the river" to the cotton lands of the Deep South. This was his penalty for having attempted to learn to read and write from his white Kentucky playmates. Such activity was strictly prohibited in a southern society fearful of slave insurrection and acutely sensitive to northern abolitionist criticism. At the beginning of the Civil War, Allensworth escaped behind Union lines, briefly serving in the Army before joining the United States Navy, where he rose to the rank of first class petty officer in a relatively short time. Honorably discharged at the war's end, he found civilian employment in the

commissary of the Navy Yard at Mound City, Missouri.

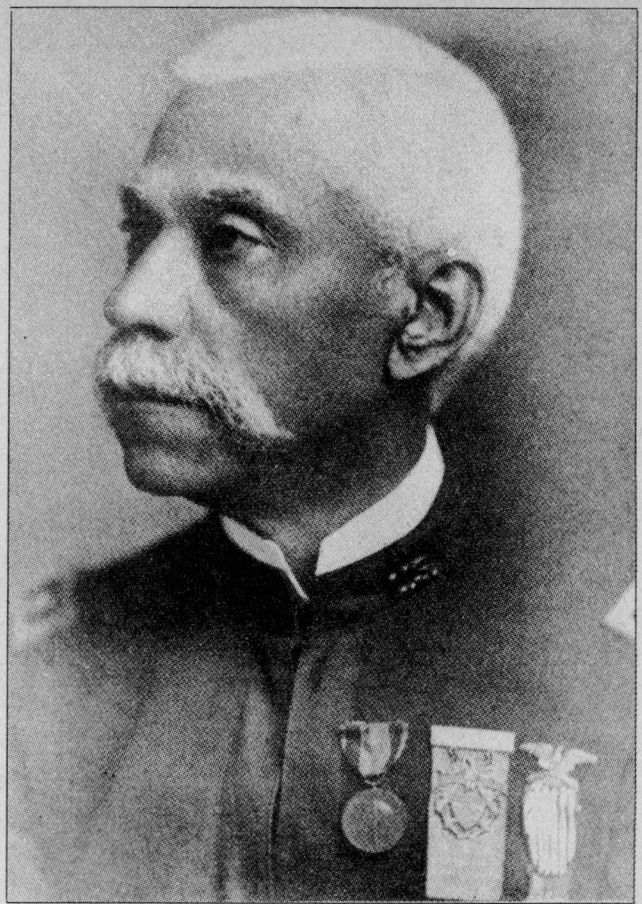
In 1867, he and his brother began a profitable restaurant business in Saint Louis. After furthering his education at a Baptist institution in Nashville, Tennessee, and actively participating in church work, he was ordained a minister by the Baptist Church on April 9, 1871. His religious career took him to his native Kentucky and to Ohio, where he held several pastorates. From there he returned to military duty.

On April 1, 1886, he was appointed a captain in the 24th Infantry at a time when officers were typically white. This unit was one of four black regiments in the segregated United States Army. As the Army's second black Chaplain, Allensworth was responsible for



Josephine L. Allensworth

Courtesy California State Library



Allen Allensworth

Courtesy California State Library

educating and administering to the spiritual needs of the black soldiers—the “buffalo soldiers,” as the Indians called them in respectful reference to the texture of their hair. In 1906, having served in the Spanish-American War and the subsequent Philippine Insurrection, he retired from the military with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, the highest rank held to then by a black man.

ALLENSWORTH'S career thereafter included lecture tours in the midwest and east, where he preached a black self-help philosophy consistent with the teachings of the contemporary black national leader, Booker T. Washington. He eventually settled his family in Los Angeles, California, but even the Golden State did not offer the freedom from prejudice that Allensworth sought.

He decided to put his self-help teachings into practice by finding a place where blacks could live and work without fear of racism. With four others, including William Payne, a black former professor at the West Virginia Colored Institute, Allensworth formed the California Colonization and Home Pro-

motion Association. The organization purchased the San Joaquin Valley site subsequently named Allensworth for its experiment in black economic and political self-determination. According to a contemporary local newspaper editorial, the town was created “in order to enable black people to live on an equity with whites and to encourage industry and thrift in the race.”

Such all-black towns were not without precedent in late nineteenth-century western America. A number had been founded in the west by southern refugees following the fall of Radical Reconstruction in 1877. Nicodemus, Kansas, and Langston and Boley, Oklahoma, were perhaps the best known and most successful, but all had found black self-sufficiency a difficult challenge on the forbidding Great Plains frontier, especially in an era that witnessed what historians have called “the nadir of race relations.” Undoubtedly Colonel Allensworth and his associates hoped their California community would enjoy brighter prospects.

Located on the Santa Fe Railroad line between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the town prospered at first. Fer-

tile soil, reasonably priced land, and an apparently abundant water supply attracted enterprising black men and women from various parts of the country. In addition to farms which produced alfalfa, grain, sugar beets, cotton and livestock, the community contained a business district of several general stores, a bakery, a drug store, a livery stable, a barber shop, a machine shop, and a hotel. The cultural needs of the citizens were met by a church, a library, and a school which employed two teachers and offered elementary and secondary education within the same building.

Grace Hackett Churchill, an early settler, recalls her education: “It was in 1916 that Mama decided to leave Alameda [in the San Francisco Bay Area]. Papa would soon follow for his retirement year. This move necessitated the transplanting of the three younger children to the two-room Allensworth Public School. Even now, I marvel at the thorough instruction we received . . . There were other lessons, too . . . tumbleweed, jackrabbits, dust storms and visible heat waves, the almost blinding whiteness of alkali

deposits and, above all, the many ingenious devices necessary to life in a semi-isolated community . . . " At its height Allensworth numbered three hundred residents.

The town was governed by a city council known as the Allensworth Progressive Association. In 1914, the Tulare County Board of Supervisors made the Allensworth voting precinct a judicial district. Oscar Overr and William H. Dotson were respectively elected justice of the peace and constable, the first black men in the state to hold such offices. The federal government was represented by a post office located in Joshua Singleton's general store, which also had the only telephone in town. Such was life in rural California.

REMINISCENT of Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, Colonel Allensworth hoped to locate an all-black state vocational school in the town in order to broaden its economic base. But his dream was defeated by the state legislature in 1914 and by opposition from the black community of Los Angeles, which favored racial integration over separation.

The town suffered a more crippling blow when an accident claimed the Colonel's life within the same year. While on a preaching engagement in Monrovia, a suburb of Los Angeles, he was struck by a motorcycle as he departed from a streetcar. By the 1920s, such pedestrian fatalities and injuries had become alarmingly common in Los Angeles, the most motorized and motor-conscious city in the world. Although the

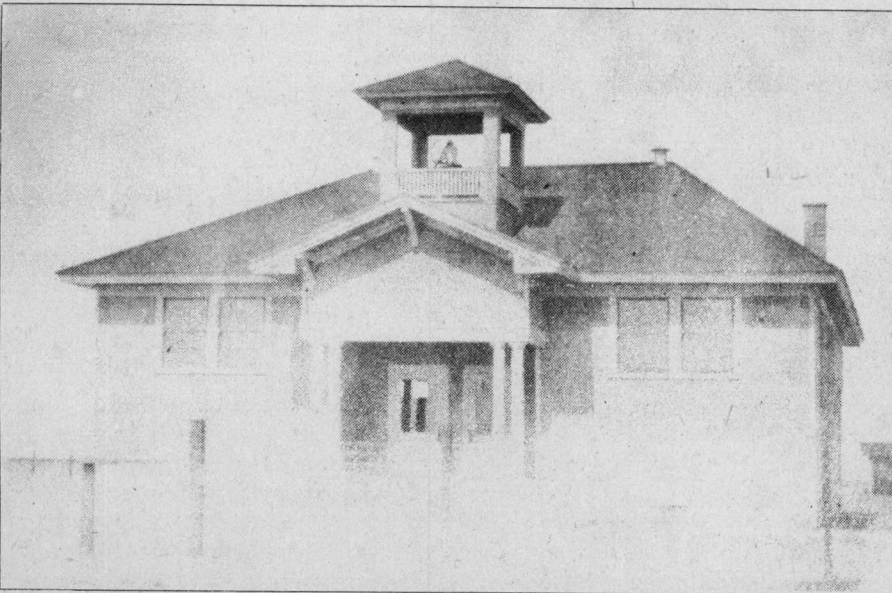


Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

Joshua Singleton's general store. Singleton was probably one of the men in the photograph.

remaining founding fathers continued to provide civic leadership, Allensworth's future was threatened by dwindling water resources. In effect, the success of the farm economy sowed the seeds of its own destruction. Extensive irrigation and deep-well pumping had lowered the area's water table, making agricultural and ranching enterprises and fire protection unpredictable. By the 1920s and 1930s, residents had begun to seek employment in other in-

dustries and areas. World War II further depleted the population. Leo Mackey, who moved to Allensworth before the war recalls: "There were a whole lot of people here when we moved in. Then the war came and a lot of them went to the Oakland shipyards and other places where they could get jobs." Indeed the modern black movement to California substantially began during the war because large numbers of workers were required for the new defense industries.

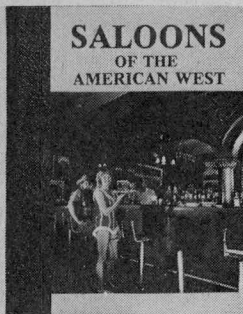


Allensworth's original schoolhouse.

Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

Despite obvious economic difficulties, some families stayed on in Allensworth during the postwar period. In 1966, the community faced another threat to its existence when the drinking water was found to contain potentially harmful amounts of arsenic. In 1976, the town received a new lease on life. The California Department of Parks and Recreation began to restore it to its appearance during the heyday from 1908 until 1918. When completed, Colonel Allensworth State Historic Park will serve as a fitting memorial to the early experience and contributions of black Americans in the State's history. Shortly after the Colonel's death, Delilah L. Beasley, the first to attempt an overview of California black history, wrote of the colony's founders: "They were not only settlers, but pioneers in spirit and deeds, willing to toil and hustle for development." Although the small, isolated settlement they began never matured into a thriving

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ing city, their effort nonetheless reveals the courage and commitment of blacks then confronted with segregated schools, public facilities, and neighborhoods and charges of racial inferiority even in a state that many perceived as the "promised land."

Those traveling to Allensworth today will be introduced to the Colonel and his town by a 25-minute film at a visitor's center featuring displays of historical photographs. The most prominent restored buildings include the bell-towered schoolhouse, where classes were conducted from 1912 until 1972, and the Colonel's own home. Individual wooden desks with old-fashioned inkwells provide a reminder of early twentieth-century rural education. The Colonel's prefabricated wooden house has been reconstructed and furnished to look as it did when it was built in 1911. It was originally brought to the site in sections on the nearby Santa Fe Rail Road. Other restored buildings include Grosse's Drug Store and Singleton's General store. Additional restorations will be completed as funds become

available. In the meantime visitors can gain historical insight into the community life of California's original all-black town.

A NOTE ON SOURCES

Historical sources on Colonel Allensworth and the community he helped to create are not extensive. Information can be secured from Charles Alexander, *The Battles and Victories of Allen Allensworth* (Boston, 1914). Published shortly after the Colonel's death, this biography benefited from the author's personal collaboration with his subject. The Colonel and other Allensworth community leaders are profiled in Delilah L. Beasley, *The Negro Trail Blazers of California* (Los Angeles, 1919), 154-157, 287-288. The author of this pioneering study visited the town and interviewed many of its inhabitants. The California Department of Parks and Recreation has prepared an informative

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Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

Classroom in Allensworth's restored schoolhouse.



A typical family scene from Allensworth's early farming days.

Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

illustrated guide to Colonel Allensworth State Historic Park which contains recollections from one of the early settlers.

Brief biographical sketches of Colonel Allensworth are available in Kenneth G. Goode, *California's Black Pioneers: A Brief Historical Survey* (Santa Barbara, CA, 1973), 89, and in W. Sherman Savage, *Blacks in the West* (Westport, Conn., 1976), 51-52. The water pollution problems threatening Allensworth in the 1960s are discussed in Louis Robinson, "Death Threatens a Western Town," *Ebony*, XXII (June, 1967), 60-66. For those interested in the history of other all-black towns in the West, the following are especially recommended: Nell Irvin Painter, *The Exodusters: Black Migration to Kansas After Reconstruction* (New York, 1977); Robert G. Athearn, *In Search of Canaan: Black Migration to Kansas, 1879-1880* (Lawrence, KS, 1978); and Norman L. Crockett, *The Black Towns* (Lawrence, KS, 1979).



Farm equipment at Allensworth State Historical Park symbolizes the original hope of agricultural prosperity.

Courtesy California Department of Parks and Recreation

Cornish Pasties

By GERALDINE DUNCANN

It is said that no matter where in the world you go, if you find a hole you'll find a Cornishman at the bottom of it looking for ore. It is said, too, that where goes the Cornishman, likewise goes the pasty.

Cornishmen, like so many others around the world, were drawn to the California gold diggings with their pro-

mise of fortunes lying in fields and streams, just begging to be picked up and rushed into a Wells Fargo account. They flocked to California to escape the worn out farmland, the diminishing herring fishing and the rapidly playing out tin mines. When even the California gold began to diminish the Cornishmen turned to mining Columbian marble, a

beautiful mottled stone which built the front steps, mantle pieces and tombs of many a well-to-do San Franciscan.

When traveling across the United States, you will occasionally happen into a small cafe in a non-cosmopolitan community and find Cornish pasties on the menu. Likely as not, you will also find that, if not now, at least sometime in the past there was mining nearby. The mines brought the Cornishmen and the Cornishmen brought the pasties.

Traveling the Mother Lode today in communities like Placerville, Sutter Creek, Volcano, Jackson, Mokelumne Hill, Angels Camp, Murpays, Jamestown and Columbia you will find a trail of establishments that proudly offer Cornish pasties, the legacy left by those stalwart Celts who crossed the wild seas to a wilder land in hopes of finding untold wealth and freedom from their daily toil. Unfortunately, like most who went to work the gold fields, they found little save more hard work. Those who made their fortunes from that California phenomenon mined the miners, not the mines.

I have consumed pasties in the Mother Lode and in Cornwall, and in both places they range from wretched to superb. The only way to guarantee a perfect pasty is to make it yourself.

CORNISH PASTIES

1 recipe your favorite pastry
a cheap chuck roast
potatoes
onions (leeks, also, if you like them)
turnips
parsley

Cut the chuck roast into a bit smaller
True West



Pasties accompanied Cornish miners into mines throughout the West.

than bite size pieces. Be sure to leave some of the fat. It adds flavor and helps to make the pasties moist. Peel the potatoes and cut into small chunks as well, but not really diced, and cut the onion, leek and turnips the same way.

Roll the pastry out into rounds. How big? How hungry are you? In Cornwall and in the mining camps each pasty was made the size of the appetite of the consumer—papa size, mama size, and the assorted kid's sizes. If you haven't been plowing the south 40 or down a mine shaft, but only punching a computer, then you may want your pasty a bit smaller than was traditional.

And so, you have your rounds of pastry before you. Sprinkle a few chunks of the chopped potato in a line

down the center of the pastry. Top this with a scant few bits of turnip and top with onions or leeks or both. Over this lay a generous handful of the chopped chuk. Sprinkle with a bit of minced parsley and add salt and pepper to taste. Now pick up the pastry on each side of the row of ingredients and bring together over the top. Fold the edges of the pastry together and crimp to seal, just like making apple turnovers except that the seam is on the top instead of the side. Place on lightly oiled baking sheets and put into the oven at 350 degrees for about 45 minutes.

A pasty is a complete meal. The only other thing you will need is a good beer.



Old West Recipe of the Month

Bobbie Herzberg, 306 No. Third St., Elsberry, Missouri, asks—in Ozark talk—“Need a good all 'round soap that will get you clean—mildly;— do your fine linens—gently; an' is good fer th' complexion on yore face? Wal, it shore ain't lye soap y're lookin' fer!” Anyway—here's how to make granny's cleaning companion:

LYE SOAP

6 pounds fat (melted)
1 can lye
2½ pints hot water

(Lye is a strong alkaline solution obtained by leaching wood ashes.)

Dissolve the lye in hot water. Let cool. Then pour lye solution in a slow,

easy stream into the melted fat, stirring constantly. Continue stirring until cool. Pour into boxes that have been dipped in cold water. Cool in desired size of squares when cold and set. This can be grated for laundry detergent.

Western Publications will pay \$5 for each original recipe published. Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications cookery specialist, will judge recipes. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, Western Publications, P.O. Box 667, Perkins, OK 74059. Recipe copies cannot be returned.



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Destry Rides Again

By BILL O'NEAL

In 1939, when *Stagecoach* and several other large-scale Westerns popularized the Western genre among adult movie audiences, Universal Studios offered *Destry Rides Again*, starring James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich. The motion picture was based on a 1930 novel by the perennially popular Max Brand (real name, Frederick Faust) and was a remake of a 1932 Tom Mix film.

Neither Stewart nor Dietrich had ever before appeared in a Western, but their performances helped to establish humor and sex in major films about the frontier. Dietrich played a saloon singer named Frenchy, who helped villain Brian Donlevy keep the town of Bottle Neck under the control of outlaws.

Dietrich enthralled saloon audiences by belting out such rowdy numbers as "See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have," and 1939 moviegoers were delighted to see her shove money into her cleavage. Her accompanying line, "There's gold in them thar hills," was censored, but the risqué humor that remained in the movie drew complaints from various religious organizations.

A memorable scene occurred when Dietrich and a "good woman," played by Una Merkel, engaged in a wild, hair-pulling saloon fight. One of the epic screen brawls between women, it was filmed in one take without stand-ins. Stuntwomen were on the set, but the two actresses tussled so convincingly that the cameras kept rolling, and afterward a battered Merkel wound up in the hospital. Onscreen the fight was stopped when Stewart dumped a bucket of water onto the two female antagonists.

The gangling, boyish Stewart played Thomas Jefferson Destry, son of an oldtime peace officer. An expert pistoleer, Tom Destry was expected to clean up Bottle Neck, but only after a series of outrages by Donlevy and company does he go into action. Before the villains are bested, Frenchy stops a bullet meant for Destry and dies in his arms.

Stewart's star continued to soar after this initial appearance in a Western, and his great variety of future roles includ-

ed a number of other frontier figures. It was 1950 before Stewart again starred in a Western, the stark and violent *Winchester '73*. Usually playing rather grim, self-reliant gunmen, Stewart subsequently led the cast in more than a dozen Westerns, including three John Ford films. Although he played the doctor in John Wayne's final movie, *The Shootist* (1976), his last starring role in a Western was opposite his best friend,

Henry Fonda, in *The Cheyenne Social Club* (1970).

In 1954 *Destry*, a third version of Brand's novel, was filmed by director George Marshall, who also had directed the 1939 movie. *Destry* was shot in Technicolor and starred war hero Audie Murphy and Mari Blanchard. In most respects it was an inferior remake, despite an effective performance by Murphy.

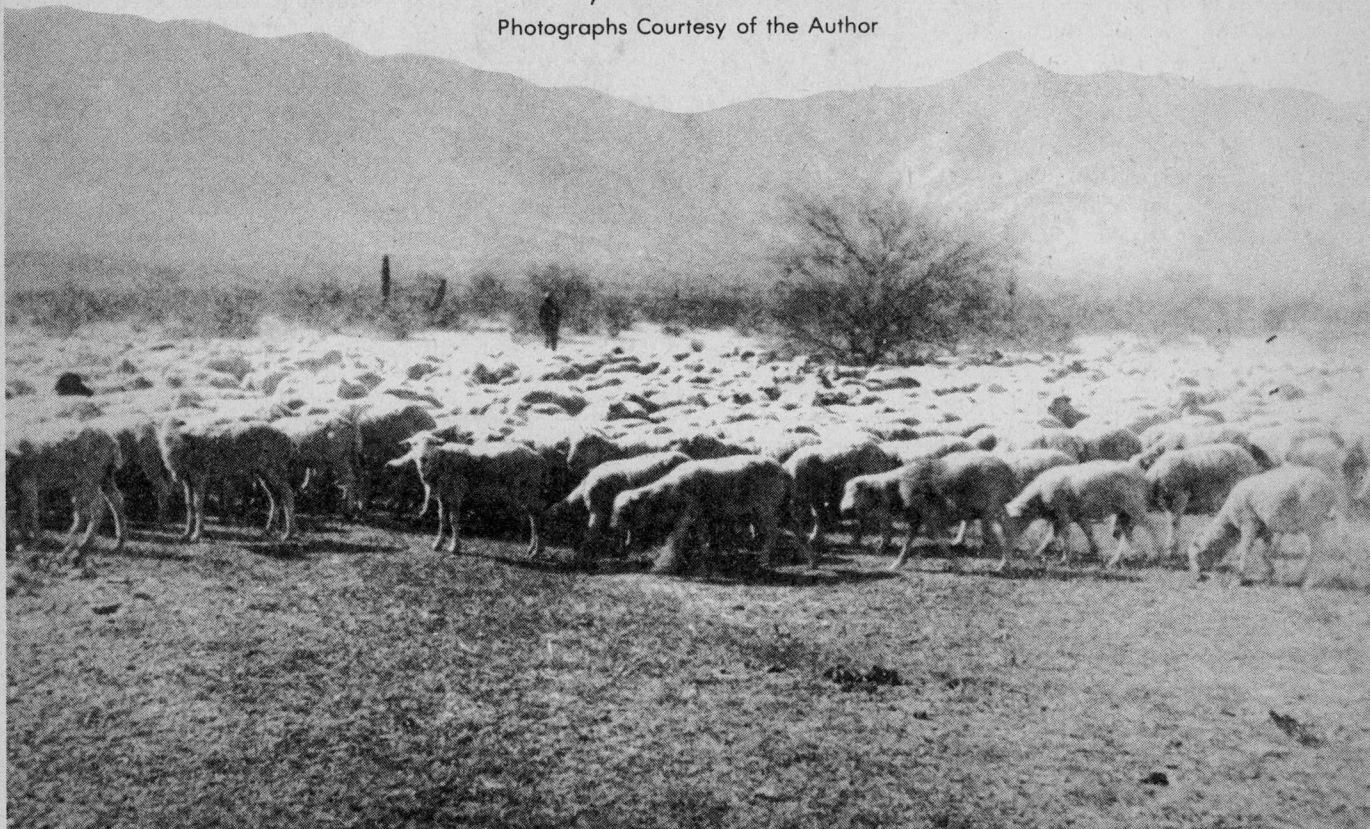


Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart in *Destry Rides Again* (1939).

Sheep Drive: the Untold Story of the West

By JODY JENSEN

Photographs Courtesy of the Author



"Arizona Sheep on Winter Range," a photo from the personal collection of Richard "Dick" Gibbons.

Because historians and writers have romanticized the rowdy, sometimes ruthless cowboy, the shepherd and sheep rancher have been pushed into relative obscurity. There is still something of a stigma attached to raising sheep as compared to cattle ranching.

Most of the western novels and Hollywood movies would have us believe that cattle were brought into the American West first, but that is just not true. Columbus brought the first sheep to the new world on his second voyage, when he landed on the island of Hispaniola in 1493. Cortez then imported sheep to the mainland for food during his conquest of Mexico. Coronado and other gold-seeking Spanish explorers drove sheep north into what is now Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Southern California. Large sheep ranches were developed in the early 1800s on eminent tracts of Spanish land

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grants. Sometimes millions of sheep were run on hundreds of thousands of acres. Sheep ranching was deeply entrenched in the southwest while cattlemen were still struggling to get established in Texas, Montana, and Wyoming.

Being first, though, doesn't always guarantee dominance. By sheer force of numbers the cowboy ruled over the shepherd. It took seven mounted horsemen to drive 1,000 head of cattle while a single herder with an experienced sheep dog could handle up to 3,000 sheep. At the end of a cattle drive, the drovers invaded the cowtowns with their rancorous behavior, but the shepherd retreated to the solitude to which he was so accustomed.

When gold was discovered in California and a nation moved en masse to find their fortune, sheep provided the answer to the urgent need for food. Several enterprising men purchased sheep in

New Mexico for practically nothing, drove them to California, and increased their investment tenfold. Kit Carson made his fortune with sheep he drove to California.

Friction between the cattleman and the sheepman increased with the spread of sheep into larger areas of the West. Cattlemen believed it was impossible to run sheep and cattle on the same range. They actually thought the sheep left a lingering odor, and that cattle would refuse to graze on the same land ever again. Even as late as 1916 this idea was expounded by the noted Arizona historian, James H. McClintock, in his history, *Arizona, The Youngest State*. "Cattle and sheep could no more occupy the range in common than oil and water could flow coherently." This attitude precipitated the Pleasant Valley War in northern Arizona. That conflict claimed between 24 and 50 lives, depending on which account is read, in the five

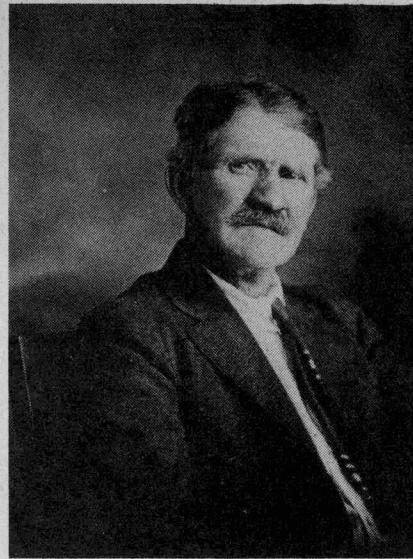
years from 1887 to 1892.

For years after the end of the Pleasant Valley War, Richard "Dick" Gibbons, a sheep rancher from Saint Johns, Arizona, drove 6,600 sheep from Saint Johns to Las Vegas, New Mexico, to the railhead located there. Gibbons, who had been in the sheep business since the late 1880s with his brothers Andrew and Joshua along with J. T. Lesuer, knew all the dangers and pitfalls involved in such an undertaking. One asset in his favor was his fluency in Spanish, since most of the herders were Mexican, Spanish, or Basque. He would be traveling through a rough, isolated part of the country, where most of the inhabitants spoke only Spanish or an Indian language.

Dick and six herders started on their 300-mile journey over some of the wildest country in the west on September 22, 1896. They had spent several days dividing the herd into two groups, dipping the sheep, and ear-marking them. Then the sheep had to be inspected and declared disease free before leaving the Arizona territory. They had traveled about three miles, or half a day, when they were overtaken by the herders of another sheep rancher, Don Carlos Noyer. Animosity existed between the Mexican and Gringo sheep ranchers, and Don Carlos had sent his men to make sure that Gibbons had not stolen any of his sheep. The same thing would be done by the Gringo ranchers when Don Carlos, or another Mexican rancher, sent his herd to market. It had almost become a ritual.

It was apparent that this was going to be a difficult drive unless the weather broke and they received rain. They had to dig holes in the sand at night in the dry riverbeds to find water for their horses, and the grass along the way was very poor. The sheep could forage on almost nothing, but the horses and pack mules would have to have better grazing. Coping with rainy weather would be easier, and more pleasant, than watching the animals suffer for want of food and water. The weather was beginning to turn colder and many mornings they would find ice on their water barrels.

By nature, sheep are headstrong, stubborn animals, and when they want to feed, they feed. Several mornings when Dick arose, he found that a cut, or group, of sheep had wandered away from the herd looking for forage. On the morning of September 25, he was particularly worried because they were near a ranch known as the Bar G, and the cowboys there made sport of shooting



Dick Gibbons, 1858-1924.

Richard Gibbons was an early Arizona pioneer, coming to Arizona at the age of 19 in 1877. He helped settle Joseph City and Saint Johns where he made his home until 1913 when he moved to Phoenix, Arizona. He was a sheep and cattle rancher and an avid reader. He spent many lonely hours on sheep and cattle camps reading. He once spent half a day looking for his book bag which dropped out of his saddle bags.

He had the largest personal library in northern Arizona and was called on regularly to provide research material for debates and articles for the prominent newspapers. He served in the Arizona territorial legislature of 1901 and was the county assessor for Apache County, Arizona. He kept journals for most of his adult life, recording everything in great detail. It is on these journals that the narrative of the sheep drive is based.

sheep on sight. Luckily, the animals had not wandered that far.

Luck was with them again when they came to an abandoned sheep ranch that had plenty of water for the animals. In those days, a man's word was his honor, and no one thought anything about using available water without asking. Often there just wasn't anyone for miles around to ask anyway. Every available water hole had to be used because many times lakes and streams dried up. Another source of water was the potholes in the sandstone slick rocks that filled every time it rained. Sometimes they would be the only source of water for miles.

As the herd neared the continental divide on October 1, the skies opened up. The parched countryside was deluged. Nature has a way of trying to make up for her earlier mistakes. A torrential rain will follow long periods of drought, and this was the problem the sheep and herders then faced. The sheep became restless and wandered away from their bedground looking for shelter each night. The herders were thankful for the rain, but four days and nights of constant downpour were almost more than they could cope with. They decided to keep the herd near Grants, New Mexico, for a day or so to rest the herd and give the trail a chance to dry out.

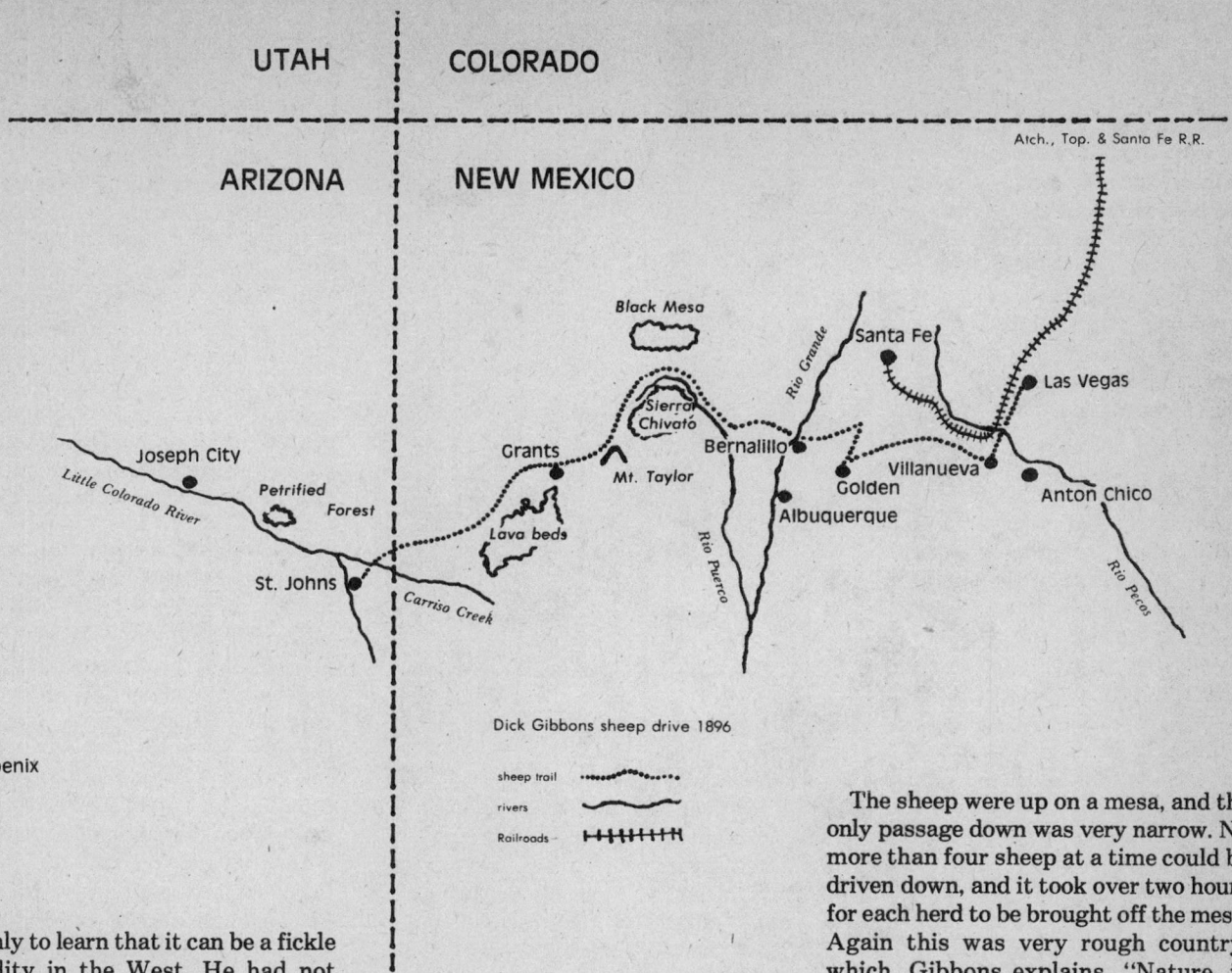
The town of Grants was astir with excitement when Gibbons entered. There had been an attempted train robbery nearby and the U. S. marshal had killed one of the three men involved. It was reported that someone heard the other

two men call out the name "Cole Younger, Cole Younger," and swear to come back and get the marshal. Cole Younger, however, was in prison at the time.

One of the dangers of being on sheep camp was the possibility of outlaws taking refuge there. Gibbons made it a habit always to have a gun close by. But he never wore one because he felt that was asking for trouble. Any and all drifters were made welcome in his camp. He had never had trouble with any of them and only used his gun on coyotes and rabid skunks.

The grass was still very poor as they were traveling over what he called "malpais" rock formation or lava beds. Malpais translated means bad country. It is better known as the "bad lands of New Mexico." Gibbons was disgusted with himself for taking the word of people he thought he could trust. He had been assured that the grass and water would be plentiful between Saint Johns and Las Vegas. He had given some thought to making the drive to Phoenix from Apache County, but it had never been done before, and the terrain was rougher and the water more scarce.

As they came out of the mountains near Grants, they found an old homestead that had been abandoned for several years. There were two log houses and several out buildings. Water was plentiful and the grass abundant. Why, Gibbons wondered, would someone give up what seemed an ideal location. Perhaps the homesteaders had been lured by someone's tales of abundant



water only to learn that it can be a fickle commodity in the West. He had not found the reported range cattle nor had he seen the thousands of head of sheep he had been told about.

Pondering this part of the country, he decided it might have some sort of curse upon it. He records in his journal: "We have found no range cattle at all and very few sheep. It seems like there is a curse resting on the country. I have not met one single white man, and the resources of the country are still undeveloped. The improvements that I have seen are low, flat-roofed adobe houses. It will take Yankee enterprise to develop this part of the country, that is, if it ever gets that far. There is not much interest in politics here, so that if a man is once nominated to be a candidate for some office, his position is as good as secured." The wealth of this land would be discovered by another generation looking for oil, natural gas, uranium, and lumber.

During the night of October 8, the herd stampeded. When Gibbons and his herdsmen saddled up their horses, they found that one of their best mares had been stolen. Gibbons followed the trail of the thieves northeast for a short distance, but he had to get back to the herd and was forced to give up the trail.

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He decided to report the theft at the next settlement they came to. He checked with the other camp, the second herd, to make sure they had not lost any of their stock.

Their water was beginning to turn brackish, and they were looking for fresh, or "living water," as Dick called it. They had all feared the water might make them sick, and Gibbons was the one it seemed to affect the most. He was struck with chills, fever, cramps and severe vomiting. He was afraid he would have to send the men on with the sheep and catch up to them later. By morning, however, he was able to get into the saddle. No one had heard of sick leave or fringe benefits then. If you could stand or stay in the saddle, you worked.

After riding ahead for several miles, Gibbons came on to a spring; the first sweet water they had had for days. They filled their barrels and canteens and spent time talking to another herder, who had a small band of sheep near the spring. The herder assured them the worst part of their trip was behind them and the water and grass would be bountiful ahead.

The sheep were up on a mesa, and the only passage down was very narrow. No more than four sheep at a time could be driven down, and it took over two hours for each herd to be brought off the mesa. Again this was very rough country, which, Gibbons explains, "Nature, in some convulsion, had tried to see just how rough and craggy she could make it."

The next little settlement they came to was that of Juan Tofolla, built on a sandstone knoll and looking like an Indian village. Gibbons arrived in the village very early and all the inhabitants were still in bed. He stopped at the first open door and asked for a meal. The woman was still in her nightgown, but she invited him in and fixed him a good breakfast. He felt very uncomfortable with the woman, especially when he learned that her husband was not at home, but she paid no mind to him or how she was dressed. He inquired about the justice of the peace so he could report the theft of his horse. She told him that the justice of the peace was out of town on other business, but she sent him to the house of the only man in town who could read. He left notice about the mare, and he was assured everything possible would be done to find her.

The weather had been unsettled for quite a few days. When it finally broke they were caught again in a drizzling rain. They had to cross a small rock dam, which had had sediment washed



Scene similar to one in which Gibbons' sheep crossed bridge into Las Vegas, New Mexico. This photograph was taken in Wyoming.

against it. The rain had made the silt boggy and almost like glue. They had a lot of trouble getting the sheep through this loblolly. By the time they were ready to make camp, everyone was soaked to the skin, it was dark as a dungeon, and they didn't have any dry firewood. Just as they were ready to give up and go to bed in their wet bedrolls, they noticed a light in the distance. Upon investigating, they found a house where the watchman for the rock dam lived. He invited them in and offered them a good hot meal and a dry place to spend the night.

Eastern capitalists were building a dam and had formed a company called

the Western Homestead and Irrigation Company. They hoped to settle the area and farm it. At the time, eastern capitalists were to the West what foreign investors are today—something to scorn and be wary of.

The sheepmen stayed with the watchman for a couple of days until the torrent ceased. Before moving on they repaid his hospitality with a mutton.

The herd started off toward the town of Bernalillo, but they were stopped by an old man on the Cuervo Ranch who gave them trouble. He came out waving a rifle in the air, threatening to shoot every sheep he saw. It took some doing to settle him down and assure him that

the sheep were not going to be allowed to trespass on his property.

The streets of Bernalillo were muddy and impassable. The sheep were driven up close to the bridge, where they were kept until the water receded. Gibbons waited two days and decided to drive the sheep across the bridge. They worked all day until 2 p.m., only to have to turn around and drive them back across because the streets of Bernalillo were still too full of water. Three days later on October 18, 1896, Gibbons tried again, this time successfully. Normal procedure would have been to have the sheep ford the Rio Grande, but because of all the rain it was impossible.

October 21 marked a full month that Dick, the herders, and sheep had been on the move. They had traveled 231 miles at an average rate of eight miles a day. The country had been difficult to negotiate, but they felt fortunate that very little real trouble had plagued them.

As they approached Golden, the surrounding hills were scarred where prospectors had dug for gold 30 years before. The lust for gold had left its mark upon the entire west. About a mile and one-half outside of Golden, there was a quartz grinding mill. The ore was ground up and then washed to mine the gold and silver in it. Gibbons, a friendly man, couldn't pass up an opportunity to visit and to learn something new. He was told that the miners were paid \$75 a ton for their ore.

Leaving Golden, the sheep men descended into the Llanos Largos or Large Plains. He describes them: "They lay facing the south as far as the eye could see, there was [sic] no tree, bluffs, or anything else to obstruct the view, but just grass and cactus." The going was much easier and they could cover 12 miles a day.

As Gibbons rode along, he noticed a cut of sheep ahead of him and wondered how he could have gotten behind his own herd when they were supposed to be in back of him. When he got close enough to see them clearly, he realized the ear markings and brands were different. It was a flock of 5,000 from northern New Mexico on its way to Las Vegas, and the foreman was George Robertson. Company is rare on the sheep camp, and Dick and Robertson welcomed the opportunity to travel together. Together they searched for a crossing of the Rio Pecos. The usual crossing at Villanueva was too swift and dangerous. They found a bridge at An-

True West

ton Chico, and they hired goats owned by an old widow to lead the sheep across.

When Gibbons and Robertson went back to their herds, they found them at Tecolotito, where the river was shallow and gentle. They decided to go ahead and cross there, rather than drive the sheep to Anton Chico. Gibbons, however, felt obligated to return to Anton Chico and tell the widow that he would not need her goats.

On the way back to camp, Gibbons was met by a man and his wife. The couple were heading for his sheep to tell the herders the animals would not be allowed to cross their land. They were angry and hateful and threatened to shoot any animal that even looked like it was going to set foot on their property. He assured them he had no intention of trespassing. He was forced to turn the herd around and retrace four miles to avoid trespassing and keep his word.

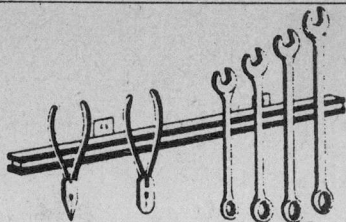
The normally dry washes were full and running like raging rivers. As Gibbons searched for a crossing on one such wash, he found the road leading directly into Las Vegas, complete with bridge.

Suddenly signs of civilization became more apparent. The sheep were restless and wanted to wander because of the noise of the nearby railroad. Ranch houses were closer together. Gibbons had been warned that an old woman in one of the ranch houses shot sheep and herders just to shoot them. He kept a sharp watch to make sure none of his sheep trespassed on private property.

Las Vegas loomed before him sooner than he expected. A bridge just outside the town crossed the Rio Pecos. A man named Marquis Aragon was the bridge keeper. Gibbons struck an agreement with him for \$2.00 to let both herds across the bridge. He then returned to camp to prepare the sheep to move out the next morning.

After dark Leandro Aragon, an older brother of the bridge keeper, came into camp, claiming that he was the one with whom all agreements had to be made. He said that the fee to cross the bridge had been raised and it would cost Gibbons 50 cents a head to cross. That was outrageous! It amounted to \$3,000 or more. No one had ever heard of such a thing, and Gibbons refused to pay anything near that sum. He considered a deal a deal, and the bargain he had made with Marquis was still valid.

Then Leandro changed his story. He said the sheep were on his land and the herders' camp was damaging it. He would be willing to settle for \$300 to cover the damages instead of charging



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Gibbons' house in Saint Johns as it looked in the 1930s. It was unchanged from the time he lived there.



50 cents a sheep. Gibbons demanded to see proof of ownership of the land and told the old man he would gladly pay for any reasonable damages he caused; however he didn't feel \$300 was reasonable. The old man stomped away.

A guard was posted around the herd and a password was selected to prevent anyone from stealing sheep to soothe their anger. The night passed without incident.

The next morning as Gibbons prepared to take the herds across the bridge, Marquis Aragon apologized for his brother's greed and behavior. The sheep crossed without any problems, and Marquis accepted a mutton in lieu of the \$2.

Gibbons went into town and stopped at the post office to pick up his mail. He was shocked to find that a letter from his wife had been opened by someone else, until he learned that there was a Richard Gibbons in Las Vegas who was a foreman for the sheep buying company. He then met with the buying

agent, and struck a deal for \$3 a head for the sheep. The final count of the sheep came to 6,487. Gibbons had started out with 104 more, of which 42 had died or were butchered, and 62 were unaccounted for. They had probably been stolen or left behind when a cut wandered away from the herd.

Gibbons went to the telegraph office to wire home that he had reached Las Vegas safely and would return home by train in a couple of days. While he was in the office the report that McKinley had won the presidential election came in. Gibbons purchased a new suit of clothes on his way back to his hotel room, and had his first hot bath since he started his drive 50 days before. He caught the train the next day and headed back to Arizona. He arrived home in two days, and marveled at the modern inventions that could allow him to traverse the same distance in two days that had taken 50 on horseback with 6,600 sheep.

SOURCES

Gibbons, Richard "Dick". Unpublished journals.

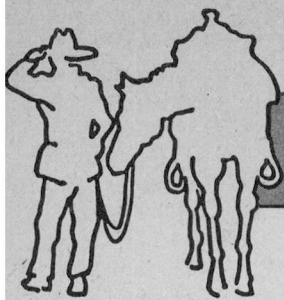
McClintock, James H. *Arizona, the Youngest State*. S. J. Clarke Publishing Co., 1916.

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Abandoned house in old Saint Johns, similar to the one Gibbons would have come upon in his sheep drive.



Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

Looking for Mattockses

I am looking for descendants of James J. Mattocks, born in the early 1800s. This was my great-grandfather; his daughter, Iola Mae Mattocks, was my grandmother. She was born November 21, 1880, in Iola, Kansas. What was her mother's name? Did my grandmother have any brothers or sisters? Where are my great-grandparents buried?—**Billy N. Barham, 6634 Canyon Dr., Amarillo, TX 79109.**

Dandurant-Dendurent

American Dandurants and Dendurents may all be descendants of a French Canadian, Antoine Dandurant (1663-1738). Some sons of this family became trappers in the West, intermarrying with Indians.

I would like to pull together the scattered lines of this family and reconstruct its history. Please ask anyone bearing these names to contact me.—**William Urban, 1062 E. 2nd Ave., Monmouth, IL 61462.**

Hood

I would like to thank you for publishing my letter in "Trails Grown Dim." With your help I found out what happened to my great-grandfather. I am trying to locate my great-grandparents' birth and death dates. My grandfather was William Author Hood; his parents were John Hood and Victoria Schoon. Both were born in Mississippi, as was my grandfather.—**Edith Barham, 6634 Canyon Dr., Amarillo, TX 79109.**

Confederate Lees

Robert Elijah Lee, my husband's great-grandfather, was born April 5, 1855, at Troy, Alabama, and died August 28, 1940, at Hamilton, Texas. Robert's father, John Lee, was slain on the battlefield fighting with the Confederate forces. Who was his mother? Would like full names and dates of both parents.

Robert E. Lee came to Texas in 1875 along with his four brothers, Edward, Moer, William, and Henry Lee. His mother and two sisters remained in Alabama. Who were they?

Robert was married to Mattie Whittinton, Mrs. Alice Harris and Cora Rodgers. At his death his nine children were: Matthew Lee, Melrose, New Mexico; Mrs. J. K. Duncan and Henry Thomas (my husband's grandfather), Camp Artesia, New Mexico; Mrs. J. N. Schooler, O'Donnell, Texas; Marion Lee, Hale Center, Texas; Robert S. Lee, Hamilton, Texas; Ervin Lee, San Bernardino, California; Mrs. W. G. Humur and Mrs. F. N. Waldon, Corpus Christi, Texas.

I would appreciate any information. I have copies of Robert Elijah and Henry Thomas Lee's obituaries.—**Eva McCarty, Rt 1 Box 477, Mount Vernon, TX 75457.**

Blaco

I am seeking information on my great-grandfather, John Blaco, born 1828 in England. His wife, Anna, was

in Cincinnati, Ohio from 1850-1890 (?). They had five children: Albert, 1850; Robert, 1852; Charlotte, 1854; Edward, 1857; and Minnie, 1862.

Albert married Anna Jane Knight in 1881 (?), in Marshalltown, Iowa. Her father was Bengmen Knight, a first cousin of President Herbert Hoover's mother. Albert was a photographer in Iowa and Kansas until his death, July 10, 1895.

I would like to hear from any of John Blaco's descendants or anyone with the last name Blaco.—**Thomas W. Blaco, 2385 Cappella St., Redding, CA 96002.**

Lambertz Relative?

Upon checking church records for our Centennial book, I came up with the name of Daniel Lambertz in the cemetery book. He was buried in 1888 and as the records for those years are very vague, it only stated he died one day and was buried the next. His age was 33, but no place or date of birth.

Since Lambertz is not a very common name, I am wondering if anyone might have any information on him—where born, parents' names, etc. He is buried in Sacred Heart Cemetery, Early, Iowa.

He's possibly a relative, but I knew nothing about him until recently. Our county death records didn't start till late 1888, so have no record of him. I will appreciate any info, and will answer anyone having any.—**Clarence Lambertz, Box 261, Early, IA 50535.**

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

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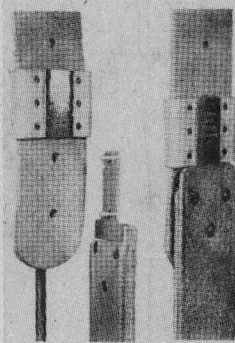
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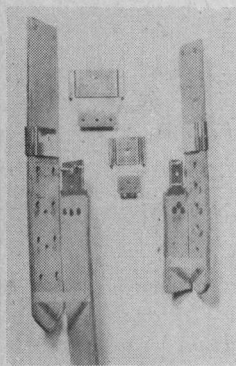
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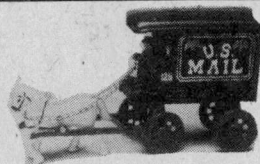
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Morrison Descendants

I am looking for descendants of Allen Morrison and his wife, Christina (MacDonald) Morrison. He died in 1871, she in 1870. They lived in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, Canada. Their children were: Murdock, Jane, Margaret, John, Mary Ann, Peter McLean, Ann, Allen, Isabella, Daniel A., and Ranald Hugh (my grandfather).

The last information I have is that they lived around West Bay or Roberta, Cape Breton, N.S., at the time of his death. I will answer all correspondence and exchange what information I have.—**Donald Morrison, Rt. 2 Box 2117, Lewiston, MT 59457.**

Parker Family

I am seeking information about my great-grandfather, Joseph R. Parker, born 1860, possibly in Sencey County, Arkansas, or Texas. Father's first name is unknown, mother unknown, but she was a full-blood Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma. Joseph R. had two brothers, Lewis and Reliegh Parker. The son of one of the brothers lived near Eddy, Texas, in 1917.

My great-grandfather was a traveling doctor who sold a tonic and salve that was supposed to cure cancer. The recipe was given to him by his mother's people, the Cherokee Indians. As an adult he lived in Bell, Brown and McLennon Counties of Texas, was married to Ella Jane Lewellean in Bell County, Texas, in 1890, and had two sons born to this union, Rufas Andrew Parker and John Monroe Parker.—**Helen Howard Crockett, 55929 Holly Rd., Olathe, CO 81425.**

Cunningham

I am interested in contacting descendants of Eugene Cunningham, western writer, 1896-1957; also interested in any biographical information. He died in San Francisco, October 18, 1957, and is survived by his wife and three children.

He wrote "Triggernometry," "Buckaroo," "Famous in the West," numerous Western mysteries and stories about South America, Texas and the Texas Rangers (mostly fiction).—**Hank Clark, Box 884, Fremont, CA 94536.**

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Best Little Big Horn Book

SON OF THE MORNING STAR: CUSTER AND THE LITTLE BIG HORN. By *Evan S. Connell*, North Point Press, 850 Talbot Avenue, Berkeley, California, 94706. \$20.00 plus postage.

Quite simply, this is the best book ever written on the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Graham, Monaghan and others can now be set aside. It is also a fine, although not the best, portrait of Custer.

The book is not without flaws. First of all, there are several very minor errors which have been repeated here such as Custer's hanging Mosby's men, and, as Brian Pohanka pointed out, the material on the Keogh family is not factual; they, as opposed to the text, were very anti-British. There are others as well. But errors happen, and they do not detract from the true value of this book.

The author has an easy writing style and the book could be confused for a historical novel, which it is not. That is the major danger, for the book is a well-researched composition full of information. That the story is not told in chronological order may also disturb some. There has never been a more detailed and accurate evaluation of the campaign and battle ever printed. If for no other reason, all small errors should be ignored—even forgotten.

One major attraction of this book is the depth of its bibliography. It is also very pleasurable to identify 60 works represented by 18 members of the Little Big Horn Associates cited. This organization is one devoted to scholarly research, and its work deserves a much wider audience. Thankfully, the attention given in this book may bring more readers to the group's work.

Now, to the drawbacks. The book is



Courtesy Custer Battlefield National Monument

Pre-1880 view of battlefield at the Little Big Horn, looking toward the river.

not footnoted in the traditional manner. Instead references are cited within the paragraphs by author, and one then has to search the bibliography for the proper citations. Of more importance to me is that there were no photographs in the book, where there clearly should have been some. And I still cannot endorse that horrible portrait of Custer painted by Leonard Baskin which graces an otherwise handsome book. The picture should be destroyed or stored in a basement where there are serious water leaks.

Buy and read this book. It is one of the best researched and written books ever on the famed Custer battle.

—John M. Carroll
Bryan, TX

BOLD PISTOLEROS

GUNSLINGERS. By *Carl W. Breihan*. *Leatherstocking Books*, Box 13604, Wauwatosa, WI 53226. Paperback. \$8.95.

Frank Canton, Doc Holliday, Tom Horn, Henry Starr and John King Fisher are well-known to gunslinger fans. Much has been written about such bold pistoleros, but Carl W. Breihan's newest volume breaks fresh ground regarding his shady subjects. This big, bustling book throws new light upon that fearsome quintet to reveal little-known facts such as those behind the brutal lynching of small rancher Jim Averill and his wife, the former Ella Watson, labled "Cattle Kate" by the yellow press of the day. Long vilified by

inept writers, the Averills are exonerated by Breihan in the section on Canton, as he names the real culprits in the sorry tale—the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

One by one the icy-eyed men, who lived, and sometimes died, by the equalizer, stand revealed through the medium of Breihan's searching pen. Certainly one of the most gripping and least understood lives is that of John Henry Holliday of Griffin, Georgia, as well as most of the boom camps and trails-end towns of the American Southwest. In relating "Doc" Holliday's story, Breihan brands the "Fight" at the O.K. Corral as plain and simple murder and amply back up his story.

Though a gun for hire in the mold of Frank Canton, Tom Horn comes off somewhat better, for if there ever was a man hammered out and forged in the fiery times of the old frontier it was Horn. He stalked the stage of desperate events, a remote, feared figure until that old leveler, liquor, betrayed him to a man even more cold and deadly—the stolid lawdog, Joe LeFors, and finished up at the end of the hangman's rope. In contrast to the retiring Tom Horn, John King Fisher was surely the most flamboyant good-badman, in his tiger-skin chaps. His life was one from which legends might have been made—and a whale of a lot of dime novels. His misfortune, aside from being on the wrong end of a gun in an ambush that also took the life of a fellow trigger-man, Ben Thompson, was that there were already a Jesse James and a Billy the Kid.

Breihan doesn't settle for just the surface facts of the rise and fall of any pistolero; he delves to the core of their lives and what caused them to take the wrong fork in the trail of life. His in-depth look at that astounding bandit, Henry Starr, alone is worth the price of the book. In addition to his own carefully-researched story of the Oklahoma "Bear Cat," he includes the extremely rare autobiography of Starr, written while Starr, like Cervantes, Bunyan and other notable prisoners, was "inside looking out."

As usual with Breihan's works, this book is amply provided with photos, some of which have never been published before, including several unusual pictures of Tom Horn and Doc Holliday.

Here is a book that demands a place upon the western fan's bookshelf.

—Bill Garwood
Morton, Pennsylvania

TRAVEL GUIDE

HISTORIC COUNTRY INNS OF CALIFORNIA. By Jim Crain, *Chronicle Books*, 870 Market Street, Suite 917, San Francisco, CA 94102. 1984. Paperback. \$8.95.

It long has been the wish of this reviewer to stay at an old country inn where bed and board are provided and one can savor the past; either an elegant country inn where one "dresses for dinner" or a rustic inn where one can dine before the fire and enjoy a tankard of ale. The problem has been finding such inns.

Jim Crain has filled that need very well. His 167 page book gives detailed descriptions of 87 historic inns of California, complete with addresses, phone numbers, price ranges, types of accommodations, photographs, maps, facilities, services, tourist and historical information. The book is divided into chapters representing seven geographical areas of California. Prefacing each chapter is a description of the area including the countryside, the cities and towns, the highways, the climate, history and points of interest.

Crain, a San Francisco architect, writes in a straight-forward, easily readable style, paying much attention to the details of each inn. The



Gunslinger Henry Starr.



Red Cloud in a 1905 photograph by E. S. Curtis.

photographs of the inns are well-composed, showing to advantage the various styles of architecture.

Historic Country Inns of California is a model for tourist guides, but it is more than that. It is a compendium of historical information about old inns including their architectural styles and the periods to which they belong. This book can be a valuable addition to any library's collection as a historical reference source.

—Edward R. Seefelt
Amherst, Wisconsin

DEBO REVISION

A HISTORY OF THE INDIANS OF THE UNITED STATES. By Angie Debo. University of Oklahoma Press, 1005 Asp Avenue, Norman, OK 73019. 1984. \$18.95 hardcover, \$12.95 paperback.

Angie Debo's standard study of American Indians is available again in a slightly revised seventh edition. Debo originally wrote this volume for Oklahoma's noted "Civilization of the American Indian Series" to counter

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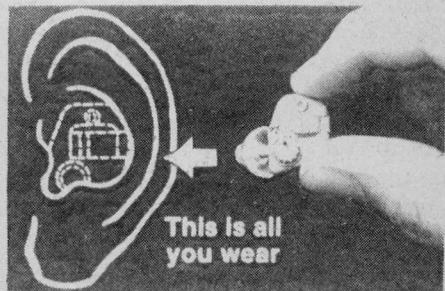
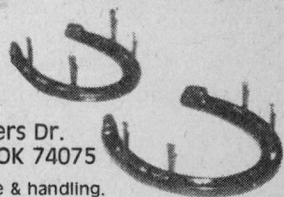
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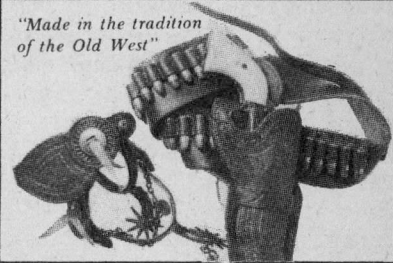
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Debo needs little introduction. Her award-winning histories “Geronimo,” “The Rise and Fall of the Choctaw Republic” and “The Road to Disappearance” have impressed scholars and students alike. Passionately opinionated and committed to the cause of Native Americans, Debo has produced an immensely readable, thoroughly documented look at four centuries of cultural clash.

From cover to cover, Debo traverses the continent, chronologically charting the events of various tribes from early Spanish advances to Wounded Knee and beyond. She cogently retells familiar stories of the disinherited and explains patterns in white-red relationships, all the while chastising the European invaders’ cruelty and arrogance. Readers meet Powhatan, Brant, Tecumseh, Red Cloud, Joseph, and dozens of other Indian leaders who valiantly defended their people’s way of life.

Many pages are devoted to the Dawes Act of 1887, which—thanks to Congress and private enterprise—broke up the reservation system and opened millions of acres for “surplus” land rushes. Detailing various scandals, Debo reveals the intricate yet blatant graft and collusion that finally forced a senate investigation. Debo sees the resultant Indian Reorganization Act and John Collier’s “Indianhood” reform as a mere respite between outrages.

Today, Debo finds a renewed concern for Indian rights, with an emphasis “on self-help and individual efforts by the Indians.” She calls attention to unheralded contemporary figures such as Guy Gorman and Dillon Platero, who courageously safeguard Native American interests. Despite her fire and brimstone, Debo seems genuinely optimistic about the American Indians’ future. An addendum and selected reading list are included.

—Jeff Nathan
Los Angeles, CA

AN ORDINARY WOMAN

PLAIN ANNE ELLIS. *By Anne Ellis.*
University of Nebraska Press, 901 North
17th St., Lincoln, NB 68558. Reprint 1984.
\$19.95 cloth bound, 6.95 paperback.

Anne Ellis poked her head inside the

door of the local print shop and ordered 300 cards to use in her campaign for county treasurer of Saguache County, Colorado. The printer asked what she wanted on them.

“Plain Anne Ellis,” she called out and rushed on. When the cards were delivered, they read . . . “Plain Anne Ellis.”

This is one of the few humorous episodes related in Ellis’ recollections of her life in the early twentieth century out west. Most of the book deals matter-of-factly with the hardships endured by the miner’s widow left with two young children to support and raise.

In addition to her homespun philosophy and occasional sparkle of humor, Ellis’ ability to describe scenes of a life-style long past holds a reader in fascination.

She tells of her days working as a seamstress in a small town, as a camp cook for sheepherders and shearers, and as a cook for telephone line construction crews in Colorado’s still half-wild mountain country. Many situations typical of those days are revealed in the clear, straight-forward writing style of this not-so-ordinary woman.

Ellis’ struggle to provide for her children and her aspirations for their education is lessened when she is elected county treasurer. That she was re-elected twice attests to her honesty and ability to learn. . . an accolade she accepts and recollects with no false modesty.

Her observations at the opening of each chapter are brief and to the point. As an example: “Politics not only makes bedfellows of strangers, but strangers of bedfellows.”

Ellis’ first autobiography, “The Life of an Ordinary Woman,” was accepted for publication in 1928 by Houghton Mifflin Company. This second volume is sub-titled, “More About the Life of an Ordinary Woman,” and was published three years later. It puts many of life’s hardships in perspective. One cannot relive Anne Ellis’ daily hours of work from gray dawn until long after dark without appreciating her ability to keep hope in her heart. It is a gripping book, recommended for an honest taste of life in Colorado nearly a century ago.

—Willah Weddon
Stockbridge, MI

GOOD GUN BOOK

FIREARMS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, 1803-1865. *Louis A. Garavaglia and Charles G. Worman, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87131. \$35.00.*

This “gun book” combines firearms and western history to make an excellent, interesting work. It is a product of over ten years of intensive, careful research, as is evident in its extensive credits, source notes, and bibliography.

Covering the period from the 1803 Lewis and Clark Expedition to the end of the Civil War in 1865, it is cleverly divided into six sections based on eras of western history. Chapters in each section cover types of firearms. The book does not deal with construction and physical details of firearms, but with the far more interesting details of who used what, and when, and how, and who made and sold them. The text is readable. Such subjects as gold rush firearms and Indian firearms are all well covered. And the documentation of both the text and illustrations is thorough.

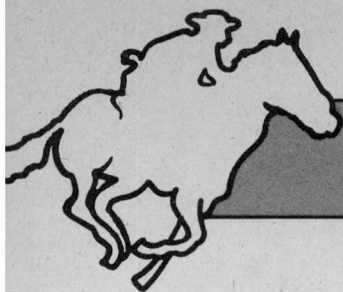
The nearly 400 illustrations are excellent. The large format of the book allows details to be well shown. Over 300 guns are pictured. The 30 illustrations of people with guns are remarkable, since photography wasn’t common until the mid-1840s. The illustrations include some 60 documents, ads, and similar items to reinforce the text. Many photos of relic guns retrieved from various archeological sites are used to prove western use.

The coverage of accouterments and ammunition is limited by the number of authentic surviving examples and writing about them from the period. What is included on this subject is excellent.

This book is an important contribution to the literature of the West and to the literature on American firearms. It will be a valuable addition to the library of anyone interested in those subjects.

—Konrad F. Schreier, Jr.
Los Angeles, CA





Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era

Where did Bull Durham tobacco go? At one time, the Durham tobacco was a cowboy's best friend. But that was back in the days when everybody rolled their own smokes. Tailor-made cigarettes put roll-your-own out of business.

I've smoked a trainload of Bull Durham in my time. It was my friend, my pardner. I never left camp without a full sack, and I made sure I had filled every pocket with those old wooden kitchen matches, because Durham was hard to keep lit. A sack of Bull in his shirt pocket was a cowboy's trademark. He always left the little tag hanging out of his pocket so it would be simple to grab that tag and pull out the sack. Each sack had papers on its side.

Now, I've heard of good cowboys rolling a smoke while aboard a bucking horse. But I never was that good . . . and doubt if any man ever was. I usually had to turn my back to the wind, hump up under a tree, and then try to get my cigarette rolled. Then, if a wind hit and a bit of that dry tobacco got in my eye it was like fire.

It was hard to keep a cigarette lit while riding. Riding into the wind, it would stay lit, but made for a hot smoke that burned my throat. And the minute I turned my saddle horse into the wind, the smoke went out. If a cowboy knew his Durham, he kept puffing at it all the time.

Those old kitchen matches! We usually carried them in our vest pocket. They were hell to light, too. We used our thumbnails to snap the head of the match. But many times that sulphur head stuck under a cowboy's nail and left a blister that stayed sore for many days. That was long before paper book matches were invented. Now they're called gopher matches: strike one, go for another.

No way could a cowboy carry a pocketful of loose matches in his jeans. They would likely ignite, and then he felt the heat. And he would be branded for life, too.

If a cowboy was riding an old spooky trashy bronc, he might just as well quit smoking and go to chewing. The flutter

of the cigarette paper would short out his bronc. Then the horse would bog his head and test him.

I found that the best way to get a smoke was to find a draw or a cut coulee, get down in it and out of the wind. As it takes both hands to get a good smoke rolled, I had to hold my reins under my arm and my gloves between my knees. After I finally got it lit and took a few good puffs, I felt so satisfied I could get back on that old spook horse. I had to cheek him to me and then he'd spin around a few times. But I never took that cigarette out of my mouth. I had to keep puffing so it wouldn't go out. I'd ride the bronc through a couple of bad jumps and then lop off to enjoy the smoke. And after I rode off a mile or so, I'd always realize I forgot my gloves. They were back in that cut coulee. So back I went again, because I just gave a buck for that pair of good buckskin roping gloves. Then I'd worry about the gloves, and damn if I didn't forget and miss a puff—and the cig was out again.

A few old-time ranchers would never hire a cowboy who rolled his own cigarettes and wore a straw hat. Rolling smokes and running down that straw hat took all a cowboy's time. A straw hat was always allergic to wind. But we sure enjoyed our Durham smokes.

Cowboys always bought Durham by the case. Each day a new sack would go into the shirt pocket. Each night that same sack would go back empty into the carton. When there were 30 empty or part-empty sacks this cowboy knew he had a payday coming. That was a cowboy's calendar.

There were many kinds and brands of smoking tobacco. But a rider could not carry a tin of tobacco. And if he smoked a pipe, he might just as well leave it at camp and smoke it in the evenings. He couldn't carry a short stem pipe while riding because it would always break.

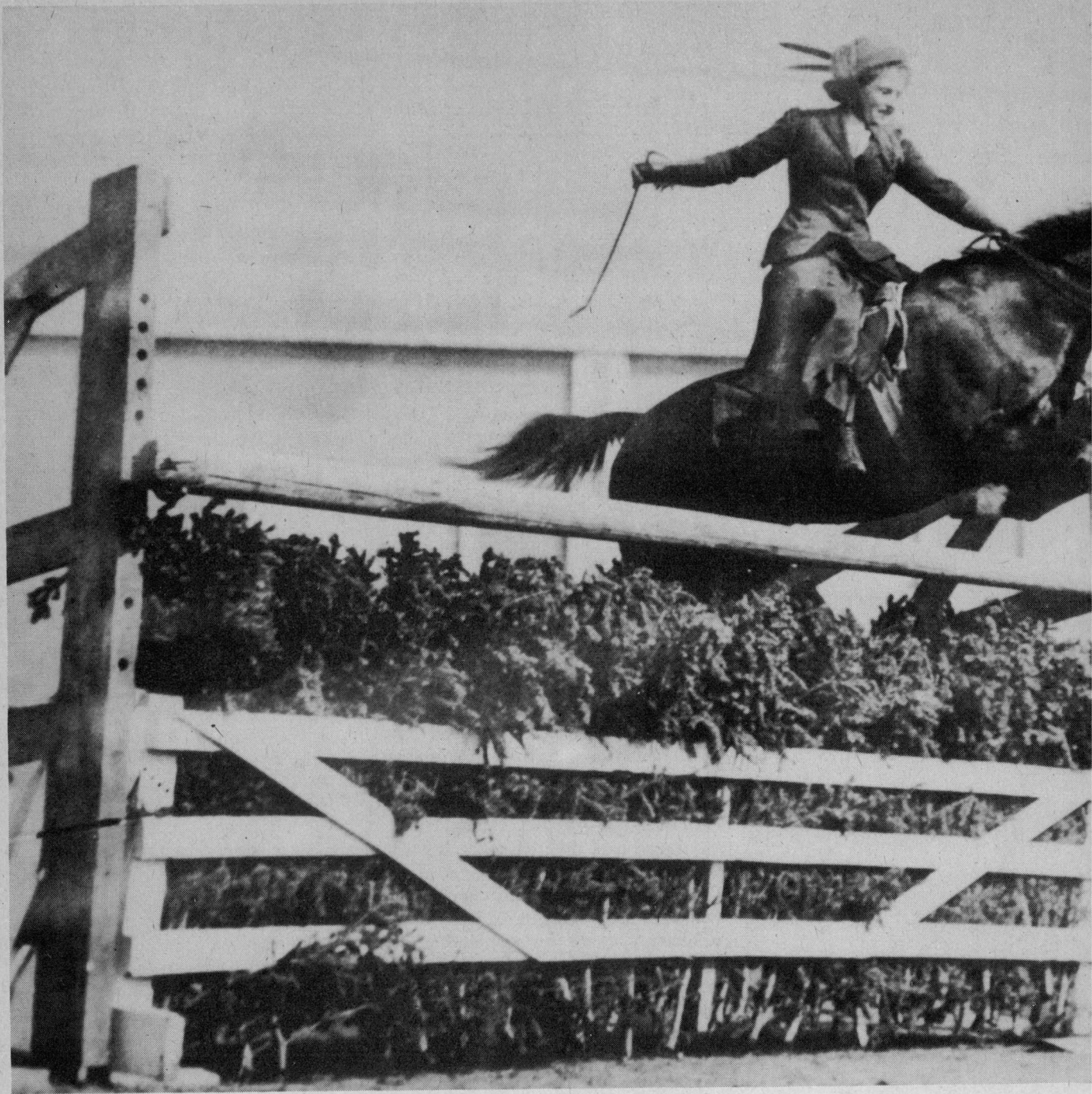
I smoked cigarettes for 50 years. Quit six years ago . . . but I still want a Durham smoke.



Bull Durham

By DON BELL





The Amazing Mama Mac

There resides in Clayton, New Mexico, a charming, silver-haired lady whose life story overflows with Americana and western romance. She is known to everyone as Mama Mac.

Bernice Walsh McLaughlin grew up near Calgary, Alberta, Canada, and claims to be the first white child born north of the Bow River. She grew up in an independent manner with few children around, only horses, dogs and cats. "They tell me that I could ride anybody's broke saddle horse at three years old, and at six, Uncle Jim said I was a top cowboy. He made a tomboy out of me, but I have never been sorry."

As a 12-year-old, Bernice drove six head of horses in the hay fields. She quit school in the seventh grade because she had to miss two days a week to help at home. She had started breaking horses, and it was a good job for her.

With new neighbors moving into the area, there were big picnics in the summers. Teen-age Bernice got started riding racehorses at them and earned her spending money that way. "Uncle Jim bought me a side saddle when I was a little girl, but I got bucked off a time or two; so I threw it in the oat barrel and decided to ride like the men."

In April, 1911, she went with her family to Calgary to the horse show. A neighbor had a good jumping horse he wanted someone to ride in the high jump contest that very night. The horse's trainer refused to ride him. The horse, Smokey, had thrown two jockeys.

Bernice was asked to ride Smokey. Though her friends and family tried to discourage her, she looked at the sawdust footing in the jumping arena, and told herself it wouldn't hurt much to get thrown off in the deep sawdust. She decided to ride Smokey.

"I had quite a time getting up to him as I wore a lady's divided skirt, and he had never been ridden by a lady. We got out behind the stadium, and after a lot of persuasion I finally got on him. But then he was nice. I rode him around about an hour, then went inside and

jumped him over about a four-foot jump just once."

Then it was time for the contest, the men's high jump. Contestants took their horses over a jump set at a certain height. As the jumping continued the height was raised, and horses were eliminated either by refusing or knocking down rails.

The event began at 10:30 p.m. and was over at 11:30 p.m. To young Bernice's surprise, she and Smokey had cleared a six-foot-two-inch jump to win the Men's High Jump. But more importantly it became a world's record high jump. "And I had never seen the horse until that morning."

Today, Mama Mac has an inscribed watch on a chain which says, "Won by Miss Bernice March Walsh for high jump, Alberta Provincial Horse Show, Calgary 1911, 6' 2". The cherished watch doesn't run now, but it is certainly no less a treasure for that.

Young Bernice jumped Smokey twice more, winning at the fair that same year in July, and then again at the Calgary Horse Show the following spring. The rules, however, had been changed at the horse show and there was now a women's high jump with the height limited to only five feet. "They were after both of us, the horse and me. He was just a common old cutting horse, and I was just a country girl. And those were high-falutting ladies all riding sideways. But I won it again."

Romance and marriage started the chain of events that eventually took Bernice Walsh away from Calgary and her family and friends there. They also put her on her own as a widow with two little children homesteading in north-eastern New Mexico.

Mama Mac tells this story about her romance. "In the fall of 1912 my first boyfriend came back to Calgary from



As a young woman, Bernice Walsh jumped the horse, Smokey, 6'2" for a world record high jump at the Calgary Horse Show.

By LINDA K. COZART

Photographs Courtesy of the Author



In the spring of 1984, Mama Mac was re-honored at the Cowgirl Hall of Fame.

the States. He had been gone for seven years. I was quite surprised, although I had never quit looking for him to come back.

"I was on my way to Carstairs, a little town 20 miles north, and stopped at this place to use the telephone. Loris McLaughlin, the boyfriend I hadn't seen in seven years, came to the door. We did not have a phone in our community yet, and I needed to call in an entry for two races the next day. He suggested riding with me to Carstairs, or part way, and I had to confess to him that I was engaged. And he said, 'You have nothing on me, I am too.' But it all turned out right for us and we were soon married."

Young Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin planned to remain in Canada and buy their own place. But they decided a trip to Cherokee, Oklahoma, to visit Loris's aging parents was in order first. That brought them to the southwestern United States, and Mama Mac has never been back to live in Canada.

While they visited in Oklahoma, Loris's brother interested the McLaughlins in land available through

the Homestead Act in northeast New Mexico. By now there was baby Stanley, so three McLaughlins traveled by covered wagon from Cherokee, Oklahoma, to Clayton, New Mexico, in search of a home.

They stayed in Clayton for a while and made inspection trips throughout the area. One in a car was a special treat. They decided on 320 acres about 40 miles north of Clayton. "Loris had to take out his Declaration of Intention to become a United States citizen before he could file on the 320 acres of land."

There was much work to do. First, a well had to be dug. That meant a trip to town for a windmill and the lumber for the tower. "I got Loris to borrow a plough and he fenced a little spot for a garden in June. I just couldn't see lots of water going to waste. I planted seed onions and beets, peas, beans, and, believe it or not, I had a wonderful little garden when fall came."

Then came rock hauling for a 12-foot by 24-foot house. A trip to Clayton was made for a heat stove, a cook stove, a bedstead and other essentials.

The McLaughlins moved out of a tent

and into the house with winter coming on fast. No sooner were they moved, than a baby daughter, Wanda, was born on December 7.

In the three years that followed, 100 acres were plowed up to raise crops, and the New Mexico ways of farming were learned. The crops the McLaughlins raised went mostly as feed for their own stock.

Then on September 18, 1919, as Loris was out cutting maize it started to rain so he came in early. Mama Mac tells this tragic story in her words.

"Loris came to the house to get a dry coat, leaving the team harnessed in the barn. It started to rain hard, and Loris was worried about the sow and ten little pigs in a pen south of the corral.

"He said, 'I must go see if they are okay down there.' It was already dark. We had supper while it was raining, and the horses had feed in the barn so he went to see about the pigs first.

"It started lightning again real bad while he was seeing about the pigs. As he came back, he stopped to shut a wire gate and the loudest crash of lightning hit. I ran to the door, and the lantern he had taken was upset right by the gate. I felt right then he must be hit, so I told the children to stay right there inside the door and I would be right back.

"It sure didn't take me long; it was about 100 yards away, and he was lifeless by the time I got there and had never struggled, so I knew he was gone. I came right back and got a canvas to cover him with. There was no stock loose. I then came back and told the children we would have to go over to Jake Castor's, a little over a mile west of here. What a blessing the team was still in the barn with the harness on."

Castor gathered two other men and they came to the McLaughlin ranch to help that night. "The kiddies and I had just got home when they got here. Stanley, four and one-half, and Wanda, two and one-half—it was hard for them to understand. They finally went to sleep about midnight."

Mama Mac went to Oklahoma for her husband's funeral and burial. "Right then I didn't think I could possibly stay on here in New Mexico. But the kiddies and I did come back, and the neighbors all pitched in and finished cutting the crop and shocking the feed."

A start had been made on building a granary. The young widow got help finishing it, and her good crop of corn, maize, cane and beans was put in storage. "Storing it was sure the right thing to do, as the grain went up to double in price by spring. That gave me a

True West

lift and I began to look ahead and stay. I have always been glad I stayed, because I liked the climate and had real good neighbors."

Loris's death was considered a relinquishment of the homestead. Bernice McLaughlin had to apply for her Declaration of Intention to become a U. S. citizen and refile on the homestead in her own name. That involved living nearly six years on the homestead instead of the usual three in order to "prove up" and get the title to her land.

As the years went by, it became evident to homesteaders that an adequate living could not be made on only 320 acres of New Mexico ranchland. In many cases when discouraged homesteaders moved out, their lands were added to the ranches that remained. So, starting with a homestead of 320 acres in 1916, the McLaughlin Ranch today comprises nearly 3,000 acres. Through the years the operation included as many as 100-130 acres of farm land and 90 head of cattle.

As families moved away, a very simple barter system came into play. "By about 1925 I had grown into a little bunch of cattle, but not enough to make a living. So one of my neighbors wanted to leave so bad he said he would trade his cows for a car. We traded in a few days, and I got 12 head of dairy type cattle, young cows and heifer calves. Then I traded one cow that was not so good to another family that wanted to leave for a new cream separator.

"So with no car and the cows, we really went to work. I didn't have any money for gas and the car was getting old anyway. We milked 12 cows each summer until the children finished school, and they never missed a day of school to work."

Thinking back, Mama Mac shakes her head and says, "To this day, I don't know how I ever got all the work done!"

But work she did. And she still found time to be an active member of her community. Through the years, she campaigned hard for better roads. Flowing between the McLaughlin Ranch and the town of Clayton, New Mexico, is Corruppa Creek. Bernice and her husband learned in their very early homesteading days that the problems of crossing rain-swollen and washed-out creek beds were always to be considered. The Corruppa was the major problem. "Everybody said, 'You'll never get a bridge across that Corruppa. What's the use of wasting your time?' But we have 12 miles of pavement so far, and all the bridges in, as far out as 40 miles."

Area ranchers even today tend to go

to town on days "when the roads are fit." But thanks to Mama Mac, at least the tempermental, ever-changing Corruppa is no longer a problem. Looking solid and sure at the crossing is "McLaughlin Bridge," constructed in the 1950s.

New Mexico is proud of Mama Mac. Among her many honors through the years she has been chosen state top homemaker, received a state soil conservation award, and been named artist of the year by her art club.

In May of 1977, she was inducted into the National Cowgirl Hall of Fame, in Hereford, Texas, as a part of the Western Heritage Division. Saying, "She's eligible for that more than anybody in the United States," a neighbor had submitted her name.

Many of the women inducted along with her were rodeo cowgirls. After meeting Mama Mac and hearing of her life, they exclaimed that they weren't able to do any of the things she could do. By comparison they were only barrel racers!

Ranch work and family obligations had, of course, prevented Mama Mac from rodeoing. But raising, training, and riding good horses has always been her love. She always did it naturally as

a part of owning and managing a working cattle ranch.

Bernice March Walsh McLaughlin—the girl who jumped a horse six-foot-two-inches high; the pioneer mother who "proved up" when she was widowed by a stroke of lightning; the cattle rancher who made it work through both the good and lean years of life in north-eastern New Mexico—is now New Mexico's own 92-year-old Mama Mac.

She lives in Clayton now, but she and her daughter, Wanda Hughes, come to the ranch as often as they can to tend the house, the lawn, and the orchard. The hours spent there are most pleasurable for them both. As they drive up to the house, they pass along a pasture where Mama Mac keeps a saddle mare named Taffy. They always honk. The mare knows the car, and by the time they pull into the yard, Taffy is in the corral waiting for her share of the attention.

It is certain that Mama Mac will find a treat for Taffy, go down to the corral, put her hands on the mare's neck and say simply what she has said so many times before, "I like stock."



Mrs. Mac keeps Taffy, her saddle mare, at the ranch and visits her whenever she can.

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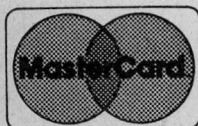
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FRONTIER TIMES	June 15	Oct. 1985	Aug. 1 - Oct. 1
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THE WILD SIDE OF LIFE IN THE OLD WEST

"THE NOBLE SAVAGE"

By H. Franklin Greene

"There is no Indian," a novelist wrote, "who is a match for him in those things at which the Indians are masters."

The mountain-man or frontiersman was truly a master of all savages he was destined to meet and conquer. He learned early never to let his water canteen go dry, never to waste a bullet that might save his life, never to sleep beside a fire that could be detected by his enemy, and never to overtax his horse in case he had to flee. Experience also taught him to walk backward in his footsteps to avoid leaving trails, to build fires of dry wood to avoid tell-tale smoke, and to hide his valuables and secrets in the earth, then retrieve them without a trace.

A sharp eye and steady hand were the mountain man's most reliable weapons. Life in the wilderness conditioned him to a razor-sharp awareness of danger. All mountain men knew how to heal knife wounds with herbs. Most were able to throw a tomahawk with unnerving precision. All could shoot with incredible accuracy. Many, when having been surprised by two or three Indian warriors, used the knee shot by lining up his thigh straight at the enemy's heart. Then within a fraction of a second, at the same time, slap the rifle against his knee and begin shooting. The victim was killed instantly, and before his fellow braves recovered from the surprise, they too were killed—a Bowie knife deep in the chest.

The Indians frequently attempted to steal the mountain man's annual fur-trapping hoard. In some instances, they would wait until the last day of trapping, then seemingly overpower the mountain man, make him remove all his clothing, take his gun, powder and equipment, then, in their savage glee, would command him to walk naked to the nearest settlement.

As the naked, unarmed mountain man walked off, the amused Indians turned and quickly began packing the pile of furs onto their ponies, as well as the mountain man's two horses. They completely disregarded the unarmed, vanishing, naked frontiersman.

About 50 yards away, the naked man quickly jumped into the brush which he had so carefully observed when first making his camp, and where he had previously stashed his extra cache of rifles and ammunition.

Patiently waiting until all his furs were securely packed on the Indian ponies, he then began firing his rifles. Within seconds, the thieves were dead. The mountain man now had a new set of ponies and the laborious packing was taken care of. The mountain man, already having expected the thieving, renegade Indians, quickly dug their graves. Having buried the bodies, and without leaving a trace, he headed for the mountain men's rendezvous, where annually all the trappers, frontiersmen, mountain men and plainsmen met with the fur buyers from the East.

After the transactions for the furs and extra ponies, which were paid in gold, both parties would set the time and place for the next season's meeting. They would then begin their festivities with the friendly Indian tribes, who brought their squaws and women-folk. All gathered each season for the frolic, as well as for the trading of their furs for trinkets and fire water. The Chief would often sell a young squaw to a lonely widower whose squaw had left him or was accidentally killed by wild animals during the trapping season.

In one such related incident, two mountain men in search of a killer grizzly bear wandered many miles from their own trapping area. Almost completely exhausted, they came upon a fellow trapper's cabin and called out to him to announce their arrival, and their desire for food and lodging for the night. Getting no response, and realizing that the trapper was apparently working his traps, they let themselves into his cabin.

After cooking their supper of jerked beef, they began to look for some coffee to make their evening meal complete. A coffee can was spotted above the door, and thinking the old trapper placed it there for safety, they opened the can and poured all its contents into boiling water, and set aside the pot to brew. After a few minutes, both men poured themselves a full tin cup to drink. They then proceeded to discuss their return home the next day.

Having had a few sips, both men remarked about the awful taste of the coffee, but proceeded to empty the pot anyway, leaving the dregs for their morning coffee. The next morning, they fixed their breakfast, but did not drink any coffee. They replaced the empty coffee can above the door, finished their breakfast, cleaned up their mess, left their thanks for use of the cabin, and began their long journey home.

Upon their arrival at the next rendezvous, both trappers were in for a surprise. The old trapper, whose cabin they had visited, rushed them with his Bowie knife and demanded to know what they had done with the ashes of his dear, departed wife which he so carefully sealed in a coffee can and kept above the door. The two trappers quickly set things straight by purchasing a giggling Indian squaw for him. Also, each of them gave him a jug of corn whiskey. They did not reveal what really happened until the next rendezvous. When quizzed, both admitted drinking the dear departed squaw's ashes, even though it had tasted like brewed buffalo chips.

There are many outstanding legendary mountain men. Among some of the more well-known are Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, J. F. (White Eye) Anderson, William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, Joe Robidoux, Davey Crockett and Daniel Boone. However, there were many, many others.

One I find most interesting was John Johnson—"DAPIEK ABSAROKA"—the killer of Crows. He was a huge, powerful, 6-foot-2-inch, 240 pound giant who could crush a man's skull with his bare hands.

One May morning in 1847, some Crow Indians had killed and scalped Johnson's pregnant squaw-wife. For many years thereafter he killed and scalped Crow Indians; then he would eat their livers, raw. He ate them not because he was hungry, but because of a principle. Just what principle his whole life's history may suggest is unclear. Many Indians considered him to be obsessed and divinely mad. But all Indians, especially the Crows, were paralyzed with fear when they learned he was close at hand.

Entire war parties who were intent upon killing him would panic and flee when they saw his huge, powerful frame. However, all did not escape. He usually caught and killed three or four of them. Johnson ate only the livers of the Crow Indians; but some records say a few Sioux were also involved. Nevertheless, he scalped all of the Indians he killed. There are some records which show that 196 Indians were killed before his wrath subsided and his vendetta ended.

In sheer admiration of Crow magnanimity, he ceased his dreadful feuding and became their brother-in-arms.

Johnson later was known as "Liver-eating Johnson." He died January 21, 1900, and was buried in Los Angeles. His remains were recently removed to the mountains he loved. His tombstone simply reads:

JNO. JOHNSTON CO. H
2nd. COLO. CAV.

The mountain men were not savages, even though their dangerous lives forced them to master the arts of savagery. They were gentlemen to the core, even though some strange instinct had driven them to rebel against the restraints of the white man's society. All had fled the comforts of city, town or farm life in search of freedom from social tyranny. Each sought a lonely land where he could be king of his own domain.

They experienced, too, a spiritual uplift, a sense of fairness and appreciation of the great outdoors. The fingers of God imprinted an idyllic way on the broad and grand scenery. All, or most, were unwavering Christians, shaping their behavior by the code set by the white man's church. They would never strike an enemy from behind, hunt on the Sabbath Day, or neglect their regular prayers. The mountain men risked their scalps and their lives daily, simply because such risks were necessary if they were to amass the fortunes of their dreams.

*TRUE WEST is aware that this account does not agree with other accounts of John Johnston. For further reference see "The Saga of Liver-eating Johnston," by Harry J. Owens, Spring 1983 OLD WEST.

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