

SPIES, GUIDES, AND INDIAN SCOUTS

**T
R
U
E
W
E
S
T**

TRUE WEST

May 1987

\$1.95

\$2.25 Canada

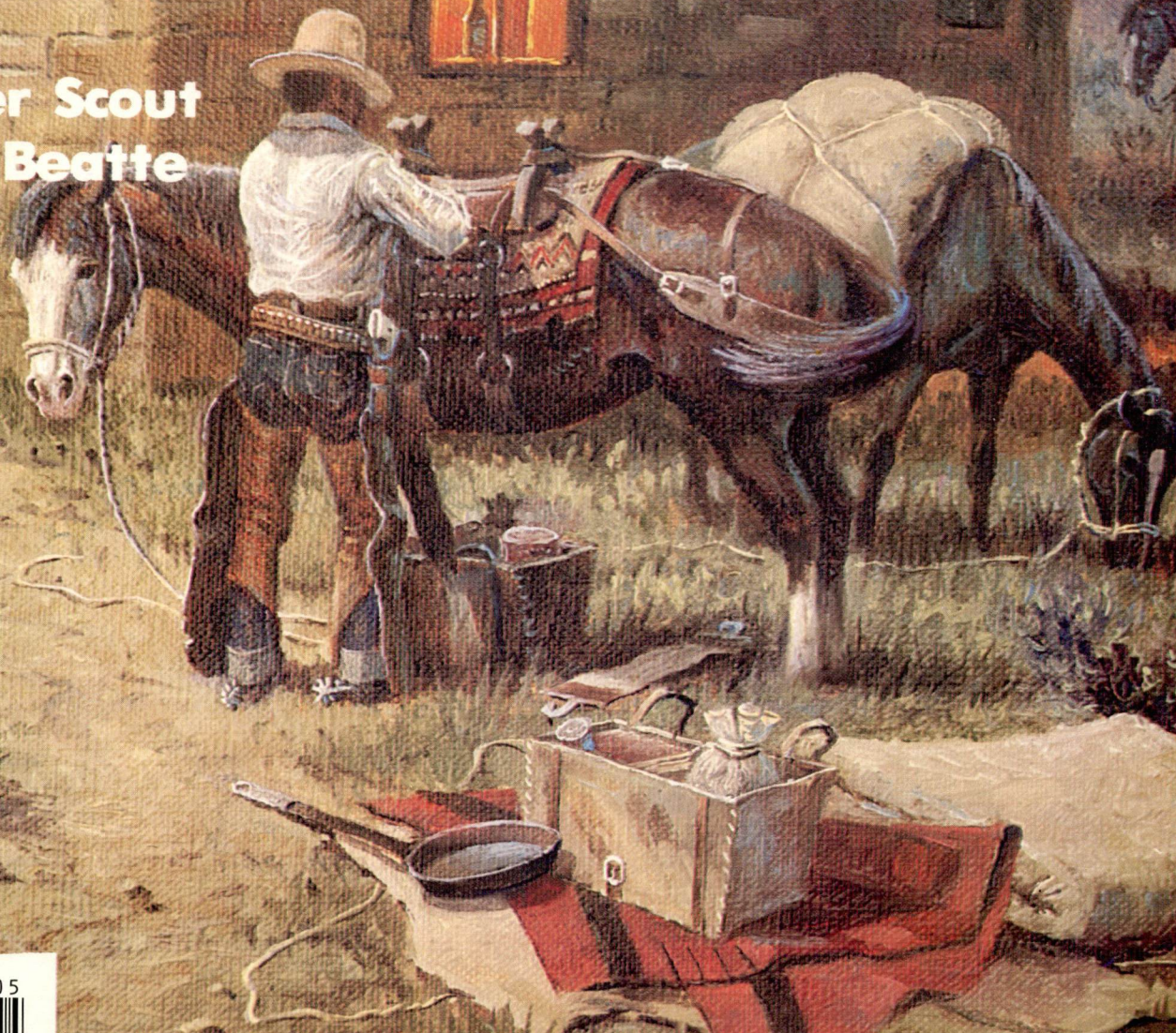
47305

*All True — All Fact
Stories of Western Americana*

**CYRUS SKINNER AND
THE MONTANA VIGILANTES**

Shootout on No. 19

**Frontier Scout
Pierre Beatte**

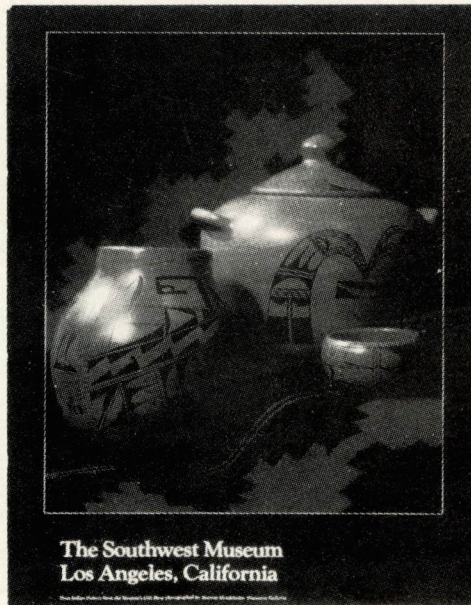


Good Old Days in Oklahoma



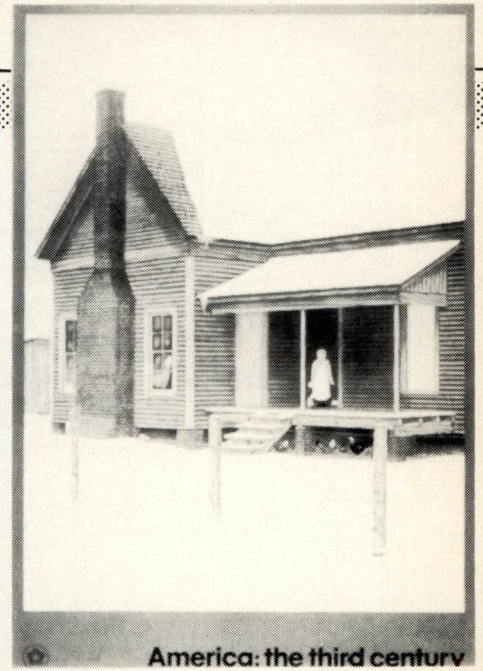
71896 47305 6

Full Color
WESTERN ART POSTERS



**The Southwest Museum
 Los Angeles, California**

H86 POTTERY 25 x 39
 HOPI INDIAN (photograph)



America: the third century

W58 THE HOME MY DADDY BUILT 35 x 24
 WARD



D109 WEAVER'S NEEDLE 24 x 36
 MANUEL DE ARCE



SAN JUAN
 CLAYBURN
 FESTIVAL



O28 JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT II 39 1/4 x 24
 GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

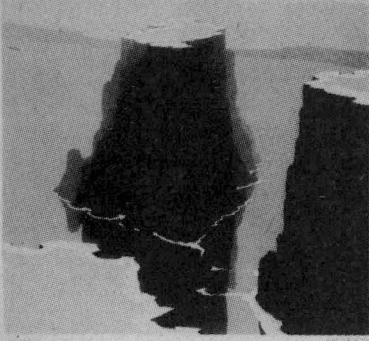
O21 SERIES 1 - NO. 1 39 x 24 1/4
 GEORGIA O'KEEFFE



Estimotech

544 SHADOW LAKE 39 1/2 x 29 1/2
 JERRY SCHURR

JERRY SCHURR



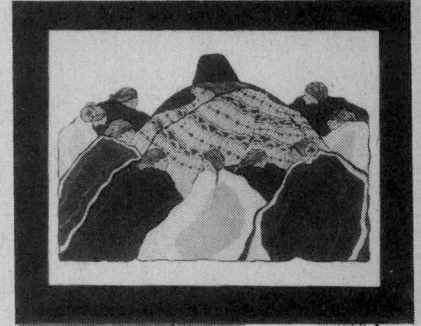
Triangle Galleries
Galería, White Plains, NY
Roosevelt Field, Long Island, NY

S106 CASTLE ROCK 36x24
JERRY SCHURR



R.C. Gorman 1985
NEW MEXICO MUSIC FESTIVAL AT TAOS

G71 ROWENA 32x24
R.C. GORMAN



P57 CUENTISTA 25½x32
AMADO MAURILIO PENA



O35 THE RED HILLS 19x24
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE



P86 MESTIZOS 24x30
AMADO MAURILIO PENA



R.C. GORMAN March 1975 - April 1985
Muirhead Galleries Ltd. South Coast Plaza - Costa Mesa California
G2 MUIRHEAD 25x28 7/8
R.C. GORMAN

ART CURTIS



DISCOVERY GALLERIES
SANTA MONICA - CALIFORNIA

C79 CACTUS GARDEN II 33x23
ART CURTIS

Send me the following:

Qty.	Description	Price Ea.	Amount
_____	H86 Hopi Pottery	\$20.00	_____
_____	W58 The Home My Daddy Built	\$35.00	_____
_____	D109 Weaver's Needle	\$25.00	_____
_____	O28 Jack-in-the-Pulpit II	\$28.00	_____
_____	O21 Series I - No. 1	\$28.00	_____
_____	S44 Shadow Lake	\$30.00	_____
_____	S106 Castle Rock	\$30.00	_____
_____	G71 Rowena	\$35.00	_____
_____	P57 Cuentista	\$35.00	_____
_____	O35 The Red Hills	\$10.00	_____
_____	P86 Mestizos	\$35.00	_____
_____	G2 Muirhead	\$25.00	_____
_____	C79 Cactus Garden II	\$25.00	_____
_____	Okla. residents, add 6.25% tax.		_____
_____	Shipping: add \$1.00 per poster.*		_____
_____	TOTAL		_____

check or money order enclosed
 MasterCard VISA

Account No. _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. Prices good through September 30, 1986.

TW587

Mail to: **POSTER ART**

205 W. Seventh Avenue, Suite 202

Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074

(405) 743-3370

Call or write us about your poster production and marketing needs.

*On foreign orders, including to Mexico and Canada, please add \$2.00 per poster, U.S. funds only.

FEATURES

- 14 **Spies, Guides, and Indian Scouts.** By *Richard Red Hawk*. The *Diné Ana' aii*, or "Enemy Navajos," earned the enmity of other Indian tribes by leading the United States Army into battle.
- 20 **Cyrus and Nellie and the Vigilantes.** By *R.E. Mather*. Despite the pleas of his beautiful lover, a colorful saloon keeper met his fate during Montana's 1864 hanging spree.
- 28 **Shootout on Number 19.** By *Harold L. Edwards*. Dan McCall leads an inept gang in an ill-fated California train robbery attempt.
- 37 **Good Old Days in Oklahoma.** By *Don Bell*. Torrential rain turns a Dust Bowl bronc riding exhibition into a mud-slinging, fist-swinging comedy of errors.
- 40 **Who Was Pierre Beatte?** By *Arthur Shoemaker*. A little-known frontier scout with a difficult to spell name guided both the Washington Irving and the Leavenworth Dodge expeditions west.
- 44 **Reuel Gridley: Civil War Hero Without a Gun.** By *Evelyn Noren*. He lost a bet but eventually parlayed a fifty-pound sack of flour into \$275,000 for the treatment of Union soldiers.
- 48 **Jacksonville: A Town of Lively Ghosts.** By *Martin Cole*. The history of this old gold rush town abounds with legends of Oregon's richest strike.
- 52 **A Real Old-Time Cowboy.** By *Barb Ketcham*. As an old-fashioned ranch hand and a modern-day aviator, Curly Witzel's life has spanned two historic eras—and he's still going strong.



Page 14



Page 28



Page 44

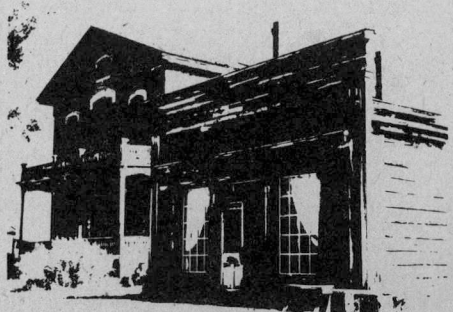
DEPARTMENTS

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



OUR COVER

"Thieve's Hide-A-Way," by M.H. Bradshaw.



Page 48

TRUE WEST

Publisher
Randy Clausen

Editor
John Joerschke

Assistant Editor
Kelli Rhoads

Advertising Manager
Steve Gragert

Subscription Coordinator
Charlotte Brown

Administrative Controller
Kenneth Moyes

Financial Controller
Steven Cundiff

Business Manager
Larry Vredenburg

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

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

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

From the Editor

The votes are in! You'll remember that in the January issue we announced the Western Publications Truth Wagon Award, a little election giving you a chance to vote for our best article and best cover of 1986. The idea was simple—to give our writers and artists a little well-deserved credit and to let you have your say about the kind of reading and art you like best.

The winner was chosen by TRUE WEST readers in a secret ballot, and your participation made the voting a success. Thank you, everyone for voting. TRUE WEST readers have always gone all out in their support of this magazine, and we appreciate it, especially these days when time and money are so tight.

Now the deadline for voting has passed, the ballots have been counted, and the winners are... I reckon I'd best take off my hat, slick back my hair, and tuck in my shirt, being's how this is a special occasion... the Winner of the Western Publications Truth Wagon Award for TRUE WEST's best article of 1986 is "Custer's Navy," by Ken Brooks. In the article, which appeared in our October issue, Washington State writer Brooks detailed the suspense-filled and tragedy-burdened journey of the stern-wheeler *Far West* in support of the Seventh Cavalry's Little Big Horn expedition. We hope to hear from Brooks again soon.

The winner of the Truth Wagon Award for Best Cover of 1986 is "Proverbs 28:1," by Chuck DeHaan, also from the October issue. DeHaan's paintings appear regularly on our covers, and he was featured in the January 1987 TRUE WEST.

The results were close, and I just have to mention some of the other articles that finished high on the list: "Kreeger's Toughest Arrest," by Robert K. DeArment (June); "Fifteen Years to a Republic," by Field Roebuck (March and April); "Castlewood Creek and the Silver Cup," by J.B. Corral and edited by Doreen-Marie Corral (June); "The Diary of Bertha Picard," edited by Kathleen Moss (August); "North the Renegade," by Wayne R. Austerman (December); and "The Long Ride: A Horse Trader's Revenge," by Helen Butler (February).

Close finishers in the voting for best cover were "No Second Chance," by Gary Carter (November); a winter scene by John D. Cogan (December); and "Looking for the Wagon" by Joe Beeler (September).

Looking over the list, you can see that it covers the gamut from trappers and traders to outlaws and lawmen, from cowboys and cowgirls to horse races and steamboat records. I've kept a close eye on the ballots as they came in, and the message I got from them is that the one thing TRUE WEST readers most want in each and every issue is a good variety of the best western nonfiction articles we can lay our hands on.

These days most magazines about the West seem to specialize in this, that, or the other thing, or else to just plain ignore history entirely. Well, folks, we'll let the others tinker with their format and disappoint their readers, but TRUE WEST will remain what it always has been—a pure and simple magazine about all aspects of the Old West as it really was.

John Joerschke

Roland Matthews Remembered

It is with sorrowful feeling that I tell you and your readers of the passing away of Mr. Roland Matthews on December 30, 1986. He was an author who sent you at least three stories of his experiences in Montana in the early days.

When he was taken off the railroad by the railroad detective, he went to work for the large Colburn ranch south of Malta, Montana.

I used to watch him walk from the Eagles Rest Home in Lewistown to the post office. He went the three blocks with two canes, and I'm sure he couldn't see a foot in front of him. But when you talked to him, his mind was very sharp and clear, especially of the past.

He will be missed, and as one person said: "It is like the library burned down to lose his memory of the old days."—**Donald L. Morrison, Lewistown, MT.**

Saves Every Issue

A few months ago you asked the readers of TRUE WEST to write and give their opinions of the magazine and tell a little about themselves. Well, here goes.

I have been a reader for about a year and a half and subscribe to both TRUE WEST and OLD WEST. I also read books about the Old West and belong to NOLA (National Outlaw and Lawman Association). Like most of your readers, I enjoy reading about the old-timers and the times they lived in. I think my interest in the Old West started when I traveled to Colorado and New Mexico with my parents. I was only six years old then, but I was hooked. Now I am forty and still have dreams of being a cowboy or a gold miner and wish I could live in a small town out west.

I enjoy reading all your stories, but prefer the ones about outlaws, lawmen, ghost towns and gold miners. I would like to see some stories on saloons and

gambling as these are two subjects that I find fascinating.

Keep up with the great work you do at Western Publications and don't change a thing about either of your magazines. I have read other magazines about the West, but yours is the best because it has something for everyone. I guarantee you I'll save every issue.—**Bill Tully, Dallas, TX.**

"Uncle Billy" Royce

I remember "Uncle Billy" Royce as a fairly tall slender man who was probably between sixty and seventy years old. When I met him in 1929, I was fourteen years old. He claimed that when he was eighteen, he was a cook for the Dalton boys. While with them, the gang had hidden some money near a mountain peak now known as "Buzzard Roost" just east of Cement, Oklahoma.

In later years Billy came back and bought some land east of the peak and built a house on it. Sometime later, he married. The girl's parents inquired about her once, and the local police went out to the farm and discovered that Royce had murdered her, claiming the woman was trying to get his money.

He was taken to the county jail in Anadarko where he hung himself in his jail cell. As for the money, it may or may not be buried on his place.—**Robert Lane, Elgin, OK.**

Bar Flying U Ranch

The Don Bell article in the "Wild Old Days" section in the February 87 issue of TRUE WEST brings to mind one of the most famous bunkhouses in the West. This is the old bunkhouse located on the Cunningham ranch near Spread Creek in Teton County, Wyoming, and is known as the John Pierce or the Bar Flying U ranch. This building was built by Pierce and Fred Cunningham about

1886 for the main ranch house.

In 1892 Mike Burnett and George Spencer bought hay from Pierce Cunningham and got permission to winter in the cabin and winter their horses on the ranch. In April a U.S. marshal and two deputies came over Teton Pass and deputized five or six natives. Then they surrounded the cabin and ordered the men to surrender. They came out shooting. Both died in the gun battle and are buried just southeast of the cabin.

I remember being in the cabin in 1912 when the bunkhouse was in the south end and the north end was a blacksmith shop. When I went to work on the ranch in 1920, there was a new bunkhouse just south of the old one. Some of Don Bell's description fits this perfectly. I have seen some descriptions that do not fit at all. While Pierce ran the ranch, he took care of the livestock and Mrs. Cunningham took care of the crew. If your cotton blankets were getting a little strong and dirty, she advised you to get them washed. If not, she would buy another pair of blankets the next time she was in Jackson and deduct \$3.00 from your next check of \$30.00 to \$50.00 per month. For other clothes we usually heated water on the stove and washed them by hand. Putting them in the creek back of the bunkhouse didn't seem to help much. The foreman usually saw to it that we kept the bunkhouse clean.

I was fortunate, for many of the old cowhands I worked with had worked for many outfits all over the West and in Mexico. When they weren't reading western magazines (so-called pulp magazines) they were discussing politics or were telling tall tales.—**Marion V. Allen, Shingletown, CA.**

February Cover

The cover picture on the February issue of TRUE WEST is a picture of

True West

Pete Kitchen's fortified home south of Tucson, Arizona, after it was abandoned several years. Pete Kitchen was noted as the man with his own graveyard. The picture was probably taken when Tim McCoy bought and started renovation.—Charles M. Hallett, Rolla, MO.

Old West Photographer Dies

Some years ago you had an article concerning the Kolb Brothers and their adventures in photographing in the area of Bright Angel on the south rim of the Grand Canyon. My wife took care of Ernest Kolb for some time here in Carson City, and I thought some of your readers would be interested in the passing of this very adventurous man. My wife commented to me many times what an interesting and alert man he was for his many years, and until I read his obituary, his name kept ringing bells in my memory files. Then I realized who this old gentleman was. I wish I had known at the time as I would certainly have made it a point to search his memories of those days when such adventure took quite a man to just

travel, say nothing of lugging all the gear necessary to take the pictures and return them intact to his starting point.

As a regular reader and subscriber, I have read of the people who have been taken into the cowboy and western artists Hall of Fame. The question comes to mind, why not a western photographers section to these halls of western fame in conjunction with the cowboys or artists halls of fame.

A display and history of their works would enhance any such hall. The Kolbs and many more such adventurers deserve recognition for the way they have preserved on film the Old West as it really was and sometimes put their lives at risk to leave a pictorial heritage unlike a writer could ever leave no matter how well he uses words.—Donald Bentson, Carson City, NV.

Three Cheers for Napoletano

In the February 1987 issue of TRUE WEST, Nellie Snyder Yost, of North Platte, Nebraska, reviewed the book *Entrepreneurs of the Old West*. Her review was excellent except for one important

oversight: she did not state that the book is illustrated.

To me, an illustrated book, whether by a photographer or by an artist, is more exciting than a non-illustrated one.

In the case of *Entrepreneurs of the Old West*, the talented artist is Al Martin Napoletano, who's work is often seen in the pages of TRUE WEST. Personally, I think that Al's work rates right up there with the late greats Charles M. Russell and Frederick Remington. Al is certainly one of the greatest living illustrators of the century. He makes the Old West live!—Lon Suiter, Lake Lotawana, MI.

Looking For Maurice Kildare

For fifteen or twenty years Maurice Kildare wrote for the western magazines on a wide variety of subjects, many of which were about events and people he knew personally. In estimating his age, he must have been born before the turn of the century and is probably no longer living. However, if anyone knows when or where Maurice Kildare died and whether or not he has any family left,

Take Aim At OLD WEST



Subscribe Today!

For fastest service, call 405-743-3370 and charge your subscription to your credit card.

Every issue of the country's favorite quarterly magazine of Western Americana is a bulls-eye of true stories.

You'll discover exciting tales of settlers, miners, Indians, explorers, gunslingers—and the lawmen who tracked 'em down.

Plenty of authentic photos, maps, and illustrations provide a look at history as it was being made. If you're a fan of the American frontier, you'll love reading OLD WEST!

Take a break from today... subscribe now to

OLD WEST

P. O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076

- New subscription Renewal/Extension of present subscription
- 12 issues (3 years).....\$12.95
- 6 issues (1½ years).....\$ 7.95

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Charge Card No. _____

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

- Bill me.
- My check or m.o. is enclosed.
- Charge to VISA.
- Charge to MC.

Foreign subscriptions, including to Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per 6 issues for postage/handling. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Oklahoma residents, include 6.25% sales tax. Offer good through June 30, 1987.

TW587

please contact me. He has authored articles that I am doing historical research on, and I desperately need to visit with him or his family. Any readers who can help out would be greatly appreciated.—**Connie Brooks, 518 E. Yucca, Hobbs, NM 88240.**

More on Reel Cowboys

I enjoy your magazines and appreciate your segments on "Reel Cowboys." I'm not so concerned about how it really was as to "nitpick" over western movie depictions. The western movies are about the closest link we have to the Old West. Please keep up these excellent articles.—**Vic Dahlman, Lincoln, NE.**

The Last of Flume Logging

The story "Charles Ellsworth and the Empire Flume" (February TRUE WEST) reminded me that flume logging just ended in southwestern Oregon in January 1987. It was no longer profitable since trucks can haul more logs in less time. I believe that this ended the last flume logging operation in the Pacific Northwest and possibly the entire West.—**Walt Thayer, Wenatchie, WA.**

Tex Smith

I met Tex Smith about 1974. He lived a few miles north of Reno, Nevada. He was a WW II veteran and lived alone. He was a vegetarian and had a dislike for preachers and medical doctors.

Tex was a rodeo hombre in the twenties and later spent several years in Alaska. I live about 150 miles from Reno and would visit him when I went to Reno. I wrote him almost every day. He seldom discussed family and I never asked him any questions. I was able to ascertain he had been married twice and had children. He often said that I was his best friend.

I received a telephone call in 1986 that he was found dead in his small home. He was ninety-two years old. After his death I received a letter from a Denver western writer informing me that Tex's son, Perry Smith, was executed in Kansas. He and another man had killed a family there. From this incident Truman Capote wrote a totally nonfiction book, *In Cold Blood*. Capote used correct names and was so well researched that

I do not question the authenticity of any aspect of the book.

Even though Tex was anti-religious, he was the most honest person I have ever known. Besides his dislike for ministers and physicians, Tex also disliked funeral directors and cemetery managers; however, I am sure they both cared well for him. He told me that when he died he wanted to be buried miles from civilization in a non-casket grave among the sagebrush and coyotes.

In conclusion, may I just say that I am sure that I will meet Old Tex at the Pendleton. Cheyenne, or some other roundup in the sky.—**Willard E. Crawford, Oroville, CA.**



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

CORRECTION

Author Kathleen M. O'Neal ("The Sawyer Expedition," February TRUE WEST) informs us the photos of James Sawyer and his home on pages 46 and 47 appeared courtesy of the Iowa State Historical Department. The omission was ours and not the author's.

8" x 10" Color Pictures reproduced from originals. New List sent of other stars with order.

COWBOY STARS IN COLOR

Roy Rogers	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gene Autry	<input type="checkbox"/>
John Wayne	<input type="checkbox"/>
Randolph Scott	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lone Ranger (Clayton Moor)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Hopalong Cassidy	<input type="checkbox"/>
Ronald Reagan	<input type="checkbox"/>
Gary Cooper	<input type="checkbox"/>
Jimmy Stewart	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wild Bill Elliott	<input type="checkbox"/>
Buck Jones	<input type="checkbox"/>
Johnny Mac Brown	<input type="checkbox"/>
Durango Kid (Charles Starrett)	<input type="checkbox"/>
Lash LaRue	<input type="checkbox"/>
Clint Eastwood - Rowdy Yates	<input type="checkbox"/>
Tim Holt	<input type="checkbox"/>

Only \$4.00 each or any 5 for \$17.50 plus \$1.50 shipping. N.C. residents add 4% sales tax. Enclose check or money order to:

Deep River Cowboy Assoc., Inc.
Box 623, High Point, N.C. 27261

THE BLADE TRADER

\$24.95

The finest outdoor cutlery set we've ever seen! Blade Trader features 3 blades: 5" fillet, 3 1/2" all-purpose hunting, and 5" crosscut saw. Each has been forged from highest quality Kershaw stainless steel and locks in place in 5" rosewood handle. Comes with all-leather scabbard.

Money-back guarantee. Send check or money order for \$24.95 to:

**Roundtree Gifts • 346 Cove Road
Stamford, Connecticut 06902**

THIS PRODUCT COULD SAVE YOUR LIFE!

AIR-N-LITE®

135 LB COMPRESSOR SWITCH PRESSURE GAUGE Operates From Vehicle Cigarette Lighter

Compressor & Spot Light LIGHT SWITCH SPOT / EMERGENCY FLASHER LIGHTER ADAPTER

Ideal for: Autos • Trucks
Recreational Equipment
Camping Accessories
Roadside Emergency
Tire Maintenance
Bicycles
Mobile Homes

TIRE'S FLAT! IT'S DARK! TRAFFIC THREATENS! THE EMERGENCY IS NOW

Plug into your car cigarette lighter for instant:

- **Tire Inflator** . . . 135 lbs per square inch air pressure to inflate flat tires.
- **Air Pressure Gauge** . . . to tell you whether tires are under or over inflated.
- **Emergency Flasher Light** . . . warns oncoming traffic of danger with flashing red signal.
- **Brilliant Spot Light** . . . has big 4" beam to light up work area, road signs, etc.
- **Air Inflator Adaptors** . . . for use on recreational balls, toys, air mattress, etc.

Make a small investment today to insure years of protection for you and your family. Sometimes a car emergency is only an annoying inconvenience. Sometimes it's a life threatening situation. Be prepared to minimize any problem with the **Air-N-Lite Compressor/Spot Light**—as important as, or maybe more, than any accessory kept in your car—including the spare tire and jack.

Be sure you, your spouse and everyone you care about has an Air-N-Lite Compressor/Spot Light in the trunk—always ready for instant use.

\$29.95 for one. \$27.95 each for two or more.

ORDER BY COUPON OR PHONE (AMEX ONLY)—212-213-9845				
WAYMAR MARKETING • 237 E. 39th Street • New York, NY 10016				
Please ship the following order:				
Check Quantity Being Ordered	One	Two	Three	Four
	(\$29.95)	(\$27.95 ea)	(\$27.95 ea)	(\$27.95 ea)
Cost of Air-N-Lite(s)	\$29.95	\$55.90	\$83.85	\$111.80
Shipping & Handling	4.25	6.25	8.25	10.25
Check enclosed	\$34.20	\$62.15	\$92.10	\$122.05

Enclosed is my remittance Charge my American Express *NY Residents add Sales Tax

Account # _____ Exp. Date _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____
Note: Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. To expedite shipment remit by Certified Check, Bank Check or Money Order. Sorry no COD's.

TRUE WEST 587

Henkel Square Preserved

Located only a few miles south of Highway 290 about half-way between Houston and Austin is the historic town of Round Top, Texas—population eighty-seven. There you will find one of the state's most interesting preservation projects, Henkel Square. The Texas bluebonnets there appear in profusion during the first few weeks of spring making the area come alive with a burst of color blanketing the prairies.

Henkel Square is a restoration project of Mrs. Faith Bybee of the Texas Pioneer Arts Foundation. The homes and buildings, some of which are in their

original locations, were built in Texas between 1820 and 1850.

In late 1986, the Henkel Square became a location for the Taft Broadcasting/CBS television production, *Houston: The Legend of Texas*, a three-hour production of the life of Texas' hero General Sam Houston.

The area known today as Round Top, where Henkel Square is located, became in the 1820s, a part of the second Austin settlement for 900 families. During the 1830s, citizens of Germany who were fleeing the tyranny of the Czar, arrived in central Texas bringing Dresden

china, silver and other elegant accessories in beautifully decorated shipping boxes. They came bringing to Texas music, dancing, lovely accessory pieces for their homes, and a new culture. Yet they came to the new territory giving up much of what they loved in order to have the right to freedom.

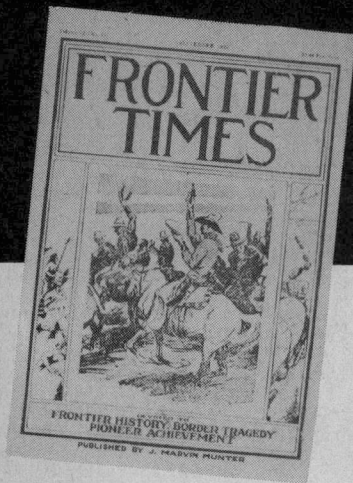
Charles and Faith Bybee wanted the history of the German immigrants and central Texas to be preserved so that today's Texans can know of the cultural heritage the German families brought to the state. For the past twenty years,



Bob Greene, CBS

The CBS television production of *Houston: The Legend of Texas* was filmed at Henkel Square in Round Top, Texas. The movie is a three-hour production of the life of Texas' hero General Sam Houston.

YESTERDAY



In 1923 Marvin J. Hunter began publishing FRONTIER TIMES in Bandera, Texas, recording events exactly as they happened. Today, original copies are next to impossible to find. Since 1972, Western Publications has been reproducing these rare issues in their entirety, including the ads, from the available originals.

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES brings the lives and times from yesterday to your home. Subscriber copies are mailed every three months, three issues at a time, in a protective envelope 60 years after the original cover date.

Clip and mail to:

HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES
Dept. TW11
P.O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076
405-743-3370

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

- 1 year (12 issues) \$11.00
- 2 years (24 issues) \$22.00
- New subscription
- Renewal/extension

Check or money order enclosed
 Charge to MC or Visa

Acct. No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Oklahoma residents add 6.25% sales tax. Foreign subscriptions, including Canada and Mexico, please add \$5.00 per year for postage and handling. All payments must be made in U.S. funds.

TW587

through the Texas Pioneer Arts Foundation, Mrs. Bybee has worked to restore and save homes and buildings from the early Texas era. Some of the homes were purchased from nearby locations and moved to Henkel Square and other properties in Round Top. Others are standing in their original locations.

The Edward Henkel House, the Zapp-Von Rosenberg House, and the Recknagle Drug Store are left in their original positions. The Mike Muckleroy Homestead was brought from Frelsberg, Texas, and the Lutheran Church was moved in from Haw Creek, seven miles from Round Top, and was placed on the foundation of the original church in Henkel Square.

To assist in the restoration of Henkel Square and the houses nearby, Mrs. Bybee has followed scenes from an 1851 lithograph created by Rudolf Melchior, an artist who lived in the area prior to 1867 when he moved on to Galveston where he later died.

Rock fireplaces, narrow staircases, cedar-wood floors and overhangs are all a part of the architecture of these early Texas houses. Wash bluing on the walls brings the wood to life, as does wall stenciling found in some of the houses. The houses are sparsely furnished with early Texas furnishings. Mrs. Bybee has carefully selected only enough pieces of furniture to make each house appear as it did in the 1800s when the houses were built.

Henkel Square is open to the public daily from noon to 5:00 p.m. under the auspices of the Texas Pioneer Arts Foundation.

National Society of Ghost Town Enthusiasts

The National Society of Ghost Town Enthusiasts will be making headquarters at Fairmont Hot Springs Resort, Anaconda, Montana. The society is pleased to announce that they have negotiated with Fairmont Hot Springs to put up a museum exhibit at the resort.

The NSGTE is a non-profit organization with the responsibility for encouraging public participation in the protection and preservation of ghost towns of the West. Plans are to construct a museum and library complex which will house the headquarters and the National Ghost Town Hall of Fame. The museum would employ about twenty people. The NSGTE museum would complement the proposed Butte-

Anaconda Historical Park System.

The society, which officially began on January 1, 1986, in Elko, Nevada, is rapidly growing. They have about one hundred members nationwide. Some of the projects are to obtain a ghost town or ghost towns, construct a museum complex which is estimated to cost about \$1,500,000, provide educational services and materials, develop an educational curriculum for schools and colleges, conduct slide presentations, make videos, write books, teach seminars and much more.

The NSGTE has exchanged memberships with the Montana Ghost Town Preservation Society and the Garnet Preservation Association because they share many interests and concerns. They have established a NSGTE museum and library trust fund to help finance the many projects for the museum. Also a Ghost Town Preservation trust will be used for the preservation of ghost towns of the West. Support for the NSGTE is provided by membership dues, private contributions, grants and other funds.

The NSGTE is collecting relics, artifacts and photographs. If anyone has any items that they would like to donate, the society would greatly appreciate it.

Presently, the NSGTE is planning for this year's annual convention. August 8 and 9, 1987, are the planned dates. The meeting is to be at the Fairmont Hot Springs Resort near Anaconda, Montana. Planned speakers are those from the Montana Fish, Wildlife and Parks and the Tri-County Historical Society of Anaconda. There will also be a slide presentation of ghost towns of Montana, a movie on ghost towns, and a tour of local ghost towns of Southern Cross and Granite, Montana. There will also be a luncheon and banquet. For more information, contact the NSGTE, P.O. Box 263, Deer Lodge, MT 59722.

Tucson Guest Ranches

The word "Tucson" to some people brings to mind visions of a rugged, old-time western town. Although the city is now a growing, modern metropolis, it is intent on preserving that heritage. Nowhere is this more evident than at any one of the many guest ranches found there. Whether one is looking for quiet seclusion in the mountains, away from the bother of telephones and television, or luxury in an old Spanish-style hacienda setting, Tucson has just the place.

Unlike a hotel, a visit to a guest ranch offers more than just atmosphere. A stay there can be as relaxing or active as one chooses. In addition to swimming and tennis, ranches provide horseback riding, cookouts, hiking in the mountains or the desert, skeet shooting, and many other activities with a unique western flair. For those who wish to join in, the ranches organize a variety of activities, from breakfast trailrides to supper sing-a-longs. The ranches also have well-stocked libraries and large, shared activity rooms.

Accommodations are in the form of cottages and "casitas" (little houses), many of which have fireplaces. And because the guest ranches are small (most accommodate no more than sixty guests) they provide unspoiled, inspiring views of the southwestern desert.

Convenience is another amenity at Tucson's guest ranches. Many guest packages include airport transfers, meals, maid service, horseback riding, and all ranch activities. Small groups also take advantage of the ranches' secluded atmosphere which provides the perfect setting for retreats or meetings without interruption. And because the ranches are located in the outlying areas of Tucson or in small communities within easy driving distance, they provide a rustic retreat with a taste of the Old West.

Guest ranches in Tucson offer various packages, in a wide variety of price ranges. Although many are closed in the summer months, accommodations can be found for \$95 for a three-day stay. In the winter, packages range from \$100 to \$300 for a weekend stay. Reservations should be made well in advance, especially for school and holiday vacations, because the ranches fill up fast!

Tucson's guest ranches offer a family style vacation, and Tucson boasts more guest ranches than anywhere in the world. Even now, visitors may pursue childhood fantasies of cowboys and cowgirls with real life "vaqueros."

For more information, please refer to the Metropolitan Tucson Convention and Visitors Bureau, 450 W. Paseo Redondo, Suite 110, Tucson, AZ 85701, or phone (602) 624-1817.



Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least four months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information including photos to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076.

May 1987

Looking for GOLD? Don't look any further!



You can now order rare back issues of GOLD! at new, low prices.

Lost mines, buried treasure troves, forgotten fortunes...you'll find true stories about these and more in the fascinating pages of GOLD! Only 18 issues, published between 1969 and 1981, are still available, including the valuable Special Collector's Edition first issue. As few as 150 copies remain in stock of many issues. Whether you're an active treasure hunter or just enjoy reading about fabulous riches that defy detection, you'll enjoy reading GOLD! and collecting GOLD!



\$3.95 each

or only

\$59.95

for all
18 issues

Rush

for

the

GOLD!

Send me:

- #1 #2 #3 #4
 #5 #6 #7 #9
 #10 #11 #12 #13
 #14 #15 #16 #17
 #18 #21 ALL 18 ISSUES

Limited

Quantity!

Order

Today!

EACH: \$3.95 ALL 18: only \$59.95
prices include shipping and handling*

Amount enclosed (check or money order): \$ _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send to: **GOLD!**

TW587

P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076

*No shipping charge on deliveries in U.S. Foreign orders: write for shipping charges. Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax. Offer good only through May 31, 1987.

Tom Horn Books

Tom Horn is one of the most controversial characters in the history of the West. M. Darda, 3656 West 145th Street, Hawthorne, CA 90250, has been reading books on Horn as well as enjoying the Steve McQueen movie and is trying to understand the man. Darda is not planning to write a book or article, but "would like to get it right in my mind just who Tom really was and how times were in his day." Darda also asks about photographs of individuals associated with Horn, such as John C. Coble and Glendolene Kimmell.

Many books have been written about Tom Horn, and just as many others include a chapter on him. One of the two most reliable accounts is *Life of Tom Horn, Government Scout and Interpreter, Written by Himself Together with His Letters and Statements by His Friends: A Vindication*. Published for Horn's friend, John C. Coble, in 1904, it includes several photos of Horn, one of Miss Kimmell, and one of Coble.

The other book that is required reading on Horn is *The Saga of Tom Horn*, by Dean F. Krakel. It is out of print but contains many photographs. James D. Horan's *The Gunfighters of the Wild West* has a good chapter on Horn and many photographs.

I do not know what happened to Glendolene Myrtle Kimmell, the young schoolteacher who was fascinated with Horn and attempted to save him. Horn's autobiography includes a long statement by her. After his execution she presumably left Wyoming and returned to Iowa.

Ben Kilpatrick's Family. "I guess I've always known I shouldn't try to look up my family tree, but the pressure has proven too much," writes Glen Kilpatrick, P.O. Box 386, Grand View, IA 83624. "I've always thought I would find someone who was hanged for horse stealing. What was the ancestry of Ben Kilpatrick, who ran with the Wild Bunch?"

I don't know if Ben ever stole a horse, but he did attempt to rob a train. On March 13, 1912, he and Ole Beck tried

to hold up Southern Pacific Train Number 9 near Sanderson, Texas. They failed miserably. Both were killed by Express Messenger David A. Trousdale. They lie in unmarked graves near Sanderson.

Ben's family was a large one. George and Mary Kilpatrick had nine children, all born in Concho County, Texas. Four became outlaws or associates of outlaws: Benjamin, born 1874; George, 1876; Edward, 1877; and Felix, 1881. The other children were William, Daniel Boone, Alice, Ola, and Sarah. Among Ben's friends were the Ketchums and Bill Carver, also outlaws of considerable notoriety.

The Salton Sea. "I would like to know how the Salton Sea was formed. It is located in southern California and was formed by some sort of accident. Thank you for the great magazines you are putting out. I don't miss a one." That question comes from Orville G. Walker, 1205 Sycamore Street, Washington, PA 15301. We certainly like to hear such nice remarks from readers!

The Salton Sink was a vast, sandy depression when it was discovered by Professor W.P. Blake in 1853. In 1905 the Colorado River overflowed into the Imperial Valley and poured into the Salton Sink, filling it to a depth of eighty-three feet and a length of forty-five miles. When the flood was checked in 1907, the lowest area left was the "Salton Sea," a lake with no outlets. Today it is about thirty miles long and ranges from eight to fourteen miles wide.

Dalton Brothers—Dalton Sisters. A photo of three young men identified as Bill, Emmett, and Bob Dalton was recently sent to me by Charles A. Johnson, Box 300A, Mulvane, KS 67110. The outlaw trio supposedly posed for the picture in 1886 or 1887. Since I do not think it actually is a photo of the Dalton brothers I am not using it, but I appreciate readers sending me photos for positive identification.

Another question about the Daltons



Glendolene Myrtle Kimmell became fascinated by Tom Horn and unsuccessfully attempted to save him.

came from A.C. Curtis, Box 1227, Brenham, TX 77833. "I have never read anything about any sisters of the Dalton brothers. Can you explain why there has been no mention of the Dalton sisters?"

The Daltons did have sisters. Perhaps no mention is made of them because they did not contribute to the outlawry which made their brothers famous. The only Daltons who attract much attention are the outlaw brothers and Frank, who was killed in the line of duty as a deputy marshal out of Fort Smith.

The children of James Lewis and Adaline Lee Younger Dalton were Charles Benjamin, Henry Coleman, Lewis Kossuth, Littleton, Franklin, Gratten Hanley, William Marion, Eva May, Robert Renick, Emmett, Leona Randolph, Nancy May, and Simon Noel. There are no known living descendants of Lewis and Adaline Dalton.

NOLA Rendezvous. The 1987 NOLA Rendezvous will take place in Kansas City, Missouri, at the Park Place Hotel, July 22-25, 1987. NOLA is the acronym

of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, which is about thirteen years old. A number of years ago I was president of the organization; in fact it is very special to me as some of my first writings were printed in its Newsletter and Quarterly.

Each year NOLA has a rendezvous in some city which is filled with history. This year it will be in the heart of the James-Younger country, in Kansas City. My advance copy of the program includes such speakers as: Honorable James R. Ross, speaking on "My Grandfather, Jesse Edwards James;" Marley Brant, who has had several articles published in TRUE WEST, on "The Youngers"; Don Hale on W.C. Quantrill; and Phillip W. Steele, also a TRUE WEST author, on "Belle Starr and Her Family."

Another highlight of the rendezvous will be a tour of such places as the graves and homesite of the Youngers; the Independence Jail, where Frank James was held; the Liberty Bank, which was robbed by the James gang; sites of the Glendale Bank robbery and the Union Train Station massacre; and the James Farm, the birthplace of Jesse James. The James farm visit will be very special. Be sure to bring your cameras.

One important item in this year's program will be the banquet, which will have descendants of famous outlaws and lawmen as special guests. The banquet will be Saturday, July 25. Guests include: Jesse James' great-grandson, descendants of Belle Starr, Doc Holiday, James and Youngers, the Sundance Kid, Buffalo Bill, and the Pinkertons. By the time this gets to print there will likely be descendants of other outlaws and lawmen planning to attend and be recognized. Following the banquet will be a photo and autograph session... so bring besides your camera your pens for autographs!

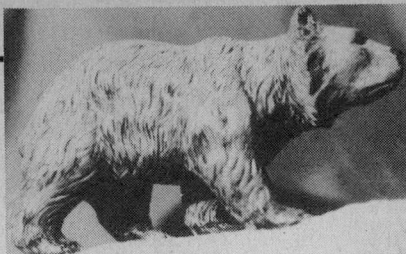
For further information on the NOLA Rendezvous, write Phillip W. Steele, P.O. Box 191, Springdale, AR 72765, or phone (501)756-2230.



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

May 1987

"Ole Grizzly"



Hand-carved wood sculpture 5" high, 9" long:
\$80.00, plus \$5.00 postage and handling.
Send \$1.00 for brochure about our other beautiful hand-carved items.

Esther's E-Z Shop • 1015 W. Mission Blvd.
#198 • Pomona, CA 91766

RELIVE THE PAST

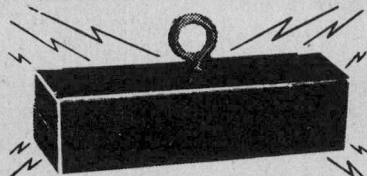


Through the pages of original newspapers from the 19th and early 20th centuries.

Send \$1.00 for my latest catalog.

JIM LYONS

Box 608TW Mt. View, CA 94042



THIS POWERFUL MAGNET WILL FIND THE NEEDLE IN YOUR HAYSTACK, LIFT YOUR ROD & REEL OFF THE FLOOR OF THE LAKE, AND KEEP THE NAILS OUT OF YOUR YARD

A magnet like this can be fun, or serious business... or both. It will grab, hold and lift up to 150 lbs. on land, much more in the water. Take it on a treasure hunt; drag it along the beach; search the bottoms of lakes, streams and oceans. You never know what incredible find it'll bring to you... maybe even your own lost tackle box. On the practical level, you can employ its astonishing power to separate metal particles from oil, water and other liquids; remove parts from tumbling media and in and out of degreasing tanks; pluck hardware from kegs and storage bins; retrieve steel parts from pickling, paint or plating tanks; serve as an instant holding or fixture device. If you find one use for it, you'll discover a thousand more. Only 6" long, weighs 2.2 lbs. Equipped with heavy eyelet. Guaranteed never to lose its magnetic strength. Only \$17.95, postpaid anywhere in the U.S. Two for \$34.50, ppd. Satisfaction fully guaranteed.

H & H Enterprises

Southwest Mail Order Specialists

P.O. Box 582333-T

Tulsa, Oklahoma 74158

Catalog FREE with purchase; \$2.50 without.

Explore old town sites with PRECISE MAPS OF OLD WESTERN TOWNS

Large prints of thousands of detailed fire insurance maps are available for \$2 a sheet from our standard library 35mm microfilm. For ordering information on either the prints or the reels, write:
VLAD SHKURKIN, PUBLISHER(415) 232-7742
6025 Rose Arbor, San Pablo, CA 94806

AUTOGRAPHED COPIES



by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom

• **Bugles, Banners and War Bonnets** is a definitive history of the battle for the West. The struggle between Custer's famed Seventh Cavalry and the Sioux Indians meticulously recreated using previously unpublished documents plus daily records from notebooks of officers. Award winner for non-fiction by Western Writers of America, 1978. 384 pages, hundreds of photographs. Originally \$17.95 - now only \$13.00, add \$3.50 for postage.

• **Historic Dress of the Old West** is a book on the movement of America's frontier and a definitive work portraying western characters in period clothing. 32 color plates portray the Mountaineer, Indians, Flatlanders, The Frontier Army, Cowboys, Gamblers and many more. Over 100 photos. Release date January 1987, priced \$18.00, postage \$1.50.

ALL BOOKS AUTOGRAPHED!

ADVANCE ADVERTISING, 9907 W. 109th Ave.
CEDAR LAKE, INDIANA 46303 / 219-365-5447

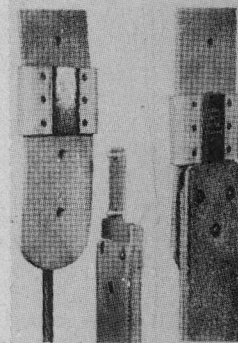
BLEVINS Stirrup Buckles

Stainless Steel and
Heat-treated Aluminum
Satisfaction Guaranteed

NEW
Leather
Covered

Prevents rubbing horse or saddle. Easy to change stirrup lengths quickly, and very easy to install. Won't slip or stick. Available in 2 1/2" and 3" widths, they are very well made and guaranteed to satisfy.

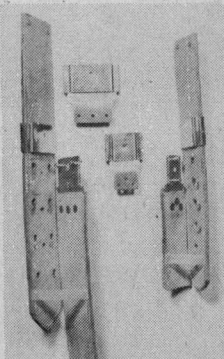
\$8.75
per pair
plus \$1.25 shipping



NEW
IMPROVED
All Metal

Fine quality stainless steel and heat-treated aluminum, these are in general use throughout the West. Available in 2" width with vertical posts and in 2 1/2" and 3" widths with horizontal posts for standard holes.

\$6.50
per pair
plus \$1.25 shipping



PLEASE ADD \$1.25 Per Pair Shipping & Handling

Blevins Mfg. Co.
Wheatland, Wyoming 82201

Spies, Guides, and



The Smithsonian Institution

Pictured is an 1860s Navajo in military dress.

The "Enemy Navajos" long history of siding with the white man dated back to 1818, when they refused to follow the warpath against the Spanish.

Mounted on a great horse fitting a man of his stature, Chief Sandoval proudly sat on his steed, rifle in hand and decked out in a colorful outfit of red, white, and blue. Rising tall on his horse he harangued 300 to 400 Navajos, explaining "to them the views and purposes of the government of the United States." The year was 1849, and the place, Two Grey Hills, near the present border of northern New Mexico and Arizona. East of the Chuska Mountains, Colonel John M. Washington had met a large delegation of Navajos. Sandoval, then serving as scout and interpreter, relayed Washington's wishes to the Navajos.

During the conference, a volunteer soldier from the New Mexican villages along the Río Grande claimed that one of the Navajos was riding his horse. Through Sandoval, Washington ordered the Navajos to surrender the horse. When the Indian refused, the colonel opened fire, killing seven Navajos. Despite the violence, Sandoval remained loyal to the soldiers, leading them to the Canyon de Chelly where he participated in a treaty council as an interpreter. Ultimately, he signed the Navajo Treaty of 1849 along with Chapitone and Mariano Martinez.

Sandoval's actions typified those of a band of Navajos known historically as the *Diné Ana' aii* or Enemy Navajos. He served as head of the Enemy Navajos for many years, becoming the most prominent leader of this unique band of spies, guides, and scouts. However, Sandoval was not the first to lead the Enemy Navajos, for the band emerged before his birth. In 1818 a Navajo *naat'aani*, or headman, named Joaquín refused to follow the warpath against the Spanish. Rather than fight the *Nakai*, as the Navajos called the Hispanics, Joaquín warned them of the hostile Navajos who had gathered in the Carrizo Mountains in preparation for an attack on Jemez Pueblo. To seal his friendship, Joaquín and his band rode with Spanish soldiers in pursuit of the hostiles. This began a close relationship between the Enemy Navajos and the white men, a relationship that would last until the military defeat of the Navajos by Colonel Kit Carson.

Since the time of Columbus, the Navajos had lived in the Four Corners region of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, and Utah. They hunted and gathered in the mountains, plateaus, and deserts of *Dinetah*, The Land of the People. They practiced limited farming of corn, beans, and squash, earning themselves the Tewa name, *Apaches de Navajo* or Enemy That Tills the

Indian Scouts

Soil. The Navajos developed a life based on limited farming and a good measure of raiding, often striking their Pueblo neighbors.

Following the Spanish settlement of northern New Mexico in 1598, the Navajos raided the Hispanic settlements, making off with a variety of goods, especially horses, sheep, and cattle. By 1818, the Navajos and Spaniards had established a well-worn pattern of raids and counter raids. The Indians took livestock and the Spanish captured slaves, mostly women and children, who were sold on the auction blocks of Albuquerque, Santa Fe, and Taos. The Enemy Navajos continued this age-old practice, but they operated generally in concert with the Spanish against other Navajos.

In 1818 and 1819 the *Diné Ana' aii* put some distance between themselves and other Navajos, moving east of *Dinetah* to the Río Puerco. They built their hogans on a plain in the shadow of Mount Taylor, settling near Cebolleta, New Mexico. From there the *Diné Ana' aii* launched their own expeditions against the Navajos and cooperated with the Spanish and Mexican soldiers of New Mexico.

In March and April 1825, they rode with José Antonio Vizcarra and José Caballero, serving as scouts and capturing eleven prisoners whom they likely sold into slavery. Shortly after that campaign, Joaquín fell from power. Francisco Baca, a half-blood Navajo, became leader, but the circumstances surrounding Joaquín's fall from and Baca's rise to power are not known. In August 1834, Baca exiled himself from his band, moving to an unknown area.

Cebolleta (or Antonio) Sandoval became chief of the *Diné Ana' aii*, continuing the tradition of siding with the Hispanics against the Navajos. His loyalty proved profitable. Not only did the Spaniards sanction his theft of Navajo sheep, cattle, and horses, but they condoned the capture and sale of Navajo slaves. By 1841 Governor Manuel Armijo placed him on the payroll of the Mexican government. Sandoval received his silver from a special *Fondo de Aliados* (fund for allies).

Sandoval's parents called him *Hastin Keshgol* (Crooked Foot), but his name changed later in life to *Tlo' chinn* or Onion. Born of the *Totsohnií* or Cross Wind Clan, Sandoval rose rapidly in power and wealth. Many times he led his men against the Navajos, often

in the company of New Mexican irregulars who shared in the booty taken during the raids. He continued to ride with the Mexican volunteers and regulars until 1846 when Colonel Stephen Watts Kearny invaded New Mexico.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, Kearny led the Army of the West from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas,



This unidentified elderly man with lance and shield was typical of the Navajo scouts in pursuit of their own people.

Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection



Arizona Historical Society Library

Largo, the Navajo scout.

to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he promised to end all Navajo raids. He took Santa Fe without a fight and soon after ordered some of his soldiers to move against the Navajos.

On October 2, 1846, Kearny told Alexander W. Doniphan to "secure a peace and better conduct" from the Navajos. Doniphan sent Colonel Congreve Jackson to Cebolleta and Major William Gilpin to Abiquiu to begin the first American campaign against the Navajos. While Colonel Jackson camped four miles south of Cebolleta, Sandoval visited him. Sandoval offered to work with the Americans, suggesting that he scout the Navajos living near the Chuska Mountains to determine if they were inclined toward peace or war.

Jackson soon accepted Sandoval's offer but sent Captain John Reid and thirty soldiers to accompany the *Diné Ana' a'íí*. Thus began a new relationship, one between the United States Army and the Enemy Navajos. Sandoval, his son, and other Enemy Navajos rode with Reid south of the Chuskas, and north to the Window Rock. From there they proceeded past the future site of Fort Defiance to Red Lake. While the party was camped beside the muddy waters of Red Lake, near present-day Navajo, New Mexico, a group of Navajos entered the camp. Sandoval spoke with them, interpreting for Reid.

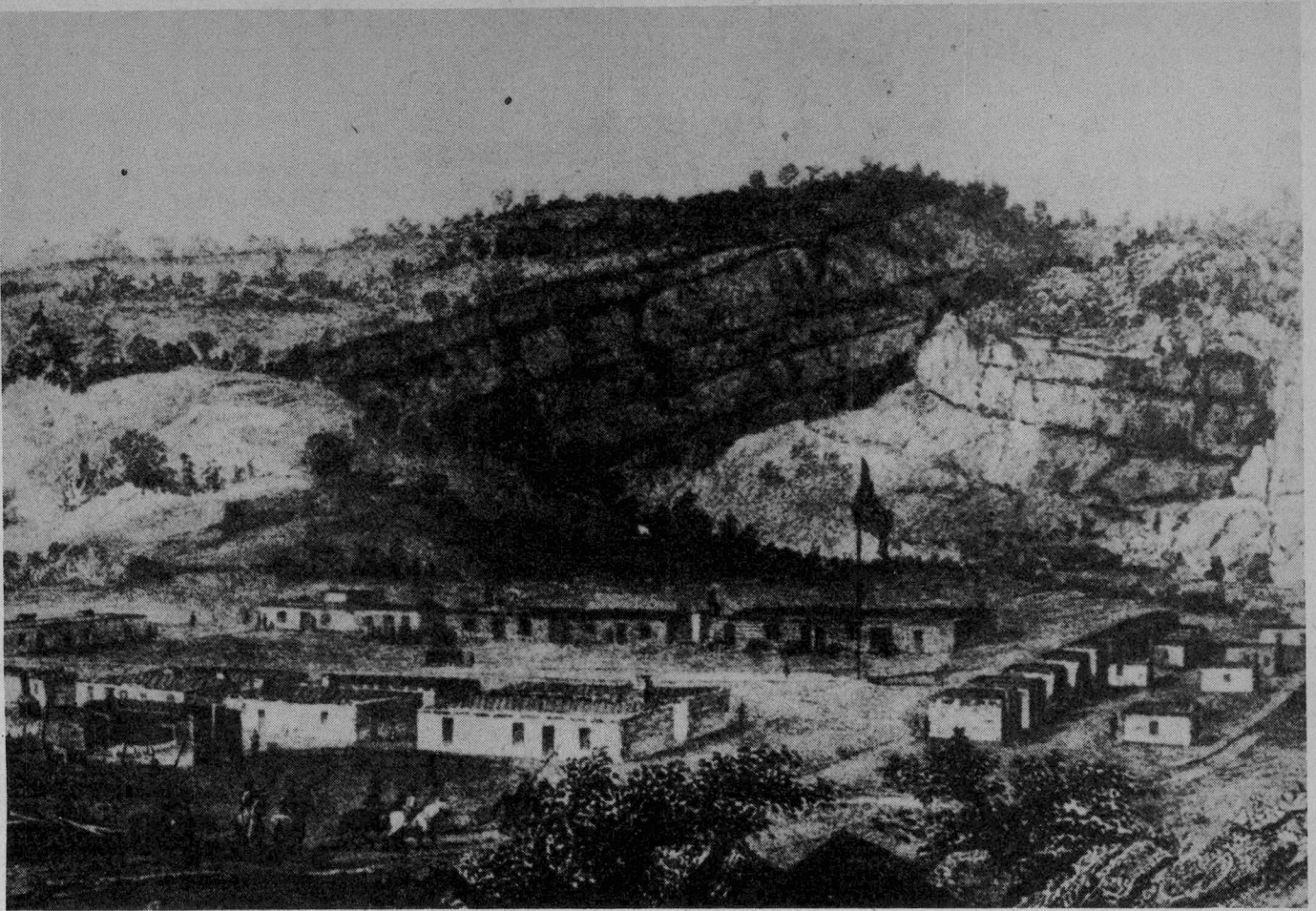
Jacob S. Robinson, a private soldier and chronicler, reported that the Navajos disliked Sandoval, but had no other choice but to deal with him. He noted that the Navajos "dressed in splendid Indian attire, having fine figured blankets and panther-skin caps, plumed with eagle feathers."

Sandoval told Reid that the Navajos belonged to a band headed by a prominent and respected Chief named Narbona. The chief camped nearby, and he invited Reid and the Bluecoats to visit his camp. Reid rode north to meet Narbona, and Sandoval rode along, serving as a spy and interpreter. Sandoval counseled with Narbona, explaining to Reid that the Navajos desired peace with the Americans. Narbona spoke for his band, but his desire for peace did not apply to all Navajos generally. Sandoval and Reid rode away satisfied that Narbona wanted peace, and the chief expressed the same view at a place Navajos called *Shash Bito* or Bear Springs, located east of present-day Gallup, New Mexico.

SANDOVAL MET Doniphan at the New Mexican village of Cebolleta, as Doniphan headed for Navajo country. Doniphan had heard about Sandoval but did not know whether he would work with the Americans. Sandoval allayed Doniphan's fears, telling him that he wished to cooperate. The Navajo *Naat'aani* again rode to the Navajo country to determine the disposition of the Indians toward the Americans. Sandoval spent two weeks among the People, returning to tell Doniphan "that they were chiefly disposed for peace."

Doniphan marched to Bear Springs, where Sandoval and his twelve-year-old son served as guides and interpreters. The Navajo headmen attending the treaty council at Bear Springs agreed to sign a peace agreement with the *Bilagána* or Americans. One young chief, Zarcillos Largos, told the Americans that the Navajos had fought the New Mexicans for generations and that the whites had little right to tell the Indians to end their war. Through Sandoval, Doniphan responded, telling the Navajos that the United States desired peace among all parties. His arguments carried the day. Fourteen Navajos signed Doniphan's Treaty, including Largos and Sandoval.

Sandoval and his band held their own against the Navajos and remained in contact with the American forces between 1846 and 1849. However, they did not act as scouts for the army. This may have contributed to the suspicion some soldiers voiced about Sandoval's actions as a double agent. At times Sandoval cooperated with the Americans, and at other times he dealt with the Navajos. Suspicion remained until January 1849, when Captain Croghan Ker, commanding the American outpost at Cebolleta, reported that Sandoval had informed him that several Navajo chiefs wanted peace. Ker sent Sandoval as a spy and messenger to tell the Navajos that the United States wanted peace. Captain Ker was so impressed that he recommended taking Sandoval "into the confidence of the American Government."



Fort Defiance, 1855.

Southwest Museum, Los Angeles

Colonel John M. Washington took Sandoval into his confidence, hiring him to scout for his army of 400 soldiers. A company of Pueblo Indians also accompanied the army as auxiliaries. Sandoval joined the colonel at Jemez Pueblo, riding to the area east of the Chuska Mountains where Washington opened fire, killing Chief Narbona over the question of the ownership of a horse.

After that unfortunate event and the signing of the Navajo Treaty of 1849, Sandoval returned to his home along the Río Puerco. He remained friendly with the Americans, agreeing to serve as a scout for another campaign in early 1850. When the grass was high enough to feed the horses, Lieutenant John Buford launched an expedition against Navajo raiders who had stolen 15,000 head of sheep. Buford enlisted Sandoval and some of his men, who led the army into battle. The Americans and the *Diné Ana' a'íí* sent spies to survey the situation. Sandoval urged Buford to begin operations against these Navajos, assuring the officer that the army and its scouts could capture "5 times as many sheep and horses . . . stolen this year." Buford requested permission to launch a campaign and asked for money to hire Sandoval and twenty members of his band. No evidence exists that Buford and Sandoval ever made the campaign, but the inci-

May 1987

dent demonstrates Sandoval's willingness to cooperate with whites and share intelligence with the Americans.

Sandoval often operated independently against other Navajos, without the support of the United States Army. He felt that Navajo hostiles should "be whipped badly." He urged his people to destroy the cornfields of the others and to take their sheep, cattle, and horses. In turn, Navajos retaliated against the *Diné Ana' a'íí*, stealing their animals.

SANDOVAL countered, launching his own reprisals. On one occasion he retaliated with a "foray made on Laguna Colorado, bringing back captives and horses." During the attack, Sandoval and his band killed a Navajo and took everything including horses, cattle, sheep, children, women, and "even the sheepskins we slept on." On another raid, Sandoval took a herd of sheep, cattle, and horses, as well as "several scalps" and eighteen captives. The captive women and children were sold into slavery.

Sandoval, described by the Reverend Hiram Read as "a famous half-tamed Navajo chief," once sold several slaves on the auction block of Cebolleta. One young Navajo boy, eighteen years old, sold for \$30. In February 1858, the *Diné Ana' a'íí* sold a Navajo girl for \$150.

Sandoval's enterprise was not without cost. On another slave raid in March 1851, Sandoval took eighteen captives, but the Navajos killed at least one of his men. Others lost their lives on such expeditions. Many Navajos hated Sandoval for his slave raids. Colonel Daniel Chandler commented that "the hostile Navajos" hated Sandoval so much that they were "extremely desirous of his scalp." The Navajos never took Sandoval's scalp, but they continued their age-old raids.

In November of 1850, Navajo marauders captured 2,000 sheep from ranches located south of Socorro,

New Mexico. The Prefect of Valencia County, Roman Luna, organized a volunteer force to retaliate. Luna's citizen army set out for Cebolleta to ask Colonel Chandler for aid. The Prefect also asked Chandler to send his troops to punish the Navajos. The colonel refused, so Luna led nearly 300 men against the Indians. Sandoval and forty *Diné Ana' aii* joined the expedition.

Dividing his men into several small segments, Luna dealt a severe blow to the Navajos. Luna and Sandoval captured 150 horses, 5,000 sheep, and 28 slaves. The New Mexicans and the *Diné Ana' aii* suffered no casualties in the campaign. But on their trip back to the settlements, they were attacked. Seven New Mexicans who had rested without posting guards were killed. Sandoval and his warriors returned to their homes unharmed.

Sandoval made war for economic and political reasons, but some Americans questioned his loyalty to the United States. As Colonel Edwin V. Sumner said, "Sandoval may be ostensibly at war with the one portion of his Tribe but at peace and in communication with the other." Military officials feared that the chief passed information along to the Navajos, sharing intelligence about the movement of troops, which he probably did, selectively. This earned Sandoval the reputation of "an unprincipled scoundrel" responsible for "getting up numerous difficulties in order to benefit himself." According to Major Henry L. Kendrick: "too much secrecy cannot be observed, otherwise through the Mexicans and Sandoval's band, the Navajoes will know it before we are prepared for it." Yet within the same document, the officer suggested that Sandoval's people might "be induced to take part in the [upcoming] contest" as spies, scouts, and interpreters for the Americans.

Thus, the Americans had a love-hate relationship with the *Diné Ana' aii*. The Americans stood against them at times but with them most often. As Colonel Chandler suggested, Sandoval could "be trusted as a guide, because he knows it to be to his interest to render us service, and to live on good terms with us." For their service, Sandoval and his people received a grant for the lands they had claimed for years. The Navajo Treaty of December 25, 1858, guaranteed Sandoval's lands "in consideration of his and their past fidelity and good conduct."

The influence of the Enemy Navajos declined after 1858. Sandoval's untimely death in February 1859, contributed most to the band's problems. He died trying to ride a half-broken horse. The horse threw Sandoval to the ground and kicked him. The accident occurred west of Albuquerque, where a Navajo medicine man performed a healing ceremony for Sandoval. The leader died despite the efforts and was buried near his home at Canyoncito. Sandoval's band had difficulty dealing with Navajos, Anglos, and Hispanos after the chief's death. Other men led the band—Andres, Poha Conta, and Pino Baca—but they did not possess Sandoval's abilities.



Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives
Cayatanita, a brother of Manuelito, was a member of the delegation to Washington, D.C.

The *Diné Ana' aii* cooperated with Colonel Edward R.S. Canby in his war against the Navajos in 1860, a war which might have been the final episode in the long conflict had the American Civil War not occurred. In 1861 the Confederates invaded New Mexico, and troops were drawn away from the Navajo frontier to meet the invading force under Henry Hopkins Sibley. Navajo raids increased, particularly after New Mexican volunteers killed 12 Navajos and enslaved 112 others at Fort Fauntleroy. With the aid of Colorado volunteers, Colonel Canby defeated the Confederates in New Mexico at the Battle of Glorieta Pass.

WHEN THE ARMY reassigned Canby, the New Mexico command, which included Arizona, went to General James H. Carleton. With the Confederates defeated, Carleton turned his large volunteer force against the hostile Indians—Navajos and Mescalero Apaches. Carleton chose Kit Carson to lead the campaigns against both tribes, but Carleton directed the wars. He also planned and ordered the removal of the Mescaleros and Navajos to the Bosque Redondo Reservation located along the Pecos River in eastern New Mexico. On August 27, 1863, Carleton had the first Navajos removed, ordering the relocation of fifty-one men, women, and children of Sandoval's former band. Soon after, another ninety-six people from the Enemy Navajos were removed. Carleton ordered the soldiers to remove all of the *Diné Ana' aii*, but Carson used some of them as spies, guides, and interpreters.

Despite their allegiance to the United States, the *Diné Ana' aii* suffered the same fate as all other Navajos. They were the first to be removed to Fort Sumner, a military post built at the Bosque Redondo. Their alliance with the Americans and New Mexicans did not save them from the ravages of the Kit Carson Campaign or removal.

The Navajos who were incarcerated *Hwééldi*, as the Indians called the Bosque, remained there until 1868. By order of a treaty negotiated that year by General William Tecumseh Sherman, the Navajos were to return to a small portion of their former lands in Arizona and New Mexico. Members of the *Diné Ana' aii* returned to their own lands at Canyoncito, New Mexico, disregarding the reservation boundaries outlined by the government.

As the years passed after 1868, the United States recognized their claim to that land. Today, their territory is part of that segment of the Navajo Reservation known as the "checkerboard" area. Descendants of the Enemy Navajos still live there, but since the days of the Long Walk Era, they have become an integral part of the larger Navajo population.

SOURCES

Records of the United States Army Continental Commands, 1821-1920, National Archives, Record Group 393.

May 1987



Smithsonian Institution National Anthropological Archives, Bureau of American Ethnology Collection

Manuelito was a noted war chief from 1855-72. He and his wife fought Sandoval and the enemy Navajos.

Records of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, New Mexico Superintendency, National Archives, Record Group 75.

New Mexico State Records Center and Archives, Santa Fe: "Report of a Meeting between Vizcarra and the Navajos" and "Record of Navajo Activities Affecting the Acoma-Luguna Area."

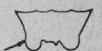
Abel, Annie H., comp. and ed., *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun While Indian Agent at Santa Fe and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico*. Washington, DC: Government Printing Office, 1915.

Trafzer, Clifford E. *The Kit Carson Campaign: The Last Great Navajo War*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1982.

Correll, J. Lee. *Through White Man's Eyes*. Window Rock, AZ: Navajo Heritage Center, 1976.

Sandoval—Traitor or Patriot? Window Rock, AZ: The Navajo Tribe, 1970.

McNitt, Frank. *Navajo Wars*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1972.



Cyrus and Nellie and the Vigilantes

By R.E. MATHER

Photos Courtesy of F.E. Boswell

That same spring, in addition to his good luck at the mines—or, realistically speaking, because of it—Cyrus met and fell in love with Nellie, reputedly the prettiest girl in town. His generosity, jovial disposition, and muscular physique won her away from numerous suitors.

When Montana vigilantes went on their historic hanging spree in January 1864, one of their most colorful victims was a jovial saloon keeper named Cyrus Skinner. He was hanged at the village of Hell Gate, near the present-day Missoula, two weeks after the execution of Bannack's Sheriff Henry Plummer and deputies.

Though vigilantes claimed Skinner belonged to a road agent gang directed by Sheriff Plummer, the only specific crime charged to Cyrus was planning the robbery of the Lloyd Magruder party. Magruder, a wealthy merchant from Lewiston, had taken a pack train of merchandise across the mountains to sell in the booming gold town of Virginia City. On the return trip, Magruder was brutally murdered, his assailants making off with his bounteous profits. Up until the moment of his death, however, Cyrus Skinner denied any connection with that sordid crime.

The issue of Cyrus's involvement in the Magruder atrocity can be settled by referring to records of the trial being held in Lewiston at the very time the vigilantes were rounding up suspects on the other side of the mountains. During the Magruder trial, the name of the saloon keeper did indeed come up. Witness Bill Page, present on the ill-fated trip, testified that before setting out with Magruder, he lived in Virginia City, sleeping in a bunk at a saloon owned by Cyrus Skinner. Other than this single reference, Cyrus's name does not appear in trial testimony. Witness Page goes

on to say that after they were on the trail, certain members of the party stated a desire to rob Magruder. Doc Howard, who clerked at Magruder's Virginia City store and also slept there, informed Bill Page that his boss had "a great deal of money," which he and his two friends "meant to have."

A few days after that revelation, the three friends bashed in Magruder's skull with an axe and also killed his four companions, dumping all five bodies over a cliff into the snowdrifts below. Taking Page along and promising him a cut of the loot, they fled to San Francisco, where Howard deposited the gold dust at the mint. Before the dust could be coined, authorities arrested the four men and returned them to Lewiston to stand trial. An accomplice, Bill Page was given his freedom in exchange for his testimony, while the three men who actually had participated in the murders—Howard, Lowry, and Romaine—were hanged. Shortly before their death, Lowry and Romaine confirmed the truth of Page's trial testimony. Apparently Doc Howard was responsible for both plotting and directing the Magruder crime, and Cyrus Skinner was, as he vainly attempted to convince the vigilantes, innocent of any involvement.

Though there was no specific crime to pin on Cyrus in Montana, unknown to the Vigilantes, he had acquired an unusual criminal record elsewhere. Like many who joined the rush to the goldfields in the territories, Cyrus was an "Old Californian." Born in Ohio



The Meade Hotel and Skinner Saloon were once thriving businesses on Main Street in Bannack, Montana.

in 1832, he migrated to the Golden State as a young man, not to seek gold, but to acquire farmland. In that turbulent environment he was not long in getting into trouble. While farming in Yuba County, he was accused of theft, brought to trial, and sentenced to three years at state prison. Though following his death a rumor sprang up that Cyrus had ridden with the notorious Rattlesnake Dick in California, the specific wording of his grand larceny conviction in Yuba County suggests something less flamboyant. A more realistic guess would be the commonly reported crime of stealing a wagon and team of horses for use on his farm.

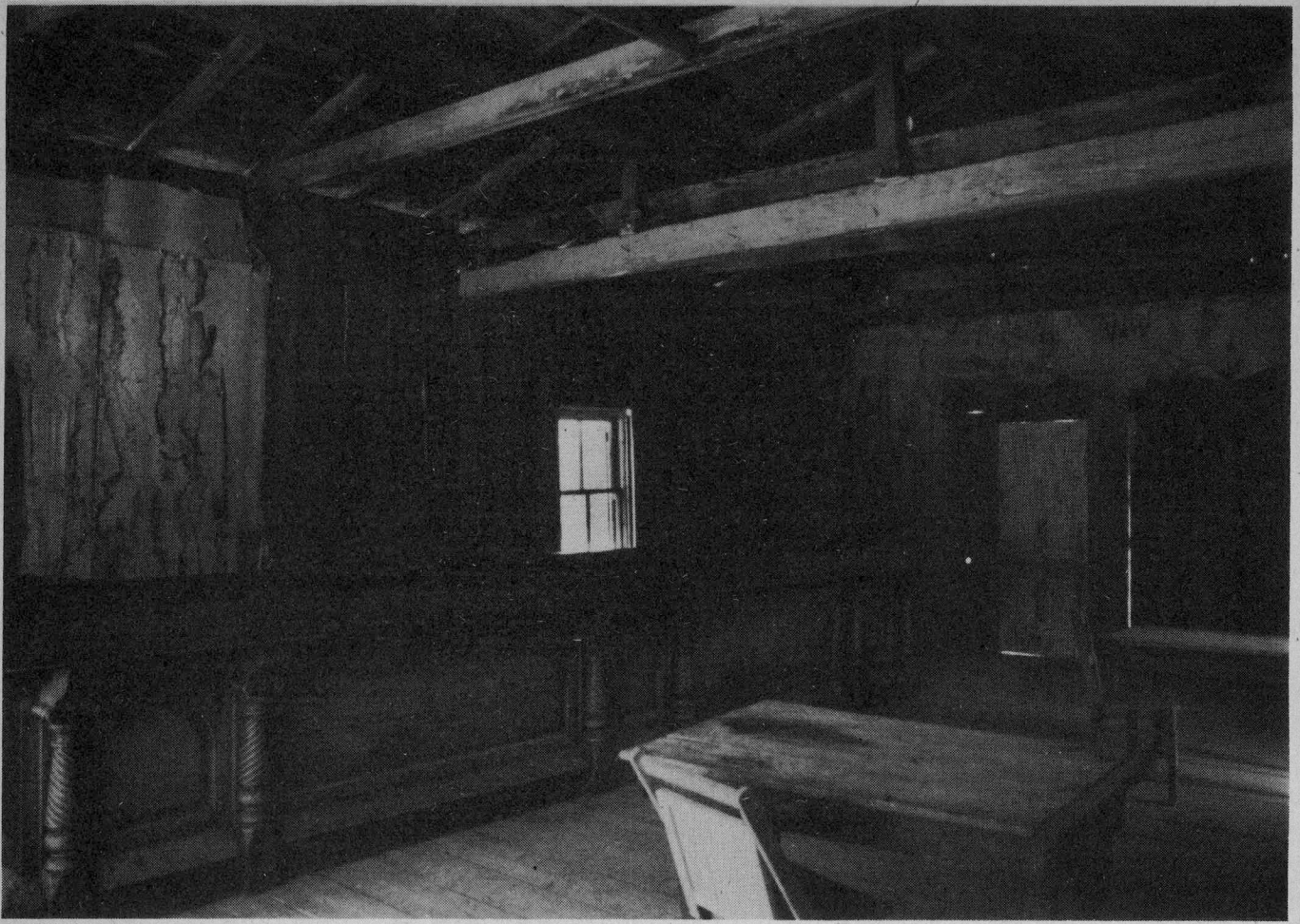
Cyrus's occupation in California may not have been as exciting as formerly believed, but his entrance records to San Quentin disclose he had made an effort to enliven a rather nondescript physical appearance by the addition of several tattoos. He was 5' 9" tall with a fair complexion, dark hair, and hazel eyes, but he wore on his right arm a blue-ink woman, and on his left a woman with child. The back of his left hand was similarly adorned with an ornate anchor and ring ensemble. Presumably while he toiled in the rock quarry on Marin Island with sleeves rolled above the elbow, his fellow inmates were properly impressed with the artwork on Cyrus's arms. In future years it would make a similar impression on customers leaning on his bar.

At the time of Cyrus's commitment to San Quen-

tin, it was leased to a private individual and conditions were deplorable. Prisoners were not issued uniforms but wore the same clothing as on admittance, no matter how tattered. Inmates were daily sent out as contract laborers, many barefoot and others with gunny sacks wound on their feet. The cells, intended to house four men but crowded to twice their capacity, were filthy and vermin-ridden, and blankets were a scarce commodity. The two daily meals frequently consisted of scanty helpings of bread and stale codfish, prepared in such unsanitary conditions that mass food poisoning broke out.

Naturally, under such conditions, escape attempts were common. By way of discouragement, a notice was posted inside each heavy, plate-iron door, warning that punishment for even an attempted escape was doubling of the original sentence. It went without saying that a visit would also be scheduled to the whipping room opposite the sparsely populated sick ward. In addition to those deterrents, security in the facility was tight. A journalist visiting the prison in 1855 wrote, "No one can believe it possible to break from the building itself." The flaw, however, was the difficulty of maintaining security during work details, and many prisoners, including Cyrus, took advantage of that weakness.

After his first successful escape, Cyrus found work as a laborer, using the alias Cyrus Peters. He was soon recaptured and returned to San Quentin to take his



The magnificent hardwood bar can still be seen in the interior of the Skinner saloon in Bannack, Montana.

punishment. Over the next few years, he followed the same pattern: escape, assumption of an alias (either Peters or Williamson), eventual recapture, and return to San Quentin. But after the fifth escape, which occurred May 11, 1860, Cyrus broke the mold by heading for the relative safety of the lawless territories. In 1861, he followed the gold rush to what is now northern Idaho, and at Florence, on a mountain top near the Salmon River Canyon, set up the first of his saloons. With thousands flocking to each new El Dorado, keeping bar in the gold camps was a most lucrative occupation.

When word reached Florence of the fabulous diggings on Grasshopper Creek, Cyrus caught the fever, packing his bags and entering the stream of gold-seekers flowing over the mountain. He had now established a new pattern—migrating to the site of each new gold strike and opening a business. By the first winter after the discovery at Bannack, he was providing hopeful miners with one of their basic needs.

His saloon on Yankee Flat was later relocated to the opposite side of the creek, where it still stands today in the ghost town of Bannack, silent testimony that Cyrus had his priorities in proper order: some of his ample profits were put into the beautification of the premises. The box-like structure was masked by the

addition of a false front, tastefully designed in a pattern of delicate carvings and unadorned columns. To better adapt the Greek Revival architectural style to the frontier environment, Cyrus tacked a huge set of elk antlers over the entrance.

PAINS WERE also taken with the saloon's interior decoration. A magnificent, hardwood bar stretched almost the entire length of the hall, and elegant, fringed curtains hung at the many-paned windows on each side of the front doors. Those attentions to niceties paid off in business, but a second factor contributed to the popularity of the saloon. Cyrus, a genial host and not particularly choosy about his customers, warmly accepted a clientele which left something to be desired as far as social graces. The Elkhorn soon earned a reputation as the liveliest—and roughest—saloon in town. Behind its gracefully carved double doors, altercations were not unusual, especially during the idle weeks of the first winter, when cabin fever ran rampant. Cyrus, hardened by surviving his sporadic incarcerations at San Quentin, could easily hold his own with even the rowdiest of his crowds, but in most cases he preferred using tact rather than brawn. His general practice was to make peace all around by setting up drinks on the house.

Though he became skillful at patching up quarrels between men engaged in heavy drinking, there was no way to prevent their eruption. One such squabble developed when Buck Stinson, who kept a barber chair in the front corner of the saloon, reprimanded a man for speaking too crossly to a boy. For days after, Buck and the crochety man toted guns and bowies, swearing to blow the other away on sight. Finally, Henry Plummer was able to persuade Buck to apologize to his sworn enemy, who readily accepted.

All the disputes at the Elkhorn did not end so favorably. The best example of a minor disagreement which blossomed into a full-blown shootout was the Sapp and Banfield incident, in which a disputed poker hand resulted in the deaths of two men and a shepherd dog who frequented the saloon for warmth and good company. The following day Cyrus negotiated a reconciliation of the survivors by cooling hot tempers with free drinks.

THOUGH THE two casualties of the Banfield-Sapp quarrel ended up on Boot Hill, the majority of Bannack residents made it through the long winter of 1862-63. In the welcome spring, all busied themselves in the search for rich mining claims. Cyrus was lucky enough to buy into a claim only four miles out of Bannack; it turned out to be one of the heaviest producers in the area. After visiting the mine, a Sacramento news correspondent described it as "one of the richest in Idaho Territory." According to the article he dispatched home, the four laborers working the mine had washed out \$1,850 one Saturday afternoon, and owners had refused an offer of \$25,000 for half the claim.

That same spring, in addition to his good luck at the mines—or, realistically speaking, because of it—Cyrus met and fell in love with Nellie, reputedly the prettiest girl in town. His generosity, jovial disposition, and muscular physique won her away from numerous suitors, but Cyrus possessed another admirable trait which no doubt impressed Nellie: he held women in high esteem. On the single occasion when he had severely offended a lady, he immediately set things right.

The humiliating experience occurred following a series of conflicts between whites and Bannock Indians: the kidnapping of a white child, several horse thefts, and the massacre of a party of men who rode after the stolen horses. Cyrus, persuaded action should be taken to prevent further trouble, called a meeting at his saloon to develop a plan of strategy. Though the majority gathered in the hall were in favor, at least during planning stages, of a retaliatory attack on the Indians, the elected leaders became too drunk to carry out the project and it was abandoned.

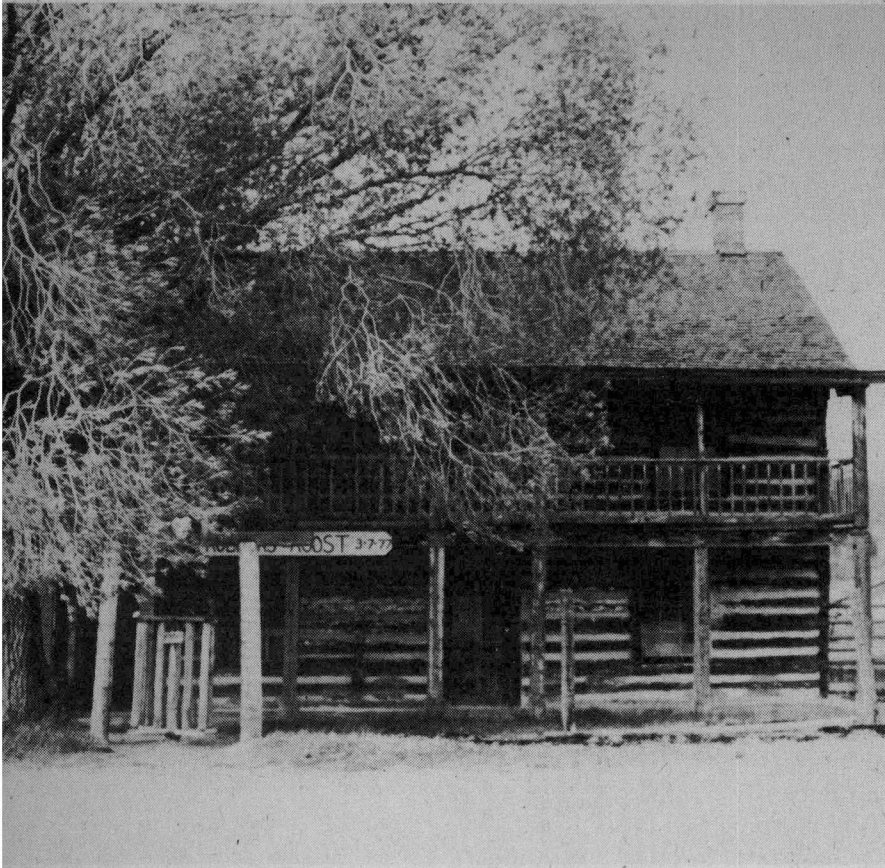
A few nights later, with hostility for the unpunished Indians still festering in the back of his mind, Cyrus fired a pistol shot over the heads of a party camped near the saloon. But the party turned out not to be Bannocks as he thought, but a group of new arrivals

living out of wagon beds. The shot passed so near one of those standing around the bonfire that the man's ear stung for days after. When the man with the smarting ear informed Cyrus his shot had come close to "winging" Mrs. Biddle, who was expecting a child soon and nearly fainted with fright, Cyrus was painfully ashamed. He insisted he would not harm a woman for the world and quickly attempted to make up for his carelessness by offering her husband a drink. The husband accepted on grounds he was afraid of angering Cyrus if he refused.

Quite possibly Cyrus's "chere amie," as the locals referred to her, was the legendary beauty, Nellie Paget, who had come West with her sister and brother-in-law in the spring of 1863, taking work as a dance partner in a Bannack hurdy-gurdy house. Nellie Paget's true name was Helen Patterson, and she was from a small town in Illinois. Though she had promised to return

Bannack's Hangman's Gulch was the location of the hanging of Sheriff Henry Plummer by a vigilante mob.





Pete Daly's station for the Virginia City stage was nicknamed Robber's Roost because, like Cyrus Skinner's saloons, it was suspected of being a meeting place for road agents.



Bannack's Graveyard Hill was the final resting place of Nellie Paget. In the

and marry her girlhood sweetheart, Howard Humphrey, at Bannack she soon forgot him. Her rare beauty and graceful dancing form quickly caught the fancy of the single males, who so the legend goes, were driven nearly wild by a distracted air and faraway look in her eyes, which made her seem remote and mysterious.

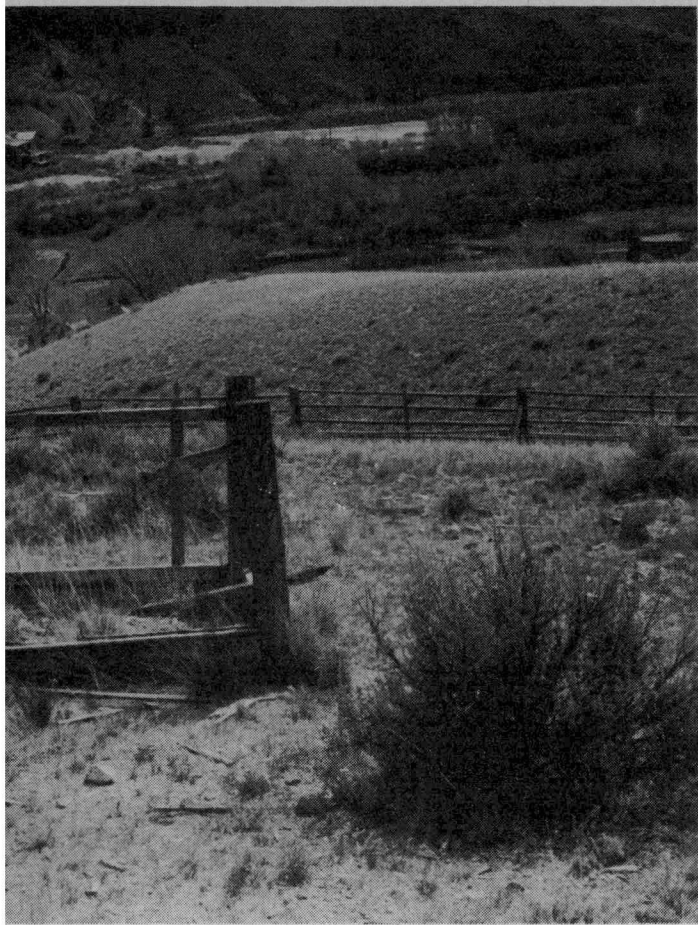
Though there is no proof that Cyrus's Nellie and Nellie Paget are one and the same person, several arguments can be made for the case. In its heyday as a roaring mining camp, Bannack had few female residents, and even fewer who were single. Accounts left of the early days mention only one single woman named Nellie, Cyrus's friend, not bothering to give her last name, as though she were well known in the camp. It is not likely that a more respectable woman would have teamed up with Cyrus, and had there been another dance hall girl named Nellie, Helen Patterson probably would not have assumed the same name. Even more convincing, the legend of Nellie Paget, though not mentioning specific persons, states she had friends among those hanged as road agents.

With the discovery of gold in Alder Gulch, about seventy-five miles east of Bannack, many residents moved on to better diggings. Cyrus, willing to go wherever gold dust would be flowing freely, set up a saloon at Virginia City. Like his Bannack saloon, the

new establishment provided sleeping bunks for those who had no permanent housing, and Bill Page began sleeping there.

Soon after, Cyrus opened a third saloon in the area, at Hell Gate, ninety miles northwest of Deer Lodge. He made the third location his place of residence, taking Nellie along with him and providing her with a cabin. Their future looked bright. With drinks at seventy-five cents each and a bottle of champagne at twelve dollars, the saloons were bound to prosper for as long as mining continued. Looking back at what he had accomplished in the thirty-one years of his life, Cyrus must have felt considerable pride. He was a poor boy who had come West looking for cheap farmland, only to get into serious trouble with the law, but he had overcome all obstacles, fighting his way to the top as a wealthy mine owner and main street merchant. His string of successes in the sixties may have dulled the nagging anxiety that one day authorities from California would show up at the saloon and whisk him off to San Quentin to serve his long sentence accumulated there in the fifties.

With the formation of the Montana vigilance organization, all that might have been for Cyrus and Nellie was dashed into the realm of never-to-be. The vigilantes included Cyrus in their roundup because one of their first victims, a bartender named Red Yeager,



background is mine-scarred Bannack peak, the quartz mill, and Grasshopper Creek.

supposedly revealed the startling fact that the criminal element had united into a sophisticated organization, complete with an elaborate spy network for gathering intelligence. Red Yeager listed himself and twenty-seven others, including Cyrus Skinner, as members of the outlaw band, allegedly directed by Sheriff Plummer. In return for this information, Red Yeager asked for a suspended sentence, but his request was not granted. Vigilantes hanged him on the limb of a cottonwood tree and went in pursuit of others on his list.

WHETHER RED YEAGER actually confessed to the existence of a road agent gang is debatable. We have only the word of his executioners, and in eight similar instances the vigilantes' reports of their victims' confessions have proven unreliable. The cases in point are the reported confessions of five men hanged jointly at Virginia City and three at Bannack. Two individuals recruited as guards at these executions wrote, one in his diary and the other in a news article, that, contrary to the vigilante report, all eight men insisted they were innocent to the end.

A second reason for doubting that Red Yeager made such a confession is in the nature of the crimes themselves. Though described in detail as justification for the vigilantes' actions, the two stage-holdups and

May 1987

nine robberies committed during Sheriff Plummer's administration were small-time operations with little or no advance planning and no connection to each other. As author Dan Cushman has pointed out, there are no signs of any organization of the road agents; the crimes appear to have occurred spontaneously, often after a traveler set himself up by carelessly flashing a heavy poke in sight of unscrupulous onlookers.

Though no evidence existed of a robber gang or of Cyrus's involvement in any of the individual robberies, what the vigilantes actually held against the saloon keeper was a belief that he was a man of "bad character." As phrased by Thomas Dimsdale in *Vigilantes of Montana*, his book in defense of the vigilance movement, "the poisonous liquors," sold in the saloons were responsible for driving "excitable men to madness and to the commission of homicide on the slightest provocation." Dimsdale, a pious Christian schoolteacher, goes on to say that the universal story of criminals who died on the scaffold was one of "habitual Sabbath breaking." It was true Cyrus not only broke the Sabbath himself, he also encouraged others to do so by keeping his saloons open. In fact Sunday was the busiest day of the week.

Though Wilbur Sanders, prosecutor for the vigilantes, was more tolerant than Dimsdale, admitting the saloons served a useful social function in the gold camps, even for Sons of Temperance like himself,

At Virginia City eleven days before hanging Skinner, vigilantes executed "Clubfoot George" Lane and four others.





Evidenced by the grave marker in the cemetery at Florence, Idaho, cabin fever during the bitterly cold winter of 1862 frequently erupted in gunfights.

he criticized certain saloons as being "bad." Cyrus' establishments fell into this latter category. They were considered to be places where roughs could gather and plot crimes, and the Vigilante Executive Committee, of which Wilbur Sanders was a member, ordered an armed party to ride to Hell Gate.

The party found Cyrus standing in the doorway of his saloon, looking out, and surrounded him, ordering him to throw up his hands. Nellie, trying to make light of the situation, sarcastically inquired if they had learned their jargon from the folks who held up the Bannack stage. The armed men, however, were in no mood for joking and marched Cyrus, along with Alex Carter, to the general store to stand trial. While proceedings were in progress, Nellie appeared at the door, begging to be allowed to speak for her lover, but she was not permitted to testify. An escort forcibly returned her to the cabin, attempting to distract her from Cyrus' predicament by commenting that a wounded man she was tending inside seemed to be suffering badly. Nellie answered bitterly, "By _____, there are two outside suffering a _____ sight worse."

Alex Carter took his approaching death lightly, commenting, "Tight papers, ain't it, boys?" and then requesting a smoke. Cyrus held his life in higher regard. He insisted he did not belong to any gang, he had not planned any robberies, and he wanted to live. His accusers did not see matters his way and voted to hang him. Though it was after midnight, the two condemned men were walked toward the corral. Cyrus, accepting his death sentence but preferring to die from gunshots rather than the hard jolt at the end of a rope, broke free from the armed men, running and shouting back to them, "Shoot! Shoot!"

They had no intentions of letting him off so easily and tackled him in the snow, continuing the death

march to the corral gate, where they had propped two poles, tied ropes to the extended ends, and placed wooden boxes under each dangling noose. As he was ordered to step onto the boxes, Cyrus again tried to break and run, but was roughly overpowered. Within a circle of burning torches, his executioners draped a handkerchief over his face, slipped on the noose and cinched it tight at the throat. Then they instructed him to jump. He hit the end of the short rope with the words "I am innocent" on his lips. His dream had come to its end, and Nellie was suddenly left without the man of her life.

If Cyrus Skinner's lover was in fact Nellie Paget, she could have returned to her former job as a dancing partner after his death. Nellie Paget died only three months after Cyrus, shot by a jealous admirer when she turned her attentions to the man she was dancing with. The shot struck her in the heart, and she fell dead to the dance hall floor. Some fifty years later, her sweetheart from Illinois traveled to Bannack, hiring a car in Butte and picking up a guide at Deer Lodge. The guide led the aged Howard Humphrey to the cemetery, pointing out a weathered wooden marker, carved, "Nellie Paget, Age 22, Shot April 22, 1864."

The stories of Nellie Paget, dancing girl laid to rest amidst the scraggly sagebrush of Bannack's graveyard hill, and Cyrus Skinner, saloon keeper dumped in an unmarked grave after being hanged by vigilantes, reflect the violence commonly resorted to in the gold camps, even by those who claimed to support law and order. As in the cases of Cyrus and Nellie, that violence cut short the same dream that had inspired other settlers to make the long, difficult trip to the frontier—the dream of a new and better life in the West.

SOURCES

In addition to contemporary newspaper accounts and documents, the following sources were used in the preparation of this article.

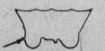
Cushman, Dan. *Montana: The Gold Frontier*. Great Falls: Stay Away, Joe Publishers, 1973.

Dimsdale, Thomas J. *Vigilantes of Montana*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1953.

Langford, Nathan P. *Vigilante Days and Ways*. Boston: Cupples, 1890.

Sanders, Wilbur F. "Early History of Montana." In *Governor's Wife on the Mining Frontier*, James L. Thane, Jr., ed. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Library Press, 1976.

Wilkins, James H. "The Evolution of a State Prison." *San Francisco Bulletin*, 1 and 6 July 1918.



RELICS

A LINK TO OUR PIONEER HERITAGE

ATTENTION, COLLECTORS

Order now, while our limited supply lasts, of these rare back issues of RELICS magazine.

From 1967 to 1978 Western Publications produced this unique magazine devoted entirely to antiques, treasures, artifacts, and other collectibles associated with the development of the American West. We are now offering all of our remaining stock of this rare publication exclusively to TRUE WEST readers for a limited time only.

Barbed wire, stagecoaches, bottles, coins, vintage calendars, cowboy relics, Folsom points, thresher machines, Indian blankets, wooden decoys, pulp magazines, and cider presses are just a small sampling of the wide variety of subjects covered in these fascinating magazines. Order 'em today before our supply is exhausted.

5 for \$5.00 30 for \$21.95
10 for \$8.95 40 for \$24.95
20 for \$15.95 OR

ALL 57
FOR \$28.50!!
50% OFF!

Issues Available

# 1 Sum. 1967	#21 June 1971	#36 Dec. 1973	#51 June 1976
# 3 Win. 1967	#22 Aug. 1971	#37 Feb. 1974	#52 Aug. 1976
# 4 Spr. 1968	#23 Oct. 1971	#38 Apr. 1974	#53 Oct. 1976
# 5 Sum. 1968	#24 Dec. 1971	#39 June 1974	#54 Dec. 1976
# 6 Fall 1968	#25 Feb. 1972	#40 Aug. 1974	#55 Feb. 1977
# 9 Sum. 1969	#26 Apr. 1972	#41 Oct. 1974	#56 Apr. 1977
#10 Aug. 1969	#27 June 1972	#42 Dec. 1974	#57 June 1977
#11 Oct. 1969	#28 Aug. 1972	#43 Feb. 1975	#58 Aug. 1977
#12 Dec. 1969	#29 Oct. 1972	#44 Apr. 1975	#59 Oct. 1977
#13 Feb. 1970	#30 Dec. 1972	#45 June 1975	#60 Dec. 1977
#14 Apr. 1970	#31 Feb. 1973	#46 Aug. 1975	#61 Feb. 1978
#15 June 1970	#32 Apr. 1973	#47 Oct. 1975	#62 Apr. 1978
#16 Aug. 1970	#33 June 1973	#48 Dec. 1975	
#19 Feb. 1971	#34 Aug. 1973	#49 Feb. 1976	
#20 Apr. 1971	#35 Oct. 1973	#50 Apr. 1976	

TW587

RELICS • P.O. Box 2107 • Stillwater, OK 74076

5 Issues — \$5.00
 10 Issues — \$8.95

20 Issues — \$15.95
 30 Issues — \$21.95

40 Issues — \$24.95
All 57 Issues — \$28.50
A 50% Savings!

Send me the following issues. I have ordered at least the minimum of 5 issues and have included \$1.00 for postage/handling for the first 5 and 10¢ for each additional magazine.

- | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> 1 | <input type="checkbox"/> 3 | <input type="checkbox"/> 4 | <input type="checkbox"/> 5 | <input type="checkbox"/> 6 | <input type="checkbox"/> 9 | <input type="checkbox"/> 10 | <input type="checkbox"/> 11 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 12 | <input type="checkbox"/> 13 | <input type="checkbox"/> 14 | <input type="checkbox"/> 15 | <input type="checkbox"/> 16 | <input type="checkbox"/> 19 | <input type="checkbox"/> 20 | <input type="checkbox"/> 21 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 22 | <input type="checkbox"/> 23 | <input type="checkbox"/> 24 | <input type="checkbox"/> 25 | <input type="checkbox"/> 26 | <input type="checkbox"/> 27 | <input type="checkbox"/> 28 | <input type="checkbox"/> 29 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 30 | <input type="checkbox"/> 31 | <input type="checkbox"/> 32 | <input type="checkbox"/> 33 | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 | <input type="checkbox"/> 35 | <input type="checkbox"/> 36 | <input type="checkbox"/> 37 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 38 | <input type="checkbox"/> 39 | <input type="checkbox"/> 40 | <input type="checkbox"/> 41 | <input type="checkbox"/> 42 | <input type="checkbox"/> 43 | <input type="checkbox"/> 44 | <input type="checkbox"/> 45 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 46 | <input type="checkbox"/> 47 | <input type="checkbox"/> 48 | <input type="checkbox"/> 49 | <input type="checkbox"/> 50 | <input type="checkbox"/> 51 | <input type="checkbox"/> 52 | <input type="checkbox"/> 53 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 54 | <input type="checkbox"/> 55 | <input type="checkbox"/> 56 | <input type="checkbox"/> 57 | <input type="checkbox"/> 58 | <input type="checkbox"/> 59 | <input type="checkbox"/> 60 | <input type="checkbox"/> 61 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 62 | <input type="checkbox"/> ALL 57 ISSUES | | | | | | |

Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% tax. On foreign orders, write for shipping charge. U.S. funds only, please. Offer good through June 30, 1987.

\$ _____ Total Amount

Check or m.o. enclosed

VISA MC

Card# _____

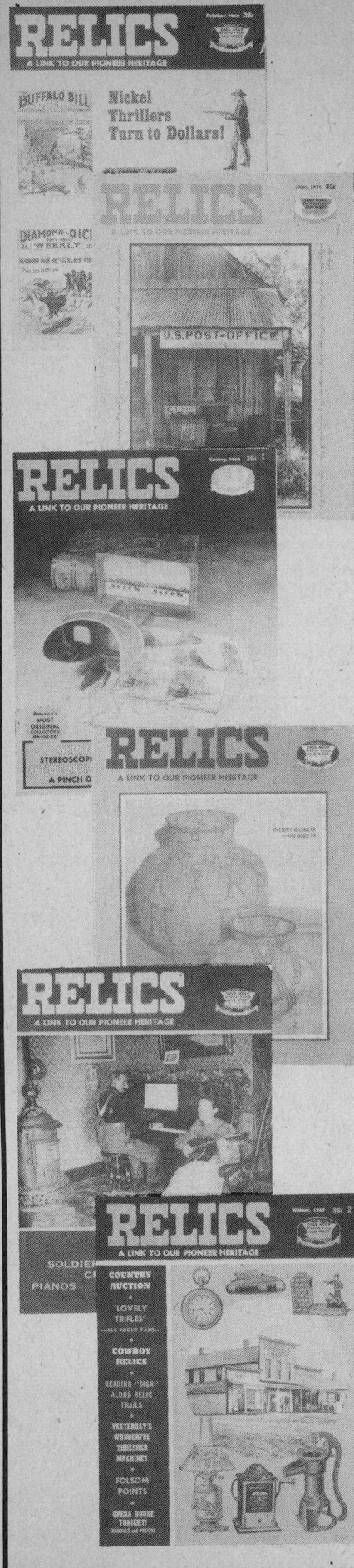
Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____



Shootout On N

By HAROLD L. EDWARDS

Photos Courtesy of California State Archives

Except Where Noted

On a January day in 1896, a California woodcutter named Dan McCall turned to his co-worker, Obie Britt, and asked, "Do you have the blood to make money without working for it?" Britt asked McCall how it could be done. The answer was simple: rob a train.

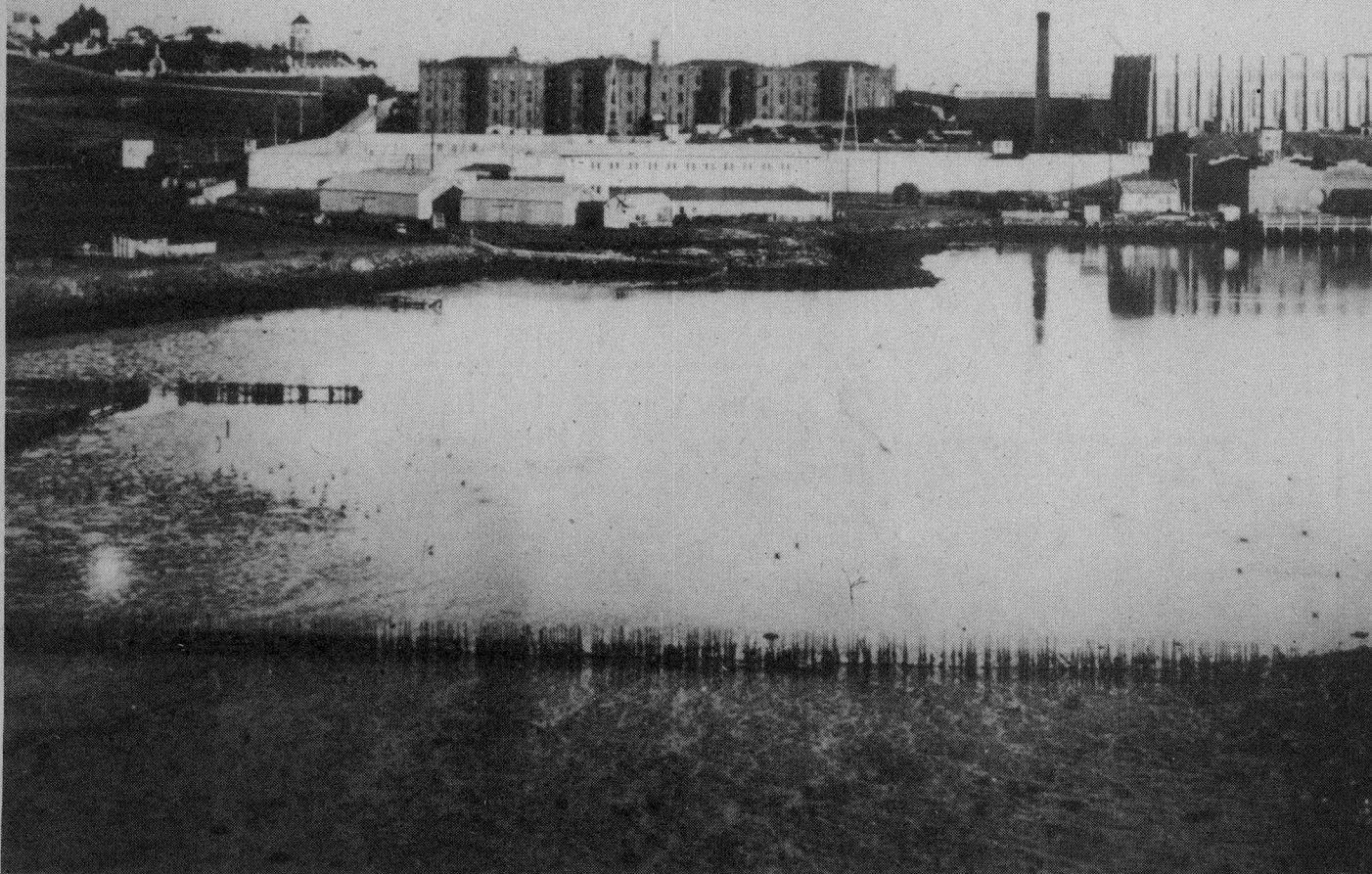
Dan McCall was from Santa Cruz. The native Californian was known as an

honest, hardworking man who caused no trouble. Later, however, Joe Arana, who grew up with McCall, claimed McCall once killed a rancher in Santa Cruz County during a dispute. He was found not guilty by a jury that felt the killing was in self-defense. In 1892, McCall and his wife separated.

Leaving their twenty-one-year-old son to reside with his mother in Santa Cruz,

McCall drifted southward into Tulare County, where he secured employment with a prominent and prosperous farmer named Ben Hicks. The virgin land around Visalia was covered by a forest of valley oak trees. The land needed to be cleared for farming, and wood was the major source for fuel, so McCall had steady work as a woodcutter. He quickly established himself as a good

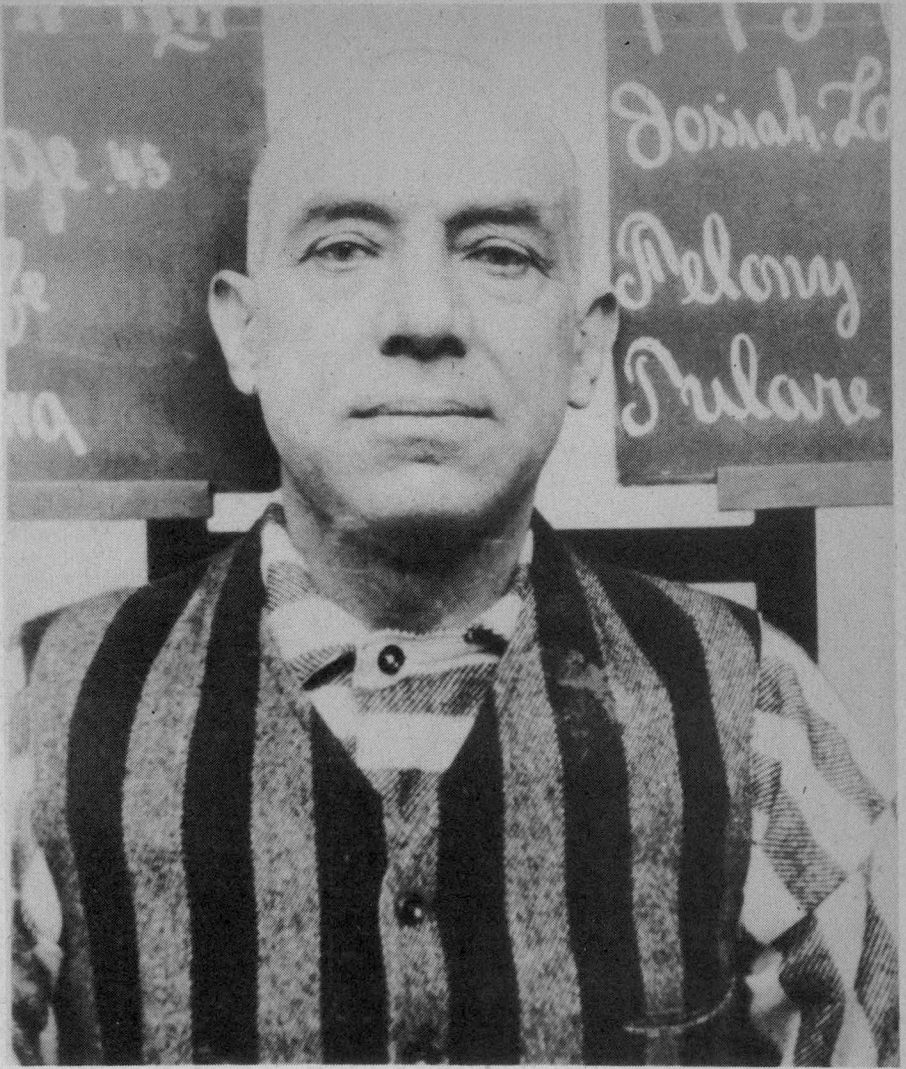
Suddenly, a masked man climbed over the tender to a point above the locomotive cab. Neither the trainmen who were intent on looking up the railroad tracks nor the officers sitting on the coal pile noticed him. "Throw up your hands you damned sons of bitches!" yelled the intruder.



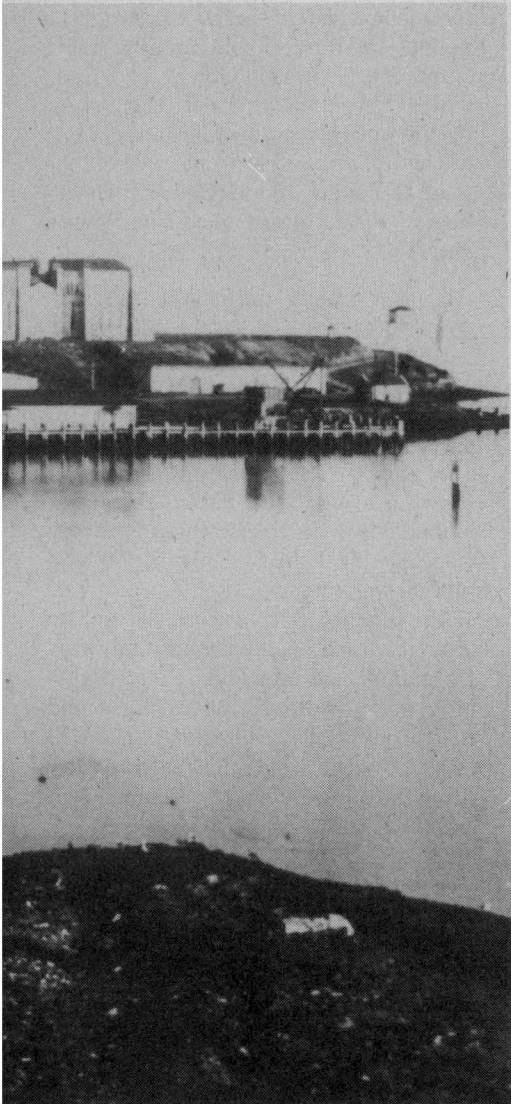
o. 19

worker and an honorable man.

During October of 1895, Obie Britt, an eighteen-year-old from Ferris, Texas, migrated to Visalia and also secured work as a woodcutter for Hicks. Young John Haynes from Missouri also worked part-time on the Hicks property in the same capacity. Clearing lands was hard work and McCall was interested in getting money an easier way.



Left: San Quentin Prison during the 1890s. Above: Josiah Lovern.



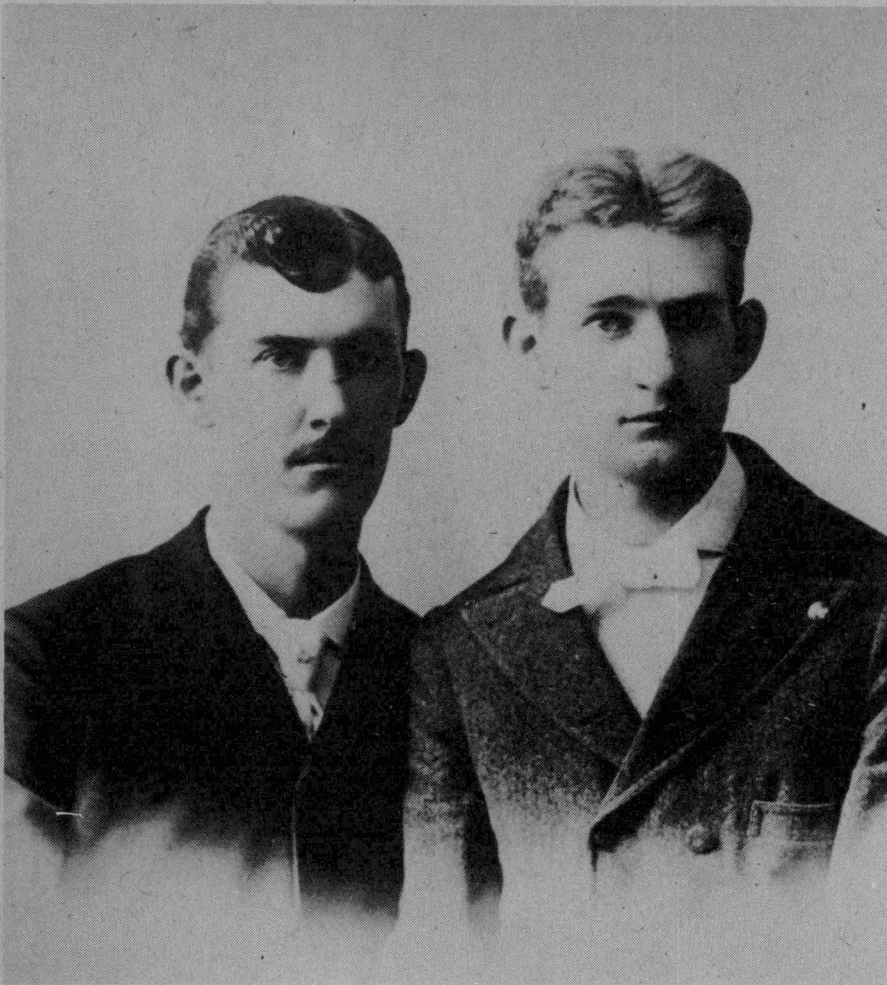
When McCall had initially suggested they could rob a train for their stake, Britt didn't take McCall seriously. He was unaware that McCall had already tried to make money the easy way. In late 1895, McCall's employer, Ben Hicks, had to make a trip to Fresno. McCall secreted himself along the route to the station in the dark. When Hicks and a companion drove by in a buggy, McCall would have stepped forth and robbed Hicks; however, when Hicks started to stop in response to the call, his companion urged him on, saying that if they stopped they would miss their train. Hicks drove on and McCall didn't make his "stake."

McCall was persuasive, and in a short time Britt was attracted to the idea of robbing a train. Assistance was needed and McCall approached Josiah Lovern. Lovern was a well-known Visalia saloonman who had an unsavory reputation. His place was known as a dive. In 1892,

he was suspected by Southern Pacific Railroad Company Special Officer Will Smith of passing 1,000 stolen fifty-cent coins through his saloon as change. The coins were part of the loot from the Colis train robbery in Fresno County earlier that year. His suspicions never could be proved, and Lovern was never arrested.

In January of 1896 Lovern's business license renewal application was rejected. He went to Kern County and worked for a time as a bartender in Bakersfield. In the meantime, Lovern's saloon partner, Charles Ardell, applied for the license and it was granted. Lovern returned to Visalia and resumed running his dive. Lovern was attracted to McCall's scheme and, in fact, may have originated the idea. Ardell was brought on board and Haynes also was asked to help. At first Haynes was hesitant but soon agreed to assist.

A plan was developed. Lovern would



Jeff Edwards

Earl Daggett (left) and Victor Reed (right) shot it out with Dan McCall on train Number 19.

furnish the weapons, which he kept in a rack in his saloon. He would also get red cloth to cover a lantern which would be used to flag down the train. He may have agreed also to use his horses and buggy as transportation to and from the robbery scene. Lovern showed McCall a Parker shotgun, a Ballard rifle, and a Marlin rifle, which McCall accepted for the job. The rifles needed repairs, so Lovern had cohort Billy Ross take them to a local gunsmith. Lovern sent his violin player, J.L. Pattee, to Wood's Store to get some red cloth. Pattee didn't know what kind of cloth Lovern wanted, and he returned empty-handed. Lovern then went to the Sol Sweet store and purchased a yard and a half of red cheesecloth from clerk Len Goldstein. He made a point of telling Goldstein that he needed the cloth to decorate his saloon.

The plan called for McCall, Britt, Lovern, Ardell, and Haynes to station themselves along the Southern Pacific tracks north of Tulare late at night. Lovern and Ardell would wave the

lantern to stop the train. McCall and Britt would board the locomotive and cover the engineer and fireman with their weapons. Haynes and the other two men would intimidate the passengers and prevent interference by shooting at random. McCall and Britt would escort the trainmen to the express car, where the messenger would be overpowered and the safe blown.

The culprits would vanish into the night, returning to their own homes and occupations. At a later date they would divide the proceeds according to prearranged terms. However, as the plan was further discussed McCall and Lovern began talking about killing the train crew: Britt had second thoughts about his involvement. He kept his views to himself and quietly passed word of the plan and its participants to Tulare County Sheriff A.P. Merritt. Merritt notified the railroad company and officers in the adjacent areas of the plan, and all of them settled to await further word from Britt.

The perpetrators finally agreed to

hold up train Number 20, northbound out of Tulare about 2:00 a.m. on March 19, 1896. The place would be Tagus switch. Britt informed Sheriff Merritt, who advised him to go along with the bandits. On the morning of the eighteenth, Eugene Requard, a Lovern dive hanger-on known as "Frenchy," reclaimed the repaired rifles, and McCall and Lovern inspected them in Lovern's saloon. They were in good condition and, with most of the red cheesecloth, they were taken to the McCall cabin on the Hicks ranch. Britt supplied the lantern which he purchased at the Sweet store, and Haynes provided some blasting powder to open the safe.

In the meantime, Sheriff Merritt organized a reception for the bandits when they stopped the train. On the evening of the eighteenth, the officers left their homes singly and met at a farm on the southern outskirts of Visalia. A horse-drawn conveyance transported them to Tulare, where they waited to board train Number 20. Two deputies, Victor Reed and Earl Daggett, rode a train from Visalia six miles west to Goshen and in secret waited at the depot to board southbound train Number 19 to ride down to Tulare, where they would meet the posse. Friends of the outlaws observed some of the officers' actions and passed the word to Lovern and McCall that the officers were acting suspiciously. Lovern and Ardell decided not to go.

ON THE eighteenth, Haynes heard McCall say that "third parties were always dangerous" and that he always viewed them with a degree of distrust. Haynes saw himself as "the third party" and became uneasy about his own safety. That evening, instead of showing at McCall's cabin, he accompanied his wife to a Salvation Army meeting in Tulare. Only Britt and McCall were present. McCall was aware of the officer's activity but decided to move forward on the robbery anyway. He changed the plan and instead of robbing northbound Number 20, he and Britt would rob southbound Number 19 out of Goshen. Since it was an earlier train, the robbery could be accomplished and the bandits gone before the officers in Tulare knew what happened.

About 8:00 p.m., McCall and Britt left the McCall cabin and walked to Goshen. They took only their weapons as they intended to board the train at the depot rather than stopping it enroute. They also planned to walk from the scene of the crime. As they walked along the road near Goshen, a horse drawn vehi-

cle approached them. McCall and Britt hid behind the railroad embankment that ran parallel to the road. McCall drew a bead on the buggy with his rifle. It seemed obvious that McCall was going to shoot. Britt fired his shotgun at McCall's head, but the shot missed. The buggy drove on, and McCall upbraided Britt for being careless with his weapon. Apparently McCall thought officers were in the vehicle and they were coming to arrest him. The bandits walked on the short distance to the Goshen depot and hid to wait for the train.

The southbound train was on time. While it was at the depot deputies Reed and Daggett slipped onto the tender. They sat on the coal, near enough to the locomotive cab to absorb some of the heat from the firebox. Just after midnight the train left the station. As it passed the coal bunkers McCall stepped aboard the ladder on the baggage car. Britt remained on the ground, and after the train left he went to the station agent and informed him of the new developments. The agent wired, "SHERIFF MERRITT: TULARE; I AM INFORMED BY OBIE BRITT THAT MCCALL IS ON #19. LOOK OUT FOR HIM. MCCALL SUPPOSED MR. BRITT WOULD ASSIST HIM IN HOLDUP: AGENT." Sheriff Merritt, knowing deputies Reed and Daggett were on Number 19 and did not suspect anything amiss, was alarmed. He could do nothing but wait. The sheriff and his posse spent "anxious moments, indeed."

As the train moved along, Deputies Reed and Daggett hunched down into their coats to protect themselves from the cold March wind. Although both men were excellent and competent officers, neither of them were alert. Suddenly, a masked man climbed over the tender to a point above the locomotive cab. Neither the trainmen who were intent on looking up the railroad tracks nor the officers sitting on the coal pile noticed him. "Throw up your hands you damned sons of bitches!" yelled McCall. The trainmen turned and in the vague light from the firebox saw the bandit standing on the tender with his rifle and revolver pointed at them. The gunman, however, hadn't seen the officers, and at his command they also turned toward him.

Both McCall and the officers were surprised. McCall snapped a shot at the lawmen with his rifle and hit Reed in the shoulder. While falling over from the impact of the shot, Reed fired at McCall with his shotgun. He missed. McCall yelled, "Why don't you shoot? Why

don't you shoot?" He must have assumed that Britt was just behind him. Daggett directly confronted McCall, who fired his revolver. The bullet struck the officer in the chest. Daggett, though badly wounded, fired his shotgun at McCall, striking him in the lower abdomen and groin. McCall leaped into the air, tumbled to the side of the tender and rolled over the side.

While the shooting was going on, the trainmen climbed out on the front catwalks along the boiler. The train careened down the tracks unattended at forty miles per hour. After the shooting stopped, the engineer and fireman returned to their posts and resumed control of the train. Engineer Wright asked Reed if he should stop the train and return back up tracks to get the bandit's body. Realizing that Daggett was badly wounded, Reed replied, "The body can wait—go on to Tulare." Daggett was placed in a reclining position on the fireman's bench near the firebox and made as comfortable as possible over the remaining miles into Tulare.

McCall snapped a shot at the lawmen with his rifle and hit Reed in the shoulder. While falling over from the impact of the shot, Reed fired at McCall with his shotgun. He missed. McCall yelled, "Why don't you shoot? Why don't you shoot?"

At Tulare, Daggett was rushed to a local hotel room and two local physicians were called to treat his wound. Reed was also given medical attention while he made his report to Sheriff Merritt. Merritt wired his officers in Visalia to arrest Lovern and Ardell immediately.

In the meantime, Britt surrendered to Goshen Constable John Nutter, who confiscated the Parker shotgun and two revolvers from him. Britt told Nutter about the whole affair, including his shot at McCall earlier. Nutter recalled hearing the shot but thought little of it as shots at night around Goshen were common. Britt was held for Sheriff Merritt.

The posse rode train Number 20 to the robbery scene and found McCall's body lying on the west side of the tracks north of Tagus switch. The dead bandit still had his red bandana tied over the lower part of his face. The body was transported to the Locey, Duncan and Co. undertakers in Visalia. Locey wired

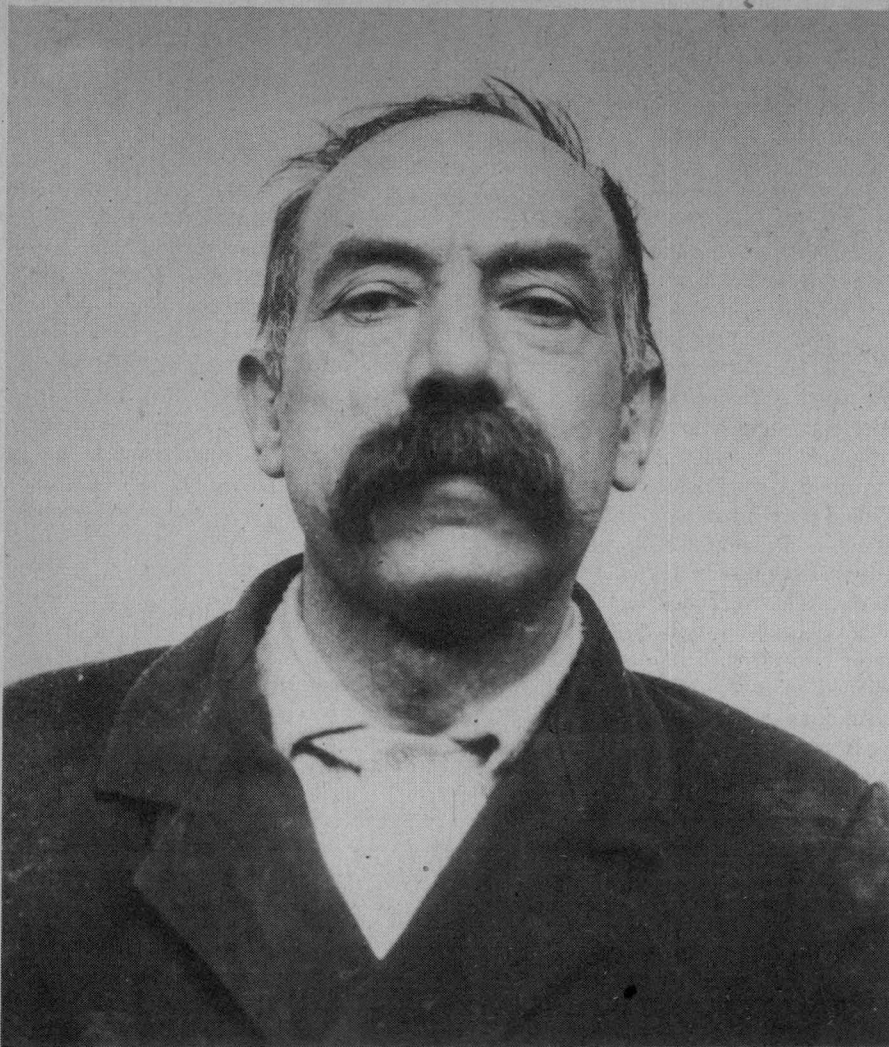
McCall's relatives in Santa Cruz about the death.

Officers Russell and Burnstein, with railroad detective Meade, went to McCall's cabin and found a box-lined hole in the ground that would have hidden the robbery loot. The lantern with the red cheesecloth around it also was found in the house. At 4:00 a.m. Lovern and Ardell were found sleeping in different houses in Visalia's tenderloin district. They were taken to jail, and a short time later their private quarters were searched. Nothing of interest was found in Ardell's abode. Pieces of red cheesecloth that matched the cuts on the material found in McCall's cabin were taken as evidence from Lovern's room.

Billy Ross and "Frenchy" were arrested as accomplices to the crime. Britt gave Sheriff Merritt a full statement which implicated Lovern and Ardell. Thereafter Britt resided at the Tulare County jail under the protection of the sheriff. He was not a charged prisoner but a vital witness. Frank and James

McCall, brothers of the deceased bandit arrived in Visalia to find the facts about the death of their brother. They couldn't believe at first that McCall was dead and they insisted that there had been a mistake. The McCall family in Santa Cruz couldn't believe that Dan would even commit a crime. In the end they authorized McCall's interment in the Visalia cemetery and returned home. Ben Hicks was also astonished at the circumstances of McCall's death, as he had a high opinion of his employee.

Deputy Reed rested at home while his shoulder wound healed. After the initial examination and treatment of Daggett's wound his doctors announced that the wound was serious but not necessarily fatal. The patient would reach a crisis within seventy-two hours. If he survived past that time he had a good chance of recovery. The lung penetration was serious, but if Daggett survived ten days he would likely be out of danger. At the moment, he was too ill to move and remained in his Tulare



Josiah Lovern on his entry into San Quentin Prison.

hotel room. A coroner's jury found that McCall died from a gunshot wound at the hands of Deputy Sheriff Daggett, who was acting in the capacity of an officer and to protect his own life.

Charges were not filed against Ross and "Frenchy," and they were soon released from jail. Haynes was not arrested. Felony charges of train robbery were filed against Lovern and Ardell. On March 24, with a straight razor allowed him for shaving, Lovern slit his throat. He missed the jugular vein but opened his "windpipe." The first of the other prisoners knew of Lovern's suicide attempt was when he gasped, "I'm done for," and slumped to the floor in a pool of his own blood. Jailers were called and Lovern was rescued. Two physicians closed the wound, and while Lovern's condition was described as weak and dangerous, he survived and stood trial.

Lovern and Ardell were tried in Visalia during May. Patee, Ross, "Frenchy," Wood, Goldstein, Nutter,

the gunsmith and various officers testified. Of course, Britt and Haynes were the key witnesses. The case was drawn tight against Lovern and he was convicted. Ardell was exonerated. At the time of sentencing the court asked Lovern which prison he preferred. Lovern replied that "it made no difference," and the judge ordered him to life imprisonment at San Quentin. Lovern was transported to the Hanford jail in adjacent Kings County while his attorney made the usual motions and appeals. The court had deemed the Tulare County jail as "unsafe and unfit" to detain him. The order was probably resulted from Lovern's near successful suicide attempt in the Tulare County jail earlier. All the legal moves failed, and Lovern was delivered to San Quentin Prison.

Deputies Reed and Daggett continued to improve rapidly and soon returned to duty. The others drifted into obscurity. A few days prior to the second anniver-

sary of the "Tagus Holdup," Deputy Daggett noticed that there had been no further attempts to hold up trains in Tulare County. He commented to Deputy Reed, "It looks like the train robbing season is closed." Reed replied, "Wait a few days." Reed's response was prophetic, for on March 28, 1898, north-bound Southern Pacific train Number 18 was stopped and robbed a few miles north of Goshen on the trestles of Cross Creek.

The Cross Creek robbery was conducted in a smooth and efficient manner with a clean getaway. Officers felt the job was done by experienced professionals; however, over the years legend has developed that the holdup was done by some local lads who lived to enjoy their ill-gotten gains which amounted to \$80,000.

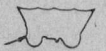
The frontier era passed, and deputy sheriffs Daggett and Reed left law enforcement. Daggett went on to medical college and practiced medicine in Alameda County. Reed eventually became president of the bank in Lindsay and died in Tulare County on October 25, 1923.

Josiah Lovern was released from prison in 1912 and resided with a nephew and his family in the Three Rivers area east of Visalia. In his advanced age, he lived in the Visalia old folks home, where he died on September 6, 1937, at eighty-four years of age. The *Visalia Times Delta* reported his passing on its front page: "COLORFUL EARLY DAY RESIDENT OF VISALIA IS DEAD." The ensuing obituary mentioned his involvement in the Tagus robbery attempt.

From 1889 through 1898 Tulare County suffered five train robberies or attempted robberies. Fatalities resulted in four of them. McCall's death was the only one in which the outlaw was killed. That alone would have made the Tagus robbery unique; however, in all respects the Tagus robbery was the most bizarre. It had elements of stupidity, treachery, bumbling, courage, and drama. The death on Number 19 was one of the most unusual in California's railroad history.

SOURCES

In addition to court and prison records, contemporary accounts from the *Visalia Daily Delta*, the *Visalia Delta Times*, and the *Bakersfield Daily Californian* were used in the preparation of this article.



BOOK MART



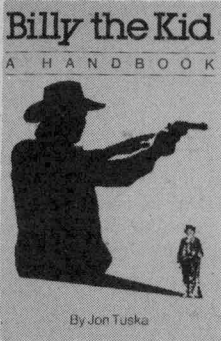
TW25—A DYNASTY OF WESTERN OUTLAWS. By Paul I. Wellman. Wellman shows that the organized gangs of robbers and killers—from Quantrill to Floyd—who roamed the Midwest and Southwest from the 1860s to the 1930s went to the same school and were aided by each other's notoriety. First published in 1961, *Dynasty*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

Paper, \$8.95



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

Paper, \$9.95



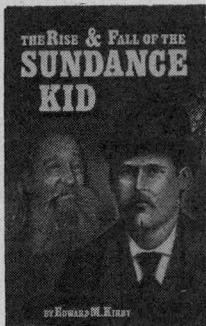
TW24—BILLY THE KID: A HANDBOOK. By John Tuska. Considered the last word on the legendary outlaw, Tuska's book explodes the myths and corrects the errors perpetrated by historians, novelists, and filmmakers. "An excellent book—the best to date on the Kid and the making of the legend."—*Western Historical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

Paper, \$7.95



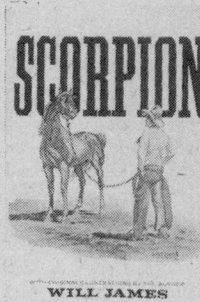
TW9—LONE COWBOY: MY LIFE STORY. By Will James. In this reprint of a classic western autobiography, a young Will James is on his own, drifting from one outfit to another, herding cattle, busting broncos, and getting into scrapes. "Undeniable reality."—*Chicago Daily Tribune*. University of Nebraska Press.

Cloth, \$28.95
Paper, \$9.95



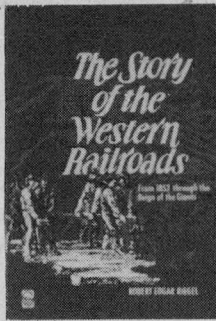
TW40—THE RISE AND FALL OF THE SUNDANCE KID. By Edward M. Kirby. A thorough study of Harry Longabaugh, alias the Sundance Kid, outlaw companion of Butch Cassidy, Kirby's book explores the Kid's early life in the East, his entry into outlawry, and his career with Cassidy. Kirby also stirs controversy by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

NEW SELECTION! Paper, \$4.95



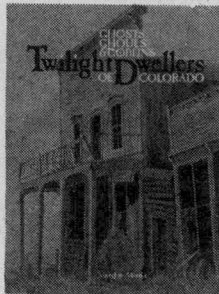
TW16—SCORPION. By Will James. A delightful account of a completely incorrigible and high spirited horse, *Scorpion* is James at his western best. "We enjoy it keenly because we feel in it the life of the range, colorful and sportsmanlike."—*New York Times*. University of Nebraska Press.

Paper, \$7.95



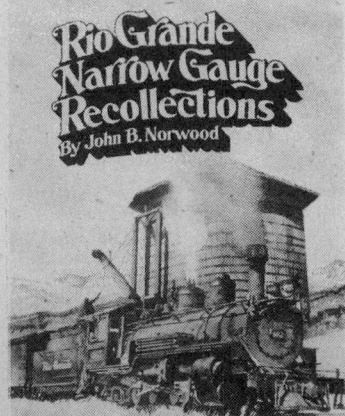
TW45—THE STORY OF THE WESTERN RAILROADS. By Robert E. Riegel. A leading treatment of the subject, this book follows the Iron Horse's conquest of the American West through Indian trouble, labor difficulties, civil war, and farmer disillusionment. A thoroughly researched study, the volume includes a large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

Paper, \$9.95



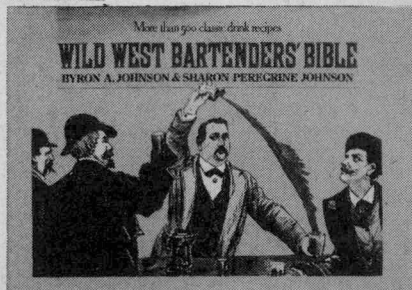
TW28—TWILIGHT DWELLERS: GHOSTS, GHOULS AND GOBLINS OF COLORADO. By MaryJoy Martin. From Indian legends through the ghostly present, meet a spine-tingling assortment of Colorado's rich spectral spectrum of phantoms, demons, and spirits in the lively pages of Martin's *Twilight Dwellers*. Martin proves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

Paper, \$8.95



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

NEW SELECTION! Cloth, \$38.95



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

NEW SELECTION!

Cloth, \$19.95

BOOK MART

GERONIMO

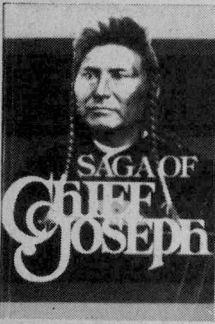
The Man, His Time, His Place

by Angie Debo



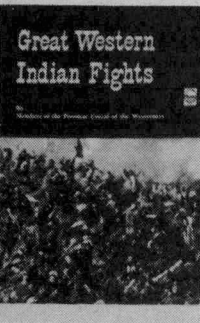
TW43—GERONIMO: THE MAN, HIS TIME, HIS PLACE. By Angie Debo. In this first-rate biography, Debo draws upon Geronimo's own account of his life, firsthand narratives of his warriors and other contemporaries, and traditional historical sources. She portrays him not as "the tiger of the human race," as contemporary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

Cloth, \$24.95
Paper, \$12.95



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

Paper, \$7.95



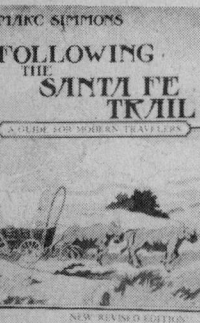
TW44—GREAT WESTERN INDIAN FIGHTS. By the Potomac Corral of the Westerners. Recreated in this exciting volume are twenty-odd battles crucial in the opening of the American West. Among the conflicts included are Bandera Pass, Canyon de Chelly, Adobe Walls, Wagon Box, Fetterman, Washita, Rosebud, Little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

Paper, \$7.95



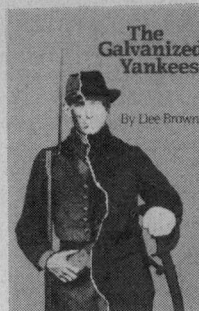
TW54—THE NEGRO COWBOYS. By Philip Durham & Everett L. Jones. More than five thousand Negro cowboys joined the round-ups and served on the ranch crews in the cattleman era of the West. Lured by the open range, the chance for regular wages, and the opportunity to start new lives, they made vital contributions to the transformation of the West. "Described in lively prose and vivid detail"—*Time*. University of Nebraska Press.

NEW SELECTION! Paper, \$7.95



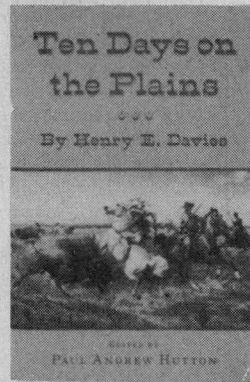
TW51—FOLLOWING THE SANTA FE TRAIL: A GUIDE FOR MODERN TRAVELERS. By Marc Simmons. An excellent reader's guide and traveling companion, this newly revised and updated work is the only complete contemporary guide to the first and most exotic of America's western routes. Designed for home or on-the-road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

Cloth, \$22.95
Paper, \$10.95



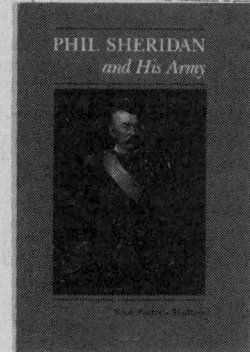
TW33—THE GALVANIZED YANKEES. By Dee Brown. Here is the little-known story of Confederate soldiers recruited from Union prison camps to serve in the West, standing watch over a nation they had once sought to destroy. Exchanging gray for blue uniforms, they became "galvanized yankees." "An accurate, interesting,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

Paper, \$7.95



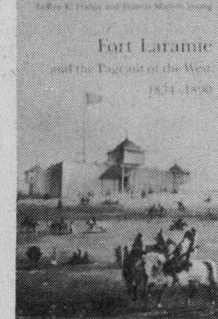
TW35—TEN DAYS ON THE PLAINS. Ed. by Paul A. Hutton. Originally published in a limited edition of fifty copies in 1871, this rare book is an account by Civil War General Henry E. Davies of a spectacular hunting expedition on the high western plains. Davies featured a young scout, William F. Cody, as the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

Cloth, \$21.95



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

Paper, \$14.95



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

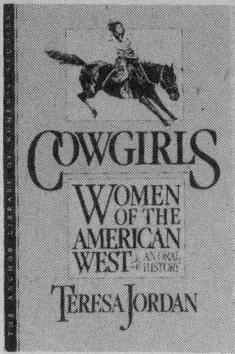
Paper, \$8.95



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

Paper, \$10.95

offering outstanding western books by leading publishers



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

Paper, \$10.95



TW47—HISTORIC SKETCHES OF THE CATTLE TRADE OF THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST. By Joseph G. McCoy; ed. by Ralph P. Bieber. In 1874, seven years after he had established Abilene, Kansas, as the railroad shipping point for Texas longhorns, McCoy published this enduring eyewitness history of the great cattle drives northward. This closely edited reprint corrects many early errors and includes an excellent introduction. "The first and one of the best range histories. A classic."—*The Book Lover's Southwest*. University of Nebraska Press.

Paper, \$9.95



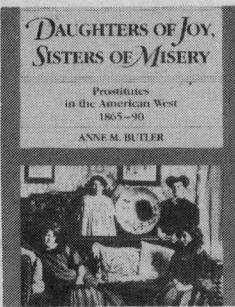
TW36—BELLE STARR AND HER TIMES. By Glenn Shirley. Known as "a female Jesse James," Belle Starr's association with some of the most sought-after outlaws in the West brought her lasting notoriety. Shirley sifts through the fantastic myths surrounding Belle and unearths the facts about the intriguing Oklahoman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

Cloth, \$19.95



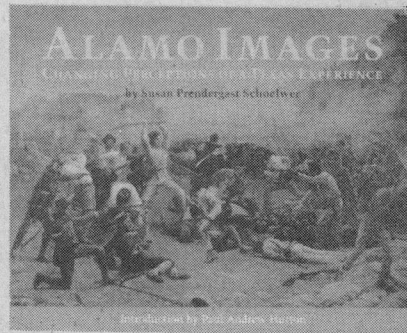
TW38—THE OLD WEST QUIZ AND FACT BOOK. By Rod Gragg. Do you think you know the Old West? The answer to hundreds of questions—from "How long did the shoot-out at the OK Corral last?" to "Why did cattle-drive cooks throw their dirty dishwater under the chuck wagon?"—can be found in this fascinating and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

Cloth, \$15.95
Paper, \$8.95



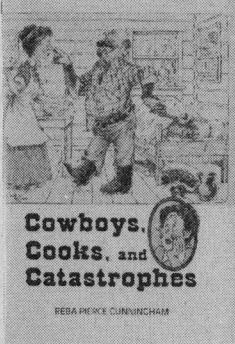
TW1—DAUGHTERS OF JOY, SISTERS OF MISERY: PROSTITUTES IN THE AMERICAN WEST, 1865-90. By Anne M. Butler. "Frail sisters," "fallen angels," "soiled doves"—whatever they were called, these women lived lives of nearly anonymous destitution. Anne Butler's account of their lives bears little resemblance to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

Cloth, \$16.95



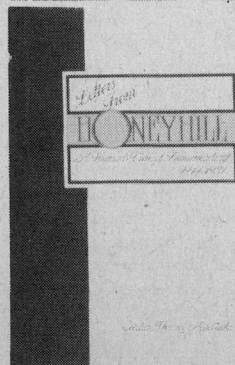
TW20—ALAMO IMAGES: CHANGING PERCEPTIONS OF THE TEXAS EXPERIENCE. By Susan Prendergast Schoelwer. Published in conjunction with an exhibition celebrating the Texas sesquicentennial, this profusely illustrated work focuses on key components of the Alamo story and explores both the myth and the reality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

Cloth, \$75.00
Paper, \$24.95



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

Paper, \$12.95



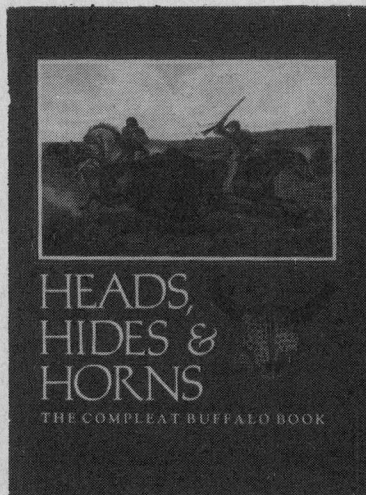
TW55—LETTERS FROM HONEY HILL: A WOMAN'S VIEW OF HOMESTEADING, 1914-1931. By Cecilia Hennel Hendricks. A treasury of correspondence from a young woman in frontier Wyoming to her family in Indiana, this collection of letters provides a valuable narrative of a young family's life in the West and a commentary on a woman's role in homesteading. "One of the most remarkable documents I have ever read"—Gene M. Gressley, University of Wyoming. Pruett Publishing. **NEW SELECTION!**

Cloth, \$22.95

Also available:

TW37—TEXAS TEARS AND TEXAS SUNSHINE. By Jo Ella Powell Exley.

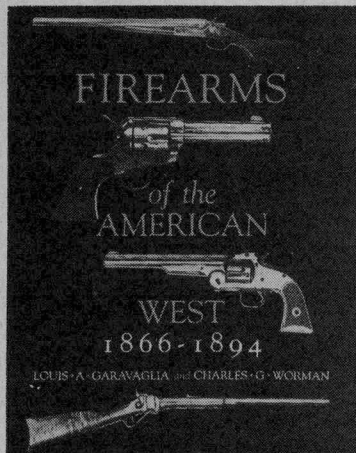
Cloth, \$16.95



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

Cloth, \$40.00
Paper, \$19.95

BOOK MART

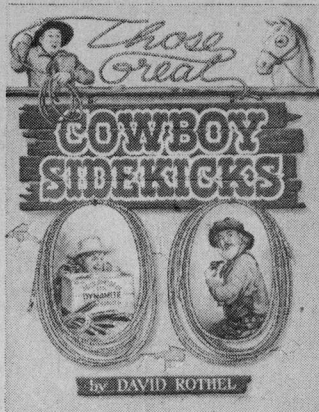


TW14—FIREARMS OF THE AMERICAN WEST, 1866-1894. By Louis A. Garavaglia & Charles G. Worman. The second part of an acclaimed study, this lively written and thoroughly researched, oversized book examines guns as integral elements of the frontier experience. "A masterpiece of simplicity and thoroughness."—*TRUE WEST*. University of New Mexico Press. Cloth, \$40.00

Also available:

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

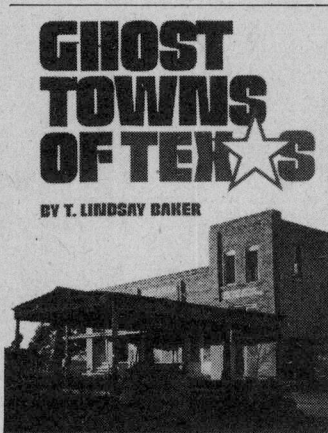
TW53—GHOST TOWNS OF TEXAS. By T. Lindsay Baker. In this new release, the author brings back to life eighty-eight of the "best" ghost towns in his native state. The description of each town contains something about its founding, its former significance, and the reasons for its decline. Each town site includes a map and road directions, along with copious illustrations from the past and present. University of Oklahoma Press. **NEW SELECTION!** Cloth, \$22.95



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

Also available:

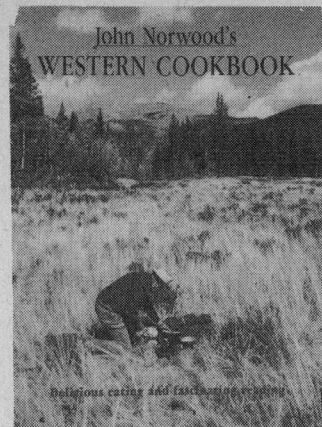
TW31—SHOOT-EM-UPS: THE COMPLETE REFERENCE GUIDE TO WESTERNS OF THE SOUND ERA. By Les Adams & Buck Rainey. WOY Publications. Paper, \$24.95



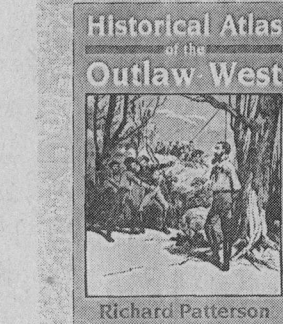
TW13—COWBOY POETRY: A GATHERING. Ed. by Hal Cannon. Compiled as an outgrowth of the first Cowboy Poetry gathering, this collection of classic and new western poetry expresses the tough, honest, and hard-bitten spirit of a unique culture. Peregrine Smith Books. Cloth, \$14.95
Paper, \$9.95

Also available:

TW34—SONGS OF THE SAGE: THE POETRY OF CURLEY FLETCHER. Paper, \$9.95



TW32—JOHN NORWOOD'S WESTERN COOKBOOK. By John Norwood. The author's considerable experience and salty prose combine to make this cookbook not only a source of culinary pleasure, but also delightful reading. Influenced by southern, black, Mexican, cowboy, and Indian cookery, Norwood's recipes range from hunter's dutch oven meat pies to grilled west coast shrimp, from crawdad bisque to antelope curry. Heimburger House. Paper, \$9.95



TW22—HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE OUTLAW WEST. By Richard Patterson. A state-by-state, town-by-town guide to the infamous acts of western outlaws, this lively written reference meets the needs of the armchair traveler and the reader on the road. "An excellent resource for writer and explorer... a handsome, useable volume."—*TRUE WEST*. Johnson Books. Paper, \$14.95

THE BOOK MART
P. O. Box 2107
Stillwater, OK 74076

TW587

List book numbers and prices below. Please include \$1.50 postage & handling for the first book and 75¢ for each additional book. Payable in U.S. funds only.

LIST BOOK NUMBERS AND PRICES

_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____
_____ \$ _____

Subtotal \$ _____
Pstg. & hdlg. \$ _____
Total enclosed \$ _____

Please charge my VISA MasterCard

Account No. _____

Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please write for foreign shipping rates. Allow 6-8 weeks for delivery. Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax.

For faster service, call 405-743-3370 and charge your order to your credit card.

Good Old Days in Oklahoma

By DON BELL

Photos Courtesy of the Author

Herbert Hoover was President, but he wasn't too well thought of in Oklahoma. A few other states had complaints also, but I reckon he was doing the best job he could with the tools he had. Oklahoma was droughted out. Hot, dry winds burned the state to a char, and cars were bumper to bumper heading across the state on Highway 66. The people inside them were looking for a better life. Outside, many of the cars and trucks had signs—"California or bust."

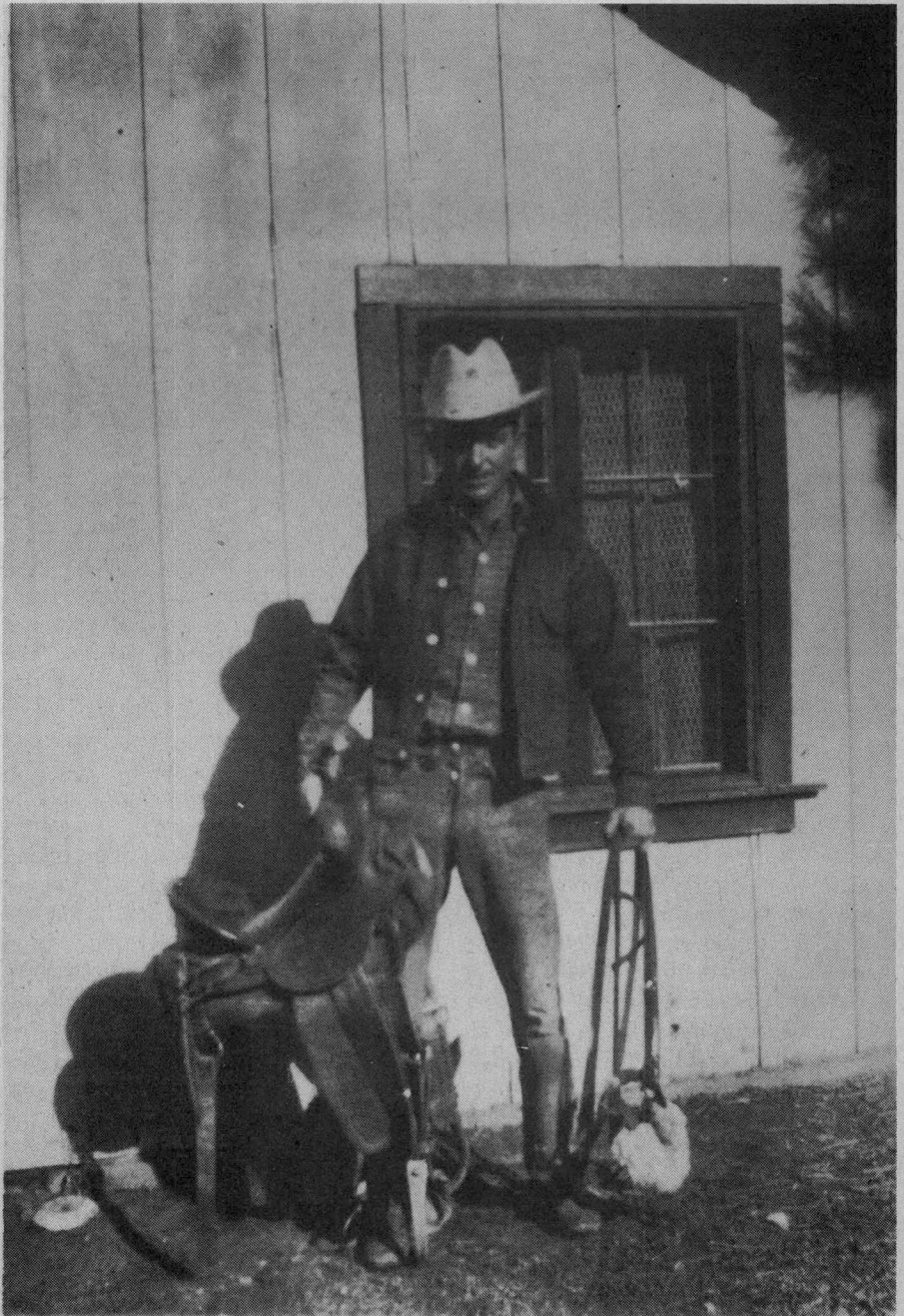
Families loaded everything they owned into an old car or truck and took off. They were hungry, and at every stop along the road you could hear Herbert Hoover getting cussed out. Jack rabbits were thick throughout Oklahoma and the Southwest. They were no longer called jack rabbits; their new title was "Hoover Hog."

There was no cotton to pick, and Oklahoma was in a hell of a shape. Freight trains ran just the same, but their freight loads were hungry humans—whole families loaded up on top of flat cars. They just didn't care where the train went, as long as it took them away from the dried-out Oklahoma country.

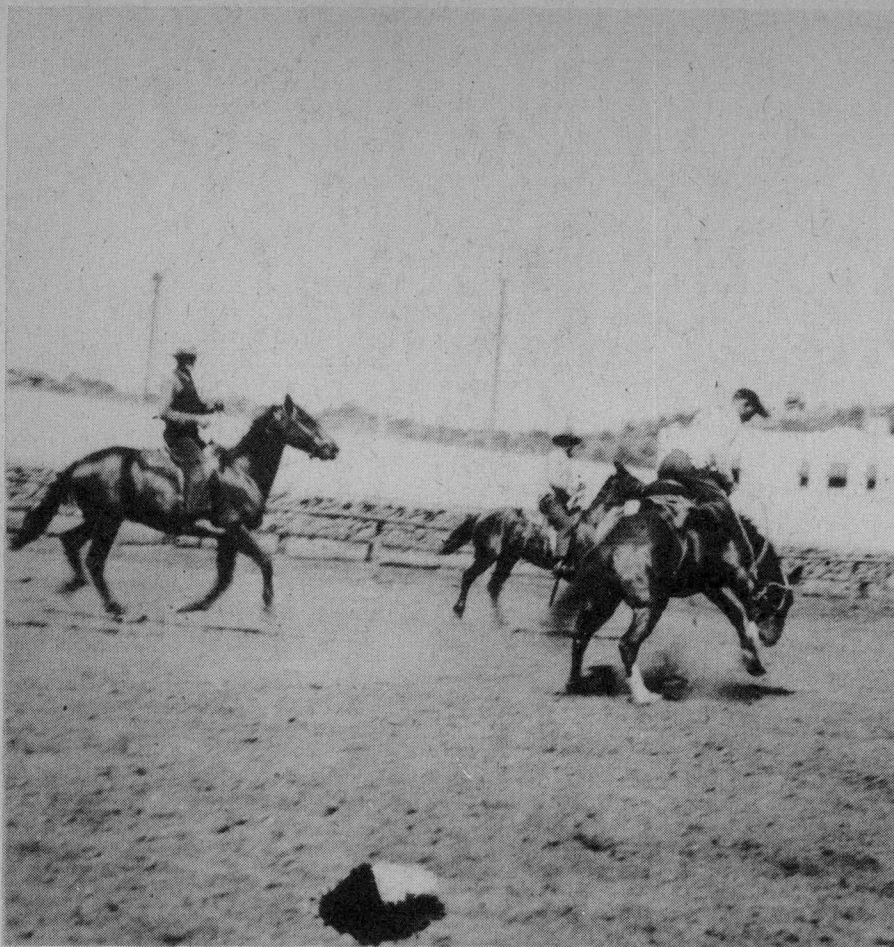
While the Okies were heading for California, I headed for Oklahoma. I hitchhiked to Oklahoma City from Denver, Colorado, carrying a war bag with my earthly belongings and not one red cent in my worn-out jeans.

Soon after I arrived in that large, central-Oklahoma city, I met a cowboy who was even more broke than me, but he did have a good idea. Farm sales were a daily occurrence. He thought we should find the sales and ride bucking horses for hat collections. That suited me fine.

We got very little money, because back then any Okie would have gotten more enjoyment seeing a windmill pump water than watching a bucking horse



Don Bell in the 1930s.



Don Bell puts the spurs to a Wild West bronc.

kick up his heels. We bedded down at night in an old milk wagon, so our sleeping was great. We wanted a better life, but the thought of a job demoralized us. We were sure safe from being found by a job in Oklahoma.

JUST EAST of Oklahoma City on Highway 66 there used to be a small town named Harrah. It was just a wide spot in the road, but a fella named Henry Strickland had a home there, a small grocery store, three small rental cabins, and a rodeo grounds. Henry was a cowboy's friend, so my Buddy and I ended up at Harrah. Henry had a gas pump in front of his store. Gas sold at twelve cents a gallon, but Henry hoped the cars wouldn't stop, because he knew their drivers had no money.

One day while we three sat in the shade watching the cars move west, a sharecropper drove up in front of Henry's store. He looked to me like he was ready to quit the country, and later he did. He drove a big black team of matched horses, a Heiser harness, and a green Studebaker wagon, the dead axle type. Henry knew him well and told

him to get down and sit a spell.

The sharecropper said, "Hell, Henry, I can't get down! This goddam team run off once today, and they both are pull-back sonsabitches. They bust every hemp rope I tie to 'em with."

"Well, then," Henry asked, "what can I git for ya from the store?"

"I'm flat busted, but I need a sack of flour," the sharecropper answered bleakly. "The family is out of grub, and I'm plumb out of patience. Ain't never been so down and out, and that's a fact."

"Your black horses buck much?" Henry asked, pursing his lips and spitting into the wind.

"By gawd, they buck. I sure as hell don't want to get on either one myself. Plumb bad bastards, they are!" the sharecropper exclaimed with more spirit than you would have believed he had left.

Henry looked over the horses with a wary eye and a good distance. Then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. You unhitch that team, and let's see if these would-be bronc riders can ride 'em." He called to us to have a look-see, and we

tried hard not to smile and jump at the challenge.

Henry said if'n the horses bucked good, he'd make a trade. "I'll give you that Jersey milk cow you been wantin' and a sack of flour," he said, squinting into the sun, one eye trained on his customer. The old sharecropper thought it sounded like a good deal, so we all three unhitched and unharnessed the blacks. Both were spooky and snorted like a train.

HOME BREW beer was plentiful in Oklahoma, and we all drank a bottle of Chawtaw beer while this big deal of trading was going on. We put the bronses in the bucking chute and saddled them up. Henry got his old roan pick-up horse out, and we were ready to ride.

My big black charged out of that chute like a rocket, and soon I was airborne. My buddy came out on the other black, and he too took to the heavens.

"Didn't I tell ya them was bad sonsabitches?" the share cropper asked. When he headed down the road to leave, he had a small sack of flour over his shoulder and was leading a Jersey cow over the red clay hills towards his diggins.

Henry was so well pleased he gave each of us a bottle of his home-concocted brew. Then he told us his plans. "Boys, we can make a lot of money with them two blacks. I'm goin' to bill and advertise a matched bronc show—that is, if'n ya all will take another sittin' on 'em. By gawd, they sure buck pretty. You oughta seen 'em!"

We were rubbing our bruises and reaching for some more beer when Henry's words reached us through the din of pain. "You boys can't ride 'em like I used to, but ya all done pretty good. Them big spooks can really turn the crank."

THE NEWSPAPER ran a big ad in every issue, and those old Atwater-Kent radios carried the message all over the state. The celebration was billed as an Oklahoma picnic and a matched bronc ride, with a square dance to be held after the matched riding.

The Sunday of the event was overcast, but people swarmed into the area in droves. Kids went in free, and adults had to pay two bits. Henry took charge of ticket sales. He wore a carpenter's apron, and the last I saw of him its pockets were pretty hefty with quarters.

Two ladies arrived from the old town of Snyder, Oklahoma, and rented one of the cabins. They had an old portable wind-up gramophone, and soon the

music was drifting through the Oklahoma hills.

A big, flatbed truck loaded with cases of home brew drove in. The bootlegger rented a cabin next to the ladies. We all pitched in and unloaded the beer, and soon a line of dry Okies were buying themselves a bottle of "Forget Your Troubles."

The newspaper ran a big ad in every issue, and those old Atwater-Kent radios carried the message all over the state. The celebration was billed as an Oklahoma picnic and a matched bronc ride, with a square dance to be held after the matched riding.

The Sunday of the event was overcast, but people swarmed into the area in droves. Kids went in free, and adults had to pay two bits. Henry took charge of ticket sales. He wore a carpenter's apron, and the last I saw of him its pockets were pretty hefty with quarters.

Two ladies arrived from the old town of Snyder, Oklahoma, and rented one of the cabins. They had an old portable wind-up gramophone, and soon the music was drifting through the Oklahoma hills.

A big, flatbed truck loaded with cases of home brew drove in. The bootlegger rented a cabin next to the ladies. We all pitched in and unloaded the beer, and soon a line of dry Okies were buying themselves a bottle of "Forget Your Troubles."

The flatbed truck was parked next to the girls' cabin, so they used it for a stage. The gramophone blared hot, fast music while the two entertainers did the hula dance and shimmy, all dolled up in some cheap imitation grass skirts. It was most entertaining.

Just when everyone was having a good time, sitting loose on their problems, the thunder began to roar and lightning crashed on the horizon. There was a downpour like only Oklahoma knows. The makeup plastered on the dancers' faces smeared and rolled down their cheeks, and their grass skirts looked like first cuttin' clover that had weathered a flood.

THE girls were resourceful, though, and they opened up for business inside their cabin. During the downpour there was a long line at their door and at the bootlegger's cabin nearby. Beer sold for a quarter a bottle. The girls charged a dollar. Everybody in line got drenched to the skin, but not one Okie retreated. The wives and kids were wet, too, and some tried to pull Daddy out of line. But he wasn't interested in the picnic lunch or dry land. He came for excitement.

May 1987

and by George, he was going to get it!

Many fist fights broke out. Every man and boy had a bottle of brew in his clutches. I had one in each hand. I knew I had to ride that tornado horse, and it took more than a few bottles to get ready for it.

The rain didn't slack up much. Lots of the families wanted to go home, but Daddy couldn't be found and they knew the show wasn't over yet. Finally, old Henry got his roan horse and a large megaphone. He was self-appointed announcer and pickup man. He wasn't about to give any money back, so he announced the matched riding would take place no matter how hard it rained. The biggest crowd was at the cabins, but a few wanted to watch the riding.

It rained harder, all right, and the arena was a sea of red mud by the time the broncs were saddled up. By then, my buddy and I just wanted to get it over with.

I came out of the chute first, riding like a cyclone. I spurred the old horse as hard and as high as I could reach, but he never bucked. Not once. He just made a beeline to the end of the arena and stood there, stock-still. There I sat with the rain pouring down my back.

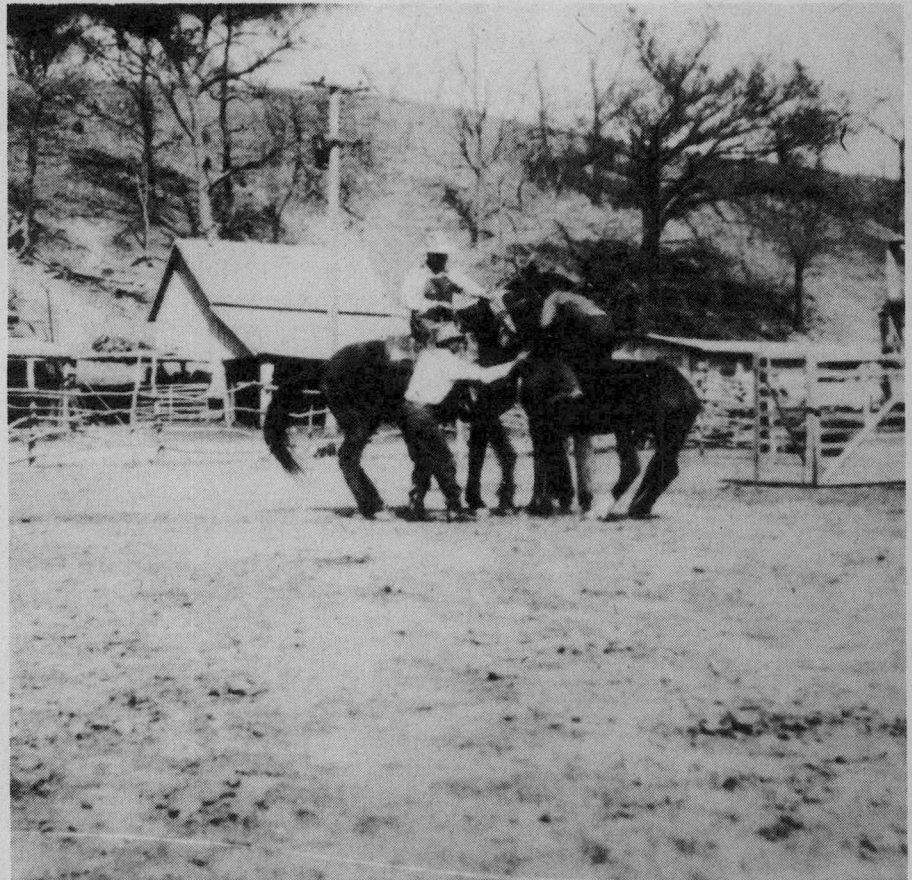
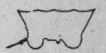
When my buddy came out, his horse tried to buck once, then gave it up and ran to his mate. When that bronc pulled up next to mine, it was raining so hard I thought it was old Henry with the pickup horse. I baled off onto my buddy's bronc.

When I landed on that bronc's rear, my buddy and I both got bucked off into a lake of red, slushy, slimy water. My buddy thought I had jumped onto his horse to play a dirty trick, so he walloped me a good one and I went back into the mud.

"Those blamed bucking outlaws won't buck in wet weather," Henry explained to the disappointed bystanders.

The judge we had picked was passed out, so Henry chose the winner. Since my horse didn't fire at all, my buddy won the matched bronc riding. I think the purse was three dollars. We spent it over in one of the lines.

The crowd left late that night with the rain still pouring down. The bootlegger was mad because Henry cancelled the dance. But he must have done all right—it took us most of the next week to pick up all the beer bottles.



Don Bell prepares to ride a mane holt bronc.

Who Was Pierre Beatte

By ARTHUR SHOEMAKER

Photos Courtesy of the Author

He was variously considered to be a Frenchman, a half-breed, a Creole, and a Quapaw. No matter, Beatte was one of those unsung heroes who played a major role in the history of the Southwest.

When it comes to name recognition, Pierre Beatte has been accorded a confused and almost forgotten place in history. Yet he was a man who traveled the frontier with giants in the world of art and literature. He served as guide and interpreter for military officers who became household names. And, one of his close friends was a member of the Swiss nobility.

Of French ancestry, Beatte lived among the Osages all his life and was usually present as interpreter at meetings between the tribe and the white man. Even in time of personal tragedy, he put aside his own grief to assist missionary families when a cholera epidemic raged through early day Indian Territory.

Beatte first appears in the pages of Washington Irving's book, *A Tour On the Prairies*, published in 1835. For some reason, Irving named him *Pierre Beatte* in the book, even though he called him *Billet* in his field notes. There began the confusion over Beatte's name and ancestry. Different writers have called him *Alex Beyett*, *Alexo Beatt*, *Bayett*, *Beat*, and *Billet*. He was variously considered to be a Frenchman, a half-breed, a Creole, and a Quapaw. No matter, Beatte was one of those unsung heroes who played a major role in the history of the Southwest.

In 1824, after Colonel Matthew Arbuckle established Fort Gibson near the mouth of the Neosho (Grand) River in Indian Territory, it quickly became one of the most important military posts on the western frontier. To that outpost

would come not only a long line of future military leaders but a variety of civilians in search of adventure.

Foremost among those early day adventurers was a foursome consisting of Washington Irving, America's most noted writer; Henry L. Ellsworth, newly appointed Indian Commissioner; Charles Joseph Latrobe, an English naturalist; and Count Albert-Alexandre Pourtales, a young Swiss Aristocrat. One month after leaving Saint Louis, Missouri, in September, 1832, this distinguished party found themselves at the Osage settlements in eastern Kansas. Continuing down the Verdigris River, they crossed into Indian Territory and visited Hopefield and Union Missions before reaching Chouteau's Trading Post around the tenth of October.

It was there that Ellsworth hired Beatte as a guide and hunter. Colonel Chouteau assured the group that Beatte was acquainted with all parts of the country, having traveled it in every direction, both in hunting and war parties. Beatte was hired for \$1.50 per day and had to furnish his own horse.

Irving was not impressed with him, reputation and qualifications notwithstanding. "I confess I did not like his looks when he was first presented to me. He was lounging about in an old hunting frock and metasses or leggings of deer skin, soiled and greased, and almost japanned by constant use. He was apparently about thirty-six years of age, square and strongly built. His features were not bad, shaped not unlike those of Napoleon but sharpened

up, with high Indian cheek bone." Irving's unflattering estimate of Beatte would change. From the time he first appeared until the journey was over, Beatte proved indispensable to the party.

Led by their new guide, the group hurried to Fort Gibson in hopes of moving out with an Osage hunting party headed for the buffalo ranges. They arrived too late. The Indians had been gone for two weeks, but the party was able to catch up with an expedition of U.S. Rangers under the command of Captain Jesse Bean of Tennessee. The Rangers had been ordered to explore the country between the Arkansas and Red Rivers in Central Oklahoma. The Rangers were among the first soldiers on the Oklahoma frontier. They wore no uniforms, but followed the rough dress of the frontiersman. Each man provided his own weapon and mount. Discipline was decidedly lax.

MOST OF the Rangers were raw recruits who had enlisted for six months, so the appearance of the Irving party with an experienced guide and hunter was welcome. Deer and wild turkey were almost daily fare for the men as they rode up the north side of the Arkansas River as far as the mouth of the Cimarron. The plan was to cross the Arkansas and follow the Cimarron west, but the crossing was not easy, as the water was deep and swift. While most of the Rangers plunged into the stream and swam alongside their mounts, Beatte quickly fashioned a "bull boat" for the Easterners. Lashing hides

to bent saplings, he launched the boat with Irving and Ellsworth holding on for dear life. Beatte, with help, managed to swim ahead and deliver his dry passengers to the opposite shore.

Charles Latrobe wrote in his journal that their guide was rather quiet and distant. He never returned from a hunt without game. He would walk into camp, toss down his kill, and walk away without uttering a word. Latrobe considered Beatte's behavior the stamp of a man who was quietly confident in what he could do and do well.

Still, Beatte had his lighter moments. He once killed a skunk and brought it into camp for part of the evening meal, as "polecat soup" was a frontier delicacy. Irving was repelled! Glaring at Beatte, he picked up the carcass and threw it as far as he could. He loudly proclaimed that he would never eat anything so repulsive as a skunk. A few days later, however, Beatte skinned another polecat and had the cook roast it for the evening meal, along with fritters fried in skunk grease. Irving ate with gusto, and when he was told what he was eating, he had to admit that he liked it.

For days, the expedition struggled through the difficult "Cross Timbers," that belt of gnarly oaks, blackjacks, briars, thorn bushes, and coarse grass that stretched north and south across a portion of central Oklahoma. On reaching the open prairies, the men were able to hunt buffalo and chase wild horses. When it came to capturing wild horses, Beatte was fearless. Once he started a chase, he risked life and limb to complete the capture.

Ellsworth wrote that he saw Beatte spur his mount and leap a twenty-five-foot precipice to rope and capture a beautiful colt. Beatte, though he abhorred the practice, showed the young Count how to "crease" a horse by shooting it in the neck about an inch below the mane. Pourtales picked out a mare about fifty yards away as his target. Taking careful aim, he fired, and missed.

The expedition got back to Fort Gibson during the first week in November, 1832. They were ragged, hungry, and weary from the journey. Many of the Rangers, having lost their mounts were forced to walk. Two days later, Irving boarded a steam packet on the Arkansas and returned to his home in the East.

Irving, Ellsworth, Latrobe, and Pourtales, each kept separate accounts of their journey in Indian Territory. Though Irving settled on the name



"Comanches Meeting Dragoons," by George Catlin.

Beatte, Ellsworth and Pourtales called him *Billet*. Irving called him an Osage-French half-breed. Ellsworth described him as a Quapaw, while Latrobe thought him the son of a French Creole by a Quapaw mother. Later, Beatte was to complain bitterly to George Catlin about being called a half-breed. Still, it was Charles Latrobe who paid Beatte the highest compliment. "He was one who would stand by you," he wrote, "either in a bear fight or an Indian skirmish. We all looked upon Beatte as a friend."

The Leavenworth-Dodge Dragoon Expedition of 1834 was put together to demonstrate the power of the United States to the "wild, untamed tribes" roaming the Red River country of western Oklahoma and the Texas Panhandle. It was the largest and most picturesque military expedition ever sent out to the southern plains. The Dragoons made a splendid appearance in their high military hats topped with horsehair plumes. The double-breasted blue wool coats, a prime blunder, were soon to be hated in the 100-degree temperature. Each mounted troop rode horses of one color. There was one company of bays, one of blacks, one of whites, one of sorrels, and one of cream-colored horses.

Many men prominent in the history of the United States were with this expedition. General Henry Leavenworth, Colonel Henry Dodge, and Lieutenant Colonel Stephen Kearny were veterans of the War of 1812. Montford Stokes, ex-Governor of North Carolina fought in the Revolutionary War. Others were

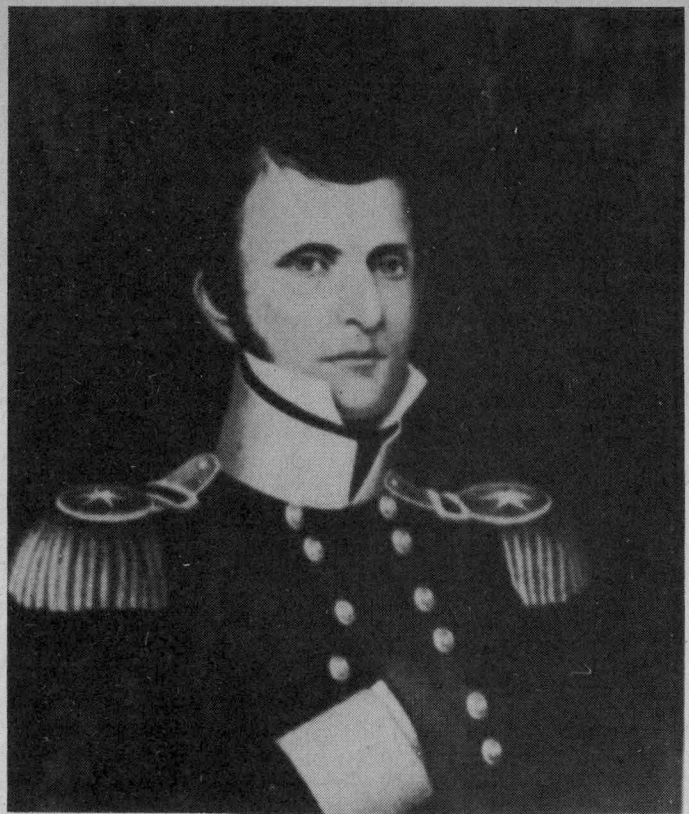
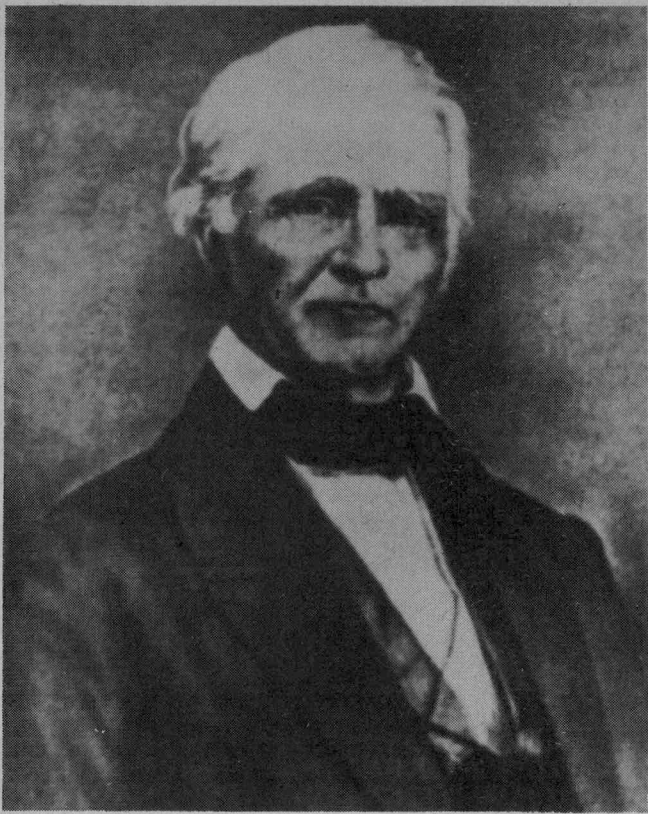
Captain Nathan Boone, son of Daniel Boone; Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, future President of the Confederacy; and George Catlin, the famous painter.

A large, colorful Osage delegation rode along with the troops. The Frenchman Beatte rode with them as their interpreter. The Osages had been talked into returning two captive girls to their people, the Kiowas. In return, the Kiowas were expected to turn over a twelve-year-old white boy held by them.

FROM the beginning, the untrained dragoons endured much hardship. The rigors of the trail, plus the heat and the lack of good water, caused typhus fever and dysentery to break out. Before the ill-fated trip was over, 150 men out of a possible 600 died. Leavenworth died from injuries sustained in a horse fall while chasing a buffalo calf, leaving Colonel Dodge in command. The route of march was dotted with the graves of soldiers who were buried where they died.

Doggedly, the expedition pushed on, eventually reaching a large Wichita village in the present Kiowa County, Oklahoma, where a big peace council was held. It drew in many different bands of Comanches and Kiowas, resulting in the largest gathering of Plains Indians in the Southwest up to that time.

Official records of the expedition note that Pierre Beatte was at the council and spoke on behalf of the Osage delegation. With his help, the captives were exchanged without loss of face for either tribe. At the close of the council, Beatte



Colonel Henry Dodge (left) and Brigadier General Henry Leavenworth (right) led the First Dragoon Regiment into the Comanche country during the summer of 1834.

was with Colonel Dodge as gifts were distributed to the assembled Indian leaders.

The expedition, which began with much pomp and fanfare, could at best be called a partial success. The needless loss of life marred the successful negotiations.

Beatte returned to his family at Hopefield Mission, but it was a tragic homecoming. In his absence, cholera had struck the little mission and swept away many of the settlers, including members of his own family. In a letter to the American Board of Missions, Harriet Montgomery, a missionary wife, wrote, "My dear husband died of cholera on the 17th. inst., twelve hours from the first attack, at Hopefield, where we went last May, to spend the summer with the Indians. I had no one with me but a Frenchman who lived in an adjoining room. Learning of the death, my brother came without delay. After conversing with me, he and Beat [the Frenchman] went out and dug a grave by the light of the full moon and when the day had fully dawned, my husband's remains were carried forth by the additional help of two Indian women, and wrapped in a quilt for his coffin, he was laid quietly down in the narrow house appropriated for all the living..."

Another report from the mission stated, "A Frenchman by the name of Beatt (with two T's), who has an Indian family and is one of the settlers, was the only assistant Sister Montgomery had through her husband's illness."

There is no record of the size of Beatte's family, nor of who in his family or how many were stricken. Records of association with the mission exist only in bits and pieces. Still, one interesting observation comes from George Catlin, who was returning to Saint Louis following his tour with the dragoons.

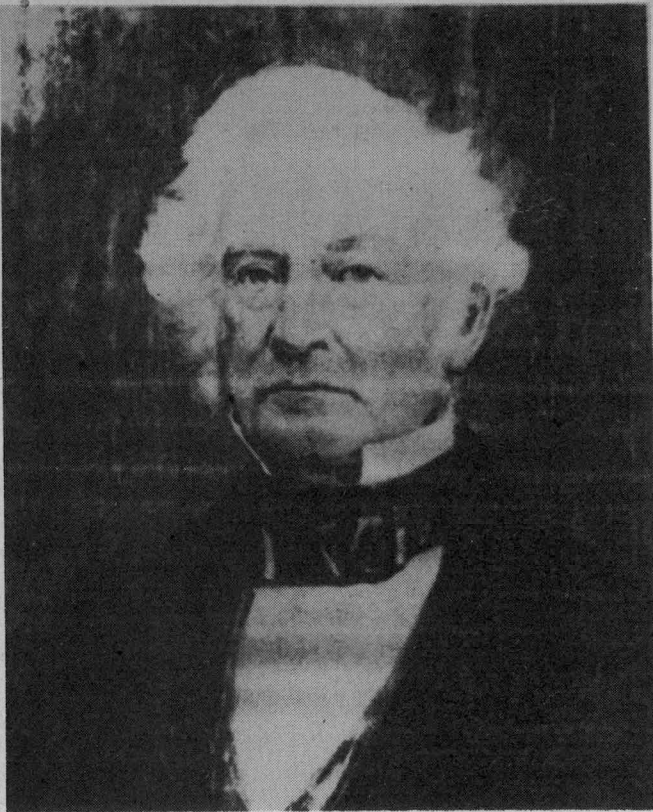
CATLIN WROTE, "On my way, I visited Requa's (one of the Hopefield missionaries) village and lodged during the night in the hospitable cabin of my old friend Beatte, of whom I have often spoken, heretofore, as one of the guides and hunters for the Dragoons on their campaign in the Comanche country. This is the most extraordinary hunter, I think, that I have ever met in all my travels. Beatte lives in this village with his aged parents. They are both French and have spent the greater part of their lives with the Osages and seemed familiar with their whole history. Beatte complained that Irving called him a half-breed. He said, 'Now you shall see, Monsieur Catlin, I am not a half-breed. My father and my mother, who, you see,

are two nice and good old French people.'"

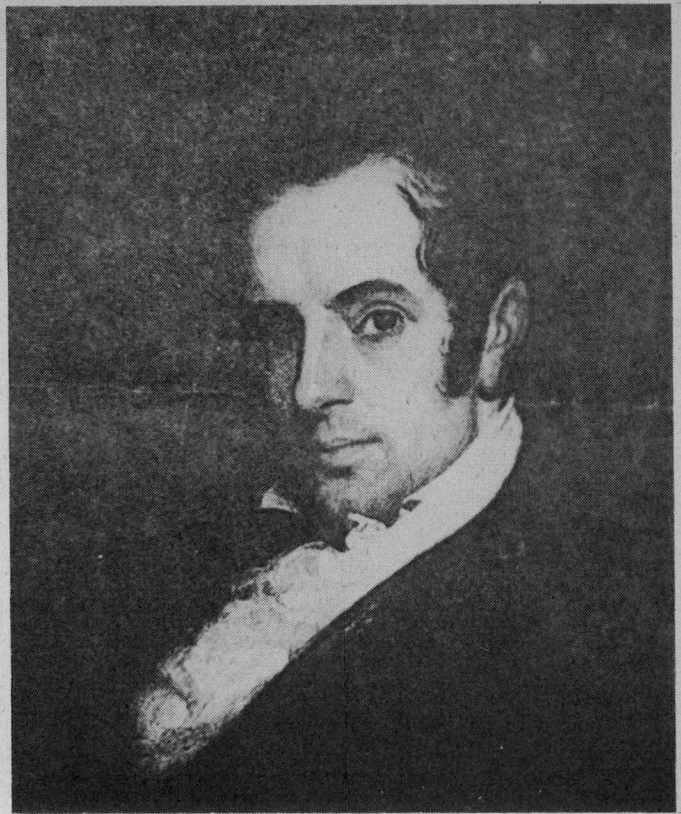
Efforts were made to keep the mission open following the devastating epidemic, but by 1837 there was unrest among the Indians and open hostility among the Osage leaders. The situation worsened until the mission was abandoned. The remaining Indian families, including Beatte, moved to southern Kansas, which resulted in nearly all the Osage bands' being united on one reservation.

By 1865, annuity payments to the Osages had ended, causing difficult times for the tribe. Impoverished and possessing more land than they needed, tribal leaders were persuaded to meet with government officials who suggested that a portion of their reserve be sold. The result was the long, disputed treaty of 1865 signed at the old Canville Trading Post in the present Neosho County, Kansas. Contemporary accounts of the council report that the U.S. officials dealt with the Osages through the interpretation of one Alex Beyett, who was none other than our intrepid Frenchman, Pierre Beatte.

R.T. Greer not only knew Beatte personally, but, in 1867, accompanied him on a horseback journey over practically the same route taken by the Irving party thirty-five years before. Starting



Henry L. Ellsworth.



Washington Irving.

at Fort Gibson, they rode past the site of Chouteau's Trading Post and on up the Arkansas River. In 1926 Greer was still alive and residing in Carthage, Missouri. He stated that in 1867 Beatte was living with the Little Osages on the Neosho River in southern Kansas. He was married to an Osage woman and was highly regarded and respected by the Osage people. Greer further stated that Be-att, as he was called by the Indians, moved to the new reservation in Indian Territory and established a trading post on the Caney River at Nopa-wal-la crossing. He died sometime around 1880.

In a letter dated October 12, 1936, the late J.C. Byers, of Cleveland, Oklahoma, wrote that Beatte established the first trading post on the new reservation. His Indian wife was named Phoebe and was much younger than Beatte. Following the death of the old frontiersman, Phoebe married an Osage named Prettyhair and moved to his camp on the west side of the reservation. As a boy, Byers knew her well enough to call her "Aunt Phoebe" Beatte, even after she married Prettyhair.

These statements can be substantiated by the Osage Annuity Rolls for 1878. The roll lists Pierre Beatte under his true name, Alex Beyett, Roll #2122, and his wife, Phoebe Beyett, Roll #2123.

May 1987

Six children had died in infancy or early childhood.

From the Greer statement, the Byers letter, and the 1878 Annuity Roll, it can be concluded that Pierre Beatte and Alex Beyett were one and the same. It is believed that he might have been buried in the Labadie Cemetery near the Caney River, but in 1966, the landowner bulldozed over many graves at this site, making it impossible to know for sure.

A final footnote to the life of Pierre Beatte comes from the Ponca City Courier, August 21, 1902. "Dead of Old Age: Aunt Phoebe Prettyhair, said to be more than 100 years of age and probably the eldest member of the Osage Tribe, died last night at her home twelve miles southeast of this city." Thus ends the saga of Pierre Beatte/Alex Beyett, whose lack of recognition may have stemmed from the fact that most writers couldn't spell the French pronunciation of his name.

SOURCES

Burns, Louis F., compiler. *Osage Annuity Rolls of 1878*. Privately printed, no date.

Byers, J.C. *Unpublished Letter*. Cleveland, OK. 1936.

Foreman, Carolyn Thomas. *Hopefield Mission*. The Chronicles of Oklahoma. Oklahoma City: Oklahoma Historical Society, 1950.

Irving, Washington. *A Tour On The Prairies*. Oklahoma City: Harlow Publishing Co., 1930.

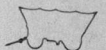
Lamb, Arthur H. *The Osage People*. Pawhuska, OK: The Osage Printery, no date.

Mathews, John Joseph. *The Osages*. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 1961.

Roehm, Majorie Catlin. *The Letters of George Catlin and His Family*. Berkeley, CA: University of California Press, 1966.

Shoemaker, Arthur. *Alexis Pierre Beatte*. The Chronicles of Oklahoma. Oklahoma City: Oklahoma Historical Society, 1967.

Spaulding, George F., trans. *On The Western Tour With Washington Irving*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1968.





Austin, Nevada, is a historic silver-mining town at the center of the state in the Toiyabe Mountains. In 1864 when its residents were electing their first governing body, David E. Buel, a Southern Democrat, ran for the office of mayor. His friend Reuel Colt Gridley, a native of the slaveholding section of Missouri, staunchly supported him. At the time, the Civil War was at its height, and secessionist feelings were strong, both in regard to the nation and to the direction that the new town of Austin would take. Betting on the election's outcome was lively and flamboyant.

Austinites delightedly anticipated the result of one such wager—that of Gridley against Dr. H.S. Herrick and his pro-Union candidate, Charles Holbrook. The loser was to carry a fifty-pound sack of flour for about a mile and a quarter along the main street. On April 19, the voters proved that public sentiment favored the Union candidate; when Buel lost, the community eagerly looked forward to Gridley's march on the twentieth.

Gridley was a genial, manly individual, esteemed wherever he lived. After having served in the Mexican War, he had married Susan Snider in Missouri. In 1852, at twenty-three, he had traveled to California, where Susan and their son had joined him. Later, the family, now including daughters Clara and Mary, had moved to Austin.

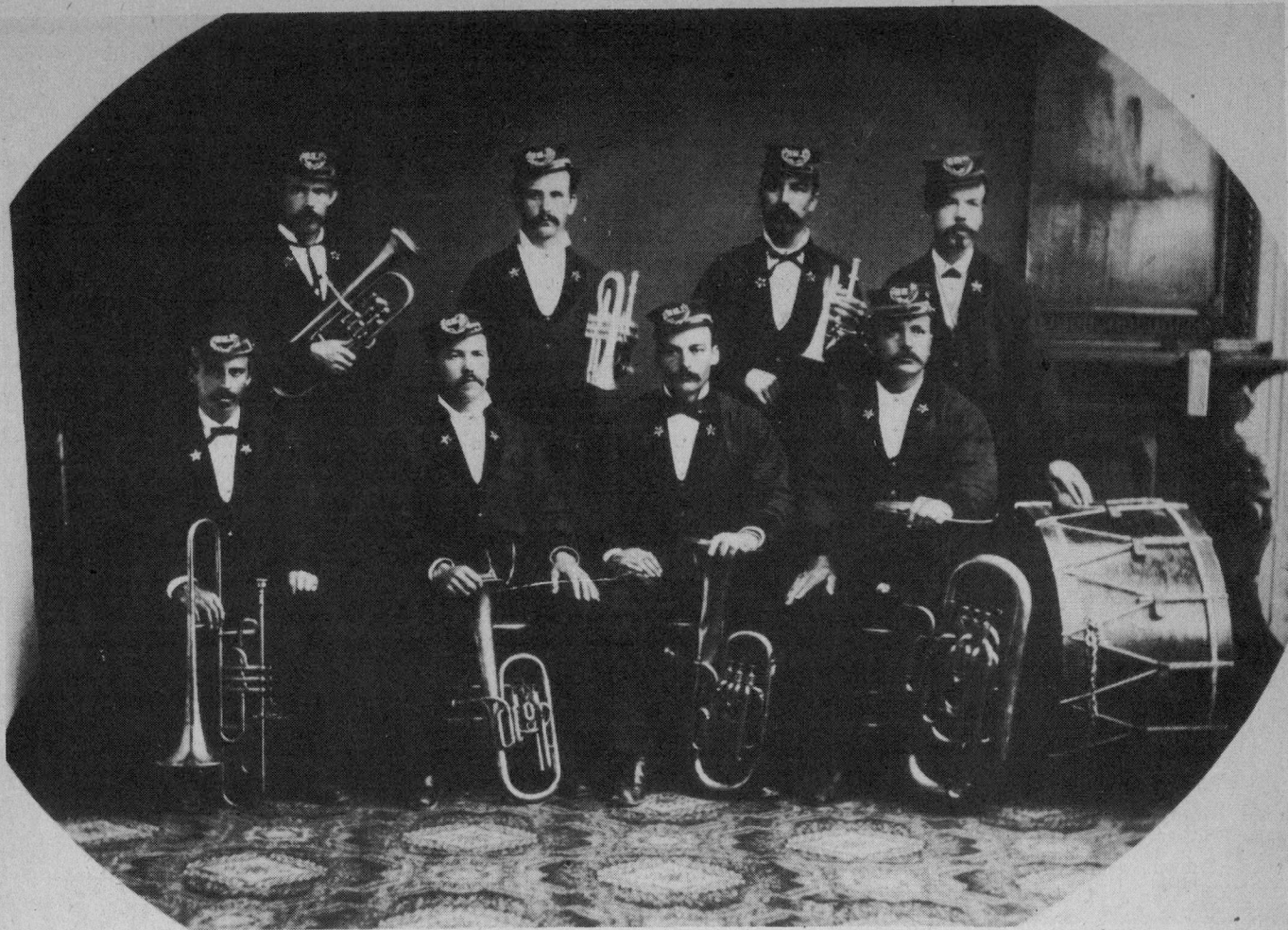
Austin was a provisions center for

By EVELYN NOREN

Reuel Hero

prospectors in the Reese River area, and Gridley was a supplier of groceries. From his store at the upper end of the main street he was to begin his march through town at 10:00 a.m. There were mixed feelings within the group of his supporters, who had already arrived at the starting place. Some secessionists construed the fulfilling of the wager's terms to mean their humiliation by the

A life-size statue in Stockton, California, honors Gridley's contribution to the Civil War.



Nevada State Historical Society, Reno

Austin's brass band played as Reuel Gridley carried a fifty-pound sack of flour down main street.

Gridley: Civil War Without A Gun

Unionists. But, Herrick, though a Union man, was a friend to all; so Gridley and his backers agreed to consummate the bet.

The Southern sympathizers dejectedly watched the doctor decorate the sack of flour with red, white, and blue ribbons and little flags of stars and stripes. By ten o'clock, people, horses, and flags surrounded the store. Gridley hoisted the sack to his shoulder and good-naturedly prepared to pay his debt. When he stepped outside, the crowd greeted him with loud cheers.

May 1987

The procession left the store to the tune of "John Brown's Body," a condition of the wager. At one time during the festivities five-year-old Emma Wixom, later to become a world-renowned opera soprano, sang the words to the accompaniment of Austin's brass band, which headed the parade. Next came the newly-elected town officials on horseback, followed by Herrick. Then came Gridley with his twelve-year-old son Amos, who carried an American flag. Accompanying them was the Democratic Central Committee, two of

whom bore flags. One held a large sponge on a pole, and another displayed a broom over their heads. The marchers traveled between cheering crowds on the board sidewalks. Spectators urged on the flour-carrier. Screeching stamp mill whistles saluted him as he passed. Many Austinites, having joined the parade, sang lustily with the band.

When the procession had covered its course, as many as could do so entered the Bank Exchange Saloon where Gridley delivered their flags and broom and threw up the sponge. The latter ac-



Author's Photograph

Old mine tailings can still be seen today in the foreground of Austin, Nevada.

tion denoted surrender to the opposing party. The broom, which symbolized Democracy, was draped in black, and its relinquishment indicated the Democrats' submission to the town's newly-elected pro-Union Republican officers. All was done amiably. After a few speeches including those delivered by Gridley and Herrick, the procession returned uphill. The parade disbanded, and the sack of flour was set on a stand before Holbrook and Merrill's hardware store, while the participants considered its disposition.

For some time, Austin's newspaper, the *Reese River Reveille*, had been encouraging people to contribute to the National Sanitary Commission, an organization formed by Northerners to assist wounded and ill Union soldiers. However, Austin's donations were minute compared with those of other mining camps. On election day a box had been made available for contributions, but only \$200.05 had been collected. So on the day of the parade, the sack of flour was donated to the Sanitary Commission with the suggestion that it be auctioned and that the proceeds be given to the Sanitary Fund. Gridley offered \$200 for the flour, and the auction began. When enthusiasm lagged, Gridley, for himself and his partners, Hobart and Jacobs, again purchased the flour. The auction then progressed with additional fervor until midnight and was continued the next

day. The total cash sales amounted to \$4,349.75, in addition to property worth thousands of dollars.

Immediately after the auction Austin's citizens honored Gridley by marching to his home, where the band entertained him with patriotic selections. Speeches were made and toasts drunk. He was chosen to be a member of a committee to determine the value of contributions and to remit donations to the Eastern headquarters. In June, the sack of flour was incorporated into the great seal of the town.

The *Overland Telegraph* immediately spread the auction news, and other towns in Nevada and California requested Gridley to repeat the performance. On Sunday, May 15, he visited Virginia City where the flour sack was again auctioned. The next morning crowds of people in open carriages followed his barouche to neighboring Gold Hill, where the auction was held before Maynard and Flood's Bank.

The group moved down the canyon to repeat the process in Silver City and Dayton, and then returned to Gold Hill and Virginia City, where they again auctioned the sack. The march resulted in contributions of about \$40,000. Rivalry between mining towns and between Republicans and Democrats kept the fund growing.

Gridley volunteered himself to the project's continuation. He visited California's main cities where, in addi-

tion to raising money, he refuted some well-articulated doubts about his sincerity. After a brief return to Austin in June, he went East. Finally, he terminated his tour at the Sanitary Commission's celebration in Saint Louis.

The loser of the bet had become a winner—a nationally-known humanitarian, initially responsible for a total donation of about \$275,000. He became, thereby, a war hero, armed with a sack of flour rather than a gun.

GRIDLEY HAD personally financed his nine months of fund raising, and returned in debt to find his business deteriorated. His health, delicate before, was ruined. By autumn of 1866 he felt it unwise to spend another winter in Austin's high altitude. He was carried



Gridley's Austin store is Nevada's Historical True West

over the mountains in a wagon bed to Stockton, California. But his health did not improve enough for him to support his wife and four children. That news reached Austin, where a lecture was arranged, the proceeds to go to Gridley. Ticket sales and contributions netted \$693.25.

In Stockton and later in Stanislaus County's Paradise City, Gridley operated grocery stores. In 1870 Modesto came into being as the commercial center of the Stanislaus area. Gridley planned to open a lumber yard and one of the first stores there, but after purchasing the property, he died in his home on November 24. His wife founded the store and operated "Gridley and Company" successfully until she retired in 1881.



Author's Photograph

Marker 119.
May 1987

In 1914 the Gridley's youngest daughter, Josephine Wood, gave the sack to the Nevada State Historical Society. Later it was returned briefly to California to be auctioned for the World War I effort.

Reuel Gridley's triumph was not forgotten when he died. On March 10, 1881, the Stockton *Evening Mail* noted, "He now rests in the Rural Cemetery in this city, without even a stick or stone to mark the resting place of a hero." Shortly thereafter the Stockton Rawlins Post of the Grand Army of the Republic raised funds for a monument to the man whose self-sacrifice had proved his devotion to his country. Italian Carrara marble was used for the life-size statue of Gridley. His right

hand rests on the sack of flour. Its dedication in September 1887 was marked by a G.A.R. parade to the cemetery, where the monument was unveiled to the accompaniment of hearty cheers.

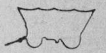
The twenty-foot-tall monument,



Nevada State Historical Society, Reno

Reuel Colt Gridley.

situated on a grassy knoll in the veterans' plot of the Stockton Rural Cemetery, is truly an impressive tribute to Reuel Gridley, the man who became a Civil War hero in his own way, out of his concern for others.



SOURCES

Angel, Myron, ed. *Reproduction of Thompson and West's History of Nevada, 1881*. Berkeley, CA: Howell-North, 1958.

Annear, Margaret L., Herbert C. Florcken, and Hugh Baker. *A Brief History of Stanislaus County*. Modesto, CA: Margaret L. Annear, 1950.

Ashbaugh, Don. *Nevada's Turbulent Yesterday: A Study in Ghost Towns*. Los Angeles: Westernlore, 1963.

Branch, L.C. *History of Stanislaus County, California*. San Francisco: Elliott and Moore, 1881.

Hulse, James W. *The Nevada Adven-*

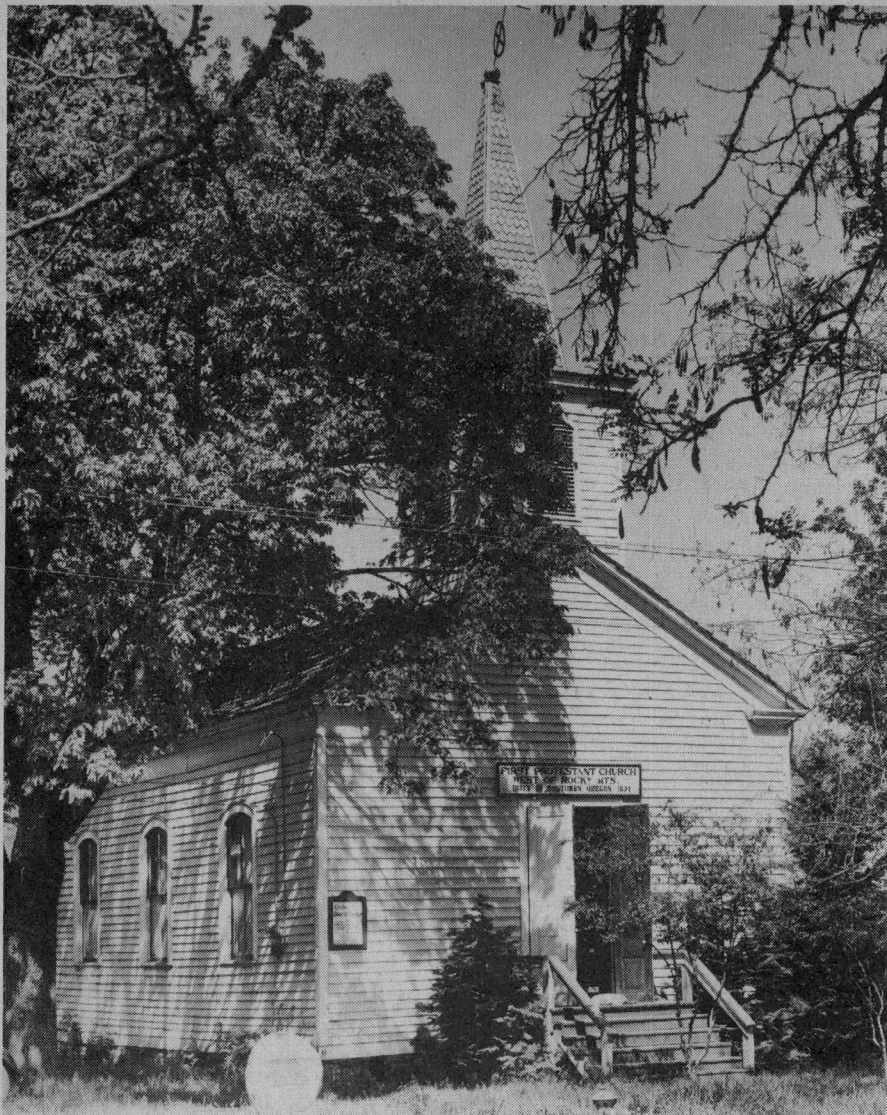
ture: A History. Reno, NV: University of Nevada Press, 1969.

Lewis, Oscar. *The Town That Died Laughing*. Boston: Little Brown, 1955.

Nevada: A Guide to the Silver State. Writer's Program of the Work Projects Administration in the State of Nevada. Portland, OR: Binford and Mort, 1973.

Tinkham, George H. *History of San Joaquin County, California*. Los Angeles: History Record Company, 1923.

Young, Bob and Jan. *Forged in Silver*. New York: Julian Messner, 1968.



Oregon State Highway Commission

The first Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains was built in 1834 in Jacksonville, Oregon, and is still serving its members.

Jacksonville— A Town of Lively Ghosts

By MARTIN COLE

President Rutherford B. Hayes and party rattled into Jacksonville's short main street, one warm afternoon in late 1881. When the six-horse stage came to a dusty halt in front of the new United States Hotel, the President, relieved of the arduous rock and roll over Oregon mountains, descended stiffly from the coach to await whatever hospitality the rowdy, gold-rush town might offer. Accompanying the President were Mrs. Hayes, General William T. Sherman of 'War-is-hell' fame, and an aide-de-camp.

The United States Hotel was operated by a certain Madame Holt, who considered the shiny new brick structure the crowning glory of her colorful career. Before she was Madame Holt she was Madame Jeanne deRoboam, a French woman who showed up in Jacksonville in the flush of the first gold rush. In time she married George W. Holt, an elderly bachelor who was handy at laying bricks. Local legend has it the marriage was a business arrangement. George would build the hotel; in turn she would share his bed. It took a year and a half to build the hotel, and it was in the finishing process when the distinguished visitors arrived.

For the President and his wife, Madame Holt provided her finest suite. The ballroom within the hotel, draped with U.S. flags and bunting, was the scene of a fancy ball given in honor of President Hayes. There he met the frontiersmen dressed in their Sunday best; certainly they were a cross section of the times. Mainly, they were miners and ranchers, but likely included a few gamblers and fugitives from justice, and among those who had been around for a while, some who had seen their share of Indian fighting.

Following the ball, the President slept well, so the story goes, but had he known what the accommodations were costing him, the chances are he would have done considerable tossing. For in the morning as he was departing, Madame Holt presented the aide-de-camp with a bill for \$120.

The President's aide stared popeyed at the bill, then snapped, "Madame, you misunderstand, I don't want to buy your hotel."

"Mon Dieu!" cried Madame Holt, lapsing into French. "That was a verree fine room! I go to much trouble, much expense! Zee wallpaper, zee carpeting, zee furniture!"

"And zee bill," grumbled the aide.

Two versions exist of what happened next. In one version, the aide paid the bill. In the other, only a portion of the

True West

bill was paid, which in turn prompted Madame Holt to write numerous letters to Washington. Anyway, Madame Holt's mercenary respect for the United States President didn't much ruffle the whiskers of Jacksonville's grizzled citizenry, who in their day had survived the boisterous invasion of some ten thousand gold-crazed miners, and had seen incidents of swift frontier justice by tree-limb hangings, a winter of near starvation, continuous skirmishes with Rogue River Indians, and the usual weekly barroom brawls that livened every gold camp of the West. In later years, a concluding tagline among the old-timers was, "No, sir, President Hayes never did come back," and then was added, always with a chuckle, "I guess he didn't intend to anyway."

Jacksonville had come into being some thirty years previous to President Hayes' visit. In 1851, seemingly endless streams of pack mules, with backs piled high with groceries, clothing, and tools, picked their way over trails from Portland, Oregon, southward to the goldfields of northern California. Often the mules were grazed in the valley north of the Siskiyou Mountains before beginning the slow climb of the steep range. It was on a rainy December morning that two packers, James Clugage and James Poole, in rounding up



Oregon State Highway Commission

Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold crossed the counter of the Beekman Bank when the Jacksonville gold rush was underway in southern Oregon in the 1850s.

their mules for a start towards the Yreka mines, saw something shining in the mule track. They took a closer look. Sure enough, it was gold.

The two Jameses applied for and were granted a Donation Land Claim to the

entire area that was to comprise Jacksonville. Then they bought supplies in Yreka, paying mining-camp prices for tools and food. A few curious miners followed the packers back to their new discovery. Like all fabulous strikes, news of it spread like a crown fire before a high wind. By February 1852, every foot of the surrounding hills and gulleys was staked out, and big finds were being reported every day.

The log and tent city that mushroomed overnight was named Table Rock after a nearby promontory, but with the formation of Jackson County in 1852, most settlers preferred Jacksonville, and that it has been ever since.

In time the tents and log cabins gave way to permanent wood-framed and brick structures, and Jacksonville grew to be the principal financial and trading center in the vast wilderness separating San Francisco and Portland. Wells Fargo stages connected Jacksonville with the two cities on the nation's second longest stage route—1100 miles of rugged traveling. From Beekman's Bank—the only bank in Jacksonville—the stages hauled away bags of gold dust and returned with colorful characters lured by riches, including dance hall girls to liven up the night life.

The diggings in and around Jacksonville were by far the richest in Oregon. During the twenty-seven years of C.C. Beekman's bank operation, over thirty-one million dollars worth of gold passed



Rutherford B. Hayes Presidential Center

On October 21, 1880, President Rutherford B. Hayes and the presidential party visited Yosemite during a western tour. The party included Mrs. Hayes (fourth from left) and the President seated foremost in the driver's seat.

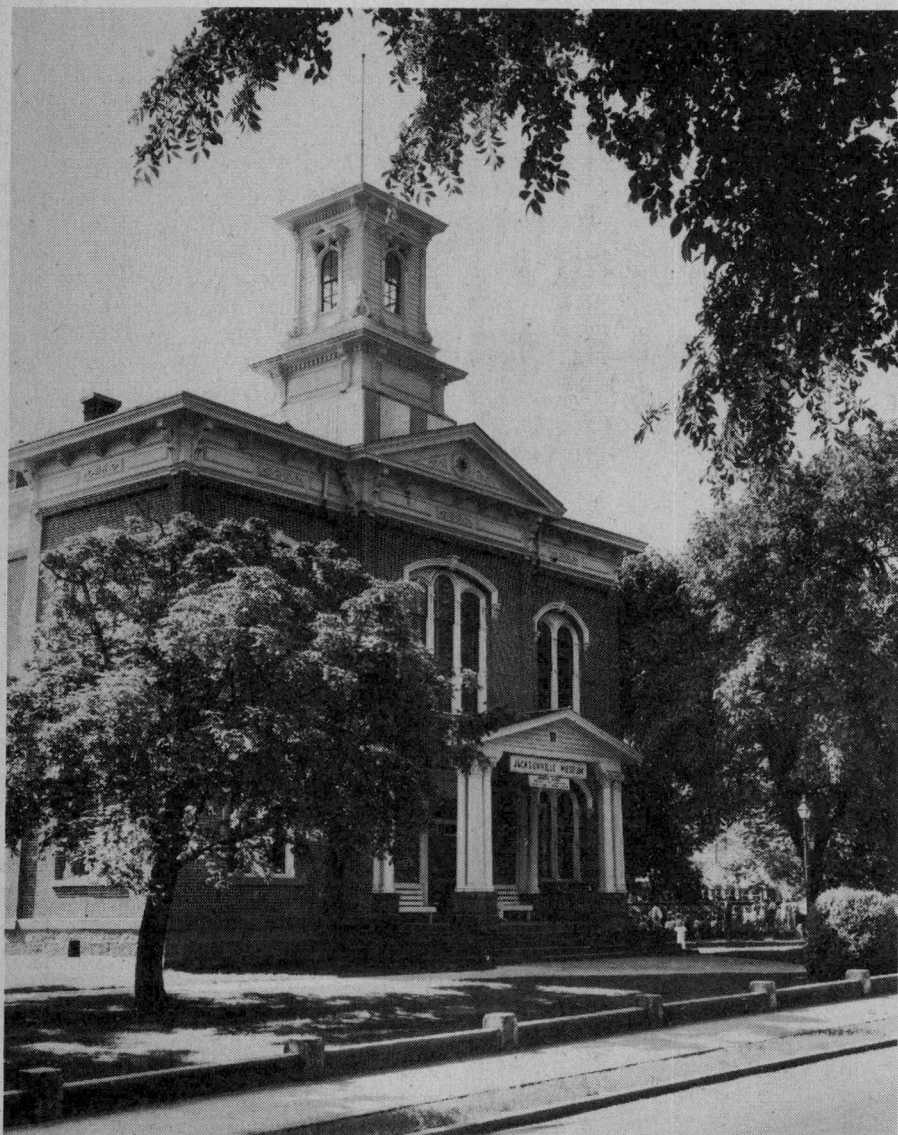
May 1987

Like all fabulous strikes, news of it spread like a crown fire before a high wind. By February 1852, every foot of the surrounding hills and gulleys was staked out, and big finds were being reported every day.

over the counter. Gold was everywhere. It was there for the mere digging. Even Jacksonville was undermined for its gold. A case in point is of two men confined in the town jail. The jailer was more interested in digging the lovely stuff from his nearby claim than in promptly feeding the prisoners. Once, a couple of prisoners decided to do something about missing their noonday beans. They would tunnel out through the dirt floor of their cell. Of course, they

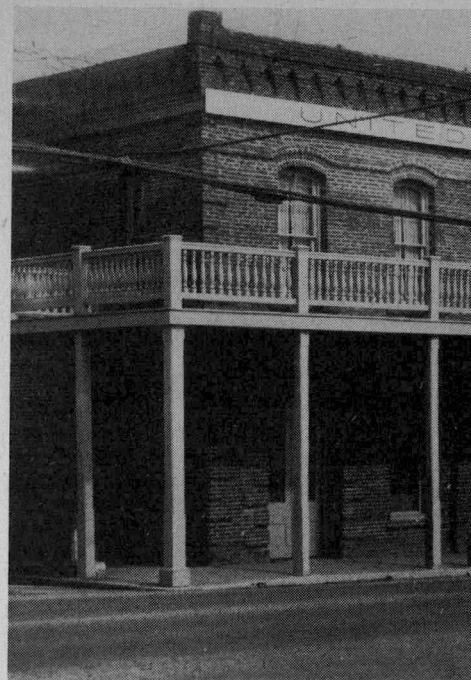
struck gold, plenty of it, so they decided that missing a few meals was of lesser importance. When they had served their jail sentences, they were reluctant to leave, which caused the unsuspecting jailer to scratch his head in wonder and ponder the vagaries of some people.

The stories of old Jacksonville are replete with vagaries. There was the miner who would not be taunted into setting up the drinks for the saloon crowd. One word led to another, and



Oregon State Highway Commission

The Jacksonville Museum served as the Jackson County Courthouse for forty-three years. Built of local brick and native stone, the classic structure now houses the Jackson County historical collections.



when someone accused him of being stingy, he angrily took out his poke containing \$700 in gold dust and waved it before them, saying, "By God, I'll show you how stingy I am." With that he dashed out of the saloon and scattered the gold dust in the street.

Another saloon story has been handed down about the miner who was down to his last speck of gold dust. Nevertheless, he told the bartender, "Set 'em up." While the crowd was being served, he rushed out to sluice enough gold to pay for the round, returning as the last man was being served.

The saloon stories go on and on, but one more should be told. Not all the women who came to Jacksonville were dance hall girls; many were the wives of hardworking miners. As the population of the "fair sex" increased, so did the need for an appropriate place of worship. True to the spirit of the American pioneer woman, a group of determined wives bravely invaded the saloons and gambling houses to solicit funds. The red-shirted miners and frock-coated gamblers were greatly embarrassed by the respectable ladies invading their male sanctuaries, so they hastily dug deep into their pokes and contributed generously. In short the ladies collected enough yellow dust to build a Methodist church, which is today the oldest Protestant church west of the Rocky Mountains.

Like the Greek women of yore, those Methodist women also put a stop to war. The Shasta Indians who inhabited the Rogue River valley joined the Takelma nation in a final attempt to



The United States Hotel was where President Hayes spent the night in Jacksonville.

For the next few hours, Mrs. Harris defended the cabin, keeping up a steady fire, moving about the house, and occasionally firing from the loft. Her only safety lay in convincing the Indians that the cabin was defended by several men. About two in the afternoon, the Indians decided to move on to the Haines house, where they killed the couple and their two children. The Harrises' nine-year-old son, who had earlier gone to the Haines homestead, was never found, and his fate remains a mystery.

From Jacksonville, Oregon, to Northfield, Minnesota, is a long jump, but in 1970 both towns were blended in the making of Universal's movie *The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid*. The story revolves around ten savage minutes of September 7, 1876, that brought a violent end to the notorious James-

Younger gang when they attempted to hold up the Northfield bank. In scouting for a suitable location, it was found that Jacksonville was a near perfect setting. All that was needed to lend authentic flavor was to remove the telephone poles from the main street, cover the pavement with an inch or so of dirt, and lay boardwalks over the sidewalks.

Along with the ghosts of the past, Jacksonville is populated with a citizenry that is very much alive to its heritage. Townspeople intend to keep their town a living museum of the past. One focal point for the visitor is the old courthouse that exhibits a fascinating array of relics, including the shotgun the heroic Mrs. Harris used to hold off the Indians.



drive out the white men usurping their lands. Outlying settlers were shot down indiscriminately; U.S. Army troops were called in. A volunteer company was organized. Many of the miners welcomed the excitement of fighting Indians and enthusiastically joined up. The women, however, took a dim view of their men leaving them unprotected while seeking Indians elsewhere. Holding a secret meeting in the new church, they vowed to withhold the "expectations of home life" until their men could see the error of their ways. Needless to say, that resolute action was largely responsible for bringing the war to a grinding halt.

The war was not without its tragedies. The dramatic story of the George Harris family is most often told. The Indians struck the Harris farm about nine o'clock in the morning. Hanging from their belts were the fresh scalps of two neighboring families. The hired man, T.A. Reed was slain in the cornfield. Harris, who was working near his cabin, was mortally wounded by a volley of shots. Before collapsing he made it to his cabin door. Frantic, Mrs. Harris dragged her husband inside and hastily shut and barred the door. Their daughter was sent to the loft, where there was less chance of stray shots. During George Harris' dying moments he taught his wife how to load and fire the double-barrel shotgun.

Oregon State Highway Commission



Tombstones in the historic Jacksonville cemetery in southern Oregon tell of the pioneer history of early Oregon.



Curly Witzel with his four-year-old son, John, in 1971.

In the 1920s there was a lot of glamour attached to being a cowboy or a movie star. Curly Witzel was both.

The transition from "real" to "reel" was only one of many adventures for the handsome Wyoming cowboy who was working at Eatons' Dude Ranch when he was asked to be in the movies.

A movie director staying at Eatons' had watched Witzel in one of the ranch rodeos and asked him to try out for the movies. Because rodeos and cowboys go together, it was only natural that Witzel was at a rodeo when he got a telegram confirming his movie role. "I was in Omaha," Witzel recalls, "and I didn't know if I really wanted to go."

Witzel decided to go, and it was off to Hollywood, where he made four movies in the period of 1924-1926.

The movies were two-wheel silent pictures. He starred in "The Law of The North," where he played the part of a sheriff. He was a prospector in "The Fighting Strain," a stage coachdriver in "Whirlwind Driver," and the hero in "When Bonita Rode." He also doubled for Hoot Gibson in a couple of movies, wearing Gibson's clothes and riding Gibson's horse. Witzel did his own stunt

Curly and an actress in the movie "When



A Real Old-Time Cowboy

By BARB KETCHAM

Photos Courtesy of Curly Witzel

Except Where Noted

While winning was important to cowboys, Witzel said that the friendship with other cowboys was the best part of a rodeo.

rk in the movies he made. Besides Gibson, Witzel also worked with Tom Mix, Delores Brinkman, Benny Corbet, PeeWee Holmes, and Harry Wales, stage name for Floyd Gerson of Birney, Montana.

All the movies were made by Universal Pictures, directed by Lou Collins, and were filmed at Lone Pine, close to Hollywood. They started filming as early in the morning as possible. "By the time the lights got yellow, and they couldn't film." Looking at the films now, Witzel agreed that they "look like a rainy part of the time."

"The pay was great," Witzel says of his \$500 a week salary. Being a movie star had other benefits, such as his own apartment on Hollywood Boulevard. A western writer and illustrator Will Rogers lived in the same apartment house. Witzel had his own dressing room at the studio and his own horse, "Inx," who was well-trained and could hunt. A trained crew of men handled the livestock for the film company, and the animals had good care.

While he was in Hollywood, Witzel spent three days at Will Rogers' ranch. He told about a stuffed calf that Rogers had in his living room and "roped daily

anita Rode."



A 1924 photograph of Curly Witzel during his movie career.

to keep in shape." Witzel remembers Rogers as being friendly and outgoing. "A lot of people thought all he could do was tell stories, but one day while I was there, he roped 103 head of stock without missing one."

By the end of 1926, Witzel was disillusioned with some of the aspects of the

down with 'Stay Comb' but I still got teased about my curls."

Witzel's parents moved to a farm near Broadview, Montana, where he went to school and continued to live at home until he was sixteen. In 1918, he took a job at the PK Ranch near Sheridan, Wyoming.

Charlie Russell had gone with some of the Eaton dudes to Glacier National Park. One evening around a campfire, Russell began working with some molding clay. The cowboy across from Russell was surprised to see his own likeness appear.

film world, and returned to Wyoming to what he knew best—being a cowboy.

Born May 19, 1902, in South Dakota to German-Irish parents, Witzel was the second to the oldest of nine children. He was named Erwin Fay, and all of his brothers' names began with an "E". Because of his curly hair, he was nicknamed "Curly," a name he continued to use. "I used to plaster my hair

Witzel started saddle bronc riding in 1920 while working at Eatons' Ranch, and rodeo became a weekend event for him from that time on. He earned five dollars a head for "mount money," and he won the Saddle Bronc riding contest several years. He also took part in bulldogging and calf roping.

He later joined a rodeo circuit which traveled to Denver, Kansas City, and



Omaha. Known as the Cowboy Turtle Association, the circuit was the nucleus of the RCA.

Over the years he rode many horses, but one particular bronc made an im-

much that Curly bit his cigar in half.

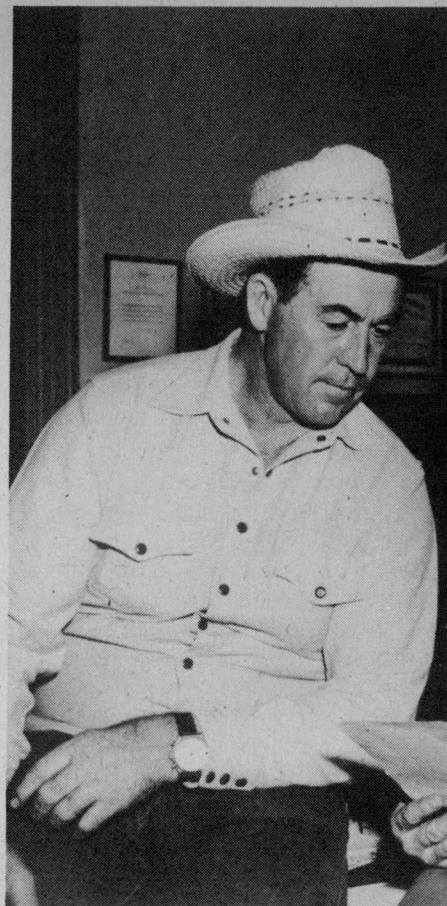
While winning was important to cowboys, Witzel says that the friendship with other cowboys was the best part of rodeo. A special friend was Pat

In a "Wild Cow Milking Contest" in Omaha, the cows were on one end of the arena, and the cowboys on the other. What Witzel and Ryan didn't know was that a steer had gotten in with the cows. Witzel had grabbed the steer.

pression on him. The horse called "Five Minutes To Midnight" was a smart horse who bucked like he was going to go through the gate. While Witzel rode him, and stayed on, the bronc kicked so

Ryan, a Sheridan cowboy who was both a rodeo contestant and, later, a rodeo judge. "Pat was a great rider and bulldogger, and we judged many rodeos together," Witzel says of his friend.

Curly at a winter camp where he hunted coyotes around 1936.



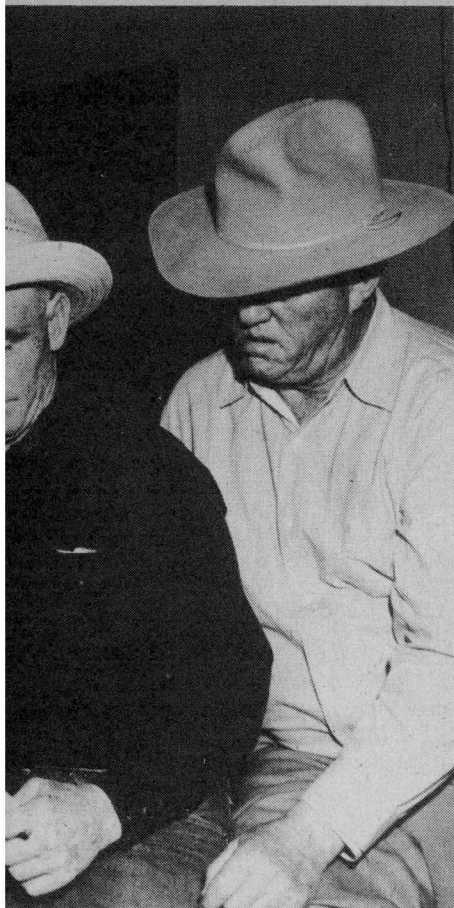
Curly with friends Pat Ryan (center) and Big

Ryan won the 1924 World Championship and was presented the Roosevelt award. A highlight for Witzel was watching his friend be inducted into the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1978.

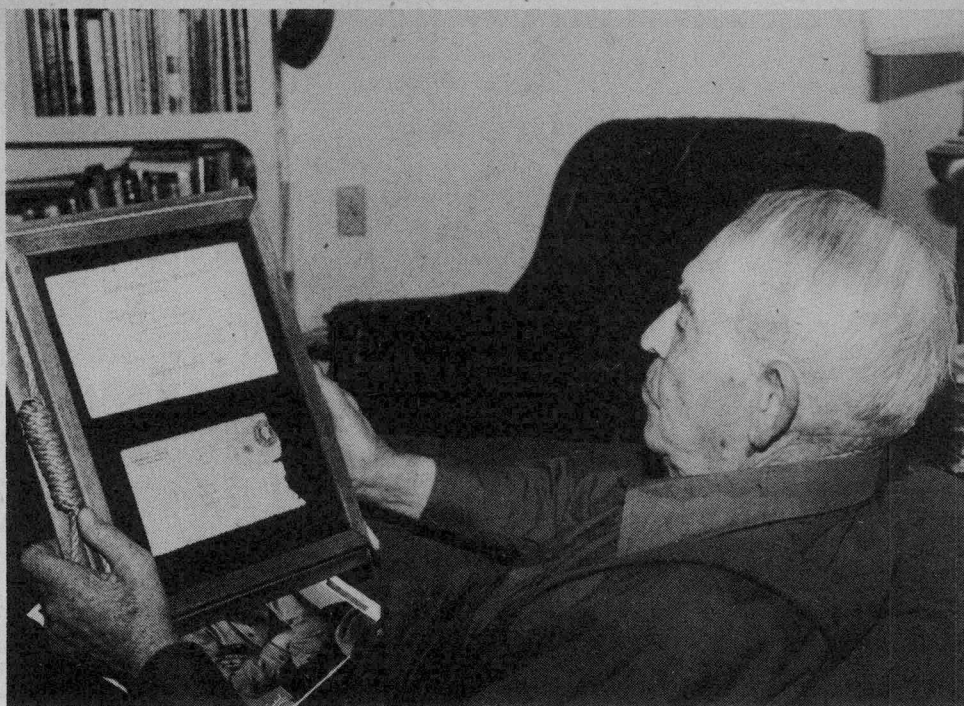
Witzel recalls taking part in a "Wild Cow Milking Contest" with Ryan in Omaha. The cows were on one end of the arena, and the cowboys lined up on the other. One cowboy of each team would hold the cow, and the other would milk the cow and run back to the judge with the milk in the bottle. The object, of course, was to get the milk back first. "Of course, the milk had to be warm," Witzel said. "While I held the cow, Pat, who carried some milk in his mouth, spit the milk in the bottle, and ran back." What the two cowboys didn't know was that a steer had gotten in with the cows and that Witzel had grabbed a steer. When the steer was spotted, the question was asked, "Who got the steer?" No one owned up to it. "We won the cow milking contest off a steer," Witzel laughs.

In his twenty years of rodeo, Witzel sustained only a couple broken ribs and some minor scrapes and bruises. "I was lucky," he says.

After he retired as a contestant in



Bill Eaton.



Barb Ketcham

Curly looks at an invitation to a hanging.

rodeos, Witzel became a rodeo judge and judged at the Sheridan Wyo Rodeo for seventeen years.

Witzel has fond memories of his seventeen years at Eatons' Ranch. When he first started working there, all three Eaton brothers were there, Alden, Willis and Howard. Later "Big Bill Eaton", son of Alden, and Bill's wife, Patty, ran the ranch. Now, it is run by their daughter, Nancy Ferguson.

"Big Bill Eaton" had quite a sense of humor. One of his favorite descriptions of Witzel was, "Having Curly around was a lot like having four good men gone."

Working at Eatons' ranch meant the opportunity to meet some of the famous guests who regularly spent their summers there. One such person was Mary Roberts Rinehart, the mystery writer.

WITZEL also met the famous artist, Charlie Russell. Russell had gone with some of the Eaton dudes to Glacier National Park, and one evening while they were all sitting around a campfire, Russell pulled out some molding clay and began working with it. Later, he put some shellac on it, and set it over the fire to bake. The cowboy across from

him was surprised to see his own likeness on the sculpture. "Charlie always carried clay and made many such sculptures for us," Witzel recalls.

Following his movie career, Witzel joined the Miller Brothers 101 Wild West Show, which included thirty-five performers and traveled from city to city in the East. Performing in a big top tent, the show gave Witzel a chance to show off his bronc riding, bull riding, and steer wrestling. The show had its own train, and usually stayed in a town for three days. A memorable trip for Witzel was to the White House. "We sure got to see a lot of country."

Adventure on the ground was not enough for Witzel, who also wanted to try the sky. With Oliver Wallop of Big Horn as his instructor, Witzel learned to fly, got his private and commercial licenses, and started Big Horn Airways with partner Bob King.

Set up as a school to teach army pilots, the two men had ninety students and instructions included night flying. During the war, Witzel also trained pilots at Laramie, Wyoming. There were some scary moments. Once Curly was showing a student a spin that you enter easy and come out easy. The student

froze on the controls while they were upside down. "I talked him out of it," Curly says, "and then I took him up to try it again."

After selling out his share of the airways, Witzel used his flying skill for a job with Scott Livestock Company in Montana. Working there for thirteen years, he used a piper cub for looking for cattle and spotting fires after thunderstorms.

Witzel and his wife, Sally, moved to Sheridan about five years ago, but he still occasionally goes riding with his friends. Now instead of driving cattle, the eighty-four-year-old Witzel delivers "Meals On Wheels" to shut-ins in the community. "I like to keep busy and I enjoy visiting with the people."

When *Life Magazine* wanted to feature a "real" cowboy in 1971, they interviewed Witzel and featured him with his son, who was then about four years old. Another special honor came in 1979 when the cowboy was selected "Parade Marshall" for the Sheridan Wyo Rodeo.

Curley Witzel proves there's still glamour in being a cowboy.



Life On A Wyoming

SEASONS ON A RANCH. By Cynthia Vannoy-Rhoades. Pruett Publishing Company, 2928 Pearl, Boulder, Colorado 80301. \$14.95 clothbound.

This delightful, warm telling of ranch life makes the reader feel that he is helping to save a calf, going on a roundup, or enjoying a cup of tea on a cold morning with the family. The author's ability to record minute details such as a mouse trying to scurry across the road and avoid the hoofs of cows being driven to summer pasture gives a "you-are-there" quality to the book.

The extended family is described with such love, warmth and humor that they become old friends by the end of the book. Dad has inherited the ranch from his father, who bought it during the 1930s. His easygoing nature, and common sense are revealed throughout the book. The stories of Mom, sister Linda, neighbor Charlie Holland, partners Bernard and Linda Betz are woven through the tales of trail drives, shipping, weaning, feeding, branding, calving, and the various chores throughout the year.

Also mentioned are the animals on this Wyoming ranch, the cat, Fiss Bomb; the horses, Gazelle, Dynamite and Catawba. My favorite is Gazelle, who tries to throw the author off every morning when first mounted but would be surprised if ever successful.

One of the highlights in the book is the brief history that starts each chapter. The author has found a way to teach the non-rancher what is going to happen in the chapter and how that practice came about (such as branding) without talking down to the ranchers.

This is a nice book to curl up with and enjoy the life of a Wyoming Rancher. It is expertly written and easy to read. Terms are explained in such a way that the reader is informed of the meaning of words that are unique to the cattle industry.

The book is obviously a work of love,

for the author has always been a rancher, was raised on a ranch, and sees no other life that would be as good. By the end of the book the reader has to agree.—Kit Collings, Rock River, Wyoming.

A Railroad Telegrapher's Story

RAILROADS AND REVOLUTIONS, THE STORY OF ROY HOARD. By J. F. Hulse. Mangan Books, 6245 Snowheights, El Paso, TX 79912. \$19.95 clothbound.

In 1910, when a doctor told Roy Hoard that he had tuberculosis and suggested that he leave East Texas for the drier climate of the Southwest, the twenty-four-old railroad telegrapher followed his advice. When Hoard arrived in El Paso he managed to obtain a job as an assistant manager with a Canadian group which had just begun to operate a lumber manufacturing business and the railway which served it in the Mexican state of Chihuahua. His timing could not have been worse, for this was the year the Mexican Revolution began.

From 1910 to 1920 Mexico was wracked by revolution and changes in leadership as one group would come to power and then be deposed by another. Not only were the government troops fighting insurgents, but various factions fought each other for control. Bandits also took advantage of the chaos to roam the country and rob and kill.

During this period, Roy Hoard, as an American running a Canadian company in a foreign country, was in a perilous position. His ability to avoid being killed, to keep the trains running, and to avoid the takeover of his employer's assets by Mexico was a testament to his skill as a diplomat, his common sense, and his organizational abilities.

Those years were filled with high drama as Hoard tried to stay in the good graces of both the Federal forces

and revolutionary leaders like Pancho Villa as they took turns controlling Chihuahua and demanding the use of the Nor-Oeste railroad to transport troops and supplies. Villa was a particular problem because of his emotional instability. At times he saw Hoard as a friend, but on other occasions he threatened to kill him.

Hoard did a heroic job in keeping the Nor-Oeste railway running during the revolutionary years when bridges were constantly being burned, locomotives wrecked, miles of track torn up, and even, in one particularly horrible act, when an empty stock train was run into the far end of a long tunnel and set afire. A passenger train, unable to see the burning stock train, entered the tunnel, crashed into it, was derailed, and caught fire, killing seventeen Americans and forty Mexican citizens. This tragedy was caused by a revolutionary general who was demanding money for the protection of company property in an extortion scheme.

Hoard calculated that, during the first twenty years of the company's existence when unrest in Mexico was so prevalent, more than five thousand of its railroad bridges were destroyed and tons of equipment ruined, including twenty-nine locomotives. Hoard, who was made company president in 1917, managed to keep the operation going through skill, hard work common sense, and a great deal of courage.

Unfortunately, even though lawyer-author Hulse had much dramatic material like this to work with, he has submerged it in rather prosaic prose and a somewhat bare-bones presentation. The 126-page book is neither footnoted nor furnished with a bibliography, leaving the reader to wonder what sources, other than the Hoard Collection at the El Paso Public Library, were used. Also, since the author knew Roy Hoard for years, it seems that he could have added many anecdotes and even quotes to per-

True West

Ranch

sonalize this fascinating man. However, the book will certainly be of interest to anyone hoping to gain more insight into that tumultuous period in Mexico, and it also contains a number of interesting photographs.—**Jacqueline Meketa, Corrales, NM.**

Military Reference Tool

U.S. ARMY UNIFORMS AND EQUIPMENT, 1889. By the Quartermaster General. Foreword by Jerome A. Greene. University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th, Lincoln, NE 68588. \$24.50 clothbound, \$9.95 paperbound.

In 1889 the Quartermaster Department of the U.S. Army published *Specifications for Clothing, Camp and Garrison Equipage, and Clothing and Equipage Material*, and distributed it to the officers of the Quartermaster Department, then numbering under sixty. This heavily-illustrated book of specifications describes in detail an incredible variety of military accoutrements, from tent stoves to pillow cases and from chevrons to flags. Each item is illustrated and detailed specifications for construction are given.

Jerome A. Greene, well known as the author of *Slim Buttes, 1876* (1982) and *Evidence and the Custer Enigma* (1973), has provided a short introduction that places this rare publication in proper perspective. Greene gives a brief history of the problems that plagued the Quartermaster General and led to the publication of this book. He also provides a useful bibliography.

The University of Nebraska Press is to be commended for making this volume widely available at a reasonable price. It will undoubtedly become a key reference tool for military historians, museum curators, archaeologists, living history enactors, antique dealers, and collectors.—**Paul Andrew Hutton, Albuquerque, NM.**



Some folks
just can't
wait to
share the
latest

TRUE WEST

— with your
personal
subscription
you won't have to!



now only
\$13.95/yr.
(12 issues)

Each month **TRUE WEST** delivers the dynamic spirit of the American frontier right to your home—conveniently, regularly. Order today and we'll rush you your personal subscription to the nation's premier monthly magazine of Western Americana. Don't miss any of **TRUE WEST**'s action packed stories of Old West gunfighters, courageous homesteaders, blazing western battles, and more about life on the American frontier.

You'll relive the Old West — visit ghost towns, see historic sites, ride a wagon train, search for buried treasure, trek the Oregon Trail. **TRUE WEST** brings you all elements of western life on the frontier and today's recollections of that life, highlighted by authentic photographs and artwork that vividly depict history as it was being made.

You need look no further. **TRUE WEST** brings the old West home, conveniently, every month.

I want my own copy of

TRUE WEST

Sign me up for:

- 2 years (24 issues) \$26.00
 1 year (12 issues) \$13.95

- New subscription
 Renewal/Extension
 Check/Money Order is enclosed.
 Bill me.
 MasterCard VISA

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Acct.# _____

Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

TRUE WEST

P.O. Box 2107 • Stillwater, OK 74076

(405) 743-3370

TW587

Oklahoma residents, add 6.25% sales tax. On foreign orders, including to Canada and Mexico, add \$5.00 per year per subscription. All payments must be in U.S. funds. Offer good through May 31, 1987.

Trails Grown Dim

Stanley

I would like any information on my great-grandfather William Stanley, who was sheriff of Williamson County, Texas. He was shot and killed outside of his house by three outlaws that he was after.

One of his daughters was named Mary Ann. She married George E. Thompson. Their children's names were Tom, William, Ruth, Alta, Mertle, and Georgia. Their Mother died in Oklahoma in 1900.

If anyone has information on William Stanley, I would appreciate hearing from them.—**Gloria Blodgett, 7551 Chula Vista Dr., Citrus Heights, CA 95610.**

Burns

I am searching for descendants of John Burns, born in South Carolina in 1794, and Margarite Burns, born in Georgia in 1795. They had at least three children who were born in Tennessee: Lafayette, born in 1831; Robert, born in 1818; and Elihu Dennis, my grandfather, born in 1834.

Elihu was married to Mary Ann Cowden of Polk County, Missouri, in 1850. They also had three children: Elen, born in 1853; Margaret, born in 1855; and John L., born in 1858.

Elihu later married my great-grandmother Tabitha Jane Jennings in Sharp County, Arkansas, in 1869. They had four children: Maurice Patrick, born in 1869; Walter Allen, born in 1878; Willia, born in 1882; and Shelby Dennis, born in 1854. Walter Allen Burns was my grandfather. He died in Pike County, Arkansas, in 1907, at age twenty-nine.

I would like any descendants of these people or anyone with information on them to contact me.—**Boice Burns, Jr., 14430 Sequoia Bend, Houston, TX 77032.**

Wray-Haynie

I would like any information on Plesant Judson Wray or his wife Rebecca Atkinson Wray. Their children were: Evan, Jim, Plesant Jr., Sallie, Fannie, and Eula Lee (my grandmother). My great-grandmother was Artimisa V. Haynie. Her father was Wilkins Haynie.

She married John Allen Daniell.

The Wray's lived in Georgia from 1850-1890.—**William H. Bonney, Star Rt., Box 109, Kennard, TX 75847.**

Bullock

I'm trying to obtain the place and date of birth of Seth G. Bullock, the noted South Dakota lawman of the 1870s. I believe he is a relation.—**Robert E. Graham, 713 S. 8th St., Laramie, WY 82070.**

King

I am searching for information on Peter King, born March 10, 1778, possibly in Greene County, Tennessee. On August 13, 1805, he married Susannah Lewis in Greene County. Susannah was born July 17, 1783, place unknown. They moved to Jefferson County, Tennessee, where Peter died prior to 1822.

Susannah and her sons are listed on the 1830 census of Jefferson County. In the 1840 and 1850 census they are listed in Johnson County, Missouri. The sons are: John Lewis King, Russell Lewis King, Robert Lewis King, James Lewis King, Humphries Lewis King, William Lewis King, and Ambrose Lewis King. John Lewis King married Elizabeth Barton and came to Texas about 1850 and settled in Burnet County, Texas. I would like to hear from anyone with information on this family.—**J. Shorten, Rt. 2, Box 140A, Bertram, TX 78605.**

Muck

I'm looking for information on my maternal grandparents, Abe Muck and Hattie Elena Evans-Muck. Abe was born in Kentucky on February 20, 1861. I've heard his mother died when he was born. He had brothers named Jim, Charlie, and Lee. Jim had a wife named Marry, and Lee was blind. He also had a sister named Mary who had a son, Clive Norman. Mary once lived in Worthington, Minnesota, and the boys lived around Kansas City, Kansas.

Hattie was born June 6, 1867, in Missouri or Nebraska. Her brothers were Bill and Joe Evans. She had two sisters named Mary Evans-Stark and Bell Evans-Sailor.

Abe and Hattie Muck lived in Cook County, Nebraska, and moved to Glenrock, Wyoming, and then to Idaho. Abe always talked about driving a freight wagon.—**Otis Colvin, Box 214, Potlatch, ID 83855.**

Decounter

I would like to correspond with descendants of Peter Frederick Decounter, born around 1771, in France, and died August 20, 1854, in Ripley, Brown County, Illinois. I know of a daughter Jennetta (Marie) Decounter, born February 11, 1826, in Missouri. She married Jonas Allbert on December 1, 1844, and then later married Jonathan Stoffer on December 23, 1858. She died on January 7, 1883. She had a son named Samuel Decounter who was born in 1827, and a son named Jonathan Decounter, who was born in Missouri in 1829. They lived in Schyler and Brown County, Illinois, from 1850-1860.—**Marlys A. Bias, 112 E. Pershing, Riverton, WY 82501.**

Crockford-Hurd-Trudy-Fraser

I would appreciate any information anyone might have on Adelaide Stiles Crockford or her sisters, Harriet Hurd and Martha Trudy. Aunt Harriet was said to have been a colorful person.

Also information is needed on James and Ann Fraser. They settled near Davenport, Iowa, in the 1850s.—**Connie Watkins, 6224 Westridge, Acworth, GA 30101.**

Mooring-Ryther

I would like to correspond with descendants of Will Mooring and Fannie Ryther. They were brother and sister. They left Illinois to settle in Montana Territory about 1886.

According to an old letter they settled near Selish, which supposedly was about 100 miles from Bearmouth.—**Marcia Jolitz, 2000 E. River Rd., Tucson, AZ 85718.**

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.



Hombre

By BILL O'NEAL

Hombre (1967) is a 1960s version of John Ford's landmark Western, *Stagecoach*. Like *Stagecoach*, *Hombre* features a magnetic star and a superb supporting cast. Unlike the rousing 1939 classic starring John Wayne, however, *Hombre* is low-key and preoccupied with racial issues.

The central character of *Hombre* is John Russell, part Apache, part Mexican, and part white. Paul Newman portrays Russell with taut restraint, a blue-eyed breed who seethes with controlled rage over the bigotry he has suffered on the southwestern frontier. As the story opens he is content with life in the open as a breaker of wild horses. But the man whose name he bears wills him a watch and a boardinghouse, and an old friend played by Martin Balsam advises him to cut his hair and take advantage of this opportunity to live in the dominant white society. "You've been up in the mountains too long."

The boardinghouse is run by a weary and pragmatic woman (Diane Cilento, in an enormously appealing performance), who somehow has retained feminine compassion despite a difficult life. Her live-in companion (Cameron Mitchell) is a local law officer in cahoots with stagecoach robbers. The gang includes David Canary (once a star on *Bonanza*) and is led by Richard Boone.

With the expressive reserve characteristic of this gifted cast, the craggy-faced Boone presents one of the nastiest, most menacing villains in the rich history of screen villains. Almost as threatening but far more engaging is Boone's right-hand man (Frank Silvera), a jovial but deadly Mexican gunman. There is also a crooked Indian agent (Frederic March in one of the last appearances of a distinguished career) and his cold, cynical wife (lovely Barbara Rush).

When Russell and his "stagecoach" companions—actually they are riding in a mud wagon—are stranded by Boone

and his gang, Newman takes the offensive against the outlaws. "I can cut it," he accurately announces after shooting three of the brigands. Although earlier discriminated against by his fellow passengers, Newman reluctantly shepherds the group through the wilderness to an abandoned mining camp. Besieged there by Boone & Co., he resourcefully leads a defense that decimates the gang at the sacrifice of his own life.

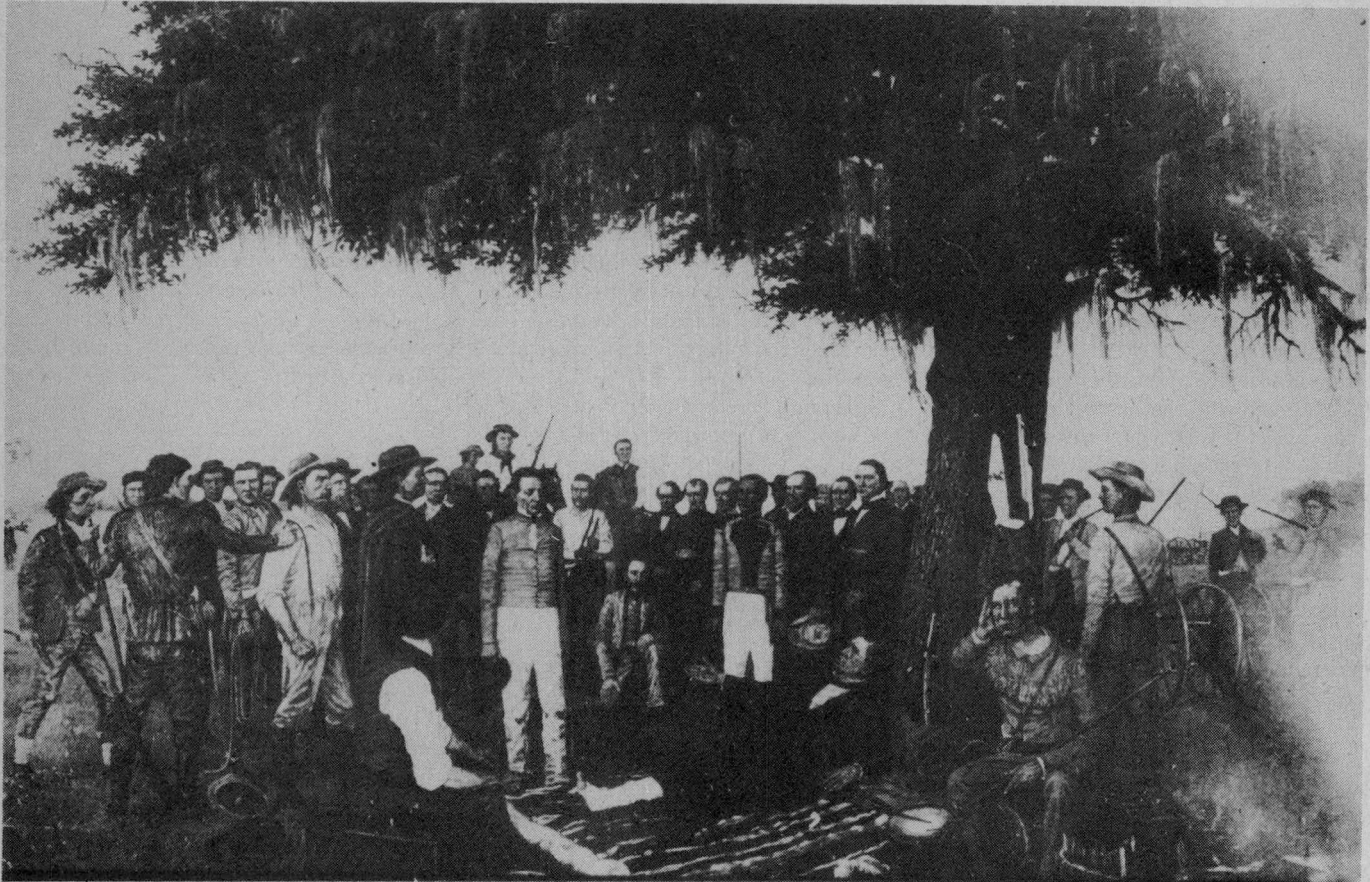
Although its conclusion is depressing, *Hombre* is a complex motion picture

that offers satisfaction to Western buffs on various levels. On the surface *Hombre* is a handsomely-filmed Western, with rugged vistas and terrific gun-fighting sequences. On a less tangible level *Hombre* comments upon many social issues contemporary to the 1960s. And through a literate script and the gifted interpretations of an able cast, it contains human interplay and rich characterization worthy of a quality film of any genre.



Paul Newman (center) is the reluctant hero of *Hombre*. Martin Balsam (seated) and Diane Cilento (right) are among the members of an outstanding cast.

Santa Anna and



The painting "After the Battle of San Jacinto" shows Sam Houston lying wounded on the ground and Santa Anna (in white pants) facing Houston.

Did General Sam Houston spare General Santa Anna's life after the Battle of San Jacinto because Santa Anna was a Mason? This question has been asked repeatedly over the years. Here are the facts, decide for yourself.

The Battle of San Jacinto was fought April 21, 1836, near Buffalo Bayou in what is now Harris County, Texas.

By EPP BROWN

After retreating for weeks, the ragtag Texian force under Sam Houston faced the Mexican Army commanded by General Santa Anna in an eighteen-minute engagement which has been called one of the sixteen most decisive battles of the world. After the smoke

cleared, 630 Mexicans lay dead and their commander, General Santa Anna, was missing. Apprehended the next day by a scouting party, the General was brought back to the Texian camp on the battlefield and thereby hangs the tale.

Sam Houston received his Masonic degrees in Cumberland Lodge No. 8 at Nashville, Tennessee, on April 19, June 20, and July 22, 1817. He became a

Sam Houston

member of Congress from 1823 to 1827, Governor of Tennessee in 1827, Commander in Chief of the Texas Army in 1836, and first President of the Republic of Texas.

Historically, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna has been associated with both the York Rite and the Scottish Rite Masons. In 1825, one authority identified Santa Anna as a "Yorkino" owning the Chief York Rite newspaper, *Mercurio*, in Vera Cruz. A present-day Mexican Masonic historian says that Santa Anna was a Scottish Rite Mason.

The day after the Battle of San Jacinto six Texian scouts approached a Mexican hiding in the tall grass near Vines Bridge and took him prisoner, never suspecting they had anyone of importance, as he was wearing the cast-off clothes of a slave. A blue cotton round jacket, cotton pantaloons, a hide cap, silk underdrawers, morocco slippers, and a linen shirt with diamond studs completed the attire of Santa Anna. The mismatched clothing was not noticed by the scouts as they argued about what they should do with the prisoner. Should they let him walk on to the Texian camp alone and turn himself in, or should they kill him so they could go hunting for deer?

Two members of the scouting party were Masons, James A. Sylvester and Joel W. Robinson. There is a tradition that Santa Anna gave the distress signal of a Mason to Sylvester, who was the first to reach him. Robinson finally decided to mount the prisoner behind him and take him to the camp. Robinson was astonished to hear the other prisoners exclaim, "El Presidente, El Presidente!" as they rode into the prison area of the camp.

Santa Anna was said to have "filled the air" with Masonic signs after his capture and to have given a Masonic grip to Sam Houston. John A. Wharton said Santa Anna, fearing for his life, gave a Mason's distress signal to him. Angry soldiers crowded around the prisoner when they learned his identity. They fingered their knives and pistols and made no secret of their desires to kill him.

Sam Houston was obliged to throw a guard around Santa Anna to preserve his life. Houston reasoned that a live *presidente* had more worth to the infant republic than a dead one. And so it was that Santa Anna was directed to order the withdrawal of the Mexican forces under his four experienced generals, Filisola, Urrea, Sesma and Gaona. The generals obeyed and marched for the border. A permanent treaty of peace

May 1987

was to be drawn later between Santa Anna and the Texas government recognizing Texas as a Republic.

Those detailed to guard Santa Anna at San Jacinto and later did include some known Masons, Richard Bache, A.E.C. Johnson, Orlando C. Phelps, Virgil H. Phelps and William H. Patton. There seems to be little doubt that fraternal brotherhood was evident at San Jacinto but that it was not the primary reason for the preservation of General Santa Anna's life.

SOURCES

Carter, James D. *Masonry in Texas: Background, History and Influence to*

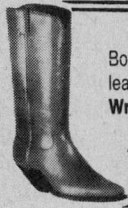
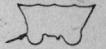
1846. Waco: Grand Lodge of Texas, 1955.

"San Jacinto Battleground State Historical Park." Pamphlet at San Jacinto State Historical Park.

Tolbert, Frank X. *The Day of San Jacinto*. New York: McGraw-Hill, 1959.

Wharton, Clarence R. *El Presidente; A Sketch of the Life of General Santana*. Austin: Gammel's Book Store, 1926.

Wisehart, M.K. *Sam Houston: American Giant*. Washington: Luce, 1962.



GENUINE HANDMADE BOOTS
 Bootmakers for over 20 years. Top quality leather - many styles - reasonable prices.
 Write for Catalog, \$1.

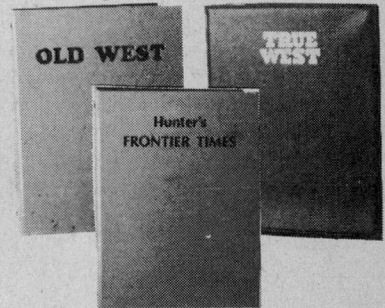
Austin-Hall Boot Co.
 BOX 12368-TW El Paso, Tx. 79912

BURIED TREASURE

Locate from a LONG DISTANCE!
 with Ultra-Sensitive *DIRECTIONAL* Locator
 SEND FOR FREE INFORMATIVE BROCHURE

CARL ANDERSON
 BOX 2702705 TAMPA, FLORIDA 33688

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS MAGAZINE BINDERS



Sturdy binders keep the back issues of your favorite western magazines neat and orderly. Our binders feature simulated leather covers with the name of the magazine gold-stamped on the cover and the spine. No punching or mutilation of magazine is necessary. TRUE WEST and OLD WEST binders hold 12 copies and cost \$9.95 each, postpaid. HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES binders hold 24 copies and cost \$9.95 each, postpaid.

Please send me the following binders:

<input type="checkbox"/> TRUE WEST	@ \$9.95 each	\$ _____
<input type="checkbox"/> OLD WEST	@ \$9.95 each	\$ _____
<input type="checkbox"/> HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES	@ \$9.95 each	\$ _____
Oklahoma residents, add 6.25% tax.		\$ _____
	TOTAL	\$ _____

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____

Send your order today to:

WESTERN PUBLICATIONS
 P. O. Box 2107 • Stillwater, Oklahoma 74076

PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY!

TW587

The Western Archive

Reproductions of newspapers, photos, diaries, and letters from the Old West

Weekly Oregon Statesman.

VOL. 24. NO. 11.

SALEM, OREGON, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1873.

\$3 00 per Annum—in Advance.

The "nice young man" of the Oregonian is shocked now with the "Oregon style." That paper, after turning so many flip-flops, ought to conclude the exhibition by turning preacher. It could speak whereof it knows of the vices of the "Oregon style." Like the reformed gamblers and drunkards, it could relate by the hour its own personal experiences, and hold up its own past as a "frightful example." For months past its columns have reeked with filth, blackguardism, and malignant personal abuse—stuff that "Mazepa" would have accepted with a blush; and now it affects to denounce the "Oregon style!" But, after all, if that paper really wants to reform and get back into the ranks of respectable journalism, we can't find it in our christian charity, to object, nor to place any obstructions in its way. We are taught from the pulpit that repentance, redemption and salvation are for even the v est.

The follies of fashion is graphically illustrated in one of the pictorials of a few days since, by a page of caricatures devoted to the prevailing overshadowing, and all pervading fan. One of the best of the lot is a picture showing the effect of using the fan constantly with one hand and arm. A beautiful female with a slender tapering left arm, has a right arm (the fan arm) swollen to distortion with muscular development—good healthy, hard muscular growth, like that of a blacksmith or athlete.

Some of the principal sorehead Republicans—mostly men who had lost offices—voted in the late election for Nesmith. We have no particular fault to find with them for that, for every man has a right to vote as he pleases; but we are wondering if these men will be putting on Republican airs in our next campaign, and trying again to defeat the Republican party by betraying instead of honest, open "opposition.

It is stated now that the Germans have got a fever for polar explorations, excited by the published scientific reports of the Polar expedition. The common sense query is what are the German or other scientists going to do with the north pole or polar sea if they find either?

The temperance cause in Kentucky has been somewhat set back by the announcement that one of the few water drinkers in that State has just discovered at the bottom of his well the body of a neighbor who disappeared four years ago; and the majority of the people have resolved to stick to whisky and let wells alone.

The new criminal code of Nebraska, has a provision forbidding all persons over the age of fourteen to "profanely curse or damn, or profanely swear," under penalty of twenty-five cents to one dollar for each curse," or "dama" or "swear." What a revenue such a law would raise in this State!

William Cullen Bryant, now nearly ninety years old, and enjoying a healthy old age, is said to be contemplating a voyage around the world, and will start on the journey the present fall or next spring.

The San Francisco Bulletin says the defeat of Crowley (Republican) for Chief of Police is largely due to the opposition of the gamblers who went against him because he had broken up their dens, under the statute against gambling. Complimentary to Crowley, anyway.

PORTLAND'S ENERGY.

When a few months since nearly one-third of Portland was leveled to the ground by fire, there were few who thought that much of the burnt district would be covered again this year with buildings of any kind, much less buildings of a substantial structure. Yet already there are a great number of houses erected and occupied, and a still greater number are in course of erection or finish. On all sides, as one walks through the burnt district, may be heard the sound of the saw, the hammer, the plane, and the trowel. The streets are full of building material, and altogether there is an appearance of busy thrift which attests more forcibly than multiplied words can do, the indomitable energy of Portland's people. The greater number of those who were burnt out are in business again in some part of the city and manfully struggling to "pull out" of their losses. A city with such people cannot be crushed by any ordinary calamity.

The condition of the colored men of Rhode Island cannot be altogether delightful. They have recently issued an address in which they say: "We are hounded and proscribed in cars and other public conveyances, in inns and other places of refreshment, in places of amusement, in public schools, in constituting juries and otherwise, to an extent which no American with any of the spirit we claim for Americans can, without remonstrating submit to."

A country actor, performing the part of Richmond, in the tragedy, of Richard III., had the misfortune to find his memory completely fail, when he had reached the words, "Thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched without impediment." After having repeated these words several times, the audience testified their disapproval by a general hiss, when coming forward he thus addressed them: "Ladies and gentlemen, 'thus far into the bowels of the land have we marched on without impediment' and curse me if I can get any further."

Gold has been quoted for two or three days at a lower rate—108—than ever before since the first issue, nearly twelve years ago.

Bets on bulls are not the safest investment in the world. We hear of a dealer in that fashion of animals (not Col. Peter Saxe) who made a bet that he could look a ferocious bull out of countenance. The spectators estimate that the bull-tamer went about twenty-seven feet high; and that if some friendly dogs had not interfered he might have been making twenty-seven foot trips skyward, till now.

In the November number of the Galaxy, just received, Ex-Secretary Welle's article on Lincoln and Seward is continued. It will run through several of the succeeding numbers and it promises to be quite a complete history of those two great men, so far as connected with the two terms of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

A PERSONAL MATTER.

The license of journalism occasionally meets with a salutary check, and we are always glad when it happens. An occurrence of this kind has just taken place; and though we cannot justify or excuse all that has been done we think that an offender against the decencies of journalism has met with merited punishment. We allude to the personal affair between Mr. Thompson of the Mercury and Frank F. Myers, late of the Forrest Grove Independent, which took place at Forest Grove, Sunday. We have the Bulletin's account and comments on the one side and the Oregonian's account and comments on the other. We care nothing for either. We know the main facts in the case, and upon that knowledge we base our judgment in the premises. We would say nothing at all in regard to the matter if the case did not involve in some sense the personal responsibility of journalists. Some time ago—say two or three weeks—the Forest Grove Independent, then published by Frank F. Myers, contained an editorial article charging Mr. Thompson of the Mercury with certain flagrant violations of social law—in short, with having become the pimp of a well known prostitute, of Portland, then in Salem. We believe that we know the publication to have been false, and therefore infamous. We supposed at the time that the responsible party would be called to personal account for it, though we never heard Col. Thompson utter a word in reference to the matter. We learn now, through the Bulletin, and Oregonian that he went to Forest Grove, Sunday, accompanied by three of his personal friends—M. V. Brown of the Albany Democrat, Wm. H. Trotter, of Salem and Mat Bledsoe a recent convict in the penitentiary, and meeting Myers, administered personal chastisement to him.

Our judgment in the premises is that Col. Thompson, except in one respect, has done just what he ought to have done. In punishing Myers, for his irresponsible and in- along with him a crowd of personal friends to overawe the object of his just wrath, he made a mistake. He made the act which should have been one mercy of retribution, appear rather in the light of bullying. In this respect only can we blame Col. Thompson. He was attacked infamously; but he should have punished the miscreant bravely. We are glad that Myers was punished, because we think there ought to be a proper limit to the license of journalism, and we know that he went beyond such proper limit. We are sorry that Thompson did not administer the deserved punishment in such way as to leave no stain of blame upon himself.

WONT SOMEBODY KILL HIM.

We wish somebody would scalp the Danbury News man just above the shoulders, and furnish the public with indisputable evidence that the surgical operation was faithfully performed. He is getting to be an intolerable nuisance. He said a few good things, and now every scribbler in the country is inventing sickly new jokes or digging up attenuated old ones, and palming them off upon a gullible but outraged public as the latest things from the Danbury News man. Thus the poor devil is made to stand Godfather to about a thousand execrably thin jokes per week; and a too patient public is deluded into reading them. We are sorry that the Danbury victim has not the sword of the archangel and the fury of the devil, that he might go forth through the world and slay these joking, punning demons. But, alas, he is only mortal, and our only hope is that he may be suddenly called away to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

THANKS.—We are in receipt of several beautiful ballads and polkas from Mr. Del'rans, of Portland.

A FEARFUL ASSAULT.—Yesterday morning, while waiting at the depot for the arrival of the up train, the small crowd of people who were assembled there were startled by a piercing yell. The circumstances are as follows: Some person in the city had given Eph. Olinger a fine and beautifully mounted sword and scabbard, to be delivered to a gentleman at the train. While carrying the sword about waiting for him to whom it was to be delivered, it seemed the memory of by-gone deeds of valor—the rushing charge, the deadly hand to hand encounter—rushed upon his mind; and like the war horse when he scents the battle from afar, the veteran blood coursing through his veins leapt again; his eye gleamed; his fingers played nervously with the hilt of the weapon, thirsting to bathe its glittering blade in the blood of some luckless victim. With a quick movement and a demoniac yell, and before any one could interfere, he sprang toward an unsuspecting and defenseless Chinaman, and with a fearful lunge he thrust the deadly steel—into its scabbard.

HOSTILE.—Considerable hostility has been exhibited toward the barbers for inaugurating the system of closing shops at an early hour on Sundays. It is true that it will compel some to get shaved on Saturday and others to come earlier Sunday morning. But if it is an inconvenience to those who have been in the habit of shaving at eleven, twelve and as late as one o'clock on Sunday, they will doubtless find it about as easy to go around at nine or ten, after once getting a little used to it. The barbers feel that they have a right to one day off in each week, and of all the week, Sunday is the only day which they can take. The time for closing, we are informed, has been changed from nine o'clock to ten, on Sunday morning.

A REMARKABLE FACT.—We were told yesterday of the most remarkable incident of its kind of which we have ever heard. There is in Oregon a family, a branch of which lives in Salem, which comprises five generations of people now living. The oldest member of the family is a lady, seventy-three years of age. She has a son-in-law of seventy, whose wife is the second in the line. One of her children, we believe, is living in Salem; and this one also has children and grand children living here. The oldest member of the family is great great grandmother to the youngest, making probably, the most lengthy family in Oregon.

THE WHITE OMNIBUS.—Some of the boys started a joke, at the sociable the other night, about the "white omnibus," at which a certain lady present took umbrage. We have no fault to find with this, as it was just and eminently proper; but when assured that no allusion to her was intended she seemed incredulous—in fact, was not satisfied. We can assure the lady, upon our honor as a local reporter (?) that no thought of her was entertained in connection with the matter.

THE BLACK OAK.—Mr. W. H. Lewis, who has just come from Roseburg, handed us, yesterday, several fine large acorns and one enormous leaf, which he had picked from a black oak tree near that place. We believe there are no specimens of this tree in this part of the valley. Mr. L. states that he has never seen it growing this side of Pass creek, but that on the other side it grows in great abundance.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.—The many friends of Mr. Charles C. Campbell will be pained to learn that he met with a severe accident a few days since while handling a gun. Mr. Campbell is visiting his mother near Vancouver, in Washington Territory. As we understand it, he was out hunting and while in the act of loading his gun, it was discharged in some manner, the charge passing through his left hand. In a letter to Judge Williams of this city, Mr. Campbell states that he thinks he will not lose his hand.

THE SOCIABLE.—Quite a number attended the Christian Church sociable at the Opera House Friday evening, though not as many as the ladies had hoped to see. The attendance was large enough, however, to make the affair a success, and those who were present found no difficulty in making the evening one of enjoyment. We did not learn what the receipts of the evening were.

ANOTHER CONVICT.—Deputy Sheriff Sewell, of Multnomah county, came up on the 11 o'clock train yesterday, having in charge one Charles Murphy, of Portland, who was convicted at the last term of the Circuit Court in Multnomah county, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary, for the larceny of a watch.

Judge Cope, at Atherstone, England, has sentenced Viscount Hatton, the eldest son of the Earl of Winchelsea, to ten days' imprisonment for contempt of court. What the nature of that young nobleman's contempt was must be obvious from his name. He entered court with his hat on.

A Note to TRUE WEST Readers

We are always on the look out for newspapers, letters, photos, and other interesting documentation from the 19th century West to reproduce in "The Western Archive." If you feel you have something to submit, please send your material to: The Western Archive, 205 West 7th Avenue, Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74074.

We will pay \$5.00 for any material reproduced in "The Western Archive." For purposes of reproduction, we require original documents; photocopies are not acceptable. All submissions will be handled with care and returned upon request.

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

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

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

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

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

MAKIN' CIRCLES WITH A ROPE: The Lore of the Lasso Wizards. Unique Western Americana by former pro roper. Hilarious and moving stories about the trick-ropeing greats of rodeo and Wild West Show yesterdays. 64 full-page photos. Deluxe hardcover edition with dustjacket. Autographed \$13.00. Marv "Slim" Girard, 1217 Pearce St., Owosso, MI 48867. 787

EVER MEET A BLUE OX? hey, now's your chance! Read "A Giant Walked Among Them" by H. B. Girard, noted chronicler of lumberjack lore. Trail west through 170 fun-filled pages with those timber legends, Paul Bunyan and Babe. 31 illustrations. Limited hardcover edition/dustjacket. \$9.00 postpaid. Free library cover! Girard Books, 1217 Pearce St., Owosso, MI 48867. 887

TRADE: one to 40 misc. T.W., Frontier Times, Ok West for my missing issues. Ed Sloman, Box 332, Kooskia, ID 83539. 587

WINNING POKER SYSTEMS: Using probability theory and electronic calculator, author computed best plays in most situations. Best betting and playing methods are revealed. These systems are acknowledged by many of the country's leading players to be more powerful than ever used. Learn them and win! \$3 plus \$1 postage. Gifts and More, 3745 S. 5th St., Milwaukee, WI 53207-3853. 587

ED BARTHOLOMEW wants all his gunfighter books. Price, condition please. Box 805, Ft. Davis, Tx. 79734. 887

LIFE MAGAZINES 1930-40s in good condition. Send \$10.00 for list of dates and prices. Ruth Schneider, #709, Lander, WY 82520. 587

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

A CONNOISSEURS SELECTION OF SCARCE and uncommon western americana books in exceptionally nice condition. Outlaws, Lawmen, Cowboys, Indians, Mountain Men. Catalogs available upon request. B&G Fine Books, Box 7546, Burbank, CA. 91510. 887

NEW PUBLICATION: Writers & artists wanted for small press zine about the Old West. Articles, fiction, photos, & artwork accepted. Contact: Baker Street Publications, PO Box 994, Metairie, LA. 70004. 587

NEW MEXICO TERRITORIAL REPORTS in reprint. "Report of Secretary of War" (1848) 150 p. writing by Lt. Abert; includes fold out map and 22 sketches; \$16.00. "Report of Governor of New Mexico (1895) 75 p; Historically significant \$10.00. both for \$24.00. Send check to Lincoln County Heritage Trust, Box 98, Lincoln, NM 88338. 687

T.W. & F.T. 1967 thru 1980. Nearly complete. Reasonable offer. All or part. Send needs & offer. Floyd Keinath, 1226 1/2 E. Montecito St., Santa Barbara, CA 93103. 587

50 BARN DESIGNS. Floorplans \$5.95. Trouvere, rt 2-290, Eclectic, AL. 36024. 587

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

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

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

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

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

INDIANS—These were the Utes, their lifestyles, wars, biographies, and more. \$9.95 plus \$1.00 handling. Also, Peteetneet Town, A History of Payson, Utah. \$16.00 plus \$1.00 handling. Order from the author, Madeline C. Dixon, 84 West 400 North, Payson, UT 84651. 587

TRUE WEST, OLD WEST, FRONTIER Times, Hunter's, Relics. Most in binders, some loose. Write for prices, details. S.E. Haygood, 2821 Sacramento, El Paso, TX 79930. 687

TEXAS "OLD FORT DAVIS," (Scobee), \$5.00. Ed Bartholomew, Ft. Davis, TX 79734. 687

NEW WESTERN PUBLICATION, the SAGEBRUSH JOURNAL. Only \$10.00 per year. Tabloid full of articles and photographs. Send \$2 for sample. 430 Haywood Road, Asheville, NC 28806. 687

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT ABOUT WYOMING! by Lavinia Dabler. Wyoming's own trivia book! 139 pages of questions answered in this fascinating capsule history! \$9.00 postpaid. Wolverine Books, Greybull, WY, 82426.788

WHO'S WHO IN RODEO. Rodeo Hall of Fame honorees. 224 pages. 290 photographs. \$14.95 autographed. Willard H. Porter, 5654 SE Harbor Terrace, Stuart, FL 33494. 787

"PIDGE" A TEXAS RANGER FROM VIRGINIA by Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST's "Answer Man." "Pidge" served as a McNelly ranger and fought in the Sutton-Taylor feud and against Cortina raiders on the Rio Grande. Gunfighter - ranger - journalist whose life was a Romeo-Juliet tragedy. This well-researched book presents his letters, thoroughly annotated, new information on the Sutton-Taylor feud and cattle wars. Many photographs, 157 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 inches. Limited edition. Large, hard-cover only. Signed and numbered by author. Price: \$25.00. Order: Chuck Parsons, Box 203 TW, South Wayne, WI 53587. 787

WESTERN-TREASURE-DESERT-AND OTHERS. Rare back issues magazines for sale. Write Harold Moody, Box 803, Project City, CA 96079. 787

SELLING ENTIRE COLLECTION TW, FT, OW. Over 350 issues. Also Hunter's Frontier Times and Rodeo Sports News annuals from 1959-83. John Foust, 34 Larch, Othello, WA 99344. 587

TRUE WEST Classifieds

**SPECIAL MAIL ORDER OFFER!
NOW DEDUCT ANOTHER 10%**

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

- 1. Choose your number of insertions: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
- 2. Mark your category: Antiques Artifacts Books & Magazines Business Opportunities Coins Collectibles Educational Employment Farm & Ranch Genealogy Government Supplies Guns Hobbies Indian Related Photography Real Estate Recipes Records & Tapes Travel Treasure Hunting Videos & Films Western Merchandise Want to Buy Miscellaneous
- 3. Write your copy: Please print or type copy. Show punctuation marks. For additional words attach separate sheet.

4. Determine your cost: Number of words _____ x 50¢ x number of issues _____ = \$ _____
Full payment must accompany all classified space orders. Deduct 10% for running in 3 consecutive issues and 15% for 12 issues. Zip codes are FREE. Up to five initial words highlighted in bold italic FREE; \$1.00 per word for each additional highlighted word. Post office box numbers count as three words.

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

Name _____ Credit card orders: VISA MC
 Firm _____ Account # _____
 Address _____ Expiration Date _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____ TW587



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

6. For deadline dates see advertising schedule on page 66 of this issue. If your ad arrives after the deadline date, we will insert it in the next available issue.

200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES

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

FREE AMERICAN TREASURE BOOKS-EQUIPMENT CATALOG Hundreds, newest items - coinshooting water/land, prospecting, western history, Indians, ghost towns, Civil War, maps. Treasures of Texas, Box 1695-4, Kerrville, Tx 78029. 388

MISTER RODEO! TRUE STORY of Leo Cremer and his fabulous Montana Broncs. New 1st edition by Patrick Dawson. 170 pages. 122 rare photos including beautiful "Rodeo Wrecks." \$16.95 includes postage. Wolverine Distributing, Greybull, WY 82426. 788

BOOKS! Montana and Wyoming Histories. Write for Free catalog. Wolverine Distributing, Greybull, WY 82426. 788

250 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

FRESH, HOT, RESPONSIVE NAME LISTS of mailorder BUYERS. Most categories. Computerized in ZIP CODE ORDER. Peel and stick labels. GUARANTEED DELIVERABLE! For brochure RUSH SASE to: J.E.B. Co., 120 S. Bird St., Vivian, LA 71082. 587

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

IMPORT 14,279 PRODUCTS CHEAP. 1,568 Asian sources revealed. Free details. Mercantile, 1023/89B Adams, Olympia, WA 98501. 887

EARN THOUSANDS! Home mailings program. Goodworld, Box 26233-TW, Tamarac, FL 33320. 687

FOUR BULK MAILS - \$1.00. Get on our mailing list. Receive a bulk mail every third month for one year. Money making offers and publications. U.S.A. only. Williams, Box 08170-TW, Detroit, MI 48208. 687

EARN EXTRA \$\$ selling Western Publications products! Magazine subscriptions, books, posters, prints, back issues, and much, much more. As a sale representative of TRUE WEST and OLD WEST magazines you will handle quality western products that will bring extra income and at the same time make you eligible to receive valuable discounts. For more information write: Western Sales, Dept. T-1, 205 West 7th Ave., Suite 202, Stillwater, OK 74074. PH. 405-743-3370, ext. 7. 687

TIRED OF WORKING 9 to 5? Learn how to start your own business at home! Free information, don't delay. DJ's Publications, 819 Pochard Way, Suisun, CA 94585. 787

FINDING AND FIXING OLD HOUSES for fun and profit. 110 page book tells how. \$7.95 to J.L. Enterprises, Box 463-WP, Laporte, CO 80535. 787

RAGS TO ROLLS-incredibly simple method took welfare level teacher to Washington Post interview and cash purchase of Rolls. Have helped thousands, I'll help you. For info. LSASE to J.L. Enterprises, Box 463-WP, Laporte, CO 80535. 787

SELL YOUR PRODUCTS EASILY in our multi-level marketing plan. Write: T&K Enterprises, Dept. TW, Box 904, LaGrande, OR. 97850. 587

HOW TO MAKE MONEY fixing old houses. Details. Henry Campbell Z, 7619 S. Ferdinand, Bridgeview, IL. 60455. 687

MAKING MONEY working at home selling information by phone. Free details rush SASE to: G. Clarin, Rd 1, Box 93 A, Chemung, NY. 14825. 587

SEVEN MOST profitable businesses you can work at home. Free details. Royale Publishers, 14100 Del Papa 5, Houston, TX. 77047-D-2. 887

EARNINGS UNLIMITED! Mail our burglar alarm advertisements from home! RBM Merchandising, Box 59314, Chicago, IL. 60659. 887

\$500.00 WEEKLY! IMMEDIATE HOME INCOME Opportunities. Guaranteed! Free information. Send Stamp. ALCO, B769TW2, Socorro, NM. 87801. 887

SELL BIBLES! Big profit \$1.00 brings colored wholesale brochure. Fosterw's, 1047 14th, Suite 14, Oroville, CA. 95965. 887

FANTASTIC NETWORKING OPPORTUNITY CAN'T SPONSOR? Low mailings. This program is for you. A fortune 500 company. Details contact Jeff Posner, Box 443, New Hide Park, NY. 11040. 587

275 COLLECTIBLES

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

275 COLLECTIBLES

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

OLYMPIC COLLECTORS NEWSLETTER sent free. Maxwell, Box 41630, Tucson, AZ 85717-1630. 788

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

TV GUIDES 1951-1985. All issues available. Catalogue \$1.50. Movie and TV magazines, paperbacks, posters, and photos. Dark Shadows, U.N.C.I.E., Doc Savage, Monkees, Batman, Avengers, James Bond, Prisoner, etc. Catalogues \$1.00. Also buying. Rogofsky, Box 107-T, Glen Oaks, NY 11004. 587

LAW BADGES AND PATCHES for collectors send \$2.00 for illustrated catalog. B-PEC, Dept. FT1186, Box 444, Los Alamitos, CA 90720. 688

COLLECT AUTOGRAPHS, historical letters and documents. Subscribe to The autograph collector's Magazine, PO Box 55328, Stockton, CA 95205. \$12.00 year U.S., Canada, Mexico; \$17.00 elsewhere. 887

277 EDUCATIONAL

"HOME OF CHAMPIONS" Write for Free booklet. Western College of Auctioneering, P.O. Box 21116, Dept. WW, Billings, MT 59104. Phone 1-406-323-1596. 588

ARTISTS! CRAFTERS! LEARN SIGN PAINTING for big profits. Write Karvounis, P.O. Box 2068-TW, Hazleton, PA 18201. 587

DREAMS—Ever wonder what they mean? Easy to understand booklet contains ways to help you interpret them. Send \$3.00 to: C.J. Bittman, 4618 Cooks Road, Richmond, VA 23224. 587

280 EMPLOYMENT

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

OFFSHORE JOBS! \$15,000/\$65,000! Week on/Week off! Free Information! Offshore, Box 4478-18, Biloxi, MS 39531. (Enclose stamp.) 587

FLORIDA KEYS. Young outside worker. Box 475, 33043. 687

292 FARM & RANCH

STOP ODOR WITH ODOR-NO. Removes odors permanently without masking. Nontoxic. Free details. Royale Distributing, 14100 Del Papa 5, Houston, TX. 77047. 887

293 FISHING

HOW TO USE FRESH WATER FISHING RIGS, \$3.00. 78 rigs illustrated for great fishing. Details free. Henry Campbell, 7619 S. Ferdinand, Bridgeview, IL 60455-587

350 INDIAN RELATED

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

PLAINS INDIAN BUCKSKIN GARMENTS, weapons, beadwork, moccasins, pipes, riflecases, belts. Catalog \$2.00. Tecumseh's, Box 359-TW, Shartlesville, PA 19554. 787

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

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

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

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

350 INDIAN RELATED

AUTHENTIC INDIAN CRAFTS & HANDWORK. Quilts, handbags, jewelry, dolls, stationery, water color prints and much, much more. Catalog \$1.00. Lakota Development Council, Box P-6, Chamberlain, SD 57326. 1287

EDWARD S. CURTIS photographs from "The North American Indian"; original papers. 915-565-2276; 3031 Polk, El Paso, TX, 79930. Gary Etter. 587

KACHINA DOLL KITS. Handcarved, natural materials. Beautiful, fun! LSASE, Gift Ranch, Dept. T, 44240 Watford Ave., Lancaster, CA 93535. 587

MEXICAN STATE SERAPES. Very colorful. 70 cotton, size 75x60 inches - \$18.95 each. Heavy weave Eagle Ponchos, 70 cotton, size 75x39 inches - \$17.95 each. horse riders Poncho 70 cotton, 75x35 - \$17.95 each. Lambswool Horse Blanket heavy weave - \$18.95 each. Casas Grande Reproduction Pottery 7 inches high by 8 inches diameter - \$12.95 each. Universal, PO Box 9593, El Paso, TX. 79986-0593. 887

ARROWHEADS, 1-1/2, perfect, assorted types, flint-25/\$6.75; 100/\$22.50. Obsidians-1", 25/\$6.99. Hooks-2", 3/\$5.50. Hothem Arrowhead book \$7.95. All postpaid. Refund if not delighted. M-B Company, 345 TW, Thurpinwalk, Christiansburg, VA. 24073. 887

OBSIDIAN AND AGATE ARROWHEADS. Smooth edge \$15.00 per 100. Serrated edge \$18.00 per 100. Plus, \$1.75 shipping. Universal, PO Box 9593, El Paso, TX. 79986-0593. 887

400 REAL ESTATE

MILLIONAIRES ONLY: Privacy in bedroom of the Rockies. 170-acre farm near famous skiing, golf, fishing, hunting, Glacier Park. Loaded Gun Ranch, 764 Prairie View Road, Kalispell, MT 59901. 687

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

MONTANA — NORTHERN IDAHO LAND. 5-40 acres of beautiful productive land in the heart of the Northwest's unpolluted wilderness. Some parcels border over a million acres of national forest. Big timber, mountains, meadows, lakes and streams with trophy hunting and fishing. Choose from rural convenience to mountain top isolation. All with good roads. Four season living at it's unequalled best. Timber and mineral rights, warranty deed, insured title, easy owner terms. Free brochures, maps and photos. Videos available. North West Land Exchange, PO Box 1088, Dept. TW, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814. (208) 664-3870-787

#1 TIPS on preparing your house for sale. 2 Some things you should know before starting your new home. LSASE \$2.95 each. J-L Publications, Box 426WP, Milliken, CO. 80543. 587

MILLIONAIRES ONLY: Privacy in bedroom of the Rockies. 170-acre farm near famous skiing, golf, fishing, hunting, Glacier Park. Loaded Gun Ranch, 764 Prairie View Road, Kalispell, MT. 59901. 787

450 RECIPES

HOW TO MAKE EASY, EXCITING NEW RECIPES using Owen's American style cookbook. details free. Henry Campbell, 7619 S. Ferdinand, Bridgeview, IL 60455-587

WILDLIFE, FOWL, FISH 400 RECIPES. sportsmans cookbook \$5.00 PPD. 15 Erie Lane, Box 14, Winona, MN 55987 887

FRONTIER GOURMET CHILI CON CARNE. Delicious, chewy, beef jerky. Two zesty Oklahoma recipes for \$3.00. Send cash of money order, please no checks. Send payment in SASE to Jerry Jackson, PO Box 2303, Lawton, OK 73502. 587

MEXICAN FOODS AUTHENTIC. \$5.00 SASE. Comida, Box 426, 461 W. apache Trail, Apache Junction, AZ 85220. 887

475 RECORDS & TAPES

DESERT COUNTRY MUSIC. Original Songs from the Oregon desert country. Cassette \$4.99 postpaid. Sonny Allyn, Grizzly Mt. 2, Prineville, OR 97754. 887

475 RECORDS & TAPES

GENERAL CUSTER—1876. Ride with the 7th cavalry at Little Big Horn-Guns & Blazing. Cassette also features original song "The Fightin' Seventh" by John Wells. Send \$10.95 to: Dimo, PO 1959-TWI, Chandler, AZ 85244-1959. Money back guarantee. 587

PATSY MONTANA, STRINGBEAN, Original Carter Family, Blue Sky Boys, Grandpa Jones, Sam & Kirk McGee, Jimmie Rodgers, free oldtimers list. Frontier Records, Box 157-TW, Jenks, OK 74037. 587

OLDTIME RADIO broadcasts on superior quality tapes. Free catalogue. Special offer: Three-hour western assortment - Gunsmoke (two broadcasts), Have Gun Will Travel, Fort Laramie, Frontier Gentleman, Hawk Larabee, The Six Shooter; all for only \$7.95. Specify cassettes, eight-tracks, or open reel. Carl W. Froelich, Heritage Farm Drive, New Freedom, PA 17349. 788

495 TRAVEL

FREE CARS! FREE GASOLINE! Compacts to luxury automobiles; No rental charges. Take that trip now & save money. Send \$3.00 for report. Politechnics, PO Box 3299, Greensburg, PA 15601. 587

500 TREASURE HUNTING

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

TREASURE HUNTERS. Subscribe to the premier publication on treasure hunting. 4-issues/year. \$5.00. Plus yearly Huge Treasure Book Catalog. Treasure Hunters Express, Box 448-W, Fremont, NE 68025. 587

LEARN THE ART OF DOWSING to assist you in finding treasures and most anything on or beneath the earth. Book 1 Fundamental Dowsing - \$6.95. Book 2 Map Dowsing - \$6.95. Both - \$12.00. Send to: Jones Publishing, Box 271-2B, Ulm, MT 59485. 1187

GOLD AND SILVER ore from historic mining camps western U.S.; P&S Enterprises, P.O. Box 743, Veradale, WA 9037. Wholesalers wanted. \$10.00, plus \$1.50 shipping and handling. 887

525 VIDEOS & FILMS

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

EXCITING CLIFFHANGER SERIALS/WESTERNS on VHS. Lowest prices!! Free list—Serials, P.O. Box 173-TW, Boyertown, PA 19512. 787

HUNDREDS OF CLASSIC WESTERNS ON videocassette, VHS, starring Roy, Gabby, Lash, Tex, Gene, John, Smiley, Hoot, and others. Free catalog. HRM family video, Box 2621, Evansville, IN 47714. 587

550 WESTERN MERCHANDISE

OLD WESTERN STYLE COFFIN. Plans \$5.00. P&M Associates, Box 1717-B, Paintsville, KY 41240. 787

!!!WANTED POSTERS!!! TEN AUTHENTIC 11 X 17 western outlaw reproductions for only \$5.00. Posters, P.O. Box 1389, San Andreas, CA 95249. 587

RANCHERO SADDLERY: We specialize in old time vaqueros, mountain men, and cowboy's saddles and equipment. All of our items are museum quality reproductions. Catalog \$5.00. Box 27800, Suite 183, Albuquerque, NM 87125. 687

CUSTOM BELT BUCKLES with your logo, solid sandcast bronze, hand finished. Also bronze grips for .45 auto, gun related, cloisonnes pins in stock. Buckles by Mike, 1225 Manzanita, Dept. TW, Los Angeles, CA 90029. 687

650 MISCELLANEOUS

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

650 MISCELLANEOUS

ROLEX President look \$150 & others available. #1 Wholesaler. Order (213) 305-8949. 587

TOBACCO! Sweet chewing or "Smokeless" samples. Send stamp. Fredco's, Box 707, Dresden, TN 38225. 288

1886 MAPS of the Old West. 22 Maps of all states West of Mississippi showing ghost towns, mines & mining camps, railroads, military posts, trails, plus much more. All 22 maps \$9.98. Send \$1.00 for our catalog featuring many other Western maps, posters, ghost town, railroad, prospecting and treasure books. Territorial Quartermaster, Dept. TW, P.O. Box 55939, Tucson, AZ 85703. 687

COUNTRY MALE would correspond any subject with same from anywhere. Snaps appreciated. Box 8998, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada, S7K 7E7. 788

PREGNANT? Looking for that unique, different name? Send \$3.50 for over 2,000 unusual names and spellings. Names, 2830 Payne Road, Medford, OR 97504. 787

JESSE JAMES? BUTCH CASSIDY? Wyatt Earp? These names interest you? You should be a member of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History. Write for membership details, P.O. Box 1701, Hamilton, MT 59840. 787

TOBACCO! Sweet chewing of "Smokeless." Free samples. Write Fredco's, Box 707, Dresden, TN 38225. 288

INTERESTED IN MULTIPLE WIVES? Send \$10.00 for cassette tape to: DiMO, P.O. 1959-TWI, Chandler, AZ 85244-1959. Money back guarantee. 587

LEARN MUSIC INSTANTLY! Exciting teach yourself courses, by note-ear. Amaze your friends! Free catalog. Davidsons, 6727TWW Metcalf, Shawnee Mission, KS 66204. 587

TIRED OF BEING OVERWEIGHT? I can help you. Absolutely new technique. Send SASE to: CRB Enterprises, 106 Heritage Ln., Denton, TX 76201. 587

RAILROAD GIFTS, WATCHES, Oshkosh overalls, buckles, whistles, books, free catalog. Depot, Dept. TW, Sullivan, IL 61951. 887

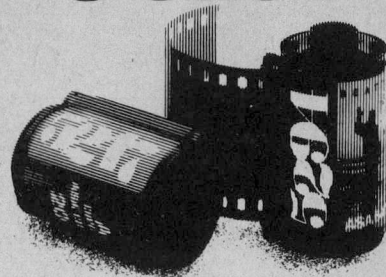
AD INDEX

Advance Advertising	13
Carl Anderson	61
Austin-Hall Boot Co.	61
Blevins Manufacturing	13
Book Mart	33-36
Deep River Cowboy Assn.	8
Esther's E-Z Shop	13
Global Expeditions	67
Gold!, back issues	11
H & H Enterprises	13
Hunter's Frontier Times	10
Jim Lyons	13
Old West, subscription	7
Poster Art	2-3
Relics, back issues	27
Roundtree Gifts	8
Seattle Filmworks	66
Vlad Shkurkin	13
True West, subscription	67
True West, subscription	57
Waymar Marketing	8
Western Graphics	68
Western Publications, binders	61

TRUE WEST AD SCHEDULE

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

35mm Color



Prints and Slides from the same roll

Seattle FilmWorks has adapted Kodak's professional Motion Picture film for use in your 35mm camera. Now you can use the same film—with the same microfine grain and rich color saturation—Hollywood's top studios demand. Its wide exposure latitude is perfect for everyday shots. You can capture special effects, too. Shoot it in bright or low light—at up to 1200 ASA. What's more, it's economical. And remember, Seattle FilmWorks lets you choose prints or slides, or both, from the same roll.

Try this remarkable film today!

©1986 SFW

\$2 INTRODUCTORY SPECIAL

RUSH me two 20-exposure rolls of Kodak MP film for my 35mm camera. Enclosed is \$2 for a 2-roll starter pack including Eastman 5247® and 5294® 100% Satisfaction Guaranteed

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____
 STATE _____ ZIP _____

Mail to: Seattle FilmWorks 4605
 500 3rd Ave. W.
 P.O. Box 34056
 Seattle, WA 98124

Kodak, 5247 and 5294 are trademarks of Eastman Kodak Co. Seattle FilmWorks is wholly separate from the manufacturer. Process ECN-III.

True West

AN EXTRAORDINARY TWO-WEEK JOURNEY THROUGH

THE OLD WEST

WITH *Amanda Blake*

Don't miss this extraordinary opportunity to travel through the Old West with Miss Amanda Blake, who for 19 years played Miss Kitty Russell on "Gunsmoke." On a tour designed to recapture a bit of that old frontier spirit that was so much a part of the "Gunsmoke" series, Miss Blake will be traveling on an itinerary that begins in Kansas City on June 20 and ends in Albuquerque on July 3. (Cost: \$2490 per person, less **a special \$200 discount for True West readers.**)

This unique itinerary features: ★ A historical tour of Kansas City and St. Joseph. ★ Lunch in Council Grove at the Hays House, originally built in 1857 by Seth Hays, great grandson of Daniel Boone. ★ A visit to the Ft. Larned Historic Site. ★ An enjoyable day in Dodge City with its historic Front Street, the Long Branch Saloon and Wright General Store. ★ A cookout at Buffalo Bill Cody's Scotts Rest Ranch. ★ A two-day wagon train trip following the Oregon Trail with a night under the stars. ★ In Colorado Springs, a ride in a cog train up the 14,110-foot Pike's Peak for a spectacular view of the Rockies. ★ A ride on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad in Antonio, Colorado. ★ A three-day pass to the Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe and a special group dinner. ★ A free day in Taos, to see the Bandelier National Monument or try white water rafting. ★ Motorcoach travel along the Turquoise Trail to Albuquerque through Cerillos, Madrid and Golden. ★ And a few surprises.

(Miss Blake will also be leading a tour to Australia, including the Outback and the Great Barrier Reef, from April 16 to May 2, and to Alaska, including the Yukon and a cruise along the Inside Passage, from May 19 to June 4.)

**For Details, Call Toll Free: 1-800-334-8573 or write:
Global Expeditions, Inc., 200 Park Ave. So., New York, NY 10003**



I am thrilled to invite you to join me on a fabulous 14-day journey through The Old West, adventurous and educational, relaxing and fun-filled. As you might suspect, I have an abiding affection for the American frontier during those rip-roaring days when pioneer families were heading west by wagon train, filled with dreams of a bright new future.

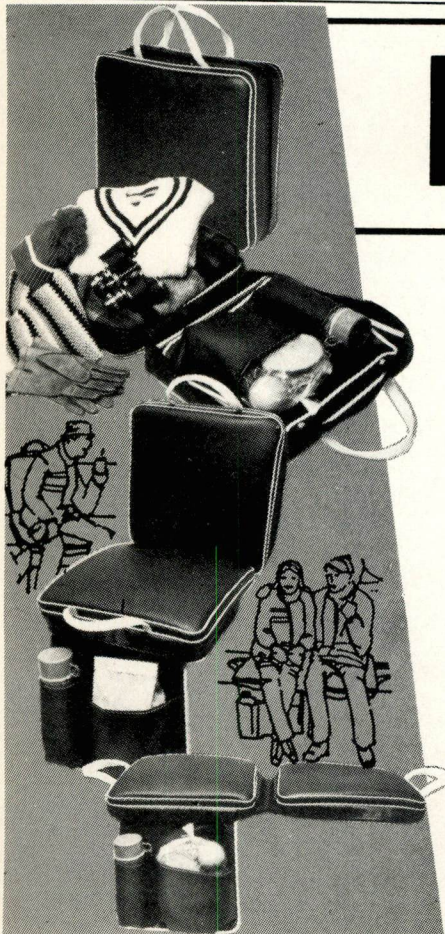
I look forward to recapturing in some small way the spirit of that time, as we retrace portions of the Santa Fe and Oregon Trails, spend a couple of days on a wagon train, and pay a visit to Dodge City, a place with special meaning for me and my "Gunsmoke" companions. I hope you can join us.

Amanda Blake

COMFORTABLE • PORTABLE • VERSATILE

PAK•A•SEAT*

GIVES YOU THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE



Take Me Out To The Ballgame . . . Race Track . . . Concert . . . Beach . . . Boat . . . Picnic . . . or just about any place else you'd like a little extra comfort and convenience.

The patented "Pak.A.Seat" starts off as a practical 16" square Tote with double carrying handles and adjustable shoulder strap. It's plenty big, so pack in everything you need—blanket, hat, gloves, thermos, binoculars, camera, etc., etc., etc.

When you get where you're going, undo the wrap-around zipper and in a jiffy you've got a comfortable foam padded cushion for seat and back or, a double seat for two.

Pak.A.Seat is made with the careful craftsmanship and attention to detail that assures long, dependable use at both indoor and outdoor events, and in all types of weather. It retains its shape,

won't sag or lump, is scuff, stain and fade-resistant, and water repellent too. Made of tough, heavy-gauge blue vinyl with red piping. Strong, red nylon shoulder strap. Order your Pak.A.Seat(s) today. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

*U.S. Patent
#3-763972

COMPLETE & MAIL THIS ORDER COUPON WITH CHECK OR M.O. TO
WAYMAR MARKETING • 237 E. 39th Street • New York, NY 10016

Please ship the following:

One Pak•A•Seat (a \$29.95 (NY Res add \$2.47 Sales Tax))

Two Pak•A•Seats (a \$26.95 ea. (NY Res add \$4.45 Sales Tax))

I enclose Check or Money Order in the amount indicated above plus \$4.00 per Pak•A•Seat for shipping and handling.

Name _____

Address _____

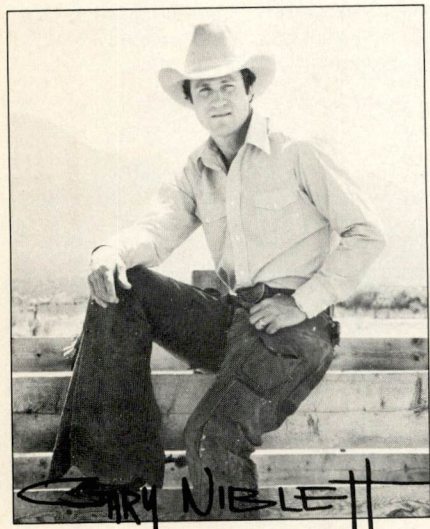
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TRUE
WEST
587



“CANYON RIDING SONG”

Traditionally, the flute has been a sacred instrument among many tribes. This Comanche brave is playing a song used in the courting ritual, that is handed down from generation to generation. The ritual begins by playing the Canyon Riding Song. (He doesn't have the one he loves, but he hopes he will someday.)



Free Offer!
First 50 orders receive a FREE signed and numbered print by Mark Martensen
 (Offer good through June 30, 1987.)

Gary Niblett was born in 1943, in Carlsbad, New Mexico and is now living in Santa Fe, New Mexico. He was elected to Cowboy Artists of America in 1976. The quieter, more subtle moments of the western scene are Gary Niblett's favorite subjects; with his representative, relaxed style, he has immortalized the colorful past of the border states that are his home ground. His first commissions came from neighboring ranchers, who hired

“Canyon Riding Song”
 Image Size: 20 x 31 inches
 Edition Size: 950 with 95 artist's proofs.
 Signed and numbered.
 Paper: Acid free pH neutral, meets Archival Standards
 Price: \$125.00

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

Write or call:

WESTERN GRAPHICS

205 W. Seventh Ave., Ste. 202
 Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074
 (405) 743-3370