RONALD REAGAN– HERO OF OLD WEST MOVIES

TRUE WEST

TRUE WEST

47305
Sept. 1984
$1.50

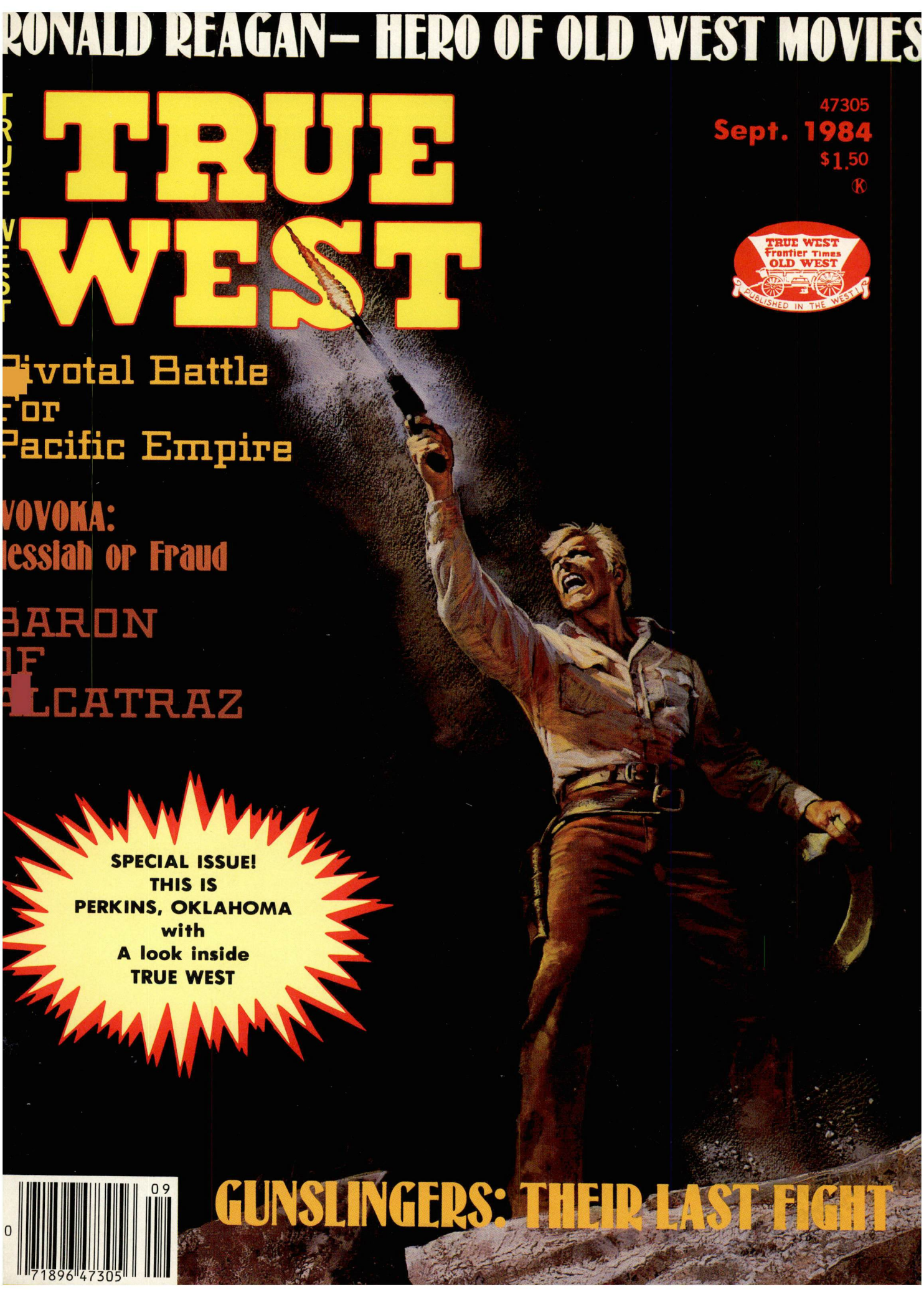
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

Pivotal Battle
For
Pacific Empire

VOVOKA:
Messiah or Fraud

BARON
OF
ALCATRAZ

SPECIAL ISSUE!
THIS IS
PERKINS, OKLAHOMA
with
A look inside
TRUE WEST



GUNSLINGERS: THEIR LAST FIGHT

09
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Large Prints by Russell, Remington and Other Western Artists

201— *Navajo Wild Horse Hunters*, 18×12 ..... $4
203— *Invocation to the Sun (Indians)*, 16 × 11½ $4
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205— *Breaking Camp (Indians)*, 16 × 11½ $4
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208— *Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train)*, 16 × 11½ $4
209— *The Pony Raid (Indians)*, 16 × 11½ $4
210— *The Cattle Drive (Cowboys)*, 16 × 11½ .. $4
211— *The Drifter (Cowboys)*, 16 × 11½ $4
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294— *When Red Man Talks War*, 22½ × 16 .. $10
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233— *Keeoma (Indian Maiden)*, 20 × 15 ..... $10
234— *Stolen Horses (Indians)*, 20 × 14 ..... $10
235— *The Ambush (Indians)*, 20 × 14 ..... $10
236— *The Sun River War Party (Indians)*, 20 × 14 $10
237— *The Smoke Signal (Indians)*, 20 × 14 ... $10
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Finding the Trail, 16 × 20 ..... $10
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229— *Innocent Allies (Unscheduled Stage Stop) (Stagecoach Holdup)*, 21 × 14 ..... $11
230— *The Exalted Ruler (Elk Herd on Hilltop, Painted for B.P.O.E.)*, 20 × 15 ..... $11
238— *Camp Cook's Troubles (Bronc to Breakfast) (Bucking Horse)*, 20 × 13 ..... $11
239— *Doubtful Visitors (Indians Visiting Wagon Train)*, 20 × 13 ..... $11
242— *The Loose Cinch (Yander & Yon), Cowboy Roping Cattle*, 18 × 12 ..... $11
243— *The Gateway (Cowboys)*, 18 × 22 ..... $11
244— *Jerked Down (Cowboys at Roundup)*, 20 × 12 ..... $11

247— *Beef for the Fighters (Cowboys)*, 16 × 16 $11
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249— *Partners (Cowboy and Horse at Campfire)*, 16 × 16 ..... $11
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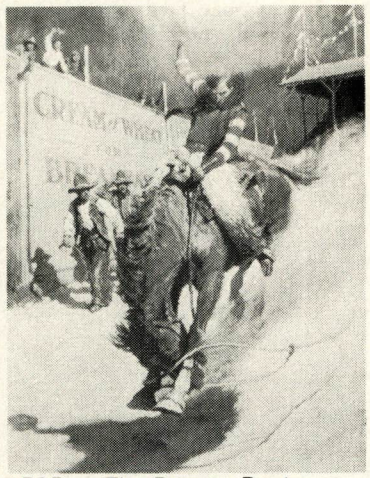
325— *Signal Fire*, 30 × 19 ..... $20
326— *The Renegades' Return*, 25½ × 18 ..... $8
327— *Return of the Warriors*, 22 × 16 ..... $8
328— *Finding the Trail (Indians)*, 23 × 16 .... $10
400— *Sun River War Party*, 28 × 16 ..... $15
401— *One Down, Two to Go (Cowboys)*, 24 × 16½ $15



#505 — The Bronco Buster

402— *Indian Buffalo Hunt*, 21½ × 16 ..... $15
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404— *Stolen Horses (Indian)*, 24 × 18 ..... $15
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253— *A Bad One (Cowboy on Bucking Horse at Roundup)*, 24 × 16 ..... $18
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256— *The Roundup (Cowboys)*, 30 × 14 ..... $20
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271— *White Man's Buffalo (Indians "Observing" Steer)*, 27 × 17 ..... $20
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261— *Carson's Men (Kit Carson, Men Crossing River)*, 31 × 20 ..... $22
262— *Watching For Wagons (Indians)*, 30 × 20 $22
263— *In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon)*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
264— *Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street)*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
265— *Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians)*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
266— *Pipe of Peace (Indians)*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
267— *Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene)*, 30 × 18 ..... $22
268— *Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys)*, 26 × 17 $22
269— *The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup)*, 26 × 17 ..... $22
279— *Discovery of Last Chance Gulch (Miners)*, 34 × 23 ..... $22
280— *The Jerkline (Wagon Train)*, 32 × 20 ... $22
281— *The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train)*, 20 × 30 ..... $22
272— *Lost in a Snow Storm (Indians Find Lost Cowboys)*, 36 × 20 ..... $24
273— *Cow Camp During Roundup*, 36 × 18 ... $24
274— *The Cinch Ring (Cowboys)*, 36 × 24 .... $24
275— *When Horseflesh Comes High (Cowboys)*, 36 × 24 ..... $24

276— *When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys)*, 36 × 24 ..... $24
277— *The Wagon Boss (Wagon Train)*, 36 × 23 $24
278— *Salute to the Robe Trade (Indians Waiting for River Steamer)*, 36 × 22 ..... $24
322— *On the Flathead (Indians in Canoe)*, 29 × 20 $24
323— *When the World Was Before Them (Cowboy, Pack Train on Prairie)*, 28 × 19 ..... $24
282— *The Free Trapper (Mountain Man)*, 31 × 22 $24
283— *Tight Dally & Loose Latigo (Cowboys)*, 40 × 25 ..... $24
284— *Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead (Cowboys)*, 38 × 24 ..... $24
285— *A Desperate Stand (Cowboy & Indians)*, 36 × 24 ..... $24
286— *When Guns Speak (Cowboys)*, 36 × 24 . $24

FREDERICK REMINGTON FULL COLOR PRINTS

317— *Coming and Going of the Pony Express*, 20 × 13 ..... $11
315— *The Cowboy*, 26 × 18 ..... $18
304— *Old Stagecoach of the Plains*, 20 × 30 . $22
305— *Indian Trapper*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
306— *Cavalrymen's Breakfast*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
307— *His First Lesson (Cowboys)*, 29 × 19 ... $22
308— *With the Eye of the Mind (Three Indians & Horses, Horses in Storm)*, 30 × 21 ..... $22
309— *Stampeded by Lightning (Cowboys and Cattle)*, 30 × 20 ..... $22
311— *The Victory Dance (Indians)*, 29 × 20 ... $22
312— *The Scout, Friend or Enemy? (Indian Cavalry Scout)*, 29 × 19 ..... $22
313— *Episode of a Buffalo Hunt*, 22 × 20 ..... $22
314— *Fall of a Cowboy*, 28 × 20 ..... $22
316— *Dismounted (Fourth Troopers Moving) (Cavalrymen)*, 25¾ × 19½ $22
318— *The Outlier (Lone Indian Scout on Pinto, front view)*, 20 × 30 ..... $22
319— *The Smoke Signal (Indians)*, 38 × 24 ... $22
320— *Dash For Timber (Cowboys Horseback Riding toward Forest)*, 38 × 22 ..... $22
321— *Prospecting for Cattle Range (Cowboys)*, 38 × 22 ..... $22

COLOR PRINTS BY OTHER ARTISTS

501— *Lone Wolf (Night Scene, wolf howling over Village)*, Wieruz, 18 × 14 ..... $8
502— *End of the Trail (Famous Indian Painting)* by Fraser, 18 × 14 ..... $8
503— *Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) Bonheur*, 20 × 16 ..... $12
504— *Custer's Last Fight (Famous Anheuser-Busch Poster)*, 25¾ × 19½ $18
506— *Indian Espionage (Seltzer)*, 30 × 20 ... $22
505— *The Bronco Buster (Wyeth)*, 20 × 30 ... $20

SPECIAL! 8" × 10" BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS—$3.50 EACH

601— *Charles M. Russell (Last Photo Taken)*
602— *Buffalo Bill in Indian outfit (Autographed)*
603— *C.M. Russell & Will Rogers on steps of CMR Studio (Autographed by Will Rogers)*
604— *C.M. Russell in Studio*
605— *C.M. Russell and wife Nancy shortly after marriage*
606— *C.M. Russell as young man on horse "Neenah"*
607— *C.M. Russell (trick photo) plays checkers with himself*

CANVAS PRINTS

Any of these prints may be transferred to canvas for a more realistic appearance. Cost is $1.00 per United Inch, **plus cost of print.**
TO FIGURE UNITED INCHES: Add length and width of print. Example: a print measuring 24 * 16 would have 40 United Inches. Cost would be $1.00 times 40 United Inches, or $40.00 plus cost of print. Canvas prints may be ordered on stretcher bars, ready for framing, for $7.50 additional per print. Please allow 3 extra weeks delivery for canvas prints.

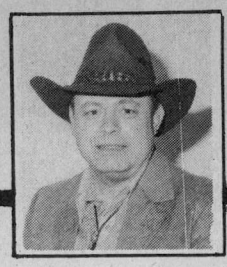
ORDERING INFORMATION

All sizes shown are width by depth. Orders are payable in advance. Add shipping charges as follows: 1-3 prints—$2.50. 4-6 prints—$3.50. 7 or more prints—$5.00.

VISA MasterCard

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS
P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059

From The Editor



There shouldn't be any doubt after this issue that TRUE WEST is now located in Oklahoma, what with about 10 pages in the middle of the magazine devoted to our new hometown of Perkins and our new building north of Perkins. We want everyone to know we're Sooners and Boomers and proud of it.

However, we want to assure readers in other states that we will continue to carry just as many stories about their states as we can and we are not going to overemphasize Oklahoma history. Our biggest readership is in California and Texas and we'll always have stories on the history of those two states along with other states in the West like Wyoming, Montana, Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico where we have many readers.

In fact, in Oklahoma, we are centrally located in the West (the states west of the Mississippi River) and thus can develop better stories for the whole area. For example, Kansas is nearby, Missouri and Arkansas are not far away and we will be visiting those states more than usual.

Several times I've talked about our readership in the West and it is true that we carry stories only on western history, but our readers in the East, South, Middle West, Canada, Mexico and overseas should know we are thinking of them.

Just as one example, since the beginning in 1953, some TRUE WESTs have gone to subscribers in European countries, Japan and other overseas countries. We are now underway with an effort to sell our magazines on newsstands in Europe and we'll tell you more about it when it gets going good.

We are now moved into our newly remodeled offices and warehouse located two miles north of Perkins on Highway 177—the highway to Stillwater. It will take a while yet to get everything in place, but we're settling in right nicely and we've always got a cup of coffee brewing for visitors.

Drop in and see us, look over the half million or more back issues in bins, see the completely computerized operation and let's swap a few stories. We are high on a ridge overlooking the rolling tree-covered hills of central Oklahoma and because this has been a particularly wet spring, everything is lush and beautiful.

We're easy to get to, about 30 miles from the old Territorial Capitol of Guthrie, a sight to see itself. We're a few miles from Ingalls, where the Doolin gang met its demise and close to Ponca City where the Miller Brothers had their 101 Ranch. In fact, we're right smack in the middle of a lot of Old West history.

Since this is our special "Welcome to Oklahoma" issue, we had to lead off with a very important article and we can't think of one that is more timely than "Ronald Reagan, Hero of Old West Movies."

Jim Hitt of Newbury Park, California, who has written several western movie stories for us, is the author of this piece that is notewrothy both for the excellent portrayal of Reagan as Old West movie star and the stunning photos of Reagan as western movie actor. We had fun developing this story and hope you have as much fun reading it.

We've been getting a lot of stories lately about who discovered gold in California. Even had a recent story that gold was discovered long before the strike at Sutter's Mill. Donovan Lewis in July had a story on Jenny Wimmer, who claimed a part in the discovery.

Now comes John C. Jackson of Portland, Oregon, with another claimant to the role of discoverer, Charles Bennett. Bennett went on to notoriety as an Oregon pioneer but his life was cut short in 1855 in the Battle of Walla Walla (Washington). See "Pivotal Battle for Pacific Empire."

Along with our story on "This is Perkins, Oklahoma," we're offering a look inside the magazine here in Oklahoma. Publisher Bob Evans thought you might like to see just what the place looks like, inside and out. We're also giving you a good past and present look at the town of Perkins, population 2,000.

In addition to these stories, we've got several other good tales you should enjoy and hope you come back here for a visit next time.

Jim Dullenty

NOTICE!

No, you did not miss the August issue of TRUE WEST. This is it! Only it just says September on it. The reason for the change is that next month we are reintroducing Frontier Times, the magazine which was discontinued in 1981 when TRUE WEST became a monthly.

Our magazine distributor asked us to set ahead the cover date of this issue by one month so newsstand dealers will not pull it off after only 30 days. This magazine is to remain on newsstands for 60 days.

Frontier Times, which will be produced on alternate months, will also remain on newsstands for 60 days. Subscribers will still get 12 issues per year, six of them TRUE WEST and six will be Frontier Times.

This is the same system used by these two magazines throughout their history until the change was made in 1981. We're going back to the way it was.

TRUE WEST

TRUE WEST OLD WEST — PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!

September, 1984 | Vol. 31, No. 8 | Whole No. 203

Staff

TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by Western Publications, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. $1.50 per copy; U.S. subscription rate $11.00 per year; $19.00 for two years; other countries including Canada and Mexico, please add $5.00 per year to U.S. rate to cover the extra handling and postage required. Please provide payment in the form of a U.S. funds check drawn on a U.S., Canadian or Mexican bank; personal checks, bank money orders or cashier's check drawn on foreign banks are not acceptable, whether payable in U.S. funds or the national currency unless the total payment provided is sufficient to cover all bank clearing and foreign exchange charges. Second class postage paid at Perkins, OK 74059 and at additional mailing offices.

To assure prompt service when contacting us with an address change or other inquiry concerning your subscription, please include the mailing label from a recent issue, along with your new address. Mail all subscription inquiries to TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059.

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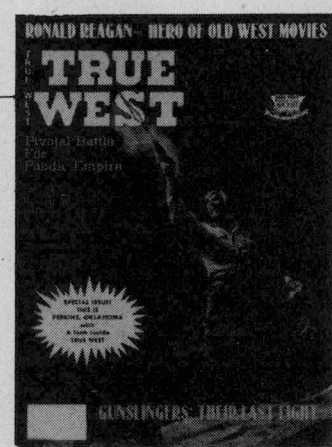
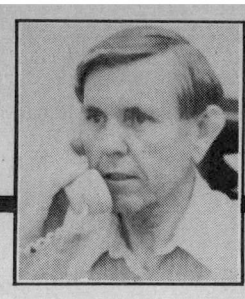


OUR COVER

We believe we have come up with a striking cover for this issue. It is meant to illustrate our cover story "Gunslingers: Their Last Fight." However, that gunfighter in the painting bears a close resemblance to an Old West movie actor who also happens to be the subject of a cover story in this month's magazine.

Just a Line More



THE move to Perkins from Iola, Wisconsin, is complete.

Four huge truckloads of files, equipment and back magazine issues have headed back west again and are now in a new location on a hill over looking the Cimarron River Valley north of Perkins.

Western Publications is now housed in a large building in rural Perkins (two miles north on Highway 177). Now the staff can really get into production once again and perhaps the file of back orders that seems to grow will begin to dwindle again. That includes orders you've mailed for back issues of the magazines, Russell prints, orders for Index books and our "Sundance Kid" books. It has been frustrating to have orders (letters) flowing into Perkins when everything we needed to fill them is at Iola, Wisconsin!

We are two months behind sending subscription renewal notices to you readers whose subscription have or are about to run out. Those notices are going out this week and a new plan of notification is being used.

Instead of a multi-piece mailing all tucked in an envelope, the new notice is a post card stating your subscription is about out and please remit, and the amount to remit. By using this simple message, we can save considerable in mailing and postage costs. Please mail the card, along with your money order, cash, check or Visa/Mastercharge number to Western Publications, Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. It's that simple.

The fact that we are trying to save money brings us to an unpleasant fact that we need to talk about and ask for your help.

Many of you might know that TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and Hunter's Frontier Times have seen some rough times the past six or eight years. Other magazines have also. To be real honest about it, the magazines lost about a quarter-million dollars in 1983. We have got to get them healthy, financially, and with your help and patience we can do it.

Here's how we'll do it:

1. We need your support in several ways.

a. We need your subscriptions and if you could give a gift subscription, that would also help. If you have a friend or relative that for some reason is not already enjoying these magazines, maybe you would give them a six-month or a one-year subscription as a Christmas or birthday gift.

b. We need sales to pick up dramatically on the news stand. Sales were so low on the stands, that the former owners had already decided to take True West off the newsstands. Our first decision after buying the magazines was to leave TRUE WEST on the stands where it belongs. TRUE WEST and OLD WEST, at one time, back in the 1960s, were the highest selling western magazine on the market, with several hundred thousand copies an issue being purchased by readers at the newsstands.

Joe Small always got great cooperation on this from you readers. He told me he did. Help us sell TRUE WEST and OLD WEST to everyone we can. Talk it up to them. Let's see if we can't get the percentage of sales up and then we can assure that TRUE WEST and OLD WEST will be on the stands every issue.

Even though you subscribe, if you could buy a copy off the newsstand for a friend, or drop it off in the doctor's office or give it to a library or leave it in the barber shop or beauty shop for others to read, it would be helpful. When you see our magazines on the newsstand, make sure they are showing properly and are out front.

c. Support TRUE WEST and OLD WEST advertisers if you can. The magazines need ads not only to give them credibility, but to pay some of the printing bill, and besides, ads are fun and interesting to read. If you buy something from the ads, tell the advertiser where you saw their ad, and why you are buying their product. If you know a potential advertiser that should be running an ad in these magazines, suggest it to them and look up the address for them in the front and have them get in touch with Randy Clausen, our advertising manager.

2. Most of you have been on the spending end of a budget, whether it be your personal budget, or maybe a ranching and farming budget, or a small business budget. You know this is a fact of life. A person can't spend, very long anyway, more than he takes in. Neither can Western Publications.

Therefore it is necessary to raise rates as follows:

1. Subscriptions to all magazines will be raised one dollar per year. For instance, TRUE WEST is now $11 per year. Beginning in October, it will be $12 per year. OLD WEST will increase from $4.95 to $6.95 and the quarterly Hunter's Frontier times will increase from $10 to $11 per year.

(continued on page 57)

SPECIAL NOTICE

Western Publications will pay $2.00 for your December issue of True West. Wrap carefully and send as many as you have to:

True West
Box 665
Perkins, OK 74059
Phone: 405-547-2411

BACK ISSUES . . .
of the best reading about the old west!

TRUE WEST

From the very beginning in the summer of 1953, each issue of TRUE WEST has vividly recreated Western life and times as they really were! These back issues have become real collector's items.

LOTS OF 12 COPIES, $42.00 EACH

☐ LOT 1: 67, 72, 73, 74, 75, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89
☐ LOT 2: 90, 91, 95, 97, 98, 105, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112
☐ LOT 3: 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 125, 126
☐ LOT 4: 133, 134, 135, 138, 140, 141, 143, 144, 145, 146, 149, 151

Substitutes may occur in above lots.

OLD WEST

Here's your opportunity to own a complete set of OLD WEST, dating back to the first issue in 1964. Real-life recordings of people, events and times as they once were!

LOTS OF 12 COPIES, $42.00 EACH

☐ LOT 1: 28, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42
☐ LOT 2: 43, 44, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56

Substitutes may occur in above lots.

☐ Complete set of 76 issues, 1964-1983—$200.00

Frontier Times

From out of the past, but never out of date. Begun in 1957, Frontier Times merged with TRUE WEST magazine in June of 1981. Definitely collector's items and a must for the historian and researcher.

LOTS OF 12 COPIES EACH, $42.00 EACH

☐ LOT 1: 44, 45, 49, 50, 51 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58
☐ LOT 2: 60, 61, 63, 65, 67, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78
☐ LOT 3: 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90
☐ LOT 4: 93, 94, 95, 96, 98, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106
☐ LOT 5: 107, 108, 109, 111, 112, 117, 118, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124

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Lost mines, buried treasure troves, forgotten fortunes . . . you'll find stories about these and more in the fascinating pages of GOLD! Whether you're an active treasure hunter or just enjoy reading about fabulous riches that defy detection, you'll enjoy GOLD!

☐ 18 available back issues at $75.00 per set.

Index for all issues up to 1981 $14.95. Binders to safely store your magazines. Each binder holds 12 copies, specify title, $9.95 ea.

Western Publications

P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059

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A link to our pioneer heritage. From 1967 through April 1978, RELICS magazine covered the newly-emerging market of "junk" turned "collectibles". The magazine was way ahead of its time because, since then, many items that were once regarded as historical cast-offs have become high-priced antiques!

☐ 12 issue lots of our choice @ $36.00 per lot
☐ Complete set of 60 available issues @ $180.00

NOTE: If you are interested in ordering particular issues, including rare issues, of any of our magazines, please let us know the magazine title and issue number(s) you desire. If the magazine is still available, we will let you know the price.

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Check lots or sets desired and place cost in price column.

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____	Lot #3	@ $42.00 each	____
____	Lot #4	@ $42.00 each	____
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____	Lot #4	@ $42.00 each	____
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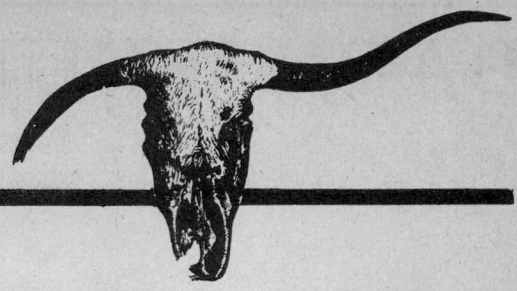
Truly Western



TAKE PRISONERS' WORD?

I do like your magazine and I like the varied articles very much. But Mr. (John M.) Carroll's biased opinions (as expressed in his story, "Wounded Knee - A Different View," TRUE WEST July 1983) I do not care for.

To get specific, Mr. Carroll has a problem with the word "massacre." He says all the people must be killed; no survivors. According to my Webster's Dictionary, it means killing in large numbers. He says Custer was massacred, if he says no one survived (but) I believe Reno and his men did.

Just because Custer was with the branch of his command that was annihilated is immaterial. He could just as well have ordered Reno to that part of the plan and he could have attacked where Reno had. If one goes by the dictionary, Carroll is correct for there were many killed.

In his article on Wounded Knee, he says that those in the inquiry said they did nothing wrong and were calm and cool during the shooting spree. Well, if we were to go to our prisons and take only the prisoners' word whether they were guilty or not and forget the evidence of the case I'm sure we could empty our jails.

The first thing one learns when entering boot camps is not to bring dishonor to your unit. As for the statement they were calm and cool during the shooting, (it was) sort of like shooting at tin cans or targets. The fact that most if not all the soldiers killed were shot by their fellow soldiers does not convey cool and calm but chaos and wild shooting.

Mr. Carroll is a good researcher, his facts are accurate but I wish he would leave out the bias for history's sake. - **Roy A. Woitte, 3627 43rd St., Apt. 120, Moline, IL 61265.**

Response from author John Carroll: Mr. Woitte uses selective meanings from the dictionary to get what he desires "massacre" to mean. He ignores all other selections. Is that not bias? Far too many popular writers have used "massacre" to mean nothing more than a battle.

Mr. Woitte ignores all other statements at the inquiry and settles just on those of the military. There were civilians, Indians (both hostile and friendly), churchmen, etc. Don't their statements stand for something? He also ignores the comment that no one was expecting a battle and the show of force was all that was intended. It took the treachery of the medicine men to cause this tragic event. Cite me references to Wounded Knee when you argue the point, or the whole thing is a sham.

CUSTER AT WEST POINT

I would like to make a couple comments on the book review by John Carroll in the February issue of your excellent publication.

It's nice to see someone defend George Custer for a change and Mr. Carroll does a rather good job of it. I hope Mr. Carroll will do me the honor of reviewing my book when I finally get it finished. The title is *Greasy Grass, The Anatomy of a Battle.*

I must say, though, that I find his remarks about Custer's days at West Point a bit "heavy." My research inspired the following lines:

"In July of 1857 Custer's unusual career at West Point began. The record shows Custer's conduct at the Point to have been marginal at best. He was a rather poor scholar, a practical joker and absolutely no threat to the class standing of any of his peers, and after a careful study of the record, this writer concludes that Custer had a keen intellect, but in his own words, he had the "instincts of a boy." He obviously enjoyed thumbing his nose at authority, so it seems, and he was very good at it. In spite of his standing as the class "character" he was graduated on June 24, 1861, at the bottom of his class of thirty-four."

Custer was, without a doubt, a brave, courageous soldier. His feats of raw stamina were almost unbelievable and he never ordered anyone to do anything that he himself wouldn't do. He wasn't the reason for the defeat of the 7th at Greasy Grass. He did nothing more than exercise poor judgement. **Mike Cassel, Box 687, Harlem, MT 59526.**

Response from author John Carroll: Responding to Mr. Cassel's lines concerning Custer's days at West Point. Mine were "heavy" according to him, but I must point out that they were based entirely on fact, not invention. May I encourage him to read my monograph called "Was Custer Really the Goat of His Class," which can be found in my book *4 on Custer.*

It is a strong look at Custer at the Point and I am as kind to him as was warranted. What student at college does not, nor ever have about him, the "instincts of a boy?"

I suggest to Mr. Cassel he indentify for me, without looking, the cadet who finished first in Custer's class. The point being that more attention is paid to the "goat" than is necessary. To have graduated from West Point, then or now, is an accomplishment. Custer's boyish instincts quickly dissipated when he faced the realities of combat.

BLACKIE'S LIFE

Many of your readers may not know much about the personal life of the late Hood River Blackie (Ralph Gooding), famous hobo writer who contributed many articles to TRUE WEST and OLD WEST.

He served in two wars and achieved high rank. He taught a college extension course in California and counted among his friends Presidents Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Carter. He knew many other famous people.

Blackie got his hobo name in Hood River, Oregon, where he picked apples along with other hoboes. He always wanted people to know that hoboes worked for a living and were not bums as some people think.

He did not set out to be a hobo, it just got out of hand and the first thing he knew, 32 years had gone by. During his travels across America he collected true stories on more than 600 hoboes. He was in the process of writing a book on hoboes at his death. I hope it will be published.

Many famous people rode the rails during the Great Depression including Art Linkletter, Burl Ives, Clark Gable and others. Hoboes have included the likes of Jack London and Merle Haggard. And many songs have been written about this way of life.

Blackie worked on reconstruction of the Central Pacific Railroad Depot in Sacramento, California. He set up a hobo exhibit there where the old hobo campfires will burn forever and on the wall there, you will find the old hobo names including Hood River Blackie's.

In Hood River, Oregon, he helped establish a Hobo Hall of Fame. Every spring he would put plastic flowers on old hobo graves. Now we can put them on his.

Hood River Blackie died on Jan. 30, 1984. I hope this unique man can be recognized for the contributions he has made. That's why we have established the Hood River Blackie Monument. Thanks to those who have contributed. There is still time to do so. Send your contributions to me. - **Sylvia Sterns, 5009 Western Ave., Omaha, NE 68132.**

REMEMBERS SHERIFF

I received my issue of TRUE WEST and was pleasantly surprised that you used to write for the Tri-City Herald. I was especially interested in the Kid Barker story.

Having grown up in the twenties in Prosser, Washington, I remember Alex McNiel; he was retired then. He was a tall big man, quiet but always had time to say "hi" to kids walking by his house.

I grew up listening to the old-timers version of the Barker story. I congratulate you on your story. You did a good job of digging up the facts after so many years.

Keep them coming. - **Claude Throckmorton, Connell, WA 99326.**

CATTLE BARONS

I came to Oregon from Portales, New Mexico, and I am a long-time resident of Oregon. If I was a writer, but I am not, what stories I could tell.

I had to work when I was just a kid to help support our family so I never got much schooling. I'm sure sorry I did not but I did learn to read and I have done a lot of that.

My dad was sickly so I had to do a man's job when I was very young. I have read about the big cattle barons and without men like Billy the Kid these cattlemen would not have been able to survive.

These big operators did not intend to let anybody stand in their way. Nobody was to have any part of making a home for their families but a few men came along such as Billy the Kid and stood up to them.

Most people think these great cattle barons were great men but I think myself that they were some of the most evil men in the West. I believe in honesty and hard work.

Billy the Kid did what had to be done in his time. The little man did not fit in with their plans. I wish some good writer would do a writeup and tell it like it was. - **Jim Sexton, 294 McNary NW, Salem, OR 97304.**

Jesse's Grandson

Lawrence H. Barr, one of six grandchildren of the outlaw Jesse James, died at the age of 81, according to a Kansas City, Missouri, newspaper.

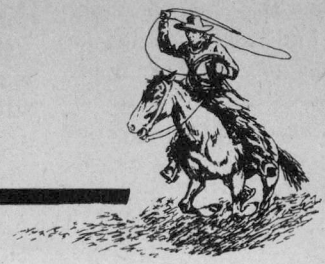
Barr, who lived his entire life in the Kansas City area, worked 38 years as a payroll accountant for Hallmark Cards, Inc. until his retirement in 1968.

Barr was the son of Mary James Barr, who was Jesse James' daughter. Lawrence had two brothers, Forster and Chester. Chester is the only surviving child of Mary James.

Other than Chester, the only remaining direct descendants of Jesse James are those from Jesse Edwards James, Jesse's son, who had four daughters in Los Angeles.

Phillip Steele, with Friends of the James Farm organization, said Lawrence was a strong supporter of the group which has restored the original James farm home in Kearney, Missouri. Barr attended the James family reunion last year.

Western Roundup



Celebrating Old Adobe Life

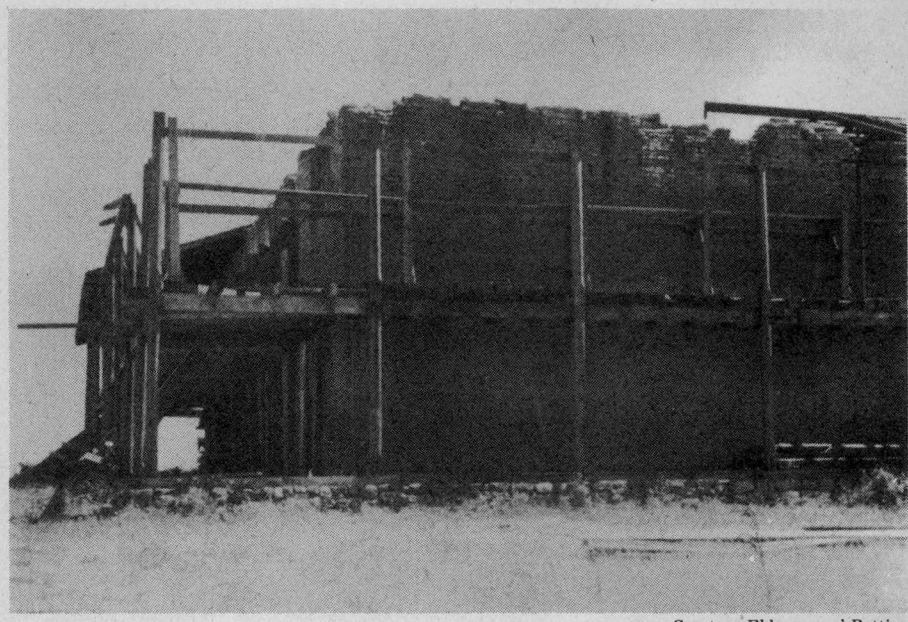
Each second weekend in August the Old Adobe Association of Petaluma, California, stages an "Old Adobe Festival" to celebrate the historical "matanza," the yearly cattle slaughter. The purpose of the fiesta is to provide a glimpse into what life was like at a hacienda 150 years ago.

The story begins with General Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, a young Mexican political and military leader who commanded the Presidio of San Francisco. He built what he called his Hacienda in 1834 four miles northeast of present Petaluma in Sonoma County, California. It is near a tidal water basin on the northern reaches of San Francisco Bay.

Vallejo used native adobe clay mixed with water and straw for his building blocks. When finished his home was a fortress. But harsh weather and lack of maintanence deteriorated the Hacienda.

The Native Sons of the Golden West, Petaluma chapter, began restoring the building and in 1951 the State of California acquired title. The state completely restored the Hacienda.

It was during the 1950s that the townsfolk of Petaluma envisioned the Old Adobe Fiesta. Now volunteers every second week in August dress in frontier garb, spin yarns for clothes, make candles, churn butter, bake bread in primitive ovens and perform other pioneer tasks. Fiesta-goers learn life was not easy in that earlier day.—By Elizabeth Ebbesen and John H. Battin.



Courtesy Ebbesen and Battin

Scaffolding was erected after wind storm wrecked the roof and weather deteriorated adobe bricks on Petaluma adobe.

Time for Celebration. Sierra County, New Mexico, this spring (in April, to be exact) celebrated its 100th anniversary since being formed by the Territorial Legislature. Hillsboro was the first county seat of the county named for the mountain range within its limits.

Many famous people have made Sierra County home and one of the first was Sadie Orchard, see TRUE WEST November 1982. Sadie, of London, drove stage coach between Kingston and Hillsboro and ran a "house" to provide entertainment to the lonely miners.

The county is equally famous for its silver mines. One of the strangest caverns the world has ever seen, practically solid silver, was discovered there in the early 1880's. By 1930 the county's mines had produced $21 million in silver.

Hot Springs eventually became county seat in 1937, but the name was changed to Truth or Consequences in 1950 in response to an appeal by TV host Ralph Edwards. Every year Edwards returns to take part in the annual fiesta in early May.

A desert climate, hot days and cool nights, a turbulent past and an unspoiled beauty attract visitors to Sierra County through the year.

Museum Schedule. A barbed wire exhibit honoring the Texas Barbed Wire Collectors Association Convention in Amarillo, Texas, is scheduled Aug. 9 through Nov. 18 at the Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum at Canyon, Texas.

The museum also is hosting the Texas Association of Professional Artists Show July 14 through Aug. 14 in the museum's North Art Gallery.

Other shows at the museum include "Documenting the Past: An Archival Collection," in the museum annex building through Oct. 31, and "From Generation to Generation: The Plains Apache," Sept. 9 through Oct. 7. The latter is from the Stovall Museum, Norman, Oklahoma.

Museum hours are 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Monday through Saturday and 2 P.M. to 6 P.M. on Sunday.

Indian Art Exhibit. The Otero Savings and Loan Company's Indian art collection is being shown at the A.R. Mitchell Memorial Museum and

Gallery, 131 W. Main St., Trinidad, Colorado.

Paul J. Cordova, director, said that along with this exhibit this summer, the museum and gallery will exhibit a series of 12 paintings by long-time Mitchell friend, Otto Kuhler.

The series, titled "The Land of Lost Souls," depict coal mining in the Trinidad area.

Then running through the last part of July will be an exhibit by Lt Col. Charles Waterhouse, the official U.S. Marine Corps artist. His paintings and drawings will depict the proud 208-year history of the Corps.

Immediately following will be a show by noted Santa Fe artist David Powell who will display both paintings and bronzes. Some of his works will be available for purchase, Cordova said.

The season will close with an exhibit of the two best illustrators of western pulp magazines, Nick Eggenhofer and Arthur Roy Mitchell. The exhibit will feature Eggenhofer's pen and ink and dry brush drawings used to illustrate stories and Mitchell's color illustrations used on magazine covers.

Cordova said the museum and gallery also is attempting to raise $200,000 this year to continue operation of the facility.

Arms Collection. A selection of highly embellished 19th Century arms from the Douglas Arms Collection will be displayed at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, Sept. 25 through Nov. 30.

This is one of the finest collections of 19th Century decorated arms of European and American origins which were originally the property of General Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico, 1876-1912. They are now part of the collections of the Royal Military College of Canada.

Along with this, there also will be an exhibition of the photographs of "The Little Shadow Catcher," David F. Barry (see article on Barry in June 1984 TRUE WEST).

Barry (1854-1934) is best known for his portraits of Indian leaders and cavalry officers in Dakota Territory. Most of the photos in the exhibit were framed and given to the Buffalo Bill Center by Barry himself in the 1920s and are from the center's collection.

The Center also is planning a western film seminar on Dec. 7 to 9. The weekend program of classic western films will include several nationally recognized speakers.

Indian War Buffs. A tour of Fort Robinson, Nebraska, and talks by several prominent historians are scheduled for the fifth national assembly of the Order of the Indian Wars, Jerry L. Russell, national chairman, said.

The assembly will be held Sept. 20-22 at Scottsbluff Inn, 1901 21st Ave., Scottsbluff, NE 69361.

Russell said among those scheduled to speak are Jerome Greene, historian with the National Park Service in Denver, who will speak on Indian war veterans organization, Neal Mangum, chief historian at the Custer National Battlefield in Montana, and Michael Livingston, chief of visitor services at Fort Laramie, Wyoming.

Father Barry Hagan, University of Portland in Oregon, is scheduled as banquet speaker and his topic is "Fort Laramie and the Fetterman Massacre."

Other speakers include Ray Meketa, Douglas, Alaska, and Dr. Paul Hutton, Utah State University, Logan. Vance Nelson, curator at the Fort Robinson Museum, will give a preview of the tour, Russell said.

Registration for the three-day event is $175 for non-members. The fees include all costs but lodging. For more information write Order of the Indian Wars, Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

Outlaw-Lawmen Meet. The 11th annual rendezvous of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History will be held July 25-28 at the Spokane Sheraton Hotel, Spokane, Washington. The public is invited.

Mary Garman, NOLA president, said registration for the 3-day meeting is $40 which includes speakers, coffee breaks, banquet and a bus tour of historic sites in the Spokane area.

This year the bus tour will include a stop at "Tracy Rock," a large boulder in the middle of a field a few miles from Creston, Washington, from which outlaw Harry Tracy waged a furious battle with a posse in 1902.

Early in the gun battle, Tracy was wounded. Eventually he concluded he was doomed and so after night fell he shot himself. In the morning posse members went into the field, then a grain field, and found the body ending a nearly two-month manhunt for the Oregon prison escapee.

William Storey Twogood, with the Spokane Sheraton Hotel, is rendezvous chairman; Paula Geinger, Milpitas, California, is program chairman and Jim Dullenty is exhibits chairman.

Those firms desiring exhibit space and individuals interested in attending can obtain information by writing NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, WY 82071.

REEL COWBOYS

Owen Wister on Film

By BILL O'NEAL

"When you call me that, smile."

The most famous words in western fiction were written by Owen Wister in *The Virginian*. The book, published in 1902 and dedicated to Wister's Harvard classmate, Theodore Roosevelt, was an overnight sensation which transformed westerns from dime novels to popular adult fare.

The American frontier had just closed by 1902, and although Wister never wrote another western novel, Zane Grey soon would become a best-selling author because of the newfound popularity and topicality of frontier fiction.

The Virginian became a stage play. Dustin Farnum starred on Broadway, scoring a triumph which paved the way for future western roles. William S. Hart played in a road version of "The Virginian" stimulating his interest in western drama.

The initial film version of "The Virginian" was produced and directed in 1914 by Cecil B. DeMille. Dustin Farnum starred in the title role. Another silent version of Wister's novel was released in 1923.

In 1929 the first sound version of "The Virginian" came out. It was one of the earliest talkie westerns. The star was Gary Cooper, who had come to Hollywood as a stuntman in silent westerns.

By 1929, Cooper was an established leading man, especially effective in westerns because of his background on a Montana ranch.

Molly Woods, the eastern schoolmarm, was played by Mary Bryan, and Richard Arlen was Steve, the Virginian's doomed friend. Walter Huston made his first appearance in a western as the evil Trampas.

Randolph Scott, a stage actor from Virginia, was employed to instruct Cooper in the speech patterns of his native state. Scott briefly appeared on screen as a cowboy, thus launching a long and successful career in films.

Early in the movie the Virginian and Trampas clash in a saloon, Huston flashing a sickly smile when Cooper menacingly utters the most memorable line of dialogue in the history of westerns.

Garry Cooper embraces Mary Bryan.

Just before a christening, Steve and the Virginian switch the clothing on a roomful of infants, causing panic among distraught mothers that was repeated in numerous later westerns.

The Virginian was set in Wyoming and loosely based on the Johnson County War. During a rustling epidemic, the Virginian reluctantly oversees the hanging of his best friend who has fallen in with a gang led by Trampas. Here eastern values of Wister ring hollow; it is difficult to believe a man of the Old West would stand by while a saddle pal was lynched.

In 1946, Joel McCrea starred in the title role when "The Virginian" was filed in Technicolor. A splended horseman, McCrea made a stalwart hero, ably backed by Sonny Tufts as Steve and the beautiful Barbara Brittan as Molly. From 1962 to 1970 James Drury headlined the TV series entitled "The Virginian." Owen Wister's characters proved to be a staple of western entertainment for decades.

RONALD REAGAN★

Hero of Old West Movies

By JIM HITT

RONALD Wilson Reagan was not just a *western* movie actor; in fact most of his films were not westerns. He is better remembered for his roles as Knute Rockne and opposite Bozo the clown than he is for his western characters.

And yet, because he did appear in westerns, because he was an associate of many western actors, most notably John Wayne, because he portrayed many western characters ranging from George Custer to Wyatt Earp and because he is a westerner politically, Ronald Reagan emerged in the public mind as a hero of Old West films.

From Reagan's first western "Santa Fe Trail" to his days as host and sometimes star of television's " Death Valley Days" he developed an identification with the western genre. Today, though he no longer acts in movies, his western white house at Santa Barbara, his well-publicized horse riding and his western clothes all add to the image of Ronald Reagan as a western movie actor.

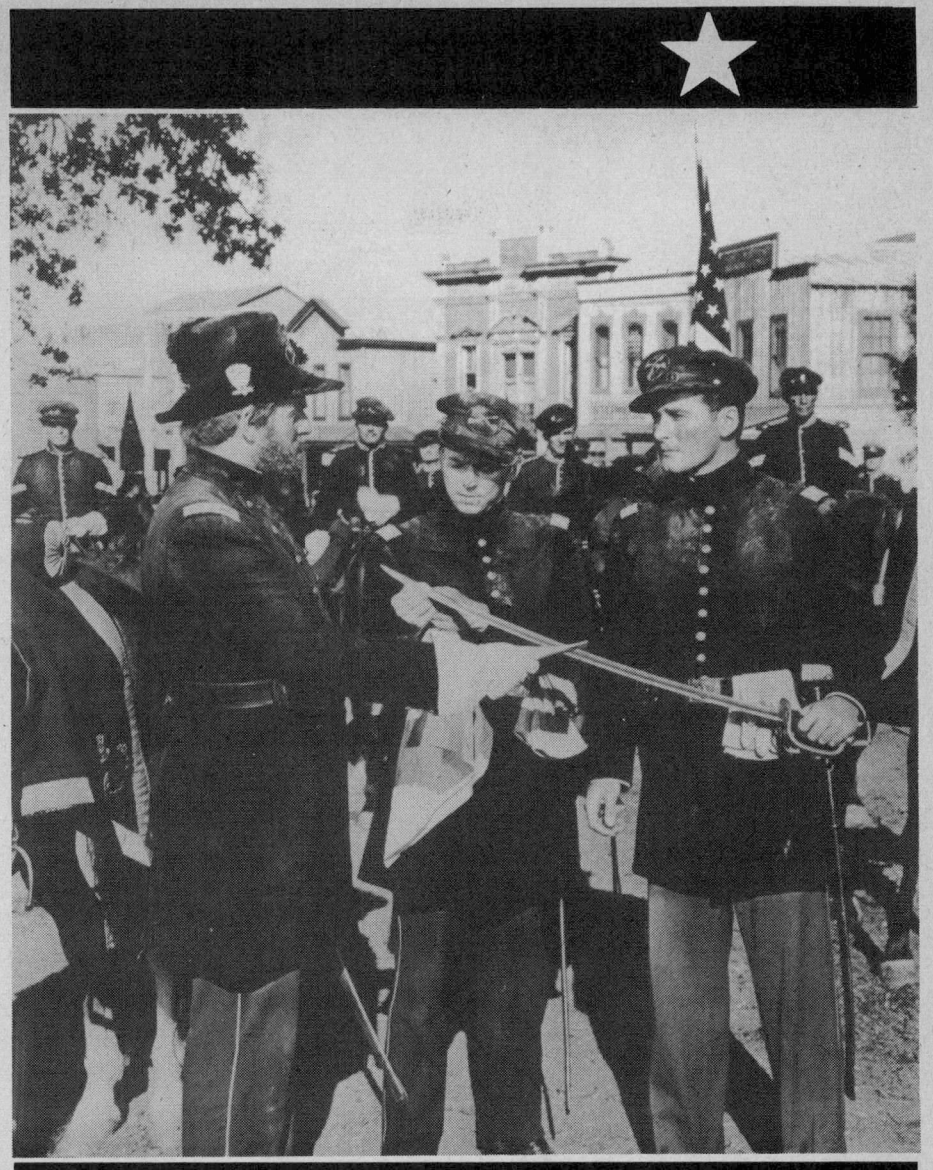
"I've been itching to sling a sixgun since I first put on grease paint," Reagan once said.

He got his wish but it was not until 1940 with the release of his first western, "Santa Fe Trail." In June of 1937 at the age of 26, Reagan signed a seven-year contract with Warner Brothers for a starting salary of $200 a week. By the time he had retired from films in 1964, he had appeared in 53 movies, six of which were westerns.

The first western, "Santa Fe Trail," was made at his parent studio, Warners, and in many ways, it is a curious film. In the strictest sense, it is not a western at all, despite the title, but an historical film that has a western atmosphere.

The story itself has little to do with the Santa Fe Trail and the principal action never leaves the State of Kansas. Also, the people and events, while they actually existed, are so distorted that the film cannot in any way be taken as an accurate re-enactment of history. Despite all these handicaps, it is an excellent adventure film that looks like a western.

Reagan, who receives fourth billing, plays George Armstrong Custer, although the film is actually a vehicle for Errol Flynn, who plays Jeb Stuart. Before this, most of Reagan's films had been low budget affairs for Warners and he often referred to himself as "The Errol Flynn of the B's." Now he found himself playing opposite Flynn in a big budget feature.



Santa Fe Trail (1940)

As the film opens, Jeb Stuart and George Custer are seen graduating from West Point, although in reality, at the time the real Stuart graduated and received his commission, the real Custer was a 15-year-old school boy in Ohio.

After graduation, the two are stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, a hotbed of anti-slavery activity. While there, the same woman, Kit Carson Halliday (Olivia de Havilland). But since this is an Errol Flynn film, it is a foregone conclusion who will win the girl before the fadeout.

But the real plot of "Santa Fe Trail" is not about romance but rather militant abolishionists headed by John Brown (Raymond Massey). While Stuart and Custer are escorting a load of bibles to Santa Fe, their wagon is attacked by Brown and his men, and the bibles turn out to be rifles.

After a fierce battle, Brown escapes. But a showdown is inevitable. It comes when Brown and his men raid the arsenal at Harpers Ferry. Stuart and Custer, with a little help from the U.S. Army, defeat Brown and put an end to the revolt.

While Flynn showed all the heroics and Reagan gave ample supporting help, it was Raymond Massey who stole the show with his definitive portrayal of the half-mad, half-sympathetic John Brown.

Flynn feared just such an upstaging, but he believed his real threat was Reagan. At one point, Flynn became so paranoid about Reagan that he ordered his co-star to move away from him lest attention be drawn away from the star. Later Reagan said of Flynn, "Errol was

The Bad Man (1940)

a strange person, terribly unsure of himself and needlessly so."

Reagan did a nice job as Custer in "Santa Fe Trail." While he made no attempt to add depth to the character, he brought to the role a likable and rugged personality. He made his friendship and rivalry with Jeb Stuart (Flynn) believable. Reagan's expert horsemanship also contributed to the portrayal and he handled himself well in the action scenes. All in all, it was a solid, workmanlike job.

UP TO this time, all of Reagan's 23 films had been made at Warners, but for his next film, "The Bad Man" (entitled "Two Gun Cupid" in Great Britian), that studio loaned him to MGM.

Once again he received fourth billing, although this time he was the romantic lead. Wallace Berry and Lionel Barrymore were both listed above him as was his romantic interest in the film, Larraine Day. Still, the fact that MGM asked for Reagan showed that his career was on the rise. The bad part of the deal was that MGM borrowed him for such a weak film.

This was the third time around for "The Bad Man," and it was showing its age. It had been made in 1923 as a silent and again in 1930 as a talkie, the latter starring Walter Huston in the Berry role. The story is almost non-existent. Gil Jones (Reagan), a young rancher, saves the life of Lopez (Berry), a border bandit. By the end of the film, Lopez has repaid his debt by saving Gil's ranch and bringing the young rancher together with the girl whom he loves.

On top of a weak story, the film also displayed a lack of movement. Most of the action takes place in the living room of Gil Jones' ranch house. Even the few outdoor scenes contain precious little action.

"The Bad Man" is a Wallace Berry film, and he hams his way through every scene. Only Lionel Barrymore, who plays Reagan's crippled uncle, manages to hold his own with the blustering actor. Reagan often looks lost and out of place.

In its review of the film, the *New York Times* stated that it was a dull film in which ". . . Ronald Reagan makes an ineffectual hero." Still, the film made money, and Reagan's career did not suffer.

For Reagan, the one pleasure of working on "The Bad Man" was his chance to act with Wallace Berry and Lionel Barrymore. Later, however, he admitted some difficulties working with these two scene stealers.

"Wally never rehearsed a line the way he would say it in a scene," said Reagan, "so you were always trying to anticipate a cue for your own line." About Barrymore, Reagan said, "He was confined to his wheelchair at the time and he

ould whip that contrivance around on dime. It's hard to smile in a scene hen your foot has been run over and our shin is bleeding from a hubcap low."

TEN years and World War II intervened before Reagan did another western. In 1951, Paramount signed him for "The Last Outpost," which was to be his first starring western. Where "Santa Fe Trail" had built its plot from actual, although distorted, historical incidents, "The Last Outpost" drifted even farther afield.

It built a preposterous story on a single historical fact that the Confederacy attempted to intercept gold shipments coming from the Southwest intended for the Union.

In the film, Vance Britten (Reagan), a Confederate cavalry officer, is in charge of a unit sent to Arizona to halt the gold shipments. Once there he encounters his brother, Jeb (Bruce Bennett), who is a Union cavalry officer in charge of seeing the gold gets through. Before the film ends, Reagan faces not only hostile Union forces but rampaging Apaches. Amid all of this, he also finds time to fall in love with beautiful Julie McCloud (Rhonda Fleming).

Although the *New York Times* called "The Last Outpost," "elementary school stuff," it was an adequate oater. It was Reagan's first color western and the location work helped.

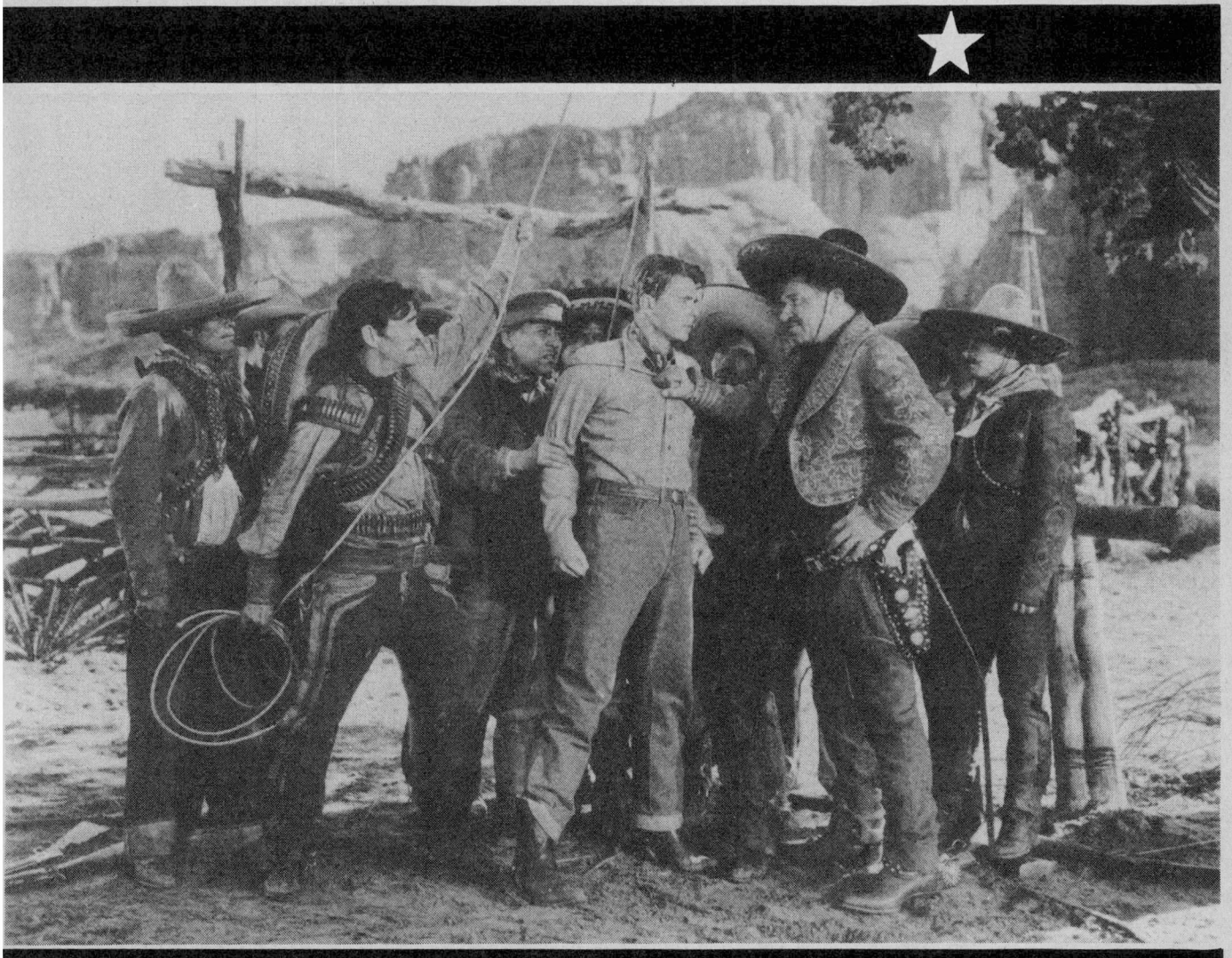
Had this film been made ten years earlier, it might have helped Reagan's career, but in 1951 it was only one of many such westerns on the market and it contained nothing special to make it stand out from the rest. The fact that it was thinly based on an historical incident provided no bonus.

TWO years later at Universal, Reagan made his second color western, "Law and Order," based on a novel, *St. Johnson*, by W.R. Burnett.

This was the fourth time the story had been filmed. The best version was the first, made in 1932, and starring Walter Huston. The second version had been a serial called "Wild West Days" and the third a 'B' film under its original film title, both of which had starred Johnny Mack Brown. In all four versions, the central character was called Frame Johnson, a thinly disguised Wyatt Earp.

However, the "Law and Order" of Ronald Reagan emerges as a well-worn retelling of a retired gunfighter pressed into action one last time. Frame Johnson (Reagan), who, with the help of his brothers, has previously cleaned up Tombstone, wants to retire to his ranch and hang up his guns. This pleases Jeannie (Dorothy Malone), his fiance', who owns the local saloon and who also wants to retire.

But things do not work out as Frame wishes. Moving to the town of Cottonwood, he discovers it under the domina-



The Bad Man (1940)

tion of corrupt Kurt Durning and his sons. The citizens of the town plead with Frame to take the job of town marshal, but he refuses until one of his brothers is killed. Frame takes the job and destroys the hold of the Durnings. Afterward, Frame and his new wife, Jeannie, settle down to a peaceful life on their ranch.

The 1932 version of "Law and Order" is superior to the Reagan version. The 1932 version is a classic western in the austere style of William S. Hart. The Reagan version is simply a color 'B' western masquerading as an 'A', and even Reagan's name could not pull customers to the box office.

The Reagan film is a slick little action oater without any depth. Reagan plays the part as a tough but likable hero—the standard Reagan portrayal—and he gives no insights into the character. Frame Johnson is simply Ronald Reagan pretending to be Frame Johnson.

THE following year, 1954, Reagan once again moved to a different studio, RKO, for another western, "Cattle Queen of Montana," co-starring with Barbara Stanwyck.

The film was shot in Glacier National Park which is the best thing about an otherwise conventional western. Of the location work, Reagan said:

"Somehow working outdoors amid beautiful scenery and much of the time on horseback never has seemed like work to me. It's like getting paid for playing cowboy and Indian."

Since so much of the plot of "Cattle Queen of Montana" has to do with Indians, the film seems better suited to Tim McCoy than Ronald Reagan. The *New York Times* called it ". . . a highly improbable Technicolor adventure."

The title refers to a woman named Sierra Nevada Jones (Stanwyck) who arrives in Montana with her father, the two of them driving a vast herd of cattle. The cattle are stolen and her father is killed. An underground government agent named Ferrell (Reagan) comes to her aid.

During the course of the film, Ferrell puts down an uprising by the Blackfeet Indians and brings to justice those responsible for killing the girl's father. On the surface, the plots sound rather silly, but the film made up for a weak script with strong production values, fast action and good performances from its two leads.

Reagan's next film, "Tennessee Partner," was his last western. It was based rather loosely on a Bret Hart story

The Last Outpost (1951)

of the same title. Hart himself had gone to California in 1854 in the gold rush. In later years, he wrote stories based on his experiences.

Hart's version of "Tennessee's Partner" concerns a good-for-nothing Tennessee who takes off with his partner's wife and then commits highway robbery. The partner, Cowpoke, remains loyal even to the point of trying to bribe the jury at Tennessee's trial, but he fails and Tennessee is hanged.

The Reagan version takes great liberties with Hart's story. Tennessee (John Payne) is a slick gambler in the mining town of Sandy Bar where he works for his girlfriend, Elizabeth (Rhonda Fleming), who owns the local saloon.

One night, Cowpoke (Reagan) saves Tennessee when a sore loser is about to kill the gambler and Tennessee and Cowpoke become fast friends.

Cowpoke has come to Sandy Bar to marry Goldie, whose name is well suited, since she is a golddigger in the worse sense. In order to save his friend from Goldie, Tennessee makes a play for her. Tennessee and Cowpoke have a falling out, but even so, when Tennessee is framed for a killing, Cowpoke comes to his aid. This action costs Cowpoke his life. The grateful Tennessee gives his friend a fine funeral and then marries Elizabeth, who understands Tennessee's attempt to save Cowpoke from the clutches of Goldie.

Despite the bastardization of "Tennessee's Partner," the film does a fair job of capturing the atmosphere of an early California mining town. The film is also a good vehicle for Reagan as the tough-yet-tender Cowpoke who remains loyal to the end, even though it costs him his life.

Reagan's role in the movie was really in support of John Payne who was the star, but by this time, Reagan was turning more and more to television and soon his political career would eclipse even that.

Law and Order (1954)

REAGAN'S last work in westerns was as host and sometimes star on "Death Valley Days." Often Reagan would play historical figures such as John Hume when he was warden of Nevada State Prison or Commodore David Farragut when he was in San Francisco dealing with the vigilantes. His performances on the small screen were much the same as on the big screen: adequate.

Overall, Reagan added nothing new or important to the western film. His western roles never taxed him as an actor and even when he played a Custer or a thinly disguised Wyatt Earp, his portrayals remained basically the same. He provided a believable and likable hero who could, when the need arose, be tough.

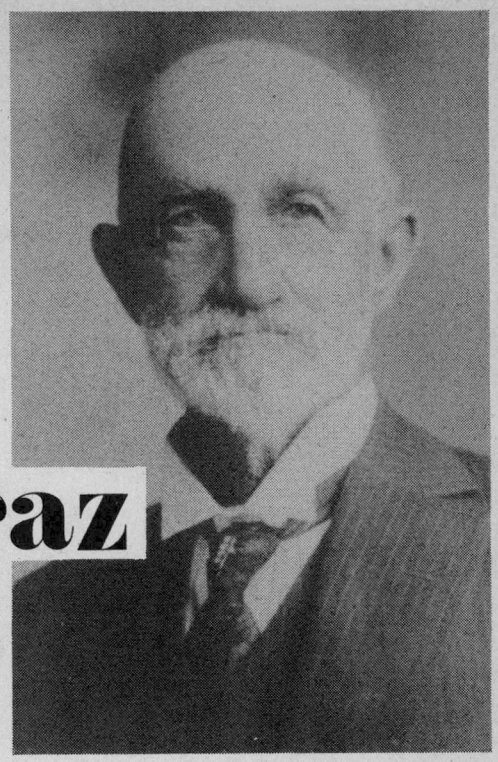
Yet Ronald Reagan understood the true meaning of the western film. "Western stories," he said, "are pure Americana, something everybody can know and understand. Their history is recent enough to be real, old enough to be romantic. Mix that up with horses, action, a little love and lots of money, and you've found a rich strike."

The image that Reagan projected in his western roles is the same image he attempts to project to the public both at home and abroad as President. He wants to be the likable yet tough westerner who is not afraid to make decisions or to fight the good fight. During Reagan's first race for the governorship of California, one Canadian broadcaster adequately summed up the Reagan image when he said, "He is the good guy of the Old West."

The Adventurous Life of an Old West Schemer

Baron of Alcatraz

He Owned Alcatraz Island



William W. Jenkins

By JERRY REYNOLDS

Photos Courtesy of Author

He was hauled across the continent in a Conestoga wagon, panned for gold on the American River, shot it out on dusty streets, rode with torch-bearing vigilantes, started race riots, and wore a lawman's badge.

He drilled for oil, raised horses, fought range wars, and still had time to be involved in several land frauds, including the greatest of them all—the Peralta Grant.

His name was William Willoby ("Wirt") Jenkins and he was born in Circleville, Ohio, on October 12, 1833. His father died leaving a widow, Elizabeth, and two boys. George Dalton with three motherless children of his own, married Elizabeth and this marriage produced four more children.

Young "Wirt" Jenkins might have lived the rest of his life as an Ohio farmer had not his stepfather come down with a severe case of "gold fever."

Thrilled by tales of treasure in California, Dalton sold the farm, loaded his family onto a prairie schooner and joined a wagon train forming up at St. Louis.

The party missed the gold country by a good 600 miles, landing in Los Angeles on March 10, 1851. In time they reached the Sierras above Sacramento, establishing a claim on the American River.

Jenkins later summed up his adventures:

"We had gone for gold which resulted in two years farming experience for the effort." His quest for El Dorado turned a failure out. Jenkins picked up a trade—the art of handling a gun.

LOS ANGELES in 1853 was a collection of mud huts with thatched roofs waterproofed by liberal applications of tar from a nearby La Brea pits. More substantial homes clustered around a central plaza dominated by the Roman Catholic church.

Cur dogs laying in the dusty streets or giant rats in the back alleys were used for target practice and when that became routine, the citizens shot each other. Gunfights and outright murder became so common that the newspapers didn't even bother to report them. There was one day, however, when no one was killed, and that made headlines.

The Alcade (Mayor-Judge) of Los Angeles, Don Ygnacio Del Valle, was pressured into doing something to make the streets safe. Certainly he tried, but his sheriffs either quickly resigned or simply disappeared. Del Valle then developed a quasi-legal band of vigilantes, called the California Rangers.

The first recruit was "Major" Horace Bell. Others were "Captains" W.W. Jenkins, Cyrus Lyon and William Reader. Their methods were brutal but effective. No one was read their rights, taken into custody when they could be shot, or given "due process."

Within two years rustlers, gunslingers and other undesirables were gone.

David Alexander appointed "Ranger Bill" as his undersheriff, sending him to arrest Antonio Ruiz on a charge of theft. Jenkins caught Ruiz near the present town of Newhall. While bringing Ruiz in, Jenkins was forced to place a bullet in his back when the culprit tried to escape. At any rate this was Jenkin's story and there were no witnesses.

The sight of Antonio Ruiz being hauled into town draped over a pack mule incensed the Mexican community into near insurrection. For weeks they surged through the streets calling for Jenkins' scalp.

At last, to pacify the mob, Jenkins was arrested, tried and found innocent and released. This did nothing to placate the Hispanic community and the feud went on for the next ten years.

As late as May 1860, Lieutenant Governor Esparza of Baja, California, had Jenkins chased out of Mexico and issued an order "to kill him on sight" should he show up again.

NEXT, "Ranger Bill" became involved in one of the strangest poker games in the annals of the old West. Jack Powers, a noted gambler, came to town with the idea of relieving the country folk of their coin.

Interior of Jenkins' ranch home at Castaic, California, circa 1896, in photo above. Below is photo of Jenkins' Lazy Z ranch today.

Crowded into the Bella Union Hotel on a night in 1861 were the leading citizens of the community. It was after 2 A.M. when 'Dapper' Jack cooly surveyed his hand and pushed $800 into the middle of the table. Two men quickly folded.

Jenkins clutched five cards close to his chest and made a peculiar proposal: "I don't want to ask a favor and would call, but have no more money. Might I suggest that we seal the hands while I secure a loan." Powers agreed.

Jenkins rushed out, mounted his horse and made a mad dash to the home of William Workman, partner in the Temple and Workman Bank. Back at the Bella Union, Jenkins poured $800 in gold onto the gaming table as a barkeep returned valuable envelopes to the players. Powers had an ace high but no pair. Jenkins produced a pair of deuces. The crowd went wild, carrying the Ranger through the streets.

JENKINS' associate from his Ranger days, Cyrus Lyon, had hung up his guns and with his twin brother Sanford he was operating a profitable stagecoach stop in the hills above San Fernando where the present town of Newhall is located, about 45 miles north of Los Angeles.

Oil was bubbling out of the dry dusty canyons, but no one paid attention to the black, gooy stuff. In January 1869, Lyon, Jenkins and Henry Clay Wiley developed a primitive well in Pico Canyon which brought in 13 barrels of superior crude per day.

The stuff was hauled in leather sacks on mules to Ventura, where coastal steamers carried it to San Francisco. This hole-in-the-ground became the first commercially successful oil well in the West.

Tiring of the petroleum business, Jenkins sold and squatted on land at the

Olive Rhoades Jenkins, the Baroness of Alcatraz.

mouth of Castaic Canyon to raise cattle and horses. Six years later, in 1878, he married Olives Rhoades and built her a spacious home on the spread known as the Lazy Z. Two daughters were born in 1881 and 1889. But the quiet, bucolic life of husband, father and horse rancher was not in the cards for Jenkins' later years.

WHILE he was establishing the Lazy Z Ranch, Jenkins began pressing his claims for Alcatraz Island in the middle of San Francisco Bay. The old ranger had impressive papers showing that Colonel John C. Fremont occupied the island in 1845 and, according to his own authority, granted it to "Uncle Billy" Workman who gave it to Juan Temple. Temple then deeded it to Governor John G. Downey of California. Downey sold a half interest to W.W. Jenkins, later quit claiming the balance of the property to the ranger.

The lower court did not recognize Fremont's right to Alcatraz, in disqualifying the chain of grant deeds. Naturally, the fiery Jenkins appealed and began making a great fuss in the press.

His old associate from vigilante days, Major Bell, now a newspaper owner, started calling him " The Baron of Alcatraz and Castaic. " Angelenos loved it. In spite of popular support, Jenkins lost in lower courts so he carried the fight up to the U.S. Supreme Court.

Jenkins' attorney was sent to Washington D.C. with the documents. However, in Chicago he lost them in a game of chance. The ranger no longer had a case. The government took the island and built a prison.

Jenkins was working as undersheriff to William Rowland of Los Angeles County while involved in this litigation and setting up his horse ranch.

On a hot September day in 1873, he was having a "cool one" with Cy Lyon at his station when a nervous Mexican with a drooping moustache and florid face entered the bar. The Mexican downed two glasses of rye before asking if there was a lawman nearby. Lyon turned to Jenkins who was already wrapping his fingers around his Colt revolver.

The stranger announced he was Abdon Leiva and he only wanted to surrender. He layed his weapons before the thunderstruck deputy. Leiva was a member of Tiburcio Vasquez' outlaw gang. Wasting no time Jenkins hustled Leiva to jail. Jenkins then learned that Leiva had caught his chief in bed with Leiva's wife and wanted revenge.

Leiva got what he wanted by turning states evidence against Vasquez. The bandit chief was hanged on March 18, 1875.

Thus ended one aspect of Jenkins' complex career. The next opened with a visit from a friend, Horace Bell.

BELL showed up on the doorstep of Billy Jenkins' ranchhouse. With him was a Major William Reynolds. The son of a Massachusetts sea captain, Reynolds was born in Manila and educated in Boston. He pursued a varied career including surveying. Bell brought Reynolds to the Lazy Z to settle his nerves.

One evening while spinning yarns, Reynolds explained how easy it would be to take a Spanish-Mexican land grant claim. About this time an itinerant school teacher from Downey, California, named James Addison Reavis stopped in. Bell and Jenkins were so taken with Reynold's story they suggested he write a book, which Jenkins proceeded to do.

Since Reynolds had difficulty spelling, he asked the teacher to read and edit the manuscript. This Reavis did and followed its guidelines to become the "Baron of Arizona."

Reavis claimed the mysterious ruins of Casa Grande in Arizona were actually the ancestral home of the Peralta family who was granted thousands of acres by the King of Spain in 1748. Eventually the government proved the whole claim was a hoax and discovered

Spring planting on the Lazy Z Ranch of W. W. Jenkins near Castaic, California, in about 1908. Alexander Bella is standing.

that Reavis had pocketed nearly $1 million from residents wishing to clear title to their land.

Reynolds by then had died but Jenkins and Bell were called to make depositions. They told what they knew and got off but Reavis went to jail for six years.

AS the 19th century faded into the 20th, range wars and family feuds raged through the rugged hills and canyons surrounding Castaic Creek. There were running gun battles fought from the backs of galloping horses, ambushes along lonely trails and barns aflame in the night.

Although in his late 70s, the fast gun of Ranger Bill was still a force reckon with. His reputation was such that no one would face him in a fight.

In the spring of 1913 a "squatter" knocked at the front door at the Lazy Z. When Jenkins answered, the neighbor shot him in the chest with a revolver.

Jenkins was slowed, but not stopped. His wife, Olive, nursed him back to health and that assailant was found dead from a shot gun blast at his homestead. Probably no one will ever know if Jenkins did it.

The year of 1915 brought progress to Castaic Canyon. A two-lane paved road sliced through the Lazy Z between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

As he had done for nearly 40 years, Jenkins drove his cattle from winter pasture in the mountains to Castaic Creek and Charlie Canyon. It was a perfect place to fatten cows before sale.

To his surprise another herd was grazing there owned by Billy Rose. There was "bad blood" between Jenkins and Rose and when the old Ranger curtly ordered Billy out, he was answered with a Colt 45.

William Willoby Jenkins died on April 23, 1916.

Today most of the Jenkins' ranch is covered by the waters of Castaic Lake, located some 45 miles north of Los Angeles along Interstate 5. The headquarters of the Lazy Z burned years ago and is marked only by a long line of pepper trees planted by Jenkins in 1910. As long as these trees survive there will be a tangable reminder of cattle drives, vigilantes, lynchings, gunshots in the night and W.W. Jenkins, the Baron of Alcatraz.

Exhuming Big Foot in Texas

The story of re-burying one of Texas' great men.

By GLENN T. HOWARD

IN Frio County, Texas, there was the little town of Big Foot, located in the northeast corner of the county. The town was settled mostly in the 1890s and was named for one of its most eminent citizens, Big Foot Wallace, this being his nickname. His real name was William A.A. Wallace.

Over the years, Big Foot, Texas, like so many small towns that were passed by the railroads and highways, ultimately dwindled away. By 1935, all that remained was a store or two and its cemetery, reminding all of a once aggressive, prosperous group of people with good schools, churches, stores and a post office.

Just a few miles from Big Foot was a little settlement called Centerville, with a school of its own claiming some 20 to 30 enrollees. It was a one-teacher school taught by Elmer M. Howard, a late teenager who was saving a substantial portion of his monthly salary to defray his expenses in medical school at a later date.

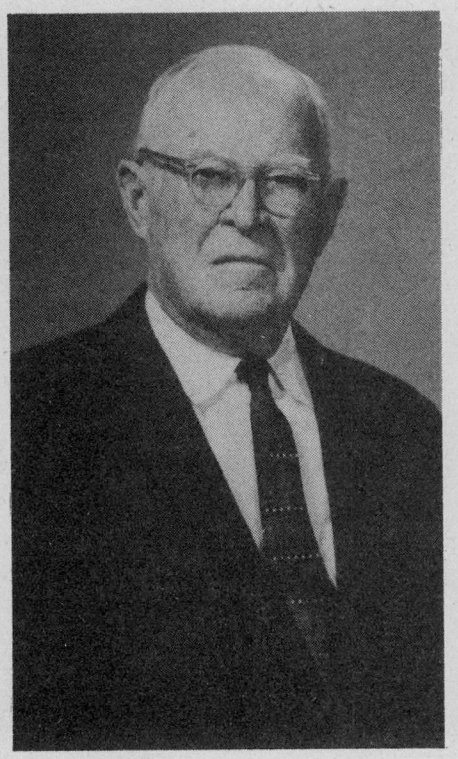
To relieve his boredom on weekends, Howard used to walk or catch a ride over to Big Foot where he could socialize with the Saturday crowd, possibly staying over through Sunday.

During these sojourns to Big Foot, the young teacher struck up a friendship with Big Foot Wallace and enjoyed listening to him tell of his many adventures.

THE adventurous life of Big Foot Wallace came to an end in 1899 and he was buried in the Longview Cemetery at Big Foot, the cemetery of the little town that had been named for him.

In 1935, Elmer Howard, the young schoolteacher at Centerville, had become a physician and was practicing at Pearsall, the county seat of Frio County. On a particular day, the doctor had been making calls in the Big Foot area.

As he passed the cemetery, he saw a small crowd gathered there. A car or two and a panel truck were present.



Dr. Elmer M. Howard

There was a fresh mound of dirt and apparently a grave had been opened.

Being a man whose curiosity served him well over the years, the doctor stopped his car and walked over to the opened grave where he joined the crowd. Much to his astonishment, the body of Big Foot Wallace had been exhumed and, along with the casket it was in an excellent state of preservation!

The doctor realized that he was the only one in this little drama who had known Big Foot Wallace when he was living and he related this to the group. The casket was duly closed, placed in the panel truck and began its journey to Austin, Texas, for reburial.

The state of Texas held its centennial in 1936. In the interest of tourism, the previous year authorities had, where practicable, exhumed the bodies of prominent Texas pioneers and had them buried in Austin. This enabled centennial visitors to view all their graves with a minimum of travel.

I do not question their logic in this procedure but I thought the occasion of an old friend being present at the exhumation of Big Foot Wallace was most interesting. This incident was related to me by Dr. E.M. Howard, my father, soon after its occurrence.

I suppose it is just coincidental, but I knew of at least one other occasion where the body of a tough, courageous pioneer was exhumed and it was found in an excellent state of preservation. This was when King Fisher's body was disinterred at Uvalde, Texas, in 1956 or so. Perhaps they were too, too tough to really die.

Drawing shows first charge at the Battle of Walla Walla in 1855. This battle was part of the war that won the Pacific Northwest for white settlement.

He Helped Discover Gold in The Pivotal Battle

By JOHN C. JACKSON

AS the winter sun darkened over the bleak valley of the Walla Walla River in eastern Washington Territory Captain Charles Bennett led his company of Oregon Volunteers in a charge through the oat stubble of a half-breed's farm. Hiding behind rail fences and burning grain stacks concealed Indians were waiting to protect their ancestral homeland. As he followed his fixed concept of military tactics Captain Bennett was also burdened by a sense of his destiny. He had once stood at a great event in the history of the West and he still believed that he was unique among his fellow pioneers. The obligations that attend such beliefs were leading him toward a bullet.

Six months after the treaties to extinguish title to their ancient territories were forced upon the Indians of eastern Washington their outrage brought the Pacific Northwest to open war. By 1855 the pioneer development of the Willamette Valley of Oregon and the waterside plains around Puget Sound in Washington had reached the saturation point and started to spill east across the Cascade Mountains.

In May and June of that year the superintendents of Indians for the Territories of Oregon and Washington called the tribesmen of the plateau country together for a council. The federal officers hoped to extinguish the land title of the tribes that they planned to combine on the Yakima, Umatilla and Nez Perce Reservations.

In stormy council sessions the agents forced ill-considered treaties upon the confused and increasingly resentful native leaders. To give up their homes was inconceivable to the Indians, some of whom rationalized that they were only making a little mark on the paper to show friendship.

By the end of that summer the Yakima Indians had murdered miners traveling across their lands and then their Indian Agent. The plateau coun-

try was at war.

TWO punative expeditions put into the field by the under-strength and inadequately prepared United States Army were either repulsed or outwitted. That autumn and early winter was a time of terror and apprehension for red men and white folk alike.

In October at the request of the desperate commander of the regular forces, the Governor of Oregon Territory called for the enlistment or a regiment of mounted volunteers who would march east to help restore order in the same manner that a previous force had chastised the Cayuse Indians seven years before.

As volunteer units were quickly enlisted elsewhere the men of Marion County came to the barrelhead in the small town of Salem. In the militia tradition one of the leaders of the young community was elected captain.

Charles Bennett was a hotel keeper, contractor and sometime captain of the riverboat, Canemah. Those were substantial accomplishments that were founded on a spectacular bit of luck. Bennett helped discover gold in California.

ment. It was natural that he look for men in his native state and young Charles Bennett was one of the promising recruits that he found.

TEN years of military service set the pattern of life for Charles Bennett. But beginning in 1841 and with increasing emphasis in the next two years the horse soldiers on the Missouri frontier saw the assembly and departure of wagon parties headed for distant Oregon.

In 1843 Sergeant Bennett resigned from the Regiment of Dragoons. At the beginning of the following summer when the grass greened to feed the livestock he joined one of the wagon parties that assembled. at Independence, Missouri.

The group Bennett traveled with was under the direction of a well-known citizen of western Missouri, Nathaniel Ford, and was guided by such old Rocky Mountain trappers as Black Moses Harris and James Clyman.

A companion of the trail that year was a westerner named James Marshal who had sold his farm and headed toward a new opportunity. The 2,000 mile ride on the Oregon Trail tested the

The next summer Bennett went to Salem where he helped build a keelboat for transportation on the river. But the project was abandoned. Until the census of 1850 Charles Bennett was known as a carpenter.

WHEN Bennett arrived at Oregon City in fall 1844 he found the community still simmering over Indian troubles of the spring. Two Negroes had cheated a prominent Indian of money due to him for work performed on a land claim. The chief, Cockstock, was a proud Wasco-Mollala who would not tolerate the insult. When he came to town armed, a shootout resulted in which a man was killed.

The citizens began to ask for a constabulary. Militia organizations were an old frontier habit and it was no surprise that a group of citizens met in June at the home of Daniel Waldo to organize the Oregon Rangers.

Operating by parlimentary procedure, they drew up a set of governing regulations and the poetic motto, "Eternal vigilance is freedom's price / Its' deadly bane is ignorance and vice." Twelve officers were selected but by autumn the designated captain had resigned.

Photos Courtesy Oregon Historical Society

California and then Fought

For Pacific Empire

The sandy-hair Pennsylvannian was 44 but he had more than 20 years experience as a frontiersman. When the Regiment of the United State Dragoons was authorized in 1833, Bennett became one of the first of that elite mounted arm. The new unit which operated for 28 years and became the predecessor of the plains calvary was organized after Congress approved "An Act for the more perfect defense of the frontiers." Ten companies of 65 men each were organized at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, in the late summer of 1833.

Captain Clifton Wharton, a Pennsylvannian who entered the artillery in 1818 and captain of the 6th Infantry in 1833, was assigned as commander of Company A of the new Dragoon Regi-

plains hardened Dragoon campaigner but Bennett still found time to romance Mary Shannon whose family was also heading west. Unattached men earned their way by helping family groups in exchange for mess privileges.

Bennett arrived in Oregon at the end of autumn and spent the winter in Oregon City helping construct a sawmill on the falls of the Willamette River.

One of Bennett's friends was James W. Nesmith who was recently appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of the Provisional Government. Like the colony of Texas, Oregon was first organized as an independent state with the expectation that it would be accepted into the union later.

By then Bennett was recognized as a military authority and was elected the captain of the Rangers. The unit did not distinguish itself and was generally considered a piece of braggadocio to impress the Hudson's Bay Co. which maintained Fort Vancouver near the mouth of the Willamette River.

Meanwhile the former Dragoon was domesticated by his marriage to Mary A. Shannon. She was a Kentucky girl who apparently brought a young slave girl as a part of her dowery. There is no indication how that was accepted by her husband who came from the traditionally free state of Pennsylvannia.

The new husband supported his bride but the opportunities in the cashless

James W. Marshall, generally credited as discoverer of gold in California in 1848, is shown in drawing at left. Judge James K. Kelly is at right.

community were limited. His old trail companion, James Marshall, went to California in 1845. In 1847, Bennett also followed the Siskiou Trail south.

ON August 27, 1847, Marshall accepted a contract from Sutter to build a sawmill at Coloma. Just a month later Bennett was on his way to the mill to apply his previous experience and mechanical ability.

The construction continued through the winter. On January 26, 1848, Marshall gained immortality as the discoverer of gold in California. His biographers have implied that Bennett was sick in bed and did not share in the discovery.

But Bennett was there and recognized the importance of the discovery. He immediately wrote home to his wife:

"This morning when the water was turned into the millrace we were walking down and we found gold. I send you a piece we picked up." The nugget that Bennett trusted to a northbound traveler weighed about a quarter of an ounce. Mary later had it made into a ring.

Sutter immediately came to the mill site and cautioned the workmen to keep the discovery a secret until he and Marshall could obtain a lease from the local Indians. Bennett returned from the mines of February 5 and again on February 22 when Sutter gave him a letter to carry to the territorial governor of California.

It was no accident that Bennett was given this important errand to announce the discovery. It was crucial that the discoverers obtain legal rights to the mineral claims before the inevitable deluge of bonanza seekers.

The governor was Richard B. Mason, colonel 1st Dragoons. Mason had conducted the new regiment in its first parade for the Inspector General and had contributed to the selection of its basic arm, the 69 caliber carbine. There was a very good chance that he would remember with favor the promising young non-com.

As Bennett descended the Sacramento River the launch put in at Benica and Bennett went to get a drink. In a saloon he overheard some men earnestly discussing the potential of a coal mine that had been recently located on Mount Diablo.

Full to the brim with the news he had promised to keep secret, Bennett could not resist the temptation to brag of the real discovery upriver. He continued to San Francisco and on to the territorial capitol at Monterey.

Bennett delivered the petition from Sutter and displayed the samples of gold. This was an electrifying moment in western history but the petitioners came up against some myophic federal bureaucrats.

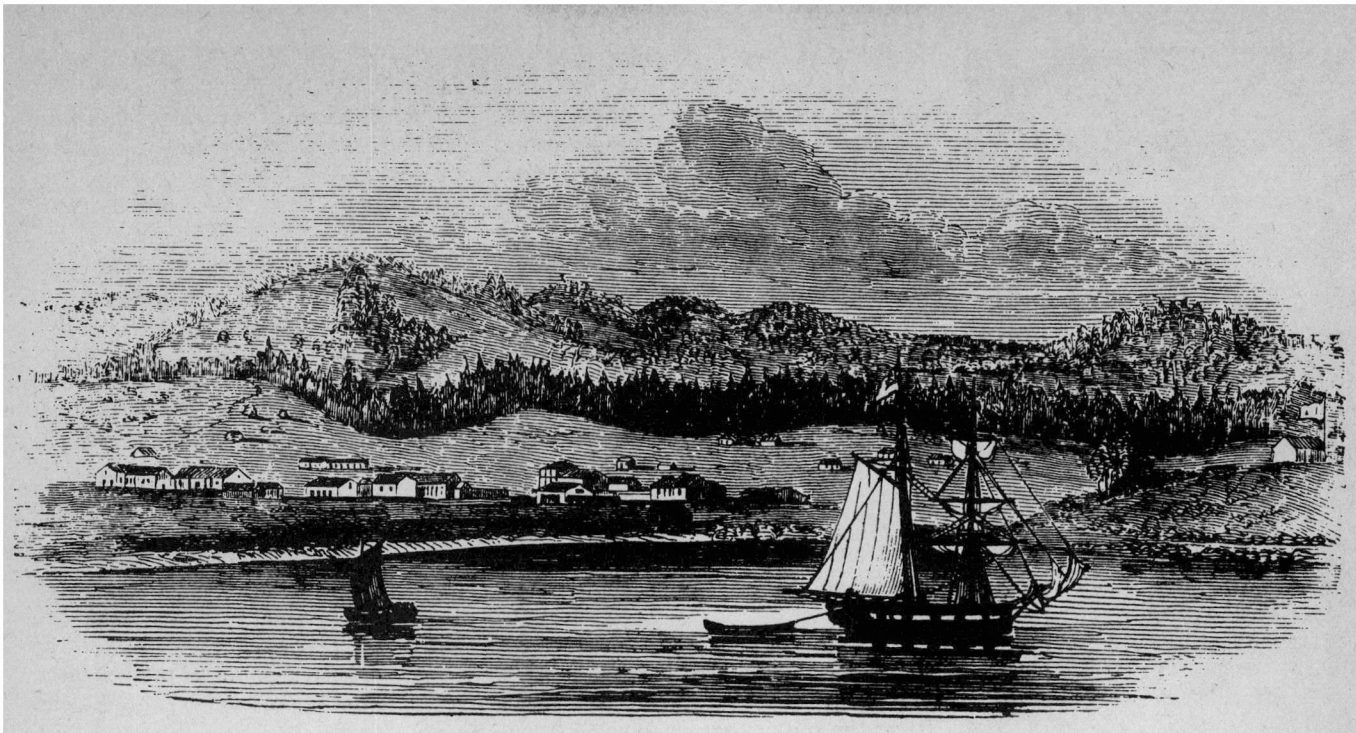
Mason denied Sutter's petition on the basis that the United State did not recognize the right of the Indians to sell or lease their lands to individuals. They could only deal with the government to extinguish their title to native lands.

By that technicality Sutter and Marshall lost their chance at fortune and were doomed to suffer more loss than gain from the find. By late February, Bennett exhibited samples of gold in San Francisco where the discovery was published and the great rush to the mines began.

CHARLES BENNETT returned to the bonanza country and spent the rest of the year mining on his own. With the head start he collected a respectable poke but did not become carried away by the gold fever. He was in San Francisco again on September 26 when he wrote a letter to his old friend, James Nesmith.

There must have been many letters expounding the bonanza but Bennett's vision was accurate:

"As you have doubtless heard many different reports of the late discovery of gold in upper California much exagerated no doubt I have taken the liberty of wrighting to you on the subject for the purpos of giving you the true



Sketch from London Illustrated News (1849) shows Monterey in what was then called Upper California.

condition of the mines."

Bennett estimated that miners were averaging about $25 a day in the mines but saw that the "avoritious" were greatly tempted to leave all other business and just engage in mining. Bennett recommended that Oregon farmers stay with their ploughs for he saw that produce of every kind would be scarce. There would be no farming done in California for ten years by his estimate "and as Origon is the only farming Country contigus to the mines to which wee can look for supplies the shurest and (sa)fest plan to obtain the gold and make a fortune is to cultivate and improve your farm."

"Origon will receive more benifit from the mines than California and from this time she may look forward to a new distany."

Bennett predicted the population of California would increase one and a half million in the next 12 months but all those who earned enough to take care of themselves would leave for some other fertile, healthy country. Those who did not "will goo to that unhospittable assilem to which David Crocket assined his constituants if they did not elect him to congress."

PERHAPS Bennett went back to Oregon and then returned to the mines. He landed at Astoria from the ship, *California*, on September 1, 1850. The California gold was only a foundation that he would use for more lasting endeavors.

Bennett's partner, Absolom F. Hedges, in late 1849 headed east to buy machinery for a riverboat they planned to build. The newly minted Oregon Beaver coins were worth their weight in gold but the banks refused to accept them and Hedges had to go to the mint at New Orleans to exchange them for acceptable funds.

There he purchased two 30-horsepower engines which were shipped to Canemah Landing just above Oregon City. The machinery, Hedges, and Bennett all arrived home about the same time.

A group of investors proceeded to construct a 135-foot sidewheel river steamer which was christened the Canemah. Bennett and another partner alternated as Captains on the run from Salem upriver to the wheat port of Corvallis. Unfortunately the California produce market diminished.

In 1853, when a boiler flue exploded killing a passenger and injuring others, the partners sold the boat.

During this period of prosperity Bennett erected and operated a hotel in Salem called "The Bennett House." In 1854, he contracted to build the foundations for the new Territorial Capitol.

In October 1855 the U.S. Army called for the reinforcement from the Oregon militia. The governor responded by calling for a regiment of mounted volunteers which was twice as many men as the federal officers thought necessary.

Bennett was elected captain of the Marion County Company. The rag-tag volunteers who rushed up the Columbia River to confront the hostile Yakima Indians, the men of Company F, found their commander insisted on drill and tactical instruction.

Bennett earned a reputation as a disciplinarian and formal military leader. In accordance with the table of organization for militia he even designated one of his men to be a bugler and located an old dinner horn for him to toot.

Although the men of Company F mildly resented this infringement upon their independence they were more prepared than any of the other companies for battle. When the combined force of U.S. regulars and mounted volunteers discovered hostile Indians in the Yakima Valley in late November Captain Bennett's Company was ready to force a crossing of the swift Yakima River.

The regular infantrymen could not proceed because of the current but a force of 19 dragoons reached an island in the middle of the river where they engaged the Indians. The action was satisfying to Bennett who helped rescue a detachment of his old regiment. The young shavetail who got himself into the mess was Brevet Lieutenant Philip Sheridan.

After that inconclusive campaign the First Regiment of Oregon Mounted Volunteers returned to the base at The Dalles.

Monument to Charles Bennett in Salem, Oregon.

The territorial forces were appalled to learn the regular army intended to go into winter camp and discontinue further action until the next spring. That would leave another detachment of volunteers stranded upriver near the potentially hostile Cayuse, Walla Walla and Nez Perce Indians.

The tired campaigners were forced to reinforce their comrades who were stranded at the Umatilla River and did not dare to withdraw for fear of driving the three tribes into the hostile camp.

The reunited regiment invaded the Walla Walla Valley to locate and punish the Indians who had looted an abandoned Hudson's Bay Company trading post.

Mounted on weakened horses the punative column had little hope of overtaking the retreating Indian village. The advance guard was surprised to meet a truce party led by the old Walla Walla chief, PioPioMoxMox. A small group of Indians came forward to suggest peaceful settlement and promise restitution.

Primed for war the regiment was stunned to see the expected battle evaporating. The old chief proposed that the regiment proceed to the Indian camp where they could share food and come to a settlement.

At the officer's call to consider this Bennett presented his reservations about the proposed route to the Indian village. He saw indications of an ambush.

But his caution was taken as cowardice by another hot-headed officer who insulted Bennett and offered to fight him. Another captain came between them just in time.

The tense situation ended with the Indian treaty party being taken prisoner under the threat of an immediate attack on the Indian camp. The Walla Walla Village managed to escape during the night but their chief and his party were held as captives for two nights.

ON the morning of December 7 as the column broke camp and prepared to proceed up the valley of the Walla Walla River the Indians attacked some stragglers. A fight developed that turned into a spontaneous mounted charge down the floor of the valley. The Indians backpeddled for 12 miles providing the volunteers with an exhilerating hunt.

But the fun went out of the game when the Indians rallied around an abandoned long cabin of a French settler. The leading elements of the strung-out regiment were slammed back by warriors who were determined to protect their nearby camp.

A dismounted charge drove the Indians to a second defensive position but cost the volunteers some unacceptable casualties. Lacking offensive direction the regiment was forced into a static fight.

Bennett's company was told to clear the Indian flankers from the brush along the river. Bennett saw they were losing the offensive initiative and might not get the attack going again if they waited. He requested permission to organize a charge against the Indian positions.

That was refused and Bennett returned to his company to grow more agitated over what he believed was a serious military mistake. Perhaps the previous insult to his courage also was smarting.

When Bennett returned to the command post the distracted commander put him off with the comment he did not care what Bennett did as long as he quit pestering.

Taking that as approval, Bennett lined up his men for an attack. Mounting his horse, he led the Marion County volunteers in a classic charge across the open ground.

The log cabin was located on a side stream of the Walla Walla River. The old oxbow made a natural moat around the cabin and the Indians had a clear field of fire.

Shouting that the Indians were squaws who were afraid to come out and fight, Bennett charged forward. As he came up from the slough he took a slug under his left eye and fell back into the ditch. A brave German boy who was not a member of Company F attempted to stay with the body but was shot through the jaw and fell across the corpse.

The charge collapsed and the soldiers fell back as smoke from the burning oatstacks drifted across the battlefield.

After dark, four troopers recovered the dead. The dead captain was carried to the volunteer camp and later the body was put into a mud-encased wooden box for the long trip to Salem.

THE funeral of Captain Charles Bennett was an elaborate Masonic display. In later years his widow saw to the erection of an elaborate grove monument in the I00F cemetery. The inscription that she dictated testified to the gold discovery. When the monument maker questioned her statement, Mary Bennett showed him the letters that he husband sent home following the discovery.

Thus died the co-discoverer of gold in California. Charles Bennett had accurately seen the importance of the event and correctly estimated the consequences. His life and habits prepared him for a useful career in the public affairs of the new territory and he would probably have earned recognition for his contribution to western history.

But all that ended on a battlefield in eastern Washington. Destiny plays a hard game with its dashing dragoons.

The Answer Man

There are several often printed photos from Old West history. Among those which come to mind are Billy the Kid standing with his rifle; the photo of the five members of the Wild Bunch taken at Forth Worth, Texas and any one of several head shots of Wyatt Earp.

There is another photo that has been frequently published, this of the Union Pacific Railroad's "super posse," but seldom are the men in it identified.

Bruce Gannon, 41700 ACTC-T, Santa Rita, 10,000 S. Wilmot Rd., Tucson, AZ 85777, sent a copy of the photo and remarked "the more I looked at the photo of these men the more I got to thinking - that sure looks like that rat LeFors sitting there ...."

Gannon, who has done much research on Tom Horn, firmly believes Horn was railroaded. Thus his description of LeFors as a "rat." But he is right about lawman LeFors being in the photo. The photo accompanies this column with those who are known identified.

This super posse was formed following the Aug. 29, 1900 holdup of the Union Pacific near Tipton, Wyoming. It is believed that four robbers were Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, Kid Curry and Will Carver, although accounts vary. In most at least Cassidy's Wild Bunch is given credit for the heist.

LeFors, a U.S. deputy marshal, started his pursuit with 42 men but as the outlaws continued to evade the posse, it dwindled. The robbers were tracked 120 miles before posse members realized they could not catch them.

Tipton train robbery posse, seated from left, unknown, Joe LeFors, T. Jeff Carr, George Hiatt, H. Davis, and standing from left, unknown, Simon Funk, and Timothy T. Kelliher.

Buffalo Bill and Heck Thomas. Two questions were sent by Herman Kight, 102 Wilmar St., Douglas, GA 31533. One reminded us that in the December 1983 issue of TRUE WEST we noted Buffalo Bill was buried atop Lookout Mountain. He asked if that mountain is the one in Tennessee. The answer is that Buffalo Bill was buried atop Lookout Mountain in Colorado.

Kight's second question is really a request for information: "I would like to hear from anyone knowing anything about Heck Thomas. What part of Georgia was he from or any other information."

The best biography of Thomas is Glenn Shirley's *Heck Thomas Frontier Marshal*, published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Thomas was born in Oxford, Georgia, on Jan. 6, 1850, the youngest of 12 children born to Colonel Lovick Pierce Thomas and Martha Ann Fullwood Bedell. Heck was a courier for the Confederate Army and later in 1868 he was a policeman in Atlanta.

In 1871, Thomas married Isabelle Gray, but the marriage ended in divorce because Heck was not able to settle down to a peaceful occupation so desired by Isabelle. Heck took part in the pursuit of the Sam Bass gang and was wounded in that action.

But Thomas' most famous exploits were when he was deputy U.S. marshal for "Hanging Judge" Issac Parker at Fort Smith, Arkansas. Thomas, Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen were known as "The Three Guardsmen." In 1901, Thomas was named police chief of Lawton, Oklahoma Territory. He died on Aug. 15, 1912.

Women Outlaws. There were not many women outlaws in the Old West. But among the best-known were Belle Starr, Laura Bullion, Etta Place and Cattle Kate, who if not an outlaw was in cahoots with them. Another woman outlaw was "Little Britches," known to be associated with bandits in Oklahoma Territory.

Elder J. T. Walker, 1108 19th St., South Tuscaloosa, AL 34501, asks about Little Britches.

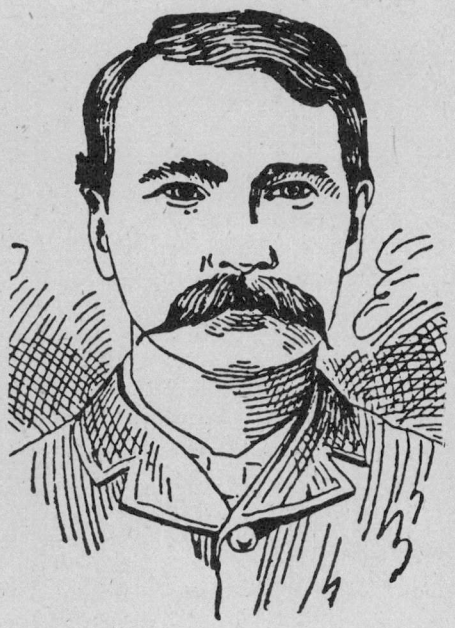
Jennie Stevens, apparently her real name, was a hanger-on of the Doolin gang. She is almost always associated with Cattle Annie McDoulet, whose aliases included McDougal and McDermot.

The two women associated with members of Bill Doolin's gang in the early 1890s. Their most serious offenses probably were stealing horses and ped-

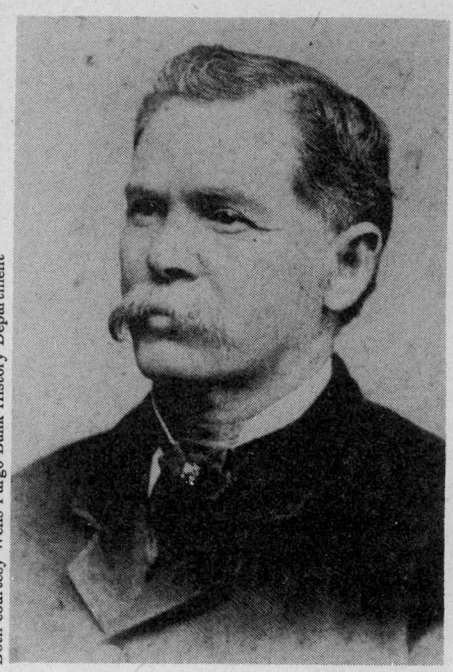
(continued on page 50)

A Tale of Two Smiths —Hero and Train Robber

By JEFF BURTON



J. Ernest Smith



Both courtesy Wells Fargo Bank History Department

John N. Thacker

AN incident at Samuels Siding, in Val Verde County, Texas, in the early hours of September 2, 1891, occupies a footnote in the annals of crime: It was the first time train robbers used dynamite to blow open the safe of a railroad express car.

Outnumbered at least five to one, and sure that the big "through" safe in his car was bandit proof, the Wells Fargo messenger had done all that could reasonably have been expected. He barred himself in until the robbers exploded giant powder against the side of the car, and then came out with his hands up. He then stood aside while the bandits blasted the safe and rode away with the money.

After several weeks' tenacious pursuit four robbers were brought to bay and some of the loot was recovered — but these are details which belong to another story, not this one.

Our real concern is with the express messenger, J. Ernest Smith. Less than four years earlier, from the doorway of another express car, he had performed a feat of valor which, for almost a week, made him the most newsworthy figure in the Southwest. Now, in 1891, he felt that he could not easily live with the contrast, and offered the express company his resignation.

The limelight that fell upon Ernest Smith in 1887 had been shared with two other men, although their part in the celebrations were mainly posthumous. One was, or pretended to be, another Smith—Jack Smith, sometimes known as 'Kid' Smith. The second passed through the lower reaches of Southwestern society as Dick Myers or Meyer.

These two men came from Illinois or Indiana, where they traveled as J.S. Emerson and Bernard M. Dechard, which may have been their real names. But it was as Jack Smith and Dick Myers, that they became briefly notorious in Arizona and southwest Texas.

Jack Smith and Myers worked here and there, and between times they loafed, gambled, or stole. They were employed for a while as bricklayers in El Paso and as railroad men on the Texas and Pacific run between that city and Odessa, Texas.

It took all sorts to run a railroad and Jack Smith and Myers were not the only one-time railraod men in El Paso to turn to an easier and more profitable line of activity.

There was, for instance, their friend J.M. Smart, usually known as 'Doc,' who came to El Paso from Bainbridge, Georgia. Smart worked for the Southern Pacific as a freight conductor, spending much time thinking about how easy it must be to hold up the express train at some lonely spot in southern Arizona.

Better for him, as things turned out, to have kept his high-flown notions to himself. In the event, when he quit the S.P. to freelance in El Paso, he confined himself to lesser forms of theft, like store burglary. It was his misfortune to fall in with others, who took Doc's grand ideas more seriously than he himself did.

JACK Smith may have turned to violent crime as early as 1885, when a French storekeeper in Paso del Norte (now Ciudad Juarez) was killed during a robbery. Suspicion settled upon Smith, but there was an absence of hard evidence.

Some time later a veteran detective, Len Harris, made strenuous but unavailing efforts to nail Jack for stealing forty-four bolts of cloth from a store in El Paso itself.

Smith and Myers lodged on Utah Street with a Mrs. Green, whose son by a former marriage, George Wills, soon became friendly with the two boarders. Mrs. Green herself was friendly with them, too. She said later that Myers belonged to a wealthy family in Illinois. This might have been true; or again it might have been just the sort of tale that lodgers tell landladies the world over.

One night toward the middle of March, 1887, when Smith was up to no good, as usual, he was disturbed by Assistant Marshal Chipman. Smith promptly shot Chipman, whose life was saved only by the amputation of a shattered and gangrenous left arm.

After a brief crooks' conference near

the Pierson Hotel, Jack Smith, Dick Myers, and George Wills—who now adopted the surname Green—decided to head for Arizona to hold up the Southern Pacific. Doc Smart, whose idea it was, then backed off from accompanying them, saying that he could not leave El Paso without drawing suspicion to himself. Smith didn't much care what Smart did; so far as he was concerned, El Paso was no longer a safe place.

"We'll go and leave the son of a bitch behind," he vouchsafed to Myers and Green.

They did, and on April 27 robbed the express and mail in the Rincon country of Pima County, Arizona, getting some $4,000 in American and Mexican money and gold dust. They missed an additional $8,000 which the messenger (yet another Smith) had hidden in a stove.

A FEW weeks later, Smith and Myers left George Green in Fort Worth, Texas, and traveled to the twin border towns of Nogales to sell the Mexican "dobe" dollars stolen from the train. Jack very quickly proceeded to run up the profits by busting a fargo bank in Nogales and another in Lordsburg, New Mexico.

About a month after this, two men derailed and looted a train in Arizona at almost the spot where the earlier robbery occurred. It remains, unresolved whether the bandits were Smith and Myers, or were members of a locally-based gang who were arrested but had to be turned loose for lack of evidence.

Fred Dodge, undercover man for Wells Fargo and a constable in Cochise County, always maintained that Smith and Myers were the guilty parties. John Thacker, second only to Jim Hume in Wells Fargo's detectives corps, held this view only briefly: He began and ended with the firm belief that local badmen were responsible for the second robbery.

J. ERNEST Smith apparently was a native of Greenville, Illinois. According to his own statement, he was born there on March 18, 1853. He may have lived for a time in St. Louis and moved to San Antonio.

The railroad express messenger was not necessarily expected to be a fighting man. Train robbery had been something of a freak event, never having happened more than half a dozen times a year throughout the entire United States.

Only in 1887 did this placid picture begin to change. By the end of September there had been five successful train robberies in Texas alone, and three in Arizona.

The expressman was now expected to offer stiffer resistance to robbers. There had been several cases of a messenger refusing to admit bandits into his car, or hiding most of the money from them. One of these days some train messenger would emulate his stage-riding brethren by blowing the living daylights out of a robber or two.

Early in October, 1887, two men tried to hold up a Texas and Pacific train near Odessa, Texas, only to be sent packing by a sharp-shooting brakeman, Charles A. Jackson. Brakeman Jackson, who was something of a local character in El Paso, later identified Jack Smith and Dick Myers as the would-be robbers.

In the second week of October, Smith and Myers slipped back into El Paso. They kept clear of their former cronies and did nothing to excite undue notice.

They and a companion, who was never identified, were seen by some of the "railroad boys" playing ball near the Southern Pacific depot.

On the morning of Friday, October 14, the unknown man was shaved at the barber shop next to the Gem Saloon and left town. It was conjectured, but never proven, that he was to join his pals that night by the railroad track near Ysleta, thirteen miles east of town. As for Smith and Myers, they stayed near the depot to do some serious train watching.

The eastbound Texas and Pacific express pulled out that evening with six lawmen among the passengers, carrying tickets for Sierra Blanca and various points east. The two robbers wisely let it go. They hung back for the departure of the delayed eastbound express of the Galveston, Harrisburg, and San Antonio Railroad (really just a division of the Southern Pacific) which ought to have left at 4:30 in the afternoon but which had been held back because of the late arrival of its connection from the west. The express run that the robbers meant to intercept was the one handled by J. Ernest Smith.

It was nearly 9 P.M. when the G.H. & S.A. eastbound steamed out of the El Paso depot and Jack Smith and Myers were on it, perched just behind the coal tender. A few minutes later Engineer John Lohner felt a tap on the arm and turned to see two masked men and four revolvers. Lohner was told to stop the train on a curve about half way between El Paso and Ysleta after which, as the El Paso Tribune put it, "the engineer and fireman were granted the privilege of sitting on the bank with hands raised heavenward."

The best witness to what came next was Ernest Smith, who talked to the local press the next morning.

Messenger Smith had company, in the person of J.R. Beardsley, a clerk from the Wells Fargo office in Fort Worth. Each man had a revolver, and there was also a single-barrel shotgun and some buckshot shells in the car. When the train stopped, their first thought was that the engineer had merely obeyed a danger signal.

A volley of shots and curses and the appearance outside the car of a man with a six-shooter soon acquainted Smith with the true condition of affairs. He put out the lights and, with Beardsley, moved to the rear of the car.

The explosion badly shook the two express men.

When the lights faded within the express car and bandit Smith's demands for entry went unanswered he placed the dynamite on the sill of the locked door and touched off the fuse. The explosion, filling the car with flying fragments of wood and glass and tearing a large section out of the door, badly shook the two expressmen.

"We'd better get out," the messenger suggested.

BY the time Beardsley, who led the way, had got down and relieved of his gun, Ernest Smith had regained his composure. Before stepping down he left his pistol on the floor in the middle of the doorway. He thought of punching the robber on the jaw and making a grab for his own six-shooter before the fellow could recover, but with Beardsley blocking the way the messenger lacked the reach.

Having searched the messenger for weapons, the robber remarked he would have to strike a light in the car. When the messenger offered to precede him into the car and light it for him, the bandit let him. Evidently it did not occur to either outlaw that if the messenger's gun was not on his person it must be somewhere in the express car.

So Messenger Smith started to climb

back into the car, with robber Smith standing right behind him, a gun in each hand.

"Die, damn you!" were the last words Jack Smith ever heard as the messenger, turning in a flash, fired the revolver. Jack Smith tumbled over, Ernest was to report, "with one gurgling grunt," triggering two unaimed shots in his dying moments.

Myers shot and narrowly missed the messenger's head. Ernest fired back, but since his bullet "came near hitting the engineer," he retreated into his express car.

Myers ordered engineer Lohner and fireman Merrick back to the locomotive, he dragged his stricken partner to his feet. Then telling Merrick to lift the body onto the engine, Myers asked, "What's the matter with him?"

"He's hurt pretty bad," was the fireman's diplomatic reply.

Ernest Smith, now armed with a shotgun, had seen much of this from the doorway of the car. His chance to shoot came when Merrick moved away from Myers to unhook the coupling which linked engine and tender to the rest of the train. This gave the messenger a clear field of fire, and he took it immediately, scoring a palpable hit.

AT about 10:30 that night, the train was returned to El Paso, where the body of Jack Smith was taken off and a new express car added with a new messenger. Ernest Smith retired to shake off the effects of nervous reaction, write his official report, and face the demands of El Paso's press and public.

Several of the city's elite band of professional lawmen, including Deputy U.S. Marshal Will Van Riper and Rob Ross, went out in search of the known second robber and the rumored third. It didn't take long to find Dick Myers.

Only one buckshot had struck him. It had torn through a memorandum book before entering the front side of the left shoulder and cutting an artery just above the heart. Myers had staggered to a busy gulch about fifty yards from where he had been shot. There he had calmly removed his mask, placed it in his pocket, and awaited unconsciousness and death.

At eight o'clock on Saturday morning he was returned to El Paso on a handcar. Shortly afterwards he joined his pal on public display at Undertaker Mott's establishment.

Later that Saturday Ernest Smith rode out on horseback for a clear view of the scene of the previous night's action. Then and later he was besieged by newspaper reporters, admirers, and well-wishers.

El Pasoans presented him with a commemorative gold medal and a purse of $150. He also was given a new suit of clothes and allowed free cigars, free meals, and free whatever he wanted in El Paso for one day. In a little while J. Ernest Smith would be lionized in the San Antonio Express and lauded to the skies in the Austin Statesman. More than that, he would collect enough rewards to make him a rich man. In the meantime, El Paso meant to make the most of him.

Officialdom, in fact, paid up with commendable celerity. The Southern Pacific presented the messenger with $4,000 ($2,000 for each dead robber), the State of Texas came up with $2,000 and Wells Fargo gave him $2,000 more.

In his reminiscences, detective Fred Dodge says that Smith also received the rewards put out in Arizona after the two Southern Pacific robberies there, but contemporary sources contradict this. Even so, at least $8,000 reached Ernest, and he easily could have set himself up in business had he so wished. He preferred, however, to continue working for Wells Fargo.

SIGHTSEERS noted that the dead two men, both in their mid-twenties and both smooth-faced but for a light chin stubble, looked very much alike except that the first one killed was much taller.

In a while someone recognized them as Jack Smith and Dick Myers; and about the first person to react to the news was their former landlady, Mrs. Green.

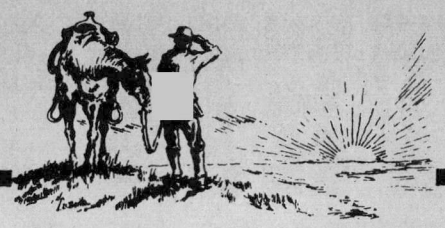
Mrs. Green soon talked and her disclosure of their connection with her son George led to George's arrest in Gainsville, Texas. George, too, talked. He named Doc Smart, who had remained in El Paso and done nothing of great note except get himself blown up at the local powder works without suffering much injury.

Green and Smart were taken to Tucson, Arizona, to face trial for mail robbery, a matter on which federal law was rigorous, permitting no distinction between the guilt of a principal and that of an accessory and stipulating life imprisonment for anyone convicted by a jury. So Doc Smart, who was not even in Arizona at the time of the robbery, was convicted and drew the mandatory life term. Green, on the other hand, was one of the actual robbers, but got off with a five-year stretch by pleading guilty and testifying for the government.

Somehow a revolver—a cheap pinfire thing—reached Smart and he used it to blow four holes in his skull. But his ill-luck held: He survived! He and Green then spent several months being softened up, worn down, and dried out in the hell-hole at Yuma before being given a free trip to another prison in the more equable climate of Columbus, Ohio.

The fate of Jack Smith, Dick Myers and Doc Smart may have deterred some who might otherwise have tried their hands at train robbery, but it did not prevent a great many others from succeeding at it. Robberies, actually, became commoner. The express companies soon countered the trend by providing special through safes for packages being shipped over long distances; so, since the traveling messenger did not hold the key, or combination, to this safe, he could surrender to robbers in the fullest confidence that its contents would be beyond their reach. He would have to open the way safe for them, of course, but it seldom contained very much money.

Trails Grown Dim



Utter Held Funeral Services for Wild Bill

I would like to correspond with anyone who knows the ancestry of Charlie Utter. It was at his camp that funeral services for Wild Bill Hickok were held on Aug. 3, 1876. — **Merton D. Utter, 224 A. Brimmer Ave., New Holland, PA 17557.**

Carson

I am interested in information on Ellard W. Carson. He was associated with several Quicksilver mines (the Carson, Oceania, Cambria and the Klau mines) from 1910 to the 1930s in the Cambria, California area.

Carson was active in the Republican party and held state and/or San Luis Obispo, California, county office positions in the 1920s. His brothers were James and C. L. Carson, and he had possibly two sons, Carter J. and John Carson.

Ellard Carson lived at 714 Buchan Street in San Luis Obispo in the late 1920s. — **E. H. Kluver, 120 N. Val Vista Dr., No. 142, Mesa, AZ 85203.**

Cressler-Marshall-Wood-Ocobock

I am interested in Alfred Cressler who was born in 1842 or 1843 in Pennsylvania and who died in 1916 in Kansas.

He enlisted in the Union Army the fall of 1861; his address at that time was Nora, Illinois. After the war, Alfred was discharged at Louisville, Kentucky. He returned to Illinois where he married Ellen Mary Marshall in 1865. Ellen died in 1886, and Alfred married twice more to Mattie Dell Wood and Martha Parkhill Crouch Ocobock.

Alfred and Ellen had five children: Willis, Jennie, Fannie, Herbert and Walter. Alfred and Mattie had three children: Clarence, Ethel and Clifford. — **David Cressler, N Rd., Box 388, Dove Creek, CO 81324.**

Parker-Wiley-Barker Cannon-Wood-Cooksey-Newsom

I need information on the parents of Jesse Parker, born circa 1775 probably in North Carolina. He died May 27, 1849. He married Sarah Wiley and their children were Sarah, Matthew, Wiley, Rebecca and Elizabeth A. His second wife was Elizabeth Barker and their children were Jesse, Louisa, Mary Ann, Rebecca, Nancy, Isaac N. and Samuel D.

I also need information on the parents of James William Cannon, born in 1812 in Michigan and died in Aurora, Missouri. He married Mary Wood and their children were Thomas Bently and George Riley. He next married Mary Ellen Cooksey and their children were William Allen, John Wilson, James Crittenton, Madison, Marion, Perry, Dee (Doc), Leo, Cicero (Sis), Laura and Julie.

I also need a positive connection between William Newsom, born in 1648 in Surry County, Virginia, and William Newsom of Newsom Hall, Lancashire, England. — **Mrs. Elaine Von Moos, 324 N. Willow Ave., W. Covina, CA 91790.**

Burris

I am looking for any information about my grandfather Burris. He was Irish and married a Cherokee woman. His last known residence was in or near Fayetteville, Arkansas in 1871. They had one known son, Charles A. Burris, who was my father. — **Patsy Hice, Box 247, Paonia, CO 81428.**

Ross-Smalley-Fergusson

I would like information on Robinson Ross and his wife, Sabra Smalley, and their children: Rachael Ross Fergusson, Levina Ellen Ross Loman (Lowman), Catherine Ross Short, Mary Ross Whistler Bridges, Alonzo and William.

William and Alonzo shot and killed Marshal A. G. Hall in front of the Blind Tiger Saloon in Round Rock, Williamson County, Texas in 1878.

The Ross family lived in Fayette County, Texas, although some migrated to Karnes County. Rachael's husband, Napoleon B. "Boney" Fergusson, was sheriff of Fayette County in 1867 and 1868. His parents were Robert A. and Lydia Bowdry Fergusson. — **Cherry Sullivan, Box 274, Kermit, TX 79745.**

Williams-Penn

I am seeking the names of Joseph Russell Williams' parents. My father was his son. Joseph married Miranda Penn, daughter of William and Elizabeth Penn, on Feb. 10, 1848, in Dade County, Missouri.

Joseph was supposedly in Texas by 1868, and he died in the 1870s in Wise County, Texas. I find no census record of him, but his wife, Miranda, is listed in Grayson County, Texas, in 1880.

His children were James Washington, Mattie, Mary, Annie, Belle and Joseph Russell. — **Floyd Cullen Williams, 161 West Shore Dr., Lewisville, TX 75067.**

Haskin-Chapman

I am trying to locate the family of John J. Haskin, born in Ohio circa 1825. He married Lucy Ann Chapman on Sept. 12, 1857 in Delaware County, Iowa.

John died in the Civil War on Nov. 13, 1861. He had one son, George Washington Haskin, born on Aug. 27, 1858 in Applington, Iowa. John was my great-grandfather. — **Loanne Livesay Rebuck, 2346 Norfolk St., San Mateo, CA 94403.**

Hagan-Hunt

I am searching for information on India, Melvin and Richard Hagan or Hunt, last known living around Andrews, Texas. — **Mrs. Gus Drennon, Box 102, Ralls, TX 79357.**

Whitted

I am looking for letters from any Whitted or descendants of them in Arkansas, Mississippi, Tennessee or any other state.

My great-great-grandfather, Davis C. Whitted, was born on Oct. 12, 1804 and died on May 16, 1857 in Independence County, Arkansas. His son (my great-grandfather), John Hodges Whitted, was born on Jan. 11, 1834 and died a prisoner of war Oct. 4, 1862. His widow, Sarah R. Kimsey Whitted, lived at Water Valley, Mississippi and moved to Texas around 1880. — **William Howard Whitted, Rt. 2, Box 944, Kempner, TX 76539.**

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 below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

THIS IS PERKINS

By JIM DULLENTY

YOUR favorite western magazines are now coming to you from the banks of the fabled Cimarron River in the heart of Oklahoma. This is Perkins, Oklahoma! This is where the waving wheat can sure smell sweet when the wind comes right behind the rain!

The newly remodeled headquarters for TRUE WEST and OLD WEST magazines (see accompanying story, "Inside TRUE WEST") is located on U.S. Highway 177 between Perkins and Stillwater, Oklahoma. The building is about two miles north of Perkins and the TRUE WEST staff already has hosted many visitors.

It's easy to get to the new offices, where the latch string is out and the camp pot is always brewing. It's about an hour's drive from either Oklahoma City or Tulsa, most of that trip on interstate highways. So, we hope to see you soon in Perkins.

What you will see when you get here is more than modern western offices for these magazines; you'll be in the heart of country steeped in the history of the Old West. But a few miles from here is Ingalls where the Doolin gang pulled its last bank robbery. To the west a few miles is the storied Chisholm Trail, where hundreds of thousands of Texas cattle were driven to market. And of course this is the heart of the land once reserved for the Indians who had come to this country over and lamentable "Trail of Tears."

Perkins is located in an eastern portion of what was called in the 1880s, the unassigned lands—Indians no longer had any rights to this central piece of what became the State of Oklahoma. So this is called Old Oklahoma.

Before this was "Indian territory," there wasn't much here. A few Indian tribes may have ranged into this land but mostly it was unoccupied grassland, on the path of the yearly migration of millions of buffalo. There were no trees except along the rivers and in the bottom lands, just roll-

PERKINS THEN AND NOW - Top photo shows Perkins in early 1900s. Bottom photo shows the town as it looks today.

UKLAHOMA!

ing grass-covered hills. The visitor now sees groves of cedar and pecan, cottonwoods and hardwoods, and even animal life, such as wild turkeys and deer, is staging a comeback. During the long spring and fall, Oklahoma is lush and green and beautiful.

Little is known of this area prior to 1803, when it was added to the United States as part of the Louisiana Purchase.

But soon after the War of 1812, these lands were selected as refuge for uprooted Indian tribes from the Southern states. During the Civil War, several of the tribes in this area sided with the Confederacy and after the war, to punish them, the victorious federal government renegotiated treaties which took much of their land away from them and this area was to be given to friendly tribes of the Plains area.

Many tribes were located in and around central Oklahoma but this particular area, around Perkins, was never assigned. It remained federal land however and it was here that cattlemen, particularly from Texas, grazed thousands of head of cattle without paying taxes to any tribe. It was free grazing land. The Chisholm Trail passed through the western portion of the unassigned land up what is now Highway 81 through Kingfisher and Enid, west of Perkins.

Just south of the Cimarron River (Perkins is on the north bank) are the Iowa, Sac and Fox lands.

During the 1880s, great pressure was exerted on Congress to throw the unassigned lands open to settlement and when the Santa Fe Railroad completed its line in 1888 down from Arkansas City to Guthrie, the territorial capitol, and then into Texas, the impetus to change was even greater.

President Grover Cleveland ordered the cattlemen to get their cattle out—which the cattlemen were reluctant to do—and threw the land open to settlement at the direction of Congress in 1889. On April 22, 1889, nearly 50,000 persons entered the promised land, part of which is now Perkins.

Perkins was first known as Cimarron.

A Look Inside TRUE WEST

Now that TRUE WEST magazine is firmly rooted in Oklahoma's fertile soil, we thought you might like a look inside the operation here on the banks of the Cimarron River.

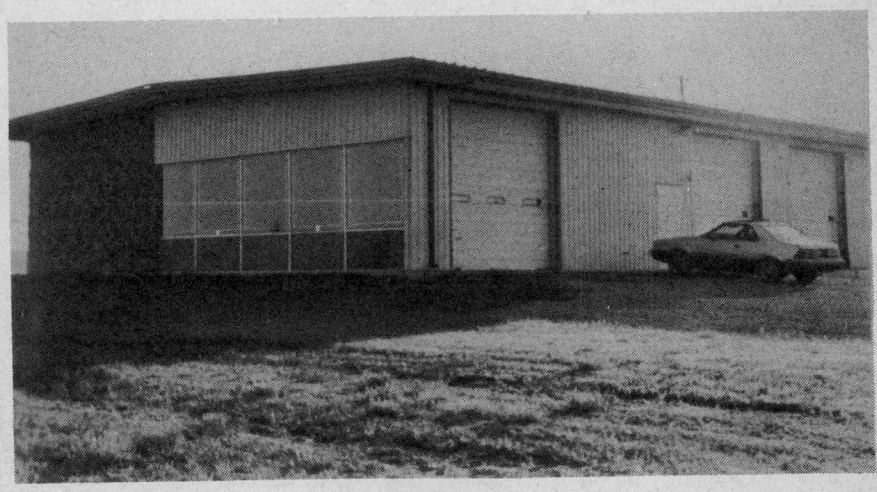
The first thing you will notice as you approach on Highway 177 which connects Perkins and Stillwater is the large metal building which houses TRUE WEST, OLD WEST and Hunter's Frontier Times' editorial, advertising, circulation offices and warehousing for the three magazines.

The 4,000-square foot building provides four offices, the first for the receptionist and associate editor; the second for Jim Dullenty; the third for advertising manager Randy Clausen; and the fourth for Steve Gragert, editor of Evans Publications' book division. Evans Publications owns Western Publications which publishes the three magazines.

The Evans book publishing firm publishes eight to 12 books a year, mostly on Oklahoma history.

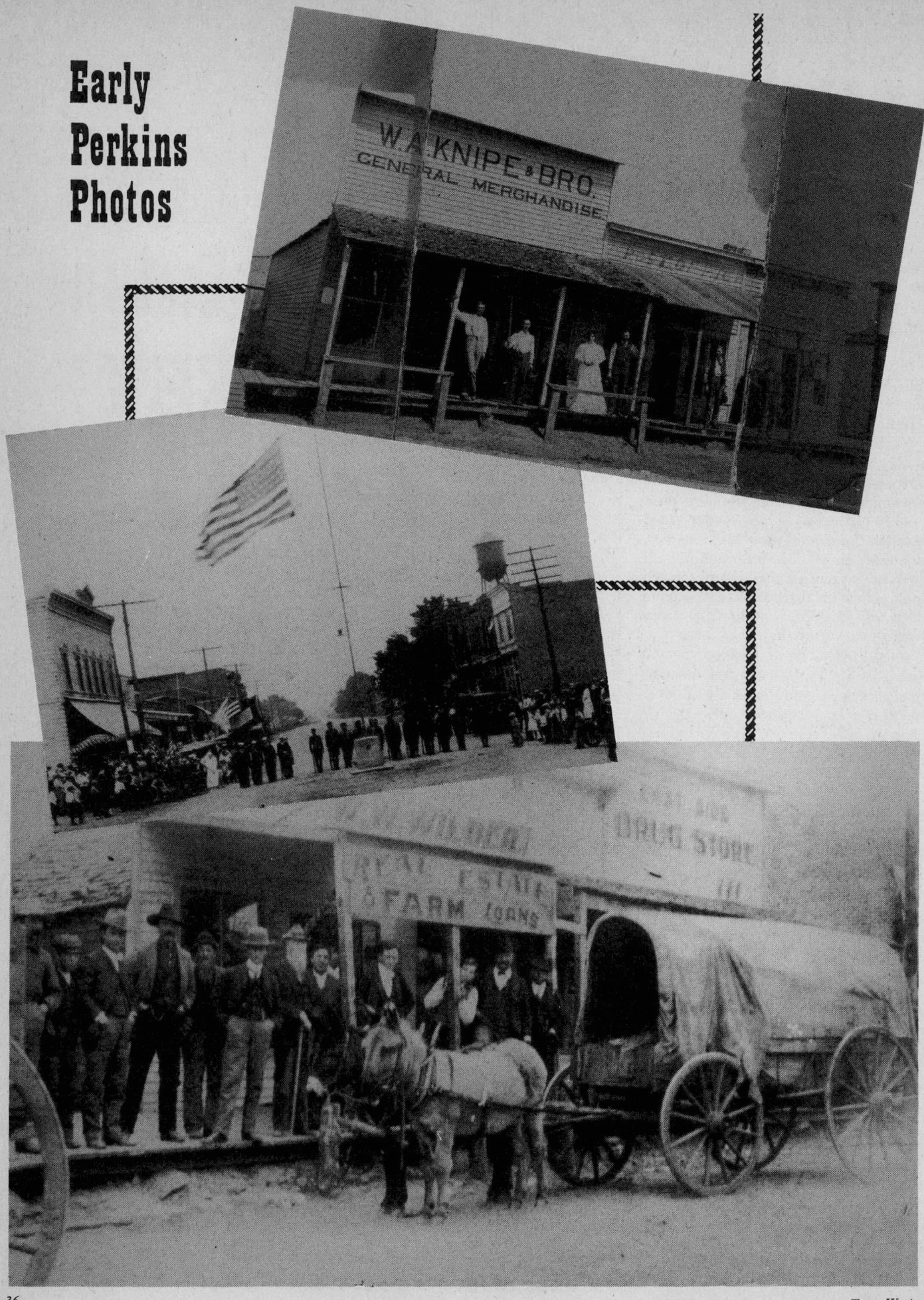
Bob Evans, publisher and president, maintains offices in downtown Perkins. Also downtown are the corporate offices of Western Publications and the other offices of Evans Publications.

(continued on page 39)

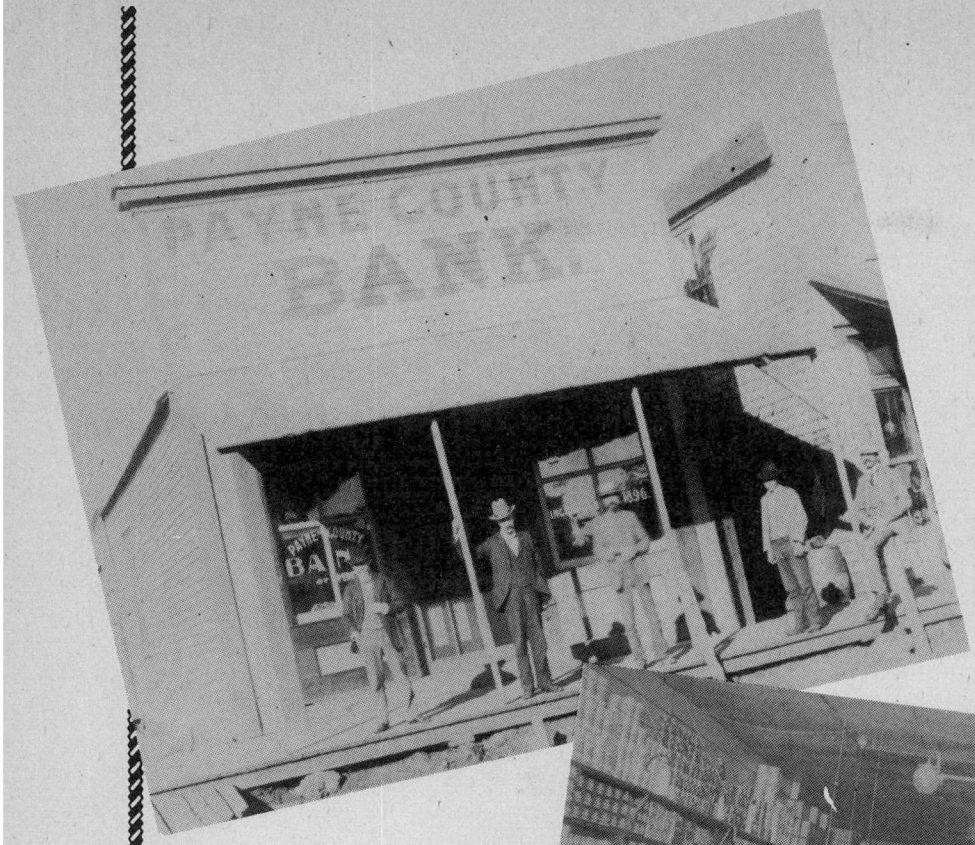


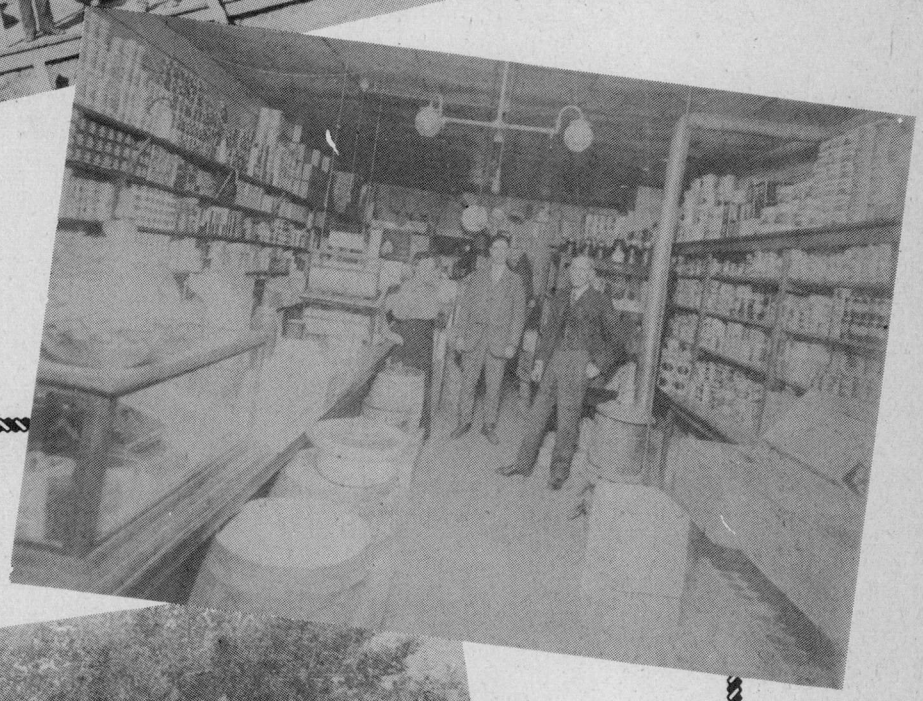
This is TRUE WEST's newly remodeled headquarters building on Highway 177 two miles north of Perkins, Oklahoma. This building houses the editorial and advertising offices as well as the mail room. Some functions, such as accounting, are handled in a downtown Perkins office.

Early Perkins Photos

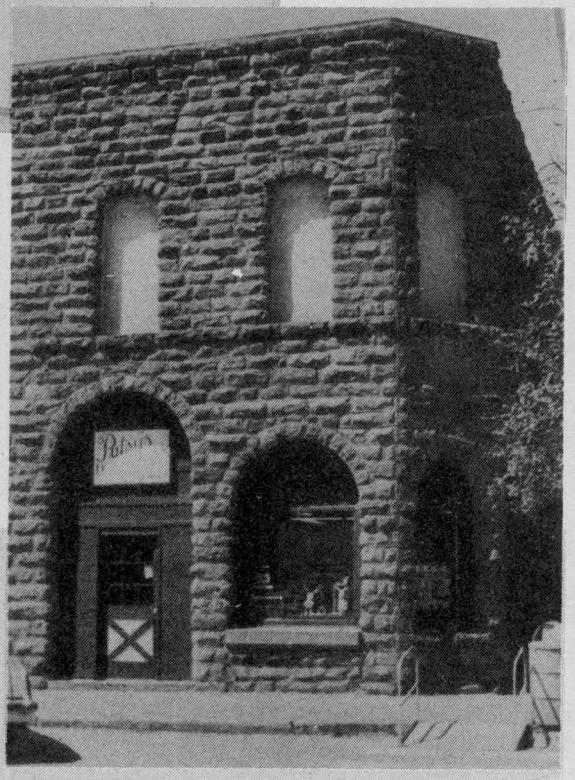


Early Perkins Photos





Perkins Today



Above, Perkins Journal offices in downtown Perkins. The Journal is published by Evans Publications as is TRUE WEST. At right is old bank building and below is main street of Perkins as it looks today. TRUE WEST-OLD WEST offices are two miles north of town.

It was founded on May 8, 1889, by one Jesse Truesdale and about 20 other residents. It, like other towns such as Ingalls, rose almost overnight when the settlers flooded in.

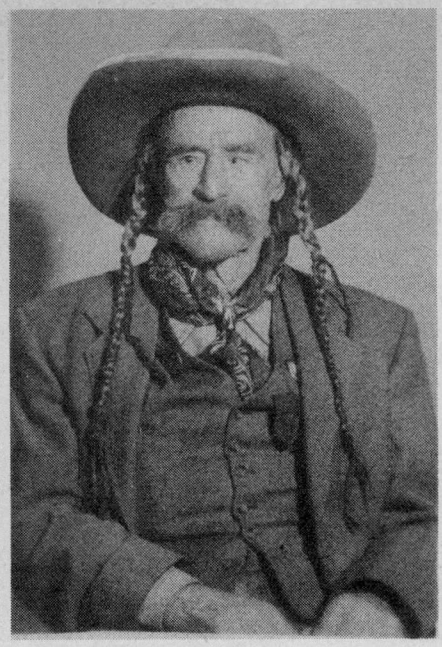
Perkins was advertised as a veritable paradise because of its abundant forests, pure water and "delightful" climate. It was because of the warm climate and good soil that this became known as "The Italy of America." Some wanted the town named "Italy" and when the post office was established here in 1890, Italy won out. But by mid-1890, the mayor of the town applied for a name change to Perkins. He said the residents wanted the town named after Bishop Walden Perkins, congressman from Kansas, who was instrumental in securing legislation to open Oklahoma to white settlement.

The towns were generally 10 to 15 miles apart because that was all a wagon and team of horses could comfortably make in one day. At Perkins there was a crossing of the Cimarron and Perkins was a stage stop on the road from Ingalls to Guthrie.

Old Oklahoma remained unassigned until Oklahoma became a state in 1907.

By western standards, Perkins is an old town. Many of the stores on main street date back to the last century and fortunately have been preserved. There's a dry goods store here that has been in the same family since it opened in 1907 and it has the appearance of a store 50 years ago.

So TRUE WEST has found itself in a perfect setting. This is a frontier community of some 2,000 people who live in an atmosphere steeped in Old West history. If you want them modurn things, you can drive to Stillwater or Oklahoma City or Tulsa. You can even get to Wichita, Kansas, or Dallas, Texas, in little time. But most folks here just like stayin' at home.



Frank Eaton, better known as "Pistol Pete," who was Perkins' most famous resident.

Perkins' schools are the envy of the state; civic life centers on the churches and most people are in no big hurry to get anywhere. The grandparents and even the parents of the people who live here today always had to hope that next year would be better. For this generation of Oklahomans, next year is here and things are about as good as they can be.

Inside **TRUE WEST**

(continued from page 35)

Evans is president and his wife, Yvonne, is vice president of Journal Productions, Inc., which publishes the Perkins Journal, the Business Digest, a county business publication, and the Central Rural News, a publication of the local electric co-operative. Also the firm does commercial printing.

The editorial-advertising and book offices are at the front of the structure and enjoy large picture windows which look out over the tree-studded grasslands of central Oklahoma. The location is two miles north of Perkins and about seven miles south of Stillwater.

Most of the processes involved in publishing the magazines are located in the Western Publications headquarters, however the photographic processes and some of the type-setting are done at the downtown Perkins offices.

Some specialized photographic work is done by Stillwater or Tulsa firms and the magazine will continued to be printed, as it has been for many years, by World Color Press in Sparata, Illinois. The computerized circulation list is handled by Pioneer Processing in Ponca City, Oklahoma, located about 50 miles north of Perkins.

While the front of the building is devoted to editorial and advertising the rear two thirds is used to house the more than half million back issues, the mail room and some circulation activities.

A full time staff handles the filling of orders for everything from indexes to prints of former covers, back issues, belt buckles, books and the other products of Western Publications.

It may not seem possible to many readers unfamiliar with magazine production, but it requires thousands of dollars worth of equipment to produce magazines. Several computer terminals are used, along with an electric headline setter, computerized camera, photostating machine, and other advance equipment are used to produce these western magazines devoted to Old West history.

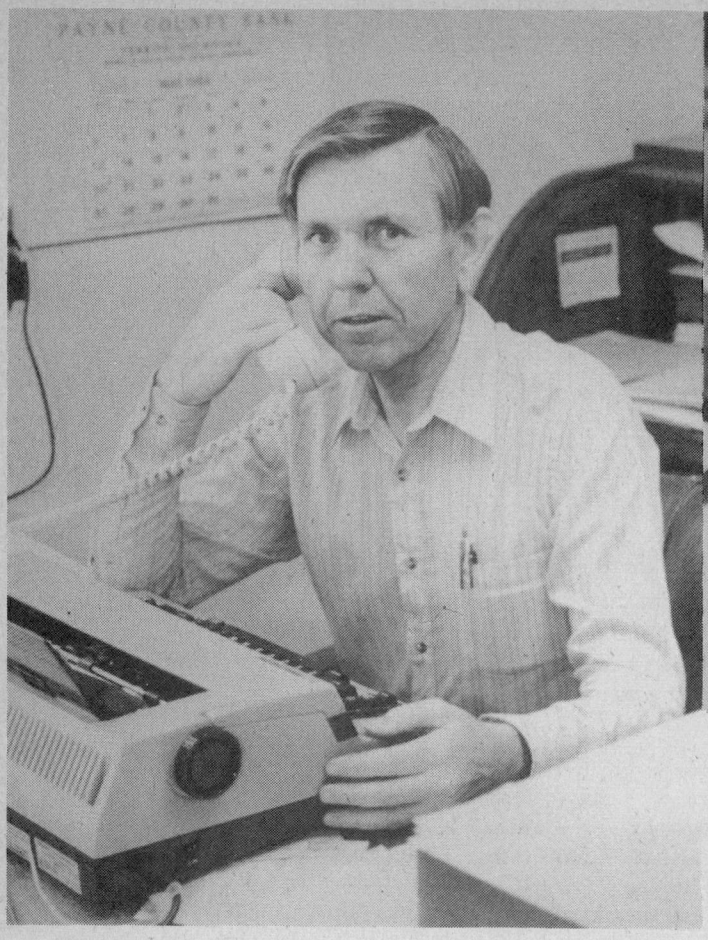
For example, stories about the struggles of early pioneers who had no more than a candle for light and buffalo chips for fuel are set on the latest Compugraphic computers. These computers automatically justify the type to fit columns and then reproduce it in printed form to be used both for making a dummy of the magazine pages and for the actual pages themselves.

The final pages, complete with photographs, headlines and copy, are then photographed and the photographic plates are sent to World Color Press for printing and mailing.

The magazine is not mailed from Perkins—although special orders are filled here—but from Sparta, Illinois. They come into your home from there. Also World Color Press supplies the magazines needed by Kable News Co. for distribution to magazine distributors (and thus to newsstand) throughout the United State and Canada. Some magazines are now mailed overseas to subscribers and plans are underway to establish newsstand sales in Europe. Newsstand sales in Japan are also being considered.

World Color Press is planning a $15 million, 200,000 square foot plant in Stillwater, but initially that plant is expected to publish only tabloid-type magazines, such as Rolling Stone. Western Publications hopes eventually the plant will also be used for its magazines.

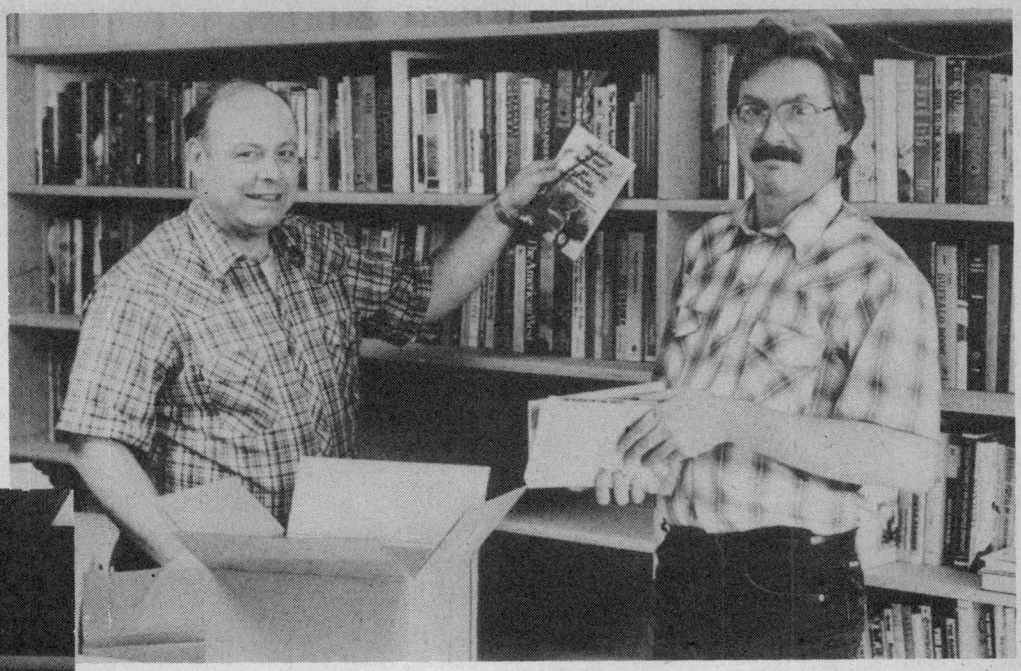
World Color Press not only prints but binds, wraps and sacks the magazines. So that firm is an important link in the production of TRUE WEST and the other Western Publications magazines.

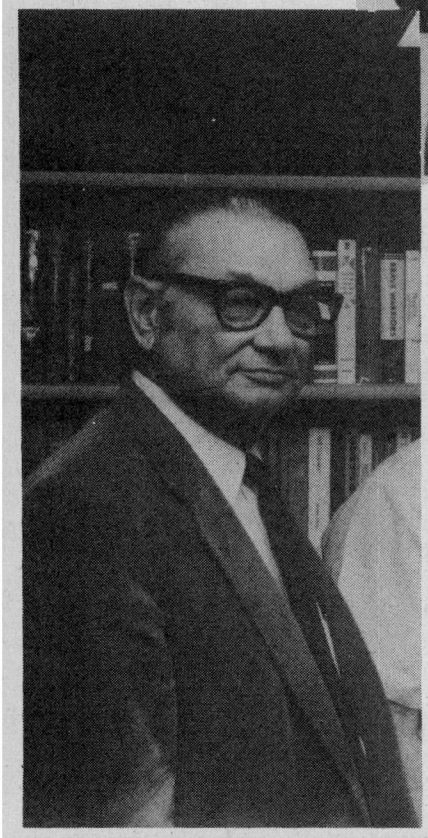


Pictured clockwise from upper left are Bob Evans, publisher of TRUE WEST, in his downtown Perkins office, his wife Yvonne, who handles many of the business duties of the magazine, in her downtown office, and Earlene Reid in circulation who helps with the back issue orders and mailing other products sold by Western Publications. The scene is in the large magazine warehouse which is part of the new office complex north of Perkins.

Inside
TRUE WEST

Inside **TRUE WEST**





Above, editor Jim Dullenty and advertising manager Randy Clausen check books in TRUE WEST's huge reference library; at left, noted author Glenn Shirley, a Perkins' resident, visits the office, and below, Lillian McDaniel, mail room manager, prepares a box of back issues for shipment at the new office-warehouse complex north of Perkins.

MOVE TO PERKINS

The move to Perkins was accomplished fairly smoothly. Four large semi-trucks were used to haul the back issues, books, files, office materials and equipment from Krause Publications in Iola, Wisconsin, where the maganizes were published from 1979 to March 1, 1984. Prior to that the magazines were published by Joe Austell Small in Austin, Texas. Joe continues as publisher emeritus and will continue his column "Small Talk."

Publisher Bob Evans noted that during the transition the firm will be slow filling back orders and special orders and editorial offices may be slow in responding to manuscripts and the like.

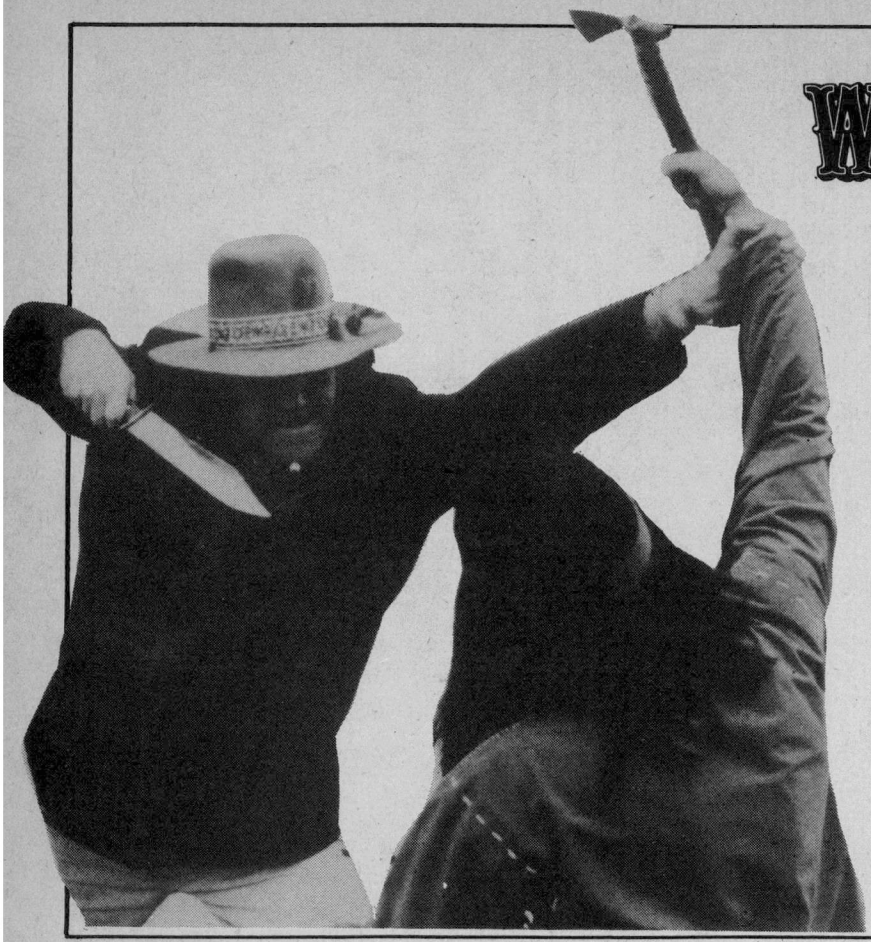
But he said he expects that within three months the operation should be running smoothly and handling of orders will be back on schedule. He asked readers to be patient as all orders will be filled.

The delay has been caused primarily because the new building on Highway 177 was not ready for occupancy when the move from Wisconsin was made so the staff for a time occupied the downtown Perkins offices. Since then the new building has been readied and is now fully in service.

THE STAFF

No visit to TRUE WEST is complete without meeting those responsible for its publication. First of course is the publisher, Bob Evans. His wife, Yvonne,

WILD WEST - BRITISH STYLE



By ROBIN MAY

Photos Courtesy of Author

At left, two perform from England's Quantrill's Raiders western club.

Every summer it is the same. Regardless of weather, thousands of West-crazed Britons take to the hills, fields and woods.

Some are fast-draw fanatics, some are Indian buffs. Others are western riding enthusiasts, eager to refight the Indian wars and the Civil War - the American one, of course.

Some of these would-be westerners like living rough. Such a bunch is Scratchmans Kentuck Lazyjacks, yes, that's their name. Home for these hombres is a woodland site they built and each weekend they return to the year 1874 to live as poor whites forced into outlawry after the Civil War.

Waco Western Club members are slightly more comfortable having built a proper cabin. Ian Dickenson, who manages the club, and the boys are liable to get mean if anyone's found wearing a zip.

Authenticity's the name of the game in England. In the War Horse Cavalry Society, Captain Lee Prescott sees that the Indian Wars period is re-created authentically, army regulations included. The society operates in Kent with an annual trip to Germany and Belgium.

Meanwhile, Quantrill's Raiders Western Club and other outfits stage shows, often for charity, while numerous bands play country and western music. Note that word "western". Most Britons like it and refuse to admit there's "country" music.

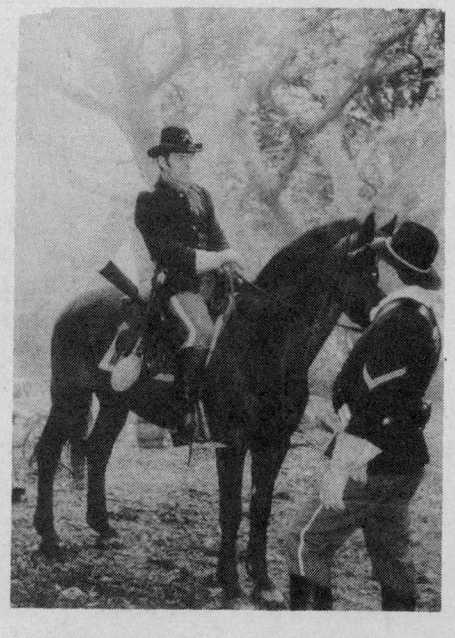
The biggest British outfit is the British Westerners' Association, not to be confused with the English Westerners' Society. The BWA is a meld of two groups, western riders and fast-draw devotees. Yet, all interests are taken in.

This brings us to the crucial point: Just how many of Britain's western buffs really care about the truth in the Old West? Chances are most do but rely on suspect sources - the legend in print.

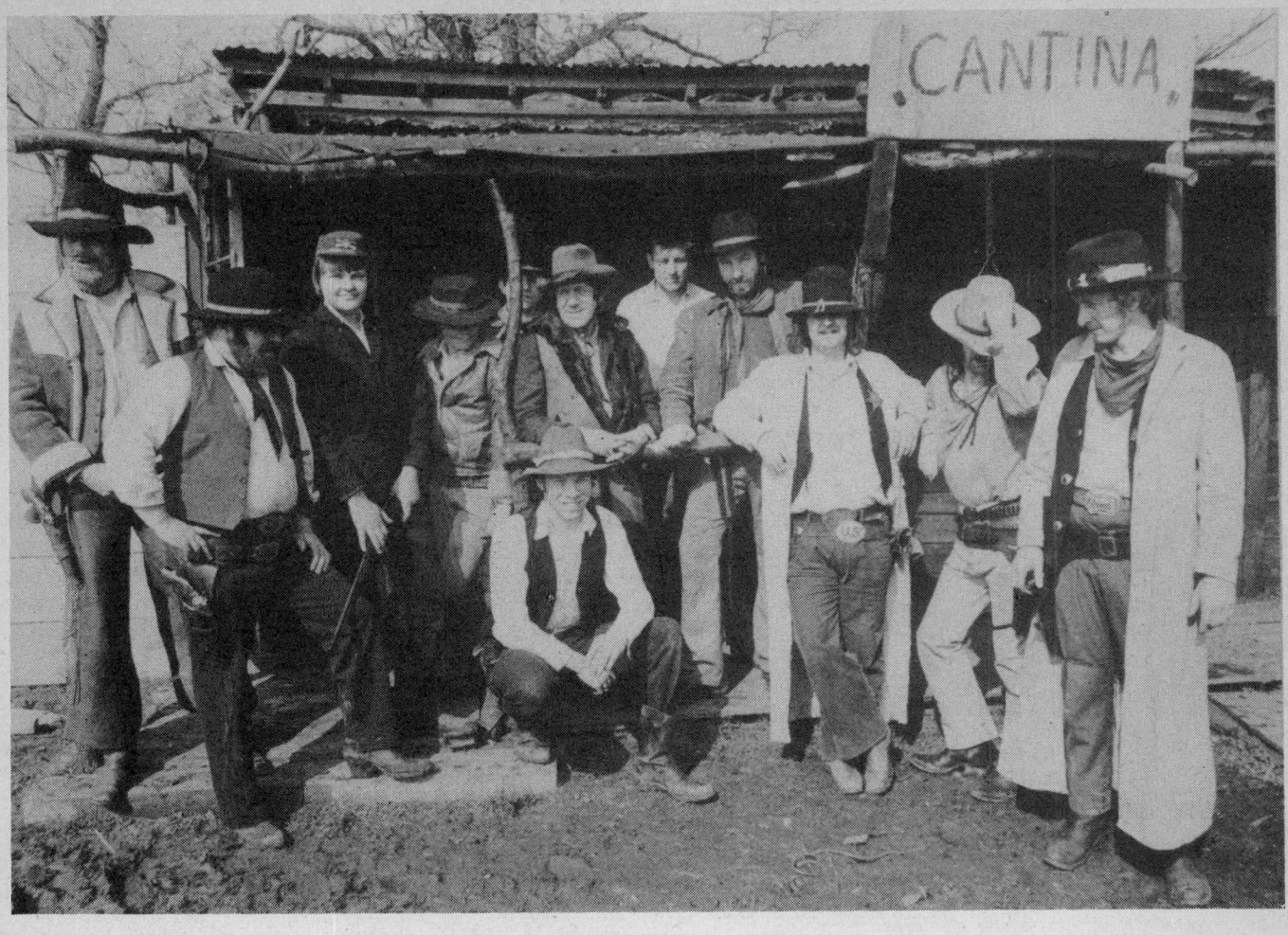
Most legend is harmless, but many will seek and some will find the true West or get as near as any of us can. It is hard for those who care, however, to accept statements by Britain's fast-draw "experts" who imagine they are better than Wyatt Earp and company.

They fire against the clock, not taking aim and facing up to a John Wesley Hardin, ready to kill. "Speed's fine but accuracy's final" was a saying of the old-timers.

The one national organization in Britain that is devoted to panning for the truth is the English Westerners' Society. It was founded in 1954 when very few serious books about the West were available in Britain, to the despair of those who wanted the truth.



Two members of England's Quantrill's Raiders prepare for a performance.



Above are members of Quantrill's Raiders.

The Society covers all of Britain so it is basically a corresponding group with occasional meetings. Currently, the membership is around 150, with some valued American members, and the Old West is studied in a serious and scholarly manner.

In 1970, in recognition of the consistently high standard of its publications, it received Westerners International's annual award.

But do not be misled by phrases such as "serious and scholarly." Feuding and fighting rages from time to time. The key figure in the English Westerners' Society is Barry Johnson, an authority on Major Reno, Custer's No. 2 in command. He and Francis Taunton are the leading military experts, Francis being "Custer's Last Stand man."

The group's most notable member is Joseph G. Rosa. Rosa's fame as Wild Bill Hickok's best biographer should not obscure his expertise on firearms. He's a legend in Kansas historical circles because of the way he researched

Joseph G. Rosa

Hickok from across the Atlantic in the 1950s and early 1960s, learning as he went along.

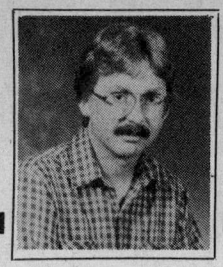
They Called Him Wild Bill (University of Oklahoma Press) came out in 1964. The second edition (1974) is even better because in 1965 he met members of the Hickok family who provided him with invaluable material.

Other local experts include Allan Radbourne who wrote a biography soon to be published on half-apache scout Mickey Free; Colin Taylor, who writes on the Plains Indians; Colin Rickards, whose *The Gunfight at Blazer's Mill* is regularly cited by writers on the Lincoln County War; Robert Wybrow, our "James Brothers man;" and Jeff Burton, who excels in Indian Territory crime and who researches obscure Texan feuds.

The "Grand Old Man" of the English Westerners' died early in 1983, aged 85. Edward Blackmore was a plumber by trade and a grand man as the Sioux thought. In 1964, he was adopted into the family of Sitting Bull. He was already an honorary Mohawk.

He was a mine of information about the Plains Indians with whom he identified so completely that they made him one of their own. Newspapers and TV criticized his tepee in the garden of his house and mocked him as an English eccentric. But no one who knew him mocked him.

Shop Talk



For some time now, I have been receiving letters requesting information on placing classified advertisements in our magazines. For several years we have had a classified ad form in the back of our magazine, but apparently we just weren't making it clear to you readers as to how you can advertise.

When you get done reading the stories, columns and other fun stuff in this issue, I would like you to take a look at page 64. What I have done this past month is to make the classified ad form a little bigger, change the rate to 32¢ a word (instead of the complicated "quick cost chart"), and give you more room to write your ad copy.

I must admit the old form was next to impossible to use. It would take a steady hand and an extra fine pen point to fill it in.

Anyone can advertise in TRUE WEST. As you can see by our classified section in this issue, people are selling and buying just about anything you can think of and so can you. If you don't want to clip the ad form, feel free to either photostat the ad form or write your ad copy on a separate piece of paper.

One suggestion is that whatever you are selling, be sure you have enough. With about 118,000 readers of TRUE WEST seeing your ad, you could get swamped with orders. If even one tenth of one percent responds to your ad, that makes 118 orders to fill.

Collectors especially should be aware of this market for finding or selling their collectibles. Items such as belt buckles, guns, knives, western art, barbed wire, antique toys, Indian artifacts, books, documents and others are all of interest to our readers.

Starting with this issue I am going to pick, at random, one of our classified ads, and place it at the end of my column. This will be our "classified ad of the month." It not only will create more interest in advertising, but also will give one lucky advertiser a month some pretty good exposure.

This issue of TRUE WEST has been especially fun to put together. It seems like every month the stories and photos get better and better. This month's article on Ronald Reagan "Hero of Old West Movies" is a good example. Jim asked me to lay out the story and naturally being a young pup, I'd never seen the photos or a majority of the movies described in the article. I thought it amusing to see Reagan in both Union and Confederate uniforms. I guess that's what you'd call pretty good politics!

We are planning to send or present the President with a complimentary copy of this issue, as I'm sure it's been a long time since even he has seen some of those photos. So hang on to your copy because this issue is bound to be a collectors edition.

If you have already read "From the Editor" or "Just a Line More," then you know that next month instead of publishing TRUE WEST we are going to revive Frontier Times. Some of you "old timers" or should I say long-time readers will recall that until 1981, that's how we did it, one month with TRUE WEST on the cover and the next month Frontier Times. Why they stopped I really don't know.

The advantage to rotating the covers is that it gives us one extra month on the newsstand. Other than that you can be assured you will continue to get the top quality reading that you have been getting for the last 30 some years.

So subscribers don't be shocked and think the postman has delivered the wrong magazine or that it is three years late. We're just going back to the way it was!

—Randy Clausen

CLASSIFIED AD OF THE MONTH

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.

TRUE WEST NEEDS YOUR HELP!

Only YOU—the reader—can tell us what is the best possible magazine for YOU. Won't you please take a few minutes to complete our survey, so that we may strive for improvements you desire? We've asked an outside group to analyze your replies. Please send your survey to:

Bureau of Media Research
School of Journalism & Broadcasting
Oklahoma State University
Stillwater, OK 74078

1 I am a regular reader of:
1. ☐ TRUE WEST
2. ☐ OLD WEST
3. ☐ Both

2 How many copies have you purchased in the last twelve months?
1. ☐ 1-2
2. ☐ 3-5
3. ☐ 6-12

3 Where have you traveled for pleasure in the last few months?
1. ☐ Mexico/Canada
2. ☐ Overseas
3. ☐ Western U.S.A.
4. ☐ Eastern U.S.A.
5. ☐ No long distances

4 How often do you travel for pleasure?
1. ☐ More than once a year
2. ☐ Once per year
3. ☐ Once every 2-3 years
4. ☐ Every 4 years or less

5 What forms of transportation do you use?
1. ☐ Air
2. ☐ Train
3. ☐ Car or truck
4. ☐ Recreational vehicle
5. ☐ Bus
6. ☐ Boat

6 Do you presently use tobacco products?
1. ☐ Yes
2. ☐ No

7 Do you own a truck?
1. ☐ Yes
2. ☐ No

8 Do you wear western clothing?
1. ☐ No
2. ☐ Boots
3. ☐ Shirts
4. ☐ Jeans
5. ☐ Hats
6. ☐ Outer wear
7. ☐ Other_____

9 What kinds of music do you like?
1. ☐ Country and western
2. ☐ Popular
3. ☐ Dance
4. ☐ Classical
5. ☐ Folk
6. ☐ Rock

10 What western memorabilia do you collect?
1. ☐ None
2. ☐ Literature
3. ☐ Jewelry
4. ☐ Sculpture
5. ☐ Art (original)
6. ☐ Artifacts

11 What are your interests or hobbies?
1. ☐ Books (reading)
2. ☐ Guns (collecting)
3. ☐ Horses
4. ☐ Antiques
5. ☐ Coins/stamps
6. ☐ Hunting/fishing
7. ☐ Shooting
8. ☐ Prospecting
9. ☐ Gardening
10. ☐ Handicrafts
11. ☐ Cooking/baking
12. ☐ Hiking
13. ☐ Camping
14. ☐ Treasure hunting
15. ☐ Other_____

_____

_____

_____

Survey continued-

12 Do you read western fiction?
1. ☐ Regularly
2. ☐ Occasionally
3. ☐ Never

13 What are two or three other magazines you read regularly?
1. ☐ American West
2. ☐ Americana
3. ☐ Arizona Highways
4. ☐ Art of the Golden West
5. ☐ Art West
6. ☐ Country Journal
7. ☐ Field and Stream
8. ☐ 50 Plus
9. ☐ Guns and Ammo
10. ☐ Modern Maturity
11. ☐ Outdoor Life
12. ☐ Popular Mechanics
13. ☐ Popular Science
14. ☐ Real West
15. ☐ Southwest Art
16. ☐ Sport Afield
17. ☐ Sunset
18. ☐ Western Frontier
19. ☐ Western Horseman
20. ☐ West and East Treasure
21. ☐ State or Local Magazines (New Mexico, Colorado, Montana)

Other_____

_____

_____

14 What types of advertisements interest you most?
1. ☐ Personals
2. ☐ Hobbies
3. ☐ Western Art
4. ☐ Books
5. ☐ Historical items
6. ☐ Western wear
7. ☐ Music & Radio
8. ☐ Travel
9. ☐ Furnishings
10. ☐ Fish & Game
11. ☐ Weapons
12. ☐ Tack
13. ☐ Other_____

15 In TRUE WEST I:
1. ☐ Read the display ads
2. ☐ Reply to the ads
3. ☐ Buy from the ads

16 In TRUE WEST I:
1. ☐ Read the classified ads
2. ☐ Reply to the ads
3. ☐ Buy from the ads

17 Besides TRUE WEST what products have you purchased from Western Publications?
1. ☐ Calendars
2. ☐ Russell prints
3. ☐ Reproductions of covers
4. ☐ Comprehensive index
5. ☐ Back issues
6. ☐ Hunter's Frontier Times
7. ☐ Magazine binders

18 What do you do with the back issues?
1. ☐ Save for future use
2. ☐ Throw away
3. ☐ Pass on to someone
4. ☐ Other_____

19 How much time do you spend reading the magazine?
1. ☐ ½ hour to hour
2. ☐ 1-2 hours
3. ☐ 2-3 hours
4. ☐ 3-4 hours
5. ☐ over 4 hours

20 What articles do you read?
1. ☐ Small Talk (Hosstail)
2. ☐ Letters to the Editor
3. ☐ Trails Grow Dim
4. ☐ Answer Man
5. ☐ Reel Cowboys
6. ☐ Wild Old Days
7. ☐ Old West Cookery
8. ☐ Women in the West
9. ☐ Western Music and Culture
10. ☐ Western Collectables and Hobbies
11. ☐ Blacks and Hispanics
12. ☐ Western Artists
13. ☐ Cowboys and Indians
14. ☐ Mining and Buried Treasure
15. ☐ Bad Men and Law Men
16. ☐ Pioneers, Homesteading, Wagon Trains
17. ☐ Ghost Towns
18. ☐ Mountain Men and Explorers
19. ☐ Ranching and Trail Drives
20. ☐ Animals
21. ☐ Rodeos

21 Do you prefer:
1. ☐ Short stories
2. ☐ Longer stories
3. ☐ More photos
4. ☐ More maps
5. ☐ Fewer maps
6. ☐ Source credits at the end of stories
7. ☐ More cartoons

Survey continued-

22 Do you prefer:
1. ☐ More homespun old-timey stories
2. ☐ More current stories on western art, music, and other aspects of western culture.

23 On a scale of 1 to 10 (10 being best) how would you rate TRUE WEST, as a magazine, over-all?
Rating _____

24 Are you:
1. ☐ Male
2. ☐ Female
3. ☐ Retired

25 How old are you?
1. ☐ under 30
2. ☐ 31-45
3. ☐ 46-60
4. ☐ 61-plus

26 Are you:
1. ☐ Married
2. ☐ Single
3. ☐ Divorced/widowed

27 What is your highest level completed?
1. ☐ Some high school or less
2. ☐ High school graduate
3. ☐ Some college
4. ☐ College graduate

28 What is (or was) your occupation?
1. ☐ Clerical and sales
3. ☐ Professional
4. ☐ Executive:owner/manager
5. ☐ Farmer/rancher
6. ☐ Craftsman/operator
7. ☐ Housewife
8. ☐ Other_____

29 What was the total income in your household last year?
1. ☐ $15,000-19,999
2. ☐ $20,000-24,999
3. ☐ $25,000-34,999
4. ☐ $35,000-49,999
5. ☐ Over $50,000

30 Where do you live?
1. ☐ Ranch/Farm
2. ☐ Country home
3. ☐ Town under 5,000
4. ☐ City (5,000-25,000)
5. ☐ City (25-100,000)
6. ☐ City (100,000 plus)

Comments: _____

Thanks ever so much. We'll report back to you.

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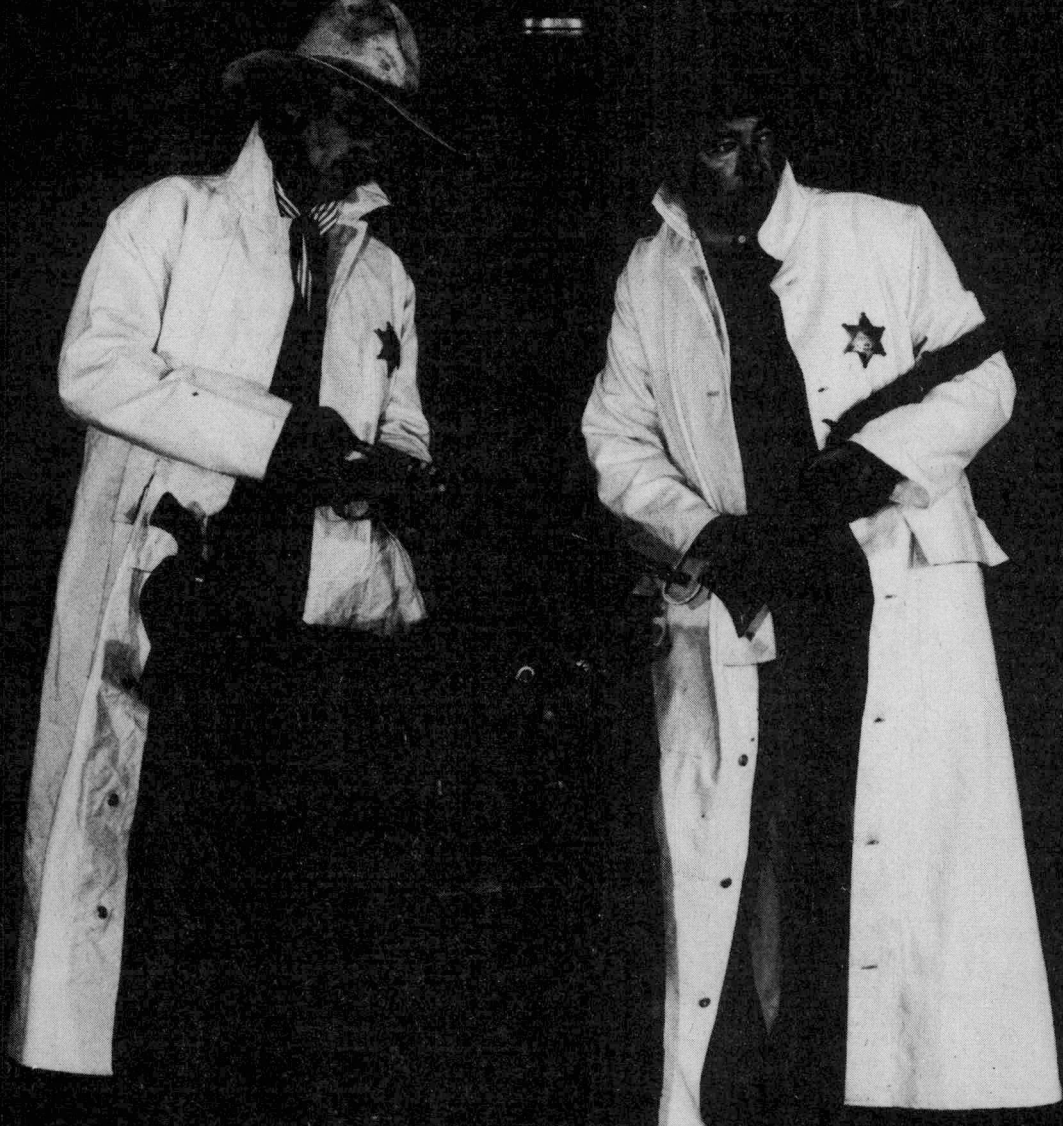

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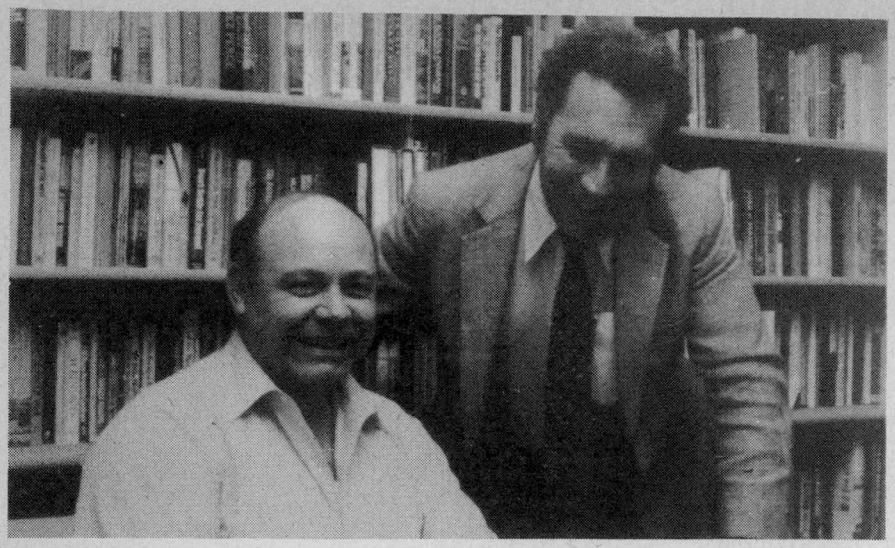


"Answer Man" Chuck Parsons, right, recently visited with Editor Jim Dullenty in TRUE WEST's new offices in Oklahoma.

(continued from page 41)

is treasurer of Western Publications and is manager of the Western Publications offices.

Bob and a board of directors of Oklahoma businessmen operate the company. He is no stranger to the publishing business having been a publisher of several Oklahoma weekly newspapers for many years. His father, before him, also was publisher of the Perkins Jounral.

About four years ago Bob expanded into western book publishing and his firm now publishes many excellent hard cover books. It is the only privately owned regional press in Oklahoma and its production rate is equal to that of many university presses.

The Evans books company reprinted *Pistol Pete*, a well-known book by Frank Eaton, who was a lifetime resident of Perkins. The latest book published by Evans gives a thorough account of the first ladies of Oklahoma.

Bob and Yvonne have two grown children and a third, Lloyd, 14, lives at home in Perkins. They are active in civic, business and church work as well as handling their rapidly expanding business activities.

Jim Dullenty, editor, moved to Perkins on March 15, and Randy Clausen, advertising director, arrived on March 30. They both were with the western magazines in Iola. Dullenty has been editor since May 1982 and Clausen has been advertising director since the fall of 1983.

Dullenty, a Montana native, was a newspaper reporter for 23 years before joining Western Publications. Since 1972 he has freelanced many articles to western magazines and others and he has been an active western history researcher. He is immediate past president of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.

Clausen, a native of Racine, Wisconsin, was in the production department at Krause's for five years and is a longtime artist. Clausen lived in Alaska, Colorado and Kansas before returning to Wisconsin in 1973.

At a recent meeting of Oklahoma writers in Oklahoma City, Evans pledged that TRUE WEST and its sister magazines will continue their long tradition of accurate reporting of the Old West. He asked the help of all who love the traditions and lore of the Old West to assure that TRUE WEST survives as an important force in western history development.

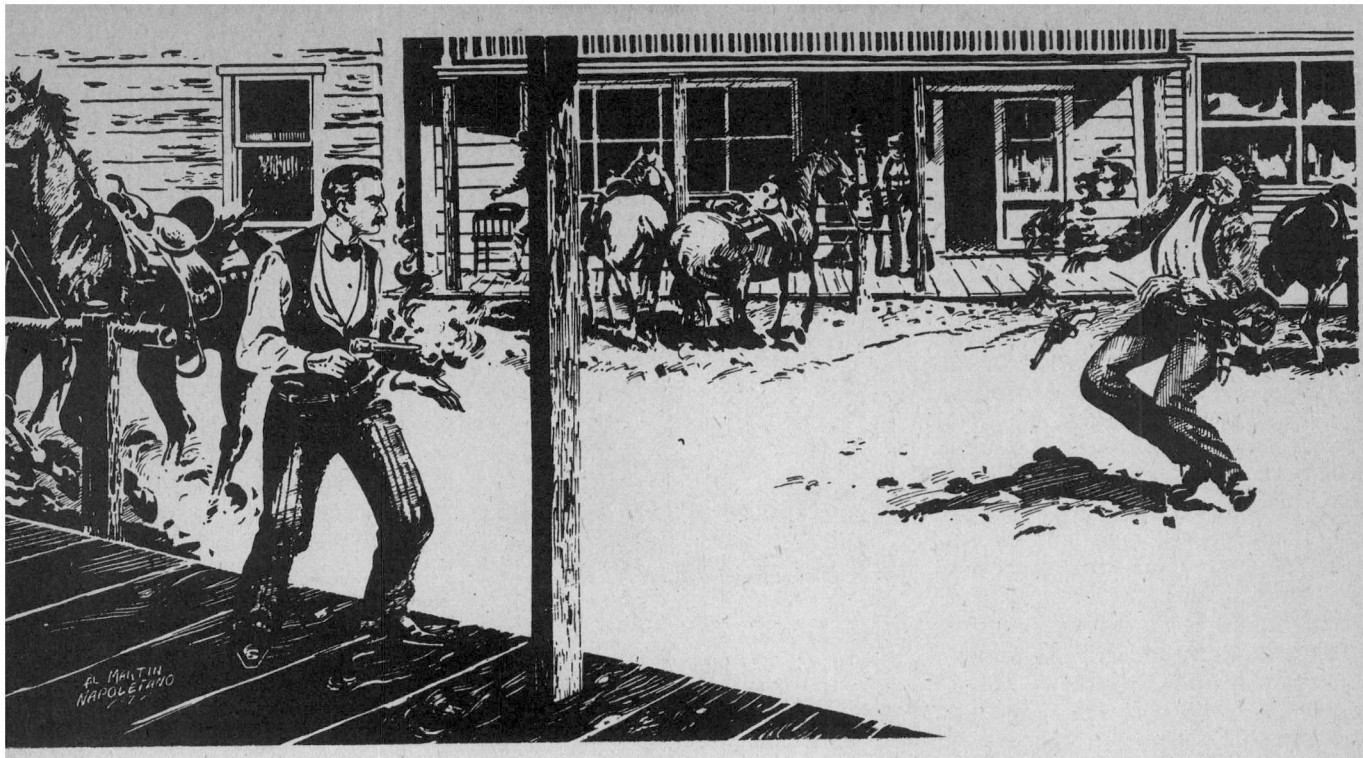
ANSWER MAN

(continued from page 29)

dling whiskey in Osage and Pawnee counties. They also served as messengers for gang members. Perhaps the best source of information on them is Glenn Shirley's *West of Hell's Fringe*. Carl Breihan also included them in his *Wild Women of the West*.

— Chuck Parsons

If you have a question, send it to Chuck Parsons, TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. Please keep questions brief. Sign your full name and address, including zip code. Names and addresses will be published if question is used. Space limitations may not permit us to publish all questions.



THEIR LAST GUNFIGHT

Some gunslingers bit the dust in old age.

By BILL O'NEAL

PINK Higgins grimly rode away from his ranch house on Oct. 4, 1903. It was Sunday, but Pink was not headed for church.

An old willing hand with a gun, Pink rode to a deadly rendezvous on the open range with Bill Standifer.

Higgins and Standifer, ranchers in Kent County, Texas, had determined to settle long-standing difficulties with their guns. Although Pink was 55, he did not hesitate to face the younger man in a showdown.

The two antagonists spotted each other while still in sight of the Higgins ranch house. At 60 yards distance they dismounted and began trading rifle shots. Higgins' horse was struck, but Pink scored with a bullet that tore through Standifer's elbow and ranged into his heart. Standifer shifted his rifle to the crook of his good arm, tried to stagger away, then fell dead.

John Calhoun Pinckney Higgins was a veteran gunfighter; during three decades as a gunman he fought in eight shootouts and killed five men. His inclination to use his guns despite advancing years was not unusual among western shooters.

Texas John Slaughter was 60 in 1901, when he joined an Arizona posse in pursuit of a murderer. When Slaughter and the others closed in on the murderer, the fugitive tried to resist arrest and they readily shot him to pieces. It was Slaughter's eighth shooting fracas, dating back to 1876.

Jim Roberts, a veteran Arizona lawman and a fuedist in the Pleasant Valley War, was 69 and still sporting a city marshal's badge when two holdup men were looting a bank in Clarkdale. Roberts hauled out his old single action Colt, killed one of the thieves and accepted the eager surrender of the other.

AT WHAT age did western shootists hang up their guns? Why did they stop gunfighting? By looking at the last shootout of a great many gunslingers, much can be learned about these lethal and fascinating frontiersmen.

Out of 256 gunfighters who were studied, 148 (58 percent) were shot to death in shootouts. At least 15 others were executed shortly after their last gunfight.

Of those who survived their last shooting scrape, the eventual circumstances of death are known about 66 western gunmen. These men lived, on the average, 26 years after they holstered their guns for the final time.

Several of them died within a couple of years of their last shootout: John Joshua Webb, for example, was a smallpox victim seven months following his final exchange of shots and within a month after Boone Marlow killed Sheriff Marion Collier, he was poisoned to death by bounty hunters.

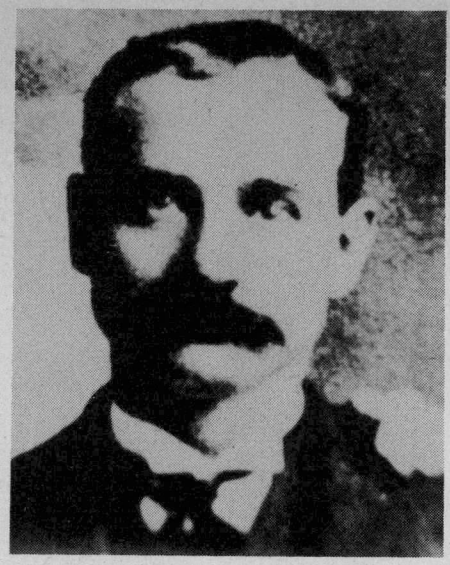
But many gunmen lived for decades after their last shooting. Frank James survived for 39 years after the Northfield bank robbery, and fellow badmen Cole Younger, Emmett Dalton and Matt Warner lived for more than four decades after their last gunfight.

Former law officers Batt Masterson, Chris Madsen, A.J. Spradley, Commodore Perry Owens, N.A. Jennings, Dee Harkey, Wyatt Earp, Billy Breakenridge and Doc Shores also outlasted their final gunplay for more than 40 years.

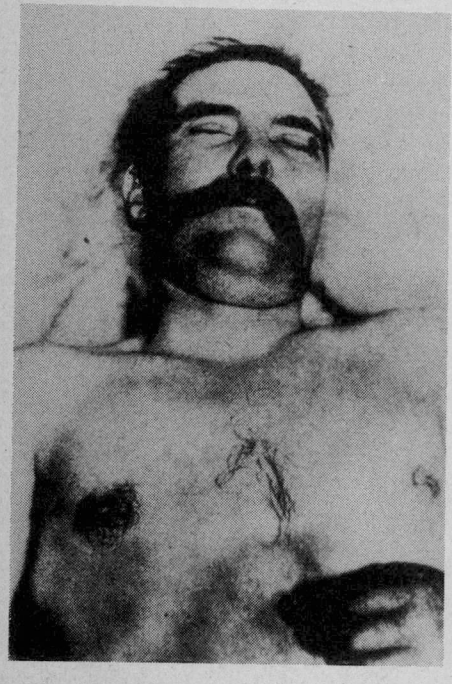
Gunfighters who lived longer than half a century after their final shootout included Captain John Hughes of the Texas Rangers, Lincoln County Shootist Frank Coe, reformed outlaw Tom Pickett, Arizona Ranger Captain Burt Mossman, lawman Jim Gillett and cowboy-fuedist Jess Standard (who rode with Pink Higgins and who was this writer's great-grandfather).

At the age of 15, Hijino Salazar adventureously began toting a gun for the McSween faction during the Lincoln County War, but he was shot in the back, side and chest when he tried to escape McSween's burning house. A military surgeon dug out two of the bullets and after recovering Salazar stayed away from gunplay for the remaining 58 years of his life.

George Coe, who fought along with Billy the Kid during the Lincoln County War, soon put his guns aside and lived peaceably on his New Mexico ranch for 60 years. Law officer Ira Aten was a veteran of half a dozen Texas gunfights but after shooting it out in 1891 with the McClelland brothers he lived for 61 years more (until he was nearly 90) without firing another round in anger.



Harvey Logan



John Wesley Hardin in death.

OTHER frontier peace officers failed to hang up their guns in time. On Sept. 1, 1893, three experienced Oklahoma lawmen - Dick Steed, Tom Hueston and Lafe Shadley - were fatally wounded during the bloody battle of Ingalls, when Bill Doolin and his gang shot their way past a posse.

Bear River Tom Smith was marshal of Abilene, Kansas, when he tried to serve a warrant for murder on Andrew McConnell. McConnell shot Smith in the chest and the two men both wounded and bleeding, grappled until a confederate of McConnell's, Moses Miles, joined the fray and clubbed Smith senseless. Miles then picked up an axe and nearly severed Smith's head.

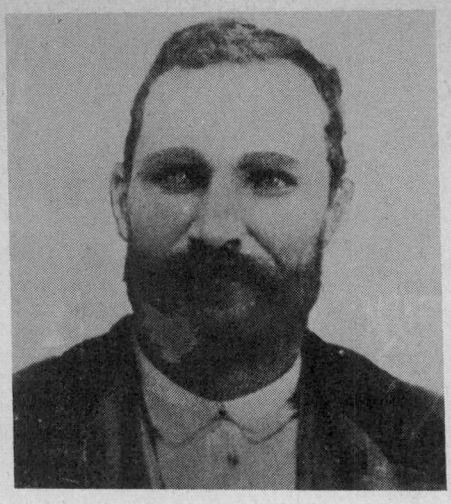
Bill Olinger was wearing a deputy's badge in Lincoln, New Mexico, when condemned murderer Billy the Kid shot and killed Guard J.W. Bell. Olinger sprinted toward the building where the Kid was confined only to be blasted with both barrels of a shotgun. Ed Masterson, marshal of Dodge City, was slain by a drunken cowboy in 1878, although he managed to shoot both drovers before he collapsed.

Captain Frank Jones of the Texas Rangers was killed in 1893 while trading shots with cattle thieves. In 1900, three lawmen fell to the deadly rifle of Harvey Logan; in May he drilled Sheriff Jesse Tyler and Deputy Sam Jenkins when they blundered into his Utah hideout. The previous month Logan shot veteran lawman George Scarborough in the leg during an Arizona chase; Scarborough's leg had to be amputated and he died the next day.

In Hunnwell, Kansas, in 1884, Deputy Sheriff Cash Hollister was shot to death while trying to serve a warrant. And in Cromwell, Oklahoma, legendary frontier peace officer Bill Tilghman was pursuaded to come out of retirement, strap on his guns and assume duties as city marshal of the booming oil town. But within three months, the 70-year-old Tilghman was gunned down while trying to make an arrest.

WHAT were the last words of mortally wounded gunfighters? When Tom O;Folliard was shot in the chest by Pat Garrett's posse, he rode toward the lawman, reeling in the saddle and calling out "don't shoot, Garrett. I'm killed."

Charlie Bowdre, a friend of O'Folliard, who also was drilled in the chest by Garrett and a posse member, staggered into Pat's arms gasping "I wish . . . I wish . . . I'm dying."



John Selman

Train robber Zip Wyatt, riddled by an Oklahoma posse in 1895, pleaded, "Don't shoot me any more. I'm bad hit." The lawmen accepted his surrender, but Wyatt died of his wounds a few weeks later.

In 1881, Mike Meagher tried to shoot it out with drunken cowboys in Dodge City, Kansas. A bullet tore through his right arm, punctured both of his lungs and ripped out his left side. Mike dropped his rifle and sixgun and muttered "I am hit and hit hard." A moment later he said, "tell my wife I have got it at last." Meagher was dead within half an hour.

Billy Claiborne traded shots in 1882 with "Buckskin" Frank Leslie outside Tombstone's Oriental Saloon. Hit in the side, Billy cried out, "Don't shoot again. I am killed." When Buckshot Roberts was shot through the chest by a posse of Regulators during the epic fight at Blazer's Mill, he told Dr. Emil Blazer, "I'm killed. No one can help me. It's all over."

In 1882, Doc Scurlock dueled with Fred Roth at John Chisum's New Mexico ranch. When shooting erupted Doc ducked behind a wagon. Roth splintered the wagon bed and two or three of his slugs punctured Doc's body. "That's enough," shouted Doc. "You got me Fred. Don't shoot anymore." But Roth dashed to the fallen Scurlock and a bystander had to restrain him from firing point blank. This rescue proved temporary, however, because Doc died within minutes.

Moments after the gunfight at OK Corral, a desperately wounded Billy Clanton repeatedly announced to onlookers, "they've murdered me." He also directed, "pull off my boots. I've always told my mother I'd never die with my boots on."

In 1894, Bass Outlaw, dying after a drunken shootout with fellow lawmen in El Paso, cried over and over, "Oh, God, help! Where are my friends?" "This is the last game of pool I'll ever play," announced Morgan Earp, after falling to an assassin's bullet in a Tombstone billiard parlor in 1882.

During Texas's bloody Sutton-Taylor fued in 1869, Hays Taylor saw his father cut off by a Regulator ambush. Hays single-handedly charged the bushwhackers, wounding five and saving his father before being shot to pieces by the Regulators.

Two years later his brother, Doboy Taylor, fired a pistol shot at Sim Holstein in the main street of Kerrville. Holstein wrestled the gun from Doboy and shot him. Doboy fell, rose to his feet and was promptly shot down again. Doboy stood up once more but Holstein shot him a third time. Again Doboy rose and staggered away only to be felled by a fourth slug. Doboy lasted six hours, bitterly cursing his killer until he died.

ONE out of every five gunfighters experienced his final shootout in Texas. From 1869 through 1918, 54 western shootists unlimbered their guns for the last time within the boundaries of the Lone Star State. Thirty of these gunmen were slain, including such notables as Wes Hardin, Ben Thompson, King Fisher, "Long-haired" Jim Courtwright, Sam Bass, Dallas Stoudenmire, Bass Outlaw and John Selman.

New Mexico ranks second to Texas as the site of final gunfights. Forty-one gunslingers blasted out their last lethal rounds in New Mexico, and among the dead were Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett and Buckshot Roberts. The neighboring province to the west, Arizona, hosted 33 gunfighters during their last scrapes. Killed in Arizona were Morgan and Warren Earp, Black Jack Christian, John Ringo and Johnny Behind-the-Deuce-O'Rourke.

Kansas proved to be an especially dangerous place for an aging gunfighter to try his luck. Twenty-three out of 32 shootists—nearly three out of four—were killed when they hauled out their weapons for the final time. The casualty list boasted Henry Brown, Ed Masterson, Red Beard, Bob and Grat Dalton, Cash Hollister, Bully Brooks, George Flatt and Bear River Tom Smith.

How They Taught the Three R's

By SHIRLEY W. BELLERANTI

Illustration by Bud McCaulley

A CENTURY ago a young California school teacher had a surefire solution for handling mischievous juveniles. His methods were somewhat unorthodox, but they were certainly effective.

The story of Harry Flotoe was told in the San Francisco Chronicle in 1881, in an article entitled "The Slim Teacher — How He Managed the School at Cranberry Gulch".

Located in the Yuba flats, northeast of Sacramento, the school had its share of toughs. According to one of the trustees of the Cranberry Gulch school district, "It wants more than learnin' to make a man able to teach in Cranberry Gulch. We've had three who tried . . . One lays there in the graveyard; another lost his eye; the last one opened school and left before noontime for the benefit of his health."

To put it mildly, the students at Cranberry Gulch were a handful!

Nevertheless, Flotoe applied for the teaching job at the one-room schoolhouse. He was hired and word of the daring new teacher spread like wildfire. When Harry arrived at the school early the following Monday, some of the rowdier students were waiting for him. They noticed that he was carrying a valise.

"Ready to slope if he finds we're too much for him," chortled an 18-year-old tough.

Seeming not to notice them, Harry unlocked the door and entered the schoolhouse. The students followed, curious to see what he would do. What happened next must have been a shock, even to them.

Harry calmly opened his valise and took out a belt, which he buckled around his waist. Then, according to the report, "he put three Colt's Navy revolvers there . . . and a Bowie knife eighteen inches in the blade."

By this time the roughians were becoming uncomfortable. They watched, breathless, as Harry took a white card, about four inches square, from his valise and tacked it to the opposite wall. Then he returned to his desk, "drew a revolver from his belt, and quick as thought" fired six bullets into a spot the size of a silver dollar!

The pop-eyed students gaped as the intrepid young schoolmaster walked half-way across the room, wheeled and threw his Bowie knife "with so true a hand that it stuck, quivering, in the center of the card."

Leaving it there as a graphic reminder, Harry took two more Bowie knives from the valise and stuck them in his belt, then "reloaded his yet smoking pistol."

By the time school got under way, the chastened students "sat down silently, almost breathless." A short time later Harry heard a whisper behind him.

"No whispering allowed here!" he thundered, drawing his pistol.

"I'll not do so any more," the offender gasped.

"See you do not," Harry admonished. "I never give a second warning."

At recess, Harry followed his pupils outside. He was still wearing his ammunition loaded belt and seeing a hawk circling overhead "high in the air . . . (he) drew his revolver, and the next second the hawk came tumbling down among the wondering scholars."

The story went on to say that within a month Harry had put away his weapons and "his pupils learned to love as well as respect him." After the first quarter of the school year his salary was doubled and he taught at Cranberry Gulch for two years.

Bizarre as this tale sounds, the concluding sentence of the newspaper article left little doubt as to its authenticity. It stated simply, "This is a fact."

Wild Old Days

Caught in a Wild Nebraska Snowstorm

PRIOR to the early 1870s, south-central Nebraska was a "vast, inundated plain," occasionally broken by small stream bottoms and broad river valleys. In addition, this area was devoid of settlement and still the range of numerous herds of buffalo. This was particularly true of the area between the Platte and Republican rivers.

Until the buffalo were eliminated from Nebraska, it was common for hunting parties, often led by experienced plainsmen, to enter this region in search of the herds. Probably the most famous of those hunting expeditions was that headed by William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody for Prince Alexis of Russia in 1873.

In November 1871, Major Frank North headed such a hunting party. North, famous for his role as organizer and leader of the Pawnee Scout Battalion in the Indian Wars, undoubtedly knew the region of south-central Nebraska as well as any guide.

North's plains experience and competence as a guide led to his hiring by both the military and civilian parties as a guide. This particular hunting party was made up of North, his brother Luther, ten local Columbus men and "three gentlemen from South Bend, Indiana."

Anticipating a successful hunt, the group traveled with six teams and wagons and four buffalo ponies. An anonymous writer reported the story of the hunt in the Nov. 29 issue of the Columbus Platte Journal.

According to the article, the hunters left Columbus on Monday, Nov. 13, traveling southwest toward Grand Island. That day they covered 18 miles and stopped for the night at Cushing's ranch, just west of present-day Silver Creek.

The next day the party made 25 miles before camping at the Parker place, several miles west of present-day Central City. They arrived in Grand Island about 4 in the afternoon of the 15th.

Earlier that day, one of the members accidentally started a prairie fire about six miles east of town. The incident nearly proved disastrous as the hunters "had a hard fight to subdue the fiery element before it ran into a settler's stable, otherwise the damage might have been great."

THE North party left Grand Island on Thursday morning and headed south toward the West Blue River. They covered about 20 miles that day before arriving on the West Blue about 6 that evening. Although the hunters set out late in the year, they were willing to brave the winter weather, which might get worse during the hunt. But even the experienced Major North was not prepared for what followed.

The storm "blew a perfect gale and the air was so full of snow that nothing could be discernible thirty yards each way."

About midnight the wind changed from south to north, bringing freezing rain and sleet. Fortunately, North had brought a teepee, which to the hunters proved a God-send. That morning two parties were sent out to the east and west to forage for wood for the campfire. The west-bound group returned empty-handed, but the other group located a ranch one-and-a-half miles to the east where they obtained fuel.

After breakfast in a driving sleet, the party followed an old Pawnee trail that Major North knew. Throughout the day the storm increased and they managed only 10 miles before reaching the headwaters of the Big Sandy Creek, in western Clay County where they made camp.

The hunters remained in camp all day Saturday as the storm "blew a perfect gale and the air was so full of snow that nothing could be discernible thirty yards each way."

The day was spent building a brush wind break for the horses and keeping warm in the teepee. Some of the members suffered from the smoke in the crowded teepee which caused swollen faces and eye irritation. Outside the storm continued in all its intensity through the night.

On Sunday, three of the hunters attempted to reach a shanty that had been noticed earlier some distance from the camp, for aid. Eventually they reached a sod house occupied by two English families who had settled there. The settlers "treated the hunters most hospitably and behaved in a truly friendly manner."

The next day the wagons had to be dug out of the snow drifts. After three hours of work, the group was ready to return home. Heading north, two wagons got stuck in a drift and "had to be dragged out bodily by hand." Proceeding onward, the party lost the trail, which Major North was able to relocate after riding around for some time. Disgusted with the situation, they stopped for the night at their former campsite on the West Blue.

The next day, the expedition finally made it to Grand Island after fighting through deep snow. On the 22nd, some members left for Columbus on the Union Pacific Railroad with the teams returning on the 24th.

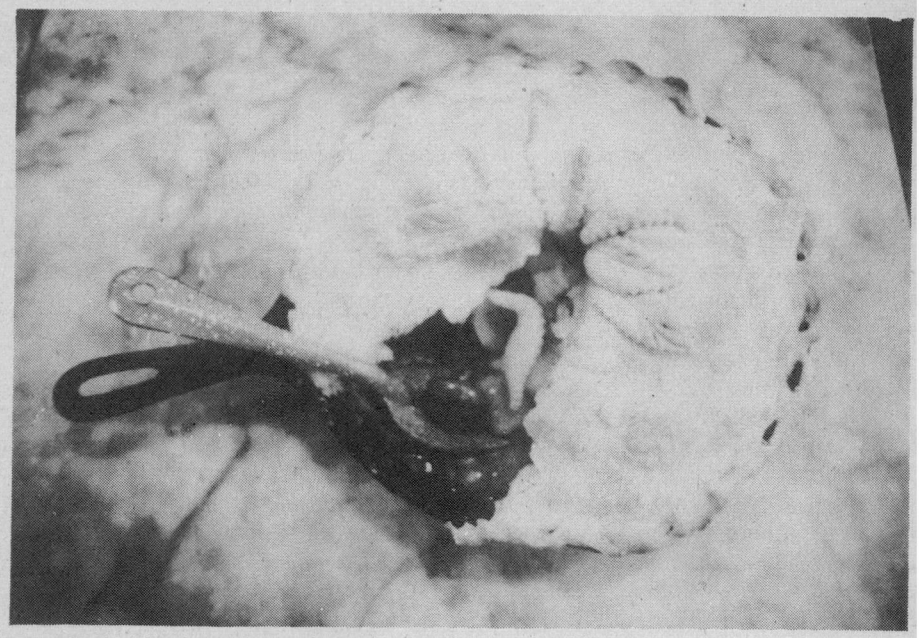
In summing up the unfortunate hunting trip, it was reported "Major North admitted that he had been in many perplexing fixes before but this beat them all and long will the Big Sandy (or more properly the Big Smoky) be remembered by Major North's buffalo hunters."— Nebraska State Historical Society

Fare from Laura Ingalls Wilder

By GERALDINE DUNCANN

LONG before she became a household word through network television, Laura Ingalls Wilder was an intimate member of our family circle. The pages of Laura's books are filled with excellent recipes typical of the foods of frontier life before the turn of the century. Many of the dishes mentioned in Laura's books were in my Great Grandmother's journals and have been in my family's culinary repertoire for generations.

Here are recipes for the creation of a typical Sunday dinner in rural America, anytime from about 1865 to World War I. If it seems a lot of food for one meal remember that it burns a lot more calories to do the chores and hitch up the team to drive into twon than it does to play a round of golf or watch pro basketball on the tele.



Sunday chicken pie, a food typical of the fare served in rural Minnesota during the time of Laura Ingalls Wilder.

THE MENU

Sunday Chicken Pie
Rye 'n' Injun
Baked Beans
Fried Apples 'n' Onions
Beet Pickles Watermelon Rind Preserves
Berry Pie Vinegar Pie
Soft Molasses Cookies

SUNDAY CHICKEN PIE

2 chickens, jointed
2 large onions minced
1 doz. small boiling onions
2 teeth garlic, minced
2 or 3 carrots cut in bite-size chunks
1 C. peas
1 C. green beans
1 C. corn cut from cob
2 or 3 potatoes cut in bite-size chunks
½ C. minced parsley
1 teaspoon mixed herbs
salt and pepper

Put giblets, backs and necks in water to cover and cook until meat is tender. Shake chicken pieces in flour and saute in hot fat until browned. Place in bottom of deep overproof dish.

Sprinkle over the rest of the ingredients. Make a white rue of 1 T. flour and 1 T. butter and stir into stock from the giblets and backs. Pour this over chicken and vegies plus additional bullion to come about ⅔ of the way up dish. Cover all with a crust made from your favorite pastry. Crimp and paint with a beaten egg. Put in oven at 325 degrees and bake for about 1½ to 2 hours.

RYE 'N' INJUN

1½ C. rye flour
1½ C. yellow corn meal (injun)
1 T. baking powder
3 eggs (seperated)
½ C. molasses or brown sugar
½ C. melted butter, lard or drippings
pinch of salt

Mix all ingredients except egg whites together. Add enough buttermilk to form into a thick batter. Beat well. Beat the egg whites until stiff and fold gently into the batter.

Put into an oiled heavy baking pan. Bake at 350 degrees until a skewer comes out clean, about 35 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

SUNDAY BAKED BEANS

4 C. pre-cooked beans
3 onions cut into rings
3 teeth of minced garlic
1 C. molasses or brown sugar

T. mixed herbs
or 2 stalks of celery cut small
alt and pepper

Toss all ingredients with the drained beans and put into a covered baking lish. Add enough of the liquid the beans vere cooked in to come to the surface of the ingredients. Place a piece of salt ork or 2 or 3 pieces of bacon on top, over with the lid and put in oven at 325 legrees for about 4 hours. If it goes dry dd more liquid. Remove lid during the ast ½ hour of baking so that a crust can orm.

No rural American table was believed to be properly set without its compote dishes of glistening pickles and preserves. Here is one that was a favorite at Laura's house as it has been at mine.

PICKLED BEETS

Wash about 10 beets and boil until very tender. When cool enough to handle slip off the skins. Trim and slice. Put into a bowl, crock or large glass jar. Strain the water the beets were cooked in and save.

Put 1½ C. white vinegar in a pan. Add 1 T. of mixed pickling spices, ⅓ C. of salt, ½ C. of sugar. Bring to boil, then reduce heat and continue simmering for 20 minutes. Pour over beets. If more liquid is needed to cover, add beet water.

Variations to the above, add: Raw onion rings, peeled hard boiled eggs, whole teeth of garlic, whole boiled small onions.

These pickles will be ready to eat in about 3 days and will keep indefinitely in the refrigerator.

Old West Recipe of the Month

Hominy may be one of the few thoroughly American foods, unknown anywhere else. The kernels of hulled dried corn also go by the name "samp," and ground they are called grits. Scrapple is a solid mush made from the by-products of hog butchering. The recipe of Eloise Rushing, 2315 S. Central, Oklahoma City, OK 73129, substitutes hominy for pork.

HOMINY SCRAPPLE

1 can hominy
1 c tomatoes
1 onion
1 heaping t lard
1 t salt (optional)
1 dash cayenne pepper

Grind hominy in food chopper. Cut onions in small pieces and fry in lard. Add tomatoes, salt and cayenne; cook 15-20 minutes. Add hominy and cook about 5 minutes. Serve hot.

TRUE WEST will pay $5 for each original recipe published. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 665, Perkins, OK 74059. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

JUST A LINE MORE

(continued from page 5)

2. All back issue prices will go up somewhat and we invite your attention to the new lists published for the first time in this issue.

Something else new: Beginning with the September issue, Frontier Times will go back on the newsstand as a semi-monthly publication. We've explained the peculiarities of newsstand sales, how percentage of sales is all important, how exposure of the magazine on the newsstand helps them sell. Another ingredient of successful newsstand sales is the time the magazine is on the stands. By alternating Frontier Times with TRUE WEST, making them both semi-monthly, Western Publications can gain 30 days exposure on the newsstands, which should help tremendously in getting sales up where it should be.

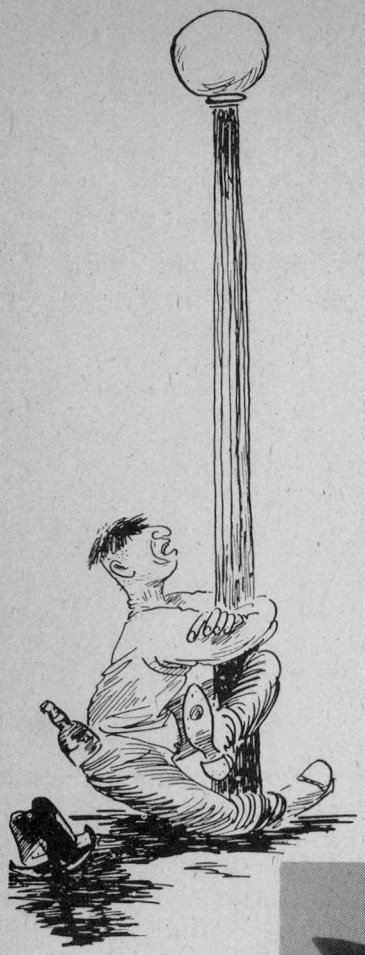
Therefore, from here on out, those of you subscribing to the monthly publication of Western, will receive TRUE WEST one month, and Frontier Times the other month. The context of the magazine will be similar. The only difference will be the cover. One month it will be Frontier Times, the next month it will be TRUE WEST. You will continue to receive a magazine each month as usual.

IN ORDER to increase subscriptions, we are offering a special package price if you readers will subscribe to all magazines. Here is how it works, and you can read about it on your mailing card or elsewhere in this issue. If right now you subscribe only to TRUE WEST, you can save money and receive all Western publications by subscribing at one price to TRUE WEST, Frontier Times, OLD WEST and Hunter's Frontier Times. The total price of these magazines would ordinarily be $25 for all of them. You save three dollars by sending a check for $22 for all of them. That way you will have everything printed by Western on the West. You may pay for it by the half year (we'll bill you each six months or you can use your Visa/Mastercharge and pay for it by the year).

We're going to have some growing pains and other sore joints as we go through the transition to new ownership for a few months, but things are going to settle down and our (yours and mine) magazines are going to look and be better than ever. We don't plan any dramatic changes, but as they become more healthy, we will make a few. Nothing will be taken away from what they are now, it will be additions to what is already there. They will be bigger and better than ever.

Through the last 30 years since Joe Small founded TRUE WEST in 1953, there have only been three owners. I think this is only possible because of you, the subscribers and the readers have been so loyal and friendly to our magazines. They are apart of your life and they wouldn't be here without your support. Please don't ever forget how grateful we are for this continued support. We need it badly, especially right now as we struggle to get back on the surface.

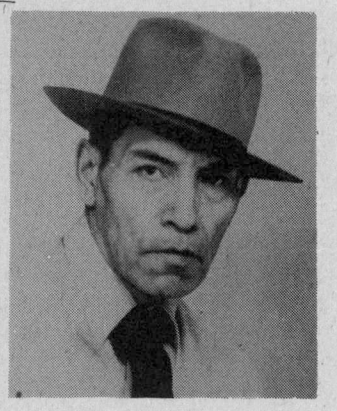
Bob Evans



William Standing's cards courtesy the autho

William Standing Indian Artist and Humorist

By HELEN CLARK



Oh, So You Want to Ride Too?

WILLIAM Standing, a full-blooded Assiniboine artist, was born at Oswego on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in north-central Montana on July 27, 1904. He was the son of Standing Rattle, whose Christian name was Stephen, a descendent of The Light, the first ambassador of the tribe to visit the nation's capitol and the eldest son of chief Iron Arrow Point of the Stony Band.

William's mother was a Canadian Sioux, Fire Bear her brother, Lance, was an accomplished Sioux medicine lodge painter.

It was natural that Standing, by inheritance, should become an artist. He had the inclination to paint and draw from the time he was six years old. When he was little and his mother would correct him for being naughty, he would sit in the corner and, using charcoal draw unhappy Indian faces on the log walls.

Bill's Indian name was Fire Bear, but to his art he simply signed "Wm. Standing." Simplicity of theme also marked many of his fine oils and watercolors.

He excelled at capturing the lonely atmosphere of a log cabin on the flat, barren prairie, flowers waving from its sod roof or a gaunt horse pawing the deep snow in search of food, its back and tail to the blizzard. Standing's serious oils had "soul," a rare ingredient which made his art special.

True West

This is William Standing's oil painting "Indian Family."

ng's serious oils had "soul," a rare ingredient which made his art special.

THIS jovial, handsome Indian first ame to the attention of art lovers and rt critics when he illustrated a Work rojects Administration book called *and of Nakoda*. He provided 100 illusrations, many of them in color. The ook today is a rare collector's item.

With this start, his work began to each all parts of the world. His oils, vatercolors, black and white drawings, harcoal studies, crayons and pastels vere exhibited in the West as well as in Chicago, New York, London and Paris.

Success never made Bill a pompous, elf-esteemed man. Instead, he emained a relaxed, easy-going, likeable owboy, which he was much of his early ife. When he hired out to cow outfits, ie would give away the illustrations he lid at night around the campfire.

He thought nothing of trading a fine il painting for a fifth of whiskey so that ie and his cowpoke buddies might have good time. When he married, his wife, Nancy, helped limit some of those good imes that weren't good for him.

That Bill loved his cowboy days is evident from the pictures he painted. His work was realistic and he had a gift for anatomy whether he was painting a bunch of horses, cows or mules. He could put action into his art so if he portrayed the cowboys moving cattle, or chasing wild horses, or roping goats, the paintings rang true.

The country around Oswego and Poplar, Montana, where Bill lived is lonely, with many small abandoned log houses dotting the flat landscape. In his paintings, Bill depicts the earth almost swallowing up these last vestiges of human dwelling.

It was in this lonely landscape that Bill chose to be buried. His grave is in a small cemetery overlooking one of the tributaries of the Missouri River. When standing at Bill's grave, you have the feeling that time stood still and that there is nothing but endless space as far as the eye can see.

Standing had shown natural talent for art as a youth so he was sent to Haskell Institute, an Indian school, at Lawrence, Kansas. But Bill hated it although he stayed four years.

"Hell, all I ever got to paint were walls and buildings," he said later. He couldn't wait to get home and no power on earth could make him go back.

ENDOWED with a tremendous sense of humor, Bill sometimes liked to poke gentle fun at his own people. He got away with it in his original watercolors, oils and black and white sketches, but when he began illustrating for the Western Stationery Company in Poplar, and his comic cards began appearing all over the state, some of his people were offended.

His cards were funny; they were not meant by the artist to be taken seriously. But it began to be a case of a prophet not appreciated in his own country.

"I guess I'll just have to die to become famous around here," Bill would tease. In his letters to his friends, Standing

This is another of Standing's humorous post cards.

would use illustrations to get across a point. He and cowboy artist Bob Hall of Butte, Montana, exchanged many fine and funny letters.

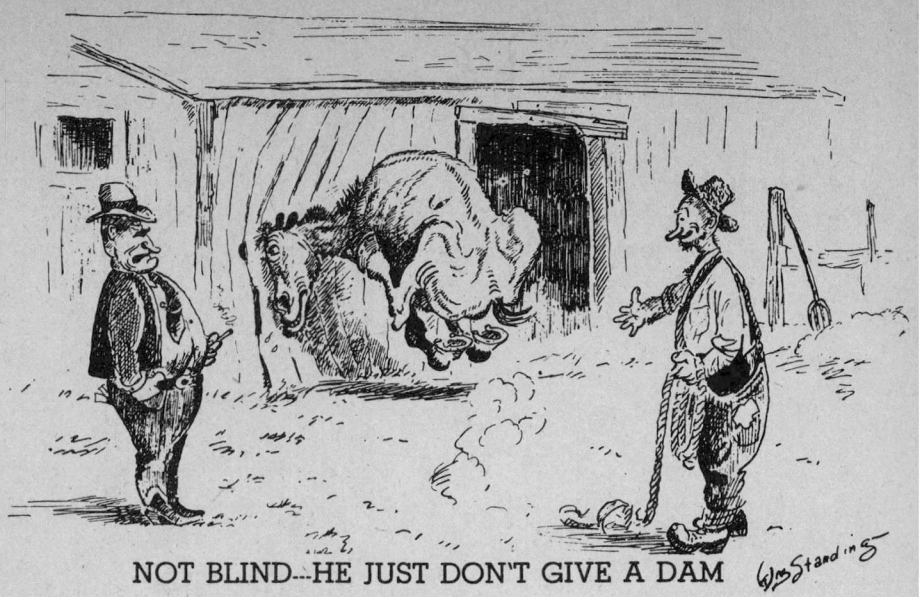
When Bill was at the peak of his career, and only 47 years old, he was killed in a car accident near Zortman in the Little Rockies of Montana.

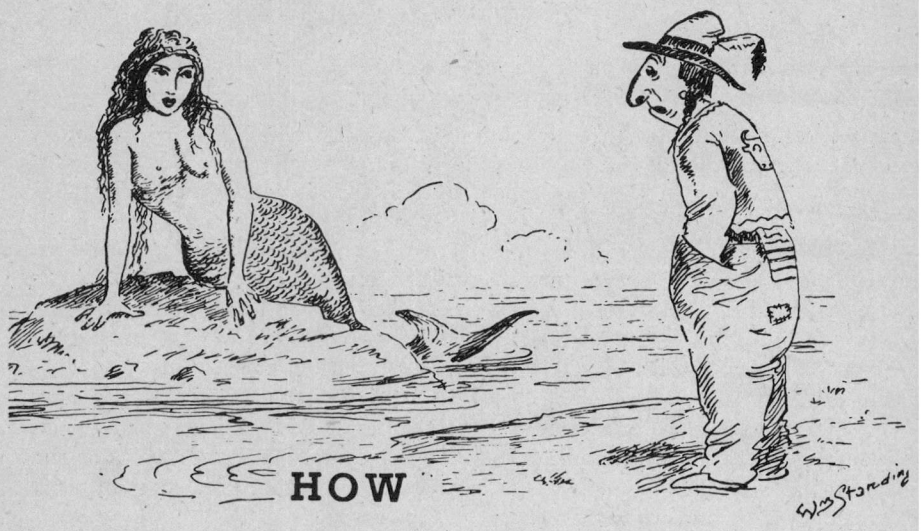
It was a great loss to western art. He was starting to paint masterpieces depicting the Indian way of life. After his death he was honored with a solo exhibit presented by the Fine Arts Division of the Montana Historical Society at Helena. Sixty-nine works were included in this show and Montanans were regaled with the genius which was part of this man.

Bill carved in wood and worked in clay, but he seemed to prefer the brush and pen and ink. When he painted a lone cowboy riding his horse down a lonely country road, bathed in the red colors of sunset, you know Bill was portraying himself. Before he married Nancy, he had been a foot-loose cowboy. The bars of Malta, Zortman and Landusky held many of his fine oils which he had traded for meals and drinks.

When he was on the road, with only his horse under him and a saddle for a pillow, he sometimes stopped at ranch houses and painted a watercolor for a night's lodging. Ranch families for miles around the Little Rockies knew him and his work.

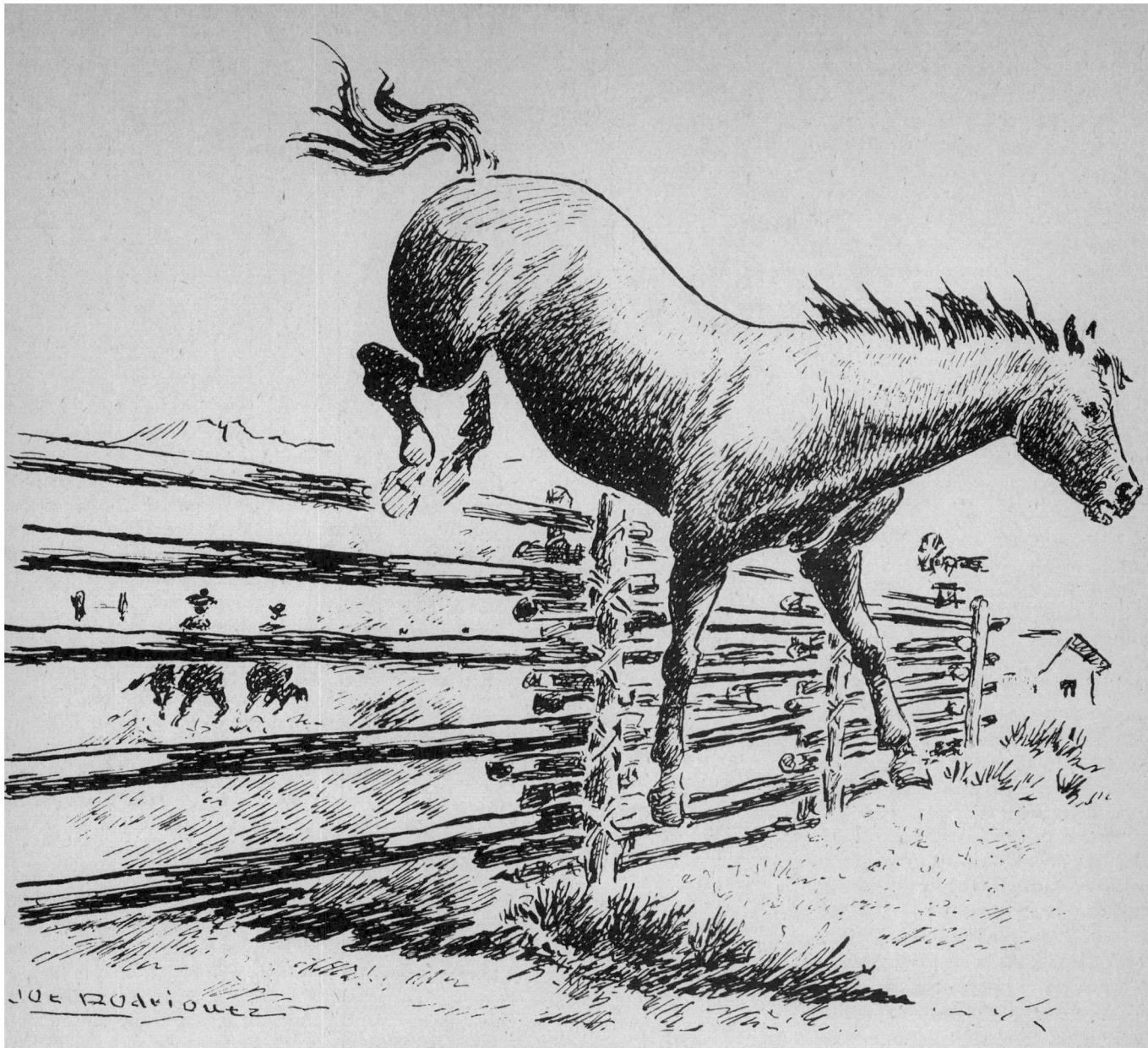
Standing never desired to be anything more than a cowboy artist. He fulfilled his desire. He sleeps on a little plateau. Those who knew him best stop here, pay him homage, and murmur a favorite expression of his, "It is good."





Above, more Standing post cards. Below, a Standing water color, typical of the artist's production.

Courtesy the author



RANGER

Dad Knew He Would Never be Broken

By JOHN BEDINGFIELD

Illustrations by Joe Rodriguez

BY the time that we moved to New Mexico shortly after the turn of the century, most of the wild mustangs had disappeared from the ranges. Only a few small herds still ranged in the roughest and most remote areas of the state.

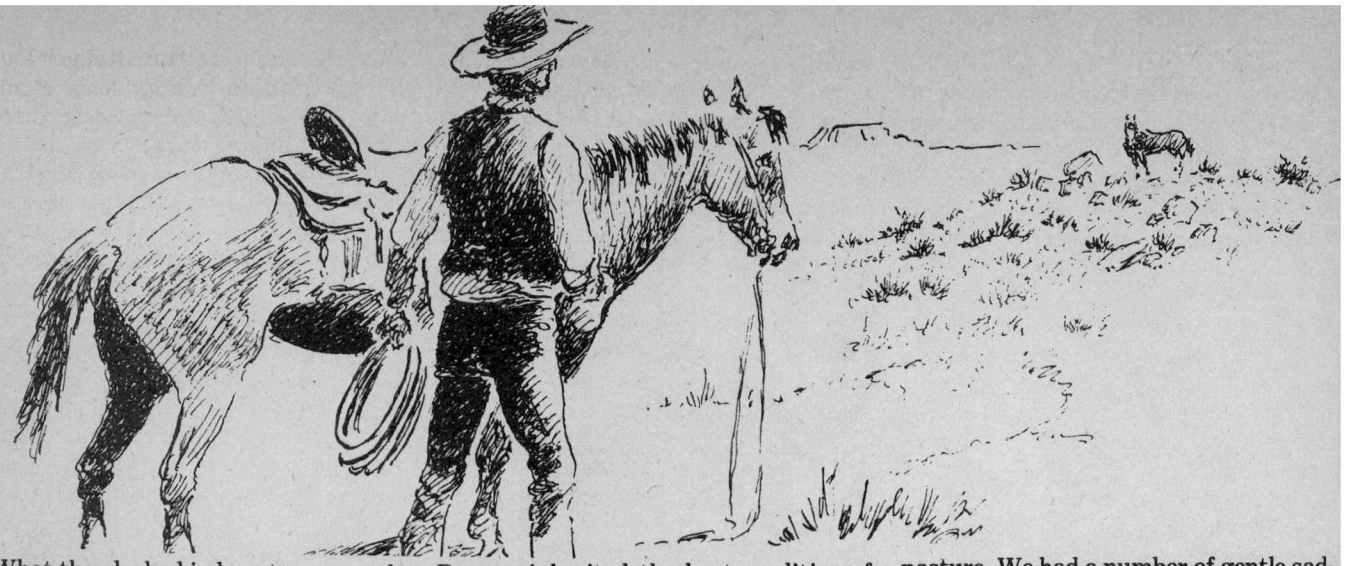
One such small band still roamed in the wild, broken region near the Pecos River, between Fort Sumner and Santa Rosa. George Wilburn's fine-blooded race mare found her way to this herd after she disappeared from the Wilburn ranch, which was just on the edge of this rough, unfenced range.

I will not speculate as to why she chose to leave the fine grass, plentiful water and warm stables to cast her lot with the wild herd which roamed the rock-strewn canyons and cedar-covered hills. Here the mustangs made their last stand.

Wilburn thought a lot of that mare and never ceased looking for her. She was reported seen with the wild herd from time to time, but she did not return home.

It was while she was running with the mustangs that she gave birth to Ranger. His sire was the wild stallion that led the little band of mustangs. Ranger spent the first three years of his life in the wild country, where all of his instincts taught him to avoid man.

Contrary to some artists' conceptions, the mustang was seldom a pretty sight. They were a bit smaller than the regular saddle horse, were shaggy and unkept, and often were in poor condition.



What they lacked in beauty was made up for in stamina and the ability to survive with little food or water. They were tough and tireless and could cover rough ground with ease where no ordinary cow horse could go.

It seemed that from the beginning Ranger inherited the best qualities of both breeds. Like his mother, he was beautifully built, proportioned like a race horse, with well-developed muscles and clean limbs. He had fine feet and a noble, intelligent head. He was a dark bay color, with long black mane and tail.

He also had the wildness, toughness and cunning of his sire, as well as an indomitable spirit to be free.

Ranger was nearly three years old when Wilburn and some other riders were finally able to separate the mare from the herd. Somehow they managed to get Ranger with her. Naturally Wilburn was glad to get them both back into his pasture, where the mare seemed to forget her wild life. But not Ranger.

Ranger stayed by himself in the most remote parts of the ranch and would only come for water at night. He never liked men and never trusted them. Eventually they managed to get him into a strong corral.

George wanted to break him to ride because he was a beautiful animal. The horse could outrun every other horse on the ranch. They gelded him and kept him in the big corral trying to tame him. They finally decided he was a natural outlaw and could not be broken.

It was at this time that my dad, Frank Bedingfield, an excellent judge of horses, first saw Ranger. He wanted him at first sight. Dad already owned a fast quarter horse, a long-legged chestnut sorrel called Snip. He was sure that he could break Ranger and make a race horse out of him.

Wilburn sold him to dad, and the horse was taken to the Seven Bar.

WE were overjoyed at the sight of him. His coat was smooth and shiny and he was built for strength and speed. Once inside our horse corral, Ranger promptly tore down a section of the heavy fence and headed for the back side of the big pasture. We had a number of gentle saddle horses in the pasture, but Ranger preferred to be alone. He went to the roughest part of the back pasture and stayed by himself.

The next day we went after Ranger. We had repaired the corral fence. We wanted to get Ranger into the pen and start his education.

Ranger saw us coming and started moving away from us. This did not worry us any, because we were certain that dad's horse Snip could catch any horse. When dad got within about one hundred yards of Ranger, he called on Snip to do his best. Ranger began running at a speed we could not believe.

I can still see that magnificent race, with Ranger stretched low to the ground, his long mane and tail flying in the wind. He led the race through the cactus and bear grass, over the rockiest hills, and across gullies and draws. Dad was putting the spurs to Snip, something that he almost never did. Snip was running his heart out, but Ranger was choosing the course for this contest and Snip was carrying over two hundred pounds of weight. At last with Snip winded, we gave up for the day.

The next time we tried it, we maneuvered Ranger onto the smooth level praire. Dad was sure that with Snip well rested he could get close enough to rope Ranger. Again, Snip gave his very best, but it was not enough. He could not get close enough for dad to throw his loop. The chase went on until Snip was exhausted, but dad had another plan.

He had a black mare named Bess, the next fastest horse he owned. Bess was fresh and ready to go. Dad gave orders for us to keep after Ranger, to keep him running and to see that he got no rest. Dad changed horses and came after Ranger again. Bess was not a long distance runner, but was very fast for

a short race.

Ranger now had to make a choice of going through an open gate or turning within the range of dad's swinging loop. Ranger made his choice without hesitating or breaking stride. He went through a gate into the corral.

But he never slackened his speed as he crossed the corral, and with one mighty leap, he soared over the six-foot fence on the opposite side and headed for open pasture. Dad gave up for the day, but was still determined to catch and break that horse.

We watched Ranger day after day as he roamed alone but he was always watching us too. He seemed to grow prettier and prouder each passing day as he fed on the fine grass and watered at the draw.

BY NOW, many of the neighbors had seen Ranger and had heard about his amazing speed and endurance. Dad had no trouble enlisting the help of several neighbors to tame the outlaw Ranger.

The plans were for dad and a neighbor who was a good roper to save their horses, while the rest of us ran Ranger as hard as we could. After we had run him until our horses were about worn out, dad and the roper moved in with their fresh mounts.

This time it succeeded. With one rope around his neck and another around his hind feet, Ranger was brought to the ground. I never heard a horse squeal and bellow like that before and I began to wish we had never caught him.

A heavy chain was strapped around the ankle of his left front foot. The heavy chain notwithstanding, Ranger's spirit was unbroken. As soon as the ropes were removed, he tried to run away. It was a sad sight to see him limping, trying to get away from his captors. It was a cruel way to break a horse, but Ranger must get accustomed to men being near him, and this way he could not run away.

Ranger wore the chain for several days. We were afraid that he would break a leg or pull the tendons in his leg. But still the horse must be taught that man was his master.

Dad figured a safer way to accomplish this. Once Ranger was roped and thrown to the ground, the chain was removed, but a thirty-foot lariat rope was tied around his neck and the other end was tied to a heavy pinion log that he could barely pull along.

At last the time came when dad decided that Ranger must be broken to ride. With the help of some neighbors, Ranger was caught and dad put a halter and a saddle on him. They had to choke him down, while dad tightened the cinches and climbed in to the saddle.

I had seen dad break ordinary colts before and I knew that he was a good rider, but I sensed that everyone had doubts about his ability to ride this most unusual horse.

When dad was firmly in the saddle, he gave the signal to turn Ranger loose. Ranger made a mighty leap, coming down stiff-legged, then twisting and turning and jumping higher than I had ever seen a horse jump before or since.

All the time, he was squealing and bawling like few horses ever do. It was the scream of a frightened, outraged wild creature determined to be free of saddle and man.

I thought that it would never end but at last Ranger stopped and took a bite at the toe of dad's boot. The horse was trembling and his breath came in long choking gasps. He had lost this round but the battle was not over. He was exhausted but not broken.

I still remember how dad looked when he climbed down from the saddle. He, too, was trembling. His face, normally tanned to a dark reddish-brown, was deathly pale. Perspiration ran down his face and neck. Ranger had been ridden, but at what cost!

TWO days later, we put dad on the train at Tiaban to go to a hospital in Childress, Texas. There Dr. Arthur Cooper performed surgery to repair the damage sustained during that jarring ride.

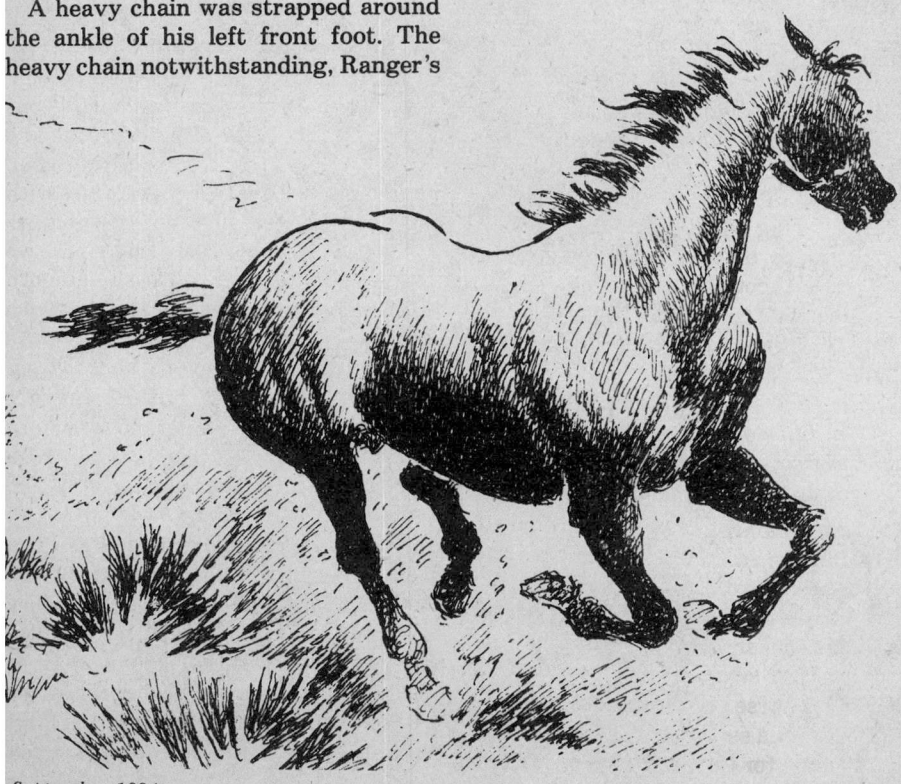
At the time, everyone congratulated dad on his ride. All agreed that it was the best riding they had ever seen. No one had ever seen a horse pitch as long or as hard as Ranger did.

However, from that moment, dad knew Ranger would never be broken. With his splendid muscles and build and with the heart and spirit that he possessed, Ranger would have been the best cutting horse or race horse in the country. But it was not to be. Ranger was wild and would always be so.

A short time after dad returned from the hospital, a traveling horse trader came by our place. Of course Ranger caught his eye at once. Since we needed saddle horses, not outlaws, dad swapped Ranger for a nice gentle white horse we named "Old Grady."

I never knew what that horse trader did with Ranger but I know what I could have done with him. I would have taken him back to the wild, unfenced range where he was born and turned him loose.

There he would be free to fight for his life against hungry wolves, mountain lions, blizzards and droughts. There, where there were no saddles and no ropes to interfere with his freedom which he preferred to the comforts of living among men.



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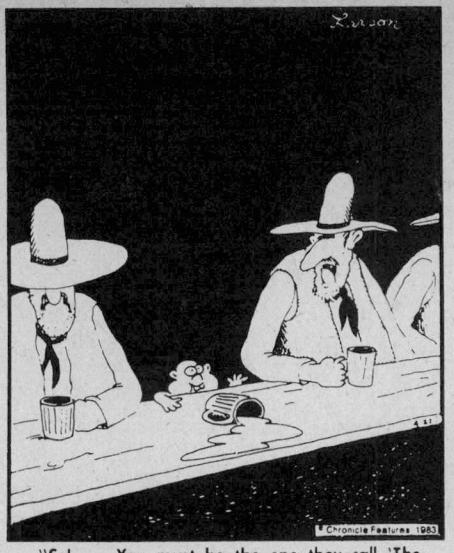

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Coming Next Month

IN **Frontier Times**

There was gold and big trouble in Elizabethtown, New Mexico. See "Elizabethtown and the Humbug Hellion."

After you've read the hilarious and macabre "Why Some Wyoming Cowboys Gave Up Smoking," you'll understand why anyone would give up smoking.

Ernst Peterson of Hamilton, Montana, is one of the great photographers of the West. Many of his photos capture remnants of the Old West. See next issue.

Joe LeFors is one of the most enigmatic lawmen of the Old West. The Wyoming officer may have tricked Tom Horn but he couldn't capture the Wild Bunch.

Joe LeFors

Annie Oakley

ALSO IN NEXT ISSUE:

Remembering Annie Oakley.

Manhattan, Nevada.

San Quentin: Prison in Paradise.

A Colorado Cannibal.

INTRODUCING TRACK, THE ONE MAN HELLBENT ON SAVING THE WORLD FROM NUCLEAR TERRORISTS.

"It's a countdown to the end of the goddamned world," declares Daniel Track, ex-army major, martial artist, and munitions expert. He's the man who's got the one chance in hell to save the world from power-crazed Nazi maniac, Johannes Krieger. Or has he?

Krieger's army is made up of savage nuclear terrorists. They've just hijacked 100 nuclear weapons. They're aiming to destroy the American way of life. Will they?

It's all in "Track," the timely new series written by Jerry Ahern, author of the bestselling series "The Survivalist."

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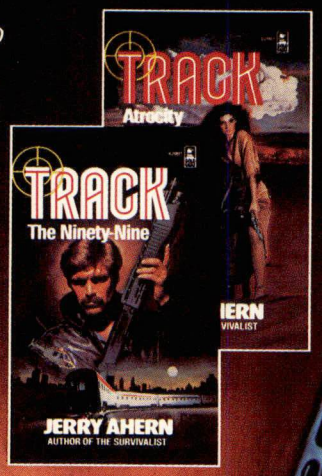

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TRACK

The Wild Side of Life In the Old West

"THE RIVER OF LOST SOULS"

By H. Franklin Greene Vol. 5, No. 3

The old Santa Fe Trail has many, many graves of men, women and children along its famous highway that no longer are remembered or any recorded marker to show their passing for the loved ones left behind. Most of these long forgotten tragedies can be contributed to one man - DeSoto.

In 1896 Colonel Henry Inman had the trail mapped and brought up to date showing the Santa Fe Railroad (The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe) and how it followed the original wagon train road. This map shows clearly a river forming and running from the high plains North-Easterly to where it emptied into the Arkansas River between Bents Fort and Fort Aubry.

This river is named Purgatory River - Bents Fort and Fort Aubry are no longer in existence i.e., only as a National Historical Monument between LaJunta and Las Animas approximately 90 miles South-West of Pueblo in South-East Colorado. However, Purgatory River still bears its name and it is the same as it was over four hundred-fifty years ago when it first received the name. Why would anyone name a beautiful river with such a dreadful name?

It did not always have this name. The mountain men called it Picket Wire and as late as 1880, it was generally known by that name among the trappers and bull whackers who could not pronounce the Spanish word "LePurgatorie". But how was it named LaPurgatoire or as the Priest called this beautiful stream "El Rio de LasAnimas Perditas - The River of Lost Souls"?

Spain owned all Mexico and Florida as the vast region of the Mississippi Valley was called long before the United States had an existance as a separate government. Spains celebrated explorer Francisco Vasquez DeCoronado in his search for the Seven Cities of Cibola and the Kingdom of Quivera traveled over this well known trail.

He made many friends with the savage Indians - treated him with kindness and cared for his tricken children and their womenfolk. Another legendary Spaniard Cabeca beyond question traveled the old Santa Fe Trail and described in his diaries - the bison (buffalo) as cows that looked somewhat like a lion and a camel. He also was a gentleman and with his love and kindness toward the savage red-man became their friend. There were no murdeers or killings between the Spaniards and the Indians all the way to Santa Fe from the Mississippi.

Unfortunately, Spain also produced DeSoto who on the 6th of April, 1538 sailed from Spain with an armada of ten vessels and a fully equipped Army of nine hundred chosen murderous adventurers who called themselves soldiers. They would be conquerors of the country known as Florida at their own expense.

It is not within human understanding to describe all his terrible slaughter, double crossing rapine and plunder that cruel DeSoto inflicted upon the helpless savage until his death in May 1541 somewhere on the Arkansas River. In his chronicles of the slaughter he wrote "the entire route became a trail of fire and blood." Many of his men disappeared without trace.

Upon the death of DeSoto, his most humane of all his officers, Moscoso, tried to locate Coronado (who was camped in what is known now as Wichita, Kansas) to seek help and advice but was unable to find him. The red savage now became a monster - such was their seething hate and trememdous strength. With their clubs they easily bashed the brains of the heavily armored Spaniards from their heavily armored covered heads. How far Moscoso traveled cannot be determined accurately. His statement records "they saw great chains of mountains and forests to the West."

Meanwhile, the Commanding Officer at Santa Fe, having no contact with any of the Spanish explorers, attempted to open communications with the country of Florida - the whole country watered by the Mississippi and Missouri was called Florida at that time.

For this purpose, an infantry regiment was selected - dressed very much as DeSoto's men were. It left Santa Fe rather late in the season and wintered at a point on the old trail known as Trinidad. In the spring the Colonel and his regiment marched down the stream, whick flows for many miles through a magnificent canyon, not one of the regiment returned or was every heard from again. When all hope had departed from their wives, children and friends left behind in Trinidad, information was sent to Santa Fe and a wail of sorrow went up through the land. The Priest then named the river - "The River of Lost Souls."

Over three hundred years passed without any record of what happened to the lost regiment but in 1884, many miles beyond where the stream emptied into the Arkansas, there was found a mound which was thoroughly explored by a Professor from Bethany College. In it was chain-mail armor from the long lost Spanish regiment buried with the other Spanish soldiers who had disappeared.