

**OREGON'S BULLET-PROOF INDIAN**

# TRUE WEST

September 1986  
\$1.75  
\$2.00 Canada



**That Remarkable  
Horse Thief,  
George W. Pike**

**Blood-Stained  
Hands of  
William Wells**

**Bravest  
Bear Dog  
in Colorado**

**Historic  
Harvey Houses**

**JOE BEELER,  
COWBOY ARTIST**



# FREE

# Charles Russell PRINT

## Of Your Choice!

*A special gift for signing up  
new subscribers to TRUE WEST!*

When the Old West was a place and not a memory, good friends that could be counted on were mighty special. Friends to ride with through hair-raising adventures and hell-raising good times. Through quiet times together on the range.

If you've ridden the Lonesome Trail long enough, now is the time to share the excitement of the Old West with your friends.

Simply sign up one or more subscribers to TRUE WEST and we'll send each of you a free Charles Russell print of your choice.

How about a gift? A TRUE WEST subscription and a Charles Russell print will remind your friends of your thoughtfulness all year long.

So do your friends a favor and sign them up to receive America's favorite Western magazine—TRUE WEST. And we will send each of you a beautiful Charles Russell print FREE!

To receive your free print, just fill out the attached cards and send with payment by December 1, 1986.

(Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing and fulfillment of orders.)



#1

The Drifter 16" x 11"



#2

Our Warriors Return 16" x 11"



#3

Navajo Wild Horse Hunters 18" x 12"

# TRUE WEST

Dept. CRP986  
P. O. BOX 2107  
Stillwater, OK 74076

# TRUE WEST

From out of the past, but never out of date! These issues are definitely collectors' items and a must for historians and researchers!



## Back Issue SALE!

**ONLY \$19.95 PER LOT!**

**GET ALL 48 ISSUES FOR ONLY \$59.95 THAT'S LESS THAN \$1.25 PER COPY!!**

- ★ LOT #1 includes: Feb. 1965, Dec. 1965, Feb. 1966, April 1966, June 1966, Oct. 1967, Dec. 1967, Feb. 1968, April 1968, June, 1968, Aug. 1968, Oct. 1968
- ★ LOT #2 includes: Dec. 1968, Feb. 1969, Oct. 1969, Feb. 1970, April 1970, June 1971, Oct. 1971, Dec. 1971, Feb. 1972, April 1972, June 1972, Aug. 1972
- ★ LOT #3 includes: Oct. 1972, Dec. 1972, Feb. 1973, April 1973, June 1973, Aug. 1973, Oct. 1973, Dec. 1973, Feb. 1974, April 1974, Oct. 1974, Dec. 1974
- ★ LOT #4 includes: Feb. 1976, April 1976, June 1976, Dec. 1976, April 1977, June 1977, Oct. 1977, Dec. 1977, Feb. 1978, April 1978, Oct. 1978, Feb. 1979

Send to: **TRUE WEST Back Issues**



**P. O. Box 2107**



**Stillwater, OK 74076**

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

- Enclosed is my check or money order.  
 Charge to my:  VISA  MasterCharge

Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_

TW986

**QUANTITY TOTAL**

- SEND ME:  LOT #1 \$19.95 \_\_\_\_\_  
 LOT #2 \$19.95 \_\_\_\_\_  
 LOT #3 \$19.95 \_\_\_\_\_  
 LOT #4 \$19.95 \_\_\_\_\_  
 ALL 4 LOTS \$59.95 \_\_\_\_\_

**Add \$2 shipping per lot order; shipping is free for orders of 2-4.**

**Oklahoma residents, add 6.25% sales tax.**

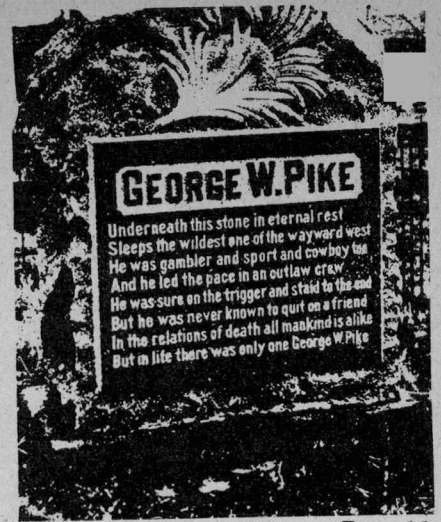
**TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery. For foreign orders, including Canada and Mexico, please send us your order without payment. We will inform you of the shipping charges and will process your order after we have received payment. U.S. funds only.

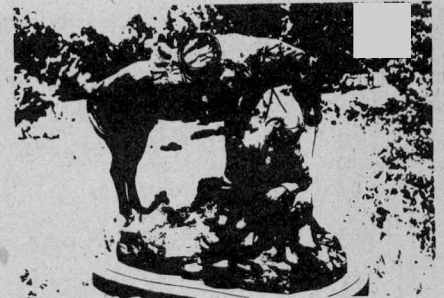
**BACK ISSUES ONLY \$19.95 PER LOT!**

## FEATURES

- 16 **That Remarkable Horse Thief Pike.** *By Glenn Shirley.* Early-day Douglas, Wyoming, was kept laughing by the legal antics of this unusual "badman."
- 22 **West Slope Bears.** *By Mel Griffiths.* Old-time cowhand Joe Woods recalls his experiences with bears and bear dogs in the Colorado Rockies.
- 28 **The Cowboy Art of Joe Beeler.** *By Stella Hughes.* A profile of the youngest founding member of the widely respected Cowboy Artists of America.
- 36 **Oregon's Bullet-Proof Indian.** *By Hank Corless.* The wily Chief Paulina leads his band in terrorizing settlers while eluding the United States Army.
- 40 **Fred Harvey's Recipe for Success.** *By Paul F. Long.* An English Entrepreneur builds an empire on good food served by attractive women.
- 44 **William Wells' Bloody Escape.** *By John Boessenecker.* Fearing a lynch mob awaits him, a Sacramento killer attempts a desperate getaway.
- 50 **People Come First.** *By Hollis W. Harris.* On the Texas Panhandle of the Great Depression, a resolute rancher stands off a determined government agent.
- 54 **Rocky Mountain Pest Houses.** *By Arlene Shovald.* Before vaccines and immunizations became common, smallpox victims were put in isolation and their disease was allowed to run its course.



Page 16



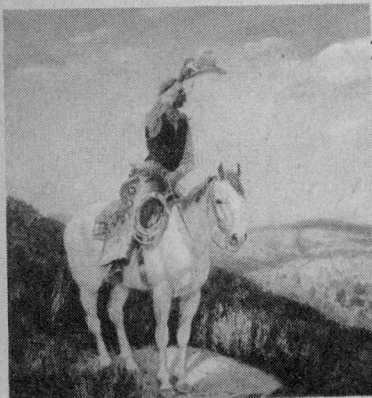
Page 28



Page 36

## DEPARTMENTS

- |                    |                     |                    |
|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------|
| 5 From the Editor  | 14 Answer Man       | 60 Wild Old Days   |
| 6 Truly Western    | 56 Trails Grown Dim | 62 Western Archive |
| 10 Western Roundup | 58 Books            |                    |



## OUR COVER

"Looking for the Wagon," by Joe Beeler.

Manuscripts, artwork and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope of sufficient size for return with all submissions. Mail to Western Publications, P.O. Box 2107, Stillwater, OK 74076. Copyright 1986 by Western Publications.



Page 40

# TRUE WEST

**Publisher**  
Randy Clausen

**Editor**  
John Joerschke

**Advertising Manager**  
Steve Gragert

**Subscription Coordinator**  
Charlotte Brown

**Administrative Controller**  
Kenneth Moyes

**Financial Controller**  
Steven Cundiff

**Business Manager**  
Larry Vredenburgh

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

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

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

## From the Editor

"Do you ever wish you could go back and live in the Old West?"

I must have been asked that question a thousand times. It's always bound to come up whenever folks get to talking about TRUE WEST. Sometimes it's the first question people ask when I tell them what I do for a living. Other times they might have a few good yarns to spin first. But I know that if our visit goes on long enough, sooner or later they'll get around to asking me if I wouldn't really rather have lived in the Old Days.

You might think that would be a tough question for a fellow in my position to answer. But it's not. Even the first time I was asked (if I could remember it), I'm sure my answer was brief and emphatic: "No!"

Now the first thing I need to explain before I go on is that, like they say about a certain city in the East, the Old West is "a great place to visit, but I wouldn't want to live there." Like all TRUE WESTerners, I love to read about the Old West in all its facets: cowboys and ranchers, outlaws and lawmen, trappers and traders, the army and the Indians. There's nothing I like more than a good true story about homesteaders or gamblers or travellers in the West. The history of the region has unbeatable excitement, adventure, danger, hardship, romance, and humor. But I would much rather read about it than live it.

When I am asked if I would like to go back to the so-called Good Old Days, I can't help but think of the closing chapter of *Bunkhouse Papers*, the reminiscences of western historian John Upton Terrell. Terrell writes of the Old West with knowledge and affection. But he concludes, "if you are addicted to the narcotic of looking backward, your enjoyment of these years and your appreciation of what you have seen and learned and accomplished are darkened by an inescapable shadow. And sometimes your memories and your thoughts are infiltrated by distressful admixtures which spoil them."

Terrell points out, among other things, that the western railroads were built by corrupt businessmen and

government officials; that white Americans in one way or another stole the land from the Indians; that the pioneers and miners were driven more by dreams of easy riches than of building a democracy; that psychopathic outlaws and lawmen are revered while truly great men are forgotten; and that the early cattle barons by and large were little more than a powerful, brutal, criminal class.

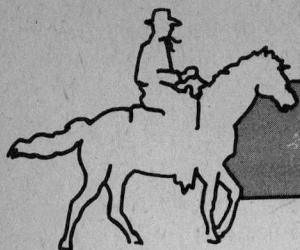
Terrell closes with a toast to the Old West: "May it never return."

*Bunkhouse Papers* was first recommended to me by William B. Secrest, a frequent contributor to TRUE WEST. When he suggested I should read it, however, Secrest also pointed out that Terrell is looking at the Old West strictly in black-and-white terms. There was plenty of corruption and selfishness and unnecessary violence in the West. But there were also those "truly good" and "truly great" men—and women—who have been forgotten or, at best, are lost in the pages of dusty history books, diaries, and journals.

That their stories are so often overlooked or ignored speaks as poorly of the present as it does of the past. Yet, for better or worse, the western pioneers of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries accomplished the seemingly impossible task of establishing in less than a century a civilization which had taken thousands of years to develop in the Old World. Whatever their motives, that task required sacrifices and hardships which I can do without having to endure myself.

More important than bringing the past back is simply to remember it as it was, to try to understand its inhabitants, and through them to gain some little insight into our own humanity. So I'll lift my glass to Terrell's toast. But to it, I will add my own: "To the Old West. May it never be forgotten."

John Joerschke



# Truly Western

Letters from our readers

## Mistaken Identity

The photograph in the lower right-hand corner on page 43 of the July issue of TRUE WEST lists in its caption a Marjorie Mann. The woman's name is spelled Main—not Mann. The center lady is Claire Trevor, not Anne Sheridan, but you were on target with the third lady, Lana Turner.

I thoroughly enjoy your magazine and have been a subscriber since No. 1. I have every issue of TRUE WEST from No. 1. Keep up the good work. How's for more stories on the old cattle drives and rustlers?—D.W. Keefer, Neenah, WI.

## Cover Girls

I have just finished reading the July, 1986 issue, "Women Who Won The West" and enjoyed the whole issue. The woman washing clothes on the front cover shows that there was more to the Old West than gunfights in saloons and Wild West shows.

I would also like to add three more movies to Bill O'Neals' top twenty on page 59: *Duel In The Sun* (1946), *Gun Fight At The OK Corral* (1957), and *The Long Riders* (1980). Keep your magazines coming every month. I keep looking forward to them.—Barry Waldbaum, Centereach, NY.

## Search for the Daltons

In regard to Chuck Parsons' review of Phillip Steele's *In Search of the Daltons*, Steele has managed to pull together some intricate and interesting genealogy. The Dalton family has always been most elusive in this area.

However, through mis-identification from his sources, Steele has included two photos which are in glaring error. The photos he presents as Henry and Adeline Dalton are of Henry and Burshaba Younger, parents of the Younger outlaws. These photos have been

published as such many times, as early as 1906 in Wal Bronuagh's *The Youngers Fight For Freedom*. I have also personally viewed these photos in the collections of several of the Younger families, including their son, Cole, and daughters, Sallie and Laura.

Also, Chuck Parsons states "... the father of the outlaw Youngers was a brother of the Daltons." Steele states in his booklet that Adeline Younger Dalton, their mother, was sister to the Youngers' father, Henry. It is my belief through my own research that Adeline and Henry were half brother and sister.

Thanks for exposing your readers to a product of the on-going research into the Dalton and Younger families.—Marley Brant, Burbank, CA.

## More Cowboys

I just thought I'd write and tell you how much I enjoyed TRUE WEST issue No. 212, with Glenn Shirley's great articles on the "reel" western heroes. Being a western movie fan for many years, I was delighted to see this one especially devoted to some of the great cowboy stars of the past. I found the articles on Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, and Fred Thomson of particular interest as I have not read too much on them before. Career details and accounts of their movies have been hard to find until now. All of the articles made absorbing reading to me and I hope many more of your readers remember these "celluloid" stars with great fondness. Glenn Shirley shows in his writing how dedicated he is to the subject. I hope he will be encouraged to write more on other western stars in the near future. I would like to see stories on Ken Maynard, Tim McCoy, Bob Steele, Hoot Gibson, George O'Brien and other early cowboy heroes as well as their successors in the later 1930s. This was the golden decade for cowboy movies with so many different heroes vying for the public's attention. It was great to see

the story on the greatest cowboy star of them all, Buck Jones. I think the opening film Glenn recounts must be Buck's first serial released by Universal in 1933. He also made four more for Universal, namely *The Red Rider* (1934), *The Roaring West* (1935), *The Phantom Rider* (1936), *Riders of Death Valley* (1940). He followed this with one for Columbia, *White Eagle* (1941), topping Art Acord's output and surely making him the cowboy serial king. Buck also appeared in twenty-two Westerns for Universal from 1934 through 1937. I was surprised it wasn't mentioned in Glenn's article. However, I still found it great reading and I hope he does more. I pray you will let us have another special issue including them real soon.—Gerry Gardiner, Newtown Abbey, County Antrim, North Ireland.

## The Washita Massacre?

I am in agreement with my Sioux critic, James Outland ("Truly Western," June, 1986), in a desire that we may always live together in peace. His sincere comment touched me deeply. All I desire is that history be presented according to the known facts, and that I be quoted accurately.

I am sure I never said anything about Custer's last stand being a massacre. Indeed, I have always felt it to be the greatest show of skill at war ever shown by our native American brothers. The army was sent to do battle with the Indians, and the army got whipped, that's all.

I hope Mr. Outland is not confusing the Washita battle with the Chivington attack at Sand Creek, as many are wont to do. At Washita, Black Kettle only considered his people safe because he thought the weather too cold for soldiers to travel. At Sand Creek he felt safe because of his favorable relationship with Major Wynkoop.

I know of no evidence that indicates any great absence of warriors to defend at Washita, as was the case at Sand

Creek. Mah-wi-sah, Black Kettle's sister, even stated that the reason the soldiers were successful was that the braves were tired after returning late from raiding the white settlements. I think she certainly ought to have known.

Mr. Outland must know better than I that Indian people mention the names of the dead only reluctantly, considering it an evil omen. That only eleven names of dead warriors were cited does not necessarily mean the others killed were women, children, and old men. It only indicates that eleven men were actually remembered and named. This is an error being compounded to this day by writers who only copy from one another and do little independent research.

Major Elliott and his men fell to brave warriors resisting to the death an alien culture which was being forced upon them. Such is a soldier's fate when carrying out his duty. Both sides were doing their duty and I see no reason to imagine anything other than that.

But as to Washita being a massacre... that I can never accept. There is no evidence to suggest it, other than from present-day revisionism, and I am sure that if true, Captain Benteen, Custer's Seventh Cavalry critic, would have exposed it long before our time.—  
**Jack Steed, Sacramento, CA.**

### Portugee's Plot

I am enclosing a picture of the inscription on John 'Portugee' Phillips' headstone, which is in the Lake View Cemetery across the street from me here in Cheyenne.

All of the Phillips' plots are enclosed in a square. There is one headstone on two small graves; from the dates, these two were twins dying about five days apart.

Of course, you remember Portugee's famous ride two-hundred-thirty-six miles from Fort Phil Kearney to Fort Laramie, to summon aid for the garrison at Fort Phil Kearney. The ride was through Indian infested country in sub-zero weather and on Colonel Carrington's Thoroughbred. As you also probably know, the horse dropped dead in front of Old Bedlam in Fort Laramie.

"Portugee" Phillips offered to go on this dangerous mission upon one consideration, that he be allowed to choose his mount, the Colonel's Kentucky Thoroughbred. He was granted permission.

I am also enclosing a photograph of a buffalo hunter, Henry C. Dougherty's, inscription. He was born in Ausburgh, Pennsylvania, and died August 5, 1876. This headstone is also in Lake View Cemetery here in Cheyenne, as are many more interesting headstones.

There is also a headstone in the cemetery of a man and the information on it says, "Killed By Indians." I can't find just where it is located, but I am going to look some more.

There are headstones there from the 1860s on, I believe, as the Union Pacific Railroad came through Cheyenne in about 1866.

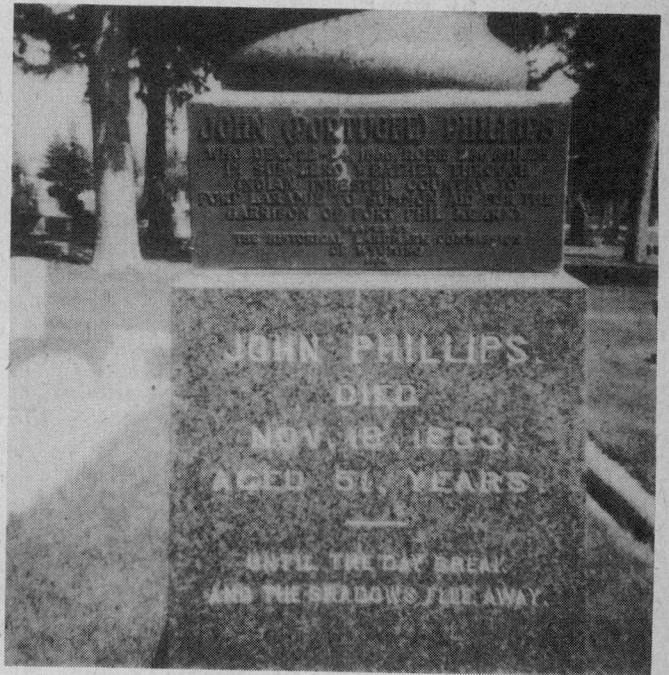
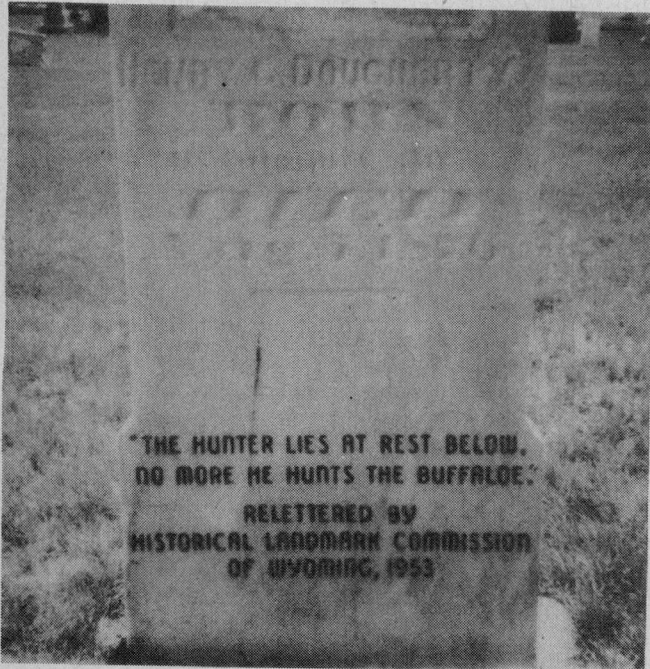
Anyway, there is quite a lot of history on the headstones in Lake View Cemetery.—**Eleanor Garrity, Cheyenne, WY.**

### Windy Wayne's Wild West

Relative to your recent review of *Forty Years on the Wild Frontier* by Carl Breihan, his informant, the late Wayne Montgomery, was an imposter and his alleged grandfather's diary bogus. Far from being a Tombstoner, Wayne Montgomery's grandfather was a farmer at Petersburg, Illinois, all of his adult life.

This was conclusively proven by the exhibits in my two libel suits against Montgomery and the *Tombstone Epitaph Journal*. The final exposure of Montgomery appeared in the August 1980 *Journal* as part of their insurance company's settlement with me.

I dubbed Montgomery's bogus diary: "Windy Wayne's Wonderful Wild West." I think that is also a fitting subtitle for *Forty Years*.—**Glenn G. Boyer, Bisbee, AZ.**



TRUE WEST reader Eleanor Garrity knew that Willie Nickell is buried in Lake View Cemetery, Cheyenne, Wyoming. She also sent photos of two other interesting graves in the cemetery.

## More on Tom Horn

I saw the note Chuck Parsons made regarding Tom Horn. He did not know where Willie Nickell was buried. He is buried in Cheyenne at the Lakeview Cemetery alongside of his parents. The last weekend of June the Wyoming State Historical Society toured the Miller Ranch where Willie was shot. I used to teach on a remote ranch three miles from there. I still teach in Tom Horn country. Old-time ranchers there talk in hushed tones of a dance where Willie's father was threatened by someone else. They won't say who, "Because there are people still living who might..." The school yard once belonged to the Two Bar, one of Tom Horn's employers. They used to have spring branding right there of 25,000 calves. At Lookout, six miles up the railroad, there used to be a shed for the wool from Two Bar sheep. (The Two Bar was one of the first ranches to diversify.) The shed was the size of the old auditorium at the University of Wyoming. Frank Bosler, whom the town I teach in is named after, wrote lots about entertaining Tom Horn in his memoirs. A ninety-year-old ranch woman remembers dancing with Tom Horn when she was three. He has to have been extremely charismatic, she's not the only young girl that remembers him.—Kit Collings, Laramie, WY.

### Jesse James and Mrs. Chunn

In the June TRUE WEST Mr. Douglas Chunn says my February article on Jesse James impostors contains "certain statements" that are incorrect. Speaking of J. Frank Dalton's 1948 imposture at Nashville as Jesse James, I say: "Dalton had vivid memories—or good advance briefing. Mrs. Beulah Chunn was convinced he had known her grandfather."

Perhaps I was led unduly by the September 24, 1948, Nashville *Banner*, whose story by J. Porter Clark was headlined "Fair Visitors 'Yea' and 'Nay' Identity of Bandit 'Jesse James.'" Only two fair visitors are mentioned by name, Byrd Douglas, who found Dalton could answer none of his questions correctly, and Mrs. Beulah Chunn, who found the opposite.

The lead-in rather places her in the Dalton camp: "And he has found scores of Nashvillians who say, 'That's the real Jesse James.'"

"Among those who believe the story of the elderly man are the people who have relatives who once knew Jesse, his brother Frank, or some other member of the James family.

"Mrs. Beulah Chunn of Franklin, Tennessee, Route 5 (Old Hisboro Road) talked with 'Jesse James' Wednesday."

The story then quotes virtually the same version given by Mr. Chunn in his letter, concluding: "Mrs. Chunn said 'James' appeared to be glad to see her. 'I knew "Stiff Neck" [Chunn] well, and we traded mules together here in Nashville when I was known as Mr. Howard. We were really great friends,' she quoted him as saying."

Thus by headline, lead-in, and position, Mrs. Chunn maybe was nudged closer to Dalton than was right. Like so many, she probably was not certain; otherwise she might have corrected the reporter in 1948. To her credit she signed no affidavit, though you can't blame those who did. Good advance research was done, such as in Nashville city directories. Real Jesse James memories were drilled into Dalton and potential supporting witnesses were sought out. Remember, James Russell Davis lived in Nashville to assist in this (he later claimed to be Cole Younger).

Certainly it was a mistake to call Mrs. Chunn a granddaughter of John E. Chunn, as she said to Dalton, it was only by marriage, and great-granddaughter at that.

John E. Chunn indeed met Jesse on the train; that anecdote surfaced in the press also.—Steve Eng, Nashville, TN.

### Catlin's Composition

I just read an article in your February TRUE WEST, "Catlin and the Apaches." I have a book, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians*, written by George Catlin and published in 1860. The book was written during eight years of travel among the wildest tribes of Indians in North America.

There are many reproductions of his paintings in this book—a few of them are in color.

The book is in fair condition after all these years. It belonged to my father-in-law, who was born in 1855.—Beatrice Eldred, Blanchard, OK.



True West

**BURIED TREASURE**

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

**CARL ANDERSON**  
BOX 2702708 TAMPA, FLORIDA 33688

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

**COWBOY STARS IN COLOR**

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

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

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

**INDIAN-ARTIFACT MAGAZINE**  
For Indian & Artifact Enthusiasts

Educational Articles & pictures about prehistoric Indian's artifacts, lifestyles, customs, etc. Easy reading.

1 yr - 4 issues - \$15.00  
Foreign \$19.00 — US Funds

Send payment to  
**Indian-Artifact Magazine**  
Dept. T  
RD 1 Box 240  
Turbotville PA 17772

Money back guarantee on unused copies  
Sample \$5.00

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

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

**H & H ENTERPRISES**  
Southwest Mail Order Specialists  
P.O. Box 582333-T  
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74158

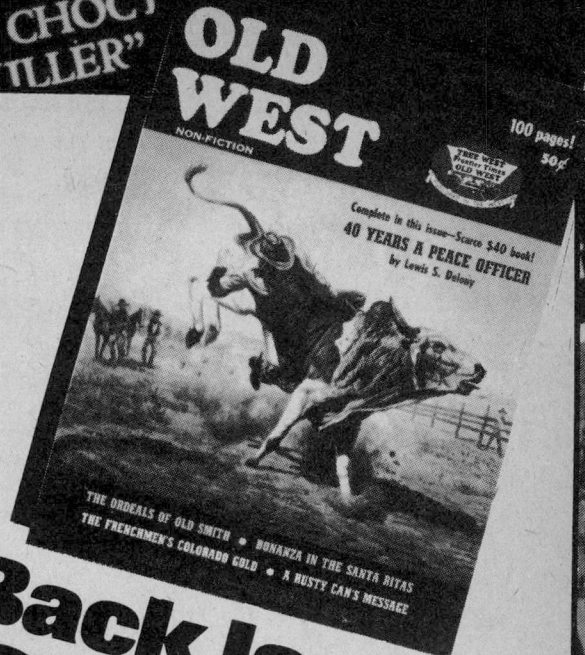
# OLD WEST

From out of the past, but never out of date! These issues are definitely collectors' items and a must for historians and researchers!

**ONLY  
\$19.95  
PER LOT!**

**GET ALL 48  
ISSUES FOR  
ONLY  
\$59.95**

**THAT'S  
LESS THAN  
\$1.25  
PER COPY!!**



## Back Issue SALE!

- ★ LOT #1 includes: Sum. 1971, Spr. 1972, Sum. 1972, Fall 1972, Win. 1972, Spr. 1973, Fall 1973, Win. 1973, Spr. 1974, Sum. 1974, Fall, 1974, Win. 1974
- ★ LOT #2 includes: Spr. 1975, Sum. 1975, Spr. 1976, Sum. 1976, Fall 1976, Win. 1976, Spr. 1977, Sum. 1977, Fall 1977, Win. 1977, Spr. 1978, Sum. 1978
- ★ LOT #3 includes: Spr. 1979, Sum. 1979, Fall 1979, Win. 1979, Spr. 1980, Sum. 1980, Fall 1980, Win. 1980, Spr. 1981, Sum. 1981, Fall 1981, Win. 1981
- ★ LOT #4 includes: Win. 1971, Sum. 1973, Fall 1975, Win. 1975, Fall 1978, Win. 1978, Spr. 1982, Sum. 1982, Fall 1982, Win. 1982, Sum. 1983, Sum. 1984

Send to: **OLD WEST Back Issues**



**P.O. Box 2107**



**Stillwater, OK 74076**

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

- Enclosed is my check or money order.  
 Charge to my:  VISA  MasterCharge

Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_  
Signature \_\_\_\_\_

TW986

	QUANTITY	TOTAL
SEND ME:	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #1 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #2 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #3 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #4 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> ALL 4 LOTS \$59.95	_____

**Add \$2 shipping per lot order; shipping is free for orders of 2-4.**

**Oklahoma residents, add 6.25% sales tax.**

**TOTAL** \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery. For foreign orders, including Canada and Mexico, please send us your order without payment. We will inform you of the shipping charges and will process your order after we have received payment. U.S. funds only.

**BACK ISSUES  
ONLY \$19.95  
PER LOT!**

Continuing-- "SIX HORSES  
... the West's first stage lines,  
... their passengers  
... the pass!"

A LADY GOES



# Western Roundup

Places to go and things to see in the West

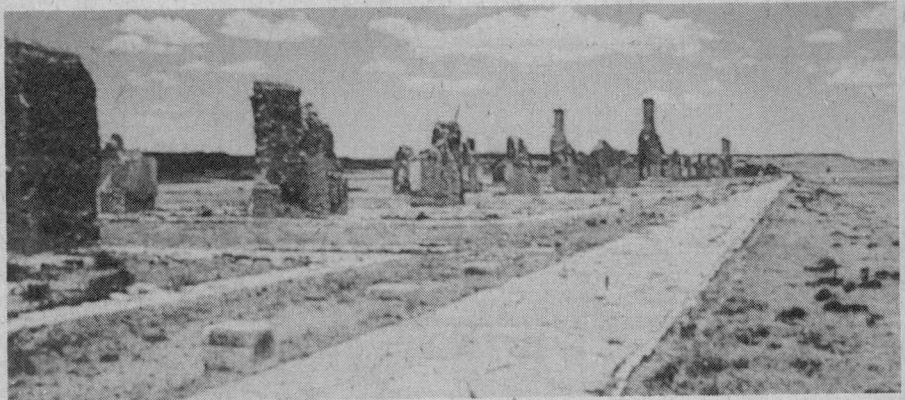
## FORT UNION PRESERVATION

When New Mexico became United States Territory after the Mexican War, the army established garrisons in towns scattered along the Rio Grande to protect the area's inhabitants against bands of marauding Indians. This arrangement proved unsatisfactory and in 1851 Lieutenant Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, commanding the Military Department of New Mexico, was ordered "to revise the whole system of defense" for the entire territory. Among his first acts was to break up the scattered garrisons and relocate them in posts closer to the Indians. He also moved his headquarters and supply depot from Santa Fe, "that sink of vice and extravagance," to a site near the Mountain and Cimarron Branches of the Santa Fe Trail, where he established Fort Union.

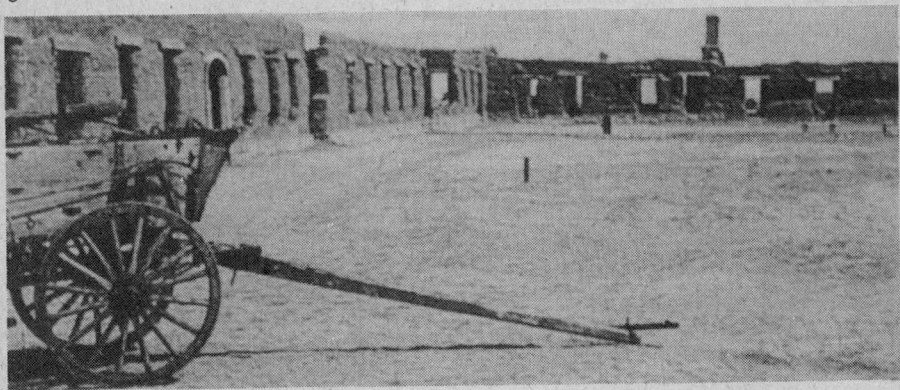
Three forts would finally be built in the valley. The first, begun in August 1851, served for a decade as the base for military operations in the area and as a key way station on the Santa Fe Trail. It also became the principal quartermaster depot of the Southwest.

When the Civil War erupted, Colonel Edward R.S. Canby anticipated an invasion of New Mexico and ordered construction of a second Fort Union. A star-shaped earthen fortification, it never saw the action for which it was designed. The Confederate invasion was turned back in March 1862 in the Battle of Glorietta Pass.

In 1863, with New Mexico securely in Federal hands, the new departmental commander began construction of the third Fort Union. The sprawling installation which took six years to complete was the most extensive in the territory. It included not only a military post but a separate quartermaster depot



The crumbling remains of the third Fort Union, which was built from 1863 to 1869, are being preserved by the National Park Service. They are open to the public, and self-guided tours are available.



with warehouses, corrals, shops, offices, and quarters. An ordnance depot at the western edge of the valley rounded out the complex.

The remains of the third Fort Union are being preserved as an outdoor museum by the National Park Service and are open to the public from 8:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. every day except Christmas and New Years. Self-guided tours and a visitor center are available. The fort's season is highlighted by an annual Founder's Days celebration featuring reenactments and demonstrations.

For more information on Fort Union contact Unit Manager Carol Kruse, Fort Union National Monument, Watrous, NM 87753, or call (505) 425-8025.

### Fred Harman Retrospective Exhibit

An exhibit of paintings by the late Fred Harman, one of the founders of the Cowboy Artists of America, who died in 1982, will be at the CAA museum in Kerrville, Texas, until October 12, 1986.

In addition to his fine easel painting, Harman was creator of two of the most

True West

famous symbols of the American West—"Red Ryder and Little Beaver"—a cartoon strip that ran for years in most major newspapers across the country and was published in book form many times.

Although Harman was born in Saint Joseph, Missouri, and lived throughout the United States as he pursued his career in commercial art, he always considered himself a westerner. When he was two years old, his parents took him to Colorado, and in his heart he never left it, although he lived from coast to coast.

His career was almost as exciting as the life of his creation, "Red Ryder." He started cartooning on the *Kansas City Star* after growing up on a Colorado ranch. At one time he teamed up with another young cartoonist—Walt Disney—in a venture that failed.

He and his wife, Lola, a musician, ranched, rode in rodeos, and struggled long and hard before making ends meet with the success of "Red Ryder." After the adventure strip was well established and steady income was assured, there followed years devoted to his superbly crafted paintings of Indians, stagecoaches, and ranch life.

Among the works to be exhibited will be several from the collections of F. Wesley Rufi, of Dallas, a long-time friend of Harman and a major collector of his work. Mr. Rufi was responsible for the first major exhibit of Harman's paintings

Maynard Brown of Phoenix, another major collector of Harman's work, also will loan paintings for the exhibit. In addition, Mr. Brown has donated a painting and an original "Red Ryder and Little Beaver" comic strip segment to the museum's permanent collection.

For more information contact the Cowboy Artists of America Museum, 1550 Bandera Highway, P. O. Box 1716, Kerrville, Texas 78029.

### Buffalo Bill Historical Center

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center hosts an exhibition titled, "The Drawings of Maynard Dixon: The Edith Hamlin Collection." The exhibition will be on display through September 21, 1986.

Maynard Dixon, who lived from 1875 to 1946, is among the finest artists of the American West. Born in Fresno, California, he worked in both the West and the East as a painter, illustrator, and muralist. Best known for his monumental images of Native Americans silhouetted against the western

landscape, Dixon was also an accomplished draftsman.

For Dixon, the West symbolized freedom, isolation, and vitality. Throughout his career, he remained true to the same values—working directly from nature, independent of artistic trends, honestly, and with integrity.

The exhibition was organized by Robert Flynn Johnson, Curator in Charge, Achenbach Foundation for Graphic Arts, The Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco, and Anna Novakov, Curatorial Fellow. It is drawn from the collection of the artist's widow, Edith Hamlin. It is on a two-year museum tour under the auspices of The Art Museum Association of America.

### Order of the Indian Wars National Assembly

The Order of the Indian Wars will hold its seventh annual national

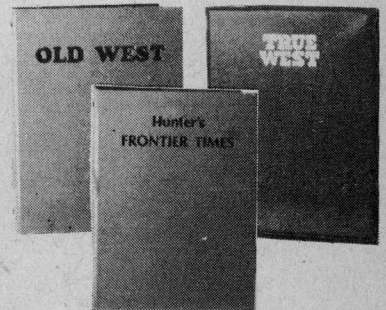
assembly in Tucson, Arizona, September 4-6. The meeting will be highlighted by an all-day tour of Cochise's stronghold and of Fort Bowie National Historic Site.

The assembly will coincide with events commemorating the 100th anniversary of the surrender of Geronimo. For more information on the meeting, contact OIW at P.O. Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

### Farming in Photographs

*The American Farm*, a photographic history of farming in the United States, continues in the Special Gallery of the Kansas Museum of History, 6425 S.W. Sixth, Topeka, through February 1, 1987. Reviewed as "one of the most movingly human shows ever seen," *The American Farm* presents a dramatic story of changing land use, changing life styles, and changing values—from self-

## WESTERN PUBLICATIONS MAGAZINE BINDERS



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

Please send me the following binders:

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

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

Send your order today to:

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

**PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY!**

TW986



**WESTERN RELICS  
& PHOTOS**

Send for our annual  
catalog... only \$5.50

**AVERY & SONS COLLECTIBLES**  
8307 Staton Drive  
San Antonio, Texas 78224

**Explore old town sites with  
PRECISE MAPS OF OLD WESTERN TOWNS**

Large prints of thousands of detailed fire insurance  
maps are available for \$2 a sheet from our stan-  
dard library 35mm microfilm. For ordering infor-  
mation on either the prints or the reels, write:

**VLAD SHKURKIN, PUBLISHER(415) 232-7742**  
6025 Rose Arbor, San Pablo, CA 94806



20 Acres (or more) starting at \$6950 with \$150.  
down, \$96.58/mo. Near Beautiful Yellowstone  
Park and National Forests. In the heart of trophy  
elk, deer, moose, antelope and turkey hunting.  
Blue ribbon trout streams. Guaranteed Access.  
INSURED TITLE AND WARRANTY DEED. Your  
Inspection Welcomed. FREE Color Brochure.  
Video Tapes Available.

**Call Today TOLL FREE: 1-800-252-5263**

**Yellowstone Basin Properties**

1119 N. 7th Ave., Dept. TW, P.O. Box 3027  
Bozeman, MT 59772-3027 • (406)587-5469

**ON THE  
MOVE?**



Before you hit the  
trail, be sure to tell  
us your new ad-  
dress. Please give  
us six to eight  
weeks to change  
your address. Just  
send us your old  
label along with  
your new address.  
Mail to:

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



"Planting Corn with a Hand Planter" is among the many photographs included in *The American Farm*. The Kansas Museum of History show depicts the history of American agriculture.

sufficient family farms in the nation's early years to present-day agri-businesses employing high technology and less than five percent of the country's population. At a time when the farm economy is in crisis throughout the nation, this exhibit offers a clear look at the stages through which American agriculture has passed and explores the reasons for that series of changes.

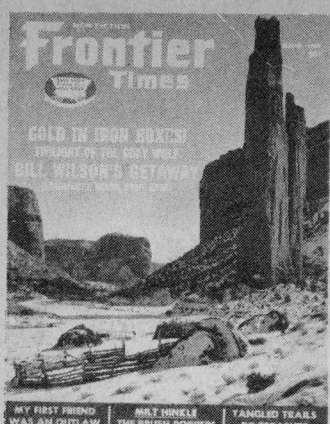
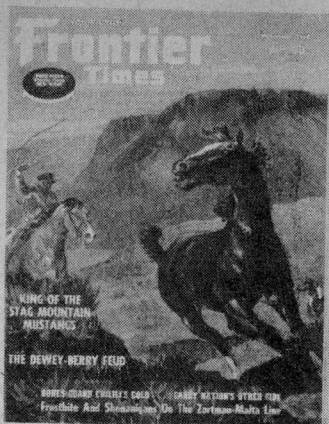
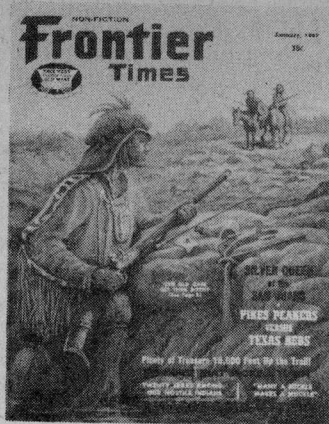
The original photographic exhibit was developed by Maisie and Richard Conrat in conjunction with the California

Historical Society. Kansas Museum of History staff have supplemented that traveling show with photographs of Kansas farms and with agricultural equipment from the museum collections.

The Kansas Museum of History, a department of the Kansas State Historical Society, is open Monday through Saturday from 9:00 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and Sunday from 12:30 to 4:30 p.m.



True West



**BACK ISSUES  
ONLY \$19.95  
PER LOT!**

# Frontier Times

From out of the past, but never out of date! These issues are definitely collectors' items and a must for historians and researchers!

**GET ALL  
5 LOTS!  
ONLY  
\$74.95  
THAT'S  
\$1.25  
A COPY!**

- \* LOT #1 includes: Nov. 1966, Jan. 1967, Sept. 1967, Nov. 1967, Jan. 1968, Mar. 1968, May 1968, July 1968, Sept. 1968, Nov. 1968, Jan. 1969, Mar. 1969
- \* LOT #2 includes: July 1969, Sept. 1969, Jan. 1970, May 1970, Sept. 1970, July 1971, Sept. 1971, Nov. 1971, Jan. 1972, Mar. 1972, May 1972, July 1972
- \* LOT #3 includes: Sept. 1972, Nov. 1972, Jan. 1973, Mar. 1973, May 1973, July 1973, Sept. 1973, Nov. 1973, Jan. 1974, Mar. 1974, May 1974, July 1974
- \* LOT #4 includes: Jan. 1975, Mar. 1975, May 1975, July 1975, Nov. 1975, Mar. 1976, May 1976, July 1976, Sept. 1976, Nov. 1976, Jan. 1977, Mar. 1977
- \* LOT #5 includes: May 1977, July 1977, Sept. 1977, Jan. 1978, Mar. 1978, Jan. 1979, Mar. 1979, July 1979, Sept. 1979, Nov. 1979, Jan. 1980, Mar. 1980

Send to: **TRUE WEST Back Issues**



**P. O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, OK 74076**



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

Enclosed is my check or money order.  
 Charge to my:  VISA  MasterCharge

Account # \_\_\_\_\_  
 Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_

TW986

	QUANTITY	TOTAL
SEND ME:	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #1 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #2 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #3 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #4 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> LOT #5 \$19.95	_____
	<input type="checkbox"/> ALL 5 LOTS \$74.95	_____
	<b>Add \$2 shipping per lot for orders of 1-4 lots; shipping is free for 5 or more.</b>	_____
	<b>Oklahoma residents, add 6.25% sales tax.</b>	_____
	<b>TOTAL</b>	_____

Please allow 3-5 weeks for delivery. For foreign orders of less than 5 lots, including to Canada and Mexico, please send us your order without payment. We will inform you of the shipping charges and will process your order after we have received payment. U.S. funds only.

## LOST VALLEY RA

Allison Curtis Moore was a relatively obscure Texas Ranger who may have participated in the Lost Valley fight. Moore's grandson, Wayne Richison, 2700 Jefferson Court, Muskogee, OK 74403, wrote to ask for information on him.

A.C. Moore enlisted at Lost Valley, Texas, in G.W. Stephens' Company B. of the Frontier Battalion. His official record shows he served from May 16, 1874, to August 31, 1876. Thus, it is possible that Moore was at the Lost Valley fight on July 12-13, 1874. Under the command of Major John B. Jones, some twenty-seven rangers battled approximately 100 Comanche and Kiowa warriors led by Lone Wolf. Rangers D.W.H. Bailey and W.A. Glass were killed; two others were wounded.

**Siringo.** "Please let me know where Charles Siringo died and where he is buried?" That request comes from John W. Briggs, 8637 W. Karen Lane, Gurnee, IL 60031. Siringo, the cowboy author, was born February 7, 1855, in Matagordo County, Texas. He is buried in Hollywood, California, where he died on October 8, 1928.

**Alias Long?** For some time now, Andrew Jackson "Jack" Longstreet has been the subject of research by Dr. Sally S. Zanjani, 3516 Arbor Lake, Minnetonka, MN 55343. She has tracked him successfully from Arizona in the 1880s to his death in Nevada in 1928. Suggesting that he may have used the alias of "Long," Zanjani asks about his earlier years.

A Jack Long was wanted in Jack County, Texas, for a murder committed on November 13, 1877. The governor offered a \$250 reward. I have not been able to verify it fully, but John Long may have been Longstreet.

**Underground Railroader.** "Can you provide me any information or tell me where I might find information on a

By CHUCK PARSONS



Texas Ranger Allison Curtis Moore in later years.

Reverend Stewart?" asks James E. Baker, Route 2 Paris Road, Box 168, Louisiana, MO 63353.

Stewart was known as "Captain" before going to Kansas to free slaves and move them on to freedom. He had been a Methodist minister, having preached at Salem, New Hampshire, for some years. In 1859-60, just before the outbreak of the Civil War, he lived outside of Lawrence, Kansas. His home became a well-known rendezvous for Free Staters and slaves escaping from Missouri.

Stewart earned the nickname of "The Fighting Preacher." He was active with John Brown and Colonel James Montgomery during the troubles prior to the Harper's Ferry raid. He made many raids into Missouri to bring back slaves and send them on to freedom via the Underground Railroad. The guerilla

Quantrill unsuccessfully attempted to betray him for the rewards.

**A Hard'n on Hardin.** Some years back when I first began the Answer Man, I received a question on "Gus Hardin" from Dave Johnson, 6918 Hoover Road, Indianapolis, IN 46260. Since the Hardin name has been of prime interest to me for quite a few years, I was disappointed that I had nothing on Gus. Finally, however, I have some information to share with TRUE WEST readers.

In *The Register of Felonies Committed in Texas, 1866-1868*, I found a Gus Harden who is likely the same man. He was charged with assault with intent to kill one James Sanford. Harden was white, Sanford black. The assault was alleged to have occurred in Smith County on August 31, 1868. No indication of the circumstances or the outcome of the charge is given.

**The Wolfman and the President.** "In April, President Theodore Roosevelt was a guest of a wolf hunt at a place called the Big Pasture. . . . The story goes that J.R. Abernathy was a cowboy-wolf hunter who caught wolves with his bare hands. Do you have any information on Abernathy?" So writes Julia A. Wright, 11007 Hunters Point, Fort Smith, AR 72903.

Abernathy was, indeed, a cowboy who had learned to catch wolves with his bare hands. In the early 1900s, Republican National Committeeman Cecil A. Lyon, a close friend and hunting partner of Roosevelt, had seen Abernathy perform the stunt at a fair near Denison, Texas. Lyon told Roosevelt of Abernathy, and the president asked for a demonstration. He was given one on April 5, 1905, at Big Pasture.

When Abernathy caught the wolf, Roosevelt exclaimed, "Bully!" But he was unable to convince his friends in Washington, D.C., that the trick actual-

True West

# NGER

ly could be performed. So Roosevelt arranged for cameraman J.B. Kent to photograph Abernathy catching a wolf. With the assistance of famed lawman Billy Tilghman and Comanche chief Quanah Parker, the film was made and shown at the White House—all to prove the president of the United States was not a liar!

**Logan aka Curry.** Controversy surrounds the demise of Harvey Logan, alias Kid Curry, a member of the Butch Cassidy Wild Bunch. Did he commit suicide after a Parachute, Colorado, train robbery in 1904, or did he rejoin Butch in South America to be killed in 1910 by two companions named Evans and Wilson? That question comes from Kim Kevin Callahan, 523 Poplar Street, Vermillion, SD 57069.

On June 7, 1904, three men held up the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad at Parachute. The robbery failed, and two days later they were cornered by a posse. After a gun battle and a long vigil, the posse found the body of a man who had committed suicide.

Initially the remains were identified as those of Tap Duncan. But Pinkerton agent Lowell Spence examined the body thoroughly. Using photographs and Bertillon charts, the Pinkerton Detective Agency was convinced the dead man was Harvey Logan. Spence believed that Logan, "the most dangerous man in the West, had taken his own life in that gully because he could not face the possibility of being sent to prison."



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

September 1986

# Look what we found!

Rare issues of

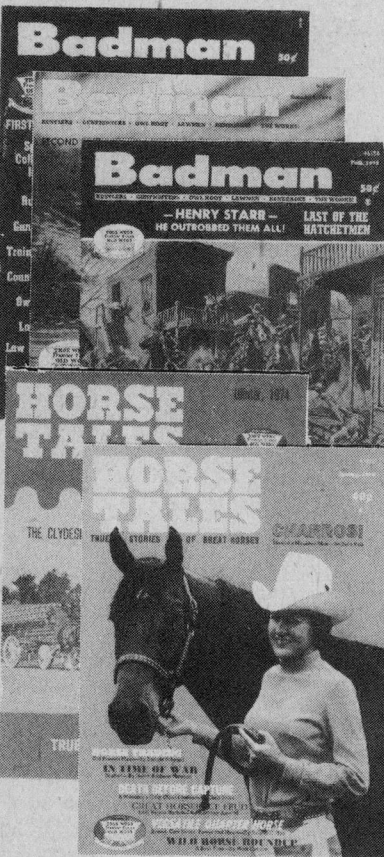
## Badman

# HORSE TALES

Exciting western reading from out of the past!

\$5<sup>00</sup> ea.

or 3/\$11<sup>95</sup>  
all 5/\$17<sup>95</sup>



**Badman** Vol. 1, #1 (Annual 1971): Wild Bill Hickok.. Wild Bunch.. Bill Miner.. John Allman.. Charley McDaniels.. Dallas Stoudenmire.. + more! Articles by Walter Prescott Webb.. Walt Coburn.. Nell Murbarger.. Ray W. Stevens, Jr.. others!

**Badman** Vol. 1, #2 (Summer 1971): John Ringo.. Bob Ford.. Belle Starr.. Billy the Kid.. Bill Longley.. Apache Kid.. Sam Bass.. + more! Stories by Glenn Shirley.. William Hopson.. Bob & Jan Young.. A.M. Hartung.. others!

**Badman** Vol. 2, #1 (Fall 1972): Daltons.. Henry Starr.. Hole-in-the-Wall Gang.. Rose of Cimarron.. Jim Pike.. + more! Stories by Ross Phares.. B.D. Titsworth.. Glenn Shirley.. Chuck Martin.. others!

**HORSE TALES** Vol. 1, #3 (Spring 1974): "Sox".. "Santiago".. "Poison Spider".. Charros.. Quarter Horses.. Wild Horses.. Horse Trading.. Cavalry Horses.. + more! Stories by Walt Coburn.. Chris Boles.. Zero Vail.. Jack Smilie.. others!

**HORSE TALES** Vol. 1, #4 (Winter 1974): "Blue".. "Little Dan".. "Wilma".. "Red Dog".. "Lady Wonder".. Clydesdales.. Arabians.. + more! Stories by Harry Chrisman.. Paul Brock.. Zero Vail.. Helen Addison Howard.. others!

Send to: **WESTERN PUBLICATIONS**

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

Send me:

- Badman** Vol. 1, #1
- Badman** Vol. 1, #2
- Badman** Vol. 2, #1
- HORSE TALES** Vol. 1, #3
- HORSE TALES** Vol. 1, #4
- ALL FIVE ISSUES

One for \$5.00

Three for \$11.95

All five for only \$17.95

Amount enclosed

(check or money order):

\$ \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

For faster service, call 405-743-3370 and charge it to MasterCard or VISA.

Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax. On foreign orders, including to Canada and Mexico, add \$2.50 shipping.

TW986

# That Remarkable Horse Thief Pike

By GLENN SHIRLEY

There was no man like George W. Pike, "the wildest of the wayward West"—so reads the inscription on his gravestone in the Douglas, Wyoming, cemetery. Of his early life little is known, except that he was born in Iowa and left home at age thirteen on his father's orders: "Make your own way, son; you're now a man." The next several years he roamed Texas, finally drifting north with the long cattle drives. When he stepped off the stage at Antelope, Wyoming Territory, in late autumn of 1884, he was about thirty years old and had acquired the background for more than a decade of exploits that made him a unique—if not the most remarkable—character in the history of the Platte Valley country.

Pike's appearance attracted no special attention. He was a red-headed, pleasant man, of medium weight and build, and dark complexioned. But he handled a six-shooter or lariat with equal dexterity, techniques learned no doubt during his Texas days. His trick of shooting the buttons off a man's vest from the length of a barroom soon gained him a wide circle of friends.

Antelope consisted of a single street of frame buildings and tents, with small shacks behind for residences. One ramshackle structure bore the hand-lettered sign of Charles Maurer's LAW OFFICE; another housed Bill Barlow's *Budget*, a frontier newspaper that advertised its subscription rate at "\$3 per plunk or 100 years for \$300." The *Budget* was "printed on prickly pear papyrus." Across the street, Bert Wagner's mercantile establishment shared a tent with C. F. Clay's grocery. Next door were A. R. Merritt's drug store and Peavy and Ralston's hardware.

THE TOWN had sprung up several miles below Fort Fetterman, on the Platte River, as a point for supplies hauled overland from Rock Creek on the Union Pacific railroad, 150 miles to the south. Freighters loaded 6,000 pounds to the wagon and plied their trade over the famous old rocky trail through hills and mountains to Forty Mile station on Spring Creek, thence to Slaymaker's stage station on the La Bonte, and down through Spring Canyon to Antelope. The town boasted

Photos Courtesy of the Author



Antelope, Wyoming Territory, as it appeared at the time of George W. Pike's arrival.

The lawyer rose to address the jury. "Gentlemen," he began, "it is rather an interesting position in which I find myself today. I am here to defend Will Reid for stealing a horse from George Pike."

He paused at the ripple of merriment, then added: "Now, gentlemen, Pike is a horse thief himself. I know because I defended him for ten years!"

fewer than 300 inhabitants, but its life was wild and most entertaining.

Pike took up residence in a small shack on the outskirts and picked up a few dollars from time to time by gambling. Then he began a series of fantastic pranks and thievery that kept the public laughing too much to consider the grim consequence of putting his neck into a noose.

In a half-board, half-canvas structure near Pike lived a bachelor named Will Reid. One evening, Reid started a fire in his stove, put his supper on to cook and, while it was simmering, went to Clay's grocery for some potatoes. Pike had no stove in his shack, taking his meals wherever possible.

Reid was gone about ten minutes. Upon reentering his shanty, he stopped cold in his tracks, gaping in utter disbelief. Only the stovepipe hole in the canvas showed where his stove had been, and his pans were piled on the table still warm and empty!

Reid rushed outside to search for the unscrupulous rascal who had pulled such a trick. His eyes fell upon

a smoking stovepipe sticking through Pike's roof. He hurried down the street to the shack.

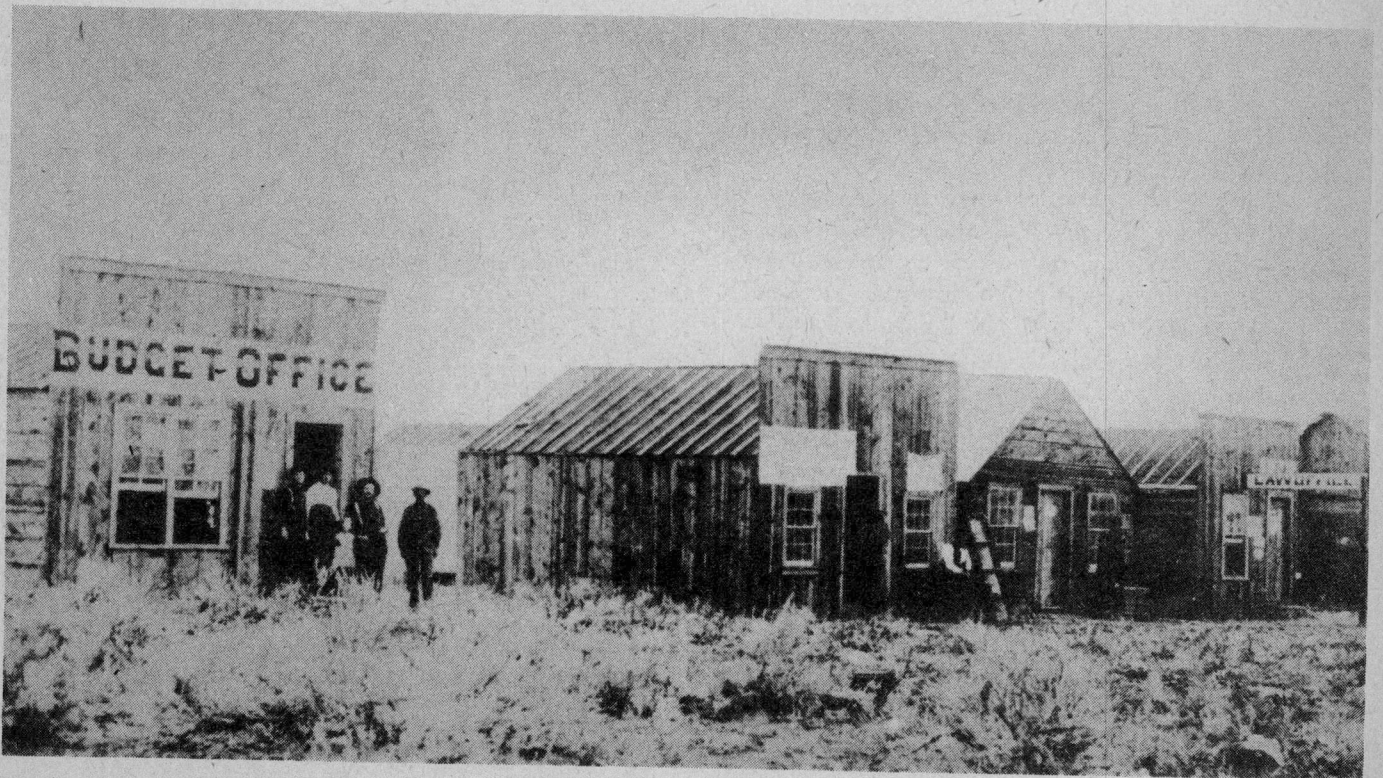
The genial Pike met him at the door. "Howdy, Will, how's everything?" he inquired.

Reid shoved past him into the room and spied his stove in the corner, a fire burning merrily inside, and his supper bubbling in Pike's stewpans. But now three bricks supported one corner of the stove and one hole on its top was covered with a pie tin.

"PIKE, YOU can't get away with this," Reid thundered. "That's my stove, and I'm gong to take it!"

"Why, Will," Pike replied, in a hurt voice, "of course you could have this stove if it was yours. But can you describe your stove? Didn't your stove have four legs? This one hasn't. Didn't yours have all four lids on top? As you can see, this one has only three."

Reid blustered. The story of Pike's outlandish caper swept the countryside and set folks to laughing. According to Malcolm Campbell, an old time sheriff of



Antelope was destined never to amount to much more than a collection of ramshackle buildings and tents.



Malcolm Campbell, an old-time sheriff in the Douglas region, remembered Pike and his exploits well.

the region, Reid tried desperately to prove ownership of the stove, but could not; he was left in a "ridiculous light" and Pike in "gleeful possession."

Wyoming Territory, generally cattle country with big ranches through the 1870s, was showing signs of progress. It had been necessary to drive the large herds to the Northern Pacific railroad in Montana or the Union Pacific to the south. Then, in January of 1885, Congress authorized the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley railroad to build track to a point on the Platte River in Converse County, and central Wyoming ranchers were assured of closer shipping points.

One of the biggest outfits was operated by Judge Joseph Maull Carey (former territorial attorney general, judge of the supreme court, and now territorial delegate to Congress) and his son Robert Davis Carey. Both men would serve as Wyoming governor and U. S. senator after statehood. The ranch headquarters was on Deer Creek near present Glenrock, but the Carey CY brand ranged far into Natrona County. When the railroad pushed westward in 1885, Judge Carey foresaw the makings of a sizeable settlement and staked out the corner of his cow pasture for the townsite of Casper. One hundred persons had settled

there by June. Casper's population numbered several hundred by statehood in 1890, and it would serve as terminus of the branch line until 1905, when the line was extended to Lander.

Meanwhile, officials of the railroad and its subsidiary, the Pioneer Townsite Company, had plans of their own. They chose points on the right-of-way where they could control the price and sale of lots. As the railroad worked its way up the Platte, the Pioneer company laid out the town of Douglas half a mile south of Antelope. Antelope dismantled and became absorbed in the new location. Within sixty days the population of Douglas reached 2,500. Most of those who came found honest employment; others drifted in and out, seeking economic advantages; and not a few of the characters who settled in the new frontier community belonged to the outlaw element. More than a score of saloons did a thriving business during the town's first year of existence.

George Pike moved to Douglas and opened a small restaurant. But he could not resist the sound of shuffling cards or the clatter of poker chips, which caused him to associate with the sporting class and saloonkeepers. A hopeless addict, he once rode 175

Douglas, Wyoming Territory, at one week old. When Antelope



True West

miles to play a game of poker in which he lost everything he had, including his restaurant. Despite his wild streak, there was a strange fairness about him. It is a matter of record that, with a careless pressure of his boot upon a foot or a suggestive nudge, he prevented many young greenhorns from being duped by shellmen and shysters.

One time his sense of fair play rebounded. He had been allowed to run the faro wheel in Abe Daniel's saloon. When a patron lost \$1,500, Pike told the loser: "Just to show you I'm a good sport, I'll knock off half and call your loss \$750."

"I appreciate it, George," the loser replied, "and just to show you that I'm as good a sport as you are, I'll knock off the other half and call you square."

"ONE NIGHT Pike discovered he had been cheated at a poker table in George Smith's saloon. He strode out of the place, scrounged up some grubby rags and an old cap which he pulled low over his eyes. Then he returned to hold up the game for \$500. As he dashed out the front door, he tossed the bag of money up into the wrinkle of the awning. A few minutes later, Pike re-entered the saloon, dressed in his own good clothes,

smiling, and offered his sympathy to the victim, who always believed he had lost his crooked winnings to a hobo-thief.

Pike apparently retrieved the bag of money from the awning afterward, for at about that time he married a local girl he had been courting and went into partnership with a rancher named Curt Sears. Their small outfit was in the rolling, grassy hills on Duck Creek, forty miles north of Douglas.

Pike's marriage was successful. He had one daughter, Rose, who married a man named Myrick, lived for a time in Evergreen, Colorado, and died at Denver in 1950. His ranching also was successful. His failing was the method by which he added to his horse and cattle herds. Soon after settling with his bride on Duck Creek, he began his remarkable career in stock thievery which extended over the next fifteen years.

Pike usually escaped justice by means of an alibi. Once he attempted to steal a horse, was caught redhanded, let the animal go, and escaped. The evidence was utterly against him, but by the time the case came to trial he had rounded up an old Mexican friend who testified that on the morning in question Pike had been eating breakfast with him on Pine

population moved to the new boomtown, Pike went with them.





Fred Harvey, prominent Wyoming attorney, defended Pike for ten years.

Ridge, miles away. Pike was acquitted.

Afterwards, Sears asked him confidentially: "George, did you really have breakfast with that Mexican?"

Pike grinned. "Sure did. But it was a year ago. I just got him to believing he had his dates mixed." The story made the rounds of the Douglas saloons and was added to the Pike legend.

The "stray" cattle Pike picked up were kept in the same pasture with his horses. He was fond of the children in the neighborhood, and they loved him. One nine-year-old lad who rode over for a visit noticed more than a dozen calves in the pasture but only one cow.

"Mr. Pike," he asked, "how come that old cow has so many calves?"

Pike laughed loudly. "Why," he said, pointing toward the horse herd in the distance, "she gets a lot of help from that old mare over there."

Pike's open western humor delighted his neighbors. Many even spoke of his Robin Hood generosity, citing the time he stole a horse from a poor German farmer named Niedeauer. Unable to obtain satisfaction from the authorities, Niedeauer complained to Pike directly: "You shouldn't have taken mine horse, Herr George. I got no money for to buy annuder."

Touched by the unhappy man's plight, Pike said: "Forget about that nag of yours. I have lots of horses.

Any time you need a horse, you go out to my pasture and pick out one." Then, chuckling, he added: "Tell 'em I sent you."

During the next several years Pike was in court so often that he arranged to pay a lawyer a retainer fee on an annual basis. His counsel was Fred Harvey, a jovial, witty man, dignified and courtly, with a vast knowledge of law and well on his way to a reputation for swaying more juries by eloquent oratory than any other attorney in Wyoming history.

Harvey had arrived at Antelope about the same time as Pike to join his Iowa Law School classmate, Charles Maurer, who had preceded him west. Harvey's early court cases included everything from lot disputes in the new townsite of Douglas to livestock thievery and disorderly conduct of cowhands under the influence of Forty Rod Bug Juice. In 1892, he became involved in Wyoming's great "rustler war," culminating in the invasion of Johnson County by big cattlemen with a bevy of hand-picked Texas gunmen. The invasion proved a disaster, and the invaders were brought to trial for murdering two cowhands, Nick Ray and Nate Champion.

WHEN A man named John Morton had Pike arrested for stealing a fine horse and saddle, Harvey maintained in court that the saddle's being found on Pike's premises did not mean a thing. The horse was not recovered, and Pike declared someone had put the saddle there to get even with him. Under the skillful pleading of Fred Harvey, the jury set Pike free.

One day Bob Carey rode into Douglas in a rage and hunting for Pike. Carey found him in Abe Daniel's saloon.

"George," he thundered, "you've been stealing CY stock and we know it! I've given my men strict orders to be on the lookout for you and, if they ever see you inside CY fences again, to shoot to kill. Now take my advice, George, and keep away from there."

Pike reflected for a minute, then looked up and smiled. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Bob. You give me a twenty dollar bill and I'll forget the whole matter." It is not known that Carey ever gave Pike the twenty dollars: But the rustler's unbelievable audacity when cornered by one of Wyoming's wealthiest ranchers was the talk of the territory.

Finally, Pike met his Waterloo. After being so successful for years, he decided that he no longer needed Fred Harvey and dismissed him. Less than two months later, on April 17, 1899, he galloped into Douglas, wild-eyed and fuming.

Will Reid, the man who had lost his stove and supper at Antelope some years before, had stolen a horse from his pasture. That wicked and dishonorable deed, Pike told the prosecuting attorney, he would not stand for! He swore out a warrant for Reid's arrest.

The news that anybody had stolen a horse from the master horse thief himself was too amazing to be true. But true it was. A tide of laughter swept up and down the Platte Valley.

Reid produced a bill of sale for the horse, stating he had bought the animal from a Mormon emigrant who was passing through. The prosecuting attorney took one look at the paper and knew it to be a forgery. Reid was arraigned and held for trial in the next term of district court.

Reid solicited the services of Charles Maurer. Maurer declined, saying "You haven't a chance with that fake bill of sale, Will. Your only hope is to get Fred Harvey to plead for you before the jury." Reid offered Harvey \$50, all the money he had, to defend him. Harvey accepted.

Meanwhile, Douglas and Platte Valley residents remained hilariously amused. Most looked upon Will Reid as a fool. Others were not so sure. An angry but confident George Pike made bets in all the saloons that Reid would be convicted. He promised to buy drinks for the entire local gentry if Reid should go free.

The date set for the trial arrived. Hitch rails in Douglas had no room for one more saddle horse, buggy, or hack. It seemed the moment the courtroom opened, everyone in the county tried to get in and vied for positions in the doors and windows.

From the outset the proceedings favored George Pike. He identified his horse. One witness told how he had tracked Reid leading the animal away. The bill of sale was shown to be false. The prosecution rested its case. Fred Harvey offered nothing in defense. Pike smiled triumphantly, prepared to start collecting his bets.

Then the lawyer he had discharged rose to address the jury. "Gentlemen," he began, "it is rather an interesting position in which I find myself today. I am here to defend Will Reid for stealing a horse from George Pike."

HE PAUSED at the ripple of merriment, then added: "Now, gentlemen, Pike is a horse thief himself. I know because I defended him for ten years!"

The crowd burst into laughter. Even the judge and jury were unable to contain themselves at the unusual pleading. For fifteen minutes, the jocular Harvey continued his sallies. "Once Pike told me that if he ever had a horse in his pasture that he had come by honestly, he would shoot it so it would not contaminate the rest." There was such uproar in the courtroom that the judge had difficulty gaveling for silence.

Then Harvey delivered his closing remark: "Gentlemen of the jury, might I ask how in the name of justice you can conscientiously convict the defendant, Will Reid, of stealing a horse from George Pike, when you know perfectly well that Pike stole the horse first?"

The jury, wiping tears of helpless laughter, rose to its feet and rendered a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box.

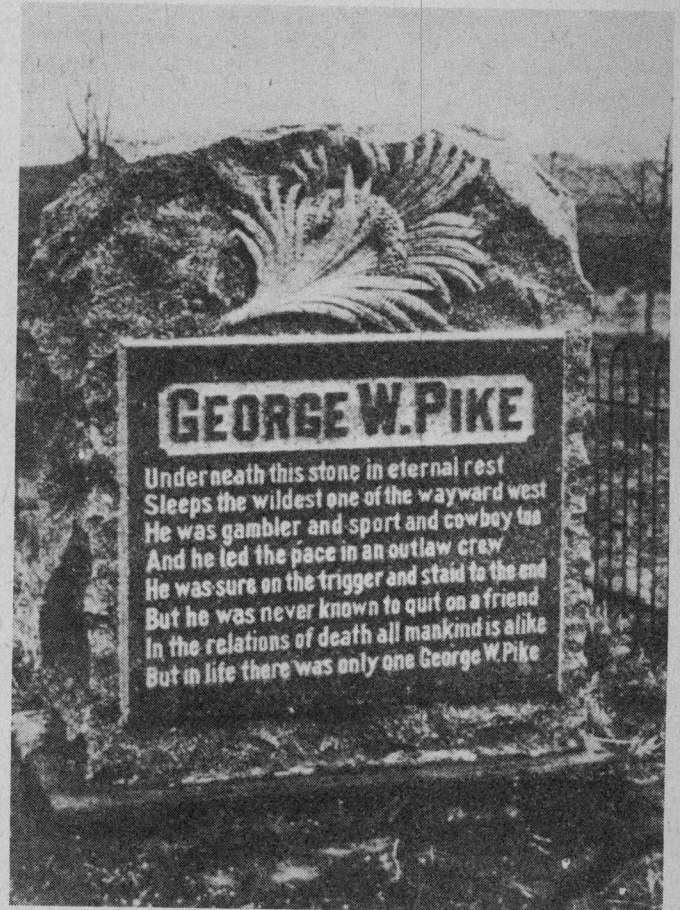
The following week, George Pike was too busy paying debts and passing out drinks to feel crestfallen or listen to friends complain about the injustice that had been done him. He took his defeat to heart, and sent

a message to law enforcement officers up and down the Platte: "I've quit. From now on, you can look for somebody else."

Pike disposed of his Duck Creek partnership and offered his services as a cowhand. He had no difficulty getting work. As some outfits theorized, they were better off hiring him and adding a few more head to their herds than leaving him free to rustle from them. However, there is no record that he ever stole again.

Pike died in the spring of 1908 and was buried in the cemetery on the hill east of Douglas. Lee Moore, owner of the Ogalalla ranch where George was employed the last years of his life, Fred Harvey, and others passed the hat to pay for a marker. That summer a Silver Plume monument was delivered by the Denver Marble and Granite Company, inscribed with this fitting epitaph:

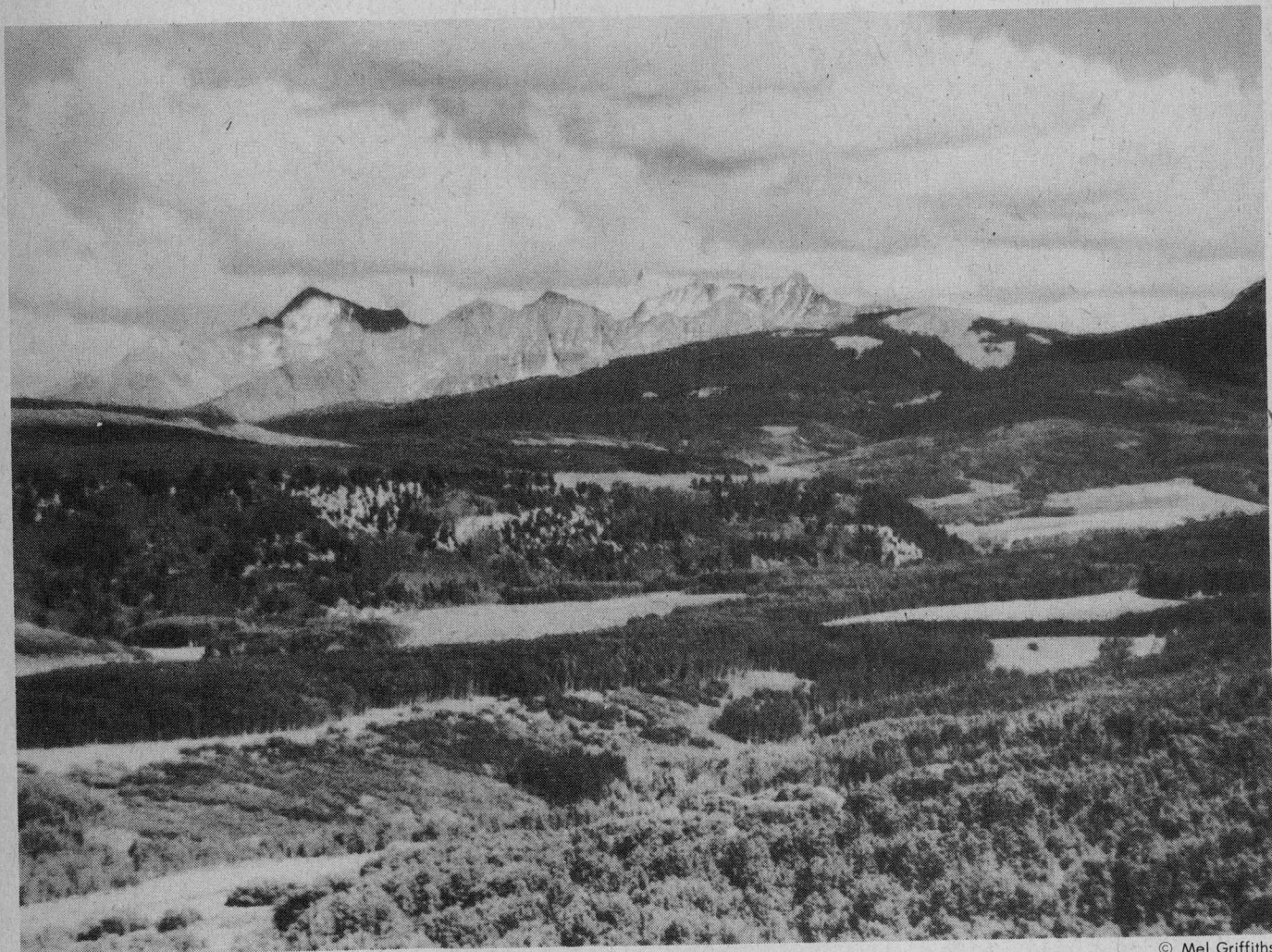
Underneath this stone in eternal rest  
Sleeps the wildest one of the wayward West  
He was a gambler and sport and cowboy too  
And he led the pace in an outlaw crew  
He was sure on the trigger and staid to the end  
But he never was known to quit on a friend  
In the relations of death all mankind is alike  
But in life there was only one George W. Pike.



A Silver Plume monument marks Pike's grave in the cemetery at Douglas, Wyoming.

# West Slope Bears

By MEL GRIFFITHS



© Mel Griffiths

The San Miguel Range in the background lies southeast of this park and forest grazing land typical of Colorado's Western Slope.

**I**n southwestern Colorado, where the flanks of the San Juans slide westward onto the pinyon-clothed mesas of the Colorado Plateau, astride the Utah border, lies some of America's most productive ranch land. It was thus in the 1870s, and it is thus today, despite adjustments which the years have brought in stocking levels, ratios of cattle to sheep, and periodic changes in carrying capacities.

Where cattle and sheep do well, deer, elk, and mountain sheep also thrive, to say nothing of small game, mountain lions, bobcats, and bears. Here we are speaking of black bears (*Ursus americanus*); grizzlies were

eliminated from the area many years ago, although tales of one occasionally surface.

Ah, bears! I'm thinking of Joe Woods. He wasn't much on the king's English, and he looked like a strip of burnt rawhide, but Joe had seen his share of bears. A man can't work for one big cow outfit after another all his life without running into a few bears.

Joe is dead, now. I knew him when he was working for Al Henderson on the summer range of the Turkey Track. I remember creeping one day into the line cabin at Otter Park to escape a summer rainstorm galloping down East Pass. I was so wet when Joe invited

True West

me in that I had to take off my clothes at the door and spend the rest of the evening in a blanket, hugging the stove while the storm beat down and my clothes dried by the chimney.

I believe it was my mention of seeing a bear wallow up near the head of the park that startled Joe. While the wind growled through spruce branches outside, Joe rolled a Wheat Straw cigarette, threw a couple of aspen chunks in the stove, and sat for a while staring at his feet. No trace of guile clouded his piercing blue eyes. "Seems you were saying something about a bear wallow up at the head of the park," he began. "That reminds me of an airedale Al sent up several years ago. Al picked up this dog somewhere down on the Disappointment. It seems the pup's papa had been somebody's prize bear dog, and Al aimed to make the same out of the pup. Al wants me to keep him on the summer range, till fall, so he'll have a chance to smell a bear or two.

"THE PUP'S all feet. The first time I saw him he reminded me of a four-legged prizefighter with boxing gloves on all four feet. But he's got a good-natured wiggle to his sprig of a tail, and I figure I can stand him even if he ain't no cow dog.

"Well, the pup follows me around every day. He'd trail along behind, makin' side trips, so's he'd cover about five miles to every one I rode.

"One day, on the east side of the park, we ran into a fresh bear wallow. Smelled like a pig sty. The old critters had bedded down in a skunk cabbage patch and tore up the ground for about thirty feet all 'round. I got down off the horse, who was pretty skittish by now, and called the pup. He wasn't no place in sight, but after a while he came gallopin' out of the spruces. The pup was great for sniffin' along the ground without lookin' where he was goin', so he ran smack into the wallow before he knew what it was. He nosed along the edge and then backed off and looked at it sort of surprised like. From the way he growled and bristled up and backed off I couldn't tell for sure, but it seemed like he wasn't much for the idea of bear. He acted a little bit scared.

"About a week later, I was patchin' up the drift fence. We was up in the timber on the west side, where it's so thick you couldn't see an elephant ten feet away.



The author's original account of his encounter with Joe Woods appeared in the January 1940 *Western Sportsman*. It was illustrated with drawings by Herndon Davis.

'Long about noon I decide I'll knock off a while, build me a fire, and, as the Aussies say, 'Boil the billy.' Some coffee would go good. When I start to build the fire, the pup went snoopin' off along the drift fence.

"The wood was a little wet and I took some time gettin' it goin'. Just when the fire is blazin' up good, I hear the pup let out a bellow, and before I can turn 'round and see what's goin' on, he comes yelpin' down the drift fence and jumps square in the middle of me. I go sprawlin' right on my face in the fire, and before I can get him off me, it looks like I'm goin' to be roasted alive. God-a-mighty, I got some nasty burns out of that. The pup's shakin' all this time and tryin' to get in the fire with me.

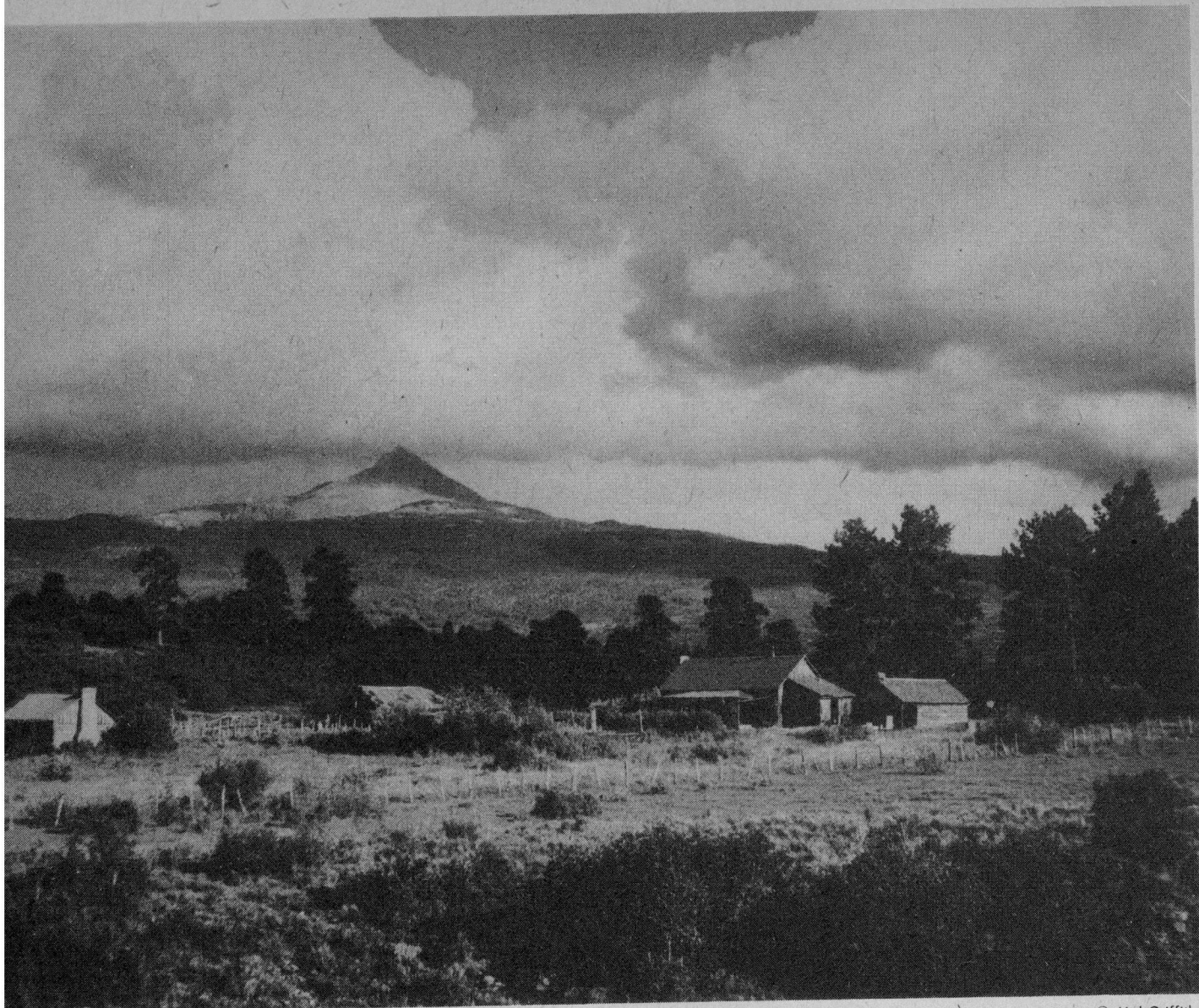
"I come up cussin' and aim a kick at the pup, but he's so anxious to get close to me, I don't connect. Just then I hear something woof-woofin' up in the timber, like a flock of hogs runnin' for the feed trough.

"It was a bear all right. The pup had gone snoopin' up along the drift fence and run smack into Mr. Bear, before either had seen the other. I guess the bear was scared as bad as the pup. This sort of made it plain to me that Al's pup wasn't goin' to be no bear dog. After that I took to lookin' where the pup was before I got near a fire.

"That reminds me of the time Bob Gates and I went after a bear that had been killin' some of Jose Garcia's sheep, or, at least, Jose said it was a bear. Jose showed us one dead sheep down near the mouth of the canyon, and two days later, he found two fresh-killed lambs that sure looked like a bear had done it.

"Right away I told Al about it and he sent up Bob Gates with a couple of hounds that we put on the scent where the lamb carcasses were. They went bayin' off through the brush, and we lit out after 'em.

"That country's rougher'n hell, and it wasn't no easy job to keep up with them hounds. Sometimes we'd get pretty close, and then, just like they'd been carried off by the wind, their bayin' would come from way down the canyon.



© Mel Griffiths

The Lavender summer camp lies south of Norwood in western San Miguel County, Colorado. Lone Cone is in the distance.

"In spite of the aggravation with the brush and all, we shortly come up with the hounds makin' an unholy racket in front of a good-sized hole at the bottom of the rim rock in a little side canyon. It looked like the bear had holed up and it wasn't going to be no trouble to get his scalp.

"We stood around for a while tryin' to figure out how we can get the bear outside where we can shoot him. Finally, Bob has a good idea, so we build a fire outside the mouth of the cave and pile on a lot of green tree limbs and needles to make a smoke. A lot of the smoke was driftin' into the hole, so we just set down with our guns, waitin' for the bear to get enough of it and bust out.

"We must've set on our hams three hours, and still no bear. I was gettin' disgusted, so I say to Bob, 'I'm goin' in after that bear if he don't come out soon.' Bob looks at me like I might be goin' loco. After a while, I went over and got down my rope from the saddle and

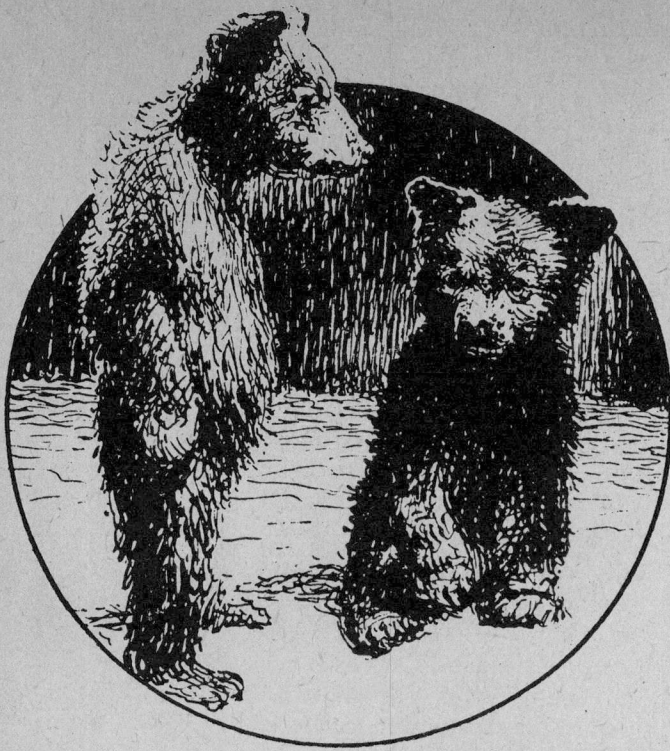
went over to the mouth of the den. I tell Bob I'm goin' to tie one end of the rope to one of my legs and then I'm goin' to crawl in after the bear. Bob argues a little, but I tell him we ain't goin' to get the bear no other way, and meanwhile Jose is losin' lambs.

"I told him I'd crawl in slow, and if I let out a yell, he was supposed to pull me out, quick. Then I hauled out the old .44, made sure it was loaded, and started crawlin' in. The smoke was pretty thick, and right away it began to sting my eyes something fierce. I'm goin' like a snail, too.

"Well, the floor of the danged old cave was covered with sharp sticks, pine needles, and porkypine quills that kept punchin' my hands and knees. All this time, I'm keepin' a sharp lookout for the bear, but it was gettin' as black as the inside of a cow, and the smoke was so thick I couldn't hardly see my hand in front of my face.

"Then somethin' loomed up right in front of me. It

True West



Mel Griffiths

Herndon Davis' drawing from January 1940 *Western Sportsman* was captioned, "Bears are just naturally funny."

looked as big as a house, and I thought I saw it move. I blazed away twice with the gun and let out an awful yell. Lord! Bob just about pulled off all my hide gettin' me out of there. I'd have been in better shape if the bear had clawed me.

"We waited outside a while, but nothin' happened. So after the smoke had cleared some, Bob went in to see what had happened to the bear. We couldn't hear nothin' so he must have been dead—I mean the bear. I hung onto the rope and waited. Pretty soon Bob backs out with a disgusted look on his face.

"Did I get him?" I ask.

"Sure," Bob sneered. "You just got through shootin' the biggest, deadest, rock this side of old baldy."

"I'm crushed. I like to never live down shooting that rock, thinkin' it was a bear. All the boys on the range find out about it, and I'm known as the 'Hard Rock Bear Hunter' all the way from the Turkey Track to the Pitch Fork."

Joe refueled the stove. I started to ask him about the airedale pup, but already he had launched off on another tangent.

"BEARS ARE naturally funny; sometimes you just can't keep from laughing at them. I guess it's the way they look; something like a fat, overgrown kid with flat feet.

"When they were driving the big irrigation tunnel over in the valley, I was working for the Hughes boys on Columbine Mesa. There was a big Finn miner used to cross the mountain from the north portal of the tunnel, where he was working, and go into town about

once a month to slake the monumental thirst which had grown during his underground labors.

"Frank Hughes and I'd been out all morning throwin' some of the yearlings across the the ridge into the upper pasture, and had just got back to the cabin when the big Finn came rollin' by. He was just goin' back to the north portal from one of his benders. He was luggin' along a bottle he was usin' to taper off with. He looked like he was goin' to fall on his face any minute, so we asked him in and filled him up with some good coffee. Defying all reason, he gave us what was left of his taper-off bottle and ambled off up the road.

"Later in the afternoon, Frank and I rode up toward the ridge to have a last look around. None of the yearlings seemed to be drifting back, so we started for the cabin. We'd got pretty close to the road, when a little black bear jumped up in the aspens ahead of us and went chargin' off down the slope. Frank lets out a 'yipe', shakes down his rope, and yells, 'Come on, Joe! Let's catch him!'

"I gave my horse the spurs, and we both light out after the bear, yellin' bloody murder. The bear comes to the fence on the road, but that don't slow him up none. That bear's travelin'. He goes through the fence like it wasn't there, breaks every strand, and tears across a little park which opens onto a bend in the road. Just as we get in the park, Frank and I notice the Finn stretched out under a tree beside the road, sleepin' off his drunk.

"He heard us just about the time we come into the park and flounders to his knees, lookin' around to see where all the noise is comin' from.

"Frank yells, 'Head him off!' and just then the Finn sees the bear comin' toward him like a wild steer with his tail up. The Finn gurgles and tries to get on his feet, but his legs aren't workin' too good, so he starts crawlin' away as fast as he can.

"Frank and I both let out another yell just as the bear catches up with the Finn and runs right over him. Danged if I don't see the bear kick the Finn in the head



Colorado Division of Wildlife  
Black bears may look lovable and cuddly, but they can be ferocious when aroused.

on his way by. The Finn lets out a moan and finally staggers to his feet and heads back to town, weavin' back and forth across the road.

"The bear had got away by then, so Frank and I got off our horses and laid down under a tree and laughed 'til our sides near split. I never saw anything so funny as that Finn tryin' to run on his hands and knees and yellin' and maybe thinkin' the bear was goin' to eat him alive any minute. We could just imagine him staggering in a saloon in town and tellin' the local barflies how he had been attacked by a grizzly bear on the road to the North Portal."

Joe chuckled softly as the Finn lived again in his memory.

"I nearly forgot," he resumed. "I was goin' to tell you about that airedale pup. Well, when Al saw the pup wasn't goin' to make a bear dog, he gave him to Mike Dawson. Mike had a little ranch over on the Pine. He had about twenty or thirty head of cattle he ran on the head of Trout Creek. He had a daughter named Lulu May. She was a cute little tyke, about thirteen, when this happened. Lulu May and the pup hit it off right away; they soon got to think there never was nobody quite as fine as the other. Lulu May used to ride a little with Mike. The poor kid never did get away from the cabin very often, she was so busy takin' care of the younger kids. Mike's wife had died the winter before.

"One day Mike and Lulu May was packin' some salt up to Flat Top. Lulu May was ridin' along behind the pack horse, lookin' at the sides of the trail, maybe at the flowers and such like. There was scads of 'em up there that time of year. As usual, the pup was snoopin' along ahead.

loop. The bear starts snortin' and backin' away, and Mike sets his horse solid, holdin' him.

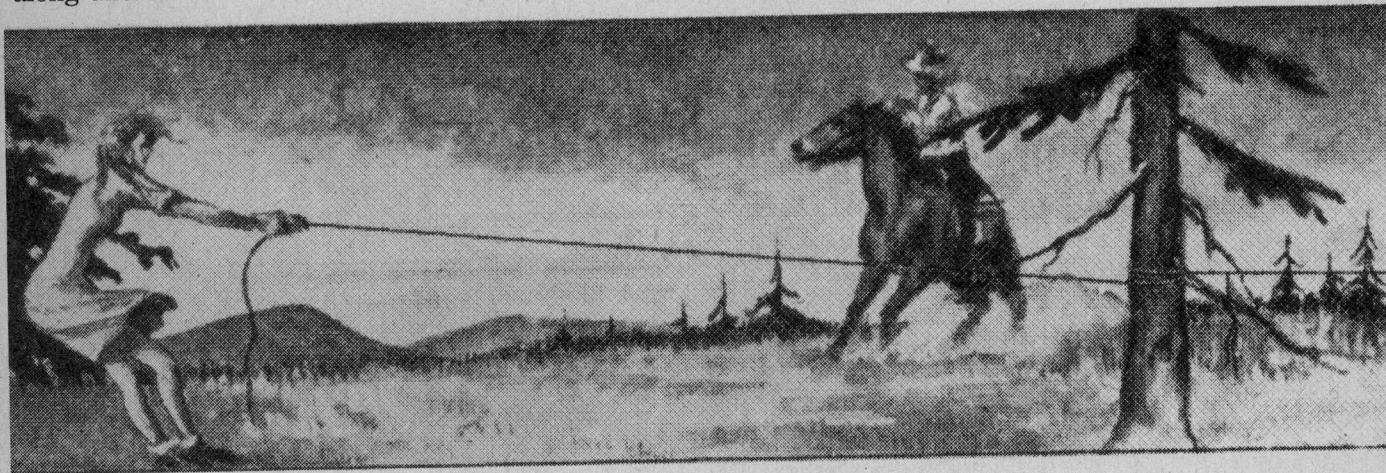
"By then Mike sees he's hooked onto somethin' bigger'n he can handle, and maybe he should've shot the bear in the first place. But when he reaches for his saddle gun, he finds he'd left it back at home.

"Now this Mike Dawson ain't the brightest human that's ever come down the trail. What he does next is a fair sample of his thinkin'. He worked the bear over to a lone tree standin' near the middle of the park and gives the rope a couple of wraps around it, snubbin' the bear. Mike's not goin' to turn the bear loose, since he's got his eye on the Cattle Association reward for stock-killin' critters. Then he tells Lulu May to hold the snubbed end of the rope tight while he goes back for the gun. Can you believe it? Leavin' his thirteen-year-old kid to hold a bear while he goes back for a gun!

"There Lulu May was, hangin' onto a rope with a snortin' bear on the other end; and Mike pushin' his horse hell-



The caption for this Herndon Davis drawing accompanying



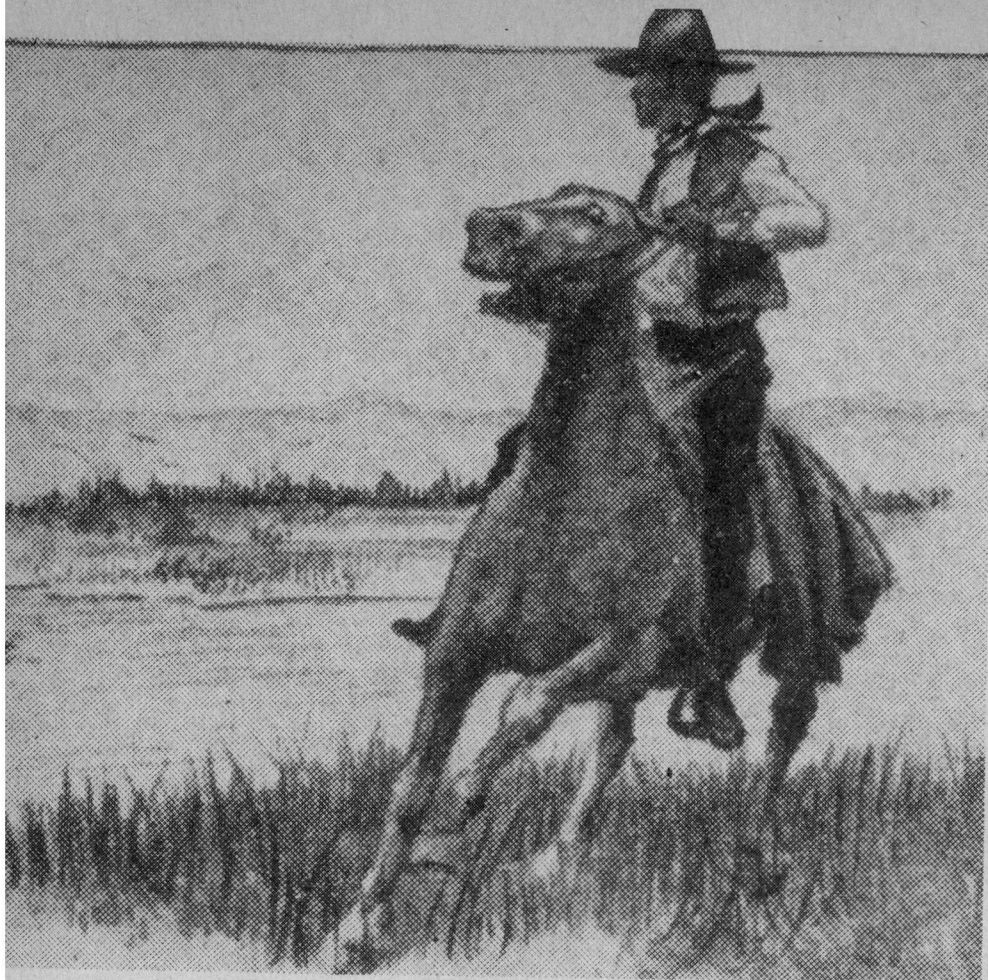
Lulu May and the bear, as originally illustrated by Herndon Davis for *Western Sportsman* in 1940.

"Well, anyway, they'd put the salt out and was comin' back across one of the little parks near the high end of Trout Creek, when they jumped a bear. He was a fair-sized brown critter, and for some reason, Mike thought he could rope him. He shook down his rope and lit out, leavin' Lulu May to follow. The funny part was, he caught the bear. The rope went over his head and shoulder, so's he had one front leg through the

for-leather down the trail. And by then the sun is down and it's beginnin' to get dark.

"Lucky for Lulu May, the bear kept fightin' the rope at the start. She must've been scared to death to begin with, but she didn't whimper none.

"When they first jump the bear, the pup has lit out for distant parts. He's not havin' nothin' to do with the animal; he figures bears ain't fit company for de-



Mel Griffiths

the 1940 telling of this story read, "A man can't work for one big cow outfit after another without running into a few bears."



Mel Griffiths

cent folks. But after he is down the trail a piece, Mike goes by him with his horse makin' deep tracks, and the pup sees right off that Lulu May ain't with him. This sets the pup to thinkin', so he stops and does some castin' around.

"Now that same day, I was ridin' the south drift fence and was headin' back for Otter Park around dusk when I hear an unholy racket and barkin' goin' on. It

September 1986

was comin' from one of the little parks over on Trout Creek. When I come out of the timber, I can't believe what I see. You can imagine the shock I got! Lulu May is standin' by this tree, holdin' a snubbed rope, and on the other end of the rope is a bear, thrashin' around and growlin'.

"My horse almost unloaded me. I don't think Lulu May has roped the bear and I don't see anybody else with her. Her horse, if she had one, is long gone. Then I see where the barkin' is comin' from. The bear rares up on his hind legs, pawin' at the rope and makes a lunge toward the tree. But when he does, the pup starts barkin' and runs in and takes a nip on the bear's heel from behind. Mr. Bear turns around and makes a pass at the pup, but the rope jerks him up short, and he misses.

"I don't know how long this has been going on, but so long as the pup keeps worryin' the bear from behind, he ain't had a chance to get up to the tree. Yes, sir, I reckon the pup has saved Lulu May's life.

"If you ask me, the pup turned out to be a smart bear dog after all.

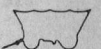
Joe stopped, turning something over in his mind. Then he snorted, "Hell, I shot the bear, when I should have hung around and shot Mike. But I didn't wait around none. I rode off, and Lulu May was down on her knees with the pup in her arms, and him runnin' his big tongue all over her face."

"And you went off and left Lulu May alone out there in the dark?" I asked.

Joe's innocent eyes betrayed no trace of subtlety as he said,

"It really wasn't dark yet. Besides, she had the pup with her, and I was afraid of what I might do if I met Mike comin' back up the trail."

While the rain still drummed its dull beat on the sheet iron roof, Joe heaved himself to his feet and muttered, "It's gettin' late; I'm turnin' in."



By STELLA HUGHES

# The Cowboy Art of Jo

*"Joe Beeler would be a success if he never picked up a pen or brush. He can handle a press conference, rope, and win a team-tying contest, run a corporation or sell horse feed."*

**W**hen I was asked to write this article on Joe Beeler I thought "What a cinch!" I knew Joe to be a good 'ol boy and I've been an admirer of his western art since I first saw one of his cowboy paintings on a magazine cover many years ago. He's been a personal friend for some ten years and is a dear friend and roping

buddy to both my son and five of his sons who all would rather have Joe Beeler for their pardner in a jackpot roping, above anybody else, no matter what the stakes. Joe has authored two books on his art, and I had literally hundreds of articles in books and magazines to refer to. I've gone to the last eight Cowboy Artists of America shows and

award banquets at the Phoenix Art Museum in Phoenix, Arizona, each fall. Joe also did a wonderful job illustrating my book, *Hashknife Cowboy*, published in 1984 by the University of Arizona Press. So I sat down and rattled off about fifteen pages of introduction to Joe Beeler. Well, any dummy knows that just isn't going to do, when the



# e Beeler

Photos Courtesy of Joe Beeler.

editor says, "about 2,500 words."

What I thought would be such a cinch turns out to be one whale of a job. I can't even get out of the chute when it comes to telling even half the story about Joe Beeler and his art. But, I'll make a wager and give long odds that it would be hard to find a cowboy on the street who wouldn't know who Joe

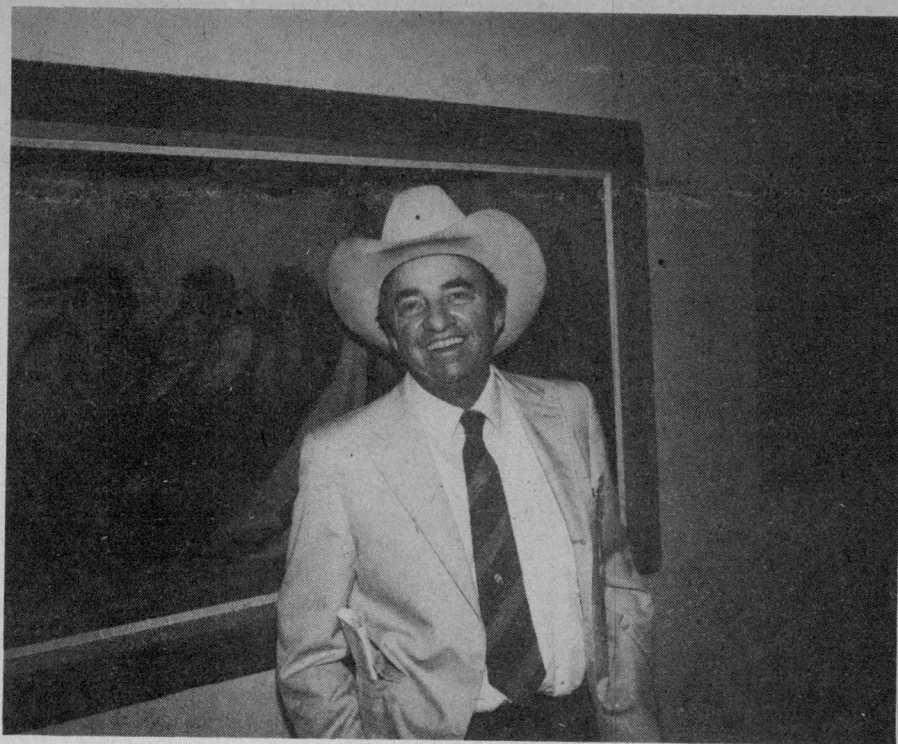


Photo by Kurt Markus

Left: "The Horse Thief." Above: Cowboy Artist Joe Beeler.

Beeler is. If in doubt he'd ask, "Ain't he that cowboy artist out in Arizona?"

Well, he sure is that cowboy artist out in Arizona—the red rock country of Sedona, to be exact. He's made his home there since 1962, along with his wife Sharon, and two children, Tracy (Mrs. Lloyd Brinkman) and Jody, who is still in college.

JOE IS a quarter Cherokee Indian but looks about as Indian as I do. At least I don't have red hair. When talking, Joe grins like a big kid. Half the time you don't know if he's pulling your leg. "I can't remember the first time I drew an Indian or a cowboy on a horse. Next to climbing on a horse I wanted to draw one. I got my first horse when I was still in grammar school and bought him from a glue factory for forty hard-earned dollars, and I've never been without a horse since."

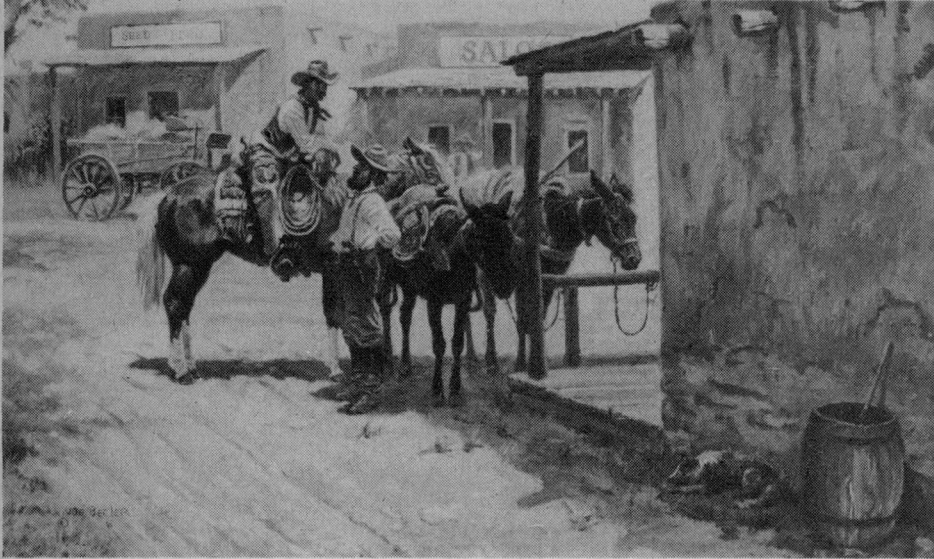
Joe is an easy person to talk to, and conversation flows as smoothly as a spring-fed stream. "When I was growing up in Joplin, Missouri, very few tools seemed to fit my hand... or at least that's what my father told me. Items like power saws, wrenches, or ax handles gave me a peck of trouble. But, things like pencils, brushes, ink pens did fit me... things my Dad thought no one could make a living using. My main interest was rodeos, Sunday ropings, and Indian powwow.

"In my teens I got a real taste of Indian life. One July during the Quapaw powwow, my old friend, Louis Ballard, a Quapaw-Cherokee, invited me to use his traditional war dance costume and take part in the dance. From then on we made many powwows and I danced in all of them.

"This kind of growing up gave me much valuable knowledge for my work yet to come. I learned the many cultural differences between tribes and also their physical differences. A Creek doesn't look like a Cheyenne, and a Shawnee doesn't look like a Kiowa. I studied the many Indian peoples of Oklahoma and I've drawn them all.

"Since most of the paintings and bronzes I do are of a historical nature, great care has to be taken in portraying a particular tribe. Understanding and care have to be given not only to an Indian's costume and hair style, but also to his physical characteristics.

"I've drawn about all the famous Indians I ever heard about. Geronimo, the noted Apache renegade, is one of my favorites. I spent weeks on the Apache Indian Reservation at San Carlos, Arizona, back in 1959 doing research on these Apaches. They have a big cattle operation and I spent days with my friend, Milt Foreman, the white stockman for the Ash Creek Cattle Association. I wouldn't take anything for the experiences I had there. In all



"Border Town Philosophy."

this world it would be harder to find as many wild cattle and reckless ropers."

Joe goes on to tell of his early schooling. "After one year at a junior college, along with a couple of buddies, we lit out for Arizona to become cowboys. I worked for several outfits and spent one winter with John T. Hughes out of Chandler. I felt this valuable experience was worth a lot more than the year spent in junior college.

"About this time I realized I had a genuine desire to study art and I went back to Oklahoma and entered Tulsa University. I painted and sold a few pieces regularly while in Tulsa and then entered Missouri University in Columbia and continued my art studies until I was inducted into the army the summer of 1953.

"I carried a sketchbook all through my service. It kept me occupied all during the "hurry up and wait" times, that are common in the services. I drew for a number of camp newspapers and for the *Stars and Stripes* after I arrived in Korea. I was assigned to a medical unit and I still don't know why. I was so dumb I thought a Band-Aid was a fellow who carried the bass drum in parades. Consequently our company commander just had me draw pictures and do guard duty until my tour was

over." Joe keeps a deadpan face, and again you wonder if he's putting you on.

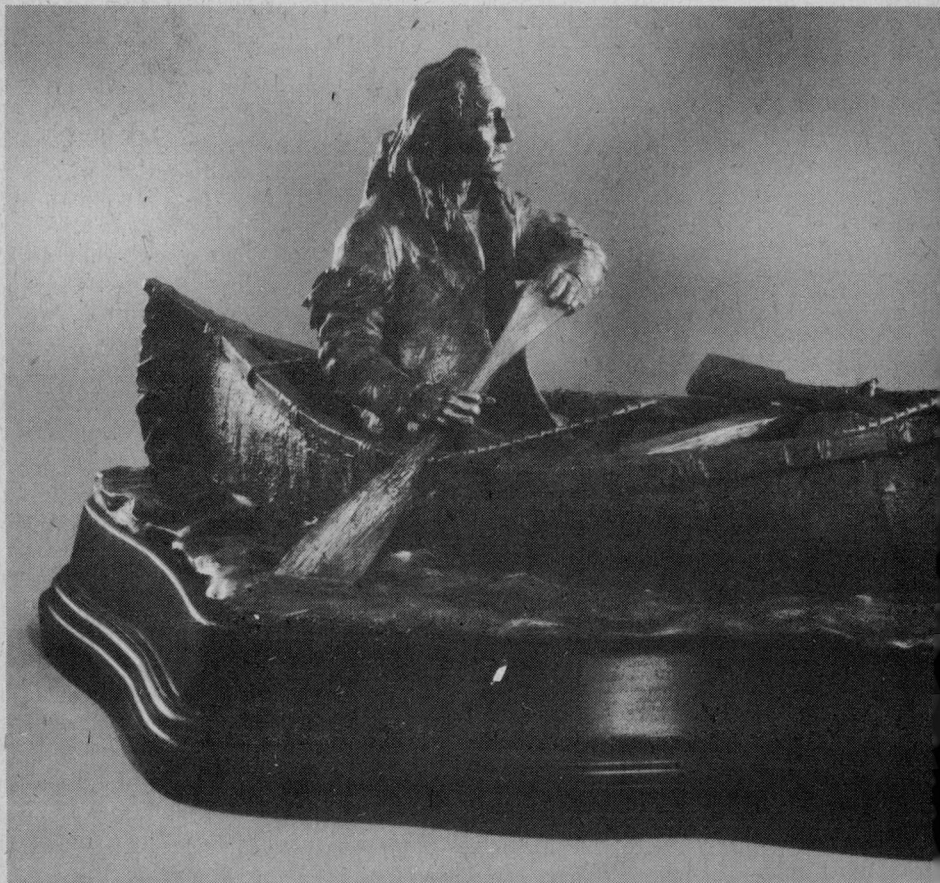
In June of 1956 Joe met a pretty blond Joplin girl who was home for the summer from the University of Arkansas. Two weeks after their first date Joe proposed marriage and says she didn't

accept right away. Sharon grins and says she waited until at least the next day to say "yes."

The young couple were married before the end of summer and Sharon accompanied her new groom when he entered Kansas State College, while she hunted up a job. In May of 1957 Joe received his Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. Now, where to go and what to do? Times weren't exactly easy, but Joe had made up his mind to be a professional artist. He was persuaded to attend the Art Center School in Los Angeles. So off they went to California, land of sunshine and oranges.

THEY STOPPED off in Sedona, Arizona, to meet George Phippen. George was one of the few western artists actually making a livelihood selling his work at that time. Joe hit it off at once with Phippen, and they corresponded weekly while Joe studied in Los Angeles. Sharon was now pregnant and worked until two weeks before daughter Tracy was born. Afterwards, there just never seemed to be enough G. I. Bill money to go around, so Joe got a part-time job working for the Fat Jones stables out in Burbank. Jones contracted horses, cattle, and old-time vehicles to the movie companies.

Joe made a slew of friends in Burbank. He met Ben Johnson, Jr., whose



"Quiet Passage."

dad had been world's champion steer roper, and who himself had won the steer roping title in 1953. Johnson was from Oklahoma and had been working in the movies for years. He regularly appeared in John Ford productions and finally won an Oscar for his featured role in *The Last Picture Show*.

Another newfound friend in California was Joe DeYong, who had studied under Charlie Russell. DeYong encouraged Joe to forego a career in commercial art and to accept the challenge of fine art instead. Even now Joe Beeler feels DeYong had the greatest influence on his professional life.

There are a thousand stories of starving young artists, and Joe comes close to topping the list. He and Sharon and baby Tracy headed back to Oklahoma, where they rented a cabin right across the state line from Baxter Springs, Kansas. A miserable winter was spent there eating enough jackrabbits and squirrels to last a lifetime. Sharon says it was a long time before Joe sold enough paintings that they could add hamburger to the menu. But sell oils Joe did, a few to ranchers and saddle shops throughout Oklahoma, and he wasn't one bit bashful about peddling from the tailgate of his beat-up station wagon.

His luck changed for the good when he got some illustrations to do for the University of Oklahoma Press at Nor-



"It Goes with the Job."

man. Even then, the amount of money Joe got for illustrating books was paltry compared to the price of western art a scant ten years later. His first check was for thirty-five dollars for two illustrations; however, it was a foot in the door. Joe continued working for the Press until 1967, when they published a book of his work entitled *Cowboys and Indians*.

IN 1960 Joe and Sharon decided the Midwest was not centrally located to the market for Joe's paintings. They made a trip to Arizona and visited the red rock country once more. Right then they made up their minds they'd move there as soon as they had a grub stake large enough to make the trip. The decision came at a time when Joe's work began to find its way into collectors' homes. Following some good exposure in Montana, the *Magazine of Western History*, Joe was invited to exhibit his

paintings at the Montana Historical Society. At the same time, Joe got an illustrating assignment from the Grosset and Dunlap Publishers. He sold another painting for the *Cattleman* magazine of Fort Worth and, by golly, Joe's family began eating hamburger on a regular basis. Steaks, however, were far down the road.

Finally the great day dawned and the Beelers loaded a U-Haul trailer with their worldly goods and headed for Arizona. Their mode of conveyance may not have been a Conestoga wagon, but the old station wagon and trailer held much the same as did earlier pioneers' wagons. Pasteboard boxes and suitcases were stuffed full of household goods, and Joe's art supplies and several paintings. Tracy's potty chair and Kiddie Kar topped the load.

The Beelers hadn't been in Arizona long when a Sedona gallery sold the first



"Thanks for the Rain."

of Joe's paintings ever to bring \$1,000. Wow, this was heady stuff, and after that you couldn't have pried the Beelers out of Arizona with a crowbar!

In northern Arizona, Joe became acquainted with ranchers and was soon taking part in their roundups. He made a hand wherever he went and he kept his cowboy credentials up-to-date. He began attending the numerous team ropings and soon developed a bad case of "rope-itus." Now, if you win a few jackpots here and there, that disease isn't readily cured. Joe is still badly afflicted and seldom a week-end sees him anywhere outside a neighbor rancher's roping pens or one of the practice arenas scattered on the outskirts of most Arizona towns. Joe admits the hobby takes a lot of time away from his easel, but what the heck, he likes to enjoy life as well as the next person, and in later years he's used a good deal of midnight oil keeping up his production.

Joe soon formed friendships with three Arizona artists, George Phippen, of Prescott; Charlie Dye, of Sedona; and John Hampton, of Phoenix. All three

were professional painters. Their successful careers encouraged Joe in his work. Best of all they were westerners rather than the "arty" painters Joe had met in art school. Phippen helped Joe get started in sculpture, a medium Joe excels in to this day.

IN THE FALL of 1964, Joe joined Charlie Dye and John Hampton on a trip to a large ranch in Sonora, Mexico. The three Arizona artists got to take part in some real down-south-of-the-border cowboying. Around the Sonora campfire and on the drive back to Arizona, they kicked around the idea of organizing an informal group of men like themselves—men who found pleasure in the saddle as well as at the easel.

By the summer of 1965 the idea had grown and Joe, Dye, and Hampton discussed it with other artists they knew and found enthusiasm from them all. These three men, along with their mutual friend George Phippen, met at the Oak Creek Tavern in Sedona on June 23, 1965, and founded the Cowboy Artists of America. Phippen was named

as the first president; Dye, vice-president; Hampton, secretary; and Beeler, treasurer.

Joe tells about the group's first show. "Dean Krakel, Managing Director, and Jim Boren, Art Director, at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, offered to sponsor our first show. It was set for September 1966. This was our big step. Our first show was gonna be exactly where cowboy art ought to be."

Joe goes on to explain, "We had a bunch of new members by then and our total sales added up to a little over \$49,000. After that there wasn't any stopping us!"

In 1973 the National Cowboy Hall of Fame lost those good hands to an outfit in Phoenix, the Western Art Associates, and their next show was at the Phoenix Art Museum in Arizona. A record 134 pieces sold that night for an all-time high of \$276,950.

Eight years later, in 1981, all eighty-seven works exhibited by the CAA in Phoenix were sold for a whopping \$1.5 million. All twenty-four active artists attended.

Joe and other members of the CAA have taken truckloads of honors. In 1980 they were invited to exhibit at the Societe des Artistes at the Grand Palais in Paris. If that were not enough, in 1981, the American Art Exhibit opened in Peking, China. Ten members of the CAA showed there. Now, to top it all off, the Cowboy Artists of America have



True West



"Pursuing the Wild Ox."

their very own museum in Kerrville, Texas. Many might ask, "Where the hell is Kerrville?"

For starters, Kerrville is in the Hill

Country. To many Texans that translates, "Paradise." It is a city of a mere sixteen thousand just off Interstate 10, sixty-two miles northwest

from San Antonio. It's the first time in history, CAA members brag, that a museum has been built to honor the works of living artists.

At age fifty-four, Joe Beeler isn't about to rest on his laurels. In June and July 1985, the University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures at San Antonio held a special exhibit of Joe's finest works. Thousands of viewers visited the gallery of the HemisFair Plaza and went away satisfied they'd seen the best of cowboy and Indian art.

One of the greatest compliments I've ever heard concerning Joe came from fellow CAA artist, Jack Swanson, of Carmel Valley, California. Jack says, "Joe Beeler would be a success if he never picked up a pen or brush. He can handle a press conference, rope, and win a team-tying contest, run a corporation or sell horse feed. It just boils down to the fact Joe is a successful human being."



"Salute to the Comanchero Trade."

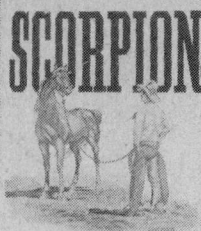


# THE BOOK MART

Lone Cowboy



**TW9—LONE COWBOY: MY LIFE STORY.** By Will James. In this reprint of a classic western autobiography, a young Will James is on his own, drifting from one outfit to another, herding cattle, busting broncos, and getting into scrapes. "Undeniable reality"—*Chicago Daily Tribune*. University of Nebraska Press. Cloth, \$28.95. Paper, \$9.95.



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

Paper, \$7.95

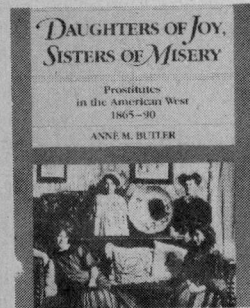
NEW SELECTION!



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

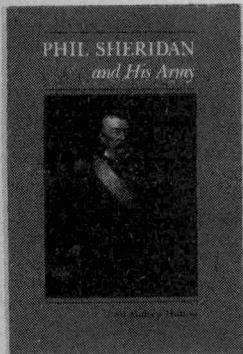
Paper, \$8.95

NEW SELECTION!



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

Cloth, \$16.95.

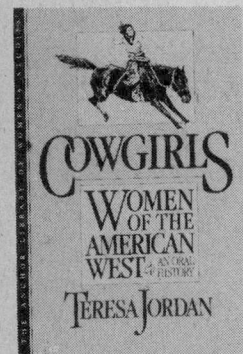


**TW27—PHIL SHERIDAN AND HIS ARMY.** By Paul A. Hutton. This definitive account of Sheridan's western career not only traces his central role in the final military defeat of the Indians but also reveals much about other important aspects of his varied life. "A completely balanced study... readable, informative."—*TRUE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

Cloth, \$29.95

Paper, \$14.95

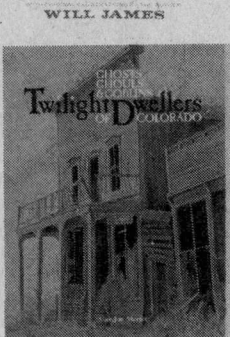
NEW SELECTION!



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

Paper, \$10.95

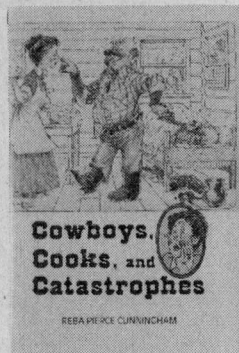
NEW SELECTION!



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

Paper, \$8.95

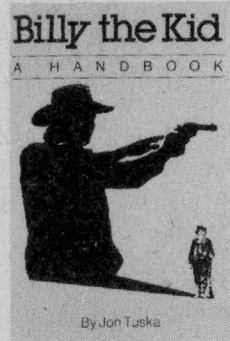
NEW SELECTION!



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

Out of print Cloth, \$15.95  
Paper, \$12.95

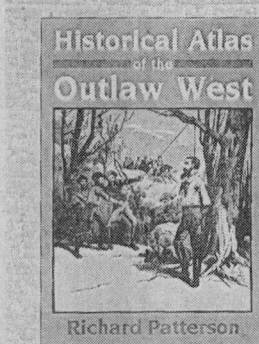
NEW SELECTION!



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

Paper, \$7.95

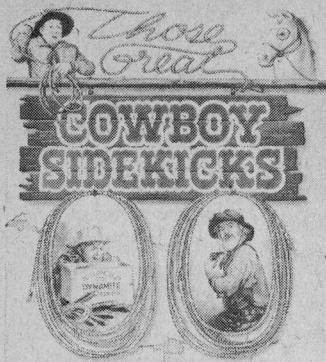
NEW SELECTION!



**TW22—HISTORICAL ATLAS OF THE OUTLAW WEST.** By Richard Patterson. A state-by-state, town-by-town guide to the infamous acts of western outlaws, this lively written reference meets the needs of the armchair traveler and the reader on the road. Johnson Books.

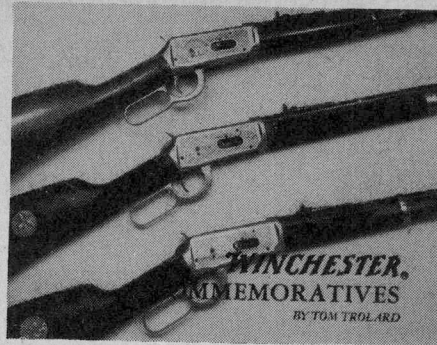
Paper, \$14.95

offering outstanding western books by leading publishers



by DAVID ROTHEL

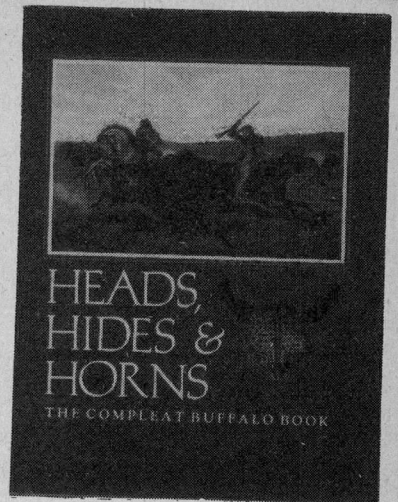
**TW11—THOSE GREAT COWBOY SIDEKICKS.** By David Rothel. A fascinating look at such fondly remembered comic character actors as George "Gabby" Hayes, Smiley Burnette, Andy Devine, and thirty-six others, much of the story is told through the reminiscences of the sidekicks and the cowboy stars. WOY Publications.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



**TW25—WINCHESTER COMMEMORATIVES.** By Tom Trolard. Since issuance of the first Winchester Commemorative in 1964, these unusual firearms have become distinguished by their beauty and investment potential. *Winchester Commemoratives* is a superb reference listing important information and specifications with each gun shown in full color. Commemorative Investments Press.

\$49.95

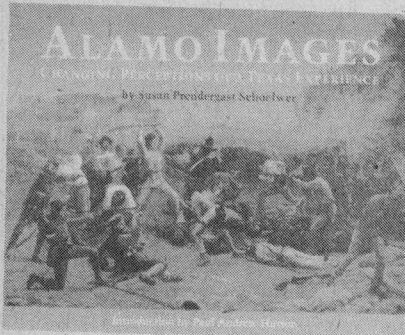
NEW SELECTION!



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

Cloth, \$40.00  
Paper, \$19.50

NEW SELECTION!



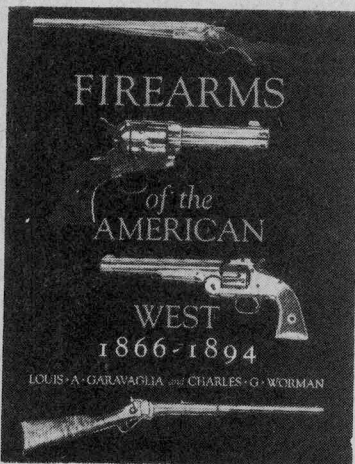
**TW20—ALAMO IMAGES: CHANGING PERCEPTIONS OF A TEXAS EXPERIENCE.** By Susan Prendergast Schoelwer. Published in conjunction with an exhibition celebrating the Texas sesquicentennial, this profusely illustrated work focuses on key components of the Alamo story and explores both the myth and the reality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

Cloth, \$75.00  
Paper, \$24.95



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

Cloth, \$14.95  
Paper, \$9.95



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

Cloth, \$40.00

NEW SELECTION!

Mail to:  
**THE BOOK MART**  
P. O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, OK 74076

Please charge my  VISA  MasterCard

Account No. \_\_\_\_\_

Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

**LIST BOOK NUMBERS AND PRICES**

# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_  
# \_\_\_\_\_ \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Subtotal \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Pstg. & hdlg. \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Total enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_

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

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

**LIBRARY ORDERS INVITED**

TW986



Oregon Historical Society, Neg. No. 11494

In his only existing photograph, Paulina grasped his heart, thinking he was being killed for his past treachery.

He stood upon the high mesa, watching the valley floor that stretched west toward the rolling hills of the Crooked River country. He scarcely noticed the wind-whipped sagebrush softly caressing his rabbit-skin leggings or the April breeze which gently unfurled his breechcloth. He was naked other than those items, but his weathered skin never felt the harsh grains of stinging sand on an occasional gust of wind. Penetrating, black eyes, framed by rugged features and shoulder length, streaming hair, searched the distant haze for signs from his posted lookouts.

Somewhere out there his white enemies were coming for him. Pride rose up in his chest. He was a worthy foe—bold and cunning in his raids, swift and deadly in battle. He was Paulina, the mightiest war chief of all the Snake nation. Perhaps he was greater even than We-ah-We-ah, of the Warner Lake Shoshones, greater even than Winemucca, who had been forsaken by many of the Paiutes who now rode under Paulina's leadership. Even the legendary Bigfoot of the Bannock country respected his judgment and was known to ride at his side on a few of his raids on ranches and settlements in central Oregon.

Far down the rock-rimmed valley his sharp eyes detected a wisp of white smoke. It drifted up lazily into a cloudless late afternoon sky. Grunting his satisfaction, he turned and hurriedly made his way through the sagebrush and lava rock toward where his waiting band had concealed themselves and their horses. If he acted quickly he could

By HANK CORLESS

# Oregon

still bait a trap for the approaching soldiers.

Captain John M. Drake halted his command three miles from the confluence of the Deschutes and Crooked rivers and set up camp. He didn't waste any time launching his Indian scouts, under the famous scout Donald McKay, in a search for hostile bands which had been reported in the area. Whether Paulina was in the vicinity was yet to be determined; Waymire had battled the hostiles farther south, near Harney

True West



Fort Klamath, site of a peace council with the hostile bands, was soon a target for the wily Paulina's revenge.

Oregon Historical Society, Neg. No. 1677

Lake. Chances were the Indians were still there or had moved east into the Steen's Mountain country.

He was also aware that the many hostile bands and their families which had scattered themselves thinly throughout the rough desert country in

against whites. Paulina was reputed to be one of the most treacherous chiefs in the hostiles' camps. One day he would promise to make peace and try to get along with the whites; the next he would be out looting ranches and raiding settlements. Ranging far and wide, the

The night scouts reported a "small party" with a large herd of horses camped some fourteen miles to the east. Drake was told they were "laughing while holding a war dance that could be heard for miles."

Hoping to locate Paulina without be-

# 's Bullet-Proof Indian

their constant search for food and wild grasses for their horses, would be gathering now that winter was over. Their depredations and vicious attacks along the immigrant trails and scattered settlements had turned into outright warfare with the army, an army weakened and poorly manned because the Civil War had drawn most of the troops east.

He had also heard of the famed Paulina, the renegade leader of the Snakes and of his violent attacks

hostiles had lashed out at the settlers traveling the immigrant trails leading into western Oregon. The scattered homesteaders, unwary miners, and small army detachments were all targets for the ruthless Paulina and his savage marauders. The settlers called him a common rustler and murderer, but Drake wasn't fooled by those titles. According to army reports, Paulina was an excellent military tactician and an able leader of the roving, predatory bands that infested the region.

ing hindered by any minor skirmishes, the captain sent out thirty-five men and several scouts under the command of Lieutenants McCall and Watson. They would be more than capable of showing the Indian camp what a war dance was all about.

Departing in the early hours of April 20, 1864, the detail made its way to the scene of the reported camp to attack the hostiles at dawn. Little did they realize the fierce Paulina was waiting for them. The "small party" was just a front to

draw the battle to a site of the chief's own choosing, where he would be able to dictate the terms of battle. A large war party hid in the impregnable rocks. If the soldiers made one of their wild charges, out of the control of their officers Paulina would wipe them out in short order. He was counting on that; he knew they had little control at such times.

But the soldiers almost fooled him. At dawn they attempted an attack from three sides in an orderly advance. Immediately, Paulina's withering fire opened up on the group charging to the front. Along with some scouts, Lieutenant Watson was shot through the heart. Two of his men fell dead beside him. Five more of his command were wounded before they could withdraw from the overwhelming Indian forces.

Realizing the situation and the odds they were up against, the demoralized soldiers quickly retreated. The victorious Paulina slipped away into his desert haunts, leaving the mutilated bodies of his enemies on the battlefield.

Following that episode, expedition after expedition set into the field to locate the chief. His renegade bands, however, continued to plague the country. The frustrated commanders reported the hardships of trying to bring the Snakes to term. They were constantly on the move and, with their effective communications of night fires and daytime signals, they were able to keep track of the army columns crossing the wastelands of the high desert country. The Indians were able to stay out of reach and could easily outdistance the army units burdened with

supplies, wagons, and cannons. Sometimes an added bonus in the form of a party of miners or a wagon train laden with supplies presented itself.

Their forays and ruthless attacks always came where least expected. When they were pursued they headed into the roughest terrain in the area, making it impossible for the soldiers to follow them. If that did not work, the bands simply scattered in all directions to assemble later, deep in the heart of Indian country.

The Indians' ability to keep track of the army units' every move is related by Colonel C. S. Drew's exploring expedition, which narrowly escaped a vicious attack in the Warner Lake areas of southern Oregon. Departing Fort Klamath early in 1864, Drew headed into the Sprague river country, where he became an escort for a wagon train which had been under attack by the Snakes. Paulina and his fierce braves were waiting for him on the south side of Warner Mountain. The only thing that stopped the wily chief from attacking was that the column had a howitzer. The Indian was well aware of the strange weapon's power.

THE REALIZATION that an outright war had broken out with the bands of Snakes led the military to commit more troops and to establish new forts. The heart of the Indian country was in southern and central Oregon, but northern Nevada, the northern tip of California, and the Snake River plains of western Idaho were also set in flames by the roving hostiles. The entire northwest frontier was threatened by the spreading war. In the wake of the fruitless military expeditions, the whites began to sue for peace.

J. W. P. Huntington, then superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, called a peace council. Attention was given to Paulina, in the hope he would attend the meeting, which was held on October 14, 1864, at Fort Klamath. Chiefs of the Klamath and Modoc tribes and a few of the Yahuskin Snakes attended, but Paulina and his bands refused. The treaty was signed by those present, but without Paulina and the rest of the Snakes it meant little to the cause of peace.

After the meeting, Huntington and his party returned to The Dalles, wishing they had been able to confront the chief and persuade him to leave the warpath. During the homeward trek, they stumbled upon one of Paulina's small camps in the upper Deschutes country. A fight erupted. The three men



Oregon Historical Society, Neg. No. 9529

Donald McKay (top row, left) and his Indian Scouts met Paulina in Battle on the slopes of Steen's Mountain.

defending the camp were killed, and the women and children were taken prisoner. It was learned that one of the women was none other than Paulina's wife; she was sent to Fort Klamath.

Word of the affair reached the war chief, and he was promised safety if he would come in and parley. Reluctantly, Paulina went to claim his wife and have the talk. He promised to set aside his plans of war and try to become peaceful. Shortly, however, he proved as treacherous as his reputation; he turned around and attacked in an attempt to massacre the garrison at the fort.

Many believe Paulina attacked because the army was using Indians as scouts against the Snakes. He probably did not realize the Indians who did not follow his way of thinking were more than willing to help in the army's campaign against him. Paulina and his bands never missed an opportunity to attack the reservation when they swept through the area raiding white ranches and farms. The peaceful Indians had lost their horses, had their women carried off, and seen many of their tribesmen killed. Paulina himself had killed Queapama, one of their noted chieftains.

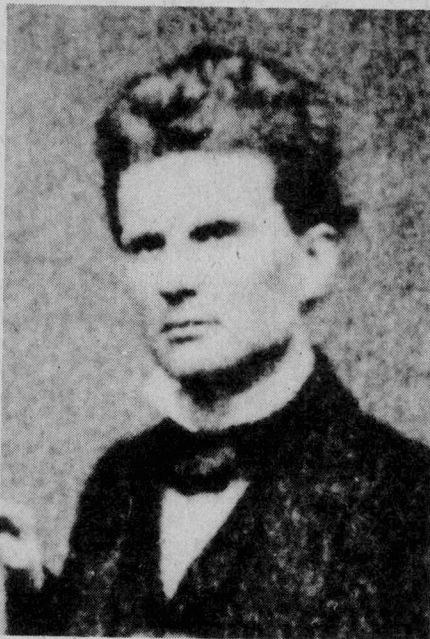
Paulina continued to terrorize the ranches and settlements in his bloody forays along the inflamed frontier. So fierce and daring were the frequent excursions that the name "Bullet-Proof" Paulina had become common. Whenever he was feared to be in an area, whites kept a sharp eye out for a savage, deadly attack that could come at any moment. Paulina's name alone would cause the cabin door to be bolted and locked by the terrified settlers. Riding fast and striking hard, he and his followers left a bloody trail of death and destruction behind them.

*The night scouts reported a "small party" with a large herd of horses some fourteen miles to the east. Drake was told they were "laughing while holding a wardance that could be heard for miles."*

In 1866, Paulina and his band were raiding in the area of a military road between The Dalles and Canyon City. Rising to the top of a hill one day, he saw below him one of the many ranches beginning to move into the area. Gathering his warriors behind him he screamed his chilling war whoop and charged down from the hills. Luckily for the inhabitants, no one was home at the time. The war party looted the ranch and set fire to it.

September 1986

James Clark and his nephew were cutting firewood when they first saw the smoke. Clark's burning stage station would be famous later as the Burnt Ranch. Deciding to outrun the Indians, Clark escaped while his nephew took refuge in the water of a creek. Clark rode down the road and came upon a group of packers headed for Canyon City. Together, they chased the fleeing



Oregon Historical Society, Neg. No. 76028  
J.W.P. Huntington, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, tried unsuccessfully to make peace with Paulina.

hostiles and found them at the head of McKay Creek, in Crook County. The quick skirmish which followed left four Indians dead before Paulina and the others slipped away.

In one of the brief battles that followed, the scouts—Donald McKay and his company of Warm Springs Indians—cornered Paulina in a lonely

cave on the snowy slopes of Steen's Mountain. There, some two thousand feet above Malheur Lake, they tried to put an end to him once and for all. The scouts were bitter cold, with ice frozen in their hair. Though their attempt to defeat the chief was unsuccessful, they did manage to kill three of his braves, including his brother, Wahweveh.

The loss of many followers, including his own brother, could not stop the fierce warrior in his deadly way. His

raids continued to plague the country and his legend continued to grow. "Bullet-Proof" Paulina was famous throughout the land, and his followers believed that he would never be killed. But the time approached when he would lead his last raid against the whites.

Riding into the John Day River country one day, Paulina and his renegades raided the ranch of Andrew Clarno and made off with a herd of cattle before heading southwest into the high country.

The same Jim Clark who had lost the stage station a year before was driving the stage along the Canyon City road and stopped at Cold Camp to rest the team. Glancing around, he noticed fresh cattle tracks and moccasin prints in the dust. Clark wasted no time reaching the Antelope stage station and telling Howard Maupin of his find.

They went after the hostiles in the early dawn. With them rode William Regan and John Atterbury. Halfway between the stage station and the Ochoco settlement, they found the war party in a rock-rimmed cove. The Indians were busy eating one of the steers they had stolen while the rest of the cattle grazed nearby. The four ranchers crawled up to the rim and silently got into position as the unsuspecting Indians finished their breakfast.

At the sound of the first shots the raiders scattered and ran for cover. One Indian stood out. He was larger than the others and wore a blue cavalry coat. A bead was quickly drawn on him, and a moment later a bullet from a Henry rifle smashed into his hip.

Paulina went down. He tried to get up but realized his legs were useless. He looked around to see his panic-stricken braves deserting him. They scrambled up the nearly perpendicular rock walls of the canyon and disappeared. From the other direction he saw a white man approaching cautiously, his rifle cocked. He knew the end had come at last. Drawing his knife, he plunged it into the desert earth. Gathering up some dust in his hand, he sprinkled his forehead and chest.

The legend of Paulina, War Chief of the Snakes, perished with him in the lonely, high-rimmed cove on Trout Creek. With his death, the Snake bands he had commanded began to fall apart, their fighting spirit lost. The war was brought to a close the following year. But even though his war whoop no longer rings across the land, Paulina's name lingers on, deep in the heart of Oregon.





A newspaper artist rendered this concept of the lovesick cowboy in a Harvey lunchroom.

When he found the waiter at one of his establishments bore the marks from a brawl the night before, Harvey advertised in Eastern newspapers for "attractive and intelligent women of good character" willing to move West. The prodigious salary was \$17.50 a month and the young ladies responded. Transportation, room, and board, were furnished and no experience was necessary—Mr. Harvey wanted to train the waitresses to do things his way.

By PAUL F. LONG

Photos Courtesy of the Author

# Fred Harvey's Recei

Historians have long maintained the West was won and tamed by varied, inexorable forces. Generally such formidable entities as the blue-clad cavalry, the railroads which traversed the plains, or the homesteader with his steel plow are cited. But some might well argue the West was won by a more gentle persuasion. Perhaps they are correct. Based on the evidence available from the old-time cowboys and the nostalgic remembrances of former generations, it appears the stabilizing ingredients on the frontier were refinement, gastronomical gratification, and attractive purveyors of the culinary wonders. The gastronomical satisfaction and cultured facilities were provided by an English gentleman named Fred Harvey; the refinement was bestowed by the Harvey Girls, whom he trained and nurtured. The civilizing process was orchestrated by Harvey in his Harvey Houses, which sprouted up across the vast stretches of the West alongside the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad.

Fred Harvey was born in London in 1835 and came to America at the age of fifteen. Working at a variety of jobs, Harvey ultimately became a freight agent for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. While working in that capacity, he went into partnership with Jeff Rice and opened eating places along the Kansas Pacific Line at Wallace, Kansas, and Hugo, Colorado. The partnership soon dissolved, and Harvey tried to persuade the Burlington Railroad to cooperate with him in opening eating places along their line. They refused, and Harvey looked elsewhere. In 1876 he took over a lunchroom in the railroad station of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad at Topeka. From that date, Fred Harvey began offering an excellency of service that would be the trademark of the Harvey Houses along the Santa Fe Railroad for nearly seven decades.

The Topeka Harvey House was one of eight ultimately established in Kansas cities served by the Santa Fe. The second Harvey House established in Kansas was in the small town of Florence.

True West

# pe for Success

Harvey purchased an old rundown hotel in Florence known as the Clifton House. In 1877 the Florence Harvey House opened for business; not only did it furnish outstanding cuisine, it also offered overnight accommodations. To prepare food which delighted the palate of travelers and local patrons alike, Harvey hired a chef named Bill Phillips away from the Palmer House in Chicago. To lure Phillips farther into the woolly West, Harvey paid him the tremendous sum of \$5000 per year—a salary that reportedly made him the wealthiest resident of Florence.

Mrs. Harvey, who became engrossed in furnishing the Florence Harvey House, traveled to England to select china and silverware for the establishment. Imposing, carved walnut furniture was also imported. Fine linens were brought from Ireland. The Harvey firm continued to import handmade linen from John S. Brown and Sons, of Belfast, as long as the Harvey House operated.

THE CLIFTON Hotel Harvey House was an impressive concern when it opened for business with coal oil lamps and candelabra. The front yard was landscaped and had a huge fountain. In 1879 the hotel was enlarged and was said to be one of the largest buildings in central Kansas. One of the gastronomical offerings prepared by Chef Phillips was prairie chicken, which local hunters furnished for \$1.50 per dozen.

The Florence Harvey House served its last meal on the night of March 31, 1900. It soon closed and sat empty until 1904. Part of the Clifton House was purchased and moved to a Main Street location where it became the Prince Hotel. The original portion of the Clifton House was moved to Third Street in Florence, where it still stands, and became a rooming house. Today the old Clifton House is owned by the Florence Historic Society and is listed in the National Register of Historic Places.

Other well-known Harvey Houses were established in Kansas at Emporia, Newton, Hutchinson, Dodge City, Syracuse, and Coolidge. They were but

a part of Harvey's far-flung empire. At his death in 1901, it is said he and the Santa Fe System owned and operated fifteen hotels, forty-seven restaurants, thirty dining cars, and a San Francisco Bay ferry.

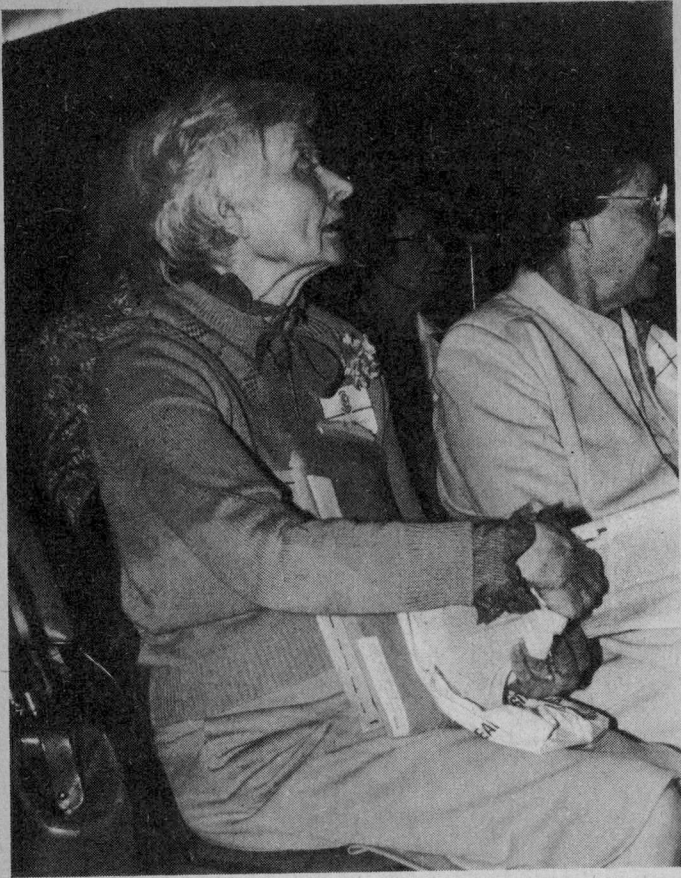
The most magnificent of the Kansas Harvey Houses was the Bisonte, built in Hutchinson in 1906. In a sense, it was a memorial to Fred Harvey, who had died five years earlier. The Bisonte

brought such celebrities to Hutchinson as William Jennings Bryan, Teddy Roosevelt, John Philip Sousa, oilman Henry Sinclair, Billy Sunday, and Eleanor Roosevelt. While in Hutchinson in 1923 for the dedication of the Carey Rock Salt Mine, President Harding stayed in the Bisonte Harvey House.

Although elaborate, impressively furnished dining rooms were important to Harvey's success, the crucial factors



The Newton, Kansas, Santa Fe Railroad depot boasted a Harvey House restaurant. The dining room door was just beyond the entrance sign.



Mrs. Ada Stutzman, of Wichita, Kansas, was among those attending the Harvey Girls reunion.



The Florence, Kansas, Clifton House still stands. Established in 1878, the Florence Harvey House was the second of Fred Harvey's

were good food and excellence of service. The food was prepared by skilled chefs, and the menus were a gourmet's delight. Such exotic cuisine as bluepoint oysters, baked Long Island duckling, prime ribs of beef au jus *Anglaise*, green turtle soup and steaks, sea celery, and local game such as prairie chicken and quail, were among the offerings in epicurean Harvey's rail-side dining rooms.

As important as fine cuisine may have been, without excellency of service the Harvey Houses would not have been successful. Enter the Harvey Girls, the inspiration of Fred Harvey after an inspection tour. When he found the waiter at one of his establishments bore the marks from a brawl the night before, Harvey advertised in Eastern newspapers for "attractive and in-

telligent women of good character" willing to move West. The prodigious salary was \$17.50 a month and the young ladies responded. Transportation, room, and board were furnished and no experience was necessary—Mr. Harvey wanted to train the waitresses to do things his way.

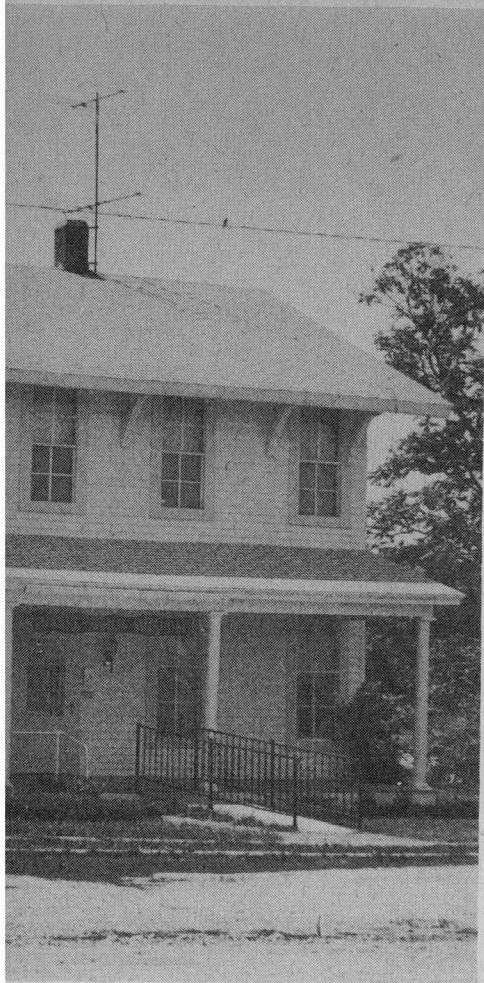
The uniforms of the Harvey Girls were somber but attractive—black shirtwaist dresses with "Elsie collars," black bows, and crisp white aprons were the uniforms throughout the week. The Sunday uniform consisted of white dress, white apron, and black bow. The uniforms had to be starched and ironed. Speaking at a Harvey Girls reunion in Florence in 1982, Fred Harvey's great-grandson Daggett Harvey noted, "The uniforms of the Harvey Girls had a dual

purpose—they were aimed at making the girls attractive, but not too attractive."

The Harvey Girls' work was not easy. They spent hours polishing silver and



The Hotel Bisonte in Hutchison was the most splendid of the Kansas Harvey Houses. A 1909 postcard shows the north side of the hotel as it faced the Santa Fe Railroad tracks.



...eating establishments and the first to offer hotel accommodations.

folding napkins. Only linen napkins were used in the Harvey Houses' dining rooms, and they had to be folded perfectly so they would stand up.

Harvey Girls were inspected before

going on the floor. Their shoes had to be shined; they could not wear too much make-up; and their uniforms had to be neat and clean. "They always inspected your hands when you went to work, and they had you walk away from them," said a former Harvey Girl. "That's what the guests noticed—your hands when you served the food, and you when you were walking away."

"If you had a knife out of line, they sent you off the floor," noted another former Harvey Girl.

**COWBOYS**, trainmen, and travelers romanticized the Harvey Girls in prose and poetry. Even though the girls agreed to refrain from marrying for one year, the turnover rate was said to be very high. Local swains, male employees at the hotels, and the Santa Fe Railroad, benefitted from Mr. Harvey's importation of waitresses to the West. A former employee of the Harvey establishment estimated that at least 20,000 Harvey Girls found husbands in the West and at least 4,000 babies from those marriages were named Fred or Harvey or a combination of the two. While most of the Harvey Girls came from the East, local girls from Florence, Newton, Hutchinson, McPherson, and Wichita also worked in the Harvey Houses.

Something of the civilizing and romantic influence of Harvey Houses is illustrated by Gary Dewalt, who produced a television documentary on Fred Harvey. Dewalt told of his visit to Williams, Arizona, during a trip to the West Coast. In Williams he stopped along the railroad tracks to inspect the foundation of an old building. All that remained of the once imposing structure was the foundation, a few bricks, and a

beautiful tile floor. As Dewalt stood gazing upon the remains, a cowboy whom Dewalt guessed to be in his eighties approached. In the direct way of Westerners, the cowboy demanded, "What do you want here?" Dewalt explained he was interested in old buildings. The cowboy exclaimed, "This used to be the finest place west of Fort Worth for a cowboy to get a good meal."

Intrigued Dewalt asked, "What was it?"

"It was a Harvey House," replied the old cowboy.

Too young to remember the glory days of the Harvey Houses, Dewalt inquired, "What was a Harvey House?"

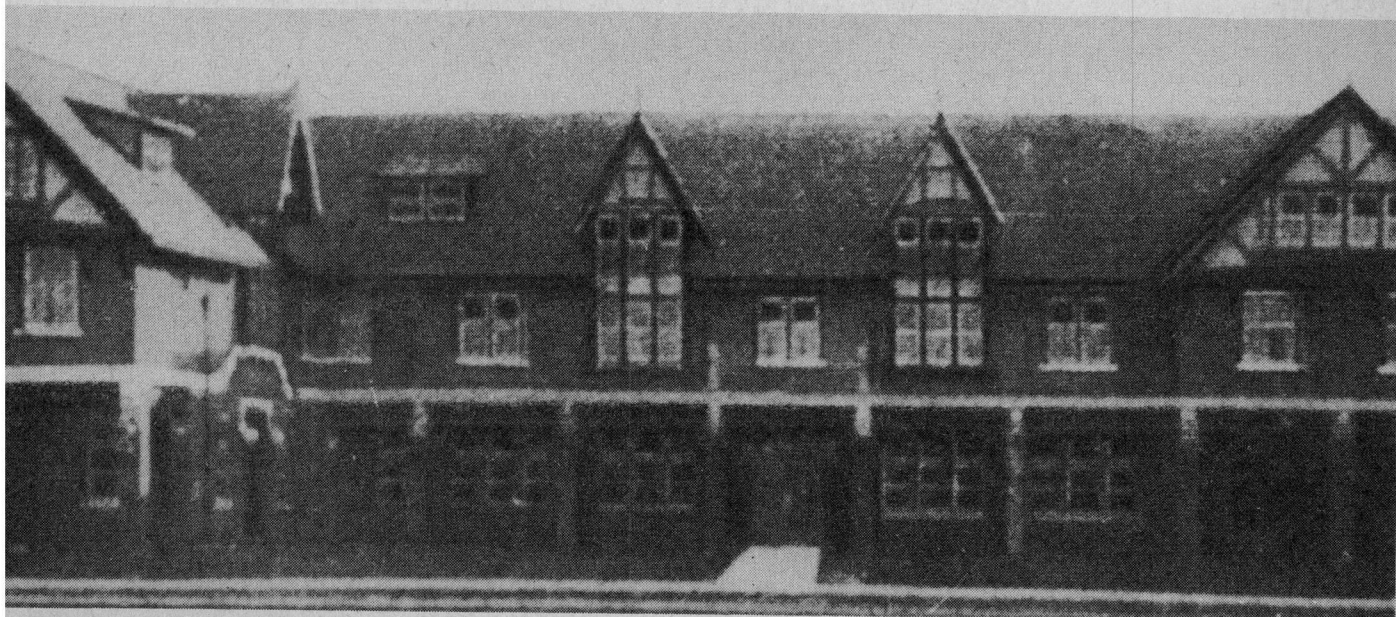
According to Dewalt's account, for the next hour and a half the cowboy explained what a Harvey House was. The old-timer pointed out the location of dining tables and lunch counters. Finally he showed Dewalt "his spot."

"Why was it your spot?" Dewalt asked.

"Well," replied the cowboy, "If I sat here, through the window I could see the trains come in, and over there I could see the kitchen and the Harvey Girls coming out, so I had the best of both worlds."

Perhaps the secret to the success of Fred Harvey's establishments over so many decades was best expressed by great-grandson Daggett Harvey. "We were in business to provide service first, then secondly to make money."

Or, as Will Rogers quipped when noting the scope and impact of Harvey's operations, "Fred Harvey kept the West in food and wives."



# William Wells' Bloody

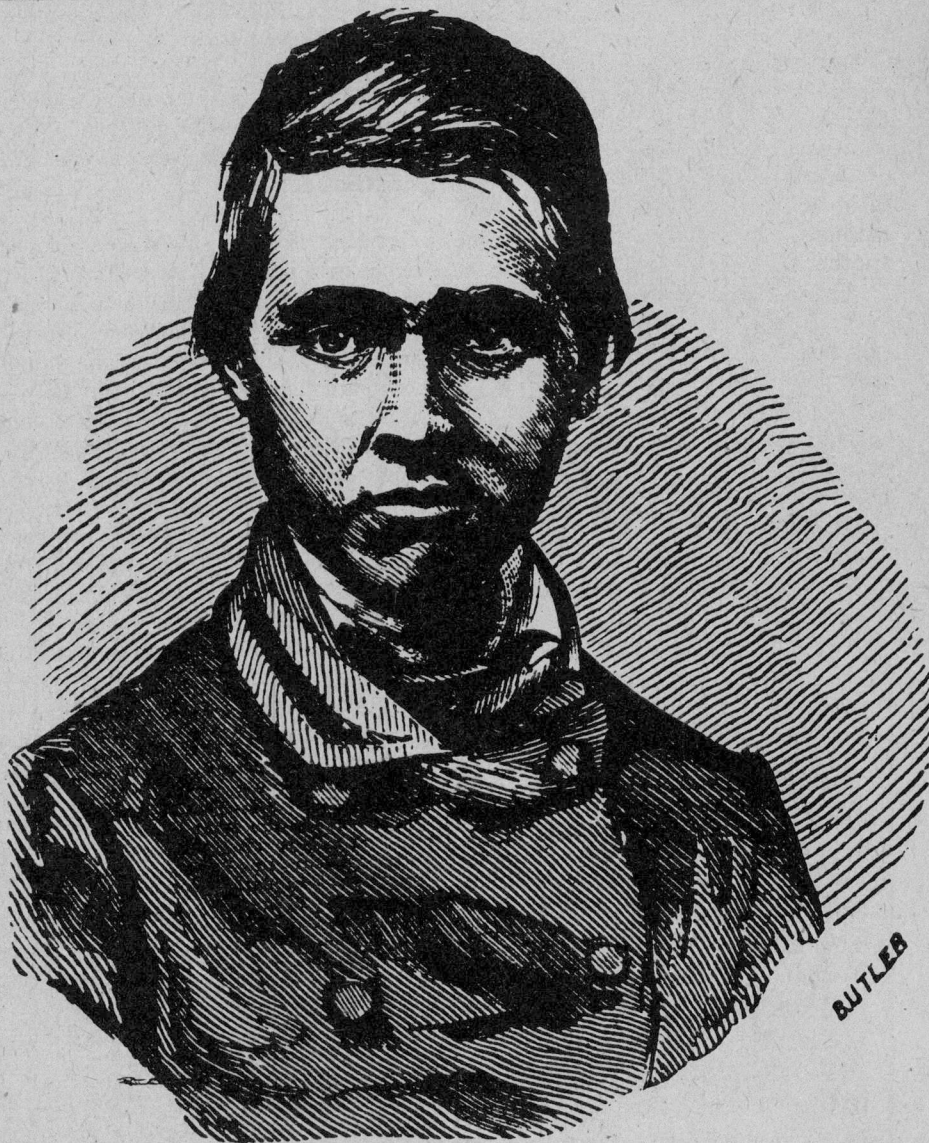
By JOHN BOESSENECKER

The steady clip-clop of horse's hooves echoed loudly through Sacramento's empty J Street as Peter Kieffer pulled his bread wagon to a halt in front of a small wood building two doors west of Tenth. It was five o'clock on the morning of July 17, 1860, and Kieffer had the deserted street to himself as he clambered down from the wagon seat and rapped on the front door of Mathias Wetzel's saloon. Each morning Kieffer delivered bread to Wetzel, but today the affable German did not answer the knock. Walking to Wetzel's room behind the saloon, Kieffer banged on the door. Again there was no answer. He turned the doorknob and, finding it unlocked, stepped inside. Before him was a ghastly sight. Wetzel lay face down in a huge pool of blood next to his bed, with gaping knife wounds in his neck and chest. The entire bed and most of the floor were drenched in crimson.

Stunned, Kieffer staggered out of the room, yelling for help. Within minutes Captain Sam Deal and Officer J.W. Taylor of the Sacramento police arrived on the scene. They carefully examined Wetzel's body. The killer had plunged a knife through one side of the saloonkeeper's neck, completely severing the carotid artery and the jugular vein. He had inflicted a similar wound on the other side of the neck. Either wound would have caused almost instant death. It was quite evident to the two policemen that Wetzel had been slain while he slept. The room had been ransacked, and \$800 in cash, plus gold and jewelry, had been stolen.

News of the brutal murder spread quickly, and a huge crowd of curious spectators gathered around Wetzel's saloon. Killings occurred all too frequently in frontier California, but the majority were the result of brawls between ruffians, drunks, and hell-raisers. It has been reported that San Francisco alone suffered more than 1,000 unpunished homicides between 1849 and 1856.

Sacramento, although much smaller than San Francisco, had more than its share of cutting scrapes, shootouts, and



**WILLIAM WELLS, THE FUGITIVE SACRAMENTO MURDERER.**

Fugitive killer William Wells murdered two guards and a driver in making his desperate escape. This extremely rare woodcut was made from his police mug photo.

John Boessenecker

murders. A burgeoning city of 13,000 at the confluence of the Sacramento and American Rivers, it was the gateway to the northern mines as well as the capital of California. Supplies for the mining camps were sent from San Francisco on upriver steamers to Sacramento's river front, then overland into the mountains.

This trade made the city prosper, and Sacramento's fandango houses, bordellos, saloons, and gambling halls provided welcome but rowdy entertainment for homesick miners. To deal with the ruffians and troublemakers attracted by the town's wild nightlife, the city employed as police officers some of

True West

# Escape

*Wharton turned around and shook Armstrong awake. As the old mountaineer started to rise, Wells reached forward and snatched a sixgun from Armstrong's holster. Clutching it in his handcuffed fists, Wells leaped to his feet and fired at Deputy Wharton at point blank range.*

the best lawmen on the old Pacific Coast, among them Dan Gay, Bob Harrison, Fred Burke, Len Harris, and Sam Deal.

Although a killing in Sacramento between two armed combatants might not raise eyebrows, the vicious murder of a helpless, sleeping man was quite another thing. Reported the Sacramento Union, "The deceased was a man very much esteemed by a numerous acquaintance, and his most foul murder caused the deepest abhorrence..."

While crowds milled about the saloon, Chief of Police J. J. Watson and his men questioned Wetzel's friends and neighbors. They learned the saloonkeeper had been a trusting and charitable man and, like many pioneers of that day, he had no wife or family on

the coast. When lonely he would take in strangers and allow them to sleep under his roof. He kept a safe in his saloon, and his friends were in the habit of leaving jewelry and other valuables with him for safekeeping.

THE OFFICERS discovered that for two days a stranger had been loitering about the saloon, drinking at the bar. From his description, Watson identified him as William Wells, a young ruffian and thief well known to the police. The previous winter he had been arrested for stealing turkeys and had been sentenced to a term on the chain gang. At that time the city jail was a converted ship, the *La Grange*, which was anchored on the river front. Wells distinguished himself during his stay in the "prison

brig" by preventing a fellow prisoner from committing suicide, a humanitarian act strangely at odds with the brutal murder he was now suspected of committing.

By 1860 the Sacramento police had already adopted the 'Rogues' Gallery' system of photography, and ambrotypes were taken of each thief they arrested. A photo had been taken of Wells when he was in jail; now copies were made and distributed throughout the mining region. Descriptions of the missing jewelry were also circulated. One of the stolen items was a distinctive breast pin in the form of an eagle with a figure "6" suspended from its beak. It had been left with Wetzel by his neighbor, J. A. Griesel, who sent a telegraph message of the theft and murder to a friend, George Phifer, in Virginia City, Nevada. Phifer was familiar with the breast pin and promised to keep an eye out in town for any stranger he saw wearing it.

Virginia City was a logical place for any fugitive to head to. Silver had been discovered there a year before. Now a sprawling boomtown population of 10,000 lived in tents and ramshackle buildings on the slope of Mount Davidson. George Phifer did not have long to wait. On July 23, less than a week after the murder, he spotted a newcomer wearing the breast pin in camp and promptly placed him under arrest. The stranger proved to be William Wells, and his pockets were filled with the stolen money and jewelry.

Wells was bundled onto the first California-bound stagecoach and rolled out of Virginia City that evening, guarded by George Armstrong, an old tracker and hunter. Direct stages from Virginia City to Sacramento over the "El Dorado Route" (now U. S. Highway 50) made the trip only once every three days, and it was necessary for travelers to buy tickets long in advance. Wells, therefore, was taken to Sacramento on the Marysville stage via Downieville, a much longer and more circuitous route. A telegraph message was sent from Virginia City to Chief Watson, asking

## PROCLAMATION.

### EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, State OF CALIFORNIA, SACRAMENTO, JULY 28, 1860.

Whereas, satisfactory evidence has been received at the Executive Department that on the seventeenth day of July, Mathias Wetzel, a citizen of this State, was murdered in the city of Sacramento by one William Wells, and also on the night of the twenty-sixth of July said Wells murdered, near the city of Sacramento, George Armstrong, William C. Stoddard and Timothy Wharton, citizens of this State—

Now, therefore, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, I hereby offer a reward of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the arrest and delivery to the Sheriff of Sacramento county of the aforesaid William Wells, provided the said Wells shall hereafter be convicted of the crime of murder.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto caused  
L. S. } to be affixed the Great Seal of the State of California, on the day and year aforesaid.

JOHN G. DOWNEY,  
Governor of California.

Attest: JOHNSON PRICE, Secretary of State.

By E. E. EYRE, Deputy.

After Wells murdered saloon keeper Mathias Wetzel, the governor of California issued a \$500 reward for his arrest.

him to meet the stage en route, but he and Fred Burke were already high in the mountains. They had picked up Wells' trail for Washoe but had no way of knowing that he had already been captured. Another Sacramento policeman started off on horseback up the "Nevada Route" through Nevada City to meet the coach, unaware that it was taking the northernmost road to Marysville.

The stagecoach made an uneventful 120-mile trip up the heavily wooded eastern slope of the Sierra, skirting the magnificent Alpine meadows of Sierra Valley and then climbing the 6700-foot high Yuba Pass. There the road connected with the gold-rich Yuba River and followed it downstream to Downieville.

George Armstrong was a veteran mountaineer and came well armed with a pair of six-shooters in holsters on his belt. He had no handcuffs, however, and did not bother to tie Wells' hands or otherwise secure him. But Wells made no move for his freedom and the sixty-five miles down the foothills to Marysville were traveled without incident.

At Marysville Armstrong obtained the assistance of Sutter County Deputy Sheriff Tim Wharton, who agreed to help bring Wells into Sacramento. They boarded the first southbound stage and headed out of town at four o'clock on the afternoon of July 25 with a driver named Whipple at the reins. At Nicolaus, about twenty miles below Marysville, they stopped at the stage



California State Library  
 Captain Sam Deal (above) led the fruitless attempt to bring Wells safely to Sacramento. A report of a lynch mob at Lisle's bridge (right) evidently prompted Wells to escape.



station to take supper. They had not been there long when the northbound stage, driven by a whip named Whitney, pulled up. After seeing to his team, Whitney entered the station and sat down at the supper table with Whipple, Armstrong, Deputy Wharton, Wells, and a passenger from Downieville.

Unaware that the murderer was present at the table, Whitney turned to

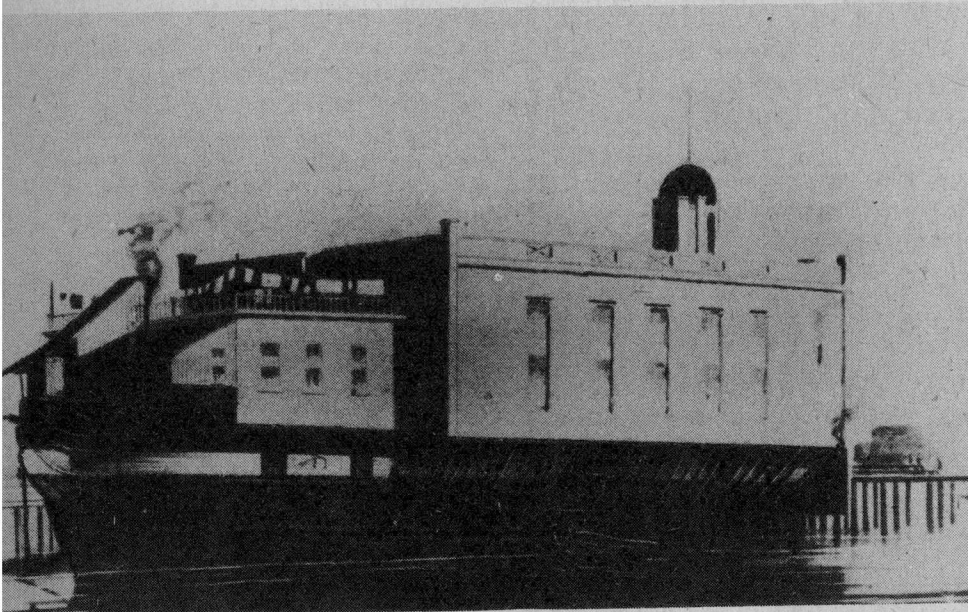
Whipple and asked, "Is the prisoner aboard your stage?"

"Yes," Whipple answered.

"There is a great excitement at Sacramento," Whitney foolishly told his fellow driver. "I think they'll hang the son of a bitch if you take him there." He added that the morning stage from Marysville had been stopped on Lisle's Bridge, just outside the city, by a lynch mob looking for Wells. Unknown to those present, that was untrue.

WHITNEY LATER would relate what happened next: "A man opposite to me at the table gave a wink and a sign by which I was made to understand that the prisoner I was inquiring for was sitting between myself and Whipple. I then broke off this train of conversation abruptly, as I did not wish to hurt the man's feelings, and to relieve what I had said, I stated that it was all a hoax or a humbug—that no one thought of mobbing him."

Wells listened wide-eyed to the talk of lynching, but said nothing. George Armstrong also took Whitney's statement seriously. Determined not to lose his prisoner to a lynch mob, he asked Whipple to continue on to Sacramento and bring back a posse of police officers to escort Wells into town. While Armstrong and Deputy Wharton waited at Nicolaus, Whipple drove his stagecoach to Sacramento. Arriving several hours



California State Library

The La Grange served as Sacramento's city jail until it sank in the flood of 1862. While serving a term there, Wells prevented a fellow prisoner from committing suicide.



California State Library

later, he proceeded straight to the police station house. He told Sam Deal that Wells and his guards were waiting at Nicolaus and would not come into town without a guard. Deal informed Whipple there was no lynch mob waiting for Wells and that a posse was unneeded to guard him. Instead, Deal offered to go alone to Nicolaus if Whipple would take him, and the driver agreed. Upon their arrival at the stage station later that morning, they learned that Armstrong and Wharton had already left for Sacramento in a two-horse spring wagon owned by William Stoddard, a local lawyer and former deputy sheriff who had volunteered to bring them into town.

The little party had left the Nicolaus stage station at 10:00 p.m. To avoid the supposed lynch mob they did not take the regular stage road but followed the "river road," which for thirty miles paralleled the twisting course of the Feather and Sacramento rivers south to the capital city. Deputy Wharton placed his handcuffs on Wells and gave the key to Armstrong.

At 1:30 a.m. the wagon approached Swift's Bridge over the mouth of the American River, half a mile from Sacramento. Stoddard, unarmed, was at the reins, with Deputy Wharton on the seat next to him. Wells and Armstrong were in the wagon bed, the killer's hands in irons in front of him. Armstrong,

completely fatigued by the long, two-day trip and by lack of sleep, had stretched out in the bed to catch a few minutes of sleep. His six-guns were still on his belt. His carelessness would cost the lives of three men.

"We are near to Sacramento," Stoddard remarked to Deputy Wharton. "You better wake up Armstrong."

WHARTON TURNED around and shook Armstrong awake. As the old mountaineer rose, Wells reached forward and snatched a six-gun from Armstrong's holster. Clutching it in his handcuffed fists, Wells leaped to his feet and fired at Deputy Wharton at point blank range. The pistol ball slammed into Wharton's right side about six inches below his armpit, breaking a rib and piercing one lung before it came to rest in his spine. The shock knocked him headlong off the wagon seat, and he fell to the ground underneath the horses.

Without an instant's hesitation, Wells turned the six-gun on Stoddard and shot him in the back, just below the neck. The unarmed driver tumbled off the wagon and dropped onto the roadbed, instantly killed.

Swinging the six-shooter to one side, the desperado thumbed back the hammer and squeezed the trigger a third time. The bullet tore into Armstrong's back near the spine, and he collapsed motionless in the wagon bed.

As Wells jumped down from the wagon, Deputy Wharton crawled out from under the team and drew his revolver. Staggering, he tried to circle the wagon but Wells spotted him and fired again. The ball slammed into Wharton's left thigh. The deputy was game, however, and unloosed a single shot, which sent Wells off at a dead run into the tule thickets. Then the doughty lawman blacked out and crumpled to the ground.

Wells ran east through the tules, then backtracked to the Sacramento River, where he stole a rowboat tied to a pier. Despite his handcuffs he managed to row downstream until he was opposite the spot where Stoddard's wagon stood. Climbing the river bank, Wells found Stoddard and Wharton sprawled in the roadway and Armstrong half dead in the wagon bed. The desperado went through Armstrong's pockets, removed the handcuff keys, and freed himself. Armstrong had also been carrying all the stolen money and jewelry which he was returning to Sacramento to be used against the murderer. Wells pocketed the booty, got back in the boat, and rowed off down the river.

Moments later Tim Wharton regained consciousness and managed to get back on his feet. Although desperately wounded, he staggered down the road to Swift's Bridge and hammered frantically on the tollhouse door, pleading

# THE DAILY BEE.

## LOCAL NEWS.

### DREADFUL TRAGEDY.

#### ESCAPE OF WELLS, THE MURDERER.

#### TWO OF HIS GUARD KILLED AND ONE MORTALLY WOUNDED.

The excitement occasioned in the public mind by the assassination of Martin Wetzel was renewed by the news of the arrest of his murderer, in Virginia City, and continued to increase as the time for Wells' arrival in this city drew near. It reached its culminating point this morning at three o'clock, when the alarm bells sounded, and it was understood that the murderer, Wells, when within a short distance of the city, had shot two of his guard, mortally wounded another, and made good his escape. Reports of minor details are numerous and conflicting. We have made diligent inquiry and believe the following statements to be substantially correct: Wells was being brought to the

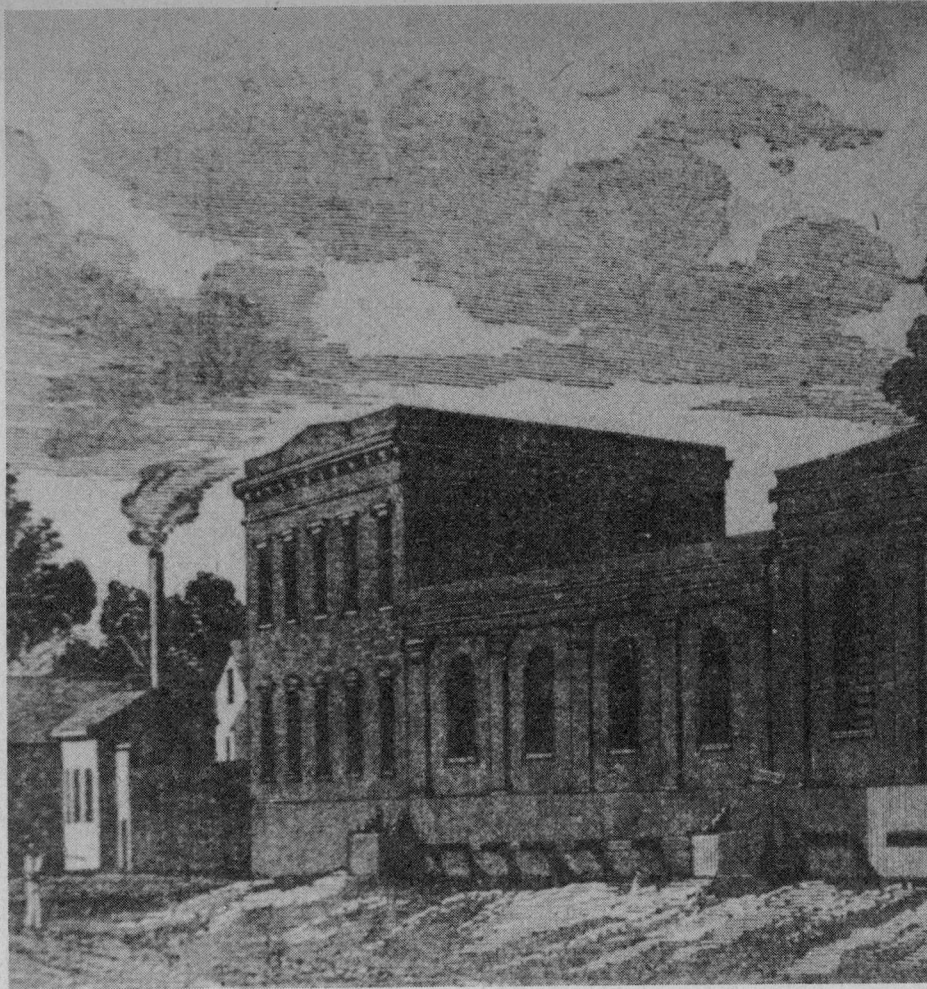
John Boessenecker

Headlines in the Sacramento *Daily Bee* announced the killing of three guards by William Wells.

for a drink of water. The tollkeeper, however, had heard the gunfire. Since highwaymen and other ruffians roamed the road after nightfall, he refused to open the door. Gathering his strength, the deputy slowly stumbled across the bridge to the Sacramento Gas Works on Front Street where he finally managed to get help. One of the workmen ran to the house of police officer A. B. Grant, who assisted Wharton to the United States Hotel on Front Street and then sent for a doctor.

Meanwhile, two butchers working in a slaughter yard across the river had heard the gunshots and reported them to the policemen on duty at the station house. Several officers raced to the scene, where they found Stoddard face down in the road, dead. Armstrong had managed to crawl out of the wagon. He lay propped against a fallen tree. The officers loaded the old mountaineer back into the wagon and rushed him to the station house, but he died within half an hour. The policemen then drove back across the bridge and retrieved Stoddard's body.

By that time the fire bells began clanging and the entire city was aroused. Huge crowds gathered at the station house, anxious to catch either a



After he and his fellow guards were shot by Wells, Deputy Wharton struggled to the

glimpse of the dead guards or any news about the murders. By daybreak some 300 men were in the field hunting the killer. Numerous reports of suspicious persons were brought to the station house by excited citizens, and posses of horsemen were kept busy rushing about Sacramento and the countryside in order to investigate them.

At the same time, Deputy Sheriff Wharton was operated on by the doctors at the United States Hotel. They were able to cut out the ball in his thigh but could not remove the bullet in his spine. He lived until three o'clock the next morning.

Excitement in the city was at a fever pitch, for this was one of the most sensational episodes in Sacramento's early history. Three months before, the first Pony Express rider had thundered into Sacramento amid tremendous publicity and fanfare. But now the *Sacramento Union* reported: "The excitement yesterday entirely outstripped all exciting days in Sacramento for years past."

Both the newspapers and the public debated why Wells had made such a desperate break for liberty when he had traveled peacefully from Virginia City to Marysville without even wearing handcuffs. The general belief was that the false rumor of lynching terrified Wells, prompting him to take the desperate chance. The *Sacramento Union*, however, held that Wells' motives were far more cold-blooded. Its editor pointed out that the killer could have jumped from the wagon and fled without shooting anyone. "The reason why he did not so escape is that he was determined to recapture the money. But for the fact that he knew Armstrong had the money all these lives might have been saved."

DESPITE A \$500 reward offered by the governor and \$1,000 offered by the Masonic fraternity, the manhunt for Wells eventually fizzled. Not a trace of him could be found. Reported the *Union*, "The hope expressed that he would be taken before this time has not



California State Library

amento Gas Works on Front Street.

thought to be the much-wanted fugitive. When Wells had been in the Sacramento prison brig one of the jailmates had been "Limber Jim" Coes, who later settled in Centerville, Idaho, where he ran a livery stable. There he met a laborer who went by the name of Donald McDonald. Coes was certain the laborer was William Wells. McDonald was placed under arrest, and in court both Coes and George Phifer testified that McDonald was Wells.

THE PRISONER was taken by steamer to Sacramento, arriving March 1, 1866. Many men who had known Wells visited the jail and identified McDonald as the missing killer, but an equal number insisted he was not Wells. Except for prematurely gray hair McDonald was identical to Wells in every respect. On his left knee was a scar which Wells was reported to have received when fired on by Deputy Wharton, but McDonald insisted that he had cut himself accidentally with an axe. After spending several weeks in jail, McDonald was clearly proved to have been working in Butte County, California, at the time of the murders. He was freed and the state legislature voted to pay him \$600 for his travail and the damage to his reputation.

For another eight years William Wells' fate remained a mystery. Finally, on May 4, 1874, the Sacramento

Union received a letter from E. Chaney of Placerville, Idaho, which revealed for the first time what had really happened to the fugitive. Wells had indeed fled to the Idaho gold fields. In 1864 he had been traveling with a party of miners enroute to Fort Colville, Washington Territory. The group, which included a miner named Blivins, a fourteen-year-old boy, and several other men, stopped and made camp on a creek between Fort Colville and Pinkney. According to Chaney's letter, "While on the way they talked so much about Wells that the boy's mind was worked up to such an intense excitement about him that immediately after they camped on the creek he shot and killed him, and they buried Wells between a quarter and half a mile from the road up the creek."

The youth was brought into Fort Colville and turned over to the military authorities. Due to his age and the nature of the man he had slain, the soldiers greatly sympathized with him and eventually allowed him to escape.

Although completely forgotten today, William Wells' bloody escape was one of the most notorious crimes of California's pioneer era. It is ample evidence that he was as cold-blooded a killer as can be found in the annals of the Old West. It may truly be said that he richly deserved his fate.



been realized, and from indications, we begin to fear that he will not be taken at all."

These words were prophetic. The following year the gold rush to Idaho began. Many California miners pulled up stakes and headed for the new El Dorado. Most of them were familiar with the Wells case and soon reports filtered back to Sacramento that a man matching the murderer's description was in the Idaho gold camps. In 1864, George Phifer, who had arrested Wells in Virginia City, learned of a miner working near Boise who called himself Wills and bore a striking resemblance to the fugitive. Wills was arrested. At a hearing in Idaho Phifer swore the man was William Wells but other witnesses offered proof that his true name was indeed Wills and that he hailed from Washington Territory. Wills was released.

Occasional reports of William Wells' presence in Idaho continued. Two years later Sacramento newspapers announced the arrest in Idaho of a man



California State Library  
Sacramento's Front Street, 1870s. The United States Hotel, where Wharton died, is the tall building just to the right of the locomotive.

# PEOPLE COME FIRST

*The young man jumped out of the government pickup with his .22 rifle, screaming at our neighbors. "Get back! Get back! Stay away from the cattle!" Then, methodically, he shot the heifers. One by one, almost as fast as you could count, he killed them, shooting each yearling once between the horns and a little above the eyes.*

**T**he fall and winter of 1933 were dry and warm on the South Plains of the Texas Panhandle and the Eastern Plains of New Mexico. Most particularly in the area of Bronco, Texas, the new year started with high west winds day after day, and there was enough sand in the air to give a reddish-brown cast to the daylight hours. The cows stood with their tails to the wind, and we stayed in the house, mainly talking about when the June rains would come. But we never even had a sprinkle, just more sandstorms.

In July it was still hot and dry with south winds and no rain. The general drought forced many ranchers and farmers to dispose of their livestock. The movement of canner-grade cattle to market depressed prices until it was a toss-up whether to sell the animals or let them starve. Of course, the consensus was to sell them for any price rather than watch them starve.

People held onto their cattle as long as possible—sometimes too long. Thinking of the animals as their principal asset, they believed if they weathered

the drought the mother cows would give them something to start over with when the rains finally returned.

Most of our neighbors were homesteaders or small landowners with a section or less of grass and maybe eighty acres devoted to a dry-land farm. All of them had a windmill, a garden, and a few chickens. With the wind we had that year, the windmill could easily supply the livestock, house, and garden. The gardens and chickens were God's blessing, because a straight diet of salt pork, beans, and cornbread can



The Old South Mill watering troughs on the Harris ranch have not been used for several years. The gravity flow was from a rock tank, and the mulberry trees were planted by an early settler.

By HOLLIS W. HARRIS

Photos Courtesy of the Author

become monotonous. Such precious commodities as flour, sugar, and dried fruit were zealously hoarded for special occasions and Sunday dinners.

Many of the men left their women and children on the homestead and went off to look for work in the oil fields of the Permian Basin or the irrigated farms of the Pecos Valley. My father, Harve Harris, was off with his truck, supporting our little ranch by peddling fruit in the oil fields.

The drought's widespread economic effects on the Southwest led to a government program of buying and destroying cows and heifers. It was supposed to reduce the pressure on the livestock market, avoid the impending starvation of the cattle, and conserve the denuded, arid range. The government paid up to seventeen dollars per head for yearling heifers that otherwise might not have sold for ten dollars—if a buyer could have been found.

PAPA HAD sold our older cattle when the drought first became severe, keeping only the one- and two-year-old heifers. He hoped the younger stock would be able to pull through on the dry range.

When the drought hung on, my mother, Naomi Harris, decided to put some of the yearling heifers in the government program. Over and over she said she wished Papa were there to help make the decision. But he might not be back for several weeks, so she went ahead with plans to sell thirty head of the yearlings.

A young college man came out to examine the cattle, inspecting their brands and verifying their age and sex. Mother signed the government contract, and the man said he would be back with the check the next Monday morning. Then he would take delivery of the heifers and destroy them.

Papa came in that Saturday night. He was upset about the sale of the heifers. But he really hit the ceiling when he



Henry Harve Harris (1882–1964) in 1942, several years after he single-handedly stood off the federal government.

learned the government planned to leave them, as he put it, for the coyotes and buzzards. Early the next morning he rode out over the ranch, examining the range conditions and the cattle. The dry, dusty pasture, the cloudless sky, and the ever-present hot, south wind brought him back to the house saying, "Naomi, you made the right decision. Let's go to church early."

We were the first ones at the Highway School House that Sunday morning. Papa met every family as they arrived and told them the government had bought thirty head of our yearlings and would kill them the next morning. He invited every one of them to come and

take as much fresh meat as they wanted.

The minute we were home from church, Papa sent us boys to saddle up. After a hurried dinner, we were instructed to round up all the yearlings from the South Mill and bring them to the home corrals.

When we had the yearlings penned, Papa judiciously cut out the best and strongest yearlings into another corral. That was easy at first, but as we got down to about thirty-five head, the decisions became more difficult. Papa sent for Mother to come help us. Then the conversations ran, "What do you think of that bald-faced heifer over in the cor-



The oil wells and power lines behind the Harris's old East Mill (above) are only twenty years old. The land is otherwise unchanged since 1934. The stock trailer (below) is the only modern intrusion on the old H-V corrals.

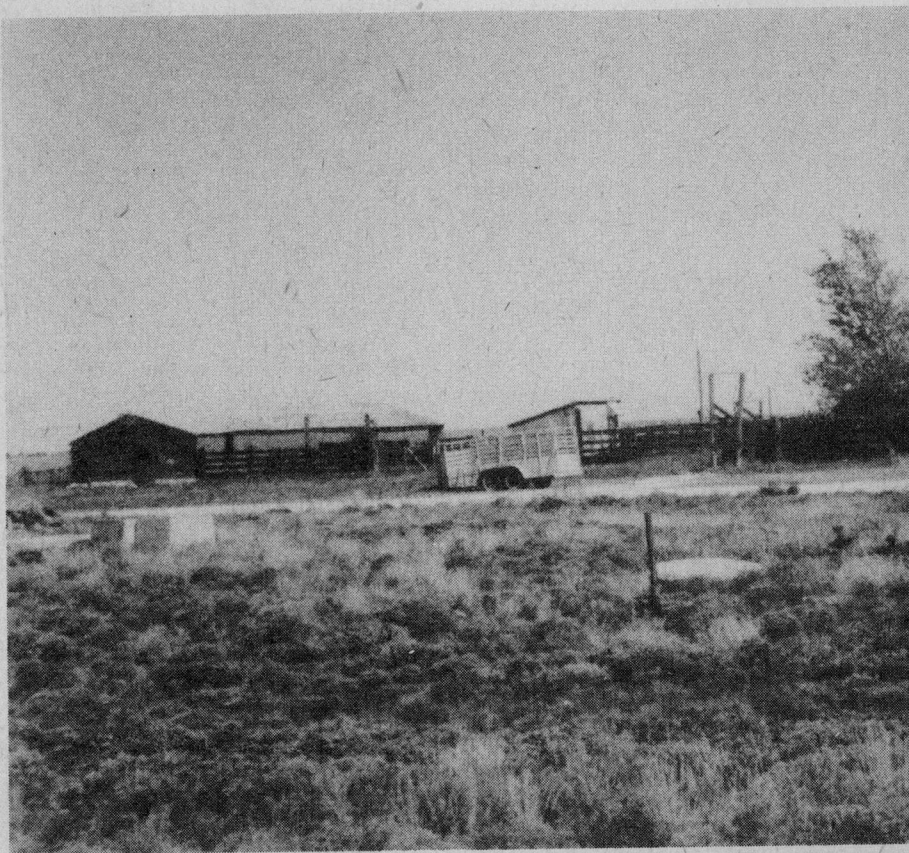
ner? Or would you rather save this long-legged one over here?" Eventually we were down to thirty head. Except for their long tails, they looked more like calves than yearlings. Papa had us take the "savers," as he called them, over to the East Mill.

Next morning at dawn, the neighbors started arriving. Some came in wagons, some in cars. A few were on horseback. Arriving precisely at nine o'clock, the government man seemed quite surprised by the large group of people. He gave mother the check and was introduced to Papa. "Mr. Harris," he said, "I'm a little concerned about all these people. What do they . . ."

Papa cut in quickly, "Don't worry about these neighbors. They're just curious. Now, let's get on with it. Where do you want to do the killing?"

The man answered, "Just drive them into a corner at least a mile from any habitation and I'll handle it from there."

We moved the cattle to the corner of a blown-out field. The crowd of neighbors, still growing, came along. The government man in his new pickup followed Papa's old truck to the site.



The yearlings were hemmed in a corner with enough people to have formed a solid corral.

The young man jumped out of the government pickup with his .22 rifle, screaming at our neighbors. "Get back! Get back! Stay away from the cattle!"

Then, methodically, he shot the heifers. One by one, almost as fast as you could count, he killed them, shooting each yearling once between the horns and a little above the eyes. He stopped only to reload the magazine of his eleven-shot rifle. In minutes, thirty yearlings were sprawled on the ground.

When he finished, the young man laid his rifle on the pickup seat. Papa picked it up and emptied the magazine, saying, "You sure have a nice rifle here, and you are a real good shot, too." Turning back to the young man, who was lifting a heavy, five-gallon can from the pickup, Papa asked him what he had in mind.

The young official replied, "I've got some kerosene here that I'm going to put on those carcasses to render them inedible. You know—or you should know—this program is intended to ease the pressure on the livestock market.

"Now the government has a bill of sale for those yearlings, and I'm going to dispose of them in accordance with regulations."

Papa suddenly seized the young man's right forearm and looked him square in the face. "Listen to me and



Naomi F. Harris in 1983.

listen good, 'cause I'm only telling you once. If you put one drop of that coal oil on those beeves you'll damn sure drink a quart of the stuff. These people are going to have as much of this meat as they want."

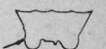
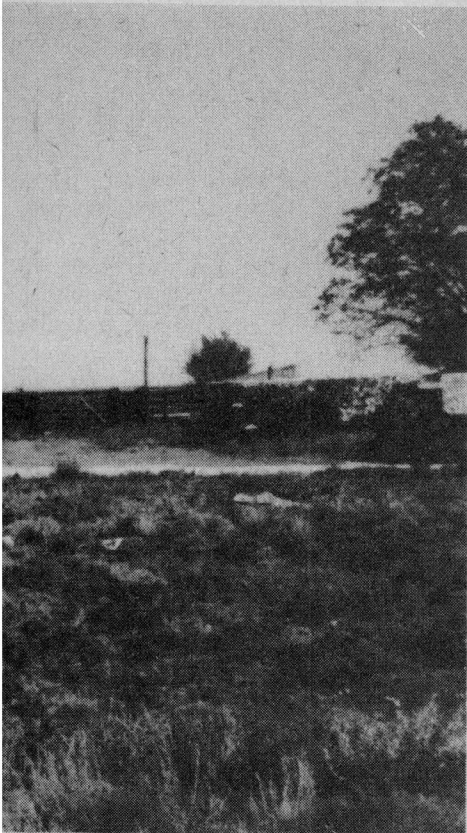
The government man did not like the way things were turning out. He began another explanation about economics and how the government had bought the yearlings and paid for them and he had to carry out his orders.

Papa's response was firm. "Those bassackwards economics you learned in college don't hold water out here; your economics may say the coyotes and buzzards get the beef, but my economics say *people come first*. There will be no further discussion, because all the deci-

sions have been made. You will leave. Now."

As the young man drove off, Papa turned to the crowd and yelled, "Get those throats cut and start dressing out that beef before it spoils!" The neighbors cheered and started butchering. Within the hour, wagons, cars, and horses were leaving, well burdened with fresh beef. Papa's truck was loaded, too, so he could help with transportation and distribution.

To this day, so far as I know, there has been no further discussion of the beef-eating orgy in the Bronco community that hot dry summer of 1934.





A rusting bed is a reminder of the patients who once occupied the pest house.

# Rocky Mountain Pest Houses

“Take him to the pest house.” Sick as he was, the words struck terror in young Frank Menger’s heart.

The twenty-three-year-old Menger had arrived from Grand Junction at the Salida, Colorado, station June 20, 1899.

Now he was shivering with chills and, at the same time, burning with fever. His head felt like the train had run through it; his back and muscles ached. When the train stopped he stumbled off, vomiting in the train yard.

Physicians at the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Hospital in Salida came to take Menger to the hospital. As a railroad employee, he was entitled to care there for the fifty cents a month he paid to the company for health care. The hospital, built in 1885, had been badly damaged by fire on April 14, 1899. But by May 12 temporary facilities were set up.

Menger would have welcomed even

By ARLENE SHOVALD

Photos Courtesy of the Author

one of the two tents pitched on the hospital lawn to accommodate patients until the new hospital was built. But he was not destined for the hospital. Doctors examining him observed the tiny pimples spreading like buckshot across his face, upper chest, and hands and diagnosed the dreaded smallpox.

“Send him to the pest house,” was the order.

Eleven men exposed to Menger in the car were quarantined in a tent near the school house in Cleora, a town about five miles east of Salida.

There were several pest houses in the Salida area in those days. In fact, there were pest houses clear across the country. They were the only way to halt the contagious diseases like smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, typhoid, dip-

theria or other pestilences, the word from which the houses derived their name.

Nurse E. Gallup and a Dr. Moxon were in charge of the pest house where Menger was sent. Some patients recovered but many died. They were buried quickly and quietly to avoid spreading their disease.

Sometimes, in spite of their objections, entire families were sent to pest houses. There was an uproar in the tiny community of Pleasant Valley, Colorado, near Salida in May, 1882. Doctors F.P. Brown, R.F. Persons, and Gordon all agreed J.H. Bustin’s young daughter had smallpox. Her mother had been in Pueblo taking care of a sister who died of the disease several weeks before. She was not at home when the child became ill. The father insisted the little girl did not have smallpox and the doctors were wrong.

Town authorities agreed with the doctors, however, and erected a pest house to which the Bustins could be taken. Their removal, however, was not without incident. Residents blamed the attending physicians for spreading the disease by not taking proper precautions when visiting patients. They insisted doctors wash and change clothes between patients. Dr. F.P. Brown disputed the charges but did admit he had been in a hurry on one occasion. Though he had not changed all of his clothing that time, he had removed his coat and vest.

WHAT HAPPENED to the Bustin family is uncertain. No reports of their deaths appeared in the local newspaper within the next few weeks. Perhaps they were among the lucky ones and got out of the pest house alive.

Another pest house was established in the Rocky Mountain town of Saint Elmo, some thirty miles northwest of Salida. When small pox broke out in the Mary Murphy Mine in April 1885, several miners were taken to the pest house at Saint Elmo for the duration of their disease, usually two to five weeks.

Many others, who were exposed, were quarantined.

The pest houses lasted until vaccines and immunization became commonly available. Of course, as with many new things, it took a while before people became convinced the vaccines were safe. As early as January 1882, Dr. Brown advertised a "fresh lot of virus" had arrived and urged people to become vaccinated. But Ralph A. Post, Salida, now in his seventies, remembers a poor farm and an adjoining pest house were still in operation when he was a child.

"Everyone had the fear of God in them of going to the pest house," Post said, "and the poor farm was just as bad. From our side of the river, we could look across at it [the poor farm] and it looked like a witch face, with two windows on the second floor, like eyes, over a porch that jutted out like a nose. The house was all black and when the sun reflected on those windows it looked like the witch's eyes were glowing."

That poor farm, built by Chaffee County in 1892, operated until the 1940s. In later years it became a dance hall and a meeting place for the Farmer's Union. For several years it

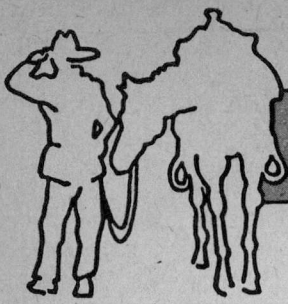
was abandoned. Then, in 1983, Dottie and Herb Hostetler were visiting the area from California, saw the poor farm, recognized its possibilities, and turned it into an attractive, historical bed and breakfast inn. Appropriately, they named it the Poor Farm County Inn.

The pest house, however, did not fare so well. County property was subdivided over the years, and the pest house is now on private property not owned by the Hostetlers. It is still there, hidden in a little valley, among the dry grass and weeds. Old metal bed frames sag on the floor, their springs rusting. The floors are crumbling and the roof is sagging. The only occupants are spiders, mice and snakes, which tend to discourage anyone from exploring there.

And what of Frank Menger, the young railroad man confined there or in another nearby pest house in 1899? His story had a happy ending. A week after he became ill, on June 27, 1899, the *Salida Mail*, reported Menger was recovering and the eleven men exposed to him were let out of quarantine.



The only remaining pest house in Salida, Colorado, stands hidden in a valley near the old county poor farm. Segregated from the general public, the highly contagious patients prepared their meals in the pest house kitchen.



# Trails Grown Dim

Western genealogy

## Johnson-Smith

My great-great-great-grandfather, Aden Johnson, was born in North Carolina in 1830. He married Matilda Ann Smith in 1860. They lived in Tennessee until 1845, when they moved to Ouachita County, Arkansas. Matilda died in Hempstead County, Arkansas, in 1873. Aden lived with his second wife in Erath County, Texas. His children from his marriage to Matilda were William Robert, John Wesley, Thomas A., C. C., Fannie, Amonde, Adelaide, Olive, and Lena. William Robert married Sarah T. Jenkins on December 7, 1865. Their children were Mattie, Nancy, Luvenie, Delie, Lenna, Hattie, Willie, Roxie, Robert, Thomas, and Olive. I am seeking information on Aden and Matilda's parents, brothers, and sisters.—**Camille Petree, P.O. Box 1216, Camden, AR 71701.**

## Chase

I would appreciate any information regarding my great-great-grandfather, Dr. Ruban L. Chase. He was an apprentice to a doctor during the Civil War for the Union soldiers. In the 1880s he and his family moved to Massachusetts from Bothell, Washington. Bothell became the headquarters of the city's first hospital. The hospital was founded by Ruban Chase. Ruban had seven or eight children. I only have the names of the children by his third marriage. They are Helen and Louis. Helen Chase was married a couple of times. From her last marriage she acquired the name Holan. Louis Chase, my great-grandfather, died in Alaska during the gold rush. The cause of his death was due possibly to a dispute over a claim.—**Donna K. Chase, 3706 Howard Ave., Yakima, WA 98902.**

## Owens-Jones

I would like to hear from anyone who is or knows of a descendant of Wiley

Owens or Julia Jones. They were my great-grandparents. Wiley was born November, 1866, in Anadarko, Oklahoma. He was half Cherokee Indian and he lived on the Indian reservation. Wiley left home when he was thirteen to live in Texas. He had a sister, Lillie, and a brother, George. He also had another sister, but I don't know her name. Wiley died January 11, 1915. His wife, Julia Ann Jones, was born July 19, 1887, in Texas or Alabama. Her parents were Jim Jones and Cindy Lou (Elizabeth) Odem. She has two brothers, Sam and Joe Jones. Julia died September 21, 1975. She is buried in Corrigan, Texas. Wiley and Julia were married July 11, 1903, in Carthage, Texas. They had four children, George, born July 26, 1904; Lillie, born July 22, 1907; Jewel, born August 1, 1910; and Albert, born February 2, 1913. I would appreciate any information on Wiley and Julia.—**Shirley Miller, P.O. Box 1368, Quincy, CA 95971.**

## Hood-Cartwright

John Bell Hood was born June 2, 1831, in Owingsville, Kentucky. He died August 30, 1879, in New Orleans, Louisiana. John was a lieutenant general and he led the Texas Brigade. We need the names and places of birth and death of John's wife, parents, and children for our family tree. We also need information on Louie Laverne Courtwright. He was once a United States marshal. He was possibly born in Missouri where he was living when his daughter, my grandmother, was born in 1887.—**Violet Joan Bernard, 5737 Cascade Dr., Redding, CA 96003.**

## Bruce

I am seeking information on my nephew, Alvin Bruce. He lived in Ardmore, Oklahoma, until he passed away in 1967 or 1968. His wife, Pearl, was last heard from in 1979 and is presumed dead.—**Buster Smith, 4112 W. Johnson Circle, Chamblee, GA 30341.**

## Dunn

Any information on my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Ann (Betsy Ann) Dunn, would be appreciated. She was the wife of Dr. John W. Dunn, who died between 1893 and 1897, at Pawnee, Oklahoma. Their children were Josephine, May Belle (Higdon), Thomas Jefferson, Samuel Mitchell, and Benjamin Franklin. They were all born in Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois. They lived near Tarkio, Missouri, and went to Oklahoma when the Cherokee Strip was opened in 1893.—**Lois Andia Bakewell, 802 Fair Circle, Palm Springs, CA 92262.**

## Bradley-Culp

James William Bradley was born October 11, 1881, near Emerson, Arkansas. His parents were John Wesley and Rosetti Moore Bradley. James married Minnie Culp in 1908 and had a son in 1909. Soon after the child was born, his parents separated. James later became an Assembly of God minister. He died July 21, 1945. We would like to contact his son or his sons' heirs. We would also like to contact the descendants of Minnie Culp.—**Arey L. Daniels, 313 Grove St., Winnfield, LA 71483.**

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



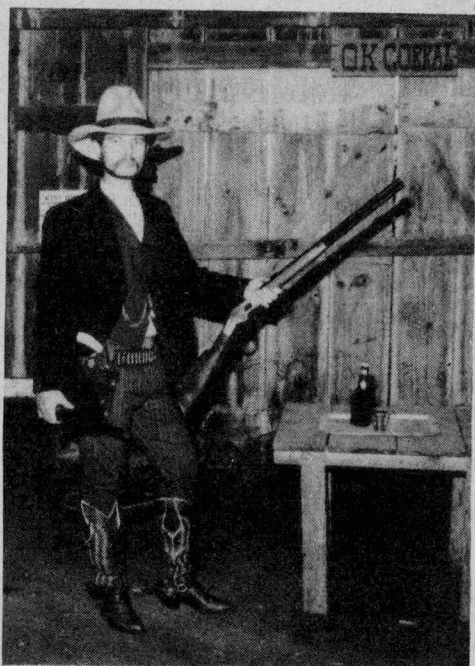
# I like TRUE WEST because ...

Write Us Today!



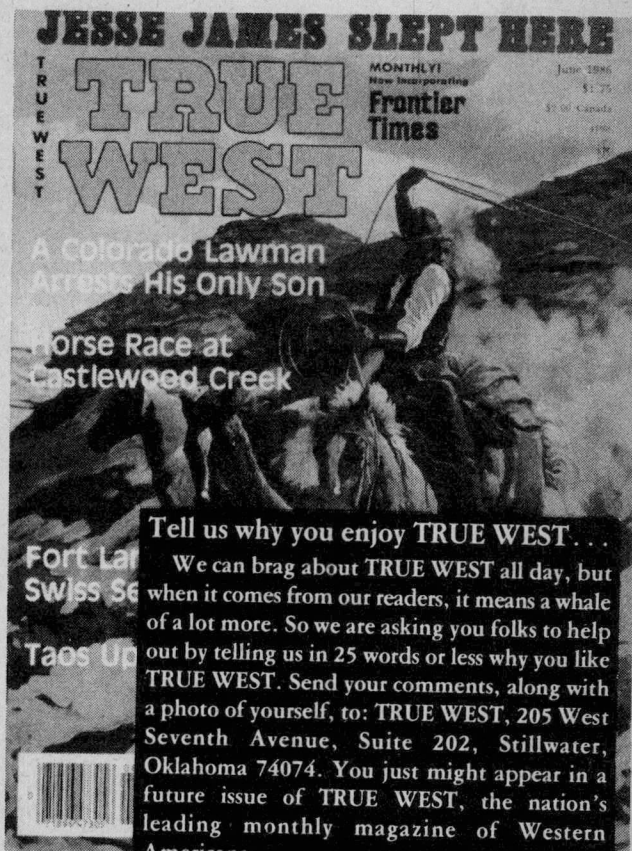
"Being a western writer and artist, I find the stories and illustrations an incentive in my work."

—Jewell Finley  
Eureka, Nevada



"In my line of work this magazine keeps me in touch with all the 'outlaws and lawmen' in the Old West."

—Craig Hamilton  
Live Oak, California



Tell us why you enjoy TRUE WEST...

We can brag about TRUE WEST all day, but when it comes from our readers, it means a whole lot more. So we are asking you folks to help out by telling us in 25 words or less why you like TRUE WEST. Send your comments, along with a photo of yourself, to: TRUE WEST, 205 West Seventh Avenue, Suite 202, Stillwater, Oklahoma 74074. You just might appear in a future issue of TRUE WEST, the nation's leading monthly magazine of Western Americana.

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

## TRUE WEST

P.O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, OK 74076

YES! Sign me up today!

- 1 year (12 issues): \$13.95
- 2 years (24 issues): \$26.00
- New subscription
- Renewal/extension

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

- Payment enclosed     VISA     MasterCard

Acct. No./ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Please allow 4-6 weeks before delivery of your initial issue. Oklahoma residents, please add 6.25% sales tax. On foreign orders, including to Canada and Mexico, add \$5.00 per year per subscription. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. This offer good through 12/31/86.



## GREAT LAKES INDIANS

### KITCHI-GAMI: LIFE AMONG THE LAKE SUPERIOR OJIBWAY.

By Johann Georg Kohl. Minnesota Historical Society Press, 690 Cedar Street, St. Paul, Minnesota 55101. \$11.95, paperback.

This hefty, high-quality paperback is the third volume in the Borealis Editions, reprints of classics in American history and anthropology. All, so far, have been on the Ojibway and Chippewa people.

Kohl was among those erudite mid-nineteenth century Europeans who traveled and studied the American West. Kohl, however, chose to work in the "Near West" rather than the Far West of the Plains. His decision was probably influenced by Henry Schoolcraft's books and even by Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

*Kitchi-Gami* was originally published in German and first translated into English in 1860. This facsimile reprint of that first translation is beautifully done. The type is crisp and readable. The original account is enhanced by University of Indiana ethnologist Robert E. Bieder's introduction and by the addition of five tribal legends not included in the old English edition.

Kohl's account is a catalog not only of the Ojibway's customs, religion, folk-beliefs, ceremonies, and songs, but also of their day-by-day lifestyle, food, clothing, and weapons. As a European, Kohl was not suspicious of or hostile toward the Indians, as were many American travelers among them. His sympathetic observation was unimpaired by any aim to acculturate or integrate the Indians—aims then held by liberal-minded Americans such as Lewis Cass and Schoolcraft whose studies were motivated in part by the desire to "civilise" their subjects.

As a travel writer, though a scholarly one, Kohl employs an informal style which translates nicely into an English account that remains interesting to this day.

Originally hunters and fishermen, the Ojibway were converted to fur traders by the French. As the fur trade col-

lapsed, the tribe declined. They were eventually interned in reservations the year before Kohl arrived in 1855 to study "the old ways" and to preserve their traditional life in this excellent book.

—Richard Dillon  
Mill Valley, California

### Two Sides to Every Story

CUSTER'S FALL: THE INDIAN SIDE OF THE STORY. By David Humphreys Miller. University of Nebraska Press, 318 Nebraska Hall, Lincoln, NE 68588-0520. \$21.50 cloth-bound, \$7.95 paperback.

In *Custer's Fall: The Indian Side of the Story*, first published in 1957, David Humphreys Miller made a significant, pioneering effort to narrate the Battle of the Little Big Horn through the eyes of its Sioux and Northern Cheyenne participants. Beginning in 1935 Miller interviewed surviving warriors who fought against Custer and the Seventh Cavalry. By 1955 he had talked to seventy-one aged Indian veterans of that famous battle. Miller also spoke with relatives of the Crow and Arikara scouts who had worked with Custer against their Sioux and Cheyenne enemies.

Recently reprinted by the University of Nebraska, *Custer's Fall* gives a brief overview of the non-Indian world of 1876 and the events leading up to June 25 of that year. On that date, however, the book develops the Indian perspective on the actual battle.

The Sioux first react to the attack of Captain Marcus Reno, and then they and the Northern Cheyennes respond to Custer and his forces. Miller firmly believes that Custer died between 4:00 and 4:15 p.m. as he led his men across the river's ford at the bottom of Medicine Tail Coulee. Then, according to Miller, the Indians gradually overwhelmed the leaderless soldiers. He argues the final combat on Battle Ridge was over by 4:40 p.m.

*Custer's Fall* is instructive, but

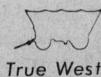
readers should keep several points in mind. Since it was first published, twenty-nine years of subsequent scholarship have challenged some of Miller's contentions. Recent scholarly treatments of both the non-Indian and Indian perspectives of the Battle of the Little Big Horn add considerably to the context of *Custer's Fall*. For example, Miller argues that Custer's presidential aspirations clouded his judgment before the battle. In 1986, students of Custer are much less certain of the precise nature of his political intentions.

Too, Miller occasionally makes errors of fact. He flatly states that "Calamity Jane" guided Custer's Black Hills Expedition in 1874 while in fact she tagged along with the expedition of Dr. Walter Jenney to the Black Hills in 1875. It is unclear what her duties with the Jenney Expedition were, but she was not a guide.

Miller errs seriously concerning the weapons used by Custer's men. He writes that "the armament carried into the fight by the Seventh Cavalry was considerable—a repeating carbine, and a pistol for every trooper, a revolver or two for every officer—there is little doubt the soldiers began the battle with superior fire power." The cavalrymen certainly had revolvers, but their carbines were single-shot, breech-loading .45-55 caliber Model 1873 Springfields. Indeed, it was the 1890s before the Army began to replace the various Springfield rifles and carbines with bolt-action Krag Jorgensen repeating rifles. Also, recent archaeological excavations at the Custer Battlefield indicate Indian carbines at the battle outnumbered those of the troopers two to one.

*Custer's Fall* is an important part of the historiography of the Battle of the Little Big Horn. If read with care and an awareness of more recent studies, it can still be read for enjoyment and profit.

—Joseph C. Porter  
Omaha, Nebraska



## REEL COWBOYS

# RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY

*Ride the High Country* (1962) was the last film role of longtime star Randolph Scott. It was thought to be Joel McCrea's swansong, too, but he made two appearances in the 1970s, then starred in *Mustang Country* (1975). *Ride the High Country* introduced the charming Mariette Hartley to movie audiences, although she had been acting since the age of twelve. It was director Sam Peckinpah's first major film assignment.

Peckinpah had enjoyed a busy career as a scriptwriter and director of TV Westerns. He had written thirteen scripts for *Gunsmoke* alone, and he had developed *The Rifleman*, the television series which earned stardom for Chuck Connors. Peckinpah was assigned to rework the script of *Ride the High Country*. MGM, intending it to be a minor film, also allowed him to direct it.

Randolph Scott was interested in the project, and he sent the script to his friend, Joel McCrea. A toss of the coin at lunch determined that Scott would have top billing over McCrea, but Joel selected the part of Gil Westrum. Westrum is an ex-lawman reduced to wearing a wig and phony beard and outshooting rubes at rigged carnival shows. Steve Judd, Westrum's old partner, has signed on to bring bullion from a mining camp to the bank, and Gil agrees to ride along—so he can steal the gold.

Although Scott had played his share of "good-badman" roles (my personal favorite was in *Western Union*, an excellent 1941 adaptation of a Zane Grey novel), Gil Westrum was to be McCrea's first venture into villainy. On the opening day of shooting everyone realized the role simply did not suit McCrea, who had established himself too indelibly as a hero of unshakeable honesty and integrity. Scott agreeably assumed the role of Westrum, and with practiced charm portrayed the old gunman who ultimately could not betray his friend.

McCrea's character was Steve Judd,

By BILL O'NEAL



Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea at the thrilling conclusion of *Ride the High Country*. Though outnumbered, the two old heroes once again have vanquished a band of bad guys.

a down-at-the-heels peace officer who is brave and resolute and still very good with his guns and fists. Attempting to deliver the bullion, he must contend with his double-dealing former partner (Scott) and the vicious Hammond brothers. The Hammonds are a nasty clan of prospectors who try to gang-rape young Elsa Knudsen (Hartley). After McCrea and Scott rescue the girl, the Hammonds come after them.

The Hammonds are brilliantly played by James Drury (as Billy), the slimy L.Q. Jones (Sylvus), John Anderson (Elder), John Davis Chandler (Jimmy) and the incomparable Warren Oates (Henry). Drury soon would land the title role in the long-running television series, *The Virginian*, while Jones, Anderson, and Oates have essayed scores of memorable character parts. Another fine character actor in *Ride the*

*High Country* was Edgar Buchanan, who was at his grizzled best as drunken, corrupt Judge Tolliver.

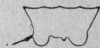
*Ride the High Country* was filmed, appropriately, in the High Sierras. The score is hauntingly melodic. The hard-scrabble camp of mining tents centering around a raunchy saloon-bordello was fashioned from sails from *The Mutiny on the Bounty*. The time period is Peckinpah's favorite, the turn of the century, when the frontier was disappearing and Westerners of integrity and individuality faced the wrenching transition to a more civilized way of life.

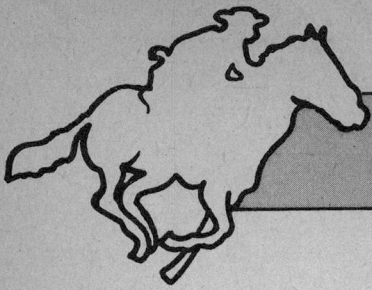
The final scene is gripping. Two of the screen's greatest Western stars, McCrea and Scott, stride side by side toward the surviving Hammond brothers. McCrea is wounded, the pair is outnumbered, but they march, proud and courageous, into the climatic shootout. I've seen these two old actors handle such situations in scores of movies—indeed, publicity men announced they had starred in 230 films, fired 150,000 cartridges, and shot 130 villains. Peckinpah directed the gunplay deftly, without the slow-motion gore that would mark his later work.

"Start the ball, old man," challenges James Drury.

The despicable Hammonds are slain to a man, but McCrea is fatally wounded. "I'll go it alone," he mutters. Scott leaves his old friend to die with dignity as he delivers the bullion and completes McCrea's last assignment. McCrea looks at the mountains, then sags in death.

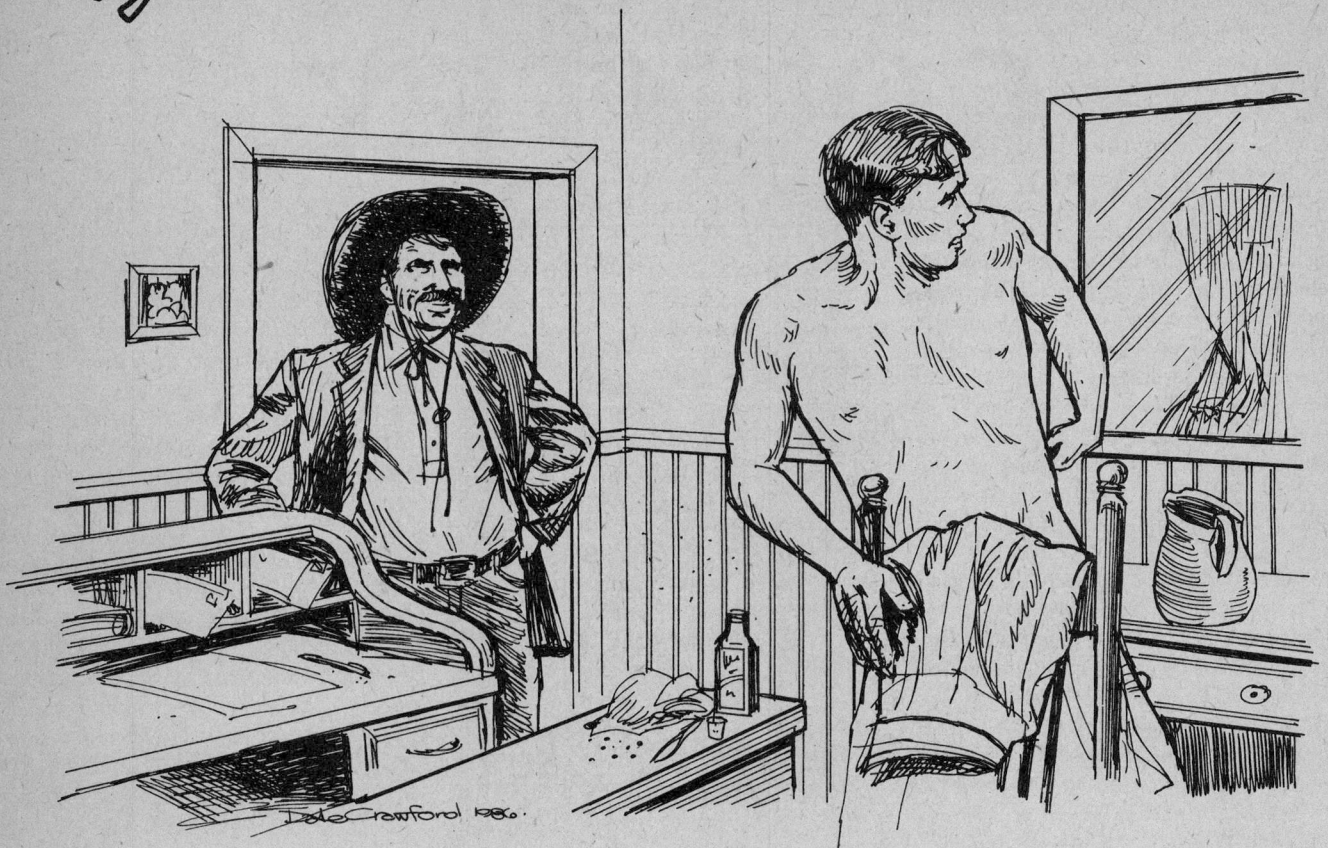
MGM put little effort into publicizing *Ride the High Country*. But this crisp, well-acted film was favorably reviewed and earned prestigious awards and enthusiastic audiences in Europe. It proved highly profitable for MGM, and it remains a treat for Western film buffs.





# Wild Old Days

True adventures from a bygone era



## IN DAYS OF YORE

By CHARLES M. HALLETT

Illustrations by Dale Crawford

In the southern Kansas farming area where I grew up, there were improvident people who always seemed to have bad luck and large families. But the majority of people were thrifty. They raised their families and prospered on much smaller farms than are found in the area today. Money was scarce, but food was plentiful. The surplus was used to barter with the local merchants, whose produce supply was limited.

Kansas pioneers often settled in groups with relatives or friends. They were much help to each other in those days of hand labor and little or no modern machinery. My great-uncle and aunt, Oliver and Emma Haskins, had a farm that seemed to me to have all the

requisites of the so-called "American Dream."

Their two-story house had a large loft on the second floor with beds for hired hands and male guests. The south side of the house had a long porch and a water pump a few feet away. The porch and the pump were all shaded by large maple trees.

Southeast of the house was a large orchard with a variety of fruit trees. Southwest of the house was a butte bordered on the north and east by a blackjack thicket. At the edge of the thicket was a poultry house.

About seventy yards away from the farmhouse, the poultry house was a fine shelter for the chickens but a bit too

handy for varmints. I never knew my aunt and uncle to have a dog, which was unusual for a farm home. But a double-barreled shotgun was kept high on a rack on the back porch. Any crow or varmint seen scouting the edge of the thicket invited a load of drop shot from the ten-gauge shotgun.

During harvest, the women relatives would gather to visit and process fruit on that pleasant, cool back porch. I won't forget the apple and cherry pies those dear ladies baked and the chicken dinners with all the trimmings. Those were, indeed, happy days.

One summer at the turn of the century, Haskins suffered from a carbuncle that persisted despite home

True West

remedies. So he started visiting a young doctor in the county seat, Eureka, Kansas. The doctor was a single man, whom Haskins would invite out to the farm for Sunday dinner. Occasionally he would introduce him and recommend him to neighbors.

IN THOSE days of difficult transportation, sick folks might not be able to go to the doctor, so the doctor had to go to them. House calls far out into the country required the doctor to maintain a horse and buggy. So the young doctor soon became well acquainted in the neighborhood and often could be seen in his buggy, dropping in on any gathering of people. For him it was good public relations, and for the farmers it was good to know a doctor.

In the middle of one summer night, Haskins heard a disturbance at the chicken house. He slipped out onto the back porch and, in the dim light, he saw the figure of a man backing out of the chicken house. The intruder was dragging a large object.

Haskins reached for the shotgun and fired both barrels. Because of the smoke from his black-powder shells, though, he could not see the result. He dressed and lit a lantern to investigate. A large gunny sack full of chickens lay on the poultry house floor, but there was no other sign of the thief.

After a sleepless night and an early breakfast, Haskins got an early start on the day's work and finished by noon. With nothing urgent to do, he hitched up the buggy and drove into Eureka to do a bit of shopping and to visit the doctor.

Finding no patients in the doctor's waiting room and being on familiar terms with him, Haskins barged right into the back room. There he found the doctor with his shirt off and his pants down. Backed to a mirror on the wall, he was using a pair of tweezers to pick shot from his back and posterior.

Haskins, a jovial, good-natured man realized immediately how the doctor had acquired the shot, but he treated it as a big joke and got a good laugh out of it. The doctor, however, realized his local career would be ruined once the story became known. And he had probably heard stories of how horse thieves were treated in those parts. So he lost little time gathering his few belongings and leaving the area. He was never heard of again.

An investigation revealed the doctor often had sold poultry to the local produce dealer, explaining that he had received it in payment for medical services. The young physician, no doubt, had been paid in that manner. But he apparently had learned how to replenish his cache on his own. Some of the Haskins' neighbors then reported they, too, had lost poultry but had suspected the thief was a varmint.

Haskins was fond of the young doctor and regretted the whole affair. He was embarrassed to have recommended the man to his neighbors. After the first gossip subsided, he never spoke of the incident again.



**IT'S TIME TO STOP SMOKING!**

Stop smoking now! And do it without gaining weight.

**IN-TROL SYSTEM.** Kit contains a cigarette like inhalator with hidden wick and flavor control value-and six month supply. Wintermint vaporizer concentrate plus dropper-dispenser and pen like carrying case. IN-TROL System \$14.95 postpaid.

- \*100% natural
- \*No nicotine
- \*No drugs
- \*Completely safe
- \*No super will power

**LAKEHURST DIVERSIFIED CO.**  
5400 E. 21st, Suite 301-TW1 • Wichita, KS 67208

**RELIEVE THE PAST**

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

Send \$1.00 for my latest catalog.

**JIM LYONS**  
Box 608TW Mt. View, CA 94042

**After You've Renewed . . .**

**DON'T PANIC** if you receive another renewal notice! It takes a while for our renewals to reach you, and chances are that your order and the notice just crossed paths.

**TRUE WEST**  
P. O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, OK 74076

# The Western Archive

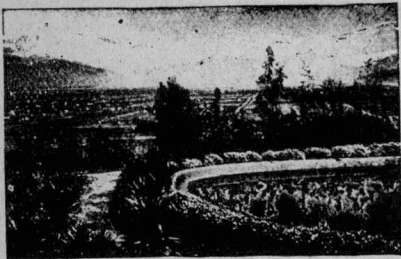
Reproductions of newspapers, photos, diaries, and letters from the Old West

SOME CALIFORNIA FLOWERS  
NOVEMBER, 1895 Volume III Number 6



In this month's Western Archives we have reproduced excerpts from THE LAND OF SUNSHINE magazine of November 1895. The cover of that issue, published more than ninety years ago in Los Angeles, California, is shown above.

## HAVERTY & WILSON



View from Smiley Heights, Redlands, looking north.

PROPRIETORS **CLUB STABLES**  
OPP. WINDSOR HOTEL, REDLANDS, CAL.

☛ Carriages, in charge of thoroughly competent drivers, meet each incoming train, ready to convey tourists to every point of interest in and about Redlands.

N. B.—Be sure and ask for Club Stable rigs.

## FOR SALE

Special to the LAND OF SUNSHINE.—6-room modern new Colonial cottage. Hall, bath, hot and cold water, patent water closet, fine mantel, lawn, street graded, etc. Only \$2,500. Terms, \$500, cash; balance monthly. One of many good homes in Los Angeles for sale. Before you buy, see TAYLOR & CO., 102 South Broadway.

**BARGAINS!** \$14 a foot, city lots in Kohler Tract, between 7th and 8th Sts. Installments. Also, Ten acre lots, best fruit land, Anaheim; 704 trees, walnuts, apricots, peaches. \$100 per acre; \$28 cash, 8 years time, 6 per cent.

W. J. FISHER, 227 W. Second St.

## A PRE-DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.

IN the April number of this magazine was printed a sketch, with portrait, of Olive Mann Isbell, the first American school-teacher in California.

When the Isbell party reached the head of Bear river in 1846, they camped several days to rest. After drying towels they had washed in the stream, the women were surprised to find them heavy with some shining substance. "What do you suppose it is, Olive?" asked Mrs. Aram.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Isbell, "but I think it must be isinglass."

When some of the richest mines were discovered on Bear river the mystery was explained. The ladies then knew who had been the first Americans to find gold in California, though they never put forward their claims to that much disputed honor.

In October, 1847, Doctor Isbell and wife settled on a stock ranch embracing three leagues of land, obtained from the Indians, eight miles north of the present site of Stockton, on the Calaveras river, on the trail leading from San José to Sutter's Fort.

The Wimmers, who were to board the men during the building of Sutter's Mill, arrived in California the same year as the Isbells; and the Doctor being their physician, the families at the mill and the ranch kept in touch. Mrs. Wimmer had lived near the gold mines in Georgia previous to her marriage.

Soon after settling in camp she observed glittering particles in the water, which she declared were gold. Her son and others had picked up small flakes, over which there was much discussion.

It was not surprising therefore that she, washing clothes near the ditch on that eventful morning, should have been attracted by Marshall examining intently something in his hand. "What is it?" she asked. "I believe it is gold" he replied. "Bring it here," she said, "put it in my soap suds. If it turns black it is not gold, but if it comes out bright it surely must be gold, it is so heavy."

They put the nugget in the suds, and the world knows how well it stood the test.

After an unsuccessful attempt at gold-finding, in which they came near losing their lives at the hands of the Indians, Captain Weber, Dr. Isbell and ten other men organized the Stockton Trading Company and opened a trading post where Weaverville now stands. They took ample supplies of beef, bought all the goods to be had at Sutter's Fort and employed twenty-five Indians to dig for them. The bewitching metal came in so fast, the stock was soon exhausted, even to their clothing, save drawers and shirts. Before this news reached the ranch, Mrs. Isbell sent to the rancheria on the Calaveras, for an Indian to dig a well. When he appeared the blood froze in her veins, for he was dressed in the Doctor's boots and the corduroy trousers she had made him. "Where did you get those clothes?" she asked excitedly, fearing her husband had been killed. "Bought them," he responded laconically, "Indians

getting all white man's clothes now." The next day Captain Weber returned with tidings of their success. They had sent to Yerba Buena for beads, calico, raisins—in fact anything to please the red man's fancy. They traded pound for pound; a pound of beads or calico for a pound of gold. Small wonder that men almost lost their reason in such an experience. Mrs. Isbell sent her ribbons, handkerchiefs and finery to swell the medium of exchange. With the aid of a boy nine years old she managed the ranch and made short gowns and petticoats for the squaws for which the company paid her two ounces of gold a suit.

One midnight in the month of August, a band of Mokelumne Indians led by chief José Jesús appeared at the ranch.

"What do you want?" ask the mistress.

"We have found gold on the Stanislaus river," said the chief.

Turning to old Juan, her vaquero, she said; "Have my mare saddled at four o'clock and we will go to see the Doctor." With supplies of bread, butter and meat they set off in the morning and when the sun set had reached camp with the news, and Mrs. Isbell was sewing on a calico dress for a squaw who insisted on appropriating the one she wore. But when it was finished one of the stronger sex took it for his own use. Camp Weber was soon deserted for the new field on the Stanislaus, which proved to be the richest yet found.

This camp at the first mines opened in California left its impress in the town of Weaversville—whose name is a mispronunciation of Captain Weber's.

The first visit Doctor Isbell made to the ranch from the Stanislaus he carried (with the aid of a boy) eighty pounds of gold. He threw the sack on the floor and opening it said to his wife; "Here, Olive, hold your hand," and placed in it a kidney-shaped nugget that weighed seven pounds and three ounces, the largest taken out. It was sent to Mrs. Isbell as a gift from the Company. It was afterwards sold to some Englishmen, in San Francisco, for \$3,000; and they sent it to Her Majesty, the Queen.

In the absence of banks, gold was concealed below the floor, under the bed; disguised in every conceivable shape, even put under setting hens—for the country by this time was fast filling with "Sidney ducks," from Australia and hordes of gold-seekers from everywhere; and the halcyon days were past.

The Isbell ranch on the main highway to the diggings became the stopping place for travelers, and at the prices paid in those days the mistress found her own gold mine.

**\$35 PER ACRE** For Lands located in Southern California. Will grow Oranges, Lemons, and all other fruits. \$35.00 takes the choice. Remember, \$35.00 for land as good as any in the State. Reached by the Southern California Railway. This land at \$35 per acre will not be on the market after January 15th next.



**SAN MARCOS LAND COMPANY.**  
D. P. HALE, Manager.  
1336 D St., San Diego, Cal.  
W. G. JACOBS, Superintendent,  
San Marcos, San Diego Co., Cal.



WILBER C. DOW

L.M. GRIDER

**GRIDER & DOW**

**REAL ESTATE**

IF YOU WANT **A HOME** IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA  
**See Our Adams St. Tract**

On the finest residence street in Los Angeles close to the best improvements in the city, double track Electric Cars running through tract; cement walks and curbs, water piped, graveled streets lined with palms; pure air, rich sandy loam; no mud.

**\$300** and up **WRITE** or call

139 South Broadway, and make your selection.



**Your Health!** Is it worth a trip to Southern California?

Sunny rooms, sanitary plumbing, home cooking, trained nurses, baths, Galvanism, Paradise and Massage, its convenience to electric and cable cars? If so, ADDRESS. Dr. J. E. Cowles.



**PACIFIC SANITARIUM**

Telephone 138. Hope and Pico Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

BEST PRIVATE HOSPITAL IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Office, Bryson Block, Rooms 1, 2 and 3

Hours 10 to 12 a. m., 3 to 5 p. m. Tel. 1172

# TRUE WEST CLASSIFIED AD FORM

only 50¢ per word

\$5.00 MINIMUM—ZIP CODES ARE FREE

5.00	5.00	5.00
5.00	5.00	5.00
5.00	5.00	5.00
5.00	5.50	6.00
6.50	7.00	7.50
8.00	8.50	9.00
9.50	10.00	10.50
11.00	11.50	12.00
12.50	13.00	13.50
14.00	14.50	15.00

## —CLASSIFICATIONS—

- |                       |                    |                      |
|-----------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| 100—ANTIQUES          | 292—FARM & RANCH   | 375—PHOTOGRAPHY      |
| 125—ARTIFACTS         | 293—FISHING        | 400—REAL ESTATE      |
| 200—BOOKS & MAGAZINES | 295—GENEALOGY      | 450—RECIPES          |
| 250—BUSINESS OPPORT.  | 300—GOVT. SURPLUS  | 475—RECORDS & TAPES  |
| 260—COINS             | 315—GUNS           | 495—TRAVEL           |
| 275—COLLECTIBLES      | 325—HOBBIES        | 500—TREASURE HUNTING |
| 277—EDUCATIONAL       | 330—HUNTING        | 550—WESTERN MERCH.   |
| 280—EMPLOYMENT        | 350—INDIAN RELATED | 600—WANTED TO BUY    |
| 290—ENERGY SAVING     | 365—PETS           | 650—MISCELLANEOUS    |

CLASSIFICATION DESIRED: # \_\_\_\_\_

**DEDUCT 10% FOR RUNNING AD IN 3 CONSECUTIVE ISSUES,  
15% FOR RUNNING IN 12 ISSUES.**

Number of words: \_\_\_\_\_ Number of issues: \_\_\_\_\_ Amount of payment sent: \_\_\_\_\_

IMPORTANT: Box number ads require name and address of advertisers for our confidential files.

ZIP CODE IS FREE—SEND PAYMENT WITH COPY OR USE YOUR MASTER CARD OR VISA (FILL IN BLANKS BELOW). MC \_\_\_\_\_ VISA \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Card No. \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

**TRUE WEST CLASSIFIEDS**

P.O. Box 2107

Stillwater, OK 74076

(405) 743-3370



## 100

## ANTIQUES

THOUSANDS OF ANTIQUE GUNS, Swords, Daggers, Polearms, Armor, Militaria, etc. in illustrated catalogs. European, American, Eastern, Japanese and Oriental. \$5 for six issue subscription; William Fagan, Box 425B, Fraser, MI 48026. 1286

## 200

## BOOKS & MAGAZINES

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

FREE CATALOG WESTERN-HISTORICAL Non-fiction, frontier-cowboy books. Send 22¢ postage. Maverick Publications, 10245 West 14th Ave., Denver, CO 80215. 1086

LOST TREASURE. Ghost Town, Western Americana books. Old City, County, State maps. Free catalog. Slocum Books, Box 10998A, Austin, TX 78766. 1186

FREE CATALOG, HARVEY DUNN PRINTS and Western books. Write North Plains Press, P.O. Box 1830, Aberdeen, SD 57401. 1186

WESTERN HISTORY BOOKS, new titles & reprints. Send for free catalog. Mountain Press, P.O. Box 2399, Missoula, MT 59806. 1186

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

WANTED: GREAT WEST MAGAZINE, vol. 1, no. 2, 1981. D.C., Box 158, Dubois, WY 82513. 986

TOMBSTONE BOOK SPECIALISTS — send SASE for list. Red Marie's, Box 891, Tombstone, AZ 85638. 986

WESTERN AMERICANA BOOK LIST. Scarce and out-of-print books. Send 22¢ stamp. Western Book Company, Dept. TW, P.O. Box 271, Gaston, OR 97119. 986

WANTED WESTERN PULPS in fine condition. Mainly Western Story, Cowboy Stories, Lariat, etc. Private collector. Latham, 339 W. Wilson, Glendale, CA 91203. 1086

NUMEROUS INDIAN, SOUTHWEST AND OKLAHOMA TITLES. "Kepis and Turkey Calls, the War Between the States in Indian Territory," \$10.95. Oklahoma residents, add 5¼% tax. OKLAHOMA HERITAGE BOOK CENTER, 1500 North Robinson, Oklahoma City, OK 73103. Send a SASE for other titles. 1186

BUNCHGRASS SAGE and Pine Cowcountry Horses People Incidents Verse Illustrated 115 pages \$10.00. E. J. Kirchoff, 1725 S. Sumner Road, CoosBay, OR 97420. 1186

"THE BOY CAPTIVES," just reprinted. Clint Smith's experiences with the Comanches. Also his younger brother Jeff's account of his years with Geronimo to whom he was sold shortly after the brothers were captured in the Texas hill country. I will personally autograph my father's book. Texas residents \$10.40 (including postage, tax); others \$9.40 (postage, handling included). Milton Smith, Box 665, Rocksprings, TX 78880. 986

THE WESTERNER — features stories of old west, movies, stuntmen, personalities, artists, plus the largest selection of unique western products: reward posters, badges, prints, bib shirts, holsters, statuettes, more. Free details. Copy \$3.00. The Westerner, Box 5232TW, Vienna, WV 26105. 1286

WESTERN MEMORABILIA: New catalog. Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Buck Jones, Hoppy and many more Western stars. Books, magazines, cards, photos, pin-backs, etc. Send \$1.00 to Western Legends, Dept. TW, P.O. Box 7269, Grand Station, Des Moines, IA 50309. 1186

REPORTS ON TERRITORIAL NEW MEXICO. (Facsimile reproduction—softcover) REPORT OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW MEXICO 1895, \$7.50; and REPORT OF SECRETARY OF WAR 1848, \$15.00. Lincoln County Heritage Trust, Box 1000, Roswell, NM 88201. 986

WANTED: Books on Billy the Kid and his gang. Please state condition and price. Jeffers, Box 419, Woodburn, OR 97071. 986

GIFT CATALOG. Beautiful color catalog featuring 225 unique items for personal use and gift giving. Send \$1.50 refundable to Charles Stewart Specialties, 495 Old York Rd., Suite 443-2, Jenkintown, PA 19046. 1186

FAMILY BIBLES, hymnals, and books recovered and repaired. C. McIntosh, 515 W. Nichols, Springfield, MO 65802. 986

SUCCEED! FREE CATALOG. 100's of fascinating self-improvement books. Guaranteed! Nickel Enterprises, 717 North Tonopah Drive, Las Vegas, NV 89106. 986

**200 BOOKS & MAGAZINES**

**WANT: THE CROOKED TRAIL** by Lee Addington. Charles Addington, Rt. "B," Inchelium, WA 99138. 986

**250 BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**

**LEARN GOLD, SILVER, SCRAP RECYCLING** business. \$50,000 year possible! Free information: Recycling, Box 11216TW, Reno, NV 89510. 1286

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

**"EARN" EXTRA MONEY** from your home. S.A.S.E. brings details. Foster's, 1047 14th, Suite 14, Oroville, CA 95965. 1086

**AGENTS WANTED**, your postoffice or mail box is all you need to put money in your pockets with my mail service, send \$1 and LSASE for full details. Pat McGuire, Suite 151, 1115 Madison St., NE, Salem, OR 97303. 1086

**BUY PRODUCTS WHOLESALE:** Start a business in mailorder, flea market, catalog party plan or gift shop. Start out parttime with small investment. Send \$10.00 cash, money order or check to Wholesale Products, Box 86, Middlebranch, OH 44652. 1186

**PROFITABLE HOME BUSINESSES.** Details stamp. Robinson's, 907 Magnolia, Corning, AR 72422. 1086

**BEWITCHING JEWELRY, WHOLESALE PRICED!** Tremendous earnings possible! \$1.00. Jewelry Connection, Box 1-W, Manistique, MI 49854. 1186

**YOUR OWN HOME BUSINESS.** So simple. Solve financial problems. Become independent. Not a get-rich-quick scheme. Nothing else to buy, the letters tell you how. Send \$7.95 for letters. Guaranteed refund. Kimco, Box 469, Yreka, CA 96097. 1086

**NEED A SECOND INCOME?** Choose from 10 profitable home businesses. Start for pennies. \$5.00 Bobby Mills, Rte. 3, Jackson, TN 38301. 986

**25 MAILORDER LESSONS** (regularly \$3) FREE! Send 39¢ LSASE. BONVIE, 9341-TW Hudson, Huntington Beach, CA 92646. 986

**EARN EXTRA CASH.** \$5.00 brings gift catalog with a 40% discount. \$10.00 refund. 3,000 items in catalog. Foster's 1047 14th, Suite 14, Oroville, CA 95965. 1186

**WHOLESALE COSTUME JEWELRY AND NOVELTIES.** Send SASE. Earrings Plus, P. O. Box 2301, Brownwood, TX 76804-2301. (915) 646-6877. 1286

**260 COINS**

**FREE SILVER KENNEDY HALF.** Send \$2.00 (refundable) for our coin catalog. Chesscoin, Box 153-T, Wyoming, PA 18644. 986

**275 COLLECTIBLES**

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

**INDIAN WAR RELICS;** western military, ghost town, mining, frontier, precolumbian relics; Indian artifacts, pottery, beadwork, gemstones. List \$2. HD Enterprises, Box 22082F, Denver, CO 80222. 1186

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

**FINE PEWTER FIGURINES.** Hand finished. Write now for details. Simmons, Box 671(TW), Union City, NJ 07087. 986

**SELLING HISTORICAL EARLY WESTERN** railroad, mining, military documents, autographs, stock certificates. Catalogs \$2.00. Distinctive Documents, Box 100-TW, Cedar City, UT 84720. Also buying! 1186

**TV GUIDES 1951-1985.** All issues available. Catalogue \$1.50. Movie and TV magazines, paperbacks, posters, and photos, Dark Shadows, U.N.C.L.E., Doc Savage, Batman, Avengers, James Bond, Prisoner, etc. Catalogues \$1.00. Rogofsky, Box 107-T, Glen Oaks, NY 11004. 1186

**KNIVES — SWORDS — survival — historic — medieval weapons.** Butterflies or folders, 5" closed, boot knives with sheaths \$18.00 dozen (can be mixed). Legal springer kits \$16.00 up. Custom knives any design. Unbeatable prices. Catalogs \$2.00. Delintinis TW, 107 Summit Ave., S.I., NY 10306. 986

**280 EMPLOYMENT**

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

September 1986

**295 GENEALOGY**

**LIVINGSTON'S DIRECTORY, TEXAS HISTORICAL ORGANIZATIONS** \$13.19 postage paid. Bee Tree, Box 135, Lake Jackson, TX 77566. 1086

**315 GUNS**

**THOUSANDS OF ANTIQUE GUNS,** Swords, Daggers, Polearms, Armor, Militaria, etc. in illustrated catalogs. European, American, Eastern, Japanese, and Oriental. \$5 for six issue subscription; William Fagan, Box 425B, Fraser, MI 48026. 1286

**325 HOBBIES**

**ADVANCED MINERAL COLLECTION.** 100 classified specimens in individual plastic boxes. Specimens selected for field comparison and identification of minerals, ores, and gems. Cost \$40.00 plus postage. Museum & Collectors Supply, Box 1505-F, Ardmore, OK 73402. 986

**350 INDIAN RELATED**

**AUTHENTIC INDIAN ARROWHEADS,** artifacts. We have the best. Giant list 75 cents. Morris, Box 4771FT, Anaheim, CA 92803. 986

**HANDCRAFTED INDIAN PEACE PIPES,** effigies on bowl— bald eagle, kicking bronco, buffalo, bear, Indian chief's head, etc. Colored brochure \$2 applied on first order. Chippewa Craft Shop, Goodridge, MN 56725. 986

**ANCIENT INDIAN RELIC'S** Mail order. SASE Charles Hester, Guntown, MS 38849. 1086

**TIM MCCOY'S FINAL SALUTE TO AMERICAN INDIANS.** Volume 1, THE SILENT LANGUAGE OF THE PLAINS: How to speak Indian sign language (2-hours) features McCoy telling stories of Hollywood, Plains Indians, Custer's battle, and Indian culture while demonstrating hundreds of signs. In Volume 2, WOVOKA AND THE GHOST DANCE: Wounded Knee and the Paiute Messiah (40 minutes), McCoy tells about meeting Wovoka in the 1920s. The only whiteman to interview the aging messiah, McCoy shares new information about the religion of the ghost shirts. Both Video Books™ have page numbers on the lower corner of the screen, each one-minute long. A free index is available. One-year warranty on tapes. Price, Volume 1, \$49.95; Volume 2, \$39.95, plus \$3.50 shipping/handling. Specify VHS or Beta. Check or C.O.D., to McCoy Video Books, 2509 Valentine, Kingman, AZ 86401. 1186

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

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

**OKLAHOMA INDIAN CRAFTS COMPANY.** Warbonnets, porkyhair roaches, buckskin clothing, feathers, costumes. Free catalog. 2801 Rodeo Road, Suite B195, Santa Fe, NM 87505. 1086

**"BUFFALO DREAMS,"** Indian poems by Sonny Collins \$3.50. Box 154, Nicoma Park, OK 73066. 986

**PLAINS INDIAN BUCKSKIN GARMENTS,** weapons, beadwork, moccasins, pipes, riflecases, belts. Catalog \$2.00. Tecumseh's, Box 359-TW, Sharlesville, PA 19554. 986

**THE ANCIENT ART OF TANNING BUCKSKIN —** two hour video tape teaching prehistoric American Indian method of tanning buckskin. Brain tanned hides sell for about twice the cost of this tape \$49.95 plus \$3 postage and handling. Specify BETA or VHS. Check, money order, VISA, or MasterCard OK include card number, expiration date, and signature. Send to VIKING VIDEO PRODUCTIONS, P. O. Box 251, Roseburg, OR 97470. 1086

**THE AMERICAN INDIAN.** Catalog of books, photos, and prints. \$1.00 refundable. Howling Wilderness, Box 242, Dept. A, El Toro, CA 92630. 1086

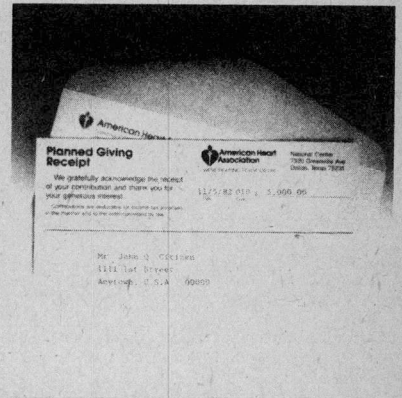
**SELLING:** Caddo Indian Artifacts collected in Ouachita Mountains area of southwest Arkansas. Darlene Taylor, Langley Rt., Glenwood, AR 71943. 187

**MUSEUM FILING TRAYS.** Designed by collectors for collectors. Cotton-filled durable styrene trays with glass tops held by pin-locking end piece. Ideal way to preserve, protect, and display your valuable points, medals, nuggets, and other small items. Inside dimensions 7 3/4" X 11 3/4" X 3/8". Cost \$6.00 plus postage. Storage cabinets also available. Museum & Collectors Supply, Box 1505-F, Ardmore, OK 73402. 986

**375 PHOTOGRAPHY**

**CAMERAS WANTED.** Leicas stereo panorams circuit antique. Bungard, V.A. Center, Boise, ID 83702. 1086

# Reduce your taxes. Support the American Heart Association.



By supporting the American Heart Association you may:

- reduce current and future income taxes
- avoid capital gains tax on appreciated securities or other property
- provide a lifetime income for yourself or beneficiaries
- avoid probate and publicity
- maximize new estate tax savings

It may pay you to inquire about the American Heart Association's Planned Giving Program by contacting the American Heart Association, 7320 Greenville Avenue, Dallas, TX 75231.

WE'RE FIGHTING FOR  
YOUR LIFE

American Heart  
Association



**400**

**REAL ESTATE**

**OKLAHOMA LAND** 5 acre tracts, each \$4,990, \$25 down, \$49 per month. Tracts throughout Oklahoma. Hollands, Box 829, Blanchard, OK 73010. 1086

**GOVERNMENT LANDS**... From \$19/Acre! Homesites, Campsites, Farming, Investment! "Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—\$3.00. Lands, Box 19107-KR, Washington, DC 20036. 1186

**NORTHERN IDAHO. 5-10-20 ACRES.** Choice land, big trees, meadows, creeks, springs. For homesites, ranchsites, recreation, retirement. Unparalleled four-season rural living in the best hunting, fishing and lake country in the beautiful Northwest. Hundreds of parcels available. Easy purchase terms. FREE brochure, maps, photos, information. Call or write National Associated Properties, Dept. B, 1121 Sherman, Coeur d'Alene, ID 83814. (208) 664-8161. 1086.

**20 ACRES TIMBER LAND.** Calahan Realty, P. O. Box 796, Clarksville, AR 72830. 1-501-754-8147. 1086

**450**

**RECIPES**

**YOU WILL LOVE** my delicious gumdrop nut cake recipe. Send \$3 SASE. Schooner, 1540 N. 20 St., Grand Jct., CO 81501. 1186

**26 CHILI RECIPES!** Mild, hot and blast off to orbit. Send \$4.00 to Bill Hitchcock, Box 86, Middlebranch, OH 44652. 1186

**JOHN NORWOOD'S WESTERN COOKBOOK** contains 150 delicious recipes from Texas style steak to San Juan Sangaree. 76-page softbound, 8 1/2" x 11". \$9.95 and \$1.75 postage. Heimburger Publishing, 310 Lathrop, River Forest, IL 60305. 986

**INCREDIBLE CHOCOLATE FUDGE!** A fudge lover's delight. Unique taste and texture, far superior to store bought. Easily made. \$3.00 to Betty's Recipes, Box 5493, Fullerton, CA 92635. 986

**RARE AND EXCITING** old time Texas recipes. Ten for \$2.00. Cone's Emporium, P.O. Box 4686, Dept. T.W., Pasadena, TX 77502. 986

**COWBOY HASH** easy, delicious. Early 1900s recipe. \$1.00 SASE. Bush, Box 134, Murrieta, CA 92362. 1186

**475**

**RECORDS & TAPES**

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

**BOB WILLS, GENE AUTRY,** Rex Allen, Lightcrust Doughboys, Tex Ritter, Foy Willing, Monte Hale, Sons of the Pioneers, more. Frontier Records, Box 157-TW, Jenks, OK 74037. 986

**A NEW DESERT COUNTRY MUSIC.** Hear fresh sounds of the Oregon desert country. Cassette \$4.99 post paid. Sonny Allyn, Box 1, Terrebonne, OR 97760. 986

**GREAT COWBOY MUSIC!** American cowboy legend and rodeo songs by Hal Matter, famed Pocono cowboy. Cassette \$7.00 postpaid. Hal Matter, Blue Hill Music, General Delivery, Shamokin, PA 17876. 986

**"KHADAFY: WE DON'T NEED YOU!"** Novelty song on 45 rpm record. \$2.50 postpaid. Candle Records, Box 3042, Salisbury, MD 21801. 1186

**495**

**TRAVEL**

**"THE GRAND CANYON"** video, helicopter exploration. Breathtaking music. Details free. Norman Beerger Productions, 3217 Arville, Las Vegas, Nevada 89102 (702) 876-2328. 487

**500**

**TREASURE HUNTING**

**TUMBLEWEEDS, AUTHENTIC,** \$8.00 each. Send for free catalog. Tumbleweeds, Box 461, Morrison, CO 80465. 1286

**FREE EXOTIC ASIAN CATALOG** on python snakeskin products and others. \$1.00 postage/handling for catalog: Exotic Asian Import Export, 6105 Oakway Drive, (Dept. 06), Hudson, FL 33567-6336. 1286

**SAVE UP TO 40%** on new metal detectors. All major brands including White's and Garrett. Free discount pricelist. PH: 608-274-4680. Northwoods General Store, P.O. Box 9874-FT, Madison, WI 53715. if6

**TREASURE**—Locate quarter mile away with ultrasensitive locator—brochure free. Carl Anderson, Box 270270-BC, Tampa, FL 33688. 1086

**550**

**WESTERN MERCHANDISE**

**RED WILLOW CLOTHING.** Period clothing 1700-1900. Buckskin jackets \$125.00-up. Send SASE for catalog. Box 188, Oxford, IA 52322. 986

**BUCKLES AND BOLOS HANDCARVED.** Send for free brochure. Esther's E-Z Shop, 1015 W. Mission, #198, Pomona, CA 91766. 1086

**GENUINE ALABASTRITE COWBOY "GUNSLINGER."** 8" high. Hand painted, beautifully detailed. What youngster hasn't stalked the streets of an imaginary western town, ready for a showdown with a fast draw rival? Now you can enjoy the drama right on your table or in your curio cabinet. Only \$16.95 postpaid. Foster's, 1047 14th, Suite 14, Oroville, CA 95965. 1086

**LEATHER GUN BELTS,** shoulder holsters, scabbards, tack, purses, billfolds, powder horns, blowing horns, saddle blankets. Western Traders, P. O. Box 2301, Brownwood, TX 76804-2301. (915) 646-6877. 1286

**600**

**WANTED TO BUY**

**INVENTIONS, IDEAS, TECHNOLOGY WANTED!** Industry presentation/national exposition. 1-800-528-6050, X831. 287

**WESTERN BANK CHECKS** dated before 1900 wanted. Best prices paid. Charles Kemp, 2075 Nicholas, Warren, MI 48092. 1086

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

**650**

**MISCELLANEOUS**

**TOBACCO!** Sweet chewing or "Smokeless" samples. Send stamp. Fredco's, Box 707, Dresden, Tennessee 38225. 1186

**"FREE SAMPLE"**—chewing—smoking—smokeless. Write: Fredco's, Dresden, TN 38225. 1086

**WHOLESALE fireworks, chemicals, casings and books.** Send \$1.00 for catalog. KSI Supplies, Dept. B1, 3331 DS Road, Whitewater, CO 81527. 986

**COUNTRY MALE** would correspond any subject with same from Midwest. Snaps appreciated. Box 8998, Saskatoon, Sask., Canada S7K 7E7. 1086

**SAVE \$.** Coupon exchange. Details \$1.00 plus SASE to NCX, Box 1396, Newton, TX 75966. 986

**GET WELL — STAY WELL, HAPPY.** Details, SASE #10. John Ray Hinkle, TW, Dayton, VA 22821-0188. Or book freeing from disease, fear \$2.00. 986

**"WILL FORMS"** — Make your own will easily! Easy to fill in. Only \$4.25 (2 for \$6.95). Forms, Box 3609, New Haven, CT 06525. 986

**MILITARY PATCHES, MEDALS, INSIGNIA.** 1986 catalog (48 pages) \$1.00. Quincy Sales, Box 700113-M, Tulsa, OK 74170. 986

**MUSICAL SAWS SINCE 1921.** Greatest folk instrument ever developed. Easy to play, beautiful singing sound. Details free. "Sawing News." Mussehl-Westphal, 130FT, Delavan, WI 53115. 1186

**GET WELL-STAY WELL, HAPPY.** Details, SASE#10. John Ray Hinkle, TW, Dayton, VA 22821-0188. Or book freeing from disease, fear \$2.00. 986

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

**TRUE WEST ADVERTISING SCHEDULE**

AD DEADLINE	ISSUE DATE	ON NEWSSTAND
Aug. 9	Nov. 1986	Oct. 1 - Nov. 1
Sep. 9	Dec. 1986	Nov. 1 - Dec. 1
Oct. 9	Jan. 1987	Dec. 1 - Jan. 1
Nov. 9	Feb. 1987	Jan. 1 - Feb. 1
Dec. 9	Mar. 1987	Feb. 1 - Mar. 1
Jan. 9	Apr. 1987	Mar. 1 - Apr. 1
Feb. 9	May 1987	Apr. 1 - May 1
Mar. 9	June 1987	May 1 - June 1
Apr. 9	July 1987	June 1 - July 1
May 9	Aug. 1987	July 1 - Aug. 1
June 9	Sep. 1987	Aug. 1 - Sep. 1
July 9	Oct. 1987	Sep. 1 - Oct. 1



**Behold the Child**

St. Jude is offering life through research. But an end to childhood cancer can be found only with your support.

Behold the child. The child with cancer. The child whose life depends on you.

To find out how you can help, write to St. Jude, 505 N. Parkway, Memphis, TN 38105.



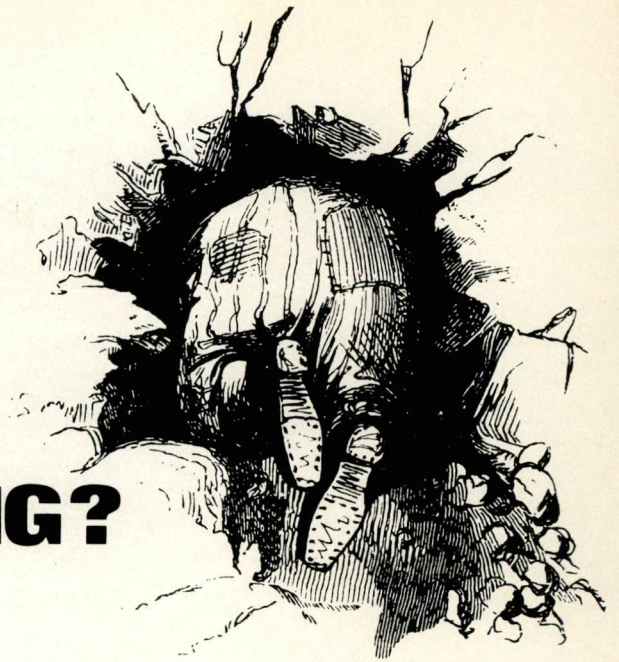
Danny Thomas, Founder  
ASLAC  
**ST. JUDE CHILDREN'S  
RESEARCH HOSPITAL**

**AD INDEX**

American Heart Association.... 65  
 Carl Anderson..... 8  
**Badman**, back issues..... 15  
 Avery & Sons Collectibles..... 12  
 Book Mart..... 34-35  
 Deep River Cowboy Asso..... 8  
**Frontier Times**, back issues..... 13  
 H & H Enterprises..... 8  
**Horse Tales**, back issues..... 15  
**Hunter's Frontier Times**..... 67  
**Indian-Artifact Magazine**..... 8  
 Jim Lyons..... 61  
 Lakehurst Diversified Co..... 61  
**Old West**, back issues..... 9  
**Old West**, subscription..... 67  
 St. Jude Children's Hospital.... 66  
**True West**, back issues..... 3  
**True West**, subscription..... 57  
 Vlad Shkurkin..... 12  
 Western Graphics..... 68  
 Western Publications, binders... 11  
 Yellowstone Basin Properties... 12

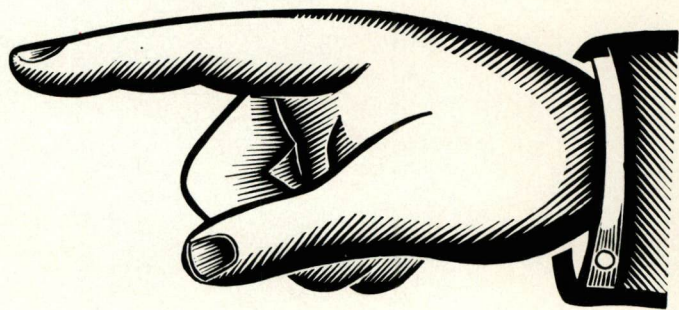
Please mention *True West* when responding to the advertisers listed above. Thank you.

# LOOKING FOR MORE GREAT WESTERN READING?



Then come in out of the dark  
and discover **OLD WEST** and  
**HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES**

To subscribe use the  
attached cards or call  
405-743-3370 and say,  
"Charge it!"



Each issue of **OLD WEST** is packed with the brand of true-to-life stories and articles readers have come to expect from this quality western publication. **OLD WEST** is written in an easy-going, honest-to-goodness style with no sensationalizing — just the facts as they actually happened.

Become a part of our colorful Western heritage. Subscribe today and enjoy **OLD WEST** delivered right to your door. Use the attached card for fast, convenient ordering.

Get 6 issues (18 months) for only \$7.95, or save more by subscribing for 36 months (12 issues) for only \$12.95. Save up to 38% off the newsstand price.

**OLD  
WEST**

P. O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74076

J. Marvin Hunter began publishing **FRONTIER TIMES** in Bandera, Texas, in 1923, recording events exactly as they happened. Today, Western Publications is reprinting those exciting and historically significant magazines exactly as they were issued over 50 years ago.

Each issue is complete down to the original advertisements. You will not find **HUNTER'S FRONTIER TIMES** on the newsstand anywhere; it is only offered to subscribers every three months, three issues at a time.

Subscribe today and receive 12 issues (1 year) for only \$11.00 or 24 issues (2 years) for \$20.00. For easy service use the attached card and bill it to your charge card.

**HUNTER'S  
FRONTIER  
TIMES**

P. O. Box 2107  
Stillwater, Oklahoma 74076

Western Writers of America  
Spur Award  
Best Cover Art  
1984

Chuck DeHaan



Chuck DeHaan

"Winter Songsinger"

18x24

750 limited edition, signed lithographs  
Printed on 100% acid-free, museum quality  
paper. Hand signed and numbered by the  
artist. First 200 orders will receive a  
complimentary copy of the award-winning  
FRONTIER TIMES issue . . . . . \$95.00  
Poster . . . . . \$15.00

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

Available through:

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