

WINTER - 1953

25c

# True West

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Blazing Life Story of the Nez Perce Indians—Greatest Warriors of Them All

by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

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LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE

•  
FAREWELL PEACEMAKER

•  
MESSAGE TO FT. LARAMIE

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APACHE VENGEANCE

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Shakespeare Reel with extra spool alone is \$24.95. You get the complete 101-piece outfit shown and described above with the latest improved Shakespeare Model 1850 Spinning Reel instead of the Airex "Mastereel." Complete outfit is yours for only \$32.95

### Complete 101-Pc. SPINNING OUTFIT with AIREX "VAGABOND" SPINNING REEL

You get the complete 101-piece outfit shown and described above with the latest model Airex "Vagabond" (alone \$17.50) spinning reel instead of the "Mastereel." Complete outfit is yours for only \$25.95

### Complete 101 Pc. SPINNING OUTFIT with HEDDON "PAL" SPINNING REEL

You get the complete 101-piece outfit shown and described above with the latest model Heddon "Pal" Reel (alone \$27.50 with extra spool), instead of "Mastereel." Available for right or left handers. State choice. Complete outfit..... \$34.65

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# About the New Editor

I just fired myself an editor. It's a sad thing to do, this looking a man straight in the eyes and telling him he's through. But he didn't take it so hard. He just picked up a pencil and struck through the "Editor and" in the line "Editor and Publisher" and sighed deep. First time in my life I ever fired myself.

This gent Gipson is the new editor. Poor devil. Didn't know what he was getting into. Does now. But he's taking it like a man. Mainly, I think, because he is a man. You can't look seriously at his stubby mustache and deny that.

The "new" part is a little misleading in many respects. He isn't new at this particular type "literature" by a long shot. In fact, gettin' right down to it, he ain't new period. On second thought, I better withdraw that last statement. He might resent it and ask for more pay. Or, perhaps I should say, he might ask for pay.

And while we're on the subject of money, it sure is a hard job for a publisher to write about his new editor. If you say too many good things about him, the sunofagun'll want more pay. If you don't say something nice, your readers will wonder why in the dickens you wanted him in the first place!

Seriously, we are elated and proud to have a man like Fred Gipson as Editor of TRUE WEST. We think, and we are joined by a good many more thousands of people, that Fred is top hand in all the world in looking into the hearts of the people who settled our West and in putting their hopes, fears, and heartaches down on paper.

Maybe the reason he has the pulse beat of these people at his command is because he is one of them.

Fred was born on a ranch. He was brought up in an atmosphere of a changing West. He knows the way western people talk, how they think, the way dew sparkles on a cobweb-covered pile of cowdung when hit by the morning sun. (Expression courtesy F. Gipson).

Fred is as western as the smell of sagebrush after a cooling shower.

FABULOUS EMPIRE, story of Zack Miller and the old 101 Ranch in Oklahoma, was Fred's first book. It was condensed in a tottering Holiday Magazine and helped put that publication on its feet—according to a statement made by the editor at that time. Next followed HOUND-DOG MAN, a book that any man or gal of the West should feel naked without. It was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, had a tremendous sale, went into pocket book editions and made a name nationally for Fred Gipson. Along came THE HOME PLACE, and Fred began to be spoken of in the tone of voice you reserve for great authors. It was made into a movie called RETURN OF THE TEXAN (the book—not the tone of voice).

His latest is COWHAND (reviewed in this issue). It is already being sought by all the "rights" people.

Television rights, pocket-book rights, condensation rights, radio dramatization—they keep sapping good stuff from these three great books. And they'll stay in demand as long as there are people who read writers who attempt to portray men

of the soil in an honest light.

In addition to his literary successes, Fred himself is a real person. They are getting scarce, you know—the "real people" part of humanity. He's my closest personal friend and I love him like a brother. But if he doesn't help make TRUE WEST a shining wonder, a sellout on the newsstands, and me a million dollars—I'm going to kick his teeth down his mangy throat! And run. Why run? Because he's bigger'n I am. That's why!

**N**OW for a quick report on the progress of the world—"our world," that is.

You folks have given us your vote of confidence. Less than ¼ of ½ % of your letters have any critical tone whatsoever. But feel free to criticize when you see it. As I said once before, we are going to make mistakes—we hope we're that human—but one thing we can re-guaran-



"Does this look like an Editor?" Fred wrote when he sent me the requested photo.

tee you: We'll do our very durndest to put out the best blamed magazine in the world on the Old West—and to a lesser extent, on the Modern West.

How are we doing? Thanks for the genuine interest on this point in your letters. As explained before, it's a tremendous financial burden, but TRUE WEST is here to stay! You gals and gents have seen to that!

Know something? A surprising number of subscribers have written in asking if stock was for sale. One sent his check for \$100 and outlined a plan whereby men of moderate income could buy stock at the rate of \$100 per month, or even \$50 per month, until they buy one to five thousand dollars worth. "Get fifty stockholders," he wrote, "make TRUE WEST a monthly, and quit worrying about finances!"

It may resolve into that, or remain a quarterly for some time yet. What do you suggest? We've let you in on our growing pains from even before we were born, so why shouldn't you have a say-so

on how the kid should be brought up? Blamed little maverick is going to grow up some day and there won't be any "fun" left in raising the little devil!

Anyhow, what do you suggest—and are you a potential stock-buyer? Don't send checks. Just let us know how much you'd want if we do decide to incorporate. And quit telling us we're going to make a million dollars purty soon. Makes a man's mouth drool when he hasn't had anything to eat but whey and bluejohn in four-five days. . .

Now I'll cut the steam and let old Fred have a little space in which to defend himself. *Adios* 'till next time—Joe.

## New Editor Speaking

I have this one thing to say about myself as editor of TRUE WEST: I do not take over the job handicapped by long years of editorial experience.

All I know about editing a magazine could be written on a postage stamp, with room to spare.

Yet, considering the type of magazine I'm editing, I choose to look upon my ignorance and inexperience as an asset. I like to think that since I don't know exactly what type of story will catch the reader's eye and hold him completely enthralled to the very last word, I just might accidentally choose a story now and then that isn't the same thing being published in America every time a new magazine comes off the press.

There's nothing wrong with this story, you understand. It's a real good one, expertly organized, and written with that high degree of proficiency so characteristic of school-trained American writers. The only thing is, after having read this story for some 35 years and written it for some 20, I find myself growing just a bit weary of its smooth efficiency and wondering if there isn't some other kind of story to be written.

And do you know what? There is! Now and then, and all too seldom, as I read through the mountain of writer contributions to TRUE WEST, I come across a "different" story. And the curious thing about this story is the fact that almost never is it written by a professional writer. Nine times out of ten it comes from some old boy or gal who doesn't know one thing about the business of writing, who wouldn't know a story climax from a comma blunder if he happened to run across the two of them in the same sand-bed. Many of these contributors are short on spelling and shorter on punctuation, but they all have one thing in common—they've got a story to tell and they tell it honestly and to the point. On top of that, they somehow inject into it those qualities of freshness and warmth and humanness generally lacking in the story written by the experts.

**W**HEN I come across one of these stories, I get a lift that makes wading through all the others worth the trouble. For it is the story we want for TRUE WEST. Something different. Something fresh and warm and alive. The sort of history of our country that I never came across when I was a boy in school.

It's recollecting those wearisome his-

(Continued on page 36)

# DO ANY OF YOUR HOBBIES APPEAR HERE?

Please take 60 seconds to check this list . . .  
We promise to reward you well for your time.

- INTERESTED?**
- Gardening**  
And things that grow, generally, wild as well as cultivated.
- Travel**  
Especially "getting away from it all," and the closer to nature the better.
- Wild Life**  
Animals, birds, fish, insects, and "all God's creatures."
- Photography**  
Particularly nature studies, shooting pictures out of doors. Or seeing such pictures.

- INTERESTED?**
- Astronomy**  
Studying the night skies and "exploring the universe," from a layman's angle.
- Microscopy**  
Peeking at "that other universe," the one in miniature.
- Conservation**  
Saving our outdoor beauty and wild life for our children and our children's children . . . keeping our countryside unspoiled.

## THANK YOU!

### So You Like Them All?

You checked all those worth-while hobbies, didn't you? We are not surprised.

We knew that—as readers of this magazine—you probably loved the out-of-doors, and most nature lovers are interested in all those things we listed.

But do you know any one magazine that covers all seven of those fine hobbies . . . in fascinating pictures and word-pictures . . . month after month?

There is one. Just one. It's NATURE Magazine.

### And Now For That Reward We Promised You

You can have the NEXT 8 ISSUES OF "NATURE" . . . hours and hours of reading and "peeking" pleasure for all your family . . . not for the news-stand price of \$4.00 . . . but FOR ONLY \$2.

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2. **All Your Nature Questions Are Answered**  
You have *unlimited* inquiry privilege on any questions whatsoever that pertain to nature or conservation. Think how valuable this service can be to students or teachers. Think how interesting and informative it can be to anyone who loves the out-of-doors.
3. **You Keep Posted on Conservation Issues**  
In addition to all the wealth of material you get in NATURE itself, our reviews keep you informed on new books, pamphlets, bulletins and other publications on conservation and kindred subjects which are published by others. NATURE is the "watch dog" of the conservationists.
4. **You Help Protect Our Natural Resources**  
Fortunately for all of us, man's motives are not exclusively selfish. YOUR motives are not exclusively—or even mainly—selfish. In addition to all the pleasure and entertainment and adventure NATURE will bring you, you will have the deep and lasting satisfaction of helping to perpetuate for Americans yet unborn the beauty and grandeur of nature . . . unspoiled. FOR THAT IS THE SOLE OBJECTIVE OF THIS NON-PROFIT ASSOCIATION.

#### AMERICAN NATURE ASSOCIATION

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Please enroll me in American Nature Assn. at special trial rate of \$2 for 8 months, including next 8 issues of Nature Magazine.  
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TW-1

# Truly Western

## Letter Whirlwind

With letters fogging into this office like we was trying to give away something for free, we've done given up hope of publishing them all. If we ever get them answered, somebody around this place is going to have to throw on a new batch of speed; and right now we've got some real pretty secretaries who have stayed in a high lope so long that their tongues are beginning to hang out. So about the best we can do is make a blind grab at a handful of letters and run them. And anybody who doesn't think this grab selection is representative of the bunch has a standing invitation to come down here to Texas and sort and select and answer letters for us till his eyeballs lay out on his cheeks.

## Gun Man

Dear Sir:

Not long ago I acquired an old Colt Frontier revolver in very fine condition from a friend who discovered it hidden in the floor of an old farm he had purchased not far from Winchester, Virginia. I have written to the Colt factory and they advised that they could not inform me of the history of this gun as their records were destroyed many years ago in a flood. I would appreciate it very much if you could give me some information regarding this gun or possibly advise me of the name of some one who is an authority on Colt revolvers of the frontier days. Here is the description of my gun:

Barrel marked: Col. Sam Colt, New York, U.S.A. Barrel length: 7½ inches. Cal. .38. Serial No. 3861. Single Action firing, brass frame, mahogany grips. The cylinder has an engraved picture of a naval engagement. The weapon is in mint condition and fires the .38 cal. Colt long shell.—J. R. Reppes, 7340 Hampton Blvd., Norfolk, Va.

Can any kind reader help out Mr. Reppes? He just might get an identification lead from "Farewell Peacemaker" by Hart Stilwell starting on page 14 of this issue.—Ed.

## Cheyenne Story

The story, "Fighting Cheyennes," by Norman B. Wiltsey, was interesting, but it made me mad and ashamed to think educated men could have slaughtered innocent women and, more especially children, as they did.—George W. Johnson, Box 133, Utica, Ohio.

A feather in your bonnet for that praise-worthy article "The Fighting Cheyennes."—Lorraine Bragg Gilmore, 2118 Heights Dr., Boise, Idaho.

Yes, Sir! You writ yourself proud when you published the story "The Fighting Cheyennes" in your True West.—A. J. Stenner, Powell, Wyoming.

... Especially, I want to express my appreciation for your feature article, "The Fighting Cheyennes."—Homer D. White, 121 Adams Ave., Albert Lea, Minn.

Your first article on the Indian—"Fighting Cheyennes"—very good. I would like to see it kept up.—Lon Miller, 1431 No. Orange St., Hollywood 28, Cal.

Of course we want the Indian series continued indefinitely.—Mrs. Clarence Johnson, Rawling, Wyo.

We've got more of the same about this Indian series, but refuse to run them, as writer Wiltsey would probably start getting ideas about more pay for his work, and you can see what that might lead to.—Ed.

## Let'tum Sell!

Howdy!

Four newsstands here in the Springs to which I have sent customers inquiring about TRUE WEST, have sold out. It is sure a popular magazine 'round these parts.

We've got a terrific Old West artist here. His name is Ben Titsworth. One of his paintings appears on the November Western Horseman front cover. Drops in to see me now and then. If he comes in today I'm going to try and get him to do a drawing for you.

Later. He did. Isn't it good?—Kenny Englert, 604 Lake, Colorado Springs, Colo.

It dad-burned sure is, Kenny! Here 'tis.



## Willing—But Shy—Editor

Dearest Fred:

Forgive my exuberance, but I'm walking on the balls of my feet like a prize fighter, my heels not touching the ground. I'm so happy I could hug you! I could kiss you! I could bounce you on my knee! I'm extravagant with kind thoughts and endearments for you and True West. How nice you put up my story. The illustrations are just peachy. George Phippin is wonderful! I couldn't have wished for a more sympathetic drawing.—Marty Kelly, Great Falls, Mont., author "The Door-Stop Skull."

Well, gosh, Marty, we're all just as tickled about that story as you; but as for that hugging and kissing—well, shucks, I guess I'd let you do it, only—well, what I mean is, right out here in front of everybody like this, what'll people think?—Fred.

## Shining Wonders

Received my first copy of "True West" and I hope you haven't outdone yourself and set a precedent that you won't be able to live up to. I wonder if you'll have anything left for succeeding issues. I counted about 30 stories and articles, and would have been satisfied with one-third that many, so I enjoyed it three times as much as I expected to.

It was thoroughly fine throughout—stories, illustrations, slick paper, ads and all. Just don't burn yourselves out and let us down with inferior succeeding issues. If you can keep it up, you're shining wonders.—Bob Nicholson, Humboldt, Tenn.

Thanks, Bob. Us little "shining wonders" don't know no better than to think we can keep it up.—Ed.

## More Gunfighters

I got your first issue of True West and think it's a great magazine, but I also have a few suggestions. I didn't see any stories about the great men of the west except for the Jim Bridger story. How about some stories of the great gangs of the west—Doolins, Daltons, Youngers and the Clements? Also, most stories and most people believe the greatest gun-fighters of the west were Wyatt Earp, Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid, Johnny Ringo, Bat Masterson and Pat Garret. These men were truly great gunmen, but let's have some stories about Clay Allison, Ben Thompson, Frank Leslie, Dave Ruckbaugh, Tom Mulqueen, Charley Storms, Mannen Clements, Frank McLowery and, in my eyes, Doc Holliday, who I believe was the fastest man that ever handled a six-gun. Also, most stories about great gun marshals and sheriffs have nothing to say about Tom Smith, Charley Bassett, Neal Brown, Joshua Webb, Frank McLean, Dave Maher, Jack Allen, and Billy Brooks.

Stories on any of these will go great with your fans, including me.

And, if you're interested, I believe the six fastest men with guns were Doc Holliday, Wyatt Earp, Ben Thompson, Billy the Kid, Frank Leslie, and Wesley Hardin.—Jim Ly-naugh, Oakridge, Oregon.

Just give us time, Jim. Can't use up all our gun-fighters in one issue. Be too big a slaughter.—Ed.

## \$5 Rag

Dear Mr. Small:

Just received No. 2 True West today. Since, have, so far, only turned the pages—don't think I am kidding—I wouldn't take five dollars for this one issue and not get to read it.

With due respect to all others, True West is the best magazine I ever saw. I expect to buy every volume.—E. J. Banta, Medina, Texas.

With due respect to all others, we agree with Mr. Banta. But don't try offering us \$5 a copy for True West; we'll take it. And don't think we're kidding, either!—Ed.

## We Kill 'Em

Dear Sir:

I nearly keeled over dead on Seventh Street yesterday when I bought a copy of True West.

After all the amateurish magazines which have been started in the West for years on end, you can imagine my surprise to find that you have turned out a splendid book, with professional skill. May I offer my heartiest congratulations and best wishes.—Eugene Whitmore, Lockhart, Texas.

Pay no attention to this one. This is merely a Saturday Evening Post writer,

(Continued on page 64)

# LIVE LONGER, LOOK YOUNGER, FEEL BETTER

The Brookings Institute reports that the average death rate in the United States has been cut nearly in half in the past fifty years—from 17.2 per 1000 persons in 1900 to 9.6 in 1950—and that individuals of all ages in the nation have enjoyed increasingly good health in that period.

"The factors primarily responsible for the over-all improvements in health since 1900," the report said, "are advances in medical facilities, and the control of communicable diseases."

Another factor is the medical information now available to everybody in books that explain what steps are necessary to take in order to prevent crippling, degenerative diseases, and to maintain high, buoyant health.

Our editors have selected the following ten leading books, written by medical authorities, which present informative, non-technical, and easily readable accounts of how illnesses develop and what anyone can do about them. Simple preventive measures and simple home treatment are outlined in detail.

## 1. HEART DISEASE, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE: New Facts to Add Years to Your Life

Do you suffer from heart disease, angina pectoris or high blood pressure? 3 out of 5 mature people die of heart disease. Do you wonder whether you have a bad heart—when you notice missed heart beats, sudden dizzy spells, shooting pains in breasts, arms or body, shortness of breath? All your questions are answered by FIVE of the country's top specialists in this big new book, "You and Your Heart," edited by Dr. H. M. Marvin, president of the American Heart Association. Now you don't have to be an invalid or give up activities. You need never have another stab of pain from angina.

Price \$3.00

## 2. SMOKING: How To Stop Smoking Quickly, Easily, Surely Guaranteed To Break The Habit

Now it's easy to stop smoking with this entirely new method. Developed by a man who smoked 3 packs a day for years, who tried to stop 5 times and finally discovered the ONE SURE WAY to quit. This amazing book, How to Stop Smoking by Herbert Breaun, is actually GUARANTEED to break you of the smoking habit. Sterling North, famous book reviewer, says, "After chain smoking 14 hours a day for 20 years, I'm on the wagon. This book has changed my life. Food and drink taste better. I'm full of zip and pep." Smoker's Cough will be but a memory.

\$1.95

## 14. THE RHYTHM WAY TO FAMILY HAPPINESS Birth Control—The Natural Way

At last a long, complete, easily understood book shows you exactly how to control birth. You need have no worries. This natural method works every time and never misses. No contraceptive devices, chemicals, jellies, etc., used. Instead, "The Rhythm Way for Birth Control," shows the only "fertile" days of your month when conception of a baby is possible. In no other book have your own "Rhythm Cycle" days been explained so clearly, simply, so easy to understand. Now, you don't have to calculate with confusing charts, calendar wheels, slide rules. Now, you can't possibly make a mistake. Approved by doctors and churches everywhere because it does not use contraceptives. "Approved," American Medical Association says, "insurance of sterility."

\$3.00

## 28. HOW TO STOP DRINKING: by Harold Sherman

If you drink too much and want to do something about it read this book. Sooner or later, you will have to stop if you wish to save what remains of your self-respect, your nerve control, the confidence of business associates. Somewhere inside your own self lies the answer to why you can't stop drinking. And until you find the an-

swer, you will remain an alcoholic! Your drinking is the effect, but some emotional disturbance within you has been the cause. This book explains why you keep on drinking (there are 21 reasons).

\$2.49

## 5. EYESTRAIN? NEAR SIGHTED? Now You Can Throw Away Your Glasses

Do you suffer from overworked eyes? Now you can strengthen your eyes amazingly. For over 20 years thousands of patients were sent to Dr. William H. Bates. Here without eye-drops, prescriptions or expensive treatments their eyesight was so strengthened, many not only gained more normal sight but actually threw away their glasses. Now a new book, Help Yourself to Better Sight, shows how you can improve your eyesight amazingly. Special 5-minute a day training may restore your eyesight to perfect 20-20 vision. You'll learn to relax your eyes. Thousands who wore glasses for years now read, watch TV, movies, — and do it without glasses.

\$2.98

## 6. PROSTATE: Newest Treatment Effect On Impotence, Sterility

Do you suffer from prostate gland troubles? Are you nervous, irritable, easily worrier, tired, getting up nights. Any of these can be symptoms of serious prostate trouble. In his book, The Prostate Gland, Dr. Herbert R. Kenyon, leading urologist at Bellevue Medical Center, shows how these cases are treated, what can be done, how impotence and sterility are treated, how many prostate conditions need no surgery but can be cared for by correction of habits and re-establishment of normal functions. Shows how prostate disorders can be eliminated, rendered harmless or removed, when surgery is needed and when it can be avoided.

\$2.95

## 207. NEW WAY TO RELAX Amazing System Makes You Stop Feeling Tired! Rests Your Nerves

Now you can have all the new energy you need. Accomplish far more. Stop feeling nervous, irritable, "jumpy," fatigued. In the evening, now you'll say: "Let's go" instead of "I'm too tired." The medical profession has long acclaimed, "New Way to Relax" by Karin Roon as an amazing system for relaxing bodily tension, quieting the nerves, banishing fatigue. Use this system that's changing tense, jittery business men, housewives, worriers into happy, relaxed personalities.

\$3.00

## 206. LIVING WITH DIABETES By Edward Tolstoi, M.D.

In this volume, Dr. Tolstoi explains his "normal living" treatment of diabetes, which during the past 15 years has achieved acceptance in leading medical clinics. Apart from the required usage of insulin (once a day) the patient un-

der this treatment can live quite normally, as if he were a non-diabetic. He can partake of a normal diet.

Price \$2.00

## 9. REDUCE 10 to 100 Pounds yet eat all you want! No Exercise, No Drugs, No Massage

Now you can reduce as many pounds as you like and still eat 3 delicious meals a day. No need to starve yourself. You can have soup, steak, beans, asparagus, salad, potato, bread, butter, dessert, coffee — and still lose weight the pleasant, easy, scientific way. No drugs, pills, dope, dangerous compounds. No steam baths or massage. The secret is a new book, "It's a Sin to be Fat," introduced by famous Columbia University nutritionist, Dr. Walter H. Eddy. It's the new scientific way to take off as many pounds as you like — and still eat 3 delicious, satisfying, enjoyable meals every day. You take inches off your waist, hips and thighs. You'll shed pounds and keep weight where you want it.

Price \$2.00

## 10. ULCERS: New Way to Stop Pain Fast

Ulcers are dangerous — Now Dr. B. B. Crohn, famous ulcer specialist of Mt. Sinai Hospital shows you the new scientific treatments in his book, "Understand Your Ulcer." Dr. Crohn has already helped thousands to live a healthy, normal life. He shows the causes, symptoms, warning signals, the latest miracle treatments — what food you can eat, what food to avoid. You'll discover you can have delicious, satisfying meals — not just milk and crackers. Price \$3.00

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The stirring saga of a great Indian nation, and the futile struggle its people made in an attempt to preserve their way of life. Second in a series on important Indian nations of America.

# BRAVE WARRIORS

by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

**In the lovely Land of the Winding Waters, young Chief Joseph strove to keep peace between his people and the white man who came from across the mountains in a never-ending stream. Too late he was to learn the bitter truth—that the desire for peace is seldom, if ever, enough.**

**The heart-wrenching story of the downfall of a great Indian nation. First of a two part article.**

**I**N THE dim long ago, before the first white man set foot on the forbidding shores of the New World, the Nez Perce came from nobody knows exactly where to inhabit the lovely Kamiah Valley of Idaho. Factual details of their coming are lost in antiquity—so utterly lost that tribal legend maintains the Nez Perce originated from the heart-blood of a huge animal-devouring monster that once terrorized the Valley. The ancient tale relates how Ne-she-wa-nu, the Coyote, borrowed five magic flint knives from Kots-kots, the Fox, and with them killed the monster. Coyote dismembered the gigantic body with the magic knives, and enlisted the willing aid of Kots-kots to distribute the pieces over plains and mountains.

From each far-flung portion of the monster's carcass a tribe of men sprang up. The great dark paws, Coyote tossed Eastward—and from them developed the Saillep, or Blackfeet. The grisly flat-domed head little Kots-kots tugged valiantly into the North—and there the Quasne, or Flatheads, appeared. Next Coyote squeezed thick red blood from the monster's heart, mixed it with water from the Clearwater River, and sprinkled it over clean white sand on the river bank. From this powerful mixture of blood, water and sand, the Numepu (We People) whom the white men were to name Nez Perce, were made. The dry heart of the monster remained in the Valley. Today, curious tourists may view the heart-shaped hill that marks its resting place.

Time moved along, and the Numepu multiplied and prospered until they controlled a vast area of plains, mountains, valleys and plateaus in what is now north-central Idaho, southeastern Washington and northeastern Oregon. A fearless people, they journeyed Eastward across the mountains in spring and fall to hunt buffalo on the Great Plains. The fierce Blackfeet attacked them repeatedly—and were regularly beaten off by these mighty fighters. The Numepu flourished until they became the strongest tribe in all the Northwest. So they continued, until the first white men invaded their remote domain.

Historians disagree as to precisely when that momentous event occurred. The famed Chief Joseph declared that Lewis and Clark were the first white men to reach the country of the Nez Perce, in the year 1807. The American explorers made a tremendous impression upon the Nez Perce. Gifts were exchanged with the principal chiefs, and a pledge of eternal friendship sworn between red man and white. The Nez Perce took their pledge seriously, and no warrior who smoked the pipe with the white invader on that September day in 1807 ever shed a white man's blood.

**F**RENCH traders came next, according to Chief Joseph, although a few of the Frenchmen (actually French-Canadian voyageurs buying fur for the Northwest Fur Company) probably preceded Lewis

and Clark. The voyageurs traded guns, red and blue cloth, knives and trinkets for beaver. From them, the Numepu received the name by which they soon became known to all white men. A few members of the tribe wore shell ornaments inserted in their noses, and so the French called all the Numepu Nez Percés, "Pierced Noses."

The reserved, aristocratic Indians did not like the French-Canadians as well as they had the Americans. The hard-bitten voyageurs were ruthless and tricky in their dealings with the guleless Nez Perce. Speaking of the voyageurs, Chief Joseph years later remarked: "The French trappers said a great many things to our fathers, which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men. Some

**Quickly Chief Joseph sent out five warriors under a white flag as a last chance to avert war.**



thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked one. The French trappers told us some truth and some lies."

British representatives of the Hudson's Bay Company next appeared among the Nez Perce to trade for furs. The chiefs received them in friendship, but still remembered the Americans and wished for their return.

Great was the rejoicing in the Nez Perce lodges when Captain Benjamin Bonneville's expedition arrived in 1832. Messengers carried the welcome news from valley to valley that "The Crowned Ones" (referring to the slouch hats the Americans wore) had come back. Bonneville rested his tired men as honored guests of the Upper Nez Perce in the lush, beautiful Valley of the Imnaha. Ta-weet Tueka-kas (The Oldest Grizzly), head chief of the Upper Nez Perce, smoked a pipe with Bonneville, marvelled at his gleaming bald head, and promised him food, guides and fresh horses to assist him on his journey to the Pacific. Impressed by the proud dignity and warm hospitality of the Nez Perce, Bonneville later declared them to be "the least barbarous, most gentle, friendly and religious of all native tribes whom I encountered."

Even before Captain Bonneville's visit in 1832, the Nez Perce had begun to wonder and speculate about the mysterious world of white men far to the East beyond the towering mountains. In particular, they wondered about the white man's religion. They were genuinely disturbed to learn that their white visitors considered the Indians' religion (in which the Earth was their Mother and the Sun their Father) nothing better

than paganism. Grave council was held among chiefs, and in 1831 four Nez Perce made the long, hazardous trip to St. Louis to discover the truth for themselves. They called first upon their old friend General William Clark, who had become Governor of Missouri and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Of General Clark the Nez Perce courteously requested knowledge of the white man's "Book of Heaven." Said Man-of-the-Morning: "We wish to learn more of this great Book and to be taught the way to Heaven." Deeply moved by the fervent request, General Clark sent the four braves to the Catholic priest of his own parish for religious instruction.

Civilization proved too complex and rigorous for the simple Nez Perce. Speaking Eagle and Man-of-the-Morning sickened and died in St. Louis, and were given Catholic burial. Sadly, Rabbit-skin Leggings and No-Horns-on-His-Head prepared to go back home without the wonderful "Book of Heaven" they had sought. Unable to give them a Bible, in accordance with Catholic doctrine, General Clark promised to send teachers among the Nez Perce who would bring the Book with them.

Rabbit-skin Leggings thanked the general for his promise. The red man, profoundly depressed at his failure to acquire a Bible, shook the general's hand white man fashion at his departure. "We came to our white friends with one eye partly open for more light for our people who sit in darkness," he mourned. "That light has been refused us, and now only we two are left to return to our people as blind as we came. We go with heavy hearts and empty arms. The Nez Perce will die in darkness."

No-Horns-on-His-Head died en route home, and Rabbit-skin Leggings was left

to carry on alone. He arrived, gaunt and hollow-eyed, at his home village, delivered the message of the white men to his chief, and then went into voluntary exile for the rest of his life. He had failed in his attempt to bring the great Book to his people, and so—Indian-like—was ashamed to live among them.

**Y**ET Rabbit-skin Leggings' sacrifice was not in vain. Eastern churchmen, stirred by the Nez Perce plea for religious training, vied with each other to found missions in the far-distant Northwest. The Methodists sent Jason and Daniel Lee and Cyrus Shepherd to answer the call. On July 27, 1834, Jason Lee preached the first sermon ever delivered west of the Rocky Mountains, from an improvised outdoor pulpit near the site of Fort Hall on the Snake River. Later, the Methodists pushed on to the Valley of the Willamette and established a mission near the present site of Salem, Oregon.

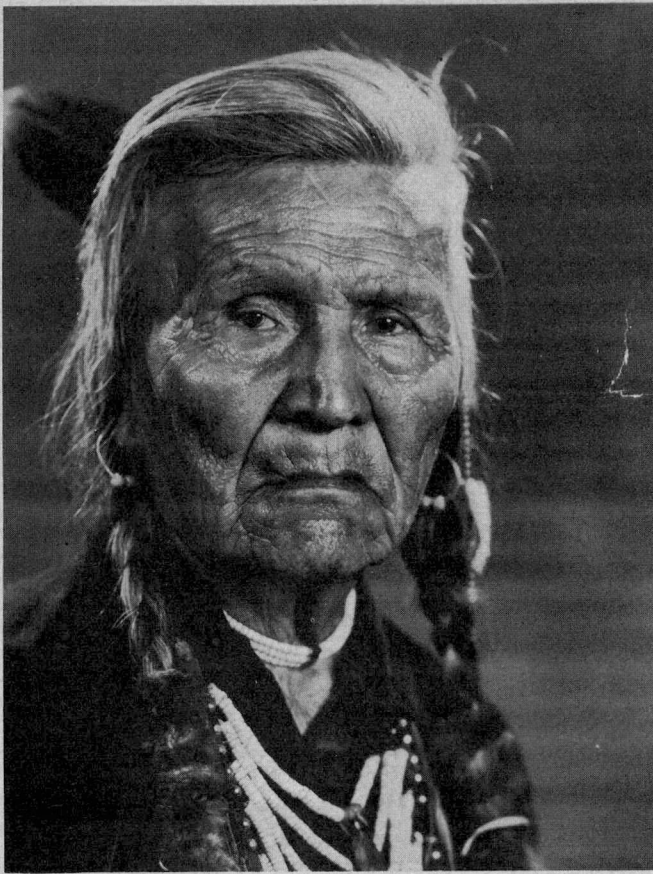
In 1836, the missionary-doctor Marcus Whitman built a mission in beautiful Walla Walla Valley at a place called Waiilatpu; serving the Cayuse tribe. The Reverend H. H. Spalding chose the Nez Perce country as a site for another mission and settled at Lapwai Creek, where it joined the Clearwater. With the advent of the missions, events were set in motion which were to change the ancient Indian way of life irrevocably within the next three decades.

The busy missionaries taught the tribes much beside the desired worship of the white man's God. Women were taught to cook and sew and care for their children "white fashion." Stately warriors, who had never performed manual labor before, learned to farm and lumber. In vain the *tewats*, the medicine men, protested against this tearing up of Mother Earth's sacred surface; the bustling white men paid no attention to them. Schools were built and the owl-eyed children taught reading and writing and simple arithmetic. Cattle and sheep were bred, and the twice-yearly buffalo hunts abandoned. A printing press was brought by sea from Hawaii, and the Bible in part translated and printed in Nez Perce.

Indians were admitted to the church; the first member being Ta-weet Tueka-kas himself. Doctor Whitman, a man of

(Continued on following page)





John Bethel photo; courtesy True



General Miles

Gen. O. O. Howard

Left: P-Tom-Y-No-HiHi (White Hawk) fought with Chief Joseph from the beginning of the war with the U. S. Army until Joseph disbanded. He was the last surviving Indian of this Nez Perce War of 1877. White Hawk held such resentment toward the white man that he refused to learn to speak English, never cut his hair and nearly always dressed in traditional Indian garb. He was proud and arrogant, as is shown in the photograph. White Hawk died recently at the age of 103. With his passing went the last living link to that famous era in our country's history.

boundless energy and enthusiasm, eagerly envisioned a fair Utopia for red men and white co-existing here in the vast Northwest. The future glowed for Whitman; yet all the time stark tragedy moved closer to his beloved Waiilatpu.

Ominous rumors of an oncoming flood of white settlers reached the missions at about this time, and set the Indians muttering uneasily among themselves. Through the Cayuse country toward the Willamette rolled the white-topped prairie schooners of the pioneers in ever-increasing numbers. Ironically, Whitman himself—returning from his epic trip to the East in 1842—led one of the first wagon trains across the Rockies. He arrived at Waiilatpu to find his little daughter dead of drowning in the mission mill race, and a fierce unrest agitating the Indians. The superstitious Cayuses had worshiped the golden-haired little girl as a luck charm, and now that she was dead they feared some horrible evil would be visited upon them. Drums thudded nightly in the fire-lit Council Place. The medicine men danced and howled around the flames and shook their feathered rattles in weird incantations to drive off the hovering demons.

All their efforts were fruitless. The dreaded evil—smallpox—arrived with the next wagon train. The Cayuses contracted the disease in great numbers despite everything Whitman could do to protect them. Spurning the doctor's bitter-tasting medications, the Indians steamed themselves over hot rocks in sweat-lodges and staggered out to plunge into the icy mountain streams. No human heart, strained by illness and exertion, could withstand the terrific shock; the Indians died like flies. Still the dogged settlers poured in over the Oregon Trail—"The Great Medicine Road" of the whites—and in the desolated lodges of the stricken Cayuses the surviving squaws covered their heads with their

fine new blankets and wailed pitifully for the dead.

While the ghastly Red Death scourged Waiilatpu, the band of Ta-weet Tueka-kas had moved from Wallowa Valley to the Reverend

Spalding's mission at Lapwai. The chief—now baptized Joseph—wanted to learn all he could about the marvellous "Book of Heaven." Also, Joseph wanted his small son to profit from the white man's teachings. Mi-ats Ta-weet Tueka-kas (son of Tueka-kas) had been born in 1840. Not until the boy's tenth or eleventh year would the Sky Spirits reveal to him his own life-time name.

At Waiilatpu, Doctor Whitman's brave dream of a wilderness Utopia came to a bloody end in November, 1847, when the sullen Cayuses murdered the missionary, his wife Narcissa, and twelve other persons. The mission buildings were burned, and all that remained of the doctor's great and patient work was the mill race to his grist mill.

Loyal Nez Perce carried the shocking news to the Reverend Spalding at Lapwai. Hurriedly, the preacher closed the doors of his church and prepared to leave the country. Saddened and bewildered at this sudden frightful ending to all his hopes, Joseph led his band back to Wallowa Valley—the Land of Winding Water. Beside him, on a pinto pony, rode his firstborn son whom the whites had named Young Joseph. The lad had his own responsibility now, for a four-year-old brother, Alokut, needed his help and protection. "You must watch over your brother, my son, and help him grow to be a man," declared Old Joseph. "Never forget that some day you will be chief in my place. I would have you worthy."

IN THE Land of Winding Water the young Joseph was carefully trained to be a warrior. The chief, his father, patiently taught the boy to shoot a bow and to stalk game; to read animal sign and catch salmon in willow weirs artfully placed in pools below the rushing waterfalls. Nights in the teepee, with the lodge fire burning bright and his mother beaming proudly from her low seat at

the back, the young Joseph listened to his father tell the legend of Kamiah—the long-gone days when Coyote roamed the Earth doing good or doing mischief to all the tribes of men, according to their just deserts. Over and over again he recited the ancient laws of the Nez Perce Pentologue, patiently repeating them, so the boy could commit each commandment to memory:

"It is a disgrace to tell a lie. Speak only the truth."

"Treat all men as they treat you."

"Never be the first to break a bargain."

"It is a shame for one man to take another man's property or his wife without paying the price."

"The Great Spirit sees and hears everything. He never forgets. Hereafter, He will give each man a spirit home according to his merits; if he has been good he will have a good home, if he has been a bad man he will have a bad home."

Happily, the Nez Perce returned to the ancient ways of their forefathers; hunting the buffalo for food and clothing, trapping beaver, catching salmon. Agriculture was practically abandoned; again, the women spent the summer months gathering camas and couse from the prairie and picking wild berries to mix with their winter pemmican. The missions and kindly missionaries were gone from Waiilatpu and Lapwai; all that remained from them were a few copies of the White Man's "Book of Heaven" translated into and printed in Nez Perce on the press that had been brought across the Great Water from Hawaii.

The swift years passed in golden procession for the young Joseph, and in the tenth summer of his age he went into the mountains alone to fast and pray and receive from his guardian spirit his permanent name. Stripped to his moccasins and breechclout, the boy slipped out of the village unobserved and made his way into the mountains. High on a mountain-side above his home valley he made his bed of stones and brush and lay down upon it to court the vision. Without food or water he waited. All that day and night, the next day and the next, he fasted and prayed. On the third night of his lonely vigil, he fell into a deep trance-like sleep. While he slept,

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True West

# A SAVAGE

# Santa Claus

by CHARLES M. RUSSELL

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

Santa Claus came to see Bed-rock and Beaver, all right -- but when he arrived, they just as soon he hadn't come!



"Between the smoke, the barkin' of the guns an' the bellerin' of the bear, it had been like hell on a holiday."

"TALKIN' about Christmas," said Bed-rock, as we smoked in his cabin after supper, and the wind howled as it sometimes can on a blizzard December night, "puts me in mind of one I spent in the '60s. Me an' a feller named Jake Mason, but better knowed as Beaver, is trappin' an' prospectin' on the head of the Porcupine. We've struck some placer, but she's too cold to work her. The snow's drove all the game out of the country, an' barrin' a few beans and some flour, we're plum out of grub. So we decide we'd better pull our freight before we're snowed in.

"The winter's been pretty open till then, but the day we start a storm breaks loose that skins everything I ever seed. It looks like the snow-maker's been holdin' back, an' turned the whole winter supply loose at once. Cold? Well, it would make a polar bear hunt cover.

"About noon it lets up enough so we can see our pack-hosses. We're joggin' along at a good gait, when old Baldy, our lead pack-hoss, stops an' swings 'round in the trail, bringin' the other three to a stand. His whinner causes me to raise my head, an' lookin' under my hat brim, I'm plenty surprised to see an old log shack not ten feet to the side of the trail.

"I guess we'd better take that cayuse's advice," says Beaver, pintin' to Baldy, who's got his ears straightened, lookin' at us as much as to say: "What, am I packin' fer Pilgrims; or don't you know enough to get in out of the weather? It looks like you'd loosen these packs." So, takin' Baldy's hunch, we unsaddle.

"THIS cabin's mighty ancient. It's been two rooms, but the ridge-pole on the rear one's rotted an' let the roof down. The door's wide open an' hangs

on a wooden hinge. The animal smell I get on the inside tells me there ain't no humans lived there for many's the winter. The floor's strewn with pine cones an' a few scattered bones, showin' it's been the home of mountain-rats an' squirrels. Takin' it all 'n all, it ain't no palace, but, in this storm, it looks mighty snug, an' when we get a blaze started in the fireplace an' the beans goin' it's comfortable.

"The door to the back's open, an' by the light of the fire I can see the roof hangin' down V-shaped, leavin' quite a little space agin the wall. Once I had a notion of walkin' in an' prospectin' the place, but there's somethin' ghostly about it an' I change my mind.

"When we're rollin' in that night, Beaver asks me what day of the month it is.

"If I'm right on my dates," says I, "this is the evenin' the kids hang up their socks."

"The hell it is!" say he. "Well, here's one camp Santy'll probably overlook. We ain't got no socks nor no place to hang 'em, an' I don't think the old boy'd savvy our foot-rags." That's the last I remember till I'm waked up along in the night by somethin' monkeyin' with the kettle.

"If it wasn't fer a snuffin' noise I could hear, I'd a-tuk it fer a trade-rat, but with this noise it's no guess with me, an' I call the turn all right, 'cause when I take a peek, there, humped between me an' the fire, is the most robust silvertip I ever see. In size, he resembles a load of hay. The fire's down low, but

there's enough light to give me his outline. He's humped over, busy with the beans, sniffin' an' whinin' pleasant, like he enjoys 'em.

"I nudged Beaver easy, an' whispers: 'Santy Claus is here.'

"He don't need but one look. 'Yes,' says he, reachin' for his Henry, 'but he ain't brought nothin' but trouble, an' more'n a sock full of that. You couldn't crowd it into a wagon-box.'

"This whisperin' disturbs Mr. Bear, an' he straightens up till he near touches the ridge-pole. He looks eight feet tall. Am I scared? Well, I'd tell a man. By the feelin' runnin' up and down my back, if I had bristles I'd resemble a wild hog. The cold sweat's drippin' off my nose, an' I ain't got nothin' on me but sluice-ice.

"THE bark of Beaver's Henry brings me out of this scare. The bear goes over, upsettin' a kettle of water, puttin' the fire out. If it wasn't for a stream of fire runnin' from Beaver's weapon, we'd be in plumb darkness. The bear's up agin, bellerin' an' bawlin', and comin' at us mighty warlike, and by the time I get my Sharp's workin', I'm near choked with smoke. It's the noisiest muss I was ever mixed up in. Between the smoke, the barkin' of the guns an' the bellerin' of the bear, it's like hell on a holiday.

"I'm gropin' for another ca'triddle when

(Continued on page 40)



**NOTICE**

BY PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, the undersigned, Sheriff of the County of ...  
do hereby proclaim and declare that the following persons  
are and have been guilty of the crime of ...  
and are therefore liable to the punishment provided by law.  
In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of  
the County of ... at the City of ... this ... day of ... 19...

D  
VE  
BY



GO HUNT UP A HYMNBOOK AND CUT A SPECIAL BOUQUET OF



# flowers for

## CHARLEY McDANIELS

by FRED A. STONE

Illustrated by Randy Steffen



TEXAS

I REMEMBER the day that Charley McDaniels rode into town. I saw him coming down San Antonio Street. I didn't know who he was at the time, so I didn't pay him any special mind. To me, just a little old knot-head kid, piddling along the dusty, 'dobe-walled street when I should have been home an hour before, the sight of another tough-looking gun-hung rider meant nothing. Along in the 1890's his kind rode in and out of El Paso every day.

But few of his kind, or any other kind, had the sort of horse he rode. That's what caught my eye. I loved fine horses, and this was one of the finest I'd ever seen—a big lanky, stocking-legged sorrel with a white star in his forehead. He was hardly more than a colt, by the looks of him, yet he stepped along under the saddle with all the pride and assurance of a much older horse.

I stood and stared at the beauty of the sorrel and dreamed of the far-off time when I'd be big enough to own such a horse.

It wasn't till Dad arrived home, later in the day, that I learned the name of the man who rode the sorrel.

Dad (Lewis W. Stone) came into the house with his customary long, quick stride, calling to Mother: "Get dinner on the table as quick as you can, Reb. Got some business downtown that can't wait."

Dad always called Mother "Reb" because her maiden name had been Lee and she was the granddaughter of a general in the Confederate Army.

The extra cheerfulness in Dad's voice didn't fool Mother. She waited awhile, then asked quietly: "Who is it this time, Rocky?"

Dad's face sobered. "Charley McDaniels," he said, just as quietly, then added, as if to divert her thoughts: "Riding one of the finest sorrel horses I ever saw."

Mother turned to her cooking, and they said no more. But for me, they'd already said enough.

"He lay there, still and quiet, while the second man, bare-headed now, advanced cautiously toward him, still holding a smoking gun in each hand."

Winter, 1953

I KNEW who Charley McDaniels was. I'd never seen him till he'd ridden past that morning on the star-faced sorrel, but I knew all about him. Kids learn things a lot faster than most grownups realize, and Dad had been United States Deputy-Marshall for the southwestern district of Texas too long for me not to know the names and general histories of most of the badmen in our part of the country.

And Charley McDaniels was bad. There was no doubt about that. He was as bad as they came. He was on the wanted list of every law enforcement officer within the radius of a thousand miles. He was half Irish and half Mexican.

His main specialties were horse-stealing, cattle-rustling, hiring out as a gunman in local range wars, and plain murder, for whatever price he could command. He was one of the few real badmen who never drank; his weaknesses ran to gambling and women. He loved the game of monte. He had a reputation for never cheating, but a still better one for gunning down any man who tried to cheat him. He preferred Mexican women to white ones and, generally, any time he wasn't to be found around a monte table, he'd be down in the red-light district, throwing his money around among the Mexican whores.

I felt a quick surge of excitement as I thought of Charley McDaniels' reputation as a gunman and killer, then recollected the choice Dad always issued to every badman who rode into El Paso: "Get out of town, go to jail, or go to Boot Hill."

Dad had made that order stick so far. In one instance, I'd been on hand to watch him do it. That was the time he put me behind a telegraph pole, with orders to stay there, then walked up to confront a drunken hoodlum who had a reputation for being mighty careless with his guns. Nothing had happened that time. Dad had merely talked for awhile, and finally the man had unbuckled his belt and handed over his guns. But I was betting it wouldn't be that way this time. Not with Charley McDaniels.

JUST why the possibility of a gunfight between my father and Charley McDaniels should have stirred me with a sort of exhilaration, instead of fear and dread, I'm not right sure now. I was young, but not too young to understand the danger to my father. The only explanation that I can give is the fact that in those days I was so inordinately proud of my father, so sure of his courage and ability to handle any situation, that I may have felt him invincible.

And looking back now, I still have the

feeling that he was as nearly invincible as any man ever was.

I remember following him that day from the kitchen to the back porch, where he went to wash up for dinner. I remember how he looked, bent over the wash basin—the whole six-feet-two-inches-one-hundred-ninety-six-pounds of him. He was straight as an arrow, with broad thick shoulders and trim, gun-hung waist.

He was of Scotch-Irish and Indian origin: two kinds of Indian, Cherokee and Comanche. He looked more Indian than white, with his coppery skin, dark eyes and jet-black hair. Yet that hair must have been a throwback to some Scotch-Gaelic ancestor, for I never knew of a curly-headed Indian among either the Cherokees or the Comanches.

I remember how Dad always wound up his face-washings by trying to slick back that unruly hair with his wet hands and never having any luck. And I remember how he failed this time and gave me a solemn wink as he carried the washpan to the edge of the porch and splashed its contents into my mother's flower bed.

We ate. And while Dad did a lot of talking, there was nothing more said about Charley McDaniels. When he rose, Dad said, "I won't be gone long, Reb," and left the house, walking as casually as if he'd been going out to shoe a horse.

What happened downtown right after that, I didn't learn about in detail until years later; so many years later, in fact, that no doubt some of those details were minimized or exaggerated. Yet with all its many tellings, the main story has never varied much, so that what I tell here can't be far off-track.

DAD searched first among the whore houses, but if the gunman had visited there, the Mexican girls wouldn't admit it. Which didn't surprise Dad. After all, McDaniels was young, not hard for a woman to look at, and was a free spender. Why should the girls give him away to a peace officer who made a habit of killing or jailing or running out of town some of their very best customers?

It wasn't till Dad entered the Gem saloon on El Paso Street that he got wind of his man. McDaniels, according to one talkative elbow-bender, had just left, headed for the Ranch saloon a block or so down the street.

Dad left the Gem through the back door. He hurried down an alley and entered the Ranch saloon through one of the little wine-rooms that were reserved for family-drinking, women not

(Continued on page 59)



**REVOLVER**

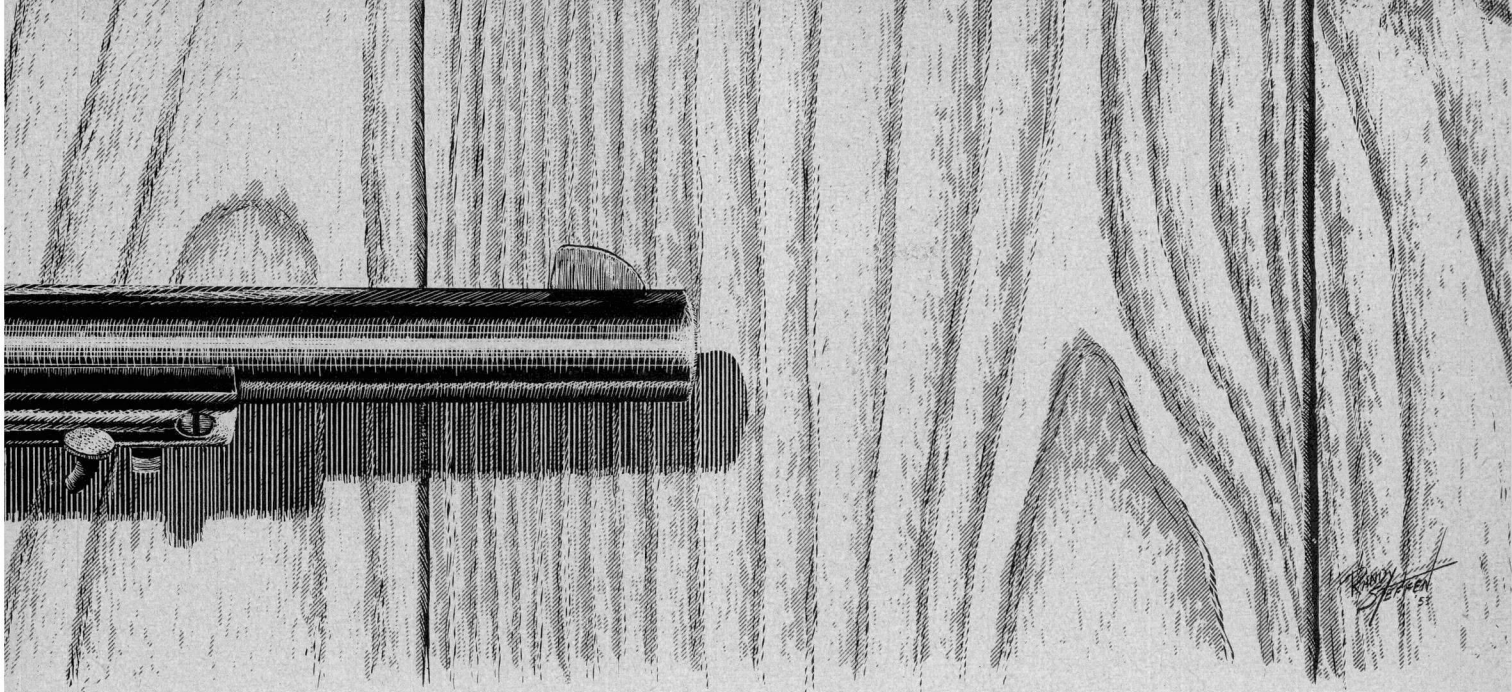
# PEACEMAKER

BY HAN STILWELL

*At last, "the most terrible weapon of destruction ever placed in the hands of man" (London Times, 1847) has given way to guns better fitted for the times.*

*An authentic history of the most famous firearm of the Old West.*

*Illustrated by Harvey Stein*



**T**WO things happened not long ago in the Texas Ranger Service that marked the end of the trail for the most romantic firearm ever devised by man—the Colt Frontier Model Forty-five, or Peacemaker.

Capt. Roy W. Aldrich, after thirty years of continuous service with the Rangers, hung his Peacemaker on a peg beside his bed and retired.

And 'way out in West Texas, 69-year-old Bob Coffee, still on active duty, reluctantly retired his beloved Peacemaker and buckled on a .357 magnum. It wasn't exactly orders from headquarters. In the Ranger Service they don't like to give flat orders—against the tradition of the Service. But headquarters in Austin let it be known that they'd like for the last of the Peacemakers to be retired, along with Capt. Roy Aldrich. As long as he was on active duty, the men at the head of the Service were reluctant to take steps to retire the Peacemakers. They had too much respect for Capt. Aldrich. They knew he would never abandon the great old gun that had served him in time of need.

But when he retired . . .

Well, the Peacemaker is through. Movies and radio and television and Wild West stories to the contrary, it has been retired to its peg on the wall. If you doubt this, go to Texas, where the Peacemaker and its forebears climbed to fame and where it lived on in active service long after it had been replaced in most other parts of the nation.

Cross the state from the Panhandle to the Rio Grande and from the Gulf of Mexico to El Paso and count the Peacemakers carried by officers in line of duty. You'll find a few of them. Down in the South Texas brush country Ranger Captain Alfred Allee sometimes buckles on his Forty-five if he's riding out on horseback. It's still about as good a gun as any in the world for fighting from a horse. And remember—there is no flat order against its use by a Ranger. Just a preference, which is generally observed, even by Capt. Allee. When there's real work to be done, he carries something else.

**I**N THE same part of Texas, Rangers Joe Bridge and Dudley White have a strong hankering for the old single-actions they toted for years. But they carry something else.

In the piney woods of East Texas Dick Odhom made the switch only recently. And last of the lot to change was the real old-timer of the service, Bob Coffee.

There you have them, five men out of fifty-one who still like to carry the grand old side-arm. But on active duty about forty-five of the Rangers carry the .45 caliber Colt auto-loader, the others carry double action Smith & Wesson or Colts, in .38 or .357. When Capt. Aldrich retired, the Peacemaker retired with him. He was the last unreconstructed Peacemaker man—the last of those Rangers of a different era who flatly refused to carry any other gun.

You'll find about the same situation in other fields of law enforcement. In the Texas Highway Patrol the Peacemaker isn't on the approved list, which includes the .45 auto-loader and the .38 double-action in Smith & Wesson or Colt. Among the sheriffs of Texas you must hunt to find a Peacemaker man. There are a few, such as Jim Scarbrough of Kingsville and H. R. Rarsdorff of Refugio.

Here and there a deputy sheriff or constable still lugs the old gun. And, of course, many ranchmen and cowhands carry it, mainly to shoot at rattlesnakes or kill sick cattle.

But all this isn't generally known throughout the nation, and, strangely, there is a reason. The American people flatly *insist* that the Peacemaker lives on. And the Texas Rangers are perfectly willing to keep the tradition alive. Here is the way it goes:

**F**RED Olson, captain of headquarters company, in Austin, buckled on his six-shooter, an ivory-handled, single-action Frontier Model Colt .45—a Peacemaker. The Ranger captain climbed aboard a spirited paint horse and did a little fancy riding, fast drawing, and accurate shooting.

All this was for the benefit of the cameras, grinding away, recording on film the Texas Ranger in action as mil-

lions of people visualize him—as the American people insist that he be.

The camera shooting was interrupted by a different kind of shooting—the genuine article. O'Neal Massey, escape artist, had broken out of prison again. Within two minutes Capt. Olson was on his way. He drove off in a fast automobile. Hanging from the belt he buckled on before leaving was a .45 auto-loader. Beside him in the car was the rest of his shooting gear—a Winchester .30-30 carbine and a Remington 12-gauge auto-loading shotgun full of buckshot and slugs, loaded alternately.

Capt. Olson trailed the escape artist to a little cabin in the woods. The Ranger stepped through the doorway and saw Massey lying on a blanket on the floor, asleep. When Massey's eyes opened he was looking at a shotgun pointing at his belly.

"Come up with your hands high," Capt. Olson ordered.

Massey obeyed. Capt. Olson kicked the blanket aside and revealed Massey's pistol, only inches from the spot where the convict's right hand had been.

"Why didn't you come up shooting?" the Ranger asked.

"I would have, Captain," Massey replied, "if you'd had a one-ball gun. I can't do any good against that thing."

While all that was happening, the spirited paint horse was in his stall, munching hay, and the Peacemaker hung on a peg in Capt. Olson's office—at peace.

The Peacemaker is the most famous shooting iron ever made. So great is its fame that such terms as six-shooter, thumb-buster, forty-five, hog-leg, plow-handle, and six-gun all identify it in the minds of most people. Coming into being in 1873, it blazed a bloody path to glory that kept it in active service long after better guns were being made—right on down to the present.

The end was in sight for the Peacemaker soon after the Bandit Days along the Rio Grande, in 1917. Probably the real turning point came in 1934, when ex-Ranger Captain Frank Hamer, Ranger

(Continued on following page)



John Wesley Hardin's Single Action Army .45 Colt, one of two guns he had on when killed by John Selman, at El Paso, Texas, August 19, 1895.—Frontier Pix.

Left: Capt. W. M. Molesworth (left) and Capt. Roy Aldrich, last of the "Peacemaker Men," examining their old guns.

Manny Gault, and several Louisiana peace officers cut short the bloody careers of Clyde Barrow, the modern Billy the Kid, and his gun moll, Bonnie Parker.

Frank Hamer grew up as a Peacemaker man, and a remarkably able one—fast on the draw with either hand, and deadly accurate. But when he and his fellow officers blotted out Clyde Barrow and Bonnie Parker, Hamer had an auto-loading shotgun in his hands, and the other officers used sub-machine guns and rifles. All carried hand-guns, none Peacemakers, none used in the shooting.

**Y**OU have to match the criminal with firepower. When the criminal switched to sub-machine gun and sawed-off shotgun and auto-loading hand-gun during the gangster days of prohibition, officers had to do the same. When crime moved from the country to the city, from the brush to the highways, from horseback to automobile, the auto-loader, the double-action, and the automatic took over. The Peacemaker was eased out.

As Capt. Olson, himself a Peacemaker man at one time, said, it just doesn't measure up. He discovered that back in the early Thirties when he set out in an automobile hot after some high-jackers. When he shot his thumb-buster dry he . . . "well, you try to reload one of those things while you're going as fast as the car will go," Capt. Olson said.

Many people have puzzled about the tremendous fame of the Colt Frontier Model Forty-five, and some have sought to make a mystery of that fame. They cite the fact that both Remington and Smith & Wesson were making almost equally good revolvers in the earliest days of the Peacemaker, and they cite the further fact that Remington and Smith & Wesson brought out fairly good double-action revolvers in the early days of the Colt single-action weapon.

Then, they ask, why did the Colt almost completely hog the picture?

There are a number of reasons. Some have to do with such things as simplicity of design and op-

eration, reliability, ruggedness, durability.

But there is this important fact, often overlooked: The Peacemaker was a famous gun the day it was born. It simply carried on, and in noble fashion, a tradition. The Colt revolver became famous almost forty years before the Peacemaker showed up on the scene in 1873. The Peacemaker simply carried on.

One reason for the pre-eminence of the Colt, both before and after the birth of the Peacemaker, was the sensational record of the weapon in the hands of the Texas Rangers. The manner in which the career of that band of men and the career of the Colt single-action are interwoven is remarkable. They have supplemented each other, complemented each other. It is quite possible that neither would have achieved its high place in history without the other.

They came into being the same year, 1835, and for a hundred years their courses ran parallel. Colt secured his first patents in England and France in 1835. Texas organized its Ranger Service that year. Some historians claim that a few early-day Colt revolvers were used by the

Rangers in capturing the Mexican "navy" in 1836. They're probably wrong.

It definitely is true, however, that the earliest serviceable Colt, the Patterson, did its first deadly work and started up the glory path in the hands of the Texas Rangers under Captain John C. Hays. Colt even called the gun the Texas Arm, and much of his output was shipped to Texas. Capt. Hays was the first to arm his Rangers with this repeating handgun, and in the Battle of Plum Creek in 1841 he and twenty-five Rangers completely routed one hundred Apache Indians.

It was one of the important battles of history. It was the first time the white man had fought from horseback—the first time he *could* fight from horseback. Prior to that he had dismounted to handle his musket, and the plains Indians gave him a hell of a going-over while he was on foot, for the Indians fought from horseback.

**T**HE Battle of Plum Creek marked the beginning of modern cavalry as it was known until the machine gun whittled it out of existence. It made the white man the equal of the Comanche and pointed to the doom of that noble race, also at the hands of the Texas Rangers, a few years later.

With the Colt revolver the white man could pursue the Indian, chase him and keep on shooting—and exterminate him.

The stirring deeds of Capt. Hays and his men came too late to save the Patterson Colt factory, which closed in 1842. But four years later the Rangers were to step into the picture once more and bring Colt back into business to stay.

In the war of 1846 with Mexico, General Taylor took the Texas Rangers into his army. Capt. Samuel H. Walker, a young Ranger who had fought under Capt. Hays, was sent to find Colt and induce him to turn out some of his guns for the Rangers. Thus came into being the Walker Colt, a far better arm than the Patterson Colt. Capt. Walker helped the gun-maker iron out a lot of flaws in the

The Texas Patterson (left) and the famous Walker frame their inventor, Col. Samuel Colt.



(Continued on page 42 )

True West



Dogs played a little known  
but very important  
part in taming  
the hard frontier

## Forgotten FRONTIER HEROES

by ROSS PHARES

**T**HE heroic role that dogs played in the conquest and settlement of the frontier has never been adequately told. Long before there was an official K-9 Corps, dogs, in their traditionally devoted and courageous way, were serving in the original battle of the Americans against the Indians, wild beasts and the elements.

In 1719 a dog, in a strangely faithful and dramatic way, helped strengthen France's claim to Texas by saving the life of his master. A colony of Frenchmen landed on the coast of Texas. M. de Belisle, with his dog and four other officers, went into the woods to hunt. They became lost. When they finally returned to the sea, their ship had sailed. For several days they wandered along the coast hoping to sight their vessel, living during the time upon herbs and insects.

In desperation, the men begged Belisle to let them kill the dog for food. Belisle would not agree, though he was starving. The desperate men attempted to kill the dog anyway. But they were so weak that the dog—obviously sensing their designs—made his escape and disappeared into the woods.

As the days passed, Belisle saw his four companions die of starvation, one by one. He subsisted mainly by eating worms in rotten wood.

One day as he sat on a log, despondent, and so weak he felt that his final day had come, he looked up and saw his dog before him, wagging his tail, as if afraid to approach without some assurance of security. Belisle spoke to him. And when the dog approached, he saw that he was carrying an opossum in his mouth "about the size of a sucking pig." The dog laid the opossum down at his mas-

ter's feet. Belisle feasted on the opossum.

Whether the dog had followed Belisle at a distance, fearing to come closer or because of fear or resentment of his master's companions, Belisle could not say. But Belisle gave his dog credit for saving his life and doing a great service to France.

Belisle finally made it overland to the French colony in northwest Louisiana, and lived to lead another expedition back to the Texas coast. If Spain instead of France, in the final analysis, got Texas, it was no fault of M. de Belisle and his dog, which under the strangest and most hazardous circumstances was ingenious enough to take care of himself and his master.

**D**URING the Indian fighting days many dogs displayed an uncanny sense of danger and caution. J. Wright Moor often had to travel through Comanche country when the Indians were on the warpath. His dog, Towser, a half wolf, slept at his head when he was traveling alone. At the slightest disturbance he would awaken his master by pressing a paw on his face. When there was more than one in the party, Towser went to each sleeping man and licked his face to awaken him. He was constantly alert, and always silent. Yet at camp, out of danger, he was so noisy he was considered a nuisance.

In 1870, near Hog Mountain Springs, dogs trailed a band of marauding Indians into a thicket. The dogs were tied while their masters surrounded the thicket and went about the mopping up campaign. The dogs had been on the chase a long time. Two of them refused to be left out of the final battle. They broke loose

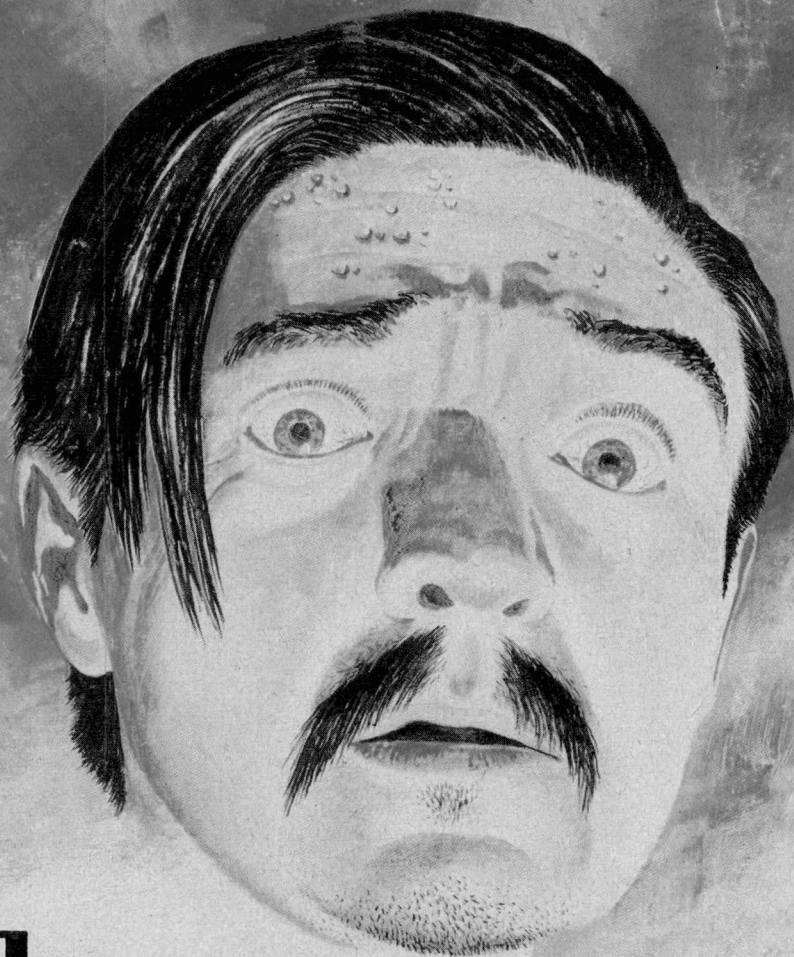
and pressed an attack until both of them were shot with arrows. One dog died in the thicket. The other came out with an arrow shot through the breast protruding behind the shoulder. The wounded dog laid down and deliberately pulled the arrow out of his body. He recovered to fight again.

The Indians had such respect for dogs as fighters that on at least one occasion they scalped one as a prize of war. At the famous Battle of Adobe Walls, the Shadler brothers were caught asleep in the initial attack and killed. Their big Newfoundland dog, obviously put up a vicious defense. He was found the next morning beside his masters, filled with arrows and scalped.

**B**ILLY Dixon, famed Indian fighter and buffalo hunter, lost his beloved dog, Fannie, at this battle. A few months later he returned to the scene with some companions. Much to his surprise, Fannie appeared. He thought she had been killed by the Indians or had wandered off and starved. After Fannie had been petted and fed, she left. But soon she was back, holding something in her mouth. She stood before the men, wagging her tail.

Dixon wrote of the incident in his autobiography. It is a touching scene showing the tender love of a tough old buffalo hunter for his dog: "Fannie had brought a fat, bright-eyed little puppy in her mouth. Dropping the little fellow gently on a pile of bedding, she frisked about with delight as each of us tried to hold the pup and fondle it. Fannie bounded away while we were 'fussing'

(Continued on page 39 )



# Pedro LOCO

by J. FRANK DOBIE

*Illustrated by Randy Steffen*

**They said he was crazy, this Pedro  
—but he was rich, too. Maybe that  
combination is what made him so  
hard to trail . . .**

**From Apache Gold and Yaqui  
Silver, Little, Brown and Company.**

**P**EDRO LOCO, some say, was one of old Victorio's Apaches before a Mexican woman cut him off. Others say he was as Mexican as anybody, a descendant of the peon that the Conde de Majalca left to guard his property when the War of Mexican Independence ran all the Spaniards out of the country.

Whatever his antecedents no particular interest or property had been attached to his person until one day in 1890 when he appeared at the Banco Nacional de Mexico in Chihuahua City with a few flat-cut emeralds, some jewelry that might have adorned a holy churchman or a holy image, a small chunk of crude gold and one of the old-time bars of silver weighing 2000 ounces—twice as much as the regulation bar has weighed since Spain lost Mexico. The banker struck a bargain and was curious; Pedro took the money and was silent. Within a few months he was back again with another parcel of treasure stuff. The banker paid for it, was more curious, and set spies to watch Pedro.

Pedro did not come to him again, but there were other buyers and Pedro sold to them. Traffic in bullion and stuff out of old hoards is still common enough in Chihuahua City. The banker's spies learned nothing. Before long, people began calling Pedro "Don." He set up an establishment. It was not so magnificent as it was ample, its adobe walls and patios squander-

*True West*

ing over a whole square of ground. It had to be ample to accommodate all the uncles, aunts, cousins unto the remotest degree and even the kin of godfathers and godmothers that settled down on Don Pedro and his wife. It took money to keep such a household in corn and frijoles, and during the dark of the moon at irregular intervals Don Pedro continued to bring in modest amounts of silver to barter.

His movements were more and more watched. It was daylight knowledge that when he left Chihuahua City, he went northwest to Sacramento. Thence his movements blurred and faded out, as if he had turned into a "fool" (Mearns) quail that squats unseen against a rock in open view. All interested parties, however, were sure that Don Pedro went on from Sacramento into the mountain region not far distant called the "Victorino," a name that memorializes one of the strongholds of Victorio of the Apaches. In the Victorino, Conde de Majalca had his mine, enormously rich in silver output, before the War of Independence ended him. It is told that he used to make a trip to Mexico City once a year, carrying four hundred bars of silver, his guard, servants, and muleteers numbering four hundred persons. The little village of Majalca, in the Victorino, bears his name. Before he was killed on the long road to a ship that would sail him over the sea, he had hidden not only his own fine possessions but the riches of the Chihuahua Cathedral in a cave near his mine, or in a chamber of the mine itself.

**N**OW, among those who dogged Don Pedro, trying to find the store from which he got his silver, was one Carlos Avalos, a "tiger" of political notoriety. By many ways he brought pressure to bear against Don Pedro. He persecuted him through other politicians. He cajoled him, set traps for him, played the bloodhound himself. One time he waylaid Don Pedro in the Sacramento Canyon and there attempted by brute force to make him talk. Don Pedro remained calm and silent. Avalos tied him and tortured him, but the Indian in him was adamant.

"Then, damn you," concluded Avalos, "I'll fix you so you can't talk even if you want to."

Pedro was pinioned arms and legs, helpless. His torturer had two forty-penny nails. He drove them into the jaws of the silent man, one on either side of his face, nailing the upper to the lower jaw. He rode off leaving Pedro tied and nailed.

A wood-carrier came along with his burro and rescued Pedro. He recovered, but to the end of his days he carried deep scars in his face and was "*un poco loco*"—a little crazy. Henceforth he was Pedro Loco. But he was not too *loco* still to go in secret and come back in secret with gold and silver and jewelry and the flat-cut emeralds. And he was not too *loco* to keep his jaws closed.

Once, however—once only—he relented. He had a very dear friend who was in desperate need and who was very deferential. This friend was Felipe Jimenez.

"The first day," Felipe used to tell, "we rode our mules up the canyon a way from Sacramento and camped. When we ate our supper, the wild turkeys were gobbling around us in every direction. About dark Pedro Loco turned his mule loose, saying that it would go home by itself and that from now on he would go afoot and guide my mule. We rode on for three hours maybe, and I knew we were getting into the mountains of the Rancho Guerachic"—another name for Majalca.

Winter, 1953

"At a certain place Pedro Loco blindfolded me fast and hard. On foot he followed behind my mule, driving it. Of course, the canyon twists and the wind in it shifts and changes, too. But I was keeping very alert and noted every change of direction. I was sure that we left the Sacramento Canyon and turned up a canyon that cuts in from the north. We did not ride more than an hour before we stopped. I heard the sounds of rocks. Then Pedro Loco told me to get down. He led me over some boulders. For a short distance we crawled. When he took the blindfold off me, we were in a cave and two sotol stalks were burning to light it. It was not the light that almost blinded me; it was the heap of precious stones, of gold, most of all, of silver bullion, and also of jewelry. There were beautiful crosses and fine plate, candlesticks, and holy vessels.

"'Help yourself,' Pedro Loco said. I did. Then when my pockets were full, he put the blind on me, tighter than before. I crawled again. I heard the sound of loose rocks—very, very dim the sound was. My mule went forward. I knew we were not returning over the same route. My brain was not blind like my eyes. I began fraying the blanket I wore and dropping the shreds. I was marking the trail to come back over. I felt on my face the cold breeze of dawn. We kept traveling, Pedro Loco close at my mule's heels and I dropping here and there a shred of the blanket.

"At length we halted. I heard a dog bark. It must have been a dog at the Rancho Guerachic, for there is no other ranch in that part of the Victorino.

"'Get down,' Pedro Loco said. These were the first words he had spoken since leaving the cave. I did not like their tone. I obeyed. I could smell the dawn. When the blind came off, I saw that we were on a mountain. Pedro Loco was standing there with his hands full of woolen shreds.

"'Here is your blanket,' he said. 'Your wife can weave it back together.' Then he gave me a kick. I felt too cheap to kick back. 'You cannot betray me,' he said. 'Go home!'

"I left him standing there and rode back to Chihuahua City. I sent to San Antonio, Texas, for my brothers to come and help me get the wealth. For five years we sought. All I know is that Pedro Loco showed me the treasure. He told me he had located it while he was a warrior with Victorio."

**I**N the fall of 1908 Victor Lieb and Bill Adams, two American mining men who had been in Chihuahua for years and were familiar with the facts and traditions connected with Pedro Loco and his secret treasure, determined to exert superior Anglo-American intelligence and find the wealth. They disguised their purpose by getting permits to prospect for minerals in the Victorino. Lieb sent for a bloodhound out of the stock employed by the state penitentiary in Texas. He engaged as a helper a Pima Indian noted for his trailing ability. The dog proved to be marvelously keen of scent and was soon taught to trail silently on the leash.

November passed and December was passing. Without doubt Pedro Loco would make a trip out before Christmas. Lieb and Adams had their camp above Sacramento in the mouth of the canyon gorge. On the evening of December 20, Pedro Loco rode up on his mule, saluted the two Americans in a friendly manner, drank some coffee, and rode on. At dark they followed, the bloodhound silently straining on the leash. The trail turned out of the main canyon and up a box canyon cutting in from the north—the route that the blindfolded Felipe was so sure of.

It was pitch-dark. About half a mile up this side canyon the bloodhound suddenly ceased to trail, whined in fear, bolted back the way he had come, and jerked with such violence on the thong (which Lieb for safety's sake had tied around his waist) that he broke it. Among the rocks and trees, hidden in the pitchy darkness, the winds were howling. Lieb and Adams turned back, also. They found the dog in camp. Impatiently they awaited daylight.

When light dawned, they took the bloodhound and the expert Pima trailer and set out. At the mouth of the box canyon, the bloodhound refused to go farther. The Pima proceeded, but soon it was apparent that instead of trailing he was merely going ahead. He could "trail a hummingbird almost," but he could not follow Pedro Loco's tracks. In places the steep slopes of the canyon wall were covered with talus. It seemed likely that Pedro Loco's cave had an entrance hidden by the talus, but not one sign of it could be found.

**O**N Christmas Eve Lieb and Adams were back in Chihuahua City. The cold norther and bright sun were keeping most

(Continued on page 41)



Lust for the treasure provoked varied attempts to follow the sly one. They traveled light over rough terrain, living off the country, trying to keep on Pedro Loco's trail.

One without arms, one without legs,  
they battled starvation  
in the forest wilderness,  
and proved to themselves that they were . . .

# Buckskin to the BONE

by CADDO CAMERON

Illustrated by Chas. Phil. Hexom

DANGER was known to be lurking in the forest wilderness on this September evening, 1779, but the two keelboats stood well in toward the Kentucky shore and drove their blunt bows through the waters of the Ohio. By avoiding the current in this manner, they were able to make 10 to 12 miles daily. Naked to the waist, brawny men rammed their long setting poles against the bottom and tramped the running boards that extended fore and aft upon either side, thus literally walking the boats up river. Meanwhile, others searched with keen eyes the Kentucky and Ohio shorelines, for this was war.

The Colonies were slowly winning the Revolutionary War in the East, while Americans in homespun and buckskin were locked in a sanguinary struggle with the enemy on the frontiers of the West. Out here they fought—not so much to win a war for a government of which they knew little and cared less. Rather, they fought to protect their homes and win more land from their traditional enemy—the Indian. Many homeless frontiersmen fought for the pure joy of fighting.

Colonel David Rodgers was in command of the two boats and a company of 70 men, which included Captain Robert Benham. They were returning from New Orleans with ammunition and supplies for the far-flung posts west of the Alleghenies and hoped to spend the night at the mouth of Licking River, directly across the Ohio from the point where Cincinnati would be born ten years later. Rodgers was in the lead boat, Benham following close behind in the other.

Pointing at the Ohio shore, a rifleman on the Colonel's boat exclaimed cautiously, "Three Injuns on a sandbar over thar!"

And another called out softly, "Canoe with two Injuns puttin' off from the Kaintuck side! Now they've sighted us and are turnin' back."

Colonel Rodgers leaped to the top of the cabin and took in the situation at a glance. "That canoe was going across to pick up those on the other side. Probably a small party heading south to hunt or raid the settlements. We'll try to stop them. To shore and tie up!"

THE command was quietly but quickly passed to the rear boat and all hands were soon ashore. Two disgruntled men were sent back as guards. Even the most impetuous and undisciplined of these frontier fighters paused to wipe dry the flint and pan of his rifle, and to gaze hard at the inscrutable forest of mighty trees and almost impenetrable greenery that glowered down upon him in unfriendly welcome. The two officers said a scout should be made before they ventured into the woods, but a majority of the men ridiculed the idea and defied their superiors.

Taking the lead was a lean and hawk-faced hunter with hatred of Indians in his soul and the smell of fresh scalps in his nostrils. He stepped out, growling, "I crave hair!"

A lanky boy laughed and followed. "That's the talk, Kaintuck! Who in hell wants to live till he's old and wicked? Me—I want to die young and innocent. Whet your horns, boys, and let's go!"



The attack drove home with ferocity from all sides.

Rodgers turned to Benham. "What d'you think, Bob?"

The young Captain shrugged. "They're spoiling for a fight, Colonel. We can't hold 'em, so we'd better lead them."

Rodgers nodded. "I'll lead. You guard our rear."

They moved in single file a few yards apart, hard brown men in hunting shirts, buckskin leggings and moccasins, knives and tomahawks at their belts, carrying their long rifles so as carefully to protect flints and primed flash pans from the dew that had already accumulated on the dense vegetation through which they crept like ghosts. Even at midday, sunlight had difficulty reaching the floor of the forest and so late in the evening a deep twilight prevailed. From time to time the column halted while some suspicious sight, sound or scent was investigated, for these were woodsmen whose craft equalled that of the Indian and whose senses were keenly developed by the necessities and dangers of everyday life in the wilderness.

Colonel Rodgers led the company along an animal trail toward the Licking, several hundred yards inland from the point on the Ohio where the canoe was sighted, obviously hoping to cut off the Indians. At the rear of the line, Captain Bob Benham grew more alert with every step away from their boats, realizing that the men were behaving recklessly because of their numbers.

Life was good to Bob. He had spent most of it on the frontier, dodging and fighting Indians. He knew that in such cover a man might remain hidden while you passed within six feet of him, provided his body odors didn't betray him. The noses of frontiersmen were keen and never forgot a scent. The moist air

True West



After the first devastating volley, gunfire largely gave way to savage yells mingled with cries of the wounded and dying.

encouraged smells and through the perfume of growing things, there crept the unmistakable odor of Indians. Benham halted and tested the air. The scent of Red Death came from all directions!

Bob quickly overtook the man next ahead, and whispered, "Pass the word to the Colonel—I smell Indians!"

"Huh!" grunted the man. "Now that you name it—so do I!"

A FEW moments later the line halted. Men half crouched in the path, fingering their weapons, straining their eyes for a glimpse of the foe which all now sensed to be near. Suddenly, the whip-lash crack of a Kentucky rifle split the silence.

"TREE!" bellowed Rodgers, the frontier signal to take cover.

A blast of gunfire echoed his command. Hundreds of rifles and muskets hurled lead at the little band of white men. Tricked by some wily chief, the Colonel had led his men into ambush.

The attack drove home with ferocity from all sides. After the first devastating volley, gunfire largely gave way to savage yells mingled with cries of the wounded and dying. Having emptied their guns, Indians sprang to the slaughter with knives and tomahawks. White men had no time to reload. They met their fate in hand-to-hand combat. Colonel Rodgers was one of the first to fall and in a matter of minutes, only ten remained alive!

Captain Bob Benham was one of these. At the first shot, he had taken cover behind a down-log and killed an Indian who sprang into the path to block retreat. Crouched in underbrush there, he reloaded quickly. Other Indians appeared in the path, running toward the butchery

ahead. Bob shot the leader, jumped over the log and tomahawked another, then narrowly escaped death from the axe of the third. He caught the blow on the barrel of the rifle in his left hand and brained the savage with the tomahawk in his right.

"To the boats!" yelled Benham.

The surviving white men broke loose from the conflict and ran toward him, leaping over and around their own dead and wounded. Indian bloodlust saved them momentarily. The savages fell to scalping the dead, killing and scalping the wounded. Captain Benham raced with his men down the path. He coolly reminded them to reload as they ran. Once on a boat, they could shove off into the current and escape. Victorious yells behind them and thoughts of safety ahead gave wings to their feet. But before they reached the river the battlefield fell silent. Having completed their butchery back there, the savages would be coming to finish it down here.

MORE than one of the fleeing men muttered an exultant cry when, through trees, he caught a glimpse of the broad Ohio. They dashed suddenly from the forest—halted in consternation. One of the boats was in midstream, the two guards poling away. The other swarmed with Indians!

Captain Benham acted swiftly. "Don't try to get the boat. The others will be on us before we can do it. Take to the woods or they'll have us surrounded. Scatter! Every man for himself. Good luck, boys!"

A few precious moments were lost while some hotheads argued, eager to attack the boat. Benham blocked their path, knowingly risking his own life by

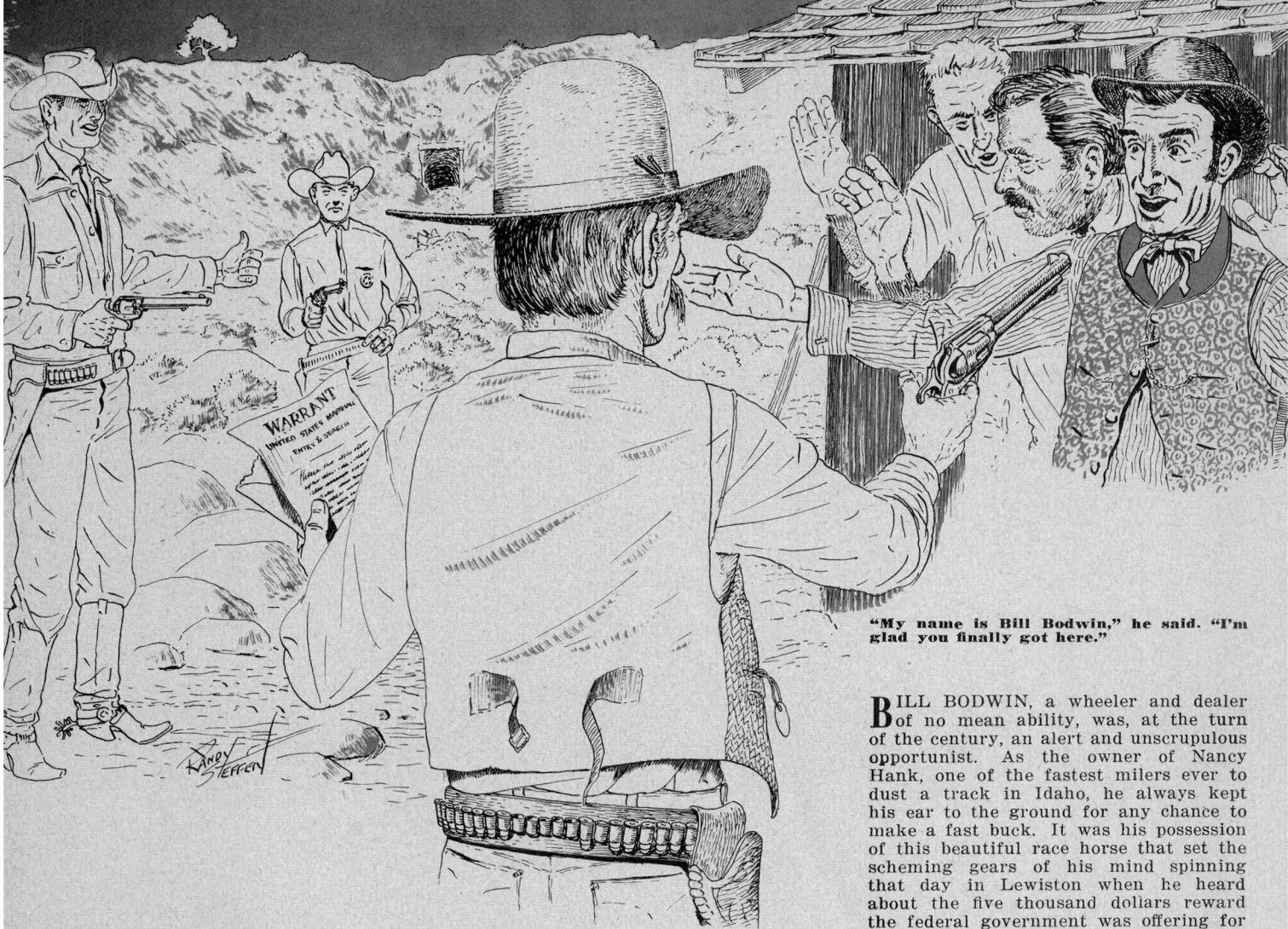
delay in making his escape. When it appeared they'd charge the boat in spite of anything he could do, a British musket roared in the woods behind them and a man fell dead. That ended the argument. Eight men followed Bob Benham in a desperate assault on the enemy now in their rear.

This proved to be a thin screen of swift-footed Indians, thrown out in an attempt to cut off the whites. Nine Kentucky rifles did execution. Their guns empty, the frontier fighters attacked with knives and tomahawks. Captain Benham saw four of his men killed outright. Four escaped into the woods, some wounded. Attempting to cover their retreat, he was last to fight his way free. He turned to run. A heavy ball tore his legs from beneath him. Both were broken above the knees!

Bob fell in bushes near the top of a giant old tree that recently had been blown down by the weight of its massive crown. It was almost full dark in the forest now. He lay perfectly still, clenching his teeth in an effort to stifle his hard breathing. Indians beat the brush behind him for a few minutes, but didn't venture far into the woods. Presently, the forest was silent and a savage celebration broke loose at the boat as they looted it.

Benham examined his wounds. No major blood vessels were severed, for bleeding was moderate. Grimly, he resolved to make a fight to live. After reloading, he managed to drag himself and his rifle deep into the top of the fallen tree. Arranging his crippled legs as comfortably as possible, Bob settled down to wait for morning.

(Continued on page 54)



"My name is Bill Bodwin," he said. "I'm glad you finally got here."

Flashy Bill Bodwin was a smart one, but he out-smarted himself when he turned bounty hunter for

## THE COUNTERFEITERS OF SHINGLE CREEK

by VICTOR DURDEN

Illustrated by Randy Steffen

**B**ILL BODWIN, a wheeler and dealer of no mean ability, was, at the turn of the century, an alert and unscrupulous opportunist. As the owner of Nancy Hank, one of the fastest milers ever to dust a track in Idaho, he always kept his ear to the ground for any chance to make a fast buck. It was his possession of this beautiful race horse that set the scheming gears of his mind spinning that day in Lewiston when he heard about the five thousand dollars reward the federal government was offering for the arrest and conviction of counterfeiters who were thought to be operating somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of northern Idaho.

It wasn't that Nancy Hank failed to provide Bodwin with a comfortable income. It was just that he could not resist what appeared to be a tailor-made opportunity to cash in on a sure thing. And, although his sudden idea for the capture of this particular piece of easy money brought about an ignominious end to his enthusiasm, it is to Bill Bodwin's credit that he did have courage, imagination and considerable talent as an undercover agent.

In his early thirties, Bodwin draped his spare frame in the latest sportsman fashion and carried himself with the jaunty air of a man with a sure-fire tip on a long shot. It was the bantam-rooster attitude of a small man who wanted to be big. His handsome face carried the perpetual expression of sober and serious thinking. Under his mouse-colored derby, his mental machinery was indeed racing at record speed this particular afternoon.

All that was known about the counterfeiters was that they were molding cheap metals to simulate the popular twenty dollar double eagle, thinly plating their product with gold leaf and passing the bogus pieces in the mining, lumbering and cattle towns of Idaho, eastern Oregon and Washington. Most of the pieces had turned up in the robust trading center of Lewiston, situated at the confluence of the Snake and Clearwater rivers.

Knowledge regarding the identity of the criminals was vague. The only clue the government seemed to have was that one of the pushers was a race horse en-

True West

thusiasm. Every time a racing event was held within the area, several hundred dollars worth of the counterfeit twenty dollar gold pieces would show up at the track. Another favorite habitat of the pushers was the card room and the saloon.

**W**ITH this scant information, and with visions of what an extra five thousand dollars would buy, Bill Bodwin strode happily down Lewiston's Main Street with a spring in his step and a whistled tune on his lips. The town was bustling more than usual tonight and the bars were lined two deep. Tomorrow was race day.

From dark until almost dawn Bodwin made the rounds from bar to bar, listening and talking. Whenever he found men talking race horses he would enter the conversation by introducing himself as the owner of Nancy Hank. The colorful mare was well known to racing fans, and Bodwin was regarded always with respect and sometimes with admiration. Most of the men wanted tips on tomorrow's race and were glad to hear what the dapper sportsman had to say. Adroitly Bodwin would bring the talk around to the counterfeiters, and then cast out a little bait.

"I'd give a half interest in Nancy Hank," he would say, "just to learn how they make that stuff. Yes, sir, I really mean it. A half interest in Nancy Hank."

Next day at the track Nancy Hank won her race which was a boon to Bodwin's plan. That night he was back at the bars again, talking horses to anybody who would listen, changing the conversation to the counterfeiters, and offering a half interest in Nancy Hank to anybody who would show him how to mint the coin.

A little after midnight his efforts were rewarded. In a small, dimly-lighted saloon down near the Snake River bridge he was approached by a man who expressed high admiration for Nancy Hank, and asked if she was for sale.

At first Bodwin did not suspect that he was at the end of his search. He went through his usual routine, switching over to the subject of the counterfeiters and stating his offer. It was not until the man asked, "How would you guarantee such a proposition?" that Bodwin knew he had made contact.

The stranger was of average height, though heavy set, with large, milky grey eyes that moved sluggishly in their orbits. His dress was quite ordinary and in general his appearance was rather non-

descript. Excellent qualities for a man of his profession, thought Bodwin. Without offering his hand the man said his name was Stephen Polson, from the coast. No doubt an alias, decided Bodwin, and the vagueness concerning his last address was in perfect keeping.

His wits sharpened by this nearness to his quarry, Bodwin invited the man to go with him at once to the stable and look at the horse. Under the yellow rays of a livery lantern, Bodwin could see the man's ardent appreciation of fine horses. And when Nancy Hank nickered gently and nuzzled Polson's neck, Bodwin could almost feel the man's caution melt away under his eagerness to own the horse. With one last attempt toward prudence, Polson asked Bodwin where he was staying and said he would see him in the morning. There seemed no point now in pressing the proposition tonight. Just let the fruitful charm of Nancy Hank turn the trick.

**N**EXT morning the two men met at the Bollinger Hotel and once more they went together to the stable. There in the presence of Nancy Hank and the privacy of her stall they struck an agreement. For a half interest in the horse Bodwin would be shown how the bogus coin was made. To accomplish this, however, would necessitate the revealing of their hideout, and with this information Bodwin would in effect be a partner in the operation. In fact, it was urged that he become an active part of the organization. And, to guarantee his good faith, Polson pointed out grimly, Bodwin must leave Lewiston with him at once and bring Nancy Hank along.

With Polson constantly at his side while he made preparations to leave, Bodwin had no opportunity to confide in anyone regarding his plan. He had not thought out the matter of a confederate to help him, nor did he now have time to contact the law enforcement agencies. The five thousand dollars had sounded easy, but he began to see that it might take a little doing before it was delivered.

It was still early in the day when they turned their mounts southward and climbed out of the bowl where the town nestled against the rivers. Up Winchester grade and across the Camas prairie they rode, leading Nancy Hank. At Grangeville, where they spent the night, Bodwin tried, without being obvious about it, to contact the authorities, but Polson was always beside him, and there was

no chance. Twice he saw men he knew; once late in the evening when they were eating in a restaurant, and again the next morning when they were saddling up at the stable. But each attempt to gain assistance resulted in an empty conversation of small talk.

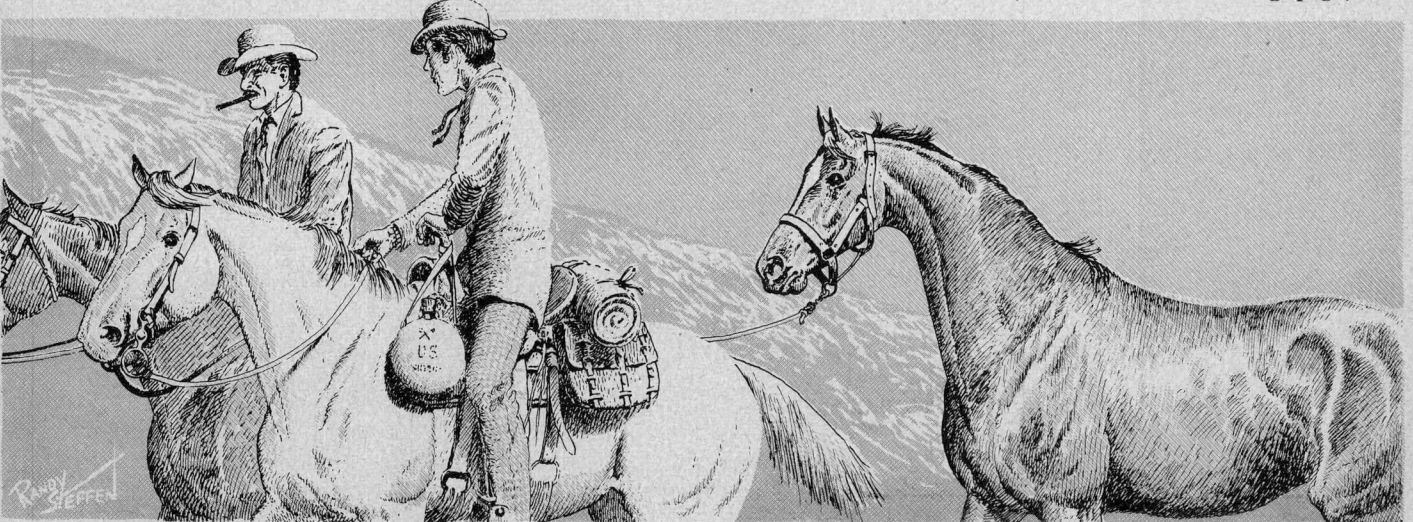
They rode on southward, winding their way down the switchbacks of Whitebird canyon, reaching the Salmon River where they rested before following the bank thirty miles to the mouth of the Little Salmon. In darkness they crossed the larger stream and followed the fast-running tributary some seven miles. Where Rapid River joins the Little Salmon they turned west. Four miles farther, at a splashing little stream known as Shingle Creek they turned into a narrow, steep canyon. In the upper recesses of this pine-studded gorge Bodwin and his companion climbed stiffly down from their saddles beside a small log cabin.

While unbuckling their rigging and turning their horses into a corral, a light came on inside the cabin, where Bodwin soon met the other two members of the company. It was long after midnight and Bodwin was bone weary from two hard days of riding. He was in no mood to exert himself toward affability, but the belligerent attitude of Polson's partners frightened him into a noble effort to appear trustworthy, a task that taxed his uncommon resourcefulness.

Polson introduced him with a minimum of words. "Bill Bodwin," he said simply. "This here is Hardrock Evans and Injun Pete Barker. Bill here is going to be our new partner."

It was immediately plain to Bodwin that the circumstances and the hour were poorly chosen for so momentous an announcement. He looked at the sleep-heavy, beard-stubbed faces of the two men, offered a faint smile and reached out his hand, neither of which drew response. They stared unbelievably, first at Bodwin, then at Polson and back at Bodwin again. Surprise, concern and open anger were written on their faces. They regarded him with ill-concealed and quite justified suspicion. Disappointment in the horse-loving Polson for bringing Bodwin in on their deal erupted into heated arguments throughout the night, and there were times when the little sportsman wished he had not been so impulsive with his bright idea to cop off five thousand dollars at the expense of these desperate men.

(Continued on following page)



It was still early in the day when they turned their mounts southward and climbed out of the bowl where the town nestled against the rivers.

**B**Y morning tempers had not cooled enough to bring Bodwin any degree of comfort, so he began to apply his oily tongue toward getting himself out of what had begun to be a critical situation. The earnestness of his tone, his manner and his argument were really genuine for probably the first time in his life.

"If you gentlemen will hear me out," said Bodwin, "I'm sure you will recognize the tremendous opportunity I can offer you in expanding your business to bonanza proportions. Through my contacts we can dispose of greater quantities of the spurious coin. And with me acting as your intermediary, the risks you are now taking will be automatically transferred to me, thus placing you in a very safe position. I can at once act as both an instrument to stimulate your profits and as a shield to protect you from the danger of incarceration."

As he warmed to his subject, Bodwin could see the reluctance of the holdouts begin to weaken. This gave him encouragement to sail on into his imaginary modus operandi so convincingly that he began almost to believe it himself. Although the obstinate members of the gang did yield to some extent, it would have taken a duller wit than Bodwin's to know that their objection to him was by no means gone. He was on probation.

A week passed before any of the men left the canyon. Much of the time was spent digging in a tunnel a few hundred yards from the cabin. This was ostensibly a bona fide mining claim. Any casual passersby or any inquisitive investigators could readily see that the miners were actively engaged in their work.

Bodwin was allowed certain privileges, such as exercising Nancy Hank during the afternoons, but his freedom of movement was restricted to the upper part of the canyon. There the trail petered out in a rim-rocked box. The only way out was down creek to the Rapid River trail. Bodwin was warned against riding in that direction, and he was watched carefully whenever he saddled up.

One afternoon was spent in the manufacture of counterfeit twenty dollar gold pieces. From a hiding place somewhere up the mountain, one of the men brought down the crude but precious set of molds, along with a smelting spoon. Bodwin did not get to watch the actual minting. He and one of the others were posted on the trail to signal the approach of any mountain traveler. None came. During the entire week they had seen only one person, a lanky, weatherbeaten cowboy combing out the canyon for strays.

When Bodwin returned to the cabin, the two workers were putting the finishing touches on fifty of the newly minted coins, rubbing ordinary gold leaf onto the lead-colored surface. Another fifty, completed the week before Bodwin's arrival, were stacked with the new. Tomorrow Hardrock Evans and Barker would go out, taking Bodwin with them. Polson would stay behind to watch camp and take care of Nancy Hank. Evans and Barker would have an opportunity to see Bodwin in action, to determine whether or not Polson's confidence was justified. If he did not measure up, he would be measured out.

**E**ARLY next morning the three counterfeiters, two professionals and one novice, with two thousand dollars in bogus money divided between them, rode out of the canyon, down Rapid River and turned north at the Little Salmon. Their first stop was Meadows, thirty miles up river, a high mountain valley lush with wild hay. White face cattle grazed lan-

guidly, brisket deep in the rich grass. The tiny settlement had only one sizable store and a ramshackle hotel. It was midafternoon when they finished a make-shift meal and continued southward. Evans and Barker were known in Meadows, where they sometimes came for supplies. They never attempted to pass any of the coin so close to their home base. Bodwin searched every face they met without finding anyone he knew.

It was well after dark when they reached Council, the county seat. They ate and checked in at the hotel. Injun Pete and Bodwin shared a room to which they repaired at once. Hardrock Evans cautioned Barker to keep a sharp eye on Bodwin while he went down to a few hands of poker.

Next day and the next they traveled south, stopping briefly in the towns along the way. Midvale, Weiser, Payette. They crossed over the Snake into Oregon, staying in Ontario one day and a night. Then back into Idaho and southward again. Emmett, Caldwell, Nampa and finally into Boise.

The opportunity which Bodwin had sought so desperately did not present itself until the second day in the capital city. In the rest room of a small saloon he had the good fortune to meet an old acquaintance, one Sammy Callender. Bodwin grabbed his chance, and Sammy's hand, talking rapidly in a furious whisper. Sammy's astonishment at his behavior did not assuage Bodwin's fervent appeal. With a furtive glance through a crack in the door toward the bar where Hardrock Evans was seated, he quickly explained the important facts of his predicament.

"Now, Sammy," he urged, "this is what you must do, first thing in the morning: There's a United States Marshal here. Tell him to move in on this mining camp up Rapid River in one week. We should be back there before then, and everybody will be caught in the trap." As Sammy Callender nodded wonderingly, Bodwin's faltering hopes revived. Maybe the five thousand reward money wasn't so far away after all. "Don't forget, Sammy," he continued, "tell the Marshal it's my plan and that I've been working in with these guys for the sole purpose of . . . of . . ." He hesitated an instant. There was no need to share the reward with Sammy. ". . . of bringing these criminals to justice!"

Footsteps approached the door. Bodwin jerked his finger to his lips. "Don't recognize me when you walk out of here," he whispered. "This guy Evans watches me like a hawk. I'm on damned thin ice!" He stepped outside the door just in time to meet Evans coming in.

"Be with you in a minute," grunted Evans, brushing past.

"Yeah," responded Bodwin, forcing the anxiety from his face. He walked casually to the bar and ordered whiskey, letting the speed of his heart beat return to normalcy.

Sammy Callender came out shortly behind him and left the saloon without glancing in his direction. Bodwin watched his departure in the dusty mirror of the back bar. He began to feel better than he had at any time since leaving Lewiston.

The furrows of deep thought creased the ordinarily smooth brow of Sammy Callender as he walked through the deserted streets to his hotel. A bookie by profession, since his age and weight robbed him of his first love, jockeying, he had known Bodwin well enough around the tracks in the last four years to be genuinely surprised if not confused by the brief interview. Sammy Callen-

der's own sagacity, kept keen by the strop of his vocation told him there was something more to this situation than met the eye. Trained in Bodwin's con-ning school, he began to wonder if the circumstances were not pregnant with possibilities—for Sammy Callender. It wasn't like Bodwin to get involved in so irrelative and hazardous a proposition. He would find out more tomorrow.

**A**LL THE homemade double eagles were soon disposed of and the three partners began the return journey before the week was out. Bodwin felt remarkably easy in his mind now and he had difficulty in concealing his relief. The frequent impulse toward congeniality was checked, however, and he received some satisfaction from the gradually improving attitude of Evans and Barker toward him. He had converted his share of the coin into good cash and appeared to be relishing the occupation and looking forward to his future in it.

The only discordant note in his present disposition now was that he missed Nancy Hank. In the two years since he'd owned the prize mare he had never been away from her for more than a few hours at a time. He wanted to see her, to make sure she was all right. More than that, he wanted to get the animal back on the racing circuit where they both belonged. The sooner this risky business was behind him the better.

Bodwin's inner gaiety was short lived. When the party arrived at Shingle Creek, Nancy Hank was gone. So was Polson. Both Evans and Barker began to curse Polson for a horse-crazy fool and soon turned their wrath to Bodwin, upon whom they placed the blame.

"He's likely gone off to some race meet to run the nag," said Barker.

"Or maybe to trade her for two more," enjoined Evans. "Goin' away like this and leavin' the place unwatched! A man's plumb worthless if he can't be trusted." His eyes swept to Bodwin whose anxiety had suddenly doubled. Not only was his valuable horse gone, but the old animosities toward him were rekindled. And Polson, his only ally, was gone with the horse.

Things were beginning to look wretched for Bodwin once more when suddenly Polson rode into camp. Bodwin's heart gave a leap. Then he noticed that Polson was riding his own sorrel gelding, not Nancy Hank.

"Where you been?" shouted Evans with a growl.

"Where's my horse?" shouted Bodwin at the same time.

"You gone plumb loco?" scowled Barker.

Unperturbed, Polson stepped to the ground and leisurely draped the reins over a post. "Now, now, gents," he said pleasantly, "No need to get yourselves all worked up in a panic. I been gone only a few hours. Took my-er-our Nancy Hank up to the Meadows Valley and put her on some good summer pasture. She's in good hands, and belly deep in green grass. The graze around here is about burnt up. A fine animal like Nancy Hank deserves better than dry hay in a cramped corral, specially this time of year."

Barker and Evans complained to Polson at some length about his carelessness since Nancy Hank came into his life, but Bodwin felt considerably better, except for his loneliness for his horse.

**T**HERE was not long to wait before the action of Sammy Callender culminated in the appearance of the U. S. Marshal at

(Continued on page 49)



The twenty-two trappers didn't stand a chance. The Apaches swooped down, their flying arrows sending quick death.

**REWARD!**  
 \$100- for every scalp of  
 an Apache brave.  
 \$50- for every scalp of  
 a squaw.  
 \$25- for every scalp of  
 a child.  
 SIGNED - La Junta de Chihuahua  
 1837.

# APACHE VENGEANCE

by THOM HANSARD

Illustrated by R. L. McCollister

AS the Englishman James Johnson, a trapper, read the *noticia*, his mind gave birth to one of the most treacherous schemes of the era—an Apache slaughter that would not only bring riches to an unscrupulous desert outcast, but begin a new reign of terror for the innocent inhabitants of what is now southwestern New Mexico.

Santa Rita del Cobre was a small copper mining village owned by a wealthy Mexican company. It was some 300 miles from Chihuahua, where the ore was sent to a government mint, and was situated at the foot of a huge mountain on which lived the Apache chief Juan Jose and his Mimbreno band.

Although other Apache bands were terrorizing settlers, Juan Jose was old and lazy and was content to live in peace with the intruding miners. His people roamed through the streets of Santa Rita daily and many of the young were adopting the customs of the Mexicans. Life at the copper mines was for the most part

peaceful, although every once in a while a few mules might disappear or a villager might be found killed in the desert. When the Mexican suspicions were aroused, the Mimbrenos denied having any knowledge of the crimes.

It was to this settlement that James Johnson rode, followed by a motley handful of drifters who were ready to aid him in his scheme and grab a seat on his grave train.

"I've come to help you settle matters," Johnson told the miners when he reached Santa Rita. "Of course, it's the Mimbrenos who're stealing your mules and slowly killing your men! You're under constant surveillance by those red devils on the mountain and you'll live in fear of your lives until they've been done in!"

He convinced the Mexicans that all was not as well as it might seem and then began to set into motion his plan of greed.

**PREPARATIONS** were made for a huge feast, to which the whole Mimbreno

tribe was invited. Steers were roasted, and a large quantity of "fire water" was prepared. At the time set, nine-to-ten hundred Apaches, some from camps other than that of Juan Jose, arrived at Santa Rita. They gathered around the food and drink with holiday spirits, little suspecting what fate had in store for them.

Within one hundred yards, concealed by pack saddles and brush, a menacing howitzer pointed its muzzle at the celebrants.

When enough of the liquor had been consumed to make the redskins completely unconscious of what was happening around them, Johnson cautiously gave orders for the muzzle to be loaded.

"Slugs, nails, chain, glass, musket balls—fill 'er with everything you can find!" he commanded.

Soon all was ready. The Englishman lighted a *cigarro*, took a few puffs, and surveyed the crowd before him. Finally,

(Continued on page 58)



Ketchum drew his .45 and started blasting. The sheriff's men started their fireworks almost simultaneously.

**“Hang’um - - then try’um!” was sometimes practiced in the days**

# When “Slow Came

by HARRY E. CHRISMAN

Not content with hanging, their captors set fire to the bodies of Ketchum (left) and Mitchell (right) before burying them in shallow graves.

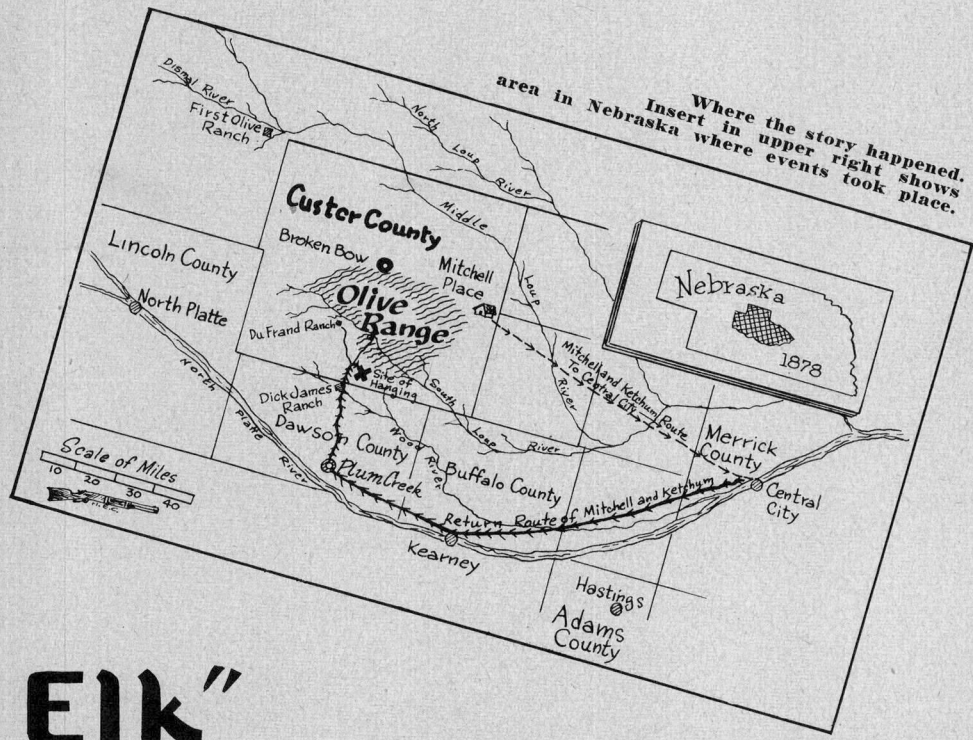


IN 1878, the area between the North Platte and the Middle Loup rivers in Nebraska was one great tall-grass pasture. To the western end it rolled up into the Sandhills with its wither-high buffalo grass and numerous fresh-water lakes. In the center of this region roamed thousands of head of fine, fat cattle. Many of these fat steers carried the brand of the Olive Ranch, which was operated by the Olive brothers.

I. P. Olive and his brother Bob, who went by the name of Bob Stevans, were the principals. They had moved up to Nebraska with the trail herds after a third brother had been killed in a gun fight near San Antonio. Bob, who had killed two of his brother's murderers and wounded a third, had decided that the name "Stevans" would serve him better than his real name.

The Olives first settled and ranched on the Dismal River near the present site of Dunning. Later they moved their headquarters to the South Loup near the

*True West*



# Elk" High

Illustrated by Geo. Phippen

present town of Callaway. They were a tough lot, living in a new, rough land. Dennis Gatrell was the roughest of the lot, next to the Olives. He served as their ranch foreman and established the pace for Fred Fisher, Bion Brown, Pietro Domingus, Barney Armstrong, Pete Beaton, W. H. Stewart, Si Hagadone, "Nigger Jim" Kelly and other of their assorted cow-pokes and cut-throats. It would have taken a nery man to cross them. But such a man there was.

Luther Mitchell, an older man with a comely daughter, and one Ami Ketchum, who was courting Mitchell's daughter, had moved into the region in the late '70's. They were each homesteading 160 acres, the maximum allotted, since this was prior to the Kinkaid Act, under which settlers could acquire a section.

The tough, prairie sod was a great obstacle to the settlers. It often required two to three years to get it broken up to where it would yield a living for a family. In those hard times the obtain-

ing of "slow elk" (stolen beef) was one method of filling a hungry family's belly until the land began to produce. While there is no evidence that Old Man Mitchell, or Ami Ketchum, were "slow elk" hunters, nevertheless the Olives quite frequently found a steer dead with a hind quarter neatly cut off—and not by the wolves or coyotes. This always made the Olives see red. They began to attribute it to their neighbors from the east—Mitchell and Ketchum. Old Man Mitchell was known to be a dead shot.

**I**N the fall of 1878 their suspicions of the past came to a head. Bob Olive, or Stevans, returning from a visit to Texas, stopped at Kearney and saw some cattle in the yards bearing the Olive brand. A little investigating brought forth a bill of sale signed by Ami Ketchum. It was never established that Ketchum actually gave the bill of sale but, from that moment on, the fat was in the fire.

Bob Olive was deputized by Captain Anderson, sheriff of Buffalo County. With the sheriff and two Olive men, Beaton and Armstrong, he started out to locate Ketchum. They found him at Mitchell's sod shanty on Clear Creek.

When the sheriff's posse of gun-fighters rode up, Ketchum was in the yard under a wagon snubbing a bull to the hind axle. Olive rode to the head of the procession, threw down on Ketchum and ordered him out from under the wagon, stating that he had a warrant for his arrest.

Ketchum, seeing and hearing only Bob Olive and recognizing him for only an outlaw and not a law officer, slid over to the far side of the wagon, drew his .45 and started blasting. Had he been as good a shot as his potential father-in-law, Bob Olive's killing days would have been over.

The sheriff's men started their fireworks almost simultaneously. And let it be said, in favor of good marksmanship in the old days, that amidst a group of rearing, plunging cow ponies, frightened at the din caused by five .45's barking, not a man was killed in the initial exchange of lead. A handkerchief around Barney Armstrong's neck was clipped in two and fell to the ground; Pete Beaton's broad-brimmed hat lopped down over one side of his face as a bullet from Ketchum's pistol sliced the brim in two. But the serious shooting hadn't started until old man Mitchell's face appeared around the corner of the soddy.

Mitchell carefully drew down on Bob Olive with his Winchester and stuck a slug into Olive's guts. Olive slumped in the saddle with a cry, "Boys, I'm finished!"

Barney Armstrong grabbed the reins of Olive's horse and started leading it away from the fracas. Beaton and the sheriff tore themselves loose and held Olive upright in the saddle while they made their get-away. Old man Mitchell stood in the yard, his Winchester at the ready, and watched the procession clear out through a plum thicket.

"That'll teach those bastards a good lesson," Ketchum heard him say. Neither realized that they had fired into a sheriff's posse which was carrying a warrant for Ketchum's arrest. Only later was Ketchum to repeat to Mitchell what Olive had said upon his arrival at the homestead. With the realization of what had taken place, they saddled up their horses that night and left for Central City, their old home, just ahead of a second posse.

This posse was composed of Cap Anderson, sheriff of Buffalo County; Dick James, sheriff of Dawson County; Barney Gillan, sheriff of Lincoln County, and Phil DuFrond, deputy sheriff of Custer County. Most of these men were cattlemen and ranchers, DuFrond having a ranch at the mouth of the Cottonwood on the south side of the Loup. Barney Gillan ranched in Lincoln County; Dick James on the south line of Custer County. They were sympathetic to the Olives, being ranchers themselves. So it was not surprising they would give a settler a break—a bad break.

**I**N THE following days the Olives made their boasts that they would avenge Bob's shooting. I. P. Olive returned post-haste from Cheyenne where he had gone on business. He got back just in time to watch Bob die. He wasted no time in lamentation but solicited neighboring ranchers and cowhands to aid him in his vengeance.

Plum Creek, a nearby cowtown of the region, became the meeting ground of sympathetic riff-riff of the area who

(Continued on page 53 )

"I stuffed my pockets with gold nuggets.  
I went through the split rock,  
and headed across the hills for camp,  
traveling fast. How was I to know  
then that I'd never again set eyes on . . ."

# THE LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE

by WALTER H. MILLER

**I**T had been daylight less than an hour when George Haight and I stopped in front of the desolate looking shack on the Mojave Desert back in 1936. Loud angry voices came from the interior of the building. The door suddenly burst open, and a large bulky man stepped out, banging the door shut behind him. He walked rapidly to an old Model T Ford, and climbed in before he noticed us.

"If you fellows are looking for Tom Scofield to ask him about the Lost Dutch Oven Mine, get out of here, and get out

quick—or you're liable to find the seat of your pants full of bird shot," he began without any preliminary words. "Old Tom is mighty touchy with folks coming around here asking questions about that mine."

"What's the big idea?" George asked the man. "We just stopped by for a friendly visit."

"Listen, Buddy," the fat man began, poking a pudgy finger into George's midriff. "If you had found a gold mine, thought you was rich, started to celebrate your luck, then got drunk and forgot where you had found it—how would you feel about it? Then," he continued without waiting for an answer, "suppose everybody all over the country began visiting you, or wrote letters, asking a lot of fool questions about the mine. What would you want to do? I'll tell you what you'd want to do. You'd want to take a shot at every idiot that showed his face around the place.

"Well!" he continued in a modified tone. "That is what Tom Scofield has had to go through. For the past 40 years, old Tom has been tramping those darned Clipper Mountains trying to find the mine he lost back in 1894. He's been cussing himself every day for being such a blamed fool for getting drunk, and forgetting where it was located.

"Just about the time Tom gets to the place where he can forget a little, and enjoy living with himself again, some darned magazine goes and publishes the story. From then on, Tom's plagued to death by every crack-pot in the world, asking where the blamed mine is located. If he knew, he'd go and find the damn thing himself. You guys lay off Tom, or



In these rugged, desolate Clipper Mountains the man lucky enough to uncover the secret

you'll be headed for some surprises."

The old car's motor roared to life. "If you fellows want to hunt for gold, come along with me," he shouted. "I've got a camp over across the valley in the Old Woman Mountain."

His car jerked forward, and our fat friend went tearing down the road in a cloud of dust.

**T**OM Scofield lived in an old store building and filling station which had been abandoned when the new Highway 66 had been built, leaving the old road half a mile to the north. The yard was strewn with parts of old cars, wheels, car bodies, fenders, engines, and an accumulation of junk scattered over the desert in every direction.

At my rap, a little old man came to the door. He was thin and wiry, clean shaven, and his clothes were old but neat. He couldn't have weighed much over 135 pounds, but his deep blue eyes were keen and piercing, full of life, in spite of his obvious age. He peered at us over an old black pipe which had a stem not over two inches long.

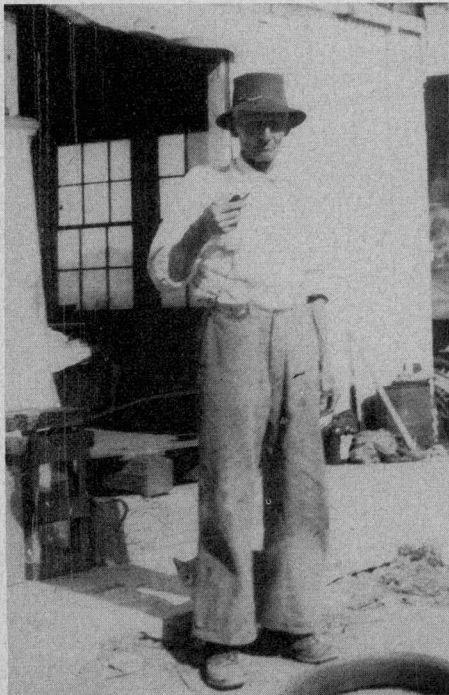
"We are out on a little vacation trip," I explained. "Heard about the Lost Dutch Oven Mine you found years ago, and thought we would drop around. Like to hear the story from you—"

There was a stony expression upon the old man's face. He stared intently at us for several seconds. He made no move toward inviting us into his shack.

"You fellows ain't fortune tellers, are you?" he finally demanded in a belligerent manner.

I assured him we were not.

"Happen to have a doodle-bug contraption for finding gold?" he snapped sharply.



Left: Tom Scofield. This photo was taken in 1936 in front of his shack. He was 84 years old at the time.



Dutch Oven Mine lies waiting for its fabulous wealth.



George Haight standing on the campsite where Scofield camped at the time he was developing the spring for the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The old Stone House Scofield found in 1894.



The old store building Scofield lived in near Danby, Calif.



Again I answered in the negative. "What do you do? Where are you from?"

I told him.

"Come on in then," he invited, extending his hand. "Don't intend to be unsociable with visitors, but a man can't be too careful—" He led the way into the house . . . "Those guys bringing some kind of a doodle-bug to show me have become a darned nuisance lately. As for fortune tellers, specially female fortune tellers, I'm fed up with all of them, and their crazy notions."

Scofield cleared off a table that was stacked a foot deep with old papers, books, and magazines. "Throw them clothes over on the bed, and take that chair," he directed.

**WE** HAD finished a breakfast of bacon and eggs, washed down with cups of strong coffee, when Scofield pushed back his chair, and reached for his little black pipe.

"Well! I suppose you are waiting to hear my story?" he grinned, taking several vigorous puffs on the pipe.

"Back in '94, I was hired by the Southern Pacific to develop a spring in the Clipper Mountains, and pipe the water down to the railroad," he began. "I'd been working pretty hard for a couple of months when I decided to take a day or two off.

"I started out on a hike into the hills. About three miles back I ran across an old stone house. It was still in fairly good condition, but evidently had been built for years. Reckon I had gone about 12 miles more when I came upon a spring. Gosh, that water tasted good.

"There was a well-beaten trail from the spring, leading up over the hills. I followed it, sort of surprised to find a trail in such a place. At the top of one hill I came upon a rock as big as a house. It was split in two as neat as if it had been carved with a knife. The trail led right through that split rock.

"When I came out the other end of that split rock, I was on sort of a shelf about as large as a city lot. High walls all around me, and a drop-off of five hundred feet, straight down. There was no way to get off that little flat except through the split rock.

"Near the rock was the remains of a long deserted camp—rusty mining tools, fragments of a rotted bed-roll, scattered pots and pans, and a crude fire-place with

an old iron Dutch-oven kettle sitting on it.

"What struck my eye was a shaft at the far end of this flat. There was a windlass with a bucket and rope attached. I walked over to the dump and began poking around. It didn't take me long to discover that dump contained the richest gold-bearing quartz I had ever seen. Nearly every piece was a jeweler's specimen. I got so darned interested I forgot all about time, and the first thing I knew it was beginning to get dark.

"I knew better than to try and travel at night in that country, so I just lay down to wait for daylight. I was so excited I knew I'd never be able to go to sleep.

(Continued on page 38)



## William Walker -

# King of the

by BOB & JAN YOUNG

**C**OLONEL Walker's gray eyes squinted at the thirty-four wretched men trudging behind him. Perhaps he peered in pity, perhaps in disgust, at their tattered uniforms, plucked up with cactus spines. They were gaunt, these bearded men who'd faithfully, futilely chased his empire rainbow. That dream would close when they reached the American border—now only three miles away.

Through parched lips, Walker ordered the few men still clutching muskets into the brush; the rest he motioned towards the throng of mounted Mexicans barring their way.

Melendez's men spurred toward Walker. Walker's men scattered in apparent confusion as the riders thundered down. Then the hidden riflemen opened fire. A moment of confusion, horses rearing, walking in stiff-legged circles, then Melendez shouted retreat.

An hour later, Colonel Walker surrendered to the American Cavalry officer, Major J. McKinstry.

"I am Colonel Walker, lately President of the Republic of Sonora. I wish to surrender . . ."

That 8th day of May, 1854, marked the failure of his first filibuster. It was his thirtieth birthday.

Although two subordinates were convicted for violating America's neutrality by trying to capture Mexico with Walker, he conducted a brilliant, brazen defense and stepped from the San Francisco courtroom a free, idolized hero.

Walker's early life was as erratic and unusual as the tragic end which finally capped his adventures. Born in Nashville, Tennessee, the eldest of four children, William Walker graduated from a local university at fourteen, and seemed headed for the ministry. But Walker first took a degree in medicine, then secured a second degree in law. He fretted over summons and subpoenas as he had with piles and pimples. Thus, when the New Orleans Crescent was established, five-foot-four-inch Walker sat in the editor's chair. Curiously he inveighed against

freebooters then active in Cuba, and supported abolitionist movements, both unpopular causes.

His courage attracted the interest of Helen Martin, a beautiful young 'Orleans resident. Walker promptly fell in love with her, despite her handicap of deafness. He learned sign language, and her deafness seemed to evoke a tenderness which was not perceptible before or afterwards. Marriage plans were complete when a yellow fever epidemic swept New Orleans. Walker was desolated when he added the name of Helen Martin to the burgeoning obituary lists. It was a grim, taciturn Walker that undertook the arduous journey across the plains to California.

**R**ESTLESS ambition was no handicap in California during the 1850's. Walker quickly secured a job as editor of San Francisco's Daily Herald. Although he resented personal regulation, Walker was a martinet about public morals. He raised an editorial eye about Judge Parson's court conduct. A contempt citation and jail sentence quickly followed his editorial. Though no one ever called him "Bill," Walker's unemotional determination attracted faithful, influential friends. These admirers quickly sprung him from durance, counseling him to open law offices elsewhere. Walker and Henry Watkins hung out their legal shingle in Marysville, a booming town one hundred

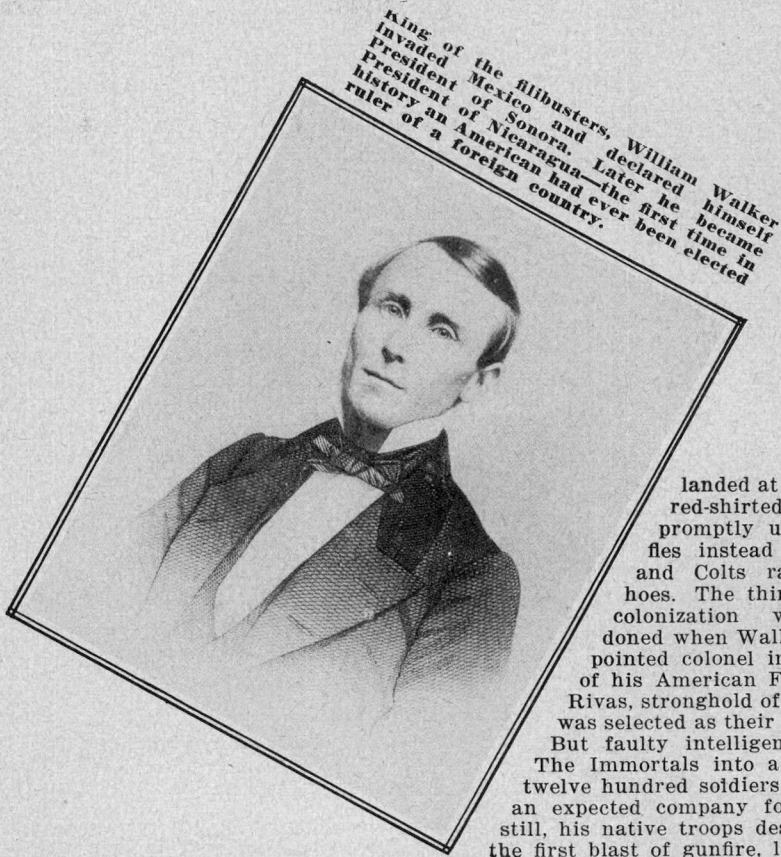
miles northward. It was a good partnership. Watkins brought in the business, while Walker solved the legal problems, when he wasn't dreaming of empires.

He wasn't dreaming alone, however. Two other freebooters had tried to extend the manifest destiny of America, which most believed had now reached its physical limits. Both adventurers were killed, but the incidents served to sharpen interest on lands to the south. There, in Sonora and Lower California, Apaches were killing and looting almost without control. Walker believed this was reason enough to throw a protecting arm about these areas, and at the same time annex the territory for America. He went to Guaymas, offering his services. When he was politely refused, Walker returned to San Francisco, where his more astute law partner already had raised funds (through bonds issued against the proposed conquest!) and recruited forty-five men for the invasion.

Poorly provisioned, lacking maps, and with little more knowledge of elemental strategy than a novice in nunnery, Walker and his First Independence Battalion sailed from the Golden Gate in the brig "Caroline," October 16, 1853.

Walker's supreme confidence was justified after La Paz and Ensenada fell after only brief skirmishing. Lower California

As the raiders thundered down, the hidden riflemen opened fire. A moment of confusion, horses rearing, walking in stiff-legged circles, then Melendez shouted retreat.



landed at Realjo. His red-shirted settlers promptly unloaded rifles instead of spades, and Colts rather than hoes. The thin fiction of colonization was abandoned when Walker was appointed colonel in command of his American Falanginos. Rivas, stronghold of the enemy, was selected as their first target. But faulty intelligence trapped The Immortals into a fight with twelve hundred soldiers, instead of an expected company force. Worse still, his native troops deserted with the first blast of gunfire, leaving The Immortals surrounded. In strategy born of desperation, Walker ordered a charge. His men broke through enemy lines into the dense protective jungle beyond. Six Immortals were dead, but so were one hundred and fifty Legitimists.

Advancing to the rear, American reinforcements strengthened the reorganized Immortals to four hundred irregulars. Walker considered himself ready for the conquest of Nicaragua. In the light of modern warfare, usually numbered in millions, this might be considered a meager force to swarm over a country as large as all the New England states and populated with 250,000 people. But lack of confidence was not one of Walker's failings.

Even as he completed plans for another attack on Rivas, intelligence reached him that Legitimists were withdrawing troops from their Granada garrison to meet the assault. Accordingly, Walker, after confiscating an Accessory Transit Company steamer, sailed his troops (across Lake Nicaragua) towards Rivas, but as night closed in, ordered lights extinguished and set about for Granada.

**A**T DAWN the filibusters splashed ashore. The sparsely manned Granada garrison was quickly taken. After a brief, ineffective stand at the Plaza, the Legitimists surrendered.

With rare political acumen, Walker formed a puppet government and consolidated his gains. Just four months after Walker's settlers stepped ashore, the Legitimists asked an armistice. Walker granted it, a harsh, unrelenting document which possibly gave shape and dimension to his tragic end. To disguise the onus

(Continued on page 50)

# Filibusters

Illustrated by James T. Jones

and Sonora were decreed sovereign and under the aegis of the flag with a blue field and one blood red star. Sonora now must be captured.

Food was dangerously low, and the re-inforcements arriving from San Francisco had forgotten to bring any along! Walker authorized a raiding party to liberate some of the natives' cattle. Jerked beef was their main staple on the long march to capture a wild, barren, desolate country. Apaches swooped down, gradually diminishing the ranks, and Melendez's brigands were also there to pick off the stragglers. A widening crimson wake marked their trail northward. Mutiny broke out, but Walker, impersonal as a bear trap, ordered two compatriots shot, and banished others to certain death in the desert.

The physical conquest of Sonora was then abandoned, and Walker ordered his forces towards the American border. The weary, beaten little man scuffed through the sand—a boot on one foot, a sandal on the other. His cotton pants were torn. His blue battle jacket was without buttons. But perched rakishly on Walker's head was a white beaver hat, salvaged from some forgotten function of state.

Following his surrender, trial, and acquittal, Walker adopted a more conservative dress more in keeping with his new

position as editor of another California newspaper. And though his outward appearance changed, his purpose did not.

**N**EWs of a revolution between the Legitimists and Democrats in Nicaragua at once fired his imagination. Here was an enormously wealthy country, a corrupt government already divided in open rebellion. Filibusters breed on less cogent reasons. Legend favored him, too. When the Spaniards enslaved the Aztecs, they comforted themselves with a legend that a fair-haired, white god would come from the north to liberate them. The Nicaraguans embellished the lore by adding their savior would be a gray-eyed man. That fitted Walker to the eye-balls, and the "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny" dispatched an emissary to open negotiations.

Byron Cole returned from Nicaragua with a document from the Democrats urging Walker to head a peaceful colonization, provided his settlers were liable for military duty. In exchange, Walker's men would be granted land, thin women, and fat pokes. The document was a disguise to avoid any difficulties about again violating American neutrality. Only Walker knew the invitation was like the Arab who invited the camel into his tent.

A scant year after Walker surrendered at Tiajuana, he and fifty-seven other freebooters set sail in the "Vesta." Five weeks later, June 16, 1855, The Immortals

# Message to FORT LARAMIE

by NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by Dwain Kelley



**R**UDDY light from the blazing logs in the fireplace showed up the deep lines in Colonel Carrington's tired countenance as the commander of Fort Phil Kearney faced Captain Ten Eyck and Jim Bridger across the rough-hewn table in his quarters. Dark-faced, imperturbable, Scout John "Portugee" Phillips sucked his long Indian pipe as he watched the tense conference from his squatting position on the floor in the chimney corner.

"Gentlemen," began the Colonel in his clipped, precise military voice, "you are well aware of the desperate situation confronting us. Captain Fetterman and eighty men of our total garrison of three hundred fifty have been wiped out this day in a foolhardy engagement with the Sioux and Cheyennes under Red Cloud and Crazy Horse. It is useless to torture ourselves with the fact that these valuable lives were thrown away through deliberate disobedience of my orders on the part of a reckless young officer; we must steel our minds to disregard the fate of Captain Fetterman and his gallant men and concern ourselves with our immediate problem. Two thousand hostile Indians surround us, yet surrender is out of the question. Mr. Bridger, as Chief of Scouts and the oldest Indian fighter among us, I ask your advice."

Jim Bridger ruefully rubbed his bristled jaw. "Colonel, that's about like bein' asked to advise a feller standin' on the edge of a cliff with a pizen-mad grizzly lookin' him in the eye! He's a gone beaver ef he stays and a gone beaver ef he leaves, and that's about the way it is with us with two thousand of the red devils out thar and considerable less than three hundred of us in here. Yet—bein' Injuns—thar's no tellin' what they'll do. Ef it wuz all up to Red Cloud and Crazy Horse, we'd sartin shore wind up plenty dead with our h'ar flappin' on Sioux scalp poles. But it's mighty cold

out thar on them hills, and the blizzard is whoopin' up somethin' fierce. The young bucks have killed a slew of white men, counted a lot of *coups* and picked up plenty booty. Natcherally, they're anxious to git home and brag to the women-folks and throw a big feast and dance. You kin bet that the two chiefs right now are tryin' to talk 'em into attackin' us at dawn, jest ez soon ez the evil spirits fly away to roost. Mebbe the chiefs will win out in the powwow, mebbe not..."

Captain Ten Eyck interrupted impatiently. "We can't gamble the lives of two hundred and seventy people on such a possibility. Can't you suggest something *positive*?"

**B**RIDGER coolly eyed the fuming officer and spat expressively into the fireplace "Shore! I kin suggest sendin' a

messenger to Fort Laramie to git help. Point is, kin a messenger git through the Injuns? 'Nother thing; what man is tough enough to ride nigh onto two hundred and forty miles in a blizzard ef he's lucky enough to *git* through? And third; what horse kin make the trip? *You* tell *me*, Captain! Twenty year ago, I'd been fool enough to tackle it myself. Not any more!"

The two officers were silent. Overhead the blizzard shrieked in mounting fury; the gale puffed down the chimney, whirling smoke and ashes across the room. In the chimney corner, John Phillips took his pipe from his mouth and spoke quietly: "I tackle it, Colonel!"

Carrington started in surprise. "You, Phillips? Why, that old buckskin of yours couldn't make half the distance to Laramie even in *good* weather!"

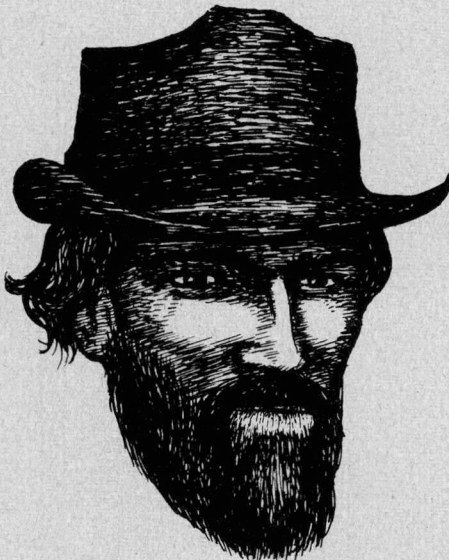
Portugee's white teeth flashed in a smile. "That ees right, Colonel. But your sorrel can make it if any horse can..."

The Colonel nodded thoughtfully. "By George, you're right! If any horse can get through to Laramie, mine is that one... How soon can you start?"

Phillips shrugged. "At once."  
"Good! My orderly will saddle Blaze for you. You can leave the Fort by the side gate. May God be with you!"

The blizzard was driving straight from the north as Portugee Phillips eased Colonel Carrington's big sorrel through the small side gate at Fort Kearney. The time was one hour short of midnight on December 21st, 1866. Phillips figured that he would have about eight hours of darkness before dawn in which to sneak past the hostile camps. He put the sorrel to a steady lope southward, making sure to keep the piercing wind squarely at his back. The scout rode boldly, secure in the knowledge that no Indian would be damn fool enough to leave his lodge fire on a bitter night like this.

At bleak daybreak, Phillips halted Blaze under a cutbank near a tiny, half-frozen spring bubbling up out of a sheltered hollow. The temperature was well below zero, but the storm was blowing itself out. Portugee fed Blaze four quarts of oats and himself a piece of jerky and a couple of hardtack biscuits, washed down with spring water. He unsaddled the sorrel and covered his back with a



Scout John "Portugee" Phillips rode 237 miles through besieging Indians and a howling blizzard, from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie, to deliver an urgent message. The horse he rode died of exhaustion upon reaching Laramie.

(Continued on page 47)

True West

## Brave Warriors

(Continued from page 10)

his guardian spirit came to him—an old man in a black and white striped blanket. The old man spoke to him, saying: "Have no fear, my son. I will protect you from harm. I will give you wisdom above all men. I will give you a name that all men will respect forever."

In the morning the boy returned to the village and said to his father: "Father, I have found my guardian and received from him my name."

"It is well, my son," gravely approved the chief. "Keep your name secret until the Guardian Spirit Dance is held. Then you will become a man!"

Accordingly, in the month Hasoal (August), the Guardian Spirit Dance was held in the open Council Place at the center of the village. Great fires lighted the scene, so that the people could enjoy watching the dancers. One by one, the young braves danced around the leaping flames; an interpretive dance telling of the name each had won from his guardian spirit during the past year. Every man and woman in the surrounding circle took up the song with each dancer, and courteously danced along with him for a moment or two to honor his Guardian Spirit. And then the young brave would sit down flushed and proud, and another boy danced into the circle to take his place. Finally, the chief's son glided out into the dancing space between the blazing fires.

Gracefully the youth danced, bending low and straightening slowly in a smooth and sinuous measure, like the waves of a mountain lake sweeping toward the shore. As he danced he sang in a clear voice:

"Thunder strikes out from the water;  
From the water flashes thunder;  
The waves shoot thunder out of them;  
See thunder whipping from the water;  
From the water flashes thunder;  
Thunder strikes out from the water."

He finished his dance by leaping high in the air with one arm pointing upward and crying out: "Hin-mah-too-yah-lah-kehkt!"

And so Young Joseph announced his new name to his people and became a man.

**B**Y 1855, white settlers were well entrenched throughout the Northwest—except in the country of the Nez Perce. The Cayuse, Yakima and Walla Walla tribes all had lost territory to the steadily encroaching whites. Newly arrived emigrants cast covetous eyes upon the undisturbed holdings of the Nez Perce—and indignantly demanded of the Indian Bureau in Washington that it move the peaceful red men from their ancestral hunting grounds to make room for them! A council was finally scheduled for May 20, 1855, and all the chiefs and sub-chiefs of the Northwestern tribes invited to meet with Indian commissioners Governor Stevens and General Palmer at the Council Grounds in Walla Walla Valley.

The proposition laid before the Indians by the commissioners was simple and shockingly clear. They took three days to tell it and have it translated into Nez Perce and Walla Walla, which tongues were understood by all the tribes, but it boiled down to just this:

"Sell us the best of your lands, and we will let you keep the rest for yourselves as reservations."

The chiefs were astounded. Nobody

owned the earth; thereby nobody could buy it. The earth was a common heritage for all men who used it properly; how then could the white men talk of buying it like a buffalo robe?

The council dragged along through days of bitter wrangling until, on June 11, the weary chiefs gave in to the insistent commissioners. They signed a treaty casting away a priceless heritage of land and freedom for the pledged sum of \$200,000 in cash and annuities, promised schools and teachers, blacksmith and carpenter shops, a saw mill, a grist mill and a hospital. Stubbornly, Old Joseph had demanded that his own homeland, Wallowa Valley, be included in the Nez Perce Reservation and so it was written into the treaty.

Riding back to the Land of Winding Water, Old Joseph turned to his first-born son and said: "You are silent, your heart is troubled. Tell me what is in your heart."



A never-before-published photo of Chief Joseph, in later years.

The boy lifted his eyes from the rough trail to watch an eagle spiraling upward above a distant crag. Already the stamp of an early grave maturity rested incongruously upon his round youthful face. He said nothing until the soaring eagle had dwindled to a mere speck in the crystalline mountain air. Then he spoke: "You are right, my father. My heart is sorely troubled. What we Indians did at the treaty is wrong, for the earth is our eternal mother and we have sold part of her body. The earth is sweet and bountiful; yet we have betrayed her. Now the white man will come with his iron plow and his axe, to tear up the ground and level the forest. He will dam the streams, pollute the waters, destroy the fish. Soon we too will have to bow to the white man or follow his strange ways and become white in everything but our hearts. I see it all clearly, my father."

Old Joseph somberly replied: "Perhaps you are right, my son. Yet, what else were we to do? The white men come from the lands across the mountains in

never-ending swarms; we cannot fight them and hope to win. We must return to our Valley and try hard to live at peace with all men."

**W**ITHIN three months of the signing of the joint treaty, the allied tribes rose in outraged fury against the whites; every tribe except the Nez Perce. Remote in their lovely Valley, far withdrawn from the scene of savage raids and counter-raids, Old Joseph's band steadfastly refused to be forced into the fighting on either side. Messengers from the Indian hostiles, citing white injustices and flagrant breaches of treaty pledges, begged the Nez Perce chief to send his young men on the war path. Old Joseph refused. White emissaries of the Great Father in Washington also requested the help of the Nez Perce against the rebelling tribesmen—and they too were politely but firmly turned down. Finally, in an effort to restore peace, the Nez Perce leader sent a band of picked warriors to guard Governor Stevens on his journey across the mountains to Coeur d'Alene to meet with the Spokanes, Pend Oreilles and Coeur d'Alenes in what Stevens called "one of the stormiest councils for three days that ever occurred in my whole Indian experience."

The council accomplished little, and white soldiers moved in force against the hostiles. Thirty Nez Perce served as scouts and guides for the expedition's commander, Colonel Wright. Impressed by the keen intelligence and rugged integrity of these braves, Wright made a remarkable treaty with the tribe. Viewed in the light of later developments, the treaty deserves to be mentioned. Point by point, it read as follows:

- (1) There shall be perpetual peace between the United States and the Nez Perce Nation.
- (2) In event of war by the United States with any other nation, the Nez Perce shall agree to aid the United States to their full extent.
- (3) In event of war by the Nez Perce with any other nation, the United States will aid them.
- (4) When the Nez Perce take part with the United States in any war, the United States will equip and provision them.
- (5) When the United States takes part with the Nez Perce in any war, the United States will not require anything unless paid for at a fair price.
- (6) Should any misunderstanding occur between the United States and the Nez Perce it shall be settled by respective chiefs in friendly council.

This Indian war ended in the autumn of 1858, with the power of the Spokanes, Coeur d'Alenes, Yakimas and Palouse utterly broken. There was no rejoicing among the Nez Perce at the close of hostilities; only a sober relief. Now, perhaps a lasting peace would follow. But the white settlements crept ever-closer to Wallowa Valley, and the ominous ring of axes sounded a foreboding note to the anxious Nez Perce. "The wind brings bad sounds!" declared the grizzled war leader, Looking Glass, to Old Joseph—and the chief nodded in grim agreement.

In the summer of 1859, A. J. Cain, Indian superintendent for Washington Territory, called all the Nez Perce together for a grand "final council." On Weippe Prairie, where, more than a half-century before the Nez Perce had greeted Lewis and Clark, the council was held. From Wallowa, the Land of Winding Water, came Old Joseph and his two strapping six-foot sons; Hin-mah-too-yah-

(Continued on following page)

# Brave Warriors

(Continued from preceding page)

lat-kekht, now nineteen, and Alokut, sixteen.

The council opened on July 22, with many important chiefs in attendance. Big Thunder, Eagle From the Dawn, White Bird, Looking Glass and—from the white man's standpoint—the most important of all, Lawyer. This clever and voluble fellow was a slick operator who had learned the white man's language and much of his devious skill at word-twisting in council. He was also a shrewd opportunist who looked out for Lawyer first, last and always. Superintendent Cain depended on Lawyer to befuddle the other chiefs with his rapid-fire arguments and swing them neatly into line at the psychological moment.

**C**AIN started the oratorical ball rolling by informing the Nez Perce that the Great Father in Washington had at last ratified the treaty of 1855 and wished the Nez Perce to allow white men to come in and settle on the lands ceded to the United States at that time. Much good would come of this, declared Cain. The Nez Perce, for example, would acquire mills, shops and farm tools, worth far more than the land they had ceded. "Go back to your lodges," Cain advised the Indians, "think over my words and bring me your answer in the morning." Cannily, Cain wished to allow Lawyer time to get in his licks first before demanding an answer.

On the morning of the 23rd, after the pipe had gone round the circle of squatting chiefs, Cain asked for the Indians' decision. Lawyer bounced to his feet at once, announcing that he was satisfied with what Cain had told them. Three sub-chiefs hastened to add that they were satisfied too. Looking Glass, the aging war chief, then spoke. He was satisfied, he declared; since the white men had promised to allow him to retain the land he wanted and the right to use it as he pleased. Timothy, a devout Christian and a loyal friend of the whites, stated earnestly that all he wanted was for the red man and the white man to live at peace with each other as required of all men by God and His Holy Book.

Old Joseph spoke next: "I want to tell you my heart. I am a red man. I have my own opinion about this country; we should make up our minds before we talk. When we made the treaty with Governor Stevens the line was drawn; I know where it is; you told us right yesterday; it is as you said. When Governor Stevens made the line he wanted a certain chain of mountains. I said 'No'. I wanted it to hunt in, not for myself, but for my children; but my word was doubted. The line was made as I wanted it; not for me, but for my children that will follow me; there is where I live, and there is where I want to leave my body. The land on the other side of the line is what we gave to the Great Father."

The chief went on to remind Cain of the bad effect of the white man's fire-water on his wild young men. "My young men get drunk, quarrel and fight, and I don't know how to stop it. A great many of my young men have been killed by it; and I am afraid of liquor. I think we cannot all live in one place; it is better for each tribe to live in their own country... it is better for all to live as we are. That is all I have to say."

Cain arose to make his closing speech: "I have heard Joseph talk and my heart is glad. His talk is that of a wise man.

I have never seen your country (reservation) and my mind is the same as his about how you all should be situated on your reservation. You should, each of you, have your farms and your gardens which would belong to you and which you would work yourselves; and those that would not work would have nothing to eat during the winter."

The Indian superintendent concluded: "Nez Perces, I have heard you talk today. Your talk is good and the Great Father's heart will be pleased. I have seen you, know you; you have all seen me and know me. We will talk about how the houses, mills and farms are to be fixed at another time. It is best not to talk of too many things at once, or to do things in a hurry. Next year is as soon as anything can be done. Go home now, my brothers, and prepare your lodges for the winter."

"**N**EXT YEAR" stretched into two, three and four years—and still the Nez Perce waited in vain for the Great



An offshoot of the Nez Perce of the early days is John Delaware, of the Flathead tribe, from Missoula, Montana. His mother was a Flathead, his father a Nez Perce. John is 110 years old and is noted as the tribe's chief horsethief. He wears a porcupine hat which denotes his great skill as a horsethief and a deerfoot around his neck to "keep on walking." John still walks 8 to 10 miles daily.

Father to fulfill his glittering promises. The Government's pledges had not been honored, the annuities had not been paid promptly and much of what had been paid had been received in the form of cheap clothing and worthless tools. In no way disappointed, Old Joseph kept his people carefully aloof in Wallowa Valley. "Accept no gifts from the whites," he warned his braves, "lest you be asked to repay them—twice over!" The wise old chief was now doubly watchful of the tricky white man, always courteous and considerate—but implacably determined that his lovely Land of Winding Water remain forever the homeland of the Walam-wat-kin Nez Perce. Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekht, his stalwart eldest son, had married and settled down with his bride in Wallowa; he stood ready to take over the leadership of the band immediately upon the death of his father.

Events moved steadily now toward the tragic final phase of what the Govern-

ment called "the Nez Perce problem." General Clark, the Indians' lone official friend, had been relieved of command of the Department of the Pacific by General Harney, and the latter had promptly thrown open to settlement all that land between the Cascades and the Bitter Roots which Colonel Wright had closed to white settlers after the Indian outbreaks in 1858. Gold was discovered in Idaho, and the whites began pouring into the territory. Mining camps sprang up at the site of each new strike, and by the summer of 1861 ten thousand white men had invaded the Nez Perce country.

Still, with fantastic patience, the Nez Perce leaders strove to maintain peace. The proud young warriors chafed at the pacifist attitude of the chiefs, crying fiercely in council that they preferred to die as brave men defending their homeland rather than live as cowards and be pushed out by the whites. Only with the greatest difficulty could Old Joseph and others of his generation restrain the youthful hotheads.

The white men next decided that the Nez Perce Reservation was much too large for the tribe. The Indian commissioners sent messengers to call the chiefs to another great council for the obvious purpose of setting new boundaries to their lands. Old Joseph and Eagle-of-the-Light smelled the trap instantly; at first they flatly refused to come in. Prolonged haggling ensued, and it was not until May of 1863 that the Nez Perce gathered at Lapwai on the site of the old Spalding Mission. Two thousand braves, resplendent in bright paint and ceremonial buckskins, sat down warily among the apple trees planted by Spalding in 1836 to hear what the smooth-talking white men had to propose this time.

Lawyer, as usual, led off in the speech-making for the Nez Perce. He eagerly assured the commissioners that his people fully understood the Government's position in the matter of new treaties, boundaries, etc., for the Nez Perce. Big Thunder, Eagle-of-the-Light and Old Joseph promptly countered this fawning bid for privilege by declaring one after the other that the tribe would never sell what land remained to them. Sharply, Old Joseph challenged the right of the Great Father to ask for such things after the treaty of 1855. The council deadlocked on this issue and remained so until June 9, when a new pact was finally agreed upon with Lawyer and his faction, who formed about one-third of the Nez Perce Nation. Thirty-eight chiefs who had signed the treaty of 1855 angrily refused to sign the 1863 agreement. The new "White Paper" presented by the Great Father's representatives shrunk the reservation of 1855 to less than one-sixth its size. Among the lands left out—and thereby thrown open to white settlers—was Old Joseph's Land of Winding Water in Wallowa and Innaha in Oregon.

**T**HE OLDEST GRIZZLY gathered his two sons to him immediately after the Lapwai Council and quietly told them that the Land of Winding Water was theirs and would always be theirs in spite of the white man's treaty. "We will go back to our homes again and try to live at peace as before," announced the aging chief. "We will be calm and patient, seeking no trouble with the white men. We will accept no gifts nor payment of any kind from the white men. We will not strike unless struck, and we will deal honestly with all men."

The Civil War gave the Nez Perce a breathing spell while the incredible white men fought bitterly among themselves for obscure reasons that no Indian

even attempted to understand. Alokut expressed the hope to his father that the whites would kill each other off to the last man—and was promptly rebuked by the chief for voicing a thought unworthy of a Nez Perce. Yet Old Joseph's deep-set eyes twinkled in his craggy face as he spoke the reprimand, and he later admitted to his sons that the same unworthy thought had crossed his own mind more than once!

After the Civil War, crooked Indian agents added to the tribe's mounting troubles. Major Wham was the first sent out from Washington to Lapwai, and the avaricious Major took off for parts unknown in 1870 with \$30,000 which had been appropriated for fencing and plowing Indian land. Captain Sells, his successor, made Wham look like a small-time operator. In less than a year Captain Sells cleaned up \$40,000, before yielding to the lure of distant places. In exasperation, the Secretary of War called upon religious organizations to supply reservation agents. J. B. Monteith, a staunch Presbyterian and a man of sterling integrity, went to Lapwai and remained for eight years as agent there.

Old Joseph died in 1872. Young Joseph's account of the old chief's passing remains a moving classic of Indian eloquence: "... My father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said, 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more and the white man will be all around you. They have their eyes on your land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and mother.' I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the Spirit Land.

"I buried him in that beautiful Valley of Winding Water. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild beast."

Inevitably, inexorably, the dark destiny of the Nez Perce overtook them. In 1873 the Government yielded to the continual demands of covetous home-seekers and decided to remove Young Joseph's band to the Lapwai reservation. The chief flatly refused to move, stating that his father had never sold his land. "The white man has no right to come here and take our country," argued Joseph. "Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell our land. It has always belonged to my people. We have never accepted presents from the Government. It (the land) came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men!"

The commissioners were impressed. They reported to Washington that it would be "impracticable" to remove Chief Joseph's band to Lapwai. "They do not desire a separate reservation made of the Wallowa Valley," wrote the Commission. "They claim that the whole Valley belongs to them and are opposed to whites settling there. . . . If any respect is to be paid to the laws and customs of the Indians then the treaty of 1863 is not binding upon Joseph and his band. If so, then Wallowa Valley is still part of



The beautiful Pacific Northwest, where the Nez Perce flourished, grew strong, fought and died.

the Nez Perce Reservation; this being the case, then the Government is equitably bound to pay the white settlers for their improvements and for the trouble, inconvenience and expense of removing them from there."

The result of this report was that President Grant signed the following order on June 16, 1873:

"It is hereby ordered that the tract of country described be withheld from entry and settlements as public lands, and that the same be set apart as a reservation for the roaming Nez Perce, as recommended by the Secretary of the Interior and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

(Signed) U. S. Grant."

THE President's confirmation of the clearly valid Nez Perce title to Wallowa touched off an explosion of anger among settlers already moved into the Valley. Governor Grover, of Oregon, took up their argument and wrote to Washington asking that "All Indians be removed from the confines of the new states." Grover ended his letter by advising that the "preliminary steps" (obviously President Grant's official order) taken to make Wallowa a permanent Indian reservation be rescinded.

Agent Monteith went to bat for the Nez Perce, writing his own calm and considered view of the muddled Indian situation. Monteith's conscientious effort failed. Bewildered by the conflicting statements, bluff old soldier Grant chose to believe Grover and his chorus of supporting politicians, and rescinded his order.

On June 10, 1875, the reversal was announced from the White House in the following remarkable statement: "It is hereby ordered that the order dated June 16, 1873, withdrawing from sale and settlement and setting apart the Wallowa Valley in Oregon described as follows (description) as an Indian reservation,

is hereby revoked and annulled, and the same described tract of country is restored to the public domain.

(Signed) U. S. Grant."

To the Wallowa Nez Perce, who had received President Grant's order of 1873 in perfect trust and confidence, this reversal came as a stunning catastrophe. How was it possible for the Great Father to break his solemnly pledged word? If this could be, then all was lost to the Indian. Joseph later described his people's shock and horror in simple, graphic words:

"For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains around the Land of Winding Water. They stole a great many horses from us and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them. We had no friends who would plead our cause before the law councils. It seemed to me that some of the white men in Wallowa were doing these things on purpose to get up a war. They knew we were not strong enough to fight them. . . . We gave up some of our country to the white men, thinking that then we could have peace. We were mistaken. The white men would not let us alone."

In the uneasy summer of 1876 a Wallowa Nez Perce was shot and killed by a white settler in a dispute over a fence, and in November another council was called between whites and Indians. Firmly and with unruffled dignity, Joseph restated the Nez Perce position on the proposed transfer to Lapwai and refused to be swayed by the white man's arguments in return.

Commissioner Jerome persistently asked Joseph: "Is there no other place you

(Continued on page 60)

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**TRUE WEST ITEMS**

Prineville, Oregon

# TRUE WEST BOOK REVIEW

**COWHAND**, by Fred Gipson, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., \$2.75. Now that the rest of the book reviewers and critics of America have taken a whack at this remarkable piece of work, I feel that it's time somebody who knows all about it should size it up and give a true and unbiased evaluation of it to our readers.

If you are looking for a true and robust story of a hard-working, loud-laughing, pot-bellied, hard-to-kill cowhand by the name of Fat Alford, this is it.

There is no doubt in my mind but what this is the best book that's been done on cowboys in years. (Writer S. Omar Barker says it is; but then Barker received a free copy, so that may not mean anything!) In fact, if there has ever been a better cowboy book written, I don't want to see it. I might add that I don't even want to hear about a better book.

**COWHAND** has everything.

(1) It has adventure. Where else could you find a story about a bear that ate only the tails off steers and a cowboy with no better sense than to rope and try to drag such a bear to death?

(2) It has action. Just try saddling and mounting one of those old 7N horses some cold morning, and see if you ain't kept busy.

(3) It's got mystery. Ghosts always mean mystery, and out in them scary Chisos Mountains, Fat located a ghost that would whiten the scales on a diamond-back rattlesnake.

(4) It's got love interest. The sort of people who like to split hairs might term it "lust interest," but there is always a certain amount of people who'll waste time, quibbling around, when they could just as well be enjoying the better things of life.

(5) It's got truth. At least, it has all

the truth that Fat Alford could afford to tell and the author could afford to write, what with both of them still wanting to live in West Texas.

(6) It's got suspense. From the very first page on through the last breathless sentence, you'll be kept in a sweat of anxiety, asking yourself over and over again: "Is a book like this worth my two, six-bits?"

(7) It's got humor. The funniest part being the one that didn't get into the book. It has to do with one of these over-dressed female "culture vultures" who got the author cornered at a writers' guzzling party and cooed to him for thirty minutes about the "literature" he writes.

(8) It's got what one New York critic calls "the tangy, flavorsome language of the Western Range." In fact, one publisher was so impressed by the vernacular in which the book is written that he was moved to comment: "You must have a wonderful ear for the language of West Texas." To which the author, modest as all Texans, replied: "Yessir. 'Spect it's on account of I grewed up there."

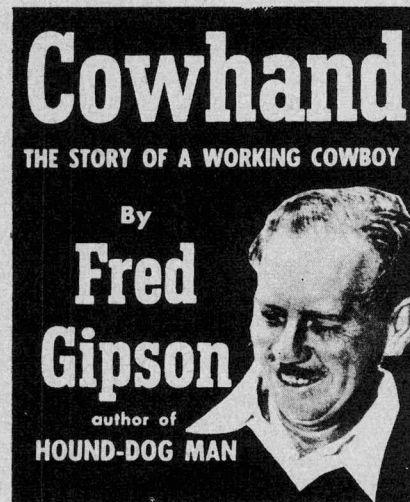
(9) It has wild-horse riding and barbecues and tooth-pullings and whiskey-drinking and stampedes and snake-killings and the tragic story of a cowhand who always cried and threw rocks when he got mad.

(10) In fact, this book has so many things that it's entirely possible you'll find a fault or flaw somewhere between its covers.

But if you think I'm going to point out any of its failings to people who might buy the book, you've done gone and lost your mind.

I wrote it.

—Fred Gipson



## About the New Editor

(Continued from page 4)

tory courses in school, no doubt, that sometimes causes me to be a bit sharp with the smooth, professional writer who makes such a big to-do about how authentic his story is.

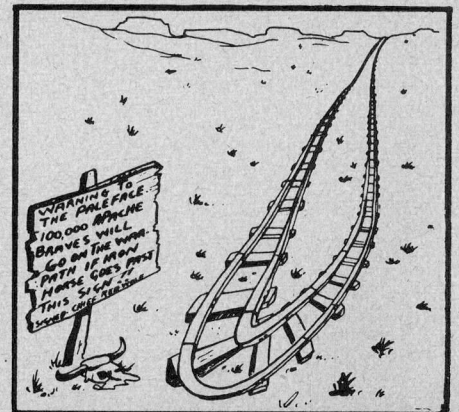
So every word of it is true. So what? So was every word in the history books true, so far as I know—yet that didn't keep them from being so miserably dull that for years I hated the very mention of history.

It wasn't till I became a newspaper reporter and started picking up bits and pieces of American history from the lips of those who lived it, but who hadn't written the books, that I finally realized what a live, colorful and warmly human subject this history of our country could be. From then on, I was sold on it, and still am.

But for me, history has still got to be more than a bare recording of names and dates and places, reshuffled like old bones moved from one graveyard to another. It's got to be brought alive and made real. And so long as I can get

that type of historical story, that's the sort that's going into TRUE WEST.

I'm hoping that's the sort of story you readers like, too; because, if it's not, TRUE WEST may not become a whopping financial success, and publisher Joe Small may fall out with me, and I'd hate for that to happen, on account of we've been friends for so long, it's become a sort of habit with us.—Fred.





## DOUGHBELLY'S DOIN'S

Taos, N. M.—

I am going to sue that True West outfit for disorderly gwak and for keeping me from my nightly rest that is so essential to a man of my Capacity.

I got the Rag yesterday and after supper I squatted in a chair and did not go to bed till long after my usual time.

And, as bad as I hate to say it, I think it is the best of its kind I have ever seen. No shooting the sheriff or kissing the women, as well as I would have liked to have shot some of the sheriffs I have seen (that had me Hand Cuffed).

But, honestly, it is good, and I wish it could be put out Monthly. But I know what you are up against. MONEY is what makes the mare go.

Which reminds me. I was over at the La Mesa race meet Sunday and I beheld Insanity in all its Glory. Some of the very Violent inmates of the Insane Asylum would have shown up in intelligence like A red vest on A fat man. I seen people that had the look of intelligence trying to beat the old Par Mutiel Machine for that commodity called money. From over eating, they had pouches under their eyes and protruding Bellys and A craze for money. Everybody's nerves was as tight as a fiddle string. Them thorbred horses was the most sensible thing I see, and they was nervous.

THE Par Mutiels was gathering in the Shekels. There was people there and lost good money that would not give a dime to see the statute of liberty bow down and take A drink of water. And they talk about stopping gambling. What a joke! One person I took close notice of, seventy years old (I guess), gambling with both hands and whipping cigarette smoke through HER hollow head, lighting one uptown cigarette from the butt of the other one and stomping around like A bull in A china closet.

For making money I would rather have the Par Mutiels than the U. S. Mint, for the Mint has to have the right kind of paper and Ink, but all them boys has to have is the suckers, and they come in herds, plunk down the money, lose, shake their heads and cuss their luck, and by that time, there is another race coming up, and they go again.

I guess I am too old or too dumb to see the funny side of it, or never had enough money to know just what it is good for. But as long as I have what I have now, three meals A day, A soft bed and warm Toilet, running loose, so I can go places and see the Antics of the so called smart set, watch the Par Mutiels reduce the income tax, that is good enough for me.

I drive A jeep station wagon, not A cad, and the speed is forty miles an hour, and I get there in plenty of time. If I want to get there soon, I start quicker.

Life is One continual round of pleasure for me.

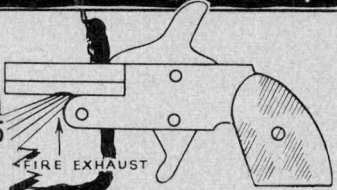
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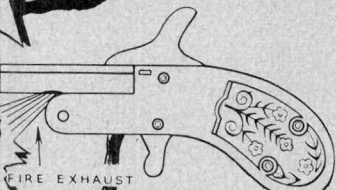
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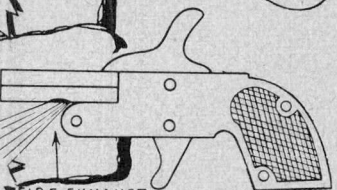
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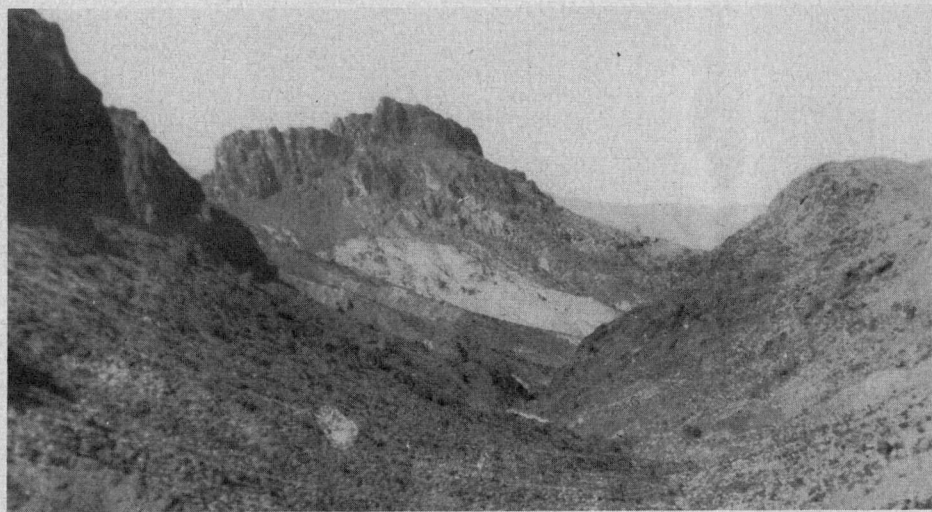
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## The Lost Dutch Oven Mine

(Continued from page 29)



Desolate, rugged, foreboding—the reason the Dutch Oven Mine was never re-located, old prospectors say, is that "... every blame place in them hills looks the same!"

"THE next morning just as I was about to leave, I went over to the fire-place and kicked the lid off that Dutch-oven pot. Then I did get a surprise. The blamed pot was nearly full of gold nuggets!

"I stuffed my pockets with all the stuff I could carry. I went through that split rock, headed across the hills for camp as fast as I could travel. Didn't pay any particular attention to land marks. Like a fool, all I could think of was my getting in to town, and shouting the news of my discovery. I stopped at my camp long enough to get something to eat, and beat it down to the railroad track, where I flagged a freight into Los Angeles.

"Then I did the silliest thing of my life. For several months I made bar after bar—spent money, ate fine food, drank the best whiskey, sang the loudest songs.

"Months later my money was gone. I sobered up. Then I tried to find someone to finance a trip back to the Clippers. The boys I'd been drinking with weren't the type to finance anything. I hadn't even been smart enough to show my original poke to a man who could have helped me now. I'd had the world by the tail then!

"It was two years before I got back out to the Clipper Mountains again. It seems incredible but things happen that way sometimes. Everything seemed changed from the way I remembered it. I tried to retrace my steps, but it wasn't any use. I was uncertain at every turn. The Dutch Oven Mine was lost. It's out there some place. Some day somebody will stumble on it, like I did. I hope they keep sober afterwards."

"I wonder who found the out-cropping originally," I remarked. "Why did they abandon it, and what became of them?"

"Reckon I can guess mighty close to the correct answer to that question," Scofield replied. "There was also the skeletons of seven burros on that shelf. They had died with their packs on. I figured at the time those fellows were returning with supplies, and got chased by Indians. They drove the animals through the rock into camp, tied them up, and went out again to fight the Indians. They just didn't come back. It must have been before the days of tin cans, as there was not a can in the entire place."

Scofield poured us each another cup of coffee, then relighted his pipe. "Reckon you boys must have thought I was a mighty unfriendly cuss when I first came to the door," he smiled. "All of my life I've been pestered by folks calling on me, or writing to ask a bunch of fool questions about the mine. Look at the pile of letters in that lug box. Get many more and I'll have to get another box to hold them all. Funny part of it, nobody ever thinks to enclose stamped, self-addressed, return envelopes. It would keep me broke if I tried to answer them.

"Do answer some of those letters though," he added as an afterthought. Then he grinned broadly. "A while back I got a letter from an old-maid school teacher in Boston. She said she was coming to California, and would like to meet me. Wanted to know if I had suitable accommodations for her to stay a few days. I wrote back and said: 'You bet your life, lady. Come right ahead. Plenty of room. I live in a one-room shack, and sleep in a large double bed.' Guess she couldn't find the place. At any rate she never showed up.

"THEN there was a woman wrote me from Australia. She says she and her husband was visiting America, and could I draw her a map, showing the location of the Lost Dutch Oven Mine? I sure could, so I drew a map and sent it to her. Didn't understand the map myself, but she got what she wanted.

"Another funny letter I got was from a bloke in England. He wanted to know if I would kindly condescend to act as guide for him. He would jolly well like to get a few gold nuggets as souvenirs of his visit to the United States. Oh, yes! And what would be my remuneration? I wrote him my fee was \$1,000 a day, and it would probably take at least six months to find the mine.

"I don't mind the screw-ball letters. Kind of enjoy reading them," he admitted. "Makes me realize I'm not the only fool in this world. The difficulty is getting rid of the screw-balls when they show up in person.

"Only last week a couple of starry-eyed young squirts dropped in to see me. They were all souped up, going to set the world on fire in the next few minutes. Seems like somebody had sold them a sure fire doodle-bug that just couldn't miss. It was a box with half a dozen

dials. On the top of the thing was a big needle, looked like a compass needle. You hooked up this what-cha-may-call-it to a car battery and carried them both around, following the direction the darned needle pointed. It was supposed to point to the place where there was gold.

"I looked the blamed contraption all over and asked them: 'How much gold does it take to make the fool thing work?' 'Oh, any amount,' they said. 'It will work with the slightest indication of gold in the vicinity.' I looked it over some more. 'Is it working now?' I asked them. 'It sure is,' one of them replied. 'If you had any gold in this house, even a gold watch, that instrument would detect the fact immediately.'

"I looked the fellow straight in the eye. 'Like hell it would,' I said to him. 'I've got over \$100 worth of nuggets in my pocket right now. I've walked around this table three times, and that blamed needle hasn't even quivered.'

"Imagine a couple of young idiots toting a car battery over these hills all day long, watching that darned needle shimmy!"

**O**LD Tom paused to get himself another cup of coffee.

"At that, those kind of fellows aren't so bad," he admitted. "It's those darned fortune teller folks that get my goat. Every once in a while one of them comes out here and wants to go into a trance for me; or put me into a trance; or speak with the spirits; or read a pack of playing cards; or consult the stars, or some other kind of nonsense.

"About two months ago, a big new shiny car pulled up in front, and an old dame almost as big as the car heaves herself out. She was dressed fit to kill. Wore more rings, beads, bracelets, and pins than the Queen of Sheba when she called on King Solomon.

"This dame came prancing up in a kittenish manner to where I was sitting in the shade, and said she was Madam Something-or-other from L.A. Guess I was supposed to know who she was, but I didn't. Only Madams I ever knew were gold diggers all right, and fortune hunters, but they wasn't fortune tellers.

"This Madam So-and-so fished a large glass ball out of a leather bag she was carrying. She set it on the table—on a little pedestal a couple inches high. She blew on the thing, and polished it with her hankie. Then she stepped back to

admire it. 'Now, Mr. Scofield,' she cooed sweet as sugar, 'you just step over here and gaze into this Crystal Ball, and you will see the Lost Dutch Oven Mine.'

"Well, I tell you, boys, I've been deviled about that lost Mine for over 40 years, but this performance was the last straw. I looked at her. Then I looked at that damn glass basket ball sitting on a peg, and I looked at her again. I'll be hanged if she wasn't as big as a cow, and not half as attractive. About that time, I guess I lost all restraint. 'Hells Bells, Madam!' I yelled at her. 'I've seen the Lost Dutch Oven Mine. I'm the blasted fool that lost it forty years ago. What I want to know is—where in hell is it at?'

"Just as she was leaving, sort of in a huff, she gave me another one of her syrup smiles, and said: 'Mr. Scofield! What I can not understand is, after you found the mine, why didn't you watch for land marks, so you could find your way back to the place again?'

"'Madam!' I smiled nice and polite. 'When I was returning from the Dutch Oven Mine, I was not thinking about land marks. Sad to relate, I had not partaken of food for two days.' Then I let go. 'Damn it all, Madam!' I yelled. 'I was so blasted hungry, I could have eaten the back-side off a skunk, without salt.' Then I went in the house and slammed the door."

George and I did not find the Lost Dutch Oven Mine, but we enjoyed our visit with the man who lost it.

## Forgotten Heroes

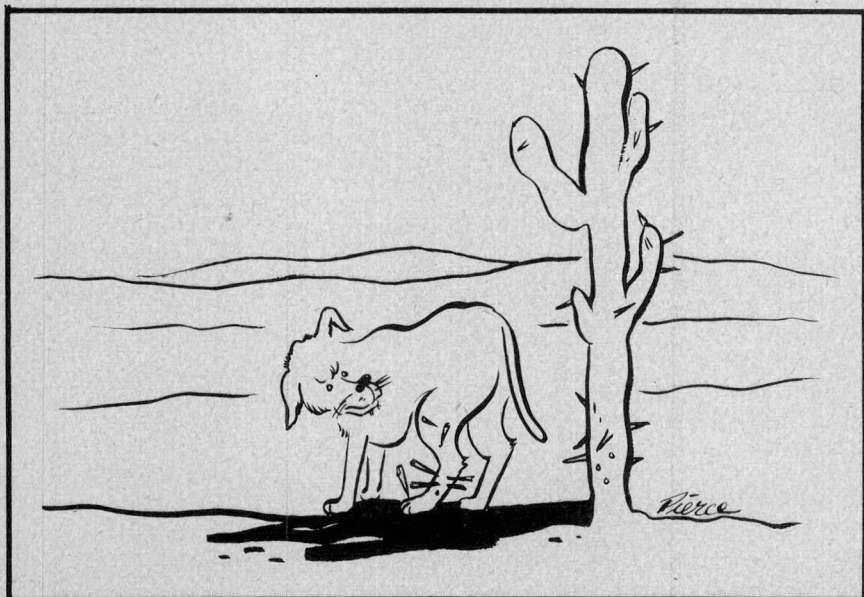
(Continued from page 17)

among ourselves to see who would play with the pup. She came back with another pup in her mouth." She made other trips and finally had four pups on the bedding. "The father of these pups was the big Newfoundland that belonged to the Shadler brothers."

These hardy outdoor men were touched by this dog family carrying on in the wilds like the true pioneer stock that they were—the enterprising mother and four sturdy pups fathered by a fighter who had died a hero's death defending his masters.

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(Continued on following page)



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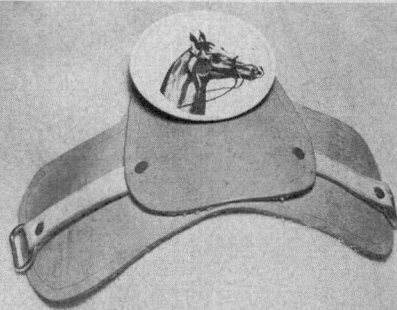
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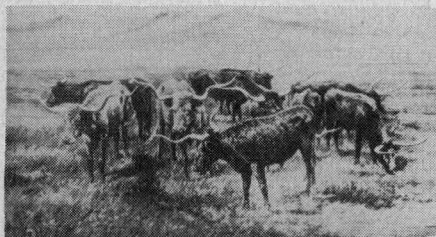
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## Forgotten Heroes

(Continued from preceding page)

saying his own ancestors came over on the Mayflower or was one of the original Three Hundred. He will have no papers to prove it, but no true dog lover can blame him for wanting to believe it.

**M**UCH has been said about the faithfulness and application to duty among sheep dogs. There are many examples on the frontier where their action was "beyond the call of duty." In 1876, a sheep owner named Casner and his herder were murdered on the Palo Duro, in the Texas Panhandle, by the outlaw, L'Archeveque. The Casner shepherd dog was guarding sheep when the Indian herder was attacked. The dog left his herding duties, rushed to the assistance of the herder and fought the attacker until he was brought down by a bullet.

About a week later a couple of cattlemen found the wrecked camp and the bodies. The outlaw's bullet had not killed the dog; it had only knocked one eye out and stunned him. Though nearly starved and in great pain the dog was faithfully holding the sheep in herd.

Though cattlemen, at this time, violently hated sheepmen and almost everything associated with them, one of the men adopted this proven animal. Among cattlemen he sometimes apologized for the animal's background, but in this rugged land where heroes were a necessity and admired as such, he never apologized for the "blood" in his dog.

A prospector in the Elk Mountains came upon a large bunch of sheep herded only by dogs. The sheep were fat and healthy, but for days the prospector observed that there was never a human being with them. The prospector later learned that the Indians had killed the herders and stampeded the flock. The dogs had rounded up the sheep and had driven them over a hundred miles to their original stamping grounds.

Dogs in this region were trained for such emergencies. A few goats were kept with the herds. Before the eyes of a prospective sheep dog were open, they were given to some nanny that had lost her kid. The goat usually adopted two or more pups and suckled them until they were able to shift for themselves. When the dogs grew up, they were taught to catch a nanny and milk her if necessary. One dog would hold her while the other suckled her. As long as there was a nanny in the herd, the dogs would not starve. Thus the dogs managed their sheep and goats and lived comfortably enough, bound by instinct and training never to leave a job undone.

Many people will tell you that, without dogs, the frontier would have been much longer getting settled. But no one will try to estimate the number of lives and the amount of property these faithful, intelligent, and courageous animals saved.

## A Savage Santa Claus

(Continued from page 11)

I hear the lock on Beaver's gun click, an' I know his magazine's dry. Lowerin' my hot gun, I listen. Everything's quiet now. In the sudden stillness I can hear the drippin' of blood. It's the bear's life runnin' out.

"I guess it's all over," says Beaver, kind of shaky. 'It was a short fight, but a fast one, an' hell was poppin' while she lasted.'

"When we get the fire lit, we take a look at the battle ground. There lays Mr.

Bear in a ring of blood, with a hide so full of holes he wouldn't hold hay. I don't think there's a bullet went 'round him.

"This excitement wakens us so we don't sleep no more that night. We breakfast on bear meat. He's an old bear an' it's pretty stout, but a feller livin' on beans and bannocks straight for a couple of weeks don't kick much on flavor, an' we're at a stage where meat's meat.

"When it comes day, me an' Beaver goes lookin' over the bear's bedroom. You know, daylight drives away ha'n'ts, an' this room don't look near so ghostly as it did last night. After winnin' this fight, we're both mighty brave. The roof caved in with four or five feet of snow on, makes the rear room still dark, so, lightin' a pitch-pine glow, we start explorin'.

"The first thing we bump into is the bear's bunk. There's a rusty pick layin' up against the wall, an' a gold-pan on the floor, showin' us that the human that lived there was a miner. On the other side of the shack we ran onto a pole bunk, with a weather-wrinkled buffalo robe an' some rotten blankets. The way the roof slants, we can't see into the bed, but by usin' an axe an' choppin' the legs off, we lower it to view. When Beaver raises the light, there's the framework of a man. He's layin' on his left side, like he's sleepin', an' looks like he cashed in easy. Across the bunk, under his head, is an old-fashioned cap-'n-ball rifle. On the bedpost hangs a powder horn an' pouch, with a belt an' skinnin' knife. These things tell us that this man's a pretty old-timer.

**F**INDIN' the pick an' gold-pan causes us to look more careful for what he'd been diggin'. We explore the bunk from top to bottom, but nary a find. All day long we prospect. That evenin', when we're fillin' up on bear meat, beans and bannocks, Beaver says he's goin' to go through the bear's bunk; so, after we smoke, relightin' our torches, we start our search again.

"Sizin' up the bear's nest, we see he'd laid there quite a while. It looks like Mr. Silvertip, when the weather gets cold, starts huntin' a winter location for his long snooze. Runnin' onto this cabin, vacant, and lookin' like it's for rent, he jumps the claim an' would have been snoozin' there yet, but our fire warmin' up the place fools him. He thinks it's spring an' steps out to look at the weather. On the way he strikes this breakfast of beans, an' they hold him till we object.

"We're lookin' over this nest when somethin' catches my eye on the edge of the waller. It's a hole, roofed over with willers.

"Well, I'll be damned! There's his cache," says Beaver, whose eyes has followed mine. It don't take a minute to kick these willers loose, an' there lays a buckskin sack with five hundred dollars in dust in it.

"Old Santy Claus, out there," says Beaver, pointin' to the bear through the door, 'didn't load our socks, but he brought plenty of meat an' showed us the cache, for we'd never a-found it if he hadn't raised the lid.'

"The day after Christmas we buried the bones, wrapped in one of our blankets, where we'd found the cache. It was the best we could do.

"I guess the dust's ours," says Beaver. 'There's no papers to show who's his kin-folks.' So we splits the pile an' leaves him sleepin' in the tomb he built for himself.'

From: TRAILS PLOWED UNDER, by Charles M. Russell. Copyright 1927, Doubleday, Page and Company.

# Pedro Loco

(Continued from page 19)

of the permanent population of the great plaza lined up against warmth-absorbing walls. Only the blanketed and the coated could be at ease on the benches. And here in the windy sunshine the two americanos saw Pedro Loco. He was wrapped in the blue coat he always wore and sat humped up like an old buzzard. He looked at the pair of prospectors and grinned. They could not resist pausing or a few words.

"I thought you'd have that fine dog with you," Pedro Loco said.

One thing leads to another. Living in Chihuahua City at this time was a fairly rich and unfairly grasping American, whose name may be indicated by the letter C. C stands for Coyote, but I never have understood why human beings want to libel coyotes and burros. C was, of course, in the mining business. At various times he had employed Victor Lieb and Bill Adams to examine properties for him and to do other work. He now came to them saying that he wanted two or three locations out in the Victorino country examined.

They told him they had just been prospecting in that region, had geologized it thoroughly, and failed to find the least indication of mineralization—no matter what the Conde de Majaleca had found. But C had some money to spend on these prospects, he said, and was going to spend it. The partners engaged to make the examinations he wanted.

After they had spent about two weeks in the Victorino, C came out and agreed that further exploration was useless. The next morning the prospectors told their boss to pack up, and the outfit started back towards Chihuahua City. But just as they were leaving camp, an oldish Indian whom Victor Lieb had once bought a panther-killing stallion from, and whom he had more than once hired as a helper, rode up. He was a Mexicanized Indian who lived away back in the mountains, where he had a few head of stock and a own patch.

"Listen, Don Victoriano," the Indian

said, "I have been wanting to see you for a long time. I know something that will interest you."

He got off his horse, pulled an old brass-bellied forty-four Winchester rifle from the deer-hide scabbard on his saddle, laid it between some rocks, and carefully sighted it.

"Look," he said.

Victor Lieb knelt and looked out beyond the line of sights.

"What do you see?" asked the Indian.

"I see the mountains."

"Yes, and you see the gap where the Arroyo de los Fresnos comes out from them. That is thirty miles from here. On a little mesa on the right-hand side of that gap is an old smelter. I have seen it. Cutting into the gap, a little beyond, is the Canon Cantada. Vaqueros tell me that between the smelter and the mouth of the Cantada there are ruins of a mining camp. Go there and perhaps you will find something."

Lieb and his partner had supplies enough to last three or four weeks. They had nothing to do. They decided to investigate. C wanted to be in on the chance, also. He even offered to finance the expedition, and on these terms he was taken in, the three to share equally whatever might be found.

THE GAP of the Arroyo de los Fresnos proved to be an ideal camp—water, wood, deer all around, turkeys so gentle they would come into camp, grass belly-deep, and bear. The ruined smelter had an oak tree growing out of it that appeared to be hundreds of years old. Scattered here and there were signs of ancient workings, but the slag about the smelter—rich slag—showed that it had not come from these workings. The problem was to find the origin of the slag.

Lieb decided to move camp from the smelter over to the ruins of the old mining camp, not a great distance off. The outfit moved, and Lieb took his horse to stake him out on a little bench. While the stake-rope was being tied, a fly or something caused the animal to stamp. The ground under the horse's hoofs sounded hollow. At this moment Lieb's

(Continued on following page)



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bit later raised the question whether this "... most terrible weapon of destruction ever placed in the hands of man" should be loosed on the world.

Those guns, and the Colt Dragoon, which came soon afterward, were the granddaddies of the Peacemaker. And their work wasn't finished in Mexico. In 1858 they wrote in lead and blood the obituary of the Comanche Indians as a free people. Capt. Rip Ford at the head of 102 Rangers, all armed with Colt revolvers, and accompanied by 113 friendly Indians, followed the Comanches into Indian Territory, engaged 300 of them in battle, and routed them completely, leaving 76 dead on the field.

It broke the Comanche power and stopped forever their raids into Texas.

There was more work. The Colt and the Rangers did it. Rip Ford took his Rangers to the Rio Grande, met and vanquished a much larger force under Juan N. Cortina, the raider who had captured the city of Brownsville, Texas.

**D**URING the Civil War all cavalymen who could beg, steal, or buy a revolver got one. Cavalry troops armed with them could ride almost at will through foot troops. The Confederacy even manufactured an imitation Colt. It is quite possible that had either side in that war armed all its soldiers with revolvers, that side might have won in a hurry.

But just as officers of the law sometimes lag behind criminals in using the newest and best weapons, so the military often lags behind both. The Civil War was fought with muskets.

But the Colt continued adding to its glory in that war and immediately afterward, with the result that the Peacemaker was already a famous weapon when it showed up in 1873.

To almost all people who can read and see and hear, the Peacemaker achieved its lasting glory in the hands of the gunmen, both outlaw and marshal, in the roaring cowtowns and mining towns of the Old West—Dodge City, Abilene, Tombstone, Wichita, and others.

As a matter of history, the gun was blazing a path to glory in the hands of the Texas Rangers before those cowtowns were generally known in the nation. When Capt. L. H. McNelly and his Rangers startled the nation with what has been called "McNelly's Bloody Ride to the Rio Grande," he and his men were using Peacemakers. That was in 1875.

When McNelly and sixteen men met a force of sixteen cattle rustlers and killed every one of them in a running fight while losing only one Ranger, history for the Peacemaker was being made. When McNelly rode on across the Rio Grande, and, at the head of 35 Rangers stood off a force of three hundred men in a pitched battle, it was the Peacemaker that turned the tide. Its fame was established before Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok and other gunmen were heard of.

It just happened that there were no Ned Buntlines or other dime-novel writers on hand to record in detail the deeds of the Rangers. It also happened that the Rangers worked in companies—and a lone gun fighter makes a more striking story.

Yet there were other good revolvers, notably the Smith & Wesson and Remington, available at the time. How did the Peacemaker manage to hog the show?

There was, of course, that prior fame. The Colt was already standard, due largely to the work of the Rangers. There were other reasons. The Colt had the simplest, strongest action—fewer parts, something quite important to men far away from gunsmiths. The old gun would even work with some minor part broken. And its toughness was proved for all time when it was chambered in recent years for the .357, the most powerful of all pistol cartridges, developing a muzzle velocity of more than 1500 second feet.

Army tests made soon after the Peacemaker was produced demonstrated its superiority over other pistols of that day.

**A**S for the early double-actions, they were poor guns—not reliable. Some had a trigger pull so hard a man had to use both hands to get off a shot. And if a weaker spring was used, the gun sometimes misfired, a painful development when lead was flying.

Then there was the looks of the Colt and the feel of it—its famed grip. Even though its symmetry is marred a trifle by the attached shell ejector, the Peacemaker has the most striking lines of any handgun ever made. In this it follows closely the lines of earlier Colts—it is a tribute to the artistic talent of Samuel Colt.

The grip of the gun fits more naturally into the human hand than that of any other handgun, including the best of to-

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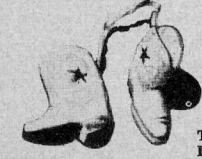
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**Farewell Peacemaker**

(Continued from preceding page)

day. A man with a small hand, such as Billy the Kid, could hold high on the grip. It fit. A man with a big hand, such as Ranger Capt. Ben McCulloch or Big Foot Wallace, could hold all of the grip. It fit.

There was one more reason, having to do with human nature.

The Peacemaker early in the day became standard. So it followed that any man, showing up with something else saddled on him, a .38 or .41 or any double-action, was inviting a gunfight. He was certain to hear slurring remarks about his "dude" gun, inviting him to prove its worth.

So the gunmen of the Old West, with the lone exception of Billy the Kid, who sometimes carried a .41 double-action, clung to the single-action .44 or .45 calibre, and almost every one of those who achieved fame or notoriety used a Colt. Some, such as Wild Bill Hickok and Jesse James, balanced off their Colt with a Smith & Wesson.

In the hands of those gunmen—Curly Bill, Sam Bass, Hickok, Ben Thompson, John Wesley Hardin, Bill Tilgman, Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday, Bat Masterson, Frank and Jesse James, the Daltons, the Youngers, and a host of others, the Peacemaker did things, according to writers about the Old West, that were astonishing to behold.

Millions of words have been written, telling of almost miraculous feats of quick-drawing and quick, accurate shooting by those men. And almost as many words have been written trying to prove it couldn't be done.

Did they fan a six-shooter? If so, could they hit anybody in the process? Did they shoot from the hip? How about slip-shooting? Did they shoot with two guns at once? Were they as fast and as accurate as some claim?

Nobody will ever know. But of one thing there is no longer any doubt. They could have done all those things and more. It has been proved, and the results checked by flawless timing devices and witnessed targets. It has been done by a short, stout pistol genius of Montana named Ed McGivern.

**H**ERE are some of the things McGivern has done with the Peacemaker:

Draw and put one shot in a standard bull at eighteen feet in from one-quarter to two-fifths of a second.

Fire all five shots (no Peacemaker is loaded to the gills unless the man loading it has an empty head—if the hammer, in down position, is rapped smartly it may fire any live shell under it) without drawing by fanning in from one to one and one-fifth seconds, and put all shots in a group the size of a man's hand—this at a distance of eighteen feet.

Draw and fire five shots by fanning in around one and three-fifths seconds—and fire them accurately.

Draw and do the same by slip-shooting in a fraction of a second more. And hit a man-size target near the center with every shot.

McGivern did still more. He plunked them into the target at lightning speed using a Peacemaker in each hand, firing them alternately.

He proved that cocking the single-action while it is being hoisted from the holster into shooting position comes natural to a man who has had practice—he proved the first shot with the Peacemaker can be turned loose just about as fast as the first shot with a double-action. Most revolver men claim that the auto-loader is a shade slower in delivering

the first shot—they claim getting off the safety catch is not as natural an action as cocking the Peacemaker's hammer. Auto-loading devotees don't agree.

But on one score there is little doubt. The Peacemaker is plenty fast in getting off that first shot. As to the other shots—well, McGivern drew and got off all five shots with a double-action in the time it took him to draw and fire twice with the Peacemaker. And his fastest time for firing five shots with a double-action, without drawing, and firing accurately, was two-fifths of a second, as against a shade over a second in fanning the single-action.

He proved that the gunmen of the Old West could have done those things they are said to have done. But did they?

Chances are they didn't. And one reason is that strange things happen to the human animal when lead is flying both ways. When John Wesley Hardin, traveling in Florida in a railway coach, looked up and saw the long barrel of a Peacemaker coming through the door, he shouted, "Texas, by God!" and grabbed for the gun in his fancy vest—the vest he invented. The gun stuck, and Hardin almost pulled his britches over his head while Texas Ranger Captain John B. Armstrong polished off Hardin's companions and nabbed Hardin.

Most people agree that Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday were two of the best gunmen of the Old West—fast on the draw and accurate. Yet in the O. K. Corral battle at Tombstone, Wyatt and his brothers and Doc Holliday on the one side, and their enemies, the Clantons and McLowerys, on the other fired more than thirty shots at close range before three men finally were killed, one by a shotgun blast.

Those old timers did a surprising amount of missing at short range. In one of the famed duels of the Old West, Charlie Harrison, one of the finest shots of them all, blazed away five times at Jim Levy, a careful, cool customer. Levy was only nicked. But the three shots he fired did the job.

**E**ARP tells of seeing only one gunfight in which there was any fanning of a forty-five. Levi Richardson, a good man with a gun, got fancy and let go all five shots at Frank Loving, a youngster who had never shot at a man before. Richardson was fanning the gun—and fanning the air. When Loving was able to see through the thick cloud of black-powder smoke, he shot Richardson in the heart.

Probably the all-time record for wasting ammunition was set by Hank Vaughn, a tough Oregon gunman, and a cowhand whose name has not come down in history. They clasped left hands, drew on signal, and emptied their six-guns at each other, doing some hitting, some missing. Both lived.

Undoubtedly one reason some men could absorb so much lead in those days and survive—Cole Younger carried 17 slugs in his body, and Emmette Dalton had more, counting the "blue whistlers" from a shotgun—was the low velocity developed by the black powder charge.

The men who lived to tell the story said there was very little Fancy Dan shooting when the chips were down. Earp and Emmette Dalton spoke with scorn of hip-shooting, fanning, two-handed shooting.

Yet McGivern's feats in hip-shooting and two-handed shooting show it could be done, and accurately. Undoubtedly the question of distance was a determining factor—and still is. Firing at very close range, the man who undertakes to aim by sighting is likely to have his aim marred by death. But at

fairly long range, aiming should be the poison.

When Wild Bill Hickok killed Dave Tutt at what was said to be seventy-five yards, he waited until Tutt fired (so they say), then took careful aim and killed his man. Here again McGivern's tests tell the story. Although he can draw and hit a target at close range in a quarter second, shooting from the hip, he found that it requires about two seconds for a good man with a gun to draw, aim, and hit a man-size target at fifty yards. Somewhere in between, the system favored by Earp, holding the gun a little above the waist and pointing, not aiming, should be best.

How would the gun-handlers of today stand up against those old timers? It's like that other oft-heard question, how would Jack Dempsey in his prime stand up against John L. Sullivan in his prime. Nobody will know.

But this much is pretty certain—men such as McGivern are undoubtedly more accurate, and probably faster, than any men of the Old West, and for a very good reason. They've done more shooting. The chances are Ed McGivern has fired more shells through revolvers than all the well known gunmen of the Old West put together.

But when it comes down to drawing and firing at a man who is doing the same thing—trying to kill you—the men of the Old West had a kind of practice that made up for the limited target practice. They were used to the genuine article. They would probably come off with at least some honors today.

**T**HE Old West and the Peacemaker blazed in their hour of bloody glory. When the Old West faded, the Peacemaker didn't. In the hands of such men as Ranger Captains George W. Bailey and John B. Armstrong and Lee Hall and John Hughes and Bill McDonald it saw service on two frontiers and in Texas cowtowns.

It's quite possible one reason Texas cowhands raised so much hell in Kansas was because the Rangers kept them in line in the Texas towns. The Rangers moved out into far West Texas, took on the Apaches raiding out of Mexico, and stopped the raids. They moved down on the Rio Grande and battled bandits and

cattle rustlers. They moved in on the bloody feuds in Texas, the Taylor-Sutton feud, the Kimball County War, the Mason County War, and stopped them—usually without firing a shot. They disbanded so-called Minute Men and Vigilantes. They were the law.

But the show for the Peacemaker was nearing an end just the same.

In 1892 the U. S. Army switched to the .38 double-action. The Rangers were hamstrung by a loophole in the law depriving them of most of their power, and their glory faded. The frontiers were quieting down.

The Peacemaker came into the lime-light again at the turn of the century. American soldiers in the Philippines began setting up a tremendous howl, demanding some side-arm that would stop the wild charges of the Moros. The .38 wouldn't. So the army rushed a shipment of Peacemakers to the scene. They did the job.

Then came real trouble along the Mexican border, the so-called Bandit Days from 1913 to 1917, and once more the Peacemaker in the hands of Texas Rangers blazed away. The old gun came back in grand style, and upheld its reputation. Unfortunately, some of the men handling it didn't uphold the tradition of the Texas Rangers.

Two politically-minded governors had saddled a host of incompetent, hare-brained, and sometimes downright murderous political appointees on the Service. The manner in which some of those men killed innocent Mexicans came near spelling the end of the Ranger Service.

Still many of the old-guard of the Service were on hand, and with Peacemakers in hand, they fought some bloody battles with bandits, and won. The gun and the man still could do the job.

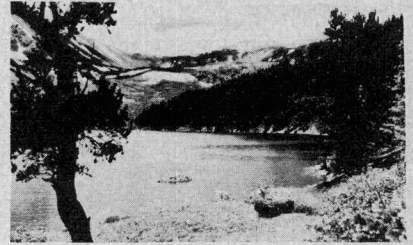
**T**HE real fadeout of the Peacemaker and the old-style Ranger started then. A few of the old-timers still are around, but not in Service. There's Capt. W. M. Molesworth, who at 86 is the oldest of them all. He was in the thick of the border fighting in the Bandit Days. His old thumb-buster hangs on a peg beside his bed.

He won't discuss any other gun. To him there is no other. "You hit a man

(Continued on following page)

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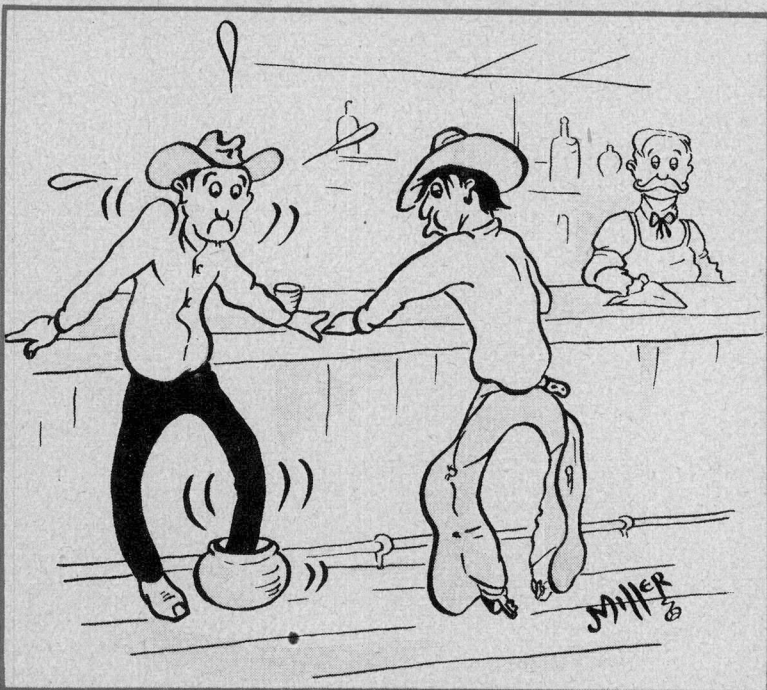
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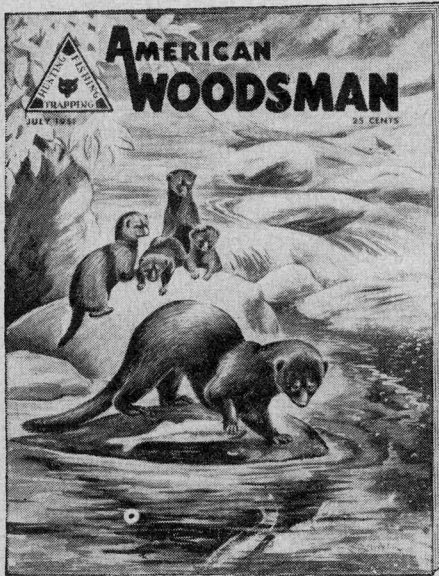
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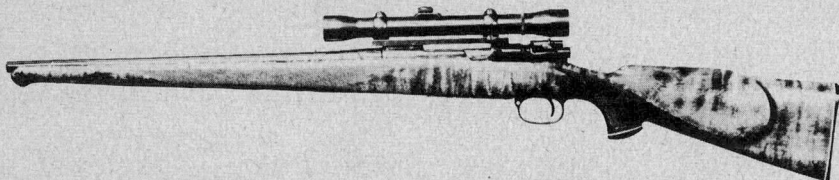
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## Farewell Peacemaker

(Continued from preceding page)

with it," he says, "and he goes down and stays down. And there's no jamming. If you want to buffalo a man, you bend that barrel over his head and he's real quiet for a spell."

And there's Capt. Aldrich and there are a few others—all retired.

The change had to come. Men of the Old West fought by a code—at least they were supposed to fight that way. Officer and outlaw alike were obliged to face the enemy with gun in holster, then draw at will. Sometimes the code was carried to fantastic extremes. Clay Allison, "Wolf of the Washita," and Chuck Colbert fiddled around for hours, buying each other food and drinks, stirring their coffee with their six-shooters, carrying on like madmen as each waited for the other to make his break. Chunk made it—and lost.

The code was blotted out by blasts of machine gun fire and shots fired from guns concealed in coat pockets—often fired into the victim's back—when gangsterism came into being. Officers had to match the gangster.

"Other guns are faster and more accurate and have more firepower," Capt. Don Lawrence, gun instructor for the Texas Department of Public Safety, explains. He doesn't even like the grip of the Peacemaker. The gun slams back in the hand when fired, he says. The barrel is too high above the grip, making for poor accuracy and an upward swing on the recoil. The hammer is too long and too heavy—a gunner can get off his target while it's falling, or it can jar him off when it hits.

There are some other reasons for the fadeout of the Peacemaker.

It was never intended to be concealed. It is a proud gun, thriving on display. That fine-looking and fine-feeling grip doesn't slide easily into an inside pocket. When guns ceased to be a part of man's wearing apparel, those who began carrying concealed weapons turned to something trimmer.

And there's the matter of weight. The thumb-buster weighs around 37 ounces, depending on length of barrel. The newest Colt auto-loader weighs 26½ ounces. The .38 double action weighs around 32 ounces, depending on model and barrel length.

Then there's the business of display. An officer wearing a Peacemaker today, even in Texas, gives the impression that he is actually trying to make a show. His fellow Texans look at him, then look at each other and grin.

The old gun is through. Yet it barely missed another brief moment of glory in 1940. Although few people know it, if the Germans had landed on English soil, 108 of the Britishers facing them would have banded away with Peacemakers. England, in her desperate effort to rearm, took what guns she could get. Included in the lot were 108 Peacemakers. They are still there, souvenirs of a great past for gun and country.

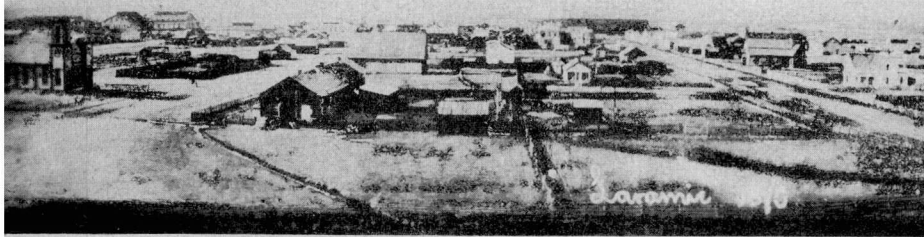
In 1941 the Colt Arms Manufacturing Company stopped making Peacemakers because of the war. After the war, manufacture was not resumed. It won't be. Parts are not easy to get. Shells are becoming scarce.

The Texas Ranger carries on, in a somewhat different manner. The frontier fighter is gone. The Ranger of today is a crimebuster, modern style.

The Peacemaker carries on—but only in the imagination of man. It will live there forever.

# Message to Fort Laramie

(Continued from page 32)



Ft. Laramie, 1870—end of the long trail for Scout Phillips.

blanket; then huddled in his own buffalo greatcoat under the cutbank to rest. Not until twilight would he venture out into the open.

DUSK was dropping on the lonely snow-covered Plains when Phillips renewed his journey. The storm was practically over and there was no Indian sign anywhere in all the vast white desolation he traversed. All night he rode, and when dawn broke sullenly through a gray, murky sky Pumpkin Buttes loomed dimly far away to the left. Portugee veered sharply to his right at sight of the Buttes, since the towering rocky promontories were a likely observation post for Sioux scouts. Hunting a hideout for the day, Phillips topped a rise near Crazy Woman Crossing and spotted a dozen warriors riding toward him from the direction of the Buttes. They whooped exultantly, and kicked their gaunt ponies into a run in an attempt to intercept him before he reached the high-banked creek crossing.

Portugee ducked low in the saddle and slapped Blaze once with his quirt. The big sorrel stretched out and began to roll. He made the crossing a full two hundred yards ahead of the pursuing Indians. Bullets zipped harmlessly over Phillips' head as Blaze slashed triumphantly across the ice-covered creek. The scout pushed him hard for a mile beyond the crossing until the outclassed Indian ponies dropped far behind and the screeching braves gave up the hopeless chase.

Two more nights Phillips rode, cautiously hiding out during the days. 197 miles below Fort Kearney he jogged into the remote telegraph outpost of Horseshoe Station to send a message to Fort Laramie. It was ten o'clock of a crisp, cold Christmas morning. Operator Jack Friend gaped in amazement at the grim,

bearded scout on the jaded sorrel. Jack doubted that the operator at Laramie would be on duty, but he'd sure try to raise him. Unless, of course, the wire was down somewhere along the line...

"Try, man, try!" croaked Phillips—and rode on down the Platte River. Forty miles to Laramie—forty miles on top of nearly 200. Swaying in the saddle, Portugee lifted weary Blaze to a shambling trot. Both man and horse were now dangerously close to utter exhaustion.

AT half-past eleven on that bitter-cold Christmas night of 1866 the wind-broken sorrel stumbled into Fort Laramie. "Scout—Fort Kearney!" Phillips gasped to the startled guard—and slid half unconscious from his saddle. The sentry yelled for the corporal of the guard, and together the two soldiers lugged Portugee into Old Bedlam—the officers' club where the gay Christmas ball was in full swing.

The fiddle players stopped in the middle of a lively Virginia reel, and the smart young officers in their resplendent blue-and-gold dress uniforms left their fair partners alone on the dance floor to gather around the dazed, frost-covered scout.

"My horse!" mumbled Portugee. "Take care of my horse!"

A captain snapped an order, and two lieutenants rushed to attend to Blaze. They returned with word that the gallant sorrel had collapsed and died.

The scout took the blow without flinching. "He broke his heart for me," he said simply. "Let me talk to your commanding officer."

The telegraph message from Horseshoe Station had got through ahead of Phillips, but not until the Colonel commanding Fort Laramie had received his personal report of the situation at Fort Kearney would Portugee rest. A powerful relief column left Laramie for the isolated Fort on the Piney on the morning of December 27. The troops found the garrison at Kearney in no danger. The besieging Indians had withdrawn to winter camp on Tongue River.

For his epic 237 mile ride from Kearney to Laramie, Scout John Phillips received a hero's usual reward—nothing. No official citation ever arrived from Washington; he was awarded no monetary compensation, no medal. Phillips died broke and disillusioned in 1883, at the age of fifty-one. Not until 1899, thirty-three years after the scout's intrepid feat, did Senator F. E. Warren of Wyoming finally manage to secure a Government settlement of \$5,000 for Phillips' needy wife and family. The frail widow's eyes filled with tears when she received the news. Proudly she declared: "At last the Government remembers that my husband was a true hero!"



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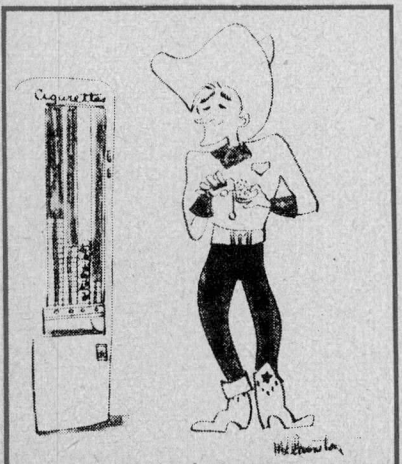


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A YOUNG married couple named Mac and Isabel Duffy, recently unpacked a long, narrow box from Deadwood, South Dakota, and drew out Wild Bill Hickok's now silent companion—his rifle.

How did this relic of the wild and woolly West find its way to tradition-steeped New Orleans? Well, it all started back in Deadwood, in 1876.

The man with the crooked nose walked into Salon No. 10 on Main St. He spoke briefly to the bartender, slunk around the room, and then stopped directly behind a handsome, steely-eyed man who was unconcernedly playing poker.

The man's rifle stood against the wall beside him. On the butt of the weapon was carved, rather crudely, the name, "J. B. Hickok."

Wild Bill, seated with his back to the door, was concentrating on his poker hand. If he was thinking of anything else besides the handful of cards, it was probably how long it would be before he could send for his recent bride.

Jack McCall, the crooked-nosed man, raised his gun, took speedy aim, and fired. He then ran out of the saloon.

As a crowd gathered around the hero of many border stories, one of the pioneer settlers picked up Wild Bill's rifle. He looked at the name, and remembered how James Butler Hickok got his nickname—how he fought like a wild man to capture the McCanless gang at the Rock Springs stage station on the Overland Trail.

No gang had ever been too tough for this famous advocate of law and order. He had been city marshal of two of the wildest towns in the West—Hays City, Nebraska, and Abilene, Kansas.

The old settler took the rifle home with him.

Jack McCall was captured and brought to trial. Strangely, he was acquitted by

the jury, but the infuriated judge ordered him to get out of town in 60 seconds. Months later, when he boasted that he shot Wild Bill in the back, McCall was arrested by a United States marshal, was tried, sentenced, and hanged.

"But what became of the rifle?" a reporter asked Isabel. "Where was it all those years?"

"Well, my grandfather, Dan Toomey got it from the old settler," she replied. "Granddad was originally from Brooklyn, but he struck out across the country and arrived in the Black Hills in 1876. He got to Deadwood Gulch about 10 days before the town of Deadwood was even born. Of course, when the gold stampede started, it wasn't long before Deadwood had fifteen thousand inhabitants. Granddad worked as a carpenter in placer mines there, for a while, but he located in Spearfish Valley, which is several miles from Deadwood. He knew Wild Bill. Everybody in the community did."

When Bill Hickok went to Deadwood, his reputation as an officer of the law followed him. Citizens of the lusty mining camp were talking about appointing him marshal to rid the community of crooks and outlaws. According to hearsay, Jack McCall was bribed to get Wild Bill out of the way.

Dan Toomey had a great deal of respect for Wild Bill. When he heard that one of the settlers in the vicinity had the famous law officer's rifle, he asked him to sell it. Not realizing that some day Wild Bill's rifle would be a collector's item, the man sold it to Mr. Toomey.

"Granddad gave it to my father, Allen Toomey," Isabel said. "He loved guns and rifles, and had quite a collection. Dad kept Wild Bill's rifle until he died, and then my mother lent it to the Adam's Memorial Museum in Deadwood." There

True West

it was exhibited for some 10 years, along with other reminders of Wild Bill, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick and Preacher Smith—the famous characters who are a part of the Black Hills saga.

When Isabel Toomey, a journalism graduate of the University of Missouri, came to New Orleans to work, she met her future husband at International House. During their courtship, she learned that Mac was as enthusiastic about guns and rifles as her father had been. She got downright excited, thinking how thrilled he'd be to have Wild Bill's rifle.

And now the famous old rifle occupies a place of honor in the Duffy Vieux Carre apartment in New Orleans—a long way removed in miles, as well as span of time, from the roaring days of the Old West.

## The Counterfeiters of Shingle Creek

(Continued from page 24)

Shingle Creek canyon. It was all so easy, thought Bodwin. Nothing to it at all. First a lone horseman rode into their camp and asked if anybody had seen some white face yearling steers, Circle C brand. Soon another horseman joined the first, then a third came.

Polson, Bodwin and Evans were at the cabin. Injun Pete Barker had ridden into the mountains for some deer meat. Bodwin wasn't at all surprised when the older of the three men suddenly flashed a badge. The gesture was a signal for the other two to draw their guns.

"United States Marshal," announced the man with the badge. He drew a folded paper from his shirt pocket. "I have a warrant to search you and the area here. Suspicion of counterfeiting. We know you've got the molds somewhere here and we're going to get 'em. Question is, are you going to make it easy on yourselves by handing over the molds and come along peaceful like, or are you going to be stupid and make a hard thing out of it for all concerned?"

It was as simple as that. No chance to run. No gun play. It was all over but the reward. Bodwin smiled, and at once felt superior to every man in the room. After all, it was he who had engineered the operation. It was he who had risked everything he held dear, even his life, to bring these blackguards to justice. His was the brains behind the capture. He was the hero.

"My name is Bodwin Marshal," he said, stepping forward with a smile. "Bill Bodwin. I'm glad you finally got here."

The Marshal looked at him incredulously. "Yeah," he said. "I'll just bet you are. Now get back, keep your hands up, and let's not have any more funny business." He shoved the bewildered Bodwin back against the wall, where Polson and Evans glared at him menacingly, muttering threats under their breath.

"But, Marshal," protested Bodwin, "don't you know . . . didn't you . . ."

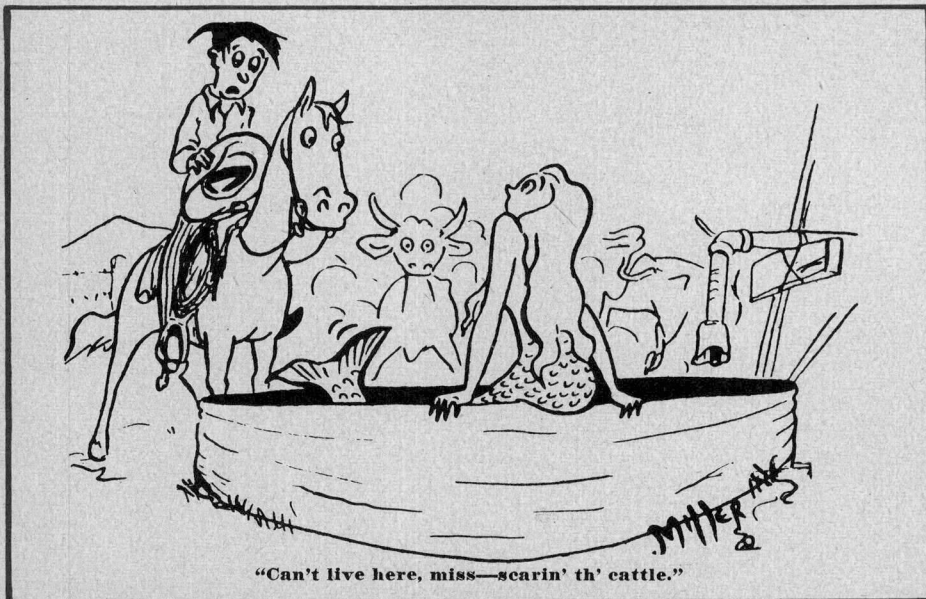
"Shut up, you!" growled one of the deputies. Grave fear swept over Bodwin, drying his throat and smothering his moment of triumph. The Marshal had not heard of him. Sammy Callender! That rat! It was coming clear now. Somehow Sammy had found out about the reward. It wouldn't have been too much trouble. His first inquiries at the Marshal's office might have netted him that information. It was an easy matter to fabricate a story for the Marshal, leaving Bodwin unmentioned, and putting Sammy Callender on the receiving end of the five thousand dollars. And Bill Bodwin had no illusions about Sammy being incapable of working out this angle for himself, now that the direction of the wind was established.

Both Evans and Polson denied and argued, but when one of the deputies rummaged around the cabin and found a packet of gold leaf and a couple of the raw, unfinished coins that had been botched in the molding, there was little use in further resistance. Evans clamped his lips together like a vise and said no more. Polson, searching now for a way to gain what favor might be possible, thus hoping to ease the charge against him, finally produced the molds. Notwithstanding the terrible hatred smoldering in Evans' eyes, Polson talked a great deal about their activities and told of Injun Pete Barker being back in the mountains hunting.

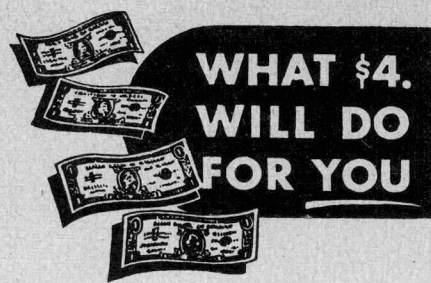
They waited all afternoon and several hours after sundown for Barker to show. Finally, realizing that the returning hunter probably had seen enough to suspect trouble, the Marshal decided to go on with what he had. Leaving one deputy behind to intercept Barker, the federal officer and the other deputy put Bodwin, Polson and Evans on their horses and began the long ride to Grangeville where the nearest jail was located.

During the night ride Bodwin endeavored to convince the Marshal of his

(Continued on following page)



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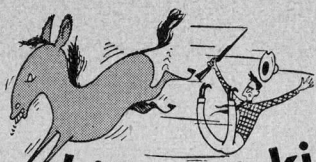
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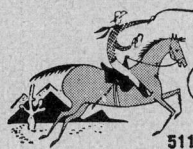
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## The Counterfeiters of Shingle Creek

(Continued from preceding page)

true connection with the case, but without success. The only response he drew was a gruff, "You're wasting your time, son. Better save all that wind for the judge. As far as the reward is concerned, a feller down in Boise has claim on it, I reckon."

"That's my friend, Sammy Callender," said Bodwin eagerly. "I sent him to you, Marshal. You see, I couldn't get away to go to you myself. I sent Callender. I couldn't do it any other way."

"Maybe," grunted the Marshal. "And maybe not. I didn't say the feller's name, and I ain't a goin' to. Now shut up!"

THEY were kept in the Grangeville jail three weeks awaiting trial, during which time a great effort was made to bring in Injun Pete Barker. When the intensive search failed, it was decided to proceed without him. The trial of Evans and Polson was brief. They pled guilty, said that they had been coerced and threatened into the crime by the missing Barker, a convenient though weak alibi which failed miserably to impress the judge. They threw themselves upon the mercy of the court, and got twenty years in federal prison.

Not so with Bill Bodwin. He had had three weeks to prepare his plea, and he presented his case convincingly. He remembered the date he encountered Sammy Callender in Boise, and the record showed that it was the very next morning that Callender went to the Marshal's office. This point persuaded the judge to send to Boise for the crafty bookie. His testimony was considered important now. But Sammy Callender had been watching the papers closely and with growing apprehension. It looked like Bodwin might get off, and Barker was still at large. When the authorities went to get Callender, he was nowhere to be found. The trial was postponed another week while Sammy Callender was being sought. When he was not forthcoming, the court proceeded. During the interval, however, Bodwin had succeeded in bringing character witnesses from Lewiston who strengthened his case. And the fact of Callender's absence now made an even stronger case for Bodwin. The judge felt that Callender must be afraid to meet Bodwin in court for obvious reasons, or he would be there with bells on to facilitate the paying of the reward money. But these facts were not quite conclusive enough. Bodwin was acquitted, but his claim to the five thousand dollars was disallowed, pending developments in the Callender matter.

Free once more, Bodwin started south with an all-consuming, dual purpose: to get Nancy Hank from her pasture in the Meadows Valley, and to seek out Sammy Callender. He did not travel with his mind free, however. Injun Pete Barker was still on the loose. He chose to travel by stage rather than alone on horseback, and he spent much time looking over his shoulder and searching every face that came within his sight.

After some inquiry around Meadows, he finally found the ranch where Polson had put Nancy Hank, and it was here that Bodwin learned all too painfully that Barker had not forgotten him.

Nancy Hank was dead.

The rancher was apologetic. It was a complete mystery to him, and he had reported it to the sheriff. A couple of

weeks before he had been riding his pastures when he found the mare lying in the grass, a rifle bullet through her head.

With his stomach like a cannon ball inside him, Bodwin went on to Boise. His grief and his fear weighed upon his shoulders, slowed his step and filled him with black despondency. He had no heart for the reward money now, nor little hope of finding Sammy Callender. For only a few days he looked irresolutely for some trace of his betrayer, his fear of Barker hounding him at every step.

The race tracks of Idaho never saw Bill Bodwin again, but he was well remembered—as the man who put everything he had on a long shot, and lost.

## King of the Filibusters

(Continued from page 31)

of an American insurgent ruling Nicaragua, Walker hand-picked a dolt, named Rivas, as provisional president. (Rivas's full name spoken in Spanish sounds like "Topsy-Turvy.")

Topsy, in his turn, named Walker commanding general of the twelve hundred man army. Adventurers all, Walker trained his troops with infinite care. There wasn't a man among them that couldn't bore a dollar at one hundred yards with his rifle, nor flick the ashes from a cigar at a hundred feet with his pistol.

With force at his back, Walker undertook to educate the masses through his newspaper "El Nicaraguense," which repeatedly reminded natives of their legend about the Gray-Eyed Liberator. The thin veneer of sanity which had kept his megalomania secret began to run off with the overpowering realization he no longer answered to anyone, for anything. Walker was the state. Anyone even remotely threatening to eclipse his fame was ordered shot, and those who found toadying favor were elevated and justified beyond reason.

With a fear fanned by Legitimist refugees that Walker planned to engulf all of Central America, Costa Rica invaded Nicaragua in February, 1856. The Immortals, though again outnumbered, repulsed the invaders easily. The blue and white flag with the blood red star again waved peacefully in the humid air.

Some of Walker's personality must have rubbed off on Topsy, as he chose this

(Continued on page 52)



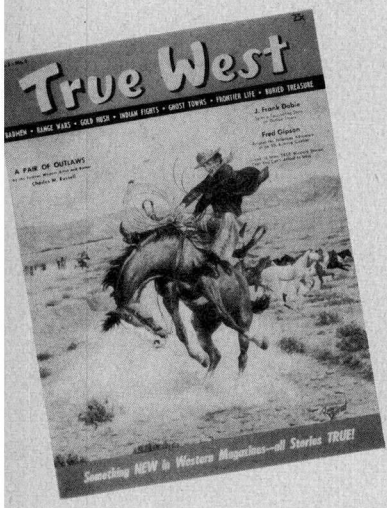
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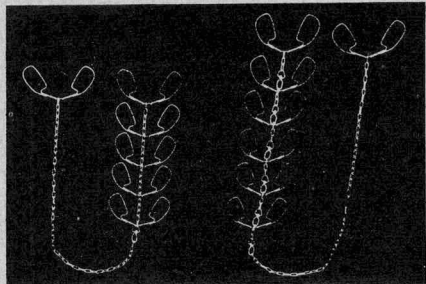
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## King of the Filibusters

(Continued from page 50)

junction to call a general presidential election. Topsy announced himself as the Democratic candidate, believing he could undercut Walker in his own party. A resurgent Legitimist party then contrived the century's greatest political irony, naming Walker as their candidate. When the June, 1856, ballots were canvassed William Walker had been elected overwhelmingly. This was the first time in history that an American had ever been elected ruler of a foreign country.

Legal as well as nominal ruler, Walker unfurled a new blood-starred flag with the motto "Five or None," an allusion to consolidating all the neighboring nations.

Incited again, the four nations coveted by Walker, Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Honduras simultaneously attacked. Walker had three thousand troops in the field against their twenty thousand. The outcome was never in doubt until Walker crossed swords with a financial giant.

**N**EEDING funds, Walker seized a gold shipment from one of the Accessory Transit Company steamers. He justified his act by declaring the company in violation of their contract with his government and commandeered the entire line. The Transit Company had been granted a long-term franchise, providing certain improvements would be made within Nicaragua, and ten per cent of the profits paid. Cornelius Vanderbilt's line carried gold seekers from Greytown on the Atlantic coast, up the San Juan River, across Lake Nicaragua to Virgin Bay, then completed the last twelve miles by carriage, to be picked up by Vanderbilt's Pacific ships. Inasmuch as it pared seven hundred odd miles from the usual route across Panama, the company was fabulously successful. More than twenty-five thousand passengers were carried annually, but clever bookkeepers saw there were never any profits to report.

After seizing the company, Walker reissued the franchise to a pair of friends.

Vanderbilt raged, swearing vengeance on the little gray-eyed man. He stopped his ships supplying both ends of the Line, began pouring money and janizaries into the four countries already at war with Walker; even connived with the State Department to have a warship sent to capture Walker.

Captain Charles Davis, of the "St. Mary's," located Walker at Rivas. Since Vanderbilt's intervention, Walker's fortunes had rapidly declined; his forces were sick and decimated. Theoretically, in the name of humanity, Davis demanded Walker's surrender, after he prevented his escape in the Nicaraguan ship "Granada." Hopelessly, Walker arranged for care of sick and wounded Immortals, then capitulated.

Walker was given a robust welcome to New York. Charges were dismissed after Vanderbilt recovered his Transit Line. But even while he was being feted, Walker secretly recruited volunteers. Within a month, he landed with one hundred and fifty new Immortals and seized the Atlantic port of the Transit Company, preparing to recapture his prize.

Vanderbilt and the State Department apparently anticipated him. The American frigate "Wabash" beached three hundred and fifty blue jackets a short time later. Commodore Hiram Paulding, backed by his ship's guns, demanded surrender. And for the third time in his meteoric career, Walker surrendered to American forces.

Both Walker and the Commodore were publicly reprimanded by President Buchanan for their activities. Stoically Walker accepted the rebuke, slipped out of Mobile Bay on December 1, 1858, with one hundred and fifty more men. His vessel was wrecked on the Honduras Coast, and they were rescued and returned.

**W**ALKER was fast becoming a roving nightmare to both America and Great Britain. Ships constantly patrolled Central American coasts, and every internal precaution was taken to prevent these volatile countries from flaming into rebellion again.

With incredible persistence and impudence, Walker gathered another hundred filibusters and landed on Ruatan, an island facing Trujillo, Honduras. Supply failures again plagued him, but his men voted to invade Trujillo. Next day the blood-starred flag fluttered over Trujillo, and Walker seemed on his way back to Nicaragua.

Captain Norwell Salmon's British frigate "Icarus" slipped into the bay and sent orders for immediate evacuation of the port. Great Britain, Salmon insisted, had a mortgage on Trujillo's revenues; therefore Walker must not interfere.

Walker stalled and argued too long. A ragged, barefoot force of Hondurans prepared a siege to assist Salmon. Walker promised a final answer in the morning, but with his troops slipped from the city during the night, undertaking a forced march down the Honduran coast through the dreaded Mosquito Belt.

The "Icarus" weighed anchor and set a course to intercept them. Despite the brief chase, Salmon found Walker and nearly all of his men disabled by fever. The landing party rounded up the stragglers, and Walker, when taken into custody, was twice assured he was a prisoner of the British Navy.

As quickly as the wind allowed, the "Icarus" dumped its prisoners into the hands of the Hondurans, long thirsty for Walker's blood. Salmon interceded for the men, and offered Walker amnesty if he would humbly request it as an American. But with his personality, or courage, it wasn't mentally possible for him to comply. Walker said only that he was now a Nicaraguan.

Court martial convened. On September 12, 1860, William Walker walked to a spot of beach, followed by a rag-tag firing squad. He waved away the handkerchief, made a brief, rambling speech justifying his life, then stood ready.

Even at twenty feet his enemies had difficulty killing him. A sergeant administered the coup de grace.

Ironically, Costa Rica, which had remarkably little to do with Walker's defeat, has erected the only permanent monument to the king of the filibusters. In the public square of San Jose there is the statue of a woman (in which Walker had little interest), fashioned with her foot on his prostrate form.

### THE MAKIN'S

He wasn't a sure 'nough cowboy  
In the oldtime cowboy west,  
Without an ol' Bull Durham tag  
A-bobblin' on his vest.

That proved he had the makin's  
For a smoke to warm his flue,  
An' as for what all makes a MAN —  
He had them makin's, too . . .

—S. Omar Barker

True West

# When Slow Elk Came High

(Continued from page 27)



The old Mitchell ranch house on Clear Creek. Photo taken Aug. 4, 1888.

wanted to help Olive. When the excitement was at its height, word was received that the sheriff of Merrick County would return the pair to Plum Creek. They arrived in Plum Creek on December 9 and were immediately turned over to Gillan and DuFrاند, Lincoln County sheriff and the Custer County deputy.

Gillan and DuFrاند started with their prisoners to the Olive ranch in a two-seated spring wagon, the prisoners on the front seat, handcuffed together, and the officers on the back seat. It had been understood that Judge Boblits, Custer County judge, would hold a preliminary trial at Olive's ranch, charging Mitchell with murder and both with rustling.

During this time, I. P. Olive was as busy as a weasel in a hen yard. Gathering up Bill Green, who ran the Wild West saloon in Plum Creek and Jack Baldwin who operated the hotel, he dashed after the officers, passed them and rode on to the ranch. The officers stopped that night with their charges at the ranch of Dick James, sheriff of Dawson County.

It was during this night that the fate of the prisoners was decided, not by Judge Boblits or any court, but by the cattlemen-officers and I. P. Olive. For

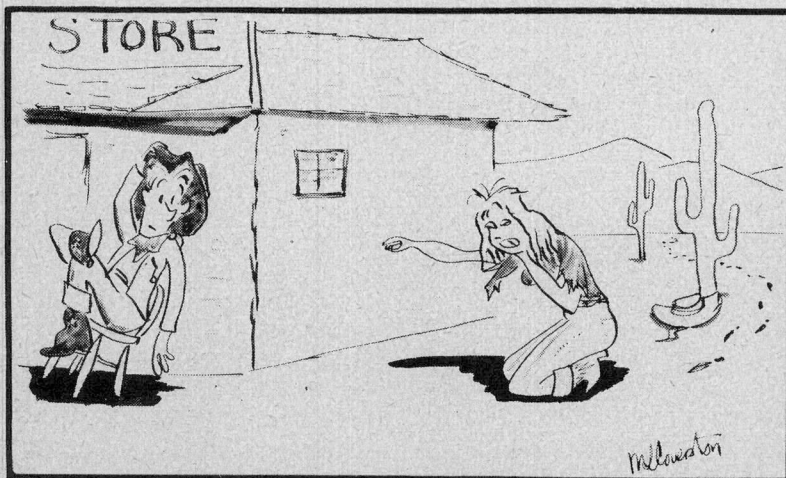
Olive had sent a messenger from his ranch that night to the James ranch with terms and instructions that would be carried out the following morning.

**E**ARLY the next morning, December 10, where the road forked to the Olive and the DuFrاند ranches, the officers and their prisoners were met by Olive and several of his riders, his foreman Gatrell and Bion Brown, among others. Bion Brown revealed later that Olive passed over to those two pillars of the law, Gillan and DuFrاند, a large roll of bills. The officers got off the wagon and headed for the DuFrاند ranch, leaving their helpless and handcuffed prisoners to the tender mercies of the Olive gang.

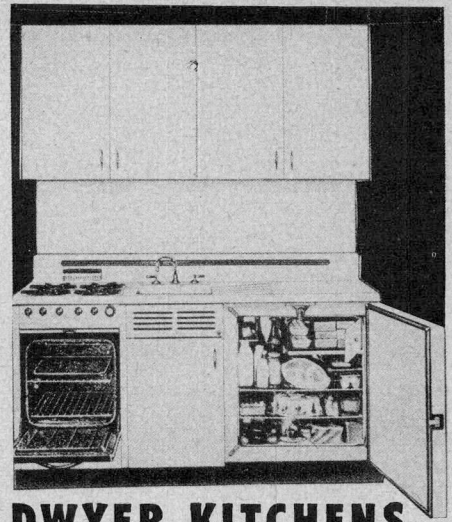
Gatrell drove the spring wagon up the canyon to a grove of box elder trees. While Olive's men, the saloonkeeper and the hotelman looked on, I. P. Olive and his foreman conducted Mitchell and Ketchum's "trial."

Ropes were slung over a tree limb as soon as the wagon stopped. The two prisoners were forced to stand in the wagon. Gatrell sawed the noose savagely across Ketchum's mouth when the younger man tried to avoid it. "God damn you!

(Continued on following page)



"HELP—Lipstick, Comb . . ."



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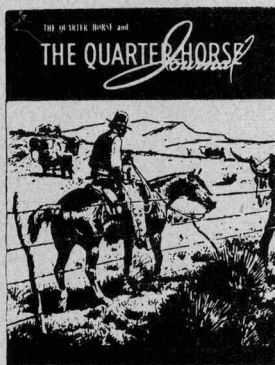
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## When Slow Elk Came High

(Continued from preceding page)

I've got you where I want you now," he snarled at Ketchum.

Olive rode up alongside the wagon and cursed Mitchell, asking him, "Why did you kill Bob?" Neither Mitchell nor Ketchum answered any of their tormentors' questions. Olive, exasperated by this silence, pulled his .45 and fired a slug into the older man's side. Mitchell dropped to the bed of the wagon, dead.

Gatrell then drove the wagon out from under Ketchum and the ball was over. The saloonkeeper poured the better part of a jug of whiskey over the bodies. It was said later, but without proof, that Nigger Jim—Olive's bronc twister who could "ride anything with a hole in it or hair on it"—touched a match to the liquor-soaked clothing. A ranch hand was paid twenty dollars to bury the bodies which, because of the frozen ground, he did in a very shallow grave that permitted wolves to get to the bodies, further mutilating them.

THE affair might have ended there had the "old west" been just a bit younger. But law had come to the new country and the badman and gunfighter were on the way out. In a short time the bodies were exhumed and taken to Kearney. Upon seeing them, Judge Gaslin swore to bring the murderers to justice. A grand jury was called in Adams County which indicted Olive, Green, Baldwin and Fisher.

The greatest excitement prevailed when the four men stood trial at Hastings. Cowboy demonstrations grew so wild over the trial that two companies of soldiers were ordered out from Fort Omaha to maintain peace. Olive and Fisher were convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. The jury disagreed as to the saloonkeeper and the hotel-keeper and, finding that a juror had been bought, the judge discharged the jury.

But Olive was still slick as an eel—and his lawyers were slicker. The Supreme Court reversed the decision of the district court and remanded the case to Custer County—Olive's stamping grounds—for a new trial!

In the court of our old friend Judge Boblits, on December 17, 1880, *no complaining witnesses could be found and the culprits were discharged!* The others who had been in and out of jail had finally escaped or been discharged.

Two years later to a month, the Plum Creek Pioneer was reporting another Olive Gang killing, this time a German settler named Frederick Schreyer. Si Hagadone and W. H. Stewart this time performed the ceremony, without apparent aid from I. P. Olive. They headed west by Burlington Route and have not been heard from since.

But the Olive Empire was tottering. Law was coming to the prairie. Barbed wire was cutting up the range land and the wither-high buffalo grass was being turned under by the plow. Within a few more years the Olives would withdraw, leaving behind only their bronc stomper, "Nigger Jim" Kelly. "Nigger Jim" lived to a ripe old age at Broken Bow, dying in 1912 and thereby severing the last link binding the new farm lands of Custer County with the range land of the Olive Empire.

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## Buckskin to the Bone

(Continued from page 21)

**BENHAM** slept or passed into a coma. He awoke at dawn, tortured by a burning thirst and pain that coursed through his body and pounded inside his skull. At times it blinded him and the pounding was all he could hear. Cautiously, he gathered in what leaves he could reach and licked the dew from them. He shook his head in an effort to clear it. He listened. The nocturnal song of the forest was waning normally and night was reluctantly making its departure in peace. Had the Indians gone?

Bob thought of the men who were with him, wondering whether they got away. One or more might be hiding near by, like himself unable to go farther, waiting—just waiting. And he took stock of the recent action: two on the boat, the four men and himself were all that escaped—seven out of seventy!

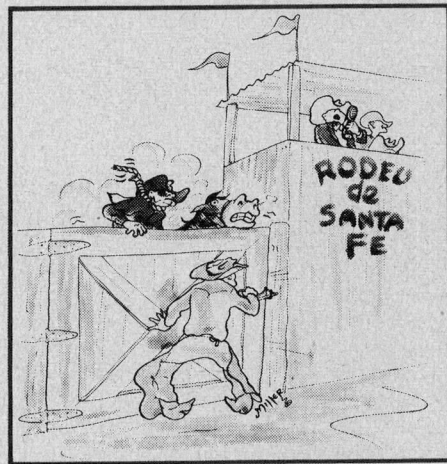
What consternation the news would cause in the settlements: *The Rodgers company massacred by Shawnees at the mouth of Licking. Sixty-three dead!*

Indian voices suddenly jerked Benham's thoughts back to his own situation. Apparently they had spent the night near where the boat was moored and now their camp was waking up—a large party feeling safe from attack and making no effort to be quiet. The odor of wood fires and the aroma of broiling meat soon came up from the river. Maybe they'd leave after breakfast. Even so, what could he do? His legs were swollen and feverish. He couldn't move them independently and the very thought of dragging them made him sick. But he'd simply have to get water, somehow.

Daylight crept into the forest and with it came the sounds of approaching Indians. After listening a few minutes, Bob surmised this was a group of young warriors scouting the battlefield to make certain no scalps had been overlooked. For the space of seconds, stark fear gripped the captain. Pain from his wounds was enough to make a man want to die, so why not shoot an Indian and get it over with? What the hell! He'd die anyhow.

Thinking of death, Bob thought of home. He thought of that great morning when his pioneer father had placed in his boyish hands, a new rifle—his first. *She's a good gun, son. Throws where you hold her and she won't quit on you. And no matter how tough things look, don't*

(Continued on page 56)



"Next rider, Horsethief Jones . . ."

True West

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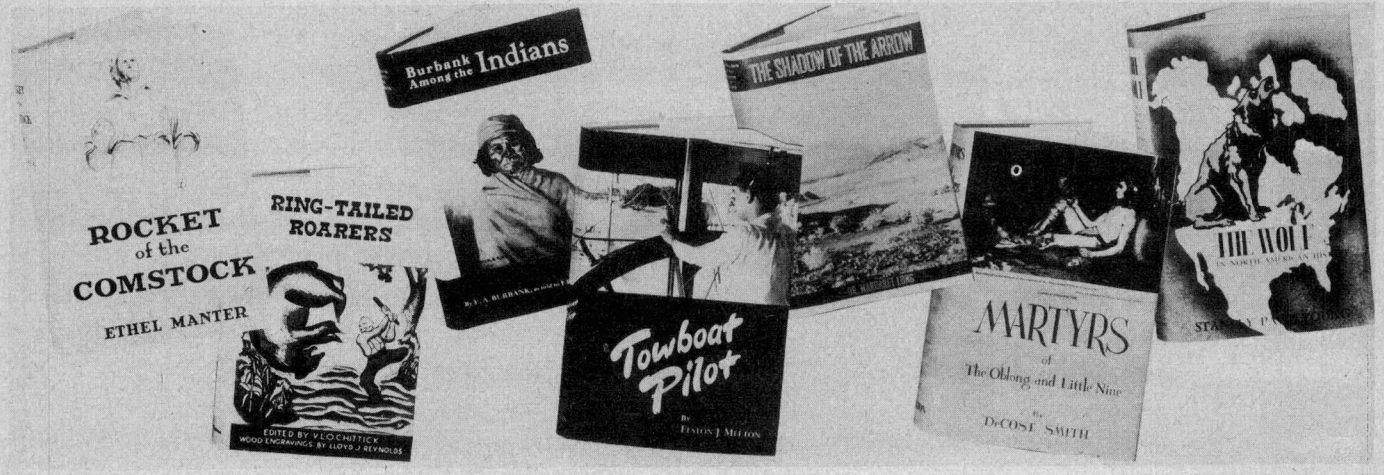
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you ever give up. Just recollect—you're buckskin to the bone.

That boast of the frontiersman, who might be killed but couldn't be licked, buckskin to the bone, fired Bob Benham with the courage to stick it out. Metal on his long rifle would reflect a beam of light. He quickly hid the weapon beneath his hunting shirt and leaves. His knife was sheathed and the blade of his tomahawk dulled by dried blood. Bob had held onto his summer hat, a thing woven of tough grass and smoked dark in sulphur. He pulled it low to hide his face, and waited.

The Indians rapidly came nearer, then one cried out and they halted a short distance away. A heated argument ensued. Benham understood a few Shawnee words. They had discovered an unscaled body and were quarreling over who should take the prized trophy. That would be Charley Weston's body. Bob had seen him fall there. Pretty soon the triumphant scalp cry went ringing through the woods, silencing all other sounds. Benham held his breath. In a moment he again heard Indians moving through the brush, going away! Bob passed out then.

BENHAM judged it to be mid-afternoon when he awoke. His thirst was almost unbearable and the pain from his wounds was, if possible, even more intense. He looked at his legs, swollen tightly now in his buckskin leggings, and almost wished that he had died while unconscious. He lay back and gazed at a patch of sky, visible through the roof of the forest. Buzzards were circling up there. Seemed like hundreds of the things. Suddenly, he realized that the voice of the woods was normal again. The Indians had gone!

Benham stared at the buzzards. He thought of his men—his friends lying out there. At least, they had died fighting. He cursed the buzzards and sat up. He'd make a fight to live. First, he had to have water. The blood of fresh-killed game would help. Bob renewed the priming of his rifle and his inflamed eyes eagerly searched the forest for a shot. Squirrels everywhere, but he needed something larger—deer, elk, or a wandering buffalo adrift from its herd in some nearby canebrake. Presently, he saw a raccoon coming down a tree and shot the animal. The crack of his rifle again struck silence to the woods. He listened intently.

A hoarse and unintelligible cry came from a point deeper in the forest. Benham kept still. Someone moved out there, coming this way. In a moment, a man cried out, "If you're white, for God's sake answer me! If you're Injun, come and finish me!"

Bob's heart leaped. "Over here, Kaintuck! It's Benham in the top of a down-tree!"

The gaunt and hawk-faced man who had led the revolt was a sorry sight now. His long arms hung straight down in sleeves caked with dried blood and he staggered. "Both arms busted in the fight, one right after t'other'n' and I can't wiggle a finger. How're you fixed, Cap'n?"

Bob told him.

Kaintuck sat on the tree trunk. His long body slumped hopelessly and his head sunk forward. "I ain't got no arms. You ain't got no legs. We're both nigh dead, many a mile from help. We can't cut 'er, Cap'n. Ain't but one thing left for us to do. You shoot me, then shoot yo'self. That white patch over my ear is

(Continued on following page)

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## Buckskin to the Bone

(Continued from preceding page)

a good mark. Draw a bead and put a ball dead center... So 'long, Cap'n. See you in hell, a-fightin' Injuns!"

"Are you a damned coward?" inquired Benham scornfully.

The haggard frontiersman lifted his head. Fire of battle flashed in his dull eyes. "Nobody ain't never called Old Kaintuck a coward and lived to brag about it."

Bob forced a grin. "That's what I figured. Why man—we ain't licked. We're buckskin to the bone!"

Kaintuck fixed a fierce gaze on the young officer. The fire flamed higher in his sunken eyes. "Who says I ain't buckskin to the bone?"

"You just the same as said it when you tucked your tail and begged me to shoot you."

The woodsman looked down at his puffed and useless hands. "Maybe so," he admitted sheepishly, "but I got me a burnin' fever and hardly know what I'm sayin'. Been a-skeered to go to the river, crippled down this way. Cain't you spare a man nary a drap of water, Cap'n?"

"Haven't got a drop, but a fat 'coon is full of blood. I just shot one. He's there under that big sycamore. Go and roll him over here with your feet before he leaks himself dry, then I'll feed you juicy hunks of 'coon meat."

WITH an example to set and responsibility to shoulder, Captain Benham undertook something he had dreaded. He dragged himself from the fallen tree top to a small opening beside the huge trunk. Twice during the ordeal he almost fainted, hanging onto consciousness by sheer will power. At length he leaned back against the tree, gasping and streaming sweat.

"Buckskin to the bone!" muttered Kaintuck.

The warm, raw meat helped to relieve thirst and renew hope. When each had eaten all he wanted, Bob wiped his knife on the raccoon's fur and declared, "Now, we've got to get water. In a few days you'll be strong enough to walk with me hanging to your shoulders, but you can't do it now. So—"

"Maybe not, but I'll shore give 'er a try."

"No—you've lost a lot of blood and you're running a high fever and it's all you can do to carry your own weight. We've simply got to have water, though, and I've got an idea. This straw hat of mine is light, but it leaks. I'll line it with the big leaves on that sycamore sprout over there if you'll go and pull off some with your teeth."

"You betcha. I've got grinders like a mule."

Bob fastened the leaves shingle-fashion with small splinters and hoped it would be nearly water tight. He then rolled the brim on one side and put it in Kaintuck's mouth. "There's a sloping bank where we tied up. It goes away out. Walk into the river until the water comes to your chin. Suck in a big drink for yourself and fill the hat. I'll bet a jug of Monongahela you can do it and come back with water."

Kaintuck nodded with determination and left. There followed the longest thirty minutes Benham had ever experienced. Having gambled their lives, all

manner of doubts tormented him. Neither could survive without the other. But the lanky woodsman came back soaking wet, the hat filled with water!

ON that September evening Captain Robert Benham and the man called Kaintuck launched their strange struggle for survival in a hostile wilderness. One supplied the arms, the other the legs. Bob contrived bark splints for their broken bones and bound them with buckskin thongs, but some time elapsed before he could bear to drag his legs or suffer himself to be carried.

Meanwhile, Kaintuck brought water from the river with his teeth and walked game to within range of the Captain's rifle, chiefly squirrels and wild turkeys which could be kicked along to the tree when killed. Bob once shot a small fawn. Trying to roll the carcass with his feet Kaintuck got it caught in brush, whereupon he laid hold of a hind leg with his teeth and dragged it to their cooking fire. He sometimes carried dry fuel in like manner. Benham fed the tall woodsman and otherwise cared for him as if he were a helpless infant.

Eventually Bob could hobble a little on crutches and Kaintuck was barely able to feed himself with one of his hands. They managed to move to the mouth of Licking, where they could watch both rivers in the hopes of being rescued before winter came. The prospect of snow and intense cold was fearful for them to contemplate. Finally, on November 27th, 1779, they hailed a flatboat and a canoe came to pick them up. The captain and the hunter silently shook hands. Their throats were too tight for speech.

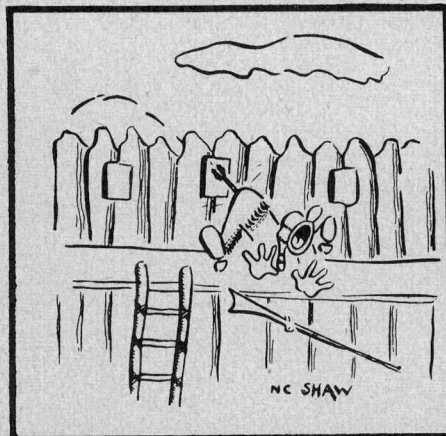
As the canoe took them away, Benham looked back at the forest and declared, "Some day I'll come and buy that land and clear it and build a home there."

"I ain't a-hankerin' for no home, Cap'n," drawled Kaintuck, "but I'd shore like to trail along with you. You've got good hands and I've got good legs."

They both laughed.

The two hardy frontiersmen were taken to Louisville, where they received medical and surgical treatment. Each recovered completely. They went on to fight through the Indian wars with Harmer, Wilkinson and St. Clair, and they shared the triumph of Mad Anthony Wayne in the final victory at Fallen Timbers, August 19th, 1793.

Major Robert Benham lived long and happily at his home near the mouth of Licking. One of his cronies who came unannounced and left without excuse was an old wilderness hunter they called Kaintuck.



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Of TRUE WEST, published quarterly at Austin, Texas, for October 1, 1953.

State of Texas  
County of Travis

ss.

Before me, Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joe Austell Small who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor and Publisher of TRUE WEST and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas; Editor, Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas; Managing editor, none; Business Manager, none.

2. That the owner is: Joe Austell Small, 3303 Bridle Path, Austin, Texas.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state) None.

JOE AUSTELL SMALL, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 1st day of October, 1953.

(Seal)

A. D. LESHIKAR  
(My commission expires June, 1955.)



## Flowers for Charley McDaniels

(Continued from page 13)

being allowed to drink in the main saloons in those days. He walked quietly into the narrow hall that led to the main barroom.

He nudged open a door and took a close look at the customers ringing the gaming tables. His man wasn't there either.

He entered the room then and spoke quietly for a moment to Jake Sullivan, the bar-keep, then left by the main front door, walking out as unobtrusively as he could.

He hadn't fooled anybody, however. Behind him, every customer in Jake's place pushed through the swinging doors and stood in the street, watching him. Some followed for a ways, then finally lost interest, as Dad turned a corner and went around to Utah Street.

Again he searched the red-light district, combing it as carefully as a squaw hunting lice in a buck's hair, and again he had no luck. Then, just as he was coming out of a big red-brick building as known as Tillie Howard's place, his deputy, Elmer Wagner, came across the street to meet him.

"Been a shooting at the Wigwam Saloon on San Antonio," Elmer reported.

Dad asked quickly: "Who was in it?" "A gambler and a deputy city marshal," Elmer said.

"Anybody else?"

"Yeah. The feller who done the shootin'. Didn't get his name. The deputy was Tom Glover. The gambler was that big, black Mex monte dealer at the Wigwam."

**T**OGETHER, they hurried toward the Wigwam. Turning west on San Antonio, they saw a crowd making a rush for the far side of the street, taking cover wherever it was to be found. Across the street, on the south side, stood a lone man. The man stood hesitant, as if not quite sure where to go next.

"That's our man!" Dad exclaimed to Elmer, then added: "Get to the other side of the street and keep out of this fracas till I'm down, or till I invite you to take a hand."

Charley McDaniels caught sight of Elmer crossing the street and burst into sudden loud laughter. Then he stepped out into the middle of the street, turned his back on Elmer and faced toward Dad, who also had stepped out into the clear.

"Marshal," he called to Dad, "I'm coming after my horse. I'm fixing to leave town."

Dad called back to him. "It's too late for that now, Charley. I'm arresting you for murder; and where you're going, you won't need a horse."

"That gambler was cheatin', Marshal," McDaniels argued. "And I warned that law feller to stay out of the deal, but he went ahead and drew on me. First!"

"Can you prove that, Charley?"

"I sure can."

"All right then," Dad said. "You got nothing to fear. Just drop your guns, and we'll go talk to the judge. I'll see that you get a fair trial."

Dad didn't any more expect Charley McDaniels to drop his guns than did the hiding onlookers who peeked from every doorway and window along both sides of the street. But he stood waiting, giving McDaniels a chance. And while

Winter, 1953

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he waited, he could hear the old-timers calling bets to each other up and down and across the street. He took what comfort he could from the fact that the odds offered seem to make him a favorite to win.

Dad called again. "Drop those irons and lift your hands, Charley. Like I said, I'll see that you get a fair trial."

But the killer grinned and shook his head. "Sorry, Marshal," he said. "I can't hear you. Not when you talk like that."

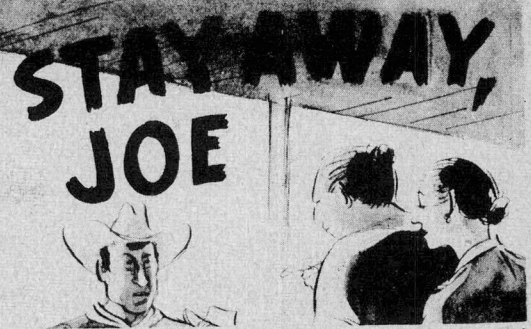
"You better hear me," Dad said. "If you don't, I'm going to have to come and get you, Charley, and you're not going to like that."

**M**CDANIELS, as if stalling for time, studied on that for a moment, then tried to make a deal. "Tell you what, Marshal. Let's save us both a lot of trouble. You let me get to my horse, and I'll leave town—and promise not to come back as long as you're the King-pin of the butcher shop here!"

Dad shook his head. "You've got me wrong, Charley. I don't make deals with outlaws. You're not getting out of this town till you've settled your bill."

"Well, then," McDaniels said reluctantly. "I reckon you better start walking. I'll be coming to meet you."

There was a span of ninety-six feet between them when they started. I know this because Old Chipmunk, a deputy city marshal, stepped it off the next morning—"just to keep the books straight." There wasn't a soul in sight between them; but from a hundred different points of cover, there were eyes squinted against the hot glare of the afternoon sun. There was no sound, either, except their slow, de-



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liberate footsteps, muffled by the powdery dust of the street.

Moving slowly, speaking no word, they closed the gap to sixty feet, to forty, then to thirty.

From that point on, the only thing either man watched was his opponent's eyes. Each knew that the other walked with his hands held level with the gun-butts at his belt, but it wasn't hands they watched. It was the eyes that would give the tell-tale signal.

A listless breeze trailed along the street, picking up a tiny wisp of dust, then dropping it almost before it cleared the ground. The leaves on a big cottonwood overhanging the street trembled slightly and grew still.

Then it came, and was over with such shocking suddenness that it was almost a disappointment to the onlookers. There was just that one brief instant when the hands of both men were filled, and the guns were bucking and crashing. Then the guns were still again and, through a haze of light, bluish smoke that hung in the dead air, the onlookers saw one of the men lower his guns, as if he no longer had the strength to hold them. Then, as one gun slipped from his hand, he pitched forward, plowing into the dust with his head and shoulder.

He lay there, still and quiet, while the second man, bare-headed now, advanced cautiously toward him, still holding a smoking gun in each hand.

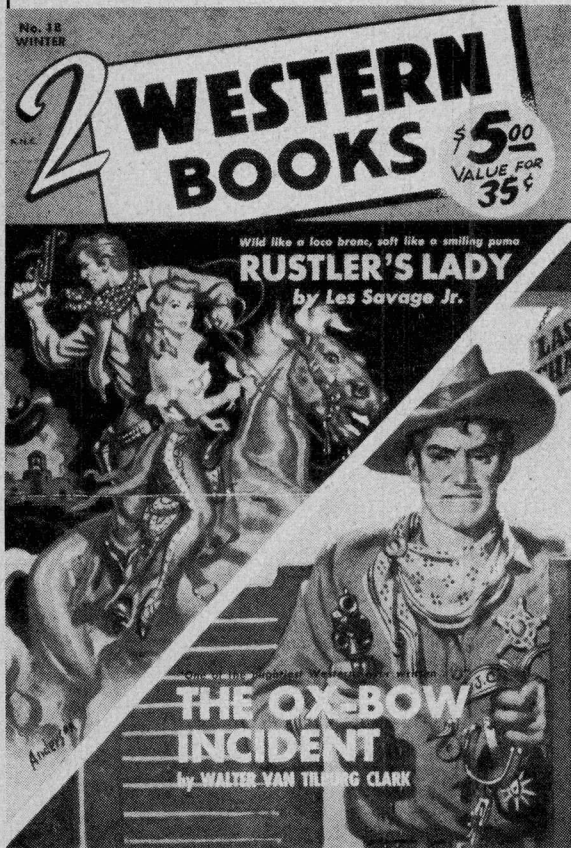
**E**LMER Wagner and Chipmunk were the first to rush out.

"You hurt, Marshal?" Elmer queried, excitedly. "You hit anywhere?"

Dad looked behind him, to where his

(Continued on following page)

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## Flowers for Charley McDaniels

(Continued from preceding page)

black hat lay in the dust. "No," he said. "But I think he ruined a damned good hat for me!"

Chipmunk brought Dad his hat, and Dad poked a finger through one of the jagged holes in the crown and seemed to study his finger for a good long while. Finally, clapping the hat on his head, he said to Elmer: "You and Chipmunk take care of things. I've got business at home that can't wait."

I was there at the house, when he came through the yard gate. His steps seemed faster and wider apart than ever and there was a wider-than-usual grin on his face. And I remember how Mother was sitting there in the old granny rocking chair, watching him come up the steps, like she was seeing a dream come true.

Dad caught her up out of the chair and kissed her and said, "Hi, Reb; is supper ready?" and winked at me to show that he knew it was 'way too early for supper yet. Then he headed for the water cooler, where he got himself a big long drink of water.

When he finished, Mother asked quietly: "When will the funeral be, Rocky?"

"At ten o'clock in the morning."

Mother nodded. "I'll hunt up my hymn-book," she said, "and cut some fresh flowers at daybreak."

Dad said: "Make them something special, Reb. He was a game one; I liked him."

"Then why did you kill him?" she asked. Her tone wasn't accusing; she just wanted to know.

"Why, for a couple of reasons, Reb. First, he was too old a dog to teach new tricks. Second, you're too young and pretty yet to be left a widow."

Dad grinned at her, pitched his hat onto the couch, hunted up another, and left the house, headed back for town. Mother picked up the hat, stuck a finger through one of the holes in the crown, then finally went to hang the hat in a closet.

"Now," she said to me, "if he can just get a shirt and a pair of pants, we'll have a whole outfit."

She was smiling at me as she said that; but when I happened to wander into the next room a few minutes later, I found her stretched out, face-down across the bed, weeping silently, like Dad always said a woman had to do now and then.

The next morning, I helped carry the flowers that Mother and Dad took to put on Charley McDaniels' grave, after they'd buried and sung over him. But the sorrel horse wasn't anywhere in sight.

I never did learn what happened to him.

## Brave Warriors

(Continued from page 35)

would like to go?" And the tall chief steadfastly answered: "I see no place but the Wallowa Valley. It is my home—the home of my father and of his father before him. I simply claim the right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to live on yours."

Baffled, Jerome gave up questioning the canny Nez Perce. General O. O. Howard tried a different tack with Joseph. "Suppose," blustered the General, "several

thousand armed men should enter Wallowa—what would you do?"

The piercing black eyes of the Indian coolly studied the white-bearded officer before he replied. "We have no quarrel with anyone," he answered finally. "We will not sell our land nor give it up. We love our Valley; it is our home."

So, deftly, the untutored red man avoided the clever trap set for him by Howard. Purposely, he had refrained from stating that he would fight the soldiers when they came; yet the connotation of his sober words was clearly understood by every white man at the council. The Commissioners wound up the meeting hurriedly and sent their report to Washington. Red men and white knew instinctively that the long, devious maneuvering to oust the Nez Perce was ended; "diplomacy" having failed again, the Government would now use force if necessary.

**E**ARLY in 1877, Reuben, head chief of the Lapwai Nez Perce, carried official word to Joseph to bring his people and stock in to the Reservation. Joseph did not appear surprised at the message. "I have expected it," he admitted. "Yet I will not leave Wallowa until I am compelled to."

The chief's fervent desire for peace caused him to make one more try for justice. On May 2, 1877, accompanied by fifty picked warriors, Joseph rode to Lapwai to appeal to General Howard for the last time. The party carried no weapons except feathered ceremonial tomahawk pipes. Dressed in their finest clothes and riding their best horses, the Nez Perce made a colorful appearance galloping up to Howard's tent single-file. Every brave was six feet tall or more, and every brave was in the prime of his early manhood.

Agent Monteith read the instructions from the Indian Bureau aloud to the assembled warriors, informing them that they must come in to the Reservation at once. They could bring their horses and cattle and pick the land they wanted, but they must come immediately.

Tu-hil-hul-sote, the Dreamer, a *tewat* and chief of a small band on remote Asotin Creek, violently objected. Ignoring Monteith and looking straight at General Howard, Tuhil-hul-sote declared: "What you have said I cannot do, because wherever Tamalait (The Great Spirit) has placed me to live, in that country I will live."

Sternly Howard replied: "We are all children of a common Government and must obey its requirements."

The medicine man laughed in bitter

scorn. "I belong to the land of which I came. The earth is my mother. You do not command the earth!"

Promptly, Howard arrested Tu-hil-hul-sote over the protests of Chiefs Joseph, Looking Glass and White Bird. The angry General let the *tewat* cool off in the guardhouse while he conducted the Nez Perce on a tour of the Reservation. Returning, the General allowed the medicine man to go free on White Bird's pledge that he would behave himself. Resignedly, all the chiefs agreed to return to their lands to make ready for the great transfer.

Joseph called his people together on the shore of Wallowa Lake to explain what must be done. Most of the young men, seething at the white man's ultimatum, demanded war. Joseph shook his head. "No, my braves," he told them firmly, "we must not go to war. The old days are gone, we must follow the white man's road from this day on. It is the only way we can survive. We have thirty days to gather our stock together and move to Lapwai."

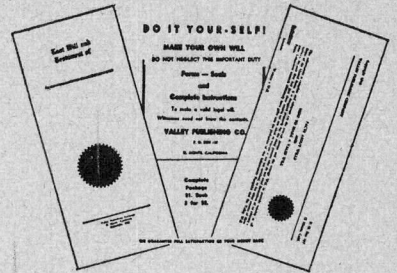
It was, of course, utterly impossible for the Nez Perce to round up all their grazing stock in thirty days. Hundreds of cattle and horses remained in the wild mountain valleys and hidden meadows when Joseph's warriors herded their animals near the mouth of the Imnaha preparatory to crossing the Snake River on the first lap of the arduous journey to Lapwai; a journey destined never to be finished.

The Snake, a raging torrent in these early June days, swept nearly half the horse herd of 2000 to death. The loss in cattle was greater still. Yet—and this was a matter of great happiness to their anxious chief—not a single member of Joseph's band died crossing the fearsome river. On the evening of June 8, the Wallowa Nez Perce pitched their lodges at Rocky Canyon in the appointed meeting place with the other non-treaty bands. White Bird was there, and Tu-hil-hul-sote. The *tewat* nursed a fierce resentment against General Howard, and Joseph knew he might still stir up trouble.

Only a week remained of the thirty-day deadline granted by Howard, yet the Indians made no move to leave the camp on the Snake. Nez Perce from the treaty bands within the Reservation joined the gathering, and daily the talk grew wilder. The wrongs done the tribe by the whites were recited again and again. Young Wal-lait-its, a hotheaded youth of White Bird's band, painted for war and screamed that he was going to avenge the death of his father, Eagle Blanket,

(Continued on following page)

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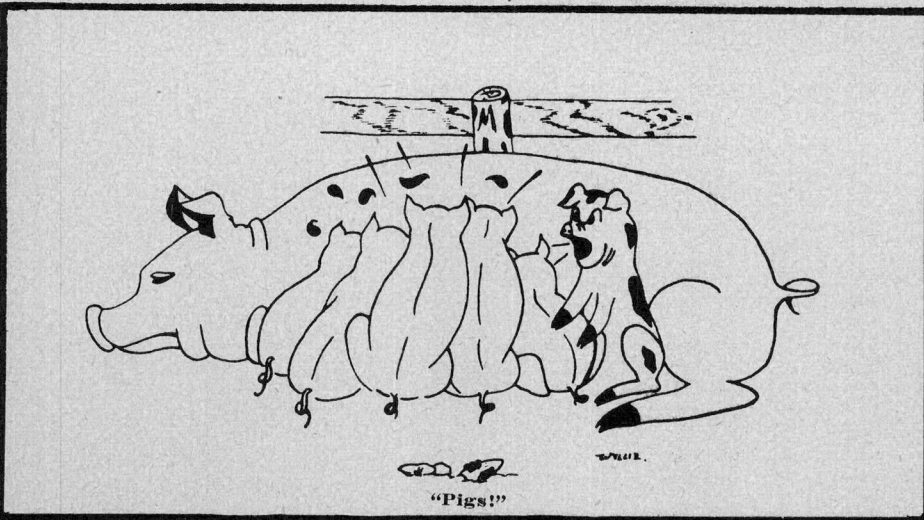
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## Brave Warriors

(Continued from preceding page)

at the hands of a white settler. High-stakes gambling flared up throughout the camp, and the madly excited players ignored Joseph's pleadings to pull down their teepees and start moving toward Lapwai. Even his own people became infected by the irresponsible actions of White Bird's firebrands and joined them in gambling, dancing and general hell-raising. Eight days the Nez Perce lingered at Rocky Canyon, refusing to obey the anxious urgings of the chiefs to hit the trail toward the Reservation.

On the morning of June 14, Joseph left camp with his brother Alokut to slaughter beef for his family. On his return that evening he found that Wal-lait-its, true to his word, had taken the war path with two friends the preceding afternoon.

Richard Divine, the killer of Eagle Blanket, lived alone in a cabin on Salmon River. A prudent man, he never failed to carry his rifle since the day he shot down the Nez Perce who had stupidly claimed to "own" the land upon which Divine had erected his cabin. The lone settler was found in the brush on June 19, shot through the head. His rifle was missing.

AFTER murdering Divine, Wal-lait-its and his two pals had gone hog-wild. Returning to Rocky Canyon to boast of their exploit, they shot and killed three settlers on Ta-tut-pa Creek and stole their horses. Whooping and quirting their stolen horses into a dead run, the frenzied young braves dashed madly back to camp. Galloping up to a lodge where four warriors sat smoking and talking, Wal-lait-its yelled: "Why do you sit here like women? The war has already begun. See this fine horse. See this rifle, this saddle, these clothes. I am mad—I have killed the man who killed my father! Get your horses and come on!"

Two Moons, one of the four braves to receive the shocking news, mounted his horse at once and rode hard to tell Joseph.

The chief, just returned from slaughtering cattle, cried out despairingly on hearing the news. "Now all that my father did and all that I have done is ruined! I would give my own life if I could undo this killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men and I blame the whites too . . . Let us ride to catch them, before it is too late."

It was too late. The war party had gone; the three swaggering killers, and Tu-hil-hul-sote, with twelve others. The camp was in an uproar when Joseph arrived; with women weeping hysterically, dogs barking, kids shrieking with gleeful excitement, and warriors hurriedly arming themselves. Chief White Bird rode furiously about the camp, shouting: "All must join now! There is blood! Everybody get ready to fight!"

Joseph dismounted from his horse and stood with his head bowed in the center of camp, saying not a word. Tears streamed down his broad cheeks. His dream of lasting peace with the white man was forever shattered.

Swiftly now, the red flame of war blazed along the Salmon. The Nez Perce war party struck first on White Bird Creek, where they killed a rancher and his wife and child. In rapid succession, the raiders murdered a store-keeper at the mouth of White Bird Creek and his customer, a settler named August Bacon. Riding on, the war party attacked and burned Mason Osborn's ranch near Grangeville. Osborn and a ranch-hand,

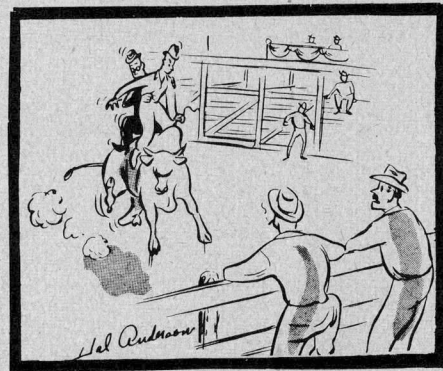
Francis Codazo, were killed; the women captured, considerably mauled by the excited young braves, but finally freed with their children.

Still unsated, the marauding sixteen rode on looking for more whites to kill. On the afternoon of the 14th, a messenger, carrying news of the Nez Perce outbreak to the soldiers at Lapwai, was fired upon by the marauding Indians just beyond Cottonwood House and severely wounded. He got back to Cottonwood, had his wound cleansed and bandaged, rested briefly and resumed his journey at night. Bill Norton, the stage-station manager at Cottonwood, insisted upon accompanying him. The party consisted of Lew Day, the messenger, Norton and his wife and son, Joe Moore, Mr. and Mrs. John Chamberlain and their two small children, and Miss Linn Bowers. John Chamberlain, the women and children and the wounded messenger traveled in a wagon; Norton and Moore rode alongside, mounted on their best horses and carrying rifles.

Ten miles out on the forty-mile trip to Lapwai, the Nez Perce raiders swooped down on the apprehensive travelers. One moment the moonless prairie lay empty and silent; the next it erupted screeching warriors on racing ponies. The whites' horses were shot down in the first rush of the attackers, leaving the party helpless. Bill Norton was killed, Joe Moore wounded before either man could fire a shot. John Chamberlain and his seven-year-old son were hacked to death with tomahawks, his wife brutally assaulted and his little daughter painfully cut with a knife. Mrs. Norton, shot through both hips, crawled between two dead horses and mercifully fainted. Day was shot in the leg and shoulder and left for dead, lying face down beside the wagon. Somehow, miraculously, Miss Bowers and young Hill Norton fled into the black night unharmed and got clear away.

WANDERING dazedly on the lonely plains, Linn Bowers and the Norton boy became separated in the darkness. Near dawn they were discovered by early-rising settlers several miles from the town of Mount Idaho. Heavily armed townsmen set out immediately for the scene of the massacre to bring in the bodies of the dead and rescue the wounded if they still lived. A "white man's Indian" and a half-breed named West rode hard in the opposite direction to alert the military at Lapwai.

Meanwhile, Joseph had withdrawn the three bands camped at Rocky Canyon to the mouth of White Bird Creek. The turbulent Salmon River protected the Nez Perce rear; sharp, broken, rocky ridges and dense forest guarded the new camp on both flanks. Any attack by the



"Wilson's a little too near-sighted to judge these events."

True West

soldiers would have to be made in the form of a direct frontal assault through a narrow canyon or down from a barren, exposed plateau. Instinctively, the "untutored savage leader" of the Nez Perce had selected a virtually impregnable position in which to make his stand.

Still hoping that peace might yet be achieved, Joseph posted scouts on the ridges to warn the camp if the soldiers should appear. When the warning came—a flaming haystack on a settler's ranch northeast of camp—the chief had his battle plan ready. He called his brother Alokut and White Bird to a council before his teepee.

"Now hear me," said Joseph to White Bird and Alokut. "This fight is not of our choosing, but we will fight and win."

"We have only one hundred warriors," pointed out White Bird. "Only fifty have guns, the rest bows and arrows. The soldiers will have many guns. We cannot beat them."

"Three days ago you roared about camp like a real-bear (grizzly) calling for blood!" Joseph reminded him sharply. "Now that the fighting is here, you are not so brave anymore."

"Go on, my brother," Alokut begged. "Tell us what to do."

"Listen then," snapped Joseph. "The soldiers will not get here until tomorrow. When they arrive, we shall be spread out ready to meet them. They are coming from the northeast, therefore they must come down from the plateau. Long before they come, our women will move our teepees and horses behind the ridges along the Salmon. Women and children and horses will be safe there while we fight. If we are beaten, we can still escape across the Salmon."

"Escape!" echoed Alokut bitterly. "Every white man will be against us

from now on. Where can we go, what can we do?"

"We will travel through the mountains to the last buffalo country in Montana," replied Joseph.

"Even there the whites will hunt us down like wolves!" declared Alokut.

"Then we will go far to the North, to the Land of the Red Coats, and join Sitting Bull and his Sioux. There is always some place for a brave man to go. Sleep now. We will have real work to do tomorrow."

Advancing steadily toward the Nez Perce camp throughout the night, Captain David Perry did not realize that his every movement was observed and reported by Nez Perce scouts. By daybreak, when the troops started down the 2500-foot descent from the plateau toward Joseph's camp, the chief knew that Perry led a force of about one hundred soldiers and ten civilians. He knew also that the whites rode green horses who were likely to be gun-shy when the shooting started. Coyote yelps from his lurking scouts also informed Joseph that "white man's Indians" from Lapwai were doing the the scouting for Perry.

THROUGH field-glasses the chief noted that two Christian Nez Perce and a white "squaw-man" led the column. In this, Joseph saw a last desperate chance to avert bloodshed. Quickly he sent out five warriors under a white flag to meet the enemy scouts and try to arrange a parley. The gesture was fruitless. Arthur Chapman, whose wife was a Nez Perce, fired the first shots of the battle at the bearers of the white flag. Behind him, the soldiers opened fire at long range. The messengers whirled their ponies and rode back to the Nez Perce line.

Not an Indian was in sight when

Perry's column approached the Nez Perce camp in the valley; only the faint smoke of dimming campfires betrayed the presence of a camp at all. Ahead of Perry's cautiously advancing scouts two ridges stretched across the valley at a point where the canyon widened to four or five hundred yards between rugged bluffs. On the left, two lightly wooded knolls poked up to a height of about one hundred feet. On the right, a rocky ridge ran parallel to the line of the soldiers' march. Perry couldn't have picked a more dangerous terrain in which to fight an engagement.

The column had reached the second ridge when the Nez Perce, hidden behind rocks and fallen timber, opened the ball in this—the first battle ever fought by Nez Perce against the white man. The peace that had endured for 70 years was shattered.

Chief Joseph's battle plan was a masterpiece of tactical maneuver. White Bird, leading thirty warriors, moved to the left of the whites' line around the wooded knolls; Alokut, with another thirty braves, slipped around Perry's right flank. Joseph himself, with forty warriors, remained in the center directly in the path of Perry's advance. Both flanking maneuvers were timed to jump off simultaneously with Joseph's thrust at the center. The fifty Nez Perce rifles had been carefully divided among the attacking parties, so that the troops were suddenly involved in a hot fire fight from three sides at once.

Captain Perry yelled to his bugler to blow the charge, but the trooper got off only the first note when he fell from his horse dead. The slow, steady fire of the Nez Perce sharpshooters took a deadly toll, and soldiers began dropping all along the line. White Bird's warriors charged

(Continued on following page)



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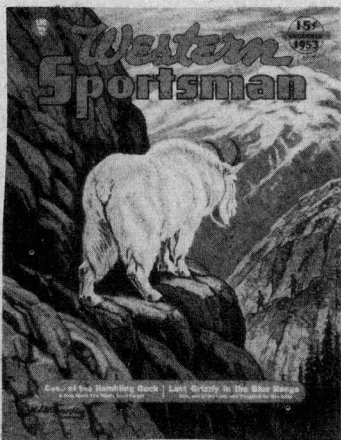
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## Brave Warriors

(Continued from preceding page)

the wavering civilians on the left flank and seized the knolls. Rifle fire from these vantage points raked the whites with devastating effect. Panic seized the soldiers and they began to fall back in disorder.

Captain Perry spurred his horse along the broken line, shouting to the jittery troopers to make a stand on the first ridge in their rear. No sooner had the frantic commander stabilized a new line along this ridge when the crafty Nez Perce shattered it with a novel stratagem. Five hundred horses suddenly stampeded out of the Indian lines and poured over the cringing troops in a frightful avalanche of pounding hoofs and surging bodies. The soldiers, many of them raw recruits, fired futilely into the onrushing mass of horse-flesh—then dropped their guns and fled in terror. Perry, bellowing hoarsely, tried in vain to halt them. Horror-stricken, he watched Lieutenant Theller and eighteen men turn into a blind draw. Not a one escaped the Nez Perce marksmen hidden along the top and sides of the gully. Lieutenant Parnell, leading fourteen men, raced past the mouth of the death-trap and into a small canyon beyond. Perry gathered up sixteen stragglers and joined Parnell.

Four hours the troopers held off the Nez Perce in a long-range sniping duel before Perry turned wearily to his lieutenant and said: "We will hold this position another hour and then retreat to Mount Idaho in the darkness."

Parnell stared at Perry in amazement. "Sir!" he cried, "it is only seven o'clock in the morning!"

Perry passed a hand dazedly over his forehead and mumbled: "Tell the men we're pulling out—immediately!"

The victorious Nez Perce chased the surviving soldiers almost to Mount Idaho, where the settlers came out in force. Chief Joseph, who had not lost a man and had only four wounded, called off his warriors at once and headed back toward the battle-field. The Indians found thirty-four dead soldiers on the ridges and in White Bird Canyon. The bodies were stripped of clothing and weapons but not scalped. The young braves insisted upon holding a victory dance in celebration. Joseph smiled sadly at their excited joy over beating the white men. "Dance if you must," he told them, "but if you were wise, you would spend the night praying. Now that we have killed white men in battle, their brothers will trail us like wolves until they have their revenge!"

*Editor's Note: Not even Chief Joseph realized, at the time, how grimly prophetic these words were. For the blazing, bloody, heart-rending finish of this article, catch the Spring Issue of TRUE WEST. We hate to cut it off here, too, Podner—but there's a limit to the words you can cram into one issue!*

## Truly Western

(Continued from page 6)

trying to get his stuff published in our rag. Writers will say anything to get their stuff published!—Ed.

**Pretty Good, But—**

Gentlemen:

You have a pretty good idea in your magazine and I congratulate you on not exercising the jaw like so many Texans. However, I feel that you should be more

careful about some of your authors.

The story of Belle Starr is a good example. The author says she was killed by an outlaw who was afraid she had betrayed him to the law. According to one of the people who were there at the time, a man named Edgar Watson killed her for rebuffing his advances and was promptly hunted down and hung for it.

The author also accuses John Brown of stirring up bad blood between Kansas and Missouri. Bushwa! Before John Brown ever appeared on the scene, blood-lusting Missourians were slipping over into Kansas to murder Free State men, pillage and burn. That is a matter of public record.

I lived in Lawrence, Kansas, for fourteen years and I heard a lot about Quantrill's raid. However, I never heard that he killed women and children in that raid. There is an interesting story about that guerrilla. He started out as a schoolteacher in Lawrence, but was caught molesting a girl student. He was tarred and feathered and ridden out of town on a rail. This may account for his dislike of the town.

Incidentally, referring to "a man by the name of John Brown," is about as big an insult in Kansas as a sneering reference to Sam Houston and the Alamo would be in Texas.

By the way, that perpetual motion clock idea is centuries old. The works are inside the hands.

The article about the Cheyenne Indians was interesting, but I feel that the author is one of these people who lives in a dream world, without knowing reality. His article was heavily loaded with propaganda, so any usefulness was lost on that account.

The author proceeds on the assumption that all the trouble was caused by the White Man, ignoring traits of Indian character that made a clash inevitable. He pretends the Indians were forced to raid wagon trains and other parties for food, while such actions were really what the Indian had always done when he thought he could get away with it. The first whites to meet up with them had their stock stolen.

It was not a case of the white causing all the trouble as the author tries to make out. The Indian had his faults and could be as ornery and treacherous as the next person. The author also makes out that they were deliberately starved on the reservations. The main reason for any hardships suffered was that the Indian was unwilling to work.

When beef was issued to them, they would eat it all up in one big gorge, then lay around in the sun, smoking and gambling and dreaming of past glories until some young buck would jump the reservation and go out on a murdering expedition. If he had attempted to get the facts, he would have known that. I might add that one of the Indian massacres was caused by the fact that the agent in charge tried to get them to farm instead of loafing.

He also hollers and whoops about the Chivington Massacre at Sand Creek. His account of the affair is about as accurate as a biography of Sen. McCarthy would be if written by Alger Hiss. Need I say more?

In his account he neglects to mention that the Indians were menacing the settlements. He also neglects to mention that after the affair, fresh scalps, including some with long yellow hair, were found in the teepees. Friendly, peace-loving Indians! Bah!

Two ways of life met and both could not exist. The Indian could not, or would not, change, so he had to go. He lived by plunder and murder and took his

land by killing everybody that was on it. He lay in the sewer and when he reaped the consequences, he wasn't man enough to accept them.

If you continue to publish the articles, I would suggest that for each case of alleged mistreatment of the Indians, you publish an account of what the Indians did when they got a chance. You might also insist that every time the author uses any variation of "ornery white man," you insist that he include the phrase "dirty, stinking, treacherous, blood-thirsty savage." Then the articles would be more truthful.

I might add that if you wish to live, you never argue with an Indian. Just kick him in the teeth until he decides to behave.—Edwin Sigler, 546 Ellis, Wichita 9, Kansas.

Well, now! That one pretty near clears up the whole situation with John Brown, Quantrill, Belle Star, us limber-jawed Texans, Sen. McCarthy, Sam Houston, Alger Hiss, the perpetual-motion clock hoax, True West Magazine, them "dirty, stinking, treacherous, blood-thirsty savages who need kicking in the teeth," and writer, Norman Wiltsey. Especially Wiltsey. We had no idea that "ornery white man" knew so little about the true nature of an Indian! And him writing for us! Just let that bird try to hit us up for a raise now!—Ed.

### Bulls of a Feather

Gentlemen: (Thanks, pal!—Ed.)

Enclosed find check for 12 issues of your incomparable magazine.

I've chased beef critters from the Pecos to the Powder, from Montana to Arizona. I was born and raised in a cow camp, and roamed the West for nigh onto fifty years. I have no use whatever for western fiction story magazines. Crazy stories written by tenderfeet that was never west of Manhattan in their lives!

I saw your magazine yesterday for the first time. I picked it up to see what kind of he-cow lawn fertilizer it contained. I thought it would be "birds of a feather, all flock together" with the other fiction westerns.

First thing I saw the picture of the old court house in Lincoln, N. M. Then the ruins of Rhyolite over Death Valley way and the grave of Shorty Harris, the chipped and weathered old tombstone of the Kid down at Ft. Sumner, N. M. Hell, I've seen them all—didn't have to read what's under the pictures. I bought the magazine. Best two bits I ever spent. Price should be a dollar per copy.

I read it from cover to cover and back again. Being a Montana man from up on the Little Horn I sure enjoyed that Cheyenne Indian tale. First time I've heard the Little Horn called the Greasy Grass since I was a kid hunting arrow heads and war axes on the ridge where the big blowhard Custer got what he was asking for. In those days there were just boards stuck in the ground to show where the troopers fell. Now they got little marble tombstones scattered over the ridge and down the draw marking where they found them. When I was a kid the bones of the troopers' horses, some Indian ponies too, were scattered all over the ridge but these souvenir hunters packed even them away. Whoever wrote that tale knows his war whoops.

As many have told you before—you've got what all real westerners have been looking for all their life. Sure wish I had a million to throw in with you boys. You've got a winning hand, that's a dead moral certainty.

Thanks a million!—Miles T. Rader, 217 Pearl St., Denver 9, Colorado.



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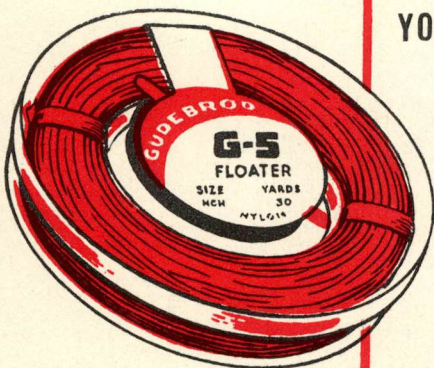
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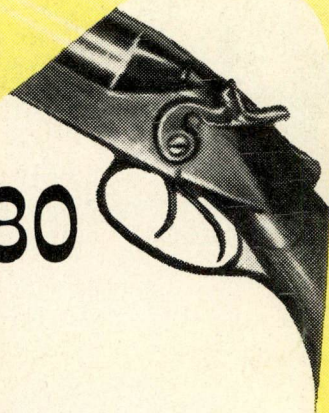
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