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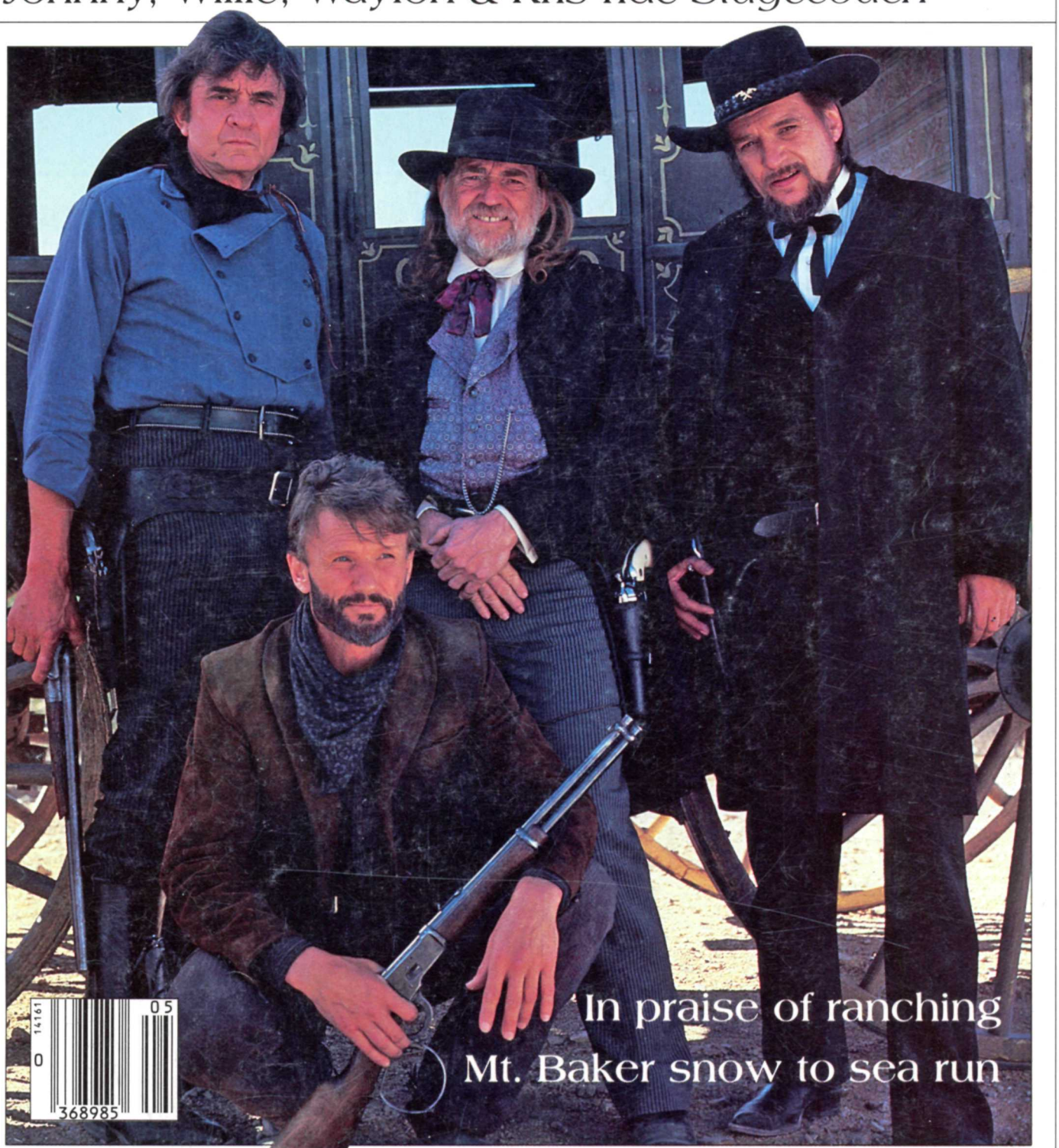
American West

The land and its people

May/June 1986 $3

Johnny, Willie, Waylon & Kris ride *Stagecoach*



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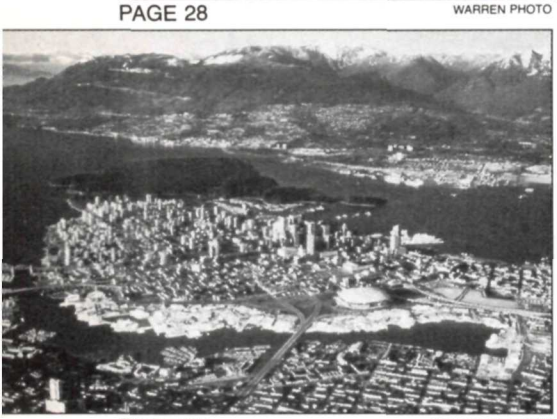
AW-1

May/June 1986 Vol. XXIII, No. 3

American West

PAGE 28 WARREN PHOTO



PAGE 70 COURTESY EXPO 86

PAGE 38 COURTESY CBS PHOTO BY TONY ESPARZA

Cover

Four country Western music stars pose as their characters in a new production of the legendary film *Stagecoach*. Standing in front of the stage to Lordsburg are Johnny Cash as U.S. Marshal Curley Wilcox, Willie Nelson as Doc Holliday, Waylon Jennings as Hatfield the gambler, and kneeling, Kris Kristofferson as the Ringo Kid. Ringo holds a loop-lever Winchester, modeled after the restyled gun that John Wayne carried as the original Ringo Kid in the United Artists production of *Stagecoach* in 1939. The new, made for CBS-TV movie offers Western buffs the drama of the original, including warring Apaches, plus some musical renditions by their favorite country music singers. See page 38 to enter this world of the Old West.

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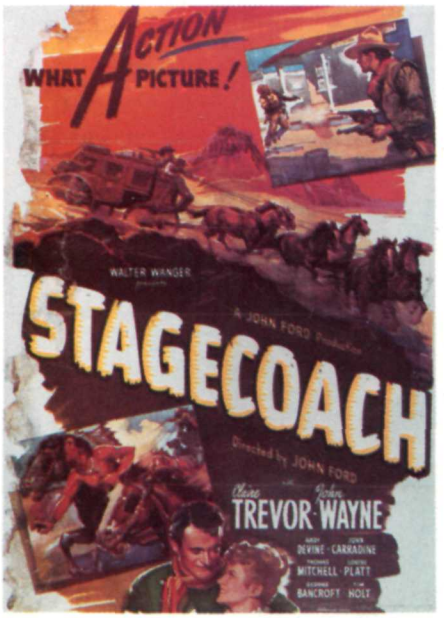
View from the West



I missed the first run of John Wayne's movie *Stagecoach* (1939), but by the time Gary Cooper faced the bad guys alone at *High Noon* (1952), and Alan Ladd didn't answer when his little friend plaintively called out after *Shane* (1953), I was hunkered down in my seat in a little Texas movie theater, eyes fastened on the screen. Like many Americans I graduated to *High Noon* and *Shane* only after several adolescent years of sitting through countless grade B Western serials shown at the Saturday morning "fun club."

The fun club was a package of cartoons and slapstick shorts (not unlike Saturday morning TV fare today) that culminated in a Western serial. The serial inevitably left the hero or heroine (and, of course, his or her trusty steed) poised on the brink of impending disaster—*to be continued next week!*

Those of us who rode across the screen on Saturday mornings with John Wayne, Tom Mix, Gene Autry, Hopalong Cassidy, and Roy Rogers, and later saw Western picture shows flower in *High Noon* and *Shane* have waited a long time for a real Western to return to the screen. Last summer we waited right through *Pale Rider* and *Silverado*—not bad in their own rights, but not quite right as Westerns either.

In *High Noon* when Tex Ritter gently sang "Do not forsake me oh my darlin' on this our weddin' day" to a heartbeat rhythm, you moved to the edge of your seat. When Grace Kelly, aloof from violence in her Quaker convictions, told Gary Cooper he'd have to choose between their hours-old marriage and his honor as marshal, the issues were clear. And in the end you saw the right Western stuff from both of them: Cooper defending the town in spite of its cowardly self, Kelly standing behind her man and dropping one of the bad guys with a blast from a double-barreled shotgun.

Although the story line in *Shane* was entirely different, the frontier issues and principles were the same. When Alan Ladd, as Shane, pushed to the wall by an outlaw who threatened both him and the family he had befriended, strapped on the guns he'd foresworn, you knew justice would prevail, or a good man was going to die trying. "A man's gotta do what a man's gotta do," was all he needed to say. We knew the rest.

These weren't "attractive killers," as one contemporary critic aptly describes Clint Eastwood's Western roles. And there wasn't a circus of gunplay and trick riding going on, as we saw in *Silverado*. The protagonists of *High Noon, Shane,* and *Stagecoach* (in a simpler, John Wayne sort of way) were individuals facing insurmountable odds because they had to, because that was what was in front of them that day, and no one else could or would help. In a less dramatic but just as heroic fashion, it was the same challenge in the same landscape faced by every pioneer that pushed west into the new land. They faced their destiny in a uniquely American landscape with uniquely frontier challenges forced upon them out of the physical requirements of survival. Critics who lightly dismiss the meaning of Westerns, or worse try to make something intellectual of them that they aren't, miss the point.

What Americans have come to feel about the West and about the Western hero comes as close as anything we've got to a heroic mythology: a creed that expresses a distinctive set of values, fears, biases, and aspirations. Through this myth (and Western movies and fiction have almost single-handedly built and sustained the myth), we have revealed what we would be. We are a simple, straightforward, independent people. Our literary heroes are working people of common origin, and this was true long before the invention of movies. *Moby Dick,* for all its power as a sea story, has the makings of a perfect Western.

Unlike Europeans we have no long history. Our virtue lies in our landscape and our efforts to control it, and—less successfully—ourselves within it. The American hero is a simple man. Innocent. Independent. Self-sufficient. Uneducated, but with an instinctive sense of justice, welded to a grim determination to bend the human and natural environment to his will. The myth, like all myths, has a dark side. Violence and self-destruction—both of self and the sustaining land—are the left hand of our westering quest. The hero of the Western, in his independence and self-reliance, is an outcast. Gary Cooper throws his marshal's badge in the dust in the final scene of *High Noon,* and he and Grace Kelly (her Quaker pacifism violated) ride off alone . . . forever alone. Alan Ladd leaves alone, too, at the end of *Shane,* impervious to the small boy's voice calling him to the family he has just defended. No family for this man . . . ever.

Marion Morrison was one of the last of the old heroes—a mix of reality and fiction, real cowboy and celluloid variety. Born in Iowa in 1907, son of a small-town pharmacist, Morrison was told early on in his life that a "man should keep his word, never intentionally insult anyone, and not look for trouble. But if he fought be sure and win." Morrison became an actor—a "re-actor" he liked to call it—and in his last film portrayed John Bernard Books, a gunman dying of cancer who had "plain plumb outlived his time." Tired and worn out, but still not yielding, he told his leading lady Lauren Bacall: "I won't be wronged, I won't be insulted, I won't be laid a hand on. I don't do these things to other people, and I require the same of them." Marion Morrison, better known as John Wayne, died of cancer with *The Shootist* still in distribution.

When American jet fighters forced the Egyptian airplane carrying the Achille Lauro pirates and murderers to land in Italy, Libyan leader Muammar al-Khadafy, in what he evidently intended as a slur on our national character, called the bold fast-draw over the Mediterranean the work of American cowboy mentality. Never mind that the Egyptian pilot was confused over the identity of the threatening fighters and might not have submitted to the forced landing if he had known the pilots were American instead of Israeli. It was cowboys Khadafy called us, unknowingly throwing us right in the briar patch of our fondest image of ourselves.

The myth for all its faults, all its movie tinsel, and misuse, even its dangerous touch of absurdity in the world today, still had some old John Wayne inspiration in it.

Too bad no one on the national scene had the wit to reply, "Smile, Muammar, when you call us that."

Tom Pew

American West

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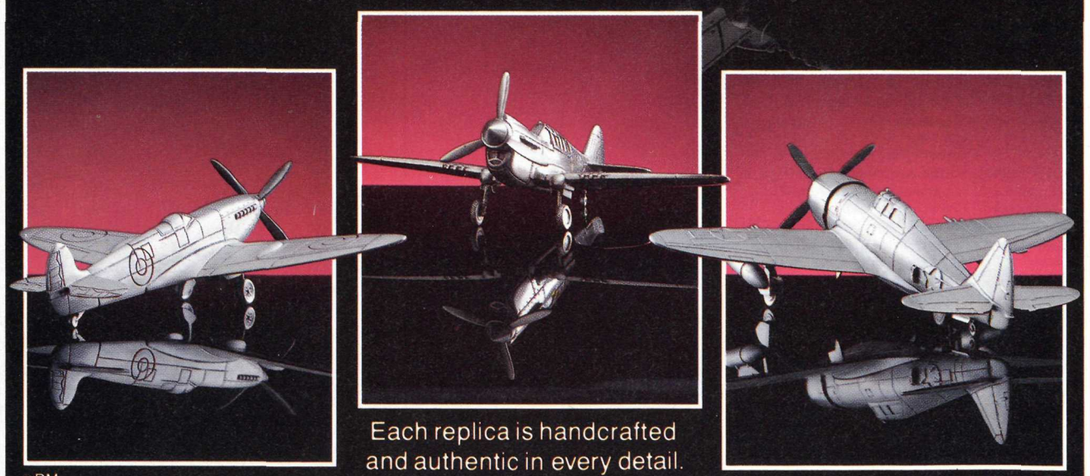
The Great Fighter Planes of World War II

Curtiss Warhawk (U.S.A.)
Shown actual size.

Supermarine Spitfire (Great Britain)
Shown actual size.



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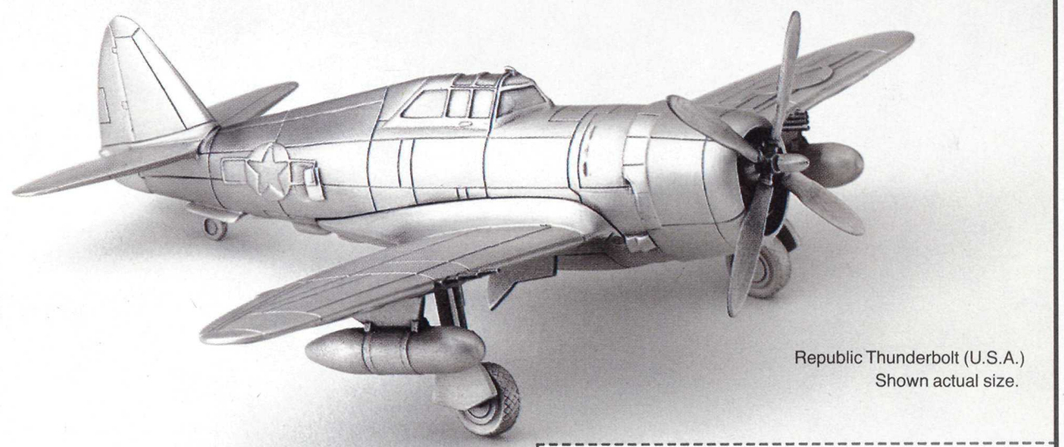

Republic Thunderbolt (U.S.A.)
Shown actual size.

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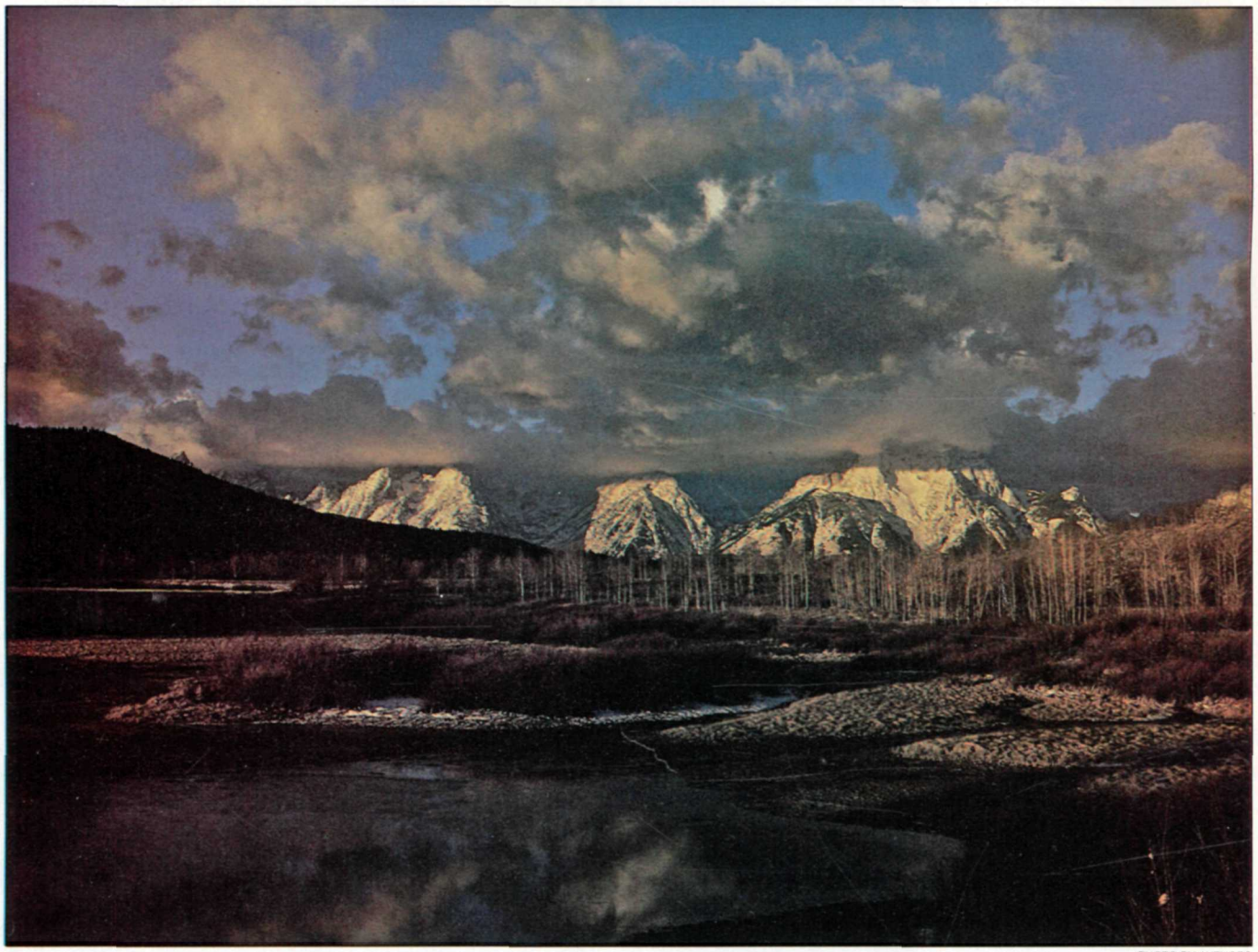

OXBOW POND, GRAND TETON NATIONAL PARK

PHOTO BY AUTHORS

Our Magical Western Mornings

by Erwin and Peggy Bauer

Well before daybreak the alarm clock shatters the stillness in our VW camper. A hand reaches out from inside a warm sleeping bag to plug in a pot of coffee that is soon percolating. Ten minutes later we also emerge from warm cocoons, dress quickly, drink the strong brew, and check out of a campsite where no one else is stirring. Full breakfast can wait for a little while.

Rising before dawn isn't exactly pleasant, especially on cold mornings at mile-high altitudes when frost encrusts the outside world. But there is method in this madness. After a short drive, we arrive at a turnout on the highway that passes through Grand Teton National Park and swings close to Oxbow Pond of the Snake River. It is about five minutes to sunrise, which gives us enough time to set up cameras and be ready when the first morning light falls upon the Teton crests and illuminates them with a salmon glow. We begin to photograph the exquisite scene, and a few exposures later the entire landscape before us is awash in glorious sunlight. It will not be as stunning a spectacle again until another daybreak.

Although this setting at Oxbow Pond is among the most familiar and frequently photographed in America—a fixture on calendars, postcards, and in picture books that millions of Americans see each summer—it is too seldom enjoyed when it is most wonderful. At daybreak. On a typical morning from April through October, just to see Oxbow Pond at dawn is well worth getting up in the middle of the night.

Although a photographer can shoot the American West around the clock and around the seasons, first light offers the best conditions for taking spectacular shots. A poll of professional outdoor cameramen would surely reveal that most of them consider morning, the earlier the better, as the most rewarding time to be in the field.

There are a number of reasons for this. Even in a popular national park during the height of the summer season, one can usually enjoy daybreak alone. Traffic does not yet

clog the roads. Foot traffic on the scenic trails that wind through wildflower meadows is almost nonexistent. In other words, the tourists are not yet touring; only the deer and elk are abroad.

Almost all of the wildlife anywhere is most active before the sun is high, and that is true in midwinter as well as summer. Low morning light on man or beast, on mountains, plains, or seashores is simply unique and uniquely beautiful. It adds deep, rich color and mood to any composition. In fact, many Western scenes become flat and actually seem to be drained of color (bleached out) once the sun rises well above the horizon.

Not all daybreaks are the same. Our favorite is the clear, cool, dewy one when a carmine sun climbs slowly and washes the landscape with its strange, haunting light that never lasts long enough. Unsettled mornings can be either dramatic or exasperating. Cloud formations may be extremely powerful. You may get the greatest pictures of a trip or nothing at all. We also like foggy and misty mornings, not uncommon in springtime or fall, which can give any scene a lovely, almost surreal effect.

Good advice in this, as in everything, is to plan ahead. Scout out and choose a specific place to be waiting at dawn. It is a shame to spend that finest hour of the day in searching around. Also, we pay attention to local weather predictions. There is no use in getting up when the morning promises to be only dark and rainy.

Proper exposure can be a little more tricky at sunrise and sunset during the rest of the day. In fact, it is good advice not to trust your exposure meter alone when the light is low and you are using slow film like ISO 64, which we recommend. So, we always bracket. This is a tried-and-true technique of shooting several different exposures of the same scene to be certain to get the perfect one. Shoot the first picture at the exposure recommended by your meter. Next, both under- and over-expose by one or two stops. Costly as it certainly is today, film is still a minor expense on a Western holiday. If you are a serious photographer, it may be false economy to be skimpy with film. Of course bracketing is only practical when photographing a landscape or a subject that is fairly static. You must believe the exposure meter when shooting action.

The combination of low light and slow film in the morning demands closer attention to sharp focus. There isn't so much margin for error. You may have to use a slow shutter speed; so, a tripod or some other firm rest is needed. For shooting roadside scenes, a rolled-up sweater, jacket, or pillow on top of a parked vehicle with the motor turned off provides as solid a camera base as a tripod.

Daybreak is also the best time of day by far to shoot scenes around water or with water in the foreground. Spring or summer sunrises tend to be calm enough that water surfaces mirror the surrounding topography, giving a sense of serenity and magnificence to a properly composed photograph. When shooting a mirror scene, we suggest that you locate the line between mirror and background just above or just below the center of the photograph.

Although getting up before dawn may not be easy or seem very sensible, it is necessary to take some of the most memorable, inspirational photographs you will ever produce. Of course it requires genuine resolve to desert a snug bed for a chilly (maybe cold) outdoors. But that first step is always the hardest. Once you are up and dressed, with a cup of coffee under your belt, you will relish the much warmer, golden, exquisite world that too few ever see.

Erwin and Peggy Bauer *are the authors of* Photographing Wild Texas, *recently published by the University of Texas Press, Austin.*

COURTESY GEORGE CALLISON

Unearthing Ancient Creatures in Colorado

Partial remains of a primitive mammal that may be the common forerunner of both modern placental and marsupial mammals were uncovered last summer near Fruita, Colorado, northwest of Grand Junction. The complete skull and jaws of what is speculated to be a previously undescribed species are currently being examined by experts at the University of Chicago.

Dr. George Callison, a professor of paleontology at California State University, Long Beach, and leader of the Fruita Paleontological Area dig, claims the find is rivaled only by a similar skeleton unearthed in Portugal nine or ten years ago, belonging to the same family but not so well preserved as the Fruita one. The Colorado creature existed during the Age of Reptiles, in the Jurassic period. Knowledge about small mammals living at that time is sketchy, says Callison; study of this primitive mammal will help scientists fill in some of the missing details.

The largest dinosaurs that ever roamed the earth also lived in the surrounding area, during the same time period. Fossils of Ultrasaurs, dinosaurs that measured 100 feet in length and weighed up to 100 tons, have been located in nearby Utah. Also found in the Fruita area by Callison and his team of EARTHWATCH volunteer diggers were the bones of swift-footed little crocodilians like *Fruitachampsa callisoni*, which sprinted in a manner quite unlike today's shorter-legged crocodiles.

Fossil remains of adult chicken-sized dinosaurs, that moved about like bipedal animals, were discovered along with the croc-like creatures and the primitive mammal. Callison, who has been digging in the Fruita area since the mid-1970s, states that these finds let scientists know that dinosaurs were more diverse than was previously thought.

Ride 'em cowboy! A fifty-four-year-old Texas tradition, the Texas Prison Rodeo, will carry on despite the recent flak it's received from critics around the state, who complain that the event is losing money.

Originated in 1931 by Texas Department of Corrections general manager Lee Simmons and director of educational programs Albert Moore, the Huntsville Prison Rodeo was designed as a recreational outlet for inmates. The event turned out to be a hit with the Huntsville community as well as the prisoners.

Over the years, rodeo proceeds have gone toward prisoner education rehabilitation programs. Recently, however, the state legisla-

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ture passed a bill prohibiting the prison from using state monies to subsidize the hell-for-leather bulldogging and bronc riding. The prison must now reimburse the state for wages earned by state employees while helping to run the rodeo. Thanks to last year's rodeo profit of over $100,000, come October 1986 the Huntsville prison will bust loose for a day once more.

Explore the wilderness. For those who want to enjoy the outdoors in peaceful, secluded surroundings, the Yellowstone Institute offers an alternative to cheek-by-jowl motor-home parks and crowded hiking trails. Sponsored by the nonprofit Yellowstone Association for Natural Science, History & Education, Incorporated, the Institute is located in the remote northeast section of the park at the old Buffalo Ranch. It offers a total of forty-six courses on a wide range of topics like natural history, wildflowers, grizzly bears, geology, and outdoor photography. Classes are held in what was once the bunkhouse, and participants stay in rustic cabins overlooking the Lamar Valley, where wild herds of bison and elk are a common sight.

Five-day horsepacking trips along the Old Faithful–Bechler Trail (July 18–22), the Nez Perce Trail (July 23–27), and the Washburn Expedition Trail (August 17–21) combine history with practical lessons on traveling in the backcountry with pack stock.

For a complete schedule, information on fees and registration, and a free, sixteen-page course catalog, write P.O. Box 117, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming 82190.

Place your bets. A federal commission designed to regulate gambling on Indian reservations was recently approved by the House Interior Committee and at this writing is awaiting Senate confirmation. According to a spokesman for Representative Morris Udall (D-Arizona), chairman of the Committee, the commission will work to limit the amount of revenue that outside corporations can obtain from Indian gambling operations, so that the Indians retain the proceeds.

Anselmo Valencia, a representative of the Yaqui tribe in southern Arizona, believes that gambling provides an opportunity for Indians to become independent from government allotments, which he feels will continue to be decreased. The tribe plans to look closely at anyone who proposes to erect gambling facilities on the reservation and will have them thoroughly checked out by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

A new shine on the Silver Dollar. Like many wide-open Western frontier towns, El Paso, Texas, once had its shady side, along with its more respectable ventures. The Silver Dollar was just one of the many brothels that made up El Paso's red-light district.

The bordello's nomination for a spot on the National Register of Historic Places was approved by the Texas Historical Commission's Board of Review without a hitch, but the El Paso Historical Landmark Commission balked at officially recognizing a house of joy as a historic site. According to Ann Enriquez, a member of the El Paso Historical Commission, some people opposed spotlighting the seedier side of El Paso's history. Others wished to have the building demolished so that low-income housing could be erected.

The El Paso Commission ultimately decided to acknowledge the Silver Dollar's historic value as a local landmark, several weeks prior to its placement on the National Register. The Silver Dollar joined two other bordellos already listed on the state register.

The top five Western hat honchos in the country got together for the first time last February to help declare the city of Tucson, Arizona, "Western Hat Capital of the World." Putting aside their rivalry for a day to open up a new Western hat and apparel store were company presidents Charles Bailey (Bailey Hat Company), Irving Joel (Resistol Hats), Roy Langenberg (Langenberg Hat Company), John Milano (Milano Hat Company), and Gary Rosenthal (Stetson Hat Company). They stood tall and proud, crowned with cowboy hats that wranglers and dudes alike would covet on sight. During the opening ceremony, Milano expressed his amazement at seeing all five hat nabobs in one room. "I don't know how you did it!" he exclaimed. These five companies produce 95% of all Western hats in the United States—enough to keep one heck of a lot of heads in style.

The first Cheyenne saint. David Oakerhater, an Oklahoma Cheyenne born in the first half of the nineteenth century, has been nominated as an Episcopalian saint. The nomination was officially approved at the September

1985 convention of the Episcopalian Church and is expected to be confirmed at the 1988 convention. Oakerhater served the Church as a deacon for fifty years until his death in 1931.

The nomination of Oakerhater arose from a fifteen-year effort by the Oklahoma Committee on Indian Work. According to the Reverend Gerald Mason, an Episcopalian minister in Oklahoma City, Oakerhater converted to the Episcopalian faith during his imprisonment in Fort Marion, St. Augustine, Florida, from 1874–1878. A distinguished Cheyenne warrior who fought in the Battle of Adobe Walls in 1874, he was rounded up as a ringleader along with other potentially troublesome Cheyenne, Kiowa, and Ottawa tribesmen and confined without benefit of trial. A teaching by a visiting bishop is thought to have inspired Oakerhater, who was ordained as a deacon in 1881. He returned to Oklahoma and began ministering to the Cheyenne tribe living near present-day El Reno, Oklahoma. The Church offered to retire him in 1917, but the dedicated deacon refused.

The Cheyenne deacon will become the first American Indian saint in the Episcopal Church. Mason cited Oakerhater's piety, devotion to his congregation, and his extraordinary forgiveness in adopting the white man's faith while enduring persecution as proof of his saintliness.

The spirit of the West—that's what the sponsors of the first annual Great Western Teleplay Competition were seeking when they chose Doris Baizley's script, "Mary and the Basket Maker."

Brockman Seawell, head of the Denver Center Productions division at the Denver Center for the Performing Arts, Colorado, came up with the idea for the competition. More than 500 entries poured in to the Denver office between August 1, 1985, and January 1, 1986. Seven finalists were selected from playwrights living in New York, California, and Colorado.

Baizley, who lives in Los Angeles, received a $10,000 award along with first place honors. The winning play depicts a young woman living in Inyo, California, in 1899, emphasizing her friendship with Sayavi, a Paiute Indian woman who makes baskets, and her struggles to earn a living as a writer. Seawell feels the play's theme is as relevant today as it was in 1899.

The Public Broadcasting System's American Playhouse series is working with Baizley and the Denver Center in developing the script for a possible American Playhouse production. The Denver Center plans to hold the teleplay competition annually.

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FOURTH ANNUAL PHOTO CONTEST

Two thousand five hundred dollars worth of PENTAX 645 camera equipment will be awarded to the winner of AMERICAN WEST's Fourth Annual Celebrate-the-West Photo Contest. Photographs of Western people, places, still lifes, and events are all eligible in an open-class photo contest. Photos will be judged by a panel comprised of the editor and art director of AMERICAN WEST in conjunction with a distinguished outside professional photographer. Photos will be evaluated on originality, quality, and technique.

In addition to the Grand Prize provided by PENTAX in the Fourth Annual Photo Contest, four additional prizes of $100 each will be awarded. Winning photographs will appear in the January/February 1987 issue of AMERICAN WEST.

Deadline for entries is September 15, 1986. Read the Contest Rules and get your entries in early.

CONTEST RULES

ELIGIBILITY

The contest is open to everyone except employees of AMERICAN WEST and their relatives. Previously published photos or ones pending publication will not qualify. All entries must be available to the magazine for use on a first-right basis.

ENTRIES

You may submit any number of photographs on a Western subject, which will be judged on originality and quality. Be sure to enclose the official entry form (or a 3″ x 5″ facsimile) with your name, address, telephone number, and total number of photographs entered. There is no entry fee. AMERICAN WEST acquires the right to publish and use for exhibit or promotion all winning photographs.

Photographs may be either black and white or color and are not to exceed 8″ x 10″ in size. All entries will be judged together. Please do NOT send slides. Do NOT send photos mounted in glass. If your color photograph is judged a winner, you will need to provide AMERICAN WEST with a color transparency.

Each entry must be clearly marked on the back with the name, address, and telephone number of the photographer, the place the photo was taken, and the type of camera and film used, along with any special lenses, equipment, or techniques. Model releases must accompany all photos that include identifiable people.

LIABILITY

A stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size must accompany your entries for their return. Include cardboard to protect your photos. AMERICAN WEST is not responsible for materials lost or damaged in the mail.

DEADLINE

Your entry must be postmarked by midnight of September 15, 1986. Late entries will be returned unopened. Send to: AMERICAN WEST Photo Contest, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, AZ 85719.

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Please read the Contest Rules carefully.

Letters to the Editor

Frontier Granny

I must tell you how very touching the writing of A. C. Greene is to me. In his story "My Frontier Granny" (January/February), I found a little of my childhood and my old Granny from the midwest. It was heart rending, beautifully written, and in its simplicity and clarity, lies the artistry of a story told for all to understand and think back on.

Your photos and art work, your history writings, and your article on the comet are all much appreciated.

Since I am a new subscriber, I will presume that you always include short stories such as Mr. Greene's. In fact, I ordered your magazine as a gift for a friend after I read it.

Barbara F. Settle
Ventura, California

Shooting for Rain

Brian McGinty may have read and heard about "Shooting for Rain" (January/February), but I was there. My father was a tenant farmer for the C. W. Post project from 1911 to 1914. The renters were required to help with the blasting. We lived about five miles away but could hear the noise and see the smoke. Yes, it did rain sometimes.

The big one came on Labor Day, 1912. The UU Company held a picnic and barbecue for the community. A storm with a small tornado came up and drenched everyone. At home the hen house was gone, and a fish was left in Mama's wooden dough tray, left to air and dry in the sun. (There were stock tanks with fish in the area.)

The picture of the street scene must have been later. Only a few cars were in the area. We were still riding in buggies and wagons. The ranch foreman had a car. He would come by our house on his way to check the cattle pastured beyond. If he drove too far, a stop was made to buy a half gallon of "coal oil" to add to the gas tank so he could get back to town.

Mrs. V. Embry
Lubbock, Texas

Where's the other horse?

Your "Texas 1948" story on George Bush (January/February) showing him driving a horse hitched to a horse-drawn buggy (page 36) caused me to wonder — where is the other horse?

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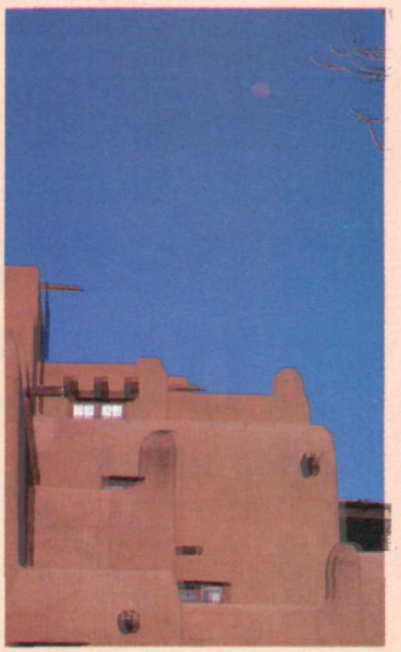

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Looks like he is doing a good job of driving with the reins for a team. His left-hand rein is for the left-hand horse with a cross rein to the right-hand horse. The rein in his right hand is for the right-hand horse with a cross rein to the left-hand horse. The neck yoke strap is snapped to the ring on the neck yoke, which holds up the tongue of the buggy or what? If he was driving a single horse to a buggy, it should have had a set of shafts and a buggy harness used instead of a work harness as shown in the picture.

Hersey B. Roberts
Vista, California

Reader Roberts is undoubtedly correct. We did not crop out the other horse; he was already out of the picture when the photograph arrived from The White House.–Ed.

Five beans in the wheel

Your January/February issue was splendid. The story by Mr. Greene was excellent. All was well until one reached page 106, third question (AMERICAN WEST Quiz) asking why five bullets were carried in the old style six-guns instead of six.

And the answer was, "Because most gunmen *adjusted their pistols to have a hair-trigger*, it was common practice to leave the pistol hammer resting on an empty cylinder. . . ." The last part is accurate. But hair-triggers had nothing to do with it. The hammer rested on an empty cylinder purely to prevent an accident *if the gun was dropped*.

It invariably hit on the hammer, and if the hammer was resting on a live cartridge, the gun would shoot. In order to prevent such an accident, only five cartridges were loaded into the cylinder. We still load our old Colts that way.

Clark H. Hogan
Palmerdale, Alabama

Setting up the 90 mm

I recently found your magazine on the newsstand and enjoyed the article by Thomas W. Pew, Jr., "On the Way to War" in the November/December 1985 issue. The illustration on pages 26/27 of a 90 mm AA battery really got my attention as my father was a loader on that type of gun and trained at the Desert Training Center and landed at Omaha Beach on D Day + 2.

According to my father, the caption saying that it took an hour to set up the 90 mm gun is wrong. While the Germans could fire the 88 mm gun while still set up in its road condition and the M-1 90 mm gun could not, my father remembers his crew of thirteen men setting up the gun in nine minutes, although this would not be a "dug in" position. My father served with the First Army on 90s through France, Belgium, Luxembourg, Holland, and Germany.

Joseph R. Porrazzo, Jr.
Carson City, Nevada

John Wetherill and Rainbow Bridge

This is in reference to a letter in your March/April 1986 issue concerning the accessibility of the Rainbow Arch (Rainbow Bridge National Monument, Arizona).

I would like to state that John Wetherill was neither a fool nor a glutton for punishment when he broke trail over the "slick rock" encountered on the way to Rainbow Bridge while guiding the Cummings-Douglass party in 1909. He was a real pioneer in every sense of the word—rugged and enduring, aggressive if need be, but also compassionate. He was considered an excellent guide by many, such as Zane Grey and Teddy Roosevelt. Mr. "Rough Rider" Roosevelt marvelled at John's sure guidance of the horses over the bald rocks whose slippery surface afforded only the most precarious

footing. It was in 1920 that John Wetherill and Charles L. Bernheimer broke an easier trail to Rainbow Bridge.

Deservedly John Wetherill merits a higher niche in the Western hall of fame for his part in the trail blazing and archeological exploration of that no-man's land in northern Arizona, although he has long been enshrined in the hearts of his family and those who knew him — white man and Indian.

Laurin L. Wetherill
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Celluloid curtains

I read "The Mystery of Hans Weisel and the Bar-W" (September/October 1985) with keen interest. Your reference to "snap-on mica curtains" on page 69 caught my attention as I have ridden many miles protected from the elements by similar curtains. They were commonly called "side curtains," and I vividly recall my parents repairing them frequently on their faithful Singer sewing machine that is still being used. I never knew of mica being used for the transparent part, and I doubt if it was as it would be much too brittle for the abuse the curtains took from the wind and storage. They were folded and put away in warm weather. The material was celluloid, similar to modern plastic, only very inflammable.

I live near the Iowa Great Lakes area and Worthington, Minnesota, and was quite surprised to see mention of their activities in your publication (Travel Calendar): the Great Lakes Winter Games and Worthington's King Turkey Day. I seldom miss the latter.

Stanley Beal
Round Lake, Minnesota

Tom Horn again

Regarding "Marshal Joe LeFors vs Killer Tom Horn" (November/December 1985), Tom Horn was for a time ranch foreman of the Dunlap cattle ranch, Dunlap P.O., Graham County, Arizona. My father, Horace Dunlap, lived at the Aravaipa ranch from 1882 to the early 1890s. My father's papers included a letter from Tom Horn, penned while he was awaiting trial.

Howard E. Dunlap
Medford, Oregon

Big Big Bend

I have thoroughly enjoyed reading the January/February 1986 issue of AMERICAN WEST. As a displaced Texan, I can greatly appreciate your fine works on the state of Texas.

However, I would like to point out an error on page 73 of that issue in "Photographing Wild Texas" by Erwin and Peggy Bauer. The article states that the Big Bend National Park contains 70,000 acres. It actually contains 708,281 acres of federally owned land. This is quite a bit of difference, don't you think? It would be nice to see the history of Big Bend National Park in one of your issues this year.

Abe Luce
Van Wert, Ohio

AMERICAN WEST welcomes letters from its readers. Letters may be cut for reasons of space, without altering their meaning. Please address: Letters to the Editor, AMERICAN WEST, 3033 N. Campbell Ave., Tucson, Ariz. 85719.

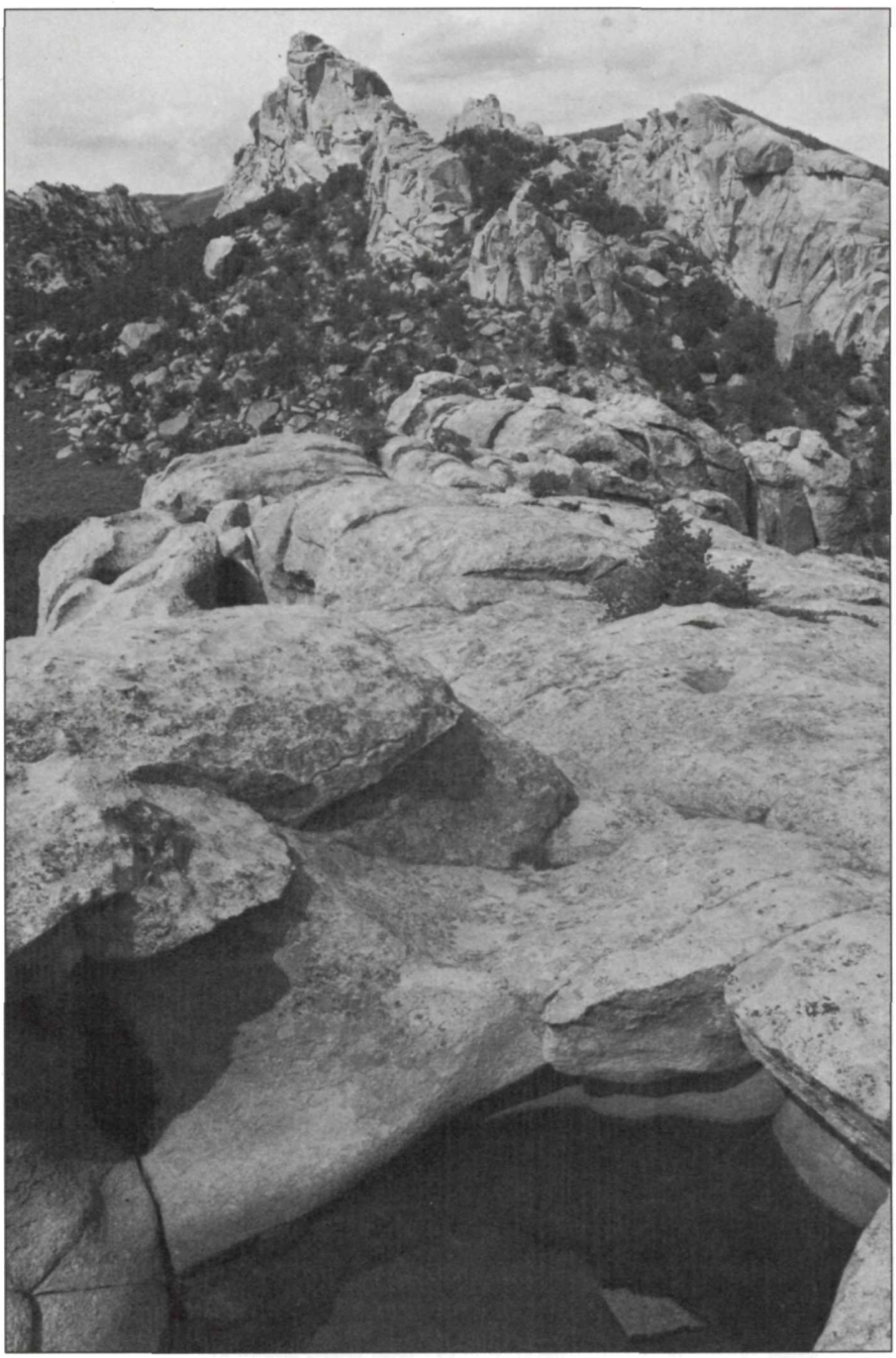

PHOTO BY AUTHOR

The City of Rocks

by C. L. Rawlins

Though it's been called a city since the 1850s, it has never had a main street or bank or church. As cities go, it's quiet. You can hear birdcalls and the rattle of aspen leaves. The passing of a pickup is an event. The City of Rocks, in Idaho's Cassia County, is a natural complex of granitic fins and domes formed by the intrusion of molten rock into sediments, some of them from Precambrian times. The sandy soils grow sage and grasses, with scrub forest of juniper, piñon, aspen, mountain mahogany, and limber pine surviving the arid summers and snowy winters of the high desert.

Bands ancestral to today's Shoshoni and Bannock tribes camped at City of Rocks to harvest a temporary abundance of piñon nuts and rabbits on their yearly circuit, as they moved between seasonal sources of food and water, carrying their few possessions and relying on their knowledge of a harsh, arid land. White trappers and traders, including a group led by Kit Carson in 1834, were also drawn to water and shelter among the granitic crags. The tracks of their horses and mules widened the Indian trails.

Word of the pasture and springs at the City of Rocks circulated, and in 1842 Joseph Chiles explored the area, which he called Granite Pass, on his return from a disastrous trip to California with the Bidwell-Bartleson party. Chiles's east-bound route from the upper Humboldt River to Fort Hall (in present-day Idaho) via Granite Pass was traveled in reverse the following year when he sent a train of California-bound wagons with Joseph R. Walker up the Raft River and through the City of Rocks. Meanwhile, Chiles and a small group of riders blazed another trail from Fort Boise to the northern Sacramento valley.

Early groups headed for California journeyed with larger parties bound for Oregon as far as Fort Hall, where they purchased supplies. Then they followed the Snake River and turned up the course of the Raft before heading west and then south to the City of Rocks, where a trail allowed passage between the Raft River and Grouse Creek ranges.

In 1848, Samuel Hensley attempted the route south of the Great Salt Lake, which so delayed the Donner party, but he turned back to the recently established Great Salt Lake City after judging the shortcut impractical. To reach the California Trail by existing trails meant a return to Fort Bridger (in present-day Wyoming) and on through Soda Springs to Fort Hall, a detour of nearly 300 miles. Instead, Hensley struck north and west from Salt Lake and intersected the California Trail at Twin Sisters, a prominent formation on the

southern margin of the City of Rocks. As news of the Donner party's grim standstill spread, other wagons chose Hensley's route, which became known as the Salt Lake cutoff.

A third route, pioneered by Benoni M. Hudspeth in 1849 with a party of seventy wagons, left the Bear River near Soda Springs and traversed the valleys to the west to meet the Salt Lake cutoff. Within a few years the City of Rocks, with its perennial springs and meadows, became the junction of three major routes West and a memorable layover for emigrant trains.

As the wagon traffic increased, some of the Indian inhabitants, feeling the pressure of white encroachment on their foraging grounds, resorted to raids on the apparently wealthy invaders. Historians record at least six battles near the City of Rocks, in which the Indian motive seems to have been the taking of livestock and valuables rather than wholesale slaughter. Contemporary newspaper accounts report fewer than ten casualties in any single fight.

Mysterious, consequently, is the stone monument in the nearby town of Almo which memorializes the death of nearly 300 emigrants in a terrible massacre in 1861. Contemporary accounts fail to mention any battle of such magnitude and declare that year relatively untroubled by Indian conflict in southern Idaho. If the massacre occurred, it somehow escaped journalistic notice.

The driving of the Golden Spike in 1869 cut the flow of wagons through City of Rocks to a trickle. A stage station was established there to service a mail route to Oregon, but the route was closed in 1878 and the station abandoned. As it has been for over a century, the City of Rocks remains a city in name only.

When You Go: City of Rocks has been designated a natural and historic National Landmark. Many visitors go there to hike, camp, and rock-climb. The City, which covers 8,000 acres, is accessible on graded roads from Almo on the east or from Oakley on the north. These roads many be impassable in winter or following storms; inquire locally.

The Circle Valley and eastern portions of the City of Rocks are on private land, with access by permission only. Other parts are owned by the Forest Service and the state. The southern portion, in which the Twin Sisters stand, is administered by the Bureau of Land Management. A small picnic area there with tables, grills, and restrooms offers the only developed services on the entire site.

C. L. Rawlins *left a horsepacking job and cabin in Boulder, Wyoming, in 1985 to spend a year as a Stegner Fellow at the Creative Writing Center at Stanford University.*

IS YOUR NAME HERE?

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ABBOT(T)
ABEL(L)
ABERNATHY
ABERNETHY
ABRAHAM(S)
ABRAMS
ACHESON
A(C)KERLY
ACKERMAN
ACKERS
ACTON
ADAIR
ADAM(S)
ADKINS
AGAR
AGER
AGNEW
AIKEN(S)
AINSWORTH
AITKEN
AKERS
ALBERT(S)
ALBRECHT
ALBRIGHT
ALDEN
ALDERMAN
ALDERSON
ALDRICH
ALDRIDGE
ALEXANDER
ALFORD
ALGER
ALLAN
ALLEN
ALLISON
ALLMAN
ALSOP
ALSTON
ALVORD
AMANN
AMBLER
AMBROSE
AMES
AMMANN
AMMON
AMOS
ANDERSON
ANDREW(S)
ANGEL(L)
ANTHONY
ANTRIM
APPLEBY
APPLEGATE
APPLETON
ARCHER
ARCH(I)BALD
ARM(I)STEAD
ARMITAGE
ARMSTRONG
ARNDT
ARNETT
ARNOLD
ARNOTT
ARROWSMITH
ARTHUR
ASBURY
ASHBY
ASH(E)
ASHLEY
ASHTON
ASTON
ATCHISON
ATHERTON
ATKINS
ATKINSON
ATWATER
ATWELL
ATWILL
ATWOOD
AUBR(E)Y
AUSTIN
AVERELL
AVERILL
AVERY
AXTELL
AYER(S)
AYRES
BABBITT
BABCOCK
BABER
BACH(E)
BACHMAN(N)
BACON
BADCOCK
BADGER
BADGLEY
BAER
BAGGETT
BAGGOTT
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BAGWELL
BAILEY
BAINBRIDGE
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BALCH
BALCOM(B)
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CREIGHTON
CRENSHAW
CRES(S)WELL
CREW(S)
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CRIST
CRISWELL
CRITTENDEN
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CROMER
CROMWELL
CROOK(S)
CROSBY
CROSIER
CROSS
CROS(S)MAN
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CROWDER
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CROWLEY
CROWTHER
CROXTON
CROZIER
CRUMP
CRUTCHER
CULBERTSON
CULLEN
CULP
CULVER
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CUNNINGHAM
CURL(E)(S)
CURRIE
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CURRY
CURTIN
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CUSHING
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CUTHBERT
CUTLER
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DAGGETT
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DAL(E)Y
DALRYMPLE
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DAM(E)RON
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DANA
DANE
DANFORD
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DANIEL(S)
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DARBY
DARLING
DARLINGTON
DARNALL
DARNELL
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DARROW
DART
DAUGHERTY
DAVENPORT
DAVI(E)Y
DAVI(S)
DAVI(D)SON
DAVIE
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DAY
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DIETRICH
DIGG(E)S
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GOLDSBOROUGH
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GOOD(E)NOW
GOOD(IN(G)
GOODMAN
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GOODRIDGE
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GOODYEAR
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GRANGER
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GRAY
GRAYSON
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GREGORY
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GRIDLEY
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GRIFFEN
GRIFFITH
GRIGG(S)
GRIGSBY
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GROS(S)E
GROSVENOR
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GROVER
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GRUB(B)E
GRUBB(S)
GRYMES
GU(E)NT(H)ER
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GUILE
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GUTHRIE
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GYLES
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HANDY
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HANKIN(S)
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HANNAY
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HANSON
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HARDEN
HARDIE
HARDI(M)AN
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HARGR(E)AVE(S)
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HARTSHORN(E)
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HASBROUCK
HASKELL
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HATFIELD
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HAUS(E)MAN(N)
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HAVILAND
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HAWK(E&S)
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HAWTHORNE
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HAYDEN
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HAYWARD
HAYWOOD
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HAZ(Z)ARD
HEAD

HEADLEY
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H(E)AL(E)Y
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HEARN(E)
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HEBERT
HEDGE(S)
HEDRICK
HEF(F)NER
HEGEMAN
HELLER
HELM
HENDERSON

HEN(D)LEY
HENDRICK(S)
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HENRY
HENSLEY
HEPBURN
HERBERT
HERMAN
HERNDON
HERRICK
HER(R)ING
HERRINGTON
HER(R)ON
HERSEY
HERSHEY
HESS(E)
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HEWLETT
HEYMAN
HEYWOOD
HIATT
HIBBARD
HIBBERT
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HICKMAN
HICKOK
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HIGGINBOTHAM
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HIGHLAND
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HILDRETH
HILLIARD
HILLIER
HILLMAN
HILL(S)
HILLYER
HILTON
HIN(C)KLEY
HIND(S)
HINE(S)
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HINMAN
HINTON
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HITCHCOCK
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HOAR(E)
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HOBSON
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HODGE(S)
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HOF(F)MAN(N)
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HOG(U)E
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HOLBROOK
HOLCOMB(E)
HOLDEN
HOLDER
HOLLAND
HOLLENBECK
HOLL(E)Y
HOLLIDAY
HOLLIN(G)SHEAD
HOLLINGSWORTH
HOLLIS
HOLLISTER
HOLLOWAY
HOLLOWELL
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HOLYOKE
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HOOPER
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HOPKINS
HOPPER
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HORNER
HORS(L)EY
HORTON
HOSKIN(S)
HOSMER
HOTCHKISS
HOUGH
HOUGHTON
HOUSE
HOUSEMANN
HOUSER
HOUSTON
HOWARD
HOW(E)
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HOWLAND
HOWLETT
HOY(E)
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HUBBARD
HUBBELL
HUBER
HUBERT
HUCK
HUDDLESTON
HUDGINS
HUDSON
HUFF
HUGGINS
HUGHES
HULL
HUME(S)
HUMPHREY(S)
HUMPHRIES
HUNDLEY
HUNGERFORD
HUNT
HUNTER
HUNTINGTON
HUNTLEY
HURD
HUR(L)BU(R)T
HURLEY
HURST
HUSBAND(S)
HUSSEY
HUTCHE(R)SON
HUTCHIN(G)S
HUTCHI(N)SON
HUTTER
HUTTON
HYATT
HYDE
HYETT
HYLAND
IDE

INGALL(S)
INGE
INGERSOLL
INGHAM
INGLIS
INGRA(HA)M
INNES
INNIS
IRBY
IRELAND
IRISH
IRVIN(E)
IRVING
IRWIN
ISAAC(S)
ISBELL
ISHAM
IVES
IV(E)Y
IVINS

JACKMAN
JAC(K)S
JACKSON
JACOB(S)
JACQUES
JAEGER
JAMES
JAM(I)X(E)SON
JANES
JANSON
JANS(S)EN
JAQUES
JARMAN
JARRETT
JARVIS
JAY(E)
JEFF(E)RIES
JEFFERSON
JEFFERY(S)
JEFFREY(S)
JEN(C)K(E)S
JENKIN(S)
JENN(E)Y
JENNINGS
JERMAN
JESSUP
JETT
JEWELL
JEWETT
JOB(E)
JOHN(S)
JOHNSON
JOHNSTON(E)
JOINER
JOLL(E)Y
JOLLIFFE
JONES
JORDAN
JORDON
JOSLIN
JOSLYN
JOY
JOYCE
JOYNER
JUDD
JUDKINS
JUDSON
JUDY
JULIAN
JULIEN
JUSTICE

KA(I)N(E)
KAISER
KARL
KATES
KAVANA(U)GH
KAY(E)
KEANE
KEARNEY
KEARNS
KEATING
KEATON
KEELER
KEEL(E)Y
KEELING
KEENAN
KEEN(E)
KEENEY
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KEHOE
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KEISER
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KELSEY
KELSO
KEMP(E)
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KENDRICK
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KEY(E)
KEY(E)S
KEYSER
KIDD
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KILBO(U)RN(E)
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KIRKWOOD
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KOLB
KRAMER

KRAUSE
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LAC(E)Y
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LEARNED
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LEATHERMAN
LEATHERS
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LECONTE
LEDBETTER
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LEFE(B)VRE
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LINDSEY
LINE
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LINK(E)
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LIPPINCOTT
LIPPITT
LISLE
LISTER
LITCHFIELD
LITTELL
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LITTLETON
LIVINGSTON
LLEWELLYN
LLOYD
LOCK(E)
LOCKETT
LOCKHART
LOCKWOOD
LODGE
LOGAN
LOHMAN(N)
LOMAS
LOMAX
LOMBARD
LONDON
LONG
LONGLEY
LOOMIS
LOONEY
LORD
LOTHROP
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LOUDEN
LOUDON
LOUNSBURY
LOVE
LOVEJOY
LOVELACE
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LOWDEN
LOW(E)
LOWELL
LOWERY

LOWR(E)Y
LOWTHER
LOYD
LUCAS
LUCE
LUCKETT
LUCK(E&Y)
LUCY
LUDDEN
LUDLAM
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LUDLUM
LUDWIG
LUKE
LUKEN(S)
LUM(B)
LUMLEY
LUMPKIN
LUND
LUNDY
LUNSFORD
LUNT
LUSK
LUTHER
LUTZ
LYFORD
LYLE(S)
LYMAN
LYNCH
LYND(E)
LYNE
LYNN(E)
LYON
LYONS
MAAS
MABEE
MABIE
MABR(E)Y
MACKENNA
MACKIM
MACKINLAY
MACKINLEY
MCKINNEY
MCKINNON
MCKINSTRY
MCLAIN
MCLANE
MCLELLAN
MCMASTER(S)
MCNAIR
MCNALLY
MCNAUGHTON
MCNEAL
MCNEIL(L)
MCNULTY
MCNUTT
MCQUEEN
MCSWEENEY
MCVAY
MCVEY
MCVICKAR
MCVICKER
MCWHORTER
MEAD(E)
MEADOW(S)
MACON
MEANS
MEARS
MEEKER
MEEK(S)
MEERS
MEIGS
MELCHER
MELCHIOR
MELLEN
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MELLOR
MELTON
MELVILLE
MELVIN
MENDENHALL
MER(C)ER
MEREDITH
MER(R)IAM
MERRICK
MERRILL
MERRIMAN
MERRITT
MERRY
MESSENGER
MESSER
MESSINGER
METCALF(E)
MEYER(S)
MICHAEL
MICKLE
MIDDLETON
MILES
MILLAR
MILLARD
MILLER

MILLET(T)
MILLIGAN
MILLIKEN
MILLS
MILNER
MILTON
MINER
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MITCHEL(L)
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MIXER
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MITCHEL(L)
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PAGE
MOBERL(E)Y
MOBLEY
MOCK
MOFFAT(T)
MOFFETT
MOFFITT
MOHR
MOHUN

MOLLOY
MOLONEY
MOLYNE(A)UX
MONK
MONROE
MONSON
MONTAGUE
MONTEITH
MONTGOMERY
MOODY
MOON(E)
MOONEY
MOORE
MO(O)R(E)HOUSE
MOORHEAD
MO(O)RMAN
MOREY
MORGAN
MORIAR(I)TY
MORLEY
MORRELL
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MORRIS
MORRISON
MORROW
MORSE
MORTIMER
MORTON
MOS(E)LEY
MOSES
MOSHER
MOS(I)ER
MOSS(E)
MOTHERSHEAD
MOTLEY
MOTT
MOULTON
MOWER
MOWRY
MOYER
MU(E)LLER
MUIR
MULFORD
MULLEN
MULLIGAN
MULLIN(S)

MUMFORD
MUND(A)Y
MUNK
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MUNRO(E)
MUNSELL
MUNSON
MURCHISON
MURDOCH
MURDOCK
MURPHY
MURRAY
MUSE
MUSSELMAN
MYER(S)

MYLES
NAGEL
NAGLE
NANCE
NAPIER
NASH
NASON
NAYLOR
NEAL(E)
NEAL(E)Y
NEEDHAM
NEFF
NEIL(L)
NEILSON
NESBIT
NETTLETON
NEUMAN
NEVILLE
NEVINS
NEVIUS
NEWBERRY
NEWBY
NEWCOMB
NEWELL
NEWHALL
NEWKIRK
NEWLAND
NEWLIN
NEWMAN
NEWTON
NICHOLAS
NICHOL(L)S
NICHOLSON
NICKERSON
NIGHTINGALE
NILES
NISBET
NIXON
NOBLE
NOEL
NOLAN
NORMAN
NORRIS
NORTH
NORTHROP
NORTHRUP
NORTON
NORWOOD

NOTT
NOTTINGHAM
NOWELL
NOYES
NUGENT
NUN(N)
NUTT
NYE

O'BRIAN
O'BRYAN
O'CONNOR

O'HAIR
O'HARA
O'HARE
O'LEARY
O'NEAL
O'NEIL(L)
O'ROURKE
O'SULLIVAN
OAK(E)S
OAKLEY
OATES
ODELL
OGDEN
OGILVIE
OGLE
OGLESBY
OLCOTT
OLDHAM
OLDS
OLIVER
OLMSTE(A)D
OLNEY
ORCHARD
ORDWAY
ORMES(S)
ORMSBY

ORR
ORT(H)
ORTON
OSBORN(E)
OSGOOD
OSMAN
OSWALD
OTIS
OTT
OVERTON
OWEN(S)
PACE
PACK
PACKARD
PACKER
PADDOCK
PADGETT
PAGE
PAIGE
PAIN(E)
PAINTER
PALMER
PANNELL
PARDEE
PARHOE
PARHAM
PARKER
PARK(E)S
PARKHURST
PARKINSON
PARKMAN
PARMELEE
PARNELL
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PARRISH
PARROTT
PARRY
PARSONS
PARTRIDGE
PASC(H)AL
PATE
PATRICK
PATTEN
PAT(T)ERSON
PAT(T)ON
PAUL
PAUL(E)Y
PAULI
PAXSON
PAYNE
PAYNTER
PAYTON
PEABODY
PEACOCK
PEAK(E)
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PEARSE
PEARSON
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PECKHAM
PEEBLES
PEEK
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PEIRCE
PELHAM
PEMBERTON

PENCE
PENDLETON
PENICK
PENN
PENNELL
PENN(E)Y
PENNINGTON
PENNOCK
PENROSE
PENTZ
PEP(P)ER

PERCIVAL
PERCY
PERDUE
PERKINS
PERRIN(E)
PERRY
PERSON(S)
PETER(S)
PETERSEN
PETERSON
PETTIS
PET(T)IT
PETTUS
PETTY
PEYTON
PFEIF(F)ER
PHELPS
PHILBRICK
PHIL(L)IPS
PHINNEY
PHIPPS
PIC(K)ARD
PICKEL
PICKENS
PICKERING
PICKET(T)
PICKLE(S)
PIDGEON
PIERCE
PIERSON
PIGGOT(T)
PIKE
PILCHER
PILKINGTON
PILLSBURY
PINCKNEY
PINE
PINKERTON
PINNEY
PITCHER
PIT(T)MAN
PITT(S)
PLACE
PLANT
PLATT
PLEASANT(S)
PLUM(B)
PLUM(M)ER
PLUNKETT
POE
POGUE
POINDEXTER
POLAN(D)
POLK
POLLARD
POLLEY
POLLOCK
POMEROY
POND
POOL(E)
POOR(E)
POPE
PORTER
POSEY
POST
POTTER
POTT(S)
POUND
POWELL
POWER(S)
PRATT
PRAY
PREBLE
PRENDERGAST
PRENTICE
PRENTIS(S)
PRESCOTT
PRESTON
PRETTYMAN
PREWITT
PRICE
PRIEST
PRIME
PRIM(M)
PRINCE
PRINDLE
PRINGLE
PRIOR
PRI(T)CHARD
PRITCHETT
PROBST
PROCTER
PROCTOR
PROSSER
PROUT(Y)
PRUETT
PRUITT
PRYOR
PUGH
PULLEN
PULLEY
PUMPHREY
PURCELL
PURDY
PURSELL
PURVES
PURVIS
PUSEY
PUTNAM
PYLE
PYNE

QUACKENBOS
QUACKENBUSH
QUARLES
QUICK
QUIGLEY
QUIMBY
QUINBY
QUIN(N)
QUISENBERRY

RAAB
RABB
RABE
RADCLIFF(E)
RADFORD
RAE
RAGLAND
RAILEY
RAINES
RAINEY
RALEIGH
RALEY
RALPH
RALSTON
RAMAGE
RAMBO
RAMSAY
RAMSDELL
RAMSDEN
RAMSEY
RAND
RANDALL
RANDOLPH
RANGER
RANKIN
RANNEY
RANSOM
RANSON
RAPP
RATCLIFF(E)
RATH
RATHBONE
RATHBUN
RATHBURN
RAU(S)CH
RAWL(E)S
RAWLIN(G)S
RAWSON
RAY
RAYMOND
RAYNER
RAYNOR

REA
READ
READER
READING
SAVAGE
SAVIER
SAWYER
SAXON
SAXTON
SAY
SAYER(S)
SAYLES
SAYRE
SCALES
SCARB(O)ROUGH
SCARLETT
SCHA(E)F(F)ER
SC(H)ELL
SCHEN(C)K
SC(H)ERER
SCHMID(T)
SCHMITT(Z)
SCHNEIDER
SC(H)OFIELD
SCHOOLEY
SCHOTT
SCHRADER
SCHRECK
SCHROE(D)ER
SCHROETER
SCHUBERT
SC(H)ULER
SC(H)ULTZ
SCHUMACHER
SCHUMAN(N)
SCHURMAN
SCHUSTER
SCHUTT(E)
SCHUYLER
SCHWAB
SCHWAR(T)Z
SCOTT
SCOVILL(LE)
SCRIBNER
SCRUGGS
SCUDDER
SCULL
SEAGER
SEAL(S)
SEAMAN
SEARCY
SEARL(E)S
SEARS
SEATON
SEAVER
SEAVERNS
SEAY
SEBASTIAN
SEDGWICK
SEEBER
SE(E)GER
SEEL(E)Y
SE(E)VER
SEIBERT
SEIBOLD
SEID(E)L
SEITZ
SELBY
SELDEN
SELDON
SELF
SELLECK
SELLERS
SELL(S)
SEMPLE
SERGEANT
SETTLE
SEVERANCE
SEVERN(S)
SEVIER
SEWALL
SEWARD
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SEXTON
SEYBOLD
SEYMOUR
SHACKELFORD
SHAF(F)ER
SHANAHAN
SHANK(S)
SHARP(E)
SHATTUCK
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SHEA
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SHEP(P)ARD
SHERIDAN
SHERIFF
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SHERRILL
SHERWIN
SHERWOOD
SHIELD(S)
SHINN
SHIPLEY
SHIPMAN
SHIRLEY
SHOEMAKER
SHREVE
SHUMAN
SI(E)BER(T)
SIEBOLD
SIKES
SILVESTER
SIM(M)ON(S)
SIM(M)S
SLADE
SMART
SNIDER

SNOW
SNOWDEN
SNYDER

SOMMER(S)

SARGENT
SATTERLEE
SAUER
SAU(N)DERS
SAVAGE
SAVIER
SAWYER
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SAXTON
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SAYER(S)
SAYLES
SAYRE
SCALES
SCARB(O)ROUGH
SCARLETT
SCHA(E)F(F)ER
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SCHEN(C)K
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SEARL(E)S
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A RANCH IS THE EARTH

Growing up in a magical place where man and nature contrive to nourish life

by Patricia Nell Warren

ONE DAY IN THE EARLY 1940s, WHEN I WAS SMALL, my dad put me in the pickup truck, and we drove up to the summer cattle range. He was worried about the creek up there. The range lay high on the grassy western slopes of the Continental Divide in southwestern Montana. We parked beside the dirt road that crosses the range. The summer had been dry, and my dad was concerned about whether Reese Andersen Creek still had water enough for the cattle. He left me there at the truck because my seven-year-old legs were not up to the hike, and he walked off across the range toward the distant line of aspens and willows where the creek ran.

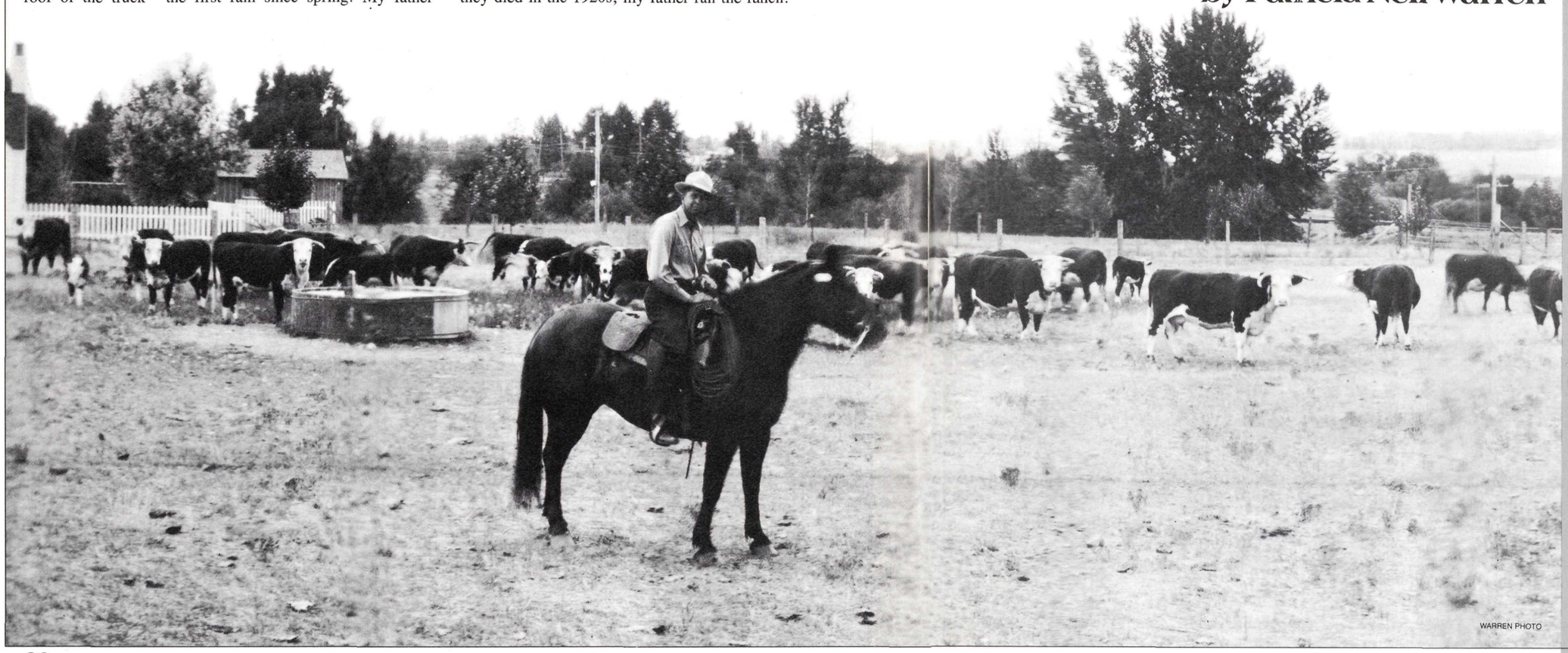
The range was scattered with yearling white-faced heifers. They still looked pretty fat, but the grass was thin and heavily grazed. A few heifers came over to the barbed-wire fence. They looked at me, and I looked at them. A summer thunderstorm was sweeping across the valley below. The blue-black clouds tumbled toward us like a vast herd of galloping mustangs. It was magic to be able to change clouds to horses in my imagination. Their hoofs of forked lightning hammered at the mountains far across the Deer Lodge Valley. Then they hammered at the wide valley floor, trailing a cloud of grey rain. Their thunder boomed closer and closer, and a cold fresh breeze hit, flattening the grass all around.

The first bolt of lightning struck the range a mile away, and the thunder crashed overhead. Big raindrops started to pelt the roof of the truck—the first rain since spring. My father reappeared, a tiny figure walking among the heifers with the lightning dancing all around him. Then the rain misted him out, as the full force of the storm hit.

At that moment, I first moved toward my own thinking about what a ranch is. It is a complex cycle of interactions between sun, earth, plants, animals, and human beings. Children are close to spirit and see such things quickly. So I saw the spirit and the magic of that cycle—its vast powers of change, as the Sun and the Earth combined to create grass and beef animals and, finally, human beings.

The dry ground soaked up the rain. The heifers grazed on undisturbed, their bodies steaming. My father reached the truck and climbed in. His boots smelled of cowpies and crushed sage. He sat quietly, his left elbow hanging out of the open truck window. He was so wet that he didn't bother to roll up the window. Finally, he said, "Yup—a couple of days now, and the new grass'll be popping up." Then he added thoughtfully, "One big grass failure, you know, and all life on earth would vanish."

As I grew up, I learned of other people's thinking about ranches. I was moved to thought because I found out that our ranch was regarded by many as a historic and important one. Started in 1855 by Indian-trader John Grant, it was purchased in 1866 by my great-grandfather Conrad Kohrs, who operated it in partnership with his half brother John Bielenberg. After they died in the 1920s, my father ran the ranch.



WARREN PHOTO

Mounted on Monte, his favorite cow-horse of the time, Conrad Warren tends his Hereford cows as they gather at a water tank during 1945. Third generation on the historic Grant-Kohrs Ranch in southwestern Montana, Warren represents what our author (his daughter) sees as the spiritual relationship needed between man and nature to make a ranch bountiful.

Ranching is one of our great Western myths. We can find the ranch everywhere in our history, our art, our literature, and our language. Originally a ranch (from the Spanish *rancho* or *ranchería*) was exclusively a place where livestock was raised. Today, a ranch can be 100 acres of avocado trees or a twenty-acre place where people go to lose weight or dry out. A ranch can be any size, from the King Ranch that sprawls across several Texas counties to a five-acre hideaway where a Hollywood star keeps a couple of saddle horses.

In the American myth a ranch is usually owned by a powerful and ruthless family who "wrest their fortunes from the hostile and untamed land," as the paperback blurbs phrase it. In a typical melodrama, the family wars within itself or with other families for control of a ranch, a county, or a territory. Old-time ranch myth features gunfighters galloping around on horses. Modern-day myth adds hit men, oil wells, and flashy cars.

Americans see the ranch in many ways that become narrow tunnels of vision. Banks see a ranch as annual loans to be repaid. Dudes see ranches as vacation places with docile horses and barbecues. People who live in the past look on ranch life as "the good old days." Even ghetto children who have never seen a live cow have an idea of what a ranch is.

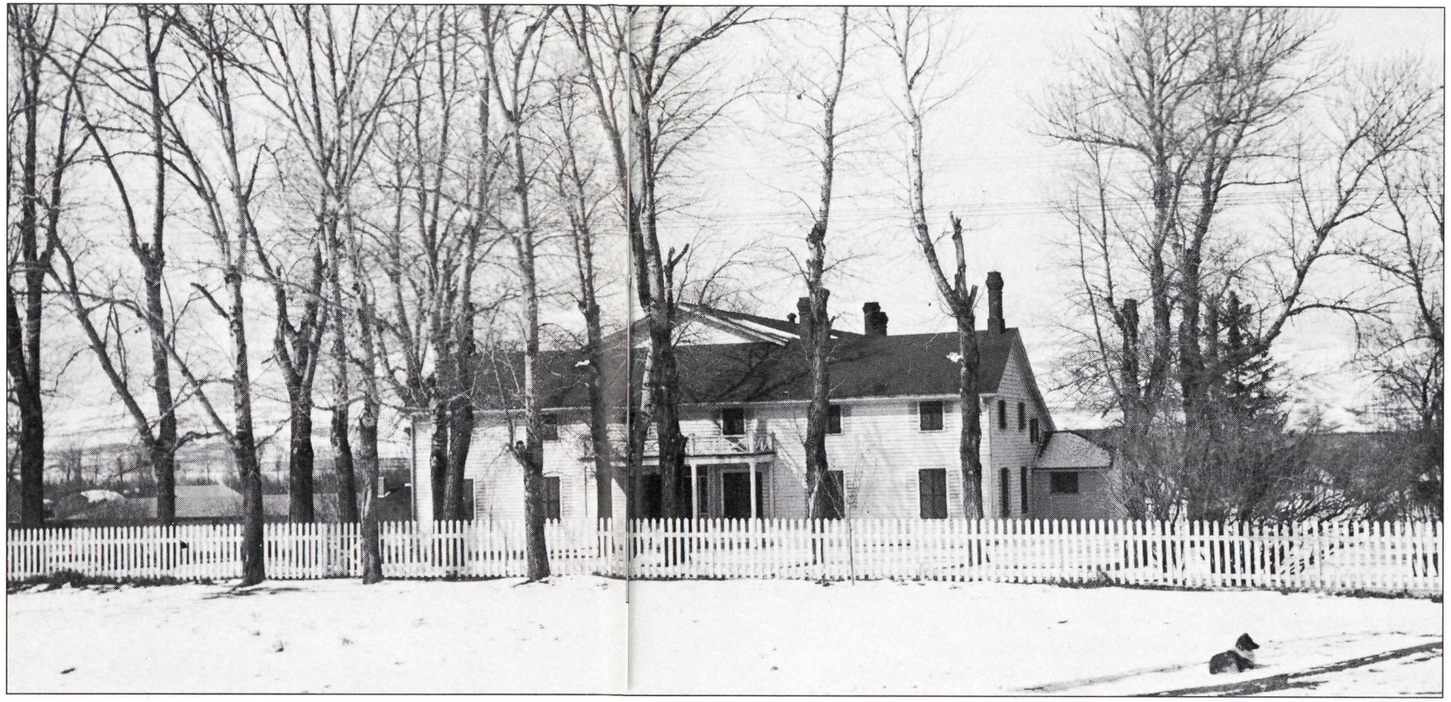
But what *is* a ranch, really? Where does myth end and reality begin?

As I grew up on the ranch, I helped my family run it. We couldn't control the sunlight and the weather. But as humans, we did have the power to change and direct certain aspects. If we hadn't made those determinations, the ranch would not have nurtured us. Nor would it have nurtured any of the people who hoped to buy our beef in a store somewhere. So I fed chickens, picked eggs, fetched milk, weeded the garden, punched cows.

AS I STUDIED THE HISTORY OF OUR RANCH AND OF RANCHing in general, I saw that the past was full of hard lessons for ranchers. For instance, the massive overgrazing of eastern-Montana ranges in the 1870s and early 1880s, as eager speculators thoughtlessly piled herd upon herd onto the land, was a major factor in the hideous cattle losses during the hard winter of 1886–1887. Many of those herds were southern cattle who were thrown out on the northern ranges in the fall without a thought for the fact that they were not acclimated.

Over the years my dad and I made many excursions in the pickup—to check on creeks, ditches, flumes, pumphouses, fences, sick cattle, hurt horses, salt licks. As I helped him, I learned more about exactly what a ranch is and how it all works.

Hay, for instance. Hay feeds cattle and sheep, who in turn feed humans. Our hayfields had been cut every year since 1857, and by the time I was in high school, their native grasses were giving scantier crops each year. So my dad plunged into renewing them. He enriched the soil by planting some areas with alfalfa, a plant whose roots produce nitrogen. He replanted other areas with fine grasses like timothy, brome, fescue, and bluegrass—plus red and white clover for more nitrogen. He fertilized the hayfields every year with manure



WARREN PHOTO

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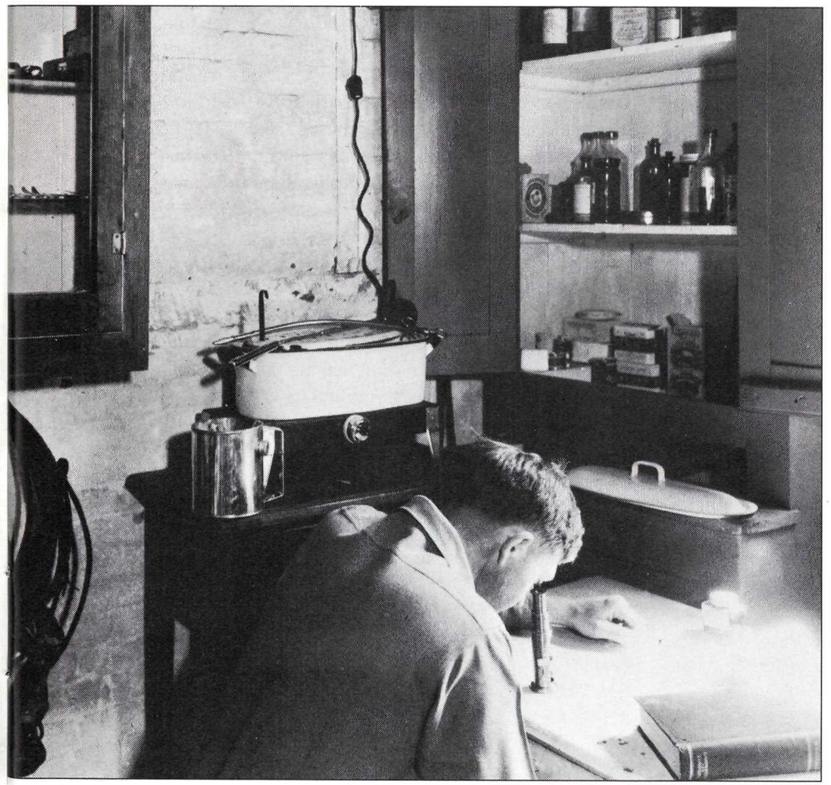


WARREN PHOTO

(Above) ***Guarded by the family dog, the Grant-Kohrs ranchhouse stands beautiful and serene in the early years of this century. The white clapboard front section was built by John Grant in 1862; the Kohrs family added a brick wing at the back during the 1890s.*** (Far left) ***Grandfather and grandson pose proudly and affectionately. Conrad Kohrs began the family ranching tradition and passed it on to his grandson Conrad K. Warren, shown here as a boy during the early years of the century.*** (Left) ***At his microscope in the late 1930s, Con Warren studies the possibilities for mechanical impregnation of Belgian mares. He was one of the first U.S. livestock breeders to use this technique.***

and commercial fertilizer. The fields responded by giving vast bounties of hay again. It was magic—the change of nitrogen and phosphate into waist-high grass.

Water is another case in point. The region where we lived is a semidesert, with around nine inches of rainfall a year. Montana people often go to court (or even exchange gunshots) over a single inch of irrigation water. When humans settled in our vast valley, they chose the banks of the Deer Lodge River. Their favorite spot was where the valley's biggest creek empties into the river. The area is rich in Medicine Wheels and other evidences of Indian life; later, white settlers built cabins and houses there.

The source of life on our ranch was the 1,700 inches of irrigation water that we pumped every year from the river and several creeks. The clear, green fluid flowed in its stately way through our main ditches and into countless small feeder ditches. From there, it fanned in sparkling floods across the hayfields. The water made it possible for soil, sun, and plants to interact and grow grass.

Then there was the well by our house—as magical a well as any mentioned in fairy tales. It tapped an underground water course that flows ceaselessly through the gravel floor of the valley. Even in the worst drought years, this well always gushed fifteen gallons a minute. It was the source of our own personal lives on the ranch—instantly available to us through several taps in the house. If that underground river had ceased to flow, it would have been disastrous for us and for every other home in the valley that tapped it.

Our house stood on a dry flat where nothing but tough native grass and sage would grow without irrigation. Because of the well, we could create a green oasis around the house—rustling cottonwoods and silver poplars that threw cooling shade on the roof and the green lawn. My mother could tend a beautiful flower garden where the hollyhocks and delphiniums were taller than she. The sprinkler made little rainbows in the sunshine as it watered a big vegetable garden; I was sent there every day to pull fat carrots or pick ears of corn.

Finally, there were the ranch animals. Before American settlers came in the 1850s, the valley had swarmed with buffalo, elk, antelope, and white-tail deer. Indian tribes looked on them as sacred and spoke of their "give-away"—giving up their lives to feed humans. Now those wild animals were mostly gone, and in their place were cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens. For many years the ranch killed all its own meat, and at its peak it supplied at least 7,500,000 pounds of meat a year to hungry Americans. These farm animals are no less sacred than the buffalo, their "give-away" no less crucial to Life.

All those things—the flowing well and ditches, the summer pastures and hayfields with wind-waves running across them, the slaughter of a steer and the magical appearance of a steak on someone's plate—they are the foundation of American ranch life and not all the melodrama about gunfighters and ruthless dynasties.

Now and then, our family piled into the car and drove into Deer Lodge to the movies. Often the movie was about ranch life—or life on the farm, twin sister of the ranch. Those movies seldom if ever dramatized the important things, like sunlight and water and grass. They seldom mentioned real situations like drought and starvation or abundance of food.

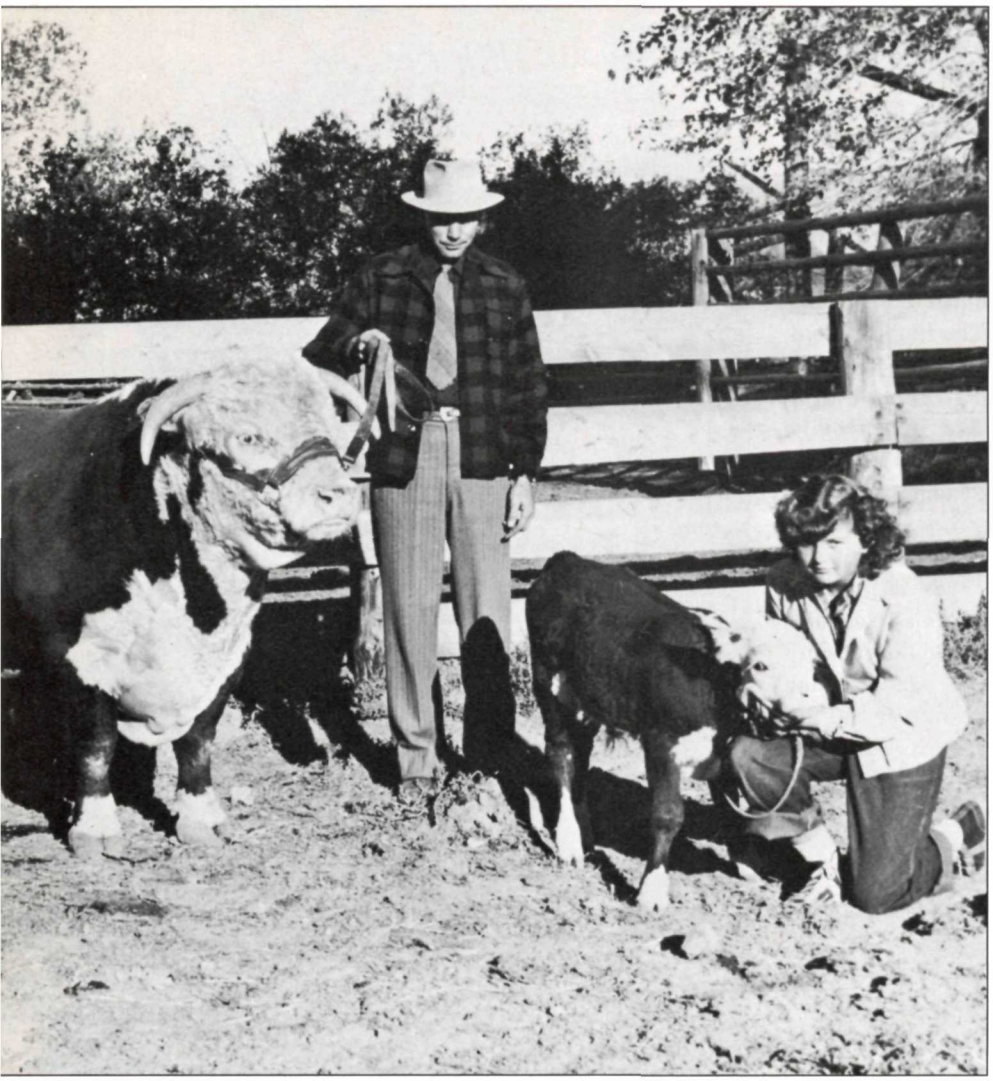
Inevitably I went away to college in the East, as many ranch children do. Finally I left the ranch entirely for a job in New York. But the ranch stayed real for me, a question to be answered, a riddle to be solved. Whenever I went home to visit there, the people had changed, but the same cycles of Life were moving in their same majestic way, unchanged. My dad was older and crankier. But he still kept his ditches clear of weeds and his pumps in sparkling condition. He still spent the month of June tending the irrigation ditches, riding around the hayfields on a stout horse, wearing gum boots and carrying a shovel across his saddle bow. Other ranchers in the valley spent June doing the same thing.

THE PAPERBACK NOVELS ON SALE IN TOWN STILL INsisted on portraying the cowboy with a rifle across his saddle. Those books never mentioned gum boots and shovels. Those books never mentioned that the survival of every single American is dependent on ranchers' and farmers' caring for earth and water and plants and animals in a responsible and sensitive way. My dad had his own thoughts on that subject. "These scissorbill writers and historians," he was fond of saying over coffee, "they get all wound up with strange notions of one sort or another. They forget that a ranch is cows and grass and water."

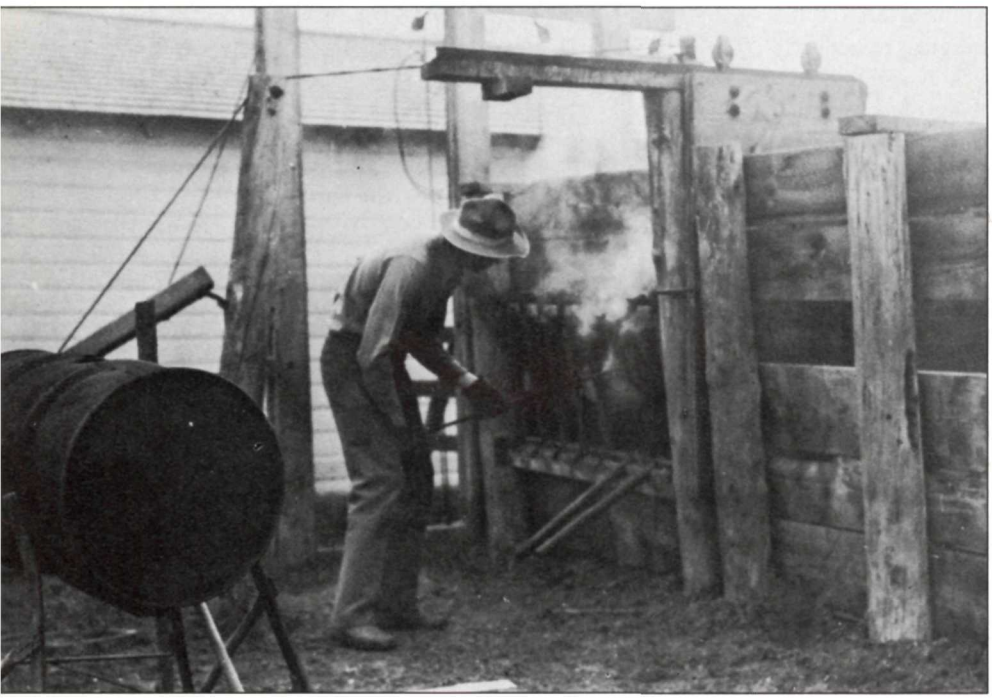
When I visited the ranch, we always spent time sitting in the kitchen, drinking strong ranch coffee and looking out the window at the north pasture. It was lovingly irrigated with a sprinkler system, and the crested-wheat grass was thigh high. By then the ranch had become a National Historic Site. The National Park Service had purchased the original homestead containing all the oldest buildings and in 1977 had opened them to the public as the Grant-Kohrs Ranch National Historic Site.

In 1981, wearying of suburbia and offices, I began to think of quitting my job. I was restless to be a full-time writer and to repossess the American Earth in my own way. So, I finally set off—first in a car, later in a truck-camper—on a journey that took me over most of the United States. Everywhere I saw plants, animals, earth, and sun making their give-away. I saw the Midwest, with its hog farms and its vast fields of corn and sunflowers rolling away into the blue, hazy distances. I saw the Southwest, with fruit-laden apricot trees that shaded Hopi villages on dry mesas. I visited the citrus orchards of the Ojai Valley in California, their white blossoms perfuming the air in spring, and the cattle-dotted Sand Hills of Nebraska, where meadowlarks sang everywhere in the prairie grasses. And I came to the wheatfields of eastern Montana, endless golden stripes of grain with fallow land between.

As I traveled, I saw that the American Earth is not always cared for with an awareness of human survival. Today much farm- and ranchland is threatened by overgrazing, erosion, development, strip mining. Hard lessons of the past must be relearned by each new generation. And yet, I did meet people who truly cared about the American Earth.



WARREN PHOTO



WARREN PHOTO

(Above) ***Con Warren holds TT Triumphant, a Thorpe-bred bull whose high purchase price of $35,000 in 1948 brought a mention in the*** **New York Tribune.** ***Pat Warren (our author) holds the first-born of TT's first calf crop. The little bull calf was already sold for $6,100.*** (Left) ***Fall branding on the Kohrs ranch in the 1930s was done with the animal in a chute. The oil-drum stove kept the branding fire hot.***

For example, an elderly Nebraska couple had a great love for trees—their ranch had almost blown away during the Dust Bowl years. They had received a national conservation award for planting acres of trees and creating clear ponds for migrating birds on their land. Along the highway crossing their land, they had put in a well and planted a green grove where travelers could stop and refresh themselves.

Some time during this journey, I began really to understand the simple and fundamental fact that a ranch can be bountiful because the Earth is our Mother. "Mother Earth" and "Mother Nature" are not just metaphors. The English word "nature" has its roots in ancient words that mean "to give birth." The Earth is a vast living being that gives birth to all life upon Her. Seen from outer space, She is incredibly beautiful—a globe wrapped in the blue mist of Her life-nurturing water and air. All plants, animals, and humans feed at Her bosom.

When I got back to Deer Lodge and stepped out of my travel-dusty truck, I saw the ranch with new eyes. Here was a piece of the Mother Earth where several generations of humans had worked directly with Her magic. From sunlight, from soil, from flowing ditches and green pastures, our family could conjure beef and potatos and milk for our own lives and for countless humans whom we would never meet. Far from "wresting" this bounty from the Earth, we receive it only because She chooses to give it—She who can nurture new grass with a thundershower or pound a wheat crop to shreds with hail. Here in this spot we could directly experience the beauty and the pulsing life of our Mother Planet and see Her spirit face to face.

My mother was dead by this time. My dad was in his seventies and semiretired. All he did now was put up hay and sell it. He was a little stooped and crankier than ever but inclined toward moments of philosophy.

One day we got in his truck and took a drive up to the summer range. No more white-faced heifers grazed there. But the range was just as beautiful as ever, with the grass reseeding itself richly and the wild animals moving back in. We parked the truck, shut off the engine, and sat looking out over the valley. Great thunderheads dotted the sky, and their shadows dappled the valley floor. In the southwest, the clouds were massed and dark—later that afternoon, a line storm would probably blow in. Out of a nearby draw came two antelope, children of the Earth like us. Stopping now and then, testing the air with their delicate black noses, they walked right up to the truck. They looked at us, and we looked at them.

"The Earth is alive," I said.

"Yup," my dad said thoughtfully, "She sure is."

I sat there remembering that first flash of a child's understanding. So I had known all the time that the Earth is alive. But I had needed to learn what my spirit already knew.

I had known all the time that a ranch is a place to learn that the Earth is alive.

Patricia Nell Warren *lives and writes in California today. She has published four novels, four books of poetry, and many magazine articles. Currently, she is completing another novel about the West, titled* One Is the Sun, *to be published in 1987 by Random House.*

C. OWEN SMITHERS PHOTO

At an auction in Montana in 1947, this Warren-bred heifer from the Grant-Kohrs Ranch sold for the record-breaking price of $3,000. Just behind the animal are Nellie and Con Warren, parents of the author.

When You Go

Visitors are welcome at the Grant-Kohrs Ranch National Historic Site. The National Park Service works the ranch on a limited basis, and visitors may view ranch activities and animals, the 23-room ranch mansion with its original Victorian furnishings, 53 other structures, and a large wagon collection. The Ranch does not offer picnic or overnight facilities, but the town of Deer Lodge has a hotel and four motels. Other points of interest in Deer Lodge are the Old Montana Prison and the Towe Ford Museum, which exhibits over 150 antique cars in beautiful condition.

The Grant-Kohrs Ranch is located at the north edge of Deer Lodge, Montana, just off I-90, midway between Yellowstone and Glacier national parks, 45 miles from Butte and 80 miles from Missoula. The Ranch is open daily except for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's. Admission is free. Group tours may be arranged. For information, write to The Superintendent, G-K Ranch NHS, P.O. Box 790, Deer Lodge, Montana 59722. Tel.: (406) 846-2070.

American West QUIZ

Tribes and Warriors of the West

Q: What was the dreaded Comanche Moon, and why was it so feared in the Old West?
A: For much of the nineteenth century, the warlike Comanches conducted deadly raids against settlers during the full moon of late summer, which became known as the fearsome Comanche Moon.

Q: When an Indian warrior "counted coup" on an enemy, what was he doing?
A: Among Plains tribes, warfare was primarily a means of displaying courage. Counting coup was a traditional practice in which a warrior touched an enemy with his hand or some object like a coupstick or a lance. Afterward, if possible, the enemy would be slain.

Q: Who was Jack Wilson, and what celestial event in 1889 made him into a famous Indian leader—and also led to one of the worst massacres in American history?
A: Jack Wilson was the name by which whites called Wovoka, a Paiute Indian from Nevada who claimed to have had a vision during a solar eclipse in 1889. His celebrated vision revived the Ghost Dance movement, designed to restore Indian power and culture, which reached a climax in the 1890 Wounded Knee massacre of Sioux Indians by U.S. troops.

FACT: The famous Oglala Sioux war leader Crazy Horse routinely prepared for battle by painting a lightning streak on his face and hailstones on his chest. He also tied a small stone behind one ear and pinned a stuffed red-backed hawk to his hair.

FACT: The Hopi town of Old Oraibi, the center of Hopi culture in the nineteenth century, is believed to be the oldest continuously occupied settlement in the United States. Located in the isolated Four Corners region of northeastern Arizona, Old Oraibi was inhabited as much as eight hundred years ago and has been an active community since.

STAGECOACH— A LEGEND

The stage to Lordsburg runs again

by Bodie Thoene

SHOOTING SCHEDULE—*STAGECOACH*. DATE: WED. 1/15/86. 3RD DAY OF SHOOTING. LOCATION: MESCAL/ARIZONA. SHOOTING CALL: 8:00 A.M.

IT WAS A JOHN FORD KIND OF DAY. A CHILLY NORTH wind ruffled the manes of horses and the thick black hair of the Mescalero Apaches who waited to reenact a battle their great-grandfathers might have fought. Soft white clouds drifted across the sky as light and shadow played on the sage and tall saguaro cactus. In the ever-changing contrast, the mountains themselves seemed to be living, moving pictures.

A young man in a gray sweatshirt and tennis shoes sat perched atop the camera truck overlooking the confusion of bit players and crew members making last minute preparations for the scene. Near the back of the truck a wardrobe lady and a propman argued about which department owned the trinkets tied around the neck of an Apache warrior dressed in a breechcloth and ski jacket. The Indian shrugged and said "You guys decide. Man, it's cold. I'm waiting in the van." Then he disappeared into the warm interior of the brown van with five other Indians. The young man on the camera truck raised his microphone to his lips and announced over the P.A. system: "Okay. Quiet everybody. Let's go, stagecoach. Roll 'em."

Two hundred yards down the road a husky, blond-bearded stagecoach driver shifted his weight forward as he slapped the lines down hard against the shaggy backs of his six-up team. The lead horses lunged into motion, tossing their heads against the bits before they settled into an easy, rolling gait. Iron and wood and leather harness clanked in rhythm with the even cadence of galloping hoofs on the dusty road into Mescal.

"Get on!" shouted the driver. "Get on up there!" He whistled, and wrestled the lines.

A dozen blue-clad horse soldiers followed in the haze behind the coach. Grim and determined, they tucked their heads in unison as the wind whipped grit from the wheels against their faces.

Next to the driver sat a large, raw-boned man in a heavy black coat and tall boots. He tugged the brim of his hat and cradled a double-barreled shotgun across his lap. Four men and two women passengers jostled uncomfortably inside the coach as it rounded a bend and bumped up a long hill toward the camera. On the door I could read the legend OVERLAND STAGE CO.

This was *Stagecoach*. As the stage rumbled past, I looked through the window, hoping to catch a glimpse of the Ringo Kid, Doc, Hatfield, and Dallas. I had seen the 1939 John Ford classic a hundred times. John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell, John Carradine, and Claire Trevor had captured a moment of time in a coach exactly like the one that now topped the rise. But today there were new faces gazing out at the Arizona desert. Young and handsome, John Schneider had replaced Andy Devine as Buck, the driver of the stage to Lordsburg. Johnny Cash sat sternly beside him as U.S. Marshal Curley Wilcox. Willie Nelson played Doc, not the drunken Boone that won Thomas Mitchell an Oscar in 1939, but a lean and sharp Doc Holliday, created to fit Nelson's own character. Waylon Jennings re-

On the Arizona desert not far from Tucson, a new production of the legendary film Stagecoach *gets under way. This time, Johnny Cash* (right) *plays the role of U.S. Marshal Curley Wilcox, on the lookout for trouble from warring Apaches. Buck, the driver of the stage to Lordsburg, is portrayed by John Schneider.*

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

placed John Carradine as Hatfield. Instead of Claire Trevor as Dallas, Elizabeth Ashley portrayed the disillusioned prostitute in search of a better life "at the end of the line." Kris Kristofferson sat leaning against the door of the coach as an older, wiser Ringo Kid, completing the quartet of Country Music stars who are playing the principal male roles in this remake of the legendary *Stagecoach*.

Old memories seemed to drift in from the rolling desert. I gazed at the disappearing stagecoach, lost in the timelessness of the country I call home. The West. The land seemed little changed from a century before when tales of Geronimo and wild stagecoach rides were written about in the Penny Dreadfuls, or fifty years later when John Ford had led the cast and crew of *Stagecoach* into Monument Valley, Utah, for the first time.

ONLY HALF A CENTURY. HOW OFTEN I HAD HEARD stories of Duke Wayne's early days in motion pictures. The Great Depression; eighteen-hour-days on horseback among the old-timers who had fought the Apache near the very spot where I now stood. And there were the too-short nights in the canvas tents of John Ford's cavalry where cast and crew lived in the burning heat and freezing cold of Monument Valley at the foot of the hill below Goulding's Trading Post. John Wayne's life had become mingled inseparably with the lives of the first white men who had settled this country. His lifetime had overlapped theirs. He had worked and lived among them, and had learned from them the fact and the legend that have become "The West."

"Every country has its folklore," he would say. "This is ours. And when fact becomes legend, print the legend."

In 1938 John Wayne, as the Ringo Kid, joined John Ford's company of *Stagecoach*. The studio trucks had traveled to location along Route 66, passing Dust Bowl refugees who called out to Duke from overloaded, overheated Model Ts.

> It was the kids who recognized me [Duke told me in an interview in 1978]. I had spent the last ten years of my life in those serial Westerns for the Saturday Matinees. Now days I think they call 'em "The Worst of John Wayne!" But you know back then kids were growing up on them. Not many of those little guys looked like they had a nickel to pay at the box office. Patches on their overalls and holes in their shoes. But somehow they had managed to memorize the plots of the Three Mesquiteer pictures. I was thirty-two years old when I got the part in *Stagecoach* and as broke as those kids. I'd about given up hope that I'd be making any "A" pictures. Pappy, Mr. Ford, brought me this story in the *Saturday Evening Post* and asked who I thought could play the lead in it. I told him I thought it was Lloyd Nolan, and he said, "For crissakes, can't you play it?" I told him I thought I could. Geez. I dreaded the possibility that he might see me in *The Texans*.

Produced for United Artists by Walter Wanger, *Stagecoach* was the motion picture industry's first "A" Western. It won Oscars for actor Thomas Mitchell as Doc and for the film's musical score against competition that included *Gone With the Wind* and *The Wizard of Oz*. Adapted from the Ernest Haycox story "The Stage to Lordsburg" in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the film is known as a classic now more for its incredible panoramic photography than for its dialogue. Although *Stagecoach* is most often associated with Monument Valley, much of the film was shot on location in Kernville, California. This was the very town where John Wayne had cranked out most of the serial Westerns he had starred in during the thirties.

Having worked for so long in the "Ten Day Oaters," John Wayne had one idea of how to play Ringo, and John Ford had another. It was Ford's interpretation that won Duke acclaim as an actor and opened the doors to his career. The first thing the director did was take away the six-shooter. He said Ringo was not a gunslinger; he was simply a farm boy who happened to get into trouble. After ten years spinning a side arm, Duke felt almost undressed.

Ford handed him a Winchester lever action rifle and instructed him to learn how to handle it with ease—or else. Teaming up with Yakima Canutt (Wayne's double and good friend), Duke practiced spinning the Winchester to cock it. "The first thing Yak suggested was that we make a loop out of the lever. I stood in front of a mirror and gave 'er a spin and hit myself in the jaw. I just about knocked my teeth out. The barrel was about two inches too long, so we had it shortened." Hours of practice paid off until Duke could spin and cock the rifle with the natural ease of a farm boy who had never handled anything else. The rifle became a Wayne trademark, and from that time until the end of his career, even when he once again donned the cartridge belt of his six-shooter, he carried one single rifle cartridge in the back center of his belt for luck.

Interested in authenticity, Ford hired the Indians of Monument Valley to play the part of the dreaded Apache. Shaggy pinto ponies were the pride of the Navajo Nation, and the chase scenes gave the warriors of the Valley ample opportunity to demonstrate their skill as horsemen. But the stunts that caused the picture to be touted as the ACTION PICTURE OF THE YEAR were the result of the skill and imagination of Duke's Irish cowboy friend from Yakima, Washington.

In spite of the fact that Yakima Canutt devised stunts that had never been attempted in a motion picture, he received billing only as the "white scout" in *Stagecoach*. When word got out, however, that he was the "Indian" who jumped onto the backs of the lead horses of a six-up team at full gallop and that he then fell to the ground between thundering hoofs and the wheels of half-a-ton of stagecoach, Canutt received more adulation than John Ford's ego could tolerate. The relationship between the two men deteriorated rapidly. Ford's caustic tongue found ways to belittle Canutt's achievements. One afternoon in the lunch line Canutt picked up two milks to

In a playful moment off-camera, Waylon Jennings (the gambler Hatfield) hugs Mary Crosby (fellow passenger Mrs. Lucy Mallory) as Kris Kristofferson (the Ringo Kid), Elizabeth Ashley (Dallas), and John Schneider (Buck) look on with amusement.

PHOTO BY TERRENCE MOORE

drink. Ford looked him over and said, "I didn't know you big tough stuntmen drank milk."

Yakima stared back at him and replied, "Hitler drinks two quarts every day." In spite of Canutt's deep and lasting relationship with Wayne, the stuntman did not become a regular in John Ford's Army.

FIRST UNIT. PRINCIPAL PLAYERS: WILLIE NELSON/KRIS KRISTOFFERSON/WAYLON JENNINGS/ANTHONY FRANCIOSA/ELIZABETH ASHLEY. DIRECTOR: TED POST. MOVING SHOTS. MOCK-UP STAGECOACH. LOCATION: ROAD OUTSIDE MESCAL.

IT WAS PAST NOON. WHILE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE cast and crew enjoyed the catered lunchtime feast set out on long tables in the main street of Mescal, the passengers who were crammed into the mock-up of the Overland Stage to Lordsburg continued to speak their lines. The wheel-less coach perched squarely atop a low double-axle trailer that was hitched to a pale blue pickup loaded with equipment and crew members. One side of the coach was open, and cameramen, sound man, electrician, and director stood peering inside at the crowded passengers.

Willie Nelson, as Doc Holliday, puffed resolutely on a stogie while Anthony Franciosa, portraying the indignant banker Gatewood, sat across from him and protested the nasty habit of smoking.

DOC
What are you looking at, friend?
GATEWOOD
It's a filthy habit. Smoking. It's just filthy.
DOC
I have a lot of filthy habits. I find most of them enjoyable.

There was, however, one problem with the scene: a faint breeze from the West had sprung up. Doc's smoke stubbornly refused to blow toward Gatewood. Instead, the smoke floated back in his own face and into the face of husky-voiced Elizabeth Ashley, who coughed and tried to wave it back where it was supposed to be. Director Ted Post grimaced and quietly said, "Cut." Willie Nelson rubbed his eyes.

"The wind's blowing the wrong way," Kristofferson smiled.

"I'll say," Elizabeth Ashley coughed again. "Come on, somebody gimme a cigarette." A hand reached through the window offering her a half-smoked cigarette. "If I can just hold it below the camera, maybe the smoke will. . . ."

Three crew members instantly pulled out their cigarettes and lit up, holding their smokes just out of the camera's eye. As a faint grey fog drifted around Gatewood's face, he spoke his lines, and the scene was completed successfully in spite of the Arizona breeze. "Teamwork," Nelson said with a grin.

A five-minute break was called, and a tray of vanilla wafers and Oreo cookies made the rounds. Then AMERICAN WEST photographer Terry Moore hitched a ride on the trailer, and I headed back to Mescal on foot, cross-country. By the time I

ALL PHOTOS THIS PAGE BY TERRENCE MOORE

(Clockwise beginning above) ***Three tough hombres from the new*** Stagecoach ***pose on location: Bob McLean (as Chris), John Schneider, and Johnny Cash. Mescal, Arizona, provided the backdrop for some scenes in the new production, but not this shot, with an auto tire leaning up against the wooden trough. Willie Nelson takes a breather from his role as Doc Holliday to listen to music of his choosing. Beauteous Elizabeth Ashley displays the feathers and frills of the fancy lady Dallas.***

reached the lunch line, folks were eating big pieces of carrot cake and milling around happily outside the Oriental Saloon. I leaned against a hitching post and wondered if I waited for Terry if there would be anything left. An Apache whooped and galloped a pinto pony past the catering truck. As I continued to look at the dwindling supply of food, a gentle Southern voice reached out to me.

"I don't want y'all to think I'm gonna eat this all by myself," said June Carter Cash, holding up three pieces of cake on a paper plate. "I'm eating this one and saving the rest for Johnny." She looked me square in the eye and with down-home hospitality insisted that I get a plate and eat. "You gotta eat."

If there was one thing that characterized this *Stagecoach,* it was the feeling of friendliness, of welcome. These were nice folks doing something that they enjoyed and doing it with the cameraderie of a big family. Both June Carter Cash and Jessi Colter, wife of Waylon Jennings, have small roles in the film. Later as I sat with Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter, Jennings reinforced what I had felt watching these men and women work together.

> You know [said Jennings], I'm probably the most non-actor in this whole bunch. I just haven't done that much of it, and I always hated it. But I'll tell you, I love this, and it's because of the people I'm working with. They're all pulling for me. We're pulling for each other, and I know that. I feel so comfortable, and that's so important. I think the thing about making a movie that everybody worries about is making mistakes. You worry about making mistakes, and you're afraid to make mistakes. But it doesn't bother me that bad because I know if I'm doing something wrong, I have friends who will tell me. In a New York minute. That gives me confidence.

How different this cast was from the original cast of the 1939 version of *Stagecoach*. Unlike Waylon Jennings, who found support among the more experienced of his peers, John Wayne found himself an outsider as he worked with such accomplished stars as John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, and Claire Trevor.

The tents of the established actors were no more comfortable than the tent of the Serial Western hero, but there was still the feeling that he was somehow not quite worthy to stand among them on the soil of Monument Valley. The cast was far from being the family that John Ford demanded—so he began a strategy that eventually united them as friends for life. Ford began to pick on Wayne for his every move. He could, according to Ford, do nothing right. Day after day, Duke took his insults whether they were deserved or not.

JOHN CARRADINE REMEMBERED FORD'S ABUSE OVER forty years later and remarked: "I still don't know how Wayne could stand it. But he did. It made the rest of us boiling mad." "I was the new boy then," Wayne recalled. "And I was working with a lot of wonderful actors. After we'd been on the picture for about three weeks, Pappy asked me if I would like to go see some of the picture." Flattered, Duke hurried down to view a few of the previous weeks' shots. "Everyone knows what kind of shots he had," Wayne said. "It was magnificent. And it was a spectacular thing for me to see and realize I was a part of it."

The young actor could see only one thing wrong in the shots he viewed. He had suggested that the propman rig some elastic on the ends of the reins because it would make the driver of the coach look more natural. "Well," Duke continued, "the propman forgot to do it. So Andy Devine was driving the stagecoach and was sitting up there, and it was tough on him because he had to shake the lines rather than have the natural pull."

When Wayne got back to the set, Ford asked him how he liked the scenes. Duke replied that it was the most "spectacular stuff I've ever seen."

"Well, what did you think of Mitchell?" the director quizzed.

"Great."

"What do you think of Claire Trevor?"

"She's fine."

"What do you think of yourself?"

Wayne replied carefully that he was just playing the character that Ford had created, but Ford continued to question him.

"Look, I haven't made a Western for about six years, and you've been making them every week. Isn't there any constructive criticism you can give me?"

Duke fell for the trap. Quietly and respectfully he explained that elastic on the ends of the lines would have made Andy Devine appear more natural.

"Hold it!" Ford shouted. "What's the matter?"

"Well, the fellow driving the stagecoach is sitting up there jogging."

"HOLD IT! EVERYBODY COME DOWN!"

Ford brought everyone down to the middle of the set, everyone from the loftiest actor to the lowest waterboy. Then he announced that John Wayne thought he had really made it. "He thinks he's great and that fella driving the stagecoach is horrible!"

Ford's tactics had the hoped-for results. Soon the other actors surrounded Duke and defended him like a herd of buffalo guarding a calf from a wolf. John Wayne formed friendships with the cast that lasted his entire lifetime. He and Claire Trevor became, as he would later describe, "like brother and sister." Over forty years later, when Claire's son was tragically killed in an air crash, Duke worked for days composing a poem to her that would express his own belief in the eternity of life and love. His words reveal a sensitivity and a commitment to caring that began in Monument Valley in 1938 and grew into a deep and lasting love between good friends.

STAGECOACH MEMO. DATE: 1/15/86
To: ALL CONCERNED
From: RAY KATZ, PRODUCER Subject: PUBLICITY INTERVIEWS AND PICTURES. IN ORDER NOT TO IMPOSE ON ANY OF OUR ACTORS AND ACTRESSES, WE

The Ringo Kid is right at home with his special loop-lever Winchester and the makings for a hand-rolled smoke. The Ringo character in the John Ford production of Stagecoach *(United Artists, 1939) vaulted John Wayne from the "Ten-Day-Oaters" where his career seemed stalled to the rewarding heights of "A" films.*

HAVE ESTABLISHED A PROCEDURE FOR ALL PUBLICITY INTERVIEWS AND REQUESTS FOR PHOTOS TO BE DIRECTED TO JACK THOMPSON, CO-PRODUCER.

Alongside the silver wardrobe trailer, Jack Thompson stood amiably discussing the next scene with the young Mescalero Apache who played the part of Geronimo. Jack wore the dusty blue uniform of a cavalry soldier and called out to writer James Lee Barrett as he passed, "Hey James Lee! Come on and get a uniform on. You gotta be in the cavalry!"

"Not me," Barrett returned. "You're not getting me on a horse."

Thompson, who is known in Country Western Music circles as Nashville's top producer, seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself and eager to explain how this remake of *Stagecoach* had come about as a made for CBS-TV movie.

> Really it was Waylon Jennings who had the idea originally. He thought it would be great to do this movie. All the boys loved John Wayne and have seen every one of his movies. He's a kind of hero to them, you know. We wanted a film that we could use all four of the boys in. Ray Katz owned the rights. Everyone down the line at CBS liked the idea. What you see here is two years of dreams come true. We wanted everything to be right. This is not really a remake. It's an adaptation of the story, and there's no finer writer than James Lee Barrett. We never considered anyone else.

TO SAY THERE IS NO FINER WRITER AROUND THAN James Lee Barrett is almost an understatement. The soft-spoken, grey-haired gentleman from South Carolina is probably best known for his Tony Award—winning play, *Shenandoah*. The play was later made into a motion picture that starred Jimmy Stewart and left moviegoers across the nation digging for their handkerchiefs. James Lee had also worked with John Wayne on two movies, *The Undefeated* and *The Green Berets*. He was a favorite of Duke's and the object of many a great story. No one could capture the spirit of the legend better than he could.

Inside the plush bus of Waylon Jennings, James Lee Barrett got yet another vote of confidence as Jennings talked about his feelings for the film project. "I have always wanted to do this picture. But I didn't want to play John Wayne's part. How could anyone do that? Jack asked me to play Ringo, but I said no way."

"I didn't want to do it," Johnny Cash added. "I guess they asked each of the four of us to play the part of Ringo, and we all said no."

"Then they got James Lee Barrett to write the script," Jennings interrupted. "He made Ringo older. Changed the script for the better. Kris read it and agreed to play the part."

"After I read the script, I thought it was a great idea," said Cash. "You know, I feel like I'm working with my brothers. And the four of us, the five of us including John Schneider, have a lot of experience in front of the camera and in front of people. I think together that we are as capable to do this project as anyone they could have gotten. I'm very comfortable in the role I'm doing. And Waylon ought to be comfortable because he's doing a great job. He's just Hatfield the gambler. He moves like him. He talks like him. Kris is Ringo. He just is. And Willie makes a perfect Doc Holliday. You see, we're not trying to repeat what John Ford did here. Or what John Wayne did. We're just playing ourselves, our own characters."

All five of the musicians are working on the theme music for *Stagecoach*. Each man is writing a verse that will represent his character speaking. "Willie Nelson is overseeing the score for the picture," explained Jack Thompson. "He has a way of capturing the folklore and the legends of the West."

Perhaps this was a new legend in the making, I thought as I read through the script of James Lee Barrett:

SCENE

168 APACHE
as he passes the stagecoach, riding closer and closer to the team.

169 CURLEY
puts his rifle down, picks up his shotgun and FIRES both barrels pointblank.

170 APACHE
as he is flung from his horse.

171 CURLEY
as he puts the shotgun down and picks up the rifle. He is SHOT, and the rifle falls beneath the stage.

172 BUCK
as he is SHOT and drops the reins to the leaders. He is left with only four as the leaders' reins drag along the ground beneath him. He yells:

BUCK
Ringo!

173 RINGO
looks around, sees that Buck is hit and has only four reins. He climbs down between Buck and Curley, looks to see the reins dragging beneath them.

174 ANOTHER ANGLE
as Ringo climbs down between the running wheelers and begins to work his way carefully forward on the wagon pole, balancing himself on the wheelers and the swingers. From the end of the pole he springs to the back of a leader, and crouches low on its back, guiding it.

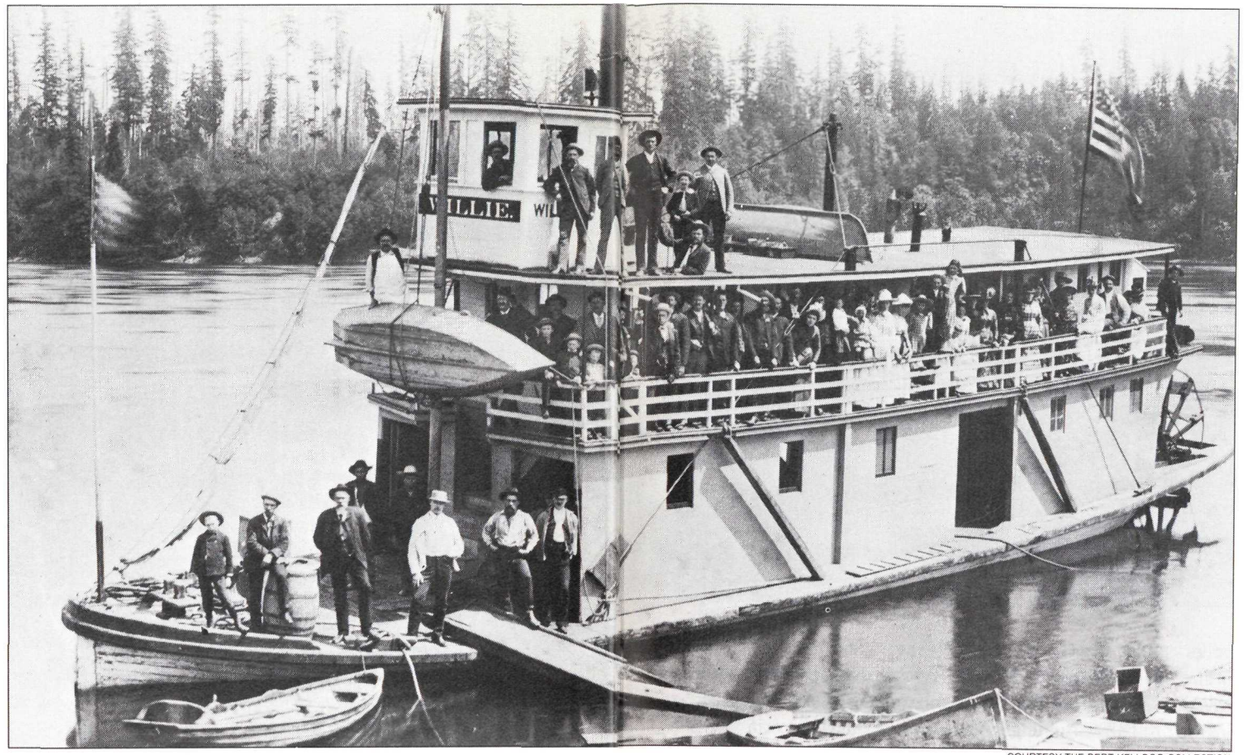
175 HOOFS
The twenty-four hoofs of the running team are rapidly drumming the ground.

The Overland Stage to Lordsburg. Folklore and legend. These were words that I had heard before. And this was the stuff the West of John Wayne and John Ford was made of.

Bodie Thoene *is a free-lance writer working out of her ranch home in Glennville, California. For some years she was a writer for John Wayne Enterprises. Her features have appeared in many national publications. She is co-author of* The Fall Guy *and has recently completed a novel for Bethany House Publishers.*

(Above) ***Characters in the first*** Stagecoach ***relax at a stop on the route from Tonto to Lordsburg, New Mexico, while the stage is made ready.*** (Left) ***Stars of the 1939 United Artists production line up for their photograph: Claire Trevor, John Wayne, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Louise Platt, Thomas Mitchell, Berton Churchill, Donald Meek, and George Bancroft.***

THE MOSQUITO FLEET CHUFFED YOU THERE FROM HERE



COURTESY THE BERT KELLOGG COLLECTION

Navigating by dog and whistle, small steamboats linked frontier Puget Sound

by Earl Clark

A SEA GULL SOARING ABOVE PUGET SOUND CAN always see at least one of Washington State Ferries' green-and-white boats somewhere down on the water. Nearly two hundred times a day a ferryboat loads up with vehicles and passengers and pulls away from a dock.

Long before there were automobiles or ferries to carry them, Puget Sound was noted for another unique flotilla known affectionately as the Mosquito Fleet. Its lifetime spanned a century, ending in the 1930s, but its days of glory ran from the Civil War era until World War I.

The Mosquito Fleet came into being for the same reason as the Washington State Ferries: if you live on Puget Sound you just can't get there from here except by boat. For this is no tidy open body of water like Long Island Sound. Rather, it is a maze of harbors, inlets, peninsulas, islands, and channels encompassing 2,000 miles of coastline in a total distance of only eighty miles. No wonder people homesteading these roadless, tree-packed shores in the nineteenth century required water transport. Typically, the sawmill village christened Seattle was founded by pioneers who arrived by boat, not overland. Other Puget Sound settlements such as Olympia, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, and Port Townsend were established the same way. And so the Mosquito Fleet evolved, hauling mail, passengers, and freight to and from these frontier outposts, from Olalla to Utsaladdy, from Big Skookum Inlet to Poverty Bay.

The granddaddy of this fleet, and the first steamboat on the Pacific Coast, was the *Beaver,* launched on the Thames by King William IV in 1835. She arrived in the raw Pacific Northwest the following year after a 163-day voyage across the Atlantic, around Cape Horn, and up the coast via the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii) to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River, where the Hudson's Bay Company put her to work running from there to Fort Nisqually on Puget Sound. The 101-foot side-wheeler justified her name by chomping up as much as fifty cords of wood per day, her brass cannon and the plume of smoke trailing from her stack a never-ending source of amazement to the Indians who far outnumbered whites along her route. The *Beaver* chuffed up and down the Sound until 1860, when she went on the Victoria–New Westminster run. By the time the historic paddle-wheeler ended her career on the rocks of Vancouver harbor in 1888, the frontier community she helped develop had outgrown its territorial status and was applying to become the forty-second state.

But the birth of the Mosquito Fleet might be dated more accurately as 1853 with the arrival at Olympia of the diminutive side-wheeler *Fairy,* the first American-built steamer on the Sound, displacing Moxie's Canoe Express when it became the first steamboat to carry the mail. Built in San Francisco, the sixty-five-foot *Fairy* was too dainty to make it up the coast on her own; so, she was shipped aboard a lumber schooner. The *Fairy* entered service between Olympia, then the territorial capital with a population of about fifty, and Seattle, which was even smaller. However, the *Fairy* had a major problem. She invariably tilted sideways as she rounded Seattle's Alki Point, leaving her outer paddle wheel spinning helplessly in the air. Disconcerted passengers who had forked-over twenty cents a mile complained that the miniscule deck gave them no room to move when someone was sent sprawling. So the *Fairy* went on an easier route between Olympia and Fort Steilacoom, achieving another first in 1857 when she came to an early end in Puget Sound's first boiler explosion.

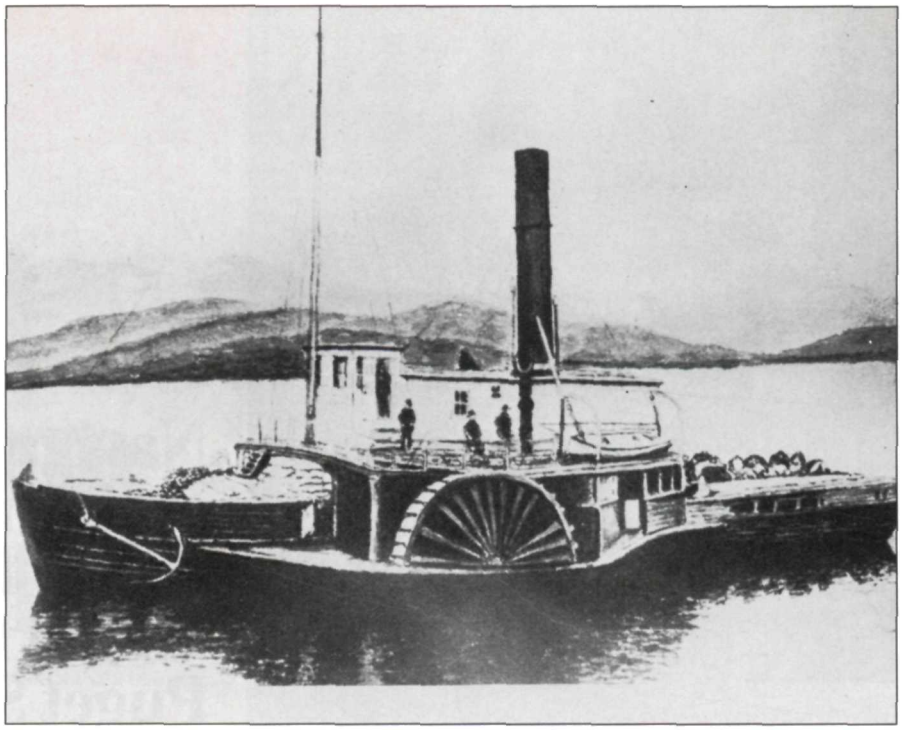
There was no federal steamboat inspection on Puget Sound until 1871; so, it's hardly surprising that the Mosquito Fleet's attrition rate ran fairly high in the early decades, with boats put together by any village craftsman who fancied himself a boat builder and operated by anyone who aspired to take the wheel. Most boats "died with their boots on," gashing their hulls on rocks, keeling over in storms, going up in flames, or rocketing skyward in spectacular explosions. Still, the loss of life was far less than the carnage caused by the automobiles that succeeded them.

TYPICAL OF THE EARLY-DAY FLEET, AND SURELY one of its most colorful members, was the side-wheeler *Eliza Anderson,* built in Portland, Oregon, in 1858. She was 140 feet long with a twenty-four-foot beam, weighed 276 tons, and moseyed along her unhurried rounds powered by a single-cylinder engine. The saying was that no boat went so slow or made money so fast. She carried passengers for twenty dollars from Olympia to Victoria, freight at five to ten dollars a ton, and cattle for fifteen dollars per head, to which was added a handsome annual mail subsidy.

All aboard! Spruced up in their Sunday best, passengers cover the decks of the little steamboat* Willie, *whose small size let her negotiate the twisting passages of Big Skookum Inlet to reach this stop at Shelton.

A certain Captain Jones decided to horn in on this prosperous monopoly with his side-wheeler *Enterprise,* a faster vessel than "Old Anderson," and so began the first of the many rate wars that periodically rocked Puget Sound. By the time the fare had dropped to fifty cents along with a free meal, delighted pioneers found it cheaper to ride a boat than stay home, and the *Enterprise* soon gave up the battle.

Meanwhile "Old Anderson" inspired legends that amused generations of Northwest mariners. For instance, once when head winds were boiling the waters of Deception Pass the *Anderson* was desperately bucking a riptide, burdened with a full load of passengers, eight head of cattle, seven pianos, and a dozen barrels of whiskey. When skipper Tom Wright decided the boat was in grave danger, he ordered the cattle kicked into the briny, figuring they could swim ashore. But still there was no improvement; so, over went the pianos, and at last the *Anderson* began to make headway. When the vessel finally got back to Seattle, an indignant company agent collared the captain.



COURTESY THE BERT KELLOGG COLLECTION

(Right) ***The sturdy steamboat* Beaver, *forerunner of the plucky Mosquito Fleet, paddled from England around Cape Horn in 1835 to reach the shores of Puget Sound.*** (Opposite) ***Steaming toward Long Beach and Ocean Park, Washington, here, the speedy side-wheeler* T. J. Potter *had sleek good looks, but her lack of stability tended to make passengers seasick.***

"Don't you think you might have been a mite hasty dumping them pianos overboard?" he demanded.

"Hell, man!" roared the skipper, eyeing the agent as one would a backward child, "you can't drink pianos!"

The *Anderson*'s purser, D. B. Finch, established a fortune by moonlighting in high finance, enabling him to retire a wealthy man. Few banks existed along the Sound in those early days, and new-born municipalities met their obligations by issuing interest-bearing warrants. Finch used up so much time at each stop wheeling and dealing in this financial paper that passengers complained the boat couldn't maintain its schedule, such as it was.

Finch installed a steam calliope on the *Anderson,* producing an uproar that alarmed Indians for miles around. It also startled the residents of Victoria, British Columbia, on a Fourth of July night when the boat paddled into the province's capital city and regaled the Canadians with "The Star Spangled Banner." This brought the harbor master rowing out to demand that the ruckus cease forthwith; whereupon, the skipper obligingly moved the paddle-wheeler out beyond the city limits. But the calliope then bellowed out every Yankee tune in its repertoire, finally running out of steam at 3:00 A.M.

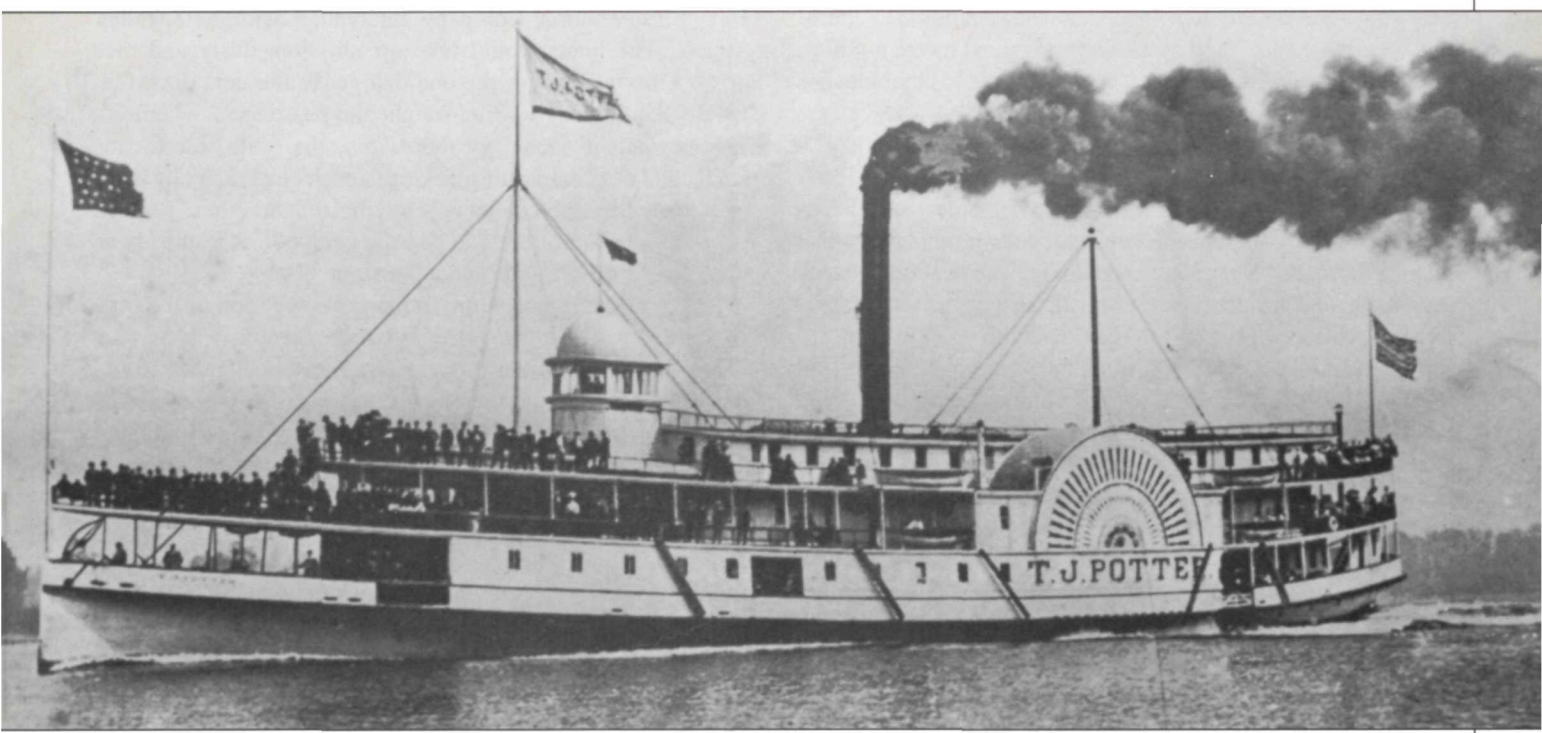
"Old Anderson" got into another rate war in the mid-1880s when the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company, having cornered the Columbia River trade, decided to take on the Mosquito Fleet with the faster side-wheeler *George E. Starr.* The *Starr* would run alongside the *Anderson* wherever she went, then steam ahead to beat her to the next dock and pick off the waiting passengers. But this ended one night in a fog bank off Whidbey Island when the old lady butted the *George E. Starr* so vigorously that the challenger had to limp back for repairs. "Old Anderson" finally foundered on an Alaskan beach after a trouble-plagued trip that ended her forty-year career.

The 154-foot *George E. Starr,* which once accommodated President Rutherford B. Hayes overnight, was launched in Seattle in 1879, running between there and Victoria until 1892. She was then sold to the new Puget Sound Navigation Company, organized by a young steamboat man named Joshua Green. In 1926 he used his steamboat earnings to buy up the small People's Bank and built it into one of the state's largest financial institutions. He put in a daily stint at the bank until a few years before his death in 1975 at the remarkable age of 105, a living link with Seattle's pioneer past. A few years earlier he reminisced about the *Starr:* "If you put a load on her the paddle wheels went so far down in the water she would hardly go ahead. I remember once we had a full load of canned salmon aboard and she went so slow that it cost more to feed the passengers than we collected from them!"

ALMOST EVERY PORT ON PUGET SOUND CAME TO know the *George E. Starr* before the side-wheeler went to the Columbia as a towboat, abandoned finally in 1921. She was commemorated in a poem written by one of her deckhands:

> Paddle, paddle, *George E. Starr,*
> How we wonder where you are!
> You left Seattle at half past ten
> And you'll get to Bellingham God knows when.
> We can see your masthead light
> Out upon the Sound so far—
> Paddle, paddle, little Starr!

By 1870 the Mosquito Fleet enjoyed great prosperity. Olympia had grown to a population of 1,500, slightly ahead of Seattle. But by the time of the Great Fire of 1889, the latter city had reached 18,000. Spurred by the Alaska gold rush, Seattle



COURTESY THE BERT KELLOGG COLLECTION

grew at a rapid rate through the early twentieth century. The Mosquito Fleet grew right along with the cities and towns the boats served. One of the finest of the Gay Nineties' paddle-wheelers was the *Olympian,* put on the profitable Seattle-Tacoma run by the Oregon Railroad & Navigation Company in 1884. Her main saloon featured crystal lamps, Wilton carpets, dark mahogany trim, and wine-colored plush seats, while fifty staterooms offered brass beds, polished mirrors, and marble washbasins with running water. Crisp white linen graced tables in the dining room seating 150, reached by a graceful curving stairway.

There was nothing ordinary about the little steamers that puffed up lonely rivers and inlets, sometimes daily, more often two or three times a week, the villages' only connection with the mainland. Traveling these waters during winter fogs required what boatmen termed "dog and whistle navigation." Creeping along at a snail's pace, the skipper would sound the whistle, calculating the distance from shore by the lapse between whistle blast and answering echo and analyzing the echo's tone as to whether it was bouncing off a rocky cliff, a stand of trees, or a log barn. If the hoot brought an answering howl from a farmer's hound, the captain could give the wheel a saving spin if the mutt sounded a bit too close.

The boats pulled up anywhere to load passengers and produce at isolated stump ranches hacked out of the towering firs. Skippers brought the latest news and in turn might take shopping lists to fill out. The ships rapidly filled with farm wives who carried eggs and poultry to Seattle's Pike Place Market and returned home in the evening with their city purchases. The steamboat *Otter,* which arrived on the Sound in 1853, stocked groceries and dry goods in open bins, a sort of waterborne general store, and collected poultry and produce for the city markets in Seattle.

No matter what size the boat, her master rated the title "Captain," and for decades there were captains aplenty on Puget Sound—imposing personages with muttonchop whiskers, crisp blue uniforms liberally sprinkled with gold braid, and an aura of dignity. Such an early-day skipper was Captain S. D. Libby of the *Goliah,* built in New York in 1849 as a passenger-freight steamer but eventually converted to tug duty. Captain Libby was famed for a trumpet-like voice that could outroar a howling wind, eyes to pierce a blanket of fog, and a wealth of profanity calculated to make a deckhand jump. As steamboats became more commodious, their masters ranked with Puget Sound aristocracy like merchants, bankers, and timber barons. While midwestern lads aspired to become locomotive engineers, on Puget Sound the dream was to be a steamboat captain.

Ships were as varied as their masters, but few were humbler than the *Capital,* homemade at Olympia to navigate the twisting passages from there to Shelton. As maritime historian Gordon Newell describes it, a threshing machine engine furnished the motive power, and the boiler was cribbed off a logging donkey engine; all this was mounted on an open deck, with pigs, chickens, and human passengers wedged in between sacks of coal and apples. Competing with the *Capital* was the *Old Settler,* which had appropriated her engine and boilers from a small ship but her whistle from a very large one. When the two little steamers chanced to meet each other in Dana Passage, the *Capital* would whistle to overtake the *Old Settler* on her starboard side. Custom required the *Old Settler*'s whistle to respond. Unfortunately, the ensuing blast sucked up all the steam, leaving the fuming crew to watch helplessly as "the most disreputable-looking object on Puget Sound" floundered past. The *Capital*'s engineer once was unable to reverse the engine as the little craft neared the end of Olym-

pia's bay. But no problem. The side wheels continued churning up great gobs of mud as the craft staggered up the mudflat, thereby becoming the only boat ever to walk in to Olympia.

ANOTHER HOMEMADE STEAMER WAS THE *MARY WOODruff,* cobbled together at Port Madison in 1863. Historian Newell describes its side wheels as "driven by a complicated cog and gear arrangement that would warm the heart of Rube Goldberg. The resulting clatter, shrieking, and grinding made a whistle an unnecessary luxury, for the protests of her unorthodox machinery could be heard for miles on a calm day." The ungainly craft became the first mail boat on Bellingham Bay and continued clamoring and splashing around the Sound until she burned in 1881.

Then there was the steamer *Evangel,* named by the Reverend J. P. Ludlow who planned to use it to spread the Gospel to assorted Indians and Chinese. The boat was launched in 1882 by white-robed, hymn-singing Sunday School girls who shattered a bottle of pure water against her bow. But about that time the reverend ran out of money; so, he chartered the boat to John Leary to carry nonsectarian mail and passengers. In turn, Leary sold it to Captain James Morgan, who liked his whiskey neat and whose idea of culture was a round of poker. The *Evangel* had to put back for boiler repairs on her maiden voyage. She collided with the stern-wheeler *Skagit Chief* in 1890, sent her boiler sky-high at Sehome the next year with the loss of three lives, sank off Port Townsend in 1894, was refloated, and finally gave up the ghost in 1903 when her engines went into a freighter. Old salts were not surprised at her misfortunes: what more could you expect of a boat christened with branch water and hymns?

Given the fogs that blanket Puget Sound in winter, it was not unusual for steamers to hit the beach, but the flat-bottomed paddle-wheelers normally could back off again. The stern-wheeler *Zephyr* did not have such good fortune. She plowed onto the beach one Christmas Eve and had to remain there ignominiously until next day's high tide enabled her to make a sheepish exit, because the dozing engineer had let the fires die down.

The *Zephyr* put into Shelton one day, giving the crew a chance to go visit a grog shop. Left behind was a Swede who had quit the rigors of a logging camp to hire on as fireman. His instructions were to load the tanks by hooking a hose to a shoreside faucet—but the skipper neglected to inform him that since the *Zephyr* had seen service as a water hauler, the tanks held much more than the boat was designed to use. At about the halfway mark the Swede decided he had time to take off and join his buddies. When they all returned much later, they were astounded to find the *Zephyr* nowhere in sight. At last the skipper noted the throbbing hose and following it to the water's edge, observed bubbles rising gently around the mast of the ship, which had settled firmly on the bottom. They never saw their new fireman again.

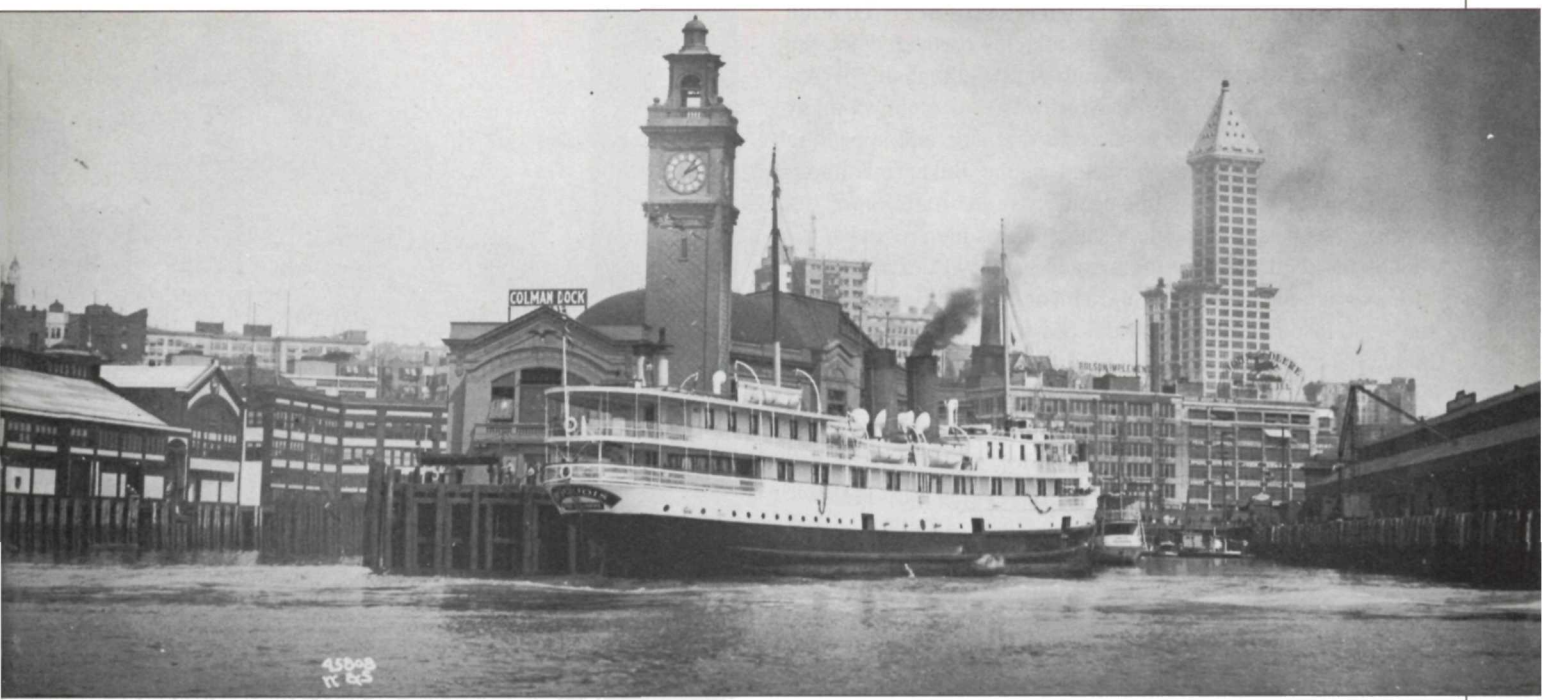
Rivalry between boats could be intense, and races were frequent, not merely as sporting events but to determine the survival of the fittest. In the early 1900s the *Hyak* enjoyed a lucrative business on the Poulsbo-Seattle run, until the Liberty Bay Transportation Company intervened with its speedier *Athlon.* The boats would take off simultaneously and race down Liberty Bay, for the one that got to the next dock first would skim off the waiting freight and passengers. The north side of Poulsbo rooted for the *Athlon,* the south side for the *Hyak,* and neighbors quit speaking to each other. Usually these wars ended in one company's buying off the other, perhaps even finding it profitable to pay the competitors a subsidy so they would go off and bother someone else.

Few contests matched the frenzied competition of the little steamers *Vashon* and *Burton* between Tacoma and Vashon Island in the early 1900s. Leaving Tacoma together they would race up Dalco Passage side by side, crews shouting insults at each other, pitched fights sometimes delaying their docking. On one occasion both boats arrived together at Dockton to pick up a load of sacked clams, but the crews used the clams as ammunition to hurl at each other, the shellfish eventually ending back on the tideflat, their previous habitat. Customers finally pressured the lines to merge, whereupon the boats went on alternating schedules—not so exciting, but much more relaxing for the passengers.

BY AUGUST 22, 1908, THE *SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER* could print a full-page map of Puget Sound so laced with Mosquito Fleet routes that the lines merged in a blur, while an accompanying column listed seventy-one boats serving nearly as many routes. Lonely byways were still served by many small boats, but the onetime villages on the mainland that had become cities were served by fleet and luxurious ships. The most famous of these was the *Flyer,* symbolic of the propeller-driven oil-fueled boats that succeeded the wood-burning paddle-wheelers. This handsome steamer, built the same year the *Beaver* sank, arrived on the Sound in 1891 and ran for twenty-one years between Seattle and Tacoma, making four round trips daily at eighteen miles per hour. By 1908 she had traveled 1.8 million miles, the equivalent of seventy-two times around the globe, and had carried more than three million passengers without an injury. She did, however, sustain numerous minor collisions, including an incident one morning in 1905 as she came gliding into the Seattle dock. When the engineer received the customary order to reverse, he swung the lever hard over, only to have it come off in his hands. The steamer plowed on through an oyster dock at twelve knots, ending with its bow jutting over busy Railroad Avenue and its passengers festooned with garlands of unshucked oysters.

The Mosquito Fleet's worst disaster occurred January 8, 1904, when the steamer *Clallam* went down off Port Townsend, with the loss of fifty-five lives. That did not surprise saltwater veterans, who recalled that when the boat was launched in Tacoma in 1903, not only did the young lady miss with the christening champagne, but the flag was hoisted upside down. And when the *Clallam* loaded sheep in Seattle for her ill-fated trip, the old ram who was the Judas sheep absolutely refused to go aboard.

But of all the misfortunes to befall the Mosquito Fleet, the automobile was the death blow. Even as Henry Ford was



COURTESY PUGET SOUND MARITIME HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Now serving as Washington State Ferries' headquarters and busiest terminal, the century-old Colman Dock in Seattle, shown here in earlier days, was once host to the bustling Mosquito Fleet steamers.

tinkering in his Detroit workshop, new boats were joining the Fleet, such as the *Tacoma,* last and greatest of the Black Ball Line steamers, launched at her namesake city in 1913. By her last run December 15, 1930, she had logged two million miles and carried 6.5 million passengers at an average speed of twenty knots, the fastest single-screw commercial steamer in the world.

The first Mosquito Fleet steamer to be converted to an auto ferry, between Seattle and Bremerton, was the fine old stern-wheeler *Bailey Gatzert,* named for a Seattle pioneer and called "a floating palace" at her launching in 1890. Equally palatial was the side-wheeler *T. J. Potter,* which outraced her rival to take away the gilded greyhound that had graced the *Gatzert*'s pilot house. In turn, the *Potter* was defeated by the *Telephone* in one of the recurrent races that enlivened Puget Sound steamboating.

As highways pushed into remote reaches where only logging camps once existed, the little steamboats dropped off one by one. By the mid-1930s the Mosquito Fleet was gone, and the last of its surviving steamboat companies, Alex Peabody's Black Ball Line (which still operates an international ferry from Port Angeles to Victoria), bought out the San Francisco ferry fleet that had been displaced by the Golden Gate Bridge. Captain Peabody in turn sold his ferries to the state of Washington in 1951.

But one survivor of the Mosquito Fleet remains, the 125-foot *Virginia V,* built at Maplewood in 1922, already the twilight of the steamboat era. For seventeen years she ran the Seattle-Tacoma route—320,000 miles without a breakdown, competing with interurbans, buses, and automobiles until she foundered in red ink. Luckily she did not suffer the usual fate of abandonment but is still used occasionally as a cruise ship. In 1973 she was listed on the National Register of Historic Places and in 1979 was acquired by the nonprofit *Virginia V* Foundation. Aided by a $53,750 federal grant (more than the boat's original cost), the Foundation now is working to restore the ship to mint condition.

This trim and graceful boat, her hissing triple-expansion engine older than most of her passengers, still chuffs around Puget Sound from April to October for public excursions, including occasional jaunts from Seattle to Poulsbo along the same route over which the *Hyak* and *Athlon* once competed. You'll find the *Virginia V* at pier 55 on the downtown Seattle waterfront Monday through Friday, when she is not out on a cruise. [For information on cruises, call (206) 624-9119.]

On her trip to Poulsbo, the *Virginia V* passes places where trees still line the water's edge, and cars and houses are notable by their absence. Leaning over the rail as she slips through the water, you halfway expect to see a farm wife hailing the boat with her basket of eggs on one arm, and you might look behind to see if another steamer will get there first. But no. This is 1986, and the *Virginia V* on which you are relaxing is, in and of itself, the entire Puget Sound Mosquito Fleet.

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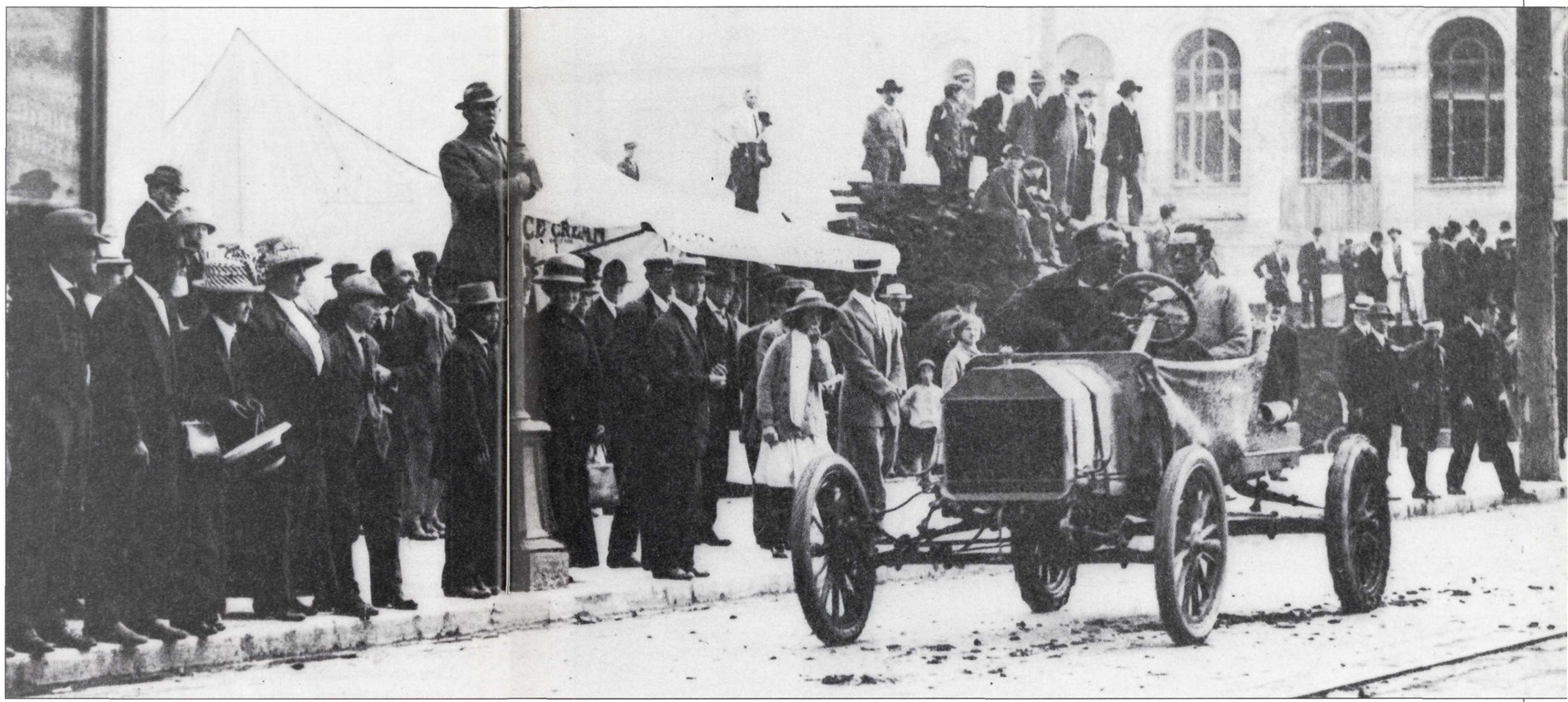
A free-lance writer living in Port Angeles, Washington, **Earl Clark** *has published articles in more than fifty magazines. His story on the Cape Alava archeological explorations was the cover piece for* AMERICAN WEST, *May/June 1984; the May/June 1971 issue carried his* "John F. Stevens: Pathfinder for Western Railroads."



GALEN BIERY COLLECTION

BELLINGHAM'S DARING DASH FROM SNOW TO SEA

Early marathons set the pace for today's frantic relays

by JoAnn Roe

WITH A $100 PRIZE, A TROPHY, AND A BUFFALO ROBE at stake, fourteen hardy athletes registered for the first Mount Baker Marathon at Bellingham, Washington, in 1911. The Pacific Northwest has claimed many champions in its day but none more dramatic and appealing than the iron men who competed in the Baker marathons during the early years of this century. In the tradition of her adventurous past, Washington state gave us men to match her mountains. Not only did the marathoners' wild exploits provide excitement and wonder and a bit of unintentional comedy, they also inspired the present-day Ski-to-Sea races that attract hundreds of contestants in a mad dash from the snow-clad mountains to the coast.

Intent upon promoting tourism in Whatcom County, the Mount Baker Club organized the early marathons to call attention to their scenic area. And rugged Washingtonians turned out to meet the challenge of a demanding course—from Bellingham to Mount Baker and back, a round trip of 76 to 112 miles, depending upon the route taken. Each contestant could use his choice of transportation to get from Bellingham to either one of two trails leading up the mountain's slopes; from the foot of the trail, he ran the eleven miles to the summit where judges huddled in tents against snow and cold to register the runner; he then rushed back down the mountain to his waiting transportation and a frantic ride to Bellingham. Autos, horses, motorcycles, trains, and handcars on the railroad tracks were pressed into service.

The early marathons started from Bellingham at 10:00 P.M. so that runners could be at the mountain snowfields before dawn. Since the races were held in July or August, snow covering partially melted during the day but froze again at night, and contestants had to traverse Mount Baker while the footing was relatively solid early in the day. Although the mountain is laced with deep crevasses, usually there was no new snow at that time of year, and runners could see the dangerous fissures.

Contestants who chose to use the Deming Trail up Mount Baker had to use autos, motorcycles, or horses to the trail head, twenty-seven miles from Bellingham. In 1911 the road to the trail was little more than a wagon path, rutted and full of potholes. Contestants who chose the Glacier Trail rode a special train of the Bellingham Bay & British Columbia Railway to Glacier, forty-five miles from Bellingham. A carnival air prevailed as the train ran through the night, steam belching, and whistle screaming. Small children were allowed to stay up late to line the tracks and watch.

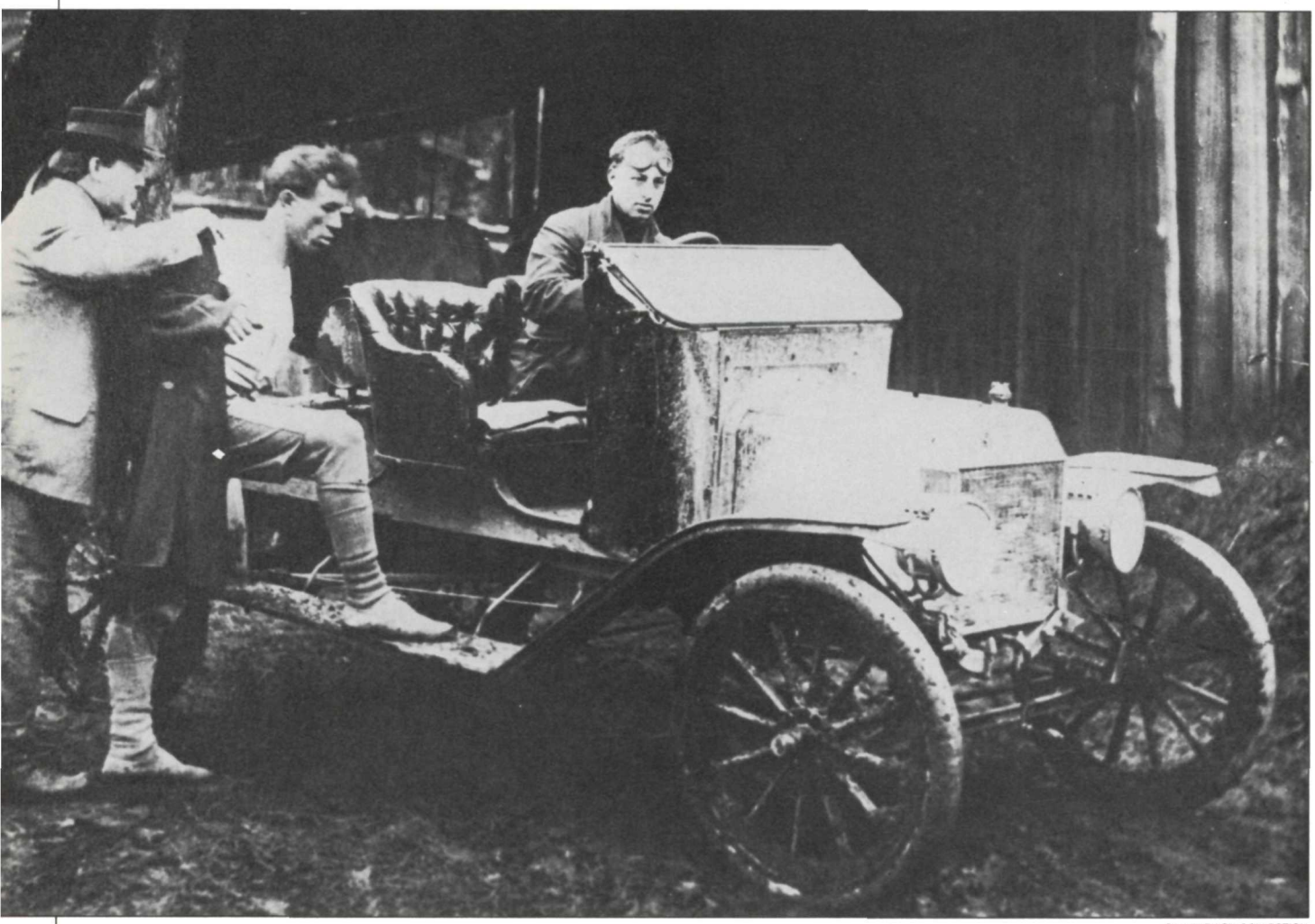
Bellingham turned out with enthusiasm to send off the intrepid runners in the first Mount Baker Marathon in 1911. Though fourteen contestants were signed up for the race, only five were in the running when the snowfields were reached.

Contestant Joe Galbraith, a logger, was chauffeured by Hugh Diehl in the latter's stripped down Ford racing car, Betsy I. It sped along without regard for the rough road to deliver Galbraith at the foot of the Deming Trail in fifty-four minutes. Meanwhile, the train made it to Glacier with several contestants aboard in one hour.

The first part of the Deming Trail climbed gradually, and Galbraith made good time. To light his way through the dark forest he carried a "bug," a frontier lantern made of a tin can with the top end removed, a candle within, and a wire handle. At the camp of Forest Ranger Carl Bell, Galbraith ate a light breakfast, spending about forty-five minutes resting and eating. Off he went again through the heather to the snowline as daybreak came. At the summit of Mount Baker, while the morning sun cast a pink glow over the Cascades snowfields, Galbraith met two runners who had ascended via the Glacier Trail—Harvey Haggard and Norman Randle. Randle reached the summit first, Haggard second, and Galbraith third. The three were only a minute apart at this point and spent no time in conversation. After signing in with the judges stationed at the summit and resting the required four minutes, each rushed down the slopes.

Galbraith rejoined Diehl at 9:40 A.M., so hypnotically tired that he was strapped into the Ford so he wouldn't fall out. Diehl almost overturned the Betsy I several times in avoiding

Finishing Bellingham's historic 1911 Mount Baker Marathon, one of the doughty contestants rides along Cornwall Avenue, chauffeured by Garnet Crews. Curious Bellinghamers line the sidewalk to see the return of one of the iron men of the day, who had undergone intense cold, an exhausting run over mountainous terrain, and wild dashes by any kind of transportation to and from the mountain.



GALEN BIERY COLLECTION

(Above) ***Runner Joe Galbraith has just negotiated the Deming Trail up and down the slopes of Mount Baker in the 1911 marathon. Dead tired, he is helped into the waiting car by a*** Bellingham Herald ***reporter on the scene, H. H. Mathison. Driver Hugh Diehl is ready to race his auto, the Betsy I, through mud and ditches, past frightened horses and inquisitive spectators to deposit Galbraith at the finish line.*** (Opposite) ***Hard-luck Harvey Haggard, another 1911 marathon contestant, waits in his bathrobe on the track after the train carrying him back to Bellingham was derailed by a 1300-pound bull. At right, the train conductor uses his field telephone to call for help. Haggard's difficulties in getting to the finish formed the most melodramatic account of the first Mount Baker Marathon.***

cars of spectators on the narrow road. With the throttle wide open near the town of Deming, Diehl approached a woman holding a horse and craning her neck to see the action. The horse became frightened, reared up, and knocked its owner into the road. To avoid a tragedy, Diehl forced his flivver into a ditch, almost tipping over, but he did regain the road and kept roaring along toward Bellingham.

PRIOR TO THE RACE, SPECIAL TELEPHONE LINES HAD BEEN strung all the way to Mount Baker so that city residents could vicariously enjoy the progress of the race and the reporters' comments. Thus, when the Ford came around the last corner to pull up in front of the Chamber of Commerce in Bellingham, a cheering crowd was there to greet Joe Galbraith, weary and muddy but smiling. Galbraith surprised everyone by making the round trip in the short span of 12 hours, 28 minutes to take first place.

Thirty-two minutes later Harvey Haggard checked in with a hard-luck tale that set some kind of record for ill-starred competitors. Bounding down Mount Baker's slopes to Glacier, he actually racked up a round-trip time from train to summit of 10 hours, 1 minute, whereas Galbraith had recorded 10 hours, 46 minutes for his run.

GALEN BIERY COLLECTION

As the rules decreed that the first runner to arrive in Glacier could commandeer the train, leaving subsequent racers to fend for themselves, first-running Haggard hopped onto the already moving train.

Stripping down to his skin, Haggard flung himself on a cot. Friends wrapped him in light blankets and massaged his cramping muscles. Minutes later they were catapulted to the ceiling and buffeted about when the engine hit a 1300-pound bull that had strayed onto the tracks. The train derailed, sliding several hundred feet before settling down on its side. Haggard appeared on the tracks, dazed, bruised but not seriously injured, and stark naked. As soon as he could collect his wits, get dressed, and enquire about the condition of other passengers, he yelled at a passerby driving a buggy, "Hey, can you take me toward Bellingham?"

The willing spectator whipped his horse into a dead run, carrying Haggard over the rough trail. At Maple Falls, the spent and lathered horse was pulled up, and Haggard mounted a borrowed saddle horse. The animal was said to be "one of those nervous cayuses with feet and legs like a deer and an eye that shows all the white." Nearing the town of Kendall, "when he [Buster, the horse] saw that an automobile was stationed there and he was not to have the honor of carrying the doughty racer into Bellingham, he planted both front feet and shot Haggard off over his head."

Poor Haggard, bruised by the train wreck, jolted by the wild buggy ride, and laid low by the ill-tempered horse, had to be picked up from the ground and draped on the automobile's front seat. He fainted twice on the way to Bellingham but recovered enough to walk into the Chamber of Commerce under his own power to place second.

Wrought-up Haggard backers pressed for a rerun of the race because of the train wreck, but the racing committee maintained its advertised position that the contestant was to "get there and back however he could." Galbraith retained first place honors for the first Mount Baker Marathon. But in the grueling race of the following year, hapless Harvey Haggard took first place.

The 1913 competition, won by Paul Westerlund, was the last of the original Mount Baker Marathons. Worried by the fog, snow, sleet, and wind that plagued the 1912 and 1913 races, officials decided to discontinue the marathons after one of the contestants suffered a dangerous mishap on the mountain. The plight of Victor Galbraith, a 1913 contestant and cousin of the 1911 winner, emphasized the folly of racing over the glacier-clothed mountain in midsummer.

GALEN BIERY COLLECTION

(Above) ***In the 1913 Mount Baker Marathon the above team rescued a runner who had fallen into a crevasse during a summer snowstorm. This danger to contestants brought about an end to the early marathons, but they serve as inspiration for today's Ski-to-Sea relays.*** (Opposite) ***In one of the six laps of Bellingham's present-day snow-to-sea races, runners speed from Mount Baker toward the sea for eight miles before handing off batons to biker teammates. After pedaling forty-two miles, a biker contestant helps his teammate begin her twenty-mile trek by canoe on the Nooksack River, while another canoeist waits his turn.***

An unseasonable summer snowstorm pounded Mount Baker the day of the 1913 race, camouflaging the crevasses. At the summit, contestant Jimmie Hayes reported that he had fallen into a crevasse and that he had lost at least twenty minutes in it that he was aware of. Though his hands and face were cut and bleeding and he was almost blinded, he insisted on continuing the race. The increasingly worried judges then realized that Victor Galbraith had not appeared at all. Contestant A. M. Burnside, who had followed Galbraith by two hours along the same route, remembered footprints that ended abruptly, and led searchers to the approximate location. Only a small hole marked the spot where Victor was trapped. Clad in a light running suit, he was suffering from exposure, but because the crevasse was wide enough for him to move around a bit, he was alive, and rescuers carried him down the mountain.

BELLINGHAM'S PRESENT-DAY, ANNUAL SKI-TO-SEA races have been called "the world's most exciting" relays. Inaugurated in 1973 as a tamer version of the early Mount Baker Marathons, these amateur races pit relay teams of six competitors each in a contest that emphasizes fun. Nevertheless the desire to win in this sixty-nine-mile dash

BOTH PHOTOS BY AUTHOR

from snowy slopes to the coast is just as strong as it was in 1911. Interest in the race is so great that officials have been obliged to limit the number of teams to two hundred. Contestants come not only from Washington but from most of the far West states, including Hawaii, and from Canada. Rules are few so that almost any amateur may enter. Teams made up of handicapped members have participated in each race beginning with 1982.

Run each year in May, the Ski-to-Sea race has six relay segments. (1) Cross-country skiers start at 8:30 A.M. from the Mount Baker Ski Area Lodge and climb two miles to the top of a steep run called The Chute. There, each one passes a baton to the downhill racer on his team. (2) Downhill skiers speed down the mountain on a two-mile course that includes an open giant slalom. At the lodge each skier passes his baton to the runner on his team. (3) After an eight-mile trek downhill, each runner hands off his baton to his biker teammate, (4) who pedals forty-two miles and then passes the baton to a teammate in a canoe or kayak on the Nooksack River. (5) Boaters paddle down the river for approximately twenty miles to the mouth of the Nooksack where batons are passed to teammates in small sailboats. (6) Sailors maneuver eight miles across Bellingham Bay to the finish line by Marine Park, where they are cheered by thousands of spectators who have spent the day picnicking and enjoying entertainment in the park.

The atmosphere about the whole affair is friendly—it's a lively summer fete that doesn't get too serious about anything. Contestants accept small accidents and bad luck good naturedly, laughing off their misfortune. At times, runners have staggered to their finish line to find no bikers waiting; canoeists have been delayed because their craft was on a four-wheel-drive vehicle stuck in the mud somewhere; one year a plucky handicapped biker kept losing her artificial leg; because of low tide at the mouth of the Nooksack River, canoeists have been obliged to jump out and pull their canoes over sandbars in order to hand off their baton to teammates in sailboats; cyclists have lost wheels from their bikes; and sailboats have overturned.

All in all, Bellingham has arranged an affair that reflects the best in Western pride and hospitality. Its enthusiastic citizens invite far-flung neighbors to join in a contest that celebrates its history as well as its great outdoors.

JoAnn Roe *is a free-lance writer from Bellingham, Washington, who contributes to* AMERICAN WEST *from time to time. In the community spirit of Bellingham, Ms. Roe's son, Scott Burkhart, has participated in three recent Ski-to-Sea races.*

WHEN YOU GO

This year's Ski-to-Sea race will be held on Sunday, May 25, the culmination of Bellingham's Ski-to-Sea Festival. The entire weekend is filled with community celebration and entertainment. On Friday, May 23, there is a children's parade open to anyone under fourteen years of age. Youngsters need not preregister, and there are no requirements except as to age—just show up. You may wear costumes, decorate your bikes or whatever, and have fun. On Saturday, May 24, the grown-up parade is more formal, entries requiring preregistration. (Incidentally, Monday, May 26, is the special Washington state day at Expo 86 in Vancouver, British Columbia, a short distance over the border from Bellingham.)

On Sunday, the day of the race, noncontestants gather in Marine Park in the Fairhaven section in south Bellingham for a day of neighborly merrymaking. Many kinds of entertainment are offered, and there is a huge barbecue. An important activity for the gathered thousands is cheering and keeping tabs on the racing teams as their sailboats glide over the finish line, beginning as early as the noon hour and continuing throughout the afternoon.

For more information contact the Whatcom Chamber of Commerce and Industry, P.O. Box 958, Bellingham, Washington 98227. Telephone (206) 734-1330.

Western Books in Brief

These books may be purchased from your local bookstore.* AMERICAN WEST *does not sell them.

Gathering the Desert *by Gary Paul Nabhan (The University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1985; 219 pp., illus., index, $19.95).*
Creosote leaf tea can cure the common cough, and mesquite pods make a tasty carob-like pudding. Arid lands expert Gary Nabhan reminds us of such folk wisdom in this informative and entertaining guide to twelve edible native plants of the Sonoran Desert. Humorous anecdotes and personal narrative are combined with legends, history, and medicinal and nutritional values of plants long precious to American Indians and Mexican Americans.

Zane Grey: A Photographic Odyssey *by Loren Grey (Taylor Publishing Company, Dallas, 1985; 224 pp., $19.95).*
Zane Grey fans will enjoy this pictorial history of the best-selling novelist who wrote *Riders of the Purple Sage* in 1912. The writer's undaunted pursuit of adventure, which prompted his world travels and hunting and fishing expeditions, is evident in this collection of 125 black-and-white photographs, where he poses with family and friends in the West he loved and so eloquently described. Some of these large, telling photos were taken by Grey himself; others were taken by his son Loren, who compiled and wrote this beautiful book.

Carl Rungius: Painter of the Western Wilderness *by John Whyte and E. J. Hart (Salem House, Salem, New Hampshire, 1985; 192 pp., illus., notes, index, $34.95).*
The love German-born artist Carl Rungius (1869–1959) developed for the wildlife of the North American West is unmistakably reflected in the works in this beautiful, oversized book. Oil paintings and sketches portraying everything from polar bears on icy waters to rams in the Canadian Rockies sensitively illustrate this avid hunter's appreciation of big game living in its natural surroundings.

Pioneer Trails West *by The Western Writers of America, ed. by Don Worcester (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1985; 312 pp., $24.95).*
Many old Indian and buffalo grazing trails, which followed the easiest grades and often led to water, were used by westering pioneers whose steady stream of wagons, cattle, and supplies wore the paths into well-established routes. This informative book tells the history of more than twenty American trails—like the Trail of Tears traveled by southeastern Cherokees and the Camino Real, a path that strung together the fifty-one California missions. Each of the nineteen chapters is written by a different Western writer, and illustrated with helpful maps and historic photographs.

Colt: An American Legend *text by R. L. Wilson, photog. by Sid Latham (Abbeville Press, New York, 1985; 406 pp., illus., appendix, index, $55.00).*
Peacemakers, Baby Dragoons, and many other pistols, revolvers, and rifles from the finest private and public collections are showcased in this history of Colt firearms. More than 400 photographs, with 300 in color, offer a collector's feast of historic, engraved, and commemorative models—some pictured in life size. The text tells the story of Samuel Colt, whose invention of the revolving pistol in 1835 triggered a booming firearms business. Serious collectors will find the appendix invaluable; it traces the complete serial numbers and year of every Colt model since 1836.

Cowboy Poetry From Utah: An Anthology *comp. and ed. by Carol A. Edison (Utah Folklife Center, Salt Lake City, 1985; 143 pp., illus., paper $9.95).*
The voices of twenty Utah poets sing tales of horses, cattle, and cowboys in this new forty-poem anthology. Introductory essays on the tradition of cowboy poetry and the lifestyle that inspires it enable readers of assorted backgrounds to appreciate the poems that follow. Photos and biographies of the poets support the title of one of F. Allen Brewer's ballads, which claims that a cowboy does indeed lead "A Most Colorful Life."

Buffalo Bill Historical Center *(Oak Trees Publications, San Diego, 1985; 60 pp., illus., paper $9.95).*
Official publication of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, this slim, oversized book is filled with numerous color photographs of the Western and Indian artifacts preserved at the Center. Established in 1927 in memory of William F. Cody, the Center is comprised of four historical museums: Buffalo Bill Museum, Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Plains Indian Museum, and Winchester Arms Museum. The book is a fine sampling of what the Center has in store.

The Rivers of Colorado *by Jeff Rennicke (Falcon Press, Billings, Montana, 1985; 112 pp., illus., cloth $22.95, paper $14.95).*
This first book of the new Colorado Geographic Series features in 121 color pictures and text the shining waters that rush from the melting snows of the Rocky Mountains—making the Colorado the "mother of rivers." Author Jeff Rennicke, a native Coloradan and avid river runner, discusses with warm sincerity the geology, history, wildlife, preservation, and uses of the hundred rivers that stretch across the Headwaters State.

Georgia O'Keeffe: Works on Paper, *intro. by David Turner, essay by Barbara Haskell (Museum of New Mexico Press, Santa Fe, 1985; 112 pp., illus., cloth $28.95, paper $18.95).*
Reproduced in this fine book are fifty-three color and black-and-white illustrations by Georgia O'Keeffe, which were exhibited together for the first time at the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe last year. The beautiful charcoal, watercolor, and pastel works on paper, dating from 1910 to the 1970s, demonstrate O'Keeffe's mastery of color and composition. An excellent essay by Barbara Haskell, Curator at the Whitney Museum of Art in New York, provides insight into O'Keeffe's life and art.

Ansel Adams: An Autobiography *by Ansel Adams with Mary Street Alinder (New York Graphic Society Books, Boston,1985; 400 pp., illus., index, $50.00).*
Always demonstrating a zeal for his life and work, Ansel Adams (1902–1984) earned great respect in the field of photography. In his autobiography, Adams writes of his friendships with creative types like Alfred Stieglitz and Georgia O'Keeffe, and of his marriage to Virginia Best. He expresses his concern for the environment and his enduring passion for Yosemite. The book features 277 photographs (most taken by Adams) of the people and places that inspired the man behind the camera.

Photographing Wild Texas *by Erwin and Peggy Bauer (University of Texas Press, Austin, 1985; 114 pp., illus., cloth $24.95, paper $14.95).*
The joy of reading a book by the Bauers is that they have a wonderful way of making you feel like you're right there with them—hiding out behind a camouflage blind—waiting, with camera poised, for that white-tailed buck to nod his antlers just a bit further into the glow cast by an early Texas dawn. Along with a friendly, informative narrative and 102 color photographs, this husband-and-wife photography team offers suggestions on where to go, and what techniques and equipment to use, to turn yourself into a skillful wildlife photographer.

Heads, Hides & Horns: The Compleat Buffalo Book *by Larry Barsness (Texas Christian University Press, 1985; 256 pp., illus., notes, biblio., index, cloth $40.00, paper $19.50).*
To entertain and enlighten, the author presents an artful conglomeration of the history, myth, folklore, and fact of the mighty bison—including everything from the religious use of buffalo symbols to twentieth century breeding, from tanning methods to recipes. This oversized text is generously illustrated with works by major artists and period photographs.

Rio Grande: Mountains to the Sea *photog. by Jim Bones (Texas Monthly Press, Austin, 1985; 183 pp., illus., $35.00).*
In this spectacular photodocumentary, wilderness photographer Jim Bones takes viewers on a journey along the Rio Grande. Bones presents every angle of his subject, from an up-close look at powder-blue wildflowers to an expansive view of the western slope of the continental divide. The exquisite color, composition, and clarity of his eighty-two color photographs make aspen groves inviting, and the full moon over Indian Ridge awesome.

Basque Sheepherders of the American West: A Photographic Documentary *by William A. Douglass, photog. by Richard H. Lane (University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1985; 196 pp., illus., $19.50).*
This handsome, informative book is a sensitive record of and tribute to the life and work of Basque sheepherders. For more than a century, they have moved their sheep camps through the deserts and mountains of the American West. But with the decline of the sheep industry, their way of life is becoming a thing of the past. Translations of the English text are presented in Basque, Spanish, and French.

Honor Dance: Native American Photographs *by John Running (University of Nevada Press, Reno, 1985; 176 pp., illus., $40.00).*
For more than a decade, Running has photographed his way through Indian reservations in the American West, Mexico, and Canada. With artful sensitivity and skill, he has used his camera to capture the spirit behind the painted and unpainted faces, the ceremonial and the ordinary of the Big Mountain Navajo, the Hopi, and other tribes. The seventy sharp duotone and ninety vivid color plates in this oversized book, prefaced wtih commentaries by the photographer, do honor to Running's medium and his subject.

Alaska's Backcountry Hideaways: South-central *by Roberta L. Graham (Pacific Search Press, Seattle, 1986; 150 pp., illus., maps, paper $10.95).*
The author takes readers on a delightful tour of south-central Alaska's cozy lodges, rustic cabins, and quaint inns. Offering more than just a catalog of bare facts, the author recounts the highlights of her conversations with hosts, and describes the ambiance and history of each hideaway. Entries include the type of accommodations, location, and price of more than thirty wilderness lodgings, fifteen roadside retreats, and thirty-five U.S. Forest Service cabins.

In Search of York: The Slave Who Went to the Pacific with Lewis and Clark *by Robert B. Betts (Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1985; 183 pp., illus., maps, notes, biblio., index, $22.50).*
Most of what has been written about York, the only black man on the Lewis and Clark expedition, has been "warped by prejudice," claims the author. In this book, he exposes the myths surrounding William Clark's faithful body servant, and explains why York was instrumental in the party's successful dealings with Indians. Included are many firsthand journal accounts of the trek to the Pacific.

Alamo Images: Changing Perceptions of a Texas Experience *by Susan Prendergast Schoelwer (DeGolyer Library and Southern Methodist University Press, Dallas, 1985; 240 pp., illus., index, cloth $75.00, paper $24.95).*
During the 150 years since its fall, the Alamo has served as the central figure in diverse media of popular culture, including motion pictures, children's board games, comic books, stone monuments, grand paintings, and cigarette ads. Published in conjunction with a traveling exhibition celebrating the Texas sesquicentennial, this book explores the mythical and factual accounts of the battle of the Alamo. The exhibit includes over 350 items—many of which are reproduced in this work—that have shaped current perceptions of the Alamo.

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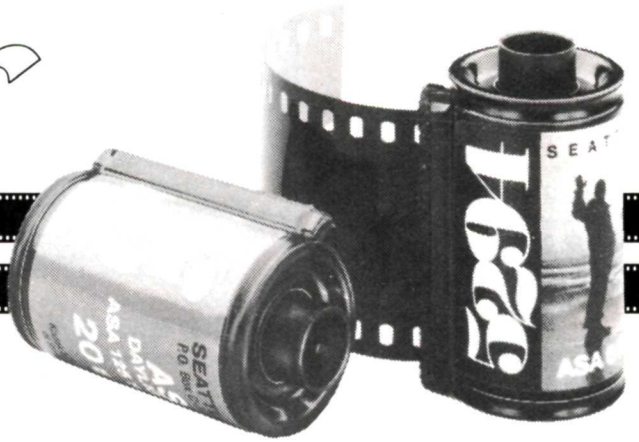

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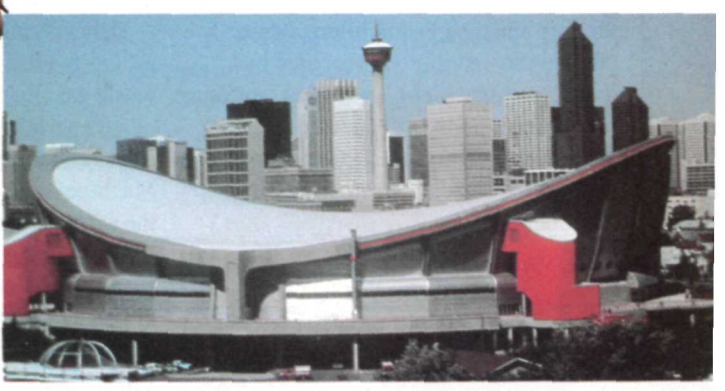

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In its early days, this sleepy lumber settlement was fondly called Gastown, after long-winded saloon owner "Gassy Jack" Deighton. Today it is Canada's western cultural center and gateway to the Pacific, the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway's transcontinental line, and the highest tonnage port on North America's west coast. Situated between magnificent mountains and sparkling inlets, Vancouver seems a fitting host for a world exposition promoting "World in Motion—World in Touch."

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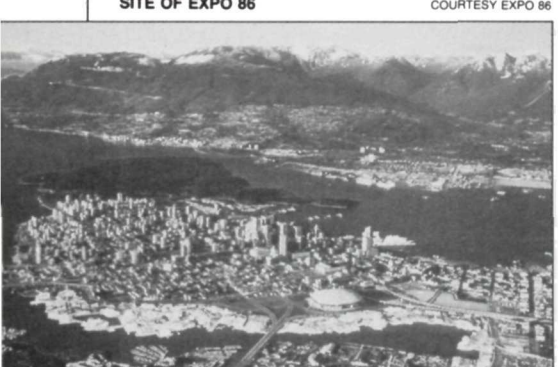

Every step along EXPO's boulevards leads to new delights for the eyes, ears, and spirit. EXPO Center, a seventeen-story geodesic dome, glitters above the shores of False Creek. Highway 86, a unique sculpture over 200 yards long, whimsically pits vehicles of land, sea, and air in the ultimate traffic jam. The Great Hall of Ramses II exhibits priceless possessions of the ancient Egyptian ruler.

STEAMEXPO, a gathering of twenty-five operating steam locomotives, commemorates the arrival of the first trans-Canada passenger train in Vancouver in 1887. The Tall Ships fleet joining formation with tugboats, barges, kayaks, and canoes promises an unsurpassed tribute to marine vessels of the world. Specialized periods, lasting five days to two weeks, showcase modern breakthroughs in such fields as "Alternative Fuel and Power Systems" and "Search and Rescue" methods.

Dancers, musicians, and theater groups from Canada and around the world dazzle spectators with 14,000 free, on-site performances. Five amusement rides, including the double-loop Scream Machine roller coaster, offer thrills for the whole family.

When you go, take time to explore the surrounding Vancouver area. Touring historic Gastown and Chinatown, strolling through the gardens in Queen Elizabeth Park, picnicking in the woods of Stanley Park, and soaking up the sun on a quiet beach are all part of the EXPO 86 experience.

EXPO 86 is a Family Place

The EXPO site has been designed with families in mind. Kids will enjoy the children's play area and five thrilling amusement rides. Shady rest areas with plenty of seating and baby-changing stations are located all around the site. A guidebook sold at the entrance will help you plan your visit and find your way around EXPO. In addition, the six zones of the site have been color-coded purple, red, blue, pink, green, and yellow. Public seating, banners, signs, staff uniforms, and building trim painted in the zone color let you know where you are. Each gate has special areas for lost children, and the 110 monorail posts have been numbered to create a handy address system for meeting spots. Extensive arrangements have been made for the mobility-, sight-, and hearing-impaired. Baby strollers and motorized wheelchairs are available to rent.

EXPO 86 Admission

Admission to EXPO 86 includes entrance to the more than 80 pavilions, all displays including the "Ramses II and His Times" exhibit, the Tall Ships, STEAMEXPO, specialized demonstrations, and most on-site entertainment. Unlimited use of the monorail, two skyrides, and intra-site ferries are also included, as is a four-minute ride on SkyTrain, the new regional rapid transit system, between the False Creek site and the Canada Pavilion on Burrard Inlet. Other exciting forms of transportation are in the exhibits themselves. The

Japanese offer visitors a ride on their new HSST (High Speed Surface Transport) train, and the French provide rides on the SK System, a new cable-driven people-mover. There is an additional charge for amusement rides, tickets to the World Festival, and other star attractions.

Beginning May 2, admission prices are as follows:

Season Pass — Adult $120, Child (6–12) or Senior (65+) $60

3-day ticket — Adult $34.95, Child or Senior $17.50. Good for any 3 days from May 2 to October 13, 1986. You need not attend on 3 consecutive days.

1-day ticket–$15. All ages (6 years and over)

Children 5 years and under are admitted free.

To order tickets by mail, write:
EXPO 86
P.O. Box 24085
Seattle, Washington 98124-0085

To order tickets by phone, call:
EXPO INFO (604) 660-3976
Tickets may be charged to American Express, VISA, or MasterCard. The lines are staffed 8:00 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. daily. Operators at this number can also transfer long-distance calls directly to ResWest and Tourism British Columbia.

For general information, write:
EXPO INFO
P.O. Box 24-1986
Seattle, Washington 98124-1986

EXPO Hours and After Hours

The EXPO site opens daily at 10:00 A.M. and closes with fireworks and a laser light show at 10:00 P.M. Three nightclubs in and around the British Columbia Pavilion offer "EXPO After Hours" entertainment into the wee hours.

Eating at EXPO

More than sixty food outlets on the EXPO site are dishing up everything from fast food to fine dining. Authentic, native cuisine served by international participants such as China, Norway, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and the U.S.S.R. invites visitors to take a gastronomic tour of the world.

Parking

In conjunction with EXPO, Impark services has secured thousands of spaces in the site vicinity to handle traffic. All Impark lots display the EXPO 86 logo to ensure their visibility for visitors. Parking fees vary according to distance from the site. Impark also provides a shuttle service to the EXPO gates. The cost of the shuttle is charged on a per-vehicle basis for cars parking in the lots, regardless of the number of passengers. In addition, hundreds of bicycle stands accommodate those who choose to pedal to EXPO.

Royal Bank/EXPO 86 World Festival

Leningrad's Kirov Ballet, the Philadelphia Orchestra, and Great Britain's Royal Ballet are only a few of the world's finest performing companies featured at the spectacular World Festival. This series of first-rate entertainment offers more than 200 performances — including 13 world premieres. Many Canadian theater and dance troupes are joining in this cultural extravaganza that takes place in venues both on and off the EXPO site. The majority of World Festival attractions are ticketed separately and are not included in the price of admission to EXPO 86.

For a full brochure of World Festival performances, write:
World Festival/EXPO INFO
P.O. Box 1800
Vancouver, British Columbia V6C 3A2
Canada

To charge tickets to American Express, VISA, or MasterCard, call Vancouver Ticket Center toll free, 1-800-663-0223.

Accommodations

ResWest, the official reservation service of EXPO 86, will book accommodations of all types — from campsites to hotels — anywhere in British Columbia for a $5 fee. Major credit cards accepted.
ResWest
P.O. Box 1138, Station A
Vancouver, British Columbia V6C 2T1
Canada (604) 662-3300

To make reservations on your own, send for *Accommodations 1986*, a free guide available from:
Tourism British Columbia
1117 Wharf Street
Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2
Canada
(604) 387-1642 or 387-6417
Or, in Seattle (206) 623-5937;
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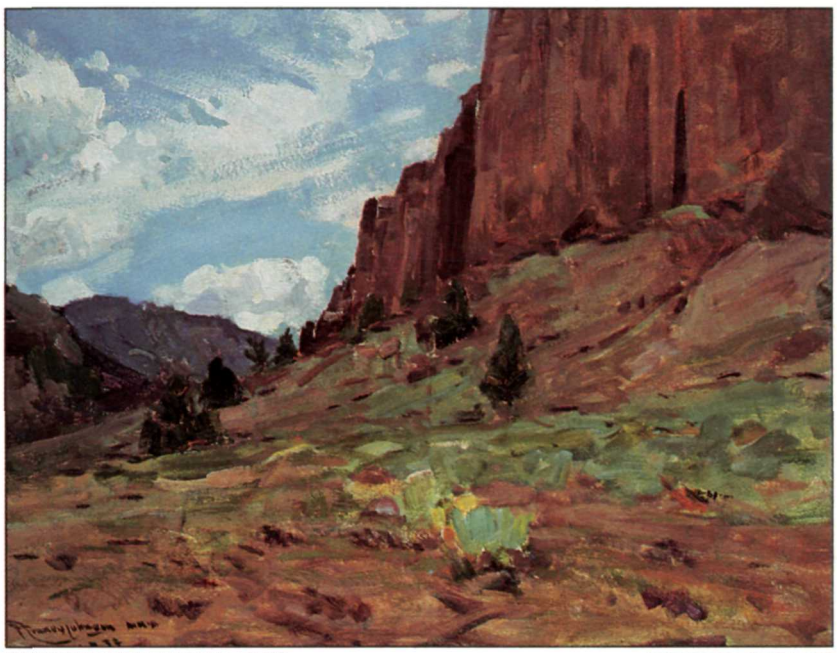
Western Art Notes



COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

***RIMROCK RANCH* (1934)**

Frank Tenney Johnson Paints Rimrock Ranch

Longtime Western painter and illustrator Frank Tenney Johnson visited Rimrock Ranch near Cody, Wyoming, in 1931 and fell in love with its sheer cliffs and pine-sprinkled hills. For the next seven years, he and his wife, Vinnie, summered in the scenic Wapiti Valley, living and working in a log-cabin studio they built at the ranch. "Frank Tenney Johnson: The Rimrock Years 1931–1938," an exhibit now showing at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, displays the fruits of Johnson's summer labors.

Born in 1874 near Big Grove, Iowa, Johnson left home at fourteen to make his way in the world as an artist. After studying with former Texas Ranger Richard Lorenz and at the Art Students' League and the New York School of Art, he worked as an illustrator in New York City. His enduring interest in cowboys and the West combined with his growing fame as a skilled artist made him a natural choice to illustrate Zane Grey's Western novels. In 1920, Johnson and his friend cartoonist Clyde Forsythe set up a studio in Alhambra, California.

The forty oil paintings and sketches exhibited from Johnson's Rimrock years document his fascination with things Western. Canvasses of working cowboys and landscapes like *Rimrock Ranch* (1934) pictured here capture the appeal of northwestern Wyoming living. They are some of the last pieces done by Johnson, who died in 1939 at the heighth of his career. The show is on view at the Center through June 8.

Forty-five juried wildlife art works submitted from across the nation and selected by renowned wildlife artist Robert Bateman premiere at the Nicolaysen Art Museum in Casper, Wyoming, June 3–29. Five invitational pieces from top-notch wildlife artists including Bateman, Morton Solberg, and Don Rodell are also on display. Original graphics, drawings, watercolors, and oils reveal the complexity and diversity of America's wild creatures. The show will travel to the Wyoming State Museum in Cheyenne August 6 and then on to Rapid City, South Dakota, in October.

Folk arts of the Southwest will be broadcast into living rooms across the country beginning this May, thanks to a program sponsored by the Colorado Council on the Arts and Humanities and Denver's KRMA Channel 6.

"Do Not Pass Me By: Video Vignettes of Colorado Folklife" consists of thirteen five-minute segments, each of which focuses on some aspect of Southwestern folk art, be it poetry and singing, Hispanic visual art, cowboy traditions, or German polka music. The vignettes will air between shows via the New York-based Arts and Entertainment Network, available nationally on cable television. Each vignette will be shown many times over in different time slots during 1986.

A stylized black, red, and blue Tsimshian wolf mask from the late 1800s, a woven Apache burden basket decorated with rawhide strips, and a contemporary Navajo silver and turquoise squash blossom necklace are three of the eighty fascinating and varied objects that make up the exhibit "Native Harvests: Plants in American Indian Life." On display at the Provincial Museum of Alberta in Edmonton, Canada, the collection of baskets, tools, jewelry, masks, and pottery represents the craft of generations of American Indians. An audio-visual program showing Indian methods of working with plants accompanies the show, revealing the creative uses devised by Indians in order to get the most from their environments. Organized by the Smithsonian Institution Traveling Exhibition Service, the exhibit runs through May 21.

Impressions of Croatian life and lore grace painter Marijana Grisnik's canvasses of Strawberry Hill, an ethnic community in Kansas City, Kansas. Working in a self-taught primitive style, Grisnik portrays scenes from her childhood and symbolic forms from Croatian folklore and religion in her forty-one oil paintings. "Images of Strawberry Hill," organized by the Kansas State Historical Society and circulated by the Mid-America Arts Alliance, can be seen May 2–22 at the Edmond Arts and Humanities Council in Edmond, Oklahoma, and June 18–July 16 at the Hansen Memorial Museum in Logan, Kansas.

Murals on Main Street is the aim of the Centralia, Washington, outdoor mural program, whose founders have devised an enterprising way to combine art with business. Using historical photographs of early Centralia scenes or past influential residents, artists recreate the images on the walls of local buildings. So far, the likenesses of Hub City (an old-time transfer and storage industry) and of the historic Borst Homestead Site and Block House have been rendered in vibrant latex acrylic paint. Over twenty 15′x20′ murals are planned.

Dapper Wild Bunch Added Insult to Injury

Butch Cassidy and his gang, commonly known as the Wild Bunch, had been hanging around a livery stable in Winnemucca, Nevada, for several days, observing what went on in the small frontier community. On the morning of September 19, 1900, they struck. Three members of the gang burst into the First National Bank, held the bank cashier, George Nixon, and a lone customer at gunpoint, and got away with three bags of gold coins worth $32,640.

As the robbers ran from the bank and down the alley to their waiting horses, Nixon fired several shots but failed to hit the fugitives, who mounted and rode out of town. On the way, near the Cross Creek Bridge, one of the desperados dropped a sack of money. Undaunted, he quickly dismounted, retrieved the bag, and was off again.

In the meantime, Deputy Sheriff George Rose had heard the shots. He quickly climbed to the top of a nearby windmill in order to have a better view of the direction taken by the bank robbers. From his high perch, he saw a switch engine standing on a siding and, since the road taken by the robbers ran parallel to the railroad tracks east of town, he commandeered the engine to pursue the Wild Bunch.

As soon as the locomotive built up a head of steam and got underway, the distance between Cassidy's gang and their pursuers was greatly narrowed. Bullets flew from both sides, and it looked as though the bad guys would be captured within minutes.

But the lawman and his posse had not counted on the clever planning of Butch Cassidy. Rounding Button's Point, he and his men swung over to the C–S Ranch, where they had fresh horses waiting. Changing mounts, they ran a course away from the railroad tracks and across the river, eluding their pursuers. Ultimately, they followed the west side of the Osgood Mountains to Tuscarora, Nevada, then traveled on to Wyoming and eventually to Texas.

Arriving in Fort Worth, the notorious rapscallions spent part of their bank withdrawal on dapper new clothes and attired in their new outfits, had a group portrait taken. Adding insult to injury for the outsmarted Winnemuccans, they mailed a copy of the photograph to the bank they had robbed. The portrait hangs today in a prominent place at the First Interstate Bank, successor to the bank robbed by the Wild Bunch.

While most folks do not care to brag about being robbed, the town of Winnemucca has made the escapade by Butch Cassidy and his pals a part of their heritage. Along with the famous photo, the bank displays yellowed newspaper clippings of accounts of the robbery, and every fall a "Butch Cassidy Day" is held. Activities include everything from a parade and square dance to stock-car races, a softball tournament, a barbecue, and a reenactment of that historic day when Butch Cassidy and his gang robbed the bank.

Roberta Donovan of Lewistown, Montana, sent us this bit of outlaw lore, along with a photograph of the portrait that hangs in the First Interstate Bank of Winnemucca. Dashingly attired in the clothes they bought with their withdrawal from the bank in Winnemucca, are members of the Butch Cassidy gang: (seated, left to right) Harry Longabaugh (alias Sundance Kid), Ben Kilpatrick (alias the Tall Texan), and Robert LeRoy Parker (alias Butch Cassidy); (standing) Bill Carver, who was noted for smelling like a skunk, and Harvey Logan (alias Kid Curry).

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose suggestion is accepted for publication in Western Lore. We seek information (with relevant pictures, if possible) about unusual artifacts, unusual and little-known happenings, unusual and little-known people, as well as little-known facts about well-known people—all in Western history. What do you have? Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack pictures carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for their return. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Lore, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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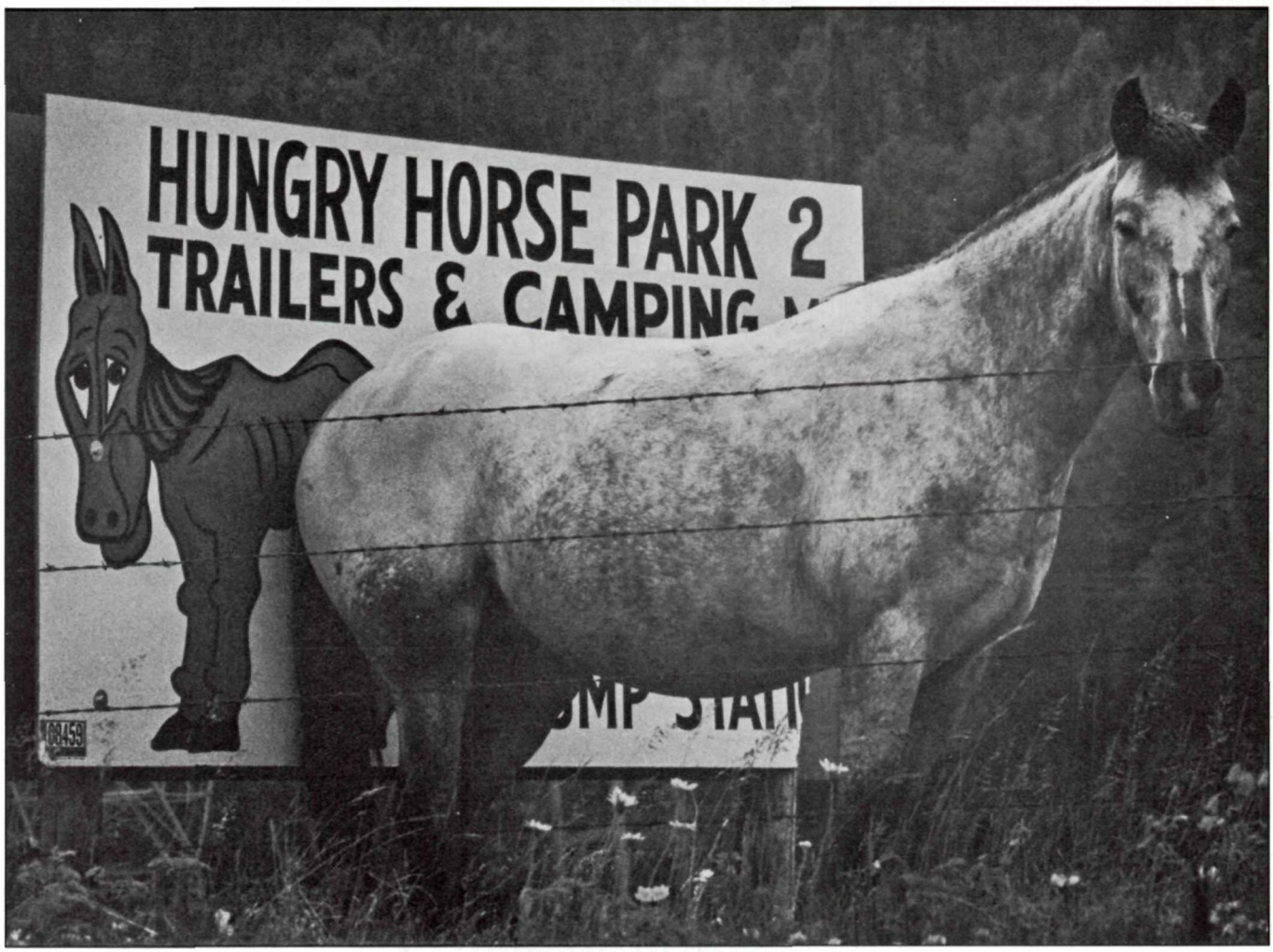
Western Snapshots Today



Judging from this photo, the horses in Hungry Horse, Montana, are hungry no longer. The sad-looking slender fellow on the billboard appears to have weathered a few hard winters, but the full-bodied mare placidly posing by the barbed wire looks as though she's been enjoying life lately. The hock-high grass and blooming wildflowers must be to her taste. Her contented gaze seems to say, "I've got it good and I know it."

The horse and sign are standing in a general grazing area at the base of Columbia Mountain in Columbia Falls, ten miles west of the campground and town of Hungry Horse. Home to a large water project that was completed in the 1950s, the Hungry Horse Dam across the Flathead River, the town greets visitors with a sign that says, "Welcome to Hungry Horse, friendliest damtown in the West."

New Yorker David Spear was tooling along U.S. Highway 2, heading east toward Glacier National Park, when he spotted this curious juxtaposition of fat and lean. He used an 85mm lens attached to a Canon F-1 35mm camera loaded with tri-x film to record the amusing roadside scene.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any photographer, amateur or professional, whose Western Snapshot Today is selected for publication on this page. Pictures portraying today's West—the land and its people—in black-and-white or color, will be accepted for consideration. Please specify the type of camera, lens, film, paper, and techniques as well as light conditions used to obtain your photograph. Prints will be handled with care and returned promptly after use. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Today, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

Western Snapshots Yesterday

"A clean towel per customer" is what Tower Barbers promised the residents of Whitman County, Washington, in 1919. On Saturday afternoons, local theatergoers in Pullman saw this advertisement picturing two ironing darlings flashed on the screen. Dressed demurely in white lace and bonnets, Veta and Hattie Tower must have charmed customers to their father's barber shop in the nearby town of Guy (present-day Albion).

Daniel Ed Tower, president of the Whitman County Barbers Association for many years, opened his first eight-chair barber shop in Guy just before the turn of the century. Bothered by the then common practice of using the same towel for several customers, Ed Tower thought that good sense and good business called for a greater supply of laundered towels. His daughters were called upon at the family home in Pullman to help press them.

Hattie Tower DeLeau of East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, sent us this enchanting photograph, which was taken in a studio in Pullman. Posing coyly with her elder sister, eight-year-old Hattie is pictured on the right.

AMERICAN WEST offers twenty-five dollars to any reader whose Western Snapshot Yesterday is accepted for publication on this page. We seek old photographs that tell stories of bygone times. Especially welcome are pictures depicting some forgotten aspect of Western life, serious or amusing. Space is limited; so, we have to be selective. We'll take good care of your pictures and return them promptly. Be sure to pack the snapshots carefully and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send submissions to AMERICAN WEST, Western Snapshots Yesterday, 3033 N. Campbell Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85719.

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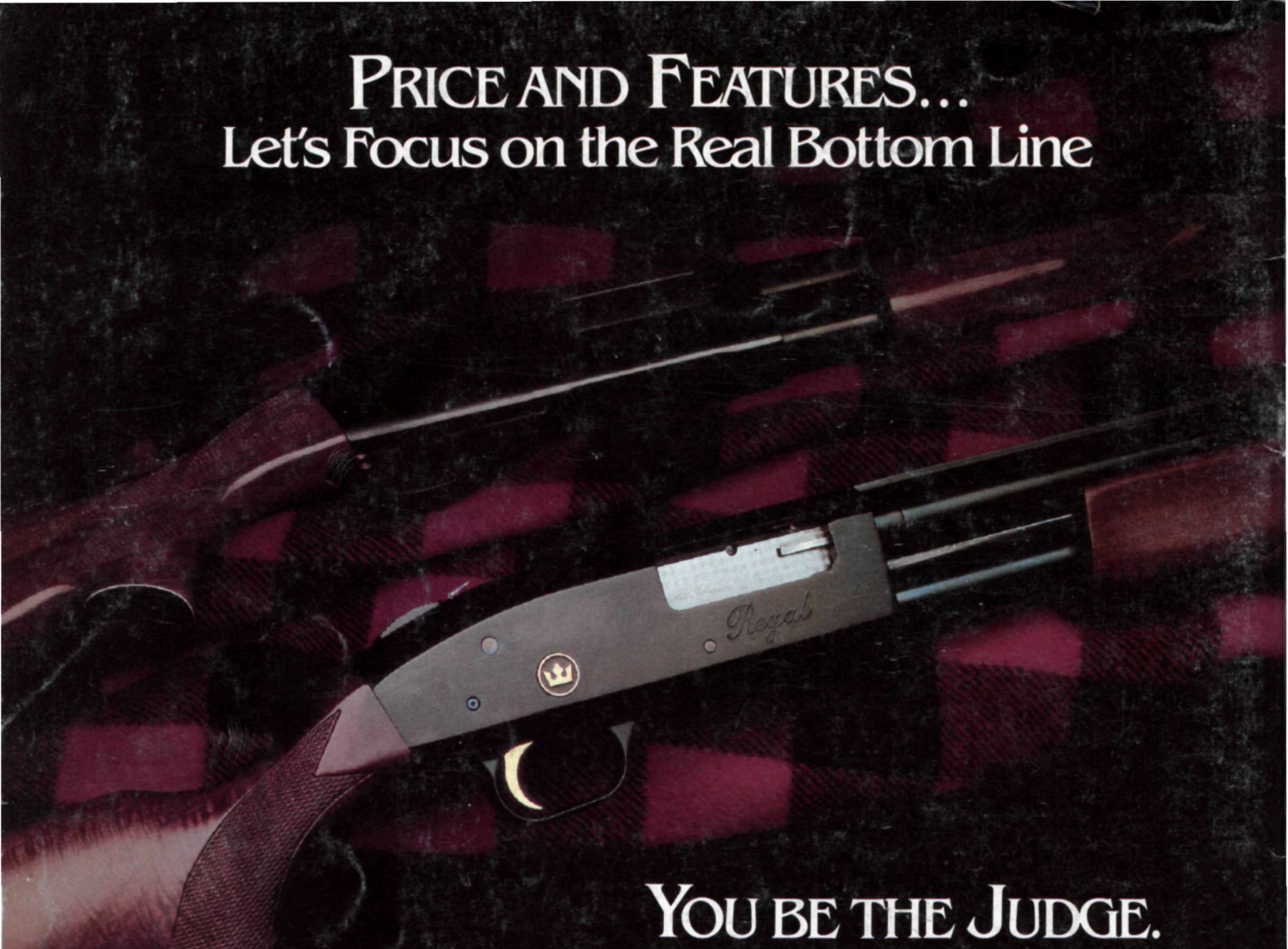

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