

The Zane Grey Review



"ROLL THE STONE"

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Official Publication of the ZANE GREY'S WEST SOCIETY

DON WARREN, Editor



VOLUME 2, NO. 3

DECEMBER 1986

FARLEY TO BE HONORED

THE G.M. FARLEY SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Reproduced below is the letter sent out to all the friends and members of the Society alerting them to the fact that they have the opportunity to take part in a worthwhile enterprise honoring one of the Society's and at the same time giving a student a helping hand. This is being done here to remind you of the project and to bring others the knowledge of it. This publication has many readers around the country that we hope will want to take an active part in achieving the minimum amount of \$5,000.



Photo by Dorothy Warren

It should be brought out here that no portion of any donor's gift will be used for overhead, fund-raising or any other administrative costs. Every dollar contributed will be used solely and exclusively to help deserving students.

December 1, 1986

Dear Members and Friends of Zane Grey,

Since our successful meeting in Flagstaff this past June, there has been considerable correspondence between Northern Arizona University, particularly Dr. Philip Rulon, and Dr. Charles Schissel, President of the Society. In addition, Bill Close of Phoenix, Arizona, a member of the Society has worked as a liaison person in meeting with Dr. Rulon and Dr. Eugene Hughes, President of Northern Arizona University. As a result of these talks, a suggestion has been made that the Society fund a scholarship at Northern Arizona University.

It is my belief that an organization needs to grow and meet new challenges. With each passing year we need to work together in seeking new ways to help not only our own organization but others as well. The purpose of this letter is to bring to you a chance to dare to fulfill an opportunity that will bring about the making of a stronger organization, memorializing one of our own and helping

deserving students in their educational progress.

We have a world renowned scholar in the Zane Grey's West Society whose contributions to research and preservation of the works of Zane Grey should be memorialized during his lifetime. What could be more fitting than to create a scholarship in the name of G.M. Farley and endow it on a permanent basis. I personally feel so strongly about this matter that I have volunteered to head the initial phase of the fund drive and Dr. Schissel has given his permission for me to do so.

If our society members and other friends of Zane Grey will contribute \$5000, a named scholarship for G.M. Farley can be awarded each year to some deserving student, undergraduate or graduate, concentrating on western studies. It will be known as the **G.M. Farley Scholarship Fund** and the name of the student will be reported to both the Society and to G.M. Farley. Since the scholarships are usually awarded in the late spring or summer, we may be able to have the student at one of our annual meetings. The administrative work of setting up the fund is being done by Paul Martin, who is head of the Development Foundation at Northern Arizona University in Flagstaff.

Scholarship support is a very legitimate goal and has to be one of the cornerstones of our organization if we are to be recognized as a tax exempt organization.

If you believe as I and others do, that our Society should commemorate G.M. Farley's lifetime of dedication to the life and works of Zane Grey, then send your check today. This task will require the support of our entire membership and the amount given is **TAX DEDUCTIBLE**. Several of our members have already sent in checks in the amount of \$100. If you desire to participate, the amount that fits your circumstances will be deeply appreciated. If you like, you can make yearly contributions as \$5000 is a minimum amount.

I hope that all of you will support your officers and directors in this ambitious but attainable and worthwhile endeavor. **Make out your check to "The G.M. Farley Scholarship Fund" and send it to P.O. Box 203, Sullivan, IL 61951. DO THIS TODAY!!!**

Don G. Warren
Secretary-Treasurer, ZGWS

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LET'S TALK ABOUT IT.....by Don Warren

Another holiday season will soon be here. Thanksgiving has come and gone, the Christmas mail has started and snow and winter can't be far behind. As we look back over the past year there is much to be thankful for and even though the world seems to always be in turmoil, we are optimistic that, as in the past, things will work out. Zach, our oldest grandson, came to live with us back at the start of the school year and when you see a nine year old boy's eyes light up when the Christmas tree is up and decorated you know that there is hope for the future. We feel blessed in being able to care for him during the coming two years as his mother has returned to school and her hours are such that it was impossible for them to be together and have any quality time. Between enjoying being a fourth grade boy again and the rest of the family coming and going, it should be an eventful and enjoyable season. Don, Jr., our oldest, is a rural carrier here in Sullivan and he lives close by in Mattoon with his wife Sue. They have a set of twins, Joe and Allison, who are seven years old and active in everything. Zach's mother, Pam, is next in line and she lives in Decatur which is only thirty miles away. Next is Dave, our youngest son, who is a plumber working out of Decatur. He and his wife, Lynn, live in Sullivan but at the present time is spending most of his time in Detroit, Michigan working on two new motels. Last but not least is Vanessa who is a senior at Southern Illinois University in Carbondale, Illinois. She is an English major and looking forward to graduating next spring. They will all be coming and going over the Holidays and I am sure we will enjoy it all. God has blessed us in many ways, for which we are thankful, but we particularly enjoy our family and spending the holidays with them. From the looks of things with school starting back up January 5, we won't be spending our usual three week winter vacation in Arizona. Instead, we will be enjoying a warm house and looking forward to our next trip.

Our executive director, Dr. Joe L. Wheeler, has an article in the October 13 issue of AB Bookman's Weekly. This is a "Special Western Americana Issue" and Ed Myers was instrumental in getting them interested in ZG and leading up to Dr. Wheeler's article. The title of the piece is "Zane Grey: Creator of the Romantic West" and is based on the keynote address given at Flagstaff. This is well worth while for the collector and anyone interested may order from: AB Bookman's Weekly, P.O. Box AB, Clifton, New Jersey 07015. Include your check in the amount of \$6.00.

Our thanks go out to Tom Myers of Zanesville, Ohio. As a result of his selling the official Zane Grey road signs, he made a donation of the proceeds to the Society. This amounted to \$82.50 and I know I speak for the membership in thanking Tom for his efforts. Only six signs were sold, so they may be worth something down the road.

Rather than make a financial statement at this time I

will be waiting until the books are closed at the end of the year, have them audited and publish a complete statement in the February issue. This is in addition to mailing a complete statement to all of the Directors. Through the generosity and donations of some of our members we will be ending the year in the black with an approximate balance in the savings and checking account of \$4,200. This is up \$900 from last year and we are just now starting to collect the 1987 dues. Remember, the 1987 dues are due December 31, 1986. Give the Society a Merry Christmas. Pay your dues. Regular membership is still only \$25 and the publications and postage spent on each member will amount to more than this.

One of the real joys in publishing this newsletter is the fact that many members get involved by sending in articles concerning Zane Grey and the West itself. In the wear and tear of everyday life the article and the letter get separated and I am not sure who sent what. I promise to do better and want to acknowledge some members from the last issue. If I give credit to the wrong person, let me know.

Fred Hoffman from Pennsylvania sent in the article, "Zane Grey's Pennsylvania Connection" and Robert Labar, also from Pennsylvania, sent in the article entitled "Now You Can Ride In Zane Grey Country." In addition, the lead story, "A Day on the Delaware," was written by none other than our president, Dr. Charles Schissel. Gentlemen, my apologies and keep those articles coming. Any and all members are invited to write original articles or to send in articles they think would be of general interest.

I also find that I owe my wife, Dot, an apology. During the week that I was putting the October issue together she had to be in California due to the death of her brother. I helped myself to a couple of her photographs and put them in the Review. Several people have commented that I appear to be a good photographer so I want to give her the credit and I also promise to do so from now on. Here again, pictures submitted by members could help liven up the publication so feel free...

In writing this column and thinking about Christmas, my thoughts went back to the book, "The Hash Knife Outfit". I haven't read it in some time, but in reading it, I enjoyed the Christmas that Jim and Molly and the Diamond crew spent in Flagerstown. I have now resolved to reread the book over the holidays. For some reason, I can't think of any other book of ZG's that refers to Christmas. Help me out if you remember. In the meantime, from Central Illinois, Dot, Zach and I wish all our ZG friends, "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



A VISIT TO THE ZANE GREY HOME by G.M. Farley

Reprinted from "The Zane Grey Collector," Volume 1, Number 2, with the permission of the Editor and Author, G.M. Farley.

The following article was written immediately following a visit to the Grey mansion at Altadena, California.

November 1, 1963

Today I realized the dream of a lifetime. I visited the home of Zane Grey.

I read my first Zane Grey story, I believe, when I was about eleven or twelve years old. My mother had told me over and over the stories from *Riders of the Purple Sage*. From a borrowed copy of *The Last Trail*, I thrilled to the adventures of Betty and Ebenezer Zane, of Lewis Wetzel and Jonathan Zane in a setting with which I was familiar. I was born within two hundred miles of Old Fort Henry, now Wheeling, West Virginia.

From that day forward, I was an avid Zane Grey fan. I read everything of his that I could borrow. I worked in neighbor's gardens to earn money to buy his books. Sometimes I even took Z.G. books as payment. I devoured them, lived them, thrilled to the scenery I hoped to see. But my greatest dream was in the hope of someday meeting this great writer. In my dreams I met him, talked with him, explored the West with him, and wrote as he wrote. Then in October of 1939 my hopes were shattered when the newspapers told of his death.

I continued to read his works, watching eagerly for new releases. I learned of his books on hunting and fishing, and began to collect them through used book dealers.

And then one day I discovered Zane Grey's name listed in a Los Angeles, California phone directory. It is strange how, after years of reading articles and stories, watching keenly for some mention of a name that the eye is suddenly arrested by it--drawn to it. I wanted to call but dared not. A year went by, and during that year of traveling, I made up my mind that if I ever visited the city again, I would call. I did, and found out that it was possible to visit the Zane Grey home.

We were greeted at the door by a charming secretary who led us into a dim hall, I was fascinated with the hugeness of the place. Then I noticed the paintings lining the walls and the stairway, illustrations for his books. Some I recognized. The secretary led us upstairs, through Zane Grey's bedroom, into a larger room filled with momentos and souvenirs of his books, trips, and adventures. I was captivated.

My eyes fell first on a fishing chair from which protruded a salt water fishing rod. Other rods leaned against the wall or lay on pieces of furniture. These were the rods, I thought, with which he had bested the great swordfish, tuna, and other fish of the oceans. With these rods, these hooks, these gaffs, Zane Grey had broken record after record.

On a table lay his baseball uniforms. In a glass case was a ball he had caught when all the bases were loaded. Here were his books from which he had studied and done research. Here were his freshwater tackle, flies, and large paintings which had adorned the covers of his books.

I read that the room in which he wrote was on a slight-lower level than the others. I turned to the secretary, and

asked, "Where is the room in which he did his writing?"

If the first room had been fascinating, this one was even more so. There are places that men deem sacred. There is Antietam, Gettysburg, and Shiloh--places where you seem to feel the spirits of the men that gave themselves for a cause they loved. Suddenly I was in such a place. I seemed to feel the presence of the man whose life had been given, dedicated to giving to the world a vision of the past and of far away places they would never see except through his pen. It was as if I had entered a shrine.

I could only stand there at first, entranced. Around me were cases of sea shells collected in his fishing travels; here were his saddles, his guns, bear and lion skins, his hats, of which he apparently had many. In a glass case were a number of his original manuscripts, stained faintly with age, and written in a crisp, short style. Zane Grey wrote his stories by hand with a pencil.

Before a window, alone on a small stand, lay a copy of *Betty Zane*. The author - P.Z. Grey. I knew it meant Pearl Zane Grey. This was his first novel, the one he had financed with borrowed money.

On my left was the Morris chair in which he had written most of his books. The lap board was still on it. I walked to it almost reverently. I thought of the millions that had thrilled to the words written in this chair, I asked, hesitantly if I might sit in the chair, and my request was granted. The secretary went to the glass case, drew out one of his original manuscripts, and handed it to me as I sat there. Words cannot express the emotions I experienced as I sat holding the hand written copy of *Riders of the Purple Sage*. My chest seemed to tighten and I breathed heavily. Here in this chair had sat Zane Grey, master of the story, master of romance, master of description. I sat there wishing that some of that spirit, that talent, might rest upon me. I seemed to sense his presence, but knew that could not be.

To my right lay a cellophane covered box containing twigs of the famous purple sage. After all these years it still retained the purple hue. There was a picture of the author astride a horse in Monument Valley where the purple sage grows. There, too, was a picture of his mother. After a while I stood up and began to move, a bit unsteady I fear, toward the door.

As we started to leave, I turned to take one last look at the room.

The man, I thought, is gone. His spirit remains. He cannot be forgotten. His name, his works, remain endelibly a part of America. The life he lived, the life he portrayed is America. In this Zane Grey still lives.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The latest issue of the ZG Review is excellent and I enjoyed reading all the up-to-date news. Thank you so much for your devoted interest in publishing the "Review."

God Bless You,
Jan Bruce, Ohio

You are doing a wonderful job and I hope "Lady Luck" will be very kind to you. The happiest holiday wishes to all.

Sincerely,
Pauline Chaples, Connecticut

ZANE GREY BOOK REPRINTED

Reprinted from the Arizona Daily Sun with permission of the Author, George H. Pittman.

American author, Zane Grey's *Tales of Lonely Trails* has recently been reprinted and reissued by Northland Press, according to Kathe Lesniak, marketing department representative.

The 394-page edition has been reprinted in paperback and selling for \$14.95.

The book was originally pulished in 1922 by Harper and Row Publishers, Inc., and has been out of print for many years.

The book is considered a fine addition to any collection of Western adventure and Grey material, according to a Northland Press spokesperson. It contains some of Grey's most memorable short, non-fiction pieces of literature and some new photographs released to Northland Press by Grey's son, Loren.

The book contains a three-page forward written by Loren Grey from his Woodland Hills, Calif., home.

"I'm sure this book will be a valuable addition to our understanding of how this magnificent country came to inspire Zane Grey, as it has a host of others before and after him," the son writes. He comments that most of *Tales of Lonely Trails* has been reissued as originally published but several corrections in spelling have been made in the new edition.

The book contains five stories which Grey originally wrote in the early part of the present century.

Nonnezoshe is the story about a visit to Rainbow Bridge in 1913 which Grey made with John Wetherill, who originally discovered what Grey calls, "probably the most beautiful and wonderful natural phenomenon in the world."

Grey's description of Nonnezoshe, the Navaho name for the site, under moonlight, and his description of Nas ta Bega, the Navajo guide who accompanied them, are typically Grey in descriptive thoroughness.

Speaking of Nas ta Bega, Grey wrote, "Dark, silent, statuesque, with inscrutable face uplifted, with all that was spiritual of the Indian suggested by a somber and tranquil knowledge of his place there, he represented to me that which a solitary figure of human life represents in a great painting. Nonnezoshe needed life, wild life, life of its millions of years - and here stood the dark and silent Indian."

This short story is followed by *Colorado Trails*, *Roping Lions in the Grand Canyon*, *Tonto Basin* and concludes with *Death Valley*.

Each story is written in the typical, warm, personal and descriptive style which gave the author such a following during his lifetime and which he has maintained since his death nearly 50 years ago.

Northland Press plans to reprint more of Grey's original material eventually, according to Lesniak.

The local book publishers are currently distributing Grey's *The Wolf Tracker* in paperback for \$7.95. It was reissued by Santa Barbara Press, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Candace C. Kant's book *Zane Grey's Arizona* continues to be a "steady seller" for Northland Press, according to Lesniak. It was originally published in 1984 and sells for \$14.95. It is expected to be reprinted next year, she added.

A DAY ON THE DELAWARE

Chapter Two

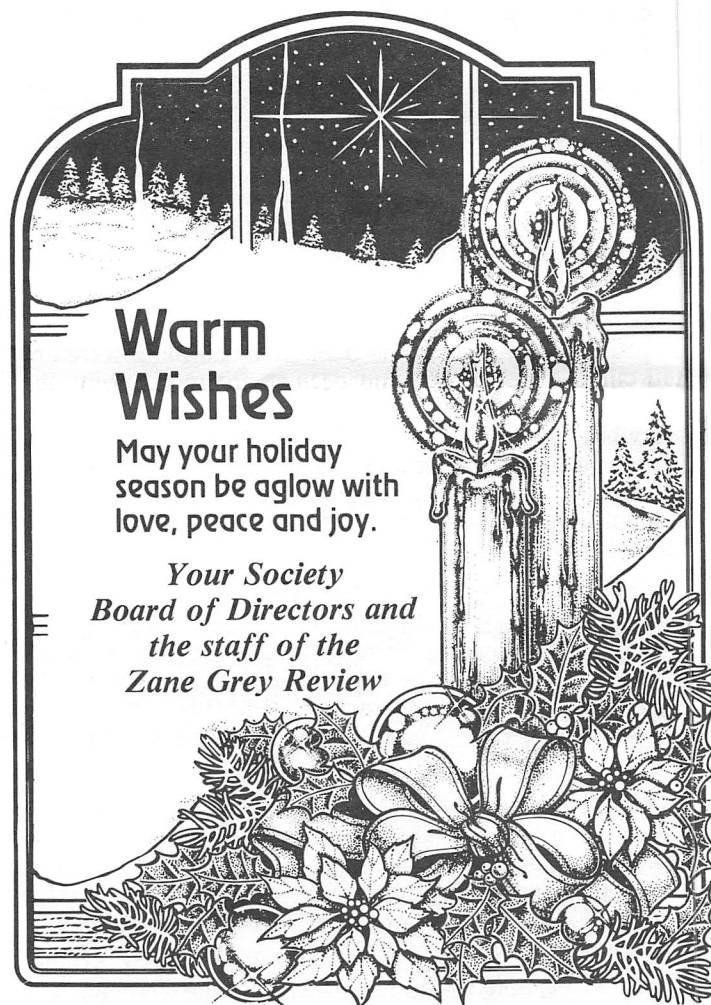
Advance copies of the meeting to be held in Lackawaxen in June have been mailed to the directors and officers of the Zane Grey's West Society. Don't forget to reserve the second week of June for one of fun, excitement and further study of the life and times of Zane Grey. In describing the area, ZG wrote "It's a fifty mile stretch of fast water I consider the very finest bass ground I have ever fished. The mountains are heavily wooded and bold and rugged; the river is winding and picturesque and a succession of white rapids and foam-flecked eddies."

Do a little homework this winter and read "Lord of Lackawaxen Creek", "A Day on the Delaware", "The Fighting Qualities of Black Bass" and "Mast Hope Brook in June." These articles will be found in "Zane Grey Outdoorsman" by Reiger and "Tales of Freshwater Fishing." They make exciting and colorful reading and will provide valuable background information for next year's convention. HAPPY Holidays.

Charles J. Schissel
President, Zane Grey's West Society



*Money may not be everything...
but it does keep you in touch with your children*



Teaching as Jesus Did
IT HURTS...IT HURTS

by Sr. Nancy Barshick,
M.H.S.H.

Director of Catechist Formation and Development

If you haven't read Zane Grey's *Nevada* I suggest you do so. It contains - in Nevada and his friends - the "old" fashioned virtues we all long to see again, but which society can't seem to produce today.

Nevada, whose real name is Jim Lacey, was a man who lived by his guns, not for the fun of killing but as a necessary evil in an environment that knew only the law of the fast gun. Nevada comes across some people, who not knowing of his infamous past, accepted him for what they see - a trustworthy, faithful and kind friend. Three years pass in which he and Ben Ide become inseparable friends and he falls in love with Hettie, Ben's sister who returns that love. Surrounded by trust and love, Nevada begins to forget his gun slinging days, but always at the back of his mind is the nagging thought that somehow, someday, his past will be revealed and it is, in the opening paragraph of the book where we see Nevada riding away from the friends he has come to love because he has just killed three men who threatened his friend's life and future happiness with Ina, the woman Ben loves. In so doing he has restored Ben to the graces of his family and into the arms of his beloved but at what a price! Afraid the name of Jim Lacey would come up, Nevada flees the country he had come to love for a life of wandering. He could have remained silent and let fate fall where it would; he could have come up with a thousand and one excuses of why he should not risk the love of Hettie to help Ben. Didn't he and Hettie have as much a right to happiness as Ben and Ina? Why risk exposure for a friend? Did friendship, love, honor and trust mean exposing yourself to censure, to the law, to the scorn of the beloved? For Nevada, Yes!

So instead of thinking up excuses he did what he had to do and then rode away surrendering all he loved and held sacred. Did it hurt? Zane Grey tells us, that night before the campfire, Nevada feels the full impact of what he has done. He has given the greatest sacrifice for he has cast off forever from him any hope of possession of Hettie and a future without his guns. In despair he realizes that all that is left is the glory and the dream of what might have been. For it was through friendship, love and faith that he had climbed out of hell and been transformed into a man they had loved. But, says Grey, he had risked and lost everything through the blood act which had saved his friends from ruthless and evil men.

Such friendship and love does not remain a thing of the lips but becomes a matter for action and so it is that we soon see Ben now married to Ina and the father of a boy leaving his safe, rich life with his mother and sister Hettie, and heading for Arizona. The author tells you that while it is for the sake of the mother's health that Ben intends, against all advice, to raise cattle in the Arizona badlands on the slim hope that one of the desperadoes who would ride through would surely have some news of his lost friend, Nevada. By now Ben and his family know Nevada must be running from something or someone, but their love and faith will not let them forget him even three years later.

It is inevitable that Nevada, now alias Texas Jack, should be working on the neighboring ranch and will have to once again tie on his guns in defense of his friends' lives and cattle. This time there is not a way of avoiding the name of Jim Lacey. And again he risks all, including his

own life, for what is it worth living if the one he loves finds out?

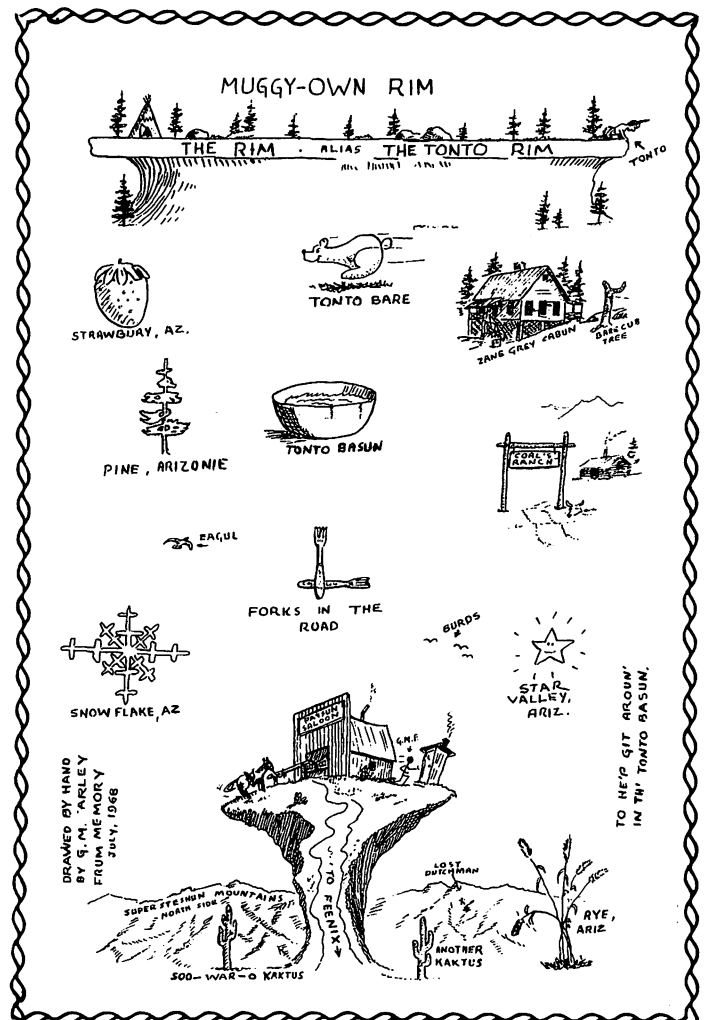
But Nevada does not know the depth of his beloved's trust and faith in him. In that final risk, Nevada finally finds the life he has earned and suffered for during those lonely long years. The faith, trust, and friendship of his friends does not desert him in his hour of need, and his infamous past now caught up to him matters not to the ones he loves. He finally gets all he has wanted but only when he gave in absolute surrender to friendship and love.

What we need are present day Nevadas, Bens, Hetties, and Inas, people who will stand up for each other putting their love, trust and friendship into action. People who won't think up a thousand and one excuses for not getting involved, but who will surrender to the benefit of the others. It will only be in so doing that we will once again become the proud people we used to be, the people who can see the light at the end of the tunnel because we put it there.

from the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, 8-8-86, submitted by Fred Hoffman.

GEORGE HOULE

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DENTIST WHO WON THE WEST by Linda Hubbard

Many a man and woman went West in search of fame and fortune, but it took an obscure Eastern dentist to really discover the riches buried in the Western soil.

From a cottage on the banks of the Delaware and Lackwaxen rivers in Pennsylvania, he seized upon every successful ingredient of the Western novel and molded them together as no one before him had done and few have done since. His ability to grasp exactly what the public wanted to read earned him the accolade, "most popular Western writer of the 20th century."

Zane Grey wrote 56 Western novels in his lifetime, besides fishing books, juvenile titles and stories with other than a Western setting. He had a total output of over nine million words and his books have sold more than 40 million copies.

Grey did not actually invent the cowboy but he took the cowboy, lifted him out of the dime novel and placed him squarely in the deluxe hardback edition. By making action his number one ingredient, he became master of the chase, the Indian ambush, the gunfight, the stampede and the fistfight, using enough restraint to make the scenes believable.

Born in Zanesville, Ohio, in 1872, the future writer was urged to follow in the steps of his dentist father and opened a dental office in New York City after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1896. But dentistry was a profession he neither enjoyed nor profited from.

His writing career began in 1902 when he sold a fishing story. It was a natural first effort, as during his youth he had grown to love the outdoors and was happiest when fishing or playing baseball. He pursued such recreation at the expense of his studies, and was later to regret his lack of attention to details of grammar and punctuation.

In 1900, Grey had met Lina Elise Roth. She became not only his wife but his chief booster as well. Dolly, as she was later known, was quick to encourage her husband's writing and over the years would spend many hours editing his stories. It was her support, along with her inheritance, that was to turn Grey into a writer of principally Western novels. After his first three historical novels, none of them very successful, Grey met Charles Jesse "Buffalo" Jones, a buffalo hunter turned buffalo conservationist.

Intrigued with the work Jones was doing in crossing buffalo and cattle at his ranch on the rim of the Grand Canyon, Grey arranged a visit. He was hesitant about making the trip, knowing that it would cost the remainder of his wife's inheritance. But Dolly insisted; she was certain this would mark the turning point in her husband's career.

In Arizona, he met his first Mormons, got his first real taste of horseback riding, saw his first buffalo and went on a cougar hunt. He studied carefully the plants of the area and the Western dialect of the wranglers. Around the campfire at night, he listened to tales of outlaws and learned the lore of the Indians. He went East certain of one thing - he loved the West and wanted to write about it.

Grey managed to sell a few fishing articles and wrote *The Last of the Plainsmen*. Harper and Brothers rejected this first of his Western books but he placed it with a small firm.

At 37, he knew if ever he was to be truly successful, he must write his first big book. He decided to draw upon his associations with the Mormon people he had met on the Buffalo Jones trip. With the help of Dolly's judicious

editing, he submitted a novel to Harper's in 1909. It was accepted and in 1910 *The Heritage of the Desert* was published. A combination of adventure and sentimentalism, the book has almost all the elements that were to make Grey famous.

But that fame didn't come till 1912, with the publication of *Riders of the Purple Sage*. It is still considered by many to be the best Western novel ever written and is probably Grey's most popular. The story has been made into a movie four times.

With *Riders of the Purple Sage*, Grey had finally hit upon the perfect formula. He moved his family (two sons and a daughter) to Altadena, California, in 1920, and there he spent many hours writing. Even on his fishing expeditions and research trips he turned out stories as quickly as the words could be put down, averaging 300,000 words a year.

Grey died in his Altadena home in 1939 but his books have endured through the years. They continue to sell today.

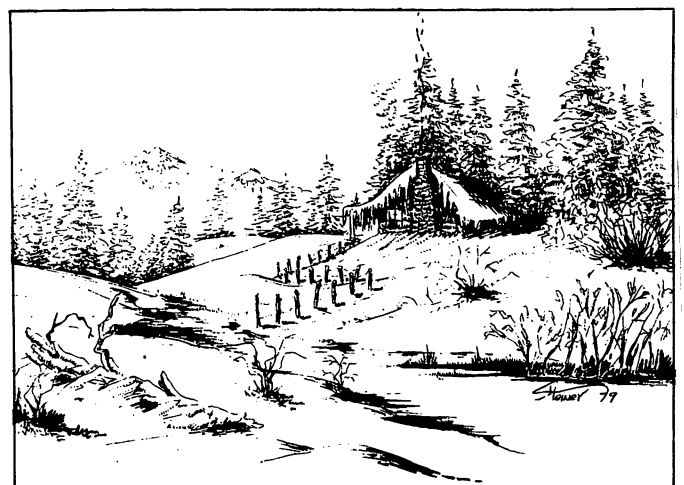
Grey's books never brought him much critical acclaim - a fact that did not go unnoticed by the author. His heroes were attacked as being too moralistic and unbelievable. And his writing itself was criticized for being too rambling and clumsy.

What, then, accounts for his overwhelming popularity?

Some think it is simply his "sincerity." Others claim it to be the opportunity the books give readers to learn something about their ancestors and to escape the modern trend in industrialism and liberalized thinking. Another view is that it is Grey's feeling for the West.

Whatever the reasons, there is little doubt that Zane Grey books will be read as long as people are fascinated with the West that was.

From Modern Maturity April-May, 1985. Submitted by Margaret Sell.



Zane Grey's message to modern man is the same one wise men always have delivered: You are responsible for your own life - for what you do and don't do, for what you say and what you don't say - you and you alone, and not until you take up this responsibility will there be any change in your life. But, once you decide to take charge of your life, then you are free to make it what you want.

That's good medicine, pard.

Alameda, Calif -
Feb 14, 1930 -

To Lee
with whom I rode the
first bronch - when I was
-nine years old -
I hope you will enjoy
this story as much as I
enjoy Arizona -
Yours
Romer Grey

Steve Montgomery of Phoenix, Arizona sent in the note shown above. He purchased a copy of the *Cruise of the Fisherman* and found the notation from Romer Grey to Lee Doyle. Doyle was the guide and wrangler when Romer was on a pack trip from Flagstaff into the wilds of the Tonto basin as told in the Tonto Basin chapter in the book, *Tales of Lonely Trails*.

*A little pride is a small thing to lose
compared with honor.*

Paul Greenburg

MEMBERSHIP

Once again it is a real pleasure to welcome eight new members to our organization. Many of them have been signed up through the efforts and articles written by G.M. for Marlin magazine. I know that I made the statement in the August issue that we would try to identify the source of the membership, but this seems to be hard to do as there are many that have no identification on the application and to go a little farther I just don't have the time to write to them and find out. We are hovering around the 280 mark in paid up members. I will have an exact figure for the end of the year in the next issue of the Review.

1. Gregory Brooks, reg. member S. Carolina
2. Mrs. W.B. DuVal, reg. members Virginia
3. Margo J. Farneth, reg. member Pennsylvania
4. Peter Hennessey, reg. member New York
5. William E. Linden, reg. member Iowa
6. Chester W. Lorenz, reg. member N. Carolina
7. Cena Richeson, reg. member California
8. Rick Rousselle, reg. member California

Don't forget that it is time once again to renew your membership. We need you, and for \$25 how can you go wrong???

COWBOY'S CHRISTMAS LONESOMES

by S. Omar Barker

The oldtime cowpoke's Christmas on the ranges of the West,

*It wasn't much to brag about, I reckon, at the best.
He might be in a line camp eighty miles from anywhere,
With nothin' for a pastime but to play some solitaire
Or set an' do some thumbin' through a dog-eared catalog,
An' boil a pot of pinto beans with bosom of a hog.*

*Of course two cowboys in a camp might rouse some
Christmas cheer*

*By tellin' of the Christmas fun they'd had some other year:
How 'way back home in Arkinsaw they'd always had a tree
With big red apples on it that was wonderful to see;
Or tell about the cookies that their gran'mas used to bake,
An' how they'd eat on Christmas till they had the stum
mick ache.*

*Or maybe one would tell about the dance two years ago
To which he'd rode a hundred miles through blizzard-
driftin' snow*

*To dance with some young heifer that he'd took a likin' to-
Only to find her married to some other buckaroo.*

*Them line-camp "Christmas Lonesomes" was tough
medicine to take,*

But them ol' cowhands took it for the driftin' cattle's sake.

*The bunkhouse buckaroosters of the main headquarters
crew-*

*The boss might let them ride to town to spend a day or two
At Christmas gallyhootin' in saloons an' honky-tonks,
To ride back when 'twas over with a big ache in their
conks.*

*They'd brag on what a time they'd had - a wild an' wooly
spree-*

*But in the eyes of most of them it wasn't hard to see
A hint of "Christmas lonesomes," too. In spite of all their
jokes,*

*You knowed that what they sure 'nough missed was
Christmas with the folks,*

*An' modest gals to dance with, an' a home-cooked
Christmas feed,*

*For them young old-time punchers was a sentimental
breed.*

*That's why when nesters settled in the valley roundabout,
You'd find them wild cowpunchers purty often turnin' out
To schoolhouse Christmas shindigs, with their bristles all
slicked down,*

*Instead of ridin' off to drink and gallyhoot in town,
Or settin' in a bunkhouse or a line camp's lonesome lair,
A-nursin' "Christmas lonesomes" with a game of
solitaire.*

*For though them old-time cowpokes was a breed that loved
to roam,*

*At Christmas what they sure did miss was womenfolks - an'
home!*

Reprinted from the Zane Grey Western Magazine.

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JUST BOOKSby Don Warren

We have just received word of a new book, *A Mountain Rising*, that should be of interest to many of our members. The book is written by the "OLD TIGER", Darrell C. Richardson.

Mountain Rising is about a remarkable man who was known across America as "Burns of the Mountains" and who, as a famous Chautauqua and Lyceum speaker, was labeled as one of the great public speakers of his day. His real name was James Anderson Burns. He was a Kentucky mountaineer, teacher, woodsman, and a raftsman on the Kentucky River. His life was filled with adventure, romance, excitement and violent contrasts.

This story of Burns is told in thrilling narrative fashion. After a brush with death in a feud-related ambush, a great turning point comes in his life. He feels God has called him to be the instrument by which the feuds are to be ended. He puts away his guns and begins a school in 1899 which still operates today in the heart of the Cumberland Mountains.

There is original historical research covering a 30 year period with information from trips and personal interviews with many individuals now deceased. A rather broad yet detailed picture of the Southern Appalachian mountain people comes through to the reader. Most of all, as you read, you will be blessed with a heart warming story of faith and love that triumphed over every obstacle.

The colorful front cover is done by G.M. Farley. G.M. has once again exceeded himself in the quality and glory of the dust jacket illustration.

The life of Darrell C. Richardson has been as full of adventure and variety as many of the characters he has written about during his career as writer, journalist, archaeologist, and minister.

Dr. Richardson has traveled 41 different countries on archaeological expeditions, speaking engagements and completing research for his books and other writings. One of his earliest books, *Max Brand: The Man and His Work* was a best seller in 1952.

He has earned five Masters degrees and a doctorate and is a graduate of Furman University, The Southern Baptist Seminary, with graduate work at Yale, Columbia, University of Kentucky, and Western Kentucky University.

Darrell is an active member of the Zane Grey's West Society and has attended several conventions including the latest one in Flagstaff, accompanied by his two sons.

The book is printed and published by: Mountaineer Press. To order just send \$15 plus \$2 shipping and handling to: Oneida Baptist Institute, P.O. Box 67, Oneida, Kentucky 40972.

There is another publication just announced entitled *Zane Grey in the South Seas* by Aim Morhardt, Zane Grey's official photographer and companion on the remarkable 1932-1933 expedition to New Zealand and Tahiti. It is hardbound and contains 51 pages and 11 photographs, many of which are previously unpublished. It is priced at \$50.00 until December 31, 1986, thereafter \$65.00 plus \$3.00 for shipping. California residents will need to add \$3.25 for sales tax. There are only 200 copies and they can be ordered from: George Houle Books, 7260 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90036 or call (213) 937-5858.

ADVERTISING

We endeavor to accept only reliable advertising; however, we cannot be held responsible for advertising claims or misrepresentation of a product. If a misunderstanding does occur we will try to help obtain a fair and equitable settlement of the matter. We also reserve the right to refuse or to discontinue any advertisement. The deadline for February advertising is **February 1, 1987.**

ADVERTISING RATES

Classifieds - 4 lines, \$3.00 (Non-dealers only. For Sale items must be listed with price for each.)

CLASSIFIEDS — FOR SALE

The Zane Grey Cookbook, George Reiger, limited number, \$85. Les Smith, P.O. Box 8094, Mesa, AZ 85202.

Adventures of a Deep-Sea Angler, Harpers 1st Edition, vg, \$200; *Tales of Fishes*, Harpers E-C, inside face sheet torn frt & bk o/w vg, \$60; *Tales of the Anglers Eldorado*, New Zealand, G&D w/tat d/j, o/w vg, \$90. D. Warren, Box 203, Sullivan, IL 61951, (217) 728-8343.



First time in Book Form

THE HORSES OF BOSTIL'S FORD

by
Zane Grey

For the very first time this intriguing Zane Grey story is made available in booklet form. Professionally printed by offset this booklet is a MUST for first edition collectors. This is a limited printing of 200 copies and is stated as a "first printing." Subsequent printings will not have this statement.

This booklet is printed on beige paper with a front cover done especially for the edition by G.M. Farley featuring Nagger and Sage King as they race from the outlaw Cort carrying Lucy Bostil and Jim Lamar.

All proceeds from this publication go to the Zane Grey's West Society. The Society is indebted to Loren Grey and Zane Grey, Inc., for permission to reprint this story. Hopefully, this is the first of several such publication featuring rare and out of print stories. This limited edition won't last long. **Order now** from Dr. Charles Schissel, Estes Street, Amesbury, MA 01913. The price is only \$6.00 postpaid.