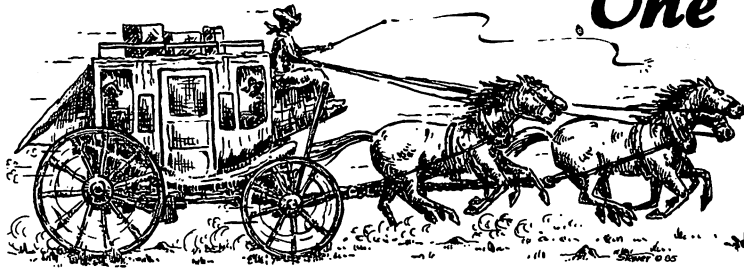


The Zane Grey Review



"ROLL THE STONE"

P.O. Box 203 Sullivan, Illinois 61951
(217) 728-8343

Official Publication of the ZANE GREY'S WEST SOCIETY

DON WARREN, Editor

VOLUME 2, No. 4

FEBRUARY 1987

LACKAWAXEN IN JUNE

A DAY ON THE DELAWARE

Chapter Three

The holidays are now behind us. The snow and cold remain, but the sun is rising higher in the sky. With awakening excitement, we sense that we are poised on the threshold of spring. Wishful thinking, perhaps, because February and March in New England can be stormy, but plans must go forward a season or two in advance.

Your officers and convention committee are thinking Lackawaxen and our fifth annual Zane Grey Convention. Plans are progressing well and our meeting will take place June 8 through June 11, 1987.

Lackawaxen, at the confluence of the Delaware and Lackawaxen rivers, is a beautiful area. Our program looks very exciting as it shapes up and all it needs is your presence to make it come alive. The headquarters motel will be the Holiday Inn in Middletown, New York. The telephone for the motel is 914-343-1474. Call for reservations and identify yourself as a member of the Zane Grey Society. Fees for the convention will approximate those of previous years.

Our traditional auction will again take place this year. Each year has seen a diminishing return from this project. Many collectors have almost completed their collections and don't find anything at auction that they really need. Realizing this, how about modifying our book auction somewhat? Why can't every member attending the convention bring not only books, but something collectible that might lend interest - - glass, hand work, an item unique to the area in which you live? We don't want to downgrade the books - - they are our primary interest if they are worthwhile. But we must remember that the auction is our only fund-raiser and is absolutely essential to our financial well-being. It supports those wonderful publications that we look forward to regularly.

Let's work together to keep the society viable and growing in strength and numbers. Bring yourselves, bring your books, your friends, bring something of interest to auction at Lackawaxen. See you June 8th.

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

SICK BAY REPORT

February 7, 1987 - As this issue goes to press we have received word that G.M. Farley is recuperating following by-pass surgery at John Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore Maryland. Once his heartbeat is stabilized the doctors hope to have him up and moving around. Keep him in your prayers and send cards to his home address of P.O. Box 411, Hagerstown, Maryland 21741.

5th Annual

ZGWS Convention

Holiday Inn, Middletown, New York

June 8-11, 1987

MY FAVORITE ZANE GREY CONVENTION

by G.M. Farley

Each Zane Grey's West Society convention has had its memorable highlights. The first one, held at Keene, Texas, will live in the memory of those who attended. For the first time a dedicated group of Zane Grey collectors assembled to meet people with whom, in many cases, they had corresponded for years, to share sentiments and experiences, and fulfil a dream. That convention created and bonded a lasting fellowship. Unfortunately, because of other commitments, I was unable to attend the full convention, and missed a lot of the good parts. (I do have the entire convention on video tape and often travel back through time and

Favorite Convention continued on page 3...

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

It hardly seems worthwhile to talk about winter because here in Central Illinois we are already into February and have had only about ten days of real winter. It did hit with a bang in the middle of January and involved mountains of mail and 12 inches of snow that drifted in as fast as they could plow it out. Needless to say, by the time I arrived back at the Post Office on those days, darkness was not far behind. That was the second problem of the winter. On Saturday following Christmas I came down with the flu. Over the years I have heard it said that the older you get the harder the flu is on you and this made a believer out of me. We had intended to get away for a few days and had to postpone that but after three aching, hurting days did manage to carry out our plans. Since then we have both been fighting colds and are just now beginning to feel that we might make it. Zach was lucky, he didn't get it and like most 9½ year old boys has really enjoyed the snow. Now that we are up in the 50's he is riding his bike, playing basketball and really enjoying himself. He has become accustomed to life here in Sullivan and has made a lot of friends at school and has now got started back in Cub Scouts. He is a real joy to have with us and it seems to be mutual. Christmas, of course, was all we had hoped for as everyone made it this year. The house was full, we ate too much and of the wrong things but why not. It only comes once a year.

As seen elsewhere in this issue my old friend, Bill Lynes, has retired from the Postal Service but from the sound of things is still very busy. His odd jobs include: Secretary of the telephone company, Editor of the Waverly Lions Club Bulletin, VP of Greater Plainfield, runs the scoreboard for the Plainfield Community School basketball games and the President of the Bremer County Historical Society. It makes me wonder if I could ever stand that kind of retirement. Good Luck, Bill...

Note: Perhaps this news about one of our members will spur others of you to send in some news about yourself and what you are doing.

In looking over the report on our membership and finances I am sure many of you will realize that our membership is not as high as we would like to have it. We need at least another fifty members and even then with the amount of material that is being sent out to each member, the organization must have a good auction and have "friends" that donate because they care and know that the Society cannot survive without their friendship. **If you haven't paid your '87 dues - pay them now!!!** The label on your envelope is not up to date for '87 but if you don't have a membership card for '87 or don't receive a new

Constitution and By-Laws with this mailing either the records are wrong or your '87 dues are past due. For those who didn't participate in the auction last year, donations are still being accepted and with the Society being **tax-exempt** are deductible from your taxes. Thought may have to be given to a dues increase for the year of 1988. What are your thoughts? Back issues of our publications are now on sale. Hopefully the income from this will help the organization and alleviate some storage problems. Finally, June is drawing near and material for the auction is needed to make it a success. Send that material to Dr. Schissel as shown in the display elsewhere.

A copy of the new Constitution and By-Laws is being furnished to all paid up members and is a requirement of the IRS. Changes were made at the 1986 convention to comply with the IRS and they require the finished product to be published. Hopefully, this should keep us clear until 1988 when our exempt status will have to be reviewed to see if we comply with their rules on such matters.

Loren Zane Grey has a new Lassiter book on the market. This is No. 5 in the series and is entitled, *The Lassiter Luck*. I feel sure there will be more in the series as the last paragraph in the book read as follows: "Although Regina was confident she could change his mind, she didn't know Lassiter. It was in his blood to move on and to test his luck on new horizons."

Another issue of the Review is ready to go to press. Spring is drawing near and today we are in the 50's. In only four months it will be convention time again. Rather than put out two issues between now and then, I want to try putting out the next one just prior to the convention and then have a July convention issue bringing you up to date on the convention. Be with you again in May.



ZGWS MEMBER RETIRES — James W. (Bill) Lynes, of Plainfield, Iowa has reached the end of the trail with the U.S. Postal Service. After 36 years and nearly one million miles Lynes retired from his Rural Route on October 31, 1986. He was presented a service award by Plainfield Postal Clerk, Kathy Hinder.

A CASE FOR A Z.G.W.S. MEMBERSHIP LIST

G.M. Farley

Soon after I began publishing *The Zane Grey Collector* my name became synonymous with Zane Grey, especially with Zane Grey fandom. Magazines, newspapers, and even books published my name and address. Some papers did stories about my Zane Grey collection. All of this kept a constant flow of phone calls and letters coming to me. With the publication of *Zane Grey's West* and *The Zane Grey Reporter*, my name AND ADDRESS have been available to anyone who wants it. *Sports Afield* and *Marlin International* magazines have published my address which has resulted in another major influx of letters and calls as well as visitors who are always welcome.

Several times the local newspaper has written about my collection and it has caused no reaction except for telephone calls from persons wanting to sell me a load of junk books. NOT ONCE IN MORE THAN...

NOT ONCE IN MORE THAN TWENTY YEARS HAS THERE BEEN ANY REASON FOR ME TO FEAR FOR THE SAFETY OF MY ZANE GREY COLLECTION.

Thieves, I have found, rarely, if ever, are interested in books. There may be a number of reasons. One is that the type of person who goes about breaking into homes generally is too low on the intellectual scale to steal something to read. After all, it does take a degree of brains to be able to read, so what would they want with books. Secondly, where would they dispose of books if they stole them? The used book dealers in my area know about my collections. They are honest businessmen from whom I purchase a good many books. If anyone tried to dump a number of rare Zane Grey books on them they would contact me. They know I would be contacting them if there was an unlikely theft.

Thirdly, thieves are after items that can be turned into ready cash through the invertebrates commonly known as "fences". They steal coins, jewelry, cameras, guns, television sets, radios, VCR sets, and the like. Personally, I have never heard of a book collection or butterfly collection being stolen. Until recently with the publication of price lists, the public had no idea Zane Grey books had any value beyond what they saw in Goodwill and Salvation Army stores. Even now most people equate Zane Grey prices with the paperback editions they see in super-markets and newsstands.

Another reason I don't fear theft is because I have let it be known among the undesirables in this area that I am a very light sleeper, and that close at hand I keep six hollow-point reasons why it would be unsafe, and possibly deadly, to try to enter my house without my knowledge. I only play deadly games and I do believe in protecting my property.

It is, therefore, my sincere opinion that the danger of theft of a Zane Grey collection is minimal or non-existent as a result of publishing a list of members of the Zane Grey's West Society. There is, I feel, far more danger from fire or water damage from storms. I do harbor some fear of this, so I have insured my collection for a reasonable amount. Squirrel, mice and moths pose a more serious problem than thieves.

The only serious threat from thieves is the damage they might do to books while searching for other things.

Not having a published membership list does pose at least one inconvenience. Not long ago one of our publications carried a piece by one of our members. The writer is a long-time friend of mine. I wanted to respond to him personally, but, to my dismay, I discovered that all of his correspondence was packed away. To reach him I would have to send a letter through our secretary-treasurer who already has more than enough to keep him busy. It costs extra postage which, I realize, is no big thing. It also involves extra time which at times can be an aggravation. Publication of a list would eliminate this problem.

Some may fear that such a list would only open the door for more undesirable second and third class mail. This is unlikely because these companies could only acquire this list from one of the members. If members were asked not to give the list to anyone outside of the society, I feel sure they would not do so. Name selling is a big business in the United States. There are many available sources where anyone, for a fee, can obtain your name. In all probability everyone who wants your name already has it. I cannot see where another publication of my name would add to the burden of my secretary when she picks up the mail.

My suggestion, therefore, is that the society publish the names and addresses of all members of the society withholding **only the addresses** of anyone who requests that their address be with-held.

While it is only proper to respect the desires of those who do not wish their address published this should not be allowed to prohibit the publication of those who would like to be in contact with people of similar interests.

I, therefore, suggest that when the 1987 convention convenes in June we agree to have a published list of the membership of the Zane Grey's West Society.

ZANE GREY'S WEST

Back issues of ZGW are still available at the following rates: Vol. I - \$22.50; Vol. II - \$20; Volume III - \$17.50; Vol. IV - \$8. For those who order all four volumes at once there is a special rate of \$59.00. They may be paid for in payments of one-half or one-third if more convenient. To order send your check to:

Dr. Joe L. Wheeler
P.O. Box 600
Arnold, Maryland 21012

Leaves-Of-Autumn Books, Inc.

P.O. Box 440 Payson, Arizona 85541

1-602-474-3654

ZANE GREY...AN AMERICAN HORSEMAN

by Fred R. Hoffmann

The year 1972 marked the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Zane Grey, the author whose name is synonymous with the American West. He is best remembered for his tales of violent action, tender romance and thrilling adventure; tales he so vividly brought to life. His novels were and are still read by millions, not only in the United States, but in many countries around the world. Many reasons are given for his continued popularity; one is the meticulous detail that went into his work. His people were alive, flesh and blood, like yourself. The reader becomes a part of the landscape, he feels the heat of the sun, the bitter cold; and he can almost smell the sweet scented pine forests and the prairie sage. And best of all, you felt the thrilling exhilaration of his horsemen as they goaded their galloping steeds to their utmost while racing through the sage. Their heads thrust forward, with tail and mane flying and their legs but a blur as the rippling muscles strained under the sweat streaked flanks.

Zane Grey loved horses and he wrote of many of them in his novels. Wild stallions, mustangs, Thoroughbred racers, Indian ponies, cow horses and, of course, those vast wild herds roaming the west. To him they were not just a part of a western story, they were a part of the westward movement, as necessary and important as the courageous men and women who guided them across the plains. He wrote of them with a passion and a love that no other author has equalled. Many of his stories were written about the horses alone, and the characters therein were only secondary, used solely to round out the story.

His introduction to the western horse came in 1907 when he went to Arizona with the well known plainsman, Col. C.J. "Buffalo" Jones, the man who is credited with saving the buffalo from extinction. Jones was on a lecture tour in New York City when they met, and Grey showed so much enthusiasm for the west that Jones invited him to Arizona. This trip was to be the turning point in Grey's career.

On his first morning in the wilds, Grey was given a mettlesome white mustang to ride. As soon as he hit the saddle, the horse took off, kicking and bucking, but somehow Grey managed to hold on. He reminisced about his incident frequently in his later novels, when tenderfoot Easterners had this same prank played on them.

The most significant thing that happened on this trip was the day they came upon wild horse tracks. "They must belong to White King and his band," Jones said, "he's the last wild stallion in Northern Arizona." They followed the tracks for some time until they led into a canyon that Jones recognized as having only one way out. The horses were trapped. Jones had several of his cowboys circle around and drive the horses back toward the entrance. Here he planned to wait and attempt to capture White King. The plan worked, and Grey, who was almost run down by the herd, watched the renowned plainsman in action as he raced after the stallion. Jones boxed him into a corner with a cliff on the right and a deep chasm on the left. Capture seemed imminent, but White King made a daring leap over the chasm and escaped.

Grey had seen a lot on this memorable trip, and he

didn't forget any of it. In the years to come, he was to give his readers the same thrills he experienced and many more.

In 1910, his novel, *The Heritage of the Desert*, was published. Although it was his fifth novel, it was his first western, written from the material he had gathered first hand. It was also his first best-seller, and his future as a writer was assured. In the story, the stallion White King comes to life as Whitefoot, and he still eludes capture. But here is where Grey's admiration for horses becomes evident. He invented his own wild stallion, Silvermane, a magnificent horse, iron gray in color with white tail and mane. The hero of the novel first sees Silvermane silhouetted on a ridge line in the early morning sun. He thrills to the sight as undoubtedly Grey did a few years earlier at the sight of White King. Silvermane is captured and serves his master well in bringing the story to a climactic ending. But Zane Grey apparently didn't get all the enthusiasm out of his system for he came up with the short story, *Lightning*.

Lightning appeared as a magazine article in 1910, and he is none other than Silvermane from *The Heritage of the Desert*. All that happens in *Lightning* is told in Chapter VII in *The Heritage* under the title of Silvermane. Even Black Bolly, a horse used to capture Silvermane is known as Black Bess in *Lightning*. By now Grey had found himself and his pace didn't slacken.

In 1912, *Rider of the Purple Sage* was published, said to be the greatest western ever written. Again horses were the basis for the story, and such horses they were. Black Star, a sleek black stallion with a white star on his forehead, and Night, his companion stallion, a solid dull black, the color of his name. These two beautiful animals were the prize possessions of Jane Withersteen, and were envied by all on the range. And then came Wrangle, the giant sorrel that Jane gave to the rider Venters. Venters saw in Wrangle the horse that Jane failed to see because of her blind love for the two blacks. Chapter XVIII, *Wrangle's Race Run* is a story in itself. The following is taken from the race between the three. "A light touch of the spurs was sufficient to make Wrangle plunge. And now, with a ringing, wild snort, he seemed to double up in muscular convulsions and to shoot forward with an impetus that almost unseated Venters." - "The giant sorrel thundered on - and on - and on." With this novel Zane Grey's popularity soared, and his pen never stopped.

In 1912, another short story, *The Horses of Bostil's Ford*, with the horses Sage King, Sarchedon, Blue Roan and a wild stallion named Wildfire.

In 1913, the novel, *Desert Gold*, another best seller and the magnificent horse, Blanco Sol.

Then in 1916, with a slight change in characters, Grey rewrote *The Horses of Bostil's Ford* into a full length novel called *Wildfire*, his greatest horse story. "Wildfire" was as red as fire, his long mane, wild in wind, was like a whipping, black-steaked flame. He seemed a demon horse, ready to plunge into the fiery depths. He was a killer of horses. The above description of the horse, taken from the book, is mild compared to the novel as a whole. Wildfire is all that and more. He was savage, self-willed; he acknowledged no master; his spirit was unquenchable. He learned to

Favorite Convention continued from front page...

enjoy both that which I had participated in and the things I missed.)

Then came the Payson, Arizona convention which is my all-time favorite. Payson was chosen because it was a favorite Zane Grey location, and because of the cabin "Under the Tonto Rim." Perhaps it was the locale as much as anything else that made this the favorite of both myself and my wife.

Everything about the convention was great from the speakers to the never-to-be-forgotten trip into Pleasant Valley to visit the site of the famous Tewkesbury-Graham feud which Zane Grey described in *To the Last Man*. During this convention we were privileged to visit the Babe Haught cabin described in *Under the Tonto Rim*, *The Arizona Clan* and other novels. The old cabin stands today with little change since the last time Zane Grey visited it. The ponderosa pines have grown taller until they hide much of the Rim towering above the Haught cabin and the Zane Grey lodge a short distance to the southeast, but the cabin, the lane, and the corrals are still there.

One evening we gathered at the Zane Grey cabin, with Margaret Sell, "Queen of the Zane Grey Aficionados", as our hostess and enjoyed an outdoor meal and were entertained by the old-time fiddling of Richard Haught, Zane Grey's last Arizona bear hunting guide and Katie Bell, former country and western entertainer and supervisor of the Zane Grey Dining Room at Kohl's Ranch. Twilight softly stole over the basin, a breeze sougled through the pines, and one could imagine Grey sitting on the front porch of the cabin alone, absorbed in his surroundings, one with nature, while on the back porch cook Takahaski struggled to retain some authority over two bear cubs.

Mel Trotter, who keeps things in shape around the cabin, seems to have just stepped out of a Zane Grey novel. He could easily be Tappan or August Naab. It was Mel who cooked the barbecue in some special western way which everyone enjoyed at Blair Morton's home the evening before the convention began.

I am, by nature, an early riser. Each morning I left my motel room about four o'clock to walk for an hour or so beneath the pines and rocks, to commune with nature and God, and then return to the Swiss Village restaurant to have coffee with the few early rising, sleepy-eyed Zane Grey fans who dared to try to get up and be about before the sun had reached the valley floor.

The key-note address, given by Joe Wheeler about the lost chapter from *30,000 on the Hoof*, was another of the highlights of this convention, as Joe disclosed how he had discovered in the Ohio Historical Society's files the chapter which he had long suspected had originally been a part of his favorite Zane Grey novel.

Although nothing has made a Zane Grey reader of my wife this convention so impressed her that she will not so much as consider missing a Zane Grey's West Society convention. Payson has become her favorite spot in the West and she has dreams of someday living there. (Confidentially, so do I.)

Overshadowing all of the wonderful things that happened at this convention was the comraderie, the love and

fellowship that flowed like some intangible thing among those in attendance, an attitude that has been a part of each convention.

Payson remains my favorite convention but that does not lessen the delight I have had in other conventions. They have all been wonderful. Zanesville, Ohio permitted us to visit, and participate in the dedication of, the home in which Zane Grey was born, and visit Dillon Falls where he had his first fishing experience. Elizabeth Reeb, Society member and curator of the National Road - Zane Grey Museum - the young lady with the perpetual smile, did a tremendous job of putting this convention together, as have all those who did similar jobs in other areas.

Finally, there was Flagstaff, Arizona.

The Zane Grey's West Society convention was simply G-R-E-A-T, enjoyable from start to Amen. It left me with a satisfied feeling.

But, it's Payson that continues to stand uppermost in my mind. That may be in part because:

1. The large crowd that attended showed the impact the Zane Grey's West Society is having on America.
2. My wife was able to attend this one and fell in love with it.
3. It was a favorite part of Arizona for Zane Grey.
4. Every morning I sat alone among the rocks and trees and watched the sun touch the magnificent Tonto Rim.
5. There was so much love manifested among all who attended that I returned to my church and told them that if we had this kind of love in the church we could turn the city upside down for God.
6. The Payson area makes me feel that I am stepping back into time, to a part of the Old West as it was when Grey was there.

Editor's note: Now that G.M. has told us about his favorite convention why don't you write an article on your favorite convention and send it in for publication.



Send Auction Material to:

Dr. Charles J. Schissel
51 Sparhawk Street
Amesbury, MA 01824

MEMBERSHIP & FINANCE

As a new year begins we once again list the new members that have signed up since the last issue. We closed the year of 1986 with 255 regular members, 7 associate and 3 student members. In addition, we have 15 complimentary members that receive our publications. These are people that for one reason or another have supported and contributed to our organization. Some of our old members have died, some aren't able to continue their interest and some have been dropped for non-payment of their dues. We still have several members that have not paid their 1987 dues which were due December 31, 1986. If you still don't have a 1987 membership card send your check today. Another sure way to tell is if you don't receive a copy of the new edition of the Constitution and By-Laws with this issue of the "Review." If you have paid your dues and I have made a mistake let me know. Two of the members listed below have signed up since January 1st so we now have 257 Regular members.

1. John T. Gilbert III, reg. member South Carolina
2. R. Maurice Hood, reg. member Texas
3. Richard G. Jacques, reg. member South Carolina
4. E. Farley Sharp, reg. member Vermont
6. Jim Bob Tinsley, reg. member Florida

As far as our finances are concerned the organization ended the year in the black. We had receipts of \$10082.05 and expenses of \$9244.90 leaving a balance of \$837.15

Statement of Finances, December 31, 1986

Savings	\$4020.82
Checking Account	371.37
Cash on Hand	25.00
Petty Cash	117.16
Convention Fund	6.77
Total	\$4541.12
Account Payable	311.03
Net Worth	\$4130.09
Net Worth Dec. 31, 1985	3330.96
Gain in 1986	\$ 799.13

Note: This amount reflects a gain of \$724.50 from the convention.

At the present time the records for 1986 are in the process of being audited. The results of this audit will be published at a later date and also supplied to the Board of Directors. Based on these figures, a budget for 1987 will be compiled and sent to the Society President for his review and then to the Board of Directors for their needed action. It needs to be pointed out here that a survey of the money received from dues as compared with expenses shows quite clearly that the dues do not pay the organization's way. Donations through cash and the auction are necessary for the Society to survive.

*If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings - nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And - which is more - you'll be a man, my son!*

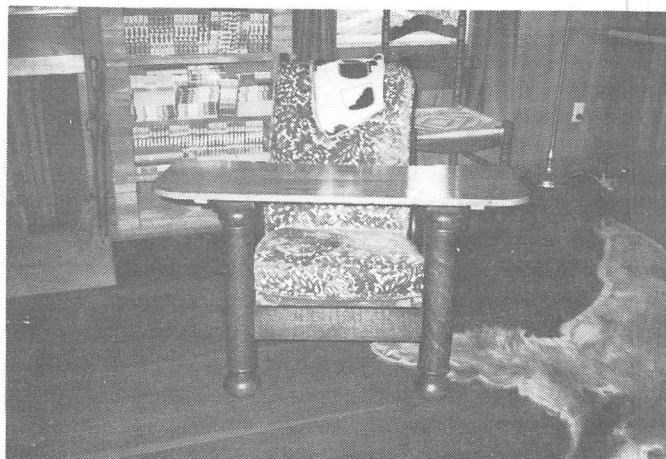


Photo by Dorothy Warren

A view of the interior of the Z.G. Cabin showing the Morris Chair with the writing board.

In a two car family the smaller car is always the woman's car.

"RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE" 1st Editions

There seems to be two almost identical editions of *Riders of the Purple Sage* published in 1912.

Both have a tan cover with gold letters. There is a purple line around the cover of the book about 1/4" from the edge. At the top of the front cover there is a 4" X 1 3/8" painting of a sunset over two purple sage hills, with a tree on either edge. This painting is glued to the cover and is also edged in purple.

Both title pages state "A Novel by ZANE GREY, Author of *The Heritage of the Desert*." Illustrated by Douglas Duer. Harper and Brothers Publishers, New York and London, MCMXII.

The copyright page is where the two differ. The one copy has in the middle of the page, Copyright, 1912, by Harper & Brothers, Printed in the United States of America, Published, January 1912. The second copy has these same words but on the bottom of the page. In the middle of the page is a rectangle with the following enclosed:

Books by
ZANE GREY

The Heritage of the Desert. Ill'd. Post 8vo . \$1.50.
The Young Pitcher. Ill'd. Post 8vo \$1.25
The Young Lion Hunter. Ill'd. Post 8vo \$1.25
The Young Forester. Ill'd. Post 8vo \$1.25

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

I would assume the one without the ad to be the first printing of the first edition in 1912 and the second to be a second printing. Does anyone have any information on this?

Later editions printed after 1912 have code letters, as I also have a copy with L-N in it, which would be November, 1913.

Gilbert H. DeYoung
Vice-President

love Lucy Bostil, who saved his life and soothed his pain. He tolerated Lin Sloan, a master horseman with an arm of steel and a determination to match his own. To all others he was a killer. Wildfire races Sage King in both stories, races as terrible and thrilling as the savage horse himself. Zane Grey named many of his own horses after those in his novels. While living in Middletown, New York between 1917 and 1920, he had a horse named Wildfire. He gave his son Romer a horse called Sarchedon that died in the 1930's. On his many western jaunts he rode his favorites, Brutus and Don Carlos. In the late teens he took to his home at Lackawaxen, Pa., his horses Black Star, Night and Blenco Sol. Black Star and Blenco Sol died there, possible due to the change of climate. Night was quickly shipped back to Arizona, and his daughter, Betty was still riding him as late as 1929. After the death of the two at Lackawaxen, Pa., he kept his horses at the ranch of a friend near Flagstaff, Arizona where they lived out their lives.

In the spring of 1913, Grey made a trip by horseback to the famous Nonnezosche, the natural stone bridge in Arizona. When writing about the trip, Grey said, "Here the footing began to be precarious for both man and beast. Our mustangs were not shod and it was wonderful to see their slow, short, careful steps. They knew a great deal better than we what the danger was. It has been experiences such as this that made me see in horses something besides beasts of burden." This impression was carried over into his novels.

Zane Grey was one of the earliest conservationists, not only for the natural wilderness areas, but for the wildlife as well. Horse Heaven Hill, his novel published twenty years after his death, deals with the slaughter of the wild horse herds and the efforts of a few to save them. Nothing would have pleased him more than to know that just recently legislation was passed making it a crime to kill or harass wild horses on public land.

Reprinted from Horses Unlimited with the permission of the Author, Fred R. Hoffman.

FARLEY SCHOLARSHIP FUND GROWS!

The scholarship fund dedicated to our beloved mentor and ZG authority G.M. Farley is growing by leaps and bounds. In a period of 60 days from the appeal letter going out we are already exceeding \$2,800. Amounts have ranged from \$5 to \$500 and show an outpouring of love and respect for one who has done so much to carry the saga of ZG through the lean years. If you haven't contributed and so desire, now is the time. In addition to the cash, we have many pledges to send money over the next two years. Remember, this is a perpetual fund and all that will be used in awarding the scholarship is the interest from it. Even when the goal of \$5000 is reached all additional sent in will be used to increase the amount of help given each year.

A gift to this fund is an expression of care and a desire to help others be aware of the work done by G.M. and also the life and times of Zane Grey. No amount is too small and we need every member's help in attaining this worthwhile goal. Listed below are the names of those who have helped reach the mark of \$2,800.

Frances H. Balcom, Jan Bruce, Patricia H. Christian, William J. Close, Ivan A. & Dorothy Conger, Gilbert H. DeYoung, Gladys M. Dobson, Harold S. Dobson, G.M. Farley, Clifford H. Ford, Victor Gillespie, Dr. & Mrs. Eugene Hughes, Ava G. Kelley, Robert J. LaBar, J.W. Lynes, Ed & Judith S. Myers, Marguerite Noble, Jack R. Peck, Karl Rothermund, Theodore R. Round, John F. Roy, Philip R. Rulon, Charles & Rita Schissel, Jean M. Schissel, Gib & Joi Stiles, Zachary G. Sparling, Carolyn J. Timmerman, Don & Dorothy Warren, Harold L. Watkins, Southwest Red Wingers, KTSP-TAFT Television and Radio Co., Inc.

To help on this project, make out your check to "The G.M. Farley Scholarship Fund" and send it to P.O. Box 203, Sullivan, IL 61951. **NOW IS THE TIME!!**

The best way to get the last word is to apologize.

SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE! SALE!

Due to space limitations the following issues are offered at a one time price until April 1. (Note) a limited number is available on some items.

The New Zane Grey Collector, Volume 1

No. 1, Summer 1984, 1st Editions\$2.00
 No. 2, Winter 1984, Fishing Issue\$2.00
 No. 3, Spring 1985, Airplane Ride\$2.00
 No. 4, Fall 1985, Old Well-Well\$2.00

The Zane Grey Reporter, Volume 1

No. 1, March 1986, The Living Past\$2.00
 No. 2, June 1986, Dolly\$2.00
 No. 3, Sept., 1986, The Living Past\$2.00
 No. 4, Dec. 1986, Zane Grey's Arizona\$2.00

The Zane Grey Review, Volume 1, 6 issues, Volume 2, 3 issues, \$7.50

Zane Grey's West Society, Constitution & By-Laws, 1985, 1st Editions, \$1.50, 1985, Deluxe First Editions, \$2.00

HELP YOUR SOCIETY

Send your order and check today to:
 The Zane Grey's West Society
 P.O. Box 203
 Sullivan, Illinois 61951

I RODE THE ZANE GREY COUNTRY

by Belinda P. Osgood

The bold face type stopped my scanning eye; "Ride in Zane Grey Country," and the contents of the short article in the June issue of the *Pedlar* kept my attention. To find a mention of the famous Tonto Rim country in an eastern publication like the *Pedlar* was totally unexpected. I was delighted.

Fifty people were going to ride for five days through the mountainous country of the Mogollon Rim, right up to Zane Grey's restored cabin. A charter ride, a first time effort put together by a group from Arizona whose name I had seen mentioned for other rides. I am now a western writer, with two novels published; why not take the chance, it would be a business trip for me.

I called and got a friendly voice; yes, there were spaces left and he would send the information. And yes, I could rent an experienced horse from a local supplier. No long distance hauling was necessary. This would be my first real experience on a group trail ride. And camping out for all those nights. I had camped as a teenager, but all the equipment and choices were made for me. This time I had to pile up the tenting gear, the sleeping bag, the stuffed duffle bag. It began to seem like a long distance and a lot of work for a trail ride. Three horses stood in the back yard; why was I doing this? 'Ride in Zane Grey Country'. The words kept their magic and I continued packing.

As much as I tried I couldn't convince any friends to join me. You go, they all said, you try it out and let us know. It sounds like fun but... So it was me alone hauling my duffle bag across the airport in Phoenix, steaming all by myself in the desert heat, worn down by the heft of the tent and gear dragging behind me. It was too late to turn around.

I think of Arizona as a desert; even after staying with relatives and riding up in the Rincon mountains. And once again my automatic association was challenged as I drove my rental car up long graded slopes through brush and small cactus, to finally twist down into the valley that held the town of Payson and my reserved motel room. I was early, to attend the 'President's Doins', get-together at the motel and meet my companions for the next five days.

The first words spoken to me were from a solid woman who said she was from Michigan, and who wanted to say hello before she lost her courage. I settled in with a group who had ridden many of the trails together; husbands and wives, a single lady whose spouse stayed with the store, and my new friend from the midwest. And she, it turned out, had just come from the USDF Instructors' Seminar given each summer, in which my own riding instructor, Bill Woods, was an integral part. The tenuous connection, and cold bottle of beer, made me feel less of an outsider. I pinned my fancy leather name tag to my dress, and dinner was spent with an editor of a new trail riding magazine and a nice couple from Santa Fe. Tomorrow morning didn't look quite so ominous.

Organized chaos is something everyone can appreciate. Imagine trying to collect 52 'dudes' and pair them with horse and gear; a potential nightmare, even though more than half came with their own mounts. We were preparing for our departure on Houston Mesa; flat, dry, grasses interrupted by a small cactus, my picture of Arizona. Powder red clay roads went into the wilderness, and ahead of us was the silhouette of the Mogollon Rim.

Mounted and ready to ride, the group was a miracle. Eastern dudes hoisted onto unfamiliar transportation - this ride said a relatively fit beginner could handle the terrain

-dedicated trail riders settled into custom light weight saddles. After noting my rented mount's tendency to raise his head and tug at the long shanked curb while I stood on the ground, I opted to mount once quickly to adjust the stirrup length, and then dismount and wait until the group was ready to move out. The rental string handler told me he was an Arabian and 'liked to move out.' I took her at her word and let him circle me while we waited, head up, eyes always seeing something far beyond my eyesight.

We were off; horses jiggled and snorted, a few private mounts put their heads down and crow hopped. I was amazed; six or seven mules were in the parade, plus as I found out later a considerable number of Missouri Fox Trotters and single-gaited horses. Of course there were a good number of Arabians, some Quarter Horses, and a mixture of grade Quarter Horse and Appaloosa.

Our guide had lived in the area most of his life, and was a gold and silversmith as well as doing bronze castings. In fact, it became a fascinating game to learn the double life of those riding the Zane Grey Country. A member of the American Stock Exchange, a marketing consultant for the New York Times, a western artist, a local historian, several salesmen, truck drivers, teachers, a retired rancher who'd been attached to our Mexican embassy, and an ex-stunt man turned script writer. Fascinating companions for the next five days.

The two brothers who ran the outfit had grown up making a living out of the family ranch as a guest ranch. And then they had worked into these trail rides; organized to the last detail yet offering the romantic soul in all of us the chance to ride the western country, to stop and tie our horses to a stubby bush and climb down the shale side of a river bed and look at an ancient Indian corn-grinding site. What makes their rides special is combining the romance of the West with a set table complete with table cloth and kerosene lantern for the gourmet dinner, the luxury of hot showers and sit down toilet. Cold beer and chilled wine when you ride into camp; the luxury of a hard day's ride ended by clean feet and warm pajamas or a long nightgown in your individual tent.

All the promises came true. The scenery was amazing and ever-changing. The people a continual source of laughter and information. The riding was of necessity slow, so a beginner could keep up, mostly a walk from the demands of the rocky and high hilled climbs. We rode the High Line trail built by the Army, we crossed meadows knee high in grass and went down into dark forests crossed by streams. We tied our horses in the shade trees and tramped up to Zane Grey's cabin to look out across his special view of the mountains and the unfolding valleys, and we rode down across shale to water our horses in the Tonto River.

The trip was a continuous dream, a fantasy come true. At night there were campfires and stories told by an old man who went way back in his knowledge, songs by the historian and his 12-string guitar, more picking by the ex-advertising agent. It was pure magic. The stars were clear and within reach.

I'm going back. The faraway look in my little rental Arabian's eye has found a place in mine. There's nothing quite like this in the East.

If you are intrigued as I was, contact the Burden brothers: Dana Burden Adventure Trails of the West, Inc., P.O. Box 1494, Wickenburg, Ariz., 85358. It is worth the gamble.

Editor's note: This is a followup on the story we published in the October issue. Reprinted from the Horseman's Yankee Pedlar.

Paul Harvey's The Rest of the Story

They Threw Him a Curve

Until high-speed sequence photography confirmed it, there were many who stubbornly refused to believe the "curve" ball.

It is no optical illusion.

When a baseball pitcher pitches a curve, the path of the ball really does bend.

A century ago, when the curve ball was still a little-known, seldom-used weapon, there was one young pitcher who was particularly proficient at it - a teen-age semi-pro from Ohio - a gifted athlete whose principal burden in life was the name his parents had given him - the first-name "Pearl."

Pearl was a powerful young man. One needs great hand strength to pitch an effective curve. Pearl's curve ball

was a tantalizingly slow one - so slow, it was said, that one could almost count the stitches in the ball as it passed the plate.

Pearl's semi-pro team was the Columbus Capitols. His first season he pitched a shut-out that won them the City League pennant.

Then one day Pearl learned there was a scout in the stands, a fellow representing the University of Pennsylvania. Hoping to impress him, Pearl pitched the game of his life. It was an awesome, machine-like performance. Its most dazzling aspect was that magical curve ball, sailing, swerving, baffling batter after batter.

After the game a man named Clark rushed up to pump Pearl's golden hand. "Never seen anything like it!" He declared, and promptly offered Pearl an athletic scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania.

What made the offer particularly enticing was that the varsity baseball coach at Penn was also connected with the Philadelphia National League team.

Pearl was within striking distance of his grandest dream, to pitch in the big league.

His tryout for the varsity team was a dramatic one - took place in the middle of an actual game, a critical contest with the Riverton Club. Pearl was sent in as a reliever, shut down the opposing team, and won the game in the tenth with his own RBI double.

Pearl's bewitching pitching became the talk of the campus - his speed, his control - but especially that wonderful, incredible curve ball.

And this is **THE REST OF THE STORY...**

Just when it seemed Pearl was headed for a legendary baseball career - the National League passed a new regulation - with which all college baseball teams were compelled to comply.

Then and thenceforth - the distance from home plate to the pitcher's mound was to be 60 feet - 10 feet more than before!

Pearl was done for.

The years he'd spent perfecting his curve represented thousands of 50-foot pitches. Now, try as he might, Pearl simply could not adjust to the new distance.

His competent batting kept him on the team a while longer, but soon he abandoned the sport altogether, realizing that greatness would remain at least 10 feet from his grasp.

The history of American literature tells us of a boy named Pearl - who grew up to become a writer - the king of the Wild West adventure story.

Yet now let it be told that once upon a time, only 10 feet separated a major league baseball career from the accidental destiny - of Pearl Zane Grey.

Because now you know **THE REST OF THE STORY.**

Reprinted from the Los Angeles Times - submitted by Margaret Sell.

**RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
UNDER THE TONTO RIM**

SECOND ANNUAL ZANE GREY RIDE

Let your imagination soar as you ride the beautiful country that inspired many of Zane Grey's action novels of the old West!

You'll visit his cabin, ride his trails, and have the history of the area (real and legendary!) enhanced by our myth-makers and story tellers.

But - that's only part of this magic ride! There's an easy "flow" to this country; delightful trails, beautiful scenes around every turn, comfortable camps, cool refreshing air, and billions of stars as your blanket. Something happens in this Tonto Basin; a camaraderie develops that brings tears at the end of the ride. Maybe it's the beauty, the towering Mogollon Rim, or the ghost of Zane himself. We only know that it works for a ride that's very special.

Ralphie's fine meals, John's comfort camps (each on a small stream), even a bit of fishing for native trout under tall Ponderosa Pines, ruins and memories of the pioneers' busted dreams - it's all here, yet easy to get to and the riding's easy, too.

Only 60 adult men and women will get to experience the romance and inspiration of this area. Private horses 4 years or older are welcome, with rental horses and sleeping gear available if you prefer.

"Zane Grey," July 13 through 17. \$475 with \$100 deposit.

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ADVERTISING

We endeavor to accept only reliable advertising; however, we cannot be 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 May advertising is **April 15, 1987.**

ADVERTISING RATES

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

CLASSIFIEDS — FOR SALE


Tales of Tahitian Waters, Ex. Lib., Harper 1st, \$325; *Tales of the Angler's Eldorado*, New Zealand, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$375; *Tales of Fresh Water Fishing*, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$325; *Tales of Swordfish and Tuna*, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$350; *An American Angler in Australia*, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$425; *Zane Grey's Adventures in Fishing*, Ed Zern, Harper 1st, 110; *The Undiscovered Zane Grey Fishing Stories*, Deluxe Edition, \$50; *Book of Camps and Trails*, Harper 1st, Dust Jacket, Ill'd. by Lee Townsend, \$575; *Don, Story of a Lion Dog*, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$200; *Zane Grey, A Man and His Works*, Harper, \$125; *Wetzel, The Scout*, R.C.V. Meyers, \$200; *Camp Robber*, Black \$45; *Tappan's Burro*, Harper 1st, Exc. Cond., \$100; *The Cruise of the "Fisherman"*, Romer Grey, Code ID, Harper, Signed by Romer Grey, \$225; *Blue Feather*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, signed by Romer Grey & Margaret, \$140; *Rogue River Fued*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, \$135; *Fugitive Trail*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, \$145; *Arizona Clan*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, \$85; *Valley of Wild Horses*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, \$75; *Zane Grey Round Up*, G&D, \$85; *Wolf Tracker*, Black Ed., mint cond., \$100; *Tails of Lonely Trails*, Harper 1st, vg cond., \$85; *Riders of the Purple Sage*, Harper 1st, \$125; *King of the Royal Mounted and The Ghost Guns of Roaring River*, in dust jacket, Whitman, \$50; *Vanishing American*, Harper 1st, dust jacket, \$100; *Heritage of the Desert*, Harper 1st, exc. cond., \$135; *Zane Grey Biography*, Black Ed., \$40; Les Smith 1209 E. 2nd Place, Mesa, Arizona 85203, (602) 962-6519 or (602) 890-0369.

ZG books, G&D, good or better, \$5 ea.; *Arizona Ames*, *Desert Gold*, *Desert of Wheat*, *Heritage of the Desert*, *Last of the Great Scouts*, (Whitmore & Grey), *Light of Western Stars*, *Lone Star Ranger*, *Lost Wagon Train*, *Man of the Forest*, *Mysterious Rider*, *Rainbow Trail*, *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Shepherd of Guadalupe*, *U.P. Trail*, *Wildfire*; others gd to vg \$6 ea.; *Betty Zane*, *Day of the Beast*, *Deer Stalker*, *Stairs of Sand*; Musson, fair to vg, \$4 ea.; *Drift Fence*, *Forlorn River*, *Hashknife Outfit*, *Mysterious Rider*, *Sunset Pass*, *Wanderer of the Wasteland*, *Western Union*, *Wild Horse Mesa*, *Young Forester*, *Ken Ward in the Jungle*. D. Warren, Box 203, Sullivan, IL 61951. (217) 728-8343.

HELP! HELP! HELP!

I need your help! Many of the original paintings used for Zane Grey dust wrappers still exist. Thus far I have been able to locate about eight of them. If you have knowledge of any of these originals, outside of the National Road/Zane Grey Museum and the Zane Grey House at Lackawaxen, please let me know. I want to do an article on the subject.

G.M. Farley, Box 411
Hagerstown, MD 21741



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.

A driveway is always longer in the winter.