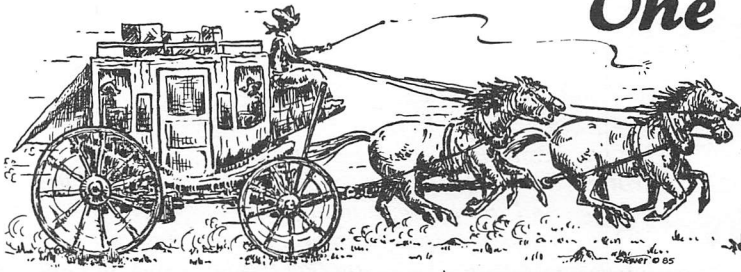


# The Zane Grey Review



"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



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## ALL ROADS LEAD TO FLAGSTAFF

The days of Route 66 have come and gone but all roads lead to Flagerstown and the Holiday Inn located on Highway 66. With the convention kicking off on the evening of June 9 and continuing through the 12th the ZG fans will all come together for a four-day whirlwind of informa-

tion, visiting and reliving the days of ZG and his experiences in Flagstaff. What better touch than for many to fly, others drive down modern Interstates and all come together for a short four days and then scatter like the leaves of Autumn to wend our different routes home through Zane Grey country only to come together again in another year in another place.

Many will take advantage of the opportunity to visit the Zane Grey Cabin located outside of Payson on either their trip to or on the way home from the convention. Many of the members are already signed up for the Grand Canyon tour on June 11. In addition, all are looking forward to the speakers that will appear at the convention and banquet. With emotions beginning to approach a fever pitch, what more can be said for or about the meeting except, 'Y'all come.'

### 4TH ANNUAL AUCTION

One of our new members, Thomas A. McCollister has created a Zane Grey print that you will find advertised in this issue. In addition, he is donating print number 1/150 framed to the Society Auction. If you like it as well as I do, it should help the cause. Tom says the earlier you order the lower your number will be.

Another member, Ed Myers, tells me he will have a first edition, inscribed by Betty Zane there and, with the Board of Directors permission, would like to put it in the auction with the Society to receive a percentage of the sale.

From all reports many other items will be there. If you are interested but can't make the affair, let me know what you want and what you will pay. Perhaps this would be one way to help, not only yourself, but the organization as well.



View of the Grand Canyon

Send Auction Material to:

**BOYD STEINER**  
426 N. Horne St.  
Mesa, AZ 85203

### 4th ANNUAL ZGWS Convention

Holiday Inn Flagstaff, Arizona  
**June 9-12**

## LET'S TALK ABOUT IT. . .

by Don Warren

Here in Central Illinois the weather has been dry and even though we had some good rains a week ago, the dirt and dust is blowing and at times as I wind down the rural country roads it is hard to see the road ahead of me. The farmers are doing their best to cope with things the way they are, and the city folk are working on their gardens and hoping to cut down on the grocery bill a little later on as the produce from the garden becomes ready to eat.

Back more years than I like to remember, we always had a gigantic garden and in those days there was no power garden tillers and etc. to make life easier. We either did it by hand or used a single shovel cultivator with one horse hitched to it. My job was to lead the horse down the rows and guide him around the ends while my dad operated the handles of the single shovel.

The potato patch was where most of this went on and I can remember that it was a good thing the ground was usually soft and had some give to it because I was usually bare footed and that horse seemed to know exactly where to set his foot. How many ever had the job of getting rid of the potato bugs that literally covered the plants back in those days before insecticides. For those of you that never had the good fortune to participate in this vital function of raising potatoes, let me describe it to you.

The tools of the trade normally consisted of a wide flat old shingle with one end trimmed down for a handle and a large bucket. The five gallon size worked the best because it was larger and you could get more bugs to drop into it and save getting them up off the ground. The procedure was to hold the bucket under the leaves of the potato plant and to gently scrape the bugs into the bucket. Doesn't sound too bad, but remember that patch could be as large as a half acre and you would fill that bucket several times and this was not a one time job. As I recall, it was done as needed and that could be every week or so...

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Elsewhere in this issue is an article by Billy "White Bird" Haught that you should find interesting. In addition, he sent me a copy of a book of poems he has written entitled, "Memories of the Tonto Rim." It is also good reading and since Billy will be at the convention, it will be worth your while to see him about one. Billy is Richard Haught's son and will be playing for our entertainment following the banquet. For those of you who may want to order a book, his address is: 144 North Cactus, Apache Junction, AZ 85220.

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I have heard from at least two members that the Breakfast for \$3.00 listed on the registration sheet is a little confusing. This is for the Membership breakfast on Wednesday morning and is a one time only for the convention. Remember, the price is \$3.00 each unless you have signed up three or more members since October. Where can you get a better meal with the fellowship that goes with it? If any that have already sent in their form want to be included, just drop me a line.

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The Warren family is really looking forward to June and the Convention. Zach is all wound up and thinking ahead to the pool and the tour to Grand Canyon. I am sure he will ask many questions between Illinois and Arizona and probably most of them can't be answered to his satisfaction. We will be stopping in several locations to look for and at books, so perhaps there may be some goodies to share with you upon arrival. Dot is like me, Arizona is our second home and so we feel as if we are go-

ing home. Sunshine, scenery and good friends is what it is all about. See you there and I will be with you again around the first of August.

## A VISIT WITH G.M.

*Editor's note: In more years that I would like to recall I have been all over this country of ours and half-way around the world. I have had the honor and privilege of meeting and sharing with many people. I have only known G.M. for the past two years and I count him at the top of the list. I know many of you feel the same way so I am taking this opportunity to reproduce here a short letter I received from the "Old Collector."*

Dear Don

It doesn't look as if Portals is going to publish the Zane Grey book so I'm refunding everyone's money. A check for \$37.50 is enclosed. Sorry I can't possibly write and thank everyone who has written to me after reading about my illness. Would you please put a short word of thanks to them for me in you next Review. I will greatly appreciate it.

My strength and health is returning **very slowly**. I still have to spend quite a bit of time in bed, and it's disgusting because I have so much that needs to be done.

Here's some information for the Review:

*Book Trails*, Vol. 7, winding westward has a nine page excerpt from *Betty Zane* by Zane Grey. *Book Trails* was published in 1928 by Shepard Lawrence, Inc., Chicago. Best G.M.

*Editor's Note: Since receiving this letter, G.M. has assured me he will be in Flagstaff at the convention. That is good news to me, how about you????*

## MEMORIES OF THE TONTO RIM

by White Bird

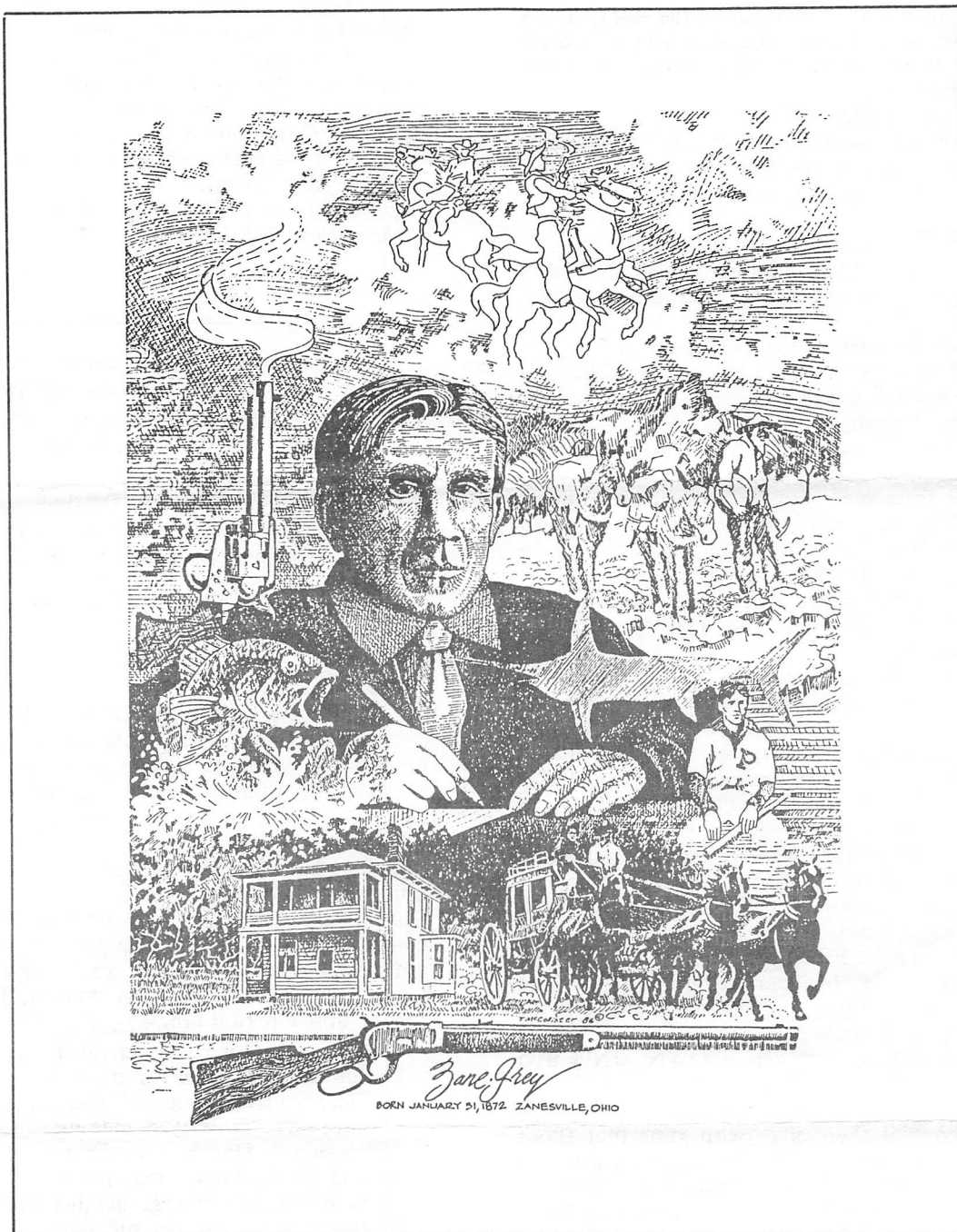
### Memories of the Rim

Not long ago I took a trip up the Haught Ranch. I hadn't been there in at least twenty years. As I walked through the rickety gate coming from Zane Grey's Cabin, I stopped for a moment, and tears began to flow. Time backed up to my childhood. I could see in my minds eye a little boy playing on an old rock under a large oak tree in the front yard. And trying my best to imagine what it must have been like when Grandad and his family lived there. One of my favorite spots to sit and ponder as a boy was on the front steps. The day I was there it was real quiet, only for the slight breeze flowing through the pines making a ghostly but pleasant sound. My mind took a trip back in time, as I sat on my favorite perch. I could imagine hearing voices and laughter coming from the front room. Zane Grey used to sit on the floor in front of the fireplace in the evening after a long hunting day and make up stories to amuse not only the young folks but the grown ups as well.

When I was a little boy, I slept in the old front room and as the fire in the fireplace turned to just a shimmer of red coals, I would try to picture some of the things that happened in that room in years gone by. At my age how was I to know I was sleeping in a room where one of the greatest western writers of all time had lived, and no doubt pieced together material for some of his greatest novels. I couldn't read so how could I have known. Yet, I felt the presence of a great man and my Grandparents. Sometimes no one needs to tell you what to look for or listen for in life. *"It just happens,"* especially if one goes to the Tonto Rim, you just may bring back an unforgettable memory that you will not soon forget from under the Tonto Rim.

*P.S. I am sure we all have a Tonto Rim someplace.*

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### ...NOBODY BLEEDS. OK?

by Bill Leverton

Three hard-looking men fanned out across the small lot behind the OK Corral. Their hands hovered close to the low-slung revolvers at their hips. Slowly they moved toward the silent men at the other side of the empty lot. A small girl in the shade of the building watched the men advance, her little brow furrowed. She looked up at her mother. "Mommy?"

Her mother shrugged...

Wyatt Earp waited, stony, impassive. His friend, Doc Holiday, shotgun cradled in his arm, stood unflinchingly at his side. You could cut the tension in the air with a knife.

The three hard men stood face to face with Wyatt and Doc and Virgil and all those famous names from that famous gunfight over 100 years ago. They glared at each other.

Finally, the three men turned away from the papier-mache statues of those famous men and one remarked, "I think we could have taken 'em."

Another man, "Yeah, no problem."

I turned off the TV camera and waved at the little girl who still wasn't real sure just what the heck was going on, and followed the three men. For the story I was doing I thought it would be appropriate to take three members of The World's Fast Draw Association and bring them here and pay homage to the hallowed ground of GUN-FIGHTING, that dusty place where the most famous western gun battle of all time occurred..THE GUNFIGHT AT OK CORRAL!

Of course, we were only joking around, but it occurred to me that if these guys HAD been around 100 years ago, all those other guys, Wyatt and Doc and The Clantons...those guys...would probably have been no match for these modern day fast draw artists.

Members of The World's Fast Draw Association gathered in Tombstone last summer for their first big reunion in 30 years. Mostly, they wanted to show each other how fast they still were. And they still were...very fast.

But I had this impression. An impresion of guys walking around just slightly out of step with time. Steely eyed (well, steely eyed behind Foster Grand shades), walking tall, gun hand always hovering near the butt of a glistening pistol. Waiting, just waiting...maybe even hoping...for some shifty-eyed, black-coated stranger to step out of the shadows and call them down. "THIS TOWN AIN'T BIG ENUFF' FOR THE BOTH OF US, STRANGER!!"

But Doc Holiday reincarnated or not, these gunslingers have to content themselves with guns that shoot blanks. And their opponents, out there at the business end of shiny Colt 45's are balloons attached to electronic timers. And the whole point is to kill that balloon faster than the next guy. And fast among the fast-drawers is something less than a quarter of a second.

"That's from the time the shooter sees the reaction light which is his signal to go," one fast-drawer told me, twirling a \$500 pistol "until he draws, shoots, and the spray from his blank breaks the balloon and throws a micro-switch in the balloon stand."

This is a full-blown, crazy, expensive hobby. Your pistol, and nobody has just one pistol, can cost \$500 to \$1000 or more. Then there's the fast draw holster, the blanks, the travel to competition all over the country. And all to crouch in front of a stand with a balloon attached to it, wait for a light, then blow away a balloon so fast the eye can't follow it.

"The fastest time was shot by a fellow down in Fort Worth in 1982. Twenty-hundredths of a second." The guy is still twirling the shiny pistol. The sun glints off an im-

maculate silver surface unmarred by blemishes. After about six twirls the pistol slides into the holster on his hip. He never really pays much attention to what he's doing, it's automatic.

"They're real fast," he says, wistfully. Then he grins. "Wyatt Earp, eat your heart out!"

Another man, tall, droopy mustache, sleepy eyes, cowboy hat shading his eyes from the harsh southern Arizona sun. Pistol on his hip. "Out here you're in a gunfight, see. Only nobody gets dead. You can always come back and try to beat the guy again. Nobody bleeds, OK?"

OK. As in corral.

(Reprinted from the Mogollen Advisor with the permission of the author, Bill Leverton.)

**Reverend G.M. Farley will be  
giving the Sermon at the**

**Pentecostal Church of God**

**109 Alder Street**

**(Last street on east end of town)**

**Winslow, Arizona**

**June 8, 1986, 11:00 a.m and 7:00 p.m.**

**Pastor - Rev. Edgar L. Hoskinson**

### MEMBERSHIP

The Society continues to grow and a lot of this growth can be attributed to a small number of members who never miss a chance to sign up a new one. This is important because without growth the organization will stagnate and become a thing of the past. From February 1 through March 8 the rolls have increased by 9 members. The following have now earned a free breakfast at the convention and in the Ford's case, they are one short of two. Our first member to qualify was Charles Pfeiffer with three new members back in December. Since then the magic number of the three has been reached by: Cliff Ford, G.M. Farley, Dot Warren and Don Warren. The new members for the above period are:

1. Arletta K. Dolan, reg. member ..... Illinois
2. Sue Ann Dilworth, reg. member ..... Mississippi
3. Eleanora Evans, reg. member ..... Arizona
4. Thomas L. Floyd, reg. member ..... Virginia
5. Eleanor C. Hall, reg. member ..... Connecticut
6. Thomas F. Harper, reg. member ..... Arizona
7. Tom McCollister, reg. member ..... Ohio
8. Joseph Patterson, reg. member ..... Pennsylvania
9. Coleman Richardson, reg. member ..... Maryland
10. Donald Richardson, reg. member ..... Virginia
11. Les Smith, reg. member ..... Arizona
12. Val Smith, assoc. member ..... Vermont
13. M.W. Warren, reg. member ..... Illinois

New members since June 1985: 75.

This gives us a total of 312 regular members, 6 associate members, and 3 students members. Of this total, 88 members have not paid their 1986 dues and of these 88 members, 59 have not paid any dues during the past year. It is very difficult to cut someone off the rolls but these 59 are in real danger of being dropped. This may seem a little harsh, but just take a look at the postage and material that each member has had spent on them since last June. If your lable shows an "85" after your name, it's time to do something about it.





THE Delphos baseball team of 1893: Top row, from left—Ben Wilson, Reddy Grey, Manager Frank Wulfhorst, Ernst Eysenbach, George Kihm; center—Cappy Tanner, Enoch

Somers, Herman Jettinger; bottom—Zane Grey, Kid Fear, Bert Jones. The picture, originally owned by Paul Beiersdorfer, is now owned by Richard Wulfhorst, son of Frank.

### THE PITCH CAME BEFORE THE PEN

*From the Toledo Blade Sunday Magazine, Jan. 19, 1964.*

Zane Grey wielded a mighty pen as attested by more than 60 of his novels which sold millions of copies between 1904 and his death in 1939.

But there are a few old timers around Delphos, O., and environs who remember Zane Grey as a pretty good right-handed pitcher and a fair batter.

It isn't generally known, but one of America's foremost authors of western tales played semipro baseball in Ohio in 1893 and again in 1897.

Manager of the team was the late Frank Wulfhorst, father of Delphos Mayor Richard Wulfhorst. Mrs. Frank Wulfhorst, before her death last year, recalled that the entire town would close up when the ball teams walked through downtown Delphos on their way to the ball field east of town.

How did Zane Grey come to play ball in Delphos, a town nearly 200 miles from his home in his native Zanesville?

Grey was of pioneer Ohio stock whose family settled

in the Ohio River valley in the 1700's. One of his earlier books was about his pioneer grandmother, Betty Zane. Young Grey started playing baseball from the time he became big enough to join the older boys.

The novelist began life in 1875 with a first name of Pearl, but the active, robust (or just plain mean, as some townspeople described him) youth soon fought his way out of his given name and into later-used Zane. His name was officially changed in 1900.

The Grey family moved to Columbus in 1891 and the six-foot lad with the strong right arm soon attracted the attention of scouts and managers from the many semipro teams in the Buckeye State.

Grey, while playing with the Baltimore (O.) Orioles in 1892, came to the attention of Mr. Wulfhorst. The Delphos man was scouting the state looking for the nucleus of a good team.

Lee Grady, 74, only 3 years old at the time, remembers his father taking him to the ball games and filling him in on some of the details about Grey's baseball days.

"Zane, his brother, Roman (Reddy) Grey, Enoch

Summers and Cappy Tanner all came up from Zanesville and Columbus, while the other team members were from Lima and western Ohio.

We used to see some wild and woolly games in those days at the old park. Seems they took it more seriously then...too much so. If it was a hard game and tempers flared on the field, you would usually see a brawl as soon as the last man was out."

Mr. Grady, a retired restaurant operator, recalled the team used to hold its own against teams from Coshocton, Lima, Mount Clemens, Mich., Fort Wayne, Ind., and Columbus.

The old ball park was located at the present site of the new U.S. 30-south, east of the city limits. Admission? Twenty-five cents for adults and the kids free.

The diamond talents of Zane Grey did not escape the eyes of talent scouts at the University of Pennsylvania. He enrolled in the fall of 1892 in the college of dentistry on a baseball scholarship.

Grey played the second of two seasons at Delphos in the summer between his freshmen and sophomore years. The late Lee C. Fautrot, Lima, told of playing on the Jackson, Mich. team with Zane and his brother Reddy in 1895. Mr. Fautrot, who died Dec. 30 in Florida, was on vacation from high school when he played with the Greys. Reddy Grey played pro ball for several years before he became his brother's business agent in 1909.

"Zane Grey came back to Delphos in 1897 and played against the Cincinnati Reds in an exhibition game," Mr. Grady said. "There are a few scorecards from that game still in existence around here.

"The Reds won a close game. It was the biggest crowd at the park we ever had before...or since." Mr. Grady managed the Delphos semipro team from 1914-1916.

After finishing college in 1896, Grey engaged in a half-hearted dentistry practice for a time in New York City. In 1904, he closed his office, moved west and devoted his full talents to writing. The rest is literary history.

Old-timers around Delphos believe if Zane Grey were alive today, he probably would not turn to writing. They cite the bonus offers, salaries, endorsements and other inducements that turn young men toward a baseball career.

There is no mention in any of the author's published works of his life and times in Delphos or his baseball career.

The prolific author wrote several articles on fishing and hunting that have been released in the past two or three years. He wrote a story about baseball, too. It's called "*The Redheaded Outfield*."

But millions of persons, in all corners of the world benefited from that day nearly 60 years ago when Zane Grey hung up his spikes—and picked up his pen.

**ZANE GREY AND W.H. HUDSON** by G.M. Farley  
Written exclusively for "*The Zane Grey Review*."

A few years ago, as is sometimes my failing, I bought a used book simply because it had a unique and beautiful dust jacket. The book was "*Far Away and Long Ago*," by W.H. Hudson. Occasionally, I glanced at the book on the shelf, but for the most part ignored it. Then one day, for some reason or another, I took the book from the shelf and began to read it. Immediately I was aware that I had been overlooking a treasure, a truly glittering treasure. W.H. Hudson very quickly was added to my list of truly great British writers, and, as usual in such cases, I set out to make a collection of his works. It wasn't an easy task.

"*Green Mansions*" is Hudson's most popular work, and it deserves a place in literature. It is beautifully plotted

and written. Yet Hudson had no training as a writer. He was a naturalist, and like William Beebe, an American naturalist, Hudson had the natural talent for descriptive prose. He was a master. His writing is deeply philosophical, and beautifully worded. His prose would be considered purple in the sense the word is now used. In fact, one of his few works of fiction was titled "*The Purple Land*."

In his autobiographical sketch published in *The American* magazine for July 1924, Zane Grey wrote, "I devoured Ruskin, Hudson, Jeffries, Darwin..."

Hudson, therefore, was a favorite of Grey, and may have had some influence on Grey's style. There are definite similarities at times.

Morely Roberts, Hudson's friend and biographer, wrote, dated, December 27, 1920, "He spoke this evening of Ralph Hodgson, whom he knows and likes. He showed us a book on fishing by Zane Grey. Z.G. is a great admirer of his. He said he ought to send him a book."

Long after his death an inventory was made of Zane Grey's personal library. It contained 17 titles by W.H. Hudson and four titles by William Beebe.

If you are like I am, when you have completed a collection of one writer you start on another (I usually have six or eight going at the same time). If so, you couldn't pick a better author than W.H. Hudson. Zane Grey liked him, so will you.

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