

The three steps to a woodcut print:

1. A preliminary pencil sketch of the picture.
2. The engraved wooden negative for the picture.
3. The print from the wooden negative: "Monday Morning" - 1934.

*(Logan photo copies by Merrie Suydam)*

## Romance of the Old West

by Herschel C. Logan

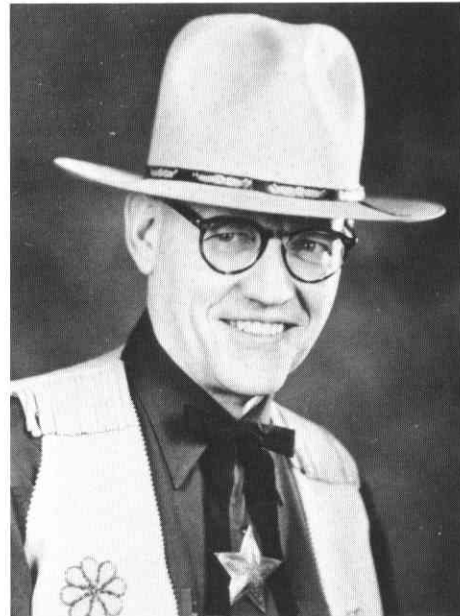
Mr. President, Secretary, and members of the Society, I do appreciate the honor of being asked to speak tonight, and especially to follow such men as Claud Fuller and Herman Dean at our past meetings. I don't think I can come up to their caliber; but I do appreciate the honor of being asked. When I was asked I was in a dilemma because I didn't know what to talk about, because most of you fellows know more about guns or have forgotten more than I will ever know. So, I didn't feel that I could get off on a gun angle. Then the thought came to me of a subject which has been very close to my heart—one about which I enjoy doing research and one on which I have written for Highway U.S. 40 and for the Union Pacific Railroad, and other articles. A map of the territory is now before you. That is the "Old West."

I live out in that part of the country. So tonight we're going to daydream for a while on the Romance of the Old West. Other sections of the country have their history. The East, the Northwest, the Far West, the Southwest, the South. All have their interesting aspects of history, but the Old West is one that seems to catch the popular fancy and imagination. For too long the emphasis has been placed on one facet of the Old West, and that is the bad men, the killings and other questionable sidelights. It's time we draw the curtain aside and see the Old West in it's true life; because there is truly something magnificent about it. It not only saw History in the making—it helped to make History—and so let's away to the Old West.

"Do I like the City, stranger? Tisn't likely that I would.  
Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border country ever could  
Get accustomed to the fury and unearthly noise,  
Everybody in a hurry – men, women, gals and boys  
All a'rushing like the nation mid the rumble and the jar  
Jes as though their souls salvation hung upon their gettin' thar.  
Like it? No! I love to wander mid the vales and mountains green,  
In the borderland out yonder, whar the hand of God is seen.  
Fairer picture the Creator never threw on earthly screen,  
Than this lovely home of Nature whar the hand of God is seen."

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After the dinner at the meeting of the American Society of Arms Collectors at the Netherland Plaza Hotel in Cincinnati on May 21, 1955, Herschel C. Logan gave a talk called "Romance of the Old West." Logan's map of the geography and places of the Old West which he used to illustrate his talk is shown on the front cover of this *Bulletin*; he gave smaller copies of the map to those present at the meeting. The map and the talk have not previously been printed in the *Bulletin*: since it is unlikely that Salina, Kansas, Hershel's home town, will host an ASAC meeting, Tulsa, Oklahoma (about in the boy's hand, east of Pawnee, on the "Romance" map), a city within the Logan Romance area, seemed to be an appropriate place to bring some mementos of Logan and his art: he, and his art, truly epitomize "The Romance of the Old West."



So wrote Captain Jack Crawford, one of the beloved poet scouts of the Old West.

Now let's go back eons before the present day—when the great plains country was nothing but a vast lake. Today George Sternberg and others dig up prehistoric fishes and animals from that once great prehistoric lake. They find them in the chalk beds out in the prairie. Then the sea gave way to a garden of vegetation until at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus this great oriental West was a veritable garden—a haunt of wild game and, a hunter's paradise.

Can you fellows hear me back there? Well, that's all right, because one time when I asked that question when I was speaking, and some fellow said "No" way in the back end, all those at the front tables got up and walked back to the rear. I just wanted to make sure.

Now that we may get a better background of the Old West, I want to tell you that 79 years before the Mayflower landed on the East Coast, our prairie lands had echoed to the marching feet of Coronado and his band, armed with matchlocks, pipes and swords, as they came in search of the fabled cities of Cibola in the land of Quivira. Here let me say I'm not going to mention guns specifically—we've had other talks on guns today. Guns in this talk were a part of the Old West—such an intimate part that I shan't mention them individually alone. You'll catch the significance as we go along. Sixty-six years before

Pocahontas laid down her head on the block for John Smith, the first Christian martyr died on the plains of the Middle West—Father Juan Padilla became the first Christian martyr in America.

Two hundred and thirty-five years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, the Indians and whites had fought on the plains of the Old West. The flag of six nations flew over all, or parts of the area, represented by the Old West: Spain, France, Italy, Mexico, the Republic of Texas and finally the United States. Nearly twenty years before the Colonists became obstreperous and whipped the mother country, French fur traders sent more than ten thousand furs from the prairies back to Paris. The French intermarried with the Indians; Charles Curtis, a former vice-president, was part French and part Indian. In 1803 the Government purchased from France, at less than three cents per acre, much of the area occupied by the Old West. Fifteen million dollars—three cents an acre—and there are some farmers, one of them right here where I'm standing, who would think that's a high price, because they own some land in the dust bowl. But we do consider it a garden spot, for like the old darky said: "Well, Sir, when the good Lord made this holy land, He found out He had made a Mistake. He had done left Himself out of a garden—so He started to work and made Himself a garden, and we all call it Kansas."



Logan working on his book *Underhammer Guns* ca. 1958.

Well, I'm going to make no apology for mentioning Kansas in here, because if you will look at your map you will see Kansas is in the geographical center of the nation—and it was the heart of the Old West.

Peculiar to this great plains country was the buffalo. An animal that Pedro de Castaneda described in these words: "There is not one of the horses that did not take flight when he first saw them. For they have a narrow, short face—the brow of two palms across from eye to eye—so that when they're running they can see who is following them. They have very long beards like goats; and when they're running they throw their heads back with the beards dragging on the ground. There is a sort of girdle around the middle of the body. The hair is very long and rough like a camel's—they have a great hump larger than a camel's. The horns are short and thick so they are not seen much above the hair. In May they change the hair in the middle of the body for a down that makes perfect lions out of them. They rub against small trees in the ravines to shed their hair and they continue this until only the down is left, like a snake changes his skin. They have a short tail with a bunch of hair at the end. When they run they carry it erect like a scorpion." That was written in 1541.

Dr. Paul Radin refers to the buffalo as the Indian's department store and it was a veritable department store. It provided meat and suet, the hides were used for teepees, robes, skirts, shirts, bags, bedding, shields, etc. Its horns were used for tools, utensils and ornaments. The hoofs were used for glue. The bleached bones for punches, awls, needles, skin scrapers, hoes, knives, beads, etc.

The bladders and intestines for receptacles. Sinew for thread in making clothing, moccasins, and for binding his implements of warfare. The brain was used for tanning, and the skull was used for religious symbols. Now, I know this to be a fact, because not more than thirty days ago I brought home a fine skull. The reason I know it had a religious significance was because the first words I heard uttered when I got into the house were, "Good Lord, what are you going to do with that thing?" And not the least, buffalo chips were used for fire. The cross country "roads the buffalo used" were followed by the trail of explorers, scouts, trappers, settlers, highways and later railroads.

Small wonder that into this buffalo land came the Indians. The Comanches, the Kiowas, the Arapahoes, the Cherokees, Cheyennes, Kaws, Apaches, Sioux and many other tribes. In view of the Indian dependence upon the buffalo for his very existence it is small wonder that the Military Leaders of that day acquired the observation of

Texas Jack that the wild Indian and buffalo are pards. In other words, “kill the buffalo and you’ll subdue the Indians.” And that was the philosophy under which our military operated for many years in the Old West. And slaughter them they did! Brick Bond, a professional hunter, killed 1500 in seven days—215 in one day! Bob Wright of Dodge City, the first year he was in business, shipped 200,000 hides. And other operators out there, no doubt, did equally as well. Wright shipped 200 cars of hind quarters of buffalo, two cars of tongues alone. An interesting story comes to mind. One fellow was recounting how he had run a buffalo to death in those days. He was questioned by some other men, one of whom said, “Now, just a minute, what do you mean you ran that buffalo to death?” “Course I did,” he replied, “I was in front.” The buffalo is now the state animal of the State of Kansas, having been so designated by the last legislature.

Following the acquisition of the great plains area by the United States, the white men began to send out exploring parties at an increased tempo. Lewis & Clark, Zebulon Pike, John Fremont, Kit Carson and others. Not all reports were favorable. It was Pike who called it “The Great American Desert” and it was so labeled on the early maps for many years. Into this unknown country came the early pioneers and settlers. Rugged individuals were these early inhabitants of the Old West. One writer said of them, “The weak ones died on the way, the cowards never started.” They entered the unknown with no road signs, no charts to guide them. They were armed only with their trusty rifles, and an indomitable spirit. On the side of one covered wagon were these words: “Pike’s Peak or Bust.” In a few weeks it was seen coming back with one word—“Busted.”

Daniel Boone, son of the noted Daniel Boone, brought his wife into the new country. Their child, a boy, was the first white child born in the area.

My friend, William Allen White, the sage of Emporia, tells this amusing incident. He was invited to speak in Missouri and the man who introduced him told the story of the early settlers going into Kansas. He made sport of it that the little girl had said, when the wagon was about to take off and leave for the West, or Kansas territory, “Goodbye God, we’re going to Kansas.” When Mr. White got up to speak, he said, “Well, that’s the trouble with you Missourians, you have never learned to punctuate. Now what the little girl really said was, “Good! By God, we’re going to Kansas.” In 1854 John Greenleaf Whittier wrote:

We cross the prairies of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea;  
To make the West as they the East  
The homestead of the free.

That has been later paraphrased to:

We crossed the prairies as of old  
The Pilgrims crossed the sea;  
And made the West as they the East  
The homestead of the free.

That early pioneer life was hard and rugged. Each family had to be self-sufficient because there were few neighbors. Doctors were miles away. Clothing had to be made from products of the spinning wheel, or tanned hides. Even soap was hand made. There was no place for anyone but the strongest. Year after year I marvel at some of those fellows out there in Western Kansas who can take year after year of droughts, without a murmur. I have heard my grandmother speak of the grasshopper plague in ’74. And I’ve seen enough of them in recent years where the trees were just stripped. But you can’t sell them anything else—that is home to them. They’re descendants of those hearty pioneers. About their only comment is “Well, the black ox stepped on his ~~toe~~,” and then pass it off like that.

And then those pioneer mothers—those grandmothers of ours—who wouldn’t go to bed in the scant clothing grand-daughter wears on the streets today. They had to be Nurse, Teacher, Home-maker and help with the crops. They, too, helped to build the West. It was a terrible, lonely existence for many of those young brides who came out West in the early days. There was one such lady whose husband had to go away and be gone for two days into the nearest town. She was alone on the prairies—frightened beyond words! Later in the afternoon she saw two figures approaching across the prairie—her heart almost stood still because she thought they were Indians. She shut the door not knowing what to do. Then she seemed to hear singing as the riders came closer. Then she smiled in relief because what she heard was an old time gospel hymn. The riders stopped outside and she went to the door. One of them said, “Ma’am, we saw John go into town this afternoon and we sort of figured you might be lonesome, so we just rode over, and if you don’t mind, we’ll just sort of bunk down here in the yard and keep you company tonight.”

On the other hand there were amusing incidents these pioneer women had. One young lady had a small child. One evening a tramp came to the door and barged into the house with the demand, “I want something to eat.” She turned to get something for him, and in a moment looked around, but the tramp was gone. She couldn’t quite figure out what had happened but then it came to her. When she saw him coming she had taken down her husband’s revolver which was hanging on the wall, but realizing that she couldn’t shoot a man, she had laid it in the baby’s crib. The little tot was chewing on the

gun-teething on it. You can imagine the effect on the surprised tramp. He wanted no part of a family whose baby was teething on a six-gun. But the family liked it.

Another lady went into town and said:

"I want to buy a tombstone, Mister, for Bill who died last week.  
For Bill, you know my husband, who lived over on Beaver Creek,  
And put some writin' on it, most anything will do—  
But it must make fine readin', and Sir, it must be true."  
She came back one month later, and traced with trembling hand  
These words upon the tombstone, "He's gone to a better land."  
"Tain't so, them words there, Mister," she turned a blazing face,  
"My Bill he lived in Kansas, and there ain't no better place."

As a means of protecting the early trails, workers, and pioneer frontier forts were established in the Old West. Much has been written about these early outposts of civilization but the complete story is yet to be told of the all-important part they played in the Old West. Today many of them are all but forgotten names, but they once were scenes of activity—gayety, anguish and sorrow. Do any of these names have a familiar ring? Leavenworth, Riley, Harker, Fort Phil Kearney, McPherson, Laramie, Reno, Camp Supply, Washita, Bent, Burford, Collins, Lyons, Larned, Wallace, Sill, Cobb, Logan—just to mention a few. Can you imagine any of those early day forts without guns? Not for long you can't.

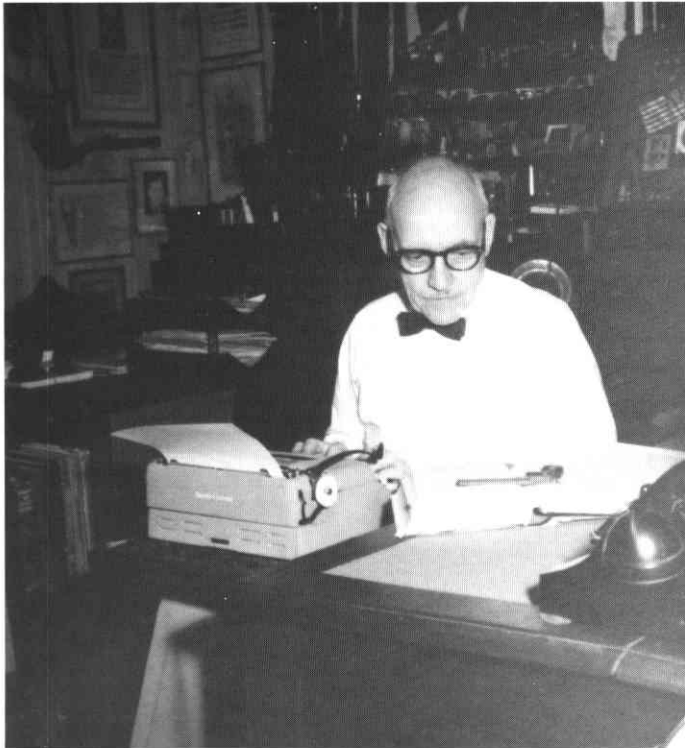
Kansas, in the heart of the Old West which itself was in the geographical center of the nation, was crossed by most of the early trails. The Santa Fe trail from Westport Landing to Santa Fe—750 to 800 miles. Five hundred of

them through Kansas has been famed in story and song all these years. It was a trail of romantic glamour and high adventure. Into the office of a freighting firm on the Santa Fe trail walked an old mule skinner one day and asked for a job as a mile skinner. They asked him the usual questions, one of which was: "Can you drive mules?" "Well, I reckon I can—I can drive 'em to Hell and back" was his reply. "Sorry, Mister" said the official of the firm, "We can't use you—that isn't on our route."

Then there was the Oregon trail, the Butterfield Route and the Pony Express. St. Louis to Sacramento—two thousand miles of tortuous riding, a shining example of Yankee ingenuity. The old Chisolm Trail, famed in story and song, brought the Texas long-horns for shipment to the eastern markets. There were many other lesser trails. And sometimes going across the prairie, the lone traveler would have some inscription, such as this, on the side of his wagon: "Where I'm going or how far, nobody knows and damn few care." Very true! Because when he left that last trading post nobody was concerned about him. If someone found his bones, weeks later, about all they would say would be, "Well, the poor old duffer didn't make it, did he?" That is about the way it was.

Then came the railroads—following the path of the old wagon trails—with their ribbons of steel spanning the continent. The Union Pacific was completed, and united the East and the West on May 10, 1869. The Kansas and Pacific place mat which we are using tonight was used by the Union Pacific between Denver and Kansas City last year during the centennial of the State of Kansas. Crews and workmen on the old railroads were issued carbines for protection. Out west of Salina, there is an old cemetery for seven workers ambushed by the Indians. They gave their lives that the railroad might go through. Often the trains were blocked for hours at a time, to wait for the giant herds of buffalo to cross the track. The workers were fed on buffalo meat—but the railroad was built with blood and steel. Later the Santa Fe pushed south-west to Dodge City.

Resisting desperately the intrusion of the white man upon his domain, and the slaughter of his cattle, as the Indian called his beloved buffalo, the redman, from the Sioux in the North to the Apache in the South, carried on a relentless warfare. They were out "to raise hair." In the Old West occurred the first clash between the white man and the Indians. It was the battleground between the vanguards of civilization and the plains tribes. Much of the Indian resentment was caused by unscrupulous whites who sold them whiskey and guns, and who wantonly killed their buffalo. It shouldn't be surprising then that the Indians ambushed stage coaches and wagon trains, killed



Logan working hard at his Smith-Corona ca. 1960.

the home-steaders and otherwise committed acts of violence—because, all too often the white man had violated his treaty with the Indians first. This will interest our good friend, Frank Horner. Chaplain David White used a pepperbox to ward off an attack of Indians. But when the thing went off, all the barrels fired at once, the Indians took off: they didn't understand that type of fire-arm. Our treatment of the Indians, if you have given any thought to Western History, was one of the blackest pages of American History. A practice which unfortunately continues to this day.

One of the greatest athletes of the last fifty years was an Indian, Jim Thorpe. One of the men who raised the flag on Mt. Suribac gave his life. And he, in his own words, said he didn't want to be a hero. People would invite him to speak, invite him around to different functions, and fill him up with firewater. The unfortunate part was that he didn't have the strength to resist the white man's drink. It should be pointed out that in our histories, where the Indians were defeated it is often described as a battle; where the whites came off second best, it is referred to as a massacre. The finest of Indian manhood and leaders were pitted against white pioneers and soldiers. With equal equipment the story might have been vastly different, because some of the Indian chieftains were often much better generals than the whites. Little mention is made in our history books of the atrocities committed against the Indians by the whites. Yet, any man who has read western history, or the history of the Old West, should hang his head in shame at the mention of Camp Grant, Sand Creek or Wounded Knee, where squaws were chased a mile to two miles outside of their camp and made sport of in target practice by some white soldiers of that day. At Sand Creek we invited the Indians to come in under pretense they were going to have a home on the reservation. And when one little Indian lad, barely two years old came crying out of his teepee, the soldiers, drunken, and with a lust for blood, made sport of him and shot him down in cold blood. Why, the killing of Crazy Horse, or Sitting Bull, surely would make us hang our heads in shame.

From North to South, the Old West was a scene of some of the most noted Indian battles of history—three hundred and three settlers and soldiers were killed in Kansas alone in 1868. Let's mention a few of the battles: Battle of the Little Big Horn, Battle of Washita, Battle of Beecher's Island or the Arickaree, Battle of Adobewalls, Battle of Buffalo Wallow, Seige of Fort Phil Kearny, Fetterman massacre and Dull Knife's raid. But it had an amusing side also. Frank North, with his noted Pawnee Scouts, was with General Carr, tracking down Tall Bull, a

Cheyenne. On guard duty was his battalion of Pawnee Scouts. The white soldiers always called out on guard duty, something like this: "Post No. 1, half past nine o'clock, all is well." The Indians couldn't quite figure that out, it just didn't make sense to them, and a lot of them couldn't speak English. They were given instructions to call out anyway. One evening came this amusing report: "Post No. half past 5 cents, go to Hell, I don't care!"

Then the Indians had some trite sayings that I think are a part of our Old West history. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces said, "Never sell the bones of your father." That was told to his son, Chief Joseph, Jr., who later on made a statement that I like a lot: "From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever." And he kept his word. And, that one by Sitting Bull—when we talk about our American spirit, here's one by one of the original Americans: "God made me an Indian, but not an Agency Indian." It cost him his life.

Those hearty pioneers really had a rugged time out on the prairies. They were involved in Indian raids, or caught between the fights of whites of conflicting ideologies. The War between the States started in the heart of the Old West over a certain thing I've heard called the "Kansas and Nebraska Act." The sacking of Lawrence with its over 150 killed, the Pottawatomie massacre, the Leavenworth raid and Marais des Sygnes which was immortalized in verse by Whittier. Truly, there is no hatred like that between man and man. One figure emerges from those bloody days—a man of whom the poet wrote,

"John Brown of Kansas, he dared begin –

He lost, but in losing – won."

The Emigrant Aid Society – no, not the Ladies Aid Society – this is the Emigrant Aid Society. And maybe you've heard something about Beecher's Bibles. Well, that isn't a new revised version of the Bible either. The Beecher Bible and how did it come about? Henry Ward Beecher, a New York clergyman, raised money from his pulpit – imagine – to buy rifles to send to Kansas. Said he, "The Sharps rifle is truly a moral agency. There is more moral power in one of those instruments so far as the slave-holders of Kansas are concerned than in a hundred Bibles. You might just as well read the Bible to buffaloes as to those fellows who follow Atchison and Stringfellow but they have an extreme respect for the logic that is embodied in a Sharps rifle."

And then we come to another phase of the Old West: the frontier towns that catapulted into notoriety and fame. As the railroads pushed westward across the prairies, giant herds of Texas longhorns were herded to loading docks along the Old Kansas Pacific and Santa Fe railroads. Abilene was the first of the cowtowns. Joseph McCoy

promoted the cattle depot in Abilene, to attract the cattle owners from Texas. Those were the days that saw the Old West in its heyday, the reign of the cowboy – the hard riding, straight shooting, undisciplined lot who used whole towns and often human anatomies for target practice. The story is told of a character in one of the early towns. He was a sort of harmless – not all here – type, but he had one redeeming feature: he was an expert shot. All around the town, on the board fences, on the side of an old building, or on a tree a circle could be seen with a small hole right in the center. They were pointed out, and he was known as the town's leading marksman to others coming into town. They just couldn't understand it. Finally, one fellow asked him, "How do you account for the fact that you are such a wonderful marksman?" It was the first time anybody had asked the boy how he did it and he answered, "Oh, it's fairly simple, 'cause all I do is shoot, and then draw a circle around it."

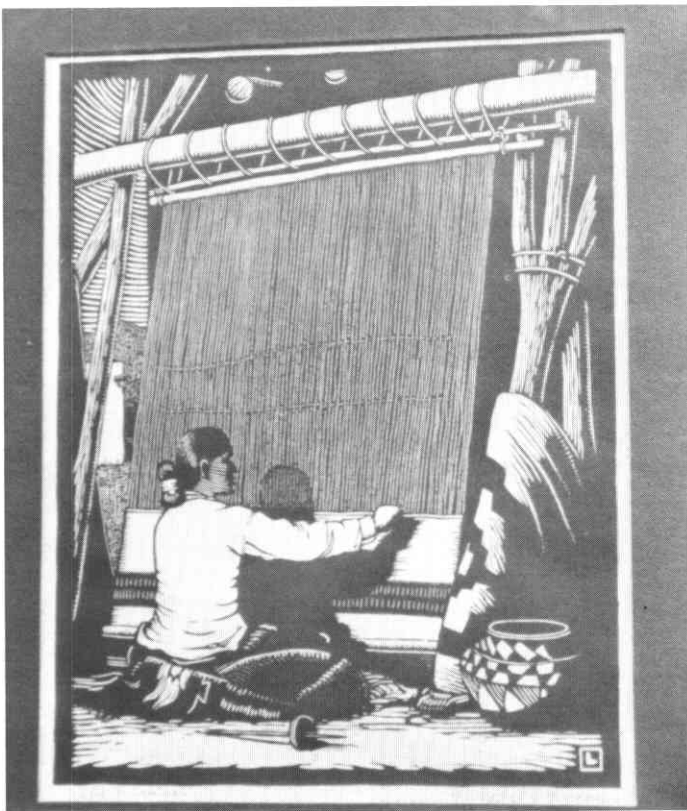
It was a day when cattle and horse stealing were considered greater crimes than murder. Just out northwest of Salina a few miles, along in the eighties, Sheriff McGrath of Mitchell County was out after a horse thief. He traced the man to his lady friend's house. Shortly, her little brother came up from the timber, and said to his sister, "Mike's down there and wants to see you." The Sheriff who was posing as a man who had come in to do some hard work said, "Well, if I was a girl I'd not go down

there, I'd make him come up to the house." So, when he did come up, McGrath stepped out and the man immediately recognized him, fact is, he rode up on one of the stolen horses. The outcome was that the Sheriff shot him with a Colt Lightning, right through the middle of the forehead. But, the point I want to make is that when he went back to the office, he wrote across the warrant – "Served said warrant by shooting and killing the son of a b - - -." That is the cold, hard nonchalant side of those frontier days.

It was a day when vigilantes administered the law. And the six-gun was Marshall, Judge and Executioner. Into this activity came the frontier marshall. Wild Bill Hickok, Tom Smith, Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman, Pat Garrett, Charley Bassett, Ham Bell and a host of others. Following Abilene came the other cattle towns. Ellsworth. How many of you have heard of Lady Godiva of the plains? She walked down the streets of Ellsworth without a stitch of clothes on. And there wasn't a single man that peeped around the door. Because in each hand she carried a six-gun and she was noted for her marksmanship. The men kept back under cover.

Newton was a wild one for a short space of time. It was there that one of the old wags remarked that he wouldn't mind dying, but he hadn't been living right and a dead man laid on his back so long. Dodge City, queen of the cow-towns, named Bibulous Babylon of the Old West. And if you think they aren't loyal to the Old West, you ought to have heard what some of them had to say out there when the "Cowboy Hall of Shame" went down to Oklahoma City. They're going to have one at Dodge City. They're going to have The Cowboy Capital of the world, and I grant you that it'll be a honey. An old drunk got on the Santa Fe train at Newton with a roll of bills in his hand and just handed the roll to the conductor. The conductor said "where do you want to get off?" The guy said, "I want to get off at Hell." The conductor handed him back some change and said, "That'll be two dollars. Get off at Dodge City."

Men often died of lead poisoning in those frontier days and they were buried without the benefit of a wooden overcoat. Boot Hill is found only in the Old West. Oftentime the killings were so numerous they had to dig graves ahead of time. The story is told that out at Dodge City they had left a freshly dug grave uncovered because they felt they might need one before dawn, maybe. One fellow started home late, up over Boot Hill, and tripped and fell into the grave. He tried to get out – pawed and pawed – but the loose dirt just came rolling in on him. Finally, he sat down in one corner to get his breath. Another man came along, and he too tumbled into the



"The Weaver" – 1927

open grave. He, too, tried to get out but couldn't make it and he too was just about to give up, when from the opposite corner of the grave came these words: "S'no use, pardner, you can't make it." Then he got out in one big jump!

The cow town era of when a six-gun topped four aces, when more than one death was due to five aces, came and went, leaving in its wake growing cities struggling to adjust themselves to the prosaic pursuit of being just ordinary cities.

Josephine McIntire described the cowboy sentiment at the changing scene in these lines:

Weep not for us who early made our beds  
Wrapped in our blankets, saddles for our heads.  
We tamed the West when this land was young,  
And sank into our graves unknown, unsusung.

Like a Who's Who reads the prominent names of the Old West. Men and women, military and civilian, Indian and white who were the products of, or whose activities made them a living part of the Old West. At the mention of these names, you probably can immediately connect it with some specific event, in your mind. Names that were bywords in those thrilling days of the Old West. Let's take the military: Custer, Miles, Grant, Sheridan, Ord, Forsyth, Carrington, Funston, Payne. Some of the early scouts: Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill, Texas Jack, Captain Jack, Pawnee Bill, Charlie Reynolds, Bill Dixon, California Joe, Jack Stillwell, Jack Armstrong, Dick Wooton, Jim Bridger. You are familiar with many of them. What is it Emerson says: "A hero is no greater than anybody else, he's just braver five minutes longer." Indians: Sitting Bull, Geronimo, Satanta, Crazy Horse, Roman Nose, Red Cloud, Dull Knife, Chief Joseph, Rain in the Face, Ouray. What man hasn't heard of Quantril, the James boys, the Daltons, the Youngers, Billy the Kid, Sam Bass, Tom Horn and John Wesley Hardin to say nothing of Pat Garrett, Charley Siringo, John Brown, H.A.W. Tabor, Charlie Curtis, Sam Houston, Buck Taylor, Big Foot Wallace, Doc Holliday, Judge Roy Bean, and many, many others.

Or, such women as Calamity Jane, Annie Oakley, May Lillie, Belle Starr, Carrie Nation, Cattle Kate, Dora Hand. And, there was a figure, Dora Hand! In Dodge City, on Sunday she would put on her Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and lead the singing in a little church over beyond the tracks. A beautiful voice they say, trained in the East as an opera singer. After the service was over Sunday evening, back to the dance hall and garb of her profession. A fine, splendid girl who was buried out on the outskirts of Dodge City because an angry man shot into the room where he thought the proprietor, one of the dance hall owners, was sleeping. The owner had left that

night and Dora was occupying his cabin. She was killed and never knew what hit her—killed in one of the true tragedies of the Old West.

The Old West had its creed of religion. It's a too-often neglected facet of those days. It was not the Sunday-go-to-meeting type, but rather the shirt sleeve, down-to-earth kind of creed which found expression in being of service to others. One service club uses this thought in its motto: "Service above self." It was Jessie Chisholm, an illiterate half-breed beloved by Indians and whites alike for his humility and square dealings, who gave this as his creed a day or so before his death: "I know very little about the Bible, I have no use for preachers. No man ever came to my camp hungry and went away unfed. Or came naked and departed unclothed. All my life I've tried to live at peace with my fellow man and be a brother to him. The rest I leave to the Great Spirit who placed me here, and whom I trust to do all things well."

And the beloved Kit Carson, after he had rescued two pioneers from death at the hands of the Indians, and who wanted to reward him for the act said, "Gentlemen, you don't owe me anything, I only done my duty. As for a reward, if there's a God in Heaven, He will reward me hereafter." Do you wonder then that the women gave the white flowers from their hats to make a casket spray for this beloved plainsman? Yes, they faced death as they faced life – unafraid. And to me one of the most beautiful accounts of the last hours of an individual that I've encountered, was the reading of the last few hours of Buffalo Bill Cody. When the Doctor told him that he had less than six hours to live, he went to the window, looked out over his beloved mountains. Then he looked around and said, "Do you really think it's that serious?" The Doctor said, "That's right." "Well, if that's the way it's going to be, Okay." Turning to his brother-in-law, he said, "Let's play high five." They faced death as they faced life.

Found on the desk of Bat Masterson, the frontier officer of Dodge City, who later became the sports editor of one of the New York papers were these words: "There are many in this old world who hold that things break about even for all of us. I have observed that we all get about the same amount of ice. The rich get it in the summer, and the poor get it in the winter."

Charley F. Colcord, builder of Oklahoma, when asked to say a few words at a funeral of two men killed by Indians only said, "God take care of these poor boys." And you know, I've an idea that He did. And yet, it was this same man who expressed the creed of the Old West in these words, "Now we all believe as all men who are reared out in the open will always believe, that there is a God who rules and overrules in the affairs of men. We



have watched the stars in their courses. We have night herded by the north Star for years using it as a time piece. Every spray of grass on the prairie, every flower that spangled its face, every wind that swept the plain, every note sung by the birds bore witness to existence of the great, unseen Divine Power."

And on the walls of the Beecher's Bible Church hung some rifles. They were quite different in those days; I've heard some ministers in recent years berate pop-guns and boys that play with things like that. Listen to the admonition of Doctor Beecher: "Let these arms hang above your doors as the Revolutionary muskets do in many New England homes. May your children in another generation look upon them with pride and say, Our father's courage saved this fair land from slavery and blood."

Yet, the Old West was not without its amusing incidents concerning religion. Into Dodge City came an evangelist one time, and he hadn't been there too long

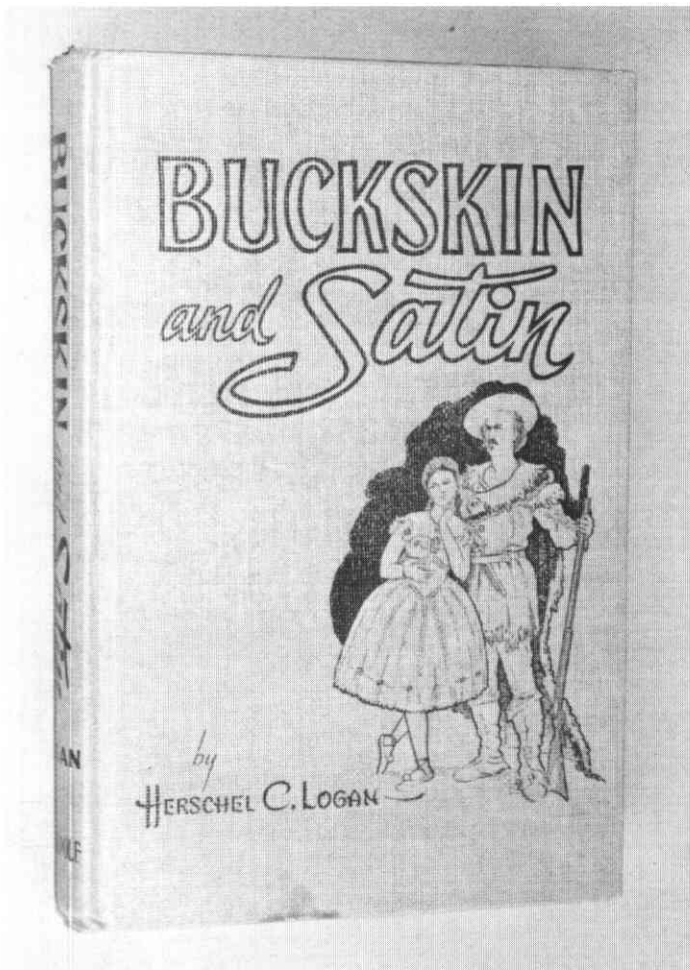
before he heard of mysterious Dave. He thought it would be quite a feather in his cap if he could convert mysterious Dave. So he went to work on him, rather obnoxiously and much to Dave's embarrassment. Finally, on the last night of the meeting, mysterious Dave came in and sat down in the back of the building. The Revivalist was thrilled, and encouraged to exhort to the best of his ability. At the close of the meeting when the invitation was given, up gets mysterious Dave and comes to the front. The preacher was beside himself with joy, the very thing he'd hoped for, the very thing he'd talked about to the other folks. It had happened and here was mysterious Dave right there ready to be saved, And so he made quite a talk about it, during which he said, "I never felt that I was better prepared to go to Heaven than I am right now, for I feel like I have accomplished my mission in Dodge City." A bunch of the faithful said, "Amen, we're ready to go to Heaven." Then he asked mysterious Dave if he had anything to say, to which he replied, "Parson, I believe you're right - I know you're right. These folks say they're ready to go to Heaven, you say you're ready to go too. Well, I am too. Let's all go right now, before we all backslide." He pulled out his six-guns and started shooting. They said it was the first time in the history of Dodge City that a minister went down the railroad track with a window frame around his neck.

Captain Jack Crawford had this to say in his poem entitled "The Travelers Religion."

But I tell you, a man as lives honest  
 If he never hears tell of a church  
 Kin be just as happy hereafter,  
 and roost on the heavenly perch.  
 We're all in the way of temptation;  
 Thar's no one who's free from sin;  
 But Christ won't go back on us poor folks  
 If we do just the best that we kin.

And at the death of Buffalo Bill's boy, who was named after Kit Carson, he wrote these words to Bill Cody: "And Pard, when life is ended, if acting on the square, we too will meet old Carson, and your baby boy up there."

We hear a lot about Davy Crockett nowadays. It was he who said, "If you can't live as a good man, die as a brave one." And the plains code out in the Old West demanded that they die in such a way as to give their comrades the greatest help possible. They realized that you only take with you that which you have given away. Even if it be your life. They didn't get the foolish idea those old Westerners, that they had to make over the universe - their job was only to do their job to the best of their ability - to look up, to laugh, to be friendly with all men. So that they would be sorry when they passed on.



A true "Romance of the Old West": the life of "Texas Jack" Omohundro, Western Scout, Indian fighter, actor in cowboy boots, and Mlle. Maria Morlacchi, a Premiere Danseuse in satin slippers. Written ca. 1953, after Logan found Texas Jack's S&W American revolver, engraved "Texas Jack/Cottonwood Spring/1872" on the left side.

The clock of life is wound but once,  
 And no man has the power  
 To tell just when the hands will stop,  
 At a late or early hour.  
 Now is the only time that you own,  
 Give and love and toil with a will;  
 Place no faith in tomorrow –  
 For the clock may then be still.

Many of these incidents only prove the old adage that fact is stranger than fiction. We hear a lot about the midnight ride of Paul Revere because it was in our books when we were youngsters at school. I'm not discrediting the fact that he rode twelve miles on a mild April night – through friendly country, and that his name was popularized by Longfellow's poem. But did you ever hear of the ride of little Aubry? It was never equalled in world's history – for speed, endurance and distance covered. In 1852 he rode 800 miles over the Santa Fe trail in five days and thirteen hours. From Santa Fe to Independence, Missouri. It was his ride that furnished the idea for the Pony Express. Have you ever heard of John "Portugee" Phillips? He rode from Fort Phil Kearny after the Fetterman massacre. Two hundred and thirty-six miles through Indian infested territory in temperatures of twenty to twenty-five degrees below zero, in four days and four nights – but you don't hear of "Portugee." He wasn't immortalized in poems, but he was of the Old West.

Have you heard of Cody's Pony Express ride from Red Buttes crossing to Rocky Ridge with parched lips, and dust covered face, haggard and lined from fatigue, his arms stiff and sore. He rode 322 miles to carry the mail through. Have you hear of Bob Haslan's ride on the Pony Express? Are you familiar with Cody's dispatch ride from Fort Larned to Fort Hayes, to Fort Dodge, over to Fort Larned and back up to Fort Hayes? And how he was captured by Satanta, the scourge of the prairies? You don't hear much about that. The Old West considered that all part of the day's work and we haven't bragged about it too much. It's time we did! Have you heard of Captain Jack's ride carrying a report of the battle of Slim Buttes 350 miles through Indian infested territory to get the news of that battle out over the wires to the *New York Herald*? Now we come down to 1874 in the battle of Adobe Walls where 28 buffalo hunters, armed with rifles, repulsed seven hundred Kiowas, Cheyenne and Commanche Indians. After the engagement was over, they saw a lone figure away off, you could just barely see him. One man turned to Billy Dixon, and said, "Billy, how about a shot at him?" The noted scout put his gun down over a rest, readied his sights and let go only to see the Indian tumble off his horse a moment later. The distance was later measured

and Billy Dixon had brought his Indian down at 1538 years, just 182 yards short of a mile. Not bad shooting with a buffalo gun in 1874. You know of the battle of Buffalo Wallow, when four enlisted soldiers and two army scouts, Billy Dixon and Amon Chapman, outnumbered twenty-five to one, staved off an Indian attack? One of the most thrilling battles of the Old West that I never tire of reading about is "The Battle of the Wagon Boxes," where 32 pioneers, armed with breech-loading Springfield 50-70 rifles withstood 3000 Indians under Red Cloud. Results – two pioneers killed, two seriously wounded, but it will never be known how many Indians were killed. Surely up in the hundreds. Red Cloud admitted long afterward that nearly half of his Indian braves never went back into battle. it doesn't mean they were all killed, no, many were wounded, and many saw the futility of fighting. Has anyone forgotten the Alamo? It, too, happened in the Old West!

Yes, the Old West still lives because there's something wonderously fine about it. Something which assures for it a place in History for all time to come. Boys will play cowboys and Indians, movies will film it, writers will tell of it in stories that will be added to the vast library of books that have already been written on the Old West, and its many facets. Many of the dime novels whose thrilling paper backs, with their lurid covers, had their setting in the Old West, their heroes taken from real life. In spite of all other music, there are those who still enjoy the



One of Logan's lesser works.

plaintive melodies which have as their themes, incidents and places in the Old West. "Home on the Range," "The Last Round Up," "Oh, Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," "The Old Chisholm Trail," and what about the current tune of Davy Crockett? Artists have immortalized the Old West on canvas, in stone and bronze. What man doesn't thrill at one of Remington's matchless works of art on the Old West? And, last, but surely not least, are the men, like ourselves, who will collect the arms of other days, preserve them, and pass them down to future generations as the guns that helped to win and preserve the Old West.

Yes, the Old West was more than an epoch, more than any one area, it was that indefinable something, something that made Westerners unique in the forging of a great nation. Born of the frontiers with the throbbing of Indian tom-toms for a lullaby, it grew strong in an atmosphere of choking dust from oxen drawn wagon trains. Into its sinews were fused the sweat, and the grime,

the blood and the tears of generations of hardy men and women. Breathed into its very soul was the integrity, thrift and industry of the ages. Nurtured by flickering candle light in sod houses and log cabins, tanned by summer suns and hardened by the raw, cold north wind of winter, it met force with force, with no quarter asked. Justice was swift and terrible, often accompanied by the aroma of smoking six-guns. Yet no mother with her first born could be more tender when the occasion demanded, for beneath the rough exterior there was a heart of gold attuned to a Divine Creator. Tempered in the cauldron of hardships, Indian raids, grasshopper plagues, prairie fires, drought, and warfare, it became a challenge to those who produce music, literature and art. Here was America, here were born priceless heritages to be handed down from generation to generation.

I thank you.



#### Remembering Herschel C. Logan

Herschel C. Logan was born April 19, 1901, in Magnolia, Missouri. His mother died before he was a year old, and his father and paternal grandparents moved to a farm near Winfield, Kansas, where he graduated from high school in 1920, showing an interest and talent in art even then. In 1920, he spent a year at the Chicago Academy of Arts, then returned to Wichita, Kansas, where he worked as an apprentice at a local press—for \$5.00 a week. He met and became a friend of printmaker C. A. Steward, who taught him to make woodcuts. In the next 17 years he became one of the outstanding western woodcut artists in the U.S., making a total of 140 major woodcuts, plus Christmas cards, calendars, and other smaller informal works. In addition, he was Art Director at Consolidated Printing and Stationery Company in Salina, Kansas, from 1931 to 1967, had a weekly radio program on station KSAL for over a year ca. 1939, drew "The Colonel," a "homespun wisdom" cartoon, for the local paper, wrote and illustrated three major arms books (*Hand Cannon to Automatic*, 1944; *Cartridges*, 1948, and *Underhammer Guns*, 1960) and an account of a true western romance between a cowboy/actor and an opera singer (*Buckskin and Satin*, 1954).

After he retired and moved to California in 1973, he found a new interest: collecting and using very small (postcard size and smaller) hand presses. He produced over 50 tiny (2x2<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>" ) books. In addition to his other activities, he was a collector of antique arms, became a member of this Society in December, 1953, designed the ASAC logo in 1954 (its story is in *Bulletin* No. 20), and was president 1957-58. He died December 8, 1987.

(Abridged from *Herschel Logan: Man of Many Careers* by Anthony L. Lehman, published by the Westerners Los Angeles Corral in 1986.)



The last of Logan's woodcuts: "Kansas Sunflower" - 1984