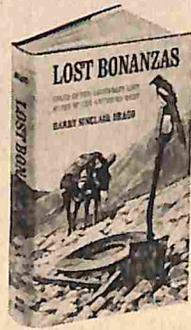


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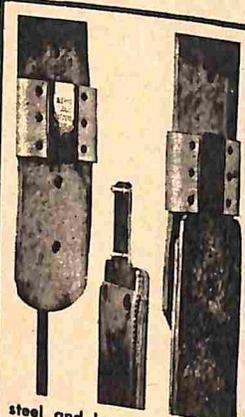
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"The Smoke Signal"

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TRAILS GROWN DIM

June-July, 1967
Vol. 41, No. 1
New Series No. 1

ROBERT S. ...
Advertiser

MARILYN ...
Circulation

LOOKS LIKE everybody is searching for something these days—security, peace of mind, treasure and thirty-one dozen other things, including kinfolks! Dadgumdest thing—it is getting to where our letters column would be completely full in all three magazines if we printed all such requests. We get letters constantly from readers asking for some sort of "where'd I come from" department and finally Brother Bob Bradford, 3905 Gaston, Midland, Texas 79701, opened the chute! He does genealogical research and says he reads our magazines for this purpose as well as pleasure and information. Bob wants a "Family Tree" section and one day we'll probably have a goodly sized one, in addition to what we are starting now, but for the time being we'd better catch up on some of your "whar's my Hunkle" letters and prepare for hundreds more that will result from the first appearance of TRAILS GROWN DIM. Besides, a general family tree sort of thing would call for so blasted much research, correspondence and "jencohologists" that we might not have time to get out the rest of the four dadburned turrible rags we are stoopid enough to keep ourselves indoors and overworked with right now (read about our new one, RELICS, on page 5—it looks like a REAL winner!). As it is, I generally have to send the last page of each rag down to a waiting printer by carrier pigeon. If somebody ever shoots my winged literary messenger, and the last page is missing, you'll know what happened. . .

So these "looking for somebody" letters will be run on a "standing in line" basis. Be sure and keep them as brief as possible—if you don't, and we try to run them full length, all your relatives might have passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds before we get down the line to your letter! Also, the management assumes no responsibility if you rake up kinfolks that you wish later you'd never heard of!

Now a few scattering notes. Our Book Reviews are very popular. J. Frank Dobie once told me that it was one of the best such features he had read anywhere. Many of you folks don't live near a bookstore or library (you luckv devils!), so if you want to order, just address the publisher and send the letter in care of us and we'll forward your order on. Make your check out to the publisher, of course, and not to us. Later on, we'll try to work out a better system.

Thanks again for sending gift subscriptions, magazines, and even packages to the soldiers overseas. We keep getting letters about this. Funny thing, we published a letter from Wayne Hyde and then gave a long list of addresses. Most of you sent subscriptions and individual magazines to the addresses but Wayne wrote shortly thereafter that he had received thirty-six letters and seventeen packages of magazines himself! He turned them over to the USO in Saigon. He said the USO sent them to various

field branches in Viet Nam and kept some for the men who come to Saigon from the field. Wayne says it sure would save him a lot of trouble if you would send gift subscriptions, magazines and anything else you'd care to send direct to

UNITED SERVICE ORGANIZATION
Saigon, Republic of Viet Nam
APO San Francisco, California 96243.

Remember that the APO designation is very important. Wayne said that some of the letters were friendly, chatty and some asked him to supply names of men who receive no mail from home. Of course, he had to turn those over to the USO in Saigon. There is a daily radio program put on by the Armed Forces Radio Service there on which such letters are read. This program is originated by the USO.

ALWAYS they are saying that things are new—like a go-go girl, for instance. She isn't new—a go-go girl is merely a can-can girl with a bee in her bucket! Later on, when their get up and go has got up and went, they'll have to call them something else. "You know what a go-go girl will be called after she reaches forty?" asked a wag. Of course I answered, "No." To which she replied, "A chug-chug girl!" Wonder what the can-canners were called after forty. . .

With reference to that mention of "get up and go"—I got the cleverest blamed thing I have been sending out on that for weeks now but can't include it in this issue—not enough space. It's sort of long and so I'll save it for August TRUE WEST. I have been sending out so many copies you'll probably hear about it before then—but I have been there with "too much—too late" more than once!

Before I go, however, I just got to cry a mite. Most of the West has had the sonofagunest drouth we've dusted through in a considerable spell. It hasn't been a good time for fish in little lakes and ponds. See, after nearly a lifetime of dreaming and planning, I got holt of a little postage stamp ranch near a little bitty town called Dripping Springs. When I traded for it there were three beautiful creeks and a nice-sized stock tank. Now there is one running creek. We haven't had rain in so long the water is even dusty! It would have to come a cloudburst to even get through to us—there's so much dust in the air!

Anyhow, I put up a nice dam on a beautiful creek called Boiling Springs. When I stocked it, so help me it was raining! Barely got out of there without sticking. It stopped when we got out on the county road—and it hasn't rained since! I had over a thousand beautiful fish in that thing and when the spring quit running (my little lake had filled only about one-fourth full when I stocked it) I saw that water go down inch by agonizing inch. You might say that I spent the winter sitting up with a thousand sick friends. Lord, how it hurt when the thing got so shallow that the cranes came in and fattened up real good.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I dug a well. I was lucky. I hit forty gallons a minute. I think I was too late unless, as they say, channel catfish actually go get down under the mud and hibernate. I know my bass and hybrid perch are gone.

It is Spring now and it hasn't rained yet. If we don't get any by the time you read this, color us "cooked."

So long for now.—Hosstail.

June-July, 1967

NON-FICTION

July, 1967 35¢

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Frontier Times



WALT COBURN'S
TALLY BOOK

WILL ROGERS and CHARLIE RUSSELL



MOUNT FRANKLIN'S LOST TREASURE

"GOD and the APACHES"

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