Swiss Gardens, Shoreham,
NEAR Brighton.
9th Dec 1881.

My dear Carver

I see by the papers that you shoot with the Adam Stuart Monday to-morrow. I hope you will have a fine day and good luck, and give him a good licking. I should like very much to be there, and see you do it. I am sure you will win. Kindest regards.

Yours faithfully
S. Reuel Smith.

Dr. H. F. Carver

Castle Hotel,
Omaha, Nebr., 7/13/26.

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of July 9th, I am glad to know that you are pleased with the photographs.

I wish to thank you for the addresses of California Joe's son and others. I knew Joe quite well, also Dr. McGillycuddy.

I am not feeling very well at present so will make this only a note, with intentions of writing a longer letter later and hoping to hear from you at intervals, I am

Yours truly,

W. F. Carver

Dr. W. F. Carver.

WFC/SC.

FEB 6 11 37

The Letters of Doc Carver
Edited by Raymond W. Thorp

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 1/6/27.

Jan. 6, 1927.

Dear Mr. Thorp:

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
145 A. Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of December 16th, I have been sick in bed for the last two months, just up and around again--this will explain the delay in answering your letter.

The photograph enclosed of the man you call Dick Rutledge--his make-up does not look the real thing to me, however, I may be wrong. His face seems strangely familiar to me, but I cannot place him. I have met several men who claimed to be scouts with Kit Carson, but the only one that I ever met that was genuine was 'Buffalo' White, a big pock-marked westerner who was known as "Buffalo Chips."

I had made every arrangement for writing the history of my life. All my experiences on the plains and elsewhere ----from the plains of wild America to the palaces of Europe! I have seventeen scrap-books covering a period of over sixty years. I have been associated in partnership with "Wild Bill", Buffalo Bill, and Buffalo Jones, also Texas Jack. I have known nearly every one of the western celebrities and gunmen of the early days, and it is my intention to write the true history of the plains, true facts about the real gunmen and other famous westerners, and expose all the creations of fiction that have been woven about their names.

I was with "Wild Bill" three days after he killed Tutt in Springfield, and traveled all over southwest Missouri, to Fort Scott, Kansas, south through Elkhorn Valley, over the Pea Ridge battlefield and through the Boston Mountains of Arkansas. We also spent some time on Prairie Creek and White River in the country where Quantrell and Jennison's outlaws hid themselves for several years at the close of the war.

I knew Belle Starr when she was a little girl in Carthage, Missouri, before she got married to Reed, and met her often years later when she was the wife of Cole Younger. After Younger was put in prison at Northfield, Minnesota, I knew her in Oklahoma for many years as the wife of Sam Starr.

I don't think there was a gunman in America of the early days with whom I have not been friends, or been associated in some way.

Here is a strange coincidence: Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and myself were all born within ~~one hundred~~ 100 miles of each other, and went into practically the same country to make our reputations.

In 1872, when Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack left Fort McPherson, Nebraska, and went to Chicago to put on a play called "The Scouts of the Plains," I was hunting and trapping on the tributaries of the Republican River, my home on the Little Medicine in Nebraska. Ten years later, Buffalo Bill came to my home in New Haven, Connecticut, broke, and I took him and put him in my out-door entertainment. I originated the "Buffalo Bill and Dr. Carver's Wild West Show."

I read one of your articles last summer which was published in a Denver magazine, and you, like the rest of the writers on Wile Bill have made quite a few mistakes. Some day I hope to correct all the mis-statements made about Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and myself.

I am positive that I am the only man living that hunted and trapped on the plains in the days of the 'wild' Indian and buffalo.

Some day I hope to meet you, Mr. Thorp, and I may drop off and see you on my way north this spring.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

W F Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

WFC/SC.

(12)

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 2/16/27.

Feb. 16, 1927.

Mr. Raymond Thorp,
145 A Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Mr. Thorp:

Replying to your letter of January 17th, as I wrote you once before, there are so many white men posing as scouts and claiming to have been associated with Kit Carson, General Crook and other Army officers, that I do not feel any confidence in their statements unless proved by actual facts. The scouts employed by General Crook while in Arizona were Apache Indians, and it does not take but a minute to think and understand the reason why. Here is just a little illustration:-- I walked over on the carnival grounds during the fair here two years ago, and an old fellow, who looked to be an old-timer and wearing long hair, rushed up to me, extended his hand and said, "Carver, I met you in Kansas City when you were with Crook, ~~who wanted~~ who wanted to take you out to Arizona with him. As you were unable to go, I went with him in your place." As his first statements were true, the man fooled me good and plenty for a few minutes, for I had met Crook in K. C. and he had offered me $5000 and thought he could get another $5000 from the Government if I would accompany him on the Apache campaign. As my business did not justify my going at the time for so small a salary, I refused, but spent two days with him and planned out the campaign as I would follow it. The General thought my ideas excellent and followed them in his first campaign in Arizona. Had this would-be scout stopped with Kansas City, I would have been pretty well satisfied that he had gone out there with Crook, but he continued ~~and~~ and said, "I accompanied Crook from Arizona to Omaha when he was placed in command of the department of the Platte." I had him all tied up in a minute, and it did not take but a few minutes to find out that he was one of the most beautiful western frauds that I ever came in contact with. Afterwards I found out that he was a barker for a concession in the carnival company and was known as the Champion Lion; a man who could make Ananias crawl in a wolf hole and bark like a prairie dog. This is only one case in many that I come in contact with, so you will understand, Thorp, I am just a little bit suspicious.

The knife that Tobin used to cut the Espinoza Gangs' heads off--it is a good story whether it is true or not, but he must has had a darn weak stomach for a western man and did not believe in washing dishes in the old-fashioned way--that is, wash your knives and forks by sticking them in the sand.

Here is a little western experience that has happened to me and a thousand others, perhaps. In the early days when we were in a country where wood couldn't be had, we would do our cooking with buffalo chips. I remember several instances, when cooking flap-jacks, when a buffalo chip was burned almost white, but still filled with a little fire, a gust of wind would come along and tip this buffalo chip over into the dough of the flap-jack. Did we throw the dough away? Hell, no! We just threw the cake into the air, turned it over, and went on with our breakfast—and we thought the last of the buffalo was as good as the hump. And I have a very delicate little tummy myself. I have never known a real western man that could not eat anything from an Indian's liver to prickly pears. So I feel that it is a pretty darn safe bet that Rutledge never saw the knife that he has described so well. Say, do you know anything about Liver-Eating Johnson?

I am delighted to learn that Dr. McGillycuddy has succeeded in securing a pension for Billy Garnett, for he is a most deserving man and one of my best friends. I took Billy all over Europe and to Australia with me. I correspond with him regularly.

I have just received the book on Wild Bill by Frank Wilstach. I see that he has used my name in a very careless manner—and I am going to write him this P. M. and hope to put a few ideas in his head that may be of great benefit to him. If his brains are as scrambled up with foolish ideas as the book which he has written, God help the future generations. A number of people are evidently writing up Wild Bill's history, and I feel it safe to say that not one of them comes within a mile of the truth. They all copy from Buel and Beadles' works, as well as a book called "Wild Life on the Plains, or Horrors of Indian Warfare." Every writer on Wild Bill's life has left out from five to fifteen years of his life—and as I wrote you before, I am satisfied that I am the only man living that knows anything about Wild Bill in the "wild days." ~~When is Connelly's book going to be published? Please send me his address as I would like to get one of his books.~~

~~You say you were born in the west, may I ask where, what state?~~

You ask if I was ever acquainted with Harding, the Texas gunman. I met Harding for the last time in Fort Worth, Texas, when he was there on a visit to Luke Short, proprietor of "The White Elephant." One of Harding's great tricks was to stick his fingers into the trigger guards, offer his guns to his enemy, then flip them on his fingers, changing ends, and killing his opponent in the most unexpected way. He was a real two-gunman.

I could tell you a whole lot of things about Billy the Kid, who, like Wild Bill, has come in for a good many slaps that he does not deserve, but as I am saving a lot of this information for myself we will talk it over some other time.

Feb 16 1927

Sheridan - 1883

Regarding "hip shooting" with a rifle. As I originated this style of shooting and practiced it to such an extent that I could shoot just as well from my hip, standing on the ground, as I could from the shoulder, I would say that there was such a thing. In 1878, I introduced to the world that mode of shooting and gave exhibitions before the English, German, Russian, and Austrian crowned heads, and also before Grant and Hayes of America. Of all the men I have met and known, Phil Sheridan was the most interested in my hip shooting. In 1872, when he was on the Duke Alexis Hunt, over on the Red Willow, I showed him this style of shooting, and again while in Chicago when Buffalo Bill and I were showing at Driving Park in 1883. He came out with a party of army officers and friends, and I gave a special exhibition of rifle shooting. At a distance of ~~fifty~~ yards I shot 16 shot in rapid succession into a spot on a post the size of a dollar. This was the greatest distance we could get and shoot at a post on the fair grounds. The next day I gave an exhibition of rifle shooting out on the lake, where we had plenty of room. I killed flying ducks with single bullets. And at a measured distance along the beach of 200 yards, I shot 5 balls into the air before the first one struck the water. This was a revelation to the army men and to Sheridan himself. Often on the plains I have started an old buffalo bull and let him run until we judged the distance to be 200 yards, then, shooting from 4 to 6 bullets at him, take my gun down from the shoulder before the first bullets reached him, and then watch them knock the dust out of his hide as fast as you could slap your hands together. As old as I am, I think I can do the same thing to-day with the old 73 model Winchester, black powder. Expert hip shooting comes from constant practice. I could shoot better from the hip, when looking at the object and the muzzle of the rifle when it was pointed directly at the object, than I could when sighting from the shoulder. I am surprised at Bill Cody saying he never heard of such a thing, for I won both his and Texas Jack's buckskin coats from them one morning at Fort McPherson, as a result of my skill. After proving to them 5 or 6 times that I could shoot accurately from the hip, they threw up their hands and said, "Now we will catch Lieutenant Belden on Carver's game." Now, understand, Thorp, at ~~one hundred~~ yards, with a Hawkins muzzle loading rifle, Lieutenant Belden, the White Chief, was one of the very best shots on the prairie. We walked down to the sutler's store, where Belden was at the time, met him, and Cody said, "Belden, you have five horses and a good saddle, Carver has five horses and a saddle that he wants to bet against your outfit, that he can beat you shooting at a distance of ~~one hundred~~ yards, he to use the army gun and you to use your Hawkins rifle. Carver will shoot from the hip without sighting." Belden jumped at this proposition and, fearing that there was a joke somewhere, said, "Bring your horses out here and tie them with mine, we will have some man hold the bunch, and the winner takes them and goes; they are his." The distance was measured off by Ed Fay, and by this time I think that every man, woman, and child in Fort McPherson was out to see the match. Belden shot first, and, while he was a wonderful shot, I beat him easily. He said, "Here, Carver, take this old Hawkins rifle, horses, everything I have," and he started on foot to the Jack Morrow ranch, where he had some Indians and his squaws. When he started off, the crowd razzed him un-

Feb 16, 1927

mercifully, because no one in the fort could beat him shooting. That shooting match changed him from a muzzle-loading user to an army needle gun booster. When I left the plains, the old Hawkins was left standing in my cabin, as it had no particular value to anyone. As I told you, I have 17 scrapbooks filled with my shooting exploits and western experiences, and in nearly every one of them you will find stories about my hip-shooting, also sketches and pictures of me shooting from the hip. I have all the proof right here to show any time, Thorp.

Regarding Bill Cody, no western man ever took him seriously--and he was considered by every westerner to be the poorest shot on the plains, which he was. After my little shooting match with Bill and Jack, they practiced hip-shooting for about a week and then gave it up in disgust. Wild Bill and I spent years together, and hardly a day in our lives passed that we did not practice with the rifle, revolver and derringer. Hickock tried hip-shooting many times, and he used to look at me, and this was his common expression, "How in Hell.....!!" In the days that I am writing about, Wild Bill was considered a very good shot. A good shot in those days meant a man who could locate an object on the prairie, judge the distance accurately, and hit the object. In the light atmosphere of the plains it was hard to judge whether an antelope, for instance, was standing at a distance of 150 yards or 300 from you, and it took a lot of prairie experience to get good results from rifle shooting. I know positively that one style of shooting that I taught, combined with his wonderful nerve, saved his life on three different occasions.

~~If you refer to the old cow-puncher, Chas. A. Siringo, I know him by reputation very well but I do not remember ever having met him.~~ Feb 16

Unquestionably, Frank North was a very much better shot than Cody. As I told you in one of the above paragraphs, Cody was a very poor shot. Major North was what we called a practical, nervy rifle shot, one who could shoot well in times of danger. Frank North is the man who killed Tall Bull at the battle of Summit Springs, when bullets were flying pretty thick and fast. North was not only a good rifle shot, but an elegant gentleman also. His brother, Capt. Lute North, lives at Columbus, Nebr~~aska~~. I supposed you have noticed that in Cody's stories he claims to have killed Tall Bull, the actual facts of the case are that he "never" killed an Indian in his life and was not within ~~fifteen~~ miles of Summit Springs when Tall Bull was killed. 15

Answering your query as to whether I have ever shot matches with a rifle, I can honestly say that I have never received a challenge from a human being to shoot with a rifle at flying objects, in my life, on foot or on horseback. I have defeated the best shots in the world, my opponent using a shot-gun and I a rifle. I don't want to boast, Thorp, but I will say to you honestly that no man

Feb 16 1927

will ever live in this world again who will ever approach me in any way as a rifle shot, simply for the reason that the opportunities have passed because of the settling up of the western country. I will always feel that my horseback shooting with a rifle, using single bullets at flying objects, will stand as a monument to some of my greatest shooting. When Bill Cody and I were together, I was shooting bullets in my daily exhibitions, while he was using shot out of a rifle and advertising that he was shooting bullets. I exposed this little trickery of his at a later date....got a letter from the Winchester Arms Company, telling how the gun was made. Read carefully the enclosed folder and then please return it to me. You will find in the folder an article copied from the Chicago Tribune, 1893.

Yes, I am responsible for Cody being in the outdoor show business. I knew Cody when he was running a hotel and whiskey shop and farming near Leavenworth, Kans~~as~~, when he started hauling ties with Buffalo Chips for the K. P. Road, building to Denver, knew him when at Fort Hays, Kans~~as~~, was hunting and trapping on Stinking Water, tributary of the Republican River, when he came across from Fort Hays to Fort McPherson with General Carr. I went to Fort McPherson to bid ~~he~~ him and Texas Jack good-bye when they left the plains to go on the stage. Ten years afterwards, he came to my home in New Haven, Conn~~ecticut~~, down and out. I told him I was getting ready to bring out the Wild West Show, and he gave me his solemn promise not to drink another drop if I would take him out-doors with me, and I agreed to do so. The result was that I invested $27,000 in the enterprise, and signed a note with him on the First National Bank of Omaha for $2000, all of which I had to pay. In addition to this, he failed to live up to his promise and was dead drunk all summer. So we separated, and I came south, showing all the large cities through the South to New Orleans. If you will look over the files of newspapers published in the fall of 1883, you will find that I gave a Wild West Show in Charleston, the first one ever exhibited there.

I wish you could drop in and look over the pile of stuff that I am trying to look over and straighten out.

At present, my health is improving very fast and I hope to be able to go north with the robins. At what time are the Magnolia Gardens at their best?

I am always glad to hear from you.

Very sincerely yours,

W. F. Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

WFC/SC.

(To be continued)

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/1/27.

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Thorp:

Enclosed you will find copies of two letters I received this summer which I think will explain satisfactorily the stories regarding the death of Yellow Hand and Tall Bull.

Texas Jack, like Buffalo Bill, made his reputation by taking out hunting parties, and not by fighting or killing Indians. Jack was an honest, kind-hearted boy---he never claimed to have killed an Indian. The Earl of Dunraven took him to Estes Park, Colorado, in 1872, and from there to the Yellowstone country, where they hunted in Montana and Wyoming. Previous to this trip, they had spent about two weeks with me, hunting buffalo at my home on the Medicine. Some day I will tell you an amusing story connected with the first buffalo killed by the Earl. The Earl took Jack on the hunt I mention, because Jack was a jolly and companionable man. If you have a book called, "The Great Divide," written by Dunraven, you will find Jack's picture in it--a very good likeness. Jack was a very good revolver shot and a fair game shot. He made quite a reputation by going out with the Pawnees on a buffalo hunt as trail agent in 1872. Neither Texas Jack nor Buffalo Bill ever killed an Indian. Buffalo Bill claims to have done everything just a little bit better than any other western man; in other words, he tried to make himself superior to all the western men that ever lived, when, if the truth were told, he would be revealed as the greatest prairie faker that ever lived. All the sensational stories and books written about him have been written by his paid press agents or his personal friends. I tell you, as I told his relatives this summer in Omaha, that Buffalo Bill was on the plains four years, and in the show business forty-five. He was never on the plains until he went to Hays City in 1868, left there, and came over to Fort McPherson with General Merritt and Carr in '69. Left there in the fall of 1872 and went on the stage, where he remained for ten straight years, and then I put him in the Wild West business. In 1876 he hung around Pine Ridge Agency for awhile, but he never saw an Indian in that '76 campaign. Some of the reservation Indians with Yellow Hand started out to join the outside Indians. General Merritt, with some soldiers, went to bring them back. When the Indians saw the soldiers, they started to run, all but Yellow Hand, who, to show how brave he was, rode up and down in front of the soldiers. The letter explains. And even if Cody had killed him, it would not have been any credit to him or any other man, to shoot an Indian who was harmlessly showing off.

"Buffalo Chips," whose real name was Jim White, was nothing more than a man Friday to Bill Cody. In their make-believe contracts with railroads to furnish meat for men, practically all of the buffalo were killed by White--he was

a fair butcher. He took charge of Bill's horses. ~~The original name for white was not Buffalo Chips, but a very much stronger one--Buffalo S---. All old-timers called him by this name, but when his name figured in print or he was spoken of in the presence of ladies it was necessary to temper it a bit, so--Buffalo Chips.~~ When Cody left the plains in '72 he did not take White with him, as he was a big, awkward chunk of a man with a pock-marked face. Not very attractive as a matinee idol. However, he was a real Kit Carson man, and knew every foot of the West, from the Missouri River to California.

Perhaps it will surprise you, Thorp, to learn that Bill Cody was a horse-thief and a patent medicine man. He was arrested and spent several days in the guard house and the consequences of his theft would have been very serious but for the intervention of Dave Perry, the bad-man of North Platte, and proprietor of the Keg Saloon at North Platte, Nebra~~ska~~, ~~--~~a personal friend of mine. Perry had bought the stolen horses from him. He was in partnership with Frank Powell, "White Beaver," of La Crosse, Wis~~consin~~, in a patent cough medicine venture. Some day I will tell you the whole story.

Many thanks for your most interesting letter, but how I laughed when you told me what a great writer you think ~~I would make.~~ If my stomach ~~was~~ were as weak as the Colorado Scout's, I am sure your words of praise would have killed me. Let me say that were I in a writing contest, with a pile of buffalo chips as prize, I do not believe that even a slight odor would be wafted in my direction.

~~Your letters are always interesting so let me hear from you often.~~

Sincerely yours,

W. F. Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

~~WFC/SS.~~

Mar. 1, 1927.

2 May

3850

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/5/27.

March 5, 1927

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
145 A Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

My dear Thorp:

Your letter enclosing the one from Mr. Rohan, in which he says he never saw anyone shoot from the hip except the Mexicans, and doubting my ability to have ever done so, is received. And I quite agree with Mr. Rohan. Back fifty years ago, I do not think a Mexican could have hit a flock of barns, shooting from the hip or shoulder either.

All my life, I have played fair with the public and have always done all I ever promised to do. Using a rifle and single bullets, I have shot before the Presidents of America, the Governors of Australia, and nearly all of the crowned heads of Europe. I gave special exhibitions of rifle shooting on foot and on horse-back before the English Army at Aldershot and before the German Army at Berlin. And I have never in my life been accused of trying to fake the public or fool a newspaper-man.

I am enclosing an article copied from the New York Sun, and, as I was an absolute stranger in the city, the writer had no reason for writing anything but just what he saw. I am also sending a picture of my rifle shooting which was made fifty years ago. Notice the one which illustrates my hip-shot, also that it is mentioned in the Sun article.

Excerpt from Forest and Stream, dated Thursday, July 11, 1878: "On this ocasion Carver made a wonderful double shot, shooting one object from the shoulder and the other one from his hip."

I find a great many notices published in the papers from California to New York and all over America; many of them mention my hip-shooting. There were so few places where I could shoot a rifle from the hip without endangering life that I gave it up to a certain extent, for the reason that the bullets would strike the ground and ricochet. As my exhibitions consisted of shooting with a rifle, using single bullets (on foot and on horse-back), at objects thrown in the air, I did not feature the hip-shooting.

A four-column notice regarding Dr. Carver and his wonderful shooting, in the San Francisco Examiner, dated June 12, 1892, is accompanied with a sketch of myself standing with a rifle at my hip. I think these extracts from the three leading papers mentioned should prove, conclusively, to Mr. Rohan that I did shoot from the hip.

You will notice on the sketches I send that there is an advertisement to shoot with a rifle, 5,500 glass balls in 500 minutes. After this event I received a five-column notice in the New York Herald, dated Sunday, July 14, 1878. The following ~~is~~ are the head-lines and first sentence of the article:

OVER ELEVEN A MINUTE.

****

Dr. CARVER Breaks 5,500 Glass Balls in Less Than Eight Hours.

His Extraordinary Endurance.

The Californian Marksman Shooting with Wonderful Activity.

A CONSTANT SHOWER OF GLASS.

Complete Scores of the Six Thousand, Two Hundred and Eleven Shots.

"Dr. Carver's great feat of breaking 5,500 glass balls in 500 minutes, with Winchester rifles, was accomplished at the Brooklyn Driving Park yesterday."

Afterward I shot 60,000 balls in 6 days and nights on two different occasions: The first time at New Haven, Conn~~ecticut~~, using glass balls, and the second time at Minneapolis, Minn~~esota~~, using wooden balls. At Minneapolis I made one run of 771 balls without a miss.

I can furnish you absolute proof of every statement I make about my shooting, and prove it by articles published in all of the leading papers of America. I wish Mr. Rohan could drop in here and see the thousands and thousands of columns of newspaper reports on my shooting.

My wonderful success in rifle shooting (on foot and on horse-back) caused a few imitators to spring up and have imitation rifles made supposed to shoot bullets, when in reality they were shooting cartridges loaded with shot. Among these imitators were W. F. Cody and Ira Paine. Cody and I were associated together in the Wild West Show, which I originated. Of

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course, Bill couldn't hit an object thrown in the air with a bullet and said, "Doctor, I will have to shoot shot out of my rifle," which he did for the entire season. The next year he ordered a larger gun made by the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. I desired to expose him as he was advertising to shoot bullets, so wrote to the Winchester Company and received the following letter in reply:

" The Gun we make for Buffalo Bill, is our ~~fifty~~ .50 Caliber Express. The Shells are loaded with Shot. Can make a Rifle to shoot shot the same as his. He pays us ~~one hundred dollars.~~ $100.

" Winchester Repeating Arms Co.
" New Haven, Conn."

Cody and I opened the Show in Omaha, Nebraska, in May, 1883, and dissolved partnership the following fall. Then for ten years he traveled over the country advertising that he was shooting bullets the same as Carver. In 1893, this amusing little article appeared in the Chicago Daily Tribune, dated Thursday, April 27, 1893:

BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW OPENS

"Buffalo Bill handled his firearms as well as of old. He broke numerous clay pigeons with so-called rifle bullets, but it was a peculiar coincidence that after each crack of his rifle the pellets of bird shot came rattling down like hail on the roofs of the grand stands."

Excerpts from the Omaha Republican, dated April 23, 1878: "The great shooting match between John W. Petty and Doc W. F. Carver was won by Doctor Carver, who broke 487 out of 500 glass balls. Petty broke 478. Carver used a rifle and Petty a shot-gun."

"But the most wonderful shooting we ever heard of was that of Carver in killing three teal ducks in as many consecutive shots."

I shot this with Petty, in Omaha, while on my way east—my shooting created such great interest that I was invited by a party of gentlemen to go out with them and shoot ducks on the Platte River. I performed the wonderful feat of killing three blue-wing teal ducks with a rifle, shooting the first duck as he came head-on, the second one in front of me, and turning and shooting the last in the back, this in three consecutive shots—and all three must have been fired in less than a second.

My dear Thorp, I think that Mr. Rohan will be satisfied that I did shoot from the hip, as well as performing other feats with a rifle and single bullets, that will never be equaled as long as rifles and bullets are made. Please note

March 5 1957/40

that I was shooting that old .44 Winchester, using black powder, and yet was able to kill a bumble-bee flying, shoot ~~three~~ cent pieces thrown in the air, and kill flying ducks.

Here is one more for you, Thorp. Excerpt from the San Francisco Examiner notice which I mentioned on first page, dated Sunday, June 12, 1892. "The shooting was not only at one ball, but at a succession of them, the Doctor reloading his weapon and firing again as fast as the balls were thrown.

"'That's fast shooting,' one of the party asserted, and he began a disquisition on the rapidity with which a bullet travels.

"Carver smiled and said they did not move as fast as one might imagine.

"'Here's an illustration of what I say,' he continued, turning and facing the ocean, the waters of which washed the shore hardly ~~two hundred~~ yards away. He raised his gun. It spoke sharply, rang four times, and he had it across his left arm in repose before the splash of the first bullet was seen in the water."

On several ocassions I have fired six or seven shots at ~~two hundred~~ yards, before the first bullet hit the water. Sitting on my horse in buffalo days, I fired five shots at an old bull buffalo running about that distance from me. I took my gun down and saw the five bullets hit him, spat, spat, spat, spat, spat! knocking the dust out of his old hide--the last one breaking his back.

Referring to hip-shooting, I always used in contests a ~~ten~~-pound .22 Caliber Rifle because there was no jump or recoil to it, when shooting from the hip, while shooting from the hip with a .44 Winchester is a little hard to manage.

In looking through my shooting records, I've run on to several feats of marksmanship that are worthy of consideration. When I was shooting for the Prince of Wales, at Sandringham in 1879, Little Bob, the Admiral of the Fleet and one of the most popular men in England, got hold of a ~~three~~-penny bit, walked out in front of me and said, "Shoot this, my boy," and threw it into the air, ~~and~~ away it went, sailing off sideways. It looked a hundred to one that I could not hit it, but I did, and Little Bob exclaimed, "What a fluke!" He hunted around in the crowd and got another one, and threw it up. When I hit it, he said, "Another fluke, By Jove!" Much to my surprise, he got hold of a third, and tossed it into the air, and as the Good Spirit was with me I hit that one also. Little Bob said, "Well, I'll be damned!" took his hat off, walked over, grasped my hand, and shook it warmly and said, "I've commanded some of the best shots in the world, know what shooting is, and I want to say that you are the only man that ever lived who could perform a feat of that kind--and as long as the earth stands no other man will ever equal it." He never dreamed what would have happened to him had I missed those coins, for he simply butted in to show me up. When he came with the second coin I was "very much bad medicine," but when he appeared with the

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third, that was the last straw, and I made up my mind that if I missed ~~to~~ I would drop the gun to my hip and shoot him right square in his little fat belly. So you can see that my extraordinary skill, with the assistance of the Good Spirit, saved a famous Englishman's life.

When I was shooting before President Hays and his wife at the St. Paul Fair, Mrs. Hays sent me a quarter with the request that I shoot a hole through it for her. The coin was thrown into the air, and, with a .44 Winchester, I shot a hole on the inside of it without cutting the rim. The bullet carried the quarter up into the air quite a distance, the wind blew it in a sort of a circle, and it landed in Mrs. Hays' lap. I shot a hole through it and delivered it to her, all with one rifle bullet. Several weeks later, at the Pittsburg Exposition, where I was giving exhibitions, I again, before President and Mrs. Hayes, shot three quarters in succession without breaking the rim of any of them.

The Indians called me the "Evil Spirit of the Plains" because of my wonderful shooting, but I would like to say right here that every step I have taken in my life has been following the Trail, and if the Good Spirit had not helped me on many occasions I would have been a lost child, sure enough!

Here is an anecdote relating to my appearance before old Kaiser William I. I gave an exhibition before the Kaiser and ~~forty-odd thousand~~ soldiers, and all the representatives of foreign countries, diplomats, etc., at his court. My shooting was too much for the old Kaiser, and this is what he said, (The Crown Prince, afterwards Emperor Frederick, father of the present ex-Kaiser, did the interpreting) "Doctor Carver, your shooting is too wonderful for me to believe it is true," ~~and~~ taking from his pocket a ~~five~~ mark piece, he continued, "Here is the first coin coined in Prussia in my reign. Shoot a hole through it, and I will believe that all of your shooting is genuine." I took the coin, looked at it, and replied, "With the Kaiser's permission I will shoot a hole through the coin and at the same time shoot his head off." He smiled, "You have my permission." Now you understand, Thorp, that the devil could not see his head on the coin while spinning in the air, but the gun cracked and the coin WENT sailing through the air for more than a hundred yards. A soldier picked it up and brought it back. Lo, and Behold! There was a hole in it, and the Kaiser's head was gone. Can you imagine what a surprised man the Kaiser was, as well as everyone present? And imagine my surprise when he took a diamond ring from his finger, placed it on mine, and called me, in German, "The Shooting King." Afterward I had the ring appraised and it was valued at more than $5,000. He presented the coin to me, and it is now mounted on my saddle with hundreds of others. The saddle has been valued at more than $10,000, the most valuable and remarkable saddle in the world.

If the Good Spirit did not help me on that occasion, then I must take my hat off to the Devil and my own ability.

Now I will take you out west for a couple of rounds. In '73 & '74, when Cody came back from his first and second years on the stage, I took him on the last two buffalo hunts he was ever on. We left North Platte for our camp, which was ~~forty~~ 40 miles away. He had with him two men, Medley and Warren, who he said were English Lords. My impression was that they were

two old-fashioned saloon-keepers; I'm not sure; anyway, they were mighty good judges of whisky. On our way to camp, some of the boys on horse-back and others in a spring-wagon, we saw in the distance an antelope watching us. Buffalo Bill, to be funny, said, "Doc, you're such a Hell of a good shot, let us see you kill that antelope." Now it was a thousand dollars to a cent that one couldn't shoot close enough, with an old .45-70 needle gun, to scare the animal. Nevertheless, I retorted, "I'll just bet a $100 that I can shoot that antelope in the neck back of the ear." The whole crowd cried, "We'll take it, we'll take it." I said, "Drive on, Bill." "No," said he, "Bluffs don't go here, you've got to shoot." Bill Reid, an old-timer raised on the plains, was the man who held the buffalo by the tail for Duke Alexis to kill when he was on a buffalo hunt out there in 1872. It was a clear case of shoot, so I said, "You all understand the proposition; I am to shoot that antelope back of the ear and get a $100, if I don't hit him behind the ear, you get the hundred dollars." I then lined up the antelope, held way above him, and pulled the trigger. About a hundred yards this side of the antelope I saw the sand fly, and down went the beast. Bill Reid exclaimed, "I saw that bullet hit the sand two hundred yards this side the antelope." I replied, "You're crazy!" and started the horses up. Reid had to turn his head, and that took his eye off where he thought the bullet had hit the sand. We all started for the antelope, leaving men to hold the horses. I had marked, very carefully, the place where the bullet had struck and went directly to it, while Bill Reid went to the right and missed it by twenty feet or more. I simply ran my boots through the tell-tale marks, and, when Reid insisted that he had seen the bullet strike the sand, I answered him saying, "You're crazy, Bill, I'll bet you another hundred that the antelope is hit behind the ear, just as I said it would be." You should have heard that crowd razz me. As we neared the antelope, the poor thing jumped up, took two or three steps, and fell over, and, by all the Gods there be, the antelope was shot in the exact place that I had said it would be! Now, then, who guided this bullet?

We continued on to the Medicine, and camped. While the boys were getting supper ready, Cody took his ramrod out of a .45-70 needle gun, stuck it in the ground about 75 yards away, placed a cartridge on it, and said, "Doc, we want to show the boys some fancy shooting. After we've all missed it, you shoot from the hip and knock it off." Everything was all ready, and Cody was just preparing to shoot, when Medley came out of the tent with a big English bull-dog revolver in his hand and said, "Give me the first shot, boys, let me show the kind of marksman I am." Then, in the most nonchalant manner possible, he lifted the pistol and, without any attempt at aiming, brought it down and banged away, and I'll be eternally damned if he didn't knock the cartridge off the ramrod. Buffalo Bill fainted, and when I regained consciousness I was in the cook-house, eating antelope. The next day we got Medley to shoot again and, to save his life, he couldn't hit a covered wagon the same distance away. Now who in the H—— guided that bullet?

The next day we found a herd of buffalo, out of which I killed twenty-three. Bill and I had given Medley and Warren a good hunt, when the boys met us with a lunch and a few, now illegal, concoctions that go with it. Off in the distance we saw seven old buffalo marching along in single file. Medley said, "Now, Doc, here's your chance to prove that that shot at the antelope yesterday wasn't an accident." I boastingly re-

plied, "I never have any accidents." Elevating my gun in the air, I should say nearly a hundred feet higher than the first buffalo, I pulled the trigger and laid the gun down to see the dust fly. They all laughed, and someone said, "You ought to have more sense than to think that you can kill anything at that distance." I jokingly remarked, "Watch that last buffalo, you will see him drop dead in a minute." Just imagine my surprise when the last buffalo stopped, turned his poor old head, looked in our direction, then fell over dead. Well, what about that shot? Who directed it?

Thorp, you will understand from this letter, that Rohan's letter has stirred me up considerably on the shooting question. One thing you can bet your shirt is absolutely true, and that is anything I say regarding my shooting or anything else.

In looking over my scrap-books of fifty years ago I must have been a pretty good shot from what the papers say about me.

You mentioned photographs--I will send you another set and you can forward them to Mr. Rohan. Were I to send you a picture as I look at present you would surely think it was a likeness of the old man with a hook on his tail.

Should Mr. Rohan desire any more information I will be glad to dig it up for him.

Sincerely yours,

W F Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

Mar. 5, 1927.

~~WFC/SC.~~

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/11/27.

March 11, 1927

Mr. R. W. Thorp,
145 A- Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

My dear Thorp:

Regarding the Earl of Dunraven. I hunted with Texas Jack and Dunraven in 1872. In '73, they again came out to my place for a buffalo hunt, bringing with them a Dr. Kingsley. The herds of buffalo, at that time, had worked over to the Republican and Frenchman Rivers, so they only succeeded in killing one old bull. They then started for Fort McPherson, taking the head with them as Dunraven wanted to have it mounted. They had gotten as far as Jack Bratt's cow ranch on Fox Creek, when they changed their minds and decided to return to my place for an elk and antelope hunt. So they cached the head on Bratt's ranch, expecting to get it on their return, and came back to my home. We went on a 10 days' shooting trip, and had wonderful luck. After the hunt they cut across the country to North Platte, Nebraska, instead of going to Fort McPherson. At North Platte, Dunraven and Jack took the cars for Denver, as they were going on a hunting trip in Estes Park, Colorado. While hunting there, Dunraven saw the possibilities for a wonderful land development, which was sure to come in the early future. So the following year, when he returned to this country for a trip up into the Yellowstone country with Texas Jack, he had his agents purchase thousands of acres of the Estes Park country which he had looked over the previous year. He lost this property in later years—you have read an account of his losing it. But as Dunraven was worth millions of dollars, the loss did not mean much to him. Perhaps you have read about his castle in Ireland, his magnificent home in England, and his vast estates all over the British Empire.

After the hunt in Estes Park, in '73, they went to New York. Late in the fall, just at the beginning of winter, Dunraven sent a telegram to me, in care of General Reynolds, who sent it out to my home by a couple of soldiers, in which he asked me to go to Fox Creek, get the cached buffalo head, and ship it to New York to him. I went to Fox Creek after the head, but found that the skunks, rats, and porcupines had destroyed it. One look was enough for me, so I rode over into the big canyon back of Fox Creek, found three old bulls, and killed the one with the best head. This head I took to McPherson Station and shipped to him. When the Earl received the box, he opened it in the presence of Jack and Dr. Kingsley. When Jack saw the head, he threw up his hands and started to say, "Jesus Christ, that's not the head of the buffalo you killed," but caught himself just in time and changed it to "Jesus Christ, didn't that head keep well?" The head was frozen just enough to keep well, and was still fresh enough, after having been dead 5 or 6 days, to prove to Jack that it was not the original head. For my trouble, Dunraven sent me a present of $250.

When I went to London a few years later, the Earl was one of the first men in England to look me up and invite me to his home. I accepted his invitation to dine with him. When dinner was announced, we walked into a spacious dining room, and upon the walls were mounted the heads of animals killed in all parts of the world. My place at the table faced the part of the wall upon which the buffalo head from the Medicine was mounted. As I sat down, Dunraven said, "Carver, you remember that head, don't you? Isn't it a beauty!" I answered, "I remember it very well. I am glad you have it so nicely mounted." We spent a most delightful evening together.

A few days later, I was invited by Sir John Ashley and a party of gentlemen to breakfast. (An invitation to breakfast being quite the thing over there.) Every gentleman in the party was a titled man. During the course of conversation, the subject of America was brought up, and they asked me if I had met Dunraven, when he was hunting in this country. One of the men asked me whether the Earl hunted on foot or horse-back, and whether or not he shot well. I told them a very pretty story about the Earl being a good shot. Then they wanted to know if I didn't know of some funny story connected with the Earl's hunting trip to America — and I, like the fool boy that I was, told them the story of the buffalo head, how I had killed and shipped to him the head which he was so proud ~~of~~ because he thought it was a trophy of his prowess. The story produced a great deal of merriment among them, as Dunraven had told them so many times, what a long shot he made to kill the buffalo, what a beauty it was, and so on, ad infinitum. That little story cost him more than a thousand pounds. His friends kidded him almost to death. Finally, he got even by saying, "I am prouder of the head, now that I know Carver killed it, than I was when I thought that I had killed it myself."

I could continue and tell you pages about Dunraven's hunting experiences. Here is an amusing story of one of his hunting trips in Nebraska. They came out to my country and pitched their tents at the mouth of the Mitchell, a little stream running into the Medicine, about a quarter of a mile from my shack. Early in the evening, a good old-fashioned Nebraska twister came along, blew their tents down, turned the wagons over, and scattered everything they had all over ~~ten~~ 10 acres. Soaking wet, he, Kingsley, and Jack, came up to my little shack and spent the night. Of course, on all hunting trips there is always a supply of whiskey which seldom gets lost, so the night was spent, not in sleep, but in drinking whiskey and drying clothes — and it was mostly Scotch highballs. And it took three days to gather up the mules, tents, bedding, food, etc., and get ready to continue the hunt.

If what I have told you, thus far, about Buffalo Bill surprises you, you would be dumfounded if you knew all the complete and truthful information that I possess regarding the greatest prairie faker that ever lived. As I wrote you before, Bill Cody got his reputation, not by fighting and scalping Indians, but by taking hunting parties out. It was his name, and not the man, that made him.

He appeared on the scene in 1869, just as the Union Pacific Railroad was completed, and at that time anything from the West was jumped at, and grabbed with both hands, by newspaper men. The thing that touched off the fireworks, though, was when Duke Alexis came to this country in '72 and came out into my country for a buffalo hunt on the Red Willow. Buffalo Bill was on this hunt. Col~~onel~~. E. C. Judson, (Ned Buntline), who was quite a traveler, story-teller, and writer, saw an opportunity to make some money by writing up western characters. He made an agreement with Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack, to put them on the stage and flood the country with fictitious literature, telling how wonderful they were. He also took a shot at California Joe, Little Buckshot, "The Whirlwind of the Prairie," and Charlie Emmett, "Dashing Charlie." He wanted to include Wild Bill and myself, but we both refused to be included in the bunch. J. W. Buel, another man of the Cody stripe, wrote the most damnable lies ever written, a lot of trash, and published it in a book called "The Heroes of the Plains." The stories written by Ned Buntline and Buel started such men as Printiss Ingraham, who wrote 450 dime novels about Bill, John M. Burke, and Peak, editor of a little paper in North Platte, Nebr~~aska~~, and a friend of Cody's. Peak's paper handled the Associated Press, and this enabled them to flood the country with stuff about Bill Cody, giving him credit for thousands of things that he never did. The cheap papers and boys' magazines were filled with western trash. The fall of '72, less than four years from the time he arrived on the plains, he went into the theatrical game. As he hadn't done anything wonderful on the plains, it was necessary for those interested in him, financially, to tell lies about him in order to get and keep the interest of the public. As you say, he surrounded himself with the greatest lot of bull-newspaper men who ever lived. And he spent his last dollar to keep them going. He had several books written about Buffalo Bill, and they were paid for by ~~Mr.~~ Wm. F. Cody. The following is quoted from an article published in a Denver paper, which will give you a pretty good idea of his way of doing business.

Last three paragraphs from an article regarding Dr. Carver in "The Scout," published in the Colorado Sun, at Denver, Monday, July 18, 1892:

"Whether Dr. Carver's venture in theatrical life will prove a financial success remains to be seen. Buffalo Bill had experience in that line. While here last winter on a visit to his sister, he told of his stage experience. He had been feted and petted in Europe, and thought all he had to do was to go on the stage at once and become great.

Tab A-4

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"He tells the story best himself. 'I thought if I went on the stage, everyone would have to come and see me. I had a thrilling piece, where I shot everybody, and the smell of powder was strong. The first night the house was crowded; the second night people had plenty of room to sit down and be comfortable; and the balance of the week I generally felt lonesome.

"'Seeing that stage business did not pay, I thought I would write a book. I thought everybody would have to read it. I wrote the book, but it did not sell as I expected, and, if I remember rightly, there is a wagon load of them in my cellar

at home that anyone can buy for a job lot."

He published book after book, and scattered them over the country, trying to convey the idea that he was the greatest prairie man who ever lived--even having nerve enough to rate himself above Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, and Daniel Boone. He always did everything just a little better than any other man, to hear him tell it. He tried to down every western man who ever had anything to do with him except Carver--and Carver chased him into his grave, and he died without a dollar, owing more than $500,000, I have been told by reliable people. And I have every reason for believing it is true, for he owed me $29,000 which I never could collect for the reason that he was always associated with some one who claimed that they owned the show.

In 1885 I published a history about him, and he brought suit for $25,000 against me for malicious libel. I retaliated by suing him for $50,000, had him arrested and, under oath, he swore everything I said about him was true. Some day I will send you a copy of what I said about him. I have it all here in black and white, newspaper reports on the legal fight. And all the time the fight was on he was surrounded by from four to six sheriffs, for fear I would kill him. When the case came up for trial, Cody pleaded sickness and sent Salsbury to settle the thing. The lawyers and myself cut up the biggest portion of $10,000 of their money which they had on deposit. By paying the costs of the trial, lawyers' fees, etc., he acknowledged, apart from his oath, that what I said about him was true.

If some good, honest paper would publish the true history of Buffalo Bill, written by Doc Carver, it would be worth an everlasting fortune to the publisher. I have been saving a lot of this stuff for my book.

Johnny Baker is the son of old Lou Baker, who lived on the Platte River until the railroad was completed, then he moved into North Platte. A nice old couple, not the kind of people you would expect to find roughing it in a wild country. In 1872 I roped a lot of buffalo calves and put them in Lou Baker's yard. I knew the old folks well. I think Johnny was about five years old at that time.

Mar 11

In '83, when Buffalo Bill and I had had the show on the road nearly all summer, Johnny came to Coney Island, New York, and finished up the season with us, just loafing around camp. The next year when Bill and Salsbury started together, Cody took Johnny, who was about 16 or 17 years old, with them. Bill had lost his own son, Kit, and always had a very kind feeling for Johnny Baker. Johnny Baker learned to shoot and assist around the show, and was with Bill the rest of the time he was on the road. He had no western reputation.

Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill, and I were all born and grew up within 100 miles of each other. On the prairie, both Wild Bill and myself were good friends of Cody's. Wild Bill was unwise enough to let Cody persuade him into going on the stage. The season proved a bad one, and Wild Bill was unfortunate enough to get a bad disease, which made him blind for a while. When he was blind Cody turned him off without a dollar, treating him just as he did Texas Jack, Ned Buntline, Capt. Jack

Crawford, John Nelson, and countless others. The only rough words I ever heard Hickock use in my life was when he met Cody in Cheyenne, after his eyes were well. He called Cody every name that was ever called a human being on this earth, and said, "Cody, you dirty ~~son of a B....~~ I ought to have killed you long ago." Any man who was a man would have killed Hickock for the things he said to him, but Cody, like the coward he was, got down on his knees and begged for his life. I spent the winter of '74 & 5 with Wild Bill in Cheyenne, during the Black Hills excitement, and every time that Cody's name was mentioned he would exhibit the most intense disgust, and said on several different occasions, "The only regret of my life is that I didn't kill that dirty ~~son of a....~~" After Wild Bill's death Cody always boasted of what great friends he and Hickock had been. The story told by Buel about Hickock offering to fight for Cody when he was a boy, is a lie. Wild Bill never saw Cody until he met him in Hays City, in 1868.

Frank Powell was a physician hanging around the army post. Nothing more than a good fellow and a medicine man. He and Cody were associated together in the patent medicine business. He was mayor of La Crosse, Wisconsin, at one time.

I am enclosing Rohan's letters. I found several more reports on my hip-shooting since writing you last.

Yours very sincerely,

W. F. Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

~~WFC/30.~~

Mar. 11, 1927

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/14/27.

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
145-A Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Thorp:

Your letter of March 11th received this morning.

First, do not use Bogardus name in connection with mine in any way, shape, or manner. What I did with the shot-gun, I do not want anything said about at present. I started furnishing you stuff for a rifle story, to convince your Washington friend that there was a possibility of his being mistaken about my rifle shooting. Later I may take up the shot-gun proposition with you, but at present I do not care anything about it.

I got after Wilstach about using my name carelessly, also the firm which published the book. And I have received a very humble reply from Mr. Wilstach, willing to do anything to correct his error. He asked me why I had not published to the world, the fact that I was a partner of Bill Cody's in the first Wild West Show. And this is what I wrote in reply to his query.

"The reason I have not published to the world, the truth about organizing and placing the first Wild West Show before the public is that I left Bill Cody's I.O.U.'s, contracts, and letters with my Mother, who placed them in the family Bible. She died shortly after placing them there without telling me where she had put them. There they remained for forty-three years, and were only found last fall. So you can see what kind of a Christian I am. This is the only case on record where a human being would look in a Bible to find out anything about Doc Carver and Buffalo Bill."

Regarding Jack Crawford, some day I will furnish you all information about him. I knew him from the time he was a roustabout, working in the Omaha Bee office, till the time of his death.

I have lived to be an old man and I have seen a whole lot of western life, but as I wrote you once before, the country is so filled with characters who represent themselves as 'hard-boiled' that I feel almost ashamed of myself to think I have lived and breathed the pure atmosphere in which they existed. I think the Clinton, Iowa, man is a damn liar, for regardless of what he says, there was never any such men or boys as the "Cody Scouts."

Lately I have received quite a lot of letters from every part of the country, asking for information, and I am

at loss to understand it. My name must have been handed around the country in every direction, by the press, for I have received a letter from the New York Clipping Bureau soliciting my patronage, which is a pretty good indication that something is being said. And I received a letter a short time ago telling me that an article about myself had appeared in a Chicago paper not long ago. However, I did not see it.

Just for a little pastime I started this morning, to write an actual experience with three Indians on the Plains in buffalo days. It is a true story and I believe it is going to be a mighty good one--if I can find paper enough to finish it.

I received a letter from your friend, Mr. Roth, of Denver, and in reply told him how to find out if Rutledge was ever with Kit Carson---also two other men who claim to be celebrities. I expect to hear from him shortly.

Horace Fletcher, mentioned in the Sun article which I sent you last time, is the man who brought before the public the theory of Fletcherism, that is, chewing all of your food thirty-two times before swallowing.

Please note this most particularly---my Christian name is 'Doc Carver' and not Doctor Carver. When I began to shoot, newspaper men, hearing my friends call me Doc, assumed that it was shortened from Doctor called me that and I was never able to get it straightened out.

Yours very sincerely,

W F Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

WFC/SC.

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715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/21/27.

March 21, 1927

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
145-A Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Thorp:

Now let me make myself plain to you. When I came out with my rifle shooting in '78, Capt. Bogardus was the Champion Pigeon Shot of the World, with a shot-gun. As I attracted a great deal of attention with my rifle shooting, Bogardus thought he would do something extraordinary to attract attention to himself, so he shot 5,000 balls in eight hours in Gilmore's Garden, using a shot-gun. A few weeks afterwards, I advertised to shoot 5,500 glass balls in less than five hundred minutes, using a rifle and shooting single bullets, and did it. Then he got busy and said he was going to shoot 6,000 in eight hours--I came out and offered to bet $10,000 that I could break 60,000 balls in 6 days, 10,000 every day, which I did in New Haven, Conn., and Minneapolis, Minn. I think that record will stand forever. As we are trying to exploit rifle shooting, it is alright to go ahead and write your article on rifle shooting versus shot-gun. What I referred to in my last letter about not mentioning my name in connection with Bogardus' was my shot-gun shooting contests with him, at pigeon shooting. I beat him for the Championship of the World at Louisville, Kentucky, then went to Chicago and beat him again at live-bird shooting, then I shot him a series of matches at flying targets, in which I beat him 20 straight matches, but at the present time I do not think it is a good idea to say anything about shot-gun shooting, as we are trying to exploit my rifle shooting.

Now you understand, Thorp, that Bogardus never shot a rifle at flying objects in his life. One of his boys, Eugene, I believe his name was, tried rifle shooting at flying targets, but I do not think he made much of a success of it.

~~Will you please send me this H. Cody Blake's address.~~

I did not know that Lute North had been writing western stuff for ten years. As I rarely ever read a magazine, of course, I have missed lots of things. I had not heard of him or from him for years. While in Omaha, I happened to remember that he had lived in Columbus, Nebraska, so I wrote the Post Master of that town and asked for Lute's address. I then wrote Lute a friendly letter, and asked him for the particulars of the death of Tall Bull. I had always known that Major North killed the Indian, but I wanted it in black and white from his brother. I do not remember asking for any other information, although I have his letter, in which he says he is unable to furnish me any more information. After I received the letter, a copy of which I sent you, I think I wrote him only one more, a letter of thanks for the information.

I did not know that he was trying to boost himself through his brother. It was not necessary for me to ask any information, because I have Frank North's whole Indian history, which was published when he was with Cody and I. If the truth were known, I probably know things about Major Frank North which are unknown to his brother, Lute. That is enough of the North part of it.

The best proof in the world that I could give Buffalo Bill cards and spades in horseback shooting was that I killed 10 buffalo to his one in every buffalo hunt we were ever on together, and I hunted with him many times, and not only him but any other man that ever straddled a horse on the prairie. If Bill was such a good horseback shot, why did he have to shoot shot in his rifle while I was shooting bullets?

~~By the way, I would like to have this H. Cody Blake's address if you have it.~~

Frank North I always considered one of my friends, and if he were living today he would tell you that he never saw the day when he could beat Wild Bill shooting a pistol.

~~Yours very sincerely,~~

W. F. Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

~~wrc/sc.~~

Mar. 21, 1927.

715 North A St.,
Tampa, Fla., 3/30/27.

March 30, 1927

Mr. Raymond W. Thorp,
145-A Williman St.,
Charleston, S. C.

Dear Thorp:

Wilstach wanted information about Wild Bill, and this is what I wrote him: "I am very sorry, but I cannot furnish you any information about Wild Bill, as I am keeping this stuff back for my own book." You can bet your life, Thorp, that Bill never slipped up on any man. He always met them face to face, and the secret of his success in killing his opponents will be explained to the world in my book.

I wrote to you that I had told Mr. Roth of some tests by which he might verify the authenticity of Rutledge's statements regarding his associating with Carson as one of his scouts. Well, he writes me that Rutledge failed to pass the tests.

Possibly you may think I am rather hard on these western or so-called western men, but Carver stands alone as the only man who trapped and hunted on the Plains in the days of the "Wild" Indian and buffalo, —his hand ever ready to shake the hand of an honest frontiersman, but no use whatsoever for these forked-tongued individuals who pose as heroes, heroes of the Ned Buntline type, or made-to-order Montgomery Ward creations. There are thousands of people that are making a living on my brains, shooters, Wild West showmen, fakers, etc. I have always been an originator and not an imitator. My only wish is, Thorp, that you could have known me from start to finish.

And, Thorp, I want a little bit of credit for helping save the buffalo on Antelope Island, for, when the reports of the Great Buffalo Hunt were first printed, I wrote letters of protest to President Coolidge, to Governor Dern of Utah, and to the head of the Mormon Church, and several of my articles pertaining to it were printed in the Omaha and Salt Lake City newspapers. My idea was to start a fund to buy Antelope Island and give it to that Herd of Buffalo as theirs forever. And I offered a thousand dollars to start it. I made it so hot for Mr. Leonard that when I suggested that he be put up in front of the firing squad of would-be buffalo hunters instead of the buffalo, he wrote me a letter that would do your soul good to read. He tried to prove to me that the Government was selling buffalo meat as well as himself, a lot of rigmarole, and seemed very much hurt to think I would propose putting him up before a firing squad. And so far I seem to be the only man that has offered to put up a thousand dollars. So if you and Pawnee Bill saved the herd, sic'em! But what do you think of a man who acts the part of a good friend and then steals your thunder? Still, I have been an unlucky devil; I never was right in my life.

This may interest you. When Cody and I started the Wild West Show in 1883, Pawnee Bill was a little, rosy-cheeked, 16-year-old boy, came with some Pawnee Indians, worked for us all summer, and went south with me that winter. I know him a damn~~site~~ better than if I had made him.

Thorp, Raymond W.

By the way, if you want a copy of the records of my six-day shoots at New Haven, Connecticut and at Minneapolis, Minnesota, I will be most happy to send them to you. I will be leaving Florida on the 17th of April and if there is anything more you wish I will be glad to furnish it to you before leaving.

I have never written any articles for magazines and seldom read a publication of that kind, so if you will keep me posted when anything of real interest is printed, as you find it, I will thank you very much.

With kindest regards to yourself and family, including the new addition, I am

Very sincerely yours,

W. F. Carver

Doc W. F. Carver.

~~WFC/SC.~~

Mar. 30, 1927.

Cpt. Bf.

(Copied from article published by The Sunday Union, New Haven, Conn., Sunday, Jan. 18, 1885.

This newspaper article in Cpt. on 7

CHAMPION OF THE WORLD

Dr. Carver Successful in His Wonderful Task

The Famous Marksman Wins Additional Laurels After Accomplishing the Unprecedented Feat of Hitting 60,000 Flying Targets in Six Days

Probably no one known in the history of the world has ever undergone such a severe test, so far as physical endurance is concerned, as has Dr. W. F. Carver, the "Evil Spirit of the Plains," during the past week. Since a few minutes past last Sunday midnight, he has lifted in dead weight, each of the six days, an equivalent to nearly 400 tons. Not only have his physical powers been taxed beyond the limit of human endurance, so far as previous records go, but his mental capacities have been as severely tested. Day after day, he has been employed in shooting at flying targets, 60,000 of which must be hit before his self-imposed task was completed, and his hard-earned victory accorded him. Every minute of the time allotted, he was compelled to average at least seven hits. At times, especially during the middle of the week, this average was not maintained, and the skeptics, with wise shakes of their heads, said he would fail, and they knew he could not do it. These and other remarks did not, however, discourage Dr. Carver, who manfully continued his task. With weary limbs, a burned face, smarting from the stings caused by the gunpowder's flash, and with heavy eyelids, the shooting went on almost incessantly. All this while Dr. Carver made no complaints, and only to a very few did he speak of his aches and pains. It was an undertaking in which he was bound to succeed, and to accomplish the task was the sole thought that occupied his weary brain. The tired-out assistants tossed the wooden blocks in the air, and, hour after hour, for six long, weary days, the champion rifle shot of the world blazed away at the flying missiles. He made a good many misses to be sure, but in all probability there is no one who could in twenty-four hours equal his poorest day's work. Such nerve and such remarkable powers of endurance by a human being have never been witnessed before, and, unless Dr. Carver undertakes to repeat his terrible task, it is not likely ever to be seen again—at least not during the present century. The stormy weather undoubtedly prevented many from visiting the Lincoln Rink while the shooting was in progress. Those who did go were amply repaid, and in the future they will have the satisfaction of remembering that they witnessed at least a portion of Dr. Carver's wonderful performance.

When the contest opened, early Monday morning, the marksman, although he had not been in training, appeared to be in good condition. He shot without intermission up to 7 o'clock, when the first rest was taken for breakfast. The record stood: 5,925 shots, 995 misses, and 4,930 hits. Before noon he complained of terrible pains in his right wrist, and he feared his hand would give out before the finish, but it did not discourage him. He wound up his first day's work at 10:40, having fired 13,017 shots, missed 1,928, and hit 11,087, giving him the handsome lead of 1,087. This lead was very essential, as will be seen by an inspection of the scores made each day to the finish.

As bright as a dollar, Dr. Carver appeared in his triangular inclosure Tuesday morning, and at 9:55 shooting was resumed. His wrist was better, but after firing a short time his eyes began to trouble him. Both became bloodshot, and the eyelids were much inflamed. Soothing lotions were applied, and the shooting continued until noon when

the first rest for the second day was taken, the total score being 14,760 shots, 2,038 misses and 12,722 hits. His average shooting an hour being 353 1/3 or 5 7/8 shots per minute. The total score at the close was 24,125 shots, 2,786 misses and 21,339 hits, and for the second day's work 11,108 shots, 959 misses, 10,249 hits, a lead at the finish of 1,339 hits.

Wednesday's work was commenced promptly at 10 o'clock. Although he looked more fatigued his wonderful nerve power which has stood the test so nobly all through the week remained, and the misses were very few. He endured the pain without a murmur until he had made ~~two thousand~~ shots. Then rest was taken and his eyes were bathed. Every movement of his finger while working the trigger caused intense pain through almost every fibre of his body, but he never faltered in his task. When the first rest was taken the total score showed that he had fired 27,125 times and made 24,079 hits. At midnight he retired to rest, having fired during the third day 10,500, scoring 677 misses and 9,823 hits. The total score showed 34,625 shots, 3,467 misses and 31,158 hits.

Thursday was probably one of the hardest days the Doctor experienced. It was gloomy outside and cold and cheerless within the enclosure where the shooting took place. The left arm, which throughout the week has been extended full length while holding the ~~ten~~ pound rifles, revolted at the strain placed upon it. The marksman shot with more leisure, but his aim seemed to improve. He seemed disgusted with the undertaking and repeatedly slammed his weapons upon the loading table. They bothered him a great deal by holding fire. The lever at times refused to work to his satisfaction, and owing to his wearied condition all these things proved a great annoyance. During the afternoon admiring friends presented him with two magnificent floral offerings. These seemed to cheer him up, but to the close observer it was seen what an effort it was for him to smile and bow his acknowledgements. He kept at work until a few minutes after midnight when he went to bed, having accomplished during the day 10,500 shots, 544 misses and 9,956 hits, which brought his total score up to 45,125 shots, 4,008 misses and 41,117 hits.

A good night's rest brought the marksman into his shooting arena in much better spirits at 10 o'clock Friday morning. He seized the rifles with renewed vigor and fired the first ~~one thousand~~ shots in precisely fifty minutes making only thirty misses. His face, by this time so badly ~~was it~~ burned with gunpowder flashes that he resembled a coal heaver, lighted up with a smile, as he acknowledged the plaudits of the assemblage. "How is that, boys?" he exclaimed, to the few friends in his immediate vicinity as he resumed shooting. About noon he became nauseated and a physician was sent for. A simple remedy was prescribed, but the doctor objected. He resumed his "cold water treatment" and shooting about the same time, and finished his fifth day's work with 51,130 to his credit, which left him only 8,870 hits to make during the last day to successfully complete his task.

The sixth and last day of the great contest found the great marksman very stiff and sore in his limbs. His head, however, was clear and his eyes almost as bright as at the start. His only complaint was about his left arm, which he said felt as if it weighed a ton, and he feared it would give out before his task was finished. All the forenoon he shot with rapidity and with unerring aim. In fifty-five minutes he had fired 1,000 shots and only made fourteen misses. De Silva, the photographer, took several pictures while the shooting was in progress. Perhaps it was owing to the fact that the camera was directed towards him that made Dr. Carver show just what he could

do, for, while the photographing was in progress, he made not only the best record of the week, but the most remarkable score on record. His second round of 1,000 shots was completed in fifty minutes, with only twelve misses. The crowd cheered, and well they might. Late in the afternoon he retired for a short rest and was given an electric bath, which evidently did him much good.

At 6:30 o'clock the official score stood as follows:

Shots.	Misses.	Hits.
61,625	4,735	56,890

At this time only 3,110 successful shots were necessary to finish the task. A thousand spectators were present, but no one questioned his ability to win.

During the day Dr. Carver's face, for the first time since the task commenced, was thoroughly washed, and for the first time since Wednesday he presented somewhat the appearance of being a white man. After a thirty minutes' intermission, the shooting was resumed with more vigor than at any time since the start.

The floral tributes, many of them withered and begrimmed with the smoke and gunpowder, were removed from their elevated position and were tastefully arranged upon a stand within the triangular inclosure. Although less than a dozen feet from Dr. Carver, he did not seem to notice them. Hour after hour he shot at the flying missiles as they were turned towards the ceiling by his assistants. Misses were few and far between, but very seldom was a smile seen upon the begrimed features of the marksman. He had settled down to business in dead earnest, and nothing could detract his attention from the work yet to be accomplished.

The last day's work proved to be the best of all, and during one spurt 1,000 shots were fired, with only twelve misses.

As the evening wore on, the crowd increased, and by 8 o'clock it was estimated that over 1,500 people were present.

At precisely 7:20 o'clock the Doctor had fired his ~~seven thousandth~~ 7,000th shot for the day. Scorer Howard's book showed only thirty-eight misses, and the total score at this time stood:

Shots.	Misses.	Hits.
62,625	3,773	57,852

About 8 o'clock the guns began to clog up and the difficulties of shooting with accuracy were increased. Dr. Carver positively refused to accept the advice of several friends to take a short rest. "I'm tired enough to rest," he said with a sigh, "but I won't stop until I finish this thousand."

"How do you feel?" was asked of him.

"Feel! I've got through feeling long ago. All I want to do now is to get through as quickly as possible."

Dr. Adams presented a nicely turned wooden ball, which one of the spectators handed in with the request that Dr. Carver would hit it. One of the target tossers took the sphere and threw it into the air. Before it reached within ~~fifteen~~ 15 feet of the floor Carver's bul-

let was buried in the hard wood, and the owner was delighted.

"Take a short rest, Doctor," said a friend, a few moments later.

"Is that thousand cleaned up yet?" he asked.

A negative answer was given, and he continued shooting until 8:15 o'clock, when he finished his ~~ninth thousand~~ 9,000th shot for the day, which brought the total score up to

Shots	Misses	Hits.
63,625	4,806	58,819

Lieutenant Walker at this stage popped up smilingly, and enveloping the huge form of the marksman in his sable-trimmed cloak, Dr. Carver, amidst the applause of the assemblage, retired to his bunk for a short rest.

At 9:40 the score had been cleaned up so that only 226 hits were required to complete the record. The crowd increased, and the utmost interest was manifested. Dr. Carver ground his teeth and shot with great rapidity. Bang, bang, went his rifle, and the wooden blocks and balls were knocked into kindling wood. When the end was reached, there was a commotion outside the shooting enclosure, caused by an attendant bringing a magnificent floral offering to Dr. Carver from the New Haven Lodge of Elks. On a stand banked with roses and callas was suspended an upright wreath. In the center was carved in black walnut an elk's head. The antlers were decorated with crimson carnations, and upon the wreath, in letters of purple, appeared B. P. O. E. Dr. Carver paused to bow his acknowledgments, and then resumed his weary task without intermission until 9:48 o'clock, when Scorer Howard shouted out: "You have made more than enough, and you can stop whenever you are ready."

Dr. Carver emptied the magazine of his rifle, and then he threw the rifle to one of his attendants. Lieutenant Walker once more enveloped him in his furlined cloak, and the great rifle shot, after successfully accomplishing his wonderful undertaking, retired to his quarters amid the cheers and applause of the spectators. After a short rest he left the rink. He was lustily cheered, and the tired marksman passed through the passage made for him with uncovered head, gracefully acknowledging the applause of his admirers. Outside the building there was a profuse display of fireworks.

About 300 men followed him to his residence on Whalley Ave., where Roman candles were discharged and red fire burned. The crowd cheered him, and Dr. Carver bowed his acknowledgments from the window.

The appended tables give a complete summary of the week's work. An inspection of the first table will show the reader at a glance how many misses or hits were made in ~~each 1,000 shots fired. The second table gives the same result in totals of each~~ 10,000 shots. The ~~third~~ second table shows the work accomplished each day during the week.

Ten Thousand

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
First	156	844
Second	180	820
Third	191	809
Fourth	168	832

Thousands	Misses.	Hits.
Fifth	154	846
Sixth	157	843
Seventh	152	848
Eighth	193	807
Ninth	151	849
Tenth	70	930
Total	1,572	8,428

Twenty Thousand

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Eleventh	98	902
Twelfth	167	833
Thirteenth	90	910
Fourteenth	64	936
Fifteenth	71	929
Sixteenth	73	927
Seventeenth	103	897
Eighteenth	91	909
Nineteenth	121	879
Twentieth	31	969
Total	909	9,091

Thirty Thousand

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits
Twenty-first	63	937
Twenty-second	92	908
Twenty-third	54	946
Twenty-fourth	85	915
Twenty-fifth	103	897
Twenty-sixth	90	910
Twenty-seventh	55	945
Twenty-eighth	61	939
Twenty-ninth	98	902
Thirtieth	52	948
Total	753	9,247

Forty Thousand

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Thirty-first	37	963
Thirty-second	51	949
Thirty-third	58	946
Thirty-fourth	44	956
Thirty-fifth	71	929
Thirty-sixth	54	946
Thirty-seventh	58	942
Thirty-eighth	68	932
Thirty-ninth	68	932
Fortieth	69	931

	Misses.	Hits.
Total.....	578	9,422

Forty Thousand.

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Forty-first.....	33	967
Forty-second.....	41	959
Forty-third.....	29	971
Forty-fourth.....	57	943
Forty-fifth.....	26	974
Forty-sixth.....	43	957
Forty-seventh.....	40	960
Forty-eighth.....	29	971
Forty-ninth.....	31	969
Fiftieth.....	37	963
Total.....	366	9,634

Fifty Thousand

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Fifty-first.....	40	960
Fifty-second.....	54	946
Fifty-third.....	61	939
Fifty-fourth.....	46	954
Fifty-fifth.....	86	914
Fifty-sixth.....	36	964
Fifty-seventh.....	14	986
Fifty-eighth.....	14	986
Fifty-ninth.....	39	961
Sixtieth.....	51	949
Total.....	441	9,559

The Balance of the Score.

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Sixty-first.....	84	916
Sixty-second.....	46	954
Sixty-third.....	35	965
Sixty-fourth.....	41	959
881 shots.....	40	841
Total.....	246	4,635

Score by Ten Thousands.

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
First 10,000.....	1,572	8,428

Thousands.	Misses.	Hits.
Second 10,000	909	9,091
Third 10,000	753	9,427
Fourth 10,000	578	9,422
Fifth 10,000	366	9,634
Sixth 10,000	441	9,559
4,881	246	4,635
Total 64,881	4,865	60,016

Score by Days

	Shots.	Misses.	Hits.
Monday	13,017	1,928	11,089
Tuesday	11,108	859	10,249
Wednesday	10,500	677	9,823
Thursday	10,500	544	9,956
Friday	10,500	487	10,013
Saturday	9,256	370	8,886
Total	64,881	4,865	60,016

File
Dr. Carver
by E. E. Allen

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Freedom. Nebr. Sept. 13-28

Mr. A. E. Sheldon. Lincoln. Nebr.
Dear Sir.

I went to Omaha and had a tumor near the eye removed and expected to visit on my return to Lincoln, but was too badly used up.

In regard to Doc Carver,

It will be necessary to avoid any appearance of a personal attack on a dead man or the Society itself would lose the respect of the people, so leave out any reference to his mother and confine it to the Buffalo hunt and Indian killing.

In a personal letter from Doc that I yet have he claimed to have killed those Indians in Dec. 1873

In enquiring about those Indians remember that Whistler was often called White-Deer, Ghulee by the Indians.

Fat Badger was also called Little Bull.

Handsmeller or Smello of the Hand was

NEBRASKA STATE
HISTORICAL SOCIETY

called Wears Buffalo Robe.
Also call on Mr Cordeal and others as to the date they first heard of the Championship Buffalo hunt; also the Indian killing by Carver
I do not believe any reliable man ever heard of it until quite lately.
Ask "Billy" Mc Donald of North Platte for one.
"Big Jack" the murderer Doc wrote about was feared by quite a number from shooting a couple of men at Ogalalla when he was marshal. in 1878 he was found dead north of the heads of the Dismal, it was laid on to the Cheyennes who rested near there on their return from the Indian Territory, but as he had his revolvers, pocket book etc it was believed some white man even up old scores.
Get your evidence together and you will find it is a worse case of their "belly filled with the east wind" than Wild Bill and the Mc Coulers for that did have some foundation
My eye is too weak to write more at this time

Yours

E. E. Allen.

rec Mon. 1pm, Feb. 28, 1972

PAUL RILEY

February 21, 1972

Dear Paul:

I've delayed writing partly because I've been so busy at the office - but also because I want to send the Fillion photo and also a bunch of Carver stuff and just haven't gotten around to sorting it all out. If it doesn't go out with this letter, it will be along shortly - don't give up hope.

I've never recieved another letter from Mrs. Richardson - Crawford's relative in New Mexico. I wrote her once again after my original inquiry and after her answer, and I don't know if I should bug her again now or not. Perhaps she would be more impressed with your letterhead and you can get something out of her. We're after the same thing - Crawford's life in Nebraska.

Mrs. Buford Richardson
P.O. Box 1005
Socorro, New Mexico 87801

From what she says she has significant amounts of Crawford material and somebody should look into it. I hope you can stir her up - it would be most interesting to know that Crawford was indeed at Fort McPherson in the early 70's.

Thanks for the Fort McPherson photo - Mrs. Mitchell was quite pleased get it.

Haven't heard from Rosa for some time, although Mrs. Mitchell had a letter recently. Seems he is doing some work on the Colts Armory in England or some such and is letting the American west go for a time. Have to drop him a letter first chance that I get. I guess his new Wild Bill will be out before long now.

I haven't been able to work on my Anderson research for some time now, but want to get back into it this weekend. I have to keep busy on that Canadian venture and try and run that down. Johnny Grant, the Canadian who led the expedition was quite a noted character I find out. His newspaper obituary noted that his wife was preparing the story of his life and if this was ever done perhaps the trip would be in it. Mrs. Mitchell keeps trying to tell me that the expedition came back to the states via Minnesota, but I'm sure it was North Dakota and Fort Pembina since he does mention the Red River Trail.

Had an interesting letter from an irate reader of one of my magazine stories. Seems I had refered to her uncle - the noted Frank Canton - as a killer and outlaw and she was quite upset. The significance of his leaving eight years out of his autobiography and living under an assumed name most of his adult life, seems to have escaped her. I wrote back and noted some of my sources of information and of course have had no reply. I had much the same experience with Jim Miller's family when I did a biog. of him for one of the western magazines. One of my informants in Texas wrote that, even today, he didn't want to get mixed up with the Millers and to leave his name out of anything I did. Miller

was probably the worst of the killers and bad men of the old west and is now pretty much accepted as the killer of Pat Garrett. Evidently he still has children living in Texas so if you read of my being shot up some time you can figure the Millers got me - ha!

Well, I'd better get this in the mail. Let me know if anything turns up on Anderson - the surveying thing or what have you. If the Carver and Fillion photo isn't with this letter, it will be along shortly. Best wishes and adios for now.

Sincerely,

Bill

William B. Secrest
4614 N. Bond
Fresno, Calif. 93726

P.S.

Finally got a letter from Mrs. Richardson the other day (Crawford's relative). Says she still hasn't gotten a chance to dig into her material for the data I need. She must have a ton of stuff though, Paul. Says she has "a filing cabinet full of letters, newspaper clippings, publications, notes, etc. and two trunks, a suit case and several boxes of things that belonged to Capt Jack". Sounds like a real find for someone.

I finally got together a bunch of stuff for you, including the Fillion photo(which I will want returned at your leisure) The other stuff is various Carver material which you might find interesting. It is stuff Thorp sent me over the years - he acquired it from Nordin, I suppose.