

4415 Moonstone Drive,  
Los Angeles, Calif.,  
January 11, 1947.

James Willard Schultz,  
Browning, Montana.

Dear Mr. Schultz:

I have written to you in the past and you were very kind and I am wondering if you would be so kind as to answer a couple of questions that has puzzled me for some time and perhaps you are the only whiteman who could answer them.

The first one that has puzzled me. Very often it is stated in your books and others dealing with frontier life in the early days of the West, about the Indians and even the whites curing meat making it into jerky by the simple process of cutting the meat into thin strips and letting it dry in the rays of the Sun. How was it possible to keep the flies from "blowing" the meat and how was it possible to keep the meat otherwise from spoiling as meat spoils nowadays without proper refrigeration? Or was it possible that there were no flies in those days but that civilization brought the filthy things with it as just another nuisance of the white people delivered onto the Indians?

Soldiers and other writers in telling about the Far North and such regions tell the tremendous nuisance that mosquitoes are to them and I know for a fact how many were in Yellowstone National Park for example. Yet I never so far as I can recall in reading any of your very interesting stories, about Pitamakan, Thomas Fox, and the many other heroes of your pages mention that during an ambush, or seige or any other period of anxious waiting, that the mosquitoes were troublesome and annoying. Did Indians just suffer the mosquitoes as being beyond and below notice of a tough warrior, or was it possible that some of the pigments used in painting the face and other parts of the body during ceremonials kept the pests from bothering the Indians? Or did they have some form of herb or leaves rubbed on the body that repelled the insects, as I have heard wormwood leaves will do.

I might say that I have introduced several different people to your books, people who like the outdoors like to hunt and camp, etc. and they all have one complaint in common with myself, if it could be classed as such. "The book didn't last long enough, just read right thru it almost without stopping." In other words they are always so interesting, the first requisite on my lists, for a good book, that they scarcely seemed to have started the story until they are unable to stop reading and keep going until it is finished.

And so I am very greatly puzzled when I go into a number of book stores in a city so large as this one and cannot find any of your books available. Seems to me there should be a steady demand for them with all the current ones in print available for immediate sale to the prospective purchaser. And yet I am ashamed to report that if I want to buy one of your books I must send to and agency of the Houghton Mifflin Co. in San Francisco to get it.

Which brings up another interesting angle why are any of them allowed to be out of print? "In Enemy Country" "Santayki & I" "On the War Path" are not even available in our big library here, seems they are out of print and have worn out and so are not available anymore for the present generation of readers. Even "Red Crows Brother" Hugh Monroe's story of his second year on the plains, can only be obtained by request and the current copy available has some parts of it missing the work of juvenile vandals. It is useless to look for these books in used bookstores I have been to many of them with a

"The Gold Cache" is that the story where Jose, Thomas Fox and Pitamakan made a trip into the Always Summer Land as they called Arizona and the Southland in quest of this gold? I should like to know as I had mistakenly thought "plumed Snake Medicine" was the one until I reread it again and found I was mistaken.

Triangle Books of 14 West 49th. St. New York City. took a number of books that had become out of print, and oh how very many good books they are that I remember that are therefore unavailable to the present day young reader, Well Triangle Books took a number of these books that had become out of print and scarce for example Clarence E. Mulford's "Hopalong Cassidy Returns" originally published by Doubleday Doran & Co. in 1923 and becoming out of print, Triangle Books made an arrangement with the company whereby these books which had become out of print and scarce, were republished in 1943 by the Triangle Book Co. on cheaper paper but priced a 49 cents where anyone could buy it. And they were put on tremendous sale by the large drug stores here in town, I think is my own guess that Mr. Mulford reaped a far greater harvest from these resale and republications of his books than he ever did from the originals where they were brought to the attentions of only a few scattered parties and where perhaps if you wanted to purchase one of his books you were obliged to order it and wait a couple of weeks for it to be sent for to the publisher by the book dealer you wanted to buy it from.

I would like to see each and everyone of your always interesting books available to young readers of today as they were to me in my youth. Books like "In Enemy Country" "Quest of the Fish Dog Skin" "Sahtaki and I" "Red Crow's Brother" "On the War Trail" and many others now not available at any price.

How I envy the heroes of those books their adventures. I who now tries to go hunting to be met with tilled fields, airplanes roaring overhead, "no trespassing" signs and all the other annoyances contingent to modern day hunting. And how ashamed I am too to think of the slaughter of all those splendid animals, What a lot of people today could have been fed by just the natural increase of such herds of buffalo, and what a lot a wasteland exists today in the West not even grazed upon by cattle where buffalo no doubt could have held out.

One Michigan farmer has a buffalo farm and has found it quite a profitable venture. I would like to own a big ranch like the King Ranch in Texas and have it stocked with buffalo bought from the herd at Wainwright? I wonder how many head the herd at Wainwright Alberta now numbers? It was my understanding that about 2000 animals were killed off each year to keep the herd down to the 10,000 number.

I have been an interested archer for a good many years and heard many stories about the power of Indian bows but no very good accounts of distance shots with buffalo bows. However Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance in his book Long Lance has a term "buffalo arrow" in which he qualifies the statement claiming a buffalo was killed at 340 yds. probably by shooting into the herd from that distance. I once visited an Indian store in Tulsa Oklahoma, just about the finest collection of Indian goods for sale I have ever seen. They had some short very heavy bows of Osage Orange that I who shoot 65 to 70 lbs. could not even string. I can well imagine that such bows might have had the requisite power to shoot an arrow clear thru a buffalo.

I did have the pleasure of seeing some Blackfeet in action, in Shirley Temple's "Suzzannah of the Mounties" picture.

Yours sincerely,

*Russell W. Krueger*