

EPHEMERA

Ron McCoy

The nonpermanent nature of ephemera makes such items especially interesting to those of us drawn to the history and lore of days gone by. The sample offered here is a printed handout measuring about seven-inches in height and six-inches in width. This leaflet served as an advertisement for Cheyenne, Wyoming's 24th Annual Frontier Days celebration.



Twenty-fourth Annual
FRONTIER DAYS

Cheyenne, Wyoming

See Wild Men Fight Wild Horses for the
**BRONCHO BUSTING
CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE
WORLD**

See the World's Championships in
**STEER ROPING
BULLDOGGING
TRICK RIDING
TRICK ROPING**

See the Indians. Watch the Cowpony
Races. Run with Alkali Pete when the
days of the Old Frontier come to life.

If you haven't seen Frontier Days, you
haven't seen America!

**JULY 27-28-29-30,
1920**



The front cover features a whoop-it-up fictional character called Alkali Pete, whose exploits are celebrated by the poem inside: Alkali Pete Hits Town.

The poet in this instance was T.J. McCoy, better known as Tim McCoy, a Wyoming cowboy who between the late 1920s and World War II performed as the hero in over a hundred Hollywood Westerns. (In an effort to avoid questions about nepotism, let me say here that the connection between him and your author is one of father and son.)

Frontier Days remains a vibrant feature of Cheyenne's civic life, and this year marks its 102nd incarnation. Held every year during the last week of July, this madcap collection of parades, chuckwagon races, pancake breakfasts, art exhibitions, bands and singers, and pull-out-all-the-stops rodeo is, for good reason, known as the Daddy of 'Em All.



Alkali Pete Hits Town

By T. J. McCoy

CLEAR the trail, you short-horn pilgrims, hunt your hole or climb a tree,
Else I'll ride yu down an' stomp yu in the earth.
I'm a ring-tailed he-gorilla on a hell bent jamboree,
An' I've rid to town to celebrate m' birth.

I was born way over yonder on the head of Bitter Creek,
Where a self-respectin' cactus couldn't dwell,
Where the gentle soothin' saphers that caress your cheek at night
Feel like a hot-box on the very hubs o' hell.

I was suckled by a grizzly an' was weaned on rigger gin;
Gila monsters was my playmates as a lad.
My guns turn blue by moonlight, the sparks fly off m' teeth
An' in the hot mid-summer dog days I go mad.

I'm a reptile from the desert, strewn with dead things all around,
An' the poison 'round m' teeth is just a-purin';
I'm a regular hydrophobia skunk, m' tail drags on the ground,
An' I'm lookin' for some cuss to try an' curl it.

Line up gents an' name your liquor, plant your hind feet on the rail,
Pour a quart of poison underneath your shirt,
'Fore my temper gets ' smartin' an' my six-gun starts a-barkin'
An' I smoke your goldarned village off the earth.

I'm a demon from the ranges where all livin' things is dead;
With the wolf peck in the night I love to prowl,
I am mean plum to the marner, I'm a holy howlin' terror,
I'm a he-wolf an' it's my right fer to howl.

—An' I'll sure be a-howlin' at

CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS · · JULY 27-28-29-30