

GUNFIGHTER SPECIAL

August, 2000

TRUE WEST

NO BULL

SINCE 1953

truwestmagazine.com

Are Westerns HOGWASH?

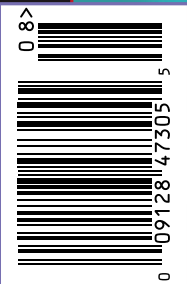
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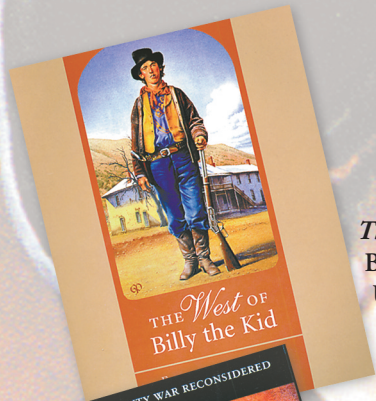
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www.greatmusicfestivals.com



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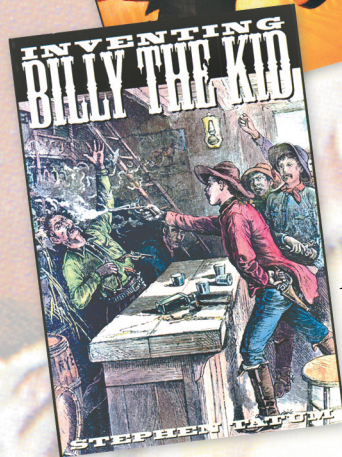
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The West of Billy the Kid
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Univ. of Oklahoma Press
368 pages
\$22.00

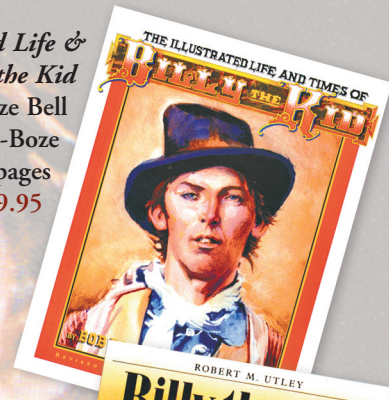


Such Men As Billy the Kid
By Joel Jacobsen
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470 pages
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Inventing Billy the Kid
By Stephen Tatum
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\$19.95

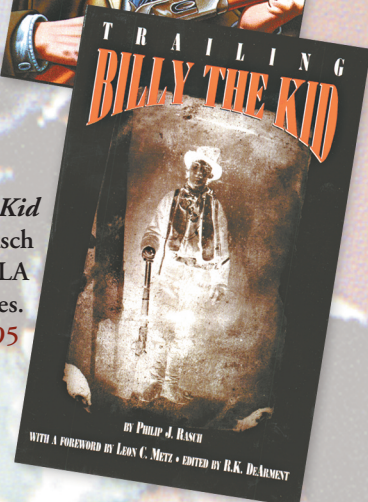
The Illustrated Life & Times of Billy the Kid
By Bob Boze Bell
TriStar-Boze
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Billy the Kid: A Short & Violent Life
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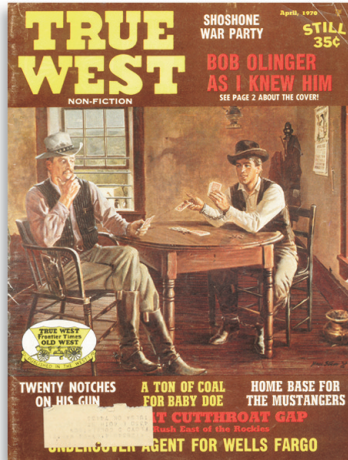
Since 1953, **True West** has been the leading source for the West. Back issues of the venerable magazine are few and far between, and cherished by collectors of Western Americana (the very first issue, at right, goes for \$25). Call for a list of available issues and individual pricing.



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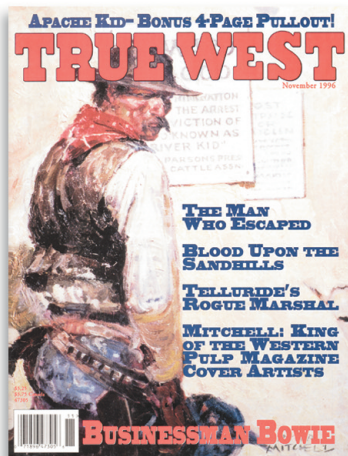
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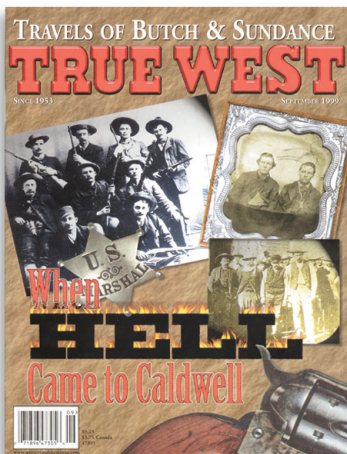
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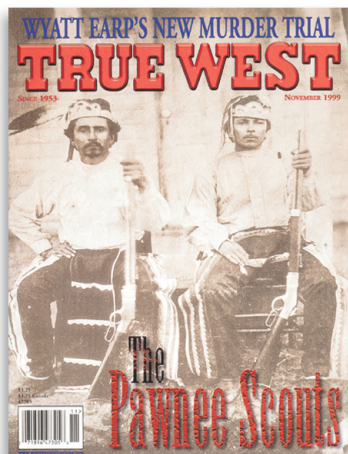
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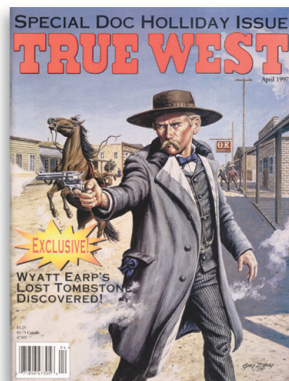
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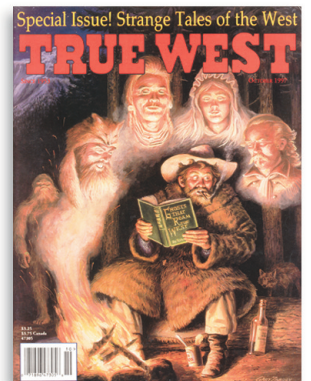
Issue 377 Sep. 1999



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TRUE WEST

NO BULL SINCE 1953

FEATURES

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For generations of little boys and girls who played cowboy in the backyard, nothing is more depressing than learning that the movies were all wrong. Or where they?

14 A Deplorable Encounter With Pistols

Years after the controversial Tombstone shooting of Mike Killen, Wyatt Earp claimed "...I know who killed him," and it wasn't prime suspect Frank Leslie. *By Timothy Fattig.*

20 The Reel West Vs. The Real West

Stripping back the celluloid to reveal the historical framework of western films, we take a closer look at the images that have shaped the popular version of the West. *By Jeff Morey*

28 Classic Gunfights: A Watch to Die For

Where they bitter rivals, or old friends? This month we examine the deadly showdown between Wild Bill Hickok and Little Dave Tutt. *By Bob Boze Bell & Marcus Huff.*

32 Gunfighter Mythology

Billy killed 21 men. Butch lived forever. Doc was smitten with his cousin. Hardin killed a man for snoring. These myths and others set straight by our contributing editors.

45 A Pistol Duel in Hunnewell

Alive with whiskey and Red Light dens, an Indian Territory border town becomes a dead zone when a bartender challenges a cowboy for affections of a lady. *By E.N. Herring.*

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Our Cover

John Wayne
Publicity photo from *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*.

This page: Warren Beatty stalks his prey during the final gunfight from *McCabe & Mrs. Miller*. (See related story page 32.)

All Photos Courtesy
Bob Boze Bell

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SILVER SCREEN SCREAMING

Nope. Your faithful old history magazine hasn't gone Hollywood. Not by a long shot. But with this issue, we have dedicated a few pages to the stories behind the westerns, what makes 'em tick, and a few problems we have with them.

Now, nobody says movies should get it right every time. They are, after all, entertainment. But it still rankles the hardcore history buff when an 1870s movie cowboy jumps off of a 1950s saddle or spins a 1890s pistol on his finger. Sometime, and this is a little game we play around the office, it would be nice to take all of the really great, accurate scenes from some really terrible westerns, and edit them together to make one great movie. The Nate Champion death scene from *Heaven's Gate*; the pioneer confrontation from *Bad Company*; the jail escape from *Pat Garrett & Billy the Kid*. You get the picture.

Originally, with this issue, we wanted to point out every little mistake in the westerns that drives us nuts. The wrong hats, the wrong horses, the wrong guns, the wrong terminology. (I was even pushing to have "John Wayne Was Full of Crap!" on the cover, but cooler, older, and wiser heads prevailed.)

After reviewing some of the most offensive films we could think of in preparation, we realized just how wrong we were. The movies actually got more correct, than wrong. So, the issue at hand, in your hand, took on a new focus: showing you what they got right, and where they got the inspiration.

So, join us now as we dim the lights and bask in the glow of the celluloid, sagebrush skies of the American West(ern).

Marcus Huff
Editor



Breaking Camp



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DUCKING BULLETS

...President Bill Clinton recently revealed his favorite movie of all time is a Western, *High Noon*. But even more surprising to some of us, is the recent revelation from die-hard, New York filmmaker, Woody Allen that he would rank *Shane* at the top of his list. Allen, who was promoting his newest film, *Small Time Crooks*, made the remark at the UCLA film school...

Farrell (*The Disappearance of Finbar*). Scott Caan, will saddle up as Cole Younger as they laugh their way from bank to bank....the second Jesse project is billed as a "docu-drama" and has been shooting in Minnesota...our intrepid interviewer, Chris Roberts, has a speaking part as a member of the posse who rounded up the Younger's near Madelia, Minnesota...



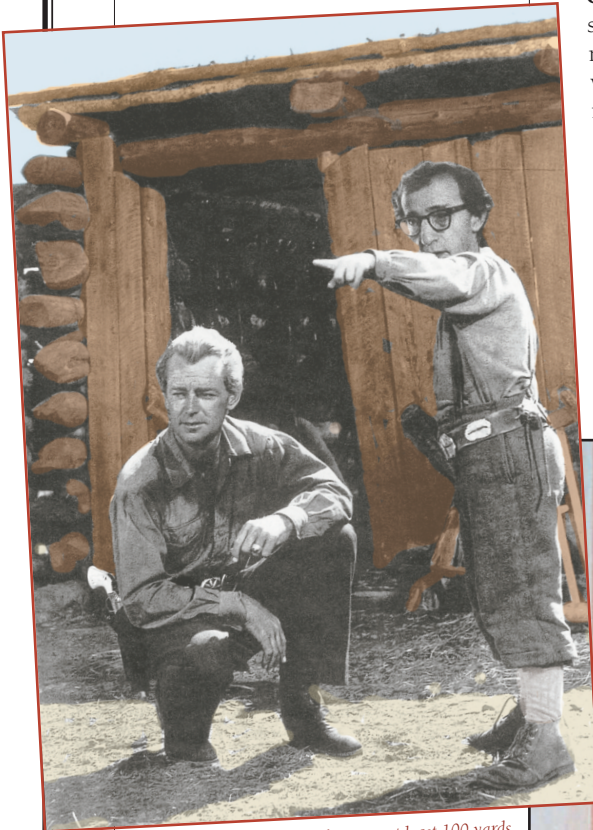
Chris Roberts

military honors. At press time, two bodies were found in the Texas grave. Maybe the other is D.B. Cooper, our other favorite missing bad guy...

...the Saturday afternoon Western is back! Jackie Chan's spoof *Shanghai Noon*,

which opened Memorial Day, is a hilarious hoot. The martial arts master, Chan, lampoons the West and makes it as much fun as anything Hoppy or Roy ever did (his choreographed fight scene with a group of hatchet-bearing Crows is a total wonderment). But it's the train-robbing character, Roy O' Bannon, who steals the movie. Originally scripted as a cliché, B-Western gunman, Owen Wilson,

...and speaking of Jesse, another supposed relative, this time in Texas, is digging up their kin to see if the DNA matches. Lest we forget, Missouri's Jesse James was unearthed a few years ago; the DNA matched, and the outlaw was replanted with Confederate



"Gosh, the judge said I had to stay at least 100 yards away, but I bet you could hit her from here, Shane."

...look for two Jesse James' film projects coming next year. A Warner Brothers distributed film started shooting in June and the word from Morgan Creek, the production company, is that this one is going to be a comedy?! Personally, we can't wait to see how they humorously handle Jesse's mom getting her arm blown off. ("Hey Mom, let me give you a hand!") America's Bandit King will be portrayed this time out by Colin



Run, don't walk, to get your copy of *Butch & Sundance* on DVD. Hey wait...that's not Paul Newman!

actor and co-author of the cult movies *Bottle Rocket*, and *Rushmore*, rebuilt the character from the bootheels up. Reportedly relying heavily on adlibs, Wilson has patched together a bizarre, surfer-Led Zeppelin-Outlaw, and it works! While robbing a train, he comes on to a pretty, bonneted passenger, cooing, "You know it was so hot out here yesterday, I had to rob the train naked." Later, in the final gunfight, as he is pinned down and the Bad Guy is chiding him for his sorry shooting, Roy whines, "My guns are so weird." It is so clever and over-the-top funny, we put away our Accuracy Police badges and kicked back to enjoy the ride...

...the DVD of *Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid* (Fox, \$34.98) is out and includes interviews, running commentary by the crew and an interactive DVD-ROM history of the original Butch & Sundance...



Sherry Monahan

...author **Sherry Monahan** has snared a rare book, *Bartender's Guide*, first published in 1882. She found it on **e-Bay**, of course, and the book shows how to set up an 1882 bar, get supplies, arrange the bar, plus, the back contains old drink recipes. Among the surprises, Tom & Jerry is the hands down favorite drink or the era; Brandysmashes were also "boss." Sherry is currently writing a new book, *Tombstone's Treasure; Silver Mines & Saloons*,

which should be out by the end of the year. Her first book, *Taste of Tombstone* is in its second printing and is a must-have for Tombstone history buffs who want to know what it was really like in the West's infamous, but tony mining camp...Sherry also attended the **Book Expo America** last June in Chicago, where she repped a booth for **Women Writing The West**. Also attending were fellow members **Michelle Black** (*Lightning In A Drought Year*), **JoAnn Levy** (*Daughter of Joy*) and **Harriet Rochlin** (*Pioneer Jews*)...

...Hats off to contributing editor and old *True West*

friend, **Marshall Trimble**. As part of the the Library of Congress's bicentennial celebration, Trimble and 38 other Arizona natives were chosen to have their lifework preserved in the Library. The library rounded up music, writing, and images from across the country, in



Marshall Trimble

an effort to preserve the flavor of each state. A natural storyteller and rootsy, folk historian/musician, Trimble takes his inclusion into the nation's scrapbook with his usual Ah-shucks attitude. He started down the history road as a teacher in the 1970s, using music and Bob Dylan lyrics to shake his students awake. From then on, history just came naturally, and research is a journey that Trimble really enjoys. "It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, but you find the farmer's daughter there instead," said the Scottsdale resident. For Marshall, that farmer's daughter turned out to be a real peach.

Ad for
Collector's
Armory
goes here.
pickup from
July 2000,
page 54.



SHANGHAI NOON
-(AP)-

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----- ★ -----

www.geocities.com/soHo/Den/3422

CartArt

The Old West art of Michael Carter. Pen-and-inks and watercolors of famous and not-so-famous Old West characters.

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www.wa.net/~djmoyer/cowboy.htm

Cowboy Cliffhangers

A book that lists all B-Western serials from A to Z including cast, crew, release date, studio, directors, producers, chapter titles, running times and synopsis. \$24.95 plus \$3.50 S&H to Wild West Publishing, P.O. Box 42222, Tacoma, WA 98422

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DIXIE GUN
WORKS
AD HERE
PICK UP
FROM
JULY 2000
PAGE 9



Accept It

I'm writing to compliment you on the recent changes to your magazine. I for one enjoy the new look and think it will help to interest new readers and hopefully increase your readership.

Are there fewer articles? Yes. Are they of a lesser quality than before? Certainly not. If your readers want to continue to be readers of your magazine, then they'll have to learn to accept the changes, such as "This Month's Billy" (a welcome addition) and the increased number of ads (a necessary addition).

So basically, I just wanted to say that despite all the complaints, there are those of us who welcome the changes and to keep up the good work.

CHAD ELLIS
CELLIS@2KI.NET

Half-Blood Heroes

Enjoyed the latest issue of *True West* (June, 2000). What a powerful article on Half-Bloods. History has forgotten the heroes and outlaws that were known as Half-Bloods, but thank goodness we have a publication like *True West* that remembers these people. Now if we can get Hollywood to pick up an issue of *True West*, they just might find more stories to make movies about!

PAUL DALE ROBERTS
ELK GROVE, CALIFORNIA

Being born and raised in the West (Denver, Fort Worth) and living here for the last 40 years (California, Arizona): and being of African, Cherokee, Choctaw and Scot/Irish descent, I usually pick up magazines about the West, but I rarely buy them. I was so excited to see a black Indian on the cover (June, 2000) and to find articles about the African and Native contribution to making America what it is today, for better or worse. Thanks *True West* for painting the West in its true colors: red, black, brown, yellow and white.

VALERIA WATSON-DOOST
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

I got my June issue of *True West* at End of Trail in Norco, California. I am a new fan of the format. In years past, I have not been a subscriber. The cover and article on Black Indian outlaws and lawmen got my attention. I am still mulling over the magazine. We can sure use articles about men tempered of steel, whatever their ethnic origin. I would like to see some articles about Mexican-Americans like Elfege Baca. Disney did a series on him years ago. What about an update?

STEVE DIRKSEN
REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Editor's note: We're on it, Steve. Look for an in-depth look at Elfege's amazing Frisco, New Mexico, gunfight in next month's issue.

Villa Remembered

I thoroughly enjoyed Harold L. Edwards' "Pancho Villa Talked Tough" (May, 2000). In 1916 when General Pershing's expeditionary force entered Mexico to apprehend Villa, my father was taking *The San Antonio Express*. Today, I still remember seeing its cartoon showing General Pershing chasing Pancho Villa up a giant cactus. I was six years old, and we lived in south-central Texas. Pancho was big talk in those days.

CARL C. WRIGHT
LOCKHART, TEXAS

While I've been out "galavanting around," this magazine has been improved! I also have Bob Boze Bell's books on Wyatt Earp & Doc Holliday and have enjoyed them very much.

TERRY ALLEN
BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

Outlaw the Outlaws

I enjoy your magazine very much but I wish you'd cover stories on Indian attacks and other tragedies of pioneer life that occurred. I am fed up with the stories of outlaws.

WILBUR A. HAMM
DECATUR, TEXAS

I will be out in your area in a couple weeks. Don't let it get too hot for me. Love your mag.

EA. WITHERS
LEESVILLE, LOUISIANA

Kung Fu Ranger

In regards to the story on the Texas Rangers ("Texas Rangers: Fact and Fancy," May, 2000), Chuck Norris is mentioned: *Walker, Texas Ranger*. Norris' show is so unbelievably bad and unrealistic I don't know how it has lasted this long. A bearded, martial arts expert, sorely in need of a haircut, Norris Cordell Walker is so full of manure it's a shame. totally hokey and unbelievable. The '50s TV show starring Millard Parker was much better just as the radio show with Joe McCrea. Even the recent films that actors Clint Eastwood and Nick Nolte appeared in were much better.

CHARLES JOHNSTON
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

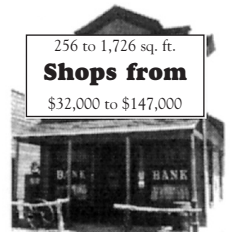
I was surprised when you accepted my article "Crossdressers of the Old West" (June, 2000). You accepted so quickly, in fact, there was no time for galleys, etc.

I've had bad doubts ever since...I began to wonder: Did I ruin my reputation as a careful researcher?

Well, hey. You did a fine job with it! Those photos and the layout really made it come out looking sharp. During my research, I looked everywhere for even one good photo, and I couldn't find anything. Each illustration you chose from the True West archives to go with the article complemented the material perfectly. I'm actually proud of how it turned out, so I thought I'd write and tell you how pleased I am.

DENNIS MCCOWN
AUSTIN, TEXAS

We welcome your thoughts. Address all letters to True West, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327, or e-mail us at editor@truewestmagazine.com. Please include your name, address, and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for content.



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Western Bow

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JUNE

June 4-Aug. 20 **Red Cloud Indian Art Show:** Showcases and encourages Native American artists. Cash awards will be given.
Information: 605-867-5491.

JULY

July 1-Sept. 30 **Lewis & Clark Remembered:** Includes hands-on demonstrations of dugout canoes, black powder rifles and shooting, authentic Indian dress, tepees, artifacts, and trading as well as a fur trader camp and trading post. Tepee rentals available but very limited.
Information: PO Box 906 Columbus, MT 59019, 406-322-4468.

July 6-9 **North American Indian Days:** This annual celebration, the largest and most impressive of Blackfeet Tribal events, will host Native Americans from every region of the U.S. and Canada. Featured events include traditional drumming and dancing contests, the crowning of Miss Blackfeet, a parade and fun run, and more.
Information: PO Box 850 Browning, MT 59417, 406-338-7276 On the east side of Glacier.

July 9 **25th Annual Winchester Gun Show:** Cody, Wyoming. Cody High School.
Information: 541 396-4079.

July 15-16 **18th Annual Frontier Festival:** Cody, Wyoming. Turn-of-the-century crafts, entertainment, food, games and skills. Buffalo Bill Historical Center.
Information: 307 578-4034.

July 22-23 **Weekend of Discovery:** Held at Missouri Headwaters State Park, located 4 miles north of Three Forks, Montana, just off of Interstate 90. Commemorates the arrival of the Corps of Discovery at the Headwaters of the Missouri River in 1805. Activities include: using a sextant, a demonstration of Flint Lock Firearms (as the Corps used), a walking guide of the Lewis & Clark sites in the area, and a camp site similar to the one used by the Corps with display of a teaching trunk and artifacts used on the expedition. There will be an evening campfire program, and other activities to be added.
Information: Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks; rheagney@montana.edu. Phone: 406-994-6943.

In cooperation with the Weekend of Discovery, the Three Forks Chamber will organize events to be held in the city of Three Forks.
Information: Three Forks Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 1103, Three Forks, MT 59752. Phone: 406 285-4753. Email: cindaj@aol.com.

July 22-23 **Bannack Days:** Return to the early days in Montana's history in a celebration of mining and life in Montana's first territorial capital. While here, take part in stagecoach rides, candle-making, main street gunfights, old-time dancing, pioneer craft demonstrations and lots of music and family fun.
Information: 4200 Bannack Road Dillon, MT 59725. Phone: 406-834-3413 Fax: 406-834-3548; Email: bannack@montana.com



A Dash for the Timber, by Frederic Remington
-COURTESY AMON CARTER MUSEUM, FORT WORTH, TEXAS-

Remington and Russell: Masterpieces of the American West from the Amon Carter Museum, opens Sept. 9, 2000 and runs through Jan. 7, 2001, at the Eiteljorg Museum in downtown Indianapolis, IN.

July 28-Aug. 6 **Dodge City Days:** Ten-day celebration of Dodge City, Kansas' heritage. More than 50 events, including a kick-off concert featuring Diamond Rio.
Information: 316-227-3119.

AUGUST

August 3-5 **7th Annual Buffalo Bill Celebrity Shootout:** Cody, Wyoming. Celebrities join locals in shooting competitions. Cody Shooting Complex.
Information: 307 578-4032.

Aug. 4-6 **Oregon Jamboree:** Sweet Home, OR. The largest country music and camping event in the state attracts new music artists as well as traditionalists like Merle Haggard. This year's Jamboree features LeAnne Rhymes, Dwight Yoakum, Sawyer Brown and others. RV hook-ups, tent space and arts and crafts booths are available.
Information: 541-367-8909.

Aug. 17 **World's Oldest Continuous PRCA Rodeo:** Payson, AZ. Named The number one small outdoor rodeo in America, the Payson Rodeo has been held continuously since 1884.
Information: 800-672-9766.

Aug. 17 - 19 **Arizona Cowboy Poetry Gathering:** Prescott, AZ. Blend of traditional and contemporary songs, stories and poems of the Old West. More than 100 people present their works and keep alive the working cowboy's oral tradition.
Information: 520-445-3122.

Aug. 17 - 20 **Oregon Bluegrass and Cowboy Music Festival:** Odell, OR. The festival, held in the picturesque Hood River Valley, features a cowboy trail camp, craft fair, wine tasting, youth music camp, workshops, kid's activities, food, Special Olympics Fundraiser. Music performers include Rider in the Sky, Larry Cordle & Lonesome Standard Time, Don Edwards, Bluegrass Etc., and Lost Hwy.
Information: 503-261-9887.

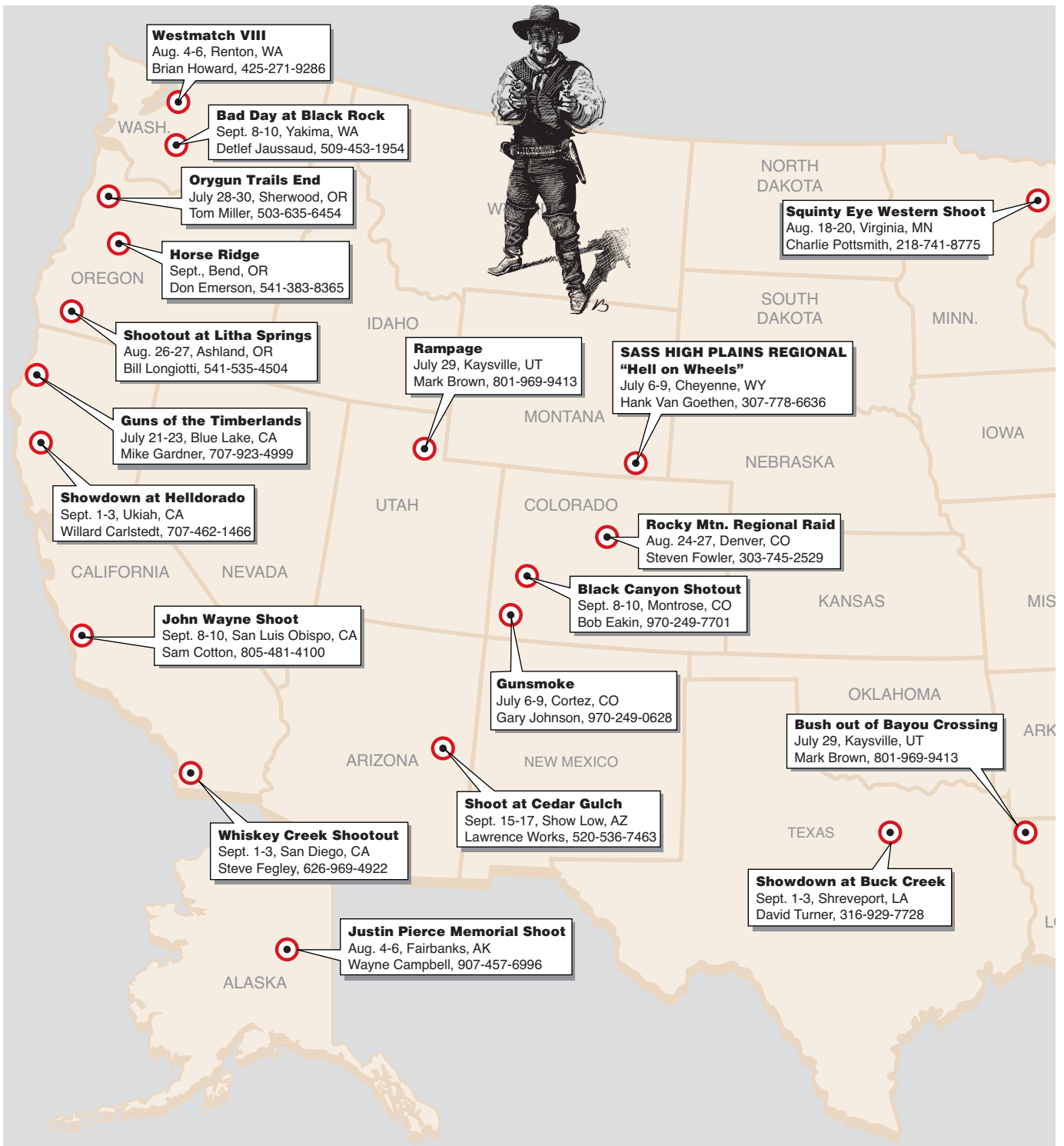
Aug. 18-19 **Texas Ranch Roundup:** Wichita Falls, TX. Cowboys from prestigious Texas ranches compete in cattle roping, penning and other rodeo-type events, plus cooking and talent contests.
Information: 800-799-6732.

Sept. 18-23 **19th Annual Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale:** Cody, Wyoming. Western artists display works in live and silent auction, and Quick Draw on Sat.
Information: 888 598-8119.

Sept. 20-23 **8th Annual Western Design Conference:** Cody, Wyoming. Exhibition, fashion show and seminars regarding western design in furniture, accessories and fashion.
Information: 888 685-0574.

Aug. 27 **Pony Express Festival:** A re-enactment of Pony Express riding with living history demonstrations, an 1860s historic dress group, circuit-rider church service, noon meal on the grounds and the arrival of an Oregon Trail Wagon train.
Information: 785-337-2635.

Single-action shooting events around the U.S.



HOGWASH

Nothing worse. Sit down with a cold brew and a hot tub of popcorn, pop in a tape, and get ready to ride the range with a Hollywood cowboy. First thing you know, the hero is dressed in an outrageous outfit, flipping his gun around at lightening speed, and chasing down the bad guys with the reins in his mouth. Ruins your whole evening. "This is garbage, absolute hogwash...can't they just for once, get it right? Real gunfighters didn't do that stuff." But wait, don't shoot the television just yet, Elvis. As it turns out, Hollywood (as hard as it is too believe considering they brought us *Porky's* and *Friday the 13th*) actually gets quite a lot right. It's our vision of the West that is tainted, by an overload of bad imagery. Before you go tearing out of a perfectly good western because it's "so fake," consider this:

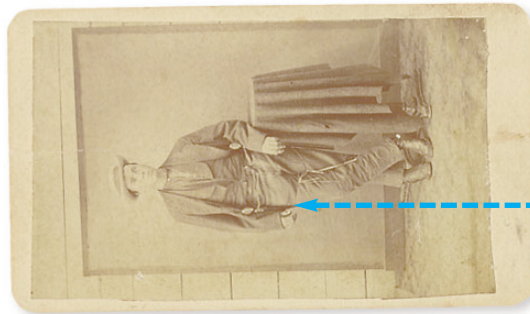
Fancy Gun Rigs?

This one makes the purist cringe. The bad guy meets the good guy in the street, pulls back his duster, and reveals a silver-concho encrusted, steel-lined, low-slung, tied-down fast-draw holster with a belt full of pretty silver bullets. Hogwash, you say? Not so fast. Although historical holsters were usually nothing more than pistol pouches made of simple but durable leather, many were pretty fancy. Take the Kansas cowboy at right for example: his holsters are over-sized and tied to his legs, ala Roy Rogers. Pictures don't lie. It was also common to find shoulder rigs, swivel rigs, and hideout rigs. Some rigs even flipped-up so the pistol could be fired while still in the holster. While real gunmen shrugged them off as gimmicks, trick rigs were a mall-order staple.



Gun Trickery?

The movies, for the most part, get the weapons right 90% of the time. The actual use of them is what gets viewers squirming in their seats. Hollywood heroes fan, flip and dip their weapons, and even shoot them sideways like boys from the 'hood. Actually...and we hate to admit it...but they are not all wrong. Most of the tricks preserved on celluloid had a genesis in the factual West, although the results varied. Fanning, border rolls and trick shots were surely practiced, but real gunfighters necessitated a sure aim and steady hand.



Flipped-up, big goofy hats?

Until John B. Stetson made the scene (and even after), frontier types wore whatever was handy to shield their domes from sun and rain. The latter did damage to any form of fashion, drooping brims and destroying crowns, so the cowboy was forced to do anything possible to keep his headgear in workable order. Bending, soaking in hot water, rubberizing, even coating with bee's wax. Utilitarian in nature, the hat took many forms, and came from many sources: former military issue, derbies, stovetops, crush caps, animal-skin skull caps, sombreros, even shirt sleeves sewn closed at the end provided meager protection from the elements. Although more widely associated with the modern rodeo dude and drugstore cowboy of the 1950s, the flipped-brim cowboy hat had more of a life in the historic West than ever imagined.

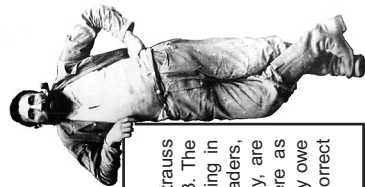


Cuffed Pants?

Lee Marvin wore them in *Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. The Duke wore them in *Stagecoach*. We laughed our butts off at first, but a quick run to Grandpa's scrapbook shows evidence of more rolled cuffs in the West than at a sock-hop. Simply put, pants came "as is" and cowboys adapted. Without the luxury of Land's End catalogs or handy tailors, cowboys didn't have much of a choice when it came to the fit and cut of their clothes. And unlike today's fashion crazed Abercrombie & Fitch crowd, cowboys had no choice; they *had* to look stupid and unkempt. Too-long drawers were fixed by rolling the cuffs, stuffing them in boot tops, or whacking away the extra cloth with a pocketknife. About the only thing cowboys didn't do was walk around with their underwear showing. We're still not sure how that got started.

Blue Jeans?

You bet your britches. San Francisco dry goods salesman Levi Strauss received his first patent for riveted "waist overalls" in May of 1873. The durable Indigo denim pants became *de rigueur* for anyone working in rough conditions; cowboys, miners (like the dude at right), railroaders, and the like. While most cowboys, and movie cowboys especially, are usually depicted in buckskin or discarded suit pants, jeans were as common as they are now. Johnny Mack's tight-fitting costume may owe more to the *Wild One* than the Wild Bunch, but the fabric is still correct for the period.

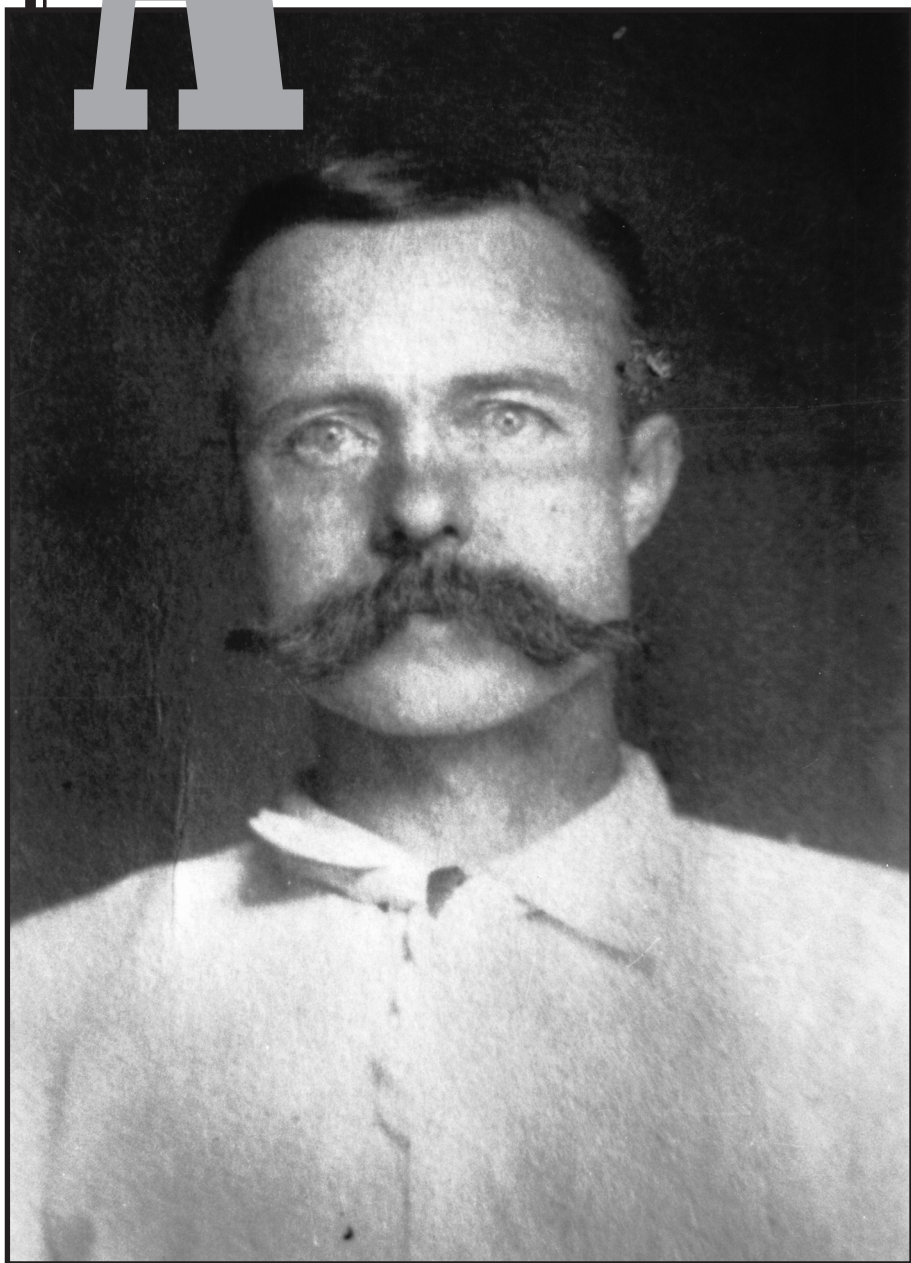


Fancy Shirts?

Actually, this is one thing the movies often tone-down. Audiences simply wouldn't believe some of the wraps our cowboy and gunfighter ancestors donned. Shirts were essentially disposable, along with the income of the just-paid trail driver, and featured elaborate buttons made of bone, pearl, sea shells, and trinkets. The bib varieties were often embroidered with elaborate nautical, mythical, and floral designs, which could be interchanged among shirts. In a time when *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* was a popular book, cowboys fashioned themselves as veritable "pirates" of the plains.



A DEPLORABLE ENCOUNTER WITH PISTOLS



Nashville Franklin "Buckskin Frank" Leslie, as he appeared upon entering the territorial penitentiary at Yuma, in December, 1889.
-YUMA TERRITORIAL PRISON STATE PARK-

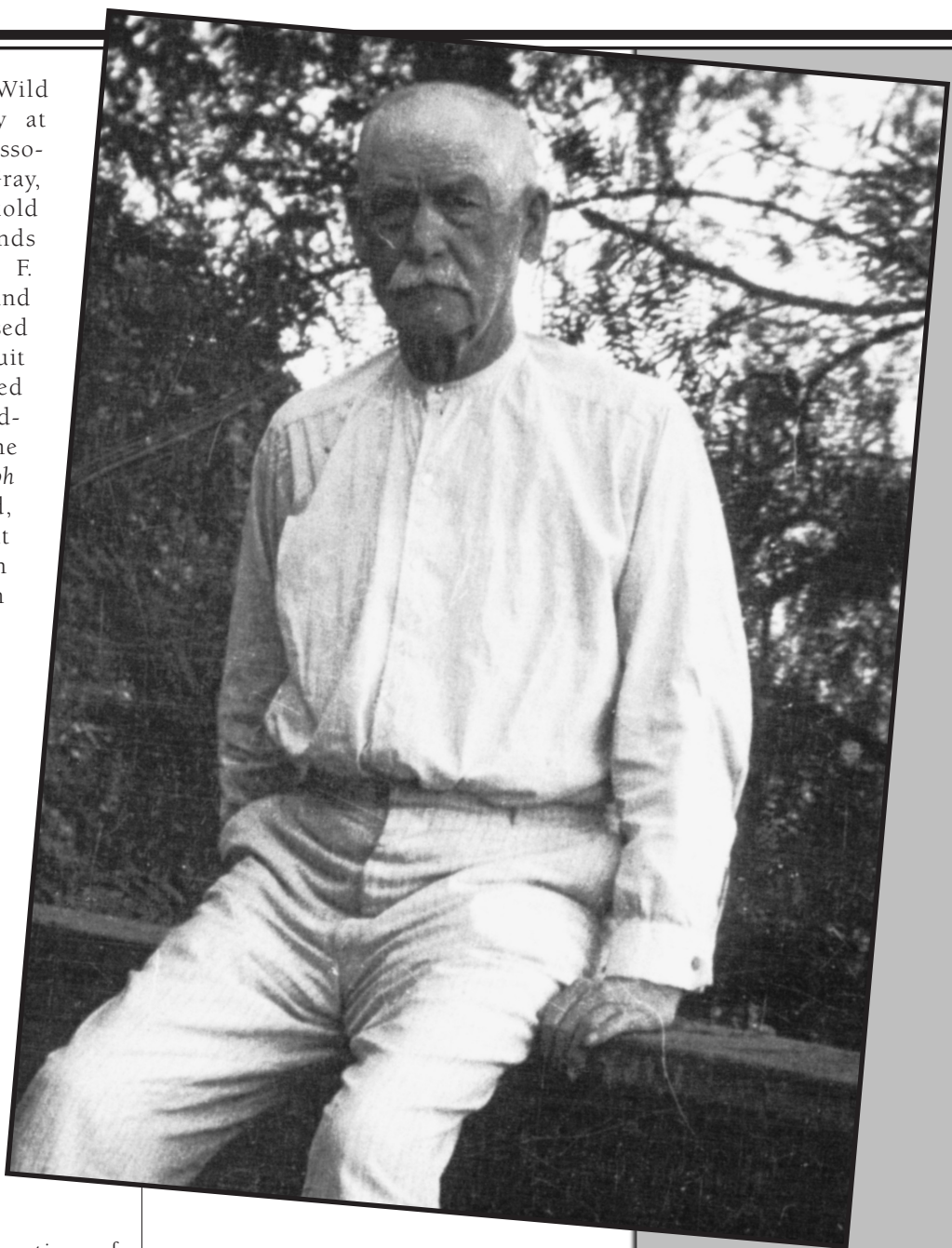
The shooting of Mike Killeen, a saloonman in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, in June 1880, has been a matter of controversy for almost as long as that storied silver camp has been studied by historians of the frontier. Various theories have been put forth as to the identity and motive of the perpetrator or perpetrators, many of them crediting a mysterious gunfighter named Nashville Franklin Leslie, better known as "Buckskin Frank," with the kill, despite the fact that Frank stood trial for the killing and was acquitted. Wyatt Earp, who was involved in the Killeen investigation as a Pima County deputy sheriff, dismissed the Leslie-did-it theory in a deposition in April 1926. In connection with the celebrated Crabtree estate case, Earp was asked about the Killeen shooting. "Well, I know who killed him," a reticent Earp said. "Did Frank Leslie kill him?" an attorney asked.

"No," Earp replied. The evidence in the killing would establish that Earp was correct.

It is understandable that suspicion would fasten on Leslie. He was a slight man, about 5'7" and 135 pounds, a Texan, about 35 or 40 years of age, with the standard catalog of vices, chief among them a marked inability to tell the truth. He told one interviewer that his background included stints as a Texas cavalrman in the Civil War, a year or so as "a fancy rifle shootist" in exhibitions, and a time as

Marshal James B. "Wild Bill" Hickok's deputy at Abilene, Kansas. One associate, John Pleasant Gray, recalled that Leslie told him that his friends included William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, and that he toured, "dressed up in his buckskin suit with his silver-mounted guns," with Cody's Wild-West review. Even the *Tombstone Daily Epitaph* took Frank at his word, reporting in 1889 that "Leslie is well known throughout Southern Arizona and Mexico, having been a scout under General Crook. When sober he is gentlemanly and courteous, but when drinking is disagreeable and always ready to use his pistol..." Certainly a chap as dangerous as Leslie claimed to be was capable of the Killeen murder, yes? He may have been capable, but he had no chance to kill Killeen.

On June 26, 1880, the *Epitaph* related the circumstances of the shooting of Killeen, including the cause of the affray, the hearings that followed it, and, significantly, Killeen's own account of those events: "A deplorable encounter with pistols took place about midnight on Tuesday [June 22] at the Cosmopolitan hotel, commencing on the balcony and concluding with an exchange of three shots in the west hall on the same floor. The cause, which led to those desperate results found their origin in domestic infidelity



Wyatt Earp, in later years, testified in an unrelated case that Frank Leslie did not kill Mike Killeen.

-COURTESY R.G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION-

By
Timothy
W. Fattig

and the blind, restless passions of love and jealousy. The parties implicated are Mr. and Mrs. M.L. Killeen, N.F. Leslie and George

shooting began. Ten or twelve shots were fired, three of which took effect on the persons of the combatants. One bullet grazed the

balcony at the time the shooting began, and took a hand in the fight on Leslie's behalf, and that he (Killeen) was shot



Fifth and Allen streets, Tombstone, 1881. Frank Leslie was arrested near the Golden Eagle Brewery (right foreground). Barely visible beyond the brewery is the Cosmopolitan Hotel (building with covered balcony), where the Killeen shooting took place.

-ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY-

Perrine. Mrs. Killeen was acting as [a] maid at the Cosmopolitan hotel, and her husband was employed at Lowry & Archer's saloon. They have not been living together for some time. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Killeen attended a ball and was escorted home about midnight by Mr. Leslie, who also has a room in the Cosmopolitan hotel, and who is a bar-tender at the Cosmopolitan saloon [which he ran with a man named W.H. Knapp]. Arriving at the hotel they took seats on the front balcony. Soon Killeen appeared on the scene and the

left side of Leslie's head, making a slight scalp wound. Killeen was struck twice, one shot entering the left cheek near the end of the jaw, and making its exit under the right eye near the base of the nose, causing an ugly and painful wound. The other shot penetrated the right breast, passed through the lung, and lodged near the surface of the back. The wounds were painful and dangerous, but as Killeen has a strong constitution, his attendants are very hopeful of his recovery.

"Mr. Killeen swears...that one George Perrine appeared on the

by Perrine, and not by Leslie. Other parties insist that they saw three men in the fight. An examination of Leslie was had Wednesday morning before [Michael] Gray, Justice of the Peace, at which only one witness, Mrs. Killeen, was sworn. Leslie made his statement without oath. No effort was made to obtain further evidence in the matter, where common justice demanded the most thorough investigation. Leslie was discharged, as the evidence showed he acted in self-defense.

"...Perrine was arrested Thursday evening [June 24] upon a charge of an assault with a deadly weapon. He was admitted to bail in the sum of \$1,000 and the examination will take place Monday. We have reason to hope this examination will not be as much of a farce as that which took place Wednesday morning. We don't charge anyone with guilt; but we do know a justice should make the most thorough investigation possible in a case of this kind."

On June 27, the day before the Perrine examination was to commence, Mike Killeen died. A coroner's jury assembled the following day, consisting of Albert Fortlouis, E.L. Bradshaw, R.F. Coleman, J.H. Oldman, Newton Smith, A.I. Cadwell, Jerome Ackerson, W.S. Clark, Eugene Brown, E. Bullock, A.L. Grove, and E.F. Boyle. The jurymen returned this verdict: "We, the coroner's jury, find that the deceased, M.D. [sic] Killeen, came to his death by a gunshot wound inflicted in the right breast, on the morning of the 23d [sic] inst., by parties unknown to the jury."

Perrine's hearing took place as scheduled, although the charge was changed from assault with a deadly weapon to murder. Hearing the evidence in the case, Justice E.A. Rigg, of Contention, was satisfied that Killeen had been the aggressor, and ordered the discharge of the prisoner. George Perrine, a 28-or 29-year-old New Yorker interested in a number of mines and something called "Boston Mastic Roofing, Fire and Water-Proof," of which he was the sole salesman in Tombstone, was free to go on his way. This result seemed to end the matter.

Meanwhile, Frank Leslie, who had spent the better part of July at Camp Lowell, possibly hiding out from any friends of Killeen who might have blamed him for his death, returned to Tombstone on

July 23. A few weeks later, the Epitaph ran this item, which surprised no one familiar with "Buckskin Frank" and the widow Killeen:

WEDDING.

Last evening [August 5], at 8 o'clock, Mr. N.F. Leslie was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Mrs. May Killeen, by Judge [James] Reilly. The wedding was a quiet one, only a few intimate friends of the parties being present. Miss Bilicke attended the bride, Col. C.F. Hines supporting Mr. Leslie...The EPI-TAPH congratulates Mr. Leslie...and his most estimable wife upon this happy event, and earnestly wishes them a pleasant voyage over life's troubled ocean.

Fifteen guests attended the wedding; George Perrine was not among them.

On August 14, Killeen's old employer, saloonman W.T. Lowry, swore out a new complaint against Perrine, citing new evidence in the killing. The warrant was given to Deputy Sheriff Wyatt Earp for service, but the officer soon found that Perrine had been warned of his coming, and fled Tombstone. "Calling to his aid a posse Earp started on the hunt of the fugitive. It was generally supposed that friends had made arrangements to supply him with a horse and his capture was deemed problematical." A short time later, however, the Earp posse encountered Wyatt's younger brother, Morgan, who was en route to Tombstone with the fugitive, whom he had apprehended at the residence of George W. Parsons and J.L. Redfern, near Richmond, some 12 miles southwest of Tombstone.

Earp was asked about the Killeen shooting. "Well, I know who killed him," a reticent Earp said. "Did Frank Leslie kill him?" an attorney asked. "No," Earp replied.

Perrine had confided to Redfern that “after settling up his business here he intended going to Mexico to work or look after his mine.” Morgan Earp turned Perrine over to his brother and another deputy sheriff, Newton Babcock, and on their return to Tombstone Perrine was lodged in jail pending an examination before Judge James

upon the bench in the form of duelling [sic], drinking, fist fighting and licentious judges...It was not uncommon to see a judge appear upon the bench in a state of intoxication, and make no scruple to attack with fist, cane or revolver any who offended him...” Indeed, this is exactly what happened on August 17, the third day

ensued between Jones and Reilly, during which Jones was choked a little and Reilly received a slight blow in the face from Jones.” Separating the two men, Earp “cut the gordian knot of doubt by declaring both parties under arrest. Jones was promptly taken before Judge Gray and a



Ex-justice of the peace James Reilly (front row, third from left) poses with fellow attorneys in the Cochise County Courthouse several years after he presided over the examination of George M. Perrine.

-ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY-

Reilly, the same magistrate who had just married Frank Leslie and May Killeen.

Reilly, a 50-year-old Irishman who had been appointed to the bench on July 16, 1880, after the resignation of Tombstone pioneer Thomas J. Bidwell, was not an ideal candidate to handle so weighty an investigation. A quarrelsome drunk, Reilly was the kind of judge so well described by historian Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1887: “Venality and corruption sat

of the Perrine examination, when Reilly’s temper flared at defense counsel Harry B. Jones. When Reilly directed a bailiff to eject Jones, Jones resisted, citing a “constitutional right in there as counsel,” to which Reilly made objection by climbing down from the bench and advancing on the lawyer, “at the same time ordering Jones to leave the room.” Jones produced a six-shooter, which was immediately seized by Deputy Sheriff Wyatt Earp. “A scuffle then

charge of assault preferred against him.” Jones swore out a complaint against Judge Reilly, which Earp carried to the magistrate’s own court: “Earp informed his honor that he desired him to put in an appearance before him, Earp, as soon as he adjourned Perrine’s [sic] examination, as he had a warrant charging a him with assault. The Judge took no exception to the ruling of the officer and was

taken before Judge Gray, who released him upon his own recognition..." The ridiculous conduct of both judge and attorney received a great deal of play in the Arizona press; by the time the story reached Tucson, however, it was somewhat garbled. The Tucson *Daily Star* stated, "We know nothing about the case, except that Deputy Sheriff Earp was arrested, went to jail, and is now in Tucson."

Two days after the melee in the courtroom, Reilly heard testimony from Officer James W. Bennett, who recalled having been in Tom Corrigan's Allen Street saloon on the night of the Killeen shooting. He remembered rushing to the scene of the altercation, finding Killeen insensible and clutching "a pistol in each hand." He next met Frank Leslie, who carried "a large-sized pistol in his hand," which Bennett seized. Leslie agreed to go with the officer, saying, "I'll go; let me get my hat." As Leslie departed to get his hat, Bennett "took Killeen down stairs, to the front door of the hotel; I then returned to get [Killeen's] pistols, and then returned to the street; Killeen had got up the street nearly to the brewery [the Golden Eagle Brewery, at the northwest corner of Fifth and Allen streets] before I overtook him...[Later,] upon reaching the brewery I met Leslie with another six-shooter; asked him for it, and he refused to give it up; we then had a scuffle, and I eventually got the weapon, and took Leslie into the brewery, where he got a drink of water; took him then to the hotel, and placed a guard over him...[Leslie] was bloody; there was blood on the side of his face and on his coat...I was very bloody myself from struggling with him."

At 6:00 p.m. on August 26, the tenth day of the hearing—making the Perrine case "the longest crim-

"Venality and corruption sat upon the bench in the form of duelling [sic], drinking, fist fighting and licentious judges. It was not uncommon to see a judge appear upon the bench in a state of intoxication, and make no scruple to attack with fist, cane or revolver any who offended him."

inal examination ever held in Arizona," the *Epitaph* commented—Judge Reilly ordered the prisoner held until the next session of the Grand Jury. Offered bail in the sum of \$5,000, Perrine could not represent financially, and was subsequently taken to the Pima County Jail, at Tucson, by Deputy Sheriff Earp. Finally, after his bail was reduced to \$1,500 on September 13, Perrine was released, and departed Tombstone for his residence in Oakland, California. On September 21, the *Epitaph* reported on a rumor that Perrine had "committed suicide by blowing his brains out on the cars near Los Angeles, while en route home." The following day, the same journal reported that Perrine had, in fact, safely reached Oakland, and commented: "The rumor probably grew out of the suicide of a Frenchman, in the place and manner stated, whose name resembled Perrine's [sic]." Whatever the truth of the rumor, George Perrine escaped indictment by the Pima County Grand Jury; as far as can be determined, Perrine never again set foot in Tombstone.

Tim Fattig is a freelance writer from Tombstone, Arizona. This is his first *True West* article.

The Reel West

V

HOW THEY TALK IN THE MOVIES:

Alan Ladd & Jack Palance
SHANE (1953)

Shane: So, you're Jack Wilson.

Wilson: What does that mean to you, Shane?

Shane: I've heard about you.

Wilson: What have you heard, Shane?

Shane: I've heard you're a low-down Yankee liar.

Wilson: Prove it.

The gunmen draw and fire in rapid fashion. The good guy wins.

By Jeff Morey

THE WEST OF OUR COLLECTIVE IMAGINATION is part of an ironic loop. On one hand, it is based on the past—the West of history. Try as we may to rid ourselves of fictional influences, the contours of our imaginations are awash with scenes from Hollywood's version

VS

The Real West

HOW THEY REALLY TALKED IN THE WEST:

**John Selman &
George Scarborough**
El Paso, Texas (1896)

Selman: Let's go in and have a drink.

Scarborough: I don't want to drink.

Selman: You God damned son of a bitch, I'm going to kill you! (Reaches for his pistol.)

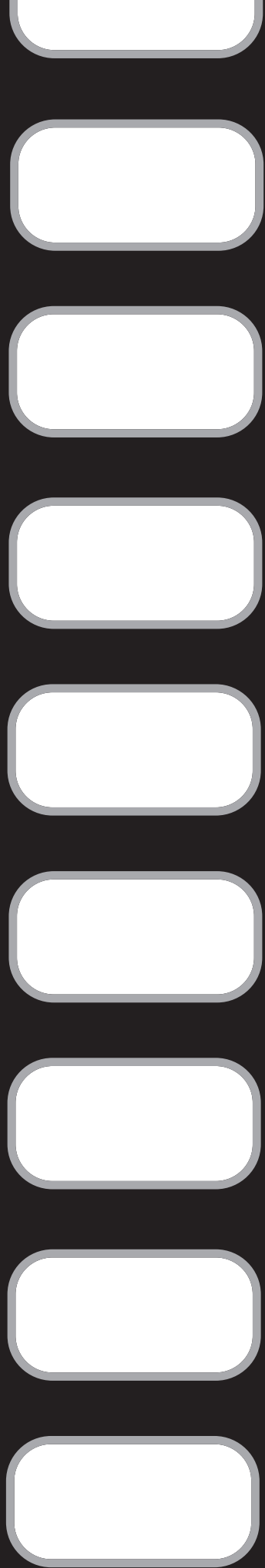
Scarborough: (Pulls his pistol and shoots Selman to the ground.)

Selman: (Trying to stand up) Don't kill me like that!

Scarborough: (Fires three more shots into the helpless Selman, effectively ending the conversation.)

All Photos Courtesy Bob Boze Bell

of the West. Since the shootout is such an integral part of so many western films, a critical review of some of those cinematic gun-fights is long overdue. The following is hardly exhaustive. Since so many silent films are difficult to view today, this list only covers a selection of films since the advent of sound technology.



CIMARRON (1930): Starring Richard Dix and Irene Dunn; directed by Wesley Ruggles.

The first western to win an Academy Award for best picture, *Cimarron* is highly dated by modern standards. However, it is a real treat in one respect: the viewer gets to witness a frontier town in the full process of development. About one hour into the film, William Collier Jr., as “The Kid,” leads his gang into town in an attempt to rob the bank. The Kid gallops into town at the head of followers with the reins of his horse in his teeth and guns blazing. This is thirty-nine years before John Wayne would repeat this stunning feat in *True Grit*. Historically, John Wesley Hardin is the inspiration for both cinematic performances. In his autobiography, Hardin claimed he rode in such fashion when engaged in a shootout when working as a drover taking a herd of cattle up to Abilene, Kansas.

Yancey Cravat, played by Dix, straps on his six-guns, runs out onto the street, and shoots it out with the Kid. This shootout isn’t particularly dramatic nor spectacular but deserves mention because of the town which serves as a backdrop. The real star of *Cimarron* is that town set. Seeing it, one feels like they are looking back into time; buildings are being erected and the streets are dug-up to install water pipes. This is a far cry from the nearly-deserted streets found in so many films. *Cimarron*’s only rival for a town backdrop is 1941’s *Arizona*, which was also directed by Wesley Ruggles. (Ruggles had “Old Tucson” built especially for *Arizona*. Unfortunately, Old Tucson would never again look as right as it did in *Arizona*.)

As an interesting side note, *Cimarron* is the first film to feature a reference to something (in this case Dixie Lee) as being a “huckleberry,” a term that gained cult status sixty-three years later with the premiere of *Tombstone*.



LAW AND ORDER (1932) Starring Walter Huston and Harry Carry; directed by Edward L Cahn.

Based on W.R. Burnett’s dark novel *Saint Johnson*, this was the first “Wyatt Earp film,” with Walter Huston in the Earp role, and Harry Carry as “Brant,” (Doc Holliday). It was also the first film to feature Andy Devine, who portrays “Johnny Kinsman” (Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce).

Considering the number of films which have been based on the Tombstone story, *Law and Order* is especially fascinating. It was also John Huston’s first screenplay. What emerges is a surprisingly dark and gritty film. It is quite clear that Huston did some independent research of his own. While there is no Johnny-Behind-the-Deuce episode in Burnett’s book, the event is covered better in this film than in any other. As for the O.K. Corral gunfight, here placed in the “O.K. barn,” the walkdown to the shootout begins with Huston yelling out, “Alright boys—let ‘em have it!” This is an echo of gunfight witness Martha King’s testimony before Tombstone Judge Wells Spicer to the effect that she heard one of the Earps say, “Let them have it” as they approached the Cowboys. This line doesn’t appear in Burnett’s book and it is truly amazing that it should show up in such an early film.

As for the actual gunfight, while it is not recognizable as the famous street-fight, it is very fast in its pacing. Quick cuts of the different deadly opponents are flashed rapidly. This particular shootout greatly influenced director Kevin Jarre when he first envisioned the film *Tombstone*. While still historically flawed, *Law and Order* was grim in tone, and acted as the first “adult western.”

HIGH NOON (1952): Starring Gary Cooper and Grace Kelly; directed by Fred Zinnemann.

This film has been both praised and damned by historians and film critics alike. Although there is no historical precedent for the film (the closest is Elfego Baca's famous standoff against a group of Texas cowboys), many towns were actually waylaid by outlaws; vigilance committees usually took care of the problem rather than the strengths of one man.

On the plus side, Gary Cooper exhibits a fine performance as Marshal Will Kane, and Dimitri Tiomkin's trend-setting score shapes the mood of the film. On the negative side, the town of Hadelyville seems to be inhabited by a cowardly crowd which has no sense of pride nor virtue. Historical frontier settlements were tough places inhabited by a population tempered by hardship. The town of Hadelyville works better as a metaphor for the world of 1952 than as a historical mirror.

The final gunfight, however, is a well-structured example of the "shootout as war-zone" formula. With Marshal Kane and his adversaries ducking and running from one protective shelter to another, we never really get the stand-up quick-draw situation one might expect from the title of the film. This picture was enormously influential, spawning imitations such as *3:10 to Yuma*, *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, and even an anti-*High Noon*, *Rio Bravo*. In the latter, Howard Hawks and John Wayne set out to show a professional lawman who, when put in a tight situation, would refuse help from the town-folk rather than seek it out. Which film better reflects the attitudes of the frontier? *Rio Bravo*, of course. Wayne's actions as John T. Chance, are strikingly similar to the choices Virgil Earp made before facing the Clantons and McLaurys. The situation presented in *High Noon* doesn't emerge from our past. Rather, it was a reflection of the time that movie was made

On the other hand, the plot of *High Noon* works better as myth than does *Rio Bravo*. This is because the "gunfighter" myth is fundamentally about heroic individualism, which is what *High Noon* extols. The lone individual against forces larger than himself fuels gunfighter imagery. Therefore, the figure of Gary Cooper standing isolated and increasingly dwarfed by his surroundings is an image which abides even in the face of some serious flaws in the movie.

The historical flaws in *High Noon* are numerous, but the technical flaws really make the film unique to watch. Hollywood relates that this film was unmercifully panned by preview audiences. To remedy the situation, Dimitri Tiomkin

wrote the well-known soundtrack and the movie was re-edited to create a sense of "real time." That is, forty minutes story time would be played out in forty minutes of actual viewing time. The result is a film with an amazing number of continuity problems. In various scenes, Cooper suffers from a disappearing then reappearing tie and badge, and a vest that miraculously buttons and unbuttons itself. Paying attention to this is especially exasperating; the film won an Academy Award for best editing in 1952. Other problems are equally as disturbing; during the final shootout, Gary Cooper runs past a building with an air conditioner sticking out of a second floor window.



Getting It Right

Sometimes, not often, but sometimes Hollywood paints an accurate picture of the western gunfight. Here are a few shining examples of a "not so pretty" picture.

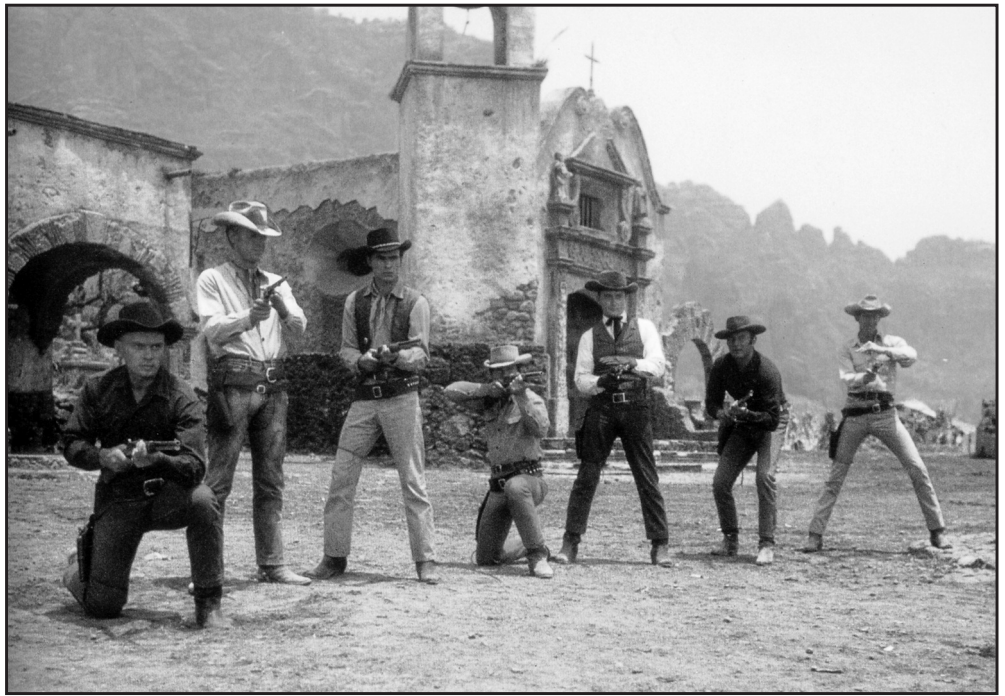
Hired Hand (1971): Warren Oates' gun malfunctions during a key battle.

McCabe & Mrs. Miller (1971): Desperate, running final confrontation; Warren Beatty, scared for his life, shoots wildly and with abandon.

Bad Company (1972): Weapons misfire, fall apart, and run out of ammunition when a cowardly group of chicken thieves engage an equally cowardly group of horse thieves.

Wild Bill (1995): Badly beaten, confused, and blinded by gunsmoke, Jeff Bridges fires wildly into a group of Seventh Cavalry troopers.





MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1960). Starring Steve McQueen, Eli Wallach, Yul Brynner, James Coburn, Charles Bronson, and Robert Vaughn; directed by John Sturges.

As an action film with colorful characters, a great score, and an outstanding cast, *Magnificent Seven* is hard to beat. As a historical representation, it is a mess.

Steve McQueen and James Coburn were the first actors to use the two-handed “Weaver stance” when firing their pistols. It wasn’t historically accurate, but it was something new and different. Attempts at “historical accuracy” were few and far between during this period in film. John Sturges favored the western look of men’s pulp magazines. The West was becoming more and more stylized and less historically influenced at this time in film. The western aesthetic had become even more removed from its historical basis.



A Clockwork Red

The actual gunfight at the O.K. Corral lasted a mere thirty seconds. Here is Hollywood’s take on the subject.

LAW AND ORDER (1932): 2:38.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINE (1946): 3:20.

GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL (1956): 6:50.

HOUR OF THE GUN (1967): 00:13.

TOMBSTONE (1993): 1:27.

WYATT EARP (1994). 00:42.

Oddly, the longest and the shortest movie versions of Tombstone’s streetfight both came from John Sturges, who directed both *The Gunfight at the O.K. Corral* and *Hour of the Gun*.

RIDE THE HIGH COUNTRY (1962). Starring Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea; directed by Sam Peckinpah.

Throughout the 1950s popular culture in the United States was awash with westerns. At one time, there were as many as forty prime time westerns on weekly television. It appeared there was nothing new that could be attempted with the increasingly tired genre. Then came Sam Peckinpah.

Metro Goldwyn Meyer had few expectations for *Ride the High Country* when the film was first released. For years, both Randolph Scott and Joel McCrea had churned out their own line of B westerns. More of the same was expected from the aging actors. But this film offered more. The story revolved around two old lawmen who had hit the skids. McCrea was Steve Judd, a man who wore a frayed coat, had no money to speak of, and whose sole ambition was “to enter his house justified.” All he had was his honor. Scott, on the other hand, was Gil Westrum, another former lawman who had fallen on hard times. Unlike Judd, Westrum is a man on the make, having abandoned whatever integrity he may have had years ago. When they made this film, McCrea was fifty-seven years old and Scott was fifty-nine.

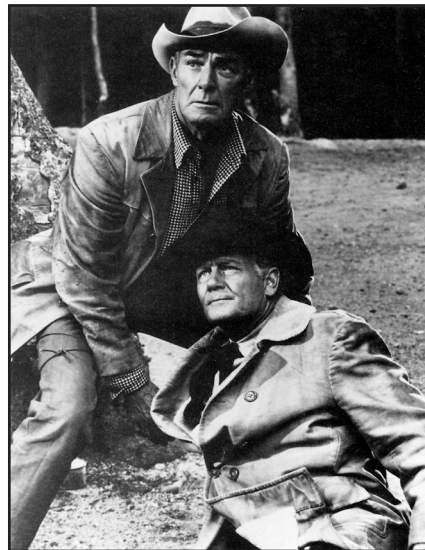
In 1962 our understanding of the Old West was rapidly changing. For instance, in 1960, Frank Waters published his *Earp Brothers of Tombstone*. Before the appearance of Waters’ book, the accepted view of Wyatt Earp was the sanitized account of Stuart Lake. Waters gave the world a different account of Earp. Wyatt, according to Waters, was a cheap tinhorn gambler who had no scruples and less character. In earlier movies, both Scott and McCrea had played Earp. Peckinpah, in fact, had worked on McCrea’s Earp film, *Wichita*, as a dialogue coach. In *Ride the High Country*, it was as if our old understanding of the West would collide with the newer, darker version of history.

The story line is deceptively simple. McCrea hires on to escort a shipment of gold down from a new and rough mining camp. He hires his old friend Scott to help out. Scott brings along a younger associate, Heck Longstreet (Ron Starr) to form a trio of guards. Actually, it is Scott’s and Starr’s plan to abscond with the loot when an opportunity arises. Along the way the trio takes in a runaway girl (Mariette Hartley) who wants to marry “Billy Hammond,” who lives with his brothers up at the mining camp.

The girl is wed but soon learns Billy and his brothers are all vicious and foul brutes. McCrea and Scott rescue the girl. McCrea learns of Scott’s plans but Scott gets away from him. Finally when McCrea, the girl and Longstreet get back to the girl’s father’s ranch they find themselves confronted by the loutish Hammond brothers. Hearing gunshots, Scott rides back to help.

Finally, the two old lawmen rise up to the occasion and decide to have it out with the Hammond boys the way they did in the old days with a stand-up shootout. The walkdown of Scott and McCrea couldn’t be better. The situation is obviously patterned after the O.K. Corral fight. James Drury as Bill Hammond echoes Ike Clanton when he yells “Start the ball, old man!” The two sides stand firm and pop away at each other until all three Hammonds are down. As McCrea slumps down, mortally wounded, Scott promises to get the gold to its rightful destination. The two old-timers look at each other for one last time and Scott simply says, “See you later.” As McCrea finally falls out of frame to die, we see, bathed in the golden colors of autumn, the distant hills of the West.

There are any number of ways to judge a western movie gunfight. Historical accuracy, technical accuracy with the firearms, the look and feel of the scene; these are all important. That said, there was never a more moving moment than when Joel McCrea died in *Ride the High Country*. As one writer put it, “it’s both the last of the old Westerns and the first of the new.”



SHANE (1953): Starring Alan Ladd, Van Heflin, Jack Palance, Ben Johnson, Emile Meyer, John Dierkes and Jean Arthur; directed by George Stevens.

The deep human tensions in gunfighter mythology all come together in *Shane* to form what is possibly the purest exploration and presentation of the genre. Based loosely on Wyoming's Johnson County War, *Shane* was the best illustration of the tensions suggested in *High Noon* and an earlier film, *The Gunfighter*. There is a lot to like in *Shane*. Joe DeYong, a former protégé of Charlie Russell's, was hired on

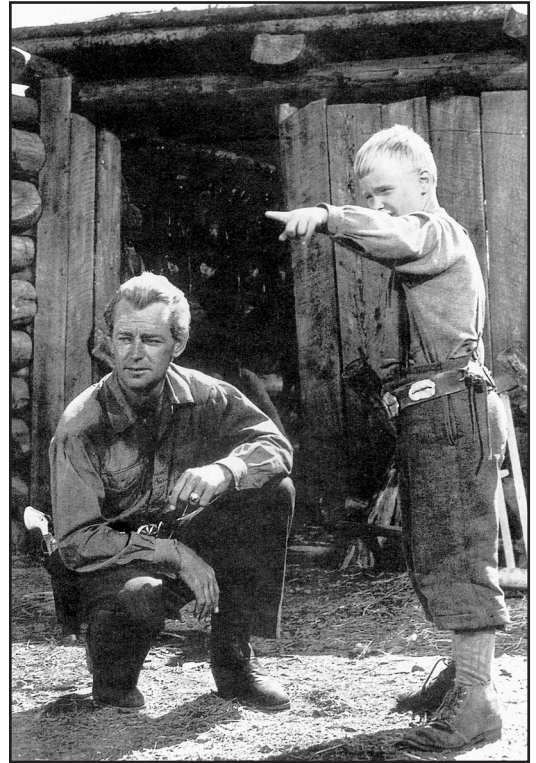
as a technical advisor to George Stevens. The result is a film which has both a Russell and Frederic Remington flavor, noticeably more in line with history than the very 1950s appearance of *High Noon*. While particulars may not always be just right, the overall look of the film is wonderful to behold. Nowhere does the Remington look, in particular, present itself more than in the costuming and physical features of John Dierkes, portraying the evil Morgan Ryker complete with lean frame, scraggy beard and voice, and that oh-so-recognizable plainsman hat.

Shane represents what is called a "traveling angel story." That is, a lone figure enters a pre-existing conflict, resolves it, and then

departs. The underbelly of the gunfighter myth is laid bare when it becomes clear that Shane has fallen in love with Marian Starett (Jean Arthur), the wife of homesteader Joe Starett (Van Heflin). To complicate matters, the homesteader's young son Joey (Brandon DeWilde) idealizes the gunman. Heroic individualism, while offering up image after image to admire from a distance, fails as an ideal because we are social animals. To be free and unfettered, as the gunfighter is usually depicted, is also to be lonely and isolated. This is the Janus-faced dilemma of the "gunfighter" which *Shane* illustrates.

The gunfights *Shane* offers up are especially well-thought out. When Jack Wilson (Jack Palance) entices hotheaded homesteader Frank Torrey (Elisha Cook, Jr.) to foolishly reach for his gun, a sling and harness device was attached to Cook in order to fling his "lifeless" body violently back into the muck and mud when shot. The effect was unsettling to audiences because director Stevens also had the sound of gunshots recorded at an unusually loud level.

In the end, Shane kills off the powerful Rufus Ryker (Emile Meyer) and the thugs who had tormented the sodbusters. Shane's ride from the valley can be seen as a ride into the realm of myth, or as a moral ascension for the dying hero. One thing is clear. Despite young Joey's pleas, Shane will never come back.

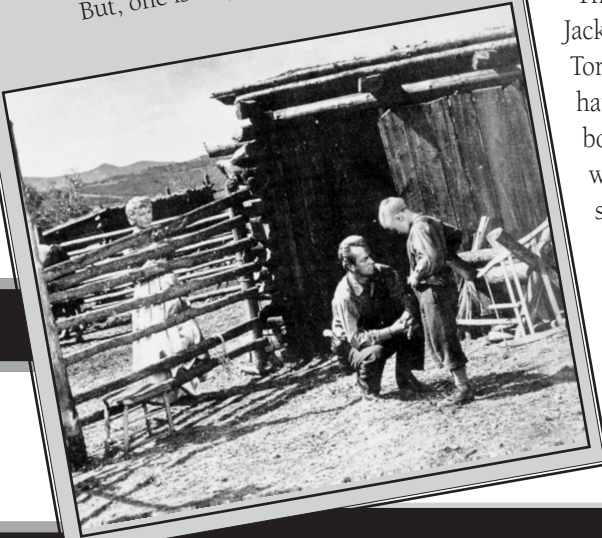


The Shane Way

After instructing young Joey Starett on the proper way to handle a gun, Shane offers some surprisingly accurate insights into the art of gunfighting.

Joey: Gosh! Is that the way real gunfighters do?

Shane: No, Joey. Most of them have tricks of their own. One, for instance, likes to have a shoulder holster. Another one puts it in the belt of his pants. And, there are some who like two guns. But, one is all you need if you can use it.





WILD BUNCH (1969) Starring William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Ben Johnson, and Warren Oates; directed by Sam Peckinpah.

The Wild Bunch effectively revolutionized how gunfights were staged. Peckinpah wanted to get away from the sanitized shootouts shown in film after film and show the raw and ugly face of death and destruction. The director did this by framing *The Wild Bunch* with two massive shootouts unlike anything ever attempted before. Actors wore squibs which, when detonated, sprayed simulated flesh and blood into the air. To heighten audience comprehension of what they were seeing, many of the shootings were shown in slow motion. This technique was so effective, many critics condemned the film for excessive violence. But Peckinpah's goal was not meant to be a voyeuristic indulgence in depraved bloodlust. The opening shootout in *The Wild Bunch* was an act of pure evil. All shooters involved are acting from selfish motives; no merit nor honor can be found in this nightmare of killing.

The final battle, on the other hand, is a depiction of redemption. When the Wild Bunch decide to kill the ruthless Mapache (Emilio Fernandez), they do it for a worthy cause. Instead of killing for personal gain, they fight to rid the world of a villain of the most despicable sort. Their action is now one of sacrifice for a higher cause. Peckinpah is arguing against the currently widespread thesis that all violence is bad in itself. Such is not the case at all. Even the worst of the Wild Bunch is finally called to a cause which, as in the earlier case of Randolph Scott's character in *Ride the High Country*, is ultimately redemptive.

Current space doesn't allow a wider survey of western gunfights in film. This list is nowhere near complete. With the continued fascination with the gunfighter, and history as art, it never will be.

When former mayor John Clum visited Tombstone, Arizona, for the inaugural Helldorado celebration in 1929, he was appalled to see reenactments of the O.K. Corral gunfight presented as popular entertainment. One question which still needs to be considered, is why and how historical tragedy results in myth and ritual repetition. One can only hope, that someday, they will finally get it right.

Jeff Morey was the historical consultant for the 1993 film *Tombstone*. He is currently editing a compilation of Wyatt Earp articles for the University of Nebraska.

TRUE WEST
EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC
GUNFIGHTS



A Watch to Die For

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK

Vs.

“LITTLE” DAVE TUTT

Two Versions of The Fight

*You Pays Your Money
and You Takes
Your Choice*

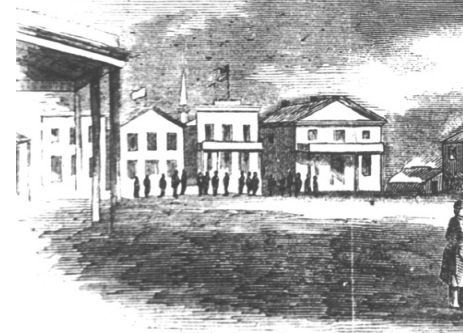
‡ WAS IT OVER A WOMAN? ‡

BY BOB BOZE BELL & MARCUS HUFF

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

LETTERING BY BOB STEINHILBER

Springfield,
Missouri, as it
looked after the
Civil War.



“His arms were Colt’s ‘Navies,’ and in the rapid and wonderfully accurate use of them it is admitted he had no equal in the West. They were handsome ivory-handled articles, and were always at that time swinging to his belt.”

—**Chicago Tribune**,
August 25, 1876

“I hope you never have to shoot any man, but if you do, shoot him in the guts, near the navel. You may not make a fatal shot, but he will get a shock that will paralyze [sic] his brain and arm so much that the fight is over.”

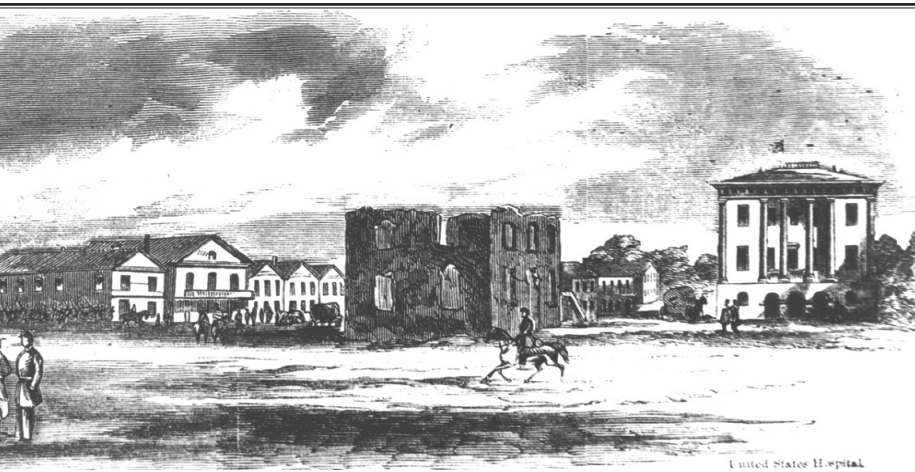
—**Wild Bill Hickok**, as
quoted by Charlie
[an Abilene bookkeeper]

“That I have killed men I admit, but never unless in absolute self defence [sic] or in the performance of an official duty. I never, in all my life, took any mean advantage of an enemy. Yet understand, I never allowed a man to get the drop on me.”

—**Wild Bill Hickok**

Davis K. Tutt, left, an Arkansan and ex-confederate, had been in Springfield for about a year. Also known as “Little Dave,” locals claimed Tutt and Hickok, right, had been “intimate for years.”

Tutt was reported to be wearing a “linen duster.”



United States Hospital

July 21, 1865

Little Dave Tutt walks onto the Springfield town square at 6 P.M. It is a Friday...

Hickok and Tutt were both known to have been in the “habit of appearing on the streets with two revolvers strapped to their belts,” and both were “noted scouts, desperadoes and gamblers.” Although apparently friends, they got crossways somewhere along the line.

From across the square, Hickok yelled at Little Dave, warning him not to carry his watch, which Wild Bill lost the night before in a gambling dispute, onto the square. Tutt put his hand behind him, but instead of the watch, he withdrew his pistol.

Col. Albert Barnitz, the military commander of the Post of Springfield, and an eyewitness to the fight, reported both men “fired simultaneously, as it appeared to me, at the distance of about 100 paces.”

Dr. Edwin Ebert reported: “a bullet had entered [Tutt] on the right side between the 5th and 7th rib and passed out on the left between the 5th and 7th rib,” indicting Tutt was facing Hickok sideways, in dueling fashion.

Col. Barnitz had Wild Bill arrested and handed over to the local authorities. Hickok was charged with murder, but the charge was later reduced to manslaughter. In August Hickok was acquitted at trial, but public opinion was about equally divided between the two shooters.

It would be another four years before Wild Bill shot and killed another man.

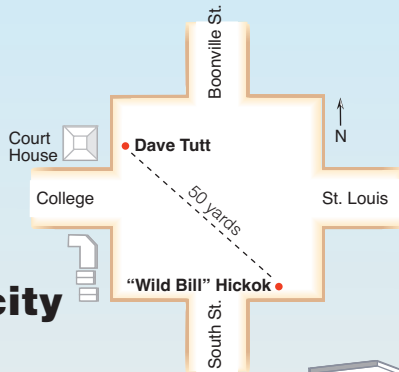
“There was a cause of a quarrel between us which people round here don’t know about. One of us had to die; and the secret died with him.”—WILD BILL HICKOK

AS QUOTED BY GEORGE WARD NICHOLS, IN *HARPERS*, 1867

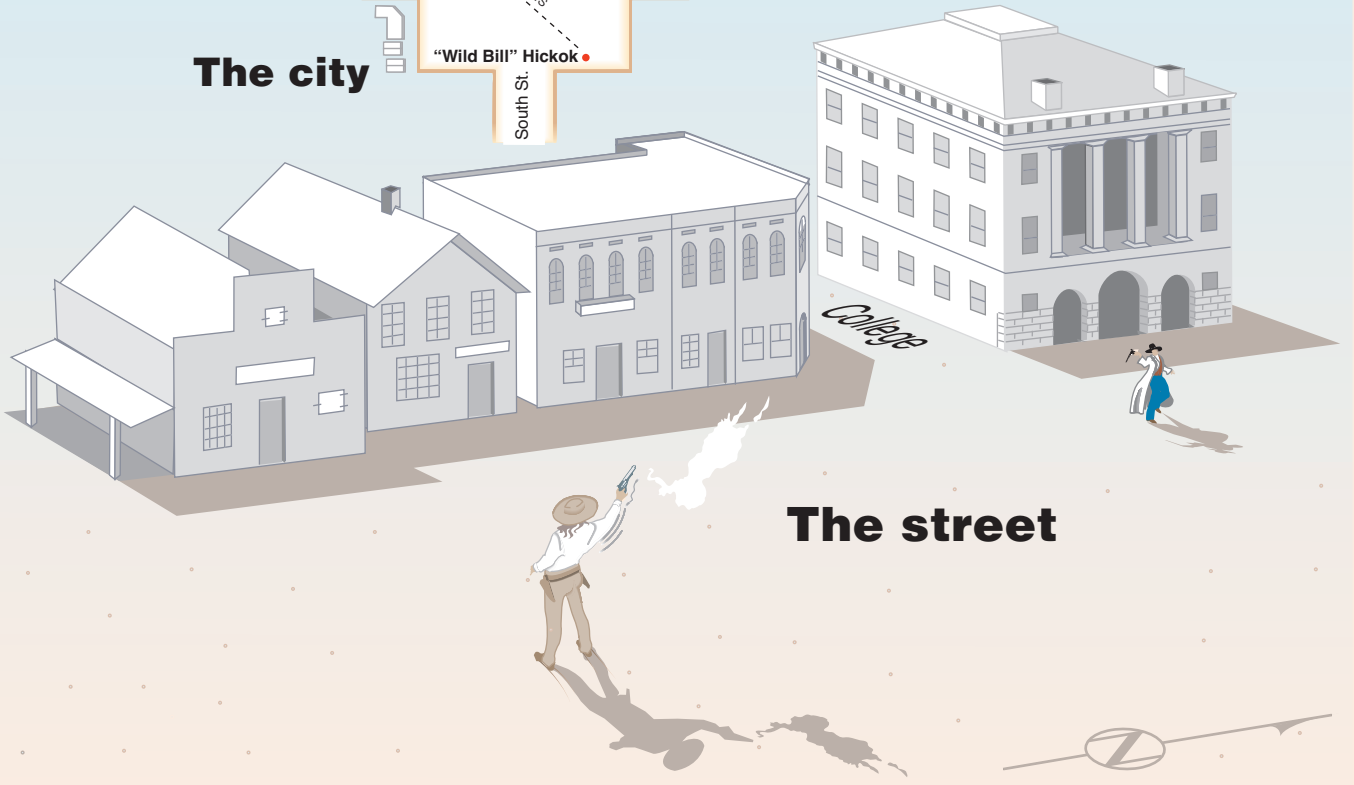




The state

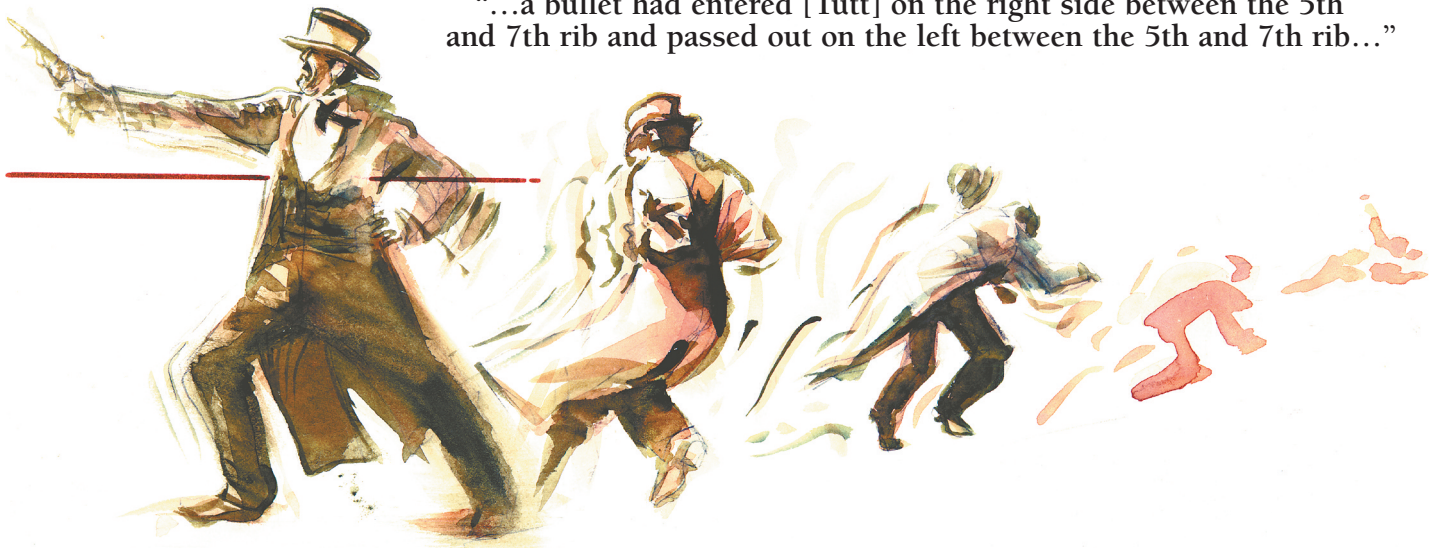


The city



The street

“...a bullet had entered [Tutt] on the right side between the 5th and 7th rib and passed out on the left between the 5th and 7th rib...”



MYTH, LEGEND & FACT

- Wild Bill had an affair with Dave Tutt's sister. A son was born out of wedlock from that union, and Tutt swore revenge. **No solid evidence has been found to verify this story.**

- As a variation on the above claim, Hickok was supposedly having problems with one of his girlfriends, Susannah Moore, and while they were split up, Dave Tutt moved in on her. Wild Bill evened the score by having an affair with Tutt's sister. The family was not amused, being rebels and all, and everything came to a head over a card game. **No evidence has been found to verify this popular "theory,"** although, one of the witnesses to the gunfight claimed "The fact is, there was an undercurrent of a woman in that fight."

- Davis Tutt was a Confederate spy during the war and on one occasion betrayed Wild Bill. **There is no known evidence to support this.**

- Wild Bill had killed "Dave Tutt's mate" and so there were hard feelings between the two. Little Dave tried to pick several fights with Hickok, resulting in the latter's refusal to even play cards with

Tutt. So Tutt gave money to every man who lost to Hickok, but the latter proceeded to win about \$200. This made Tutt even madder and he demanded \$40 from a horse trade: Hickok promptly paid it. Tutt claimed another \$35 from a previous

game. After Hickok disagreed with the amount, Tutt took Hickok's "prized Waltham repeater watch," and kept it for several days, trying all the while to provoke Hickok into a fight. Finally, Wild Bill oblig-

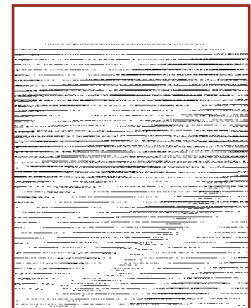


ed, saying, "Dave Tutt shouldn't pack that watch across the square unless dead men could walk."

This is the George Ward Nichols' highly exaggerated version of events, which appeared in Harper's (1867) and received the widest circulation in its day.

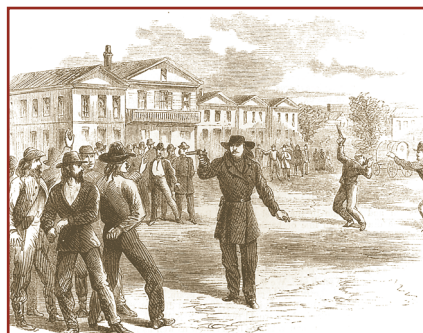
- Wild Bill lost all his money playing cards with Dave Tutt. Hickok then pawned his watch for more money and promptly lost that. Angered at Tutt's refusal to lend him more money, Wild Bill declared if he couldn't play, nobody should play, and threw the deck of cards out an open window. Tutt forced Hickok at the muzzle of a pistol, to go down and pick up every card. Humiliated, Hickok ambushed Tutt on the square and shot him down before he had a chance to defend himself.

This controversial version of the story comes from E. C. M'Affee, son of the judge who tried Hickok at Springfield. Published in 1920, M'Affee also claimed that John S. Phelps was ashamed of only one thing in his life and that was his legal defense of Wild Bill.



JOHN S. PHELPS

- Both combatants were 26 years old. **True.**



From Harper's Weekly.

"ARE YOU SATISFIED?"

GUNFIGHTER

BUTCH & SUNDANCE

LAST YEAR, DESERET NEWS columnist Cathy Free wrote about the afternoon she spent with Paul Turner, who



runs Turner's Butch Cassidy Museum in Richfield, Utah. "Some folks say [Butch] never died in South America," Turner told Free. "Myself, I like to think the old boy's still alive out there, whoopin' it up." He added that "anybody who'd like to hear a Butch Cassidy legend or two, give me a call....What I don't remember, I'll make up."

"Every town needs a character like Paul Turner," Free suggested.

Most towns do have such characters—storytellers, leg-pullers, and raconteurs. Indeed, if they're lucky, most families have such a person—a bachelor uncle, a roguish cousin, or a voluble grandmother—known for spinning yarns. What they don't remember,

BAT MASTERSON

TWO OF THE MOST persistent William Barclay Masterson myths are the source of his "Bat" nickname and



his notoriety as a mankiller, slayer of dozens. Even today, more than twenty years after I published a biography of Masterson explaining the genesis of these myths, I find they still persist, even among Western buffs.

Several writers made stabs at the origin of the "Bat" nickname and only contributed to the confusion. Alfred Henry Lewis wrote in 1907 that Masterson's hunting prowess reminded veteran frontiersmen of Baptiste Brown, or "Old Bat," a renowned hunter of an earlier day, and tagged him with the name.

Stuart Lake, although guilty of starting and perpetuating much mythology in his 1931 biography, *Wyatt Earp*,

J.W. HARDIN

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN WAS the greatest gunfighter of them all, and that is not myth. Born in Texas down on the Red



River in 1853, the son of a Methodist preacher and named for the founder of Methodism, he grew up with a gun in his hand. He killed his first man at the age of fifteen, and in 1895 at the age of forty-one, his own life ended in a cloud of gunsmoke at the Acme Saloon in El Paso, Texas.

In between those years, Hardin left a homicidal trail centering in middle and East Texas, but extending through Oklahoma, Kansas, Louisiana, Alabama, and perhaps New Mexico.

The great question is, how many men did Hardin kill between his productive years of fifteen and forty-one? His autobiography, *The Life of John Wesley Hardin as Written by Himself*, claimed a figure of around fifty. But the question is, did he

MYTHOLOGY

BILLY THE KID

IN 1940, ALMOST EXACTLY halfway between the death of Billy the Kid and the present day, *Life* magazine pro-



duced a photographic feature pointing out how, in two new movies (King Vidor's *Billy the Kid* and Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw*) Hollywood had faked history. They then gave readers "the real story"—as follows.

The Kid was born in New York City November 23, 1859. His mother, Mrs. Kathleen Bonney, later married a man named Antrim and hence The Kid is listed in court records as William H. Bonney or William Antrim. He first emerged in history as the 12-year-old knife killer of a Silver City blacksmith who made insulting remarks about his mother; even then he was a saloon tough and a slicker at cards.

The next four years are a gap. When,

DOC HOLLIDAY

"[JOHN HENRY "DOC" Holliday] only had one correspondent among his relatives—a cousin, a Sister of Charity [sic],



in Atlanta, Georgia."

—*Ute Chief* (Glenwood Springs, Colorado, November 12, 1887).

Out of such simple statements are myths made.

Martha Anne "Mattie" Holliday, John Henry's cousin and the eldest child of his uncle Robert Kennedy Holliday (1829-1872) and aunt Mary Anne Fitzgerald Holliday (1831-1892), was born December 14, 1849, in Fayetteville, Georgia. When she was five years old, her family moved from Fayetteville to nearby Jonesboro, "then considered a better business place because a railroad passed through connecting Marthasville (now Atlanta) and Macon," wrote Mattie years

gun•fight \,fit\ n (1659):
a hostile encounter in which antagonists fire upon each other—
gun•fighter \,fi-ter\ n

my•thol•o•gy \mi-'tha-le-je\ n: 1: an allegorical narrative 2: a body of myths dealing with gods and legendary heroes of a particular people 3: a popular belief or assumption that has grown up around someone or something

Contributors:
•Daniel Buck & Ann Meadows
• R.K. DeArment
•Leon C. Metz
•Frederick Nolan
•Karen Holliday Tanner

BUTCH & SUNDANCE

they'll make up. Not because they're dishonest or malicious, but because stories are entertaining. In the old days, before movies, radio, and television began narrating our stories for us, telling tales—whether over the campfire, in the bunkhouse, or on the front porch—was the chief form of entertainment.

Tales about famous people were (and still are) even more entertaining. And who was more famous in the Old West than outlaws? Living outside the law, they left lots of material for fertile imaginations. Their deeds were legendary,



The Sundance Kid
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

the quotidian details of their lives unknown, and their fates often disputed, which made them all the more attractive to the storytellers. Nature hates a vacuum; human nature positively abhors a vacuum.

Into this vacuum rode Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. They were beyond attractive (even before being deified by Paul Newman and Robert Redford): they were magnetic. They robbed the big shots—mainly banks and trains—but hung out with the cowboy and small-rancher crowd. Moreover, Butch was a local boy, Utah born and raised, who became a success on his own terms. They took pains

BAT MASTERSON

Frontier Marshal, never attempted to explain the Masterson nickname, although he quoted Bat extensively in his book. It took the highly regarded historian Walter Stanley Campbell, writing under the name Stanley Vestal, to pick up on a comment from the Lake book and float another theory. Lake, supposedly quoting Earp from a personal interview, wrote that Masterson showed up in Dodge City limping from the effects of a leg wound received in a gunfight. “Bat’s gun-hand was in working order, so I made him a deputy,” Lake quotes Earp. “He patrolled Front Street with a walking stick for several weeks and used his cane to crack the heads of several wild men hunting trouble; even as a cripple he was a first-class peace officer.” In his popular *Queen of Cowtowns, Dodge City*, published in 1952, Vestal added a footnote to this quotation: “It is believed that Bat gained his nickname using his walking-stick to bat down offenders that season of 1876.” This speculation gained wide acceptance with later writers and soon became part of the Bat Masterson legend.

Actually, Masterson was known as “Bat” long before he hunted buffalo on the plains in the early 1870s or pinned on an officer’s badge in 1876. The nickname came from his baptismal name, “Bartholomew,” which the family shortened to “Bart” and eventually “Bat.” Masterson always disliked “Bartholomew” and as a young man discarded it for “William Barclay,” the name he would use throughout his life.

The myth of Masterson’s record as a deadly slayer of dozens of men had its genesis in a prank pulled on a gullible Easterner by a mischievous Westerner in the time-honored practical joke tradition of the frontier.

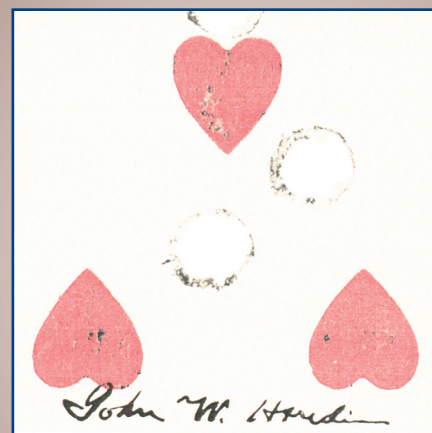
A New York newspaper correspondent in search of a lurid frontier tale to entertain his readers back east stopped in the booming mining town of Gunnison, Colorado, in August 1881.

J.W. HARDIN

create his own myth? The answer is yes and no. For instance, Hardin wrote that a posse of Austin Negroes sought him out, and he killed six. Yet, there is not the slightest evidence to support that allegation. However, in Hardin’s defense, two-thirds of his claimed killings can be documented. Nevertheless, the devil is in the details.

In this writer’s opinion, an acceptable figure for Hardin’s killings lies somewhere between twenty and thirty-five. An exact number would be impossible to verify.

Furthermore, the public perception of



In El Paso, the aging J.W. Hardin delighted fans by shooting playing cards.
-COURTESY R.G. McCUBBIN-

Wes Hardin generally epitomizes the High Noon type of gunfighter. Two men meet in the street at twenty yards distant. They draw, fire, one man drops, the other blows off the smoke, holsters his gun, turns and walks away. Truth and justice have triumphed.

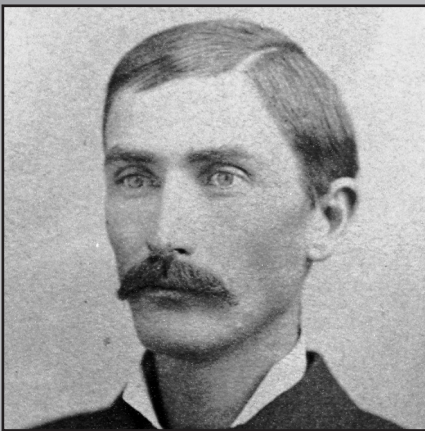
That’s acceptable Gary Cooper stuff, but it wasn’t Hardin...or any other gunfighter. In the first place, people could get killed challenging an opponent to a draw. Even losers won sometimes. Besides, Hardin’s favorite revolver used during his early killings contained a cylinder so loose that Hardin had to hold the cylinder in his left hand, lining up the bullets while he

BILLY THE KID

at 16, he reappeared in New Mexico, he boasted of killing twelve men, including three Arizona Indians. Outside of a penchant for cattle rustling he was considered honest. Early in 1878 Billy went to work for Englishman J.H. Tunstall in Lincoln. A feud for economic and political dominance broke out between Tunstall and the M.G. [sic] Murphy Co. On Feb. 13, 1878, Tunstall was killed and open warfare broke out, with 200 deadly marksmen "firing on sight." Billy ambushed Sheriff James A. Brady. A

DOC HOLLIDAY

later. In February 1864 she and her sister Lucy (1850-1912) entered Savannah's St. Vincent's Academy. Following the August 31 Battle of Jonesboro, her mother and younger sisters and brother traveled south and found refuge with John Henry's father, Henry Burroughs Holliday, at Bemiss, near Valdosta. Mattie and Lucy, who had fled Savannah when it was besieged by Sherman's forces, joined them in December. Mattie's father returned to Jonesboro on May 24, 1865, and soon gathered his family. Mattie graduated from Jonesboro's Clayton High School in 1867.



Pat Garrett
-COURTESY R.G. McCUBBIN-



Mattie Holliday
-COURTESY R.G. McCUBBIN-

three-day battle ensued in which A.A. McSween, Tunstall's partner, was killed, Bible in hand. Last to dash through the flames, the Kid killed a man in making his escape.

President Hayes appointed Lew Wallace, author of *Ben Hur*, to be Governor of the territory. Wallace proclaimed a general amnesty and offered The Kid a pardon if he quit fighting. Billy first accepted, then refused. He embarked upon a career of cattle rustling, with now and then an incidental killing.

Pat Garrett was appointed sheriff to track The Kid down. Captured, tried

Mattie returned to St. Vincent's Academy to join the Sisters of Mercy (not the Sisters of Charity as specified in Holliday's obituary) as a postulant on October 1, 1883, taking the name Sister Mary Melanie. She first served as a teacher at the Sacred Heart Convent in Augusta and later as sister superior. For many years she served as cashier for St. Joseph's Infirmary and for several years served as sister superior of the school at Immaculate Conception Convent, both in Atlanta. When advancing age and blindness forced her retirement, Sister Mary Melanie moved to St. Joseph's Infirmary, where she died on April 19, 1939, fol-

The Death Toll How Many Men Fell Before Them?

Billy the Kid

Myth: 21-23

Reality: 4 or 5

John W. Hardin

Myth: 40-50

Reality: 20-35

John "Doc" Holliday

Myth: 5-10

Reality: 2-4

Bat Masterson

Myth: 26-28

Reality: 2

BUTCH & SUNDANCE

(more or less) not to shoot anybody. As outlaws went, Butch and Sundance were admirable.

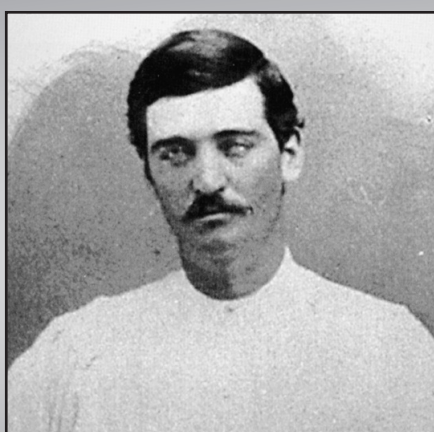
Then they up and got out, off to South America. They beat the law. Newspapers reported sporadically about their goings-on in Argentina, usually years after the fact and in greatly exaggerated terms. They were credited with a bank holdup in Argentina that had occurred while they were still in the United States and a mine-payroll heist in Peru that happened while they were in Argentina.



Ethel Place
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

BAT MASTERSON

In the crowded Tabor House he asked Doctor A.S. Cockrell, a frontier veteran, where were all the mankilling “bad men” of whom he had heard so much. Sizing up the Easterner as the naive greenhorn he was, the doctor pointed to a lounge nearby, whom he identified as a young man named Masterson, late of Dodge City, Kansas. “There is a man,” he said, “who has killed twenty-six men, and he is only twenty-seven years of age.” When the newsman evinced great interest, Cockrell went



Masterson, in his prime.
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

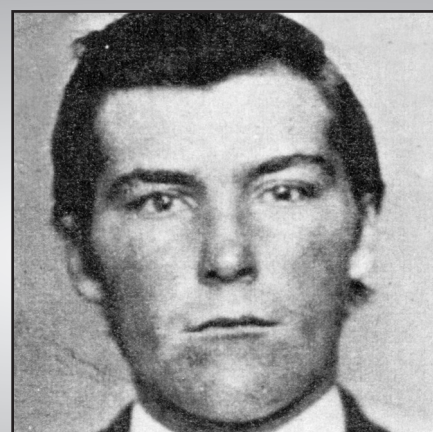
J.W. HARDIN

squeezed the trigger with his right.

So Hardin killed people the old fashioned way. When irked, he went bang. Courage and fairness had nothing to do with it.

There is the myth that Hardin killed a man in Abilene, Kansas for snoring. Did it happen? Well, I'd give that a yes and a no.

Hardin's autobiographical account says he shot a sneak thief slipping into his hotel room one night, and leaving with Hardin's trousers. The reality was that Hardin, his cousin, and a cattleman



John Wesley Hardin
-COURTESY R.G. MCCUBBIN-

They were described as having “terrorized” Argentina, when in fact they had been ranching there peacefully. In one folk tale, they were said to have murdered a Pinkerton agent who came looking for them. Then, in 1908, they literally vanished, dying anonymously in a shoot-out with Bolivian soldiers. Only a few acquaintances in South America knew about it at the time, and when the news finally trickled north to the United States, many people refused to believe it. The outlaws' deaths were not widely reported until 1930.

Even the Pinkertons, who had learned of the shoot-out from an English true-adventure magazine in 1913, discounted the report. “After reading the article,” William Pinkerton wrote a colleague, “I

on, expanding on Masterson's sanguinary career. To avenge his murdered brother, said the doctor, Masterson had once “shot seven men dead within a few minutes.”

On another occasion when rewards were offered for the “bodies or heads” of two murderous half-breed outlaws, Masterson trailed the pair to a remote hideout in the mountains and killed them both. He cut off their heads and started back, but “a two-days ride under a hot sun swelled and disfigured the heads so they were unrecognizable,” and he was unable to collect the rewards.

The correspondent eagerly jotted down Dr. Cockrell's wild stories and they subsequently appeared in the

friend had returned late to the hotel after drinking. Hardin and his cousin shared a room. The cattleman friend had the adjoining room, but he had no sooner laid down than he commenced to loudly snore, the sound easily penetrating the paper-thin walls.

Wes probably yelled two or three times for the man to roll over, which he likely did. Then, trying to stay awake, the man sat up in bed to read a newspaper and promptly fell asleep again. An aggravated Hardin now picked up a six shooter, likely figured a little noise would stop the snoring, and fired a round through the wall. If the cattleman had been lying prone, he would probably have survived. Anyway, the legend that Hardin killed a man for snoring began immediately after that incident.

BILLY THE KID

and sentenced to hang, Billy inveigled his jailkeeper into a game of monte, snatched his pistol, riddled him and made a break from the Lincoln courthouse. He eluded his pursuers for two and a half months. Then, late one night, Pat Garrett waited for him and emptied a pistol into his chest.

On the 21-year-old Kid's gun butt were 21 notches. He had always wanted 23.

That was state-of-the-art Billy the Kid fifty years ago. But we've come a long way since then. So let's blow some

DOC HOLLIDAY

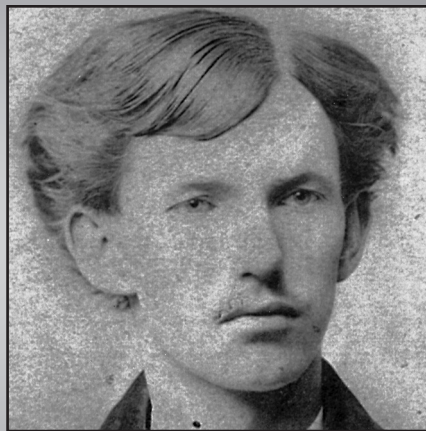
blowing a long illness, unaware that she would become a central figure in Doc Holliday mythology.

A myth is a story that is usually of unknown origin, which ostensibly relates an historical fact or event. However, the origin of the frequently repeated myth of Doc Holliday's romantic involvement with his cousin, Mattie, is known, and its development can be traced.

In 1955, John Myers Myers in his Doc Holliday wrongly attributed Holliday's *Ute Chief* obituary to James L. Riland, the



Ash Upson, Garrett's ghost-writer.
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-



John Henry Holliday
-COURTESY R.G. McCUBBIN-

of the more persistent myths out of the water. First and foremost, the Kid didn't kill twenty one men (one for every year of his life) or anything like it—maybe only four. Likewise, the claim he was born in New York remains unproved and probably unprovable. His mother may or may not have been named Bonney, but we do know her first name was Catherine and her second, at the time she married Antrim, was McCarty.

The claim that Billy killed a man in Silver City at the age of 12 has been proven as false as the statement that he was a "saloon tough and a slicker at cards" or any of the totally fictional adventures involving killing "Mexicans and Indians" attributed to him. Nor

editor of Glenwood Springs' other newspaper, *The Glenwood Echo*. Myers wrote, "The nun referred to was Miss Mattie Holliday, whose entrance into a convent followed hard upon the exit of Dr. John Henry Holliday from Georgia. Whatever she may or may not have meant to him in other ways." Thirty-four-year old Mattie joined the Sisters of Mercy in 1883, ten years after Holliday departure from Atlanta for Dallas. No one would rationally call this "hard on his exit." Myers began with a non-factual statement, and, when he then jumped to a thinly veiled suggestion of a romance, the myth was born.

Pat Jahns' 1957 biography *The Frontier World of Doc Holliday* picked up where Myers' Doc Holliday left off. Without evidence or documentation, she contrived a

BUTCH & SUNDANCE

personally believe the whole story to be a fake.” It was, he added, “just got out for newspaper purposes.”

Not surprisingly, wild tales of Butch and Sundance’s demise began sprouting. Butch, who figured more prominently than Sundance in the necrology, was first said to have been killed by a reward-hungry posse in Utah in 1886, more than two decades before his actual death. He was reported dead three

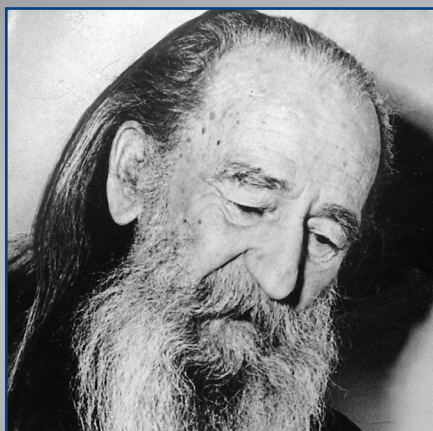
BAT MASTERSON

November 7, 1881, edition of the *New York Sun*. Picked up and reprinted in newspapers across the country, this article became the foundation upon which the mankiller myth of Bat Masterson was constructed. Later newspaper feature writers drew on the tales and even expanded upon them. The fiction of the deadly gunman entering into his third dozen of victims began appearing in magazine articles,

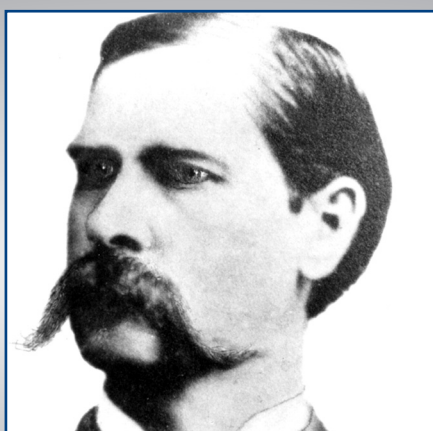
J.W. HARDIN

Oddly, one of the Abilene events that most historians believe to be a myth is in this author’s judgment, factual. The question is whether or not John Wesley Hardin backed down Wild Bill Hickok?

As everyone knows, City Marshal Hickok forbade the wearing of weapons in Abilene. Yet, Hardin openly wore two guns. His firearms killed several Abilene residents. Furthermore, Hardin and Hickok seem to have been friends; the



Hiram BeBee
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-



Wyatt Earp
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-



J.B. Hickok
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

times in the early 1900s—stabbed in the slums of Paris, shot in a saloon brawl in the tropics, and plugged in a New Mexico brothel. Sundance supposedly was killed with an unnamed companion in Venezuela, then died with Butch at the hands of police in Bolivia, Argentina, and Chile. Butch, Sundance, and Ethel were reportedly bushwhacked in 1911 in Mercedes, Uruguay, following a bank robbery. In the most fanciful variation on the San Vicente shoot-out, Butch fired from a swiveling holster, Sundance was shot in the groin, and a ricocheted bullet killed Ethel. Butch was said to have bitten the dust in Vernal, Utah, in the late 1920s; in Oregon in 1930; on an island off the coast of Mexico in 1932; in the Chilean

novels, and purported factual books. The myth followed Masterson throughout his life and remains strong today, almost eighty years after his death.

Ironically, not only were the windies spun by Cockrell untrue, the man pointed out to the gullible newsman was not Bat Masterson at all. When the *Sun* story was brought up in a court proceeding five years later, Bat testified that he was not even in Gunnison at the time. The tale was, he said, all a “newspaper canard,” a joke played on the credulous Easterner by the frontier doctor. When he ran into Cockrell later, the doctor “made quite a lengthy apology,” Bat added.

At this trial in Kansas Masterson swore under oath that during his

two men frequently engaging in the pursuit of girls, drink, and gambling tables. While Hardin’s account is all we have, it has the ring of veracity. Hardin relays intricate, believable stories regarding his relationship with Hickok.

On one particular day, however, the two men had a falling out. Hickok pulled a gun on Hardin, and (according to Hardin) snapped, “What are you doing with those pistols on? Take those pistols off. I arrest you.”

Wes pulled both weapons from scabbards, and

While he [Hickok] was reaching for them, I reversed and whirled them over on him with the muzzles in his face, springing back at the same time.

BILLY THE KID

did he “reappear” in New Mexico at the age of 16 boasting of “killing twelve men, including three Arizona Indians.” At that time he had only one dead man in his past, a blacksmith in Camp Grant, Arizona, named Francis P. Cahill who Billy had gunned down when he got into a fight he couldn’t win with the older, bigger man.

He probably went to work for Tunstall because the Englishman promised him the managership of one of his ranches. He didn’t ever—Hollywood movies to the contrary—see Tunstall as a “father figure.” In fact the Englishman was only 23 when they met.

During the Lincoln County War the Kid participated in half a dozen killings, but he did not act alone in any of them. The first was on March 6, 1878, when Frank Baker and William “Buck” Morton were assassinated by Tunstall-McSween partisans calling themselves Regulators, one of whom was Billy.

On April 1, 1878, Sheriff William Brady and a deputy, George Hindman, were killed in Lincoln. Again, half a dozen men were involved. Three days later, in a major shoot-out at Blazer’s Mill, the Regulators killed partisan Andrew L. Roberts—who, by the way, did not become known as “Buckshot” until thirty years after his death—but Billy was one of a dozen men involved.

And as far as it has been possible to establish, he was not responsible for a single death during the five day fight which culminated in the burning of McSween’s house in July 1878. Responsibility for the slaying of Mescalero Apache Agency clerk Morris Bernstein during a horse-stealing expedition by the ragtag remnants of the “McSween party” on August 5, 1878, was also attributed inaccurately to the Kid.

In January, 1880, however, he did

DOC HOLLIDAY

pending marriage between John Henry and Mattie following the completion of his dental studies. Alas, he contracted tuberculosis and, when he graciously stepped out of her life, “Mattie’s love remained inalterable.” Holliday completed his dental studies on March 1, 1872, and returned to Atlanta where he remained for the next year and one-half. For the nine months following his return, there was no diagnosis of tuberculosis. He



Tombstone, A.T.
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

began his professional career, and he was an active bachelor in Atlanta’s society. There was no announcement of an engagement, let alone a “pending marriage.”

Jahns continued, in “rare, lonely moments he writes her.” Were there letters? Yes. Were they love letters? Definitely not. In the 1930s, Mattie’s brother, James Robert Holliday (1863-1943), the International Advertising Director of the Atlanta Constitution, occasionally read aloud his sister’s letters to his grandchildren. Can you visualize this prominent Catholic businessman reading love letters written to his sister, a nun, to his grandchildren? To quote one of the listeners, “[He] used to read those letters on a Sunday afternoon, and they were

Andes in 1935; in Denver, Colorado, in the late 1930s; in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1937; twice in Spokane, Washington, in 1937; and thrice in Nevada—in Goldfield, Johnny, and Las Vegas—between the late 1930s and early 1940s. In 1991, a man claiming to be Butch's son telephoned the hotline for the television program *Unsolved Mysteries* and reported that his father had passed away in 1978 (when Butch would have been 112). Despite the lack of any proof, many people over the years have insisted that the bandits came back from South America. The outlaws' vanishing act had left the stage open for impostors. Pretending to be Butch Cassidy, Spokane machine-shop owner William T. Phillips fooled a few of Butch's old acquaintances—or people who claimed to be his old acquaintances—in Wyoming. After Phillips died in 1937, his widow told Utah historian Charles Kelly that her husband had known Cassidy but was not the famous bandit. Comparisons of their photographs show them to have been distinct individuals.

Small-time scoundrel Hiram BeBee supposedly claimed to be the Sundance Kid, but was much too short and far too ugly to be the genuine article. Earlier this year a California man, armed with a Ph.D. in physics, called to tell us that his grandfather was the Sundance Kid, who had been involved with Butch in the casino business in Nevada. The caller went on to say that among Sundance's crimes during this little-known period of his life were the murder of gangster Bugsy Siegal in Las Vegas and the torching of the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles (perhaps he was allergic to coconuts).

Sundance's family believes that he died in San Vicente, because his letters ceased after the shoot-out. Butch's family, however, is divided on the question of when and where Butch died: His sister Lula Parker Betenson wrote a book contending that he wandered back to the United States and died, coincidentally, in Spokane in 1937, but that he

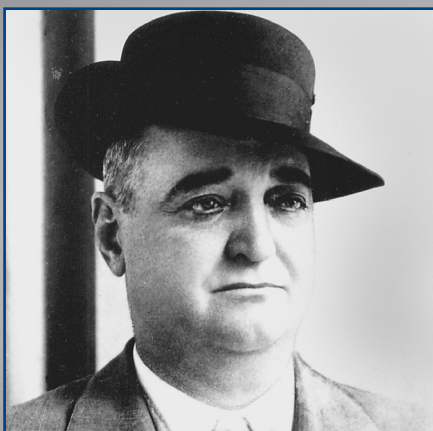
career he had killed only three men, other than Indians he dispatched in battles as a buffalo hunter and Army scout. The three, he said, were Melvin King, the soldier who wounded him and killed Mollie Brennan in a celebrated dancehall gunfight at Sweetwater, Texas, in January 1876; Jack Wagner, one of the Texas cowboys who murdered his brother, Dodge City Marshal Ed Masterson in April 1878; and Jim "Spike" Kenedy, the murderer of Dora Hand, popular Dodge City entertainer, in October 1878. He

I told him to put his pistols up, which he did.

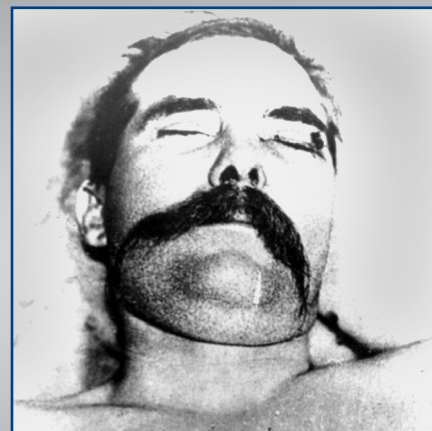
According to Hardin, the two men then entered the Applejack Saloon, found a private room, and had a long discussion. They again parted buddies.

The newspapers made no mention of this incident. Hickok apparently said nothing about it; and no eyewitness tales have been handed down. But all this proves only that the confrontation did not generate publicity.

Why does this author believe it hap-



Masterson, the newspaperman.
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-



Hardin in death.
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

repeated this testimony in another civil case held in New York City twenty-seven years later.

Actually, he was only responsible for the death of King and Wagner. Bat shot and severely wounded Kenedy, and was told the killer of Dora Hand died as a result of that wound. But Kenedy survived for several more years, finally dying in Texas from natural causes. So, in fact, the reported slayer of twenty-six (or twenty-seven, or twenty-eight—the myth fluctuated over the years) killed only two men. He wounded several in six-shooter clashes, but gunshot injuries not resulting in Boot Hill burials are ignored by mythmakers.

According to legend, it's the pistol

pened? Well, the commentary is vintage Hardin. Wes knew he and Hickok were the best, that's obvious from his letters and autobiography. But Wes did not know if Hickok believed that. Therefore, this "road agent spin" or so called "Border Roll," was not necessarily designed to prove who was the better man, but to establish equality. It wasn't as important for Hickok to have Hardin's approval, as it was for Hardin to have Hickok's approval.

Hardin continued creating legends and lies up until he went to the Texas penitentiary for sixteen years. But prison changed him. He came out to a different world, a deceased wife, and children who did not know him. At forty-one he practiced law, married a 16-year-old girl (for

BILLY THE KID

kill a man variously known as Joe Grant or “Texas Red.” The story of how it happened, if true—and with the Kid one never knows for sure—erases any suggestion that Billy believed in giving a man an even break: he persuaded the drunken Grant to let him examine his pistol, spun the cylinder so the hammer would fall on an empty chamber, and then, when Grant turned the pistol on him, shot him down without a qualm.

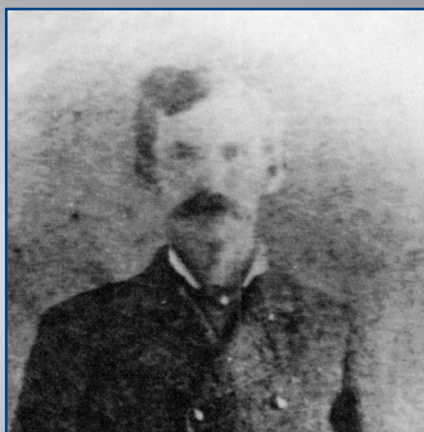
The following November the Kid and some fellow fugitives were besieged by a White Oaks “posse” at the

DOC HOLLIDAY

wonderful, colorful letters describing the Old West. They didn’t tell anything bad about, ‘Oh, I shot so-and-so and ended up in jail!’”(Atlanta *Journal Constitution*, July 3, 1994). When Sr. Mary Melanie Holliday died in 1939, some of the letters from John Henry were among her belongings—she had not burned them as has been alleged by some writers. Her possessions, including the letters, were given to her sister, Frances Marie Mahoney (1867-1955). When Marie (pronounced Mayree) died, the letters were not found among her belongings.



Blazer's Mill
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-



John "Doc" Holliday
-COURTESY CRAIG FOUTS COLLECTION-

Greathouse & Kuch way station and a deputy, James Carlyle, was shot dead. Once more, and on pretty tenuous “evidence,” the Kid was identified as the killer.

Two deaths for which Billy was unquestionably responsible, however, attended his escape from the Lincoln County Courthouse on April 28, 1881, when he killed James Bell and Bob Olinger, the two deputies guarding him. If it could be said there was a day in the Kid’s life when he graduated from ordinary mortality into legend, this otherwise unremarkable Thursday was it.

The linchpin of the Kid legend is the

Apparently, she did not consider them important enough to keep. John Henry also corresponded with other family members. My great-grandmother, Mary Cowperthwaite Fulton Holliday (1857-1942), described the letters which she and Robert received as travelogues. She recalled that the last of the letters that they received contained a discourse on Grover Cleveland’s fiscal policy—no barnburner there.

In 1985, Carl W. Breihan and Wayne Montgomery in their *Forty Years on the Wild Frontier* furthered the myth making. They revealed that John Henry had an adopted son in Denver, who must remain unnamed, and he possessed let-



wasn't William T. Phillips. (She implied to at least two researchers that she was just having fun with her stories, and after having named Spokane as her brother's death place, she was still poking around, trying to verify other accounts.) Butch's father told friends that his wayward son had not come back; and a niece claimed that several of Butch's siblings had for years tried



unsuccessfully to discover his fate. Lula's story aside, most of the family was operating from an absence of information. Butch had disappeared.

It wasn't until the late 1980s, a few years after Lula had died, that proof of the 1908 shoot-out surfaced. In a vacuum, legends flourish. "Stories about [the Wild Bunch] were part of my life from the time I was a toddler," said historian Pearl Baker, who grew up in Robbers Roost in the early decades of the twentieth century. "The outlaws were all gone, but the legends remained."

Anne Meadows, the author of *Digging Up Butch & Sundance* (1996), and **Daniel Buck** are writers and Wild Bunch researchers living in Washington, D.C.

butt notches that are important, and nicks only go on when the shootist's victims take that last ride up the hill. Which leads us to the other long-standing Masterson fable, one sprouting from the "over two dozen killings" myth, the notched six-gun story. On several occasions during his later years in New York, Bat is said to have cut notches in the handle of a pawn shop six-shooter and palmed it off to a gullible purchaser as the original, authentic revolver with which he tamed the West. This story originated in *Hands Up!*, a 1927 book written by A.B. McDonald, and purportedly based on the memoirs of Fred Sutton, a Kansas and Oklahoma pioneer. Sutton is quoted as saying he visited Masterson in his New York newspaper office, mentioned that he was collecting firearms of historical interest, and asked for one of Bat's. "He gave me one, and pointing to the notches in its gutta percha stock, said, 'It has twenty-two credits.'

"You killed twenty-two men with this gun, Bat?" I asked.

"And I didn't count greasers and Indians," was his answer."

Evidently Sutton never doubted the pistol's authenticity; he is quoted elsewhere in the book as saying, "Bat had killed aplenty. I have his best six-shooter in my collection and it is pretty well covered with notches."

Appropriating this yarn, Stuart Lake embellished it by introducing the pawnshop element. Other debunking writers pounced on the story to portray Masterson as avaricious, venal, and dishonest. Although corroboration for the questionable tale has never surfaced, it too has become another part of the Masterson myth.

Robert DeArment is the author of several books, including *Bat Masterson, The Man and His Legend* (1979). Mr. DeArment is a frequent contributor to *True West*.

not much more than an hour, although they never divorced), and moved to El Paso where he hit the bottom of the emotional and good-sense barrel.

His life from that time on became one of booze and controversy. In El Paso, Hardin met Beulah M'Rose, the wife of a New Mexico cattle rustler subsequently shot at Hardin's likely instigation. The month or two of "togetherness" in the life of Beulah and Wes evolved into brawls, threats and arrests. Still, Hardin



John Selman
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

dictated his autobiography, and Beulah wrote it down.

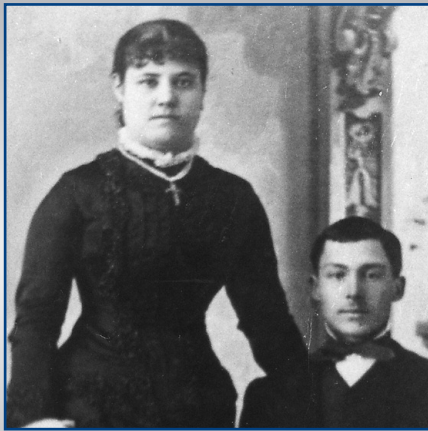
That accomplishment in itself is not myth. It made a largely misspent life perhaps not worthwhile, but at least relevant and unique. It gave us Hardin in his own words, but his own words helped create the controversy that still surrounds him.

Still, when Constable John Selman put a bullet in the back of Hardin's head, Wes probably regarded it as a blessing.

Leon Metz is the author of *John Wesley Hardin: Dark Angel of Texas* (1996), and is the host of a popular western history radio program in El Paso, Texas.

BILLY THE KID

manner of his death, at the hands of his onetime friend Pat Garrett, in his friend Pete Maxwell's bedroom at Fort Sumner. But did it happen the way legend says it did? A more likely scenario might be that Pete Maxwell, strongly opposed to the Kid's association with his sister Paulita, sold Billy out. Garrett rode up to Fort Sumner with two trusted deputies and waylaid the Kid on his way to Paulita's bedroom—or more likely, as he left it—

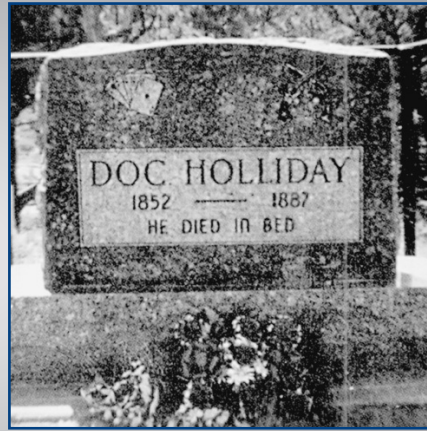


Paulita Maxwell Jaramillo
-COURTESY FRED NOLAN-

DOC HOLLIDAY

ters from the love-struck Mattie which may not be viewed or published. How convenient.

The myth of Mattie, born and evolved in fictionalized biographies, grows and flourishes in novels. Matt Braun (*Doc Holliday, The Gunfighter*, 1997) wrote of their 1876 engagement with a wedding in the works. He ignored the fact that Holliday had long since taken his permanent departure from Georgia. In Randy Lee Eickhoff's *The Fourth*



Holliday's grave, Glennwood Springs, CO
-TRUE WEST ARCHIVES-

then cooked up the story that Garrett cemented firmly into legend the following year in his spurious biography, *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid*.

One thing about Billy the Kid I know for sure. This demythologizing exercise will probably have just about as little effect on the popular conception of his life as have all the others that preceded it. That's what legends are all about. And like the man said, "This is the West, sir. When the facts become legend, we print the legend."

Fred Nolan is the author of *The West of Billy the Kid* (1999), an accomplished book editor, and the world's foremost historian on the Lincoln County War.

Horseman (1998), Mattie, the love of his life, compounds the tragedy that is Holliday's fateful existence. Mattie eventually became omnipresent. Paul West (*O.K.*, 2000) even provided us with the content of the letters, her motherly epistles rolled up in oilskin "treasured and authoritative," while she sent Holliday's letters immediately to the flames "almost as if she had taken them from his very hand, perused them, and sent them to God."

And so we have it. One innocent sentence from an obituary became one tenacious myth.

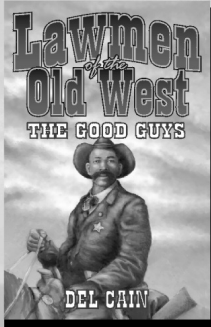
Karen Holliday Tanner is the author of *Doc Holliday: A Family Portrait* (1998), and the co-author of a forthcoming book on George Musgrave.

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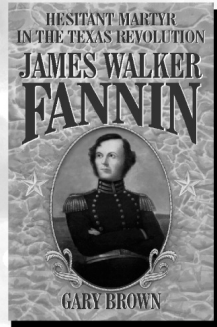
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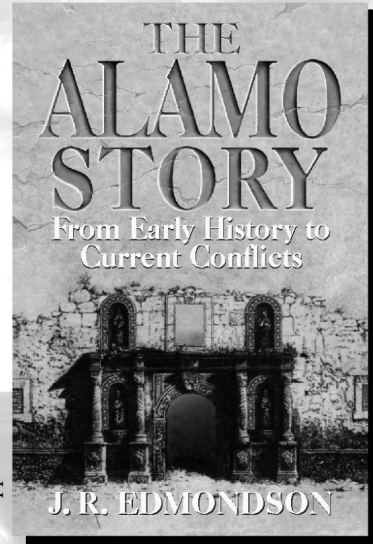
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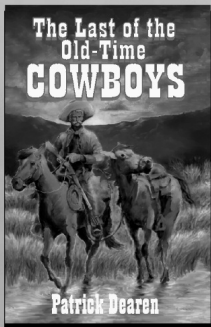
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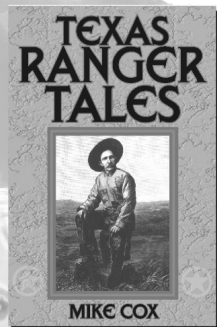
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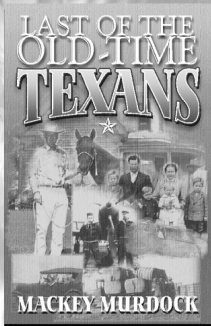
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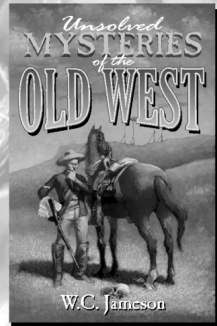
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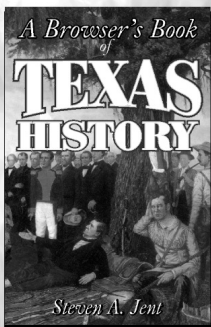
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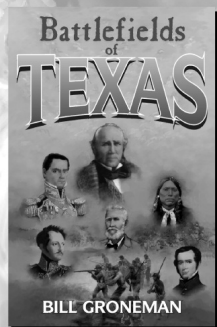
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Pistol Duel at Hunnewell

By E.N. Herring

THE SUMMER OF 1881, the settlement of Hunnewell, Kansas, celebrated its first year as a cattle town. Situated on the very border of the Indian Territory, the new boom town on the Santa Fe Railroad was as wild and woolly as they came. It was said by many old-timers that Hunnewell was almost as wicked as Dodge City. Saloons, brothels and gambling houses operated nonstop, dispensing liquor, sex and an assortment of vices, catering to the cowboy trade. Competing with the saloon men and soiled doves for the cowboy's jingle were the customary gamblers and thugs, most of which had drifted down from Wichita when that town dried up as a cattle shipping center. They all came to reap a rich harvest from the

money that was spent by the great number of cowboys.

Despite the new prohibition law, passed by the state legislature on February 19 of that year, word of that milestone event had failed to reach that little city of sin on the border. Liquor flowed in the border towns of Hunnewell and Caldwell unabated. Wellington was the county seat of Sumner County. The Wellingtonian newspaper of June 16, 1881, reported, "A Wellingtonian reporter visited Hunnewell last Saturday, and found the city booming, and prohibition a dead letter. P.H. Betts' Milwaukee beer always on tap....In Caldwell prohibition is trailed in the dust, anti-prohibition reigning in its stead."

Hunnewell had at least four saloons operating in 1881, in addition to the great number of unnamed gambling dens and brothels where whiskey flowed freely. In addition to Dodd's Saloon, J. Dickerson ran an establishment in partnership with a man named Ives. One of the first saloons to open was operated by Hunnewell's first mayor, J.A. "Ad" Hughes.

Hunnewell's other saloon of note also served as a dance hall and brothel. George Woods operated the Red Light saloon and dance hall, located on Front Street, south of the Hunnewell Hotel. At the Red Light, a cowboy could get a drink and a dance in the front room, a game of faro in the back, or rent a room by the half-hour, upstairs.



The A. W. Marshall Building, formerly Avery Outfitters opposite the Hunnewell or Hale Hotel.

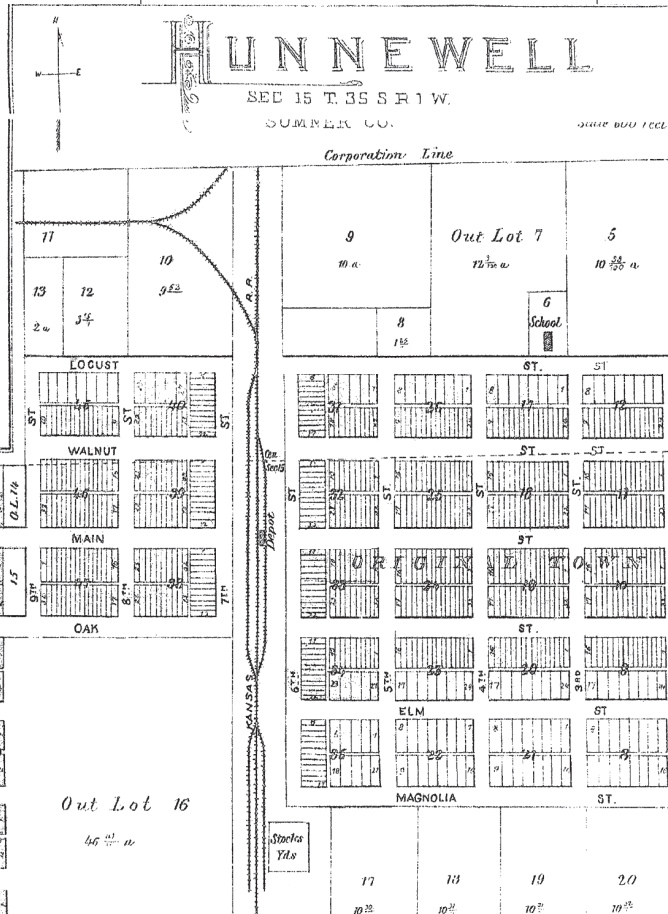
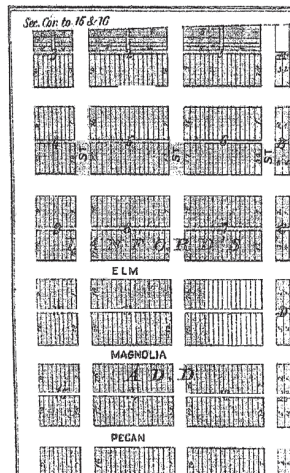
-FRED STRICKLAND COLLECTION-



Hunnewell, Kansas, 1895.
The Hunnewell (Hale) Hotel
is on the right.
-FRED STRICKLAND COLLECTION-

George Woods and his wife, Maggie had operated a similar establishment in Wichita during that city's heyday. When the cattle trade dried up in Wichita, George and Maggie migrated to Caldwell soon after the railroad tracks reached that town in 1880 and opened a dance hall and saloon named the Red Light. Seeking to increase their profits, the Woodses opened another establishment by the same name, in Hunnewell, in 1881. Barely ten miles separated the border towns of Caldwell and Hunnewell. Maggie saw to the daily affairs of the business at Caldwell, while George ran the operation in Hunnewell. With George spending most of his time in Hunnewell, Maggie relied on bartender and right-hand man, James "Big Jim" Cavener, to manage the saloon while she devoted her attention to the dance hall.

Maggie Woods was the incarnation of the bold and bawdy, hard-living, hard-drinking madam often portrayed in movies. Synonyms of the word bawdy are earthy, lewd, obscene, ribald, risqué and vulgar. Mag Woods was all of these. In addition to the monthly "arrests" and "fines" for "keeping a house of defame," which were noth-



ing more than a form of taxation or license fee to operate in Caldwell, the Court Dockets of the Police Judge, City of Caldwell, record Maggie being hauled before Police Judge James D. Kelly, for "drunkenness and disorderly conduct."

An incident occurred in Hunnewell in early August 1881 that was indicative of Maggie Woods' nature and of the early frontier days of that town. Maggie and "Big Jim" Cavener came over to Hunnewell to pay George Woods a "wifely and fraternal visit." They were accompanied by Lizzie Roberts, one of Maggie's saloon girls. The foursome proceeded to paint the town, creating "several serious gaps in the peace and dignity of Hunnewell," which landed them in jail.

The quartet stood trial at Wellington on August 11, on the charge of resisting arrest. Samuel Berry, saloon man, attorney and editor of the Caldwell Standard,

conducted the defense. Berry was a colorful character in his own right and often represented Caldwell's and Hunnewell's "birds of unwashed plumage" in county court. Mag Woods and the girls from the Red Light kept Attorney Berry busy. In Berry's defense of Mag Woods, he stated that "her only fault was—that she is intolerable curst, and shrewd and forward: So beyond all reason, that were my state far worsen than it is, I would not wed her for a mine [of] gold."

Judge I.N. King dismissed the charges against Maggie Woods and Lizzie Roberts with the admonition to "go and sin no more." The judge also dismissed the charges against George Woods, but fined Big Jim \$100 and costs and sentenced him to serve ten days in the county lockup. George Woods could not realize it at the time, but his and Maggie's little spree in Hunnewell was a

pivotal point in his life. A point that would lead to tragic consequences.

George Woods' bartender and property man at Hunnewell was Fred Kuhlman, who hailed from St. Louis. Kuhlman had most recently moved over from Caldwell and saw to the daily operation of the Red Light in George's absence. Fred Kuhlman would be the first man whose blood was spilled in Hunnewell the summer of 1881, shot to death in a pistol duel with a cow hand named Ed Stokley.

Stokley was the foreman of a crew of Texas cowboys employed by cattleman Harrison Forsythe. Stokley was considered a hard customer and described as being about twenty-three years of age, with "dark hair, rather sandy mustache, dark blue eyes, high protruding forehead, and withal a fine looking fellow."

On June 29, 1881, all of Forsythe's crew, save Stokley and another hand, sailed into Hunnewell and proceeded to "buffalo" the town in typical cowboy fashion. Later that evening, someone from the Red Light rode out to Forsythe's camp and told him there was likely to be trouble in the dance hall; he had better get his boys away. Forsythe sent Stokley and the other hand into town to bring the boys back to camp.

Ed Stokley was no stranger to the Red Light, or to the ladies of the night who plied their trade there. When Stokley got to the dance hall, he found his companions considerably tanked up and not wishing the party to end. Seeing he would not be able to get them to leave as a group, Stokley went to each man, in a quiet way, and asked him to go with him

to the camp. This stratagem was working until Fred Kuhlman caught on to Stokley's scheme. Kuhlman became enraged at the prospect of his pigeons getting away while there was still some jingle in their pockets. Another factor that entered into the equation was a soiled dove of the Red Light named Mat Smith. Mat also happened to be the paramour of Fred Kuhlman, who was jealous

Stokley and the rest of the crew returned to camp while Kuhlman simmered at the bar the rest of the night. Kuhlman must have been hitting the bottle pretty hard himself, because many witnesses heard him threaten to kill Stokley "before the next days sun should set." Several acquaintances of Stokley, who had remained in the dance hall, relayed these threats to the cowboy before the night was through.

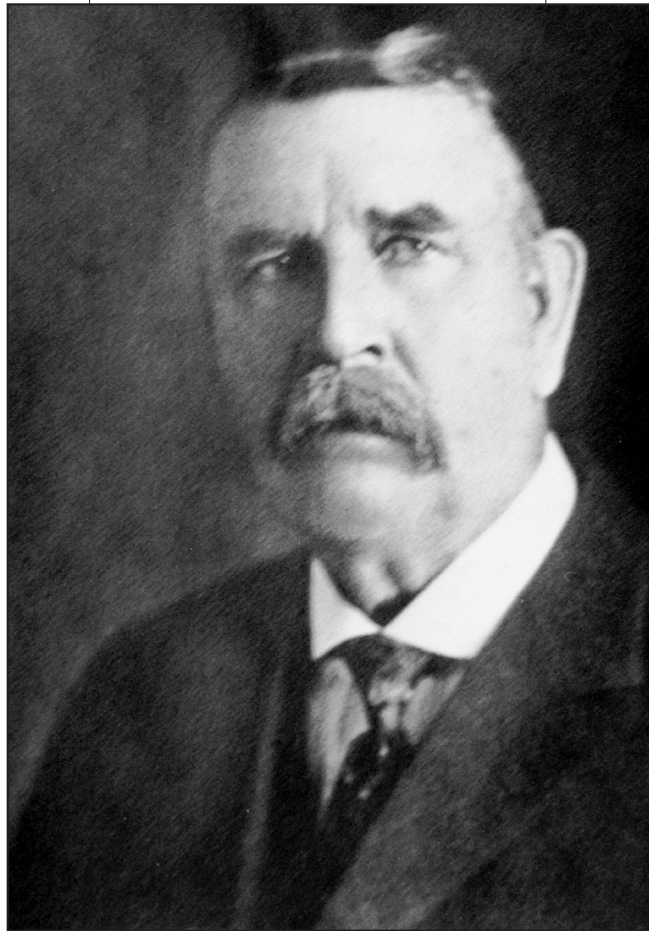
The following morning, June 30, the Forsythe crew was back in Hunnewell and picked up where they had left off the previous night. Ed Stokley did not go scouting for Fred Kuhlman, but he made no attempt to avoid him, either. Looking for a game of cards, Stokley entered Dickerson's saloon. There, in a back room, Stokley engaged in a card game with Mat Smith and another woman and gentleman.

Sometime before the card game ended, Fred Kuhlman entered the gambling den and asked Mat to go back with him to the dance hall. Mat replied that she would leave when she finished playing her hand of cards. Kuhlman's temper slowly simmered while he waited for the hand to end, his eyes fixed on Ed Stokley. When

that hand ended, the foursome started another. Kuhlman again insisted that Mat go with him to the dance hall, to which Mat replied, "I'll go when I get ready!"

Kuhlman's temper exploded. "By God, you will go now!"

Kuhlman grabbed Mat by the arm and pushed her to the back door and out into the street, all the time holding his hand on his revolver and looking back



Sheriff Joseph M. Thralls, Sumner County, Kansas. Photo taken circa 1918 while serving as mayor of Wellington, Kansas.

-COURTESY THE CHISHOLM TRAIL MUSEUM, WELLINGTON, KANSAS-

of the saloon girl's apparent fondness of Ed Stokley. Kuhlman confronted Stokley. Heated words passed between the two, but the affair was busted up before blood was drawn.

at Stokley.

Ed Stokley followed Kuhlman through the door and said, "Hold up there, Fred!" and grabbed Mat Smith by the arm.

Kuhlman cursed, "Turn her loose, God damn you!"

Instantly, the two men drew their revolvers. Stokley would claim that Kuhlman drew first. If so, Ed Stokley was quicker on the draw. One shot from Stokley's gun sent Kuhlman crumpling to the ground. The saloon man never got off a shot. The bullet struck Kuhlman in the right breast and exited near the spine. Fred Kuhlman lingered on for thirty minutes before expiring.

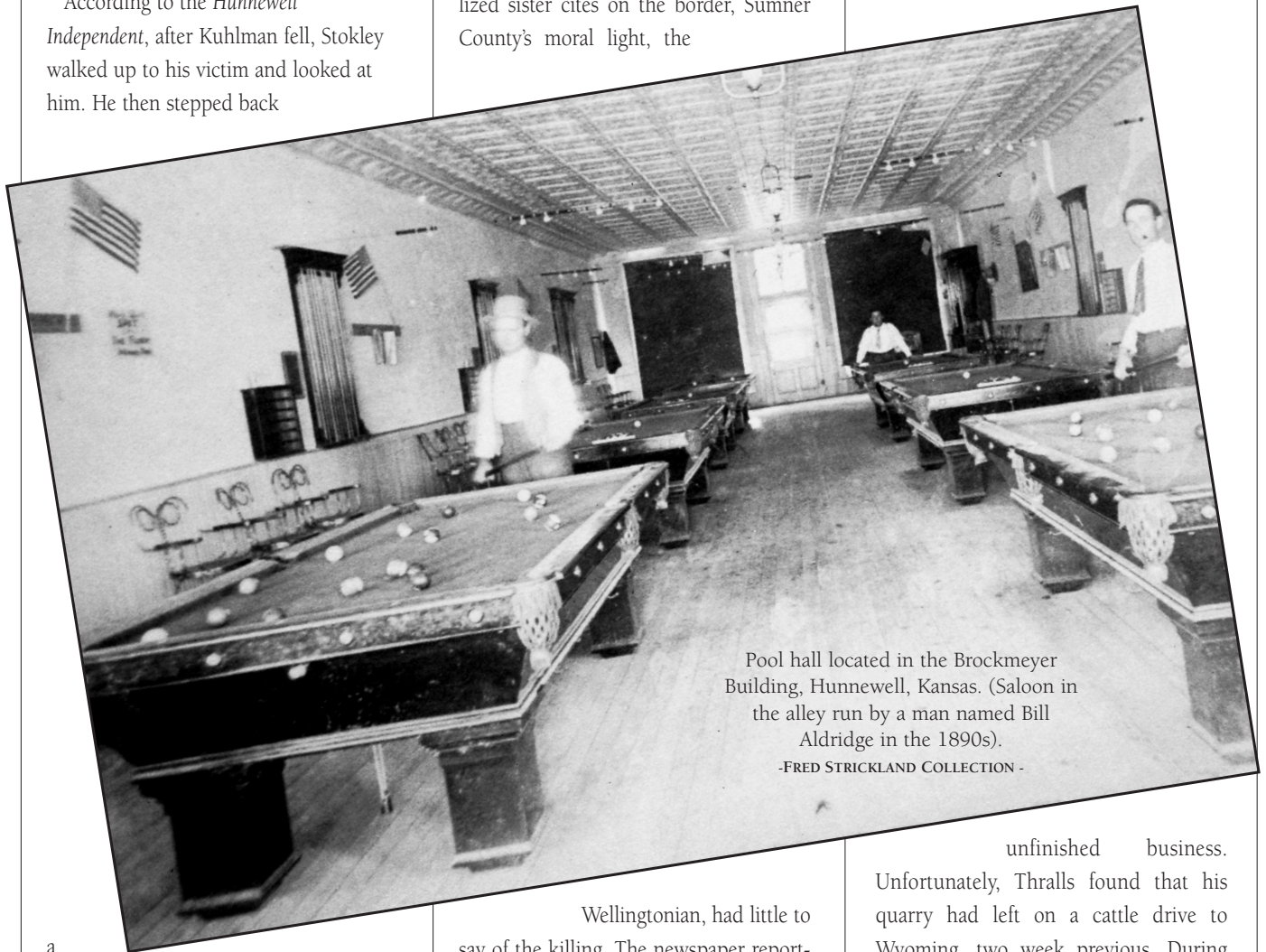
According to the *Hunnewell Independent*, after Kuhlman fell, Stokley walked up to his victim and looked at him. He then stepped back

what did it!"

Stokley surveyed the dusty streets, expecting retribution; but none came. Hunnewell's marshal was out of town and no one dared stick their nose into Ed Stokley's business. The cowboy calmly walked into Ford & Leonard's outfitting store, bought some cartridges and a twenty-six shot Winchester rifle, and prepared to leave town. Whether it was truly a case of self-defense or not, Ed Stokley didn't care to hang around and trust the judgment of a Sumner County jury. He jumped on his cowpony and headed for Mexico.

Usually quick to condemn her uncivilized sister cities on the border, Sumner County's moral light, the

one of the parties thereto was killed and the other skipped over the border." Fred Kuhlman's body was carried to Caldwell and interred in that city's version of Boot Hill. Joseph M. Thralls was the capable and efficient sheriff of Sumner County. When word of the killing reached Sheriff Thralls at Wellington, he followed Stokley over the border but lost his trail in the Territory. Very few criminals cheated justice during J.M. Thralls' tenure as sheriff. That Ed Stokley was able to elude him must have rankled the sheriff to no end. Shortly before Thralls retired from office, he heard of Stokley's whereabouts and attempted to wrap up



Pool hall located in the Brockmeyer Building, Hunnewell, Kansas. (Saloon in the alley run by a man named Bill Aldridge in the 1890s).

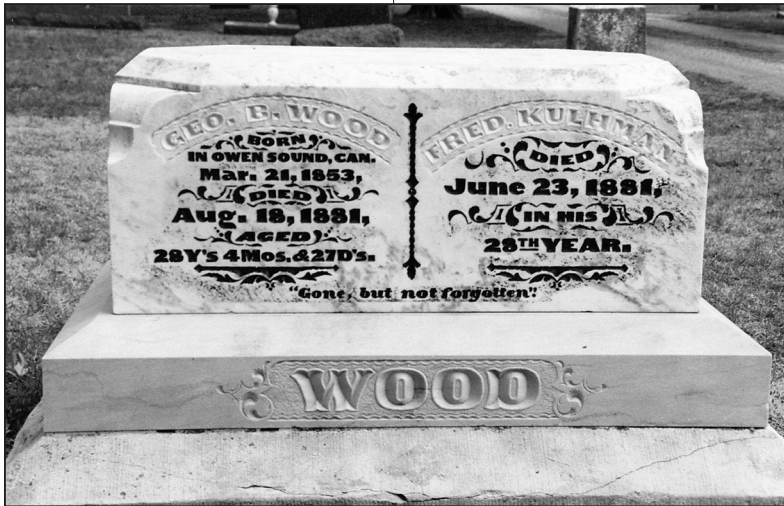
-FRED STRICKLAND COLLECTION -

a

few yards, reloaded his revolver and held it up, saying, "This is

Wellingtonian, had little to say of the killing. The newspaper reported, on Thursday, July 7, "Hunnewell had a shooting affray last week, during which

unfinished business. Unfortunately, Thralls found that his quarry had left on a cattle drive to Wyoming, two week previous. During the summer of 1881, running a saloon was a dangerous occupation in Sumner



The combined graves of George Wood [sic] and Fred Kulman.

—EDWARD HERRING COLLECTION—

County. Seven weeks after Fred Kuhlman cashed in his chips in Hunnewell, his employer, George Woods, was shot down on August 18, at the Red Light in Caldwell. With Big Jim still serving out his ten-day sentence in the Wellington lockup, George was back in Caldwell, lending Maggie a hand. While there, George interceded in a quarrel between saloon girl, Lizzie Roberts, and a former lover of Lizzie named Charley Davis. The two men quarreled. Davis pulled his Colt .45 and drilled George Woods in the chest. Woods was killed just seven days after he had walked out of Judge King's courtroom in Wellington. If he had had the good fortune to be incarcerated with his bartender, Big Jim Cavener, Woods would have been cooling his heels in jail instead of lending his blood to the legend of the Red Light. George Woods' body was laid to rest next to that of Fred Kuhlman's in Caldwell's cemetery. Even after Joe Thralls' term as sheriff expired, and he settled down to ranch life, the ex-lawman continued to follow Ed Stokley's movements. After killing Fred Kuhlman at Hunnewell, Stokley, by his own admission, engaged in at least two other shooting scrapes and shot two more men on July 4, 1885. By the fall of 1885, Joe

Thrall's persistence finally paid off. The former sheriff received word that Stokley was known to be living near Fort Smith, Arkansas. Joe kept tabs on Stokley, fully noting his movements. The summer of 1886, Thrall's injured pride, not to mention an outstanding \$500 reward for Stokley's capture, induced him to make another attempt to arrest the fugitive.

The end of June, Joe Thralls, accompanied by his brother, Elza, who had served as a deputy sheriff under Joe, set out for Fort Smith. Almost five years to the day that Stokley killed Fred Kuhlman, Joe and Elza Thralls got the drop on their prey. On Saturday, July 3, 1886, the Thralls brothers safely landed their prisoner in the Sumner County lockup.

Ed Stokley's preliminary hearing was held at Wellington on Thursday, August 19, 1886. The day before the hearing, the prosecuting attorney received in the mail a letter threatening death; no doubt from some of Stokley's friends. Stokley was bound over for trial in the District Court.

The case of the State of Kansas vs. Ed Stokley came to trial on Monday, November 8, 1886. Throughout four days of testimony and deliberation, Stokley appeared "remarkably cool, and apparently indifferent to the fact that soon

the question of his life or death was to be passed on by twelve of his countrymen."

While the jury may not have bought Ed Stokley's story of self-defense, neither could it seem to attribute his actions to have been totally willful, malicious, and premeditated. On Thursday, November 18, the jury returned with a verdict of "manslaughter in the third degree." The penalty was confinement in the state penitentiary for a term of "not greater than three years, nor less than one, or imprisonment in the county jail more than six months."

The Sumner County Press, Thursday, December 2, 1886, reported the court's sentence upon Ed Stokley:

Court Notes—Dec. 1st, 1886

In the case of the state of Kansas vs. Ed Stokley, the court passed sentence upon the defendant yesterday. The defendant was given the lightest punishment that could be given him under the statutes, that of six months confinement in the county jail, the offense of which the jury found him guilty was manslaughter in the third degree.

By the time Ed Stokley was captured and tried for the murder of Fred Kuhlman, the days of the great Texas cattle drives to Kansas had passed. So, too, had the heyday of the cattle towns. The open plains with the bellowing of long-horns and the jingle of spurs were being replaced by barbed wire, wheat fields, and the turning plow.

E.N. Herring is a frequent contributor on the history and inhabitants of Indian Territory.

A Dispatch to Custer: The Tragedy of Lieutenant Kidder

By Randy Johnson and Nancy Allan
(Mountain Press, 1301 S. Third St
West, P.O. Box 2399, Missoula, MT
59806, 132 pp. photos and maps.
\$15.00 paperback.)

★★★

A Dispatch to Custer: The Tragedy of Lieutenant Kidder is as simple and stark as any Greek tragedy. A young officer is ordered to find a superior and deliver a message. He starts out on his fateful journey and never arrives.

One of the most fascinating aspects of the story is the inexorable march toward destruction of an entire body of eleven men sent into a territory swarming with hostiles. And though the Kidder party was guided by an experienced Indian scout, no specific warning had been given the young leader or his troopers.

The seeds that would bear such bitter fruit had already been planted along the Union Pacific Railroad lines then being stretched through the Cheyenne hunting grounds near the Platte River.

Some surveyors had been murdered that early summer of 1867, the rest harassed and nearly a thousand Gandy dancers (workmen) pursued to the very palisades of the scattered army posts. The aroused Indians had also been terrorizing the Smoky Hill stage route two hundred miles to the south, killing



C O N T I N U E D

coming upon the fatal field on July 12, wrote in *My Life on the Plains*: "A sight met our eyes which at even this remote day makes my very blood curdle. Lying in irregular order, and within a very limited circle, were the bodies of poor Kirker and his party, yet so brutally hacked and disfigured as to be beyond recognition save as human beings."

Less than ten years later others would write the same sad eulogy of George Armstrong Custer and his Seventh Cavalry. *Bill Garwood*

From Mountain Man to Millionaire: "The Bold and Dashing Life" of Robert Campbell

by William R.Nester. (University of Missouri Press, Columbia, MO 65201. Photos, annotation, bibliography, index. 270 pp. \$29.95, cloth.)

The stereotype of the fur trade-era mountain man depicts a grizzled, hard-drinking, hard-fighting frontiersman that, if he survived the hazards of hostile Indians, grizzly bears and mountain winters, became a respected scout when the price of beaver "plews" dropped for good in the 1840s. And some of the men, like Jim Bridger, Jim Beckwourth and Bill Williams, tended to more or less fit the stereotype. But some of the Rocky Mountain trappers later went on to achieve a degree of respectability that they scarcely dreamed of during their years spent wading the icy streams of

the Gila, the Sawtooths or the Sangre de Cristos. Robert Campbell was one of this latter variety of men; courageous, ambitious and determined to succeed.

Scottish-born Campbell came to the New World seeking his fortune, and the Rocky Mountain fur trade offered a means to that end. Drawn to the west by the lure of riches, Campbell apparently did not gamble away his earnings at rendezvous, nor drown himself in liquor. He was known as a dependable clerk, but he combined his bookkeeping skills with good frontier sense and became a respected brigade leader and trading post factor (manager). But Campbell should not be considered a bookish, shopkeeper type. He distinguished himself at the Battle of Pierre's

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Hole when the 1832 rendezvous was interrupted by the appearance of a band of hated Gros Ventre Indians. At numerous other times Robert Campbell proved himself a wily and courageous frontiersman, in addition to being a careful, competent businessman. These two aspects of the man seem at times irreconcilable, and in fact there is a contrast between the young Campbell as mountain man, and the older Campbell as successful St. Louis merchant. As a young man Campbell did indeed lead a "bold and dashing life," but it would take an artist indeed to portray the life led by the elder, sober, respectable Campbell as exciting.

Professor William R. Nester has produced a scholarly biography of Campbell utilizing Campbell's vast personal correspondence and business papers held by the Missouri historical society. Nester attempts to reconcile the two aspects of Campbell, but he never quite manages to integrate the image of the young, dashing Campbell with the older more staid Campbell. In the end, the reader is still left feeling that there were two Campbells, and the mountain man was eventually totally subsumed by the merchant.

Nester was faced with the problem that most biographers of lesser-known 19th century figures contend with; there are limited documents available that relate to the subject, and they give frustratingly little insight into their personalities and personal psyches. Nester attempts to describe the times in which Campbell lived by extensive reference to secondary sources. And at times Nester tries to "read between the lines" of Campbell's personal letters. But some of Professor Nester's analysis, such as when he speculates about the nature of Campbell's and business-partner William Sublette's personal relationship (and even Sublette's sexual identity) is genuinely laughable. When the author sticks to known facts the story is often dry, but at least it is reliable. Nester's book is

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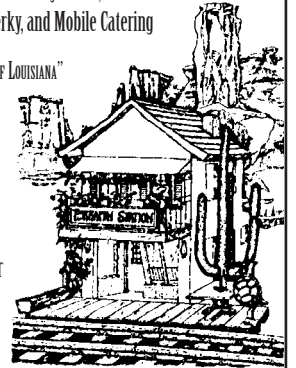


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T R E U E I E W S T

C O N T I N U E D

the definitive biography on this important fur-trade character and influential western business leader. It is a valuable addition to any fur-trade library, however, readers seeking light reading for entertainment probably ought to look elsewhere. *John R. Sweet*

Indians of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming: A Winter Count

By *Speaks Lightning* (E.B. Eiselein). (Spirit Talk Press, Drawer V, Browning, MT 59417. Notes, glossary, bibliography, index. 150 pages. \$14.00, spiral-bound paper.)

★★

Traditionally, each winter Plains Indian tribal elders would record the events of the past year. In addition to the tribal oral history records of stories and songs, the winter count would be preserved by means of a pictographic hide painting. "Winter Count" is the title of a series of books by *Speaks Lightning* (also known as E. B. Eiselein) that attempts to chronicle "Indian history" from its remotest ancient past to the late-1990s. The author proudly claims a Ph.D. in anthropology from the University of Arizona, and Ojibwa ancestry (although he admits that he does not appear on the tribal rolls.)

Indians of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming is organized into three sections: an ethnographic introduction to the tribes and lifeways in the

region, a timeline of Indian history, and a section giving data on the modern Indian peoples currently living in the region. Intertwined throughout the book is a very contemporary commentary in the spirit of the socio-political agenda of the Indian rights movement of the 1970s. *Speaks Lightning/Eiselein* wishes not only to inform, but to proselytize.

The majority of the book is an annotated timeline that begins with the archaeologically-questionable early date of 28,000 B.C. Despite purporting to record the underreported pre-Columbian history of Indians in Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, nearly 90% of the timeline deals with the American period



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of the 19th and 20th centuries. The timeline is informative, however, and although both the data and the political content are at times arguable, Speaks Lightning/Eiselein's sources are thoroughly cited.

The ethnographic portion of the book is frustratingly short. In a brief eighteen pages the author attempts to describe traditional lifeways of Indian people from the plains, plateau and Great Basin regions, as well as analyzing the region's native cultures based on language groups. Topics range from warfare to spiritual beings, tribal names to hunting practices. Obviously this is an inadequate treatment of the region's Indian cultures, but the author's numerous citations entice the reader to pursue further research.

The final section of the book is perhaps the most useful. The author includes a complete listing of the Indian tribes and reservations of Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, and includes tribal addresses and phone numbers, as well as demographic information. Also in this section is a listing of museums and cultural centers in the region.

The book is a useful research tool for the culturally-curious tourist planning a trip to the Northern Rocky Mountain states, and could assist teachers in preparing very basic lessons on the Indian peoples of the region. But as for serious historians, the book is most useful for its annotation and bibliography, which are quite good. Speaks Lightning is least effective when he deviates from informing the reader about Indian cultures and history, and instead restates well-established Indian grievances about cultural prejudice, racial stereotypes and broken treaties. *John R. Sweet*

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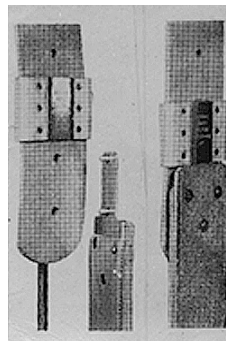
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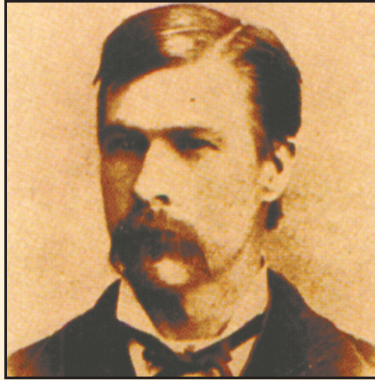


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BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE



Q I have a question that maybe you can answer. Why isn't Morgan Earp listed on the Arizona Lawmen Memorial at Wesley Bolin Plaza, in Phoenix Arizona?

—Steve Wahlberg
Phoenix, Arizona

A Morgan Earp isn't listed on the Arizona Peace Officer Memorial because he wasn't acting in the line of duty when he was killed while shooting pool in Campbell and Hatch's Saloon in Tombstone on March 18, 1882 and more importantly, he wasn't a lawman at the time of his murder.

Q I've heard being a cowboy was a dangerous occupation. How did most cowboys meet their maker?

—Danny Diaz
Louisville, Kentucky

A Contrary to popular myth, very few cowboys died from gunshot wounds. Most died from horse-related accidents. The most dangerous part of the trail drives was crossing swollen rivers. It was so dangerous that a popular way to say a cowhand was dependable in a crunch was

to say he was, "a good man to ride the river with." Surprisingly, a large number of cowhands died from prostrate cancer. Years of butt-pounding on the back of a horse took its toll.

Q What's the difference between "shotgun" and "batwing" chaps?

—Larry Mason
Severn, Maryland

A Shotgun chaps fit tight around the legs like an extra pair of jeans and look like twin barrels of a shotgun. They can be buttoned but are usually fastened with a long zipper. Batwing chaps had wide, flapping leggings or wings and were snapped on. Both were decorated with nickel or silver conchas and leather rosettes.



Q How many battles did the U.S. Army fight against Western Indians?

—Finley Harper
Gallup, New Mexico

A According to Francis Heitman's *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army* there were 1,240 engagements excluding the Civil War. 2,125 soldiers were killed, including Custer's 250 and Fetterman's 90. It's estimated that some 3,000 Indian warriors also died. Total soldier-civilians killed in the West is estimated at 7,000 and the total Indians killed is estimated at 4,000. Figures say it cost the government about one million dollars for each Indian killed.



Q Why did cattle-drive cooks throw their dirty dishwater under the chuck wagon?

—Mike Lummon
Colorado Springs, Colorado

A It was a tradition among cocineros or "cookies" to toss the dishwater under the chuckwagon to discourage cowhands from sneaking under there for a quick nap in the shade, thus protecting the cook's domain.

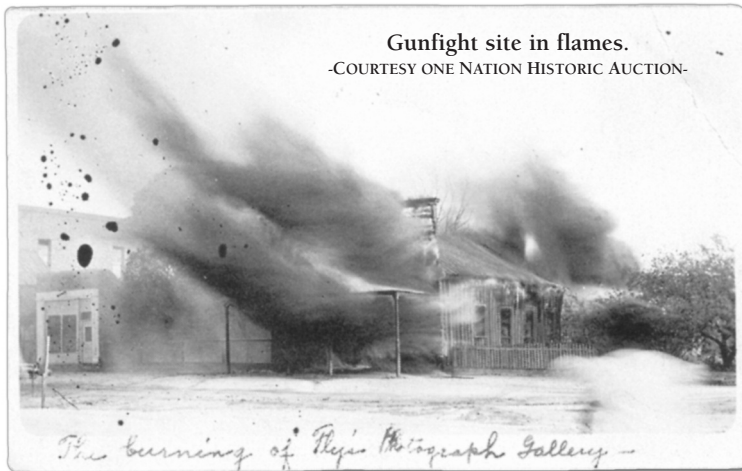
Marshall Trimble is Arizona's Official Historian. His books include *Arizona: A Cavalcade of History*,

A Roadside History of Arizona, and *Never Give A Heifer A Bum Steer*.

If you have a question, write:

Ask the Marshall,
PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

Here we are, in the new millennium and it's still constantly amazing how many new gems keep popping up. Last month we showed you the newest Tombstone find: a carte de visite of ill-fated Marshal **Fred White**. This month, another Tombstone find: **One Nation Historic Antiques Auction** offered a rare photo postcard of Fly's Boarding House. It shows the so-called Gunfight at The O.K. Corral site in 1912, when Fly's historic buildings burned to the ground (see at right). The photo is fascinating on several accounts. First and foremost we are looking directly into the site of the most famous gunfight in the history of the West. Secondly, we think we can just make out some lettering at the top of the false front. Thirdly, there appear to be four windows along the side (or is



Gunfight site in flames.
-COURTESY ONE NATION HISTORIC AUCTION-

there a door at the rear?). The Assay building, which is mentioned in the Judge Spicer hearing, can be seen at left. The little gem sold at auction for \$2,175, a record for an Old West, photo postcard....

...Tucson collector **Kevin Mulkins**

has obtained a sewer petition from Tombstone, dated September 6 of 1882, and signed by the mining camp's principal commercial owners, including **C.S. Fly, Frank Austin, J.V. Vickers, Ben and Briggs Goodrich** (attorneys for many of the cowboys), **W.A. Harwood** (the Earp-Clanton fight occurred outside his house), **A. Bauer** (Bauer's Meat Market), **James Clark and Mike Gray** (Town lot leaders), **J. Montgomery** (owner of the O.K. Corral), **James Reilly** (the judge who Wyatt arrested, see article, page 14), **Sam Purdy** (bought the *Epitaph* from John Clum) and the **Tribolet** brothers (infamous for selling whiskey to Geronimo). They note that the sewer system should not be funded "in the present depressed condition of business," which indicates the boom town was still in decline after the flooding of the mines in 1881. Mulkins has also obtained a Graham County collection which includes, among other things, a warrant for **Jim Lewis** and **Johnny Barnes**. Issued in July of 1883, this document pours cold water over the **Fred Dodge** claim that Barnes was gut shot at Mescal Springs by **Wyatt Earp** in March of 1882.

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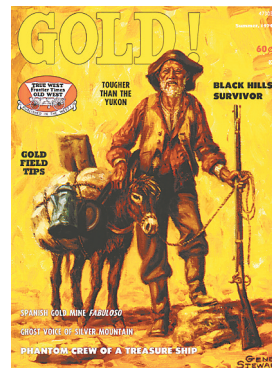
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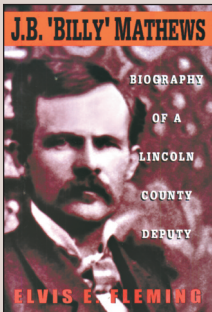


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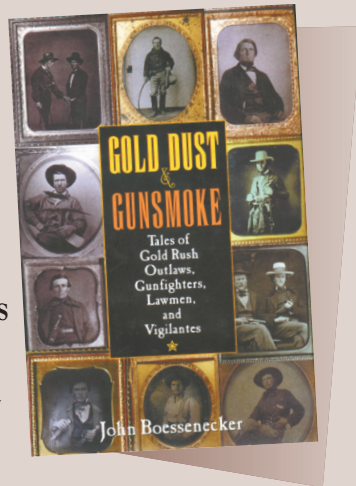


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By *Elvis Fleming*

Overshadowed by the Lincoln County War and the legend of Billy the Kid, Deputy Billy Mathews has escaped a competent biography. With this, a quick study by Southwest historian Elvis Fleming, Mathews emerges as more than a side note to an oft-told tale. 102p. Yucca Tree Press.

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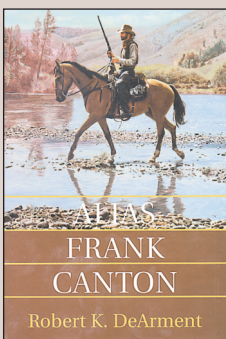


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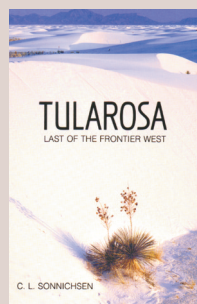


ALIAS FRANK CANTON

By *Robert K. DeArment*

As Frank Canton, Texas renegade Joe Horner reigned supreme as a lawman and hired gun in Wyoming's Johnson County War and on the streets of Territorial Oklahoma. DeArment's research is first-rate and will stand for years as the definitive source. 402p. University of Oklahoma Press.

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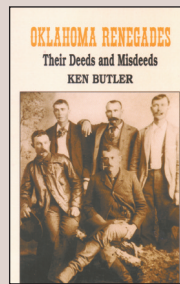


TULAROSA: LAST OF THE FRONTIER WEST

By *C.L. Sonnichsen*

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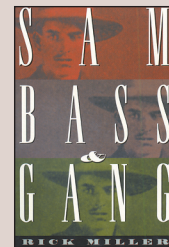


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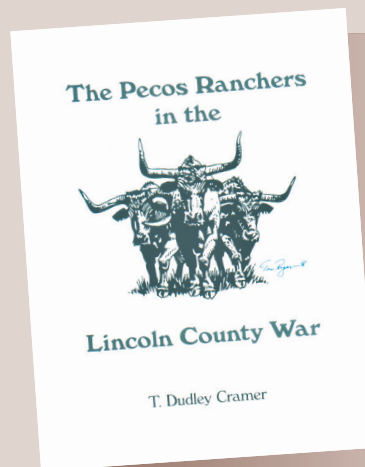


SAM BASS & GANG

By *Rick Miller*

It has been over sixty years since the last major biography of Sam Bass was written by Wayne Gard. Armed with new information and painstaking research, Rick Miller has written what we believe will long remain the definitive biography of this legendary western train and stage robber. 424p. State House Press.

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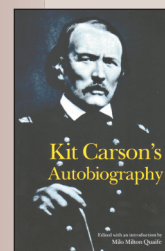


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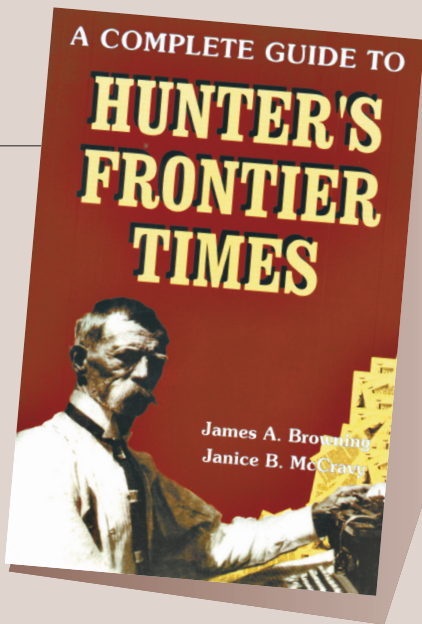
KIT CARSON'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By *Kit Carson*

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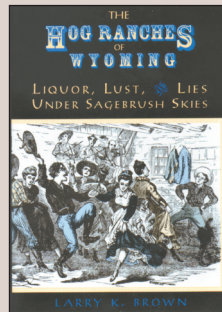
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Using first-hand accounts from still living pioneers of Texas and the frontier, J. Marvin Hunter published tales of the West from 1932-1954. This guide examines every tale from the publication's amazing 344-issue life. 218p. Eakin Press.

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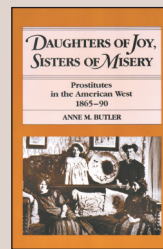


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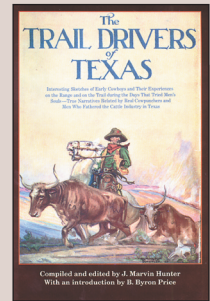


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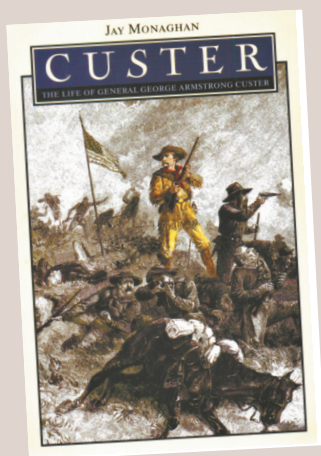


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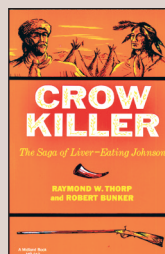


CUSTER: THE LIFE OF GEN. GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER

By Jay Monahan

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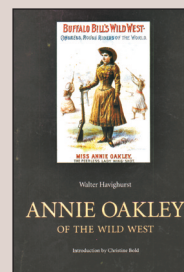


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By Frederick Wilkins

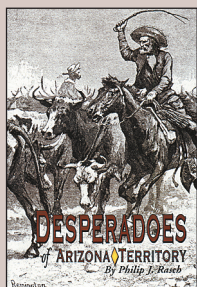
The first volume in a four-part series examining the development of the Texas Rangers. This tome examines the genesis of the Rangers in colonial Texas. Includes information on the plankowners, Hays, Walker, Wallace, et al. 240p. State House Press.

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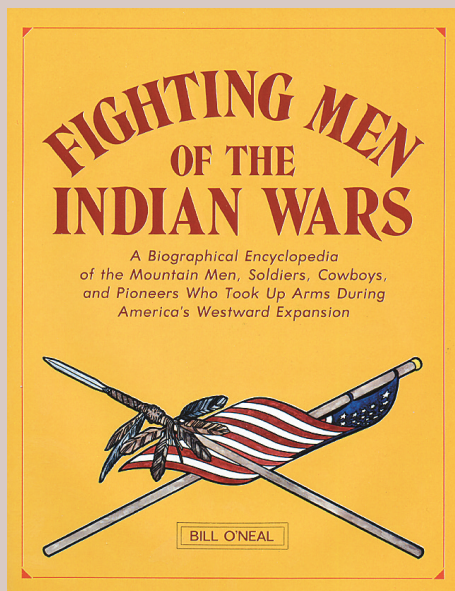


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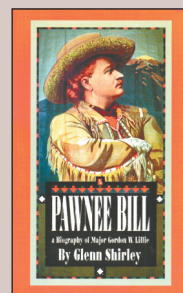


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By Bill O'Neal

Each entry in this biographical encyclopedia contains a brief summary of each fighting man's life, followed by detailed narrative accounts of his combat experience and a list of sources for further reading. 255 pages. Photos, maps, illustrations. Barbed Wire Press.

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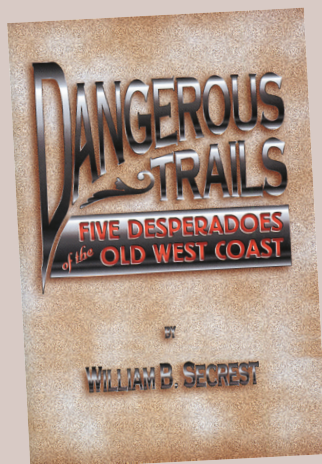


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By Glenn Shirley

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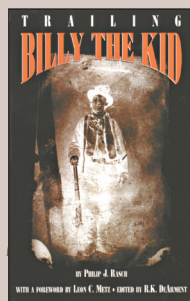


DANGEROUS TRAILS

By William Secrest

A rich romp through early California, this book explores the exciting stories of five unheralded outlaws. Secrest, a noted authority on the Old West Coast, tells the tale of Bob Talbert, Charles Mortimer, Procopio Bustamante, and others. Derived from prison documents, contemporary newspapers, and court records, this volume takes readers on a trip they'll never forget. Features forty-one photographs, many previously unpublished.

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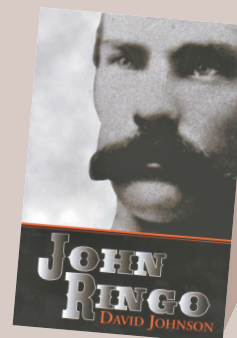


TRAILING BILLY THE KID

By Philip Rasch

Featuring twenty-five obscure articles by the late Dr. Philip J. Rasch, preeminent historian of the outlaw Southwest. These otherwise hard-to-find articles examine the short life of New Mexico's favorite son. Includes studies of Billy's family and origins. 220p. National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.

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JOHN RINGO

By David Johnson

Few names in the lore of western gunmen are as recognizable. Few lives of the most notorious are as little known. Johnson painstakingly researched the gunman for over twenty years to create this definitive biography. 264p. Barbed Wire Press.

Barbed Wire Price \$25.00

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Based On Current Sales Through True West, Barbed Wire Press and www.truewestmagazine.com

Rank/Last Month	Title/Author	Rank	Publisher	Our Price
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2/2	Bad Men / Bob Boze Bell		TriStar	18.95
3/3	Desperadoes of Arizona Territory / Philip Rasch		NOLA	29.95
4/6	Soiled Doves / Anne Seagraves		Gem Guides	11.95
5/4	John Ringo / David Johnson		BWP	29.95
6/New Entry	Covered Wagon Women #10 / K. Holmes, ed.	Bison	11.95	
7/5	Doc Holliday: Family Portrait / Karen H. Tanner	OK Univ	28.95	
8/7	Fighting Men of the Indian Wars / O'Neal	BWP	15.95	
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11/16	Alias Frank Canton / Robert DeArment	OK Univ	18.95	
12/22	Daughters of Joy, Sisters of Mercy / Anne Butler	U. Ill.	12.95	
13/15	Trailing Billy the Kid/Phillip Rasch	NOLA	29.95	
14/12	Triggernometry/Eugene Cunningham	OK Univ	18.95	
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A SKETCH FROM NATURE

—Punch, 1884

“I wish I lived back in the old west days, because I’d save up my money for about twenty years so I could buy a solid-gold pick.

Then I’d go out West and start digging for gold. When someone came up and asked what I was doing, I’d say, “Looking for gold, ya durn fool.”

He’d say, “Your pick is gold,” and I’d say, “Well, that was easy.” Good joke, huh.”

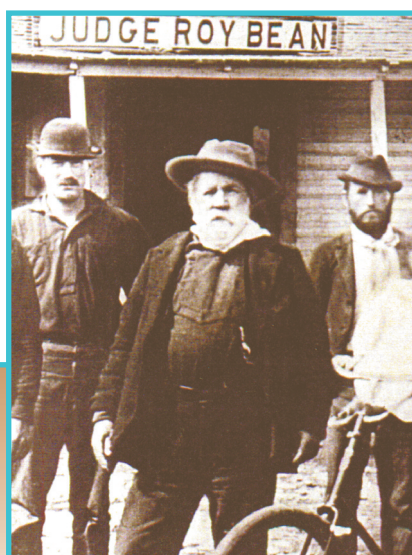
—Jack Handy

“Fortune knocks at every man’s door once in a life, but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear her.”

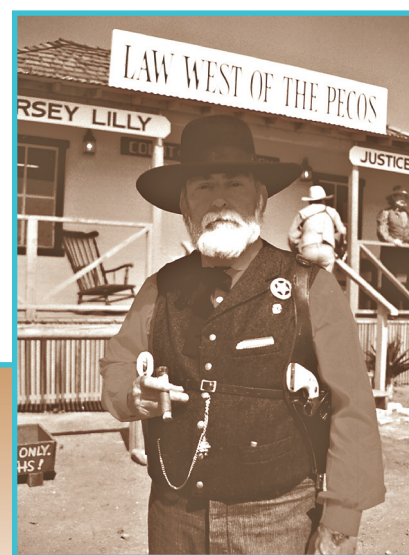
—MARK TWAIN

Famous Last Words In The Old West

- “I wonder where the mother bear is?”
- “They couldn’t hit the broadside of a barn from there.”
- “I don’t think you have the sand to pull the trigger, Mr. Hardin.”
- “Yeah, I made the deciding vote on the jury, so what?”
- “I’ll hold it, and you light the fuse.”
- “Just take whatever you want, this is a ghost town.”
- “They can’t do anything, I’ve got the legal right to this claim.”
- “Don’t worry, it’s strong enough for both of us.”
- “Nice doggie.”
- “I can do that with my eyes closed.”
- “I’ve done this before.”
- “Well, we made it this far.”
- “That’s odd.”
- “You wouldn’t hit a guy with glasses on, would you?”
- “Don’t be so superstitious.”
- “Now watch this.”
- “What duck?”



JUDGE ROY BEAN, charged cowboys excessive fines for discharging firearms.



SASS FOUNDER HARPER HALE CREIGH, ditto.

Historical Twins
Too Close for Comfort



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