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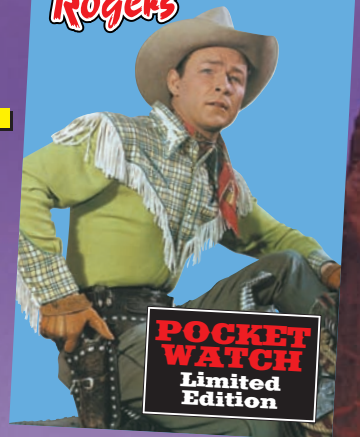
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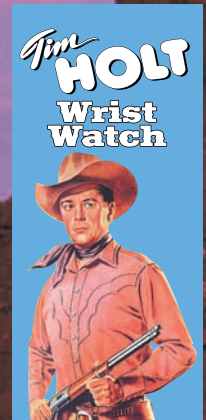
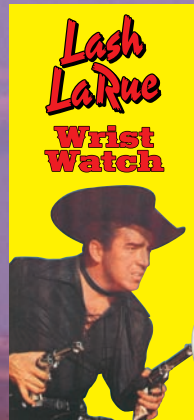
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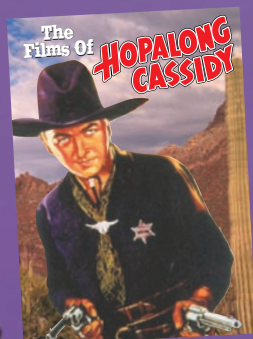
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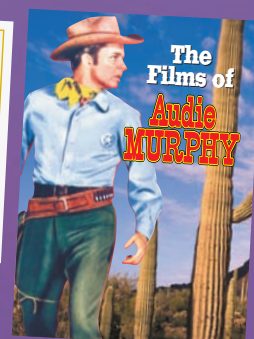
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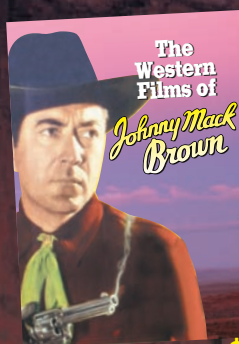


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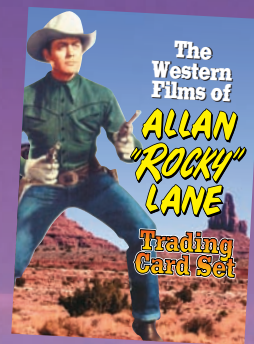
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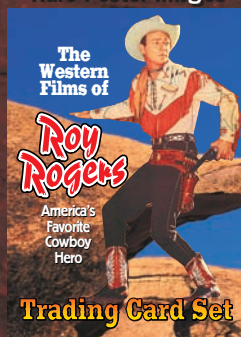
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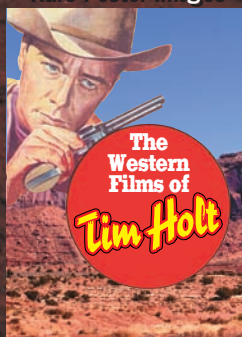
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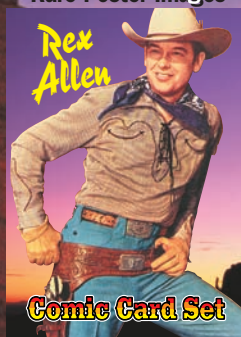
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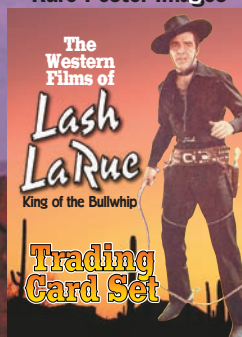
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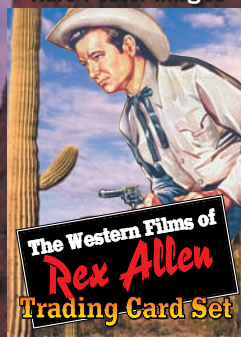
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By Gordon Snidow
Courtesy of the artist.

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Yorkey boats cruise the
Canadian northwest
water-ways.

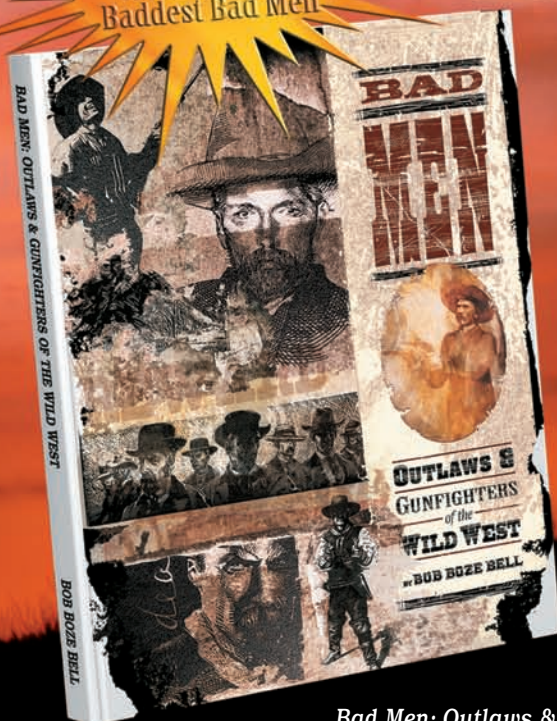
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BAD MEN

Outlaws & Gunfighters of the Wild West

A look at over
250
of the Old West's
Baddest Bad Men



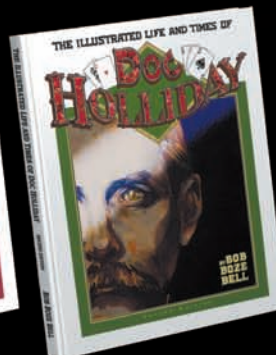
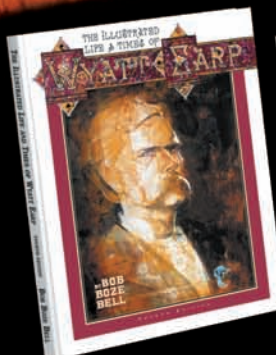
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December 2000, Vol. 47, #12, Whole #341. TRUE WEST (ISSN 0041-3615) is published monthly by True West Publishing, L.L.C., 38012 N. Linda Dr., Cave Creek, AZ 85331. (480) 575-1881. Periodical postage paid at Cave Creek, AZ 85327, and at additional mailing offices. Canadian GST Registration Number R132182866.

Single copies: \$3.99. U.S. subscription rate is \$28.00 per year (12 issues); \$50 for two years (24 issues). To subscribe or for back issue information, reach us at 1-888-687-1881 or visit www.truewestmagazine.com.

POSTMASTER: Please send address change to: TRUE WEST, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Printed in the United States of America.



THE BOURGEOIS BREED

Above the lamp-lit, cobbled streets of New York, overlooking skirts sweep the marbled floor, laughter coming to a crescendo between cake-walks and quadrilles, penny whistles and violins as crisp and clean as the creased, uniformed, young cavalry officers lined against the wall, nibbling shortbread and chatting with ambassadors and poets alike. Along the velveteen walls run tables topped with fresh gloves, pressed scarves and hats; a hundred or more shiny, high-topped beaver hats, as silky and dark as the hair of the fairest maiden at the ball.

Outside, carriages come to a cobbled stop, depositing more of the same, more hats for the table. And the penny whistle blows out over the dance floor.

Across the vast expanse of the Frontier, beyond the ranges of old, green "Ken—tuck—y" and cold rivers leaving St. Louie, moccasined feet shuffle across a dirt-packed floor, the smells of greased hair and primed rifles mixing with the steam from boiling berries and dripping wax, knives moving deftly in flickering fire light, relieving the recently living of their skins. Along the chinked walls run racks of pine bows and hemp, topped with the winter flesh of beaver, mink and muskrat; a hundred or more skins, as silky and black as the chicory pot nestled in the coals.

Outside, travois cut burdened paths to the door, bringing more of the same, more pelts for the table. And the wind moans out over the Continental Divide.

Marcus Huff
Editor



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DUCKING BULLETS

Just in time for Christmas, some of our favorite authors are coming out with new books or editions...

...**Glenn Shirley's** *Bill Tilghman: Guardian of the Law* is being reprinted by Eakin Press out of Austin, Texas. The collector's edition will sport a new cover, autograph, all for \$95. Shirley is currently getting set to go to press with *She-Devil of LaPorte: Another Story Seldom Remembered Or Forgotten*. Glenn's article for *True West*, "The Bloody Butcher of LaPorte" appeared in the March '97 issue...



Larry Ball.

Joseph Washington Wham (rhymes with "bomb"). The book is published by **Arizona Historical Society**, \$34.95 hardcover...

...On the Not Ready for Christmas, But Get Ready Anyway front, **Allen Barra** (*Inventing Wyatt Earp*) is working on *The Wyatt Earp Reader* with **Jeff Morey** and **Robert Palmquist**. The publisher, **University of Nebraska Press**, is planning a large book, a reported 350-plus, pages, with "the most comprehensive collection of Earp related items ever assembled in one place." They hope to have the book out sometime next year...

called *Ambush At Bloody Run*. For starters we learn the correct pronunciation of **Major**

...meanwhile, on the anti-Earp side of the aisle, **Terry "Not All Good Men Wore Badges" Ike Clanton** is holding his Seventh Annual Clanton Rendezvous in Tombstone on November 16-18. You don't have to be a Clanton relative to attend, but it helps if the Wyatt Earp "myth" makes you sick. Terry tells us this year the Clantons are planning an 1880s Hi Wheel Bicycle Ride from Tombstone to Fairbanks on the last day, November 18. "I hope we make it," Clanton adds, although it must be said, it's all downhill. Terry claims he's also writing a book with the tentative title: *Wyatt Earp's Worst Nightmare: The Memoirs of Ike Clanton*. As of yet, he has no publisher but hopes to have the tome out next year...Terry also told us he has spotted his great-great cousin, **Ike Clanton**, in one of **R.G. McCubbin's** cowboy photos, which has appeared in *True West* several times (see inside front cover, July 2000). One of the cowboys, when blown up, does resemble the nefarious Ike (see photo). The provenance on the photo is that it was taken near Fort Stanton,

New Mexico, in the 1880s, which would put it in the realm of possibility...

...the fall release of the movie *The*



Legendary Oklahoma author Glenn Shirley (foreground) at the Ingalls, Oklahoma, gunfight site. In the background are acolytes, Marshall Trimble, John Northrop, Bob McCubbin, Paul Northrop, Marcus Huff, Richard Ignarski and John Boessenecker.

...**Bob Boze Bell's** fourth edition of *The Illustrated Life & Times of Wyatt Earp* is out and sports a new cover, several new images inside and an updated look at "The Dark Side of Wyatt Earp," which is a condensed version of a cover story that appeared in the February '99 *True West*...

...**Larry Ball** (*Life & Times of Elfego Baca*) has come out with a new book on the infamous Wham robbery,



Terry "Ike" Clanton takes a call at End of Trail. Terry believes the featured cowboy in our stampede offer (see blow-up) is none other than O.K. Corral antagonist Ike Clanton.



-R.G. McCUBBIN PHOTO-



Pemwah and her daughter DeAnn Giago take in a Labor Day sunset at Vail, Colorado. Below: DeAnn with Riders In The Sky.

-TRUE WEST PHOTO-



Way of the Gun, a contemporary, pulp shoot-em-up a la **Quentin Tarantino**, has an interesting Old West angle. Written and directed by **Christopher McQuarrie** (*The Usual Suspects*), the two nutso-drifter-protagonists (played by **Ryan Phillippe** and **Benicio Del Toro**) are named Parker and Longabaugh—the real names of **Butch Cassidy** and **The Sundance Kid**...

...and speaking of Butch & Sundance, **Dan Buck** and **Anne Meadows** are working on *Outlaw Days: The Illustrated History of Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid*. The book, planned for a 2002 release, will contain all historic photos, maps, artwork and postcards from the era and should be a must-have for Wild Bunch fans everywhere...

...our own **DeAnne Giago**, has been on the road as a *True West* ambassador. Joining her, were her main man, **Flint Carney**, and her mother **Pemwahtumequa**.

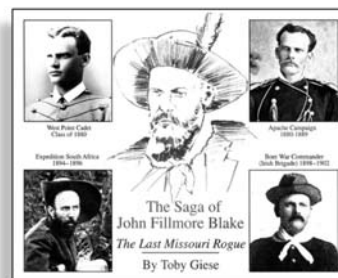
A Labor Day stint at **Michael Martin Murphy's** Westfest in Vail, Colorado, brought out the stars, including recording artist **Don Edwards**, **Waddie Mitchell**, **Hal Ketchum**, **Riders In The Sky**, **BR-549** and **Sons of The San Joaquin**. Special thanks to **Michael Malone**, whose booth, Hats By Malone, was swamped every day of the festival. Michael and his staff were gracious enough to let us share a booth with them. Dee and her mother are so smooth, virtually all of the above mentioned are now subscribers to the magazine you are holding in your hands.

A New Jacal for Elfego?

An update from **Elfego Baca** land. **Henry & Lori Martinez** and **Emil & Beverly Kiehne** hosted the First Annual Elfego Baca Project in Reserve, New Mexico, over the weekend of September 9-10. Authors, artists, buffs, researchers and state politicians converged on the remote San Francisco Plazas for two days of discussion. The topic: How

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John Filmore Blake was born in Bolivar, Montana in 1856. The family moved to Denton County in Texas just before the Civil War, and John grew up on a ranch. As the years rolled by, he received a good education and was accepted as a student at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville.

One year before he graduated, Blake was accepted into the United States Military Academy at West Point. He graduated in the class of 1880, and with many of his classmates, served in the 6th U.S. Cavalry, campaigning against Geronimo, Chato, Loco, Benito and many others.

After nine years of service, Blake left the army and went to South Africa. He explored the Transvaal and southern Rhodesia, serving in the Boer War from 1898 to 1902. After the war, Blake wrote a book about his experiences as commander of the famed Irish Brigade. The only American to be made a commandant, he was appointed, along with sixty-six other commandants, to help draw up the peace points to end the war in South Africa.

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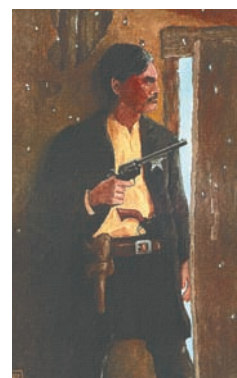
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~ Our Past is Our Future ~

to properly honor and celebrate Elfege Baca and the famous jacal fight that took place there in October of 1884 (see *True West*, September 2000). On Friday afternoon, a live radio broadcast kicked off the festivities from Grandma T's, featuring the show **Boze & Co.** heard on 1310 KXAM, Scottsdale, Arizona (the archived show is available to review at Truewestradio.com). A full house stomped their feet and whooped and hollered to the raucous debate (and music) between hosts **Gordon Smith**, **Buffalo Rick**, **Heather the Weather Girl** and various locals and relatives of Elfege. Afterwards, Emil and Beverly Kiehne and their son **Max** and his wife **Sherry Kiehne** hosted a reception at their home for the local residents and the out-of-town guests.

Other dignitaries attending were State Senator **Benny Altamirano** (D), Catron County Manager **Adam Polley**, internationally known landscape painter **Ed Mell** of Phoenix and the self-styled "Gunfighter Artist" **Richard Ignarski** of Albuquerque. The entire event was captured by documentary filmmaker **William Seurle** of Phoenix.



Richard Ignarski's "Elfege En Jacal" painting.

On Saturday morning, **Henry Martinez** led a tour of the battle site and cemetery, beginning at 9 a.m. with a trip up a ladder to the roof of the local hardware store to view the

surrounding area (see photo above).

At 11 a.m., a descendant's round-table was held and members of the Baca clan, among other old-timers, told their unique perspectives on their famous friend and relative. Great nephew **Robert Baca** told the



Henry Martinez (pointing) and fellow Elfego Baca Project participants survey Reserve from the roof of the hardware store.

-PHOTO COURTESY ED MELL-

family story about Elfego's stint as a lawyer when, during a trial, Baca asked a witness, "And do you know what we do with horse thieves in this part of the country?" Being under oath, the witness replied, "Yes, they become district attorneys." **Mary Ellen Pino**, of Albuquerque, (she is an Armijo; it was in her relative's jacal Baca barricaded himself), objected to the

woman was in the house. Pino asserts the cowboy's shot at it anyway and that there are at least two bullet holes in the base (this is contrary to Elfego's claim that the statue was unscathed by the fusillade).

A Saturday afternoon session featured a roundtable of experts and historians discussing the possibility of getting state support for a historical site designation. Leading the discussion was Henry Martinez and **Elmo Baca** (no relation to Elfego), director of The New Mexico State Historical Preservation. Also on the panel were author and Professor of History at Arkansas State University, **Larry Ball** (*Life & Times of Elfego Baca*); **Don Morris** from the Economic Development Department



The Baca clan in Reserve, L to R: Josephine Baca Jimenez (granddaughter of Elfego), Regina Villarin, Robert Baca (great nephew), Cynthia Delgado (great, great niece).

-TRUE WEST PHOTO-

usage of the term "shack" to describe the jacal. "It was their home," Pino asserted, "and it may have been humble but it was not a shack." Mary Ellen's family still owns Our Lady of Santa Ana, (Jesus' grandmother), a statue made in 1550, that shared the space with Elfego during his famous siege, and she said, in later years Elfego many times tried to buy the sacred object from her family, but they refused. Pino also informed the gathering, the statue is a full four feet high and that at one point during the battle, Elfego put it in the window to try and fool the Texans into believing a

discussion was Henry Martinez and **Elmo Baca** (no relation to Elfego), director of The New Mexico State Historical Preservation. Also on the panel were author and Professor of History at Arkansas State University, **Larry Ball** (*Life & Times of Elfego Baca*); **Don Morris** from the Economic Development Department

for the State of New Mexico; **Drew Gomer**, staff historian at the Hubbard Museum of the American West in Ruidoso; and *True West* editors **Marcus Huff** and **Bob Boze Bell**. Elmo Baca recommended a site proposal plan be submitted to the state legislature which convenes in January, and the locals agreed to comply. When one of the panel members sought out a comparison to Lincoln, New Mexico, site of the Lincoln County War and home to **Billy the Kid**, Elmo Baca replied that Lincoln, part of the state historic parks division. is "an exception to every rule."

It will be interesting to see what happens with this exciting project.

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Words From Across "The Pond"

Have just read the October edition of TW. Congratulations. The magazine goes from strength to strength.

Just a thought, have you considered a "Then and Now" monthly photo feature? Original photos of famous places and how they look today. Would you be kind enough to ask somebody from your circulation department to send me a copy of the August edition which never made it across the pond to me. I don't want to miss one. Many thanks and keep up the good work!

PETER AUBIN
MOONHAZE, UNITED KINGDOM

Once again, a superb issue (September 2000). The Elfego Baca article was first class, and the paper makes one hell of a difference. When you pick that envelope up, you can feel that there is good reading inside.

Have you ever considered getting TW onto the news-stands in the UK, or any other country? Feel sure there would be a market over here.

DAVID PILCHER
VIA THE INTERNET

A Cowboy And His Horse

I was surprised at some of the letters to the Editor (July 2000). I don't understand how people can object to advertisements, unless of course they think magazines can exist without them. Something has to pay the bills and rarely can any magazine get by on subscription income alone.

As for not enough good "reading," if the July issue is at all representative, there is plenty of good reading, and I was particularly glad to see an issue that was mostly about women in the West. When

I was very young I believed the stories about cowboys loving their horses more than anything, but now I think they were not true. It was women.

E. DONALD KAYE
SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

Hasta La Vista, Davy

In "Ducking Bullets," (October 2000) I'd say Hollywood should stand up and take one. Arnold Schwarzenegger as Davy Crockett? Might as well have Mini-Me play "Conan," and Jack Nicholson as Santa Ana. Ya gotta be kidding!

DAN RICHMOND
VIA THE INTERNET

Lynda's Subjects

Just finished reading a story by Lynda Sanchez in January and February of 1999 about the Apache Kid's daughter. I've read her stuff before in Arizona Highways. Excellent stuff! Keep her articles coming! I am really fascinated with her subjects, i.e., the Apaches. Thanks.

WILLIAM GEORGE
TUCSON, ARIZONA

We love Lynda's work as much as you do. In fact look for her article, "La Conquistadora" in this issue.

Feel free to drop us a line, and let us know what you think. Send those letters, funny photos, newspaper clippings, and gags to: Editor, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Email: editor@truelwestmagazine.com



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FUR TRADE TOURS

By R.G. Robertson

Photographs by Karen Robertson

History buffs wishing to learn more about the beaver and buffalo robe trade now have the opportunity to tour a number of trading post replicas and historic forts. Many are staffed by re-enactors, who not only entertain but also educate visitors about what it was like being a fur trader.

Visitors should inquire locally about visiting hours and special programs. Most sites charge admission, some are closed in the winter and on certain holidays.

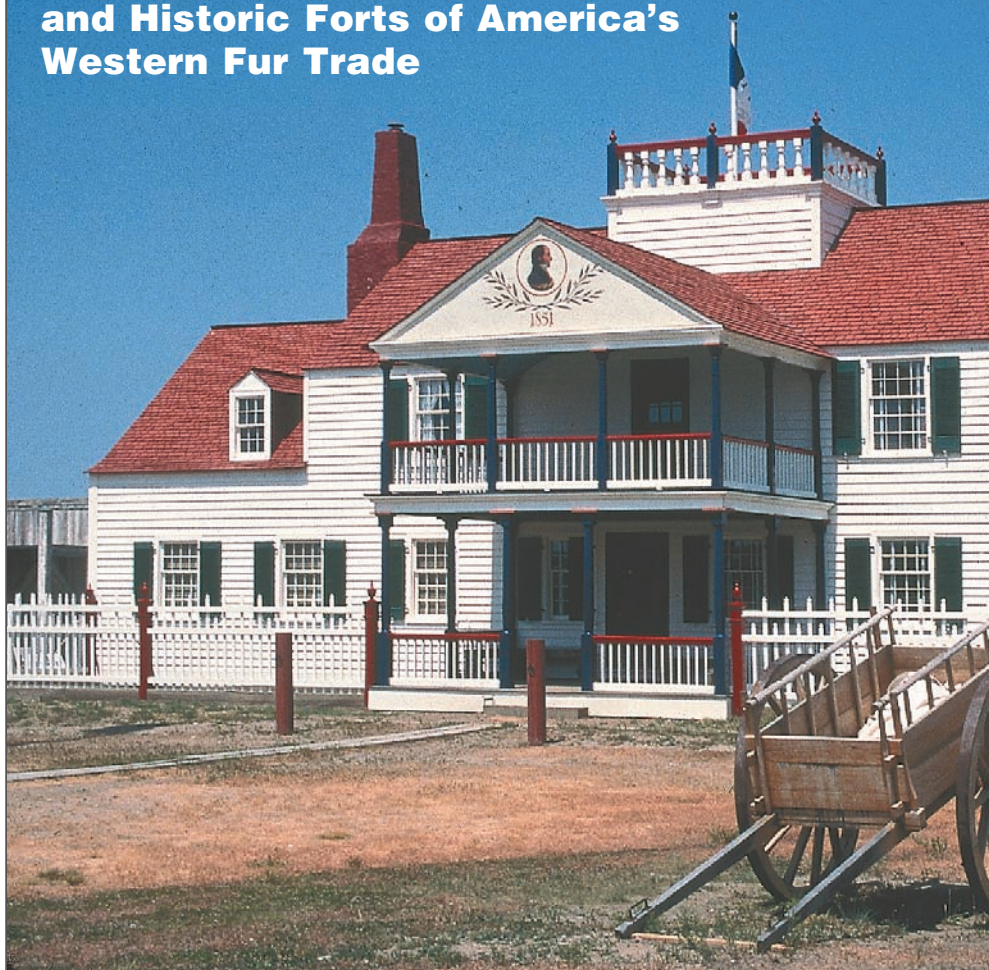
A few are:

Fort Astoria: A facade of the fort's blockhouse has been constructed in downtown Astoria, Oregon, at the corner of 15th and Exchange streets.

Information: Clatsop County Historical Society, 1618 Exchange Street, Astoria, OR 97103.

Fort Atkinson: Although Fort Atkinson was a military facility, it played an important role in the fur trade. A replica of the old army fort is located a mile east of Fort Calhoun, Nebraska. From Interstate 680, north of Omaha, drive nine miles north on US 75 to Fort Calhoun, then follow

A Guide to Trading Post Replicas and Historic Forts of America's Western Fur Trade



Bourgeois's Home at the Fort Union replica.



Bent's "Old" Fort replica.

the signs to Fort Atkinson Park.

Information: Fort Atkinson State Historical Park, P.O. Box 240, Fort Calhoun, NE 68023-0240.

Fort Benton: The replica and Fort Benton Museum are located in the historic district of Fort Benton, Montana, off US 87, northeast of Great Falls. The keelboat *Mandan*, which was built for the 1952 Howard Hawks movie, *The Big Sky*, is on display across from the BLM office, a block from the museum.

Information: Fort Benton Museum Association, Fort Benton, MT 59442.

Bent's "Old" Fort: This National



Historic Site is located eight miles east of La Junta, Colorado, and fifteen miles west of Las Animas, on State Highway 194. **Information:** Bent's "Old" Fort National Historic Site, 35110 Highway 194 East, La Junta, CO 81050-9523.

Fort Boise: The replica is located on US 20/26/95 in Parma, Idaho. The original fort sat near the confluence of the Boise and Snake rivers, about five miles away. **Information:** Old Fort Boise Historical Society, P.O. Box 942, Parma, ID 83660.

Bordeaux's Post: The replica is part of the Museum of the Fur Trade,



Replica of Bordeaux's Trading Post.

which is three miles east of Chadron, Nebraska, on US 20. **Information:** Museum of the Fur Trade, P.O. Box 1276, Chadron, NE 69337.

Fort Bridger: The historic Fort Bridger Army post and Bridger & Vasquez trading post replica are located near the town of Fort Bridger, Wyoming. Although Jim Bridger and Louis Vasquez built their trading house in 1842 and '43 primarily to serve emigrants on the Oregon Trail, the two former mountain men also traded for furs and buffalo robes with visiting Indians. Access the site from Interstate 80, Exits 34 or 39. **Information:** Fort Bridger State Historic Site, P.O. Box 35, Fort Bridger, WY 82933.

Fort Buenaventura: The replica is located in Ogden, Utah. From Interstate 15, if southbound take Exit 344B to 31st Street; if northbound take Exit 346; then follow the signs to Fort Buenaventura Park on A Avenue. **Information:** Fort Buenaventura State Park, 2450 A Avenue, Ogden, UT 84401-2203.

Fort Clatsop: Although intended as winter quarters for Lewis & Clark's Corps of Discovery, Fort Clatsop also served as a trading post for the local Indians. Its replica is included in this list because of the expedition's importance to the fur trade. The Fort Clatsop National Memorial is located seven miles southwest of Astoria,

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH FORT HALL'S FUR TRADING ICE CUTTER

by R.G. Robertson

In 1831, rumors about the fur trade circulated throughout the eastern United States. From St. Louis to Cincinnati, and from Louisville to New York, tales of men earning a fortune in the Rocky Mountains captivated the public psyche. Nearly everyone had heard about somebody's cousin who had a friend who had made a killing as a trapper or trader. That the stories were by and large fantasy did not slow their spread. America's western streams were filled with beaver, "furry bank notes" the storytellers called them. All a man needed was a little ambition to make himself rich.

Living in Cambridge, Massachusetts, near Harvard College, Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth found the stories irresistible. Compared with his profession as an ice cutter—he cut ice on his family's pond in the



Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth.

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VOL. 2

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

winter, stored it in sawdust, and sold it during the summer—the life of a mountain man no doubt appealed to his adventurous spirit.

Yet, Wyeth was more than a romantic dreamer; he was also a practical businessman. As he studied the fur trade, he saw its inherent weakness—



Replica of Fort Hall as it looked when owned by the Hudson's Bay Company.

its extended distribution system—and therein he saw opportunity.

Located astride the Continental Divide, America's prime beaver grounds were much closer to the Pacific Ocean than to their east coast markets. During the late fall and early spring, brigades of mountain men waded icy ponds, setting their traps, and harvesting the thick beaver pelts that would eventually be fashioned into men's hats.

Each summer, the trappers rendezvoused at a predetermined location where they traded their hard-earned fur for gunpowder, lead, tobacco, calico shirts, tea, coffee, sugar, shaving soap, fishhooks, or a host of other items needed to see them through the coming year. After purchasing their necessities, most of the mountain men spent their remaining pelts on water-diluted alcohol flavored with spices and on *foofaraw*—beads, ribbons, bells, and other gewgaws that were used to buy sexual favors from Indian women.

St. Louis was the fur trade's distribution hub. Goods were shipped by

packet steamer from St. Louis to Independence, Missouri, where they were transferred to horses and mules for the overland journey to the mountains. At the end of each rendezvous, the pack caravan carried the inventory of fur back to Missouri for shipment to hatters in eastern cities and Europe. The operation was labor-intensive and costly.

In 1830, William Sublette, Jedediah Smith, and David Jackson, had sold their trapping partnership to Tom Fitzpatrick, Jim Bridger, Milton Sublette (William's younger brother), Henry Fraeb, and Jean Baptiste Gervais. The new owners had christened their enterprise the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Not only was William Sublette the company's supplier, he was also its creditor and held its notes of indebtedness.

The Rocky Mountain Fur Company's trappers traveled in brigades for mutual security, splitting into small teams to work an area's streams, then recombining for the move to the next site. In addition to trappers, the brigades also included salaried camp tenders known as *engages*, who cooked and dressed the furs, and Indian wives and children. Although the company's brigades often contained free trappers, men who owed their allegiance and furs to no single firm—that is, unless they needed to pay for supplies advanced on credit at the previous year's rendezvous—a majority of brigade trappers worked for wages (usually paid in trade goods), turning their fur harvest over to the company. During rendezvous, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company gave the pelts to William Sublette in exchange for the trade goods that he had brought from St. Louis.

Being the only supplier at the annual rendezvous, Sublette was able to mark up his trade goods—as priced in beaver pelts—to the moon. Returns of 1,000 and 2,000 percent were common. The monopoly

Oregon. From Astoria, cross Youngs Bay on US 101, turning east at the sign for the memorial. **Information:** Fort Clatsop National Memorial, Route 3, Box 604-FC, Astoria, OR 97103.

Fort Connah: One building of the original trading post is located north of St. Ignatius, Montana, a half mile east of US 93, between Post Creek and McDonald Lake roads, just south of the Ninepipe Reservoir. Constructed in 1846, it is one of Montana's oldest structures. Although the building is not accessible to the public, it is visible from a signed turnout on US 93. **Information:** Fort Connah Restoration Society, 2445 Blue Mountain Road, Missoula, MT 59804.

Gingras Trading Post: This historic trading post is located a mile north of Walhalla, North Dakota, off State Highway 32. **Information:** Gingras Trading Post, Route 1, Box 55, Walhalla, ND 58282.

Fort Hall: The replica is located in Upper Ross Park, off 4th Avenue in south Pocatello, Idaho. The white-washed stockade looks like it did after being purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company. The original Fort Hall site is on the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, between Pocatello and Blackfoot. **Information:** Old Fort Hall, P.O. Box 4169, Pocatello, ID 83205.

Fort Laramie: This historic fort is located three miles southwest of the town of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, off State Highway 160. The fort contains buildings from its later years, when it was an Army post. In 1834, William Sublette established the first trading post—Fort William—on or near this site, but National Park historians are uncertain about the exact location. Fort William was re-christened Fort Lucian in 1835, which was replaced by Fort John in 1841. The Army bought Fort John in 1849, renaming it Fort Laramie. **Information:** Fort

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

Laramie National Historic Site, Fort Laramie, WY 82212.

Old Fort Madison: The replica is located off US 61 in River View Park in the town of Fort Madison, Iowa. The original site is two blocks away. **Information:** Old Fort Madison, 811 Avenue E, P.O. Box 240, Fort Madison, IA 52627.

Fort Mandan: Like Fort Clatsop, Fort Mandan was also a wintering post for the Lewis and Clark expedition. It is included in this list because of the Corps of Discovery's importance to the fur trade. The replica is located on the north side of the Missouri River, 3 miles west of Washburn, North Dakota. The original fort is thought to have been 10 miles upstream. From US 83 near Washburn, turn south on State Highway 200, then immediately swing west on the county road that passes the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center and follow the Fort Mandan signs for another mile. **Information:** McLean County Historical Society, P.O. Box 124, Washburn, ND 58577.

Fort Nisqually: The replica is in



Interior buildings at the Fort Nisqually replica.

Point Defiance Park in Tacoma, Washington; signs lead to the fort from all park entrances. The site contains two original Hudson's Bay Company buildings, the granary and factor's house. The original Fort Nisqually sat a bit northeast of the Nisqually River, near DuPont, Washington, about a half mile from

earned Sublette a handsome profit, and he guarded it like a jealous husband looking after a beautiful wife.

Of late, the better-capitalized American Fur Company had begun making plans to send out its own trapping brigades, seeking to compete in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's backyard. William Sublette was not worried. His agreement with Fitzpatrick gave him the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's beaver, and as long as his pack caravan beat the American Fur Company supply train to rendezvous, Sublette figured he would continue acquiring the pelts of the free trappers as well as those of the Indians, who also participated in the trade fairs. Had he known that a Massachusetts ice cutter would soon challenge him, he probably would have doubled over laughing.

Resurrecting a plan that had been devised by John Jacob Astor in 1810, Nathaniel Wyeth decided to shorten the fur trade's distribution system by supplying the rendezvous from the Oregon coast. His ships would sail from Boston around Cape Horn and unload their trade goods at the mouth of the Columbia River. Their return cargo would be fur, sent from the Rocky Mountains by Wyeth's traders.

Financed by eastern investors, the plucky New Englander launched his audacious enterprise in 1832. While his supply ship sailed around South America toward Oregon, Wyeth and his company of greenhorn recruits went to Independence, Missouri, where William Sublette allowed them to accompany his supply caravan to the summer rendezvous.

Many of Wyeth's men found the journey more difficult than they had bargained for. When the pack train reached the trappers' rendezvous in Pierre's Hole (near Driggs, Idaho, at the western foot of the Grand Teton Mountains), half of Wyeth's company quit, opt-

ing to go home when Sublette's packers returned to St. Louis.

Wyeth and what remained of his men continued to the mouth of the Columbia where they learned that their ship had sunk in a Pacific gale.

Despite the setback, the resourceful ice cutter was determined to earn



Interior of Fort Hall replica.

back his underwriters' investment. After wintering in the Oregon Territory, Wyeth attended the 1833 summer rendezvous and arranged to accompany the Sublette pack train to the settlements. When the trade fair ended, Wyeth headed east with the furs and Robert Campbell, William Sublette's new partner.

William's brother, Milton Sublette, also joined the procession, intending to seek medical treatment. For some time, he had been troubled by an infected foot. Tom Fitzpatrick and his trapping brigade rode along for part of the journey, planning to trap the Bighorn Mountains (in central Wyoming). At the Bighorn River, the packers constructed buffalo-hide bull boats so they could float the furs from the Bighorn to the mouth of the Yellowstone, where William Sublette was waiting with a keelboat to take the cargo to St. Louis.

Before Fitzpatrick left the supply train, Wyeth contracted with him and Milton Sublette to outfit the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at the 1834 rendezvous. To earn their business, Wyeth agreed to undercut

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH



Tom Fitzpatrick.

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the exorbitant prices charged by William Sublette.

When Wyeth reached the Missouri-Yellowstone confluence, William Sublette was constructing a new trading post—Fort William—a few miles below the American Fur Company's Fort Union. Deciding not to wait for Sublette's keelboat, Wyeth visited Fort Union and purchased a pirogue from the *bourgeois* (commander), Kenneth McKenzie.

Wyeth also attempted buying several barrels of whiskey, which McKenzie had produced in Fort Union's illegal distillery, but the *bourgeois* refused to sell. McKenzie had imported the still the year before, seeking to outwit the government agents at Fort Leavenworth (in eastern Kansas). U.S. law forbade fur companies from giving whiskey to the Indians, and Army inspectors searched all Missouri riverboats to ensure they had no contraband liquor. McKenzie was probably afraid that if he sold Wyeth any whiskey, the New Englander would use it to woo the mid-river tribes away from trading with the American Fur Company. The decision angered the feisty ice cutter.

After departing Fort Union, Wyeth paused at the uncompleted Fort William to say good-bye to the Sublettes, then headed down the

Missouri aboard his pirogue. A few days later, the Sublettes started downstream in their keelboat, leaving Robert Campbell to finish the trading post and serve as its *bourgeois*.

When Milton Sublette told his brother that Wyeth would outfit the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at next year's rendezvous, William saw red. He had supplied the firm from its inception and had no intention of allowing some eastern upstart to elbow him aside.

Nathaniel Wyeth had an uneventful float down the Missouri, and reached Fort Leavenworth a few days ahead of the Sublettes. One of them reported McKenzie's still to Henry Elleworth, the resident Indian agent. History has accused Wyeth of being the informer, but William Sublette had more to gain by causing trouble for Kenneth McKenzie and Fort Union.

Elleworth sent word of the distillery to the Indian commissioner in Washington, DC. The commissioner threatened to revoke the American Fur Company's trading license, but the firm's political allies—including Secretary of War Lewis Cass and Senator Henry Clay—interceded, allowing the company to continue trading. Despite the efforts of these high-placed friends, the government eventually forced McKenzie to dismantle the still, compelling Fort Union to obtain its liquor the way William Sublette did—by smuggling.

Upon reaching Massachusetts in early November, Wyeth met with his investors, advising them about his contract to supply the Rocky Mountain Fur Company at the next rendezvous. Despite the failure of his first venture, his backers agreed to provide more capital.

Continuing to have faith in his original plan, Wyeth chartered the brig *May Dacre*, stocked it with trade goods and empty barrels, and sent it to Oregon via Cape Horn. After the rendezvous ended, he intended transporting the Rocky Mountain

Puget Sound. **Information:** Fort Nisqually Historical Site, 5400 N. Pearl Street, #11, Tacoma, WA 98407.

Fort Osage: The replica is located near Sibley, Missouri. From US 24 in



Blockhouse and palisade at the Fort Osage replica.

Missouri (fourteen miles northeast of Independence), turn north on Sibley Street and drive three miles toward the Missouri River and Fort Osage Park. **Information:** Jackson County Parks and Recreation, Heritage Museum and Programs, 22807 Woods Chapel Road, Blue Springs, MO 64015.

Fort Owen: This historic trading post is located 25 miles south of Missoula, Montana. From the Stevensville Junction of US 93, turn east on Secondary Road 269 for 0.8 mile. The Fort Owen State Park contains the post's original east barracks, root cellar foundation, and house. **Information:** Montana Fish, Wildlife & Parks, 3201 Spurgin Road, Missoula, MT 59801.

Robidoux's Post: This replica of the Robidoux clan's 1851 trading post is located south of Scotts Bluff National Monument near Scottsbluff, Nebraska. From the junction of State Highways 71 and 92, drive south three miles on Highway 71, turning west on Carter Canyon Road for another nine miles. Although the grounds are open year round, the replica may be toured by appointment only. **Information:** North Platte Valley Historical Association, P.O.



Replica of Robidoux's Trading Post near Scotts Bluff National Monument.

Box 435, Gering, NE 69341-0435.

Fort Uncompahgre: The replica is located at 502 Gunnison River Drive in Delta, Colorado. The original fort sat beside the Gunnison River, just below its confluence with the Uncompahgre, about two miles west of Delta. **Information:** Fort Uncompahgre, 502 Gunnison River Drive, Delta, CO 81416.



Storage building at the Fort Uncompahgre replica



Trader Dan Deuter at the Fort Uncompahgre replica.

Fort Union: This National Historic Site is located just inside the western North Dakota border, 24 miles southwest of Williston. From US 2, two

Fur Company's furs to the mouth of the Columbia in time to meet the ship. When the *May Dacre* returned to the east coast, its holds would be filled with beaver pelts and the barrels with salted salmon, which Wyeth meant to obtain from Indian tribes along the lower Columbia.

While his agents sold the brig's cargo in Boston and New York and then dispatched another ship with more trade goods and empty barrels, Wyeth would build a series of trading forts from the Columbia estuary to the Rocky Mountains. By supplying future rendezvous from the west rather than the east, he would keep his overland transportation costs below those of William Sublette. In theory, he should then be able to continue undercutting Sublette's prices and drive him from the mountains.

As a legal fabric to carry out their bold plan, Wyeth and his investors established the Columbia River Fishing & Trading Company. While the *May Dacre* sailed toward Cape Horn, Wyeth rushed to St. Louis and purchased trade goods for the rendezvous. Aware of what Wyeth was up to, William Sublette hastily assembled his own caravan, determined not to let the Yankee ice cutter beat him at his own game.

In late April 1834, Wyeth led his pack train west from Independence, Missouri, following the Platte River toward the Rocky Mountains—a route that eventually became the Oregon Trail. No doubt rankled by Wyeth's head start, William Sublette hurried to launch his own supply train, lest Wyeth gain a lead that could not be overcome.

Milton Sublette traveled with Wyeth's caravan for a couple of days, but the inflammation in his foot soon sent him back to the settlements. The medical treatment he had received during the past winter from eastern doctors had done no good. (He eventually had his lower leg

amputated, but by then the infection had spread too far. In time, it cost him his life.)

While Milton Sublette went in search of yet another physician, Wyeth drove his packers relentlessly, knowing that Milton's brother was only a few days behind. But William Sublette was a master of fast travel. Before Wyeth was two weeks out of Independence, Sublette's caravan pulled ahead, seizing a lead that it held all the way to the rendezvous on Ham's Fork of the Green River (in southwestern Wyoming).

When Wyeth reached the trappers' fair, he discovered that Tom Fitzpatrick had repudiated their contract, selling Sublette all of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's pelts.

In Fitzpatrick's defense, William Sublette had given him no choice. Sublette held liens against Fitzpatrick and his partners that exceeded the Rocky Mountain Fur Company's harvest of beaver. When Sublette demanded that the firm trade him its fur or redeem the loans, Fitzpatrick capitulated, breaking his word to Wyeth.

His bile raging, Wyeth searched

*"Gentlemen, I will yet roll
a stone into your garden
that you will never be able
to get out."*

out Tom Fitzpatrick and his fellow-partner Jim Bridger. Standing toe-to-toe with two of the most famous men in the annals of the fur trade, the New England ice cutter swore that they would pay for their treachery. According to legend, Wyeth hissed, "Gentlemen, I will yet roll a stone into your garden that you will never be able to get out."

Before the 1834 rendezvous ended, Henry Fraeb and Jean Baptiste Gervais terminated their partnership with Fitzpatrick and Bridger, causing the demise of the

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH

Rocky Mountain Fur Company. Fitzpatrick, Bridger and Milton Sublette (Fitzpatrick added Milton by proxy) created a new alliance, then immediately organized another with former American Fur Company *partisans* (trapping brigade leaders) Lucien Fontenelle and Andrew Drips, called Fontenelle, Fitzpatrick & Company.

Vowing to escape William Sublette's ruinous prices, the partners decided to ask the American Fur Company to be their supplier. As they made their plans, they probably gave little thought to Nathaniel Wyeth and his promised "stone."

From the Ham's Fork rendezvous, Wyeth took his unsold inventory of trade goods to the Snake River. On July 15, his men began building a log trading post on the left side of the river, upstream from its confluence with the Portneuf (on today's Fort Hall Indian Reservation, between Pocatello and Blackfoot, Idaho).

Wyeth named his new post Fort Hall, in honor of Henry Hall, one of his investors. Although Wyeth planned for the fort to be the first leg in a string of trading posts he meant to establish between the Rocky Mountains and the Oregon coast, he no doubt hoped that it would also draw Indians and free trappers away from trading with Fitzpatrick's new partnership.

In early August, Wyeth continued on to the Oregon Territory to meet the *May Dacre*. The brig was suppose to be waiting for him at the mouth of the Columbia River, where its crew was to be filling its empty barrels with salted salmon. Leaving behind a dozen men to finish Fort Hall and begin trading, Wyeth rode toward a foe even more formidable than William Sublette: the Hudson's Bay Company.

In mid-September, Wyeth reached

the British firm's stately Fort Vancouver, which sat on the north side of the Columbia, about six miles upstream from its confluence with the Willamette River (across from Portland, Oregon). One day later, the *May Dacre* came up the Columbia. Much to Wyeth's chagrin, the ship's salmon barrels were empty.

While sailing up the coast of Chile, the *May Dacre* had been severely damaged in a storm and forced to put in for repairs at Valparaiso. The delay had cost it the salmon run. Wyeth now had trade goods, but he had no beaver pelts or barrels of salted salmon for the brig to take back to Boston.

Determined to salvage what he could from his original plan, Wyeth dropped down the Columbia River to Sauvie Island at the mouth of the Willamette and built a trading post on its northern end, naming it Fort William. That autumn, Wyeth's men loaded the *May Dacre* with freshly cut lumber, and in December the ship sailed for the Hawaiian Islands, where Wyeth hoped it would find a market for its cargo.

During the winter, while the brig carried out its trading mission, Wyeth's men trapped the Willamette Valley (in west-central Oregon) and the Deschutes River Valley (east of Oregon's Cascade Mountains). In April 1835, the *May Dacre* returned from Hawaii, having bartered its lumber for goats, pigs, cattle and sheep. Later that year, workmen moved Fort William to the west side of Sauvie Island, near the Multnomah Channel.

As the months passed, Wyeth watched the grand scheme that he had so carefully concocted in Massachusetts fall apart. Drownings and Indian war parties claimed the lives of fourteen of his trappers. Dr. John McLoughlin, commander of



Blacksmith Ed Maddox at the Fort Uncompahgre replica.

miles west of Williston, turn southwest on State Highway 1804, and follow the Fort Union signs. **Information:** Fort Union National Historic Site, Buford Route, Williston, ND 58801.



Fort Union replica.

Fort Vancouver: This National Historic Site is located in Vancouver, Washington, across the Columbia River from Portland, Oregon. In Vancouver, take the Mill Plain Boulevard Exit from Interstate 5, following the signs to the Fort Vancouver Visitor Center on East Evergreen Boulevard. The replica is located a quarter of a mile down the hill on East Fifth Street. **Information:**

NATHANIEL JARVIS WYETH



Gus Bastion at the Fort Vancouver replica.



Blacksmith shop at the Fort Vancouver replica.

Fort Vancouver National Historic Site, 612 East Reserve St., Vancouver, WA 98661.

Fort Vasquez: The replica and Fort Vasquez Museum are located on US 85, a mile south of Platteville, Colorado. **Information:** Fort Vasquez Museum, 13412 US Highway 85, Platteville, CO 80651.

R.G. Robertson is the author of *Idaho Echoes in Time*, and *Competitive Struggle: America's Western Fur Trading Posts, 1764-1865*.

Fort Vancouver and chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company's Columbia Department, outbid him for native furs and persuaded the local tribesmen to refuse to fish for him during the annual salmon run. Wyeth's employees also worked against the enterprise, pilfering traps, trading supplies, and horses. Adding to the ice cutter's troubles, he developed a severe fever in August and nearly died.

As if Wyeth did not have enough problems, Fort Hall was bleeding red ink. Soon after the Snake River post was completed, the Hudson's Bay Company had countered with a trading post of its own—Fort Boise, built in the fall of 1834 near the confluence of the Snake and Boise rivers (in western Idaho). Fort Hall could not successfully compete with the Hudson's Bay Company on one side and the Fitzpatrick partnership on the other.

As Wyeth regained his health, his business fortunes continued to decline. During the winter of 1835-36, he worked at Fort Hall, trying to revive its trade, but his efforts went for naught. His failure was complete.

The following spring, Wyeth returned to Sauvie Island and sold Fort William's equipment and stores to the Hudson's Bay Company for a fraction of what they had cost. Before departing the Oregon Territory for the last time, he hired a caretaker for Fort William, directing him to lease it if possible.

That summer Nathaniel Wyeth headed home to his Cambridge ice pond. Happy to be ridding itself of a competitor, the Hudson's Bay Company bought Fort Hall (the sale was finalized in 1837), but it refused to purchase Fort William.

Although Wyeth retained title to the Oregon post, Massachusetts was too far away for him to safeguard its

use. Sometime after he returned to his ice-cutting business, the Hudson's Bay Company began running cattle on Sauvie Island, turning Fort William into a dairy.

Wyeth may have lost his shirt in the fur trade, but he ultimately had his revenge against Tom Fitzpatrick for renegeing on their contract: Fort Hall became the "stone" that Fitzpatrick could never remove.

Like the gutsy ice cutter, Fontenelle, Fitzpatrick & Company also went bankrupt in 1836. That summer, while Wyeth returned to the east coast to give the bad news to his investors, Fitzpatrick and his partners dissolved their firm and joined Pratte, Chouteau & Company, which had purchased the western fur operations of the American Fur Company in mid 1834.

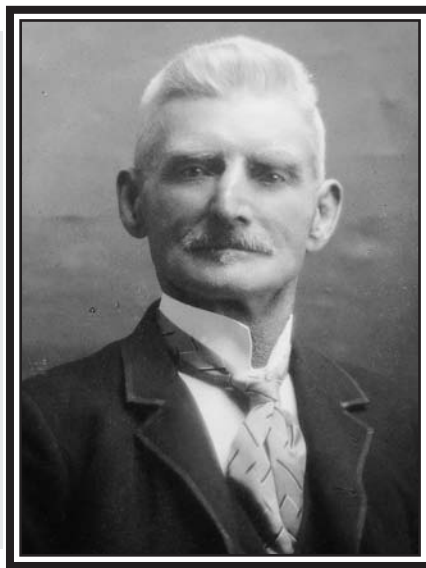
In time, Fort Hall lived up to Wyeth's expectations, but not in the manner he had intended. In the 1840s, the trading post served as a welcomed way station on the Oregon Trail. Missionary Dr. Marcus Whitman estimated that the fort earned \$4,000 a year from Oregon-bound emigrants, who bought everything from blacksmith services to food and fresh stock.

By the mid-1850s, Fort Hall had outlived its usefulness. Bypasses such as Hudspeth's Cutoff drained away traffic, once more sending the fort's account ledgers into the red.

In 1856, the same year Nathaniel Wyeth passed away in Massachusetts, the Hudson's Bay Company decided to cut its losses. Fort Hall was closed down and allowed to rot. The trading post, like the Yankee ice cutter's unfulfilled dream of a fur trading empire, faded into history.

"UNCLE BILL" HAMILTON

TRAPPER SIGN-TALKER MOUNTAIN MAN



William T. "Uncle Billy" Hamilton (1822-1908) pictured here in his later years. Companion of the legendary "Old Bill" Williams, master of Indian sign language, expert trapper and hunter, Indian fighter, frontier lawman and army scout, Hamilton was the last of the old time mountain men.

— COURTESY MONTANA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY —

IN the summer of 1842 eight trappers followed the course of the Sweetwater River west, over the rolling plains and under the broad skies of central Wyoming. They were well-mounted, "armed at all points" and led a pack string heavily laden with trade goods. All but one of them were veteran mountain men and at the head of the column rode their leader—Old Bill Williams. Williams had about thirty years of experience in the far west, and no other band of early "mountaineers" was ever better led or better equipped. The lone greenhorn in the party was a nineteen-year old lad fresh from St. Louis named Bill Hamilton. A complete newcomer to the ways of the wilderness, Hamilton had the very best teacher possible, and his companions would soon discover that "he had the makin's" to be a mountain man. In fact, young Bill Hamilton would eventually be one of the best, as well as the very last, of that legendary breed.

William Sherley "Old Bill" Williams (1787-1849) was already a living legend amongst folks familiar with the fur trade. Williams had grown up in Missouri while it was still Spanish territory and had headed west when he was only sixteen, finally settling down for a while amongst the Osage Indians of western Missouri. While living with the Osage he took his first wife

and mastered their language. He also served the Indian agent as the official interpreter and helped to compile the first English/Osage dictionary. Williams trapped and hunted with these wide-ranging people, and he had probably already crossed the plains and visited the Rocky Mountains by the time that he went to work for William H. Ashley's fur company in 1824.

Under brigade leader Jedediah Smith, Bill Williams made a name for himself as a master trapper and a man that was good to have along in a fight. In numerous fights with Blackfeet and other hostile tribes, Williams had demonstrated an uncanny knack for survival, either by quickly killing his opponents or by evading them. For the next eighteen years Williams roamed the plains, mountains and deserts of the west, living "on his own hook" as a free trapper, beholden to no one. He had a Mexican wife in Taos, but he was usually absent, whether on horse thieving raids in California or trapping expeditions into the mountains. His travels took him from the headwaters of the Gila to the headwaters of the Columbia and he became a respected leader amongst the mountain men. The trappers that hunted with Old Bill Williams believed that they traveled under a lucky star.

After the price of beaver "plews" dropped in the late-1830s, some trappers returned to civilization, but many others

remained in the wilderness, unable to abandon the free and exciting life that they led, nor the wide, majestic land in which they lived it. By 1842 it was clear that the price of beaver wasn't "bound to rise" after all, and mountain men had begun to look for other sources of income in order to keep themselves supplied and equipped. Trading for Indian-dressed buffalo robes and other hides was the most lucrative business, but some mountain men worked as hunters for trading posts, guided wagon trains and hunters from eastern states and Europe, or simply moved in with Indian in-laws and lived as members of the tribe. And trapping for beaver, bobcat, marten, fisher and other fine furs never really stopped (and, of course, continues to this day).

That summer in 1842, young William T. Hamilton wore buckskin and carried a Hawken rifle, but his buckskins had been purchased from an Independence, Missouri, shopkeeper and his rifle scarcely had the "new" worn off of it. He was fresh from the settlements and "as green as grass." Hamilton had been born in the north of England in 1822, but his family had soon moved to America, settling near

St. Louis in about 1825. Hamilton's father was "a man of means" that could afford to send his children to good schools. However, young Bill was a sickly, asthmatic child that only attended schools for about five years. Nevertheless, he learned to read and write tolerably well, and in his old age he would write his memoirs (which only covered a fraction of his life's adventures.) Hamilton later wrote that, even at the age of nineteen, "chills and fevers were undermining my constitution and the doctor ordered a change of climate. My father made arrangements with a party of hunters and trappers, who were in St. Louis at the time, to allow me to accompany them on the next trip, which would last a year." Hamilton's father would purchase the trade goods, Old Bill Williams would do the trading, and young Bill would go along to look after his father's interests. But essentially Hamilton was sent for health reasons to the Rocky Mountain west, a region of winter blizzards, summer heat, grizzlies and bloody Indian warfare. Ironically, it worked—he lived a long, healthy life in a dangerous land.

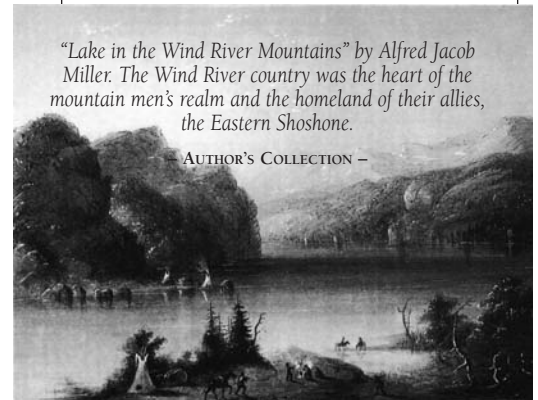
That first summer Bill Hamilton was eager to absorb every bit of wilderness lore that he could. His companions lived off of the land as confidently as the Indians that were born there. Although they appeared relaxed, the trappers' every sense was tuned to their surroundings; they were ready to fight or flee in an instant. The other trappers were experts with horses and mules, masters of every skill associated with hunting and trapping, deadly with rifles, pistols and scalping knives. Exceptionally fierce fighters, the mountain men were also capable of handling the most delicate negotiations with the Indians that they met. Although a greenhorn, Hamilton had already demonstrated that he might "have the makin's." As a youngster he'd learned the skills expected of a Missouri farm boy. He'd trapped foxes and coon, learned to shoot both rifles and pistols, and was a capable horseman. Earlier on the journey, while they were trading amongst the Cheyenne along the Platte

River, he'd accompanied a Cheyenne war party in pursuit of some Pawnee horse thieves. Hamilton distinguished himself with some reckless riding under fire, but it would not be horsemanship and courage alone that would prove to be young Hamilton's claim to fame.

While trading with the Sioux and Cheyenne along the Platte he had discovered an innate talent that would serve him for the rest of his long career. The various western Indian tribes spoke dozens of different languages, and although a Plains Indian or a frontiersman might typically speak two or three languages, no person could ever master them all. In order for these diverse groups to communicate with one another, the tribes had developed a complex, universal sign language. Bill Hamilton had seen this sign language in use while they were trading in the Indian camps, and he became fascinated by it. Old Bill Williams noticed "the boy's" interest and took it upon himself to instruct Hamilton in the art of sign-talking. The young man had a genuine aptitude for it and in a few months his ability surpassed that of Williams himself. Hamilton was unusually gifted to a degree that amazed both Indian and white man alike:

It must have been very amusing to hear the many questions the [Indian] women asked me. "What tribe had I been raised with?" "Where was my woman?" "Had I left her?" They would not believe that this was my first experience... [Months later] even Jim Bridger asked me where I had learned sign-language. I pointed to Williams and said, "From him." "Not so," said Bridger, "you can teach him signs." He asked Williams where I had come from and was answered truthfully, but did not believe what he was told. Many old-timers thought I was raised by some tribe. Even today some people believe the same. Enough of this—suffice it to say that in one year from the time I started I was considered the most proficient in sign-language of all the white men on the plains.

As the men rode their horses out of the Sweetwater drainage and up onto the Beaver Rim, the Wind River Valley stretched out beneath them. The green swathe of the river snaked through the brown hills, which were dotted with herds of buffalo and antelope. The sheer, snow-covered peaks of the Continental Divide jutted up on their left, and the game-rich Owl Creek mountains rose more gently on their right. In the distance, at the head of the long valley, were the Absaroka



"Lake in the Wind River Mountains" by Alfred Jacob Miller. The Wind River country was the heart of the mountain men's realm and the homeland of their allies, the Eastern Shoshone.

AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —

Mountains—the Yellowstone country. This area was the home land of the Eastern Shoshone, but the Crow also claimed it, and it was prowled by Blackfeet, Arapaho and even Kalispell warparties.

The trappers led their pack animals down into the valley and made camp at a spot along the Little Wind River, north of present Lander, Wyoming. Indian sign abounded and Williams chose a campsite well-suited for defense. They set a two-man watch and settled in for the night. A couple of hours before dawn the night erupted with gunfire. The men on watch had surprised some Blackfeet thieves as they were crawling towards the horses and had killed two of them. The Indians returned fire with arrows and several flintlock Hudson Bay trade guns. The trappers shot back at the flashes of the Indian guns. A lively firefight ensued. Some of the trappers wanted to charge the Indian position, but Old Bill would not have it. The firing died away and the sky lightened in the east. The mountain men crouched behind

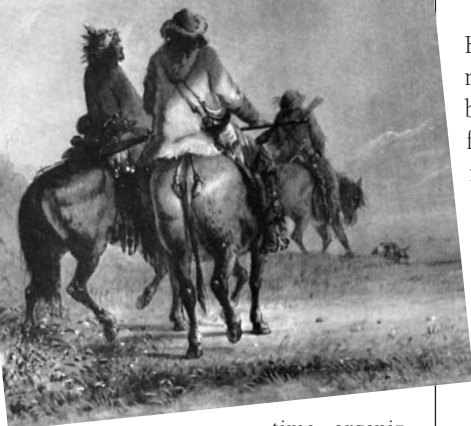


cover, waiting for the enemy to show themselves.

Two dead Blackfeet warriors lay out in the grass; their companions would likely try to recover their bodies. As the Indians stealthily crept through the tall grass, the mountain men let fly. One more warrior curled up and died and the others, swearing vengeance, retreated on foot. The three dead warriors were quickly scalped and the damage was assessed. None of the trappers had been hit, but five horses were wounded and one had to be put down. Williams wasted no

"Trappers starting for the hunt" by Alfred Jacob Miller. Countless dangers awaited mountain men as they ventured out to tend their traps or hunt for meat. Every ride out of camp could easily be their last.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —



time organizing a pursuit. Two men were left in camp and the rest saddled their "war horses" and checked their weapons. The Blackfeet were overtaken about a mile and a half north of camp. There were eleven of them and they were carrying a couple of wounded. The Indians looked back and saw the mountain men, then hurried into a patch of willows to make a stand. The trappers took a position along a nearby ridge where they could fire down at them. The Indians returned fire, wounding a trapper named Docket. But the Blackfeet were in a bad position, and both they and Williams knew it. Several hundreds yards away stood a grove of aspens that would make a strong defensive position. Anticipating the Blackfeet's next move, Williams inched back behind the brow of the hill, taking along Hamilton and a man named Noble. Once out of sight

they mounted their horses and rode around towards the aspen grove. Sure enough, about the time the three men had "cached themselves" in the grove, six of the Blackfeet began running for the aspens. Williams let them get within one hundred yards before he gave the order to fire.

"We made a lucky shot," Williams recalled, "and three of them fell face down. The other three gave a yell of despair and ran up the hill. The Indians were panic stricken when they saw us so suddenly mounted."

Williams, nearly fifty-five years old, recklessly charged towards the fleeing warriors. He singled out the tallest one and rode him down. Hamilton and Noble followed, weapons in hand. The other warriors were quickly dispatched.

Williams grimly turned to face young Hamilton, "Boy, this is your first opportunity. Lift the scalp from that buck. It belongs to you." Hamilton quickly took his first, but not last, scalp. "You are broke in now," Williams nodded, "you will do." Five Blackfeet remained in the willows, still dangerous and full of fight. Doubtless, no one relished the idea of going in after them. Hamilton apprehensively asked Old Bill what he intended to do:

He looked at me peculiar like and said, "There are five Indians down there that shot at and insulted us. They will have what they would have given us if they'd been successful in their attack. Boy, never, if possible, let an Indian escape who has once attacked you."

Hamilton took that lesson to heart and it became a guiding principle during his long career on the frontier.

Two of the trappers, named Evans and Russell, crept around the hill and approached the willows from a gulch which ran behind. The rest of the men kept the demoralized Blackfeet under steady, well-aimed rifle fire. Soon, Evans and Russell rose up and charged the willows, discharging their guns and falling upon the now wounded warriors. The other trappers charged also.

In seconds the brutal business was over. The plunder included two fine rifles and other items recently taken from some luckless party of trappers.

Williams' group stayed in the area for a few days after moving camp to a nearby hot springs, but they were constantly on the lookout for enemies. Hamilton did some trapping and caught his first beaver, then they moved up the valley hoping to find the band of Shoshone led by Williams' old friend, Chief Washakie. They selected another good campsite, and on the fourth day they met a scouting party from Washakie's village. They were soon safely quartered in the Shoshone camp, where they conducted a brisk trade in the goods they'd brought from St. Louis as well as the plunder they captured from the Blackfeet.

Chief Washakie was a consummate diplomat and a man of vision. Realizing that his tribe had only one chance for survival, he had allied himself with the Americans against the hostile tribes and maintained the often difficult alliance until the Indian wars came to an end in the 1870s. As a result, the Eastern Shoshone homeland is partially intact today in the form of the Wind River Indian Reservation. Washakie had initiated this strategy by befriending leading mountain men such as



Old Bill Williams and Jim Bridger, and the trappers had welcomed the alliance.

The Wind River country seemed to be crawling with war parties that summer. Washakie warned the whites that the Blackfeet that they had killed were merely a detachment from a larger group that were still in the area. While the trappers were in Washakie's camp, Shoshone warriors clashed with a war party of Pen d'Oreilles from northern Idaho and eventually located the Blackfeet camp near Bull Lake. Fighting erupted between the overeager young Shoshone scouts and the Blackfeet horse guards. Washakie's warriors quickly routed the Blackfeet, who raced their horses out of the hills towards the shelter of the cottonwood-lined river bottom a couple of miles away. The Shoshone men flew after them, and Williams (with young Hamilton close behind) joined the chase.

"If the scene that followed could have been reproduced on canvas it would have been worth a fortune," Hamilton later stated.

Eager to take the first scalp, dozens of Shoshone warriors whipped their horses and shouted as they closed on the fleeing Blackfeet. A Shoshone war chief named "Moonhavey" had a fast mount, but no faster than the big American horses ridden by mountain men. Hamilton remembered

that Williams drew first blood with his rifle. Moonhavey and Hamilton both discharged their rifles to no effect, but then Hamilton singled out a tall Blackfeet warrior and rode alongside, drawing his pistol:

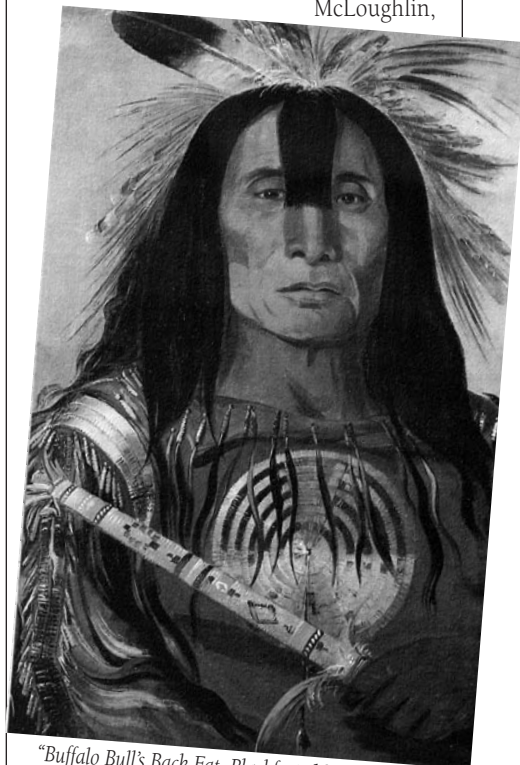
We both shot at the same time, his arrow lodging in the fleshy part of my horse's shoulder, which would have ruined him if the arrow had had force behind it, but the Indian was scared. My shot knocked him down, and I heard Williams yell out, "Well done, Boy!"

Hamilton had survived his first battles, and over the next forty years he would engage in many more fights, each time becoming a wiser and more deadly adversary. Hamilton had learned well from Old Bill Williams, and he always sought to stack the odds in his favor by equipping himself with the best horses and most modern weapons, and by utilizing terrain and cover to its maximum advantage. Bill Hamilton became one of the West's most accomplished mountain men.

The group crossed the Wind River Mountains and spent some time trapping and hunting bears in the Green River country. Then they traveled south at an easy pace to Fort Bridger, located on Black's Fork of the Green River. There they sold their catch to fur buyers and Hamilton made a fateful decision. He found a St. Louis-bound traveler to send his father a check for his share of the profits, and wrote him a letter saying that he wouldn't be coming back in the spring. Mountain life "had taken ahold of him" and civilization held no charms that could compare.

The core of William's band of trappers stayed together over the next few years. Old Bill would occasionally travel south to New Mexico where he had a family and business concerns, and the rest of the group would carry on in the north as usual. They trapped through the Uintas and the Salt Lake valley, north to Bear River and then

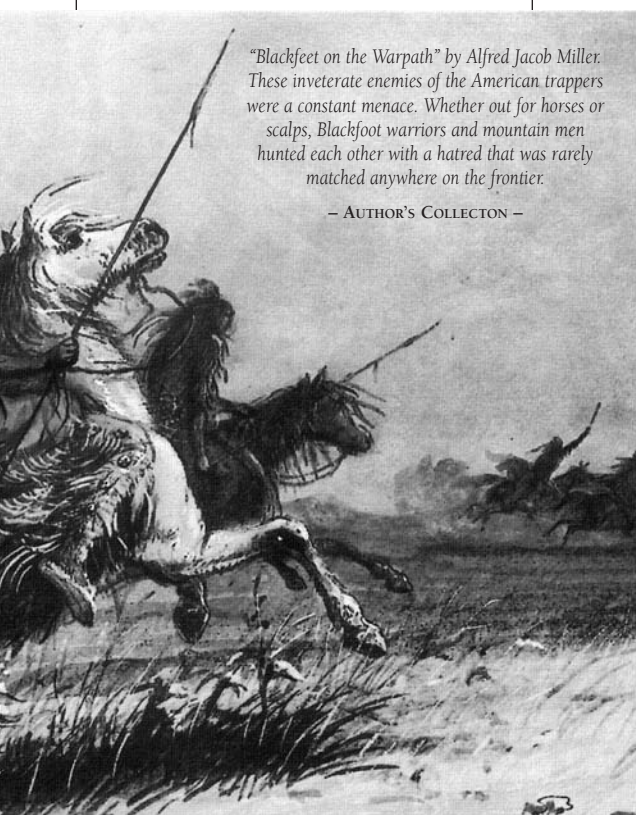
back to Brown's Hole for winter rendezvous. Williams returned in March of 1843, and they trapped the Snake River country, the Grande Ronde Valley in Oregon, and finally traveled west to the Hudson's Bay Company posts on the Columbia River. There they traded their furs to the famous Hudson Bay trader John McLoughlin,



"Buffalo Bull's Back Fat, Blackfeet, 1832" by George Catlin. This painting, considered by many to be Catlin's masterpiece, was produced while at Ft. Union on the upper Missouri River. This Blood (Blackfoot) chief sat for his portrait amongst dozens of his sworn enemies—Crows, assiniboins and Ojibways, as well as white trappers. It was only a brief truce in the genocidal warfare that raged across the plains and mountains of the American West.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —

then struck south through the Willamette Valley. After wintering around Klamath Lake, they crossed the Sierras and traveled down the eastern slope, then crossed northern Nevada by following the Humboldt River east. They trapped Bear River and finally ended up in the Wind River Valley in the spring of 1845. Along the way they had traveled across thousands of miles of wilderness and had fights with Bannocks, Modocs, and Paintes. But they had amicably and profitably traded with



"Blackfeet on the Warpath" by Alfred Jacob Miller. These inveterate enemies of the American trappers were a constant menace. Whether out for horses or scalps, Blackfoot warriors and mountain men hunted each other with a hatred that was rarely matched anywhere on the frontier.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —

"UNCLE BILL" HAMILTON



Umatillas, Cayuse, Walla Walla, various bands of Klamaths, friendly Bannocks and Shoshone. Using their combined language skills, as well as Hamilton's expertise in sign language, they had avoided conflict whenever possible and instead engaged the Indians in trade. But whenever robbed or attacked the mountain men lived by the law of vendetta and exacted enough vengeance to leave a lasting impression on their enemies.

There in camp along the Wind River, the band of trappers split up. Williams traveled south to New Mexico and Bill Hamilton never saw him again. The old mountain man was killed by Ute Indians in southern Colorado, in March, 1849. Soon afterwards, Hamilton and some of the other trappers from



Chief Washakie (1804-1904) in a c. 1884 photo. Washakie was an astute diplomat, a fierce warrior and the faithful of mountain men such as Old Bill Williams and Jim Bridger.

— COURTESY DENVER PUBLIC LIBRARY —

Williams' party were in California, trying their hands at gold mining.

But mining never really appealed to them very much, and after the first three years they spent most of their time fighting Indians. Williams was gone, but his lessons served Hamilton well over the years, until the frontier finally drew to a close.

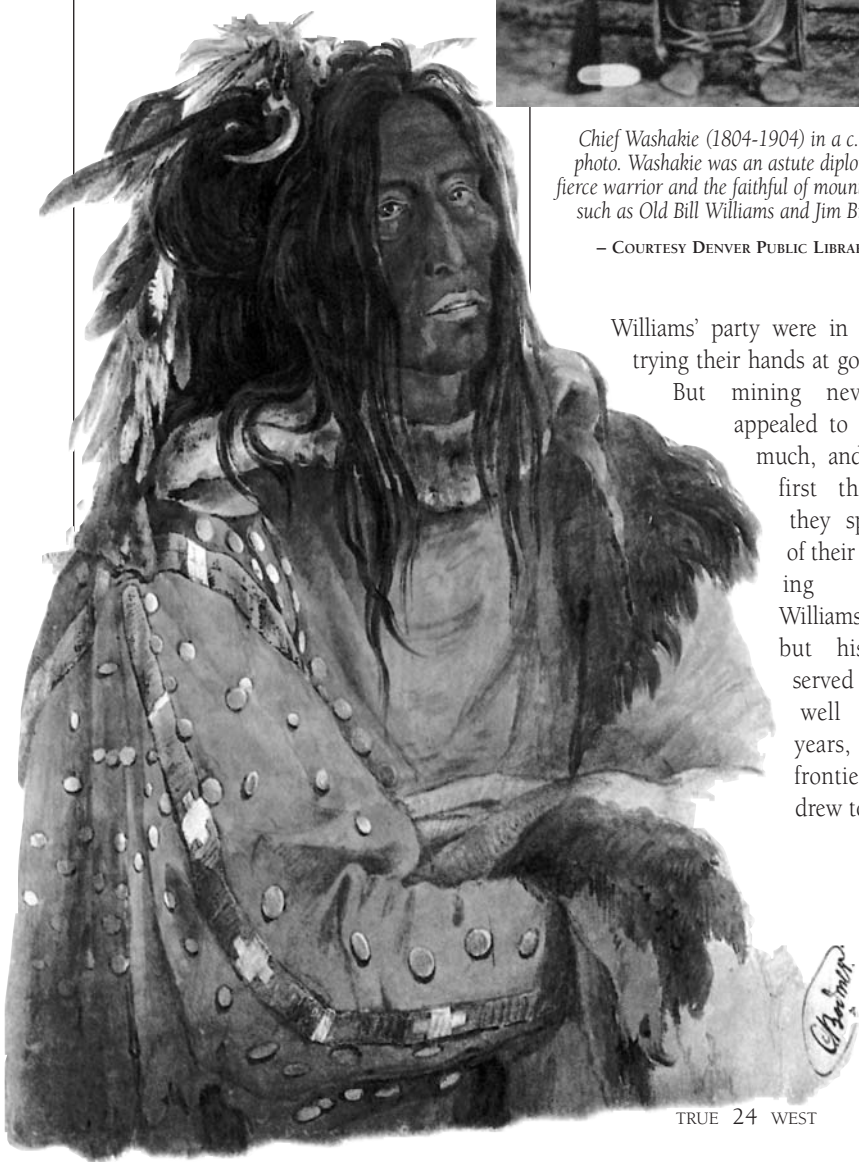
Old Bill Williams and the other veteran trappers

had taught their pupil to observe the buffalo and other game—if they were agitated it was likely that there were Indians about. They showed Hamilton how to track both game and men, how to read "Indian sign" and tell which tribe had been there and what they were up to, how to choose a good campsite, where to aim when shooting a grizzly, and countless other lessons that saved his life many times.

Williams believed in keeping his party of free trappers well-armed. They carried large-bore "plains rifles" (such as those made by the Hawken brothers of St. Louis) while trappers working for big fur companies still carried flintlock muskets. Williams' party usually carried along a couple of shotguns for use by the night guard. By the late-1840s, Bill Hamilton and his compadres each carried a pair of Colt revolvers, which added significantly to their firepower in close-range encounters. In the California goldfields in 1853, Hamilton readily traded-off his Hawken muzzle-loader for a modern Sharps breech-loading rifle:

Six of us had traded our old Hawkins [sic] rifles for Sharps rifles brought in by emigrants. The barrels of the Hawkins made good substitutes for crowbars. Those were the first Sharps we had seen and we found them most effective weapons, our only criticism being that the triggers pulled too hard. We had a gunsmith resight them and fix the triggers, and securing lots of tape caps and ammunition, we practiced for several days. They were equal in accuracy to our old rifles and far superior in effectiveness.

By 1865 Hamilton had obtained a Henry repeater (it cost him \$106 at Montana prices), and he continued to upgrade his weaponry as technology improved. But good horseflesh was just as important to a mountain man as a good rifle. Hamilton always rode the fastest horses that he could find, and traveled with a pair of them whenever possible. At night he kept his best horse saddled with a light Indian packsaddle, so that if attacked he could be mounted instantly. His horses were "thoroughly broke under fire and could not be stampeded." Hamilton



trained both his saddle mounts and pack animals to come running when he called them in, so that they could not be easily stolen when they grazed.

Mountain men like Hamilton became increasingly rare and useful on the frontier, as the years passed and the older generation of trappers faded away. In California, Hamilton and his friends fought in the volunteer militias that hunted hostile Indians. Although they were aggressive fighters, the mountain men were not as murderous as some of the newly-arrived greenhorns. After thoroughly defeating the Pit River tribe in 1853, Hamilton recalled, "After the fight a council was held and many of the miners were in favor of wiping out the women and children we had captured, but the trappers persuaded them not to do so. We considered for some time taking the women prisoners, but concluded they would be a burden. The men who had escaped would return soon after our departure, and there was no danger they would starve, as berries and roots were plentiful."

Hamilton and his friends went on to fight in the Rogue River War and the Modoc War, but in 1858 the original band of trappers went their separate ways, most of them going to New Mexico. Hamilton worked his way northeast, taking a job as an army scout out of Fort Walla Walla. His skill at sign language as well as his knowledge of the land and its native inhabitants made him a valuable addition to Colonel George Wright's command. Bill Hamilton and Alex McKay (the "half-breed" son of legendary Canadian trapper Thomas McKay) made a hazardous scout over the Rockies and into the heart of Blackfeet country in order to assess the strengths and dispositions of the local tribes. He later wrote out a thorough account of this journey, including a description of a battle between the Kootenai and the Blackfeet, in which McKay and Hamilton participated.

Hamilton later returned to that region to open a trading post on the site of pres-

ent Missoula, Montana. In 1865 Hamilton was appointed sheriff of Chouteau County, Montana, and deputy U.S. marshal. He pursued horse thieves, both Indian and white, acted as an emissary when the governor wanted to negotiate an inter-tribal treaty, continued to hunt and trap in the mountains, and survived numerous scrapes with Indians that would have claimed the life of any man that didn't have Hamilton's frontier skills. He became something of a local legend, and the locals began respectfully calling him "Uncle Bill" Hamilton. In the Sioux War of 1876-77, Hamilton served as a scout for General George Crook's column and was present at the Battle of the Rosebud and at Slim Buttes.

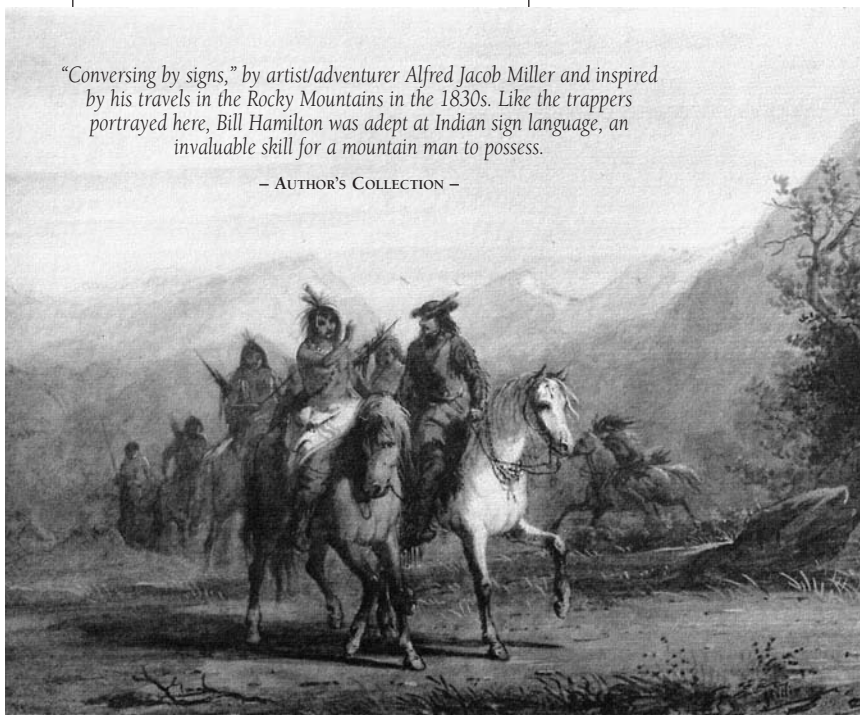
Bill Hamilton aged gracefully and he lived out his years in a small cabin near

He didn't write his memoirs in order to boast, but because he realized that the frontier had passed away and that he was the last mountain man. On May 28, 1908, his obituary was the headline story of the *Columbus Tri-County News*:

"Mr. Hamilton was one of the very few remaining of the old guard that helped to claim a wild land... If one-tenth of the dangers and privations that he has endured were to be placed before the average man of today, he would quail from them in abject terror... But for the terrors and privations that men of the Hamilton stripe endured, this great land of the West would still be regarded as an arid waste."

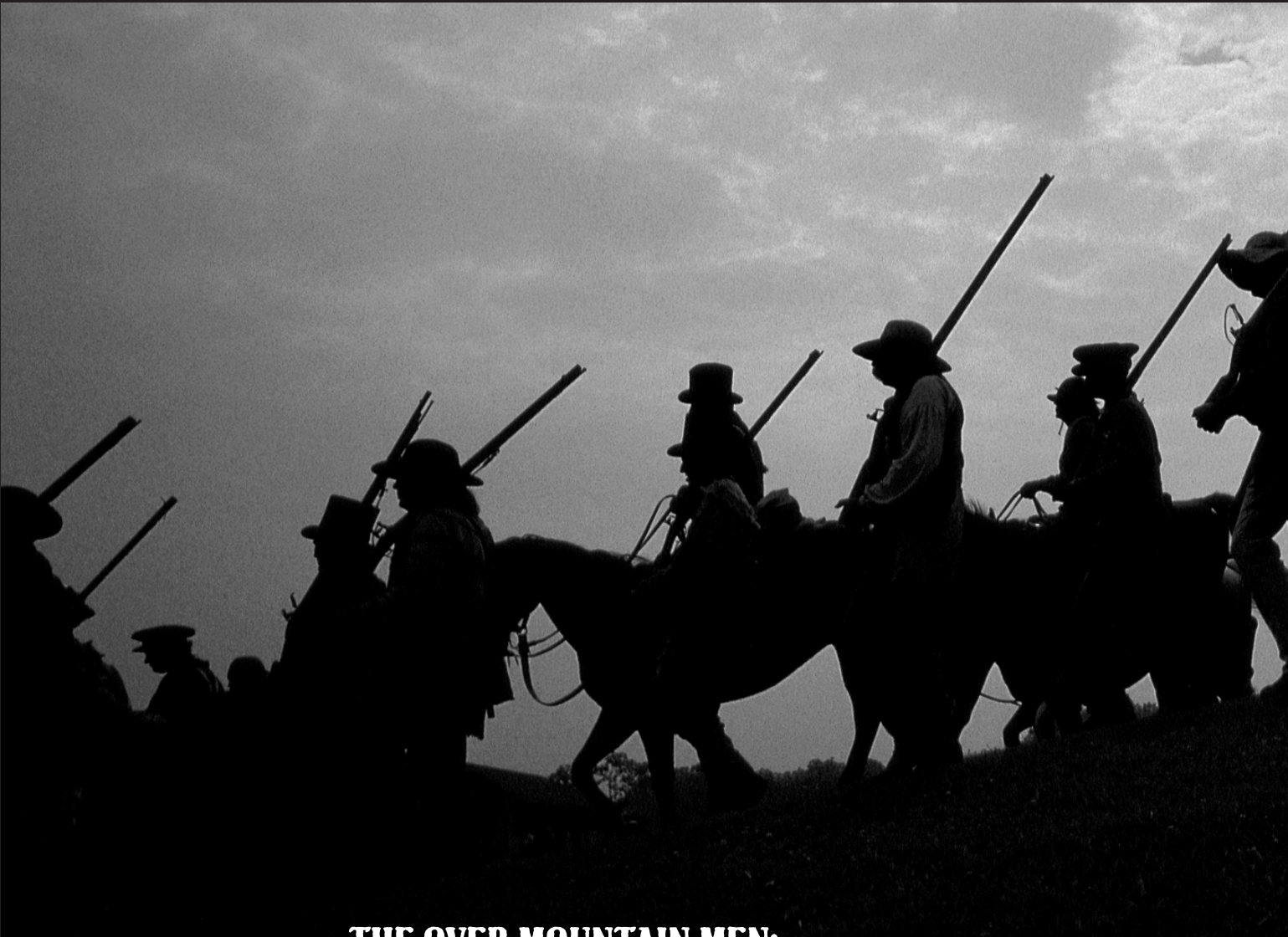
"Conversing by signs," by artist/adventurer Alfred Jacob Miller and inspired by his travels in the Rocky Mountains in the 1830s. Like the trappers portrayed here, Bill Hamilton was adept at Indian sign language, an invaluable skill for a mountain man to possess.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —



Columbus, Montana. Each morning he bathed in the Yellowstone River. Well into his eighties, he spent part of every winter running a trap line in the high country. And he spent hours carefully writing out accounts of his experiences as a mountain man. His memoirs are written intelligently and with clear handwriting, but composed in the simple language of a frontiersman.

John Sweet is a regular contributor on the early American frontier, the fur trade in particular. He currently lives in Colorado.



THE OVER-MOUNTAIN MEN:

Raw-boned, hard-edged, undisciplined in the extreme, they were as dangerous and wild a body of men as ever congregated to give battle—they were indeed the new Americans.

KING'S MOUNTAIN

BY PAUL ANDREW HUTTON

IMAGES COURTESY OF *FRONTIER: THE DECISIVE BATTLES*



1780

was the darkest year for the Patriot cause during the American Revolution. It was the year of Benedict Arnold's treason. It was a starvation year for General George Washington's ragged little army encamped at Morristown, New Jersey, where rumors of mutiny were rampant. And it was a year of unrelenting defeat for Patriot forces. British North American commander Sir Henry Clinton had shifted the war to the South in expectation of Loyalist support in that region.

On May 12, Charleston, America's fourth-largest city with its 5,500-man garrison, surrendered. It was the worst defeat suffered by Americans during the war. British regiments swept through South Carolina, establishing a chain of posts from Georgetown on the coast to Augusta on the Savannah River to Fort Ninety-Six on the western frontier.

In the forefront of this British advance was Lieutenant Colonel Banastre Tarleton, the young, energetic commander of the British Legion, a mixed force of cavalry and light infantry renowned for their ruthlessness. Tarleton, born in Liverpool in 1754, was a man of considerable charm and some intelligence—born to wealth and high position, educated at Oxford for the law. The fiery redhead had no sympathy for those who opposed his king. He was an arrogant, aristocratic dandy who felt nothing but contempt for his American foes. He had some military talent, but mostly relied on cruelty and aggressiveness for success. He represented everything about the British that Americans hated.

At the Waxhaws near the North Carolina border Tarleton surprised 350 Americans under the command of Colonel Abraham Buford. They had marched south to reinforce Charleston, but upon hearing of its fall, retreated back north. The surprised Americans attempted to surrender, but were ruthlessly cut down by Tarleton's dragoons. All 113 Americans were killed and another 150 wounded and left for dead on the field. Tarleton's loss is but five killed and twelve wounded.

Clinton, in Charleston, was delighted with Tarleton's victory. He

prepared to return to New York, turning command of the southern theater over to General Charles Cornwallis. Clinton was confident that Loyalists throughout the Carolinas would rally to their King. Just before departing he wrote to Lord George Germain: "With great pleasure I further report to your lordship that the inhabitants from every quarter repair to declare their allegiance to the King. I may venture to assert that there are few men in South Carolina who are not either our prisoners, or in arms with us."

He was wrong. From the Carolina swamps and forests, from eastern valleys and western hills, small bands of resolute men rallied to the call of partisan leaders Francis Marion, Thomas Sumter, and Andrew Pickens. They would strike, vanish, and strike again—and soon a bloody civil war between Tories and Patriots ravaged the Carolinas.

In London the British government had become convinced that the American South was a hotbed of Tory sentiment. Deep in debt and confronting serious domestic political problems, the King's ministers could squander no more men or treasure on the American war. They became more determined that loyal Americans would fill the ranks of the King's army and suppress the rebellion once and for all. Sir Henry Clinton hoped to establish a fair policy of protecting all Americans who did not actively support the rebel cause, but was opposed by Cornwallis. To accomplish his policy, Sir Henry circumvented Cornwallis (who he despised) and gave an independent command to a remarkable thirty-five-year-old major of the 71st Highland Regiment—Patrick Ferguson, whose new title became Inspector of Militia in the Southern Provinces. Ferguson was given orders to raise a force of 4,000 loyalist militia and to put 1,000 of them into the field, ready for action. Patrick Ferguson was admirably suited by both temperament and training for the task. Few officers in the British service were as widely admired as the Scottish major, known throughout the army as "the Bull Dog." Ferguson's father, James Ferguson, Lord Pitfour, was a distinguished Scottish Jurist whose estate at

Aberdeenshire was renowned as graceful site of culture and intellectual pursuit. His maternal uncle, James Murray, Lord Elibank, had assumed command of British forces at Quebec, and then served as first governor of Canada. He had pushed forward his nephew's military career. In July 1759 a commission was purchased for Ferguson in the Royal North British Dragoons—the Scots Greys—and the youth won distinction on the battlefields of Germany. Promoted to captain in 1768, Ferguson was soon battling native rebels on the West Indies island of Tobago. A deadly fever felled him, placing him on inactive service for some time. While convalescing in England, he turned to the study of firearms. A noted hunter and marksman—widely regarded as the best shot in the British Army—he developed a reliable breech-loading rifle for the British Army.

Ferguson, issued patents on his rifle in December 1776, was soon on

advanced northward with his main army, establishing a chain of fortified posts throughout South Carolina—at Augusta, at Rocky Mount, and at Camden. Congress, without consulting General George Washington, assigned command of all southern forces to General Horatio Gates, the hero of Saratoga. The ambitious Gates, who hoped to replace Washington as army commander, assumed command of 1,400 Continentals in North Carolina on July 25, 1780, and immediately advanced toward the British outpost at Camden. Although reinforced by militia, he had but 3,000 starving, ragged, and mostly ill-trained men. At Camden on August 16, 1780, Cornwallis confronted him with 1,900 battle-tested veterans.

The battle was over quickly as the redcoats routed the American militia and cut down the stalwart Continentals. General Gates is among those who first fled the field of battle—his northern laurels,



Raw-boned, hard-edged, undisciplined in the extreme, they were as dangerous and wild a body of men as ever congregated to give battle—they were indeed the new Americans.

his way to America in command of 100 hand-picked soldiers. Armed with the new weapon, his green-uniformed troops arrived in New York in May 1777. Ferguson distinguished himself at the Battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777, but was horribly wounded—his right elbow shattered by a musket ball.

On May 13, 1778, some nine months after being wounded, Ferguson finally returned to active duty. He won the battle to save his arm, although it would no longer bend and he carried it in a sling. He was promoted to major in the 71st Regiment, but was informed that his beloved rifle corps had been disbanded. He went on to again distinguish himself at the battles of Monmouth and Charleston. His new appointment as Inspector of Militia in the Southern Provinces delighted him, for he relished an independent command. He was confident of raising a large Loyalist army and planned to win the Americans over with justice and fairness.

Ferguson became disgusted with Tarleton's no-quarter campaigns. He wanted to bring the Americans back to their King, not terrorize them. He argued with both Cornwallis and Tarleton over how to best treat the Americans, on one occasion even arrested some of Tarleton's men for crimes against the local population. Ferguson and Tarleton came to despise each other. Despite the opposition of his superiors, Ferguson met with remarkable success in recruitment. He acquired 4,000 recruits, with 1000 more in the field under arms.

While Ferguson recruited his Loyalist militia, Lord Cornwallis

as one way later put it, turning to southern willows. Cornwallis claims 800 Americans dead or wounded, and another thousand taken prisoner. The victory is complete. The road to North Carolina and beyond was wide open. But Lord Cornwallis has also suffered losses—twenty percent of his redcoats fell at Camden, and even more had become sick with fever. More than ever, he was dependent upon the Loyalist militia being recruited by Ferguson.

General Nathanael Greene, the new American commander in the South, had but a handful of troops to face Lord Cornwallis' victorious army. He required time to build his forces, and he desperately needed some kind of victory to inspire his militiamen to rejoin the fight. Guerrilla warfare raged everywhere—with looting, burnings and murders the order of the day. Greene was horrified by this level of brutality, commenting that "the Whigs and Tories pursue each other with as much relentless fury as beasts of prey."

Lord Cornwallis had also become frustrated with the raids of rebel militia but was nevertheless determined to extend the war into North Carolina. He called Major Ferguson to Camden for a war council and announced a three-pronged thrust northward. The British right wing, on the coast, was to move against Wilmington to secure the flow of supplies while Lord Cornwallis advanced with the main army toward Charlotte, North Carolina. Ferguson, with his provincial volunteers and Loyalist militia, was to sweep to the left, guarding against the worrisome frontiersmen west of the

mountains. Ferguson was delighted with this independent command, hoping to prove the value of his Loyalist militia. He was looking for a fight, and did not have to look far.

On August 18, at Musgrove's Mill on the Enoree River, Patriot militia under Colonels Isaac Shelby, Elijah Clarke, and James Williams surprised Ferguson's provincials and Tory militia, and inflicted punishing casualties: 63 dead and 90 wounded Loyalists with only 4 killed and 8 wounded among the Patriots. Enraged by this attack, Ferguson composed a message and sent it over the mountains to Colonel Shelby: "If they do not desist from their opposition to the British arms, I will march my army over the mountains, hang their leaders, and lay waste their country with fire and sword."

Isaac Shelby was not a man to be trifled with. A man of commanding presence, he was well known throughout the western settlements as a surveyor, community leader, and, when the need arose, Indian fighter. He had taken but little part in the war over the mountains until July 1780, when he answered Colonel Charles McDowell's call for assistance against Ferguson's advancing forces. He led his men in several sharp fights until the defeat at Camden drove them back across the mountains. Upon receiving Ferguson's warning he promptly saddled his horse and rode some forty miles to consult with the leader of the Nolichucky and Watauga River settlements, John Sevier. No man in the western country was better known than Sevier—adventurer, land speculator, warrior, politician, and born leader. "Chucky Jack" as he was called after his cabin on the Nolichucky River, lived up to his frontier reputation. As one fellow frontiersman put it, "He can out-ride and outshoot—and, it is said, outswear the best and worse of the men who followed him." Sevier and Shelby, deciding that the best defense was a strong offense, sent out a call to arms to all the western settlements.

These Scotch-Irish pioneers, isolated and constantly threatened by enemies both real and imagined, were a self-reliant, independent people unimpressed by those who lived in comfort or occupied any sort of high station in life. They were not a people to be trifled with, or cheated, or wronged in any way.

They could be clannish, suspicious, and wary but also warm, generous, and hospitable. Death was a constant companion—from disease, from accident, and from man. They lived by the ancient code of an eye-for-an-eye, and toward their rivals for the land—the Indians—they developed an implacable hatred. They had purchased or leased title to wilderness tracts, had cleared the forest and planted their crops and cared little for any previous claimants. They were not to be frightened away. Proud of their race and disdainful of others, they were prepared to meet their enemy on his own terms. They did not view mercy as a virtue.

The Holston and Watauga men responded to Ferguson's ultimatum by rallying at the Sycamore Shoals of the Watauga on

September 25, 1780. They brought their horses, their long rifles, and their seething anger to the rendezvous—a deadly trinity. Each wore a fringed and tasseled hunting shirt, girded with a beaded belt in which his knife and tomahawk were thrust. A shot-pouch, powder horn, knapsack, and blanket completed the outfit. Many of the men wore fur caps, some with long tails hanging in back, while others sported the favored broad-brimmed felt hat with a buck-tail or evergreen sprig attached.

There was not a uniform, a bayonet, or a tent to be found among them. Raw-boned, hard-edged, undisciplined in the extreme, they were as dangerous and wild a body of men as ever congregated to give battle—they were indeed the new Americans.

One of those frontier warriors later described the martial mindset of the pioneers to Lyman C. Draper, who did more than any other to

record the history of this time and place. While anathema to professional soldiers, his sentiments clearly encapsulated the mindset of the western citizen-soldier from the revolution to the Alamo:



**Widely regarded
as the best shot in
the British Army,
Patrick Ferguson
developed a
reliable breech-
loading rifle...**

Every man considered himself a soldier. He had his horse and his rifle, which he knew well how to use, and he was always ready at short notice to join his fellows in any emergency. All had a common interest, and that most vital: their homes, their families, and everything dear to man. Thus there was formed among them a pride of tact league and covenant, which all regarded as most binding.

When fighting came on, everyone fought for himself, officers as well as men. The best officers were those who fought best; as among the Indians, the officers were leaders rather than commanders. Command was always more nominal than real. In fighting, it was always expected that the officers would lead on, any failure to do this would be marked as cowardice, and the officers cashiered, not by court martial but by acclamation.

It would surprise men of this generation to see the power these leaders exercised over their followers. It was power conferred by God and nature, much more reflective than that on parchment.

John Sevier, along with Isaac Shelby and William Campbell, shared command, at least so much as any man commanded this magnificent

rabble. Over 900 strong, they prepared to march eastward on the morning of September 26. Before departing they stood grimly, caps in hand, as the black-coated Presbyterian preacher Samuel Doak railed at them as John Knox himself must have done generations before in the old country. With a zealot's fire he called on them to smite the British and Tories with "the sword of the Lord and Gideon." With his words ringing in their ears they rode off along the Doe River and up over the snow-covered pass between the Roan and Yellow mountains to Gillespie's Gap and passage over the Blue Ridge to the Carolina settlements beyond.

Tory spies hurried to Ferguson with word of the march of the overmountain men. He sent out a call to arms among the Carolina Tories, warning of an "inundation of barbarians" who would mutilate the men

and rape the women. "If you choose to be pissed upon by a set of mongrels," he closed, "say so at once, and let your women turn their backs upon you and look out for real men to protect them."

Colonel Shelby addressed his frontier soldiers at about the same time, ordering any man who wished to depart the chance to step out of ranks. Not a man moved. "I am heartily glad," Shelby proclaimed, "to see you to a man resolved to meet and fight your country's foes. When we encounter the enemy, don't wait for the word of command. Let each one of you be his own officer, taking every care you can of yourselves, and availing yourselves of every advantage that chance may throw in your way. If in the woods, shelter yourselves and give them Indian play! Advance from tree to tree, pressing the enemy and killing and disabling all you can."

Shelby, Campbell and Sevier selected the best riflemen with the

also over one hundred New Jersey and New York volunteer Provincials—King's Rangers and Queen's Rangers. All were well armed, some with muskets and bayonets, others with rifles, knives and swords. They calmly held their fire as the over-mountain men moved toward them. Finally, at near three o'clock they fired a volley at Shelby's men, but their position atop the crest sent their shots high.

Onward came the resolute Americans, holding their fire until the last possible moment. Finally Shelby let out with an Indian yell the signal to fire, shouting, "Here they are boys! Shoot like hell and fight like devils!"

Down charged the Tories with bayonets fixed. The mountaineers melted before them, falling back out of reach to reload and come again. Again and again Ferguson's men fired volleys that went high



Ferguson had nearly a thousand men, mostly Carolina Tories but also over one hundred New Jersey and New York volunteer Provincials—King's Rangers and Queen's Rangers...They calmly held their fire as the over-mountain men moved toward them.

strongest horses for the final pursuit of Ferguson. John Crockett, the father of Davy Crockett, numbered among these riflemen. On October 6, they pushed on, not halting but once in thirty-six hours. At the Cowpens they were reinforced by 400 of the Flint Hill militia. Again a choice selection was made by the officers of the best riflemen, and that night 910 mounted men rode forth, followed by 85 determined men on foot. They pressed on through a driving rain toward flat-topped King's Mountain.

Ferguson and his army were encamped atop King's Mountain, a rough hill, forested and rocky, rising some sixty feet above the plain less than two miles south of the border between the two Carolinas. He expected reinforcements at any time but was certain he could handle this backcountry rabble with his well-trained Provincials and Tory militia. He could have retreated but refused, and his total contempt for his foe sealed his fate.

The rain continued throughout the morning of October 7, but as the over-mountain men tied their horses in the forest at the base of King's Mountain the sky began to clear. The frontiersmen primed their rifles and silently moved into the forest to surround the hill. Sevier's men were on the west, Shelby's on the north, Campbell's on the southwest, while the North Carolinians moved off to the northeast. It was well past midday when scrambled up the rocky terrain toward the waiting enemy.

Ferguson had nearly a thousand men, mostly Carolina Tories but

and then charged with the bayonet. The American fire was desultory but remarkably accurate, and always the frontiersmen retreated before the bayonets, only to reload and return. The Tory ranks thinned, their bayonet charges weakened, and their hope vanished. The Americans tightened the ring. Ferguson, conspicuous on a white horse, galloped along his lines roaring encouragement and twice cutting down white flags raised by his own men. The air was fouled with the smell of black powder, smoke obscured all vision and the desperate defenders soon found their lines pressed back-to-back.

Sevier, leaving a brother mortally wounded on the hillside, led his men onto the crest first. Shelby soon joined him there. Sevier greeted his friend with a broad smile and then remarked, "They have singed off your hair!" Shelby's face was burned and blackened and his hair on one side badly singed from the repeated firing of his rifle.

Ferguson and two of his officers suddenly galloped into view of Sevier's men. "There's Ferguson—Shoot him!" went up the cry. Hit repeatedly, Ferguson reeled in the saddle and fell. His foot caught in a stirrup and the panicky horse dragged the limp body through the American lines. The white flag again went up, but the frontiersmen paid no heed. Rifle, tomahawk, and knife took a terrible toll among the helpless Tories until bloodlust was satiated and the exhausted frontiersmen reckoned they had killed enough. It had all taken but an hour.

Sevier and Shelby regained as much control as they could and tal-

lied losses. They had lost under 50 while killing over 150, wounding nearly as many, and taking over 800 prisoners. Ferguson's body, and those of his slain comrades, were thrown into a shallow trench and but lightly covered with earth and a few stones. Wolves soon found this spot, dug up the bodies, and feasted heartily. They made it a favorite haunt, hoping for another banquet, so that for some time afterward wolf hunters found King's Mountain a prime spot.

The over-mountain men, undisciplined to begin with, became totally unmanageable once the battle was won. Nine Tory prisoners had been hanged before Sevier could halt the killing. Turning their prisoners over to the lowland militia, Sevier and Shelby hurried their men

Rifle, tomahawk, and knife took a terrible toll among the helpless Tories until bloodlust was satiated and the exhausted frontiersmen reckoned they had killed enough....



back to their cabins along the Holston, Watauga, and Nolichucky. They had won a stunning and decisive victory.

Lord Cornwallis was shaken, with all his grand plans thrown into disarray. American militiamen flocked to General Nathanael Greene's banner, and at the Cowpens on January 17, 1781, troops under the command of Colonel Daniel Morgan crushed Banastre Tarleton's Legion, killing over 100 and capturing 700 more. In exasperation, Cornwallis turned northward toward his fate and the complete surrender of his army at Yorktown, Virginia, on October 19, 1781. Sir Henry Clinton later noted that the road to Yorktown began at King's Mountain:

"The instant I heard of Major Ferguson's defeat, I foresaw most of the consequences likely to result from it. The check so encouraged the spirit of rebellion in the Carolinas that it could never be humbled. It was the first link in a chain of evils that followed each other in regular succession until at last ended in the total loss of America."

The rough over-mountain men had turned the tide of war. "That memorable victory," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "was the joyful annunciation of that turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of Independence."

Paul Andrew Hutton teaches history at the University of New Mexico and is Executive Director of the Western History Association. He wrote the original screenplay for *Frontier: The Decisive Battles* (King's Mountain).

KING'S MOUNTAIN ON FILM

By Gary Foreman, Producer

Frontier: The Decisive Battles

When the History Channel gave us the go ahead to produce the story on the battle of King's Mountain (as one of the four episodes for *Frontier: The Decisive Battles*), we knew it would be both a privilege and a challenge.

Although the American victory at King's Mountain is considered one of the major turning points in the final leg of the American Revolution, this immensely important battle had never been produced for television or film.

Even with the luxury of a talented cast and crew, we had only two and a half days and an evening, in hot summer weather, to pull off an on-location shoot; most of the scenes would be filmed on rugged terrain. Since the present-day landscape surrounding King's Mountain (on the North-South Carolina border) has been greatly altered by American "progress" and non-native vegetation, we opted for Canter's Cave in southeast Ohio, an old forest with massive cave ledges and rock outcroppings. It gave us the stunning and authentic look we needed.

Besides its historical importance, there were some interesting characteristics about this unusual conflict that really makes for great storytelling. Most important for us was the dynamic character of British Major Patrick Ferguson, reminiscent of George Custer and perhaps Teddy Roosevelt. We needed someone who could ride, shoot, and even fence with his left hand.

It would have to be someone who really looked like a lean Scotsman with a sense of nobility. We found such a person in Dr. Harold Raleigh, a right-handed dentist and reenactor from the Louisville, Kentucky, area who came with all the credentials we needed. Just as impressive was Harold's dedication and determination to train himself for months for the role.

Another filming and visual challenge was the fact that among the 2,000 or so participants in the 1780 battle, very few British soldiers were uniformed. In fact, the major difference between the two opposing forces

was the little sprig of pine worn in the Loyalists (British) hats compared to the slip of white paper that the Patriots put in theirs. And because we only had fifty reenactors on this set, we had to carefully construct the scenes as not to confuse our audience or our editors. We accomplished this in two ways:

One was to always show some of the provincial red coats (about 100 of Ferguson's Loyalists were outfitted this way) in every shot featuring the British force. Second, we had every reenactor brigade as Patriots on Saturday, and Loyalists on Sunday. Somehow, we had to make the battle look intense, authentic and yet still disguise our feeble numbers. From there, it would be up to me and my editors to make sense of this organized confusion.

The filming crew exhausted themselves as cranes and steadicams floated in and out of battle lines, dodging sporadic gunfire and tree limbs, racing with our combatants up and down the timber and rock slopes. Here, horses and men and equipment found a way to be orchestrated into a stunning spectacle. Careful composition and visualization allowed us to work quickly and effectively.

It was hot, it was physically demanding, and it was risky. Time was running out and we had no choice.

The hard work paid off as clouds of smoke (both from gunfire and fog machines) drifted through the set and engulfed the embattled participants while shafts of forest light occasionally penetrated the scene. For dirty cast and exhausted crew, it felt as though we had been time-warped to 1780. We had fought our own battle on King's Mountain, and everybody had won.

THE NORTH MEN

BY J. FROMHOLD

In the United States the Mountain Men and their era have always held a certain mystique and fascination. Today, many black powder shoots and rendezvous commemorate the era, and the names of Jim Bridger, Samuel Johnson

Hugh Glass, Jedediah Smith and others are well known.

In Canada, the Mountain Man Era started earlier and lasted longer, but is relatively unknown even among historians. Names of individual mountain men—though plentiful—are virtually unknown, and little research has been done into their histories. Though a few black powder shoots exist in Alberta and Saskatchewan today, most concentrate on the better known fron-

tiersman/voyageur period.

The era itself began in the 1790s, and lasted virtually for a hundred years. Annual trade rendezvous—if not as boisterous as those in the United States—lasted at least as long.

According to Indian tradition, trade rendezvous began in the southern portion of the mountains as early as 1700 AD. Possibly as early as 1650 the Cree and unknown Frenchmen or French Metis (Half- bloods) began to reach the Kutenai, Flathead and Carrier Indians



Orkney Men, who propelled York Boats for thousands of miles up and down the frontier rivers.

— COURTESY GLENBOW ARCHIVES —

bringing trade goods—including whiskey—to the mountains. These contacts developed into regular meetings between these itinerant traders and the mountain tribes

Though trade came later to the northern regions, the Mountain Man Era starts here just as early as in the southern regions.

The history of the Canadian mountain man is best viewed as the history of three separate regions: the Southern Region, covering south-



THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

by J. Fromhold

The annals of the Canadian fur trade is replete with Scottish names, representing virtually all of the Scots clans. The earliest of these traders are especially associated with the area now known as the Highlands, Western Isles and Orkney Isles—Highland Scots all. Noted exceptions to these are the Camerons, MacKinnons and Chisholms, who show up later or not at all. Some researchers have suggested that the reason for the Scots prominence in these early years, from 1770 to 1830, was due to the Clearances in the Scottish highlands.

Long before 1745, sheep had made their appearance in the Highlands, beginning the Clearances, as peasants and crofters were evicted to open lands for the herding of sheep. With the defeat of the Scots at Culloden in 1745, which effectively destroyed the Highland Clans, these clearances were carried out with vicious abandon.

In truth, there seems to be little or no connection between the Scots in Canada's fur trade history and these Clearances, with the possible exception of the Selkirk settlers on the Red River in 1811.

In fact, the early participants in the fur trade were not commoners, as would be expected if they were displaced peasants, but established men of means. Actually, there were two kinds of Scots involved in the trade, the "Gentlemen" and the "Orkney Men".

Almost without exception, the Gentlemen were leading traders, all eventually coming under the umbrella of the North West Company.

The Orkney Men, on the other hand, were peasants and commoners from the Orkney Isles who signed on as contract laborers with the Hudson's Bay Company (HBC). Mostly they signed on with the HBC for a period of three years, and then returning to the Orkney Islands with their accumulated savings to settle down—much like the sub-arctic oilfield workers of today.

As a rule they were looked down on by their superiors, by the Gentlemen of the NWC, and by the French-Canadian voyageurs. They had a reputation of being inept, of limited ability and—unlike the French-Canadians who were thought to be in their natural environment in a canoe—unable to master the skills of a canoe.

In their defense, the HBC preferred to use their skills as oarsmen on the longboat-like York Boats, rather than in canoes. Powered by oars and, if lucky, by sail, the Orkney Men spent their term plying the oars, portaging 180-260 pound loads and—more often than not—up to their waist in water hauling the heavy York Boats up rivers and across portages.

When Lowland Scots did join the fur trade later, and were invariably associated with the Hudson's Bay—or "English"—Company.

Though 1745 marked the destruction of the clans, many of these Gentlemen rose to great heights in Canada as lairds of their own demesne. Most of the fur districts were bigger than all Scotland—or even all Britain combined. These men came to be visual clan heads in Canada by virtue of their authority in their regions, and by their numerous kinsmen in the fur trade.

One of the earliest of these traders was George McBeath, who entered the interior trade in the 1780s. He was closely followed by John, Simon, and

THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

William McTavish. As founding fathers of the North West Company, they rose high to dominate the company as virtual dictators.

Following McTavish to dominate the trade came Alexander Mackenzie followed by William McGillivray—both with a large retinue of brothers, cousins, children and nephews.

Mackenzie, also one of the early partners in the North West Company, made famed exploratory trips across the continent to the Arctic Ocean and to the Pacific Ocean. McGillivray pressed for opening of trade across the mountains.

Simon Fraser and John Stuart were each at one time lords of the

*Fraser and Stuart
also made the famed
canoe journey down the
Fraser River—proving that
it was not feasible.*

New Caledonia, Columbia and Athabasca Districts. Fraser and Stuart also made the famed canoe journey down the Fraser River—proving that it was not feasible.

Fraser, unlike most of the Scots, came from eastern Canada. His grandfather had settled in the United States and been a Loyalist (he died a prisoner) in the American Revolution, having settled there with the Fraser Highlander's Regiment after the Seven Year's War.

Between 1788 and 1830 the Athabasca/Mackenzie District was successively held by the Mackenzies (Alexander, Roderick, Kenneth, "Emperor" Roderick), the McGilliveays (William, Simon, Duncan, John), McLeods (Alexander, A.R., A.N.) as well as the odd Campbell, Robertson, Mackintosh and Clarke. New Caledonia was variously held by Simon Fraser, John Stuart and A.N.



Sir Alexander Mackenzie 1778-1843, a founder of the North West Company and the rival XY Company. He retired as a lord to Scotland, leaving his native family behind.

— COURTESY GLENBOW ARCHIVES—

western Alberta, southern British Columbia and northern Oregon, Washington and Idaho; the Peace River Region, covering the upper Peace River drainage basin and portions of the adjacent Fraser River; and the Arctic Region, covering the Mackenzie River basin, particularly the Liard River and the Yukon. Like in the United States, travelers from the West—English and Russians on the West Coast—are not usually considered with the mountain men.

The history of the upper Peace River Region, also called the New Caledonia District, begins in 1793, with the crossing of the continent by Alexander Mackenzie. This was the first crossing of the mountains north of Mexico.

Though Mackenzie did not remain, and can hardly be called a Mountain Man for his stay of one season, he has to be recognized as an Honorary Mountain Man for the feat accomplished by himself and his crew. Mackenzie's journey set the stage for the mountain men of this region.

His feat finally put to rest the hopes for an easy Northwest Passage.

In the United States the mountain men and the horse are inseparable. Not so in Canada, where it was the



THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

McLeod. The Columbia District stretching into the Oregon in the United States, was held at various times by John Stuart, Peter Skene Ogden, John McLeod, Dr. John McLaughlin and James Douglas.

James Douglas—later Lord Douglas—guided the Columbia District from being a fur District to become the Colony of British Columbia from 1830-65.

Many of these Scots are remembered in geographic place-names, including the Mackenzie River (Alexander Mackenzie); Fraser River (Simon Fraser); Stuart Lake and River (John Stuart); Selkirk Mountains (Earl of Selkirk); McGillivray Mountains and River

canoe. the canoe was an indispensable part of the fur trade, and remained so throughout. Through it all, the northern mountain men remained as much a voyageur as a mountainman.

It was by canoe that these same mountain men made annual trips as far as the Great Lakes to deliver their furs and pick up supplies—trips that took from breakup to freezeup—and sometimes more. Not infrequently the distant posts found their canoes caught in the ice before reaching home—meaning that the men had to walk home and transport the goods overland.

The farther north, the more the reliance on the canoe and less on the horse. While the horse still played a role on the upper Peace River (the

first horse was taken down the Peace River by canoe in 1804), the canoe was paramount. North of the Peace River, the canoe almost entirely replaced the horse. In both regions the dogteam took over when ice covered the land—which was six months of the year or more. Winter trips were made by dogteam or on snowshoes. At least twice each winter some of the men made journeys of hundreds of miles to deliver and pick up the winter express mail, which was forwarded from trading post to trading post.

The actual penetration of the mountains did not begin until 1803, with the establishment of Rocky Mountain fort at the east edge of the mountains. It was not until 1805 that Simon Fraser, James McDougall and John



Reconstruction of Rocky Mountain House fort, built in 1799 at the base of the foothills by John Macdonald "of Garth." From here Jacques Finlay set out to cut the first trail across the mountains in 1806.

— AUTHOR'S PHOTO —

THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

(Wm. McGillivray); McLeod Lake (A.R. McLeod); and Finlay River (John Finlay). Jacques Finlay (Metis son of John Finlay) was a noted Canadian mountainman and one of the first to cross the mountains into Idaho. He is remembered in the names Finlay Creek, Jaco Creek and Jocko Creek.

The McLeods left numerous namesakes behind, aside from the lake of that name. At various times there were five Fort McLeods in western Canada, as well as Fort Dunvegan, named after the ancestral castle of the McLeod's on the Isle of Skye. Calgary, Alberta, narrowly avoided the name "Dunvegan" because of the preexistence of Fort Dunvegan. Instead, it received the name "Killgary," after a McLeod country demesne on the Isle of Skye.

*During the War of 1812
these same gentlemen took
the time to travel to
Montreal and enlist as offi-
cers in the Corps of
Voyagers on the St.
Lawrence River.*

During the War of 1812 these same Gentlemen took the time to travel to Montreal and enlist as officers in the Corps of Voyageurs on the St. Lawrence River. The volunteers included Regimental Colonel William McGillivray, John McDonell, A.N. McLeod, James Hughes, John McGillivray and William McKay.

Another group, The Terrebonne Battalion, was raised from retired northwest traders living around Montreal. They included Roderick Mackenzie, John Finlay, Simon Fraser and Joseph McGillivray.

These Gentlemen of the fur trade brought their class status and dis-



The Jasper Valley, home of Colin Fraser's trading operation for a decade.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —

Stuart actually penetrated the mountains to build Rocky Mountain Portage in the mountains. Fraser went on to establish Fort McLeod on McLeod Lake in 1806.

In that same year Rocky Mountain Portage was in charge of Jean Baptiste Boucher, better known as La Malice for his ornery ways which often jeopardized the people he was working with. In 1810 La Malice became the first white man to marry into the Carrier tribe. Today, his descendants are scattered throughout the north country.

In 1808 Fraser and Stuart made their epic voyage by canoe down the Fraser River to the Pacific Ocean. Oddly enough, by making the trip they actually confirmed that the route was impractical for canoes.

Stuart took over the New Caledonia District in 1812. Under Stuart the New Caledonia trade came to be serviced out of the Columbia River, rather than from east of the mountains. Goods were transported by canoe and pack train hundreds of miles up the rocky mountain chain, almost into the Arctic. Kamloops, British Columbia, became an important link on this transportation route. The post maintained a herd of over 400 horses to meet the annual needs of the pack trains and overlanders traveling the

100 miles between the Columbia and Fraser rivers.

Stuart was joined by A.R. McLeod in 1809, an old associate from the Peace River and in 1810 by Daniel Harmon, an associate of McLeod's from the Peace River. Harmon remained in the New Caledonia District until retiring in 1819. During that time Harmon sent his eight-year old son on a 3,000-mile canoe trip to relatives in Connecticut to attend school.

In 1812, Harmon and McLeod were joined by Frederic Goedike, a past associate of many years on the Peace River and in Manitoba.

During the 1810's the Hudson's Bay Company attempted to break into the North West Company's monopoly of the Peace River/New Caledonia trade, resulting in the "Peace River War." This was mainly an economic war characterized by intense competition and occasionally leading to violence. In 1814 Samuel Black was imported to the Peace River from the Columbia River district as a "heavy" or "enforcer" for the North West Company, to start (and finish) fights with the Hudson's Bay Company.

On one instance, in 1815, the Hudson's Bay Company sent over 100 men to the Peace River area to break the monopoly. Over sixty of these were sent up the Peace River in mid-

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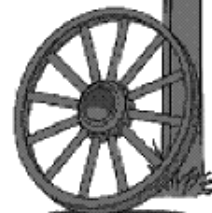


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THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

tinctions to the frontier, refurbishing their frontier posts in as much as a baronial splendor as possible. Furniture was imported from Eastern Canada—or Scotland—and hauled to the interior by canoe and on the backs of men. John Rowand

winter to establish trading posts. Three quarters of these men died of starvation, drowning or freezing before completing half of the journey. Most of the survivors taken in by the North West Company were sent out of the region on the promise not to return.

One of these survivors was George

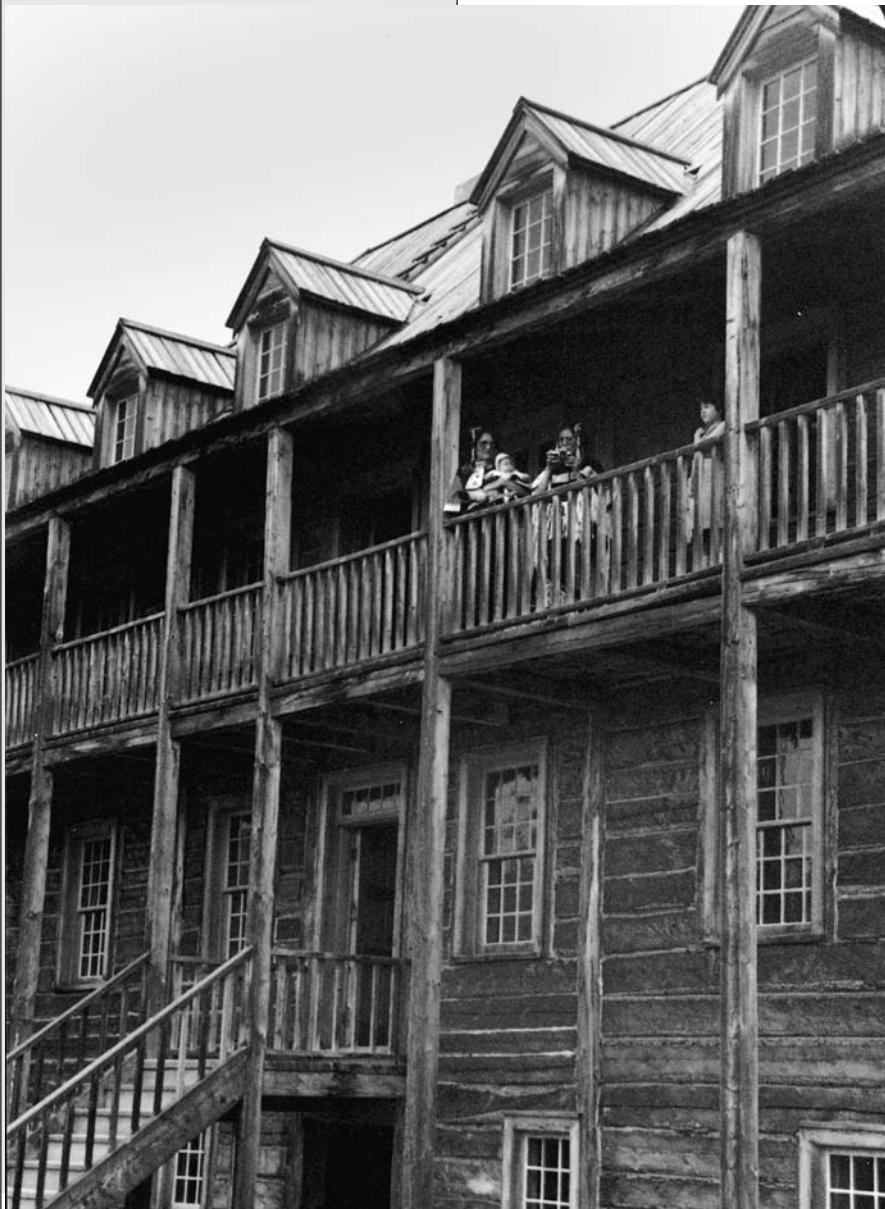
McDougall, who made his way up the Peace river to join his brother James (with the North West Company) at Stuart Lake. Here, in 1816, he joined the North West Company for the rest of his career, remaining in New Caledonia in charge of various posts for the next decade.

Samuel Black also remained in the region, though out of favor after the amalgamation of the two companies in 1821. It seems that Black was never far from trouble. In 1823 he was at Fort St. John (old Rocky Mountain Fort), where his freedom with another man's wife resulted in the post being attacked and destroyed, and three traders killed by the Beaver Indians. Perhaps to get him out of the way, Black was sent to explore the Finlay River after this incident.

With the advent of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821 the region falls into obscurity, and little is known of the men or the history of the region thereafter. The Cariboo Gold Rush brought new travelers, including Henry Moberley, a mountainman formerly from the southern region, and more-or-less ended the mountainman era in the southern portion of the region. The Klondike gold rush brought another influx of travelers, leading to friction with the local tribes. Though some of these travelers remained behind, the mountain region largely remained untouched. Not until well after the turn of the century can it really be said that the mountainman era came to an end in the area.

Further north lies the Arctic region of the mountains, covering the Mackenzie River and Yukon.

If our knowledge of the history of the Peace river is scant, the history of the Mackenzie-Yukon area is almost nonexistent. This reflects the general lack of interest in the area by the government of Canada and Canadians in general.



Fort Edmonton: reconstruction of Rowand's Folly, a log mansion built to impress the Indians.

— AUTHOR'S COLLECTION —

The key centers of this region were Forts Simpson, Liard, and Nelson on the south, and Forts Norman and Good Hope on the eastern approaches to the Mackenzie Mountains. Little is known of their early history.

In 1800 Fort Nelson was established, while on the eastern

went on to take charge of the Fort Liard post.

Again, after the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company little was known of the general area. We know that with the opening of the Liard River, goods began to be sent to the

IN 1870 MACKAY WAS ASKED TO TRAVEL SOUTH TO FORT EDMONTON BY THE EDMONTON BOARD OF HEALTH TO ASSIST IN THE SMALLPOX EPIDEMIC.

approaches to the Mackenzies, Fort Norman was established by John Clarke for the North West Company. Clarke would later lead the abortive invasion of the Peace River District by the Hudson's Bay company.

In 1804 Fort Simpson was established, it being the jumping-off point for the mountains of the Liard River and Yukon. By 1806 Fort Liard was in operation. In 1813-14, as part of the unrest evident among the Indians due to the conflict between the North West Company and Hudson's Bay Company, Fort Nelson, under the command of James Keith, was destroyed by the Dene Tha Indians.

In 1822 John McLeod was stationed at Fort Simpson under Chief Factor Edward Smith, and in the following years explored the Nahanni River, along with Samuel Black sent north from the Peace River region. The following year some Beaver Indians drifted north to the Liard River in the wake of the attack on Fort St. Johns—perhaps in flight from retribution, or perhaps in pursuit of Black. In 1829 Smith sent six men and a clerk to open a post on the Nahanni river to trade with the Nahanni Indians. Murdock, son of John McLeod, later

Yukon by way of the different Dease and Teslin Rivers and Frances Lakes, but little is known about this.

In 1851 Robert Campbell, out of Fort Norman, discovered the Porcupine River route connection to the Yukon River, and thereafter the upper Liard River route was abandoned. Instead, goods would now be sent to the mouth of the Mackenzie and then via the Porcupine River to the Yukon. In spite of this, the trade in the Yukon never really became profitable, due to the distance and difficulty of delivering the goods; in addition, the traders from the east were competing with the traders on the coast and the Chilkat Indians from the southwest, who could undercut the Hudson's Bay Company rates. For this reason Chief Factor J. Anderson fought to limit expansion of trade into the Yukon.

Little more is known until the 1860s, at which time Dr. W.N. MacKay, first physician in the north—and only physician in the west at the time—was stationed at Fort Simpson. In 1870 MacKay was asked to travel south to Fort Edmonton by the Edmonton Board of Health to assist in the smallpox epidemic. Setting out

THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

built "Rowand's Folly," a pretentious three-story log headquarters at Fort Edmonton, giving it a gaudy and garish paint job "to impress the Indians."

Under Roderick Mackenzie, Fort Chipewyan built a library unrivaled outside Montreal and the eastern seaboard. Such was the splendor of Fort Chipewyan under his rule that it was known as "Little Athens."

George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, spent 1828 crossing Canada by canoe. Along with him he took Colin Fraser as his piper. Fraser later went on to become a noted trader and mountaineer. The pipes now rest in the Provincial Museum of Alberta.

Dr. John McLaughlin in 1808, Dr. Todd in 1819, and Dr. John Rae in 1833 became the first doctors in the north country.

Archibald Roderick McLeod, returning to the Peace River after 1812 took

Archibald Roderick McLeod, returning to the Peace River after 1812 took to wearing his red British uniform jacket—the first recorded appearance of a "Redcoat" in the West.

to wearing his red British uniform jacket—the first recorded appearance of a "Redcoat" in the West.

As with other Gentlemen of the day, they also sported a Small Sword, or Hanger, at their side—though there is no mention in the historical records of the traditional Scottish kilts, tartans, sporrans or "Claymores."

With the Peace River War heating up in 1815 between the rival NWC and HBC, these Small Swords

THE SCOTS IN THE EARLY CANADIAN FUR TRADE

increasingly were put to use, as dueling became common between men of the two firms. Hector McNeil was specially imported to Fort Chipewyan from the Columbia District for this purpose. He soon established himself as Champion Swordsman in the northwest, a precursor to the “hired gun.” As early as 1787 John Ross had been killed near Fort Chipewyan in such a duel.

Most of the Gentlemen retired wealthy and as lords to estates in Quebec or Scotland, frequently leaving behind their Native families.

He soon established himself as Champion Swordsman in the northwest, a precursor to the “hired gun.”

Others, like William Sinclair, John McLeod and John Rowand sent their children to Quebec or Scotland for higher education. Others took their families with them—there were two Metis settlements outside Edinburgh at the turn of the century.

Though many of these Gentlemen wielded the might of a Scottish clan chieftain, only one managed to actually found a clan.

In 1780, David Sutherland was to be found on the Saskatchewan River, being succeeded by three sons around 1795. When they left the fur trade, they settled around Fort Carlton (near Saskatoon, Saskatchewan). Best known of the three was George Sutherland, who had three wives (as probably did his brothers). Around them gathered their kin and inlaws, eventually becoming recognized as the Paskokopa Wininiwak (Willow People), or the Parkland People of the Cree Indian Nation. The Parkland People today consist of three bands: Beardy's Band, One Arrow's Band and Sisikwanis' band.

The Monroes are another family

from Fort Simpson, he traveled 1,000 miles by canoe and overland. As might be expected, he arrived too late.

From 1896-99 parties of Klondikers passed through the region—many to disappear in the mountain vastness, never to be heard from again.

With the coming of the Klondike gold rush, the western portions of the area effectively ceased to be part of the Mountain Man Era, moving into the Klondike Era. The eastern portion, however, remained wilderness until the advent of the Alaska Highway in the 1940s. Parts of the Liard River and Nahanni Range continued to remain isolated until recently, while the eastern and northern portions of the Mackenzie Mountains are still effectively wilderness frontier.

The history of the region can not be told without reference to the legendary Headless Valley—in the Nahanni basin—in which the McLeod family was heavily involved for three generations. It is claimed that the Nahanni has taken the lives of over 100 people. Two of those were Frank and William McLeod, John's grandsons, who became victims of the “Curse of the Headless Valley” in 1904. Their remains were discovered and recovered by another brother, Charles.

Perhaps the last of the old-time mountain men in this region was Albert Faille, who spent his entire life in the Nahanni. Albert died in 1981.

Author's Note: Little or no research has been done to date on the Transmontane fur trade as a whole. The major research source to date has been done by Heritage Databank. Individual biographies and histories of the various forts and posts are available online at: www.freenet.edmonton.ab.ca/~databank.

J. Fromhold is Canadian historian, specializing in the trade practices of the Northwest companies. Fromhold first debuted in our June 1998, All-Canadian issue.

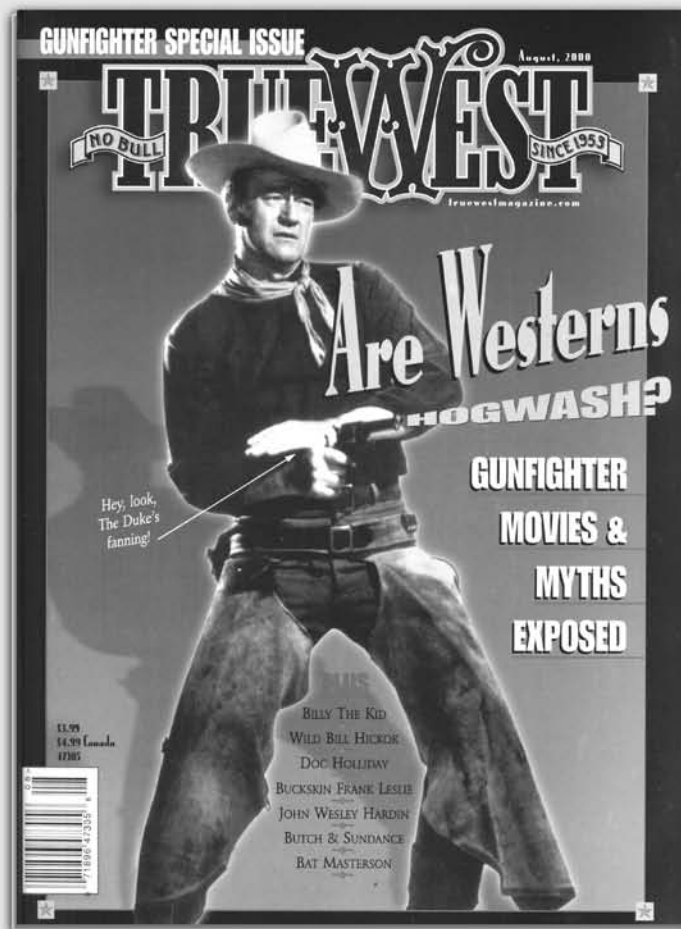
that went native. Coming west as employees of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1803, Hugh Monroe was sent to live with the Peigan Indians to learn the language. He married into the tribe and never left. Descendants of the Monroe brothers today live on the Montana Blackfeet Reservation.

Other Scots names that remain common among both the Metis and Indians, are Campbell, Fraser, Mackenzie (including descendants of Alexander), McGillivray, McLeod, McLeary, McDonald, McDonnell, McDougall, McKay, Ross, Simpson and Sinclair.

Interestingly, there has always remained a distinction between the Scots and the French Metis. Coming from two different backgrounds, there seem to have developed two different “national” characteristics. Whereas the French Metis tended towards being ebullient, outgoing, easygoing and emotional, the Scot-Metis tended towards being more serious, dour and morose. The French-Metis tended to remain Catholic, or merge back into the native background, whereas the Scot-Metis tended to remain Protestant and European in outlook.

While both French and Scot-Metis tended towards pursuit of agriculture, they differed in degree. The French Metis preferred the hunting and trapping life, and practiced farming on a smaller scale, as an adjunct to the more serious affairs of hunting and trading. The Scots—or “English” Metis as they came to be called—took a more serious approach to life and became businessmen or farmers. They became the first sellers and farmers in western Canada, supplementing it with hunting, if not actually engaged in small business instead.

Reach for the mouse, Pilgrim.



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La Conquistadora

Nuestra Señora del Rosario

Now fell for many nights on the encampment of Spanish settlers, waiting patiently outside Santa Fe. Despite the cold winds ripping through the canyons and arroyos, the group waited, praying and hoping that their leader, Don Diego De Vargas, would finally tell them that the reconquest of Santa Fe and New Mexico had been accomplished. They were eager to return, to rebuild and to once again be citizens of New Spain, instead of refugees in San Lorenzo (near El Paso). It had been their home until a violent rebellion drove them out in 1680. Now, after more than twelve years, they were returning. The final thrust to drive the Pueblos back to their own villages was almost completed.

With these devoted individuals was a carefully guarded statue that symbolized more than their strong religious convictions. La Conquistadora represented their lives, their fortunes and their faith. She, too, had returned with the colonists.

The old ones used to tell that just before Christmas, in 1625, one Father Alonzo de



La Conquistadora, Saint Francis Cathedral,
Santa Fe, New Mexico.

— COURTESY JOSEPHINE GUTIERREZ —

i s t a d o r a

BY LYNDA A. SANCHEZ

Today, only the walls remain to testify to Old Mexico mission life.

— AUTHOR'S PHOTO —



Benavides purchased a thirty-inch statue of the Virgin Mary. Carved in the late 1490s in Spain it had accompanied priests sailing to the New World and ended up in Mexico City, shortly after Cortez' conquest of the Aztec Empire in 1521. The good Father, traveling along the Camino Real, the trade route from Mexico to the isolated northern colony, brought the statue to Santa Fe. He found it to be a most unusual carving and he no doubt believed she would be an appropriate addition to their simple chapel.

Everyone noted how beautifully she was decorated with arabesques over gold leaf, and other special designs causing her to be greatly admired by the citizens. Some say she was now looked upon as the Queen of the Kingdom of New Mexico and especially of Santa Fe. She was called Nuestra Señora del Rosario, but to most, down through the centuries, she was simply "La Conquistadora," and later "Los Colonistas," through good times and bad.

One of the very worst of times

La Conquistadora

had been 1680. Unknown to the majority of Spaniards occupying New Mexico, many of the native peoples were angered by the heavy hand of Spanish rule, by the insensitivity to their culture, their lifestyle. For five years or more a series of clandestine meetings among the Pueblos were held and slowly the plan, an imaginative and creative plan to rid the Pueblos of the Spanish yoke, evolved. In August of 1680 the revolt flared into reality driving the Spanish survivors as far south as San Lorenzo. They regrouped and hoped to return as soon as soldiers of the Spanish crown could be sent from the capitol city of Mexico.

These hopes were shattered and "soon" grew into more than a decade of waiting.

Badly defeated, the Spanish colonists left behind most of their possessions and hard won property as they fled south. However, one sacred statue was salvaged from that destruction. It was La Conquistadora, and she, too, retreated southward with the colonists.

This simple statue of the Virgin Mary was to become the patroness of New Mexico and is, according to some scholars, the oldest statue of Mary in the United States. She has become a significant symbol for all New

Mexicans, no matter what their religious background.

Representing more than 500 years of turbulent history she is

has been greatly revered by both Indian converts and Spaniard. The colonists, giving annual thanksgiving, took the



Many priests lost their lives in guarai missions like this during the 1680 Pueblo Rebellion.

— AUTHOR'S PHOTO —

housed in her very own *capilla* (chapel) in the elegant St. Francis Cathedral that graces the plaza of Santa Fe. When the famed Archbishop Lamy was assigned to the new diocese, his first major undertaking was to build a grand Cathedral; and it is built, in part, around the simple adobe *capilla* (chapel) originally established by devoted followers for their Virgin in the early 1700s, thus preserving the outer part of that original chapel.

Throughout the centuries, from her arrival to the present, she has reigned supreme and

virgin from her simple shrine in those days and marched in a procession around the church that is continued to this day. (La Conquistadora also plays a major role in the famous Fiesta de Santa Fe, held each September.)

Over the years, more than 130 costumes or dresses have been made for the statue by many devoted, loving admirers. Each one has a special story, a distinct reason for being sewn by hand. Elaborate beadwork can be seen on many of the dresses. A vestment made from

i s t a d o r a



Archbishop Lamy's sacrament cape features French embroidery, intricately worked red and purple flower designs highlighted by shimmering golden threads. Yet another, a white and silver scapular was made from silk, embroidered with roses and bordered with gold braid, that is said to have belonged to an image of the Virgin from Guatemala.

Perhaps one of the most revered is a cloak or mantel fashioned from famed New Mexico author and priest, Fray

Angelico Chavez' chaplain's uniform that he wore during World War II. He requested that it be made for La Conquistadora as a special tribute to the end of that terrible war.

Today, as we enjoy the many blessings of the Christmas season, for those of us who reside in New Mexico, or the southwestern United States, La Conquistadora is one more point of pride in the region. Through the centuries she has been venerated by individuals

from all religions, all walks of life, and has become an enduring symbol of the southwest's unique and colorful history.

La Conquistadora is visited by hundreds of tourists every week, in her special chapel inside the main cathedral of Santa Fe.

Lynda A. Sanchez resides in Lincoln, New Mexico, along the Rio Bonito where she and her husband ranch, rope, ride and write.

The Last Cherokee Warriors

By Phillip W. Steele (Pelican Publishing company, Box 3110, Gretna, LA 70054. Photos, maps, 112 pages. \$8.95, Paper.)

★★★

Ned and Zeke! Plain names for two outstanding characters who struggled to hold back the power of the United States and became immortalized in bullet-spattered legend.

Phillip W. Steele's *The Last Cherokee Warriors* is the result of a determined back-trailing of Ned and Zeke's fabled rampages along the border of present-day Oklahoma and Arkansas.

When the Civil War's hurricane of death thundered over the Cherokees, many still resenting the tribe's forced march along the Trail of Tears joined the Confederacy. Thus, the steady incursion of settlers into Cherokee lands following the war was often winked at by the powers in Washington.

The first of the angry duo, Ezekiel (Zeke) Proctor made his point that the Indian, as a man, could only be shoved so far. Involved in a local feud that saw eleven men shoveled under the sandy soil of the Indian Territory, Zeke was adjudged innocent by a local court; the Federal Government didn't agree one bit. Time after time, Fort Smith, Arkansas, lawmen tried to bag Zeke, but always came up short. Finally in 1873 a harassed President U.S. Grant was forced to issue an unconditional treaty of amnesty to Zeke and his party.

Once a free man, Zeke went on to serve Judge Isaac Parker dur-



ILLUSTRATION BY PATTI VALDEZ

ing the last decade of the century, as a deputy U.S. marshal. His knowledge of his former secret trails and hideouts helped to snare many Oklahoma hard-cases.

Though debate continues as to whether Zeke was a notorious gunman, persecuted Indian or Cherokee martyr, he seems best remembered today for his courageous stand against an out-of-kilter United States authority.

Fifteen years younger, Ned Christie resembled Zeke Proctor in his determination to go his own way but where Zeke was a fox biding his time Ned was a wolf, ready to leap at an instant.

The tragic event sparking Ned Christie's date with Fate was the death of United States Marshal Dan Maples on May 4, 1887. although gunned down by Bill Pigeon, a local badman, Ned was accused of Maples' murder. A work-a-day blacksmith, Ned was also a known whiskey runner and part-time horse thief. Consequently when he declared his innocence and requested bail, Judge Parker made one of his few mistakes and refused—dooming Ned Christie to a fugitive life.

Though a witness came forward in 1922 clearing Ned of the death of Marshal Maples, it was just too late.

During Ned's five-year-warpath, federal marshals often limped back to Fort Smith with both pride and hides punctured. Again and again, shooting it out with lawmen, Ned Christie made it clear that he wasn't going anywhere, particularly with Parker's men.

The dangerous harassment grew so strong that Christie retreated from his besieged home up into

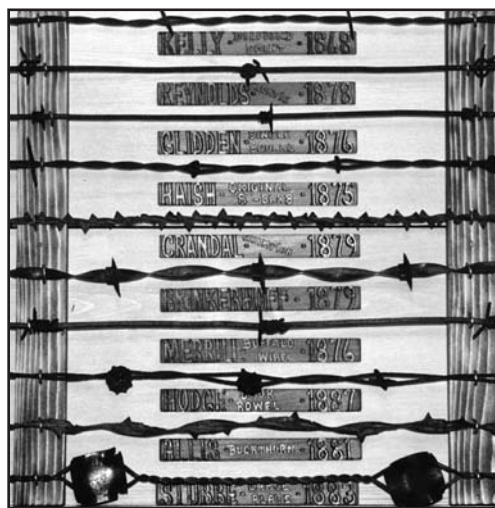
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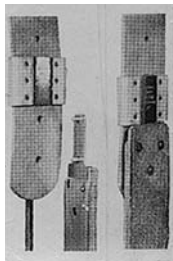
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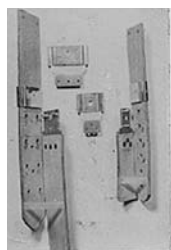
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the nearby craggy mountains. there he built a two-story fort with walls of two-logs depth, fitted with ample rifle ports.

On October 11, 1892, a full-scale invasion took place at what is known a Ned's Mountain. When the shooting petered out and the sticks of dynamite stopped bouncing off the walls, the posse retired in disgust.

Three weeks later, a heavily-armed body of men under Deputy U.S. Marshal Paden Tolbert came swarming back. This time they were ready for war, complete with a heavy supply of dynamite and a cannon. When the three-pounder blew apart after thirty shells had failed to dent the walls, a Go-Devil was slapped together, consisting of a lumber wagon armed with a thick wall of timber. When this contraption was shoved up to the fort at midnight, the posse were able to heave in enough dynamite to blow the place to smithereens.

Ned and a comrade lit out for the tall timber, screaming Cherokee war cries; they quickly fell before a tremendous fusillade of rifle balls.

Most readers are now acquainted with the famous photo of the dead Ned Christie lashed to a plank, rifle in hand—but there's no similar picture of Zeke Proctor; he died peacefully in 1907, sans boots.

—Bill Garwood

Texas Heroes: A Dynasty of Courage

By Mona D. Sizer (Republic of Texas Press, 2320 Los Rios Blvd., Suite 200, Plano, TX 75074. 278 pages. \$18.95, Paper.)

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REVIEWS

CONTINUED

Author Mona Sizer has chosen men from Texas history to identify as heroic and courageous, from the pre-Alamo frontier to World War II. These heroes, and no one will argue that they were not heroic, are both forgotten and famous men. Only the avid student of Texas history can relate why Louis Juchereau de St. Denis deserves recognition (he was, after all, an early Canadian trader, Indian agent and buffalo hunter), but few would fail to recognize household names such as Audie Murphy and Chester W. Nimitz. Sizer maintains that each of her thirteen selections reinforces her definition of courage: that ability to conquer

fear and perform acts of within harm's way. Her choices are worthy ones. Most familiar are Crockett, Travis, Bowie, and Audie Murphy, but Sizer has not overlooked the minorities in Texas.

Mexican fighter Santos Benavides and black soldier Milton Holland are not well known—even among Texans. Benavides defended Confederate Texas from her enemies while Milton, a black Texan who rose through the ranks in the Union Army during the Civil War, deserves recognition. Holland was the first Afro-American, as well as the first Texan, to receive the Medal of Honor.

Sizer clearly states the purpose of *Texas Heroes* and uses materials to support her definition of heroism. It is written for the average reader, who cares not for footnotes, although there is a select bibliography and a modest index. This "sketchiness" might prove to be a distraction for some, as there are statements which are questionable, but without specific source citations one is left to either ignore them or contact the author for specifics. She quotes Texas Ranger Captain Leander McNelly as saying, "Courage is a man who keeps on—or he is going to make it possible for a later man to get there." Although *Texas Heroes* is very readable, such quotations—which McNelly never made—diminishes the value of Sizer's work.

—Chuck Parsons

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1876 Facts About Custer and the Battle of the Little Bighorn

By Jerry L. Russell (Savas Publishing Company, 202 First St. SE, Suite #103A, Mason City, IO 50401. 256 pages, Illustrated. \$11.95, Paper.)

We've heard it a thousand times before; there has been more written about George Armstrong Custer and the Little Bighorn than any other American battle, and since 1876 the tomes have just kept on coming. But for anyone interested in old Long Hair Custer, Crazy Horse and the Plains Indian wars in general, Jerry Russell's new *1876 Facts* .. is a really fun and informative



C O N T I N U E D

reference tool that should stand the test of time.

Russell's Custer "fact" book is part of a series of "Facts About" famous-historical-incidents-publications such as *1836 Facts About the Battle of the Alamo*, that use the clever little catch of the year that the incident occurred in its title. I'm sure we can soon look forward to "1881 Facts About Wyatt Earp and the O.K. Corral."

Russell's Custer "facts" may occasionally be his own opinions, but he is a long-time student of the battle who has been heavily involved with several of the better-known Custer history groups, including the Custer Battlefield Historical and Museum Association. As such he brings a strong knowledge of the man and the battle to this unique little book. There is an incredible amount of information cataloged within its 256 pages. This is the kind of book that a lot of bar bets can be won with. Russell's book is the type that should be part of the bartender's equipment, at places like The Sport bar in Livingston, Montana, or the Irma in Cody, Wyoming.

Russell's encyclopedic mini-volume contains everything from how many members of a particular ethnic or state-represented group were in the Seventh Cavalry in 1876, to the backgrounds of all the regiment's officers. There is information about the lone Australian in the regiment, the Medal of Honor holders, and nice sections on both the literature and popular culture (you know, movies and the like). There are even chapters on the equipment and environment at the Little Bighorn battle.

The Lakota and Cheyenne war-

riors who fought at the battle are also represented. Russell has more than fairly broken his book up into almost equal sections about the Plains warriors who fought Custer and the Seventh, with special emphasis on many of the lesser-known leaders and warriors. There is also an abundance of information here about the various tribes' weapons, fighting styles, and accouterments, all conveniently gathered together in several sub-sections.

Whenever appropriate Russell cites his sources, though page numbers for the sources would have been appreciated. A word of caution: there is no index. Perhaps the sheer volume of the use of the words "Custer," "Crazy Horse," and "Little Bighorn" would have made an index an exercise in frustration to attempt. The reader is left to search-out the information.

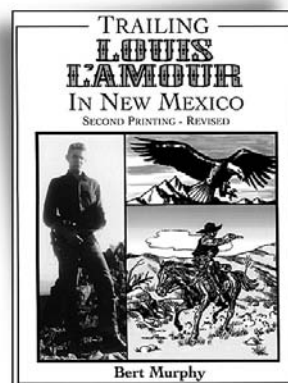
A great deal of fun with a book like this is the search; you never know what information you may find while researching your favorite piece of Custer trivia. And a great deal of Russell's book is not just trivia, but an incredible amount of useful information on the battle and participants.

If Custer, the Plains tribes and their final, bloody confrontation on the banks of the Little Big Horn River tickles your western fancy, Russell's *1876 Facts...* is the informative and intriguing volume for you. Especially if you want a good read on a cold night, or to win a bar bet somewhere west of the Missouri River.

—Dan Gagliasso

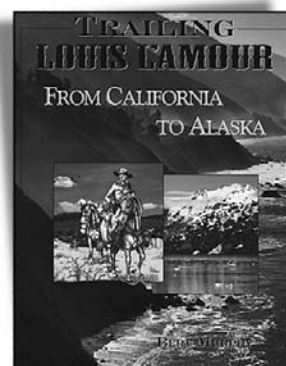
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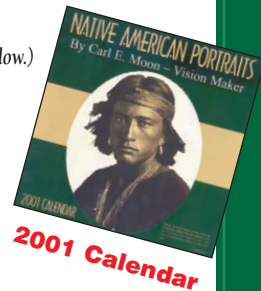
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**BILLY THE KID'S GANG
Vs.
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Makin' bacon right under the Kid's nose

CHARLIE BOWDRE WEARS THE WRONG HAT

BY BOB BOZE BELL & MARCUS HUFF

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

LETTERING BY BOB STEINHILBER

After a December 22 ambush which netted outlaw Tom O'Folliard, Pat Garrett is bent on capturing Billy the Kid and gaining the \$500 reward.

December 23, 1880

Riding at midnight, Sheriff-elect Pat Garrett leads a thirteen-man posse eastward out of Fort Sumner. After a ten-mile ride to the Brazil-Wilcox ranch, where Billy the Kid and his compadres were last seen, Garrett picks up their trail clearly in the snow. "Following this trail a short distance," he later recounted, "I was convinced that they had made for Stinking Springs...when within a half-mile of the house, we halted and held a conference."

It is about 3 a.m. when Juan Roibal is left in charge of the horses. Garrett then divides his squad and with half the force, Pat circles the house, and finding a dry arroyo fairly close to the house, digs in. Stewart, with the rest of the posse, finds concealment within about two hundred yards of the building on the other side. They see three horses tied to the vigas (roof beams sticking out of the wall) outside the stone house, and conclude that two mounts must be inside with the outlaws. Garrett sends a messenger around to Stewart and suggests that they "stealthily enter the house, cover them with our guns and hold them until daylight." Lee Hall is in favor, Stewart is not. Garrett is overruled.

The men shiver and try to stay warm until daylight (about a four hour wait). It is so cold, posseman Charlie Rudolph suffers from frostbite on his feet. As they wait, snoring from inside the rock house can be heard. The minutes and hours drag by and it only seems to get colder, as the boys look for any sign of movement from "the inmates."

Garrett had earlier questioned several people in Sumner and ascertained the Kid's dress and "especially his hat" (said to be a Mexican sugarloaf with a green hatband). The lawman has decided he will take no chances. When the Kid makes his appearance, Pat will kill Billy and the rest will surrender. Or, so he hopes. The lanky sheriff-elect commands



a direct view of the doorway. His orders are: "when I bring up my gun, [you all] raise and fire."

Finally, as the weak rays of sunlight begin streaking the horizon, the posse hears movement in the house. Shortly, a man appears in the doorway with a nose-bag (a feed bag for the horses). His head is down, but Garrett sees a Mexican hat with a green band and brings the Winchester to his shoulder. Seven bullets rip through the pale dawn light.

The victim reels back into the house and the horses pull at their tethers. The "inmates" inside are suddenly awake, trying to avoid the trampling hooves of their four-legged bunkmates. Billy Wilson's voice is heard: "Bowdre is killed, and wants to come out."

Garrett yells for him to come out with his hands up.

As Charlie Bowdre staggers to the door, the Kid catches hold of his belt, and drawing his revolver around in front of him, says, "They have murdered you, Charlie, but you can get revenge. Kill some of the sons-of-bitches before you die."

Bowdre comes out, with his hands barely up. He stumbles towards the posse until he recognizes Garrett, comes straight at him, motions with his hands towards the house, and strangling with blood says, "I wish...I wish...I wish..." Then with a whisper, "I'm dying." He falls into Pat's arms and the lawman lays him gently on his blankets.



Top: Billy the Kid undoubtedly wore many hats in his short life, but it was a Mexican sombrero (far right) that Pat Garrett was gunning for at Stinking Springs. **Middle:** Two massive snowstorms buried Fort Sumner during the Garrett manhunt and the posse dressed as warmly as possible to ward off the freezing cold. This photo of Garrett (above) was taken in 1887, and shows him wearing the kind of clothing he probably wore when he tracked th Kid [Photo Credit:University of New Mexico]. **Right:** Charlie Bowdre wishes...he hadn't worn that hat.

(He probably wishes he hadn't worn that hat.)

As the morning light increases, Garrett can now see that the rope ties on one of the horses outside is moving. He quickly surmises that the men inside are trying to bring the outside horses inside to make a break. His first impulse is to shoot the ropes, but his hand is shaking so from the cold, he fears to miss. Just as the first horse is in the opening, Garrett shoots the animal dead, and it drops in the doorway. And then to stop anymore attempts he takes careful aim and shoots the ropes of the other horses in two, and the animals "walk away" and are captured by Stewart's men. Garrett is still worried because, as he puts it, "one of [the horses inside is] the Kid's favorite mare, celebrated for speed, bottom and beauty."

Garrett opens up a conversation with the "inmates," and the Kid answers as their spokesman. Pat asks how he is fixed in there.

"Pretty well," Billy answers coolly, "but we have no wood to get breakfast."

"Come out," Garrett says, "and get some. Be a little sociable."

"Can't do it, Pat" the Kid replies, "business is too confining. No time to run around."

Garrett then decides to take breakfast, so he goes with half the men back three miles to the Brazil-Wilcox ranch to eat.

After the feed, Pat makes arrangements with Wilcox to haul some wood, food for the men and forage for the horses out to the siege site. As the wagon is being loaded, Garrett returns to Stinking Springs and relieves Stewart. He and his men then go to breakfast, and Pat invites the Kid out for some coffee.

"Go to hell, Pat." the Kid says, obviously losing a bit of his jolly humor.

Now the men on the east side hear picking: evidently the outlaws are trying to break out or at least make firing ports. Garrett sends Tom Emory and Jim East around to stop it. A few well-aimed shots stop the picking, but the horses inside evi-



The Brazil-Wilcox ranch was the rendezvous for the Kid and his cohorts during Garrett's snowy campaign.

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Two views of Charlie Bowdre and his wife Manuela. Both photos were taken in 1880 by Furlong of Las Vegas, New Mexico. The carte de viste at right was taken off Charlie's body by Pat Garrett (note blood stains). Charlie was about 32 at the time of his death.

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dently "got scared and was about to run over Billy and his men." Billy later tells a reporter "If it hadn't been for the dead horse in the doorway I wouldn't [have been captured]. But I couldn't ride out over that, for she would have jumped back and I would have got it in the head." At about three o'clock, Billy turns loose the two horses he holds on the inside and the posse picks them up.

At four o'clock the Wilcox wagon arrives and the boys build a big fire and "[go] to cooking." The smell of roasting meat is too much for the outlaws and Rudabaugh sticks a handkerchief "that had once been white," on the end of a stick, and calls out for a surrender. Garrett tells them all to come out with their hands up, but only Rudabaugh appears and comes out to talk with Garrett. The outlaws want a "guaran-

tee of protection from violence." Pat agrees, and Dirty Dave returns to the house. After a few moments all four outlaws come out with their hands raised. Billy is the last and legend says, that before he stepped out he urinated on all the weapons. As they approach the posse, Barney Mason levels his rifle at the Kid and spits, "Kill the son-of-a-bitch, he's slippery and may get away."

Two of the Texas boys, Emory and East are appalled at Mason's treachery and drop their Winchesters on Garrett's brother-in-law, saying, "If you fire a shot, we'll kill you." Mason backs off.

The Kid and his men are disarmed, and the outlaws "[shake] hands with every man" who had captured them. After congratulations, the prisoners are taken back to the Wilcox ranch where Mrs. Wilcox feeds the whole lot. Garrett sends a wagon back up to retrieve Bowdre's body, and they all stay overnight at the Brazil-Wilcox ranch.



Hat of Death

Garrett intended to shoot the Kid on sight and had information as to the style and color of Billy's headgear. When Garrett recognized the hat, he gave the signal, and seven bullets met the wearer at the door.



A turn-of-the-century (1900) postcard image of the rock house at Stinking Springs. Only the foundation remains today.

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Odds & Ends



Last Kiss



As posse members James East and Lee Hall look on, Billy says goodbye to Paulita Maxwell, while her mother keeps the men at bay. Somewhat embarrassed, "Dirty Dave" Rudabaugh is along for the ride because he is shackled to the Kid. The cover of the December 25, 1880 *Punch* magazine (above) shows us that Saint Nick and the Christmas tree were already essential parts of the yuletide holiday.

Sheriff Garrett successfully delivered the Kid to the Santa Fe authorities on December 27. It would take him over a year to collect the reward money.

After a failed jail break (the Kid, Rudabaugh and others almost succeeded in digging their way out of the Santa Fe jail) Rudabaugh was sent back to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where he did successfully dig his way out and escape the territory. Billy the Kid was sent to Mesilla where he was tried for the murder of Sheriff William Brady, convicted and sentenced to hang. Billy didn't meet that appointment...but that is another "Classic Gunfight" waiting to be told.

We recommend

Bob Boze Bell's book *The Illustrated Life & Times of Billy the Kid* (Tri Star-Boze) \$29.95. All of the artwork and photos used here are from the book. If you'd like a copy call (888) 687-1881.

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Q

What kind of money did the old time cowboy movie stars make?

*Jim Eby
Newtown, PA*

A

Tom Mix was making \$17,000 a week in the early twenties (and there was no income tax at the time!). Mix was the top money draw of his time but a cowboy earning \$30 a month on a ranch in Montana could head out to Hollywood during the heyday of cowboy movies and earn that same amount for a day's work. They hired out as stunt men and extras. Some went on to become stars in their own right.

Q

Of all the Indian tribes, who were the best horsemen?

*Eve Romano
W. Babylon, NY*

A

The Comanches, sometimes called the "Cossacks of the Plains" were the first Native Americans to acquire the horse from the Spanish, and were the first to build a culture around it. It was said, even th other

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE



Tom Mix, a top Hollywood hand who drew top wages.

Plains Indians were in awe of their prowess on horseback. Most of the Plains tribes became expert warriors on horseback, which is why anthropologists call AD 1540 to 1880, the Horse Culture Period.



Comanche warriors were respected horsemen of the plains.

Q

Is it true that during the California Gold Rush of 1849, miners sent their laundry to Honolulu for washing and pressing?

*Linda VonTobel
Little Rock, AR*

A

Yes, due to the extremely high costs in California during these boom years, it was deemed more feasible to send their shirts to Hawaii for servicing. Actually, they even shipped their laundry to China, and it was said the service was faster and cheaper.

Q

I've heard cowboys say ol' so-and-so "sold his saddle." What does that mean?

*Bill Justus
St. Charles, MO*

A

The last thing of value a cowboy would part with was his saddle. So, to say a man had "sold his saddle," meant he'd quit the business for good.



A contemplative cowboy watches a herd on a large ranch in eastern New Mexico.



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*.

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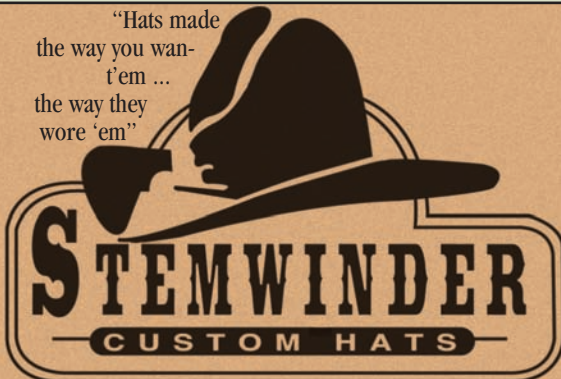
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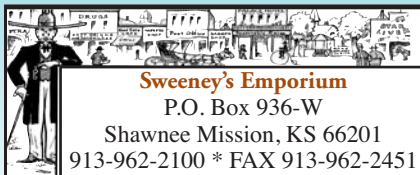
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—LT. JOSPPH C. IVES,
in his report to the US government, 1858

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"Everything that can be
invented has been
invented."

—CHARLES H. DUELL,
Commissioner,
U.S. Office of Patents, 1899

"The abdomen,
the chest, and the
brain will forever
be shut from the
intrusion of the
wise and humane
surgeon."

—SIR JOHN ERIC ERICKSEN
British surgeon,
appointed Surgeon-Extraordinary to Queen
Victoria 1873.

"Louis Pasteur's theory of germs is ridiculous fiction".

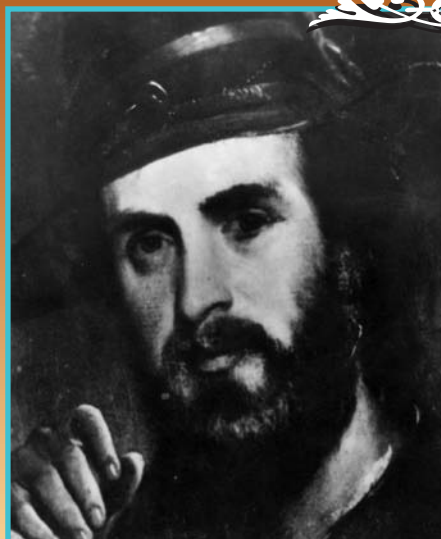
—PIERRE PACHET,
Professor of Physiology at Toulouse, 1872

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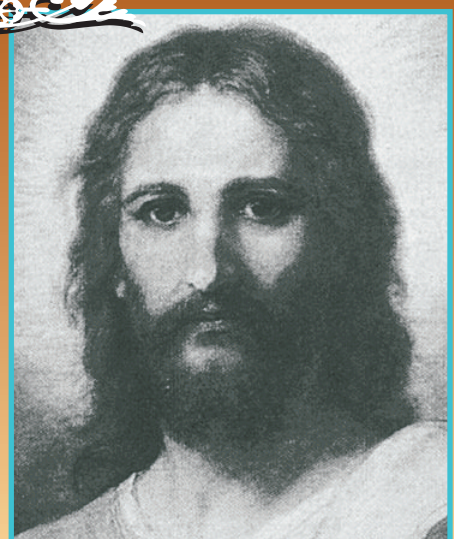
TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

"Drill for oil?
You mean drill into
the ground to try
and find oil?
You're crazy."

—DRILLERS WHO
EDWIN L. DRAKE TRIED TO ENLIST
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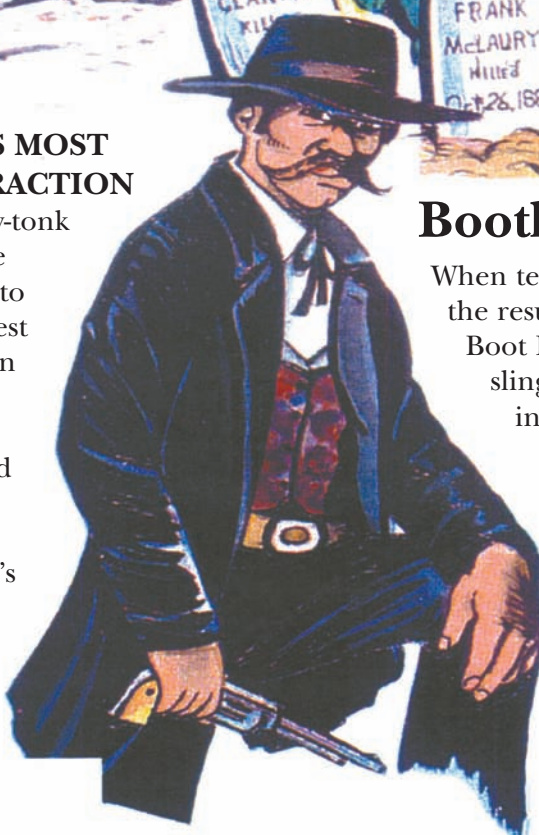


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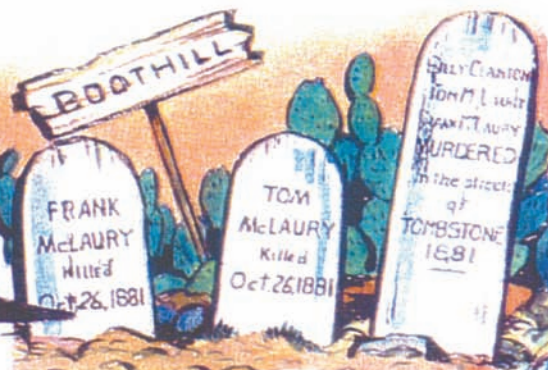
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the Old West.



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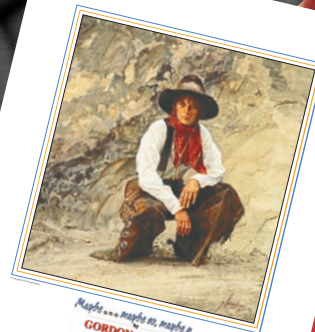
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