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–A FELLOW SOLDIER STATIONED WITH GRANT OUT WEST

PLUS:

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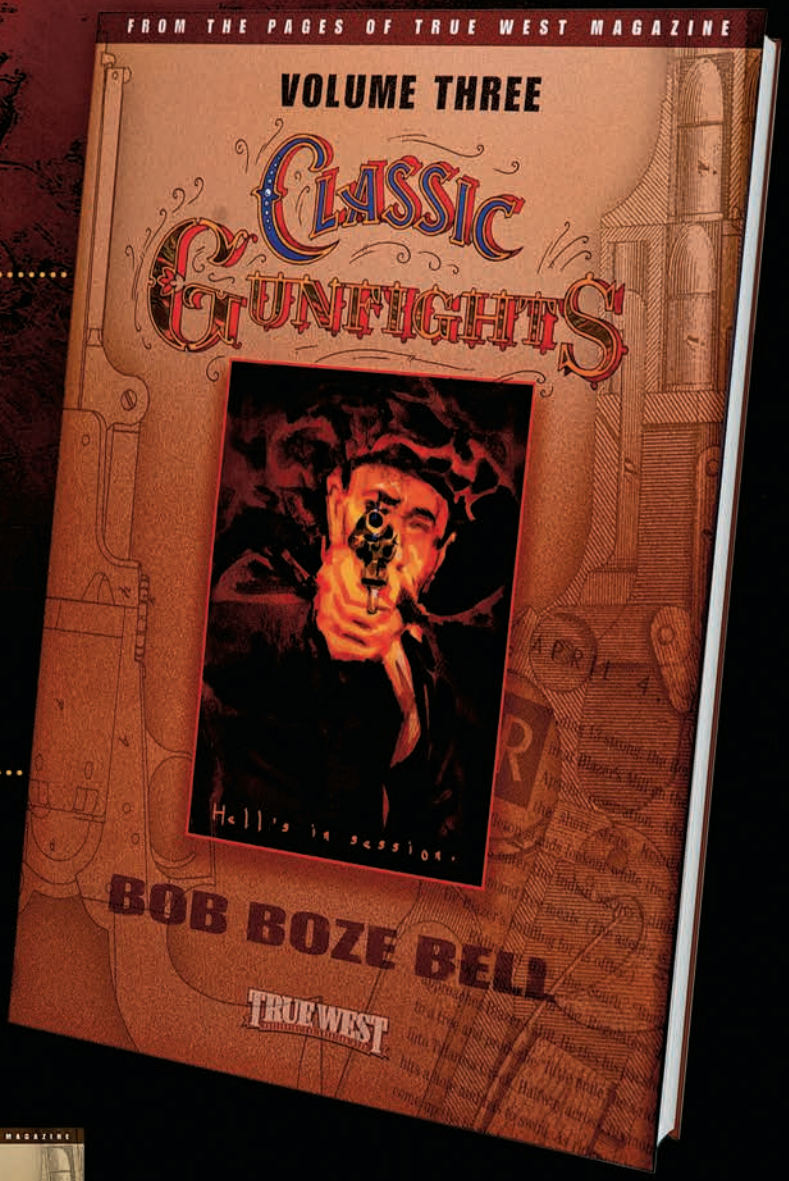

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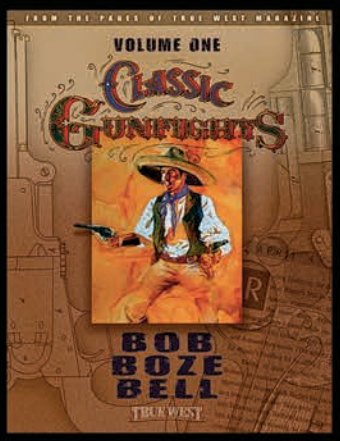

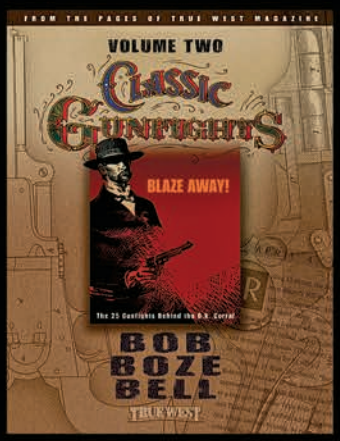

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Grant's Battle Poetry

Union Maj. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant looks relaxed and spontaneous while smoking a cigar (far left) as he stands on Lookout Mountain battle site in 1863. Despite the action endangering the Confederate line during the American Civil War, Grant would denigrate the Tennessee battle as "...one of the romances of the war. There was no such battle, and no action even worthy to be called a battle on Lookout Mountain. It is all poetry."

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HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

True West captures the spirit of the West with authenticity, personality and humor by providing a necessary link from our history to our present.

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May 2018 Online and Social Media Content

Union Pacific dignitaries stand at the 100th Meridian mark, in 1866, to celebrate the Transcontinental Railroad's progress across Nebraska Territory. Find this photo and more historical photography on our "Coaches, Trains, Wagons and Wheels" board.

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Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell to see his sketch *Bisti Badman* and more of the executive editor's Daily Whipouts (Search for "March 1, 2018").

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com

Join the Conversation

"For eight years, from 1881 to 1889, the Bird Cage Theatre operated continuously, 24 hours a day, 365 days a year. Legend has it that 26 people were killed in the Bird Cage Theatre during its reputed years as one of the wildest and meanest places in Tombstone, Arizona. Over one hundred and forty bullet holes remain in the building..."

–Rjay Larcada of Alamogordo, New Mexico

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Along with the spinning gun and cup, words were spinning during the "Doc" Holliday and John Ringo duel, and we explain the Latin behind it.

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Walk into an Old West hotel or saloon, where the walls whisper of famous and not-so-famous folks, and let history embrace you.

—By Melody Groves

Ulysses S. Grant painting by Allen Polt; cover design by Dan Harshberger

Oops!

For March 2018's "A Plague of Flea Market Billys," Frank Abrams brought a scan of the tintype, not the tintype itself, to *True West* headquarters. His most recent research reveals "Eddie F. Root" refers to Eddie Fairchild Root, born in 1882 to photographer Hubert (Herbert) A. Root and Matilda Root. A Root family member married an Upson family member, possibly providing the link to Billy the Kid ghostwriter Ash Upson.

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Unfinished History

Ulysses S. Grant evolves and a killer Billy the Kid manuscript surfaces.

Several months ago, author Mark Lee Gardner bought an unknown collection of Walter Noble Burns manuscripts on eBay. It consisted of hundreds of pages, mostly Burns's unpublished Western fiction and an unpublished play about pirates! It also included some killer Billy the Kid-related items.

One Kid item was an unpublished article titled "A Belle of Old Fort Sumner," which predates the chapter of the same name in 1926's *The Saga of Billy the Kid* that gave Burns's publisher fits. Fearing a libel suit from the still living "Belle," Paulita Maxwell Jaramillo, his publisher forced Burns to rewrite the chapter.

Pete's sister (not his daughter, as was often stated) was only 15 at the time of her alleged tryst with the 21-year-old Kid. Their relationship was probably the motive for Pete to throw the outlaw under the bus.

This issue shares the "lost" version of Burns's interview with Paulita, featuring Mark's commentary. It's very cool.

My good friend John P. Langellier pitched me on covering U.S. Grant out West, and how the frontier helped shape his career. John is especially in tune with this aspect of the story because, in the 1960s, his first serious history research focused on Grant's so-called "Indian Peace Policy" as it related to the tragic Camp Grant Affair of 1871.

History is never finished. It has taken me more than five decades to learn this, but nothing changes more than the past.

For a behind-the-scenes look at running this magazine, check out BBB's daily blog at TWMag.com

In 1993, John P. Langellier (far left) served as the historical consultant for *Geronimo: An American Legend*. This photo was used as cover art for the laser disc, VHS and DVD. To the right of John, Gene Hackman (who played Gen. George Crook) commented, as the photographer snapped the picture, , "I feel like I've just escaped from Bedlam!" Next in line is the late Riley Flynn, the re-enactor coordinator, and Kurt Cox, replete with dashing Victorian facial hair, who played (uncredited) Gen. Nelson Mile's aide Henry Lawton.

Mark Lee Gardner poses with his Walter Noble Burns manuscripts. Scant photos exist of the Billy the Kid biographer, but the sepia image is allegedly of him.

– *GERONIMO* PHOTO COURTESY JOHN P. LANGELLIER; GARDNER AND BURNS PHOTO COURTESY MARK LEE GARDNER –

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Quotes

"It behoves every man who values liberty of conscience for himself, to resist invasions of it in the case of others; or their case may, by change of circumstances, become his own."

– Thomas Jefferson, Third U.S. President

"A problem clearly stated is a problem half solved."

– Dorothea Brande, U.S. author

"Where there is an open mind there will always be a frontier."

– Charles Franklin Kettering, U.S. inventor

"I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman, 'Where's the self-help section?' She said if she told me, it would defeat the purpose."

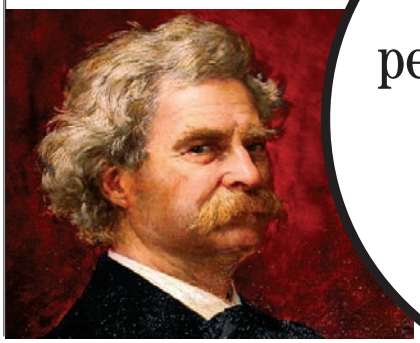
– Stephen Wright, U.S. stand-up comedian

"Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."

– Benjamin Franklin, a founding father of the United States

"There are painters who transform the sun to a yellow spot, but there are others who, with the help of their art and their intelligence, transform a yellow spot into the sun."

– Pablo Picasso, Spanish painter



"How easy it is to make people believe a lie, and how hard it is to undo that work again."

– Mark Twain, U.S. author

Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO

A Cookie Floats a Horseshoe

A typical cattle drive in the Old West took about two months. Every outfit had a cook, called a "cookie," who made "sowbelly" and "flapjacks" and coffee so strong it could "float a horseshoe." *Page 78*

Rough Service

In Leadville, Colorado, a hotel boarder complained to his waiter about how his eggs were cooked, and the waiter promptly shot and killed him. *Page 52*

Old Vaquero Saying

"The woman who knows just what her husband is going to do next probably isn't dancing with him."

BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Black Man at Little Big Horn

Isaiah Dorman is known for his death–but his life was also noteworthy.

This photo purported to show Isaiah Dorman sitting inside a trader's store at Fort Abraham Lincoln in Mandan, Dakota Territory. Custer researcher retired U.S. Army Col. Rodney G. Thomas discounted that claim, pointing out the Schlitz Beer globe at the top. The trademark belted globe was adopted in 1886; Dorman died in 1876.

– COURTESY STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF NORTH DAKOTA, A1080 –

Isaiah Dorman's claim to fame? He was the only black man killed at the Little Big Horn battle. While not much is known about his early life, Dorman was quite the fascinating character.

Historians are unclear on when Dorman was born (1832 and 1820s are dates given) or where (born as a Pennsylvania freedman or a Louisiana slave who escaped north).

Dorman appears in the records in 1865, when the U.S. Army hired him as a courier between Forts Wadsworth and Rice in Dakota Territory, a tough and dangerous, 360-mile trek through the heart of Sioux country. Dorman traveled it by foot, for $100 a month. He apparently made friends with the Sioux, including Chief Sitting Bull, and eventually married a Hunkpapa woman.

After his two years on the job, his story gets muddled. Some reports state he started a ranch, or he worked as a woodcutter, or he lived with the Sioux. Maybe the adventuresome Dorman did them all.

In 1871, the Army hired him to guide Northern Pacific Railroad surveyors; he probably also served as a Sioux interpreter, a job he continued at Fort Rice over the next several years. His work came to the attention of Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer. In the spring of 1876, the officer paid Dorman to be an interpreter during his expedition.

When the famous Big Horn fight began on June 25, 1876, Dorman was with Maj. Marcus Reno's detachment. As Reno's command came under attack, the major ordered the remaining soldiers to dash for a nearby hill. In the confusion, Dorman got left behind.

This is where his story gets cloudy again.

In one account, the interpreter kept firing until he was shot in the chest. Several Sioux converged on him, ready to finish him off. Robert Utley, in his Sitting Bull biography, notes the chief came upon the scene and gave Dorman a cup of water. Sitting Bull rode off, and the other Indians made quick work of the black man.

In another account, Hunkpapa woman Eagle Robe is given credit for killing Dorman with a rifle shot. The other Indians shot him full of arrows, then cut and stabbed the corpse before mutilating it. The Sioux believed that he would carry those wounds into the next life.

A relief detachment found Dorman's body a few days later. He was originally buried on the Reno battlefield, but his remains were later moved to the Little Bighorn National Cemetery.

A report stated the government owed him $62.50 for his services in June 1876. Nobody ever claimed the money.

Dorman died hard—but his legacy goes beyond that singular event.

BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

An Electric Dream Burns Out

Preserving Kearney's boomtown history inside an elegant Victorian home.

The first electric home in Kearney, Nebraska, is named after the architect son, George William Frank (shown in inset). The Grand Hall, shown circa 1892, offers a preview of the opulence guests saw when visiting the home during the town's boom days.

– COURTESY G.W. FRANK MUSEUM OF HISTORY AND CULTURE –

Splendiferous. That sums up the opulence of the 1890 G.W. Frank House in Kearney, Nebraska—the showplace of a man who promoted this piece of the American prairie, betting it would one day be the Great Electric City of the Plains.

George Washington Frank didn't see the Cornhusker State as just ranchland and farmland. He envisioned a far more expansive future, wining and dining investors in the magnificent three-story, roughly 15,000-square-foot home designed by his architect son, George William, for him and his wife, Phoebe.

Guests were entertained on the first floor, with its tapestry rugs and intricately carved wood—on ceilings, fireplaces, doorways, stairways, wainscoting. A stained glass nymph with a bird graced the window at the top of the first floor landing.

As the first electric home in Kearney—and one of the first in the nation—crystal chandeliers lit most rooms. Every touch reinforced the notion that Kearney promised the kind of wealth that could afford such a home.

The proof of persuasion was the boom George Sr. brought to town. "We had a cotton mill in a place that doesn't grow cotton, a paper mill in a place that doesn't have trees," notes William Stoutamire, director of the G.W. Frank Museum of History and Culture.

But alas, the panic and worldwide financial collapse of 1893 ruined everything, including the Frank family's fortune. Their magnificent house was sold in 1907 to a couple who converted it to the Grothan Elmwood Sanitarian. When the couple divorced in 1911, the state of Nebraska bought the home to serve as the State Tuberculosis Hospital. In 1971, what's now the University of Nebraska at Kearney purchased the house, which, two years later, earned a spot on the National Register of Historic Places. The splendiferous first floor opened as a museum in 1976, showing off the high-water mark of Kearney's boom days.

But Stoutamire, who took over in 2014, is expanding that history—"rebranding the house," as he puts it.

"Most people have seen the 'neat old house' and had no reason to return," he says. "I needed to create a museum you want to come back to."

He set out to tell the entire story of the house, including the much more modest second floor and completely unadorned third floor. It's a story of elaborate wealth and poverty-stricken patients; of prejudice and controversy, as people of different races were mingled to the consternation of some.

"This is a living building," he says. "So many want to tell just the family story, but I want to tell all the stories."

He's overseeing a complete renovation, with the help of graduate students, confident the new museum will draw visitors for decades to come.

Jana Bommersbach has earned recognition as Arizona's Journalist of the Year and won an Emmy and two Lifetime Achievement Awards. She cowrote the Emmy-winning *Outrageous Arizona* and has written two true crime books, a children's book and the historical novel *Cattle Kate*.

BY MEGHAN SAAR

Private Eye Cowboy?

A Texan's First Generation Colt sold with a badge tied to a nationwide detective agency.

Born on November 3, 1877, in Hillsboro, Texas, Laney Thomas Cathey was four when the railroad arrived. His relatives believe he worked for the Katy—the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railway—both in Hillsboro and in Denison, where he moved in 1914 and died in 1957.

Of the firearms linked to their Old West pioneer owners, Cathey's First Generation Colt Frontier Single Action Army .44-40 revolver took the highest bid, $6,000, at Rock Island Auction on February 15-18.

An odd item included with the Colt was Cathey's badge for the American Detective Association. As early as 1897, Harry C. Webster, of Indianapolis, Indiana, was posting wanted ads for private detectives. "Shrewd, reliable man wanted in every locality for profitable secret service; experience unnecessary," stated one ad, in the *Houston Daily Post*, on January 11, 1903.

Whether or not Cathey pursued a case is unknown. If he had, he might have felt swindled, as did Samuel Griswold, a black Chicago detective who, in 1894, arrested a robber to earn $25 the agency promised for every arrest made. Griswold was the one who ended up in jail, with his star and papers taken away by authorities.

The following year, James A. McGraw claimed in court that the "firm holds out inducements which it has no power to fulfill, and that many persons are deluded into paying money, for which they receive a badge, a certificate showing they are members of the association and a circular of instructions," reported Indianapolis's *Sunday Daily Journal*, on November 24, 1895.

Members also received the *National Detective and Police Review*, featuring photographs and descriptions of criminals to aid members in capturing them.

In his testimony, Webster "admitted that his firm had no power to grant authority to its agents to make arrests."

Webster sold the detective agency in 1904…and got sued again, by the new owner, in 1905, who alleged fraud, claiming Webster had violated a non-compete agreement by starting a new detective agency and magazine. An unperturbed Webster went on to head investigative work for the Indiana Bankers' Association and wouldn't retire from pursuing criminals until 1929.

Along with the Texan's powerhouse of a Colt, Cathey's badge provided a link to frontier detective history beyond the more famous Pinkerton firm. Collectors earned more than $7.5 million at the firearms auction.

Notable Firearm Lots Included
(All images courtesy Rock Island Auction)

Sold with the First Generation Colt Frontier Single Action Army (serial no. 215281), with tooled holster and American Detective Association badge, this Texas cowboy photo of Laney Thomas Cathey may have given even more selling power to a gun designed for the U.S. Cavalry and known for winning over the frontier West; $6,000.

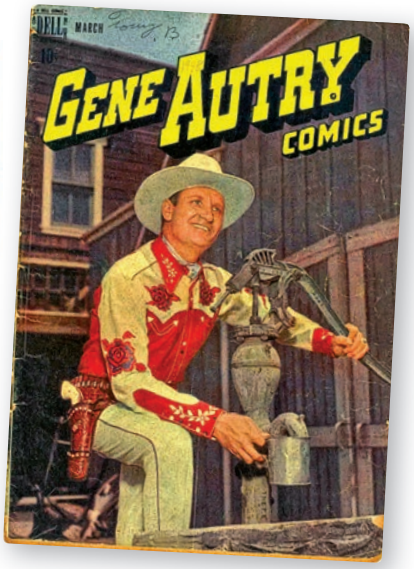
A Katy Railroad engineer based in Oklahoma's Indian Territory carried this Colt Single Action Army .45 caliber revolver (serial no. 27187), shipped out in 1876; $3,250.

Fans of ABC's *The Lone Ranger* bid on weapons owned by John Hart, who replaced Clayton Moore's Lone Ranger from 1952 to 1954. Hart stands with Tonto costar Jay Silverheels in the photo signed to Hart's agent Mick LaFever.

(From top) Collectors bid $5,500 for a double barrel, 12-gauge shotgun (serial no. 57191) used by both John Hart and Jay Silverheels; $3,000 for Hart's tooled cartridge belt, holstered bowie knife and Model Gun Corp. prop six-shooter (serial no. 3020); and $3,000 for Hart's Third Generation Colt Single Action Army (serial no. S25372) inscribed to Hart's agent.

Wild West showman and aviation pioneer Samuel F. Cody (born Cowdery, in 1867) owned the Colt Model 1878 double action revolver (serial no. 21405) and Winchester Model 1873 lever action .22 short rifle (serial no. 332959B). The lot included Cody's period crate, shooting act gear and a photo of Cody flying his manlifting kite; $4,000.

This cased Gene Autry Cowboy edition .45 caliber revolver (serial no. SA913) was displayed as part of the "Riders of the Silver Screen" at the Autry Museum of the American West in Los Angeles, California; $800.



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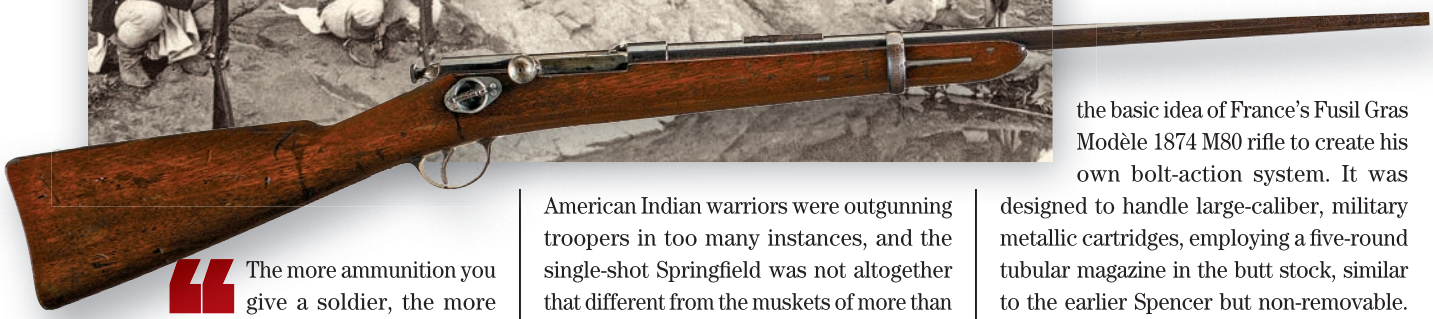
BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER

U.S. Cavalry's First Bolt-Action Carbine

The single-shot trapdoor Springfield wasn't the only carbine used by the cavalry during the Indian Wars, several repeaters were also used—including America's first bolt gun.

This 1886 photo shows what is believed to be 4th Cavalry troopers and their Apache scouts guarding a Southwestern water hole during the Geronimo campaign. The cavalrymen are armed with the improved model.45-70 Hotchkiss, which replaced the U.S. the first model, which had a weakness in the stock caused by the circular button knob that served as a cut-off device and safety on the right side of the stock (below). The scouts have the Springfield trapdoor "Long Tom" rifles.

– ARMY CAMPAIGN PHOTO COURTESY JOHN P. LANGELLIER COLLECTION/1879 FIRST MODEL .45.70 HOTCHKISS CARBINE COURTESY ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY–



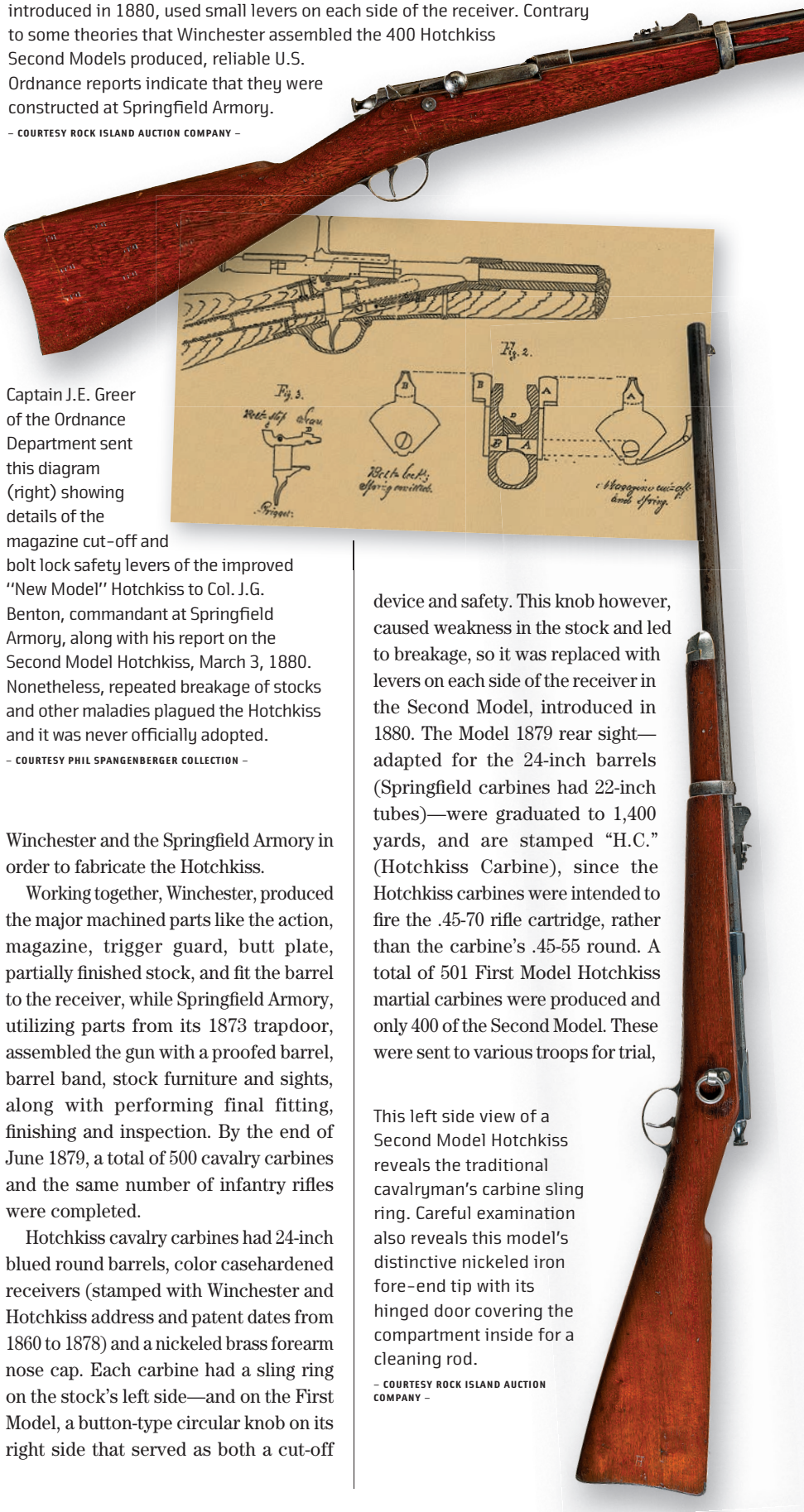
"The more ammunition you give a soldier, the more he'll use!" Despite their continued post-war use of the seven-shot Spencer repeater, this was the general complaint, along with being shackled by a severely restricted budget, which kept the American military hierarchy from adopting a new repeating rifle for years after a costly Civil War. The eventual adoption of the single-shot 1873 Springfield "Trapdoor" carbine remained the cavalry's primary weapon throughout the Indian campaigns. However, after the deadly results and many casualties suffered by the Army during the Great Sioux War of 1876, and to a lesser degree in the following campaigns against the Nez Perce, Ute and Shoshone tribes, the Army began to realize that American Indian warriors were outgunning troopers in too many instances, and the single-shot Springfield was not altogether that different from the muskets of more than a decade earlier.

Forward-thinking officers relentlessly searched for a repeating carbine that was simple to use, yet rugged enough to endure the hardships of mounted frontier service. Although the 1871-'73 field trials with the bolt-action Ward-Burton carbine proved unsuccessful, cavalry officers like Col. Ranald MacKenzie and Ord. Capt. Otho E. Michaelis continued to press for a "magazine arm." They finally got their break when U.S. Ordnance officers took interest in a bolt-action rifle exhibited by Winchester at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition of 1876. The brainchild of Benjamin B. Hotchkiss, an American who worked from the basic idea of France's Fusil Gras Modèle 1874 M80 rifle to create his own bolt-action system. It was designed to handle large-caliber, military metallic cartridges, employing a five-round tubular magazine in the butt stock, similar to the earlier Spencer but non-removable. Also, like the Model 1865 Spencer, the more powerful Hotchkiss carbine could be handled as a repeater, or with its magazine cut-off, function as a single loader, keeping the magazine in reserve.

When Congress passed the Army Appropriation Act of 1877, which gave the military $20,000 to manufacture a magazine gun, the Ordnance Department quickly moved to take advantage of this financial windfall. Winchester had bought the rights to manufacture Hotchkiss's rifles from the inventor, whose patent was first issued in November 1873, with improvements granted in 1878. Ordnance officers wisely agreed to combine the production capabilities of

To strengthen the Hotchkiss's stock, Second Model Hotchkiss carbines (below), introduced in 1880, used small levers on each side of the receiver. Contrary to some theories that Winchester assembled the 400 Hotchkiss Second Models produced, reliable U.S. Ordnance reports indicate that they were constructed at Springfield Armory.

– COURTESY ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY –



Captain J.E. Greer of the Ordnance Department sent this diagram (right) showing details of the magazine cut-off and bolt lock safety levers of the improved "New Model" Hotchkiss to Col. J.G. Benton, commandant at Springfield Armory, along with his report on the Second Model Hotchkiss, March 3, 1880. Nonetheless, repeated breakage of stocks and other maladies plagued the Hotchkiss and it was never officially adopted.

– COURTESY PHIL SPANGENBERGER COLLECTION –

Winchester and the Springfield Armory in order to fabricate the Hotchkiss.

Working together, Winchester, produced the major machined parts like the action, magazine, trigger guard, butt plate, partially finished stock, and fit the barrel to the receiver, while Springfield Armory, utilizing parts from its 1873 trapdoor, assembled the gun with a proofed barrel, barrel band, stock furniture and sights, along with performing final fitting, finishing and inspection. By the end of June 1879, a total of 500 cavalry carbines and the same number of infantry rifles were completed.

Hotchkiss cavalry carbines had 24-inch blued round barrels, color casehardened receivers (stamped with Winchester and Hotchkiss address and patent dates from 1860 to 1878) and a nickeled brass forearm nose cap. Each carbine had a sling ring on the stock's left side—and on the First Model, a button-type circular knob on its right side that served as both a cut-off device and safety. This knob however, caused weakness in the stock and led to breakage, so it was replaced with levers on each side of the receiver in the Second Model, introduced in 1880. The Model 1879 rear sight—adapted for the 24-inch barrels (Springfield carbines had 22-inch tubes)—were graduated to 1,400 yards, and are stamped "H.C." (Hotchkiss Carbine), since the Hotchkiss carbines were intended to fire the .45-70 rifle cartridge, rather than the carbine's .45-55 round. A total of 501 First Model Hotchkiss martial carbines were produced and only 400 of the Second Model. These were sent to various troops for trial,

This left side view of a Second Model Hotchkiss reveals the traditional cavalryman's carbine sling ring. Careful examination also reveals this model's distinctive nickeled iron fore-end tip with its hinged door covering the compartment inside for a cleaning rod.

– COURTESY ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY –

however results were mixed, and the Hotchkiss was eventually phased out.

Between 1879 and 1899, Winchester turned out approximately 84,555 sporting and military Hotchkiss rifles and carbines. However, despite the small number of military carbines produced, and largely unsuccessful results, they may well be best known as America's first bolt-action magazine carbine.

Phil Spangenberger has written for *Guns & Ammo*, appears on the History Channel and other documentary networks, produces Wild West shows, is a Hollywood gun coach and character actor, and is *True West*'s Firearms Editor.

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FROM FRONTIER SOLDIER TO PEACEMAKING PRESIDENT

U.S. Grant AND THE WEST.

BY JOHN P. LANGELLIER

On March 4, 1869, a rather unlikely candidate took his oath of office as the eighteenth president of the United States. The image of Ulysses S. Grant as a cigar chomping, rumpled Union general whose dogged determination helped win the Civil War and gained him two turbulent terms as commander in chief has basis in fact.

But there was much more to Grant than this familiar portrait. He was a complex product of many experiences that helped forge the man who became one of the great leaders of 19th century America.

Above all Grant was a true Westerner. His introduction to the region came soon after his graduation from West Point. As a newly commissioned second lieutenant Grant reported to his first posting at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis. After nearly three quiet years with the U.S. Army 4th Infantry, his regiment received orders for Mexico, where he would earn his spurs in battle.

Sam, as his fellow cadets knew him, abandoned his birth name Hiram Ulysses Grant (HUG) while on the storied Plain at West Point. He meant to live up to his reputation as the most proficient horseman at the United States Military Academy where it was claimed "rider and horse held together like the fabled centaur…." Now, in Mexico mounted on a barely broken mustang, Grant humbly admitted the recurring struggle to master his stubborn steed "as to which way we should go and sometimes whether we would go at all."

Eventually the two came to terms. They reached Mexico City where Grant underwent his baptism under fire. Drawing on his gunnery training at the Academy, Grant turned artilleryman by forming a small party of his doughboys (a nickname first adopted during the Mexican-American War for American infantrymen and later popularized in World War I) to drag a mobile mountain howitzer through a series of ditches. He and his cobbled together crew of cannoneers hauled the small, but effective piece into a church's bell tower. From this height they lobbed 12-pound shot and shell into the enemy. Grant's innovative actions and those of some of his fellow junior officers drove the Mexicans from their defenses.

During this same desperate clash, Grant discovered his future brother in law, Frederick Dent, lying unconscious, with a bullet

In today's parlance, Gen. Grant would be known as a "horse whisperer," given his ability to ride virtually "anything with hair on it." In 1864, he posed with his favorite horse, the stallion Cincinnati. A gift from a friend, the 17-hand high horse was the son of Lexington (the fastest four-mile thoroughbred in America at the time). His favorite battle-charger was the one he rode when Gen. Lee surrendered to him at Appomattox Courthouse and is featured astride in almost every piece of public statuary or artwork of the general.

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Grant in the West by Allen Polt, 23" x 16" original oil on board.

–courtesy Allen Polt–

U.S. Grant AND THE WEST.

As a recently graduated West Point cadet, Bvt. 2nd Lt. Sam Grant awaited his regimental assignment and first duty station. Young Grant was so slightly built and diminutive (he grew from 5'2" to 5'7' while at the academy) that when he did not appear at a function, one of his fellow officers asked, "Where is the small man with the large epaulettes?"

– COURTESY OF THE CHUBACHUS LIBRARY OF PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY –

wound in the thigh. Despite Grant's rather spare size, he hauled Dent onto a wall where the incapacitated soldier could be seen, reached and taken to medical treatment. Then, the plucky Lt. Grant hurried back to his men to fight again. With Mexico City won, the end of the war was in sight.

In 1848, Grant triumphantly returned to St. Louis, where he married Julia Dent. The couple amused the next several years at eastern duty stations. Despite the boredom of garrison routine they enjoyed themselves.

All this changed in 1852 when the Army shipped Grant off to an unaccompanied tour at far away Fort Vancouver in what became Washington Territory. A lonely, lowly infantry officer, separated from his new family, Grant found life there tedious at best, especially given his various administrative chores.

One positive aspect of Grant's early days in the West was periodic contact with some of the local American Indians. These encounters likely influenced his future views on the treatment of the Western tribes. Early on he observed: "It is really my opinin (*sic*), that the whole [Indian] race would be harmless and peaceable if they were not put upon by the whites."

Other experiences did note produce such positive results. For instance, Grant's investment in several endeavors to supplement his meager Army pay, including a mercantile effort, farming to raise crops and livestock and trying his hand at providing firewood for Columbia River steamboats, all stirred hopes of bringing his family west. He optimistically told Julia in a letter: "that if you and our little boys were here I should not want to leave here for some years to come. My fears now however are that I may be promoted to some company away from here before I am ready to go."

When 2nd Lt. Ulysses S. Grant and his fellow United States infantrymen went to war in in 1846, their buff cross belts and other accoutrements had to be pipe-clayed to keep them white as dough, giving rise to the term "doughboy."

Those fears proved prophetic. In August 1853, Secretary of War Jefferson Davis informed Grant of his promotion to captain. This news brought a transfer to Fort Humboldt, California. Spending less than a half-year at the remote assignment, Grant missed his family and entrepreneurial prospects in Vancouver. Charges of drinking, which began during his days on the West Coast, marred his reputation and fostered the long, often exaggerated stereotype of Grant the drunkard. Sinking to the depths, Grant took leave, briefly returned to Fort Vancouver to conclude some of his remaining business affairs, and headed back to Julia and his two young sons in St. Louis.

By August 1854, Grant again was in St. Louis, having resigned his commission to try and make his mark in the civilian world. For the next four years, his labors to provide for his little family by running a 60-acre farm and selling cordwood, resulted in nothing but hardship. By 1858 he set out on another money-making scheme, spending nearly a year in real estate transactions. Regrettably he sometimes failed to collect rents, and regularly showed up late for work.

"Above all Grant was a true Westerner."

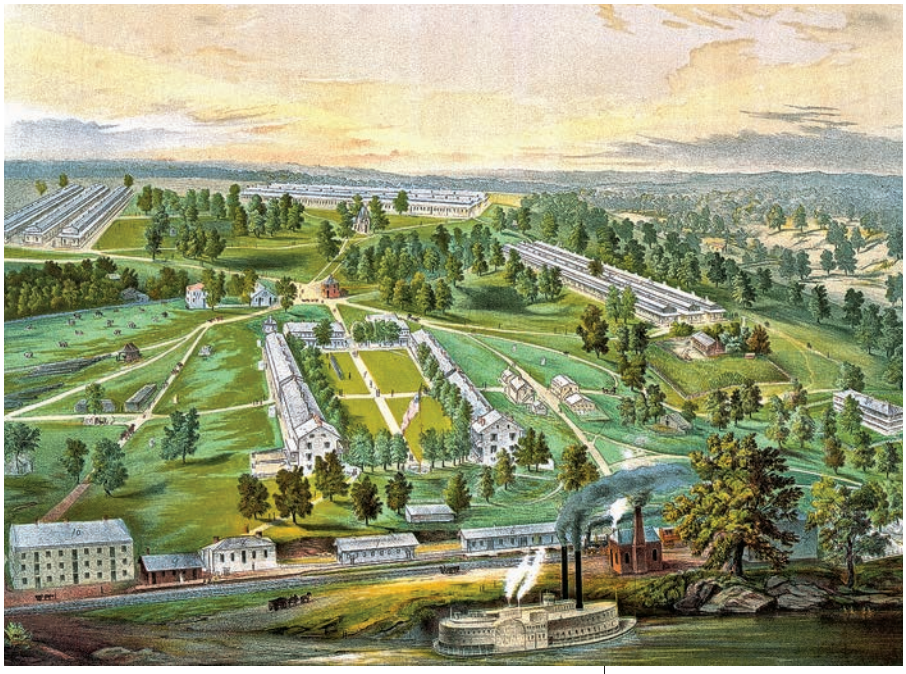
With his finances in ruins, Grant returned to his home in Galena, Illinois, near the Mississippi River, which would play a key role in his future as a Union general. His fortunes remained uncertain, at least until May of 1860 when he accepted an $800-a-year clerkship in his hard-driving father's leather business. Settling the family in to a modest house, Grant finally made ends meet.

The real turning point, however, came not from eking out a living with his father. Instead Grant's return to the military brought the success he had long sought. On June 17, 1861, Grant became the commanding colonel of the 21st Illinois Volunteer Infantry regiment. Less than two months later, his West Point training and subsequent martial knowledge brought a commission as a brigadier general of Union volunteers, a promotion that was requested by President Abraham Lincoln.

While pleasantly posted in the Pacific Northwest at Fort Vancouver across from Portland, Oregon, in today's Washington, 1st Lt. Grant began to learn much about the West. The assignment afforded him several opportunities to try his hand at a number of business ventures he believed would secure financial stability to support his new, growing family.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –

U.S. Grant AND THE WEST.



As a newly commissioned second lieutenant in the United States 4th Infantry, Grant headed west to assume his first duties beyond the Mississippi River, Reporting to Jefferson Barracks near the growing community of St. Louis in September 1843, he set forth on his new life in uniform. In the process, Grant would court and win the hand of Julia Dent, the sister of a fellow U.S. Military Academy graduate whom he had befriended during his studies at West Point.

Grant eventually gained a much-deserved reputation for leadership fighting in the so-called Western Theater, although some military men—both North and South engaged in operations from Texas to California—might have taken offense at this designation. Grant's fame grew as he delivered results, although these were often costly in both blood and national treasure as well as taking a personal toll as he led the Federal Army to victory.

Undaunted by the strain of command, Grant persevered and was elevated to General of the Army with a four star rank in July 1866. He led the military during a challenging era for the drawn-down, post-war Army with its dual-role of Reconstruction enforcer and Western protectorate of Manifest Destiny. Dealing with problems along the border with Mexico was complicated by the presence of the European-backed puppet Emperor Maximilian I, lawless elements, expansion of the railroads, Reconstruction in Texas and throughout the South, and the major issue of the American Indians (many groups resisting the course of frontier expansion).

All of these challenges of leadership were made even greater when President Andrew Johnson appointed Grant Secretary of War in August 1867. As head of the war department, Grant turned to his one-time Civil War subordinates, William T. Sherman and Philip H. Sheridan, to play major parts in the West. However, he resigned from Johnson's administration when the U.S. Senate reinstated radical Republican Edwin Stanton as Secretary of War in January 1868. Grant's short-tenure in Johnson's cabinet—which swirled with controversy and impeachment proceedings—as well as his standing up to the ill-fated

Promotion to captain brought an unwanted transfer to California's remote northwestern coastal outpost, Fort Humboldt. Grant's business opportunities at Fort Vancouver were dashed as were his hopes to bring Julia to the West Coast. The lonely married man fell into depression and by some accounts turned to alcohol as an escape—a demon that periodically haunted him the rest of his life.

Although Grant's friend, Frederick Dent, was assigned elsewhere, young Sam visited his West Point classmate's home on the outskirts of St. Louis. Grant spent considerable time with the family, and a romance with Julia, newly returned from boarding school, soon blossomed.

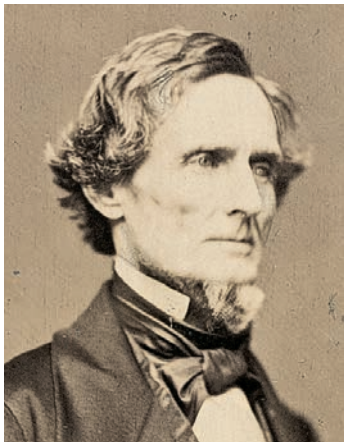
During the desperate fighting to seize San Cosmé outside of Mexico City, Bvt. 1st Lt. Grant (he had been promoted for his bravery at the battle of Molino del Rey, September 30, 1846) used his West Point artillery training to rain down deadly fire on the enemy. With a howitzer manned by some of his foot soldiers who he had pressed into service as gunners, Grant showed the initiative that would win him fame during the Civil War.

successor to Lincoln—made him a hero and legitimate presidential candidate for the Republican Party in 1868.

In March of 1869 it was against this backdrop that Grant took the oath of office to become president. While his administration weathered considerable scandal, in many respects, as Ron Chernow argues in his new biography, *Grant*, this former general turned commander in chief should be considered the second most important president of the 19th century after Lincoln. Grant's presidential tenure (1869-1877) saw the massive growth of railroads in the West, the encouragement of homesteading, which led to phenomenal increases in agricultural production, support of mining operations (including the fateful Black Hills Expedition in quest of precious minerals as one means of pulling the nation out of a devastating depression), and his well-meaning, but controversial "peace policy" to resolve white interactions with the native peoples of the West. All of this demonstrated a desire to bind the nation together and deal fairly with the diverse population in Gilded Age America. In this, Grant genuinely attempted to take up Lincoln's mantle.

Nevertheless, Grant was not a plaster saint nor was he perfect. Indeed, as previously alluded to, both the nation's Indian policy and the dispatch of George Armstrong Custer to the Black Hills during his presidency had calamitous outcomes. While Custer's defeat by Sitting Bull and others brought a tragic end to the one-time dashing Union cavalry officer, Grant's own death proved a sad tale as well.

Ill with cancer, Grant posed with his family and his physician, Dr. John Hancock Douglas, on the porch of their modest home. The former general and president battled through pain and great suffering to complete his masterful autobiography just days before his death. The straightforward style and compelling story proved a major feat both critically and financially, saving Grant's family from bankruptcy. Unfortunately, Grant would not live to savor the recognition that had eluded him as a young man who went west to seek fame and fortune.



In addition to Grant, many other notables of the Civil War had early associations with the West, including Jefferson Davis (seen here) Robert E. Lee and William T. Sherman. Davis served in the U.S. Army during the Mexican-American War and later was U.S. Secretary of War. He personally informed Grant of his promotion to captain, which brought about Grant's near disastrous transfer to California.

War-weary Gen. Grant (President Lincoln awarded him his third star and made him general-in-chief of the Armies of the United States in March 1864) achieved some of his greatest accomplishments during the Civil War. This bloody conflict took its toll even as his personal success soared to new heights.

Cancer sapped Grant's strength and eventually took his life, but not before he penciled his memoirs to ensure his beloved wife Julia and heirs were not left in financial ruin. In great part he undertook this excruciating labor at the urging of another man of the West, Mark Twain, who agreed to publish Grant's memoirs. Grant would not live to see the success of his compelling narrative, perhaps the best ever written by a former president. But arguably it all began as a green lieutenant who headed West as a bit player in the march of Manifest Destiny. ★

John Langellier's first published article was based on his 1969 senior high school thesis: *The Camp Grant Affair: Milestone in American Indian Policy?*, which began his decades of interest in the American West.

After the war with Mexico, William T. Sherman, like Grant, left the military to try his hand at civilian pursuits. With the eruption of the Civil War, Sherman, too, returned to the Army, and became a mainstay of Grant's administration in the West. Sherman appears here (center) with a group gathered for a meeting regarding the Union Pacific Railroad at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, in July of 1868. Beside Sherman, among the other attendees were Gens. P. H. Sheridan and John Gibbon, President Grant (to Sherman's right, wearing a straw hat just past the three young ladies), W. S. Harney and Joseph H. Potter, all of whom had served as Union officers.

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A heroic painting depicting Grant the robust military leader in his prime during the Civil War starkly contrasts with his final painful days dying with cancer as he struggled to scribble down his story before death took him.

BY WALTER NOBLE BURNS / EDITED BY MARK LEE GARDNER

A BELLE OF OLD FORT

An unpublished manuscript by Walter Noble Burns offers revelations to the biographer's groundbreaking account of outlaw Billy the Kid's life.

Walter Noble Burns was onto something. A 56-year-old Chicago journalist, Burns had become intrigued by a long-dead and largely forgotten outlaw named Billy the Kid. He suspected the Kid's bloody career might make a good story. So, in the summer of 1923, Burns traveled to far-off New Mexico, hoping to find and interview old-timers who had known the gunslinger.

The three-month trip could not have gone better. Burns located several of the Kid's associates and thrilled at their vivid and stirring reminiscences. Perhaps his biggest catch was Paulita Maxwell Jaramillo, a woman whom several informants singled out as the Kid's lover and the sole reason for the outlaw's fateful return to Fort Sumner after his notorious Lincoln County jail escape in the spring of 1881.

Soon after Burns returned to Chicago, he completed two articles based on his New Mexico interviews. One told the story of the Lincoln County War, primarily through the words of Susan McSween Barber, whose first husband, attorney Alexander McSween, was one of that deadly feud's protagonists.

The second article focused on the Kid's final exploits. It was also the story of Jaramillo, who narrates the Kid's tale. Burns titled the article, "A Belle of Old Fort Sumner."

Curiously, Burns's two articles never appeared in print. A likely explanation is that Burns realized he had the makings of a book; he submitted a book proposal on the Kid to Doubleday, Page & Co. in October 1923. Three years later, his seminal *The Saga of Billy the Kid* appeared, becoming an immediate bestseller and making the Kid a household name for all time.

What of those two articles? Burns recycled much of the information for his book, but he wrapped the article typescripts in brown paper, tied the package with a string and stored them away. There they remained until a cache of Burns manuscripts surfaced in an online auction in 2017.

Because Burns's New Mexico interview notes do not seem to have survived, these articles, with their long quotations and written while these tales were still swirling in his mind, may be the closest we will get to the actual words said by Barber and Jaramillo—and perhaps even the words said by the Kid.

In the article published here, Burns gives us Jaramillo's version of the Kid's Lincoln jail escape, which she claimed as the "true one." Yet she wasn't even in Lincoln at the time, so where did she get her account? Only the Kid would have known some of the details she relates. On the other hand, Burns may have created a fiction, using Jaramillo to tell the story as a literary device. Scholars have long questioned Burns's quoted material in his Kid biography, surmising it contains a good deal of embellishment. (The only changes made are fixing typos, adding paragraph breaks, clarifying punctuation and correcting names to conform to accepted spellings.)

A keen-eyed reader of both *The Saga of Billy the Kid* and the following article will find thought-provoking discrepancies, raising more questions that cannot be easily answered. Even so, Burns was a masterful storyteller, and his first crack at writing the Kid's story provides us with a fascinating look at the beginnings of a true epic.

Mark Lee Gardner is the author of *To Hell on a Fast Horse: The Untold Story of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett* and other books. He is currently working on a dual biography of Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull.

Sheriff Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid were contemporaries in one of the most dramatic periods of New Mexico's history.

Garrett was a brave and efficient officer. He was the kind of man the times and the country needed. When he became sheriff of Lincoln County, the county was the most lawless section of the Southwest. Most of the men of the country lived by the six-shooter, and many died by it. The trigger finger was judge, jury and executioner.

When Garrett retired from office, Lincoln County was as peaceful as a New England countryside. He wiped out one of the most desperate bands that ever set law at defiance. That was his job, and though he took his life in his hands when he undertook it, he finished the job in workmanly and thorough style. Once he had taken the trail, he followed it remorselessly to the end, and when he had reached the end, every member of the band was dead, in prison or had been run out of the country. The establishment of law and order west of the Pecos was due to this fighting, relentless officer more than to any other one man.

Billy the Kid was an opposite type. He stood for lawlessness as Garrett for law. He was distinguished as a killer and desperado in a day of killers and desperadoes. He marked out a trail of blood as a fighter on the McSween side against the Murphy faction in the Lincoln County War, the bloodiest vendetta of border history. He became later the leader of a band of outlaws that terrorized New Mexico Territory. How many men this precocious genius in homicide sent to their graves probably will never be accurately known.

When Pat Garrett snuffed out his life at Fort Sumner, Billy the Kid was twenty-one years old and is popularly supposed to have killed twenty-one men—a man for every year of his life.

SUMNER

Legend says Billy the Kid had a *querida* in every plaza. One of them—Pete Maxwell's sister!—got him killed.

– ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOZE BELL –

Both Billy the Kid and Sheriff Pat Garrett made history in New Mexico. One brought opprobrium on the territory, the other deserved the state's undying gratitude. But go into New Mexico today, and you will find a paradox. Everywhere you will hear Garrett disparaged or damned with faint praise. He was "cold-blooded and heartless." He was a "coward." He was "friend to no man." He wiped out Billy the Kid and his gang—yes—but he did it from "mercenary motives for the blood-money rewards offered on the heads of old friends."

You will find, on the other hand, Billy the Kid held in affectionate memory. His crimes are minimized or forgotten. A halo has been placed about his scapegrace brow. His courage, generosity, loyalty are extolled. He was engaging, devil-may-care, lighthearted, just a boy, more sinned against than sinning, a scapegoat for the misdeeds of others. Men still admire him; women sing his praises and lament his fate. An anthology of ballads and border poetry has grown up about him. Tradition has clothed him with glamour as a hero. He has become a figure of eternal youth riding through eternal romance.

So the years have played strange tricks with the fame of these two, begrudging just honor to the champion of law and bestowing sympathy and admiration on the outlaw, evolving from myth, false romanticism and underdog psychology one of fate's classic satires.

If you drop in any pleasant day upon Fort Sumner, New Mexico, a little town that has grown up in the last few years five miles from the site of Old Fort Sumner, you will perhaps find Mrs. Paulita Jaramillo in a comfortable rocking chair on the rose-embowered porch of her little cottage. How old the lady is it were not gallant to inquire, but it may be whispered discreetly that she was a blooming girl of eighteen in 1881 when Pat Garrett killed Billy the Kid in her home. She still has claims to comeliness. Her dark hair is only lightly streaked with gray, her face is of olive smoothness and her black eyes have a sparkle that age has had no power to dim.

It is easy to fancy her the dashing beauty she is said to have been when she was the belle of Old Fort Sumner and the toast of hard-riding cavaliers of all the cattle ranges from Santa Rosa, Puerto de Luna and Anton Chico to Roswell and Seven Rivers and from the Upper Pecos to Rio Peñasco. She knew on terms of intimate friendship Pat Garrett, Billy the Kid and the men who rode and fought with them, and if you chance to be interested in stories of the kind, she can thrill you with tales of personal experiences in frontier days whose drama was the background of her early life.

Mrs. Jaramillo is the daughter of a family distinguished in the early annals of New Mexico. When Lucian B. Maxwell, her father, a native of Illinois, settled in New Mexico, it was still a province of Mexico. He married Luz Beaubien, daughter of Charles Hipolyte Trotier, Sieur de Beaubien, a Canadian of noble lineage, and a pioneer Santa Fe Trail trader who reached New Mexico in 1823, and of Paula Lobato, of an old Spanish family. With Don Guadalupe Miranda, Beaubien obtained from the government of New Mexico a grant of land of vast extent in the northern part of the province, afterwards famous as the Maxwell grant. Miranda sold out his interest to Beaubien and, upon the latter's death in 1864, Maxwell through purchase from the heirs became the sole owner of a tract larger than three states the size of Rhode Island and embracing more than a million acres. The land today is dotted with towns, cities and mines and is worth at a modest estimate $50,000,000.

Maxwell built a veritable palace at Cimarron where for years he lived in a style of baronial magnificence. Traders who freighted merchandise over the old Santa Fe Trail which passed his door, descendants of the pioneer *hidalgos*, cattle kings, governors, army officers and distinguished men of America and Europe enjoyed his hospitality. His cellars were filled with champagne and costly vintages, his tables were laid for two dozen guests a day and the viands were served in dishes of solid gold and silver.

Owner of great herds of sheep and cattle, founder of the First National Bank of Santa Fe, this feudal lord of the old frontier finally sold his lands for the reputed sum of $750,000, lost a large part of his fortune in unfortunate investments and retired to Fort Sumner where he died in 1875.

But aside from her father's spectacular career, Mrs. Jaramillo has a picturesque interest of her own. This daughter of a famous house has the name throughout New Mexico of having been Billy the Kid's sweetheart. You hear the story everywhere. Frank Coe, who fought with Billy the Kid in the Lincoln County War; Mrs. Susan E. Barber of White Oaks, widow of Alexander McSween, leader of one of the factions in that deadliest of border vendettas; Mrs. Sallie Roberts of Roswell, niece of John Chisum, famous cattle king of the Pecos; Martin Chaves, Nicholas Seña, Yginio Salazar, Miguel Luna and most of the old-timers, whose memories hark back to the old days, still roll the romantic legend over their tongues.

Mrs. Jaramillo's neighbors in Fort Sumner repeat the tale and add that she and Billy the Kid planned to elope on horseback to Mexico on the night following that on which Billy the Kid was killed. You will hear at Las Tablas, a little village in the foothills of the Capitans through which the Kid passed after his celebrated escape from Lincoln, that he said to an old Mexican, "I am going to Fort Sumner to see my sweetheart if it costs me my life."

So when you meet Mrs. Jaramillo, you are keen to hear the details of this old romance. But Mrs. Jaramillo declares quite positively the story is a fable.

"That old story," she said, "has been going the rounds for more than forty years, but it is not true. Billy the Kid and I were good friends, and that was all. If I had loved him and he had wanted me, I would have married him no matter what he had done or what the world might have thought. But neither of us ever dreamed of love or marriage, and the story of our planned elopement is absurd.

"Strange as it may seem, Billy the Kid fascinated many women and his record as a heartbreaker was as formidable as his record as a mankiller. He numbered his *queridas* by the dozen, and in almost every little town and *placita*, some black-eyed girl was proud to be known as his light o' love.

"I know of one woman of wealth still living in New Mexico who ate out her heart for love of him. He had at various times three sweethearts in Fort Sumner. One of them, I am told, is now a respected matron in Las Vegas. Another had a daughter who lived to be eight years old, and whose striking resemblance to the famous outlaw

filled the mother's heart with pride. The third and last was the lure that drew him to his death. But it is just as well to let those old scandals sleep. The mention of names, even at this late day, might stir up a hornet's nest."

So, as far as this old sweetheart story is concerned, that's that, as the phrase goes.

"I remember," Mrs. Jaramillo said, "the first day Pat Garrett ever set foot in Fort Sumner. It was in February 1879, and he came to our home to ask Pete Maxwell, my brother, for a job as a cowboy. He was fresh from the Texas Panhandle where he had made a living hunting buffaloes. I was a little girl and stood behind my brother on the porch with my finger in my mouth and stared at him. He was the tallest man I had ever seen and had the longest funniest legs. His clothes were worn and weather-stained, and the queerest part of his make-up was a pair of hairy buffalo-skin leggings. But this scarecrow man had a twinkle in his gray eyes and good humor in his drawling voice, and he smiled his way into a job. He worked on the range for my brother until Pete had a disagreement with him and discharged him.

"After that, Garrett opened a restaurant in Fort Sumner and later went into partnership with old Beaver Smith in a store and saloon. He liked a social glass and was a great hand to play poker and monte, and the men used to like to play with him because he usually lost. Pete and he made up their differences, and, many an evening, Garrett spent in our home, spinning yarns about his adventures on the buffalo ranges. He was a freehanded, easygoing sort of man, and everybody liked him.

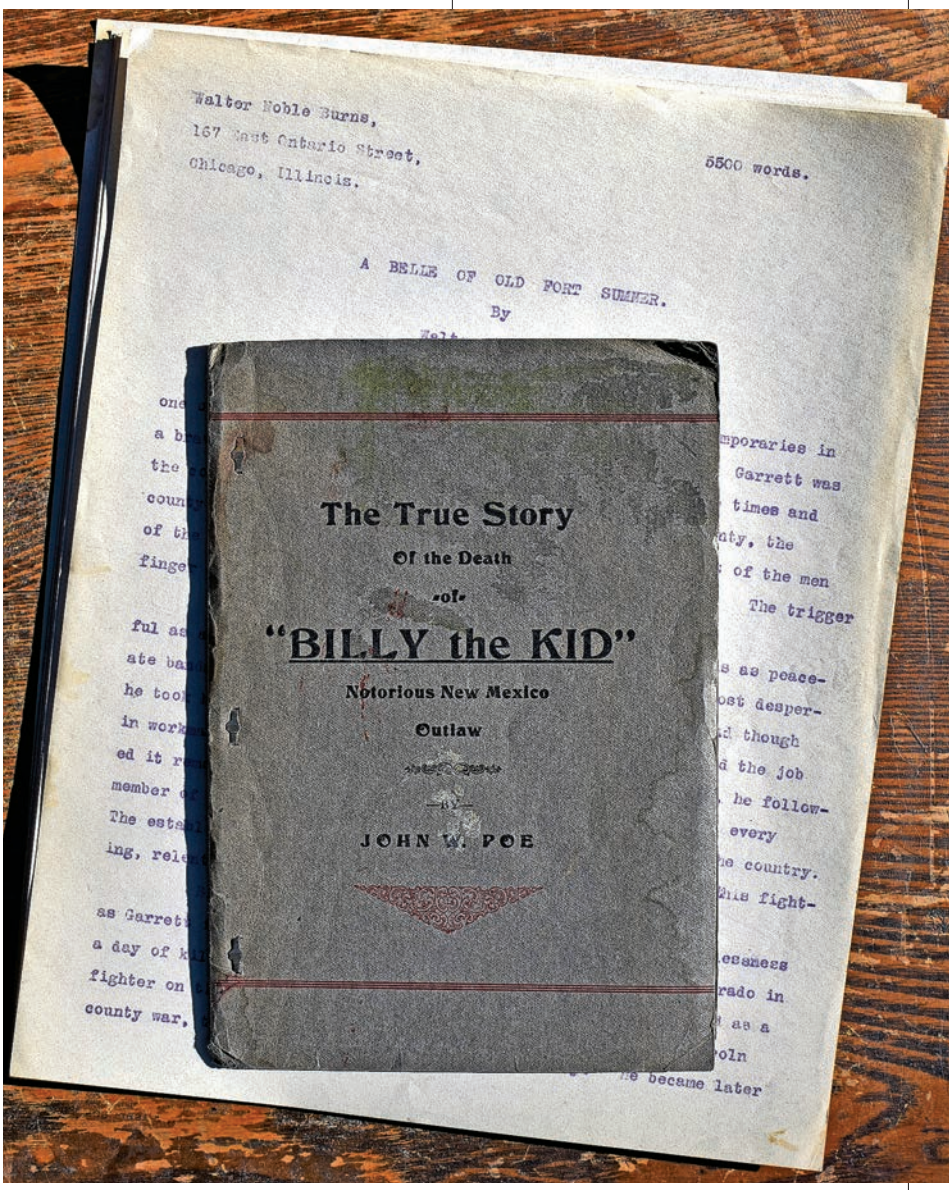
"Billy the Kid and his band were at the height of their career as outlaws then. They made Fort Sumner their headquarters and were in town and gone again every little while, usually with their pockets full of money.

"Garrett became good friends with all those fellows—Charlie Bowdre and Tom Folliard, who lived in Fort Sumner, Jim French, Billy Wilson, John Middleton, Henry Brown, Doc Scurlock, Dave Rudabaugh and the rest. He ate and drank and played cards with Billy the Kid, went to dances with him and gallivanted around with the same Mexican girls.

"I have seen them both, more than once, down on their knees around a blanket stretched on the ground in the main street, gambling their heads off, as they say, against a monte game. If Pat went broke, he borrowed from Billy, and if Billy went broke, he borrowed from Pat.

"Sometimes they engaged in friendly shooting contests. Both were crack shots. It was a toss up between them when it came to the rifle, but the Kid was the better shot with the revolver. He was a six-shooter specialist and, at quickness in drawing his weapon and at the same time shooting accurately, no man in the country was his equal.

"The point I am making is that in those days, the two were as thick as peas in a pod.



While Walter Noble Burns prepared his manuscript "A Belle of Old Fort Sumner," he relied on the shown booklet sharing John W. Poe's account of Billy the Kid's death, privately printed by E. A. Brininstool in 1922.

– COURTESY MARK LEE GARDNER –

There was probably not a man in Fort Sumner whom the Kid regarded as a better friend than Pat Garrett.

"I knew all these boys well. Fort Sumner was a gay little place socially. It had been a frontier army post—abandoned in the sixties—and had a gay tradition. The weekly dance was an event, and the pretty girls from the ranches and towns fifty miles away rode in to attend it. In the code of those days, any man who was courteous to women was considered a gentleman, and no questions asked, and as there was no law to speak of in the country, an outlaw who lived up to this simple standard, was as welcome at Fort Sumner's social affairs as anybody else.

"Billy the Kid, let me tell you, cut quite a gallant figure at these jolly dances. With his smiling boyish good looks and easy debonair bearing, he was in great favor as a cavalier, and the little Mexican beauties made eyes at him from behind their fans and brought into play all their arts of coquetry to capture his attentions. Billy was polite and good-natured, not afraid of anybody and talked Spanish like a Mexican.

"It makes me sad nowadays when I drive out from New Fort Sumner to the scene of these frolics and merry-makings of my girlhood. Old Fort Sumner is a town that was. Not a single house is left standing. Grass-grown mounds mark the foundation walls of my old home and outline the room in which Billy the Kid was killed. The famous twin rows of giant cottonwoods that once formed a shady boulevard five miles long show ragged gaps. The bronze-red waters of the Pecos have eaten away much of what was the main street. Jackrabbits scuttle over the old parade ground, a favorite lovers' walk in the old days. The peach orchards that framed the village in pink blossoms in the spring have disappeared. I must take my memories with me when I go there. Nothing is left on the level, desolate waste of wild grass and weeds to remind me of the picturesque and lively town I once knew.

"Garrett married twice during his residence of more than two years in Fort Sumner. Juanita Martinez, his first wife, died a few weeks after the wedding. His second wife, Apolinaria Gutiérrez, now his widow, is still living in Las Cruces. Shortly after his second marriage in 1880, Garrett moved to Roswell and was elected by John Chisum and the cattle interests sheriff of Lincoln County.

"Chisum, at that time, was the largest individual cattle owner in the Southwest or in the United States, for that matter. He had been a friend of Billy the Kid during the Lincoln County War and had supported the McSween faction, with which the Kid fought. But the Kid later had turned cattle rustler, and Chisum's herds had suffered from his raids. The hour had come when, for his own business interests and the future of the territory, lawlessness must be suppressed, and Chisum found the man for the hour in Pat Garrett.

...Bell turned and ran out the door, and Billy killed him as he started down the stairs.

"Garrett's selection to be sheriff was a surprise in Fort Sumner. He was practically unknown. He had no experience as a manhunter and no reputation as a fighter. But for the purposes of Chisum and the cattlemen, he had one qualification that outweighed everything else. That was his old-time friendship for Billy the Kid and his followers. This had given him a familiar knowledge of all their old trails, their favorite haunts and their secret places of rendezvous and refuge.

"The one big thing Garrett was called on to do as sheriff was to hunt down these old friends. I do not say this with malice, but merely as a fact. There is no law against a man's making new friends or turning against old ones, and if we remember that Garrett had been a friend of outlaws, we must not forget he had never condoned outlawry. He assumed office with the philosophic attitude of a poker player who, when he puts his legs under the table, declares, 'Here's where friendship ceases.' Certainly, he was outspoken and frank about what he proposed to do. When he became sheriff, Billy the Kid knew exactly what it meant. From that time on, it was war to the death between them.

"Tom Folliard was the first to die. Garrett had word the Kid was coming into Fort Sumner to attend a big Christmas dance. This was in 1880. With a posse of fifteen men, Garrett rode into town. They put up their horses in my brother Pete's barn and hid themselves in the old military hospital commanding the road by which the Kid was expected to come. While waiting for the outlaws, Garrett, Barney Mason, Tom Emory and Bob Williams whiled away the time playing poker.

"About eleven o'clock at night, one of their sentinels ran in with the announcement that Billy the Kid was coming. They rushed out to see five horsemen approaching through the darkness. 'Hands up!' shouted Garrett.

"Four of the riders wheeled and galloped off in a shower of bullets from Garrett's men. Folliard, mortally wounded, cried, 'Don't shoot any more. I'm killed.' He slid from his saddle into the arms of Garrett and Mason as they ran up.

"I heard all this as my mother and I were sitting at home, and ran up on our upper porch to see what I could see. It was a cold, perfectly still, moonlight night with snow on the ground. I could see the crowd of men in the road. Folliard had begun to scream curses on Garrett's head. I heard Barney Mason say: 'Be game, old boy. Take your medicine like a man.'

"They carried the dying man inside. For a long time I could still hear his muffled groans and curses. Then his voice began to grow fainter, and, at last, there was silence. Mason said afterwards that he and Garrett and the others went back to their card game and played calmly while Folliard breathed his last on a blanket in a corner, and for several hours after he was dead.

"They buried the dead man in the little military cemetery near town next day, and Garrett and his posse struck north to round

The Walter Noble Burns Collection also included the original illustration Burns used for the London edition of his *The Saga of Billy the Kid*, published in 1930.

– COURTESY MARK LEE GARDNER –

up the others. The four who had escaped were Charlie Bowdre, Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett and Dave Rudabaugh. Billy the Kid had been with them until within a mile of town, but for some crafty reason of his own, had left them to ride in alone by another road. He had heard the firing and joined the others as they spurred their horses on the back trail.

"The fugitives took refuge in an old stone house on Arroyo Tiban twenty miles from Fort Sumner. There, Garrett's posse surrounded them. When dawn came, Garrett and three others lay in ambush in a ravine thirty feet from the door. Bowdre stepped out with a moral in his hand to feed his horse. He had on Billy the Kid's hat, and Garrett, in the dim light, thought he was Billy the Kid. He and ------ -------- shot him. Bowdre ran back inside fatally wounded. The posse heard Billy the Kid say, 'You are as good as dead, Charlie. Go out and see if you can't kill one of those fellows.' Dying, Bowdre obeyed orders. He staggered outdoors. He murmured, 'I wish—I wish.' Then he fell dead.

"Garrett and his men killed the band's horses tethered in front of the house. That took away the only chance of escape. Cold, hungry, worn out, the Kid surrendered late in the afternoon. Garrett brought his four prisoners, with Bowdre's body lying in a wagon, into Fort Sumner. When they carried the corpse into his old home, Manuela, his widow, went crazy with grief and knocked down one of the possemen, Jim East, with a branding iron. Bowdre was buried beside Folliard. The row of graves was growing.

"The Kid was tried in March in Mesilla for the murder of Sheriff William Brady in the Lincoln County War and sentenced to die on the gallows on May 13. While awaiting execution, he was held in an upper room in the courthouse at Lincoln under close guard by Deputy Sheriffs Bob Olinger and J.W. Bell. Steel manacles on his wrists and ankles were never removed. He ate and slept with them on. His case seemed hopeless.

"Olinger was himself a desperado. He was said to have killed three men. In the old feud, Olinger had fought with the Murphy faction and the Kid on the McSween side. The Kid had killed Bob Beckwith, one of Olinger's best friends, and Olinger had hungered and thirsted for vengeance. There was deep and bitter enmity between them. Olinger hated the Kid, and the Kid hated him.

"Nothing gave Olinger such joy as to heap insults on the Kid and throw taunts in his teeth. 'Well, Kid,' he would say every morning, 'you are one day nearer the gallows.' He loaded a shotgun before the Kid's eyes with nine buckshot in each barrel. 'Try to get away, Kid,' he jeered, 'and you will get eighteen buckshots between your shoulders.'

"Billy laughed. He kept up a constant unruffled show of cheerfulness and good humor. He told funny stories; he cracked jokes. His two guards began to think he was resigned to his fate. But they misjudged their man. The Kid was never so dangerous as when he smiled. He was the kind that never gave up hope. With him, no game was lost until the last card had been played. All the time, he was watching with the alert patience of a panther for his opportunity. When it came at last, it was one chance in a million.

"There are many versions of what happened. I'll tell you the true one. At noon one day—it was April 28—Olinger went across the road to the old Murphy hotel for dinner, leaving Billy alone with Bell.

"Billy seemed in high spirits. 'Well, *amigo*,' he said to Bell, 'only a few more days left for me. Let's have a game of monte.' Bell, who was a good hearted man, agreed just to humor him. He dealt out the cards on a table. Billy, sitting on the edge of the table with his hands and legs still manacled, bucked the bank. He joked and laughed as he played.

"Suddenly as if by accident he knocked a card on the floor. Bell reached down to pick it up, and, when he straightened up with the card, he was looking into the muzzle of his own six-shooter that Billy had snatched from its scabbard.

"'I don't want to kill you, Bell,' Billy said. 'You have been good to me. Step into that next room and I will lock you up.' But Bell turned and ran out the door, and Billy killed him as he started down the stairs. The hole made by the bullet that passed through Bell's heart is still in the wall in the old courthouse.

"Hearing the shot, Olinger came running across the road. Billy caught up the shotgun that Olinger had loaded with buckshot for Billy and stepped to a window. When Olinger was just beneath him, Billy stuck his head out and said quietly, 'Hello, Bob.' As Olinger looked up, Billy riddled him with both barrels. Then he threw the gun crashing down on his body. That was probably the happiest moment of the Kid's life.

"Billy armed himself with two six-shooters and a Winchester which had been kept in a room known as the jail armory, hobbled downstairs and, stepping over Bell's body, went out a back door. He made old man Gauss, the jail cook, file the chains that held together the steel cuffs on his wrists and legs. Then he ordered Gauss to catch a pony in the jail pasture and saddle it for him. All this took more than an hour.

"None of the townspeople came to investigate. They guessed what had happened and stayed discreetly in their homes, leaving Lincoln's one street silent and deserted. And all the while, Billy was as cool, Gauss said, as a boy eating apples. 'Goodbye, old man, take care of yourself,' he said cheerfully as he swung himself on the pony. He rode out of town in an easy gallop, his rifle across his saddle bow, whistling a little tune."

Mrs. Jaramillo paused in her epic story. She took occasion to comment that it was foolish for Billy the Kid, escaped from the shadow of the gallows, to go to Fort Sumner where he might have known Garrett would hunt for him the first thing. He should have headed for the Mexican border, she said, once across which he would have been safe.

"But to Fort Sumner he rode, as straight as a bird can fly," she continued, "to see

his sweetheart and to meet his fate. Garrett heard he was in hiding there.

"On the night of July 14, Garrett came to Fort Sumner with two deputies, Kip McKinney and John W. Poe, later to become a man of wealth and influence and who died a few months ago president of the Citizens' National Bank of Roswell. They hitched their horses in a peach orchard at the edge of town and stole through the streets in the shadows of the houses to our home. Poe and McKinney sat on the edge of the porch while Garrett stepped into Pete Maxwell's bedroom to question my brother about the Kid's hiding place.

"The Kid at that moment was not more than thirty yards away in the house of Saval Gutiérrez, Garrett's brother-in-law. He had come in a few moments before from a sheep camp. Tired and hungry, he took off his boots, coat and hat and, flinging himself down on a bed, asked Celsa Gutiérrez, Saval's wife, to cook him something to eat. Celsa said she had nothing but tortillas and coffee, but gave him a butcher knife and told him to go to Pete Maxwell's house and cut some meat from the carcass of a beef butchered the day before and hanging on the north porch.

"So bare-headed, hatless, coatless, with the butcher knife in his hand and his 41-caliber revolver in his belt, Billy started across a little open space to our house. Concealed behind a little paling fence, Poe and McKinney saw him coming through the moonlight. They thought he was one of Pete's sheepherders.

"When the Kid opened the gate and stepped on the porch, he almost stumbled over the two deputies. Out came his gun as quick as a flash. *'Quien es?'* (Who are you?) he asked, covering them. 'Needn't be afraid,' Poe said to the supposed sheepherder. 'Nobody's going to hurt you.' The Kid, keeping his revolver leveled, backed across the porch into the open door of Pete's room.

"The room was dark. Pete lay in bed in a corner. Garrett sat at the head of the bed in a chair against the wall. Coming in out of the bright moonlight, the darkness for a moment blinded the Kid. He stepped to the side of the bed so close to Garrett he could have touched him and said to Pete, *'Quien es son esos afuera?'* (Who are those fellows outside?) Pete did not answer.

"The Kid caught a sudden glimpse of Garrett's shadowy figure. He sprang back quickly and covered Garrett with his gun. *'Quien es?'* he said.

"Garrett answered with his six-shooter, and the Kid fell dead in the middle of the floor with a bullet through his heart.

"I was asleep in an upper room and was awakened by the noise. I rushed downstairs to the porch where I found Garrett, Pete and the two deputies standing in a hushed, excited group. Not a sound came from the room. But no one would venture in for fear the Kid might not be dead. If only a spark of life were left, he might be dangerous.

"I brought a lighted candle and, keeping in the shelter of the adobe wall, reached out an arm and placed the candle in the windowsill. It lighted the inner darkness dimly. My brother took a furtive peek through the window and saw the Kid lying on his face motionless. 'Now, Pat, you can go in,' Pete said. 'He's dead.'

"They carried the body into a deserted storeroom, full of dust and cobwebs, and laid it on an old work bench. The town was aroused by now, and Mexican men and women crowded in. When they saw the Kid lying dead, the moon shining on his face through a window, the women broke into frenzied tears, filling the place with their shrieks. Celsa Gutterrez screamed as one demented. Nasaria Yerbe was wild with grief. Abrana Garcia, shaking her clenched fists aloft, called down curses on Pat Garrett's head and threatened to kill him. Deluvina Maxwell, [an] old servant of our family whom my father had bought from the Navajos when she was a little girl, and to whom the Kid always had been a hero, burst into hysterical lamentations. She threw her arms about the Kid and covered his face with her tears. *'Mi muchacho, mi muchacho,'* she wailed.

"Francisco Medina knocked together a box of rough pine board next day to serve as a coffin; the hearse was a rickety old wagon drawn by scrawny ponies. Practically every man, woman and child in town followed the body to the little cemetery. You might have thought the funeral that of Fort Sumner's most distinguished citizen. They buried the Kid next to Bowdre and Folliard. His grave was at one end of the row, Folliard's at the other and Bowdre's in the middle. At the head, they set a little wooden cross on which had been painted 'Billy the Kid' in crude, zigzag letters.

"The cemetery then had an adobe wall around it. Now a barbed-wired fence surrounds its dreary half-acre of sun-baked land sparsely covered with bunch grass and desert growths. Twelve men who died with their boots on in Fort Sumner are buried there. One was Joe Grant killed by Billy the Kid in the saloon of José Valdez. The cross over the Kid's grave was shot away by half-drunken soldiers in the eighties and never has been replaced. The Kid and his two comrades and the murdered men all asleep in unmarked graves.

"Charlie Foor who has lived in and around Fort Sumner for forty years and two or three others are all that are left in this part of the country who can point out the Kid's grave. Step thirty feet straight south from the gate, and you find a spot of hard yellow earth across which cactus and salt grass have woven green patterns. That is Billy the Kid's last resting place. Likely as not, as you stand there in a mood of reverie, a mockingbird, winging from the river pastures, will alight upon a fence post and sing a song in the sunshine.

"Looking back at the old tragedy," Mrs. Jaramillo went on, with the air of one adding a footnote, "the Kid's last night on earth seems to have been a night of blunders.

"Poe and McKinney could have killed him when, unseen themselves, they saw him walking toward them in the moonlight. They did not kill him because they believed him a harmless sheepherder.

"The Kid could have killed Poe and McKinney when he had them covered with his revolver. His suspicions were acutely aroused, but he did not kill them because, it is evident, he did not want to murder men whom he had a vague idea might be only Pete Maxwell's friends.

"The Kid could have killed Garrett. When he threw down the weapon on the shadowy form in the darkness, Garrett would not have had a chance if the Kid had fired. But it seems clear that the same dubious thought that saved Poe and McKinney saved Garrett. Fear that Garrett might be another friend of Pete Maxwell's still held the Kid's trigger finger

from deadly action. It would have been more like the Kid's true self if he had shot first and investigated afterwards. But, perhaps for the first time in his life, he wavered irresolute for an instant, and his instant's hesitation was fatal.

"If Garrett had spoken, the Kid would have recognized him by his voice. If Garrett had risen, the Kid would have recognized him by his height. In either case, Garrett would have been the man to die. But Garrett did not speak, did not rise, did not hesitate. He alone made no mistake.

"The Kid did not fire a shot. Any story to the contrary is false. It is safe to say that in his last flash of consciousness, he did not know who shot him.

"Garrett fired a second shot before he rushed out of the room on the heels of Pete Maxwell. Garrett did not know, and nobody else knew, until four years afterwards where his second bullet went. Then we accidentally found it embedded in the underside of the top of the washstand.

"When Garrett silently slipped his six-shooter from its holster, he dropped over sideways from his chair as he fired his first shot. From the angle his second bullet struck the washstand, it must have been fired almost from the level of the floor. It missed the Kid by six feet. It suggested a panic.

"But a panic in that desperate crisis might have been pardoned even in a brave man."

Newlyweds Paulita and Jose Feliz Jaramillo pose together on their wedding day in January 1882. Former boyfriend Billy the Kid could have been the man in that chair, had he lived.

– COURTESY FREDERICK NOLAN –

BY *TRUE WEST* EDITORS

STUDIO

GERONIMO-CHATTO PHOTOS

Our February issue sharing how history should view Chatto, in John Sandifer's "Apache Traitor or Hero?" article, has sparked an interesting controversy. The editors received a half-dozen letters pointing out the stunning similarities between the two photographs featured in the coverage. Here is the latest letter, sent in by Donald M. Yena of San Antonio, Texas:

"It is interesting that both photographs of Chatto 1884 and Geronimo 1887 not only show use of the same props (foliage) by photographer but use—without a doubt—the same gun! Gun shown, in my opinion, is a sporterized .45-70 Trapdoor Springfield rifle. Interestingly, it may at one time have belonged to a Western post Army officer. George Custer had an earlier .50 cal. Allin Conversion Springfield for his personal use. Also sporterized [stock has been modified for sport, usually by cutting down the length].

"Western photographers often used the same props over and over. Many, but not all, Western photographs often show dudes all decked out in new store-bought gun rigs with empty cartridge belts, new chaps, boots, clothing—often in real tough poses.

"The Springfield here for sure did not belong to Chatto or Geronimo, but they for sure would have wished it did at the time."

In the two 1884 photographs taken by A. Frank Randall at the San Carlos reservation in Arizona Territory, Geronimo and Chatto sport the exact same necktie and rifle. Notice the same cactus. Some researchers believe they are even wearing the same bracelet.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

PROPS?

SPARK CONTROVERSY.

"Very observant reader."

–Paul Andrew Hutton

THE PROFESSOR WEIGHS IN

"The photos were both taken by A. Frank Randall at San Carlos in 1884. [The magazine's copy of the Geronimo image incorrectly cited the photo was taken in 1887.] There is also a similar photo of Mangas Coloradas, but with a different gun, obviously taken at the same time. I doubt if the scarf is a prop, as Geronimo wears scarves in other photos, but it certainly could be. I agree that it is a prop rifle, perhaps owned by Randall. Geronimo is, of course, photographed with his own Springfield in the famous surrender photos. Very observant reader."

—Paul Andrew Hutton,
Distinguished Professor of History at the University of New Mexico

OUR GUN EXPERT WEIGHS IN

"While there is no way to know for sure who owns the rifle, my guess is that it was probably a studio gun. This was a common practice and can be seen in photos from other frontier photographers to spice up their images. A good example is L.A. Huffman of Montana Territory, whose Sharps rifle appears in a number of photos, including being held by Indians in his studio, then again propped next to an Indian burial scaffold and so on."

—Phil Spangenberger,
Shooting from the Hip *columnist and* True West's *firearms editor*

BY JOHN FARKIS

The Cup-Spinning Sequence

A behind-the-scenes look at the famous "Doc" Holliday scene from 1993's *Tombstone*.

When then-Director Kevin Jarre first spoke to Val Kilmer about the gun-twirling, cup-spinning scene in 1993's *Tombstone*, the actor who played John H. "Doc" Holliday was a bit apprehensive.

"I was very concerned that the whole movie would be in trouble if I didn't beat [John Ringo] in that moment," Kilmer admits. "And so I said to Kevin, 'You know, what if this isn't funny—who knows what it will look like, a little tin cup kind of swirling around in these fancy gun moves. What if it's not funny?' And he looked at me and said, 'Yeah, I guess that's a problem.' So what I did was, for a couple of months, work the gun routine with both hands.

"I basically taught myself to do all that stuff with the .45 with the right hand, and also with the left hand—I was doing it with the .38…and it's really tough to do that stuff. Guns are heavy. And it's also weird when you mess up—it's like hitting yourself with a hammer."

Cast and crew frequently saw Kilmer strolling around the *Tombstone* set with two guns, twirling them every chance he got, determined to make the scene believable—and funny.

"I've got two guns, one for each of ya," drawls Holliday, in the film.

The first of those guns was a 4¾-inch, nickel-plated, ivory-gripped, .38-caliber Colt Lightning Model 1877. The second was a 4¾-inch, nickel-plated, ivory-gripped, .45-caliber Colt of EMF manufacture.

Kilmer became extremely proficient in handling these Colts; he could twirl one forward and one backward at the same time. As for his lightweight tin cup, a weight was installed at the bottom to offset the balance and thus help in the twirling motion.

Prior to filming the cup-spinning scene, Kilmer came up with an unusual technique to get into character.

"I'm sitting in my cast chair outside the bar," says Forrie J. Smith, who played Pony Deal (or Diehl) in the film, "and Val comes out and tackles me. We're wrestling around. We're in the dirt. And I finally get him in a compromising position. He goes, 'Okay, Okay, Okay.' I asked, 'What the hell was that all about?' 'Well,' Kilmer told him, 'I had to blow some steam off before I do the scene with the damn cup.' The wardrobe gal was all upset because he had dirt all over [him], and they had to brush him off."

Michael Biehn, who played opposite Kilmer in the scene, as Ringo, worked equally hard at his gun-twirling skills. "[Thell Reed and I] worked together to create a unique gun-twirling routine," he says. "I made up a trick here, and Thell made up a trick there, and we put that routine together in a matter of two or three months."

Biehn practiced about two months to get his Colt .45 twirling down. "I even put in things that gun wranglers had never seen before!" he says.

Biehn practiced so much, he frequently broke the gun's grips, recalls Buckaroo crew member Jake Johnson, who adds, "Thell wanted Ringo to look more like a show-off outlaw than a Johnny Mack Brown vaudevillian burlesque performance of gun-spinning, and I think that's the difference you see when he's doing that.

"[Biehn] looks like he's serious, knows how to handle a gun. You can see from some of the angles that there were multiple takes, but he was capable of doing the entire routine in one take."

Before filming began of scenes inside the saloon, the cast would hear the opening bars of Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London" over and over again, to get the crowd in the mood, so to speak.

"When we did [the scene]," Biehn says, "my hands started sweating. Those .45s are heavy. Dana Delany and Bill Paxton were sitting right below me. I didn't want to hurt them with a gun, and that was kind of nerve-racking, but we did it."

"I'm pretty sure that's the only take we did," recalls Kilmer, describing his cup-spinning debut. "And you always know when you're doing something right, because the crew laughs. They're usually just waiting for lunch, while the camera's rolling. But you know it's funny when you get applause from the extras and the crew and the camera guys and the other actors."

After filming was completed, Kilmer sent one of the cups to George Cosmatos, who got the director credit after Jarre was fired. The actor inscribed the cup, "To George, from Doc."

Perhaps Kilmer should have sent the cup to Kurt Russell, who starred as the iconic Wyatt Earp. *True West* broke the news, in 2006, that Russell was the one who actually directed the 1993 movie.

The credit for the thrill of the gun-twirling, cup-spinning sequence, though, goes to Kilmer and Biehn, not only for their dedication to authentically twirl their Colts, but also for making sure the serious contest between these adversaries got the audience laughing.

Film history buff **John Farkis** lives in Brighton, Michigan. This article is an edited excerpt from his forthcoming Tombstone book, due out Winter 2018, *I'm Coming...and Hell's Coming with Me!* He is the author of *Not Thinkin'…Just Rememberin': The Making of John Wayne's The Alamo* and *Alamo Village: How a Texas Cattleman Brought Hollywood to the Old West*.

Want to re-enact the gun twirling moves (with an unloaded gun, of course)? World champion gun handler Joey Dillon broke down the scene for us, in 2006. Visit *TWMag.com*: "The Cup-Spinning Scene: How Did They Do It?"

Val Kilmer made his Doc Holliday so endearing to audiences watching 1993's *Tombstone*, particularly in the cup-spinning scene that ended his gun-twirling contest with John Ringo. Holliday repeated the motions Ringo had performed with his Colt .45 by twirling a silver tin cup.

– ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY ALLEN BARRA

In Wine There is Truth

Word Spinning

The most celebrated duel in recent Western films wasn't fought with guns or bowie knives, but words: in 1993's *Tombstone*, Val Kilmer's "Doc" Holliday and Michael Biehn's John Ringo face off in the Oriental Saloon and exchange slings and arrows in Latin. Here, for those who slept through Latin class, is a translation and analysis of the confrontation.

After Val Kilmer's "Doc" Holliday gets in a Latin debate with John Ringo in 1993's *Tombstone*, Ringo whips out his pistol and launches into a dazzling display of gun twirls. Holliday responds by hooking his finger through the handle of his silver cup (above) and duplicating Ringo's routine, not with his gun, but with his cup (opposite page). The room explodes in laughter. He has successfully defused the tense duel between the two.

– COURTESY BUENA VISTA PICTURES –

Doc Holliday has just finished insulting John Ringo by saying that he reminds him of himself. Trying to avoid trouble, Wyatt Earp (Kurt Russell), his hand on a sawed-off swivel shotgun under the faro table, says to Ringo, "He's drunk."

Holliday smirks, gulps a slug of whiskey and says, *"In vino veritas,"* or "In wine there is truth," an aphorism which supposedly reflected the Romans' belief that what a man said while drunk was what he truly felt, but would not say under usual circumstances.

Ringo surprises Holliday with an aphorism of his own: *"Age quod agis,"* or "Do what you do." Ringo's precise meaning is unclear, presumably he is challenging Holliday to "Cut the talk and do what you do best."

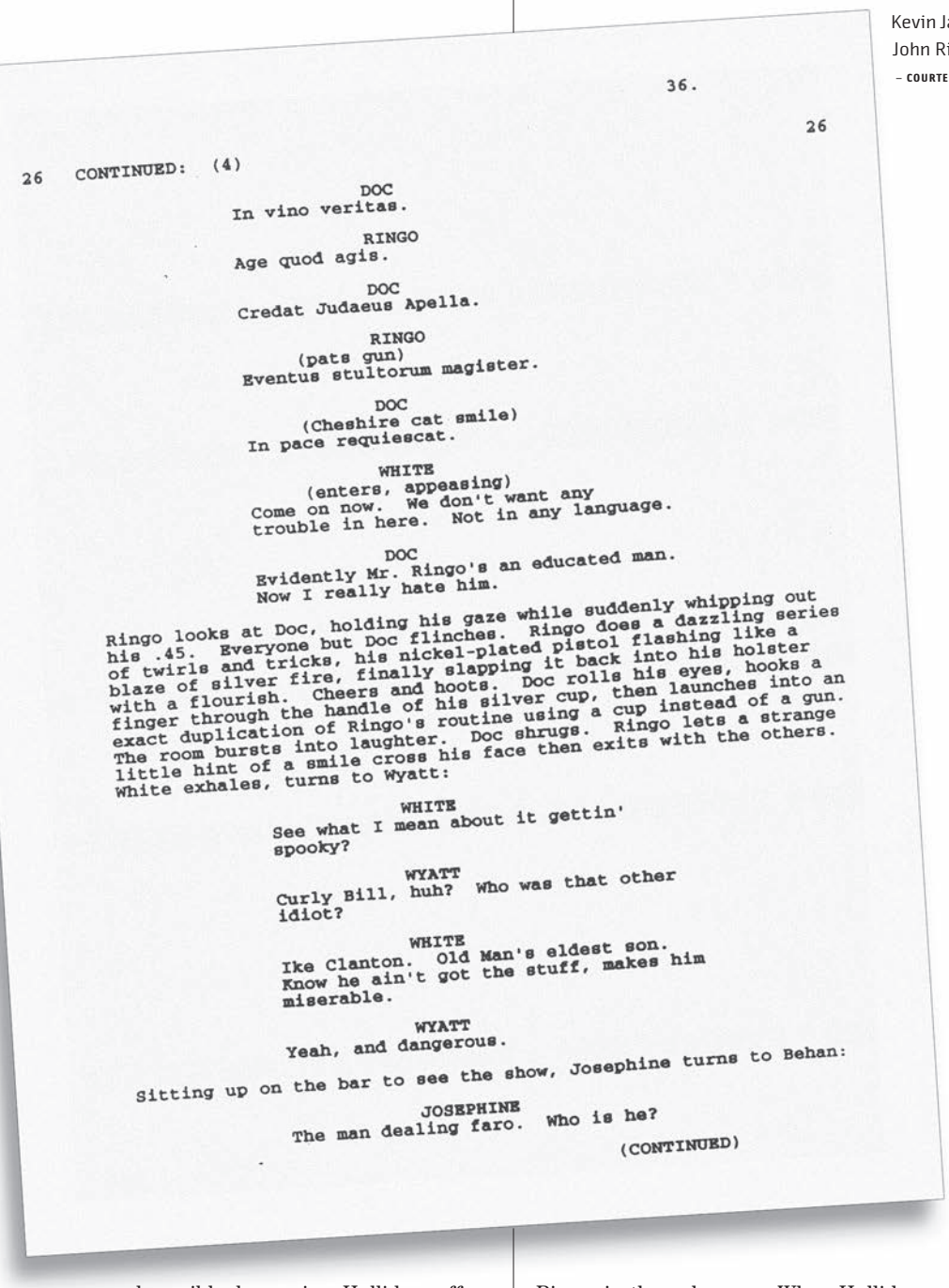
Holliday smiles and says, *"Credat Judaeus Apella, non ego."* This line is from the Roman poet Horace, specifically from his Satire Five in *Satires: Book One*. Horace and his Greek friend Heliodorus are visiting a town where the locals try to convince them miracles occur at their sacred shrines. In the Modern Library translation by classical scholar Casper J. Kraemer Jr., the line reads "Apella the Jew may believe this. I don't." In other words, "Tell someone else. I ain't buying it."

Ringo pats his gun and fires back, *"Eventus stultorum magister,"* or "Youth is the master of fools." Again, his meaning is unclear, but he is essentially saying, "You may think you know what you are getting involved with, but your experience hasn't prepared you for what I have got here," as he pats his holster.

Holliday smiles again and replies, *"In pace requiescat,"* literally, "May he rest in peace." As this was a popular inscription on tombstones, Ringo cannot fail to catch Holliday's drift and ends the verbal duel by displaying his gun-handling skills.

But screenwriter Kevin Jarre may have intended a second meaning as well. Holliday's last line is also the last line of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado." This is one of Poe's "doppelgänger" stories—"William Wilson" is another—in which two men are presented in a way which suggests that they are separate parts of the same dark soul. In "The Cask of Amontillado," an Italian nobleman murders a friend who has insulted him, and, in doing so, Poe suggests, kills a part of himself as well.

One of the ingenious undercurrents of Jarre's script is that Holliday and Ringo are joined together by some mystical bond of torment. (In reality, Ringo suffers from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder, alcoholism



36.

26

26 CONTINUED: (4)

DOC
In vino veritas.

RINGO
Age quod agis.

DOC
Credat Judaeus Apella.

RINGO
(pats gun)
Eventus stultorum magister.

DOC
(Cheshire cat smile)
In pace requiescat.

WHITE
(enters, appeasing)
Come on now. We don't want any trouble in here. Not in any language.

DOC
Evidently Mr. Ringo's an educated man. Now I really hate him.

Ringo looks at Doc, holding his gaze while suddenly whipping out his .45. Everyone but Doc flinches. Ringo does a dazzling series of twirls and tricks, his nickel-plated pistol flashing like a blaze of silver fire, finally slapping it back into his holster with a flourish. Cheers and hoots. Doc rolls his eyes, hooks a finger through the handle of his silver cup, then launches into an exact duplication of Ringo's routine using a cup instead of a gun. The room bursts into laughter. Doc shrugs. Ringo lets a strange little hint of a smile cross his face then exits with the others. White exhales, turns to Wyatt:

WHITE
See what I mean about it gettin' spooky?

WYATT
Curly Bill, huh? Who was that other idiot?

WHITE
Ike Clanton. Old Man's eldest son. Know he ain't got the stuff, makes him miserable.

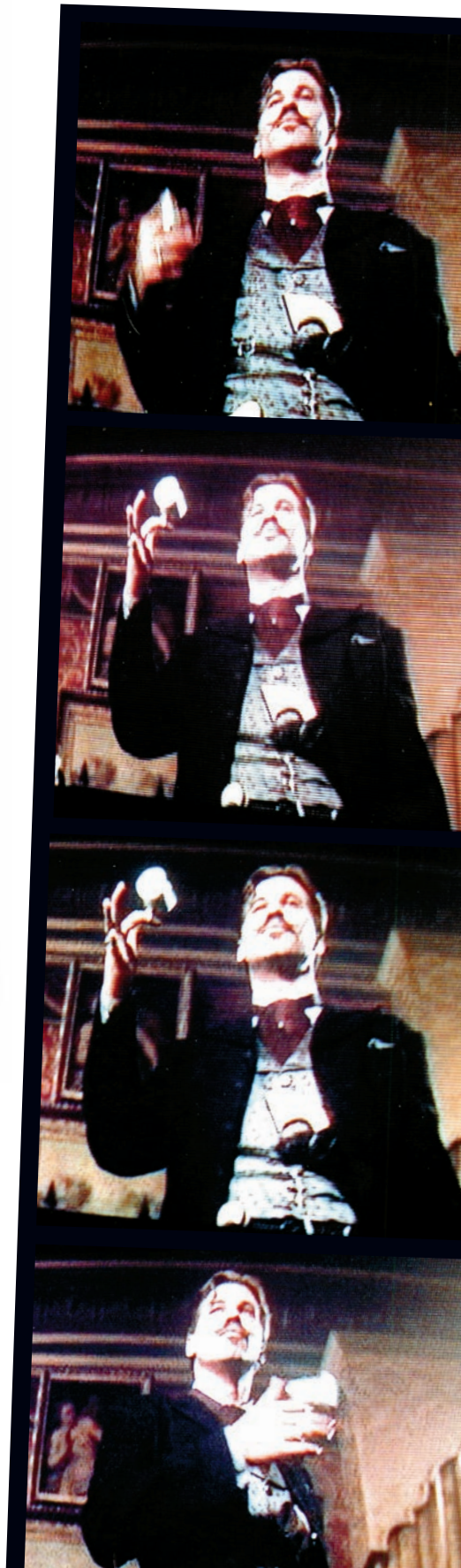
WYATT
Yeah, and dangerous.

Sitting up on the bar to see the show, Josephine turns to Behan:

JOSEPHINE
The man dealing faro. Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

Kevin Jarre's original draft of the John Ringo–Doc Holliday duel, before revisions.
– COURTESY JEFF MOREY –



and possible depression; Holliday suffers from tuberculosis and his own struggle with the bottle.)

Recall that Holliday set off the Latin duel by saying that Ringo "Reminds me of…me! No, I'm sure of it, I hate him." Ringo foresees Holliday's arrival early in the film when he tells the Cow-boys of the doomed priest's last words, a quote from the Bible's Book of Revelation: "Behold a pale horse, and the one that sat upon him was Death...."

The suggestion is that they are the only ones who can put each other out of his misery. "All right, lunger, let's do it," says Ringo, in the oak grove. When Holliday delivers the fatal bullet to Ringo, he urges Ringo ("C'mon, Johnny, c'mon") to get off one last round himself to return the favor and grant Holliday a quick death.

In any event, Holliday cannot long survive Ringo's death. In killing him, he was symbolically slain himself.

In pace requiescat.

Allen Barra is the author of *Inventing Wyatt Earp: His Life and Many Legends*. He writes about sports for *The Wall Street Journal* and is a contributing writer for *American History Magazine* and *The Daily Beast*. His last book, *Mickey and Willie: The Parallel Lives of Baseball's Parallel Lives*, was nominated for the Pen Award for Literary Sportswriting.

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Classic Gunfights

Clash of the Mad Madams

Alice Abbott vs Etta Clark

The War Over Beautiful, Busty Bessie Colvin

Shot in the "public arch."

–ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of H. Gordon Frost

APRIL 18, 1886

The beautiful Bessie Colvin is fed up. After a year of arguing over "extracurricular activities" and bad accounting, the star attraction at Alice Abbott's bordello in El Paso, Texas, is quitting to seek better working conditions elsewhere.

Bessie's also drunk. Sashaying through the brothel parlor, the angry soiled dove swears at the customers, telling them how foolish they are for shopping at "Fat Alice's Belly Bazaar." At the front door, Bessie informs everyone within hearing that the "prime cut will soon be found across the street."

Bessie informs everyone within hearing that the "prime cut will soon be found across the street."

Storming out the front door, Bessie crosses Utah Street, heading for Etta Clark's sporting house. Passing a trio of amused men, she mutters, "I'm not going to stay in that damned hooker shop any longer."

After hearing Bessie's tale of woe, Etta Clark readily agrees to hire the raving beauty. With gainful employment assured, Bessie marches back across Utah Street to retrieve her belongings. As Bessie packs her trunk in her room, Madam Alice Abbott comes in and demands to know what's going on. Hearing Bessie's avowed defection, Alice flies into a rage and tries to slap her, but Bessie ducks the blow and flees the premises.

Alice first sends two of her other girls to retrieve her errant prostitute, but when they return empty-handed, she crosses the street and climbs onto Etta's porch. Banging on the front door, Alice demands to be let in.

Etta opens the door a crack. For protection, she is wielding a yard-long, brass gas lighter that she has been using to adjust the gas jets in her house.

"What do you want?" Etta asks.

"I want to see Bessie," Alice barks.

"Don't let her get me!" pleads Bessie from behind Etta. "She'll hurt me if she gets ahold of me. She'll beat me to death!"

"She doesn't want to see you," Etta tells her rival. "Get out of my house."

"It doesn't make a damned bit of difference whether she wants to see me or not," bellows Alice, as she flings her hefty body against the door, sending Etta staggering backwards.

Through the open door, Alice starts for Bessie. Etta takes a swing at her rival with the gas lighter. Deflecting the blow, Alice says, "I owe you this anyhow" and punches Etta in the face, sending the madam sprawling into her bedroom.

Alice grabs the hysterical Bessie by the wrist and begins dragging her out the door. Screaming and kicking, Bessie breaks free and runs back inside.

Retrieving a bone-handled, .44 caliber Iver-Johnson "Bulldog" revolver from her dresser drawer, Etta reenters the parlor. "Miss Alice," says Etta, aiming the piece directly at her rival, "I want you to leave my house."

"I'll leave your house," jeers Alice, as she advances on her smaller foe.

"I'll kill the damned bitch!" cries Etta, pulling the trigger.

Clutching her groin, Alice screams: "My God! I'm shot!"

Alice staggers out of the house and down the porch steps, before she collapses in the street. Etta steps onto the porch and fires again, but she misses.

Three of Alice's girls rush across the street to carry their employer back inside her house. The fight is over.

Bessie Colvin—soiled dove extraordinaire.

– ALL PHOTOS COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –

Dueling Madams

Alice Abbott (above) kept a photo album of her days as a madam of her brothel in El Paso, Texas (see interior of her brothel at left). On the first page of the album, Alice staked the claim as the "Best House Keeper . . . U.S.A." The fiery and hefty madam reportedly tipped the scales at 230 pounds.

Arriving in El Paso in 1880 from Louisville, Kentucky, Abbott was the first madam to build her brothel on South Utah Street, number 19. When the petite French-Canadian Etta Clark set up shop nearby, the two madams became friends...and then enemies.

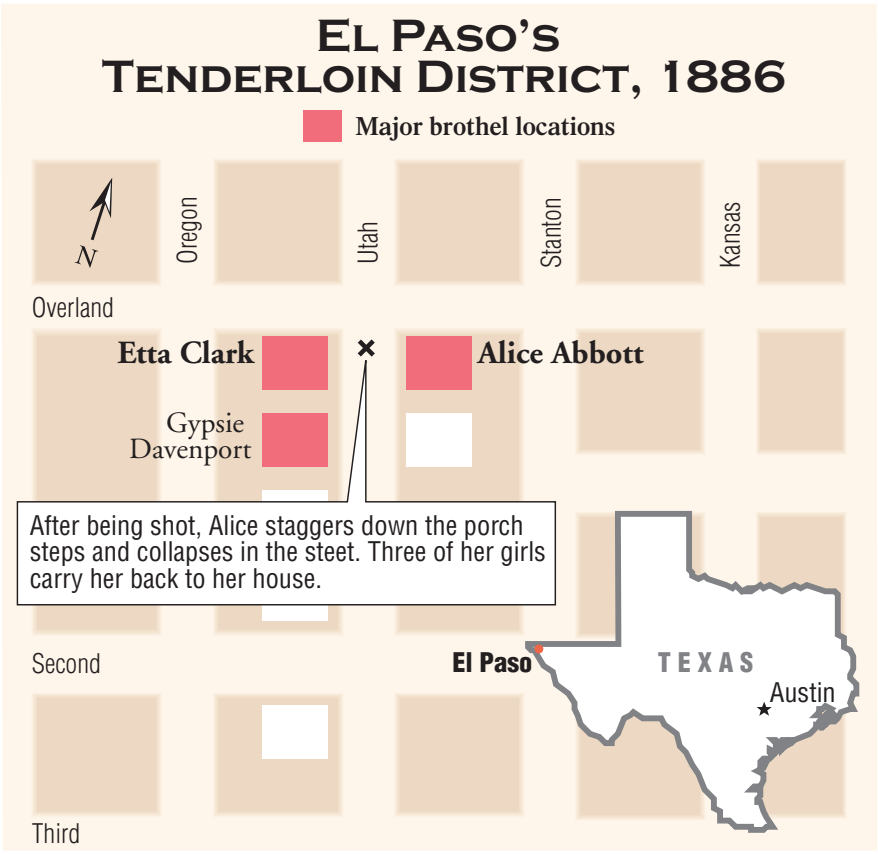
This photo of Etta Clark was crossed out by Alice Abbott, but the fact that the photo was in Alice's album suggests they were friends at an earlier date. Evidently, Clark was an equal opportunity madam (see Alice's hateful comment about her rival in the right-hand corner).

When Clark appeared in court for shooting Abbott, her weapons were admitted into evidence. Her gas lighter (top inset) still has the "Exhibit A" tag attached, while her .44 caliber revolver (bottom inset) has "Exhibit B" scratched into its frame in two places.

Lovers All

Madam Alice Abbott also put the letter "A" surrounded by a heart on numerous photos in her album, possibly denoting customers and girls who were extra special to her (some believe the "brand" suggests lesbian status).

Chippa, Edna, Kate and Rosie earned the sweet description "Lovers All" with their heart (above), while her soiled doves shown at left earned descriptions that ranged from "Loverboy Mable Jacobs" and "Bitches of the Road" to "Missouri the Wacker" and "Frankie Adams" who apparently hadn't yet earned her nickname.



Utah Street Reservation

The arrival of the Southern Pacific, Texas and Pacific and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroads in El Paso, Texas, in 1881 created a tempting valley for settlers to ply their trade and benefit from the Mexican Free Trade zone. The border town's "Tenderloin District" had major brothel locations by 1886 and, by 1890, more than 600 soiled doves occupied the city blocks known as the "Utah Street Reservation." The potential for clientele shot up from 736 residents in 1880 to 10,338 by 1890.

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

The summoned Dr. A.L. Justice determined the bullet had penetrated to the right of Alice Abbott's pubic arch and passed through her body. No vital organs were hit.

The next day's *El Paso Herald* mistakenly told readers that Alice had been shot in the "public arch." Long after she recovered, Alice was often asked, "How's your public arch feel today?" The phrase later became a part of Western folklore.

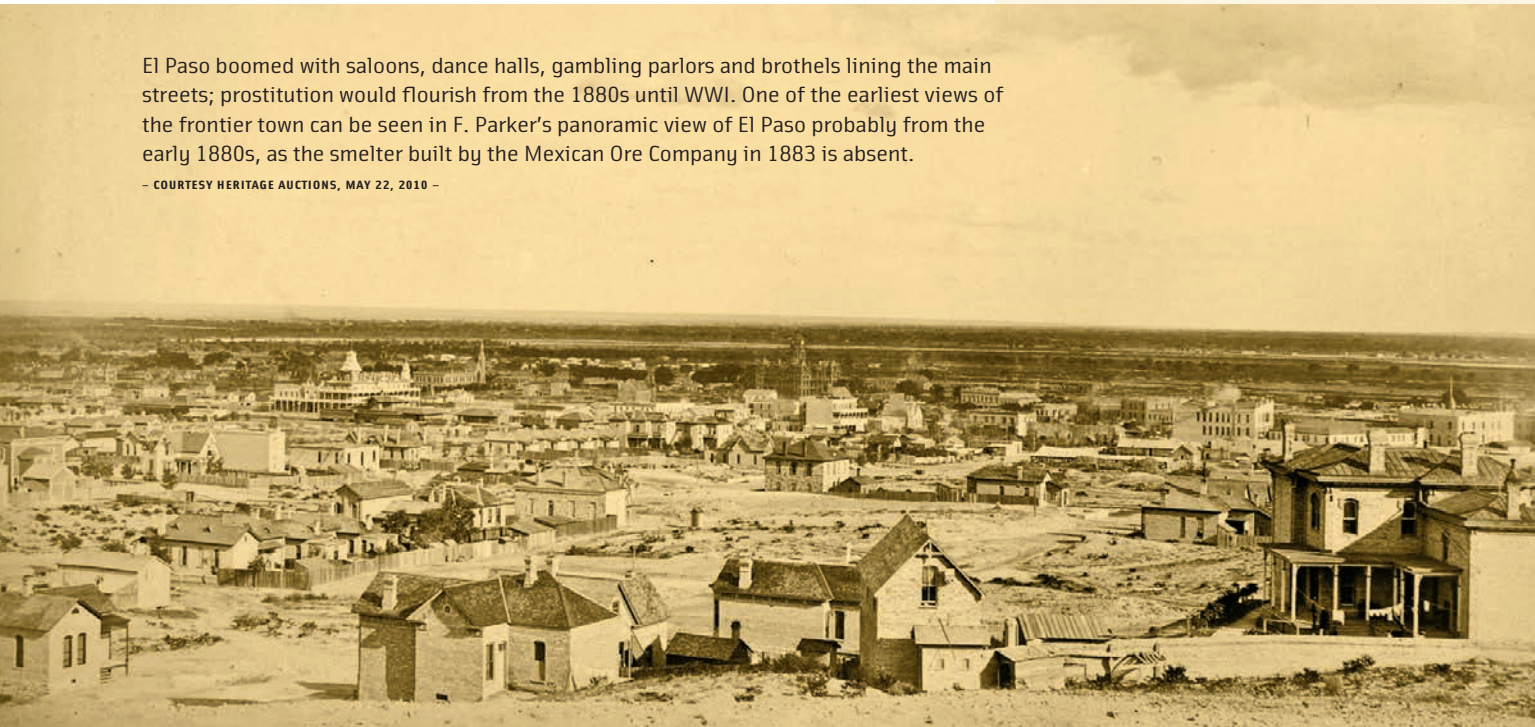
Etta Clark turned herself in to the police and was charged with attempted first-degree murder. On May 13, a jury found Etta not guilty on grounds of self-defense.

Incredibly, after the dust had settled and the wounds healed, Alice Abbott sweet-talked Bessie Colvin into returning to work at her brothel.

Recommended: *The Gentleman's Club: The Story of Prostitution in El Paso* by H. Gordon Frost, published by Mangan Books.

El Paso boomed with saloons, dance halls, gambling parlors and brothels lining the main streets; prostitution would flourish from the 1880s until WWI. One of the earliest views of the frontier town can be seen in F. Parker's panoramic view of El Paso probably from the early 1880s, as the smelter built by the Mexican Ore Company in 1883 is absent.

– COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, MAY 22, 2010 –



BY C. LEE NOYES

LITTLE KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

Custer's Conspirator

Charles DeRudio led a stranger-than-fiction life.

"A new officer joined the 7th Cavalry in the summer of 1869, bringing with him a background that even today seems the stuff of fiction," Charles K. Mills observed in *Charles DeRudio*.

"In his case, none of the details were fiction, though he embellished some of them. All the elements were there: dashing good looks, European aristocracy, beautiful young women, plots, hairbreadth escapes, assassination attempts, and military service in foreign countries. In the years ahead, he could add to that list: Indians, General Custer, and the battle of the Little Big Horn. His name was Charles Camilius DeRudio."

Before joining the 7th Cavalry, this renowned revolutionary, born Carlo Camillo Di Rudio in Belluno, Italy, on August 26, 1832, had participated in the failed Orsini conspiracy to assassinate French Emperor Napoleon III in 1858. Spared from the guillotine at the last minute, the Italian expatriate had been condemned to life in prison in French Guiana. After a legendary, if not miraculous, escape from Devil's Island to England, he sailed to New York City during the Civil War and was commissioned in the Union Army during that conflict.

George Armstrong Custer called DeRudio a "natural conspirator" who was considered the "inferior of every first lieutenant in this Regt." Yet Custer's refusal to allow DeRudio to assume command of 7th Cavalry Company E probably saved the soldier's life.

Left behind during Maj. Marcus Reno's retreat from the Little Big Horn Valley during the 1876 battle, DeRudio and three others rejoined their comrades on Reno Hill two days later, only after several narrow encounters with the enemy.

During the Civil War, Charles DeRudio served as a 2nd lieutenant with the Union Army's 2nd U.S. Colored Infantry. This carte de visite, signed by one of the Little Big Horn battle's best-known survivors, may reflect that service. He inscribed on verso: "To Capt. Swey 2nd U.S.C.I. [?] In prove *[sic]* of high respect. Your ever obedient C.C. DeRudio Lt. 2nd U.S.C.I.[?]"

– COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, JUNE 14, 2014 –

(Opposite page) Frederick W. Benteen (inset), the 7th Cavalry commander who once called Charles DeRudio an "out and out shyster," owned this cabinet card of DeRudio. He labeled the photo "Count Carlo," a pet name he called the lieutenant, whose birth name was Carlo.

– DERUDIO PHOTO COURTESY COWAN'S AUCTIONS, NOVEMBER 17, 2017; BENTEEN PHOTO COURTESY COWAN'S AUCTIONS, DECEMBER 9, 2010 –

> Custer probably saved the soldier's life.

Written after the 1890 Wounded Knee Massacre, DeRudio's account of his escape from death at the Battle of the Little Big Horn may seem too good to be true, yet it is consistent with those told by interpreter Frederic Gerard, scout William Jackson and Pvt. Thomas O'Neil. This is one instance in which the lieutenant, known for telling tall tales, escaped the label of "out and out shyster," as his company commander, Frederick W. Benteen, called him.

After Little Big Horn, DeRudio's career seemed routine. As Company E commander, he was relegated to escort duty during the Nez Perce War of 1877. Promoted to captain of Company H in 1882, he retired from the 7th Cavalry in 1896, having reached the mandatory retirement age of 64. Advanced to the rank of major on the retired list in 1904, he died in Pasadena, California, on November 1, 1910.

Such is the story of DeRudio, the alien horseman who was "fond of recounting his adventures around the campfires and in the parlors," biographer J.C. Ladenheim notes. "He had so many colorful stories, gathered from his experiences on both sides of the Atlantic."

C. Lee Noyes thanks retired National Park Service Historian Jerome A. Greene and Col. Samuel Russell for providing Charles DeRudio's account from the Samuel D. Sturgis materials at the U.S. Army Military History Institute. Lee is a former editor of *The Battlefield Dispatch* for the Custer Battlefield Historical & Museum Association.

"Count Cardo."

BY CANDY MOULTON

Steamboats on the Missouri

Discover the history of paddle-wheelers on the historic river from Kansas City, Missouri, to Fort Benton, Montana.

The Fort Union Trading Post National Historic Site in Williston, North Dakota, provides the heritage traveler with a living history center experience that illuminates the legendary steamboat era on the Upper Missouri River.

– COURTESY XERXES2004 AT ENGLISH WIKIPEDIA –

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark took their Corps of Discovery expedition up the Missouri River using keelboats and pirogues that they poled and propelled by dragging the vessels using heavy ropes. Following them, the fur traders also used those labor-intensive methods of transportation to haul trade goods upriver, and bring furs and pelts back down the Missouri to markets.

In 1819 the steamboat *Independence* departed from St. Louis and steamed upriver to the area of the Chariton River. This was the beginning of steamboat travel on the Missouri River. The *Western Engineer* would take nearly three months to steam from St. Louis to the confluence of the Yellowstone River near Fort Union in North Dakota.

Steam-powered boats became the primary vehicles for commercial transportation. These faster, bigger paddle-steamers revolutionized travel on the river and carried both supplies and passengers.

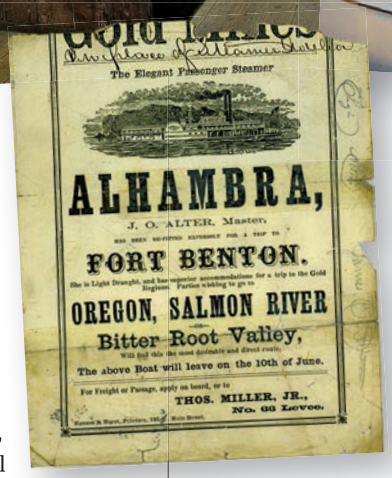
The best place to start a trip that highlights steamboat travel on the Missouri River is in Kansas City, not far from where in 1987 a group of five men located the wreck of the steamboat *Arabia* in a Kansas field, fully a half-mile from where the Missouri then flowed. They dug it up, recovering a large proportion of the more than 200 tons of cargo that had been aboard, bound for the frontier. In the years since, they have cleaned, restored and preserved the cargo. Some of the items are now on display at the Steamboat Arabia Museum in Kansas City, looking ready for use, even though they are more than 150 years old.

The Arabia Steamboat Museum is built around the remarkable archaeological discovery of the 1853 paddle-wheeler, which sank into the soft mud of the Missouri in 1856 and was rediscovered in 1987.

– COURTESY KANSAS CITY TOURISM –

Visitors to the Arabia Steamboat Museum will tour exhibits such as "Frontier Trade: A Pathway to Riches" that explains how commerical steamboat operations on the Missouri River from Kansas City, Missouri, to Fort Benton (in the future territory of Montana), influenced the fur trade, exploration and settlement of the territories from the Central Prairie to the Middle and Upper Missouri River basins.

– PHOTO OF ALHAMBRA STEAMBOAT POSTER TRUE WEST ARCHIVES/PHOTO OF EXHIBIT AT ARABIA STEAMBOAT MUSEUM EXHIBIT COURTESY KANSAS CITY TOURISM –



The *Arabia*, a 171-foot side-wheel steamer built in 1853, headed upstream from St. Louis on August 30, 1856. The steamer docked at Westport Landing (in present-day Kansas City) six days later, but soon slid back into the river to continue toward St. Joseph, Missouri, intending to go on to Council Bluffs and Sioux City, Iowa.

The cargo on the *Arabia*—ranging from heavy tools, harness and leather shoes, to fine china, perfume, beads and buttons—represented the best frontier goods to be had. And there were kegs of whiskey aboard. Just upstream from Westport Landing, the *Arabia* hit a sunken tree snag that rammed the hull and sent the steamboat to the bottom of the river. One mule died in the sinking, and all the cargo was lost, though the captain and crew survived.

When the wreck was rediscovered and then recovered in the late 1980s, the cargo was still aboard—except for the whiskey! Visiting the Steamboat Arabia Museum is like stepping back in time. In addition to displaying cargo items, the museum has a piece of the hull and the snag that brought the boat down. You can even watch and talk with conservators who continue to preserve the cargo from the *Arabia*.

From Kansas City, I head north along the Missouri for a stop in St. Joseph. Best known for its Pony Express roots, St. Joe has 13 museums and beautiful historical architecture. One interesting location to visit is Robidoux Row, which includes a museum dedicated to fur trader Joseph Robidoux, who built the structure in the 1850s.

Brownville, Nebraska, established in 1854 was a regular stopping point for steamboat traffic on the Missouri. Today visitors see the Meriwether Lewis Dredge and Museum of Missouri River History, take a stroll through the town, and visit the historic Carson House, once owned by Brownville founder Richard Brown.

Desoto National Wildlife Refuge in both Nebraska and Iowa, north of Omaha, is a great place to observe a vast population of seasonal waterfowl and wildlife. Here you can see another collection of steamboat cargo that once was bound for the frontier. The steamboat *Bertrand* left St. Louis for Montana but struck a submerged log on April 1, 1865, and quickly sank into the Missouri.

While a portion of the *Bertrand*'s cargo was immediately recovered, far more went down and stayed submerged until rediscovered in 1958 by modern-day treasure-hunters Sam Corbino and Jesse

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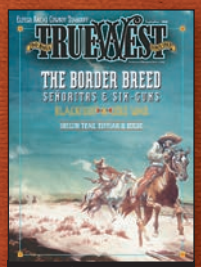
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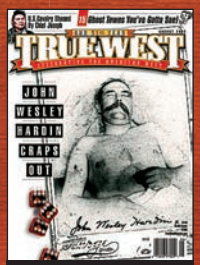
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The first Upper Missouri steamboat powered past the spectacular Chalk Bluffs of the Upper Missouri River in 1860 en route to Fort Benton, which established the fort as one of the most important inland trading centers in the northern Rockies.

– COURTESY BLM.GOV –

Pursell. They recovered items including bolts of cloth, food, clothing and tools. The mud of the Missouri had successfully encapsulated the goods, keeping them surprisingly intact until their recovery. A portion of the recovered cargo is now on display at the Desoto National Wildlife Refuge Visitor Center.

If I were on a steamboat, I'd stoke up the fire in the boiler and make some good time following the river through the Missouri National Recreational River area, continuing on to Pierre and then Bismarck, North Dakota, before steaming to Fort Union, an early fur trade post now operated as a National Historic Site. Each of these locations has attractions ranging from the natural landscape, to places important to the American Indian tribes of the region, and later the fur traders and frontier soldiers. Once in Montana, it is time to head west toward my ultimate destination: Fort Benton.

The first steamboat reached Fort Benton in 1860. The goods brought by steamboat up the Missouri from St. Louis were unloaded at Fort Benton and were dispersed throughout Montana Territory for use in gold camps and frontier towns.

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The Lewis and Clark State Memorial overlooks the Missouri River from the steamboat levee at Fort Benton. For nine days in 1805 the Corps of Discovery camped at the future inland port town at the confluence of the Marias and Missouri rivers.

–COURTESY JERRYE AND ROY KLOTZ, MD, WIKIMEDIA COMMONS –

After passing up the Missouri en route to Oregon in 1805, Meriwether Lewis launched his canoe back to St. Louis in 1806 from the area that would become Fort Benton. When fur trappers and traders used the area, they launched bullboats or keelboats, and after the first steamboat arrived, Fort Benton's levee saw ever-increasing use.

A tour along the levee at Fort Benton today includes monuments to Lewis and Clark, Sacajawea and Thomas Francis Meagher. Old Fort Benton, the Museum of the Upper Missouri and the Upper Missouri River Breaks National Monument provide interpretation about all eras of Fort Benton's history.

Road warrior **Candy Moulton** lives and writes in Encampment, Wyoming, or anywhere else she can find a place to open the laptop and work.

Side Roads

THE ROUTE

Kansas City, Missouri, north on I-29 to **St. Joseph, MO**, **Brownville, NE**, **Bellevue, NE**, and **Desoto National Wildlife Refuge, IA & NE**; **Missouri National Recreational River**, then **Sioux Falls, SD**; turn west on I-90 to **Pierre, SD**, then US 83/Highway 1804 north to **Bismarck, ND**; then northwest to **Williston, ND,** then west to **Fort Union Trading Post National Historic Site**, then US 2 to **Fort Benton, MT**

PLACES TO VISIT

Steamboat Arabia Museum, *Kansas City, MO*; **Robidoux Row Museum**, *St. Joseph, MO*; **Meriwether Lewis Dredge Museum of Missouri River History**, *Brownville, NE*; **DeSoto National Wildlife Refuge**, *Bellevue, NE*; **South Dakota Cultural Heritage Center**, *Pierre, SD;* **Lewis and Clark Riverboat**, *Bismarck, ND;* **North Dakota Heritage Center and State Museum**, *Bismarck, ND;* **Fort Union Trading Post National Historic Site,** *Williston, ND*; **Old Fort Benton**, *Fort Benton, MT*

GOOD EATS AND SLEEPS

Pierpont's at Union Station, *Kansas City, MO;* **InterContinental Kansas City at the Plaza**, *Kansas City, MO*; **Stoney Creek Hotel and Conference Center**, *St. Joseph, MO;* **Cattlemen's Club Steakhouse,** *Pierre, SD;* **Blarney Stone Pub,** *Bismarck, ND;* **Grand Union Hotel**, *Fort Benton, MT*

GOOD BOOKS

Wild Rivers, Wooden Boats by Michael Gillespie; ***Steamboat Treasure*** by Dorothy Heckmann Shrader

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BY SHERRY MONAHAN

That's My Steak, Valance

Dining out in frontier Leadville was so dangerous, patrons could find lead in their eggs.

Liberty Valance (played by Lee Marvin) terrorized a waiter in 1962's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, but the opposite dining experience occurred in frontier Leadville, Colorado, where the waiters were the kill-crazy ones to fear. One could only hope to have a Tom Doniphon (John Wayne) stick up for the patron and chase out the maniac with a line as strong as, "That's my steak, Valance."

– COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES –

Leadville's mining boom exploded between 1878 and 1879—population between 6,000 to 8,000—and the Colorado frontier town gained a reputation for being raucous. Both John Henry "Doc" Holliday and Elizabeth "Baby Doe" Tabor once called it home.

Dining out was often a dangerous event, especially if you complained about your meal. Leadville waiters were known for their cantankerous attitude. A hotel boarder complained to his waiter about how his eggs were cooked, and the waiter promptly shot and killed him.

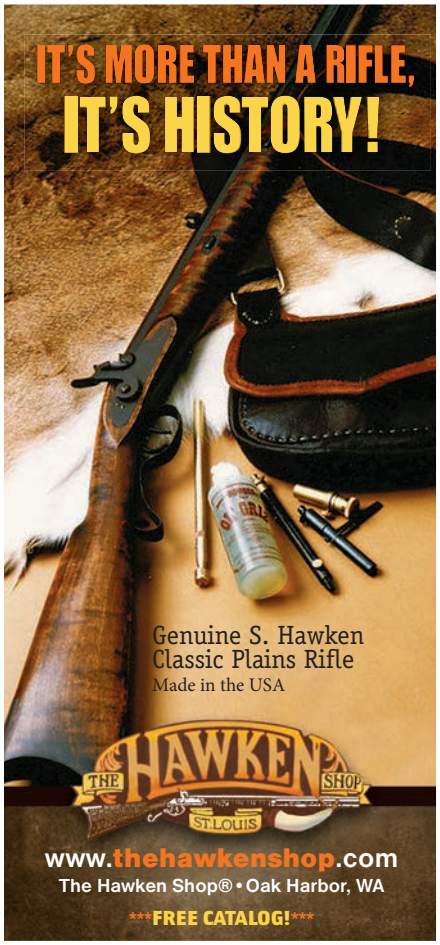
Even the frontier staple of coffee could get you into hot water. One visitor noted, in 1880, "When a man finds a fly in his coffee at a Leadville hotel his safest way is to write a postal to the landlord after leaving town. A complaint on the spot would lead to his being shot at."

Even coffee could get you into hot water.

Fear didn't stop pioneers from dining out in Leadville, but it did keep their comments in check. Eating at a good restaurant, like the one run by Alderman Dawes, also helped. At his restaurant, situated under Daniels & Fisher's store, he served fresh cooked food and tempting delicacies daily.

Locals enjoyed lunch or dinner at John Morgan's Board of Trade restaurant where Holliday frequented in 1884. The menu items included vegetable soup, clam chowder, roast ribs of beef, mutton stew, boiled corned beef and cabbage, vegetables and baked macaroni with cheese.

The Vienna Café on Fifth Street offered tenderloin steaks and chops, in addition to the standard bill of fare. The café was known for its polite service, cleanliness and delicious meals.



In 1888, the Zither Club offered meals with an international twist. It began with German fare, serving noodle soup, broiled frankfurter herring on toast, sauerkraut and potato salad, smearcase (cottage cheese) and Strasbourg pâté, olives and beer. The following week featured English fare: rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, browned potatoes and turnips, cheddar cheese, pickled pig's feet, chutney and ale. Future meals included menus from France and Italy.

The Delaware Hotel's history dates to 1886, when the Callaway brothers erected a building to house a mercantile, a dry goods shop and furnished lodgings. By 1899, John Callaway had turned it into the Delaware Hotel, where you can still rent rooms today. Yorkshire pudding was a popular accompaniment to the hotel's roast beef, so try this historical recipe that even the gunfighting dentist Doc Holliday might have enjoyed.

Sherry Monahan has penned *The Cowboy's Cookbook, Mrs. Earp: Wives & Lovers of the Earp Brothers*; *California Vines, Wines & Pioneers; Taste of Tombstone* and *The Wicked West*. She has appeared on Fox News, History Channel and AHC.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

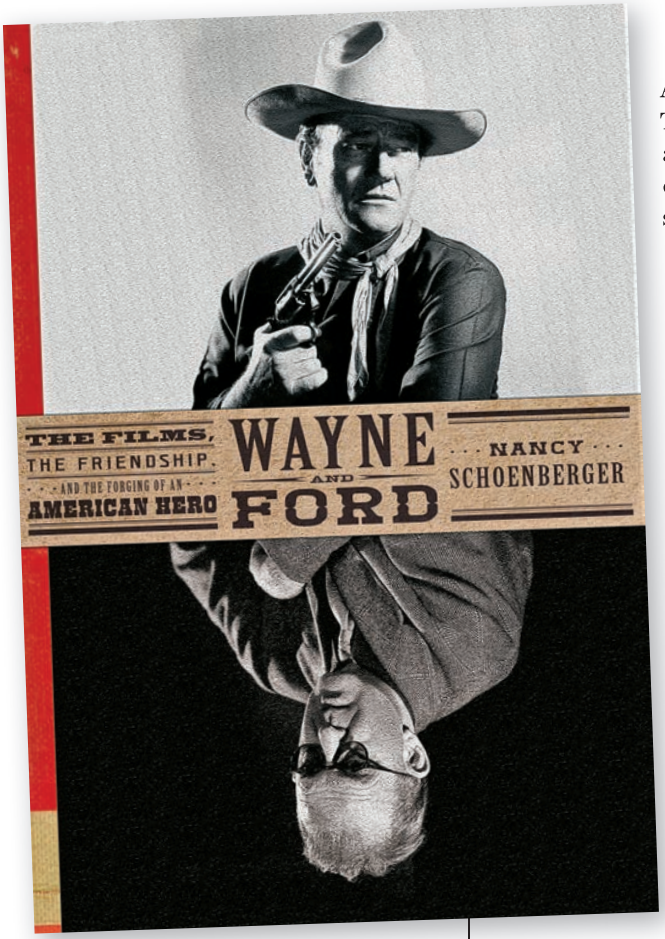
3 large eggs
1 cup all-purpose flour
¾ cup whole milk
½ tsp salt
Vegetable oil or beef drippings

Preheat oven to 425°F. For five minutes, beat eggs and flour in a mixing bowl. Gradually add milk and salt, and beat until combined. Let batter sit for an hour. Place one tablespoon of oil into each cup in a muffin or cupcake pan. Bake in the oven for about 10 minutes. Take out, and add three to four tablespoons of batter to each cup. Bake for 15–20 minutes or until golden. Remove pan, and set each pudding on paper towels for a couple minutes. Serve hot.

Recipe adapted from Colorado's *Fort Morgan Times*, June 14, 1889

Titans of the West

A revealing dual biography of John Wayne and John Ford, plus new interpretations of Sand Creek, the Powell Expedition, frontier kidnappings and Indian assimilation.



For fans of Western cinema, 2018 is an anniversary year of great importance as the 80th anniversary of John Ford directing his first John Wayne film in Monument Valley. That film, *Stagecoach*, was an ensemble classic that changed movie history and the Western genre forever. And, Nancy Schoenberger's *Wayne and Ford: The Films, the Friendship and the Forging of an American Hero* (Nan A. Talese, $27.95), released in late 2017, may change forever how cinemaphiles understand the eternally entwined director and leading man, and their cultural contributions to America and the world. The College of William and Mary English and creative writing professor took a fresh approach to chronicling the lives of the men and their parallel contributions to the American mythic hero. Her approach is academic, personal and in many ways, an homage to the Western. "Why do I love Westerns?" she asks in her pro-logue. "Maybe I like to see men trying to do the right thing, often against tremendous odds and often for the protection of women and children, who are frequently as tough and feisty as the men who do the actual fighting."

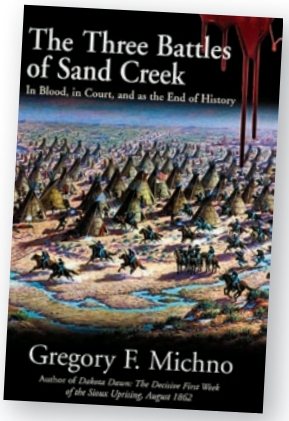
Unlike the most comprehensive biographies by Scott Eyman of Ford and Wayne, Schoenberger does not attempt to write a lengthy life-history of the two men. Rather, her extensive research is distilled into an unburnished reassessment of two flawed men who shared a passion for telling heroic tales about flawed characters trying to make the right decisions with dignity during troubled times. I especially like her assessment of Wayne's interpretation of the lead role in *The Searchers*: "Ethan Edwards, like Dunson and most heroes of American action movies of the last century, is motivated by an almost blind need to *protect* something—a woman, a family, children, a place—even if he has no apparent claim to it."

Some readers may find Schoenberger's *Wayne and Ford* shocking for her decision to review Ford's possible closeted homosexuality and troubled marriage, and Wayne's multiple marriages, families and affairs. In 2018, as America is in the midst of a national discussion of the roles of men and women—including Hollywood's complex history of sexuality, sexual abuse and predatory behavior on and off the set—the author's balanced and honest discussion of the two cinema heroes allows her conclusions about their contributions to Western cinema to be considered nostalgically—and even sociologically positive for American culture.

—Stuart Rosebrook

SAND CREEK COMPLEXITY

Sand Creek, like Little Bighorn or Wounded Knee, serves as a lightning rod evoking polemic responses. Gregory F. Michino knew this well when he launched into his latest title, *The Three Battles of Sand Creek: In Blood, in Court, and as the End of History* (Savis Beatie, $29.95). This seasoned author provides a dispassionate discourse on a difficult topic, dissecting it, as the title infers, from multiple perspectives. Drawing on an array of primary sources from court cases to oral histories, he sets forth a well-researched narrative,



ROUGH DRAFTS

WHAT IS THE BUZZ IN WESTERN BOOKS?

Let me tell you.

If you haven't been paying attention, e-books and audiobooks are dominating Internet sales, but your local bookstore, especially specialty shops are meeting Western readers' needs the old-fashioned way–via customer service. For Western books, **Guidon** is my go-to shop in Scottsdale (*Guidon.com*) and **Hooked on Books** (*HookedOnBooksCo.com*) in Colorado Springs. You have your favorites, don't forget them. Shop locally, and keep the local bookstore alive and thriving.

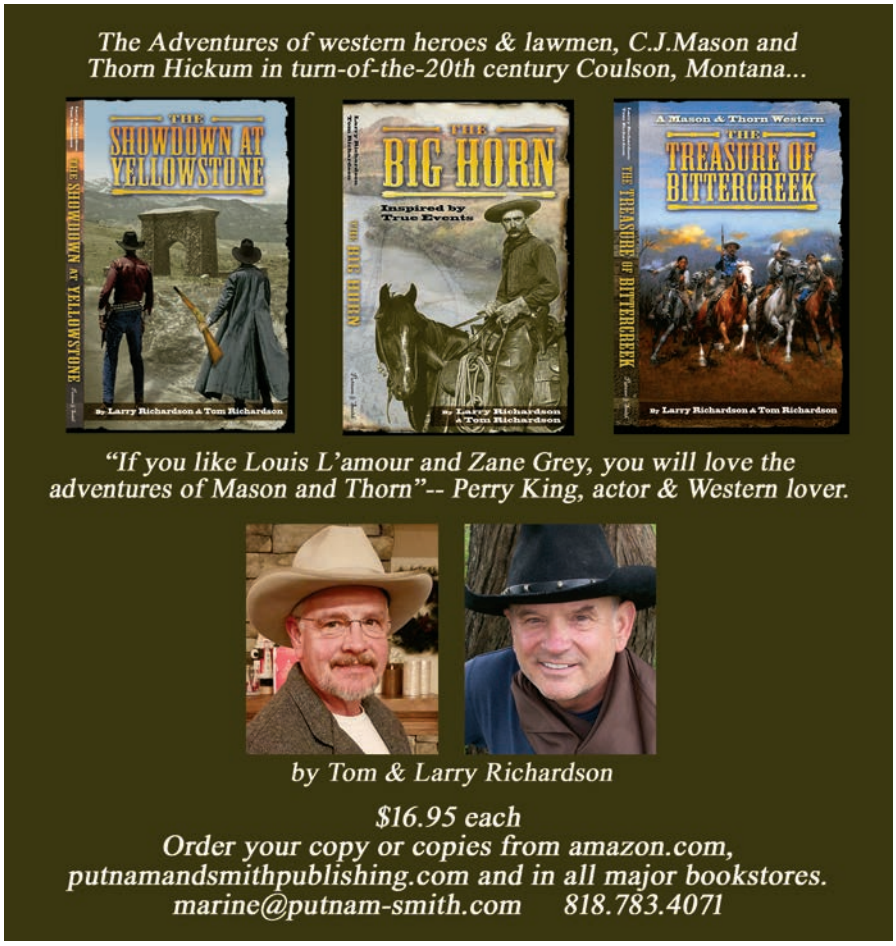
Cinema and television producers are still adapting books for mass-consumption, but if ***Hostiles*** is the best of the year (*Saving Private Ryan of the West*? Really? Only if they got the date and history right on the movie can you begin that argument...but they did not.) I will stick with the Netflix limited series ***Godless***, my favorite Western series of the past year. Or go back and watch my favorite adaptations of Western novels and short stories: ***Stagecoach***, ***Shane***, ***The Searchers***, ***3:10 to Yuma***, ***The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance***, ***True Grit*** and ***Monte Walsh***.

How about Robert M. Utley? Eighty-nine years young and he just published his 22nd book, ***The Commanders: Civil War Generals Who Shaped the American West*** (University of Oklahoma Press, $29.95). It's a must-read for anyone who loves the Old West.

Or Jeb Rosebrook (yes, my father), who at 82 going on 83, has two books coming out this spring: ***Edge of Nowhere***, cowritten with Linell Jeppsen, the first volume in the Jack Ballard series (adapted from his original screenplay originally feted for Steve McQueen and Sam Peckinpah) for Wolfpack Publishing, and his long-anticipated memoir from BearManor Media, ***Junior Bonner: The Making of a Classic with Steve McQueen and Sam Peckinpah in the Summer of 1971***.

Or John Boessenecker? His follow-up to his biography of Frank Hamer will be out in October: ***Shotguns and Stagecoaches: The Brave Men Who Rode for Wells Fargo in the Wild West*** (John Dunne, $29.99). It looks like one of the top Western history books of the year. And the perfect history to read while watching reruns of ***Tales of Wells Fargo*** on the Western Channel.

–Stuart Rosebrook



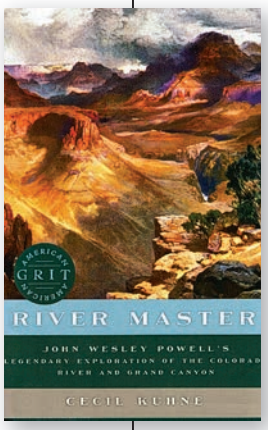
admitting in the end, and the "utter impossibility of sorting fact from fiction." Nevertheless, readers should emerge with a clearer understanding of this complex story as recounted by a thoughtful historian.

—John P. Langellier, Ph.D., author of Fighting for Uncle Sam: Buffalo Soldiers in the Frontier Army

UNFORGIVING FRONTIER

Laura Little's escape from a Texas Sanitarium for the Curable and Incurable in a fast-paced prologue is a brilliant introduction to her determination and courage. When she departs through an open window, she leaves the office of the sanitarium's director a shambles behind her. The director himself is lying facedown on the floor, his wrists bound with shoelaces. A rolled up pair of socks stuffed into his mouth stifle his cries for help. With *Comanche Captive* (Five Star Publishing, $25.95), author D. László Conhaim makes the unusual choice of telling the story of a woman's resolute quest *after* she is taken from the band of Indians who had captured her. With drama, humor and vivid detail, he creates an unflinching view of the harsh complexities of life on the frontier.

—Lucia St. Clair Robson, author of Ride the Wind



RIVER MASTER OF THE COLORADO

Cecil Kuhne tackles one of the West's great stories in *River Master: John Wesley's Powell's Legendary Exploration of the Colorado River and Grand Canyon*. The drama of Powell's 1869 trek cannot be overstated. No one knew what the Canyon held or what the wild waters of the Colorado would do to the explorers. Every great story needs a great character and this one has Powell, a one-armed Civil War veteran who produced vital scientific knowledge. But his brutal leadership nearly incited mutiny. Kuhne's telling is smart and beautifully written: "The Powell expedition found itself in an untenable position—surrounded by a dark canyon whose walls heaved their way straight up toward the heavens, and a menacing river whose broad and powerful currents seemed destined to undo them. And all with absolutely no means of retreat."

—Leo W. Banks, author of Double Wide

BRIDES-FOR-INDIANS

Jim Fergus's sequel to *The Vengeance of Mothers: The Journals of Margaret Kelly & Molly McGill: A Novel* (St. Martin's Press, $26.99) is based on an actual Brides-for-Indians program proposed in 1873 by Cheyenne leaders. The program suggested the US government trade one thousand white women for one thousand horses. In Fergus's fictionalized program, women willingly volunteer to participate, in hopes of improving their troubled lives. Some have been imprisoned or committed to asylums unjustly, others are prostitutes. Brides Margaret and Susie Kelly witness a brutal US Army massacre and mutilation of their friends and family during an attack. They escape to the hills but their babies freeze to death before they find shelter. Each woman swears to honor the power of a mother's vengeance. This is fascinating fiction in spite of long narratives, which tend to take the reader away from the story.

—Karen Casey Fitzjerell, author of Forgiving Effie Beck

BUILDING YOUR WESTERN LIBRARY

– COURTESY W.K. STRATTON –

TEXAS AUTHOR LOVES A GREAT STORY

W.K. (Kip) Stratton has deep roots in the West. He was born in Guthrie, Oklahoma, the son of a rodeo cowboy from Denver and a woman whose forebears made the Grand Land Run of 1889. For years he's lived in Texas. He has published eight books. His book on Sam Peckinpah and *The Wild Bunch* appears next year.

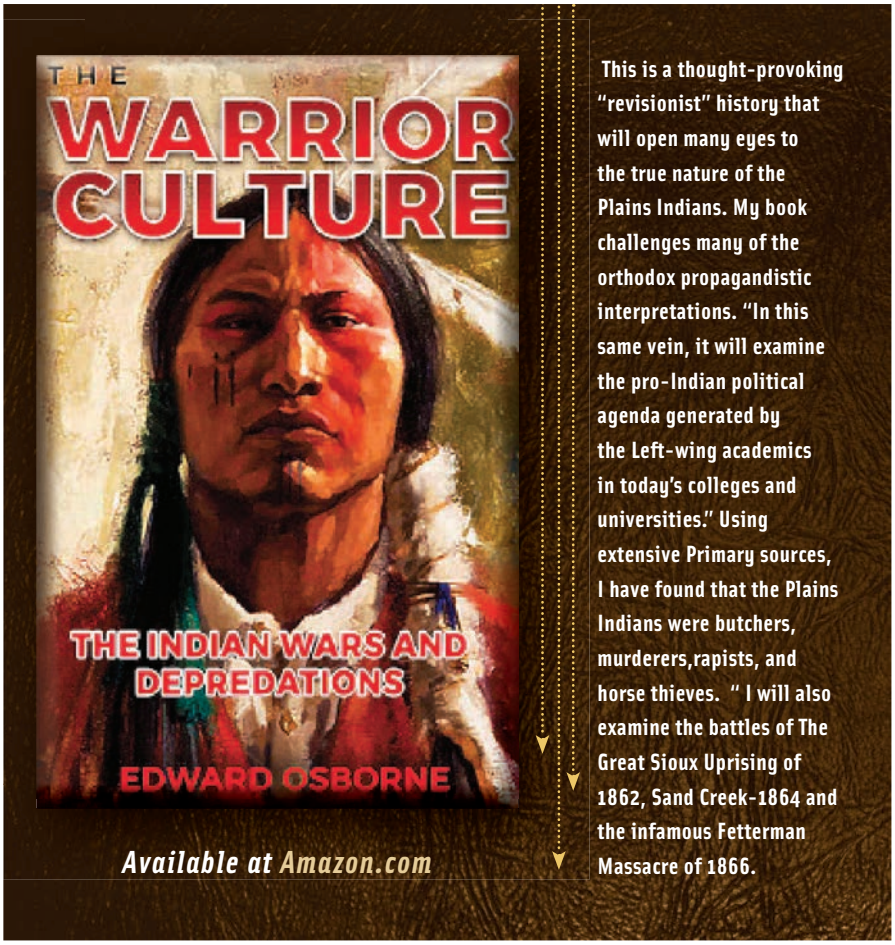
❶ ***Blessed McGill*** by Edwin Shrake (Doubleday): Bud Shrake wrote many things, including screenplays for *Kid Blue* and Steve McQueen's *Tom Horn*. Foremost he was a novelist, as evidenced by this darkly comic Western set in New Mexico and Texas.

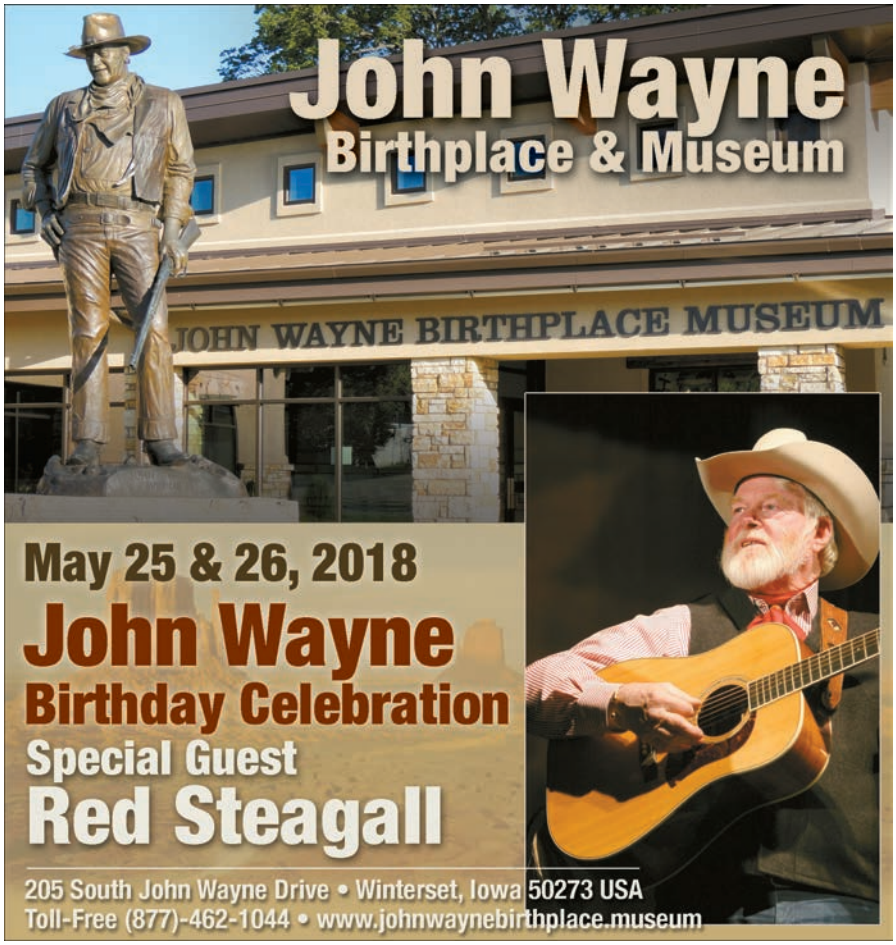
❷ ***Winter in the Blood*** by James Welch (Harper & Row): Welch grew up on the Fort Belknap Indian Reservation, the setting of his first novel. Much of his writing about the Montana landscape is pure poetry.

❸ ***The Way to Rainy Mountain*** by N. Scott Momaday (University of New Mexico Press): N. Scott Momaday's *The Way to Rainy Mountain* combines family history, folklore and poetry to create an epic tale of the Kiowa people.

❹ ***Rain or Shine: A Family Memoir*** by Cyra McFadden (Alfred A. Knopf): North Dakota's Cy Taillon had the most gilded throat of all rodeo announcers. He was bigger than life but had his troubles, as this memoir by Taillon's daughter illustrates.

❺ ***George Washington Gómez*** by Américo Paredes (Arte Público Press): The novel deals with race-based violence in the Rio Grande Valley during the 1910s. Paredes' tale is troubling yet essential.





BY HENRY C. PARKE

Reality Cowboy Stars

You'll find honest, rugged ranch life as Booger, Cody and Bubba saddle up for a third season.

This April 26, Chris "Booger" Brown, Cody Harris and Bubba Thompson saddle up for their third season of INSP's *The Cowboy Way—Alabama*, the most entertaining and least contrived of "reality shows," which follows three hardworking cowboy ranchers and their families, an indirect outgrowth of a dating show on CMT.

Back in 2011, Bubba remembers, "Cody was on *Sweet Home Alabama*, Season One, and when they got to Season Three, they needed another bachelor, so Cody told them about me. We became really good friends with Producer Andrew Glassman. He liked our lifestyle and was always saying, 'We should do a show about cowboys, how you live your life and how y'all survive.'"

The series was unsuccessfully shopped from network to network until INSP. "We're 95-percent acquired programming. The common theme is people who live simple, honest, rugged lifestyles, whether that's *Gunsmoke* or *Little House on the Prairie*. These guys truly represent the values of INSP," says Craig Miller, vice president of INSP Original Programming.

He adds, "We refer to it as 'Western adjacent.' It doesn't [have] to be about cowboys, but it's a concept that someone who likes Westerns would also like."

You won't find bachelors on the show now. Cody and Misty were newlyweds in the pilot, and by the end of Season One, they had a son. Bubba and Kaley married and had a daughter. Booger, after a string of romantic disappointments, fell for Jaclyn, a widowed pharmacist. He married her and became a devoted stepdad to her son, in Season Two. The natural beauty and sweetness of the brides could well trigger a bachelor stampede to Alabama.

For those unlucky souls who have never experienced ranch life for themselves, INSP's *The Cowboy Way—Alabama* offers a showcase of typical ranch scenarios, such as this one showing Bubba preparing medicine to treat steer for pinkeye while Booger holds him.

– ALL *THE COWBOY WAY–ALABAMA* PHOTOS COURTESY INSP –

"We were all working for a rancher," Bubba says, of how the three started their own ranch, "and we didn't like how everything was going, so we just stopped working for him, kind of went out on faith. That's how the name 'Faith Cattle Company' came about."

In addition to cattle ranching, each has his own business—Bubba is a fine carpenter and builder, Booger is a master horse trainer and Cody, a champion calf roper, runs rodeos and is a heavy equipment operator.

Things happen in *The Cowboy Way* that don't happen on other reality shows. Local law officers ask the men to round up stray cattle on a high school baseball field. Booger teaches Misty how to tell if cattle are pregnant, with an in-up-to-the-shoulder gynecological exam.

Cody Harris and Bubba Thompson ended up on TV because they were looking for love. Once they partnered up with fellow rancher Booger Brown for a different series, INSP's *The Cowboy Way–Alabama*, they each found their cowgirl. Here's Booger proposing to Jaclyn in Season Two.

"We like people to see the process it takes for a man to be able to put a steak on another man's plate."

Some episodes are surprisingly intimate. Booger had to sell much of the ranch that his grandfather had built, to pay off debts. "That was one of the toughest times of my life," Booger says. "I was kind of embarrassed to put it all on national TV, and here I am, getting choked up again."

"After that episode aired," Bubba says, "we got hundreds of e-mails saying, 'Hey, don't sell that land! We want to help! Is there anything we can do?'"

Booger adds, "That really was touching, that people would reach out. And good Lord willing, maybe one day I'll get the land back."

Taking time out of the day-to-day ranching schedule to shoot a TV show is not something every rancher would be willing to do. "We make life very difficult for them as cowboys for 30 to 40 days, every time we go down to shoot," Miller admits.

Still, they're happy to do it. Booger says, "I think it's an honor just to show our way of life, that's being lost throughout the country."

Bubba agrees: "We like people to see the process it takes for a man to be able to put a steak on another man's plate."

But as Cody points out, their feelings run deeper than that. "We're so happy to be on INSP, this network that doesn't make you hide your faith. We're so blessed."

What's the best part of becoming celebrities? They have different anecdotes, but the same answer: the young, often very ill children who are thrilled to meet them. Each man teared up in the telling.

"The cowboy way," Cody says. "It ain't being a cowboy. It ain't putting on a hat or boots or spurs. It's how you treat people. Bible says you do unto others as you'd have 'em do unto you."

Bubba agrees: "We call it neighboring; we do it every day, trying to help everybody out. Someone may have a piece of equipment I need, and he may need something built that I can do."

Although they take great pride in their work, they have mixed feeling about their children following in their footsteps. "I think every child should be brought up either bottle-feeding a calf or cleaning a horse stall. It taught me a level of discipline that you can't buy. You can't learn behind an Xbox," Cody says. "I don't know if he'll want to do it forever, but he's gonna do it while he's under my roof."

Bubba offered a different take: "If she wants to do it, that's fine. But I prefer her to make money with her brain than her back, like her daddy has always had to do."

The success of the series guarantees that INSP will be presenting more Western-adjacent shows; one is in the works about turquoise miners, and *The Cowboy Way—Alabama* title suggests other states may demand equal time.

DVD REVIEW

6 BULLETS TO HELL

(MVD Entertainment Group; $19.95) When Billy Rogers (Crispian Belfrage) returns to his sun-blasted ranch to find his wife (Magda Rodriguez) raped and murdered, he vows revenge on Bobby Durango (villain and codirector Tanner Beard) and his gang. Opening with wonderfully schlocky trailers, this exuberantly brutal homage to Spaghetti Westerns features a repurposed Ennio Morricone score, is shot on Sergio Leone's sets in Almería, Spain, and is probably the first Western to make effective use of drone photography.

Henry C. Parke is a screenwriter based in Los Angeles, California, who blogs about Western movies, TV, radio and print news: *HenrysWesternRoundup.Blogspot.com*

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BY LEO W. BANKS

Mountain Men, Mules and Miners

Trinidad, Colorado, celebrates its Old West heritage with gusto every day.

In 1907, the mining town of Trinidad, Colorado, had rebuilt itself after a series of man-made and natural disasters, including a coal-mine explosion, a major miners strike, a downtown fire and a major flood that destroyed the Santa Fe railroad station.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

No one could confuse life in this peaceful Southern Colorado town of 8,000 on the Purgatoire River with the razzmatazz of Hollywood. But they do share one trait, a sign in the overlooking hills that serves as an ever-present beacon, a reminder to travelers where they've landed.

Trinidad. The sign even lights up at night, as if to declare that this one-time trading center on the Santa Fe Trail, patrolled by city marshal Bat Masterson in 1882, has become a tourist destination that draws half a million a year to its museums, shops and extraordinary late-Victorian architecture.

Some 55 of these beautiful buildings stand downtown in the El Corazon de Trinidad National Historic District, which has a superb concentration of adobe and brick structures from the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

"I think we've finally been discovered," says Mayor Phil Rico. "We're the first stop as you drive north from New Mexico over Raton Pass. Visitors love the friendly people and the authentic architecture."

Start at the Trinidad History Museum to see the 1870 Baca House, built by entrepreneur John Hough. Three years later, he handed it over to Felipe and Delores Baca, in exchange for 22,000 pounds of wool.

The two-story house is adobe and Greek Revival, a rare architectural combination. It has a widow's walk and 18-inch walls. Four pieces of furniture remain from 1873, including a two-level hutch and a square piano.

"We have a pound of wool in the museum that you can pick up and imagine how

The studio of Trinidad native Arthur Roy Mitchell has been re-created as an exhibition at the A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art. Mitchell, born in 1889, moved back to his hometown in 1944, where he lived, worked, taught and promoted local history and preservation until two years before his death in 1977.

– BILLY HATHORN, WIKIPEDIA –

much 22,000 pounds is," says Director Kirby Stokes.

At the 1882 Bloom Mansion, visitors delight in the unusual French architecture, featuring a window cut in half by a stairway and ornate original woodwork.

The A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art is housed in a 1906 dry goods store with a horseshoe-shaped mezzanine and pressed-tin ceiling. The facility features the works of artist Arthur Roy Mitchell, who created more than 160 Western pulp magazine covers from the 1920s through the 1940s, including for *True West*.

The museum also displays early Hispanic religious art, such as tinwork and *penitente* artifacts, as well as beaded moccasins, belts, blankets and rugs.

Trinidad's commitment to the arts got a boost in 2013 when it was named a Certified Colorado Creative District. The town boasts 150 artists in mediums from jewelry and gunsmithing, to painting, dancing, designing and more.

Take an air-conditioned trolley to see the interesting array of shops downtown. By walking the brick sidewalks, visitors can "feel the Western spirit and the modern age merge" into what Trinidad is today, says Economic Development Director Jonathan Taylor.

Popular downtown events include the Trinidaddio Blues Fest in August, which draws thousands to performances by headline acts. Artocade is the second-largest art car parade in the country, and June's Santa Fe Trail Days celebrates frontier history with square dancing, carriage rides, live music and more.

For out-of-town fun, drive the Highway of Legends Scenic Byway. Start in Trinidad and head west on State Highway 12 past the coke ovens in the former mining town of Cokedale. Watch for elk and black bear as you drive under the Spanish Peaks, named for early gold-hunters.

The 82-mile trip includes 9,938-foot Cuchara Pass and the offbeat community of Cuchara. Stop at the famous Dog Bar & Grill for a sip, and then stroll shops on the village boardwalk.

To complete your visit to Trinidad, see the beautiful bronze statue of explorer Kit Carson overlooking the Santa Fe Trail in Kit Carson Park, then drive into the hills north of town to Simpson's Rest, site of the landmark sign.

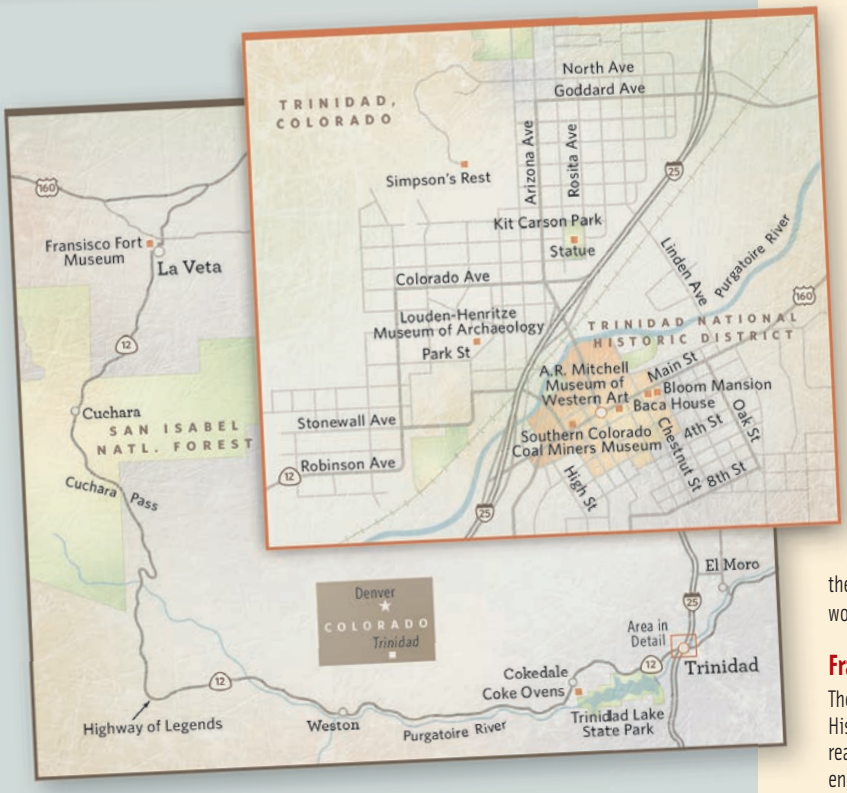
Its namesake, frontiersman and poet George Simpson, enjoyed sitting on the big sandstone bluff enjoying the views as he wrote. He was buried there in 1885.

Leo W. Banks is an award-winning writer based in Tucson. He is the author of the mystery novel *Double Wide*.

The Southern Colorado Coal Miners Memorial (below) in Trinidad, Colorado, commemorates the heritage and history of coal miners and coal mining in the region.

– COURTESY CAROL M. HIGHSMITH COLLECTION, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



Trinidad and Las Animas County Chamber of Commerce

To plan your trip, stop at the Chamber at 136 West Main Street. ***DiscoverTrinidad.org***

A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art

See work by Harold Von Schmidt, an orphan who became an illustrator for *Collier's Weekly*, *Cosmopolitan* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. He also worked on stories by Zane Grey and a deluxe edition of Willa Cather's 1927 novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. • ***ARMitchellMuseum.com***

Trinidad History Museum

Housed in four historic buildings from the coal-mining town's glory days, the Trinidad History Museum is a great place to start a heritage tour of the Santa Fe Trail city. • ***Legacy.HistoryColorado.org***

Southern Colorado Coal Miners Museum

See mining implements and photos from the Ludlow Massacre, a 1914 labor dispute, and a replica mine entrance with sheltering timbers. Kids can ride a coal car on an 80-foot track. "Coal was our lifeblood and we're happy that contribution is being recognized," says Secretary-Treasurer Yolanda Romero. • ***219 W. Main Street • (719)-846-8234***

Louden-Henritze Archaeology Museum

At Trinidad State Junior College, see Tyrannosaurus Rex footprints and the skeleton of a mosasaur, a large marine reptile excavated by contractors working on a home in Trinidad. • ***Colorado.com***

Francisco Fort Museum

The 1862 adobe fort in La Veta, 53 miles from Trinidad on I-25, contains Hispanic and American Indian artifacts. When founder Col. John Francisco reached beautiful Upper Cuchara Valley, he reportedly said, "This is paradise enough for me." See Francisco Fort Plaza, built to protect against Indian raids. ***FranciscoFortMuseum.org***

Silverton's Grand Imperial Hotel and Saloon's original mirrors adorn the cherry and tiger maple back bar. Hotel visitors will enjoy daily live entertainment from early May to late September.

– MYKE GROVES –

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

BY MELODY GROVES

HISTORY, HERITAGE AND HOSPITALITY

Go West and enjoy the best historic hotels, lodges and saloons.

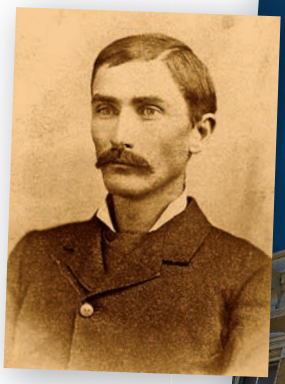
Saloons, pubs and hotels played a major role in shaping the West. While saloons generally weren't the largest buildings in a town, they were the most frequented establishments. Besides being used for the obvious imbibing and sleeping, they were sites of judicial and social meetings. Judge Roy Bean held court in his saloon; a Hayes, Kansas, saloon served as the first church in town; and a judge in Socorro, New Mexico, conducted weddings as well as trials in his pub. Saloons also served practical needs as places for communication, social expression and a sense of belonging.

For many people, hotels were a welcome respite from precarious trail and train travel, with their much-anticipated amenities including beds off the ground, water basins in the room and windows to keep out the dust and cold.

Walk into an Old West hotel or saloon and let history embrace you. The walls whisper of famous and not-so-famous folks. Step in and relive the past.

New Mexico

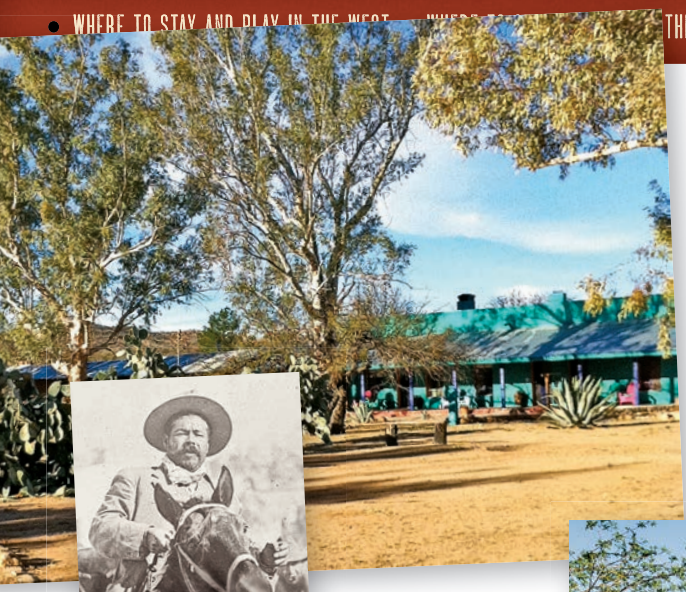
Belly up to the bar at Express St. James in Cimarron to share space with history's characters—the Earp brothers, Jesse James, Buffalo Bill Cody, Annie Oakley. Bullet holes in the saloon's ceiling confirm the rowdiness. Considered one of the most elegant 1880s hotels west of the Mississippi, it still retains its charm. Guests are welcome to stay in Jesse's room, dine downstairs or hoist a cold one at the saloon's 1890s bar.



Located in picturesque south-central New Mexico, Concho Hills Guest Ranch offers a feel of Old West heritage. It's surrounded by two million acres of accessible land, where guests ride horseback or bike to where the movers and shakers of the West rode. Nestled in the foothills of the San Mateo Mountains, this guest ranch overlooks the San Augustine Plains. Who knows? Maybe Billy the Kid passed through here.

Opening in 1872 as a saloon, the **St. James** grew a wild and wooly reputation. Notorious as a gathering place for outlaws and gunmen, both Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett (inset) are known to have stayed in the finest hotel in Cimarron, New Mexico.

– MYKE GROVES –



Rancho de la Osa (above) has the oldest, main guest lodge in Arizona, dating to 1720, when Jesuit missionaries set up an outpost in the Altar Valley north of the future border town of Sasabe. Hundreds of famous guests have enjoyed the relaxing climes of the ranch, but only one possible guest known to have plied the local trails has ever fired cannons at it: Mexican Revolutionary Pancho Villa (inset).

– COURTESY OLLIE SVENNSON, CREATIVE COMMONS, FLICKR/ PANCHO VILLA COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

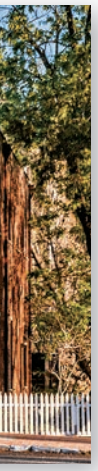
Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

Arizona

The Rancho de la Osa, a dude ranch in Sasabe, in southern Arizona, has stood the test of time. Jesuit missionaries built the ranch house around 1720. During his revolution, Pancho Villa lobbed cannon balls at the main house, one embedding itself in the wall. In the 1940s, political powers met there and drafted the Marshall Plan. Today, visitors can take a trail ride, explore the wildlife refuge or enjoy the canopy of overhead stars. Meticulous care keeps this historical treasure a living museum.

California

Once the second largest city in California, Columbia met the fate of many gold rush towns. Part of the Columbia State Historic Park, it's now home to two hotels, Columbia City and the Fallon, both authentically restored country inns. Appointed with Victorian furniture and antiques, the hotels also boast modern amenities.



The 1849 California Gold Rush led to Columbia's founding in 1850. The brick-sided **Hotel Fallon** (left) in Columbia State Historic Park in Columbia, California, has been entertaining guests since Owen Fallon built it in 1859. Guests can enjoy antique-filled rooms, an ice cream in the first-floor parlor and regular performances by the Sierra Repertory in the Fallon Hotel.

– COURTESY COLUMBIA STATE HISTORIC PARK –

Oregon

An original 19th-century bar anchors The Slickfork Saloon in Hamley's Steakhouse in Pendleton, Oregon. While the restaurant itself is new, the insides are not. An original bank wall from the 1880s, tin ceilings, wine cellar shelving built from original oak barrel staves, and countless Old West artifacts add to the ambiance.

Colorado

Cleveland Pharmacist Henry H. Strater invested his family's fortune to build the Strater Hotel in 1887. This Durango icon is enhanced by a 19th-century bar, the Diamond Belle Saloon. Cowboys, who rode their horses inside, now park their trucks outside and gather here to lift a few. Writer Louis L'Amour always stayed in Room 222, directly over the saloon. He claimed the music and frivolity from below added flavor to his work.

Whether in Pendleton for the Round-up, or enjoying a vacation in Oregon's buckaroo country, a meal and drink at **Hamley's Steakhouse and Slickfork Saloon**—as well as a tour of **Hamley & Co. Makers Western Store** (above), founded in 1905—should not be missed.

– COURTESY PENDLETON CVB –

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Once The Grand Hotel, BIG NOSE KATE'S is a legend and a NATIONAL HISTORIC LANDMARK

In 1887, Cleveland pharmacist Harry Strater's dream of first-class overnight accommodations adjacent to the Durango Railroad Station became a reality when the historic **Strater Hotel** (above) was constructed with 376,000 native red bricks and hand-carved sandstone cornices and sills.

– MYKE GROVES –

After building up an appetite and thirst while touring the Alamo in San Antonio, stroll down the street to the **Buckhorn Saloon and Museum** (right). While dining and drinking, enjoy the mounted taxidermy that covers the restaurant walls, and then take the museum tour, which includes one of finest collections of Texas Ranger memorabilia and artifacts anywhere in the state.

– STUART ROSEBROOK –

For 125 years the six-story Hotel Colorado in Glenwood Springs has greeted presidents, including Teddy Roosevelt, dignitaries and celebrities. Today, visitors can soak in the adjacent Glenwood Hot Springs or enjoy the outdoors with onsite ski, raft and bike shops. The rooms are decorated with Italian wallpaper and eye-catching artwork.

Denver's Buckhorn Exchange, opened in 1893, catered to everyone from gamblers to presidents. A German-made white oak bar and back bar, brought here in 1857, complete the second-floor Victorian lounge. Old West memorabilia line the walls. Visitors can dine, drink and learn about Colorado's history all in one place.

In 1883, the Grand Imperial Hotel was completed in Silverton and immediately became the largest single standing structure south of Denver. The lodge quickly became the pinnacle of luxury in the San Juan mining district. The centerpiece of the inn is the Grand Imperial Saloon, where stamped tin ceilings hover over a cherry and tiger maple bar brought in by train in 1901. New hotel owners have updated the now resplendent rooms with period furnishings.

Texas

Opened in 1881, San Antonio's Buckhorn Saloon and Museum is where Teddy Roosevelt recruited Rough Riders, and it's

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

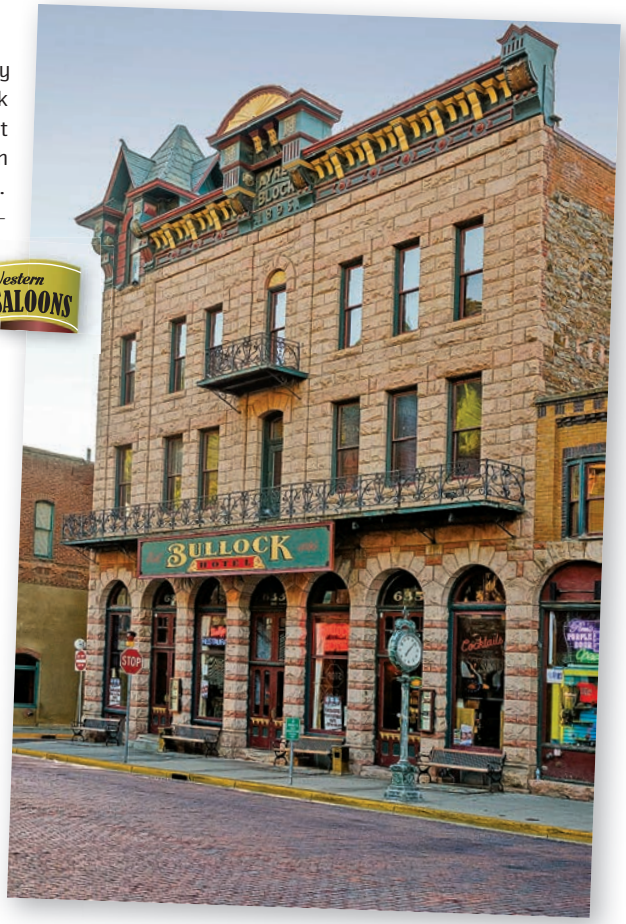
William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody loved entertaining guests, including the Prince of Monaco in 1902 (inset), at his **Hotel Irma** (above) in Cody, Wyoming. Today, the Historic Irma, named in honor of the showman's daughter, is still hosting patrons from around the world in its historic rooms, restaurant and bar.

– BILL CODY WITH PRINCE OF MONACO COURTESY OF LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/IRMA HOTEL COURTESY PANORAMIO, WIKIPEDIA –

rumored Pancho Villa planned the Mexican Revolution here. Many of the original furnishings grace the Buckhorn today, including the hand-crafted cherrywood front and back bars.

Wyoming

The grand bar at the Irma Hotel in Cody was a gift to Buffalo Bill from Queen Victoria. The cherrywood bar is one of the most photographed features in town. The original part of the hotel, built in 1902 is made of river rock and locally quarried sandstone. Buffalo Bill called The Irma, named after his youngest daughter, a "gem." Today, Old West "gunfights" are staged close to where Buffalo Bill auditioned acts for his Wild West Show.



In 1894, local sheriff and entrepreneur Seth Bullock built the three-story **Bullock Hotel** (right) after another downtown fire in Deadwood. The brick building took two years to complete but was quickly known as the city's finest and convenient to the Grand Island and Wyoming Central train station, which had been operating passenger service to the town since 1891.

– CHAD COPPESS, COURTESY SOUTH DAKOTA OFFICE OF TOURISM –

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

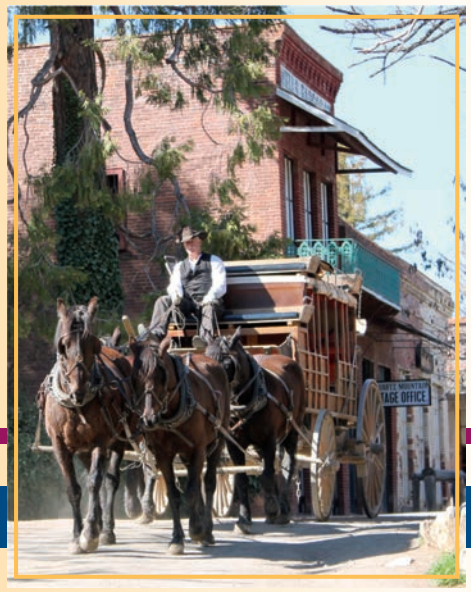
Stepping through the doors of Buffalo's Occidental Hotel is like stepping into a time vault. Saloon and lobby ceilings are original stamped tin. Also original is the century-old 25-foot bar where cowboys, sheriffs, desperados and cattle barons gathered. Owen Wister, who spent many hours at the saloon, is said to have based his famous walk-down scene in his novel, *The Virginian*, on a shoot-out that happened in front of the Occidental.

South Dakota

After Seth Bullock's store burned in Deadwood in 1894, he and partner Sol Star built the town's first hotel, The Bullock. The restaurant "Bully" is named after Bullock's good friend, Teddy Roosevelt. Significant restoration has revealed details like original room colors and décor. Today, it is said the ghost of Deadwood's first sheriff roams the halls making sure the guests are comfortable.

Inspired by history and saloons, **Melody Groves** authored award-winning *Hoist a Cold One: Historic Bars of the Southwest*. Her novel, *Black Range Revenge*, debuted in March. When not writing, she plays rhythm guitar with the Jammy Time Band.

EXPLORE COLUMBIA STATE HISTORIC PARK



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– COURTESY BUCKHORN EXCHANGE RESTAURANT –

The Buckhorn Exchange Restaurant

Denver, Colorado

10th Avenue, Denver, CO 80204 » 303-534-9505 » *Buckhorn.com*

The Buckhorn Exchange Restaurant is a special place where the rich history of the Old West lives on.

Just imagine Col. William "Buffalo Bill" Cody sipping his signature bourbon and apple juice cocktail at the bar, regaling clientele with tales of Wild West shows and scouting parties.

Imagine the founder and original owner, Henry Zietz, befriending Chief Sitting Bull, who in the rich Indian tradition gave him a new name, "Shorty Scout," for his diminutive stature and hunting exploits.

Imagine President Theodore Roosevelt ambling across the railroad tracks where the Light Rail now runs, deboarding his Presidential Express in 1905, taking in dinner at the Buckhorn, and then heading with Shorty Scout on hunting expeditions on the Western Slope.

Imagine all that has gone on here since 1893—the generations of families who have shared this special place with the next one, or the couple who celebrated their 50th anniversary at the same table where they became engaged five decades earlier. Here you'll find Bill Dutton, bellied-up at the same bar that his grandfather, who died 20 years before he was born, enjoyed a whiskey with the other cow punchers of his day.

In those early years the saloons were the boardrooms, and disagreements were often settled in the streets with six-guns. Ranchers, silver barons, railroaders and Denver's society folks enjoyed the finest beef steaks then just as now.

For Bill, preserving the spirit of the Old West and the history of this National Historic Landmark is quite an honor.

They have scoured Old West cookbooks and researched chuckwagon legends to bring you the finest in Western cuisine and exotic meats—Colorado beef steaks, buffalo, elk, pheasant and quail are their specialties, along with rattlesnake, alligator and Rocky Mountain Oyster appetizers.

After dinner, you're welcome to retire to the Victorian Lounge upstairs, linger as long as you like, taking in the vast taxidermy collection, Western artifacts and autographed photos of famous visitors—everyone from Presidents Dwight D. Eisenhower, Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan to Hollywood stars Roy Rogers, Bob Hope, John Wayne Gene Autry and Charlton Heston.

So give them a holler at 303-534-9505, dine on the best the West has to offer and relive the rich history of the Buckhorn Exchange Restaurant.

– COURTESY HOTEL COLORADO –

The Hotel Colorado

Glenwood Springs, Colorado

526 Pine St. Glenwood Springs, CO 81601
970-945-6511 *HotelColorado.com*

Enter The Hotel Colorado and travel into a time of late-19th-century elegance and charm. Considered the "Marvel of the Age," it is truly the best historic hotel. The first hotel west of the Mississippi to be electrically lit, it had a courtyard fountain that sprayed upward 100 feet.

The Grand Lobby and Baron's Restaurant were restored to reflect their original charm. Guests dine beside an interior waterfall or enjoy

beverages near the original grand fireplace. During the summer, guests dine in the scenic courtyard, or warm themselves by fire pits while enjoying stunning views of Mt. Sopris.

For 125 years, timeless secrets of extensive journeys have been held within the hotel's walls. The Hotel Colorado welcomes guests into oversized rooms and suites, all with high ceilings, spacious closets, and some with balconies and scenic views. Join the list of legendary figures from the past who have stayed here, and experience a chapter of America's West.

Landmark Lookout Lodge

Tombstone, Arizona

781 AZ-80, Tombstone, AZ 85638
520-457-2223 » *LookoutLodgeAZ.com*

– COURTESY LANDMARK LOOKOUT LODGE –

The Landmark Lookout Lodge near Tombstone derives its name from the beautiful views of the Dragoon Mountains from its guest rooms . In addition to a seasonal swimming pool, the Lodge features a cooked-to-order breakfast, served at your table and included in the room rate.

The Lodge features whimsical paintings on all its buildings to enhance your Tombstone experience, along with a firepit around which guests can gather to roast marshmallows provided by the Lodge and trade stories.

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

– COURTESY BIG NOSE KATE'S SALOON –

Big Nose Kate's Saloon

Tombstone, Arizona

17 East Allen Street, Tombstone, AZ 85638
520-457-3107 » *BigNoseKates.info*

Tombstone's Big Nose Kate's Saloon was once the Grand Hotel, originally built in 1881. On October 25, 1881, the night before the Gunfight Behind the OK Corral, the Clantons and the McLaurys were guests here. This was the place to stay! Nowadays, a number of changes have been made to the structure since it burned down and has been rebuilt. The bar area, housed in the basement of the old hotel, is now located on the main level. In the basement is a gift shop, but the tunnel leading to the mine shafts still exists. The saloon holds the Grand Hotel's original long bar, the only one that survived the fire of 1882 and is still serving thirsty patrons. Imagine setting your elbows down on the very place that the Earps, Doc Holliday and the Clantons once did!

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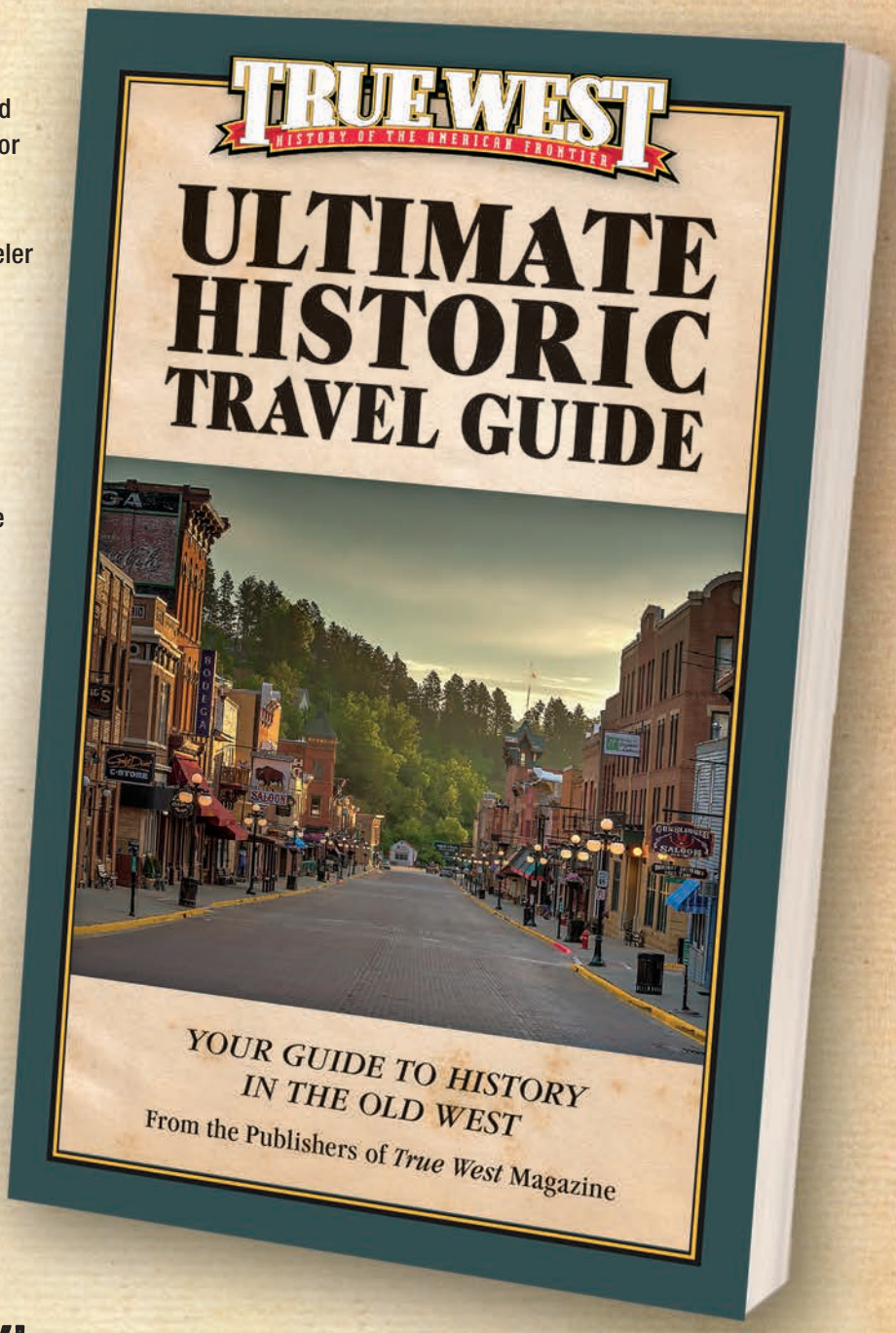
For 65 years, *True West* magazine has inspired travelers to take the road less traveled and explore the historic sites and towns of the American West. Now, in honor of its 65th anniversary, the publishers of *True West* have compiled the essential Old West guidebook, which takes the traveler to where Old West history happened in 22 Western states.



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– COURTESY THE STATER HOTEL –

The Historic Strater Hotel

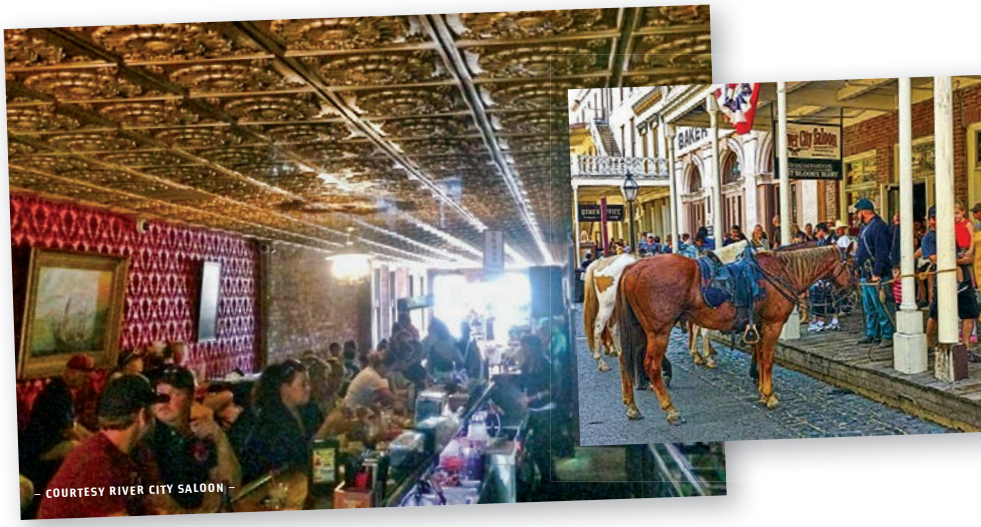
Durango, Colorado

699 Main Ave, Durango, CO 81301 » 970-945-6511 » *Strater.com*

Walk inside the doors of The Strater Hotel in Durango, Colorado, and open a world of living history that becomes part of every visitor's personal story. The Strater is a complete experience where guests tour through pristine, interesting halls and stay in rooms restored to their 1887 glory. Every detail—from amazing antique Victorian furniture to meticulous Bradbury wallpapers—holds stories of the Southwest, which begin in 1887 and continue today. A founding member of Historic Hotels of America, The Strater is Durango's living history museum.

Ninety-three unique storied rooms, the Henry Strater Theatre, The Mahogany Grille, The Office Spiritorium and The Diamond Belle Saloon are all steeped in craftsmanship at every level. Visitors enjoy fabulous food and creative drink, shadow boxes that tell stories of the past and the Strater team's genuine connection to every guest—all within the iconic brick building in the heart of downtown Durango.

The Diamond Belle (known as "The Belle" by the locals) brings saloon girls and Victorian-era bartenders together with guests as they "Belley-Up" to the historic bar and listen to both talented ragtime pianists and the best of today's music scene. In the summer, Wild West gunfight re-enactments entertain tourists just outside the Belle's swing doors.


– COURTESY RIVER CITY SALOON –

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

City Hotel & Fallon Hotel California State Historic Park

Columbia, California

22768 Main Street, Columbia, CA 95310 » 209-532-1479 » *VisitColumbiaCalifornia.co*

– COURTESY CALIFORNIA STATE HISTORIC PARK –

Columbia's old Gold Rush-era business district has been preserved with shops, restaurants and two historic hotels—the City and the Fallon. Visitors have a chance to "time-travel" to the 1850s, when gold miners rubbed shoulders with businessmen and other residents in Columbia. They experience a bygone era by watching proprietors in period clothing conduct business in the style of yesterday. There are opportunities to ride a 100-year-old stagecoach, pan for gold and explore the real working businesses of Columbia. The California State Historic Park was once known as the "Gem of the Southern Mines." Between the 1850s and 1870s, over one billion dollars' worth of gold (at today's value) was mined in the area. For a time, Columbia was the second-largest city in California. Visitors can relax at one of two comfortable hotels, listen to music in historic saloons, including the What Cheer inside the City Hotel, and take in a performance at the Fallon Theater.

Almost River City Saloon

Sacramento, California

916 2nd Street, Sacramento, CA 95814 » 916-443-6852 » *TheRiverCitySaloon.com*

River City Saloon has a long, rich history. It is located in the historic Old Sacramento district, where it was one of the original houses of ill repute owned by Johanna Heigle. Shortly after that, it became Parker French's Saloon, owned by Mr. Parker French, who was a colorful Sacramento newspaper man.

After years of neglect, new Owners Sean and Erika Derfield remodeled it to its original grandeur and renamed it The River City Saloon. The bar is a 1905 Triple Arch Brunswick and the venue is known to get rowdy at times, but kids are welcome by day as River City still serves Sarsaparilla for just 25 cents. It is also home to one of the best Bloody Marys west of the Mississippi. While you're there, ask for a basket of peanuts and don't be afraid to throw the shells on the floor.

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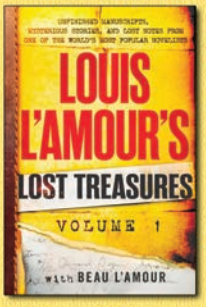

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TRUE WEST

Western Roundup

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TucumcariRawhideDays.com

ADVENTURE

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888-872-4607 • *DurangoTrain.com*

UTE MOUNTAIN MESA VERDE BIRDING FESTIVAL
Cortez, CO, May 9-13: Observe the local bird population with regional wildlife specialists volunteering as tour guides and lecturers.
970-565-1151 • *CortezCulturalCenter.org*

ART SHOWS

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GUN SHOW

COLORADO GUN COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION GUN SHOW
Denver, CO, May 19-20: Firearm aficionados can browse the more than 1,500 tables of antique and modern firearms, as well as cowboy artifacts.
720-482-0167 • *CGCA.com*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

NEW MEXICO FILM MAKERS SHOWCASE
Santa Fe, NM, May 1-19: New Mexico filmmakers' finest films are showcased in a annual juried competition.
505-476-5671 • *NMFilm.com*

DA VINCI THE GENIUS EXHIBIT
Albuquerque, NM, May 2-July 29: Explore the diversity of da Vinci's genius and his legacy in modern Italy.
505-241-2800 • *NMNaturalHistory.org*

WEST TEXAS HERITAGE DAYS
Uvalde, TX, May 4-5: Military drills and demonstrations featuring Buffalo Soldiers and American Indians bring Fort McKavett to life.
800-588-2533 • *VisitUvalde.com*

PALO ALTO BATTLEFIELD LIVING HISTORY
Brownsville, TX, May 5: Celebrate Texas history with demonstrations of Mexican-American War-era weapons, tactics and soldier life.
956-541-2785 • *NPS.gov*

HELLDORADO DAYS
Las Vegas, NV, May 10-12: Held since 1934, this festival celebrates Old West history with a pro rodeo, parade and western art show and auction.
702-870-1221 • *ElksHelldorado.com*

FEAST WHITEFISH CELEBRATION
Whitefish, MT, May 11-19: Celebrate food and drink with a burger battle, distiller's fest, and showcase of local restaurants.
406-862-3501 • *FeastWhitefish.com*

PENDLETON CATTLE BARONS WEEKEND
Pendleton, OR, May 11-12: Honors the region's cattlemen and ranchers with bronc riding, a cowboy collectibles auction and barbecue.
541-377-6834 • *CattleBarons.net*

FORT KEARNY OUTDOOR EXPO
Kearney, NE, May 12: Outdoorsmen can enjoy shooting, archery and fishing demonstrations as well as contests.
888-444-1867 • *VisitKearney.org*

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON FOLK FESTIVAL
Huntsville, TX, May 18-20: The Sam Houston Memorial Museum's grounds are transformed into a bustling frontier settlement.
936-294-1832 • *GSHFF.com*

BISHOP MULE DAYS
Bishop, CA, May 22-27: A celebration of the mule showcasing mule trainers, riders and packers competing on about 700 mules.
760-872-4263 • *MuleDays.org*

JOHN WAYNE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION
Winterset, IA, May 25-26: Join Western hit singer and songwriter, movie actor and producer Red Steagall for a benefit dinner.
877-462-1044 • *JohnWayneBirthplace.museum*

WYATT EARP DAYS
Tombstone, AZ, May 26-28: Gunfights and hangings are re-enacted in the streets of Tombstone, plus a Wyatt Earp look-alike contest.
520-457-3511 • *TombstoneChamber.com*

HORSE SALE

MILES CITY BUCKING HORSE SALE
Miles City, MT, May 13-20: This rodeo stock sale is accompanied by musical performances, horse races and a parade.
Visitmt.com

MUSIC & POETRY

CELTIC WOMAN HOMECOMING TOUR
Oklahoma City, OK, May 8: A world-class performing collective, Celtic Woman celebrates Ireland's musical heritage.
VisitOKC.com

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL
Kerrville, TX, May 24-June 10: Celebrate with over 100 performers and activities focusing on developing the art of songwriting.
830-257-3600 • *Kerrville-Music.com*

RODEO

WESTERN HERITAGE CLASSIC
Abilene, TX, May 10-13: This working ranch rodeo also offers cowboy music and poetry, a fiddler's contest, a parade and a trade show.
325-677-4376 • *WesternHeritageClassic.com*

BANDERA PRO RODEO
Bandera, TX, May 25-27: This rodeo features PRCA-sanctioned bareback riding, steer wrestling, calf roping and bull riding.
830-522-0054 • *BanderaProRodeo.org*

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.

Ask The Marshall

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian and the Wild West History Association's vice president. His latest book is 2018's *Arizona Oddities: A Land of Anomalies and Tamales*. Send your question, with your city/state of residence, to marshall.trimble@scottsdalecc.edu or Ask the Marshall, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

Invaluable Cookie

What did cowboys typically eat on a cattle drive?

Wes Shinn
Saratoga Springs, New York

Around 3 a.m., hours before cowhands climbed out of their bedrolls, the cookie grinded roasted coffee beans to make his blend of coffee—usually strong enough to "float a horseshoe."

Cookie then blended some sourdough with flour and water to make a large serving of biscuits. Then he'd cook up the bacon (sowbelly), potatoes and sourdough pancakes (flapjacks).

After breakfast, the cookie cleaned the plates, pots and pans before preparing dinner for the noon stop. The noon meal was meager; usually, cookie warmed up and served whatever was left from breakfast.

The cookie went hell-for-leather to prepare for the evening camp, collecting firewood or buffalo chips along the way for the campfire. The evening meal usually consisted of beans, salt pork, dried apples and an occasional beefsteak. A creative cookie was worth his weight in gold. He might find a prairie hen's nest and cook up a special dessert.

After evening chow, the cowhands sat around the fire, drinking coffee and telling tales, while cookie cleaned up, fed his sourdough starter and got things ready to repeat the process the next day.

Chuckwagon cookies, like this one serving the J.A. Ranch in Texas, were the lifeblood of frontier cattle ranches.

– BY ERWIN E. SMITH / COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Most of *Lonesome Dove's* starring cast were not present for the last day of filming the CBS miniseries, when Bill Wittliff took this photograph of cast and crew at Clara's.

– COURTESY WITTLIFF COLLECTIONS AT TEXAS STATE UNIVERSITY-SAN MARCOS –

The chuckwagon cookie was an invaluable part of a trail drive. He wielded considerable power in the outfit and might earn four times the pay of the cowhands. The cowboys depended on him for three square meals a day, come rain, snow or shine. His other duties included stakeholder on bets, arbiter on arguments, doctor and veterinarian, banker, barber and father-confessor.

How long did it take a cattle drive to go from Texas to the cowtowns?

Jennifer Miller
Davenport, Florida

The "Long Drive," which initially went up to Abilene, Kansas, was about 800 miles and could take as long as two months. It was about the same time and distance from the Nueces River, down near San Antonio, Texas, to Sedalia, Missouri. Trail drovers didn't push the cows hard, as they'd lose too much weight.

By 1871, railroads had pushed farther west across Kansas, and the arrival of farmers caused drovers to keep moving west. By 1874, towns like Dodge City, Kansas, emerged as the major cowtowns.

In the *Lonesome Dove* photo, I could pick out only Woodrow Call and Clara Allen. Did the other main cast members leave the set?

Dan Winrow
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

I thought the same thing when I saw the photo. I looked for Diane Lane, whom I must confess to having a long-time crush, and couldn't find her.

Since the CBS miniseries featured so many segments shot over a period of time, many actors and actresses would

have done their segment in a day or two, and moved on to other projects. Most of the folks in the photo were probably extras or crew members.

How were stagecoach robberies usually executed?

Phillip Payne
Scottsdale, Arizona

Most stagecoach robberies were done on foot, usually on a slope where the stage had to slow to a crawl. A couple outlaws hid in the brush, with their horses picketed nearby. Trying to run down a stage on horseback was mostly the stuff of Hollywood.

Who was Arizona Territory's most notorious outlaw?

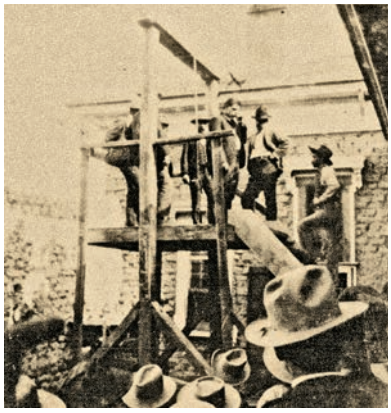
Edwin Smith
Phoenix, Arizona

That's a tough one.

Some of the most famous, including John Ringo, were more myth than real. "Curly Bill" Brocius's reputation, like Ringo's, is overinflated—but he was the well-known leader of the Cow-boy faction in Cochise County.

Other notorious outlaws in their day included Augustine Chacon, a cold-blooded killer who came along a few years after the O.K. Corral gunfight, and Bill Smith, whose 1890s gang robbed, rustled and got into gunfights.

But the bottom line: some of those who are notorious today were often not nearly so famous (or dangerous) in their own times.



Captured during a gunfight after an 1895 robbery in Morenci, Arizona Territory, during which he killed a posse member, Augustine Chacon escaped, but got caught again, and finally was hanged (above) on November 14, 1902.

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What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

The secret to a good painting is trust what you know. From an artist's perspective, fear can make you too careful, so trust what you know and work through it.

My favorite painters of Western art are Frank Tenney Johnson, Howard Terpning and Ernest Blumenschein.

The world's best art school is the one that gave me my foundation—Art Students League of New York in New York City under Frank Reilly.

I enjoy learning and stealing from Frank Reilly, Antonio Mancini, Nicolai Fechin, John Singer Sargent and Anders Zorn.

The world's most overrated art is bad art. Never overestimate the taste of the American public.

The biggest hurdle for me was overcoming fear and not letting it stop me. Now I still do things afraid knowing the journey is worthwhile.

My favorite Western is 1948's *Red River*, but I can't limit it to only one, so I'll add 1953's *Shane*, 1958's *The Big Country* and 1962's *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*.

I first came West in 1970, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and on to California. I didn't realize it at the time, but the clean air and big blue skies had me hooked!

The best place out West is the Southwest. For starters, Arizona's Oro Valley, where I live. Tucson is a close second. I have so many fond memories of Santa Fe, New Mexico, where I also lived. And then there's Arizona's North Rim—Grand Canyon, Lake Powell, Utah's Zion—and back to Arizona for dinner in Scottsdale.

"Land of Enchantment" may be the tagline on the New Mexico license plate, but I think it would be better served to describe Arizona, particularly Tucson.

The best advice I ever received was to say your prayers. My father always told me to have faith in a brighter day.

The prices on Cowboy art are not high enough!

After actor Wes Studi visited Allen Polt's gallery in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Polt was inspired to create this portrait of Studi in his role as Geronimo, capturing his face in all its fierceness.

– ALL IMAGES COURTESY ALLEN POLT –

ALLEN POLT, ARTIST

This issue's Ulysses S. Grant cover was illustrated by Allen Polt, a portrait artist who lives in Oro Valley, Arizona, and shows his art at Settlers West Galleries in Tucson and Nedra Matteucci Galleries in Santa Fe, New Mexico. After drawing black-and-white portraits for *The Wall Street Journal*, he moved from New York City to Taos, New Mexico, in 1974. His celebrity portraits include Jeff Bridges, Wes Studi as Geronimo, Clint Eastwood and Robert Redford. Polt is a member of Oil Painters of America, Portrait Artists of America and Friends of Western Art. American Indians are the focus of his Western artworks.

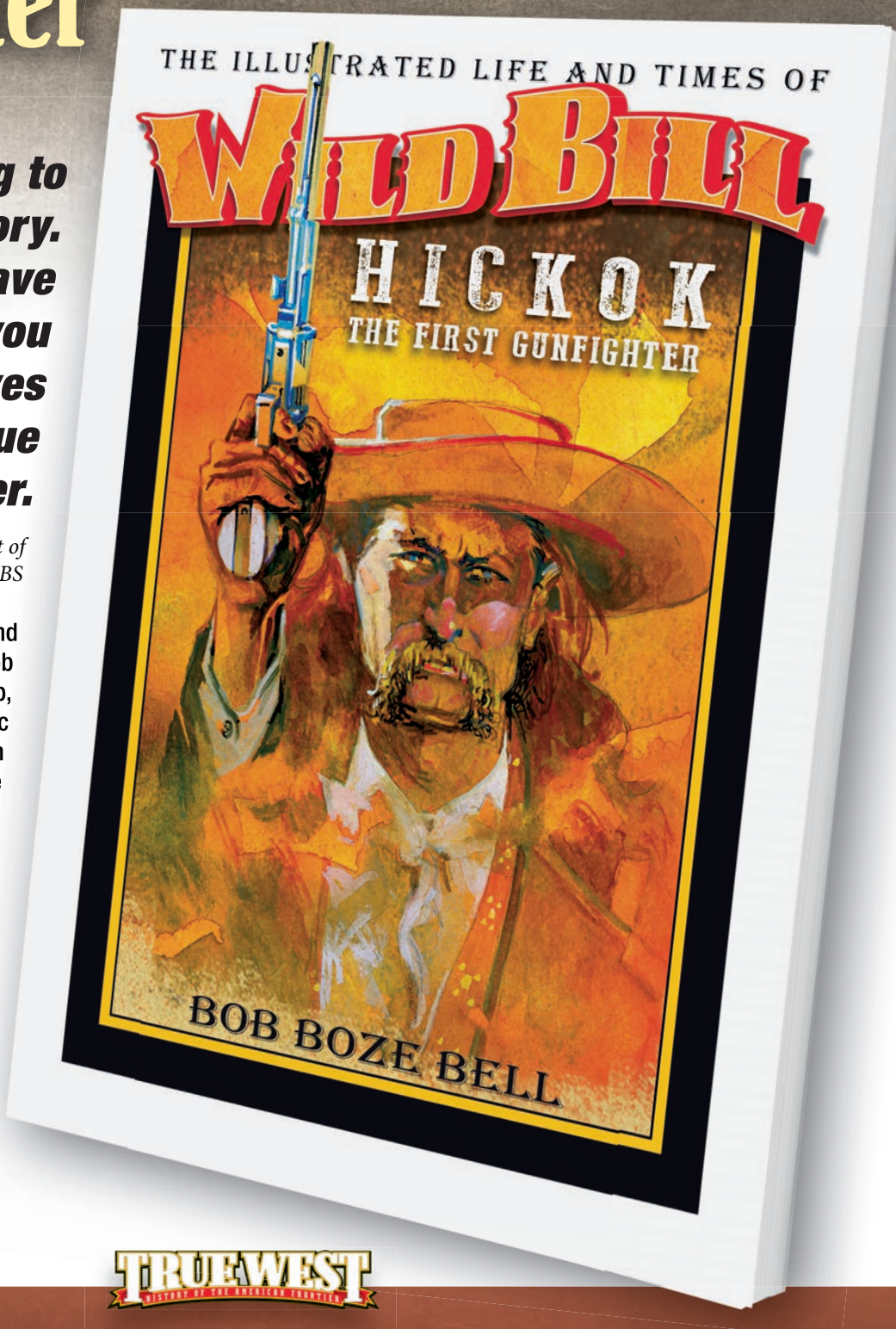
You don't get much better than the amount of work and time you put into whatever it is you are doing.

I didn't have a clue until I was married, and then I realized how wonderful life can be when you share it with the one you love!

History has taught me to be more patient with the world and not to take the disappointments so seriously.

The best art is always the one that I keeping going back to; the one that I enjoy looking at, again and again.

Come Face to Face with the West's Most Deadly Gunfighter



It's one thing to read about history. It's another to have it look back at you through the eyes and art of a true storyteller.

—Ted Simons, host of Horizon on PBS

"With The Illustrated Life and Times of Wild Bill Hickock, Bob Boze Bell uses sound scholarship, a wealth of photos, his richartistic talent, and his long fascination with the west to bring the legendary gunfighter's story to vivid life—a blessing for those of us born too late to have ridden with him ourselves."

—Jeff Mariotte, award-winning creator of Desperadoes

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