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OUR 66TH YEAR

MAY 2019

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HISTORY OF THE AMERI FRONTIER



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BY ROGER NAYLOR

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The Grand Canyon

President Woodrow Wilson signed the Grand Canyon National Park Act on February 26, 1919. Thomas Moran's 1912 oil on canvas *Grand Canyon with Rainbow* was one of Moran's massive paintings of the natural wonder that had national influence on the creation of the park.

– DE YOUNG ART MUSEUM VIA WIKI COMMONS (THIS PAINTING HAS BEEN CROPPED BOTH TOP AND BOTTOM TO FIT THIS FORMAT.) –

TRUE WEST
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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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:
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PUBLISHER EMERITUS: Robert G. McCubbin
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PRESIDENT: Bob Boze Bell
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Sports on the frontier included games of lacrosse, skiing, baseball and even golf. Find this and other historical photographs on our "Western History" board.

Pinterest.com/TrueWestMag.com

Join the Conversation

I remember an interview with Bruce Dern after that movie [*The Cowboys*, 1972]. Dern tells a story about a state trooper who stops him. The trooper keeps going to his patrol car and talking on the radio. Finally, Dern asks why the long wait. The trooper says, "I know you are wanted for something, I've seen your face somewhere. But there are no arrest warrants or criminal record." Dern explains [to the trooper] who he is and his movie roles, they share a laugh and go on their way.

–Terry Bratt, Morris, OK



– COURTESY WARNER BROS. –

Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell to see his sketch of Balduin Möllhausen and more of the executive editor's Daily Whipouts. (Search for February 13, 2019)

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com

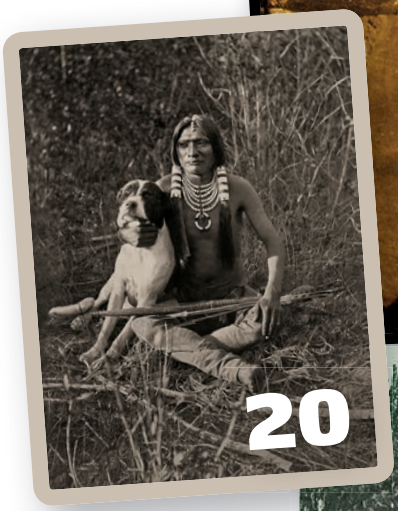


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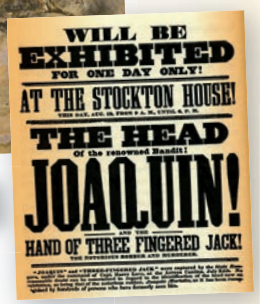
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The amazing story of how the adventurous Kolb brothers helped inspire the creation of Grand Canyon National Park.

—By Roger Naylor

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A treasure trove of rediscovered images shines a light on a forgotten relationship of trust between the famed explorer and the Paiutes.

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A look back at Yellowstone and the first decades of the national park service.

—By Jana Bommersbach

30 CROOK FAILS CUSTER AT THE ROSEBUD

The general declared victory, but history—and historians—still debate the fateful prequel to Little Big Horn and its consequences.

—By Paul L. Hedren

38 DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE. I AM DEAD.

Henry "Harry" Love and the California Rangers' manhunt for California bandit Joaquin Murrieta is still one of legend and lore.

—By Robert K. DeArment

64 BORN AGAIN!

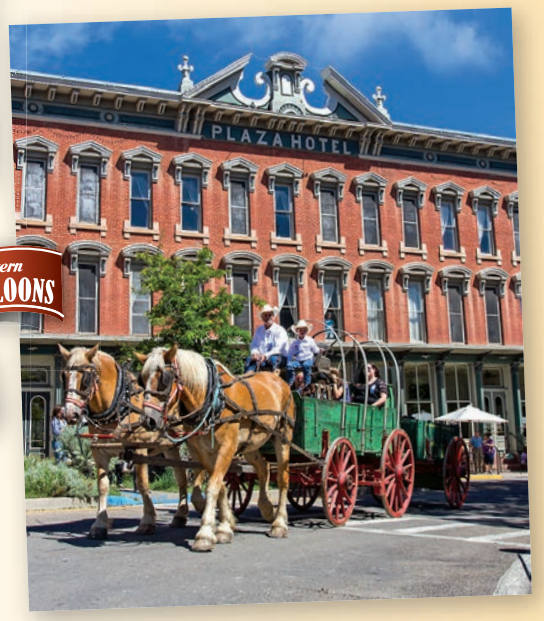
Discover the beauty of Old West hotels and saloons restored and renewed for 21st-century travelers and communities.

—By Johnny D. Boggs



Ellsworth (top) and Emery Kolb became internationally famous at the Grand Canyon for their daredevil photography.

– PHOTO COURTESY NAU CLINE LIBRARY, KOLB COLLECTION –



TRUTH BE KNOWN

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Old Vaquero Saying



"One hundred years ago everyone owned a horse and only the rich had cars. Today, everyone has cars and only the rich own horses. The stables have turned."

Quotes

"The wonders of the Grand Canyon cannot be adequately represented in symbols of speech, nor by speech itself. The resources of the graphic art are taxed beyond their powers in attempting to portray its features. Language and illustration combined must fail."

– John Wesley Powell

"The first degree of folly is to conceit one's self wise; the second to profess it; the third to despise counsel."

– Benjamin Franklin

"Study the past if you would define the future."

– Confucius

"History, like love, is so apt to surround her heroes with an atmosphere of imaginary brightness."

– James Fenimore Cooper, The Last of the Mohicans

"The soul becomes dyed with the colour of its thoughts."

– Marcus Aurelius

"The meek shall inherit the earth, but not the mineral rights."

–J. Paul Getty

"Trample the weak. Hurdle the dead.

–Attila the Hun

More Quotes

"The best moments in reading are when you come across something—a thought, a feeling, a way of looking at things—which you had thought special and particular to you. Now here it is, set down by someone else, a person you have never met, someone even who is long dead. And it is as if a hand has come out and taken yours."

– Alan Bennett, The History Boys

"I restore myself when I'm alone."

– Marilyn Monroe



"When people talk of the Freedom of Writing, Speaking, or thinking, I cannot choose but laugh. No such thing ever existed. No such thing now exists; but I hope it will exist. But it must be hundreds of years after you and I shall write and speak no more."

– John Adams Letter to Thomas Jefferson (15 July 1817)

Historical Twins

Too Close for Comfort

Terry "Ike" Clanton, at right, is a descendant of the notorious character who got his brother killed near the O.K. Corral. Terry spends quite a bit of time in Tombstone, and often portrays his kin in plays and re-enactments.



Ike Clanton **Terry "Ike" Clanton**

BY BOB BOZE BELL

My Emery Memory

Looking back is easier than looking down.

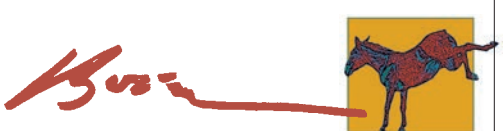
I have had the privilege of interviewing two different people who claimed to have met Wyatt Earp. When I pressed them both on what he looked like, how he sounded, or, what he was wearing, they both answered, "I don't remember." That seemed ridiculous to me! How could you meet someone as famous as Wyatt Earp and NOT remember what he said, or how he looked?!

Here's how: in 1974 I met one of our cover boys. Actually "met" is a little strong. I happened into the Kolb Studio on the South Rim of the Grand Canyon as a tourist and saw a film they were playing of the Kolb brothers braving the rapids of the canyon back in the day, and then, after the film ended, out came this 95-year-old guy who was introduced to us as Emery Kolb and he said a few words. I certainly never dreamed, at the time, that 45 years later, we would be running his photo on the cover of this magazine as a legendary Western character.

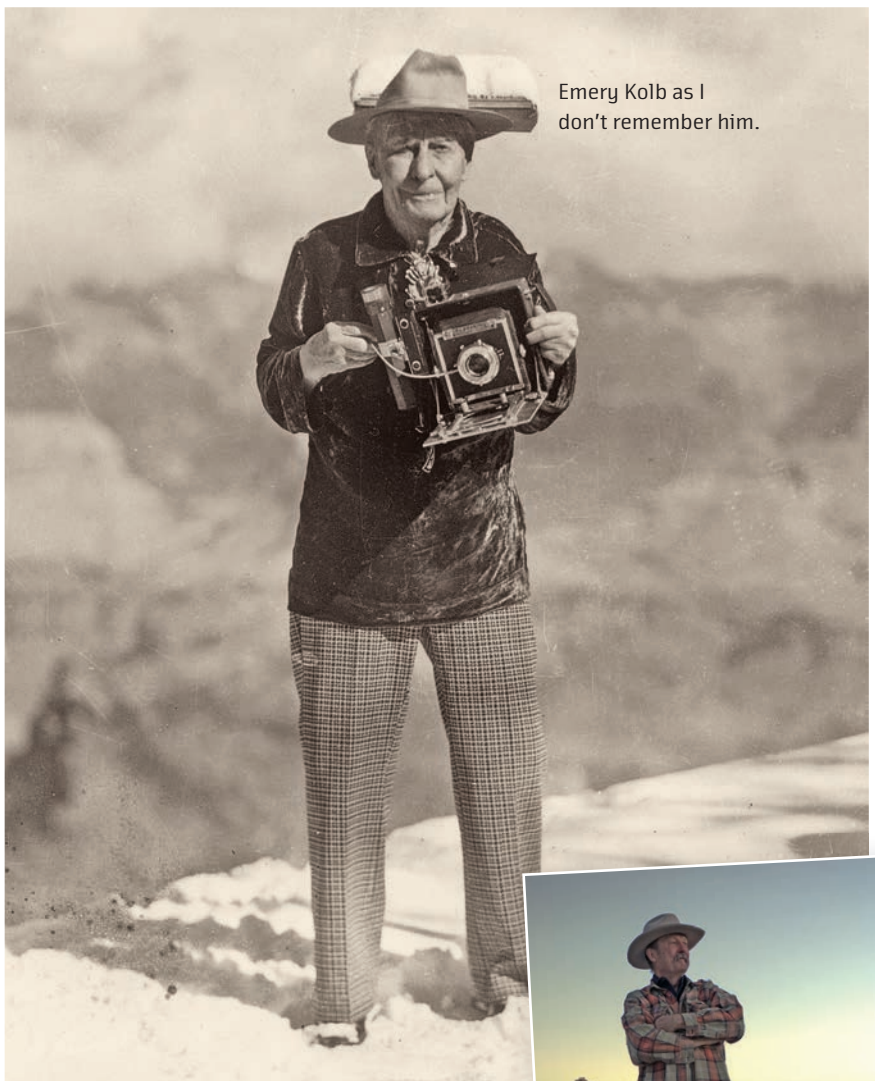
However, the brutal truth about my Emery Kolb encounter is this: I can't remember what he looked like and I can't remember what he was wearing or what he sounded like on that day. I wasn't experiencing it as meeting a famous person; I was just in the room when he came in.

And, so, with this example I can better understand the circumstance of the two guys meeting Wyatt Earp, who was not yet famous. They should have been paying attention, but they weren't.

As one of the Earp family put it about their legendary kin, "If I knew he was going to be so famous I would have paid more attention." And, so should we all.



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



Emery Kolb as I don't remember him.



On The Edge (of Memory)

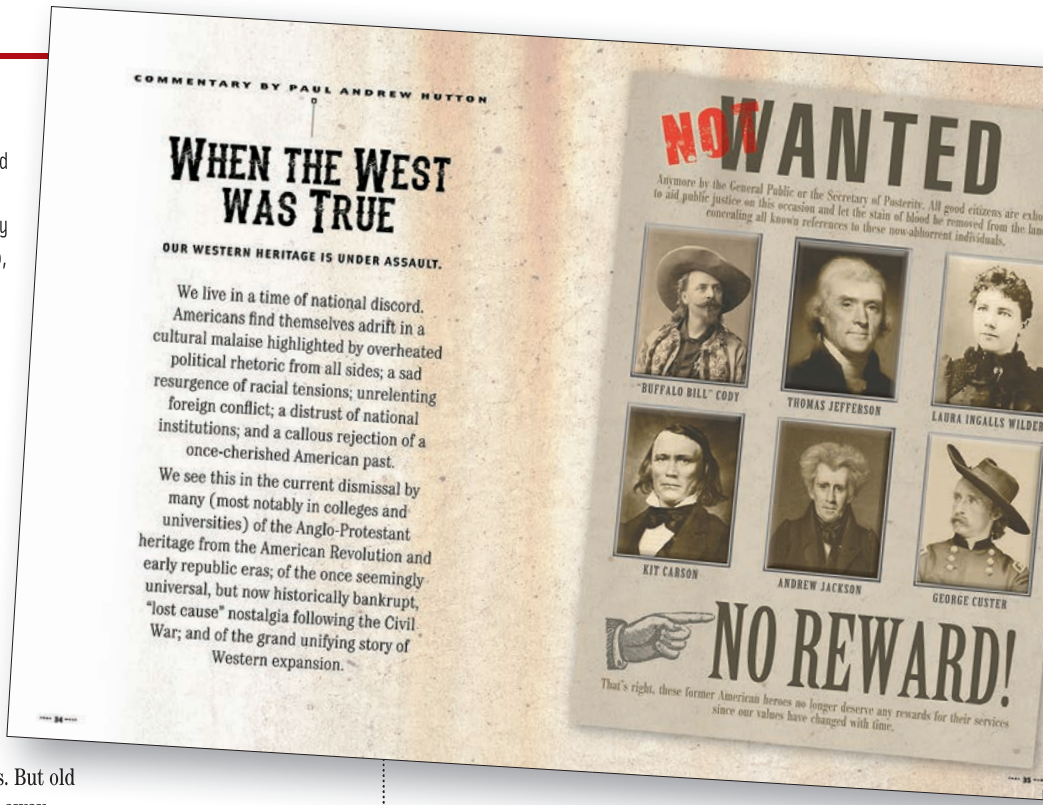
When the drop is one mile straight down, look at the horizon. That is Lookout Studio, behind me, which the Fred Harvey Company built from a Mary Colter design in 1914 to compete with the original Kolb Studio, where I "met" Emery Kolb (above) in 1974.

– PHOTO OF EMERY KOLB TAKEN DECEMBER 10, 1965, ON THE SOUTH RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON COURTESY GCNP MUSEUM COLLECTION/PHOTO OF BOB BOZE BELL COURTESY JOHN LANGELLIER –

OUR READERS REMIND US OF THE VARIABLES AND VAGARIES OF HISTORIC TRUTHS, "WELL-ESTABLISHED" FACTS, HEADLINES AND HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

AN OPPOSING VIEW

Paul Andrew Hutton's November 2018 commentary "When the West Was True" has generated a lot of interest from readers—and added to the healthy debate on how historians and the general public interpret and understand the history of the American West. Historian Gregory F. Michno, author of two books on the Battle of Sand Creek, offers a perspective on how we interpret Western American history that is quite different—but equally valid—to Dr. Hutton's essay.



COMMENTARY BY PAUL ANDREW HUTTON

WHEN THE WEST WAS TRUE

OUR WESTERN HERITAGE IS UNDER ASSAULT.

We live in a time of national discord. Americans find themselves adrift in a cultural malaise highlighted by overheated political rhetoric from all sides; a sad resurgence of racial tensions; unrelenting foreign conflict; a distrust of national institutions; and a callous rejection of a once-cherished American past.

We see this in the current dismissal by many (most notably in colleges and universities) of the Anglo-Protestant heritage from the American Revolution and early republic eras; of the once seemingly universal, but now historically bankrupt, "lost cause" nostalgia following the Civil War; and of the grand unifying story of Western expansion.

NOT WANTED

Anymore by the General Public or the Secretary of Posterity. All good citizens are exhi... to aid public justice on this occasion and let the stain of blood be removed from the lan... concealing all known references to these now-abhorrent individuals.

"BUFFALO BILL" CODY

THOMAS JEFFERSON

LAURA INGALLS WILDER

KIT CARSON

ANDREW JACKSON

GEORGE CUSTER

NO REWARD!

That's right, these former American heroes no longer deserve any rewards for their services since our values have changed with time.

Americans remain mired in the exceptionalism fallacy, a self-conception that they are a people committed to freedom and justice, and have a God-given duty to disseminate their way of life to the world, even to the point of interference and intervention in foreign nations. … We deified frontiersmen and cowboys and called them us. Frontiersmen could be ignorant, avaricious, swindlers, terrorists, racists, bigots and bullies who could neither shoot straight nor be straight shooters. But old frontiersmen never die—they don't even fade away.

In the wake of the latest acts of gun violence, or racial, religious and ethnic intolerance, Americans offer up their thoughts and prayers and repeat, 'This is not who we are.'

Maybe it is.

Gregory F. Michno
Longmont, Colorado

OH, GREAT

For more than a decade, *True West*'s January issue has featured the editors' and readers' "Best of the West" winners. Western Heritage award-winning authors and cattle trail experts reminded us that names matter—especially when it comes to accuracy in Western trail history.

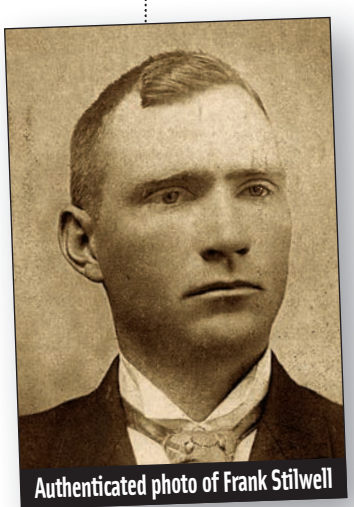
In your Heritage Travel section of the January issue of *True West*, you state that the "Best Preserved Historic Trail" is the Great Western Cattle Trail. Although this cattle trail is well preserved, there are errors in the printed paragraph. The source of your information has misled the magazine. The adjective "Great" as part of the name of the trail is not historically correct. At no time, did any trail cowboy use the word in connection with that trail. The descriptive word cannot be found in any newspaper, diary, in the volume *The Trail Drivers of Texas* or on any map of the trail during the cattle-driving days. Even though most of the cement markers along the trail's route on the southern end use the adjective, we historians on the northern end know that the descriptive adjective was added to the name sometime in the 1960s and, thus, we refuse to place the modernized name on our markers.

Gary and Margaret Kraisinger
Halstead, Kansas

THE REAL FRANK STILWELL

In the December 2018 issue, Old West historian Roy Young shared insights with the *True West* team about the Hazlett Brothers, William Claiborne and the real photo of Frank Stilwell.

[On page 40 of "Death at His Elbow"] Billy Leonard and Harry Head were not killed by the "Hazlett brothers." There were no "Hazlett brothers" killed by 20 cowboys in Eureka, New Mexico. The two men who killed Leonard and Head were Isaac R. "Ike" and William A. "Billy" Heslet from Shawnee County, Kansas. References to Billy Claiborne are incorrect. William Floyd Claiborne/Claborn never referred to himself as "Billy," much less the "Billy the Kid of Arizona." He consistently wrote his name as "Willie" or "Willliam." Others may have referred to him as Billy, but he did not. [On page 50 of "Renegade Roads"] the photo is NOT Frank Stilwell; it is one of the brothers of Louisa Houston Earp, widow of Morgan Earp.



Authenticated photo of Frank Stilwell

Roy B. Young
Apache, Oklahoma

COME FACE TO FACE WITH THE WEST'S MOST DEADLY GUNFIGHTER

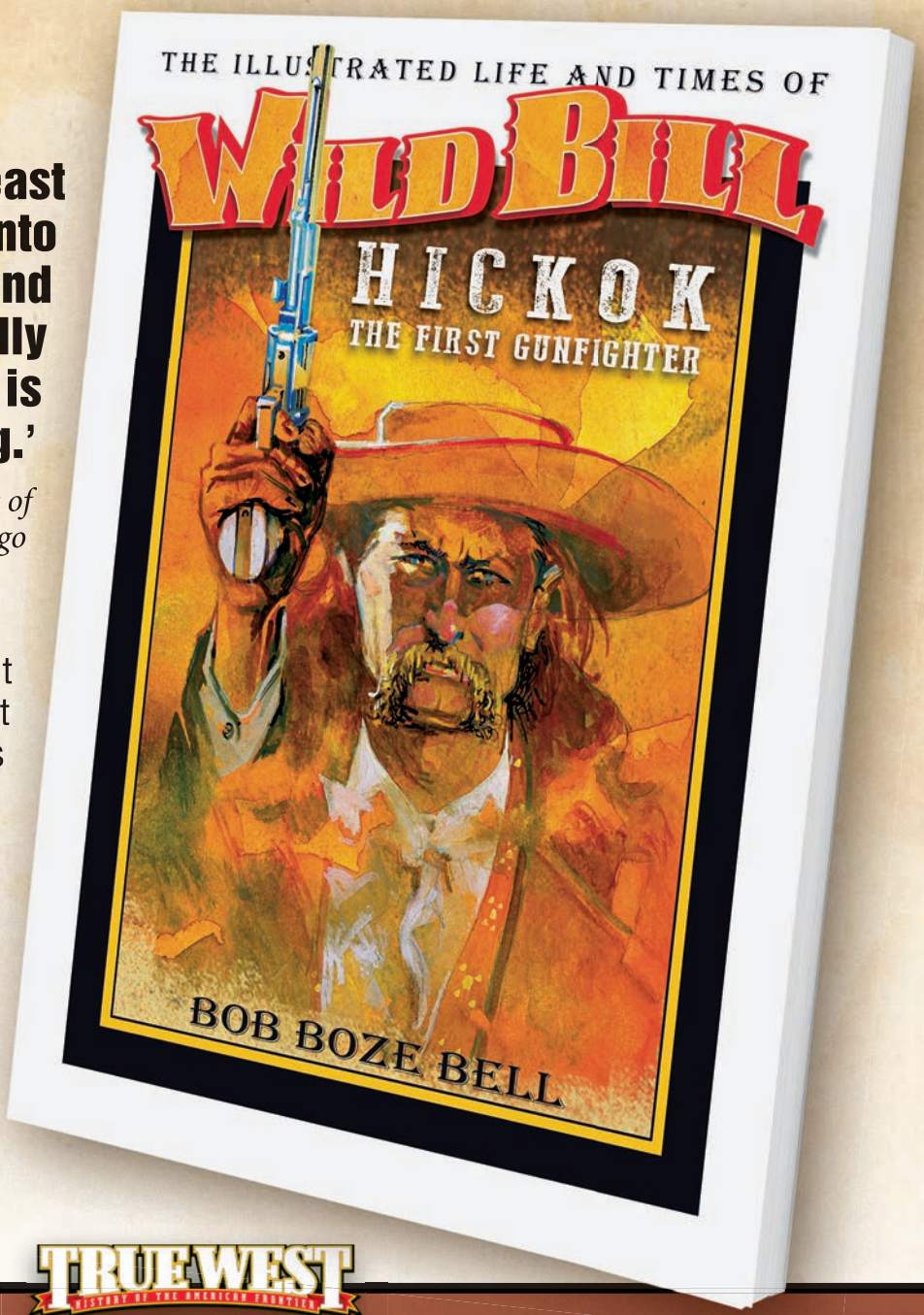
"A highly-readable feast that takes one into unexpected nooks and crannies; as wildly entertaining as it is revealing.'

—John Fusco, Screenwriter of Young Guns, Thunderheart, Hidalgo

"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. Now this is a history book!"

—Ted Simons, host of Horizon on PBS

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BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Militancy of the Miners

The Western Federation of Miners waged war in the West.



After the Western Federation of Miners formed in Butte, Montana, in May 1893, they quickly moved into Colorado mining towns, where one of the first strikes occurred in Cripple Creek (left) in 1894.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Mining was vital to the growth of the Old West—perhaps more so than even the cattle industry. It also led to violent class struggles between mine owners and workers, especially after the miners organized.

One of the most important incidents took place in the Coeur d'Alene Mountains of Idaho, where a strike was called in February 1892. Company guards shot and killed five strikers. The workers retaliated by shipping more than a hundred strikebreakers out of town. Federal troops were called in, arresting more than 600 strikers and held them—without charges—in a stockade. Miners across the West were outraged.

So the next year, in May of 1893, representatives of several Western miners' groups met in Butte, Montana. After five days, they formed the Western Federation of Miners (WFM). From the start, the WFM was a radical organization that was willing to use violence.

The WFM first took action during the Cripple Creek, Colorado, strike of 1894. Mine owners tried to increase the workday from eight hours to 10 hours. Union members walked out for five months—and dynamited some mines, buildings and equipment. Eventually, the owners gave in, kept the eight-hour workday and gave the miners a pay raise. The WFM boasted of the victory and quickly gained even more members.

The struggle moved on to Leadville, Colorado, in 1894-'95 as miners walked off the job, looking for increased pay. Again, violence broke out, the state militia took over and the strike came to an uneasy conclusion.

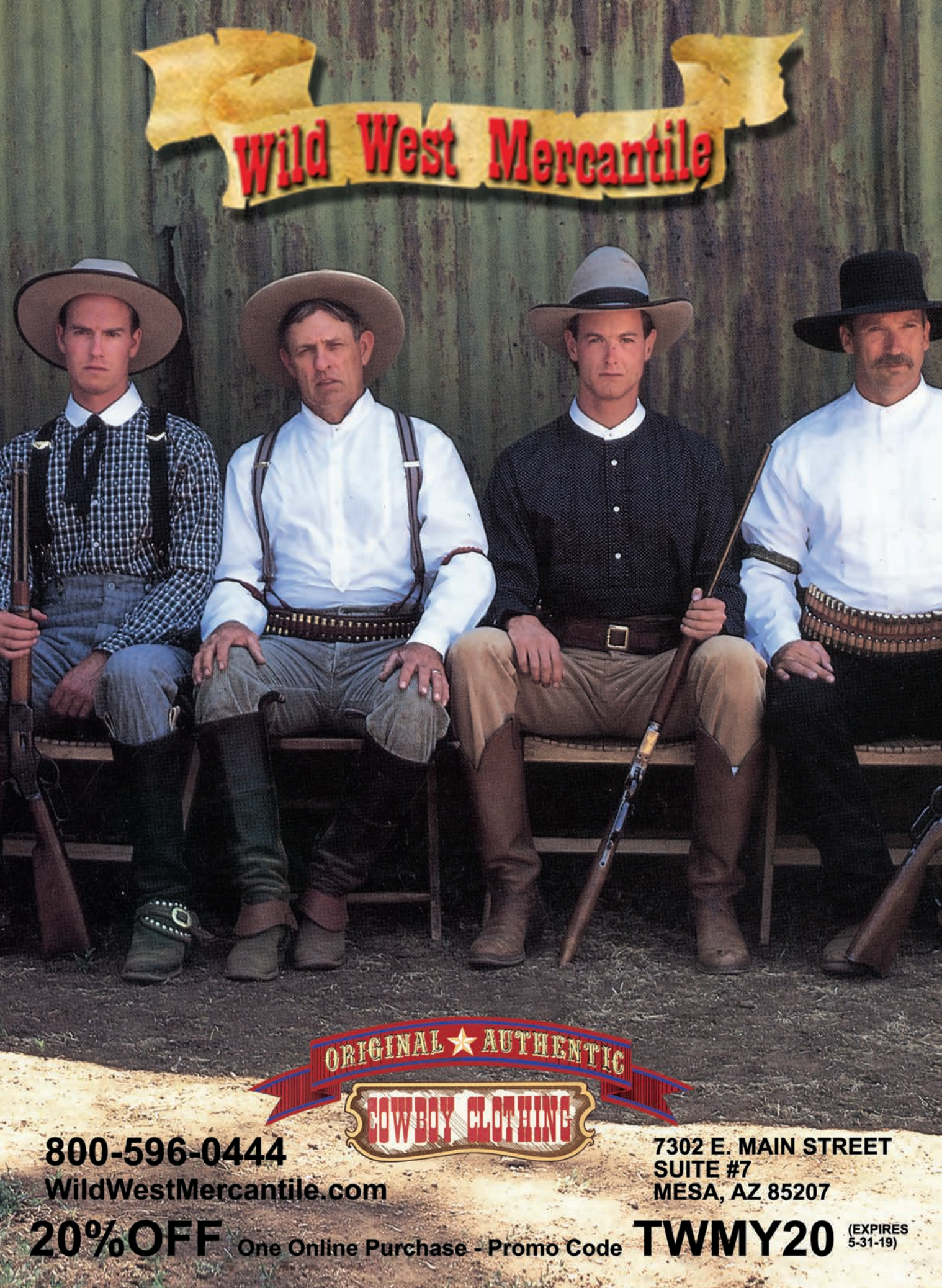
In 1899, things moved back to the Coeur d'Alenes. The WFM tried to organize the Bunker Hill Mine; the company employed Pinkerton agents to break up the effort. Several hundred miners proceeded to blow up the mill and destroyed other company buildings. In response, federal troops moved in and took more than a thousand people into custody, without charges, housing them in rough buildings that were not up to the cold conditions. Three miners died, and the animosity increased.

And the WFM became more radical. By 1901, union leaders were calling for a socialist revolution. And the violence, which had been aimed primarily at facilities, now targeted people. At Cripple Creek in November 1903, a superintendent and foreman were killed by a bomb. A nearby train depot was also blown up—13 strikebreakers died in the blast. National Guardsmen cornered a number of WFM members at the union hall in Victor, Colorado. Forty men were arrested and with hundreds of other strikers were deported from the region. The union was broken in Colorado.

But WFM leaders weren't done. Bombs targeted the Colorado governor and two state Supreme Court justices. The attempts failed, but the union was undeterred. On December 30, 1905, former Idaho Governor Frank Steunenberg—who oversaw the response to the 1899 Coeur d'Alene strike—was killed by a bomb rigged to the front gate at his home. Union member Harry Orchard was arrested. He also confessed to several of the previous bombings and claimed that all had been ordered by WFM leadership.

Union President Charles Moyer, Secretary "Big" Bill Haywood and their colleague George Pettibone were tried in the Steunenberg murder. Famed attorney Clarence Darrow represented them; all three were acquitted. Orchard was convicted and spent the rest of his life in prison.

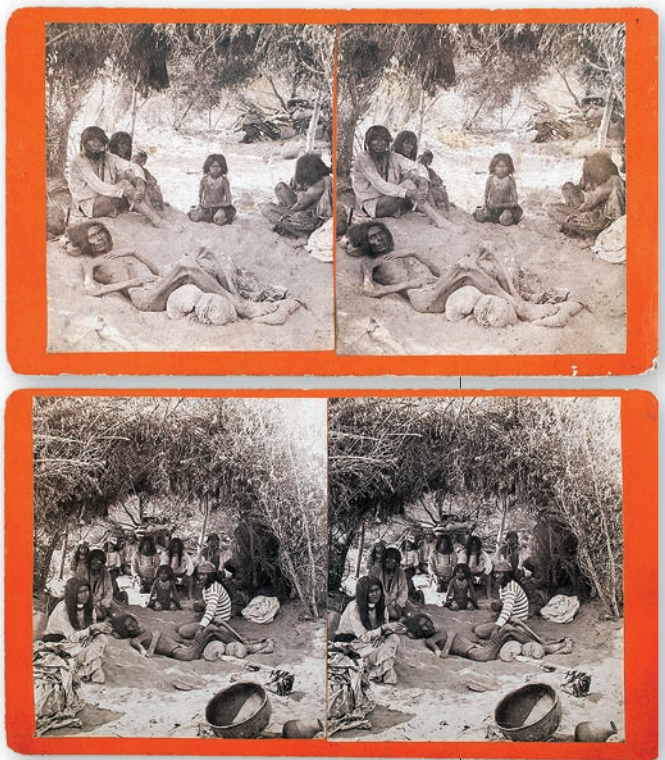
After that, the WFM suffered several setbacks in failed strikes. By the mid nineteen-teens, the union was ineffective. It made a bit of a comeback during the Great Depression, but its ties to the Communist Party dealt a solid blow in the 1950s. It was swallowed up the United Steelworkers Union in 1967. All that was left was a legacy of violence that shook the Old West.


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BY JOHN LANGELLIER

Cowan's Auction

The respected name gets a new twist.



At the December 20, 2018, historical photo auction, a pair of 1880 Ben Wittick cabinet-sized photos at Fort Wingate, New Mexico Territory, included a unique photo captioned a "Sick Mojave" being treated by "Medicine Man – Arizona."

Pre-Auction Estimate: $400-$600
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $1,440

Regular viewers of PBS readily recognize Wes Cowan from *Antiques Road Show* and *History Detectives*. Back in the late 1970s, Wes toiled away on his B.A. and M.A. in anthropology from the University of Kentucky. Afterwards, he headed to the University of Michigan to add a Ph.D. By 1980, he joined the faculty of the Ohio State University, but soon went on to a museum curatorship.

All the while, Cowan's passion for early American photography and history remained a sideline. Working from a makeshift office in his garage, he began to buy and sell images. Then, in 1995 he took a bold step, left the museum to became a licensed auctioneer, and start Cowan's Auctions, Inc., headquartered in Cincinnati. Nearly a quarter of a century later, in January 2019, Hindman L.L.C. acquired Leslie Hindman Auctioneers and Cowan's Auctions. According to a spokesperson for the newly merged companies, this move "reflects the shared vision of Leslie Hindman and Wes Cowan, the respective founders of each firm."

Apropos of this new page in auction-world history, a recap of three recently completed auctions by Cowan's seemed in order. The first featured Historic Photography with 238 lots being offered on December 20, 2018. Among the wide range of subject matter, some of the highest bids went to images of the American West. In fact, a pair of Ben Wittick Stereoviews of a Mohave shaman and his patient was one of the top sellers in the auction at $1,440 including buyer's premium, well above the estimate of $400 to $600.

On January 10-21, 2019, collectors had the opportunity to select from 209 auction lots during Cowan's American Indian and Western Art auction. One standout was labeled as a "Vibrant Pueblo Drum," which certainly told the tale. The $400 to $500 pre-auction estimate for this c. 1930 instrument proved low. When the gavel came down, the handsome handcrafted piece brought $2,040 with buyer's premium.

An even larger price realized versus estimate came when a delighted bidder acquired an "Award Winning Display of Miniature Pipe Tomahawks, From the Collection of Art Gerber." Estimated at $150 between and $250, the actual final with buyer's premium was $5,100.

A similar pleasant surprise for another seller came during Cowan's February 6, 2019, Firearms and Accoutrements auction. Most of the 875 lots fetched modest returns. A 19th-century Mexican bowie knife, however, thought to bring $400 to $600 went for nearly ten times that amount with a price realized including buyer's premium of $5,700.

John Langellier's most recent book , *"Trapdoor" Springfield*, was released last summer by Osprey of London. He currently is completing his next book, *Scouting with the Buffalo Soldiers: Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke, Frederic Remington and the Tenth U.S. Cavalry in the West*.



Six Stereoviews of Gen. George Crook's 1876 "Horsemeat March" by Stanley J. Morrow included a significant image of Custer's guidon recaptured at the Battle of Slim Buttes, as well as poignant scenes of wounded soldiers and their mule transports.

Pre-Auction Estimate: $1,000-$1,500
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $960



A Stereoview by G.R. Gamble of Parsons, Kansas, is a composite of two photographs: the top showing the residence/store/inn of the infamous Bender family, where unsuspecting travelers would be murdered, robbed and their bodies buried to hide the evidence. The bottom view shows the authorities exhuming the victims' corpses.

Pre-Auction Estimate: $200–$400
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $900



This unassuming knife measured only 12 inches overall, has a seven-inch blade inlaid with silver and gold depicting a Mexican snake and eagle, a spirally, fluted ivory grip and silver mounts, and came in its original silver embroidered leather scabbard, but proved the highlight of Cowan's February 6, 2019 Firearms and Accoutrements auction.

Pre-Auction Estimate: $400–$600
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $5,700



A vibrantly painted blue-and-orange wooden bass drum with a black painted hide bottom and top and beater was a highlight of the January 10, 2019, American Indian and Western Art auction at Cowan's.

Pre-Auction Estimate: $400–$500
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $2,040



Billed as an "Award-Winning Display of Miniature Pipe Tomahawks, from the Collection of Art Gerber," these ten pipe tomahawks and one catlinite pipestone came with a typed description, and a "Special Award" ribbon from Alicia & Don Bullock's Santa Monica Indian Ceremonial, January 23–25, 1976.

Pre-Auction Estimate: $150–$250
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $5,100



This fringed beaded hide Sioux tobacco bag—sewn and decorated with glass beads in colors of red white-heart, greasy yellow, dark blue, medium blue, cobalt, white and pea green—is finished with rawhide slats

Pre-Auction Estimate: $600–$800
Final Price with Buyer's Premium: $1,560

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

May 1, 2019
Cowan's Historic Firearms and Early Militaria: Premier Auction (Cincinnati, OH)
Cowans.com • 513-871-1660

May 3–5, 2019
Rock Island Premier Firearms Rock Island (Moline, IL)
RockIslandAuction.com • 800-238-8022

May 18, 2019
Texas Art Heritage (Dallas, TX)
HA.com • 877-437-4824

May 23, 2019
CRock Island Premier Firearms Rock Island (Online Only)
RockIslandAuction.com • 800-238-8022

May 31, 2019
American Western Art Altermann Galleries & Auctioneers (Santa Fe, NM)
Altermann.com • 855-945-0448



A Leap in the Interest of Art typifies the adventurous spirit and drama that the Kolb brothers always liked in their photos. The person in the image remains unidentified, but several scholars think it is Emery, based on the hat and his known fearlessness in pursuit of the most dramatic photograph.

– COURTESY NAU CLINE LIBRARY, KOLB COLLECTION –

BY ROGER NAYLOR

THE KNUCKLEHEADS

The amazing story of how the adventurous Kolb brothers helped inspire the creation of Grand Canyon National Park.

Long before Grand Canyon was a national park, it attracted some colorful characters. Men dug for ore and built trails and camps. Later they guided tourists and were noted for their storytelling prowess.

And then there were the knuckleheads.

That's the word I used to describe groundbreaking photographers, Ellsworth and Emery Kolb, in my book *The Amazing Kolb Brothers of Grand Canyon*. I thought it best summed up their full-tilt, damn the torpedoes, you-think-that-was-crazy-here-hold-my-beer lifestyle. But my publisher thought it could be misconstrued by their family and asked me to remove it. No problem. I still call them knuckleheads at talks and book signings, and in my blog posts. Emery's great-grandson gets a big kick out if it.

The point is the Kolbs went way beyond colorful. They were the real deal, genuine explorers who probed every corner of Grand Canyon, on foot, in the saddle, by boat and even from the air. In 1922, when aviation experts declared it impossible to land a plane in the abyss because of treacherous updrafts, Ellsworth hired a stunt pilot, climbed aboard as cameraman, and proved them wrong when they set down in the inner canyon at Plateau Point.



Ellsworth and Emery are shown with *Defiance* and *Edith*, the boats that saw them through their months on the Green and Colorado rivers from September 8, 1911 to January 18, 1912. Emery christened his boat *Edith*, after his daughter, and Ellsworth named his *Defiance*, because "nobody loves me."

– COURTESY GCNP MUSEUM COLLECTION –

Yet it was the Kolbs' astonishing journey down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1911-'12 that made them famous. John Wesley Powell first rafted those unknown waters in 1869. In the ensuing four decades only a handful of men had succeeded, and plenty had perished in the attempt. With virtually no boating experience, the Kolb brothers spent nearly four months in deep river canyons, traveling 1,100 miles, navigating 365 large rapids and numerous smaller ones. They became just the 26th and 27th men to accomplish the feat. Ellsworth would go on the next year to complete the journey, following the Colorado River all the way to the sea, just the fourth expedition to do so.

The Kolbs not only survived their river trip but shot a moving picture of it. That little film would become the longest running movie of all time, playing at their studio from 1915 until 1976. When the Kolbs weren't filming history, they were making it.

The biggest beneficiary of the Kolbs' work was the Grand Canyon itself. President Theodore Roosevelt, a Kolb friend and occasional houseguest, had used the Antiquities Act to designate Grand Canyon National Monument in 1908. Even that level of protection was fought tooth and nail by some



The Kolb Brothers' 1911–'12 Colorado River trip brought them a measure of fame, which they promoted at their studio on the South Rim near Bright Angel Trail. They became the 26th and 27th men to row the Grand Canyon and they were the first to record it in a motion picture.

– COURTESY GCNP MUSEUM COLLECTION –

Arizona politicians (primarily Ralph Cameron) who wanted to continue to profit off the Big Ditch. The Kolb photos, motion picture and lectures sparked a more widespread interest in the canyon. The August 1914 issue of *National Geographic* was commandeered by the Kolbs. The entire issue is filled with their words and photos detailing their life at Grand Canyon and river trip. Increased attention and growing tourism numbers shifted the political landscape. Grand Canyon National Park was finally established by an act of Congress and signed into law by Woodrow Wilson on February 26, 1919.

Young Men Going West

It all began with Ellsworth Kolb's restless feet.

Ellsworth, who never saw a horizon that didn't seduce him, left his Pittsburgh home in 1900, with $2 in his pocket. He rambled westward, working as he went. He manned a snowplow at Pikes Peak, swung a pick and shovel on the roads of Yellowstone and Yosemite and served as a carpenter's helper in San Francisco. He signed on with a freighter bound for China but before shipping out decided to take a peek at a savage hole in the ground somewhere in the Arizona Territory.

Ellsworth hired on with the Santa Fe Railroad so he could travel east to Williams, a town that lay 60 miles south of the Grand Canyon amid a forest of ponderosa pines. From there, nearly broke, he walked the tracks of the spur line to the canyon for 50 miles then finally flagged down a train. He paid the reduced fare and rode the cushions the rest of the way.

The Santa Fe ran the first train to the South Rim on September 19, 1901. Ellsworth Kolb got there just a few weeks later. Both arrivals would significantly impact Grand Canyon history.

Ellsworth fell in love and forgot all about China. He quickly landed a job chopping wood at the Bright Angel Hotel. When he wrote home, he regaled his younger brother with tales of the spectacular canyon. It intrigued Emery, who had begun pursuing photography as a hobby.

Five years separated the two Kolb boys as well as a difference in personalities. Emery was more practical, more cautious and he tended to be more intense than the easygoing Ellsworth. Still, they were inseparable as kids, wading into a fair share of adventure and mischief.

Now with Ellsworth living on the edge of one of the world's greatest photo ops, it seemed only natural to pursue this artistic calling. In 1902, Emery traveled west to join his brother.

Running with the Mules

The bulk of the Kolb brothers' business was photographing mule riders as they clip-clopped into the canyon. The Kolbs would go on to photograph more than 50,000 mule strings descending the trail. They built a darkroom at Indian Garden, halfway down the canyon where there was fresh water, and created a business plan that would make hardened athletes weep.

The mule trains would pause for a photo to be taken at the rim and then start down the trail, only to quickly be passed by the photographer himself. After snapping the photos, Emery or Ellsworth loaded the glass plates into their pack and sprinted into the abyss.



The Kolb brothers' primary source of income was from taking photographs of mule riders, including Theodore Roosevelt (front) and famed Grand Canyon pioneer, explorer and storyteller John Hance (on white horse), near the top of the Bright Angel Trail.

– COURTESY GCNP MUSEUM COLLECTION –

They hurtled down the switchbacks, 4.6 miles to the clear spring at Indian Garden, where each plate had to be hand-washed once, twice, three times. Repacking the plates, they turned and charged back toward



Emery's photo of Ellsworth clinging to the legendary Hummingbird Trail—using ropes, ladders and chiseled toeholds and plunges down a sheer cliff face to reach an abandoned mine shaft—was just the type of image that created the Kolbs' enduring legacy of adventure.

– COURTESY NAU CLINE LIBRARY, KOLB COLLECTION –

the rim. This time every step pointed uphill, always up, often in a snarling heat, passing the mules again, glass plates clattering as they ran, sweat stinging their eyes, regaining over 3,200 vertical feet—9.2 miles round trip. They would reach the studio in time to sell prints to the returning riders. This mini-marathon was often repeated twice, and occasionally, three times a day.

There are mules and then there are simply the mule-headed.



During the Kolb brothers' first years at the South Rim, they explored numerous new and old trails. In 1909, they decided to treat themselves to a vacation, so they traveled to the far eastern edge of the canyon where they located the abandoned Tanner Trail, a steep, long-neglected sketchy route that leads northeast towards the river.

– COURTESY NAU CLINE LIBRARY, KOLB COLLECTION –

The View Stalkers

That was part of the Kolbs' enduring legacy. They captured not just a landscape but a spirit. At the dawn of the 20th century, when technological advancements seemed to be shrinking the country, the Kolbs showed America that the frontier still existed— and they were living right on its raggedy edge. Wild places could be reached but it took daring and nerve, and they were just the camera-slingers to pull it off. Their mule photos were mementos, but their canyon portraits were lusty dreamscapes.

The Kolbs invented the selfie. They inserted themselves into many of their photographs as markers to the scope and perils of the Grand Canyon. Sometimes they are there to provide a measure of scale, a human speck perched atop a towering ledge, a living comma pausing the viewer's eye, at the base of precipitous cliffs. But often they emerged as characters in a larger drama. They appeared in photos clinging to cliff faces, climbing hand over hand on ropes stretched from treetops and leaping across gaping chasms.

Their signature photograph is one titled *View Hunters* (featured on the cover and on page 19). It perfectly captured that reckless audacity that would become their trademark. Ellsworth straddles a high crevasse with a slender tree trunk stretched across the gap. Far below him Emery dangles in mid-air clutching a rope with one hand and a camera in the other. He's angling for the impossible shot as Ellsworth holds the rope taut.

They turned the image of *View Hunters* into postcards and it graced the cover of the souvenir photo album they sold at the studio and through the mail. It came to define their artistic style. Hard to imagine Ansel Adams hanging from a rope in a crevasse. Or Grand Canyon painter Thomas Moran inching across a cliff face with a brush in his teeth.



On August 8, 1922, World War I veteran pilot and barnstormer R.V. Thomas and passenger and cameraman Ellsworth (left, standing with camera) did what many thought impossible by landing the first airplane in the Grand Canyon at Plateau Point near Indian Garden. They took off from the small Williams airstrip and landed on a makeshift strip scraped out by the park rangers near the canyon oasis.

– COURTESY GCNP MUSEUM COLLECTION –

The Kolbs were adventurers who just happened to carry cameras.

The Last Pioneer

When Emery was born, the Apache Wars still raged across the Arizona Territory. The Earps and Doc Holiday had not yet shot it out with the Clantons and McLaurys in a vacant lot near the OK Corral in Tombstone. He lived long enough to witness every Apollo moon landing. Emery Kolb died December 11, 1976. He was 95.

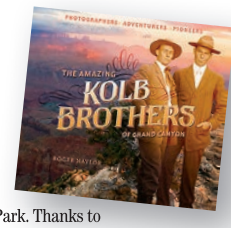
Kolb Studio

The Kolb Studio remains. The wood frame building originally constructed by the two young novices in 1904 on an eyebrow ledge, affixed to the world's greatest erosional masterpiece, still hangs on at the head of Bright Angel Trail. There's a lesson in tenacity there somewhere.

The original little two-story structure grew and sprawled and now cascades down the cliff face. This wooden aerie has teetered and tottered and swayed with every breath the canyon took for over a hundred years.

Now beautifully restored by the Grand Canyon Conservancy and operated as a retail outlet and exhibition space, the Kolb Studio perches on the edge of a wilderness of towers and temples, pinnacles and promontories—a cathedral of light and stone and sky. It sits on the shore of an ocean of shadows and shapes. Clouds sweep the porch and ravens swoop past the basement door. Clusters of stars peek in the windows each night and the moon uses the roof for a footrest. And the simple rotation of the earth, the rising and setting of the sun, floods the studio with a crescendo of shimmering color, both eloquent and scandalous. Every day. The Kolb Studio is the only house still standing that has the entire Grand Canyon for a front yard.

Ellsworth and Emery may have been knuckleheads but, holy mackerel, they knew how to live!



Editor's Note
"Knuckleheads" is an excerpt from Roger Naylor's *The Amazing Kolb Brothers of Grand Canyon*, published by the Grand Canyon Conservancy, the nonprofit partner of Grand Canyon National Park. Thanks to Roger Naylor, Grand Canyon Conservancy, Grand Canyon National Park Museum Collection and Northern Arizona University's Cline Library, Kolb Collection for sharing the images and excerpts with *True West*.

Roger Naylor is a travel writer who hates to travel—at least anywhere beyond the Southwest. He spends his days rambling around Arizona and writing about what he finds. In 2018, he was inducted into the Arizona Tourism Hall of Fame. He is the author of several books, including *Boots & Burgers: An Arizona Handbook for Hungry Hikers*, *Arizona Kicks on Route 66* and *Death Valley: Hottest Place on Earth*.

Ellsworth Bids Adios

Away from civilization, the brothers were a great team, always watching out for each other and balancing their more extreme tendencies. But the business also exacerbated their differences in temperament and personality. Emery was a devoted family man who craved security. Ellsworth was a footloose rambler.

It finally came down to a coin flip. Best two out of three—heads, Emery would keep the studio; tails, Ellsworth would take over. Emery flipped and it came up heads. Ellsworth flipped and it was heads. Ellsworth even flipped a third time, and it came up heads again. It was as if the Universe wanted to make very clear who was supposed to stay and operate the studio.

Had things gone the other way, no Kolb Studio would exist at the Grand Canyon. While Ellsworth never backed down from a challenge, he was far too easygoing and prone to restlessness. It's extremely unlikely he would have dug in and fought the long ongoing battles Emery did with the Fred Harvey Company and the National Park Service, who tried for decades to get rid of the upstart brothers. He also didn't have someone like Blanche working alongside him. Emery's wife, Blanche, was in many ways the anchor that kept the little studio attached to the canyon wall.

Ellsworth finally left in 1924 to chase other horizons, although he often returned to the canyon. Notably he came back to help recover the boat of missing honeymooners Glen and Bessie Hyde, and became the first man to discover the source of Cheyava Falls, Grand Canyon's tallest waterfall. Ellsworth wrote a book about his river journeys called *Through Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico*, with a foreword by Owen Wister. He lived in Los Angeles until January 9, 1960, when he died in his sleep. He was 83. Ellsworth is buried in Grand Canyon Pioneer Cemetery, just down the way from Emery and Blanche.

Ellsworth and Emery Kolb made themselves and the Grand Canyon famous through daredevil photography of the natural wonder in northern Arizona, including their famous series of images they named *View Hunters*.

– COURTESY NAU CLINE LIBRARY, KOLB COLLECTION –



BY CAROL ORMOND

Powell and the People of the Plateau

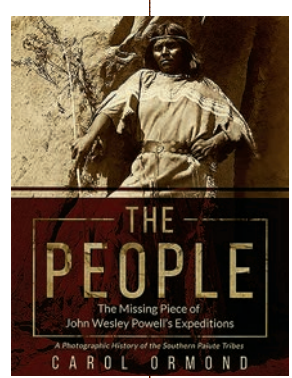
A TREASURE TROVE OF REDISCOVERED IMAGES SHINES A LIGHT ON A FORGOTTEN RELATIONSHIP OF TRUST BETWEEN THE FAMED EXPLORER AND THE PAIUTES.

John Wesley Powell's first expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers through the Grand Canyon in 1869, made him a national hero. John K. Hillers' exhibition of photographs at the 1876 Centennial Exhibition from the second Powell expedition established him as a leading photographer of Indians and the West. The missing piece, referred to in the title of this book, is the story of the subjects of Hillers' photographs and Powell's passion, *The People*. The purpose of this book is to see The People, the Southern Paiute and other tribes of the 1870s, as people.

In 1873, John Wesley Powell, as Special Commissioner of Indians, and G.W. Ingalls were tasked with investigating the "conditions and wants" of the tribes of the Great Basin region. As part of that investigation, they compiled a census of all the tribes they visited. The census counted 31 Southern Paiute tribes comprised of 2,027 individuals. The photographs in this collection are of members of five of the tribes: Kai'-vav-wits (Kaibab) in the vicinity of Kanab, Utah; U'-ai-Nu-ints in the vicinity of St. George, Utah; Shi'vwits in the Shi'vwits Plateau; Mo-a-pa-ri'-ats in the Moapa Valley, Nevada; and Nu-a'-gun-tits in the vicinity of Las Vegas, Nevada.

The photographs in the collection are labeled from 1 through 117 but there are actually only 116 photographs and certificates because there is no photograph 3.

Some of the photographs have been used to illustrate other books. All of them are in the public domain. But the Binghams estimate that 90 percent have not been seen outside the museum, and the entire collection has never been seen in book form. The only other complete collection of these photographs is owned by the Smithsonian Institution.

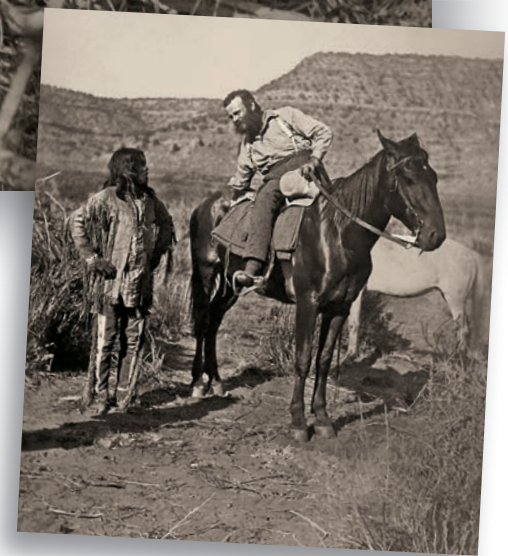


Editor's Note: The following photographs are excerpted from Carol Ormond's *The People: The Missing Piece of the John Wesley Powell's Expeditions, A Photographic History of the Southern Paiute Tribes*, Foreword by Freddy Langer, published by Git'er Done Books of West Jordan, Utah, in association with The Thunderbird Foundation of the Arts. Where possible, detailed descriptions are in John Wesley Powell's own words. A number of descriptions are taken from the work of Julian H. Steward, *Notes on Hillers' Photographs of the Paiute and Ute Indians Taken on the Powell Expedition of 1873*, published in 1939 by the Smithsonian Institution. Thanks to Carol Ormond, Paul Bingham and The Thunderbird Foundation for sharing the images and excerpts with *True West* magazine.



Indian Boy and His Dog

Dogs were an important part of Uinta Ute culture long before the introduction of the horse to the Southwest in the 16th century.



Inquiring for the Water Pocket

John Wesley Powell, on horseback, talks with the Paiute chief.



The Warrior and his Bride

"By its title, this photograph probably represents a war costume. The man is naked except for the chest ornament (which is probably of manufactured bone brought by traders), the cartridge belt, the breechclout, and the anklet. His forelock is brushed back and painted, and his body is painted a light color with darker stripes running horizontally around his arms and vertically on his legs."

—Julian H. Steward

– PHOTOGRAPH OF UNITA UTES ATTRIBUTED TO E.O. BEAMAN BY LESSARD –



Ko-mo-hoats Hunting, also known as Jim Pilling

"Although the picture is posed, Ko-mo-hoats is probably holding his bow in accordance with native usage. This slanting position was common throughout the area."

—Julian H. Steward



Nau-no-Kwits and His Eagle

"An eagle, the property of a Uintah Ute man, is tied to the limb of a tree."

—Julian H. Steward



Indian Girl on Horseback

Lessard credits E.O. Beaman for this photograph. The Uinta Ute girl on horseback is Sai-ar's daughter.



Showing the Wi-Gear or Feather Head-dress

In his Kai-vav-wits vocabulary, Powell lists Wi-giv, as a head dress, a crown of feathers. Whether or not these were manufactured for the photograph, the Southern Paiute evidently did wear this type of head gear.



Kindling a Fire by Friction

"The firemaker twirls the drill between the palm of his hands while an assistant holds bark tinder in which to catch the spark."

—Julian H. Steward

(The man in the background is not relevant to the process.)



The Hunter

"The Indian as a hunter exhibits great patience and his success is chiefly due to this characteristic…His practiced eye discovers tracks or sees an animal at a great distance."
—John Wesley Powell

(Guns were just being introduced to the Paiutes when Hillers photographed them.)



Bears rummaging through trash in Yellowstone National Park is as familiar a scene today as it was in this 1905 photo by William Henry Jackson.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

Yellowstone
Was Only the Beginning

July is the busiest month for Yellowstone National Park, where vacationers find a cool respite from the sizzling heat. The idea of setting aside land for the public's benefit was revolutionary when President Ulysses S. Grant signed the bill creating the first national park in the world, on March 1, 1872.

Yellowstone covered two million acres in the northwest corner of Wyoming Territory and spilled into Idaho and Montana territories. The bill protected Yellowstone from private greed and ordered that the area be "dedicated and set apart as a public park or pleasuring-ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," notes David A. Clary in *The Place Where Hell Bubbled Up*, published by the National Park Service in 1972.

But the idea of a national preserve continued to be controversial; Yellowstone had none of the protection found today for the national park system. It was defenseless from "poachers, squatters, woodcutters, vandals and firebugs," Clary reports.

In 1883, Congress debated the value of such publicly owned land, with some members arguing that private enterprise should be in charge. Three years later, Congress stripped all money allocated to protect Yellowstone. The Secretary of the Interior called on the Secretary of War for help. The U.S. Army stepped in to protect the land.

Although strong federal laws now protect the nation's vast system of public parks, the debate continues to this day. Each year, the National Park Service must fight for a decent operating budget—and Congress often raids the money the parks earn themselves through visitor fees.

Land speculators constantly put the pressure on Congress to sell all that pristine property—not a value to everyone, as intended, but a gold mine for a few. Some politicians in Congress think they're right.

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*.







The first national park, Yellowstone, was signed into law by President Ulysses S. Grant in 1872, followed by Mackinac National Park (top) in 1875, which was decommissioned in 1895, and then Rock Creek Park (middle—later merged into National Capital Parks), Sequoia and Yosemite (left) in 1890. The Organic Act of 1916 created the National Park Service "to conserve the scenery and the natural and historic objects and the wild life therein and to provide for the enjoyment of the same in such manner and by such means as will leave them unimpaired for the enjoyment of future generations."

– MACKINAC TRUE WEST ARCHIVES; ROCK CREEK COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; YOSEMITE COURTESY YOSEMITE RESEARCH LIBRARY, NATIONAL PARK SERVICE –





President Chester A. Arthur toured Yellowstone National Park in August 1883. The first president to visit the park, he rode horseback across its expanses and fished its streams and lakes. From l–r: John Schuyler Crosby, Lt. Col. Michael V. Sheridan, Lt. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Anson Stager, unidentified, President Arthur, unidentified, unidentified, Robert Todd Lincoln and George G. Vest. Unidenitifed men may be Daniel G. Rollins, James F. Gregory, W.P. Clark, W.H. Forwood and/or George G. Vest Jr.

– FRANK JAY HAYNES, COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

BY PAUL L. HEDREN

CROOK FAILS CUSTER

The general declared it a victory, but history—and historians—still debate the fateful prequel to Little Big Horn and its consequences.

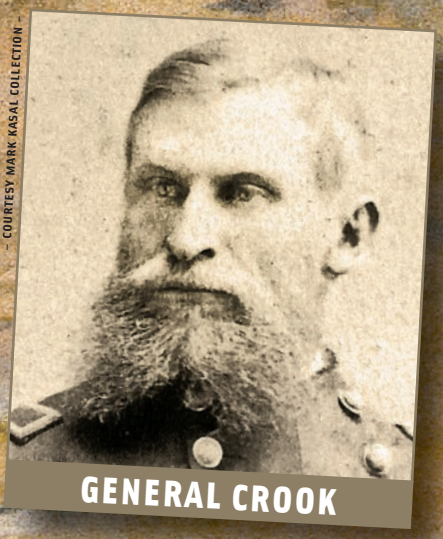
On a blisteringly hot Saturday in mid-June 1876, Brig. Gen. George Crook fought to the draw Sioux and Northern Cheyenne warriors led spiritually by Sitting Bull and passionately by Crazy Horse. It was a big fight on a sprawling field. Heroics scored action on both sides. Casualties were pronounced. At battle's end, Crook held the field and proclaimed a victory. Warriors in Sitting Bull's camp on Reno Creek, 20 miles away, conceded the Army's victory, momentarily anyway, until watching Crook's soldiers ride away. At that moment they knew that victory, in fact, was theirs.



– *THE CUSTER FIGHT* BY CHARLES M. RUSSELL, COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

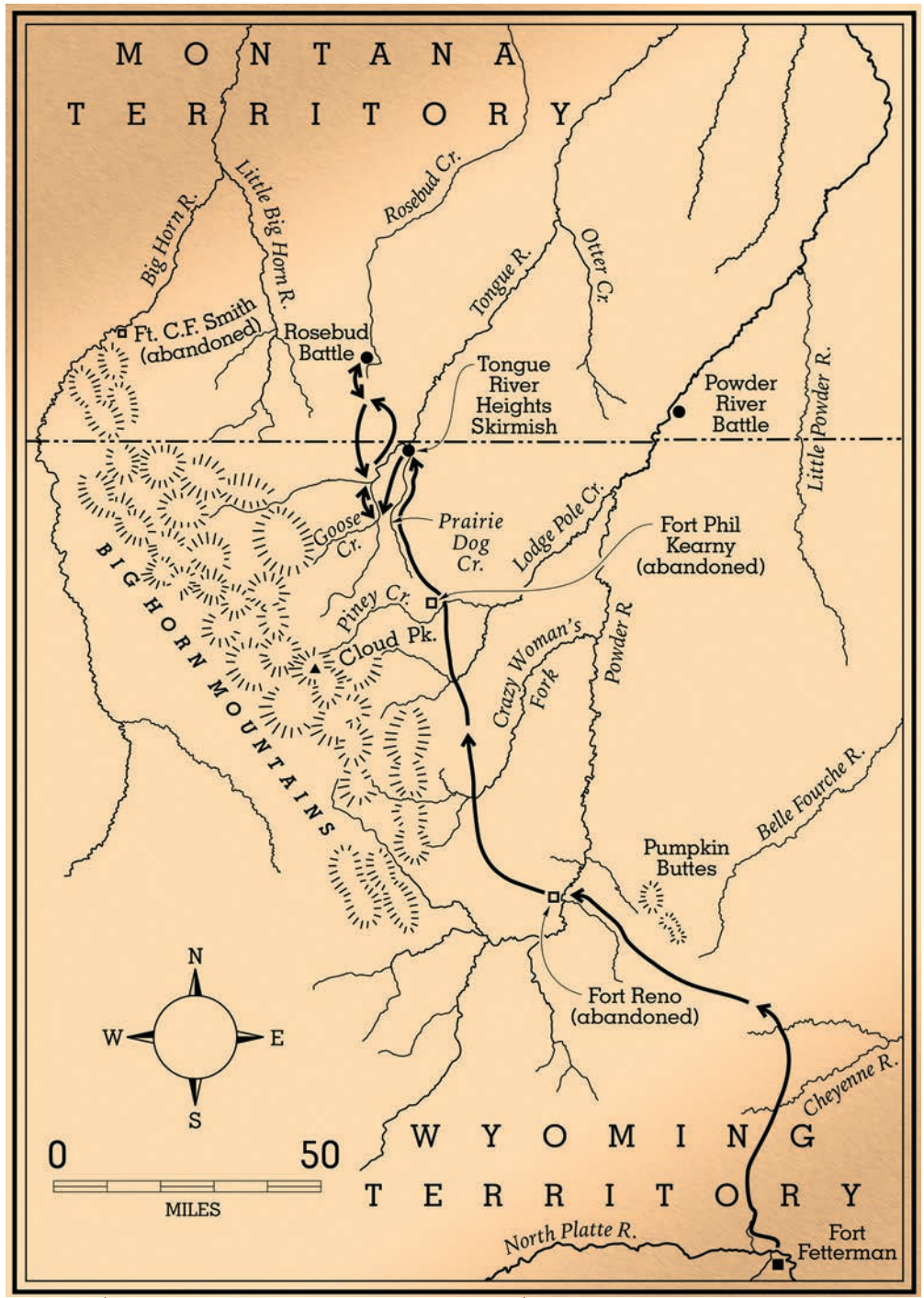
AT THE ROSEBUD

History tells us more. Eight days later George Armstrong Custer, commanding all 12 companies of the Seventh Cavalry, struck this same village, enlarged now and having relocated to the Little Big Horn River. There, Custer and five companies of the Seventh plus nearly three score soldiers more perished. Crook, meanwhile, blithely fished and hunted in the Big Horn Mountains awaiting reinforcements and resupply. He learned of the Custer disaster on July 10, the news delivered by courier from Fort Fetterman. Captain Anson Mills in turn carried the news from the camp to Crook in the mountains, and recalled his look of



– COURTESY MARK KASAL COLLECTION –

GENERAL CROOK



– COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS –

mortification, "a feeling that the country would realize that there were others who had underrated the valor and numbers of the Sioux."

Attitudes in Crook's Goose Creek camp turned instantly against the general. Many were already critical of his leadership on the Rosebud battlefield, but before July 10 focused their enmity on the costs and conduct of that fight alone, reflected in the casualties, the reputations of participating officers and regiments, and the unseemliness now of fishing instead of fighting. All debated notions of victory or defeat. That Crook repulsed his attackers and held the field smacked of a victory. Withdrawing to Goose Creek to tend his wounded and reinforce and resupply seemed a logical move, at least at first, but a decision wearing thin as June turned to July. The Custer disaster changed everything and served to harden the case that Crook could have and should have done more, something, anything offensively that might have averted the calamity at the Little Big Horn. But what might that action have been? One can imagine many alternatives.

On the afternoon of the battle, at the mouth of the Rosebud Narrows, Crook implored his Crow and Shoshone scouts to lead his column through the cañon and charge the Indian village that surely lay at that defile's other end. All evidence to that moment reinforced this simple belief. The Crows had first told Crook of their enemy's whereabouts when they arrived at his camp on Goose Creek on June 15. Sitting Bull, they said with utmost confidence, was on Rosebud Creek. Indeed, on that day he was. Importantly, too, all day long the battle had played by way of the Rosebud Narrows. When Sioux warriors fell upon Crow and Shoshone scouts and chased them—from the cañon southward and westward over the heights, through the Gap, and across the foreground between the east-west reach of the stream and the Camel-Back Ridge—they reinforced the notion of a village lying somewhere down the Rosebud. This belief was bolstered yet again when Mills and Noyes traveled most of the way through the Narrows on Crook's order to find and attack the village at the other end of the cañon. Nearly one and all in the column were awed, even dumbstruck by the buffalo tracks scoring the dry, soft earth, tracks quickly discerned as Indian pony tracks instead. The attackers that day had come up the Rosebud from a village that simply had to be located down the Rosebud.

But Crook's Indian scouts refused to go with him on the afternoon of June 17, partly fearing the peril of the Narrows. They offered excuses, not the least that the Narrows amounted to a massive trap. That Mills and Noyes had just traveled that same ground barely an hour before and sensed no trap at all was immaterial. The auxiliaries were adamant. A year later, Crazy Horse played into this thinking. In an interview



Sioux Charging Colonel Royal's Detachment of Cavalry, June 17th, by Charles St. George Stanley for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, is skewed, but the first depiction of the Rosebud Battle shows the Sioux midday charge on Lt. Col. William Royall's Third Cavalry.

– COURTESY PAUL M. HEDREN –

occurring at Red Cloud Agency shortly after his surrender, he told Frank Grouard, who in turn told Robert Strahorn, reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News*, that he, in fact, had two thousand warriors posted behind the crags of the cañon and would have swooped down on Crook had he dared to enter. "Another terrible massacre would have been the inevitable result," Strahorn penned. Horned Horse told *Chicago Times* reporter Charles Diehl much the same thing at Camp Robinson on May 24, 1877, again during the time of the surrenders. Horned Horse had come in with Crazy Horse and told Diehl that the chief purposefully retreated with the idea that the troops would follow, and "then fall into their stronghold." The peril of the Narrows is a notion that dogs the Rosebud story to this day.

Nothing of the sort happened, of course. Crazy Horse did not command two thousand warriors at the close of the battle or at any time, and no stronghold or trap existed in the cañon. He and some dozens of followers may have lingered on the heights of the Narrows to see whether Crook actually ventured that way, and perhaps would have renewed a fight of sorts. But Crook remained strong and capable, his cavalry bruised but cohesive and ably led. Sioux and Cheyenne warriors had been strong that day, as well, but by mid-afternoon they were hungry, tired, and making their way to their camps on Reno Creek.

That evening, Crook again implored his scouts to join him in an advance down the Rosebud under the cover of darkness for an attack on the village at daybreak the next morning. Again they demurred and stood by their reasoning. But suppose that the Crows and Shoshones had agreed to an advance down the stream, whether on the afternoon of June 17, or in the wee hours of June 18. Almost certainly Crook would have reengaged his enemy. On the afternoon of the 17th, Crazy Horse, based on the evidence gathered after his surrender, would have responded. It might have been a small fight that could well have escalated into a major battle had other warriors rallied to the chief's side. In the mid-afternoon the entire Sioux and Cheyenne fighting force was within meaningful recall, even if dog tired and making their way to their Reno Creek camp. A second battle of the Rosebud might have played out that afternoon. In the cañon, Crook's troops would have been at a distinct disadvantage in an escalating fight simply because the Indians would have spilled from the prevailing high ground. How long such a renewed fight might have ensued is pure conjecture, as is the outcome. It was the high ground that gave dominance to the position, not crags, fallen trees, or any other vestige of a so-called trap. But again, nothing of the sort happened. Crook did not advance down the Rosebud Narrows on the afternoon of June 17.

What if Crook had pursued his opponents on June 18? Until his scouts refused again to join him, Crook, having implored them for the second time on the evening of the 17th to do so, was fully prepared to reapportion his existing ammunition, which remained plentiful column-wide, park his wounded on the east-west reach of the Rosebud, likely in the care of Tom Moore's

ROSEBUD WARRIORS



SITTING BULL

– COURTESY PAUL M. HEDREN –



LITTLE BIG MAN

– COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



WESHA

– COURTESY PAUL M. HEDREN –



Hunkpapa Lakota war chief Rain in the Face may have led warriors into battle against Gen. George Crook but he was prominent at Little Big Horn. Before his death he allegedly confessed he killed Custer's brother Tom at Little Big Horn.

– COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

packers and perhaps an infantry company or two, and advance down the stream. Crook's Indian allies were crucial, both as trailers and as a fighting force, but the trail itself was obvious. Certainly such a movement would have been observed. A handful of warriors remained on the field through the evening of June 17 keeping an eye on Crook. But while any movement on Crook's part in the wee hours of the next morning would have been seen, the general would have had the advantage. Aside from those few warriors stalking him, the considerable force that challenged him so heroically on the seventeenth were home and tending personal and family matters. Crook's Crows and Shoshones would have followed the enormous pony trail down the Rosebud to where it diverted northwestward, out of the valley and straight to the Forks of Reno Creek. At that moment, Crook and his scouts would have quickly grasped that Sitting Bull's village was not on Rosebud Creek at all but across the divide to the west. The point would have been wholly immaterial. Crook, the aggressor, would have followed the trail to that village, and in some likelihood would have reached and attacked it at dawn, the classic moment in which attacks on Indian villages optimally occurred.

If Crook had attacked Sitting Bull's camp on the morning of June 18, his force was every bit the equal in count to the warriors occupying that sprawling camp. In a dawn attack, more or less a surprise assault, even if the four dogging warriors had somehow preceded him to the village and sounded an alarm, the advantage would not have fallen to the tribesmen but to General Crook. He would have been attacking a village filled with women, children, and the elderly. Mass chaos would have ensued. Crook certainly would have personally taken high ground, just as he did on the Camel-Back Ridge, and commanded another great battle, throwing all of his troops into the fight cohesively. In due course he would have been resisted—fiercely—but warrior allegiances, particularly in the confusion of the initial attack, would have been torn between aggressively countering the blow and the burdens of defending the defenseless. The advantage in such circumstances always accrued to the Army. Victory for Crook was not inevitable, but it may have been probable. The camp sprawled for miles, but this village was not yet the even larger Little Big Horn camp. Its defense would have been vigorous, the fighting bloody and devastating. And yet history suggests that Plains Indians never won village battles but instead fought and fled. Whitestone Hill, Killdeer Mountain, Sand Creek, Washita, even Powder River affirmed that fact, and the point was doctrine in the Army. But the point is also moot. Crook did not advance down the Rosebud in the dawning hours of June 18.

An aggressive movement on Crook's part on June 17 or 18 would have had one other and perhaps even greater component effect on the larger story of the Great Sioux War. This was a village basking in the glow of the great Northern Indian Ascendency, Lakota and Northern Cheyenne people rallying to the cause of tribal sovereignty and sacred rights. They were headstrong, they were empowered by Sitting Bull's Sun Dance vision, and they were growing numerically stronger by the day, even as they were equally vulnerable. Sitting Bull's village overflowed with foodstuffs, day-to-day wares, cultural finery, and people, with five times as many non-combatants present as warriors. At Rosebud and Prairie Dog Creek, Sitting Bull's warriors took the fight to the general. Here, Crook would have been taking the fight straight to Sitting Bull. Win, lose or draw, the disruption would have been catastrophic. In some likelihood, the village could not have remained cohesive.

Conventional wisdom and simple fact suggest that villages under such duress scattered. Perhaps it would have regrouped, but perhaps not. Perhaps the great Ascendency might have regenerated, but perhaps not. The summer people may have continued their outward course from the agencies into the buffalo country, but perhaps not, especially now after another aggressive Army attack on a Northern Indian village, and this time no less than Sitting Bull's village. But this disruption to the Ascendency never occurred. Crook did not advance down the Rosebud Narrows.

Allow Crook his withdrawal to Goose Creek to tend his wounded and resupply, and accept the abandonment of the Crows and Shoshones. The retrograde was completed on the afternoon of June 19. On June 20 attention turned to preparing for the retirement of the wagons and ambulances to Fort Fetterman on June 21. Certainly time was sufficient on the afternoon of the 19th, all of the 20th, and some or all of the 21st to fully reequip the expedition's men with full issues of ammunition and rations. With this, Crook could have renewed the campaign immediately. While some stores still required caching on Goose Creek, Crook's vaunted mule train could easily have been reconstituted to carry essential reserves of munitions, food and grain. Allow that two infantry companies were allotted to the departing wagon train, and maybe one more detailed to protect the stores on Goose Creek, there to join a greatly downsized cadre of lingering teamsters, packers, and miners. Crook still would have had all fifteen companies of his cavalry and two, maybe three companies of infantry. He could have renewed his offensive movement with upwards of 950 men, this time well supported by Moore's pack train and commencing on June 21 after the departure of the wagons, or in the customary wee hours of the following day.

Crook's trail north would have been simple. Even without Indian scouts, he knew the way to the Rosebud's east-west reach and the Narrows, which he could have reached on the afternoon of June 23. He could have made his way partly through the Narrows late in the day or on the morning of June 24, and turned northwestward toward the Forks of Reno Creek following a still-obvious pony trail. He may have crossed paths with other bodies of Indians, summer roamers perhaps, or they with him. Fighting may have erupted. Then again, he may have discovered or himself been discovered by Custer's Arikara and Crow scouts who on June 24 were ranging far ahead of that column as it too wended its way up Rosebud Creek while Crook was perchance ranging down that same stream. The notion of Crook and Custer operating in concert against an enemy whose trail, whether scored by travois tracks or pony tracks, "could have been followed by a blind person," as Wooden Leg recalled, becomes yet another intriguing what-if of the Rosebud story. Even the cagey Hunkpapa warrior Rain in the Face appreciated the threat of a Crook-Custer alliance, telling an interviewer in 1905 that Crook might well have "pushed on and connected with the Long-Haired Chief. That would have saved Custer and perhaps won the day." Henry Noyes of the Second Cavalry in Crook's column saw it this way, as well, embracing the merits of supporting General Terry, commanding the Dakota column, at this early stage of the war. But, remembered Noyes, "we returned to our base on Goose Creek, and a week later heard of the massacre of General Custer's party."

The simple fact is that Crook did not renew his campaign after securing his wounded. He never rendezvoused with Custer. They never jointly swooped down on Sitting Bull's village. It might well have been the battle that ended the war and conquered the Sioux. General Crook might have changed history. Instead, he went fishing.

This tale of "what if" is drawn from the concluding chapter of **Paul Hedren**'s latest book, *Rosebud, June 17, 1876: Prelude to the Little Big Horn*, published in April by the University of Oklahoma Press. Hedren, a retired National Park Service superintendent, resides in Omaha, Nebraska, where he tirelessly chases Crook, Crazy Horse and the Great Sioux War. As he says, someone must do so.

ROSEBUD SOLDIERS



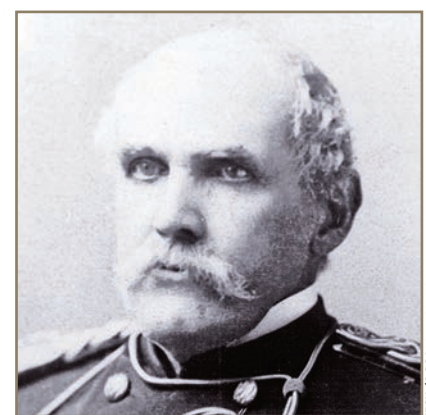
ANSON MILLS

– COURTESY BEINECKE LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY –



FRANK GROUARD

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WILLIAM ROYALL

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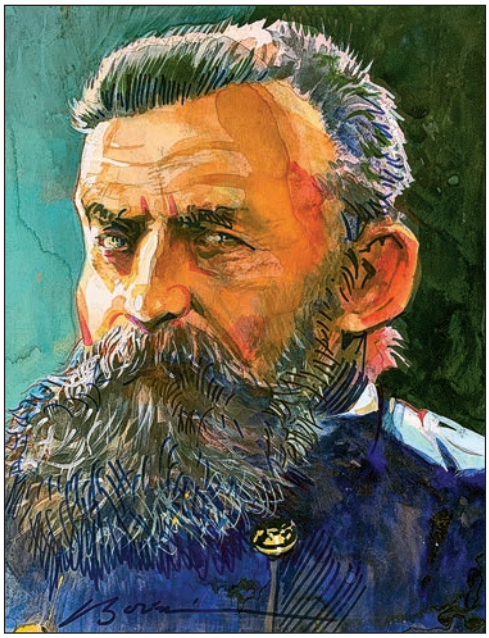
True West Exclusive

Classic Gunfights

Battle of Rosebud

Crook vs Crazy Horse & Sitting Bull

"Heap Sioux! Heap Sioux!"



General Crook and his troops held their own against the Sioux at the Battle of Rosebud, but in days after did Crook ultimately let Custer down at Little Big Horn?

– ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Based on the research of Paul L. Hedren.

JUNE 17, 1876

General Crook is leading the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition, which consists of some 990 cavalry and mule-mounted infantry, 250 friendly Indians, 36 packers and Montana miners, and six journalists. Crook's chief scout is Frank Grouard. The wretch Calamity Jane was left behind at Goose Creek.

The soldiers are resting when they start to hear firing from the bluffs to the north, where Crow and Shoshone scouts are positioned. The troops at first assume the friendly Indians are shooting buffalo (the day before the scouts jumped a buffalo herd and started firing, disobeying Crook's orders to abstain from making such a ruckus). As the firing increased, Crows rush through the camp shouting, "Heap Sioux! Heap Sioux!" Heavily outnumbered, the Crows and Shoshones fall back towards Crook's main assembly.

Reacting to the opening salvos, Crook directs his forces to seize the high ground to the north and south of Rosebud Creek. He orders Capt. Frederick Van Vliet of the Third Cavalry to take the high bluffs south of the creek to guard against an Indian attack from that direction. The general then commands Maj. Alex Chambers and Capt. Henry E. Noyes to form a dismounted skirmish line and advance towards the attackers.

Crook orders Capt. Anson Mills and his Third Cavalry to charge the Lakotas. Mills's charge effectively unnerves the Indians in that sector and they withdraw to the next ridge line. Mills re-forms his troops and leads another charge, driving the Indians farther north. Poised to attack again, Mills receives orders from Crook to cease his advance and assume a defensive position.

Chambers and Noyes, meanwhile, soon join Crook as he advances up the Camel-Back Ridge and establishes his headquarters. From there he sends three infantry companies to a prominence even farther west, and then considers his next move.

After initially falling back, the Lakotas and Cheyennes keep up long distance firing and small parties engage in hit-and-run tactics. Crook, ever anxious to strike the Indian village, orders Mills and Noyes to swing eastward to the Big Bend and follow the Rosebud north to find the village, which in nearness, Crook believes, is causing the Indians to be so tenacious about holding their ground.

While Mills and Noyes are making their way down the Rosebud, Lt. Col. William Royall and five companies of cavalry advance on warriors along Kollmar Creek, a small dry Rosebud tributary. When Crook sees the danger of Royall's advance he sends orders for Royall to withdraw to Crook's Hill. Royall at first sends only one company, while the rest of his men remain fully engaged. For a second time Crook orders Royall to withdraw and when he about-faces all hell breaks loose. Eventually Crow and Shoshone scouts show up and drive the Lakotas and Cheyennes back. Crook also details two infantry companies to occupy a nearby hill to aid Royall. The friendly scouts and those long-range infantry rifles probably saved Royall's command from complete destruction.

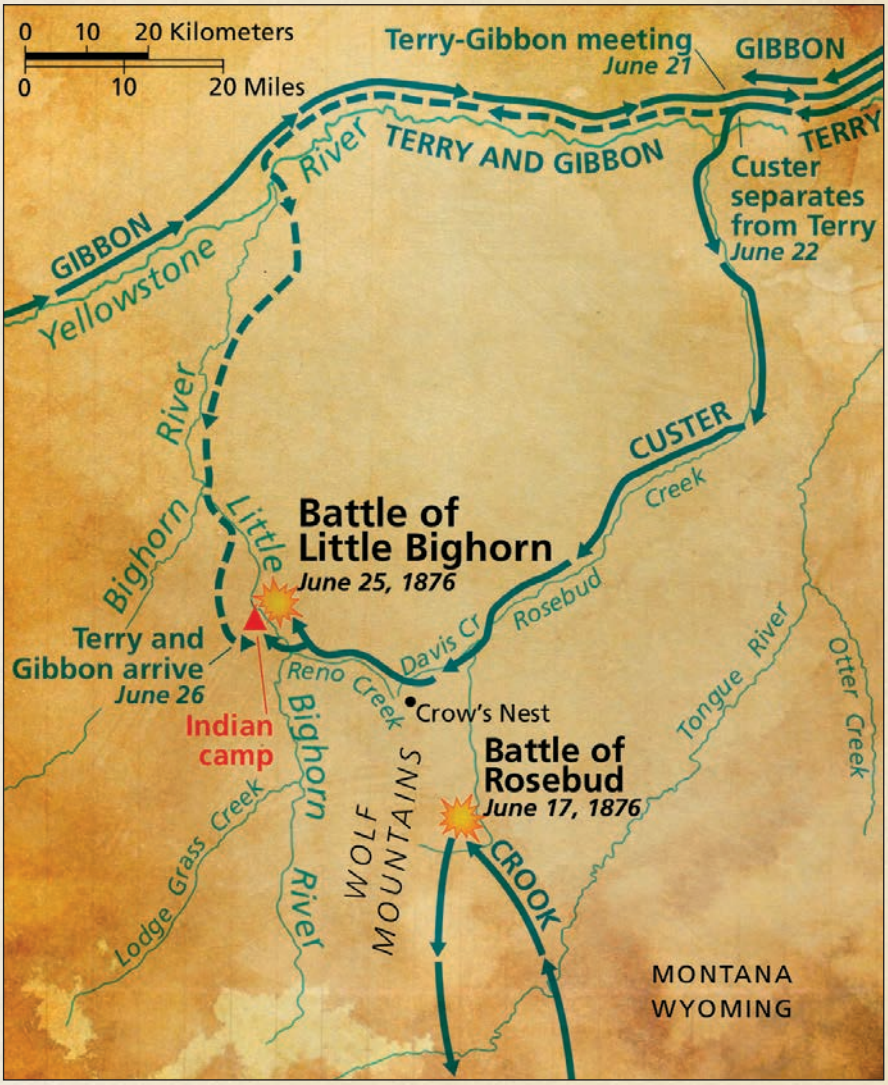
In the early afternoon Royall finally completes his withdrawal. Fearing utter calamity, Crook also withdraws Mills and Noyes from their advance on the village, and when those troops return to the field the Sioux and Cheyenne break off their fight and return to Reno Creek. It's mid-afternoon and the Battle of the Rosebud is over.

"The coming together of the Sioux, Crows, and Shoshones was the prettiest sight in the way of a fight that I have ever seen. They were all mixed up, and I could hardly distinguish our allies from the hostiles."

—Scout Frank Grouard

"They had all kinds of arms: Henry rifles, Winchester, Sharps, Spencer muzzle loaders and many of them two or three revolvers apiece; [and] all had knives and lances."

—Kill Eagle, Hunkpapa Sioux



– MAP COURTESY NPS.GOV –

On The Trail With Crook

Historian and author Paul Hedren makes the point that Rosebud "may well be the largest Indian battle ever fought in the American West." The physical scale of the fight is colossal with three different clashes taking place across a battlefield that was miles wide and miles long.

The Rosebud battlefield is perhaps unique because Crook had with him five full-time newsmen and a full-time illustrator in the field and at the battle.

On June 14, 175 Crow and 86 Shoshoni show up with Frank Grouard. Two days later, on June 16, Crook leaves the wagons and pack train behind with most of the cilivians and advances northward across the Tongue River to seek and engage the Lakota and Cheyenne warriors. The element of surprise was destroyed when the Crow and Shoshoni scouts jumped a buffalo herd and shot many of them. An Indian force of close to 1,000 Indians rides all night and comes into contact with Crook's scouts at 8:30 a.m. on June 17.

By the standards of Indian warfare, the Battle of the Rosebud was a long and bloody engagement. The Lakota and Cheyenne fought with persistence and demonstrated a willingness to accept casualties rather than break off the encounter. The delaying action by Crook's Indian allies during the early stages of the battle saved his command from a devastating surprise attack. The intervention of the Crow and Shoshone scouts throughout the battle was crucial to averting disaster for Crook.



SITTING BULL

– COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

The Indian force, led by Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, numbered 750 to 800 mounted warriors and it is safe to say they were armed to the teeth with modern weapons. Casualties on both sides were relatively light with Crook claiming he lost 10 killed and 21 wounded. However his aid Lt. John Bourke reported that four of the wounds were mortal and he gave total casualties as 57. Crazy Horse later said that the Lakota and Cheyenne casualties were 36 killed and 63 wounded.

Crook's bruised command returned to Goose Creek on June 21, carrying their wounded on travois. The wounded were then taken to Fort Fetterman for treatment. His Crow and Shoshone scouts left the command but promised to return.

On June 22, Crook, Capt. Frederick Van Vliet, Capt. Andy Burt and others went on a hunting and fishing trip.

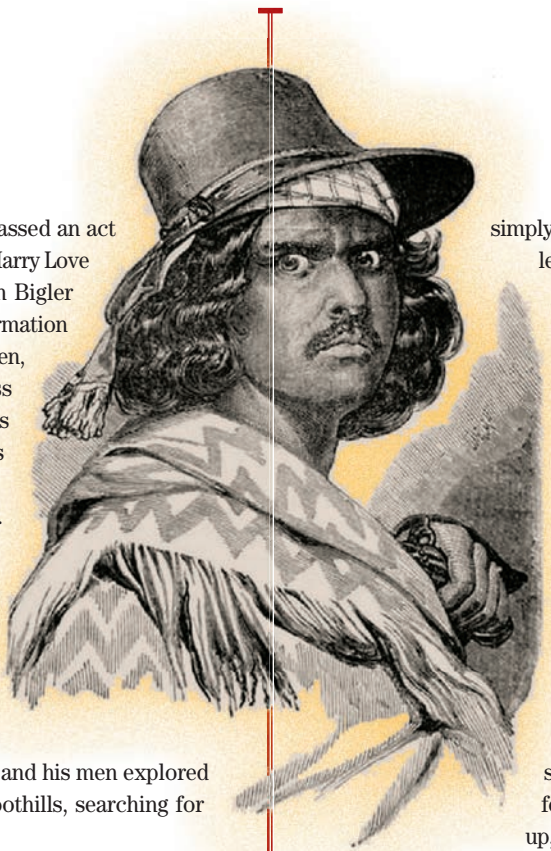
Eight days after the Rosebud battle, Custer, commanding eight companies of the Seventh Cavalry, strikes Sitting Bull's village on the Little Big Horn and is wiped out. From that moment on, Crook's actions have been questioned; he should have done more.

Recommended *Rosebud June 17, 1876: Prelude to the Little Big Horn* by Paul L. Hedren, published by University of Oklahoma Press.

BY ROBERT K. DeARMENT

"DON'T SHOOT ANYMORE."

HENRY "HARRY" LOVE AND THE CALIFORNIA RANGERS' MANHUNT FOR CALIFORNIA BANDIT JOAQUIN MURRIETA IS STILL ONE OF LEGEND AND LORE.



On May 17, 1853, the legislature passed an act creating the California Rangers, with Harry Love as their captain, and Governor John Bigler signed it into law. It authorized the formation of a company, not to exceed twenty men, for service of three months, unless earlier disbanded. Each enlistee was to be paid $150 a month, but was required to furnish his own horse, weapons, equipment, and provisions.... [I]t was clear from the outset that this ranger force was established for the sole purpose of eliminating the Joaquin Gang of outlaws....

...Once his rangers were assembled in late May, Captain Love led the company out in his historic manhunt. For more than a month he and his men explored the San Joaquin Valley and Sierra foothills, searching for leads to the gang's current location.

Information derived from interrogation led them on across the Coast Ranges to Mission San Jose, where Murrieta was said to visit occasionally. There Love made his first notable arrest on July 10, when his rangers collared Jesus Feliz, a known confederate and relative by marriage of the gang leader. After an intensive interrogation of Feliz, Love took his prisoner and company fifty miles south to San Juan Bautista....

Why Feliz, a hardened criminal, assisted his captors in their quest for his former partners in crime can only be surmised....He may have tired of the frenetic outlaw life, especially after seeing two of his brothers die violently, or he may have simply opted for gut spilling in return for leniency in coming court action. In any event, Love took him along on the hunt, and the information he provided proved essential to the California Rangers' ultimate success.

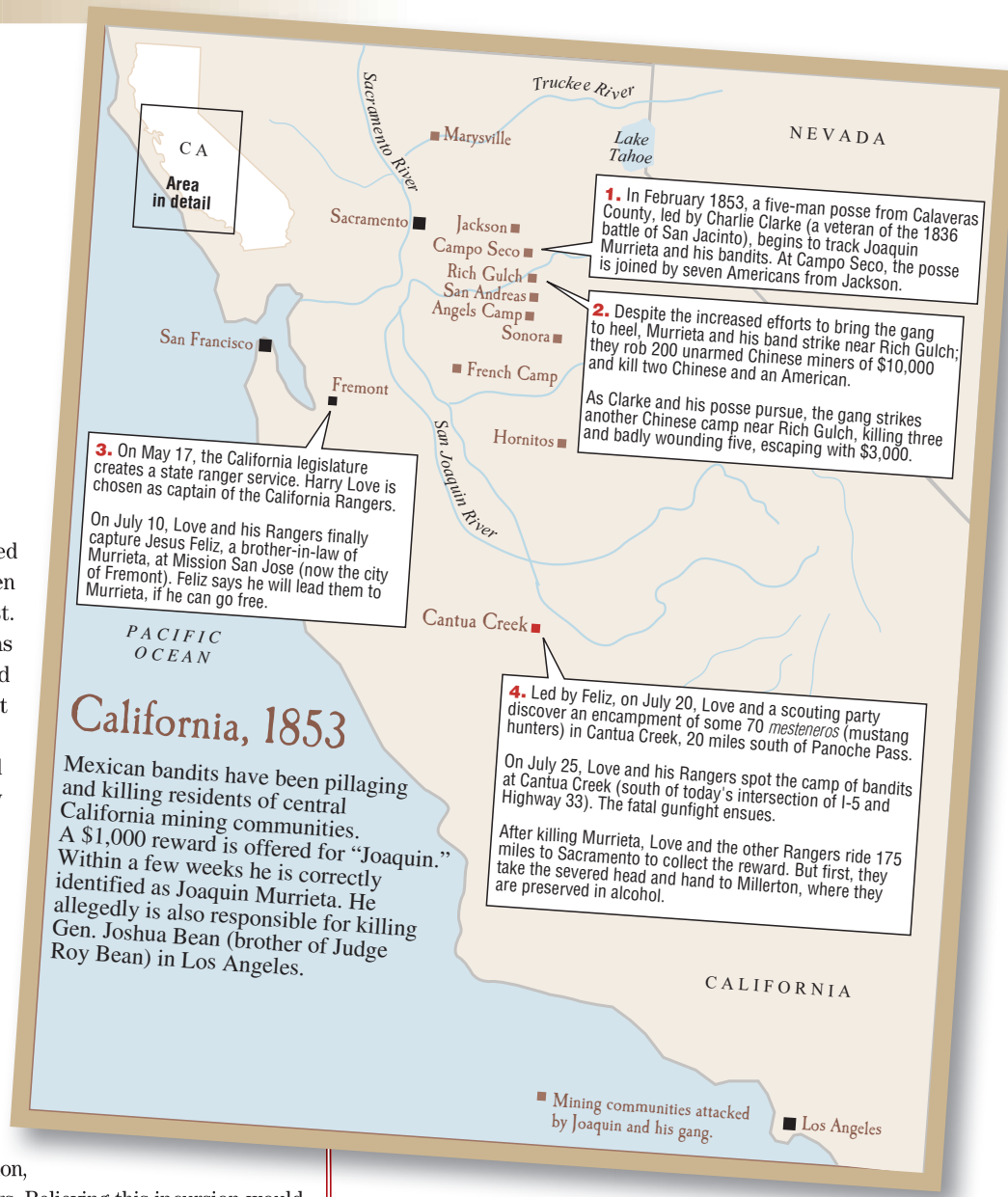
With provisions for an eighteen-day foray, Love's men spread the word at San Juan Bautista that they were heading off on a scout down the coast. This was deliberate subterfuge intended to foil the passing of their actual plans to Joaquin by any pueblo residents in league with the bandits. Love led his rangers into the Salinas Valley and stopped in the afternoon, evidently to spend the night. But when darkness fell, he had them break camp, mount up, and make a forced march along the San Benito River to Panoche Pass in a remote section of the Coast Ranges. He set up camp there and sent out scouting patrols looking for signs of the Murrieta band.

Not one to sit in camp and wait for his men to report, Love, with Feliz in tow, took charge of a scouting party himself. Following his nose, his trailing instincts, and perhaps suggestions from Feliz, he led the patrol southward for some twenty miles. On July 20, he came on a deep canyon where Mexican mustang hunters were encamped with a herd of several hundred horses. Brands on some of the animals made it clear that not all were wild

Joaquin Murrieta (above) is portrayed in newspapers as a demonic brigand; the advertisements for his head are equally sordid.

– ALL IMAGES TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

I AM DEAD."



mustangs, and Love suspected the herd included horses stolen from ranches on the coast. Without alerting the Mexicans to his presence, he headed back to his own encampment for reinforcements.

The next day he returned with his entire ranger company and rode directly into the camp. While the Mexicans, some of whom were probably Murrieta gang members, silently glowered, he and his men examined the suspect horses and confiscated eight that they believed had been stolen. After telling the mustangers he was taking the horses to San Juan Bautista for positive identification, Love departed with his rangers. Believing this incursion would send the mustang hunters straight to Murrieta to warn him that lawmen were hot on his trail, Love made camp about ten miles away from the canyon and waited three days, allowing the mustangers ample time to round up their horses and move out. On July 24 he and his rangers returned to an empty canyon. Tracks revealed that the mustangers had moved their herd westward, down the canyon. Convinced that his ploy had worked and the mustang hunters would lead him straight to Murrieta, Love rested his men the remainder of that day and evening in preparation for what was likely to be an exciting day on the morrow.

At two o'clock in the morning on July 25 the rangers moved down the canyon to the valley below. Dawn was breaking when they spotted smoke from a campfire some three miles ahead. Love and his men rode hard toward this site and got within four hundred yards before they were discovered. Startled cries rudely awakened the Mexicans—a mixture of mustangers and Murrieta gang members—as the rangers thundered into the camp. Pandemonium reigned. Most of the mustang hunters ran for their horses, while the bandidos went for their guns. The mounted rangers herded those fleeing back into the camp at gunpoint.…



Harry Love and his California Rangers captured Joaquin Murrieta's brother-in-law, Jesus Feliz, and forced him to guide the Rangers to Murrieta's camp on Cantua Creek. Using a reata, Murrieta roped and climbed aboard an unsaddled horse and attempted to escape, blasting off a 15-foot embankment into a creek bed. Two Rangers, Henderson and Wilson, pursued and shot Murrieta down.

–ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

One man, "a handsome, long-haired, fair-complected young Mexican of about twenty-three," standing beside his horse at the edge of a deep arroyo, stepped forward and said, "Talk to me. I am the leader of this band." Ranger Bill Byrnes reined up at this point, took one look at the man, and recognized him as the one they sought. "This is Joaquin, boys!" he shouted. "We have got him at last!" Hearing this, one of the bandit chieftain's followers, later identified as Bernardino "Three-Fingered Jack" Garcia, pulled out a pistol and triggered off two rounds, directing his fire at the ranger captain. One bullet grazed Love's head and made a new part in his hair while the other missed entirely. An immediate answering salvo of nine shots fired by Charlie Bludworth, Bill Henderson, and two other rangers riddled the body of Three-Fingered Jack. To make sure he was dead, Bill Byrnes and Love each pumped a round into his head. Garcia had lived only seconds after shooting at Love, but if his intention was to divert the rangers' attention from his leader and give Murrieta a chance to escape, he was successful, at least for a few moments.

Before the rangers could grab him, Murrieta vaulted onto his horse and, riding bareback, dropped down the embankment



Capt. Harry Love (right) led the group and William Henderson (far right), was the Ranger generally credited with killing Joaquin Murrieta.

– CAPTAIN LOVE: COURTESY WELLS FARGO BANK; WILLIAM HENDERSON: TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



Following the California Rangers' success in tracking and killing Joaquin Murrietta, Capt. Harry Love and his loyal Rangers Bill Henderson and Jim Norton toured Central California with Joaquin's head, including a well-publicized showing in Sacramento in September 1853.

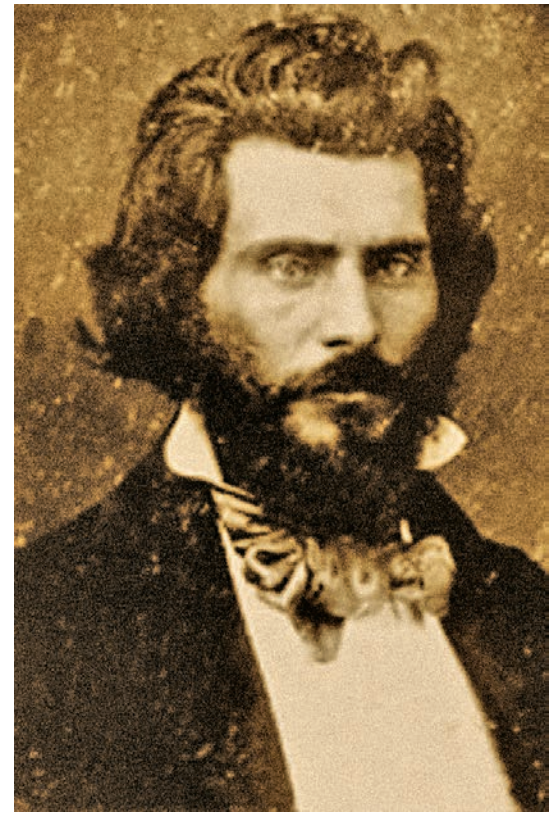
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Joaquin Murrieta was usually armed to the teeth, but on July 25, 1853, he was caught by surprise, unarmed.

–ILLUSTRATION BY BOB BOZE BELL –



Although not authenticated, this alleged photo of Joaquin Murrieta does resemble descriptions of the bandit. The head in the jar (opposite page) is an artist's conception.

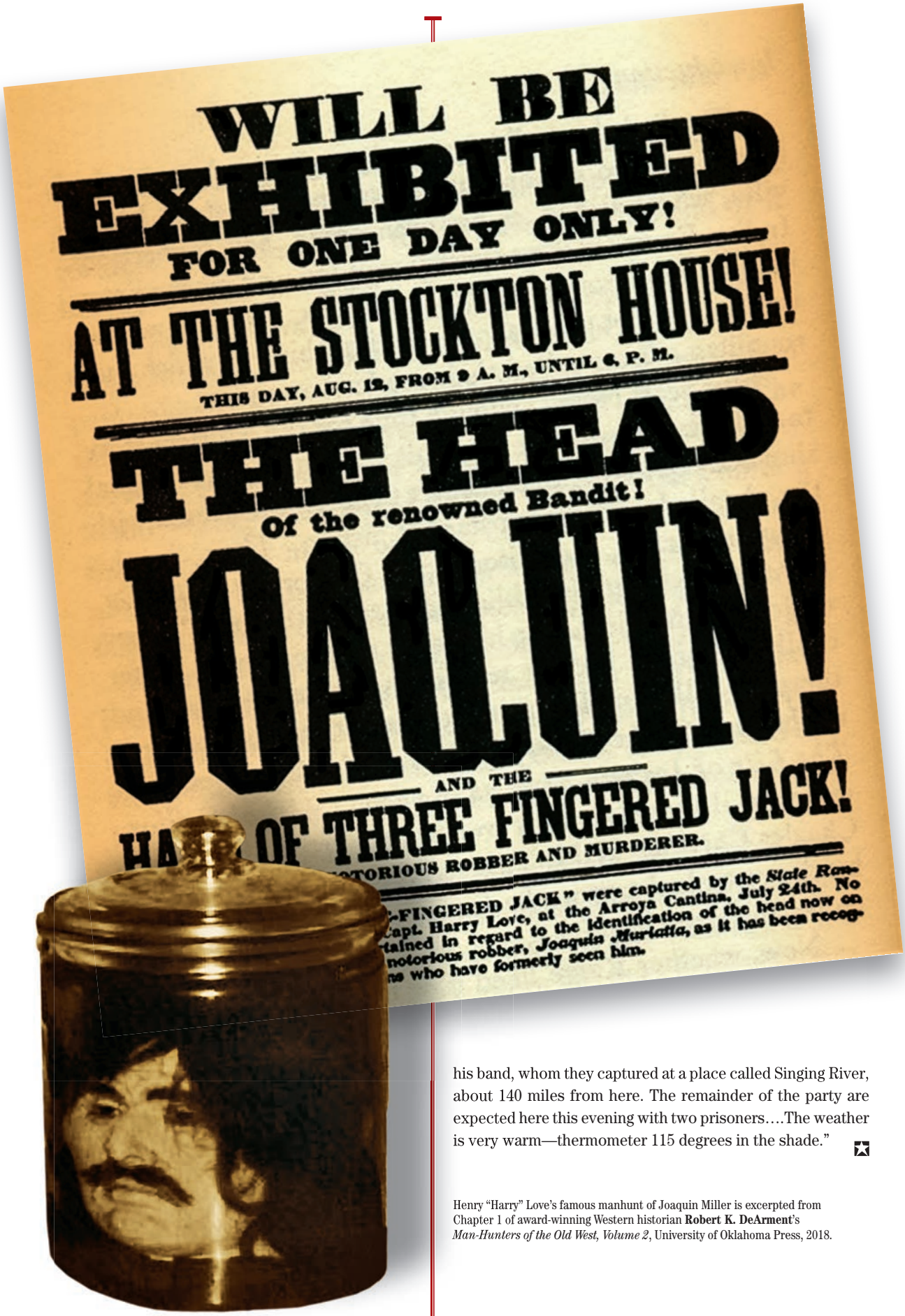
to the creek below and raced off along the arroyo floor. Henderson, the closest ranger to the fleeing bandido, emptied the other barrel of his shotgun at him, but his horse shied, causing him to miss. Dropping the scattergun, Henderson spurred his horse in pursuit. At full gallop, he fired his six-shooter, hitting Joaquin's mount in the leg, but the animal continued on. A second pistol shot dropped the animal, but Murrieta sprang to his feet and ran off down the canyon. Ranger John White rode along the rim of the arroyo, firing his rifle at the wanted gang leader as Henderson continued his six-shooter fusillade. The long-sought bandit chieftain finally pitched forward into the creek with three bullets in his back. When the rangers reached Murrieta, he muttered his last words: "*No tira mas. Yo soy muerte.*" ("Don't shoot anymore. I am dead.")

…Captain Love…did what he had to do, an act which was commonly performed in the early West to prove the death of a wanted fugitive: he had his men cut off the head of the bandit Joaquin. In addition, he had them sever the head and deformed hand of Three-Fingered Jack to prove that Joaquin's lieutenant had also been dispatched. Aware that in the midsummer heat these grisly artifacts would deteriorate quickly, he handed them over to Bill Byrnes and a new recruit named John Sylvester with instructions to hurry to Fort Miller, about a hundred miles distant, and preserve the trophies in alcohol.…

With the grizzly trophies wrapped in a gunnysack and firmly secured behind Byrnes's saddle…the two rangers crossed the San Joaquin on a ferry operated by Samuel A. Bishop, to whom they explained their mission and displayed the gruesome trophies that were already starting to putrefy. It so happened that Bishop was well supplied with spirits, and he offered help. He produced an empty liquor keg into which the heads and hand were placed and covered with red-eye whiskey from a forty-gallon barrel. The keg was then secured to the back of a hired mule provided by the ferryman, and Byrnes and Sylvester continued on to Fort Miller. There, it was found that the head of Three-Fingered Jack was so badly deformed by the bullets that had killed him and by decomposition that it was useless for identification purposes, and so it was buried. The head of Joaquin and the hand of Garcia were retained in glass jars of alcohol so they could be viewed.

The first public notice of Love's achievement appeared in the form of a letter to the *San Joaquin Republican*, with an appended note regarding the weather, explaining Love's concern about the preservation of his severed heads:

"I hasten to inform you of the death of Joaquin, the robber, who has been such a curse in the country for some time. Captain Byrnes, one of the Rangers, and Mr. Sylvester arrived here yesterday evening with the heads of Joaquin and one of



his band, whom they captured at a place called Singing River, about 140 miles from here. The remainder of the party are expected here this evening with two prisoners….The weather is very warm—thermometer 115 degrees in the shade."

Henry "Harry" Love's famous manhunt of Joaquin Miller is excerpted from Chapter 1 of award-winning Western historian **Robert K. DeArment**'s *Man-Hunters of the Old West, Volume 2*, University of Oklahoma Press, 2018.

BY JOHN LANGELLIER

LITTLE KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

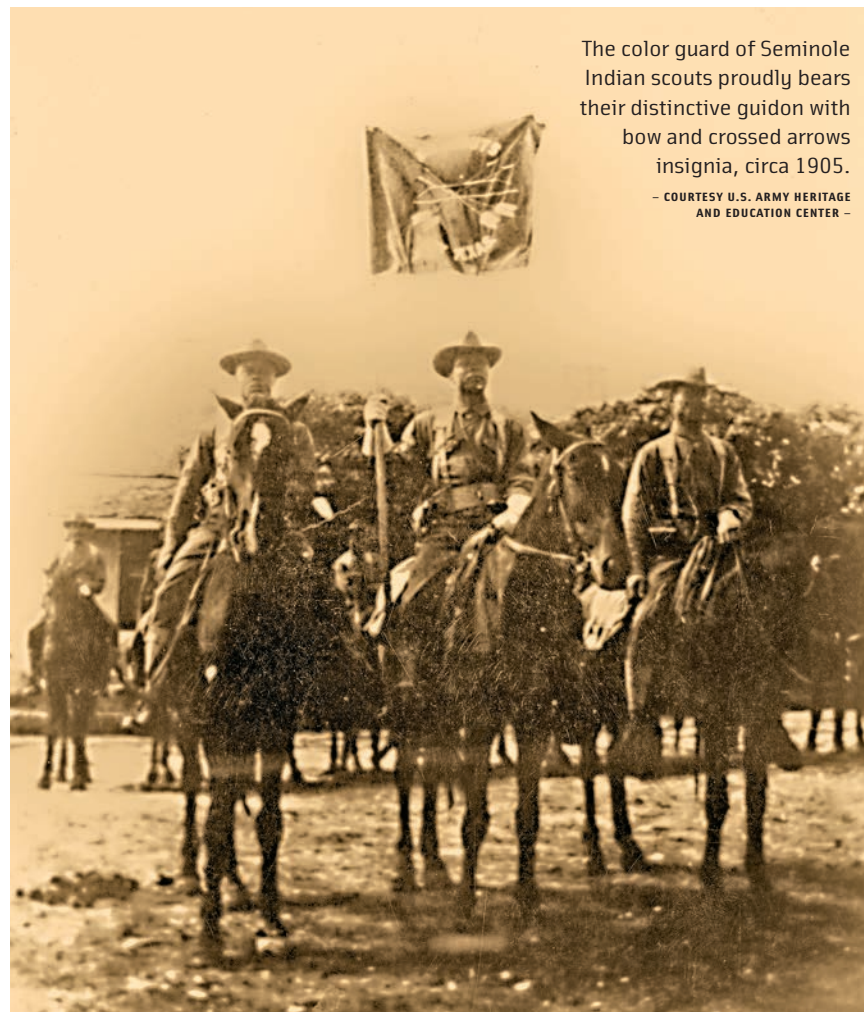
Seminole Scouts

These brave men overcame slavery, prejudice and exile to return and serve honorably during the U.S. Army's Indian Wars in the American Southwest.

These black scouts were descendants of runaways fleeing enslavement by whites. They sought refuge in Florida in the late 18th and early 19th centuries. During the Second Seminole War (1835-1842) they united with the Indians opposing American expansion into the region, subsequently leading to a bloody, expensive war. Despite desperate fighting, a majority of the Seminoles and blacks were forced to relocate to today's Oklahoma.

In 1849-50, following their joint removal, blacks led by John Horse and Seminoles under Wild Cat, migrated to Mexico. Nearly a decade later the Seminoles returned to the United States, but the blacks remained on the Mexican side of the border where slavery was banned. Some of them even fought against Maximillian's foreign invaders, and John Horse rose to become a colonel in Benito Juarez's forces.

By 1870 many of the blacks had made their way back to Indian Territory where United States Army officers began to be recruit them as scouts. Their knowledge of the wilds of West Texas made these so-called "Seminole Negro-Indian Scouts" invaluable. They served with distinction from 1873 through 1882, engaging in 26 expeditions, a dozen of which took place as part of major campaigns, and though often heavily outnumbered, this intrepid, rugged band did not have a single man killed or seriously wounded during this intense period. Although they never fielded more than 50 men at most, their commanders praised them as "excellent hunters and trailers, and splendid fighters," as evidenced by the fact that, in spite of their small numbers, received an unprecedented four Medals of Honor. Even after desperate duels with the Comanches and Kiowas, who fought to maintain their traditional way of life and buffalo range, had concluded, these scouts remained on active duty. They continued to serve, as long service veteran John July did as a sort of "Avant Courier," according to Army surgeon John Vance Lauderdale's diary recorded while stationed at Fort Davis, Texas.



The color guard of Seminole Indian scouts proudly bears their distinctive guidon with bow and crossed arrows insignia, circa 1905.

– COURTESY U.S. ARMY HERITAGE AND EDUCATION CENTER –

Indeed, a handful of this hardy band of brothers continued in active service through the early 20th century at Fort Clarke, Texas, where their descendants live to this day.



Excerpted from **John Langellier**'s *Fighting For Uncle Sam: Buffalo Soldiers in the American West*, now available from Schiffer Military History.



John Jefferson, son of scout Joe Coon and grandson of the legendary John Horse, was born at Fort Clarke, Texas. After a stint as a Seminole Indian scout, Jefferson re-enlisted as a buffalo soldier. He appears here in the uniform of a musician. He died on September 5, 1954 and is buried at the Seminole Scout Cemetery, Kinney County, Texas.

– COURTESY INSTITUTE TEXAN CULTURE –

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

The Diné Return to the Four Corners

One hundred fifty years later, follow the Navajo people's poignant route home from New Mexico to Arizona.



The Bosque Redondo Memorial, a New Mexico State Historic Site adjacent to Fort Sumner, interprets and commemorates the Navajos' five-year exile at the blighted reservation, and the treaty of 1868 which allowed them to return to their traditional lands in the Four Corners country.

– COURTESY NEW MEXICO TOURISM –

Fort Sumner, New Mexico, has never been an easy place to live. Winters can be brutal. Summers are often blistering. The scenery's spartan. Few describe the wind as meek.

For the Diné—or Navajo people—their confinement at Fort Sumner's Bosque Redondo Reservation between 1863 and 1868 proved devastating. General James Carleton had dispatched Kit Carson to bring in the Indians, and Carson's "scorched earth" policy, carried out during the winter of 1863-64, forced the Diné to surrender. Between the summer of 1863 and the winter of 1866, an estimated 11,500 Diné men, women and children were marched 400 miles. Ill-equipped for the journey, only 8,500 reached Bosque Redondo. "The Long Walk," like the Cherokees' "Trail of Tears," remains a blight on our history.

At the reservation, which the Diné shared with roughly 400 Mescalero Apaches, all suffered. Firewood was practically non-existent, and the climate was drastically different than their homeland. Good water was hard to come by, and the Army at Fort



On July 1, 1868, five years after the Navajo people were resettled from the Four Corners to Fort Sumner's Bosque Redondo Reservation near the Pecos River in New Mexico, Navajo leader Manuelito and U.S. Gen. William Sherman signed the Treaty of Bosque Redondo ending hostilities in perpetuity between the Navajo Nation and the United States.

– NEW MEXICO MAP COURTESY NYPL DIGITAL COLLECTION; MANUELITO AND WILLIAM SHERMAN PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Sumner had expected maybe 5,000—not closer to 9,000—prisoners here. Carleton envisioned a utopia where he would turn the Indians into farmers, but the irrigation system for the fields rarely worked, and "army worms" destroyed what few corn crops managed to grow. The Diné weakened. The Mescaleros got sick of the whole affair and escaped in late 1865.

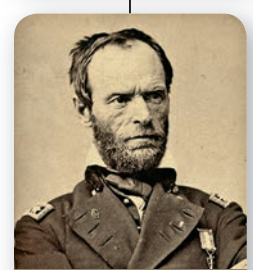
"They told us this was a good place when we came," Diné clan leader Barboncito said, "but it is not."

It's little wonder that the Diné considered Bosque Redondo a concentration camp or that after the Bosque Redondo Memorial opened in 2005, one of its first exhibits was "Anne Frank: A History for Today."

Today, Billy the Kid might remain the main draw to Fort Sumner—with his grave and two museums—but the Bosque Redondo Memorial is the most historical and moving.



MANUELITO



GEN. SHERMAN

Yes, that memorial can be demoralizing, but there's also a story of hope. The Diné left Bosque Redondo and returned to a portion of their homeland in 1868.

On June 13, 1868, the *Santa Fe Weekly Gazette* announced:

"In pursuance to the Stipulations made by Gen. Willian T. Sherman with the Navajos during his recent visit to the Bosque Redondo, the Navajos will begin to move from the latter reservation to one in their own country, between the 12th and 15th inst.

"The movement, which will be under the charge of Maj. Whiting, will be en masse and will be a grand display of native Americans, dressed in aboriginal costume and traveling in aboriginal style."

The Senate ratified the treaty on July 25. President Andrew Johnson signed it on August 12.

Earlier that year, Gen. William T. Sherman and the Grant Peace Commission had met with the Indians at the reservation. "I found the Bosque a mere spot of grass in the midst of a wild desert, and that the Navajos had sunk into a condition of absolute poverty and despair," Sherman recalled.

During these negotiations, Barboncito said: "I hope to God that you will not ask us to go to any country but our own. When the Navajos were first created, four mountains and four rivers were pointed out to us, inside of which we should live, and that was to be Dinetah. Changing Woman gave us this land. Our God created it specifically for us."

On June 1, Diné and white representatives agreed upon the terms. The treaty didn't give the Indians all of their land back—the four sacred mountains did not fall within the reservation—but, unlike many Indian tribes, the Diné were returning to their own country.

The Army escorted the Indians and protected them on a long walk that did not seem quite as long. They began their return home on June 18.



On the Navajos' walk home from Fort Sumner to the Four Corners, they would have passed the ruins of the Pecos Pueblo Mission Church (above), which are now protected by the Pecos National Historical Park.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –



Following the Navajos' Long Walk home along New Mexico's Pecos River Valley should include a stop in Santa Rosa, home to the Route 66 Auto Museum (left).

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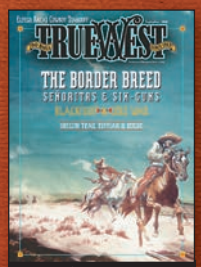


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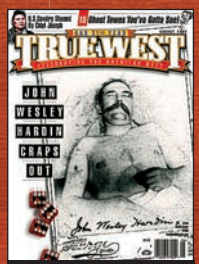
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Doc Holliday



Aug/Sep-2001
Wild Bill


Aug/Sep-2002
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Jul-2003
Doc & Wyatt


Aug-2004
John Wesley Hardin


Jan/Feb-2005
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Window Rock, a natural wonder that is a landmark of the Navajo homeland and namesake of the Indian nation's capital city, was a welcome sight to the Diné people when they returned in 1869.

– COURTESY STEVEN BALTAKATEI SANDOVAL, CREATIVE COMMONS –

In his monumental *Blood and Thunder: An Epic of the American West*, Hampton Sides writes that some Diné "were so restless to get started that the night before they were to leave, they hiked ten miles in the direction of home, and then circled back to camp—they were so giddy with excitement they couldn't help themselves."

During the Long Walk, the Indians had been marched over different trails—one took them as far north as Fort Union in northern New Mexico. But they took one trail on their joyful journey home.

Basically following the Pecos River, they started north to near what's now Santa Rosa (Route 66 Auto Museum, Mesalands Dinosaur Museum). They didn't go to Las Vegas—perhaps because they had raided the town in August 1846—but the historic city (City of Las Vegas Museum and Rough Rider Memorial Collection) is a good resting point for today's travelers.

Leaving the Pecos River at Pecos (Pecos National Historical Park), the Indians bypassed Santa Fe for Galisteo and moved south toward Tijeras (Route 66's "Musical Road," on which your tires will play "America the Beautiful" as long as you're driving 45 mph).

Then they traveled west, along what today is Interstate 40, through Albuquerque (Albuquerque Museum, Petroglyph National Monument) and Laguna Pueblo (Laguna Burger is a carnivore's mecca). When the Indians saw Blue Bead Mountain (a.k.a. Mount Taylor) north of Cubero in the San Mateo Mountains, they dropped to their knees and cried.

"We wondered if it was our mountain," Manuelito said, "and we felt like talking to the ground, we loved it so."

Continuing west, they moved through Grants (El Malpais and El Morro national monuments

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Fort Union National Monument (NPS)


Billy the Kid


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are worthwhile deviations) and reached Gallup (Richardson Trading Post, founded in 1913).

From Gallup, continue the journey to the capital of the Navajo Nation, Window Rock, Arizona, and check out the Navajo Nation Museum for the Diné side of the story.

The Diné had sung songs during much of the journey home. They still perform The Enemy Way ceremony for soldiers returning home who have been in combat and/or were wounded or captured. The ceremony brings the honorees into a state of balance—"Hozho"—in the universe.

In beauty I walk.
With beauty before me, I walk.
With beauty behind me, I walk.
With beauty below me, I walk.
With beauty above me, I walk.
With beauty all around me, I walk.
It is finished in beauty,
It is finished in beauty,
It is finished in beauty,
It is finished in beauty.

Johnny D. Boggs recommends *Diné: A History of the Navajos* by Peter Iverson and *Four Masterworks of American Indian Literature* by editor John Bierhorst.

WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD

The circa 1885 DeLallo-Simoni-Torres Building (that's what the historical marker calls it) in Cerrillos, New Mexico, has been many things—various saloons, a mercantile, antique shops—and while Cerrillos's glory days are history, the Black Bird Saloon, the building's latest reincarnation, has been booming since its doors opened in 2017.

Located off New Mexico Highway 14 south of Santa Fe, Cerrillos is a virtual ghost town that subbed for Lincoln in *Young Guns* (1988). But Patrick and Kelly Torres have made the Black Bird Saloon (right) (*BlackBirdSaloon.com*) a destination with its rustic bar and furniture that looks old enough to have supported Lew Wallace when he serving as governor and writing Ben-Hur.

The food, however, isn't from the 1880s. The Game Trail Burger is made with elk, the Smelter Grilled Cheese comes with smoked trout, and the Choctaw Kelly features a blueberry-merlot venison sausage, all of which can be washed down with soft drinks, wine or New Mexico beers on tap.



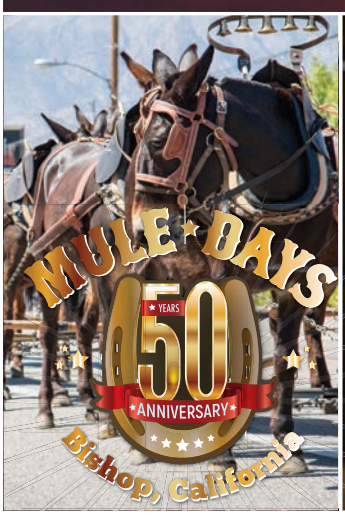
– COURTESY BLACK BIRD SALOON –

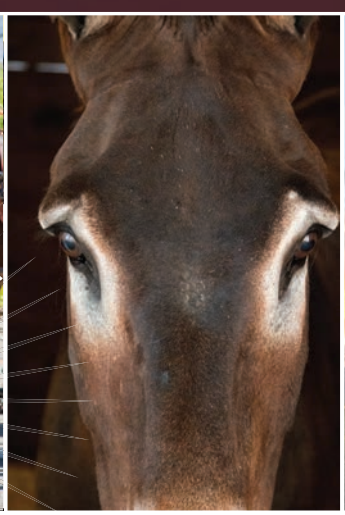
GOOD EATS & SLEEPS

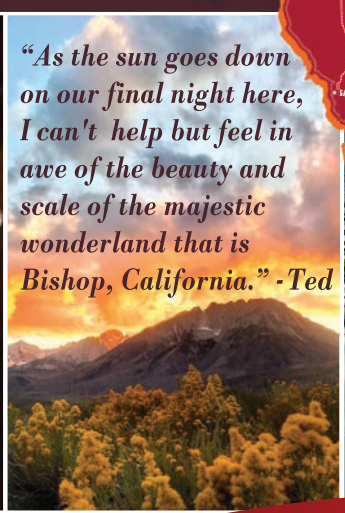
GRUB: Charlie's Spic and Span, *Las Vegas, NM*; **Café Fina**, *Santa Fe, NM*; **Frontier Restaurant**, *Albuquerque, NM*; **Laguna Burger/The 66 Pit Stop**, *Laguna, NM*; **Diné Restaurant**, *Window Rock, AZ*

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BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Shaken, Stirred and Strong

Old West mixologists had many names and many jobs, but their legacy remains the legendary cocktail.



When San Francisco was known as the Barbary Coast, Jerry Thomas earned the nickname "Father of the Cocktail" at the Occidental Hotel (left), where legend has it he invented the martini and entertained patrons with the dramatic Blue Blazer (above).

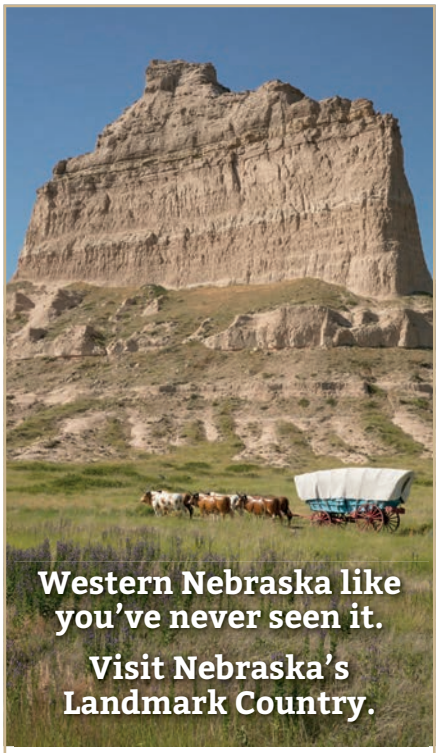
– PHOTO OF OCCIDENTAL HOTEL COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/ JERRY THOMAS ILLUSTRATION COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Mixologists, or bartenders, of the time were often skilled and jokingly referred to as pharmacists or chemists with a "medicine" chest. Prior to Prohibition, the bartender or mixologist had an admired role. Three of the most famous pioneer mixologists who worked in California were Harry Johnson, William "Cocktail" Boothby and Jerry Thomas. Born in 1830, Jerry Thomas is considered to be the "Father of the Cocktail." He tended bar in the 1860s at the Occidental Hotel in San Francisco, where, one legend claims, the martini's history starts. In 1862, "Professor" Thomas published the *Bartender's Companion*. He is also credited with creating the wildly popular Tom and Jerry cocktail at the Occidental. He later published *How to Mix Drinks, or the Bon-Vivant's Companion*. This included his famous Blue Blazer, which is a flaming cocktail.

William T. "Cocktail" Boothby stood at an average height of 5'11"behind the bar, but he was tall in demand during the late 19th and early 20th centuries. A large portion of his career was spent at the elegant Palace Hotel on Montgomery Street in San Francisco. It was at this establishment where he created his signature "Boothby Cocktail." The California native came from a restaurant family, so he likely learned his craft while working for his parents during the late 1800s. He wrote his first bartender book titled *The American Bar-Tender* in 1891 and re-did it after the turn of the century.

While Boothby was the head bartender at the Palace he also filled in at the Fairmont Hotel and another downtown location. During this time a patron of these establishments decided to stop drinking. It seems an unnamed imbiber wandered into the Fairmont one afternoon where Boothby served him a cocktail and he went on his way. He later patronized the downtown location where Boothby had started serving drinks. The man said to Boothby, "I've seen you somewhere before."

Boothby replied that he didn't think so. The patron then asked, "Have you got a brother working at the Fairmont?" Boothby told him he did not. The man muttered, "Most curious, more curious." About an hour later, Boothby had stepped behind the bar at the Palace and that same patron





walked up the mahogany board to order a beverage. Billy leaned over to take the man's order but rather than hearing a cocktail order, the man asked, "Have YOU got a brother at the Fairmont?" Boothby replied, "No sir, not I. What will you have?" The paled-lipped patron moaned, "Not a thing! When I get as bad as this, it's time to quit. I'm through forever!"

Harry Johnson also tended bar in San Francisco for a while and later wrote the 1882 *Bartenders' Manual*, which went into great detail on how one should act and look behind the bar. He described how bartenders should address customers, how to set up a bar and included hints on making perfect drinks. Harry wrote that in order for a bartender to make the best drink possible, he must take the customer's order and then ask if he liked it medium, stiff or strong. He also needed to ascertain if the customer wanted a julep, a sour or a toddy version of his drink. Harry concluded, "I can not avoid, very well, offering more remarks regarding the conduct and appearance of the bartender….Bartenders should not, as some have done, have a tooth-pick in their mouth, clean their finger nails while on duty, smoke, spit on the floor, or have other disgusting habits."

Don your white mixologist apron and whip up Boothby's creation.

Sherry Monahan kicked off her journey into Old West cuisine, spirits and places by authoring *Taste of Tombstone*. Visit *SherryMonahan.com* to learn more about her books, awards and TV appearances.

BOOTHBY COCKTAIL

1 ¼ ounces whiskey
1 ounce Italian vermouth
2 drops angostura bitters
2 dashes orange bitters
Ice
1 ounce champagne or sparkling wine, chilled
1 stemmed maraschino cherry

Place the whiskey, vermouth and bitters in a mixing glass. Fill two-thirds with ice, stir, and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Add the cherry and then float the champagne on top.

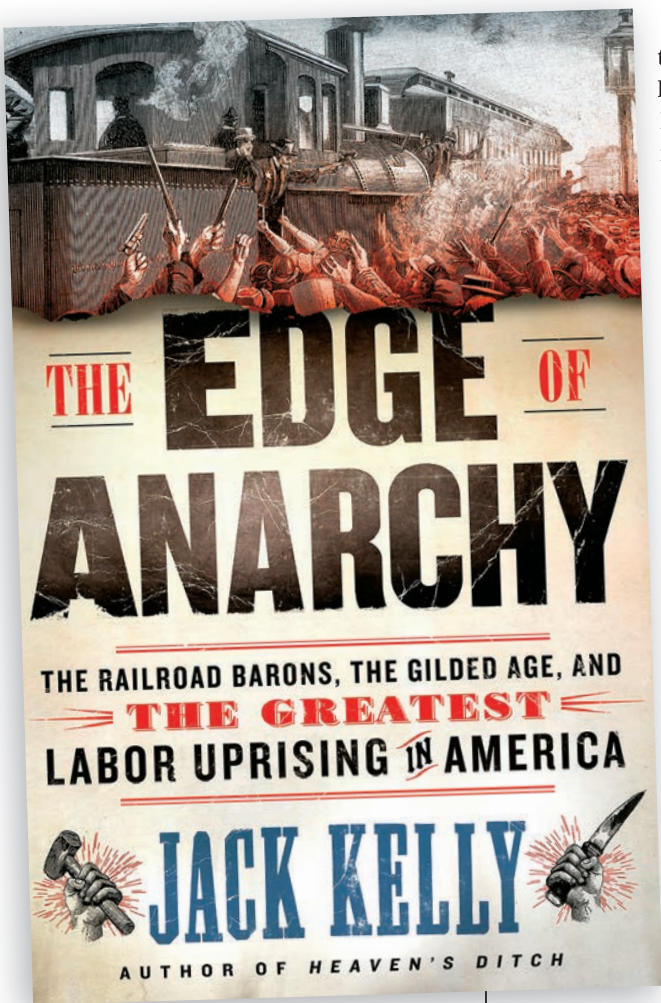
Recipe adapted from *The American Bar-Tender* by William "Cocktail" Boothby, 1891, courtesy of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, California.





Anarchy on the Rails

How the Pullman strike brought America to its knees, an insightful history of the making of Tombstone, *a wildcat woman writer of the West, a poignant novel of war and the West, and an inspiring tale of youthful courage on the Missouri frontier.*



In 2019, Jack Kelly's *The Edge of Anarchy: The Railroad Barons, the Gilded Age, and the Greatest Labor Uprising in America* (St. Martin's Press, $28.99), must have convinced the editors at the New York publishing house that a dynamite history title in a present-day era of tumultuous politics would read as a cautionary tale of crony capitalism and worker exploitation. *The Edge of Anarchy* tries hard to be everything his editors might have hoped for as an allegory for today's political dialogue on the one-percent wealthy class versus the exploited 99 percent, while also being a dual-biography of railroad car industrialist George Pullman and union organizer, socialist and presidential-nominee Eugene V. Debs Unfortunately, the biographies get lost in the multiple parallel stories of the Panic of 1893, the ascendency of the Western railroad barons, the rise of Gilded Age unionism and the Pullman and railroad strikes of 1894.

By 1893 every Western railroad connected back to Chicago where the majority of products extracted, mined and farmed in the West were transported for processing. One of the post-war companies that rose to prominence in the Lake Michigan industrial city was George Pullman's sleeping car company. Pullman had a near monopoly on the passenger-sleeper car business and he even had a corporate town for his workers adjacent to his southside Chicago factory. Parallel to the rise of the railroad era, Pullman and industrialization in America, was the development of the American labor movement, socialism and radical union leaders such as Eugene V. Debs. In *Edge of Anarchy* Kelly attempts to bring all of these stories together with drama and detail as a metaphor for the present day. He writes that "the Pullman boycott was the most consequential labor conflict of the nineteenth century, the last credible threat of a nationwide general strike, the last time workers seriously imagined overturning the industrial order and establishing a more equitable society."

Cautionary tale? Parable for present-day America? Dual biography of monopolistic industrialist George Pullman and labor organizer/socialist Eugene V. Debs? Gilded Age history of American labor, progressive politics and the industrial age 1893 to 1919? Primer for the rise and fall of American union labor? Kelly's *The Edge of Anarchy* is all of these, which is fortunate and unfortunate. Fortunate for the reader who recognizes the strength in Kelly's popular narrative history style and journalistic ability to weave such a complex tale into a marketable and readable synthesis; but, unfortunate because the reader will constantly be searching for the primary story in a book marketed as a history of "The Railroad Barons, the Gilded Age, and The Greatest Labor Uprising in America," when in fact it is biographies of Pullman and Debs. Kelly is a good writer and *The Edge of Anarchy* is well researched and readable, but the publisher's attempts to market it as similar to *Heaven's Ditch* and *Gunpowder* instead of as a well-focused dual biography of an influential industrialist and labor leader will leave the reader hoping Kelly's next book is driven by the drama of history instead of the dogma of politics.

—*Stuart Rosebrook*

ROUGH DRAFTS



Western Writers of America will award **Will Bagley**, a journalist known for monumental nonfiction books about the Mormon West and overland trails, the 2019 Owen Wister Award for Lifetime Contributions to Western Literature from Western Writers of America during the WWA convention June 19-22 in Tucson, Arizona.

Bagley also will be inducted into the Western Writers Hall of Fame, housed outside the McCracken Research Library at the Buffalo Bill Center of the West in Cody, Wyoming.

Bagley is a three-time winner of WWA's Spur Award for ***Blood of the Prophets: Brigham Young and the Massacre at Mountain Meadows; The Mormon Rebellion: America's First Civil War, 1857-1858***; and ***With Golden Visions Bright Before Them Trails to the Mining West, 1849–1852***, all published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

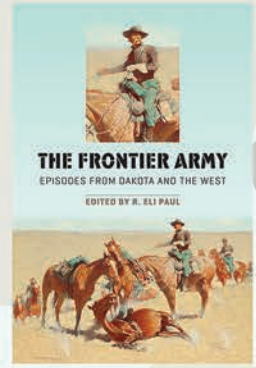
Bagley has received the Western Heritage Wrangler Award from the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum and the Caroline Bancroft History Prize.

"Will is not just a tenacious researcher, he is a brilliant writer," WWA executive director Candy Moulton said. "His ***Blood of the Prophets*** is a classic– impeccably researched and written with precision."

Bagley's other books include ***South Pass: Gateway to a Continent*** and ***So Rugged and Mountainous: Blazing the Trails to Oregon and California, 1812–1848***, both Spur Award finalists.

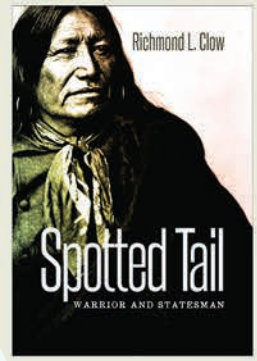
–Stuart Rosebrook

DISCOVER THE TRUE WEST



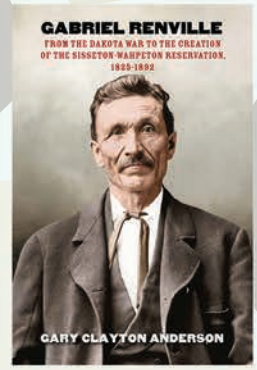
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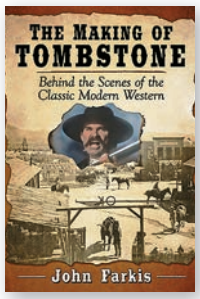


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—Lakota Country Times

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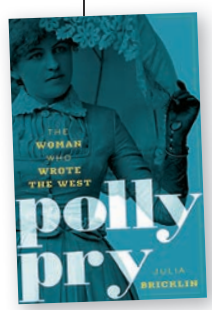




TOMBSTONE'S STORY

As the book's title reads, author John Farkis has written a detailed accounting of *The Making of Tombstone, Behind the Scenes of the Classic Modern Western* (McFarland & Company, Inc., $39.95). He gives a day-to-day telling of the inside story of the creation of this epic frontier drama by relating the ups and downs, the joys and the heartaches, of the production of this 1993 movie that has become an icon of Western cinema. What makes this work unique is that most of *Tombstone*'s cast and crew are still around and Farkis, who interviewed those who were involved in the film, lets each person tell their story in their own words. He adds interest by including the historical background of this frontier town and its most infamous gunfight—the O.K. Corral. It's the complete drama of making this classic Western and an extremely fun, interesting read for anyone who saw *Tombstone*.

—Phil Spangenberger, True West's *firearms editor*



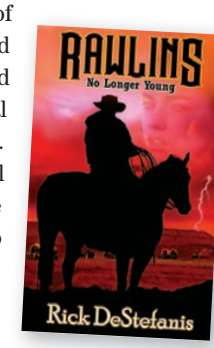
WOMAN WHO WROTE THE WEST

Julia Bricklin's *The Woman Who Wrote the West: Polly Pry* (TwoDot, $24,95) makes it very clear that the first female reporter for the *Denver Post*, working in the muckraking era of yellow journalism, did not let the facts get in the way of a good story. Bricklin's detailed biography shows that Leonel Ross Campbell aspired to work on the stage in New York, but came west to Colorado and landed a job writing for Frederick Bonfils and Henry Tammen at the *Denver Post*. She took the pen name Polly Pry and made it her mission to pry into society, labor interests, the courts and prisons. As Bricklin notes, "No one wrote the West quite like Polly Pry."

—Candy Moulton, author of The Mormon Handcart Migration

THE WOUNDS OF WAR

Coming of age during the American War between the States was a complicated time to grow up. In *Rawlins, No Longer Young* (Rick DeStefanis, $23) Rick DeStefanis gives us an adolescent Rawlins who, like many others during the war, faces a great loss. Despite his young age, he joins in the fight and is fortunate enough to come out the other side a much wiser and experience young man. Following his journey to maturity, *Rawlins, No Longer Young* proves to be an exciting read full of adventure, gunfights and a bit of romance and revenge tossed in to heal wounds left by the war. There are a few historical characters put into the mix and DeStefanis also communicates his passion for showing the varied effects of wartime on the individual.

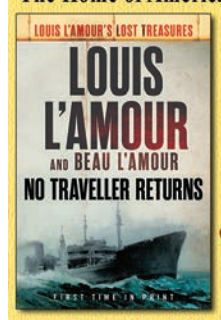


—Eric H. Heisner, author of West to Bravo *and* Seven Fingers a' Brazos

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CONFIDENCE MAN

When confidence man Zacharia Griffin manages to swindle a large sum of money from Brooklyn evangelist Ward Beecher under the pretense of transporting it to a group of abolitionists in Missouri, his 13-year-old son, Charlie, decides to right the wrong and complete the mission himself. Boston Teran's *A Child Went Forth* (High Top Books $22)is set against the volatile social and political landscape of the 1850s. The novel follows young Charlie as he hits the road, pursued by numerous adversaries out for a piece of the action. With a cast that features Walt Whitman, P.T. Barnum and the inimitable anti-slavery insurrectionist, Erastus Eels, Teran creates a rollicking coming-of-age tale that explores themes of racism, corruption and the nation's inevitable descent into civil war.



—*Patrick Millikin*,
editor of Phoenix Noir



EDITOR SHARES HIS FAVORITE WESTERN BOOKS

Stuart Rosebrook, Ph.D. was promoted to True West's editor chair in December of 2018, after five years as the magazine's senior editor. Rosebrook is a professional historian, editor and author. His most recent book, *Junior Bonner: The Making of a Classic with Steve McQueen and Sam Peckinpah in the Summer of 1971* (BearManor, 2018) was written with his late father Jeb Rosebrook.

Five books Rosebrook has owned for many years that inspired his love of the West:

1. ***Give Your Heart to the Hawks: A Tribute to the Mountain Men*** by Win Blevins (Forge): In what may be my favorite Western history book of all time, Blevins puts you on the trail with the greatest mountain men...and you want to follow them back in time, even when they are sunburned and starving.

2. ***The Old West: The Cowboys*** by the Editors of TIME-LIFE Books with text by William H. Forbis (TIME-LIFE Books): I was gifted *The Cowboys* as a teenager and along with 11 more volumes in the series, I never tire of reading it or using it for general research.

3. ***The Big Sky*** by A.B. Guthrie Jr. (Bantam Books): The first volume in Guthrie's three volume series, *The Big Sky* set the standard for the entire genre of Western novels about fur trappers.

4. ***The Western: From Silents to Cinerama*** by George N. Fenin and William K. Everson (Bonanza Books): Many volumes on Western films have been published since Fenin and Everson's, but it was my primer on the genre, and is one of the best on the early decades of silent and B-Westerns.

5. ***One-Eyed Sky*** by Max Evans, illustrated by the author (Nash Publishing): By one of the greatest authors of the Western novella, *One-Eyed Sky* wastes not a word or an emotion in the three-way tale of coyote, mother cow and cowboy.



BY HENRY C. PARKE

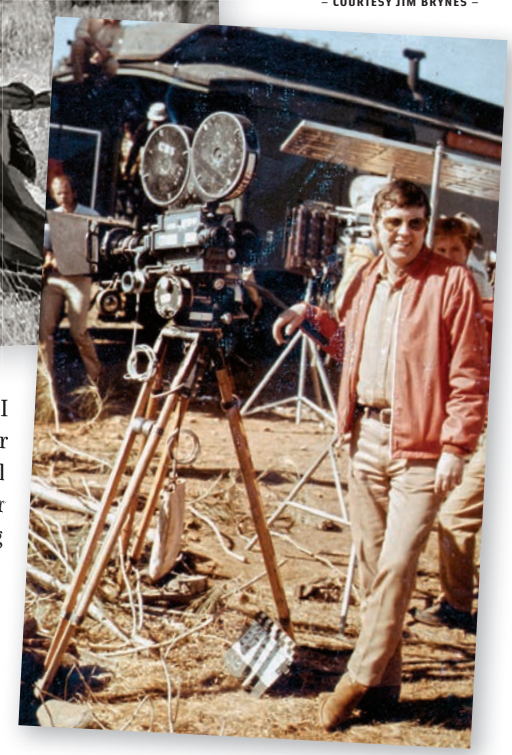
Clearing the Gunsmoke

Prolific teleplay and screenplay writer Jim Byrnes is still writing 61 years after his first sale.



Jim Byrnes developed a lifetime friendship with *Gunsmoke*'s leading man, James Arness (left), during his tenure as a writer of 34 episodes and one movie of the classic TV Western.

– COURTESY CBS –



Jim Byrnes (below, right) wrote the 1971 *Gunsmoke* episode, "The Bullet," the only three-part *Gunsmoke* during its primetime run on CBS from 1955 to 1975.

– COURTESY JIM BRYNES –

With 635 television episodes, 480 radio shows and five movies, no other series in any genre has equaled the longevity of *Gunsmoke*. And to fans who read credits, Jim Byrnes is a familiar name, having penned 34 of the very best episodes, and one of the movies.

The Iowa-born writer always knew what his specialty would be. "I loved *Rawhide*, *Wanted: Dead or Alive*, and of course I loved *Gunsmoke*, never dreaming I'd ever write for *Gunsmoke*. I was in high school when I sold my first script." His older brother Joseph was taking a writing course at Los Angeles Valley College from prolific Western telewriter Richard Carr. "My brother said, 'They want us to write something, and you watch all the

Westerns. Any ideas?' We wrote a story called *Desert Flight*. Carr read it and said, 'You guys should submit it: this is pretty good.'" It became an episode of *Zane Grey Theater*, "and James Coburn and Dick Powell starred. Then I didn't sell anything for six years."

Byrnes wrote scripts on speculation, and drove taxis and trucks until his script, *Gaucho*, landed him an agent. *Gunsmoke* producer John Mantley read *Gaucho*, and called Byrnes in. "They said, we want you to write a *Gunsmoke*. Come up with a story." The problem was, they'd already been on for 13 years. "I started pitching stories. 'We did that 10 years ago.' I think, this is my great chance; I can't blow this. I finally found this story about a wolf." The episode became "Lobo," and the late Morgan Woodward, who was *Gunsmoke*'s most frequent guest star, named it his favorite. He recalled with a laugh, "Watching it, I got so involved, I forgot I'm watching *me*!" [Editor's note: Morgan Woodward died at 93 on February 22, 2019.]

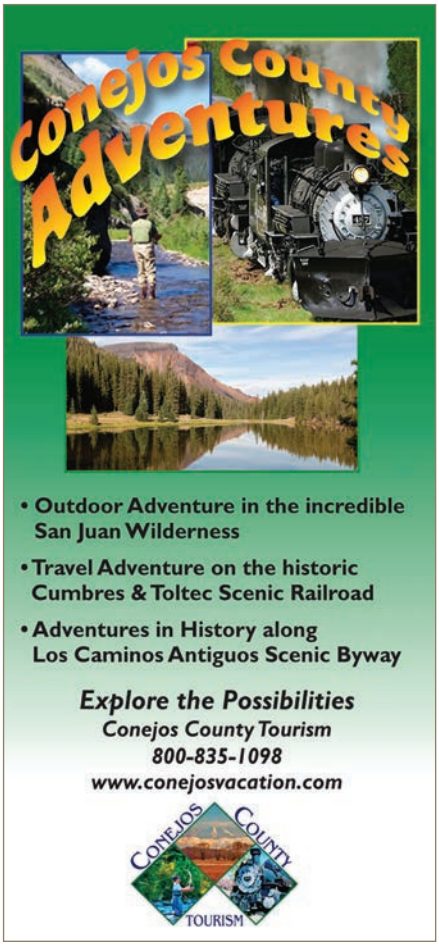
Before Byrnes had finished writing "Lobo," Mantley offered him a six-week job as story consultant. "I said yes. Then they said, 'We want you to stay,' so six weeks turned into two years."

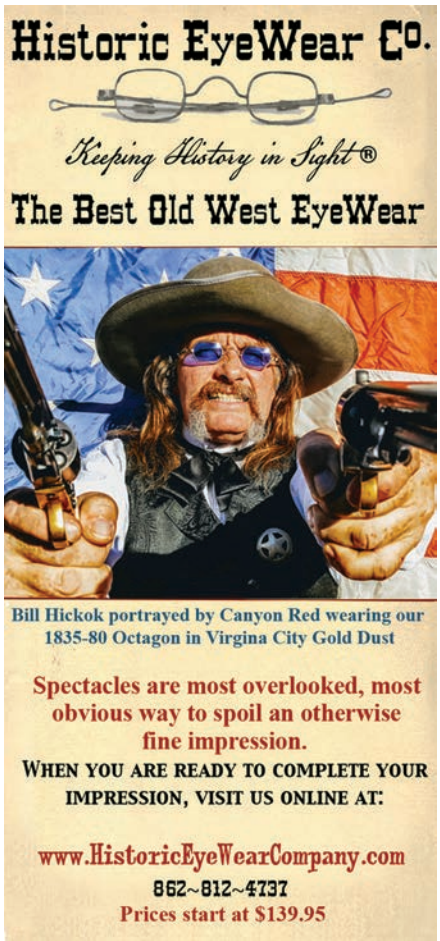
The late 1960s was a tough transitional time for TV, especially Westerns. The back-to-back assassinations of Martin Luther King Jr. and Bobby Kennedy led to demands for less violence onscreen. "They had to change the opening of the show: Matt in a shoot-out [became] Matt riding a horse. We were warned constantly about violence—the network called me Mr. Blood-and-Guts because I kill a lot of people."

While Dillon was making mostly cameo appearances, Arness preferring to spend his time surfing, Byrnes's skills often earned him plum assignments with Dillon in the center. "The Badge" is one of the few shows to deal with the Matt Dillon/Miss Kitty romance. Byrnes also tackled history that was uglier than TV generally dealt with, as in one of his several two-parters. "'The Valley of Tears' was a real place. Indians would raid ranches and farms, kidnap the women, then meet in the Valley of Tears with the Comancheros, who'd trade for them, to sell them into prostitution in Mexico. I got really pissed off when they changed the title to 'Women for Sale.'"











Jim Byrnes, Ben Johnson and Louis L'Amour enjoyed a moment together at the premiere of the 1979 NBC mini-series, *The Sacketts*.

– COURTESY JIM BYRNES –

Another element common in Byrnes's stories, but rare in the black hat/white hat world of Westerns, is moral ambiguity. By the end of "Women for Sale," our sympathies have turned against a girl victim, in favor of her young kidnapper! Byrnes's episode "Thirty a Month and Found" won Best Episodic Drama from The Writers Guild, and the Spur award from the Western Writers of America.

In 1976, MGM came calling, asking him "to do a series based on the movie *How the West Was Won.*" They screened the original movie, "but it was too episodic, and I wanted a family. I did what they call a [series] bible, almost 100 pages, with storylines for the first season." James Arness wasn't considered for the lead, but when *Gunsmoke* was abruptly cancelled, its star was a natural for Zeb Macahan.

The Sacketts miniseries made a star of Tom Selleck in 1979. "Based on two Louis L'Amour books, and Ben Johnson's character wasn't in both books. I had to do a lot of shuffling to get to it work. I met Louis L'Amour several times, and what a gentleman. That was a great experience because of Tom, Sam Elliott, Ben Johnson, Glenn Ford—it was a dream, all those guys!"

In 1980, Byrnes turned Kenny Rogers' hit song "The Gambler" into a Western. "We hit it off very well. Kenny was very humble; he'd never acted before. I said, 'I think we could be friends for a long time.'" They did *The Coward of the County*, then Rogers did a Western with another outfit. One of Byrnes's frequently used actors told him that when they arrived on-set, "they all got notes saying, do not speak to Kenny Rogers unless he speaks to you. Including Ben Johnson, who'd won an Academy Award." Byrnes wrote the second *Gambler* movie, but left the final three to others (including editor Stuart Rosebrook's late father, Jeb Rosebrook, who shared the writing credit on the third and fourth installments of *The Gambler*).

Over the years, Byrnes has written numerous Western TV movies, and pilots about gunfighters, Buffalo Soldiers, and a rodeo story that starred Slim Pickens and Bo Hopkins. Looking back on nearly 60 years of screenwriting, Byrnes recalls, "The movie that really got me into Westerns was *Red River*. I saw that, I said, I gotta do this. I've got to do Westerns." His new Western novel, *Heller*, with Larry Manetti, is available in paperback and Kindle.



– COURTESY UNIVERSAL PICTURES –

DVD REVIEW

The Appaloosa

(Kino-Lorber, $29.99) When an embarrassed bandit (John Saxon) tries to save face by buying the horse of a returning soldier (Marlon Brando) for an exorbitant price, the soldier's refusal sets off a border-town war. Director Sidney J. Furie's 1966 Western, a compact and satisfying examination of the nature of masculine egos, is full of original scenes, unusual characters, striking photography, a script by James Bridges and Roland Kibbee, and Anjanette Comer to motivate the testosterone.

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

BY LEO W. BANKS

Lincoln, Nebraska

Discover the rich heritage of the Great Plains in the state's capital city.



Construction of the Bertram G. Goodhue–designed Art Deco Nebraska State Capitol (left) began in 1922. Known as "The Tower on the Plains," the National Historic Landmark provides the first-time visitor a great introduction to Nebraska history.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –



The Thomas P. Kennard House (below), built in 1869, is the oldest surviving building in Lincoln.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Lincoln's origin story doesn't involve an Indian uprising or a whisky-soaked shootout. The town was founded as Lancaster in 1856, and the reason was salt.

Early settlers gathered here to mine salt from a nearby basin. When that proved unprofitable, they did what Nebraskans are known for, and adapted, finding another way to survive on the sometimes brutal Great Plains.

They took up farming, renamed the settlement Lincoln in 1869, and today the community embodies a mix of city and country with an emphasis on friendliness.

"We're a capital city, home to the University of Nebraska, but we have a rural feel," says Jeff Maul, executive director of the Lincoln Convention and Visitors Bureau. "You'll find helpful people on every corner and can go anywhere and feel like it's your hometown."

One of the most popular attractions is the State Capitol building. It consists of a square base measuring 437 feet on each side, with a 400-foot tower rising from its center. The interior features marble-columned chambers with vaulted polychrome tile ceilings, marble mosiac floors and murals of the state's pioneer and native cultures.

"The building is a storybook telling the history of Nebraska through its architecture and mosaics," says Maul.

To see another imposing structure, visit the Thomas P. Kennard House. The oldest remaining building on the town's original plat was built in 1869 in the ornate Italianate style to convince folks that Lincoln, named state capital two years earlier, was the right choice. The house is open for tours.

Stop by the Nebraska History Museum to hear talks on subjects such as cattle branding and learn about luminaries like Willa Cather, author of the novels *O Pioneer!* and *My Antonia*, which chronicled life on the Great Plains. She graduated from the University of Nebraska in 1895 and went on to receive the Pulitzer Prize in Literature.

The museum's "Today in Nebraska History" compilation can be a hoot: "On Nov. 19, 1899, Charles Sumstine 'unlawfully and maliciously' stole five turkeys from Charles Stewart."

The Haymarket District on the west edge of downtown takes its name from Lincoln's original 1867 plat, which included a market square. The modern version has brick streets lined with shops, restaurants and bars.

During the popular farmer's market, the city closes two blocks to accommodate live music, arts and crafts and home-grown produce sold by farmers from the backs of pickup trucks.

Be sure to sample the kolaches, a Czech pastry with a soft, doughy exterior and a fruity center. "You see families strolling the Haymarket with their kids and they're all eating kolaches," says Maul.

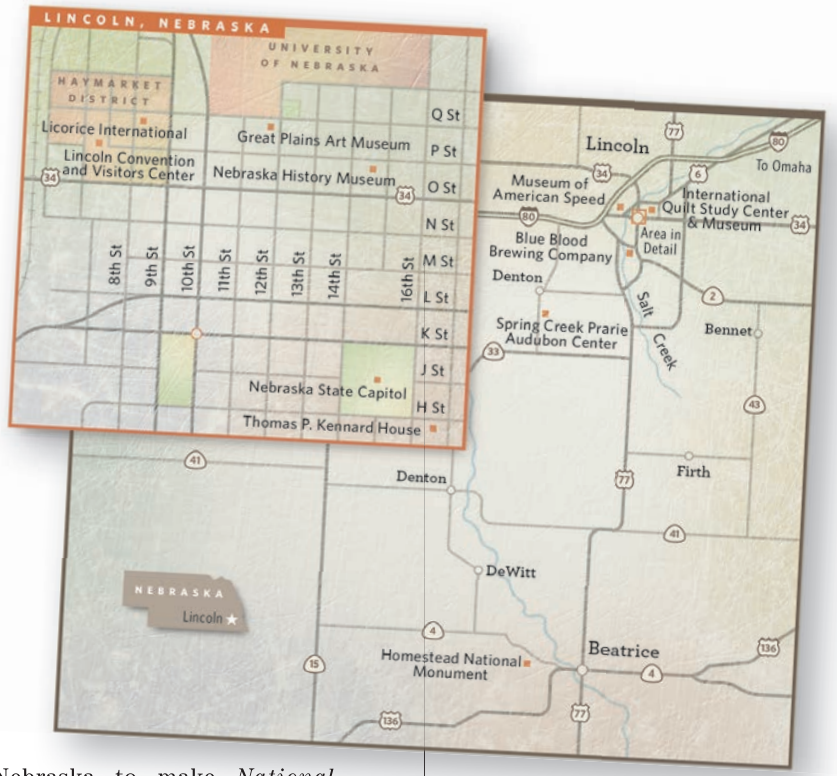
The Spring Creek Prarie Audubon Center offers a peaceful getaway on 850 acres of tall grass prairie. The site, home to more than 220 bird species, has three miles of hiking trails, wildflowers and beautiful vistas. Check out the 19th-century wagon ruts, part of a cutoff on the Oregon Trail.

For a dose of excitement, visit the Museum of American Speed, founded in 1992. Bill "Speedy" Smith used decades of experience as a race car driver to create a museum dedicated to racing and automotive history.

Its vast collection ranges from rare engines to history-making vehicles, like a 1920 Model T Ford hotrod. The museum has actress Hedy Lamar's 1958 Cadillac, which she gave to her gardener as a retirement gift.

At the International Quilt Study Center & Museum, see colorful quilts from more than 50 countries, some from the 1600s. Lincoln's Sunken Gardens—the only public garden in Nebraska to make *National Geographic*'s best gardens list—offers more striking colors in its famous floral displays.

Fun fact: In 1949, Lincoln's Terri Lee Company agreed to make Gene Autry dolls. Despite the singing cowboy's wide popularity, the doll sold poorly and was discontinued. But collectors prize it to this day.



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



WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



The historic Freeman School (left), used from 1867 to 1972 to educate prairie children, is just one of many historic structures that can be toured at Homestead National Monument.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –

LINCOLN CONVENTION AND VISITORS CENTER

To begin your trip, stop at the Lincoln Convention and Visitors Center at 7th and P streets.

Lincoln.org

NEBRASKA HISTORY MUSEUM

When in Lincoln, don't miss a chance to tour the Nebraska History Museum to discover in person the breadth and depth of the state's cultural heritage from 12,000 years ago to the present.

History.Nebraska.gov

GREAT PLAINS ART MUSEUM

Part of the Center for Great Plains Studies at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, the American West Masters exhibit runs through August 24 and features pieces by great artists such as Albert Bierstadt, Fremont Ellis, Frederic Remington and Charles Russell.

UNL.Edu/Plains/Great-Plains-Art-Museum

HOMESTEAD NATIONAL MONUMENT

Forty-two miles from Lincoln, this site memoralizes the 1862 Homestead Act, which offered 160 acres of free land to claimants and did much to open the frontier to settlement. The Heritage Center has photos, displays, interactive exhibits and spectacular views.

NPS.gov

LICORICE INTERNATIONAL

To satisy your sweet tooth, stop by this 4,450-square-foot store and choose from nearly 160 types of licorice. "We call the women who run the store the licorice ladies," says Jeff Maul. "You'll find every kind of licorice in the world there."

LicoriceInternational.com

BLUE BLOOD BREWING COMPANY

The brewery sits atop Robbers' Cave, a labyrinth of sandstone tunnels where Lincoln's first brewery stored beer in 1869. Settlers reportedly used the cave to hide from warring Indians. Although the legend lives on, Jesse James probably never used the cave as a hideout. Blue Blood offers tours of the cave and brewery floor.

BlueBloodBrewing.com





The beautifully restored Plaza Hotel in Las Vegas, New Mexico, anchors the city's historic downtown.

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

BORN AGAIN!

Discover the beauty of Old West hotels and saloons restored and renewed for 21st-century travelers and communities.



The historic 1898 Fred Harvey hotel, La Castañeda (left), in Las Vegas, New Mexico, has been recently restored and will reopen in April after being closed as a hotel since 1948.



The 1881 Legal Tender Saloon, Bistro and Music Hall (above) in Lamy, New Mexico, which has served the community in many ways since then—including as a museum—has been fully restored.

Allan Affeldt knows what it takes to restore a historical hotel or saloon. We're inside the Legal Tender Saloon, Bistro and Music Hall, a historic saloon in Lamy, New Mexico, when he says: "Unless you've got a real dedicated preservationist who also is fairly clever financially, who has resources to put into it and can bring leverage to bear, these things never happen. They're just going to fall down."

"Did you just describe yourself?" I ask.

"Yeah," the entrepreneur says. "There's only a handful of people like that, and most of those people who have those skills and resources are not going to do a project like this because they can make money and do them somewhere else."

Originally built as a general store in 1881, The Legal Tender has gone through many reincarnations over the years—the bar from Germany was installed in 1884—but its life as a museum made it appealing to Affeldt.

"Good stewards have kept the building intact, sort of like they've been waiting for the right people to come along," Affeldt says. "Hopefully, that's us."

La Castañeda, the historic 1898 hotel in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and the first of Fred Harvey's trackside hotels, was not blessed with good stewards before Affeldt decided to save it. The horseshoe-shaped building, site of Theodore Roosevelt's Rough Riders' first reunion in 1899, had been closed since 1948 and was about to be sold to a scrapper for the bricks when Affeldt "matched his bid to save the building."

Affeldt, whose Winslow Arts Trust Foundation manages the properties (he's not on the board), has salvaged other historic hotels including The Plaza, also in Las Vegas, New Mexico, and La Posada Hotel in Winslow, Arizona.

"The usual fate of these things is… it'll be cheaper to knock it down," Affeldt says. "It's just a business decision."





The beautifully restored and appointed Occidental Hotel (above) on Buffalo, Wyoming's, Main Street has hosted many famous guests, including Owen Wister, Butch Cassidy and Buffalo Bill Cody, since it opened its doors in 1880.

Big Nose Kate's Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona, honors both its namesake in stained glass (above), and its location's legendary past as the site of the city's infamous 1881 Grand Hotel.

– COURTESY COCHISE COUNTY TOURISM –



Bought at auction in 2015, the 1911 Plains Hotel (above) has reopened in downtown Cheyenne, Wyoming, and been restored to its early 20th-century grandeur.

– COURTESY WYOMING TOURISM –

Across the West, historic saloons—Denver's 1893 Buckhorn Exchange—and hotels—Buffalo, Wyoming's 1880 Occidental Hotel—offer 21st-century patrons historic places to stay, drink or eat. In Tombstone, Arizona, The Crystal Palace Saloon, which started in 1879 as Golden Eagle Brewing Company, and Big Nose Kate's Saloon, located in what was built as the Grand Hotel in 1881, continue to draw tourists and history buffs.

When Astrid (her legal name) bought The Historic Plains Hotel in downtown Cheyenne, Wyoming, at an auction in December 2015, she planned to turn the property into rental housing for working people—just as her Fort Collins, Colorado-based company, Astride A Starship, had done along the Front Range.

"A few weeks in, I realized how incredible this hotel was," she says. "You're a steward. One hundred and six years of continuous operation—I didn't feel that I had the right to take it out of its operation, put employees out of their jobs."

Astrid has modernized infrastructure at The Plains, which opened in 1911, made necessary repairs and revamped the hotel's Restaurant of the Plains and Wigwam Lounge, even though she had no hotel or hospitality experience (neither did Affeldt until he bought La Posada).

"It takes grit, it takes kindness, it takes stepping one foot in front of the other when taking on something like this," she says.

While the purchase price for old buildings at auctions is nothing compared with rehabilitation and restoration costs, Russell True got lucky when he bought Rancho de la Osa in Sasabe, Arizona, in 2016.

"We bought a pretty well-maintained place," said True, the co-owner of White Stallion Ranch in Tucson, who partnered with Robert Bucksbaum, owner of the Majestic Dude Ranch near Durango, Colorado, to buy Rancho de la Osa. "We could've dusted the furniture and swept the floors and checked in customers the day we bought it."

Started by Jesuit missionaries in 1720 and raided by Pancho Villa in 1916, the property became a guest ranch in the 1920s,



The dining room at the beautifully restored 1916 Rancho de la Osa (right) near Sasabe, Arizona, is one of the centers of social activity at the guest ranch founded as an outpost of the Spanish Empire in the early 18th century.

– COURTESY RANCHO DE LA OSA –



The historic Strater Hotel in downtown Durango was conveniently built a short walking distance from the city's famous narrow-gauge railroad. The Louis L'Amour room (above), with its beautiful antiques, is a popular choice of guests.

– COURTESY THE STRATER HOTEL –

entertaining guests ranging from Lyndon B. Johnson, Adlai Stevenson and Marshall Plan author William Clayton to Zane Grey, Tom Mix and John Wayne.

"We get guests who'll go there literally for the history and or the ambiance," True says. "When you walk through the door… even myself, I feel like I've just tumbled through a time machine."

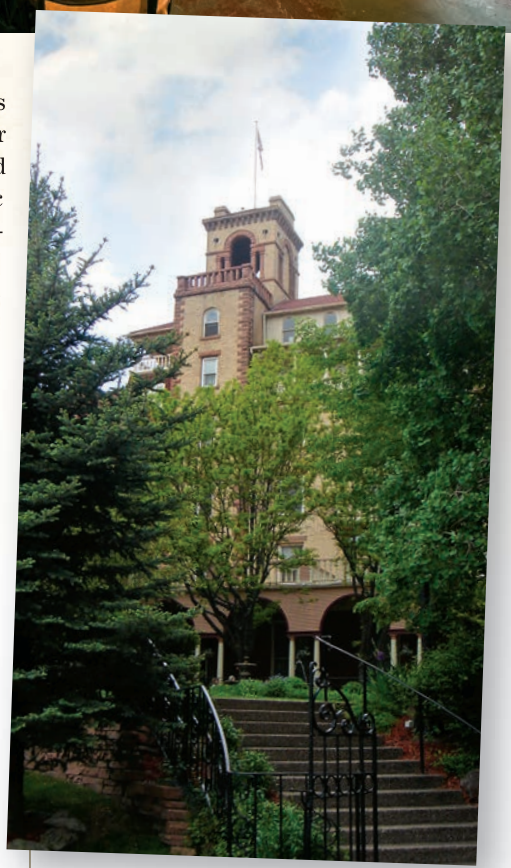
But managers and owners have challenges.

"The biggest challenge is keeping up with the guests' expectations while we're not ruining the historic integrity of the hotel," says Tori Ossola, manager of the 1887 Strater Hotel in Durango, Colorado, where novelist Louis L'Amour was inspired during stays in the second-story room above The Diamond Belle Saloon. "Giving our guests the ability to plug in all of their devices, while we are limited with outlet space in our historic rooms is certainly a big challenge for us. [And]our hotel is made of cinderblock and brick, which certainly isn't conducive to allowing strong Wi-Fi signals to some of our areas."

Craig Melville, spokesman for Glenwood Springs' Hotel Colorado, the 1893 "Grande Dame" whose guests have included Theodore Roosevelt and Molly Brown, agrees.

"To stay true to the history of the Hotel Colorado while implementing state-of-the-art improvements takes a fine balance of creativity and ingenuity to ensure our guests have all the modern comforts while maintaining the history and elegance of the 125-year-old hotel," Melville says. "Meeting planners will have the best tech services for their attendees while still enjoying the unique historic feel of the conference rooms. We will provide all the updated amenities and comforts of a modern hotel while still keeping its original historic look and feel, working hard to balance the two to offer our guests a top-notch and unique experience."

Johnny D. Boggs has camped across the West, but at his age, prefers hotel comforts and food he doesn't cook over a campfire.



The Hotel Colorado (above) in Glenwood Springs, Colorado, was a favorite of President Theodore Roosevelt, as well as many other celebrities and politicians, since it debuted in 1893.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Historic Western
LODGING & SALOONS



– COURTESY THE JON B. LOVELACE COLLECTION OF CALIFORNIA PHOTOGRAPHS IN CAROL M. HIGHSMITH'S AMERICA PROJECT, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

TRINITY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Northern California

Roll back time and visit historic **Trinity County in Northern California!** History abounds at the **Wildwood Inn & Bar** (early 1800s), once a stage stop, now a bar, restaurant and RV park on California State Highway 36 in the southern part of the county. Then head north to Weaverville and push open those "iconic" saloon doors for a drink at **The Diggins**, once the old Blake Bank, built with Chinese brick back in 1856. Then head across the street to the **New York Saloon** for another drink to wet your whistle in the second-oldest bar in continuous operation since 1856. Enjoy the first Saturday of every month with an **Art Cruise**, showcasing two art galleries and five businesses of featured artists with live music to serenade you as you stroll through the historic downtown.

There's always an event going on in town, like **Frontier Days**, to transport you back in time to the 1850s with period costumes and demonstrations at the **Jake Jackson Museum's Blacksmith Shop** (above, right), where semi-monthly workshops are taught and the Paymaster Stamp Mill, the only working steam-powered stamp mill on the West Coast! Visit the **Joss House State Historic Park**, the oldest continuously used Taoist Temple in California. Tired? Take a rest at the **Weaverville Hotel**, built during the gold rush in 1861. Explore the **Weaver Basin Trail System**, where the WEMBO 2015 world mountain bike race was held. Then venture further north to explore the **Trinity Alps Wilderness Area**, the largest in California, where hiking or riding the Pacific Crest Trail is an adventure!

Want to stay longer in the area to visit a wilderness lake? Book a stay at **Coffee Creek Ranch**, an authentic Western Dude Ranch, originally built in 1900 for the miners and once the town of Coffee, California, where a stage stop, assayer's office, post office and a school graced the banks of Coffee Creek where the largest gold nugget, weighing 42 pounds, was found by the Graves Brothers in 1898. Or drive south to **Historic Lewiston**, the most "painted" town by artists in Trinity County, and home to the original **Old Lewiston Inn** of 1875. Enjoy a peaceful stay there through the week and breakfast on the weekends. Enjoy a lunch or dinner and a full-service bar at the **Lewiston Hotel**, built in 1863 where the Trinity River flows by its back door. (Rooms are being remodeled at the hotel and will be available in the near future.) Both towns—Weaverville and Lewiston—are on the National Register of Historic Places.

There is always an adventure around every bend in the road in Trinity County, where you can experience gold-panning, inner-tubing, river-rafting, fly-fishing or bait-casting, water-skiing and boating on "year-round" **Trinity Lake** (above, left) Both fly-fishing or bait-casting for Rainbows in the scenic and wild rivers of Trinity County are definitely world class! The Trinity River offers the best Steelhead fishing in the Pacific Northwest. Come stay and play!

Trinity County CVB
509 Main Street
Mail: PO Box 517
Weaverville, CA 96093
530-623-6101
Chamber@TrinityCounty.com

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JOSS HOUSE • 187



Old Lewistown Inn • 1875
530-778-3385



Lewistown Hotel • 1863: LewistownHotelCa.com



New York Saloon • 1856: Facebook: New York Saloon



Coffee Creek Dude Ranch • 1900: CoffeeCreekRanch.com



The Diggins • 1856
Facebook: The-Diggins



Weaverville Hotel • 1861: WeavervilleHotel.com



Wildwood Inn & Bar 1800s: Facebook: Wildwood.Inn.rvpark

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– PHOTOS COURTESY HOTEL COLORADO –

THE HOTEL COLORADO

Glenwood Springs, Colorado

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.

The Hotel Colorado
526 Pine Street
Glenwood Springs, CO 81601
970-945-6511
HotelColorado.com

Historic Western LODGING & SALOONS



– COURTESY KANSAS TOURISM –

COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS

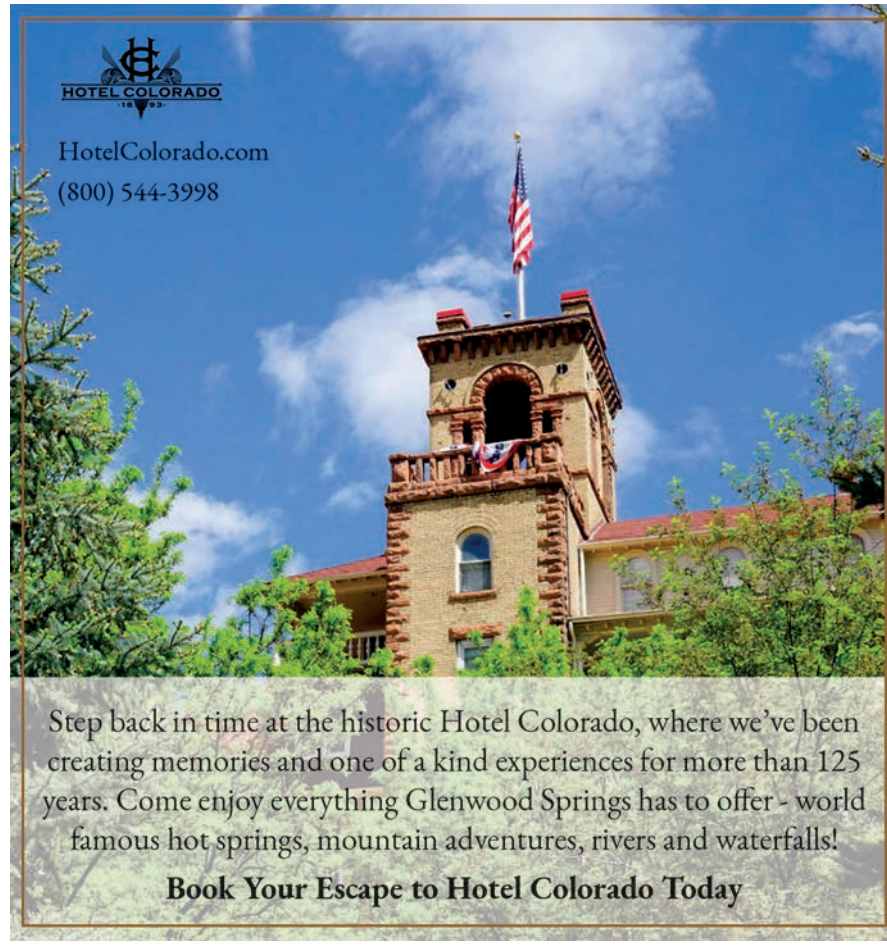
Imagine the Old West coming alive when you visit Council Grove, Kansas, an authentic old trail town nestled at the crossroads of the Santa Fe Trail and the Flint Hills Scenic Byway. The Cottage House Hotel, originally built in 1867, located one block from downtown, is a registered National Historic Landmark. It is beautifully restored to the eras of its additions made in 1881 and 1912.

The Hays House Restaurant, built circa 1857, lays claim to being the oldest, continuously operating restaurant west of the Mississippi River. The Hays House now offers patio and deck seating, free Wi-Fi and a full-service bar.

The Trail Days Historic Site includes a café and museum located in the Rawlinson Terwilliger Home, the second-oldest home remaining alongside the Santa Fe Trail in Kansas. Stop by for unique early American or Old World cuisine in the beautiful Victorian Parlor.

Council Grove with its 25-plus historic sites will not disappoint. The charming town and its friendly residents await your arrival.

Council Grove / Morris County CVB
207 West Main Street
Council Grove, KS 66846
620-767-5413
CouncilGrove.com





Historic Western
LODGING & SALOONS



– COURTESY BIG NOSE KATE'S SALOON –

BIG NOSE KATE'S SALOON

Tombstone, Arizona

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!

Big Nose Kate's Saloon
17 East Allen Street, Tombstone, AZ 85638
520-457-3107 • *BigNoseKates.info*

THE PALACE RESTAURANT AND SALOON

Prescott, Arizona



– COURTESY STUART ROSEBROOK –

The Palace is Arizona's oldest frontier saloon and restaurant. Past patrons include the Earp brothers, Doc Holliday and Big Nose Kate. Originally built in 1877, the Palace was destroyed in the Whiskey Row Fire of 1900. Patrons moved the bar across the street and drank and watched Whiskey Row burn to the ground. It was rebuilt in 1901. Today, The Palace maintains its history, grandeur and old Wild West atmosphere, and attracts visitors from all over the world.

The Palace Restaurant and Saloon
120 South Montezuma St, Prescott, AZ 86303
928-541-1996 • *WhiskeyRowPalace.com*

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– PHOTO BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS –

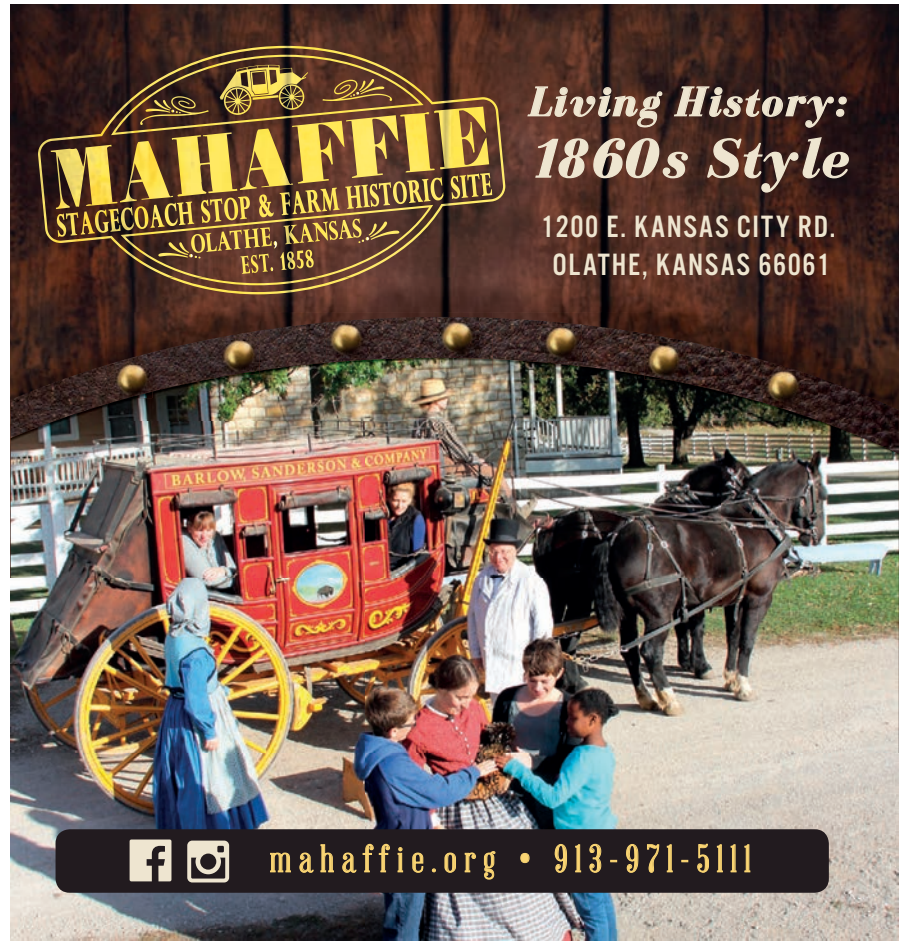
OCCIDENTAL HOTEL
Buffalo, Wyoming

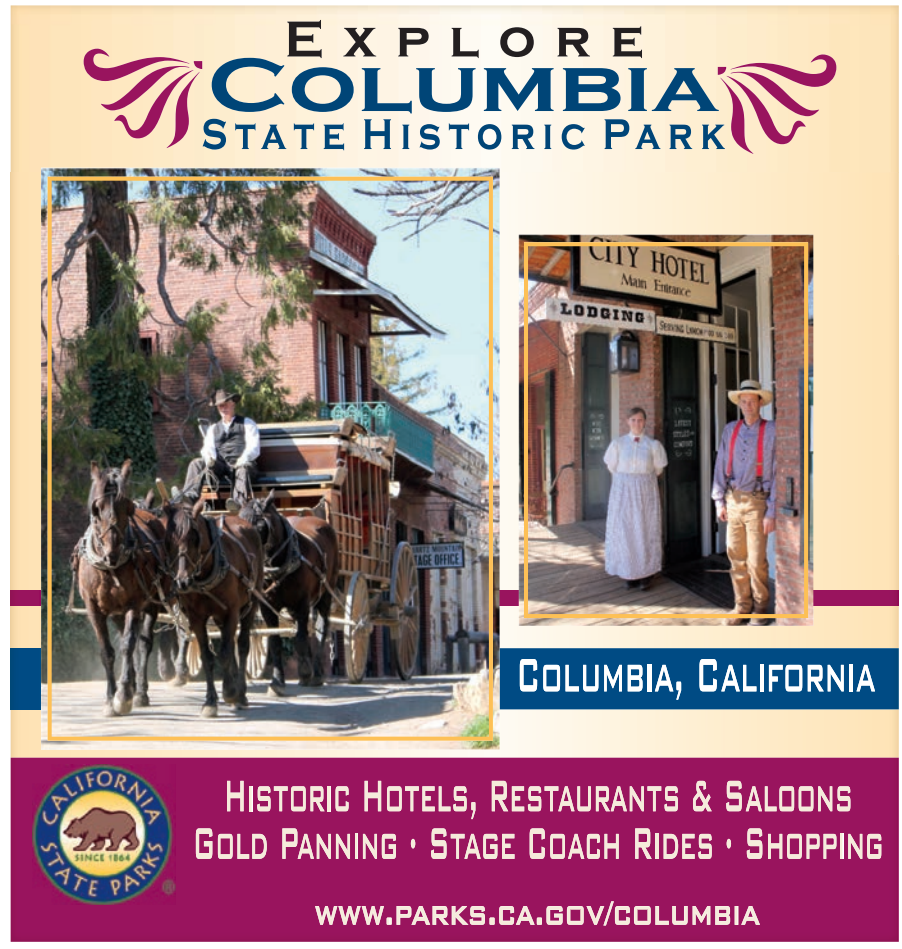
The Occidental Hotel was founded in 1879 in a tent before the log structure was constructed in 1880. The hotel hosted many of the most famous people of the Old West. Owen Wister, author of The Virginian, frequented the region and based his characters on gunslingers and cowboys he'd met in the Occidental Saloon. The current hotel, built between 1903 and 1908, guarantees today's visitors an Old West experience at its historic Occidental Saloon, Busy Bee Cafe and The Virginian Restaurant.



– COURTESY OCCIDENTAL HOTEL –

Occidental Hotel
10 Main Street,
Buffalo, WY 82834 • 307-684-0451
OccidentalWyoming.com





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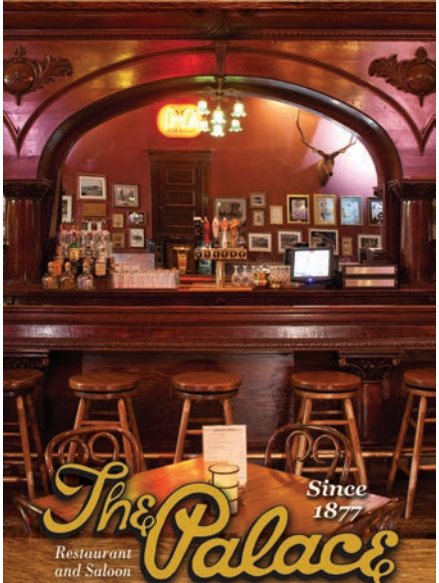
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- True West Magazine



– PHOTO BY MYKE GROVES –

THE STRATER HOTEL

Durango, Colorado

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.

Famous for live music, the Diamond Belle (above) brings saloon girls and Victorian-era bartenders together with guests as they belly up to the historic bar.



– PHOTO BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS –

The Strater Hotel
699 Main Avenue, Durango, CO 81301
970-945-6511 • *Strater.com*

CITY HOTEL & FALLON HOTEL CALIFORNIA STATE HISTORIC PARK

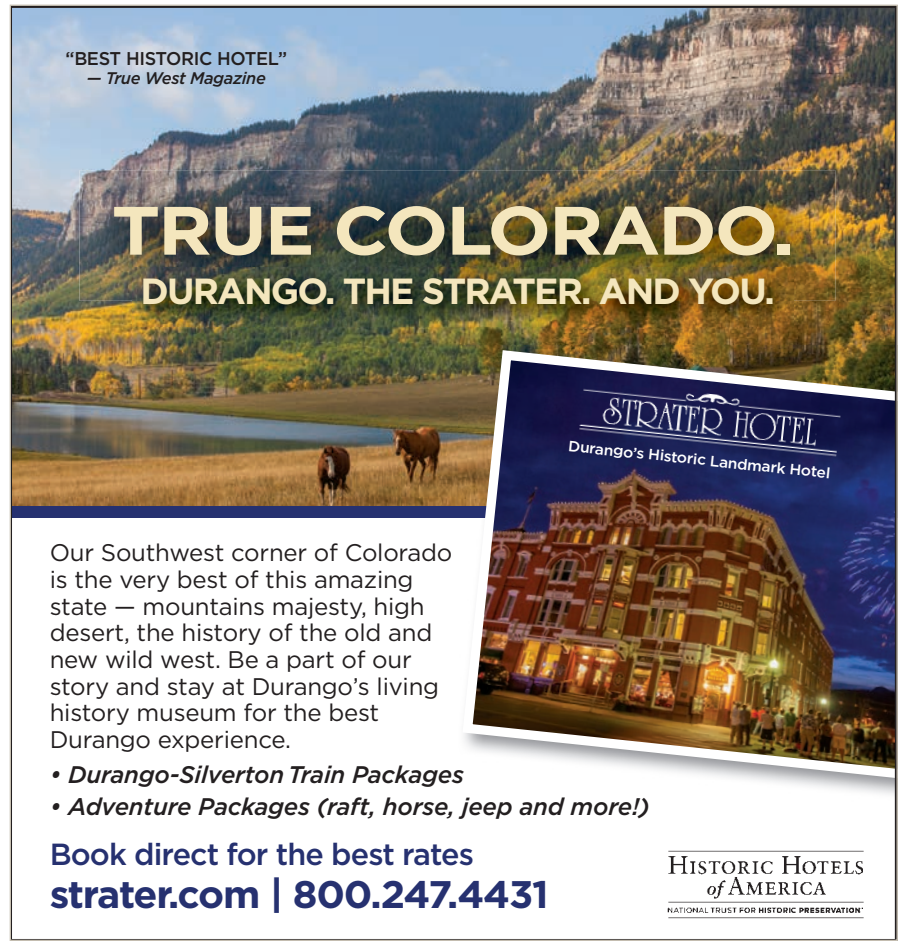
Columbia, California



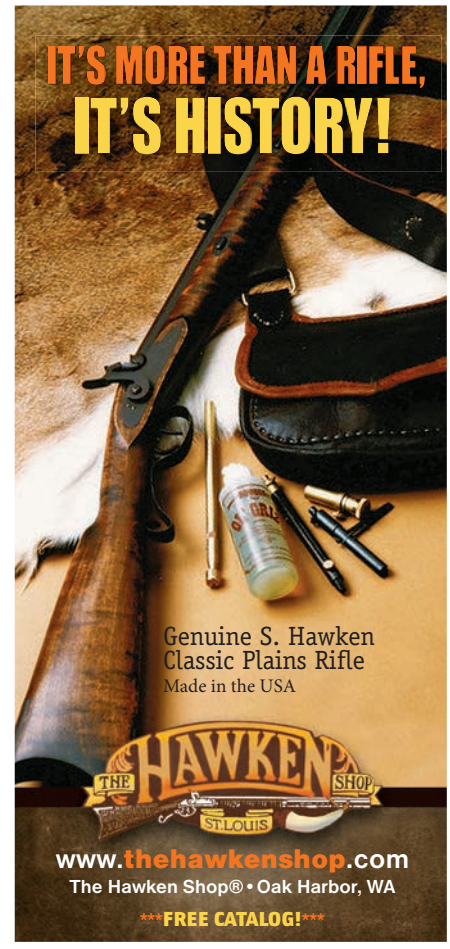
– COURTESY CALIFORNIA STATE HISTORIC PARK –

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.

City Hotel & Fallon Hotel
California State Historic Park
22768 Main Street
Columbia, CA 95310
209-532-1479
VisitColumbiaCalifornia.com







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Western Roundup

FOR MAY 2019



– COURTESY TUCUMCARI CVB –

FOURTH ANNUAL TUCUMCARI RAWHIDE DAYS

Tucumcari, NM, May 3-4: Don't miss the Longhorn Cattle Drive & Parade on Historic Route 66, plus live music, wagon rides, ranch rodeo competitions, chuckwagons and gunfighters.
575-403-7274
TucumcariRawhideDays.com

ADVENTURE

UTE MOUNTAIN MESA VERDE BIRDING FESTIVAL

Cortez, CO, May 8-12: Observe the local bird population with regional wildlife specialists volunteering as tour guides and guest lecturers.
970-565-1151 • *CortezCulturalCenter.org*

FORT KEARNY OUTDOOR EXPO

Kearney, NE, May 11: Attendees can enjoy shooting, archery and fishing demonstrations and contests.
888-444-1867 • *VisitKearney.org*

ART SHOW

WESTERN ART ASSOCIATION 47TH ANNUAL NATIONAL FINE ART SHOW & AUCTION

Ellensburg, WA, May 17-19: The Ellensburg art show and auction exhibits new and established artists for the benefit of the public.
509-962-2934 • *WesternArtAssociation.org*

AUCTION

WITHERELL'S WESTERN AMERICANA AUCTION

Grass Valley, CA, May 29: The annual auction will include artifacts from railroad history, the gold rush, and other items of the American West, plus Western art.
916-764-5257 • *Witherells.com*

FILM FESTIVALS

JOHN WAYNE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Winterset, IA, May 24-25: The 50th anniversary of *True Grit* will be celebrated with multiple screenings at Winterset's Iowa Theater. Reservations recommended.
877-462-1044 • *JohnWayneBirthplace.museum*

GUN SHOW

COLORADO GUN COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION

Denver, CO, May 18-19: The show offers more than 1,000 tables of antique and modern collectible firearms and cowboy artifacts.
720-482-0167 • *CGCA.com*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

COWBOY WAY JUBILEE

Ardmore, OK, May 2-5: Meet your Western heroes at a weekend celebration of the cowboy way of life that includes a kids' parade, music, poetry and campfires.
580-768-5559 • *CowboyWayFest.com*

RAINS COUNTY FOUNDERS DAY FESTIVAL

Emory, TX, May 2-5: Paying tribute to pioneer founder Emory Rains, this festival offers up historic building tours, gunslinger shows and more.
903-473-2465 • *EmoryTX.com*

PENDLETON CATTLE BARONS WEEKEND

Pendleton, OR, May 2-4: The region's cattlemen and ranchers are honored with bronc-riding, a cowboy collectibles auction and barbecue.
541-377-6834 • *CattleBarons.net*

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON FOLK FESTIVAL

Huntsville, TX, May 17-19: The Sam Houston Memorial Museum's grounds will be transformed into a bustling frontier settlement for the festival.
936-294-1832 • *GSHFF.com*

FRIENDS OF HAPPY TRAILS BANQUET

Victorville, CA, May 18: Celebrate the twin centennials of Roy Rogers and the Colt 1911 .45 ACP with fun, food, games, raffles, auctions, prizes and collectibles.
760-240-3330 • *HappyTrails.org*

BISHOP MULE DAYS

Bishop, CA, May 21-26: Come celebrate 50 years of the greatest mule show on earth, a world-class event that promotes the legacy, heritage and talents of the mule.
760-872-4263 • *MuleDays.org*

WYATT EARP DAYS

Tombstone, AZ, May 25-27: In honor of famed Tombstone lawman Wyatt Earp, activities include gunfights, a chili cook-off and an 1880s fashion show.
520-457-3511 • *TombstoneChamber.com*

MUSIC

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

Kerrville, TX, May 23-June 9: Singers and songwriters perform at one of the largest folk music festivals in North America.
830-257-3600 • *Kerrville-Music.com*

DOLLYWOOD'S BARBEQUE & BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Pigeon Forge, TN, May 24-June 2: Dollywood's master chefs will serve new barbeque recipes while local bluegrass musicians perform.
800-365-5996 • *Dollywood.com*

RODEOS

WESTERN HERITAGE CLASSIC

Abilene, TX, May 9-12: 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*

LAS VEGAS DAYS RODEO

Las Vegas, NV, May 10-12: The PRCA rodeo, formerly known as Helldorado Days Rodeo will be held at the Plaza Hotel and hosted by Bar T Rodeo at Core Arena.
702-870-1221 • *RodeosUSA.com/Rodeos/Elks-Helldorado-Days*

BANDERA PRO RODEO

Bandera, TX, May 24-26: 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 vice president of the Wild West History Association. His latest book is *Arizona Oddities: Land of Anomalies and Tamales;* History Press, 2018. If you have a question, write: Ask the Marshall, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327 or e-mail him at marshall.trimble@scottsdalecc.edu

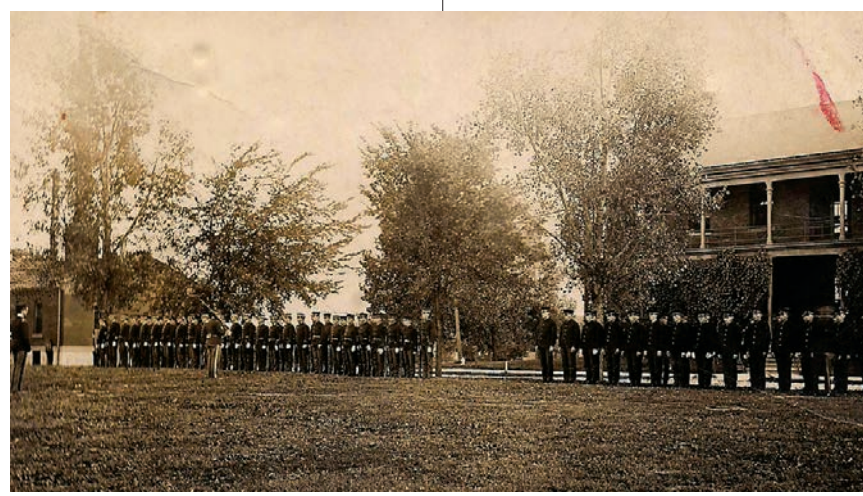
Basic Training Since 1826

Did frontier soldiers go through boot camp?

Bill Haines
Nashville, Tennessee

Jefferson Barracks, south of St. Louis, Missouri, was established July 10, 1826. It was the first Infantry School of Instruction or basic training under Brev. Maj. Stephen Watts Kearny. Col. Henry Leavenworth arrived a few months later. For the first time in the nation's young history, recruits received training in close order drill, tactics, marksmanship and weapons of every type.

The first Marine Corps recruit depot opened at Port Royal, South Carolina, on June 1, 1911. Parris Island was officially designated a Marine Corps recruit depot on November 1, 1915; training was continued from then on. New recruits spent a period of learning the basics before their assignment to a regular outfit.



Jefferson Barracks is located on the Mississippi River in Lemay, Missouri, south of St. Louis. It was an active Army installation from 1826–1946.

– ALL IMAGES COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Did ballistics forensics ever come into play in solving crimes in the Old West?

David Aufiere
Columbia, Louisiana

Ballistics science has been around since the 1500s. Prior to the advent of mass production firearms, when each gun was handmade, it was possible to identify the bullet fired by a particular weapon. The first documented case was in 1835 in London; police were able to get a conviction when they matched the bullet found at a murder scene to the mold used by a suspect. The same guy had a barrel that matched the bullet.

That all changed when manufacturing replaced hand tools, making the ability to compare bullets impossible.

It was not until 1915 that forensic ballistics came into play. Charles Stielow was convicted of murder, but the governor of New York wasn't convinced Stielow was the killer. The execution was postponed until the firearm could be further examined. When it was, scientists determined Stielow's gun couldn't have fired the fatal bullets and he was freed.

In 1925, Calvin Goddard and Phillip Gravelle invented the comparison microscope, which modernized the forensic evaluation of firearms.

So, to answer your question, by the time forensic ballistics gained respectability, the Old West was just a fond memory.

How accurate was the language in the 2010 version of *True Grit*?

Scott Bachtold
Hudson, Illinois

You're probably referring to the fact that many of the characters don't use contractions in their speech. The movie's dialogue is pretty true to the language used by author Charles Portis in the novel, but people during the frontier period often used contractions, especially in informal speech.

There's little doubt that language in this version of *True Grit* sounds archaic, as if it came from an earlier period in history. That's more of an artistic license device; it's not authentic to the time and place.

Looking at it from the perspective of Mattie Ross, who is telling the story in the 1920s, she would be writing "won't" instead of "will not" about a third of the time and "don't" instead of "do not" about 60 percent of the time.

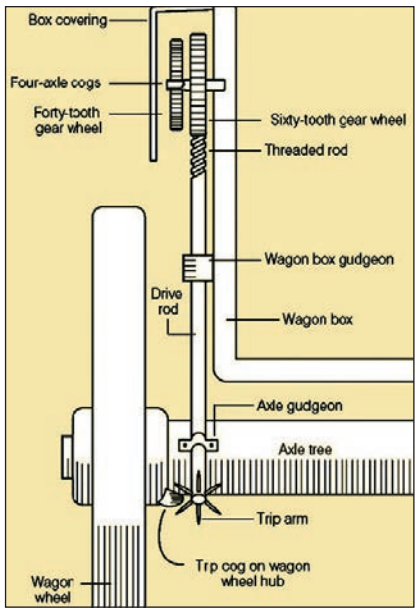
For many years contractions have been taboo in formal writing, but starting in the 1920s, some grammatical sacred cows are changing what most people find acceptable in writing.

How did settlers and cowboys calculate miles?

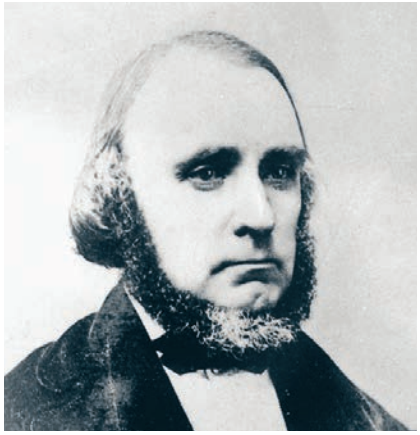
Jason Bledsoe
Felton, Delaware

Trail riding cowboys had no way to calculate the miles—but the "cookie" driving the chuckwagon could, just like the setters did. They could use an odometer.

Odometers of some kind have been around at least since Roman times. An early method of measuring miles was to tie a ribbon to a spoke of a wheel, then count the wheel revolutions. This was tedious, and necessity being the mother of invention, the odometer (a.k.a. Roadometer) was invented by Mormon pioneer William Clayton. He used it while crossing the plains in 1847. It used two gears. The rear wheel of a typical covered wagon made 360 revolutions per mile. An odometer was connected to the wheel by a wooden spindle with six small spokes joined to an 18-inch-long wooden "worm gear" of shaft. The large, slower-turning gears of the odometer kept track of up to ten miles at a time. A person was responsible for recording each 10-mile increment counted by the odometer.



The diagram above illustrates the workings of the "roadometer" invented by William Clayton (below).



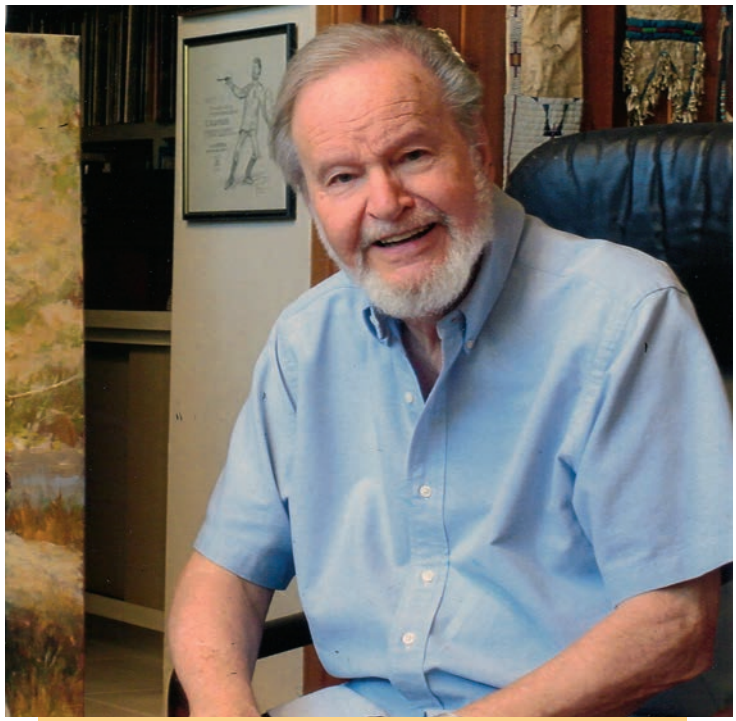


What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME



At 91, Howard Terpning still paints in his Tucson studio every morning. *Pursuit Across the Yellowstone* (left) is a classic example of Terpning's style of depicting the Native peoples of the West—a style that has earned him the nickname "Storyteller of the Native American."

– PHOTO AND PAINTING COURTESY HOWARD TERPNING –



As a kid I enjoyed building model airplanes.

The best art training I ever got was being Haddon Sundbloom's apprentice for a year and a half.

The problem with most painters today is some young painters are trying too hard to create something different, perhaps just to attract attention.

Don't get me started on the dissension in this country.

For my money, nobody has ever topped Elia Repin, the great Russian painter of the 19th century.

The one thing that has eluded me is the ability to understand electronics.

The one person who knows me better than anyone is my wife, Marlies—this one is easy.

Not many people know that I always wanted to parachute out of an airplane.

The first painting I ever sold was a black-and-white painting of a small boy walking behind several cows. It was an illustration for a commercial ad. I was in art school at the time.

I started drawing when I was about six or seven.

My favorite Westerns are *Dances with Wolves* and *Open Range*.

Back in my day we wrote letters.

My favorite silver screen cowboy growing up was the Lone Ranger.

My favorite place to escape in the West is Flathead Lake in Montana.

The best advice I ever received was from the great illustrator Haddon Sundbloom, who said to me when I was starting out, "Howard, don't worry about making money, if you paint good pictures, the money will eventually come."

History has taught me that it's important to listen to other people's views and respect what they have to say.

My favorite music to relax to is classical music and opera. I also like Country and Western.

HOWARD TERPNING, ARTIST

Howard Terpning, an emeritus member of Cowboy Artists of America, has been pursuing his craft as an artist for most of his life. Born in 1927 in Oak Park, Illinois, he served in the Marine Corps in the Pacific and China in 1945-'45, before attending the Chicago Academy of Fine Art and the American Academy of Art. After art school he became a commercial artist in Chicago before moving to New York City, where he had a successful career as an illustrator for popular magazines and movie posters. In 1967, he volunteered to serve as a combat artist with the Marine Corps in Vietnam. In the late 1970s, Terpning left commercial art to pursue his craft in painting the American West from his new home in Tucson, Arizona. The recipient of numerous awards for his Western art, he is only the third artist to receive the Eiteljorg Museum Award for excellence in American art.

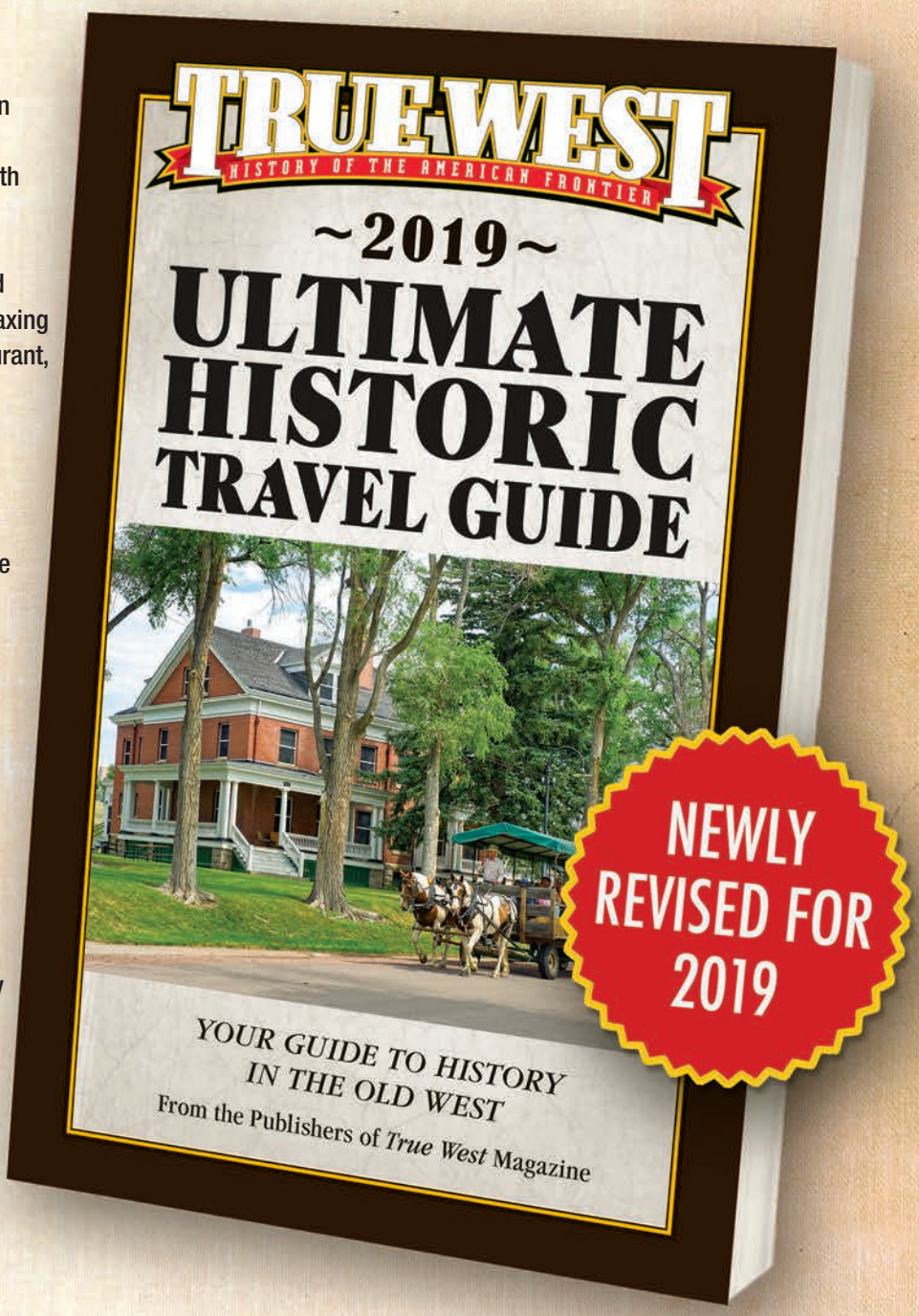
It doesn't get much better than being surrounded by my family and being able to hug my granddaughters.

My advice to painters just starting out is if you are going to be a representational painter, be sure you know how to draw well before you start to paint.

The award I have received that I'm most proud of is the Gen. Oliver P. Smith award for service as a combat artist in Vietnam from the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation at the Marine Corps Museum.

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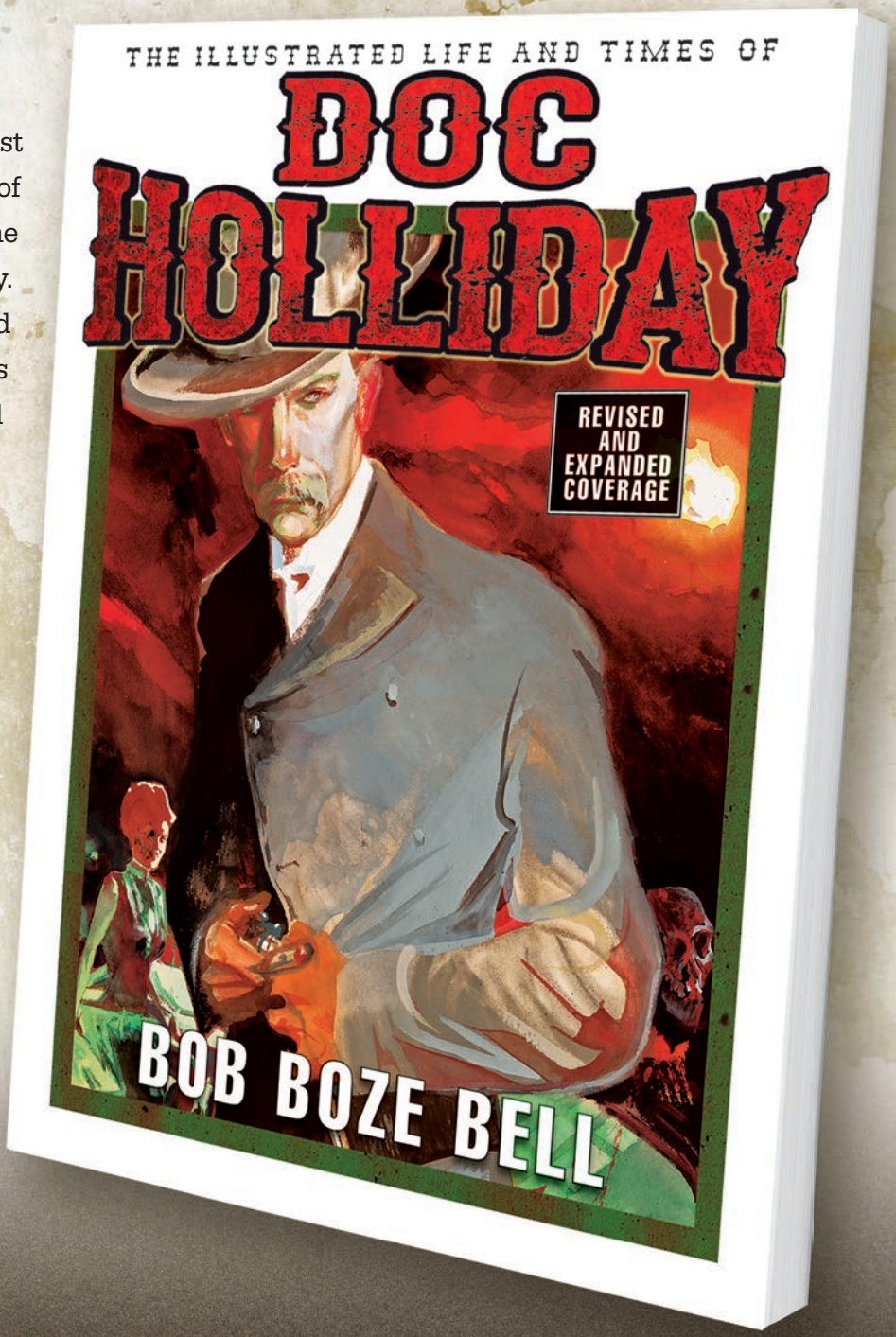
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