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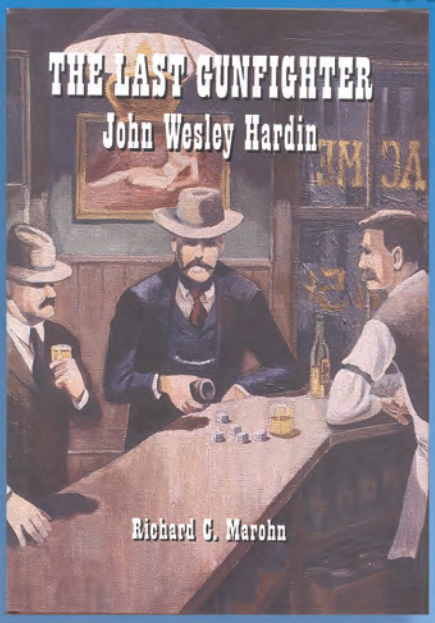
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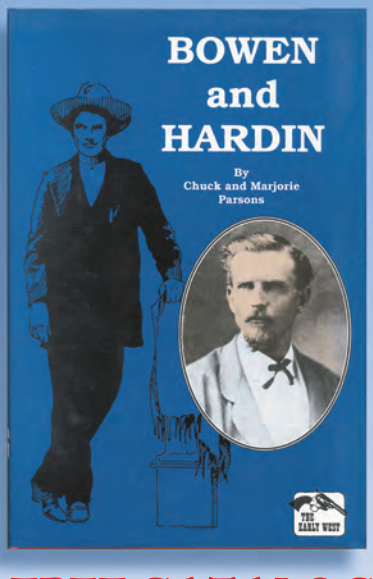
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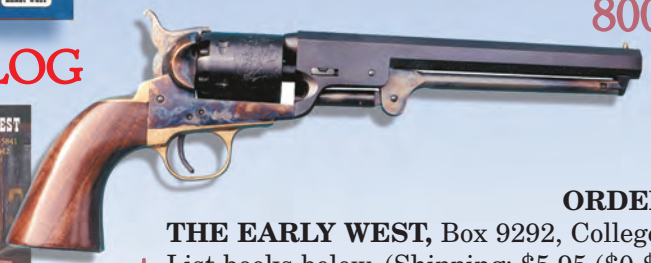
Sooner or later somebody is going to have to kill him, and he is dangerous beyond anything I realized. --Marshal Jeff Milton



BOWEN & HARDIN by Chuck Parsons and Marjorie Burnett. Brown Bowen, Hardin's brother-in-law, had carelessly led Detective Jack Duncan to where Hardin was hiding and then accused Hardin of killing Haldeman, a man killed by Bowen. Since Hardin was in jail facing a murder charge, Bowen wanted him to take the blame, thereby relieving Bowen of the charges. Hardin wrote Bowen's wife: . . . *my will is good but let every tub stand on its own bottom . . . I cannot be made a scapegoat of.* Bowen was a badman who may have gunned down six men between Texas, Kansas, and Florida. 49 illustrations, 160 pages, cloth cover with a dustjacket. $24.95

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April 2001 • VOLUME 48 • ISSUE 5

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Our Cover
In Without Knocking, by Charlie Russell
– Amon Carter Museum –

This Page
Wranglers, New Mexico style.
– True West Archives –

FEATURES

19 The Cowboy and His Coffee
Fire-Roasted Beans, Horned and Barefoot
Beginning with the New World's anti-tea sentiment, no red-blooded American—especially the cowboy—would do without it.
By Anne Cooper Funderberg

23 Caught in the Crossfire
A young boy dies, a legendary war hero hangs—the killer is still unknown. On the 100th anniversary of the Willie Nickell murder, little-known facts emerge about Wyoming's most famous unsolved mystery.
By Chip Carlson

30 "Aunt Sally"
The first woman in the Black Hills served the Seventh with inimitable style, and recently finds her rightful place in American pioneer history.
By Ramona Rand-Caplan

34 The Lariat
This old-time cowboy gets down to the nitty-gritty of roping, and revisits the many curious uses of the most indispensible tool of the trade.
By Thomas LaMance

38 Saloon Brawl
"Salty John" Cox recalls a rowdy round in Magdalena, New Mexico.
By (the legendary) Howard Bryan

40 Cowboy Boots
Bootmakers give us the *cowboy's* technique for the perfect fit.

42 A Smoking Gun?
Did Wells Fargo pay Wyatt Earp to kill Stilwell and Curly Bill? New evidence emerges.
By Robert J. Chandler

44 Dodge and Burn
A Premier Cowtown Skirts Obliteration
The "red devil" visits Dodge City three times in 1885—Front Street falls to ashes while a community's spirit ignites.
By Johnny Boggs

51 First Scalp for Custer
A mourning country satisfies the voracious demon of revenge recounting the story of Buffalo Bill's first scalp in retribution for the Little Big Horn. Is this legend fact or fiction? Paul Hedren artfully separates the two.
By Paul Hedren

DEPARTMENTS

6 Shooting Back
10 Ducking Bullets
12 Western Roundup
14 Treasures
36 Gus Walker Maps
58 Classic Gunfights
61 Reviews
65 Ask The Marshall
66 Trading Post
70 Classifieds
72 Last Stand



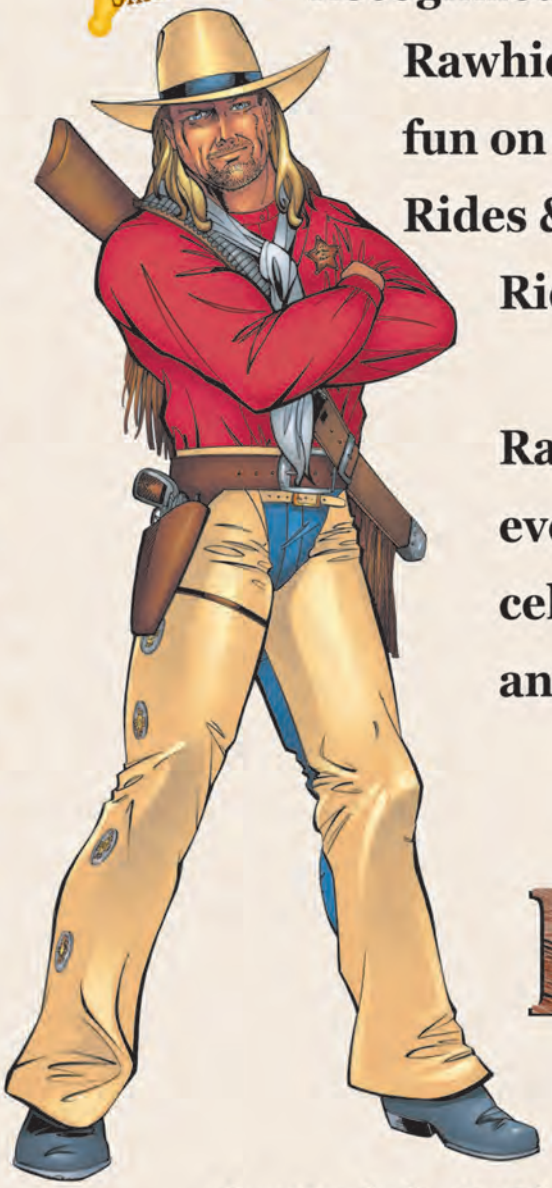
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TO THE POINT

The Day I Outran A Horse



Aunt Jean, the rodeo Queen, 1946

Just like every other kid who grew up in the 1950s, I wanted to be a cowboy. But unlike most Eastern kids, my Arizona family was bursting at the seams with buckaroos. Virtually all my Kingman cousins were the real deal.

Cousin Billy Hamilton, was the World Champion Team Roper in 1964 and my Aunt Jean was a rodeo queen (and so was her daughter, and her daughter's daughters).

My father had a gas station. And between the distractions of Route 66, girls and rock and roll, I got sidetracked. Then I went to college in '65 and got totally lost. After the Beatles and just before the Eagles (actually during the Dusty Chaps), I rediscovered my Kingman Cowboy roots and headed home. I had come under the spell of the Cowboy Artist—Charlie Russell—and decided I wanted to be just like him. I told myself, "Hey, I grew up riding. I just missed some of the graduate school stuff. I'll go visit my cousins and catch up."

In the predawn darkness, three of us mounted up and headed out the north gate of the Turkey Track Ranch. It was bitter cold as we rode side by side. We were looking for a certain bull. As I watched my cousin Billy and his 12-year-old son, Craig, ride at a trot, I noticed they rode their mounts like they were sitting on a couch—smooth and comfortable. I knew they were "posting," but even though I fancied myself a rider, I was doing something that resembled "post-holing." I swear I could have driven nine-inch-nails into that cold, hard saddle with my butt.

About a mile from the ranch, little Craig literally leapt off his horse, slipped out a .30-.30 Winchester from the scabbard and let fly with an ear-splitting shot that sent violent shivers through my horse and me—catapulting the two of us 15 feet sideways. Thanks to two hands and a saddle-horn I stayed aboard, barely.

In the pale light of dawn, Craig had brought down a coyote at 200 hundred yards, and we galloped forward to survey the damage. Arriving at the lip of an earthen dam, my cousins dismounted and told me to hold the horses while they finished off the "varmint." I grabbed all the reins and held on tight, but with each agonizing shot, the trio of horses jolted and reared until one got behind the others and pushed off, literally lifting me off the ground. I panicked and couldn't hang on, and the horse in the back broke loose. He immediately headed for the barn at a lazy lope. "Oh, Robert," was all my cousin Billy said. The complete and utter disappointment in his voice was something I could not bear.



New Year's Day, 1973: *the Turkey Track Ranch headquarters in northern Mohave County. L to R: Billy Hamilton, Brenda Hamilton and Craig Hamilton. This photo was taken just after the incident described here. Note the Winchester saddle gun, which belonged to our Grandfather, legendary cowboy, Bob Guess.*

As my cousin came down to help me salvage the other two mounts, I handed him the reins, and without a word, took off running. I dodged nothing. I went over the tops of creosote, barrel cactus and jumping cholla, skimming and slamming the tops off everything in my flight path. It took me about a half mile, but I intercepted that damn horse, grabbed the reins, mounted him and rode back. My cousins were laughing; not the laugh of cruel cowboys who have just witnessed some insane sight, but more the laugh of cowboys who can't believe they're related to a ground squirrel. A very fast ground squirrel, mind you, but a ground squirrel just the same. People talk about pride as a motivator, but sometimes it's amazing what pure humiliation can do.

Speaking of humiliation, our Reader's Survey is on page 49 and we want you to give us both barrels. We've already received over 200 responses off the website and *there are surprises* (58% of you chose Classic Rock as a music preference: evidently I'm not alone in my Beatles phase). And, "Classic True West" and "Exact Spot" are favorite departments, even though both have only run in one issue. For those of you who want to take the survey on-line, go to truewestmagazine.com.

Also, good news for *Old West Journal* fans. We are busy working on a special "History of Country Music" edition that will be out in late summer. You may ask yourself, how can such a small staff put out so much good material?

Easy. Hey, I once outran a horse.



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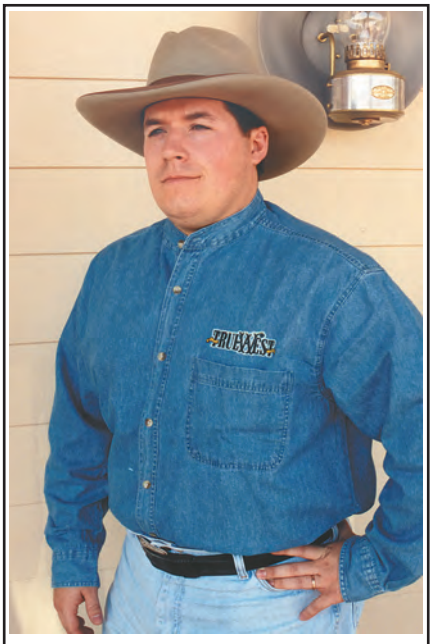
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We Saw The Light

The comparison of Joseph Walker and Jesus in the December 2000 issue did not offend me. It did, however, elevate a question that had been growing in my mind about this monthly feature. "What's the point?" I have asked. "Why are the editors titling this 'Too close for comfort'?" To the December issue specifically, I thought to myself, "We don't even have a likeness of Jesus except through the imagination of later artists." I appreciate the fact that you wanted to get people to think. It worked for me, but not in a way that perhaps you intended.

Again, thanks for your cordial and considerate response to my concerns. I don't wish for True West to follow an unreasonably "politically correct" philosophy. I just question whether it's getting too cute with printed "sound bites."

(The Rev.) Gene W. Baade
Renton, Washington

Point taken. We may have been getting a tad too cute for our britches (to mash a metaphor). We have given Historical Twins a rest to see if anyone notices.

Helping With The Homework

Thanks for a great magazine! I've had a subscription for a year now, and just received the first issue for the second year. My son, David, is a 5th grader at Red Mountain Ranch Elementary in East Mesa, Arizona. He has been looking through it for info for his school projects, so it has been helpful for school work. Something that not every magazine can say. Continued success at *True West* and *Old West Journal*.

Larry Gowey
Scottsdale, Arizona

We Be Pros Now

I've been reading *True West* for many years and I'm glad you got rid of the cheesy paper and the poor drawings.

I feel the new magazine is very professional and the artists' work on the cover and in the text is very well done.

Bruce Hull
Via the Internet

Equal Opportunity Killer?

I consider Leon Metz to be one of the most talented writers in the country and have read just about everything he has written with a great deal of enjoyment. He has no peer in the area of research. That said, I do however disagree with some of his conclusions, particularly as to John Wesley Hardin.

On every television program, and every article he has written, he states that Hardin was a "racist." Now, if he applied this to "Wild Bill" Longley I would agree, but to me, Wes Hardin falls far short of being a "racist" as the term is used today. Consider: In all of Hardin's known killings, only two were Blacks—Mage (his first), and Parramore. No doubt, some of the soldiers he killed were Black, but here he was killing "Bluecoats" who were chasing him, and remember, the Davis administration in reconstruction Texas was one of the most corrupt in history and was eventually abolished, which at the time, right or wrong, made Hardin a hero to most Texans. What does make Hardin's record particularly bloody is the fact that all of his known killings took place in a five-year period (1869-1874). It's ironic to me that his most obvious case of self-defense, and probably the most witnessed, is the one for which he was convicted (Webb). Webb did supposedly shoot Hardin in the side before Hardin shot him. Also of interest is the reason for the court's rejection of his appeal in this killing. Hardin's appeal was turned down for "The enormity of his crimes." In other words, for crimes for which he had not been convicted. Hardin was convicted for who he was and not for what he had done!

It seems to me that Wes Hardin was an equal opportunity killer in that he killed Blacks, Whites, Mexicans and Indians. He also killed gamblers, gunmen, soldiers, policemen, con-men and known "shooters."

Probably the coroner summed Hardin up best when he stated that if "Selman shot Hardin in the eye, that was good shooting. If he shot him in the back, that was good judgment!"

Ben D. Lawson
Lancaster, California

Second Generation

I just finished reading your new April 2001 issue. I think you guys are like fine wine, you're getting better with age. I am a second generation subscriber to your magazine. My grandfather subscribed to your magazine the first year it started in the early 50s.

I have read them all and still have them. I was reading in your April issue in the "Shooting Back" section about the topless cover. I couldn't believe people were complaining about it. I guess people don't have much to complain about.

Personally, I think you people did a damn good job of it. Keep up the good work.

Chris Murphy
St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada

Let The Earp Onslaught Begin

It is no surprise to me that the special Earp issue has engendered more comment that any previous issue. After all, Wyatt Earp is probably the second-most famous name from the post-Civil War American West. And the most famous name from that time and place? I will make a prediction: You will get as much or more comment from your special George



Armstrong Custer issue.

I have been studying, writing. and publishing about Custer and his last battle for more than 35 years, and I know of nothing else which causes more sparks to fly, not even the Down-the-street-from-the-OK-Corral gunfight.

BRUCE TRINQUE
NIANTIC, CONNECTICUT

Your issue on Wyatt Earp was superb.

PAUL GORDON
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO, CANADA

Thank you for your excellent coverage of the OKII face-off. It was indeed, a theatrical matinee at Schieffelin Hall.

It's my considered opinion that the out-of-town shouters still don't get the message. This was designed to be pure entertainment. And, no one was ever in danger of being hurt.

The town marshall was well aware of the players in this historic drama long before act one began.

For all in attendance, the activists were recognized as such by anyone with an I.Q. above that of a moron.

Unfortunately, as is always the case, a few mental midgets were in attendance.

RON W. FISCHER
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Ron Fischer was one of the combatants in the shout-out. His book Nellie Cashman: Frontier Angel *has recently been published by Talei Publishing.*





SHOOTING BACK

When I read, "OKII: Shout-Out at Schieffelin Hall," I expected an informative article pointing out at least some of the historic points of contention between the noted authors/historians who were present.

The tabloid level article left me greatly disappointed in a long trusted Western history periodical. I enjoy Mr. Bell's artwork and books, but this article wasn't up to TW standards, old or new.

P.S. I couldn't agree more with Ben Traywick's statement on page 70.

MONTY MCCORD
JUNIATA, NEBRASKA

The reprinted article (Wyatt Earp: Without A Scratch) by Boze, Jeff Morey and the Tri Star gang is quite possibly the most detailed recreation of any 30 seconds in history. It is truly an amazing accomplishment. You have done an enviable job of pumping new life and color into the old mag, to say nothing of ramrodding it through a very difficult transition over the past few months.

HOWARD S. WHITE
MESA, ARIZONA

Carol Mitchell's article, "Lady Sadie," in the Feb./March *True West*, is the best thing to appear in the magazine in a great many years. After decades in which Earpiana has been the unfortunate sanctuary for so many hacks and charlatans, it is heartening to see what solid research, careful analysis, and good writing—all of which are displayed in the piece by Ms. Mitchell—will yield. Her upcoming biography of Josephine Marcus Earp, will be an important, much-needed contribution to Earp studies.

TIM FATTIG
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

I found a small mistake in the article "Lady Sadie". It states that [when] the Marcus family left New York, five years after Josephine was born, for San Francisco—that would be 1869— they traveled by way of the Panama Canal. But, the canal was started in 1904 and finished in 1914 and not "officially" opened until 1921.

ELLIOT HORNE
VIA THE INTERNET

I just got through reading every word of my new issue (Feb./March 2001) of *True West* magazine, and I love it. Instead of reading a bunch of unrelated short stories, now I can really get into a particular subject with each issue.

GEORGE BOURBEAU
VIA THE INTERNET

While I'm truly a novice when it comes to the Old West and current controversy over its various historian/players, the article "OKII: Shout-Out At Schieffelin Hall" was nothing short of great. It's the kind of unique perspective and clever insight that I would like to see more of in these days where so many overly ego-endowed talk the talk but have no real idea of how to walk the walk without looking like complete . . . well, you know how they looked.

TIM WILLIAMS
VIA THE INTERNET



Wyatt (Robert Thomas), Virgil (Richard Thomas) and Doc (Rich Mytko) at the National Festival of The West, WestWorld, Scottsdale, Arizona March 16, 2001.

I thoroughly enjoyed "Shout-Out at Schieffelin Hall."

I retired after 24 years in law enforcement, the last 12 of them spent in undercover narcotics enforcement in Corpus Christi, Texas. I had a helluva time and sent over 550 bad boys (and girls) to prison. Believe it or not, I once had a local criminal attorney tell me, "I feel like I'm meeting Wyatt Earp."

MR. LAURIE STEWART
ODEM, TEXAS

This morning the delivery of mail resumed here and with it came the "Earp Issue" which I have read from cover to cover with huge enjoyment. The in-depth—almost forensic—scrutiny of the walkdown and shootout are excellent and the supporting material admirable.

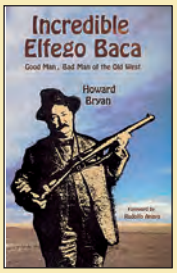
As for the Schieffelin Hall confrontation; what a debacle, what a complete and utter disservice to all those of us who pursue the truth about the Old West—a perfect illustration of why toffee-nosed academics sneer at these pathetic self-styled "historians" to dismiss their work as amateur, badly written and of little or no importance. Can you imagine someone of the stature of say Robert Utley or Dan Thrapp allowing himself to get involved in such a menagerie? And what the hell is a weight-lifting champion from Los Angeles doing there, for Chrissake?

FREDERICK NOLAN
CHALFONT ST. GILES, ENGLAND

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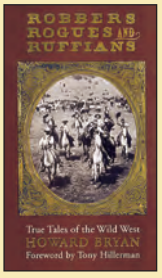
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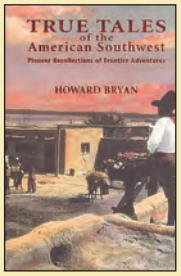
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DUCKING BULLETS

RUMORS . . . PROJECTS . . . AND DIRTY LITTLE SECRETS ABOUT THE LATEST IN THE WEST

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

Drew Gomber, historian for the **Hubbard Museum of the American West**, has announced the discovery of correspondence that appears to be in the hand of **Billy the Kid**. The documents are included in a notepad that was passed around the Mesilla Jail in New Mexico, 1881.

The owner, who wishes to remain anonymous at this time, is awaiting verification of the documents. According to Gomber, "they look good . . . very good." Included are correspondence between Billy and **Pat Garrett**, **Lew Wallace** and **J.W. Bell**—Bell was destined to die at the Kid's hands the following month during the spectacular jailbreak that catapulted the Kid into legend. *Stay tuned . . .*

. . . If you haven't heard already ("Begging Billy's Pardon," *True West* May/June 2001 issue), New Mexico Representative **Ben Rios**, D-Las Cruces, wants Governor Gary Johnson to pardon the Kid for the April 1, 1878, murder of **Sheriff William Brady** and others in Lincoln.

No joke.

And it gets even stranger.

One New Mexican supporting the pardon is Santa Rosa's **Elbert Garcia**, who claims to be a descendant of the Kid. Garcia says his grandfather was **Patricino Garcia**, who was born in 1875. Patricino's mother was **Abrana Garcia** and the father . . . **Billy the Kid**-Henry McCarty-William H. Bonney. Descendants of **John Henry Tunstall** in England are also sympathetic to a pardon, as is the **Billy the Kid Outlaw Gang**. On the other hand, **Brady** descendants in southern New Mexico made it clear they oppose it.

Recovering from a stroke, historian **Robert M. Utley**, author of *Billy the Kid: A Short and Violent Life*, said through his wife, Melody: "This is a matter for history, not the courts or the governor. Nothing would be gained save a stimulus to the public imagination. If one of Billy's bullets didn't hit Sheriff Brady, enough hit others to convict him of murder. I think Billy has descendants all over eastern New Mexico, but I doubt any can be legally validated. In short, . . . only history can pardon or condemn him."

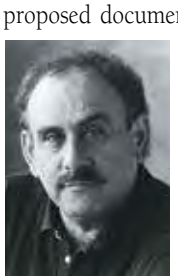


Michael Collier's framed Custer masterpiece will hang at the Little Bighorn.

[Aside: We wish Bob a speedy recovery.]

. . . Master framer, **Michael Collier** has created a museum quality, framed piece of art using the May-June Custer *True West* cover. The framed masterpiece has been shipped to the Little Bighorn Battlefield Museum where it will be on display in the gift shop. Fans who would like a poster of the Custer cover can call Dan at (888) 687-1881. Prints are $85. . . .

. . . The New Mexico priest who baptized **Kit Carson** is the subject of a proposed documentary by Emmy Award-winning filmmaker **Paul Espinosa**.



Paul Espinosa, filmaker.

Espinosa, whose **Espinosa Productions** is based in San Diego, California says he will serve as producer and director on *Libertad: The Life and Times of Padre Martínez*, a documentary film on **Padre Antonio José Martínez** of Taos, New Mexico. The film is still in the developmental stages. An advisory board of scholars and historians will guide the development of the film . . .

. . . New on the web is writer **Chip Carlson's** site: www.readthewest.com/chipcarlson.htm dedicated to exploring the **Willie Nickell** murder mystery, this year marking its 100th anniversary (see article, page 23). Besides being an obvious promotion for his new book, *Tom Horn: Blood On The Moon*, it offers rare photos, new insights and a chance to chat with the expert himself. . . .

. . . The **National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History** is gearing up for its annual rendezvous. The 2001 event is scheduled July 25-28 in Mankato, Minnesota, with field trips to the Bank at Northfield, which the **James-Younger Gang** robbed, and on up to Madelia, where the Youngers were captured and **Charlie Pitts** was killed. Guest speakers include **Robert K. DeArment**, **Larry D. Ball**, **John Koblas** and **Tom Bicknell**. . . .

. . . What's in a name? **The National Cowboy Hall of Fame** in Oklahoma City has a new one. The museum, which was founded by **Chester A. Reynolds** and opened on June 26, 1965, is now known as the **National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum**. . . .

TRUE WEST GRAND OPENING
You've heard of a bull in a China shop? Well, on Saturday, April 21, we had a buffalo in a bookstore. TC Thortenson rode his bull bison Harvey Wallbanger, Jr. right into our crowded store (see upper photo of the two coming out of the building!). Said one staffer, "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes."



. . . On Saturday, July 7, tune into the **History Channel** for the premiere of *Boone & Crockett: The Hunter-Heroes*, co-produced and written by *True West* Guest Editor, **Dr. Paul Andrew Hutton**; directed and produced by **Gary L. Foreman** who promises "lots of dramatic action, battles and terrific scenery." . . .

. . . Author and researcher, **Timothy Fattig,** scheduled as a *True West* guest editor in 2002, has finished his book on **Wyatt Earp,** and is shopping it to publishers. We took a sneak peek and must admit, Fattig has some eye-opening new facts that will shed some new light on the Earp saga. . . .

. . . Boasting of indoor plumbing, *True West* staff celebrated their historic grand opening, Saturday, April 21, at its new digs (thanks to **"Super Dave" Daiss**). Replete with hardy grub and wash, attendees enjoyed a Wild West show, Old West character actors, banjo-playing saloon girls, and book signings with (none other than) **Frederick Nolan**, **Bob Boze Bell**, and **Thadd Turner**. But stealing the show, was **Harvey Wallbanger, Jr.**, a 3000 pound bison that waltzed into the **True West Trading Post** without displacing a single book—*and that's no bull.*

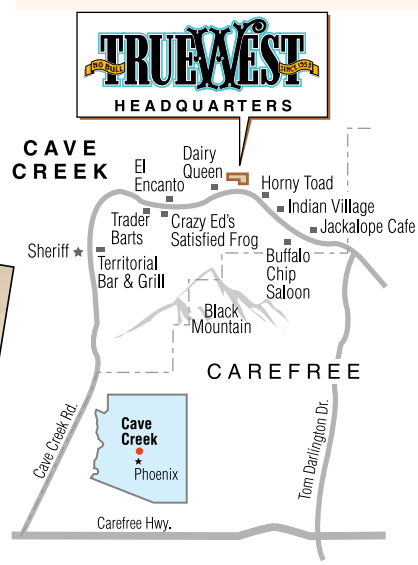
The votes are in!

. . . Here are the top 10 results from our most recent **Web Poll** asking what subject matter you readers want to see in the magazine:

Gunfighters/Outlaws 19%
Towns of the West 8%
Western movies, fact vs. fiction 7%
Western customs 6%
Maps to gunfights 6%
Cowboy firearms 6%
Border bandits 5%
Indian wars 5%
Women of the West 5%
Cowboy clothes & accoutrements 5%

The remaining 28% were divided among: Travel, grub, trail drives, wagon trains, goldmining and gambling.

The current question is: **What was the most important event in old West history? Custer's last stand Gunfight at the O.K. Corral or . . . go to truewestmagazine.com to see the complete list.**







A map to the new building (above), a commemorative photo of the staff and friends (at left), and Fred Nolan getting friendly with a horse (below) in front of the new True West building. With him are L to R: Bob McCubbin, Bear the dog, Dave Daiss and Bob Boze Bell.



TRUE WEST PUBLISHING EDITORIAL CALENDAR 2001

Wild Bill Hickok
August-September
Guest Editors: Joseph Rosa & Thadd Turner

Old West Journal
Summer Edition-August
Announcing: Johnny Boggs as Editor
Special Feature: Johnny Cash

Doc Holliday
October
Featuring: Gary L. Roberts

Bat Masterson
November-December
Featuring Robert DeArment

Previews of Coming Attractions Coming in 2002

Butch Cassidy & The Sundance Kid
Guest Editors: Dan Buck & Anne Meadows

The Alamo
Guest Editors: Thom Ross & Paul Hutton

Billy the Kid
Guest Editor: Frederick Nolan

TRUE WEST
Guest Editor: Ted Yeatman

OLD WEST journal

WESTERN ROUNDUP
TRUE WEST
Old West Places To Go, Do And See

JUNE

8-10, **Red Earth Native American Cultural Festival:** Oklahoma City, OK. World's largest Native American visual and performing arts event; 100 tribes share the richness and diversity of their heritage.
Information: 405-427-5228.

8-19, **NEBRASKAland Days:** North Platte, NE. Four nights of Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association rodeo and three concerts featuring top entertainers. Also, a western and wildlife Art Show, three parades, a western heritage musical comedy, quilt show, an all-male cake bake, a competitive art show, and other events.
Information: 308-532-7939.

14-17, **Fort Union Trading Post Rendezvous:** Williston, ND. This nineteenth-century fur trading fair includes a variety of period crafts and music.
Information: 701-572-9083.

15-17, **Ozark Heritage Festival:** West Plains, MO. Exhibits and childrens' activities. Old-time music and dancing. Workshops and craft demonstrations.
Information: 417-256-1813.

19, **Guyman Ranch Rodeo:** Guyman, OK. Teams from ranches in the Oklahoma-Texas Panhandle compete in events highlighting the skills of the ranch hand.
Information: 580-338-5838.

20-24, **Lewis and Clark Festival:** Great Falls, MT. Activities for all ages include reenactments and demonstrations from Lewis & Clark's journey, a Native American encampment and mini float trips on the Missouri River.
Information: 406-452-5661.

21-23, **Cody Old West 12th Annual Show & Auction:** Cody, WY. "King of the Cowboy Shows" and aways offers the most unique and desirable antiques and collectibles in western Americana, sold and traded by the nation's most respected and knowledgeable dealers.
Information: 307-587-9014 or 602-432-7602 or visit the web site at www.codyoldwest.com.

22-24, **Custer's Last Stand Reenactment:** Hardin, MT. This reenactment takes the audience from Lewis & Clark's journey down the Yellowstone River through to the climactic battle between Custer, the Seventh Cavalry and the gathered Sioux Indian tribes.
Information: 888-450-3577 or www.custerslaststand.org

22-24, **125th Anniversary of the Custer Battle, Where the Battle Began:** Garryowen, MT. A laying-of-the-wreath ceremony accompanies the unveiling of a new bronze monument adjacent to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier on the museum grounds. New museum exhibits, keynote speakers and historians, and a Last Stand Art Show will also be featured.
Information: 406-638-1876 or visit the website at www.custermuseum.org

22-24, **Commemorating the 125th Anniversary of the Battle of the Little Bighorn:** Custer Country, MT. Over 200 actors dressed in traditional Indian war regalia and military uniforms reenact the Battle of the Little Big Horn.
Information: 406-628-1432 or hhttp://custer.visitmt.com

25-26, **125th Anniversary of the Battle of the Little Bighorn:** Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument, Crow Agency, MT. Activities include the striking of a commemorative medallion and booklet; a living history encampment contrasting the lifestyles of plains Indians and U.S. Cavalry troops; and guest speakers.
Information: 406-638-2621 or 628-1432. For tickets call 888-450-3577.



October Moon, by T. Allen Lawson.
The W.E. Weiss Purchase Award and the Artist's Choice Award winner, featured at the Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale September 21-22 in Cody, Wyoming.

June 29-July 4, **Prescott Frontier Days:** Prescott, AZ. Eight Rodeo perfromances, a concert, three dances, a carnival, 10k run, 4th of July parade and a festival on the square.
Information: 800-266-7534.

JULY

3-4, **Festival of the West:** Golden, CO. The 27th annual event includes bull riding, roping and the Westernaires Arena shows. Also, food, craft vendors and live music.
Information: 303-271-6600.

6-7-8, **Tombstone Western Film Festival and Symposium:** Tombstone, AZ. The Arizona Western Heritage Foundation, Cochise County and the City of Tombstone team up to celebrate the impact of the Wyatt Earp saga on Hollywood westerns.
Information: Tombstone Chamber of Commerce, 520-457-9317.

7, **Second Annual Warren Earp Days:** Willcox, AZ. Historical reenactments, territorial costumes, music, historic cemetery, three museums and an all-day book signing featuring 12 Western authors.
Information: Willcox Chamber of Commerce, 520-384-2272.

8, **Old Mission Historic Skills Fair:** Cataldo, ID. Craftspeople dressed in 1800s costumes demonstrate and sell old-time crafts. Food and music. The Mission is the oldest standing building in Idaho and cloaked in history.
Information: 208-682-3814.

13-21, **Due North 2001 Trail Ride:** Coutts, Alberta-Fort Macleod, Alberta, Canada. Wagons and riders retrace the Canadian leg of the Whoop-Up Trail.
Information: 403-329-0444.

14-15, **4th Annual Prescott Indian Art Market:** Prescott, AZ. Three acres of authentic Indian arts, dancing, music and food.
Information: 520-445-3122, ext. 28.

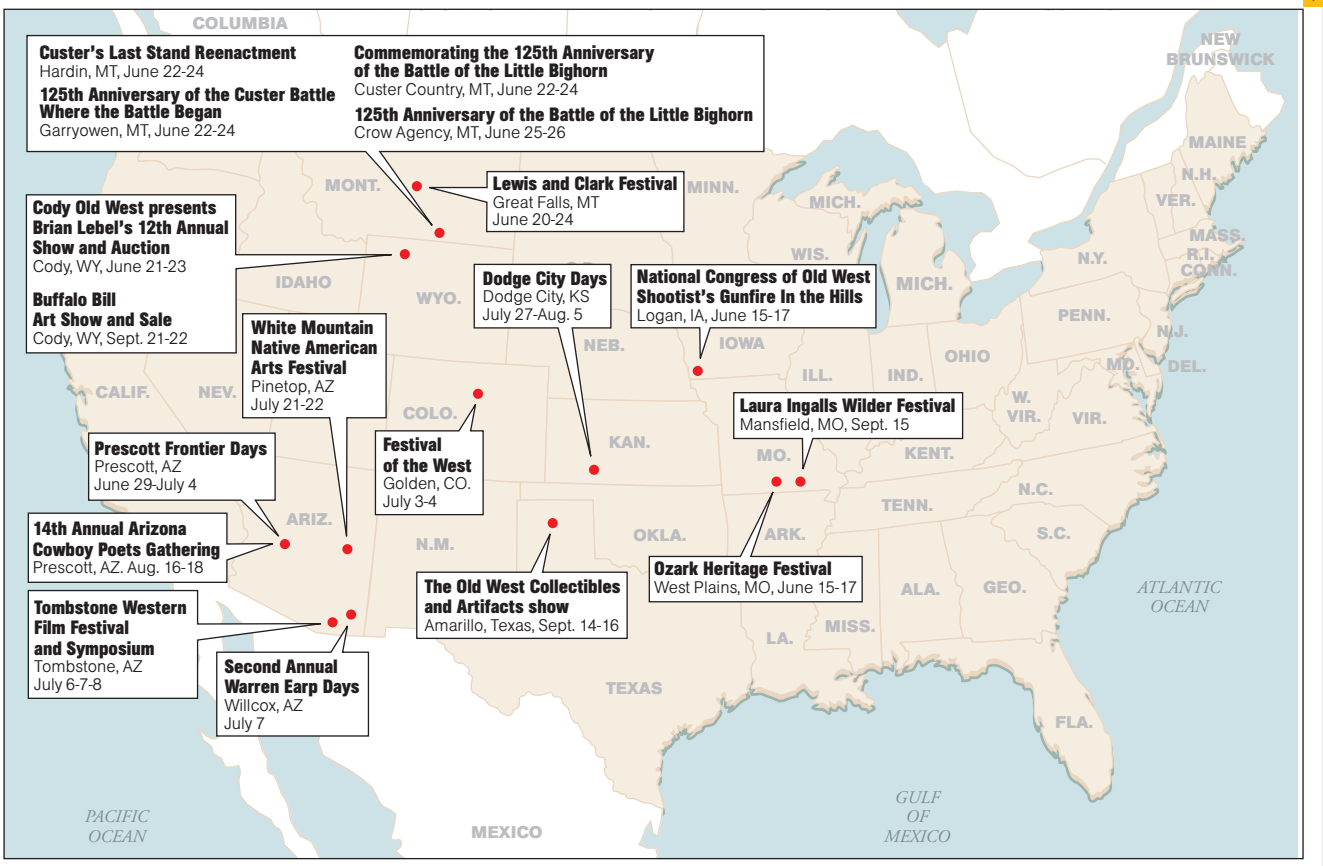
18-21, **WOLA's (Western Outlaw-Lawman History Association) 11th Annual Convention:** Guthrie, OK. Twelve major presenters, two bus tours, receptions, book signings and banquet.
Information: 580-588-2093.

21-22, **White Mountain Native American Arts Festival:** Pinetop, AZ. More than 85 Southwest Native American artists display and sell their creations while demonstrating the crafts of weaving, carving, flint knapping and pottery making.
Information: 520-367-4290.

27-Aug. 5, **Dodge City Days:** This 10-day celebration hosts a major country music concert, Dodge City Days rodeo, craft shows, children's events, barbecue contest, parade, and the crowning of Miss Rodeo Kansas.
Information: 316-227-3119.

AUGUST

1-4, **Memphis Film Festival:** Memphis, TN. The festival celebrates its 30th Anniversary. Guests include Mason Alan Dinehart III from TV's Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp, Jon Locke from Gunsmoke, Republic Western Queen Peggy Stewart and many others.
Information: 901-452-1940 or www.memphisfilmfestival.com



9-12, **SASS Ohio State Championship Guns of August:** New Lebanon, Ohio. Limited to the first 200 shooters. All SASS rules apply. Twelve main stages, side matches, cowboy trap and skeet and best dressed contest.
Information: 513-422-5112 or email rrickey@siscom.net

11-12 **Whoop-Up Wild West Weekend:** Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.
Reenactors representing North West Mounted Police, 1885 era Canadian frontier Militias, and fur traders encamped at historic replica of original Fort Whoop-Up. Entertainment for the whole family. American reenactors welcome.
Information: 403-329-0444.

16-18, **14th Annual Arizona Cowboy Poets Gathering:** Prescott, AZ. Evening performances by Don Edwards, Desert Sons, Due West Trio, Dan Roberts and Sonny Hancock at the Yavapai College Performance Hall. Free daytime sessions at Sharlot Hall Museum.
Information: 520-445-3122 or www.sharlot.org

24-26 **Northern Plains Heritage Festival:** Dickinson, ND. Celebrate Dakota's heritage by discovering the North Dakota pioneer spirit with a Crazy Quilter"s display, ethnic foods, crafts and entertainment.
Information: 701-225-5115.

25-26 **Rosebud Pow-wow and Rodeo:** Rosebud, SD.
Information: 605-856-2625.

30, **Mountain Man Rendezvous and Living History Days:** Angel Fire, NM. Activities at the mountain man camp include black powder and cowboy shooting matches, 1800s period dress contests, knife and tomahawk throwing matches and music.
Information: 505-377-6661.

31-Sept. 2 **Native American Traditional Inter-Tribal Pow-wow:** Topeka, KS. Annual Pow-wow includes craft and food concessions, education day, culture seminars and dancing.
Information: 785-272-5489.

31-Sept 2 **Civil War Days:** Fort Dodge, IA. Relive the Civil War era with a weekend of activities for the entire family.
Information: 515-573-4231.

SEPTEMBER

1-2 **Cheyenne River Sioux Tribe Fair, Pow-wow and Rodeo:** Eagle Butte, SD.
Information: 605-964-4000.

6-8, **A Celebration of the Old:** Kanab, UT. Celebrate the Old West and Western movies, over 200 of which were filmed around Kanab. Celebrities, movie sets, reenactments, Navajo weavers, cowboy poets, mountain men and food.
Information: 435-644-3176
or bronco@xpressweb.com

14-16, **The Old West Collectibles & Artifacts Show:** Amarillo, TX. Features dealers specializing in, frontier artifacts, cowboy collectibles, Western art and jewelry, Civil War and mountain man memorabilia.
Information: 806-353-7666 or email keith@amaonline.com

15 **Laura Ingalls Wilder Festival:** Mansfield, MO. A festival in memory of the author of the *Little House* series of books. Many family activities.
Information: 417-924-3525.

21-22 **Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale:** Cody, WY. A key event of Rendezvous Royale, Cody's celebration of the arts.
Information: 307-587-5002 or www.buffalobillartshow.org

23-24 **National Congress of Old West Shootists' Gun-Fire in the Hills:** Logan, IA. Limited to the first 100 pre-registered shooters. Vendors and camping on site. Eight stages plus cowboy clay shooting side match and team matches.
Information: 402-572-1599.

OCTOBER

12-14, **Lincoln County Cowboy Symposium:** Ruidoso Downs, NM. Voted the Nation's Best Cowboy Cultural Event by the National Cowboy Symposium Association. Cowboy poets, storytellers, chuck wagon cooks, artists, vendors and music by The Texas Playboys, Leroy Parnell, Marty Stewert and Michael Martin Murphy.
Information: 505-378-4142 or visit http://www.ziznet.com/lccs/ or email: sunny@ruidoso.k12.nm.us

Submissions to Western Roundup are welcome. Send all information and photos at least three months in advance to: Roundup, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327 or email them to: calendar@truewestmagazine.com

Cowboys and Cowtowns

I just liked the looks of that country. Young, you know. Everything seemed to be wild. So I?decided to be wild myself.

C ASWELL M C D OWELL



Cowboys astride lathered ponies thundering across a wooden bridge. "The Boys are back in town," an old codger spits. "Better git outah Dodge." The image of Cowboys and Cowtowns. Inseparable as peas and carrots, boots and spurs, Remington and Russell. American to the bone. Onery and mean, wild as the wind, they spread out, their wild reputations preceding them, as they cross all divides from Medicine Bow to Hanoi—infamous and legendary worldwide. "Yeah, I got baptized," a grizzled Cowboy drawls. "But I guess the water wasn't hot enough."

Of course it wasn't all spurs & romance. "Glamor tends to dissolve in sweat," retorts one stove-up oldtimer. Sure, we knew that, but we don't care. We just love 'em. So, where are the Cowboy treasures? Saddle up, we're about to tell you.



Stanford, Montana around the turn of the century.
–Courtesy Montana Historical Society

In Without Knocking

1909, Oil on canvas, 20 1/8X29 7/8 in., Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

In the fall of 1881, a number of Judith Basin, Montana ranchers were preparing for a cattle drive. The night before the drive, some of the Cowboys rode into the town of Stanford for a little fun. Charlie Russell wasn't along (he was the nighthawk for the outfit and stayed with the horse herd), but the next morning he heard all the details. Twenty-six years later, Russell painted the incident and some of the participating Cowboys swore every detail was correct.

I would know an old cowboy in hell with his hide burnt offs the way they stand and walk and talk.

– T EDDY B LUE A BBOTT



A Dash for the Timber

1889, oil on canvas, 48 1/4X84 1/8 in. Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

As the story goes, Frederic Remington paid a friend in Arizona $80 dollars to round up as many different kinds of chaps and cowboy gear as he could find and ship it to New York. The resulting painting, above, is a masterful portrayal of cowboy gear and clothing. Treasure hunters take note: virtually none of the items portrayed in this painting could be bought for less than $1000 today.



The Pay Stage

1909, oil on canvas, 38X26 1/2 in. Collection of Wells Fargo Bank, Phoenix, Arizona

Trained at the Howard Pyle School for illustrators, legendary Eastcoast artist N.C. Wyeth made several trips out West sponsored by national magazines. Wyeth admired Remington and Russell but he disliked their emphasis on blood and guts. He preferred to focus on simpler scenes that showed the "majestic qualities of these vast and unpopulated Rocky Mountains..." *The Pay Stage,* while technically not a Cowboy painting, is a fine piece of work.

The Greatest Cowboy Paintings Ever

We asked a wide variety of Westerners, including museum directors, art experts, artists, gallery owners and a real cowboy to weigh-in on the five best cowboy paintings of all time. We knew going in it was a tall order.

Several big names felt intimidated and declined. A few said they were too busy and a couple didn't bother returning our calls. Here are the responses of the brave—and remember: Lonely are the brave!

Abe Hays

Arizona West Galleries, Scottsdale, Arizona.

1. *Fight for the Water Hole* by Frederic Remington.
2. *In Without Knocking* by Charlie Russell.
3. *A Dash for the Timber* by Frederic Remington. (pictured above).
4. *Wild Horse Hunters* by Charlie Russell.
5. *Smoky* by Will James.

Continued Next Page



Wild Horse Hunters

1913. Oil on canvas, 30 1/8X47 in. Charlie Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana

Russell here paints a wonderful scene of a dally gone wrong. A "dallyman" makes his catch (it appears he has roped the stallion), and has taken a dally or half hitch around his saddle horn. The term comes from the Spanish dar la vuelta, meaning to take a turn or hitch. American Cowboys corrupted this to "dally welter," or more simply, "dally."



The Fall of the Cowboy

Oil on canvas. 25X35 1/8 in. Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas

As Russell and Remington got older, their work turned more melancholy. Here we see two Cowboys, wet and tired, opening a gate. Their heyday has ended with barb wire and closed ranges. The golden age of the American Cowboy had come to an end.



The Greatest Cowboy Paintings Ever

Thom Ross
artist and Western painter, Seattle, Washington.

COMMENTS: I only allowed one painting per artist. Remington, to my mind, is the best painter of the Old West in terms of actually putting paint on canvas.

1. *Fight for the Waterhole*, by Frederic Remington.
2. *In Without Knocking*, by Charlie Russell.
3. *Gunfight at the OK Corral* (book cover illustration), by Nick Eggenhoffer.
4. *The Pay Stage*, by N.C. Wyeth.
5. *Superior Sunrise*, by Bill Schenck.

Continued Next Page

JUDY WADE
Joe Wade Fine Arts Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

COMMENT: This was much more difficult than I anticipated.

1. *In Without Knocking* by Charlie Russell.
2. *Close Call* by W.R. Leigh.
3. *Cuffs and Calluses* by Buck McCain.
4. *The Fall of the Cowboy* by Frederic Remington,
5. *Riders of the Dawn* by Frank Tenney Johnson.

BRIAN DIPPIE
teaches history at The University of Victoria, British Columbia.

COMMENT: Charlie Russell is the most important in the long run. His images are filled with light and purpose and personality. I ranked mine by the images I believe portray the working cowboy the best.

1. *When Horses Talk War, There's Small Chance for Peace* by Charlie Russell, Montana Historical Society.
2. *Tight Dally and a Loose Latigo*, by Charlie Russell, Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas.
3. *Bronc to Breakfast*, by Charlie Russell, Montana Historical Society.
4. *Men of the Open Range*, by Charlie Russell. Montana Historical Society.
5. *The Fall of the Cowboy*, by Frederic Remington.



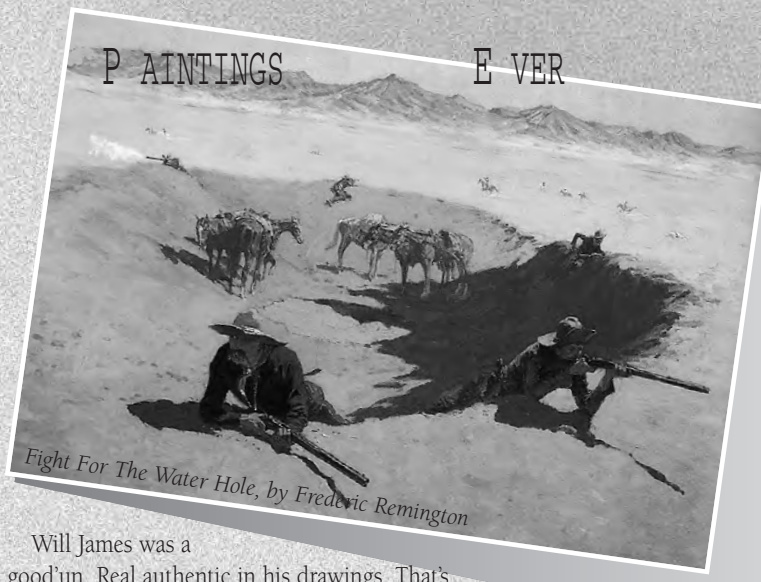
JAMES BALLINGER
director and curator of American art, Phoenix Art Museum.

COMMENTS: I did a list of nine and I cut it to six. Don't ask me to cut it to five.

1. *Hunting Wild Horses*, by William Ranney, Joslyn Art Museum, Omaha, Nebraska.
2. *The Fall of the Cowboy*, by Frederic Remington.
3. The Ore Wagon, by N.C. Wyeth, Wells Fargo Bank.
4. *In Without Knocking*, by Charlie Russell.
5. *The Home Ranch*, by Thomas Eakens, Philadelphia Museum of Art.
6. *The Wild Bunch*, by Ivan Albright, Phoenix Art Museum.

BUD LINN
70, lifelong cowboy, former wild horse hunter and owner of the Walnut Creek Ranch, south of Kingman, Arizona.

COMMENTS: I've always admired ol' Charlie Russell. He's got a lot of action to his pictures. Most everything he painted was authentic, but he painted his horses runnin' with their mouths open and they don't do that, unless the rider is jerkin' too hard on the bit. Horses run with their mouths closed. I think he did that for the dudes back East. Still, one of my favorite Russells is of an Indian on a roan horse, throwing a hoolihan on a gray. That's a good'un. Got it [a print] in my kitchen. Sadie Pearl [his sister-in-law] willed it to me.



Fight For The Water Hole, by Frederic Remington

Will James was a good'un. Real authentic in his drawings. That's what I like about them boys. They get it right. Right down to the way the horse is a buckin'.

Bill Owens, is a good'un too. I've got a pencil drawing he did of Bill Howell, cow boss for the Babbitt Ranch. Everything Bill does is natural right down to the spur rowel. For the everyday life of a cowboy he's real natural. He paints a lot of cowboys I know like Clay Tyree, John Andrews and Dave Erickson.

Ol' George Phippin was a good'un, He's dead now. Got a museum for him outside of Prescott. He's got a picture of this cowboy comin' off a real steep mountain after a wild cow, and there's this tree branch and he's breakin' the branch. It's real natural. That one's real authentic, cause I've been there [laughs].

Tim Cox, I see all his paintings in the *Western Horseman*. I like to study 'em. Another guy is that Shoofly [Robert Shufelt] down in Texas. He's good. And Wayne Baize. I don't want to rank 'em. They're just natural and I just like 'em that way.

IN CONCLUSION:

We think it's safe to say, from our informal survey, that Charlie Russell's *In Without Knocking* is the greatest Cowboy painting of all time. Virtually everyone we talked to either mentioned it, or had it in their top five. It's interesting to note, we had chosen it for the cover before the survey was even taken. We just like it. Evidently we're not alone.

When it comes to seeing original Russells and Remingtons there is one museum that stands heads and shouders above the rest and that is The Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, which opened in 1961 and features approximately 400 paintings and sculptures by Remington and Russell. The musuem closed in 1999 to facilitate a two-year $39 million expansion project. It reopens October 21.

For pure Russell fans, the Charlie Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana is a must visit. His original cabin, in which he painted many of the classics, is still there, as is his home.

The Desert Caballeros Western Museum in Wickenburg, Arizona will feature in February, 2002 a long overdue look at Cowboy artist Lon Megargee (that's his woodblock style image at right). As Bud Linn might say, "He's a good'un."



Jack Hays

Texas Ranger, Pioneer Surveyor and Community Builder

(1817-1883)



John Coffee Hays

This 1/8 scale maquette is a replica of a 10 foot bronze statue created by Jason Scull, to be placed on the Hays County Courthouse Square in San Marcos, Texas.

Only 40 of these *limited edition* maquettes, with Jack Hays holding aloft his Patterson Colt, are being sold with proceeds helping to defray the cost of the monument.

Priced at $2,400 each *(plus applicable sales tax, shipping and handling)* these maquettes will bring the history of the West into your home, and a portion of the purchase price is tax deductible.



For further information, write or call:

Jim Lane, Treas.
Hays Sculpture Committee
2102 FM 621
San Marcos, Texas 78666
(512) 353-7626

COWBOY COFFEE

Horned and Barefooted

ANNE COOPER FUNDERBURG

"Tea must be universally renounced . . . and the sooner the better," wrote John Adams, enroute to the first Continental Congress in 1774. Patriotic Americans agreed and embraced coffee as their favorite drink. To the American colonists, tea was a detested symbol of British oppression, due to King George's high tax on it. In Boston Harbor and several other ports, the colonists protested this odious tax by boarding British ships and throwing cargoes of tea into the ocean. Colonial coffeehouses became a magnet for pro-revolution Americans and the site of many heated political discussions.

After the Revolutionary War, tea drinking enjoyed a revival until the War of 1812, when Americans again rejected the British beverage. After this war, Americans became staunch coffee drinkers and served tea only occasionally, usually at genteel teas for ladies. In contrast to wimpy tea, coffee was an invigorating, robust drink that provided a jolt of energy, which was why strong coffee became a necessity for many Americans headed for the Western frontier.



Coffee was the cowboy's mainstay, usually available around the clock. To ensure there would be enough, camp cooks boiled the grounds in three-to-five gallon pots. After Arbuckles began packing a stick of sugar candy or peppermint in each bag, cooks would use these to entice cowboys to grind coffee beans by calling out, "Who wants the candy tonight?"

– Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources –

Many diaries and letters confirm the importance of coffee to Western pioneers. Josiah Gregg, a trader who made eight trips to the West in the 1830s, marveled at the pioneers' love of coffee. "The insatiable appetite acquired by travellers upon the Prairies is almost incredible, and the quantity of coffee drank is still more so," he wrote. "It is an unfailing and apparently indispensable beverage, served at every meal." Cavalry Lt. William H.C. Whiting wrote that coffee and tobacco were indispensable to the frontiersman. "Give him coffee and tobacco, and he will endure any privation, suffer any hardship." Julia Brier, one of the first people to cross Death Valley, said, "Our coffee was a wonderful help and had that given out, I know we should have died."

Cowboys were undoubtedly the most devoted group of coffee drinkers in the West. As a rule, they liked it strong, scalding hot, and barefooted (black). They derided weak coffee as dehorned bellywash or brown gargle. In many ranch kitchens, the cook did not remove the grounds from the pot after the coffee was brewed but added new grounds to the old until the pot was too full to hold more. The cowboy's love of strong coffee was the basis for this oft-repeated recipe:

- **Put two pounds of coffee in the pot.**
- **Add enough water to wet it.**
- **Boil for two hours.**
- **Then toss in a six-shooter.**
- **If the gun sinks, the coffee isn't strong enough.**

A pot of coffee steaming over an open fire or on a bed of hot coals was a fixture on cattle drives. A three- to five-gallon pot, usually made of tinned iron and blackened by smoke, was standard for an outfit of

10-12 men. The smart chuck wagon cook did not skimp on coffee because it was the wrangler's mainstay, day in and day out. One cook, Oliver Nelson, wrote that he used about 175 pounds of coffee beans each month. "The men half lived on coffee," he wrote. Generally, cow-punchers drank hot java with every meal — and between meals when they could get it. When they worked four-hour shifts all night, they needed coffee before they left the campfire and coffee when they returned. When the weather was bad and sleep was impossible, coffee kept them alert. Trail boss George Duffield wrote that during one storm, his men were in the saddle for 60 hours straight, but "hasty rations" of bread and coffee kept them going.



Before the Civil War, many settlers were forced to drink mock coffee made with rye, parched corn, bran, or okra seeds because good coffee was expensive and hard to find on the frontier. This changed in the 1860s, when new technology revolutionized the coffee industry. In 1862, inexpensive, lightweight but durable paper bags became available and were used for packaging peanuts. In 1864, Jabez Burns, a temperance advocate who preferred coffee over whiskey, invented an efficient commercial coffee roaster. Burns' roaster used a clever double-screw arrangement that constantly turned the beans, allowing them to roast evenly. (During the roasting process, green coffee beans are heated and then cooled, causing chemical changes that enhance the flavor.)

John Arbuckle was a marketing whiz who revolutionized the coffee business, using Burns' roaster, the paper bag and an invention of his own. In 1860, John Arbuckle, his brother Charles, and two other men formed a wholesale grocery business, McDonald & Arbuckle, in Pittsburgh. Although the firm sold many foods, John Arbuckle focused on coffee because he believed that it had great profit potential. When he heard about Burns' invention, he bought one and began selling roasted coffee in one-pound paper bags. To preserve the fresh taste of the roasted coffee, Arbuckle experimented with glazing the roasted beans to seal in the flavor and aroma. In 1868, he was granted a patent for his glazing process, which prolonged the shelf-life of roasted coffee.

Other coffee manufacturers ridiculed Arbuckle's innovations, but consumers loved his roasted coffee. Previously, the housewife had been forced to buy green coffee beans and roast them at home. She used either a shallow pan over a cookstove or a long-handled roaster, which looked like a bed warmer, over a fire on the hearth. In either case, she had to continually shake the beans to prevent burning. An early cookbook advised, "Stir often, giving constant attention . . . not one grain must be burned." Despite the cook's best intentions, home roasting often produced charred, foul-tasting beans.

The demand for Arbuckle's roasted coffee was so great that he soon had to hire 50 women to pack the bags. Over several years, his company, renamed Arbuckle Brothers, secured the rights to patents for packaging equipment invented by Henry E. Smyser. The resulting automated system replaced many workers and accelerated the manufacturing process. By 1881, Arbuckle's company was operating 85 coffee roasters. The packaging equipment took the roasted coffee directly from the hopper, filled the bags, weighed them, sealed them, and then applied the labels. Over the years, Arbuckle's bags carried several brand names, but the most famous was Ariosa.

Occasionally, a settler managed to collect enough crates to add a room onto his cabin.

Even when sales were good, Arbuckle was always looking for new ways to promote Ariosa. Early in the 1890s, he decided to print a coupon on each bag of coffee. At first, the coupon was simply the words "Arbuckle Brothers" inside a rectangle. Later, the phrase "Cash Value One Cent" was added. These coupons were similar to trading stamps because the consumer could cut them out and redeem them for merchandise. Periodically, the company issued a catalog listing the merchandise and the number of coupons needed for each item. For example, 25 were needed for an apron, 28 for a razor, or 40 for a pocket knife. A dedicated coffee drinker could claim 12 yards of organdie for 100 coupons, or a double-action revolver for 150.

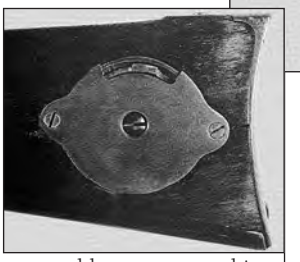
In a typical year, Arbuckle Brothers' Notion Department, which was created to handle the exchanges, redeemed about 108 million coupons for about 4 million items. Rings were so popular that Arbuckle Brothers claimed to be the world's largest

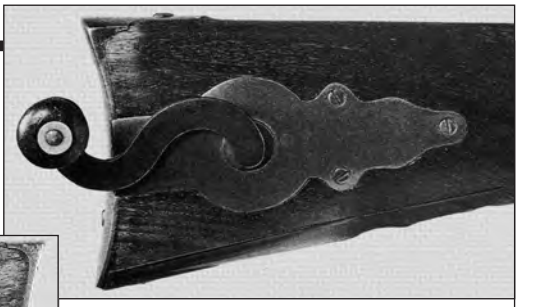


A pot of steaming coffee over hot coals was a standard fixture in the cowboy camp. The drovers worked long hours and needed coffee before and after long shifts in the saddle.
- True West Archives -

distributor of them. In one year, the Notion Department mailed out 80,000 wedding rings, in addition to other styles. Because the coupons could be redeemed for so many different things, cowboys often called a green hand "Arbuckle," suggesting that his services had been obtained in exchange for coupons. Since each coupon had a cash value of one cent, merchants and customers sometimes used them as legal tender, especially in drought years when cash was scarce.

Arbuckle's coupons weren't the only incentive for buying Ariosa. Even the empty containers were useful. Many ranch cooks bought Ariosa in 150-pound cloth sacks, which could be made into dish towels, aprons, bandages, and so forth. Even more versatile were Ariosa's wooden shipping crates. The large crates, which held 100 one-pound bags, were made of sturdy Maine fir because they had to withstand shipment over many miles of rough road. After the crates had been carefully opened and emptied, the wood was used to build furniture, shelves, storage bins, chicken coops, and the like. Sometimes a crate was recycled as a crib for a baby or as a coffin when an in-fant died. The wood from several crates could be nailed together for an adult's coffin. Occasionally, a settler managed to collect enough crates to add a room onto his cabin. Arbuckle's smaller shipping crates, which held 25 one-pound bags, were used for tool chests, wagon boxes, wood boxes, panniers, and such.



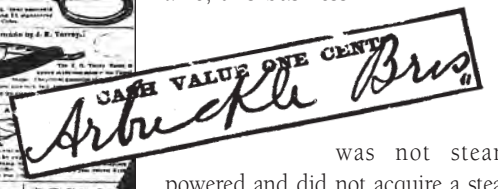


Because fresh coffee in the field was a morale booster for soldiers, some Sharps carbines were designed with a coffee mill in the butt stock.
- Springfield Armory National Historic Collection-

Although Arbuckle's dominated the Western market, it had competition from several brands, especially Folger's. James Folger was born into a distinguished Massachusetts family of whaling men so famous that they were mentioned in ***Moby Dick***. In 1849, Folger and two older brothers joined many other hopeful New Englanders who sailed in a convoy of 14 ships in search of California gold. After a harrowing trip, the three Folgers reached San Francisco. While the two older brothers ventured into mining country, James Folger stayed in the city and worked at the Pioneer Steam Coffee and Spice Mills. Despite the name, this business was not steam-powered and did not acquire a steam engine for several years.



In the early 1890s, the enterprizing Arbuckles started printing coupons on each coffee bag. The coupons, bearing the Arbuckle brothers' signatures, were redeemable for everything from wedding rings to revolvers. The Arbuckle catalogue was a popular item.
- True West Archives -



Later, in a small mining town, Folger opened his own store called Yankee Jim, but then returned to work for Pioneer Steam. By 1859, Folger was a full partner in this business which flourished at first and then foundered. After the firm went bankrupt in 1865, Folger bought out his partner, found a new partner with substantial capital, and eventually paid off the debts. Renamed J.A. Folger & Co., the business thrived during the 1870s. By 1880, Folger's coffee was being sold all along the Pacific Coast and as far inland as Montana.

After Folger died in 1889, his son decided to expand the business and to challenge Arbuckle's in the Lone Star State. Young Folger and his sales manager chose to sell their high-quality Golden Gate Coffee in Texas and to make a virtue of its high price. The sales slogan flatly stated "No prizes. No coupons. No crockery. Nothing but satisfaction goes with Folger's Golden Gate Coffee." This strategy worked. Within three years, the Texas sales force grew from one man to three.

Ariosa, billed as "the coffee that won the West," outsold Folger's for decades. Then the tables turned. Folger's became one of the largest-selling national brands, but Arbuckle's faltered after John Arbuckle died. Although his two sisters and a nephew tried to manage the business, Ariosa sales gradually declined. They introduced a new brand, Yuban, which had promise but suffered because they refused to spend money on national advertising. Then they quietly sold Yuban to another company, and in 1937, sold the rest of their companies to General Foods which also acquired Yuban a few years later. When John Arbuckle's last sister died, his vast fortune had disappeared. There was not even enough money to pay her debts and personal bequests.

Arbuckle's golden age may have ended, but the name would forever be associated with cowboys. Like six-shooters and barbed wire, strong coffee had played an important role in taming the West. At home and on the trail, it was the cowboy's favorite pick-me-up.

ANNE COOPER FUNDERBURG is a history buff and freelance writer in Mandeville, Louisiana and the author of *Chocolate, Strawberry, and Vanilla: A History of American Ice Cream.* Her new book, *Sundae Best: A History of Soda Fountains* is forthcoming.

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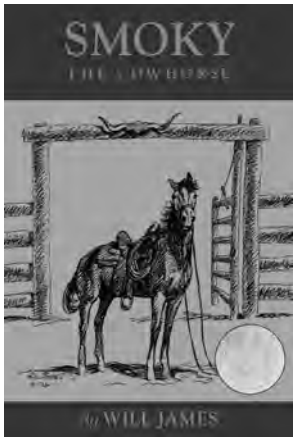
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Caught In The Crossfire

The Willie Nickell Murder

BY CHIP CARLSON

One hundred years ago, Willie Nickell, the 14-year-old son of a contentious homesteader who had brought sheep into cattle country, was murdered on July 18 near the family homestead in the Iron Mountain region northwest of Cheyenne. After a six-month investigation, Deputy U.S. Marshal Joe LeFors tricked cattle detective Tom Horn, a feared agent of the cattle barons, into making a series of drunken remarks that were used as his confession to the crime. He was convicted and hanged in Cheyenne on November 20, 1903.

Cattle detectives, or "stock detectives" as they were often termed, were employed in Wyoming from 1873 into the twentieth century to patrol vast grazing ranges. While the range business was at first enormously profitable, it soon suffered from absentee ownership, mismanagement, devastating winters, incursions by homesteading settlers and rustling. The barons, however, attributed their problems to the rustlers.

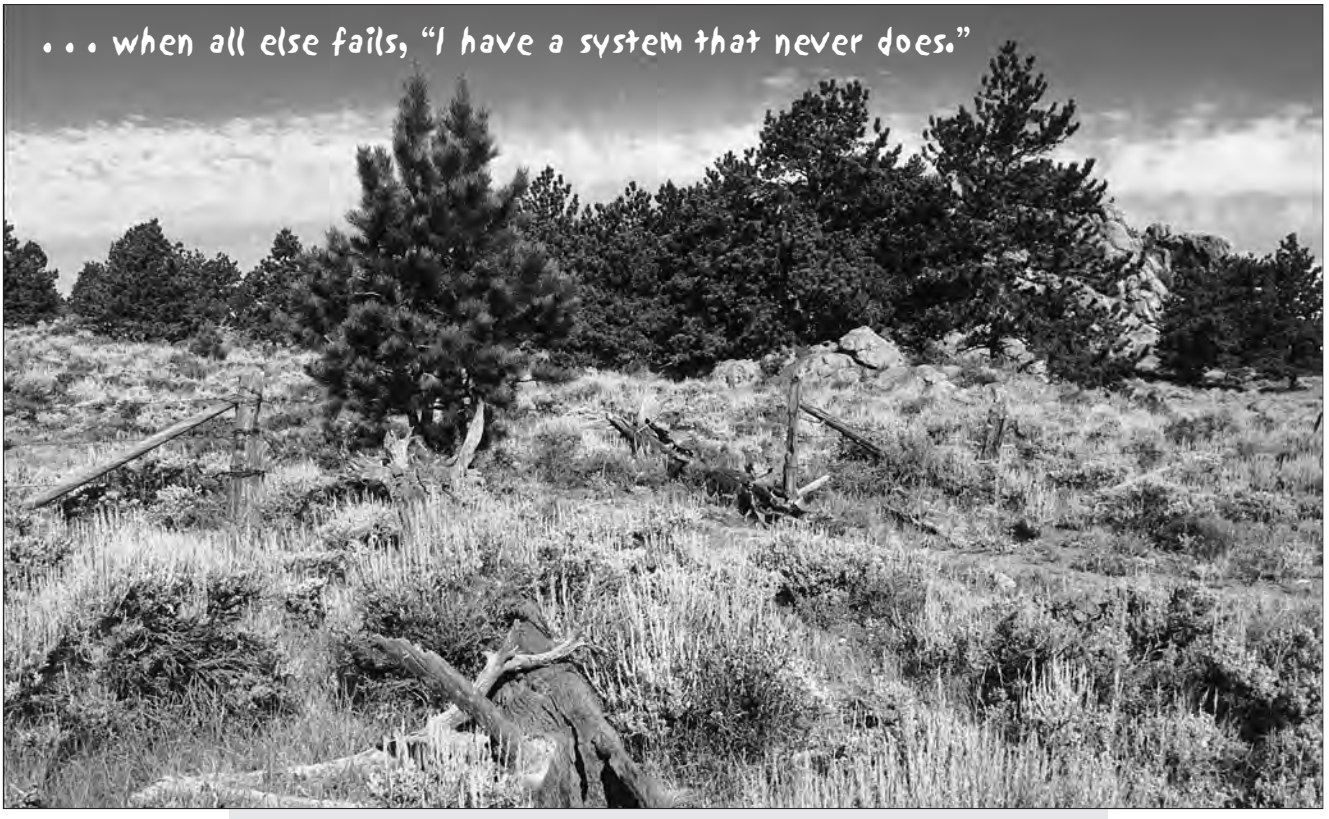
A series of events took place that reflected their attempts to maintain the status quo, drive out newcomers and effectively turn the clock back. Cattle detectives were often the barons' instruments.

The most infamous of the cattle tycoons' acts was the Johnson County Invasion in April 1892. The Invasion, or Johnson County War as it is also known, was an armed incursion into central Wyoming in April 1892 organized by some of the new state's largest cattlemen. Its purpose was to drive out or kill dozens of parties who were believed to be rustlers or their sympathizers, and allow the cattlemen to install their own puppets.

Tom Horn, who arrived at the time of the Invasion, was the most infamous of the range detectives. The incursion failed, and after, Horn became a deputy U.S. marshal in Johnson County (under an alias he had previously used when a Pinkerton's agent). Working as a detective for the Swan Land and Cattle Company, he arrested a gang of rustlers in the Sybille country in 1893, only to see all but one released by the court. At that point, he began building his notoriety for taking the law into his own hands.

He was linked to the assassinations of two settlers, William Lewis and Fred Powell, in 1895. Although he was exonerated, being connected to the killings helped build his reputation. At one point, he told Wyoming's Governor W.A. Richards that when all else failed, "I have a system that never does." To the homesteaders, Tom Horn became the devil incarnate.

The following article covers the events that led to the Willie Nickell murder. It was Tom Horn's presence near the site of the assassination that first connected him to the crime, but a closer examination of the circumstances leads to a conclusion that someone else murdered the teen.



In 1901, this wire gate where Willie Nickell was gunned down was known only to a handful of homesteaders and ranchers. It would become the most famous gate in Wyoming history.

- Author's Collection -

Caught In The Crossfire

It was only a wire gate northwest of Cheyenne where it happened. It was known only to a handful of local homesteaders and ranchers in the area at the turn of the century. On July 18, 1901, after the blood of a 14-year-old boy sprayed over it when he was struck by two .30-caliber bullets, and after he stumbled 65 feet toward home a mile away falling face down, it became something much greater. It became the site of the most famous murder in Wyoming history. It became the scene bragged about by the most famous, or infamous, cattle detective in the West. And when a drunken Tom Horn bragged about the killing, the boast led to his hanging two years later.

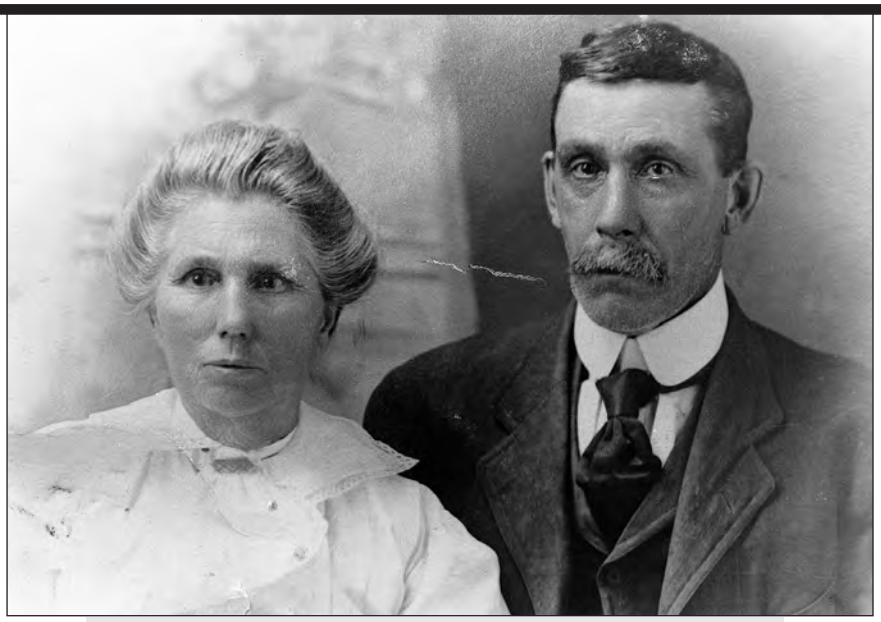
The tragedy was the second involving a teen in less than a year in the remote Iron Mountain country. As with most teen deaths, it was needless. The boy, and another 14-year-old killed in August the previous year, died. And, it seemed then and now, that one of the fathers was to blame.

Willie Nickell's father, Kels P. Nickell, had moved into the Iron Mountain area in 1885, where he established a homestead on North Chugwater Creek. A Kentuckian, he married Mary Mahoney, a sixteen-year-old Irish immigrant at Camp Carlin, west of Cheyenne. Two children, Julia and Kels, junior, were born there. Willie was born in 1887 at Iron Mountain. Six more children followed before the turn of the century.



Tom Horn, previously credited in part for the surrender of Geronimo, had become one of the most infamous of the Wyoming range detectives for taking the law into his own hands.

- American Heritage Center, University of Wyoming -



Dora and Jim Miller settled at Iron Mountain in 1883, two years before Kels Nickell arrived. Feuds soon broke out between Miller and Nickell.

- Courtesy of the Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources -

Jim and Dora Miller had settled at Iron Mountain two years earlier, after moving from Greeley in a covered wagon with their first child, Gus, who was born in 1882. Victor was born at Iron Mountain in 1883, followed by Eva in 1885, and Frank in 1887. Seven more children were born to the couple. The Miller place was on a tiny stream, Sawmill Creek, where it feeds into Spring Creek. It was a mile south of the Nickell homestead.

Feuds soon broke out between the two fathers, for reasons that are still unknown today. The two older Miller boys also became embroiled, as did Willie Nickell, in the feuds between the men.

What is known is that Kels Nickell, a hothead, was paranoid. Over time, he warred with all his neighbors. On July 23, 1890, he knifed John Coble near Nickell's property line to the west. Coble ended up in the hospital, but recovered after a few days. This event may have been the first blood that was shed in Nickell's quarrels. It was, perhaps, an omen of fatal events to come, for Coble was to become one of Tom Horn's chief employers and best friend.

Another of Nickell's early disputes reflecting indifference or scorn for his neighbors was an incident in June 1891. Nickell built small dams along the North Chug, as it was known, thereby diverting the stream and depriving property owners downstream from having use of the water. Herbert Woodyer sued him for $500 for the illegal act. It is not known if a judgment was entered, but an injunction signed by Judge Richard H. Scott resulted in a restraining order being served onNickell by Sheriff A.D. Kelly on June 24.

The strife between Nickell and Jim Miller, however, was the most virulent. At one point, a knife fight broke out between the two on the train between Cheyenne and the Iron Mountain depot. Over the years, there were petitions to the court by each to have the other placed under a peace bond. At a neighborhood meeting held at the home of A.F. Whitman, tempers flared to the point that one rancher proposed lynching Nickell for stealing cattle. Nothing came of the proposal, but only because Whitman himself told the group that no one was going to be lynched on the basis of hearsay.

Tom Horn knew of the past doings of both Nickell and Miller, and referred to both men with disdain:

"They are a class of people I have no regard for. They are isolated; they don't come in contact with any people I represent.

"At the same time, there was a time when they were pretty pronounced thieves. All



The Nickell family at the homestead. Willie is at the far right.

- Author's Collection -

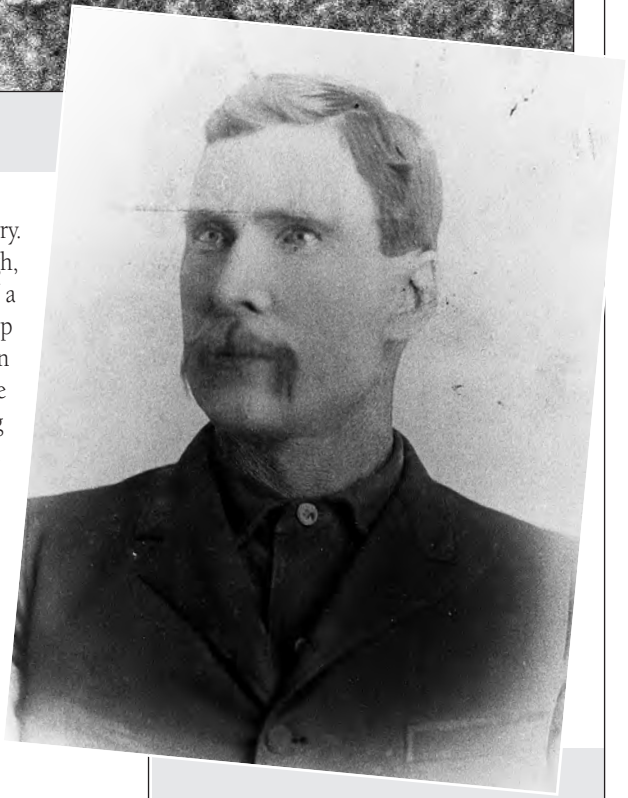
the cattle they have, they started from Two Bar [a Swan Land and Cattle Company ranch] and Coble cattle. They have been honest within the last five or six years, but formerly they were not considered anything but rustlers, that is, by the larger stockmen. I know that each of them acquired his herd with nothing but a rope."

By 1900 the passions flared to the point that Nickell and Miller each began carrying guns. Miller remarked that he never even went to the privy without his six-shooter. Julia Nickell stated that she knew that Miller had bought a gun for one reason, saying, "He has been making threats around the country. I heard Will McDonald tell Papa that once. Mrs. McDonald told me that he had laid out in the pasture to kill Papa time and again. The last time we come to town I understood he bought a new gun for the purpose of killing Papa, that he was not going to give him any chance."

Matters grew worse in the spring of 1900. Nickell began making threats to bring sheep into the country. That in itself was bad enough, for his ranch lay well north of a border beyond which no sheep were to range. But Nickell then threw more fuel onto the fire by bragging that he was going to push the sheep onto all the neighbors' ranches. He had one purpose in mind, he said—to do them in.

He promised that when he got finished with John Jordan's ranch, there would not be "enough grass left to feed a goose." Jordan was one of the largest ranchers at Iron Mountain, and one of Tom Horn's employers.

By the time Nickell was ready to bring in the sheep, Tom Horn knew all about his intentions. When queried about the neighborhood, and particularly the cattlemen's reaction to Nickell's plans and reputation, Horn replied, "Their sentiment



Kels Nickell moved into the Iron Mountain area in 1885 and was soon embroiled in disputes with neighbors. He later sold his cattle, and started a sheep business to spite the other ranchers.

- Courtesy of the Wyoming Division of Cultural Resources -



Between jobs as a peace officer, Tom Horn rode and roped in Fourth of July "Stampedes." In one such event he roped and tied a steer in 49 ½ seconds, a world's record.

- Wyoming State Archives, Museums and Historical Department -



Deputy U.S. Marshall Joe Lefors duped a drunken Tom Horn into making remarks that later would be used to convict him of the murder of Willie Nickell.

- Author's Collection -

is that a man that would do as Nickell has, could only do so, being the kind of man Nickell is, troublesome and quarrelsome, a turbulent man without character or principle."

In August 1900, a tragedy less well known occurred when Jim Miller's 14-year-old son, Frank, was killed when a shotgun accidentally discharged. Frank and a younger sister, Maude, were playing in a spring wagon when the gun, left there by their father, fired. A load of buckshot hit Frank in the head, killing him instantly. Maude carried pockmark scars from the accident for the rest of her life.

Miller's resentment over this incident grew, but characteristically he did not act at once. He did, however, speak his mind. Lillie Graham was visiting her mother and stepfather at Iron Mountain when Jim Miller stopped by. Graham said:

"I was visiting my mother and stepfather there just after Franklin Miller was accidentally shot when his father, Jim Miller, came to the Edwards home on his way to Cheyenne. He stated the object of his going to Cheyenne was to have Kels Nickell prosecuted or bound over to keep the peace. He said, 'I will never rest until that boy's death is avenged and if the law does not do it, I will.'"

By the next spring Nickell had sold his

"Nickell, you won't live to see the year 1902 if them sheep goes in there . . . "

cattle. In May 1901, he acquired 3,000 sheep near Loveland, Colorado, and arranged for a herder, John Scroder, to drive them north to Iron Mountain. West of Cheyenne, with Nickell accompanying him, Scroder heard one passerby who remarked, "Nickell, you won't live to see the year 1902 if them sheep goes in there," foretelling the violence to come.

Tom Horn knew what the reaction would be to the arrival of the sheep. "Every cattleman I have heard talk, and I have heard a great many, say it was not right, and say so in very strong terms. I know the sentiment and feeling of cattlemen. They say if he had started in the sheep business it would be different. Being in the cattle business and deliberately selling his cattle and putting sheep in, for no other reason than to spite the neighbors, and to do them dirt and damage and ruin them if he could, and boast of it, then he would tell these people how he was going to do them up."

And Tom Horn was already aware of the explosive situation brewing between Nickell and Miller.

Such were the conditions in 1901 as spring became summer in the Iron Mountain country.

On a patrol to check his employers' pastures, Tom Horn arrived at Billy Clay's ranch on Sunday, July 14. He worked the pastures, had his noon dinner at Clay's, and continued inspecting the range. He returned in the evening, spent the night at Clay's, and left Monday morning. Around 10:00 in the evening he arrived at Miller's ranch, after the family had retired. Reaching the home, he called out. Miller climbed out of bed. On the way to the window he pulled on his pants, reached for a six-shooter, and called, "Who is it?"

"Horn," the detective replied.

"Turn out your horse, come in and have something to eat," said Miller.

Horn slept that night in a tent with the Miller boys, Gus and Victor. The next morning he spoke with a schoolteacher, Glendolene M. Kimmell, who was boarding at Miller's while she taught at the school where the Millers and Nickells attended.

After she left for work, he saddled and mounted his horse and rode west. It was then that he first observed Nickell's sheep on Miller's land. He reported their presence to Miller. Later in the day, he fished and practiced target shooting with Miller. When the schoolteacher returned, he spent much of the afternoon visiting with her. One of the Miller boys said he made a "very good impression" on her, and that she seemed "stuck on him."

In the early evening, Horn made another patrol and again reported that Nickell's sheep were trespassing.

Events began to accelerate leading to Horn's departure and Willie Nickell's murder.

"Billy opened the conversation by saying that he and Miller were going to kill off the Nickell outfit, and wanted me to go in on it."

Tom Horn described what happened before he left, in a letter he penned to John Coble only minutes before his hanging. It seems that he had something he wanted to get off his chest. The letter may very well tell what really happened just before Willie Nickell died.

He wrote that Billy McDonald stopped by Tuesday evening, and they met with Miller. "Billy opened the conversation by saying that he and Miller were going to kill off the Nickell outfit, and wanted me to go in on it."

John Jordan and John Underwood (another major cattleman in the region) would pay him, McDonald said. Horn refused to have anything to do with them but agreed, at Miller's urging, to stay another evening because McDonald would come by the next day.

The next morning, Wednesday, Horn again visited with Miss Kimmell until she left for school.

He continued in his letter to Coble that McDonald arrived and asked him if he "still felt the same way." Horn said he did. At that, McDonald told him that he and Miller had decided to "wipe up the whole Nickell outfit."

Horn left mid-morning, and was not seen again until John Braae observed him on a ridge well to the north of Billy Clay's near sunset.

At 7:00 a.m. the next day, Willie Nickell was gunned down three-quarters of a mile west of the family home. The killing occurred at what would become the most famous gate in Wyoming history.

Ninety years later, a descendent of Jim Miller commented, "Someone knew Willie would be there that morning." The remark leads to the question, who was that "someone," and how did that "someone" know?

Descendants of Miller-Nickell neighbors continue to speculate, offering no solid conclusions. One hundred years after, all we know for certain is that innocent blood spilled for no good reason, the wrong man may have swung from a rope, and whoever the killer was may have lived.

The lingering dispute—over who actually murdered the boy, coupled with the controversial trial of a hated agent of the barons—has made the event one of the most famous in the annals of the West.

CHIP CARLSON has written for *True West*, authored numerous historical articles and two books on the Horn episode, *Tom Horn: Killing Is My Specialty,* and *Joe Lefores: I Slickered Tom Horn*. His third book, *Tom Horn: Blood On The Moon*, will be released by High Plains Press in mid-2001. Carlson is a long-time resident of Cheyenne, Wyoming.

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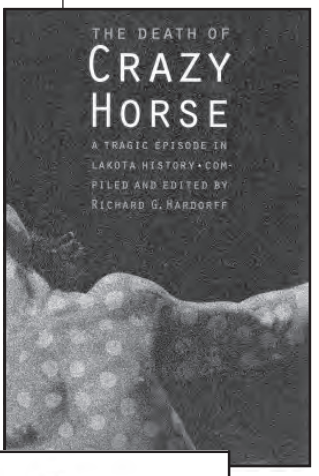
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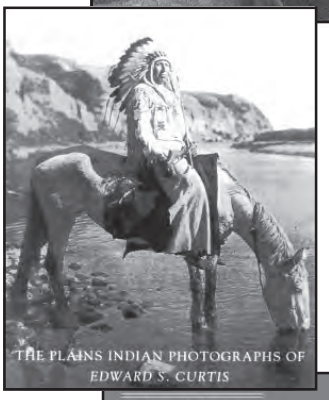
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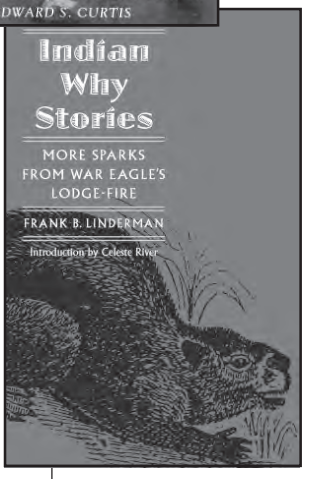
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Aunt Sally: She Cooked for Custer



There are no known contemporary photos of Aunt Sallie, but she was described as "a huge mountain" and a friendly "pipe-smoking" frontierswoman.

AUNT SALLY—FIRST WOMAN IN THE BLACK HILLS. *That's all it says on her simple, rough wood headboard that now hangs in the Adams Museum in Deadwood. A new marker was erected in 1934 at her grave in the old Vinegar Hill Cemetery, high on the wooded hill above the once bustling mining town of Galena. It says:*

"Aunt Sally, Sarah Campbell, colored, died 1887. As a Member of the Custer Expedition to the Black Hills in 1874 She Ventured with the Vanguard of Civilization. 1874. - Erected by Her Friend and Neighbor - 1934."

Sarah Campbell truly found herself in the vanguard of civilization as she entered the Black Hills with the Custer Expedition in 1874. No non-Indian woman predated her entry. Cook and prospector on the expedition, and pioneer of the Black Hills, "Aunt Sally" holds a memorable place in the frontier history of Dakota, in Western women's history, and in African-American history. Her rightful place is inadequately chronicled, eclipsed by another woman—Annie Tallent, a white woman—whose illicit venture into the Black Hills (illegally prospecting for gold) followed Aunt Sally by six months.

Though Tallent came to be celebrated as the region's most distinguished pioneer woman for over a century, recent acknowledgment of Tallent's flawed character has marred her position. The cloak of honor now falls, rightfully, to Sarah Campbell.

It was the summer of 1874, and Sarah Campbell, affectionately called" Aunt Sally" by the troopers of the Seventh Cavalry, was a member of Lt. Colonel George A. Custer's expedition to the Black Hills of Dakota. The former slave, Kentucky-born, was a camp cook on that expedition of over a thousand men.

Riding in a covered wagon, loaded with rattling pots and pans, Aunt Sally was indeed on an epic adventure that was pivotal to opening the Black Hills to frontier expansion.

Sources differ regarding precisely for whom Aunt Sally cooked on this expedition. Some say she cooked for Captain Myles Keogh, some say for Colonel Custer himself; others say she worked for the regiment's sutler John Smith. Charles Windolph, the last living white survivor of the Little Big Horn (with Reno's command), and Dan Newell, a trooper with Custer in 1874, insisted that Aunt Sally cooked for Captain Keogh. Keogh, they said, was a Southern gentleman of means, and obtained "Aunt Sally" in the South. Aunt Sally "would use her frying pan on any trooper who got fresh with her," and was highly respected. If a man claimed he served with Custer in '74, Newell and Windolph would challenge him, "Who was the woman in the expedition?" If the answer was not Aunt Sally, well, he was a liar. "Everybody in that expedition knew Aunt Sally."

But the two old soldiers were confused when they were interviewed 50 years later. Aunt Sally did not cook for Keogh in the Black Hills—he was not even present. Keogh left Fort Totten April 6 on a seven-month furlough, and spent most of 1874 in his native Ireland (no, he was not a Southerner), returning in November.

Nor was Aunt Sally Custer's cook. "Johnson, our new colored cook, had hot biscuit [sic], and this morning hot cakes and biscuit," wrote Custer to his wife Libbie July 3, the day after departing Fort Lincoln. July 15 Custer wrote, "Our mess is a gratifying success; Johnson is not only an excellent cook, but is also very prompt."

It was Custer's custom to use female cooks, often bringing them on campaigns—Eliza Denison Brown during the Civil War; Susan Elizabeth "Eliza" Tinsley Mundy at Fort Leavenworth; and sisters Mary and Marie Adams at Fort Lincoln (Custer brought Mary on the 1873 Yellowstone campaign). Historian John Manion identifies "Johnson" as Nancy Mucks Johnson (later Millett), a cousin of the Adams women. A 1922 document describes Nancy Millett as a colored cook then living in Bismarck, "a relative of Mary Adams . . . who came to Fort Lincoln to work for Lieutenant Calhoun."

"Johnson" could very well be Nancy Johnson, the *second* woman on Custer's expedition. This indeed contradicts traditional Black Hills history which maintains that Aunt Sally was the sole woman on the expedition. This does not diminish, however, Aunt Sally's position as the first non-Indian woman who entered the Black Hills, and settled there as a pioneer.

Aunt Sally neither cooked for Custer nor Keogh—she cooked for sutler John Smith, in accord with the *Black Hills Daily Times* of 1880. She is often quoted as calling herself "the only white woman that ever saw the Black Hills." Seth Galvin, who knew Aunt Sally when he was a boy, said she called herself a white woman because "She was not very literate, and the term 'white' was the only [term] she knew. She meant 'civilized.'"

Confusion still prevails, nonetheless, in government records. It is, however, understandable that Sally is not in the military records because civilian employees were not hired by the government, and consequently would not appear on the quartermaster's "Reports of Persons and Articles Hired." But contrary to military records, Mary Adams did *not* accompany Custer to the Black Hills; she remained at Fort Lincoln as Libbie's servant. When

BY RAMONA RAND-CAPLAN

Custer's returning column appeared, a Custer house-orderly "went to Mary to tell her the news" they had returned.

The essential fact remains: Aunt Sally was there, whomever she served, rising at first reveille at 2:35 a.m. to unload the mess gear, build her fire and prepare breakfast.

Life in the Seventh Cavalry must have been unlike any experience Sally had ever encountered. The Black Hills abounded in wooded heights with pure mountain water tasting like ambrosia, a luxurious contrast to the hot and arid alkaline plains below in the vastness of Dakota. Flower-filled meadows flourished. Music filled the air with rousing renditions of "Garry Owen" and sentimental ballads like "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Concerts were given every evening by a 16-piece military band, who rode matched white horses, a Custer innovation. When the command entered a park-like area that Custer dubbed Floral Valley, happy soldiers decorated their horses with wildflowers, and the band scrambled up on a ledge to serenade them with old favorites—"notes echoing from peak to peak."

As Custer's command wound through the pristine reaches of the Hills, the Seventh in the lead, Aunt Sally was there riding the crest of its golden moments. Finally, they made "permanent camp" at French Creek, east of present-day Custer, near Harney Peak, the highest mountain between the Rockies and the Atlantic.

When the command moved out from Fort Lincoln, wagons four-abreast, it was ostensibly to search for a suitable site for a military post "to keep the Indians under control—just in case." In actuality, the government wanted to authenticate the persistent rumors of gold in the Black Hills.

The expedition's miners Horatio Ross and William McKay had gold-panned since entering the Black Hills, finding specks here and there. Now at French Creek on July 30, Ross made his historic discovery: indeed there was GOLD in the Black Hills!

Everyone tried prospecting, including Aunt Sally who staked out her claim, "No. 7 below Discovery." The first mining company in the Black Hills formed around a campfire, amidst a cluster of wagons on French Creek. August 5, five days after the discovery that would dramatically impact the course of Western expansion. Observing the law, they authorized officers and a board of directors, and posted a notice on the claim, inside the cover of a hardtack box:

> District No. 1 Custer Park Mining Company, Custer's Gulch, Black Hills, D.T., August 5, 1874—Notice is hereby given that we the undersigned claimants do claim 4,000 feet commencing at No. 8 above, and running down to No. 12 below Discovery, for mining purposes, and intend to work the same as soon as peaceable possession can be had of this portion of Dakota Territory by the general government.

Listed on the historic document, claiming No. 7 below Discovery is the name Sarah Campbell. The Custer County Records still contain Aunt Sally's claim to No. 7.

Jimmy Calhoun's diary states, "Ross was given the first 400 feet designated as 'Discovery.' Claim No. 7 below Discovery belonged to 'Aunt Sally,' sutler John W. Smith's Negro cook. Sally's real name was Sarah Campbell, a woman Curtis [the correspondent] described as 'a huge mountain of dusky flesh.'"

It seems Aunt Sally was up to her elbows in a gold strike! Aunt Sally traveled back to Fort Lincoln with the expedition, August 30, resolving to return to the Black Hills. William Curtis, 23-year-old star reporter for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* and the *New York World*, published his interview with Sally in the *Inter-Ocean*, August 27, 1874:

> The most excited contestant in this chase after fortune was "Aunt Sally," the sutler's colored cook . . . She is an old frontiersman, as it were, having been up and down the Missouri ever since its muddy water was broken by a paddle wheel, and having accumulated quite a little property, had settled down in Bismarck to ease and luxury.

> "Money didn't done brung dis chile out hyar, now, I tells ye dat; dis hain't no common nigger, . . . and ye wouldn't cotch dis gal totin' chuck out hyar now, I tells ye, if it hadn't bin for seein' dese hyar Black Hills dat Custer fetched us to. I'se heered 'bout dese here hills long 'fore Custer did. . . . I was on de Missouri — cooked on first boat dat ever run up dat stream. But I wanted to see dese Black Hills — an' dey ain't no blacker dan I am and I'm no African, now you just bet I ain't; I'm one of your common herd.

She "scratched grabble" and staked out her claim, wrote Curtis, and says she's "coming here as soon as anybody."

Aunt Sally vowed to return, and return she did. Sally literally walked back to the Hills beside an ox-drawn wagon. She filed a claim at Elk Creek, and lived on a small ranch there. She prospected, cooked, and midwifed at Crook City and Galena where she lived her final years, its most famous resident. Once a bustling silver-mining town in a gulch beside Bear Butte Creek, Galena had many civilized amenities: a sawmill, smelter, narrow-gauge passenger train, four stores, three butcher shops, drinking establishments, and an opera house. Yet, it was still a virgin land with fierce predators, and mountain lions occasionally came prowling into town.

A well-beloved figure in the Hills, Aunt Sally frequently rode in civic parades at annual celebrations. "Pipe-smoking" Aunt Sally particularly enjoyed telling colorful anecdotes about the Custer Expedition, "puffing on her pipe, her ample sides shaking



Aunt Sally "would use her frying pan on any trooper who got fresh."



Fred Borsh, one of the two men who erected Sally's grave marker in 1934, stands beside it

– South Dakota state University –

with merriment. The main character in all her tales was her hero,George Armstrong Custer." She had the reputation of being "a good midwife, a superb cook, and a lover of children." Aunt Sally, in fact, adopted little Anthony Herr or Wier, "a hungry, ragged 10-year-old white orphan boy" she found "crying on the streets of Deadwood," wrote historian Helen Rezatto. "He never smiled so she called him 'Sad'."

But historian Mildred Fielder relates a different version: Anthony Weir was seventeen, and not feeling very well when he stopped in a bar at Crook City, gulped a whiskey, and "slid to the floor unconscious." Obviously very ill, he was taken to Aunt Sally's cabin "where she cared for him with mountain herbs, and cured his typhoid fever." In gratitude, he promised Aunt Sally he would give her "a home as long as I live." They lived as a family from then on, eventually settling in Galena.

When Sarah Campbell died, the April 13, 1888, *Deadwood Daily Pioneer* said, "Everybody knew her, everybody liked her, and not a few will learn with deep regret that death has claimed her." The *Pioneer* said her "years numbered over 73" (she was actually about 64 but the Deadwood obituaries were never too exact).

Aunt Sally now rests in the old Vinegar Hill Cemetery under the tall ponderosa pines, at the top of the obscure trail that leads up from the ravine behind Galena. There is a new marker now, erected recently by another "friend," a Rapid City businessman. The wooden bridge across the ravine below was washed away by heavy floods one spring, but her grave is still well cared for. Aunt Sally is still fondly remembered, her legend restored as the first pioneer woman in the Black Hills.

RAMONA RAND-CAPLAN is a freelance writer who lives in Trinidad, Colorado. This is her first article for *True West*.

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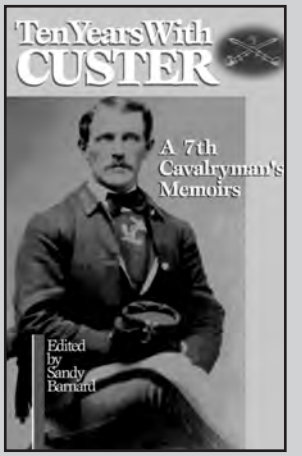
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The Indespensible Tool of the Trade

The Lariat

by Thomas LaMance

Perhaps the last thing that a bug-eyed tenderfoot will notice about a cowboy and his horse is the lariat. Yet, in this day of modern convenience, the cowboy still uses his rope daily.

No one seems to know exactly just when the lariat came into use, but biblical Abraham who "had cattle on a thousand hills" probably used ropes since it is impossible to raise cattle without one.

The Spaniards who brought the first horses to America introduced roping in 1519. They were quite proficient with the rope and passed their skill on to the Mexicans. "Lariat" is really a corruption of the Spanish *la reata*, meaning simply, the rope. The longhorn was also brought to America by the Spaniards. Eventually, a large part of Texas was stocked with what is now known as the *Texas* longhorn.

During westward expansion, the rope was used by the cowboy who chased wild cattle out of the brush to feed a growing population. As the cattle population increased, there was more need for the cowboy and his lariat. When those larger herds were shaped up to trail the steers north in search of a range, or to be sold to a buyer at some delivering point, the rope was in great demand. Before starting, each steer had to be roped to have a trail brand put on it for identification in case the cow wondered off, the herd stampeded or mixed with another herd.

When a cowboy was riding around he might come across a cow that was having trouble giving birth. He would tie the cow, and pull the calf with his rope. Sometimes the animal would have a stick in its eye—it would have to be roped and the wound tended.

In Texas, many cattle were infested with screw worms. When I was foreman on a large ranch in Texas, I carried a bottle of screw worm medicine on my saddle at all times, and any time I saw any signs of screw worm infection I would rope the animal and doctor it right there. Often, a cow being corralled would dart between the riders and start back for their old range. They'd be brought back by driving them on the end of the rope.

On the old-time cattle roundups there might be over 100 horses put to use. The horse wrangler would run these horses in a V-shaped, rope corral. When the horses went into the corral, he would use a third rope to pull up and hold the horses while each cowboy roped the horse he was going to use. It would be too dangerous for a person to go in among the half-wild horses as he might be surrounded, crushed, kicked, or knocked down and trampled. You had to use a rope to get your mount.

Some historians claim that ropes as long as 105 feet have been used with a weight in the end of them. However, I favor about a 50-foot rope. It is said that Will Rogers used a hundred-foot rope in his stage act.

I have roped a lot and I don't see how anyone can use a hundred-foot rope in ranch work. A man would have to use all the strength he had to throw it. I just don't think a man can throw that much rope with any accuracy. Short ropes are for working bushy country, where you don't have much room and less time to throw. The unbelievable "figure 8" which catches the forelegs in one loop and the head in the other was a fantastic feat few rope artists can do. I never could.

You might find some grizzled old cowboys that still talk about the incredible throw by some early Mexican cowboys in which a big loop is thrown hard at the back of the steer, and opens up to let its back in, then clears the head, but catches the forelegs spilling the critter. This was done on horseback at a dead run.

Back in the longhorn days, it was quite necessary to use a big loop to get it over the huge horns. The bigger the loop however, the more apt it was to catch the steer around the belly which was tantamount to shooting yourself in the foot.

Expert ropers who took pride in their work would have their ropes made for them by expert craftsman. Later, ropes were made of fiber,



The author on a New Mexico Ranch in 1943.

– Courtesy Thomas LaMance –

Special thanks to Abe Hays of Arizona West Gallery in Scottsdale, Arizona for the lariat image.

Montana cowboys putting the links on a bunch quitter.

– True West Archives –



and today, mostly of nylon. I guess I'm old fashioned as I still like the Manilla rope best. A famous California maker of ropes, since the early days, was the Ortega family. A few years back they were still making ropes—they may still be today. The Ortega family specialized in making ropes for fussy cowboys and rodeo stars. In the old days, the cowboys often braided their lariats from rawhide. They would use the hides of young heifers and make ropes during the quiet winter months when there was not much work to be done. The Spanish, the Mexican and Indian also made their ropes out of rawhide. They would stretch a steer hide on a level place and let it dry. Then they'd cut a strand in a circle about a 1/4-inch thick on a bevel, the flesh side wider than the top side since the lower is much stronger. Cutting round and round, they continued until they got the strand the length they wanted. Then they would cut three more to match the first one. Fastening one end on something solid, they would scrape the hair off with a sharp knife. Next, they plaited the strand together.

The rawhide rope was the best throw rope, but not the strongest. A man could throw them against the wind. A rope, like wood, has a grain and will, cast one way; a cowboy had to use it that way only, or it would shimmy and backfire. It was stiff when new, and he would tie it between two trees and leave it stretched for a few days. Sometimes he would singe the tuft off. Only then would it behave the way he wanted it to. In cold weather some cowboys took their rope to bed to keep it supple for the next day's work.

Beside cow work, a lariat had many uses in the West; it could pull cattle out of mud holes, rescue a drowning cowboy, or help free a chuck wagon stuck in a muddy rut. It could save a cowboy on foot from an angry steer, and bullwhip a snake to death as far as the rope would reach. The drag man sometimes had a buckskin "popper" spliced into the rope which he could crack several feet out to keep stragglers on the move. It was used to pull soggy women and children out of well holes and save cowboys suspended over cliffs. It was used to haul a load of wood to the campfire, or help put out a grass fire by pulling a drag—sometimes a deliberately killed, bloodied steer.

A rope could not stand up against a gun in a fight, but if he caught his adversary unaware, he could drag him over the lumpy ground for a spill.

Some cowboys hunted with a rope. There's been wolf bear, mountain lion, and any number of animals caught with one.

And perhaps the most dreaded use of the Western rope was to dangle taut over a tree limb, as Judge, jury and executioner of the West, tried, sentenced and executed the felonious character with one handy, inconspicuous, life-saving or life-taking device—the lariat.



ROPING 101

A good roper was a top hand on a ranch. Not every cowboy became good enough to acquire the skill, and only a few in an outfit were considered top ropers. A good roper has to have timing and the ability to judge distance. Not only was his target moving, but so was he. Imagine throwing at a steer's feet and knowing the split second its feet would be off the ground.

In throwing, a cowboy would hold the coils of the rope in his left hand (if he was right handed), swing the noose with his right, and cast a six-foot loop to open and fall on the moving animal. The first thing a cowboy did in taking his rope from the saddle was to shake out a loop. Sometimes whirling the rope to keep the loop open, or to make it larger.

Timing is the secret of roping. One has to know just when to throw and just where to put the loop. A good roper knows when the rope leaves his hand whether it is a good throw or not. To catch the hind feet, you want to start the loop just in front of the hind feet when they are back so when they bring their feet forward they step into the loop. When roping steer by the horns you want the left side of the loop higher so that the right, or lower side, hooks under the horns.

A good rope horse is important; it has the sense of his rider. As soon as the catch is made, the horse would lean back and brace his feet, ready to whirl in the direction of the proper pressure. It would never let a steer run to his side or put slack in the rope. Usually the horse has a smooth running walk from which the cowboy could toss his loop smoothly and effortlessly.

There are two methods of roping. One employs a short rope 30 to 35 feet with one end tied to the saddle horn. I don't like this method: in some cases you might want to get loose from the animal and it's almost impossible if the rope is tied fast to the saddle horn. The other method is to throw a longer untied lariat, 50 to 75-feet long and then you can wind the loose end around the saddle horn with a dally when the catch is made. There is, of course, a chance that you could lose a finger in the wrap if you don't know what you are doing.

Thomas LaMance is a freelance writer who worked as a cowboy since he was 13, and served as a federal live-stock inspector for 12 years. This is his first article for *True West*.

Head'em Up, Move'em Out!

MAPS AND TEXT BY GUS WALKER

The Santa Fe Railroad, in 1873, ceased construction of its main transcontinental line at Dodge City, Kansas, for three years due to a national financial crisis. As a result, Dodge City, the only available shipping point for southern cattle, became the largest cattle shipping and delivering point in the world.

In 1875, trail drivers returned to Texas from a Kansas drive and told of a new town, at that time the end of the Santa Fe Railroad, called Dodge City. They described this place as the next great market of the northwest; that abandoning the Chisholm trail and making a new trail direct from San Antonio to Dodge City would save from 20 to 30 days' drive. It would not be necessary to detour over the Eastern trail in the Indian territory as they had been doing. In the spring of 1874, Texas drivers headed for Dodge City over a new trail called the "Western," 1,000 miles in length from Brownsville, Texas, to Dodge City.

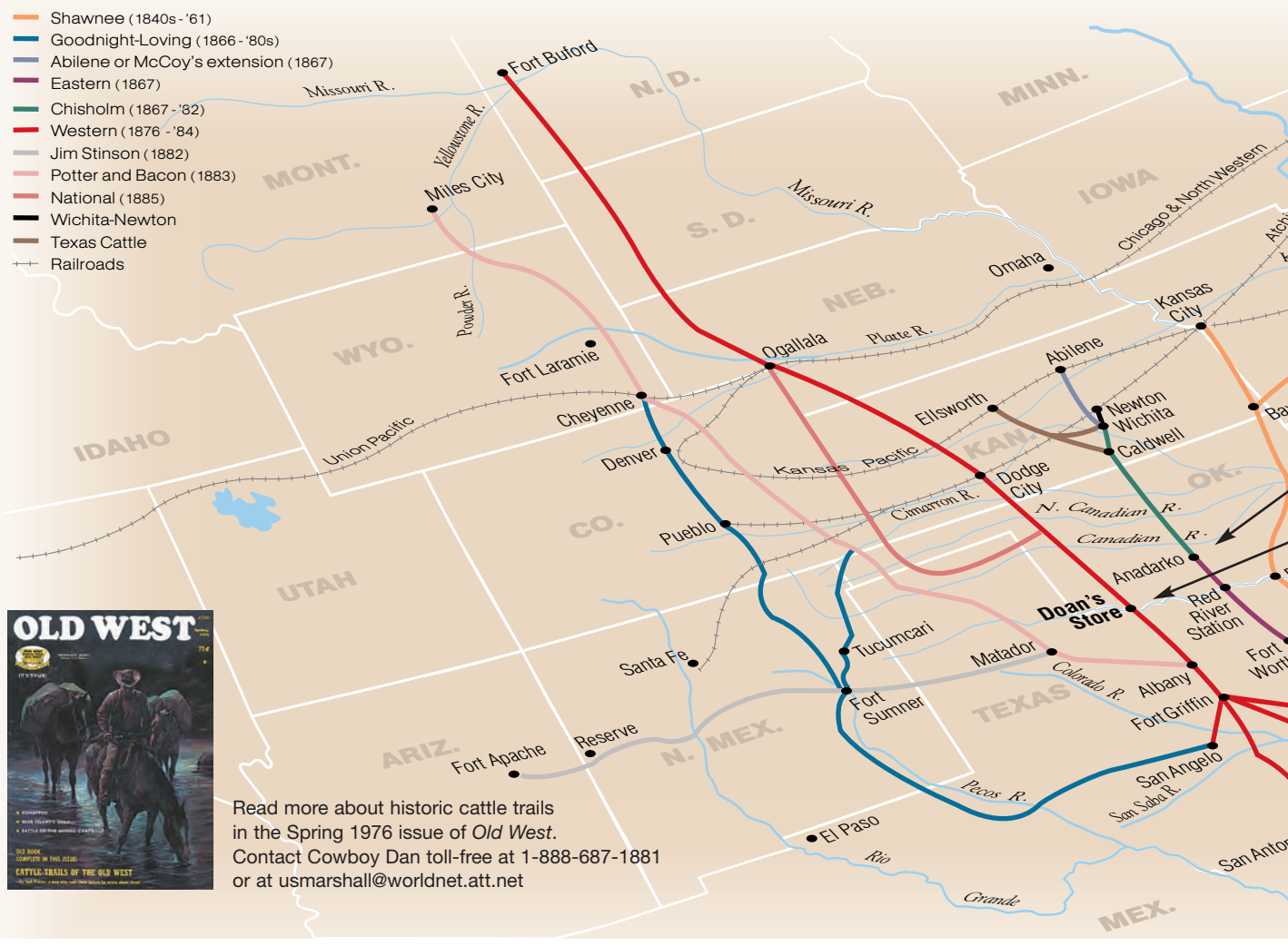
The route led out to the crossing of the San Saba River at Pegleg station, carrying on to Waldrip's Bend on the Colorado River; then to Coleman City and Fort Griffin, crossing the Brazos at Seymour, the Pease River at Eagle Crossing and then the Red River. Four years later, Doan's Store was built near the Red River crossing.

Some drivers followed branches of existing non-cattle routes, such as the Chisholm, named after trader and hunter Jess Chisholm who first used it. Many started in the direction of a known location following established routes and blazing new trails along the way.

It is estimated that beginning with the spring of 1866 and ending in the fall of 1895, drovers moved 10 million cattle over these trails out of Texas to northern shipping points and maturing grounds.

When the railroads reached Texas, cattle trails became a thing of the past.

CATTLE TRAILS



Read more about historic cattle trails in the Spring 1976 issue of *Old West*. Contact Cowboy Dan toll-free at 1-888-687-1881 or at usmarshall@worldnet.att.net

DOAN'S CROSSING AND STORE

In the Spring of 1878, a Fort Sill trader named J. Doan established Doan's Store near the spot where drovers traveling the Western Trail forded the Red River.

At first the store occupied one end of the Doan home, and the family lived in the other. Later a separate adobe structure was erected.

Doan's did a thriving business, occasionally selling bacon and flour to the cowboys in car-load lots as well as firearms, ammunition and Stetson hats.

Furnaces, corrals and branding pens were soon added to accommodate the cattle drivers.

A post office was established in 1879 and C.F. Doan, J. Doan's nephew, also a trader, became the first postmaster. All mail and commodities for the trail herds were directed to Doan's, as it was the last stop on the trail before Dodge City.

Doan's Day Picnic

One spring in 1884, when the grass had risen and the cowboys were up the trail or working the spring roundup, a party of five women and one lone man went on a picnic. The event bloomed into an annual affair and the current-day picnic is held on the first Saturday in May at the store.

For information call: 940-552-9361.



This photo, often identified in the past as Doan's Crossing, is now believed to be a scene on the Washita River near present-day Anadarko, Oklahoma. Special thanks to Burna Cole of the Museum of the Western Prairie in Altus, Oklahoma, for her research on this photo.

- Oklahoma Historical Society -





A modern view of the Red River, looking north from Doan's Store on the Western cattle trail. This stretch of the river is very sandy and prone to quicksand and sand bars. What you see today may be only for today, and tomorrow the river could present another view from the same location. Inset is a photo of Doan's Store as it looks today.

- Photos by Burna Cole, Courtesy of the Museum of the Western Prairie -.

SALTY JOHN COX
SALOON BRAWL IN MAGDALENA!

BY HOWARD BRYAN

AN EXCERPT FROM HIS BOOK:

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN SOUTHWEST

Howard Bryan longtime cowboy writer, built his stellar career interviewing some of the most notorious cowboys in New Mexico. One of them was "Salty John" Cox. In this excerpt from his new book, Bryan and Salty John tell the tale of a saloon brawl in Magdalena in 1910.

"About 75 of us were gathered in Ben Beagle's saloon after the race when something was said or done that started a bang-up free-for-all,' Cox said. 'Bob Lewis, the deputy sheriff, heard the commotion in the bar and came running. He took one look in the door, shrugged his shoulders, and walked off, content to let the boys settle their own differences.'

"During the height of the brawl, Cox continued, one cowboy walked up to another and asked, 'Didn't you knock me down a minute ago?' The other cowboy thought for a moment, and answered, 'I don't think so, but I'd be glad to oblige right now,' at the same time sending him to the floor with a right to the jaw.

"'The only real casualty was a fellow named Wheeler,' Cox said. 'He got his ear bit off.'

Later, prompted by the Cox recollections, Malcom S. Major, another pioneer cattleman from the region, furnished me with some additional details of the brawl, which he said followed a matched race between a horse owned by Charlie Ross of Kelly and a horse owned by Milt Craig of Magdalena. After the race, he said, cowboys and miners gathered in the saloon to settle their differences with their fists.

"'Somebody locked the door so the town marshal couldn't get in, and they went to it,' Major said.

"'Virgie Wheeler got his ear bitten off, and another cowboy put it in his pocket,' he continued. 'After the fight they took Virgie down to see old Dr. Thomas to see if he could sew it back on again. It had Duke's Mixture tobacco all over it. I don't know if Doc tried to sew it back on or not, but I think they were all in the mood to try anything.'

"'After the fight, someone got a billiard cue, put a boot on the end of it, pressed it in some mud, and then put the muddy imprint of the sole on the ceiling. When anyone came into the bar after the fight they would show him the boot print on the ceiling and say, "That's where one son-of-a-bitch went during the fight.'"





Bad Boy Bar Behavior

Cowboys often were without females, so one of the Boys would be heifer-branded (top photo) with a neckerchief on the arm to stand in for the fair sex. Fresh off the range it was time to "belly up to the bar" as these cowboys are doing in Tascosa, Texas.

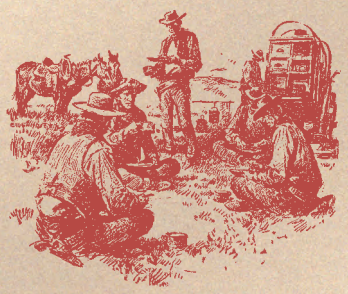
– Both photos, True West Archives –





Classic Cowboy Images
The above pulp magazine cover features model, Gary Cooper, before he was a star. Illustration by Lon Megargee. At left, one of the most famous cowboy images ever, Lon Megargee's "Last Drop From His Stetson," which appeared on Stetson advertising for some time. Both images are framed and available from Michael Collier Gallery (see below).

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COWBOY SLANG

By Ramon F. Adams

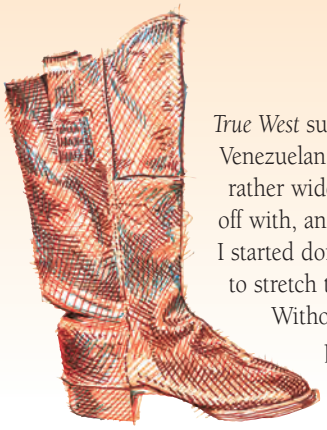
American cowboys have always been quite creative with English and Spanish. Almost everyone knows the meaning of "dally", "hog-tie" and "ridin' fence" but here are some of their more obscure words and sayings:

- **Arizona tenor:** a coughing tubercular.
- **Bar dog:** a cowboy's term for a bartender. Many bartenders were former cowboys too stove-up [stiff as a stovepipe] for riding. A bar-dog's favorite occupation, as one cowhand said, was "Yawnin' on the glasses to give 'em a polish."
- **Blacksmithing:** what the cowboy calls pimping or procuring for a woman of easy virtue; a polite way of giving information about such activities, as, "Bill is blacksmithin' for Bertha."
- **Bucket dogie:** a calf purchased in the corn belt or from a farmer and shipped to a ranch to restock the range.
- **Coona:** a New Mexico dance which starts out like a country dance but turns into an Indian swing, in which the dancers copy the manner in which an Indian dancer swings his body.
- **Dofunnies:** a cowboy's name for the useless little trinkets he carries in his war bag.
- **Sin Twister:** a cowboy's name for a preacher.
- **Sourdough bullet:** a cowboy's name for a biscuit, but not used when the cook is within hearing distance.
- **Velvet Couch:** a cowboy's name for his bedroll.
- **Whittle whanging:** a cowboy's term for wrangling or quarreling.
- **Wood monkey:** a cowboy responsible for supplying wood for a ranch or a roundup camp.

Excerpted from the classic book, *Western Words: A Dictionary of the American West*, by Ramon F. Adams. Published by the University of Oklahoma Press: Norman.

GETTING A PERFECT FIT THE NEW OLD WAY

Cowboy Boots
A Fitting Solution



True West subscriber David Pilcher, e-mailed to ask: "My son and daughter-in-law bought me a pair of leather, Venezuelan cowboy (or should that be gaucho) boots for my birthday. Now, lengthwise, no problem. But, getting my rather wide foot into 'em can prove a tad troublesome. They told me that the shop said, they're always tight to start off with, and the trick is to put plastic bags over your feet, then squeeze into them!

I started doing this, and of late, I can just get them on without resorting to the Safeway bags. Do you know of any way to stretch them? There must be a 'country way!'"

Without some modern-day assistance, namely cellophane, how *did* the old-time cowboy get a new pair on? We put this blistering question to the experts and here's what they had to say.

"Sometimes the cowboys stood in a trough of water, soaking them wet and then rode around all day and they formed to their foot"

Chuck Paul
Ex-bareback Bronc Rider



"In the late 1800s, the military put money into the shoe and boot industry. The cowboys then transformed the military boot to meet their requirements. The first were from Texas with a high shaft, sporting a Texas star."

Joann Weinkauf
Weinkauf Boots
Carson City, Nevada

". . . find someone with smaller feet so they fit! In the Old West, cowboys bought boots that were shop-made, customized and measured to their feet. The cowboys bought boots the right size to begin with."

Pat Moody
Olathe Boot Company
Mercedes, Texas



"Cowboys weren't as tender-footed as we are today—they pounded and slammed them on to make them fit! If they didn't fit, they made them fit."

Dave Espinoza
Bootmaker
Phoenix, Arizona





"In the very early days, there was no right or left boots. When they got them, they soaked them in water and wore them all day to form them—cowboys wanted their boots to fit very tight."

Dr. Hill
J.B. Hill Boots
El Paso, Texas

"Before the Civil War, boots were very crude. They were built on a last and were straight-ahead boots, meaning that there was no right or left. They soaked them in water, or wore heavy socks to form them into right and left boots. They also only made sizes of 10 or 11, for example; there were no half sizes. So they had to be very uncomfortable for a guy who needed an 11½-size boot."

Victor Borg
Stewart Boot Company
Tucson, Arizona

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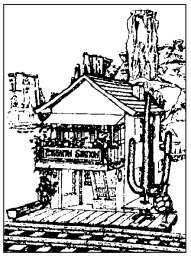
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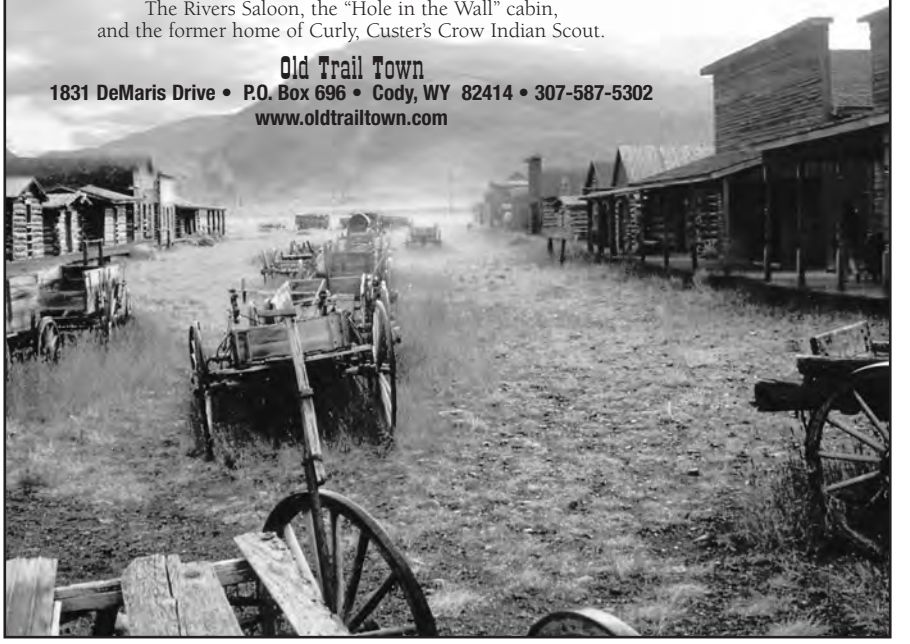
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A Smoking Gun?

Did Wells Fargo Pay Wyatt Earp to Kill Curly Bill and Frank Stilwell? New Evidence Seems to Indicate—Yes.



Wyatt Earp
– Courtesy of Craig Fouts –

The entry for detective John N. Thacker in Wells, Fargo & Company's Express General Cashbook for April 1882.
– Courtesy of Wells Fargo, History Department –

Surprising new evidence has surfaced in the Wyatt Earp claim that he killed Curly Bill. Wells Fargo historian, Robert J. Chandler, accidentally found an entry in the original Cash Books that points to a stunning possibility. The entry seems to indicate that Wells Fargo paid blood money to Wyatt Earp for killing Frank Stilwell and Curly Bill Brocious. Robert J. Chandler recounts the find:

"During my first project with the history department of Wells Fargo Bank in September 1978, I was the first to heft the large, heavy, unwieldy Cash Books, which the new bank holding company, Wells Fargo & Company, bought back from American Express in 1969 along with all rights under the 1866 Colorado charter.

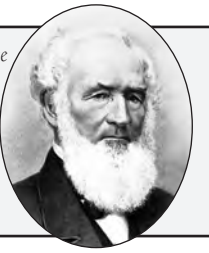
"Many years later, having to prepare a stagecoach parade release for New Mexico, I searched my notes for Wells Fargo's entry into that territory. I surprised myself with an Earp entry for April 1882 several months later than all previous ones, which I found buried and forgotten in my 21-year-old notes: 'J.N. Thacker paid Earp & posse a/c Stillwell [sic] & Curly Bill $150.'

"Having enjoyed Casey Tefertiller's 1997 *Wyatt Earp*, I realized that the involvement of detective John N. Thacker made it of more than passing interest, and reinforced Tefertiller's conclusions about Wells Fargo's support for the Earps."

Earp historian, Timothy Fattig, of Tombstone, Arizona, responded to our inquiry about the importance of this find, saying, "This validates that Wells Fargo did a separate investigation [by John Thacker]. The company would not have paid Wyatt Earp a cent if they did not have satisfactory proof of Curly Bill's death."

Jeff Morey, another noted Earp historian (and technical advisor on the movie *Tombstone*) had this to say: "I found the Wells Fargo cash records most intriguing. It isn't completely clear, however, what exactly the 'Earp posse' was being paid for relative to Stilwell and Curly Bill. What does the notation 'a/c' stand for? For blood or reward money, $150 seems rather small. It seems possible that the 'Earp Posse's' expenses while in pursuit of Stilwell and Curly Bill were being paid. Yet, that begs the question as to why the pursuit of Morgan's murderers should specifically make mention of only Curly Bill and Stilwell. If expenses were simply being paid, the mention of these two would be totally extraneous and misleading. Three things are made clear: 1) The Earps worked very closely with Wells Fargo and enjoyed the complete trust of the company; 2) Wells Fargo viewed the 'vendetta





Vermont-born Henry Wells worked as a farm hand, and tanning and shoemaking apprentice during his early years. He turned to transportation when he was 21, serving with companies on the Erie Canal and Great Lakes. He then worked for the Pennsylvania Railway and became an agent for William F. Harnden who was known as the father of the express business. In 1844, Wells formed an independent freight business and a partnership with William G. Fargo that endured until Wells' death in 1878.

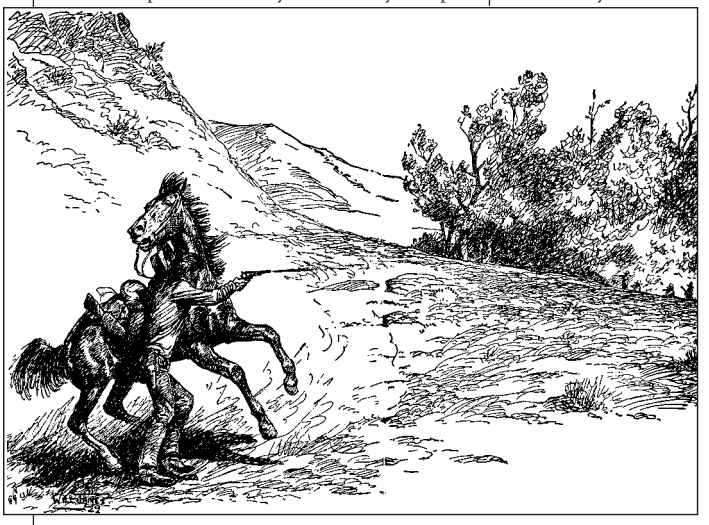
– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

BY ROBERT J. CHANDLER

As reported by Mare Rosenbaum

ride' as legitimate posse work.; and, 3) Wells Fargo was satisfied that Earp had indeed dispatched Curly Bill. The linking of Curly Bill and Stilwell would seem to be their common deceased nature. Of course, there are those who will say this doesn't prove that Earp did, in fact, kill Curly Bill. All it shows is that Wells Fargo *thought* Earp killed Curly Bill. The counter to such an argument would be to point out that Wells Fargo wasn't prone to pass out funds while any lingering doubts remained."

On the opposite side of the argument, Steve Gatto, author of *The Real Wyatt Earp,* 2000, stated, "It doesn't add up—it's too low a payment for a killing. Of course, it's complete speculation on my part, but it sounds more like it would be an expense reimbursement for the September '81 Stilwell/Spence robbery. Either by Earp's allegation or rumor, the bookkeeper may have mistakenly connected Curly Bill to the March robbery. Wyatt Earp, later, in both unpublished works and Stuart Lake's book, alleges that Curly Bill had a connection to the robbery. So, I think Wells Fargo is just paying expenses on the account."



In this Will James 1929 illlustration, Wyatt Earp fires into the "willows" at Mescal Springs. Published in Walter Noble Burns' Tombstone, *this illustration marks the first wave of those who believed that Wyatt Earp killed Curly Bill.*

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

March, Murders, and a Motive

Wells Fargo messenger Morgan Earp, was murdered on March 18, 1882. The Earps counter attacked, felling Stilwell on March 21, and Curly Bill Brocious (Wyatt's claim) on March 24, 1882.

The following quote in the March 23, 1882, *San Francisco Examiner* indicates why a reputable bank might be motivated to take the law into their own hands. Describing the cowboys, a group of about 75, Wells Fargo spokesman said that a portion, "under the leadership of Ike Clanton," were "cattle thieves, and for a change will occasionally rob a stage." This bad situation arose, Wells Fargo officials explained to the *San Francisco* journalists, in part due to the more than neutralization of Sheriff John Behan: "In fact, it is stated," being more coy than necessary, "that a leading official stands in with them whenever occasion arises."

Whatever we finally decide about the entry, we can conclude that new discoveries change our view of history—and for that reason alone, every tidbit that emerges is worth contemplating. Thanks to Robert J. Chandler and Wells Fargo, who contributed this intriguing piece of evidence, we may have new insight; or, it may lead us to a conclusion unforeseen. For questions or comments, Robert Chandler may be contacted by e-mail at chandler@WellsFargo.com. And, for any of you who may know what "a/c" means, we'd like to hear from you at truewestmagazine.com.



Famed green Wells Fargo treasure boxes tempted outlaws everywhere. J.Y. Ayer of San Francisco manufactured them out of Ponderosa pine, reinforced with oak rims and iron strapping. A typical treasure box measured 20" x 12" x 10"; weighed 24 pounds empty, and resided in the front boot of a stagecoach beneath the driver's feet.

– COURTESY OF WELLS FARGO –

What Things Cost

The following line items appear in the Wells, Fargo & Company Express Cash Books from May, 1881:

Transportation: Arizona Mail Stage	$713.59
General Salary:	
Harrington	$125.00
M. Earp	$4.15
Martin	$8.25
Withrow	$100.00
Loss and Damage:	
Wilt, Stabling	$28.00
Reward Notices	$5.00
[John] Dunbar, Horses in pursuit of robbers, Mch 15	$254.25
Repairing Messgrs. guns	$3.00
Bullock & Co. Hay grain	$2.50
[John] Montgomery & [Edward] Benson, team [OK Stables]	$2.50
W.T. Ray, Feed	$6.00
McLane & Gray Teams [Dexter Feed & Livery Stables]	$295.25

ROBERT J. CHANDLER is a freelance writer and has worked with Wells Fargo Bank's history department for 23 years. This is his first article for *True West.*

Dodge & Burn

A Premier Cowtown Skirts Obliteration

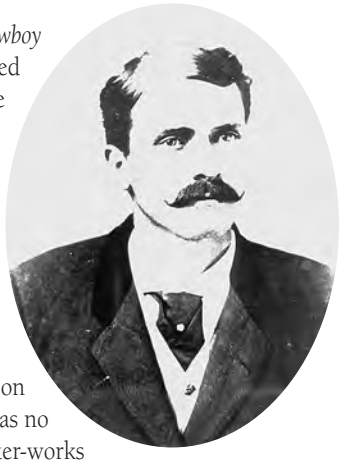
"Our Land Marks Gone,"

. . . the headline blared in the *Globe Live Stock Journal* on Tuesday, December 1, 1885. "THE FIRE FIEND WIPES OUT THE BUSINESS HEART OF OUR TOWN."

For residents of Dodge City, Kansas, the news seemed all too familiar. The conflagration of November 27 was the second major fire to strike the business district in the Queen of Cowtowns (the first in January), and there was more smoke on the horizon. Less than a week after the *Journal*'s coverage of the second fire, the "fiend" would struck again.

Like many Western frontier towns, most of them tinderboxes by today's standards, Dodge City had witnessed its share of fires, common in rows of frame buildings. But early outbreaks had been put out quickly by volunteers, and until 1885, Dodge City had not witnessed any fires that had cost insurance companies. That changed on January 18—ironically, the day after the *Kansas Cowboy* commented on the lack of damaging fires in the city. The subsequent fires of November 27 and December 7, as well as two smaller fires in 1886, would result in few injuries—and apparently no deaths—but would literally change the face of the town's business district.

On the afternoon of Sunday, January 18, 1885, a fire broke out in the cellar of Perry Wilden's grocery store on Front Street between Second and Third Avenues. Flames shot from the windows, and before long, the Union restaurant, next door to Wilden's on the west side, ignited. The *Kansas Cowboy* said that the restaurant "ended in smoke at the drop of the hat." Editors of the *Cowboy* might have regretted the fire report printed the day before. The newspaper, located on the second floor of a building two doors west of Wilden's, lost a power press and "a large portion" of type.

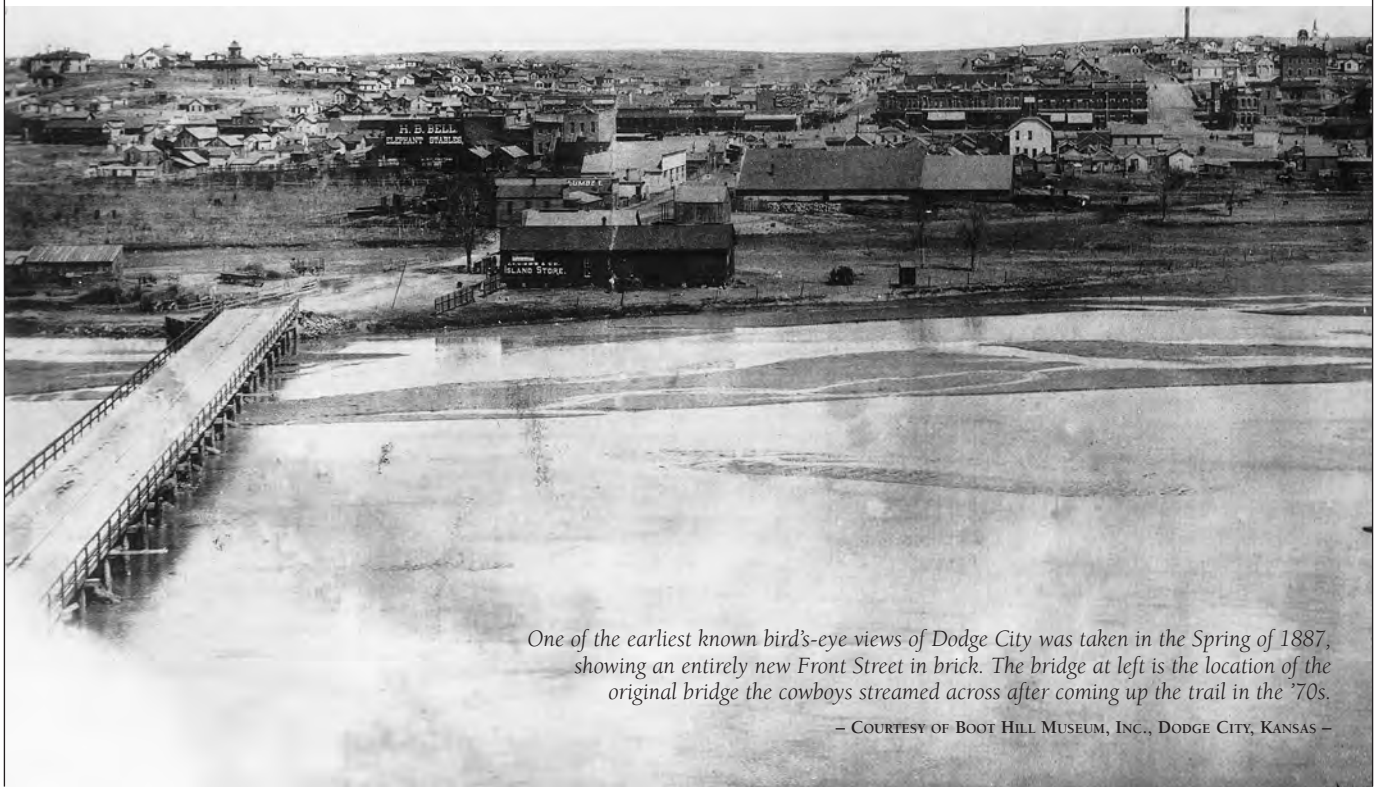


City Marshal Bill Tilgman is credited with rolling up his sleeves and hauling out the ladder to save the Journal *offices.*

– True West Archives –

The city's fire truck arrived on the scene quickly, but there was no water. Dodge City had no water-works system, and most of the pumps were frozen. A bucket brigade was formed, and City Marshal Bill Tilghman ordered small sheds in the rear of the burning buildings torn down. Volunteers fought the flames with only ladders and water buckets.

Next door to the *Cowboy* building, the Iowa House, which also held a clothing store and tailor's shop on the bottom floor, caught fire on the east side, but the building was saved. "Had this building been destroyed," the *Cowboy* reported, "the appetite of the fire demon would not have been appeased until every building in the Iowa House block had been swallowed up."



One of the earliest known bird's-eye views of Dodge City was taken in the Spring of 1887, showing an entirely new Front Street in brick. The bridge at left is the location of the original bridge the cowboys streamed across after coming up the trail in the '70s.

– Courtesy of Boot Hill Museum, Inc., Dodge City, Kansas –



BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

On the east side of the grocery, a dry-goods store was destroyed. Morris Collar's "hardware store and general curiosity shop" lost most of its stock, valued at $20,000, and the tin shop/hardware store owned by Charlie Shields "went to kingdom come in a hurry, with most of the stock." Shields had no insurance, and estimated his losses at $1,000.

"It was a miracle that the fire did not extend outside the block it burned," the *Dodge City Democrat* reported.

What saved the rest of the town, apparently, was a brick store erected by Jacob Collar. As the *Cowboy*, in the journalistic fashion of the period, reported: "Now here is where the virtue of brick is demonstrated. . . . The brick wall was too much for Mr. Fire. His stomach couldn't digest the brick and he quit his infernal deviltry right then and there."



The Varieties Dance Hall, circa 1878.

– True West Archives –

South of the railroad tracks, the warehouses owned by Robert M. Wright and Morris Collar were destroyed, but the York, Parker, Draper warehouse was saved. Eight buildings had been lost. Robert M. Wright, in his 1913 book *Dodge City: The Cowboy Capital*, estimated the city's losses at $60,000, with only $25,000 covered by insurance.

After the fire, the safe was taken from the ruins of Perry Wilden's store and opened. Surprisingly, none of the contents had been damaged. Reaction to the fire differed. The *Cowboy*, in its January 24 editions, reported: "Nobody is sulking. The big fire won't hurt."

But the *Dodge City Democrat* took a hard-line stance: "The fire on last Sunday afternoon should be a warning to our city," the newspaper stated in its January 24 edition, "and preparations made to more affectually fight the flames." Unfortunately for Dodge City, no one listened to the *Democrat*'s warning.

The second, and most serious, of the 1885 fires started on the still, damp night of November 27 when "the terrible disaster of last January was to be repeated," the *Dodge City Times* reported, "and another section of the city's business center laid in desolate waste."

Ten months after the first fire, Dodge City had rebuilt, but Robert Wright's store remained the only brick building. In fact, the Wright & Company General Outfitting Store was called the "Brick Store" because it stood out among the frame structures. While standing in front of a barber shop, John Koch thought he smelled something burning. He entered another building and reported his suspicions. Someone went upstairs, came down and said there was a fire, but it looked like it had been put out.

It hadn't.

At 7:00 p.m., the cry of "Fire!" rang out. A coal-oil lamp in an upstairs room at the Junction saloon on Front Street, two doors west of First Avenue, was suspected of exploding or breaking from a fall. The flames spread rapidly, and men, women and children crowded Front and Chestnut Streets, each resident, "with a dread feeling of the terrible disaster fire brings to a frame town," the *Globe Live Stock Journal* reported.

People worked together. "The question was not asked, 'do you keep a saloon or preach the gospel,' but let me help you save your property," the *Journal* reported. The newspaper went on to laud the work of women. "Women are not weak, [dependent] creatures at a fire, some of them rank at captain." Men carried buckets of water and spread wet blankets on nearby roofs, but the Front Street block was lost. Among those "land marks" destroyed: Dog Kelley's Opera House; the Long Branch saloon; Charles Heinz's Delmonico restaurant; York, Parker, Draper Mercantile Company; F.C. Zimmermann's Hardware Store; and even Robert Wright's "Brick Store."



Zimmerman's Hardware Store suffered $8,000 in loses after the November 27 fire.

– credit –



Texas Longhorns being driven to market through Dodge City, 1878. From Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

– True West Archives –

The brick couldn't withstand the intense heat from the Webster and Bond drug store, and the contents of Wright's store ignited. After removing as much merchandise as possible safely, Wright told bystanders to help themselves. "By an over sight [sic]," the *Journal* reported, "some awful good whiskey was allowed to burn up."

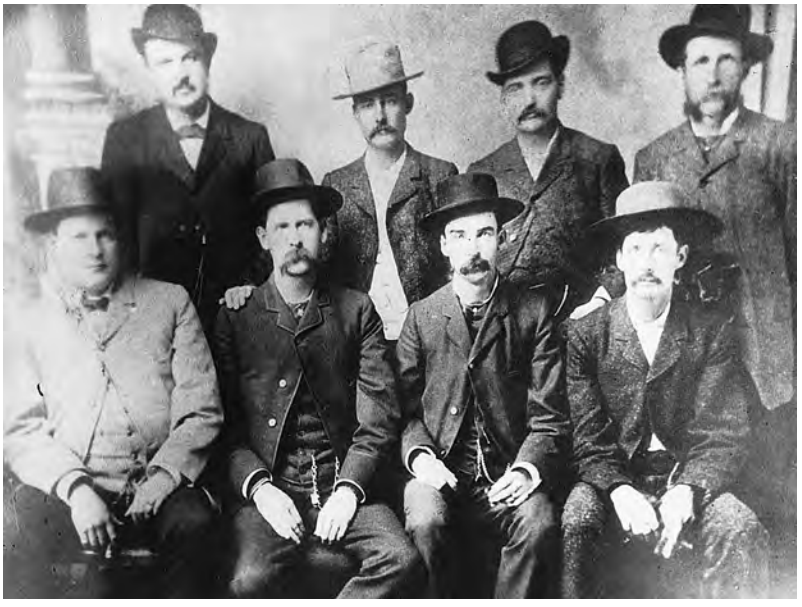
One block north of Front Street, at the *Journal* offices at Chestnut Street and First Avenue, City Marshal Tilghman arrived with a ladder and helped move everything out of the second-floor offices except the presses and safe.

Buildings along Chestnut Street were scorched by heat and damaged by water. The next morning, salt, spread over the roofs as fire protection, gave the appearance of a light snowfall. Losses could have been much worse. "The only thing that saved a large part of town was the absence of any wind," the *Journal* reported.

In all, 14 businesses had been destroyed, with losses estimated at $150,000. York, Parker, Draper Mercantile cited $20,000 in damages, and Zimmermann's losses totaled $8,000. Wright estimated his damages at $75,000, or $20,000 over his insurance coverage. Yet the only reported injury was to John Baumann, who suffered a cut and bruised hand, although the *Times* noted that "fatigue and poor whiskey did a good many boys up."

"We are slightly disfigured but still in the right as the great commercial point of Western Kansas," the *Journal* stated. But the editors were a little miffed at a few thefts: "Somebody has got four new blankets, water bucket, fire shovel and some books belonging to this office." The *Times* also condemned the looting: "A man who would steal under such circumstances ought to be stretched in stocks and slowly kicked to death by grasshoppers."

Once again, Dodge City rebuilt from the ashes.



Dodge City Peace Commission at the time boasted the most memorable lawmen of the Old West. Bat Masterson (top third from left); Luke Short (top second from left); and, Wyatt Earp (front row second from left).

– True West Archives–







If you look closely at the top two photos of Front Street, using the Long Branch Saloon as your bearing, you'll see that R.M. Wright's General Outfitting Store (to the left) has been rebuilt after each fire. At the time of the second photo, Wright's store was referred to as "the Brick Store" because it was the only brick building on the block.

– True West Archives –

After the last fire of '85, Front Street had a whole new look.

– Courtesy of Boot Hill Museum, Inc., Dodge City, Kansas –

"The Red Devil at Work"

Robert Wright built a temporary frame building alongside his brick ruins. F.C. Zimmermann took his losses "with his usual good grace," and the Delmonico Restaurant reopened at a vacated schoolhouse. York, Parker, Draper set up a temporary mercantile south of the railroad tracks, and the Long Branch built a temporary structure over its ashes. "Not a single murmur has been heard to escape from the lips of any of the sufferers of the late fire," the *Cowboy* said. "One hundred and fifty thousand dollars went to glory at that time and yet nobody cares a cuspidor about it."

Reported the *Journal*: "Everybody will rebuild with brick." But while residents were still sifting through the ashes, the third fire broke out 10 days later.

"MORE FIRE," the *Times* headline declared December 10. "THE RED DEVIL AT WORK."

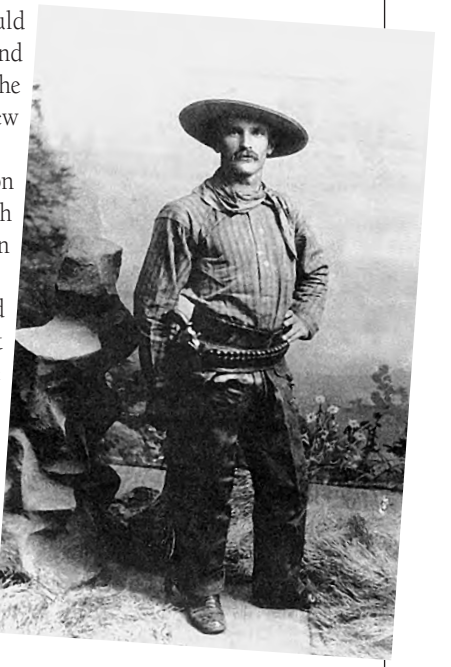
Around 11:00 p.m. December 7, a "sporting" girl called "Sawed-off" sent a "boot black" to build a fire in her house on Chestnut Street. The boy filled the stove with kindling, coal and coal oil, lit it, and left the house.

Around midnight, W.J. Van Horn walked by the house and saw fire coming out of the roof beside the chimney. He banged on the door and when there was no answer, opened the door to see the flames. It was too hot to enter the house, and the fire soon spread to neighboring structures.

Volunteers tried to pull the house next door into the streets with ropes, but the building caught fire. Two doors from the "sporting house," firefighters placed 150 pounds of gunpowder inside Dutch Jake's house with hopes that the subsequent explosion would blow the house to pieces and create sort of a fire break. The explosion, however, only blew the roof off the house.

The spreading flames soon became so hot that part of each bucket had to be poured on the firefighters.

The conflagration lasted only an hour, but it destroyed two-thirds of the Chestnut Street block: the Bee Hive dry-goods store and *Kansas Cowboy* offices (which had been burned in the January fire) on the west end; the Odd Fellows Hall and *Globe Live Stock Journal* offices to the east.



This photo of Will C. Barnes (an Arizona cowboy) is typical of the type of young men who came to Dodge City in the late 1800s bringing cattle to market.

– True West Archives –

Said the *Times*, "It is mighty risky to take an insurance risk in Dodge."

After this fire, bricks were in great demand. The burned district, the *Journal* reported, "will be rebuilt in the spring with brick buildings, and as near as can be made fireproof."

Enough was enough. "It might be a cheap investment to vote bonds to establish water works in this city," the *Journal* commented the day after the fire. The paper went on to warn, "Be careful about fires. There are several more blocks in town that will go if a fire once gets a start in them."

This time, Dodge City paid heed. Brick buildings went up and down Front Street and throughout the business district, replacing the false-front frame structures. Downtown Dodge today is dominated by the old brick structures built to quell the "red devil." In 1886, the city council finally passed an ordinance giving financial support to the fire department. A city water-works system was also established that year, complete with six hydrants in different parts of the city. First tested in late January 1887, the system was met with approval. The *Journal* reported, "With this excellent system of water-works, and with our three hose companies and hook and ladder company, which are in constant training, Dodge City can defy the fire fiend, in the future."

That "constant training" paid off for the R.M. Wright Hose Team at the Annual Fireman's Tournament in Denver, Colorado, in 1887. Eleven teammates pulled a hose cart 450 feet, where two other members pulled 100 feet of hose to a hydrant, and the last two members sent a stream of water at least 20 feet. The team recorded a time of 31 4/5 seconds, a world record, and took home $800 and the silver Fireman's trumpet.

Dodge City suffered other fires, of course, including an August 1886 blaze that raged through the block closest to the railroad station. A flour mill was destroyed in 1890, and the Opera House burned in 1912. But nothing ever equaled the three fires of 1885, perhaps because the infernos had taught the citizens some costly lessons.

Three such fires might turn many frontier cities into ghost towns, but the Queen of Cowtowns survived. "The 1885 fires, along with the loss of the cattle trade and the local cattle losses that resulted from the blizzards in January, dealt Dodge a staggering blow," says Noel Ary, director of the Kansas Heritage Center in Dodge City. "I think it is amazing that the town survived, but it did, and very well."

JOHNNY BOGGS is a regular contributor to *True West*, *Wild West*, *Persimmon Hill*, *Santa Fean*, and *CBoy's Life,* and in addition, writes for many newspapers across the country. He lives in Santa Fe.

Dodge City–September, 1872.
These wagons loaded with buffalo hides are resting on the old Santa Fe Trail. Shown in the background are the Smith & Edwards store, the Wolf & Murphy store and the first dance hall in Dodge City.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES _



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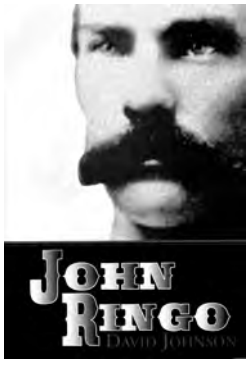
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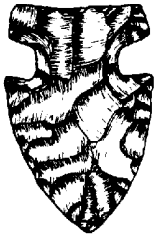
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BY PAUL L. HEDREN



Robert Lindneaux's First Scalp for Custer*, painted in 1928 to commemorate one of the signal events in Buffalo Bill's Indian scouting days.*
– Buffalo Bill Historical Center –

Cody, Carr, Collins and Townsend could hardly contain themselves. On a hot afternoon at Fort Laramie, Buffalo Bill was his customary dashing and exuberant self, straight and slender and wearing a scarlet shirt as he paraded in front of John Collins' post-traders store, with the back-slapping Fifth Cavalry lieutenant colonel, Eugene Carr, at his side, and Fort Laramie's serene commander Major Edwin Townsend of the Ninth Infantry, in the boisterous knot. All were old friends who had not seen each other in a long while. Cody, of course, had become a successful touring performer long ago, appearing on an eastern stage as recently as two weeks before. But now it was June 1876 in isolated Wyoming, in the midst of an Indian war, and these veterans were together again.

In the baking sun and with Cody always the center of attention, the knot of men told ribald stories on themselves and one another. Others peered on and shouted greetings. First Lieutenant Charles King of the Fifth Cavalry, like Carr, a Cody friend from earlier days in Nebraska and Kansas, reminisced with the famed scout about other campaigns. Among all, confidence was unchecked. Recalled one veteran Fifth Cavalryman: "All the old boys in the regiment upon seeing General Carr and Cody together, exchanged confidences . . . that with such a leader and scout they could get away with all the Sitting Bulls and Crazy Horses in the Sioux tribe."

Fort Laramie was abuzz in early 1876. Positioned in eastern Wyoming, where myriad trails necked across a new bridge spanning the North Platte River, the fort's denizens watched steady streams of traffic bound northwestward to Fort Fetterman, northward to the new Black Hills gold fields, northeastward to Camp Robinson and the Red Cloud Agency in Nebraska and south to Cheyenne and the Union Pacific Railroad. Since 1849, Fort Laramie had protected trail traffic, but now the pace was more intense, the gleam of gold in prospectors' eyes more immediate, and the fear of Indian hostility, especially along the Black Hills road straight north, disquieting, and on too many occasions alarmingly real.

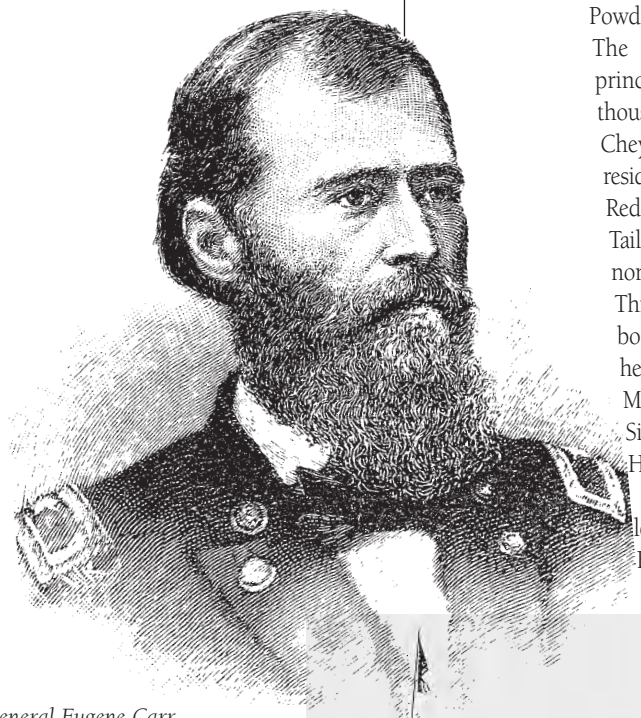
Fort Laramie's summer garrison was pitifully under strength, with but single cavalry and infantry companies tending to internal business, in addition to the demands of trail and telegraph maintenance, as well as emigrant protection. Its other horse and foot companies were long absent, having joined Brigadier General George Crook's new Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition in northern Wyoming. At last report, Crook's column was preparing for a movement into Montana, but that news was old.

Especially stirring to Fort Laramie's inhabitants in June, was the streaming



William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, circa 1876, in the colorful and flamboyant scouting attire he wore on stage and with the Fifth Cavalry during the Warbonnet campaign.
– Buffalo Bill Historical Center –

arrival of companies of the Fifth Cavalry. Fresh from service at Fort Hays, Kansas, and before that, engaged in prolonged combat against Apache Indians in Arizona, the Fifth was among many new cavalry and infantry regiments directed by Lieut-enant General Phil Sheridan to fight the Sioux.



General Eugene Carr
– Paul Andrew Hutton Collection –

Soon eight companies of the regiment were refitting at a cavalry camp mid-way between the fort and the North Platte Bridge. With horses to shoe, leather gear to repair, lost or missing equipment to replace, and munitions and rations to be fully issued, the troopers were plenty busy. When opportunity allowed, the men also stole away to Collins' well-stocked traders store, where tastier foodstuffs, candies, alternative kerchiefs and hats, and all-important chewing and smoking tobaccos lured those with loose change in their pockets.

At Sheridan's direction, the Fifth was bound for service on the Fort Laramie-to Black Hills trail where, until directed again, they would safeguard this heavily used stage and emigrant road, especially where it crossed the infamous Powder River Indian Trail. The latter was the principal way west for thousands of Sioux and Cheyenne Indians who resided seasonally at the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Indian agencies in northwestern Nebraska. This year, the lure was both the vast buffalo herds in Wyoming and Montana, and also Sitting Bull's and Crazy Horse's warrior camps. With Carr in the lead and Cody and Baptiste "Little Bat" Garnier scouting the front, some 350 officers and men of the Fifth Cavalry departed Fort Laramie on June 22 heading northward toward the Black Hills. Sergeant John Powers of Company A remembered, "The boys are all in good spirits, and eager to be in active service." The trooper's glee at having joined this great Indian war was shaken just the next day, however, when news was received via Fort Laramie that Crook had engaged the Sioux at Rosebud Creek, Montana, on June 17, and instead of pressing any advantage was retiring to a base camp in northern Wyoming. Retiring from the scene of combat was not a good sign.



Fort Laramie as it appeared in the 1960s.
– True West archives –

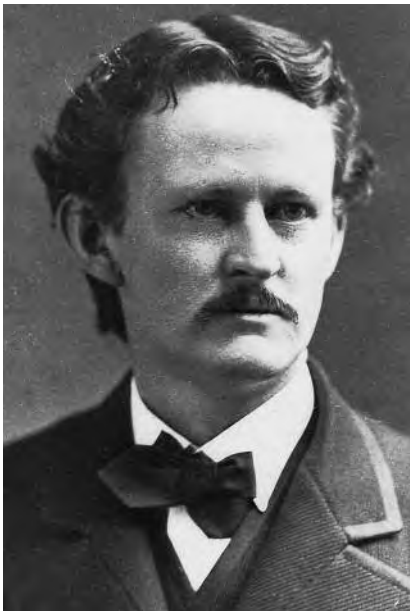
The Fifth's spirits were shaken all the more when on July 6 a devastating report was received that Custer and half of his Seventh Cavalry had been annihilated on Montana's Little Big Horn River on June 25. The officers speculated that surely they would be ordered north to Crook's camp. Thus far, their meanderings on the Black Hills road had proven fruitless, with rarely an Indian seen. The Indians' Powder River Trail was unusually quiet.

On July 12, the Fifth received orders to return to Fort Laramie, to hurriedly resupply and embark for Crook's camp on Goose Creek in northern Wyoming. Crook was concentrating additional troops for renewed campaigning on the northern front. Colonel Wesley Merritt now commanded the regiment, having arrived in the Fifth's Cheyenne River camp on July 1. A Sheridan protégé and Custer peer, Merritt hurried his regiment southward to Fort Laramie anxious to resupply and depart for more active campaign country.

Within an easy final day's ride of the fort, however, on July 13 Merritt learned from

Townsend who was stationed at Fort Laramie, that hundreds of Cheyenne Indians were reportedly bound from the Red Cloud Agency to Sitting Bull's camps in Montana. In the wake of the Powder River, Rosebud Creek and Little Big Horn disasters, this was disquieting intelligence in military circles. Merritt promptly dispatched Major Thaddeus Stanton, one of Sheridan's emissaries, and Captain Emil Adams' Company C directly to Camp Robinson to investigate the report.

In a breakneck race to Camp Robinson and back, Stanton confirmed news that as many as 800 Northern Cheyennes and some Sioux had departed the agency to join Sitting Bull, traveling westward on the Powder River Trail. Trusting that Sheridan and Crook would prefer that he intercept



Wesley Merrit.
– Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument –

and turn back these potentially hostile Indians rather than continue on the trail to Fort Laramie, Merritt turned back and commenced a race north to a small infantry camp on Sage Creek, and from there east into northwestern Nebraska to an intersection of the Powder River Trail at its Warbonnet Creek crossing. Ever after, the regiment reveled in this heroic ride, traversing some 85 miles in a 31-hour forced march to place themselves immediately in front of the unsuspecting Cheyennes.

Only as the sun rose on July 17, 1876, did Merritt and his men fully appreciate their surroundings. They had come to this Warbonnet Creek camp well after dark, but now could see the creek's high cut banks immediately east of them. The cover was perfect. Protruding from the broad, elevated flats east of the cut banks were two conical hills, each affording perfect views of the Powder River Trail as well as miles of rolling landscape stretching between them and the distant Pine Ridge and Red Cloud agencies, the latter some 30 miles away and unseen. Merritt immediately ordered observers to the hilltops. First Lieutenant Charles King occupied the southern hill,



Captain Charles King, a key figure in the Warbonnet Creek Skirmish of July 17, 1876, and later the event's most important chronicler.
– Paul Hedren Collection –

while trooper Chris Madsen, who later became a famous Oklahoma lawman, was positioned on the northern hill.

Buffalo Bill Cody, meanwhile, seized the opportunity in the breaking daylight to ride a circular route eastward to locate the Indians, doubtless not far away. At about 4:15, King and an enlisted man from his company were the first to spot Indians, a small group of riders who had come over a ridge about two miles away. These warriors, including Beaver Heart, Buffalo Road and Yellow Hair, were members of Little Wolf's band of Cheyennes. They had been sent ahead to look for soldiers. The main Indian camp was about seven miles behind them.

Quickly the Cheyennes indeed saw soldiers, not the secreted Fifth Cavalry companies well hidden behind Warbonnet's cutbanks, but instead two couriers advancing ahead of Merritt's distant supply train. Believing that they were the hunters and not the prey, the leading warriors and others from the village furtively advanced westward down a broad swale leading straight to Warbonnet Creek and the seven companies of well-hidden Fifth Cavalrymen.



Sitting Bull.
– True West archives –

As the drama unfolded, Cody, Merritt and Carr joined King on the hillock overlooking the scene. Behind them they observed the regiment, the men having closed tight on the creek's cut banks where they waited, dismounted and fidgeting with their weapons and mounts. Ahead they saw the Cheyenne warriors cautiously advancing to cut off the unsuspecting couriers. To the rear, Cody and the officers saw two equally unsuspecting couriers

riding vigorously to their comrades, who they could not see but whose trail was plain and barely hours old.

Buffalo Bill was the first to recognize the opportunity unfolding before him. Ever the showman, he was appropriately dressed in a colorful Mexican vaquero stage outfit. This included an extra wide black belt, crimson shirt, and flared velvet pants that he had worn on the stage just weeks earlier in a play titled *The Scouts of the Plains*. Cody saw where he and a small cadre of followers could easily whip those Indians coming toward them while the rest of the regiment scurried after the distant camp. Merritt agreed, telling everyone to get in place and ordering King to give the sign. Hurriedly Cody, his pal Jonathan "Buffalo Chips" White, and several men from King's Company K scampered to the mouth of the long ravine that the Indians were now descending. Merritt and Carr positioned themselves at the base of the hillock below King to lead the troopers when they ascended from the creek bottom.

A few moments of anticipation passed. King peered cautiously with his binoculars over the brow of the hill at the Indians. Southwest of him he could see Cody and his followers. Behind and below him he could see his superiors, and behind them along the creek the near 300 members of the regiment, all poised to surprise the Cheyennes.

Unsuspecting, the warriors closed to within 90 yards of Warbonnet Creek when King jumped up and shouted down to Cody, "NOW, lads, in with you!"

Instantly, Cody and his friends spurred their horses out of the creek bottom and loosed a volley at the warriors. King fired too. Surprised, the Cheyennes returned fire, toward both Cody and King. After the initial volley, those supporting Cody sought cover. So, evidently, did those riding with Yellow Hair. But both Cody and Yellow Hair fired additional rounds at each other. One shot from Yellow Hair caused Cody to either fall or dismount from his horse. Neither was hit, but Cody quickly remounted and fired again, and this time, he killed the young warrior.

In ensuing years, this deliberate and careful exchange of carbine fire between two skilled marksmen would be redescribed and embellished as a highly dramatic hand-to-hand duel. These fabrications certainly made great fodder for show business publicity. Cody shamelessly exploited the fabrications, often to the chagrin of other Fifth Cavalry veterans present during the skirmish who winced at the embellishments. In fact, however, the Cody-Yellow Hair "fight" did amount to a heroic action in combat: each combatant facing the other's bullets and only one surviving.

Cody closed on the fallen warrior as several companies of the Fifth Cavalry rode by. Sergeant John Hamilton of Company D offers the best survey of the scene, having ridden within yards of the dismounted Buffalo Bill. Yellow Hair was laying face down, Hamilton remembered, with his arms folded under his head. He wore a paint bag, a scalp of yellow hair from some young white woman (thus his name, Yellow Hair), tin bracelets on his arms, war feathers, a neck charm, beaded belt, and a cotton American flag as a breechcloth.

As the soldiers came on, Cody pealed off Yellow Hair's top knot, a circle of scalp about two inches in diameter with black hair about 15 inches long, and waved it aloft shouting amid deafening cheers, "The first scalp for Custer."

Buffalo Bill collected Yellow Hair's feather bonnet, shield, bridle, quirt, arms and scalp, which later he boxed and mailed to a friend in Rochester, New York. The regiment, meanwhile, scampered after the scattering Cheyennes. In their hurried flight back to the Red Cloud Agency, the tribesmen littered the prairie with blankets, foodstuffs, and other weighty items. The regiment incurred no casualties in the fight and chase, aside from one private hurt when his horse fell down an embankment. Yellow Hair was the lone Indian casualty. Remarkably, after the Fifth Cavalry gained the Red Cloud Agency at the close of the day, many of the Cheyennes came to the soldiers' bivouac to talk the episode over with them. At the agencies, enemies in the morning could be friends at night.

At first blush, and compared with other battles and skirmishes of the bloody Great Sioux War of 1876-1877, the affair on Warbonnet Creek, Nebraska, on July 17, 1876, seems hardly worthy of a mention. Only one casualty was recorded, not hundreds like at Little Big Horn or dozens common at places like Rosebud, Slim Buttes, Red Fork of the Powder, Tongue River and Muddy Creek.

But for the first time in the deplorable first months of the war, Sheridan's army could boast of a successful encounter with northern Indians who until then had held sway over the frontier regulars. Warbonnet Creek did offer a celebrated "first scalp for Custer," an act of atonement for the horrors of the Little Big Horn. And many of the Cheyennes never made it to Sitting Bull's and Crazy Horse's camps to help prolong the conflict, though certainly some did later.

Warbonnet's lasting importance emerged sometime after. The "first scalp" episode became a highly memorialized public drama repeated for decades in Buffalo Bill's Wild West shows and on the silver screen in a number of Cody movies including his own celebrated film, *Buffalo Bill's Indian Wars of 1913*. Warbonnet, too, has been featured on an inordinate number of well-developed canvases by some of America's foremost artists and illustrators, including Charles Russell and Robert Lindneaux, rivaling the Little Big Horn in the pantheon of American Indian wars battle art. Warbonnet Creek is venerated in two on-site cobblestone monuments at a site that is still virtually lost in distant northwestern Nebraska. But perhaps most importantly, Warbonnet Creek is indelibly burned into the psyche of those who, to this day, are fascinated by the events, large and small, of the Great Sioux War—America's greatest Indian war.

Background image: *The Death of Yellow Hand, from an 1884 Buffalo Bill Wild West Show program.*
– Buffalo Bill Historical Center–

PAUL L. HEDREN is a National Park Service superintendent of Niobrara-Missouri National Scenic Riverways and the author of several books, including *First Scalp for Custer* (1980), *Fort Laramie In 1876* (1988), *Campaigning With King* (1991), and *Traveler's Guide to the Great Sioux War* (1996).



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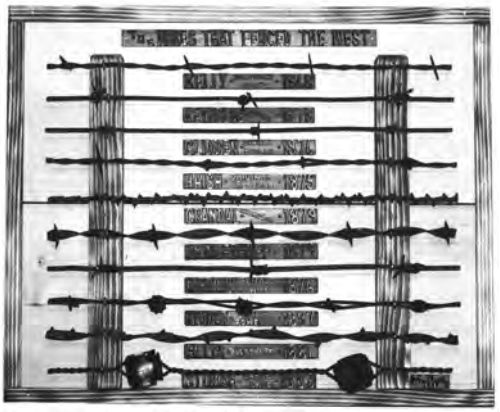
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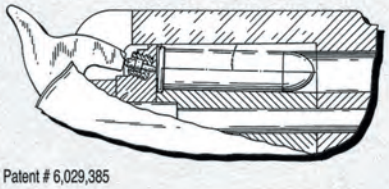
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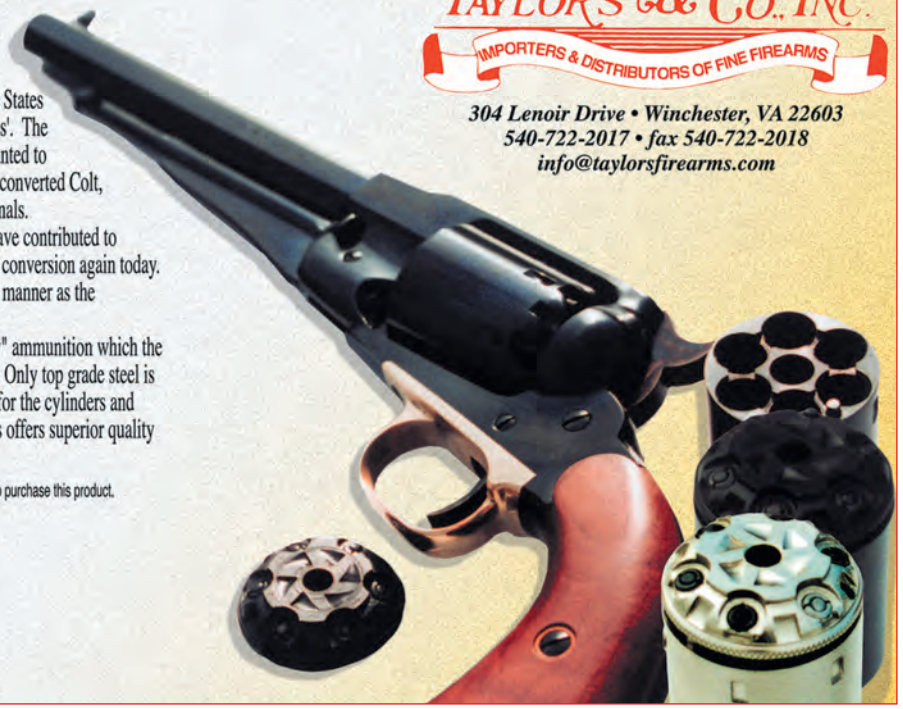
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THE PLEASANT VALLEY WAR SPILLS OVER INTO HOLBROOK

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

LETTERING BY BOB STEINHILBER

September 4, 1887

Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens steps onto the porch of the Blevins home in Holbrook, Arizona and knocks on the west facing door. The sheriff of Apache County is here to serve a warrant (for stealing horses) on outlaw Andy Cooper. The door opens slightly, and Cooper himself peers out. The sheriff immediately spots an ivory-handled pistol in the outlaw's hand.

"Andy," says Owens, "I have a warrant for you. Let's have no trouble."

"Give me a few minutes," Cooper replies. "I'm not ready yet." As he says this he tries to close the door but Owens thwarts the maneuver by pushing his boot into the narrow space. Cooper ducks behind the door, bringing his six-shooter up to fire. Without removing the Winchester from the crook of his arm, Owens fires blindly through the door and his lucky shot hits Owens in the pit of the stomach.

Backing up, the sheriff levers his Winchester, ejecting the spent shell and slams another into the breech. He quickly covers all the windows and doors, anticipating any other assailants. He hears a woman scream. Before he can react, a second door opens slightly and the barrel of a six-shooter protrudes and fires, less than four feet from the lawman. The bullet just misses Owens and hits a horse tied to a cottonwood tree in front of the house. Breaking the reins, the terrified horse runs a short ways and topples dead in the street.

The second assailant, John Blevins, attempts to take cover behind the door, but Owens fires another intuitive shot which hits Blevins in the shoulder, sending him crashing to the floor.

Owens rakes the house with his rifle sights, anticipating an attack from any and all corners. He hears a noise, which he recognizes as a window being opened. Running from front door to the front window, Owens sees Cooper on his knees trying to get a shot off through the narrow slit. The sheriff fires again, the bullet tearing through the thin board siding, hitting the already wounded Cooper in the right hip.

So far, three shots at invisible targets have produced three direct hits.

As Owens levers another cartridge into his rifle, he hears a woman pleading with someone inside the house. There is a commotion, more pleading, then the front door opens and a mere boy, Samuel Houston Blevins, 15, steps out boldly, brandishing



Holbrook's main drag and train depot (center) looking west, about the time of the gunfight. The Blevins house (below) would have been out of the above photo in the lower right hand corner.

- True West Archives -



"Soon as the firing ceased, several citizens went to the house, where a horrible sight met their gaze—dead and wounded in every room and blood over the floors, doors and walls. One little child, seven years of age, was literally bespattered with clots of human gore. The agonizing groans of the wounded, the death rattle of the dying mingled with the hysterical screams of the females made a sight that no one would care to see the second time."

—*The Apache County Critic,* September 10, 1887



Commodore Perry Owens decked out in all his gun-fighting glory. Much is made of his low-hanging holster (called a Buscadero rig) which is quite rare in authentic photos of the era. Photograph taken in Albuquerque around 1886.

- Arizona Historical Society -

Cooper's pearl-handled pistol and vowing to "get" the sheriff. Owens' fourth shot hits the boy squarely in the chest and the lad drops dead on the doorstep.

His every sense on high alert, Owens stands alone in front of the house, waiting and listening. He has no idea how many more men are in the house. His keen ears catch a noise on the eastern side of the house and he runs to the corner of the building, and catches Mose Roberts, climbing out a window with a pistol in his hand. Owens fires again, hitting Roberts in the chest.

The sheriff chambers another cartridge and awaits any and all comers. By now, the screams and wailing inside the house is dreadful. After a few anxious minutes, it becomes obvious no one else is coming out to fight.

Satisfied he has finished his work, the sheriff walks up the street toward the livery stable, where he meets several townspeople coming his way.

"Have you finished the job?" A.F. Banta asks.

"I think I have," is Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens curt reply.

Odds & Ends

Young Houston Blevins died on the spot. Andy Cooper lived until midnite. Mose (also styled as "Mote" and "Monte") Roberts lived for several days. John Blevins recovered and was later pardoned (for his part in the fray).

•

Owens was defeated for a second term as sheriff. While everyone agreed he was unquestionably brave, he was an inefficient administrator and a worse politician. After a short stint as a railroad guard, Owens opened a saloon down the track in Seligman, Arizona. He was appointed for one term as sheriff of newly created Navajo County in 1896. He died in May of 1919 and was 66 at the time of his death.

•

We recommend the booklet: *Gunfight In Apache County, 1887: The Shootout Between Sheriff C.P. Ownes and the Blevins Brothers in Holbrook, Arizona, as Described by Will C. Barnes*. Edited by Neil B. Carmony. Published by Trail to Yesterday Books, Tucson Arizona ($7.95). To order, call (520) 293-1260.



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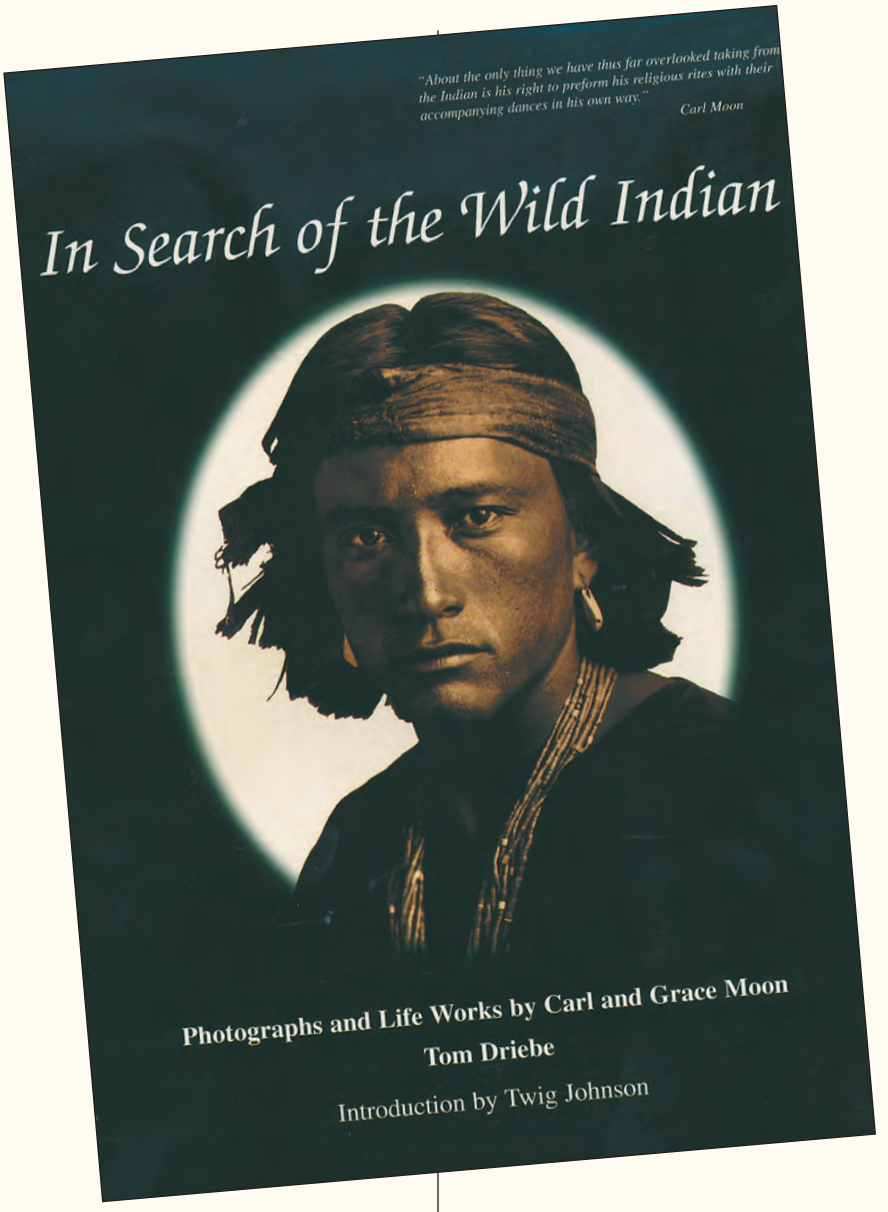
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Moon Searches Earth for Indians



In Search of the Wild Indian: Photographs and Life Works by Carl and Grace Moon by Tom Driebe (Maurose Publishing Company, P.O. Box 2153, Moscow, PA 18444, 432 pages, photos and color plates, $85.00, hard cover.)

In this exhaustive work, Tom Driebe recounts the struggles and triumphs of the most amazing husband and wife team in the history of ethnic art and literature. Painter, photographer, writer and humanitarian Carl Everton Moon was born October, 5, 1879 in Wilmington, Ohio. Son of a country physician, he attributed his fascination with Indians to the tales of James Fenimore Cooper. Graduating in 1897 from his local high school, he took up photography and spent six years perfecting his art by working with photographers around Cincinnati. Forced to move to the hot, dry climate of the Southwest when his first wife became ill, he grew interested in the Indians near Albuquerque. With her early death, he plunged himself into a career of capturing those dwindling folk on film.

Rich in portraits, but still down on his luck, Moon was on a sales trip to New York when he had a chance meeting with John Adams Thayer of the famed Ridgway-Thayer Publishing Company. Impressed with Moon's work, Thayer opened doors at prestigious publications which, in turn, launched his career.

By then Carl Moon might have thought he'd hit the pot of gold end of the rainbow, but his life never got rolling until he met Grace Purdie. Born in Indianapolis in 1877, she was the daughter of the archaeologist Francis Purdie. Accompanying her father on digs, she became an accomplished writer and budding artist. Grace met Carl while on a trip to the Grand Canyon with her mother. A short time later (1911) they married.

As though each had been waiting to begin their lives' work, they commenced to produce one superb painting, photo essay and magazine article after another. Though the Moons' art was permanently displayed in such prestigious institutions as the the Smithsonian, and the Huntington Library, it was their children's books that brought them their most devoted followers. Beginning with *Indian Legends in Rhyme*, 1917, they wrote and illustrated a total of 22 books. The last was published in 1950 with Grace's writing favorably compared to another beloved author—Louisa May Alcott.

Though immensely popular during their lifetime, after Grace passed away

REVIEWS CONTINUED

(1947, and Carl in 1948) their popularity died with them. Now Driebe has done both the Moons and the reading public, particularly those thousands interested in Indians of the Old Southwest, an enormous favor by assembling a stupendous cornucopia of portraits, photographs, artifacts, writings, newspaper articles and biographies with this massive but eminently readable book.—*Bill Garwood.*

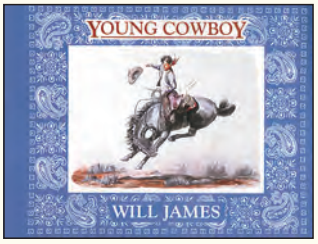
Great Plains Cattle Empire Thatcher Brothers and Associates (1875-1945) by Paul E. Patterson and Joy Poole (Texas Tech University Press, Box 41037, Lubbock, TX 79410, $28.95, hard cover.)



John and Mahlon Thatcher were two of the many pioneers looking to begin a new life in the great open spaces of the West. In the 1860s, the brothers began a small mercantile in the town of Pueblo, Colorado. From a small safe in the comer of their newly created mercantile, the two Thatcher brothers founded what was to become the First National Bank of Pueblo, Colorado—and the beginning of a financial empire, that would control 11 million acres of cattle from New Mexico to Canada.

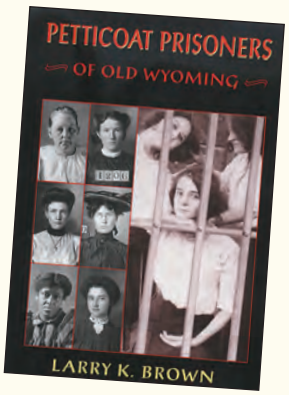
This comprehensive, yet meticulously detailed work chronicles the establishment of the cattle industry on the Great Plains, spanning the years from the Civil War to World War II. Writer Paul E. Patterson's 26 years of experience as manager for the Diamond A Cattle Company is apparent in the quality of information about the history of this particular industry. Co-author Joy Poole adds to the breadth of this work with her extensive knowledge of this significant time in America.

Young Cowboy by Will James (Mountain Press Publishing Company,



1301 South Third Street West, P.O. Box 2399, Missoula Montana 59806, $15.00, hard cover.)

If you collect literary nostalgia (you may recall some of these yourself), or want to inspire a young cowboy who dreams of life on the range, this Will James collection is for you. Originally published in 1935 by Charles Scribner's Sons, *Young Cowboy* combines the first six chapters of *Big-Enough* and the short story "The Young Cowboy" from *Sun Up*. Thirty-one line drawings and five color paintings bring each story to life, making *Young Cowboy* a "must read" for all generations.

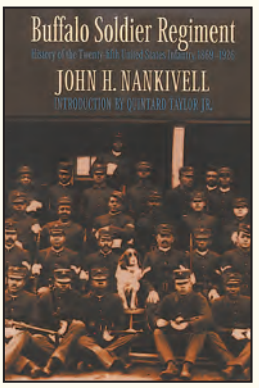


Petticoat Prisoners of Old Wyoming by Larry K. Brown (High Plains Press, 539 Cassa Road, Glendo, Wyoming 82213, $14.95, soft cover.)

In Larry Brown's typical witty prose, the sad, but true stories uncovered in *Petticoat Prisoners* provide extraordinary insight into the world of the old-time female felon. Whether by frustration, misjudgment or plain bad luck, some of these "sinners against society" became inmates through mere circumstance—hard times in a tough place. The third book in a trilogy about early Wyoming, this well-researched, entertaining work is full of intriguing mug shots, and every story is a worthwhile read.

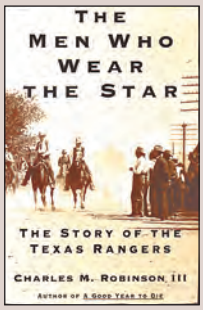
Buffalo Soldier Regiment, History of the Twenty-fifth United States Infantry, 1869–1926 by John Nankivell Introduction by Quintard Taylor Jr. (University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, Nebraska 68588-0255 $18.95, soft cover).

Contemplating the formation of a black infantry regiment (1866), some senators observed that "if it was a privilege to serve in the Army, the colored troops had earned the privilege by their gallantry." Now, for the first time, they became part of the regular army, but with the added burden of the intense racism of the time. Buffalo Soldier Regiment is jam-packed with detailed records, personal recollections, entertaining narrative of their exploits, photos, travels, and traditions of the "grand old Twenty-fifth." From its formation in 1869 through its service in the border town of Nogales, Arizona, in 1926, including accounts of the regiment's Bicycle Corps and baseball team, this important and comprehensive volume preserves a vital part of America's complex history.



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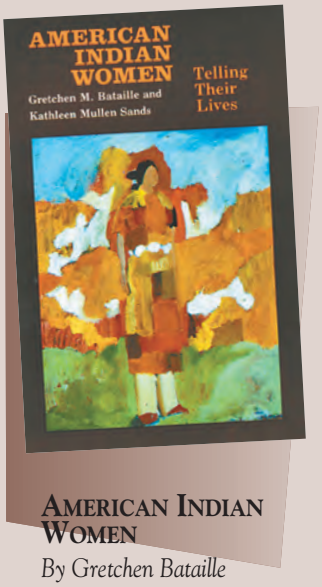


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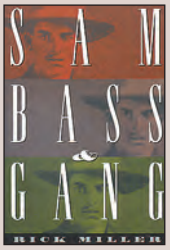


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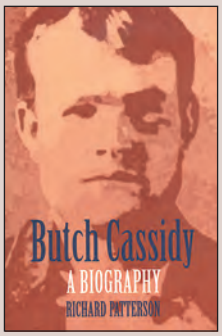


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Q Can you please tell me what the phrase "I'm your huckleberry" means?

Keith Wellington
Kalkasa, Missouri



A According to the *New Dictionary of American Slang*, the early 1880s phrase, spoken by Doc Holliday (Val Kilmer) in the 1993 movie *Tombstone*, means "a fool; a dunce. A very mild and affectionate insult."

Q Why do military men salute?

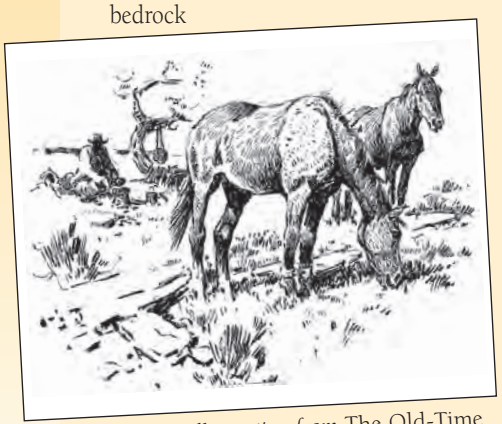
Auston Clements
Denver, Colorado

A Back in the days of chivalry, knights would greet each other with the lifting of the helmet visor. Later it was doffing the cap. That evolved to just toughing the brim of the hat.

Q Do you know the term "starve out," and how widespread is its use?

Nancy Coggeshall
Reserve, New Mexico

A Ramon Adams in *Western Words*, calls it a pasture on a very few acres of a permanent camp, usually without water and the grass grazed down to bedrock in which horses are thrown in overnight to avoid having trouble trying to catch them in the morning. At one time it was likely a common term in the arid Southwest.



Nick Eggenhofer illustration from The Old-Time Cowhand, *one of Ramon Adams' many books about the American cowboy.*

Q I'm trying to locate a book called *Early Spanish Treasure Signs and Symbols*, by William Mahan, published in 1966.

Sam Tunnell
East Wenatchee, Washington

A The book is still around but seldom seen. I called several old-book, out-of-print book dealers and they didn't have it but suggested you call some dealers in your area. Hard to find books come and go in these stores and you have to keep calling. You might also want to search the Internet.

Q Why are sheriff's badges almost always star-shaped?

Jane McKenna
Spokane, Washington

A Primitive societies believed the star possessed magical powers, principal of which was the power to guard against danger and control evil forces. Down through the ages the star maintained that symbol of guardianship and was adopted by peace officers as a badge for that reason.

Q What is the origin of the stripe down the trouser leg of military uniforms? Also, in the 1880s, soldiers wore dress helmets that resembled those worn in Germany. Why was that?

Brenda Keane
Reno Nevada

A Early day trouser legs fit so tight that buttons were attached so the soldier could open them up to get his feet through. These buttons were covered with a stripe and that's how the custom began. Soldiers wore kepi caps in the Civil War modeled after the French. After the Franco-Prussion War ended with a German victory, Americans, preferring to emulate the victor, changed the style to look more like those worn by Germans.



Officers at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, 1884, dressed in stripped trousers and holding Prussian-styled helmets.

Marshall Trimble is Arizona's Official Historian. His books include *Law of the Gun*, and *Never Give A Heifer A Bum Steer*.
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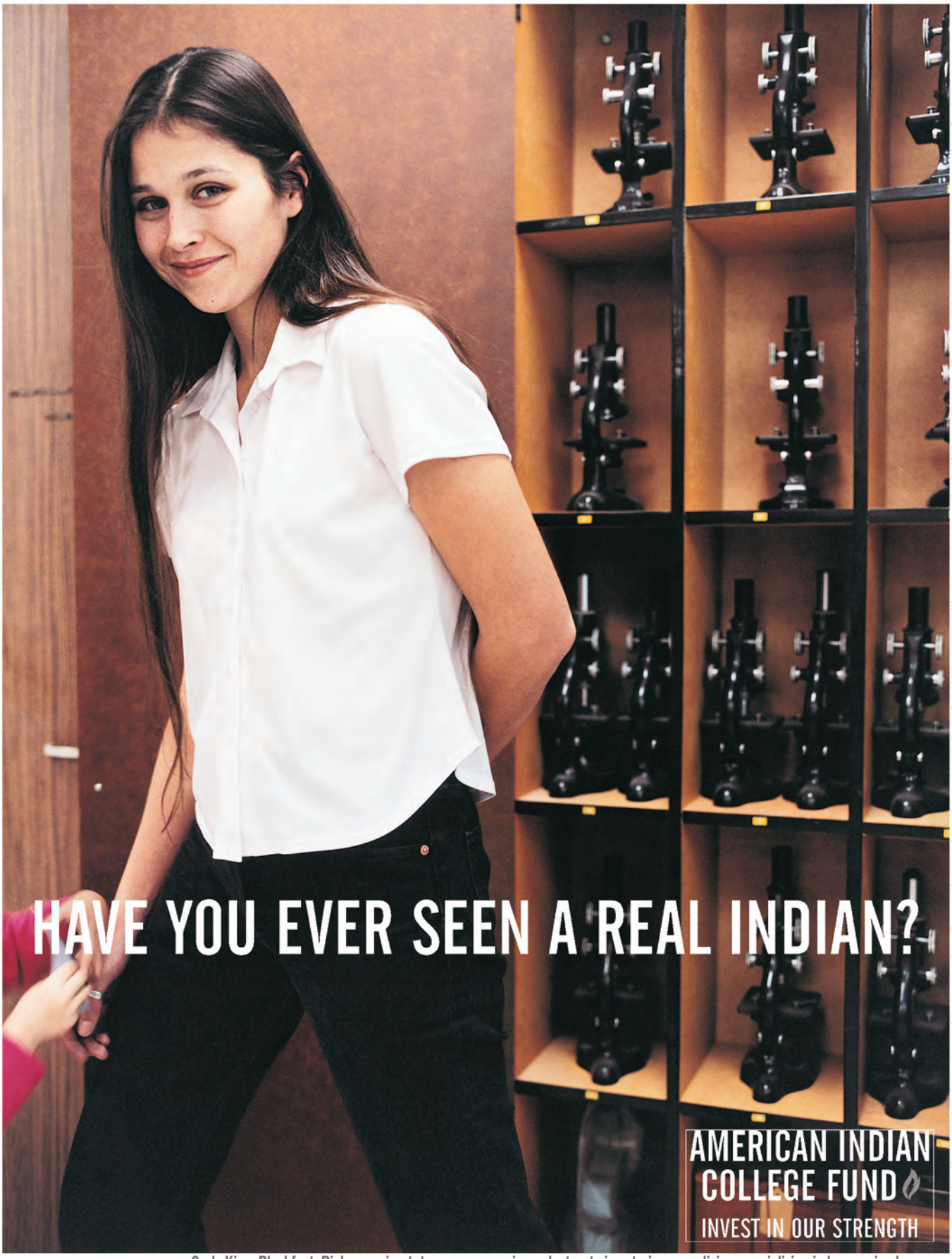
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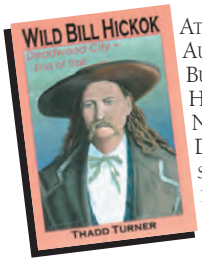
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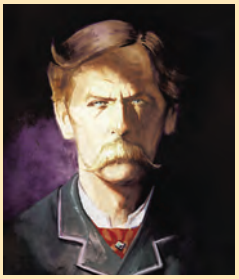

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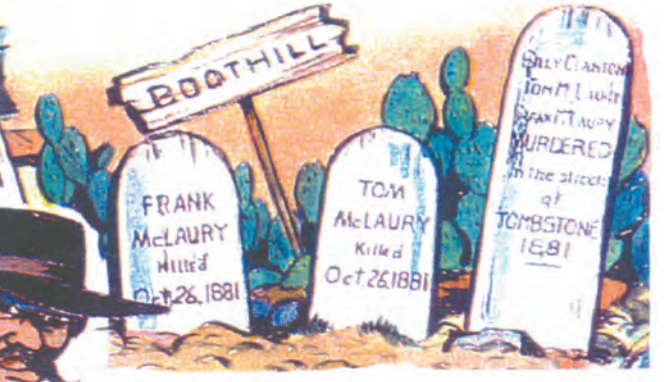
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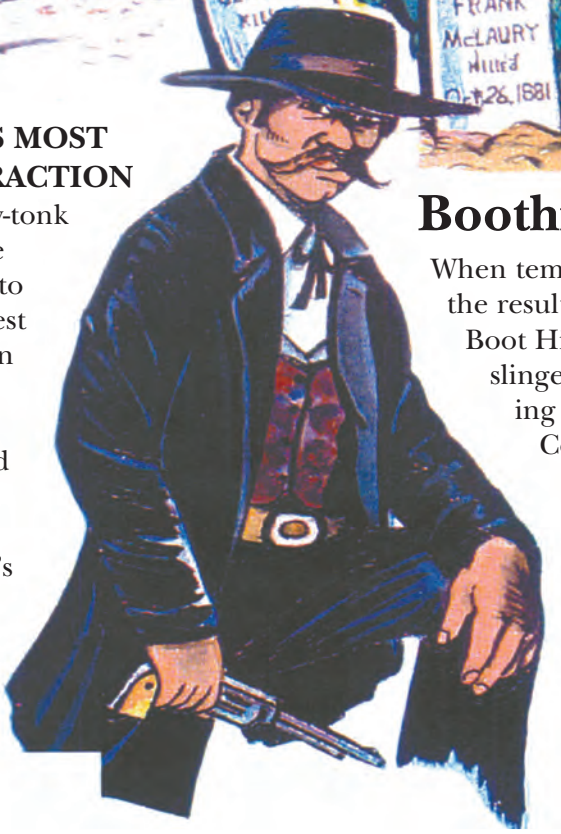


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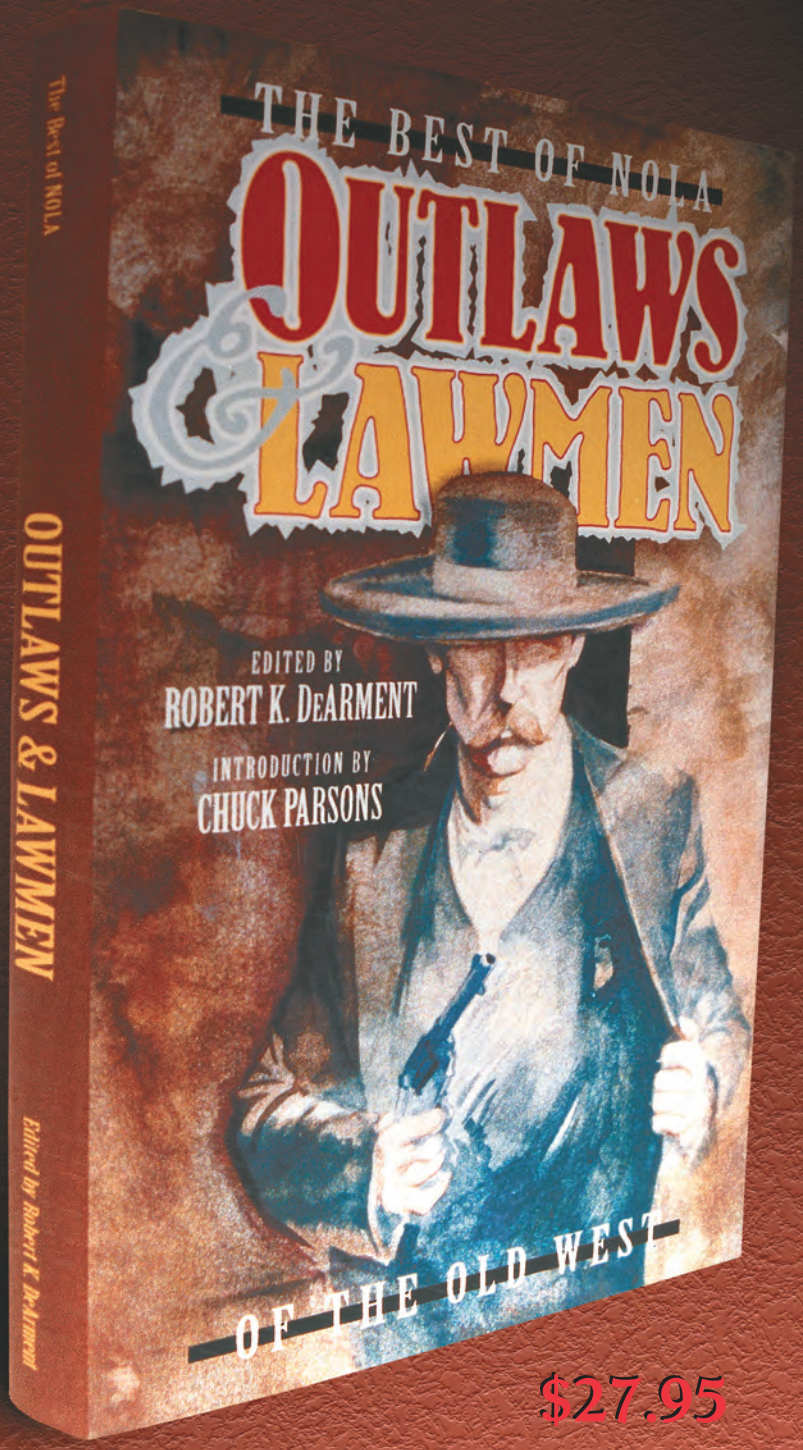
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