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JUNE 2017

TRUE WEST

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Why is this cowboy so danged beloved?

Page 60

PLUS:

Forgotten Prelude to the Little Big Horn

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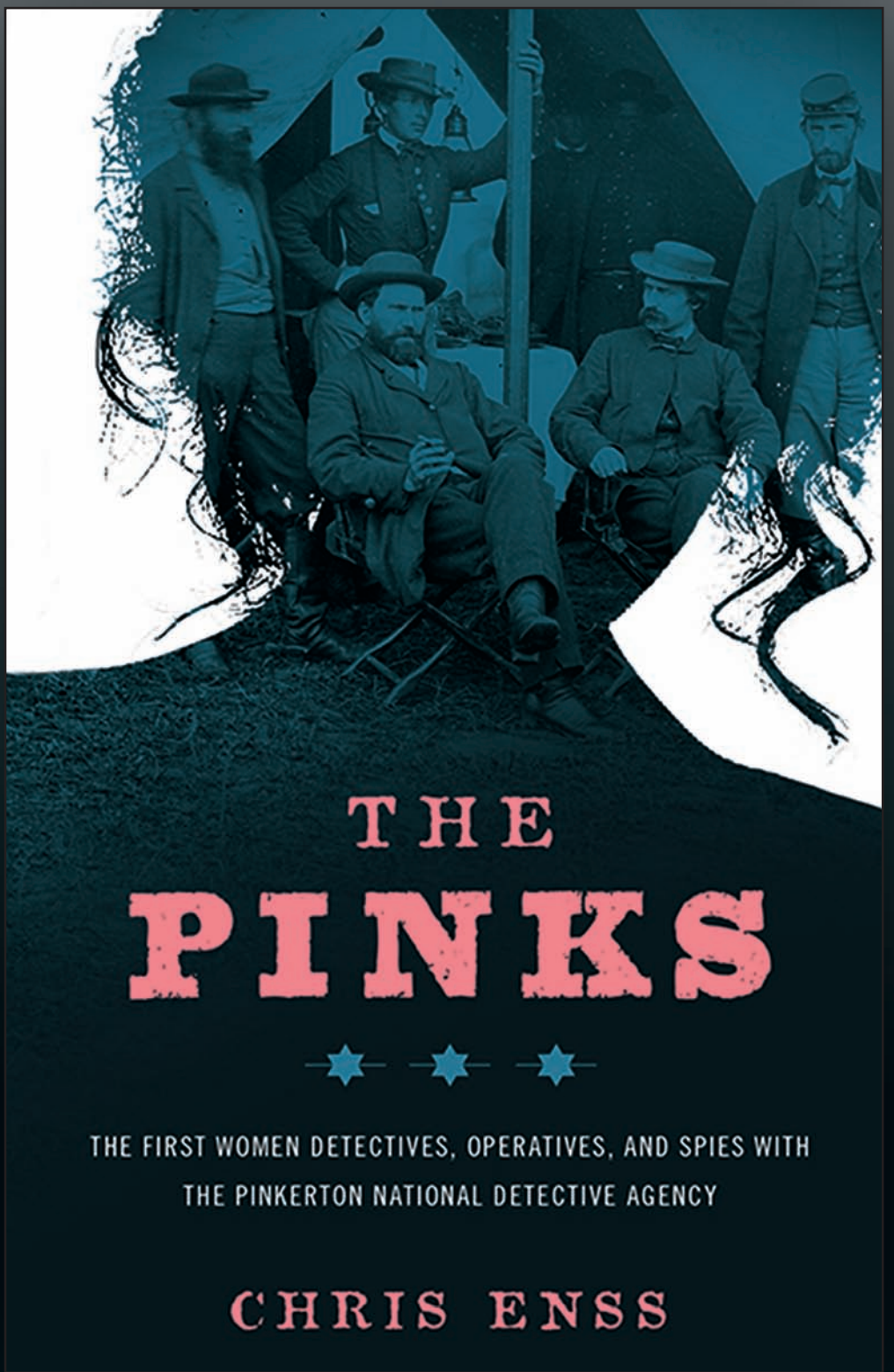
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Chris Casey

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Musician, Composer, Actor Chris Casey is known for his work on *6 Bullets to Hell* (2014), *Eurocrime! The Italian Cop and Gangster Films That Ruled the '70s* (2012) and *The Price of Death* (2017). His card has been to the Joel McCrea Ranch, it has ridden the Durango-Silverton line in Colorado, it has been to a fistful of movie sets and locations in Arizona, California, and Spain. It has seen many a Day of the Dead celebration on both sides of the border, and it has even been on a boat load of Mods on the Thames in London, England!

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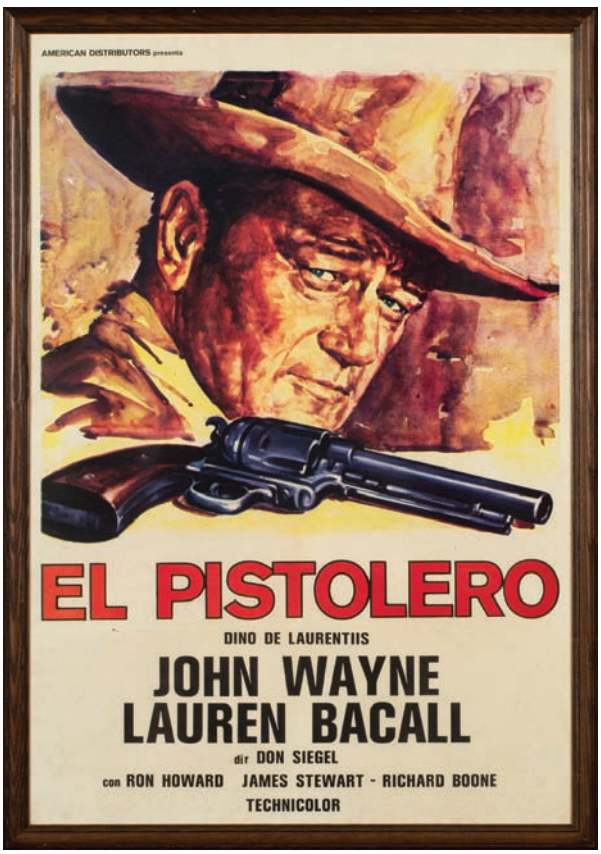
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Gatling Gun Guards

These frontier U.S. Army soldiers, photographed in the late 1870s, have constructed a sandbag wall to protect their Gatling gun at Fort Abraham Lincoln in Dakota Territory. Turn to p. 28 to learn how the hand-cranked, rapid-fire weapon almost played a role in the disastrous battle that killed George Armstrong Custer.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

TRUE WEST
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

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

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June 2017, Vol. 64, #6, Whole #569. *True West* (ISSN 0041-3615) is published twelve times a year (January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December) by *True West* Publishing, Inc., 6702 E. Cave Creek Rd, Suite #5 Cave Creek, AZ 85331. 480-575-1881. Periodical postage paid at Cave Creek, AZ 85327, and at additional mailing offices. Canadian GST Registration Number R132182866.

Single copies: $5.99. U.S. subscription rate is $29.95 per year (12 issues); $49.95 for two years (24 issues).

POSTMASTER: Please send address change to: *True West*, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. Printed in the United States of America. Copyright 2017 by *True West* Publishing, Inc.

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Join the Conversation

In response to Bob Boze Bell's blog, "Hats off! The History of Cowboy Hat Etiquette:"

"Touching any man's hat, regardless of Western affiliation or not, is a serious foul."

–Duane Helton of Bellevue, Nebraska



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Hit the road and follow the trails of 10 famous manhunts of the Old West.

—By Jim Wilson



Cover design by
Dan Harshberger

HOLLIDAY ACTORS TAKE CENTER STAGE

In your April 2017 article, "Who Was the Best Huckleberry?" you omitted an actor who portrayed Doc Holliday who is often ignored. You include Peter Breck from the ABC series *Maverick*. Fair enough. However, the first actor to portray Doc Holliday in *Maverick* was Gerald Mohr. Mohr's Doc Holliday was actually quite similar to Val Kilmer's and a fairly accurate portrayal. Far better than the Doc portrayed by Breck, who appeared in Season Four, when, sadly, the best days of *Maverick* were behind the show and it had devolved into more of an overt comedy than a witty series.

Mike Harris
Clover, Virginia



Gerald Mohr



Myron Healey

Bill Gabbard, of Sunman, Indiana, feels another good Doc Holliday actor was Myron Healey, who took over Douglas Fowley's place for a while in The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp *ABC series.*

CARDS STACKED AGAINST DOC

My wife is a retired forensic speech pathologist, so we noted with great interest your April 2017 issue's reference to Doc Holliday's cleft pallet, the remarkable first-ever U.S. surgery to correct that usually fatal birth defect and his mother's invention of a speech therapy to help her young son. Doc had the cards stacked against him from the start. What an amazing life he led. Another great story from a great magazine!

Richard Staley
Jamestown, California

JOHN WAYNE'S MUD WAGON

My husband and I read your April 2017 *The History of a Scene* article with great excitement. Our museum has the coach that did the crossing in *Stagecoach*!

The stagecoach was not the traditional Wells Fargo-type, but a mud wagon. When the film crew scouted for the crossing in Kern River Valley, they came in the fall, when the Kern River was low. When the time came to film, the river was high, and the coach could not cross safely. Irvin Wofford supplied a mud wagon from the old Peterson Stage Line. I see these mud wagons as the SUV of stagecoaches—they are bigger, lighter and more square. To make the wagon look more like a coach, the crew raised the seat and added a cowl to the back to pose as a luggage rack.

Because the mud wagon just wasn't right, the movie shows the following sequence: 1. John Wayne and the others put the "logs" on the sides of the wagon. 2. Wayne tosses rocks at the horses as the wagon starts. 3. The wagon enters the water, seen over the shoulders of the drivers (the camera angle you showed in your article). 4. From a distance, the wagon crosses the river.

Our wagon had its 15 seconds of fame!

Dianna Anderson
Curator at Kern Valley Museum in Kernville, California

Oops!

In April 2017: The building shown on the bottom of p. 67 was misidentified; it is the old Globe schoolhouse in Arizona (now Noftsger Hill Inn). The Abbott-Downing stagecoach on p. 105 was constructed in Concord, New Hampshire, not Massachusetts. "Buffalo Bill" Cody's body was embalmed at Olinger's Mortuary in Denver, Colorado, but not in Linger, as stated on p. 110, which occupies a portion of the mortuary, but in the older and lower portion occupied by Lola Coastal Mexican restaurant.



ARBUCKLES', BEAN MASTERS & BOILED STRAWBERRIES

While beef may have been plentiful at times and in parts of the West, rounding up a decent meal regularly taxed even the most imaginative providers. A tongue in cheek article in the June 22, 1890, Phoenix *Arizona Republican* acknowledged the bare bone basics that were common among cattlemen, miners, soldiers and other frontier denizens. First there were: "Arizona strawberries—grown on bean vines, are brown in color. Form the staple of food all through the southwest" These didn't have to be bland burnt lumps, but as an 1885 article of the *Overland Monthly* reported they could be "toothsome frijoles and appetizing chile" that a famished feaster could scoop up with a "spoonlike doublings of his tortilla" with a "dexterous swoop [and]… devoured the morsel with an epicurean smack…." *The Arizona Republican* contended the perfect accompaniment was: "Sowbelly—A necessary concomitant to boiled 'strawberries.'"

To help wash down the frijoles at chow time, cowboy cooks ("bean masters") turned to one of their favorites from the Arbuckle brothers out of Wyoming, who dubbed their widely recognized java "Ariosa." Evidently the "A" stood for Arbuckle, "rio" for Rio de Janeiro, and "sa" for Santos, a pair of coffee ports in Brazil. This was all well and good but even the best brew beans could not overcome the alkali water that Mark Twain recalled made the coffee "the meanest compound man has yet invented. It was really viler to the taste than the unameliorated water itself. Mr. Ballou, being the architect and builder of the beverage felt constrained to endorse and uphold it, and so drank half a cup, by little sips, making shift to praise it faintly the while, but finally threw out the remainder, and said frankly it was 'too technical for him.'"



Montana cowboys enjoy a cup of "Ariosa" and a plate of frijoles next to the chuck wagon.

– COURTESY NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY–

BY BOB BOZE BELL



Slim Pickens enjoyed sharing his equine expertise with artists. He made this sculpture of one of his horses, Red Cent, to show Charles Beil (protégé of Charles M. Russell) what a thoroughbred should look like after Beil sculpted one that looked like a fat man on a quarterhorse.

– COURTESY DARYLE ANN GIARDINO –

A Slim Encounter

Our cover boy had time for a wide range of people, including me.

During the run-up to our nation's Bicentennial, I got it in my head I was going to be a Cowboy Artist. With all the hoopla of 1976, I made a commitment to do something Western-worthy.

Sticking close to my upbringing in Arizona's Mohave County, I created an oil painting called *Hualapai Roundup*. It took me a couple weeks to execute, and when I was finished, I realized I needed some professional feedback. I called up an art gallery on Campbell Avenue in Tucson and asked if I could bring the painting in for an evaluation and critique. The owner said yes, to bring it by, as he was closing and now would be a good time.

I loaded the big painting in my '74 Pinto and drove over there. The gallery was actually in an old house. When I came in the front door, I saw this gangly cowboy sitting on a couch by the door and damned if he wasn't Slim Pickens!

I believe he was in town filming *Hawmps!* at Old Tucson. It was a film directed by Joe Camp, the man behind the *Benji* movies, and Slim costarred with James Hampton—Dobbs from ABC's *F Troop*—and Christopher Connelly and Denver Pyle. It was a Western family comedy about trying to introduce camels into the U.S. Cavalry, and one I had recently rented to poach camel shots for my Edward Beale-U.S. Camel Corps paintings.

Slim couldn't have been nicer. He gave me pointers on bovine anatomy ("that cow at the center is a little short in the hindquarters") and roundup job nuance ("Why are those four riders in the back jawing? Git to work!"). He made me laugh, he was very positive, and he encouraged me to keep going.

My mother owned this painting for many years. After her passing, I donated it to Kingman Regional Medical Center—for saving my life—and to help raise money to buy defibrillators to save more lives. A silent auction was held at the Mohave County Fairgrounds, and the painting was bought by Tommie Grounds Upton, who is the daughter of one of the cowboys who worked the roundups portrayed in my oil.



When I sought out an art critic for my 1976 oil *Hualapai Roundup* (above), I was pleasantly surprised by who I ended up meeting. Turn to p. 60 to learn more about this fine cowboy.

Today, *Hualapai Roundup* hangs at Upton's Hidden Pines Bed and Breakfast in Kingman. The B&B is in almost the exact spot of where the roundup in the painting takes place.

So, was the painting a success? I'll let Charles Cooley answer that: "An artist cannot fail; it is a success to be one."



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



Me in the "Old Pueblo," Tucson, Arizona, circa 1976.

– OIL AND PHOTO COURTESY BOB BOZE BELL –

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Quotes

"It was the earliest desire of my parents to prepare me for the ministry, but the horrors of war, the murder of my father, and the outrages perpetrated upon my poor old mother, my sisters and brothers, destroyed our hopes so effectually that none of us could be prepared for any duty in life except revenge."

– Cole Younger, from an interview with 1881's The Border Outlaws *author James W. Buel*

"No man will make a great leader who wants to do it all himself, or to get all the credit for doing it."

– Andrew Carnegie, U.S. industrialist

"Well, when the president does it, that means it is not illegal."

– Richard M. Nixon, the only U.S. President to resign from office

"The white man knows how to make everything, but he does not know how to distribute it."

–Sitting Bull, Lakota holy man



– COURTESY CBS –

"Never tell the truth when a good lie'll do!"

–Larry Hagman, as J.R. Ewing in Dallas

Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO



"I found a sound that people really liked...I found this basic concept, and all I did was change the lyrics and the melody a little bit. My songs, if you listen to them, they're quite a lot alike, like Chuck Berry's."

–Buck Owens, American musician whose band, the Buckaroos, pioneered the Bakersfield sound



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Old Vaquero Saying



"To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment."

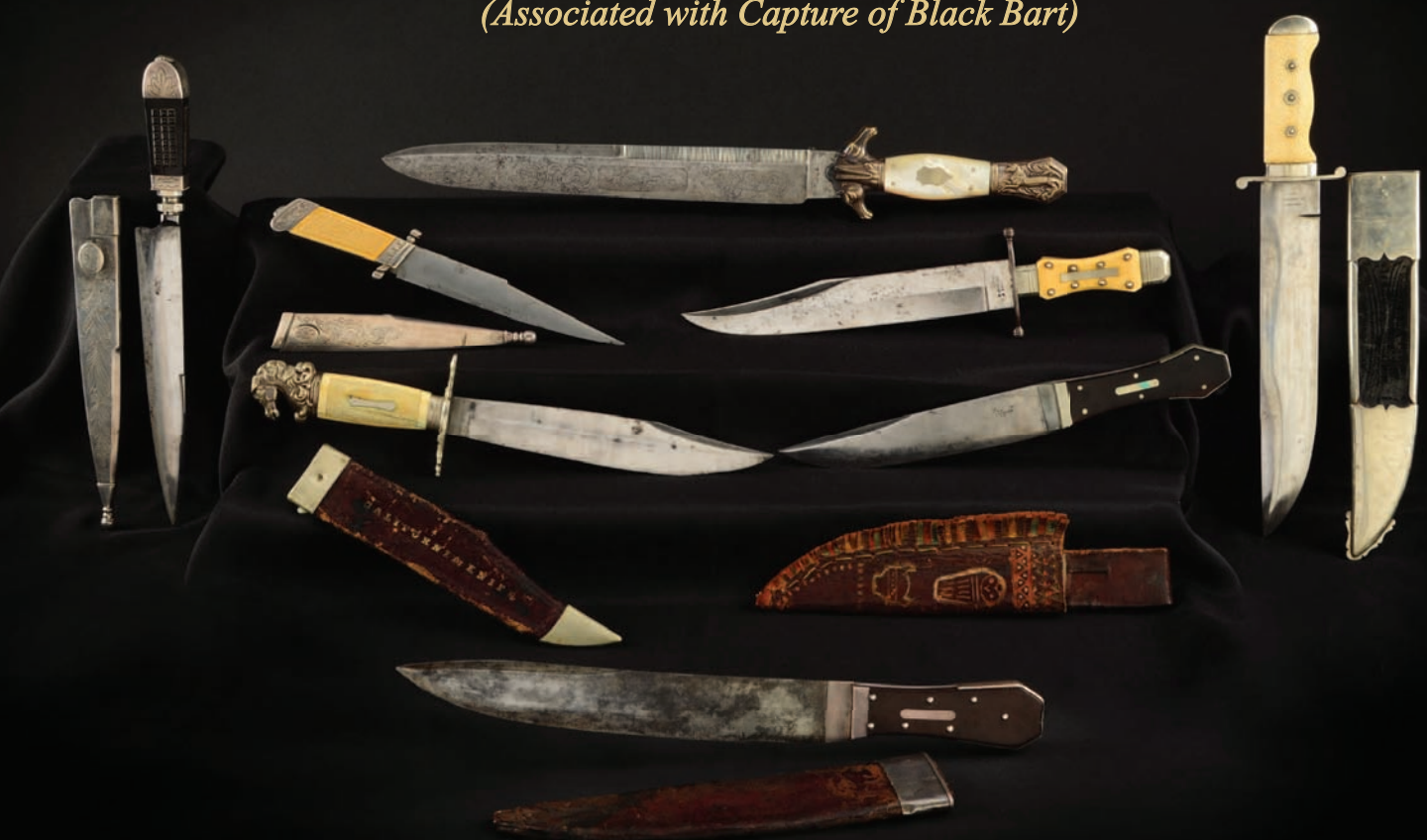
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BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Planting of Judge Roy Bean

How the "Law West of the Pecos" got his start.

Roy Bean was looking for new opportunities in the summer of 1882. He'd already carved a wide trail in the Southwest and in California, mostly as a conman and general ne'er do well. But at age 57 or so—his birth is not recorded but thought to be in 1825 in Kentucky—he was looking for some permanence in his life.

So he went to Eagle's Nest, a tiny settlement set up by the Texas Rangers on the last day of June, just a spot in the Big Bend Region north of the Rio Grande. The Rangers would maintain law and order, but they needed a justice of the peace to help out. As it stood, they had to move prisoners 600 miles to Fort Stockton.

The Rangers were already hanging out at Bean's tent saloon, so when he offered to help enforce the law, they took him up on it. The saloon doubled as a courtroom in the last week of July, although his official justice of the peace appointment didn't come through until the next week.

His courtroom moved to the railroad town of Vinegaroon in Pecos County when the Rangers pulled up stakes in September. Bean "flourished," as historian C.L. Sonnichsen recalled in his Roy Bean biography. "His tent saloon was a headquarters for gambling, drinking, and social gatherings."

Some of the legends are true. That Bean served drinks during court recesses and whenever verdicts were rendered. That he found creative means of fining miscreants—and then kept the monies for himself. That he had prisoners chained to a stump outside the saloon as a makeshift jail. That he used one law book, 1879's *The Revised Statutes of Texas*, by sitting on it during proceedings. And between cases, Bean was the dealer for games of chance.

Even though Bean's meat-and-potatoes operation sounds a bit funny, locals credited the justice with bringing law to the area and cleaning up the violent crime. The self-titled "Law West of the Pecos" did his duty.

But the Vinegaroon period was short; the town began closing up by December 1882. Bean made his way back toward



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Eagle's Nest, choosing a site on some bluffs just above the town. He never owned the land, just squatting on railroad right-of-way property. He built a new, wooden courtroom saloon there.

Sometime during 1883, he began calling his town Langtry, after his obsession, the English actress Lily Langtry, and he named his establishment the Jersey Lilly *[sic]*.

After only one year to prepare the ground, the legend of Judge Roy Bean was fully formed before the rest of the world knew him as the "Law West of the Pecos."



Let's explore the path through Texas that led Judge Roy Bean (center, by bike) to his world-famous courtroom saloon, the Jersey Lilly.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

Mapping Our Way

Covering New Mexico's history, from Spanish Colonial to the Mexican Republic to the territory years.



"Provincia de Nuevo Mexico," circa 1778, is among the maps cataloged for the Historic New Mexico Maps project, which Patricia Hewitt (inset) oversaw for the Fray Angélico Chávez History Library. The collection is no longer "hidden." Each map can be discovered through access points that include years, locations and conditions.

– COURTESY FRAY ANGÉLICO CHÁVEZ HISTORY LIBRARY, NEW MEXICO HISTORY MUSEUM –



The smallest is just four inches by five-and-a-half inches, showing the Copernican Universe. The largest is 13 feet by 122 feet, showing railroad lines for the Elkhart and Santa Fe Railway in 1930.

Or how about the one that shows Santa Fe in Texas? Or California as a horizontal state, swallowing up what is now Arizona?

All are treasures at the Fray Angélico Chávez History Library in the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, New Mexico. They are among 6,000 maps cataloged over the last four years by the Historic New Mexico Maps project.

"Our maps are really historic," says librarian Patricia Hewitt, who oversaw the project. "Some are lovely old maps. Some are fun maps. Some are cartoons. You can learn so much from them. I love the ones where you say, 'Oh my god, that's so wrong,' because its not the way we see things today."

> "I love the ones where you say, 'Oh my god, that's so wrong....'"

"Most of our collection came through the Historical Society of New Mexico," Hewitt explains. "They're the oldest historical society west of the Mississippi and for years they were a collecting agency. Some maps were purchased. Some came from private donations. Sometimes people were cleaning out the garage and found a map they brought to us—people don't want to throw these things away."

Who could throw away a reproduction of the "Plano dela villa de Santa Fee *[sic]*," one of the earliest maps of the town, created in 1766 by Joseph de Urrutia. "The original is in the British Library in London—I don't know how they got it," Hewitt says. But she's glad to even have a reproduction because it shows the Palace of the Governors, which was built as early as 1610.

Or who could dispose of a map that shows New Mexico in the north and Arizona in the south—meaning New Mexico had the Grand Canyon? That map was created in the early 1860s.

But the "strangest" map, Hewitt says, is Ephraim Gilman's map of 1848 that shows a huge Texas, a tiny New Mexico, a horizontal California and no Arizona, with the notation "Santa Fe, Texas."

Until this project, the maps were housed in drawers, sorted by locale. Through an $180,000 grant from the Council on Library Information and Resources, the library hired temporary staff to catalog the collection so the public could easily access it.

"People love maps," Hewitt notes. "They're art, science and history. People like seeing how the world was organized at one time—it appeals to a lot of different people."

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

Art of the Gun & Santa Fe Trail Day



Sometimes a gun is just a gun, but customization and craftsmanship can elevate it to art status.

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Trinidad, Colorado

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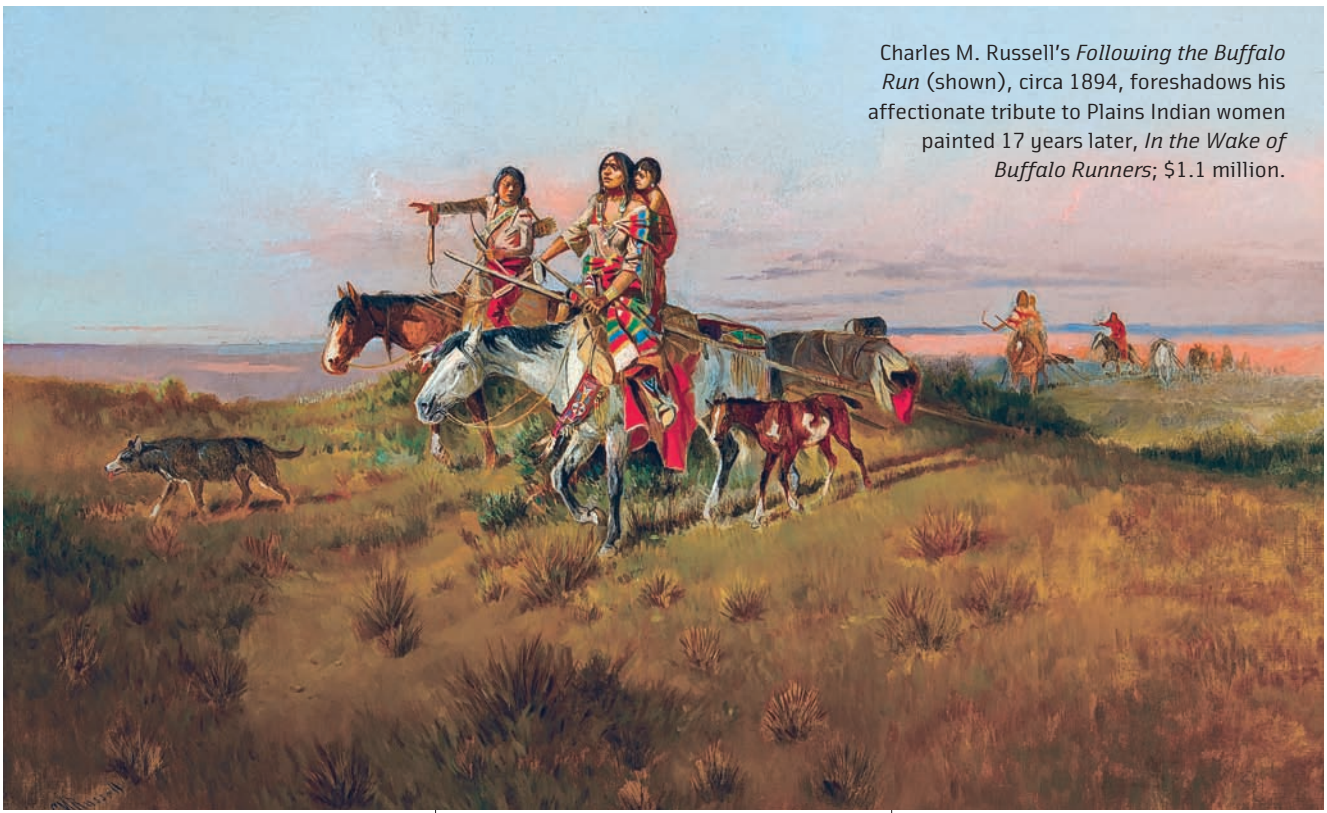
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A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art

BY MEGHAN SAAR

A Woman's Work is Never Done

The famed cowboy artist's equal treatment of men and women keeps his art in the top spot.



Charles M. Russell's *Following the Buffalo Run* (shown), circa 1894, foreshadows his affectionate tribute to Plains Indian women painted 17 years later, *In the Wake of Buffalo Runners*; $1.1 million.

The Plains Indian women's role in the buffalo hunt was no small thing. "Theirs was harder work than buffalo hunting," explained John C. Ewers, in *The Blackfeet.*

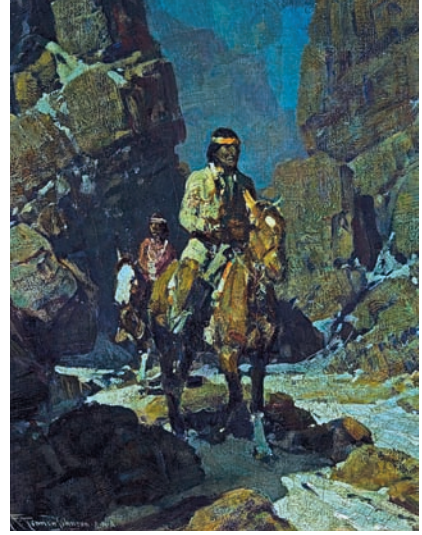
"At the time of the 'great fall hunt,' there was no rest nor excuse for her. She must work at any and all hours," wrote Col. Richard Irving Dodge, in his 1882 book, *Our Wild Indians*. "If the herds were moving, the success of the hunt might depend on the rapidity with which the women performed their work on a batch of dead buffalo. These animals spoil quickly if not disembowelled, and though the hunters tried to regulate the daily kill by the ability of squaws to 'clean up' after them, they could not, in the nature of things, always do so."

The central matriarchal figure, who labors forward with her child on her back, all while managing her heavily laden travois, is Charles M. Russell's circa 1894 testament to these hard and fast workers. *Following the Buffalo Run* hammered down at $1.1 million, as the top lot at the C.M. Russell Museum's benefit auction in Great Falls, Montana, on March 18.

When hunting bands moved from one encampment to another, to follow the buffalo across open grasslands, the men traveled light, carrying only their weapons, ever ready to defend their families. The women shouldered the burden of transporting the family lodge, furnishings and utensils. The heaviest, the tipi, weighing an average 75 pounds, dragged on the A-shaped travois.

When the time came to dress a buffalo hide, a woman had an arduous task in front of her. After removing the hide from the dead animal, she stretched it on the ground, hair side down, and drove lodge pegs through to hold it in place, as she hacked away tissue and fat with a sharp tool. After days of the sun curing and bleaching the hide, she scraped the inner surface to even it out. After rubbing the hide with an oily mixture of buffalo brains and liver, leaving it out in the sun to dry again, and finally softening the skin by rubbing it with a rough stone, the buffalo robe was ready for market.

Russell's equal treatment of men and women in his artwork resulted in this accomplished work that proves the adage true: "A woman's work is never done."



Frank Tenney Johnson painted *Down Through the Canyon* expressly for artist Norman Rockwell and wife Mary as a wedding gift; $110,000.

Another tribute to women earned its place as the top Charles M. Russell artwork at this year's Scottsdale Art Auction, held on April 8: the 1894 oil *Indian Women Crossing Stream;* $105,300.





Jenness Cortez's *The Cowboy Artist* acrylic positions C.M. Russell in front of his paintings, most notably 1899's *The Hold-Up*; $110,000.

Gerard Curtis Delano's *The Victors* is a visually powerful scene of human exuberance, with the celebratory American Indian warriors almost jumping off the canvas; $350,000.



Andy Thomas's *Steamy Night at Madame Dumont's Fort Benton, Montana* portrays a violent night at a steamboat stop operated by a woman history remembers as "Madame Moustache;" $185,000.



UPCOMING AUCTIONS

June 9, 2017
American History
Cowan's Auctions (Cincinnati, OH)
Cowans.com • 513-871-1670

June 10, 2017
Old West Memorabilia
Brian Lebel's Old West (Fort Worth, TX)
OldWestEvents.com • 480-779-9378

June 10, 2017
Prix de West
National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum (Oklahoma City, OK)
PDW.NationalCowboyMuseum.org
405-478-2250

June 22-25, 2017
Firearms
Rock Island Auction
(Rock Island, IL)
RockIslandAuction.com
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Notable Western Art Lots Included

(All images courtesy C.M. Russell Museum Benefit Auction unless otherwise noted)

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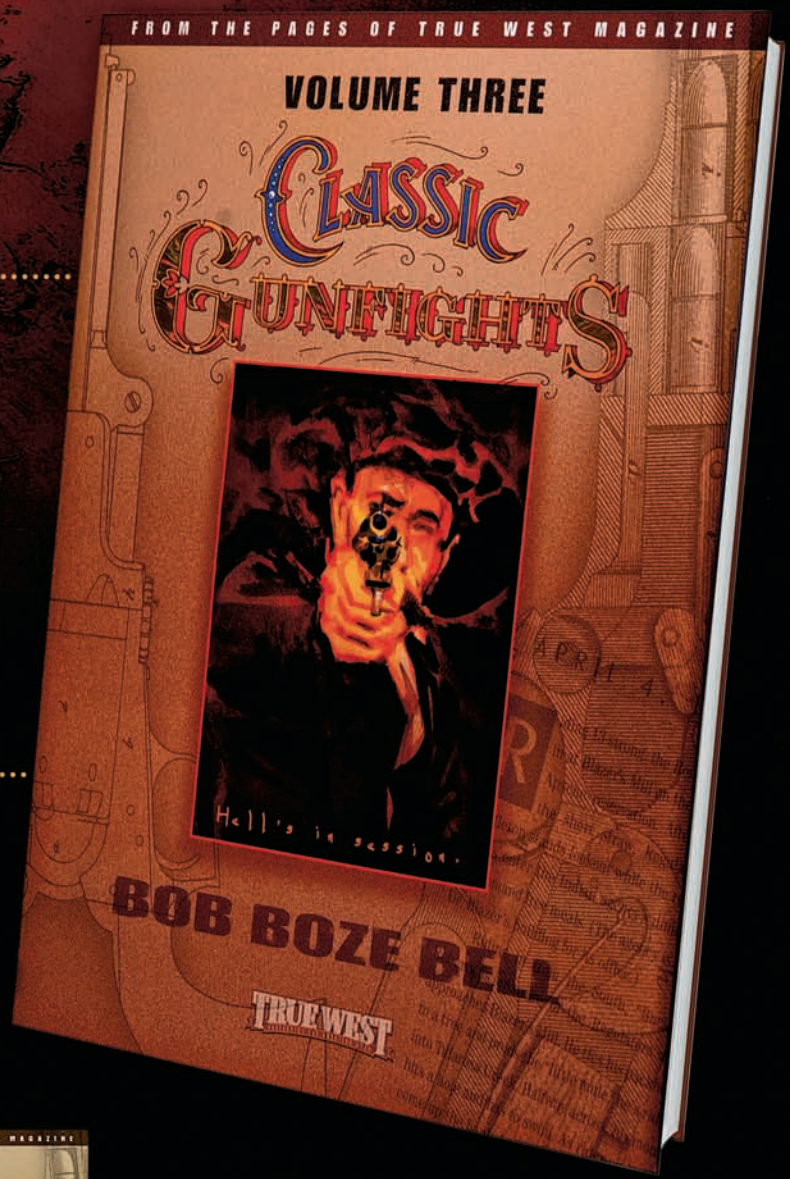
-Garry James, Guns & Ammo

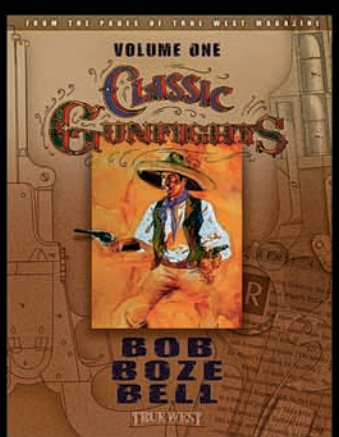
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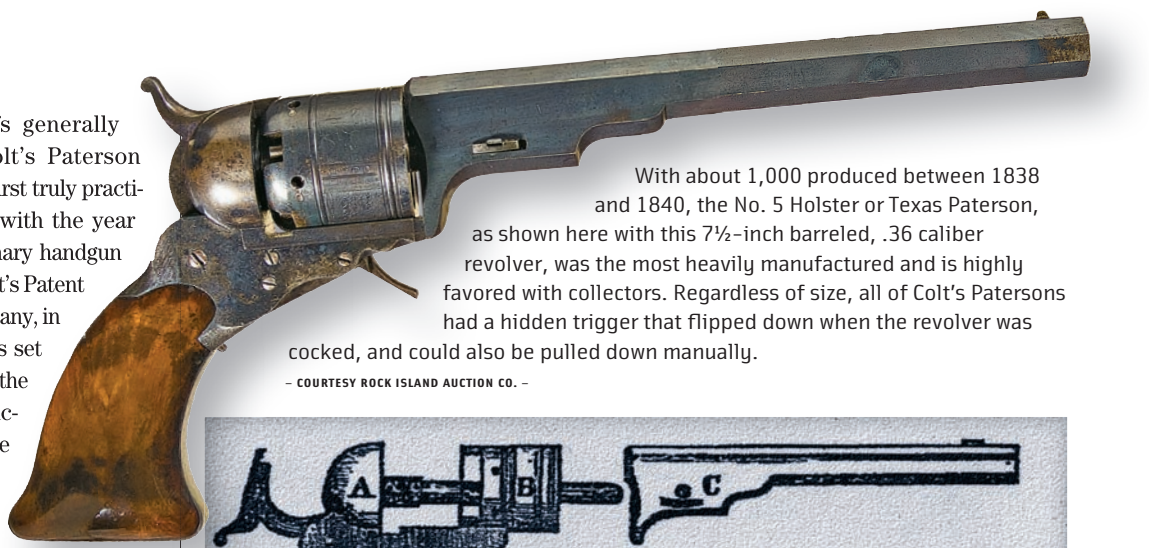
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TRUE WEST

BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER

Colt's Paterson—the Foaling of a Legend

One hundred-eighty years ago, Samuel Colt's revolutionary handgun broke trail for all revolvers to come.



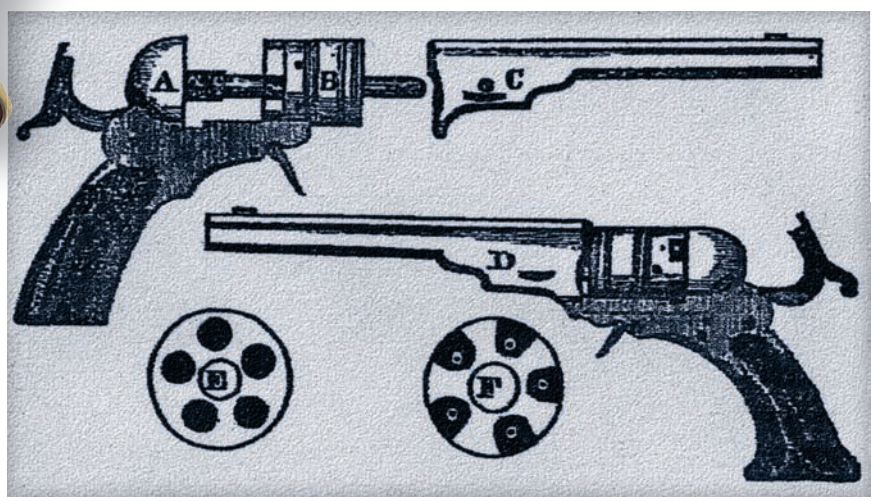
With about 1,000 produced between 1838 and 1840, the No. 5 Holster or Texas Paterson, as shown here with this 7½-inch barreled, .36 caliber revolver, was the most heavily manufactured and is highly favored with collectors. Regardless of size, all of Colt's Patersons had a hidden trigger that flipped down when the revolver was cocked, and could also be pulled down manually.

– COURTESY ROCK ISLAND AUCTION CO. –

Firearms buffs generally associate Colt's Paterson revolver, the first truly practical revolver, with the year 1836, when this revolutionary handgun was patented, and Sam Colt's Patent Arms Manufacturing Company, in Paterson, New Jersey, was set up. However, it wasn't until the following year that production actually began on the legendary revolvers.

Beginning in 1837, Colt's fledgling company turned out the octagonal-barreled, single-action "five shooters" in varying sizes and calibers. Small pocket pistols were usually made with 1¾-inch to 4¾ ½-inch barrels, generally in .28, .31, or .34 caliber, while the mid-sized belt models sported .31 or .34 caliber bores with barrel lengths mainly ranging between 2½ and 6 inches. The larger holster pistols were all .36 bore with barrels from a short 4 inches to a few 12-inch tubes, with most being 7½ inches or 9 inches long. Patersons were simultaneously made with and without the under-barrel rammers (loading levers). They were made without trigger guards. The trigger is contained inside the frame and springs down when the hammer is cocked. After firing, it must be returned to the frame manually.

> It was in the fledgling Republic of Texas, though, where Colt's Patersons gained their main claim to fame.



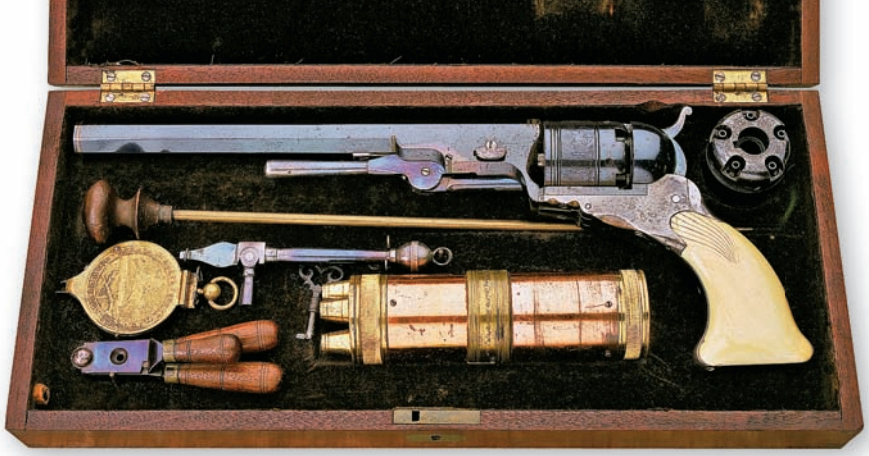
Considered the earliest known publication of Colt's Patersons, this illustration from the Saturday, July 7, 1838, edition of the *Spirit of the Times* periodical shows the various parts and disassembly of the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company's "five-shooters," along with front and rear views of the cylinder.

– COURTESY ROBERT J. BLOETH COLLECTION –

One of the advantages of the Paterson over other handguns of the day was accuracy, due to its rifled barrel. New and cased with loading accessories and an extra cylinder, a Paterson would fetch from $40 to $50, while its chief rival, the grossly inaccurate smooth-bore, multi-barreled "Pepperbox" (so named because it resembled a pepper canister of the era) double-action revolving pistols sold for about one-quarter of that price. Despite the fact that pepperbox pistols outsold Colt's revolvers by a considerable margin, the success of Col. Sam's invention in the hands of notable frontiersmen of the day broke ground for Colt's later, much-improved handguns.

Unfortunately for Colt, poor sales and company management troubles led to its downfall in 1842, having produced only around 2,850 Paterson revolvers, along with about 1,650 revolving rifles and carbines, and approximately 225 multi-chambered shotguns. In spite of these setbacks, along with the Paterson rifle's poor performance





This exquisite and near-mint-condition shell-carved and ivory-stocked 9-inch barreled No. 5 Holster Model Paterson with attached loading lever, serial no. 515, is cased with an extra cylinder, loading and cleaning implements (brass powder charger, capper and bullet mould) and a combination tool. Besides being an extremely valuable specimen, it reveals the accessories required to keep it operational.

– PHOTO BY PAUL GOODWIN, COURTESY LINDA AND STEVE EVANS –

in the humid swamps of Florida, where the 2nd U.S. Dragoons used a number of them during the Seminole War, there are many reports of the decided advantages of the revolver on the early frontier. When Kit Carson and a couple of dozen trappers, several armed with Colt's invention, rode to the relief of a caravan on the Santa Fe Trail, the multi-shot revolvers so frightened the Indians that they gave up the fight quickly and fled in panic.

It was in the fledgling Republic of Texas, though, where Colt's Patersons gained their main claim to fame. In April of 1839, Colt sold 180 holster pistols with 9-inch barrels, along with the same number of carbines, to the Texas navy. When this corps disbanded in 1843, those Patersons that were still serviceable were transferred to the Texas Rangers, with each man issued two or three revolvers, along with, as one veteran frontiersman recalled, "a Bowie knife in his belt, and a short rifle on his arm." When this force took to the field, they were as formidable



The dapper gent (right) in this circa 1840s daguerreotype is brandishing a Paterson No. 1 Pocket, or so-called "Baby" model. Approximately 500 of these .28 caliber revolvers were produced in 1837 and 1838. Since Patersons were introduced around the same time as photography, original photographs showing these early arms are practically nonexistent.

– COURTESY HERB PECK JR. COLLECTION –



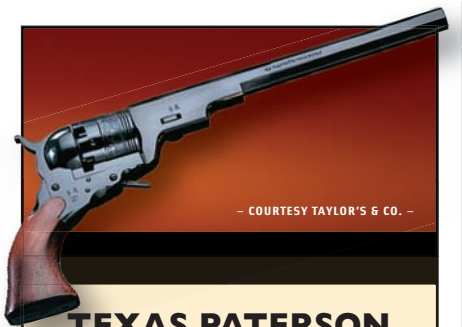
One of the most desirable Patersons among today's collectors is this No. 3 Belt Model (left) that belonged to Texas Ranger Lt. Cannah E. Colley. His name is inscribed on the inlaid silver plate on the barrel, while the walnut stock sports an inlaid silver shield bearing an eagle with outspread wings and the names "San Antonio, El Paso, Ysleta, Cantillo"—places where Colley had been stationed during his Ranger service.

– PAUL GOODWIN, COURTESY JOHN GANGEL COLLECTION –

a band of fighters as could be found anywhere in the world at that time. For example, at the 1844 Pedernales River fight, a patrol of 14 mounted rangers, under the command of Col. John Coffee "Jack" Hays, was attacked by a band of 80 Comanche warriors. Although greatly outnumbered, the Rangers routed the Indians, leaving close to half of the hostiles on the field dead or dying.

Now, 180 years after its introduction, whether cased and elaborately embellished or a plain working gun, original Patersons command prices far beyond the reach of all but the most well-to-do collectors. In spite of its faults, largely resulting from being an entirely new concept in firearms design, the Paterson foaled a legend in revolvers that is unequaled anywhere in history.

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



TEXAS PATERSON REPLICAS

For those interested in the evolution of firearms, or with a special interest in early Colts and/or the Texas Rangers, Cimarron Fire Arms **(*Cimarron-Firearms.com*),** Dixie Gun Works **(*DixieGunWorks.com*)**, and (shown) Taylor's & Co. **(*TaylorsFirearms.com*)** offer quality copies of the Texas Paterson percussion, five-shot revolver (without lever). Manufactured in Italy by Pietta, this .36 caliber replica bears the one-piece walnut stocks, an authentic "stagecoach holdup" roll-engraved cylinder scene and folding trigger. With the scarcity of original Patersons, coupled with their lofty prices, shootable replicas are a great and fun way to experience handling these historic revolvers.





ROSEBUD GETS NO



The "Desperate charge of Gen. Crook's cavalry at the Battle of the Rosebud" is crystal clear in this 1876 illustration, showing troops surrounded by Northern Cheyenne and Lakota warriors. Yet Americans seem to have forgotten this significant battle.

– ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES E. TAYLOR –

RESPECT

BY DANIEL A. BROWN

A nearly forgotten battle is overshadowed by its more glorified successor.

In June 1876, two battles were fought in Montana Territory between the U.S. Army and a coalition of Northern Cheyenne and Lakota warriors. Although separated by only eight days and 50 miles, the outcomes could not have been more dissimilar.

The first battle, on June 17, lasted most of the day, as the opponents were equally matched in number. The generalship on one side was novel and superb. Although one army claimed a tactical victory, it suffered a strategic defeat, one which indirectly influenced the outcome of the second conflict.

The crux of the latter fight, on June 25-26, lasted only an hour or so. It was a lopsided affair, during which 4,000 combatants on one side annihilated 200 on the other. The name of the losing commander became a byword for gross military incompetence.

This final encounter is a national shrine. Each year, more than 300,000 people visit the Little Bighorn Battlefield Monument outside Crow Agency in Montana. Gravestones of the fallen, both the American Indians and the 7th Cavalry, dot the field, including the one for Lt. Col. George A. Custer (the boy general's body, though, is buried in the cemetery at West Point).

By contrast, the Rosebud Battlefield State Park is off the nearly deserted Route 314. The site offers no memorials, buildings or even a Port-O-San. Only a trio of bronze plaques, oxidized by the sunlight, stand forlornly next to a tiny kiosk containing plainly printed brochures. Nobody is around to count whoever might show up so visitation is unknown. The Battle of the Rosebud

has become a mere footnote to the more glorious spectacle that occurred up the road.

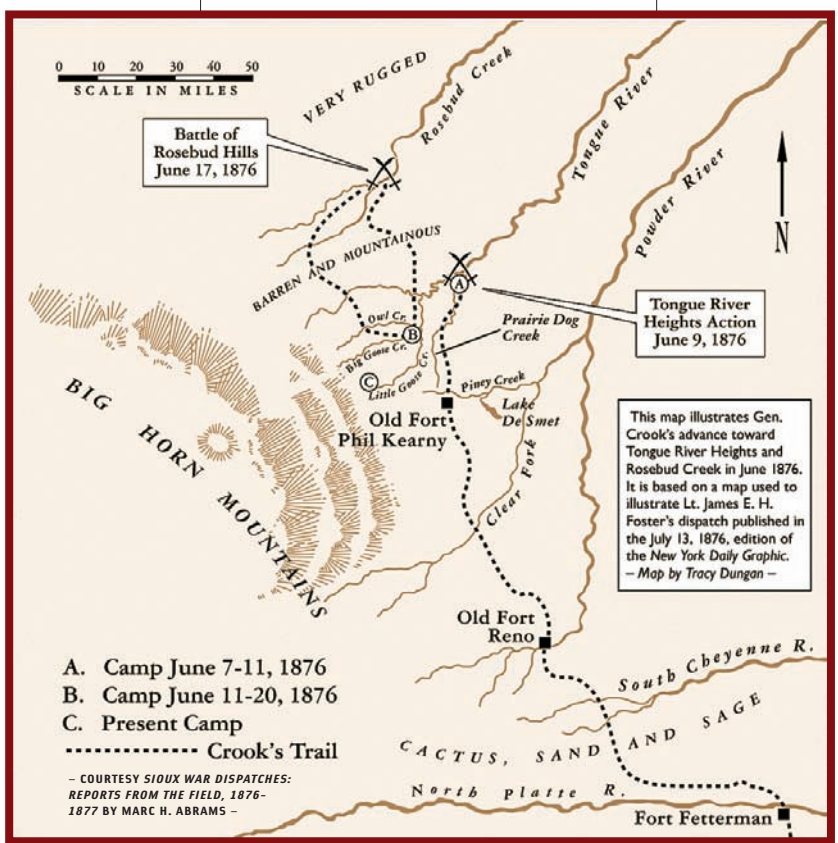
A FURIOUS SEE-SAW AFFAIR

The Rosebud battle landscape is quite attractive, with a series of grassy ridges, ravines and pine forests. Birds chirrup and a gusty wind prevails as the distant chug of a tractor floats through the air. Most of the battlefield, which covers 10 square miles, is on private farmland and, therefore, off limits to visitors. You won't find the sweeping vistas associated with the Upper Plains. Because of the ridgelines, the ability to see more than a few hundred yards in any direction is difficult. Such truncated topography explains how the day unfolded nearly 150 years ago.

On the Rosebud battlefield, Gen. George "Three Stars" Crook advanced north to link up with Custer and Gen. John Gibbon as part of a three-pronged master plan to encircle and trap Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse's lengthy village of Lakota Sioux who had refused confinement on a reservation.

On the morning of June 17, 1876, Crook's troopers were shocked out of their breakfasts by Cheyenne and Lakota warriors who attacked them after a 50-mile night ride from their encampment on Ash Creek along the Little Big Horn River.

While most of the "battles" of the Plains Indian Wars were, in fact, sneak attacks, ambushes and massacres, Rosebud was a rarity; this was a pitched mêlée between two armed mounted forces, not much different than a clash of medieval knights in armor. The furious seesaw affair lasted six hours as each side used the terrain in an attempt to cut off and encircle the other. Since nobody could see who was in proximity until they galloped over the ridgeline, the Rosebud fight became a series of short-range



– COURTESY *SIOUX WAR DISPATCHES: REPORTS FROM THE FIELD, 1876-1877* BY MARC H. ABRAMS –





General George Crook (right) led an offensive charge in a fight recorded in U.S. history as the "Battle of the Rosebud." But the Cheyenne know the mêlée as the "Fight Where the Girl Saved Her Brother," due to a heroic rescue by Buffalo Calf Road Woman (far right).

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –



The news of the Lakota Sioux charging Lt. Col. William Royall's cavalry detachment on June 17 reached the public in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* on August 12, 1876. Royall's command suffered most of the U.S. casualties during the Battle of the Rosebud. Crook's official report stated 10 were killed and 21 wounded, but the truth is probably closer to scout Frank Grouard's estimate of 26 killed and 56 wounded.

– ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ST. GEORGE STANLEY –

confrontations, with gains and losses constantly shifting.

Many Old West historians have noted that Rosebud was the premier showcase of Crazy Horse's leadership qualities. He had learned that charging off in a quest for glory and scalps would not defeat the white soldiers who were more interested in killing, than honor. Crazy Horse instructed his warriors to fight as a united force, so they could drive the invaders out of their homeland. Like any great strategist, Crazy Horse massed his forces where the soldiers were the weakest and adopted tactics that corresponded to fluid battlefield conditions. His presence that day coalesced the fighting spirit of his men...and women.



COWARD: JACK RED CLOUD

COWARDICE AND COURAGE

In the middle of the surging fight, Cheyenne Chief Comes-In-Sight had his horse shot out from under him, which left him defenseless. His sister, Buffalo Calf Road Woman, thundered in and scooped him up on her horse, thereby saving his life. A week later, she would fight alongside her husband, Black Coyote, at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Her act of courage at Rosebud impressed the Cheyenne to grace the battle with a more lyrical title. For them, it will always be known as the "Fight Where the Girl Saved Her Brother."

The location of her act of heroism is marked on a crudely drawn map in the state park brochure, directing visitors north to a west-facing hillock. Her rescue must have been a startling vision for the fighters of both armies. Amid the chaos and adrenaline, the deafening cacophony of eagle-bone whistles and gunshots, the whizzing of bullets and arrows, the roar of the wind through the trees came this brave deed from such an unlikely source that the Indians must have felt their blood pumping, while the cavalry troopers sensed their blood pressure soaring.

Her courageous act stood in contrast to a cowardly act committed by Jack Red Cloud, the teenaged son of the renowned Lakota chief of the same name. The youth, as yet untested in war, had prepared for battle by donning a war bonnet, a serious breach of warrior etiquette, since he had not yet earned the right to wear one. This violation was known to Indian friend and foe alike. During the fray, several of Crook's Crow scouts surrounded the boy, grabbed away his war bonnet, whipped him with their quirts and hooted that a child had no right to be on a battlefield with men.



Almost immediately, the nation rushed to protect the Custer battle site, with the Secretary of War preserving the 7th Cavalry troopers' graves as a U.S. National Cemetery in 1879. Curly, a Crow scout who was the first to report the defeat of Custer and his men, was photographed at the battle site (left) sometime before his death in 1923 and before the site was re-designated a national monument in 1946.

The pleading, weeping boy was rescued, some say by Crazy Horse, but slunk away afterwards in shame.

TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD

From the solitary soldier's perspective, the battle must have been a desperate affair. Overpowered by the stench of horse sweat, cordite and fear, the weather miserably hot, the troops were run down by "hideous" Indians, as 3rd Cavalry Capt. Anson Mills described: "These Indians, most hideous, everyone being painted in the most hideous colors and designs, stark naked except for moccasins and breech cloths. Their shouting and personal appearance…so hideous that it terrified our horses more than the men."

To the embattled troopers, Crazy Horse must have been terrible to behold, with his long hair flying and his body painted in a manner alien to them. His chest and arms were covered with white hailstone totems, while a yellow-painted lightning bolt divided his face in two. This hideous demon stormed defiantly into their midst, fearless in his medicine that no bullet could harm him.

Crazy Horse's assault was decisive enough to send "Three Stars" Crook on a reverse course back to Goose Creek, near the future site of Sheridan, Wyoming Territory. Despite the length and ferocity of the Rosebud fight, during which more than 25,000 rounds of ammunition were expended, the fatalities were fairly light. Only a total of about 40 were killed on both sides out of the 2,500 who fought there, testimony to how hard it is to hit a moving target on a galloping horse.

The ratio would be different eight days later.

CROOK VERSUS CUSTER

Had Crook not been surprised at the Rosebud or had he continued on to link up with Custer, the outcome of the Little Big Horn fight might have been different. The 7th Cavalry would have been augmented by 1,000 more troops, and the overall command would have passed on to Crook, a more level-headed commander.

Not that the defeat ultimately mattered. Within a year or so, on September 5, 1877, Crazy Horse would be murdered, paving the path to extinguish all Indian resistance to white encroachment on the Northern Plains.

The bronze plaque at Rosebud notes that, in 2008, the National Park Service designated the battlefield a National Historic Landmark. Both the U.S. and the Cheyenne names for the fight are used. Yet no other visitors are on the field. Not one.

So why then does the Little Big Horn battle get all the attention? Like the *Titanic* disaster of 1912, the so-called "Custer's Last Stand" was a spectacular example of hubris and arrogance. The unsinkable luxury liner. The unsinkable boy general. Both served



as icons of the indestructible for their respective eras. Both lost within a few unspeakable hours. The account of the Custer calamity hit the newsstands within days of July 4, 1876, America's Centennial. Not surprisingly, the news spoiled the party.

The Little Big Horn battle would be diminished without the colorful personality exhibited by Custer, a "flamboyant, outrageous figure" who personified the time period, as historian Evan S. Connell describes Custer. After all, few Americans know or care about the similar Fetterman Massacre of 1866.

Custer's stature and untimely demise has left the Rosebud fight to forever remain in the popular imagination as just another battle.

Daniel A. Brown is a published magazine and essay writer, based in Taos, New Mexico, who has traveled extensively throughout the axis of the Plains Indian Wars.



When the U.S. government announced that all Indians in the Yellowstone River Valley should report to the reservation by January 31, 1876, or be considered hostiles, Lakota leader Sitting Bull (left) ignored the demand and stayed with his people to fight for their homeland. Sitting Bull and his followers held out until surrendering on July 19, 1881. One year before John C.H. Grabill took the below photo of a Lakota camp, Sitting Bull was killed, on December 15, 1890, by Indian Agency police on the Standing Rock Indian Reservation.

– GRABILL PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –



BY C. LEE NOYES

The Secret Artillery

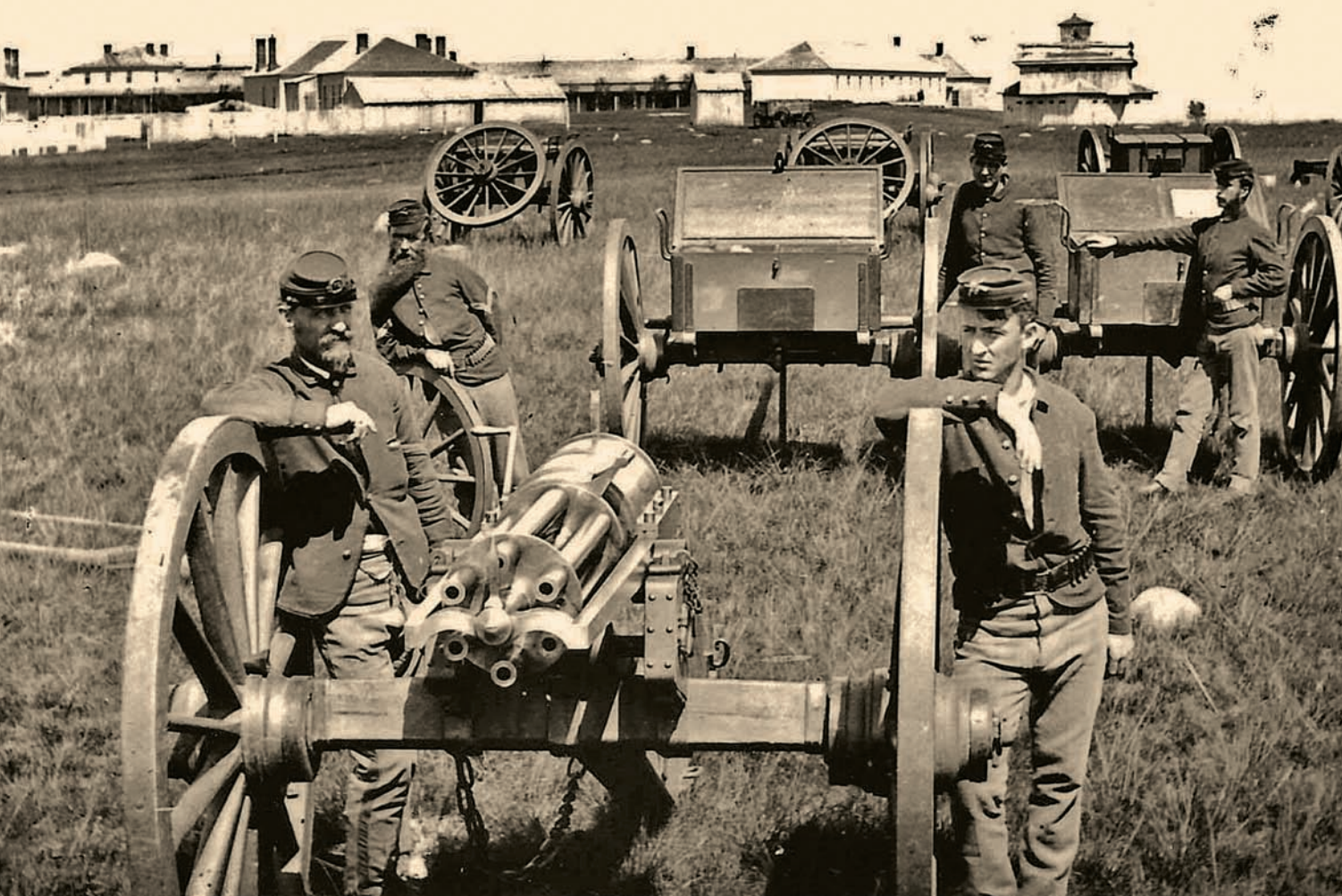
Denied a role at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, this Gatling gun crew gives Custerphiles another view of the ill-fated fight.

On May 17, 1876, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer and the 7th U.S. Cavalry marched from Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, to destiny at Little Big Horn. Not so well-known is the fact that a battery of three .50 caliber Gatling guns accompanied the expedition, mobilized to subjugate the non-reservation, "hostile" Lakota Sioux bands led by Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse in Montana Territory. Second Lt. William H. Low and a detachment of the 20th Infantry had been assigned to the fort to organize this "artillery" component of Brig. Gen. Alfred H. Terry's "Dakota Column."

Low's unit, however, would be denied a role at the Battle of the Little Big Horn, fought that June, when his guns were assigned to Col. John Gibbon's less

This F. Jay Haynes photograph of the Gatling gun and crew has been mislabeled for years...and may date closer to the Battle of the Little Big Horn than previously thought.

– COURTESY HAYNES FOUNDATION COLLECTION, MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETY –



mobile "Montana Column" because of a legitimate concern that the Gatlings would impede Custer's "pursuit of the Indians," as Custer's orders of June 22 stated. During a previous cavalry reconnaissance "over very rough ground," one of Low's guns had overturned, injuring three men, and was temporarily abandoned, several participants recalled. The four unfit condemned cavalry horses that pulled each gun further justified concerns about the mobility of this precursor to the modern machine gun. Informed that his battery would not march with the 7th Cavalry, Low "wept, almost cried," remembered Winfield S. Edgerly, a second lieutenant with the 7th Cavalry.

The Montana Column was organized to position troops north of the 7th Cavalry, in order to prevent Indian forces from escaping. The troops instead found Custer and his dead command (263 men out of the approximately 650 troops who fought) when they arrived at the battle site on June 27. The 7th Cavalry survivors had the somber duty of burying their brothers in arms.

After news spread of the disastrous Little Big Horn battle, F. Jay Haynes photographed a Gatling gun and "crew" against the background of the infantry post at Fort Lincoln, near present-day Bismarck, North Dakota. Located on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River to the east and the cavalry barracks to the south, the infantry quarters are readily identified by the blockhouse near the quartermaster's commissary and by the two-story building that served as the post hospital. Post records establish that Low's detachment was stationed there prior to the expedition's departure.

The Gatling gun that Haynes captured for posterity was probably one that accompanied the Dakota Column "for range," as reported by Capt. Otho E. Michaelis, the expedition's ordnance officer. Since it is a one-inch caliber, as opposed to the .50 caliber Gatlings in Low's battery, this is one of two apparently left at the Powder River Supply Depot. The men in the photo, though, probably belonged to Low's unit.

Haynes dated this scene June 1877, when he visited Bismarck and "made some over 30 negatives at the Fort (Lincoln) yesterday [June 17]." Several of the other images can, in fact, be attributed to that date. However, Haynes had also been at the post the previous autumn. "The US Government fort is there. I will be able to get some fine Views there as the scenery is splendid," he told his wife on October 14, 1876.



WILLIAM HALE LOW

– COURTESY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY –

Details in the photograph and other facts reveal that Haynes erred on his date. The cap of the soldier in the right foreground establishes these enlisted men were members of the 20th Infantry; post and regimental records confirm that no individuals or units of that regiment were stationed at Fort Lincoln in June 1877. Two companies of the 20th Infantry detailed to the fort during the expedition had returned to their normal stations in November 1876.

Moreover, the handmade leather cartridge belt illustrated in this image was typically used during campaigns before the U.S. Army adopted a standard issue, cotton canvas looped belt produced at Watervliet Arsenal in the wake of the Custer disaster. In April 1877, Capt. Michaelis reported that nearly 600 of the new cartridge belts had arrived at Fort Lincoln "in abundant time" for use by the troops in the field that summer.

Finally, some of Low's detachment remained on duty at the post in the fall of 1876, including Sgt. Peter Monaghan and possibly Cpl. Thomas Tully. The sergeant at the rear left, for example, might be Monaghan. The other noncommissioned officer in front of him bears a resemblance to Hugh Hynds, the battery's acting first sergeant.

In effect, photographic and historical evidence indicates that members of the Gatling gun battery posed for Haynes in October 1876, soon after the expedition returned to Fort Lincoln.

The image also testifies to the Indian-fighting Army's diverse uniforms. The sergeant in the foreground wears a four-button sack fatigue coat and stripes, documenting the continued use of Civil War clothing into the 1870s. The private to his right is dressed in the five-button 1874 regulation blouse (albeit modified). His cartridge belt, however, has the 1851 "eagle" belt plate, instead of the simple "US" version adopted in 1872. The dress of the Frontier Regulars was far from "uniform."

Historical images often speak for themselves. By closely examining this Haynes photograph, we are given a better understanding of its time, place and characters. This treasure of a photograph is among the 9,000 stored in the Haynes Collection in Helena, representing a significant chronicle of the rich history of Montana during the late 19th century, made available to all of us thanks to Jack Ellis Haynes, for preserving his father's glass plate negatives, and his widow, for donating them to the Montana Historical Society in 1978. Haynes's fabulous Gatling gun photograph has provided historians yet another close look at the troops tied to the famous Battle of the Little Big Horn.

C. Lee Noyes is the author of "The Guns 'Long Hair' Left Behind," presented at the 1994 Symposium of the Custer Battlefield Historical & Museum Association. He thanks the Montana Historical Society, National Archives & Records Administration and U.S. Military Academy for their assistance with this article.

CRIME CLASS Burglar & Train Robber No. 4622

Height,	1 m 77.5	Head, Lgth,	20.1	L. Foot.	27.6	Color of LEFT EYE. Circle,	leh.	Age 42	Year 1907
Eng. Hght.	5-9 3/4	" Width.	15.5	L. Mid. F.	12.3	Periph. Z.	"	Weight 137	
Outs, A,	1 m 85.0	Cheek.	13.8	L. Lit. F.	9.6		chestnut	Build Slender	
Trunk,	92.7	Right Ear Lgth,	7.0	L. Fore A.	49.8	Pecul.		Comp. Dark	
Carv..		Right Ear Width							

REMARKS RELATIVE TO MEASUREMENTS:



DESCRIPTIVE.

Forehead: Incl. Rec. Sl. Hght. High Width. Nar. Pecul.

Nose: Profile: Ridge Vex Base Ele Sl. Root M
DIMENSIONS.

Length	Projection	Breadth
M.	M.	M.

Pecul.

Ear: Rgt Ear: Border, Lobe, Teeth, Bad. upper plate Chin, Rtg.

Hair Dark chestnut gray. Style Beard Mustach Color Beard Dk. Ch. & gray mixed

MEASURED AT

DATE Sept. 2 1907 BY A. J. Shields

Last of the Fast Guns

The Pinkertons' incredible chase of an outlaw popularly known as the Derby Kid.

BY RON SOODALTER

Few would argue that names made a difference in the Old West. The easy-on-the-tongue alliteration of "Jesse James," the rhythmic cadence of "Billy the Kid," the romance conjured by monikers such as "Medicine Bill" and "Bear River Tom." All gilded the image and lent legitimacy to the legends.

So when confronted with the name Marion Columbus Hedgepeth, one may be inclined to dismiss its owner out of hand—especially when he and his gang were known as the "Hedgepeth Four." That sounds more like a jazz quartet than an outlaw band. But outlaws they were—and as deadly as any who achieved greater notoriety.

Once the first decade of the new century was nearly over, all the Old West's most notorious pistol fighters— "Wild Bill" Hickok, Ben Thompson, King Fisher, Wes Hardin, Bill Longley and their ilk—were long gone. In more than just a poetic sense, Hedgepeth became the last of the fast guns.

The Road to Crime

Born in 1856 in Prairie Home, Missouri, Hedgepeth left home at 15 and worked briefly as a cowboy in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana. He exhibited larcenous tendencies at an early age and was soon wanted for horse theft, cattle rustling and bank robbery. In 1889, after serving a seven-year prison stint for theft, he relocated to the "Seldom Seen" section of Kansas City, Kansas (so-called because the police were seldom seen there), and formed a gang of train and bank robbers.

For a while, the Hedgepeth Four gang was both successful and innovative. Consisting of Hedgepeth, Lucius R. "Dink" Wilson, James "Illinois Jimmy" Francis and Adelbert "Bert" Slye, the gang was reportedly the first group of outlaws to use nitroglycerin to blow up safes and express car doors.

In addition to being a practiced thief, Hedgepeth was one of the West's fastest and deadliest shootists. William Pinkerton, head of the famed detective agency's Western Division and a man who had met more than his share of desperadoes, commented on Hedgepeth's "incredibly fast draw," adding that he was "bad clear through." Pinkerton recalled seeing Hedgepeth draw and fire his revolver, and then shoot his opponent through the heart, after the man had already unholstered and leveled his pistol.

The tall, dark-haired Hedgepeth didn't dress the part of a typical Western badman. He was, in a word, elegant; according to an Adams Express Company "Wanted" handbill, he dressed "well but not flashily." Hedgepeth prided himself on his expensive suits, diamond stickpins and shirt studs, costly shoes and a hat style that

When the law finally caught up to Marion Hedgepeth, the Pinkertons did not always get the recognition they deserved for arresting the safe-blowing bandit. The St. Louis Police Department tried to steal their thunder by taking credit. Prison did not deter Hedgepeth from his outlaw ways; shown here is his final arrest photo, in 1907, for burglarizing a storage house, which sent him back to the clink.

–COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

earned him the nickname, the "Derby Kid." He was also known by other impressive aliases, including the "Handsome Bandit," "Debonair Bandit" and "Montana Kid."

Most Dramatic Robbery

Hedgepeth's train robberies were well-planned models of derring-do. The outlaws robbed three trains in as many weeks in November 1891, in Omaha, Nebraska, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Glendale, Missouri. The last was by far the most dramatic—it ultimately led to the end of the Hedgepeth Four.

As the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad express train left the station in Tower Grove, Missouri, on the chill night of November 30, four men boarded the front and rear platforms of the express car, located behind the coal tender.

Donning masks, the two on the front platform—Hedgepeth and a colleague—crept over the top of the coal tender and into the cab of the locomotive. They pulled out their loaded revolvers and confronted the engineer and fireman.

After ordering that the train be stopped, Hedgepeth shouted to the Adams Express Company messenger to open the express car door. The messenger refused, yet the bandit was not deterred. He set a charge of nitro and, according to a Pinkerton brief, "blew the door down with such force that the messenger was seriously injured...."

Hedgepeth then blew open the safe, removing some $20,000 in cash and valuables.

Meanwhile, Hedgepeth's colleagues remained outside and "beguiled their time with shooting…through the windows of the Saloon car..," the Pinkerton brief reported. Then, loot in hand, "with a final volley of shots" the gang "escaped through some thick woods adjoining the tracks."

Plunder in James Gang's Territory

The fact that Glendale had been the site of one of Frank and Jesse James's robberies 12 years earlier was not lost upon the local papers. The day following the robbery, the *Omaha Daily Bee* ran a front-page report under the outraged headline, "In Jesse James' Territory!" "Train robbers invade Missouri," the article trumpeted, "and boldly hold up an express."

As was policy, the Adams Express Company immediately called in the Pinkerton Detective Agency. Allan Pinkerton, who founded the agency in Chicago, Illinois, in 1850, had died in 1884,



Marion Hedgepeth poses with his wife, Maggie (Graham), the sister of Bert Slye's wife. Maggie was an accomplice and was arrested after the Hedgepeth Four's robbery in Glendale, Missouri. Her alcoholic attorney passed a note from her to Marion to the authorities, and that's how they caught him.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

but the agency was in the able hands of his sons, William and Robert. They moved the detective game forward with a project their father had begun, a database of mugshots, newspaper clippings and criminal histories—this was the precursor for the FBI's criminal database.

From the physical description of the leader, as well as the gang's method of operation, the Pinkertons identified the robbers as Hedgepeth and his associates. By this time, however, the gang had quietly left for California.

Through exemplary detective work and dogged determination, the Pinkertons tracked down three of the gang members.

In January 1892, they fatally shot Francis while he resisted arrest in Pleasanton, Kansas; he had just robbed another train, killing a lawman and netting all of $75.

They captured Slye in Los Angeles, California. He was sentenced to 20 years in prison.

Hedgepeth got caught because of someone closer to home. The Pinkertons tracked him down through a letter written to him by his wife and sometimes accomplice, Maggie. He was packing two pistols when the agents found him at a San Francisco express office, but he ended up trapped and overpowered.

Only Wilson managed to elude capture... for a time. He and his brother made their way to Syracuse, New York, where they staged a series of burglaries and bank robberies. When a lawman sought to question them, Wilson shot and killed him, for which he was eventually executed in New York State's electric chair.

Rotting Away in Prison

Hedgepeth got a 25-year sentence in the Missouri State Penitentiary. He had no intention, however, of staying in prison.

"He Had Almost Gained His Freedom," reported *The New York Times* on December 17, 1893, adding: "In some unknown manner he had secured possession of a saw and file, with which he cut the bars on his cell door."

Just as he was climbing to a window leading to the street, however, his escape attempt was foiled.

Back in prison, Hedgepeth struck up a jailhouse friendship with a man calling himself H.M. Howard, who was incarcerated on a swindling charge. Howard was about to be released, and he brought Hedgepeth in as a partner on a life insurance scam.

But when Howard later failed to pay him his promised share, Hedgepeth added "informer" to his list of callings. As it turned out, Howard, better known to the law by his alias, "H.H. Holmes," was really Herman Webster Mudgett, the fiendish serial killer who had murdered as many as 200 young women in Chicago. The law caught up with Mudgett, and he subsequently died on the gallows.

In 1904, Hedgepeth, suffering from consumption, wrote an impassioned letter to William Pinkerton, pleading to be considered for a pardon: "I've stolen thousands of dollars. What good did they do me?... Everything is gone except my poor old carcas *[sic]* and it is racked by an incurable disease…. That's what they call graft. I'm tired of it…."

"Ready to be Good"

Hedgepeth must have gotten a hold of William when he was in a charitable mood. The Pinkerton head interceded with the governor, and the 45-year-old Hedgepeth walked out of prison on July 4, 1906.

"[H]e looked like a skeleton and appeared 60 years old," reported the *Kansas City Times*. "His jaws were sunken, his eyes deep set and his hair thin and gray. He said he was ready to be good."

Hedgepeth made an honest, if short-lived, attempt to go straight. After briefly returning to Prairie Home to visit his ailing mother, he worked as a shoemaker and sometimes-paid informant for the Pinkertons.

His resolve weakened, however, and he was arrested the following year for robbing a safe in Council Bluffs, Iowa, for which he served a year in jail.

Hedgepeth decided to ring in the New Year as one for outlawry when, on New Year's Eve in 1909, he attempted to rob a saloon in Chicago, Illinois. A lawman suddenly appeared in the doorway, aimed his pistol at Hedgepeth and ordered him to surrender. The sick and aging outlaw reflexively drew and fired—but the old



The most commonly published photo of Marion Hedgepeth was of him wearing a derby, hence his nickname, the "Derby Kid." The debonair gent went by a couple aliases, but his birth name was constantly misspelled—sometimes by the Pinkerton Brothers themselves!—but the correct spelling was Hedgepeth. He wrote two letters to the Pinkertons and signed both of them "Marion C. Hedgepeth."

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

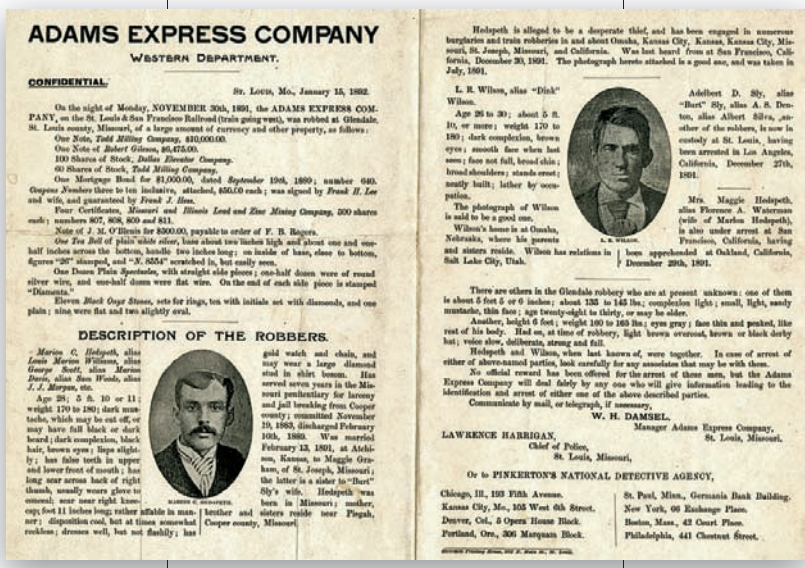
days were gone, and with them, some of the old skills. His shot missed; the lawman's didn't.

Hit in the chest, Hedgepeth continued to fire, without effect. The lawman shot again, hitting him in the head, and what remained of the "Derby Kid" fell mortally wounded, his pistol in his hand.

The outlaw was taken to St. Anthony's Hospital, where he died. Hedgepeth's death certificate lists the cause of death as "shock and hemorrhage," and in the space reserved for "occupation," the Cook County coroner wrote "shoemaker."

The man most knew as the "Derby Kid" was buried in Dunning Cemetery, a "potter's field" filled with tens of thousands of Chicago's nameless dead, from the prison, the Cook County Poor Farm, the insane asylum and the Chicago State Hospital. No stones marked the graves.

William Shakespeare famously asked, "What's in a name?" Apparently, when it comes to Old West desperadoes, a great deal. The renowned Western historian and biographer Robert K. DeArment, in describing the career of legendary bandit Sam Bass, wrote, "Bass might be completely forgotten today had he been born with a name like that of a certain bank and train robber whose daring exploits spawned headlines in the 1890s but who was not immortalized in song.... No one ever wrote or sang 'The Ballad of Marion Hedgepeth.'"



ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY

WESTERN DEPARTMENT.

CONFIDENTIAL.

St. Louis, Mo., January 15, 1892.

On the night of Monday, NOVEMBER 30th, 1891, the ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad (train going west), was robbed at Glendale, St. Louis county, Missouri, of a large amount of currency and other property, as follows:

One Note, *Todd Milling Company*, $10,000.00.
One Note of *Robert Gibson*, $6,475.00.
100 Shares of Stock, *Dallas Elevator Company*.
60 Shares of Stock, *Todd Milling Company*.
One Mortgage Bond for $1,000.00, dated *September* 19th, 1890; number 640. *Coupons Numbers* three to ten inclusive, attached, $50.00 each; was signed by *Frank H. Lee* and wife, and guaranteed by *Frank J. Hess*.
Four Certificates, *Missouri and Illinois Lead and Zinc Mining Company*, 200 shares each; numbers 807, 808, 809 *and* 811.
Note of J. M. O'Illenis for $300.00, payable to order of *V. B. Rogers*.
One Tea Bell of plain *white silver*, base about two inches high and about one and one-half inches across the bottom, handle two inches long; on inside of base, close to bottom, figures "26" stamped, and "*N.* 5554" scratched in, but easily seen.
One Dozen Plain *Spectacles*, with straight side pieces; one-half dozen were of round silver wire, and one-half dozen were flat wire. On the end of each side piece is stamped "Diamanta."
Eleven *Black Onyx Stones*, sets for rings, ten with initials set with diamonds, and one plain; nine were flat and two slightly oval.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROBBERS.

Marion C. Hedgepeth, alias *Louis Marion Williams*, alias *George Scott*, alias *Marion Davis*, alias *Sam Woods*, alias *J. J. Morgan*, etc.

Age 28; 5 ft. 10 or 11; weight 170 to 180; dark mustache, which may be cut off, or may have full black or dark beard; dark complexion, black hair, brown eyes; lisps slightly; has false teeth in upper and lower front of mouth; has long scar across back of right thumb, usually wears glove to conceal; scar near right kneecap; foot 11 inches long; rather affable in manner; disposition cool, but at times somewhat reckless; dresses well, but not flashily; has gold watch and chain, and may wear a large diamond stud in shirt bosom. Has served seven years in the Missouri penitentiary for larceny and jail breaking from Cooper county; committed November 19, 1883, discharged February 10th, 1890. Was married February 13, 1891, at Atchison, Kansas, to Maggie Graham, of St. Joseph, Missouri; the latter is a sister to "Burt" Sly's wife. Hedgepeth was born in Missouri; mother, brother and sisters reside near Pisgah, Cooper county, Missouri.

MARION C. HEDGEPETH.

Hedgepeth is alleged to be a desperate thief, and has been engaged in numerous burglaries and train robberies in and about Omaha, Kansas City, Kansas, Kansas City, Missouri, St. Joseph, Missouri, and California. Was last heard from at San Francisco, California, December 20, 1891. The photograph hereto attached is a good one, and was taken in July, 1891.

L. R. Wilson, alias "Dink" Wilson.

Age 26 to 30; about 5 ft. 10, or more; weight 170 to 180; dark complexion, brown eyes; smooth face when last seen; face not full, broad chin; broad shoulders; stands erect; neatly built; leather by occupation.

The photograph of Wilson is said to be a good one.

Wilson's home is at Omaha, Nebraska, where his parents and sisters reside. Wilson has relations in Salt Lake City, Utah.

L. R. WILSON.

Adelbert D. Sly, alias "Burt" Sly, alias A. S. Denton, alias Albert Silva, another of the robbers, is now in custody at St. Louis, having been arrested in Los Angeles, California, December 27th, 1891.

Mrs. Maggie Hedgepeth, alias Florence A. Waterman (wife of Marion Hedgepeth), is also under arrest at San Francisco, California, having been apprehended at Oakland, California, December 29th, 1891.

There are others in the Glendale robbery who are at present unknown; one of them is about 5 feet 5 or 6 inches; about 135 to 145 lbs.; complexion light; small, light, sandy mustache, thin face; age twenty-eight to thirty, or may be older.

Another, height 6 feet; weight 160 to 165 lbs.; eyes gray; face thin and peaked, like rest of his body. Had on, at time of robbery, light brown overcoat, brown or black derby hat; voice slow, deliberate, strong and full.

Hedgepeth and Wilson, when last known of, were together. In case of arrest of either of above-named parties, look carefully for any associates that may be with them.

No official reward has been offered for the arrest of these men, but the Adams Express Company will deal fairly by any one who will give information leading to the identification and arrest of either one of the above described parties.

Communicate by mail, or telegraph, if necessary,

W. H. DAMSEL,
Manager Adams Express Company,
St. Louis, Missouri.

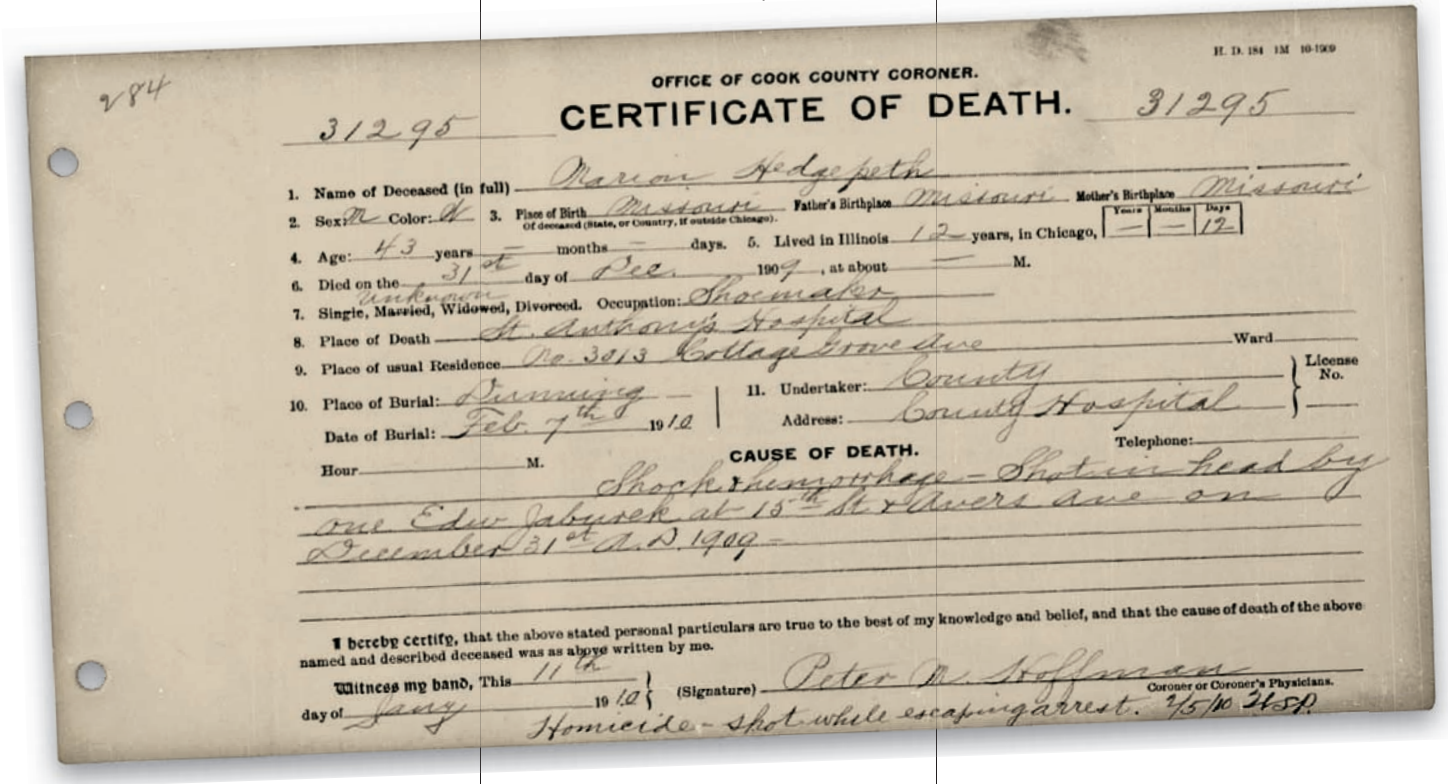
LAWRENCE HARRIGAN,
Chief of Police,
St. Louis, Missouri,

Or to PINKERTON'S NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,

Chicago, Ill., 103 Fifth Avenue.
Kansas City, Mo., 105 West 6th Street.
Denver, Col., 5 Opera House Block.
Portland, Ore., 306 Marquam Block.
St. Paul, Minn., Germania Bank Building.
New York, 66 Exchange Place.
Boston, Mass., 42 Court Place.
Philadelphia, 441 Chestnut Street.

On January 15, 1892, the Adams Express Company released a "Wanted" broadside seeking Marion C. Hedspeth *[sic]*, shown on front page, and L.R. Wilson, shown on second page, for the November 30, 1891, train robbery near Glendale, Missouri. The notice pointed out Hedgepeth's slight lisp, false teeth, scar near his right kneecap and the fact that he usually wore gloves to conceal a long scar across the back of his right thumb.

– COURTESY MISSOURI HISTORY MUSEUM –



H. D. 184 1M 10-1909

OFFICE OF COOK COUNTY CORONER.

CERTIFICATE OF DEATH. 31295

V84

31295

1. Name of Deceased (in full) Marion Hedgepeth
2. Sex: M Color: W 3. Place of Birth (If deceased (State, or Country, if outside Chicago)) Missouri Father's Birthplace Missouri Mother's Birthplace Missouri
4. Age: 43 years — months — days. 5. Lived in Illinois 12 years, in Chicago, Years — Months — Days 12
6. Died on the 31 st day of Dec 1909, at about — M.
7. Single, Married, Widowed, Divorced. Occupation: Shoemaker
8. Place of Death St. Anthony's Hospital Ward
9. Place of usual Residence No 3013 Cottage Grove Ave License No.
10. Place of Burial: Dunning 11. Undertaker: County
Date of Burial: Feb 7th 1910 Address: County Hospital
Hour — M. Telephone:

CAUSE OF DEATH.

Shock & hemorrhage - Shot in head by one Edw Jabucek at 15th St & Avers Ave on December 31st A.D. 1909

I hereby certify, that the above stated personal particulars are true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and that the cause of death of the above named and described deceased was as above written by me.

Witness my hand, This 11th day of January 1910 (Signature) Peter M. Hoffman Coroner or Coroner's Physicians.

Homicide - shot while escaping arrest. 1/5/10 2 1/2 P.

"Homicide—shot while escaping arrest" was listed on the Certificate of Death for Marion Hedgepeth after the ball dropped unexpectedly on the outlaw's New Year's Eve plan, just before the new decade hit.

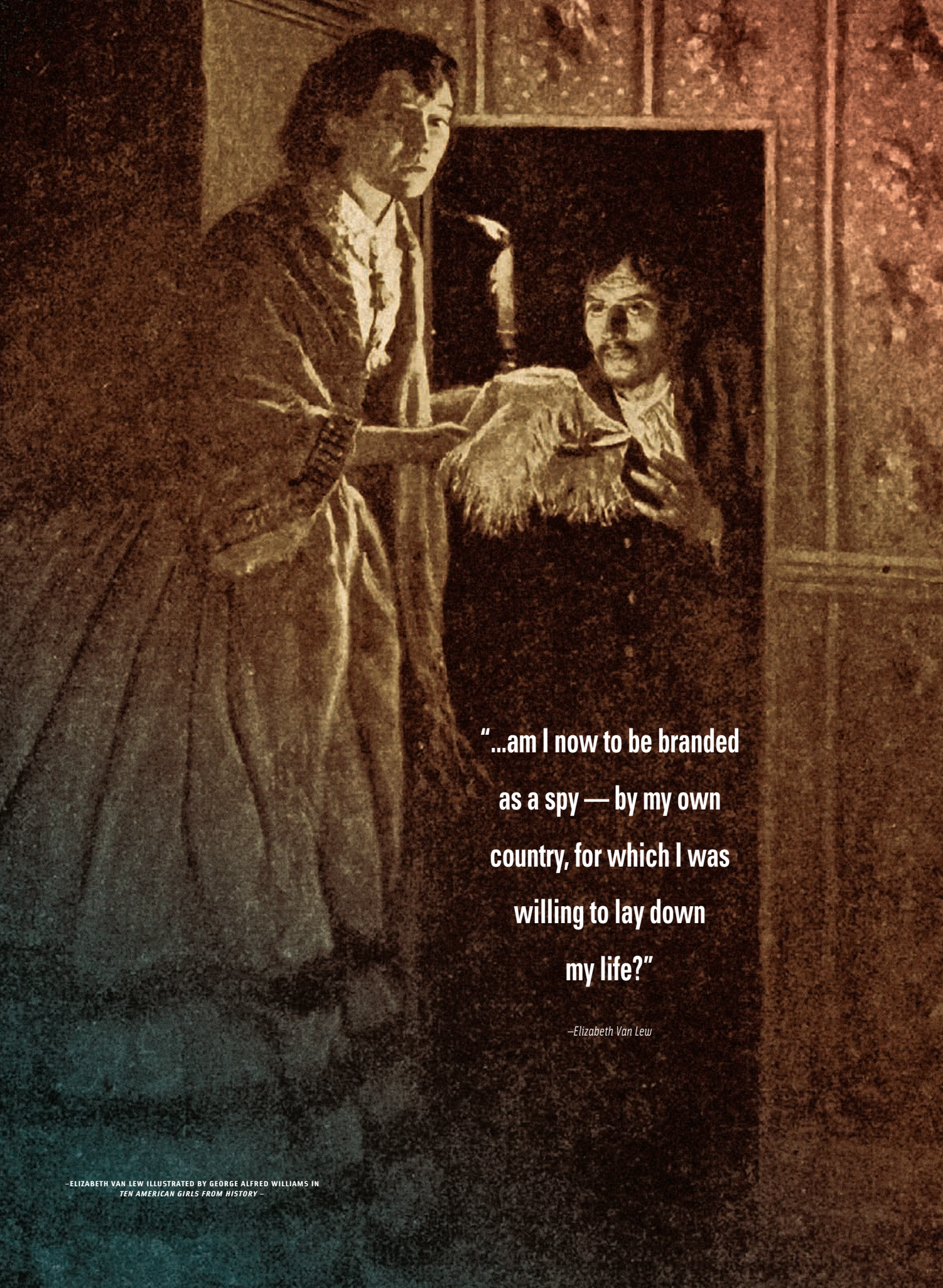
– COURTESY OFFICE OF COOK COUNTY CORONER –

Ron Soodalter is a published author and magazine reporter who also writes a monthly column in *America's Civil War*. He serves on the Board of the Abraham Lincoln Institute and is a member of the Western Writers of America and the Wild West History Association.



One of Allan Pinkerton's sons, William Pinkerton, sits flanked by Southern Express Co. railroad agents Pat Connell (at left) and Sam Finlety (at right). William and Robert took over the famous detective agency in 1884 after their father's death.

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"...am I now to be branded as a spy — by my own country, for which I was willing to lay down my life?"

–Elizabeth Van Lew

–ELIZABETH VAN LEW ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE ALFRED WILLIAMS IN *TEN AMERICAN GIRLS FROM HISTORY* –

BY CHRIS ENSS

Lady Pinkertons

The smart and savvy female sleuths who placed themselves in harm's way to protect America.

Her smile could be shy; her glance at times demure, but her ears never missed a secret. A master of disguises, she changed her accent at will, infiltrated social gatherings and collected information no man was able to obtain. She cried on command, yet was stoic while interrogating a suspect. She never, ever slept on the job. She was a detective working for the nation's first security service—the Pinkerton National Detective Agency. Allan Pinkerton, founder of the organization and pioneer in the field, had dared to hire women as agents.

Recognized by many historians as America's first female detective, Kate Warne persuaded Pinkerton to take a chance on her sleuthing skills in 1856. Prior to her being hired at the agency, the company's only female employees fulfilled secretarial duties.

Born on August 25, 1819, in Glasgow, a port city in Scotland, Pinkerton followed the trade of a cooper until the age of 33. Ending up in the Chicago area, he uncovered a ring of counterfeiters. The fame of catching those criminals, together with his success in capturing horse thieves, gave Pinkerton a wide, local reputation; he was made deputy sheriff of Kane County, in which capacity he became the terror of cattle thieves, horse thieves, counterfeiters and mail robbers all over Illinois. The born detective leapt out of obscurity, parlaying his talent into a company he established in 1850. His



Elizabeth Van Lew (above) ran a successful spy ring for the Union Army, sending her reports from a code she developed called a cipher square (inset): the first number indicated the horizontal row, while the second number, the vertical column, e.g. 13 = m. She wrote her coded messages in colorless ink that, when dipped in milk, appeared black.

– COURTESY CHRIS ENSS –

Kate Warne (below), the first female Pinkerton agent, inspired the world-famous "We Never Sleep" slogan for the detective agency when she refused to close her eyes while riding on the train with Abraham Lincoln to his inauguration, after uncovering an assassination plot against the President-elect.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



excellent instinct for selecting the right people to work for him extended to Warne, who proved herself to be one of his finest agents.

Over the course of Warne's 12-year career as an agent, she assumed numerous aliases. In her various months-long stints undercover, in roles that ranged from a benevolent neighbor to an eccentric fortune teller, Warne, just as the other female investigators did, willingly put herself in harm's way to resolve a case. Whether they were searching the home of a suspected murderer for clues or transporting classified material past armed soldiers, Lady Pinkerton agents, or Pinks, demonstrated they were fearless and capable.



After a little more than four years, Warne had so impressed Pinkerton with her aptitude for investigation and observation that he made her the head of all the female detectives at the agency. In 1861, he placed her in charge of the Union Intelligence Service, a forerunner of our nation's Secret Service. The function of the agency was to obtain information about the Confederacy's resources and plans, and to prevent said news from reaching the Rebel army. Warne and the other lady operatives excelled at this duty.

Warne had come by her job at the Pinkerton National Detective Agency when she walked in off the street, introduced herself and suggested Pinkerton hire her, not as a secretary, but as a detective.

"Women could be most useful in worming out secrets in many places which would be impossible for a male detective," Warne told Pinkerton, as he recalled years later in his memoirs.

The idea of a female detective intrigued him, and he hired her. One of the most important cases she worked on while employed with the company involved President-elect Abraham Lincoln. After a plot to assassinate the politician was discovered, Warne helped secret the future president to Washington, D.C. for the inauguration into office.

The Mixed-Race Agent

Hattie Lewis, another notable Pinkerton agent, was hired in 1860. She was not only the second woman employed at the world-famous detective agency, but historians believe she was also the agency's first mixed-race female employee.

Pinkerton looked beyond gender and race, as few did at the time. In the late 1840s, he had been active on the Underground Railroad and helped many runaway slaves escape to Canada. He spoke out against the Fugitive Slave Act, passed by the U.S. Congress in September 1850, which penalized officials who did not arrest an alleged runaway slave and subjected them to a fine of $1,000. Since suspected fugitive slaves were ineligible for a trial, and therefore could not defend themselves against accusations, the law resulted in the kidnapping and conscription of free blacks into slavery.

Chicago became a clearinghouse for runaway slaves. In the rural area of Dundee where Pinkerton resided, some enterprising young men hunted fugitive slaves for the rewards. Outraged by these "blood hounds," Pinkerton sought ways to defy them. In 1857, he was a member of a delegation called on to investigate a slave catcher passing through town. This investigation may have been where he met Lawton. Some of her family was suspected of being among a party of slaves Pinkerton sheltered to disperse to Canada.

Born in 1837, Lawton, a widow, was described by Pinkerton as "delicate and driven." He wrote that "her complexion was fresh and rose-like in the morning. Her hair fell in flowing tresses. She appeared careless and entirely at ease, but a close observer would have noticed a compression of the small lips, and a fixedness

in the sparkling eyes that told of a purpose to be accomplished."

Lawton played a key role at the detective agency for many years, assuming various identities and ferreting out information that aided in solving numerous cases. (Her years of service are unclear because the majority of Pinkerton records were destroyed in a fire in Chicago in 1931.) In one of her most dangerous assignments, she gathered intelligence about Confederate troop movements. In 1862, Lawton and Pinkerton operative Timothy W. Webster were dispatched to Richmond, Virginia, posing as a wealthy married couple. Their primary objective was to gain acceptance from Southern sympathizers in the area and learn their plans to thwart the Union's military efforts.

The "Genteel Woman Agent"

In late 1861, Pinkerton sent another eager female detective, Elizabeth H. Baker, to the Confederate capital to acquire information about the Rebel navy. Baker had been working as an operative for Pinkerton's detective agency since late 1857, sometimes traveling outside of Chicago to team with other agents on robbery and missing person cases.

Prior to moving to the Midwest, she had lived in Virginia, so she was well acquainted with the customs and the people of the region. Pinkerton called her a "genteel woman agent," and when the Civil War broke out, he considered her a "more than suitable" candidate for the assignment.

Baker not only managed to finagle an invitation to the home of a Confederate Navy officer and his wife living in Richmond, but also an invitation to a demonstration of Rebel submarine vessels equipped with torpedoes. Baker sketched all she had seen during the demonstration of the submarine, *Merrimack*, designed to battle against Union blockade ships, which included a drawing of the submarine and the people it took to man the vessel.

The Navy Spy

While Baker monitored the *Merrimack's* military capabilities, another operative was acquiring a set of the submarine plans.

During her employment as a seamstress and housekeeper for a Rebel engineer who was restoring the steam-powered frigate, free slave Mary Touvestre (or Louvestre) overheard the engineer discussing the importance of the vessel as a weapon against the Union. She offered this information to her country and came to meet Pinkerton through the Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles.

Since the engineer brought the plans for the ship home with him nightly, Touvestre plotted to steal the plans and turn them over to Union forces. In late September 1861, she sewed the vital information into the hem of her dress.

She set out, on foot, from Portsmith, Virginia, to the nation's capital on a nearly 200-mile journey. Secreting the plans out of Virginia past enemy lines was difficult enough, but gaining an audience with a high-ranking military official also proved challenging; Touvestre had to talk her way around members of Secretary Welles's staff in order to see him.

When she finally spoke with Welles, she explained her mission and presented him with the plans for the vessel. The secretary commended her bravery and dedication to her country; had she been captured by the Confederates, they surely would have killed her.

The Southern Belle

Elizabeth Van Lew masqueraded as a nurse at the Libby Prison near Richmond, Virginia, but in truth, the Southern belle was one of Pinkerton's agents.

Federal prisoners in and out of the hospital furnished Van Lew with information vital to the North's fight against the South. From the multi-windowed prison, they accurately estimated the strength of the passing troops and supply trains, and the destinations they were headed when they left town. They shared with her conversations about planned attacks and casualties that they overheard between surgeons, orderlies and guards. Van Lew dispatched the coded communication to secret service officials in Washington, D.C.

Loyal to His Pinks

Time and time again, the Lady Pinks proved their value to the agency. "It has been my principle to use females for the detection of crime where it has been useful and necessary," Pinkerton noted in his memoirs. "...I intend to still use females whenever it can be done judiciously. I must do it or sacrifice my theory, practice and truth. I think I am right and if that is the case, female detectives must be allowed in my agency."

Pinkerton was loyal to the women in his employ. The first one, Warne, inspired his company's slogan, in 1861. While on assignment to protect President-elect Lincoln, Warne refused to close her eyes and rest until the politician was out of danger. Thus was born, "We Never Sleep," scrawled below an all-seeing eye.

Although women were not admitted to any of America's police forces until 1891 nor widely accepted as detectives until 1903, Warne and the Lady Pinks she trained paved the way for future female officers and investigators, and are regarded as trailblazers in the private eye industry.



Chris Enss is a *New York Times* bestselling author who has written more than 20 books about women in the Old West. Her latest book, *The Pinks: The First Women Detectives, Operatives, and Spies with the Pinkerton National Detective Agency,* will be published by TwoDot in June 2017.

TRUE WEST EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS

THE BATTLE OF TURKEY CREEK CANYON

KETCHUM GANG VS. A CIMARRON SHERIFF'S POSSE

A DUEL IN THE RAIN AND SEMI-DARKNESS



"...one of the outlaws...appeared to be a dead shot. Every time he fired, the bullet either found its mark or came uncomfortably close to one of the attacking possemen."
—Associated Press, July 18, 1899

– ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Jeffrey Burton

JULY 16, 1899

Three suspected train robbers are in camp at their remote hide-out at Turkey Creek Canyon in New Mexico Territory.

Tipped off by a sighting (and a snitch), a seven-man posse out of Cimarron rides to the stronghold and dismounts when campfire smoke is spotted curling up through the trees.

The posse members get into position: three lawmen climb a ridge left of the camp and the other four deploy up the north side of the creek bottom. A half-dressed outlaw, Elzy Lay, comes into their view. With a canteen in his hand, Lay approaches a pool of water in the nearly dry creek bottom.

A few posse members take aim and fire (most likely Sheriff Edward Farr and Wilson "Memphis" Elliott; reports differ on whether anyone first orders the outlaw to surrender).

Shot twice, in the shoulder and back, Lay drops, as though he was hit with a club. "We've got one of the sons of bitches, anyway," a posse member yells.

Lawman Elliott spots the outlaws' horses tethered at the far end of the camp. He aims and fires, dropping one and perhaps another (see "Aftermath").

Posse member Perfecto Cordoba spies two of the outlaws standing around a campfire near a cave. As others in the posse begin shooting, Cordoba notices one of the outlaws, Sam Ketchum, running in his direction.

"Look out! There's one of them right at you!" Cordoba yells at Elliott, while racing to Elliott's position. "Look out, he'll shoot you!"

"Show me where he is at," Elliott commands.

"I can't see him now."

"You ought to have shot when you did see him," Elliott argues.

"I didn't have time," Cordoba replies.

Less than 40 yards from Elliott, Ketchum conceals himself behind a tree.

Elliott and Cordoba hear shots, but they can't see anything. They finally see glimpses of a hatless head bobbing up and down among the trees on the outlaw side of the canyon and assume this is the bandit Cordoba saw earlier. Elliott fires several bullets up the draw, hitting nothing.

The hatless head belongs to Will Carver, who takes up a position high atop a rocky knoll that is screened with brush. He begins pouring lead across the canyon at Farr, William Reno and Frank Smith. Although Carver is nearly 200 yards away, he hits Smith in the calf of his left leg, causing the lawman to go down.

The rest of the posse members can't locate Carver in the dense brush because he's using smokeless powder.

Left for dead, Lay regains consciousness and starts crawling on all fours. Though bleeding, dazed and in shock, he slowly makes his way back to the outlaw camp. Each time he tries to stand, he falls, but he finds his rifle and stumbles down the creek to join the fray. Nearly 50 yards below Carver's position, Lay passes out once again. He's out for about 10 minutes.

No more than 100 feet from Elliott's group, Ketchum opens fire on Cordoba, then directs his fire across the creek at Farr, who is almost at the same elevation as Ketchum and more than 150 yards away. "Come down here," yells Ketchum, taunting his stalkers.

Elliott, Henry M. Love, Cordoba and James H. Morgan rain fire on Ketchum's position until one of Morgan's bullets finds its mark and breaks the outlaw's left arm just below the shoulder.

With both Lay and Ketchum temporarily out of the fight, Carver widens his arc of fire, sending rounds down both sides of the creek. All the posse members hug the trees and rocks.

As Farr peers around his tree, trying to find Carver's position, a bullet creases his right arm near the wrist. Farr wraps the wound with his bandanna and yells across to Reno, asking whether he saw where the last shot came from.

Before Reno answers, another bullet strikes Farr's tree, goes through it and pierces his chest, near the heart. Farr collapses and dies on top of the wounded Smith.

(Some historians believe the shooter is Lay, who momentarily

Anatomy of an Ambush

Two posse members aim at a lone figure who's leaning down to fill a canteen just below the outlaw camp.



Lawmen

Wilson "Memphis" Elliott, the leader of the posse who locates the outlaw camp with teamster James H. Morgan

Sheriff Edward J. Farr, of Huerfano County, Colorado

William Hiram Reno, chief of detectives for the Colorado & Southern Railways

Henry M. Love, a local cowboy who skinned diseased cattle before joining the posse

Frank H. Smith, a New Yorker who is staying at a local ranch

Perfecto Cordoba, a local who joins the posse because "I thought we would not find anything."

Santiago Serna (or Silva), who is turned back, or sent home, before the posse makes it to the outlaw camp



Outlaw Elzy Lay is shot in the chest and shoulder, and goes down as if hit by a club. Miraculously, both bullets go "through and through," missing his vital organs. Lay escapes. Sam Ketchum won't be as lucky.

regains consciousness, sees Farr, fires once—hitting the lawman in the wrist—and then deliberately shifts his aim to the center of the tree trunk. Others refute this and maintain Carver shoots Farr both times.)

After Farr is shot, Lay again faints.

In the gathering darkness, the posse members still can't locate Carver, who continues firing at will.

With Reno and the other officers on the far side of the gulch silenced, Carver concentrates on Elliott's squad, which is spread out on Carver's left flank. One of Carver's bullets slams into Love's thigh, smashing a contaminated knife and driving the poisoned blade deep into Love's flesh.

At about 6 p.m., Carver fires two final shots. A full hour later, the posse is still hunkered down, paralyzed with fear. A heavy rain begins to fall, and yet, the posse waits for darkness before moving. For the entire time, Smith moans and yells, as the dead body of Farr is still on top of him.

All three outlaws disappear into the wet darkness. ★



Tom "Black Jack" Ketchum

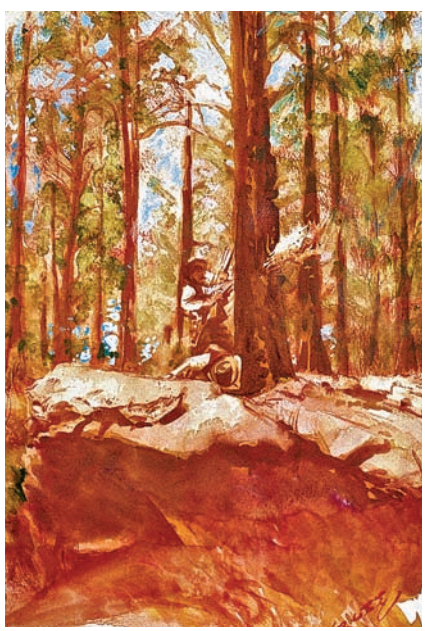
Where Was Black Jack?

Tradition maintains Tom "Black Jack" Ketchum, Sam's younger brother, was kicked out of his own gang over an argument regarding the division of spoils. Less than a month after the Turkey Creek shoot-out (the second Folsom train robbery), Tom single-handedly tried to hold up a train at Robbers Cut. Today, the Turkey Creek Canyon outlaw campsite is still known as Black Jack's Hide-out.

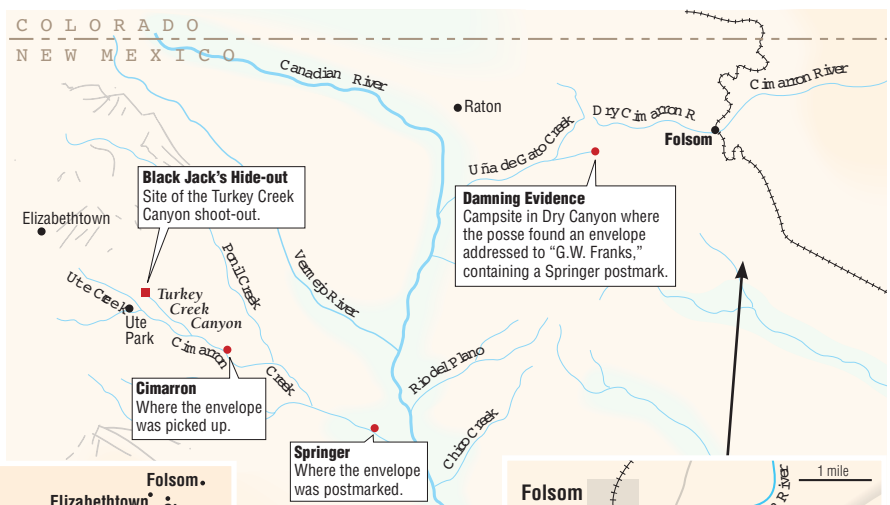


George W. Titsworth, circa 1909. The Colorado lawman is among the posse members sent from Trinidad, Colorado, to New Mexico to pursue the bandits who robbed the Colorado and Southern "Texas Flyer," south of Folsom, of some $70,000 on July 11, 1899. He pastes together the envelope that leads the posse to Cimarron, but he does not participate in the Turkey Creek Canyon shoot-out.

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

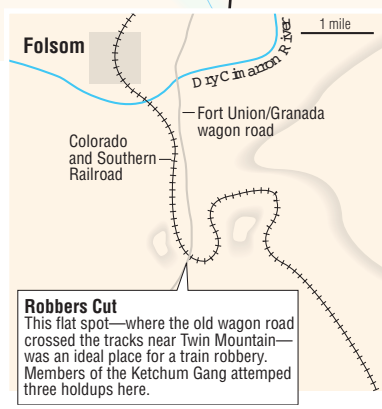


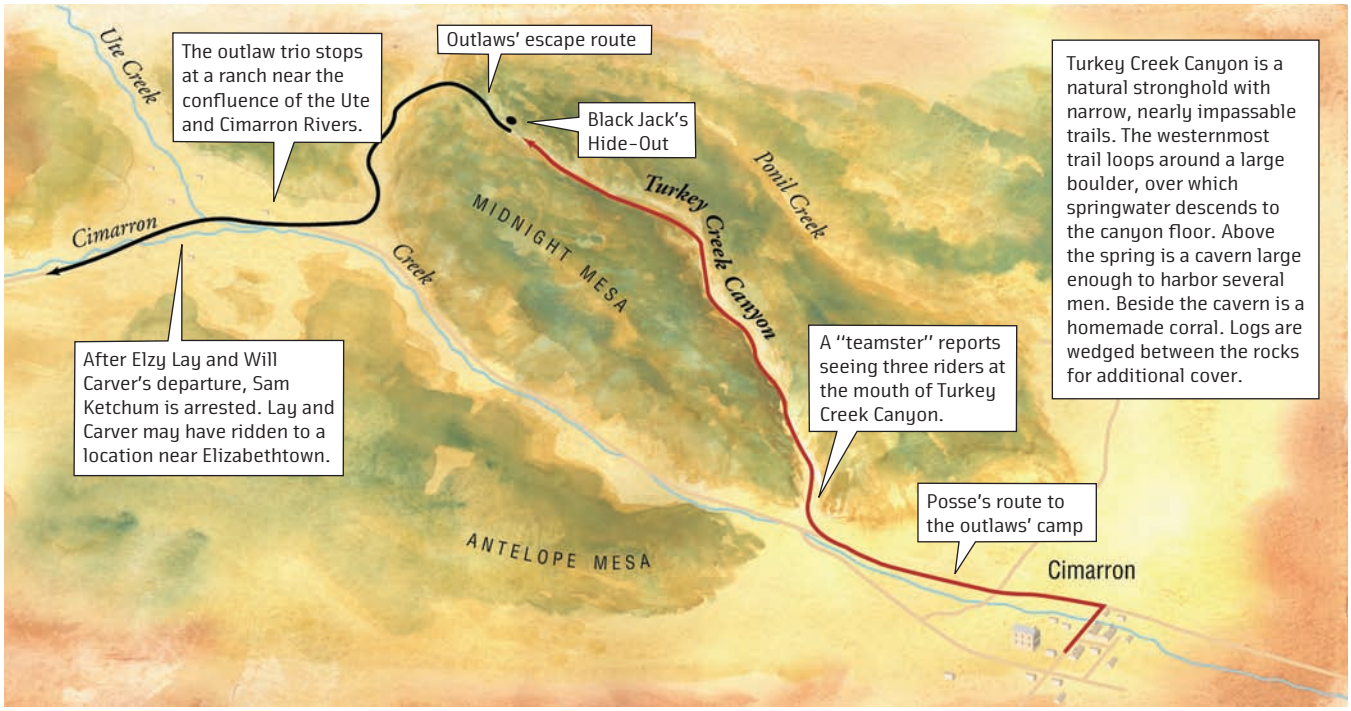
The posse seeks cover behind trees, but a steel-jacketed bullet fired by one of the outlaws penetrates Sheriff Edward Farr's tree and strikes Farr near the heart, killing him.





Colorado Deputy Sheriff George W. Titsworth found the torn envelope and took it to Folsom, where he glued it back together. The postmark leads the posse to the outlaw camp.





The Outlaws


Elzy Lay, 31


Will Carver, 30


Sam Ketchum, 45



The Fourth Outlaw?

Most of the eyewitnesses (but not all) claimed four outlaws robbed the Folsom train on July 11, 1899, so why are only three found in the camp at Turkey Creek Canyon? Some cite Ben "Tall Texan" Kilpatrick as the fourth outlaw, although this is doubtful. Detained near Raton on July 19 and charged with mail robbery, Red Weaver is a more likely candidate. He is picked up on a complaint sworn out by Detective William Reno, but he is later released by U.S. Marshal Creighton M. Foraker. Did Weaver give information in exchange for his release? Author Jeffrey Burton thought so.

The famous "Fort Worth Five" Wild Bunch photo taken in 1900 shows: Sundance Kid, Ben Kilpatrick and Butch Cassidy (front row, from left) and Will Carver and Harvey Logan (back row, from left).





(Above) After the fight, the outlaws made their way out of the canyon on horseback. Will Carver and a badly wounded Elzy Lay held mortally wounded Sam Ketchum in his saddle.



Aftermath: Odds & Ends

When Elzy Lay opened his eyes, he saw Will Carver standing over him. After Carver helped him to his feet, the two located Sam Ketchum, crept to their two horses and quietly made their way up the canyon. As they headed into the mountains, Carver and Lay (who was badly wounded) held Ketchum in the saddle; one may have ridden with Ketchum or walked beside him.

The next day, a relief posse headed by U.S. Marshal Creighton M. Foraker searched the outlaw hide-out in Turkey Creek Canyon and found bedding rolled up in tarps, a bloody hat and slicker, a packsaddle tree, some provisions, frying pans and a large coffeepot. "Bloody splotches" covered the ground, which was littered with empty .30-40 cartridge cases. At the far end of the battleground lay a dead horse with its saddle still on. A Winchester boot and rope were still on the saddle. (Not mentioned at the subsequent trial was a second horse so badly wounded, it had to be killed.) Also found was an empty valise, which had been slashed open and was assumed to have held the train robbery loot. In a box nearby were roughly 40 pounds of dynamite. Scattered about the sniper's nest, where Carver had done his shooting, were 23 shells.

Ketchum could not stay in the saddle and urged his comrades to leave him. The outlaws left Ketchum at a ranch house near Ute Creek, and he was captured and taken to Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, where he died of blood poisoning on July 24.

Posse member Henry Love died from his wounds and was buried in Springer. The knife he had been carrying in his pocket was hit by Carver's bullet, which drove the blade into his thigh. Unfortunately, Love had used the knife to skin diseased cattle that contracted blackleg. By the time doctors saw Love, some 18 hours after he was shot, they could do nothing for him. Because of the severity of Love's wound, initial reports claimed the outlaws had used exploding bullets, but this turned out to be false.

Of the seven posse members, only Wilson Elliott, James H. Morgan and Perfecto Cordoba escaped unscathed.

Carver and Lay reportedly received medical aid at a ranch near Elizabethtown (or E-Town, as the locals called it). Four weeks after the Turkey Creek fight, Lay was captured at a cow camp 25 miles east of Carlsbad. Tried and sentenced to life in prison, Lay was pardoned in 1906 and lived until 1934. Carver made it safely to Texas and rejoined Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid just in time for their famous group photo (see opposite page).

Recommended: *Dynamite and Six-Shooter* by Jeffrey Burton, published by Palomino Press, and *The Deadliest Outlaws: The Ketchum Gang and the Wild Bunch* by Jeffrey Burton, published by University of North Texas Press

BY BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

A Western Shootist is Born

Tracking Wild Bill Hickok's rise to Old West hero status is a hot and cold trail.



Vermont natives Polly Butler (left) and her husband William Alonzo Hickok (right) moved with their two oldest children from Union, New York, to LaSalle County, Illinois, in 1833–'34. After settling on a farm in Troy Grove Township with three children, their son, James Butler Hickok (center), was born in 1837.

– POLLY BUTLER, TRUE WEST ARCHIVES; WILD BILL, NATIONAL ARCHIVES, WASHINGTON, D.C., PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY ETHEL HICKOK; LORENZO HICKOK COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

Late afternoon finds me on the square in Springfield, Missouri, seeking the spot where Wild Bill Hickok gunned down Dave Tutt in that classic gunfight.

I mean, would I—or Louis L'Amour or any Western novelist—have enjoyed any semblance of a career, had not these two gunmen met here in 1865?

For years, I've wondered how it happened: Tutt, between College and Boonville…and Hickok, cattycorner away between South and St. Louis…separated by an estimated 100 paces—say, 80 yards—drawing their revolvers and firing simultaneously, Hickok unscathed and Tutt falling dead near the courthouse with a slug in his heart.

Eighty yards. That's exceptional marksmanship with a revolver, especially in 1865.

Yet now, as I hurriedly find the marker that identifies where Tutt died, I understand. Wild Bill's bullet didn't kill Tutt. A rush-hour car must have hit the fool.

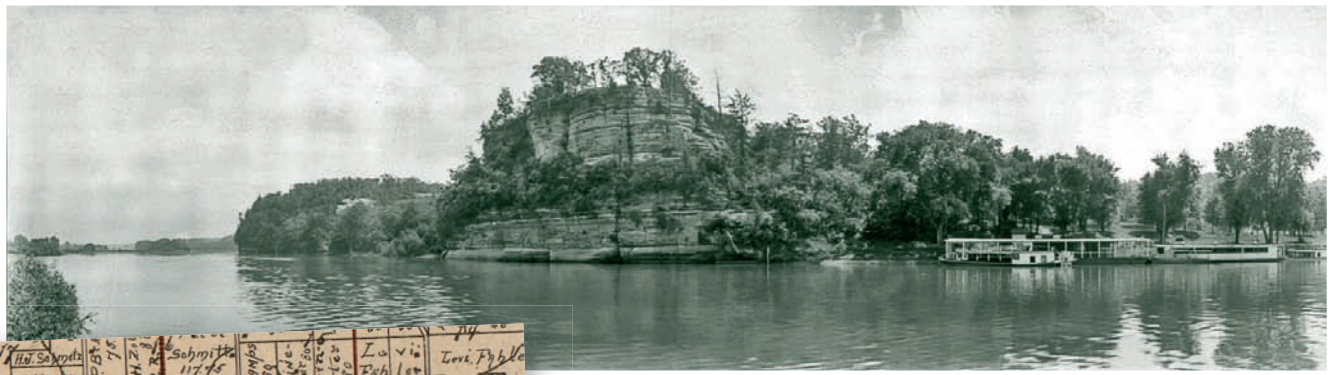
Didn't your parents warn you not to play in the street!?!?!

Springfield made Wild Bill Hickok famous, but perhaps not because of a dead man named Tutt. It was also here in 1865 that Hickok agreed to an interview with Col. George Ward Nichols, who went on to write an article about Wild Bill that *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* published 150 years ago in February 1867.

From then on, Wild Bill enjoyed celebrity status until he was killed in 1876—a good career move, seeing how it rocketed the Illinois native into immortal legend. But he had lived a pretty eventful life even before he talked to a pseudo-journalist in Springfield.

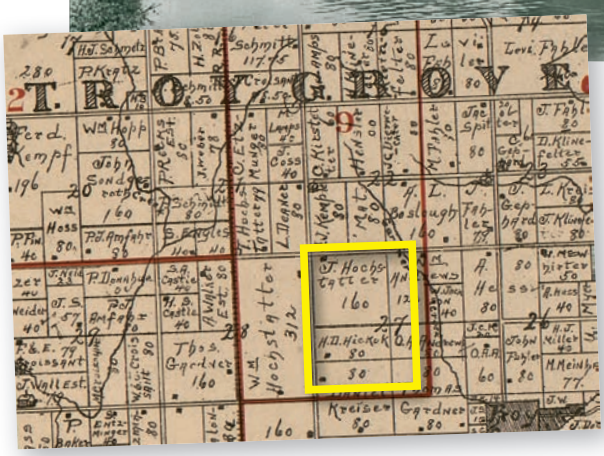
Land of Lincoln

Before he became Wild Bill/Dutch Bill/Duck Bill/Shanghai Bill, he was James Butler Hickok, born on Saturday, May 27,



When Wild Bill was a freighter on the Illinois and Michigan Canal in Utica/North Utica, Illinois, he would have been very familiar with the Starved Rock landmark (above) on the south bank of the Illinois River. Today, the formation is a centerpiece of the popular 2,630-acre Starved Rock State Park.

– MAP AND PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –



James Butler Hickok's family settled in Troy Grove Township, La Salle County, Illinois, in the 1830s, and many of his family members, including his older brother, Horace Dewey, stayed and farmed land (map inset) in the Troy Grove area until his death at 81 in 1916.

VENDAES TIBUS, ACCUPTA

1837, in Homer, Illinois. Homer eventually became Troy Grove, and it's here you'll find the Wild Bill Hickok Memorial, a state historic site. Although Wild Bill's childhood home is long gone, the nearby Mendota Museum & Historical Society displays a scale model of the house.

His father was a diehard abolitionist, and legend has it that Wild Bill helped his father with the Underground Railroad. But the kid dreamed more of following in the footsteps of Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. Kansas Territory appealed to him. By 1854, two years after his father's death, Wild Bill found work in Utica/North Utica, Illinois, driving a wagon for the Illinois and Michigan Canal. When his boss mistreated his team, Hickok did what most employees only dream of doing: He tossed the SOB into the canal.

Kansas Days

Two years later, Wild Bill and his brother, Lorenzo, set out for Kansas to farm and likely help in the Free State Movement. The Monticello Community Historical Society, headquartered at Floyd Cline Hall in Shawnee, has identified the Hickok land claim as being located at 8649 Clare Road in Lenexa. I'll take their word for it. Suburban KC looks pretty much the same.

HISTORICAL MARKER

The Jesse James Home

St. Joseph, Missouri, of course, isn't just famous for the Pony Express. Check out the Jesse James Home near the Patee House Museum, where Robert Ford killed the notorious outlaw. The historical marker outside the house reads:

"Outlaw Jesse James was shot and killed in this house April 3, 1882. It was then at 1318 Lafayette on the hill above Patee House. It was moved here in 1977."

Wild Bill reputedly joined James Lane's Free State Army, and he was popular enough to be elected constable of Monticello Township in 1858. Before long, though, Wild Bill headed to Leavenworth and took a job as a teamster for Russell, Majors and Waddell—and met a lifelong friend, a young lad named William Cody. Wild Bill reportedly even spent the fall and winter of 1859 at the Cody home in Leavenworth.

With Russell, Majors and Waddell

By 1860, both Wild Bill and the future Buffalo Bill would be riding hell-bent-for-leather with the Pony Express. It must be true. Because I've seen the 1953 movie Pony Express, which has one of my all-time favorite Western movie dialogue exchanges.





The Pony Express National Museum (left) is housed in the restored Pikes Peak Stables, aka the Pony Express Stables, in St. Joseph, Missouri.

– COURTESY ST. JOSEPH, MO VISTORS BUREAU –



An avowed abolitionist, young Illinois native James Butler Hickok joined the Free State Movement and James Lane's Free State Army in Kansas in 1856 to thwart Missouri border ruffians, such as these two heavily armed Missourians (left), from importing slavery to Kansas.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Wild Bill (Forrest Tucker):
Well, I'm sure glad we're not arriving here tomorrow.

Buffalo Bill (Charlton Heston): Why?

Wild Bill: 'Cause there ain't gonna be no whiskey here tomorrow.

On April 3, 1860, the first rider rode away from Pikes Peak Stables in St. Joseph, Missouri—now the Pony Express National Museum. That rider wasn't Buffalo Bill or Wild Bill. Wild Bill stuck to coaches and freight wagons, and there's doubt regarding Cody's legitimacy as a Pony Express rider.

If we believe the legend, Hickok met up with Jack Slade after Indians ran off with livestock at Plant's Station in Wyoming. And Hickok led





Established as a stagecoach and Pony Express station in 1857, Rock Creek is now a 350-acre Nebraska state historical park.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –

the party that went out on a successful mission to get those animals back.

We can also believe that, at some point, Hickok got into a row with a bear, and that's what sent him to Nebraska to recover.

Rock Creek Station

Originally Weyth Creek, Rock Creek had been a camping spot on the Oregon Trail. The Pony Express rented the station from David McCanles. The Express wasn't making money. McCanles wanted to get paid. That's what, allegedly, brought him to Rock Creek Station—now restored as a state historical park—on July 12, 1861.

Colonel Nichols's report has Hickok calling McCanles "the Captain of a gang of desperadoes, horse thieves, murderers, regular cut-throats…" and that Hickok defeated ten of those ruffians.

All we know for certain is that three men—McCanles and two employees, James Woods and James Gordon—died, but who killed who is debated. I like the story that Jane Wellman, common-law wife of station



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June 6-20
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June 11
Sacramento, CA

June 15-17 Trained Animals
W. Springfield, MA

June 16-17
Marshfield, WI

June 16-17 Trained & Untrained Animals
Rock Springs, WY

June 23-24 Trained Animals
Reno, NV

June 23-24
Silver City, NM

June 23-24
Springdale, AR

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Rock Creek Trail Days, June 3-4, 2017



(L to R) David C. McCanles & James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok

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June 3-4: Rock Island Depot Rail Days
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Wild Bill Hickok was supposedly a scout for Gen. Samuel R. Curtis's Union Army of the Southwest during its victory at the Battle of Pea Ridge. Today, re-enactors at Pea Ridge National Military Park in Garfield, Arkansas, demonstrate a battle firing line for tourists.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –

keeper Horace Wellman, killed Woods with a hoe. In any event, Hickok, Horace Wellman and Pony Express rider James W. "Doc" Brink were brought to trial. The defendants said they acted in self-defense. The judge agreed and dropped the case. Hickok decided he had healed and left Nebraska.

Civil War Adventures

Back in Leavenworth, Hickok enlisted in the Union Army as a scout. We know he served as a wagon master in Sedalia, Missouri, and that he wound up in Independence, Missouri, where a woman shouted to him, "Good for you, Wild Bill."

He didn't object. I mean, it had to be better than Duck Bill (a moniker given him because of the shape of his nose).

(Aside: There's also a great story that, after the war, Hickok umpired a baseball game in Kansas City. Most historians debunk it, but while you're in the KC area, visit the Negro Leagues Baseball Museum. Wild Bill would appreciate it. He was, after all, an abolitionist.)

By March 1862, Wild Bill claimed he was scouting for Union Gen. Samuel R. Curtis, where Hickok took part in the Union victory at the Battle of Pea Ridge in northwestern Arkansas.

After bossing wagons, fighting Rebels and spying for the Union (including, the story goes, at the Battle of Westport outside of Kansas City), Wild Bill moved to police work. That's what he was doing in Springfield, Missouri, in 1864.

Springfield and Legend

Hickok worked as a detective in Springfield, scouted for Gen. John B. Sanborn, and was mustered out of the Army in June 1865.

In Springfield, he sat down for a friendly game of poker with Dave Tutt. It didn't turn out to be that friendly, perhaps because of a woman, definitely because of a watch. Tutt took Wild Bill's Waltham repeater as collateral over a $25 poker debt. Wild Bill told Tutt not to show off his watch.

At 6 p.m. on July 21, both men found themselves on the Springfield town square in an honest-to-goodness walk-down gunfight. Hickok was later acquitted of a manslaughter charge.

Then, Wild Bill met author George Nichols and the rest is history. Of course,



it took two years before the article was published. With that much time, you'd think Nichols and his editors might have gotten more facts right. But then, we might not have Joseph G. Rosa's biographies of Hickok, Gary Cooper's *The Plainsman* or countless shootouts on *Gunsmoke* and thousands of films, TV shows and novels.

As James D. McLaird writes in *Wild Bill Hickok & Calamity Jane*: "Despite having killed several men, Hickok was relatively unknown before the *Harper's* article. Afterwards, he was a celebrity. Bystanders pointed him out on the streets; eastern visitors sought interviews with him; and newspapers throughout the country reported his presence as he passed through their communities."

"Umpire Colt," **Johnny D. Boggs's** Wild Bill-baseball short story, appears in the Brett Cogburn-edited anthology, *Showdown*, from High Hill Press.



In Springfield, Missouri, a historic marker (above, left) shows where Davis Tutt fell after being shot by Wild Bill Hickok. The Arkansas native,Tutt, who served in the Confederate army as a wagon master, is buried in Springfield's Maple Park Cemetery (above). Located on the corner of Main and Ottawa streets in Troy Grove, Illinois, the Wild Bill Memorial (below) was dedicated on August 29, 1930.

– PHOTOS BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS –





Illinois State Capitol, Springfield, IL

– COURTESY CAROL M. SMITH ARCHIVES, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

PLACES TO VISIT

Mendota Museum and Historical Society, *Mendota, IL*; **Abraham Lincoln Presidential Library and Museum**, *Springfield, IL*; **Illinois State Capitol**, *Springfield, IL*; **Starved Rock State Park**, *Oglesby, IL*; **Frontier Army Museum**, *Fort Leavenworth, KS*; **Patee House Museum**, *St. Joseph, MO*; **Homestead National Monument**, *Beatrice, NE*; **1859 Jail, Marshal's Home and Museum**, *Independence, MO*; **Pony Express National Museum**, *St. Joseph, MO*; **Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art**, *Kansas City, MO*; **Battle of Westport Visitor Center & Museum**, *Kansas City, MO*; **Pea Ridge National Military Park**, *Garfield, AR*; **Crystal Bridges Museum of American Art**, *Bentonville, AR*

GOOD EATS & SLEEPS

GRUB: Charlie Parker's Diner, *Springfield, IL*; **Pullman Place Family Restaurant**, *Leavenworth, KS*; **Stagecoach Mall Antiques & Tasting Room**, *Fairbury, NE*; **LC's Bar-B-Q** , *Kansas City, MO*; **The Ivory Grille**, *Sedalia, MO*; **Avanzare Italian Dining**, *Springfield, MO*; **Cannonball Café**, *Pea Ridge, AR*

LODGING: Comfort Inn, *Mendota, IL*; **Inn at 835**, *Springfield, IL*; **Union Park Guest House**, *Leavenworth, KS*; **Hawthorn, a Bed and Breakfast**, *Independence, MO*; **Whiskey Mansion Inn**, *St. Joseph, MO*; **Cobblestone Hotel & Suites**, *Fairbury, NE*; **Hotel Bothwell**, *Sedalia, MO*; **Best Western Route 66 Rail Haven**, *Springfield, MO*; **21c Museum Hotel**, *Bentonville, AR*

GOOD READS, FILM & TV

BOOKS: ***Wild Bill, the Scout of the Plains*** by George Ward Nichols; ***They Called Him Wild Bill: The Life and Adventures of James Butler Hickok*** by Joseph G. Rosa; ***Orphans Preferred: The Twisted Truth and Lasting Legend of the Pony Express*** by Christopher Corbett; ***Pea Ridge: Civil War Campaign in the West*** by wWilliam L. Shea and Earl J. Hess; ***The Memoirs of Wild Bill Hickok*** (novel) by Richard Matheson

FILM & TV: ***The Iron Horse*** (Fox, 1925); ***The Pony Express*** (Paramount, 1925); ***The Plainsman*** (Paramount, 1936); ***Wild Bill Hickok Rides*** (Warner Bros., 1942); ***Pony Express*** (Paramount, 1953); ***Adventures of Wild Bill Hickok*** (CBS, 1951-1958); ***Wild Bill***, (United Artists, 1995); ***Deadwood*** (HBO, Season 1, 2004)

BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Dinner in Deadwood with Calamity Jane

Food adventures in the frontierswoman's Dakota Territory hangout.

In the fall of 1875, a makeshift tent town popped up, beginning a stampede to Deadwood Gulch. By the winter of 1876, the population of this Dakota Territory boomtown swelled to about 10,000. The pioneers who resided in Deadwood did so illegally because the government had given this land to the Lakotas in the Fort Laramie Treaty. That didn't stop excited fortune seeker Martha "Calamity Jane" Canary.

Because of their mountainous location, Calamity Jane and her fellow residents benefited from local fish and game, as well as having food shipped in. Local farmers supplied residents and merchants with chickens, pigs, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, eggs and butter.

> The stew that would have put a warm blush of cheer on the likes of Calamity Jane.

When Calamity Jane walked the streets of Deadwood, she would have enjoyed the aromas of restaurants, bakeries and confectionery shops. Morgan & Eggots sold breads, pies, cakes, teas, coffees, chocolates, milk, oysters, hams and eggs at all hours on Main Street. The Vienna bakery sold breads, pies, fancy cakes, homemade candies and ice cream. And Hilary's Lee Street Bakery advertised fresh baked goods "served to order at all hours of the day;" baker Charles Hilary also made fresh candy and ornamental cakes for weddings or fancy occasions.

In 1878, the *Black Hills Daily Times* reported a list of tempting places to dine: "Fifty cents will buy the best meal to be had in town, at Anderson's Lee street dining-room. Breakfast, dinner, or supper, at any time of the day or night, at Cline's.



Martha Canary toasts her beer to Deadwood, the Dakota Territory boomtown that welcomed her arrival on July 15, 1876, with the *Black Hills Pioneer* headline "Calamity Jane has arrived."

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

All the luxuries of the season at Anderson's restaurant, gotten up in the most luxurious style. The greatest variety of meats and vegetables afforded in this market daily at the Grand Central hotel.... Throughout the Lenten season fresh eggs for breakfast, and fish in every variety afforded in this market, at Grand Central hotel."

A businessman entering a restaurant to dine on some delicious fare was "accosted by an individual desiring something to eat," the *Daily Times* reported in 1880. His charitable act took on a humorous turn.

"He looked like a true object of charity and the business man ordered him to go

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in, and directed the waiter to give him fifty cents worth of food and charge his ticket. He soon noticed a grin on the waiter's countenance, when he asked what the man had ordered. 'Why, he only ordered four glasses of beer.'"

By 1881, Mrs. Gardner's restaurant was featured in the *Black Hills Daily Times* as "not only patronized during the day by those who seek good, substantial board, but also in the evening by private parties who may chance to be out to the theatre and other entertainments, or by those who may wish a nice oyster stew. Everything served at this restaurant is intended to be first-class."

Anyone who didn't want to have a meal in a restaurant could saunter to the saloon. Many offered food for the thirsty souls living in the gulch. The Export Beer Hall sold five-cent beers with free lunches and sandwiches. Fred Heime gave his patrons Vienna sausages, cheese, herring and summer bologna at his Union Park saloon.

These pioneer eateries may not be in Deadwood anymore, but you can try this tasty oyster stew that would have put a warm blush of cheer on the likes of Calamity Jane.

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

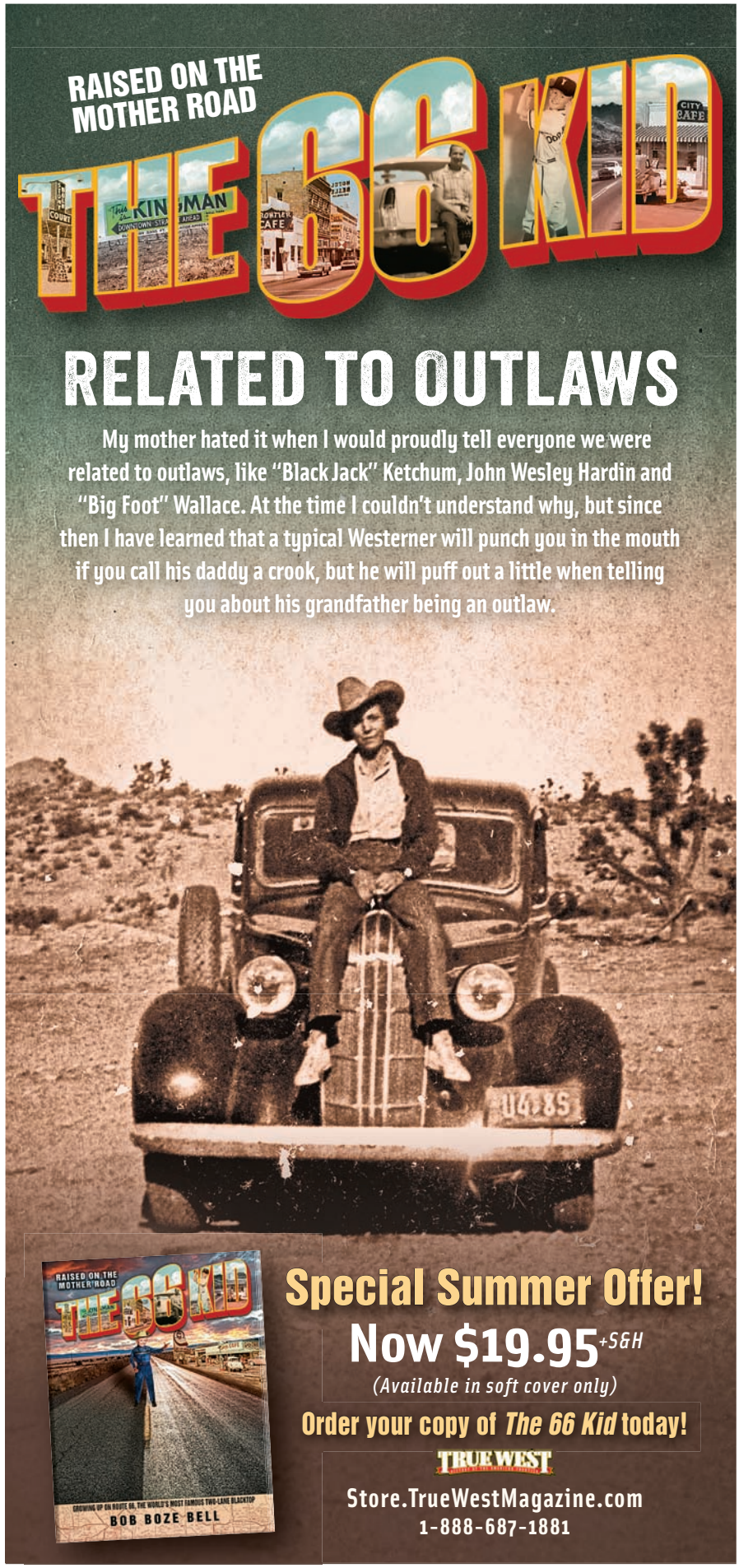
OYSTER STEW

1 qt. oysters, fresh (shucked) or canned
¼ c. butter
¾ c. water
½ tsp. salt
2 c. milk, scalded
2 c. light cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Rinse the oysters and place in a large stockpot. Add water and slowly bring to a boil until the oysters open. Strain, reserving the oyster liquor. Clean the pan and put the oysters, oyster liquor, butter and salt in the stockpot. Simmer until the edges of the oysters begin to curl.

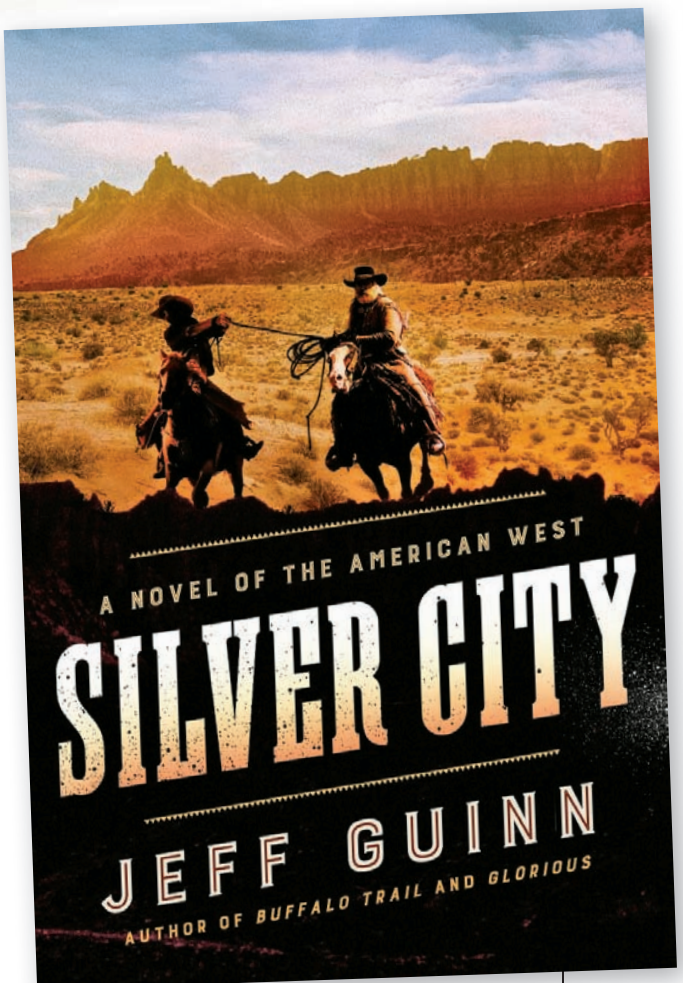
While waiting for the oysters to curl, scald the milk and cream in a saucepan. Add the milk to the oysters once they have curled. Salt and pepper to taste. Serve immediately with French bread.

Adapted from The Rocky Mountain Husbandman, *January 13, 1876*



WESTERN BOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS EDITOR: STUART ROSEBROOK



Kill or Be Killed

Jeff Guinn's trilogy dramatically concludes in Silver City, *while new perspectives on the Civil War in the Southwest are revealed, an old-fashioned Western entertains, an Indian murder begets the FBI, and a saga of love and hope across the West inspires.*

Since Owen Wister published *The Virginian* in 1902 and Zane Grey published *The Last of the Plainsman* in 1908, Western authors have mined the West's rich tapestry of historic characters and unforgiving, rugged landscape for inspiration. Following in this grand tradition, award-winning author Jeff Guinn displays all of his mastery of the genre in the final, dramatic entry in his Cash McLendon trilogy, *Silver City* (G.P. Putnam's Sons, $27). Fans of Guinn's *Glorious* (Putnam, 2014) and *Buffalo Trail* (Putnam, 2015) will recognize his cast of real and imagined characters in fugitive hero Cash McLendon, hapless outlaw Ike Clanton, Irish hooligan-hitman Patrick "Killer Boots" Brautigan, strong-willed Gabrielle Tirrito, wealthy villain Rupert Douglass and well-intentioned sheriff-turned-school teacher Joe Saint—all of whom play strong roles in *Glorious*, but are mostly alluded to in *Buffalo Trail*, which is set amidst the historic Indian-white war zone of the buffalo

Guinn's first-hand knowledge of the Southwest's harsh terrain and climate is reminiscent of the style employed by the genre's best novelists....



Jeff Guinn brings back the historic character of the cravenly, rapacious Ike Clanton (right) from the first volume of the Cash McLendon trilogy, *Glorious*, into *Silver City*'s dramatic fictional tale of love, revenge and retribution.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



While a real New Mexico town has the same name, the title *Silver City* is a double entendre referring to Globe, the famous Arizona Territory silver camp that boomed in the 1870s, and to the fictional town of Mountain View, the location of the trilogy's dramatic story.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

hide trade of the plains region of Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and Texas.

As in *Buffalo Trail*—in which Guinn places McLendon in direct conflict (and historical context) with Quanah Parker and the Comanches on the Southern Plains and the Second Battle of Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle—*Silver City* integrates the treacherous desert lands of Arizona and New Mexico territories with historic characters of the Newton Clanton family, San Carlos Indian Reservation Agent John Clum and Chiricahua leader Geronimo and his Apache band. The Fort Worth author weaves them into his concluding tale of revenge, retribution and reconciliation. He expertly fictionalizes historic Globe, Arizona, as the mining town of "Mountain View" (similar to his fictionalizing the territorial Arizona silver camp of Superior as "Glorious" in the first volume of the same name) and sets action in real places including St. Louis; Clantonville, the Clanton Clan compound on the Gila River; and the novel's namesake, Silver City, New Mexico Territory. Guinn's use of his first-hand knowledge of the Southwest's harsh terrain and climate is remniscent of the style employed by the genre's best novelists who wrote about the region in the 1870s, including Louis L'Amour, Elmore Leonard and Larry McMurtry.



In *Silver City*, author Jeff Guinn dramatically integrates a Geronimo-led Mexico-raiding party into the climax of the Cash McLendon trilogy.

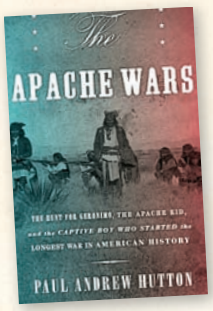
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With *Silver City*, Guinn brings to a dramatic conclusion his tale of Cash McLendon and Gabrielle Tirrito's unrequited love and a specter of a horrible death at the hands of their enemies. Fans of Guinn's series will long for more adventures of McLendon and Tirrito, but without reading *Silver City*, readers will not know whether they escape the treacherous "Killer Boots" or die trying. Paraphrasing the narrator's words at the end of the old B-Western serials, "you'll have to wait until the next episode."

—Stuart Rosebrook

ROUGH DRAFTS

Congratulations to the Western Writers of America annual Spur Award-winners in biography, nonfiction and fiction, which will be presented in Kansas City, Missouri, June 20-25, 2017.



Best Historical Nonfiction: *The Apache Wars: The Hunt for Geronimo, The Apache Kid, and the Captive Boy Who Started the Longest War in American History* by Paul Andrew Hutton (Crown)

Finalists: *American Serengeti: The Last Big Animals of the Great Plains* by Dan Flores (University Press of Kansas); *The Earth is Weeping: The Epic Story of the Indian Wars for the American West* by Peter Cozzens (Alfred A. Knopf)

Best Biography: *Black Elk: The Life of an American Visionary* by Joe Jackson (Farrar, Straus and Giroux)

Finalists: *Texas Ranger: The Epic Life of Frank Hamer, the Man Who Killed Bonnie and Clyde* by John Boessenecker (Thomas Dunne Books); *Nobody Rich or Famous: A Family Memoir* by Richard Shelton (University of Arizona Press)

Best First Nonfiction Book: *The Fire Line: The Story of the Granite Mountain Hotshots and One of the Deadliest Days in American Firefighting* by Fernanda Santos (Flatiron Books)

Best Traditional Novel: *The Mustanger and the Lady* by Dusty Richards (Galway Press)

Finalists: *The Contractor* by James C. Work (Five Star Publishing); *News of the World* by Paulette Jiles (William Morrow)

Best Mass-Market Paperback Novel: *Return to Red River* by Johnny D. Boggs (Pinnacle)

Finalists: *Widowmaker Jones* by Brett Cogburn (Pinnacle); *Frontier: Powder River* by S.K. Salzer (Pinnacle)

Best First Novel: *Jasper Spring* by James T. Hughes (Dog Ear Publishing)

For a complete list of all 2016 Spur Award-winners, please visit *WesternWriters.org*.

—Stuart Rosebrook





Andrew E. Masich's *Civil War in the Southwest Borderlands, 1861–1867* uses extraordinary primary sources to detail the military role of U.S. troops stationed in California, including a California Volunteer Infantry regiment stationed at the Presidio in San Francisco in June 1865, during the Union's fight to protect the region from the Confederates.

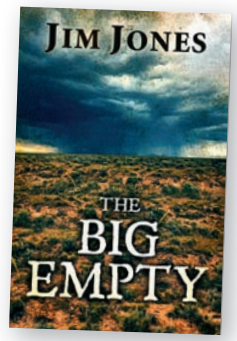
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THE WESTERN WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

Among the thousands of volumes treating the American Civil War rare is the study venturing west of the Mississippi River. Andrew E. Masich's *Civil War in the Southwest Borderlands 1861-1867* (University of Oklahoma Press, $34.95) is a notable exception. Based on exhaustive research including a sprinkling of oft-overlooked Mexican sources, Masich sets a high bar for military treatments of the Southwest. Of equal importance, he analyzes the complex concurrent dynamics of "not only Union and Confederate forces clashing but Indians, Hispanos and Anglos struggling for survival, power, and dominance on both sides of the U.S.-Mexico border." The title is must reading for those eager for a new look at an old subject.

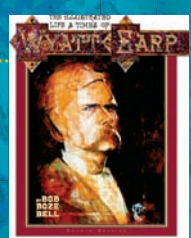
—John P. Langellier, author of El Presidio de San Francisco

GOOD FOR A LAUGH... AND A SHIVER



The New Mexico Territory has one helluva hard case on the loose! Jim Jones's *The Big Empty* (Five Star, $25.95) whips up the intense landscape of New Mexico for deputy Tommy Stallings, a man looking for justice while riding the trail of the murderous Jake Flynt, an outlaw who just may be the devil himself. Amidst trials of friendship, marriage, romance and redemption, Jones grants us a complex tale stitched together nicely by the characters

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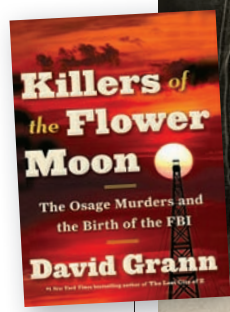


Award-winning Western songwriter Jim Jones's *The Big Empty* is a tale of violence, corruption and justice set in 1886 on the dramatic, high plains of New Mexico's Colfax County.

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weaving it. Though things may get ugly, readers are treated to levity through humorous dialogue, and peace of mind through the perseverance of the good in man. Readers of the Western genre will appreciate this entertaining tale.

—Nicole Maddolo Dixon, author of Bandito Bonita and Billy the Kid, The Scourge of New Mexico



THE OSAGE, OIL AND THE FBI

When oil was discovered underneath their Oklahoma reservation, the Osage Indians became the wealthiest people per capita in the world. Many lived in opulent mansions, drove automobiles and kept servants. But then, during the 1920s, they begin to die off at an alarming rate. Mollie Burkhart, one wealthy Osage woman, became the last living member of her family after her mother and three sisters were murdered. In this gripping account, *Killers of the Flower Moon: The Osage*



While many who study the historic conflicts between whites and Indians consider the Battle of Wounded Knee in December 1890 as the conclusion of that bloody chapter in American history, the revelations in David Grann's *Killers of the Flower Moon: The Osage Murders and the Birth of the FBI* center around the murder of an Osage woman, Anna Brown (center), and the role of her sisters Minnie (left) and Mollie (right), clearly revealing that the tragic conflict of cultures has yet to reach a conclusive ending.

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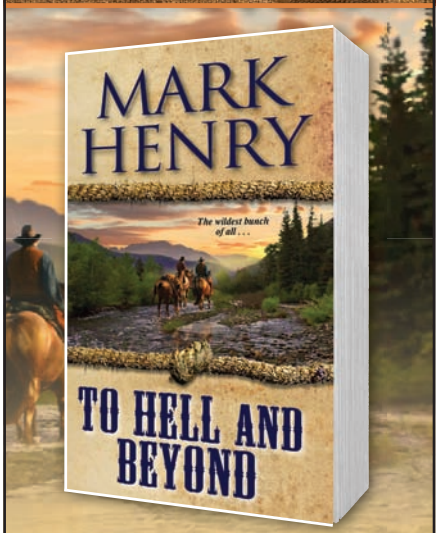


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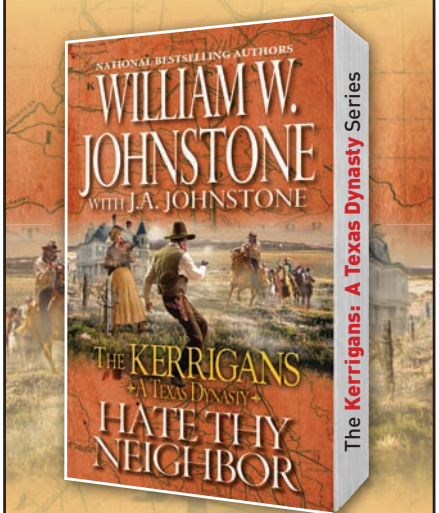
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WEST TEXAS AUTHOR'S BEST OF THE ENGLISH WEST



Midland, Texas, native Preston Lewis has spent much of his life working and writing in his beloved West Texas. During his award-winning four-decade career in journalism and higher education, he served as director of the news bureau at Texas Tech University, director of the communications office at Texas Tech University Health Sciences Center, director of development and external relations for the Texas Tech University Libraries, one year as interim director of TTU's Southwest Collection and 15 years as director of communications and marketing at Angelo State University

He has written 21 Western novels, including his latest, *The Fleecing of Fort Griffin* (Wild Horse Press), two juvenile Westerns and dozens of freelance articles on the history of the American West. A past president of Western Writers of America (1996-1998), Lewis is also the recipient of two WWA Spur Awards, four Spur finalist nominations and two West Texas Historical Association Elmer Kelton Awards.

Lewis is a dedicated researcher of his Old West subjects before writing his novels. While researching *The Fleecing of Fort Griffin*, which features an English remittance man as the book's hero, he discovered five essential histories of British gentlemen in the West that he highly recommends:

❶ ***The Life & Death of John Henry Tunstall*** (Frederick W. Nolan, University of New Mexico Press): A seminal work, much of it in Tunstall's own words, on the most famous and deeply tragic of all Englishmen in the Old West. This is an essential work to make sense of the complex events leading to the Lincoln County War.

❷ ***British Gentlemen in the Wild West: The Era of the Intensely English Cowboy*** (Lawrence M. Woods, Free Press): This chronicle examines the often overlooked English second sons, entrepreneurs, sportsmen and adventurers in the West. Their stories highlight the clash of cultures between the Old World and the Old West, often with surprising results.

❸ ***To Marry an English Lord Or, How Anglomania Really Got Started*** (Gail MacColl and Carol McD. Wallace, Workman Publishing): To understand Englishmen in the Old West, you must appreciate British nobility and the economic forces that pushed them across the pond. Marrying daughters of rich magnates or operating ranches offered these men new paths to preserving old British fortunes.

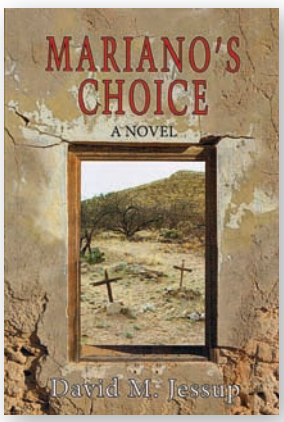
❹ ***The English Texans*** (Thomas W. Cutrer, Institute of Texan Cultures): This is a narrowly focused examination of the impact of the English on the early history of a single state. From gunfighter Ben Thompson to architect Alfred Giles, both English born, all are covered, even if not in great detail.

❺ ***Marmalade & Whiskey: British Remittance Men in the West*** (Lee Olson, Fulcrum Publishing): Supported by family stipends from home, basically to keep them away, remittance men in the American West influenced the region's culture and economy far beyond their number. This book illustrates the who and the how of their sway in the Old West.



Murders and the Birth of the FBI (Doubleday, $29.95), journalist David Grann presents the known facts about the notorious Osage "Reign of Terror," and the subsequent FBI investigation led by former Texas Ranger Tom White. In the process, Grann discovers that the killings were, in fact, far more extensive and widespread than previously known.

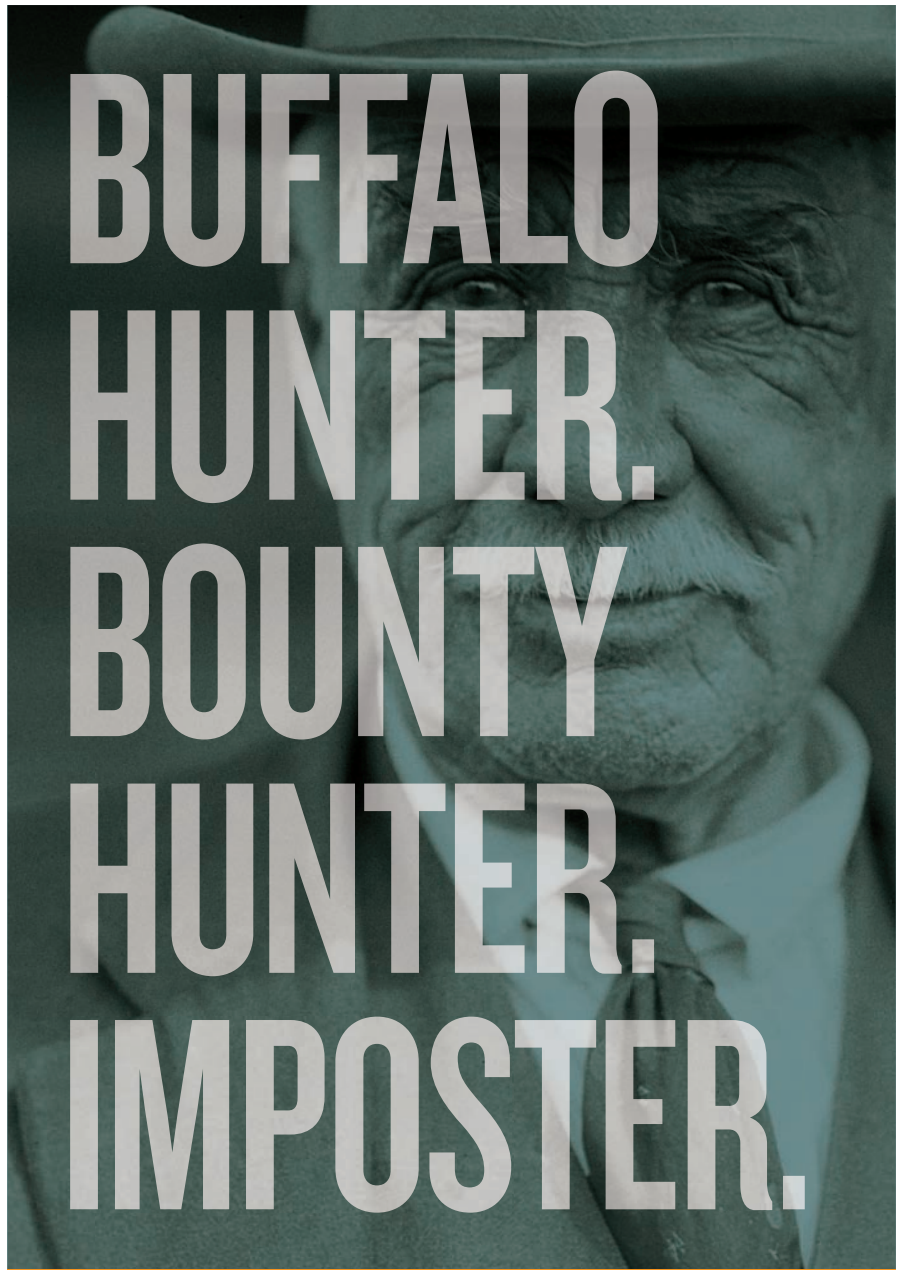
—Patrick Millikin, editor of The Highway Kind: Tales of Fast Cars, Desperate Drivers and Dark Roads

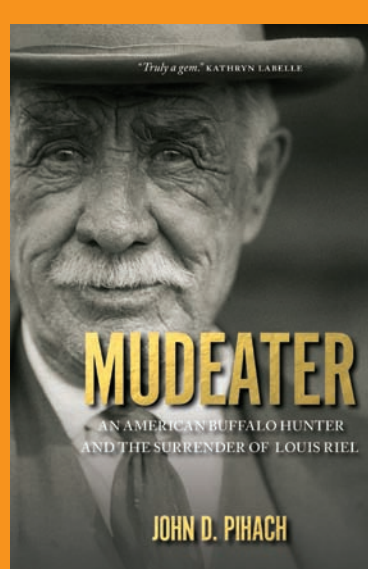


LIFE AND DEATH ON THE FUR TRADE FRONTIER

Is courage something learned or is it in our DNA? Can we control it? Based on a true story, *Mariano's Choice* (Pronghorn Press, $19.95) follows Mariano Medina's quest for courage and respect—growing from a cowardly teenager to a mountain man who, at long last, learns to stand up for those he loves. Not your stereotypical Western "hero," Mariano changes with the challenges life throws at him. At first blush it's hard to like Mariano. But within a matter of pages, he blossoms into someone you truly care about. Set in the mountain West, northern New Mexico and up to Wyoming's South Pass and Fort Bridger, author David Jessup's fluid and compelling prose of early 1800s fur trappers pulls the reader into a time and place rarely written about. The attention to detail and obvious research Jessup has done brings an unparalleled richness to the story.

—Melody Groves, author of She Was Sheriff





Mudeater: An American Buffalo Hunter and the Surrender of Louis Riel by John D. Pihach

"A treasure." Chuck Parsons, author of *The Lawless Breed*

"A depiction of the rollicking realities of life in the West and a disturbing reminder of the decimation of the buffalo herds and the subjugation of native tribes." *Library Journal*

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WESTERN MOVIES

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BY HENRY C. PARKE

Slim Pickens

A real cowboy who captured the hearts of America.

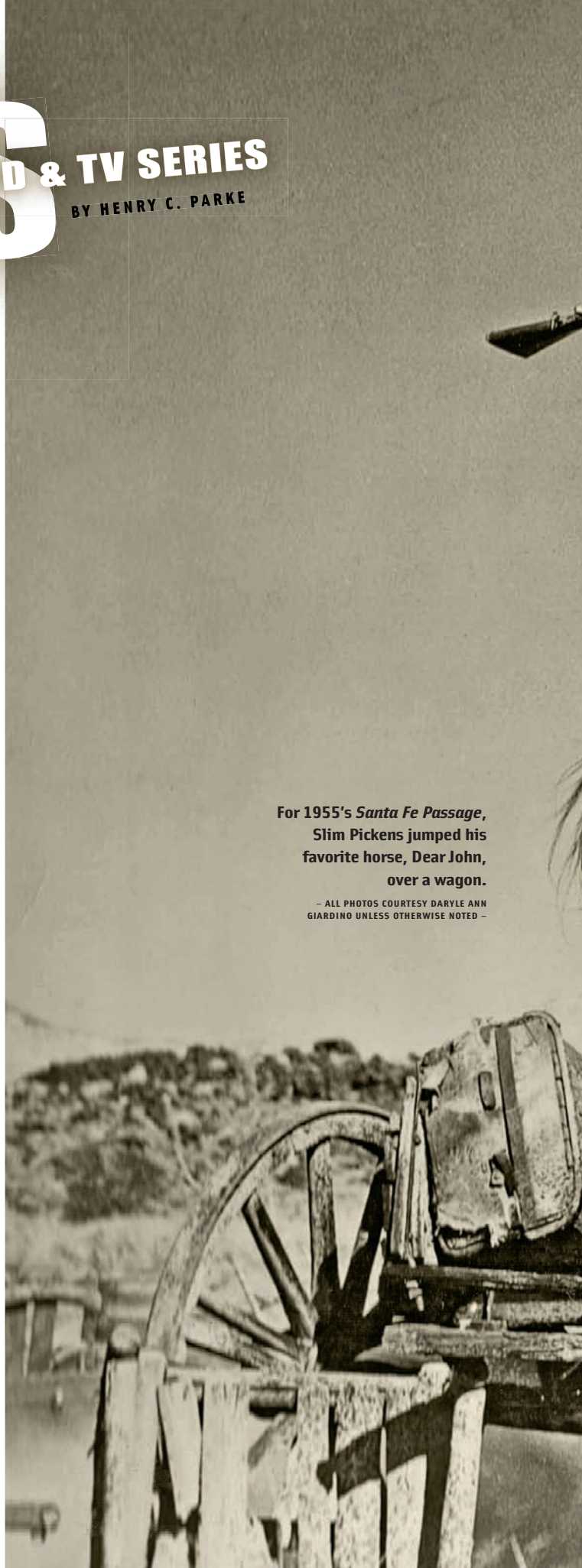
"Show me a magazine cover with a pretty girl, a baby or a dog...and I'll show you a magazine that sells," publishing legend William Randolph Hearst once said.

For *True West*, our biggest draw is turning out to be a rodeo clown-turned-actor. The magazine posts quite a few pictures on our Facebook page, hoping for a reaction. Until now, the most enthusiastic response has been to the walk-down shot from 1993's *Tombstone*, which reached about 405,000 people. But when we ran what is now this issue's cover shot, of a grinning Slim Pickens, we were overwhelmed by the response: more than 108,081 likes, 8,327 comments, 22,883 shares and the granddaddy number of them all, 2,373,360 views.

To make sure this was not some fluke, *True West* republished the picture for social media fans, and the numbers nearly repeated.

Why the astonishing response? Why, more than 30 years after his passing, is an actor who was never the lead in any of his movies, still so beloved?

Answering those questions became my mission, which I hoped would be easier than learning the meaning of "Rosebud."



For 1955's *Santa Fe Passage*, Slim Pickens jumped his favorite horse, Dear John, over a wagon.

– ALL PHOTOS COURTESY DARYLE ANN GIARDINO UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –



Louis Burton Lindley Jr. was born into a ranching family, but the rodeo career that landed him his "Slim Pickens" name was not a life his father approved of in the beginning.



SLIM PICKENS



A Rodeo Star is Born

Going by his accent, many have assumed that Slim was from the South, but he was born Louis Burton Lindley Jr. in Kingsburg, California, not far from Fresno, on June 29, 1919. His father, Louis Sr., was from Texas, and his mother, Sally Mosher Turk, hailed from Missouri, which altogether explained his drawl.

The Lindleys were a ranching family, and Louis Jr., then called Burt, was at home in the saddle from an early age—he had his own horse when he was four. But while Burt was expected to work on the family ranch, by the time he was 15, his true passion was for rodeo.

Louis Sr. was not pleased. Daryle Ann Giardino, Slim's daughter, recalls her father's story of his first rodeo: "When he went to register, Dad told the woman behind the desk, 'I don't know what to do. My dad told me if he sees my name on a contestant entry, I'm not gonna have a home to come to.' She said, 'Well, why don't you call yourself Slim Pickins', kid, 'cause that's what it's going to be.' And it stuck: Louis B. Lindley—Slim Pickens."

That day, he won $400, right out of the chute!

Slim became immersed in rodeo, an institution of the Southwest with roots stretching back to the Conquistadors in the 1600s. The *rodear*, Spanish for "go around" or "round-up" was made a formal, legal requirement in California with the "Act to Regulate Rodeos" of 1851, its purpose not a competition of skills, but to separate intermixed ranchers' herds and to brand cattle. Not surprisingly, the vaqueros took the opportunity to show off their talents, and the various competitive events evolved.

In a sense, rodeo may date even farther back. The Minoans of ancient Crete rode and wrestled bulls, and some evidence suggests bull wrestling may have been an event of the early Olympics of ancient Greece.

"Dad rode bareback horses and saddle broncs," Giardino says. "But he wasn't making a lot of money rodeoing—it was slim pickings. So that's when he started clowning."

While rodeo clowns may wear costumes and makeup similar to circus clowns, their primary job is much more serious and dangerous: to protect bull riders. When a rider is thrown, the clown must distract the angry animal long enough for the rider to make it to safety. Never a cakewalk, the rodeo clown's job became a lot rougher in the 1920s, with

the introduction of the mean-natured Brahma bull to the entertainment.

Before Rex Allen became a singing cowboy for the movies, he spent a few years in rodeo. He told a reporter, "Slim was probably the top clown bullfighter in the business. You talk to any bull rider back in those days, and he would rather have Slim out in that arena to protect him than anybody in the world, because Slim could handle it."

Beyond his protective instincts, Slim also got laughs. "He clowned a lot of rodeos," Giardino says. "Dad made a lot of money, because he was genuinely funny. Most rodeo clowns had those baggy pants and their faces painted, but dad didn't do that. Dad always wore a matador's outfit. With the bullriding, Dad would walk out there like a matador, and he could really use a cape. Dad had this doctor's outfit, and if somebody got bucked off a bronc, Dad would run out, pull a live skunk out of his doctor's kit, and the cowboy would get off the ground really fast."

He was so at the top of his game that Slim's name was included in rodeo advertisements, probably a first for a rodeo clown.

The reality is, though, rodeo clowning was a rough business. Actor Andrew Prine remembers: "When I asked Slim how many bones he'd broken over the years, Slim started counting. 'Well, my elbow, this wrist, my knee....' After a while he said, 'Probably 16 bones.' I said, 'You didn't count your ribs.' Slim looked at me with great disdain and said, 'Andy, I don't count ribs.'"

In 1950, Slim met the love of his life, Margaret Elizabeth Harmon, in what Hollywood would consider a perfect "meet cute." Margaret was galloping her horse at the Madera racetrack when Slim, not looking, stepped out on the track, and she nearly ran him down. He just had to meet that beautiful redhead who was giving him such a dirty look.

Margaret was the sort of human calculator featured in *Hidden Figures*. "Mom worked for Howard Hughes and was a mathematical genius. She figured out things like how much runway a plane needed to land," Giardino says.

It was a good thing that the math whiz, and not the high school dropout, was in charge of the money. "Dad did not care how much he made on a film. All he cared about was the per diem—because Mom took the checks, but they gave him the per diem in cash, so he liked that," Giardino says.

A New Arena

Slim would find himself in a new arena when his career break came in 1950. Director William Keighley had seen his rodeo act and offered him a screen test. Slim had also rode a bronc in 1946's *Smoky*, but that wasn't an acting gig. Keighley's film was *Rocky Mountain*, starring Errol Flynn as a Confederate officer leading a small band of soldiers whose covert mission is thwarted when they save a stagecoach from an Indian attack. Shot entirely in Gallup, New Mexico, this exceptionally good Western is Flynn's best. Slim's character was introduced in voice-over by Flynn: "Plank, another real plainsman, hard and bitter, with chain-gang scars on his legs at 22."

Republic Pictures saw Slim's potential and signed him up as a sidekick in the Rex Allen Western series, starting with 1952's *Colorado Sundown*, in which Slim played two characters—both Joshua and Joshua's mother! Although filmed at the tail-end of the B-Western-era, these nine movies were engaging, well-made and zestfully directed by action master William Witney.

Aside from Margaret, the other great love of Slim's life was one his audiences would recognize—a blue roan Appaloosa, Dear John. Slim spotted the young gelding in a Montana pasture in 1954 and convinced Margaret that he was worth the $150 investment.

"So my mother would let him buy the horse, he said, 'Let's buy him, and he'll be your horse.' Of course, that didn't happen," Giardino says.

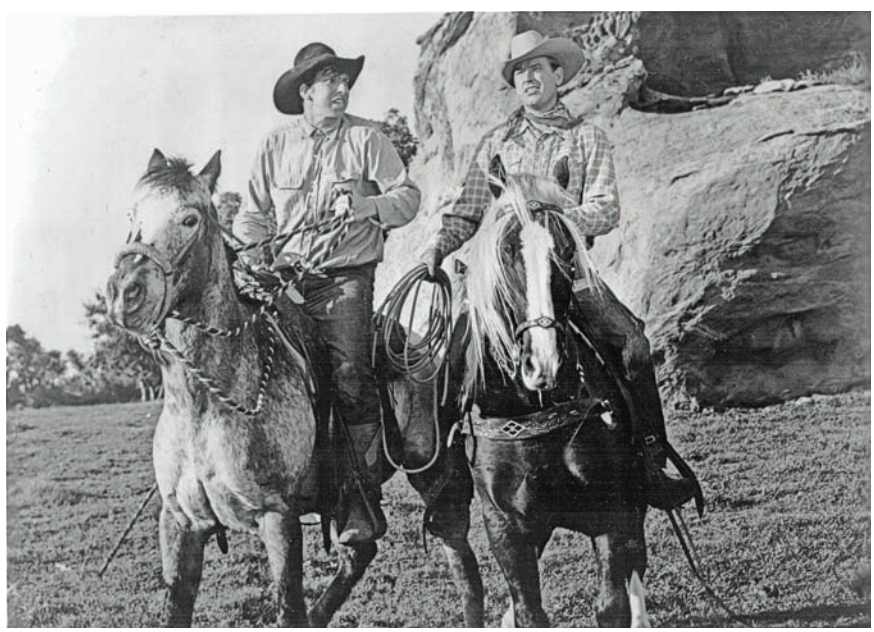
After Slim worked with trainer Glenn Randall, Dear John could buck on cue, throw kisses, shake his head yes or no, sit like a dog and grab a blanket off his back and throw it.

Dear John rode into the Hollywood arena in the Rex Allen pictures and other films, and performed in rodeos between movies. In the 1958 classic *The Big Country*, Dear John played Old Thunder, a horse that tenderfoot Gregory Peck tries to ride. But when Dear John bucked off Peck, Slim doubled for Peck in the long shots. From then on, Slim would only let Dear John work if he could do the riding; their connection was said to border on the psychic.

During the 1950s, Slim appeared in virtually every Western series on TV, as well as features with Joel McCrea and Glenn Ford, and in Disney Westerns *Tonka* and *The Great Locomotive Chase*. But his first truly demanding acting challenge came in 1961. Prine says, "If you ever want to see Slim really act, you look at the film he did with Brando. He was tremendously good in that."

In *One-Eyed Jacks*, the only film Marlon Brando ever directed, Slim's Deputy Lon Dedrick was mean, humorless and corrupt.

"That was the first film that I couldn't identify with Dad," Giardino says. "He was so into the character, so double-tough and nasty."



When Slim Pickens got his sidekick gig in Singing Cowboy Rex Allen's Westerns, the two already knew each other from the rodeos. Allen called Slim the "top clown bullfighter in the business." Slim rides at left next to Allen in 1953's *Iron Mountain Trail*.

– COURTESY REPUBLIC PICTURES –



Marlon Brando directs Slim Pickens on the set of 1961's *One-Eyed Jacks*. The best acting you'll ever see from Slim is this Western; his own daughter couldn't glimpse her father in that ornery character!

Bruce Boxleitner, who later appeared in the *How the West Was Won* series with Slim, recalls Slim telling him, "Everyone made a fortune on that movie but the studio, because we were on it for months."

In addition to his busy acting life, Slim took on a behind-the-scenes role in 1962, as technical advisor, as well as on-camera actor, on the NBC series *Wide Country*, starring Earl Holliman as a rodeo star and Prine as his younger brother. Slim even wrote the stories for a pair of episodes.

"Slim was funny, but he was also very straight and sincere," Holliman remembers. "I was not a cowboy, but I wanted to look like one. He showed me how to get on bucking horses, how to cinch up a horse—the little tricks of the trade, getting ready to come out of the shoot—he was right on top of it."

Prine also learned plenty from Slim. Brought to California from Broadway, he'd never even seen a rodeo when he walked on set in his wardrobe, with his jeans cuffs rolled up.

"Slim looked at me a minute, and asked, 'Do you dig ditches in this script?' I said no, and he said, 'Then roll down the cuffs of your jeans. No rodeo rider rolls his cuffs up, the reason being you'd get hooked by a horn on your cuffs.' He looked at me another minute. I had this brand new Stetson hat on. He said, 'Let me have that a minute.' I gave him my hat, and before I could say a word, he spit tobacco juice all around the hat band and rubbed it in. He said, 'Makes it look like you've been to work.' I realized that I was dealing with a man who knew what he was talking about. I thought the world of Slim," Prine says.

A rodeo arena was built atop Universal, and things started out rough. "The first time they brought the livestock out, they unloaded this big Brahma bull into a holding pen," Prine recalls. "The wooden crossbars on the fence were nailed [on the] wrong side. The bull took one look at it, and went through it like papier-mâché. We all scattered, and the bull took off over the hill, into *The Virginian* set. Doug McClure said he and the crew looked up and saw this monster running down the hill toward them, and they ran like hell and hid. I saw Slim grab his horse, jump on it; he went over the hill, lassoed the bull, and he brought him back to the set."

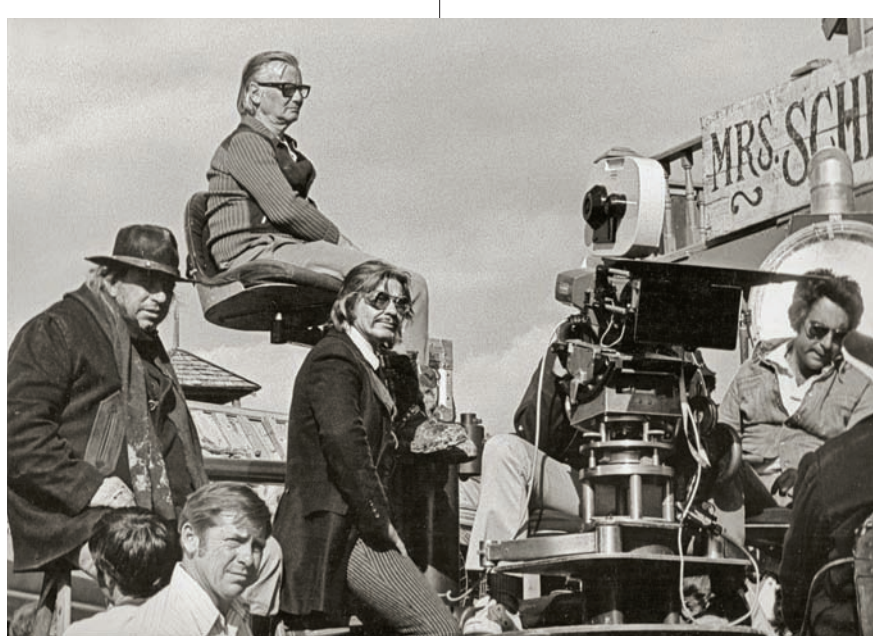
Prine saw Slim's courage off the set as well. "Slim took me to rodeos with him," he says. "A bull came out and threw the rider, and Slim had to get the bull off the rider. The bull got Slim down in a corner of the fence, he was on his back, and this 1,700-lb. bull was butting him and trying to kill him. I was terrified. I screamed, 'Slim! Slim! Get out of there!' And Slim, while he's down on the ground underneath the bull, smiled and said, 'No horns!' He wasn't worried at all."

The role that made Slim not only a star, but also an indelible image in American consciousness was just around the corner. Filming for *Dr. Strangelove*, Stanley Kubrick's black comedy about a demented general leading the U.S. into nuclear war, was nearly completed when an unforeseen problem shut down production. Star Peter Sellers had already played three roles: a Royal Air Force officer, the U.S. President and Strangelove. He was all set to play bomber pilot Maj. "King" Kong, when a problem arose.

Widely reported by the media, Sellers was said to have broken his leg or become ill. But when Slim was urgently contacted to play Kong, the explanation was a lot simpler: Sellers couldn't get the accent right.

Having never been out of the country before, Slim didn't realize he needed a passport until after he arrived in London. He had to stay at the airport until one could be rushed to him.

The mishaps didn't end there. Slim rides down one of two bombs, each showing their



Slim Pickens acted in Charles Bronson's final Western, 1977's *The White Buffalo*. Slim sits at far left, next to Bronson, just beneath Director J. Lee Thompson on the high crane. Bronson wears dark sunglasses, which he did regularly throughout the movie, irritating some fans of the real-life "Wild Bill" Hickok he was portraying on film. Pickens had more of a cameo role, as the stagecoach driver.

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names painted on them: "Hi There!" and "Dear John." Kubrick let Slim name them, and, of course, Slim meant to ride down Dear John, but a miscommunication put the bombs in the wrong positions, so Slim ended up straddling "Hi There!" while he whooped and waved his hat in grand rodeo fashion.

Slim would later learn from Van Heflin, an acting buddy and lifelong friend, that Slim had come within two votes of an Oscar nomination for 1964's *Dr. Strangelove*.

The 1960s continued to be busy acting years for Slim. He appeared in the first of four films for Sam Peckinpah, *Major Dundee*. Both men particularly enjoyed working on that film together because they'd grown up in the San Joaquin Valley and knew each other long before they'd entered the film business. In 1966, Slim played Buck, the stagecoach driver in the remake of *Stagecoach*. Norman Rockwell, hired to paint the poster, created individual portraits of the cast. The shy artist, intimidated by the stars, insisted on painting Slim first, because he was a regular guy.

In 1972, Slim costarred with James Coburn in the best film ever made about rodeo, *The Honkers*. A real Westerner as well as comedian, Slim was the most authentic element in Mel Brooks's 1974 delightfully flatulent Western farce *Blazing Saddles*, his best-remembered role after *Dr. Strangelove*.



Slim Pickens didn't love this bomb in Stanley Kubrick's *Dr. Strangelove*. A mistake landed him on "Hi There!" when he was supposed to ride down the "Dear John" bomb, named after his favorite horse.

– COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES –

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Among Slim's other favorite roles was Sheriff Sam Creedmore, the lawman who reluctantly hangs Tom Horn, played by Steve McQueen in 1980's *Tom Horn*. Giardino reveals why the movie was so personal for her father: "Years before, he actually met the sheriff, and talked to him at length. He knew Horn was not guilty, and he did not want to hang him. But he had to. Dad said, what happens up there on the platform is almost verbatim what the sheriff told him."

Beloved to this Day

Time catches up to even the best of us. Giardino remembers when her father had to retire Dear John, turning him out to pasture at the ranch of a veterinarian friend in Bishop, California. Her mother told her: "Dad sat up in bed one night and said, 'Oh my God, John's dead.' And Mom said, 'C'mon, Slim, You're having a bad dream; just go back to sleep.' And three nights later, Doc Hird called and said, 'I couldn't call you, but John died three nights ago.'"

After a long career in rodeo, and after 172 film and TV roles, Slim fought a long, valiant battle against a brain tumor. Although the cause is unknown, his daughter suspects that all of the punishing blows he received to his head during his rodeo years may have been to blame. Slim died on December 8, 1983, at the age of 64.

Why is Slim Pickens so beloved after all these years? I think people love him because of the good-natured, cocky heroism he revealed whenever he'd get into the arena to lead a bull away from a downed rider. I think, in that cover snapshot, he perfectly embodies that confidence strived for by all Americans. The historians admire that he was the real thing, and the movie fans admire that he was so damned good. In a way, when we watch him straddle that bomb, how can you not envy the joie de vivre of a man who's determined to enjoy the ride all the way down?

Giardino once asked her father, an untrained actor, if he was ever intimidated by working with so many big stars and important directors. He told her, "As long as I had a horse underneath me, and a rifle in my hand, I knew I was gonna be okay."

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







BY LEO W. BANKS

High Times in the Bitterroots

Historic downtown Wallace, Idaho, celebrates its Wild West past.



The historic Idaho town of Wallace was named by Lucy Wallace to honor her opportunistic husband and founder, Col. William R. Wallace. Wallace, who wasn't even a colonel, is legendary for buying the town's original 80 acres with tender that was illegal Sioux scrip.

– JOHN R. DARRINGTON, COURTESY WALLACE CHAMBER –

When the Bitterroot Mountains exploded in wildfires in 1910, Buffalo Soldiers from the 25th Infantry helped evacuate the town of Wallace, Idaho. The blaze, possibly the largest forest fire in American history, destroyed a third of downtown.

The story is part of the rich history that played out in the so-called silver capital of the world. Some 1.2 billion ounces have been pulled from the surrounding mountains since 1884. That history includes Wallace twice living under martial law, in 1892 and 1899, as angry miners fought management bosses.

"When you've been in a hole for 14 hours and told you might lose your job by people who've been counting money all their lives, you get upset," says Chamber of Commerce Coordinator Dave Copelan. "That rebel tradition is still part of our character."

But Wallace today has the look of a contented place, a picture-book town set in a deep canyon, its walls thick with sheltering pines. Moose and elk sometimes roam the streets of the city, and although the population rarely tops 800, Wallace has a dozen saloons and two microbreweries.

"We're well lubricated," jokes Copelan.

The town also had several bordellos that operated illegally until 1990.

Some 1.2 billion ounces [of silver] have been pulled from the surrounding mountains since 1884.



When the "big burn" of July 1910 erupted in the forests surrounding Wallace, President William H. Taft sent in the Buffalo Soldiers of the 25th Infantry from Fort Grange Wright in Spokane, Washington, to help evacuate the citizens.

– WALLACE AFTER THE 1910 FIRE COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/ BUFFALO SOLDIER FIREFIGHTERS COURTESY WALLACE CHAMBER –

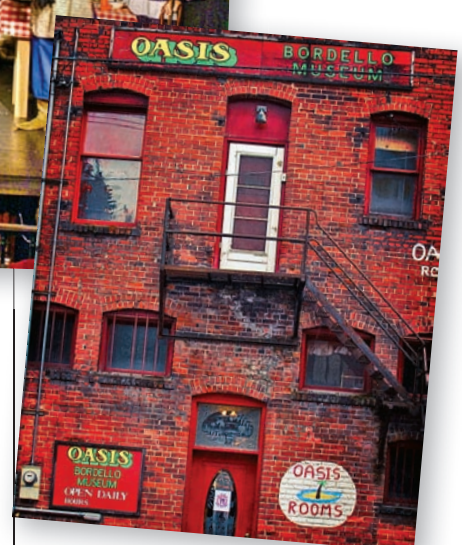




The Sierra Silver Mine in the heart of historic Wallace did not have as rich a vein as many neighboring mines, but today the hard rock mine provides an entertaining and informative underground tour.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –





The Oasis Bordello Museum (right), housed in a 1895 building that survived the 1910 fire, displays the wares of the ladies' rooms as they were when abandoned in 1988.

– PHOTOS COURTESY WALLACE CHAMBER –

The Oasis Bordello Museum looks as it did when the girls skedaddled ahead of the cops in 1988. That authenticity includes the furnishings and appointments in the second-floor rooms. Don't miss the mining-themed murals by artist Robert Thomas adorning the walls of the ground-floor gift shop.

In case you wondered, a wall sign says: *Straight, no frills, $15, minutes 8.*

Built in 1895 as a hotel and saloon, the Oasis withstood the 1910 fire, one of the few buildings to survive intact. That event gets full coverage at the Wallace Mining District Museum, recently named one of Idaho's finest.

See exhibits and photographs, an 18-minute video of life during early mining days, and the original Pulaski, a tool combining an axe and a hoe. Local forest ranger Ed Pulaski invented it.

During the big burn of 1910, he saved 39 people by leading them into a tunnel until the fire passed. Copelan says firefighters come from around the world to see the Pulaski, a staple of wildland firefighting today.

Visit the Northern Pacific Railroad Museum to understand how the railroad's arrival in 1887 spurred the region to boom times. Set in a beautiful, château-like depot built in 1901, the museum consists of bricks from the Olympian Hotel in Tacoma, the original terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The Wallace Blues Festival, six years old and growing in popularity, dominates the streets the second weekend in July, and the *Sixth Street Melodrama* has been entertaining folks for 44 years. The upstairs portion of the 80-seat theater was a bordello from 1899 until 1977. Locals call the popular shows "Wallace's Broadway."

With the town still a silver mecca—miners extracted $90 million worth in 2015—it makes sense to understand what it's like to work underground.

The Sierra Silver Mine Tour transports visitors to the mine in an open-air

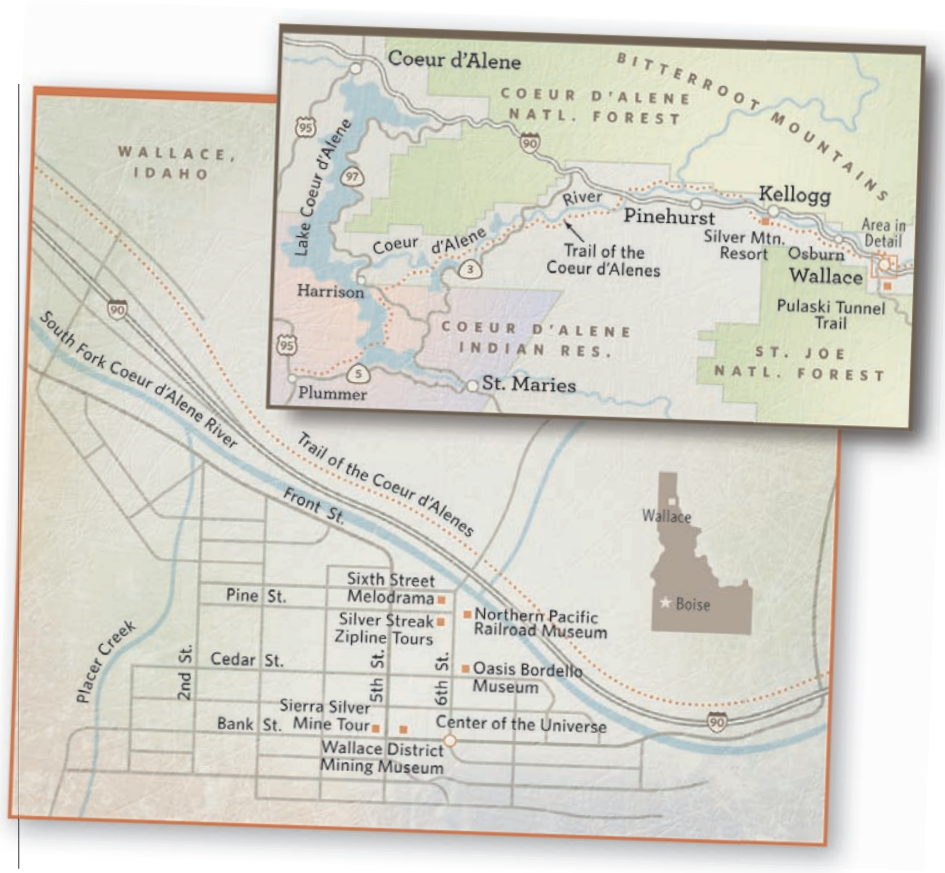
For over four decades, the popular *Sixth Street Melodrama* (left) has performed for local and visiting audiences in a building that also once housed a bordello.

trolley and takes them underground, hard hats required, to hear a miner-turned-tour guide explain the nuts and bolts of how it's done.

With so much natural beauty surrounding Wallace, outdoor lovers have plenty of choices. For hikers and bikers, the Trail of the Coeur d'Alenes begins in downtown Wallace and runs along 73 miles of asphalt, past rivers and lakes, and 36 bridges and trestles.

For goofy fun, find the downtown manhole cover marked "Center of the Universe, Wallace, Idaho." In 2004, the mayor formally gave the town that designation, even though nobody knows if it's true or not—that rebel streak again.

But for history-lovers, one fact stands tall: The entire town of Wallace is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.



Leo W. Banks is an award-winning writer based in Tucson. He has written several books of history for *Arizona Highways*.



WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



– COURTESY OF LIZZIE KEITEL OF KEITEL GALLERY AND WALLACE COC –

Wallace Chamber of Commerce

To plan your visit, go to the Wallace Chamber of Commerce, 10 River St.

WallaceIdahoChamber.com

Idaho Panhandle National Forest

Hike the Pulaski Tunnel Trail, the route ranger Ed Pulaski and his men followed to escape the 1910 fire. See interpretive signs. Author Stephen Pyne wrote in *The Year of the Fires*: "Smoke billowed up as dense as volcanic blasts, the fire's convection sucked in air from all sides, snapping off mature larch and white pine like matchsticks, spawning fire whirls like miniature tornadoes, flinging sparks like a sandstorm."

FS.USDA.gov

Ride a Gondola or Zipline

At Silver Mountain Resort, 12 miles away in Kellogg, take a 3.1-mile gondola ride up Silver Mountain. The more adventurous don a helmet, glove and harness and zip through the forest on a wire. In Wallace, Silver Streak Zip Line Tours offers rides that can be 400 feet above ground.

WallaceIdahoChamber.com

Dante's Peak

The movie *Dante's Peak* was filmed in Wallace in 1996. It starred Pierce Brosnan and Linda Hamilton. The Wallace Mining Museum displays props from the picture.

WallaceMiningMuseum.org

Wallace Stairs

If you're in good shape, climb the restored wooden stairs that Wallace residents used to reach their homes in the steep south hills. Some staircases are 100 feet long or more, but the views from the top are magical.

VisitNorthIdaho.com

Sandpoint, Idaho

Looking for a scenic drive? Go to Sandpoint, considered one of America's most beautiful small towns, on a stunning two-hour scenic drive on I-90/U.S. 95 from Wallace, through Coeur d'Alene National Forest to the shore of the state's largest lake, 43-mile-long Lake Pend Oreille. While in Sandpoint don't miss a chance to visit the Bonner County History Museum.

VisitSandpoint.com

Western Pleasure Guest Ranch

Located at the base of the Selkirk Mountains just 16 miles northeast from Sandpoint, guests of the 75-year-old family ranch will enjoy a beautiful Western ranch experience, trail riding, cattle moving and sorting, lessons and arena games, gourmet meals and nightly entertainment.

WesternPleasureGuestRanch.com




Jesse James age 17 Years

BY JIM WILSON

WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

Hit the road and follow the trails of 10 famous manhunts of the Old West.

Among the stories of the Old West, few are more exciting than the manhunts that pitted frontier authority against those who would kill, plunder and rob. Back in those days, folks were spread out quite a bit and, at the same time, law enforcement was spread pretty thin, too. As you will see in these tales, the military had to sometimes step in, and armed citizens often had to augment the authority of their peace officers or, in some cases, handle a situation by themselves.

Keep in mind that these events occurred years before the Miranda case (1966) and other niceties that made life a little safer for law-breakers. And, lawmen were chosen for their courage, their ability to handle firearms, and their willingness to spend days in the saddle while on the trail of outlaws. Formal training rarely existed.

Outlaws, lawmen and the winning of the West have graced a thousand songs and stories. The frontier West was rarely like it has been depicted in the movies and on television. But one thing that you can say for sure, it was always interesting.

Here are 10 of my favorite manhunt tales of those early days.

1 ~1872 - 1873~ U.S. ARMY VS. THE MODOCS

Redding, California to Klamath Falls, Oregon

In 1872, Modoc tribe members were extremely unhappy with their existence on the Modoc/Klamath reservation in Southern Oregon. They weren't getting along with the Klamaths and the Indian agent wasn't supplying the food and other necessities that had been promised. Finally, one of their tribal leaders, Captain Jack, led nearly 200 Modocs off the reservation to take refuge in the lava beds on the Oregon/California border. Almost immediately, complaints began coming in from area settlers about thefts and plundering by the Modocs.

In late 1872, or early 1873, the U.S. Army, under the command of General Edward Canby, stepped in to return the Modocs to the reservation. Canby's original goal was to talk them in peacefully, if at all possible. Accordingly, he set up a peace tent near the lava beds and invited Captain Jack to come parley. Captain Jack may have had other ideas.

On April 11, 1873, Captain Jack and some of his men met with General Canby, Reverend Eleazar Thomas and other army officers. Some believe that Captain Jack went to the meeting with the intent to murder the soldiers, believing that this would make the army leave the Modocs alone, but the truth is, Modoc warriors pressured Jack into the planned attack. Regardless, an argument soon broke out and the Modocs began to pull knives and guns. In the melee, General Canby and Reverend Thomas were both killed before the Modocs fled back into the vastness of the lava beds.

In a series of skirmishes, the army was not winning, even though they were even using artillery on the Indians ensconced in the lava beds. However, many of the Modocs had had enough and, by early May, began to surrender. Captain Jack was captured on June 4, 1873. Following a military trial, Captain Jack and Black Jim, Schonchin John and Boston Charley were hanged. Some 150 other Modocs were shipped to Indian

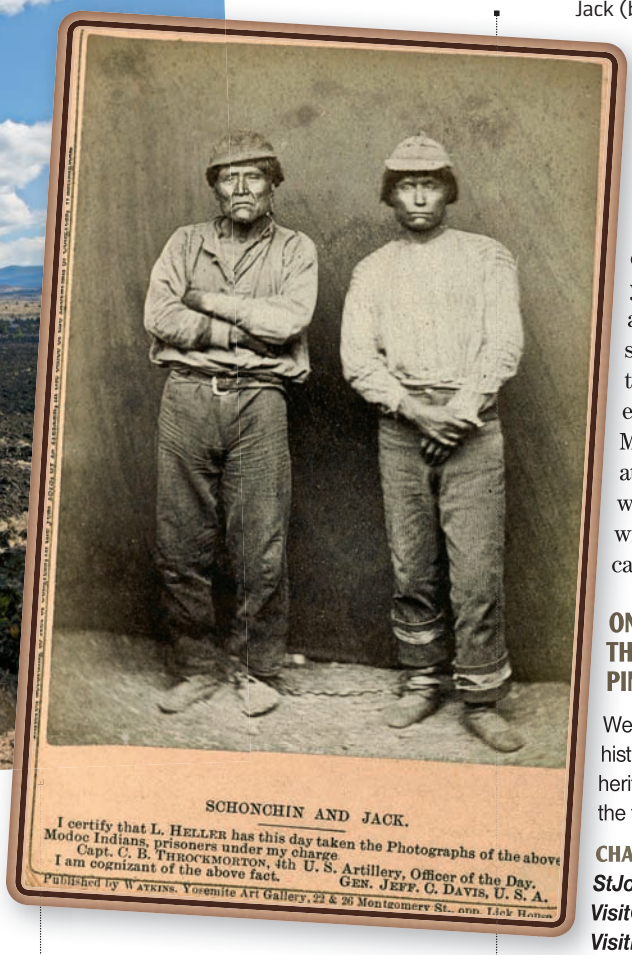
The lawmen and the desperados on both sides of the law lived, fought and died in all corners of the frontier West. Head out on an adventure and discover where history happened for these legendary men, including: (opposite clockwise, left to right): Heck Thomas (lower left) and posse, Bob Younger, Pat Garrett, Bily the Kid, Jesse James, Will Roberts and Modoc warrior Black Jim.

– PHOTOS OPPOSITE CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: HECK THOMAS POSSE, TRUE WEST ARCHIVES; BOB YOUNGER, TRUE WEST ARCHIVES; PAT GARRETT, TRUE WEST ARCHIVES; BILLY THE KID, COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION; JESSE JAMES, COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; WILL ROBERTS, COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; MODOC BLACK JIM, COURTESY YALE UNIVERSITY'S BEINECKE LIBRARY –



The Volcanic Legacy Scenic Byway to Lava Bed National Monument (left) will lead the heritage traveler to the scene of battlefields of the Modoc War. After their capture on the trail, Schonchin John (below, left) and Captain Jack (below, right) were photographed at Fort Klamath before they were hanged in 1873.

–CAROL HIGHSMITH'S PHOTO OF LAVA BED NATIONAL MONUMENT COURTESY CALIFORNIA TOURISM/LOUIS HERMAN HELLER'S PHOTO OF SCHONCHIN AND CAPTAIN JACK PHOTO COURTESY YALE UNIVERSITY'S BEINECKE LIBRARY –



Territory. The army had won, but at a heavy price.

ON THE MODOC TRAIL OF THE U.S. ARMY AND CAPTAIN JACK

Northern California and Southern Oregon offer numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of the tragic story of Captain Jack and the Modoc War.

CHAMBERS: ***YrekaChamber.com***; ***VisitTuleLakeCalifornia.com***; ***MtShastaChamber.com***; ***ReddingChamber.com***; ***Klamath.org***

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LODGING: **Winema Lodge**, *Tulelake, CA*; **Coffee Creek Ranch**, *Coffee Creek, CA*; **Lake of the Woods Lodge & Resort**, *Klamath Falls, OR*

2 ~January 1875~
PINKERTONS VS. JESSE AND FRANK JAMES
Kearney to St. Joseph, Missouri

By 1875, the James-Younger Gang had been robbing banks and trains for almost ten years. In 1874, the Adams Express Company was so upset with their losses that they put the Pinkerton Detective Agency after the gang. Several Pinkertons were quickly killed when they tried to infiltrate Clay County, Missouri. It has been said that Allan Pinkerton was so furious that he swore to burn them out, if that's what it took.

On the night of January 25, 1875, a posse led by Pinkerton investigators surrounded the home of Jesse and Frank James' mother, Zerelda Samuel, believing that the two outlaws were present. Those same investigators later claimed that they threw a smoke bomb into the house to force the outlaws out. Their "smoke bomb" turned out to be a regular bomb that promptly exploded. The explosion killed a young half brother to the Jameses and mangled their mother's arm so badly that it had to be amputated. Frank and Jesse were not even at home. The entire state of Missouri was infuriated by the attack; and while the Pinkertons were humiliated, they fought on with local authorities to try and capture the James Boys.

ON THE MISSOURI TRAIL OF THE JAMES BOYS AND THE PINKERTONS

Western Missouri offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Jesse and Frank James.

CHAMBERS: ***KearneyChamber.org***; ***StJoMo.com***; ***VisitClayCountyMo.com***; ***VisitKC.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **Jesse James Farm,** *Kearney*; **Pattee House Museum**, **Jesse James House Museum**, **Pony Express National Museum,** *St. Joseph*; **Jesse James Bank Museum** and **Clay County Museum,** *Liberty*

LODGING: **The Elms**, *Excelsior Springs;* **Whiskey Mansion Bed & Breakfast**, *St. Joseph*

3 ~September 7, 1876~
NORTHFIELD VS. THE JAMES-YOUNGER GANG
Northfield to LaSalle, Minnesota

We'll never know for sure what caused the gang to rob a bank in Minnesota. It might have been to just try out new territory or it could have been the fact that Adelbert Ames, a hated former governor of Mississippi, lived there. Historians have suggested both ideas, but a consensus has never been reached.

Whatever the reason, the gang rode into Northfield like they had done in previous towns, with with some outlaws looting the bank while other gang members shot up the street to keep the townspeople at bay. This just didn't work so well in Northfield because the citizens were already nervous about these strangers wearing gun belts and sporting rifles on their saddles.

In the bank, one employee refused to unlock the safe and was quickly killed. Another employee was wounded as he escaped the robbery. The gunfire in the bank had already attracted citizens out in the street. Instead of running, the citizens armed themselves and began to fight back. Outlaws Bill Stiles and Clell Miller were killed. And, as the rest of the gang made their escape with precious little loot, all of them were wounded, except for Frank and Jesse, who were amazingly unharmed.

Large posses were quickly on the gang's trail, causing the Youngers and the Jameses to split up. Two weeks later, a posse caught the Youngers near La Salle, Minnesota. In the ensuing fight, Charlie Pitts was killed and Cole, Bob, and Jim Younger were captured, having been wounded again. Frank and Jesse were in the wind. And, to our knowledge, no one ever tried to rob a bank in Northfield, Minnesota, again.

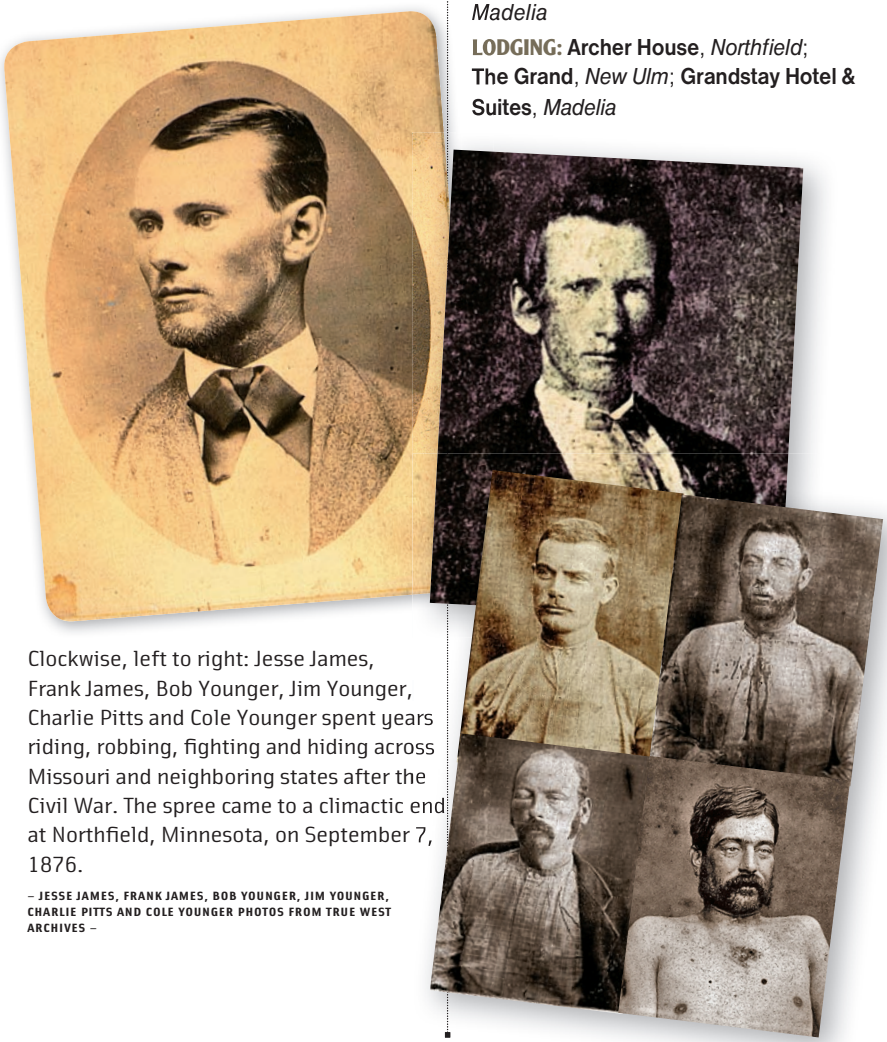
ON THE MINNESOTA TRAIL OF THE JAMES-YOUNGER GANG

Southern Minnesota offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of the James-Younger Gang.

CHAMBERS: ***VisitNorthfield.com***; ***VisitGreaterMankato.com***; ***VisitNewUlm.com***; ***VisitMadelia.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **Northfield Historical Society**, *Northfield*; **Brown County Historical Society Museum**, *New Ulm*; **Watonwan County Historical Museum**, *Madelia*

LODGING: **Archer House**, *Northfield*; **The Grand**, *New Ulm*; **Grandstay Hotel & Suites**, *Madelia*



Clockwise, left to right: Jesse James, Frank James, Bob Younger, Jim Younger, Charlie Pitts and Cole Younger spent years riding, robbing, fighting and hiding across Missouri and neighboring states after the Civil War. The spree came to a climactic end at Northfield, Minnesota, on September 7, 1876.

– JESSE JAMES, FRANK JAMES, BOB YOUNGER, JIM YOUNGER, CHARLIE PITTS AND COLE YOUNGER PHOTOS FROM TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



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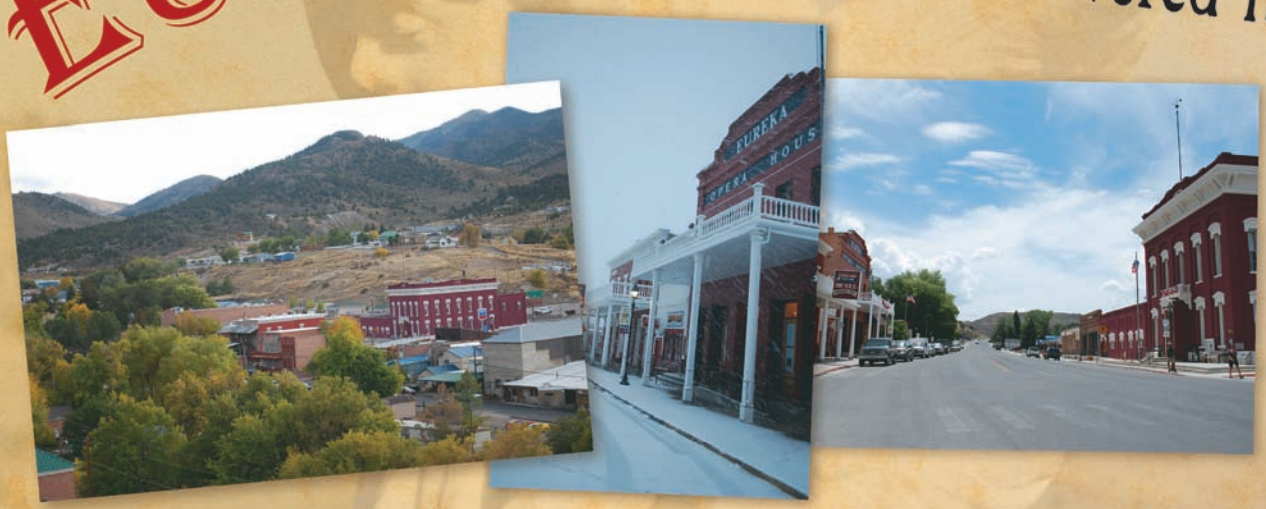
The Northfield Historical Society bought the 1868 Scriver Building (left) in 1975. After it was restored to appear as the First National Bank Building did at the time of the 1876 attack, the building has become the centerpiece attraction and museum for visitors to the scene of the failed James-Younger Gang robbery.

– PHOTOS COURTESY NORTHFIELD HISTORICAL SOCIETY –



As they have been since 1948, the Defeat of Jesse James Days are held in Northfield the weekend after Labor Day. From September 6-10, 2017, hundreds of local volunteers will host the popular event, including bank raid re-enactments (right) on Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

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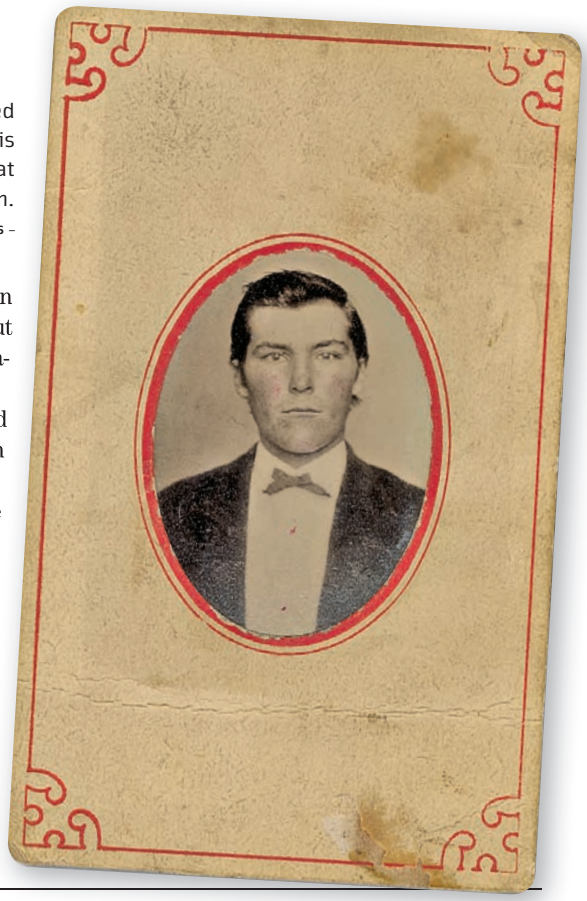
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A descendent of Texas revolutionaries, John Wesley Hardin was raised in southeastern Texas, the son of a Methodist preacher and pious mother. His propensity for violence began as a teenager and at the time of his death at age 42, Hardin allegedly had killed 40 men.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



4

~August 24, 1877~

TEXAS RANGERS VS. JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

Comanche to Huntsville, Texas

Premier Texas gunfighter John Wesley Hardin had racked up a number of kills during his turbulent career. But he brought the full wrath of the Texas Rangers down on himself when he killed Deputy Sheriff Charles Webb in Comanche, Texas, in May of 1874.

Tired of this sort of conduct by Hardin, the Texas Rangers put John B. Armstrong on his trail. With a nice piece of detective work, officers soon learned that Hardin's Texas relatives kept receiving mail from a man in Florida. Armstrong soon learned that Hardin was hiding out in various towns on the Alabama-Florida line.

Investigator Jack Duncan and local officers located Hardin on a train in Pensacola, Florida. Legend has it that when he saw the long-barreled Colt in Armstrong's hand Hardin yelled, "Texas, by God!" and went for his own gun. Armstrong promptly combed Hardin's hair with that long-barreled Colt and shot another member of the gang who had pulled a gun. Hardin's own gun had supposedly caught hung up on his suspenders, causing him to fail to get off a shot.



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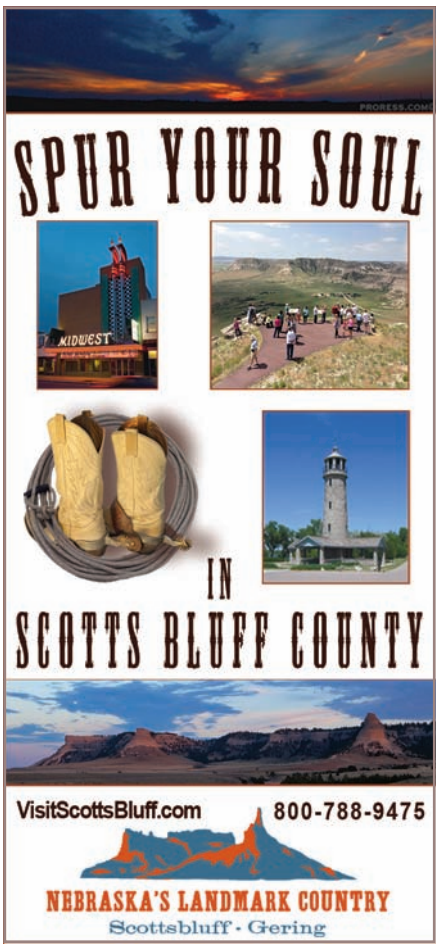
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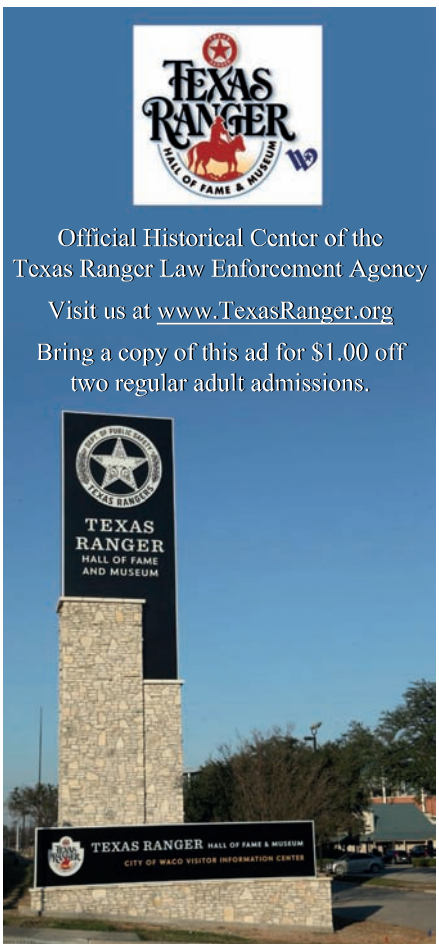
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When following the trail of outlaw John Wesley Hardin, a tour of the Ranger history exhibits (right) of Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum in Waco, Texas, will provide inspiring and insightful history about the lawmen who served to protect the citizens of the Lone Star State.

– COURTESY TEXAS RANGER HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM –



After Texas Rangers captured John Wesley Hardin in 1877, his trial was held in Gonzales. A newer jail was built in 1885 and today is the Gonzales County Jail Museum, a stark reminder of gallows justice on the Texas frontier.

– COURTESY ALEX GARRIDO, HISTORICAL_GONZALES-TEXAS, COMMONS.WIKIMEDIA.ORG –

John Wesley Hardin was transported back to Texas, where he was convicted of murder and sentenced to Huntsville Prison, where he served 17 years. Just 18 months after Hardin's release from prison, on August 19, 1895, Constable John Selman killed him with a shot to the back of the head in El Paso's infamous Acme Saloon.

ON THE TRAIL OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

Texas offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of John Wesley Hardin and the Texas Rangers.

CHAMBERS: ***AustinTexas.org***; ***GonzalesTexas.com***; ***HuntsvilleTexas.com***; ***WacoHeartOfTexas.com***

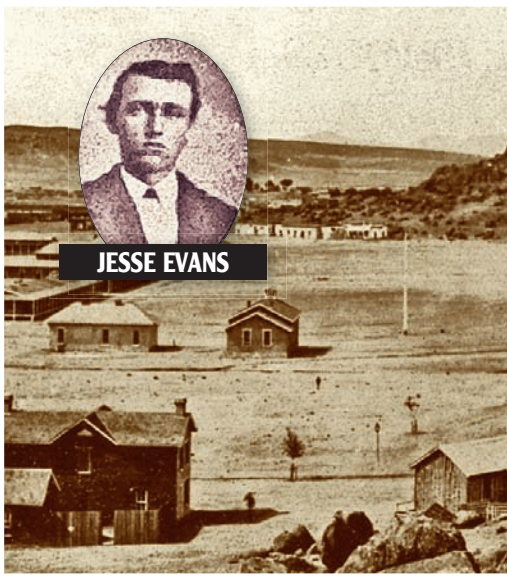
HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS AND MONUMENTS: **Bullock State History Museum**, *Austin*; **Texas Ranger Hall of Fame & Museum**, *Waco*; **Pioneer Village Living History Center**, *Gonzales*; **Old Jail Museum**, *Gonzales*; **Gonzales Memorial Museum**, **Texas State Prison Museum**, *Huntsville*; **Concordia Cemetery**, *El Paso*

LODGING: **The Driskill**, *Austin*; **Colcord Hotel**, *Waco*; **Alcalde Hotel & Grill**, *Gonzales*; **Woodbine Hotel & Restaurant**, *Madisonville*

5 ~1880~ THE TEXAS RANGERS VS. JESSE EVANS

Lincoln, New Mexico to Presidio, Texas

By 1880, Jesse Evans had about worn out his welcome in Lincoln County, New Mexico. The Lincoln County War had wound down and the law was making things too hot for Jesse and his friends.



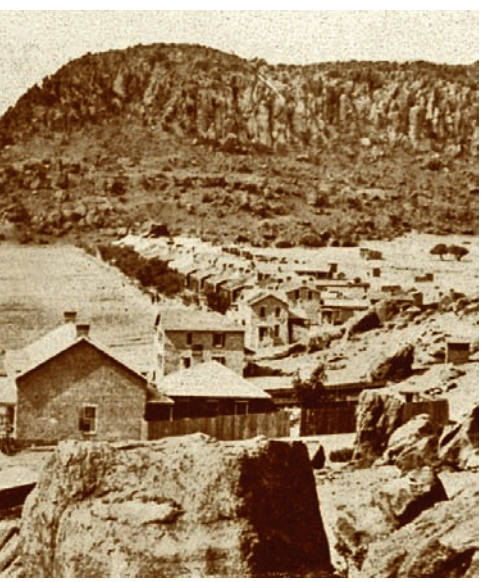
Jesse and the boys decided that pickings might be easier in the Davis Mountains of west Texas. Being a bit short of funds, they rode in to Fort Davis and robbed the Sender & Siebenborn Store, as well as taking money from any citizens who happened by. A posse was quickly formed but was only able to catch one of the outlaws.

Texas Ranger Sgt. Lamar Sieker quickly brought a detachment into the area and started an investigation. An informant told the Ranger that Jesse Evans and the rest of his gang were in the area of Presidio, some 100 miles south of Fort Davis. Leading a pack mule, Sieker and five Rangers headed south toward Presidio and the Chinati Mountains.

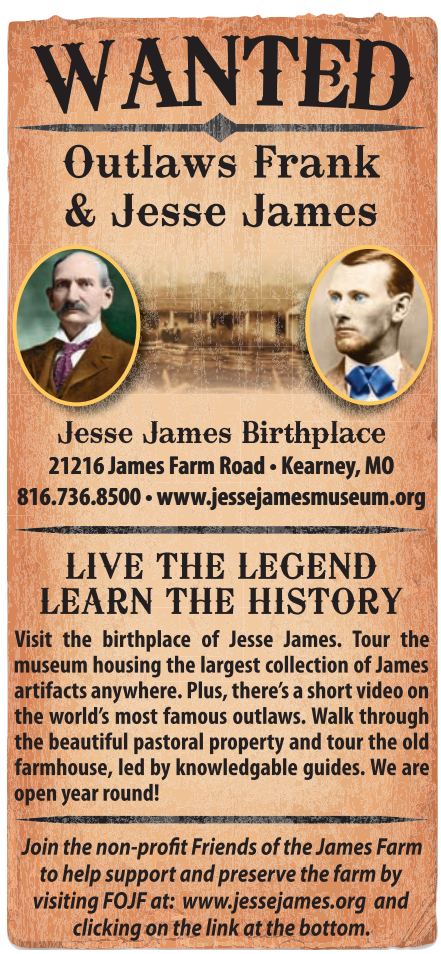
The Rangers spotted the outlaws as they rode toward the mountain and a running gunfight ensued. The outlaws took cover behind some boulders on the top of the mountain and began to pour the lead at the Ranger posse. Riding up to within forty yards of the gang, the Rangers fought back. Ranger Bingham was shot through the heart and Graham, one of the outlaws, also

Cowboy turned rustler-gunman Jesse Evans (inset) fought on the side of the Murphy-Dolan faction in the Lincoln County War before fleeing to the Fort Davis, Texas, region (below) after he was involved in the murder of John Tunstall.

– JESSE EVANS PHOTO COURTESY PAUL NORTHROP/FORT DAVIS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –









A tour of the historic Presidio County Courthouse in Marfa, Texas, is a required stop when retracing the historic Texas Rangers' manhunt of outlaw Jesse Evans. Built in 1887 and restored in 2001, the courthouse has stairs leading to a windowed cupola with great views of the city, Marfa Plateau and Davis Mountains.

– KENNY BRAUN, COURTESY TEXAS TOURISM –



was killed. Jesse Evans and his two surviving companions wisely surrendered.

Jesse Evans was tried, convicted and sent to Huntsville Prison. After having served his sentence and been released, the outlaw disappeared.

ON THE TRAIL OF JESSE EVANS AND THE TEXAS RANGERS

The road from Lincoln, New Mexico, to Presidio, Texas, offers historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Jesse Evans and his battle with the Texas Rangers.

CHAMBERS: ***NMHistoricSites.org*** (Lincoln, NM); ***PresidioTX.us***; ***VisitMarfa.com***; ***FortDavis.com***; ***WacoHeartofTexas.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **Lincoln Historic Site**, *Lincoln, NM*; **Presidio County Courthouse**, **Fort Leaton State Historic Site**, *Marfa, TX*; **Fort Davis National Historic Site**, *Fort Davis, TX*; **Texas Ranger Museum**, *Waco, TX*

LODGING: **El Paisano Hotel**, *Marfa, TX*; **El Fortin del Cibola**, *Presidio County, TX*; **Hotel Limpia**, **Veranda Lodge**, **Indian Lodge**, *Fort Davis, TX*; **Colcord Hotel**, *Waco, TX*



PAT GARRETT



BILLY THE KID

The history of law and order on the American Western frontier has produced few friendships—and rivalries—as fraught with mythology, intrigue and tragedy as that of Sheriff Pat Garrett (above, top) and legendary outlaw Billy the Kid (above).

– PAT GARRETT PHOTO TRUE WEST ARCHIVES/BILLY THE KID PHOTO COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

6

~July 14, 1881~

PAT GARRETT VS. BILLY THE KID

Lincoln, New Mexico to Fort Sumner, New Mexico

In the aftermath of the Lincoln County War, Henry McCarty aka Billy the Kid, was sentenced to hang for murder and remanded to the Lincoln County jail until the execution could be carried out. In April of 1881, the Kid murdered deputies James Bell and Bob Olinger while making his escape.

From April to July, Sheriff Pat Garrett bided his time and gathered information that would lead to the Kid's location. In July, probably from an informant, Garrett learned that the Kid was most likely in Fort Sumner, New Mexico Territory. Taking two deputies with him, Garrett quietly made his way to the old fort, now turned village.



While all of Fort Sumner's original buildings (above) and Pete Maxwell's house (inset), where Pat Garrett shot and killed Billy the Kid on July 14, 1881, are no longer standing, visitors can tour the historic site, which includes the Bosque Redondo Memorial Museum and two self-guided trails—the Old Fort Site Trail and the River Trail, onto the former grounds of the fort and reservation.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

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Following the trail of Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett across New Mexico should include attending the re-enactment of Billy the Kid's escape at Old Lincoln Days in Lincoln, August 4-6, 2017.

– GARY COZZENS, COURTESY LINCOLN HISTORIC SITE –



When touring the grounds of the Fort Sumner Historic Site and Bosque Redondo Memorial, visitors can take a well-marked, self-guided tour to historic sites of the fort and reservation, including the 1971 Navajo memorial to ancestors who lived and died while incarcerated between 1863 and 1868.

– COURTESY NEW MEXICO DEPT. OF TOURISM –

At about midnight on the 14th, Garrett left his two deputies outside while he went into Pete Maxwell's house to see what he could find out. While sitting and talking to Maxwell, who was already in bed, Garrett was shocked to see Billy walk into the room from a door that led to the outside. Garrett fired two quick shots, one of which hit the Kid in the chest and killed him.

Over the years, it has been argued whether the Kid had a pistol, a knife or was unarmed. To a frontier lawman, none of that mattered. On top of all of his other violent acts, Billy the Kid had killed two of Pat Garrett's coworkers and, we may assume, friends—although many doubt Garrett and Olinger were more than professional acquaintances. Garrett's attitude was that, if the Kid wasn't armed, he should have been.



ON THE TRAIL OF PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID

New Mexico offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid's final shootout.

CHAMBERS: ***NMHistoricSites.org*** (*Lincoln, NM*); ***VisitRuidosa.com***; ***FortSumnerChamber.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **Lincoln Historic Site**; **Ft. Stanton Historic Site**; **Fort Sumner Historic Site/Bosque Redondo Memorial**; **Hubbard Museum of the American West**, *Ruidosa*; **Old Fort Sumner Museum** and **Billy the Kid Museum,** *Fort Sumner*

LODGING: **Ellis Store Country Inn**, *Lincoln*; **The Wortley Hotel**, *Lincoln*; **Shadow Mountain Lodge & Cabins**, *Ruidosa*; **Billy the Kid Country Inn**, *Fort Sumner*

A tour of Fort Sumner, New Mexico, would not be complete without a pilgrimage to William H. "Billy the Kid" Bonney's gravesite, just off Billy the Kid Road, a short distance from the state historic site and the Billy the Kid Museum.

– COURTESY TIM ROBERTS, MANAGER LINCOLN & FORT STANTON NEW MEXICO HISTORIC SITES –



WYATT EARP

Wyatt Earp's legendary life as a lawman in Tombstone, Cochise County, Arizona Territory, led to deadly rivalries with the Clanton allies, including Curly Bill Brocius.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

7 ~March 24, 1882~ WYATT EARP VS. CURLY BILL

Cochise County, Arizona

To say that Wyatt Earp was fed up would be an understatement. The Cowboys, as the folks in Cochise County, Arizona, called the outlaws, had murdered his brother Morgan and crippled his brother Virgil. As a deputy U.S. marshal, with a pocket full of warrants, Earp formed a posse and hit the trail. One could probably say that the outlaws' civil rights were not high on his list of priorities.

On March 24, Earp led his posse up to Iron Springs (later called Mescal Springs) and rode right into the zoutlaws. Earp's posse fled, thinking that he was with them. But Earp had unshucked a shotgun from his saddle scabbard and dismounted. About that time, Curly Bill Brocius took aim on Wyatt with his own shotgun. Curly Bill missed and Wyatt didn't. Having fired both barrels of his shotgun into Curly Bill, Wyatt used his revolver to put a bullet into Johnny Barnes, who later died from the wound.

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Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park is (above) an ideal place to start a tour of Tombstone when on the trail of Cochise County history. Wyatt Earp rival John Behan was the first sheriff to work out of the courthouse when it opened in 1882.

– COURTESY ARIZONA OFFICE OF TOURISM –



Cochise County native and last of the singing cowboys Rex Allen is commemorated with a statue (above) and museum in his hometown of Willcox, Arizona. Warren Earp was killed in a shootout in Willcox on July 6, 1900, and is buried in the town's Pioneer Cemetery.

– COURTESY COCHISE COUNTY TOURISM –

Wyatt's clothes were torn with bullets, but Earp was not hit. Still under fire, he hitched up his gunbelt and rode to cover. Earp later found out that the outlaws had carried Curly Bill's body off and buried it on the Patterson Ranch.

Some believed that Curly Bill was not killed in this fight, though Wyatt and others always maintained that he was. The fact is that Curly Bill Brocious was never heard from again.

ON THE TRAIL WYATT EARP AND CURLY BILL

Southeastern Arizona's Cochise County offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Wyatt Earp and Curly Bill.

CHAMBERS: ***TombstoneChamber.com***; ***WillcoxChamber.com***; ***BensonChamberAZ.org***; ***BisbeeArizona.com***; ***ExploreCochise.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **O.K. Corral and Historama**, **Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park**, **Boothill Graveyard & Gift Shop**, *Tombstone*; **Rex Allen Arizona Cowboy Museum & Cowboy Hall of Fame**, *Willcox*; **Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum**, *Bisbee*

LODGING: **Tombstone Monument Ranch**, *Tombstone*; **Virgil's Corner Bed & Breakfast**, *Tombstone*

8 ~1886~ TEDDY ROOSEVELT VS. THE BOAT THIEVES

Medora to Dickinson, North Dakota



Adventurous Theodore Roosevelt (above) bought the Chimney Butte Ranch near Medora, North Dakota, in 1883 after coming to the Little Missouri Badlands to hunt buffalo. After his wife and daughter died in early 1884, Roosevelt moved to his ranch, and made it his home off and on for the next few years.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

The 1880s found future president Theodore Roosevelt ranching near Medora, North Dakota, along the Little Missouri River. One spring morning, as the ice in the river was beginning to break, Roosevelt found that someone had made off with the boat that he used to get to the other side of the river and tend to his livestock.

Suspecting some neighbors who lived nearby, Teddy and two ranch hands quickly got to work and built a flat-bottomed scow so that they could go after the thieves. After three days on the river, Roosevelt and his cowboys came up on the thieves' camp. He arrested three men that he identified as Finnigan, The Half Breed and The Old German. Then Roosevelt waited eight days for the river to thaw, spending the time guarding prisoners and reading books, all the time keeping a double-barreled 12-gauge between him and the outlaws.



Finally, running short of supplies, Roosevelt decided to walk his prisoners overland to the sheriff in the town of Dickinson. Some 36 hours later, Teddy delivered his captives to the sheriff and, being a sworn deputy sheriff, collected his fees and mileage amounting to $50. He might have worn glasses and been from Back East, but the word soon got around that he was not one to mess with.

ON THE TRAIL OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND THE BOAT THIEVES

Western North Dakota offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Theodore Roosevelt and the boat thieves.

CHAMBERS: ***MedoraND.com***; ***VisitDickinson.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **Theodore Roosevelt National Park**, **The Château de Mores Interpretive Center**, **Joe Ferris General Store**, **North Dakota Cowboy Hall of Fame**, *Medora*; **Dickinson Museum Center**, *Dickinson*

LODGING: **Rough Riders Hotel**, *Medora*; **Bar X Guest Ranch & Horse Camp**, *Medora*; **1026 Oasis Inn**, *Dickinson*



Ranch hands Wilmot Dow (left), and Bill Sewall (right) built a flat-bottomed scow with Theodore Roosevelt (center) to float downriver for three days down the treacherous Little Missouri in pursuit of the three thieves who stole Roosevelt's boat from his ranch.

– *TRUE WEST* ARCHIVES –



The placid Little Missouri River (left) in Theodore Roosevelt National Park is frozen much of the winter, and during the spring thaw of March 1886, when Roosevelt and Bill Sewall and Wilmot Dow, chased the boat thieves on the ice-jammed river, it was a life or death adventure.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –

9

~October 1892~

COFFEYVILLE VS. THE DALTON GANG

Meade to Coffeyville, Kansas



Brothers Emmet (above, left) and Grat Dalton (above, right) career as bank robbers ended in a hail of bullets after they tried to rob the Condon Bank (right) in Coffeyville, Kansas, October 5, 1892.

– DALTON PHOTOS, *TRUE WEST* ARCHIVES/BANK PHOTO COURTESY COFFEYVILLE CVB –

On October 5, 1892, the Dalton Gang pulled either the most daring stunt, or the stupidest stunt, of their outlaw career. Bob, Grat and Emmett Dalton, along with Dick Broadwell and Bill Powers, elected to hold up two banks at once in the Daltons' old hometown of Coffeyville, Kansas.

The boys just made a few really stupid mistakes. They rode into town wearing phony-looking disguises that only called attention to them. They failed to case the banks ahead of time and did not have a good escape route planned. And they let Grat Dalton, not one of the sharpest knives in the drawer, be the leader in one bank.

Things went to pieces in a hurry, with the double robbery taking too long. Citizens discovered the twin crimes and began shooting even before the gang got out of the banks. In the confusion, Grat Dalton killed the town marshal in an alley, and the gang killed three citizens.

Hemmed up in an alley, trying to get on their horses, the outlaws were converged upon by townspeople who killed the entire gang except Emmett Dalton, who was shot so many times that he should have died. It was said that Bill Doolin had also been with the gang, but had held back, claiming that his horse was lame. If so, it just shows that Doolin was a whole lot smarter than the rest of the Dalton Gang.



ON THE TRAIL OF THE DALTON GANG

Southern and Western Kansas, from Meade to Coffeyville, including a side trip to Dodge City, offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of the Dalton Gang.

CHAMBERS: ***Coffeyville.com***; ***MeadeChamber.com***; ***VisitDodgeCity.org***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **The Daltons Defenders Museum**, **Condon Bank in Historic Perkins Building**, **Coffeyville CVB,** *Coffeyville*; **Meade County Historical Museum**, **Dalton Gang Hideout & Museum**, *Meade*; **Boothill Museum**, *Dodge City*

LODGING: **Regal Inn**, *Coffeyville*; **Lakeway Hotel: Bed & Breakfast**, *Meade*; **Boothill Casino & Resort**, *Dodge City*



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In Meade, Kansas, the Dalton Gang Hideout & Museum, is housed in the family home of Eva Whipple, the sister of the Dalton brothers, with the wrestored infamous escape tunnel below it open for tours.

– COURTESY DALTON GANG HIDEOUT & MUSEUM

10

~August 1896~

HECK THOMAS VS. BILL DOOLIN

Lawson to Guthrie, Oklahoma



HECK THOMAS



BILL DOOLIN

Deputy U.S. Marshal Heck Thomas had been tracking outlaws for two decades in Oklahoma Territory when in August 1886 he got a tip that escaped outlaw Bill Doolin was near Lawson. Thomas and his posse got the jump on Doolin and gunned the bandit down.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Bill Doolin's turn finally came in 1896. After the demise of the Dalton Gang, of which he was a member, he formed his own wild bunch and kept on following the outlaw trade. Among other things, they shot up a group of U.S. marshals in Ingalls, Oklahoma Territory. Captured in Arkansas by Bill Tilghman, Doolin soon escaped from the jail in Guthrie.

In August of 1896, Deputy U.S. Marshal Heck Thomas set up surveillance on the home of Doolin's father-in-law in Lawson, Oklahoma Territory. Late at night, the posse saw a man walking from the house, up a trail, in their general direction. When it was determined that it was Bill Doolin, the posse opened up. Doolin returned fire, but he was shot several times, and killed dead on the spot. Heck Thomas got the credit for killing Doolin, having centered the outlaw's chest with a load of buckshot.

Folks have always debated if Thomas's posse had called on Doolin to surrender. Most likely they did, but maybe, as in the case of Frank Hamer and Bonnie and Clyde, Doolin couldn't hear them over the sound of the gunfire. We suspect that Heck Thomas didn't much care.

When on a law-and-order heritage tour of Oklahoma, don't miss historic Guthrie, a cornerstone of state history. The Carnegie Library (below), built in 1901, is home to the Territorial Oklahoma Historical Museum with exhibits on the tumultuous, lawless days on the frontier of the Indian Territory.

– COURTESY GUTHRIE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE –



ON THE TRAIL OF HECK THOMAS AND BILL DOOLIN

Central Oklahoma offers numerous historic sites, scenic byways and heritage communities to explore on the trail of Heck Thomas and Bill Doolin.

CHAMBERS: ***OKCChamber.com***; ***GuthrieChamber.com***

HISTORIC SITES, PARKS, MUSEUMS & MONUMENTS: **National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum**, *Oklahoma City*; **Oklahoma Territorial Museum**, **Summit View Cemetery**, **Logan County Historical Society**, *Guthrie*; **JM Davis Arms & Historical Museum**, *Claremore*; **Woolaroc Museum**, *Bartlesville*

LODGING: **Pollard Inn**, **The Stone Lion Inn**, *Guthrie*; **Colcord Hotel**, **The Skirvin Hotel**, *Oklahoma City*

Jim Wilson is a retired Texas peace officer, a former sheriff and a lifelong student of Western history. The Big Bend country of West Texas is his home.

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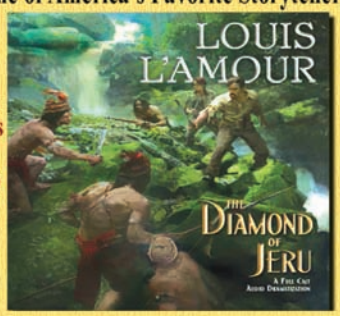
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Western Roundup

FOR JUNE 2017



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Elko, NV, June 3-4: See pioneer and American Indian culture on the California Trail come to life through family-friendly history displays and special presentations.
775-738-1849 • *CaliforniaTrailCenter.org*

ART SHOWS

WINDOWS TO THE WEST

Estes Park, CO, June 2-4: Showcases artists and their unique depictions of Western landscapes, wildlife and traditional Western American life.
970-231-1738
WindowsWestArt.com

AMERICAN PLAINS ARTISTS SPECIAL SHOW

San Angelo, TX: June 29-July 31: An 1867 fort along the Concho River showcases nearly 100 Western paintings and a dozen sculptures.
325-481-2646
FortConcho.com

AUCTION

BRIAN LEBEL'S OLD WEST SHOW & AUCTION

Fort Worth, TX, June 10-11: Gaze at Western Americana artifacts and bid on Western art, American Indian jewelry and cowboy gear.
480-779-9378
OldWestEvents.com

CAR SHOW

CLASSIC CAR SHOW

Red River, NM, June 2-3: This 1870s mining town draws in more than 150 classic, hot rod and modern cars.
575-754-2366 • *RedRiverChamber.org*

FILM FESTIVAL

ALBUQUERQUE FILM & MUSIC EXPERIENCE

Albuquerque, NM, June 6-11: Wes Studi and Jeff Bridges bring some Western flair to this film and music festival.
VisitAlbuquerque.org

FOOD FESTIVAL

BREW FEST

The Dalles, OR, June 10: This fur trade and frontier military mecca gathers crowds to drink beer, wine and cider, and play lawn games.
541.296.2231 • *VisitTheDalles.com*



BILLY THE KID FESTIVAL

San Elizario, Texas, June 2–4: Outlaw Billy the Kid's rowdy 1876 visit to San Elizario to break a pal out of jail hits the stage in a live drama.
915-851-0093
SanElizarioHistoricDistrict.org

Western Roundup

FOR JUNE 2017



BLACK HILLS BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Sturgis, SD, June 23-25: After soaking in pioneer history in the Black Hills, stop by for some Bluegrass tunes.
BlackHillsBluegrass.com

HORSE SALES

BOTS SOTS REMOUNT HORSE SALE

Sheridan, WY, June 3: Shop horses disciplined in a variety of training styles that harken to the days of work horses, cavalry remounts and Indian ponies.
406-671-7238 • *BotsSotsRemount.com*

DIAMOND RANCHES' KEN MCNABB HORSE SALES

Douglas, WY, June 3: Head to the Powderhorn Ranch to find horses fit for the experienced ranch hand or the recreational trail rider.
307-298-5030 • *DMHorses.com*

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TESORO'S LIVING HISTORY EXPERIENCE

Morrison, CO: Opens June 1: Historical interpreters and films bring to life Bent's Old Fort, early Spanish settlers and local Indians.
303-839-1671 • *TesoroCulturalCenter.org*

GOLD RUSH DAYS

Sidney, NE, June 9-10: Experience the Black Hills gold rush of 1876 through skits, re-enactments and cowboy lore about the town's freighting days.
866-545-4030 • *SidneyGoldRush.com*

NEBRASKALAND DAYS

North Platte, NE, June 14-24: Nebraska pays tribute to Buffalo Bill Cody's 1882 "Old Glory Blowout" with a rodeo, parades and concerts.
308-532-7939
NebraskalandDays.com

HISTORIC LECOMPTON TERRITORIAL DAYS

Lecompton, KS, June 16-17: Kansas's former territorial capital celebrates with turtle races and pioneer woodcarving.
785-887-6285
LecomptonTerritorialDays.com

JIM BOWIE DAYS

Bowie, TX, June 18-24: Texas Revolution hero and frontiersman Jim Bowie is honored with a rodeo, parades and an art and Indian artifact show.
940-366-1887 • *JimBowieDays.org*

UMATILLA LANDING DAYS

Umatilla, OR, June 23-24: Brings to life the Columbia River gold rush town's history through re-enactments, museum tours and a parade.
541-922-4825 • *UmatillaChamber.org*

SALUTE TO THE BUFFALO SOLDIER DAYS

Tombstone, AZ, June 23-25: This tribute to Arizona Territory's Buffalo Soldiers features street entertainment and a parade.
520-457-9317 • *TombstoneChamber.com*

MUSIC FESTIVALS

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

Kerrville, TX: June 1-11: International songwriters convene in the Texas Hill Country at Quiet Valley Ranch.
830-257-3600 • *KerrvilleFolkFestival.org*

LONE PINE FILM HISTORY MUSEUM CONCERT IN THE ROCKS

Lone Pine, CA, June 3: Head to a frequent Western movie site, Alabama Hills, for Rock 'n' Roll under the stars and a cowboy ranch dinner.
LonePineFilmHistoryMuseum.org

NORTH DAKOTA COUNTRY FEST

New Salem, ND, June 3: Regional acts and Nashville's finest sing their hearts out at North Dakota's first ever Country Music festival.
NDCountryFest.com

OUTDOOR THEATRE

ASH HOLLOW HISTORICAL PAGEANT

Lewellan, NE: June 16-17: Relive Mormon pioneer history at this open-air performance while sitting on an emigrant trail below the bluffs of Ash Hollow.
VisitGardenCounty.com

TEXAS! OUTDOOR MUSICAL DRAMA

Palo Duro Canyon, TX, Opens June 2- August 19: This outdoor musical re-creates the stories of Texas Panhandle settlers, plus features a chuckwagon dinner.
806-655-2181 • *Texas-Show.com*

RODEOS

CMSA CENTRAL NATIONALS

Guthrie, OK, June 7-10: Watch fast-action Cowboy Mounted Shooting competitions as shootists aim to score national titles.
404-341-4344 • *VisitEdmondOK.com*

SISTERS RODEO

Sisters, OR, June 9-11: Rodeo stars head to Sisters to show off their goods in this self-proclaimed "Biggest Little Show in the World!"
800-827-7522 • *SistersRodeo.com*



SAN ELIZARIO HISTORIC DISTRICT TOURS

San Elizario, Texas, June 25: Travel back in time on the Mission Trail with free guided walking tours of this 300-year-old district.
915-851-0093
SanElizarioHistoricDistrict.org



MEDORA MUSICAL

Medora, ND, Opens June 2: This Western-style musical pays homage to Theodore Roosevelt's time in the Badlands.
701-623-4444 • *NDTourism.com*

GREELEY STAMPEDE

Greeley, CO, June 23- July 4: Get bull riding and steer wrestling rodeo action, plus take in Western art and an Independence Day parade.
970-356-7787 • *GreeleyStampede.org*

PRESCOTT FRONTIER DAYS & WORLD'S OLDEST RODEO

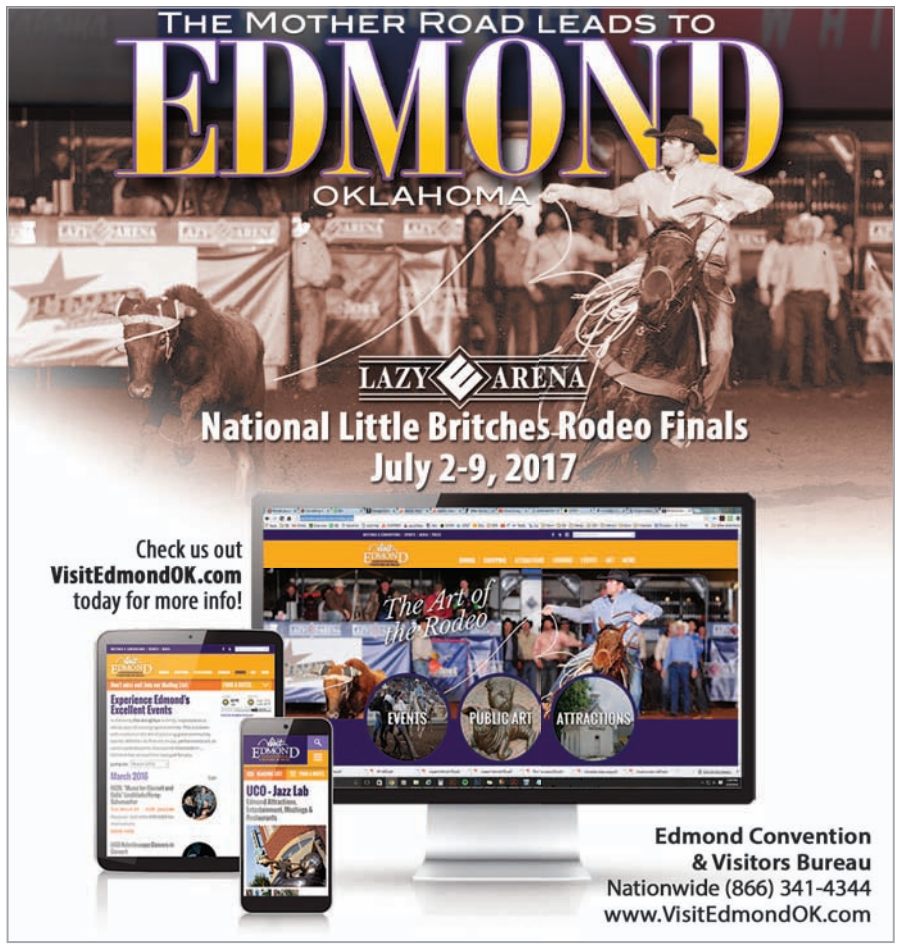
Prescott, AZ, June 28- July 4: Held since 1888, this rodeo claiming to be the "world's oldest" delivers steer roping, bull riding and a parade.
928-445-3103 • *WorldsOldestRodeo.com*



DEVILS RUN CLASSIC CAR SHOW

Devils Lake, ND, June 2-4: Cars will cruise into this 1882 pioneer town for a car show, rod run and classic car auction.
701-662-4903
GreatDakotaClassic.com

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.





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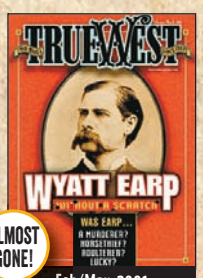
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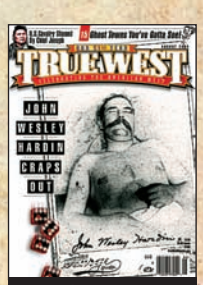

ALMOST GONE!
Feb/Mar-2001
Wyatt Earp


SOLD OUT
Aug/Sep-2001
Wild Bill


Aug/Sep-2002
Defeat of Jesse James


Jul-2003
Doc & Wyatt


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Guns that won the West


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- ☐ Nov: Gambling
- ☐ Dec: Buffalo Gals & Guys

2007
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Cowboys Are Indians
- ☐ Mar: Trains/Jim Clark
- ☐ Apr: Western Travel
- ☐ May: Dreamscape Desperado/Billy
- ☐ Jun: Collecting the West/Photos
- ☐ Jul: Man Who Saved The West
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- ☐ Sep: Endurance Of The Horse
- ☐ Oct: 3:10 To Yuma
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Brad Pitt & Jesse James

2008
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- ☐ Mar: Who Killed the Train?
- ☐ Apr: Travel/Geronimo
- ☐ May: Who Stole Buffalo Bill's Home?
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2009
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- ☐ Mar: Poncho Villa
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- ☐ May: Battle For The Alamo
- ☐ Jun: Custer's Ride To Glory
- ☐ Jul: Am West, Then & Now
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- ☐ Oct: Capturing Billy
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Chaco Canyon

2010
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2011
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2012
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- ☐ Sep: The Heros of Northfield
- ☐ Oct: Bravest Lawman You Never
- ☐ Nov: Armed & Courageous
- ☐ Dec: Legend of Climax Jim

2013
- ☐ Jan: Best of the West/John Wayne
- ☐ Feb: Rocky Mountain Rangers
- ☐ Apr: US Marshals
- ☐ May: Texas Rangers
- ☐ Jun: Doc's Last Gunfight
- ☐ Jul: Comanche Killers!
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- ☐ Dec: Olive Oatman-Branded

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Ask The Marshall

BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

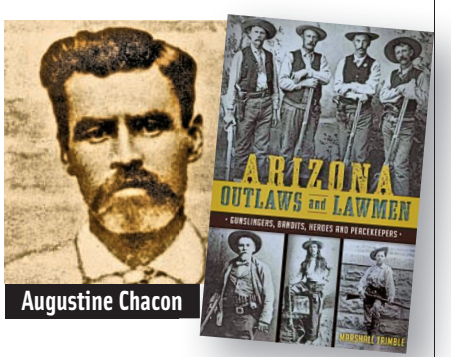
Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian and vice president of the Wild West History Association. His latest book is *Arizona Outlaws and Lawmen;* The History Press, 2015. If you have a question, write: Ask the Marshall, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327 or e-mail him at marshall.trimble@scottsdalecc.edu

Killers Exaggerate

Did Augustine Chacon kill 52 men?

Jonathan Smith
Rodenberg, Lower Saxony, Germany

The number of men Augustine Chacon killed is disputed, just as the death kills are for John Wesley Hardin, Bill Longley and Jim Miller. Confirming Chacon's claim is even more difficult as many of his killings took place in Mexico, and the reports are sketchy and usually unconfirmed. Without question, Chacon could be ruthless; prior to shooting Graham County Deputy Sheriff Pablo Salcido in cold blood in 1896, he slit the throat of a sheepherder with a hunting knife. Still, bad guys like Chacon tended to exaggerate their kill counts to boost their reputations (and egos). They certainly don't deserve to be romanticized or lionized.



Marshall Trimble wrote about Old West badman Augustine Chacon in his latest book, *Arizona Outlaws and Lawmen*.

– COURTESY THE HISTORY PRESS –

What happened to the guns used in the Gunfight behind the O.K. Corral?

Brian Madison
Venice, Florida

Simple answer: nobody knows.

Arizona Territory researcher Jeff Morey says Frank McLaury's and Billy Clanton's six-shooters were identified by their serial numbers at the Spicer Hearing, but nobody knows what happened to the firearms afterward. Weapons belonging to the Earp brothers and Doc Holiday were not identified at the time.

Earp authority Casey Tefertiller adds, "[The gunfight] did not seem like a big deal at the time. Nobody thought folks would still be talking about it a century later."



This Comanche supply wagon follows Col. Samuel S. Smoot's outfit on the way to sign the Medicine Lodge Treaty in October 1867, but by the time this wood engraving appeared in the November 16 issue of *Frank Leslie's illustrated Newspaper,* the Comanches and Kiowas had already broken the peace.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Did any Indian tribes break treaties the way the U.S. government did?

Walter Reed
Chandler, Arizona

Yes. And the most warlike tribes were the most likely to break their promises.

Apache leader Mangas Coloradas agreed in July 1852 not to raid into Mexico; he did just that, as early as September.

In 1858, the Dakota raided the Chippewa immediately after signing a peace treaty.

In 1861, the Cheyenne and Arapaho signed a treaty at Fort Wise in Colorado Territory and never complied with one provision of the peace agreement.

One month after Comanches and Kiowas signed the Medicine Lodge Treaty in 1867, they were raiding in Texas.

A major problem with treaties: non-signers didn't feel obligated to honor something they didn't personally agree to. Often, a chief represented only one band of a particular tribe, not the entire tribe. Settlers usually didn't understand that.

While on a cattle drive, did cowboys wear their handguns or store them?

Bill Calloway
Wilmington, Delaware

Whether or not a cowboy wore his weapons while on a cattle drive depended on the circumstances.

If the herd was nervous because of the weather, or they weren't trail broken yet, a pistol came in handy when trying to turn a stampeding herd. And if drovers anticipated problems with rustlers or American Indians, packing a weapon was a good idea.

However, if the cowboys were in an area deemed safe from danger, or they

were branding cattle, a gun might be more encumbrance than benefit; they'd stow the weapons in a sack or the chuckwagon.

On *Walker, Texas Ranger,* Chuck Norris had a recurring role, told via flashbacks, as 19th-century Texas Ranger Hayes Cooper. Did such a man exist?

Jeff Peirce
Indianapolis, Indiana

Wish I could say yes, but no, Hayes Cooper is fictional. He was created in the fertile minds of the writers of the CBS television series. The Texas Ranger Hall of Fame and Museum in Waco receives many letters asking the same question.

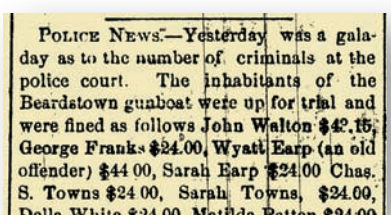
Why are Old West figures portrayed in such black-and-white terms—either they're all good or all bad?

W.W. Reed
Chandler, Arizona

Hollywood has given us a sterilized and romanticized image of the real West because audiences want their history to be uncomplicated, to be easy to take in and to take sides.

We all do it, including me. I'd rather see Sam Elliott take on the bad guys than some foul-smelling scoundrel with rotten teeth. A movie has only an hour and a half to present a crisis and being it to a successful conclusion. Life's not like that; it's shades of gray, with lots of complicated people who do both good and bad things.

In the Lincoln County War (and the Tombstone troubles and more), people were often motivated by greed, power, corruption and other negative factors. And unlike many movies, the good guys didn't always come out on top.



POLICE NEWS.—Yesterday was a gala-day as to the number of criminals at the police court. The inhabitants of the Beardstown gunboat were up for trial and were fined as follows John Walton $42.15, George Franks $24.00, Wyatt Earp (an old offender) $44 00, Sarah Earp $24.00 Chas. S. Towns $24 00, Sarah Towns, $24.00, Della White $24.00 Matilda Patten $24.00

Wyatt Earp was no angel; some historians point to a report of the lawman as an "old offender" on a floating bordello, published in the above September 10, 1872, *Peoria Daily Transcript*, to claim he was a pimp.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

Going to college with George Lucas was a sincere pleasure. Even back then, he was an "out of the box" thinker.

I got my gig on *The Wild Bunch* because I was a fair-haired assistant director with great credits and a stellar reputation, and was given the chance to work in a foreign country with a challenging story and director.

***Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*,** to me, were outlaw legends made even more popular by a brilliant film.

The secret behind Alfred Hitchcock's genius is a question you could ponder forever and never come up with one clear answer. He was fascinated with design. I don't know exactly what made him exceptional at his craft. He just was.

The *Star Wars* frontier is similar to the Old West frontier in that both were unexplored and filled with heroes and villains.

I almost lost my job by pushing for Harrison Ford as Indiana Jones because I was so persistent. I thought he was perfect for the part.

***Raiders of the Lost Ark* taught me** that the 13-minute serial still exists and that there's an audience for action-packed cliffhangers.

My favorite artifact I collected from my films is the top of a miniature ark used in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. The item was given to me. So was the skiff Luke Skywalker used to escape from Jabba the Hutt's barge in *Return of the Jedi*.

The strangest thing I learned about Roy Rogers was that his word was his bond. That shouldn't be strange, but I've met some people who don't keep their word. Roy made deals with a handshake, and he never went back on a promise.

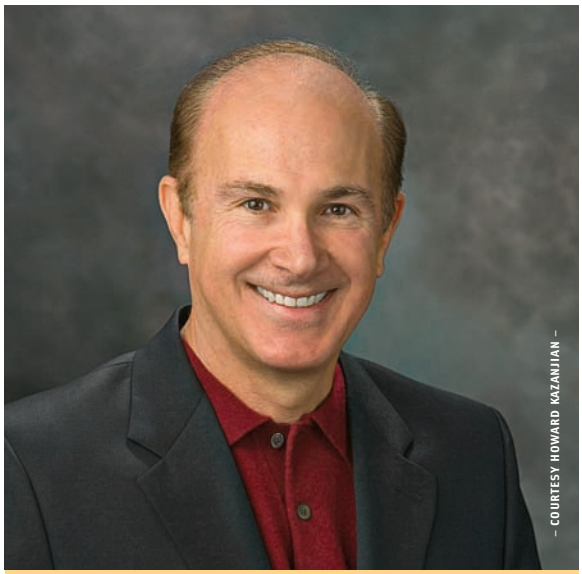
You'd be surprised to know Dale Evans was married three times before she and Roy Rogers tied the knot.

John Wayne, in his early years, had a good work ethic and was incredibly generous.

The posse that chased Dora Hand's killer was dedicated to justice. What became of the murderer Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Charlie Bassett and Bill Tighman pursued had a profound effect on their future as law enforcement agents.



Howard Kazanjian will share his experiences working on films (including 1969's *The Wild Bunch*) in a panel with Chris Enss at this year's Western Writers of America Convention, held June 21-24, in Kansas City, Missouri. Visit *WesternWriters.org* for more information.



– COURTESY HOWARD KAZANJIAN –

HOWARD KAZANJIAN, FILM PRODUCER

Emmy Award-winning film producer Howard Kazanjian is best known for his work on *The Wild Bunch, Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Star Wars*. A former vice president of Lucasfilm, he met George Lucas while they attended University of Southern California. Kazanjian has authored books with Chris Enss, including biographies on Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, Elizabeth Bacon Custer, Sam Sixkiller and the early life of John Wayne; *Thunder Over the Prairie*, sharing the true tale of Dora Hand's murder in 1878 and the posse that went after her killer; and *The Death Row All Stars*.

Being deputized an honorary marshal of Dodge City in Kansas in 2009 was an honor, and one I'm not likely to ever forget.

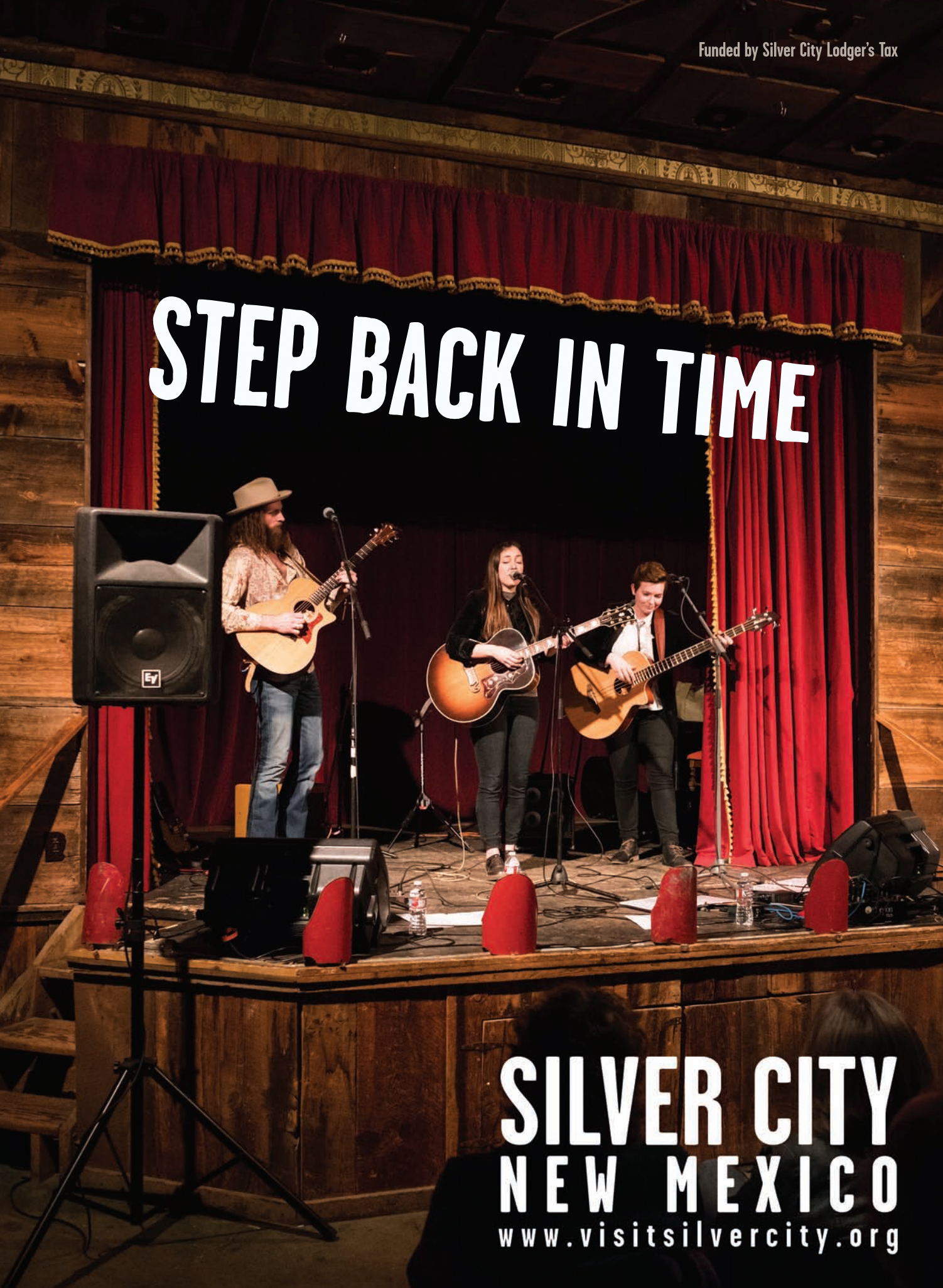
My favorite Western movies are the original *Stagecoach* and *The Searchers*.

One of the best Western endings is the last minute of *The Searchers*. We've seen the Wayne character do a 180 when he rescues Natalie Wood's character, brings her home, and the door closes on him. Great ending because there are so many things that one can think are going through his mind. You also can't help but wonder where he might go next.

My next project will be adapting the book *The Death Row All Stars* to film.

History has taught me that there is an innumerable supply of biographies.

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