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WE TAKE YOU THERE

Takes an Apache to Find an Apache

Courageous warrior Alchesay was photographed after the 1872–73 Tonto Basin Campaign that earned him and nine other Apaches Medals of Honor. Flanked by Maj. Jake Randall on the left and Lt. William Rice on the right, commander George Crook (standing third from right, wearing a pith helmet) used this campaign to prove that Apache scouts could help locate renegade Apaches. Penau, Archey, Mickey Free, Mose, Uclenay and Alchesay kneel in the front row. In the back row, far right, is Corydon Cooley, the scout who founded Show Low.

– COURTESY COLLECTION OF JEREMY ROWE VINTAGE PHOTOGRAPHY, *VINTAGEPHOTO.COM* –

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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May 2016 Online and Social Media Content

Wearing flesh-covered tights and ostensibly divesting herself of her clothes to remove a spider, actress Lola Montez wowed San Francisco crowds in 1853 with her "Spider Dance." Find this and more historical photography on our "Western Icons" board.

Pinterest.com/TrueWestMag

Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell to see this painting of Mickey Free and more of his Daily Whipouts (Search for "March 11, 2016").

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com

Join the Conversation

"I drove the old railroad grade from Colorado Springs to Cripple Creek in a lightning and hail storm. It was very exposed and a scary ride where it dropped off both sides at 1,000 feet."

–Scott Imus of Minden, Nevada

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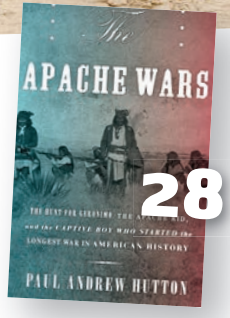

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America's last frontier saloons ushered in mechanized gaming devices.

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72 GRANDE DAMES OF THE WEST

Pioneer women defined America's Western hotels that still welcome guests today, offering them luxury, hospitality and nostalgia.

—By Chris Enss

Cover design by Dan Harshberger;
Illustrated by Bob Boze Bell

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Poor Bill Cody

I especially enjoyed Julia Bricklin's article about Buffalo Bill Cody on his encounter with *The Denver Post* owners [March 2016]. I was just shocked—I had no idea they treated him so poorly. They are revered here in Denver, and now I know the truth. Poor Bill Cody.

Julie & Tom Mann
Centennial, Colorado

EBAY DREAMIN'

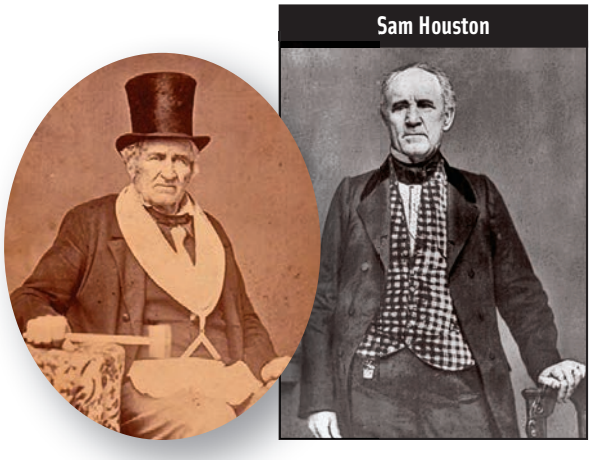
I'm really enjoying the Billy the Kid photo debate stemming from your Croquet Kid coverage [February 2016]. I'm still not convinced, but that's my opinion.

In 2014, I bought a photo on eBay of an elderly man in vestments of a Masonic Worshipful Master (see below oval). I believe it is of Samuel Houston.

I've sent the photo to two of the Houston museums–they aren't sure. I sent it to the Masonic lodge for which Houston was the worshipful master–nobody responded. I sent it to Jim Donovan, figuring he had seen enough pics of Houston after his Alamo book–he couldn't say for certain. I even had my son take it to *Antiques Roadshow* when the show came to Omaha last year–they couldn't say.

I believe this is a photo of him based on physical similarities shown in known photographs of Houston, which include the same physical build, with the slight paunch, and left thumb extending over the forefinger. I'm willing to have others take a look–at the worst, I'll have a nice photo for my study!

Jeff Barnes
Omaha, Nebraska



Sam Houston

The Apache Perspective

I just re-read Lynda Sanchez's *True West* article "A Brilliant But Doomed Mission" [December 2015] and was impressed again with the significance of Lt. Hugh L. Scott's ingenious plan to suppress the depredations of bronco Apaches by using "reformed" Apache warriors from Fort Sill as scouts for a U.S. Army "special ops" mission into the Sierra Madres in 1895. How sad that the plan was scuttled by Mexican politicos. Perhaps Porfirio Díaz did not care for the idea?

I appreciated the Apache perspective. I will be including information from your coverage in an article I plan to write about Edgar Rice Burroughs at Fort Grant in Arizona Territory in 1896-97. I want to expand on just how wild, tough and dangerous life was in the area when Burroughs was in the 7th Cavalry.

Frank Puncer
Rio Rico, Arizona

The Long Shot

In Bob Boze Bell's *Classic Gunfights* article about the Long Shot at Adobe Wells [April 2016], Kurt House concludes the .30-06 would drop at least six feet at nearly a mile. I ran a drop chart on a .30-06 with our 175 grain MatchKing at 2600 feet per second at a distance of 1,538 yards. The above line of sight in the bullet trajectory was 526 inches (almost 44 feet) at the highest point.

Carroll Pilant
Media Relations Manager for Sierra Bullets
Sedalia, Missouri

I noticed some slight errors of ballistic calculations reported by members of the Wild West History Association in the magazine's Adobe Walls coverage. What got my attention was the statement that Billy Dixon's rifle had to be elevated 35 degrees to make the shot! If his rifle was at such an angle, he would have required a rear sight that was tall enough for him to see the front sight and target at the same time, and that would have meant his rear sight would have to be somewhere over two feet in height! (In rough numbers, if the barrel sight radius was three feet and the elevated angle was 35 degrees, then the tangent to that angle is near 0.7 and multiplied by three feet, that gives a rear sight height a bit over two feet.)

The article then stated that the bullet drop was about 26 feet, very little in a distance of 1,538 yards, or 4,614 feet. If you draw a triangle with those dimensions and insert a tangent of a 26-foot drop onto your long side distance of 4,614 feet, you will find the elevation angle of the rifle to be merely 0.3105 degrees, or only one-third of one degree. For a target that is nearly a mile away, elevating the barrel angle to 30 degrees or so would be nearly a half mile elevated. A good deal too much!

William Strickland
Retired Mathematician, U.S. Army
Hazel Green, Alabama

Dr. James Bailey responds: *I appreciate Mr. Strickland pointing out this inaccuracy. The total bullet drop reported by Prof. John Thornton in a 1989 study was 3,823.8 inches with a time in flight of 4.838 seconds. The rifle elevation could not have been 35 degrees. Thornton calculated the total elevation for the shot to be 248.7 MOA (Minute of Angle). All the bullet flight characteristics were based on Thornton's work. My calculation was the amount of kinetic energy for the bullet as it approached the target.*

BY BOB BOZE BELL

The Top Secret Project

Part II (and working on Part III).

A cold steak at the Tinnie Silver Dollar in Tinnie, New Mexico, sparked the conversation that led to the Top Secret Project. Professor Paul Andrew Hutton and I decided America needs a new kind of hero. Someone who better reflects the multicultural mix that permeates our culture today.

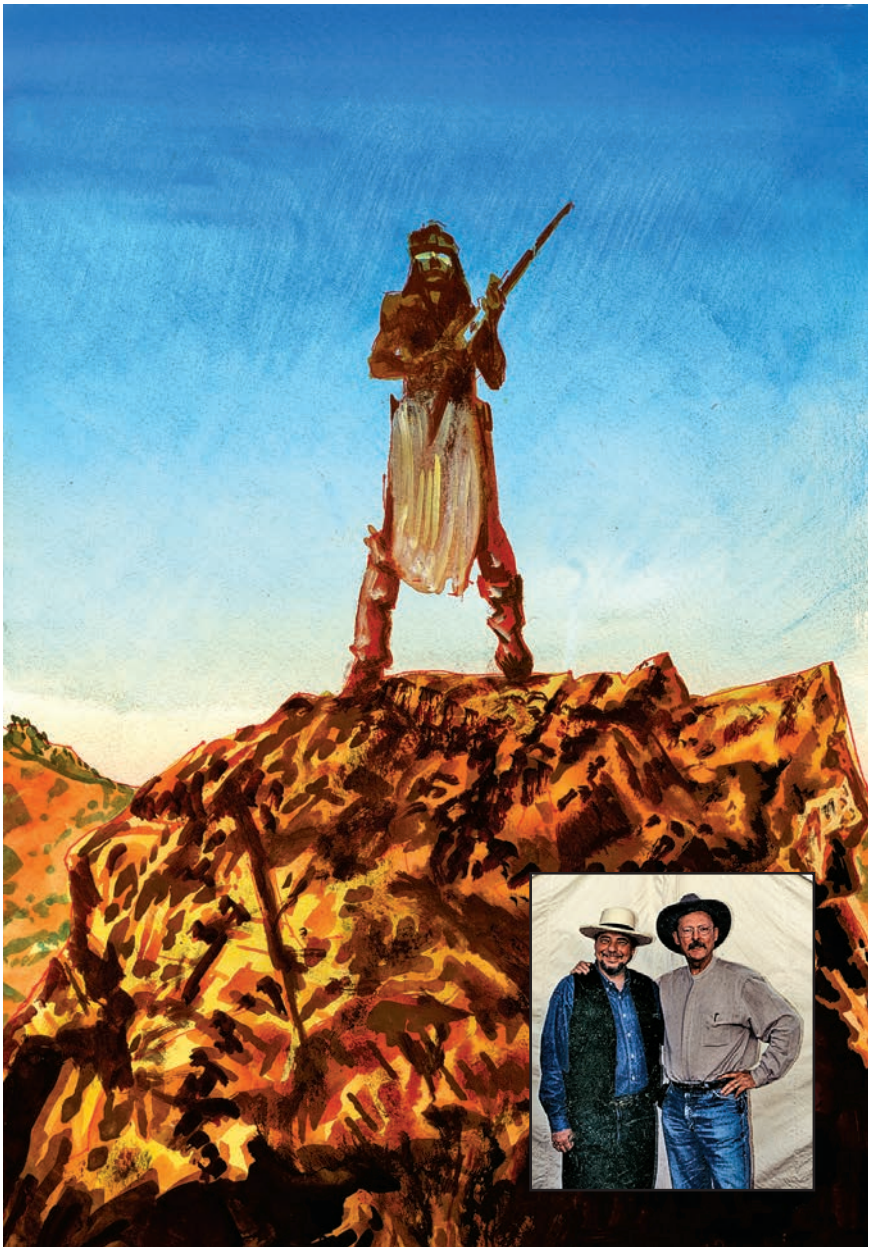
In 2004, Hutton and I agreed that the one historic character who fits that description to a T is Mickey Free. We slaved over a truncated graphic novel, which *True West* published in Nov./Dec. 2008 (see above cover), and which, unfortunately, didn't light anyone's fire.

Fast forward to 2011, when Jim Donovan, Hutton's friend and book agent in Dallas, Texas, called and asked if he could recommend an author to write a book on the Apaches. Deeply wounded (something Hutton is a master at), Hutton wondered aloud why his own agent failed to recognize the Distinguished Professor from the University of New Mexico as the perfect writer for this project. In other words: himself.

Incredibly, both Donovan and Crown Books in New York agreed, and this May 3, Hutton's long-awaited *The Apache Wars* will launch worldwide.

Now, the two of us are working together on the Top Secret Project, Part III. Stay tuned for the August issue.

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



The elusive Apache Kid stands tall on a ridge in the Sierra Madre. Professor Paul Andrew Hutton and me (inset) were already two years into our Top Secret Project when we posed for this photograph at Festival of the West in Scottsdale, Arizona, on March 15, 2006.

– ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BOZE BELL; PHOTO TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

TRUTH BE KNOWN

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Quotes

"Our government was designed to be run by informed, engaged citizens. We have an incredibly dangerous form of government for people who don't know how it works."

– Indiana State Senate Education Committee Chairman Dennis Kruse, recommending, in 2014, that high school students be required to pass a U.S. immigration civics test

"No, I can't say as ever I was lost, but I was bewildered once for three days."

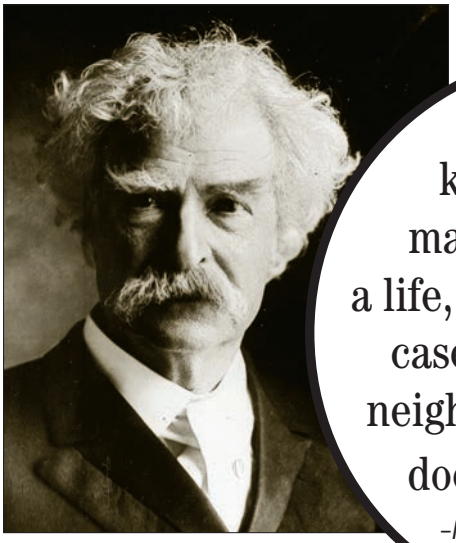
– Daniel Boone, American pioneer

"To be ignorant of what occurred before you were born is to remain always a child. For what is the worth of human life, unless it is woven into the life of our ancestors by the records of history?"

– Marcus Tullius Cicero, Roman philosopher

"The term 'political correctness' has always appalled me, reminding me of Orwell's 'Thought Police' and fascist regimes."

– Helmut Newton, German photographer



"Fortune knocks at every man's door once in a life, but in a good many cases the man is in a neighboring saloon and does not hear her."

–Mark Twain, American author

Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO

"One of the saddest lessons of history is this: If we've been bamboozled long enough, we tend to reject any evidence of the bamboozle. We're no longer interested in finding out the truth. The bamboozle has captured us. It's simply too painful to acknowledge, even to ourselves, that we've been taken. Once you give a charlatan power over you, you almost never get it back."

– Carl Sagan, in his The Demon-Haunted World: Science as a Candle in the Dark

"To sit home, read one's favorite paper, and scoff at the misdeeds of the men who do things is easy, but it is markedly ineffective. It is what evil men count upon the good men's doing."

–Theodore Roosevelt, 26th U.S. President

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

Old Vaquero Saying

"What if there were no hypothetical situations?"

BY MARK BOARDMAN

Match that Lit the Civil War

The 1854 Kansas-Nebraska Act set in motion the forces leading to conflict.

Although unfortunately torn, this federal land certificate for Delaware Indian Trust Lands in Kansas indicates Isaac Cody, Buffalo Bill's father, had filed a claim at Fort Leavenworth in 1854. By 1858, when the claim was paid and proved up, Isaac had already died of complications from wounds caused by pro-slavery border ruffians.

– COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS: CERTIFICATE DECEMBER 11-12, 2012; INSET BUFFALO BILL CODY JUNE 2008 –

The Kansas-Nebraska Act may have been the match that lit the fuse of the Civil War.

Some claimed the law was an effort by gutless bureaucrats to pass the slavery buck on to others. Congress—with pro-slavery Democrats in the majority in both houses—had effectively repealed the Missouri Compromise. That 1820 law allowed slavery only south of the 36-30 line (except for Missouri). But it hadn't solved the political and social problems tied to slavery in new territories and states.

The Kansas-Nebraska Act created those two territories and then let citizens decide whether or not to allow slavery. Chaos arose even before President Franklin Pierce signed the measure into law on May 30, 1854.

By then, numerous pro-slavery "border ruffians" from Missouri had made their way into Kansas, intent on influencing the vote. The ballot box was just one way to make the decision—guns and knives were another.

> Buffalo Bill Cody was only eight at the time of the assault.

One of the first casualties was Isaac Cody, who had brought his family to the Salt Creek Valley near Fort Leavenworth just before the act was signed. Cody was vocally anti-slavery. Cody's pro-slavery neighbors forced him to publicly address his views that September—and he got stabbed twice! He died nearly three years later of complications related to the wounds. His son, William F. (later the legendary Buffalo Bill), was only eight at the time of the assault. He never forgot what happened.

In 1855, abolitionist John Brown moved to Kansas Territory to protect his sons and their families from the border ruffians. After a pro-slavery group ransacked Lawrence on May 21, 1856, Brown and company quickly sought vengeance. On May 25, they used broadswords to butcher five pro-slavery men along Pottawatomie Creek.

In retaliation, leader Henry Pate—the same man who had led the attack on Lawrence—captured two of Brown's sons. Brown and 29 men beat and captured Pate and crew at the Battle of Black Jack on June 2.

On August 30, several hundred pro-slavery forces headed into Osawatomie, Brown's hometown. Brown and a few dozen men fought back, but five Free-Staters were killed, including Brown's son Frederick.

The violent tit-for-tat continued over the next two years, most often in guerrilla actions involving arson, looting and crop destruction. Territorial and federal officials failed to quell the violence—or even form a territorial legislature.

The last bad act of the "Bleeding Kansas" period came in May 1858. Charles Hamilton and 30 Missouri men captured 11 unarmed Free-Staters in Kansas. Hamilton and his forces opened fire on the prisoners, killing five, in what became known as the Marais des Cygnes Massacre.

In all, an estimated 59 people died in "Bleeding Kansas" between 1854 and 1859, setting the stage for the guerrilla warfare that ravaged Kansas and Missouri during the Civil War. The Kansas-Nebraska Act set in motion forces that its supporters couldn't have imagined in 1854.

BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

"...one of the oldest, most interesting and largest authentic trading posts...."

Rubble on Route 66

The rebirth of an iconic Route 66 trading post outside New Mexico's capital.

Rubble was all that was left of one of the most famous trading posts in the nation—a must stop on Route 66 "where real Indians trade." A fire in 2001 had reduced it to nothing.

Then the Santo Domingo Pueblo joined forces with the State of New Mexico to breathe new life into the trading post.

Today, a time traveler to Domingo, New Mexico, would take a second look. The restored trading post looks almost identical to how it appeared in the 1940s and 50s.

The spot has hosted a trading post since the 1880s, but the building that's just been rebuilt was originally constructed in 1922. It operated as a trading post until 1995. The mercantile company got its start through Nathan Bibo, but for years, the Santo Domingo post was operated by the Seligman family, longtime New Mexican merchants who owned businesses in a number of railroad towns. Fred Thompson took over in 1946 until his death in 1995.

Members of the Santo Domingo Pueblo stand proudly in front of the trading post they restored. The inset shows a before picture of the building, which was ravaged by a fire in 2001.

– BY JAKE BARROW / NEW MEXICO HISTORIC PRESERVATION DIVISION –

One "Trader Fred" ad noted this trade haven as "...one of the oldest, most interesting and largest authentic trading posts still trading with the Indians in the old West."

Today, the pueblo owns and operates the trading post. "Since the tribe is now running the trading post themselves, we are reclaiming our past and celebrating the present by making the trading post a centerpiece of economic development and pride in the community," Santo Domingo Gov. Daniel Coriz says.

The complex is comprised of three buildings, but only the first—the two-story Mission Revival-style main building—is reopened as a retail store for the tribe's jewelry, pottery and crafts.

Governor Coriz says the tribe hopes to renovate the "warehouse" next door into a grocery store and community center.

The post holds many memories for tribal elders, Gov. Coriz says. They remember walking the "squeaky" hardwood floors, smelling traditional foods for sale and watching kids ride the coin-operated horse.

A restoration grant request came in 2008, resulting in funding from the Economic Development Administration, says Pilar Cannizzaro, of the New Mexico Historic Preservation Division. The agency awarded two grants worth almost $2 million to rebuild the post and restore the murals that decorated the front of the building.

The agency recognized the potential of restoring the post, both for the residents and for tourism. Several times a day, New Mexico Rail Runner Express—a local tourist railroad that travels throughout the state—stops near the post.

Governor Coriz believes the post will be a major job generator for the pueblo, which now farms 100 acres—chili, native melons, corn, squash, cabbage, pumpkins. He thanks Sen. Tom Udall and Martin Heinrich of New Mexico for their support of the project, and for giving back New Mexico—and the West—one of its treasures.

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

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BY MEGHAN SAAR

A House Divided

The top-selling political collectible at Heritage Auctions recalls the contested 1860 Presidential election.

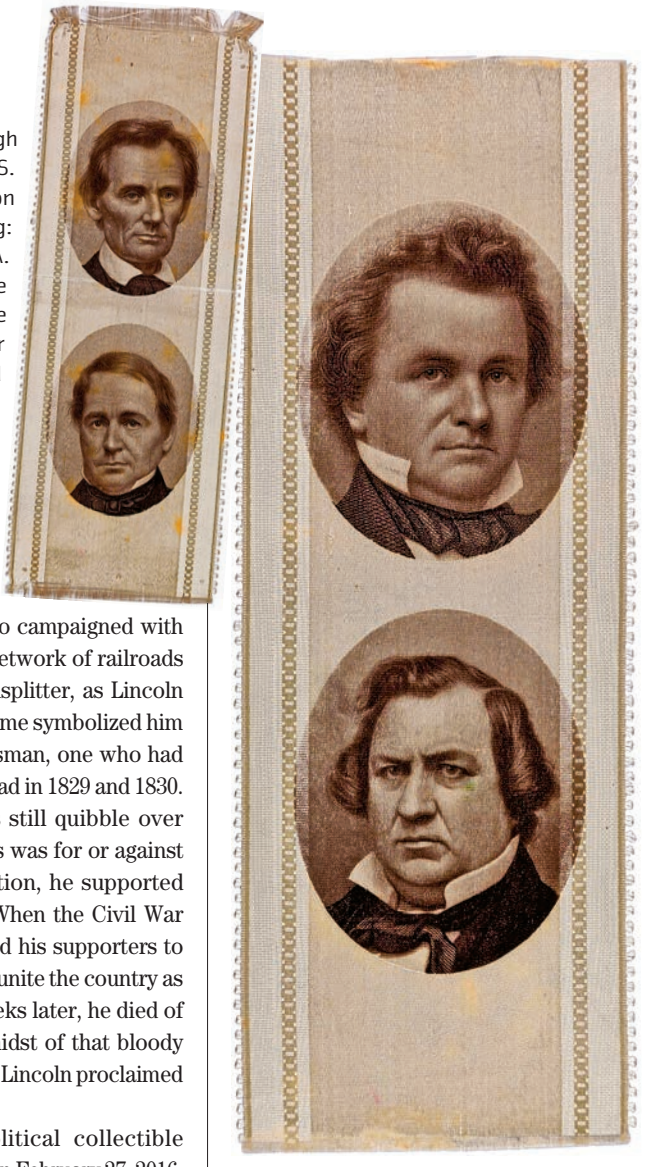
Abraham Lincoln said precisely the wrong words in 1858, but standing by his famous speech landed him in precisely the right place two years later.

"A house divided against itself cannot stand," he told the Republican State Convention the night he was nominated as the Illinois candidate for the U.S. Senate. He lost the 1858 election to third-term Democratic Sen. Stephen A. Douglas.

Lincoln's repurposed Bible verse was directed at settling the issue of slave states versus free states. That controversial debate ended up dividing the Democratic Party two years later, for the 1860 Presidential election. The leading candidates were Douglas, supported by Northern Democrats, and John C. Breckenridge, supported by pro-slavery Southerners. The 1858 debates had forced Douglas to articulate his view that territories could either allow or prohibit slavery by popular will and not through Congress, a position that alienated Southern Democrats.

Because of this rift within his own party, Douglas embarked on a national speaking tour, becoming the first Presidential candidate to campaign in person, an act that Americans today expect from their Presidential candidates.

In 1858, Lincoln had argued in his House Divided speech that Douglas wanted to nationalize slavery. Douglas had ended the Missouri Compromise ban on slavery in Kansas and Nebraska four years earlier. Lincoln worried that the next Dred Scott decision could allow slavery to spread into free states. In 1857, the Supreme Court determined that Dred Scott, a black slave who had lived in a free state before moving to the slave state of Missouri, could not claim U.S. citizenship and thus could not petition the court for freedom.



Collectors bid high on two 1860 U.S. Presidential election ribbons showing: Democrat Stephen A. Douglas and his Vice President nominee Herschel Johnson (far right, $30,000) and Republican Abraham Lincoln and his Vice President nominee Hannibal Hamlin (right, $18,000).

In 1860, the man who campaigned with the help of a growing network of railroads could not beat the Railsplitter, as Lincoln was known. The nickname symbolized him as a self-made frontiersman, one who had split wood for the railroad in 1829 and 1830.

Although historians still quibble over whether or not Douglas was for or against slavery, after the election, he supported Lincoln's presidency. When the Civil War began in 1861, he rallied his supporters to join the Union cause to unite the country as a free nation; a few weeks later, he died of typhoid fever. In the midst of that bloody war, on January 1, 1863, Lincoln proclaimed all slaves as free.

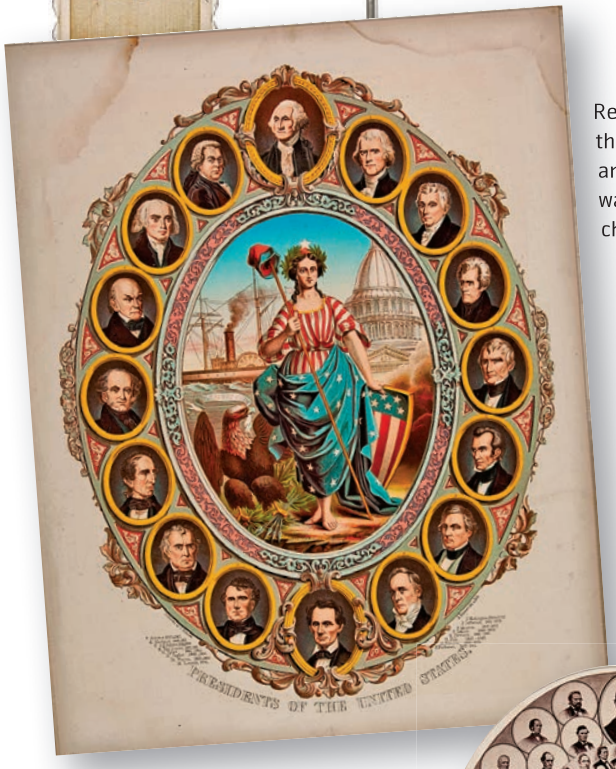
The top-selling political collectible Heritage Auctions sold on February 27, 2016, was an 1860 rarity: a campaign ribbon showing Douglas and Herschel Johnson, his nominee for Vice President. The 1860 ribbon for Lincoln and his Vice President Hannibal Hamlin followed with a solid bid.

But even Douglas knew the better man had won. At Lincoln's inauguration, he showed respect to the new leader when Lincoln was looking for a place to put down his stovepipe hat before stepping to the platform to speak. Douglas took the hat, saying, "If I can't be the President, at least I can hold his hat."

Notable Political Lots Included

(All images courtesy Heritage Auctions)

The 1860 U.S. Presidential election featured four split tickets, including the Constitutional Union ticket, nominating John Bell for President and Edward Everett for Vice President. Collectors bid high for the Bell-Everett jugate ribbon (far left, $8,000) and stickpin (left, $8,500).



Republican Abraham Lincoln won the 1860 Presidential election, and his 1861 inauguration was commemorated in a chromolithograph (left, $3,000).

Pro-slavery Southern Democrats sought to block Stephen Douglas's entry to the White House by nominating John Breckinridge, with running mate Joseph Lane. Breckinridge was currently James Buchanan's Vice President, and one of his 1860 campaign ribbons was printed on the reverse side of a recycled 1856 Buchanan ribbon (right, $2,400). A collector bid $8,000 for the Breckinridge-Lane jugate ribbon (above).

Lincoln was photographed with his Vice President and the members of Congress who voted to pass the 13th amendment abolishing slavery (right, $1,200). An assassin kept him from living to see the amendment ratified by the states in December 1865.

Political pin ferrotypes arrived just in time for the 1860 election. Uniside jugates were popular for all four Presidential tickets, but this one, of Republicans Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, features the victors; $4,600.

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

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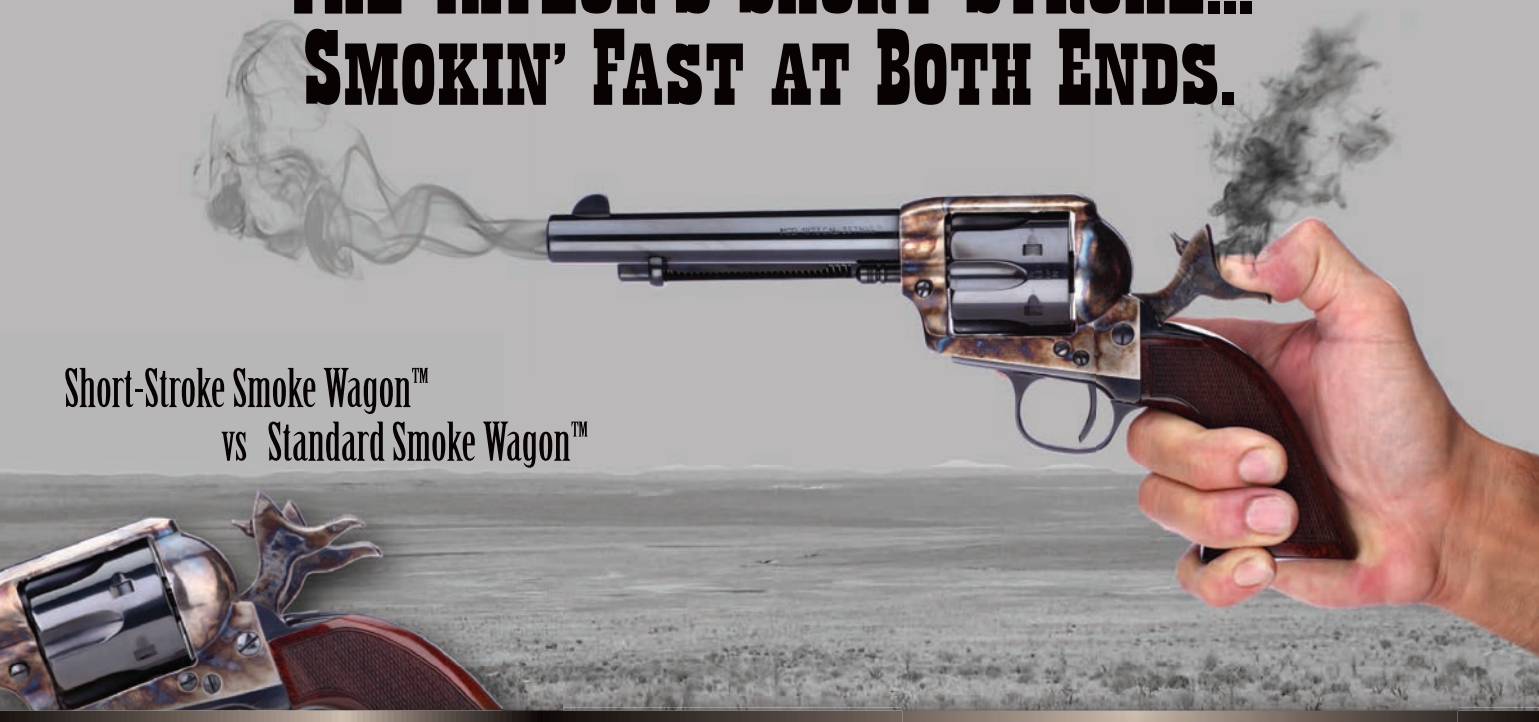
THE TAYLOR'S SHORT STROKE... SMOKIN' FAST AT BOTH ENDS.



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BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER

John Wayne's First Movie Six-gun

The Duke's inaugural silver screen six-shooter wasn't exactly what you'd expect.

Although John Wayne is undeniably best known for Western films in which he packed an 1873 Colt Peacemaker and dispensed frontier justice with the famed hoglegs in one horse opera after another, his first silver screen six-gun—as well as his last use of smoke wagons—were not Colts at all.

> This distinctive six-shooter was reportedly also used in an early oater by cowboy star William S. Hart.

In his last film, 1976's *The Shootist*, Big Duke packs the pair of ivory-stocked, blued and ornately engraved Great Western Arms Company clones of the '73 Colt Peacemakers that he'd been given years earlier and was waiting for just the right film to use them in. Big John felt these fancy six-shooters perfectly suited the film's professional gunman character, J.B. Books.

While a fair amount of coverage has been given Wayne's last movie six-guns, little if anything has been written about his first big screen sidearm. Regardless of the Old West era depicted, the Duke constantly relied on the metallic cartridge 1873 Colt Single Action Army revolver. Examples include *The Comancheros* (1961), set in 1843, and *The Searchers* (1956), which takes place in 1870. However, for his

No, John Wayne's first silver screen six-gun wasn't a Peacemaker Colt, but this nickel-plated, cartridge conversion, New Model 1861 Remington Army revolver, with its distinctive diamond cut pattern on each side of the octagonal barrel. It was packed by a young Duke in the 1930 epic film *The Big Trail*.

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In this action still, copied from a 70mm print of *The Big Trail*, a buckskin-clad John Wayne is seen firing his Remington revolver and packing an 1863 Springfield musket during the exciting buffalo chase scene. Duke's six-shooter was also used by silent star William S. Hart in a Western, and later in an episode of TV's *Bonanza*!

– COURTESY FOX FILM CORPORATION –

One of a pair of '61 Remingtons supplied to Wayne for his first starring role, it features the diamond patterning cut into the back strap. Although Duke only carried one Remington in the movie, duplicates of major prop firearms are employed to save valuable film production time. The original serial numbers are found under the barrel with that number again in studio-type stamping on the flat of the butt strap.

portrayal of a frontier scout in the 1930 epic motion picture *The Big Trail*, which marked Wayne's debut as a leading man, the 23-year-old Duke packed a nickel-plated, cartridge conversion, New Model 1861 Remington Army revolver, which is often mistakenly dubbed an "1858 Remington," even though there is no such model.

From the collection of Al Frisch's Hollywood Guns & Props, Duke's *Big Trail* Remington has been on display at the National Rifle Association's National Firearms Museum in Fairfax, Virginia. It bears serial number 90801 under the barrel, in the proper location, with that number again in studio-type stamping on the flat of the butt strap. It also has a Stembridge Gun Rentals serif "S" stamping. For expediency in valuable production time, filmmakers employ duplicates of major prop firearms, such as those used by primary actors, in the event of having to reload due to malfunction or for extra takes of a scene. Its mate, serial number 17901, was sold to a private party at the 2007 High Noon Auction.

While there are no records of firearms rentals for *The Big Trail*, both revolvers can be identified while watching a 70mm version of the film. In fact, Frisch had owned both Remingtons for several years before he identified them while watching a 70mm copy of the movie. Recognizable features of Wayne's now famous first six-shooter include a somewhat crudely cut diamond pattern file work design on each side of the octagonal eight-inch barrel. A similar motif has been cut into the firearm's back strap and, like its mate, has

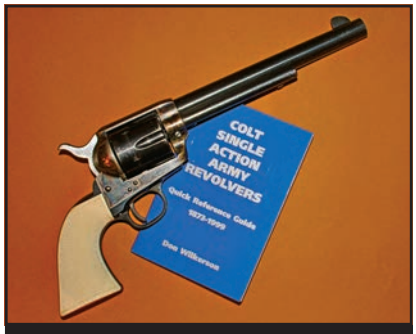
The Big Trail's epic box office failure sent Wayne into B movies until John Ford cast him in the 1939 classic, *Stagecoach.*

– COURTESY FOX FILM CORPORATION –

been studio-altered to fire .38 centerfire blanks instead of the Remington factory's .46 Rimfire rounds. The stocks have had small metal Texas stars inset into each side of the two-piece walnut panels.

In addition to its role in Wayne's *The Big Trail*, this distinctive six-shooter, as part of the Stembridge Gun Rentals arsenal, was reportedly also carried by cowboy star William S. Hart in an early oater, and again decades later by actor Lorne Greene in the first season of TV's *Bonanza*. This '61 Remington is noteworthy in that it reveals that despite the venerable 1873 Colt Peacemaker so closely linked to John Wayne's Western film, his celluloid taming of the West began—and ended with—six-shooters produced by companies other than Colt.

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.



COLT PEACEMAKER QUICK REFERENCE GUIDE

Colt Peacemaker enthusiasts will be pleased to know that an updated addendum sheet has been added to Don Wilkerson's excellent *Colt Single Action Army Revolvers, Quick Reference Guide, 1873-1999*. Like the original pocket-sized softcover guide, this addendum page provides year-by-year details on the major feature changes on Colt SAAs up through 2015. The guide covers the standard Colt Peacemaker from its inception through the Third Generation models, along with information on Colt's New Frontier and the Frontier and Buntline Scout models. Wilkerson's reference guide costs $15, however if you already have one, the addendum sheet is being offered for free.

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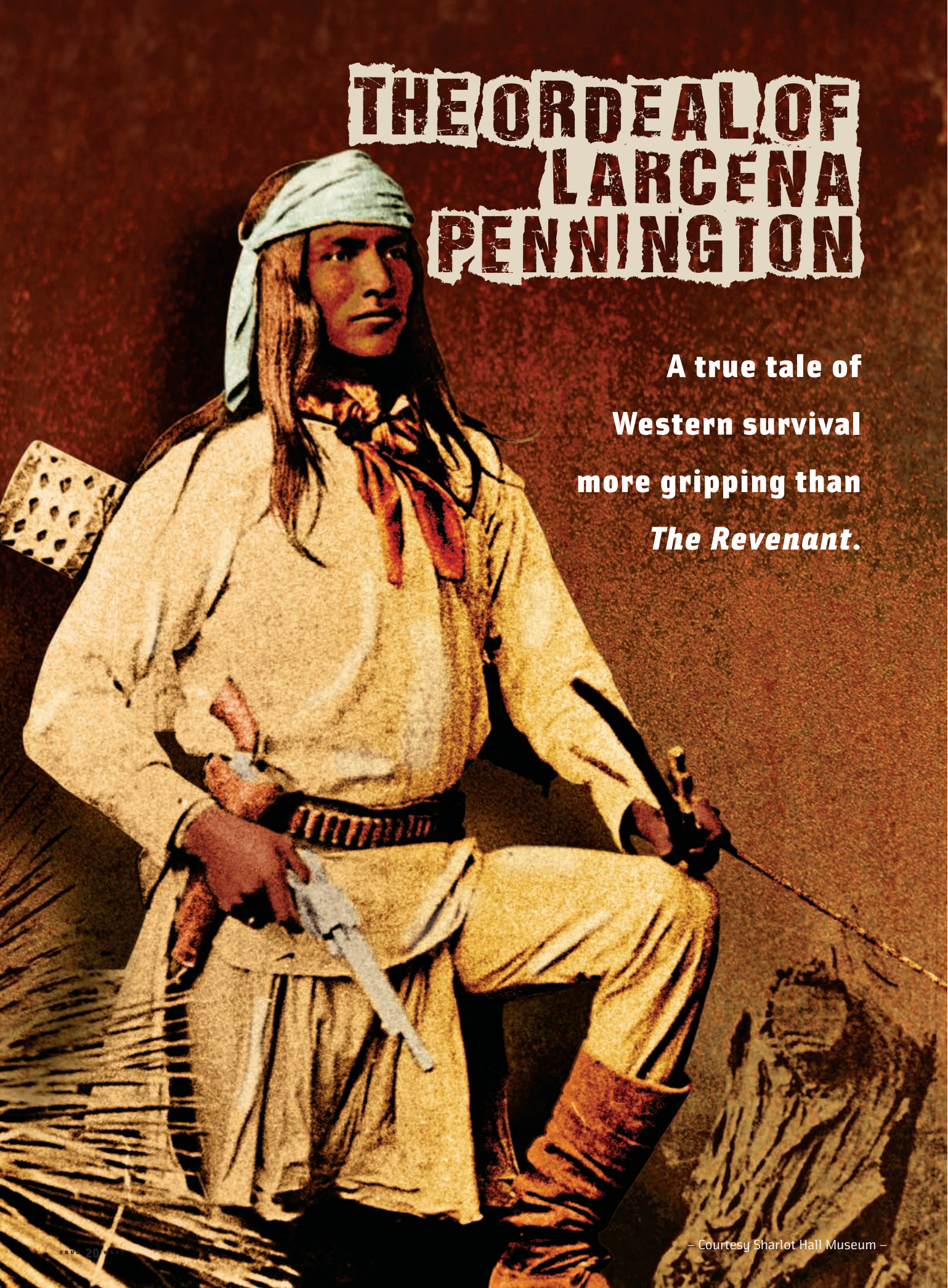


– Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum –

BY PAUL ANDREW HUTTON

Southeastern Arizona was contested ground. The few Americans who dared its dangers called the region the "Purchase," after the 1854 Gadsden Purchase from Mexico that had added the Mesilla Valley and the land south of Arizona's Gila River down to the 31st degree of latitude to New Mexico Territory. The Spanish and the Mexicans had called it Apacheria, after the Indian tribe that frustrated their efforts to settle the land.

Charles Poston, the self-styled "Father of Arizona," had reached an agreement with Mangas Coloradas, greatest of the Apache chiefs, to allow his miners and lumbermen to work the land south of Tucson unmolested. Poston had also lobbied Secretary of War Jefferson Davis to provide troops to protect his new mines.

Poston's Sonora Exploring and Mining Company established its headquarters at the abandoned Spanish presidio of Tubac in 1856. Not long after, Capt. Richard Ewell of the First Dragoons, later to be a famed Confederate general, established Fort Buchanan on a plateau above Sonoita Creek, just to the east of Tubac. This most isolated outpost of the republic had no outer walls and was constructed of logs chinked together with adobe. It offered little in the way of protection to the settlers, but it did open a valuable new market for cattle and crops to them. By the end of 1856, as Poston's mining company thrived, nearly 1,000 people were settled around Tubac.

Critical to this repopulation of the Santa Cruz Valley was Poston's agreement with Mangas Coloradas. While Chiricahua Apache raiding parties continually traveled past Tubac on their way south to raid in Sonora, they usually did not molest the miners, ranchers, lumbermen or farmers. Although the land remained wild and dangerous, with American and Mexican outlaws everywhere, Poston felt as if he had founded a frontier Eden: "We had no law but love, and no occupation but labor. No government, no taxes, no public debt, no politics. It was a community in a perfect state of nature."

About 30 miles to the east of Tubac was the Sonoita settlement, which consisted of seven ranches along the dozen miles of the valley floor. The census of 1860 listed 51 citizens in the valley, identified as farmers, teamsters, laborers, a cook, a clerk, a shoemaker, a lawyer, a printer and one simply as an "idiot." Fort Buchanan provided nominal protection, for the soldiers could barely guard their own horse herd, and Apaches once made off with several of the officer's tents. Not far from the fort stood the local general store of White and Grainger. Four miles south of the fort was James "Paddy" Graydon's United States Boundary Hotel, a rollicking establishment that everyone called Casa Blanca. Just below Graydon's saloon was the ranch of Felix Grundy Ake, who had settled there with his tempestuous brood in 1855. Johnny Ward's ranch, at the western bend of Sonoita Creek, was next in line, followed by the farms of William Wadsworth, B.C. Marshall and old Elias Green Pennington, and finally a gristmill operated by William Finley and Nathanial Sharp. The Sonoita Valley, proclaimed Tubac's *The Weekly Arizonian*, was a "treasure beyond price to the farmers in the neighborhood."

Larcena Pennington posed for this photograph 10 years after surviving a vicious Apache attack. The courageous pioneer endured tragedy after tragedy inflicted by the Apaches. She is probably shown here on her wedding day, in August 1870, when she married lawyer and judge William Fisher Scott. Despite her horrific ordeal, Larcena refused to leave Arizona. She died in Tucson in 1913 at the age of 76.

– COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY 13751 –

In time, a few American women also came into the valley. The most noted were the daughters of the eccentric Elias Pennington. He was known to all in the "Purchase" as Old Man Pennington and was a true pioneer as well as a wild, roving spirit. He had moved his growing family from Tennessee to Texas in 1839, but after the death of his wife, he pushed on west. He ran out of steam, but not determination, in June 1857 at Fort Buchanan while en route to California. His daughter Larcena had come down with a fever. While she recuperated near the fort, the Apaches ran off several of Elias's oxen. Making the best of a bad situation, Elias moved his brood of 12 children—four boys and eight girls—down to the east bank of the Santa Cruz River, close to the Mexican line, where the family dug irrigation ditches and planted crops. The family sold their crops to the soldiers at the fort and to the miners at Tubac. The Apaches did not molest them.

Belles of Santa Cruz Valley

In the eyes of his neighbors and, most especially, the soldiers at the fort, Elias knew

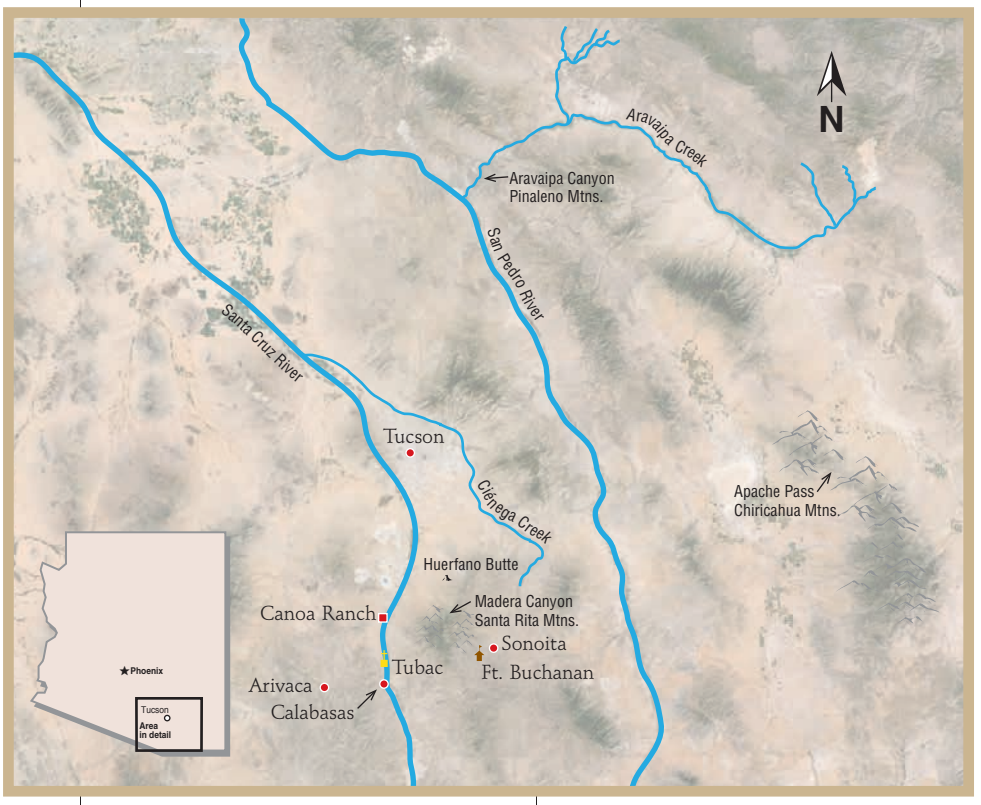
his success as a farmer was overshadowed by the lovely crop of daughters he raised on the farm. "I had the pleasure of an introduction to the eccentric old Pennington," J. Ross Browne noted. "Large and tall, with a fine face and athletic frame, he presents as good a specimen of the American frontiersman as I have ever seen. The history of his residence in the midst of the Apaches, with his family of buxom daughters, would fill a volume."

Dr. John Hall, a remarkable British soldier of fortune who had spent a considerable time in Sonora, arrived in the Santa Cruz Valley in the summer of 1857. He attended a Christmas gathering at a ranch near the fort at which the Pennington girls created quite a sensation. "But few ladies, American, graced the party, but those present were the 'belles' of the valley, good looking and true specimens of frontier coquettes," he recalled. "Womankind (white) are scarce in Arizona, so all the young squatters present were deeply smitten."

Captain Ewell, who Hall called an "inveterate old bachelor," enjoyed the scenery immensely. Hall was perplexed by the small stick the American girls had in their mouths. Ewell explained to the well-travelled Englishman that this tobacco-laden stick and this practice of "mopping" were common on the frontier. The little stick was the mop.

Hall was mortified. "It is abominable, even worse than crinoline," the Englishman huffed. "A Mexican woman may be excused her cigarette, a Hindoo her hookah and an Irishwoman her short 'dundeen,' but a pretty American girl a 'mopstick!'" Dr. Hall was learning just how quickly the social conventions broke down on the frontier.

Of all the Pennington girls, 22-year-old Larcena was by far the loveliest, breaking the forlorn hearts of many a lonely soldier and miner. She finally married handsome John Page on Christmas Eve 1859 in Tucson. Page was one of the wildest spirits in the valley. He had come to Tucson with the notorious gunman Bill Ake in April 1857. Ake and Page were part of a turbulent group of young toughs that a later generation would label with the epithet "cowboys."



Larcena was by far the loveliest, breaking the forlorn hearts of many a lonely soldier and miner.

After their wedding, Page took his bride to William Kirkland's Canoa ranch on the Santa Cruz River. Kirkland, a tall, imposing, 27-year-old bachelor from Virginia operated a thriving lumber business, servicing both Tucson and Fort Buchanan. While Page felled timber 13 miles to the east in the mountains, Larcena tutored Kirkland's ward, Mercedes Sais Quiroz, the bright 10-year-old daughter of a Mexican widow who lived in Tucson.

Larcena fell ill at the Canoa ranch. The wetlands along both the Santa Cruz River and Sonoita Creek bred legions of mosquitos that carried malarial fevers, while fungus-laced spores from dust also infected settlers with sometimes deadly fevers that were totally misunderstood for another century (called Valley Fever in Arizona today). The mountain air of the lumber camp was deemed to be good for her, so, on March 15, 1860, Larcena and Mercedes climbed onto an ox-drawn supply wagon headed for the lumber camp. The little girl cradled Larcena's small dog in her lap. Kirkland, fretting over this outing, dispatched William Randall, an old frontier hand, to accompany the wagon on horseback. Kirkland also thoughtfully sent along a rocking chair and featherbed as gifts for the newlyweds.

As the oxen struggled to pull the wagon up Madera Canyon to the lumber camp, five Tonto Apaches watched and waited. While Mangas Coloradas might hold his Chiricahuas in check, even he could not control the Apache bands north of the Gila.

Mercedes Sais Quiroz sits next to her husband, Charles Shibell, in this circa 1868 photograph. At the age of 26, she dies from childbirth complications; he later became Pima County sheriff in Arizona Territory.

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The Apaches Attack

After an early breakfast, Page and the other woodcutters headed higher up the mountain slope while Randall went off to hunt venison for supper.

As Mercedes played, Larcena eased into the rocking chair in her spacious tent. Her little dog lay curled up beside her. When the dog began to growl, Larcena hushed him. Then she heard Mercedes scream.

As she rose to her feet, the tent flap flew open and an Apache burst in. She reached for the Colt revolver by the featherbed, but the warrior grabbed her arm and pushed her out of the tent.

Mercedes ran toward Larcena, only to be seized by another Apache. Larcena now saw all five Apaches, half-naked, wearing but breechcloths and high-topped moccasins, and all armed with lances and bows and arrows. They were all young, save for an older warrior who spoke broken Spanish. She started to scream again for help, but a lance pressed against her breast silenced her.

The Apaches ransacked the camp, looking for anything of value. Since they were afoot, they could not carry anything heavy, so they amused themselves by cutting up bags of flour as well as Larcena's featherbed. Feathers mixed with flour filled the air. The Apaches gathered up what they could carry and then marched Larcena and Mercedes up the steep slope toward their northern homeland.

Randall returned at noon to find the camp ransacked and the girls gone. He rushed to alert Page and the other lumbermen. A frantic Page mounted Randall's horse and galloped to Canoa. The horse died under him as he reached the ranch and breathlessly told Kirkland what had happened.

Kirkland sent a messenger to Fort Buchanan. Then he rode the 40 miles north to Tucson for help. Page and another ranch hand mounted fresh horses and headed back into the mountains in search of the Apaches' trail.

Trail of Desperation

Larcena made certain the rugged trail was well marked, breaking twigs and tearing pieces from her apron and dropping them. She whispered to Mercedes to do the same, but an Apache overheard her and separated them.

The Apache who had taken her revolver pointed it at Larcena's head and taunted her in broken Spanish. Mercedes, understanding that he said he would soon kill Larcena, called out a warning and began to sob. The largest of the Apaches, for they were all small and wiry, hoisted the little girl onto his shoulders and carried her up the ridgeline.

The climb up the mountain was difficult, and Larcena, weakened by her illness and encumbered by her long dress, slowed the Apaches. As sunset neared, they halted on top of a ridge. The view, with a steep drop off to one side, was breathtaking. A warrior who had been acting as a rearguard clamored up the rocks to tell them that the White Eyes were coming in pursuit.

The older Apache motioned for Larcena to remove her dress. As she stripped to her chemise, another warrior demanded her shoes. He then ordered her forward.

Larcena had hardly taken a weary step before the first lance pierced her back. She fell sidewise down the cliff. As she tumbled across the rocks, she could hear Mercedes scream and the Apaches whoop. She lodged against a small pine tree, almost oblivious to the repeated lance thrusts from the two Apaches who had slid down next to her. One of the warriors picked up a large stone and smashed it against her head—then all was a blessed oblivion.

On the ridgeline, the other Apaches muffled the child's anguished cries and hurried on toward the northeast. One warrior picked up Larcena's dress, while another put on her shoes.

A Missed Rescue

In twilight, Larcena regained consciousness. She could hear her little dog barking on the ridgeline above her. She thought she heard her husband's voice cry out, "Here it is boys!"

The men had been puzzled by the wild confusion of the tracks on the trail. The excitement of the dog had led them to stop right above Larcena, but in the dim twilight, they could not see her. Page had discovered the tracks of her shoes farther up the ridgeline, and he and the others hurried on in pursuit of the Apaches.

Larcena tried to call out, but she was too weak to make a sound. As the voices faded away, she slipped back into unconsciousness.

Reid Kellie's dramatic, but inaccurate, depiction of the Apaches throwing Larcena Pennington over the cliff, published in *The Wide World,* January 1912.

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The Negotiation

Captain Ewell had a mounted detachment in the field as soon as Kirkland's message reached Fort Buchanan. Don Antonio Gandara, son of the former governor of Sonora, led a party of 28 Hispanics from Tubac, while the Papagos provided 17 good trackers.

On March 17, before dawn, Ewell rendezvoused with Kirkland and a civilian posse from Tucson on Cienega Creek, some 35 miles southeast of Tucson. They could see that the Apaches had divided into two parties and headed north of the Overland Mail route. The tracks they were following were the articles of clothing Mercedes had dropped along the trail, as well as occasional sideward steps she had left in the soft sand along the flats. The other party of Apaches had also been tracked, but no sign showed Larcena with them.

Everyone assumed the kidnappers to be from Eskiminzin's band of Aravaipa Apaches, who lived along Aravaipa Canyon where it opened into the San Pedro River.

Twenty Pinals captured in a December skirmish with Ewell's dragoons were being held at Fort Buchanan. The captain compelled several of these men to act as trackers for his column as they moved north of Tucson into the Catalinas.

The trail led directly to the Aravaipa homeland. Ewell gave one of the Apache prisoners a dragoon mount and sent him to Eskiminzin's village to open negotiations. Kirkland sent along two fine Mexican blankets to sweeten the bargain. Ewell informed the Apache messenger that he would wait for eight days at Canyon del Oro for a response, but warned him that any hesitation in returning the girls would result in dire consequences for the male Pinal prisoners still held.

A few days later, the Apache returned to Ewell with a message from Eskiminzin. They had not taken the captives, the messenger explained, but they could ransom the little girl from the Tontos who held her. The woman was dead. In exchange for the girl, Eskiminzin sought the Pinal captives and two wagons full of goods.

A grieving Page carried Ewell's order south to Kirkland in Tucson, requesting he retrieve the Pinal prisoners from the fort and bring them to the dragoon camp. "There was no hesitating about acceding to the Indian's terms, one sided as they were," Kirkland remarked, "and every effort was immediately put forth to carry the agreement into effect."

She crawled day after miserable day, curling up into a pathetic ball of torn flesh night after freezing night.

In Tucson, the general sentiment was that the Apaches were lying. "If the Pinals can be believed, they are the most peaceable Indians in the world," a local reporter noted.

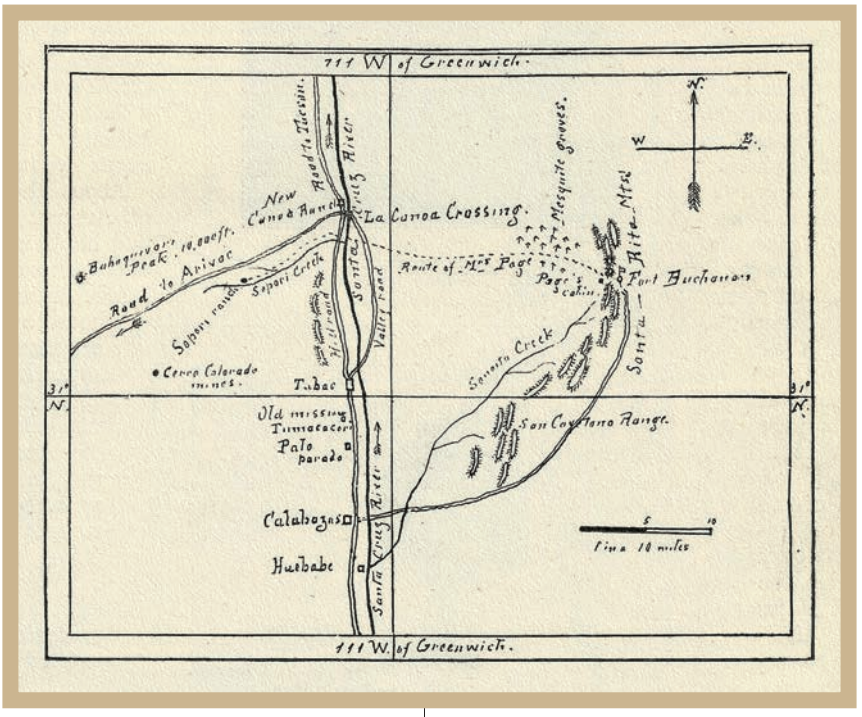
Captain Ewell, however, was convinced that their story was true and that the Tontos were the guilty party.

Collecting his prisoners and two wagons of goods, Ewell marched to the main village at the mouth of Aravaipa Canyon. The San Pedro River bank was "literally swarming with Indians," a nervous Kirkland noted. "I never saw so many in my life."

Ewell was cautious, lining his soldiers up with weapons at the ready as the Apaches approached. He ordered the Apaches to send Mercedes to him and, at the same moment, commanded his soldiers to release the prisoners from the wagons. Mercedes ran past the captain to Kirkland, who swept her up in his arms. She told him she was hungry.

Ewell got his people away from Aravaipa Canyon as quickly as possible. Two days later, on April 5, the column approached Tucson. The captain loaned Kirkland his own fine horse to ride with Mercedes into the old walled town. Church bells rang as all the citizens turned out in joyful celebration. Kirkland made his way through the milling crowd to the plaza where he delivered the little girl into the arms of her tearful mother. They were instantly mobbed. "The little girl, now a heroine indeed, passed from one to another to receive their embraces, congratulations and welcome," an eyewitness wrote.

A grand military ball featured Ewell and Mercedes as the guests of honor. All recognized that the captain's knowledge of the Apaches and wise restraint had



John Spring's hand-drawn map of Larcena Pennington's ordeal. The Arizona pioneer created it for his article about Larcena that appeared in the January 1912 issue of the British magazine *The Wide World.*

redeemed the little girl from captivity. Ewell was one officer who knew when not to fight.

Mercedes grew up to be a delicate and beautiful young woman. She was 18 when she married Charles Shibell in 1867. Her husband, a former soldier, became Pima County sheriff in 1876. She died at age 26, in December 1875, of complications from the birth of her fourth child.

Still Alive

Larcena woke in a snowbank, lodged against a pine tree. She melted snow in her hands to drink and attempted to wash her wounds. She had been stabbed repeatedly in the back, but she could not reach the lacerations to clean them. Her head throbbed, and her blonde hair was a mass of clotted blood. She had no idea how long she had lain unconscious against the tree—a day, two, perhaps three.

The sun was warm. She drew strength from it. She was naked, save for her chemise and petticoat. She slowly gathered her wits and her bearings. Looking westward from her precarious perch, she could make out Huerfano (Orphan) Butte, in the Santa Cruz Valley. The cone-shaped hill, a solitary sentinel on the desert floor, was the last thing she remembered seeing before the lances struck her. It was her compass.

Larcena knew the butte was just to the northeast of the Canoa ranch. She was far too weak to crawl back up to the ridgeline, so she eased herself as best she could down the mountainside. Every inch was agony. When she finally reached the level ground below, she fainted and slept until the next morning.

Captain Richard Ewell's dragoons ride in pursuit of the Apaches in this illustration published in Samuel Cozzens' 1876 memoir, *The Marvellous Country, or Three Years in Arizona and New Mexico.*

The warmth of the morning sun aroused Larcena. She painfully pulled herself up and braced against a tree. She dared go no farther down into the valley since she knew it held no water. The tree-shaded mountains still offered a few patches of snow. Using the distant Huerfano Butte as her guidepost, she began making her way toward Madera Canyon and the lumber camp. Each barefooted step was agony as she struggled across the rocks, thorns and brush. She had not gone far before she collapsed.

Larcena soon lost track of the days. The warmth of the sun would wake her from the frigid night, but it also beat down on her, burning and blistering her fair skin. She melted snow in her hands and drank, ate grass and berries and once found some wild onions that boosted her spirits. Her feet were now lacerated, with pebbles working under the skin through the open wounds, so that she could no longer walk. Sometimes she moved like an animal on all fours, but usually she simply crawled.

She came upon a large nest of dried grass and crawled into its warm embrace. She was almost asleep when she realized that she was in a bear den. She crawled away as far as possible and scratched a hole in the sand for her bed.

The mountains provided few easy passages. She crawled up a steep ridge only to lose her balance and slide back down. She wound up farther down the mountain than where she had begun. It took her another full day to regain the lost ground. The skin on her arms and legs were lacerated so badly that the skin peeled away from the bone.

She kept on, driven by an indomitable will that defied all the physical obstacles, heartbreak and pain that raw nature could inflict on her. She crawled day after miserable day, curling up into a pathetic

ball of torn flesh night after freezing night.

Then, amazingly, one morning after the sun had warmed her enough so that she could move, she found herself on a ridge high above the road leading into the canyon and up to the lumber camp. She heard voices and saw two men driving an ox team up the road. She screamed as loud as she could, but they did not hear her. She ripped off her tattered slip and tied it to a stick and waved it, and waved it, and waved it. Then they were gone. She had no tears left to cry with.

The Ghost at the Camp

Larcena knew the lumber camp must be close, perhaps only a mile or two away. She crawled on. A day passed, then another, until finally she found herself back in the ransacked camp from which she had first been taken.

Flour and coffee still lay in piles on the ground. She picked the flour out of the feathers from her ruined featherbed and made little flour cakes. The men had left a fire smoldering by the creek, and she breathed life into the red coals. Crawling to the creek, she mixed water with the dough and cooked it. She ate her flour cakes and then slept.

When she awoke, she heard the welcome sound of distant voices and the thud of axes against trees. Unable to muster the strength to rise, she crawled toward the trail that led up to the pinery at Big Rock. She was nearly naked, burned red by the sun, and a mass of bones to which torn skin clung in tatters.

Eskiminzin, in the white shirt, was suspected by many of leading the raiders who kidnapped Larcena Pennington and 10-year-old Mercedes Sais Quiroz. He stands here with Diablo and San Carlos Agent John Clum.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

At the pinery, the woodcutters' main camp, lived a black cook from Texas named Hampton Brown who, with his white common-law wife, had found work in this most isolated and distant of frontiers where their dangerous union might be tolerated. Kirkland referred to them as a "notorious Texas Negro known as Nigger Brown and his white woman known as Virgin Mary."

Brown thought Larcena to be a ghost. He had been walking down the trail when he saw the white-clothed figure, bloody hair hanging down in front, crawling toward him. He ran back to camp and got his gun, and with several others, returned to investigate this ghostly apparition.

The figure gasped out that she was Larcena Page.

Brown put aside his gun and picked up the frail, emaciated woman in his strong arms. He carried her to camp, where the Virgin Mary tenderly washed Larcena, removed the stones from the soles of her feet and the thorns from her flesh, cleaned out her festering wounds and fed her. She then carefully dressed Larcena in clean clothes.

Larcena asked for some tobacco and then went to sleep. Fifteen days had passed since the Apaches took her.

Hope Conquers

Tom Childs, one of the woodcutters, galloped to Canoa with the news. Kirkland was there, preparing to help escort the last group of Pinal prisoners to Ewell at Aravaipa Canyon. He gave Childs a fresh horse and sent him on to Tucson to find Larcena's distraught husband.

Although the Apaches had said his wife was dead, Page had not lost hope. Now the revived man was galloping south to Canoa with Childs, Tucson Dr. C.B. Hughes and Ed Radcliff of Tubac. They rode all night, reaching the ranch just as Kirkland was leaving. They pushed on the final dozen miles to the lumber camp and were stunned by what they found.

"What a sight," Radcliff declared, "emaciated beyond description, her hands

and knees and legs and arms a mass of raw flesh almost exposing the bones, caused by crawling over the cruel rocks, up hill and down hill."

Doctor Hughes told Page he had no hope of saving Larcena.

Page would hear none of that. He commandeered a wagon and tenderly placed his wife into it. He and the doctor drove the team as carefully as possible along the rough mountain trail down Madera Canyon and then north on the rutted road to Tucson. Page wanted Larcena to be under the constant care of the doctor.

She clung precariously to life for several weeks, and then began a seemingly miraculous recovery. When Radcliff saw her again that summer, he recalled being amazed at the "blooming woman before me."

The many scars slowly healed, at least those of the flesh. That summer, Page took his bride to the cabin he had built for her near the mouth of Madera Canyon, 10 miles from Kirkland's Canoa ranch. There, they could begin life anew.

They did not know peace for long.

Terror and Tragedy

On January 27, 1861, Aravaipa raiders struck Johnny Ward's ranch in the Sonoita Valley and kidnapped his 11-year-old stepson Felix.

Captain Ewell had departed for the East, and an inexperienced young lieutenant was sent in pursuit of the Apaches. He traveled to Apache Pass, where he confronted Chiricahua Chief Cochise about the lost boy.

When Cochise denied involvement, the soldiers seized several of his people as hostages. The chief escaped, and when the hostages were hanged, he began a bloody war of retribution.

Within 60 days of the incident at Apache Pass, the Apaches seemed to strike everywhere. Cochise's warriors hit five stage stations, repeatedly attacked the mail coaches and swept through the Santa Cruz Valley, killing 150 of the hated White Eyes, including Poston's brother. One of the first victims of the war was Larcena's husband.

Richard Ewell posed here in his uniform as a Confederate general a few years after he left Arizona.

Wadsworth had hired Page and two other sawmill men, Alf Scott and Jim Cotton, to escort a supply wagon he needed delivered to Fort Breckenridge. A heavy snowfall that January disrupted work at the pinery, so Page saw the job as a nice opportunity to pick up extra cash. He needed the money, for Larcena was pregnant with their first child. Page bade a melancholy farewell and left her in their snug cabin at the mouth of Madera Canyon. He would be back soon.

On February 20, Page's party was 30 miles north of Tucson. Two Hispanic men and a woman rode in the wagon while the three men scouted ahead. As they halted to water their horses along a wash in the Catalina Mountains, the Apaches struck.

Cotton turned toward his friends, only to see both of them slumped over their galloping horses. The Apaches' shots spooked the oxen, who lurched forward and caused the wagon to tumble off the road and down into a steep ravine. As the Apaches rushed the overturned wagon and flailing oxen, Cotton and the three Hispanics beat a hasty retreat toward Tucson, which they reached about noon the next day.

Charles Brown, who operated Tucson's premier saloon, attempted to raise a force to ride to the assistance of the two men, but the news from Apache Pass had unnerved the town's bold frontiersmen. William S. Oury, who had just returned from Apache Pass, finally recruited three men to accompany them. Cotton guided the party back to the canyon.

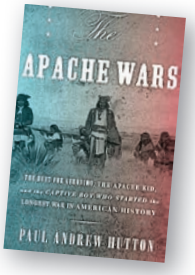
At dawn, the call of the scavenger birds led them to Page. His dead body lay in a mesquite thicket several hundred yards from the wagon. His horse, with its throat cut, lay beside him. Scott's saddle, pistol and blanket were also there. The wounded men had fought off the Apaches for at least a day before Scott tried to leave and secure help. The men had killed the horse to drink its blood.

They buried Page where they found him and, two weeks later, another party discovered Scott's mutilated body. Oury took Page's kerchief, pocketbook and a lock of his hair to give to Larcena.

Elias took his daughter Larcena to the big stone house on his border farm along the Santa Cruz so that her sisters could look after her. In September, Larcena bore a daughter who she named Mary.

In time, the Apaches came to kill Larcena's father and two of her brothers. A young woman of deep religious conviction, Larcena bore all her tribulations with grace, but often remarked over and over: "God is good, and knows best…God is good, and knows best."

Paul Andrew Hutton researched Larcena Pennington while writing *The Apache Wars: The Hunt for Geronimo, the Apache Kid, and the Captive Boy Who Started the Longest War in American History*, published by Crown in May 2016. He has published 10 books and teaches history at the University of New Mexico.



AMERICA'S LONGEST WAR

An interview with Paul Andrew Hutton, author of the year's most anticipated Old West history book.

University of New Mexico Distinguished Professor Paul Andrew Hutton has balanced the academic with the popular for his entire career. He loves a good story, and he, much like Francis Parkman and Bernard DeVoto before him, has aimed to write epics that spread the romantic story of the American West.

His past magazine articles, books, television documentaries and even a film script on Davy Crockett, cowritten with David Zucker, have all informed his latest book, *The Apache Wars: The Hunt for Geronimo, the Apache Kid, and the Captive Boy Who Started the Longest War in American History*, published by Crown.

The historical consultant for *True West* Magazine, Hutton talks about the year's most anticipated Old West history book with longtime friend and Mickey Free collaborator Bob Boze Bell.

Executive Editor Bob Boze Bell: *Why has Mickey Free been ignored?*

Paul Hutton: Mickey Free is one of those fascinating characters who slipped through the cracks of the historical record. Part of the problem is with the man himself—for he was a coyote, a trickster and a shape-shifter. Mickey was impossible to tie down for he had so many personas—kidnapped child, slave, Apache warrior, U.S. Army scout. Was he a traitor or a hero? Was he a Mexican, a white man or an Apache—or was he all three?

There was a potboiler biography about him back in the 1960s that is unreliable, but some excellent work was later done by Victoria Smith and Allan Radbourne. You and I labored over a graphic novel/screenplay a few years back, but we could never capture the genie in the bottle. We may yet get him.

After being kidnapped in 1860, Mickey Free never went back to his original family. Why?

By the time Mickey met his brother Santiago during the Geronimo campaign, Mickey's parents were both dead. He had no interest in reconnecting with his past or his family for he had moved on. He was not Felix Ward anymore. He was Mickey Free. As an orphan myself, this logic made perfect sense to me. He was also a "motherless child," and it drew me to him as a kindred spirit.

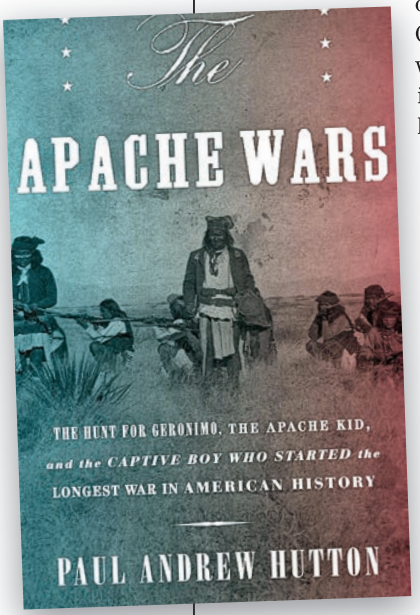
Is the so-called Bascom Affair in 1861 correct, that Bascom blundered?

The traditional interpretation of the Bascom Affair is absolutely correct. Lieutenant George Bascom was an inexperienced, arrogant fool who bungled his way into an intolerable situation and could not figure a way out. The incident reminds me of the Grattan slaughter at Fort Laramie a few years before. Both incidents were avoidable, and both had major repercussions. If a more experienced officer, like Capt. Richard Ewell, had been at Apache Pass, there would have been an entirely different outcome. Bascom then lied about the entire incident in his official report.

I learned long ago to take all "official reports" from the military in the West with a large dose of salt. But Bascom did die a hero at the Battle of Valverde and deserves some honor for that.

In the popular imagination, Gen. George Crook is the good guy and Gen. Nelson Miles is a bit of a pompous ass. Is that true?

Crook was fortunate in his lifetime to have a superb press agent in John Bourke (who he later betrayed) and later to have Dan Thrapp, Robert Utley, Paul Magid and other fine historians on his side. I found Crook replete with contradictions. He was undeniably brilliant, especially when it came to unconventional warfare, but he was also stunningly arrogant. His conviction that he, and he alone, knew how best to deal with the Apaches led to disaster for both him and the Indians.



Miles, on the other hand, was remarkably flexible. He despised Crook as a fraud, which was not true, but in many ways, Miles proved the more able soldier both on the Northern Plains and in the Southwest. He was a man who got things done.

The same also applies to the controversy over who should get credit for Geronimo's surrender—Charles

His conviction that he, and he alone, knew how best to deal with the Apaches led to disaster.

Gatewood or Henry Lawton? Gatewood is usually identified as a Crook man who Miles only reluctantly turned to. But Crook had earlier abandoned Gatewood, and Miles had the wisdom to bring him back into the campaign. While Gatewood deserves enormous credit for Geronimo's surrender, he never could have accomplished the job without the relentless campaign led by Lawton.

How did Geronimo go from being perceived as an evil terrorist to a freedom fighter?

This is a subject I wrote about in a *True West* article [August 2011]. My feelings on Geronimo are that he was a self-centered narcissist just like Gen. George Custer. That's why I admire him. He was always only about Geronimo, never about the people. Was he bold, brave, charismatic and intelligent? Of course he was. Was he a patriot chief devoted to his people? Of course not.

That American popular culture has turned him into a patriot chief and freedom fighter is a pretty good joke. Geronimo, who brilliantly remade himself into a national celebrity after his capture, would have appreciated the humor. He is probably still laughing at how he won over the hated "White Eyes." Custer has been diminished as an American hero, yet Geronimo has risen in status. Times change, and so does our view of the past.

How mobile were Apache warriors?

Landscape is vital to an understanding of the Apache Wars. The Apaches knew the land and used it to their advantage. They knew the water holes, the caves, the perfect ambush canyons and the mountain passes. The land was their ally. They always outran pursuing troops—be they Spanish, Mexican or American.

The Apaches were not horse Indians, like the tribes on the Great Plains, for they were a mountain people. Cochise's band actually used leather covers for the sore hooves of their horses. This allowed observant scouts to immediately identify the band by their tracks. Horses were equal parts food and transportation to the Apaches. Horses did allow them to raid deeper into Mexico, but more often than not, they traveled on foot.

What about Apaches and dogs?

While some Plains tribes ate dogs, the Apaches domesticated dogs and treated them as pets and hunting partners. When the Americans came, the Apaches had to abandon their dogs to avoid detection by the Army patrols. Later, on the reservation, they reunited with their beloved pets. One of the most heart-wrenching stories of my book deals with the fate of the Fort Apache Reservation dogs when the Apaches were removed to Florida. I write long hand on yellow-sheet tablets, and I literally shed tears all over those pages when composing that chapter

Of all the Apache leaders, which include Cochise, Geronimo, Juh and Mangas Coloradas, who was the greatest?

Mangas Coloradas was the greatest of the Apache chiefs during the American period. He built a mighty alliance among the incredibly independent Apache bands and wielded more influence and power than any leader before or after him. His cruel betrayal and murder by the Americans infuriated all the Apaches. Geronimo proclaimed it the "greatest of wrongs." The decapitation of Mangas led the Apaches to be even more brutal and to engage in more mutilation.

I was also deeply impressed by Cochise, my boyhood hero from the *Blood Brother* book and *Broken Arrow* film, and Victorio, the great Warm Springs chief. They were true patriot chiefs.

Lozen is dismissed by your mentor Robert Utley as being a made-up fantasy, yet you document her exploits. Why?

Several historians who I admire, most notably Ed Sweeney and Robert Utley, dismiss the story of Lozen as a fantasy. I found the tale of this great woman warrior and shaman to be incredibly compelling. Lozen, the sister of Victorio, was real, and her deeds are supported by Apache oral tradition. This comes down to us not only from Eve Ball, but also from multiple Apache sources. It is unfortunate that the "white historical record" does not recognize her. What an incredible character she was.

How is the Apache War the longest war the U.S. has ever fought?

After the kidnapping of young Felix Ward—Mickey Free—the United States government was continually involved in a quarter century of warfare with the Apaches for possession of the American Southwest. Campaigns took place before 1861, against the Jicarillas and Mescaleros in New Mexico, and Col. Benjamin Bonneville's 1857 Gila Expedition in Arizona, but Ward's kidnapping was the spark that set the Apache Wars in motion. That war shaped the history of the American Southwest and northern Mexico.

Paul Andrew Hutton is the author of *The Apache Wars: The Hunt for Geronimo, the Apache Kid, and the Captive Boy Who Started the Longest War in American History,* published in May 2016 by Crown. He has published 10 books and teaches history at the University of New Mexico.

COWBOYS &

Theodore Roosevelt and two Rough Riders pose in front of the Mission Concepción that Catholic friars moved to San Antonio, Texas, in 1731. While the lieutenant colonel prepared his men for battle in Cuba, the troops also enjoyed leisure time in downtown San Antonio. The soldiers made sure to visit another historic mission, the Alamo, the site of the 1836 battle in which the Mexican army destroyed Texian defenders.

– COURTESY MARK LEE GARDNER –

MILLIONAIRES

BY MARK LEE GARDNER

HOW TEDDY ROOSEVELT'S ROUGH RIDERS BONDED AS BROTHERS BEFORE LEAVING TO FIGHT IN THE SPANISH–AMERICAN WAR.

The Rough Riders were already the most famous outfit in the U.S. Army, but when the first contingents arrived at the "International" fairgrounds in San Antonio, Texas, in May 1898, the regiment's headquarters and camp, they found they had no uniforms, no weapons, no tents, no blankets and no horses.

On May 9 and 10, most of the college men and "millionaire recruits," as the swells were dubbed by the press, arrived. The Rough Riders at the fairgrounds had been tipped off that the Harvard men were in town and gathered quickly when they heard the trolley's bell. Cheers and shouts erupted for these "college boys," who quickly found themselves surrounded by 200 jostling troopers, each one wanting to shake their hands.

The millionaire recruits, mostly New Yorkers, dined at the Menger Hotel before beginning their lives as cavalrymen. They showed up at camp wearing new sombreros and blue flannel shirts, causing a San Antonio newspaper to comment that they could easily be mistaken for genuine Westerners "at a distance of several blocks."

Unlike most of the Rough Riders, they carried valises with clean linens, razors, soap and choice cigarettes. The same newspaper, in another joke at the expense of the "Fifth Avenue boys," suggested that "there were also a few hand mirrors in the valises."

But the Rough Rider Westerners took much more kindly to the Easterners. Arthur F. Cosby, a 26-year-old New York lawyer and Harvard grad, wrote his father that the Western men he encountered "seem to like the New Yorkers, say they are 'all right.' I have heard one or two complain of them but not seriously—they all say the New Yorkers are 'gentlemen' and plucky."

The Easterners earned the respect of the other men by willingly following orders and cheerfully undertaking chores, be it digging a ditch or hauling hay for the horses. Colonel Leonard Wood kept an eye on the college boys and clubmen and wrote to his wife, Louise, "You would smile to see the New York swells sleeping on the ground and on the floor of the pavilion we have without blankets and doing kitchen police for a troop of New Mexico cowboys, all working together and as chummy as can be."

The fairgrounds had been selected as the Rough Riders' camp because there was room for the hundreds of tents for the officers and men, and the adjacent Riverside Park had open space for the mounted drills. But Fort Sam Houston, located a few miles north of downtown, barely had enough tents on hand for the regiment's officers. Until the Rough Riders' "dog tents" arrived, the enlisted men had spread out in the large Exposition Building and the adjacent grandstand.

The lack of blankets, which, like everything else, were in transit, forced nearly all the Rough Riders to be "chummy."

The few blankets that could be scrounged up, some of which were saddle blankets and pads borrowed from the civilian mule packers, each had to be shared by two or three men.

"By the time the dust cleared, them eastern boys were scattered all over Texas."

Meeting Their Leader

Lieutenant Col. Theodore Roosevelt stepped off his train in San Antonio at 7:30 a.m. on Sunday, May 15. Record crowds of visitors came to the camp that Sunday afternoon and evening. Roosevelt was a celebrity unlike anyone San Antonio had seen in a long time. The *San Antonio Express* fawned over him:

Theodore Roosevelt is only about 35 years old but he has been a Western plainsman, a New York business man, a reformer, a politician, an author and several other things. But above all he is an American gentleman and a patriot. He will doubtless have a bright place in history as the man who resigned the comfortable, lucrative and distinguished position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy to go to the thick of battle.... He possesses an independent fortune, but he really has no use for it. He is essentially a man of action.

Approximately 10,000 people flooded through the fairgrounds that day, poking about here and there, asking countless questions of the men, most hoping to catch a glimpse of the famed lieutenant colonel.

Professor Carl Beck's Military Band marched to the Rough Riders' camp and formed a circle around Roosevelt's tent. After the music stopped, the enlisted men shouted for a speech from Roosevelt.

He stepped out of his tent, smiled at the crowd, thanked the men for the warm welcome and told them what everyone who could read a newspaper already knew, that the "eyes of the entire civilized world were on them, and that they were expected to do what no others would do."

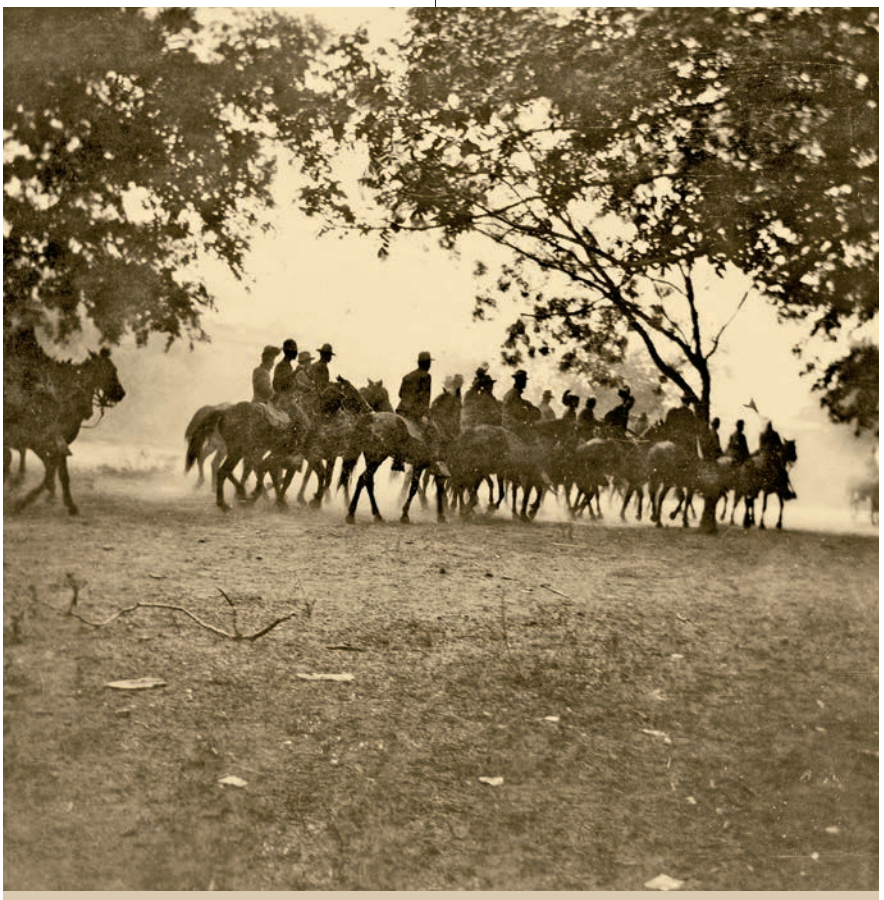
"I expect you to acquit yourselves creditably," he continued, "and I know I will not be disappointed. When we get to Cuba and get at the Spaniards, I want your watchword, my men, to be 'Remember the *Maine*,' and you shall avenge the *Maine*. We are expected to fight, and that we must do!"

His final words were met with wild cheers from the men, and Beck, sensing the moment, quickly got the attention of his musicians and started them playing "Yankee Doodle." The men whooped and hollered even louder.

For many of the Rough Riders, this was their first exposure to Roosevelt, an intense and animated speaker who feared no audience. Later that evening, in talking over their impressions of the lieutenant colonel, one trooper said, "He looks as though he was there with the goods, only I don't like the way he skins his teeth back when he talks to a fellow."

At Ease with Kings and Cowboys

Roosevelt made no effort to hide his inexperience as a cavalry officer. He was often seen in camp holding the thick cavalry drill manual and loudly practicing various commands, completely oblivious to the troopers just steps away. His boyish enthusiasm for any task was contagious, and he talked down to no man—unless he deserved it. A journalist put it best: Roosevelt "was the greatest 'mixer' among the people



Rough Riders drilling in the San Antonio dust. Getting the horses to form a line was a challenge for troops in the beginning. The "horses hadn't the slightest idea of what was wanted," Royal A. Prentice recalled. "Some of the horses seemed to think we were getting ready for a race while others considered it a free-for-all and proceeded to pitch, bite, strike and kick at everything near them."

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, R560.3.D83-010 –

Theodore Roosevelt custom ordered several tan uniforms, with a bright yellow standing collar, from Brooks Brothers of New York. Army officers were responsible for purchasing their own uniforms, horses, saddles and weapons. Brooks Brothers had a history of making uniforms dating to the War of 1812. Their tailors made Roosevelt's cavalry uniforms out of a new lightweight khaki material the U.S. Army had only recently adopted.

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 520.3-004 –

that this country has ever produced, or probably ever will produce." He was at ease with kings and cowboys, presidents and paupers.

His time as a rancher in the Badlands had made Roosevelt comfortable with many of the frontier types who formed the regiment. He had gone west years ago as a spectacle-wearing dude with expensive guns and a silver-mounted hunting knife made by Tiffany & Co., but he surprised everyone who mistook him for just another tenderfoot from the East.

Three fun-loving cowboys had made that mistake in 1883 in the small settlement of Medora, Dakota Territory. Roosevelt, then just 24, had stepped into a store to buy postage stamps when the cowboys switched the saddle and bridle from his mount onto a nearly identical mean bronc named White-Faced Kid and led away Roosevelt's horse.

When Roosevelt pulled himself onto the saddle, White-Faced Kid hunched his back and flipped Roosevelt into the dirt. Roosevelt picked himself up and swung his leg up over the saddle. This time, the Kid didn't wait for Roosevelt to get seated. The bronc shot its rear legs out and bucked its rider over its head. Roosevelt did a somersault and landed with a thud, breaking his spectacles.

The laughing cowboys ran up and helped a stunned Roosevelt to his feet. Roosevelt paid them no mind, however, saying only, "It's too bad I broke my glasses," as he limped into the store.

Just as the cowboys were about to switch the horses, Roosevelt came out, wearing a pair of glasses he had fetched from his bag, and walked to White-Faced Kid. He jumped into the saddle and clamped his knees onto the bronc's sides. The Kid leaped forward and broke into a gallop, speedily disappearing down the road.

The cowboys weren't laughing now; they were worried the tenderfoot might break his neck. A minute later, though, the Kid galloped back with a grinning Roosevelt firmly in the saddle. Roosevelt let out a whoop as he pulled on the reins and halted in front of the cowboys. "We took a shine to him from that very day," one of the tricksters recalled.

Roosevelt just as quickly won over the men of the Rough Riders. Trooper Kenneth Robinson, a Scotsman and cousin by marriage to Roosevelt's sister Corinne, observed: "The men always do their best [drilling] when he is out. He would be amused indeed if he heard some of the

Above is the Gun detail for the Colt machine guns that so excited the men when they arrived at camp in San Antonio. William Tiffany, who helped pay for one of the guns, is holding the machine gun on the right. The trumpeter is Emilio Cassi, a native of Monaco and veteran of the French Foreign Legion.

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 560.3-014 –

adjectives and terms applied to him, meant to be most complimentary but hardly fit for publication."

Trooper Alvin C. Ash stayed far away from those salty adjectives in writing to his mother about Roosevelt. He simply said that the lieutenant colonel was the "most magnetic man I ever saw."

Dressing for War

On May 14, the brown canvas uniforms were issued, each man receiving coat and trousers, canvas leggings, one pair of socks, one pair of shoes and the Western-looking Model 1889 campaign hat (underdrawers and wool shirts were still in transit).

An item of apparel that was not Army issue, but became a Rough Rider signature, was the bandanna. Probably some cowpunchers decided they couldn't part with their silk bandannas and simply wore them with their uniforms. It was the perfect touch for a body of cowboy cavalry, and soon troopers were taking the trolley downtown to buy bandannas. Roosevelt sported a blue bandanna with white polka dots, as did many of his men.

The coveted Krag-Jorgensen carbines and Colt revolvers were distributed to the men on May 19 and 20, and the troopers admiringly ran their hands over the carbines' wood stocks, worked the bolt actions and sighted down the barrels. But the arrival of two menacing-looking machine guns caused the biggest stir in camp. Manufactured by Colt of Hartford, Connecticut, the same company that made the regiment's revolvers, these gas-fired, belt-fed automatic weapons were gifts courtesy of the millionaire recruits. Each gun could fire 500 rounds in

Theodore Roosevelt's valet and former Buffalo Soldier, Marshall, holds Little Texas, one of two horses Roosevelt purchased in San Antonio. His valet christened his other horse Rain-In-The-Face, after the famed Lakota chief.

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, R560.3.EL61-022 –

a minute flat, and at 3,000 yards, the bullets would "tear human beings to pieces."

The Colts came with 10,000 rounds of ammunition, which Col. Wood pointed out weren't nearly enough for the coming campaign. A further complication was that the guns did not fire the same cartridge as the Krag-Jorgensens, instead taking a 7 x 57 mm—the same round used in a Spanish Mauser. Wood thought for a second and said, "All right, we'll capture the ammunition for them from the Spaniards."

Everyone, Roosevelt especially, was anxious to see the guns fired, so both guns, 115 pounds each with their heavy tripods, were carried a short distance to the San Antonio River. A steady *pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop* spewed from the guns as plumes of water sprayed up from the river and chunks of mud from the opposite bank flew into the air. The guns didn't jam once.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company of New Haven, not to be outdone by its Hartford rival, also shipped a weapon to San Antonio. It was a Model 1895 Winchester lever-action carbine specially made for Roosevelt. It sported a nickel steel barrel and English walnut stock with a saddle ring mounted on the left of the receiver. Most important, it was chambered for the .30-40 round, the same used for the Krags.

Roosevelt had made no secret of his admiration for Winchester's lever-action repeaters. He especially liked the Model 1895, which, in the right hands, was capable of getting off two to three shots per second. "I may not shoot well," Roosevelt had said once, "but I know how to shoot often." Surprised and pleased by the gift, he promised to use the Winchester to avenge the *Maine*.

Horses for Heroes

Each day, horses for the troopers had been driven into camp in bunches of 25 and 30 from Fort Sam Houston, where they were being inspected and purchased. Officers either bought their horses locally or had their own horses shipped to them by rail (the latter were generally the finest horseflesh in camp).

After exploring the Alamo, Rough Rider Ben Colbert (left), a Chickasaw Indian whose great-grandfather had fought with Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans, walked to a phonograph parlor and listened to a new cylinder recording, John Philip Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

– COURTESY MARK LEE GARDNER –

The public notice from the Quartermaster's Department called for horses that were "well broken to saddle," but Oklahoma broncobuster Bill McGinty noted that the horses purchased "hadn't been broke but once if that." The first time the troopers were given the order "Mount," at least 300 horses began to buck, throwing riders left and right. "By the time the dust cleared," recalled McGinty, "them eastern boys were scattered all over Texas."

In the early going, the antics of the rough range stock was costing the regiment about a man a day, "knocked clean out." Several Easterners wisely hired the more experienced bronc riders in the regiment to "take some of the devilishness" out of their mounts.

In addition to getting cavalrymen and cavalry horses to cooperate with each other, the horses had to be trained to ignore gunfire—or at least put up with it. Otherwise, a bucking exhibition would erupt the first time a shell exploded on the battlefield. To accomplish this, the troopers stood in formation, holding their mounts by the halter straps while the noncommissioned officers galloped around them on horseback, firing their Colts in the air. The first time, they got a stampede worse than anything seen on a cattle drive. Frightened horses and men thundered away in a cloud of dust, while the few troopers who were able to hold on to the halter straps frantically tried to pull themselves up as they were being dragged.

Once most of the horses had been distributed to the troops, regimental drill took place daily and, before long, Roosevelt and his men saw real progress. One Harvard undergrad described the exhilarating mounted drills for family back home:

Six hundred horses galloping in column of fours is a fine wave of power. The dust lifts up so thick it is like a fog, and you can barely see the next man ahead. Half-blinded, wet with sweat, and the horses on both sides rubbing against your legs, you go tearing, galloping on. Then suddenly through the white wall of dust you see the haunches of the horses ahead sink down and a hand shoot upward with the fingers spread apart. There is a quick jam, a creaking and rubbing of leather, and they're off again.

Out on the Town

Daily at noon, the men were given approximately one hour to rest before mess call, but instead, most of the men lined up to apply for a pass to leave camp that evening. Only about 20 passes were issued per troop each day, but two to three times as many men were requesting them. Consequently, each night, dozens of Rough Riders without passes slipped through the fence around the fairgrounds and jumped on the trolley for downtown San Antonio.

Some troopers picked up money wired from home. As the regiment had no sutler, some bought necessities in town. One trooper's shopping list included a pound of Durham tobacco, cigarette papers, four bandannas, six pairs of socks, pocket watch, pocketknife, toothbrush and powder, soap, three towels, writing paper and envelopes, stamps and one pencil.

The men also went sightseeing, and the Alamo mission was high on every trooper's list. Nearly all the Rough Riders visited the historic shrine. Most of the men had enlisted in a patriotic fervor, and the place where Davy Crockett, Jim Bowie, William Travis and the other Alamo defenders died for Texas independence in 1836 only amplified those feelings.

Some Rough Riders cooled off with a dip at Scholz's Natatorium, a popular indoor swimming pool. And a meal at a good restaurant, or one of the chili stands, was always a welcome substitute for the predictable Army rations of bacon, beef, beans and potatoes. The fairgrounds groundskeeper opened a dining establishment in his residence that quickly became a favorite mealtime hangout of the millionaire recruits. They nicknamed it the Waldorf-Astoria.

San Antonio's saloons and gambling halls were another Rough Rider magnet—and a source of frustration for the regiment's officers. An evening of carousing didn't make for the best soldiers in the morning. One captain wondered out loud if all the men reporting to him ill were "really sick or just tired."

Eventually, the saloons and gambling dens cleaned the boys out of their funds. This helped somewhat with the problem of the men sneaking away from camp: it was hard to drink and gamble when you were broke.

Band of Brothers

Despite their varied backgrounds, the men had bonded wonderfully. "They are now all brothers," wrote a visitor to the camp, "and the millionaire from New York could be seen at San Antonio borrowing tobacco just as natural as the cowboy borrows a gun."

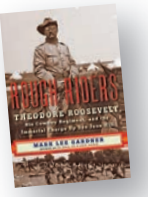
Dozens of Rough Riders without passes slipped through the fence around the fairgrounds.

Wood and Roosevelt were surprised and delighted with how the regiment had come together and how rapidly the drills with the entire regiment, now more than 900 officers and men, were improving.

Wood wrote to President William McKinley that the regiment's progress was "simply astounding," and he hoped the president would get a chance to see the "most exceptionally fine body of men." Roosevelt also wrote to the president: "I really think that the rank and file of this regiment is better than you would find in any other regiment anywhere."

Although Wood and Roosevelt were indeed proud of the Rough Riders, their letters also served as not-so-subtle attempts to put the regiment on an equal footing with any Regulars about to embark for Cuba. "We are ready now to leave at any moment," Roosevelt insisted in his letter "and we earnestly hope we will be put into Cuba with the very first troops; the sooner the better."

Roosevelt's boasting about the rank and file of the Rough Riders was understandable, but real proof would only come when the regiment faced Spanish guns for the first time.



This edited excerpt is taken from **Mark Lee Gardner's** *Rough Riders: Theodore Roosevelt, His Cowboy Regiment, and the Immortal Charge Up San Juan Hill*, published by William Morrow in May 2016.

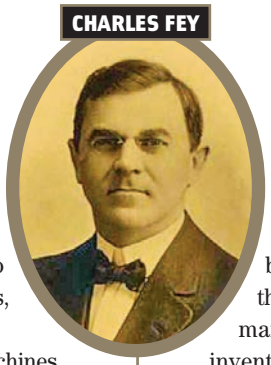
Colonel Leonard Wood and Theodore Roosevelt were proud of their Rough Riders. Wearing their khaki uniforms (from left), they stand with some of their men in San Antonio, Texas.

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY, 560.3-016 –

BY MEGHAN SAAR

AMERICA'S LAST FRONTIER SALOONS USHERED IN MECHANIZED GAMING DEVICES.

One-Armed Bandits



CHARLES FEY

California was bursting at the seams with fortune seekers in 1885, when 23-year-old Charles Fey landed in San Francisco. Gaming was made illegal in California that year, but that ban would not deter the immigrant from Bavaria, Germany.

At that time, games of chance did not have a direct payout mechanism. If a patron inserted a nickel and won a royal flush, the establishment might pay him out in drinks or cigars. In 1895, Fey automated the process through his three-reel slot machine, popularly known as the one-armed bandit, in which the gambler pulled a handle to spin the reels and, upon winning, would be paid out by a stream of nickels pouring out into a tray below.

Inspired by the success of his first machine, Fey improved it, patriotically naming his invention the Liberty Bell, after one of the images featured on his spinning reels, which also showed horseshoes, diamonds, spades and hearts.

The popularity of Fey's machines in saloons urged others to step into the gaming market, including Herbert Mills of Chicago, Illinois. Some makers, to get around the gambling ban, created trade stimulators that gave out winnings in the form of chewing gum or cigars. Photographs of some of our nation's last frontier saloons showcase these gaming devices and are lavishly featured in Roger Kislingbury's latest book, *American Saloons: Pre-Prohibition Photographs.*

Despite Mills stealing Fey's Liberty Bell machine outright, Fey found success by focusing on the San Francisco market. He even invented a detecting pin to distinguish fake nickels from real ones to deter cheating players. But the 1906 earthquake and fire dealt a death blow to slot machine production in San Francisco. Although Fey did get back in business after his factory was destroyed, bans on gambling made headway. San Francisco first prohibited cash prizes and then, by 1909, outlawed slot machines entirely. By the time the Prohibition alcohol ban started in 1920, slot machines had mainly turned into vending machines for gum, candy and mints.

The waiter brings drinks to roulette players at the Bank Saloon in Tonopah, Nevada, in this circa 1910 photo. To prevent cheating, Americans modified the French game by placing the roulette wheel on top of the table.

– ALL SALOON PHOTOS COURTESY ROGER KISLINGBURY / *AMERICAN SALOONS: PRE-PROHIBITION PHOTOGRAPHS;* ALL OTHER IMAGES TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Herbert Mills latched onto Charles Fey's slot machine invention and launched his own gaming devices. This photo showcases two of these: a Mills Upright Perfection card machine (on bar, far left), which paid out cigars for winning card hands, and the Mills Musical Dewey (by door, left), a slot machine that added musical tunes to circumvent bans on gambling.

UPRIGHT PERFECTION

MUSICAL DEWEY

Old West gamblers gave Fey his success in America, where he died, in 1944, at the age of 82. His famous Liberty Bell slot machine is commemorated by a plaque on San Francisco's Crown-Zellerbach building, the site of his workshop. Nevada is still home to his revolutionary slot machine, housed at the Nevada State Museum in Carson City. Even though today's gamblers can push front panel buttons rather than pull the side lever, Fey's one-armed bandit survives on many modern-day slot machines, which all trace to the one he built in San Francisco.

OPERATORS BELL

The fruit symbols still seen on some casino slots today trace back to the Operators Bell, also known as the Bell-Fruit Gum slot machine (on counter, at right), manufactured by Mills Novelty Company in 1910. Gamblers got paid in gum, and the winning fruit symbol dictated the flavor; for example, three cherries equaled cherry-flavored gum. Once gambling bans were relaxed, the Bell-Fruit Gum label (see inset) was updated to read "BAR" and fruit slot machines paid out money.

True West Exclusive

Classic Gunfights

Tragic Powwow

The Apache Kid vs Al Sieber, Then Everyone in Arizona

A miscommunication changes the Apache Kid's life.

– ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Paul Andrew Hutton and Phyllis de la Garza

JUNE 1, 1887

Absent from duty for five days, the Apache Kid, along with four other Apache scouts under his command, ride single file into the Arizona headquarters of the San Carlos Reservation. The Kid was acting chief of scouts while Al Sieber was away at Fort Apache and the White River Subagency.

Upon his return to San Carlos, Sieber has summoned the Kid after hearing he killed another Apache in an alcohol-fueled family feud.

Told by a messenger that the Kid wants to powwow, Sieber contacts the commanding officer, Capt. Francis Pierce; two interpreters are also notified. The clock is approaching 5 p.m. as Sieber and Pierce proceed 75 yards on foot, from headquarters to Sieber's tent, to meet the party.

Although the Kid and his men are carrying their arms openly, in direct violation of camp regulations, none of the men in Sieber's party is armed. As word of the scouts' arrival spreads, other Apaches from the nearby camps gravitate toward the tent, and some of them are armed.

Walking up to the scouts, Sieber says, "Hello Kid."

Returning the greeting, the Apache Kid and his scouts dismount, with their weapons in their hands.

Captain Pierce asks, "Where are the five scouts who have been absent?"

The Apache Kid and the others step forward.

"Give me your rifle," Pierce orders the Kid. The Kid complies.

Pierce demands his gun belt, which the Kid surrenders. The captain places the rifle against Sieber's tent and the gun belt in a chair. He orders the other four to give up their arms and gun belts, which they do.

Pointing in the direction of the guardhouse, the captain barks, "Calaboose!" (Spanglish for jail). Several of the Indians pick up their gun belts and remove their knife scabbards.

Pierce and Sieber hear an "unusual commotion." They turn to see mounted Indians loading their rifles. (The assembled Apaches later claim one of the interpreters, Antonio Diaz, had intimated, with Apache sign, that the arrested scouts would be sent to the "island," which signified Alcatraz or even Florida; see quote on opposite page.)

Several of the disarmed scouts lunge for their weapons as Capt. Pierce jumps in between them, trying to shove their guns out of reach. The Kid makes a grab for his carbine, but Sieber grabs it with his right hand, while shoving the Kid with his left.

Unable to retrieve his weapon, the Kid runs around the tent and disappears.

"Look out, Sieber!" Pierce yells, "They are going to shoot!"

Sieber kicks the guns toward the tent as two shots ring out, one right after the other. Sieber and Pierce dive into the tent as bullets rip through the twin openings, from front to back.

Sieber grabs his weapon and runs out to engage the shooters. He fires at a mounted Apache who has just fired at him. But before Sieber can fire again, a .45-70 slug tears into his left leg below the knee, breaking the bone and knocking him flat. He crawls back into the tent as the Apaches disappear into the twilight.

The unexpected gunfight is over, but the long, tragic nightmare of the Apache Kid has just begun.

The Apache Kid and others escape.

"The Indians know by motions. We know by signs. Antonio reached out his hand and made a circle in his hand and spoke in Apache at the same time. He said that the five scouts will be sent down to the islands."

—Chief Gonshayee, an eyewitness to the fight, who testifies that Antonio Diaz's sign conveyed to the Indians that the scouts would be sent to Alcatraz or Florida, which triggers the shoot-out

Chief of Scouts

Al Sieber is crippled for life after his leg stops a .45–70 slug during the Apache Kid melee.

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Caught Between the Military and the Deep Blue Sea

Two companies of cavalry take the field within 15 minutes of the fight. They trail the Apaches for 15 miles along the San Carlos River (the Kid's party includes about 17 members; some are on foot, as they are unable to find a horse in time). From the river, the fleeing Apaches turn south, through Aravaipa Canyon.

When the Apaches reach the San Pedro River, one of the renegades, believed to be a Yaqui, kills William Diehl near Mammoth Mill, 60 miles north of Benson. The band steals two horses and then strikes again, killing Mike Grace, whose body is found northwest of Crittenden.

After a feint toward Mexico, the Apache Kid's band camps high on the Rincon Mountains (east of Tucson), where soldiers surprise them, capturing all of the Apaches' horses and supplies.

After 24 days of running, the Kid surrenders. He is then tried, along with four scouts, by a military court.

The Kid and his scouts are found guilty and sentenced to death by firing squad, but Gen. Nelson Miles objects to the ruling and asks the court to reconsider its verdict.

On August 3, at Camp Thomas, the reconvened court resentences the five to life imprisonment, which Miles reduces to 10 years. Under heavy guard, the convicted scouts, including the Kid, are delivered to Alcatraz, in California's San Francisco Bay, to serve their time.

Upon military review of the case, which reveals prejudice among officers on the jury, the Kid's sentence is overturned, and he is sent home after serving 16 months.

Angry Arizona civilians convince the courts that the military had no jurisdiction in the case. By the close of 1888, the Kid and his comrades have been ordered back to San Carlos.

A new trial is held in Globe, and Al Sieber is the chief witness against the Apaches. Not surprisingly, the jury declares all the defendants guilty, and the judge sentences them to seven years in Yuma Territorial Prison.

The Apache Kid and other prisoners are gathered for transport to Yuma, via Riverside and the rail station in Casa Grande. Sieber offers Sheriff Glenn Reynolds the use of an Army escort, but the sheriff declines. It costs him his life.

A Daring Escape!

On November 1, 1889, Sheriff Glenn Reynolds is transporting the Apache Kid and eight other prisoners who will be put on the train in Casa Grande, Arizona, to take them to the Yuma penitentiary. It is a rough, two-day stage ride from Globe to Casa Grande. The weather is cold and wet, and snow is in the forecast.

On the second morning, four miles out of Riverside (see below map), the stage encounters Ripsey Wash, followed by a steep incline. The sheriff and his hired guard, William "Hunkydory" Holmes, exit the stage, along with seven of the prisoners. With only the driver, Eugene Middleton, and two prisoners aboard (including the Kid), the horses struggle, but successfully make it up the soggy and steepest part of the ridge. It is snowing.

As Middleton and his coach clear the grade, he hears men scuffling behind him, then two shots. At first, he is not alarmed; the sheriff was target shooting earlier. When Middleton looks back, though, he cannot see anything through the brush.

A Mexican prisoner, Jesus Avott, frantically runs up, explaining that the Indians are trying to kill him. Middleton tells him to get on the stage. As Avott raises his foot to get in, one Apache prisoner, Bach-e-on-al, runs up, brandishing Holmes' rifle. He fires, hitting Middleton in the face, and the driver topples to the ground.

The newly freed prisoners bring up the keys and unchain the Kid. They debate whether to crush Middleton's skull with a rock (popular legend says the Kid stops them because Middleton had shared a cigarette with the Kid the night before at Riverside Station).

Grabbing ammunition and money, the escapees cut the horses loose and scatter into the wilderness. Avott walks to Florence to seek help for Middleton. For this act, the charges against him are dropped.

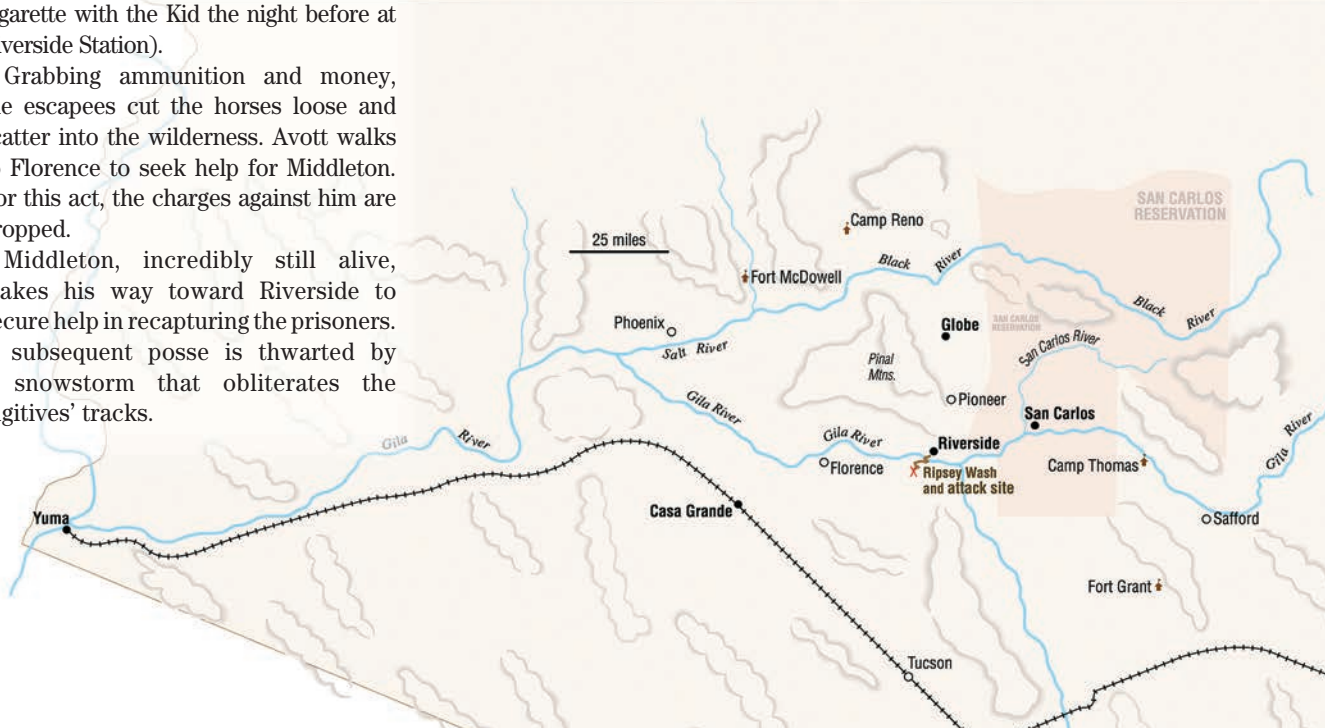
Middleton, incredibly still alive, makes his way toward Riverside to secure help in recapturing the prisoners. A subsequent posse is thwarted by a snowstorm that obliterates the fugitives' tracks.

The stage road from Riverside to Florence follows several washes like this one, at right, which drains into Ripsey Wash. This steep stretch is about 50 yards shy of the ambush site; it would have been difficult for a stage full of prisoners to traverse this area in wet conditions.

A Never-Before-Published Photo of the Apache Kid & Prisoners

Paul Andrew Hutton found this rare photo while researching his new book, *The Apache Wars.* It shows the Apache Kid (back row, right) and other prisoners. The back states the photograph was taken in Globe, Arizona, which is where the Kid and others were tried.

– COURTESY PAUL ANDREW HUTTON –



The Prisoners, Prior to Their Bold Escape

After a group of Apache defendants is found guilty in a Globe courtroom, they are photographed (above) before they depart for the Yuma Territorial Prison. Note that the Apache Kid (standing, second from right) is still wearing his brass reservation tag on his left breast pocket.

When the Apaches get out of the stage near Ripsey Wash, Bach-e-on-al (front row, center, indicted under the name Pash-ten-tah) allegedly slips free of his handcuffs. He and El-cahn (standing, far left) overpower the sheriff as another two Apaches attack Holmes, who reportedly dies of a heart attack before being shot. Hos-cal-te and Sayes (standing, second and third from left) are later recaptured and die in prison. Not shown is prisoner Jesus Avott, sentenced to one year in prison for selling a friend's horse for $50; he is the only prisoner who attempts to help the wounded Middleton.

The Fallen Lawmen

While transporting the prisoners via stage, Sheriff Reynolds (right) carries a Colt .45 and a double-barreled shotgun loaded with buckshot. For the journey, he turns down the offer of a scout escort, allegedly telling Al Sieber, "I can take those Indians alone with a corncob and a lightning bug." He begins the trip on his horse, which he leaves in Riverside. Had he been on horseback during the Apache revolt, he may have averted the disastrous outcome.

Hunkydory Holmes (bottom right) carries a lever action Winchester and a pistol on the trip. (Middleton also carries a pistol.) On the ill-fated journey, Holmes allegedly takes it upon himself to cheer up the prisoners by sharing his original poetry. Here are a few lines:

Oh, I am a jolly miner lad,
Resolved to see some fun sir,
To satisfy my mind
To Phoenix town I came sir
Oh, what a pretty place
And what a charming city
Where the boys they are so gay
And the squaws they are so pretty

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

Military and civilian authorities launched a colossal manhunt for the escapees. By the summer of 1890, all the fugitives had been killed or captured—all except the Apache Kid. By 1892, the State of Arizona offered a $6,000 reward for the Kid, and several officers were commanded to bring in the Kid, dead or alive. No one ever claimed the reward.

Eugene Middleton survived his face wounds and ran the Riverside stage station for several years. He then moved to Globe, where he owned a successful apartment building. He died in 1929 of natural causes. He was 68.

Some historians believe that the Kid escaped into the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico where he lived out his life.

In 1937, Norwegian explorer and anthropologist Helge Ingstad heard that renegade Apaches still lived in Mexico. Traveling deep into the Sierra Madres, Ingstad claimed he found a woman, Lupe, who was thought to be the daughter of the Apache Kid.

Recommended: *The Apache Wars* by Paul Andrew Hutton, published by Crown; *The Apache Kid* by Phyllis de la Garza, published by Westernlore Press.

To the Apaches, the Kid was known as Has-kay-bay-nay-ntayl, which means "brave and tall and will come to a mysterious end." Quite a fitting name, since we don't know what happened to him.

BY PHYLLIS DE LA GARZA

LITTLE KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

He Lived With Big Nose Kate

A cranky pioneer became a desperate woman's best friend.

MARY "BIG NOSE KATE" CUMMINGS

Deep within the Dos Cabezas hills lived a feisty miner who spent the last 30 years of his life with Mary Katherine Cummings, better known as "Big Nose Kate."

Born in Nottingham in Nottinghamshire, England, in 1858, John Jessie "Jack" Howard gained U.S citizenship as a child and relocated west to Arizona as an adult. He registered to vote in Pima County as early as 1880. As one of the first miners in the Dos Cabezas mining district, Howard was memorialized by Howard Canyon and Howard Peak.

On July 2, 1883, Howard married divorcee Mary A. Smith and moved her and her five children onto his homestead in Dos Cabezas, eventually adding to the family twin daughters, Jessie and Dessie. By the time of their 1892 divorce, the couple had entertained the community with their amazing marital discord.

Their divorce document stated, "Mary displayed a vile and disagreeable disposition coupled with frequent outbursts of the most violent temper until she made his life a burden he could stand no longer."

In court, witnesses testified about Mary's barrage of insults that included publicly calling Howard a white-livered son of a b----. She kept a filthy house, never washed dishes or clothing and even threatened to burn down his house and poison his stock.

Living by himself in the hills, Howard sought out a housekeeper, placing an ad in Tucson's *Arizona Citizen* in June 1900, offering $20 per month, plus room and board. Looking to leave her employment at the Rath hotel in nearby Cochise, the nearly 50-year-old Mary Katherine Cummings answered the ad. Howard picked her up at the hotel, thus beginning a 30-year relationship that bloomed into respect and companionship.

She was down on her luck, having walked out on her abusive, hard-drinking Irish blacksmith husband, George Cummings. Too old to ply her former trade as a prostitute, during which she had become romantically entangled with gambler John "Doc" Holliday, she desperately needed a roof over her head.

The 1900 census listed Cummings as a "servant" in Howard's house, and her birthplace as Georgia. For the 1910 census, her birthplace became Iowa. In fact, she was born in Budapest, Hungary. Her lies paid off in 1931, when she was allowed to live at the Pioneers' Home in Prescott, Arizona, which accepted only U.S. citizens.

Many remembered Howard as a crank who hid behind his shack, in a manhole, so he could shoot at intruders who rode into view. But not everybody saw him as a mean old rascal. Postmaster Edwin White regularly traded honey with Howard for garden vegetables. Years later, the White children remembered Howard and Cummings as a friendly couple.

On October 12, 1926, Howard drew up his final will. Appointing Cummings executor, he left her the homestead and the Adriatic group of mines. He bequeathed $5 to each of his twin daughters who had not spoken to him since 1898.

On January 3, 1930, at the age of 72, Howard died of fluid in the lungs and hardened arteries. Cummings trudged three miles to the White home, where she announced, "Jack died last night, and I stayed up with him all night."

Cummings paid $125 to probate the will, $50 to undertaker Frank Rottman, $40 to workmen to dig Howard's grave and $5 each to Howard's twin daughters. She lived alone in the shack for nearly two years while hoping to sell the claims she had inherited, although the Riggs Bank in Willcox told her they were worthless.

Hard of hearing and too feeble to chop wood or lug water, with no income in the midst of the Great Depression, Cummings sold the homestead for $535.30. She was admitted to the Pioneers Home in September 1931, where she died on November 2, 1940. Her body was buried at the Arizona Pioneers cemetery in Prescott.

Howard lies buried in an unmarked grave in the Dos Cabezas cemetery. An opinionated, tough, old buzzard who asked for little, fought over every scrap, was savagely independent and most certainly a survivor on the Old Frontier, he turned out to be the kindest and best friend Big Nose Kate ever had.

Phyllis de la Garza is the author of *The Story of Dos Cabezas,* among other Old West titles.

Big Nose Kate put up with ornery Jack Howard for 30 years.

– ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY TERRY A. DEL BENE

That's Got to Hurt!

Surviving an extremely personal arrow wound that no man would ever want to face.

The only physical remnant of one of the West's more unusual survival stories is an all-too-graphic reminder of the pain and suffering that frontier period warfare inflicted. The small metal arrowhead, catalogued as Specimen 5641 "Arrowhead of Apache Indians," is housed in the National Museum of Health and Medicine in Silver Spring, Maryland.

After the May 21, 1862, founding of what was originally called the Army Medical Museum, medical officers were ordered to send to the Surgeon General "...all specimens of morbid anatomy, surgical or medical, which may be regarded as valuable; together with projectiles and foreign bodies removed...[for] the study of military medicine or surgery."

Thus began the compilation of examples of the horrors of warfare and the limits of human suffering worthy of the pen of Edgar Allan Poe. The specimens were used to train new generations of military surgeons and occasionally provided forensic examples, such as for the inquest into the assassination of President Abraham Lincoln.

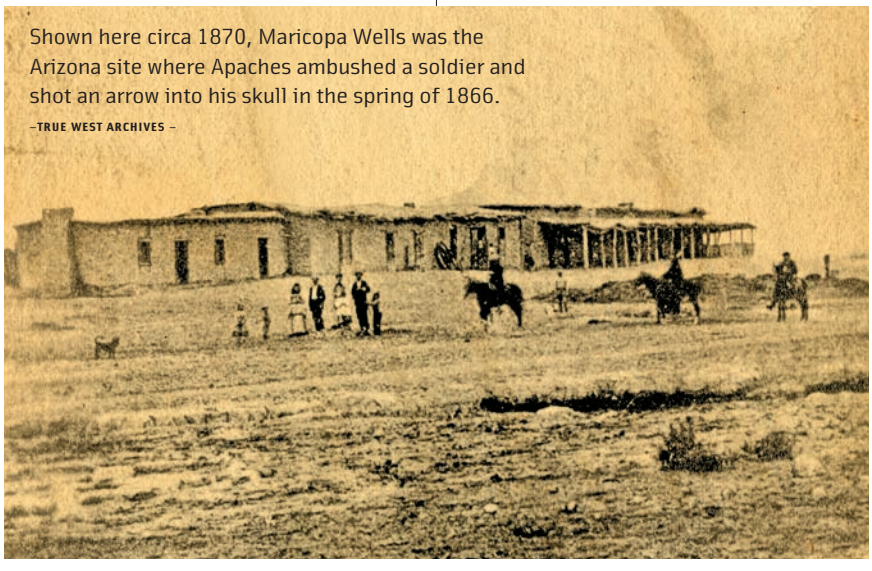
The arrowhead in question was removed by Assistant Surgeon A.H. Smith, in 1866, when he was serving at Texas's Fort Bliss. The Southern Plains had long been a theater of war in which the U.S. Army had its hands full trying to subdue Comanche, Kiowa and Apache warriors. The threat of guerrilla warfare served as a constant companion for the men who patrolled this isolated corner of the West.

Smith, like other medical staff of that time, adapted his knowledge of treating wounds that he had learned on Civil War battlefields to include the complexities created by arrow injuries. Bows required a closer combat situation, as they did not have the reach and raw stopping power of the period's large-caliber firearms. Arrows less often resulted in an immediate kill. Adept at rapid-fire archery, Plains Indians displayed an amazing capability of launching several shafts onto an intended target in the blink of an eye. While such skill often produced outright kills, the numerous survivors of arrow wounds created challenges in patient treatment for military surgeons.

Frontier surgeons adapted training they learned during the Civil War. Wounded at the Battle of Gettysburg, Private Ludwig Kohn was photographed by Reed B. Bontecou to illustrate his medical case for the Army Medical Museum.

– COURTESY U.S. NATIONAL LIBRARY OF MEDICINE –

European medicine had dealt with arrow wounds since ancient times. Then, as in 1866, the physicians were handicapped by not clearly knowing how infections worked.



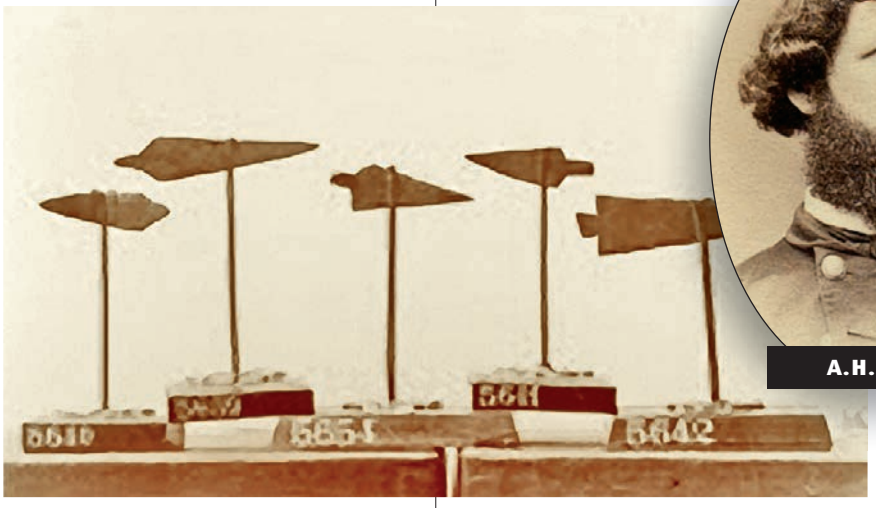
Shown here circa 1870, Maricopa Wells was the Arizona site where Apaches ambushed a soldier and shot an arrow into his skull in the spring of 1866.

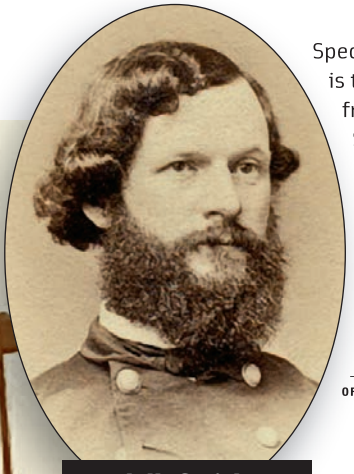
–TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

The Army Medical Museum was housed at Ford's Theatre prior to being moved to this building, on the National Mall in Washington, D.C., in 1887 and moving again in the 1960s. Today, the site houses the Smithsonian Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden.

– COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION –

That he had lived for months with this impossibly painful wound was perhaps a testament to opiates.





A.H. Smith

Specimen 5654 (third from left) is the arrowhead removed from Private Andrew Snowdon's brain at the Fort McDowell hospital in Arizona. Specimen 5641 (fourth from left) is the arrow removed by Assistant Surgeon A.H. Smith from the testes of a Mexican herder.

– COURTESY NATIONAL MUSEUM OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE –

Louis Pasteur began conducting research on germs and disease in the 1850s-60s. Lacking antibiotics, surgeons had few options for treating infections. Arrowheads, even when they were not dipped in poison or feces, were potential breeding grounds for disease, as were the mastics or cordage used to affix the arrowhead to the shaft. In the case of even light wounds, contamination produced by these materials could kill the victim.

The period's medical records often followed a pattern similar to that of Andrew Snowdon of the 14th Infantry. Ambushed by Apaches on March 22, 1866, near Arizona's Maricopa Wells, Snowdon was struck in the back of the head by an arrow. The first attempt to remove the missile left the arrowhead in the cranium.

By April 12, Snowdon's health significantly deteriorated, and he became "dull and stupid." He was transported to surgeon Charles Smart at Fort McDowell. On April 20, almost a month after the injury, Smart inserted a probe into Snowdon's skull and removed the arrowhead. During the procedure, the patient was quiet, except for those times when "he would burst into a violent scream."

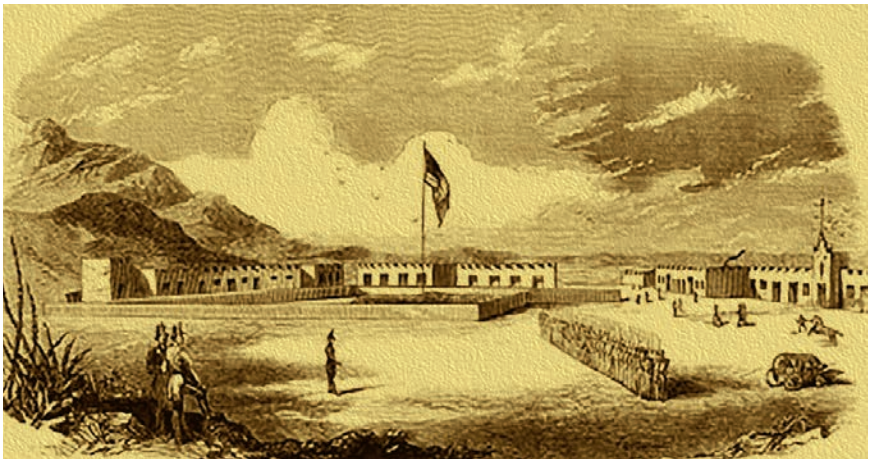
Snowdon's right side was paralyzed after the surgery. The soldier began to improve both mentally and physically once he started eating. But on May 7, Snowdon developed a fever. He died on May 13. He had survived 51 days since his wounding and met death due to the infection caused by the surgery to remove the arrowhead.

Smith beat the odds with his patient at Texas's Fort Bliss. Into his care came a Mexican herdsman with an arrow wound to the testes delivered during an Apache ambush roughly three months earlier. That he had lived for months with this impossibly painful wound was perhaps a testament to the availability of opiates combined with the man's iron constitution.

When Smith examined the wound, the shaft had long since been removed, and the wound had healed over. Smith's report indicated that the arrowhead was easy to locate and remove, once again, probably a testament to a liberal application of painkillers to the patient.

The herdsman apparently healed well, and the report mentioned satisfaction at the scar that formed over the wound. Smith sent the arrowhead to the Army Medical Museum.

Once he recovered and was discharged, the herdsman dropped out of the historical record. He truly contributed one of the more memorable tales of survival out West.



A Mexican herdsman's extremely personal arrow wound was successfully treated at Fort Bliss, established in 1849 before moving to its present location near El Paso, Texas.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Terry A. Del Bene is a former Bureau of Land Management archaeologist and the author of *Donner Party Cookbook* and the novel *'Dem Bon'z*.

BY CANDY MOULTON

On the Trail of Father Pierre De Smet

A cross-country journey reveals the magnanimous Western life of a Jesuit priest.

FATHER PIERRE JEAN DE SMET

– MATHEW BRADY, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

At age 20, Pierre Jean De Smet left his native Belgium and came to America, where, in 1821, he entered the Jesuit novitiate in Maryland. He studied for the Jesuit priesthood in Florissant, Missouri, where he took his vows in 1827.

Fr. Charles Nerinckx had inspired De Smet to make the life-changing decision when the priest visited the Preparatory Seminary at Mechelen in Belgium in search of recruits for his mission in Kentucky. The idea of working with Indian tribes appealed to De Smet, and though he never worked in Kentucky with Father Nerinckx, he would ultimately take his religion into the West.

De Smet was in St. Louis in 1831 when the Salish tribe, and later the Nez Perce tribe, sent emissaries to the city seeking "black robes" to come into their country. Hudson Bay Company trappers and Iroquois trappers, working along tributaries of the Columbia River, had told the Western tribes about the men who wore black robes.

In late March of 1840, Father De Smet left St. Louis with an American Fur Company brigade. He traveled with them over much of his route as he responded to the appeal from the Salish tribe for a mission. This priest would spend the remainder of his life traveling not only in the West, where he established missions and participated in important treaty negotiations with the tribes, but also around the world. He made more than one trip back to Belgium and other European countries, seeking funds for his work, sailing around Cape Horn or traveling across the Isthmus of Panama. The log of miles he journeyed is estimated at no less than 180,000 and perhaps as many as 260,000 miles on foot or on horseback, and by boat, ship and train.

De Smet had first worked with the Potawatomi people, for whom he helped establish St. Joseph's Mission in present-day Council Bluffs, Iowa. But his early training was in the St. Louis area, where we begin following his Western journeys.

The log of miles he journeyed is estimated at no less than 180,000 and perhaps as many as 260,000 miles on foot or on horseback, and by boat, ship and train.

The Trail Begins in St. Louis

The Jefferson Expansion Memorial and Gateway Arch in St. Louis serves to launch our journey westward. Though closed now for renovations, this national park site is developing all new exhibits and experiences showcasing the westward expansion. The Old Courthouse, located across the street, has a free exhibit gallery that focuses on the settlement of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, development of early St. Louis, and settlement of the Great Plains.

St. Charles, Missouri, just west of St. Louis, served the fur trade and was a campsite of the Lewis and Clark expedition. This charming town, founded by a French Canadian fur trader, has a compact downtown historic district that includes Missouri's First State Capitol, which was in use from 1821 to 1826. You can take one of the regularly guided tours.

The fur caravan Father De Smet joined as he left Missouri in 1840 departed from Westport, Missouri—now part of the Kansas City metro area. The caravan followed a route that would become the Oregon Trail. Visit the Frontier Trail Museum in Independence, Missouri, for an introduction to the trail. At the museum you can pick up an automobile tour guide that will take you on the trail route across Kansas and Nebraska to Fort Kearny. Fort Kearny, established in 1847, became an important way stop for travelers headed to Oregon and California. The fort has been reconstructed as a Nebraska State Historic Site.

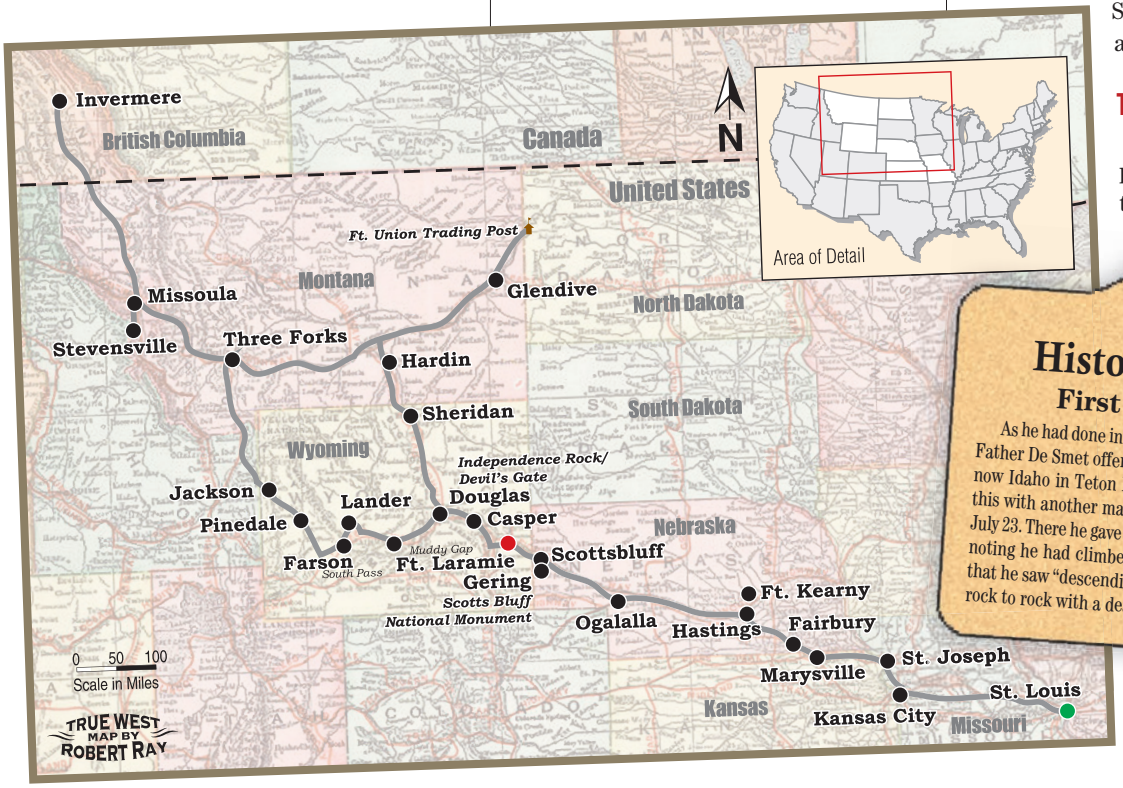
A bird's-eye view of Saint Louis, Missouri, as seen from above the Mississippi River, 1859.

– LITHOGRAPH A. JANICKE & CO., ST. LOUIS/LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

From Fort Kearny take Highway 30 west and enjoy the journey along the trail to Ogallala, then follow U.S. 26 and the North Platte River to Scotts Bluff, now a national monument. The main trail goes through Mitchell Pass at the base of Scotts Bluff, but an earlier route was farther south over Roubidoux Pass, named for the fur trading family that established a post there in 1851. Robidoux Pass and a replica of the trading post are just a short drive southwest of Scotts Bluff via Highway 71 and Carter Canyon Road.

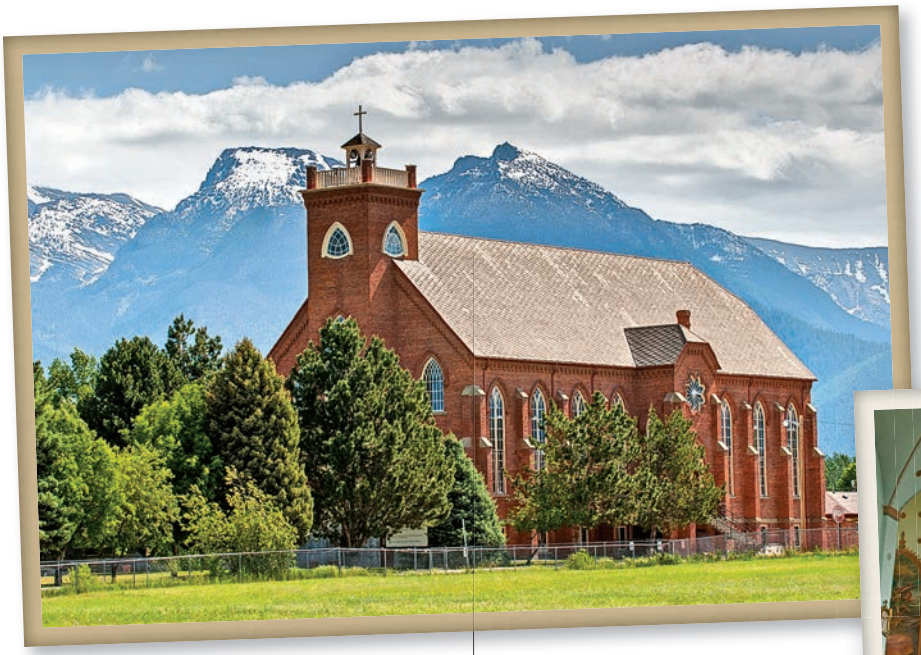
The Trail to the Rockies

The American Fur Company established its own trading post—Fort William,



Historical Marker
First Mass in Idaho

As he had done in what became Wyoming and Montana, Father De Smet offered the first Catholic mass in what is now Idaho in Teton Basin on July 10, 1840. He followed this with another mass celebrated near Henry's Lake on July 23. There he gave thanks for his first tour of the region, noting he had climbed mountains and followed streams that he saw "descending from dizzy heights, leaping from rock to rock with a deafening noise."



The Mission Mountain Range majestically frames the third iteration of Father Pierre De Smet's St. Ignatius Mission in Montana (left). Brother Joseph Carignano's 58 original paintings decorate the ceiling and walls of the 1890 church (below).

– DONNIE SEXTON, MONTANA OFFICE OF TOURISM –

later called Fort John and, ultimately, Fort Laramie—at a site some fifty miles farther west. De Smet visited here more than once in his years in the West, most notably serving as an emissary for the Indian tribes for the 1851 Horse Creek Treaty.

The Oregon Trail continues west (take U.S. 26, then I-25 through Casper) and on toward Muddy Gap on WYO 220. De Smet and the fur brigade reached Independence Rock on June 14, 1840, where he carved his name in the granite, the first priest to have reached the remote spot. At Devil's Gate just a few miles to the west, the Sweetwater River cuts through the Rattlesnake Range, which rises, as he wrote, "perpendicularly to a wonderful height" and results in a forced passage as the water is "now rushing with fury, then swelling with majesty."

Rendezvous that year took place on Horse Creek, north of Pinedale, Wyoming,

Father Pierre De Smet founded the mission of St. Mary's in 1841 to serve the Salish Indians in the Bitterroot Valley near modern-day Stevensville, Montana. Fifteen years after the Jesuits had to abandon the original mission because of troubles with the the Blackfoot tribe who were enemies of the Salishes, the current St. Mary's Chapel was built a mile south.

– DONNIE SEXTON, MONTANA OFFICE OF TOURISM –

near the present small community of Daniel. On a hillside overlooking the rendezvous ground, De Smet on Ju ly 5, 1840, held the first Catholic mass in what is now Wyoming. To learn more about the rendezvous, and obtain directions to the De Smet mass site, visit the Museum of the Mountain Man in Pinedale.

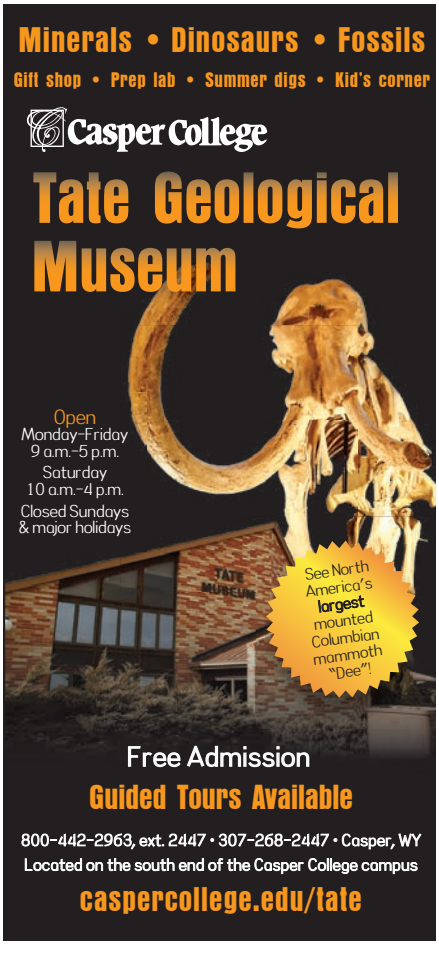
Our route now heads north on Highway 191 to Jackson Hole, then along Highway 22 over Teton Pass into Idaho, and north on U.S. 287 into Montana. De Smet preached a third mass (the first in Montana) in August of 1840 at the Three Forks of the Missouri. He was still short of his intended destination in the Bitterroot Valley, and actually abandoned the trek west to return to St. Louis and raise more funds before returning and establishing the mission at St. Mary's in the Bitterroot Valley in present-day Stevensville.

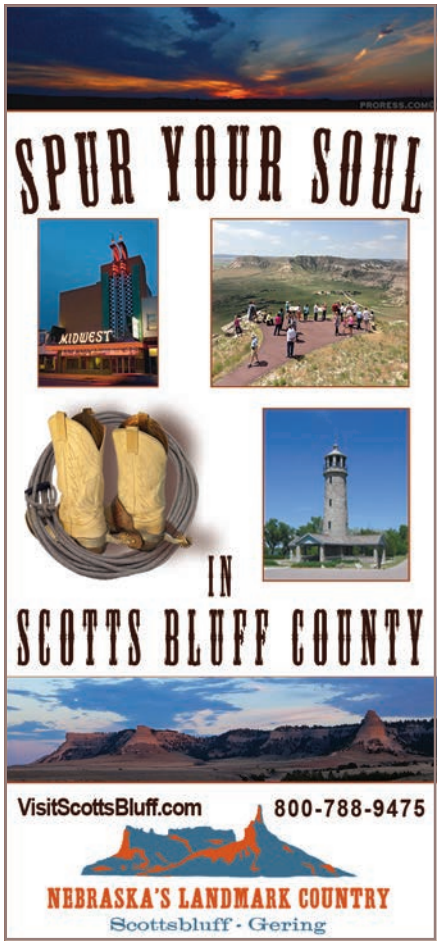
In coming years Father De Smet would work with other priests, notably Father Antonio Ravalli, to establish additional missions in Montana and Idaho, including St. Ignatius among the Flatheads in Montana (which was abandoned, though now there is another St. Ignatius Mission that dates to 1890), and Mission of the Sacred Heart near Coeur d'Alene in Cataldo, Idaho.

The Black Robe's travels took him north along the Kootenai River into British Columbia, Canada, where the North West Fur Company had established Kootenai House. This story is told at the Windermere Valley Museum in Invermere, British Columbia, where you also will be able to get directions to the Kootenai House site.

Treaties and Trail's End

On one of his journeys, Father De Smet traveled east across what is now northern





Fort Union Trading Post National Historic Site on the North Dakota–Montana border is a living history center that honors the post's importance to Indian and Euro-American commerce and culture on the Upper Missouri River from 1828 to 1867.

– NPS.GOV –

Montana heading down the Missouri River to Fort Union Trading Post, where in 1851 he assembled a party of about 35 men that included headmen from the Assiniboine, Minnetaree, Mandan, Crow, and Arikara tribes, along with scouts, Métis, and Canadian wagon masters whom he persuaded to attend a great Indian council to be held at Fort Laramie. The tribal members trusted him, and the government officials planning the treaty council believed he could aid in the negotiations that would lead to compensation for the tribes in exchange for recognition of the road to Oregon and California.

De Smet and his party left Fort Union on the Missouri River and traveled south. To follow his general route, take Montana Hwy 16 and Montana 200 to Glendive, Montana, then I-94 west and Montana Hwy 47 south to Hardin. From Hardin follow I-25 south through Sheridan, past Lake De Smet,

Travelers across Nebraska should detour north of Scottsbluff/Gering to Chadron to visit the Museum of the Fur Trade (left), which has one of the finest collections of American Indian, fur trapper and Oregon Trail materials on exhibition.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –

The prominent landmark in western Nebraska, Scotts Bluff (right), is named for fur trapper Hiram Scott, who died at the site in 1828. Father De Smet first saw the bluff in 1840, which today is protected as Scotts Bluff National Monument.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –

Father Pierre De Smet's life work as a Jesuit Catholic missionary had its beginnings in 1831 near the Jefferson Expansion Memorial, Gateway Arch and Old Courthouse, as did its conclusion, when he died nearby in retirement in 1873.

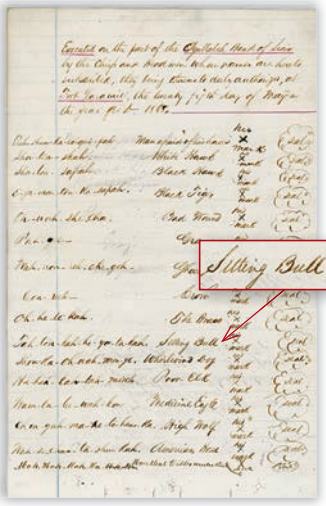
– COURTESY MISSOURI DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM –

named for the priest, to Casper and Douglas, Wyoming, then take U.S. 26 to Fort Laramie.

Although the 1851 treaty negotiation was to take place at Fort Laramie, the tribal response was so massive—approximately 10,000 Indians showed up with their huge horse herds—it had to be moved downstream to a site on the current Wyoming-Nebraska border at Horse Creek. This first major treaty with the Northern Plains tribes formally recognized the Oregon-California road, which was already in heavy use by Euro-Americans. The treaty also sectioned off Indian lands, presumably keeping them for all the tribes. The tribes were to receive compensation, but as happened with other treaties negotiated with tribes earlier—and would happen in the future as well—the delivered goods were far short of what was promised.

De Smet wrote that while attending what he called the Great Council, he had offered "the holy sacrifice" in a space where "some lodges of buffalo-hides were arranged and ornamented as a sanctuary." He held daily conferences on religion with the Indians, "sometimes with one band, sometimes with another," and he also baptized hundreds from the many tribes represented.

In his account of this significant treaty council, De Smet wrote, "During the eighteen days that the Great Council lasted, the union, harmony and amity that reigned among the Indians were truly admirable. Implacable hatreds, heredity enmities, cruel and bloody encounters …were forgotten. They paid mutual visits, smoked the calumet of peace together, exchanged presents, partook of numerous banquets, and all the lodges were open to strangers."



The legacy of Father De Smet's mission work was as a peacemaker in the far West. Five years before he died, De Smet mediated the historic Fort Laramie Treaty of 1868. His most significant signatory: Sitting Bull (above).

– FORT LARAMIE TREATY, PAGE 21, NO. 299803, NATIONAL ARCHIVES, WASHINGTON, D.C. –

After the 1851 Horse Creek Treaty council, De Smet continued his travels throughout the West, making trips to Astoria and Vancouver, to the Idaho and Montana missions and to other locations. He also traveled to Europe to continue raising funds for the missionary work. He met with Lakota leaders prior to the 1868 treaty negotiated at Fort Laramie before he returned to St. Louis, where he died in 1873.

Candy Moulton is a veteran road warrior who hangs her hat near Encampment, Wyoming, when she is not exploring the West for one project or another.

Jim Bridger by Tom Beard

National Frontier Trails Museum
Independence, MO

– COURTESY MISSOURI DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM –

PLACES TO VISIT

Jefferson Expansion Memorial and Gateway Arch, *St. Louis, MO*; **National Frontier Trails Museum**, *Independence, MO*; **Fort Kearny State Historic Site**, *Kearney, NE*; **Museum of the Fur Trade**, *Chadron, NE*; **Scotts Bluff National Monument**, *Gering, NE*; **Fort Laramie National Historic Site**, *Fort Laramie, WY*; **Museum of the Mountain Man**, *Pinedale, WY*; **St. Mary's Mission**, *Stevensville, MT*; **St. Ignatius Mission Church**, *St. Ignatius, MT*; **Cataldo Mission State Park**, *Cataldo, ID*; **Windermere Valley Museum**, *Invermere, British Columbia*; **Fort Union Trading Post**, *Sidney, MT*, or *Williston, ND*

Sacajawea Hotel / Three Forks, MT

– DONNIE SEXTON, MONTANA OFFICE OF TOURISM –

GOOD EATS & SLEEPS

GOOD GRUB: Log Cabin Restaurant, *Gering, NE*; **Mack's Inn**, *Island Park, ID*; **Pompey's Grill**, *Three Forks, MT*; **Lolo Creek Steakhouse**, *Lolo, MT*; **Hudson's Hamburgers**, *Coeur D'Alene, ID*

LODGING: Doubletree at Union Station, *St. Louis, MO*; **Chambers House B&B**, *Pinedale, WY*; **Sacajawea Hotel**, *Three Forks, MT*; **Bitterroot River B&B**, *Stevensville, MT*; **Best Western Invermere Inn**, *Invermere, B.C.*

GOOD BOOKS

Life, Letters and Travels of Father Pierre-Jean de Smet, 1801-1873 by Hiram Martin Chittenden; ***Father Peter John de Smet: Jesuit in the West*** by Robert C. Carriker; ***Sacred Encounters: Father De Smet and the Indians of the Rocky Mountain West*** by Jacqueline Peterson.

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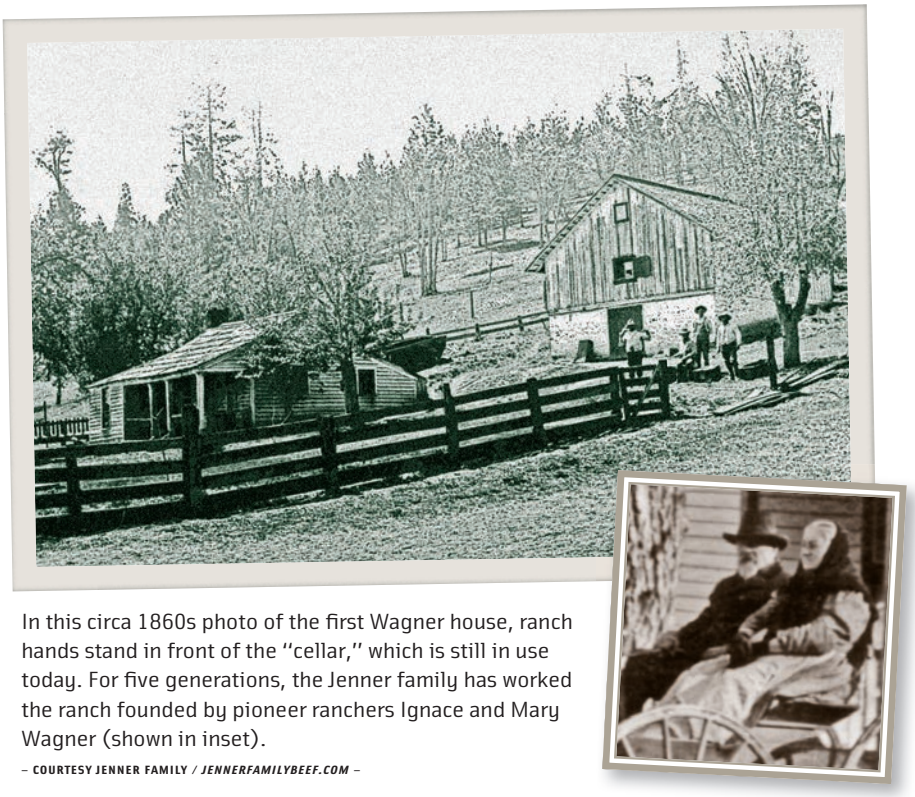
BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Sinful Chocolate

The history behind the Wagner-Jenner Ranch's devil's food cake.



In this circa 1860s photo of the first Wagner house, ranch hands stand in front of the "cellar," which is still in use today. For five generations, the Jenner family has worked the ranch founded by pioneer ranchers Ignace and Mary Wagner (shown in inset).

– COURTESY JENNER FAMILY / *JENNERFAMILYBEEF.COM* –

Water and crackers are all that sustained Ignace Wagner for a week when he arrived in San Francisco, California, in 1852. He borrowed some money and then headed to the American River to mine. He struck it rich in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, making more than $5,500.

Ignace married Mary Lichtenthaler, who, like him, hailed from the German territory of Alsace, France. They purchased land in Scott Valley, California, on March 17, 1874, building a farmhouse and a home.

The Jenner Family Ranch traces its roots to the Wagner Ranch. A decade before the Wagners, E.P. Jenner founded the Union Flour Mill, outside the mining town of Rough and Ready, now called Etna, about two miles from the Wagner property.

A good picture of Scott Valley in its early years is provided by pioneer butcher and rancher Lucius Fairchild. In the 1850s, he shared observations of his home in letters to his family: "This is the best county in the state for making money, though we live hard in the mountains, where the elegant [fixtures] of life would cost a fortune. I have now, for the first time, a good room, nicely lined with calico, and a good bed, with at least one sheet and one dirty pillow case. So I think I am one of the aristocracy of this burg.

> "You never dreamed of such a rowdy hole as this is...."

"You never dreamed of such a rowdy hole as this is.…Everybody drinks freely, even myself have swallowed enough cocktails to float a skiff—still I am very temperate according to our standard of morals. Gamblers, loafers, loose women and all the scum of society are here (or have been) in full force—and all manage to live well on the better classes of men....This is the dark side of us—We have good men here too and some pretty good society (all men)."

With gold miners needing food and supplies, Frank followed Uncle E.P. to the valley and established a ranch in 1872, where rich bottomland produced and still produces good feed for cattle.

Frank married Mary "Muzzy" Wagner, the only one of her six siblings to have children. Every day, Muzzy cooked on a woodstove for at least 20 hired hands.

Fourth-generation ranch wife Gail Fiorini-Jenner recalls what Aunt Betty (Jenner) Cogburn told her about Grandma Muzzy: "Grandpa and Grandma lived at the ranch with no electricity or indoor plumbing for the first few years. Brother Jack and I often had lunch with our grandparents and at all times looked forward to a piece of Muzzy's devil's food cake. She had a big garden, lots of berries and was most of all famous for her dandelion wine."

Devil's food cake is appropriate for a place with a history as rowdy as Scott Valley's. Grandma Muzzy's recipe was unbelievably rich because she used eggs, milk and butter from the ranch, Gail says, and flour from the flour mill adjacent to the original Wagner Ranch. Sinful chocolate, and oh so good.

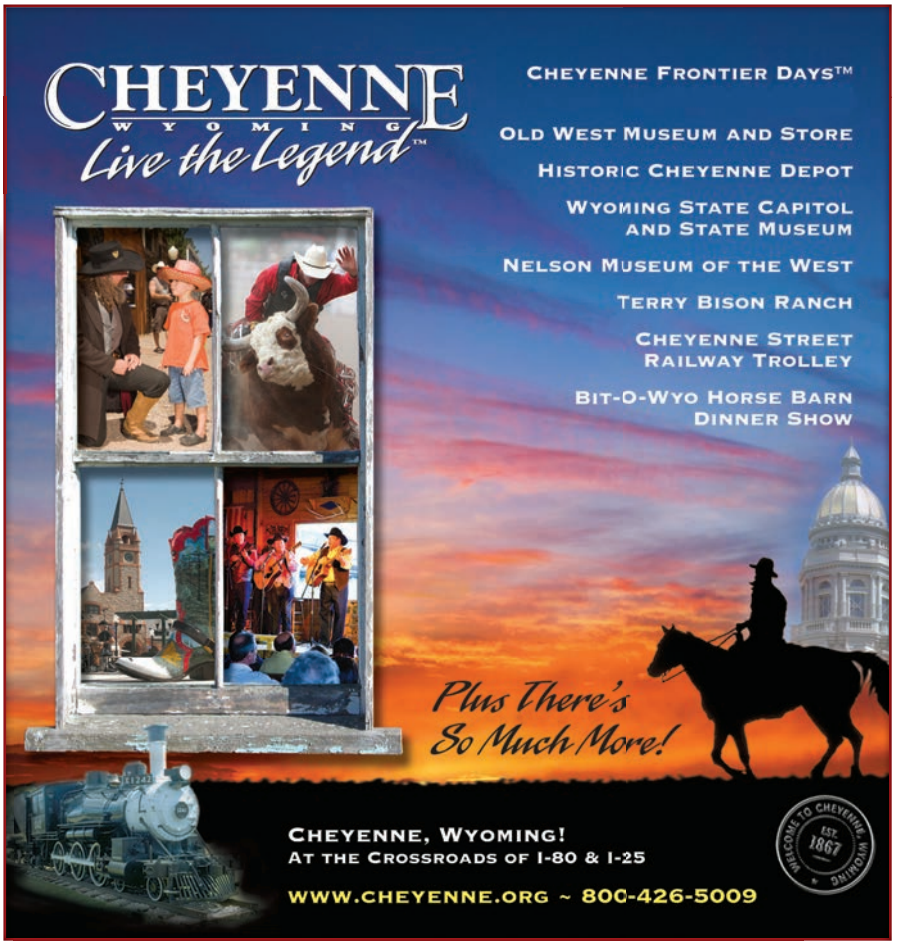
Sherry Monahan has penned *The Cowboy's Cookbook*, *Mrs. Earp: Wives & Lovers of the Earp Brothers*; *California Vines, Wines & Pioneers; Taste of Tombstone* and *The Wicked West*. She has appeared on Fox News, History Channel and AHC.

MUZZY'S DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

1 cup each of sugar, dark chocolate chips and milk
½ cup each of butter and brown sugar
3 egg yolks, beaten
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon baking soda

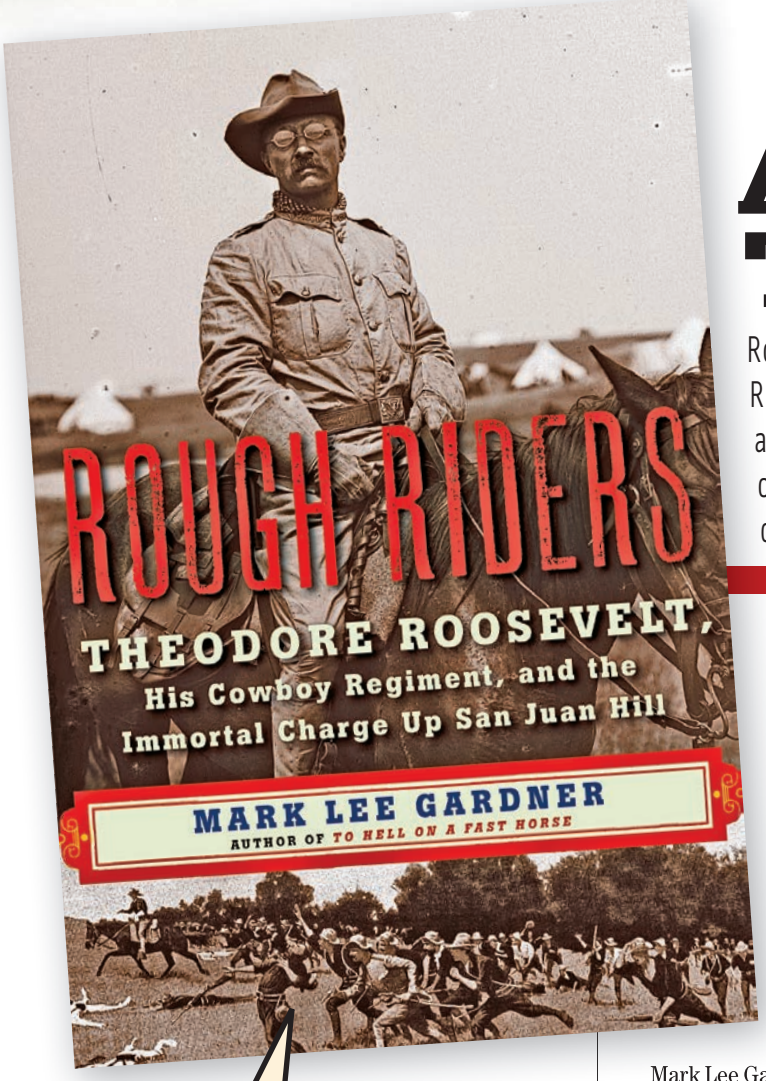
Melt sugar, chocolate and milk over low heat. Cool slightly. Cream butter and brown sugar, and add beaten yolks. Combine flour and baking soda in a separate bowl. Alternate adding dry and melted mixture to creamed mixture, blending well after each addition. Pour into greased and floured cake pans. Bake at 350°F until cake springs at your touch—about 20 to 25 minutes. Cool slightly in pans for 10 minutes. Remove from pans and cool on racks. Frost with chocolate frosting.

Muzzy Wagner's recipe courtesy Gail Fiorini-Jenner



WESTERN BOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS EDITOR: STUART ROSEBROOK



"The Rough Riders was composed of rich men and poor men, cowpunchers and tennis champions, American Indians and Ivy Leaguers (oh, and a murderer or two)."

A Hero's Tale

Rough Riders is a thrilling recounting of Theodore Roosevelt's transformation into a national hero and ascent to national office; plus, opera and theater on the Arizona frontier, an Old West tale of law and order, and an explorer's legend disproven.

A century ago, the modern weaponry carried by the European armed forces of World War I killed thousands of young men on a daily basis. The carnage of trench warfare had never been seen on such a large scale in the history of war. In the United States, former president and war hero of the Spanish-American War Theodore Roosevelt was caught in the crosshairs of his political foe, President Woodrow Wilson, and an American citizenry that did not support the United States' entry into the grave-filled morass of Europe's Great War. Less than two decades earlier, Americans had had their first taste of an overseas imperial war against the Spanish Empire, thousands of miles distant in the Philippines of the Southwest Pacific, and just 90 miles offshore from Florida, in the stinking, deadly trenches of Cuba.

Mark Lee Gardner's poignantly succinct *Rough Riders: Theodore Roosevelt, His Cowboy Regiment, and the Immortal Charge Up San Juan Hill* (HarperCollins, $26.99) illustrates Roosevelt's rise to hero status. The rise is tempered by the brutal heat of

In *Rough Riders* the Spanish-American War's brutal trench warfare and modern weapons, like the American Colt machine guns at Fort Roosevelt, were a grim foreshadowing of the coming bloodbath of World War I.

– COURTESY THEODORE ROOSEVELT COLLECTION, R560.3.EM3-065, HOUGHTON LIBRARY, HARVARD UNIVERSITY –

Author Mark Lee Gardner concludes in *Rough Riders* that the Battle of San Juan Hill and Teddy Roosevelt's heroic leadership in the Spanish-American War changed both the course of his life, and the course of history.

– COURTESY OF MARK LEE GARDNER –

tropical Cuba and the reality of the world's first modern war in which machine guns and modern high-powered rifles, artillery and ammunition were tested—with deadly results—on the American and Spanish soldiers. Gardner writes, "This fight would be nothing like those old Currier and Ives prints from the Civil War, with lines of men, shoulders pressing close to shoulders."

Rough Riders, Gardner's third volume in what is becoming a Western biography series, is a dramatic hero's tale as compared to his chronicles of Billy the Kid and the James-Younger Gang in *To Hell on a Fast Horse* and *Shot All to Hell*, respectively. When asked why he chose to write about Roosevelt and the Rough Riders, Gardner said, "The story of the Rough Riders is in many ways a Western story; most of the regiment was raised in the American Southwest." Gardner's study of the heroic actions of the future president and his loyal soldiers is a familial if not sociological extension of the citizenry of the Southwest and Midwest he wrote about in his earlier books.

"The Rough Riders was composed of rich men and poor men, cowpunchers and tennis champions, American Indians and Ivy Leaguers (oh, and a murderer or two)." The populism of equality that Gardner brings to his treatment of Western outlaws—and their extended families and foes—is equal to his populist interpretation of the Rough Riders and Roosevelt, who seized destiny's opportunity to become America's first modern military hero, and as the fates would have it, first modern president of the 20th century. As the Colorado author notes, "In his farewell speech to his regiment, Roosevelt said, 'No man asked a quarter for himself, and each one went in [to the war] to show that he was as good as his neighbor. That is the American spirit.'"

Gardner's *Rough Riders* is a timeless story of how the fortunes of war and one man's decision to serve with distinction—above and beyond the call of duty for honor and country—can change the course of history. "What's important about remembering Roosevelt leading his men to victory is that it was no myth," says Gardner. "He did indeed show incredible bravery. He did indeed lead his men and a number of Buffalo Soldiers and white regulars in a charge up San Juan Hill. And he earned unquestionably, the Medal of Honor he was denied after the war but awarded posthumously in 2001. When it comes to war heroes, TR was the 'real deal.'" And so is Gardner's *Rough Riders*. It's a classic, inspiring biography of a true American hero, in an era when America is in desperate need of real heroes.

—Stuart Rosebrook

ROUGH DRAFTS

Lucia St. Clair Robson must be congratulated for being named the 2016 Western Writers of America Owen Wister Award recipient, which also comes with induction into the Western Writers Hall of Fame at the annual WWA Conference in Cheyenne, Wyoming in June.

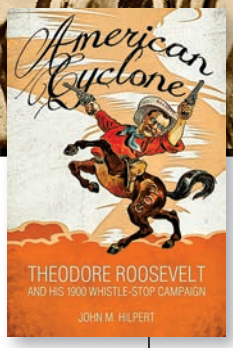
A note was sent to me about the January passing in Portland, Oregon, of, author-agent-editor-film historian **Jon Tuska**. A member of the Western writer community for many decades, Tuska spent his career dedicated to Western cinema and publishing. I met him in the early 1990s at a Western literary conference at the University of Wyoming at which Professor **Richard W. Etulain** was the keynote speaker. I still remember Dr. Etulain's brilliant address on Western literature–and his brilliant supposition that we should understand, judge and critique Western fiction with the same reverence applied to Southern and New England literature. It was the first time I'd heard someone speak of Max Brand, Raymond Chandler, Wallace Stegner and Amy Tan in the same sentence.

So in honor of Robson, Tuska and Etulain's passion and dedication to Western writing, I recommend the following three volumes by three unique Western voices:

Robson's *Last Train from Cuernavaca*, Tuska's *The American West in Fiction*, and Etulain's *Telling Western Stories: From Buffalo Bill to Larry McMurtry*.

–Stuart Rosebrook

BUILDING YOUR WESTERN LIBRARY



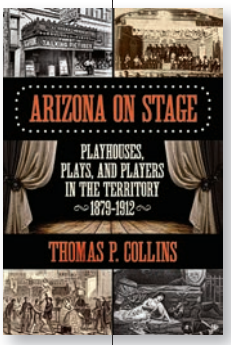
John M. Hilpert's *American Cyclone: Theodore Roosevelt and His 1900 Whistle-Stop Campaign* provides a comprehensive, focused biography of the United States' first 20th-century national hero and a modern presidential election.

– COURTESY WIKIMEDIA PUBLIC DOMAIN DOCUMENT/CAMPAIGN BUTTON: PRIVATE COLLECTION, PHOTOGRAPHER PAT HILPERT –

WAR HERO ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

Presidential campaigns haven't changed much. Making speeches and shaking hands in various towns and cities is still a part of the game. In 1900, President William McKinley left those details to his vice-presidential nominee, Theodore Roosevelt. As governor of New York and bona-fide Spanish-American War hero, Roosevelt was hugely popular, drawing crowds during his whistle-stop tour. All of this and more, is detailed in John M. Hilbert's *American Cyclone: Theodore Roosevelt and His 1900 Whistle-Stop Campaign* (University Press of Mississippi, $40). Hilbert's well-researched chronicle is a fascinating look at political campaigning, and a worthy addition to any Theodore Roosevelt library.

—Michael F. Blake, author of Code of Honor: The Making of Three Great American Westerns



LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

Forget Broadway! Some of early theaters' brightest and most accomplished entertainers performed on stages throughout Arizona. In his book *Arizona on Stage: Playhouses, Plays, and Players in the Territory 1879-1912* (TwoDot, $18.95) professor emeritus of theater Thomas P Collins shines a spotlight on the thespians who ventured west of the Mississippi to bring the works of Shakespeare, Shaw and Stowe to the Southwest. Complete with biographies of the actors, singers and dancers who delighted audiences from

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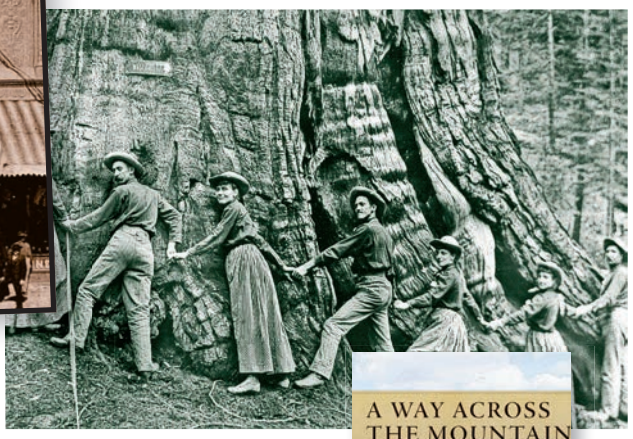
On July 24, 1907, Swiss entrepreneur Joseph Maria Muheim opened the 1,000-seat Orpheum Theatre in Bisbee's Brewery Gulch, according to author Thomas P. Collins in *Arizona on Stage*.

– COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY –

Prescott to Tombstone, exquisite color posters that promoted their shows, and excerpts from the most popular melodramas and comedies, *Arizona on Stage* is a must-read for all Westerners and lovers of the history of theatrical arts.

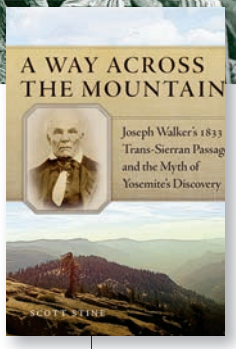
— *Chris Enss author of* Entertaining Women: Actresses, Dancers and Singers in the Old West



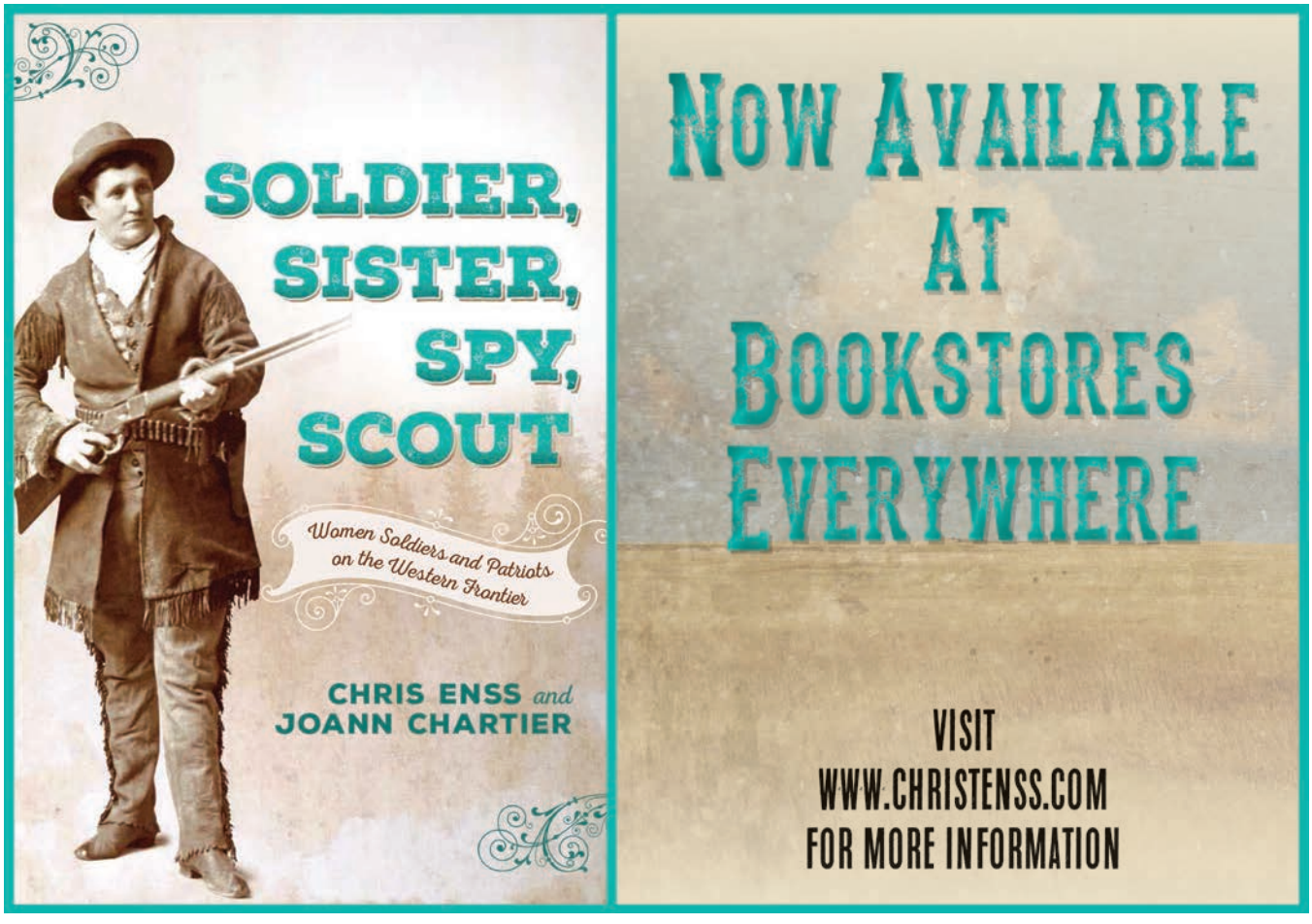
Author Scott Stine's meticulous research in *A Way Across the Mountains* concludes that Joseph Walker's party did indeed measure giant Sequoia trees like these tourists did, but that Walker's fabled discovery of Yosemite is a legend, not fact.

– COURTESY OF THE OLD TIMER'S MUSEUM, MURPHYS, CALIFORNIA, 95247 –

THE YOSEMITE LEGEND OF JOSEPH WALKER



Scott Stine's *A Way Across the Mountain: Joseph Walker's 1833 Trans-Sierran Passage and the Myth of Yosemite's Discovery* (University of Oklahoma Press, $39.95) buries the myth—risen from an obituary—that mountain man Joseph Walker spotted Yosemite Valley while crossing the Sierra Nevada in 1833. Stine surveys earlier accounts biased to put Walker along the valley's rim. Then, starting from scratch with the journal of Zenas Leonard who accompanied Walker, Stine reconstructs the more plausible route using knowledge of terrain and landmarks, a doable daily pace, period climatic conditions, and capabilities and needs of horses, revealing a route north of Yosemite. Historians and buffs will grasp



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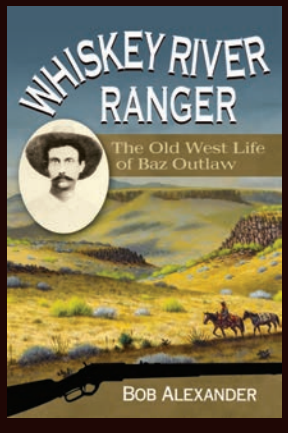

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BEYOND THE HORIZON WITH AUTHOR JEFFERSON GLASS

– COURTESY JEFFERSON GLASS –

Spur Award-winning nonfiction writer Jefferson Glass was born and raised in Oregon. He grew up knowing the tales of the Oregon Trail, Lewis and Clark and the great explorers of the Northwest.

At the age of 12, Glass would often walk out the back door of his family home to explore the thousands of acres of public land just beyond the back fence. There he could be a mountain man where the only rule was to be home by suppertime.

In his youth he read the fiction of Zane Grey and Louis L'Amour, before he began to study the real mountain men of the 19th century. When he moved to Wyoming 35 years ago, he heard stories about a man known as John Reshaw. Curiosity got the best of him and twenty years later Glass published his award-winning biography, *RESHAW—The Life and Times of John Baptiste Richard: Extraordinary Entrepreneur and Scoundrel of the Western Frontier* (High Plains Press).

After you've finished reading *RESHAW*, Glass recommends a look at a few of his favorite armchair companions:

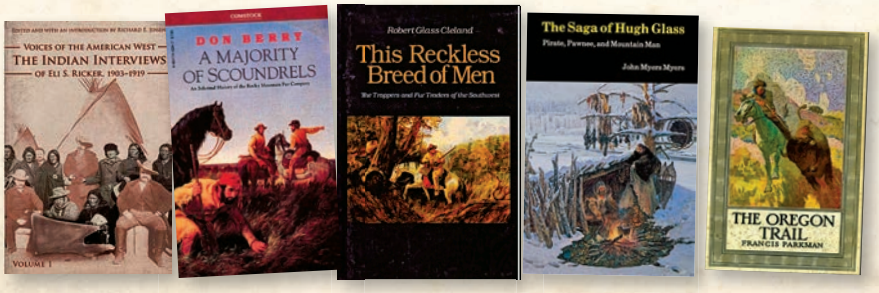
❶ ***Voices of the American West*** (Richard E. Jensen editor, University of Nebraska Press): This is a two-volume set: *The Indian Interviews and The Settler and Soldier Interviews of Eli S. Ricker, 1903-1919*. When Judge Ricker retired near the turn of the 20th century he dedicated himself to interviewing every Native American and early frontiersman he could locate before their stories were lost forever. These accounts, a testament to an era, have not been recorded in any other publication.

❷ ***A Majority of Scoundrels: An informal History of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company*** (Don Berry, Harper & Brothers): No mountain man library should be without this book. Berry shares the stories of dozens of well-known frontiersmen as well as many that few have heard of, all written in an easy-to-read manner that keeps you anxious to turn to the next page.

❸ ***This Reckless Breed of Men: The Trappers and Fur Traders of the Southwest*** (Robert Glass Cleland, Alfred A Knopf): When exploring the fur trade of the early 19th century we often focus on the Rocky Mountains. Cleland brings attention to the industry in New Mexico, Arizona and California.

❹ ***The Saga of Hugh Glass: Pirate, Pawnee, and Mountain Man*** (John Myers, University of Nebraska Press): This is arguably the most well-researched and accurate account of the life of Hugh Glass. There have been several novels written over the years based on the exploits of this legendary mountain man, yet few of them succeed in representing their tales in a more exciting manner than this true story.

❺ ***The Oregon Trail*** (Francis Parkman, Jr., Oxford University Press): Although the title is misleading, this record of Parkman's travels in 1846 is entertaining and informative. Beginning in St. Louis, the naïve adventurer embarked on the Oregon Trail to Fort Laramie in present-day Wyoming then south along the front range of the Rocky Mountains before returning to his home in Boston.



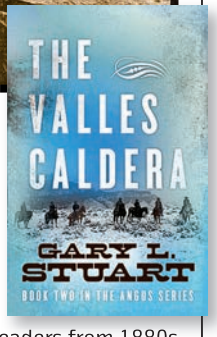
Stine's "rules of reconstruction" that controlled his objectivity. Stine's unique book format—a worthy style to emulate—includes entr'acte "excursions" that deepen his reasoning, broaden subject knowledge and complement readability.

—*Pieter Burggraaf, author of* The Walker Party, The Revised Story

DEATH COMES FOR THE WICKED

Gary L. Stuart's *The Valles Caldera* (Gleason and Wall Publishing, $14.95), the second in his Angus series following *Ten Shoes Up*, features the return of loner U.S. Marshal Angus Esparraza, a man more comfortable with horses than humans, but also a man who will not be stopped in the performance of his duties. The setting is mainly New Mexico in the 1880s, and Stuart does a bang-up job of describing the land, its rivers and its mixture of people—Anglo, Mexican and just plain bad hombres. Like the best of L'Amour, Stuart gives such a sense of place the reader feels transported and caught up in the history and violence that was New Mexico

—*Bill Brooks, author of* Winter Kill: A John Henry Cole Story



Author Gary Stuart's *The Valles Caldera*, book two in the Angus Series, is an Old West law-and-order adventure that takes readers from 1880s Albuquerque (above) to the twisting trails of New Mexico's rugged Chama River Valley near Tierra Amarilla.

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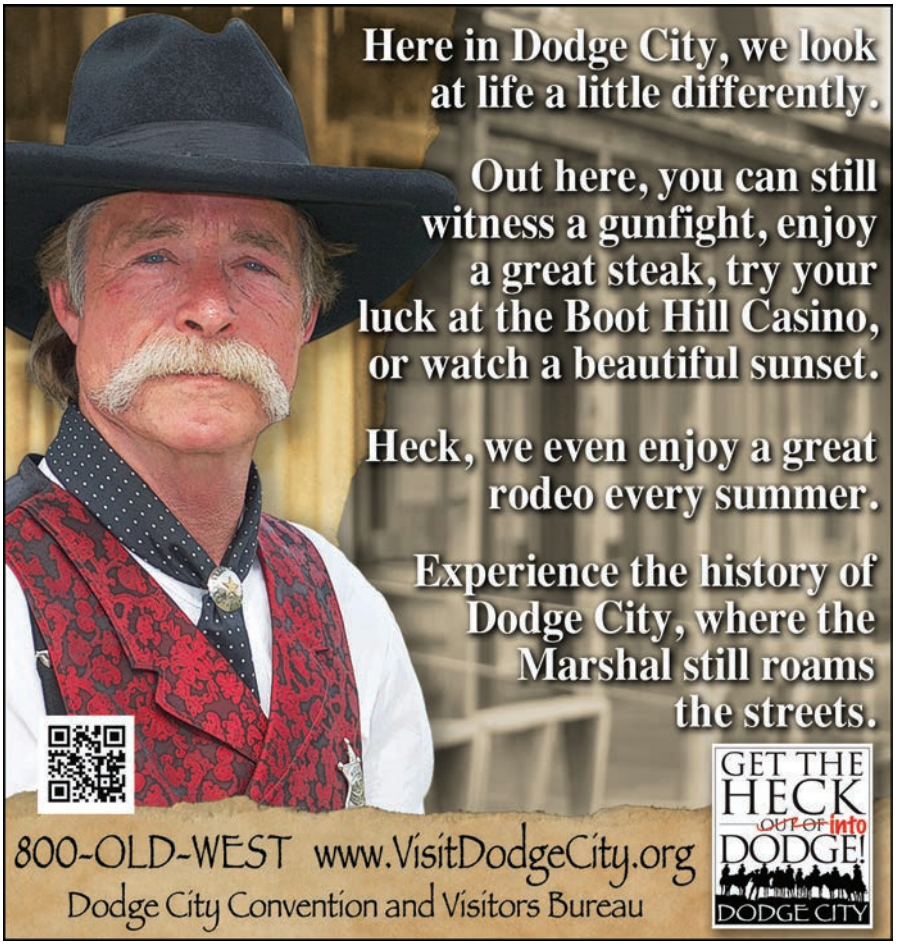


The True Odyssey of Hugh Glass

Versus Hollywood's The Revenant.

Warning: Spoilers follow.

The true odyssey of Hugh Glass is a fabulously thrilling action drama about one man's obsession to survive under the most horrific conditions, offering up a lofty teaching of redemption, forgiveness and transcendence beyond brute violent retribution. Hollywood's *The Revenant* makes a credible attempt to factually document his odyssey, as much as is possible, given the many disparities and contradictions in the folk legend of the American frontiersman who, in 1823, was among the first Europeans to explore the Upper Missouri River region. Yet several flat-out falsehoods inexcusably detract from the authenticity of the film.

First, though Glass is known to have lived with the Pawnees years before he joined Gen. William Henry Ashley's fur expedition in 1823, he did not have a Pawnee teenage son who accompanied him on the expedition. Furthermore, that son was not killed by John Fitzgerald, when he and Jim Bridger stayed back with Glass after he had been mauled by a grizzly bear and lay on the verge of death. The true history is: When Fitzgerald and Bridger eventually abandoned Glass, thinking he was already dead or near-death, and stripped him of all the weapons he needed for his survival, that abandonment created enough burning desire for revenge in Glass to motivate him to survive just to seek retribution upon the two frontiersmen. The film's contrived murder scene between Fitzgerald and the Pawnee was unnecessary.

Perhaps the most grievous historical transgression is the knife fight between Glass and Fitzgerald. This fantastical violent scene denigrates the most powerful moral of the Glass saga that forgiveness and transcendence can triumph over revenge. Glass never killed Fitzgerald. He traveled hundreds of miles to Fort Atkinson in modern-day Nebraska, where Fitzgerald had enlisted in the U.S. Army's 6th Brigade, to confront Fitzgerald and retrieve the rifle stolen from him. Glass also tracked down Bridger, in Montana, and forgave him. *The Revenant* missed this story of redemption by bastardizing the ending with Glass murdering Fitzgerald.

One last glaring transgression was the decision to film *The Revenant* at the southern tip of Argentina. Glass's survival story actually took place on the plains and prairies of present-day Montana, North Dakota and South Dakota, and the Platte River area of Nebraska. The South American setting detracts from the story's authenticity.

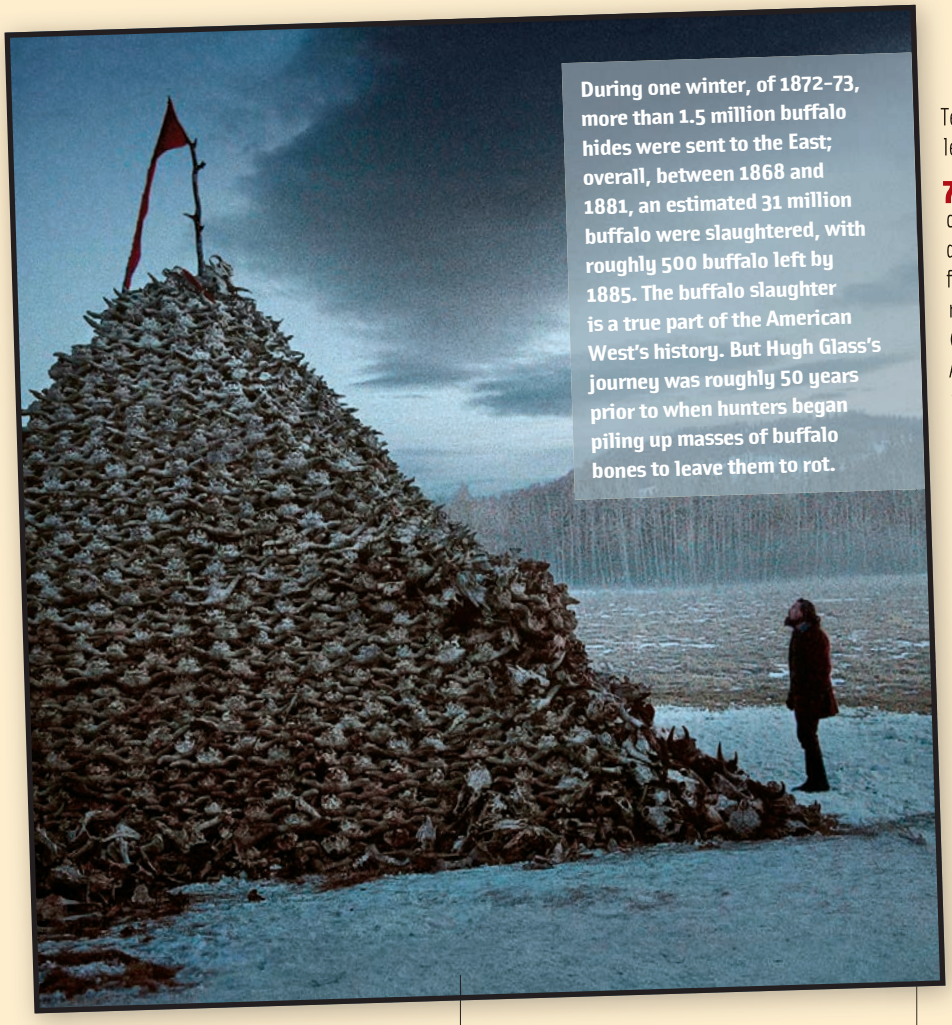
Most creative treatments of the Glass story focus on the aspect of revenge (a possible exception is 1971's *Man in the Wilderness*, which, although also about revenge, does end on forgiveness). In the 21st century, with so much rampant violence and revenge being carried out against people everywhere, what the world desperately needs most are not films that herald revenge, but works that instead herald forgiveness and transcendence. Unfortunately, *The Revenant* falls far short.

The Revenant is an entertaining Western. But the "inspired by" Hugh Glass tagline is definitely loosely applied. The winter environs is one major error the Oscar-winning movie got wrong in its depiction of Glass's real-life survival odyssey.

– ALL *THE REVENANT* IMAGES BY KIMBERLEY FRENCH / 20TH CENTURY FOX –

Jerome Irwin is the author of *The Wild Gentle Ones: A Turtle Island Odyssey.* He once lived with the Crow Creek Sioux along the old Fort Thompson stretch of the Missouri River, which Hugh Glass passed during his survival odyssey.

13 MAJOR FACTS *THE REVENANT* GOT WRONG



During one winter, of 1872-73, more than 1.5 million buffalo hides were sent to the East; overall, between 1868 and 1881, an estimated 31 million buffalo were slaughtered, with roughly 500 buffalo left by 1885. The buffalo slaughter is a true part of the American West's history. But Hugh Glass's journey was roughly 50 years prior to when hunters began piling up masses of buffalo bones to leave them to rot.

1 Opening Scene Battle with the Arikaras: Andrew Henry's group did not battle the Arikaras. The Arikaras attacked the group led by Henry's partner, William Henry Ashley, which included Hugh Glass, but Ashley was not depicted in the movie.

In 1822, Henry and his first expedition were at Fort Henry on the Yellowstone River. The second expedition, led by Ashley in 1823, was attacked after Ashley traded gunpowder for horses with the Arikaras. When a big storm blew in, Ashley and his men got stuck waiting it out (you can't push a keelboat upriver in a storm). At the end of the three-day storm, the Arikaras attacked, killing 15 whites, not 32. None of that was shown in the movie.

2 Punk Kid: Jim Bridger may have been only 19 at that time, but he was a journeyman blacksmith and probably stronger than most of the men in the company. He definitely was not the punk kid the movie made him out to be.

3 Timing of the Bear Attack: The bear attack occurred in August 1823, while the weather was still mild. Glass did not have to crawl through snow and battle hypothermia.

4 The Son: Glass did not have a half-breed son with him on that expedition. Even if he did have one, based on the time he spent with the Pawnees, the kid probably would have been about four years old, not a teenager.

5 Charbonneau Confusion: Toussaint Charbonneau is shown stealing an Indian woman and raping her, then getting caught and being forced to run to Fort Kiowa naked. Not true. Perhaps the writers were thinking of John Colter, who, in 1809, escaped from the Blackfoot and ran naked for days before reaching civilization. Charbonneau and Glass did escape death by the Arikaras once, but that came later in the story.

6 Texas Rangers: John Fitzgerald talks about his father having friends in the Texas Rangers and about going to Texas and joining the army himself. Yet, Texas did not have an American army in 1823, much less Texas Rangers–Texas was part of Mexico.

7 Hugh Glass's Route: The movie shows Glass crawling in pursuit of the men who had left him to die. In real life, Glass crawled in the opposite direction from the men. He was attacked by the bear somewhere near the last week of August and made it to Fort Kiowa (almost 300 miles) by the first week of October. Armed with a new rifle, Glass then turned back on his trail to hunt the men who had betrayed him.

On October 11, Glass joined Charbonneau's ill-fated expedition to the Mandan villages. Only Glass and Charbonneau survived that expedition. The Arikaras killed the other five men. The Mandans gave Glass a ride to Fort Tilton. After that, he walked to Fort Henry. The bad weather hit after Fort Tilton, not while Glass was still crawling.

8 John Fitzgerald was Not a Murderer: The movie shows Fitzgerald killing Glass's half-breed son. He also did not kill Henry, who lived to the age of 57, dying in 1832.

9 Fuzzy on Furs: The beginning of the movie makes a big deal over hiding bales of pelts so that the Indians would not get them. But Henry did not have any furs at that time. He had brought furs from Fort Henry and given them to Ashley, who took the furs to St. Louis, Missouri, to sell.

10 Glass the Guide: Glass may have had some familiarity with the area from his time living with the Pawnees, but he had never been to Fort Henry. The movie portrays him as Henry's guide. He was a hunter for the group, but guide? No. Henry and the others knew the way better than Glass did.

11 Arikara Assault on Glass: The Arikaras did not catch up with Glass while he was working his way to Fort Kiowa, nor did he ride his horse off a cliff to escape.

The Arikaras did try to kill Glass at least three times: 1) When they attacked Ashley and the other trappers in early June 1823 (Glass was shot in the leg). 2) When Glass joined Charbonneau and five others on their trip to the Mandan Villages. The Arikaras killed the five men, while Glass and Charbonneau escaped. 3) In late March 1824, when Glass left Fort Henry to continue his hunt for Fitzgerald, he traveled with four men–Dutton, Marsh, More and Chapman. Thinking they were in Pawnee country, Glass led the others into a village that turned out to be Arikara. More and Chapman were killed. Glass escaped again.

Glass did not have a half-breed son with him. Forrest Goodluck made his big-screen debut as Hawk, Hugh Glass's half-breed son, in *The Revenant*.

The Arikaras did ultimately kill Glass. Ten years after the bear attack, in February 1833, Glass, Ed Rose and a man named Menard were crossing the frozen Yellowstone River when the Arikaras caught them on the ice and killed all three.

12 The Faux Slaughters: While Glass was working his way to Fort Kiowa, he discovers a mountain of buffalo skulls. The bear attacked Glass in 1823; the buffalo slaughter would not take place for another 50 years.

Another slaughter the movie got wrong was Glass's Pawnee wife being killed. No white army, be it French, Spanish or American, ever slaughtered a Pawnee village. When the Indian wars broke out, the Pawnees tended to side with the white man against their ancient enemies, the Sioux, the Comanches and the Cheyennes. Many worked as scouts for the U.S. Army. The Pawnees never declared war on the United States, as the other tribes did.

13 Glass Did Not Try to Kill Fitzgerald: Glass forgave Bridger because of his youth and because Fitzgerald had goaded Bridger into leaving Glass during the five days they had stayed with him. The following June, Glass caught up with Fitzgerald at Fort Atkinson. The fort commander warned Glass that if he harmed Fitzgerald, he would suffer. If he killed Fitzgerald, Glass would have been shot or hanged. Fitzgerald was forced to give Glass back his rifle, and the fort took up a collection to pay Glass for his trouble.

Bonus: The movie never explains the term "revenant." A revenant is a ghost. When Glass arrived at Fort Henry, supposedly on New Year's Eve 1823, Bridger was so overcome with guilt for leaving Glass to die that he thought Glass was a revenant. Glass ended up forgiving Bridger, but not before working him over a bit.

Bruce Bradley, author of *Hugh Glass*, is a winemaker in California's Napa Valley. The wine helps him forget how, back in the 1600s, two of his great aunts—the Towne sisters—were hanged as witches during the Salem witch trials. A third sister, Sarah Towne Cloyce, was arrested, but released. Bradley is her descendant.

THE REVENANT TAKES HOME OSCARS

Leonardo DiCaprio talks about making the film that finally earned him a golden statue.

Leonardo DiCaprio finally earned a golden statue, for his role as Hugh Glass in *The Revenant*. He has been nominated for, but never won, an Oscar for his roles in: 2013's *The Wolf of Wall Street,* 2006's *Blood Diamond,* 2004's *The Aviator* and 1993's *What's Eating Gilbert Grape.*

Leonardo DiCaprio took on his stiffest test yet, emoting most of his character through actions rather than words, in Director Alejandro González Iñárritu's *The Revenant*, a stark tale inspired by Hugh Glass's journey of survival in 1823. Nominated for the fifth time, DiCaprio won his first Oscar for his portrayal of Glass. *The Revenant* also earned golden statues for Iñárritu, best director, and Emmanuel Lubezki, best cinematographer.

The film charted the harrowing ordeal that Glass faced after being badly mauled by a bear and left for dead by the other members of his team. DiCaprio endured icy river waters and subzero cold during the nine-month shoot, most of which took place at the southernmost tip of Argentina. He was game to portray the challenges posed by the elements and the terrain; he even chomped into bison liver.

"The main nemesis was the weather and the freezing temperatures," DiCaprio says. "It was always a struggle to stay warm enough and not suffer hypothermia and also to eat enough so that we could keep going in those conditions. It wasn't pleasant, but we decided that we had to go into the freezing waters because that was the kind of realism we were striving to portray...I wouldn't eat the bison liver again, though!"

He pushed himself to fully get into his role as Glass. "I decided not to cover any of my fingers because I wanted to manipulate my environment," he says. "And, of course, I ended up crawling through miles and miles of snow-covered landscape.... It's those decisions early in a film that come back to haunt you."

That frigid environment helped DiCaprio figure out the poetry of his character. "Being

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Lozen, Woman Warrior

"Lozen is my right hand. . . strong as a man, braver than most, and cunning in strategy," said the Apache leader Victorio about his sister. She also fought alongside Geronimo and his warriors, surrendering with him in 1886. She, too, became a prisoner of war, dying of tuberculosis sometime after 1887.

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out in nature for that long is an existential journey," he says. "The story, by and large, is very linear: a man gets screwed over and loses his son and then he goes to attack the dude who screwed his life up."

He did have a limit when it came to the bad weather. Production shut down on November 29 and did not resume until January 19. "We were supposed to do a scene with my son [played by Forrest Goodluck] as he's praying for me," he says. "And the temperature hit 40 below zero. At that point, we couldn't really open our eyes. And our fingers locked together and the camera gear locked together, and I just looked at Alejandro and said, 'I'm all for enduring realism, but there comes a point when nothing is operable.'"

> "...Hugh Glass is a man who does not mince words...."

DiCaprio connected to this period of history, when capitalists were extracting natural resources, sacrificing different cultures over their greed. "This whole era of American history is undocumented, so, in a lot of ways, it was like doing a Science Fiction movie and reconnecting with a part of America that wasn't yet America, but very much like a lawless territory where you had French and English fur trappers and indigenous native people, fighting over these resources," he says. "We had to piece together what this world would be like and how these characters would interact, but at its core, the movie is obviously about the relations between man and nature."

"The theme of man vs nature, revenge, the perseverance of life, what a man draws on to survive, our ability to adapt, what we hold onto, what drives us—these are all themes we wanted to explore while we were there," DiCaprio adds.

DiCaprio thrived on the limited amount of dialogue. "That really was one of the most exciting parts about the project," he says. "When I read the script, I kept urging Alejandro to take out more lines. I wanted less dialogue because that was the exploration of this character. Actually, Hugh Glass is a man who does not mince words; he gets straight to the point, and I don't think he necessarily wants to communicate with that many people. But staying silent for so long, even for such a man like Hugh Glass, is a real challenge. And that was a challenge as I had to make the story come alive, just through his eyes."

The bear attack is the scene that got everyone talking about the movie. "I don't

The bear attack scene got everyone talking about *The Revenant.* Hugh Glass was indeed attacked by a bear; for an accurate account of Glass's survival odyssey, read "A Difficult Man to Kill," on *TWMag.com,* a cover story written by our *Survival Out West* columnist Terry A. Del Bene.

want to give away all the details about how we shot the scene, but I was never in any danger....We rehearsed the scene for several months and studied tapes of over 100 actual bear attacks to know how we should do it," he says.

He gives the director credit for creating such a powerful sce ne: "Alejandro allows the audience to [experience] a very raw violent savage bear attack, yet feel the intimacy of both man and beast. You feel the sweat and the heat coming off of the animal."

DiCaprio grew as an actor during the filming of *The Revenant.* "Every single day of this movie was difficult. It was the most difficult film I've ever done," he says. "You'll see, when you see the film—the endurance that we all had to have is very much up on the screen."

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BY LEO W. BANKS

Let 'er Buck

Since 1910, Pendleton, Oregon, has hosted one of the country's greatest Western celebrations.

Pendleton, the county seat of Umatilla County, Oregon, was named in 1868 for George H. Pendleton who was the 1864 Democratic candidate for vice president. Today, the city of nearly 17,000 citizens is known worldwide for its Pendleton Woolen Mills and annual Pendleton Round-Up.

– COURTESY TRAVEL PENDLETON –

Pendleton, Oregon, got its start in 1862 when Moses Goodwin traded a span of mules for land and built a bridge over the Umatilla River. It became a crossing on the Oregon Trail, a portion of which runs along today's Main Street.

By 1900, the town was the state's fourth largest, an economic center for wheat and cattle, and a home for gold miners holing up for the winter among its 32 saloons and 18 bordellos.

The Wild West tradition lives on in the tunnels that form an underground network beneath the red-brick downtown, where many buildings date from 1880 to 1910. Former Chinese railroad workers constructed most of the tunnels in the late 1800s. They housed everything from an ice cream parlor and bowling alley to jails, a meat market and opium dens.

The Chinese used them in part to escape liquored-up troublemakers who ruled the streets after sundown. The often abused immigrants found safe haven in the lamplight beneath wild Pendleton. One of them, Hop Sing, operated an under-ground laundry for more than 40 years.

The tunnels allowed gentlemen to enter a respectable business, covertly descend into the basement—covertly means when his wife wasn't looking—and follow a passageway to a smoky poker room, a bordello or, during Prohibition, a speakeasy.

Today Pendleton Underground Tours takes visitors up a set of stairs to a re-creation of the Cozy Room Bordello. "We call it 31 stairs to heaven," says executive director Brooke Armstrong.

Visitors should mark off early September for the Pendleton Round-Up, one of the country's best rodeos. Begun in 1910 as "a frontier exhibition of picturesque pastimes, Indian and military spectacles, cowboy racing and bronco busting," the four-day bash swells the population of 16,500 by threefold.

The Round-Up offers a fascinating twist with the participation of the Cayuse, Umatilla and Walla Walla tribes. On their nearby reservation, they host a gathering of some 300 teepees that draws Indians from across the Northwest to reunite with friends and take part in beauty contests, a powwow dance competition and a parade.

> The Wild West tradition lives on in the tunnels that form an underground network beneath the red-brick downtown.

A massive bronze of a bucking bronc and cowboy guards the Round-Up grounds, and five more statues stand downtown. They depict figures like Nez Perce Jackson Sundown, the all-around Round-Up champion in 1915 and nephew to Chief Joseph.

Another beautiful bronze, *The Western Sheriff* by A. Phimister Proctor, stands in Til Taylor Park, named for local Sheriff Tillman D. "Til" Taylor, killed in a 1920 jailbreak.

Be sure to stop at downtown's Hamley & Co., a Western store that offers everything the working cowboy needs, including world-famous saddles and vintage batwing chaps.

At Pendleton Woolen Mills, visitors can tour the factory to see looms turning out Pendleton blankets, manufactured there since 1909. Indians from around the West flock to town to buy hundreds at a time for use in reservation ceremonies, weddings, dowries and more.

Roy Raley, the Round-Up's first president, started the Happy Canyon Pageant in 1914. Raley's pageant of the West has remained a popular celebration of local history and Native culture (above) enjoyed by Pendleton visitors and rodeo participants for over a century.

– COURTESY RANDALL COLLIS/ TRAVEL PENDLETON –

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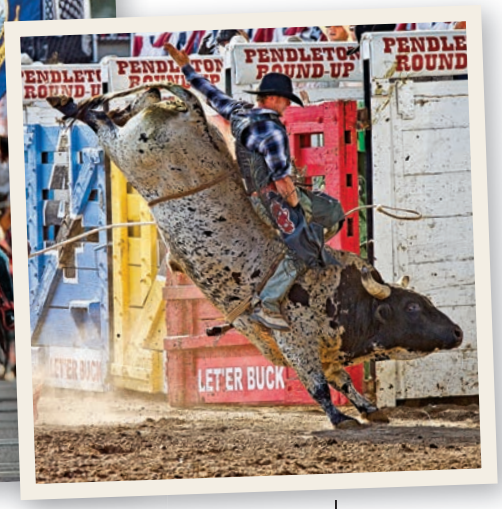

Since the Pendleton Round-Up began in 1910, the annual Westward Ho! Parade has been held every Friday morning of rodeo week, while exciting rodeo-action entertains over 16,000 fans every afternoon for four days during the Round-Up.

– PHOTOS COURTESY JOHN LAPTAD/ TRAVEL PENDLETON –

But Pendleton's link to Western history is most evident in the continuing fascination with the Oregon Trail. It still draws visitors more than 130 years after the wagons stopped rolling.

Historian and author Keith May says these latter-day emigrants—known affectionately as rut nuts—follow an itinerary that includes Heritage Station Museum. Set in a 1909 railroad depot, the site displays photos and exhibits that showcase the pioneers' lives and trials.

The history-minded then drive 25 miles to Blue Mountain Crossing, an interpretive park where three-foot wheel ruts made by original travelers mark the landscape. From there they head 20 miles west to the low country around the town of Echo and a Bureau of Land Management site with six-foot-deep ruts.

"On the same day, you can go from cool forest down to the sagebrush and experience the Oregon Trail just like the emigrants did," says May. "That's the kind of history we have in Pendleton."

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

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WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY

Let 'er Buck: The City of Pendleton dedicated Austin Barton's *Let 'er Buck* bronze statue in Pendleton Centennial Plaza adjacent to the arena in June 2010, in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the Round-Up.

– COURTESY PAM FORRESTER/TRAVEL PENDLETON –

Pendleton Round-Up and Happy Canyon Hall of Fame

This museum tells the rodeo's history through artifacts, photos, saddles, clothing, Indian regalia and firearms. Exhibits include everything from delicate beadwork to a full-sized teepee.

PendletonHallOfFame.com

Prison Blues

Stop at this outlet store to buy clothes made by local prison inmates. As the saying goes, they're clothes made on the inside to wear on the outside: T-shirts, sweatshirts, coats and jeans.

PrisonBlues.com

Working Girls Hotel

Located in an 1890s bordello, the hotel has a suite and four other sleeping rooms furnished in Victorian décor, hardwood floors, 18-foot ceilings and exposed-brick walls.

PendletonUndergroundTours.org

Tamastlik Cultural Institute

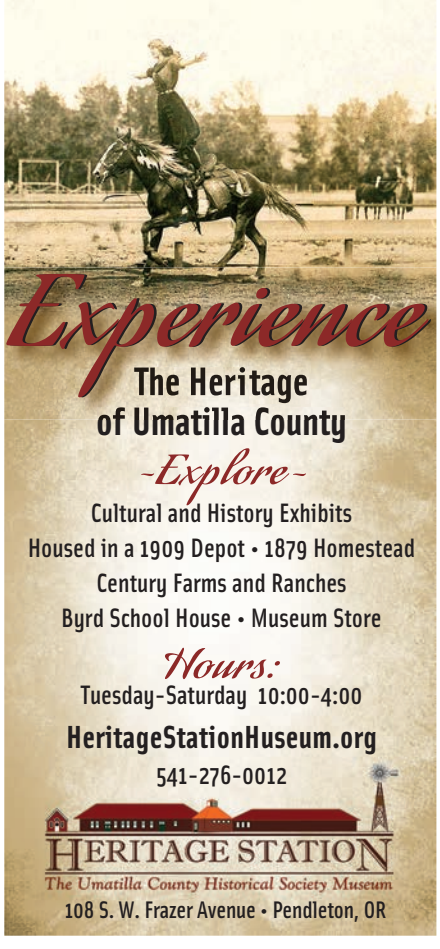
Explore the Oregon Trail from the Indian viewpoint at this huge and uplifting museum. Its theme: We were, we are, we will be. See interactive exhibits and an outdoor Living Culture Village.

Tamastslikt.org

Whitman Mission National Historic Site

The site, 54 miles from Pendleton, commemorates the 1847 massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman, wife Narcissa, and 11 others by Cayuse Indians. The Whitmans were Methodist missionaries instrumental in establishing the Oregon Trail.

NPS.gov



The Copper Queen Hotel in Bisbee opened in 1902 as a luxury hotel for businessmen and dignitaries visiting the Phelps Dodge mining town. Today, the hotel is well known for its historic charm of yesteryear and the legendary spirits who haunt its hallways.

– COURTESY RON MCCOY PHOTOGRAPHY –

Historic Western HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

BY CHRIS ENSS

GRANDE DAMES OF THE WEST

The glorious past of Western hotels, and the women who defined them, welcome guests with luxury, hospitality and nostalgia.

In May 1888, a host of well-dressed and polished guests crowded into the fashionable lobby of the Windsor Hotel in St. Helena, California, to catch a glimpse of actress Lillie Langtry. When the stunning thespian arrived on the scene, lodgers and staff rose to their feet and applauded. The hotel manager presented her with a bouquet of flowers and offered to give her a tour of the establishment before seeing her to her private suite. Lillie graciously accepted and glided after the manager, a parade of fans followed closely behind. Reservations at the Windsor Hotel increased substantially during and after Lillie's visit to the hostelry. To sleep where the star had laid her head was irresistible.

Today, Western travelers will discover many hotels and saloons, found in small towns to big cities, made famous by entertaining women of the Old West. These enterprising ladies of the stage and saloon, lodging and companionship helped build the territories out of circumstance, necessity and pure capitalist desire. Many of the inns established by pioneering women are rich in history, style and panache. Although fully renovated, the inns' historical integrity has not been compromised, so today's guests enjoy a historic retreat with all the modern amenities.

Conquering the untamed frontier wasn't as easy as ambitious sojourners were led to believe. Among the first to strike it rich in the rowdy hills and plains were those keen entrepreneurs who sold supplies to the prospectors, ranchers and farmers; itinerate entertainers; and proprietors of hotels.

Far and away the most popular and profitable business was running a gaudy combination of saloon, restaurant, gambling hall, brothel, theater and hurdy-gurdy house. Women who weren't concerned about a respectable profession opened such establishments. "Soiled dove" Eleanora Dumont operated her own saloon and boardinghouse in Nevada City, California, in 1851. Madam Jennie Rogers earned more than $5,000 a month operating her two-story business in Denver, Colorado. Scarlet lady Cad Thompson purchased three houses in Virginia City, Nevada, and at one time was considered the wealthiest woman in the territory.

Though a rarity in the early days of the West, there were those women who defied convention and made big money running respectable restaurants, theatres and hotels. Catherine Clark and her husband, John, opened the Hotel Clark in Glendale, Oregon, in the 1860s. When John died Catherine was left to manage the business on her own. It became one of the most profitable and impressive establishments in the Northwest.

Katrina Murat operated a hotel in the outlying areas of Denver in 1859 and parlayed her substantial earnings into a restaurant in Virginia City, Montana, in 1865. Shortly after arriving in Nevada City, California, in 1849, Luzena Stanley Wilson opened

Six-foot tall and high-tempered Jennie Rogers (inset) was a popular Denver madam in the late 19th century. She opened the luxurious House of Mirrors bordello at 1942 Market Street in the mile-high city in 1889 and operated it until 1911, when she sold it to competitor Mattie Silks.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES/LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

JENNIE ROGERS

the El Dorado Hotel. The establishment housed 75 to 200 boarders, each paying $25 a week.

Nellie Cashman, also known as the "Angel of Tombstone" because of her generosity to the miners in the community, owned and operated the Cashman Hotel. The hotel was just one of four businesses the entrepreneur established in Tombstone, Arizona.

The Strater Hotel in Durango, Colorado, has been in continuous operation since 1887 when it was built by Henry H. Strater. The four-story, brick luxury hotel was the destination of many stars of stage, ballet and grand opera including Maude Adams, Sarah Bernhardt and Lotta Crabtree.

The Gold Hill Hotel in Gold Hill, Nevada, was built in 1859 on the first mining claim taken up in the famed Comstock Lode. Among the popular guests who patronized the inn were Mark Twain and one of his favorite entertainers, Adah Menken. Menken was an actress and poet who possessed one of the most beautiful figures in the world and regularly flaunted it on stage.

The City Hotel in Columbia State Historic Park in California was originally constructed in 1854. The stately brick building once housed the Lager Beer Saloon and was a popular watering hole for prospectors and settlers. Child star Lotta Crabtree and her mother Mary Ann traversed the gold hills in the area where Little Lotta sang and danced for hardworking miners. Members of Lotta's entertainment troupe stayed at the City Hotel or at the Fallon Hotel next door.

The legendary Josephine Sarah Marcus Earp stayed at the Horton Grand Hotel in San Diego, California, with her love interest, Wyatt Earp. The sweeping oak staircase, bay windows, fancy woodwork and wrought-iron grillwork rekindle memories of San Diego's glorious 1800s. The Horton Grand is San Diego's oldest Victorian hotel.

The Hotel Colorado grew up beside the dusty road that led to the new silver-boomtown of Aspen forty miles away. The first structure on the site was a primitive log building that became the social center of the crossroads town in the late 1800s. Singer Miss Louie Lang from Kansas City was a frequent visitor when the hotel opened in 1893. She always arrived in two private railroad cars, one for herself and one for her horses.

The La Posada Hotel in Winslow, Arizona, inspired the setting for the MGM film The Harvey Girls, starring Judy Garland. Opening in May 1930, La Posada was the first fleet base in Arizona of the Harvey car motor

GRETA GARBO

The Taos Inn opened in 1936 but its roots as Hotel Martin date back decades earlier. The inn has been a popular destination for artists, celebrities and actors from the beginning, including Greta Garbo (inset).

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/TAOS INN –

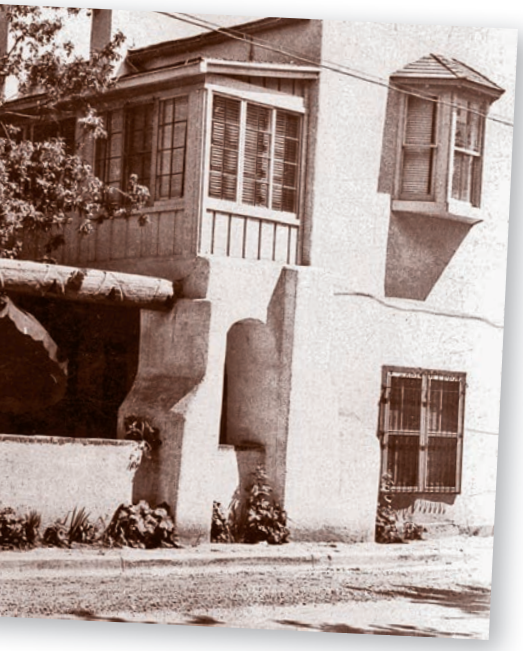
LOTTA CRABTREE

Lotta Crabtree's popularity as a singer and dancer began at a young age in the California mining camps. Young Lotta, her mother, MaryAnn, and their troupe of entertainers frequented the City Hotel in Columbia, California, after it opened in 1854.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS/CALIFORNIA STATE PARKS –

service. Entrepreneur Fred Harvey, who developed restaurants and hotels that served major railroad lines, built La Posada in the center of northern Arizona. It was recognized as the finest establishment in the Southwest.

In the early 1920s some of the most famous faces in silent films could be seen in the main dining room at the Camino Real El Paso in El Paso, Texas. Built in 1911 and originally called the El Paso del Norte Hotel, the elegant establishment was hailed as the "Showplace of the West." Academy Award-winner Gloria Swanson and the cast of El Paso stayed at the hotel in 1922 while making the motion picture.



The Bullock Hotel in Deadwood, South Dakota, is a three-story upscale inn with sixty-three sleeping rooms. Built in 1895 by the town's first sheriff, Seth Bullock, and his business partner, Sol Star, The Bullock Hotel is known as the "Jewel of Downtown Deadwood." In addition to a couple of gunfights that took place in front of the business there were also entertainers who performed on the hotel steps. In 1897, Miss Lillian Kennedy, known as the "most versatile actress in the country," regaled townspeople with soliloquies and songs.

The historic Taos Inn in Taos, New Mexico, opened its doors on June 7, 1936, as Hotel Martin, named after Doc Martin, one of Taos's early settlers. Legendary actress Greta Garbo was a frequent guest at the stylish, charming inn.

The Buffalo Bill's Irma Hotel in Cody, Wyoming, was built in 1902 by Buffalo Bill Cody and named for his daughter, Irma. In its heyday, it was the gathering place for cattlemen, sheepmen and oilmen. It still is. "Little Sure Shot" Annie Oakley and actress-turned-novelist Caroline Lockhart stayed at the Irma.

Many hotels and inns that began as businesses serving weary travelers who needed a bed and a blanket grew to be desired destinations for adventurous migrants. The standards of accommodations and comfort rose appreciably as the West became civilized and the types of lodging and the forms of services offered at certain hotels became luxuries. As owners of those establishments and as entertainers who performed in, or were patrons of, those inns, women left their mark on the trade and helped usher in a new class of pioneer. Today, all across the West, from Durango to Deadwood, from Winslow to Taos, visitors can still sample the grandeur of these famous inns. The historic hotels and saloons, where settlers and starlets once resided, have been lovingly restored to provide today's guests with an encore experience that the great women entrepreneurs and entertainers of yesteryear would definitely stand up and cheer for with a heartfelt, "Bravo!"

Chris Enss is a *New York Times* best-selling author specializing in writing about women of the Old West. She has written more than twenty books for TwoDot Books.

Historic Western HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Buffalo Bill's Irma Hotel

Cody, Wyoming

Visit the Irma Hotel—a place that Buffalo Bill Cody called "a gem"—just outside of Yellowstone National Park. Cody built the hotel in 1902 and named it for his daughter, Irma.

Today, you can stay in historic rooms that housed some of the most famous personalities the world has ever known, including Frederic Remington, Annie Oakley and Calamity Jane. You can even stay in Buffalo Bill's private suite. There are a host of other historic and non-historic rooms, all with up-to-date amenities and air conditioning.

While at Buffalo Bill's Irma Hotel, sample the famous prime rib; choose from an expansive selection at breakfast, lunch and dinner buffets; or select from a full menu. Enjoy a drink and friendly camaraderie in the Silver Saddle Saloon. Or sit on the porch where Buffalo Bill and Irma sat, and enjoy a meal while you experience the sites of Cody. Fancy enough for royalty and comfortable enough for cowboys and cowgirls, the Irma Hotel is the heart and spirit of Cody, Wyoming! Visit soon. Stay awhile!

Buffalo Bill's Irma Hotel
1192 Sheridan Avenue • Cody, WY 82414
307-587-4221 • *IrmaHotel.com*

Big Nose Kate's Saloon

Tombstone, Arizona

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

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Historic Western HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Almost Historical River City Saloon

Sacramento, California

River City Saloon, in the historic Old Sacramento district, has had a long history. The building originally was framed-wood, then replaced in 1857 with brick. In 1861, River City Saloon was one of the original houses of ill repute owned by Johanna Heigle. Shortly after, it became Parker French's Saloon.

It was owned by Mr. Parker French, a colorful, Old Sacramento newspaperman who wanted a fun place to go after work. This Old Sacramento saloon was also known at times as an unruly place. Many stories have been told of people being shanghaied there and taken out to sea. During Prohibition, the saloon was continually raided, as it insisted it was only serving sarsaparilla and alcohol for medicinal reasons.

In 2007, the saloon was remodeled to its original grandeur and renamed the River City Saloon. When visiting Old Sacramento, don't miss the city's last Old West saloon, the Almost Historical River City Saloon.

Almost Historical River City Saloon

916 Second Street • Sacramento, CA 95814 • 916-443-6852 • *RiverCitySaloon.com*

The Windsor Hotel

Del Norte, Colorado

The Windsor Hotel, established in 1874, is one of the oldest hotels in Colorado. Nestled at the base of the San Juan Mountains in Del Norte, the unique hotel narrowly missed being demolished. As if out of a movie script, a few concerned citizens took action at the last possible moment. The property was purchased, donated and finally established as The Windsor Restoration and Historic Association. Then the painstaking restoration process began, lasting 18 years.

Now, this amazing, historically accurate transformation provides guests a look into the Old West while delivering all of the modern-day conveniences one needs to enjoy a luxury hotel experience. The Whitehead family, operators since 2013, provides a one-of-a-kind atmosphere, from amazing culinary to handcrafted cocktails and an elaborate wine list. Allow them to meet your every need during your stay; this will truly become your home away from home.

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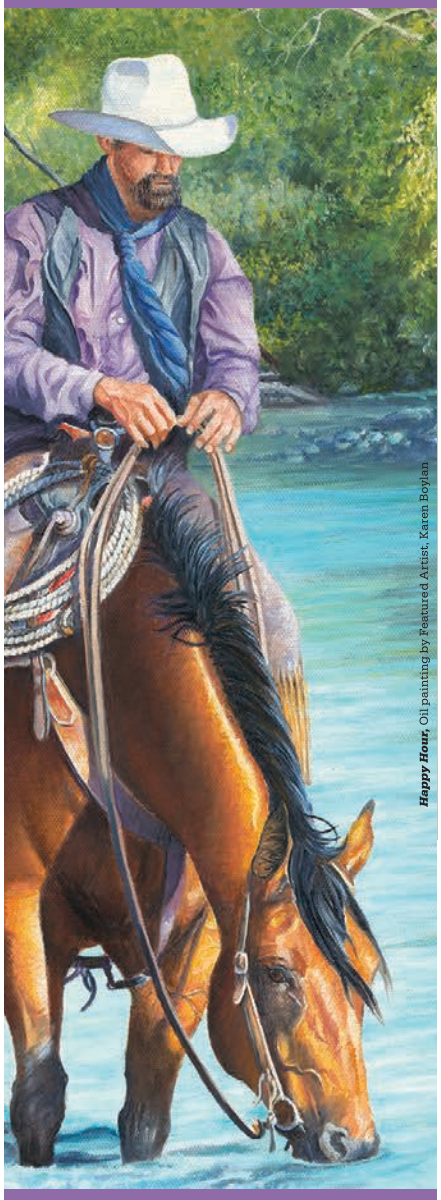

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Laguna Vista Lodge, Historic Restaurant & Saloon
51 East Therma Street • Eagle Nest, NM 87718 • 800-821-2093 • *LagunaVistaLodge.com*

Occidental Hotel

Buffalo, Wyoming

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

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

Historic Western
HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

The Strater Hotel
Durango, Colorado

Built in 1887, the historic Strater Hotel, an Historic Hotels of America Member, is a prominent downtown Durango, Colorado, landmark located two blocks north of the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad and one hour east of Mesa Verde National Park.

Cleveland pharmacist Henry Strater believed Durango would thrive and therefore need a grand hotel. He opened the Strater Hotel with a $70,000 investment. The Strater, built with 376,000 native red bricks and hand-carved sandstone cornices and sills, became a popular retreat for people who would close their homes during the winter months and move into the hotel.

Today, The Strater Hotel houses the world's largest collection of American Victorian walnut antiques, decorating its public rooms and 93 guestrooms, including its Louis L'Amour Room—Literary Landmark. The Strater Hotel is home to the Durango Melodrama & Vaudeville, Henry Strater Theatre, Diamond Belle Saloon, Mahogany Grille, Strater Catering & Events and The Office Spiritorium.

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Virgil's at Cimmiyotti's
Pendleton, Oregon

Cimmiyotti's Restaurant and Lounge was founded by Ann and Paul Cimmiyotti in what was Gunther's Restaurant in The Association Building in 1959. The Association Building was built in 1887 by the Pendleton Building Association on the original homestead of Pendleton's founders, Moses and Aura Goodwin. It was also a stage coach stop and a toll crossing of the Umatilla River. Virgil's at Cimmiyotti's is honored to serve great food and good drink in such a historical location.

Virgil's at Cimmiyotti's
137 S. Main Street • Pendleton, OR, 97801 • 541-276-7711
VirgilsAtCimmiyottis.com

Jersey Lilly Saloon
Prescott, Arizona

Whiskey Row is one of the oldest and most famous streets of Prescott, Arizona, with lots of stories to tell from the days of the Old West.

Today, it's still home to plenty of saloons and bars as well as many other establishments, and some of the most famous buildings in the area. The Palace Building is one such place, dating back to the 1870s. Go upstairs and enjoy good old Prescott hospitality at the Jersey Lilly Saloon, with the only balcony overlooking the Courthouse Square.

Jersey Lilly Saloon
116 S. Montezuma Street • Prescott, AZ 86303• 928-541-7854
JerseyLillySaloon.com

Historic Western HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Hamley's

Pendleton, Oregon

Hamley's has occupied the ground floor of its Pendleton, Oregon, building on the original Old Oregon Trail, since 1905. When the Hamleys bought the building, the upstairs floor had separate access from the side street and served various community social functions. Hamley's eventually needed additional work space, so the upstairs tenant vacated.

In 2005, new owners Pearce and Woodfield decided to return the upstairs to its social origins, naming it the "Slick Fork Saloon." They acquired a stunning Old West bar from Butte, Montana, where, the story goes, the saloon owner shot a patron for carving the bar top. The beautiful bar is the highlight of Hamley's saloon, which also features red tin ceiling tiles, red glass chandeliers and old-fashioned saloon nude paintings.

The Slick Fork has remarkable ambience, and appears to have come right out of the 1890s. Still rented for concerts, private parties, meetings, it has become a Pendleton favorite.

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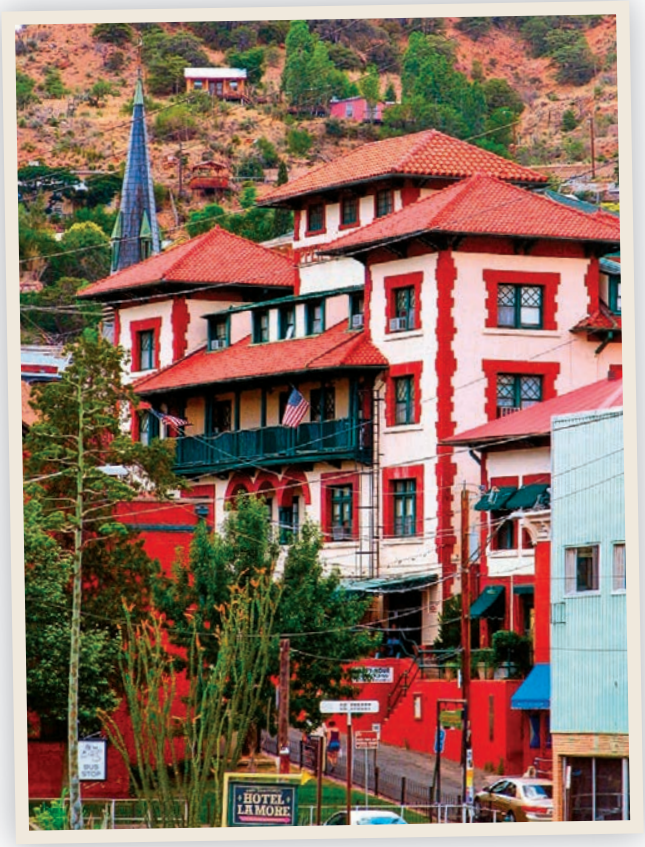
Historic Western HOTELS & SALOONS

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

The Copper Queen Hotel

Bisbee, Arizona



The Copper Queen Hotel was built in 1898 and completed in 1902. While the town of Bisbee has grown, it has not lost its boomtown heritage. Soon after Bisbee became a town, Phelps Dodge Mining Company built The Copper Queen Hotel as a place for dignitaries and investors to relax in luxury. When completed, the hotel was one of the most modern in the West. Today, The Copper Queen maintains the highest standards while retaining its historic charm to accommodate the modern-day traveler.

The Copper Queen Hotel
11 Howell Avenue • Bisbee, AZ 85603
520-432-2216
CopperQueen.com

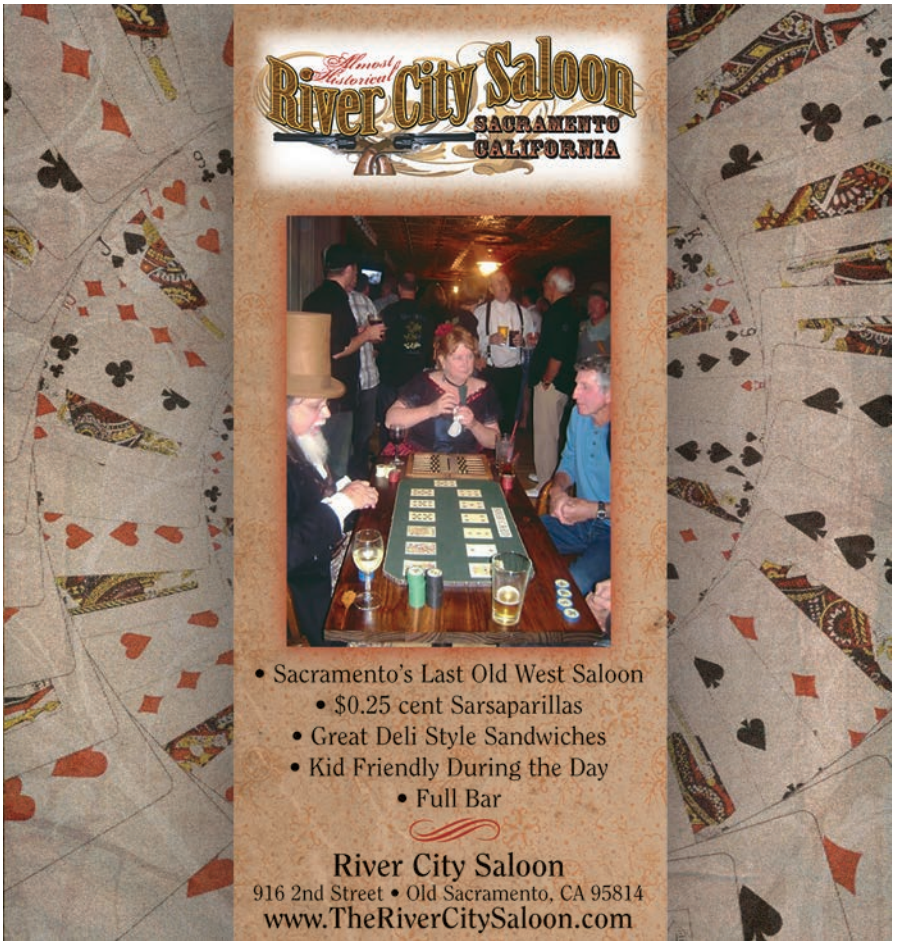
The Buckhorn Exchange

Denver, Colorado

Denver's most historic eating and drinking establishment, The Buckhorn Exchange, is now in its second century of operation. A city and county historic landmark, the restaurant has liquor license Number One in the State of Colorado. Henry H. "Shorty Scout" Zietz, easily recognized as one of the most colorful figures of the Old West, founded the famous restaurant on November 17, 1893.

The Buckhorn Exchange brims with a 125-piece Old West gun collection, historic artifacts, legends and notable moments. Its walls display a rare 575-piece collection of taxidermy, including deer and moose, giant buffalo, mountain goat and bighorn sheep, dozens of indigenous fowl, and even a two-headed calf. Yes, a great deal has changed at the Buckhorn since 1893, yet much is as it was in the days when the clientele packed six-guns, silver barons rubbed elbows with roustabouts, and miners shook dirt out of their clothing along with gold dust.

The Buckhorn Exchange
1000 Osage Street
Denver, CO 80204-3918
303-534-9405
Buckhorn.com



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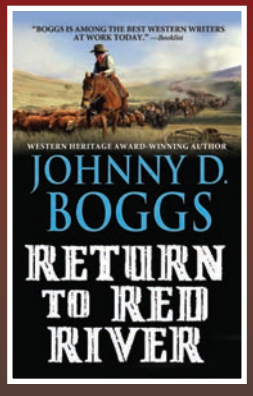

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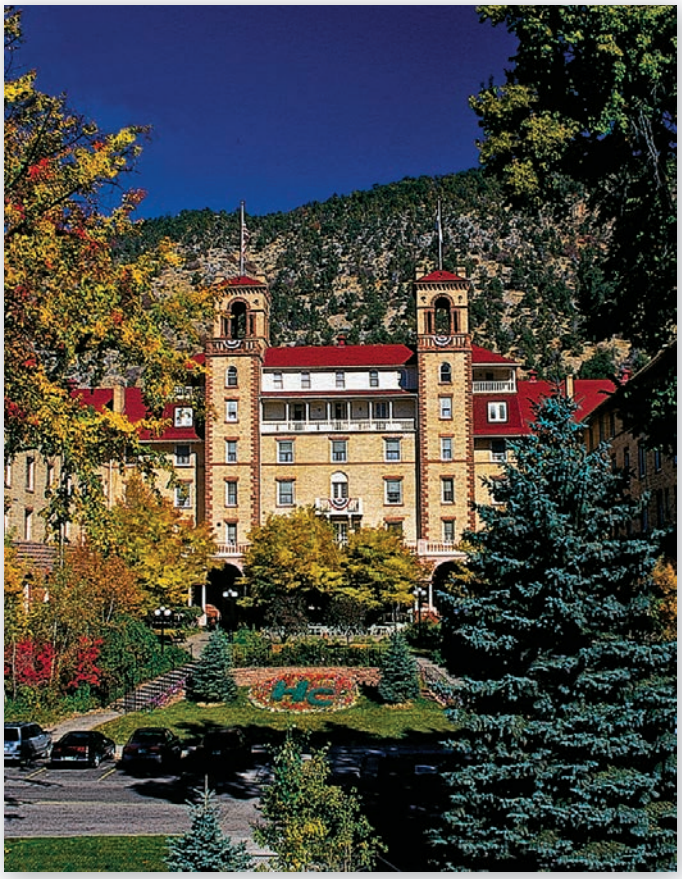


The Hotel Colorado

Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Enter The Hotel Colorado and travel into a time of late-19th-century elegance and charm. Considered the "Marvel of the Age," it deserves its ranking as the "Best Historic Hotel." Silver baron Walter Devereux fashioned the hotel after Italy's Villa de Medici. The first hotel west of the Mississippi to be electrically lit, the Hotel Colorado also boasted a courtyard fountain that sprayed more than 100 feet upward. Visiting dignitaries arrived via a dedicated railroad spur.

Today, Hotel Colorado welcomes guests into oversized rooms and suites, each with high ceilings, spacious closets and updated bedding packages. The Grand Lobby and Baron's Restaurant have been restored to reflect their original charm. Guests may dine beside an interior waterfall or enjoy beverages near the original grand fireplace with a massive two-ton mantle. Summertime welcomes guests to the scenic courtyard displaying views of the hot springs and Mt. Sopris. Join the list of presidents and legendary figures from the past who have stayed there, while experiencing a part of America's West.

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

City Hotel and Fallon Hotel California State Historic Park

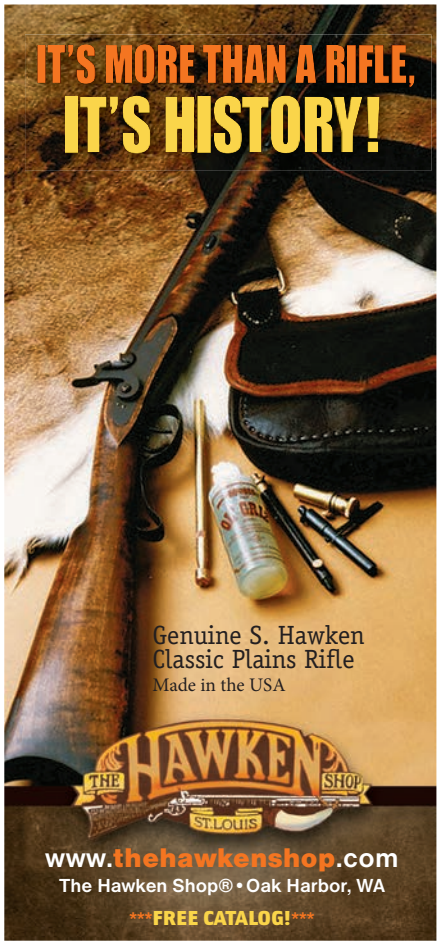
Columbia, CA

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

Visitors can relax at one of two comfortable hotels, listen to music in historic saloons and take in a performance at the Fallon Theater.

City Hotel
22768 Main Street • Columbia, CA 95310 • 209-532-1479
VisitColumbiaCalifornia.com

Fallon Hotel
22768 Main Street • Columbia, CA 95310 • 209-532-1479
VisitColumbiaCalifornia.com



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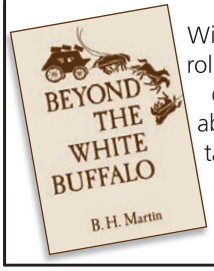

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Western Roundup

FOR MAY 2016

BISHOP MULE DAYS CELEBRATION

Bishop, CA, May 24-29: Start off packing season by watching mule trainers, riders and packers compete on about 700 mules in 181 shows.
760-872-4263 • *MuleDays.org*

BANDERA PRO RODEO

Bandera, TX, May 27-29: This rodeo features PRCA-sanctioned bareback riding, steer wrestling, calf roping and bull riding.
830-522-0054 • *BanderaProRodeo.org*

FUNDRAISER

FRIENDS OF HAPPY TRAILS BANQUET

Victorville, CA, May 21: This fundraiser benefits the children's foundation formed by classic Western actors Roy Rogers and Dale Evans.
760-240-3330 • *HappyTrails.org*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

GENOA COWBOY FESTIVAL

Genoa, NV, April 28-May 1: Cowboys from across the country gather to enjoy live music, poetry, historical demonstrations and workshops.
775-782-0326 • *CowboyPoetryGenoa.com*

NARROW GAUGE DAY

Durango, CO, May 6: Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad celebrates continuous operation between Durango and Silverton since 1882.
888-872-4607 • *DurangoTrain.com*

PALO ALTO BATTLEFIELD LIVING HISTORY

Brownsville, TX, May 7: Celebrate Texas history with demonstrations of U.S.-Mexican War-era weapons, tactics and soldier life.
956-541-2785 • *NPS.gov*

FORT KEARNY OUTDOOR EXPO

Kearney, NE, May 7: Showcases Nebraska's vast outdoor activities, such as shooting, archery and fishing through demonstrations and contests.
888-444-1867 • *VisitKearney.org*

UTE MOUNTAIN MESA VERDE BIRDING FESTIVAL

Cortez, CO, May 11-15: Observe the local bird population with regional wildlife specialists volunteering as tour guides and guest lecturers.
970-565-1151 • *CortezCulturalCenter.org*

PENDLETON CATTLE BARONS WEEKEND

Pendleton, OR, May 12-14: Honors the region's cattlemen and ranchers with bronc riding, a cowboy collectibles auction and barbecue.
541-377-6834 • *CattleBarons.net*

FRONTIER FORTS DAYS

Fort Worth, TX, May 13-14: Experience life at a frontier fort through infantry, artillery and cavalry demonstrations, and military parades.
817-625-9715 • *FortWorthStockyards.org*

ELKS HELLDORADO DAYS

Las Vegas, NV, May 13-14: Held since 1934, this festival celebrates Old West history with a pro rodeo, parade and Western art show and auction.
702-870-1221 • *ElksHelldorado.com*

Western Roundup

FOR MAY 2016

THE COWBOY RETURNS: PHOTOGRAPHS BY BANK AND JOHN LANGMORE

Oklahoma City, OK, May 1-8: An intimate view of the cowboy over two generations in a collection of more than 100 black-and-white and color photographs, such as *T Lazy S – Battle Mountain, Nevada, 2012* by John Langmore (shown here).
405-478-2250 • *NationalCowboyMuseum.org*

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON FOLK FESTIVAL

Huntsville, TX, May 13-15: The Sam Houston Memorial Museum's grounds are transformed into a bustling frontier settlement.
936-294-1832 • *GSHFF.com*

WILD WILD WEST FESTIVAL

Pueblo, CO, May 15-17: Celebrate Western history with carnival rides, Western entertainers, live music, magic shows and parades.
800-233-3446 • *WildWildWestFestival.com*

PIONEER FAMILY FESTIVAL

Oregon City, OR, May 20-22: A celebration of pioneer history and heritage with a parade, street vendors and live entertainment.
503-875-4756 • *PioneerFamilyFestival.com*

SANTA ROSA DAYS

Santa Rosa, NM, May 27-30: Observe the history of this 1865 "city of natural lakes" with a parade that honors veterans and live music.
575-472-3763 • *SantaRosaNM.org*

WYATT EARP DAYS

Tombstone, AZ, May 28-30: Gunfights and hangings are re-enacted in the streets of Tombstone, plus a Wyatt Earp look-alike contest.
520-457-3511
TombstoneChamber.com

RIVERFEST

Farmington, NM, May 27: Area rivers are celebrated with a festival of music, food, activities and entertainment.
505-326-7602
FarmingtonNM.org

MUSIC & POETRY

RIBS AND BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Medora, ND, May 14: Local businesses serve up their own specialty ribs all day while Bluegrass musicians perform.
701-320-4570 • *MedoraND.com*

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

Kerrville, TX, Opens May 26: Singers and songwriters perform at one of the largest folk music festivals in North America.
830-257-3600 • *Kerrville-Music.com*

COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Medora, ND, May 28-29: Since 1986, cowboys and cowgirls from all over North Dakota gather to share their stories of the West.
701-872-4746 • *NDTourism.com*

POWWOWS

UNITED TRIBES SPRING POWWOW

Riverton, WY, May 7: Dressed in colorful regalia, American Indian drummers and dancers gather in central Wyoming to celebrate their heritage.
307-855-2285 • *WyomingTourism.org*

JOHN WAYNE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Winterset, IA, May 27-28: Join musical headliner Carin Mari (below) for a benefit dinner at John Wayne Birthplace Museum to celebrate the Duke's life.
877-462-1044 • *JohnWayneBirthplace.Museum*

FM CROSSROADS CONTEST POWWOW

Fargo, ND, May 13-15: Enjoy American Indian dancers, singers and vendors at this first powwow that organizers plan to host every year.
701-356-7656 • *NDTourism.com*

RODEO

WESTERN HERITAGE CLASSIC

Abilene, TX, May 12-15: This working ranch rodeo also offers cowboy music and poetry, a fiddler's contest, a parade and a trade show.
325-677-4376 *WesternHeritageClassic.com*

TRADE SHOW

COLORADO GUN COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION GUN SHOW

Denver, CO, May 21-22: The show offers more than 1,500 tables of antique and modern firearms, and cowboy artifacts.
720-482-0167 • *CGCA.com*

DOLLYWOOD'S BARBEQUE & BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL

Pigeon Forge, TN, May 13-22: Dollywood's master chefs will be serving new barbeque recipes while local Bluegrass musicians, such as the Smoky Mountain String Band (shown below), perform.
800-365-5996 • *Dollywood.com*

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.

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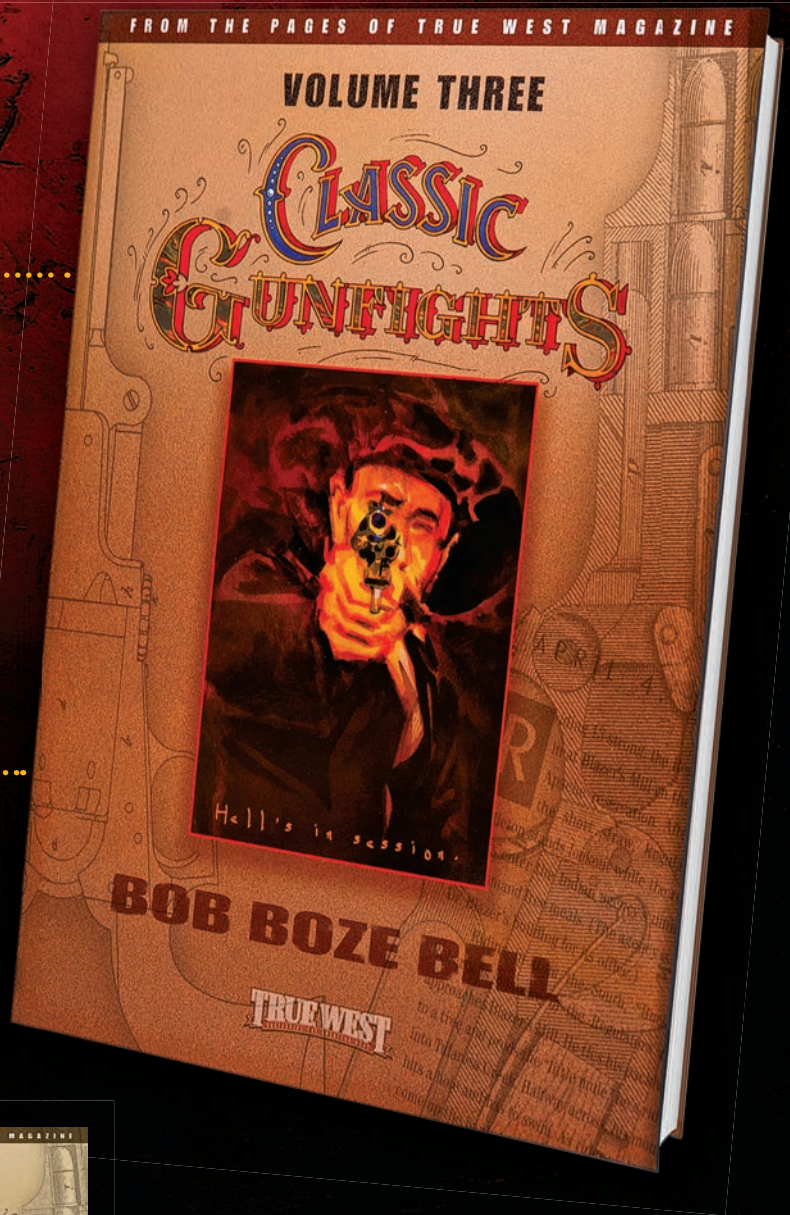

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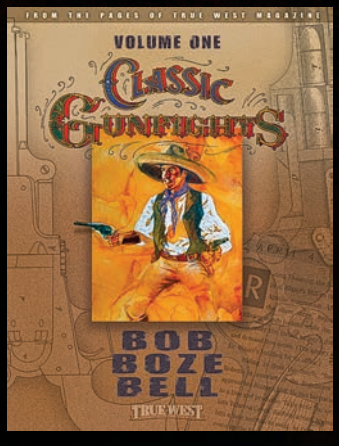

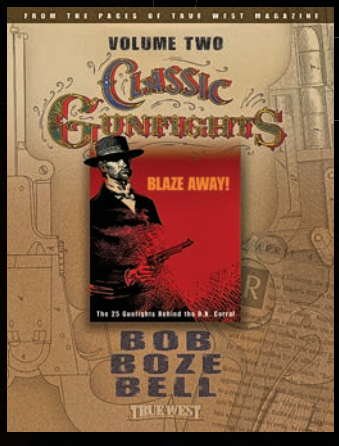

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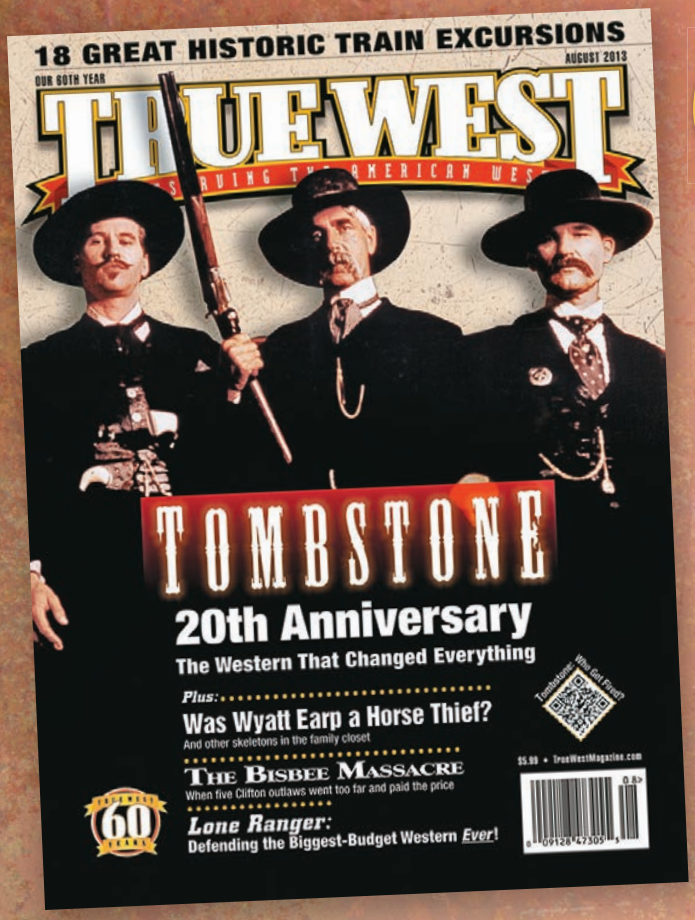

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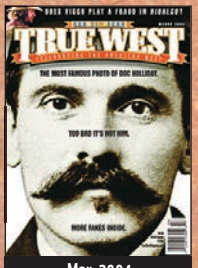

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- ☐ Apr: John Wayne
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- ☐ Oct: Blaze Away/Wyattt
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Gay Western? Killer DVDs

2006
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Mexican Insurgents
- ☐ Mar: Kit Carson
- ☐ Apr: I've Been Everywhere, Man
- ☐ May: The Racial Frontier
- ☐ Jun: Playing Sports in the OW
- ☐ Jul/Aug: Dude! Where's My Ranch?
- ☐ Sep: Indian Yell
- ☐ Oct: Tombstone/125th Ok Corral
- ☐ 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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- ☐ Nov/Dec: Brad Pitt & Jesse James

2008
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Pat Garrett/No Country
- ☐ Mar: Who Killed the Train?
- ☐ Apr: Travel/Geronimo
- ☐ May: Who Stole Buffalo Bill's Home?
- ☐ Jun: The Last Cowboy President?
- ☐ Jul: Secrets of Our Nat'l Parks/Teddy
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- ☐ Oct: Charlie Russell
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- ☐ Jan/Feb: Border Riders
- ☐ Mar: Poncho Villa
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2011
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- ☐ Mar: 175th Anniv Battle of the Alamo
- ☐ Apr: Three True Grits
- ☐ May: Historic Ranches
- ☐ Jun: Tin Type Billy
- ☐ Jul: Viva, Outlaw Women!
- ☐ Aug: Was Geronimo A Terrorist?
- ☐ Sep: Western Museums/CBs & Aliens
- ☐ Oct: Hard Targets
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Butch Cassidy is Back

2012
- ☐ Feb: Az Crazy Road to Statehood
- ☐ Mar: Special Entertainment Issue
- ☐ Apr: Riding Shotgun with History
- ☐ May: The Outlaw Cowboys of NM
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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
- ☐ ~~Mar: Arizona Rangers~~
- ☐ Apr: US Marshals
- ☐ May: Texas Rangers
- ☐ Jun: Doc's Last Gunfight
- ☐ Jul: Comanche Killers!
- ☐ Aug: Tombstone 20th Annv
- ☐ Sep: Ambushed on the Pecos
- ☐ Oct: Outlaws, Lawmen & Gunfighters
- ☐ Nov: Soiled Doves
- ☐ Dec: Cowboy Ground Zero

2014
- ☐ Jan: Best 100 Historical Phtoos
- ☐ Feb: Assn. of Pat Garrett
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TRUE WEST
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Old-Hat Sabers

Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian and vice president of the Wild West History Association. His latest book is *Arizona's Outlaws and Lawmen;* 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

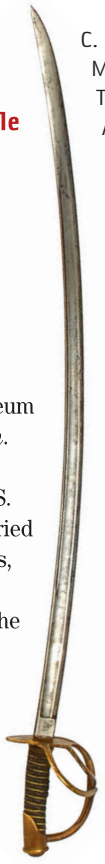
Did the 7th Cavalry carry sabers at the Battle of the Little Big Horn?

Jerry Bellini
Sterling, Illinois

"The 7th Cavalry left its sabers at the Powder River depot before its march up the Rosebud to destiny at Little Big Horn," says Lee Noyes, a former editor of the Custer Battlefield Historical Museum Association's *Battlefield Dispatch*.

"Although Capt. Edward S. Godfrey asserted to artist Edgar S. Paxson, in 1896, that 'No one carried the saber,' one of Custer's officers, Charles C. DeRudio, told battle researcher Walter M. Camp that 'he was the only man in the regiment who carried a saber on the Little Big Horn expedition,'" Noyes says. "To my knowledge, there is no archaeological evidence, Indian testimony or other historical record documenting the presence, use or loss of these swords at the battle."

So why didn't the troops carry sabers? In part, sabers had fallen out of favor by 1876, especially in frontier combat. But the military was also concerned that the clanking of the swords and scabbards would hurt the element of surprise.



C. Roby made this U.S. Civil War 1860 Model Light Cavalry Saber, dated 1864. This was the sword preferred by George Armstrong Custer, although his troops did not carry sabers at the disastrous 1876 Little Big Horn battle.

–TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Why do Westerns show mainly male horses?

Carleton Cooley
Littleton, North Carolina

I assume by male horses, you mean geldings. Stallions are full of testosterone, while geldings are more mild-mannered. I worked trail rides for years, and geldings never caused the problems that mares did. Movie wranglers likely preferred geldings over stallions and mares.

Did Paulita Maxwell bear Billy the Kid's child?

L.T. Robinson
Luka, Mississippi

Paulita Maxwell was Billy the Kid's favorite squeeze, and she was pregnant at the time he was killed, so she probably was carrying his baby.

"Paulita Maxwell, who, if the gossip Garrett's wife Apolinaria had doubtless heard from her sister Celsa was true, was pregnant with Billy's child," says Frederick Nolan, a Billy the Kid historian.

Pat Garrett, the sheriff on the hunt for the Kid, figured that Maxwell had told the outlaw about her pregnancy and that he would go to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, where Garrett fatally shot the Kid.

Paulita Maxwell
– COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY –

John Wesley Hardin
– COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

"Paulita had a daughter, but the date of her birth has always been in doubt, and she died at about 16," Lincoln County historian Drew Gomber says. "Whether or not Paulita had Billy's kid, I don't know, but I do believe she was pregnant at the time of the Kid's death. [Her brother] Pete Maxwell was a mighty unhappy fellow!"

What does Mark Twain mean by "Josh-lights" in *Roughing It?*

Robert Frenchu
Carson City, Nevada

Mark Twain wrote "Josh-lights," but should have been written as "Joss lights." Joss is a Chinese idol. A joss stick is a perfumed stick made of wood powder and paste that is burned as incense in a temple (joss house) or, as the book illustrates, to light up a home.

Was John Wesley Hardin as deadly and fast to shoot as folks claim?

Ronald Bolza
Slatington, Pennsylvania

Many Old West experts position John Wesley Hardin as the greatest and most

notorious of all Texas gunmen—maybe of all the gunfighters, period.

In his storied career, Harden killed between 12 and 40 men. Newspapers of the day attributed 27 killings to him. He worked hours practicing to keep his edge, both in speed and accuracy. So, yep, Hardin was fast and deadly, and didn't hesitate to kill. That lifestyle is hard to square with his teaching school and Bible studies.

Did most Texas Rangers not wear badges until after the turn of the 20th century?

Bob Dean
Castroville, Texas

The pre-Civil War Texas Rangers were more an Indian fighting and military outfit, so they did not need to wear badges.

After the Civil War, many Texas Rangers felt they still did not need badges; merely announcing to outlaws or renegade Indians that you were the law was enough. Others felt a shiny badge made a tempting target. Even more, given the low pay, the Texas Rangers could hardy afford to buy badges (and the agency wasn't providing them).

Nevertheless, some Texas Rangers did wear badges. The first of these appeared around 1875, often made from Mexican pesos and cut into a star reminiscent of Texas's Lone Star flag.

The earliest known Texas Ranger badges, crafted around 1875, were fashioned from Mexican pesos, such as this example.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

This circa 1870s buffalo hide coat housed at the Autry Museum of the American West in Los Angeles, California, inspired costume designer Courtney Hoffman to dress Kurt Russell in a buffalo coat, dubbed the "Big Boy," for 2015's *The Hateful Eight.*

– COURTESY AUTRY MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN WEST (CURRENTLY NOT ON VIEW) 90.143.17 –

MERLIN HEINZE, TANNER

Born and raised in Thermopolis, Wyoming, Merlin Heinze opened a commercial tannery, Merlin's Hide Out, with his wife, Barb, in 1999. Two years earlier, he had gotten hooked on tanning after making his own beaver gators. Buffalo hair-on-hides are his specialty, but he also handcrafts fox, coyote and beaver pelts. The tannery sells accessories ranging from coats and handbags to rugs and blankets. His claim to fame is crafting the buffalo coats worn by Kurt Russell's bounty hunter character (inset) in 2015's *The Hateful Eight*.

Merlin's Hide Out came to be when I decided I needed a new pair of gators made from beaver hides. Instead of ordering them on the Internet, I trapped the beaver, tanned the hide and made the leggings myself.

I got involved with *The Hateful Eight* when Courtney Hoffman, the head designer, called out of the blue looking for buffalo hides. She needed the hides for a buffalo coat, and I told her that I also make buffalo coats.

Seeing Kurt Russell wearing my buffalo coat was awesome! Seeing him in person in one of my buffalo coats would be even better!

I had to craft eight buffalo coats for the movie. Since two hides make one coat, and the hides must match in color, size and other attributes, my wife, Barb, and I had to look through more than 250 hides to find 16 matching ones. Hoffman needed eight versions of Russell's buffalo coat because Director Quentin Tarantino's scenes are often so blood-soaked.

I first started sewing leather in 4-H when I was nine years old. I always thought that you sewed everything by hand until I was 30 years old and bought my first sewing machine.

I learned how to tan hair on hides by trial and error and much research. It took several years to perfect my method.

Buffalo hides require a lot of labor of love. The average buffalo hide weighs 75 pounds fresh, and you are continuously handling it for 25 days until it has completed the tanning process, at which time it will weigh an average of 20 pounds.

The buffalo come from ranches. When the buffalo are harvested for their meat, the hide becomes a by-product.

When I'm not tanning hides, I'm in the great outdoors. Hunting is a passion, but it only lasts three months. In the other months, I enjoy just taking a drive and looking around.

Growing up in Thermopolis, Wyoming, is like growing up in small town America. Our ranch was 10 miles from town, so it was a big deal to go to town once every two weeks.

Wyoming winters have became so much milder than when I was growing up. Twenty below for several days was not uncommon. Now we are lucky to see zero degrees for a day.

My family has been ranching in the area since 1933, when my grandfather moved here from Nebraska to work on a ranch that later became his.

My favorite Western movie is 1969's *True Grit.* It is a great portrayal of how the West was—at least that's what I want to believe. John Wayne is my hero.

What people don't understand about life in a small town, without a Walmart, is that you can find everything you need—it just might not be what you want.

Nobody told me that life would be this much fun!

The person who's inspired me the most is Ray Banister. I worked for him on his ranch for about five years. He told me to find the hardest job that there is and do it faster and better than anybody else, and you will never be out of work. I have never forgotten this.

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