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OUR 61ST YEAR

NOVEMBER 2014

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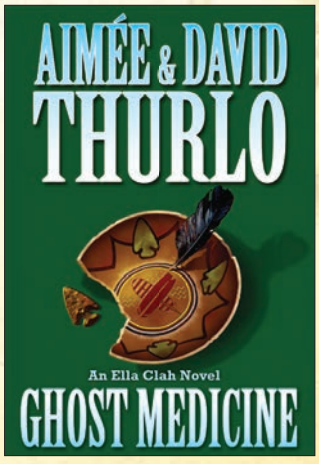

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—BOOKLIST

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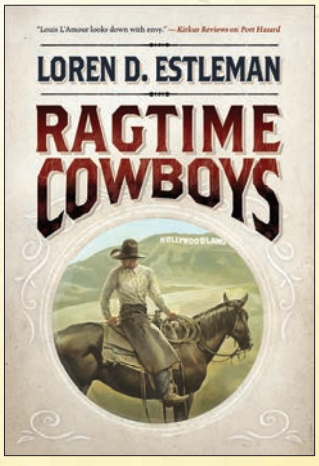
—BOOKLIST, on *The Book of Murdock*



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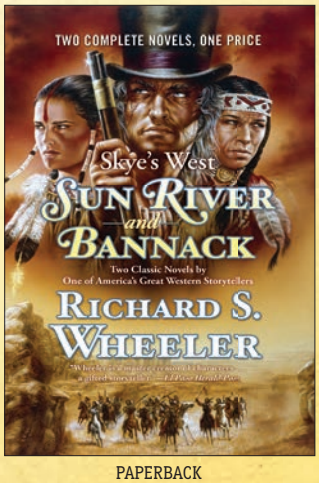

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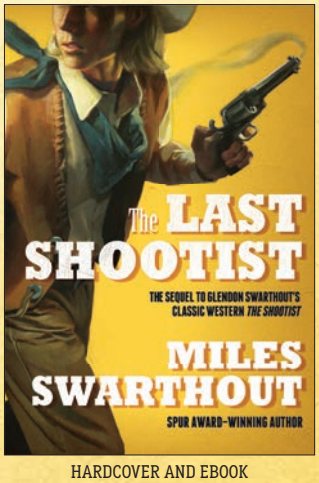

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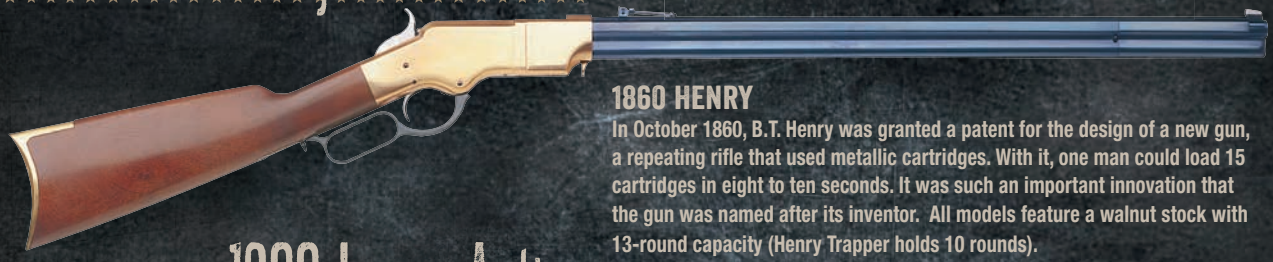
1860 Henry Lever Action



1860 HENRY

In October 1860, B.T. Henry was granted a patent for the design of a new gun, a repeating rifle that used metallic cartridges. With it, one man could load 15 cartridges in eight to ten seconds. It was such an important innovation that the gun was named after its inventor. All models feature a walnut stock with 13-round capacity (Henry Trapper holds 10 rounds).

1866 Lever Action

1866 RIFLE

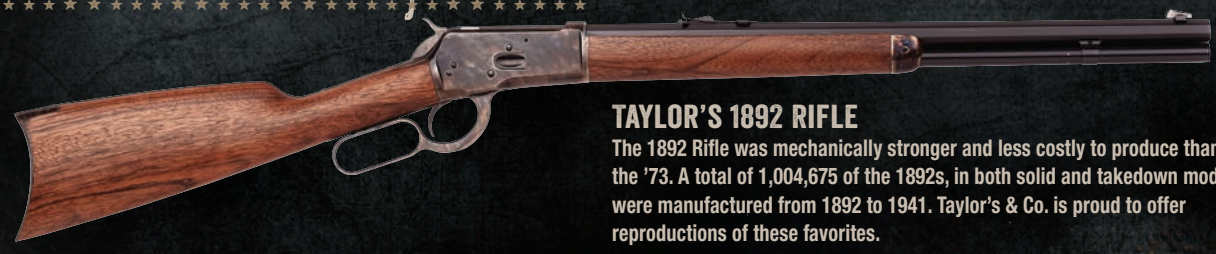
When Nelson King patented his new loading system, he could not have known that his 1866 model would play a prominent part in the winning of the West. The 1866, or "Yellowboy," as it was famously known because of its shiny brass frame, was the successor to the Henry.

1873 Rifle

1873 RIFLE – CHECKERED STRAIGHT STOCK

This rifle is an ideal option for any shooter who enjoys the enhanced grip and look of a checkered rifle. A full octagonal barrel, case-hardened frame and checkered straight stock are featured on this 1873.

Taylor's '92



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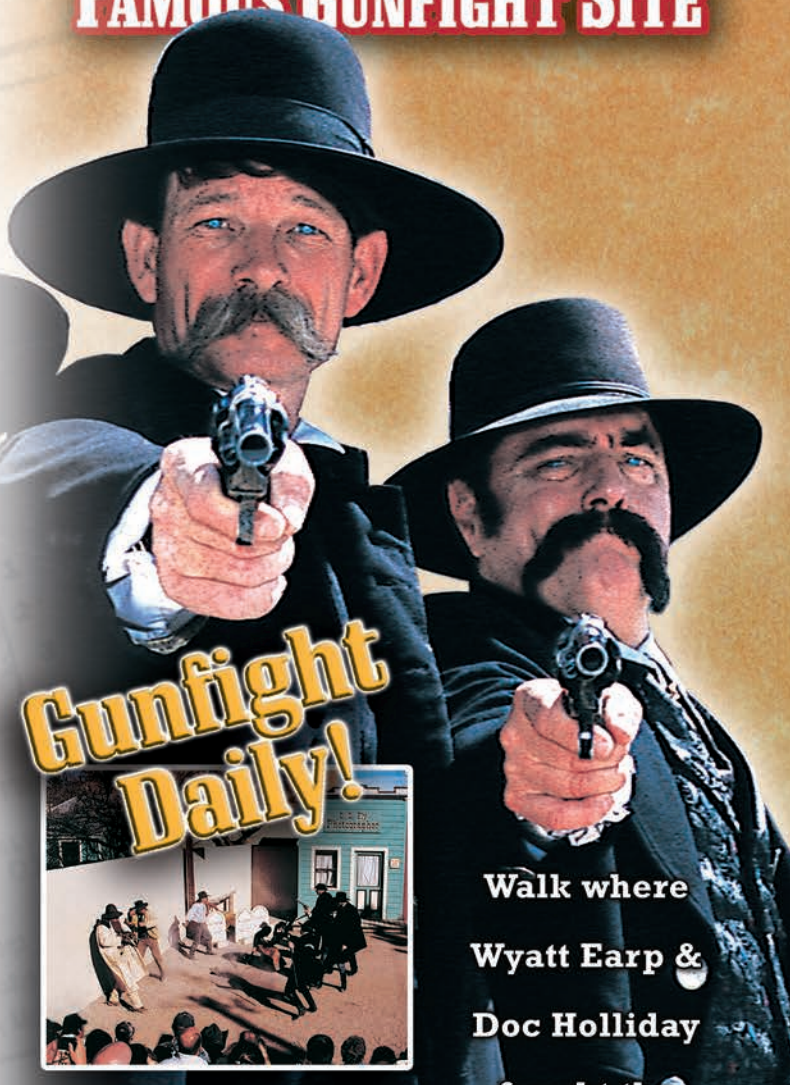

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Life After Jack McCall

When this photograph was taken in Deadwood, South Dakota, during the summer of 1877, Jack McCall had already been hanged for killing the notorious lawman Wild Bill Hickok. McCall had been found "not guilty" at his first trial, held at the Deadwood Theatre in 1876, but that local ruling was invalidated since the Black Hills was under federal government jurisdiction. He was found "guilty" at the second trial. Eyewitness George Shingle's testimony was particularly damaging; this photo shows his saloon, which he opened in April 1877.

– COURTESY DEADWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY CENTENNIAL ARCHIVES –

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HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

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

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November 2014 Online and Social Media Content

This 19th-century gambling photograph shows two gents engaging in a game of cards with a Sharps derringer prominently displayed on the table, no doubt to remind these "sports" that this was an honest game. Find this and more historical photography on our "Firearms" board.

Pinterest.com/TrueWestMag

Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell and travel with him down Old Stage Road (search for "August 11, 2014").

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com

Join the Conversation

"To me, they look like they could shoot your eye out, or give you their last drink of water."

–Steve Brown of Grand Junction, Colorado

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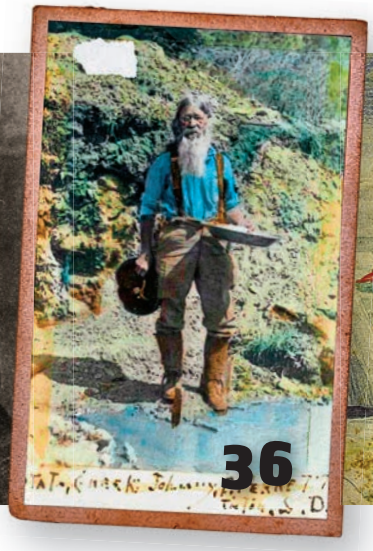

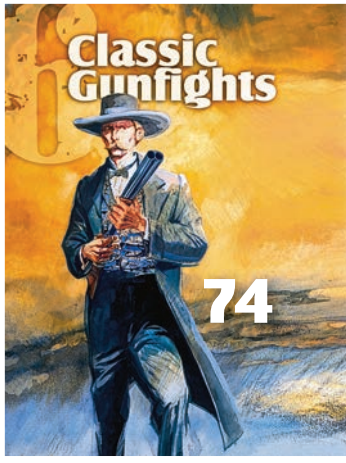

22 **DEAD WRONG ABOUT CATTLE KATE**

The truth about the alleged cattle rustler is more titillating than the legend that surrounds her controversial hanging in 1889.

—By Jana Bommersbach

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On the 150th anniversary of the First Battle of Adobe Walls, one researcher reveals what really happened.

—By Alvin R. Lynn

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Potato Creek Johnny's legendary find exemplifies the South Dakota region where the search for gold continues.

—By John Christopher Fine

40 **WHEN BILLY THE KID WAS BILLIE THE KID**

Find out how the legendary outlaw got in touch with his feminine side, on the silver screen and in real life.

—By Johnny D. Boggs

74 **SIX CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS**

The bloody boardwalks of gunfighters and outlaws await the adventurous traveler across the West.

—By Bob Boze Bell & Stuart Rosebrook

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HORSES OF THE SAME COLOR

Of the dozen mounted cowboys in the historical photograph [September 2014, *Opening Shot*], 10 of them, judging by the catch ropes on the left side of the saddle forks, appear to be southpaws–a higher percentage than ever occurred in the ranks of Major League Baseball pitchers.

My first thought is that the picture is reversed, because most cowboys, then and now, pack their twine on the right. The right-reading letters on the range tepees, some clearly indicating brands, could have been applied to the picture when it was printed in reverse. There would have been little or no reason back then to mark any of the tepees thusly.

Eleven of the horses appear to be grays, the unlikeliest percentage of all. The horse farthest to the right was probably a buckskin, with light body color and black (dark, at least) legs and forelock. Check out the rest of the remuda in the background, noting the high percentage of dark saddle horses.

– COURTESY NEW MEXICO HISTORY MUSEUM –

Jay Dusard
Cochise County, Arizona

MEDIA MATTERS

Enjoyed the September 2014 *True West*, but I have an issue with the newspaper article about the death of Billy the Kid [p. 22]. Apparently the article is "gospel," but we all know newspapers, and the news in general can be wrong, especially when the information given to them is questionable "truth."

Newspapers have been duped before. They will push out info on a hot story to get the scoop out first and check facts later. To say the paper's article is the end-all is rather shortsighted and pompous.

In the magazine article, Mr. Gardner disputes the paper's claim that the Kid had grown a beard, yet he claims the newspaper article is proof that the Kid was killed. Can't have it both ways!

Scott Karkos
Las Vegas, Nevada

Mark Lee Gardner responds: *The newspaper article is not the "end-all" when it comes to the Kid's death, but it does add to the body of knowledge on that subject that has seen very few worthwhile additions in years. Although I would likely enjoy having it both ways, it's really a matter of judging the veracity of the various claims in the article based on all the available evidence. Some things the newspaper article got right; some things, quite clearly, it didn't. Determining which is which is the historian's challenge or curse.*

POLITICALLY SUSPECT

David Curran's letter, "War of Words," in the September 2014 issue lamenting as politically correct the use of the term "Civil War" was ridiculous.

"Civil War" was a term used by Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee and Ulysses S. Grant. Good enough for them; good enough for the rest of us. Historians, as well, like short, simple, nonjudgmental names for conflicts, hence, Civil War, World War I, World War II and War of 1812.

Curran's proposal, "War of Northern Aggression," which first gained popularity in the 1950s among segregationists opposed to Civil Rights laws, is agitprop, the worst kind of political correctness.

Daniel Buck
Washington, D.C.

No Cigar!

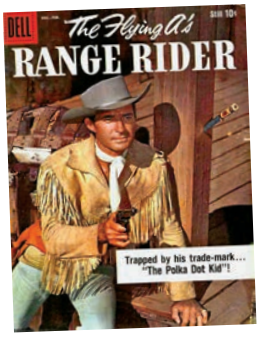
I am a 44-year-old Missourian working in the music industry. I spent this spring on the road with Outlaw Country star Shooter Jennings. I have been fascinated by the Billy the Kid ferrotype, featured in the September 2014 issue, since I got my hands on a good copy I can study in Photoshop.

I have developed a near obsession with trying to figure out what the Kid really looked like, and I was thrilled to read Bob Boze Bell's blog about how he saw the real deal in 2011.

Last weekend, I discovered that the Kid is holding a cigar in his right hand. I have been really excited about this. Did you ever notice his cigar?

Jim Brake
Missouri Ozarks

In September, we asked our readers what the newly found carte de visite revealed about Billy the Kid that the two versions of the tintype (ferrotype) didn't. We're glad we piqued your curiosity, however, he is definitely not holding a cigar. Those are his fingers curling up beneath his thumb.



The History of *Classic Gunfights*

A $15 book (that should have been $25) launches a boy on a lifelong quest.

When I was seven, I wanted a pullover fringe leather shirt like the Range Rider wore every week on his 1950s CBS show.

When I was 11, I wanted a book, *The Biographical Album of Western Gunfighters*, that I saw advertised in this magazine (see book at right).

I saved all summer, icing jugs in my father's gas station for tips. When I mailed off my $15 order, I waited breathlessly for the book to arrive. I wasn't disappointed.

From reading and rereading this seminal book, I became obsessed with illustrating what really happened in each and every gunfight I read about. This led to even more gunfights, so that by the time my partners and I took over this magazine in 1999, I was ready to add my own two cents about how these shoot-outs had all come about.

I have had great help. Gus "The Mapinator" Walker creates excellent maps. Robert G. McCubbin supplies great photographs. Robert Ray makes everything fit on the page in a classy way. And Meghan Saar vets the copy for accuracy, often tracking down little-known spellings and sometimes catching not-so-little errors.

We are closing in on 200 gunfights we have covered in this magazine, plus three volumes of *Classic Gunfights*, with a fourth ready to go to press. The interest shows no sign of slowing down. Turn to p. 74 for our special gunfight feature.

I have to agree with Walter Murch, a film editor and sound designer, who said, "As I've gone through life, I've found that your chances for happiness are increased if you wind up doing something that is a reflection of what you loved most when you were somewhere between nine and 11 years old."

The Range Rider's fringe shirt (top left) is an exact match to the custom-made shirt that Mike Guli made for me four years ago (right). Mike bought my above painting of Wild Bill Hickok decked out in fringe, but it burned, along with Guli's home, in Colorado's High Park Fire near Fort Collins in June 2012.

– ILLUSTRATED BY BOB BOZE BELL –

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

Quotes

Nardo (a resident of Mexico): "The *yanquis* took half my country in 1848."

Jimmy Burns (a gringo from Louisiana): "They took all of mine in 1865."

– From the novel Gringos *by Charles Portis*

"It is human nature to think wisely and act in an absurd fashion."

– Nobel Prize-winning novelist Anatole France

"Youth is the best time to be rich, and the best time to be poor."

– Greek tragedian Euripides

"I would rather entertain and hope that people learned something than educate people and hope they were entertained."

– Walt Disney

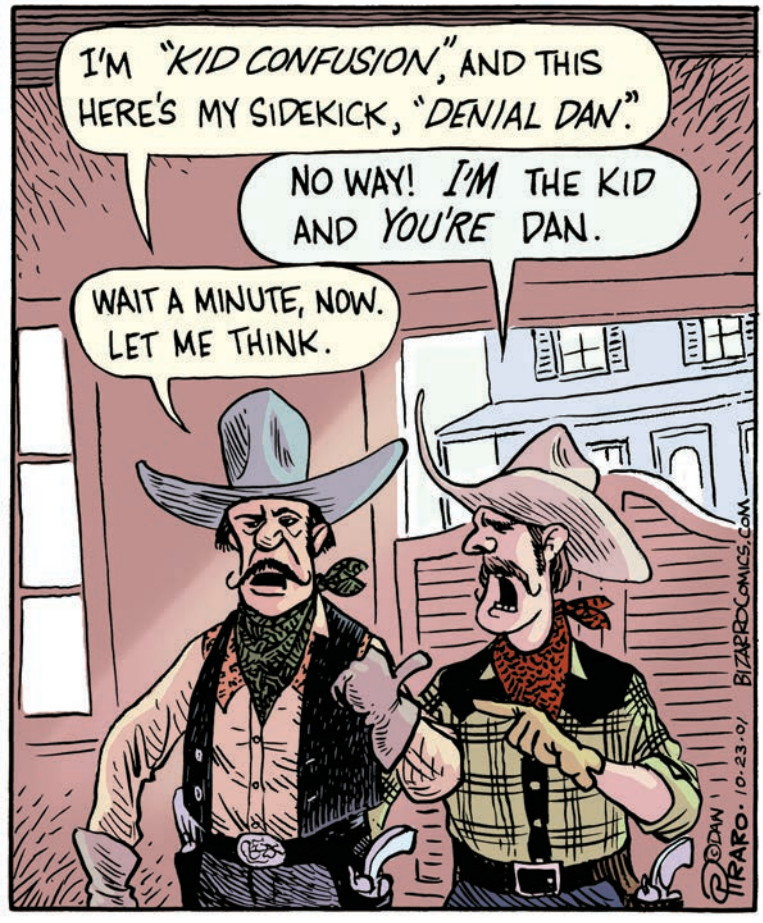
"You've got to be able to recognize a dead horse when you see it and put down the reins."

– Baxter Black, in Lessons from a Desperado Poet

"One day in retrospect the years of struggle will strike you as the most beautiful."

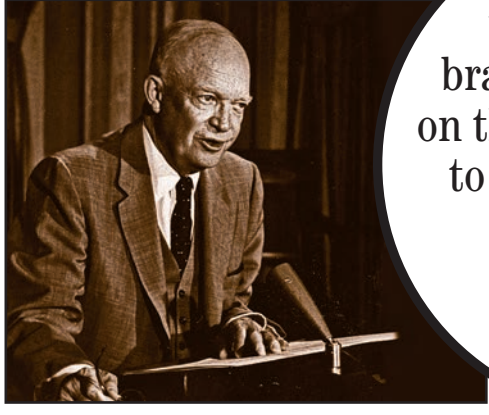
– Father of psychoanalysis Sigmund Freud

Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO



"There is no credit to being a comedian, when you have the whole Government working for you. All you have to do is report the facts."

– Cowboy humorist Will Rogers



"Neither a wise man nor a brave man lies down on the tracks of history to wait for the train of the future to run over him."

– U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower

Old Vaquero Saying

"Worry gives a small thing a big shadow."

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BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Second Harry Tracy

Charles Hopkins was a one-man reign of terror in Washington.

Charles Hopkins's sentimental tattoo (illustrated in inset) marked him as easily identifiable when he committed his crimes. Shown at left is the mugshot taken of him in 1914.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Folks in the Pacific Northwest called Charles Hopkins the "Tattooed Bandit" or "True Love Bandit." Others knew him as the second Harry Tracy—as if the first one wasn't bad enough.

Tracy was the hardcase who escaped from the Oregon State Penitentiary in 1902 and killed as many as eight men (including his partner), leading authorities on a huge manhunt before putting a bullet in his own head two months later. Hopkins racked up his own list of victims a dozen years later.

Hopkins said he was born in England in 1888, under a different name, and that he ran away to sea when he was nine. He fell head over heels for the captain's daughter, indelibly demonstrating his affection for her by tattooing "True Love" on his fingers.

After settling in Wisconsin, Tracy's home state, Hopkins wandered West. He was arrested in Ellensburg, Washington, in 1909 for burglary. He served four years of a 14-year sentence, then went to Canada, where his crimes there got him kicked out of the country. Hopkins landed in Seattle, Washington, and his story turned bloody.

He robbed and fatally beat a visiting Englishman on February 5, 1914. A cop attempted to arrest Hopkins and another youth in Everett on March 26. Hopkins grabbed the officer's gun and shot him and two bystanders. One bystander died.

The next day, Hopkins robbed a sawmill in North Everett. On March 28, he held up and shot two loggers. One died, while the second victim identified the assailant.

Hopkins hid out at various farmhouses, demanding food and avoiding posses—just as Tracy had done in 1902. The manhunt grew, fueled by a $500 dead or alive reward, and reportedly was the largest since the Tracy search.

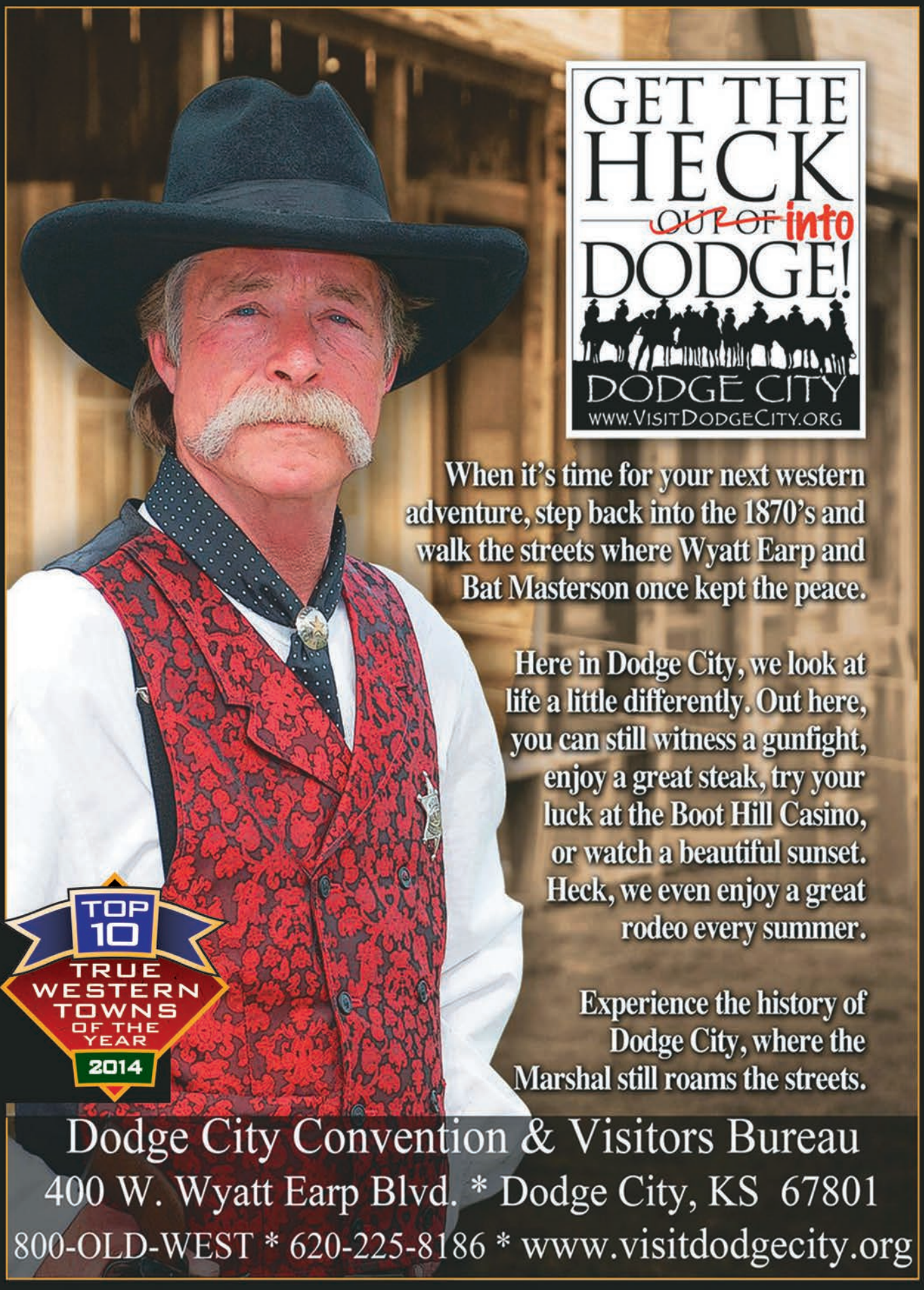
On March 31, the Concrete city marshal acted on a tip and arrested Hopkins while he was asleep in a rooming house in Van Horn. Placed in the Skagit County Jail, Hopkins passed his time by writing poems for sale—60 cents for long form, a quarter for a sonnet—which he advertised outside his cell. He also tried to make a fake gun, but officers foiled that escape plot.

On June 12, Hopkins's trial for the logger's murder began. Three days later, after 26 minutes deliberating, the jury found Hopkins guilty. Sentenced to life in prison, he threatened the prosecutor: "I'll get you for this."

In one sense, the killer was lucky. Washington had abolished the death penalty the year before. But Hopkins never got out, dying in prison in 1948 at the age of 60. One of his poems summed up his defiance, even as he faced a lifetime behind bars: "So here I am, and here I'll stay, maybe 'till judgment day. But discouraged, 'not,' undaunted, 'not at all,' I still retain that stuff called 'gall.'"

> "But discouraged, 'not,' undaunted, 'not at all,' I still retain that stuff called 'gall.'"

As far as we know, Hopkins, the second Tracy, never got paid for those words.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2014
Dodge City Convention & Visitors Bureau
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BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

Klondike Kickstarter

A carriage clock found in Alaska by a boy launched one man's collection that became a museum.

Richard Fike

Holding the carriage clock cleaned days before the gold discovery that drove miners to the Klondike, Richard Fike admits his quest to collect is far from over. "We have three dentist offices," he says. When his wife laughs, he adds, "I don't know how many more we need."

– FIKE PHOTO COURTESY MUSEUM OF THE MOUNTAIN WEST; KLONDIKE GOLD RUSH PHOTO TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

He was too young to read the message scratched on the back, but four-year-old Richard Fike knew he loved the carriage clock he had found in Alaska while his dad was working on the Alaska Highway in the 1940s.

When he did learn to read, among the first words he mastered were the ones on that clock, "cleaned Aug. 4, 1896." When he got old enough to study history, he realized the clock had been cleaned just 12 days before gold was discovered in what became the Klondike Gold Rush. He felt a rush then that hasn't stopped all these 70-odd years.

"I had my first museum when I was eight, in my parent's spare bedroom—lots of fossils, a celluloid comb case, stuff I found," he says. "I started card cataloging my artifacts at age 12."

The family moved back to Nebraska, where both grandfathers encouraged Richard's collecting habit. "My maternal grandfather had the biggest house in town, and I filled the ballroom," he says. "My other grandfather was a banker, and he had a warehouse—I had the top of that full."

As an adult, he spent his career as the historical archaeologist for the Bureau of Land Management in both Utah and Colorado. All the while, he kept collecting historical artifacts.

> "When you're here, you get to go inside... you're not staring from the outside behind the ropes."

In 1979, he started buying up old buildings, including one that appeared in 1969's *True Grit*. In 1996, he bought nine acres near Montrose, Colorado. It was open land, except for a 1970s house that became a home for him and wife Carol.

The next year, he opened the Museum of the Mountain West, and Carol became the education director. They moved onto their property 24 buildings that Richard restored—he's a noted expert in historical restoration—and re-created another 11 buildings. His collection preserves a half million artifacts covering 1880-1940. Visitors have so much to take in that guides are a must, and Richard has trained 94 tour guides over the years.

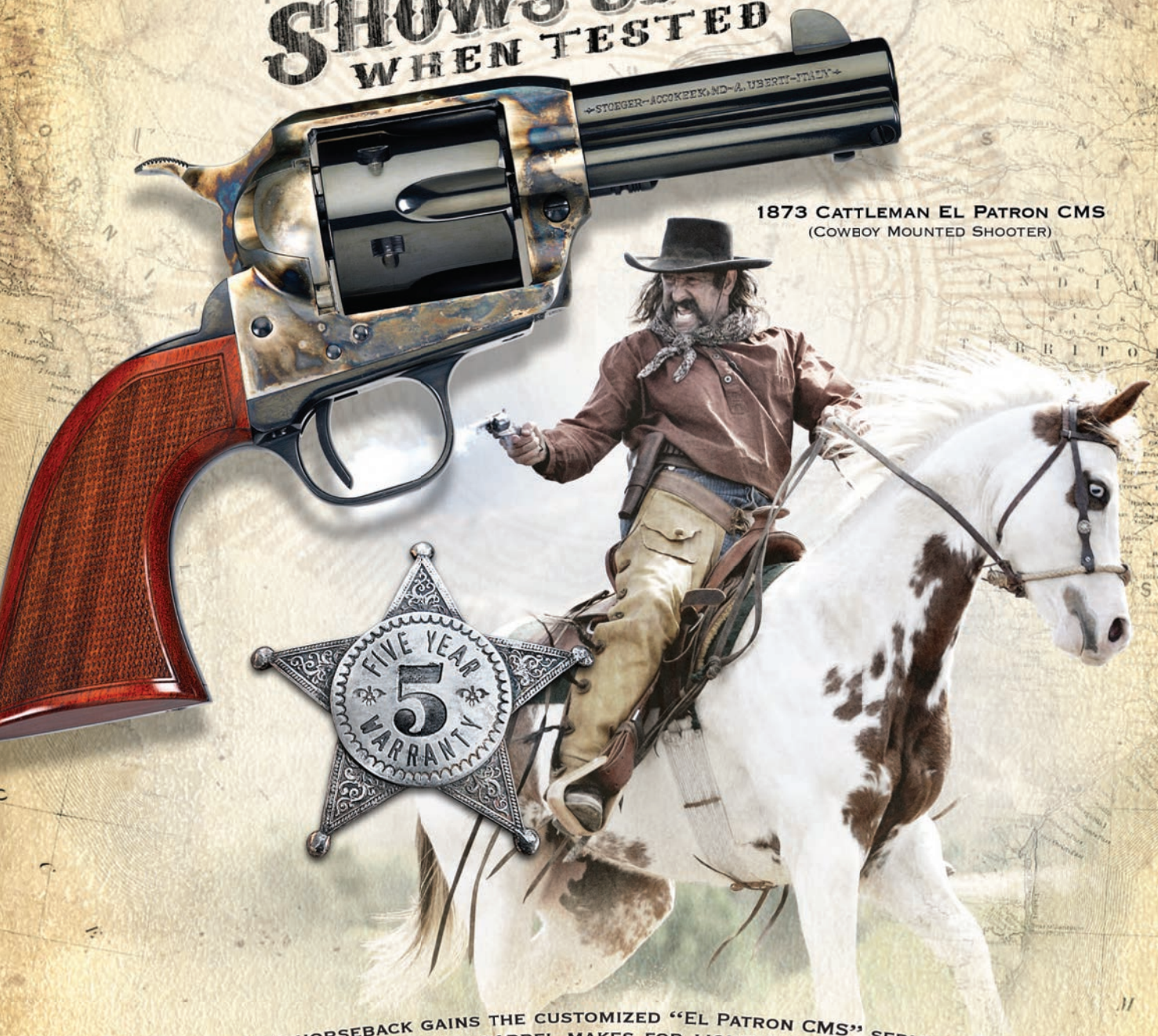
"When you're here, you get to go inside the buildings and hear the stories—you're not staring from the outside behind the ropes. This is really like it was. It's really accurate, like you were there," he says.

What delights him most—besides the folks from 26 countries and 46 states who came through his museum last year—are the hundreds of children who come on school visits every year. "I want youngsters to appreciate history, understand history and not shun it," he says.

Just like he appreciated history as a boy, inspired by that carriage clock. The timekeeper rests on the buffet at his house next to the museum, and, yes, it still gives him a rush.

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 is the author of two nationally-acclaimed true crime books and a children's book.

CHARACTER SHOWS UP BEST WHEN TESTED



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To continue this history lesson, read on at UBERTI.COM

A. Uberti
History Repeats Itself

BY MEGHAN SAAR

No End to Its Trail

An iconic artwork sold at Coeur d'Alene Art Auction has been mimicked and replicated since the original's creation in 1894.

Coeur d'Alene Art Auction broke its own auction record for James Earle Fraser, first set in 2008, with the $800,000 bid for *The End of the Trail* cast, one of 33, by Roman Bronze Works in 1918.

Downtrodden is the word that comes to mind while gazing at one of James Earle Fraser's most famous artworks. A fatigued horse, head lowered and tail between his legs, carries a rider whose downcast gaze, slumped posture and limp spear communicated the end of the American Indian warrior—*The End of the Trail*, as Fraser named his sculpture.

On July 26, at Coeur d'Alene Art Auction in Reno, Nevada, a collector successfully bid $800,000 for one of the 33 casts of this sculpture made in 1918 by Roman Bronze Works, setting a new auction record for the artist.

But 1894, the year 17-year-old Fraser created the 18-inch model, was not the end of the trail for his artwork. Nor was 1915, the year his 18-foot-tall plaster won the sculpture department's gold prize at the Panama-Pacific International Exhibition in San Francisco. Four years later, the statue stood in California's Mooney Grove Park. The end of that trail became the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum in 1968, when the plaster statue stood as the focal point and heart of the Oklahoma City museum.

The trail far surpassed the artist's original statue. In the 1930s, Hardy Murphy and his horse, Buck, mimicked the statue's pose at rodeos, a trick later copied by Gene Autry and his horse, Champion. In the mid-1940s, the image was carved in a redwood in California's "Trees of Mystery" highway attraction. In 1952, Roy Lichtenstein painted pop-art versions of *The End of the Trail*, followed in 1970 by Fritz Scholder. The following year, the Beach Boys popularized the image in the group's album cover art for *Surf's Up*.

Since Fraser never had the artwork copyrighted, despite encouragement from the San Francisco Historical Society in 1916, the statue was recast as bronzes, like the one auctioned off, and the image is reproduced to this day on bookends, lamps, belt buckles, key chains and earrings.

> "The Indians will someday be pushed into the Pacific Ocean."

The artwork's trail had begun after Fraser attended the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, seeing bronzes that included Alexander Phimister Proctor's *Cowboy*, of a rider attempting to rein in his horse, and Cyrus E. Dallin's *Signal of Peace*, of a Sioux chief astride his pony and raising a spear into the air. The show evoked for Fraser a childhood memory of a Dakota Territory trapper telling him, "The Indians will someday be pushed into the Pacific Ocean." When the 17 year old created his model in 1894, he probably had no idea that his image would be so widely replicated into the 21st century, or that one of the casts would garner nearly a million dollars at auction.

The auction house realized $30 million in sales of classic and Western American artworks for the second year in a row.

Notable Western Bronze Lots Included

(All images courtesy Coeur d'Alene Art Auction)

In 1895, two years after the World's Columbian Exposition, Frederic Remington's bronze *The Bronco Buster* exaggerated Alexander Phimister Proctor's *Cowboy* statue; look at the cowboy's raised whip and tense muscles. A bronze cast in 1895 bid in at $375,000, while one cast 1898 bid in at $300,000.

The auction's highest-selling bronze sculpted by Charles M. Russell was *Medicine Whip*, cast circa 1916; $350,000. The title came from the artist's wife, Nancy, who named it after her husband's story about a Blackfoot warrior, "The War Scars of Medicine Whip."

Remington remade *The Rattlesnake* in 1908, adding three inches and displaying a more pronounced recoil from the rattlesnake for rider and horse; $325,000.

SUPER BOWL BET

When the Denver Broncos lost to the Seattle Seahawks at this year's Super Bowl XLVIII, the Denver Art Museum also lost a treasure...temporarily. Making good on a friendly wager with the Seattle Art Museum, the Denver museum loaned out Frederic Remington's *The Bronco Buster*, which was on display in Seattle from March 12 through June 15.

Another artist record broken at this auction was for Hermon Atkins MacNeil, who sculpted *A Chief of the Multnomah Tribe;* $300,000.

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

November 1-2, 2014
Dan Hardesty Collection
Morphy Auctions (Adamstown, PA)
MorphyAuctions.com
877-968-8880

November 8, 2014
Legends of the West
Heritage Auctions
(Dallas, TX)
HA.com • 877-437-4824

November 11, 2014
Antique Arms & Armor
Bonhams (San Francisco, CA)
Bonhams.com
415-503-3550

November 21, 2014
American History
Cowan's Auctions
(Cincinnati, OH)
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Reg. $561.04
SALE $505.00

Richards Transition Model

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Reg. $609.25
SALE $555.00

Man With No Name

7 1/2" .38 Colt/Sp.
Reg. $817.70
SALE $739.00

1873 Saddle Rifle 18"

18" .357/.38Sp
Reg. $1337.66
SALE $1256.00

1873 Deluxe Short Rifle

20" .357/.38Sp.
Reg. $1377.83
SALE $1244.00

Six-Gun Safety

Exercise caution when handling your percussion six-shooters.

Although loading blackpowder six-guns, which represent the era of 1840s-70s, require a different way of handling them than do metallic cartridge firearms, one rule is still in play—safety first!

Because of their ease of handling, relatively compact size and light weight, handguns are mishandled more than any other type of firearm. Percussion six-guns are no exception. Here are some loading safety tips that you should always follow when charging a blackpowder cap-and-ball six-shooter.

A percussion revolver is loaded through the front of the cylinder, rather than through the rear end as with a metallic cartridge six-gun. Because of this loading method, it is erroneously nicknamed "muzzleloader," despite the fact that the revolver is not loaded through the muzzle.

> Handguns are mishandled more than any other type of firearm.

The safe method for loading any cap-and-ball revolver is as follows: First, put on your suitable eye and ear protection, and make sure the revolver has no obstructions, in the bore, nipples (cones) and chambers, by visually inspecting each. Once you determine all channels are cleared, fire a percussion cap on each nipple, facing downrange, to remove any excess oil. Next, bring the hammer to the half-cock position and pour in your powder charge. The safest way is to first pour your preferred charge into a powder measure from your powder flask, then from the measure into the chamber. Do not pour powder directly from a flask into the chamber—especially if you've just fired the revolver, as the chamber may still have hot embers from the previous shot.

For men who trusted their lives to their guns during the age of blackpowder, proper loading and carry techniques were vital to their well-being. Gun-savvy six-gunners, like the James brothers, shown here in this Civil War-era image, surely knew the safe way to load and carry their caplock six-shooters. Jesse (at left) holds his 1860 Army Colt .44, while brother Frank brandishes his New Model 1861 Remington .44 Army revolver.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

After you pour your powder charge, place your projectile sprue down in the chamber (if using a cast ball). Then, with the revolver's loading lever, seat the projectile snugly over the powder. No air space should exist between ball and powder. Next, place a small amount of a grease-type lubricant on top of the

Colt-type revolvers, like this 1851 Navy (above), use tiny "safety pins" at the rear of the cylinder (arrow points to pin) to lock the hammer in place between loaded chambers. Remington-style revolvers, like this 1861 New Model Army replica (above), have special notches cut into the cylinder's rear (where finger points). Many six-guns, like Rogers & Spencer and Starr revolvers, were produced without such so-called safeties. To ensure your safety, carry your six-gun with the hammer resting on an empty chamber.

– ALL PHOTOS BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –

ball to prevent a multiple discharging of the chambers. However, if you are using the thick felt-type wadding, such as the pre-lubed and pre-cut Ox-Yoke Originals "Wonder Wads," instead of a grease-type lubricant, then you will need to place the wad directly over the powder charge, compress it and seat the projectile firmly over the wad. Last, place the caps firmly over the nipples.

Because the gun's muzzle is pointing upwards during loading, and the loader has a tendency to press his revolver-wielding arm against his body for support, the barrel could be placed in a direct line of fire with your face. Take care to always angle the six-gun's muzzle downrange and away from you, and keep your finger clear of the trigger.

With the barrel in a direct line of fire with your face, you should take care to always angle the six-gun's muzzle downrange and away from you, and keep your finger free of the trigger, as shown by this savvy six-gunner.

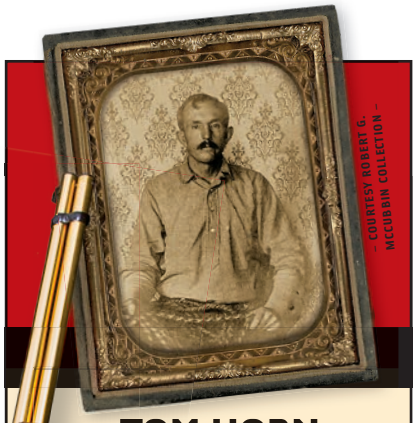
Since the small percussion caps serve as the primers to the main powder charge for each loaded chamber, the caplock revolver is not completely loaded unless the nipples have been capped. For safety's sake, when charging your six-gun, always firmly place the percussion caps over the nipples last.

Once you have loaded your revolver, make sure to carry it safely. Revolvers like the Remingtons were made with special notches cut in, while those like the Colts use small pins protruding from the rear of the cylinder. These were designed so that the hammer could be locked in a lowered position with a fully loaded cylinder without it resting on a loaded chamber. However, many Colt-type replicas have omitted these "safety pins," which, at best, are rather weak and are easily sheared off. These small pins are often found worn down or nonexistent on some models.

As with 19th-century-type single action cartridge revolvers like the 1873 Colts, the best approach to carrying a loaded caplock Colt-type six-gun is to leave one chamber empty and lower the hammer on that empty chamber.

By following these simple and safe loading and carrying procedures, in accordance with the laws governing your area, you can enjoy a lifetime of blackpowder six-gun shooting fun… and that's the joy in owning old-timey six-guns.

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.



TOM HORN SPECIAL

Army scout, Pinkerton agent, hired gun and sharp-shooting regulator, Tom Horn (above) was one of the most controversial and legendary characters of the Old West. His accusation, conviction and subsequent hanging in 1903, for the alleged murder of 14-year-old Willie Nickell, sparked a debate that continues to this day. To commemorate Horn's checkered career, American Legacy Firearms is issuing 100 lever-action rifles—Mossberg 464s or Winchester 94s, both .30-30s—plated in 24-karat gold, with engravings showing stirring scenes from Horn's colorful life. Each rifle comes with a French-fitted carrying case.

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BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

Dead Wrong About Cattle Kate

THE TRUTH IS MORE TITILLATING THAN THE LEGEND.

"This story is so controversial that for over 100 years, it was a mistake to even ask what happened that hot July afternoon in 1889...."

They said Cattle Kate was a dirty rustler and a filthy whore.

They cried out, "rangeland justice," when she became the only woman ever lynched in the nation as a cattle rustler.

They called her killing "justified" when six prominent cattlemen strung her up with her secret husband on a hot July Saturday in 1889 in Wyoming Territory.

They said, "She had to be killed for the good of the country."

Even now, in the 125th anniversary year of her death, plenty still say history got it right and that her lynching was good riddance to bad rubbish.

But as titillating as that legend is, it doesn't hold a candle to the truth.

Because history was dead wrong about the woman labeled "Cattle Kate."

Digging for the Truth

The real woman the cattlemen lynched that day wasn't a rustler. She wasn't a whore. And she'd never been called Cattle Kate until she was dead and her culprits needed an excuse.

Her real name was Ellen "Ella" Watson. She had just turned 29. She was one of the few female homesteaders in all of Wyoming Territory and a wannabe American citizen. She was raising a boy, and she was cooking dinners at her secret husband's roadhouse for 50 cents a plate. Her big sin was her homestead claim, with its precious water rights, in the way of her powerful cattleman neighbor, A.J. Bothwell.

Don't forget her husband, 38-year-old James Averell, whom the Cheyenne daily newspapers portrayed to the world as her pimp and a murdering cur.

In reality, Averell was about the most successful "settler" in the Sweetwater Valley between Rawlins and Casper. He had been appointed postmaster by President Grover Cleveland, notary public by Wyoming Gov. Thomas Moonlight and had just been named a justice of the peace by the Carbon County Board of Commissioners. Twelve days before the lynching, Averell was one of the election judges when his roadhouse hosted the election of delegates to the Wyoming Constitutional Convention—the same roadhouse the Cheyenne dailies would pretend was a "hog ranch" full of prostitutes.

Averell was also fearless in his "letters to the editor," which exposed the land grabbers and the misdeeds of the cattlemen who were trying to keep out homesteaders. His latest attack had revealed that Bothwell's "Town of Bothwell" was nothing but a land scam.

But darn, if history isn't stubborn about clinging to myths and fabrications that fit the favored plot line. For a long time, the favored plot line in this tale was that cattlemen were being ruined by ruthless rustlers, and that "Cattle Kate" and Averell were the leaders of the pack. Twenty-five years after the lynching, Dr. Charles Penrose, in *The Rustler Business*, went so far as to declare, "She had to be killed for the good of the country."

Here are the moccasins Ellen Watson wore that she kicked off as she was being lynched in 1889. They are now in the Wyoming State Museum in Cheyenne.

– BY JANA BOMMERSBACH –

Ellen Watson rarely wore these kinds of clothes, and she always rode sidesaddle. But the cattlemen used this picture to "prove" that she was no lady.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Ellen Watson, at 18 years old, the age when she first got married.

– COURTESY HUFSMITH COLLECTION, CASPER COLLEGE WESTERN HISTORY CENTER –

Not until 87 years had passed since the lynching did anyone question history's take on "Cattle Kate." The first book to say, "Whoa," was Dorothy Gray's *Women of the West*, in 1976. She quotes an unnamed source calling Watson's hanging the "most revolting crime in the entire annals of the West," which is saying something for a history filled with revolting crimes.

But what set history on its ear was George W. Hufsmith's 1993 book, *The Wyoming Lynching of Cattle Kate, 1889*. "When I first began probing into the so-called 'Cattle Kate' affair, I had no idea that the whole story was pure fabrication," he wrote.

"This story is so controversial," he added, "that for over 100 years, it was a mistake to even ask what happened that hot July afternoon in 1889 when a gracious young woman and an innocent homesteader were hanged from a pine tree in the Sweetwater Valley."

After more than two decades of study, Hufsmith concluded: "Not one shred of substantive evidence exists to show that those two settlers were anything but hard-working homesteaders, trying to eke out a living from a primitive and difficult environment."

The same assessment came from Daniel Y. Meschter, who spent 25 years researching his 1996 book, *Sweetwater Sunset*.

In 2003, Lori Van Pelt wrote an excellent piece questioning the legend—her essay didn't exonerate Watson, but it raised important questions. In 2005, I wrote a profile of Watson for *True West's Women of the West* series under the headline: "So-Called Cattle Kate Rises from Rubbish: Evidence points toward Ella Watson's innocence."

This photo, the last of the only three known photographs of Ellen Watson, shows her with William Pickell, her first husband.

– COURTESY HUFSMITH COLLECTION, CASPER COLLEGE WESTERN HISTORY CENTER –

Jim Averell is pictured here in what was probably a wedding picture from when he married his first wife, Sophia Jaeger.

– COURTESY WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES, DEPARTMENT OF STATE PARKS AND CULTURAL RESOURCES –

Tom Sun, circa 1880, was one of the ranchers involved in the double hanging. In 1951, author James D. Horan wrote to the rancher's son, also named Tom Sun. Sun's reply was brief: "Your letter received. There isn't any thing I can tell you about Cattle Kate and Jim Averill *[sic]*. All I know about them, they were hanged for stealing Cattle."

– COURTESY WYOMING STATE ARCHIVES, DEPARTMENT OF STATE PARKS AND CULTURAL RESOURCES –

I have spent the last five years investigating this Western legend and writing a historical novel in her voice. What I find remarkable about this story is not just her disgusting murder and the lies told to excuse it, but the extraordinary woman she ends up being for real.

The Real Ella Watson

The eldest of 10 surviving children, Watson was born on July 2, 1860, in Ontario, Canada, and moved with her family to a homestead near Lebanon, Kansas, in 1877. Bucking the norm of the day, Watson shocked Lebanon when she divorced her first husband, farm laborer William Pickell, on Valentine's Day, 1884—and then demanded her maiden name back. An abusive drunk, he had often beat her with a horsewhip.

She fearlessly went West on her own during 1883 to 1886, ignoring the fact that most women went with their fathers, brothers or husbands. She ultimately chose Wyoming to settle in because women already had the vote and the territory still offered land to claim under the Homestead Acts.

As tongues wagged, an unmarried 25-year-old Watson joined 34-year-old James Averell at a roadhouse in early 1886. Unknown to anyone, they secretly married a couple months later, miles away in another county. Historians agree the couple had come up with the ruse so each could file multiple claims as "head of household." As a married woman, Watson couldn't own land in her own name.

On August 30, 1886, Watson filed a "squatter's claim" on 160 acres adjacent to Averell's homestead claim on Horse Creek. She went to court to fight off a neighbor's bogus "timber claim" on the land—land without trees. In 1888, in the territorial capital, Cheyenne, she would file the formal paperwork for Claim 2003.

All that time, she and Averell fought constantly with their powerful neighbor, Bothwell, who declared Watson's claim

This public mural in downtown Rawlins, Wyoming, tells the story of Cattle Kate. Painted by Dianne Johansson, the mural shows Watson looking down from the rocks at the place of her death.

– BY JANA BOMMERSBACH –

was on his pasture land and blocked his right to water in Horse Creek. Insult became injury when Bothwell was forced to buy an easement from the couple to get access to the water—a trench 15 feet wide and 3,300 feet long.

In the meantime, on May 25, 1887, Watson filed for citizenship, taking home the test she would have to pass in five years to become an American citizen.

In October 1888, she bought 28 head of cattle, stated two men who were with her that day. That December, she tried to get a legal brand through the official brand committee of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, but the committee wouldn't give her one—just as its members repeatedly refused a brand to Averell for any future cows he would own.

Watson outsmarted the cattlemen by buying a brand from neighbor John Crowder, who was moving on. She officially registered her LU brand with the Carbon County Brand Commission on March 20, 1889.

She became like a stepmother to 11-year-old Gene, believed to be John Crowder's son. She also took in 14-year-old John DeCorey, who became a general handyman around her homestead. Her "family" included Averell's 20-year-old nephew from Wisconsin, Ralph Cole, and neighbor Frank Buchanan, who would try to stop the double hanging led by Bothwell and John Durbin, two of the most prominent cattlemen in the territory. By the time the case came before the grand jury, none of her "family" appeared to identify the six men who had hanged the couple: Cole had died under mysterious circumstances; Buchanan and Gene disappeared; and DeCorey fled to Colorado for safety. All the lynchers walked free.

Watson's name and honor were defended with a shocking lawsuit filed by the executor of her estate, Carbon County Coroner George Durant. While the murder charges were still hanging over their heads, Bothwell and Durbin were sued for $1,100. Durant's suit accused them of stealing Watson's cows and rebranding them as their own on the day they lynched her. The cattlemen's attorney continuously delayed court hearings, until the case was finally dismissed—51 months after Watson was buried.

"The Homesteaders' Heroine, Cattle Kate, and the Land Grabbers in the West." That was the headline suggested by former Wyoming Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney, in a 1960s letter to a writer investigating the case.

On the 100th anniversary of her murder, Watson's nieces and nephews gathered in Wyoming to place a marker near where she lay—now under the new Pathfinder Ranch. It read: "These innocent homesteaders were hanged by cattle ranchers for their land and water rights."

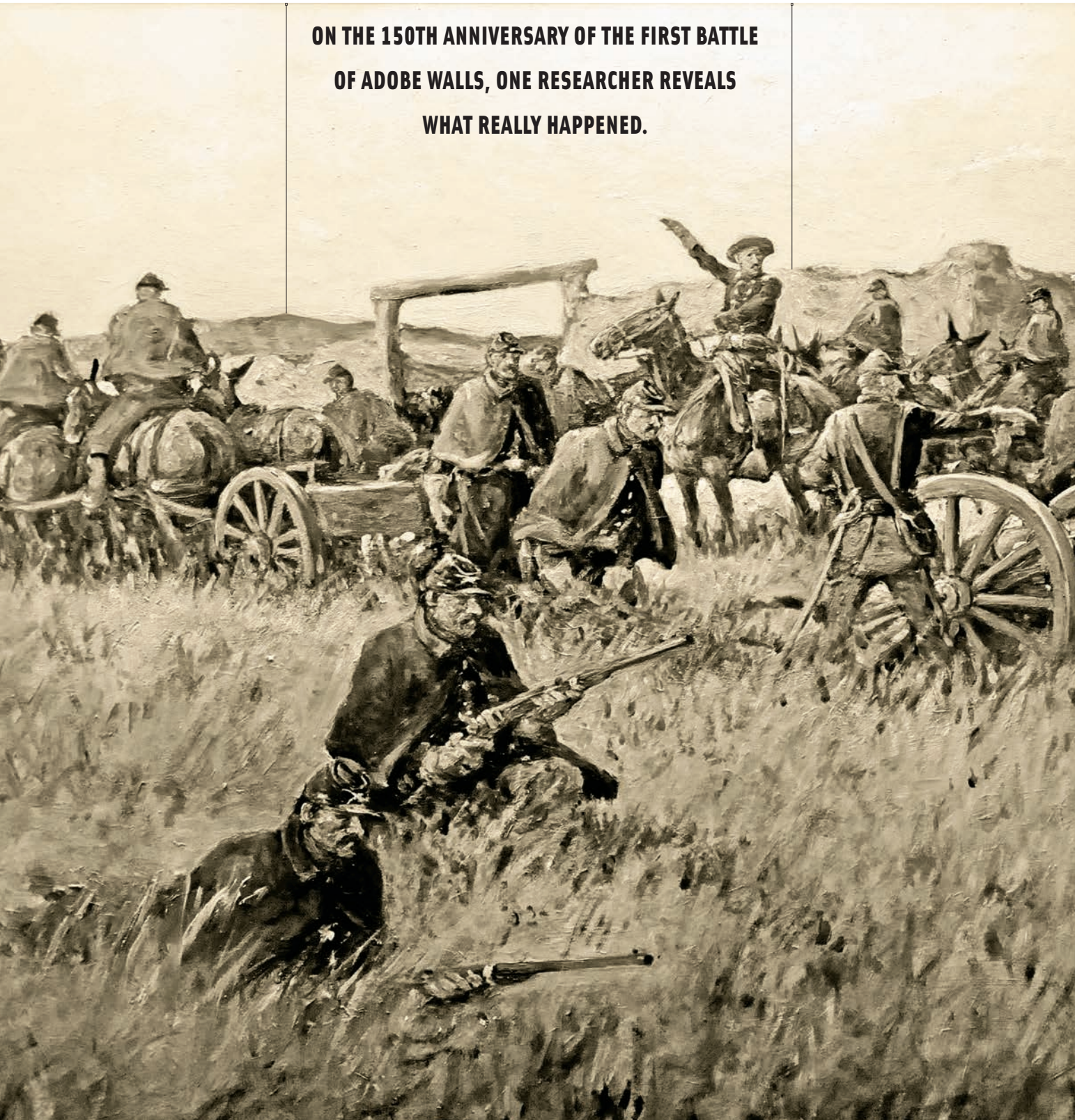
To this day, the city of Rawlins remembers Watson and her murder in its Rawlins Main Street Mural Project, noting she and Averell had been "hanged by greedy land barons." The mural honors their true characters, declaring, "Ellen and Jim fed the hungry, clothed the naked and took anyone in."

Jana Bommersbach writes the *Old West Saviors* column for *True West* and is a long-time Arizona journalist and author. Her first historical novel, *Cattle Kate*, was published this fall by Poisoned Pen Press. It's available in bookstores, from *PoisonedPenPress.com* or through the author's website, *JanaBommersbach.com*

BY ALVIN R. LYNN

Did Kit Carson Win

ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FIRST BATTLE OF ADOBE WALLS, ONE RESEARCHER REVEALS WHAT REALLY HAPPENED.



at Adobe Walls?

Even though Kit Carson's battle at Adobe Walls was a major engagement, historians have written little about it.

Most people know Carson for his explorations as a mountain man; his adventures with John Charles Frémont, known as the "Great Pathfinder," in California during the Mexican-American War; and his role in subduing the Navajos and Apaches in Arizona and New Mexico.

Perhaps the Adobe Walls battle received little attention because the numbing effects of the Civil War simply overshadowed it. Most of Carson's men were seasoned soldiers, having fought at Valverde and in the Apache and Navajo campaigns. They were combat-hardened, tired of marching and ready for action.

One Silent Night

On the evening of November 24, 1864, the troopers had performed their usual camp duties before sunset. Some had begun to eat supper. It was no feast, nor were there special activities to

Battle of Adobe Walls, oil, by Nick Eggenhofer (1897–1985).

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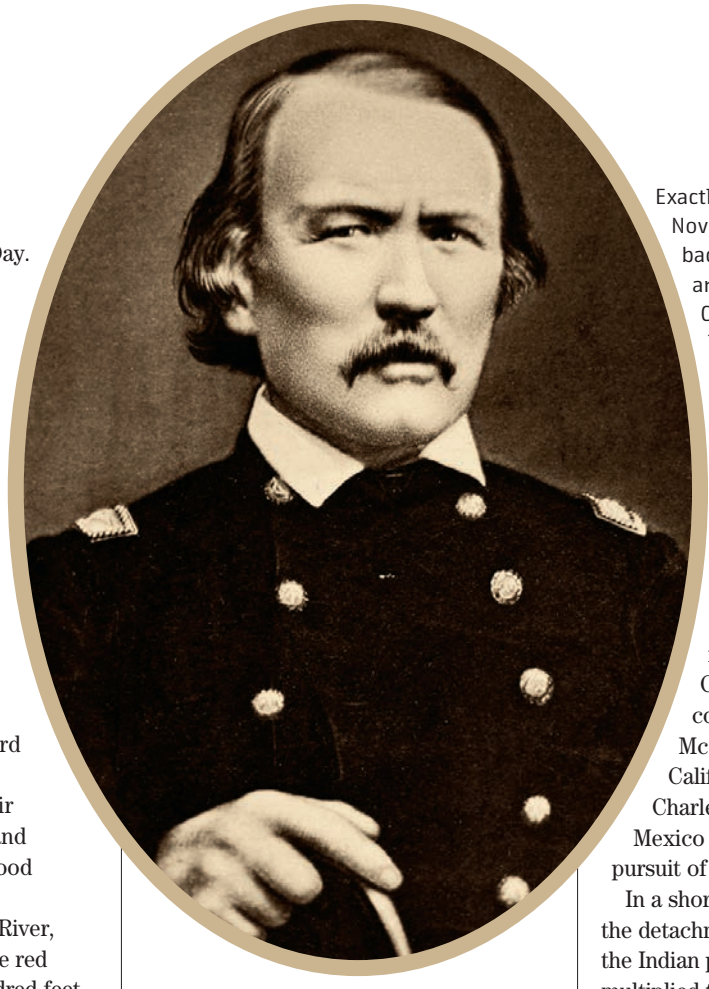


Exactly 150 years ago this November, Kit Carson headed back to his old stomping grounds and led the charge of the only Civil War battle fought in the Texas Panhandle.

– COURTESY TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY PRESS –

celebrate that eve of the second official, national Thanksgiving Day.

Two Indian scouts Carson had dispatched that morning returned. Upon learning that Kiowas and Comanches were near, Carson immediately set his plan in motion. He split his troops, leaving the wagon train in camp. The Ute and Jicarilla Apache scouts would lead Carson, the artillery and the mounted troops onward.

Instead of rolling out their sleeping blankets, the scouts, cavalrymen and troopers with the two mountain howitzers readied for a night march toward the Canadian River. They filled their canteens, replenished their cartridge boxes and pouches, and stuffed their haversacks with food raided from the wagons.

As they neared the Canadian River, moonbeams revealed impassable red bluffs that dropped several hundred feet to another tributary of the Canadian. In bygone years, the hand of nature had carved a sandy arroyo through the bluffs. The gap was about 10 miles out from camp, where the remainder of Carson's contingent lay sleeping, and approximately 20 miles west of Adobe Walls, where Kiowas and Comanches slumbered in their tepees.

After picking their way down the steep, rough passage, the troopers followed a fresh Indian trail spotted by the scouts. Carson called a halt until daylight, following a march of about 10 miles. It was a miserable stop. The soldiers were tired, not having slept since the previous night. Their fatigue added to the loathing they felt for their situation, including the hateful no smoking and no talking order. A heavy frost settled on them as they stood beside their horses, reins in hand, for the duration of the night.

The First Shots Ring Out

The troops were in the river channel when they marched out in the early hours of morning. Cane grasses were so tall that Lt. George H. Pettis and Carson, who were riding side by side, had a hard time seeing each other. Continuing their early morning march, they rode in order, with the scouts, Carson and Pettis up front. About half of the cavalry rode behind the scouts, with the section of mountain howitzers close behind the cavalry. The remainder of the cavalry brought up the rear.

The contingent of men and animals must have presented a strange, rather comical, sight. Indian scouts, knees pulled up high and wrapped in conical buffalo robes, appeared as small tepees on horseback. Horses and soldiers labored through tall cane grass, with their breath producing vaporous images like mythical creatures that disappeared and reappeared with each new breath.

After marching about two miles, the troops came to the end of the bluffs, and the terrain opened into about a three-mile-stretch of low, rolling hills cut by small valleys and rivulets. Red hillocks, scattered across the rolling land, brightened the drab, winter landscape.

About halfway across the broad expanse, soldiers heard *"Bene-acá! Bene-acá!*—Come here! Come here!" The call from Kiowa pickets on the opposite side of the river broke the constant clamor of troop movement. The ever-alert Carson hastily ordered cavalry commander Maj. William McCleave, with B Company, California Cavalry, and Capt. Charles Deus, 1st Cavalry, New Mexico Volunteers, across the river in pursuit of the Kiowas.

In a short time, shots rang out from the detachment Carson had sent to chase the Indian pickets. The shots rapidly multiplied to thousands, as the torturous events of the day unfolded into the First Battle of Adobe Walls.

A Gory Trail to Bent's Old Fort

Carson continued his march down the Canadian River. As Carson and his men reached the crest, they could see for two miles across a flat plain. There stood tall, white tents. Chief Dohäsan had chosen his winter camp well. The tall Plains tepees nestled in a flat area surrounded by sand hills on the west, north and east, with the south side opened toward the river. Just north of the village, a clear, running stream flowed around the base of a red bluff. This bluff, along with the other red bluffs Carson had passed near Mustang Creek earlier in the morning, was significant to the Kiowas for winter encampments and sun dances.

The initial clash between McCleave's troops and the Indians was fierce and brief. It is from the Kiowas' version that we get a description of the attack. The young Kiowa warriors were in the horse camp when they and McCleave's troops

caught sight of each other. Carson's Ute scouts advanced, in Indian fashion, riding about and whooping, keeping up a constant yell to stampede the other Indians' ponies. The soldiers followed quietly in regular order. Most of the Kiowa men were away on the warpath. The warriors who had remained in the village held the soldiers off long enough for the Indian women and children, along with the captives, to escape into the sand hills north of the camp.

With wives and children safely hidden, the Kiowa warriors moved, with haste, across the four-mile stretch down the Canadian River toward Adobe Walls. McCleave and the cavalry were on their tail. The Indians, well acquainted with the area, played it to their advantage, taking protection behind the sandy, gravelly hills that veered toward the river bottom from the north. The battle was hot—each side contested for every foot of ground.

When Carson topped the ridge at Adobe Walls, chances are he recognized the old adobe fort built by William Bent and the surrounding terrain from having been there in 1848, but he had no time for nostalgia. Surveying the scene before him, his quick eye noted Dr. George S. Courtright setting up a medical station inside the walls of the old trading post, where the cavalry had corralled their horses. Looking farther, Carson saw hundreds of Indians charging the troops stationed as skirmishers in the high grass around the foot of the hill.

Indian scouts, knees pulled up high and wrapped in conical buffalo robes, appeared as small tepees on horseback.

As soon as Pettis's detail reached the ridge northeast of the adobe fort, Carson yelled, "Pettis, throw a few shell into that crowd over thar," pointing to about 200 yelling Kiowas and Comanches who were riding back and forth and firing under the necks of their horses at the soldiers. Behind the Indians was a line of 1,200 to 1,400 additional warriors with several chiefs riding up and down the line urging them on.

It took only a short time to load and sight the cannon. The two howitzers belched smoke as their 12-pound, cast-iron balls whistled across the

U.S. troops and Ute scouts attack a Kiowa village in this circa 1909 ledger drawing from the Isabel Crawford Collection. Crawford was a Methodist missionary to the Kiowas in Indian Territory.

– COURTESY AMERICAN BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY, ATLANTA, GEORGIA –

plain toward the mounted warriors. The Indians, not familiar with the big guns, stood high in their stirrups and pondered the firing. As the shells began to explode around them, they headed their mounts, in a dead run, toward their villages downriver.

When the Indians fled after the howitzer shells exploded, Carson thought the battle was over. He called for the cavalrymen to unsaddle their mounts, unhitch them and water the teams at a clear stream west of Adobe Walls. The troops filled their canteens and searched their haversacks for whatever they could find to eat. They had not eaten since the previous evening at Mule Creek before the night march and morning battle. As the troops took their respite in the early afternoon, Carson, ever on the lookout, noticed through his glass a large force of Indians approaching from downriver.

Indians Out for Blood

Responding to Carson's commands, the officers quickly mounted. Pettis's men hitched the teams to the artillery pieces and pulled them back to the ridge. The troopers returned their horses to the protection of the adobe fort before they spread out again as skirmishers.

It was only a few minutes before a fusillade of rifle balls flecked the ground around the soldiers. Carson's troops returned fire, producing a veil of acrid smoke that hovered above them as they crouched in the grass. Pettis's artillery battery returned to action, but was not as effective as it had been in the morning, for the Indians had learned that they were a more difficult target if they spread out.

By mid-afternoon, Carson realized the gravity of their situation. As he looked downriver, he saw Indian warriors, 10 to 12 miles away, rushing toward battle. The number of Indians had been increasing throughout the day, soon dwarfing Carson's command of little more than 300. Carson estimated that 1,000 Indians were charging upriver,

Lieutenant George Henry Pettis, first regiment, New Mexico Volunteers. When Pettis and his men first saw Chief Dohäsan's Kiowa village, they mistook the white tepees as Sibley military tents.

– COURTESY U.S. ARMY MILITARY HISTORY INSTITUTE, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA, #246375 MEKETA COLLECTION –

many of them from a group of 350 tepees standing three miles to the east. Several Indians passed around the troops riding west toward the Kiowa village that McCleave had ambushed earlier in the day—the village Carson intended to burn before the warriors could recover their livestock and goods. Most of the officers wanted to advance downriver and destroy the large Indian village. Carson, however, considered the wounded men, and, after listening to the advice of his scouts, decided to retreat.

At about half-past three on the afternoon of November 25, 1864, Carson ordered the command to move out. With calm reserve, gained from more than 30 years of fighting Indians and surviving desperate situations, Carson stationed his troops in strategic positions for retreat back to the Kiowa village.

The Fight for Their Lives

The Indians knew that if the troops reached the village first, it would be torched, leaving them without shelter and supplies for the winter. This stirred the warriors into a frenzy, and they attacked Carson's troops with death-defying determination.

Carson's seasoned soldiers had been fighting since early morning, but the fight for their lives was before them. The Indians charged so repeatedly, and with such desperation, that for some time, Carson had serious doubts for the safety of the rear guard. But the steady and constant fire they poured into the

Carson's Howitzers on the Way to Adobe Walls, oil on canvas, by Richard Hogue, 1985. On his exploration of the battle site, the author discovered fragments of exploded cannon balls buried under a foot of soil and five friction primers of the kind used to fire the howitzers, which helped him identify the spot where Lt. Pettis had placed the cannon.

– COURTESY RICHARD HOGUE –

Stumbling Bear, circa 1872, one of the leading Kiowa warriors in the 1864 battle, killed a soldier and a Ute, and wounded a soldier who fell from his horse. Kiowa tradition relates that Stumbling Bear received personal power from a magpie attached to his warbonnet inside a circle of eagle feathers. After Army soldiers shot away most of the eagle feathers, the exposed magpie's wings opened and flapped, making the bird seem to come alive and fly.

– COURTESY TOWANA SPIVEY, FORT SILL NATIONAL HISTORIC LANDMARK AND MUSEUM, FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA –

Indians caused them to retire on every occasion with great slaughter.

The Indians soon learned that direct charges against Carson's moving skirmishers were devastating their own ranks, so they devised a scheme to set fire to the weeds and grass behind the soldiers. The dry vegetation burned with intensity, and the east wind pushed the flames dangerously close to the rear of the column.

Carson lit the grass in front of the troops, allowing them to move across the charred ground toward the shortgrass ridges to the right. Near an elongated hill, about 500 yards east of the village, the Indians left Carson's troops behind and raced ahead to their camp.

Near the Kiowa village, the troopers dismounted at the base of the sand hills and worked their way through sumac bushes to the top of the sand ridges. Using the embankments for protection, the soldiers commenced firing into the Indians who were scrambling to salvage their belongings. After a fierce exchange of fire, and with the aid of the howitzers, the soldiers drove the Indians to the lower end of the camp. Half of the troops set about destroying lodges and property, while the remaining soldiers provided protection with constant fire toward the Indians.

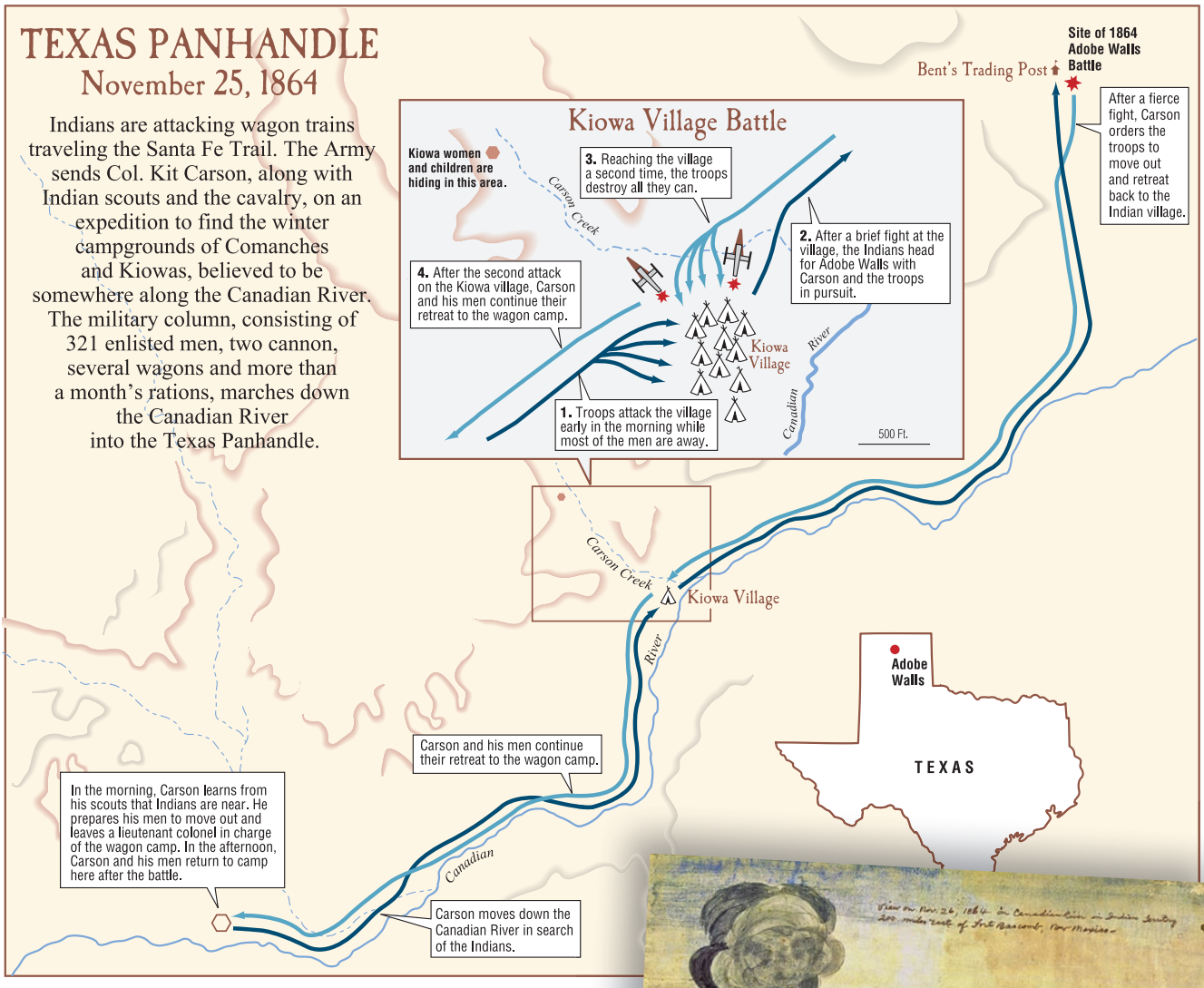
As the sun dropped from the horizon, flames and billowing smoke rose high into the sky, revealing the destruction of the "lodges of the best manufacture." The glow from the fire illuminated the haggard faces of the spent soldiers as they finished the task before them. A last, parting blast from one of the howitzers propelled a shell toward a group of Indians as they fled toward the river from the south end of the village.

Who Won the Battle?

On the morning of November 27, Carson ordered his command to saddle up and embark on the long trip back to Fort Bascom. Carson did not make the decision rashly. He decided that, due to the circumstances, it was impossible for him to punish the Indians further at that time. He considered the broken-down condition of his horses compared with the quality steeds of the Indians, who had fled in all directions. He didn't know whether the Comanches downriver had also taken flight or whether they were still nearby with reinforcement recruits joining them. What he did know, however, was that the number of his troops compared unfavorably with the superior number of Indians they had met in battle.

The question of who won the First Battle of Adobe Walls, Carson or the Indians, still resounds. Carson wrote from his camp, "I flatter myself that I have taught these Indians a severe lesson, and hereafter they will be more cautious about how they engage a force of civilized troops."

The commander of the military district of New Mexico, Gen. James H. Carleton, added his optimistic view of the campaign when he wrote to Carson, "This brilliant

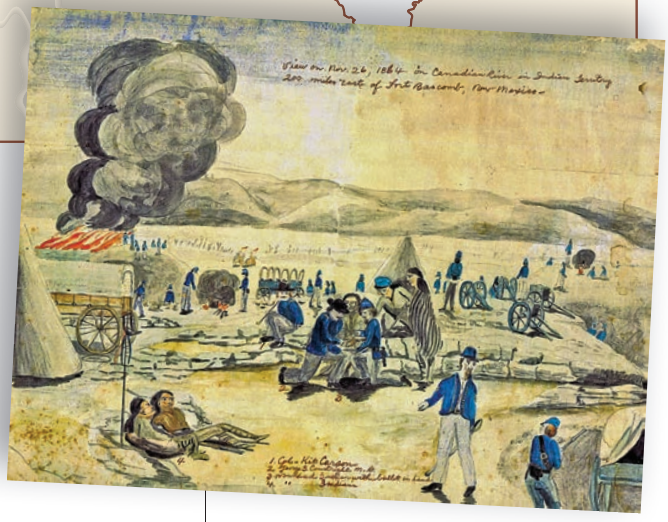


affair adds another green leaf to the laurel wreath which you have so nobly won in the service to your country."

A more accurate assessment of the battle came from the testimony of Brig. Gen. James H. Ford, commander, 2nd Colorado Cavalry, at Fort Larned in Kansas, on May 31, 1865, "I understand Kit Carson last winter destroyed an Indian village. He had about four hundred men with him, but the Indians attacked him as bravely as any men in the world, charging up to his lines, and he withdrew his command…."

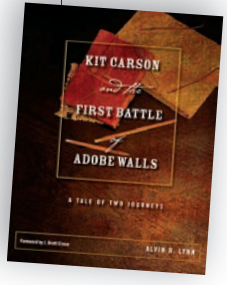
The economic loss to the military from the battle was minor compared to that of the Indians. Dohäsan's people were destitute, but the soldiers had homes waiting for them. The main loss to the military was two soldiers and the death and weakening of horses. Due to the broken-down condition of the Army horses and the lack of soldiers, Carleton planned no other major expeditions into the Texas Panhandle.

As for Carson, in December 1865, he became commander of Fort Union. He remained there only a few months before receiving news of his appointment as brigadier general of the New Mexico Volunteers. In the spring of 1866, he transferred to Fort Garland in Colorado, where he served until he mustered out in the fall of 1867, ending his Army career, which included six years as commander of the New Mexico Volunteer Army that had battled Confederates, Apaches, Navajos, Comanches and Kiowas during his tenure. ★

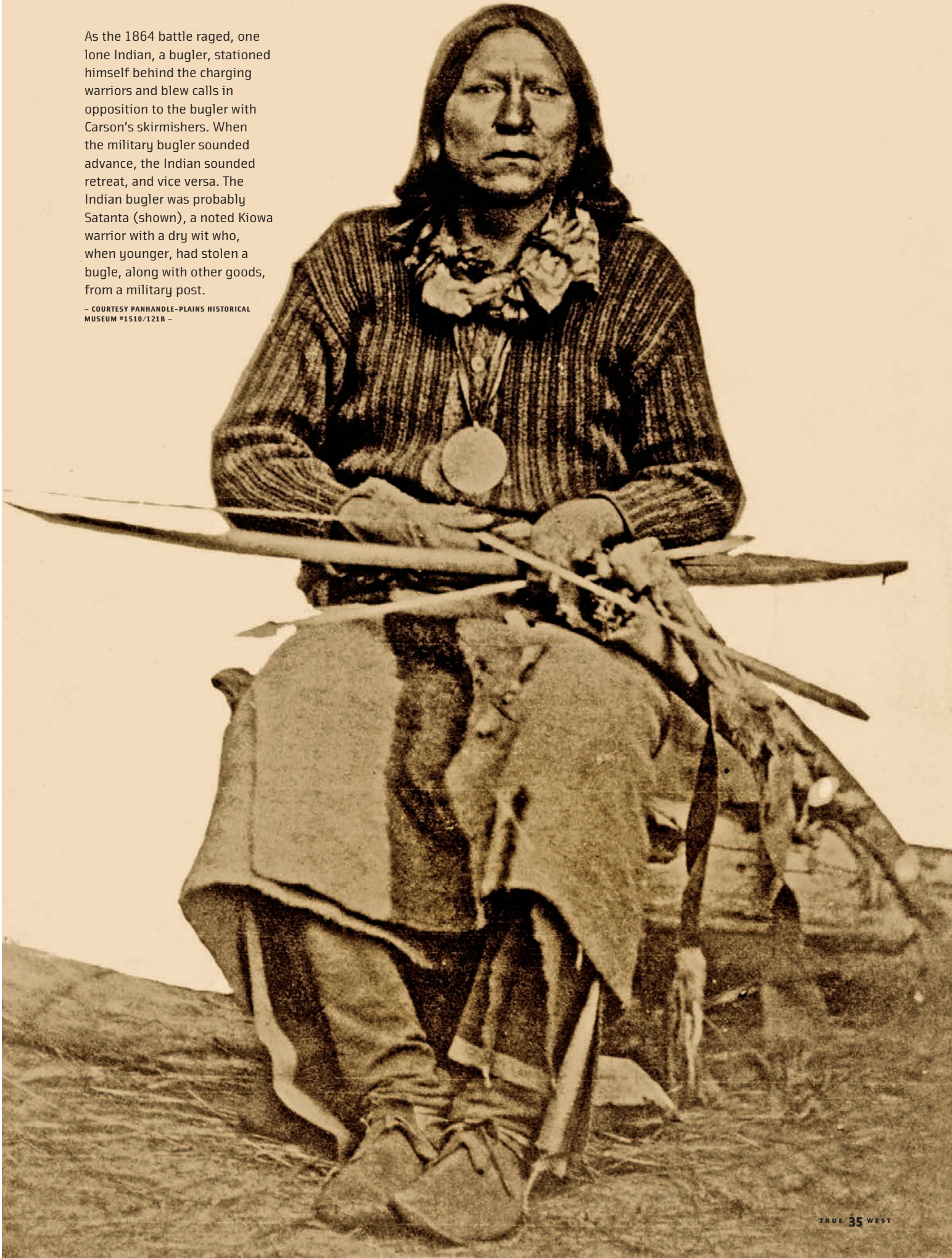


Day After the Battle of Adobe Walls, watercolor, by an unnamed soldier with Carson's command. Dated November 26, 1864, the watercolor was given to Dr. George S. Courtright, Carson's surgeon at the First Battle of Adobe Walls.

– COURTESY CAROLYN LUTZ, GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER OF DR. COURTRIGHT –



This edited excerpt is courtesy *Kit Carson and the First Battle of Adobe Walls,* by **Alvin R. Lynn** and published by Texas Tech University Press. A retired social studies and science teacher, Lynn now serves as a steward for the Texas Historical Commission. He lives with his wife, Nadyne, in Amarillo, Texas.



As the 1864 battle raged, one lone Indian, a bugler, stationed himself behind the charging warriors and blew calls in opposition to the bugler with Carson's skirmishers. When the military bugler sounded advance, the Indian sounded retreat, and vice versa. The Indian bugler was probably Satanta (shown), a noted Kiowa warrior with a dry wit who, when younger, had stolen a bugle, along with other goods, from a military post.

– COURTESY PANHANDLE-PLAINS HISTORICAL MUSEUM #1510/121B –

BY JOHN CHRISTOPHER FINE

BIGGEST NUGGET IN THE BLACK HILLS

Potato Creek Johnny's legendary find exemplifies a region where the search for gold continues.

At the Adams Museum in Deadwood, South Dakota, you can view Potato Creek Johnny's nugget (at right). On the left is the runner up, the Icebox nugget.

– BY MYRIAM MORAN –

When the beloved man's funeral cortege passed the Adams Museum on March 3, 1943, a bell began tolling. It rang 77 times, matching the years of his life. Hymns played on carillons chimed from a distance as mourners grieved graveside at Mount Moriah Cemetery overlooking Deadwood, South Dakota. John Eli Perrett had died after a two-week illness, drawing to a close an era that marked the transition from pioneer prospecting exploits in Indian territory to America's entry into WWII.

While few recognize his birth name, and some have spelled it as Johnnie or Perrott, many knew the man by the name he was given after bringing into town a large gold nugget he had found in a creek in the Black Hills. Reports list his date of birth as February 9, in either 1868 or 1866. Perrett arrived in Deadwood on a stagecoach in 1883 when he was 15 or 17 years old.

Despite news accounts reporting another Welsh village as Perrett's birthplace, he was actually born in Abergavenny, a market town in Wales located about six miles from England's border. Perrett traveled by ship with his father and sister from Wales to New York City, then by train to Sidney, Nebraska. The family rode by stagecoach to Central City in Dakota Territory, outside Deadwood, where his uncle operated a blacksmith shop.

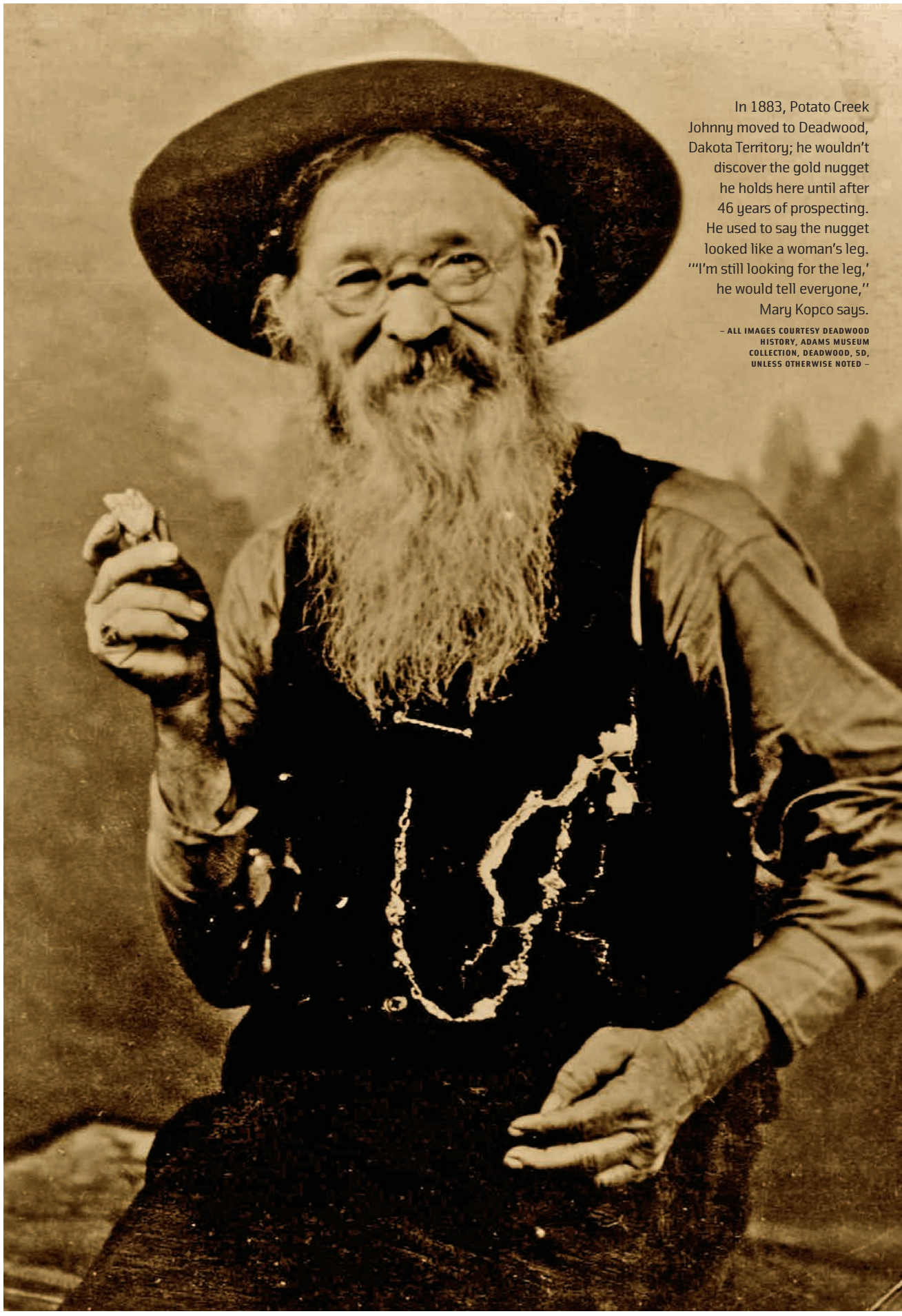
> "...I would value the true, original, famous Potato Creek Johnny nugget at $500,000."

On May 27, 1929, five months before the crash of the stock market brought on the Great Depression, Perrett produced a 7.346-troy-ounce gold nugget that he said he had found on his claim in Potato Creek in Spearfish Canyon. His nugget created immediate and sensational news. The Black Hills that produced the gold chunk had been exploited for its mining wealth since 1875 when Deadwood was an illegal encroachment on Indian land, a settlement thrown up on a gulch along creeks that produced placer gold.

By 1876, thousands of miners had moved to the Black Hills, flaunting the Fort Laramie Treaty that ceded the land to the Lakota and other tribes forever. The government did not hold back the flood of immigrants. Rule was enforced by power; murderous thugs robbed miners of their claims and pokes.

By the time this young Welshman got to Deadwood in 1883, most of the miners had left. The "most disastrous flood" in the region's history ravaged Deadwood that May, the creeks no longer gave up easy gold and mining companies were focusing on hard rock mining to extract ore from underground pits and tunnels.

"Potato Creek Johnny had a drinking problem, yet he had great animal magnetism. Bluebirds would land on his finger. He was a musician and looked the part of a miner with his long whiskers," says Mary Kopco, executive director of Deadwood History, which operates the Adams Museum, the 1892 Adams House, Days of '76



In 1883, Potato Creek Johnny moved to Deadwood, Dakota Territory; he wouldn't discover the gold nugget he holds here until after 46 years of prospecting. He used to say the nugget looked like a woman's leg. "'I'm still looking for the leg,' he would tell everyone," Mary Kopco says.

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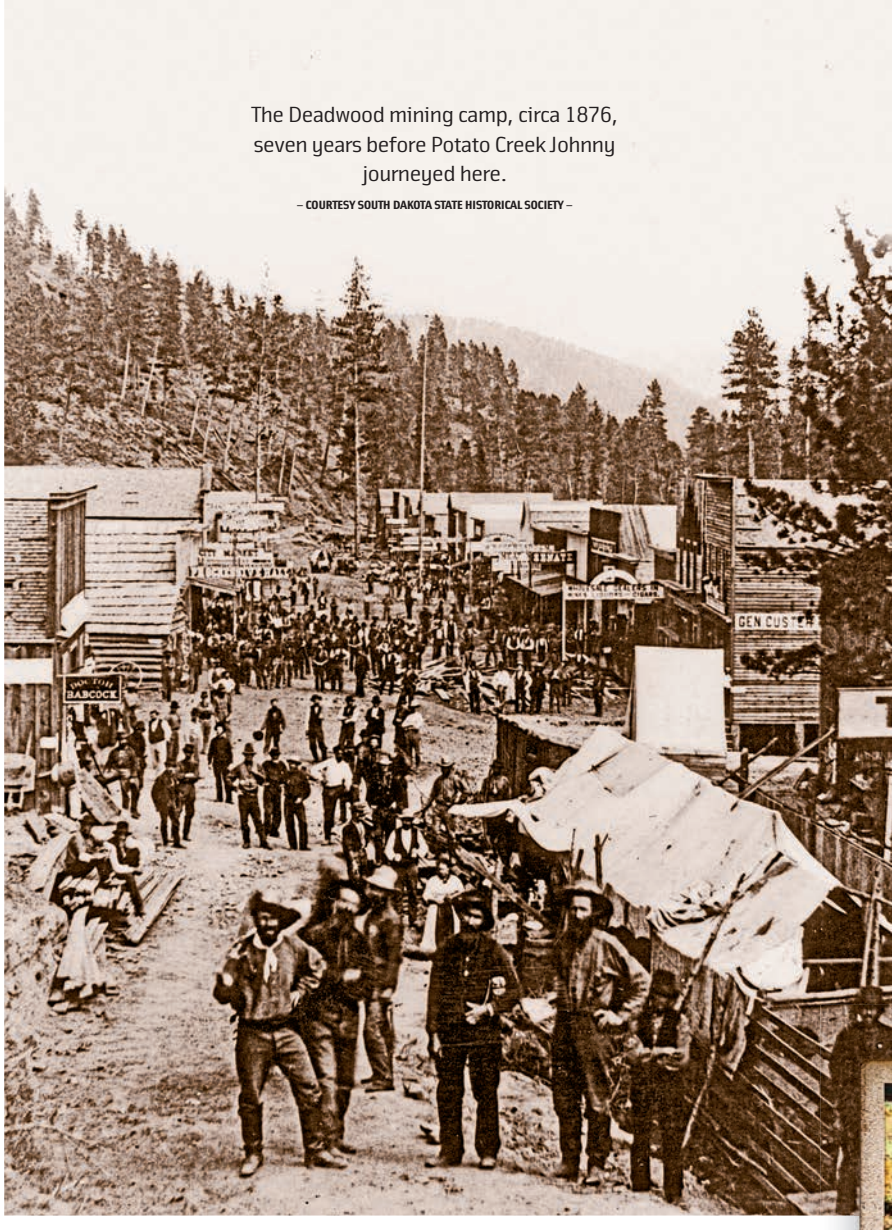


The Deadwood mining camp, circa 1876, seven years before Potato Creek Johnny journeyed here.

– COURTESY SOUTH DAKOTA STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY –

Museum and the Homestake Adams Research and Cultural Center.

Perrett's fiddle playing and cranky nature ended up disrupting fellow employees of the Tinton tin mine. The mine put him to work in the pump house.

When the tin mine closed in January 1929, hard times befell the area. Perrett, who had married Molly Hamilton on March 13, 1907, was childless and divorced by 1928. Molly's grounds for divorce stated her husband had kept a home like a junkyard, refused to allow his wife to clean it and had synchronized clocks that chimed to her distraction. Perrett, having lost his job at the tin mine, continued to prospect his claims outside Spearfish in Potato Creek.

Some suspected Perrett of breaking into a cottage owned by Capt. Edgar St. John, when he was hospitalized, to steal his gold. "Just as intriguing is the assertion by independent sources that to alter the gold dust's appearances, thereby making it untraceable, Johnny went to George Veitl's work shop behind Ayers Hardware Store in Deadwood, and had it melted together," wrote Christopher Hills, in his book, *Gold Pans and Broken Picks: The History of the Tinton Mining Region*.

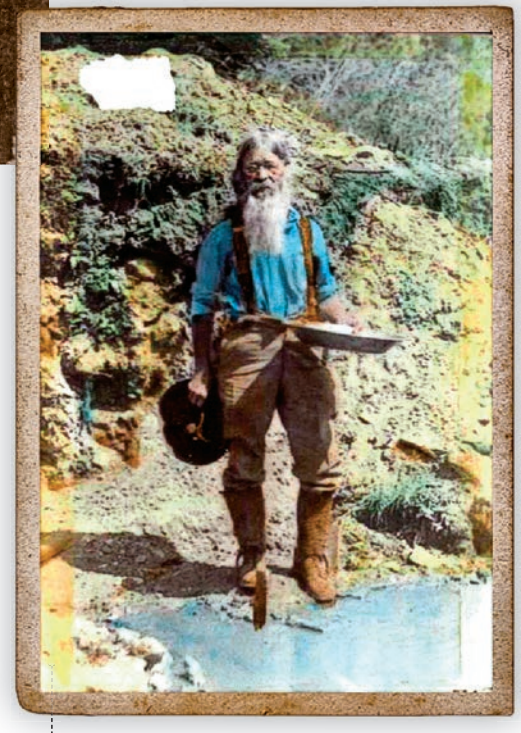
Hills reported that St. John recovered from his hospital stay and swore vengeance against Perrett. After a confrontation between the two on Deadwood's Main Street, Perrett fled the scene. He emerged with his nugget, only after St. John had died.

Mystery always adds to the intrigue. No charges were filed against Perrett, and he was never arrested for theft of gold. Rumors persisted, but they never brought Perrett to a courtroom.

The news of Perrett's find turned the little prospector into an overnight celebrity. He reveled in the limelight. With the U.S. Treasury setting the price of gold at $20.67 per ounce, the 7.346-troy-ounce nugget was worth about $152. An attorney offered Perrett $200 for it. W.E. Adams, the benefactor who created the history museum in Deadwood, raised the ante and offered Perrett $250, which he accepted.

The bewhiskered little man led Deadwood's Days of '76 parade that year. The city took him on tour to lure tourists to the area. He was pictured in *Life* Magazine and treated to meals by tourists who enjoyed his stories.

When something is touted as the largest, the biggest, the most of anything, that record will be challenged. The rival in this case was the "Doc" Wing nugget, reportedly found in 1879 from Bear Creek in the Black Hills. In 1931, the *Black*



Potato Creek Johnny was a small man. While historical reports differ on his height, he stood about four-feet-two-inches tall. His arms and legs were proportionate to his stature.

The Icebox Nugget found in 2010 was discovered in the Rockerville area, where John C.H. Grabill photographed these miners panning for gold in 1889. The mining camp got its name for the rocker boxes that were used to separate placer gold from sand and gravel. To trap the gold, miners poured water out of a small cup and then rocked the sluice box like a cradle. These miners, however, are relying on a sluice box for hydraulic gold placer mining.

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Hills Engineer acknowledged Potato Creek Johnny's nugget, but also reported that the 1879 nugget was valued at $465. Calculating the price of gold at $20.67, that nugget would have had to weigh 22.5 troy ounces. Yet the existence of the Wing nugget remains unconfirmed. To this day, no other nugget from the Black Hills has been proven to be larger than Potato Creek Johnny's.

Experts have confirmed the authenticity of Johnny's nugget. James O. Aplan, of Antique Appraisal Association of America, issued a report on June 29, 2011, stating: "It is my opinion that the Potato Creek Johnny nugget is the single, most valuable artifact of Black Hills history in existence.... Based upon my over 60 years of buying, selling and evaluating historical Americana, I would value the true, original, famous Potato Creek Johnny nugget at $500,000."

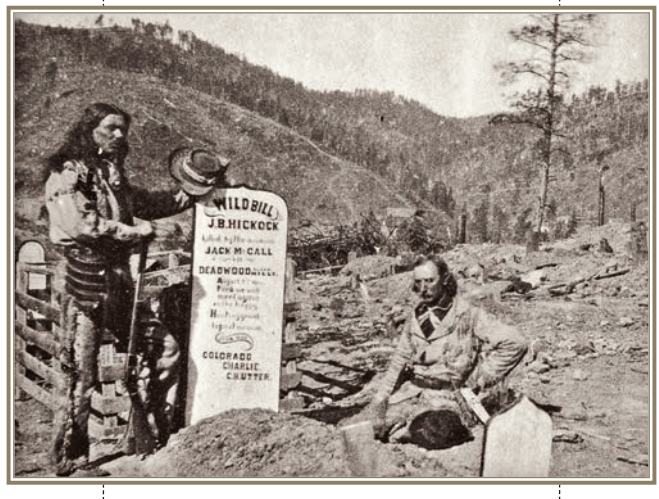
"Gold experts have found it to show quartz crystal in it. You can't manufacture that. The longer we go on with expert opinion, the more certain Johnny found it in situ like this," Kopco says.

"In the Black Hills, you just don't find nuggets this size," she adds. The closest anyone has come was when "two modern-day prospectors found what is now called the Icebox nugget in 2010."

Prospectors Charlie Ward and Byron Janis formed their Icebox Mining Company to prospect the creeks and alluvial deposits throughout the Black Hills. On July 6, 2010, they discovered a 5.27-troy-ounce nugget, with a gold content that measures 3.96 troy ounces. Their discovery stirred up interest just like Potato Creek Johnny had enjoyed.

Chris Johnson who, with his son, Trevor, owns the Clock Shop in Rapid City, says the Icebox nugget they purchased has been appraised for more than $100,000. "I doubt any larger nuggets will be found. This is the first [of its kind] found in about a hundred years," Chris says.

The largest nugget, though, remains the one found by Perrett, who was buried alongside Deadwood's other legends, Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane. When gold prices teetered at almost $2,000 an ounce during recent uncertain economic times, the lure of prospecting brought new interest to the Black Hills, a place where, as Kopco says, "Our history is stranger than fiction."



Colorado Charlie Utter (at right) and Arapaho Joe add a headstone to Wild Bill Hickok's Deadwood grave in 1877. Two years later, Hickok was reinterred at Mount Moriah Cemetery, where his grave mates became Calamity Jane, in 1903, and Potato Creek Johnny, in 1943.

–COURTESY DEADWOOD PUBLIC LIBRARY –

John Christopher Fine has worked extensively in South Dakota where he helps support a conservancy for wild Spanish mustangs. He is a marine biologist and expert in marine and maritime affairs. He is the author of 25 books.

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

WHEN BILLY THE KID

THE FIRST MOVIE ACTOR TO PLAY THE OUTLAW WAS... *AN ACTRESS*.

Plus, find out if the Kid ever got in touch with his feminine side.

Casting a woman in a male role makes sense. After all, Linda Hunt won an Academy Award as Best Supporting Actress for her performance as an Indonesian man in 1982's *The Year of Living Dangerously*. Besides, look at that tintype of Billy the Kid and then read the descriptions of him: "slightly built and lithe," "really girlish looking." If you were making a movie called *Billy the Kid*, why not cast an actress in the lead role?

When I began researching my book *Billy the Kid on Film, 1911-2012*, I thought—like most other film historians at the time—that the first actor to play Billy the Kid in a movie was Tefft Johnson, a leading man on stage before turning to the fledgling film industry. Although Johnson was too big to be the Kid, consider the later actors who played the outlaw: Bob Steele, Don Barry, Scott Brady, Anthony Dexter, Chuck Courtney and Michael J. Pollard.

Turns out, Johnson didn't play the Kid at all. The lead role went to an accomplished actress, Edith Storey.

Like far too many movies, *Billy the Kid*, a one-reel short released by Vitagraph in August 1911, is presumed lost. Records of the silent film era are scant, but I discovered two newspaper accounts of the movie's plot.

The *Sheboygan Journal* in Wisconsin stated the Kid "leads the life of a cowboy until she is sixteen years of age, when her sex is discovered through an encounter with a band of outlaws...."

The *Hamilton Evening Journal* in Ohio was more succinct: "Billy the Kid is a boy until sixteen years of age then she becomes a girl and marries a cowboy."

America's first "cowgirl" film star, Storey was a fantastic actress who had played Oliver in 1909's *Oliver Twist*. In 1914's *A Florida Enchantment*, her character takes a pill that transforms

A *Moving Picture World* movie review for the rediscovered 1911 silent short, *Billy and His Pal*, explained Edith Storey's role as Billy: "Jim, the cowpuncher, is Billy's idea of what a man ought to be and he becomes his faithful admirer and pal." We can see that in the final images of the film, when Billy interrupts cowpuncher Jim (played by Francis Ford) in his embrace of Madge; Jim keeps an arm around Madge, but looks at Billy, as the two pals smile at each other.

– COURTESY NATIONAL FILM PRESERVATION FOUNDATION –

WAS BILLIE THE KID

Billy the Kid, starring Johnny Mack Brown as the Kid, opened in 1930, one month before *The Big Trail*, starring John Wayne. Movie theaters, already paying to put in sound equipment, were unable to afford to show 70mm movies, and both films failed.

– COURTESY MGM –

The Parson and the Outlaw, starring Anthony Dexter as the Kid (top, at left), may hold the distinction as the worst Billy the Kid movie made.

– COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES –

women into men and vice versa. She also portrayed a number of tomboys called Billy. "When it is necessary for me to play male characters," she said, "I am always careful to make them just as masculine as possible."

Okay, so *Billy the Kid* isn't really about the Kid, but Hollywood has never been known for historical

WILD WEST OUTLAW IN DRAG

BY DOUG DUKES

Henry Antrim was not always the pistol carrying, sheriff shooting outlaw known today as Billy the Kid. Like most American youths, he could be mischievous.

At least, such a story came from Mary Phillipa Richards, his schoolteacher in Silver City, New Mexico. In the 1960s, her daughter, Patience Glennon, told newspaperman Bill McGaw how the English-born schoolmarm had deemed the Kid a slight, sensitive and effeminate youngster who feared his environment and, for that reason, couldn't be relied upon to act in a forthright manner. The Kid had delicate hands and an artistic nature, Glennon recalled. She also said that he was always willing to help with chores around the schoolhouse: "Billy was no more of a problem in school than any other boy growing up in a mining camp."

In Silver City, the Kid and another boy looted a trunk full of women's clothes. As a joke, the Kid and his pal dressed in the girly garb and paraded up and down Silver City's streets. Due to Victorian standards, most cities had ordinances making it illegal to wear in public clothes normally worn by the opposite sex. Silver City was no different, so the two were arrested.

Another version of the story, remembered by Glennon, claims the Kid's chum backed out at the last minute, so the Kid went it alone: "With mincing steps, he paraded up and down Bullard Street in female attire and a big floppy hat, flirting outrageously with the men in passing. Some fun for Billy Bonney, and he soon had a crowd of kids following him, giggling and laughing."

Dirty Little Billy is a movie viewers either love or despise. One admirer, Barry Gifford, wrote, "The only later Western to come close to [Robert] Wise's [*Blood on the Moon* (1948)] in terms of feel and look is Stan Dragoti's *Dirty Little Billy,* with Michael J. Pollard as Billy the Kid in one of the slimiest, filthiest, muddiest movies of all time—a real little masterpiece...."

– COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES –

accuracy—even before Hollywood existed (most Vitagraph films were shot in Brooklyn, New York). Nor was that 1911 short based on Walter Woods's popular play of the time, "Billy the Kid," which, likewise, strayed far from the truth. The only other known Kid silent, a 1916 one-reeler called *Billy the Bandit* and also presumed lost, wasn't about the Kid either. The first movie to follow the real story of the Kid, loosely speaking, was the 1930 talkie *Billy the Kid*, directed by King Vidor and starring Johnny Mack Brown.

Storey, however, was a much better actor than Brown. Having seen Storey in *A Florida Enchantment*, I wish her 1911 one-reeler was available today and that 1957's *The Parson and the Outlaw*, which stinks, was lost. But luckily, thanks to a 2010 discovery in the New Zealand Film Archive of Storey playing another Billy, we get a chance to see her in the role.

In a 1911 short released before the Kid picture, *Billy and His Pal*, Storey plays Billy who saves his cowpuncher friend—played by Francis Ford, the older brother of yet-to-be-director John—from Mexican bandits and helps him reconnect with his lady friend. Interestingly, in the *Billy the Kid* short, Storey's Kid is discovered in his teen years as a girl in disguise. What happens? "Billy" ends up marrying her pal.

Johnny D. Boggs's favorite Billy the Kid movie is 1948's *Four Faces West,* even if the Kid is already dead when the movie begins.

Cast as the Kid, Chuck Courtney found a nemesis in John Carradine's Dracula in 1966's *Billy the Kid vs. Dracula*. Not only did history get left behind in this film, but so did vampire lore: Carradine's Dracula moved about in broad daylight and slept in a bed instead of a coffin.

– COURTESY EMBASSY PICTURES –

Bob Steele starred as Billy the Kid in a series of programmers, including *Billy the Kid in Texas*, from PRC (Producers Releasing Corporation, a.k.a "Pretty Rotten Crap") beginning in 1940. The first six films starred Steele, followed by Buster Crabbe. Crabbe's Kid got renamed as Billy Carson in 1943, and the series ended in 1946.

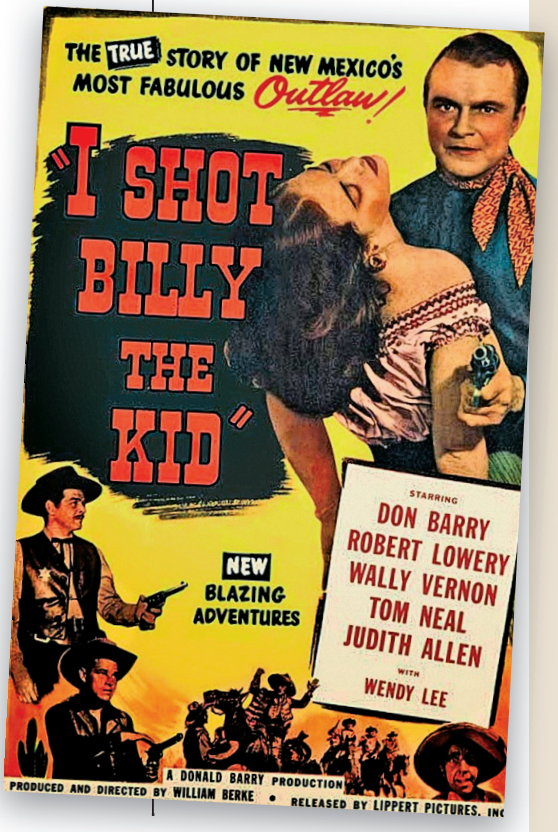
– COURTESY PRC –

In 1954's *The Law vs. Billy the Kid*, directed by William Castle, Scott Brady (crouching) was a bit old to play an outlaw who was killed at 21 years of age.

– COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES –

In his post-*Adventures of Red Ryder* career, Don "Red" Barry played the Kid in 1950's *I Shot Billy the Kid*. Another legendary bad guy Barry took on in his film career was Jesse James.

– COURTESY LIPPERT PICTURES –



(Below) In a promotional photo for 1941's *Billy the Kid,* William S. Hart shows Robert Taylor his Billy the Kid pistol. Poor Taylor. Encouraged by the famous tintype of the Kid given to him by MGM's research department, the right-handed Taylor spent months practicing his left-handed draw. Of course, we all know, the tintype showed a reversed image of the right-handed Kid.

– COURTESY MGM –

TWO-GUN BILL'S BILLY THE KID GUN

For some sagebrush verite in 1930's *Billy the Kid*, director King Vidor not only filmed in and around some of the Kid's New Mexico haunts, he also staged a press conference so that famed cowboy star-turned-gun coach William S. Hart could present Kid actor Johnny Mack Brown with a six-gun that allegedly belonged to the outlaw.

More than a decade later, Hart showed off his treasure to another MGM actor playing the Kid, Robert Taylor, in the remake, 1941's *Billy the Kid*.

But Hart had been bamboozled. The serial number on the Model 1877 Colt indicated that the pistol was manufactured in 1887, six years after lawman Pat Garrett had killed the Kid.

Hart, also known as "Two-Gun Bill," gained notoriety as one of the first cowboy movie stars during the silent film era. But Edith Storey beat him to a Western. She took on the role of the Kid three years before Hart began starring in two-reel Westerns for producer Thomas Ince.

Hart never met the Kid in real life, but he did enjoy the Kid's story, as he revealed to another famous outlaw, Wyatt Earp: "I enjoyed [Walter Noble Burns's] *Saga of Billy the Kid* immensely. It was beautifully written. But my dear friend...it was copped bodily... from a story published many years ago by Charlie Siringo, called *The Life of Billy the Kid*."

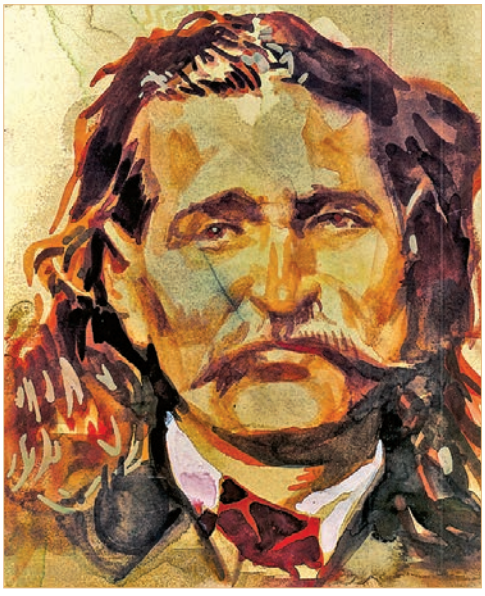
TRUE WEST EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS

WILD BILL'S LAST FIGHT

WILD BILL HICKOK VS PHIL COE

IN A TRAGIC TURN, THE PRINCE OF THE PISTOLEERS BECOMES TOO GOOD FOR HIS OWN GOOD



A successful season goes south for Wild Bill Hickok.

– ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Joseph G. Rosa

OCTOBER 5, 1871

Wild Bill Hickok returns fire, mortally wounding gambler Phil Coe in front of the Alamo Saloon in Abilene, Kansas. News reports claim at least 50 cowboys were gathered on the street at the time of the shooting; the reports imply a few were injured by ricochet bullets.

The summer cattle season is all but over, and Marshal Wild Bill Hickok has kept the peace in Abilene, Kansas—not an easy job. The last marshal, legendary Thomas J. Smith, was killed in the line of duty.

Hickok is not popular with the Texan cowboys, having cleaned out the brothels the month before, on the order of the city council.

About 50 cowboys want to attend the city's Dickinson County Fair. When heavy rain sullies that venue, the boys wander from saloon to saloon on the main drag, bullying and intimidating patrons into buying them drinks. Some accounts suggest the cowboys pull this trick on Hickok, sweeping him off his feet and carrying him into the nearest saloon. Hickok humors the boys and buys them a round.

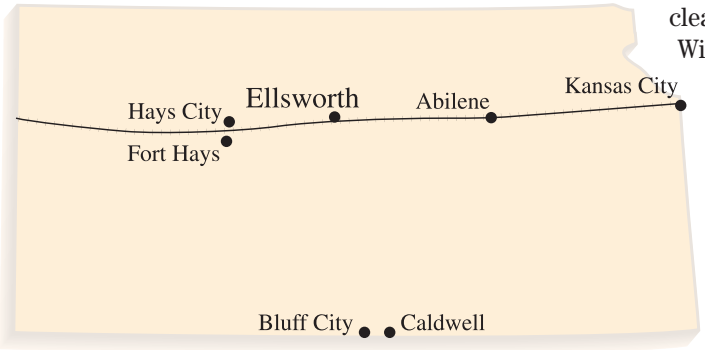
Rumors swirl that Texas gambler Phil Coe has sworn to get Hickok "before the frost." Many citizens make themselves scarce as the evening wears on, fearful that things may get out of hand.

At about 9 p.m., Hickok hears a shot fired outside the Alamo Saloon. Having earlier warned the cowboys against carrying firearms, he confronts the group standing in front of the Alamo and encounters Coe, with a pistol in his hand.

Coe claims he fired at a stray dog, but as he says this, he pulls another pistol and fires twice, one ball going through Hickok's coat and the other thudding into the ground between his legs. Hickok reacts in a flash and "as quick as thought," according to the *Abilene Chronicle*, pulls his two Colt Navy revolvers. He fires them, hitting Coe twice in the stomach.

Others in the crowd are hurt. When another man brandishing a pistol emerges from the shadows, Hickok, not recognizing him in the glare of the kerosene lamps and his nerves on high alert, instinctively fires. He kills Mike Williams, a personal friend of his and a city jailer.

Hickok carries Williams into the Alamo and lays him down on a billiard table. Then he turns and disarms everyone he can find. The marshal warns them all to clear out of town. Within an hour, the place is deserted.



A street scene in Abilene, circa 1890s, shows a medicine show drumming up business. The town is starting to look a little peaked—notice the sagging awning across the street.

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Abilene: The First Queen of the Cowtowns

Named after the biblical city of the plains, Abilene is the very first Kansas cowtown. Before Joseph McCoy set up operations here, it was just a small stop on the tracks of the Union Pacific Railway Eastern Division and a stagecoach stop prior to that.

McCoy was a cattle buyer from Illinois who was anxious to find a shipping point clear of the restrictions against longhorn cattle. The Lone Star bovines carried a tic that transferred splenic fever (known as Texas fever). McCoy needed a shipping point far enough west so the incoming herds would not contaminate domestic stock. He found it in Abilene (of course, as soon as farmers started moving in, the shipping point had to move). The first cattle season began on September 5, 1867, when the first train loaded with Texas cattle headed east. The season traditionally ran from May to October.

For the next three years, Abilene didn't even have a local lawman, until the appointment of Tom Smith in 1870. But Smith was murdered in November of that year. After a few stopgap policemen came and went, Hickok was appointed marshal on April 15, 1871. He served eight months.

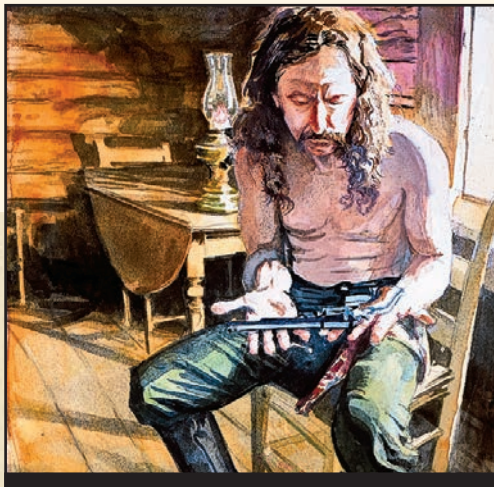
Abilene, as it looked while Hickok resided there. The 1871 cattle season ended with drovers facing financial losses. Some pushed their herds on to Waterville, while others held their cattle in Abilene. They hoped for higher prices, but a shortage of freight cars kept the prices low, leaving the drovers with little choice but to sell short or winter them. Either way, many cowmen were in a sour mood.

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

Wild Bill Hickok "fired with marvelous rapidity and characteristic accuracy," *The Junction City Union* reported. However accurate he may have been, Hickok was profoundly affected by the shooting of his friend. In fact, he never fought with pistols again. Phil Coe died three days later, in agony, in his room.

As usual in the aftermath of a Western gunfight, the participants are either eulogized or demonized, depending on which side is doing the telling. In the case of Hickok and Coe, they got the full spectrum of attributes: Coe was either a "red mouthed, bawling 'thug-plug' Ugly—a very dangerous beast" or a "kind and generous hearted man well thought of by all who knew him." Conversely, one Texas paper referred to Hickok as a "blood thirsty [wretch]."

Recommended: *The West of Wild Bill Hickok* and *They Called Him Wild Bill* by Joseph G. Rosa, published by the University of Oklahoma Press



Wild Bill's Remorse

BY TOM AUGHERTON

Galen Clark

SEEKING SOLACE IN THE SEQUOIAS, A DYING MAN SAVED HIMSELF AND LIVED TO SAVE YOSEMITE.

THANKS to an unlikely visionary's humble efforts to preserve California's Yosemite Valley and nearby giant redwoods, new generations of adventurers continue to enjoy them as places of untouched beauty.

Galen Clark, the improbable hero of this tale, was born March 28, 1814, the seventh of 11 children. In the 1830s, he left his New England home for Missouri, married and had five children. After the family moved to Philadelphia, his wife died. Clark placed his children with relatives and headed to New York City, where he viewed a California Gold Rush exhibition. The gold dust display lured him to "visit the new Eldorado," he later wrote.

Clark arrived in California in 1854, but his health was failing. Diagnosed with tuberculosis and given a year to live at 39 years old, he walked into the Sierras to rest and recover. "I went to the mountains to take my chances of dying or growing better, which I thought were about even," Clark wrote.

One day while hunting, Clark encountered a group of Miwok Indians in the valley they traditionally called Ah-wah'-nee. He listened with curiosity to their tale of a hidden forest of gigantic trees. In 1857, he and associate Milton Mann became the first non-natives to view the surreal sight of California's towering sequoias. Clark stayed, living among the trees, regaining his health—and finding his life's purpose.

> "I went to the mountains to take my chances of dying or growing better, which I thought were about even."

He opened a small hotel on the South Fork of the Merced River, adjacent to horseback and stagecoach trails built to take visitors to Yosemite. Determined to save the giant trees and the beautiful valley he called home, Clark repeatedly solicited Congress to officially preserve Yosemite Valley.

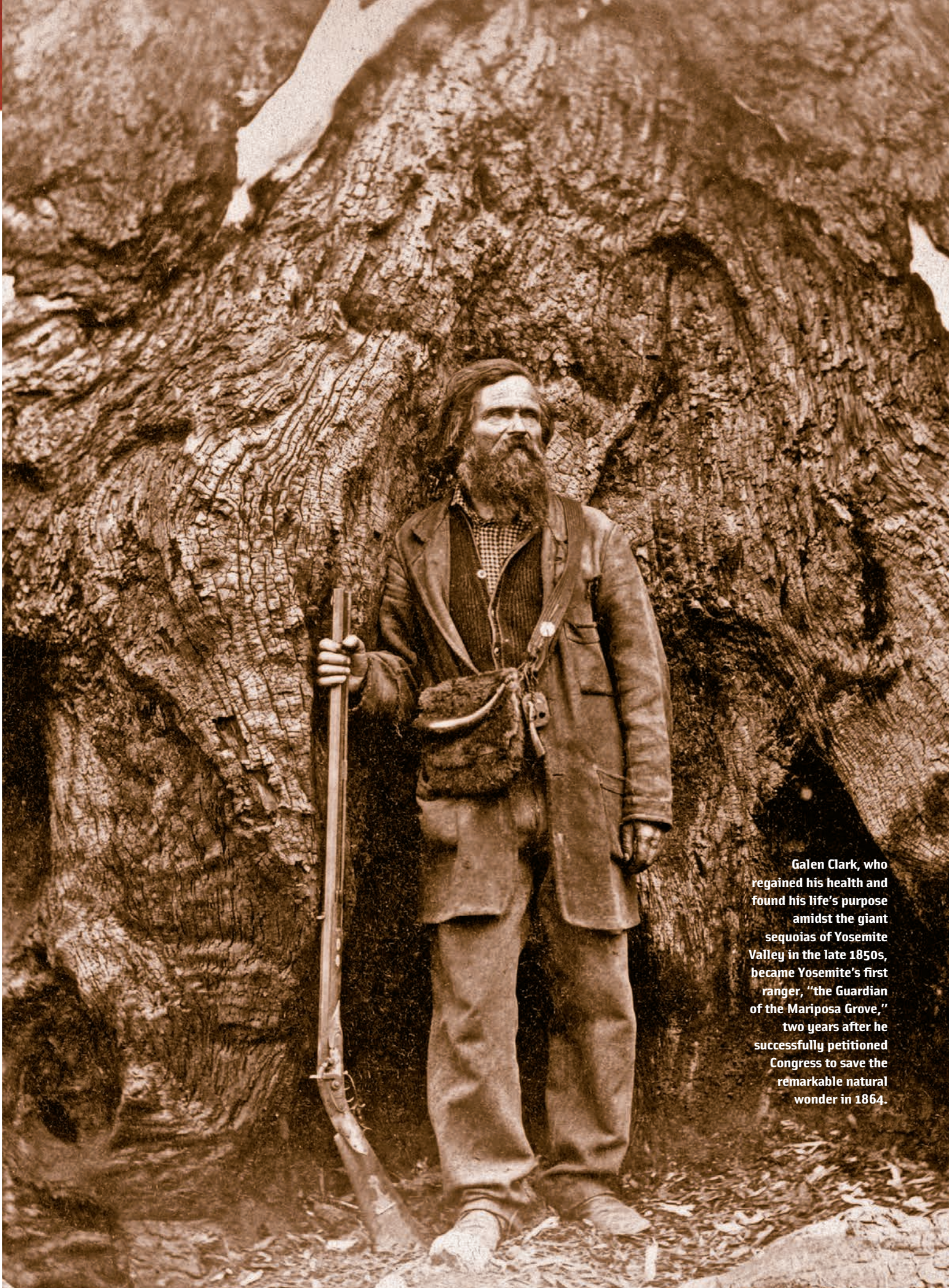
Remarkably, in response to Clark's letters, Congress took time from the Civil War to protect Yosemite. On June 30, 1864, President Abraham Lincoln signed the Yosemite Grant Act transferring the preserve to California as a state park Clark was named the park's first ranger and held the post for 24 years, and then again in 1889 at age 75, until he "retired" in 1897.

On March 24, 1910, shortly before his 96th birthday, Clark, who wasn't supposed to see his 40th birthday, died. Earlier in life, he had planted seedling sequoias at his future gravesite near Yosemite Falls. More than a century old today, these trees planted by Clark's own hand, now shelter their guardian in return.

Galen Clark offered tours of Yosemite and welcomed visitors to his hospice, "Clark's Station," in Mariposa Grove. Visitors included photographer Carleton E. Watkins, who photographed Clark (on horseback) in 1865–66 after Yosemite Valley and its magnificent sequoias had been officially protected in 1864.

– ALL PHOTOS BY CARLETON E. WATKINS/ COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

Tom Augherton is an Arizona-based freelance writer. Do you know about an unsung character of the Old West whose story we should share here? Send the details to *stuart@twmag.com*, and be sure to include high-resolution historical photos.



Galen Clark, who regained his health and found his life's purpose amidst the giant sequoias of Yosemite Valley in the late 1850s, became Yosemite's first ranger, "the Guardian of the Mariposa Grove," two years after he successfully petitioned Congress to save the remarkable natural wonder in 1864.

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

Trail of Tragedy

The road to the Sand Creek Massacre 150 years later is filled with heartache—and hope.

On March 27, 1863, in the midst of the Civil War, a delegation of Southern Plains Indian leaders met at the White House to negotiate peace between the Plains tribes and the federal government (front row, from left): War Bonnet, Standing in The Water, Lean Bear of the Cheyennes, and Yellow Wolf of the Kiowas. Middle row: unknown. Back row (from left): interpreter William Simpson Smith, Indian agent Samuel G. Colley, unknown, unknown, center, President's secretary J.G. Nicolay, unknown, First Lady Mary Todd Lincoln.

– BY MATHEW B. BRADY/COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

I've waited until May to come back, figuring that a late fall or early winter trip would be too depressing. Besides, driving across rural southeastern Colorado in November can be deadly.

The last time I came here, in the late 1980s—years before Sand Creek was dedicated as a National Historic Site in 2007—tears streamed down my face as I looked over the plains where once an American flag flew over a peaceful village of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians.

Hey, I get emotional at the 9/11 Memorial in New York City and at the Vietnam "Wall" in Washington, D.C., but those are personal. Friends of friends died during the terrorist attacks of 2001, and a first cousin's name is on that wall. But no historical site affects me like Sand Creek.

"I tell you Ned it was hard to see little children on their knees have their brains beat out by men professing to be civilized."

It's 90 degrees as I turn off the unpaved county road and head toward park headquarters, but already I feel chilled.

"This is not a feel-good park," Shawn Gillette, Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site's chief of interpretation, tells me. "A group of Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians who wanted peace and got assurances of peace came here and were attacked by the United States Army."

On November 29, 1864, a cavalry force led by Col. John Chivington attacked a Cheyenne and Arapaho encampment. Cheyenne peace chief Black Kettle raised a U.S. flag and a white flag, but many soldiers, in particular the 3rd Colorado, paid no attention.

White Antelope, almost 80 years old, and Standing in the Water, probably in his 60s, walked out to meet the soldiers, but were shot down. They "were the first two Cheyennes killed," says independent historical investigator Jeff C. Campbell, who lives in nearby Eads.

What followed was horrible.

Independent historian Louis Kraft, who is writing *Sand Creek and the Tragic End of a Lifeway* for the University of Oklahoma Press, reminds me:

"Volunteer troops used small children for target practice, an unborn child was cut from its dead mother's body and scalped, three women and five children prisoners were executed by a lieutenant as their guards backed away in horror and while they begged for their lives. Many of the bodies gave up between five, seven and sometimes eight scalps. Penises, vaginas and breasts were cut from the dead and displayed as ornaments and trophies."

A century and a half later, the Cheyenne and Arapaho peoples aren't calling this an anniversary, but a healing. How should we remember this?

"For exactly what it was," Kraft says, "an outrage and a devastating wound that still burns within the soul of today's Cheyennes and Arapahos."

If you want proof of how deep these wounds cut, head to Denver, where I started this road trip.

On June 11, 1864, Nathan Hungate's family was killed, and "Indians" were blamed. "Neither the Cheyennes, Arapahos or any other tribe has been proved to be responsible for the murders of the Hungate family," Campbell says. "Even the coroner's inquest couldn't name suspects."

Yet the remains of those victims were displayed in Denver, white settlers became outraged, and territorial Governor John Evans told "friendly Indians" to go to "places of safety," including Fort Lyon. He also authorized citizens to "kill

Historical Marker

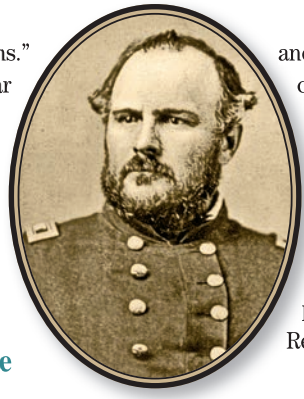
That's not a 50-star flag that flies over Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site. It has only 33 stars. A marker tells the story outside the visitor center.

Cheyenne chief Black Kettle was told that flying the flag would protect the village of Cheyennes and Arapahos from U.S. forces, which makes the massacre even that more appalling.

Just over 13 years before the tragic massacre at Sand Creek, tribal members of eight Indian tribes, including the Arapaho and Cheyenne, signed the Treaty of Fort Laramie on September 17, 1851. The treaty mapped out tribal territorial claims and guaranteed safety to Oregon Trail travelers.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

and destroy … hostile Indians." On August 11, the U.S. War Department authorized a 100-day volunteer cavalry and put Chivington, a hero of the 1862 Civil War battle of Glorieta Pass in New Mexico, in command of the military district.



Nicknamed the "Fighting Parson," John Chivington told church deacons in September 1864: "It simply is not possible for Indians to obey or even understand any treaty. I am fully satisfied, gentlemen, that to kill them is the only way we will ever have peace and quiet in Colorado."

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Sand Creek Pilgrimage Begins in Denver

I'm inside the History Colorado Center, a fabulous state-of-the-art museum downtown. When I first visited the museum shortly after it opened in April 2012, it presented an exhibit on Sand Creek. But no more.

In the summer of 2013, the museum closed the exhibit after receiving complaints from Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. The tribes had not been consulted before the exhibit went up, and objected to a "collision of cultures" explanation of what happened.

"We continue the consultation process with the tribes and, while this takes place, the exhibit remains closed," outgoing public relations director Rebecca Laurie says.

Back in September 1864, Indian leaders, including Black Kettle, met with Evans and Chivington near Denver. The Indians followed instructions and headed to Fort Lyon, where, after more discussions, they moved to Sand Creek for forage and game.

I left Denver for Cascade, just outside of Colorado Springs. I'm staying at Cascade Escapes' Ramona Cottage, which happens to be walking distance to The Wines of Colorado, where I pair the state's best wines with the restaurant's outstanding dishes.

Besides, I remember that line in Kraft's one-man play *Cheyenne Blood*, about Ned Wynkoop, one of the strongest white voices condemning Sand Creek:

"Indeed, I have been wrongly accused of raising a glass of fine juices to these lips far too often. That's why some people call me Wine-koop."

Okay. I needed to find some comedy on this trip. But there's another reason to visit Colorado Springs and vicinity. In 1858, gold was discovered in Colorado, setting off the Pikes Peak rush.

That history is well documented at two Colorado Springs museums: the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum and the Ghost Town Museum, both fun for children and adults.

The gold rush brought thousands of white settlers to Colorado, and led to the Treaty of Fort Wise (which would become Fort Lyon) in 1860. The agreement greatly reduced the Cheyenne-Arapaho hunting

Six months before Col. John Chivington led the 3rd Regiment Colorado Cavalry from Denver to attack Black Kettle's village on Sand Creek, a flood on Cherry Creek devastated the mining boomtown on May 19, 1864.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

grounds established in 1851. But many Indians, possibly unaware of the new treaty, kept hunting on their old grounds.

It's time to head away from the mountains and toward Sand Creek.

The Road to Sand Creek

In Las Animas, the John W. Rawlings Heritage Center and Museum offers a nice look at regional history, while Fort Lyon, which closed in 1867 and was a minimum security prison until 2011, is on the National Register of Historic Places, including a national cemetery established in 1907.

In November, the 3rd Colorado—by then being derisively referred to as the "Bloodless Third" for its lack of combat—and the 1st Colorado headed for Fort Lyon, soon joined by other companies. Chivington and his staff left Denver on November 20.

He arrived at Fort Lyon on November 28, and that night rode north with roughly 675 men and four 12-inch mountain howitzers.

Chivington, an ordained (but inactive) Methodist minister, reportedly said: "I have come to kill Indians, and believe it is right and honorable to use any means under God's heaven to kill Indians. Kill and scalp all, big and little; nits make lice."

Did he really say that?

"Most likely," Campbell says. "General [William] Harney was credited with that quote [after the battle at Ash Hollow, Nebraska, in 1855], and Chivington often thought he had 'eclipsed Harney.' However, in one form or fashion that quote goes back to Roman times, ad infinitum."

Make sure you visit Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site, a reconstructed 1840s adobe post and excellent living history museum near La Junta.

William Bent, who married a Cheyenne

Cheyenne Chief Black Kettle led Cheyenne and Arapaho tribal leaders ,on a peace mission to Camp Weld in Denver in September 1864, agreed to return and settle peacefully near Fort Lyon on the Cheyenne and Arapaho Reservation. Standing (from left): White Wing, Bosse, interpreter John Smith, rest unknown; seated (from left): Neva, Bull Bear, Black Kettle, One-Eye and an unidentified Indian; kneeling: Maj. Edward Wynkoop and Capt. Silas Soule.

– COURTESY COLORADO HISTORICAL SOCIETY –

More that a battlefield or part of the national parks system (above), Sand Creek has, for 15 years, been the site of healing ceremonies and a spiritual renewal run from the battlefield to Denver.

– PHOTOS BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS –

woman, helped establish the post along the Arkansas River. Three of his mixed-blood sons would be at Sand Creek on that ugly morning.

"A unique way to compare Denver attitudes versus Arkansas Valley attitudes helps explain a lot," Campbell says. "Along the Arkansas Valley, people got along, both Indian and white, but in Denver 'the Indian had to go.'"

This circa 1950 stone marker (above), the oldest known marker at Sand Creek, overlooks the massacre site.

My Solemn Return to the Massacre Site

So here I am at Sand Creek, once again overlooking the campsite—off-limits to visitors, out of respect for the dead.

As more research is uncovered, the number killed increases. "It's about 200," Gillette says, "and it's probably going to grow."

Not every soldier, however, took part in the massacre, which lasted between six and eight hours. Captain Silas Soule and Lieutenant Joseph Cramer ordered their soldiers to stand down. Soule reportedly even placed his men between the attackers and retreating Indians.

Soule wrote Wynkoop: "I tell you Ned it was hard to see little children on their knees have their brains beat out by men professing to be civilized."

While Chivington and his men would be feted as heroes upon their return to Denver, in Washington and elsewhere, the massacre would be condemned.

Chivington, however, went to his grave in 1894 denying any culpability. "I stand by Sand Creek," he often said.

Soule would later be killed in Denver. Some argue his death was a conspiracy for his testimony against Chivington. Others say that, as provost marshal, he unfortunately lost a gunfight.

"The descendants of the Cheyennes and Arapahos who were here 150 years were largely responsible for establishing this park," Gillette tells me. "And they wanted it to be for all Americans, not just their own people."

These wounds, however, still hurt.

"War doesn't give soldiers the right to murder, rape and butcher," Kraft says. "Not yesterday, not today, and not ever."

Johnny D. Boggs recommends checking out *SandCreekSite.com*, and the Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site webpage at *NPS.gov*, before traveling to the massacre site.

Northern Cheyenne William Walks Along (left) addressed more than 500 people at the dedication of Sand Creek Massacre National Historic Site on April 28, 2007. Cheyenne Chief Gordon Yellowman (above, in bonnet), who opened the dedication ceremony with a prayer, stands solemnly with Park Superintendent Dr. Alexa Roberts, and James Doyle and Eddie Lopez of the National Park Service, who held their hats in observance of a Cheyenne Honor Song.

– PHOTOS COURTESY NATIONAL PARK SERVICE –

– BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS –

PLACES TO VISIT

Beecher Island: The island on the Arickaree, where George Forsythe's civilian scouts fought off Roman Nose's warriors September 17-19, 1868, is long gone. But historical markers and monuments (above) mark the site on County Road 20 south of *Wray, Colorado*.

Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site: Built in 1833 on the banks of the Arkansas River on the American-Mexican frontier by brothers William and Charles Bent, the fort was an important trading center for the Cheyenne people along the Santa Fe Trail near *La Junta, Colorado*.

Washita Battlefield National Historic Site: This is the site of Sand Creek's grim postscript, where George Custer's Seventh Cavalry attacked Black Kettle's camp on November 27, 1868. Black Camp would not survive this time. Hiking trails and an excellent visitors center can be found near *Cheyenne, Oklahoma*.

– COURTESY OXFORD HOTEL –

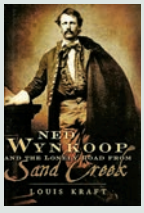
GOOD EATS & SLEEPS

Good Grub: Fruition (*Denver*); The Wines of Colorado (*Cascade*); Shamrock Brewing Co. (*Pueblo*); K&M Ranch House Restaurant (*Eads*).

Lodging: The Oxford Hotel (*Denver*); Ramona Cottage at Cascade Escape (*Cascade*); Bent's Fort Inn (*Las Animas*); Third Street Nest Bed & Breakfast (*Lamar*).

GOOD BOOKS/ FILM & TV

Good Books: *The Sand Creek Massacre* by Stan Hoig; *Black Kettle: The Cheyenne Chief Who Sought Peace But Found War* by Thom Hatch; *A Very Small Remnant* (novel) by Michael Straight; *Ned Wynkoop and the Lonely Road from Sand Creek* by Louis Kraft.



Good Films & TV: *Tomahawk* (Universal Pictures, 1951); *Little Big Man* (National General Pictures, 1970); *Soldier Blue* (AVCO Embassy Pictures, 1970); *Into the West* (DreamWorks Television, TNT, 2005).

BY C. COURTNEY JOYNER

The Heart of the Movie

Barry Corbin on The Homesman, Lonesome Dove *and making Westerns.*

In February 1989, television history was being made with the CBS broadcast of *Lonesome Dove*. Adapted from Larry McMurtry's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, the miniseries shattered ratings and became a "water cooler" favorite. *Lonesome Dove* was the show to watch, and one of the reasons was luckless Deputy Roscoe Brown, portrayed with great heart by Barry Corbin.

"Well, *Lonesome Dove* was one where I'd read the book, before they were even thinking about doing the series. I told my agent I wanted to be a part of it, if it was ever done. The casting people came to town and I was cast, and I was very proud to play Roscoe," Corbin tells *True West*.

> "...I'm pretty sure this is going to be something we can all be proud of."

At 73, the Lamesa, Texas, native hasn't lost a bit of his accent, or his self-effacing humor, after decades of success as one of film and television's finest, and favorite, character actors.

Coming to Los Angeles in the late 1970s, after making his mark in New York performing Shakespeare, Corbin found breaking into film and television difficult until he got the call to audition for a project called *Urban Cowboy:* "I went in wearing old jeans, worn out boots and an old hat. I read and didn't think anymore about it. About two weeks later, they wanted me to meet John Travolta, and John said, 'We're gonna have a lot of fun.'"

Mary Bee Cuddy (Hilary Swank) tells Buster Shaver (Barry Corbin) she's determined to take a group of mentally ill women across the country to a hospital, in *The Homesman*, written and directed by Tommy Lee Jones, from Glendon Swarthout's novel.

– COURTESY ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS –

Corbin chuckles at the film's longevity, saying, "Why, I have teenagers—and they're not as old as the movie—tell me *Urban Cowboy* is their favorite, so I guess it has some legs."

Urban Cowboy was a mega-hit in 1980, and Corbin moved from one project to the next, without breaking stride, from the *Dallas* soap opera to 1983's *The Thorn Birds* to 1983's hugely successful *War Games* and a fine turn in Clint Eastwood's excellent and underrated 1982 movie *Honkytonk Man*.

Years of excellent performances led naturally to *Lonesome Dove*, which would mark another milestone in Corbin's career: his first collaboration with fellow Texan Tommy Lee Jones. They worked together again, in the Oscar-winning 2007 film *No Country for Old Men*, and this year, in *The Homesman*, with Jones directing from *Shootist* author Glendon Swarthout's classic novel.

The Homesman is the story of George Briggs (Jones), a man hired to take a group of women back home to the East,

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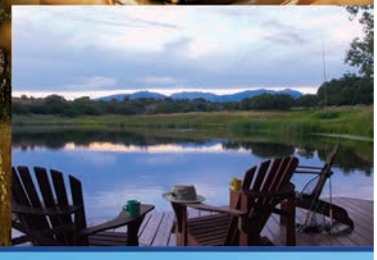

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Mary Miller Jordan and her adopted horse, Silver Lining. (photo: Sarah Woody)

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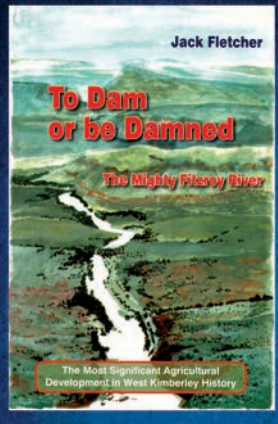

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after their frontier lives have left them mentally broken. The novel, which filmmakers have been trying to portray cinematically for 25 years, is stunning in its realism of the hardships women faced during the "Winning of the West."

The novel was new to Corbin when he took on the role of Buster Shaver. "I hadn't read the book when I did the movie, but I've since read it. Miles Swarthout [Glendon's son] sent me a copy," Corbin says. "I worked one day, and it was brief, but was a good experience. My scenes were with Hilary Swank, and I really admired her work. And of course, I've known Tommy for years, and I always like his work. So I'm pretty sure this is going to be something we can all be proud of."

One scene can be enough, which was the actor's experience on *No Country for Old Men*. "I'd read McCarthy's *All the Pretty Horses*," Corbin says. "My agent said I might not be interested in *No Country for Old Men* because it's only one scene. I read it and found the character, and that scene is the heart of the whole movie, so I did it."

Corbin was again working with Jones, who had doubts about the directing style of Joel and Ethan Coen: "I asked them, 'Do you guys ever give direction?' Because they didn't say anything to us at all. They said, 'If we cast it right, we don't have to,'" Corbin says. "Well, that told me all I needed to know. Tommy and I were talking about it, and he said, 'I don't know about these guys.' And I said, 'I think they know what they're after.' That scene was his first scene to shoot, and my only scene, and that was an interesting deal."

Barry Corbin got his first major film break with 1980's *Urban Cowboy*. After working with Tommy Lee Jones on *Lonesome Dove*, he has acted with Jones in two more Westerns, *No Country for Old Men* and this year's *The Homesman,* which premiered at the Cannes Film Festival in France.

– ***URBAN COWBOY*** COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES; ***NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN*** COURTESY MIRAMAX FILMS; ***THE HOMESMAN*** COURTESY EUROPACORP –

Corbin feels that directors who come from an acting background bring out the best in their cast. "They know how to talk to an actor," he says. "There are so many people who came from a technical background, cinematographers and so forth, who don't really know what an actor does. They don't understand what we bring to it and think of us as kind of puppets. If you've acted, then you understand the contribution."

This is certainly true of actor-director Jones and his guidance of *The Homesman's* stellar cast, including Hilary Swank, John Lithgow, Hailee Steinfeld and Meryl Streep. The film's

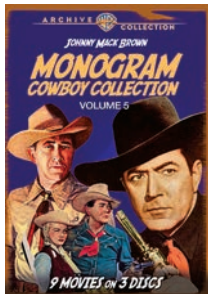
reception at the Cannes Film Festival was excellent. *The Homesman* should be not only an important Western, but also one of the most important movies of the year, when it debuts in the U.S. this November.

Corbin laughs modestly about his contribution to so many fine films, but he's proud that he's breathed life into the literary characters of Larry McMurtry, Cormac McCarthy and now Glendon Swarthout. "Well, my purpose is to interpret what the author intended; that's my job," Corbin says. "And if I understand his intent, and sometimes I don't, but if I do, and the characters are drawn so strongly as in these films, it's pretty hard to go too wrong with it."

DVD REVIEW

THE MONOGRAM COWBOY COLLECTION, VOLUME 5

(Warner Archive, $40.99) This collection of seven Johnny Mack Brown "Nevada Jack McKenzie" adventures, plus a bonus pair, demonstrates why Brown, with his rich voice and relaxed manner, was very much a movie star. Even when one of these quickies falters, Brown and sidekick Raymond Hatton never do.

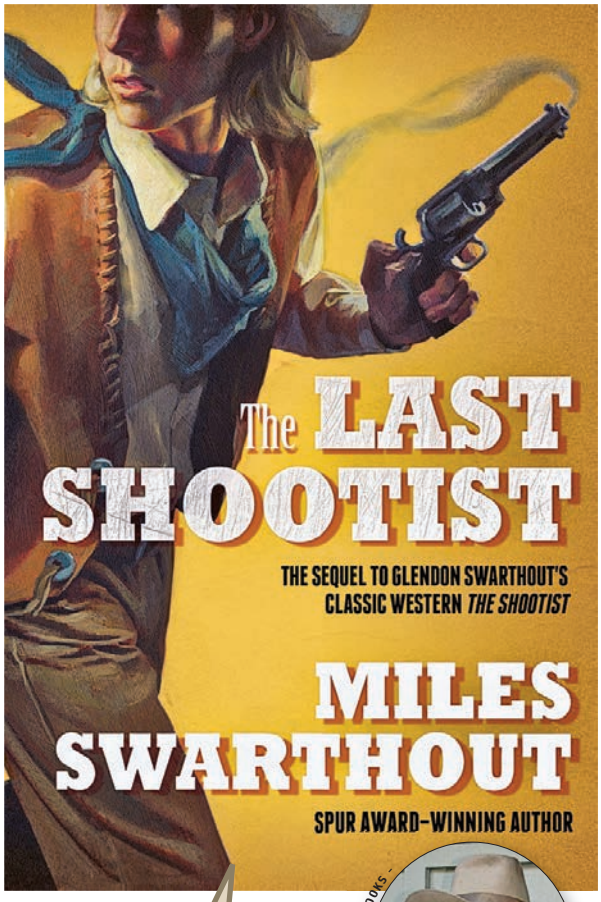


The Texas Kid, *Partners of the Trail* and *Law Men*, all directed by Lambert Hillyer, are solid, with *Sky King's* Kirby Grant popping up in *Law Men*, while future Lois Lane Phyllis Coates is in *Canyon Ambush*. The films have never looked better, with *Border Bandits* particularly well shot by William Sickner. The gem of the collection is *Raiders of the South*, with Brown as a Secret Service agent.

C. Courtney Joyner is a screenwriter and director with more than 25 produced movies to his credit. He is the author of *The Westerners: Interviews with Actors, Directors and Writers*.

WESTERN BOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS EDITOR: STUART ROSEBROOK



– COURTESY FORGE BOOKS –

"He was quick, very quick. His reflexes, hand-to-eye coordination, distant vision, Gillom Rogers had it all, the lightning-fast instincts of a gifted athlete, or a gunfighter."

The Last Shootist: A Classic Tale of the Wild West

The sequel to The Shootist *delivers timeless coming-of-age Western adventure, plus a new biography of Calamity Jane, the history of Fort Worth, the little-known life of a Nevada sheriff and Loren Estleman's best of the best of the West.*

Author Miles Swarthout's *The Last Shootist* (Forge Books, $24.99), a much-anticipated sequel to his father Glendon Swarthout's best-selling novel *The Shootist* (Doubleday, 1975) is an excellent Western novel that seamlessly picks up the complex characters and transitioning West of El Paso, Texas, that made the elder Swarthout's original so popular.

Miles' prose is lean with richly developed characters, tight dialogue and well-researched historic border towns and mining camps of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. The hero of the first novel, J.B. Books, is dead, but his spirit has filled the mind and body of *The Last Shootist*'s young hero, Gillom Rogers, who has inherited the great gunfighter's matched pair of .44-40 Remingtons—and the brashness of a teen with deadly dreams: "If I can just learn to handle these pistols as well as Mr. Books did, quick draws, spinning tricks, a sharpshooter, I can become as famous a shootist as that old man was!"

Gillom Rogers is an audacious young man with courage known only to those naïve and inexperienced in real life, whose mind is filled with the romantic notions of life as a famous gunman, far from

In Miles Swarthout's novel *The Last Shootist*, the sequel to his father Glendon Swarthout's *The Shootist*, he brings back Gillom Rogers as "the last shootist," who was portrayed by Ron Howard alongside John Wayne as J.B. Books in Miles' 1975 screen adaptation of *The Shootist*.

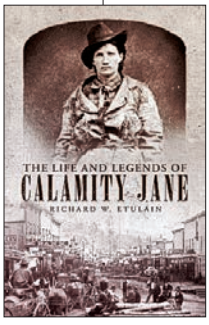
– COURTESY PARAMOUNT PICTURES –

In *The Life and Legends of Calamity Jane*, author Richard W. Etulain carefully details how she remained in the spotlight of popular culture in her last years, including a feature on her life in Livingston, Montana, in *Sunset Magazine* in 1901.

– COURTESY OF J. LEONARD JENNEWEIN COLLECTION, MCGOVERN LIBRARY, DAKOTA WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY

the tedium of middle-class El Paso. He is the son of a pious, Christian widow, Bond Rogers, who dreams of her son finishing high school and going to college. Instead, young Rogers, long without a father, is enamored with the real life-and-death masculinity of Mr. Books. The dying gunman lived his last days boarding in their home, and young Rogers, with the deadly pistols in his possession after Books' death, can only visualize his life ahead as a shootist on the gunfighter's trail. "He was quick, very quick. His reflexes, hand-to-eye coordination, distant vision, Gillom Rogers had it all, the lightning-fast instincts of a gifted athlete, or a gunfighter."

Like the young character who picks up J.B. Book's oversized Remington revolvers to follow the shootist's gunfighter trail, Swarthout's confidence in picking up the pen to follow his father's famous characters into further Western adventures is just as courageous. Miles, an experienced screenwriter, received a Western Writers of America Spur Award for best first novel for *The Sergeant's Lady* (Forge Books, 2004). He provides an excellent afterword in which he shares the careful journey he took to write the sequel. Miles also discusses in detail the differences between the novel and his adaptation of *The Shootist* into John Wayne's critically acclaimed film and how it affected his sequel. As the author succinctly recalls, Wayne would not end the film the same way the book ends, which is why *The Last Shootist* opens with the final scene from *The Shootist* as a prologue. Miles concludes the afterword with an excellent detailed account of historical source material and background on the real locations and historic characters that inhabit Swarthout's Southwest. And he does it all with equal confidence and success, giving readers a wonderful ride once again into the Western lands that all Swarthout writers know so well—and love to share with all of us. *—Stuart Rosebrook*



THE REAL AND IMAGINED LIFE OF CALAMITY JANE

Most people have heard of Calamity Jane, once promoted as The Famous Woman Scout of the Wild West. But do we really know who she was? After losing her parents as a young girl, Martha Canary had to fend for herself on the frontier and eventually became the legendary Calamity Jane. It's hard to distinguish fact from fiction in Calamity's life. Dime novelists invented tall tales about her and she fabricated many more yarns herself. In

ROUGH DRAFTS

"Where does the West begin or end?" Dr. Albert L. Hurtado asked rhetorically in my graduate seminar on the West at Arizona State University. Is Hawaii or Alaska the most Western state? Is Minnesota, the eastern edge of the West, and Baja California Sur, Mexico, its southwestern twin on the map? We never came to a consensus, but we did agree that beginning with the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock was a little late and too far east.

I recommend three new books in 2014 on the origins of the West that will definitely fuel your conclusions on where (and when) the West begins and ends:

Robert Varnum's *Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca: American Trailblazer* (University of Oklahoma Press): Why not start with one of the first great Spanish survival tales of a conquistador who traveled two continents in search of the West?

Gregory Orfalfa's *Journey to the Sun: Junípero Serra's Dream and the Founding of California* (Scribner): As a native Californian, I am biased; this is a must-read!

James L. Haley's *Captive Paradise: A History of Hawaii* (St. Martin's Press): I believe Hawaii might be the best place to discover your Western state of mind.

–Stuart Rosebrook

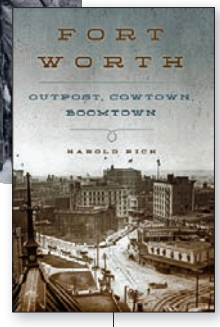
BUILDING YOUR WESTERN LIBRARY

According to author Harold Rich, in 1899, the Tarrant County sheriff's office had overlapping jurisdiction with the local police over Fort Worth's notorious vice-district, Hell's Half Acre. Elimination of the gambling casinos and houses of prostitution was viewed negatively by many local leaders because the regular collection of fines from the Acre funded local municipal services.

– COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT ARLINGTON SPECIAL COLLECTIONS –

The Life and Legends of Calamity Jane (University of Oklahoma Press, $24.95), Richard W. Etulain separates fact from myth, showing all sides of this complex larger-than-life person. If you want to learn the truth and hear the fable of this Old West character, you need to read this book. —*Bill Markley author of* Deadwood Dead Men

COWTOWN TO BOOMTOWN



From 1880 to 1918, Fort Worth struggled to grow into a "city of substance." During the 1880s, it became a major railroad hub. However, Fort Worth seemed doomed to remain in the shadows of its sister city, Dallas, until Armour and Swift opened packinghouses in 1903, propelling it into the forefront of the nation's meatpacking industry. Author Harold Rich's *Fort Worth: Outpost, Cowtown, Boomtown* (University of Oklahoma Press, $29.95) is a meticulously researched story. Rich's account of the efforts of powerful boosters John Peter Smith and Buckley Paddock adds color, as does his description of the lawless Hell's Half Acre. Through a combination of thoughtful leadership and luck, by 1920, Fort Worth had

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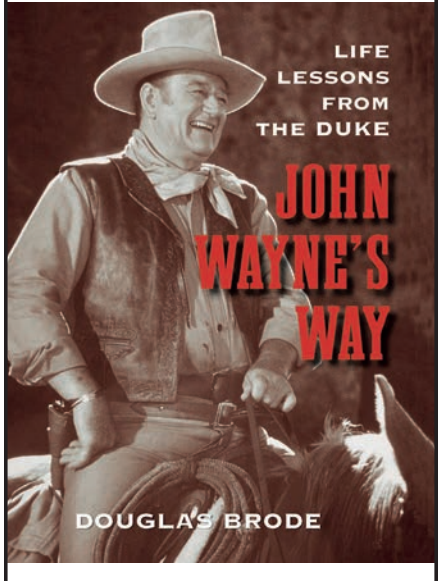

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TRUE WEST

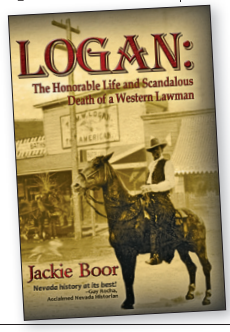
Author Jackie Boor's meticulous biography of Nye County, Nevada, Sheriff Tom Logan (center, with deputies, circa 1902) provides Western history fans a detailed history of a lesser-known law officer who lived and died an honorable life on the frontier.

– COURTESY LOGAN FAMILY ARCHIVES –

achieved its goal. It had become a city of substance. —*Jim Jones author of* Waning Moon

LIFE OF A NEVADA SHERIFF

As an attempt to raise Tom Logan to the level of Wyatt Earp and other legendary Old West lawmen, this book falls short, as there is little to elevate Logan above the typical county sheriff. But Jackie Boor's *Logan: The Honorable Life and Scandalous Death of a Western Lawman*



(Cable Publishing, $25.95) does offer a wide-ranging history of Tonopah and Nye County, Nevada, around the turn of the 20th century. Chronicled are lawmen, outlaws, lawyers, bartenders, businessmen, pianists, prostitutes, politicians and others. While there is much of interest here, there is too much—some of it only marginally relevant. From poetry to photos to lengthy newspaper excerpts, it seems the author couldn't help but include everything turned up by extensive research. —*Rod Miller author of* Rawhide Robinson Rides the Range

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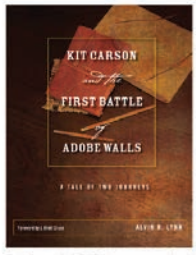

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TRUE WEST'S "OLD WEST SAVIOR" LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ SHARES HER LOVE OF GOOD BOOKS

Teaching is her vocation. Preservation is her passion. History is her muse. Lynda A. Sánchez, who moved to Lincoln, New Mexico, over 40 years ago, has pursued her vocation, passion and muse to their fullest extent. She taught high school and college, led a nationally recognized preservation battle to preserve Fort Stanton (see her book *Fort Stanton: An Illustrated History*) as a state historic site, and became a preeminent historian of the Mescalero Apache people. Her life's work has had a positive effect on many and she has served a role model to many more, in many ways. But just as she has given, she has received. Sánchez became a student and colleague of Western historian Eve Ball, who mentored her in the art of oral history, research and writing. Before Ball died, Sánchez and her colleague Nora Henn assisted Ball in her final work, *Indeh: An Apache Odyssey*.

Sánchez, who lives on a ranch along the Rio Bonito, has recently published one of her own most important books, *Apache Legends and Lore of Southern New Mexico: From the Sacred Mountain* (The History Press), which began with an oral history manuscript of Mescalero Percy Bigmouth she received in the early 1980s. She promises her next book, a novel, won't take as long to complete, but in the meantime, she recommends these five classic Western titles for your personal library.

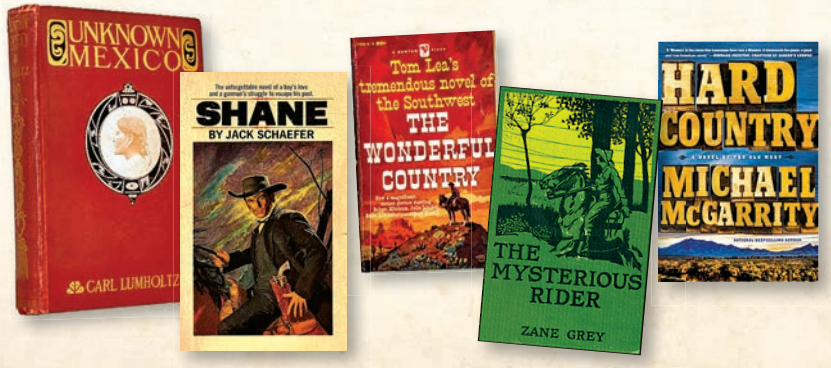
❶ *Unknown Mexico* (Carl Lumholz, Charles Scribner's Sons): His two-volume 1902 publication is a must-read for anyone writing about the Southwest and northern Mexico. Beautifully illustrated with photos and sketches, it truly takes one back in time. He writes terrific descriptions of Apache camps and other Native folks, including the Hispanic residents of the Sierra Madre. If you can't travel, this is a book that will take you there.

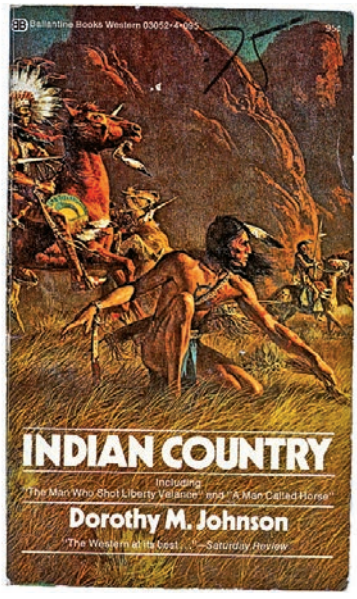
❷ *Shane* (Jack Schaefer, Houghton Mifflin): When we lived in Santa Fe, my parents invited Jack Schaefer to a gathering at our house. I was totally in awe of the man who had written this story of a naïve boy and a gunfighter that was unlike most Westerns of the era.

❸ *The Wonderful Country* (Tom Lea, Little Brown & Co.): Who can forget the magnificent horse named Lágrimas, and the relationship between horse and rider? It is a tale of the borderlands including the bold artistry of Lea and reveals the author's respect and love for the wild country.

❹ *The Mysterious Rider* (Zane Grey, Grosset & Dunlap): One of the lesser-known of Grey's books includes the romance of cowboys, ranching and a mystery rider you will never forget.

❺ *Hard Country: A Novel of the Old West* (Michael McGarrity, Dutton): First of a trilogy includes great historical research combined with the fictional lives of Apaches, Hispanics and Anglos in southern New Mexico.



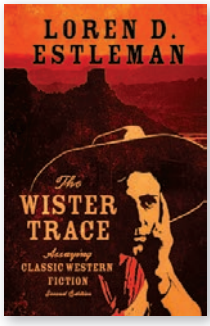


Loren D. Estleman's new edition of *The Wister Trace: Assaying Classic Western Fiction*, broadens his coverage of Western novelists to all writers, especially short-story specialists like Western author Dorothy M. Johnson, whose stories in *Indian Country*, according to Estleman, are "masterfully composed in a virile, pared down style [which] will never grow stale."

– COURTESY STUART ROSEBROOK COLLECTION –

REVISITING CLASSIC WESTERN FICTION

Spend some time with the new edition of Loren D. Estleman's *The Wister Trace: Assaying Classic Western Fiction, Second Edition* (University of Oklahoma Press, $20), and you'll remember why you fell in love with Westerns in the first place. Estleman, an award-winning author of more than 70 novels, pointed out in the 1987 edition that it is the mix of wildness and chivalry that makes the Western genre unique, and he follows this trajectory as it emerges from Owen Wister's *The Virginian* to ricochet down through the 20th century. This new edition is updated to reflect recent film adaptations and includes chapters on Dorothy M. Johnson and Annie Proulx. —*Max McCoy, author of* The Spirit is Willing



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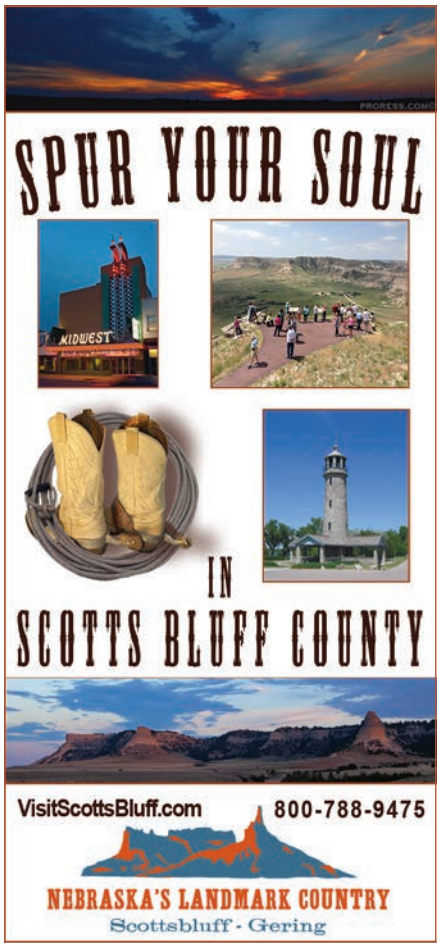
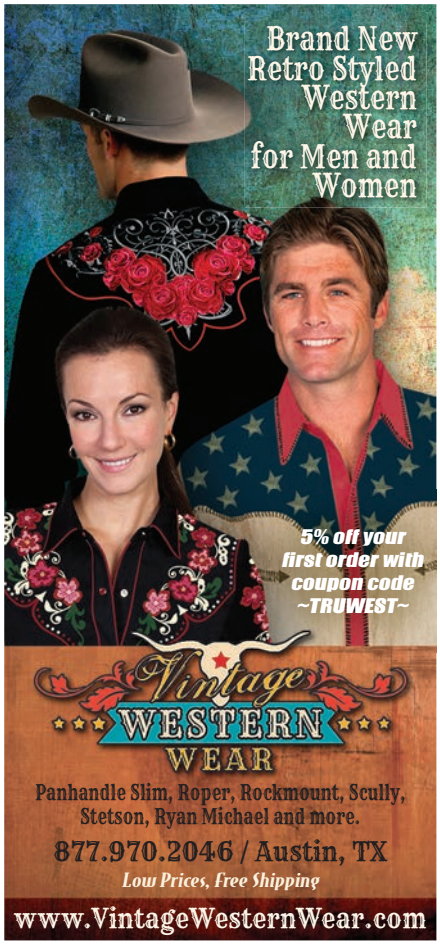




Boggs UNLEASHED!

A TWISTED BIT OF HISTORY BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

Arizona Historians Survive Cutback

ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY PRESERVES HISTORY...FOR NOW.

After saving Arizona's history since 1864, the Arizona Historical Society's history almost ended, before cooler heads prevailed.

Just past midnight on April 24, the Arizona State Legislature passed a 10-year reauthorization for the society. But it was touch and go for a while.

Most state agencies are subject to a review every decade. Like its peers, the society has been hit with budget cuts over the past few years, which makes life difficult when you're running museums and research facilities across the state.

Last fall, the House-Senate committee recommended that the society be reauthorized for another decade. After the bill went through the House unmolested, it ran into Gail Griffin, a senator from Hereford who represents District 25. She pushed for a two-year reassessment, which would have made the society, well, history. Could anyone increase fundraising when the organization you're raising money for could be dead in a few years?

What would Yuma be without its territorial prison, other than hot?

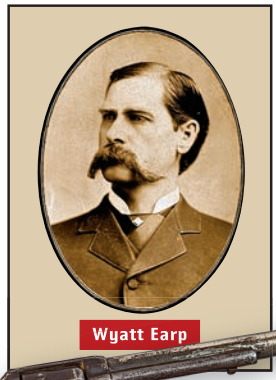
Hey, I know everybody loves the Grand Canyon—and for a hole in the ground, it is kind of neat—but sometimes people forget the importance of history. And Arizona is full of history.

Hereford, Griffin's home base, is located in Cochise County. That's Cochise County of Tombstone fame, of Bisbee and Douglas, of Cochise Stronghold, of frontier forts Bowie and Huachuca. Tom and Frank McLaury hung their hats in Hereford before getting buried in Tombstone's Boot Hill.

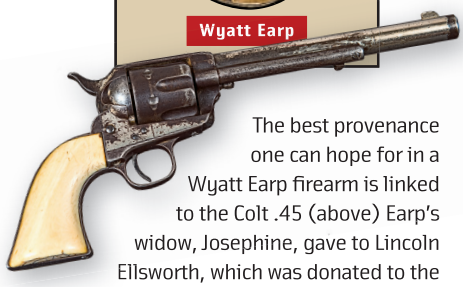
I might be wrong, but I don't think all of those 400,000-plus tourists come to Tombstone each year to see how green the Palo Verde trees are in the spring.

Apache warrior Geronimo surrendered the above Model 1870 Springfield rifle to Indian Agent John Clum at the Warm Springs Agency in New Mexico in 1877. Nine years later, C.S. Fly took the shown photograph of Geronimo; the Arizona Historical Society also preserves Fly's images.

– RIFLE COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY TUCSON #76.27.1; GERONIMO PHOTO COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –



Wyatt Earp



The best provenance one can hope for in a Wyatt Earp firearm is linked to the Colt .45 (above) Earp's widow, Josephine, gave to Lincoln Ellsworth, which was donated to the Arizona Historical Society.

– GUN COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY TUCSON #87.35.1; EARP PHOTO COURTESY CRAIG FOUTS –

History is even important at Arizona's most famous tourist destination. What would the Grand Canyon be if not for John Wesley Powell's 1869 trip down the Colorado River through the canyon?

Likewise, what would Yuma be without its territorial prison, other than hot? Where would artists live had Jerome not been settled in 1876? Besides, patrons of Phoenix's Heard Museum aren't just admiring art; they are getting a history lesson.

In fairness, Griffin said she is pro-history. But maybe she and other elected voices need a history lesson: Just a year after Arizona's separation from New Mexico Territory, politicians understood the importance of history. On November 7, 1864—150 years ago this month—the First Territorial Legislature established the society to safeguard "all facts relating to the history of this Territory."

Today, the society not only collects and preserves, it interprets and publicizes that history. It runs museums and research archives in Flagstaff, Tempe, Tucson and Yuma. It stores more than three million objects, including Geronimo's rifle and Wyatt Earp's pistol, plus more than one million photographs, 40,000 books, 20,000 architectural plans, 5,000 maps and 1,500 rolls of microfilm.

Thankfully, history has been saved. For now. Check back in 2024.

Johnny D. Boggs loves Arizona's history and scenic wonders, but he does question why anyone eats Sonoran Mexican grub.

BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Lobsters on the Frontier

Don't trust an idiot to prepare your lobster dish.

"Lobster salad, prepared by an inexperienced person who does not know what to exclude, is almost as dangerous as an unloaded gun in the hands of a full grown idiot!" reported *The San Diego Weekly Union* in 1889.

When it came to lobster salad, all cooks and diners agreed on one point—the recipe had to be good.

In the 1860s, most lobsters consumed on the American frontier were sold as, "Fresh in 2 lb. cans." The popular way to serve canned lobster was by making a salad with homemade mayonnaise. Restaurants and saloons in Arizona, New Mexico, Nebraska, Idaho, Colorado and other locales offered lobster salad for dinner. Chefs commonly served it with toast points—toast cut into fancy pieces.

One man "exceedingly fond" of lobster salad frequently complained about not feeling well, as Nebraska's *The Omaha Herald* reported in 1889. His associates blamed his troubles on his diet. "If you keep eating salad in this way it will kill you," one friend told him. He replied, "It's the only thing that keeps me alive."

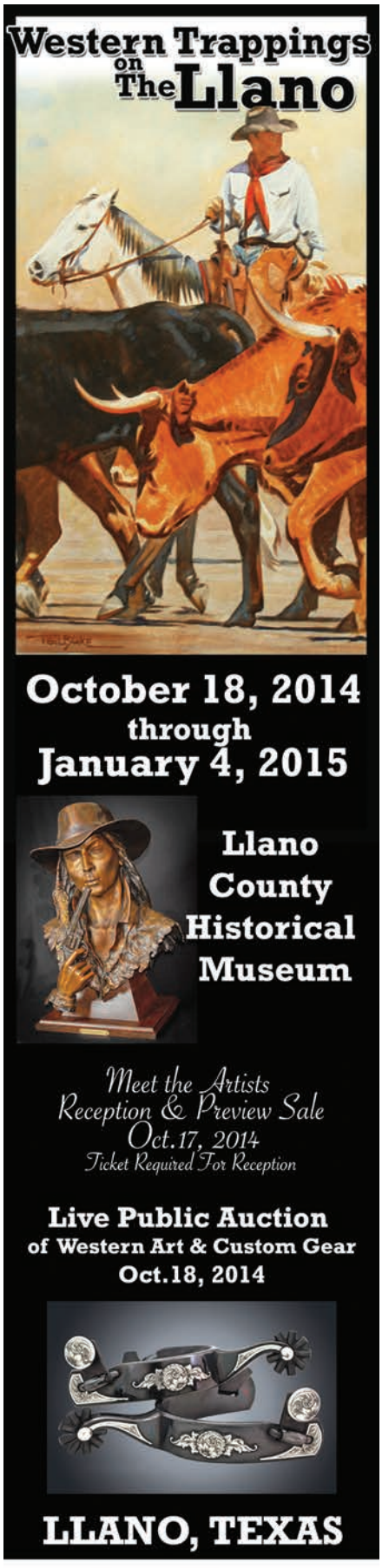
One day, when the man told his family that he hadn't slept well, one of his family members said, "I thought you were eating too much of that lobster salad last evening." The man replied, "It wasn't the salad.... It was that confounded toast!"

In 1867, *The Rocky Mountain News* in Denver, Colorado, reported that 4,000 pounds of lobster meat was being canned daily. One lobster factory in Maine had packed 188,000 cans of lobster in 1871, Portland's *Morning Oregonian* reported.

> "Lobster salad...is almost as dangerous as an unloaded gun in the hands of a full grown idiot!"

California was lucky to have fresh lobsters, although its lobsters were the spiny version, without the giant East Coast claws. They were referred to as crawfish in California newspapers.

While California had fresh lobsters often, inland states like Colorado did not. When these states were lucky enough to receive fresh lobsters, they made a big deal out of it. In 1868, *The Rocky Mountain News* advertised, "Hartels & Potter are going to have some fine fresh



lobsters tomorrow. 'A word to the wise is sufficient.'"

As is the case with some people today, a shellfish allergy reaction could affect Western pioneers, but the disorder wasn't recognized as an allergy. San Francisco's *Daily Evening Bulletin* featured a story in 1868 about "eccentricities of the flesh." The newspaper reported, "...some persons cannot eat a lobster salad without its having a very curious effect upon their complexion. We know a lady who once indulged at supper-time in a salad of this kind, and upon her return to the ball-room her face and neck immediately became covered with spots, obliging her to retire."

So long as you don't have an allergy to lobster, try the shared delicious Victorian recipe for Lobster a la Newburg, another lobster delicacy enjoyed on the frontier.

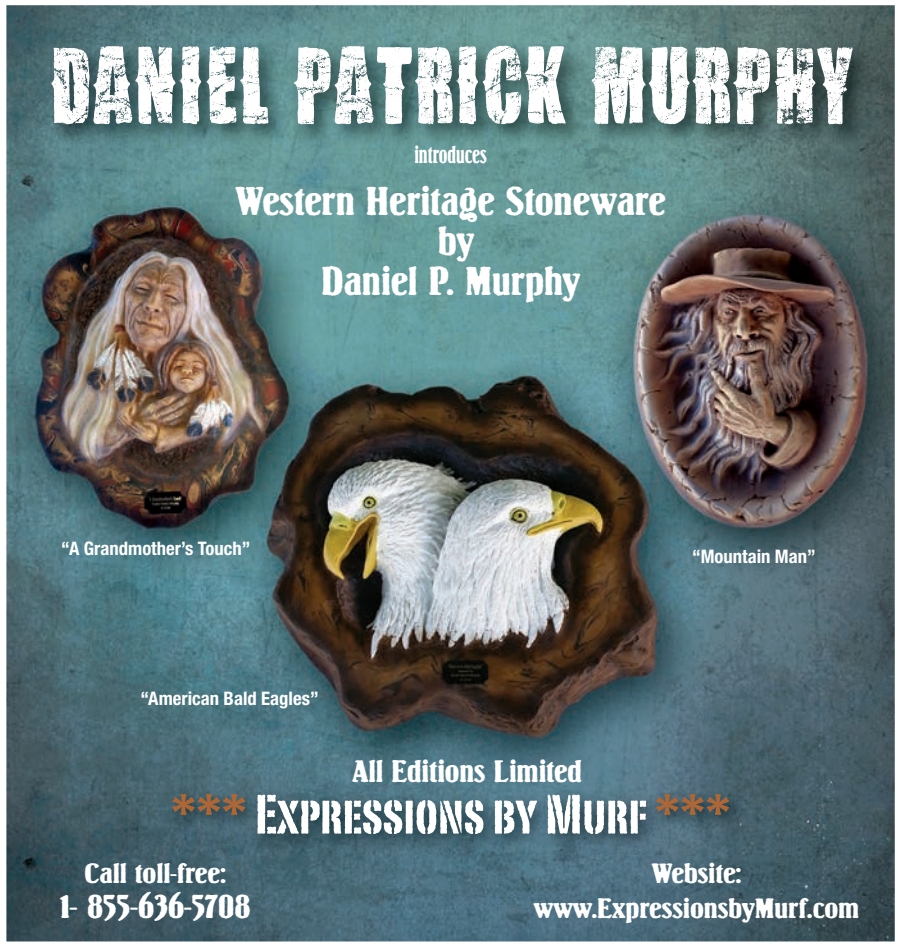
Sherry Monahan has penned *Mrs. Earp: Wives & Lovers of the Earp Brothers*; *California Vines, Wines & Pioneers; Taste of Tombstone*; *The Wicked West* and *Tombstone's Treasure*. She's appeared on the History Channel in *Lost Worlds* and other shows.

LOBSTER A LA NEWBURG

4 lobster tails
4 T. butter
2 T. Brandy
2 T. Sherry
2 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. ground white or black pepper
1 c. heavy cream
4 egg yolks
Nutmeg, to taste

Cut open the underside of the lobster tail and remove the meat. Cut into small pieces. Beat the egg yolks in a bowl and add the cream; set aside. Sauté lobster over medium heat in the butter until the meat is red–about five minutes. Remove the meat from the pan. Add the salt, pepper, Brandy and Sherry, and cook for two minutes. Gradually add the egg and cream mixture, and nutmeg. Simmer for 10 minutes, stirring often. Return the lobster to the pan and heat through–about five minutes. Serve with toast points.

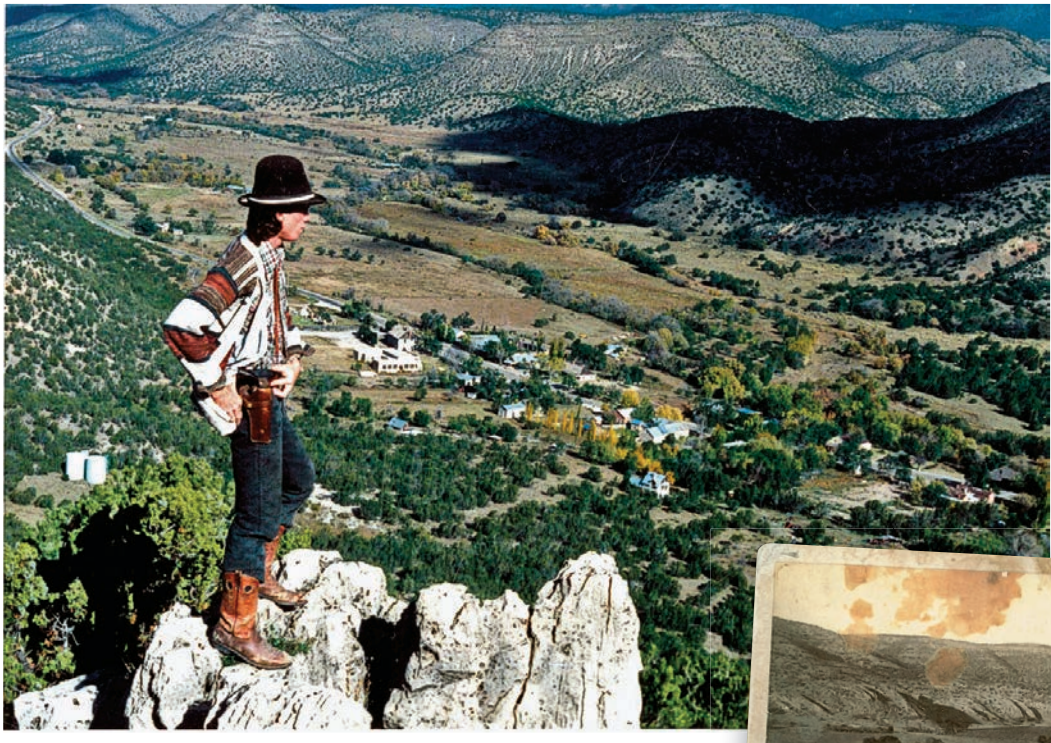
Recipe adapted from California's *Riverside Daily Press*, May 4, 1893



BY JOHN STANLEY

Billy the Kid's Legendary La Placita

Lincoln is a welcoming crossroads of New Mexico history and its people.



After the murder of English businessman John Tunstall on February 18, 1878, Lincoln became the bloody crossroads of Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett and the armed gangs fighting for control of the county.

– COURTESY BOB BOZE BELL –

In 1885, four years after Billy the Kid's daring jailbreak, Lincoln had reverted to a quiet New Mexico cattle town, but the blood of 40 men killed in its streets would always haunt the town's history.

– COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

By most accounts, the death of 24-year-old John Tunstall was little more than a cold-blooded assassination.

His murder was the spark that ignited the Lincoln County War, a conflict that got so bad that President Rutherford B. Hayes stepped in, ousting New Mexico's corrupt territorial governor and replacing him with Lew Wallace, a former Civil War general, who spent his spare time writing his novel *Ben-Hur*.

Like most conflicts in the Old West, the Lincoln County War was about money and power. In the early 1870s, Lawrence Murphy and James Dolan owned the only store in Lincoln County—Murphy & Dolan Mercantile and Banking, aka "The House." They also owned several large cattle ranches. And they were making money hand-over-fist.

That changed in 1877. "Tunstall built this huge store almost right across the street from the Murphy-Dolan Store," says Lynda A. Sánchez, a writer, historian and preservationist who has lived in Lincoln for 40 years. "And that's probably what sealed his fate."

> "I have no wish to fight anymore."

At stake was nothing less than the economic and political control of Lincoln County, at the time the largest county in the United States. At first there were insults and accusations, then threats and provocations. Dolan tried to goad Tunstall into a gunfight, but the Englishman refused to take the bait. He did, though, hire a young hand later known as Billy the Kid.

The long-simmering conflict erupted into gunfire on the evening of February 18, 1878, when a posse comprised of Dolan partisans murdered Tunstall on the road to Lincoln. And the war was on.

Once an uneasy peace had been restored to Lincoln, the new governor offered amnesty to all involved who were

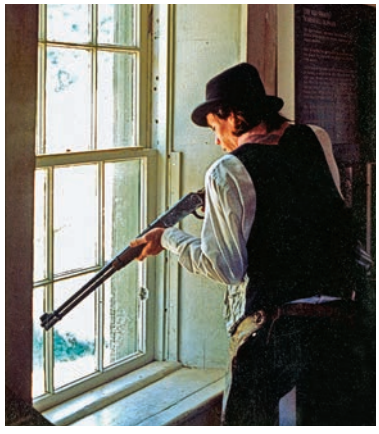
Built in 1874, the Old Lincoln County Courthouse now houses a museum exhibit on the Lincoln County War, highlighting Billy the Kid's murderous escape, and the history of the courthouse.

– COURTESY NEW MEXICO TOURISM DEPARTMENT –

not yet under indictment. Billy, who had been charged for the murders of Sheriff William J. Brady and Deputy George W. Hindman, made his own offer, writing to Wallace: "I have no wish to fight anymore. Indeed I have not raised an arm since your proclamation."

But Billy never got his pardon, so he fled Lincoln County and returned to his outlaw ways. On the evening of July 14, 1881, Lincoln County Sheriff Pat Garrett gunned down Billy at Pete Maxwell's place in Fort Sumner.

Although Billy still draws visitors to Lincoln, it's important to remember that the town's history begins decades before the war, says Sánchez. Apaches lived in the area for ages. Hispanic settlers arrived in the fertile valley of



Billy the Kid's famed escape from the Lincoln County Courthouse on April 28, 1881, has become legendary for the audacious bravado he displayed in killing his jailers, James Bell and Robert Ollinger, before riding out of town in broad daylight.

– COURTESY BOB BOZE BELL –

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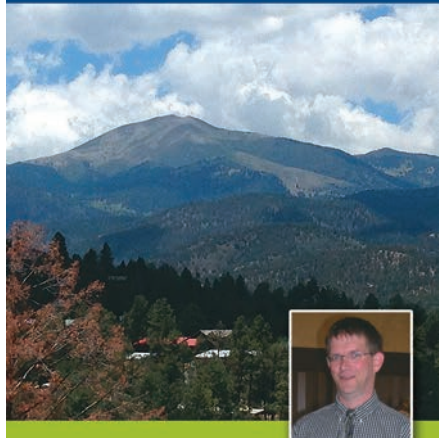

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The Dolan House, built in the early 1880s for newlyweds James and Caroline Dolan, provides an ideal historical backdrop for reenactors participating in the "Billy the Kid Pageant" during the town's annual Old Lincoln Days.

– BY NIKA SUNDARAM/COURTESY LINCOLN HISTORIC SITE –

the Rio Bonito in 1849 and named their community *La Placita*. That was changed to Lincoln about two decades later. The town served mainly as a supply center for nearby ranches and mines. Unlike boomtowns, Lincoln grew slowly. In 1888, its population was just 800.

Nowadays around 40,000 visitors a year come to Lincoln, making it the most popular of New Mexico's historic sites.

You'll definitely want to check out the town's many museums housed within historic buildings and operated jointly as the Lincoln Historic Site. But if you're really pressed for time, don't miss the courthouse, the Tunstall Store (which still displays genuine 19th-century merchandise on original shelving and cases) and the Torreón , the village's defensive rock tower.

Sánchez credits the town's zoning ordinances for preserving the historic atmosphere of Lincoln. "Today you can walk in the same buildings that Billy the Kid walked in, that John Tunstall walked in. Lincoln is one of the premier historic communities in the West," she says. And she'd like to keep it that way. "When I used to ride horses with my daughter out here we felt like we were coming into town to see Billy."

John Stanley, the Arizona Wildlife Federation's 2007 Conservation Media Champion, is a former travel reporter and photographer for *The Arizona Republic*.

WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY

There's no better place to start your visit than the Lincoln Historic Site, including the Visitor Center (above), Old Lincoln County Courthouse and the Tunstall Store.

LincolnCountyNM.org

NMMonuments.org

BILLY THE KID NATIONAL SCENIC BYWAY/FORT STANTON STATE HISTORIC SITE

This beautiful drive takes you through the scenic heart of Billy the Kid country, from Lincoln to Hondo to Ruidoso Downs and Ruidoso to Capitan and back to Lincoln. Turn off on New Mexico 220 to visit the Fort Stanton State Historic Site, built in 1855.

NewMexico.org • FortStanton.org

RUIDOSO DOWNS

The Hubbard Museum of the American West has all kinds of remarkable historical exhibits. The most striking display, though, is the outdoor sculpture of eight huge horses galloping across the grounds. The Billy the Kid Interpretive Center is right next door.

HubbardMuseum.org

VILLAGE OF CAPITAN

To see memorabilia related to Smokey Bear, check out the Smokey Bear Museum; or information on forest management and fires, visit Smokey Bear Historical Park.

VillageOfCapitan.org

RUIDOSO

The Smokey Bear District of Lincoln National Forest is where firefighters in 1950 rescued the cub that became America's most beloved ursine. The district holds over 400,000 acres and more than 200 miles of trails.

FS.USDA.gov/Lincoln

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Classic Gunfights

The bloody boardwalks of gunfighters and outlaws await the adventurous traveler across the West.

BY BOB BOZE BELL AND STUART ROSEBROOK

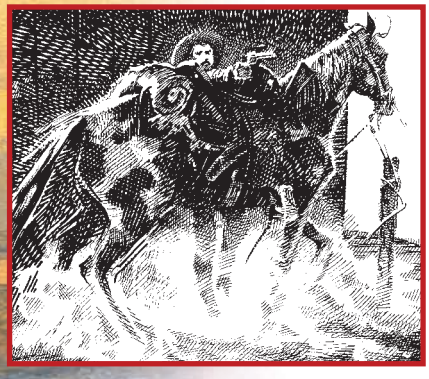
When Kurt Russell as Wyatt Earp utters his death-defying oath, "You tell 'em I'm coming, and Hell is coming with me, you hear!" with Biblical conviction in the film *Tombstone*, you know that your bucket-list must include a walk down the boardwalks of Tombstone to the back of the O.K. Corral to witness where the dirt and manure were soaked red with blood. Every month, Executive Editor Bob Boze Bell details a great Western gunfight, with the nitty-gritty details, maps, photos, art and insights that you can get nowhere else but in *True West* magazine.

Pull on your boots, grab your hat and let's re-discover six of Bob Boze Bell's greatest "Classic Gunfights."

—Stuart Rosebrook

The doctor will see you now.

– ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –



Three Men Hurled into Eternity

Shoot-out Behind the O.K. Corral: The Earps and Doc Holliday vs the Clantons and the McLaurys, Tombstone, Arizona, October 26, 1881

"Come along," Virgil Earp says, handing a Wells Fargo shotgun to Doc Holliday. The quartet, including Wyatt Earp, Morgan Earp, Virgil Earp and Doc Holliday, starts up Fourth Street in Tombstone, walking four abreast, but when they turn the corner at Fremont Street, they walk two by two, favoring the south sidewalk.

Striding purposefully past the rear entrance to the O.K. Corral, the men see Cochise County Sheriff John Behan coming toward them. "Hold up boys; don't go down there or there will be trouble!"

Virgil is firm about enforcing the ordinance banning guns within the city limits. "Johnny, I am going down to disarm them," he tells the sheriff.

"I have been down there to disarm them!" Behan cries. Both Wyatt and Virgil resheath their weapons. In spite of Behan's claim, they continue on, perhaps to meet their tormentors face-to-face and tell them off.

But as they step into the lot, it is apparent that Behan was not quite telling the truth. Both Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury wear holsters with their pistols in plain sight.

"Boys, throw up your hands," Virgil demands. "I want your guns."

Nervous about the confrontation and sensing the bristling attitude of Morgan Earp and Doc Holliday, Frank McLaury says, "We will," and makes a motion to pull his revolver. Holliday makes a sudden move toward Tom McLaury, thrusting the shotgun at him in a threatening manner. Wyatt Earp jerks his pistol from his coat pocket, and Billy Clanton pulls his revolver.

"Hold on, I don't want that!" says Virgil, realizing the situation is slipping from his control.

Two shots ring out, almost as one. Then a long pause. Frank McLaury clutches his stomach and staggers as the firing continues. Ike Clanton flees once the shooting starts.

Some 30 shots are fired in less than 30 seconds. The most famous and the most over-analyzed fight in the West is over. The repercussions are only beginning.

The Fremont Street confrontation has been brewing for some time as the Earps and Holliday finally give Ike Clanton his wish: "All I want is four feet of ground."

Dodge City Peace Commission, 1883

Two years after the gunfight in Dodge City, Kansas, this famous photo of the Dodge City Peace Commission will be taken. Front row (from left): Charlie Bassett, Wyatt Earp, W.F. McLain and Neil Brown. Back row (from left): W.H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson and W.F. Petillon.

– COURTESY JEFF MOREY –

Wyatt Earp's Southern Arizona

Arizona Historical Society, Tucson
ArizonaHistoricalSociety.org

Southern Arizona Transportation Museum
HistoricTucsonDepot.org

John Slaughter Ranch, Douglas
SlaughterRanch.com

Rex Allen Arizona Cowboy Museum & Willcox Cowboy Hall of Fame
RexAllenMuseum.org

San Pedro Valley Arts & Historical Society
BensonMuseum.org

Tombstone Chamber of Commerce
TombstoneChamber.com

Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park
TombstoneCourthouse.com

Bonus in southern Arizona:
Cochise County
ExploreCochise.com

Bullets Careen into the Long Branch

Battle of the Plaza: Bat Masterson vs Peacock & Updegraph, Dodge City, Kansas, April 10, 1881

Traveling mostly by rail, Bat Masterson has just covered 1,100 miles to come to the aid of his estranged brother, Jim. Masterson was in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, with Wyatt Earp, when he received word of threats against his brother's life.

As the Dodge City-bound train pulls into the depot from the west, Masterson swings down off the train on the north side of the tracks. It is about noon. His intuition tells him his brother's enemies may attempt to round him up at the depot.

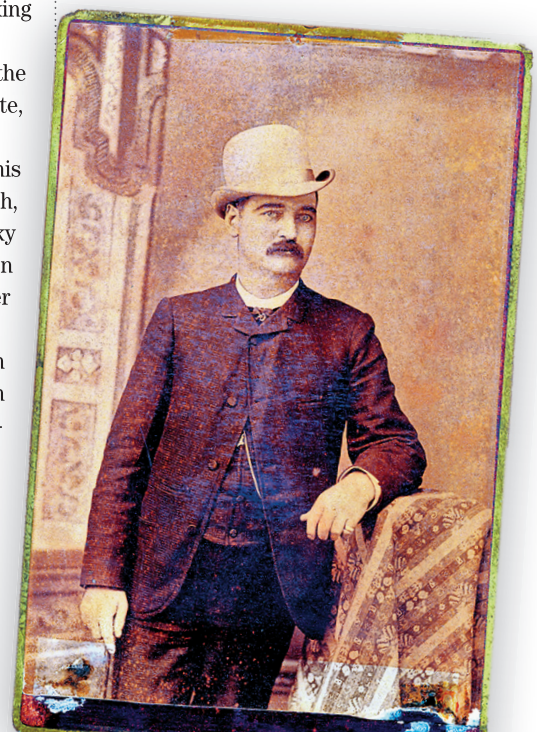
He scans the train platform and the busy streets looking for trouble. As the caboose passes, he notices two men on the opposite side of the tracks, walking toward the depot.

Masterson immediately recognizes the men and shouts, "Hold up there a minute, you two! I want to talk to you."

Saloon owner A.J. Peacock and his brother-in-law, bartender Al Updegraph, take one look at the familiar stocky figure striding toward them and turn on their heels, ducking behind the corner of the jail.

All parties pull weapons and begin to bang away at each other. Masterson retreats to the railroad track's three-foot berm and hides behind it.

Bullets snap over Masterson's head and thud in Dr. McCarty's drugstore on the north side of Front Street. Masterson returns fire, knocking huge splinters of wood from the corner of the hoosegow.



Bat Masterson traveled the West as a gambler after he lost his re-election bid for sheriff of Ford County, Kansas, in 1879.

– COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

Bullets careen into the Long Branch Saloon, sending patrons scrambling out the back door. Owner Chalk Beeson seeks refuge behind the door of his safe. George Hoover's saloon loses a window, and a bullet tears a newspaper from an idler's hand.

Amidst the wild firing, Updegraph suddenly pitches forward as a bullet rips through his chest. Not long after, Bat Masterson and Peacock run out of bullets. Mayor Ab Webster runs up and sticks a Fox shotgun barrel in Masterson's face.

Learning from the mayor that his brother is alive, Masterson surrenders and hands over his empty six-guns.

Bat Masterson's Kansas

Dodge City
VisitDodgeCity.org

Boothill Museum
Boothill.org

Fort Dodge
KSHS.org

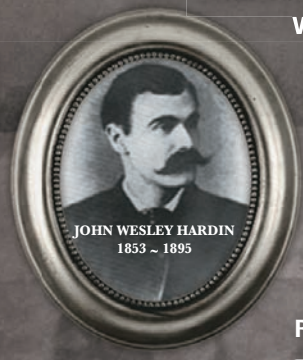
Dodge City Trail of Fame
DodgeCityTrailOfFame.org

Kansas Heritage Center
KSHeritageStore.org

Buffalo & Longhorn Live Exhibit
DodgeCityBuffalo.com

Bonus in nearby Wichita:
Old Cowtown Museum
OldCowtown.org

Concordia Cemetery
History To Die For...



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John Selman, as he probably looked when he shot Wes Hardin, used a cane after being shot in the leg by Bass Outlaw.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Classic Gunfights

Tumbling Dice Earns Hardin a One-Way Ticket to Hell

John Wesley Hardin vs Constable John Selman, El Paso, Texas, August 19, 1895

Wes Hardin is drunk and furious. "I'll go and get a gun," he bellows at John Selman, Sr., "and when I meet you, I'll meet you smoking, and make you shit like a wolf around the block!" The two part ways.

Later that night, Hardin is standing at the bar, just inside the front door of the Acme Saloon in El Paso, Texas, rolling dice for drinks with a local grocer. According to the clock on the wall, it is the eleventh hour, but for the aging gunfighter, the seconds are ticking to eternity.

"It was a hot night," Patrick McGeeney later testifies, "sultry, with heavy humidity." Two old cattlemen are seated at a nearby table in the smoky din, relating the adventures they'd had with Cochise, Geronimo, John Ringo, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid.

"Hoss piss on you," bellows Hardin, grumbling at the ivory numerical combinations on the bar.

"Shake again," the grocer grunts.

"You have four sixes to beat," says Hardin, as the dice tumble to a stop on the hardwood bar top.

Stepping through the swinging doors, John Selman, Sr. fires his pistol. The bullet enters the back of Hardin's head, exits above his left eye and hits the mirror behind the bar, shattering it. Crumpling to the floor, Hardin falls face up. Selman steps over him and fires three

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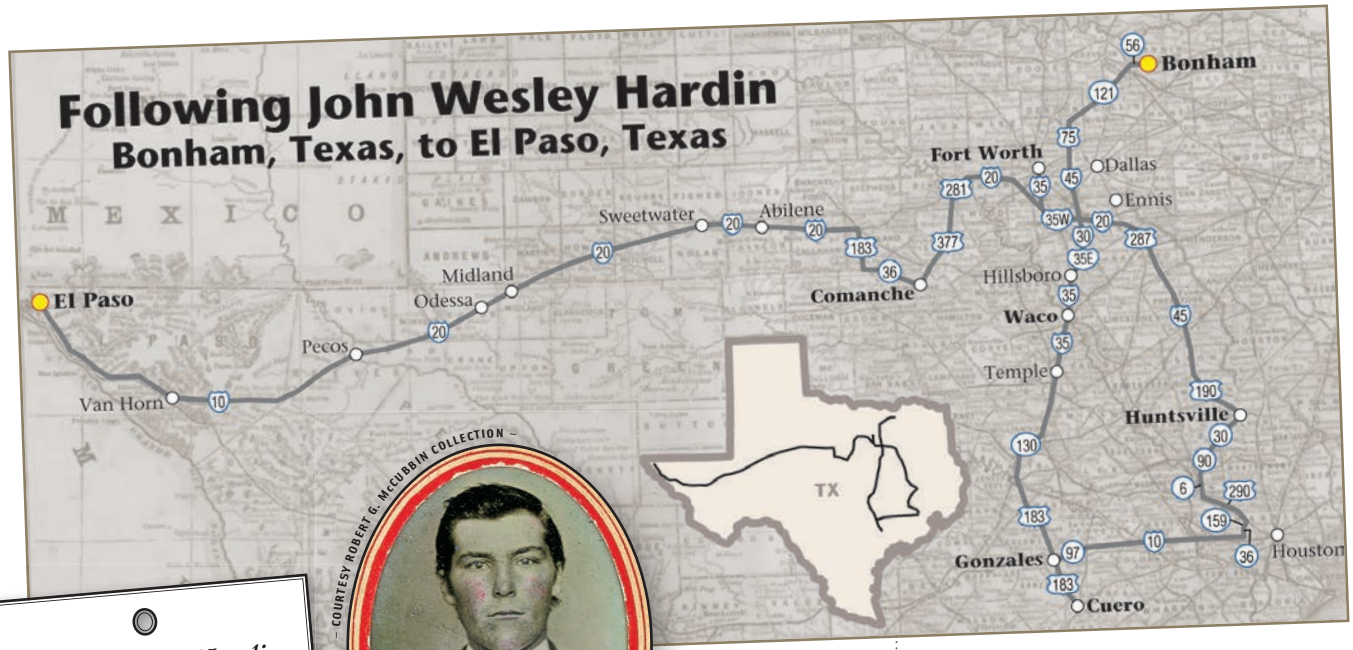


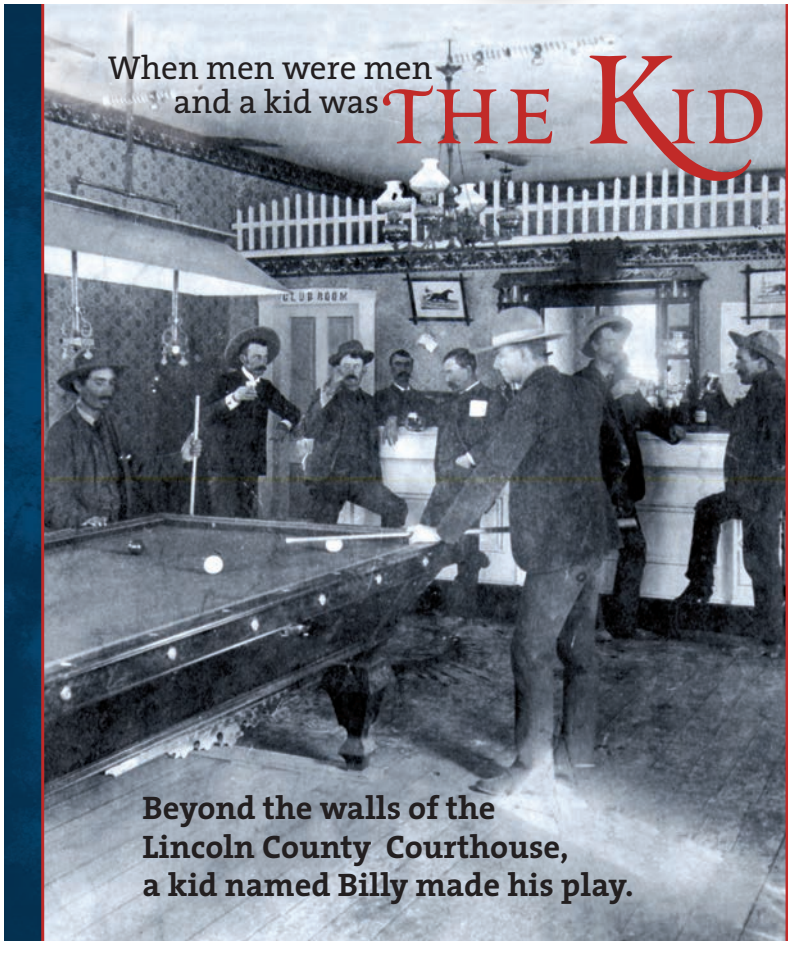
John Wesley Hardin was already an established killer at age 18.

COURTESY ROBERT G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION

more times, hitting Hardin in the chest and taking the tip off the gunfighter's pinkie on his left hand.

As patrons clamber for the exits, Constable John Selman, Jr. runs in and grabs his dad's arm, saying, "Don't shoot anymore! He's dead!"

That's how Hardin died.



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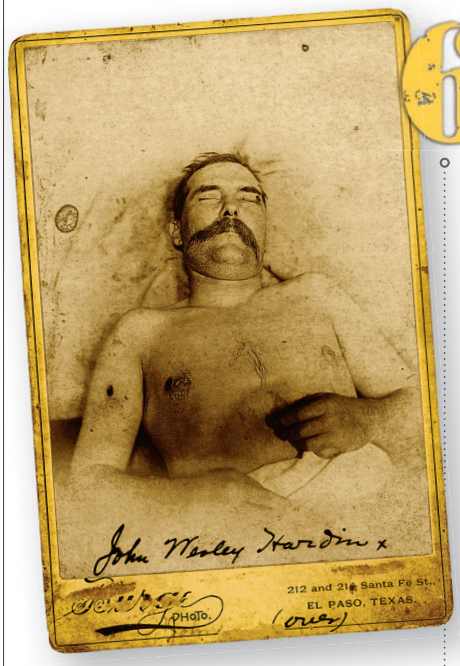


After Hardin is killed, his body is removed to the undertakers, who clean and prepare it for photographing and burial.

– COURTESY ROBERT G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION –

John Wesley Hardin's Texas Trail to El Paso

Comanche County Museum
ComancheChamber.org

Cuero Heritage Musuem
CueroHeritageMuseum.org

El Paso Historical Society
ElPasoHistory.com

El Paso Museum of History
ElPasoTexas.gov

Fort Worth Stockyards
FortWorthStockyards.org

Gonzales Memorial Museum
GonzalesMemorialMuseum.org

John Wesley Hardin's Grave
ConcordiaCemetery.org

Texas Ranger Hall of Fame
and Museum, Waco
TexasRanger.org

Texas Prison Museum, Huntsville
TexasPrisonMuseum.org

Bonus in El Paso: Historical El Paso Walking Tours with Fred Morales
ElPasoWalkingTours.com

Classic Gunfight

Shoot-out at Blazer's Mill

**Buckshot Roberts vs The Regulators,
Mescalero Apache reservation,
New Mexico, April 4, 1878**

Coming in from the south, Buckshot Roberts is unaware of The Regulators as he approaches Blazer's Mill.

Roberts reins in at the corner of the agency's office and tethers his mule. He carries his .44 Winchester into the post office. As Middleton eavesdrops on the stranger, he overhears the name Roberts. He then slips into the dining room and tells his captain, Richard Brewer, who says, "I've got a warrant for him."

Regulator Frank Coe, a friend and neighbor, comes outside to talk Roberts into surrendering. Roberts asks Coe to go inside and look at a Las Cruces newspaper, claiming it will exonerate him from the warrant charges.

But Coe decides against it.

Indian Agent Frederick Godfroy, his wife Clara and their two daughters occupied the big house in the photo at right (dark building with cupola right of center). Clara took in lodgers and served meals to travelers, requiring all to leave their arms outside the house or on a table in the doorway. Brewer and The Regulators adhered to the gun rule, but posted John Middleton as a lookout.

– PHOTOS COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA LIBRARY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS –

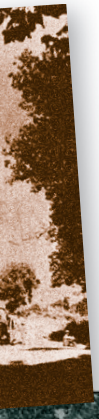
Instead, the two of them sit on the stoop. For half an hour, Coe begs Roberts to surrender, "but the answer [is] 'no, no, no.'"

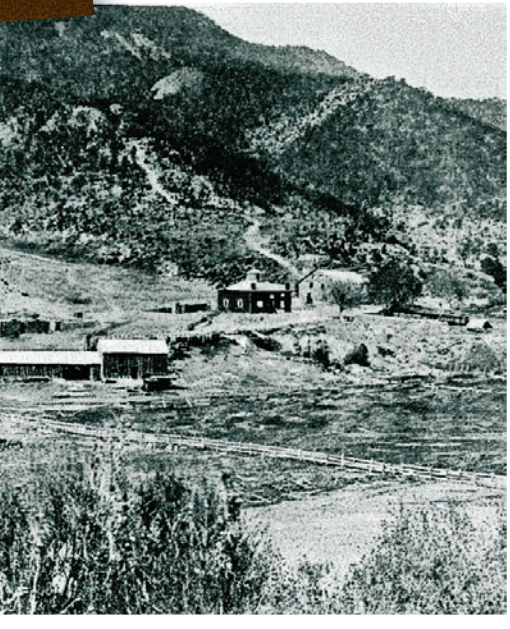
Worrying that Roberts could be using Coe as a hostage, Brewer asks for volunteers to end the stalemate. Charlie Bowdre steps forward, followed by John Middleton, Frank MacNab, Henry Brown, George Coe (Frank's cousin), Doc Scurlock and Billy Kid Bonney.

With Bowdre in the lead, The Regulators cock their guns, and as they turn the corner of the house, Bowdre sees Roberts' cocked rifle lying in his lap. Bowdre points his gun at Roberts and commands him to "throw up his hands."

Rising to his feet, Roberts faces his adversaries and cryptically says, "Not much, Mary Ann."

Roberts and Bowdre fire at the same time. Roberts' first bullet hits Bowdre's belt buckle and knocks his gun belt to the ground. The same bullet then ricochets into George Coe's gun hand, mangling his trigger finger.





The Blazers lived in a large, two-story adobe (left) north of the agency building. Some believe this structure housed Blazer's "office" and that Buckshot Roberts took refuge here before dying.

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

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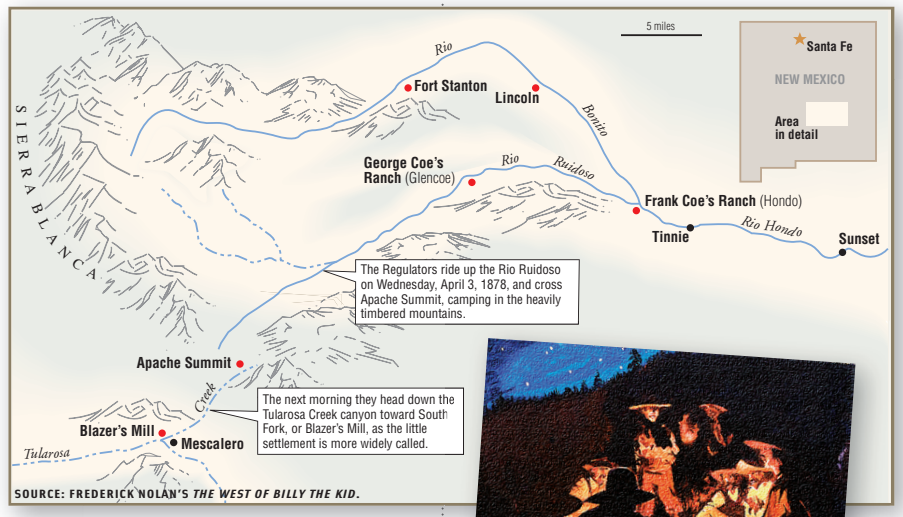
Classic Gunfights



SOURCE: FREDERICK NOLAN'S *THE WEST OF BILLY THE KID.*

Billy the Kid and The Regulators' New Mexico

Lincoln State Historic Site
NMMonuments.org

Fort Stanton State Historic Site
NMMonuments.org

Billy the Kid Museum
BillyTheKidMuseumFortSumner.com

Hubbard Museum of the American West
HubbardMuseum.org

New Mexico History Museum
NMHistoryMuseum.org

Bonus in Lincoln County:
The Ellis Store Country Inn
EllisStore.com

The evening before the fight, the Regulators spent the night up in the pines of the Sacramento Mountains.
– ART BY BOB BOZE BELL –

Bowdre's bullet hits Roberts just below the belly. Roberts staggers backwards, still firing rapidly.

Roberts' next bullet nails Middleton in the chest, just missing his heart. Another hits Scurlock's holstered pistol and courses down his leg. Billy Bonney is "shaved" in the arm.

As The Regulators stumble for cover, Robert retreats into Dr. Blazer's office. Roberts' Winchester is empty, so he grabs a single-shot, 1872 officer's model .45-70 Springfield rifle off the wall and takes up position behind the mattress he has put against the door.

After spotting the puff of smoke from Brewer's gun, Roberts guesses the trajectory and waits to see Brewer's head poke up. He lets loose with the big Springfield. His slug hits Brewer's left eye, and blows out the back of his skull.

With three men severely wounded and their leader slain, The Regulators flee over the mountains for the Ruidoso Valley.

Ingalls' Onslaught Turns Bloody

Doolin-Dalton Gang vs Stillwater Marshals, Ingalls, Oklahoma Territory, September 1, 1893

Three covered wagons full of federal marshals approach the outlaw village of Ingalls, Oklahoma Territory.

A group of marshals led by Tom Hueston takes up positions behind the Ransom Saloon to block any outlaws from retreating.

One of the lawmen shouts, "You are surrounded—surrender!"

Bill Doolin replies, "Go to hell!"

The marshals answer with a withering barrage of lead. The outlaws head into a half-finished shed on the south side of the saloon. Moments later, they bolt from the shed and dash to the livery stable to the south. The lawmen are unaware the outlaws have deserted the saloon, until they are fired at from the stable.

Unable to see the action from his hotel room, Arkansas Tom punches holes in the roof and, using a chair or some other article of furniture, gains enough height to shoot down on the exposed lawmen. His deadly fire hits Hueston.

In the stable, Bill Dalton and Tulsa Jack Blake keep up a close, accurate fire from the doorway, while Doolin and Dynamite Dick Clifton saddle the horses.

The lawmen return fire, with Deputy Marshal John Hixon pumping shot after shot into the stable doorway. Deputy Sheriff Jim Masterson (brother of Bat) fires from behind a tree that is "little more than half as thick as his body." Outlaw lead pummels its trunk, cutting off limbs and "tearing holes in the ground all about him." Masterson "stands his ground until his ammunition [is] exhausted."

As the lawmen try to gain better positions, the four outlaws break from the stable on horseback, with Dalton and Tulsa Jack coming out the front, and Doolin and Dynamite Dick out the back, "riding hell-bent south and west toward a draw."

Classic Gunfights

Marshal Hixon takes a bead on one of the fast-moving targets and shoots, hitting Dalton's horse in the jaw. Horse and rider spin like a merry-go-round gone berserk. Another marshal fires and hits Dalton's horse in the leg, causing both rider and horse to go down.

Shooting from his rooftop sniper nest, Arkansas Tom strikes again, hitting Officer Lafe Shadley, who is already down on the ground because his coat is stuck in a barbed-wire fence.

Dalton cuts the fence and the outlaws disappear into a ten-foot draw. "They [come] out of the gully on the jump," Masterson later recounts. "Dalton [is] up behind Doolin … Well, we [blaze] away at 'em and Dalton [tumbles] off. They [stop, lift] him in the saddle, and Doolin [gets] up behind. I [raise] my sight to 500 yards, but I [can't] get 'em." (It is later learned that Dynamite Dick, not Dalton, fell off from a shot to the neck.)

After a long standoff at the hotel, Arkansas Tom finally surrenders to a local preacher on the condition he not be lynched. Considering the mayhem he had caused, it's a wonder the marshals honor his request, but they do.

The Gunfighter Trail in Oklahoma

National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum, Oklahoma City
NationalCowboyMuseum.org

Oklahoma History Center
OkHistoryCenter.org

Oklahoma Historical Society
OkHistory.org

The Oklahoma Territorial Museum and Carnegie Library, Guthrie
OkTerritorialMuseum.org

The Sheerar Museum of Stillwater
SheerarMuseum.org

Bonus in Claremore: J.M. Davis Arms & Historical Museum
TheGunMuseum.org

DOOLIN-DALTON GANG

Bill Dalton

30, train robber is one of 15 children, two of whom were killed; another was captured at Coffeyville, Kansas, the previous year.

"Bitter Creek" Newcomb

27, train robber gets his nickname from boasting, "I'm a bad man from Bitter Creek, and it's my night to howl!"

– PHOTOS COURTESY JOHN BOESSENECKER, ROBERT G. McCUBBIN AND GLENN SHIRLEY –

Dan Clifton

Alias "Dynamite Dick," cattle rustler and whiskey peddler, hollows the lead points of his cartridges and fills them with dynamite.

Bill Doolin

36, 6' 2", 150 pounds, bank and train robber plans his jobs well.

William Blake

Alias "Tulsa Jack," cowboy, rail hand, gambler and train robber was husky, dark-faced and heavily mustached.

Roy Daugherty

Alias "Arkansas Tom" Jones, bank robber born in Missouri, but claims to have come from Arkansas.

Top 3 Museums with Western Firearm and Law & Order Exhibits

Autry National Center, Los Angeles, CA
TheAutry.org

Cody Firearms Museum, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, WY
CenterOfTheWest.org

NRA National Firearms Museum, Fairfax, VA
NRAMuseum.org

Rock Creek Killfest

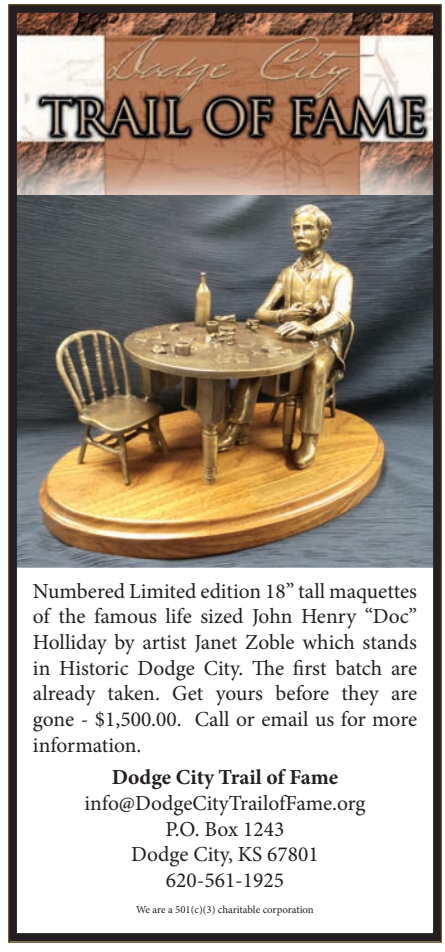
James Butler Hickok vs David McCanles, Rock Creek, Nebraska, July 12, 1861

David McCanles, his son William and two employees ride up to Rock Creek Station, Nebraska Territory. Leaving his two hired hands at the barn, McCanles and his son go over to the main house and demand that the occupants clear out.

The Pony Express Station keeper Horace Wellman tells McCanles he has no such authority. An argument ensues and a frightened Wellman retreats into the house while Jane, Wellman's common-law wife, stands outside the doorway and berates McCanles for thrashing her father earlier over an alleged theft.

James Hickok (not yet Wild Bill) appears in the doorway and is advised by McCanles to keep away.

A known bully, McCanles is usually armed with a pistol and shotgun.



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(It is hotly debated whether he was so armed that day.) To gain time, he asks Hickok for a drink of water. Hickok steps inside to get it. Moments later, a shot is fired from within the house and McCanles collapses.

James Woods and James Gordon, McCanles' two employees, rush up from the barn and are both shot, though not fatally. Jane Wellman supposedly takes a hoe and smashes Woods' skull, perhaps aided by her still-frightened husband.

Gordon manages to escape into the brush, but his bloodhound follows him, and his pursuers follow his blood and the dog. Gordon is easily found and killed with a shotgun blast, supposedly by Pony Express rider James W. "Doc" Brink.

McCanles' son William runs to his father's side, but he's driven away by Jane Wellman. The boy escapes into the brush and makes it to safety.

Wild Bill Hickok's Nebraska

Rock Creek Station State Historic Park
OutdoorNebraska.Ne.gov

Jefferson County Historical Society
JeffersonCoHistory.org

Fort Kearney State Historical Park
NGPC.NE.gov

Hastings Museum/***HastingsMuseum.org***

North Platte Visitors Center
VisitNorthPlatte.com

Pioneer Village Minden • ***PioneerVillage.org***

Scottsbluff, Nebraska • ***VisitScottsbluff.com***

Bonus across southern Nebraska:
Pony Express National Historic Trail • **NPS.gov**

Rock Creek Station

A regular camping spot on the Oregon Trail, Rock Creek was first known as Weyth Creek (see c. 1861 photo of Rock Creek Station, above). Rock Creek "cut and intersected with deep, irregular gorges and canyons, through which flow crystal streams, fed by the springs that issue from the walls of rock under the hills. Giant oaks, elms and cottonwoods studded the banks of these streams, and the little flats in the bends of its winding course, rank in growth or primitive grasses, with the hillsides surrounding clothed with the shorter grasses suitable for pasturage," so wrote Charles Dawson in 1912.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

– COURTESY ROBERT G. McCUBBIN COLLECTION –

James Butler Hickok

This 1863 photo shows how Wild Bill probably looked at the time of the McCanles shootout. Hickok was attracted to McCanles' mistress, Sarah Shull (below), undoubtedly contributing to the friction between the men.

Sarah Shull

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

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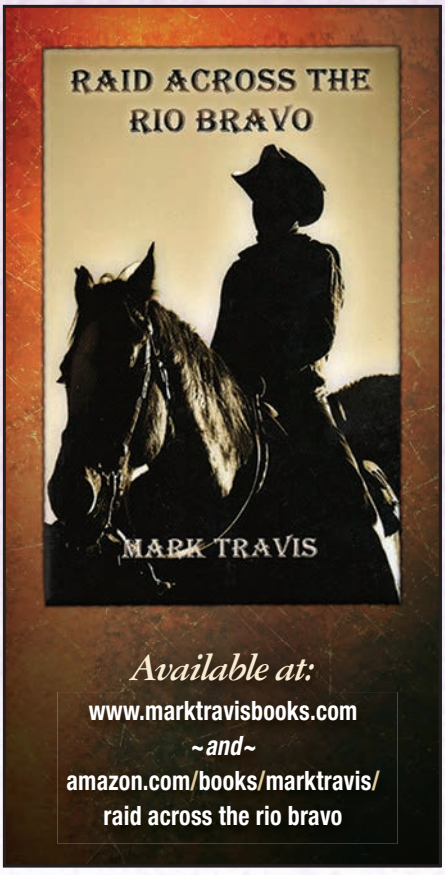

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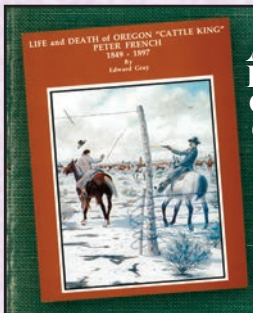

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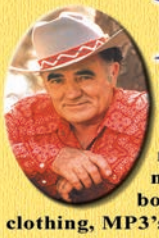

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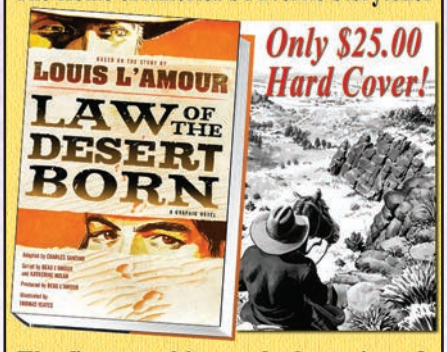

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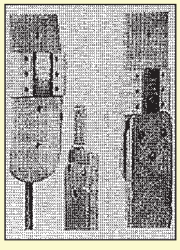

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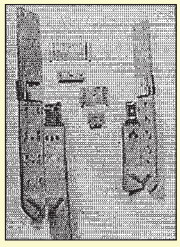

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Western Roundup

FOR NOVEMBER 2014

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Amarillo, TX, November 6-9: Championship working ranch rodeo, plus cowboy trade and trappings show, and cowboy poetry and music.
806-374-9722 • *WRCA.org*

ART SHOWS

FALL FOR THE ARTS ARTWALK

Scottsdale, AZ, November 13: View traditional and contemporary Western and American Indian art at Old Town Scottsdale's many art galleries.
480-998-4323 • *ScottsdaleGalleries.com*

ALPINE ARTWALK

Alpine, TX, November 21-22: View artwork by featured artist Nancy Whitlock and more Western artists, plus a bike zoo parade and free concerts.
432-837-3067 • *ArtwalkAlpine.com*

AUCTION

AMERICAN HISTORY COLLECTIBLES

Cincinnati, OH, November 21: Bid on American West and Civil War collectible photographs, letters, documents and political ephemera.
513-871-1670 • *Cowans.com*

FRONTIER FARE

RANCH HAND BREAKFAST

Kingsville, TX, November 21-22: Cowboy breakfast at the 1853 King Ranch includes team roping, camp cooking and cowboy storytelling.
361-592-8055 • *King-Ranch.com*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

WILD WEST DAYS

Cave Creek, AZ, Oct. 29-Nov. 2: Celebration of the West with mounted shooting contests, costume competitions, live Country music, and more.
480-488-2466 • *WildWestDaysCaveCreek.com*

SPANISH MARKET: MERCADO DE LAS ARTES

Phoenix, AZ, November 8-9: Celebrate Hispanic culture with strolling mariachis, folklorico dancers and artwork by Southwestern artists.
602-252-8840 • *Heard.org*

LEGENDS OF THE WEST SIGNATURE AUCTION

Dallas, TX, November 8: Historical and collectible items and memorabilia up for bid could include Wild West firearms and historical photographs.
877-437-4824 • *HA.com*

HEBER VALLEY WESTERN MUSIC & COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Heber City, UT, Oct. 29-Nov. 2: Storytellers Jeff Carson (above), Home Free, Michael Martin Murphey, Bar J Wranglers and more share their songs and poems that preserve the cowboy way of life.
435-654-3666 • *HeberValleyCowboyPoetry.com*

HOLIDAY FESTIVALS

HASTINGS CELEBRATION OF LIGHTS
Hastings, NE, November 20: The streets of downtown Hastings will fill with carolers, entertainers, carriage rides and pony rides.
800-967-2189• *HastingsDowntown.com*

THE POLAR EXPRESS
Durango, CO, Opens November 22: This 1879 railroad offers kids a train ride sharing the classic Christmas tale on the way to Santa.
970-247-2733 • *DurangoTrain.com*

SANTA'S NORTH POLE ADVENTURE
Georgetown, CO, Opens November 22: Enjoy hot cocoa, cookies and candy canes with Santa and his helpers aboard decorated train coaches.
888-456-6777 • *GeorgetownLoopRR.com*

CHRISTMAS AT UNION STATION
Omaha, NE, Opens November 28: A tradition since Union Station's earliest years in the 1930s, the tree lighting ceremony includes a visit from Santa.
402-444-5071 • *DurhamMuseum.org*

STARLIGHT PARADE
The Dalles, OR, November 28: This former fur trade town brings Cowboy Christmas to life with lighted parade floats and merry jingles.
541-296-2231 • *TheDallesChamber.com*

SISTERS HOLIDAY CELEBRATION & PARADE
Sister, OR, November 28-29: Kicks off the holiday season with a tree lighting ceremony and a parade with a visit from Santa and Mrs. Claus.
866-549-0252 • *SistersCountry.com*

WINE COUNTRY THANKSGIVING
Willamette Valley, OR, November 28-30: Special wine tastings, live music and much more from more than 150 Willamette Valley wineries.
503-646-2985 • *WillametteWines.com*

AUCTION: DAN HARDESTY COLLECTION
Adamstown, PA, November 1-2: Bid on Western collectibles that include rifles, pistols, shotguns, pictures of Annie Oakley and Buffalo Bill Cody, plus more.
877-968-8880 • *MorphyAuctions.com*

LIVE BUFFALO & LONGHORN EXHIBIT

Dodge City, KS, Open year-round: Wild West Heritage Foundation invites tourists to see live buffalo and longhorn next to Boot Hill Casino.
877-906-0777 • *BootHillCasino.com*

NORTH POLE FLYER
Austin, TX, Nov. 28-Dec. 21: Ride from Cedar Park to Bertram in decorated train cars powered by a 1960 Alco diesel locomotive.
512-477-8468 • *AustinSteamTrain.org*

FAROLITOS LIGHTING
Morrison, CO, November 30: Experience the Southwestern tradition of lighting farolitos (paper lanterns) at Tesoro Cultural Center.
303-839-1671 • *TesoroCulturalCenter.org*

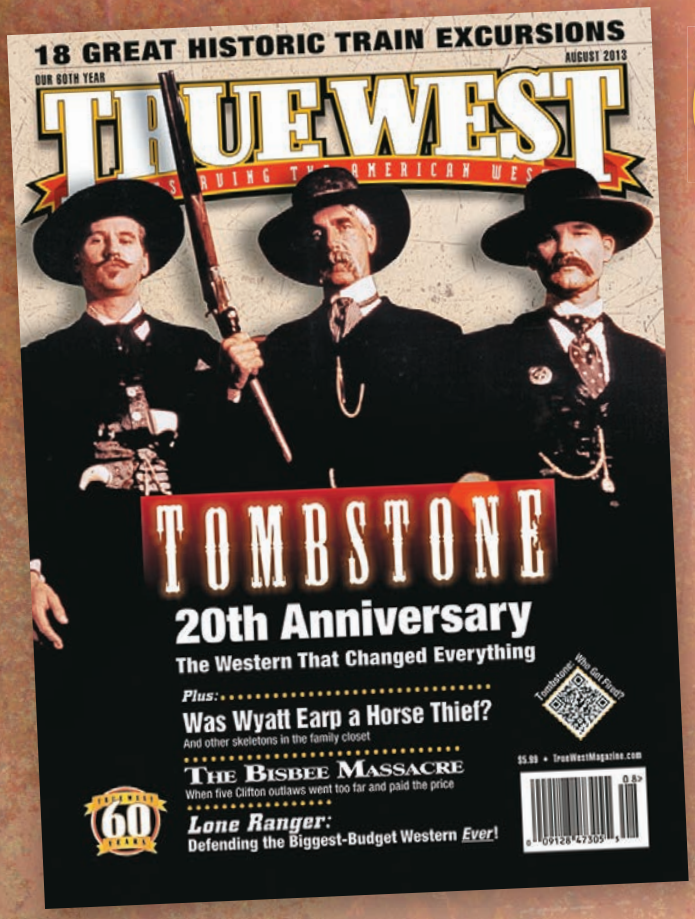
MUSIC & POETRY

WICKENBURG BLUEGRASS FESTIVAL
Wickenburg, AZ, November 14-16: Bluegrass music from Western musicians James Reams & the Barnstormers, and many more.
928-684-5479 • *WickenburgChamber.com*

DEATH VALLEY '49ERS ENCAMPMENT

Furnace Creek, CA, November 5-9: Celebrate the spirit of the 1849 Gold Rush with music, an arts and crafts show, cowboy poetry and parades.
866-683-2948 • *DeathValley49ers.org*

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.



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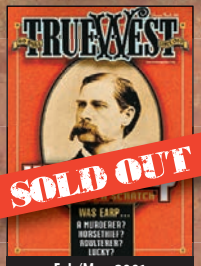
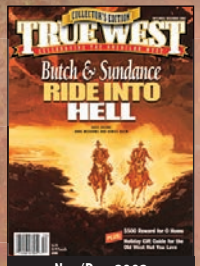
Mountain Men

Jan-2001
Topless Gunfighter

May/Jun-2001
Custer

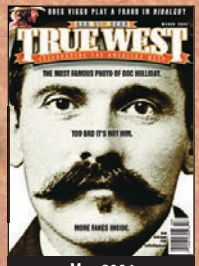


Feb/Mar-2001
Wyatt Earp



Nov/Dec-2002
Butch & Sundance

Jul-2003
Doc & Wyatt



Mar-2004
Fakes/Fake Doc

Sep-2004
Wild Bunch

Jun-2005
Jesus Out West

Dec-2006
Buffalo Gals & Guys

Oct-2006
Tombstone/125th OK Corral

Oct-2007
3:10 to Yuma

Oct-2008
Charlie Russell

Sep-2009
500 Yrs Before Cowboys

Nov/Dec-2010
Black Warriors of the West

Apr-2011
True Grit/Bridges & Wayne

Jun-2012
Wyatt on the Set

Jul-2012
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John Wayne

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Arizona Rangers

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Soiled Doves

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- ☐ Jan: Buffalo Bill
- ☐ ~~Feb: Chief Buffalo Horn~~ *Sold Out!*
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- ☐ ~~Apr: Lotta Crabtree~~
- ☐ May: Samuel Walker
- ☐ Jun: Frontier Half-Bloods
- ☐ Jul: Billy & the Kids
- ☐ Aug: John Wayne
- ☐ Sep: Border Breed
- ☐ Oct: Halloween Issue
- ☐ Nov: Apache Scout
- ☐ Dec: Mountain Men

2001
- ☐ Jan: Topless Gunfighter
- ☐ ~~Feb/Mar: Wyatt Earp~~
- ☐ ~~Apr: Geronimo Smiling~~
- ☐ May/Jun: Custer
- ☐ Jul: Cowboys & Cowtowns
- ☐ ~~Aug/Sep: Wild Bill~~
- ☐ ~~Oct: Redman~~
- ☐ ~~Nov/Dec: Doc Holiday~~

2002
- ☐ ~~Jan: Uncommon Men~~
- ☐ ~~Feb/Mar: Alamo~~
- ☐ ~~Apr: The Scout~~
- ☐ ~~May/Jun: Wayward Women~~
- ☐ ~~Jul: Texas Rangers~~
- ☐ Aug/Sep: Jesse James
- ☐ Oct: Billy On The Brain
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Butch & Sundance

2003
- ☐ Jan: 50 Historical Photos
- ☐ Feb/Mar: 50 Guns
- ☐ Apr: John Wayne
- ☐ Spring: Jackalope Creator Dies
- ☐ May/Jun: Custer Killer
- ☐ Jul: Doc & Wyatt
- ☐ Aug/Sep: A General Named Dorothy
- ☐ Oct: Vera McGinnis
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Worst Westerns Ever

2004
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Six Guns
- ☐ Mar: Fakes/Fake Doc
- ☐ April/Travel: Visit the Old West
- ☐ May:Iron Horse/Sacred Dogs
- ☐ Jun: HBO's Deadwood
- ☐ Jul: 17 Legends
- ☐ Aug: JW Hardin
- ☐ Sep: Wild Bunch
- ☐ Oct: Bill Pickett
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Dale Evans

2005
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Rare Photos
- ☐ Mar: Deadwood/McShane
- ☐ Apr: 77 Sunset Trips
- ☐ May: Trains/Collector's Edition
- ☐ Jun: Jesus Out West
- ☐ Jul: All Things Cowboy
- ☐ Aug: History of Western Wear
- ☐ Sep: Gambling
- ☐ 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
- ☐ Aug: Western Media/Best Reads
- ☐ Sep: Endurance Of The Horse
- ☐ Oct: 3:10 To Yuma
- ☐ 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
- ☐ Aug: Kendricks Northern CBs/Photos
- ☐ Sep: Saloons & Stagecoaches
- ☐ Oct: Charlie Russell
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Mickey Free

2009
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Border Riders
- ☐ Mar: Poncho Villa
- ☐ Apr: Stagecoach
- ☐ May: Battle For The Alamo
- ☐ Jun: Custer's Ride To Glory
- ☐ Jul: Am West, Then & Now
- ☐ Aug: Wild West Shows
- ☐ Sep: Vaquero/500 Yrs Before CBs
- ☐ Oct: Capturing Billy
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Chaco Canyon

2010
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Top 10 WesternTowns
- ☐ Mar: Trains/Pony Express
- ☐ Apr: OW Destinations/Clint Eastwood
- ☐ May: Legendary Sonny Jim
- ☐ Jun: Extreme Western Adventures
- ☐ Jul: Starvation Trail/AZ Rough Riders
- ☐ Aug: Digging Up Billy the Kid
- ☐ Sep: Classic Rodeo!
- ☐ Oct: Extraordinary Western Art
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Black Warriors of the West

2011
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Sweethearts of the Rodeo
- ☐ 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
- ☐ Jun: Wyatt On The Set!
- ☐ July: Deadly Trackers
- ☐ Aug: How Did Butch & Sundance Die?
- ☐ 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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Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian. His latest book is *Wyatt Earp: Showdown at Tombstone*. 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

Backhand Loops & Gin Slings

In the cowboy song "Old Paint," the singer sings, "I lead an old Dan," that he's on his way to Montana to "throw the hoolihan" and that the "fiery and snuffy are a-rarin' to go." What do hoolihan, Dan, fiery and snuffy mean?

Ryan Logas
Scottsdale, Arizona

Cowboy lingo is an esoteric language all its own and understood by few, but here goes.

An old Dan is believed to be cowboy jargon for a pack animal. Sometimes the words sung were, "I lead an old dam," meaning a mare.

Fiery means temperamental, ardent or intensely passionate; snuffy means wild, spirited and likely to cause trouble.

A hoolihan means going to town and raising hell or "painting the town red." It's also a roping term used by the cowboys to describe a quick, backhand loop thrown to make a head catch on a horse or cow in a crowded corral when the animal was facing you. I compare it to a backhand versus a forehand in tennis.

How many trail drivers were needed on a cattle drive?

Mike Minihan
Wylie, Texas

A trail herd usually required a crew of 10 to 15 men—or about one man per 250 beeves. The trail boss rode point, seeking water or mapping the route. The cook was up front too. Behind them were two lead riders, followed by two flankers. The horse wrangler rode off to the side. Bringing up the rear, eating dust, were the drag riders, usually the worst cowhands or the new guys.

Cowboys faced many dangers on trail drives, not the least of which was driving stock across a swollen river.

– ALL IMAGES TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

What was the fate of the animals that were used in Wild West shows when the shows closed down?

Rod Barker
Cave Creek, Arizona

Wild West shows captured the spirit of the Old West and were popular with folks around the world from the 1880s until the second decade of the 20th century. But they were expensive to run, with all that personnel, plus the purchase and care for all the animals. Taking the entire troupe from place to place cost big bucks, so most shows had a limited lifespan. Even the combined shows of Buffalo Bill Cody and Pawnee Bill went bankrupt in 1913.

When the show went belly up, other Wild West shows, rodeos or individuals might have been in the market to buy the animals. Some exotic wildlife, such as buffalo, elk and mountain sheep, might have gone to a zoo or wildlife park. Some animals were offered to the now-unemployed performers in lieu of wages.

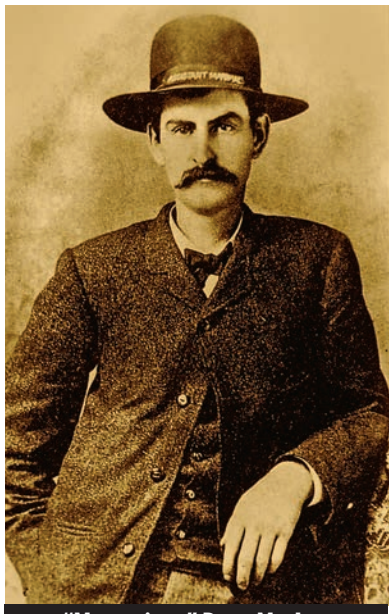
Wild West shows incorporated many exotic animals. This Pawnee Bill show poster, circa 1903, boasts of the world's only white buffalo.

My belief, unfortunately, is that many of those animals came to a bad ending when they were no longer needed.

What happened to Old West gunman "Mysterious" Dave Mather?

Johnny "Arizona" Crawley
Salem, Oregon

Well, that is a mystery. Dave Mather was born in Connecticut in 1851. When he was in his teens, he ran away to sea, but decided he was better on dry land. He made his way to Dodge City, Kansas, in the early 1870s. Over the next decade or so, he ran cattle, hunted buffalo, gambled, pulled off some robberies and played hired



"Mysterious" Dave Mather

gun to powerful interests. He ran with the likes of Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Doc Holliday, Ben Thompson and Dave Rudabaugh. Mather also wore a badge as a deputy town marshal in Dodge City for a short time, in 1883, during the bloodless Dodge City War.

When Mather disappeared, the stories began. One had him going to Canada, joining the North-West Mounted Police and living into the 1920s. Another has him shot to death in Dallas, Texas, in 1886. That's unlikely, as he was reportedly in Long Pine, Nebraska, in 1887. Afterwards, he dropped off the map.

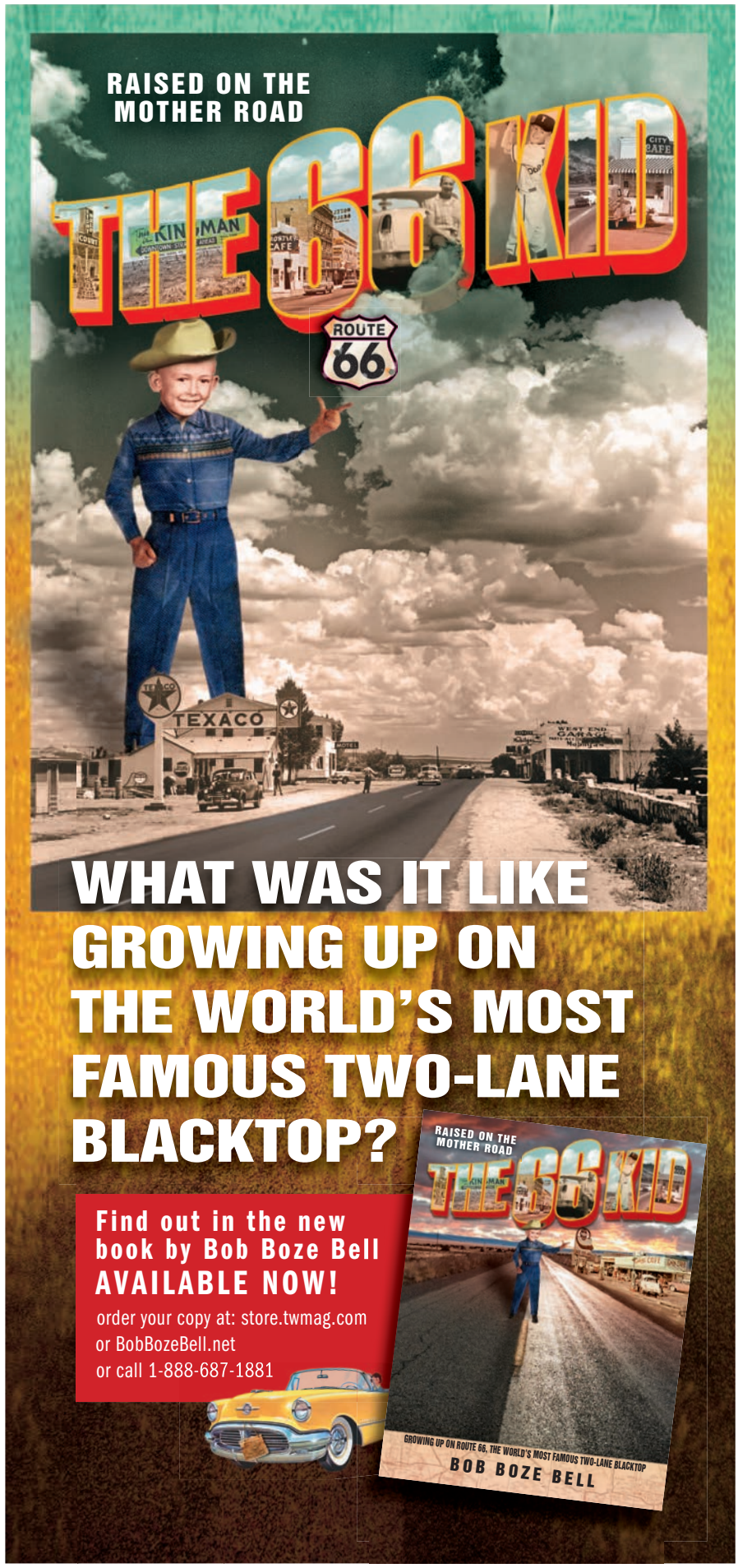
Even his brother Josiah lost track of him. It was much easier to get lost back in 19th-century America than it is today.

What were some popular drinks in the Old West saloons?

Paul Etzler
Eureka, Nevada

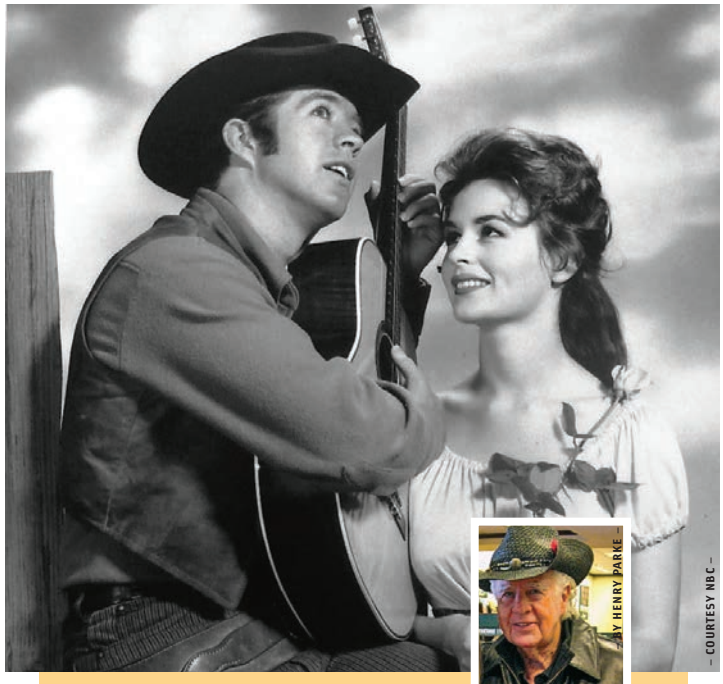
Author and *Frontier Fare* columnist Sherry Monahan says, "While it's true that wine, beer and whiskey were largely consumed in most Western saloons, many also offered fancy mixed drinks. They were quite popular in the wealthier communities, like San Francisco, Denver and Dodge City, where bars served drinks such as Gin Sling, Mint Julep and Whiskey Punch."

Depending on the location and year, a shot of whiskey usually cost around a quarter. Beer was around 10 cents a glass. The mixed drinks went up from that price.



What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

Clu Gulager played oil worker Abilene (left) opposite Cybill Shepherd's high school beauty Jacy Farrow in Peter Bogdanovich's coming-of-age 1971 film, *The Last Picture Show*. Their pool table scene, not in the original film, was restored for the 20th anniversary edition released by Criterion.



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– BY HENRY PARKE –

CLU GULAGER, ACTOR

Turning 86 this November, Clu Gulager was born in Holdenville, Oklahoma. He served as a marine at Camp Pendleton from 1946 to 1948. He started out in experimental theatre in Paris, France, mentored by actor Jean-Louis Barrault. By the 1960s, he was a contract actor with Universal. He is most known for his role as Billy the Kid (above, with Marianna Hill) in 1960-62's *The Tall Man* and Deputy Emmett Ryker in *The Virginian* series on NBC. He recently appeared in his son John's 2012 Comedy-Horror film *Piranha 3DD*, and he teaches the next generation at his film acting workshop in Hollywood.

When I shot my first episode of *The Tall Man*, Universal Studios found a wonderful pasture by the freeway, which had dozens and dozens of cars going back and forth, back and forth. They spent a lot of money on cattle. We lost the whole scene—they couldn't hear one word that we said. So we lost a big production value with the cattle. That means a lot on a television episode because they don't have a lot of money to spend.

When I played Billy the Kid, I knew about the legend of the Western outlaw. Did I believe it? No, none of it.

I was broke when I stepped onto *The Virginian*. I had to ask Frank Price, who ran it, for a job. He fired an actor off the set and hired me. Had I known he had fired someone, I would not have accepted the job. You have your values. Boy, it's a cutthroat business.

I didn't become a big movie star. No, I did not. Am I disappointed? Yes, because I could have gotten better roles, more money and mounted several Cybill Shepherds instead of just one. In the movies. On a pool table.

I grew up in Classical music, playing the French horn all my life, until after the Marine Corps, when I stopped with my French horn. I was solo French horn for the Marine Corps band, and we played a lot of Classical things, a lot of marches too. So my sensibility lies within Mozart, for example, who really writes well for French horn, very well. And Richard Wagner, who really writes well for French horn. I like that kind of thing.

Because my father'd been on Broadway with George M. Cohan, and my cousin's Will Rogers, I have always been in show business in my mind. Always, always, always. I knew nothing else, I know nothing else, and I don't care to learn anything else.

My son, John, is a composer and a director and a cinematographer and an editor and an actor. He does all of it, because that's what he was taught to do.

My parents were not very excessive in their interest of their child. It was a lone existence. It was bad. But it gave me time to dream, and I became an artist. Which also is bad, you know, very painful.

You judge life experiences by your life experiences, don't you? So when you need more affection, and love, and care, that's what you look for in your life experiences.

I admire Federico Fellini. He was an Italian filmmaker, my favorite director, who made four of my favorite films, *La Strada*, *La Dolce Vida*, *8½* and *Amarcord*. *8½* is my favorite film of all time, because it's a show business film, and I'm a show business person. But I think it goes beyond. There are poignant moments on there that you would just die for.

I didn't get to do the dreaming, the research into the writing. There were things in that writing that we didn't have time to find. Things that you guys wrote. It was there: we just didn't have time to dig it out. I resent that personally because I know what we could have done, had we had the time. People did not believe in the time in those days; they believed in the bottom line.

What people don't know about me is I'm extremely poor; I'm a pauper and would dearly love to have contributions of bags of money, if they can get around to it, and spend their time sending me funds. I would like that a lot. I feel like I've missed out.

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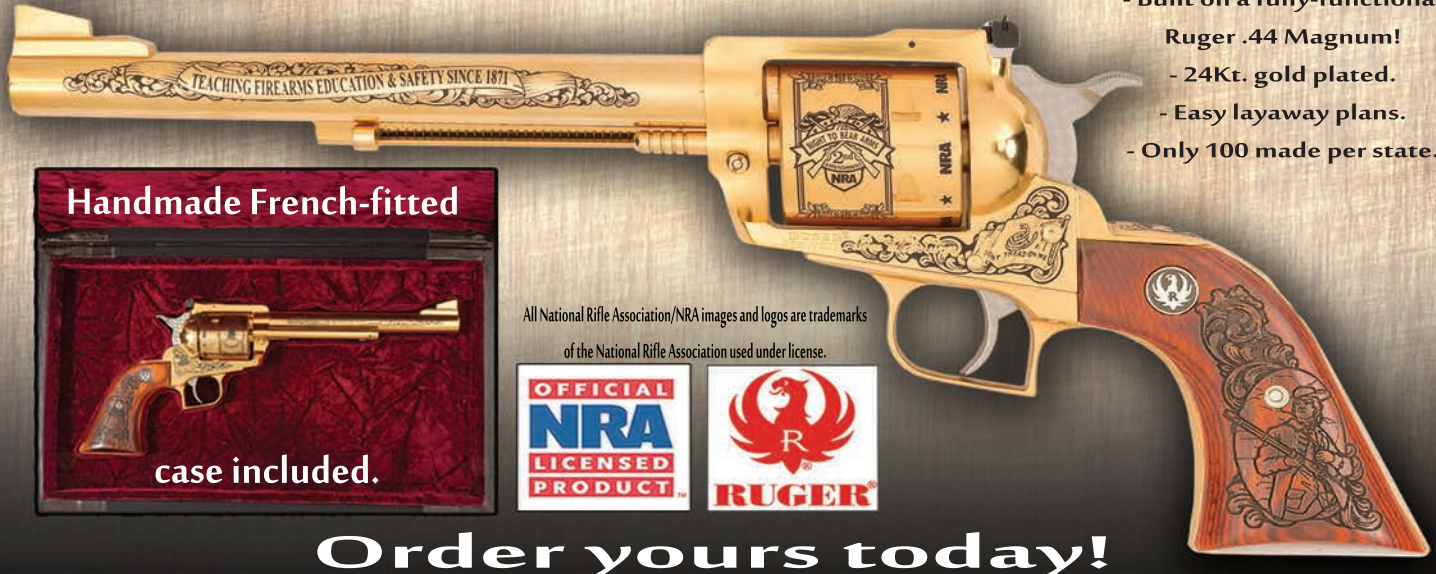

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