SURF'S UP FOR BUFFALO BILL • SURVIVING GERONIMO'S RAIDERS

OUR 55TH YEAR

OCTOBER 2008

TRUE WEST

PRESERVING THE AMERICAN WEST

CHARLIE RUSSELL

This cowboy artist would have gone nowhere if not for his wife.

$5.99
twmag.com

John Wayne™ Collector's Edition

100th Anniversary Commemorative Set
Individually serial numbered and registered

This LIMITED EDITION holster and belt are faithful reproductions of the rig used by Duke for most of his western movies. Each belt is fitted with a heavy cast emblem and an engraved serial number which will be officially registered with Wayne Enterprises.

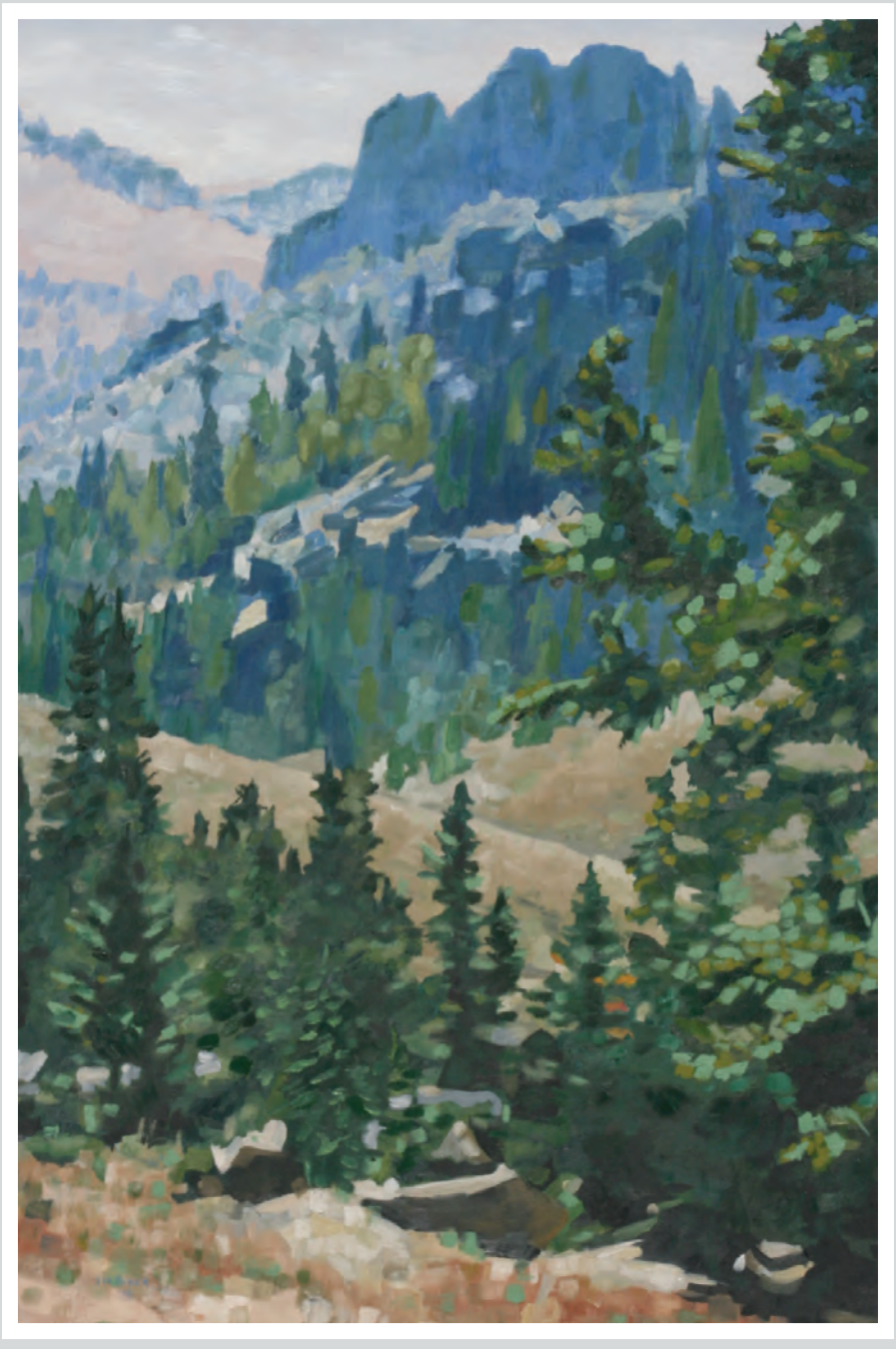
www.desantisholster.com

DEPT TWO8 431 BAYVIEW AVENUE, AMITYVILLE, NY 11701

(800) GUNHIDE

The back of each holster is heavily embossed with Duke's signature and registered logos from Wayne Enterprises and DeSantis Gunhide commemorating the 100th anniversary.

GEORGE FREDERICK VAN BUREN



BIGHORN MOUNTAINS ABOVE LOVELL
Oil 42" x 28" (C)

www.GeorgeFrederickVanBuren.com
george_vanburen@yahoo.com

For a New Look at the Old West

In 1881 The Tombstone Epitaph reported the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral. Today, Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday live on in The Tombstone Epitaph, now an historical monthly journal of the Old West still published in Tombstone, AZ.

Twenty pages of newly researched articles on the winning of the Old West every month:

HISTORIC EVENTS
FRONTIERSMAN & GUNSLINGERS
THE FAMOUS & THE INFAMOUS
COWBOYS & INDIANS
PIONEER WOMEN & FAMILIES
RARE PHOTOGRAPHS

Send this coupon with your subscription to get a FREE reprint of the 1881 Epitaph reporting the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral®.

Only $25 per year

The Tombstone Epitaph.

Name_____

Address_____

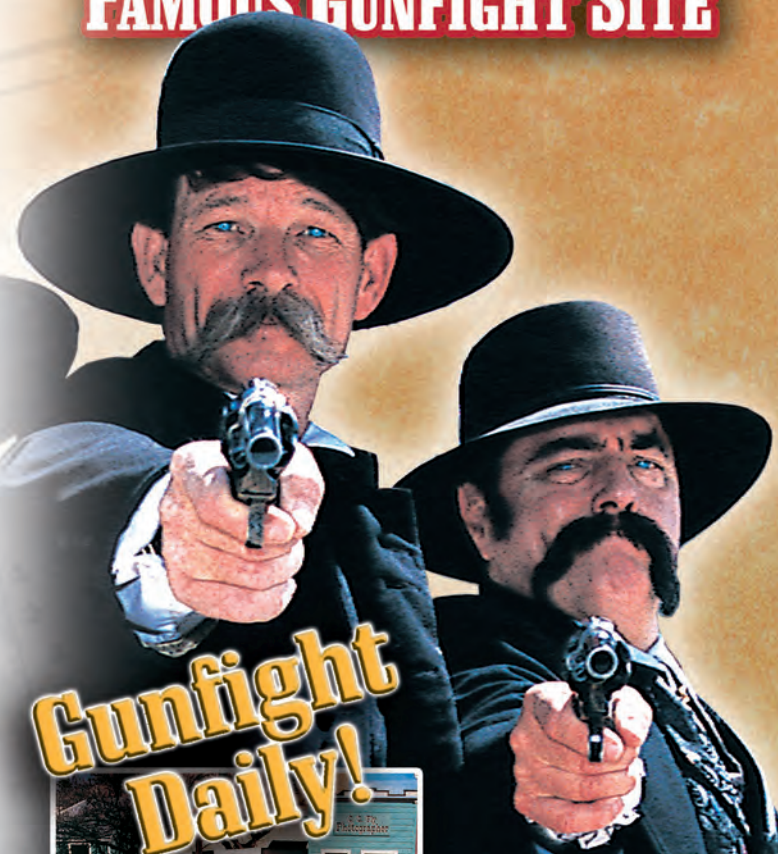
City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Send check or money order to: The Tombstone Epitaph
P.O. Box 1880, Tombstone, AZ 85638.

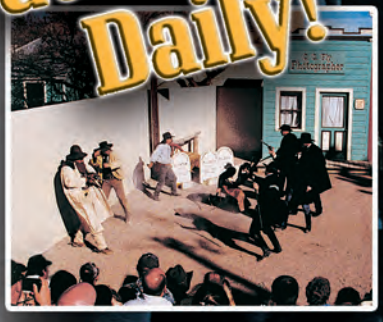
Rates U.S.: ❑1-Year $25 ❑2-Year $45 ❑3-Year $60

O.K.® CORRAL

Famous Gunfight Site



Gunfight Daily!



Walk where Wyatt Earp & Doc Holliday fought the West's legendary gunfight.

www.okcorral.com

Tombstone, Arizona

Seventy Miles S.E. of Tucson


THE STOECKLEIN COLLECTION
"PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE AMERICAN WEST"
David R. Stoecklein
www.thestoeckleincollection.com
1-800-727-5191

Imagine a place where the Comanche Indians once roamed, Pancho Villa led raids across the Rio Grande, cowboys sat around an open campfire, and miners drank whisky at the Trading Post; all among dramatic Chisos mountain vistas and the borderland majesty of the Rio Grande River.

Tucked away in West Texas between Big Bend National Park and Big Bend State Park lies this exquisite, 25,000-acre private estate where a cast of infamous characters made history and the Old West inspires the rugged luxury of Texas' first destination resort.

Lajitas Resort and Spa

At Lajitas, you may do as much or as little as you like, but you'll never be without something to do.
Equestrian Center • Hunt Club • Boardwalk Shops • Golf • Spa • Gourmet Cuisine Dining • And Much More

100 Main St. • Lajitas, Texas 79827
Email reservations@lajitas.com
Contact us for more information

LAJITAS
THE ULTIMATE HIDEOUT

AGAVE
THE SPA AT LAJITAS

877-525-4827 • lajitas.com

7th Annual

SASS CONVENTION

AND

WILD WEST CHRISTMAS

THE ONE AND ONLY HOLIDAY SHOPPING SHOW DEDICATED TO AMERICA'S HISTORIC OLD WEST

★ ENTRY IS FREE ★ GUN LEATHER ★
★ CLOTHING ★ HATS ★ VESTS ★ FROCKS ★
★ CONTINUOUS L IVE ENTERT AINMENT ★

877-411-SASS

WWW.SASSNET.COM

Brought to you by
The Single Action Shooting Society
— 80,000 Strong And Growing!

DECEMBER 4-7, 2008

RIVIERA HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

Out Wickenburg Way

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

October 2008 • Volume 55 • Issue 10

TRUE WEST
PRESERVING THE AMERICAN WEST

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

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Bob Boze Bell

MANAGING EDITOR
Meghan Saar

EDITORIAL TEAM
Features Editor: Mark Boardman
Westerns Film Editor: Henry Cabot Beck
Preservation Editor: Jana Bommersbach
Field Editor: Phil Spangenberger

PRODUCTION MANAGER
Robert Ray

ART DIRECTOR
Daniel Harshberger

ART DEPARTMENT
Abby Goodrich, Beatrice Ray

MAP DEPARTMENT
Gus Walker

HISTORICAL CONSULTANT
Paul Hutton

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Allen Barra, John Beckett, John Boessenecker, Johnny D. Boggs, Daniel Buck, Robert DeArment, Richard H. Dillon, Bill Garwood, Drew Gomber, Cynthia Green, Alan Huffines, Tim Lasiuta, Chuck Lewis, Anne Meadows, Leon Metz, Sherry Monahan, Phyllis Morreale-de la Garza, Candy Moulton, Frederick Nolan, Gary Roberts, Joseph G. Rosa, William Secrest, Marshall Trimble, Linda Wommack

ARCHIVIST/PROOFREADER
Ron Frieling

PUBLISHER EMERITUS
Robert G. McCubbin

TRUE WEST FOUNDER
Joe Austell Small (1914-1994)

SUBSCRIPTIONS, RENEWALS AND ADDRESS CHANGES
888-687-1881
FAX: 480-575-1903
twmag.com

OUR COVER

Charlie Russell and his wife Nancy.

– Cover design by Daniel Harshberger; Charlie: C.M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana; Nancy: Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, Colorado –

HERITAGE
Western Americana & Photography

SEEKING QUALITY CONSIGNMENTS FOR OUR FALL AUCTION


1


5

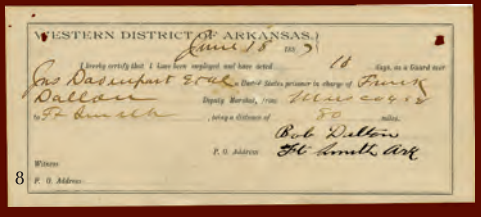

2


6

3


7


4



8

WHY CONSIGN TO HERITAGE?

Presentation. Our full-color catalogs are second to none. All auctions are online at HA.com

More Bidders. We reach more active bidders through our world-class promotion, powerful website (with an average of over 25,000 visitors every day) and aggressive marketing. This, along with our competitive seller's fees, will deliver you the biggest check possible.

Peace of Mind. Heritage has never failed to pay a consignor on time. Liberal cash advances available.

Experience. With 35 years in business and over $600 million per year in annual sales, let our professional team give you the Heritage edge.

To reserve a complimentary catalog of your choice, register online at HA.com/TW15540 or call 866-835-3243 and mention reference #TW15540.

1 Pony Express Bible
Sold for $38,837. November 2007

2 Sixth Plate Daguerreotype of a Frontiersman with Hawken-Style Rifle
Sold for $5,676. June 2008

3 Gold Bond from the Cochise County, Tombstone, Arizona Territory, 1881
Sold for $5,078. June 2008

4 Stereoview Wild West Town of Corrine, Utah Territory
Sold for $2,868. June 2008

5 Fantastic Imperial Size Photograph of Echo City, Utah Territory Stagecoach and Stop
Sold for $7,170. June 2008

6 Imperial Size Cabinet Card Photograph, Armed Apache Scouts, Arizona Territory
Sold for $5,078. June 2008

7 Cabinet Card Photograph of Early View Street Scene, Dodge City, Kansas
Sold for $7,767. June 2008

8 Autograph Document Signed "Bob Dalton"
Sold for $7,767. June 2008

CONSIGNMENT DEADLINE:
December 2, 2008

To consign to a future auction, call:

Russ Jorzig
Consignment Director
Western Americana and Western Photography
RussJ@HA.com
800-872-6467 ext. 1633

Annual Sales Exceeding $600 Million • Over 375,000 Registered Online Bidder-Members

3500 Maple Ave, 17th Floor • Dallas, Texas 75219 • 214-528-3500 • 800-872-6467 • HA.com

HERITAGE HA.com
Auction Galleries
The World's Largest Collectibles Auctioneer

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

TRUE WEST
PRESERVING THE AMERICAN WEST

PRESIDENT & CEO
Bob Boze Bell

SENIOR VICE PRESIDENT & COO
K. Robert Brink

GENERAL MANAGER
Carole Compton Glenn

PUBLISHER
Trish Brink

CHIEF MARKETING OFFICER/ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Ken Amorosano

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Dave Daiss

REGIONAL SALES MANAGERS
Michele Hazut
Colorado, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Tennessee & Texas
Sue Lambert
Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah & Wyoming
Tom Tumas
Arizona, California, Kansas, Nevada, North Dakota & Washington

ADVERTISING OFFICES
6702 E. Cave Creek Rd., Suite 5
Cave Creek, AZ 85331
888-687-1881; FAX 480-575-1903

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT
Sheri Riley

October 2008, Vol. 55, #10, Whole #469. *True West* (ISSN 0041-3615) is published eleven times a year (January/February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November/December, Special Source Book-December) by *True West* Publishing, Inc., 6702 E. Cave Creek Rd, Cave Creek, AZ 85331. 480-575-1881. Periodical postage paid at Cave Creek, AZ 85327, and at additional mailing offices.
Canadian GST Registration Number R132182866.

Single copies: $5.99/Source Book: $9.95. U.S. subscription rate is $29.95 per year (11 issues); $49.95 for two years (22 issues).

To subscribe or for back issue information, call 888-687-1881 or visit twmag.com. Claims for all damaged/missing issues must be filed within 90 days of the issue date. Claims filed after that time, but within the calendar year, must be prepaid at the single issue rate plus shipping. If the post office alerts us that your magazine is undeliverable, we have no further obligation unless we receive a corrected address within two years. *True West* welcomes editorial submissions (query first) but assumes no responsibility for the loss/damage of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS, RENEWALS AND ADDRESS CHANGES
888-687-1881
FAX: 480-575-1903
twmag.com

Behind Every Successful Man

Is a surprised woman.

Three men who have a huge influence on my life, in terms of the way I look at the West. In fact, if you filter these three guys through my seven books and this magazine you will definitely go, "Okay, now I get it."

– Illustration by Bob Boze Bell –

Tres Hombres I admire most.

Back when I was a lad (okay, 33), I painted a tribute to the three guys I thought were the very best when it came to all things Western.

Yes, that's them, above. One of them was, and still is, damn funny; one of them was quite brave; and the last one was known as "The Cowboy Artist."

Growing up around my Kingman cowboy cousins (who hated the guy who was brave, by the way), I often saw Charlie Russell prints in barns, line shacks, coffee tables and on calendars, placemats, greeting cards and posters, and in my favorite magazine: *True West* (Charlie's line drawings were used for department heads, including Hosstail Small's editorials).

Like most budding artists, I was in awe of Charlie's authentic detail. I spent many an hour studying and copying his style. I even made it one of my life goals to someday visit his art studio and see where the magic happened.

I finally made it to Charlie Russell's Great Falls, Montana, studio in the middle of a snowstorm in 1996. If you happened to be there, that was me, on my knees, genuflecting and bowing to The Man, in the middle of a White Out.

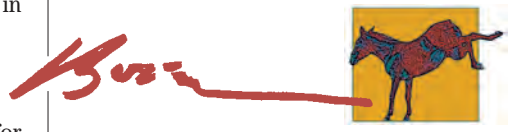
I love Charlie because he was authentic and he had that cowboy wit: "Most people come out to Montana for their health. I came out for my father's health." Now that's funny.

Evidently, I'm not alone in my love for all things Russell. Record numbers of people continue to flock to the C.M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth and other smart museums that display incredible examples of the artist's awesome ability to capture the Western spirit with action and color.

This issue features the real story behind the man, and it's not surprising to anyone who's married to a good woman (p. 40).

Our art director Dan Harshberger proposed the cover line "Charlie Russell: A Nancy Boy After All." Although we all laughed at his wordplay, we thought it a tad too insulting to the memory of our favorite Cowboy Artist. We hope the cover blurb we settled on more correctly captures our reverence for the man.

As for Tres Hombres (the Three Men in the painting), they should not be strangers to anyone who reads these pages. They are: Mark Twain, Wyatt Earp and Charlie Russell—three men who made a huge difference in the West we love.



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

"Defenders of Coffeyville" Acrylic, 36"h x 48"w

Outlaw Adobe Gray II" Oil, 40"h x 30"w

BIG HORN GALLERIES OF CODY, WYOMING PROUDLY PRESENTS THESE TWO GREAT WESTERN ARTISTS

THOM ROSS

&

BUCKEYE BLAKE

BIG HORN GALLERIES

CODY, WY • TUBAC, AZ

CODY, WYOMING

1167 Sheridan Avenue
Cody, Wyoming 82414
Phone (307) 527-7587

bighorngalleries.com
BHGCody@AOL.com

TUBAC, ARIZONA

P.O. Box 4080 • 37 Tubac Rd.
Tubac, Arizona 85646
Phone (520) 398-9209

bighorngalleries.com
tubac@bighorngalleries.com

True West readers speak their piece.

First Edition Remington?

I enjoyed the article in the August 2008 edition about collecting rare books. I have been holding onto a large book titled *Drawings*, by Frederic Remington. The third page states the copyright as 1897. It is the size of a coffee table edition, weighing nearly five pounds. Owen Wister wrote the foreword.

The cover has damages, but the 60 pages are pristine for their age and the prints are amazing. I have been looking for information regarding this book for more than 10 years and come up empty.

Possibly Mr. McCubbin might have some information to add. I am a big fan of the magazine, and this article got me excited about my book again!

Ross Wicks
Gulfport, Mississippi

Robert G. McCubbin responds: *The book you have is a good example of how the value of a book can vary widely. If you search on* abebooks.com *for the book with "Remington" as author and "Drawings" as title, you will find many copies available from dealers. The copies range in price from $10,000 for a very fine copy of the limited edition signed by Remington in the original box to $200 for a copy of the regular first edition in not-too-good condition. Reprints from 1898 onward are also available. The copyright was 1897, and that date appears on the copyright page in all editions. If there is a later date anywhere in your copy, it is not a first edition, which impacts the value, as does the condition. Thank you for your letter.*

Head to Head

In *The Searchers*, Ethan refers to Marty as "blankethead," not "buckethead" as stated in the caption on p. 20 of your August 2008 issue. Is Mr. Beck being politically correct? If this is the case, it is understandable; the term "blankethead" offends Indians.

C.W. Bates
Perkins, Oklahoma

Henry Cabot Beck responds: *This mistake of mine warrants five d'oh's on the Homer Simpson ratings scale. As someone who has seen* The Searchers *hundreds of times and can quote from the movie at length to the never-ceasing dread and despair of friends and family, I can scarcely believe I let this one slip by.*

As for my being PC, as the reader mercifully suggests, I have to say that while I have no trouble believing that Ethan Edwards meant the term pejoratively, possibly as some sort of backhanded reference to Marty's Indian bloodline, I can't find the phrase in common usage as a reference to Indians in any other context. It does pop up as an insult in other slang and urban dictionary sources, but without any Indian connection.

A Classy Guy

I am honored to receive a plaque attesting to my readers' choice status as Best Living Nonfiction Writer [Best of the West Source Book 2008]. That's nice. I hope their choice is correct. I think it is for Western Americana.

Robert Utley
Georgetown, Texas

Utley is not only a reader's favorite, he is also *True West's* "The Man Who Saved the West," appearing on the cover of our first annual preservation issue, released in July 2007.

– True West Archives –

More Western Women We Love

I enjoyed the article about Julie Hagen in the May 2008 issue [*Western Women We Love*, p. 54]. She is a perfect example of a strong, beautiful woman. I wish our daughters could see more Julies and fewer Hollywood-type women.

In his editorial, Bob Boze Bell mentioned Julie has rheumatoid arthritis. Would you let her know about a mine in Boulder, Montana, that helps arthritis victims? My husband and I keep our arthritis at bay with yearly trips to the Free Enterprise Health Mine (406-225-3383). It's inexpensive, can't hurt and does help many. I don't get a kickback or anything; I just hate to see people suffer more than they might need to.

Eunice Boeve
Phillipsburg, Kansas

The Caped Crusader

I was delighted at the content in your August 2008 issue. I read Wes Cowan's piece [p. 34] with additional interest because we have corresponded regarding a number of Hickok photographs, but not the one he includes. Therefore, perhaps a comment or two on "The Caped Crusader" might be of interest.

My search of the available Rolla, Missouri, directories for 1861-69 failed to find photographer A. Neuman, so I presume he must have been itinerant, or he copied an existing print. This means the photograph may be post-1866, fitting in with photographs made of Hickok post that date, especially the buckskin version made at Mendota in 1869.

Concerning the reference to the 8th Missouri State Militia: Hickok told Henry M. Stanley that he scouted for them, and I believe he did, but certainly not as late as 1866—he was paid off from government service in June 1865. I am still trying to track Hickok down between September 1862 and the early fall of 1863 when he turns up in Springfield as a detective policeman. But in early 1864, he resigned and was immediately recruited by Gen. John Sanborn as a scout and spy and, so he later wrote, "was the best man I had."

Joseph Rosa
Wild Bill Hickok Biographer
Ruislip, Middlesex, England

Correction:

- Broken Trail *aired on AMC, not CBS, as noted on p. 86 of August 2008.*

We Welcome Your Comments

"Now let the letters roll in and bare your very soul. That is what has always kept us going and I think it always will."
—Joe Small,* True West *founder

Letters to the editor become the property of True West *and may be edited. Send your letters to Editor, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327. E-mail: editor@twmag.com*

Experience the Old West.

Oct. 17-18...
Lander, WY, **Heart of the West Art Show & Sale:** Cowboy paintings and bronzes galore at this art show and sale, which includes a cowboy gear exhibit and music by Justin Beasley (above). **307-332-3892 • LanderChamber.org**

– Courtesy Heart of the West –

OCTOBER

9-12... Durango, CO, **Durango Heritage Celebration:** Commemorates 1881-1910 Durango through a Victorian ball, period costume promenade, vintage gun workshop, cemetery tours and a ride on the narrow gauge railroad. **970-382-9298 • DurangoHeritageCelebration.org**

10-12... Lone Pine, CA, **19th Annual Lone Pine Film Festival:** Features movie tours, including Randolph Scott locales, a panel of stars from TV's *Wagon Train* and film screenings. **760-876-9909 • LonePineFilmFestival.org**

10-13... Silver City, NM, **12th Annual Weekend at the Galleries:** Tour two dozen galleries exhibiting the works of 200 artists, plus visit "phantom studios" with quick draw art on Saturday. **800-548-9378 • MimbresArts.org/WAG.html**

16... Scottsdale, AZ, **19th Annual Western Art Walk:** In town for the Cowboy Artists of America Show? Mingle with collectors of Western art at downtown galleries and enjoy Country concerts. **ScottsdaleGalleries.com**

24-26... Fort Worth, TX, **Red Steagall Cowboy Gathering:** Enjoy cowboy poetry, Western swing dances, ranch rodeo, a chuckwagon parade and camp, and cowboy trade show. **888-269-8696 RedSteagallCowboyGathering.com**

NOVEMBER

1-2 & 8-9... San Bernardino, CA, **28th Annual Harvest Fair:** Delight in the Indian camp, Country music, folklorico dancers and chuckwagon food. **909-384-5426 • HarvestFair.net**

6-11... Heber City, UT, **14th Annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering & Buckaroo Fair:** Hosted by Waddie Mitchell and features nine poetry shows, ranch events and concerts by stars such as Michael Martin Murphey, Ian Tyson and Collin Raye. **435-654-3666 • HeberCityCowboyPoetry.com**

TWMag.com: *Expanded Events Coverage, view and post your Western events.*

To help encourage participation in preservation projects throughout the West, we will be sharing the hits and misses, as well as ongoing projects that readers can participate in. ***If you have any projects we should know about, please e-mail: editor@twmag.com.***

CASH FOR THE NELLIE CASHMAN

It ain't easy to maintain a historic landmark. Just ask the Skinners of **Tombstone, Arizona**.

They own the **Nellie Cashman Restaurant**, the oldest eatery in town, started in 1879 by the lady of the same name. Nellie actually called it the Russ House. But by whatever name, or whatever purpose (it's been a boarding house and a retail shop), the adobe building is a Tombstone fixture; a certain romance surrounds this place that hosted the Earps and the Clantons.

Sherri Skinner says, "The challenge is to keep things up, replace certain things, maintain the historical look and character while also keeping in your budget as a small business."

The place could use a new roof—$20,000. The interior setup isn't exactly the way it was back in Nellie's day (although the walls, floors, beams and basement are all original). That all costs money that the Skinners don't have.

So they're looking to sell it. The current price is $375,000, down about 40 percent from the original figure. New owners could keep the restaurant or use the building for other purposes—including a residence.

Until someone comes in and puts his name on the dotted line, Sherri Skinner and her family will be faced with a tough challenge—maintaining an historic landmark while trying to run a business.

520-457-2212

NellieCashman.FreeServers.com

Irish native Nellie Cashman moved to America as a gold prospector and nurse. She found her way to Tombstone, Arizona, where she opened up a restaurant and hotel, until she left the city in 1886. Now the historic building is for sale!

– True West Archives –

PHOTOS FROM *FRONTIER TIMES*

J. Marvin Hunter was the founding publisher and editor of ***Frontier Times***, a magazine of Texas history celebrating its 85th anniversary this month.

Ten years after he started the magazine, Hunter began archiving his collection of photos, documents and artifacts into the **Frontier Times Museum** in **Bandera, Texas**. Next month, a **Texas Historical Marker** will be placed at the site.

Not all of Hunter's collection goes into the museum. A few months ago, his grandson, **Ray Marvin Hay,** rediscovered a treasure trove of photographs, some of which date back to the 1860s. He found cabinet photos of San Antonio Mexicans and Latinos, unique shots of San Antonio saloons and many of the Alamo.

In June, those photos were donated to the **Institute of Texan Cultures** in **San Antonio**, where they'll be available for researchers, historians and scholars.

Some of the photos deal with the magazine and Bandera. Those will stay at the Frontier Times Museum.

830-796-3864

FrontierTimesMuseum.com

210-458-2330 • ***TexanCultures.com***

A SINKING QUEEN?

The last of the great American wooden paddlewheelers has hit troubled waters.

The ***Delta Queen***, built in 1927, first sailed the river waters of **California.** In recent years, it's carried passengers along the Mississippi, the Ohio and other

What can you do to preserve the West? Join the True West Preservation Society, "Preserving the West One Town at a Time." Find out more by visiting *PreserveTheWest.com* or by calling 888-575-1BY1.

rivers in the Midwest. The ship's bell came from the steamboat that **Mark Twain** rode on in 1883 while researching *Life On the Mississippi*.

The boat carries an 1897 steam calliope salvaged from a sunken showboat. It glistens with teak wood, original Tiffany-style stained glass windows and a rare ironwood floor. More than 170 voyagers enjoy a bit of the past on each *Delta Queen* voyage.

Politics may scuttle this national landmark. In the 1960s, federal guidelines passed for wooden ships addressed the danger of fire. For years, the *Delta Queen* got an almost automatic exemption, courtesy of Congress.

But in 2006, new ownership tossed out the union that represented the crew. In retaliation, House Democrats blocked the exemption. Congressional Republicans are working with grassroots groups to reinstate the exemption. Unless something changes, it will stop sailing in November.

256-495-0001
SaveTheDeltaQueen.com

TELLURIDE UPDATE

By the time you read this, **Telluride, Colorado,** will have taken possession of a valley in the **San Miguel Mountains**.

That's because in June, the **Colorado Supreme Court** ruled that Telluride has the power to "condemn" more than 570 acres in the valley.

A defense contractor purchased the land in 1983, intending to develop it. Last year, local residents (including a number of Hollywood glitterati such as actress **Daryl Hannah** and eBay founder **Meg Whitman**) raised $25.5 million to help reimburse the landowner; total cost: $50 million. The effort was spearheaded by **Valley Floor Preservation Partners**.

The next step—in addition to raising more money—is to develop a comprehensive plan for preserving and using the valley.

970-728-8256 • *ValleyFloor.org*

America's Favorite Bone Detective

Honoring the man who dug up the truth about Alferd Packer's flesh meal.

Alferd Packer has been called "America's Favorite Cannibal."

Students at the University of Colorado at Boulder memorialized him by naming their cafeteria after him, and he is defended by some as a guy who was forced to eat human flesh to stay alive that harsh Colorado winter of 1874.

Tell all that to historical archaeologist James E. Ayres, and he'll tell you this: "When we looked at the bones, we found all had been chopped in the head with a hatchet; some had defensive wounds on their arms, to fight off the blows. If they'd have died, there was no need for the hatchet marks."

Ayres was among the archaeologists who in 1989 excavated the mass grave that held the five men who didn't survive Packer. He remembers the excitement of finding the grave, then the thrill of solving this Old West mystery: "Everybody was happy—we were able to demonstrate once and for all that he was killing everyone and then butchering them," says Ayres, from his office at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

This wasn't the only thrilling part of a career that has spanned more than 40 years, but it was the one that got the most press attention and settled a 115-year debate. If you look at the whole picture, those bones were a tiny fraction of the "millions of artifacts" Ayres has dug up over his career, starting with heading the Tucson Urban Renewal archaeological excavation in the late 1960s.

And for all that work, the Society for Historical Archaeology in Rockville, Maryland, awarded Ayres its J.C. Harrington medal for lifetime achievement this January in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The society's highest honor, the medal is given to someone who has shaped the growth and standards of archaeology. Upon hearing the news, Ayres said, "Getting this award is sort of the highlight of your career in a way. When you've been around long enough, eventually good things come."

The 71-year-old Ayres is a self-effacing guy who says he's not content to look back at what he's already done, but to look ahead at where he's still going.

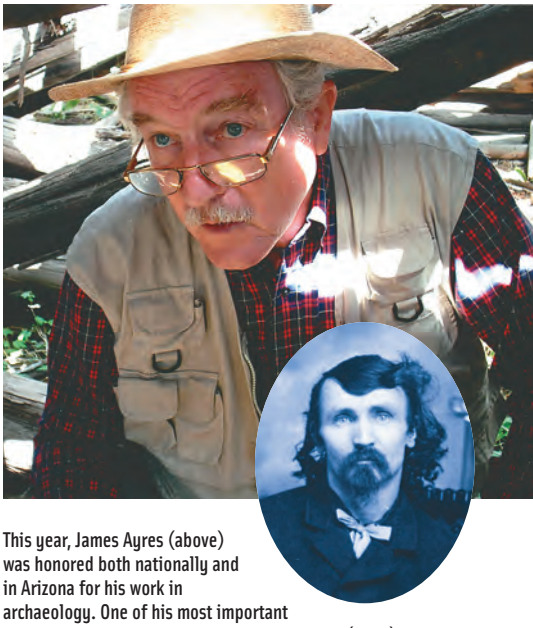
Yet what he's done in his past has been at the center of one of America's most intriguing stories: Packer had talked himself into a guiding job for men trying to get to the San Juan Mountains in Colorado to seek mining claims, but he wasn't much of a guide and the party of six got caught in a harsh winter with far too few provisions. When Packer, alone, stumbled into camp in early April 1874, he told the first of four stories to explain where the others were: First, they'd gotten separated, and he'd just beaten them here; second, that men died at various times along the trail and they were forced to eat some of their flesh to stay alive; third, that Shannon Wilson Bell had killed the other men while Packer was out hunting and Packer had to kill Bell in self-defense; and fourth, he contradicted the Bell story and returned to men dying here and there.

A court sentenced him to hang on May 19, 1883, but he never did. He lived out his sentence and was paroled in 1901. He died in 1907, still claiming his innocence.

But innocent he wasn't, according to the team that included Ayres and was led by Professor of Forensics James E. Starrs (a man referred to as the "father of Indiana Jones" because he so resembles Sean Connery and because he is an exhumation expert—he helped exhume the bones of Jesse James). The team proved that Packer was a murderer, a cannibal and a liar.

The project fit nicely into why Ayres loves being an archaeologist. What satisfies him most, he says, is "the sense of discovery, whether you're actually digging or doing archival work with old documents—either one has a sense of discovery and a flush of excitement when you find something new or different."

His first flush came with the urban renewal project in a city known as the Old Pueblo—the Spanish Presidio that became Tucson. In 1967, when the city wanted to build its convention center, it went to the heart of downtown—the oldest section of habitation that dated back to 1776. Ayres was then working at the Arizona Museum, and he headed an excavation that found "a good million" artifacts, from old Papago pottery to Chinese rice bowls, to buttons and "an occasional rusty tin can." He called it "pretty typical urban trash."



This year, James Ayres (above) was honored both nationally and in Arizona for his work in archaeology. One of his most important digs was cracking the truth about Alferd Packer (inset)—every bone detective's dream victory.

– Ayres photo: courtesy James E. Ayres/Packer photo: True West Archives –

He then started teaching at the university, but in 1979, he was tapped by Gov. Bruce Babbitt to serve as the state historic preservation officer. Although it was part of the State Parks Department, he found the office got "no support to speak of from parks" and that he wasn't able to do much in his year and a half on the job.

"I gave a lot of public talks and wanted to get as many places as possible on the National Register of Historic Places" to help assure their preservation, he remembers. Our nation's preservation efforts is an area he still follows closely, saying he's pleased that there's "more and more public interest."

But don't think Ayres is resting on his laurels. In the summer, he can be found mapping what's left of the old mining camps in the Uinta Mountains of northern Utah. Who knows what else is still waiting to give him the "flush" of excitement. "I expect to continue doing this for some time," he says, an Old West Savior all the way.

Jana Bommersbach has been Arizona's Journalist of the Year, won an Emmy for her television reporting, has been awarded two Lifetime Achievement Awards and is the author of two nationally-acclaimed true crime books.

 BY MEGHAN SAAR

Top Artist on the Taos Society Totem

At auction, Oscar Berninghaus captures highest price above other founding members.

"Every now and then I see whirlwinds. Looking out now, I see one but as it approaches it is a band of Indians out on the ceremonial rabbit hunt.

"These rabbits are hunted with bows and arrows, clubs and dogs—but no firearms, such is the reverence for the old days. The bands come on—all mounted on their ponies, help making the sight picturesque," wrote the impressionable artist Oscar Berninghaus about the Pueblo Indians in Taos, New Mexico, who immediately captured his fascination once he arrived in Taos by rail in 1899.

The artist would keep returning to Taos from St. Louis, and by 1912, he and five others formed the prestigious Taos Society of Artists to market their works. He eventually moved there permanently at the age of 51 in 1925. The personal relationships Berninghaus cultivated with the Pueblo Indians and his dedication to showing their everyday lives, not romanticizing them, set him apart from his peers, and may be why today he is the top-selling artist of the "Taos Six."

More than doubling its half-million estimate to set an auction record for artist Gerald Curtis Delano (1890-1972), *Navajo* hammered in at $1.1 million. This price far surpassed the record set for the artist by Coeur d'Alene last year, for *Smoke Signal,* selling for $325,000. Another Delano piece that sold at this year's auction is his oil *The Hunter (The Trapper)* for $300,000.

His work, *The Pueblos Await the Dancers*, not only set an auction record for the artist when it sold for $1.3 million at Coeur d'Alene on July 26, 2008, but it also placed him at the top of the society's totem pole, even surpassing Joseph Sharp, who was the first of the six to travel to Taos and be inspired artistically.

The year 2008 has been great for the founding artists: Joseph Sharp's 1903 oil *The Medicine Teepee* set a record for the artist when it sold at Christie's New York on May 21 for a $1.26 million bid; that same auction was also record-setting for Eanger Irving Couse, whose oil *The Harvest Song* sold for $775,000, and for William Herbert Dunton, whose oil *Texas of Old* sold for $730,000. In earlier years, Ernest Blumenschein's oil *The Red War Bonnet* sold for $390,000 at Scottsdale Art auction in April 2006, while Bert Geer Phillips's oil *Call of Spring (Song of Flute)* sold for $240,000 at the now-defunct Altermann & Morris in November 1999.

When Berninghaus died of a heart attack in 1952, artist Rebecca James captured the public sentiment about his art perfectly: "The body of his work is a magnificent document of the Southwest, painted as no one else has put down in this country. It is suffused with tenderness, is straight and tough as a pine tree, strong as a verb."

The Coeur d'Alene Art Auction hammered in at nearly $33 million.

Notable Art Lots Included
(All images courtesy
Coeur d'Alene Art Auction)

The Pueblos Await the Dancers, selling for $1.3 million, set an auction record for artwork by Oscar E. Berninghaus (1874-1952). The last record set for this founding member of the Taos Society of Artists was set back in May 1998, when Sotheby's New York sold his 1926 *Indian Farmer* for $625,000. Work by the artist has been on the auction block since then. This May, Christie's New York sold Berninghaus's *A Corner in the Taos Plaza* for $450,000.

Top Lot: Charles M. Russell's 1899 oil *The Hold Up* (above) almost beat the record for the artist set by Coeur d'Alene in 2005 for his 1918 oil *Piegans*. That painting sold for a $5 million bid, while the 1899 oil sold for $4.6 million, making it the top-selling lot at this year's auction. Coming in third place for work by the artist sold at auction is Russell's 1924 bronze *Meat for Wild Men* (bottom left), which sold for $3.6 million. Another Russell work of art on the block at Coeur d'Alene this year is his 1906 *Return of the Warriors* (left), selling for $1.2 million.

E. Martin Hennings (1886-1956) was a member of the Taos Society of Artists, and his oil *Streamside* sold for a $1.2 million bid. The auction high for Hennings is his oil *Indian Summer*, sold by Christie's New York on November 29, 2007, for $1.35 million, beating out Berninghaus by $50,000.

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

Oct. 11-12, 2008
Old West Estate Auction Featuring
Antique Colt & Winchester Guns
Burley (New Braunfels, TX)
BurleyAuction.com • 830-237-3440

Oct. 18, 2008
Annual Bit, Spur
and Western Auction
A&S Auction (Waco, TX)
ASAuctions.com • 254-799-6044

Oct. 18-19, 2008
Indian Art, Jewelry
and Artifacts
Allard Auction (Seattle, WA/Portland, OR)
AllardAuctions.com • 888-314-0343

Top Lot: Charles M. Russell's 1899 oil *The Hold Up* (above) almost beat the record for the artist set by Coeur d'Alene in 2005 for his 1918 oil *Piegans*. That painting sold for a $5 million bid, while the 1899 oil sold for $4.6 million, making it the top-selling lot at this year's auction. Coming in third place for work by the artist sold at auction is Russell's 1924 bronze *Meat for Wild Men* (bottom left), which sold for $3.6 million. Another Russell work of art on the block at Coeur d'Alene this year is his 1906 *Return of the Warriors* (left), selling for $1.2 million.

E. Martin Hennings (1886-1956) was a member of the Taos Society of Artists, and his oil *Streamside* sold for a $1.2 million bid. The auction high for Hennings is his oil *Indian Summer*, sold by Christie's New York on November 29, 2007, for $1.35 million, beating out Berninghaus by $50,000.

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

Oct. 11-12, 2008
Old West Estate Auction Featuring
Antique Colt & Winchester Guns
Burley (New Braunfels, TX)
BurleyAuction.com • 830-237-3440

Oct. 18, 2008
Annual Bit, Spur
and Western Auction
A&S Auction (Waco, TX)
ASAuctions.com • 254-799-6044

Oct. 18-19, 2008
Indian Art, Jewelry
and Artifacts
Allard Auction (Seattle, WA/Portland, OR)
AllardAuctions.com • 888-314-0343

BY HENRY CABOT BECK

The Next Classic Buddy Film

Director/star Ed Harris and author Robert B. Parker give us an inside look at Appaloosa.

Steel-eyed, sober, often grim and frequently dangerous, Ed Harris has carved a niche for himself portraying characters who can be flawed or misdirected.

Whether he's playing an earnest astronaut (John Glenn in *The Right Stuff*) or a scarred gangster (*A History of Violence*), his parts are rarely less than formidable.

It's no surprise that Harris is drawn to Westerns. He's narrated documentaries on Peckinpah's *The Wild Bunch* and on director Budd Boetticher. What is surprising is that prior to *Appaloosa*, out in theaters October 3, he's only acted in one, a made-for-TV Zane Grey oater *Riders of the Purple Sage*, which co-starred his wife Amy Madigan, and for which he received a Screen Actors Guild acting nomination. In fact, Harris has been nominated for Oscars four times, and he has taken home one Golden Globe out of a possible five.

Appaloosa is Harris's baby. He found the book, secured permission from novelist Robert B. Parker to make the film, cowrote the screenplay and directed the film. His only other director's credit came from his biographical portrait of abstract impressionist painter Jackson Pollock a.k.a. "Jack the Dripper," who died in 1956. "It's true, Pollock had a bit of the cowboy in him," says Harris, "at least in terms of his self image." And for an artist, or a cowpoke, image is everything.

The character Harris plays in *Appaloosa* is anything but your average saddle tramp. Virgil Cole is a town tamer, a man hired to chase out undesirables or fix unfixable messes, usually by any means necessary.

Like Oates, the amoral mercenary Harris played in 1983's *Under Fire*, Cole is also a hired killer, but Cole has a code and a cause. He believes in the law. With his best friend Everett Hitch (Viggo Mortensen) in tow, he stands for a special kind of rough justice in a mythical West—the same West found in the stories written by Elmore Leonard. The movie was even shot on the same New Mexico set as the recent remake of Leonard's *3:10 To Yuma*.

Ed Harris: We used the same town as *3:10*, but we totally redid it. You'd never know from that film where you were—everything was all close ups; you never got a sense of the country really or where they were. One of the things that I like about *Appaloosa* is, even though it's an hour and 47 minutes, it takes its time when it needs to and you get a real sense of where you are, the town and the people in it. . . .

It's early 1880s, in the Southwest, and it's definitely post-Civil War. I think Parker refers to some of the weapons that these guys were using that were at least after 1873, the Winchester '73. In terms of the Indian situation, most of the Apaches were on the San Carlos Reservation by 1882, so you figure [the timing is] around there. At least in my mind. I don't guess he ever does mention the date in the novel.

In *Appaloosa*, Viggo Mortensen (at left) stars as Hitch, a West Point-trained soldier who wanders out West, meets Cole and saves him during a stand-off with another gunslinger. Ed Harris stars as Cole, who returns the favor by giving Hitch a life as his right-hand man in his peacekeeping business.

– All photos by Lorey Sebastian / Warner Bros. Pictures –

"I love that she's so weak, and yet she's so determined to do the best that she can," Renee Zellweger says of her character Allie. "She's a survivor. I've kind of assumed that Allie is a graduate of the school of hard knocks. She is doing the best she can based on what she's been taught during these times as a woman who's not attached and has come upon hard times."

I think that Parker's book definitely leans toward a more kind of classic-oriented story in the sense that it is a bit timeless and what's going on with these people. It happens to be in the West; it happens to be around 1880. But in terms of the human drama of it all, it could be any time really. It's about love, relationships, loyalty, greed, friendships, all that stuff.

TW: *There's something about Cole and Hitch that reminds me a little of Call and McCrae from* Lonesome Dove.

There are some similarities in their partnership and their friendship—the way they trust in each other.

In this case, Cole is the stoic and something of a hardass.

He's kind of the head guy of the outfit. They've been riding together for a least a dozen years or so. Yeah, he gets a little brutal every once in a while, gets a little carried away. He's got a temper.

There's the scene where he pistol whips the guy on horseback.

Yeah, but the guy was bein' a smart ass [laughs].

A great many Westerns are about friendships of one sort or another, between men like Hitch and Cole.

Like *Ride the High Country*, and even the friendship between [James] Stewart and John Wayne in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*. I mean, it's a different kind of a friendship, but the relationship between those two guys is really the heart of the story. *Butch Cassidy*, even *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, in terms of Earp and Doc Holliday—it's about guys looking out for, watchin' each other's backs, and knowin' you've got somebody who's on your side, you know?

In *Appaloosa*, you really get the feeling that Cole's been at it a little bit longer and has a little more experience. He's kind of the boss of the outfit, even though they're pretty much 50-50 in terms of making decisions and everything. . . .

Hitch tells the story in the book, and, really, the film's told from his point of view as well. Hitch wasn't sure what he wanted to do with his life; Cole kind of said, "Partner up with me," and gave him something to do for a good chunk of time. You get the idea that his relationship with Cole has defined him for the last dozen years or so.

Hitch is the kind of friend who fixes messes whether his friend likes it or not, or even comprehends it.

Virgil's always talking about the law and how you've gotta stick with that. He identifies himself as a lawman, and if he breaks his own law, then he ain't gonna be a lawman no more. So Hitch basically says, "Well, if Virgil finds out what just happened, he ain't gonna be a lawman anymore cause he's gonna blow this guy away, so I guess I better do it"—that's kind of the reasoning that's at work here. He not only gives the guy a chance with Allie [Renee Zellweger], but he protects his buddy from losin' his livelihood.

In Parker's book, I liked how mercenary Allie is, always attaching herself to the closest alpha male. Did that survive from the novel to the film?

Oh yeah—you don't know a damn thing about this woman except that she's just arrived on the train from somewhere and she says her husband died. . . . She's got some decent clothes and speaks well and plays the piano a little bit, although not very well, and [laughs] she does what she has to do! Renee's character is a pretty tough character, cause she's not the most sympathetic girl in the world. I thoroughly enjoyed working with Renee, and I really appreciate the work she did.

There's a risque scene in the book—

Well, there's the one scene where she's been captured, and Hitch and I come upon her, and we do see her naked down in the river down there. But it's a long lens—we're looking through a telescope [laughs]. You don't see Renee naked all that much, but you do get the idea what's going on with her. She's got a great body on her, actually.

Jeremy Irons is bad guy Randall Bragg.

He did a great job. I really wanted Bragg to be a counterpoint to Virgil in terms of his sophistication and all.

You worked with Viggo pretty recently in 2005's A History of Violence.

Viggo, I can't say enough about. I showed him this book, and I asked, "If I get a good script of this, will you do this with me?" And he said, "Yeah." . . .And even though he was incredibly busy, up to a couple days before filming, the guy is a man of his word—which is a rare thing these days. He was there, was ready to go and did a great job. We worked together really well. I take my hat off to him.

What are your connections to Westerns?

I was born in 1950, right? So I grew up watching all the Westerns on TV. When I was a kid, my brother was Gene Autry and I was Roy Rogers. I've always been a fan of the Western genre. Some of the classic Ford movies are so great, and Peckinpah and Anthony Mann and all those guys. . . .

I started riding back in the early 1980s when I was doing the Sam Shepard play *Fool For Love*, where the guy is a broken down rodeo guy. I got into ridin' Western, and I just really liked it. We had a place out in New Mexico for a little while that we ended up getting rid of, but I go up to Montana every summer and ride around. I just like it. I like the quiet, I like the country, like horses. Gotta have a good hat.

We both grew up watching TV Westerns.

There were some good ones. *Have Gun Will Travel*, especially. They were runnin' *Gunsmoke* on the Westerns channel, couple years ago, every night at like seven. We would watch that every night, my family—have dinner, watch an episode of *Gunsmoke*. Man, I just dug it. It was fun man. They had great actors on the show, you know?

Tommy Lee Jones told us a great story about a Hopalong Cassidy sweater his father once bought him, and how proud he was of it.

One Halloween, when I was in kindergarten, my mom made me up like a hobo. I had a rubber cigar and little whiskers and dotted makeup on my face, a stick with a red bandanna with stuff in it, you know, pants with patches on it. I went to school, and before I even got in the door, some girl laughed at me. I sat down on the stoop and refused to go in. They called my mother. I went home, dressed up as a cowboy, came back and it was just fine.

ROBERT B. PARKER

Robert B. Parker is no stranger to Westerns. Even though he's best known as the creator of Boston detective Spenser, the somewhat damaged Massachusetts police chief Jesse Stone and P.I. Sunny Randall, a character he created for actress Helen Hunt, Parker has been a Westerns fan his entire life. He is the author of *Gunman's Rhapsody* (2001), a story of a pre-Tombstone Wyatt Earp that also features Doc Holliday and a virtual who's who of Western icons. He also contributed to the screenplay of the remade *Monte Walsh*, which starred Tom Selleck as *Shane* author Jack Schaefer's amiable ranch hand.

Even though Parker has had a hand in a truly remarkable number of TV productions based on his characters and stories, it's surprising to find that *Appaloosa* is the first feature film to be made from one of his books. Since Parker has written two sequels to the original novel, the recently published *Resolution* and the forthcoming *Brimstone*, nothing would please him more than to see Ed Harris's film make a "zillion" dollars and launch a new franchise.

True West spoke to Parker from his home in Massachusetts.

Robert B. Parker: They did a great job on the movie. I'm thrilled with it.

TW: *Why?*

Because they got my book, the issues in the book. At one point, someone says to Virgil Cole, "You just kill people." He says, "No, I don't. I enforce the law." Well, that's the issue. And when Virgil gets to a point where he needs to kill people for reasons other than the law, he gets a little lost, and that's the next novel. He retraces the resolution of that issue from *Appaloosa*.

The film . . . is filled with grandeur, but it isn't about the grandeur. There is no wasted talk. Allie comes off sympathetic in the movie, and you sort of understand her—not by what's said, but how Renee looks when she's being Allie. As I say, it's everything that the thing should be.

In your novel, I like Allie the most; she's so unabashedly intent on self preservation.

Find an alpha male and whichever one is the top one, that's for her. Renee got that, and she got it in a couple of scenes, without saying a word. You could tell that it killed Allie, that she really wished she wasn't like that, but she was.

One of the things about writing a Western is you are denied all the handy Freudian business that's available to you when you're writing a novel in the 21st century. That may be one of the reasons Renee's so good, I don't know. But it was a delight to see her understand that character as well as I did.

Appaloosa *is a kind of mytho-Western, like Elmore Leonard's stories.*

I'm under no illusion that this is really how the West was. This is the myth of the West, like the Arthurian romance. I have no confusion about that, and I'm pretty sure Dutch [Leonard] doesn't either.

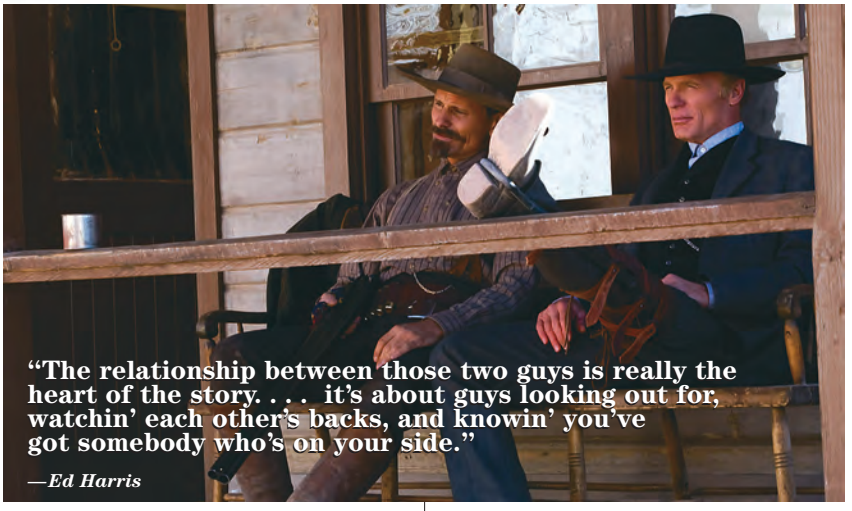
Leonard admits that most of what he knew about the West he learned, in Detroit, from Arizona Highways *magazines.*

He's told me that too. I have spent my life living in Boston. But I did travel out there; I did go to Tombstone two or three times, spent time in Arizona, driven across the country five times, transporting my dog back and forth, cause we don't fly her in any old plane. Anyway, I got a sense of the West, and Tombstone—despite the fact that you can buy Wyatt Earp burgers and stuff—is still there; you can see the old town there. I found that interesting.

But most of what Leonard and I learned about the West came from watching Westerns or reading *Arizona Highways*.

Did you read a lot of Westerns when you were young?

I grew up reading adventure stories about the Kentucky frontier and stories by Joseph Altsheler, but the movies are what brought me to the West. I've read very few Western novels: *The Way West*, *The Big Sky*. Basically, it was the movies, as far back as I can remember. When I was a little kid, I was watching Gene Autry. I'm not sure that's the authentic West either [laughs].



Cowhands actually did croon and yodel beneath the stars.

Yeah [laughs]. I started going to the movies around 1938, and I liked Westerns from the beginning. Bad ones and the good ones, and it doesn't get much worse than the worst of the Gene Autry pictures.

I look at these films now and then on the Westerns channel, and I'm astonished at how terrible some of them are! [Laughs.] Guns and horses and jeeps and radios, and there's always that idiot [sidekick] Smiley Burnette.

But where would we be without Walter Brennan and those guys?

We'd be fine. Of course, Brennan could actually act . . . my mother and he were the same age, and [they] were once photographed together in a pony cart.

Your mother and Walter Brennan in a pony cart?

Yeah, when they were both babies. I think he grew up in Swampscott or Salem [Swampscott, 1894]. . . .

How did they know each other?

I don't know. I mean, everybody's dead [laughs]. I saw the picture, and they said, "That's Walter Brennan!" I was destined for Westerns, cause my mother was a baby with Walter Brennan!

I probably have been drawn more to the Westerns of late because it represents so much freedom for a writer . . . you've got so many more limitations to constructing a story in a contemporary society. I'm sure you've read Robert Warshow's essay ["Movie Chronicle: The Westerner"]—it's a great one, the best one I know, about Western movies. He talks about the movements of men and horses and space. It's rather difficult to describe what it means to do it, but compared to Spenser working in the mean streets of Boston, let's say, to letting Everett Hitch and Virgil Cole loose out in the West somewhere . . . it's a refreshing change.

Tell us about the Western movies that influenced you.

The first Western that really grabbed me was *Shane*, which is one of those rare instances when it was a better movie than a book.

You were an adult when that film came out.

1953. I would have been 21. . . . I'm old enough to have watched the serials, Ken Maynard and his great horse Tarzan, all that good stuff. But the first great Western movie that I saw was *Shane*. *Red River* was another. One of my all-time favorite movies is one that few people know, it's called *Ulzana's Raid*. I think that is a great movie.

I like the John Ford stuff. I wish there was a little less of the cute Irish singers, and I could do with a smidgen less of Victor McLaglen. But [Ford] had a great vision. *The Searchers* was pretty good, and all of the John Wayne cavalry trilogy I enjoyed greatly.

I like Peckinpah—did you ever see the TV series he directed early in his career with Brian Keith [*The Westerner*]? They're as good as it gets in series television, I think. Brian Keith was amazingly good.

Your books, like Leonard's, exist in the Western of mind and myth.

My publisher had some trouble with the places—he asked, "Well, what state is it in?" And I said, "It isn't in a state; it's just somewhere in the West." I was quite careful not to ever mention in *Appaloosa* where it was, because I wanted that kind of timeless Western myth place. . . . I was trying to write about, when the fact and the legend collide, report the legend—however that goes, from *Liberty Valance*.

Every culture has its legends, and ours is the West. England has the Arthurian romance, Robin Hood, the countryside romance as opposed to the reality of urban life. Most of them do. This is ours. It resonates.

You've been lucky with the casting of your characters—Tom Selleck, Robert Urich. And you couldn't do better than Ed Harris and Viggo Mortensen.

Joannie [Parker's wife] and I had dinner with Harris when he was here shooting *Gone Baby Gone*. . . . He told me what he was gonna do and I said, "Okay. Why don't you go and do it?" He said, "We can't give you much up front," and I said, "Alright. You can give me some later," which they did. And I trusted him. The first time since 1982, in 26 years, that I actually met someone that I had every confidence in and I still do. I'd love to work with him again.

I wonder if, at this point in your career, if having a really good film come out of something you wrote, might not mean as much as making a zillion dollars.

[Dead silence.]

I could be wrong…

[Laughing loudly] Yes, you could! I'd like it to be both, but if I could choose one, give me the zillion!

Maybe you should take a shot at writing a superhero story.

[Laughs] I don't think I can.

Batman of the West?

Yes, yes. The dark knight astride his stallion.

Running with the Colt's in 2008

THE STAMPEDE IS COMING!

Colt's Manufacturing Company and AJ Horses will be giving away legendary Colt Single Action Army .45 revolvers.
Look for us at these upcoming Mounted Shooting Events! Colt is a proud sponsor of Mounted Shooting.

YOU COULD WIN A COLT SINGLE ACTION ARMY

NOVEMBER 19 ~ 23 CMSA Sundowner World Championship
Amarillo, Tx. *Eliminator Colts*

Colt SAA SINGLE ACTION ARMY REVOLVER®

Introduced in 1873, no Colt revolver has earned greater fame than the Single Action Army, The Peacemaker®. In design and performance, in line and form, no more sculptural and practical Colt has ever been created. Feel the thrill of firing the Colt Single Action Army one time, and you'll understand what real cowboys have known for 135 years. Get a Legend, get a Colt! ™

SAA Available Options

Calibers:
- .357
- .32/20
- .38 Special
- .45 Long Colt
- .44/40
- .38/40

Barrel Lengths:
- 4¾" barrel length, 10¼" overall length
- 5½" barrel length, 11" overall length
- 7½" barrel length, 13" overall length

Finishes:
- Blue / Color Case Hardened
- Nickel

COLT®

Colt's Manufacturing Company LLC
P.O. Box 1868, Hartford, CT 06144-1868
Tel: 1-800-962-COLT, www.coltsmfg.com

COLT AJ HORSES™

AJ Horses
PO Box 822, Monticello, MN 55362
Tel: 612-812-2970, www.ajhorses.com

Birth of a Breed

The Paterson revolver breaks the trail for future legendary Colts.

By Phil Spangenberger

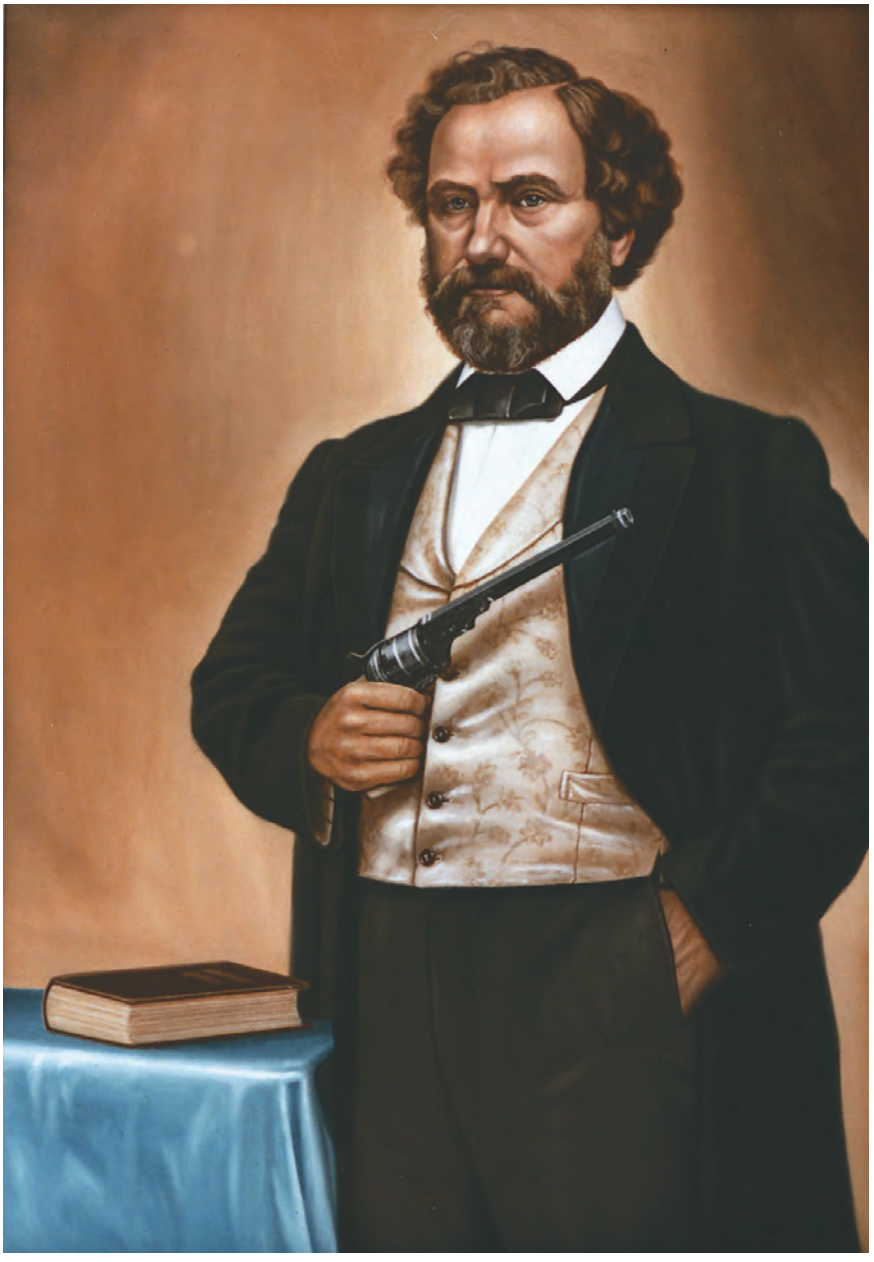
The day before the fall of the Alamo, in which Santa Anna and his soldiers crushed the rebellion in Texas, Samuel Colt formed the Patent Arms Mfg. Co. in Paterson, New Jersey, on March 5, 1836. In fact, the same day Santa Anna's forces launched their attack on the Alamo, on February 25, 1836, was also the day Colt's American patent was granted.

Just like this historic battle helped rally support for establishing Texas as a republic, the revolving pistol Colt patented would also prove fruitful in helping Texas win its independence and statehood. Colonel Sam Colt's first revolver—the handgun that would pave the way for future six-guns—was actually a five-shooter. That's right, the five-shot revolver that had so much influence on the shape of things to come not only changed the design of six-shooters for all time but also played an important part in the settling of America's vast frontiers.

Gone to Texas

Armed with Paterson Colts, bowie knives and a short rifle, famed frontiersman Col. John Coffee "Jack" Hays and a patrol of 14 mounted Texas Rangers found themselves attacked by a band of 80 Comanche warriors. They were 80 miles from San Antonio, near the Pedernales River. Although greatly outnumbered, the Rangers countercharged the Indians with their nine-inch barreled holster pistols blazing away. During the ensuing running battle, the Rangers left close to half of the hostiles on the field dead or dying.

This 1844 battle ranks as a milestone in Indian fighting in the West for up until that time, only single-shot, muzzle-loading arms—suitable for fighting on the ground, such as in the Eastern woodlands—had been available. Such guns were slow to load, and the Indians had adopted tactics of rushing their opponents between shots while the Texans were busy trying to reload. Although the Rangers had adopted the practice of firing in platoons, so that a few men would always be ready with loaded weapons in the event of a rush, the Paterson's five-shot capabilities allowed for a couple of men to keep revolvers full and ready in order to keep the enemy at bay while those who had expended their ammunition reloaded their guns. Furthermore, these lightweight, repeating pistols now made it possible for the Texans to completely change their tactics and fight from horseback, turning them into a guerrilla-type strike force, much like the Indians themselves—something they had not been able to do with their cumbersome single-shot weapons. This is exactly what happened to the unfortunate Indians during the Pedernales River engagement. The Texans later stated that had it not been for their Paterson repeaters they would undoubtedly not have survived this fight.



In this original painting by Western artist Jerry Crandall, Col. Samuel Colt holds one of his rammerless Patersons. The inventor's first guns were so-named because of the location of the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company's factory in Paterson, New Jersey.

– Courtesy Jerry and Judy Crandall –

The so-called "Baby Paterson" was the smallest percussion Colt ever produced. The .28 caliber No. 1 Pocket pistol, circa 1837-38, measured only about six inches in overall length, with a 2½-inch barrel. Only around 500 were ever turned out. The pistol here is shown in the cocked position, which, as with all Paterson Colts, exposed the trigger.

– Courtesy Little John's Auction Service / By Paul Goodwin –

After the celebrated use of these nine-inch barreled "five-shooters" by the Texas Rangers, the No. 5 holster model earned the sobriquet of "Texas Paterson."

The reputation gained by Colt revolvers during this fast and furious skirmish helped establish Sam Colt as a man who could produce a reliable and deadly repeating pistol—something that was much needed on the frontier. Many years after this battle, an old Comanche who had been involved in "Hays' Big Fight," as the incident was often called, commented when shown a Paterson Colt, "Him no good." Reportedly, this old warrior still carried a ball in his shoulder as a reminder of that bloody day.

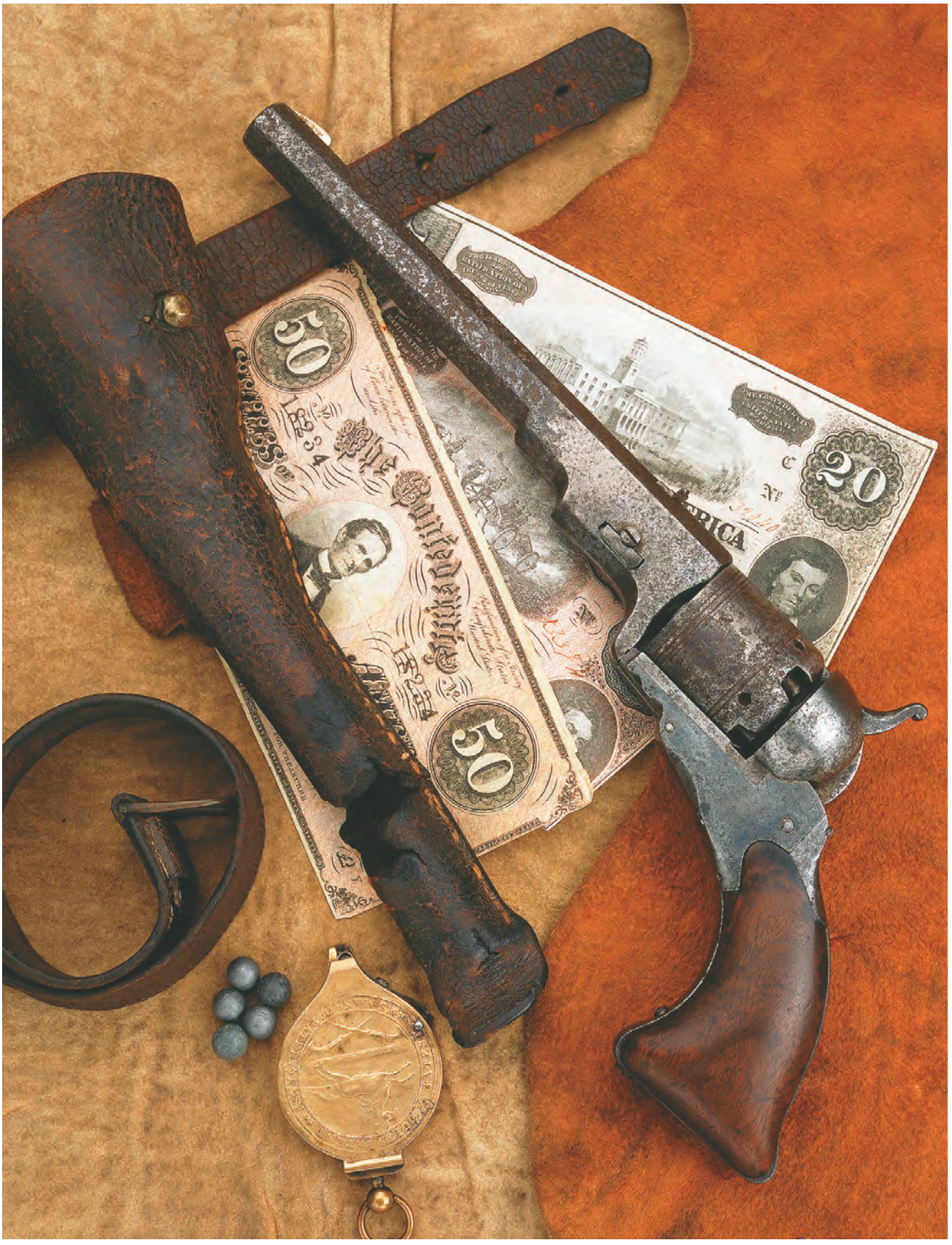
Shooting For the Stars

From 1837 through 1842, Colt's fledgling firm turned out a variety of his revolutionary five-shooters in varying sizes and calibers. Small pocket pistols were made with barrel lengths of 2½ to 4¾ inches, generally in .28, .31 or .34 caliber, while the mid-sized belt models featured .31 or .34 caliber bores with barrel lengths ranging between four and six inches. The larger holster pistols were all .36 bore with a wide variety of barrel lengths from a short four inches to the long nine- or 12-inch tubes. The majority of these, however, sported 7½- or nine-inch barrels. Patersons were made with and without the under-barrel rammers (loading levers) simultaneously. Curiously, the Paterson was made without a trigger guard. The revolver's trigger is contained inside the frame and springs down for use when the hammer is cocked. After firing, it must be returned to the frame manually.

At the time, new Paterson revolvers cost from $40 to $50 cased with accessories, while the "pepperbox" revolving pistols, which were considered the closest type of competitive multi-shot handguns, sold for about one-quarter that price. Pepperbox pistols (so-named because they resembled a pepper canister of the era) were multi-barreled, double-action handguns (smoothbores), designed for fast shooting at close range, unlike the Colt, which was a bit slower to discharge, but because of its rifled barrel, more accurate.

A daguerreotype of the 1840s shows a Victorian gentleman posing with a Paterson Colt No. 1, the so-called "Baby Paterson," with the loading lever assembly attached. Since Patersons were introduced around the same time as photography, period photos showing Paterson Colts are almost nonexistent.

– Courtesy Herb Peck Jr. Collection –



The Paterson Colt was made for use with round lead ball ammunition (shown above), not the conical lead bullets used in later cap-and-ball revolvers. This nine-inch barreled, .36 caliber Holster model (often called the "Texas Paterson"), shown with its original holster and belt, has a documented history of use by Texas Ranger William M. Lowe, who served under John Coffee Hays, prior to the Mexican-American War (1846-48). This five-shooter may have been used in Hays' Big Fight!

– Courtesy Linda and Steve Evans / By Paul Goodwin –

Like other percussion handguns, the Paterson revolver required several accessories to keep it operating. Presentation and cased models, such as this exquisite, shell-carved, ivory-stocked, nine-inch barreled No. 5 Holster Model (serial. No. 515), with its rammer assembly attached, houses an extra cylinder, loading, cleaning and lead ball-making implements—an extremely valuable specimen in near new condition.

– Courtesy Linda and Steve Evans / By Paul Goodwin –

In April 1839, Colt sold 180 of his No. 5 Holster pistols with nine-inch barrels, along with the same number of Paterson carbines, to the Republic of Texas Navy. When this corps disbanded in 1843, those Patersons that were still serviceable were transferred to the Texas Rangers, including Ranger Col. John Hays (above).

– Courtesy Library of Congress –

The address on the top of this barrel reveals the roll stamping of Colt's Patersons, which read "Patent Arms M'g Co Paterson NJ Colt's Pt." Interestingly, Paterson stampings read from the right side of the gun; all other Colts read from the left side.

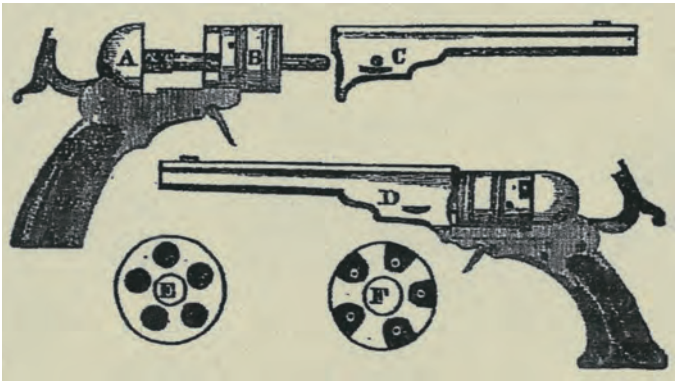
– Courtesy Little John's Auction Service / By Paul Goodwin –

Even though pepperboxes outsold Colt's revolvers by a considerable margin, the success of Colt's invention in the hands of notable frontiersmen of the day broke ground for improved models, such as the 1847 Walker, Colt Dragoons, 1849 Pocket and the 1851 Navy. The legend of the great equalizers of the West—the Colt six-shooters—was formed.

Ironically, as important as these handguns are in firearms history, only about 2,850 Paterson Colts of these three basic types were produced, thus making them a rarity in the arms collecting field today. At the same time, the Patent Arms company produced around 1,650 revolving rifles and carbines, and approximately 225 multi-chambered shotguns of the same design.

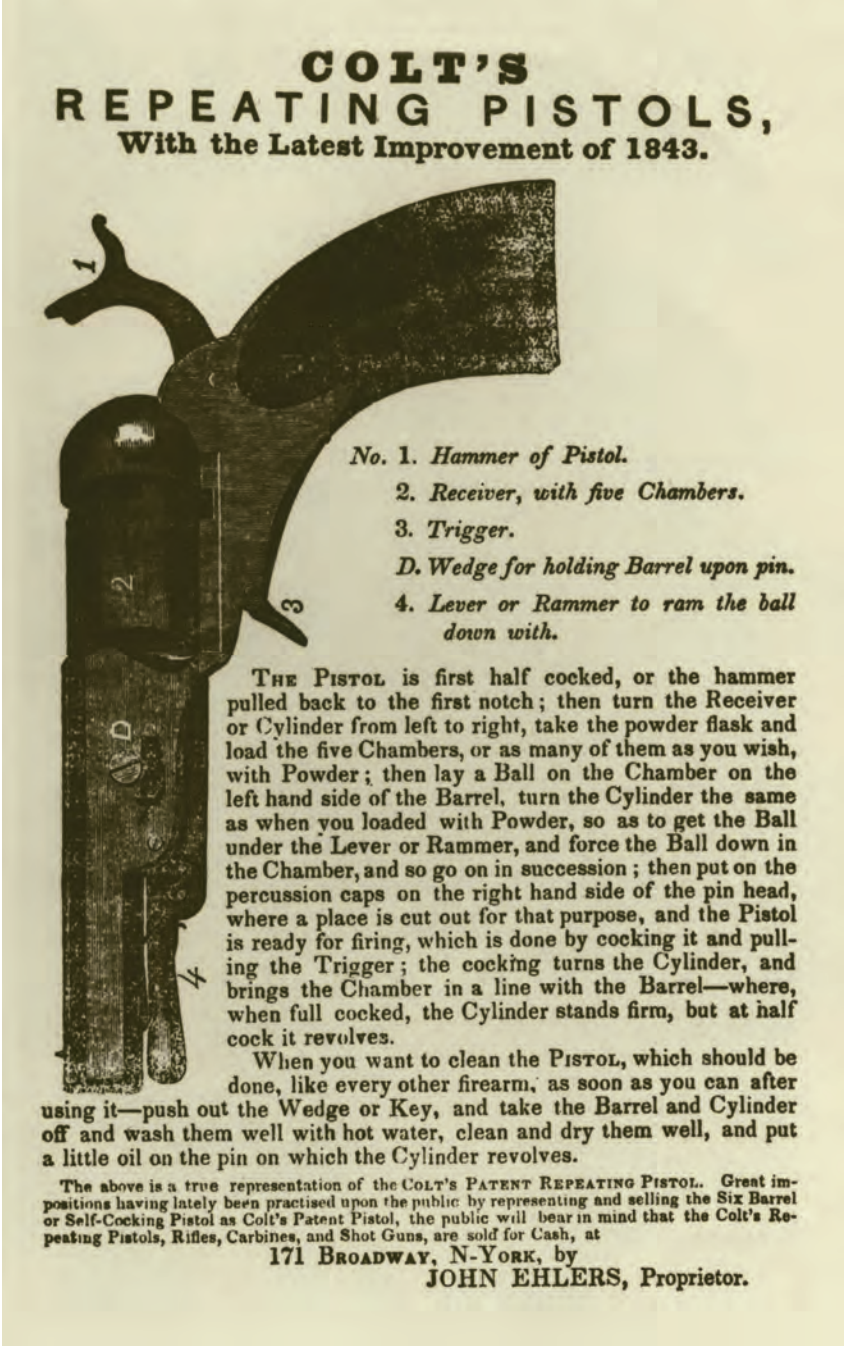
Despite having a revolutionary and quality product, Colt's company was plagued with financial problems—largely due to lackluster sales. These problems were compounded by disagreements in management, resulting in Colt leaving and the breakup of the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company.

Shrewdly, Colt retained his patents, which, as history has shown, proved to



An illustration depicting the then-new Colt Paterson revolver was published in the Saturday, July 7, 1838, edition of the *Spirit of the Times* periodical. This is possibly the earliest known publication of Colt's five-shooters.

– Courtesy Robert J. Bloeth –



COLT'S
REPEATING PISTOLS,
With the Latest Improvement of 1843.

No. 1. Hammer of Pistol.
2. Receiver, with five Chambers.
3. Trigger.
D. Wedge for holding Barrel upon pin.
4. Lever or Rammer to ram the ball down with.

The Pistol is first half cocked, or the hammer pulled back to the first notch; then turn the Receiver or Cylinder from left to right, take the powder flask and load the five Chambers, or as many of them as you wish, with Powder; then lay a Ball on the Chamber on the left hand side of the Barrel, turn the Cylinder the same as when you loaded with Powder, so as to get the Ball under the Lever or Rammer, and force the Ball down in the Chamber, and so go on in succession; then put on the percussion caps on the right hand side of the pin head, where a place is cut out for that purpose, and the Pistol is ready for firing, which is done by cocking it and pulling the Trigger; the cocking turns the Cylinder, and brings the Chamber in a line with the Barrel—where, when full cocked, the Cylinder stands firm, but at half cock it revolves.

When you want to clean the Pistol, which should be done, like every other firearm, as soon as you can after using it—push out the Wedge or Key, and take the Barrel and Cylinder off and wash them well with hot water, clean and dry them well, and put a little oil on the pin on which the Cylinder revolves.

The above is a true representation of the Colt's Patent Repeating Pistol. Great impositions having lately been practised upon the public by representing and selling the Six Barrel or Self-Cocking Pistol as Colt's Patent Pistol, the public will bear in mind that the Colt's Repeating Pistols, Rifles, Carbines, and Shot Guns, are sold for Cash, at
171 Broadway, N-York, by
JOHN EHLERS, Proprietor.

Upon the failure of the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company in 1842, Sam Colt wisely retained the patent on his revolvers. John Ehlers, the firm's secretary and general manager, continued assembling and retailing Colt revolvers until around 1847. This advertisement dates from that period.

– True West Archives –

serve him well within just a few years. John Ehlers, one of the company's early investors, who eventually became the firm's secretary and general manager, purchased the company's inventory and continued assembling and retailing Colt revolvers until around 1847, selling them at the reduced price of around $25 each.

Making Its Mark

Although the short-lived Patent Arms company produced more guns than it could sell, the revolvers were well received in untamed regions of the world, especially in the American West, where a reliable sidearm could decide a man's fate. As history has shown us, the Colt Paterson five-shot, caplock revolving pistols did blaze new trails, opening the way for the modern handgun.

In spite of some setbacks, such as the Paterson rifle's poor performance in the humid swamps of Florida, where the 2nd U.S. Dragoons used a number of them during the long-running Seminole War, many reports also point out the decided advantages of the Paterson on the early frontier. For example, in late 1841, Kit Carson and a couple of dozen trappers—several armed with Colt's five-shooters—rode to the relief of a caravan on the Santa Fe Trail. One of the rescuers, 18-year-old Oliver Wiggins, reported that their use of Colt's revolvers caused the surprised Indians to give up the fight quickly, fleeing in a panic.

In other areas of the West too, Colt's Paterson pistol made its mark well. In 1846, Edwin Bryant, a California-bound traveler, demonstrated his Paterson's five-shot capabilities to a small band of Sioux Indians near Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Bryant's comment on the Indians' reactions was, "The rapid repeating discharges of Colt's revolving-pistol astonished them very much. They regarded it with so much awe as to be unwilling to handle it."

Scientists Up In Arms

Colonel Colt's invention stirred interest in the scientific and firearms world, as well as in the industrial community, since he was an early advocate of mass production, using interchangeable parts, wherever possible, in the manufacturing of his arms. Colt employed assembly line techniques nearly three quarters of a century before

Henry Ford, who is often erroneously credited with being the first to use mass production and interchangeable parts in manufacturing his automobiles.

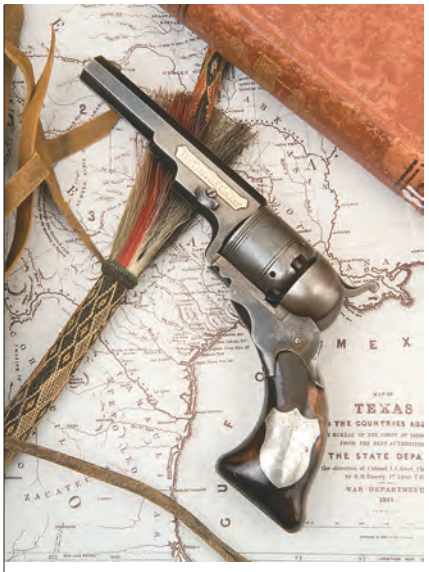
In what is possibly the first publication to report on Col. Colt's revolvers, *Spirit of the Times*, a "metropolitan gazette of the sporting, literary and fashionable world," shared editor William T. Porter's praise of the young inventor and his firearms in the July 7, 1838, edition. A copy of this rare periodical was supplied to this writer through the courtesy of prominent southern California Colt collector Robert J. Bloeth. Porter wrote, "Very few mechanical improvements within the last few years have excited a greater degree of interest than the patent fire-arms of Mr. Colt, and still fewer are there, likely to be productive of results so important."

Whether these were the genuine feelings of the editor at the time, or simply an early paid promotional report is a matter of speculation since the office of the *Spirit of the Times* is listed at 157 Broadway in New York, while Sam Colt maintained an office at 155 Broadway, in that same city. (The article states that Colt's office was directly beneath that of the gazette.)

Flawed But Formidable

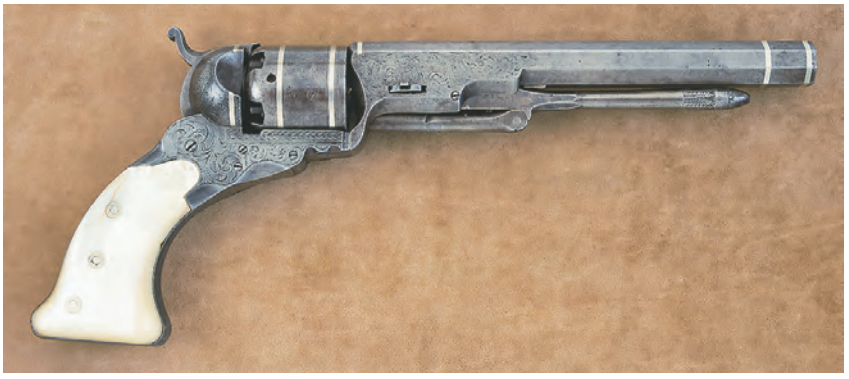
Because the Paterson revolver represented an entirely new concept in firearms design and manufacture, the pistol was not without its drawbacks. As with any arm of that period, the revolver was slow to reload (by modern standards), making cased accessories a necessity. Nevertheless, when compared to a single-shot firearm, an individual's firepower was greatly enhanced thanks to the initial five shots of the Paterson and the savvy frontiersman's habit of carrying an extra cylinder (or more than a single revolver).

The gun's folding trigger and lack of a trigger guard, coupled with the three-piece frame assembly, all contributed to flaws in the revolver's overall design. One such instance of the gun's inherent weakness occurred when a 19th-century Westerner saw his borrowed Paterson's barrel drop off during a buffalo chase. Although the dismayed horseman quickly found the



This unique No. 3 Belt Model Colt Paterson belonged to Texas Ranger Lt. Cannah E. Colley, whose name is inscribed on an inlaid silver plate on the barrel. The walnut stock features an inlaid silver shield bearing an eagle with spread wings and the names "San Antonio, El Paso, Ysleta, Cantillo," places where this officer was stationed during his years as a ranger. Patersons with known Texas Ranger history are extremely desirable among today's collectors, and this adorned revolver is one of the best-known examples.

– Courtesy John Gangel Collection / By Paul Goodwin –



This Colt, serial no. 579, is considered one of the scarcest of engraved Patersons and was very likely made up for presentation by the Patent Arms Mfg. Co., a practice that Colt used to influence important business contacts, thus providing the arms world with some of the finest examples of the gun makers art. This magnificent 7½-inch barreled No. 5 Holster Paterson is heavily embellished with factory scroll engraving, silver bands, pearl stocks (with proper German silver studs) and a factory-style loading lever.

– Courtesy Little John's Auction Service / By Paul Goodwin –

Uberti...History Up Close and Personal

On September 7th, 1876 when Frank and Jesse James rode into Northfield, Minnesota, Jesse packed a Smith & Wesson, but Frank put his faith in a brand new revolver from Remington, the Model 1875 Single Action.

Unfortunately for the James Gang, several of the local citizens were armed with the new lever-action rifle from Winchester – the Model 1873. The James Gang was shot to pieces and the guns used in the "Great Northfield Minnesota Raid" were forever etched in history.

Whether you prefer the original 1858 New Army black powder revolver, Frank's 1875 Outlaw or the Northfield citizens' 1873 Rifle – when you pick up an Uberti you're holding history in your hands.

To request a **FREE** 68 minute DVD catalog, visit FreeDVD.uberti.com.

A. Uberti
HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

Imported by Stoeger Industries® Part of the Benelli USA® family (301) 283-6300

separated part and brought the revolver back to working condition, the story illustrates how merely losing the barrel wedge could turn the revolver into a useless hunk of metal—even if for just a short period of time.

In spite of such faults, combined with the Paterson's delicate innards and comparatively weak loading of about 15 grains of FFFg (3F) blackpowder, the Paterson remained popular with those frontiersmen who had been able to obtain one. Looking back, we must remember that a mortal wound was not as important as incapacitating an enemy, which generally put him out of a fight. Besides, given the primitive state of medicine (not much further advanced than from the time of ancient Rome) and the absence of antiseptics and other life saving supplies on the frontier, a minor wound could quickly prove fatal or disabling.

Col. Colt Presents

During the Paterson factory's brief production period, Col. Colt made a number of ornate presentation pieces. Some of the specially decorated and embellished Patersons were used to promote sales in the right markets. This practice continued for many years and has thus produced some of the finest examples of the gun maker's art from that or any other period of history.

Elaborately engraved gold- or silver-inlaid revolvers were fitted with stocks of mother of pearl, ivory or deluxe wood, and they were housed in the finest velvet-lined wooden cases, along with a host of exquisite accessories. Today, such pieces command premium prices—well into the five- and six-figure ranges—and they are considered objects d'art.

Whether cased and elaborately embellished or a plain Jane working gun, original Patersons today command prices far beyond the reach of all but the most ardent and well-to-do collectors. For most of us, firing one of today's replicas will have to suffice for a hands-on shooting experience with a Paterson model revolver. The modern-day copies are available in both the rammerless models and those with the loading levers incorporated. Such affordable working examples can offer shooting fun along with a better understanding of this revolver, one of the most important milestones in the evolution of firearms.

Perhaps *Spirit of the Times* editor William Porter summed up the Colt Paterson's role in history best when in 1838, he prophesied that this then-new invention of Col. Colt was likely to be "productive of results so important."

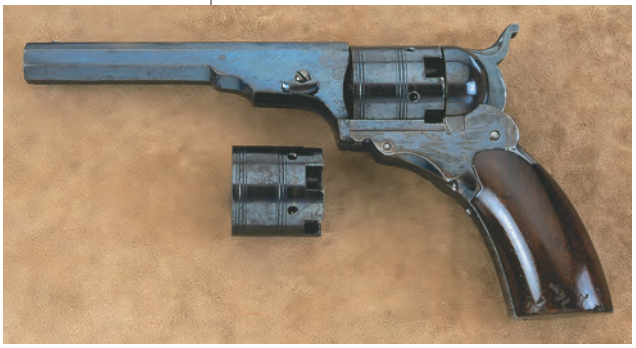
REPLICA PATERSON SUPPLIERS

The following firearms importers carry blackpowder shooting replicas of the Texas Paterson revolvers in their catalogues. Check with each company for variations: rammerless, loading lever incorporated, 7½-inch- or nine-inch barrels and blued, engraved or antique finished models.

Cimarron Fire Arms
830-997-9090
Cimarron-Firearms.com

Dixie Gun Works
731-885-0700
DixieGunWorks.com

Navy Arms Co.
304-262-1651
NavyArms.com



To speed up the reloading of a Paterson revolver, shooters often carried an extra loaded cylinder, allowing for 10 shots rather than just five. The spare matching cylinder found with this 4½-inch barreled, .34 caliber No. 3 Paterson (serial no. 185) with the straight-type grip indicates it may have originally been in a cased set.

– Courtesy Little John's Auction Service / By Paul Goodwin –

Phil Spangenberger writes for *Guns & Ammo* magazine, appears on the History Channel and other documentary networks, produces Wild West shows, is a Hollywood gun coach and character actor, and is a Field Editor and regular columnist for *True West*.

Art of the West

By Brian W. Dippie

The Taming of the Artist

The rise of Charlie Russell, and the wife who made him a star.

By 1911 Charlie Russell was claiming Frederic Remington's New York turf with a one-man exhibition at the Folsom Galleries. Russell may have trailed in St. Louis where he was born, but in New York he now took top billing.

Charlie Himself, a wax sculpture Russell crafted around 1915. When a magazine writer asked him in 1911 what his favorite artistic medium was, Charlie chose modeling over painting.

– Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1961.58) –

This triumphant moment had all begun with a marital spat, Nancy liked to say. Charlie had accepted a commission in 1897 to paint little watercolors on 125 menus for a Christmas dinner at the Park Hotel in Great Falls. The payment was atrocious—twenty dollars for the lot. "Right there, we had a real fuss. He worked days on them and I thought he should have at least as much as the cook and waiters would get per day. He thought so too but did not have the courage to ask for enough for us to live on and save a cent."

Russell's art dealer in Butte, Montana, Charles Schatzlein, told Nancy that Charlie did not charge enough, and since he was incapable of asking for more, she must. By 1898, she was doing exactly that—negotiating with buyers personally, and ratcheting up prices. That spring a lady ordered "a water color of a steamboat stopped by buffalo crossing the Missouri River," Nancy recalled:

(Opposite page) Russell in his log cabin studio, 1908. Before he married Nancy, Charlie Russell's business plan was more like how he put it in a letter to Ben Roberts in 1888: "When I get to Butte, I will get enough money from John Campbell to get to Helena, at Helena I will get more from Jesse Phelps to get to Ben Roberts' place at Cascade, and then I am good for all winter."

(Below) Nancy in Russell's studio, 1908, with *Buffalo Coat* behind her on the easel and *Tricks In All Trades* closer to the floor. *The St. Louis Republic* described Nancy in 1910 as the "Business Head," writing that "she has to attend to business matters for [Charlie]. It is she who attends to his voluminous correspondence and arranges the details of his exhibits in the various cities."

– Courtesy of the Helen E. and Homer E. Britzman Collection, Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, Colorado –

The Taming of the Artist

When finished, it was a beauty. . . . Charlie hoped she would pay $25.00. We needed hay for the horses and I wanted a new cook stove. So, I asked if I couldn't deliver the picture.

"Now, Mame, if you ask more than $25.00 for that picture, she won't take it and we need the money."

Our lady saw the beauty of the picture and was much pleased.

"How much does Mr. Russell want for it?"

With a choking feeling, I said, "35.00."

"Just wait and I will give you a check."

Glory be! I had $10.00 toward the new cook stove. When I gave Charlie that piece of paper, he got as much of a thrill out of it as he did when handed a check for $30,000.00 in 1926, when he quietly said, "I can't read so many figures. What do they say?"

Such was the arc of Russell's career from Nancy Russell's perspective. The journey that got them to thirty thousand dollars was her contribution.

Broke in Cascade

Art remained a hard sell in Montana, and Russell was so sufficiently discouraged that an old acquaintance, encountering him in Cascade sitting in the shade of Ben Roberts's harness store, was struck by his pessimism. "He was getting nowhere, the range cattle business was dead," and things were at a standstill, John Barrows recalled.

Charlie had no intention of adjusting to change by pitching hay, mending fences, or milking cows. Art was his only option. But if his art was a business, as long as he had been cowboying, it had been a nonprofit one. Now Russell had to earn a living selling what he used to give away. When he and Nancy married in 1896, he was broke. He might come from a privileged background, but his current circumstances were inauspicious.

"Things had gone very much awry with Charlie's work after we were married," Nancy recalled. "He had had no orders for pictures and no chance in Cascade to meet buyers," though "his credit was good, so we were eating regularly." Things would have to change.

The Nancy Era

A new era was about to begin in marketing Charles M. Russell—the Nancy era. Sentiment, modesty, and friendship would have to yield to sound business principles. Montana could still be the base of operations, but with St. Louis showing the way, Russell's work would have to find a national audience. The two streams had coursed along separately, Montana providing subject matter, some sales, and local appreciation; St. Louis, the prospect of more substantial patronage and national recognition. The streams converged in 1896; thereafter, everything flowed through Nancy.

Russell showed a desperate group of trappers circled by Indians in his 1899 oil *Trappers' Last Stand*. Being that this is one of the artist's largest canvases, at 48 x 72 inches, the story of the last stand must have been particularly poignant for Russell. Great Falls banker John G. Morony paid a record price of $5,000 for this painting in 1915.

– Courtesy of the R.W. Norton Art Gallery, Shreveport, Louisiana –

Best pals Teddy Blue Abbott and Charlie Russell in Miles City, Montana, 1919. Charlie teased his cattle drover friend about his wild celebrations in Miles City by making Teddy the lead character in his satirical story "A Reformed Cowpuncher in Miles City." Charlie said the legendary carouser was the perfect hero for his story because Teddy once consumed "cow-swallows of Miles City liquid fire."

– Courtesy of the Montana Historical Society, Helena –

The Taming of the Artist

Nancy and Charles Russell, still Great Falls folk, 1926. The two had met at the home of Lela and Ben Roberts in October 1895; by September the next year, they were married in the Roberts's living room. Nancy recalled, "I made the wedding cake and Charlie froze the ice cream."

– Courtesy of the Montana Historical Society, Helena. Photograph by Branson G. Stevenson (944-685) –

Schatzlein is often considered Russell's first art dealer—that is, the first individual with a business that made the selling of Russell art an ongoing activity. Schatzlein, who had come to Butte in 1881 "penniless but ambitious," had opened a paper-hanging shop that expanded into the Schatzlein Paint Company, selling paint, wallpaper, glass, custom framing, artists' supplies, and pictures. Schatzlein was an ardent amateur artist himself, and he recognized in Russell's work a special gift. Consequently, he contented himself with painting replicas of Russells and signing them as such. But more than that, his paint store by 1897 was a venue for Russell art. William Bleasdell Cameron, traveling on assignment for *Western Field and Stream*, a new sportsman's magazine published out of St. Paul, was captivated that May when he saw some Russells on display at a Butte hotel. When he inquired after the artist, he was immediately directed to Schatzlein's store.

After seeing Schatzlein's Russells, Cameron made a beeline to Cascade to meet the artist and followed up with a two-week stay in June. The result was a contract signed in Great Falls on September 30, 1897, committing Russell to paint and sketch "a pictorial history of western life"—twenty black-and-white oils at fifteen dollars each and twenty pen-and-ink drawings for a total of twenty dollars—the paintings to be reproduced in successive issues of *Western Field and Stream* and collected in one book, the pen-and-inks in another, with Russell owning "a one-third interest in … all profits which may arise from their sale." Nancy, signing herself as Mamie Russell, witnessed the agreement. Perhaps it would bring Russell needed exposure of the sort he had enjoyed when *Waiting for a Chinook* created a minor sensation ten years before. Somehow he had to catch the public's eye again.

Owen Wister, in thanking John Beacom for a copy of *How the Buffalo Lost His Crown* that December, referred specifically to Russell's magazine appearances: "His work is not unknown to me because a friend occasionally sends me 'Western Field-Stream'. . . . He has undoubted gift; all he needs (so far as I'm able to judge) is to work out into his own complete style . . . it has been a plan to send an MS to Russell sometime to see what he can do with it. . . ."

Although Charlie, a typical hard-drinking cowpuncher whose saloon days lasted well beyond the end of his cowboy career, would achieve a midlife victory over his alcohol use in 1908, he rejected prohibition laws that outlawed alcohol. With encouragement from Nancy and the realization that alcohol threatened his artistic talents, Charlie stopped drinking altogether, but not because social reform told him he should. He likely sided with the whiskey smugglers portrayed in his 1913 oil *Whiskey Smugglers Caught with the Goods.*

– Private Collection. Photograph courtesy of the Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico –

(Above) *White Man's Skunk Wagon No Good Heap Lame*, with heap defined as "very," is an ink and watercolor done by Russell in 1907 and reproduced as a postcard by W.T. Ridgley. Folklorist Ramon Adams says that Black Coal, an Indian in Lander, Wyoming, got a whiff of his first car and called it a "heap skunk wagon." The term was popular in both Wyoming and Montana, where Charlie lived.

– Courtesy Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of the Charles Ulrick & Josephine Bay Foundation, Inc. (99.60) –

The same year Russell painted this 1897 oil *Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark Expedition Meeting With the Indians of the Northwest*, the artist also depicted explorer William Clark in an oil that appeared in the January 1898 *Western Field and Stream*. Charlie's father wrote to his son about a potential buyer in St. Louis interested in the painting—none other than William Clark's son.

– Courtesy Sid Richardson Museum, Fort Worth, Texas –

In 1911, two years after Remington died, Russell was tapped to provide forty pen-and-ink sketches to complement ten previously published Remington drawings in a new illustrated edition of Owen Wister's already classic *The Virginian*. The commission must have given Charlie satisfaction and Nancy a sense of cosmic vindication. She had been in charge of her husband's career since *The Virginian* first debuted in 1902.

The press proclaimed him Remington's successor and, some thought, his superior. "Comparison with the late Frederick *[sic]* Remington is inevitable," the *New York Evening World* commented, "so we may as well have it over at once, and say that Russell is slightly in the lead and still going strong."

The Great Betrayal

By 1907 the Great Falls printing firm of W.T. Ridgley was the leading purveyor of Russell prints, calendars, and postcards. The Ridgley postcards, especially a series of cartoon sketches in color done by Russell in 1907, caught the fancy of most who saw them and had an interest in things western. A traveling Will Rogers sent a selection from Butte to his future wife, noting that Russell "is the greatest artist of this kind in the world Remington is not in it with him."

By January 1906 Russell and Charles Schatzlein were partners in the W.T. Ridgley

The Taming of the Artist

In 1910, Charlie Russell (shown below) admitted to a *Post-Dispatch* reporter: "Nobody ever did think much of me until my wife began telling people about me. She's a great booster."

– Courtesy of the C.M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana –

Dating to around 1893, *The Poker Game* is an early model that reveals how Charlie used found objects in innovative ways. The figures–a cowboy, a Chinaman and an Indian–are modeled in yellow beeswax prepared with a coat of shellac so that the oil paint would adhere to the surface. The base is wood from an old packing crate that has black felt glued over it. The figures are arranged over a piece of red wool, painted with black stripes to resemble a trade blanket. The half-inch high playing cards were carefully crafted out of painted pieces of paper.

– Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1961.61) –

Charlie Russell's 1909 oil *The Cinch Ring* is a commentary on cattle rustlers, as the thieves, who are altering the calf's brand with a cinch ring heated in a campfire, have been caught in the act by the ranch hands appearing at the top of the hill.

– Courtesy the Anschutz Collection, Denver, Colorado. Photograph by William J. O'Connor –

Printing Works, which advertised itself as "Manufacturers of the Russell Calendars of Western Life." Subsequently, Nancy was listed as secretary, Schatzlein as president, and Charlie, in 1911, as vice president. It is hard to know what these titles meant in practice, since Ridgley was eased out of his own firm in 1909, and what Schatzlein regarded as the great betrayal had already taken place.

Inevitably, the popularity of Russell art attracted competitors, including Brown and Bigelow, the nation's leading calendar company. Based in St. Paul, it had been in the chase for a while, copyrighting Russell's *The Bolter [No. 3]* in 1904, for example; in 1908, it moved to establish a monopoly. Nancy's lawyers drew up a contract on April 21, following a visit to Great Falls by Herbert H. Bigelow. "We have not as yet seen Mr. Schatzlein, so I cannot tell what we will do until I talk with him," she wrote in the cover letter. "I think it will be alright so that is why I am sending these to you before we see him." Bigelow returned the signed contract post haste, with a few modifications. Most important, he moved the starting date from December 31 to May 1, 1908, permitting no

The Taming of the Artist

Arthur Hoeber, the press agent who Nancy hired in 1911, made clear his preference was Frederic Remington's art, but he did write about Russell's work enough, and included praise for this 1908 painting, *Smoke of a .45*, in his introduction for the exhibition catalog for "The West That Has Passed" at New York's Folsom Galleries.

– Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1961.205) –

time for Ridgley to issue its line of 1909 Russell calendars. Brown and Bigelow wanted immediate exclusive right to produce Russell calendars and advertising. Brown and Bigelow agreed to buy the copyright to "at least" six paintings each year ("and four for the balance of 1908"). As long as Brown and Bigelow upheld their end of the agreement, Russell was barred from allowing any new paintings to be used for calendar or advertising purposes. The contract ran to December 31, 1913. Russell's contract with Brown and Bigelow, like Remington's with *Collier's Weekly*, provided immediate financial security; though at half the price for half the number of paintings, it was not nearly as lucrative. Still, five hundred dollars per copyright was a considerable advance over the fifteen dollars paid by *Western Field and Stream*.

Success had come at a price. Schatzlein, kept in the dark by Nancy during the negotiations, wrote her on April 29: "I consider it a dirty trick, . . . Our little business won't be worth 50 cents on the dollar. I wish I had an idea a year ago that something of this kind would turn up. . . . It is a case of the Big fish eating the little ones. . . ."

Such a wounded, angry letter from an old friend prompted Charlie to reply personally. His tone was conciliatory as he wrapped Nancy's rationalizations in his own determination to steer clear of business dealings in the future:

Now Im not the kind of man that would saw of [f] the bad end to a pardner but this year looks like a bad one for pictures I havent aney orders now an with nothing in sight the Biglow propision looks like a life saver to me I know you are in plenty on our Calender Co but as the contract dont bar

Russell not only held deep reverence for untamed bears and buffaloes, but he also respected nature's smaller creatures, even the lowly skunk, as shown in his 1916 oil *Man's Weapons Are Useless When Nature Goes Armed*. Russell inscribed this painting to his dude rancher friend Howard Eaton, after the two of them had traveled along Arizona's Grand Canyon in October 1916. Perhaps they devoured a meal of pork and beans in camp one night and reminisced about an incident where skunks got the upper hand.

– Courtesy Sid Richardson Museum, Fort Worth, Texas –

Tracks Tell Tales That Rivers Make Secret, painted in 1926, may have been Charlie Russell's last signed painting in oils, excluding the mural that eventually paid out what amounted to a king's ransom at the time—$30,000.

– Courtesy of the R.W. Norton Art Gallery, Shreveport, Louisiana –

postle cards theres a chance [to] make some out of them an there is several pictures in this town to be had an I think it could be run all right till some thing can be don I would like to sell out if all of us could quit eaven business is a game I aught to keep out of an you can bet your stack Il buy no more chips.

The letter was unillustrated, but the envelope bore a watercolor of a man treed by a bear, perhaps in acknowledgment of Schatzlein's complaint about the big swallowing the little, or perhaps to express Charlie's own embarrassment at the predicament in which business had placed him.

In one respect, Schatzlein was absolutely wrong. He had warned Nancy at the time that the exclusive contract with Brown and Bigelow was a bad deal for Charlie: "In the long run you will be the looser *[sic]* by it." The opposite proved true. In the wake of the national exposure provided by Brown and Bigelow calendars and prints, Russell's prospects soared. Showing her business acumen, Nancy had insisted on a critical provision in the contract: the originals of all paintings chosen for reproduction were to be returned in good condition within three months. This created a body of major paintings available for exhibition and sale that were already

By the time Russell painted *Cowboys From the Quarter Circle Box* around 1925, he had long since left his cowboy days behind him. Kid Russell was certainly proud of that heritage, and he was not going to let the Eastern snobs sway him from painting ranch life. He told a pal of his in 1889, "I expect I will have to ride till the end of my days but I would rather be a poor cow puncher than a poor artest."

– Courtesy Woolaroc Museum, Bartlesville, Oklahoma –

The Taming of the Artist

familiar through color reproductions. Brown and Bigelow would spread Charlie's fame, and the Russells would pocket the rewards.

Charlie's exhibition at the Folsom Galleries in 1911 was a breakthrough: a one-man show at a major New York gallery. "The West That Has Passed," featuring thirteen oils, twelve water colors, and six bronzes, opened on April 12. It signaled Russell's artistic coming of age. Previously, Nancy had focused on increased productivity and rather arbitrary price increases to advance their income; New York taught her that exhibition-quality pieces showing Russell at his best provided a surer path to prosperity. In that respect, the Brown and Bigelow contract paid off handsomely. Eleven of the oils listed in the catalog and half the watercolors had been reproduced as calendars and prints. The attention the exhibition attracted was everything Nancy could have hoped for. They returned to Great Falls as conquering heroes.

Pay Dirt

In the spring of 1925, Edward L. Doheny, whose vast wealth rested on Los Angeles oil, had bought Russell's *The Wolf and the Beaver*, a parable in paint about the fate of those who live outside the law as pariahs shunned by the virtuous and hardworking. The irony was too rich to fabricate, Doheny having gotten mired in the Teapot Dome scandal, as it came to be known, in 1924. He would eventually be cleared of wrongdoing, but his name was besmirched. That year, Will Rogers quipped that Charlie Russell was the only man in oil who remained pure. Perhaps the Old West offered Doheny an escape from his troubles. In August 1926

The most exciting piece of art first seen by renowned Russell collector Frederic G. Renner was when, as a six-year-old boy, he saw Russell's 1903 watercolor *The Attack on the Red River Carts* (above). While growing up in Great Falls, Renner began his collection at that young age, saving his pennies to buy postcards of the cowboy artist's paintings, sold by the W.T. Ridgley Company downtown.

– Courtesy of the C.M. Russell Museum, Great Falls, Montana and Gift of Martha Ann Birch Davies (964-1-1) –

Russell did his share of painting wild grizzlies, likely remembering the bears he came across while working as a trapper and wrangler in the wilds of Montana. Of the 24 oils he exhibited at the Victory Stampede in Calgary in 1919, the man-bear confrontation plays itself out in his 1913 oil *Crippled but Still Coming [A Dangerous Cripple]*.

– Courtesy Eiteljorg Museum of the American Indians and Western Art, Indianapolis, Indiana. The Gund Collection of Western Art. Gift of the George Gund Family (2002.15.56) –

Whether he was working at his studio in Great Falls, Montana, or on the porch of his summer cabin on the shore of Lake Jackson in Glacier Park, grizzly bears surrounded the cowboy artist. He paid homage to their ferocious tenacity in his 1906 watercolor *A Wounded Grizzly*.

– Courtesy of the Gerald Peters Gallery, Santa Fe, New Mexico –


COPYRIGHT

Press agent Arthur Hoeber and Charlie Russell did agree on one point, that *The Medicine Man [No. 2]*, 1908, was one of Charlie's best paintings. In illustrated letters he sent out to promote his 1911 exhibition in New York, Charlie uncharacteristically described it as "one of the best pieces of my work." As the *New York Globe's* art critic, Hoeber reviewed the exhibition on April 13, singling out two oils for commendation, *The Hunting Party [No. 3]*, which he praised as "the landscape background is capitally expressed," and this one, which he called "a distinct achievement."

– Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1961.171) –

The Taming of the Artist

Russell painted the pen-and-ink *Bucking Horse and Cowgirl* around 1925, nine years after women in Montana gained the right to vote. "When I knew cows there was plenty of cowboys, but I don't remember any she-ones," said his character Rawhide Rawlins. "But since they got she-congresswomen it seems right enough to have she-cowpunchers, and if our congresslady's as good in the capitol building as these gals in the middle of a hoss, she'll do till something better comes along."

– Courtesy Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas (1961.187) –

he would add a cast of Russell's largest bronze, *Meat for Wild Men* [see p. 21], to complement the paintings in his Western room. By then a Russell mural was in place.

Nancy deserved the credit. She and Charlie had made a "flying trip" to Los Angeles in November 1924 to begin negotiations. She continued on to Duluth for an exhibition that December while Charlie stayed home to work on the designs the Dohenys required. With the Dohenys it was different. The sum being bandied about was enormous—thirty thousand dollars for a two-panel mural 2½ × 43 feet. This was the richest prize she had ever tried to land, and she was not about to let it get away.

In his designs for the Doheny mural, Russell offered four main themes connected by bits of landscape—a roundup, a scene with wildlife and a distant stagecoach, a pack train, and (borrowing from his painting for Philip Cole, *Pay Dirt*) a party of prospectors panning for gold. The idea was to illustrate the development of western commerce, culminating in the oil derricks that were the source of Doheny's fortune. Whether or not Charlie rebelled at including them—he had made it clear that he did not like wildcatters any better than sheepherders or dry-land farmers—include them he did, in the distance at the very edge of one drawing. This tribute to the oil industry was so muted that it does not constitute a separate theme. It simply extends the idea of prospectors striking it rich in California. Russell had made a compromise without really compromising and had emerged with his integrity intact.

So, tired and enfeebled by his goiter condition, short of breath and energy, given to spells of hacking coughing, Russell in the spring of 1926 pressed on to finish the Doheny mural.

A year before he died, Charles Russell in his labored hand wrote out in pencil "A fiew

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York may have Russells in its collection now, but it amazingly passed up the gift of Charlie's oil *The Signal Glass [The Red Man's Wireless]* in 1916. Even though his artwork was making inroads in New York, the Met and other Eastern establishments still did not accept it. The painting hangs at the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City—out West, where it belongs.

– Courtesy National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, Accession 1967.07.31 –

wordes about myself." "I am an Ilistrater," he said, "thair are lots better ones but some worse aney man that can mak a living doing what he likes is lucky an Im that. Aney time I chash in now I win."

This was a man at peace with himself and satisfied with what he had accomplished in life. He also, in a newspaper interview the same year, paid tribute to Nancy: "After we were married my wife said she was going to change me—and she did. The worst fight we ever had was in 1897 when she asked $75 for a canvas, which I thought highway robbery—and got it. I was willing to sell it for $5, but she insisted that we had to eat. From that time on she has sold all my paintings. It used to worry me, the prices she asked, but she always gets what she goes after. . . . We are partners. She is the business end and I am the creative. When we travel she takes care of everything. She lives for tomorrow and I live for yesterday; so it is the combination which brings things today."

Will Rogers put the case for Nancy succinctly: "She enlarged his Market from what had been purely local Consumption to one which embraced two Continents."

A few months before Charlie's death on October 24, 1926, Nancy gave her own take on things. That April she heard from a childhood acquaintance who remembered her from the hardscrabble years in Helena. "Yes," she replied, "I am, or was, the little girl you were talking about, way back in '94. . . . I, as you know, married the only Charles Russell in the world and my life has been very full of romance, which they like to make moving pictures out of, only mine happens to be real."

Charlie finished the Doheny mural about the time Nancy was writing. Their journey to thirty thousand dollars was complete. Her unshakable confidence in the artistic importance of Charles M. Russell was the foundation of their success. He may have frustrated her by taking for granted the manner to which he was born and to which she aspired, and by showing no real interest in promoting his art or himself. But she never for a moment doubted his gift.

Sioux on the Beach

Buffalo Bill's Wild West show Indians re-created in an installation by artist Thom Ross.

By Patricia Bennett

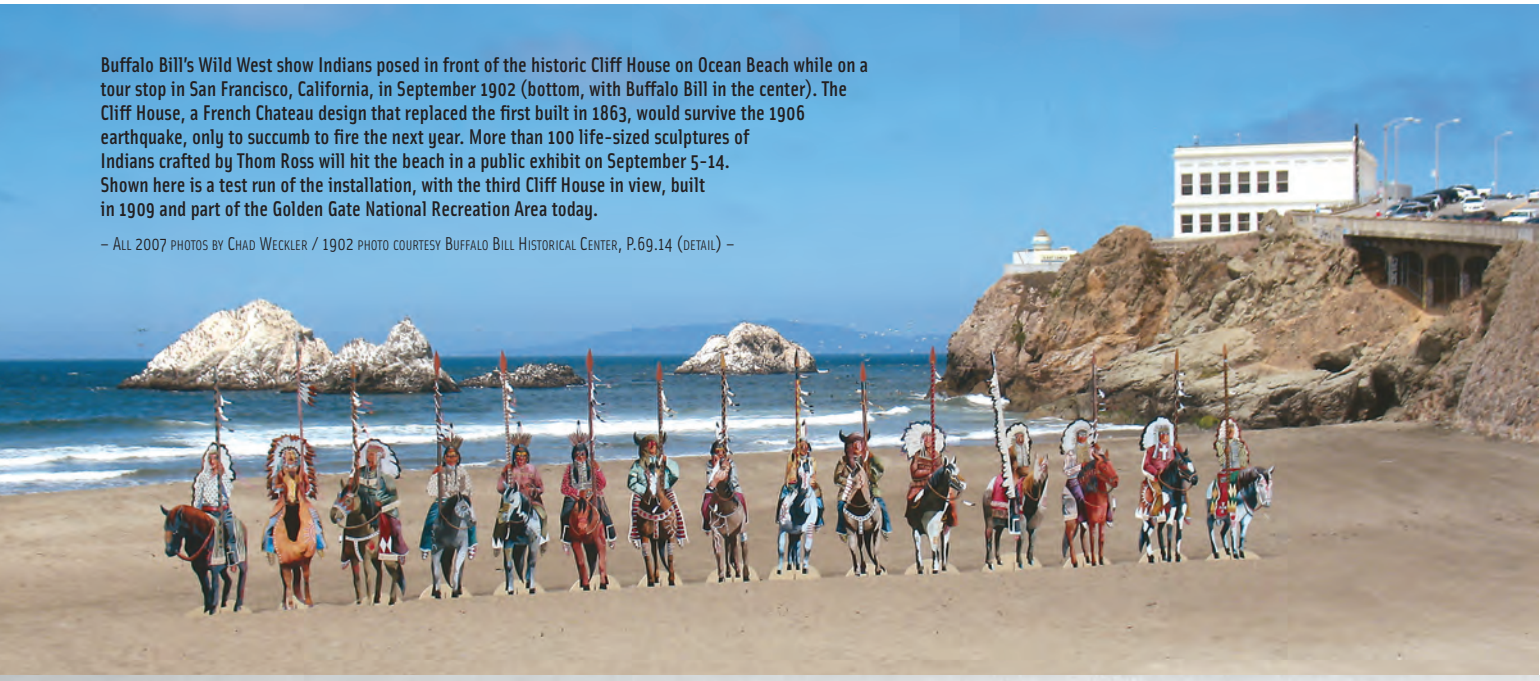
William "Buffalo Bill" Cody had been planning his next feat as a showman when, in 1883, he was asked to stage an "Old Glory Blowout" in North Platte, Nebraska. Press agent, advance man, manager and friend, "Arizona John" Burke helped Cody cobble together a celebration that would evolve into the famous Wild West show, a huge traveling circus of cowboys and Indians, pioneers, trick riders, sharpshooters, buffalo and stagecoaches that would tour the U.S., and later Europe, for 30 years, turning Cody's version of the American West into legend. Through it all, Burke was promoter and keeper of the flame, a role he regarded as near-sacred.

Bearing the torch today, with no less passion, Western artist Thom Ross re-creates one fine PR move by Burke. In September 1902, the Wild West show played San Francisco, California. Burke whipped up a good amount of hoopla when he marched 100-plus Indians on horseback in full regalia out to Ocean Beach where they stretched some 200 yards down the beach just below the famous Cliff House.

An albumen print of the impressive photo hangs at the Buffalo Bill Historic Center in Cody, Wyoming, and has long captured Ross's imagination. This September, he re-creates the scene with plywood cutouts of Cody and all the Indians festooned in feathers, arrows and beads, plus enough of Ross's signature splashes of pigment to match the colorful lives of these historic characters. The show comes alive on the beach from September 5 to 14.

Ross's work has been compared to that of Bulgarian installation artist Christo. Ross admires his work and cites Christo as influential to his own vision. He appreciates the commonality that each artist reaches an audience outside the confines of "artsy-fartsy" galleries and museums that can be exclusionary and intimidating, and he likes that this "big" art confronts people in their daily lives where they can hardly miss it.

"To me, the story is the thing," Ross says. "If the story is not passed down, if the story is forgotten, if the story falls through the cracks, it could be lost forever."



Buffalo Bill's Wild West show Indians posed in front of the historic Cliff House on Ocean Beach while on a tour stop in San Francisco, California, in September 1902 (bottom, with Buffalo Bill in the center). The Cliff House, a French Chateau design that replaced the first built in 1863, would survive the 1906 earthquake, only to succumb to fire the next year. More than 100 life-sized sculptures of Indians crafted by Thom Ross will hit the beach in a public exhibit on September 5-14. Shown here is a test run of the installation, with the third Cliff House in view, built in 1909 and part of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area today.

– All 2007 photos by Chad Weckler / 1902 photo courtesy Buffalo Bill Historical Center, P.69.14 (detail) –

In August 2007, Thom Ross installed 15 figures on the beach as a test run. The public reaction was so positive that he won the approval of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area representatives to go forward with the project.

Each night, the Wild West finale depicted a re-enactment of Custer's Last Stand, so it makes sense that Ross tells this chapter of the story now, having just come off his 2005 critically-acclaimed installation of 200 life-sized plywood members of the 7th U.S. Cavalry and Indians who killed them at the Battle of the Little Bighorn.

Burke had a way with Indians and honored his word to them. Just the same, when Sitting Bull agreed to join the Wild West show in 1885, the Dakota Sioux warrior got it in writing. The only known commercial contract between Sitting Bull and a white man was dated June 6, 1885, signed by Burke among others, and it set his weekly pay rate at $50. Although Sitting Bull was no fan of the whites, he spoke highly of Cody and even adopted Wild West show

"These Indian figures of mine are merely artistic interpretations based on the 120 figures as seen in the 1902 photograph. I believe the majority of the Indians are Lakota (Sioux), but Cody had many tribes that traveled with him; they could include Cheyenne, Arapaho, maybe even Shoshoni . . . I just don't know," Thom Ross says.

sharpshooter Annie Oakley as a daughter in a highly publicized ceremony.

Ross finds it fascinating that the people in the Wild West show were not actors but rather real folks who actually lived the lives they were portraying. That first season featured an early partner of Cody's, a sharpshooting dentist who quit his day job for the glory of it all. Indians from various tribes were the very Indians who a few years earlier were fighting the battles they now re-enacted or had family members who fought in them and surely knew some who died fighting. The photo shows one Indian holding aloft an American flag, and one can only suppose the significance of such an act 26 years after "Custer's Last Stand."

This was the defining moment of the American West, for the citizens of the U.S. to be sure, but for the rest of the world as well after the show reached Europe. Ross points out that to a Europe steeped in centuries of accepted tradition, this "exportation" of America, or at least what Cody considered to be America, "cemented the world's concept of Americans as gun-totin', rootin'-tootin', wild ridin' lunatics!"

During a press conference in Barcelona, Spain, Buffalo Bill and the Indians in his company stood next to the statue of Columbus at the end of Las Ramblas. "This is our agent who got here 400 years before us," announced Cody. To which one of the Indians responded, "It was a black day for us when he discovered America."

Ross chose this particular page in history because he says it marks the beginning of the American mythic struggle. We are seeing reality become myth in the 1902 image on the beach. General Custer is a controversial figure for sure, but the reality for those of us who live in the West today is that we do so in part because of Custer.

"It is the tragedy of human existence," says Ross. "In that battle of the settler and the Indian, you have the American neurosis. What Custer unintentionally did was to waltz into mythology in the most perfect manner."

"We live cowboy," he adds, "but we yearn Indian."

Patricia Bennett is a freelance story writer based in Seattle, Washington. She works toward a better future, knowing the keys to it lie in our past.

Nearly 30 years after the Cheyenne, Sans Arcs, Miniconjoux Sioux, Oglala Sioux, Blackfeet and Hunkpapa Sioux fought Custer and his troops at the Battle of the Little Bighorn, this Indian performer in Buffalo Bill's Wild West show raised an American flag as he posed with the others on the beach.

– 1902 PHOTO COURTESY BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER, P.69.14 (DETAIL) –

All the designs of clothing, war paint and jewelry are the products of Thom Ross's imagination, since the 1902 photo he based his installation on was black and white.

True West Exclusive

Classic Gunfights

Chimney Wells Roundup

Elzy Lay vs Cicero Stewart's Posse

"Did you do this?"

Outlaw Elzy Lay is known as the "gentleman brains" of the so-called Wild Bunch. After a string of successful robberies, Lay becomes known as Butch Cassidy's chief lieutenant.

– All photos True West Archives unless otherwise noted –

By Bob Boze Bell

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Bob Alexander and Jeffrey Burton

August 14, 1899

Near dusk, two members of the Wild Bunch, Will Carver and Elzy Lay, ride into Virgil Lusk's cow camp near Chimney Wells, New Mexico, and inquire if Lusk has seen some stray horses in the area.

Cowman Lusk tells them he has seen strays on his range. (He keeps to himself his strong suspicion that these strays were turned loose by horse thieves.) Since it is too dark to look for the horses, Lusk invites the two strangers to overnight at his camp. The outlaws beg off, telling of a suitable camp nearby. They do accept an invite to join the crew in the morning for biscuits and hot coffee.

After the two men ride off, Lusk dispatches his oldest son John to inform the sheriff about the visitors.

Riding to town under the cover of darkness and at a full gallop, John reins up at Eddy County Sheriff Cicero Stewart's office and tells him two heavily armed strangers are camped near Chimney Wells and that his father thinks they are wanted outlaws.

Stewart deputizes two locals, Rufus "Rufe" Thomas and cowman John D. Cantrell, and the three head for Chimney Wells, arriving at the Lusk cow camp around four in the morning of August 15. Hobbling their horses out of sight in an arroyo, the trio throws tarps over the saddles. Each one takes up supine positions where they can keep an eye on the Lusk cook tent.

Not long after sunrise, one of the outlaws rides out of a distant arroyo, ambling toward breakfast. It's Elzy Lay. Will Carver allegedly watches from a ridge with binoculars, while a third outlaw, Tom Capehart, has been sent into Carlsbad for supplies.

Leaving his rifle in the scabbard, Lay dismounts and enters the cook tent where he is served breakfast. As he gobbles his food, he hears approaching boots coming at a run. Lay apprises the situation in a flash; he jerks his pistol as he turns to Lusk and screams, "Did you do this?" properly guessing Lusk must have informed the authorities.

Firing as he lunges out of the tent flap, Lay's bullet hits Lusk in the wrist. Outside, the lawmen all point their weapons at the outlaw and demand his surrender. Running to the far side of the tent, Lay opens fire, hitting Rufe Thomas's outstretched left arm, with the shot coming out near the armpit and entering under the shoulder blade.

Sheriff Stewart returns fire and the outlaw drops, as if shot (although not actually hit; the outlaw later claimed one of Stewart's rifle bullets passed so close to his head "as to stun him for a moment").

Running up to Lay's position, the lawmen disarm Lay. As they search him, the outlaw slugs the sheriff and tries to grab his pistol out of his scabbard. But the tough sheriff slaps leather, grabbing his own pistol and bringing the barrel down on Lay's head, knocking him temporarily unconscious to the ground.

The wily outlaw is literally run to ground, but his story is long from over.

Elzy Lay approaches the Lusk cow camp at daylight, cautiously riding with the sun at his back, while scanning the horizon with his field glasses. In spite of his extra caution, the cook tent and the lure of good chuck will doom his outlaw career.

– All illustrations by Bob Boze Bell –

True West Exclusive

Classic Gunfights

Chimney Wells Roundup

Elzy Lay vs Cicero Stewart's Posse

"Did you do this?"

Outlaw Elzy Lay is known as the "gentleman brains" of the so-called Wild Bunch. After a string of successful robberies, Lay becomes known as Butch Cassidy's chief lieutenant.

– All photos True West Archives unless otherwise noted –

By Bob Boze Bell

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Bob Alexander and Jeffrey Burton

August 14, 1899

Near dusk, two members of the Wild Bunch, Will Carver and Elzy Lay, ride into Virgil Lusk's cow camp near Chimney Wells, New Mexico, and inquire if Lusk has seen some stray horses in the area.

Cowman Lusk tells them he has seen strays on his range. (He keeps to himself his strong suspicion that these strays were turned loose by horse thieves.) Since it is too dark to look for the horses, Lusk invites the two strangers to overnight at his camp. The outlaws beg off, telling of a suitable camp nearby. They do accept an invite to join the crew in the morning for biscuits and hot coffee.

After the two men ride off, Lusk dispatches his oldest son John to inform the sheriff about the visitors.

Riding to town under the cover of darkness and at a full gallop, John reins up at Eddy County Sheriff Cicero Stewart's office and tells him two heavily armed strangers are camped near Chimney Wells and that his father thinks they are wanted outlaws.

Stewart deputizes two locals, Rufus "Rufe" Thomas and cowman John D. Cantrell, and the three head for Chimney Wells, arriving at the Lusk cow camp around four in the morning of August 15. Hobbling their horses out of sight in an arroyo, the trio throws tarps over the saddles. Each one takes up supine positions where they can keep an eye on the Lusk cook tent.

Not long after sunrise, one of the outlaws rides out of a distant arroyo, ambling toward breakfast. It's Elzy Lay. Will Carver allegedly watches from a ridge with binoculars, while a third outlaw, Tom Capehart, has been sent into Carlsbad for supplies.

Leaving his rifle in the scabbard, Lay dismounts and enters the cook tent where he is served breakfast. As he gobbles his food, he hears approaching boots coming at a run. Lay apprises the situation in a flash; he jerks his pistol as he turns to Lusk and screams, "Did you do this?" properly guessing Lusk must have informed the authorities.

Firing as he lunges out of the tent flap, Lay's bullet hits Lusk in the wrist. Outside, the lawmen all point their weapons at the outlaw and demand his surrender. Running to the far side of the tent, Lay opens fire, hitting Rufe Thomas's outstretched left arm, with the shot coming out near the armpit and entering under the shoulder blade.

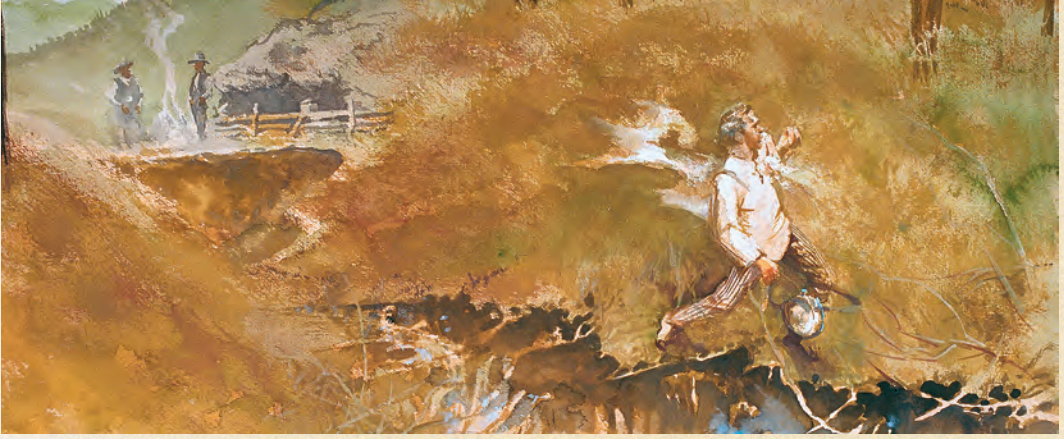
Sheriff Stewart returns fire and the outlaw drops, as if shot (although not actually hit; the outlaw later claimed one of Stewart's rifle bullets passed so close to his head "as to stun him for a moment").

Running up to Lay's position, the lawmen disarm Lay. As they search him, the outlaw slugs the sheriff and tries to grab his pistol out of his scabbard. But the tough sheriff slaps leather, grabbing his own pistol and bringing the barrel down on Lay's head, knocking him temporarily unconscious to the ground.

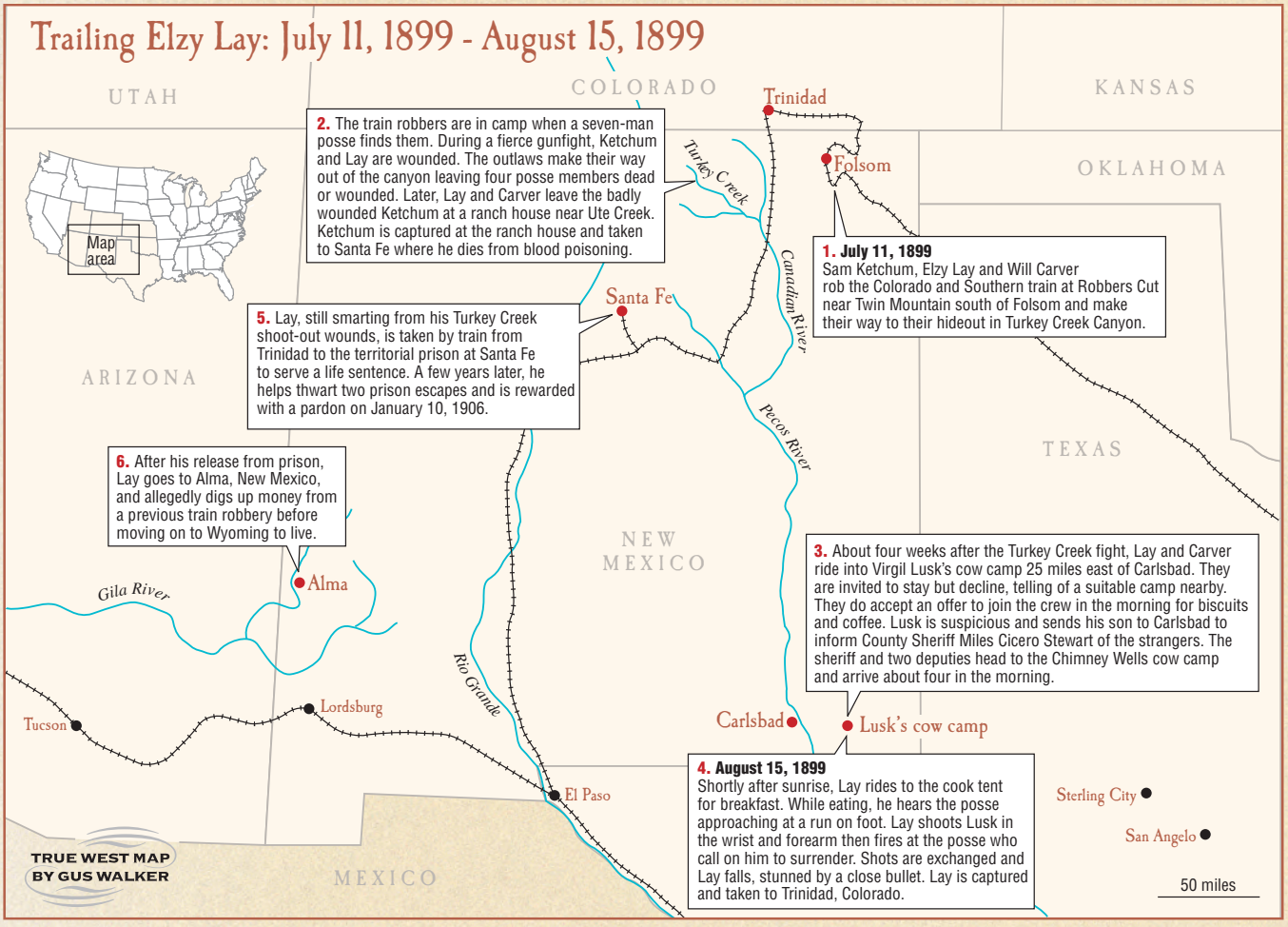
The wily outlaw is literally run to ground, but his story is long from over.

Elzy Lay approaches the Lusk cow camp at daylight, cautiously riding with the sun at his back, while scanning the horizon with his field glasses. In spite of his extra caution, the cook tent and the lure of good chuck will doom his outlaw career.

– All illustrations by Bob Boze Bell –



Outlaw Elzy Lay was one tough bird. He was shot twice, in the chest and shoulder, at the Turkey Creek Canyon fight (see #2 below) four weeks prior to the Chimney Wells fight, yet he rode a horse 300 miles and was still wearing the same bloody shirt! Sheriff Stewart reported the outlaw's old wounds "burst" during the fisticuffs.



Capehart's Clueless Getaway

Elzy Lay was riding with two other outlaws: Will Carver and Tom Capehart. Through field glasses, Carver watched the fight and capture of Lay from a ridge near their camp, which was about a half or three-quarters of a mile away. When Carver first saw Lay sprawled on the ground, he thought his pard might be dead.

Sheriff Stewart and his men saw Carver watching them, and Stewart waved his hat. Carver returned the gesture and shouted "Adios." The sheriff did not pursue the outlaw since the lawman had a dangerous prisoner in tow and two wounded men to look after. Sheriff Stewart procured a hack to transport the party to Carlsbad, where they arrived by 9:30 that morning.

Carver rounded up a gray horse he and Lay had been looking for, and he galloped away. He was spotted riding by Dagger Draw, and by 10 a.m., he passed the Carlsbad schoolhouse. A few hours later, he was seen at Seven Rivers, 20 miles to the north of Carlsbad. Defying conventional wisdom, the outlaw made a feint toward the mountains at Rio Penasco, but he actually headed east to the Pecos River, crossing and heading north along the eastern bank. All of this was ascertained later, after Carver had slipped away.


Will Carver

Two hours after the takedown of Lay, a clueless Tom Capehart rode into Lusk's cow camp with provisions he had bought for the trip to Arizona. With Stewart and his men gone, the cowboys wanted nothing to do with arresting Capehart, so the lucky man also evaded the law, riding off in the same direction as Carver had gone.

Both men would end up in Alma (see above map) where Butch Cassidy and others of the gang were holding forth.

The Brave Carlsbad Boys Who Brought Lay to Bay

Both Cicero Stewart and Rufe Thomas had known the Ketchums before they turned outlaws.

Having been raised in West Texas, Thomas, a gambler by trade, also knew Will Carver. The deputy may have been a small man, but his friend John Loomis described him as "lithe and tough" and "an expert at handling a six-shooter. . . ."

When Stewart first called on Thomas in the small gambling room he was running in Carlsbad, Thomas declined to go. "Cis," as his friends called him, complained that Thomas "was just like the rest of the citizens who refused to help in an emergency." The gambler relented and borrowed a rifle from Silas T. Bitting's store, ignoring a bystander's warning that the rifle was liable to hang fire.

To make matters worse, Thomas's horse tripped in the dark during the 20-mile ride to Lusk's cow camp, and it nearly threw him. Only later did he discover his pistol had jerked free and disappeared when his horse stumbled.

When Thomas and the other two lawmen made their dash to the tent, Lay lurched outside, refusing to surrender. At the point of no return, Thomas squeezed the trigger twice on the borrowed rifle; both times, the gun misfired.

Lay caught sight of Lusk and yelled, "You old son of a bitch, you're the cause of this!" and sent a shot his way, hitting the ducking cowman in the wrist and forearm. Lay then turned and fired at Thomas, who finally got a shot off from his rusty weapon. But Lay's bullet caught the gambler in his left arm, thudding into his shoulder blade and almost knocking him to the ground.

Dodging behind the tent, Lay continued to avoid being hit until a shot from either Stewart's or Thomas's rifle stunned Elzy, sending him tumbling face down in the grass.

As the lawmen converged on the prostrate outlaw, Cantrell sneered, "He has shot Rufe, and I am going to kill the son of a bitch."

Stewart, the stalwart lawman replied, "No, John, we won't kill him. I suppose we ought to kill him, but he wants to give up and I won't kill him."

Miles Cicero Stewart, shown here with his handsome family, was sheriff of Eddy County, New Mexico, at a time when it was "dawning, damn tough country," as author Bob Alexander puts it.

– Courtesy Bob Alexander –

Cowman and rancher Virgil Hogue Lusk (seated, center), surrounded by his sons. Virgil sent his oldest son John (back row, at right) on the midnight ride that ultimately ended Elzy Lay's bandit career.

– Courtesy Southeastern New Mexico Historical Society –

– Courtesy Marilyn Foraker and Bob Alexander –

Captured On Film

Looking a tad creepy, a miserable Elzy Lay (above, taken when he was still claiming to be Will McGinnis) scowls at Deputy George W. Titsworth (on horseback, right) as the lawman takes a photo of the outlaw sitting outside his prison cell in Trinidad, Colorado. Tom Ketchum (inset, claiming to be George Stevens) and Lay would be reunited in Trinidad. Cicero Stewart, having just delivered Lay on the morning of August 23, went that same day to identify Ketchum in the hospital. Ironically, hundreds of miles apart, both outlaws were arrested on the same day.

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

Tom Ketchum, alias "Black Jack," tried to rob a train all by himself, completely unaware that his former gang, including Elzy Lay, had already robbed the same train. Severely wounded and easily captured, Ketchum was taken to Trinidad, Colorado. When he heard about the capture of his pard Lay, he became "very restless and ugly and begged the officer for a gun that he might kill himself." Ketchum later tried to accomplish the deed on his own; he tied his bandage around his neck in an attempt to commit suicide by strangulation.

The two outlaws, Ketchum and Lay, were taken by train to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and locked up in the penitentiary.

Black Jack Ketchum was found guilty of train robbery and hanged in Clayton, New Mexico, on April 26, 1901.

Will Carver was involved in several more shootings and robberies. He made it to Fort Worth, Texas, in time for the famous "Fort Worth Five" photo, which he posed for along with other Wild Bunch pards Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Carver died in a hail of bullets in Sonora on April 2, 1901 (three weeks before Black Jack took the long drop).

Elzy Lay was sentenced to life imprisonment for the death of Sheriff Ed Farr in the Turkey Creek Canyon shoot-out. After helping thwart two attempted prison breaks, Lay was pardoned and released on January 10, 1906. Returning to the Alma area, he allegedly dug up loot from an old robbery (some say $58,000) and decamped to cooler climes. Known sometimes as McGinnis, Lay married in Thermopolis, Wyoming, where he lived comfortably. When he moved to California, he worked as the water master for Imperial Valley Irrigation. He drank too much, had one heart attack and then died in Los Angeles in 1934 at the age of 66. His body was buried in Forest Lawn Memorial Park cemetery.

Recommended: *The Deadliest Outlaws* by Jeffrey Burton, published by Palomino Books; and *Lawmen, Outlaws, and S.O.Bs.: Volume II* by Bob Alexander, published by High-Lonesome Books

– Courtesy Marilyn Foraker and Bob Alexander –

Captured On Film

Looking a tad creepy, a miserable Elzy Lay (above, taken when he was still claiming to be Will McGinnis) scowls at Deputy George W. Titsworth (on horseback, right) as the lawman takes a photo of the outlaw standing outside his prison cell in Trinidad, Colorado. Tom Ketchum (inset, claiming to be George Stevens) and Lay would be reunited in Trinidad. Cicero Stewart, having just delivered Lay on the morning of August 23, went that same day to identify Ketchum in the hospital. Ironically, hundreds of miles apart, both outlaws were arrested on the same day.

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

Tom Ketchum, alias "Black Jack," tried to rob a train all by himself, completely unaware that his former gang, including Elzy Lay, had already robbed the same train. Severely wounded and easily captured, Ketchum was taken to Trinidad, Colorado. When he heard about the capture of his pard Lay, he became "very restless and ugly and begged the officer for a gun that he might kill himself." Ketchum later tried to accomplish the deed on his own; he tied his bandage around his neck in an attempt to commit suicide by strangulation.

The two outlaws, Ketchum and Lay, were taken by train to Santa Fe, New Mexico, and locked up in the penitentiary.

Black Jack Ketchum was found guilty of train robbery and hanged in Clayton, New Mexico, on April 26, 1901.

Will Carver was involved in several more shootings and robberies. He made it to Fort Worth, Texas, in time for the famous "Fort Worth Five" photo, which he posed for along with other Wild Bunch pards Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Carver died in a hail of bullets in Sonora on April 2, 1901 (three weeks before Black Jack took the long drop).

Elzy Lay was sentenced to life imprisonment for the death of Sheriff Ed Farr in the Turkey Creek Canyon shoot-out. After helping thwart two attempted prison breaks, Lay was pardoned and released on January 10, 1906. Returning to the Alma area, he allegedly dug up loot from an old robbery (some say $58,000) and decamped to cooler climes. Known sometimes as McGinnis, Lay married in Thermopolis, Wyoming, where he lived comfortably. When he moved to California, he worked as the water master for Imperial Valley Irrigation. He drank too much, had one heart attack and then died in Los Angeles in 1934 at the age of 66. His body was buried in Forest Lawn Memorial Park cemetery.

Recommended: *The Deadliest Outlaws* by Jeffrey Burton, published by Palomino Books; and *Lawmen, Outlaws, and S.O.Bs.: Volume II* by Bob Alexander, published by High-Lonesome Books

Surviving Geronimo's Raiders

The VO Slash Ranch endures trying times to emerge into a family-run cattle corporation.

Long a sanctuary for people and animals seeking to escape scrutiny, the VO Slash Ranch near Nogales in southeastern Arizona is home to a third-generation ranch family that works to preserve its heritage, the environment and rare species.

Located just north of the U.S. border with Mexico, the ranch has a cross-border history and managing it today still comes with many challenges.

Just after Geronimo and his men surrendered to Gen. George Crook and the U.S. Cavalry in March 1886, Geronimo had a change of heart. He and his raiders roamed across this portion of the Southwest, attacking and killing Petra Peck and her baby, before taking a young relative, Trini Verdin, as a captive on April 27. They murdered a neighbor and wounded Arthur Peck. But Arthur, who then owned the VO Slash Ranch (now part of the ZZ Cattle Corporation operated by the Bells), escaped the attack and made it home. He found his wife and child dead, and Trini missing; she was later rescued by Mexican military.

In spite of his personal losses, Peck held on to the land until it was eventually absorbed by the holdings of Thomas Graham Bell, who bought an adjoining place in 1938. Soon after obtaining the property, Thomas and June Bell hired Louis Hall, a new architect trained at the University of Arizona, to build a mission-style headquarters with a unique bell tower. The doors and gates around the house feature handcrafted metalwork forged by a railroad blacksmith who earned his pay in bottles of whiskey. The bell tower, above the cedar-lined office at headquarters, was most likely inspired by June, who liked to collect bells.

Thomas and June had two sons, George and Thomas, Jr., and now their grandson, Dan Bell, is the managing partner of ZZ Cattle Corporation, which involves many other Bell family members. Dan's cousin Scott, vice president of the corporation, monitors a scientific study underway on the ranch to track the lives and movements of two male jaguars that frequent the ranch lands. Their habitat is continually declining, making a sanctuary such as this ranch an important link to their preservation.

Rancher Dan Bell killed the mountain lion that he mounted over the fireplace after it had feasted on many of his cattle. The stones on the fireplace wall in his living room all come from a mine near Nogales, Arizona.

– All photographs by Jim Keen unless noted –

The Bell Ranch headquarters (above), on a historic ranch that has been the setting for the 1960s TV series *Rawhide*, starring Clint Eastwood, and for the 1976 movie *The Last Hard Men*, starring Charlton Heston. The Bells live in a nearby ranch house, which pays homage to the history of the ranch via an entrance gate adorned with the VO Slash brand.

Dealing with endangered species while living on an international border creates its own unique challenges, Dan Bell says. Because the ranch is "in a transition zone for many animal species," conservation groups often "petition and threaten to sue the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Service to list animal species along the border." A problem with the Endangered Species Act, Bell says, is that it applies to the United States and species within the American borders, but it doesn't extend across the line. As a result, a species that may have limited populations within the United States "may be abundant (and often is) where it ranges to the south, but officials are hamstrung by the border."

For ranchers, it little matters what the animal population may be just across the border, "once a species gets listed in the area then we as permittees are required to manage for that species," Bell says.

This is not the first time the ranch has had a role in an effort to conserve a species, notes Jim Keen in his book *Great Ranches of the West*. When the Sonora Chub was located in a stream on the Bell ranch, the find attracted immediate attention for the fish. While common in Mexico, the Sonora Chub had been unknown to inhabit waters in the United States. Immediate efforts were made by the U.S. Fish & Wildlife Department to protect the species, including constructing a bridge to reduce impact to the waterway and restricting livestock use near the stream. Dan Bell disapproved, stating that his cattle provided a benefit. The cattle grazing, he said, would restrict the growth of willows along the stream that would eventually take over and deplete the stream flow.

With a University of Arizona degree in range management and a life of ranching under his belt, Dan knew what he was talking about. He believes that the restrictive grazing near the stream caused

Just 10 days prior to Geronimo's attack on the VO Slash Ranch, Tombstone photographer C.S. Fly copyrighted his shot of the Apache leader and crew that he had taken during the surrender to Gen. George Crook on March 27, 1886. (From left) Geronimo's cousin Perico holds a baby next to the mounted Geronimo and Cochise's son Natchez, with an unidentified warrior. That same September, Geronimo would surrender for the last time. He and his people were transported to reservations in Florida.

– True West Archives –

One bottle of whiskey per day sufficed as pay for the railroad blacksmith hired by Dan Bell's grandfather. The end results of his hard work were the beautiful, handcrafted, ornamental metalworks on the doors and gates around the hacienda ranch house.

the Sonora Chub to no longer exist in the stream; without cattle to check their growth, the willows flourished and the stream flow diminished, eventually disappearing entirely.

Yet the Sonora Chub may not be gone for good. It's not uncommon for surface water to go dry during periods of low rainfall or drought, and once the flow is restored, the Sonora Chub will repopulate, says Jeff Humphrey, public outreach specialist for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

The VO Slash Ranch headquarters with its signature bell tower located above the cedar-lined office Dan works in today was built by Louis Hall, a good friend of Dan's grandparents Thomas and June Bell. The headquarters, built in about 1939, was the first structure designed and constructed by Hall who then went on to build a home in Tucson for his brother William. He eventually became a well-known architect in southern Arizona.

Bell's own home is constructed of hand-packed adobe from the site and later plastered. The thick walls are designed to maintain temperature with very little need for coolers or heaters, and the floor tiles are made of the same packed adobe. Among the decorative touches are hand forged hinges and latches on the doors. The fireplace is framed by rock that came from a retaining wall at an old mine located on the ranch and provides a stark contrast to the adobe walls and Arizona sycamore beams supporting the roof. Simple adornments include a rifle and saber that apparently were gifts to Thomas and June Bell from his father, although Dan knows of no story behind either weapon.

In addition to managing cattle in a way that supports wildlife species, the ranch, due to its close proximity to the Mexican border, is also a haven for illegal immigrants. This situation "poses many problems for us that other ranches do not face," Bell says. "Fences being cut on a nightly basis, trespass cattle from Mexico entering regularly, new roads and trails being cut across the landscape are just a few [issues] I might mention."

But there is sweeping beauty to the land, and a traditional simplicity to the ranch headquarters and old family home that make it particularly appealing.

Candy Moulton is a regular contributor to *True West*.

This ranch is featured in Great Ranches of the West *by* **Jim Keen**. *To order your copy, visit* greatrancheswest.com *or call 800-363-5336.*

Third-generation ranchers Dan and Roxanne Bell, with their children Katie and Matt, on the Bear Valley part of their ranch. The conservation efforts undertaken on the Bell Ranch include attempts to preserve the endangered Sonora Chub, first identified in Bear Creek by E.A. Mearns in 1893, and the monitoring of two male jaguars on ranch lands.

A bell tower, typically part of a church design, is a unique feature for a ranch hacienda, but June Bell's love of bells and their chimes likely inspired architect Louis Hall to include the tower (shown above) in his design.

At home on the ranch: Thomas Graham Bell (on the light colored horse) with his wife June. The boy is Dan's father George.

– Courtesy Dan Bell –

Kingsville, Texas

"Live out of the heat of the Wild Horse Desert."

twmag.com extra

Miss a profile of a True Western town? Visit the Travel section in our online archives.

The first to begin the dream of taming the Wild Horse Desert was Capt. Richard King.

He established the famous King Ranch on 825,000 acres, along Santa Gertrudis Creek, in 1853. His widow Henrietta continued his dream, eventually founding the town of Kingsville in 1904. The Kinenos, descendants of those early Texas cowboys at the King Ranch, still walk the streets of downtown today.

The restored 1904 Train Depot Museum reopened on its 100th anniversary.

What's the latest gossip? A new BBQ place, the Smokin' Rooster (200 E. Yoakum), opened today in a restored downtown building built in 1924 by Harry Collins.

Good Cowboy Bar: The Office (1210 S. 6th Street), an old yellow building with no sign, just a lot of pickups parked outside in late afternoon, after siesta.

Favorite Local Cuisine: El Dorado (704 N. 14th St), for Mexican food, especially Camarones al mojo de ajo (Shrimp with garlic sauce).

Best Western Art Gallery: Bryant Gallery (302 E Kleberg Ave.), which features unique works by Texas artists.

Best Western Bookstore: King Ranch Museum (405 N. 6th St.) offers books on the local history of ranches and the people who developed them.

Best Spot to View Wildlife: King Ranch Wildlife Tour. Drive west on Hwy. 141 to U.S. 281 after September for a good display of deer, hawks and other birds.

Old West Historic Sites: King Ranch Museum, originally built to generate electricity and make ice for trains hauling fresh vegetables. The restored Kingsville Railroad Depot (104 Kleberg Ave.), built in 1904, now a museum with interesting rail artifacts on exhibit.

Do-not-miss Attraction: King Ranch Tour, especially during April when the burros are used to train the new ponies to halter.

Popular Local Event: Ranch Hand Breakfast at King Ranch. The cowboy breakfast is held outdoors, the weekend before Thanksgiving.

Average House Cost: $103,000.

Average Temperature: High 60s to 80s in winter and spring; High 80s to 90s in summer and fall.

Best-Kept Secret: Ceasar Kleberg Wildlife Research Center (700 University Blvd.) at Texas A&M Kingsville University.

Ranch Hand Breakfast at King Ranch

Special thanks to **Anse Windham,** Kingsville's train builder and driver, and retired full-time volunteer, for sharing his love of the town with us.

Visit Kingsville

Wyatt & Witches & Pixies, Oh My!

All found in Emma Bull's Territory.

The characters and the locations are old hat, but the strange powers of Wyatt and Doc give new meaning to the term "territory" in Emma Bull's newest release, *Territory*, from Tor/Forge. No wonder her novel is up for a World Fantasy Award this year (winners are announced this October).

– Illustrated by Bob Boze Bell; *Territory* courtesy Tor/Forge –

Wyatt Earp was a fairy.

Don't aim your pistols at me. I'm not outing anybody. Neither is Emma Bull.

Okay, Wyatt's not really a fairy. A fairy, in fantasy novels, is a benevolent little creature that makes magic. A fay. A pixie. A nisse. A brownie. An elf. Wyatt isn't so benevolent in Bull's novel *Territory*. He's a doer of evil. A warlock. And he has a lot of company.

I've been a fan of Emma Bull ever since Minneapolis rocker Eddi McCandry fell in love with a shape-shifting phouka and got caught in the middle of a battle between good and evil fairies in *War for the Oaks*, so I've decided to meet her on her own turf—not Borderland or Middle-earth, but a Raging Sage coffee shop in Tucson, Arizona—and talk about her turning the Tombstone story on its ear.

Territory centers on horse whisperer Jesse Fox and newspaper typesetter Mildred Benjamin who are swept up in the 1880s Tombstone confrontations. It's about a sorcerer (hint: he has a big mustache and looks a lot like Kurt Russell) seeking more power and a sorcerer (hint: he has a persistent cough and looks a lot like Val Kilmer) who doesn't know he's really a sorcerer.

"Bringing the fantastic into this story wasn't all that farfetched," Emma tells me. "There seemed to be so much going on behind the scenes that would be really fun to explain in ways that couldn't happen but would be kind of interesting if they had."

Yet *Territory* is so rich in history, Emma's husband suggested that she escape her Science Fiction/Fantasy niche and write a straightforward historical novel. She turned her husband into a toad and stuck to what she knows best.

"Part of the fun is putting in those just slightly weird, wacko things that history

Johnny D. Boggs's bride often points out that he's living in a fantasy world.

doesn't account for," she says. "In the *Epitaph*, there was an entry, 'There was an arm found in the street. . . .' You know how you feel as a novelist. There was an arm in the street? And they don't know whose arm? Doing straight history, I would have done something entirely different."

"Ahem," I say, "the people in Tombstone can be overly protective of their town, their gunfights, their legends. So did anyone take exception with you bringing supernatural forces to Cochise County?"

"I think you get a pass on that when you're writing Fantasy. I suspect nobody's going to be bothered by me covering the Tombstone story."

Plot spoiler alert, but important nonetheless! What might bother some unsuspecting readers is that *Territory* ends with the Guadalupe Canyon Massacre that left Old Man Clanton dead in August 1881. That's two months before Tombstone's most heralded event.

"A really disturbing number of people have said, 'There is a second book, right?'" Emma says.

Yes. *Territory* was supposed to be one book, but Emma got carried away.

"The outline kept getting longer and longer, and I kept writing away, kept finding good stuff I wanted to put in, and I started thinking, 'I'm going to be writing this book for the next 30 years!' But my editor at Tor/Forge said, 'You can make it two books.'"

Book two is *Claim*.

"Unfortunately, I write slow, but it's moving forward," she says, "and it's under contract so it really will happen."

I've filled my stomach with coffee, and my mind with an interesting idea. I'll steal Emma's new genre of Western Fantasy. Imagine the possibilities. Wild Bill Hickok, Dragonslayer! Butch and Sundance go to Narnia!

Then I see Emma's eyes, and I decide to stay out of her territory. I don't want my arm to be found on the streets of Tombstone.

The Perfect Pair

Finding the right ranch horse on your riding vacations.

Horses are different all over the world. In my travels, I've been excited about venturing off into the sunset on my new equine friend, until I realize that we just don't get along.

Horses have different personalities, skills, likes, dislikes and attitudes, just like people.

Getting matched with the appropriate horse is like getting matched up with a dance partner or good friend. You'll want to think about yourself in a physical and mental sense, as you try to get matched up with a good horse to ride. Most guest ranches have well-trained horses which are accustomed to different riders, but this doesn't mean that every one of those horses is the right horse for you.

I know enough about myself as a rider to know what to ask and what to share with other horse owners, so that they can help me pair up with the right horse when I go riding. Owners understand the intimate details of their horses and the peculiarities of their personalities.

A good guide should pair you up with a horse to suit both your riding abilities and your personality. At the same time, though, be prepared to take things as they come. Change is good, and changing mounts can help you become a more confident, versatile and safer rider in the long-run.

I'm going to share with you how you can best prepare yourself for meeting strange horses on your ranch vacations, so you can enjoy the "first date," and hopefully have a few more.

Be Truthful & Ask Lots of Questions

Relay your skill level, height and weight to the wrangler before you arrive to the ranch. Please be truthful. Claiming to ride like John Wayne, when you can't, can be dangerous. Experienced riders know how important relaying the correct information is when matching rider with horse.

The wranglers at Wilderness Trails Ranch in Durango, Colorado, work hard to match kid and adult riders with their horses.

– Courtesy Darley Newman –

Before you ride, make sure to once again exchange information. A good host will consider your experience, fitness level and take into account what you are hoping to gain from the trip. Then your host should tell you a little bit about your horse and how to handle him.

Don't be shy about asking questions. You intimately know your own horse's quirky qualities. Find out if your new friend has any particular idiosyncrasies, habits, likes, dislikes or physical limitations. This can save you from encountering too many surprises.

Take a Test Spin

When you buy a new car, you go out for a test drive. Your week- or day-long ride may not be a long-term commitment, but you should take a test ride on your vacation horse before packing off for

Darley Newman is the host and producer of the Public Television series *Equitrekking*®, which takes viewers on horseback riding vacations around the world. Check your local listings for dates and times of this stunning high definition series and visit *equitrekking.com*.

your longer ride. This will give you and your horse a few minutes to get to know each other before you hit the trails.

Before mounting, always check the tack to make sure it's in good condition: check the girth/cinch and make sure that the saddle fits properly. When you do mount, do so gently, so as not to startle the horse and also to save his back.

As you take your test ride, check to see if the horse is responsive to your commands, and ask the owner how to communicate accordingly.

Some ranch vacations start out with instruction before taking off on the trails. If you are a beginning rider, you may want to look for a vacation that provides instruction during the trip. This will help you adjust to a new way of riding and allow you to learn as you ride.

Know When to Dismount

Sometimes all of the research in the world can't stop you from pairing with a difficult horse or one you just can't handle. Coping with this situation can be tricky.

More experienced riders will have an easier time dealing with a hard-to-handle horse. But if things seem beyond your control, trust your instincts and don't be afraid to dismount. Ask your guide to switch horses with you for a while or ask for another horse.

If you are ever paired up with a horse that seems ill or lame, do not attempt to ride him. Either ask to change horses or make the decision not to ride.

Keep a Positive Attitude

Hey, you're on vacation and unexpected challenges are bound to pop up while you're traveling. Don't let the small stuff get you down. Horses have keen senses and can pick up on your fears, stress and confidence level.

Face each new challenge with a positive attitude and remember just how much you are learning and how much fun you are having riding free as a cowboy!

RENEGADE ROADS

James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich starred in this Max Brand-based epic *Destry Rides Again*. Surprisingly, James Stewart's character, known as "No Gun Destry," is brandishing guns here. In the Western comedy spoof, his character was the new deputy in town who didn't see the point in carrying a gun.

– All movie stills courtesy Universal Pictures; *Broken Arrow* (P. 76) courtesy 20th Century Fox –

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

Stutterin' Across Jimmy Stewart Country

A centennial trip from Hollywood, California, to Brackettville, Texas.

Crawling along the freeway in Los Angeles, I'm moving about as fast as Jimmy Stewart talked.

James Maitland Stewart would have celebrated his 100th birthday this year. He lived a wonderful life before his death in 1997 at age 89, working with some of the greatest directors of all time: Robert Aldrich, Frank Capra, John Ford, Alfred Hitchcock, Anthony Mann, Otto Preminger and Billy Wilder. He won an Academy Award for 1940's *The Philadelphia Story* and a lifetime achievement Oscar in 1985. He also won the Distinguished Flying Cross as a combat pilot in WWII, so if any actor deserves a road trip in his honor, it's Jimmy.

Talk about popular. His star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame, at 1708 Vine Street, is one of four that have been stolen, although cameras are being put up to thwart any more would-be thieves. He's buried in Glendale at Forest Lawn Memorial Park. Is that a bunny sitting on his headstone? Must be his pal Harvey (another one of my favorite movies). But this isn't about death. It's about Jimmy's life.

Okay, it's about his Westerns, because he made some great ones. Although the Autry National Center's Museum of the American West in Los Angeles has some Jimmy movie memorabilia, I'm hitting the road, away from Hollywood's Western backlots (like there are any left!) and going on location to Jimmy Country. I only wish I had thought to buy tapes of his 1953-54 radio show, *The Six Shooter*, to listen to on the road.

Hollywood in the Desert

I'm in Tucson, Arizona, hanging my hat at the posh Hacienda del Sol Guest Ranch, a 34-acre resort that began in 1929 as a private school for girls. Converted into a guest ranch in the 1940s, it catered to stars. In fact, I'm bunking just a few steps from the Spencer Tracy Casita. John Wayne also stayed here. I'm not sure if Jimmy made it here, but he did costar with Tracy and the Duke, and he often brought his Westerns to Arizona.

No, that's not Jimmy Stewart tangling with Dan Duryea and Stephen McNally, but Old Tucson Studio stuntmen performing a scene really used in Charles Bronson's original *Death Wish*.

– All photos by Johnny D. Boggs –

In fact, the movie that resurrected Jimmy's career after WWII was *Winchester '73*, directed by Anthony Mann and costarring the irresistibly evil Dan Duryea. It's interesting to compare Jimmy's pre-WWII image of the bumbling, goofy everyman (*Destry Rides Again*) to the leathery, explosively violent Jimmy after all those combat missions.

Surprisingly, I'm told, Jimmy only filmed once at Old Tucson Studios. During its heyday, Old Tucson Studios, first built for 1939's *Arizona*, ranked second to the Grand Canyon as an Arizona tourist destination. It still brings in tourists and film crews, although my guide tells me that the last filming done was a Russian rap video. Much of *Winchester '73* was also filmed on or near White Stallion Ranch west of Tucson, including that great shoot-out between Jimmy and Stephen McNally.

Stewart's next movie was another Western, and another hit, so I'm heading north to Sedona and Flagstaff, with a quick stop at Wickenburg and the Desert Caballeros Western Museum. Not that Jimmy filmed any movies in Wickenburg, but I swear the wrangler at the Flying E Ranch is wearing a hat just like that battered Stetson Jimmy wore all the time.

SIDEROAD

BEST OF THE ROAD

Lodging: Hacienda del Sol Guest Ranch Resort *(Tucson, AZ)*; Flying E Ranch *(Wickenburg, AZ)*; Bliss Bungalow *(Carson City, NV)*; Strater Hotel *(Durango, CO)*; The Historic Taos Inn *(Taos, NM)*; Stockyards Hotel *(Fort Worth, TX)*.

Dining: Uncle Bill's Pancake House *(Manhattan Beach, CA)*; Chad's Steakhouse & Saloon *(Tucson, AZ)*; Charly's Pub & Grill *(Flagstaff, AZ)*; Season's Restaurant *(Lone Pine, CA)*; Ice Axe Grill *(Government Camp, OR)*; The Bull Ring *(Santa Fe, NM)*.

Broken Arrow

Broken Arrow was filmed in 1949 in northern Arizona before shooting began on *Winchester '73* but was released after, to much fanfare. Jeff Chandler received an Oscar nomination for his supporting performance as Cochise, and cinematographer Ernest Palmer and screenwriter Michael Blankfort were nominated as well. Blankfort, however, was fronting for the blacklisted Albert Maltz. In 1991, the Academy gave Maltz his rightful nomination.

Director Delmer Daves's film was heralded for its sympathetic treatment of Indians—earning a Golden Globe for "Best Film Promoting International Understanding"—and when the restored version was released on DVD last year, *The New York Times* noted, "If you're looking for a movie to teach your children something about racial tolerance—a movie that's a movie and not a sermon—this is it."

The movie's last scene was filmed at Lone Pine, so it's off to California. Like Old Tucson, Lone Pine doesn't show up often in Jimmy's Westerns. Maybe that's why this year's Lone Pine Film Festival (Oct. 10-12) honors *The Lone Ranger* and *Wagon Train* and not Jimmy.

The next stop might as well be Mount Hood country in Oregon, with a brief detour to Carson City, Nevada, site of 1976's *The Shootist*, John Wayne's last film with Jimmy

James Stewart has a nice friendly drink with Dan Duryea in 1950's *Winchester '73*. Even though he starred as real-life army scout Tom Jeffords in *Broken Arrow* (inset) in 1949, the Western was released after *Winchester '73*.

playing the doctor who gives the Duke the bad news. You might recognize the circa-1914 Victorian Krebs-Peterson House, at 500 N. Mountain St., from *The Shootist*.

Bend of the River

Up in Oregon, Mount Hood (and Sandy River and Timberline) served as the backdrop for 1952's *Bend of the River*, based on Bill Gulick's novel *Bend of the Snake*. I like Gulick's novel, but I'm not a big fan of this Mann-Stewart film. At the beginning of the flick, Jimmy's leading a wagon train to Oregon, rides out to scout the country, winds up saving Arthur Kennedy from getting lynched, then brings Kennedy back to the wagon train for the rest of the trip. And no one ever asks, "Hey, where'd the new guy come from?"

Gulick had a better reason to dislike the movie. The SOBs-in-charge forgot to invite him to the movie's world premiere.

Of course, I like 1954's *The Far Country* (with Canada's Jasper and Banff national parks subbing for Alaska) even less, so there's no point in driving to Alberta. Not with these gas prices! Instead, it's back south to Kanab, Utah—alas, the Paria movie set, of *Bandolero!* fame, burned down in 2006—but there's plenty to see in Colorado.

Colorado Territory

The Naked Spur (1953), which many critics consider the best of the Mann-Stewart Westerns, was filmed in and around Durango. You can get all the film stories you want at Durango's circa-1892 Rochester Hotel. Visitors should also check out the Strater Hotel, where Louis L'Amour (who did the novelization of the *How the West Was Won* screenplay) often worked on some of his novels.

Riding on the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad, I keep looking for Robert Ryan, Janet Leigh, Millard Mitchell and Ralph Meeker along the Animas River. I don't see them, but could that be Dan Duryea down there hiking? Or did I have one Durango Golden Ale too many at the Durango Brewing Company?

Jimmy returned to Colorado for 1957's *Night Passage*, which was shot in Durango, Silverton, Molas Lake, Red Mountain City and the Shenandoah-Dives and Mayflower mines north of Silverton. The story goes that Mann and Stewart had a falling out over Stewart's character (disgraced railroad man Grant McLain). James Neilson replaced Mann, who never worked again with Jimmy.

The real star of *Night Passage* is the Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge

SIDEROAD

TIP OF THE HAT

Need a replica Jimmy Stewart hat for the road trip, just like the one he wore in *Winchester '73* and practically every other Western he made?

Try on the "Winchester '73" from the Last Best West in Calgary, Alberta, or the "Jimmy Stewart" from Golden Gate and Knudsen Hats, with locations in Pleasant Hill and Richmond, California.

866-207-1909 • *TheLastBestWest.com*

510-232-3644
GoldenGateWesternWear.com

SIDEROAD

JIMMY'S OTHER WESTERNS

- *Rose-Marie* (1936): Young Jimmy is opera singer Jeanette MacDonald's brother on the lam. Lake Tahoe subs for Canada's Rockies.
- *Destry Rides Again* (1939): Hollywood backlot comedy with Jimmy the peace-loving lawman who falls for and foils Marlene Dietrich's character.
- *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962): Jimmy won a coin flip to get top billing over John Wayne. Filmed mostly at Paramount Studios and the Janss Conejo Ranch in Thousand Oaks, California.
- *How the West Was Won* (1962): Jimmy is fur trapper Linus Rawlings in the opening segment directed by Henry Hathaway. Filmed just about everywhere: Arizona, California, Colorado, Illinois, Kentucky, South Dakota and Utah.
- *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964): Jimmy's cameo as Wyatt Earp was devised as an alternative to an intermission for John Ford's 154-minute mundane epic. Shot in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming and California.
- *The Rare Breed* (1966): Jimmy let Brian Keith steal the movie. Shot in California.
- *Firecreek* (1968): Jimmy tackles Henry Fonda's gang of hired gunmen. Shot in Sedona, Arizona, and at California's North Ranch.

Railroad, which transports thousands of tourists each year on its historic tracks. The locomotive proved to be a much better actor than Jimmy's costar, Audie Murphy, who played Jimmy's bad brother.

Hmm. There's a frequent theme. Jimmy often has a bad brother in his Westerns. Or a bad friend such as Arthur Kennedy.

The Man From New Mexico

Which was the case in the Mann-directed 1955 Western *The Man From*

SIDEROAD

JIMMY STEWART MUSEUM

It's all about Jimmy in his hometown of Indiana, Pennsylvania, at the Jimmy Stewart Museum, which features film memorabilia and family heirlooms. The 1930s vintage Jimmy Stewart Museum Theater shows 2 p.m. matinees every Saturday and Sunday, and check out the bronze statue of Jimmy on the courthouse lawn before you leave town.

800-83-JIMMY • *Jimmy.org*

The U.S. Postal Service released this Jimmy Stewart stamp in honor of his 2008 centennial.

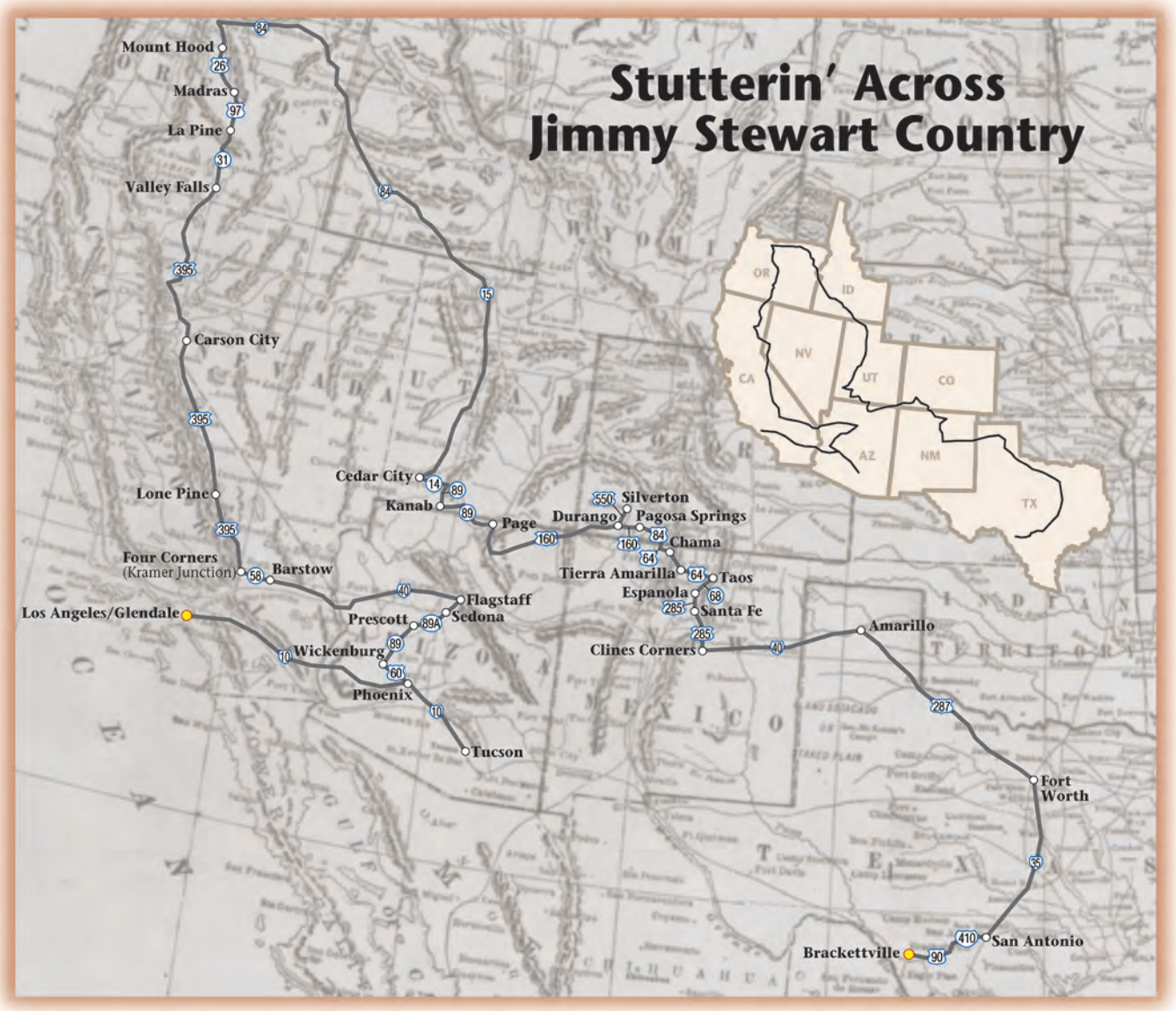
– Courtesy USPS –

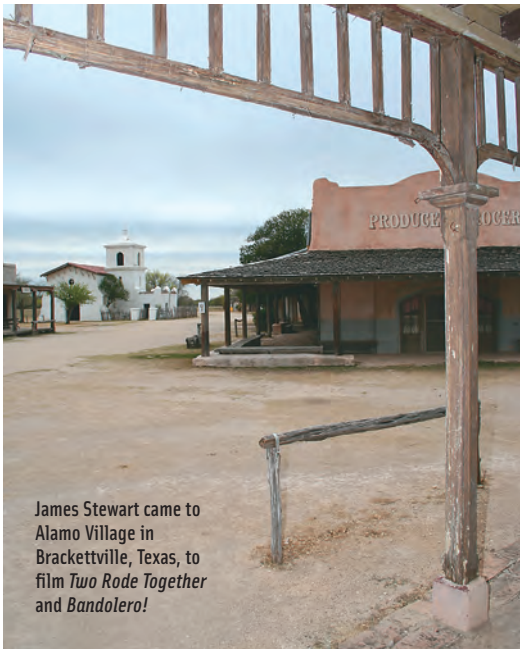
Laramie. That movie shows off New Mexico—Taos, Tesuque and Bonanza Creek Ranch just outside of Santa Fe. For the past few years, Bonanza Creek has been the site of the annual Buckaroo Ball, which raises money for children at risk in Santa Fe County—something Jimmy, often recognized for his humanitarian work, would appreciate.

Jimmy came back to New Mexico for 1969's *The Cheyenne Social Club*, the first movie shot at Santa Fe's Eaves Movie Ranch, which is starting to look more and more like a crumbling ghost town. That's too bad, because Eaves Movie Ranch has a great movie history that includes *A Gunfight*, *Chisum*, *The Cowboys*, *The Culpepper Cattle Company* and *Silverado*.

Texas-bound

From Santa Fe, I'm heading to Texas, with a quick stop at the Fort Worth Zoo—because Jimmy was also a big supporter of zoos, and that's where I met him. More about that later. Then it's on to Brackettville and the historic Alamo Village, another location Jimmy used twice. John Ford's sleep-inducing *Two Rode Together* was the second theatrical





James Stewart came to Alamo Village in Brackettville, Texas, to film *Two Rode Together* and *Bandolero!*

film shot at the set John Wayne created for 1960's *The Alamo*, but the scenes I remembered as I walked along the set come from 1968's *Bandolero!*

Still sharp as a tack, Alamo Village's Virginia Shahan, whose late husband brought Hollywood to Brackettville, smiles as she recalls finding Jimmy sitting on a rock at Alamo Village. The crew had left, and Jimmy's driver had forgotten him.

"Do you want a lift to town?" Virginia asked.

"Oh, no," replied Jimmy, who was now drawing overtime pay, and he was getting paid a lot by 1968. "I'm on golden time now."

Alas, *Bandolero!* wasn't so golden. It's a downer of a movie, directed by Andrew V. "Mr. Mediocrity" McLaglen. Everybody's pretty much dead by the end of the film, including Jimmy. His career died after that one too, although he'd pop up in a few movies and TV shows, and he'd read his poems to Johnny Carson.

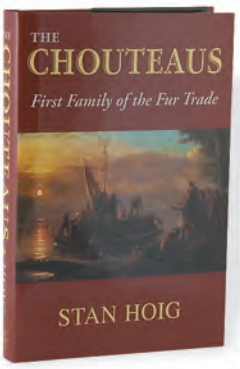
Which brings me back to Fort Worth, Texas, 1989, waiting for hours to have Jimmy hand me a copy of *Jimmy Stewart and His Poems*, and drawl, "I signed it." I showed up for work more than an hour late, but nobody bitched.

Seeing Jimmy Stewart was a perfectly legitimate excuse.

Johnny D. Boggs also has an invisible rabbit named Harvey for a friend. Well, he would, if he had any friends.

NONFICTION

The Chouteaus: First Family of the Fur Trade

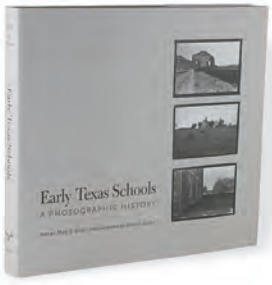


STAN HOIG, UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO PRESS, $29.95, HARDCOVER; 800-249-7737.

This is the story of several generations of the Chouteau family in the fur trade, starting with brothers Auguste and Pierre founding St. Louis in 1764. Much of Hoig's focus is on Auguste's sons, Col. A.P. Chouteau and Pierre Jr., better known as Cadet. A.P. built a trading post empire down on the Plains. Much of the history on the posts of the Arkansas, Neosho/Grand and Verdigris Rivers of Oklahoma will be new to readers. A.P. died broke, but Cadet died a rich man who was denigrated for his sharp business dealings. In a sense, Hoig's book is a deserved defense of the French Creoles from accusations of exploiting the Indians. The book also contains much good history of the Osage nation, Lewis & Clark, and Sam Houston as a leader of the Cherokee, the main enemy of the Osage. The story of the Chouteaus is a good example of frontier cooperation between the private sector (the family) and the government (the Army and the Indian Department). *–RICHARD H. DILLON*

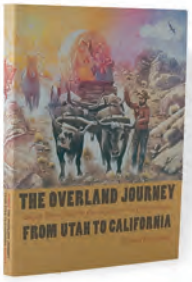
Early Texas Schools

MARY BLACK, PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRUCE F. JORDAN, UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS, $39.95, HARDCOVER; 800-252-3206.



Texas education from the Republic to the Depression is a study of social change. In 1850, some settlers' schools were simply the shade of a tree; by 1938, San Antonio's high school was declared the most outstanding school in the nation. The essay explores the decline of small local schools and the slow inclusion of minorities. Most of the book is an evocative collection of black-and-white photographs of Texas schools from the 1850s to the 1930s, grouped by region. Some of the schools are still in use. Some are mere ruins, although the kinetic energy of children echoes in the rusty swing sets and overgrown walls. *–CYNTHIA GREEN*

The Overland Journey

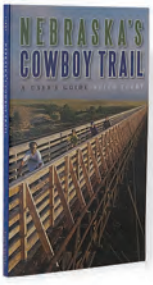


EDWARD LEO LYMAN, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA PRESS, $24.95, SOFTCOVER; 877-682-6657.

The history of Westward trails is well documented, often compelling and always adventurous. This book details the unique history of the seldom-discussed Southern Route from Utah to California. In great detail, Edward Leo Lyman covers the route, the towns, the people and their hardships and tragedies, including the Mountain Meadows Massacre. The Utah section of the trail and the Mormon experience is perhaps the best documentation yet. The detailed maps increase the reader's understanding of the geography. This is a welcome addition to the annals of American Westward expansion. *–LINDA WOMMACK*

"Glimpses of history between locales make this a terrific guide for trail enthusiasts."

Nebraska's Cowboy Trail



KEITH TERRY, BISON BOOKS, $12.95, SOFTCOVER; 866-77-BOOKS.

Keith Terry believes travel is an escape from the routine—combining new vistas and tangible history that stimulates the soul, opens the mind and liberates one's spirit. The Cowboy Trail, stretching 321 miles across northern Nebraska, is picturesque and historic. Relatively flat—it's easily walked or bicycled—the trail follows the old Cowboy Line, used by the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley and later the Chicago & North Western Railroads between 1870-1992. Beginning in Norfolk, it extends to Chadron in the northwest. Glimpses of history between locales make this a terrific guide for trail enthusiasts. *–STEVE SHAW*

Captain Ransom, Texas Ranger

PAT HILL GOODRICH, EVANGEL PUBLISHING HOUSE, $24.95, HARDCOVER; 800-253-9315.

Yet another biographical tribute to a Texas Ranger, this one written by the subject's granddaughter. Henry Ransom served as a ranger in the first two decades of the 20th century until his shooting death in 1918. The author believes Ransom's death was a political assassination, and she presents documentation to support her theory. She paints Ransom's career as honorable, not mentioning the controversial shootings he was involved in, as shared in Harris and Sadler's *Texas Rangers and the Mexican Revolution*. Her book does contain interesting data about violent events along the Texas-Mexico border and the inside operations of the Rangers. Even though the book is awkward in its narrative style at times, it is a worthy addition to Ranger literature. *–CHUCK LEWIS*

At Sword's Point

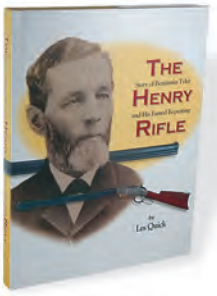
WILLIAM P. MACKINNON, ARTHUR H. CLARK, $45, HARDCOVER; 405-325-2000 .

This excellent book (with Part II to follow) continues Clark's "Kingdom in the West" series. The volumes will surely become the definitive history of the Utah War (1857-58) in which the Army invaded a hostile Utah territory to replace Brigham Young with a non-Mormon governor. The campaign, often described as bloodless, was not. MacKinnon, with his extended quotes from diaries and other documents, plus his own scholarly commentary, is especially good at covering the planning of the invasion by President James Buchanan and his secretary of war,

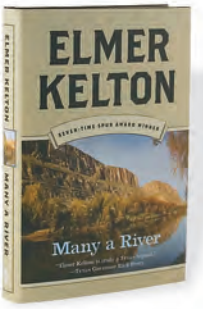
and in reporting on Gen. Winfield Scott and the expedition's first commander, Indian fighter Col. William S. Harney, replaced at the last minute by Col. Albert Sidney Johnston. –*RICHARD H. DILLON*

The Story of Benjamin Tyler Henry and His Famed Repeating Rifle

LES QUICK, GRAPHIC PUBLISHERS, $99.95, HARDCOVER; 800-496-8726.



The Henry rifle is a legendary firearm, and all lever action rifles are based on the repeater, yet little has been documented on the Henry. Through the assistance of antique arms collectors, Les Quick spent decades researching the Henry rifle. This volume not only discusses the inventor's career but also goes into great detail on the rifle and its variations, component parts, ammunition and accessories. Enhancing an in-depth survey of existing Henry rifles, the definitive text is accompanied by color gun photos, illustrations, factory diagrams and period images. Whether you collect firearms or you simply want to read about the Henry rifle, this is the book for you. –*PHIL SPANGENBERGER*



FICTION

Many a River

ELMER KELTON, FORGE, $24.95, HARDCOVER; 888-330-8477.

It happened again and again, families torn asunder by the sudden onrush of horseback red raiders. One such was the Barfields of Arkansas who made the mistake of venturing too far into Texas in search of perfect farmland. A savage raid butchered the husband and wife, and left alive eight-year-old Jeffrey and five-year-old Todd. A Comanche carried away the younger child, trading him to a drunken, white Comanchero for a rifle. Jeffrey, the luckier, was adopted by a rescuing posseman. But the boys were still young Ishmaels long fated to wander the plains of an unforgiving West and cross many a river in search of each other. Elmer Kelton, an author at his wiliest, has spun a story worth the reading for its insight into that elusive belief called hope. –*WILLIAM GARWOOD*

Return of the Spirit Rider

COTTON SMITH, LEISURE BOOKS, $6.99, SOFTCOVER; 800-481-9191.

Handsome Vin Lockhart is a Denver businessman, who, as a

child, was taken captive by the Oglala Sioux. Treated well by his captors, he grew up to become one of them. After a Shoshoni war party murdered his Indian wife, Vin nursed his broken heart by returning to civilization. While he successfully makes the transition, his thoughts frequently return to his Indian family, particularly to Morning Bird, the younger sister of his deceased wife. With political trouble brewing over Custer's defeat at the Little Bighorn, Vin rides "home" to the hills in time to rescue his love interest from life on a reservation. When Vin single-handedly kills a dozen Cheyenne dog soldiers, the story becomes somewhat comical. Nevertheless, it's worth the read.

–PHYLLIS MORREALE-DE LA GARZA

The Pirooters

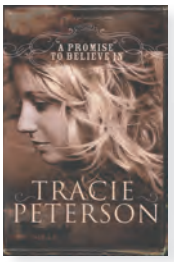
MARK MELLON, TREBLE HEART BOOKS, $11.95, SOFTCOVER; 520-458-5602.

In 1916, San Antonio teenager James Edward Pargrew's growing pains keep him in hot water with his dominating lawyer father, but things change when Daddy Virge, his grandfather, summons the Pargrew clan to summer at his ranch. When Jim Ed clashes with the hired hands, old Virge spins him a tale of returning from the Civil War with his brother Heck to find little peace in Texas. Joined by black ranch hand Old Moze, they headed for Mexico but trouble dogged the trio. Heck won a map in a cantina card game that points to the Bowie legendary silver mine, but the group is soon trailed by French Légionnaires, Comanches and bandidos. Holed up in the abandoned monastery of Santa Perdida and hopelessly outgunned, they forget the treasure and fight for their lives. Enthralled by the tale, Jim Ed realizes the secret of Santa Perdida—and of himself. This unusual Western sends readers along two narrative trails that lead to a heartwarming finale. *–WILLIAM GARWOOD*

A Promise To Believe In

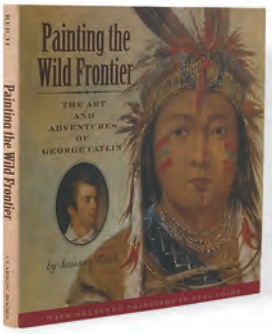
TRACIE PETERSON, BETHANY HOUSE, $13.99, SOFTCOVER; 866-241-6733.

In this Christian Romance, Gwen Gallatin and her two sisters inherit a Montana stagecoach station and boardinghouse after their father dies during a saloon brawl. The saloon, next door to the Gallatin property, is not only filled with rowdy patrons and soiled doves, but the brash owner is an insulting individual determined to



run the sisters out of town. The trouble here is the constantly changing points of view between the three sisters, their suitors and the leeches trying to prey upon the girls. Since the book lacks a clear protagonist and a strong plot, the poor reader is left wondering what this story is really about. *–PHYLLIS MORREALE-DE LA GARZA*

CHILDREN'S BOOK



Painting the Wild Frontier: The Art and Adventures of George Catlin

SUSANNA REICH, CLARION BOOKS, $21, HARDCOVER; 800-225-3362.

Young Adult: This biography brings alive the will and vision an artist must possess to succeed. Born in 1796, George Catlin lived during the intense period of expansion known as Manifest Destiny. Having met sympathetic Indians at an early age in Pennsylvania, he spent the rest of his life documenting them before their numbers dwindled tragically. The self-taught artist traveled to the most remote parts of the American continents to paint the faces, attire and rituals of 19th-century indigenous people. Samples of Catlin's paintings, many from the Smithsonian Institution collection, are included throughout the book, and his adventurous life is told in readable vignettes of interest to both young adults and adults. *–CYNTHIA GREEN*

TWMAG.COM:
More Western book reviews.

What's In the Bag?

Digging into the frontier doc's black bag.

Colorado Territory, February 1874.

Fictional frontier doctor Elijah Baines sat quietly at the bedside of his 64-year-old female patient Sarah, who had just fallen on ice the day before and hit her head.

He had already cared for the small laceration on the side of her scalp with four catgut sutures. He was now worried that her unrelenting headaches and sleepiness were signs of a concussion and possibly bleeding on her brain.

He reached from his chair into his large, almost suitcase sized, black leather bag to fumble around for his new ophthalmoscope. He intended to look at the back of his patient's eyes (retina) to see if the vessels were sharp and whether the head of the optic nerve was easily distinguishable. Next, he reached for his otoscope to examine Sarah's eardrums to see if there was any blood behind them.

In performing these examinations, Dr. Baines would know his patient's prognosis and whether he would need to consider the drastic and deadly procedure of drilling a hole in her skull to relieve the pressure. He had the drills, called trephines, to perform this surgery, but he had only completed this procedure six times before in his 20 years of practice and five of his patients had died.

After his examination, Dr. Baines' worst fears were realized. He had not yet told the family, gathered around the stone hearth in the next room. He rose from the bedside, wiped his brow and headed to face a timeless challenge as great as treating his patient's epidural bleed.

Categorically, the contents of Dr. Baines' black bag were somewhat different from those found in the bags of most modern day physicians. The frontier doc did not work within a supportive, comprehensive medical care system consisting of pharmacies,

These 19th-century doctor's saddle bags contained glass medicine bottles and also carried the doctor's fountain pen and eyeglasses. The bags are stamped "Stephens Patent / June 30 1885 / Geo Hopkins & Co / Sole Agent / St. Louis MO." These bags sold at the 2008 High Noon auction in Phoenix, Arizona, for a $400 bid.

– Courtesy High Noon Western Americana Auction & Antique Show –

Dr. Jim Kornberg holds an MD and an ScD. He is an environmental medicine physician and an engineer. He lives with his wife Sally on a ranch in the mountains of southwestern Colorado.

ambulances, hospitals and flight for life helicopters. For the most part, he had to be prepared for and do just about anything and everything.

To understand the contents of the frontier doc's black bag, it is best to try to understand those things that he would be expected to do. Once he interviewed the patient or family, he would perform his physical examination. He needed tools to examine the eyes (ophthalmoscope), the ears (otoscope), the throat (tongue depressor), the heart and lungs (stethoscope), the reflexes (reflex hammer) and other parts of the nervous system (pins and brushes, for sensory testing). His usual light source was his head mirror used to reflect the light from the sun or the patient's lantern or candle. Following his physical examination, he formed his diagnosis and then decided how best to treat his patient.

It is in the area of treatment that the frontier doc's black bag differs most from the bag of the modern day physician. The frontier doc usually carried the best multi-specialty equipment of the day. He carried scalpels for cutting and therapeutic bleeding, obstetrical forceps for delivering babies, glass suction cups for treating his patients with lung disease (cupping), needles and glass syringes for giving shots, assorted slings and splints, and a wide variety of medications. These included mercury and arsenic based compounds to fight infections, laudanum (opium) for pain, various herbal preparations, skin salves, leeches for bleeding and even whiskey to treat the patient, the family or even himself!

Some doctors had developed their own special tools to treat everything from warts to skin cancers. The frontier doc's bag contained a wide variety of surgical instruments, including suture materials and needles, hemostats for clipping off blood vessels, along with probes and extra long forceps to remove bullets and other foreign objects.

The frontier doc's black bag was a credit to his skills, devotion and the risks that his patients were willing to assume. Whatever the outcome, Sarah's trust in Dr. Baines was about all that she could hope for, a scenario that has changed little in the past 134 years.

Bird Cage Theatre

One Of The West's Most FAMOUS LANDMARKS
A Registered, National Monument

OPEN DAILY

1880 HISTORIC TOMBSTONE AZ.

TOMBSTONE'S MOST AUTHENTIC ATTRACTION

The most famous honky-tonk in America in 1881. The *New York Times* referred to it as the wildest, wickedest night spot between Basin Street and the Barbary Coast. For 9 years it was open 24 hours a day and was the site of 16 gunfights. It has 140 bullet holes and is Tombstone's only historic landmark preserved in its original state.

A Nostalgic Trip
Into Tombstone's Past.
An Unforgettable Memory Of The Old West.

"The Town Too Tough To Die"

CHECK OUT SOUVENIRS AND MORE AT OUR STORE : www.tombstoneaz.net

First Time Ever for a Very Limited Few!

Halloween Night
at the
BIRD CAGE THEATRE
Most Haunted Building of the Old West.

"An Extravaganza of the Paranormal."

This Rare Gathering Will Be
Limited to No More Than 30 People
On a First Come First Serve Basis.

For More Information Call Toll Free:
1-800-457-3423
Email: soball@c2i2.com
PO Box 248 • Tombstone, AZ 85638

Advertiser Index

Thanks to the ingenuity of rancher Charles Goodnight, who rebuilt an army surplus wagon into a chuckwagon for his crew in 1866, crews did not go hungry on the trail–and older cowboys found a worthy place on the range.

– True West Archives –

What happened to cowboys who were too old to do the job anymore?

Mike Franklin
Poteet, Texas

TWMAG.COM FORUM

In the early days, an older puncher might get a job as a chuckwagon cook—the second-highest paying job on the drive, just under the trail boss. Others took jobs in town. If a cowboy got lucky, he found a pretty woman and settled down. Nowadays, I know some who put in long service for an outfit, and the ranch finds a way to keep them on, sort of like a faithful old horse; you put him out to pasture.

What's the meaning of Apache war leader Victorio's name? I have been told it translates as Wild Turkey.

Doug Rivard
True West Maniac #579
Tucson, Arizona

The great war chief Victorio hailed from the Chihenne Band of the Chiricahua Apache. He had several names, including Lucero (Light), Laceres, Bidu-ya and Beduiat. None of these translates to "Wild Turkey" in Spanish or Apache. He also had the nickname "Apache Wolf," and the Navajo called him, "He Who Checks His Horse."

For further information, read Dan Thrapp's definitive work, *Victorio and the Mimbres Apaches*.

How many women were executed in the Old West?

David Layne
Tyler, Texas

That's a tough one, since records of executions—especially at the local level—were not usually maintained. In my search, I found mention of only five women hanged in the West between 1860 and 1890. A larger number were lynched, the most famous being Ella "Cattle Kate" Watson in 1889 during the Johnson County War. But the records of such "extralegal" executions rarely exist.

The bottom line: very few women were legally hanged in the Old West.

The Fort Bowie Trail in Arizona is so rough. Just how did the soldiers and settlers get supplies up that trail?

Don Cole
Corinth, Texas

During the early years of Fort Bowie, the main road between Lordsburg, New Mexico, and Tucson, Arizona, went through Apache Pass. Traveling on this trail was risky business during the Apache Wars, especially during the 1860s. Travelers and explorers had no choice but to go where the water could be found, and the springs were nearly always located in those narrow canyons. Like you state in your question, the going was rough.

The Butterfield Overland Stage line ran stages on this trail from 1858 until 1861. During the early 1880s, the Southern Pacific Railroad built a line in the open country to the north of Apache Pass. Once the military established a station at Bowie, supplies were hauled in by rail then transported by wagon a few miles south to Fort Bowie.

Where do movie and TV producers find livestock and horses?

J. Degenhardt
Woodbury, Minnesota

Generally, animals are leased from stock contractors, who have provided animals for movies and TV shows for decades. They frequently help oversee action on the set, along with certified animal representatives who ensure the horses' safety and well being.

Clarence "Fat" Jones comes to mind as one of the best known stock contractors. He ran a stable and provided horses from the early 1930s until his death in the 1960s, and that about covers the heyday of the silver screen cowboys. His son-in-law was legendary Western actor Ben Johnson (the lead in John Ford's *Wagonmaster*).

Some Western movies show gunmen wearing gloves during gunfights. Did they really wear them?

Harold Thrombley
Rogers, Minnesota

It looks good in the movies, but men well-acquainted with life-and-death street fights, such as Hickok, Hardin and the Earp brothers, didn't wear gloves when plying their trade. You'll never see current-day fast draw experts, such as Phil Spangenberger, Joey Dillon or Jim Dunham, wearing gloves either.

"Wearing gloves to enhance gun draw speed is nuts," Dunham says. "But it creates great movie business. Jack Palance pulling on his glove in *Shane* lets you know he is about to win the shoot-out. The only useful glove would be on the non-gun hand if you wanted to fan."

Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian. His books include *The Arizona Trilogy* and *Law of the Gun*. If you have a question, write: Ask the Marshall, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327 or e-mail him at marshall.trimble@sccmail.maricopa.edu

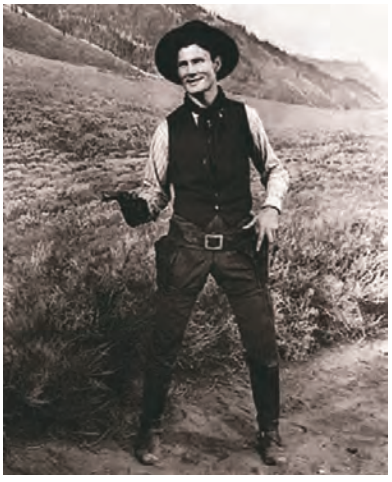
What can you tell me about stampede strings, which helped keep a hat on a cowboy's head?

Gary Sheaf
Swansea, Wales, United Kingdom

Whether or not the Old West cowboys used such strings is still strongly debated by historians today. But in *Trails Plowed Under*, Charles M. Russell writes this description of the early cowpuncher: ". . .startin' at the top, with a good hat—not one of the floppy kind you see in pictures, with the rim turned up in front. The top-cover he wears holds its shape an' . . . maybe to hold it on, he wore a buckskin string under the chin or back of the head." Many of Russell's paintings also show hat strings.

Stampede strings have been around for awhile, dating back to the days of the Texas vaqueros and Californios. Cowboys were a pragmatic breed, so the strings weren't fancy. If conditions called for a stampede string, cowboys would improvise with buckskin thongs to hold their hats on. In high winds, they might also use their neckerchief to tie down their "war bonnets."

Stampede strings have been called "wind straps" or "run-a-way string," equally descriptive of purpose. But I can't find any evidence that they were called stampede strings; that seems to be a modern term. The earliest strings were probably no more than thong or twine, poked through the brim of the hat and secured beneath the chin with a knot or slider of sorts.



When Jack Palance puts on that glove in ritualistic fashion in 1953's *Shane*, followed by a few-seconds pause before he pulls the trigger to shoot homesteader Stonewall Torrey, it makes for a great cowboy shoot-out–even if real cowboys never would have done that.

– Courtesy Paramount Pictures –

What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

My favorite place in the West is Northern Nevada. The Owyhee Range. It's the distance. There's nothing out there. At least, people say there's nothing out there. Nothing is something. That distance has a real substance—a high desert place that certainly charges my batteries.

My dad was a coyote, in a loving way. He was a rodeo cowboy and government trapper. Everything we did involved livestock. It was always about livestock. We lived way out from any city. It made me very creative.

My mother was an artist. She was from England and came to the Wild West and married a cowboy. They met in Hollywood. My dad rodeoed with Richard Farnsworth, Walt LaRue and those guys.

I think their marriage is the perfect blending, between the sagebrush and the hallowed hall. I got both of those educations between my parents: pedigree and the stain of pedigree.

When I was younger, I made a lot of my own toys. Lots of critters around to inspire me. Growing up, there was always cattle, a barn and saddle horses, and we lived out of the garden and hunted wild game.

My family lived down on the Mexican border, Tecate, Campo and Jacumba in California, when my dad served as a government border agent. We even lived in Ajo, Arizona, where we trapped bobcat.

Watercolors, I love to do; they're easy to do. Oils are great, if you want to work big and get a big point across.

Billy the Kid, to me, is like Jack the Ripper, like any strange character, not knowing of what information is out there that would somehow fill this void and why we're drawn to that particular person.

I've been studying Billy for 40 years. I got a commission on Billy and realized there was quite a discrepancy between all the bad books. It's bizarre; there's certainly a feeling you get at his grave. There's something there you can almost put your fingers on, the ghosts, the leprechauns, *brujas* [Spanish for witches] dancing around that grave.

Was Billy the Kid killed at Fort Sumner? Yes, definitely.

The worst mistake in my life was sellin' that blue roan mare!

BUCKEYE BLAKE, ARTIST

Sculptures and paintings by Buckeye Blake are shown at Big Horn Gallery in Cody, Wyoming, Cowboy Legacy Gallery in Scottsdale, Arizona, and his own studio in Weatherford, Texas. His great grandfather S. Coke Blake was one of the pioneer breeders of quarter horses, his father was a rodeo cowboy who worked for the Arizona border patrol, his mother was an artist and his son Teal is a chip off the old block, specializing in equine art. Visit *theblakestudios.com* to view Buckeye's art.

I'd tell a young artist today that it's important to learn fundamentals, no matter what style you choose. There are laws of design that we all must be humbled by. You have to study religiously, or you'll get no satisfaction or serenity in any form.

I'm working on a 30 by 40 oil (see above). A guy just got bucked off a roan horse underneath a cottonwood tree. He looks pissed. He's gonna kill this guy. I'm calling it, *The Outlaw Dobie Grey*. That's a cross between J. Frank Dobie and Zane Grey and I thought it just had a ring to it; it says dust and dark steeldust. It's that gun-metal blue, that iron blue sheen, that I like.

What history has taught me is research the historian.

If you find a dead black goat under your horse trailer, it means Billy is within.

TRUE WEST
PRESERVING THE AMERICAN WEST

HELP PRESERVE THE OLD WEST.

The True West Preservation Society is a dedicated group of members and volunteers whose mission is to preserve and protect America's Old West heritage. This private, non-profit organization will identify and revitalize historic monuments and icons of this significant cultural era. Join other dedicated individuals who are doing their part to save our heritage. Benefits include a subscription to *True West* magazine, a TWPS lapel pin as well as a special invitation to a member's only cocktail reception during the Annual True West Preservation Society Gala.

JOIN TODAY!

Together we can help preserve America's historic West.

Visit **PreserveTheWest.com** or call **888-575-1BY1** to learn more about the True West Preservation Society.

TRUE WEST PRESERVATION SOCIETY

PRESERVE THE WEST

Lucchese® COWBOY

C1001

C2000

The Lucchese Cowboy Collection is a revolutionary new cowboy boot. With fit, comfort and style, the Lucchese Cowboy Collection is Handmade and features premium leathers, a cushioned channel leather insole, stacked leather heels, performance heel counters, 3/4 welt, brass nailed outsole combined together for a Classic fit.

MADE IN AMERICA. BUILT FOR COWBOYS

www.lucchese.com