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AUGUST 2016

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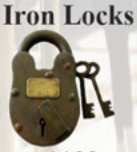


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San Carlos Guardhouse

"San Carlos! That was the worst place in all the great territory stolen from the Apaches," recalled Ace Daklugie, one of those forcibly held at San Carlos Reservation, established in Arizona Territory in 1872. The Apache Kid must have agreed; the threats of being jailed at the above guardhouse or sent to Florida led him to desert the reservation the year before this 1888 photo was taken.

– COURTESY GEORGE M. LANGELLIER JR. COLLECTION –

TRUE WEST
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

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

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Join the Conversation

"This ain't Dodge City. And you ain't Bill Hickok."

–Our followers went wild when we posted this picture of Tom Selleck, from *Quigley Down Under.* The picture was seen by 462,000 people and liked by 24,000!



Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell to see this painting, *Coyote Eyes at Night,* and more of the executive editor's Daily Whipouts (Search for "March 30, 2016").

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com



Augusta "Gusty" Wallihan, a noted huntress of the era, stands here, in 1895, with one of her trophy mule deer and her Remington-Hepburn rifle. Find this and more historical photography on our "Wild Women of the West" board.

Pinterest.com/TrueWestMag

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20 THE TRICKSTER WITH THE SIDEWINDER GAZE

A wild tale of the true fate of the Apache Kid—a beautiful lie told to give voice to one of the Old West's most enduring mysteries.

—By Bob Boze Bell and Paul Andrew Hutton



30 MICKEY FREE

Mickey's Free hunt for the Apache Kid may exist only in our minds, but history reveals how close to the truth we may be.

—By Paul Andrew Hutton and Bob Boze Bell



40 HAS THE APACHE KID'S DAUGHTER BEEN FOUND?

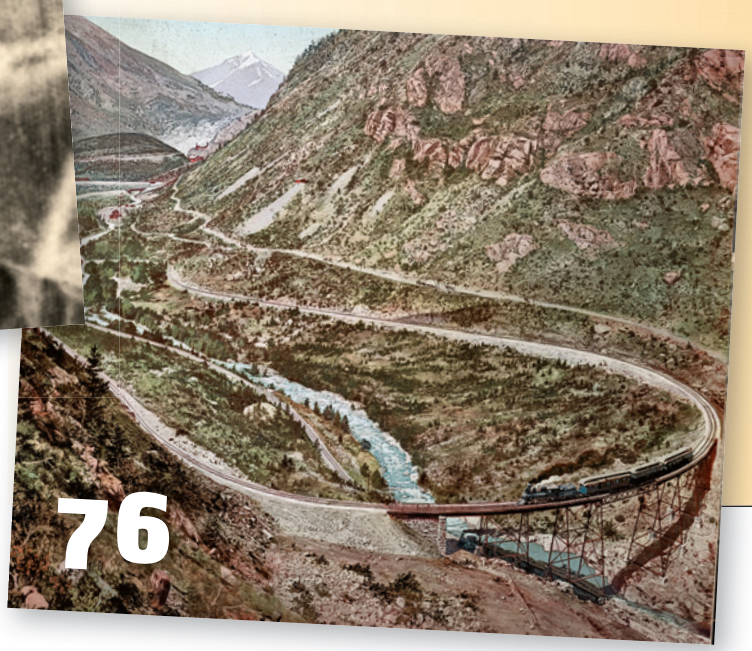
Tracking down the elusive Lupe.

—By Lynda A. Sánchez

76 RAIL BARONS, TRAIN PALACES AND GREAT LOCOMOTIVES

America's first steam engine inspired industrialists to build rail lines across the West that, today, can transport travelers into yesteryear.

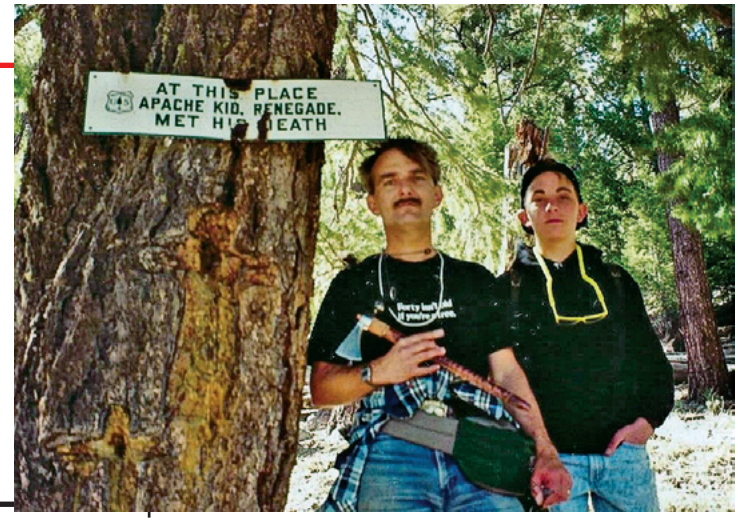
—By Kellen Cutsforth





Cover design by Dan Harshberger

APACHE KID HANGED?



Most people claim that the Apache Kid fled to Mexico and was lost to history. I share with you a photo of a sign, posted by the U.S. Forest Service in the Blue Range Mountains of New Mexico, that states that the Kid died at this tree. He was captured by a posse and hanged from the tree, and then buried at the base. My son and I located this spot after a six-hour hike. We stand here with my homemade peace pipe that we smoked while sitting on a mound of earth beneath the tree (certainly looked like an old grave).

Ron Diegle
Gilbert, Arizona

MORE KID

Some interesting Apache Kid info you may or may not be aware of: An Apache named Sayes claimed that the Kid and another, called Washlantah, were responsible for murdering a California lawyer named Robert Hardie near Camp Rucker, Arizona, on May 25, 1890. At that time, it was Mike Gray's ranch.

Descendants of Pleasant Gray have assembled Cochise County historical documents (*PleasantGray.Wordpress.com*), including appendices by Roy Young. Appendix 5, "The Murder of Robert Hardie," shares the Apache Kid details. I stumbled across this gold mine of info when I was researching a ghost town article on Camp Rucker.

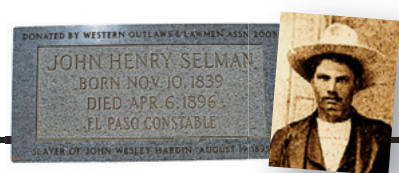
Jim Pettengill
Ridgway, Colorado

SHAKESPEARE'S RUSSIAN BILL

Just picked up the June 2016 issue, and I was delighted to see both the short blurb about New Mexico's Shakespeare ghost town and a fictional biography on Russian Bill Tettenborn. I, and Keith Wilder, take turns leading tours of Shakespeare, the second Saturday and Sunday of every month. We heard all the stories about the town personally from Janaloo Hill and are dedicated to keeping the town alive to history buffs. I might also add that Russian Bill ended his "career" on the rafter in the Grant House, one of the last two hangings we know of.

One further note: During the "Four Dead in Five Seconds" fight in El Paso, Dallas Stoudenmire probably did not use Smith and Wesson revolvers. His usual gun was an 1860 Richards Mason Conversion in a holster and another (sawed off to about three inches) in a leather pocket. This information came from Leon Metz's book on him, *Dallas Stoudenmire: El Paso Marshal*. The only Smith and Wesson American attributed to Stoudenmire is on display at the El Paso Museum of History.

Rod Linkous
El Paso, Texas



Oops!

In June 2016's Renegade Roads, *John Wesley Hardin's grave was reported as unidentified. In fact, his grave was located in the Concordia Cemetery in El Paso, Texas, in 2001, after being unmarked for many years. Today, the grave bears a memorable headstone that the Western Outlaws and Lawmen Association and Concordia Heritage Association placed in his honor.*

History Matters

During my 70 years, I have developed a great love of our history. This is due to the teachings of my maternal grandfather, who planted the seeds of curiosity in me at a relatively young age. My grandparents suffered the loss of their only son 20 days before Germany surrendered unconditionally in 1945. He was Company I commander and later 3rd Battalion S-3 for the 18th Infantry Regiment of the First Infantry Division. His great-grandfather was a Union soldier with the 25th OVI from 1861 through 1865.

Based on our family history, I became absorbed with U.S. History. I have subscribed to several history magazines over the years, skipping over articles in each publication for lack of interest. Not so with *True West*. I am in my second year of reading your very excellent publication and, to date, I have read every word you have published. I thank you for your dedication.

Robert Matters
Columbus, Ohio

"I love the idea of a Mickey Free graphic novel."

—T.J. Stiles, Pulitzer Prize–winning author of *Custer's Trials* and *The First Tycoon*



BY BOB BOZE BELL



Free at Last

Our graphic novel features an incredible cast of characters that includes Mitt Romney's great-grandmother.

What happened to the Apache Kid? His disappearance is one of the most enduring mysteries of the Old West. Several old-timers claimed they killed the Kid, but none could prove it (see alleged death tree, p. 8).

Paul Andrew Hutton and I have spent more than a decade fretting over a graphic novel on the subject. During this time, Hutton wrote an epic book on these events, *The Apache Wars*. From day one, we both wanted to tell a rip-roaring tale that would make a great movie—and—here it is (p. 20). Portraits of some of the most compelling characters are shown here as a teaser.

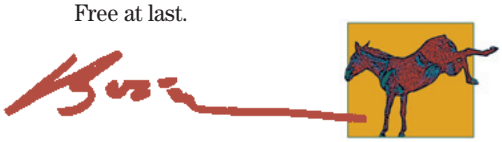
Many true stories are embedded and intertwined in our fictional story—and most of them read like fiction! But we come clean on all of it (p. 30).

This issue is full of clues and connections. We share a rare photo of the San Carlos guardhouse (*Opening Shot*) that was instrumental in the Apache Kid's breakout. We feature Jim Young, one of the most deserving *Unsung* characters, and he ends up being our Huck Finn-ish narrator.

So, what is fiction doing in *True West* magazine? Here's Julian Barnes's take on it: "[Literature is] a process of producing grand, beautiful, well-ordered lies that tell more truth than any assemblage of facts."

Thank you, John Langellier, for bringing Young to our attention (p. 48). Thank you, Lynda Sánchez, for your excellent scholarship tracking down the woman believed to be the Apache Kid's daughter (p. 40). Special thanks to Tom Jonas, for his superb map of "Texas" John Slaughter's Mexican ranch (p. 32).

How would I sum up the 10-year effort? Free at last.



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



TOM HORN



APACHE KID



JAMES YOUNG



EMILIO KOSTERLITZKY



AL SIEBER



LUPE FIMBRES MUÑOZ



DOROTEO ARANGO



HANNAH HOOD HILL

– ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Quotes

"As the United States is the freest of all nations, so, too, its people sympathize with all people struggling for liberty and self-government; but while so sympathizing it is due to our honor that we should abstain from enforcing our views upon unwilling nations and from taking an interested part, without invitation, in the quarrels between different nations...."

–Ulysses S. Grant, 18th U.S. President, in first Annual Message (today's State of the Union)

"I have often regretted my speech, never my silence."

– Publilius Syrus, Roman writer of mimes

"You had this explosion of Southern rock. But Texas was different—Southern enough but off to the side. We were extolling the virtues of our proximity to Mexico and that gunslinger mentality."

– Billy Gibbons, of ZZ Top, in Rolling Stone

"The character of our enemies testifies to America's greatness, for those leaders who most hate us show scant regard for their own peoples' welfare."

– James D. Miller, in the now-defunct TCS Daily

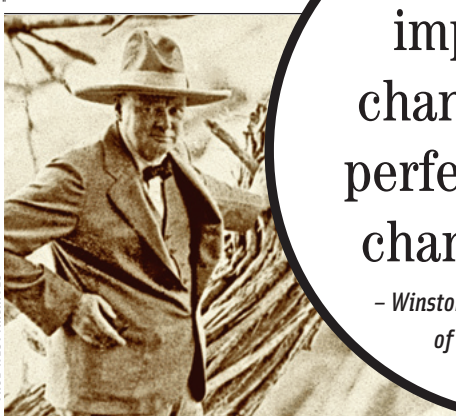
Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO



"If you can't say something good about someone, sit right here by me."

- Alice Roosevelt Longworth, eldest child of U.S. President Theodore





– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

"To improve is to change, so to be perfect is to have changed often."

– Winston Churchill, prime minister of the United Kingdom

Old Vaquero Saying



"Where are we going, and why am I in this handbasket?"

BY MARK BOARDMAN

Somehow, the scoundrel became a deputy.

Happy's Not-So-Happy Blunder

The actions of a Kansas lowlife got a respected lawman killed.





BILLY THOMPSON



BEN THOMPSON



SHERIFF CHAUNCEY WHITNEY

In a drunken stupor, Billy Thompson aimed his firearm at a deputy and accidentally shot a man he respected, Sheriff Chauncey Whitney, on the streets of Ellsworth, Kansas. Billy's older brother, Ben, returned to Texas and, in 1881, became a lawman himself—city marshal, in Austin.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Somebody with a sense of humor, with more than a touch of irony, must have nicknamed John Morco "Happy Jack." Happy? Accounts record him as an illiterate drunk who bullied people and bragged about exploits that probably never happened. Somehow, in 1873, the scoundrel became a deputy in the cowtown of Ellsworth, Kansas.

A tough reputation was enough to get on the police force in Ellsworth. Happy Jack probably secured his gig through lies he told, including his claim that he had killed a dozen men in Oregon (his estranged wife put the number at four, all shot unarmed).

Being corrupt did not hurt either, since Marshal John "Brocky Jack" Norton was on the take. The lawmen got a fee for every arrest, so they frequently trumped up charges against visiting cowboys. Drovers from Texas didn't take too kindly to that.

Happy Jack did his part on July 1, 1873, when he arrested gambler Billy Thompson. Billy's famed gunman brother, Ben, was also in town, and the two Thompsons were irritated by the takedown. Ben warned local lawmen to cool it on the arrests. The lawmen paid no mind to Ben's request.

On August 15, Ben got into a row with another gambler over a debt. When he tried to take charge, Happy Jack pulled a gun on him. The deputy challenged the Texan brothers to "get their guns," which they did.

Ben and his extremely drunk brother Billy grabbed their firearms and went in the street for a standoff against Happy Jack and the gambler. Thinking he could cool things down, because he was respected by both sides, Ellsworth County Sheriff Chauncey "Cap" Whitney stepped in.

The sheriff convinced the Thompsons to put down their guns and go back to drinking. But Happy Jack, unwilling to back down, charged toward his quarry with a pistol in each hand.

Billy had already returned inside the saloon, but Ben saw Happy Jack and snapped off a rifle shot, which missed when the deputy ducked into a doorway. Billy, hearing the commotion, left the saloon, armed with a shotgun. In his cups, he stumbled, and the gun went off—mortally wounding Sheriff Whitney. Billy quickly left town. (Four years later, he was found not guilty of the Whitney murder since the shooting was deemed an accident.)

Over the next 12 days, the deputy was his usual drunk, bullying self, arresting and threatening folks. With tensions high in town, the Ellsworth city council fired the entire police force. Happy Jack did not get the memo, and he did not leave town.

On September 4, the inebriated former deputy took out his frustrations on a Texas cowboy outside an Ellsworth dance hall, yelling and screaming threats. Lawman Charlie Brown stepped in. Happy Jack pulled a gun, but not fast enough. Brown put slugs into Happy Jack's head and chest, killing him instantly.

A local newspaper reported that the shooting made everybody but Happy Jack happy. He ended up in a nice piece of ground in the Ellsworth Memorial Cemetery—where hopefully, for the first time, Happy Jack Morco rested in peace.

BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

"It gives you a panoramic view of [Chief Washakie's] life."

Crusade for a Chief

A Wyoming town preserves the nerve and pluck of a notable Shoshone chief.



Shoshone Chief Washakie is being honored at an art exhibit in Lander, Wyoming. Praising the "enormous amount of action in the paintings," like the one shown, museum curator Randy Wise says, "That's what you feel when you see them—action, intensity."

– COURTESY FREMONT COUNTY PIONEER MUSEUM/ALICE C. DEL MONTE TRUST –

He resembled George Washington and helped save Gen. George Crook's men at the Battle of the Rosebud during the Great Sioux War of 1876—this Shoshone chief who holds a special place in Western history.

Chief Washakie saw the writing on the wall. He defied the normal response of his day and refused to fight the settlers, choosing to befriend them instead.

"He really was quite a leader," says Randy Wise, curator of the Fremont County Pioneer Museum in Lander, Wyoming—a museum with a history dating nearly as far as Washakie's lifetime. "He single-handedly saved thousands of lives. He learned to get along. And in exchange, he got his choice of where to put his reservation. He chose about the best spot of any reservation in the nation."

The chief was so respected that, on December 30, 1878, he became the only American Indian namesake for a U.S. Army settlement—Fort Washakie.

Eight years after Chief Washakie's death in 1900, pioneers of Lander began work on what became the Pioneer Museum—the first history museum in Wyoming, which, last year, celebrated its 100th anniversary.

This year, the legacy of both the chief and the museum are married in a special exhibit of 23 "epic" oils portraying Chief Washakie's life, painted in the 1940s by Montana artist J.K. Ralston.

The paintings were commissioned by the Del Monte family, owners of the Noble Hotel in Lander. The artwork graced the hotel's walls until the lodge closed roughly 50 years ago. Since then, the paintings have been stored in an attic. Their return to public view is a reason for celebration, Wise says: "When Sandy Del Monte approached us about the paintings, we jumped out of our chairs."

The oil-on-canvas paintings are big, some six feet long. They are presented along with history about Washakie and the Shoshone people—including a video of the chief—as well as a display on the history of the Noble Hotel, which H.O. Barber built in 1918 and apparently named after one of the town founders, Fred Noble, who owned the lot.

"There are plenty of pictures of Washakie later in life. And in the 1940s, the artist interviewed his family," Wise says. "Some of his grandchildren were used as models in the paintings. These paintings are such an important part of this area's history."

Wise says he likes to stand in the upper gallery and look down on the paintings, appraised at $150,000. "It gives you a panoramic view of his life."

"Ralston was at the beginning of his career when he painted these pictures and not the name he would become," Wise says.

The exhibit will be up through the fall of 2016. The paintings provide a rare look at an iconic Indian leader in an iconic Western museum where pioneers had the foresight to know their stories needed to be told.

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

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BY MEGHAN SAAR

Geronimo Prize Breaks Record

World record broken by firearm presented to a soldier after he helped capture the notorious Apache leader.

A Model 1886 Winchester rifle presented to the man who captured Apache leader Geronimo 130 years ago this August is now the most expensive single firearm ever sold at auction, after hammering down for $1.1 million at Rock Island Auction Company's spring sale that concluded May 1.

Other guns have sold higher as a pair, but no other single firearm surpasses this auction record. The previous record holder was an 1849 Colt pocket revolver, serial no. 63306, that hammered for $950,000 at Sotheby's New York in 2012.



This August, 130 years ago, Capt. Henry W. Lawton (at left), ably assisted by troops and ambassador Lt. Charles Gatewood, convinced Apache leader Geronimo (at right) to end his reign of terror. Lawton's prize for capturing Geronimo broke the world record for a single firearm sold at auction. The Model 1886 Winchester was accompanied by a presentation pocket watch.

– COURTESY ROCK ISLAND AUCTION COMPANY –

Starting from their Arizona Territory headquarters at Fort Huachuca, Capt. Henry W. Lawton and his troops ferociously tracked Geronimo and his warriors through a desolate landscape for months before succeeding in convincing the Apache leader to surrender, for the final time, in 1886. Geronimo's capture marked the end of the Apache Wars, even though troops would still face problems with Apaches, particularly the Apache Kid's outbreak in 1889. But the Apaches' overall 200-year reign of terror, starting with their attacks on Spanish missions in the late 1600s, was given a death blow with Geronimo's capture.

The journey to the official surrender meeting with Gen. Nelson Miles was precarious. The Apaches remained armed, to protect themselves against Mexican enemies. At any point, the warriors could have changed their minds and escaped into the nearly inaccessible Sierra Madre Mountains. But they all pressed on, captors and captured, before ultimately meeting with Gen. Miles on September 4. Four days later, Geronimo and his people were on a train to Florida.

A Civil War comrade and friend of Lawton's, Lt. George E. Albee, worked for Winchester Repeating Arms and, upon hearing the news of Lawton's capture, presented his friend with a Model 1886, serial number one. The only marking of this historic exchange between two military buddies is a small inscription behind the rear sight on top of the octagon barrel that reads: "Albee to Lawton."

> "It is an honor to be entrusted with an American treasure."

The rifle was sold at auction with a pocket watch presented to Lawton at a banquet in Albuquerque, New Mexico, on September 27, 1886. Made by E. Howard & Co. in Boston, the watch was engraved with a message from the "Cattlemen of Central New Mexico" expressing their gratitude for Lawton's "gallant service in the capture of the Apache Indian Chief—Geronimo—and his band." Every link of the watch chain is inscribed with the names of the men who had accompanied Lawton on his chase to capture Geronimo.

"It is an honor to be entrusted with an American treasure," says Kevin Hogan, Rock Island Auction president, about the record-breaking rifle. "Being serial number one and possessing such outstanding condition would alone be enough to draw six figures at auction. When you add one of the most famous names in the history of the Old West, you have a huge crossover appeal and set the stage for something special to happen."

The historic rifle is showcased here, along with other notable Western Americana lots that sold in May.



Western Americana collectors saw another notable million-dollar bid, on May 19, at Christie's New York, for Alfred Miller's 1854 oil *Pawnee Running a Buffalo*. Hammering down at $1.3 million, the oil was inspired by the artist's 1837 expedition to the Rocky Mountains in Wyoming Territory.

– COURTESY CHRISTIE'S NEW YORK –

During 1865-67, Capt. Reymond Hervey de Montmorency served as aide-de-camp to Sir John Michel, headquartered in Montreal, Canada. A circa 1830s Blackfeet chief's shirt and leggings, descended from him through the family, sold for a $550,000 bid at Skinner on May 6. The garment bears similarities to a Blackfeet shirt collected by artist John Mix Stanley in 1853.

– COURTESY SKINNER –





Annie Oakley, in 1922

Mrs. Jacob L. Langsdorf of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, was among the female shootists who received a lesson from famous Wild West show sharpshooter Annie Oakley. After the session, Oakley sent Langsdorf a letter, dated February 8, 1920, enclosing a wheat penny she had shot. The penny and correspondence sold for an $8,000 bid at RR Auction on May 11.

– COURTESY RR AUCTION –

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

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AuctionInSantaFe.com • 307-635-0019

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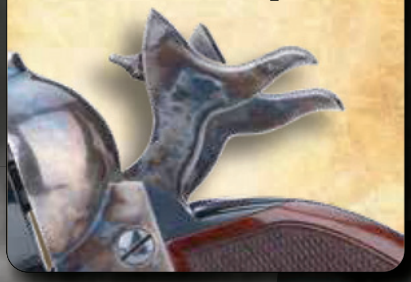


This postcard photo of Two Guns, son of Blackfeet Chief White Calf, featuring his signature, a three-character pictogram of two rifles and a horned calf, sold for a $294 bid at RR Auction on May 11. Two Guns became famous when the Great Northern Railway falsely claimed he was one of the models for James Earle Fraser's buffalo nickel, in a ploy to attract tourists.

– COURTESY RR AUCTION –

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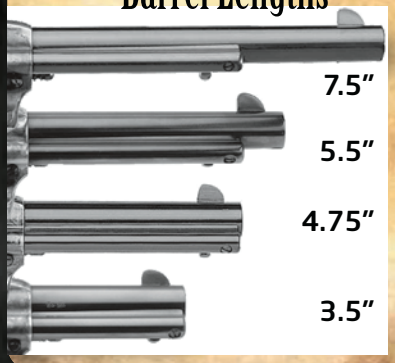
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TAYLOR'S & COMPANY
Keeping the Legend Alive

BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER

On the Hunt for Geronimo

Revealing the truth behind the role of the legendary single-shot Trapdoor Springfield rifle in the Apache Wars.

Five thousand against 140! With Geronimo's breakout from the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona on May 17, 1885, the U.S. Army conducted the most lopsided campaign in American history. Fully one-fourth of the entire army was either put on alert or ordered to the field. For 16 months, the troops trailed the escapees, patrolled both sides of the Mexican-American border, and guarded mountain passes and water holes, denying the fleeing Apaches from using them. The Apaches continually raided in both countries, leaving behind dozens of dead and massive destruction of livestock and property. In the quest to subdue Geronimo, soldiers and Apache scouts alike endured some of the most grueling campaigning in the arid, treacherous landscape of the American Southwest and Mexico, where the blistering heat often reached over 115 degrees.

After a four-month long, 2,000-mile chase, a handful of American officers, under the 4th Cavalry's Capt. Henry Lawton, with a small detachment of his troopers and some mounted infantrymen, along with 30 Apache scouts, finally brought in the exhausted band. Geronimo, who only had a couple dozen warriors with him when he fled San Carlos with 139 other Apaches, had but 34 people left, including a mere handful of fighting men, when he finally surrendered in September of 1886.



This 1886 photograph shows Capt. Henry W. Lawton and B Troop, 4th Cavalry at the side of the railroad tracks at Bowie Station, Arizona Territory, as they supervised the loading of the Apache prisoners for their imprisonment in Florida. The soldiers are armed with Springfield trapdoors such as this fine 1880-produced example exhibiting the dull arsenal blue finish and the color case-hardened breechblock.

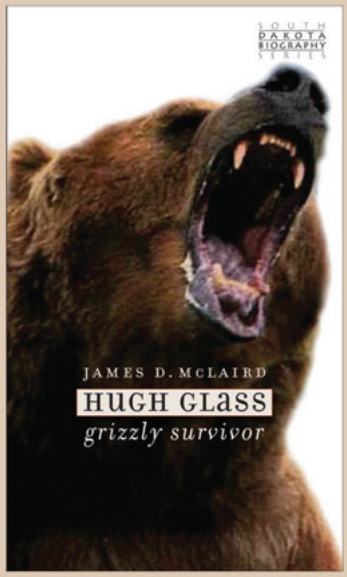
– COURTESY FORT SILL MUSEUM/ PHIL SPANGENBERGER COLLECTION –

> Fully one-fourth of the entire army was either put on alert or ordered to the field.

Because a mobile mounted force was required to keep after the fast-moving and elusive Apaches, much of the work fell to the cavalry, whose primary weapon was the carbine. During this campaign, the issue shoulder arm of the U.S. horse soldier was largely the single-shot Springfield "Trapdoor" carbine—the very same arm used by Custer's troops during the disastrous 1876 Battle of the Little Big Horn.

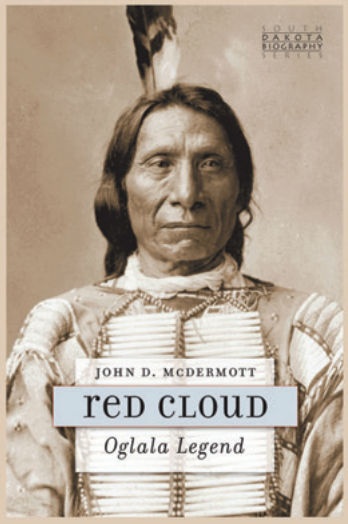
For much of the Indian Wars, the 1873 Springfield, which traces its ancestry back to the 1866 Allin conversion rifle-musket, was the standard issue longarm of the military. Adopted that same year, these Springfields went through constant minor improvements. A review of all of the

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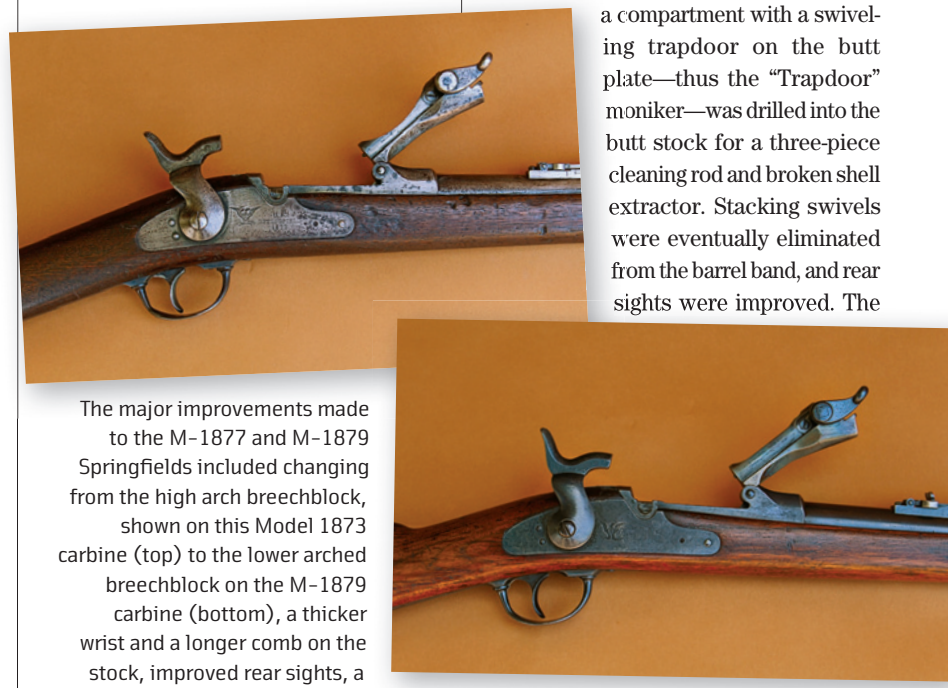


Because of the need for a mobile mounted force, much of the campaigning against Geronimo's small band was performed by the 4th, 6th and 10th Cavalry regiments, along with hundreds of Apache scouts. These 6th Cavalry troopers (above) train their mounts under fire at Ft. Wingate, New Mexico Territory, in 1885.

– COURTESY NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS ADMINISTRATION –

variations here would require too much space, so suffice it to say that the Models 1877 and 1879 Carbines, official government designations, upgraded from the first 1873 model and produced by Springfield Armory in Springfield, Massachusetts, from 1877-'78 and 1879-1885 respectively, were the mainstay of the U.S. Cavalry during Geronimo's 1885 outbreak. The Apache scouts used Springfield carbines and "Long Tom" rifles.

About 4,500 of the '77 models and 15,000 of the '79 models of the 1873 Springfield were made. This side hammer carbine weighed about 7 pounds and was 41.3 inches in length. It fired the powerful .45-70 cartridge with a 405-grain lead bullet, although the cavalry usually used the carbine load with 55 grains of black powder rather than the rifle's 70-grain charge. Guns were arsenal dull blued overall, except for the case-hardened breechblock and barrel tang. They had 22-inch round barrels, and flip-up breechblocks. In improving the initial 1873 model, their black walnut stocks were strengthened by shortening and thickening their wrists, and stock combs were lengthened to 10½ inches, and a compartment with a swiveling trapdoor on the butt plate—thus the "Trapdoor" moniker—was drilled into the butt stock for a three-piece cleaning rod and broken shell extractor. Stacking swivels were eventually eliminated from the barrel band, and rear sights were improved. The



The major improvements made to the M-1877 and M-1879 Springfields included changing from the high arch breechblock, shown on this Model 1873 carbine (top) to the lower arched breechblock on the M-1879 carbine (bottom), a thicker wrist and a longer comb on the stock, improved rear sights, a compartment for a three-piece cleaning rod and shell extractor, drilled into the butt stock, and a swiveling trapdoor on the butt plate, thus the "Trapdoor" nickname.

– PHOTOS COURTESY PHIL SPANGENBERGER COLLECTION –

"1873" date was removed from the lockplate, leaving just the stamped eagle and "U.S. Springfield" on two lines.

Although a small number of bolt-action Winchester-Hotchkiss repeaters were possibly taken along with the Springfields into the field by B Troop of the 4th Cavalry, who accompanied Capt. Lawton in the final campaign, it was the Trapdoor Springfield that remained the trooper's carbine of the last Geronimo campaign.

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



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PROLOGUE:

PROVING GROUND

The boy is emaciated. His mop of red hair hangs across his scarred face, obscuring a lost eye. He staggers and stumbles up the narrow mountain trail. Other boys are already coming down it. They pass him as if he does not exist. He wants to speak, but dares not open his mouth. Breathing comes hard. He is determined to stay strong, but he still has so far to go. He wants desperately to prove himself worthy of the name Apache.

The task is simple. Each boy training to be an Apache warrior must gather at the river bank at dawn, take a gulp of water and hold it in their mouths. Then the entire group runs toward the blue ridges of the Graham Mountains. It is not only a race, for the goal is to snatch the first pinecone they can find, return to the river and drop it at the shaman's feet. Then they spit out the water.



















BY BOB BOZE BELL AND PAUL ANDREW HUTTON



THE TRICKSTER WITH THE SIDEWINDER GAZE



Southwestern frontiersman Jim Young was digging graves at the Holy Hope Cemetery in early 1935 when a cub reporter for Arizona's *Tucson Citizen* located him.

Gravedigging was a sorry profession for a former slave who once served as bodyguard and right-hand man to "Texas" John Slaughter. But no one remembered the old days now, and a man had to make a living any way he could, even if his years numbered 102.

After the reporter asked Young about his Tombstone years, when he knew Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday, Young landed on one of his favorite stories. "To the old-time Apache, mercy was not a virtue," he said. "That's why the Mickey Free story is so strange to me."

With that, he launched off on this wild tale of the true fate of the Apache Kid.

"Tom Horn and I left Slaughter's ranch at first light. Our plan was to stake out the spring where I had seen the Apache Kid and wait until he came in for a drink and nab him. We watched that spring like a hawk all day, but no Kid.

"Finally, in the wee hours, I noticed a dark figure darting along the arroyo. Horn pulled up his Winchester and tracked the shadow. I kept whispering for him to hold his fire, but I just sensed he was going to shoot. I finally grabbed his rifle barrel and said, 'You're going to shoot a woman!'

"You would have thought he would have thanked me, but he cussed me out something fierce. I was right, though. It was a woman. I also had my suspicions she was with the Apache Kid, but we'll never know, because they both got away while I was getting a tongue lashing from Mr. Horn. And let me tell you, that ol' boy could swear like a Mexican mule skinner. He called me the son of a 'double-whore mother' and other oaths that combined my relatives to members of the animal kingdom, and which I thought were pretty imaginative, but later, when we got deeper in the Sierra Madre, I discovered they wasn't all that original.

"Me and Horn were on the chase for the money, but Free was after something else, and that puzzled me."

ENTER MICKEY FREE

"We moved on down to the Bavispe River the next day, and Free joined us that night," Young told the reporter. "I don't know how he found us, since we were covering our tracks. First, we heard an owl screech, and then, Mickey emerged from the shadows and tossed three rattlers on the fire. That was an entrance I will never forget. Mickey called it good fun, but we had a heck of a time getting down from the trees we jumped straight up into.

"Mickey laughed and used his machete to skin those rattlers. Then he roasted them on a spit. Horn and Mickey had them for dinner, but I took a pass.

"Mickey was like a dust devil—and he was skinny as a pick handle. Plus, he looked crazy with his ghost-like eye. The way he leered at you spooked everybody, me included. He rode a mammoth jack mule, 16 hands high. Every morning on that trip, Mickey and that mule fought each other for dominance; it was about a 50-50 chance which one of them would prevail. The Mexicans called him 'Mickey Mula.' Horn, meanwhile, couldn't stand mules. A horse, he said, 'is a noble animal, while a mule will wait its entire life for the opportunity to kill a man.'

"Of course, Tom Horn and Mickey went way back, and so, after they feasted on those rattlers, we settled back and poked the fire, and the war stories flowed. They talked about various adventures, and Horn kind of opened up. Horn talked about problems he had encountered in Wyoming, but he didn't seem all that concerned. 'I've done my job on the square,' he said, 'and I'm confident they'll protect me.' He didn't say exactly who would protect him, but in Arizona, the U.S. Army protected both Horn and Mickey. In fact, the Army trained those boys to be killers.

"I asked Mickey just how well he knew the Kid. He said they grew up together in the Aravaipa Canyon country, and they had once been best pards. This struck me as odd. If the Apache Kid and Mickey were like kin, why was he even on this hunt?

"He thought about my question for some time. He finally looked at me, with that sideways stare of his, and said: 'Pinecone.' That was it. He never said another word about it.

"Well, nearly 50 years passed before I figured out what he meant, but in the end, that word was the key to the Apache Kid's fate."









ON THE HUNT



"In the morning," Young continued, "the three of us hit the trail. A lot of Mormons lived in Mexico back in those days. We came upon a small Mormon wagon train, with seven women and two men. One of the young wives was quite the looker, and I'll never forget her name: Hannah Hood Hill. She gave us homemade biscuits and lemonade. Those were the best biscuits I have ever eaten in my life. We were all smitten with her, but Horn most of all. For the rest of that trip, when the going got tough, Horn would joke, 'You two go on, I'm going back to find Hannah Hood Hill and settle down.'

"The Mexicans didn't fret over how many wives a man had, like folks up in the States did. It was live and let live with them. I think it was Porfirio himself who said, 'It makes no difference to Mexico whether you drive your horse tandem or four abreast.'

"About noon, we saw we had someone on our back trail. We could tell, even from a distance, they had no good intent. Somebody later told us they were a Durango outfit led by a *bandido* with the unlikely name of Doroteo Arango. Horn laughed: 'What kind of a bandit name is Dorothy?'

"As they closed the gap on us, I was braced for a bullet at any moment. Horn declared, as if we were putting on a performance in the Bird Cage, 'They have come upon us!'

"At 100 yards out, them boys behind us opened fire. I heard the first ball whizz right by my ear. Whatever it started out as, it was a shootin' match now.

"Between us and safety was nothing but bald desert, and it looked to be a two-mile run to reach cover. We all spurred our mounts and, with a 'Heee-Yaaah!' we taken out of there like hell-chasin' tanbark.

"Halfway across the flats, Mickey reined in and let us pass. Then he turned that big jack around and went straight into the teeth of those riders. I think the move unnerved the attackers; the lead riders veered off and headed for the wings. Mick pulled his pistol and fired rapidly as he rode on, with the reins in his teeth. The rest of the gang quickly followed the leaders who were fleeing from us, and, in no time, we saw their dust on the horizon.

"When Mick rejoined us in the rocks, he was smiling like a jackass eatin' prickly pear. That boy and his mammoth jack sure loved to mix it up with anybody who would give him a go. Damned if that jack mule wasn't smilin' himself.

"At dusk, we made a dry camp, and I took care of the mounts, rubbing them down and sponging out their mouths with water from my canteen. Horn told me I was wasting good water, but I knew better. He was from the cowboy school —ride 'em 'til they drop, and then get another one. I was schooled in Kentucky, where a little gentle treatment goes a long way for horses, or men.

"The night came on, soft and dark. A cool wind blew up from somewhere, and it felt good. We were bone tired, but we were so worked up, none of us could go to sleep. Mickey finally said, 'Somewhere in these canyons, we know the Kid is looking up at the same stars.' 'So?' I asked. 'That is strong medicine. Put yourself in that place.'

"Mickey sat up, closed his eyes and craned his neck in a circle. He said he could feel the Kid close by. Then he laid back and went to sleep and immediately started sawing logs.

"When we got up the next morning, Mickey was gone. Horn just shrugged: 'He's up to his old tricks. He'll show up when we need him.' Sure enough, out on the trail to Nacori Chico, Horn found a pile of stones, which is the Apache way of creating a road map. It was just a pile of stones to me, and I wouldn't have even stopped if Horn hadn't held up his hand. Horn rode around the stones, then pointed us south. So, off we went, trying to find our guide in that godforsaken country.

"Ten miles farther on, Mickey left us another 'monument,' which pointed us off the main trail toward who knows where? We blindly took that cow trail. Horn shrugged sheepishly and said, 'Mick knows where he's going.' I wasn't so sure, but I didn't have much choice in the matter, so off we went.

"We finally caught up to Mickey sitting pretty in the middle of a large caravan of horses, donkeys, mules and scientists from Norway. Mickey had his feet up on a barrel of honey, and he was sipping tea with Carl Sofus Lumholtz, who was headed for the Sierra Madre to try and find the answer to what happened to the folks he called ancient cliff dwellers. Sounded just like another bunch of Indians to me.

"Lumholtz and his eight scientists were quite taken with Mickey and were treating the boy like a royal specimen. Being gentlemen and scholars, they treated us as well, and we ended up having a grand dinner of plump quail and a port champagne. We spent the night there in style.

"In the morning, we said our goodbyes and moved on down the trail. I didn't realize then where that connection with Lumholtz would lead me—to the answer of what happened to the Apache Kid. Life is so connected that way. When you pull one strand...

FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

"West of Fronteras," Young told the reporter, "we met some freighters on the road, and they warned us of a big fire up ahead. Sure enough, when the road crossed a dry lake, we met a wall of people fleeing the flames. The *ricos* came first, in their fancy carriages, followed by red-eyed Mexican cattle being herded by hard-eyed vaqueros. We gave them a wide berth. Behind the herd, a giant wall of dust enveloped us, and, as we rode by, we met all the straggling peons, choking in the dust. When we cleared the dust, we saw the flames. We felt the heat from the fire even at that distance, and we saw the puff of smoke and heard the whang of a Winchester borne slug that took a chunk of Mickey's poncho with it. Mickey pulled out his Sharps, got down on one knee and let loose with his Big Fifty. We saw the dust jump off the jacket of the shooter as he reeled in the saddle and toppled to the ground. The rest of those *cabrons* rode toward the fire, as Mick and his mammoth jack went in hot pursuit.

"The outlaws disappeared into a seam of the fire as Mickey rode on, trying to get an angle on them. It was a trap, of course. The *bandidos* led Mickey into that fire, hoping it might kill him. As Mickey tried to swing wide and get around it, the fire jumped out ahead of him and, within no time, had sucked up the back trail. Mickey could not go back, so he rode on, into the teeth of the heat and the smoke.

"His mammoth jack saved him that day, as Mickey jumped through the flames, backed up against a cliff, where the flames were licking him good. We caught up with Mickey in the morning, when he was waist deep in the Bavispe River, soothing the burns on his jack. Me and Horn had a good laugh—because Mickey's eyelashes were burnt off. We didn't have the heart to tell Mickey.

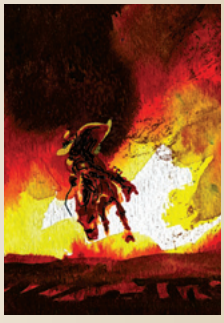
"We were deep in the last stomping grounds of the free Apaches. In that back country, the wind blew like a curse. This was wild country, and the folks in it were even wilder still. I could feel it in my bones—still do."





















"WE crossed into the Quemado and plunged deeper into the darkness. Mickey kept looking at the clouds for signs, and Horn kept rolling his eyes. Twice more, we were ambushed by Arango's *bandidos*, and twice, we beat them back. We knew eventually we were going to run into the Mad Russian, and we still hoped to bag the Kid and get out before that hard ridin' Cossack got onto our trail.

"I was carrying a letter of safe passage, signed by Gen. Miles and the president of Mexico, Porfirio Díaz, assuring everyone we were *buena gente*, but we had a problem: on an earlier trip to Mexico, Mickey had shot and killed a corrupt *rurale* who was drunk and tried to pistol whip him. Horn claimed Mick pulled his 'pistol in the poncho' trick and dropped that *cabron* dead in his tracks. The problem was, the dead *rurale* was engaged to Emilio Kosterlitzky's daughter (in fact, Mickey was at his bachelor party when the altercation happened), so we weren't exactly looking forward to meeting the Mad Russian any time soon. Sometimes you get what you resist.

"Two days later, we were captured by the *rurales* while crossing the Bavispe River. When we were brought before the colonel, Emilio greeted us in perfect English: 'Hang them!'

"We had the nooses around our neck when I finally managed to produce the letter of safe passage. Well, Porfirio was his boss, and we were spared, for the moment. That's when we learned that Kosterlitzky claimed to have already bagged the Kid. When Kosterlitzky realized Horn and Free could identify the Kid, he took us as his prisoners to Magdalena so we could see the body and the evidence in person. Upon inspection, both Mickey and Horn agreed it was not the Kid. They recognized the dead Apache as Bachenal, one of the renegades who broke out with the Kid.

"The disappointed colonel showed us Sheriff Glenn Reynolds' watch, which they had taken off the body. Emilio was not happy, but he decided to let us go. I think he intended to follow us to see if we would lead him to the Kid. He made us promise we would head for the U.S. in the morning.

"We camped just outside of town. For the first time, in a long while, we built a big fire and had a grand old time. I was curious about the watch and what it meant. Horn told the story: When the Apache Kid was liberated from the jail wagon on the way to the prison in Yuma, he had seven other Apache prisoners with him, who did all the killing. They stripped the bodies of the two lawmen and took Reynolds' rifle, pistol and watch. Bachenal was the one who engineered the break, by slipping off his handcuffs, and he probably thought he deserved the watch. He was with the Kid when the *rurales* came upon them. Kosterlitzky had thought the watch would prove powerful evidence that the body was the Kid's and allow him to claim the reward.

"The next morning, Mick was gone. Before we could break camp, here came Emilio, with a whole squad of *rurales*. The Mad Russian was indeed mad. He demanded to know where Free was. Horn shrugged and said, 'Hell, we have no idea. He does this all the time.'

"'He took something of mine,' said Kosterlitzky, with some force, 'and I want it back. If you are smart, you will find him and tell him to return it immediately.'

"We were puzzled. 'Well,' Horn finally said, 'How will we know what to tell him to bring back if you don't tell us what it is?'

"'Just tell that little thief, he needs to return what belongs to me. He will understand.'

"We left pronto. Sure enough, about two miles out of Magdalena, Mick had left us an Apache monument, only this time, he also left a cryptic note under the bottom rock, which had three words on it: Zig Zag Canyon.

"Well, right then, we knew three things: Emilio and his *rurales* would be following us; whatever Mick had stolen from the Mad Russian, we were all going to pay for it; and, to my surprise, but not Horn's, Mick had evidently broken the code of where the Apache Kid was hiding.

Continued on page 27



WHO LET THE DOGS OUT?

"Emilio Kosterlitzky told us the story of Glenn Reynolds' watch," Young told the reporter. "He and a small detachment of *rurales* were on the trail of a band of Gringo smugglers. They had followed the smugglers' trail south from the international line. They seemed to be gaining on them when they suddenly came upon a scene of slaughter. The dead bodies of the smugglers were scattered about with their smuggled goods strewn among the bodies. They had not been dead long.

"The Apache trail was fresh, and Kosterlitzky set on it at once. The following day, the *rurales* crossed an immense flat that led to a rock-strewn outcropping perfect for an ambush. The Mad Russian had his wolf hounds. With his command, they set out on the trail to sniff the boulders ahead. It did not take the hounds long to find their prey. The *rurales* charged after the sound of the barking dogs, only to be met by a volley from the rocks.

"Two of Kosterlitzky's men fell before the *rurales* drove the Apaches from the hill. Although several of the Apaches escaped, the *rurales* found three dead warriors. Kosterlitzky inspected the bodies, and from one, he retrieved an ornate gold watch. The watch was engraved with images of sheep and cattle, as well as the name Glenn Reynolds. Kosterlitzky did not recognize the body as being the Apache Kid's, which perplexed him, for he had met the boy several years before and thought he would remember him.

"Back in 1886, in Guasabas, a group of Capt. Emmet Crawford's scouts got roaring drunk, hurrahed the town and made unwelcome advances to the local ladies. Most of the men returned to Crawford's camp, but Kid and a handful of the scouts remained and pretty much had the town treed. They ran off the local constable, who attempted to arrest them, but were soon confronted by the Mad Russian and six of his *rurales* who had ridden in from Bavispe. When the Apaches made a fight of it, Kosterlitzky wounded one of them, which caused the rest to bolt, and captured the Kid.

"Colonel Kosterlitzky thought it might be a good idea to execute his prisoner as an example to the other *mansos,* or tame Apaches, as the Mexicans called the scouts,for they had left a string of roasted Mexican cattle all along their trail from the Arizona line. Most of the locals were fed up with the Americans, and both civilians and soldiers alike viewed the Apache scouts as just as bad as Geronimo's raiders.

"The Russian officer contemplated the fate of his young Apache prisoner. The village *alcalde,* with an eye toward the money the American soldiers brought into Sonora, pleaded for the Apache's life. He feared that an execution would anger Capt. Crawford. Kosterlitzky relented, and Kid was fined $20 for disturbing the peace and sent back to Crawford's camp, but he still grumbled over how he should have hanged the boy.

"'These Indians are all the same to me,' he forcefully declared. 'Yaquis and Apaches–I have fought them all. They are all the same. In my country we knew how to deal with savages.'

"He looked us over with disdain as he spoke. 'What was it the commander of your American army once said? The only good Indian is a dead Indian!' He smiled: 'Now that Gen. Sheridan would have made a fine officer in the Czar's army.'"

Continued from page 25

"Two hours later, we rode into the draw that led to Zig Zag Canyon. We saw Mick, in the top of a tall Cottonwood, watching the canyon with binocs. Seeing us, Mickey swung down from branch to branch, like some kind of ape man, and landed on his mule, which, of course, startled the jumpy jack. He began to buck, and the two of them rodeoed around us in a wide circle, until Mickey finally got him under control and reined in between us.

"'Always with the big entrance,' Horn said calmly. 'You ever arrive anywhere without the drama?'

"'Sometimes,' Mick said, 'but you're not there, so it doesn't matter.'

"We told Mickey, whatever he took from Emilio, he better move quick. Horn said he'd be surprised if the *rurales* didn't show up at any minute.

"So we spread out and entered into the mouth of Zig Zag Canyon as evening came on.

"Mick was restless. He knew the Kid was near. At the end of the canyon was a series of caves that interconnected. As it was getting dark, we dared not attempt a frontal assault. We instead took up positions around the entrance, back about 500 yards to be safe and control the only means of escape. The plan was to wait until dawn and then attack from three directions.

"Around midnight, an owl swooped over our position and hooted loudly. When I turned to see what Mick thought of this bad omen, he was gone.

"Horn didn't see him leave either. It was as if Mick had turned into that owl and taken flight. Of course, Apaches have a powerful fear of owls, the bringer of death, and maybe that owl had spooked Free.

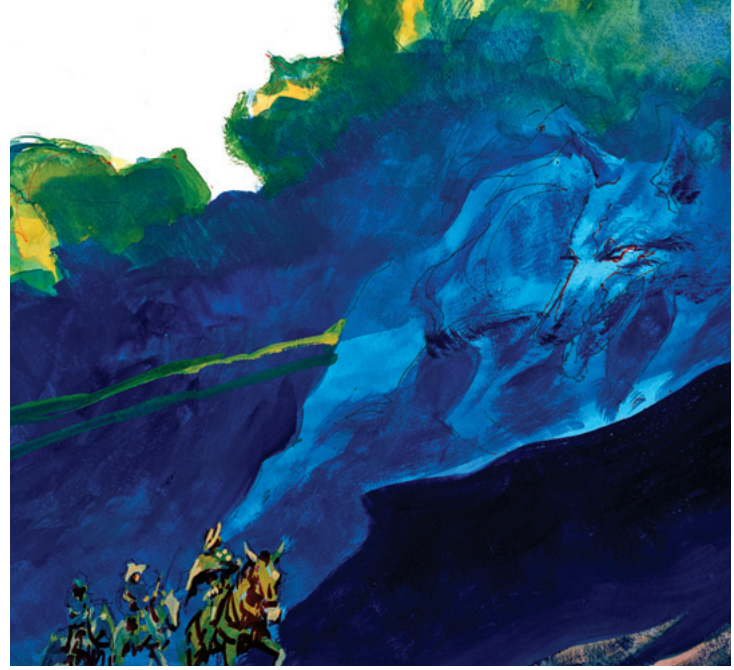
"Not more than two minutes later, we heard the report of a long gun. Horn pegged it as a Springfield, but I thought it was a Sharps. Neither one of us wanted to tangle with the Kid in the dark of those caves, where we were certain he knew every single nook and cranny. We couldn't believe that sound had come from Mickey; he would not be so foolish as to charge in there in the dark.

"We found the Kid's camp in the morning, in the middle cave, and saw signs of a struggle and blood, but no sign of the Kid, the girl or Mickey.

"With both Arango's *bandidos* and Kosterlitzky's *rurales* in the neighborhood, we felt like our luck had run out, so we headed for the border. We were 12 days getting back up on the San Bernardino. We had another run in with Doroteo's boys, but I'll save that little skirmish for another time.

"When we got back to Arizona, we heard that Mickey had ridden into San Carlos with the Apache Kid's head in a burlap sack. The Kid was identified

Continued on page 29







THE VILLAGE OF 300 WIDOWS

"We passed villages where the cemetery was larger than the town," Young told the reporter. "Mickey told us we were now in the land of the killers, where men were easily insulted.

"Every morning, Mickey got up, and we were treated to our own personal rodeo. He mounted his mammoth jack, and the contest would begin.

"We knew at some point we were going to have to deal with the Mad Russian. Avoiding Kosterlitzky was a fool's errand, because nothing went on in Sonora without that hard ridin' Cossack knowing about it. He carried a sword with fancy script on the blade, which read, 'When the owl sings the Indian dies.'

"The burning fires created their own weather, and we soon enough encountered some odd storms. A freak thunderstorm dropped a shaft of rain right on Mickey's head and nowhere else. Horn and I were riding behind him, and, if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it. Since he was so obsessed about clouds and cloud formations, I asked him what it meant. Mickey said, 'Ussen wants me to be clean.'

"To the Apache, Ussen is the giver of life, like the Baptist's Jehovah, only nicer."

"'That may be,' quipped Horn, 'Or, maybe Ussen thought you was stinkin' up the prairie, and he needed to hose you off.' That's how those two teased each other, all the time.

"Mickey told us how an Apache shaman had cursed the Embudos site where Crook met Geronimo. On the day that the Chiricahua scouts were put on the train to Florida, a big earthquake ripped through Cochise County and flooded the mines in Tombstone, killing the town.

"I didn't believe this until I looked it up, and it's true."















Continued from page 27

by the distinctive headband attached to the head. I later saw it, and it was definitely the Kid's. Sieber said Mickey also returned Reynolds' watch, which cinched the deal. Knowing the true heritage of that watch, that made me wonder if something fishy was going on, but the Army called off the search for the Kid, and I let it go.

"Well, last year, a Norwegian feller came to Tucson looking for me. He had read about my adventures on the trail of the Kid in Carl Lumholtz's writings. Helge Ingstad was his name, and he wanted to know if I could take him to Mexico and show him where Zig Zag Canyon was. It had been 40 years, but I got a compass in my nose, so off we went.

"It took us the better part of two weeks, but we located Zig Zag Canyon. The caves were still there, but not much else. Leaving that area, we met an old Mormon from Colonia Juarez who suggested we visit a ranch east of Nacori Chico. There, we found a woman by the name of Lupe, who some claimed was actually the Apache Kid's daughter. Ingstad talked to her through an interpreter, and this is what she told him:

"She said her mother told her the story about hiding in a cave when an owl scared the girl's father, the Apache Kid. He dropped his guard for just a moment, and Mickey Free used this diversion to get the drop on her father. She said her father was strong and quick, and he tried to overpower Mickey, but Free fired his big rifle and wounded her father. She said her mother grabbed a knife and tried to help, but Mickey disarmed her and dragged her to where the Apache Kid was laying on the ground.

"Both her mother and father thought Mickey was going to kill them. Instead, he demanded her father's headband. When her father gave it to Mickey, he turned and started to leave. Her father wanted to know why Mickey was letting them go, and Mickey just smiled and said, 'Pinecone.'

"She had heard that word before. Her father always told the story that when they were kids, being trained as warriors, they had to run up a mountain and come back with a pinecone. Her father was always first, and poor Mickey was always last. One day, Mickey said, 'Some day, I am going to beat you and show you who's boss.' Her father knew why it meant so much to Mickey to win just once. It's the Apache way. To make your point, and then let it go. Mickey had made his point. She said that is the story her mother always told.

"Then Mr. Ingstad said, 'Ask her when her father died.'

"The translator listened to Lupe's answer. Then he looked at Ingstad and me, and he said, 'She says he didn't die. He's still out there.'

"So Mickey had tricked us all. He cut off Bachenal's head, put the Kid's headband on it and fobbed Reynolds' watch, which all convinced the U.S. Army to call off the search, thus allowing the Kid to start a new life in the Sierra Madre. I saw Mickey do some bad things, but that's all in the past. May God have mercy on the soul of Mickey Free."



EPILOGUE:



Tom Horn returned to Wyoming and, in 1903, was hanged for the murder of 14-year-old Will Nickell.



Doroteo Arango became known as Pancho Villa and went from being a bandit to a general in the Mexican Revolution.



Hannah Hood Hill became the first of five wives of Miles Park Romney. Her great-grandson is former Massachusetts Gov. Mitt Romney.



Emilio Kosterlitzky sought asylum in the U.S. after the fall of Mexico's President Porfirio Díaz and found a job as an agent for the U.S. Justice Dept., working with J. Edgar Hoover. He died in Los Angeles in 1928.



Mickey Free lived out his life on the Fort Apache Indian Reservation in northern Arizona. He died, in bed, in 1914.



MICKEY FREE

THE TRUE STORY BEHIND OUR GRAPHIC NOVEL

BY PAUL ANDREW HUTTON AND BOB BOZE BELL

We have brooded and argued and mulled over this fictional tale of Mickey Free for years now—sort of a personal *Heart of Darkness*. Our goal was a graphic novel that would be the basis for a film. Our journey became a metaphor for what we were attempting—a crazy cross between Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, B. Traven's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, that ultimate dark road trip.

Our cast of characters are the poster children for American Exceptionalism (and we don't know if that's good or bad): the mixed-race, one-eyed outcast Mickey Free (our Huck Finn), the happy-go-lucky, cold-blooded killer Tom Horn (our Tom Sawyer) and the ex-slave narrator Jim Young (our escaped slave Jim). Throw in the deeply wronged and consistently romantic Apache Kid, the revolutionary bandit Pancho Villa and the displaced Russian aristocrat and Sonoran warlord Emilio Kosterlitzky, and you have a supporting cast to literally die for.

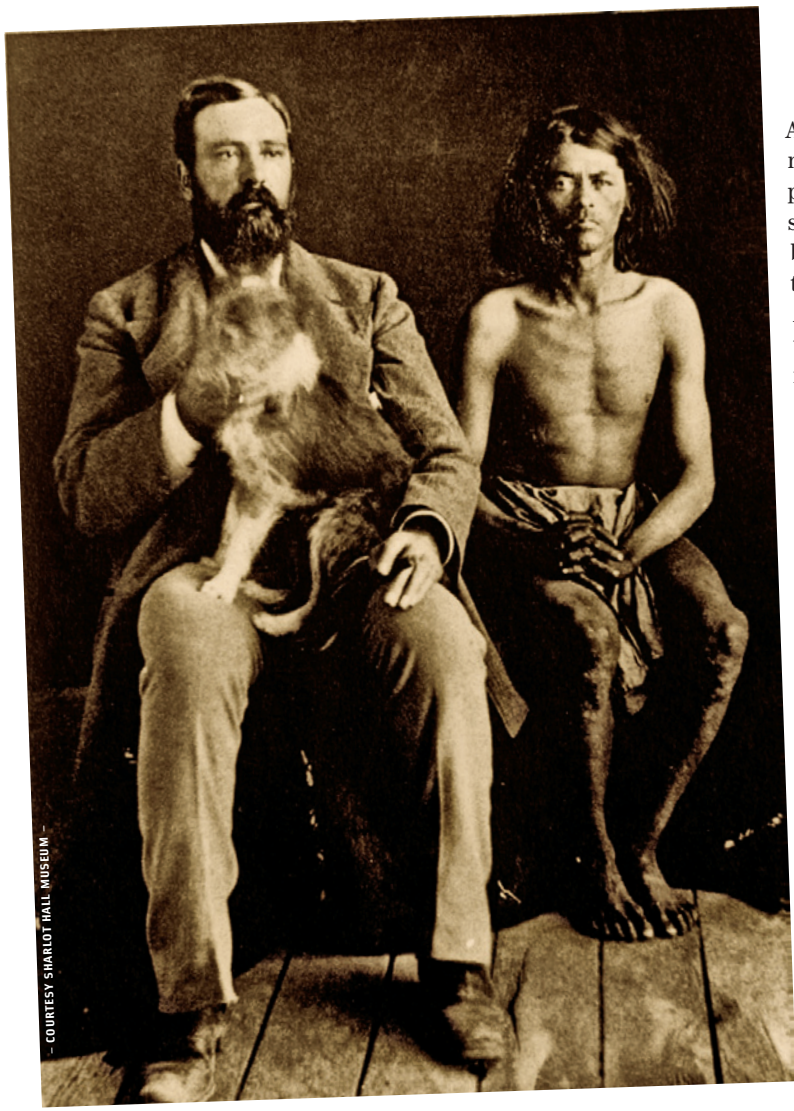
These fascinating characters move ever deeper into what author Richard Grant labeled as the "lawless heart of the Sierra Madre" in a darkly violent dance of death. Here are the real characters who inspired our graphic novel and the truths behind the fiction. Although Mickey Free's hunt for the Apache Kid exists only in our minds, history reveals how such a magnificent hunt almost materialized.



The notorious Apache scout Mickey Free, our main character, was larger than life. He was known as the coyote and the trickster which is where we got our title. We believe he is a new kind of Western hero.

– PHOTO COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION; ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL –

EVOLUTION OF A MAN HUNTER



– COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM –

Mickey Free evolved slowly from the young Apache captive into the famous—or should we say notorious—U.S. Army scout. In the circa 1877 photograph at Arizona's Camp Verde, we see a scrawny, nondescript boy. He has obviously befriended the post trader, so that he—along with the pup "Boss"—is included in the photograph. Although he looks similar to other Apache scouts, the boy was scrawny and slight for his age, which made him appear younger than his age. His youthful look probably saved his life when Beto raided the Ward ranch in 1861.

Within a few years, Mickey Free had transformed himself into a legendary scout and man hunter who was the talk of Apache Country. Donald McIntosh, the mixed-blood son of Crook's scout from the Pacific Northwest, Archie McIntosh (brother of Lt. Donald McIntosh, who died with George Custer at Little Big Horn), recalled Free from the 1880s: "I was only fifteen years old then and I had never seen anything quite like Mickey Free. He had big cavalry boots on, the kind that came up high above the knee...and a big pistol belt around his waist and in it he carried two big dragoon pistols. He presented a fine figure in the prime of his life."

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, Mickey Free speaks Apache, Spanish and English, but Free did not speak English. He did scout for the U.S. Army, and, in fact, did go in search of the Apache Kid, with some claiming he actually bagged the Kid.*

Geronimo was not a man who showed fear, but he hated and feared Mickey Free. Like most Chiricahuas, he blamed the war on 12-year-old Felix Ward (Mickey Free), who had been kidnapped by the Apaches in 1861. Blaming the victim for the calamity that befell the Apaches, Geronimo viewed Free as a traitor. He was also convinced that Free was determined to kill him. He repeatedly blamed his numerous breakouts on Free, most notably at Canyon de los Embudos. In a pointed reference to Free's penchant for bringing in Apache heads, Geronimo remarked to Gen. George Crook: "Sometimes a man does something and men are sent out to bring in his head. I do not want such things to happen to us."

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



ROUGH SHOD PAPA

Chief of Scouts Al Sieber was "somewhat" of a father figure to Tom Horn, Mickey Free and the Apache Kid. He represented the law at San Carlos, and they all rode together dispensing rough justice on the reservation. When the Kid broke out, after a shoot-out that crippled Sieber for life, the old gang was broken up. Sieber never forgave the Kid. The old adage, "When one son, leaves, another returns," applies to Sieber's relationship with Mickey and Horn, who worshipped him.

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, Al Sieber is barely mentioned, but we felt his presence both shaped and hovered over Mickey Free and Tom Horn.*

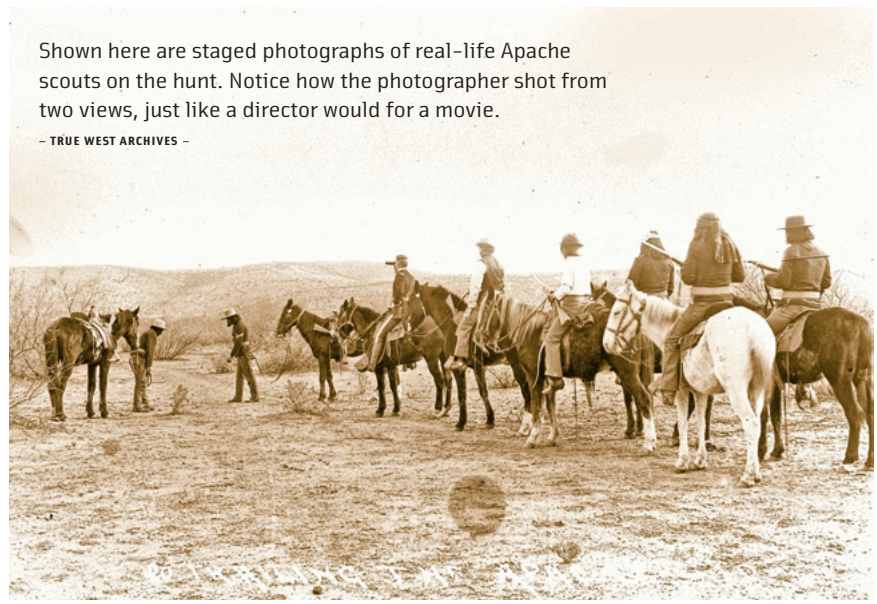


– COURTESY SHARLOT HALL MUSEUM –



Sibi's Boys: The Apache Kid, Al Sieber, Tom Horn and Mickey Free rode the reservation, dispensing rough justice.

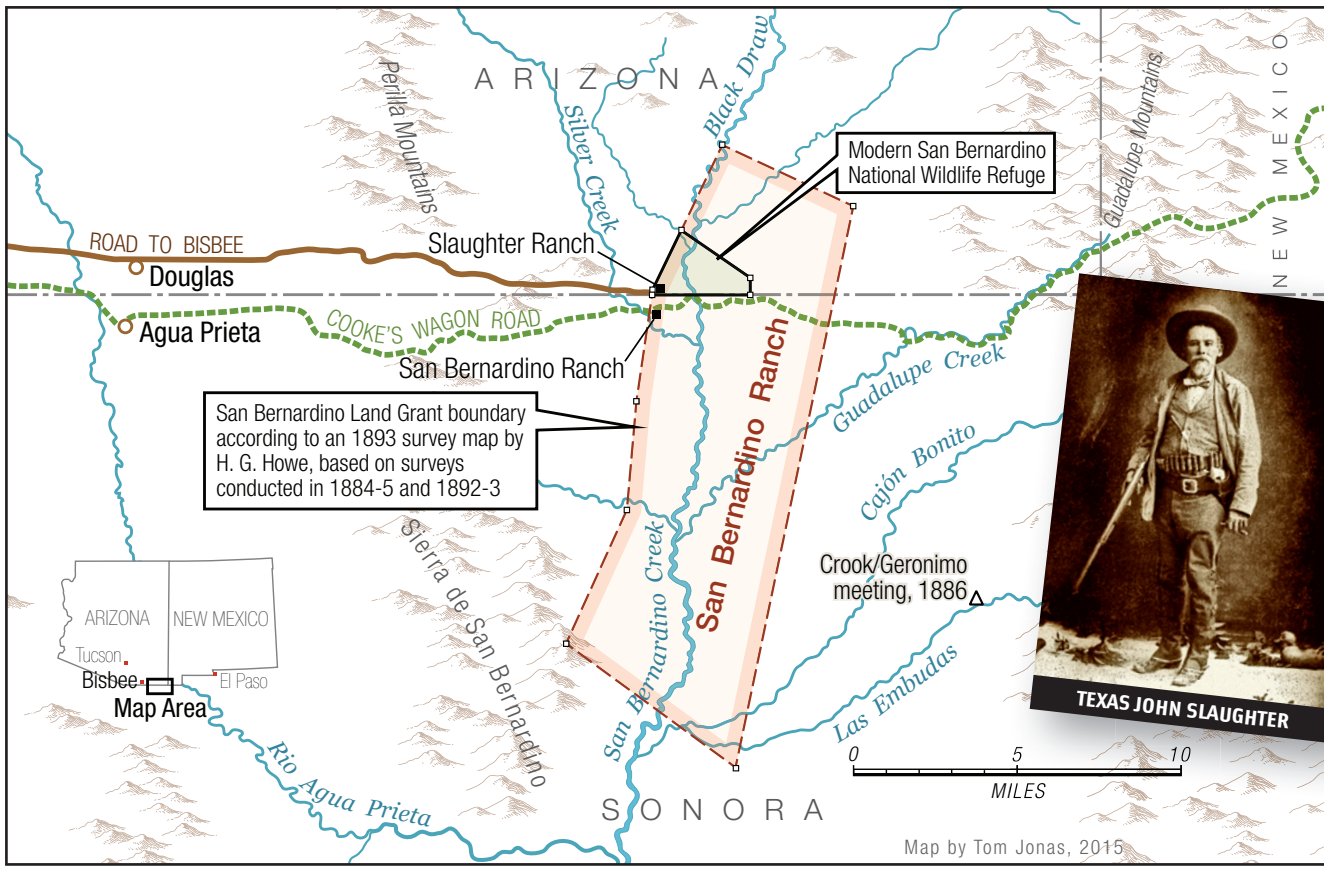




Shown here are staged photographs of real-life Apache scouts on the hunt. Notice how the photographer shot from two views, just like a director would for a movie.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

SLAUGHTER'S MEXICAN RANCH



"Texas" John Slaughter first settled on the San Pedro River, but bought the abandoned San Bernardino Ranch a few years later. What most history buffs don't realize is that Slaughter's new ranch went deep into Mexico. This area may be where Young, who worked for Slaughter, tracked the Apache Kid to one of his favorite watering holes. Young admitted as much to a surveyor in Tombstone, Arizona (see *Unsung*).

Because of several springs and good water, Slaughter's ranch became an active place not only for travelers, but also for the U.S. Army. Troops used the ranch as a staging area to launch forays into Mexico to chase after various Apache renegades, including the Apache Kid. In March 1886, Gen. George Crook and his scouts met at Slaughter's ranch before crossing the border to meet Geronimo at Canyon de los Embudos, which is just east of the Slaughter property in Mexico (see above map).

About 75 percent of Slaughter's Ranch was in Mexico, which stretched some 14.6 miles south of the border into Sonora. Over the years, Slaughter purchased, leased and homesteaded vast tracks of additional land. At one point, he controlled about 100,000 acres. After his death in 1922, Slaughter's widow, Viola, leased out the ranch for several years. But when family members decided to sell it, the Mexican government required that the portion south of the international line be sold to a Mexican buyer.

—Map and reporting by Tom Jonas



SLAUGHTER'S INSURANCE

James Young reportedly accompanied "Texas" John Slaughter every Wednesday night to his poker games in Bisbee, Arizona. Young stood outside with a shotgun, to ensure nobody got frisky about the pot. Nobody ever did.

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, Jim Young, Mickey Free and Tom Horn go on the hunt for the Apache Kid. Although this never happened, Young and Horn were almost sent on the assignment in 1896. Horn did, however, hunt the Kid with the Seventh Cavalry that summer. They went into Mexico from Slaughter's ranch and ran into Col. Emilio Kosterlitzsky and his troops. The two joined forces, but Horn returned to San Bernardino on July 22 after a "difficult and unsuccessful patrol."*

TALKING BOY

"I shoot too God damn much, I know."

–Tom Horn, in his interview with Joe LeFors, January 12, 1902

The Apaches called Tom Horn "talking boy." He thought he earned the nickname because he spoke their language, but they called him that because they so admired his gift of gab. No one could spin a tale quite like Horn. He eventually talked himself right into a hangman's noose.

The wild exaggerations and half-truths in Horn's 1904 memoir have led many to dismiss him as a fraud. For instance, Horn claimed that the Kid had died of consumption, but offered no proof to substantiate that claim. Regardless, we should not forget Horn was the real deal—not only as a hired killer, but also as a scout in the Apache Wars. He ran away from his Missouri farm as a teenager to find adventure on the Santa Fe Trail. In Prescott, Arizona, the tall, lanky and good-natured boy fell in with master packer Long Jim Cook, who hired him as a "scrub" or apprentice mule packer for U.S. Army supply trains. At Fort Apache, soon after the 1881 Cibecue debacle, Horn came to Al Sieber's attention. Sieber took a liking to the boy and recruited him as a scout, alongside Mickey Free and the Apache Kid.

Horn proved instrumental in the Geronimo campaigns led by George Crook, Emmet Crawford and Henry Ware Lawton. Years later, men would puzzle over how the famed scout could have become a brutal hired killer, but Jim King, who knew him well in Arizona, explained that Horn's days with Sieber "had the idea baked into his very soul that there was nothing wrong in killing renegade thieves." Horn's tutors, King declared, "were savage Apache warriors."



– ALL PHOTOS ON THIS PAGE TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, Jim Young partners with Tom Horn. In real life, however, Horn reported to officials that Young gave "me a great game of talk" and admitted to seeing the Apache Kid only once. Horn concluded Young was a "liar of the first water."*







Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, Mickey Free rides a mammoth jack mule and carries a machete in the Mexican style, but Free probably rode a horse.*

"(Captain) Crawford and I both had Mexican saddles, as did Mickey (Free), but the rest of our escort had no saddles at all."

–Tom Horn, in his autobiography, referring to most of the scouts who rode bareback

THE APACHE IN THE THREE-PIECE SUIT



– COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –



The Apache Kid was far more photographed than his New Mexico counterpart in Kid-dom, Billy the Kid.

A remarkable March 1886 photograph allegedly shows the Apache Kid at the Geronimo surrender—wearing a natty three-piece suit. C.S. Fly took the photo, and two others, of this group of three Apache scouts. He, or his wife, later identified the fancy-dressed scout as the Apache Kid. (The inset portrait is an attempt to show how he would have looked in authentic Apache garb.) William Sparks, in his valuable little 1926 book, *The Apache Kid a Bear Fight and Other True Stories of the Old West*, also identified the man in the suit as the Apache Kid. Sparks knew the warrior, so this added credibility to Fly's identification. But historian Granville Stuart claimed, "This is not the Kid."

That the Apache Kid would so thoroughly adopt the clothing of the White Eyes fits in well with what we know about him before the 1887 shoot-out with Al Sieber. He was an Apache boy, raised among the whites, who had committed himself to their way of life.

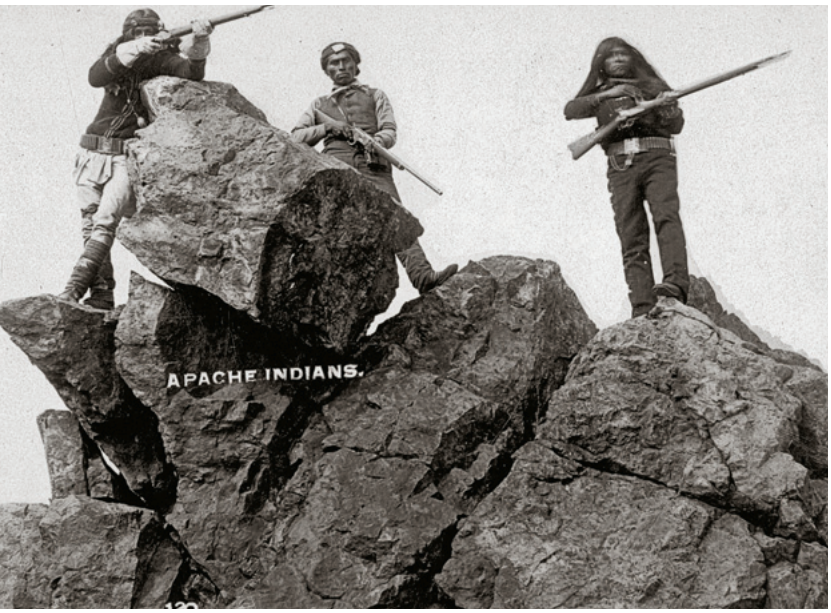
Mickey Free, on the other hand, was a coyote—a trickster figure—who never committed to any side. His clothing remained an outlandish combination of the Apache, Mexican and Anglo worlds. In the end, the Apache Kid reverted back to his Apache origins, while Free committed ever more firmly to the White Man's laws. Thus, Free went out to hunt down his old friend Apache Kid.

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, the Apache Kid wears the head band shown on him in these photos. Given the controversy over these photos, we cannot definitively state he wore this headband.*





– COURTESY FORT HUACHUCA MUSEUM –



– COURTESY ABE HAYS COLLECTION –



– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

THE NORSKY CONNECTION

In August 1890, an expedition took off from Bisbee, Arizona, bound for the Sierra Madre. Backed by the American Museum of Natural History, Norwegian ethnologist Carl Sofus Lumholtz led the massive caravan of eight scientists (including Swedish botonist C.V. Hartman), 21 mule whackers, guides and more than 100 horses, mules and donkeys.

Lumholtz traveled in style, bringing large quantities of honey and his library for reference, all carried by mules and donkeys. He spent more than seven years in the Sierra Madre. The resulting two-volume set, *Unknown Mexico*, published in 1902, inspired another Norwegian scientist, Helge Ingstad, to follow in Lumholtz's footsteps. He discovered what many believe is the Apache Kid's daughter (see Lynda A. Sánchez's article).

Full Disclosure: *Helge Ingstad went to find Lupe in 1937, and Jim Young died in 1935, so the two never knew each other. A* Tucson Citizen *reporter did not interview Young, and their conversation was created as a narrative device.*



– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

THE MAD RUSSIAN



– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Some called Col. Emilio Kosterlitzky the "Mad Russian," and while he was perfectly sane, his life, nevertheless, read like something written by an inmate of an insane asylum.

Born in Moscow in 1853 to a Russian father and German mother, he was raised in Germany before entering military school in Russia. He became a naval officer, but deserted his post in 1872 while in port in Venezuela. Within a year, he had enlisted in the Mexican army, where he became a favorite of dictator Porfirio Diaz. In time, he became the warlord of Sonora, respected by all on both sides of the border for his courage, integrity and Old World sense of gallantry. A master of language, he spoke Russian, Spanish, German, French and English, and was renowned for both his iron will and disarming charm.

Kosterlitzky made his *rurales* the terror of bandits, both Gringo and Mexican, as well as the Apaches and Yaquis in his territory. In his own way, he was as much a shape-shifter as Mickey Free. Here, he poses in formal uniform, with the spiked Prussian helmet favored by many armies in the late-19th century, as well as in full Mexican sombrero, alongside former Rough Rider and Arizona Ranger Tom Rynning.

In May 1890, Col. Emilio Kosterlitzky led a small detachment of his *rurales* out after a band of smugglers. They found the men, but they were all dead. A fresh Apache trail led south from the scene. After a day of hard riding, the *rurales* came upon a rocky outcropping in an immense plain. The Apaches lay in ambush, but Kosterlitzky sent his large hunting dog in first, to sniff out danger. The *rurales* charged in response to the barking dog and, in a sharp fight, drove the Apaches off, with the loss of two of their men. Three Apaches lay amongst the rocks. As the colonel inspected one of the bodies, he discovered an ornate gold watch with images of cattle and sheep, and the name Glenn Reynolds engraved on it. He also found a pistol with the name Reynolds etched in the grip. The dead Apache was a gray-haired older man, so Kosterlitzky knew he had not found the Apache Kid. The colonel forwarded the watch and pistol to Mexico City officials. The artifacts were sent to Secretary of State James G. Blaine, then to Arizona Governor Lewis Wolfley and finally back to the Reynolds family.

The fall of Diaz led Kosterlitzky to flee to the United States in 1913, where he quickly found employment as a detective with the U.S. Justice Department. He even worked with the founder of today's FBI, J. Edgar Hoover. He died in Los Angeles in 1928.

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, the Mad Russian never encountered the trio in their fictional hunt for the Apache Kid, but he and his rurales did patrol the wild country along the U.S.-Mexico border where Apache renegades hid out.*



– WATCH COURTESY ROBERT E. NAIL, JR. COLLECTION, ARCHIVES OF THE OLD JAIL ART CENTER, ALBANY, TEXAS –



Thomas Rynning, third from left, and Emilio Kosterlitzky, on white horse, met at the Arizona line in 1905. The Arizona Rangers and the *rurales* worked together to solve crimes along the U.S.–Mexico border.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

APACHE WIVES?

Here is a rare photograph of three Apache girls who claimed to have been kidnapped by the Apache Kid. At the bottom of the photograph, someone has written notes describing specifics of the kidnappings. The first note states: "I-vo-ash-ay, a San Carlos woman abducted from Reservation by Apache Kid in Septr. 1890. Escaped November 10, 1892 Was employed by troops as guide in pursuit of 'Kid.'"

She turned an unfortunate experience, her abduction, into an opportunity to track her kidnapper. That she knew the Apache Kid's hideouts must have helped out U.S. troops.

The second girl is identified by this note: "Na-thethlay, a San Carlos girl stolen by 'Kid' after he had killed her mother, May 17, 1892. The girl was turned loose 5 days later."

How heartbreaking. Imagine cooking and cleaning for the brute who killed your mother? No wonder he let her go five days later; she was probably inconsolable. At the same time, historians do not recall any incidents in which the Kid killed a mother, but Massai, another renegade, did kill mothers. Perhaps the two Apache outlaws are getting mixed up here.

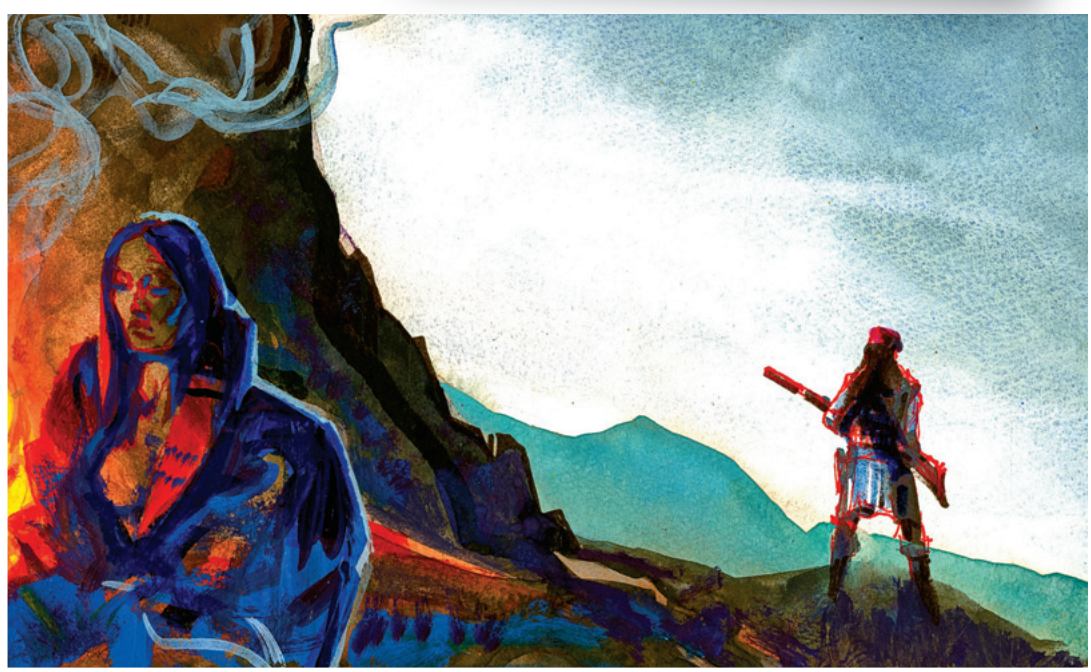
The third girl is described as: "Nah-tah-go-yah, San Carlos girl stolen by 'Kid' from Reservation October 25, 1892, retaken by troops from San Carlos December 27, 1892, when 'Kid' attempted to recapture Jo-ash-ay, No. 2, above." (This is confusing because No. 2 is identified as Na-thethlay.)

Altogether, these notations indicate the Kid was active around San Carlos, before he fled for good to Mexico's Sierra Madre. The existence of these other "wives" brings up the interesting dilemma of how to portray his last "wife," who gave birth to Lupe (see p. 38), the girl may have been the Apache Kid's daughter. Did they fall in love? Hard to say, but in our graphic novel, you can bet your boots they did!



– COURTESY CORNELIUS C SMITH COLLECTION, UNITED STATES ARMY HERITAGE AND EDUCATION CENTER, CARLISLE, PA –

Full disclosure: *In our graphic novel, we portray the Apache Kid as being in a committed relationship with Lupe's mother, but given his history with Apache women he captured as wives, that is probably wishful thinking.*



BY LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ



HAS THE APACHE KID'S DAUGHTER BEEN FOUND?

TRACKING DOWN THE ELUSIVE LUPE

Caught between two worlds, Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz had to make difficult choices for her future. She knew little of what was happening in the outside world when she was captured by Mexican *rancheros* in late 1914 or early 1915. A world war had begun, yet she had been at war since her birth as an Apache.

CAPTURED

Apache Juan's band was active during the last several months of 1914 or early months of 1915. One evening, after the Apaches had stolen 30 or more horses and cattle, and a large supply of corn, several angry Mexican ranchers formed a posse and went after the thieves.

The raw and rough country along the U.S.-Mexico border offered little-to-no law enforcement at that time, making ranchers on both sides of the border easy pickings. Some historians have attributed the survival of the Apache Kid and other renegades from the United States to this so-called rustling ring.

Near the top of Pico de la India, along the Sonora-Chihuahua boundary in Mexico, the ranchers located an abandoned encampment. From there, with the aid of field glasses, they spotted another that contained the missing livestock. They saw that the Apaches were breaking camp. The Mexicans split into three groups to intercept them.

Abraham Valencio was the first to enter the camp. He observed a young Apache on mule back, guarding the stolen herd. The youth, upon seeing Valencio, sounded an alarm, which sent his people into the underbrush. He stayed with the herd, trying to push the livestock off a nearby bluff to their death.

Lunging up the rugged canyon trail, straining under the whip of its desperate rider, the young Apache's frightened mule snorted, fell back and then lunged again. The canyon was too steep, and the rider could no longer control the terrified animal, which bucked and balked with each lash of the whip.

Yells from below told the boy he was trapped. Mexicans were closing in on him. By the time the two other parties heard the shots and joined Valencio, the Apache youth was trying, in vain, to escape on foot.

The terror of this youth must have been great as he continued to run, descending down a cliff, jumping a steep arroyo and finally taking refuge in a small cave. With the prospect of death on the horizon, the Apache boy anxiously made a movement. One of the approaching Mexicans saw it and signaled the location to the vaqueros.

The Mexicans had no clue how many of the enemy waited. The men rushed the cave. The boy hissed and growled and fought, but eventually the vaqueros overwhelmed him.

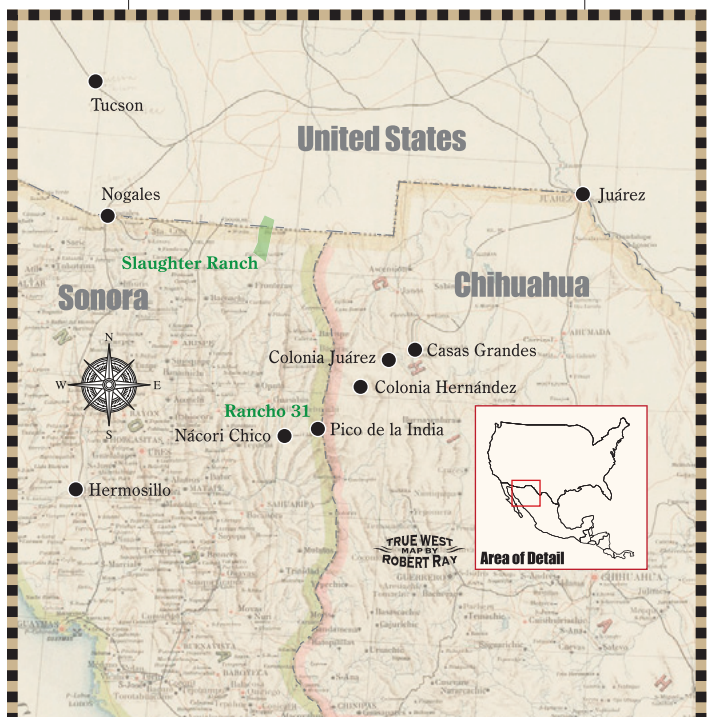
The men were shocked to discover the boy was a girl, about 14 or 15. The cut girl was bleeding heavily. Indicating that this Apache was still a child, one man asked, "Has there not been enough violence?"

His sane voice in the heat of battle was a miracle. The men backed away from their original intent—death to the Apache.

The Mexicans treated her wounds. They then tied her onto a burro and took her to one of the Fimbres family ranches near Nácori Chico, Sonora, in Mexico, about 75 miles south of Douglas, Arizona.

Over the next several years, the girl who the family named Lupe attempted to adapt to a new culture, language and lifestyle. At first, she cried and would not eat. The Fimbres were so concerned about her wellbeing that they let her go twice, but twice she returned to their home, signaling that she was no longer a part of the Apache band. She had a difficult time learning Spanish, but soon became fluent, even though her intonation differed. She wove beautiful mats, hats and baskets, and learned how to sew.

Twelve years after her capture, Lupe's life was jarred



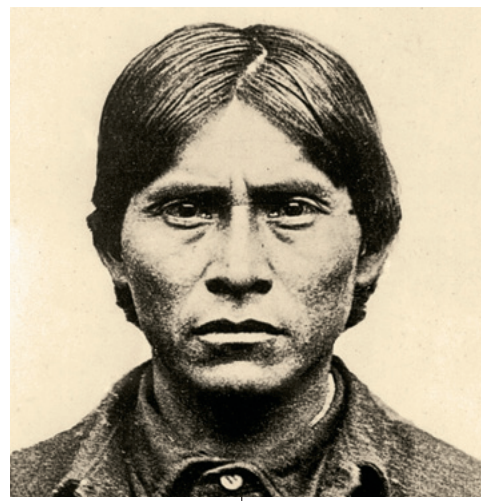
Compare this headshot of Guadalupe "Lupe" Fimbres Muñoz with that of the Apache Kid and the resemblance, says Apache Kid biographer Phyllis de la Garza, "is impossible to deny. The dates, time, place and circumstance ring true...."

– COURTESY LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –



Nicknamed the Apache Kid while scouting for the U.S. Cavalry during the 1880s, Haskaybaynayntayl stayed true to the meaning behind his name: "brave and tall and will come to a mysterious end." Nobody knows his fate after he escaped during a transport to Arizona's Yuma Territorial Prison in 1889.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



again. The 1927 kidnapping of three-year-old Gerardo Fimbres and the murder of his mother María by Apaches shocked the small mountain communities with their brutality.

The year 1932 was even more emotional for her: Mexican cowboy Aristeo García murdered an old woman said to be Lupe's relative, either her mother or an aunt. Lupe found out about the killing from a child, perhaps four or five years old, Bui, who was captured during García's attack on the Apache camp.

One of the owners of Rancho 31 (Los Laureles), where García worked as foreman, was Jack Rowe. Lupe had become friends with Jack's wife, Margie. When Bui was brought to their ranch near Nácori Chico, Jack asked Lupe to come over and soothe the captured child. After hearing the devastating news from Bui, who became known as Carmela, Lupe abruptly departed Nácori Chico, never to return.

Carmela more easily adapted to life with her adopted family, another owner of the ranch, Jack and Dixie Harris. Lupe had a harder time since she was much older, a teenager, when captivity changed her world.

Years later, Jack Rowe discovered that various academicians, including famed Mystery writer Earle Stanley Gardner, Grenville Goodwin, Dr. Helge Ingstad and Dr. Thomas Hinton, were all intrigued by the elusive Lupe and the lost Apaches.

SEARCHING FOR LUPE

"They have absolutely no contact with any people outside themselves.... They are too wild, and it would be like trying to get in touch with a pack of wolves," famed anthropologist Goodwin called the renegade Apaches, in 1934, in a letter he wrote to mentor Dr. Morris Opler.

Goodwin mentioned a girl in a Mexican village, Lupe, holding out hope that by talking to her, he could locate the remainder of the remnant Apaches, if in fact any still existed, and bring them back to the United States. He never located Lupe.

Four years later, the Ingstad Expedition of 1937-38 launched. Norwegian explorer Ingstad succeeded in interviewing Lupe. He met Lupe in Colonia Hernández, where she lived with her husband Perfecto Muñoz. She told Ingstad her story.

From birth, around 1900, until her capture in 1915, Lupe lived with a group of 12, mostly women, as well as a white man who had red hair (some historians have surmised he could be Charlie McComas, who, at age six, had been taken captive in 1883). The family moved around a lot, living in caves hidden in the cliffs along steep river valleys or in shelters of grass and saplings. They shod their horses and mules with hide to prevent anyone following them. Their weapons consisted of old rifles with poor ammunition, knives and bows and arrows. They ate mostly deer, mescal, the tops of onion shaped plants, honey, roots and berries. They made flour from acorns, mesquite beans and stolen corn. Cattle added variety to their diet. They made their clothes out of beautifully tanned cowhide or deerskin, and the women wore pants like the men. They lit small fires only during the daytime. They sometimes fashioned toys from twigs and dolls from cloth, horse hair and *gamusa* (buckskin).

Lupe spoke bitterly about the hated San Carlos Apache reservation in southeastern Arizona and how her people were forced to defend themselves against the Mexicans.

After her capture in 1915, she lived with several different Mexican families, including the Fimbres and Fuentes, on their ranches, until 1932.

CAPTIVE NO MORE

In 1934, with the era of violence in the Sierra Madre coming to an end, Lupe married Don Perfecto Muñoz and lived with him at Colonia Hernández, near the Chihuahua/Sonora border in Mexico. Guillermo Soto of Casas Grandes provided one of the more vivid descriptions of Lupe. One year, when Soto was accompanying the *jefe de armas* (police chief) to Colonia Pacheco, he saw Lupe and her husband, Don Perfecto, ride in to visit with amigos. He said of her, "She rode like a man, and bareback. She leapt gracefully to and from her mount."



Lupe stands with her Mexican confidant, Soco, circa 1936, proving enemies could become friends. Lupe had held a lifelong hatred of Mexicans who she felt had preyed on the Apaches.

– COURTESY FIMBRES FAMILY, LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –

Others also noted Lupe's skills as a horsewoman and that she could ride *con o sin montura* (with or without a saddle).

Lupe "loved to dress up, fix her hair and to attend all the dances and really *tirar chancla* [kick up her heels]" remembered her daughter-in-law, Mercedez Muñoz. "She was a good dancer, too and was so nice everyone could not help but love her."

Widowed in 1959, Lupe adapted by continuing her hard work and her devotion to family. Eventually, she left Colonia Hernández and moved to Colonia Juárez. In 1969, her great heart gave way to old age and exhaustion.

Lupe had helped raise Perfecto's children and grandchildren, living the normal, everyday, hard existence of a resident in a mountain village. Yet she continued to avoid any contact with Federales or local military men, most likely haunted by memories when such authorities had hunted Apaches like animals. She also disappeared from time to time. Did she leave to meet survivors of her own Apache family? To reconnect to a world that has long since disappeared? To mourn the loss of her natural family?

No one will ever know.

THE APACHE KID'S DAUGHTER?

Few people, on either side of the U.S.-Mexico border, have been sympathetic to the Apache Kid's history. He was a sadistic, violent outlaw—end of story. Then in 1995, Phyllis de la Garza's *The Apache Kid* was published, which gave historians the opportunity to consider how a bright young man could have turned out, if he had been given a hand up instead of facing so many closed doors.

After reading de la Garza's book, I have been haunted by the book's cover photograph of the Apache Kid. By his eyes, his facial features, the set of his mouth. One afternoon, I casually laid the book on a table in my study, which had several photos of Lupe lying on it. I found the family resemblance between the two uncanny. But was I seeing one simply because I wanted to?

I called de la Garza and told her my thoughts on how Lupe being his daughter may not have been just another rumor among locals. I sent her a copy of my photos.

"I certainly agree that she looks just like Kid," she responded. "Even her ears! Rather scary—the likeness is impossible to deny. The dates, time, place and circumstance ring true.... I don't think we are imagining things here. The nose, the mouth, the chin, those ears, even the scowl. Also, bags under the eyes and the hair line. And, the fact she never bragged about being related to him, so she was not trying to gain some sort of notoriety, makes her revelation to Ingstad believable."

Lupe had told Ingstad that her father was a great warrior, which he interpreted to mean her father was the Apache Kid.

Though historians will never know for certain, unless DNA analysis or some other modern forensic miracle can prove that relationship, I am among those who believe Lupe is not only Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz, but also the daughter of the Apache Kid. Both of their lives were filled with violence and tragedy, yet each survived well into the 20th century, creating a niche for themselves as part of the fascinating Sierra Madre Apache saga. Lupe's legacy is truly a greater piece of the "Lost Apaches" puzzle, that colorful and intriguing mosaic of history only now coming into its own.



Lupe is all dressed up to *tirar chancla* (go dancing), circa 1940. She enjoyed the polka, waltz and the two-step to the beats of Mexican guitar, harmonica and accordion.

– COURTESY LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –



Lynda A. Sánchez first visited Colonia Hernández in 1981 to interview the family of Guadalupe Fimbres Muñoz. Over several years of tracking the mysterious Apache woman some called the Apache Kid's daughter, she interviewed members of the Fimbres/Fuentes, Muñoz and Whetten/Villa families. This article is one aspect of her research, which will be fully published in *The Broken Loop: A History of the Lost Apaches.*

This disturbing never-before-published photo was taken in April 1932, near Rancho 31, of the woman Carmela called nana or grandmother. While she was running for her life, Aristeo Garcia shot her to death, on the edge of a canyon near her Apache camp. Realizing the small child was related to her, Lupe became too distraught to clarify her relation to the elderly woman, who was reportedly either her aunt or her own mother. If this was her mother, then this woman was also one of the Apache Kid's wives.

– COURTESY LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –





Jack Rowe is shown here, heading out to work cattle on Rancho 31. Rowe carried a small camera attached to his saddle horn so he could capture photographs of daily life in Nácori Chico and the surrounding mountain homelands of the Sierra Madre Apaches.

– COURTESY LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –



Lupe sits next to a friend in Colonia Hernández. People often teased her about this photo, saying the fellow with her was sweet on her.

– COURTESY FIMBRES FAMILY, LYNDA A. SÁNCHEZ COLLECTION –

TRUE WEST EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS

TRAGIC FIGHT ON THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE

CAPTAIN EMMET CRAWFORD'S CREW VS MAJ. MAURICIO CORREDOR'S CREW



Captain Emmet Crawford waged a brilliant, almost flawless campaign, but he made one fatal mistake.

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Paul Hutton, Edwin R. Sweeney, Larry D. Ball, Robert M. Utley and Jerome A. Greene

JANUARY 11, 1886

Captain Emmet Crawford is on the brink of victory. Yesterday, his punitive raiding party of three officers, one medic, one interpreter and 79 Apache scouts completely surprised and captured all the provisions and horses of Geronimo's stronghold at a rugged place called *Espinosa del Diablo*—Devil's Backbone—in Sonora, Old Mexico (see map).

On this foggy, rainy morning, Capt. Crawford is preparing to meet with Naiche and Geronimo to discuss a possible Apache surrender, when, at 7:30 a.m., Apache scouts spread the alarm on the approach of a 128-man Mexican force, including a contingency of Tarahumara Indians, enemies of the Apache.

Before Crawford or his men can react to the news, the Tarahumaras, taking up positions in the rocks above the camp, send in a volley from their Springfield breechloaders. Three Apache scouts are wounded, one of them in his sleep.

Several Apache scouts return fire from a ridge east of the camp, while Capt. Crawford runs with Lt. William Shipp, Lt. Marion Maus and Chief of Scouts Tom Horn to find out what is happening.

Maus and Horn repeatedly identify themselves as American soldiers. Scattered firing continues for 15 minutes, but with the constant pleading of the American officers, it finally stops.

Incredibly, the three Americans —Crawford, Horn and Maus—are unarmed as they proceed out of the rocks to meet 10 heavily armed Mexican troops under the command of Maj. Mauricio Corredor (the major is a well-known Mexican soldier who is credited with taking down Chiricahua Apache Chief Victorio roughly six years earlier).

Horn is about 100 feet in advance of Maus when he sees Crawford waving a white handkerchief as a sign of peace. Corredor and four of his men ignore Horn and walk past him.

In Spanish, Lt. Maus says, "Don't you see we're American soldiers? Look at my uniform and the captain's."

While the officers powwow, the Apaches and the Tarahumaras begin trading insults and threats. When the officers hear the sharp snap of the breechloaders, both Crawford and Corredor implore their men not to fire. Crawford jumps up on a five-foot boulder and once again waves his truce flag.



Crawford waves a white handkerchief he borrowed from the hospital steward.

– ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –

A Mexican sniper fires, hitting Crawford in the forehead. Corredor turns and smiles at Horn, then fires at the unarmed scout, hitting Horn in the arm. One of the Apache scouts, Dutchy, shooting Corredor through the heart.

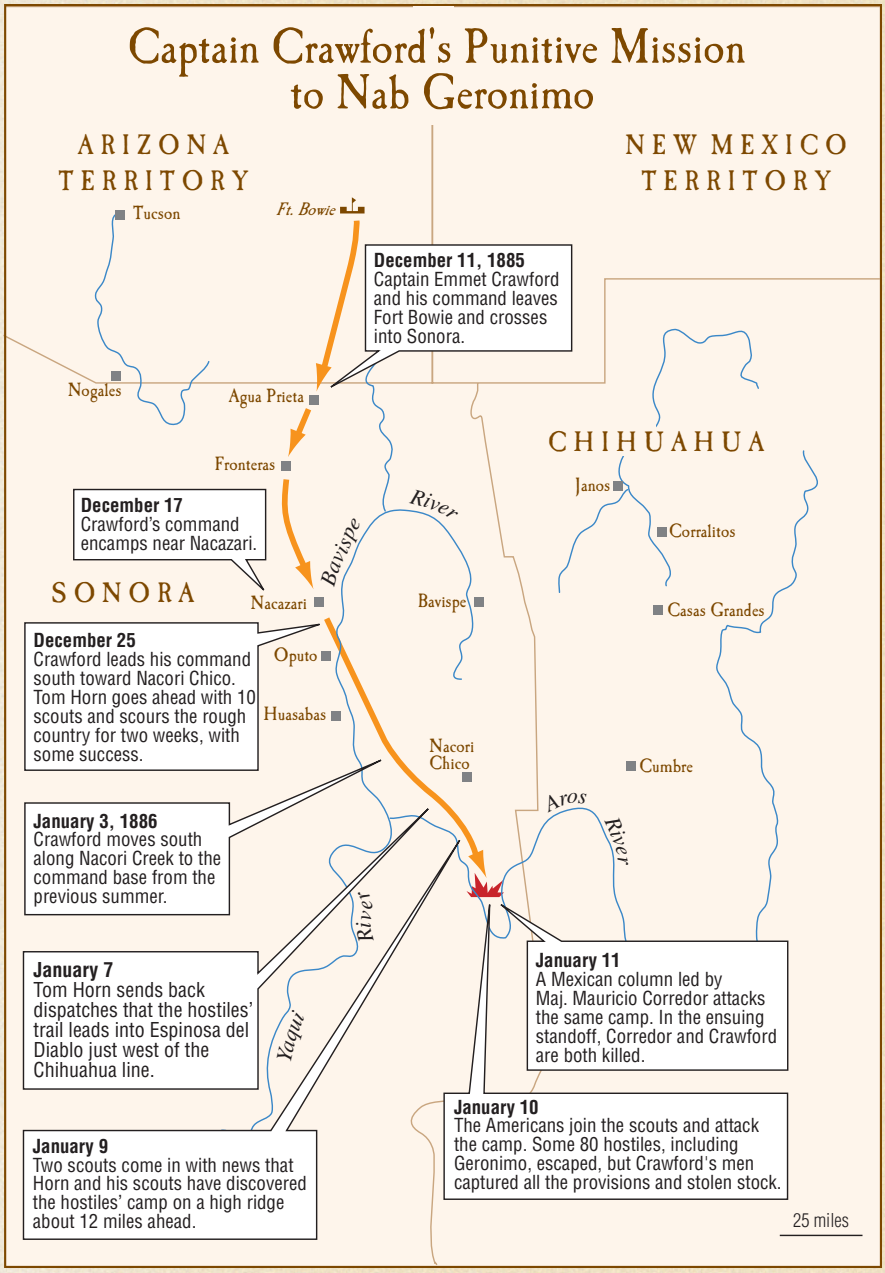
Three Chiricahuas spring from hiding, close to the Mexican line, and shoot. Thirteen Apache bullets pierce the body of Corredor's second in command, Lt. Juan de la Cruz.

The Tarahumaras attempt to flank the Americans, but Maus's company of scouts drive back the attackers.

Without leadership, the Mexican forces falter and then flee with their wounded to a series of hills about 300 yards away.

The next day, Maus opens up a dialogue with the attackers. He goes to the enemy's camp, along an interpreter, and brokers a cease-fire.

The fighting is over, but the U.S. border is a long ways from the Devil's Backbone.





The Night Stalkers

A few days before the gunfight, Crawford and his command left their camp in Nacori. They ditched their horses and proceeded on foot, bringing along three of their "toughest mules."

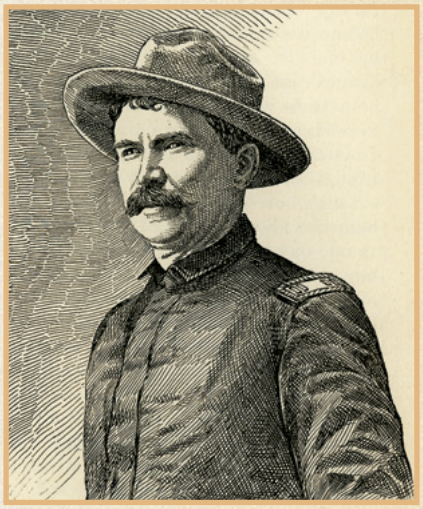
Fording the Aros River, they discovered a main trail, about six days old, which led east into a country "rough beyond description." They marched mostly at night and suffered from the cold, making it impossible to sleep. At one place, Maus said they saw a leopard, spotted and as large as a tiger.

At sunset on January 9, their Apache guide Noche sent word that the hostile camp had been located 12 miles away.

The men rested for 20 minutes. Unwilling to build a fire for fear of discovery, they ate hard bread and raw bacon. A doctor and one of the interpreters were worn out and couldn't continue.

Six hours later, after crossing and recrossing the turbulent river, and making their way "over solid rock, over mountains, down canyons so dark they seemed bottomless," the rest of the soldiers and scouts finally neared the camp. Near dawn on January 10, after marching continuously for 18 hours, the men spread out to surround the camp. Maus said, "Noiselessly, scarcely breathing, we crept along."

Before Maus could get into position, the "braying of some burros was heard. These watchdogs of an Indian camp are better than were the geese of Rome." Immediately the camp "was in arms." "We fired many shots," Maus reported, "but I saw no one fall."



– MAUS ILLUSTRATION IN *PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS OF GENERAL NELSON A. MILES* –

High Praise for Apaches

Maus is effusive in his praise of the Apache scouts who accompanied the command into Mexico, saying, in part, "Their system of advance guards and flankers was perfect, and as soon as the command went into camp, outposts were at once put out, guarding every approach. All this was done noiselessly and in secret, and without giving a single order." But he also admits, "It was impossible to march these scouts as soldiers, or to control them as such, nor was it deemed advisable to attempt it."

Unfortunately, when neither the Apaches nor the officers adhered to the above system, it proved disastrous.

"That Beardless Youth"

To some historians, the fight on the Devil's Backbone on January 11 was the highlight of Tom Horn's career. Horn biographer Larry D. Ball is among them. He tells us, "The morning of the fight was rainy and visibility very poor. Crawford did not put out sentinels, but permitted everyone—exhausted from the previous march to the hostile camp and the following battle—to sleep in. It was a tragic error on Crawford's part. Since the Chihuahuan militiamen thought they had surprised the renegades' camp, they did not hesitate to attack. Only after the Mexicans opened fire for a second time did it become apparent that they were a treacherous lot.

"Tom Horn was the first representative of Crawford's command to walk out unarmed to try to persuade the attackers to back off. He was the Spanish interpreter, although Maus could also speak Spanish.

"In subsequent official Mexican documents, they praised Tom Horn's bravery, calling him 'that beardless youth.' Horn was clean shaven and still only 25 years of age. He continued throughout the confrontation to communicate with the Mexican camp. However, he balked at leading some horses from the American side into their camp, believing the Mexicans should come and fetch the animals themselves.

"Furthermore, he, like the scouts and white soldiers, were peeved at having to turn over valuable army mules in order to obtain Maus's release [Maus had been "detained" when he went to talk to the Mexicans, and they demanded mules in exchange for his release].

"Perhaps, Horn's biggest contribution to this tragic expedition was assisting Lt. Maus, now in command, in getting the column out of Sonora unharmed. Since Horn spoke Spanish, he assisted Maus in negotiating with Mexican officials and attempting to keep the Apache scouts in line. The scouts were outraged at not having the freedom to wipe out the Chihuahuans and did commit some depredations on the retreat to the border.

"While Maus did receive the Medal of Honor, he recommended Horn for some sort of recognition in the general order praising all the participants, but this request was refused.

"Unfortunately, Horn's autobiography, *Life of Tom Horn: Government Scout and Interpreter* (posthumously published in 1904), has served as the primary medium for publicizing his frontier activities. It is almost always untrustworthy—in varying degrees, from gross exaggerations to outright prevarications. What is unfortunate is that he did not have to exaggerate. His accomplishments, including praises from various Army officers, were sufficient if he had only told the truth."







When Apaches went into battle, they discarded most of their clothing. The top photo of Apache scouts accurately portrays what they must have looked like at the battle on the Devil's Backbone.

Tom Horn is shown in the first row, in this C.S. Fly photo taken at Canyon de los Embudos in 1886, when Gen. George Crook had his famous parley with Geronimo. The blowup from the group photograph shows a young cowboy (Horn was a champion roper) with a muscular frame and, yes, he is "beardless."



Dutchy Pays for Avenging Crawford's Death

A deputy U.S. marshal from Tombstone, Arizona (Maus does not name him), surprised the Crawford detachment in Nacori. The marshal had traveled several hundred miles into Mexico to arrest the Apache scout Dutchy on a murder warrant (he was accused of killing a miner near Fort Thomas).

Crawford asked the marshal to "delay the arrest till I may be near the border where protection for myself, officers and white men, with my pack-trains, may be afforded by United States troops other than Indians."

Maus claimed the scouts were "intensely excited, and under the circumstances the marshal did not wish to attempt to arrest Dutchy, and returned [to Arizona] without delay."

Ironically, in the fight against the Chihuahuans on January 11, 1886, Dutchy would be the one to dispatch the sniper who shot Crawford.

After Geronimo's surrender to Gen. Nelson A. Miles in September, Dutchy was removed to Florida along with the other Chiricahuas. He died in captivity.

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

After the January 11 battle, Tom Horn and Marion Maus met with the Mexican officers and allowed medical aid for wounded Mexicans. Captain Emmet Crawford, while still alive, remained unconscious. The next morning, the Mexicans called Maus to their camp to discuss the use of mules to transport their casualties. After he arrived, they refused to let him leave and demanded to know his right on Mexican soil. Only after they got the requested mules did the Mexicans permit Maus to depart.

On January 15, Geronimo, who had watched the fight from a bluff nearby, refused to surrender to Maus. In March, Geronimo agreed to discuss a surrender with Gen. George Crook, but to no avail. Nelson A. Miles would be the general who secured the chief's surrender in September.

Crawford died on January 18 and was buried at Nacori in Sonora, but his body was later transported to his home in Kearney, Nebraska (Crawford, near Fort Robinson, is named in his honor).

Crook called Crawford's death an "assassination." Secretary of War William Endicott termed the deed "utterly unjustifiable." Congress demanded reparation and punishment of the guilty parties, but on April 1, Mexican President Porfirio Díaz countered that his troops did not recognize Apaches as U.S. troops. The Mexican authorities also claimed the Apache scouts were guilty of stealing livestock. (On January 10, Crawford had captured Geronimo's stolen stock, some 300 horses, and he was in possession of it during the attack the next day.)

In 1887, Mexico returned the animals taken from Maus and gave a draft of $500 to cover their use. The U.S. Army awarded the Medal of Honor to Maus in 1894 for his actions in the fight. As for the fate of his *compadres*, Lt. William Shipp was killed in the battle for San Juan Hill in 1897, while Tom Horn was hanged for murder in 1903.

Recommended: *The Apache Wars* by Paul Andrew Hutton, published by Crown; *Tom Horn in Life and Legend* by Larry D. Ball, published by University of Oklahoma Press; and *From Cochise to Geronimo* by Edwin R. Sweeney, published by University of Oklahoma Press

BY JOHN P. LANGELLIER

LITTLE KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

Tombstone's True Hero

Jim Young served his country honorably before settling down in Arizona's legendary burg.

In the spring of 1896, during the manhunt for the Apache Kid, Arizona's most wanted, Tombstone surveyor H.G. Howe recommended to Sen. William M. Stewart a man who could track down the renegade:

"[Jim] is well acquainted with these Indian trails, knows where the Kid has his supplies sent, and has laid in ambush and watched the Kid come down to a spring to water his horse and drink himself. He says he can go out now with a few selected Indians and capture the Kid…. If the Kid was captured it would be a great relief to all of the settlers and prospectors in the Territory."

Former U.S. Army scout Tom Horn was to join Jim Young, but the two never took to the field after the fugitive who was accused of killing at least two men, if not more. The Apache Kid escaped from justice, and his fate remains unknown to this day.

But what of Young, the black man originally at the center of an unfulfilled plan to apprehend the scourge of the border?

By the late 1870s, he rode west to Arizona with his former boss, the diminutive, but tough, no-nonsense "Texas" John Horton Slaughter. Standing over a head taller than Slaughter, at more than six feet, Young had been enslaved during the antebellum era, joined the regular army as a Buffalo Soldier after emancipation and then became a jack of all trades when he left the military.

When Young reached Arizona, he staked a mining claim for himself. When "Buckskin" Frank Leslie tried to grab Young's diggings, he picked the wrong would-be victim.



In this circa 1912 photo, Jim Young stands near the rear of the stagecoach, with a group of other citizens of Tombstone, Arizona. He was a local fixture in Cochise County, well into the 1930s.

– COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY –

When "Buckskin" Frank Leslie tried to grab Young's diggings, he picked the wrong would-be victim.

Armed with a shotgun, Young challenged the bad man to leave. Leslie retorted that he had only come to help after hearing some folks intended to seize Young's mine.

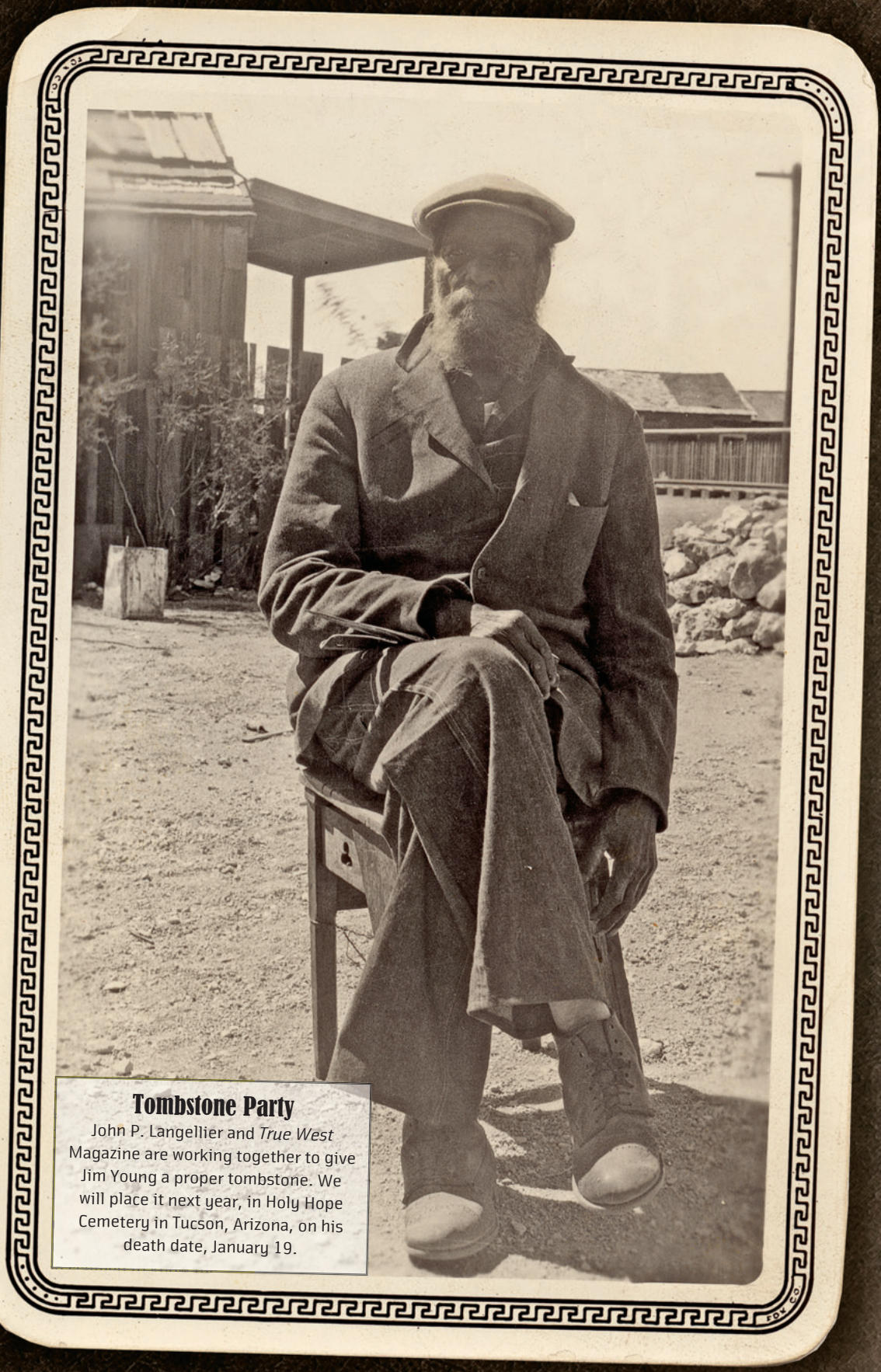
Leslie withdrew. Another time, when he found Young in a store, he almost shot his foe in the back. But the shop owner screamed, foiling the plan. Leslie claimed he was merely examining his six-gun. He never bothered his target again.

Young became a fixture around Cochise County and, according to the *Tombstone Republican* of September 15, 1883, he even turned to boxing. He went four rounds with pugilist Neil McLeod, besting his opponent despite a weight disadvantage of 10 pounds.

In October 1929, Tombstone recognized Young as one of its few remaining residents from its halcyon days of the Earps. He rode in the town's first Helldorado Days Parade. By then, this fixture of Cochise County had relocated to Tucson, where he remained until his death on January 19, 1935. *The Tombstone Epitaph* reported he died at the age of 102!

Regrettably, the final resting place of this unsung frontiersman in Holy Hope Cemetery is unmarked, despite the fact that he, as the *Epitaph* reported, led "one of the most colorful of the lives of Arizona pioneers."

John P. Langellier received his PhD in military history from Kansas State University. He is the author of dozens of books, including *Fighting for Uncle Sam: Blacks in the Frontier Army,* published in March 2016.



Tombstone Party

John P. Langellier and *True West* Magazine are working together to give Jim Young a proper tombstone. We will place it next year, in Holy Hope Cemetery in Tucson, Arizona, on his death date, January 19.

Judging from this candid snapshot taken of Jim Young in Tombstone, Arizona, in July 1927, the 94 year old remained an imposing figure.

– COURTESY ARIZONA STATE ARCHIVES –

BY TERRY A. DEL BENE

Outrunning the Apaches

A novice scout runs for his life during Geronimo's reign of terror in the Arizona wilderness.

In the Arizona wilderness of 1881, 20-year-old courier Frederick Russell Burnham knew that the assignment from Neil McLeod, one of Tombstone's many larger-than-life personalities, was fraught with danger. The Apaches were on the warpath, and McLeod, a smuggler and prizefighter, desired to send a message to associates in the Mexican state of Sonora. Burnham, who considered McLeod a mentor, readily accepted the dangerous assignment

Outfitted to appear uninteresting to Arizona's human predators, with a bony horse, a beat up saddle, a canteen, a bag of cornmeal, a bag of barley, jerky and a sawed-off Colt pistol, Burnham rode into the backcountry, headed for a message drop location at Cabeza Borago in Sonora.

With Geronimo and other "broncos" then raiding the countryside, the mission bordered on foolhardy. One careless move and Burnham might wind up dead or even worse, captured. The Apaches were renowned for inflicting a variety of tortures upon those unfortunate enough to fall into their hands while yet living.

Burnham easily made his way to the drop site, where he buried a brass matchbox containing the message and lit a fire above it. When the message was picked up, an answering fire would inform the young courier. When he saw the fire on the third night, he started for home, about an hour before midnight, riding west of Fronteras.

> "There is nothing that sharpens a man's senses so acutely as to know that bitter and determined enemies are in pursuit of him night and day."
>
> –Frederick Russell Burnham

At daylight he halted at a Mexican ranch, hiding his horse where it could feed on the sparse grasses and taking an opportunity to take a nap atop a rocky ridge. He took precautions like caching his food and his tack while keeping his canteen, gun, field glasses, leggings, and Mexican moccasins *(tawas)* on his person.

Burnham's calm was shaken when he heard something moving nearby. The unmistakable sound of a cloth-covered canteen bumping against a rock told the young man much about his visitor. He deduced his unseen visitor must be a reservation Apache and, as such, the man likely was armed with a military rifle.

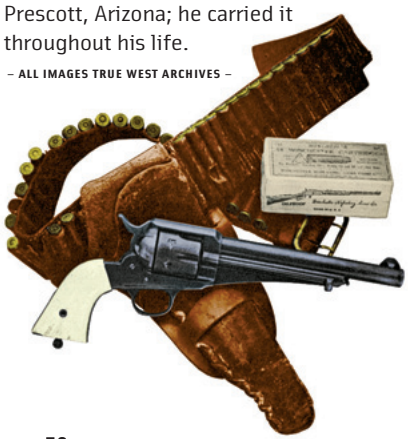
When the Apache moved toward Burnham's hiding place, the two waltzed among the heavy brush, as Burnham left to silently swap spots with the approaching Apache. When he slipped past the scout, though, he found his escape route "alive with Apaches." A war party was dividing booty from a raid on a nearby ranch. Burnham's sawed-off Colt barked and started a general pandemonium. He fired several shots before tearing through the underbrush as fast as his strong legs could carry him.

Literally running for his life, Burnham plunged off a short cliff, losing his hat and canteen in the process, with his fall broken by a mesquite bush. Envisaging trackers following his every move, he abandoned his bony horse and steeled himself for a long race against the agile Apaches. Much to his chagrin, but fortunate for his survival, the valley before him sported dense patches of cholla, a desert plant that deterred even the Apaches. Running through such thorn patches was akin to swimming across a piranha-infested river in the jungle.

Hearing a shrill Apache war cry close by, he ran his heart out. The sunburnt, thorn-scratched Burnham covered roughly 100 miles of Apache-controlled territory to Tombstone, hatless and without a canteen. This tale was only one of many survival stories in his life. As a baby, he was hidden by his mother in a basket of corn husks during the Dakota War of 1862. He performed his first scouting, for the War Department in 1881, when he was hired by Albert D. Sterling, the San Carlos Reservation chief of police. Given his successful run for his life that year, Burnham is best summed up by Capt. S.L. Burbridge's first impression of the young man: "I'm looking for a scout who is half jackrabbit and half wolf, and by the eternal blazes I believe you are it."

Teenaged Frederick Russell Burnham purchased this six-shooter while in Prescott, Arizona; he carried it throughout his life.

– ALL IMAGES TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



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

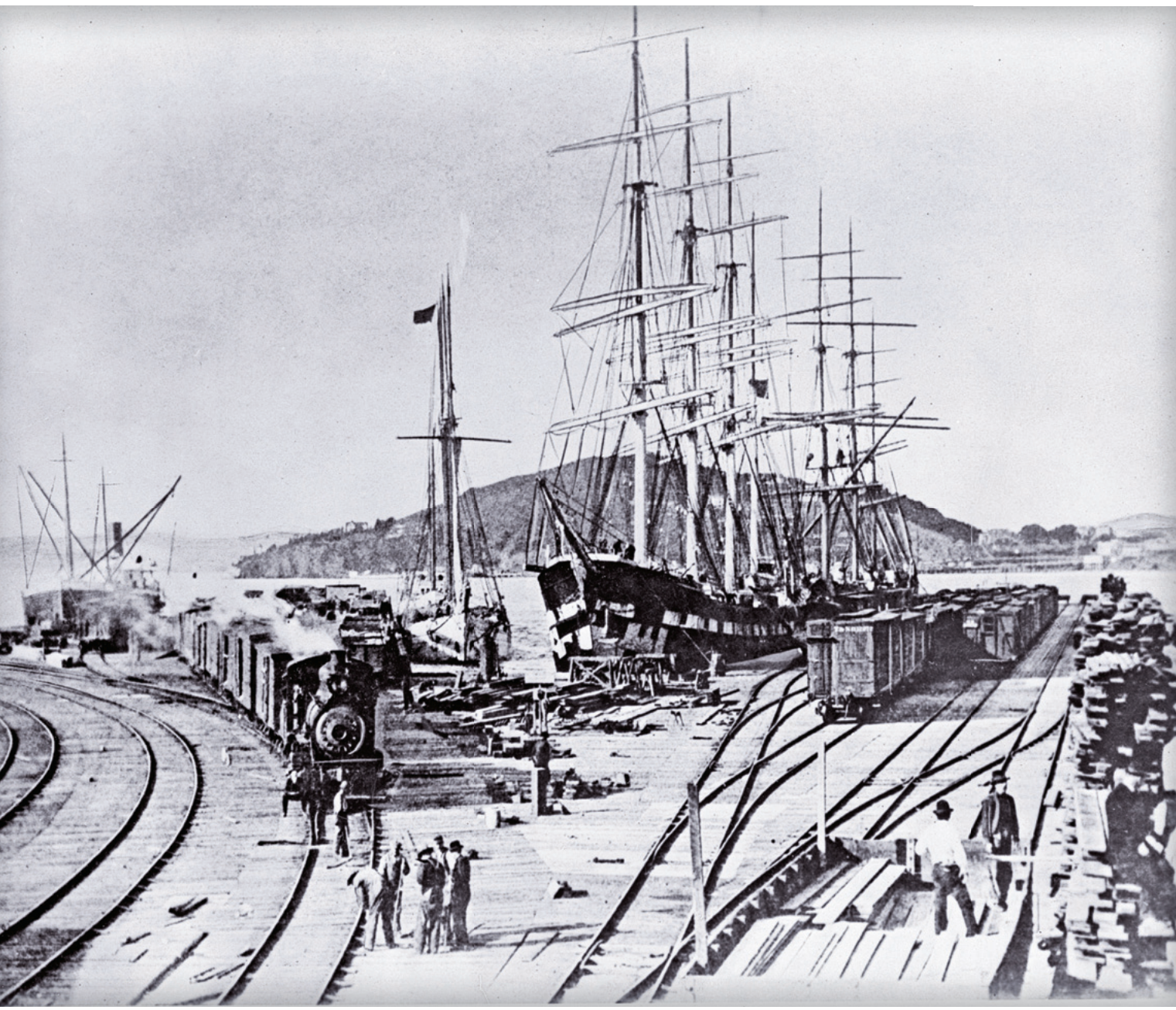


After the closing of the American frontier, Burnham sought action in South Africa—moving his family there in 1893. He served heroically in the British Army throughout the Boer Wars. He is shown here after his investiture with the cross of the Distinguished Service Order by King Edward VII in 1901. He wore a black armband in mourning over the recent death of Queen Victoria.

BY CANDY MOULTON

Building the Central Pacific Railroad

Trail the rails from California to Utah and discover the epic engineering feat that connected a nation.



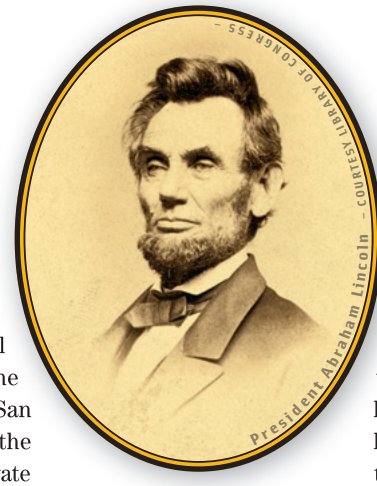
To save time and money in 1868, Central Pacific Railroad owners shifted their freight and passenger service to and from San Francisco to ferry, barge and shipping wharves in Oakland, California.

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A century and a half ago, steel rails began stretching across the landscape to link this nation. In an 1832 article published by the *New York Courier*, Dr. Hartwell Carver advocated construction of a transcontinental railroad from Lake Michigan to Oregon. Fifteen years later he sought a public charter from Congress to build such a railroad.

Congress finally took action in 1856 when the Select Committee on the Railroad and Telegraph in the U.S. House of Representatives endorsed a Pacific Railway bill, writing: "The necessity that now exists for constructing lines of railroad and telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of this continent is no longer a question for argument; it is conceded by everyone. In order to maintain our present position on the Pacific, we must have some more speedy and direct means of intercourse than is at present afforded by the route through the possessions of a foreign power."

President Abraham Lincoln signed the Pacific Railway Act into law in 1862, and construction started in 1863.



President Abraham Lincoln signed the Pacific Railway Act into law in 1862.

Although Carver had proposed a railroad from Lake Michigan to Oregon, this first transcontinental railroad would be a line between Omaha and San Francisco. It became the joint effort of three private companies, all of them largely supported by federal funding in the form of bonds and tremendous land grants.

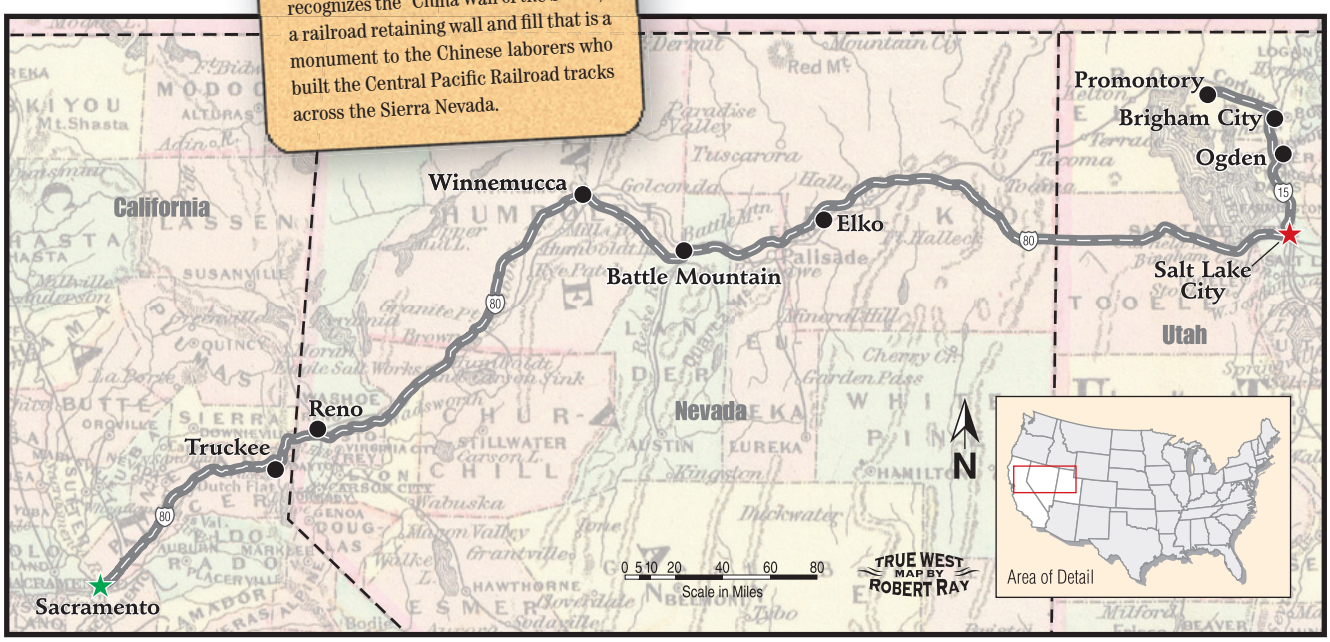
The Western Pacific Railway Company would build a line between Oakland and Sacramento, California. The Union Pacific would construct the railroad from Omaha west to Utah. The middle link was under development by the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California. This latter enterprise, planned by Theodore Judah, was financed and managed by Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, Collis Huntington and Mark Hopkins. They became known as The Big Four, or The Associates. These California businessmen were the driving forces behind the Central Pacific Railroad (CPRR), but thousands of Chinese laborers built the 690-mile line from Sacramento to Promontory Summit in Utah.

THE DREAM BEGINS IN SACRAMENTO

A good place to start a tour of this route is at the California State Railroad Museum in Old Sacramento. Rolling stock, such as the Central Pacific Railroad's *Gov. Stanford* locomotive No. 1, is on display among the exhibits that highlight the development plans and construction of the CPRR. This car, built in 1862 in Philadelphia, was disassembled and shipped from Boston to San Francisco in 1862, making the trip around Cape Horn in crates. Once reassembled in California, it pulled the first excursion train of the CPRR in March 1864, and also the first scheduled passenger train that April. This museum

Historical Marker

A marker on the Donner Pass Road (Old Highway 40) in Truckee, California, recognizes the "China Wall of the Sierra," a railroad retaining wall and fill that is a monument to the Chinese laborers who built the Central Pacific Railroad tracks across the Sierra Nevada.





Collis P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins partnered with Gold Rush entrepreneurs Charles Crocker and Leland Stanford to build the Central Pacific Railroad. Visitors to the Old Sacramento Historic District can tour the reconstructed "Big Four" building, the combined Stanford Brothers Warehouse and Huntington, Hopkins & Company Hardware Store.

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In the mid-1860s, the Central Pacific Railroad freight depot (below)was built adjacent to the Sacramento River on Front Street, just south of the passenger station. The depot was rebuilt in 1986 and today is the passenger station for train rides at the Old Sacramento Historic District.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

has a variety of rolling stock, extensive exhibits, and shows the film *Evidence of a Dream*, all of which give you a good understanding of the Central Pacific.

Heading east, the highway grade on Interstate 80 from Sacramento to the summit of the Sierra is not all that precipitous, but as you begin the

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The Nevada State Train Museum in Carson City honors the heritage of railroading in the Silver State with an outstanding collection of railroad rolling stock, including the Carson & Tahoe Lumber & Fluming Company's 1875 Baldwin locomotive *Glenbrook* (right).

– COURTESY NEVADA STATE TRAIN MUSEUM, CARSON CITY –

descent down the east flank of the mountain range into Nevada, it becomes steeper, and more scenic.

This was the highest point on the Central Pacific line. Of course trains don't do that well on steep inclines and the descents necessary to go over mountain ranges, so Lewis Clement engineered a route through the mountains. Using black powder and nitroglycerin—plus the back-breaking labor provided by Chinese workers—Clement punched a dozen tunnels through the granite. The laborers worked from both sides—east and west, meeting in the middle with a precision that was—and remains—an engineering marvel. At times the Chinese lowered themselves from ropes slung from the top of the mountain peaks. Once they had drilled and packed the black powder charges into the rock, they lit fuses and then ascended their ropes to get out of the way of the explosion. Of course, many died due to accidents in construction and the effects of often brutal winter weather.

The Central Pacific construction proceeded slowly. Only about 50 miles of track were laid in the first two years. But by the summer of 1868, at least 4,000 workers, most of them Chinese, had made it across the Sierra and descended to the Great Basin.

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The Union Station Museum in Ogden, Utah, houses four museums and two galleries dedicated to the state's history and heritage. The Utah State Railroad Museum celebrates the construction of the transcontinental railroad and its role in building the West.

– COURTESY UTAH OFFICE OF TOURISM –

highway—and the railroad route—parallels the California Trail, which was literally put out of business when the railroad completed its link at Promontory, Utah, on May 10, 1869.

For railroad history in Nevada, visit the Nevada Railroad Museum in Carson City, where you can take a ride on a 1905 steam locomotive, the *Virginia & Truckee #25*, or one of the museum's other cars—a 1910 McKeen Motor Car and a 1926 Edwards Motor Car. They operate most weekends through the summer into October, and some weekends during October and December. The museum itself is open Thursday through Monday.

The Humboldt Museum in Winnemucca has a collection of early vehicles, including some horse-drawn wagons and early automobiles. To learn about the earlier wagon migrations across the region, visit the California Trail Interpretive Center, just west of Elko.

The highway route diverts from the original line of the Central Pacific, as I-80 stretches across Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats and into Salt Lake City. This also parallels the route of today's rail line across Utah and Nevada. If you want to ride the rails today, you can do it on Amtrak's *California Zephyr* (just don't plan any specific arrival times as the train is not always on time).



The Gold Rush exhibit at the California Trail Interpretive Center in Elko, Nevada, explains the impact of the thousands of miners who traveled the emigrant trail westward to the Golden State in search of an elusive bonanza.

– COURTESY TRAVELNEVADA –



Twice a day in the summer, visitors to the Golden Spike National Historic Site at Promontory Summit, Utah, can witness the "Golden Spike" re-enactment in front of Central Pacific's *Jupiter* (above), commemorating its meeting with the Union Pacific's *119* at the same spot it occurred on May 10, 1869.

– COURTESY NPS.GOV –

THE NATION UNITED AT PROMONTORY

To see where the Union Pacific and Central Pacific finally linked the nation in 1869, continue north out of Salt Lake City on I-15 to Ogden and then to Brigham City, Utah, before turning west on UT 83. This road, and another spur road, will give you views of the original grade, cuts and fills along the Central Pacific route, before reaching Promontory and the Golden Spike National Historic Site.

The truth is, you have to really want to visit Promontory because it is pretty far from the well-traveled interstate highway and can be a long diversion for which you will most likely have the road almost to yourself. However, the opportunity to stand for which the railroads connected the nation in those pivotal years after the Civil War is absolutely worth the drive.

Chinese and Irish workers laid the last ten miles of track and some were still on hand when dignitaries, a band and a cheering crowd came out for the driving of the golden spike.

A report published on May 15, 1869, in San Francisco, provided a description of the celebration at Promontory: "J.H. Strobridge, when the work was all over, invited the Chinese who had been brought over from Victory for that purpose, to dine at his boarding car. When they entered, all the guests and officers present cheered them as the chosen representatives of the race which have greatly helped to build the road…a tribute they well deserved and which evidently gave them much pleasure."

The Central Pacific Railroad and Union Pacific Railroad truly united the nation at a time when such a link was essential, not only for the symbolism it represented that the United States was connected, but also for the economic opportunities the line represented. Now it was possible to transport freight and families. The journey west from the Missouri River that once took nearly six months by wagon could now be done in less than two weeks. It was a remarkable achievement, and is a lasting reminder of how determination and hard work come together for great good.

Candy Moulton spends her time on the road, exploring the West, and once in a while, actually hangs her hat at her home near Encampment, Wyoming.

Side Roads



– COURTESY DELTA KING HOTEL –

Delta King Hotel/ Old Sacramento, CA

CELEBRATIONS & EVENTS

The **California State Railroad Museum** has weekend excursion rides on both steam and diesel trains, with special **Polar Express** trains as well as holiday trains. *November 25-26* is the Small Train Holiday at the **California State Railroad Museum** featuring an assortment of trains, running on hundreds of feet of track with accessories and buildings.

Ride the steam train or motor car during weekend excursions *(May-September, some weekends in October, November and December)* at the **Nevada State Railroad Museum** in Carson City. Special programs and exhibits are held for **Golden Spike National Historic Site Designation Day**, annually every *April 2*.

PLACES TO VISIT

California State Railroad Museum, *Sacramento, CA*; **Nevada State Railroad Museum**, *Carson City, NV*; **Dayton Museum**, *Dayton, NV*; **Humboldt Museum**, *Winnemucca, NV*; **California Trail Interpretive Center**, *Elko, NV*; **Union Station Museum**, *Ogden, UT*; **Golden Spike National Heritage Site**, *Brigham City, UT*

GOOD EATS & SLEEPS

Grub: Café Bernardo, *Sacramento, CA*; **Martin Hotel**, *Winnemucca, NV*; **Ormachea's Dinner House**, *Winnemucca, NV*; **Luciano's**, *Elko, NV*; **Red Iguana**, *Salt Lake City, UT*; **Hi Hat Diner**, *Clearfield, UT*

Lodging: Delta King Hotel(above), *Old Sacramento, CA*; **Embassy Suites Riverfront Promenade**, *Sacramento, CA*; **The Grand America Hotel**, *Salt Lake City, UT*; ***Cottonwood Guest Ranch***, *Wells, NV*

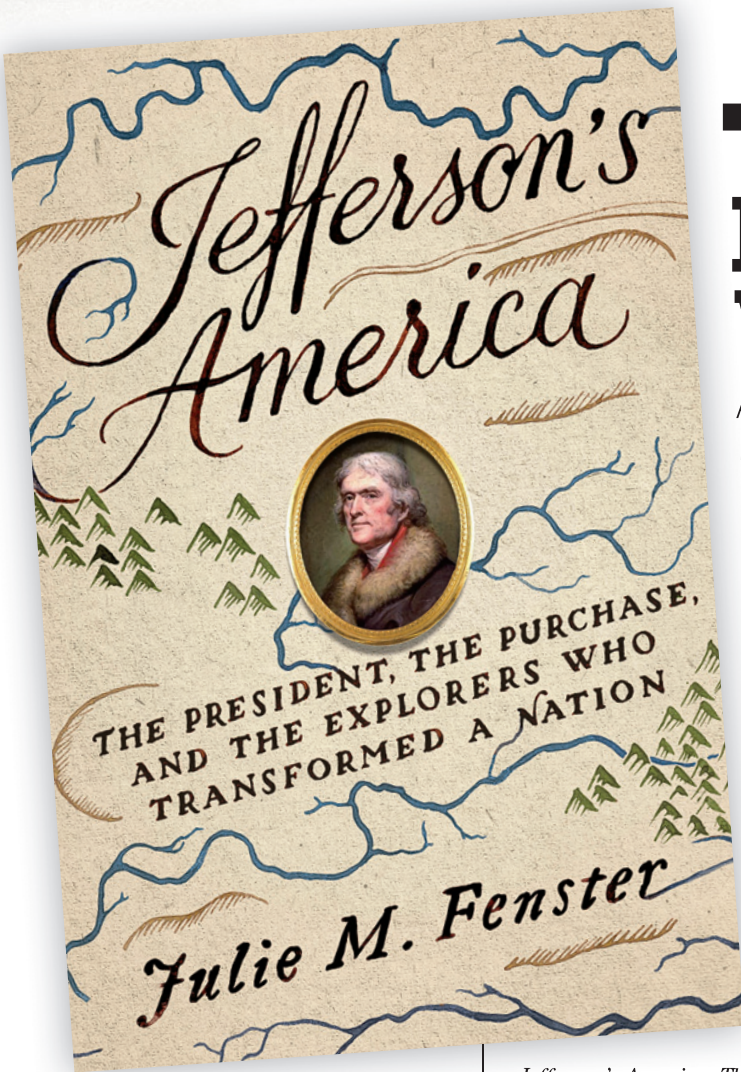
GOOD BOOKS, FILM & TV

Books: ***Empire Express: Building the First Transcontinental Railroad*** by David Haward Bain; ***Rival Rails: The Race to Build America's Greatest Transcontinental Railroad*** by Walter R. Borneman; ***Iron Muse: Photographing the Transcontinental Railroad*** by Glenn Willumson.

Film & TV: ***Complete History of America's Railroads*** (Kaw Valley Films, 2009); ***Evidence of a Dream*** (California State Railroad Museum, 1990); ***American Experience: Transcontinental Railroad*** (PBS/WGBH, 2003); ***Hell on Wheels***, a dramatization of Union Pacific construction (AMC, 2011-'16).

WESTERN BOOKS

BOOK REVIEWS EDITOR: STUART ROSEBROOK



The Boundless West

A visionary biography of Thomas Jefferson's Western ambitions, plus an Apache history anthology, a peek at John James Audubon's once-lost journals, a cowboy's life and an Old West Arizona tale.

Someone once said, "Shakespeare has tragedies, the rest of us just have messes." Fortunately for President Thomas Jefferson, his vision of a continental nation from the Atlantic to the Pacific did not end in multiple military tragedies against the British, French and Spanish Empires for control of North America between 1801 and 1809. Rather, he satisfied his Western ambitions with a series of challenging, diplomatic engagements that avoided war with the three Empires, a foreign invasion or loss of territorial gains in the Trans-Appalachian West, the Louisiana Purchase from Napoleonic France, the peaceful transference of the Mississippi River Valley from Spain to the United States, and five successful surveys of the continent's interior. The complexity of the Virginia-born president's diplomatic maneuvers is expertly detailed in Julie M. Fenster's *Jefferson's America: The President, the Purchase, and the Explorers who Transformed a Nation* (Crown, $30).

Fenster succinctly states in her opening chapter: "The fact that the Jefferson administration is best known for the Louisiana Purchase of 1803 and not for the disastrous War of Louisiana—a war that was soberly expected, but never occurred—is the result of a diplomatic attitude that reflected Jefferson personally."

As an American historian interested in the origins of our nation as it relates to the growth of the Western United States, frontier and Manifest Destiny history, I highly recommend Fenster's masterful, complex tale of jealousy, rivalry, ambition and greed. She spins a masterful, adventure-filled tale of intrigue, diplomatic maneuverings, and nimble political deal-making for Western lands. Her conclusions on Jefferson's presidential aspirations for Western expansion will permanently cement any doubts that the Virginian is the father of the American West.

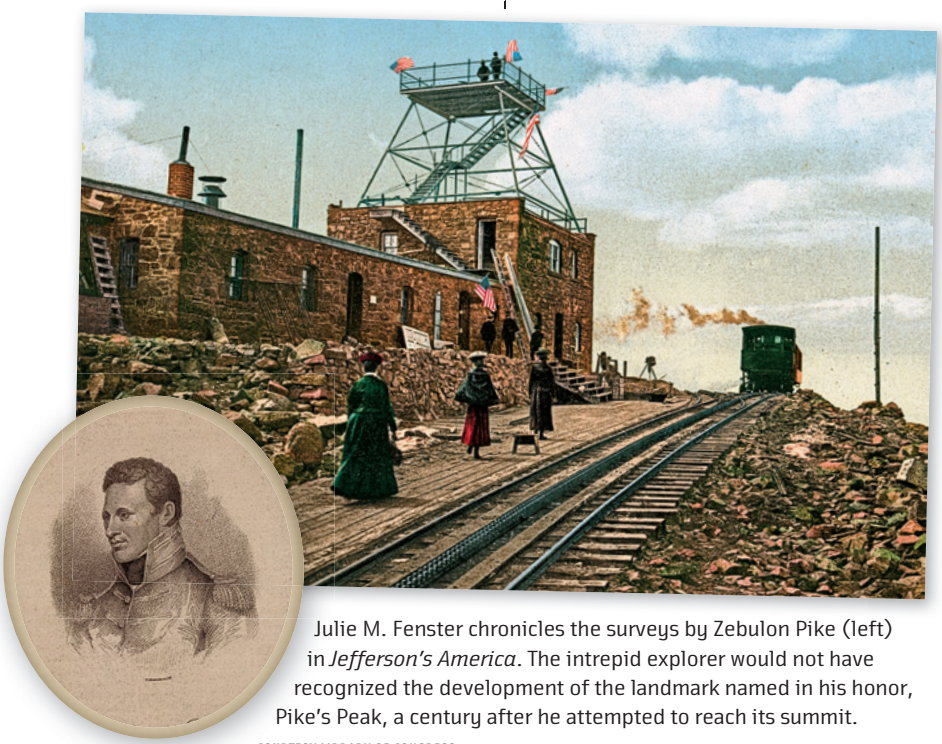
Equal to my praise for Fenster's interpretation of Jefferson's ambitions in the West is my conclusion that the underlying strength of *Jefferson's America* is her highly detailed chronicling of the five major Western surveys—and the men who led them—chartered under the third president's leadership. In addition to recounting Meriwether Lewis and William Clark's Corps of Discovery's legendary round-trip journey to the Pacific, Fenster details Zebulon Pike's back-to-back Upper Mississippi and Rocky Mountain expeditions in 1805-1806 and 1806-1807, William Dunbar and Dr. George Hunter's expedition up the Ouachita River in 1804-1805, and the Red River survey of 1806 by Peter Custis, Thomas Freeman and Richard Sparks.

She also provides insightful vignettes on lesser-known Western bravados, including Welshman John Evans, who was determined to discover the lost tribe of redheaded Welsh Indians, even if it meant imprisonment and serving at the behest of the Spanish Empire; and the short but courageous life of Irish mustang hunter, Philip Nolan, who was the earliest of America's storied Westerners, personifying the tradition of folk-hero cowboys who thrived on the open range, riding herd by day with a posse and making the most of an open campfire every night.

Similar to fellow Crown author Paul Andrew Hutton's *The Apache Wars*, Fenster's *Jefferson's America* does not stray into modern politics or attempt to draw in empirical politics or political correctness of the 21st century into its research or conclusions. The independent historian from upstate New York provides a balanced, very detailed story of the Republic's growth and continental ambitions in the first decade of the 19th century that must be understood to gain a greater foundation of American continental ambitions—and relations with European rivals and Native tribes across North America.

Fenster allows readers to draw their own conclusions on Jefferson's successes and failures as president. My conclusion: America's author of the Declaration of Independence would die 17 years later with a view of the Blue Ridge Mountains and the blue, boundless Western horizon from his beloved Monticello on July 4, 1826 with full knowledge that his Westward vision of America—and the courageous surveyors who walked where he could not—had successfully platted a national direction Westward—no matter the unknown challenges of the trail ahead.

—Stuart Rosebrook



Julie M. Fenster chronicles the surveys by Zebulon Pike (left) in *Jefferson's America*. The intrepid explorer would not have recognized the development of the landmark named in his honor, Pike's Peak, a century after he attempted to reach its summit.

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REST IN PEACE



– STUART ROSEBROOK COLLECTION –

My Western Poet: Merle Haggard

April 6, 1937-April 6, 2016

I cried the day Merle Haggard died, not just because of his sudden passing on his 79th birthday at his ranch in Redding, California, but because Merle Haggard was the most influential Western poet in my life.

I grew up in North Hollywood, California, in the late 1960s and 1970s. My parents filled our house with books, art and music. And not just any music: Country and Western music. On the shelf between *Hank Williams' Greatest Hits* and Johnny Cash's *At Folsom Prison* was Merle Haggard's *Sing Me Back Home*. And when we got in the car, unless the Dodgers were playing, the radio was pegged to KLAC, 570 on the AM dial. No Beatles or Stones, Dylan or Doors; I was weaned on Country music and the simple poetry of the man from Bakersfield. The Californian's simple lyrics of living, loving and dying in the U.S. of A., was imprinted on my young mind. And ever since, wherever I am, whenever I hear the voice of Merle Haggard, I'm reminded of where I'm from, and it makes it easier to get where I'm going.

He is my poet, a Western troubadour who will always sing me back home.

–Stuart Rosebrook





Dispatches from the Fort Apache Scout is a finely edited compilation of essays published between 1973 and 1977, written by Lori Davisson, Edgar Perry and the original staff of the White Mountain Apache Cultural Center.

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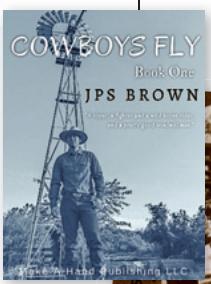
APACHE HISTORY FROM THE NDEE

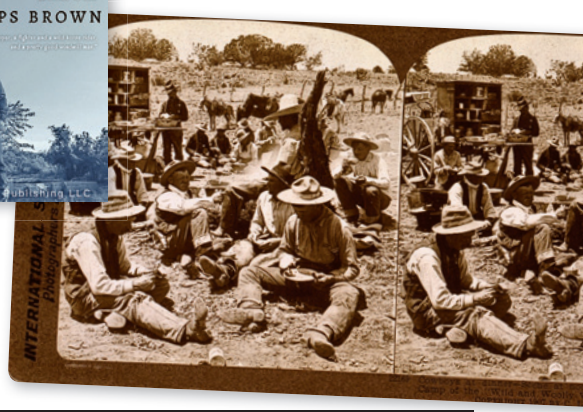
The long title of Lori Davisson's *Dispatches from the Fort Apache Scout: White Mountain and Cibecue Apache History Through 1881* (University of Arizona Press $19.95) is not indicative of this anthology. In fact, the publication is a brief, breezy, easy-to-read compilation of articles written between 1973 and 1977 by a number of contributors led by Davidson, whose knowledge and passion of the *Ndee* (meaning "the people" as the Western Apache traditionally referred to themselves) was infectious. Consequently, this fast-paced collection of stories is a welcome addition to the extensive literature on the topic. Many hands and voices, especially tribal historian Edgar Perry, went into this collaborative effort, as demonstrated by a long list of acknowledgements provided by John R. Welch, who ably edited these essays with a light but skillful hand.

— John Langellier, author of Fighting for Uncle Sam: Buffalo Soldiers in the Frontier Army

TALES OF A LEGENDARY WESTERN LIFE

J.P.S. Brown writes books about the true life of the cowboy, not the saloon and bodice tales that so enthrall other practitioners of the genre. His latest, *Cowboys Fly: Book One*, is a collection





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of eight stories telling of events he has lived and people he has known, many of them in Mexico and along the border near Nogales, Arizona, where he began cowboying as a boy.

In "One Gillette," a cow hand talks to an eight-year-old about joining a trail crew: "I'll say one thing, if you're with us for the rest of today, you'll have to be darned tough, because you'll do it barefoot, bareheaded, and on one can of tomatoes and six saltines. But then, to be a cowboy, you'll learn that sometimes you might have to work a whole season, from winter to fall, on one Gillette."

He meant one razor. That's the kind of detail readers get from Brown, who, at 86, still "can't get over the music my spurs make on both sides of a horse." Readers will hear the music, too.

—Leo W. Banks, author of Double Cross: Treachery in the Apache Wars



Author J.P.S. Brown's lifetime of ranching and cowboying on both sides of the Arizona–Sonora border was the inspiration for his latest collection of short stories, *Cowboys Fly*.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

AUDUBON'S WILD WEST

John James Audubon, revolutionary bird artist and founder of modern ornithology, traveled the American frontier in pursuit of his goals and recorded his adventures in voluminous journals. "No more extensive eyewitness testimony to the youthful United States…was ever written," notes Daniel Patterson, editor and commentator of *The Missouri River Journals of John James Audubon* (University of Nebraska Press, $75). One of Audubon's most exciting excursions was his 1843 trip





Audubon biographer Daniel Patterson's latest volume, *The Missouri River Journals of John James Audubon*, provides detailed insights into the naturalist's last Western adventure based on fragments of his 1843 Missouri River diaries from St. Louis to Fort Union, which were long thought to be permanently lost.

– COURTESY OF JULIE COLLINS SMITH MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, AUBURN UNIVERSITY; LOUISE HAUSS AND DAVID BRENT MILLER AUDUBON COLLECTION –





BUILDING YOUR WESTERN LIBRARY

POET, PROFESSOR, HISTORIAN— HIS WEST BEGINS IN THE EAST


COURTESY WILLIAM HEATH

In March, Mount St. Mary's University Emeritus Professor William Heath received a great surprise from the Western Writers of America: his 2015 biography from the University of Oklahoma Press, *William Wells and the Struggle for the Old Northwest*, had garnered two 2016 Spur Awards: Best Western Historical Nonfiction and Best First Nonfiction Book.

A native of northeastern Ohio, Heath's interest in Trans-Appalachian history began at an early age as he learned about his family's pioneer history in the Buckeye state. After earning his M.A. and Ph.D. from Case Western University, the Ohioan began teaching in 1967. With over 100 poems published he first considered himself a poet. In the 1980s, he began writing novels, including *Blacksnake's Path: The True Adventures of William Wells*. About the biography of Wells, Heath says, "I tried to combine my writing skills as a poet and novelist with my training in history." Without a doubt, he succeeded.

His next book is *Conversations with Robert Stone* (University of Mississippi Press), a collection of his interviews with the major American novelist, best known perhaps for *Dog Soldiers*.

Heath and his wife, Roser Caminals-Heath, a Catalan novelist, live in Frederick, Maryland. He highly recommends these five outstanding history books on the Trans-Appalachian West/Old Northwest:

❶ ***The Middle Ground: Indians, Empires and Republics in the Great Lakes Region, 1650-1815*** (Richard White, Cambridge University Press): Still the best overview of the period, White traces how the French, English and Americans interacted with Indians in the Great Lakes Region from 1650 to 1815, moving from mutual respect ("the middle ground") to mutual contempt over the years.

❷ ***Into the American Woods: Negotiators on the Pennsylvania Frontier*** (James H. Merrell, W.W. Norton): For Pennsylvania frontier history, I recommend Merrell's ground-breaking research *Into the American Woods*, which earned the Vassar College professor his second Bancroft Prize from Columbia University in 2000. He pays particular attention to those men who were able to go between and negotiate between whites and Indians, albeit often with tragic results.

❸ ***Tecumseh: A Life*** (John Sugden, Henry Holt): Sugden's biography of the legendary Shawnee leader is impressively researched; among the host of books on Tecumseh his is usually the most reliable, although I differ with his evaluation of William Wells.

❹ ***Frontier Indiana: A History of the Trans-Appalachian Frontier*** (Drew Cayton, Indiana University Press): In the late Drew Cayton's best book, he makes a conscientious effort to look at the period from multiple perspectives, whites and Indians, men and women, and its interpretations are always sensible.

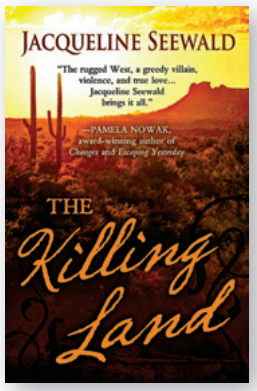
❺ ***The Victory With No Name: The Native American Defeat of the First American Army*** (Colin Calloway, Oxford University Press): Calloway's most recent work is a detailed account of St. Clair's Defeat of 1791, the biggest victory the Indians ever won against the U. S. Army, whose losses were about three times as great as Custer's Last Stand.



to the Upper Missouri country, in search of western quadrupeds.

An indefatigable researcher, Patterson has unearthed portions of the original Missouri River journals, thought to have been destroyed by Audubon's granddaughter after she produced her own, sanitized edition of his writings. Patterson compares the granddaughter's version with the originals and includes superb commentary. Calling for a new look at Audubon's attitudes on conservation, this is an important, groundbreaking work.

—*Nancy Plain, author of* This Strange Wilderness: The Life and Art of John James Audubon



ROUGH AND RUGGED ARIZONA

Mary MacGreggor and Cal Davis love and hate each other from day one. Here in 1880s Arizona Territory, they are meant to be together, both however, denying feelings other than anger, jealousy and enormous amounts of misunderstandings.

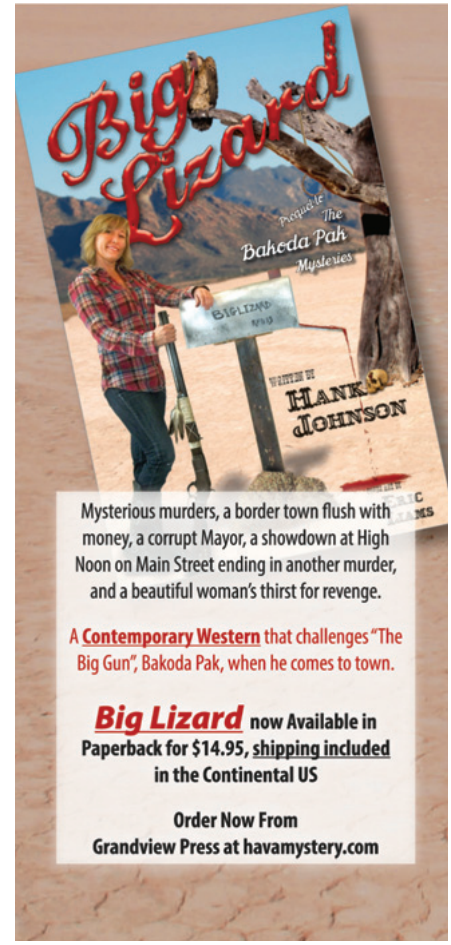
Cattlemen such as Davis, homesteaders like MacGreggor, and sheepherders vie for the same land. Throw into the mix the Harris brothers, paid gunmen who love nothing more than killing for money. Luke Harris, the most interesting of all the characters, lives and kills by his own set of values.

It takes killings, kidnappings and an almost range war for high-spirited and stubborn Mary and Cal to acknowledge they love each other. Providing a better sense of place and stronger writing *The Killing Land* (Five Star Publishing, $25.95) would turn these two-dimensional characters into people readers would care about.

—*Melody Groves, author of* Ropes, Reins, and Rawhide: All About Rodeo







BY HENRY C. PARKE

Redford's Summer Surprise

Frontier legendary characters step onto the screen in a much-needed "big picture" approach.





Don't dismiss AMC's latest Westerns offering as ho-hum. The cast of characters may be familiar, but they are presented as part of the story of post-Civil War expansion into the West. One compelling narrative threads together disappointed Confederate Jesse James (starring David H. Stevens, above) to displaced Crazy Horse (Will Strongheart, left).

– CRAZY HORSE PHOTO BY KRIS CONNOR; JAMES PHOTO BY LAWRENCE FRENCH / GETTY IMAGES FOR AMC –

A documentary series on our nation's frontier history airs this summer and, yes, it too focuses on legendary characters Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Crazy Horse, George Custer, Sitting Bull and Wyatt Earp. We will forgive you for rolling your eyes.

AMC concluded five seasons of its hit *Hell on Wheels* this summer by moving up an eight-episode documentary series, *The American West*, which premiered June 11 and will run for eight weeks. Partnered with Stephen David, the man who made the series possible is Robert Redford, who has become legendary in the Westerns genre for his roles, the Sundance Kid and Jeremiah Johnson, and for directing 1992's *A River Runs Through It* and 1998's *The Horse Whisperer*.

The first of this sort of miniseries, the excellent *The Wild West*, narrated by Jack Lemmon and voiced by a score of fine actors, aired on the A&E Network in 1993. Every year or so since, something similar comes along. Each show has redundantly focused on the same less than a dozen "star" characters.

In recent years, *Gunslingers* or Bill O'Reilly's *Legends & Lies* standardized the Ken Burns documentary format: talking head shots of historians, voice actors reading journals and historical photographs optically panned to give a sense of movement. The one notable addition over the years is an increasing amount of historical re-enactment scenes.

The surprise is that, without straying too far from this now-familiar approach, Redford's series is a major cut above most. One difference is clearly money: this series

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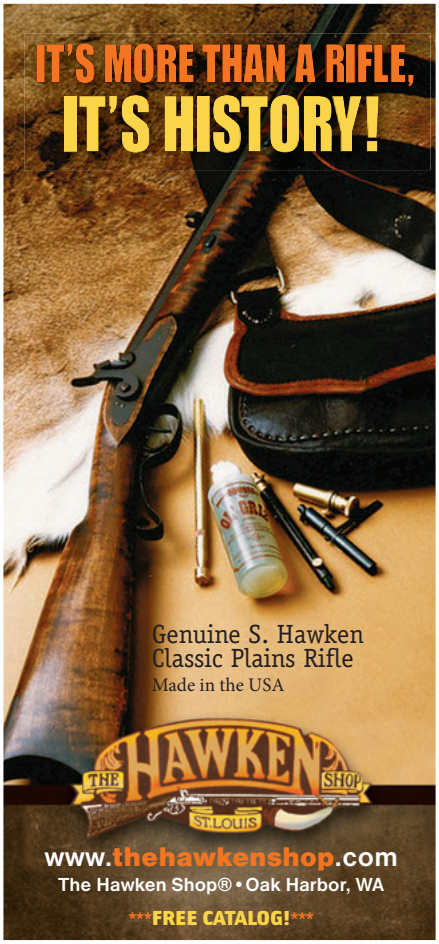
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Familiar frontier character Wyatt Earp is cast in a world where who was an outlaw and who was the law was often a matter of who was winning the West (Earp is played by Jonathan C. Stewart, standing on a ladder on the set of AMC's *The American West*). The series is not perfect. George Custer fans may be furious (although they usually are); the show could have at least dyed actor John C. Bailey's hair blond (inset).

– EARP PHOTO BY MICHAEL MORIATIS / AMC; CUSTER PHOTO BY LAWRENCE FRENCH / GETTY IMAGES FOR AMC –

leans heavily on re-enactment scenes, and the photography, including carefully lit nighttime shots, is stunning. The scenes look like Western movies—big-screen Western movies. Soldiers and civilians are well-played by re-enactors, enough extras were on hand for battle sequences and, most important, the speaking characters are not played by re-enactors, as they often are in documentaries, but by professional actors. While cast for resemblance, and against distracting familiarity, many have notable credits. David H. Stevens, who plays Jesse James, was the lead in 2011's fine faith-based Western, *Redemption: For Robbing the Dead*. Ric Maddox, who plays Pat Garrett, starred in the 2011 independent Western *Renegade* and the recently completed *Dead Men*.

While about half of the commentary is by historians, including *True West's* historical consultant, author Paul Andrew Hutton, the rest is offered by marquee-name stars: Redford, who is extremely knowledgeable about the history of the West, and his co-commentators, Kiefer Sutherland and Tom Selleck. They are joined by Mark Harmon, Burt Reynolds, Ed Harris and Danny Glover, as well as Arizona Sen. John McCain and former New Mexico Gov. Bill Richardson.

What distinguishes *The American West* is, rather than having the "Wyatt Earp Episode," the series attempts to give the viewer the "big picture," featuring the bigger-than-life characters within their true context in the overall history.

For instance, here is how the docudrama presents Jesse James: With the end of the Civil War, former general and now U.S. President Ulysses S. Grant is faced with trying to heal the schism between the North and South. Bitter Confederates who came home to nothing but defeat, poverty and humiliation are exemplified by Jesse James, an unhinged guerrilla for whom the war has never ended. Southern lawlessness leads Grant to declare martial law, which infuriates and emboldens more ex-Confederates. In response to the unrest, Grant opens the frontier to settlement. The "vacant" land has been home to Indians for generations, and when they find themselves being squeezed out, Crazy Horse and his followers fight back. Grant's army is soon fighting a two-front war, against the Southerners and the Indians. Grant supports the Transcontinental Railroad that promises to hasten settlement of the land, creating a new field of endeavor for the James boys—robbing trains.

> An unflinching look at an exciting, but deadly, time in our history.

On the surface, the history appears good. But when, to move the story along, history

is painted in hurried strokes, confusion results: for instance, you get the impression that the Transcontinental Railroad was Grant's idea, when Abe Lincoln authorized it. While featuring the man you love to hate, Union Pacific boss Thomas Durant, the depiction of the railroad's construction is so truncated that viewers may not understand that Durant was in a race with the Central Pacific—the series makes it sound like his company is building the entire Transcontinental Railroad.

While not shocking by current movie standards, for a documentary, some of the violence is surprisingly graphic. When James is shot in the chest, you see the blood pumping through the wound. When he later shoots a banker point-blank in the face, the back of the banker's head bursts, splattering blood on the wall behind him. The degree of realism is startling, but feels appropriate for a program taking an unflinching look at an exciting, but deadly, time in our history.

History's appeal is strongest among mature audiences, but producers Stephen David and Tim Kelly have a flair for telling good history that draws in a younger demographic as well: one-third of their History Channel miniseries, 2015's *Sons of Liberty*, was made up of 18- to 49-year-olds. With *The American West*, they may well do it again.



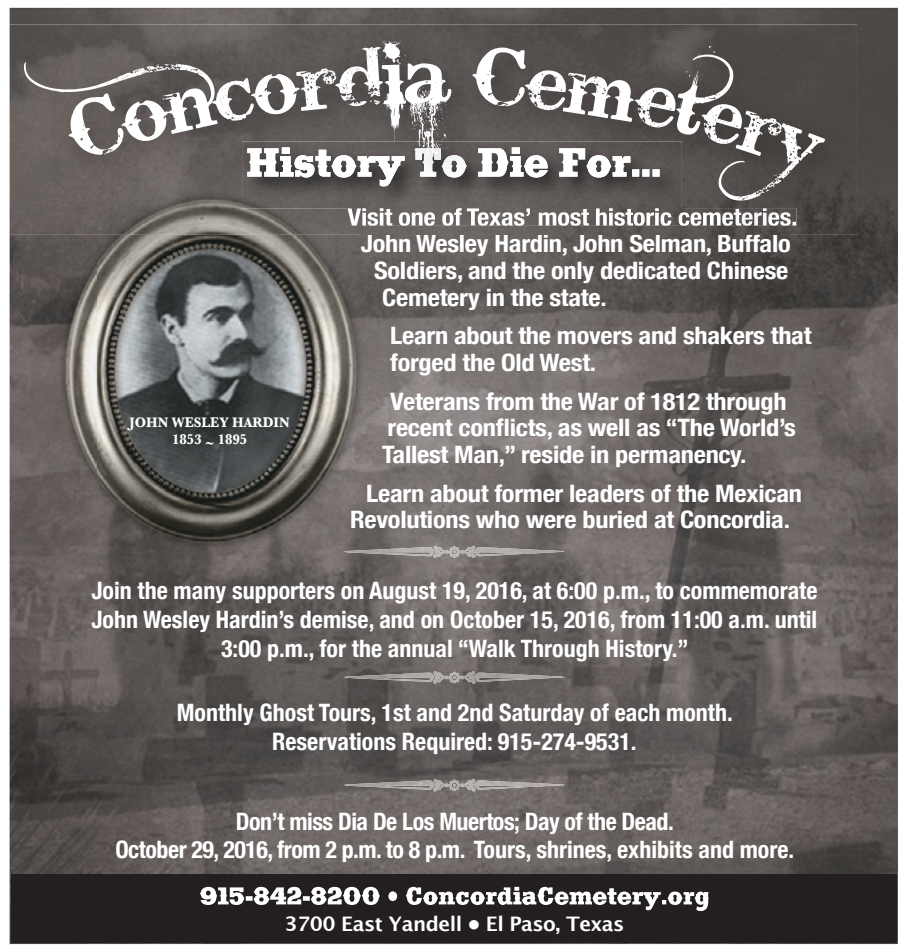
DVD REVIEW

Roughshod

(Warner Home Video, $21.99) Clay Phillips (played by Robert Sterling) and kid brother Steve (*The Yearling's* Claude Jarman Jr.) already have their hands full transporting a string of horses when they learn a homicidal thug (John Ireland) and two cronies are hot on their trail. When the brothers are obliged to take on a quartet of stranded "actresses" (featuring femme fatale Gloria Grahame), the situation gets dire. Director Mark Robson and the writers are all noir specialists. The 1949 Western has dark edges, but warmth as well, and treats every character as if their life mattered.

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





BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Let the Trail Take You to OGALLALA, NEBRASKA



Petrified Wood & Art Gallery

Boot Hill Cowboy Cemetery

Front Street Revue – Old West Show

Mansion on the Hill Museum (circa 1887)

Lake McConaughy

Call 800-658-4390 for a free Visitors Packet.

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Sponsored by the Keith County Visitors Committee



The Myth of Whiskey

Forget what you have seen in Hollywood Westerns.



One of the South's largest whiskey houses made its way out west in 1876. Henry Browne Hunt worked the office in San Francisco, California, while Jesse Moore oversaw the distillery in Louisville, Kentucky. Their AA brand, advertised above, was the company's highest quality whiskey.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



Not all American West pioneers walked up to bars, like Hollywood Westerns often portray, and ordered shots of whiskey. In fact, most would have considered doing so uncouth or ill-mannered. During the Victorian era, fancy drinks were all the rage.

Some of the most popular drinks in frontier saloons in 1881 included Whiskey Punch, Stone Fence and Tom and Jerry. Sure, if you lived in a rural location, simple whiskey may have been your only choice for liquor, but not in places like Denver, Colorado, Virginia City, Nevada, and Tombstone, Arizona.

As saloons multiplied, many of them began offering luxury services to attract customers. A popular trend of the time was for saloons to serve free lunches to patrons. The free food not only attracted folks to an establishment, but also made them thirsty. Saloons offered pickled herring, roast beef, roast turkey, pickled eggs, sardines and olives—one even offered *pâté de foie gras*. Some saloons hired a man, often called a caterer, to supervise and prepare the free lunch.

Saloon owners ordered liquor from a variety of places, which often included agents in California. One notable company was Jesse Moore, Hunt Co. in San Francisco. Customers could choose from AA, A, B or C brands. In the 1880s, AA brand whiskey sold for barrel or half-barrel portions, at $4 per gallon; the same amount of C brand cost only $3 per gallon.

The period's popular brands of U.S. whiskey included Thistle Dew, Old Crow, Hermitage, Old Kentucky, Old Reserve,

Coronet, Log Cabin No. 1, O.K. Cutter, Chicken Cock and Old Forrester. Imports included Dewar's Scotch, Jameson Irish Whiskey and Canadian Club Whiskey.

Some imbibers used creative excuses to drink. Dan Nichols, a remarkably sober and industrious laborer, found himself standing before a southern Arizona judge in 1881, explaining why

> Not all pioneers walked up to bars and ordered shots of whiskey.

he had been arrested. Nichols, charged with being drunk and disorderly, pleaded guilty. He told the judge that he had fallen from grace because he took some of the "Oh to be joyful" to prevent snakebites.

The judge lectured Nichols on the evil of such activities. He pointed out that if Nichols continued this "snake bite prevention," he would bring the "snakes" to him. The judge fined Nichols $5.

Have fun making and drinking the shared 1882 whiskey cocktail, and watch out for the snakes!

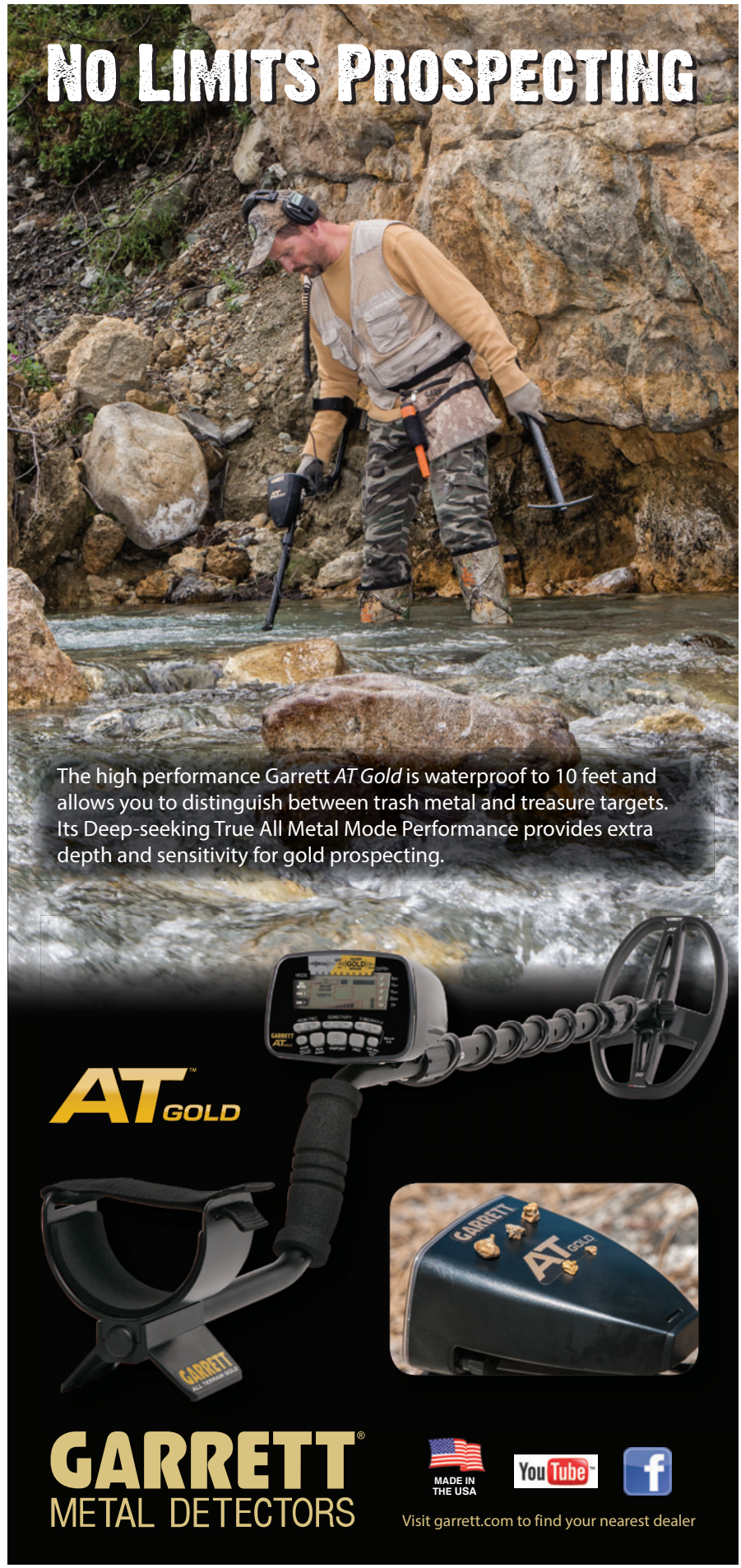
Sherry Monahan has penned *Mrs. Earp: Wives & Lovers of the Earp Brothers*; *California Vines, Wines & Pioneers; Taste of Tombstone*; *The Wicked West* and *Tombstone's Treasure*. She's appeared on the History Channel in *Lost Worlds* and other shows.

STONE FENCE

6 oz. whiskey
2 or 3 ice cubes
Cider

Pour the whiskey and ice cubes into a whiskey glass and then fill to the top with cider. Stir well with a spoon and serve.

Recipe adapted from Harry Johnson's 1882 *New and Improved Bartender's Manual*



BY LEO W. BANKS

Queen of the Cowtowns

Dodge City, Kansas, celebrates its historic role in the settlement of the West.



Dodge City was founded in June 1872, just three months before the arrival of the Santa Fe Railroad. Front Street's notorious establishments eagerly served buffalo hunters and cowboys whatever they desired. Today, visitors can walk the wild avenue's re-created boardwalks and storefronts at the Boot Hill Museum.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

When Dodge City's founders staked out their vision for a town near Fort Dodge in 1872, its first business was George Hoover's bar. He sold whiskey for 25 cents a ladle across a wood plank. The settlement was built just ahead of the tracks of the Santa Fe Railway, and the railroad made it a center for buffalo hunters such as Bat Masterson. In a few years, the Great Western Trail up from Texas made it a thriving cattle shipping hub in the mid-1870s.

Wild cowboys battled tough lawmen, birthing the legend of Dodge as a violent "hell on the plains." But like most legends, it needs tweaking.

"We had gun control. You couldn't wear guns north of the railroad tracks," says George Laughead Jr., retired president of the Ford County Historical Society. "We had a few deaths and some famous ones. But with thousands of drunken cowboys here, it was a pretty good record."

The town still lives the cowboy story, especially during Dodge City Days, a festival that swells the population of 28,500 by four times over ten days. Events include Country-Western concerts, a parade, beauty pageant, Western art show, mock gunfights



The larger-than-life statue of Wyatt Earp is a popular stop on Dodge City's Trail of Fame, at Central Avenue and Wyatt Earp Boulevard, which includes 31 historic medallions along the self-guided tour.

– MAX MCCOY –



Thirsty customers paused from drinking and gambling to pose in front of Chalk Beeson's Long Branch Saloon and George M. Hoover's Bar, on Dodge City's infamous Front Street.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

and a real longhorn cattle drive down Wyatt Earp Boulevard.

Held in late July and early August, the celebration opens with the Boot Hill Bull Fry & Bash featuring calf fries, a Kansas delicacy. What exactly are calf fries? Hint: The event is nicknamed "the testicle festival." When you eat that, smile.

Dodge City's compact size makes exploring it on foot ideal. The town offers a self-guided walking tour that Sandie Masden of the Convention and Visitors Bureau calls "our version of the Hollywood Walk of Fame."

Visitors pass 31 sidewalk medallions commemorating famous residents, real and fictional. Among the latter are characters from the TV Western *Gunsmoke*, which aired from 1955 to 1975 and was set in Dodge.

In 2015, *Gunsmoke* actors Buck Taylor and Burt Reynolds, who played the "half-breed" blacksmith Quint Asper, came to town to celebrate the show's 60th anniversary.

The walking tour also passes statues of Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and *El Capitan*, a huge bronze of a Texas longhorn that anchors downtown. A fourth statue commemorating the cowboy, created in 1927 and on the National Registry of Historic Landmarks, stands atop Boot Hill.

The tour's most recent addition is a medallion near the Santa Fe Depot dedicated to Fred Harvey, the hospitality king who, beginning in 1875, operated hotels and restaurants along Western railroad lines.

After a renovation, the depot has been returned to its 1898 grandeur. Don't miss the second-floor space decorated like a Harvey hotel room.

The Boot Hill Museum ranks among the town's best sites. It offers historic photographs, reconstructions of buildings along old Dodge's Front Street and a 250-gun collection with 18 buffalo hunter rifles and frontier flintlocks.

Tourists can also walk through the original Boot Hill Cemetery, used from 1872 to 1878, and imagine the lives of those resting there. One of the last graves to be dug holds Jack Wagner, who died April 9, 1878, in a shootout with Bat Masterson's brother, Ed, a city marshal killed in the same gunplay.

The Masterson connection continues at the Mueller-Schmidt House Museum, "the finest residence in the West" and Dodge's oldest home still in its original location.



The Boot Hill Museum entertains visitors with a cattle drive during the annual Dodge City Days in honor of the Texas cattle drives that followed the Great Western Trail up from the Lone Star State in the 1870s.

– MAX MCCOY –



The Mueller-SchmidtHouse Museum (left), known as the "Home of Stone," was built in 1881 and is open daily for tours from Memorial Day to Labor Day.

– PHOTOS COURTESY DODGE CITY CVB –



The Fort Dodge Officers Quarters (right), once the residence of George A. Custer, is home to a library and museum at the Kansas Soldiers Home, five miles east of Dodge City.

Built entirely of limestone, it features four rooms decorated exactly as they appeared in the 1880s.

"It's the only place in Dodge where we're certain Bat Masterson stood," says Laughead.

On the night of October 30, 1881, four days after the OK Corral bloodletting in Tombstone, with his friend Wyatt Earp sweating a murder rap, Bat attended Dodge's biggest social event, a housewarming party at the newly constructed mansion.

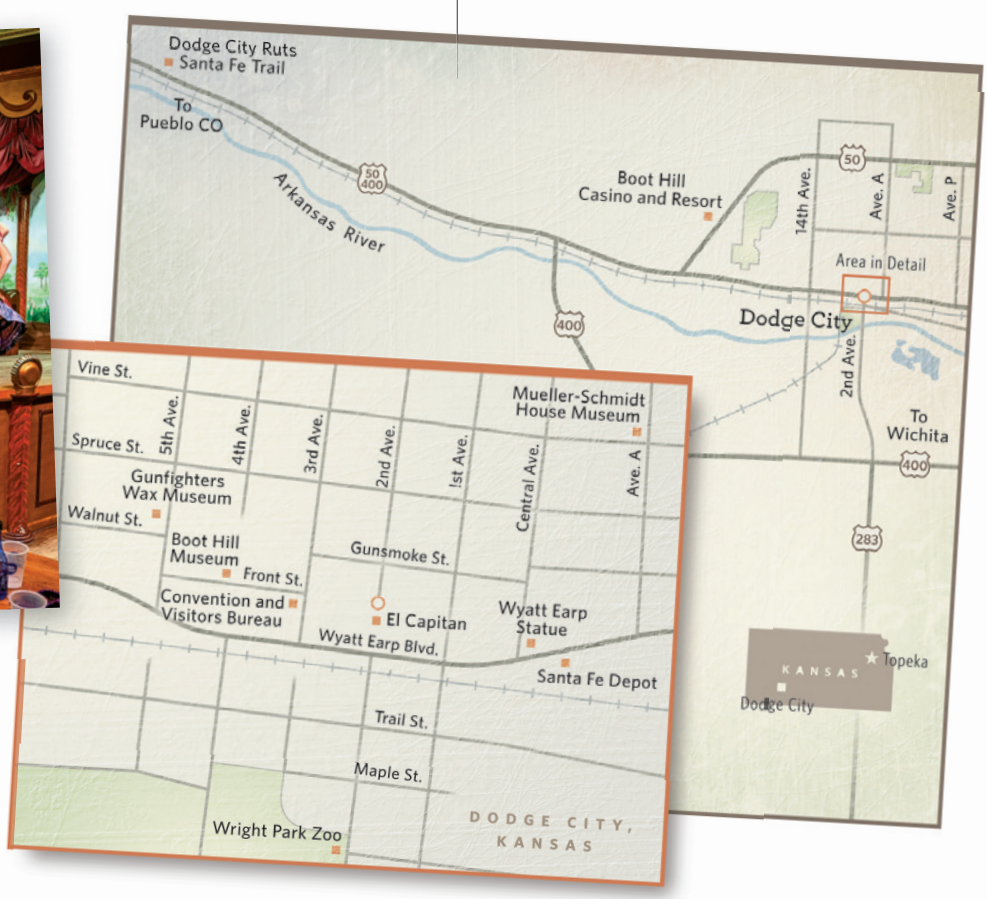
With 50 other guests, the buffalo hunter, Indian fighter and Dodge City lawman danced to the swinging tunes of Chalkley Beeson's original Dodge City Silver Cornet Band.

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



Since 1958, the Long Branch Variety Show has entertained visitors to the Boot Hill Museum, making it the longest running theatrical show in the country.

– PHOTOS COURTESY DODGE CITY CVB –



WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



Dodge City Convention & Visitors Bureau

DODGE CITY CONVENTION & VISITORS BUREAU

To learn about things to do in and around Dodge City, start your trip at the Convention and Visitors Bureau.

VisitDodgeCity.org

THE DODGE CITY TRAIL OF FAME

The trail offers a great way to see the Old Dodge City National Historic District, start at the Dodge City CVB and follow the trail of bronze sidewalk medallions and statuary to learn about the famous Old West town.

DodgeCityTrailofFame.org

BOOT HILL DISTILLERY

Just up from Boot Hill Museum, check out Boot Hill Distillery, the town's first and only farm-to-bottle micro-distillery. The owners distill spirits from locally grown southwestern Kansas grains.

BootHillDistillery.com

BOOT HILL MUSEUM

See exhibits on the Plains Indians, the buffalo and Victorian fashion. Walk through the Cowboy Hall of Fame or spend a fun night behind a bottle of sarsaparilla while watching the Long Branch Variety Show, the longest-running seasonal theatrical show in the nation.

Boothill.org

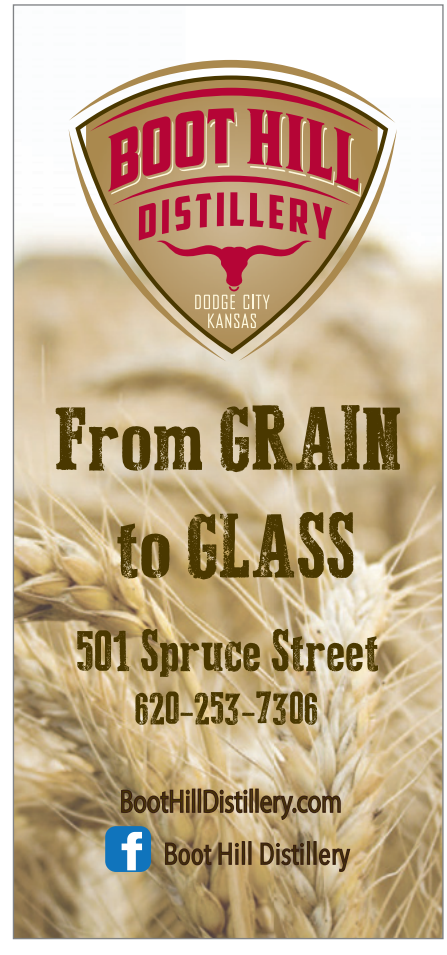
GUNFIGHTERS WAX MUSEUM

The Kansas Teachers' Hall of Fame is home to numerous life-sized wax likenesses of Old West characters, including Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson and Belle Starr.

TeachersHallFameDodgeCityKS.org







By Kellen Cutsforth

HISTORIC TRAINS OF THE OLD WEST

RAIL BARONS, TRAIN PALACES, *AND* GREAT LOCOMOTIVES

Celebrate the glory of Western railways and plan a trip into yesteryear.

When Peter Cooper created America's first steam engine, Tom Thumb, in 1830, he unknowingly built a machine that would become a symbol synonymous with the American West. Not soon after Tom Thumb hit the rails, the captains of industry assumed command of the railroads and transformed the "iron horse" into a tool of business. With the completion of the First Transcontinental Railroad in 1869, these businessmen built their empires transporting goods and passengers across the vast expanse of the country, opening the great American West to the world.

As the number of passengers riding the rails across the West increased, so too did travelers' desire for greater amenities and more luxurious surroundings. These rail lines, locomotives and luxurious coaches, built by some of the most famous and powerful industrialists in the country, have become symbolic images of America's Western heritage.





The Union Pacific Railroad's ambition to serve the mining town of Leadville led the powerful rail company to found the Georgetown, Breckinridge & Leadville Railway and build the engineering wonder known as the Georgetown Loop in 1881.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –





For $3.95, passengers boarded the Grand Canyon Railway for the first time on September 17, 1901. Shuttered in 1968, the scenic train line was restored between Williams, Arizona, and the South Rim of the Grand Canyon in 1988.

– PHOTOS COURTESY GRAND CANYON RAILWAY –

AT & SF RAILWAY: GRAND CANYON RAILWAY

Williams, Arizona

Established in 1897 for surrounding copper mines, the Santa Fe and Grand Canyon Railway had steam engines rolling on 56 miles of track in Arizona Territory just three years after its incorporation. The railway never reached the Grand Canyon as originally intended, fell into financial distress and was later sold to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway. After changing the company's name to the Grand Canyon Railway, the AT&SF finished laying the remaining track to the Grand Canyon in 1901. Passenger traffic ran from then until 1968 and freight traffic ended in 1974.

After several attempts to resurrect the line in the 1970s and early 1980s failed, Max and Thelma Biegert, a couple who made a fortune in crop dusting, restored the railway to working order in 1989. Though the GCR exchanged ownership several times following the years after its restoration, trains have been running on its rails ever since. In fact, steam *Engine No. 4960*, built in 1923 by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, continues to haul passengers from Williams, Arizona, to the South Rim of the Grand Canyon providing folks with a one-of-a-kind historic experience.

Today: *Engine No. 4960* provides runs once a month, providing roundtrip service from Williams, Arizona, to the Grand Canyon. The engine has been modified in several ways over the years, including burning waste vegetable oil as fuel instead of coal.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD: LIVINGSTON STATION

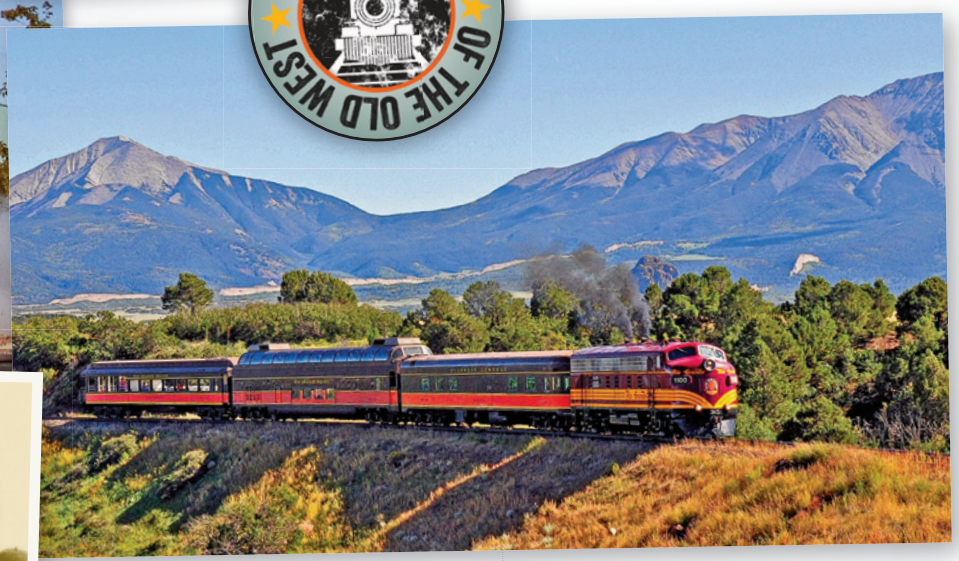
Livingston, Montana

Named after the director of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Johnston Livingston, the town of Livingston, Montana, was originally constructed for workers who operated the railways and the maintenance shops in the region. Nestled near the banks of the Yellowstone River, this thriving Old Western town is home to an elaborate three-building



On April 8, 1903, President Teddy Roosevelt boarded a train for Yellowstone National Park at Northern Pacific Railway's Livingston Depot. His historic tour of the park included the dedication of Gateway Arch at Gardiner, Montana.

– COURTESY LIVINGSTON DEPOT CENTER AND MUSEUM –



The Rio Grande Scenic Railroad between Alamosa and La Veta, Colorado, thrills passengers over La Veta Pass through the Sangre de Christo Mountains.

– COURTESY RIO GRANDE SCENIC RAILROAD –



depot complex that rivals any in the nation.

With the increase of affluent passengers from the East wishing to experience the West and nearby Yellowstone National Park, the NPR's new and ornately designed depot, completed in 1902, fit the style and presence the railroad wished to project to its new clientele. Today the depot houses a museum and plays host to a multitude of other events and tourist functions.

Today: For folks looking to actually sample a true Western train ride in the area, the Charlie Russell Chew-Choo fits the bill. The train travels on a spur track, built in 1912, that connects the Montana towns of Lewistown and Great Falls. The ride features a scenic 56-mile trip complete with a prime rib dinner and a hold-up by masked outlaws.

DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD: RIO GRANDE SCENIC RAILROAD

La Veta, Colorado

On a hot June day in 1878, the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad hurriedly constructed the town of Alamosa in southwestern Colorado. A train full of assorted pre-built buildings from nearby Garland City chugged to the townsite where construction began and finished in the same 24-hour period. By 1890 Alamosa had become a beehive of activity, with the railroads' constant transport of mining ore out of the valley.

Eventually this narrow gauge line was replaced by a standard gauge, and a new route to the area was plotted from the small Colorado town of La Veta, over mountainous La Veta Pass, and into Alamosa. Steam *Engine No. 18*, built in 1910, rumbles over these same rails on the Rio Grande Scenic Railroad today. Originally purchased from the Grand Canyon

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Portola, CA • *TrainTrips.biz*
The Yosemite Mountain Sugar Pine Railroad
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Virginia City, NV • *VirginiaTruckee.com*
Heber Valley Railroad
Heber City, UT • *HeberValleyRR.org*
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The Central Pacific Railroad's *Governor Stanford* locomotive is the centerpiece of the California State Railroad Museum's rolling stock and locomotive collection on display at the Old Town Sacramento Museum.

– CALIFORNIA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM –

Railway, *Engine No. 18* is the only fully-functioning steam-powered locomotive running on this scenic rail line. This old iron horse is often outfitted to haul a historic parlor car and Pullman coaches refurbished to provide superior comfort for passengers wishing to experience the Old West in lavish style.

Today: More than a century old, this standard gauge line continues to not only carry passengers over its historic rails but is used as a working freight line, giving passengers a sense of its historic past.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD: CALIFORNIA STATE RAILROAD MUSEUM

Sacramento, California

The *Governor Stanford* was the Central Pacific Railroad's first locomotive. A steam-powered engine built in 1862 and helped blaze the trail for America's first transcontinental railroad. The locomotive was named for California's governor at the time and perhaps the West's most powerful rail boss, Amasa Leland Stanford. During the Gold Rush of the 1850s Leland, as he was better known, followed his five brothers to California and initially opened a general store for the miners working in the region.

While working in the Golden State, Stanford and several associates in 1868 aggressively acquired control of the Southern Pacific Railroad. As president of the company, Stanford guided the construction of the western portion of the Transcontinental Railroad over the Sierra Nevada in California, Nevada and Utah. Stanford also presided at the ceremonial driving of the "Golden Spike" at Promontory Summit, Utah, on May 10, 1869. The locomotive bearing his namesake retired from regular service on July 20, 1895.

Today: Now on display at the California State Railroad Museum in Sacramento, the *Governor Stanford* locomotive has been





The National Park Service's replica of the Union Pacific's famous locomotive *No. 119* joins the *Jupiter* replica twice a day every Saturday and holidays between May 1 and Labor Day for a re-enactment of the original ceremony at the Golden Spike National Historic Site in Promontory, Utah.

– NPS.GOV –

cosmetically restored to its 1899 appearance and is currently a centerpiece at the museum.

CENTRAL PACIFIC AND UNION PACIFIC RAILROADS: GOLDEN SPIKE NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE

Promontory Summit, Utah

The Central Pacific's *Jupiter* and Union Pacific's *Engine No. 119* made history on May 10, 1869, as the two locomotives met at Promontory Summit, Utah Territory, for the celebratory "Golden Spike" ceremony commemorating the completion of the first transcontinental railroad. While in Utah Territory, the two locomotives came nose to nose in a historic convergence known as "The Meeting of the Lines." *Engine No. 119* carried Thomas C. Durant, vice president of UP, while CP's *Jupiter*, hauled rail boss Leland Stanford and the famous Golden Spike. After the locomotives reached their destination, the spike was driven into the final railroad tie to signify the completion of the historic event.

In the 1870s, CP decided to end their practice of naming their engines, and thus, the *Jupiter* name was dropped and the engine became known as *C.P. #60*. The locomotive was later scrapped in 1909. *Engine No. 119* was scrapped in 1903.

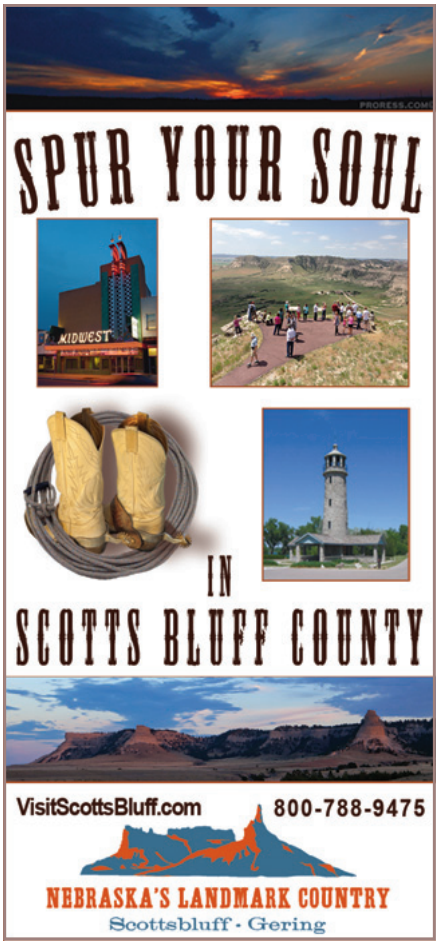
Today: In the 1970s, the National Parks Service commissioned several exact, full-size replicas of the *Jupiter* as well as a version of *Engine No. 119*. Neither engine

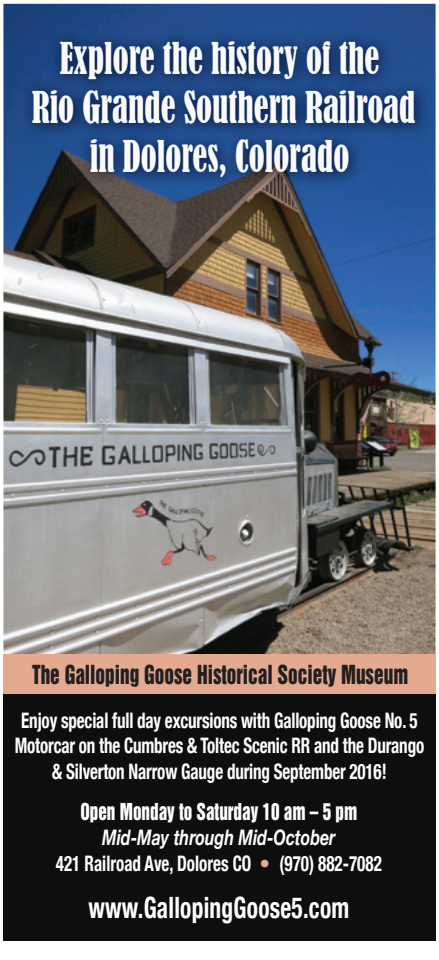
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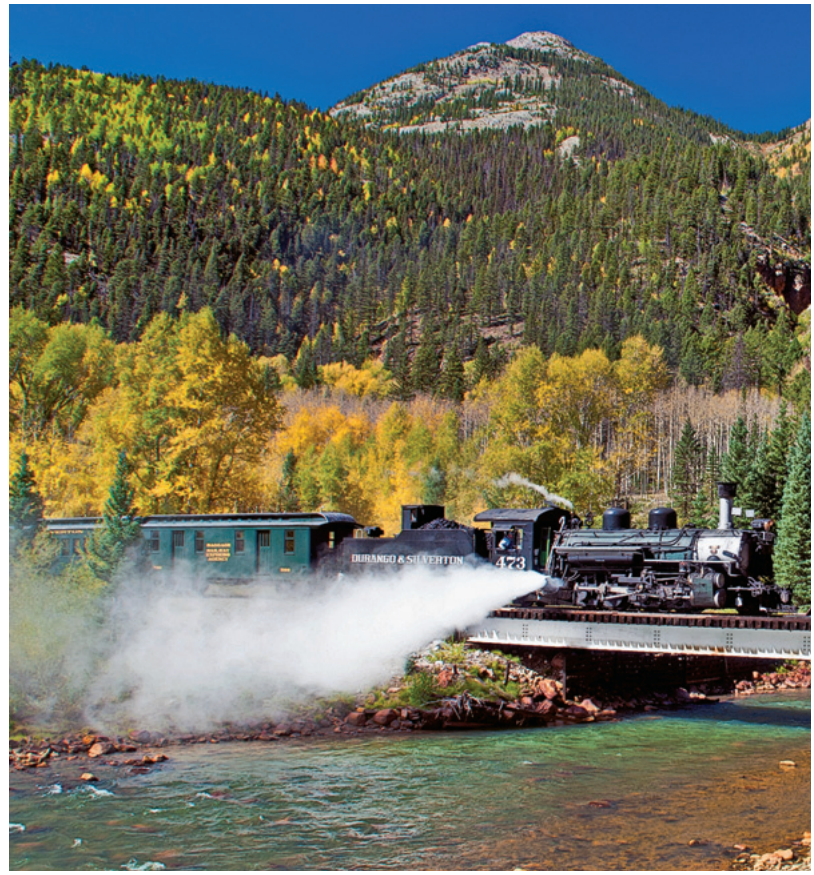
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The Durango & Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad travels over 45 miles each way along the Animas River Canyon between the two mountain towns every day from May through October.

– COURTESY YVONNE LASHMETT/DURANGO & SILVERTON NARROW GAUGE RAILROAD –

had any surviving drawings or plans so new ones were produced based mostly on historic photographs of the engines. Both replicas began operation on May 10, 1979, and continue to make demonstration runs today.

D&RGW RAILROAD: DURANGO & SILVERTON HISTORIC RAILROAD

Durango and Silverton, Colorado

In 1881, the D&RGW began construction on a rail line from Durango to Silverton, Colorado. By July of 1882, the tracks to Silverton were completed and trains began hauling both passengers and freight. From the opening of the line, the railroad promoted it as a scenic route, although it was primarily used to haul gold and silver from the San Juan Mountains.

While most of the engines used during the 19th century no longer roll on these rails, the 480 series, constructed in 1925, still do. These locomotives were the last ten narrow gauge locomotives constructed for the D&RGW. Originally used for freight-hauling, the 480 series have been converted to pull 12-car passenger trains today.

Today: The Durango-Silverton line, registered as a National Historic Landmark in the late 1960s, provides year round train service operating historic 100 percent coal-fired, steam-operated locomotives.

TACOMA EASTERN RAILROAD: MT. RAINIER SCENIC RAILROAD

Elbe, Washington

Originally a small narrow gauge rail line constructed in 1887, the current Mt. Rainier Scenic Railroad was formerly a line of the Tacoma Eastern Railroad. The railroad converted to standard gauge three years after its initial construction. In 1900, it was reorganized to focus on the Nisqually coal fields and the timber

All Aboard!

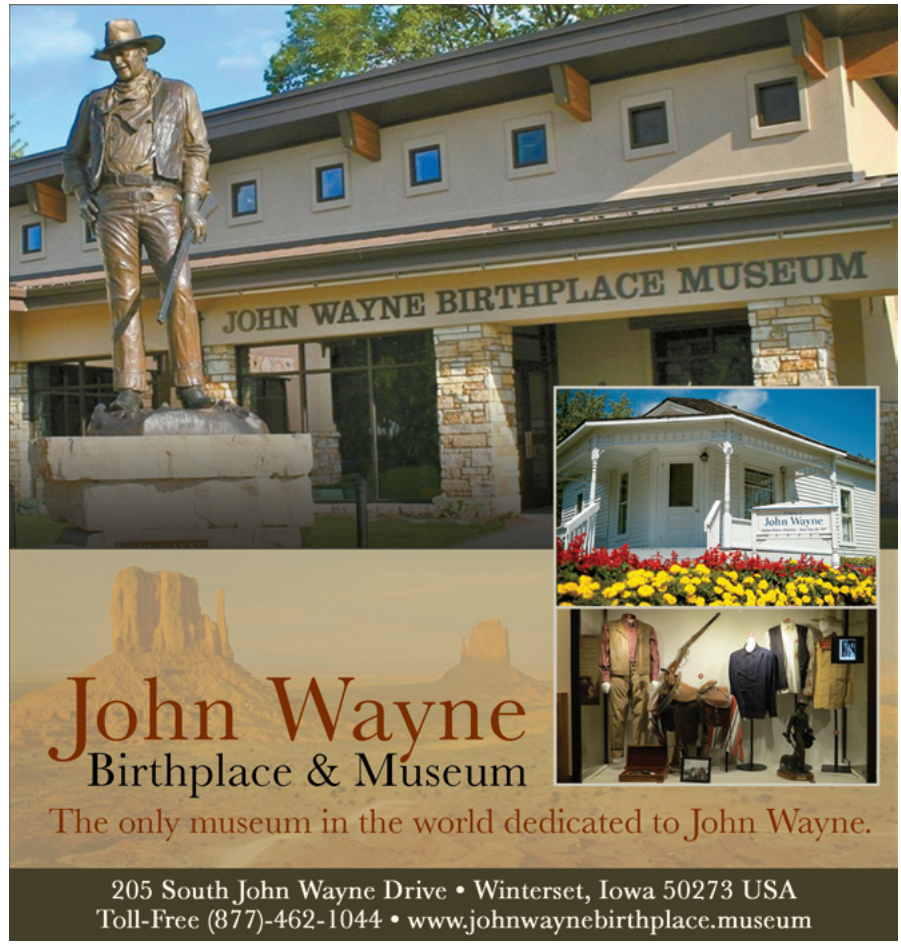
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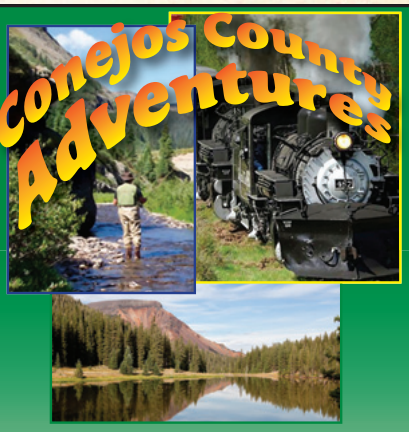
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UP Engine # 535, now on display at the Laramie Depot Park, Downtown.

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After a scenic ride through the Cascade Mountains on the Mt. Rainier Railroad from Elbe to Mineral, Washington, passengers will enjoy a tour of the Railroad and Logging Museum.

– COURTESY MT. RAINIER RAILROAD & LOGGING MUSEUM–

HISTORIC TRAINS OF THE OLD WEST



The Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad between Chalma, New Mexico, and Antonito, Colorado, entertains passengers through the Toltec Gorge and endless mountain vistas on the historic Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad's narrow gauge line.

– COURTESY COLORADO TOURISM OFFICE –

forests south of Mount Rainier. With this reorganization, the rail line was extended from Tacoma to Elbe, Washington, and eventually to the small town of Morton.

Built by the Willamette Iron and Steel Works in 1929, *Engine No. 2* of the Mt. Rainier Scenic Railroad is the only operational Willamette Locomotive in the world. Willamette locomotives were geared steam engines specifically engineered for steep grades with rapidly laid track. Because of these unique features, *Engine No. 2* and similar locomotives were valuable assets for logging operations in the Pacific Northwest at the turn of the last century.

Today: The MRSR officially opened in 1980 and operates four steam locomotives. These engines make up one of the most comprehensive collections of steam-powered logging locomotives in the United States. *Engine No. 2* travels today providing its passengers with a taste of a bygone logging era.

D&RGW RAILROAD: CUMBRES & TOLTEC SCENIC RAILROAD

Antonito, Colorado to Chama, New Mexico

Built in 1880, the track between Antonito, Colorado, and Chama, New Mexico, was part of the San Juan Extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, with tracks running from Denver through the ore-rich Rocky Mountains into Silverton, Colorado. Its path through steep passes and deep gorges was an engineering feat for the time. The decline of silver mining in the 1890s ended the railroad's vital role.

D&RGW's *Engine No. 463* is a steam railway locomotive and one of two remaining compound engines purchased by the company in 1903. This reliable locomotive pulled freight, passengers and mixed trains over Colorado's Rocky Mountains, traversing the entire length of the railroad. *Engine No. 463* continues to provide service on the Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Route today.

Today: The Cumbres & Toltec takes passengers on a ride connecting Colorado and New Mexico, traversing the San Juan Mountains and traveling through the Conejos Valley. *Engine No. 463*, once owned by cowboy actor and singer Gene Autry, was donated to the Cumbres & Toltec in 1994. In 2009, it was moved to the railroad's shop at Chama, New Mexico, where a major rebuild was completed in 2013.

UNION PACIFIC: BAILEY RAIL YARD

North Platte, Nebraska

Before the town of North Platte, Nebraska, sprang up at the confluence of the North and South Platte rivers, the area was frequently used by the railroad. Surveyed by Grenville Dodge in 1866, this encampment was originally known as "Hell on Wheels Town." It included an itinerant collection of gambling houses, dance halls, saloons and brothels that served the Union Pacific workers living in the area.

The UP workers also established a repair facility for the locomotives in Hell on Wheels. This repair facility became the



Built in 1943, the *Union Pacific Challenger No. 3985*—the most powerful steam locomotive ever built, and the last one in operation in the world—is on display at the Cheyenne Depot Museum.

– COURTESY CHEYENNE DEPOT MUSEUM –



The Nevada Northern Railway has a special program that allows passengers to be an engineer at the throttle of the train for two hours between Ely and the Ruth Mine.

– COURTESY NORTHERN NEVADA RAILWAY –

Bailey Rail Yard. Famous scout and showman Buffalo Bill Cody, a mainstay in North Platte for 30 years, found that his location near the Bailey Yard allowed him to move his Wild West show equipage across the United States relatively quickly. Buffalo Bill, who was no stranger to amenities, often enjoyed the lap of luxury when traveling out of North Platte in his own private Pullman coach. His car contained sitting rooms with sleeping berths, a dining room, kitchen and a bathroom all lit with kerosene lamps.

Today: The spirit of the Old West not only survives in North Platte, but thrives. Union Pacific's Bailey Rail Yard is the world's largest with activity around the clock. And Buffalo Bill's Scout's Rest Ranch, now a national historic park, is home to the famous showman's 1866 Second Empire mansion.

ELY LINE: NEVADA NORTHERN RAILWAY

Ely, Nevada

The Nevada Northern Railway Yard, established in 1905, supported the area's booming copper industry. The Ely Line connected one of the largest copper mines in America to the transcontinental routes in the North. One of the most well-known engines to roll on the Ely rails was the Nevada Northern *No. 40*. This steam engine, built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works in 1910, is often referred to as the "Queen of Steam."

Originally serving as a passenger train for several decades, *Engine No. 40* was retired by the Nevada Northern in 1941. Unbeknownst to the Northern Nevada ownership, however, the locomotive received a complete overhaul in secret by the shop crews in the Ely roundhouse. With its restoration, car *No. 40* is now one of the oldest active trains in America. When the Nevada Northern shuttered its doors in 1983, the City of Ely was given the historic locomotive, along with the entire East Ely Yard, which remained unaltered since 1906.

Today: The Nevada Northern Railway is considered the best-preserved example of a standard-gauge short line in North America. Today, *Engine No. 40* provides several themed trips throughout the year, including haunted ghost rides and Christmas excursions during the holiday season

UNION PACIFIC: CHEYENNE TRAIN YARD

Cheyenne, Wyoming

Constructed in 1886-'87, the Union Pacific train depot in Cheyenne, Wyoming, with its 118-foot high clock tower stands majestically above the Great Plains and symbolizes America's Western heritage. The roundhouse, turntable and machine shop were uniquely designed for the maintenance and storage of steam locomotives.

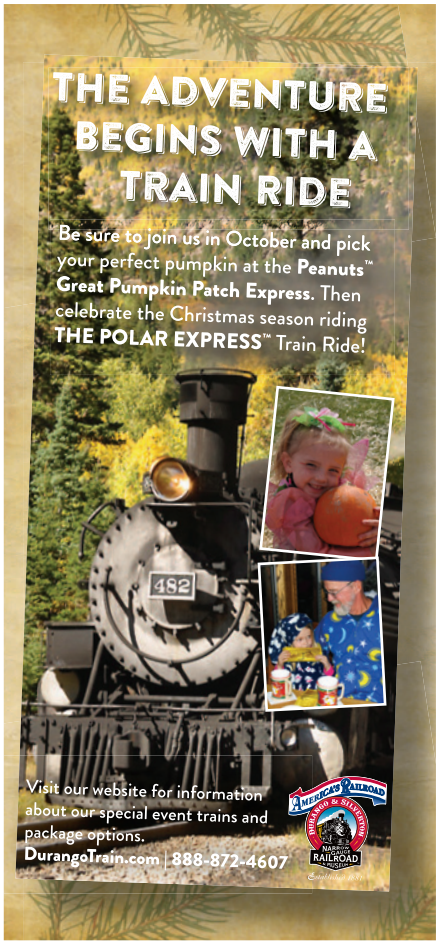
One of the older locomotives to maintain residence at the Cheyenne Yard is *UP Engine No. 1242* which was built in 1890. Nicknamed "Old Sadie" the locomotive ran on the 45-mile Walcott-Saratoga-Encampment branch line from 1921 to 1954. Also referred to as a "Harriman Engine" because it is from an era when rail baron E.H. Harriman controlled the Union Pacific, *No. 1242* is one of the oldest surviving locomotives from the UP roster.

Today: The UP currently maintains a fleet of historic locomotives in the Cheyenne Yard for special trains and historic excursions. However, *Engine No. 1242* remains on static display in the railyard. One of the closest historic rail lines for folks to enjoy is the Black Hills Central Railroad with its 1880 Train. It celebrates gold country and gives a tip of the hat to the old Cheyenne-Deadwood stage line that ran from 1876 to 1887.



The Cody Park Railroad Museum in North Platte allows historic train fans an up-close and personal tour of Union Pacific locomotives and rail cars after a visit to the Golden Spike Tower and a view of the largest railyard in the world.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –





HISTORIC TRAINS OF THE OLD WEST

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Southwest, Pacific Coast and Great Basin

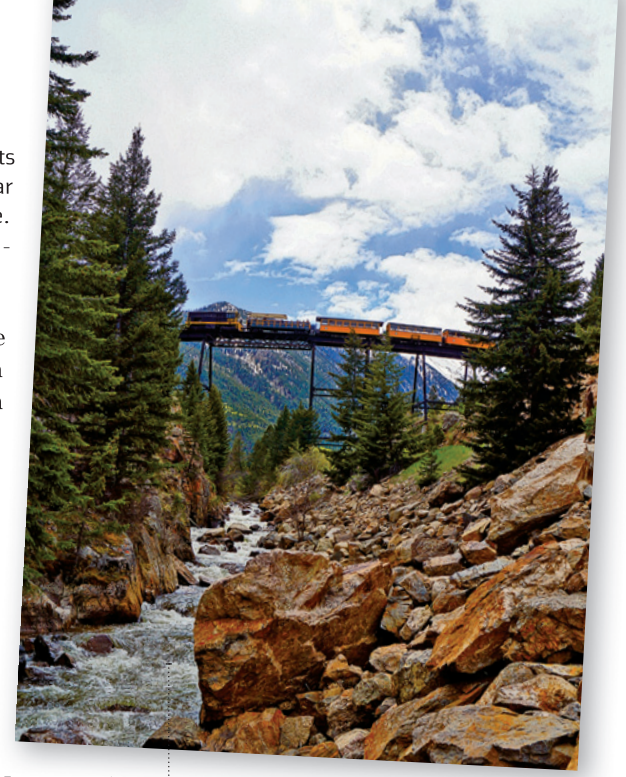
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The Georgetown Loop Railroad thrills visitors on its three-mile narrow gauge trek over four crossings of Clear Creek, including the Devil's Gate High Bridge.

– COURTESY GEORGETOWN LOOP RAILROAD –

UNION PACIFIC AND COLORADO CENTRAL RAILWAY: GEORGETOWN LOOP

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Georgetown, Colorado

In the summer of 1859, following the great Colorado gold rush, the Griffith brothers, George and David, discovered gold at the south fork of Clear Creek in present-day Idaho Springs, Colorado. After news spread of their discovery, a small settlement sprang up named "George's Town" (present-day Georgetown). In 1871, after experiencing a second boom following the discovery of silver in the region, Georgetown officials began searching for the best way to transport the millions of dollars of silver ore pouring out of the surrounding mines.

In 1879, railroad kingpin Jay Gould, who had a controlling interest in the Union Pacific, took control of the Colorado Central Railroad and hatched a plan to provide transport of the ore. On February 23, 1881, Union Pacific organized the Georgetown, Breckenridge & Leadville Railway to extend the Colorado Central Railroad west from Georgetown to Leadville. Construction was only completed to Graymont, four miles west of Georgetown, but included the 600-foot-high architectural marvel known as the Georgetown Loop running between Georgetown and Silver Plume.

Today: During the late 1930s the Loop was dismantled. However, in 1973 the Colorado Historical Society began restoring the railroad. On August 1, 1984, the reconstruction of the Georgetown Loop was complete and people have been enjoying the historic route since then.

Kellen Cutsforth writes articles for several publications relating to the history of the Old West and authored the 2015 book *Buffalo Bill, Boozers, Brothels and Bare Knuckle Brawlers*.





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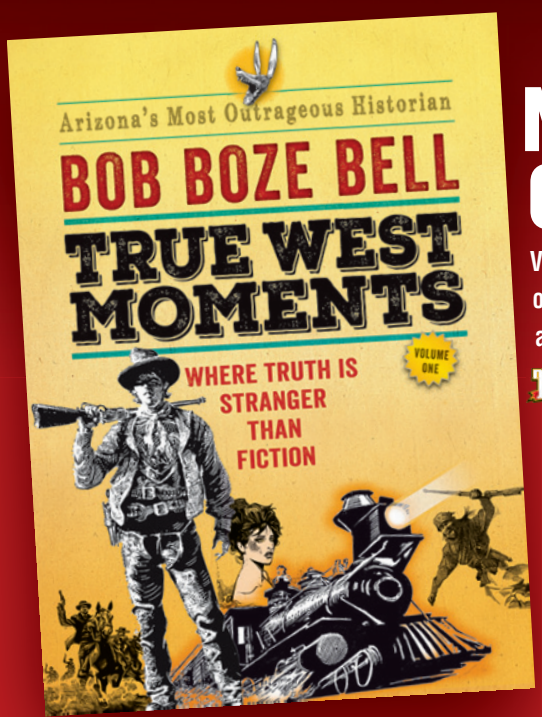


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Western Roundup

FOR AUGUST 2016



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Kanab, UT, August 25-27: Pays tribute to the first Western-themed radio program, *Death Valley Days,* which spun off into a TV series. Tour film locations and listen to music and poetry concerts.
435-644-3444 • *WesternLegendsRoundup.com*

ART SHOWS

ART & WINE IN THE COOL PINES

Cloudcroft, NM, August 6-7: This 1898 rail town will celebrate regional art and music with sample wines from a variety of New Mexico regions.
575-682-2733 • *CoolCloudcroft.com*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

DODGE CITY DAYS

Dodge City, KS, Through August 7: This cowboy lifestyle celebration offers history re-enactments, a PRCA rodeo, a cattle drive and Western art.
620-227-3119 • *DodgeCityDays.com*

UMATILLA COUNTY FAIR

Umatilla, OR, August 9-13: Fair unites citizens of this Columbia River town that was important to trade during Oregon's 1860s-70s gold rush.
541-567-6121 • *Co.Umatilla.OR.US*

KOOL-AID DAYS FESTIVAL

Hastings, NE, August 12-14: This 1872 rail town celebrates the 1927 invention of Nebraska's soft drink at world's largest Kool-Aid stand.
402-461-8405 • *Kool-AidDays.com*

SALT CREEK DAYS

Casper, WY, August 12-14: Explore Central Wyoming's oil history with a tour of Salt Creek Museum, a parade and a community picnic.
307-437-6513 • *Midwest.GovOffice.com*

WYOMING STATE FAIR

Douglas, WY, August 13-20: Enjoy a PRCA rodeo, carnival and concerts featuring headliner Chancey Williams and the Younger Brothers Band.
307-358-2398 • *WYStateFair.com*

PARK COUNTY DAYS

Livingston, MT, August 14-21: Experience cultural history day, an art walk and a farmer's mark at this 1882 rail town north of Yellowstone National Park.
406-222-0850 • *ParkCountyDays.com*



HEART OF TEXAS ART

Canyon, TX, August 27: Tour early Texas art at this exhibition built around works by Spanish painter Jose Arpa and the museum's Texas collection.
806-651-2244 • *PanhandlePlains.org*

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FOR AUGUST 2016



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Santa Fe, NM, August 6-7: Meet New Mexico's wildest frontier lawmen, desperados and mountain men at this living history museum.
505-471-2261 • *Golondrinas.org*

MUSIC & POETRY

MONTANA COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Lewistown, MT, August 11-14: Cowboy poets rendezvous at this gathering that concludes with a concert by Riders in the Sky.
406-538-4575
MontanaCowboyPoetryGathering.com

RED DIRT BLACK GOLD FESTIVAL

Artesia, NM, August 27: Get a taste of New Mexico with gourmet oil patch cooking and a New Mexican beer garden, plus free concerts.
800-658-6251 • *ArtesiaChamber.com*

RE-ENACTMENTS

JOHN WESLEY HARDIN SECRET SOCIETY

El Paso, TX, August 20: John Wesley Hardin's death in 1895 is re-enacted at historic Concordia Cemetery where the gunfighter is buried.
915-842-8200 • *ConcordiaCemetery.org*

RODEOS

DODGE CITY ROUNDUP RODEO

Dodge City, KS, August 2-7: This PRCA rodeo features saddle bronc, bull riding, calf roping, steer wrestling and barrel racing.
620-225-2244 • *DodgeCityRoundup.org*



MOUNTAIN VALLEY STAMPEDE

Heber City, UT, August 5-6: Cowboys and cowgirls compete at this roundup that also offers skydiving shows and nightly fireworks.
435-657-3240 • *GoHeberValley.com*

MONTANA COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Lewistown, MT, August 11-14: Cowboy poets rendezvous at this gathering that concludes with a concert by Riders in the Sky.
406-538-4575
MontanaCowboyPoetryGathering.com



ELKO COUNTY FAIR & HORSE RACES

Elko, NV, August 26-September 5: Elko County residents pay tribute to their pioneer heritage with livestock shows and horse races.
775-738-3616 • *ElkoCountyFair.com*

BOZEMAN STAMPEDE

Bozeman, MT, August 11-13: Watch popular rodeo events that include bull riding, steer wrestling, ladies breakaway and bull scramble.
406-582-3270 • *Livingston-Chamber.com*

WORLD'S OLDEST CONTINUOUS RODEO

Payson, AZ, August 19-20: This 1884 rodeo, which claims to be the world's oldest, features competitions that benefit Rim Country charities.
928-474-9440 • *PaysonProRodeo.com*



ARIZONA COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Prescott, AZ, August 11-13: Jim Jones, Mary Kaye and R.W. Hampton are among the singers and poets bringing Western lore to the stage.
928-713-6323 • *AZCowboyPoets.org*

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.

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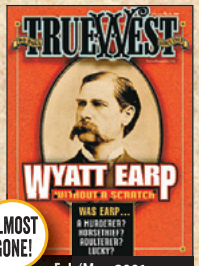
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2008
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- ☐ Mar: Who Killed the Train?
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2009
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Border Riders
- ☐ Mar: Poncho Villa
- ☐ Apr: Stagecoach
- ☐ May: Battle For The Alamo
- ☐ Jun: Custer's Ride To Glory
- ☐ Jul: Am West, Then & Now
- ☐ Aug: Wild West Shows
- ☐ Sep: Vaquero/500 Yrs Before CBs
- ☐ Oct: Capturing Billy
- ☐ Nov/Dec: Chaco Canyon

2010
- ☐ Jan/Feb: Top 10 Western Towns
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2012
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- ☐ Apr: Riding Shotgun with History
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- ☐ Jun: Wyatt On The Set!
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- ☐ Aug: How Did Butch & Sundance Die?
- ☐ Sep: The Heros of Northfield
- ☐ Oct: Bravest Lawman You Never
- ☐ Nov: Armed & Courageous
- ☐ Dec: Legend of Climax Jim

2013
- ☐ Jan: Best of the West/John Wayne
- ☐ Feb: Rocky Mountain Rangers
- ☐ Apr: US Marshals
- ☐ May: Texas Rangers
- ☐ Jun: Doc's Last Gunfight
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- ☐ Sep: Ambushed on the Pecos
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2014
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TRUE WEST
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Sheriff of Silly Walks?



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

In the 1985 film *Silverado*, British-born John Cleese plays the sheriff. Did any Britons become frontier sheriffs in the USA?

Paul Piper
Dorset, England



Legendary gunfighter Ben Thompson comes to mind. At the age of seven, he immigrated to America from his birthplace of Knottingley, West Yorkshire, in England. After numerous scrapes with the law, he became city marshal of Austin, Texas, in 1881. Despite accounts reporting he was mainly drunk on duty, he was re-elected.

The Meagher twins, Mike and John, were born in Ireland in 1843 and moved to the U.S. after the Irish potato famines in 1845-52. In 1871, Mike became marshal in Wichita, Kansas, where he gained a reputation as an outstanding lawman. His brother not only worked for him as a deputy, but so did Wyatt Earp.

These are just a couple, among probably many others, from the United Kingdom who put on a badge.

What is the origin of bib shirts?

Allen Fossenkemper
Fountain Hills, Arizona

Although bib shirts were not common apparel out West, they captured the flavor and romance of the frontier period. The shirt's military style made them popular with militias, firemen and other groups that wanted a showy appearance.

A pullover made of wool or cotton flannel, the bib shirt featured a distinctive shield that provided extra warmth around the chest, acting as a windbreaker to block cold winter winds.

We don't know when bib shirts first appeared, but they probably date to the mid-19th century. Early daguerreotypes from the Gold Rush days and during the Civil War show men wearing them. The shirts became popular among Wild West show performers because they could be adorned with floral designs and geometric patterns.

Hollywood's Golden Age Westerns truly popularized the bib shirt. John Wayne wore bib shirts in numerous films, including 1939's *Stagecoach*, 1947's *Angel and the Badman*, 1948's *Red River* and 1956's *The Searchers*.

Did Bat Masterson carry a cane?

Bob Nellis
Rochester, Minnesota

No known photos of Bat Masterson show him with a cane, although he did receive a gold-headed cane in 1885 when he was named the most popular man in Dodge City, Kansas.

Biographer Robert K. DeArment adds, "I have never seen an authenticated cane belonging to Bat Masterson. I doubt if a cane exists that can be proven to have been carried by Bat. I think the cane bit became important when [Stuart] Lake and others inferred he got his name 'Bat' from the use of a cane to bat miscreants over the head. Pure hokum as I point out in the books."

I believe the cane was elevated to a higher status when Gene Barry carried one in his role as the frontiersman in the NBC series that premiered in 1958.

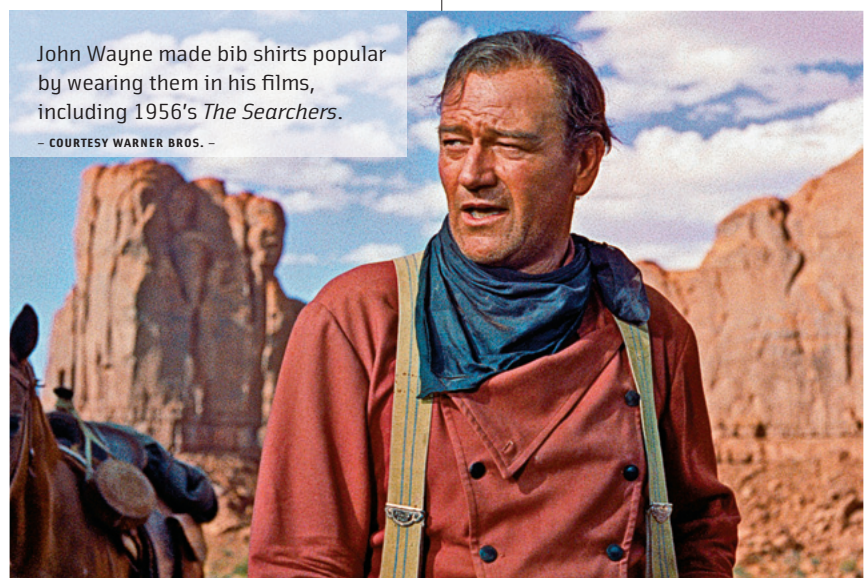


Is this a photo of Wyatt Earp?
– COURTESY TOM ISLER –

A picture hanging in a restaurant in Prescott, Arizona, is labeled, "Wyatt Earp." Is this a photo of him?

Tom Isler
Madera, California

I have never seen this photo published in any of the Wyatt Earp biographies;



John Wayne made bib shirts popular by wearing them in his films, including 1956's *The Searchers*.
– COURTESY WARNER BROS. –

somebody would have published it if the photo were genuine.

Here is what the Earp experts have to say. Jeff Morey and Jeff Wheat agree the photo is not him and has no provenance linking this photo to the famous lawman. Casey Tefertiller agrees, adding, "There are a zillion photos around of folks who kind of look like Earp, so I am very cautious of photos of somebody who looks like Earp."

Did frontier women own saloons, like *Gunsmoke's* Miss Kitty did?

Susan Mims
Barnesville, Georgia


BIG MINNIE – TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Women worked the saloons, dancing or serving drinks or luring male customers upstairs. But female owners or part owners were rare.

I do know of one, Matilda Bignon, or Big Minnie, as she was known. Standing six feet tall and weighing 230 pounds, she cut quite a figure in her tights. She and her husband, Joe, owned the Bird Cage Theatre in Tombstone, Arizona, during the 1880s. She acted as host, appeared on stage and also worked as the bouncer.

Born in England on March 31, 1852, she died on August 4, 1900, and was buried in Pearce, Arizona. Her stone features the gates of Heaven opening to greet her. Wishful thinking?

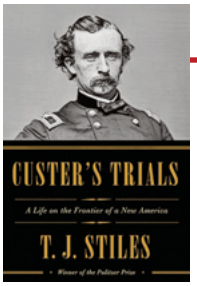
Why would a pile of small seashells be in the Arizona desert?

Dee Anne Jackson
Gilbert, Arizona

Some 200 million years ago, the area was a vast sea, which is why you can find seashells all over the Sonoran Desert, Utah and other places in the West. American Indians also traded for seashells from coastal tribes so they could turn the shells into jewelry. These are mostly found in prehistoric ruins.



What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME



After winning his second Pulitzer Prize, T.J. Stiles told *True West:* "I knew—I mean, *knew*—that it was impossible to get a second Pulitzer. It does not put me on easy street, by any means, but it is a profound moment for me. It suggests that maybe I'm building a career that will matter. I'm very grateful."



– BY MICHAEL LIONSTAR –

T.J. STILES, HISTORIAN

Rural Minnesota native and Carleton College alumnus T.J. Stiles moved to New York City to attend graduate school at Columbia University in 1986. New York would be his home until 2006, when he moved to California's San Francisco Bay area. This year, Stiles's most recent biography, *Custer's Trials,* was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for History, his second Pulitzer. Today, he lives in Berkeley, with his wife, Jessica, and their two children, where he is working on his next book, the life story of Nez Perce leader Chief Joseph.

Growing up in Foley, Minnesota, I spent a lot of time outside, unsupervised. People watched out for each other. I'm grateful for being from the country, but I don't romanticize it.

My biography of Jesse James was inspired by Richard Maxwell Brown's work on violence in the American West. He didn't belittle or debunk famous gunfights and other iconic episodes, but discovered the significance in them.

If I could have dinner with Cole Younger, I would first ask him to leave his pistols at the door. Then I'd ask him about the Northfield robbery.

The best advice my parents gave me was shortcuts come back to haunt you. Do it the right way.

Wrestling and football taught me that first, smarts can beat size. Second, wrestling is all about heart. Research can be like that.

Moving to New York City was a character-building exercise that worked a little better than I intended. The city gave me a new start, because it's the publishing capital and home of great research libraries. I lived there for 20 years.

What most people don't know about being a writer is how much writing takes place in your head, during the research process. I'm constantly re-envisioning the narrative as I read primary sources. People probably already know that writing is a lousy way to make a living.

Outside of academia and family, the most influential person in my life is my karate teacher of the last 30 years, Master Masataka Mori, 9th Dan, Japan Karate Association.

Cornelius Vanderbilt surprised me. I learned to respect the man, and not just for his ability to defeat his opponents. He was a self-taught, self-made genius who believed that self-interest makes the world go around.

When I was awarded my first Pulitzer Prize, for *The First Tycoon: The Epic Life of Cornelius Vanderbilt*, I had just picked up my son from preschool. My editor called me with the news. The Pulitzer brought me recognition, and it told me I was doing what I hoped to do. It was a dream come true.

The National Book Award for *The First Tycoon* is an incredible piece of recognition from fellow writers. It is impossibly hard to get. Nonfiction is not broken up into categories as the Pulitzer is—all nonfiction is pooled together for the NBA—and the jury makes the final call.

Karate and writing require discipline. It helps to understand why you do things a certain way, but you only get better with practice. You have to ruthlessly search out your mistakes and weaknesses and correct them, to keep going after failure or criticism.

If I could ask George Armstrong Custer a question, I wouldn't be sure I'd get a straight answer from him. Also, I'd be worried that he might play a practical joke on me. But if I were sure he'd tell the truth, I would ask: What happened at the Little Big Horn—your plan, your expectations, your concerns, your final moments?

Reading any poet is a gift to the world. But since it's the centennial of the Easter Rising in Dublin, Ireland, I suggest the work of William Butler Yeats.

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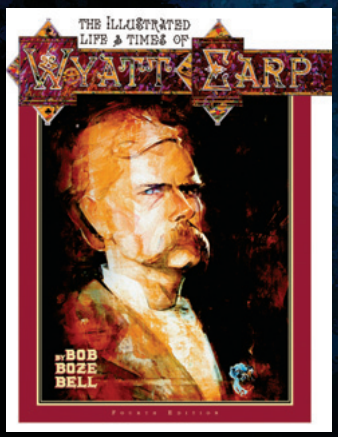
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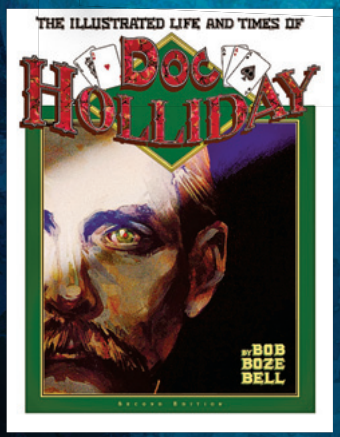
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