

LITTLE BIGHORN'S FORGOTTEN HERO BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

TRUE WEST

HISTORY OF THE WEST

FEB/MAR 2020
OUR 67TH YEAR

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THE LAURA BULLION "THORNY ROSE OF THE WILD BUNCH" HENRY GB .22 LR RIFLE

Laura Bullion, The Rose of the Wild Bunch, was born in 1876. Her father was a bank robber and his friends were well-known outlaws. William Carver had married her aunt who was only a few years older. Within a year her aunt passed away from fever. Laura and Carver began corresponding. This swept Laura Bullion into the world of Wild West outlaws, where she met Butch Cassidy and joined him and The Wild Bunch.

She participated in bank robberies alongside the men. She helped move and sold the stolen goods the Wild Bunch acquired. She met and fell in love with Ben Kilpatrick. The gang's biggest robbery was the Great Northern Train Heist in Wagner, Montana on July 3rd, 1901. Laura kept watch and guarded the escape horses, while the men carried out their plan to blow up the train-car holding the vault with dynamite! They stole \$83,000 in bank notes. The gang parted ways after splitting the money. Word traveled fast, and the law was hot on the trail of Laura and Kilpatrick. Four months later, Bullion was arrested for forgery and possession of stolen bank notes. Kilpatrick was caught shortly after. Laura got 5 years, and Ben 20. They refused to speak to authorities. When they did speak, they pretended they had only just met. Laura spoke like she was uneducated, to fool the lawmen. At Missouri State Penitentiary, Laura served a little over 3 years and was released in 1905 for good behavior.

She wrote to Ben vowing to wait for him. She wasn't allowed to visit him in Birmingham where he was imprisoned. Upon release in 1911, Ben was arrested for murder and extradited to Texas. After being acquitted, he resumed his outlaw ways. He was killed with a partner, Ole Hobek, in a train robbery gone awry in 1912.

After this, Laura had no desire to be an outlaw. She relocated to Memphis, TN, where she took the moniker Freda Bullion Lincoln, "widow" of late WWI veteran Maurice Lincoln. She worked as a drapery maker, and later as an interior designer. On December 2, 1961, at age 85, Laura Bullion died of heart disease. She was the Only woman and the last survivor of The Wild Bunch. Her alias 'Freda Lincoln', her given name, and her outlaw name "The Thorny Rose" are listed on her rose bush decorated grave site.

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Big Sky Buffalo Soldiers

German-born immigrant Christian Barthelmess joined the U.S. Army in 1876. After a series of Western posts, he was assigned to Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, where the Bavarian-American made a name for himself in the camp's military band and as its photographer beginning in 1888. His December 14, 1890, photo of the Buffalo Soldiers of the 25th Infantry, some wearing buffalo robes, captures the rugged conditions of soldiering in a Montana winter. To learn more about Barthelmess, see "Eyewitness to History" by Stuart Rosebrook on page 36.



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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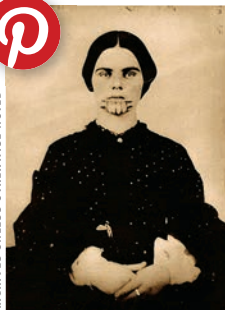


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Olive Oatman's capture, kidnapping and subsequent rescue is one of frontier history's most infamous cases of Indian white slavery. See more fearless women on our Wild Women of the West board.

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Marty Robbins was the first to win a Grammy for a Country song, for his hit "El Paso," which appeared on his 1959 album *Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs*. Like us on Facebook and learn about the West like never before!

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Indians, outlaws and cowboys abound. Stay up-to-date on Bob Boze Bell's Daily Whip Outs on his blog! Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com



-BY ERWIN E. SMITH / COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS-

Chuckwagon cookies, like the belly cheater (above) from the JA Ranch in Texas, were the lifeblood of cattle ranches that dotted the Old West frontier like a cowhide tapestry. Follow us on Instagram for daily Old West facts and photos!

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Want to read the unabridged version of Frank Dobie's June 1959 Classic True West story "No Help for the Alamo" in *Trust West Archives*? Subscribe today at TrueWestMagazine.com.

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Chief Joseph's leadership of the Nez Perce people from Yellowstone to Bear Paw remains a defining moment in American Indian history.

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The valiant southern Cheyenne chief never stopped believing that peace and freedom were possible for his tribe.

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Remarkable photographs by German immigrant-turned-soldier Christian Barthelmess offer a window into a soldier's life in the West.

—By Stuart Rosebrook



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A historian remembers an extraordinary afternoon with Trooper Charlie Windolph and its influence on an extraordinary career.

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The best Western towns welcome visitors with a great mix of hometown hospitality, annual historic re-enactments and heritage events.

—By Leo W. Banks



Cover Design by Dan Harshberger

— CHIEF JOSEPH PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —

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Old Vaquero Saying

“Life is not separate from death. It only looks that way.”



Quotes

“We are going by you without fighting if you will let us, but we are going by you anyhow!”

– Chief Joseph, Nez Perce

“We were once friends with the whites but you nudged us out of the way by your intrigues, and now when we are in council you keep nudging each other.”

– Black Kettle, Cheyenne

“How smooth must be the language of the whites, when they can make right look like wrong, and wrong like right.”

– Black Hawk, Sauk

“The Holy Land is everywhere.”

– Black Elk, Sioux

“I am a red man. If the Great Spirit had desired me to be a white man he would have made me so in the first place. He put in your heart certain wishes and plans, in my heart he put other and different desires. Each man is good in his sight. It is not necessary for Eagles to be Crows. We are poor...but we are free. No white man controls our footsteps. If we must die...we die defending our rights.”

– Sitting Bull, Sioux

“One does not sell the land people walk on.”

– Crazy Horse, Sioux

“When the Earth is sick, the animals will begin to disappear, when that happens, The Warriors of the Rainbow will come to save them.”

– Chief Seattle, Suquamish

“The idea of a full dress for preparation for a battle comes not from a belief that it will add to the fighting ability. The preparation is for death, in case that should be the result of the conflict. Every Indian wants to look his best when he goes to meet the Great Spirit, so the dressing up is done whether in imminent danger is an oncoming battle or a sickness or injury at times of peace.”

– Wooden Leg, Cheyenne



Young Black Elk, left, and Elk, right, in dance costume.

– NATIONAL ANTHROPOLOGICAL ARCHIVES SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION NAA INV 00506100 –

“When it comes time to die, be not like those whose hearts are filled with the fear of death, so when their time comes they weep and pray for a little more time to live their lives over again in a different way. Sing your death song, and die like a hero going home.”

– Chief Aupumut, Mohican

True West Classic Cartoon JULY-AUGUST 1959



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Passing It On

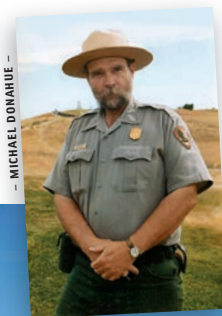
Bring snacks. Be quick!

Sometimes in our lives, if we are lucky, we can metaphorically feel the hand of history on our shoulder. For me, when the legendary historian Robert M. Utley put his hand on my shoulder (see at right) I literally had the hand of history on my shoulder! In that moment we had connected on 143 years of Western history. Here's how: when Mr. Utley was 17, he interviewed the last surviving trooper of the Little Bighorn fight (p. 43). That was in 1947 and here we were on December 11, 2019 and Robert was telling me, to my face, what went down on the day that Charlie told him what happened on June 25-26, 1876. That my friends, is two degrees of Custer and Crazy Horse.

My good fortune doesn't end there. On my very first visit to the Little Bighorn Battlefield, way back in 2002, I had the privilege of getting a backward tour of the park. Rangers Jim Hatzell and Michael Donahue met me at the parking lot below Last Stand Hill and whisked me out of the park as we drove cattywampus across the valley to near the famous landmark, Crow's Nest, where they then led me, step by step through the 7th Cavalry's doomed march. "Can you see the village from here?" Michael would say. "No, I can't," I replied. "Custer couldn't either." By the time we made it to Last Stand Hill where Custer scribbled his note, "Bring packs. Be quick!" I had a solid perspective and understanding of the disaster that befell the troopers. And when you read this issue, so shall you. We're all just passing it on.



That's my painting and interpretation of how it must have looked when Robert M. Utley interviewed Charlie Windolph on his porch in 1947 (above, left), and that's me with Utley last December at his home in Scottsdale (above, right). Another great friend and a former park ranger, is Jim Hatzell (left).



Author and park ranger Michael Donahue, standing on Sharpshooter Ridge on June 26, 2015, has been a park ranger for 31 years. The bend in the road behind him to the east is the location of Reno Hill.



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

OUR READERS REMIND US OF THE VARIABLES AND VAGARIES OF HISTORIC TRUTHS, "WELL-ESTABLISHED" FACTS, HEADLINES AND HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

GERONIMO'S MYSTERY GUN

In Bob Boze Bell's November 2019 cover story "The Glorious & Tragic Last Days of Geronimo" issue, Ken Amorosano's accompanying article "In the Hands of History," included two studio photos of Geronimo holding a long gun that inspired two readers to write us about the firearm's veracity (below). In reviewing the photos our Firearms Editor Phil Spangenberg pointed out that the images credit two different photographers, while close inspection of the images reveals the two photos (right) were taken in the same studio.

How could this be? According to the University of New Mexico's Digital Collections' biography of Ben Wittick, "there is some confusion over images attributed to or copyrighted by Wittick that may have been taken by his one-time partner A. Frank Randall and vice versa. It is unclear how they actually worked together but it is believed they traded negatives resulting in similar backgrounds and settings."

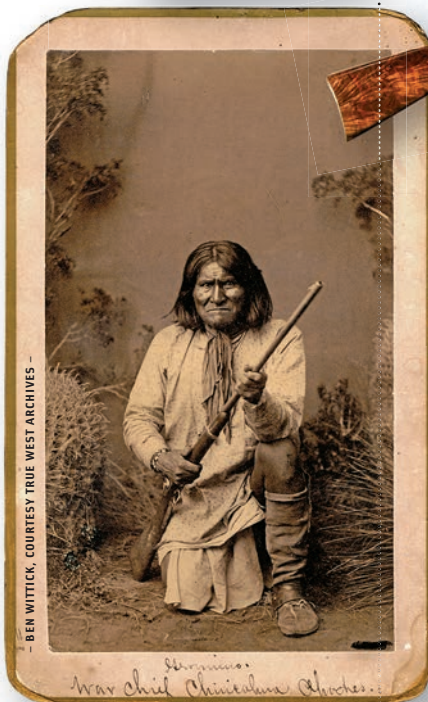
—Stuart Rosebrook, editor

Just received my November 2019 *True West*, the Geronimo issue. Thought I'd mention that the Springfield you note as a carbine on p. 17 appears to me to be a cut-down infantry rifle and I have to wonder if it wasn't a studio prop? Interestingly, in the Randall photograph on the next page he is holding yet another bubbahed infantry rifle, this one with a longer barrel—no doubt another studio prop.

J.R. Brummett
Lewellen, Nebraska

I received the November 2019 issue of *True West* with a focus on Geronimo. I have been intrigued with the picture of Geronimo kneeling with the 1873 Trapdoor Springfield on p. 17. Ken Amorosano's explanation of the 1877 Trapdoor picture being a photo prop rifle or Geronimo's own weapon was helpful, but what is missed in the photo is that Geronimo is holding a Trapdoor rifle with a carbine stock. I would like to know whether the armory ever issued carbine stocks with rifle barrels or if the gun in the famous Geronimo picture is an anomaly.

Jeff Broome
Beulah, Colorado



In Ken Amorosano's feature, "In the Hands of History," there are two photos of Geronimo with an unusual-looking Springfield Trapdoor longarm. The images on pages 17 and 18 reveal that he's got the same weapon in his hands, however it is not a standard Springfield rifle, carbine or even a military-issue forager (Springfield Trapdoor 20-gauge shotgun). After a careful examination of these photographs, it is my opinion that this is a private gunsmith-conversion to some sort of sporting rifle, where a rifle, most likely—or possibly a Cadet rifle—barrel was added to an 1879 variation carbine stock. Everything from the tip of the forearm down to the butt plate appears to be standard-issue 1879 carbine stock, except that the cavalryman's carbine ring and bar have been removed; these wouldn't be needed on a sporter.

—Phil Spangenberg, *True West's* Firearms Editor

— GUN PHOTO COURTESY SHILOH RIFLE MFG. CO., HUNT PHOTO FROM PHIL SPANGENBERGER —



CORRECTIONS

On page 49 of the January 2020 issue, a photo of a Cimarron Firearms' 1894 rifle was duplicated on page 50. The firearm that should have appeared on page 50 with Phil Spangenberg's photo from a successful pronghorn hunt is the Shiloh Sharps Long Range Express rifle (above).

On page 75 of the December 2019 issue, the photo is incorrectly identified as the New Mexico History Museum; it is in fact the New Mexico Capitol building.

In the same issue, the phone number for the new United States Marshals Museum in Fort Smith, Arkansas, was incorrect on page 86; it should be (479) 709-3766; on page 90, the address for the Pattee House Museum and Jesse James home was misprinted and should have read 1202 Penn Street.





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— WYOMING —

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DAY 1. You've booked a stay at one of Sheridan County's ranches or mountain lodges, and you wake up to the sound of elk bugging. Spend an hour tossing a fly line into a stream, cover a bit of ground on horseback, or photograph moose, elk, deer, or beautiful migratory birds as you take in the majesty of the **Bighorn Mountains**. **Park Reservoir (1)** is a great destination for fishing, hiking, kayaking, and camping, and is a gateway to the **Cloud Peak Wilderness**. On your way down the mountain, visit **Spear-O-Wigwam**, a historic ranch where **Ernest Hemingway** finished work on *A Farewell to Arms*. Stop in Big Horn and visit the **Big Horn Mercantile** for wood fired, stone baked pizza and an old fashioned soda. Later, wander the historic streets of downtown Sheridan, check out the shops, galleries, restaurants and boutiques, then belly up to the bar at **The Mint**,

Wyoming's most notorious former speakeasy. Take the trophy tour, explore history through photographs, and check out the thousands of brands on the walls. **DAY 2.** Enjoy a wild game breakfast skillet at **Cowboy Cafe**, and get ready to get your boots dirty. If it's late May, you're in luck; the **Eaton's Horse Drive** is an annual tradition that captures the imagination of the community. Cowboys from **Eaton's Ranch** drive their herd from winter grazing areas straight through town - down 5th St. in front of the historic **Sheridan Inn**, and toward the ranch. Otherwise, head on out to Story for a visit to the state **Fish Hatchery**, and the historic site of the **Wagon Box Fight**. Not far from Story is **Fort Phil Kearny (2)**; the fort, known to Indians as the "hated post on the Little Piney," played an important role in **Red Cloud's War**. The area around the fort was the site of the **Fetterman Fight** in 1866 and the **Wagon Box Fight** in 1867. Later, embrace Sheridan's craft culture with an evening visit to

one of our three award-winning breweries (**Black Tooth**, **Luminous**, **Smith Alley**), distillery (**Koltiska**), and winery (**The Vault**). **DAY 3.** Treat yourself to a lovely breakfast at the **Shabby Shack (3)**, then head to **King's Saddlery** to see master rope makers and leather crafters at work. Try tossing a rope yourself in the **Don King Museum (4)**. Spend your afternoon enjoying polo in Big Horn, then explore **The Brinton Museum**; the Ranch House, originally built in 1892, was expanded in 1927-28 to accommodate the Brinton's collections of Indian artifacts, art, historic documents and over 600 oils, watercolors and sketches by American artists including Audubon, Gollings, Kleiber, Remington and Russell. Lunch at the Brinton Bistro comes with sublime mountain views. Visit Sheridan during **WYO Rodeo Week (5)**, celebrating 90 years in July 2020. If you can't be here during the WYO, consider an immersive experience like the **Bots Sots Remount Horse Sale (6)**, **Don King Days**, or the **Sheridan County Rodeo**.

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BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Assassination of Charles Bent

The murder of the New Mexico governor failed to sustain the Taos Revolt.

Charles Bent was the natural choice for governor of New Mexico Territory in 1846. He was one of the most powerful, most successful men in the region. The series of trading forts he helped build along the Santa Fe Trail provided a virtual lifeline for pioneers and settlers. And when the U.S. took over the area after its victory in the Mexican-American War, Bent received his due in the form of the governorship.

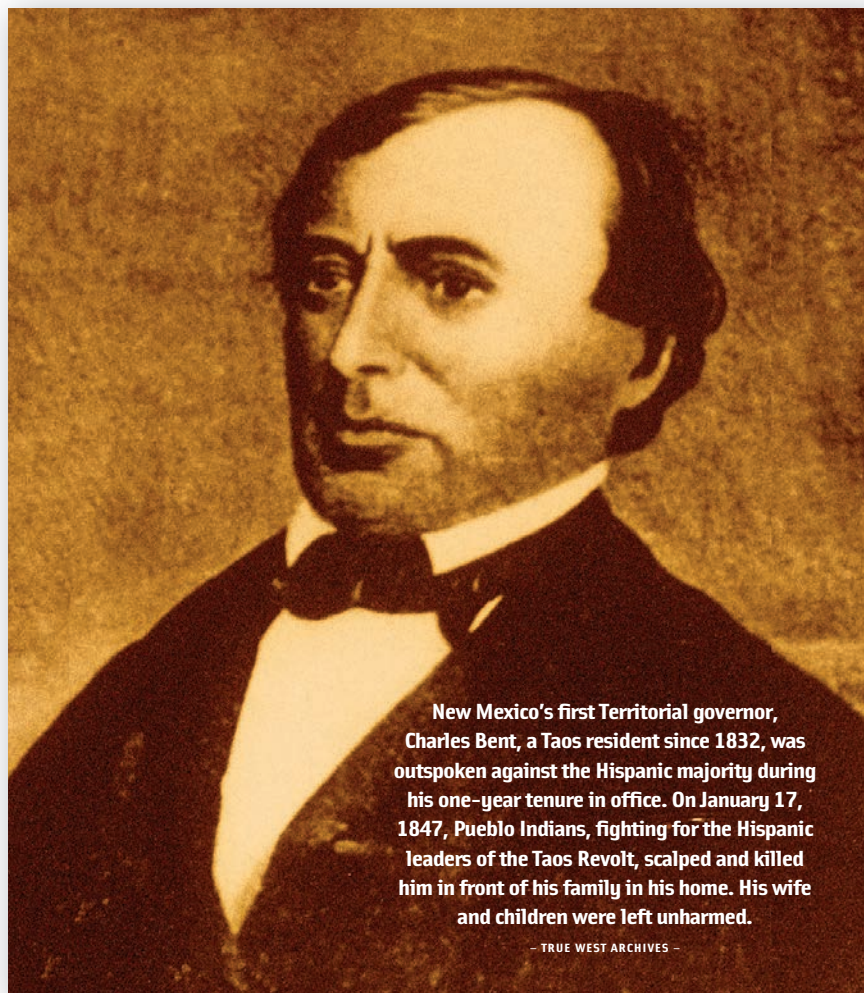
Perhaps he should have turned it down.

The powerful Mexican families of New Mexico didn't like the new arrangement—especially since, in their view, the U.S. Army and the new governor didn't treat them with due respect. They feared that their old Mexican land titles were no longer good and they'd lose their estates. The local Indian tribal members felt the same way. And almost as soon as the war was over in August 1846, many of the longtime residents began planning revolution. And Charles Bent was a major target.

The authorities knew about the plans, at least in a general sense. They tried to head things off by arresting some uprising leaders, but a few escaped. And they took up arms on January 17, 1847.

The rebellion started in Taos, where Governor Bent had a home.

Tomas Romero led a group of Native Americans to the Bent house, one of the first actions in the Taos Revolt. They broke down the door, filled Bent with arrows and then scalped him in front of his wife and children before moving on. But Bent was a hard kill; he was still alive. And his family and others tried to get him out by digging a hole through the adobe into the house next door. There, they hid and nursed the badly wounded man.



New Mexico's first Territorial governor, Charles Bent, a Taos resident since 1832, was outspoken against the Hispanic majority during his one-year tenure in office. On January 17, 1847, Pueblo Indians, fighting for the Hispanic leaders of the Taos Revolt, scalped and killed him in front of his family in his home. His wife and children were left unharmed.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

The effort failed. The revolutionaries entered that house and discovered them; they finished off Bent but left the women and children unharmed.

Over the next several days, the insurgents killed several other officials before U.S. troops could gain the upper hand. Most of the leaders of the revolt were tried for murder, especially of Charles Bent, but the cards were stacked against them. One of the judges was a close friend of Bent. Another was the father of a man killed on

January 19. The grand jury foreman was George Bent, Charles's brother. The court interpreter was a Bent partner. The verdicts were foregone conclusions: guilty. Starting in April, 28 men were hanged in Taos for their roles in the revolt. The executions broke the back of the uprising, but they did nothing to calm the bitter feelings the Mexican and Native tribes had toward the U.S.

Today, Bent's house is a museum. And the streets in front and back of the structure are named in his honor.





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BY JOHN LANGELLIER

Great Plains Collection Gaveled Off

The James B. Scoville American Indian and Western Art Auction exceeded all expectations.



C. M. Russell's pen and ink with watercolor on paper, *Inspection of a Permit*, brought the highest price realized at Cowan's Scoville sale at \$93,750, although this figure fell below the high estimate of \$120,000.


— ALL IMAGES COURTESY OF COWAN'S AUCTIONS —

Note all prices realized include the 25 percent buyer's premium.

Once again, a lifetime of collecting became available, in this case on October 10, 2019, through Cowan's Auctions. According to a news release from Cowan's, the "James B. Scoville Collection, one of the most complete 19th-century Great Plains collections to ever come to market, sold for a combined \$923,625." This opening session spearheaded a \$2 million two-day event, the second day being the October 11th American

Indian and Western Art: Premier Auction. Both figures included a 25 percent buyer's premium. Of special note, the Scoville sale of curated beadwork, textiles, firearms and Western Art exceeded its low estimate total by over \$300,000.

"From the moment I first saw this collection, I absolutely fell in love with it, and I'm so happy to see collectors appreciated it as much as I did," said Danica Farnand, Cowan's director of American Indian and Western

Art. "Jim Scoville's fervent passion and incredible eye for quality created one of the most extraordinary collections we've ever had the pleasure of handling." When the final gavel came down, bidders had obtained hundreds of spectacular pieces. 

John Langellier's most recent book, *Trapdoor* Springfield, was released last summer by Osprey of Oxford, U.K. He currently is completing his next book, *Scouting with the Buffalo Soldiers: Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke, Frederic Remington and the Tenth U.S. Cavalry in the West*.



The price realized for this Great Lakes quilled hide knife sheath with cartouche knife was \$53,125.



A Sioux quilled and beaded buffalo hide bowcase and quiver collection went on the block with an estimate of \$20,000 to \$30,000. The price realized was \$41,250.



Cheyenne River Sioux pictorial beaded hide tobacco bag was estimated to bring between \$30,000 and \$50,000; the price realized was \$43,750.



An Apsaalooke [Crow] beaded-hide rifle scabbard brought a price of \$20,625.

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Americana & Political (Dallas, TX)
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German-born W.H.D. Koerner's oil on canvas, *Two Men in a Canoe*, sold for a price realized of \$37,500.

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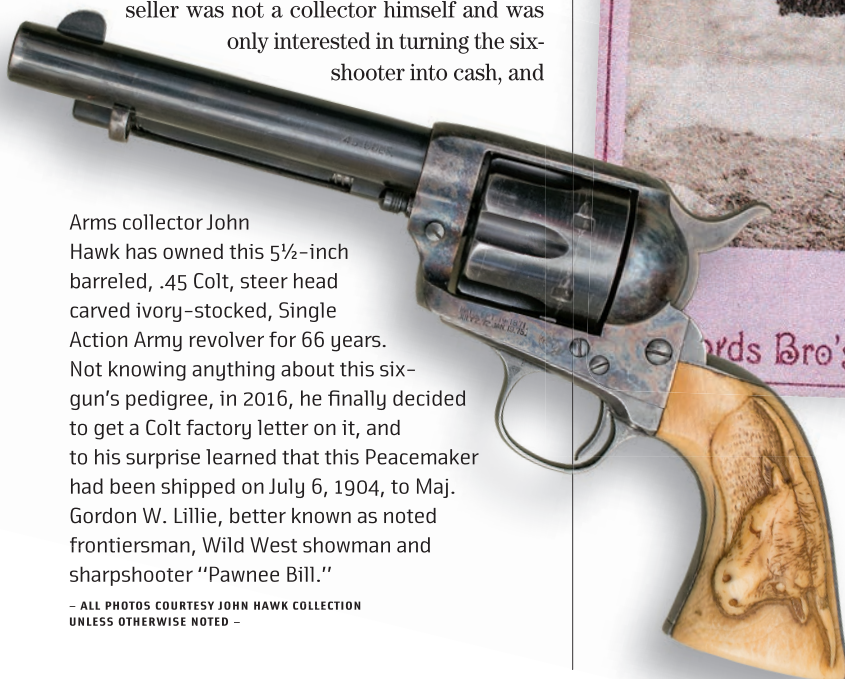
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A Firearms Treasure Hidden in Plain Sight

It took nearly a lifetime for this veteran collector to realize he'd been holding a frontier bonanza since he was a teenager.

Do you know the history of that old gun of yours? Often there is little or no way to find out much about most vintage firearms, unless of course they come with some form of solid documentation. Some manufacturers and arms collectors associations offer historical shipping records for a nominal fee. Regardless, many gun owners possess a vintage firearm for years, never knowing who its original owner was... but once in a while, you may just get lucky!

Here's a fascinating story of an old Colt Single Action Army (SAA). Back in 1950, teenaged firearms enthusiast John Hawk purchased a Colt SAA for the then-whopping price of \$75! It was to be the first of many he'd collect through the years. Colt SAA, serial No. 255919, was bought from a man in Pikeside, West Virginia. Hawk wanted a shooter, and a gun that represented the Old West. The Peacemaker was a .45 Colt-chambered arm with a 5½-inch barrel and finished in a worn blue and color case-hardened finish, and sporting aged, yellowed ivory stocks with a steer head carved in the left side. Because the seller was not a collector himself and was only interested in turning the six-shooter into cash, and



Arms collector John Hawk has owned this 5½-inch barreled, .45 Colt, steer head carved ivory-stocked, Single Action Army revolver for 66 years. Not knowing anything about this six-gun's pedigree, in 2016, he finally decided to get a Colt factory letter on it, and to his surprise learned that this Peacemaker had been shipped on July 6, 1904, to Maj. Gordon W. Lillie, better known as noted frontiersman, Wild West showman and sharpshooter "Pawnee Bill."

— ALL PHOTOS COURTESY JOHN HAWK COLLECTION UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED —



For this circa 1890s publicity cabinet card photograph, Major Lillie, aka Pawnee Bill, posed with his sharpshooting wife, May Lillie. The couple toured together and were married for 50 years until her death in 1936, as a result of an auto accident. Pawnee Bill died in 1942.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

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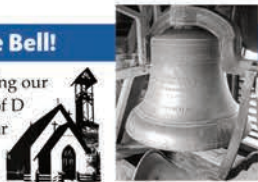


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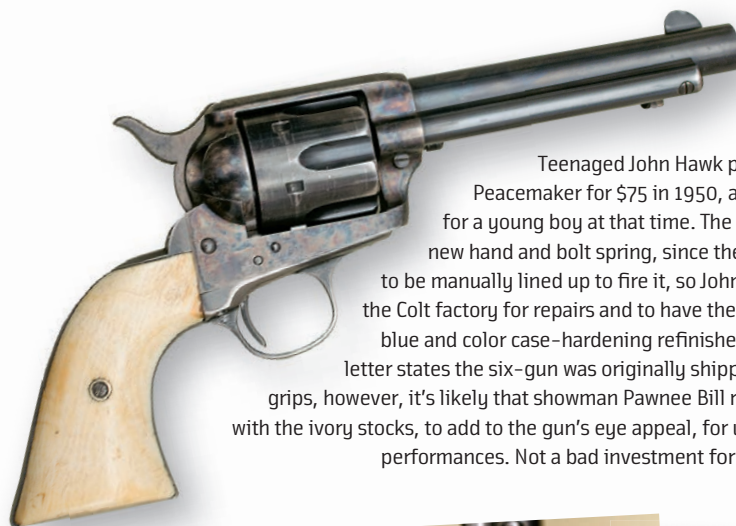


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Teenaged John Hawk purchased this Peacemaker for \$75 in 1950, a princely sum for a young boy at that time. The gun needed a new hand and bolt spring, since the cylinder had to be manually lined up to fire it, so John shipped it to the Colt factory for repairs and to have the original worn blue and color case-hardening refinished. The factory letter states the six-gun was originally shipped with wood grips, however, it's likely that showman Pawnee Bill replaced them with the ivory stocks, to add to the gun's eye appeal, for use during his performances. Not a bad investment for a youngster!

the teenaged Hawk was so interested in getting his Colt home to show his father, he neglected to ask the seller where he got the six-gun.

Shortly thereafter, Hawk showed it to an antique dealer, who offered him \$300 for the grips alone. To this day, John Hawk, now in his mid-80s, is surprised he did not accept that offer, since he had never had that much money in his young life. He also wonders how he was able to get the \$75 together to purchase the old Colt in the first place, since in 1950 dollars, that was a pretty hefty price. When purchased, this old smokewagon was a bit out of time and John had to line the cylinder up manually in order to fire it, so he shipped the gun back to Colt for repair and refinishing. This cost him another \$33 for Colt's smithing and refinishing.

Ironically, Hawk not only became a collector of old Colts and other frontier-era firearms, he also worked as a volunteer serial number researcher at the Cody Firearms Museum, in Cody, Wyoming, from



Pawnee Bill's old Colt SAA wears aged and well-fitted, mellowed ivory stocks, that appear to have been with the gun, probably since the Wild West showman owned it. Its serial number 255919 appears in the three proper places for a Colt of its age—on the toe of the butt strap, at the bottom front of the frame and just in front of the trigger guard.

1991 until 2014. Through his years of poring through Winchester's old records, Hawk became quite knowledgeable on the subject, with a special interest in the 1876 model. Yet, despite obtaining a number of vintage Colts through the years, most of which he purchased Colt's factory letters for, he never thought to get one on his original Colt No. 255919. That is, not until 2016, after owning the revolver for 66 years.

One can only imagine his surprise and pleasure when he read Colt's factory letter stating that his \$75 Colt had been shipped



This colorful souvenir program dates from around 1888, when Pawnee Bill and his wife, May Lillie, known as the "Champion Girl Horseback Shot of the West," launched their first Wild West show. Financially unsuccessful, the couple regrouped and formed a smaller operation called "Pawnee Bill's Historical Wild West Indian Museum and Encampment Show." That show was popular and financially successful for years.

as a one-gun order, as a 5½-inch barreled, .45 Colt caliber revolver, on July 6, 1904, to none other than Maj. Gordon W. Lillie, aka Pawnee Bill, the famed frontiersman, Wild West showman and trick shooter. Although the letter states that the Peacemaker was shipped with wood stocks, it's quite likely that showman Pawnee Bill replaced the wood grips with the steer head-adorned ivory stocks, to add to the gun's eye appeal, for use during his performances. In either event, they certainly match the six-gun in age, and they fit perfectly. So, if you own an antique Colt, don't you think it is worth a few dollars to find out if it ever belonged to anyone famous? A letter from Colt currently starts at \$75 and could make quite a difference in your gun's value. For details on obtaining a factory letter for your old Colt, contact 1-800-962-2658, ext: 1343.



Phil Spangenberg 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.



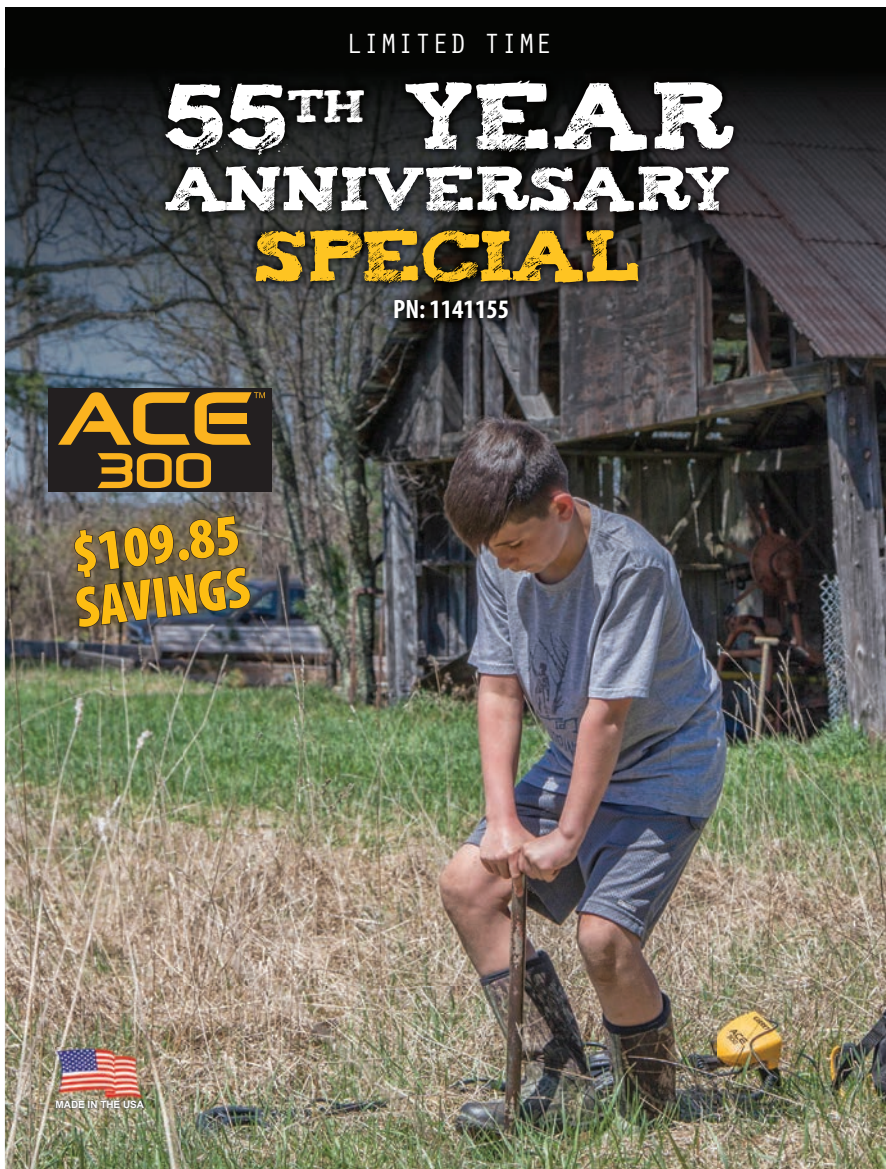
PHOTO COURTESY MIKE BRAIWICK

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Here are some custom-crafted gun stands designed to show off any firearm's best features. Looking like they're straight out of a fine art gallery, the bases are cast from original Victorian-era chandelier and hanging lamp bobeches (small collars used to catch wax candle drippings, or to hang glass or crystal reflective pendants from). The stand is decorated with an individually lathe-turned knob of beautiful spalted wood (discolored by fungi), and a heat-blued metal rod that holds the revolver via a cylinder chamber.

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"I Will Fight No

CHIEF JOSEPH'S LEADERSHIP OF THE NEZ PERCES

FROM YELLOWSTONE TO BEAR PAW

REMAINS A DEFINING

MOMENT IN AMERICAN

INDIAN HISTORY.

Fighting that broke out at White Bird Canyon in Idaho in June of 1877 between the Nez Perce Indians and the U.S. Army commanded by Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard, had continued through the summer with engagements along the Clearwater River and at Camas Meadows in Idaho, and the Big Hole in western Montana. By August, the Nez Perce people had outpaced the Army as they struck the Madison River and followed it into Yellowstone National Park.



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In the summer and fall of 1877, Chief Joseph led the Nez Perce people on a four-month trek across the Rocky Mountain West, trying to escape the U.S. Army and make it to Canada and freedom.

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EXCLUSIVE ONLINE VIDEO



Watch Candy Moulton tell her story about her lifelong interest in Chief Joseph in the exclusive video at TrueWestMagazine.com



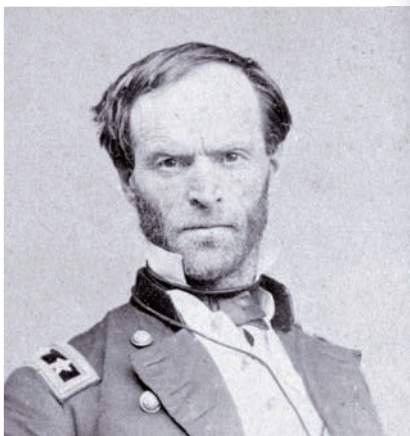
MAJ. GEN. OLIVER O. HOWARD



BRIG. GEN. SAMUEL E. STURGIS



GEN. NELSON MILES



GEN. WM. TECUMSEH SHERMAN

Few expected the Nez Perce with Chief Joseph and the other Nez Perce headmen to enter the park, but they'd already proven that they would take a different route than expected. As the main party moved slowly along the river, Yellow Wolf and fellow scouts took several tourists—George and Emma Cowan and her sister and brother, Frank and Ida Carpenter—as captives. Yellow Wolf instructed the tourists to turn east, travel along a stream later called Nez Perce Creek, and follow a barely discernable trail through a pine forest to Mary Lake.

Lean Elk, still responsible for the Nez Perce march, kept an eye on the captives and restrained younger warriors who still sought revenge for the attack on their families at the Big Hole. On the way up the trail toward Mary Lake, Lean Elk told the Cowans they could leave. Men in their party escaped into the woods while Emma and her family backtracked until younger warriors surrounded them, shot George Cowan in the leg and then in the head, and threatened the others. Lean Elk and a Nez Perce named Red Scout had followed the tourists to see to their safety, came upon the attack, and stopped the young warriors from further harming the tourists. With Red Scout's help, Lean Elk took Emma Cowan and Frank and Ida Carpenter, back into

custody, leaving George Cowan, who was presumed dead, beside the trail.

The Indians and the captives continued across Yellowstone Park and into the open meadowland of the Hayden Valley before following the Yellowstone River upstream to Mud Volcano. There, the stench of sulphur mixed with the burping, bubbling sounds of superheated boiling mud stung their noses as they plunged their horses across the river. At Pelican Valley, in the southeastern part of the park, the Indians halted for the day, building fires for each family camp while women fished for supper.

During the evening Nez Perce warriors and headmen joined Chief Joseph and Lean Elk in council near their fire. Emma and her siblings could not understand what was being said, but knew at least a part of the discussion involved their fate, with Joseph arguing on their behalf. The following morning, Lean Elk took the captives, gave them two horses to ride, helped them cross the Yellowstone River, showed them a trail, and told them to "go quick." They made their way north steadily but cautiously until they met a military scouting party and provided information on the location of the Nez Perce camp, the Indians' direction of travel and the condition of the people and their animals.

As they had intended from the onset, the Nez Percés and their families now



Future general of the Army, Col. Nelson Miles commanded 520 men from multiple units of the 5th Infantry stationed at Fort Keough, Montana Territory.

— COURTESY LITTLE BIGHORN BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT DIGITAL ARCHIVE, NPS. —



In the summer of 1871, Nez Perce War Chief Looking Glass and the tribe were encamped along the Yellowstone River, where he was photographed by Hayden Survey photographer William Henry Jackson. He was the last Nez Perce warrior killed at the Battle of Bear Paw.

turned toward Crow Indian lands, following Pelican Valley, a broad, 10-mile-long area. While in Yellowstone, the Indians traveled shorter distances each day, resting and recovering from what had already been a grueling trip. They separated into two major groups, one led by Joseph, the other commanded by Looking Glass, as they followed different drainages to Mist Creek Pass and then all descended to the Lamar River on the eastern side of Yellowstone Park. Joseph led his followers north along

the Lamar, abandoning dozens of horses and mules that had been cut and injured as they negotiated the rugged terrain. Eventually, they turned east, traveling out of Yellowstone.

General Howard followed the Madison River into Yellowstone Park days after Joseph and the Nez Perces wove their way there and captured the tourists. Howard's command, with its wagons for support, moved slower than the Nez Perces or the general's own scouts. Howard's party found George Cowan,

not dead but seriously injured, and placed him in one of the wagons.

On September 4, Howard's force reached Mud Volcano and the Yellowstone River ford the Nez Perces had used. He ordered the men to bathe and wash clothing in the hot mineral springs. The wagons had stopped after their difficult descent to the Yellowstone River and the following day Howard discharged the teamsters, telling them to make their way out of the park. The soldiers now used pack mules to carry



William Henry Jackson's photographs of Nez Perce families camped along the Yellowstone River in Montana northeast of the future national park documented the tribe's historical relationship with the land they would travel through six years later.

supplies. Howard himself abandoned the trail of the Nez Percés at the ford near Mud Volcano, following the Yellowstone downstream before riding east, intending to close in on the Indians and corner them. He knew from messages received while he was in Yellowstone that Lt. Col. Samuel D. Sturgis, with 450 mounted men of the 7th Cavalry and several Crow Indian scouts, had moved into the Shoshone River country just east of Yellowstone. This force was poised to encounter the Nez Percés as they left the park but before they could cross onto the open plains of Montana's buffalo country. Sturgis, a Pennsylvanian, was an experienced Indian fighter, having engaged Jicarilla Apaches in the 1850s and Kiowas and Comanches on the Southern Plains in the 1860s.

Joseph and the other headmen recombined their parties in Sunlight Basin, a big hole ringed by mountains just east of

Yellowstone. To move out of it, they could cross over the steep mountains forming part of the Absaroka Range, or they could venture near the narrow defile of the Clark's Fork River. This canyon was as

rugged and seemingly impenetrable as those in the upper reaches of the Snake River near Joseph's Wallowa homeland. To the dismay of Sturgis and Howard, the headmen chose the river route, and on September 8, again gave the Army the slip. The Nez Percés exited Clark's Fork and headed north, back into Montana, with Lean Elk still in charge of the daily travel. The Crows would not help them and since they could not remain in the buffalo country along the Yellowstone River as intended, they revised their plans. They would travel another three hundred or more miles to Canada and join Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa leader who had escaped there after the June 1876 battle at the Little Bighorn.

The thirteen days the Nez Percés spent crossing through Yellowstone, while giving them a chance to rest and recuperate, allowed the military ample opportunity to

get into position. Sturgis, though thwarted in his first effort to stop them as they departed the park, remained in striking distance, and Howard still pushed from behind. There were now hundreds of troops surrounding the Indians, closing in to check their flight.

WE COULD HAVE ESCAPED

What started as an obscure Army-versus-Indian campaign in a remote mountain valley in Idaho became a national drama that summer of 1877. At first, regional newspaper correspondents like Thomas Sutherland of the *Portland Daily Standard* and writers for the *Owyhee Avalanche* and *Lewiston Teller* in Idaho kept the public apprised of the events, but the capture of tourists at Yellowstone brought increased newspaper attention to Joseph and his people. By the time the Nez Percés emerged from the park the story of their hegira was headlined all across America.

The success of the Nez Percés in the engagements in Idaho and western Montana, and the embarrassing fact that a few hundred Indians and their families, with a couple of thousand head of horses, had eluded an ever-growing Army force, began to draw not only attention, but also empathy from people following the story, and in some cases from the very troops who pursued them. "I am actually beginning to admire their bravery and endurance in the face of so



One of the most remarkable feats accomplished by Chief Joseph's band of Nez Percés during their flight from the Army was traveling with women, children, the elderly and their full encampments.



Before the war, in the spring of 1877, three young Nez Perce men, Billy Carter, Ollokot (Chief Joseph's brother) and Middle Bear, posed for a photograph in Walla Walla, Washington.

- COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS -

many well equipped enemies," Howard's field surgeon, Dr. John FitzGerald, said.

Such was not the view, however, of the Army's supreme commander, Gen. William T. Sherman, who barely missed running headlong into the Indians during his tour of Yellowstone Park in August. He suggested harsh action: "Their horses, arms and property should be taken away. Many of their leaders [should be] executed," he said.

Sherman, like other military commanders, believed that most of the tribesmen "will fight hard, skillfully, to the death."

Now out of Yellowstone, the tribal members had a skirmish with troops from the 6th and 7th Cavalry commanded by Sturgis at Canyon Creek, but kept to their trail north toward Canada. There was now another effort to stop them. General

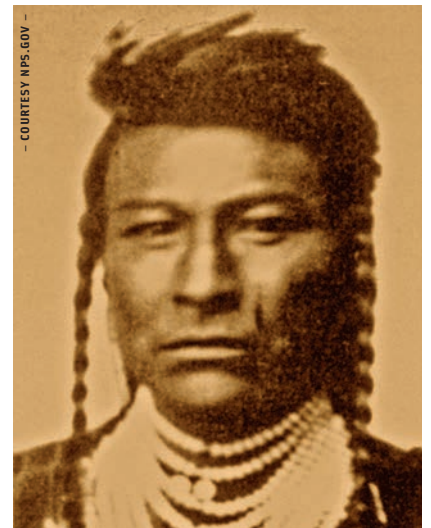
Howard, plagued by weary men and horses, and suffering from limited supplies after following the Indians across rough lands impossible for wagons, asked Col. Nelson Miles, commander at the Cantonment on the Tongue River in eastern Montana, to "make every effort in your power to prevent the escape of this hostile band, and at least to hold them in check until I can overtake them."

A 38-year-old career soldier from Massachusetts, Miles took to the field against the Nez Perces on September 18, just over three months since their flight began. Miles was intimately familiar with the country the Nez Perces were then crossing. During the recent winter campaign, Miles had pursued Sitting Bull into Canada and still monitored the Hunkpapa medicine man's band.

The Nez Perces were just 80 miles from the Canadian border when Looking Glass again assumed primary leadership for them, replacing Lean Elk. Almost immediately, the travel pace slowed but they traveled another 40 miles. They camped on Snake Creek at the edge of the Bear Paw Mountains* at noon on September 29.



PEOPEO THOLEKT



WHITE BIRD

Late that day, General Miles and his 500 troops could see the Bear Paw Mountains when it began raining and then a light snow started. Late that afternoon scouts riding for Miles returned to the main column to report that they had located the Nez Perce trail and knew the camp was nearby.

Chief Joseph and his daughter, Sound of Running Water, were at the horse herd early on the morning of September 30, preparing to break camp when they heard the cry "Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers!" as Cheyenne Indian scouts and 7th Cavalry troopers broke over the ridge and swept toward the Nez Perce camp. "We had no knowledge of General Miles' army until a short time before he charged upon us, cutting our camp in two and capturing nearly all of our horses," Joseph said.

The cold morning erupted into chaos.

Miles's troopers attacked with a vengeance.

Chief Joseph sat for his first photographic portrait while living as a prisoner of war at Fort Lincoln, near Bismarck, North Dakota, in November 1877. They would only be at Fort Lincoln a short while before being shipped to malaria-infested land around Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.





A sagebrusher party lunching on ham, among various other dishes, in the upper geyser basin, circa 1873–1884. This may be similar to the base camp the Cowans (the tourist family kidnapped by the Nez Perce while the tribe was in the park) had during their stay in Yellowstone in 1877 (notice the tent at the far left, near the buggy).

– YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK MUSEUM –

Yellow Wolf watched “hundreds of soldiers charging in two wide, circling wings. They were surrounding our camp.”

“I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than 20 steps apart,” Joseph said. Some soldiers fell in the Indian camp and the Nez Percés took their guns and ammunition as they repulsed three separate onslaughts by the troopers.

The day ended in misery for both sides. Dozens of Miles’ troops had been killed or wounded. Several of the Nez Perce leaders also had been killed, including leaders Ollokot, Lean Elk and Toolhoolhoolzote. Indian families were divided as some members fled toward Canada, while others were surrounded by troops and under attack. In their camp, the Nez Percés faced tough decisions. “We could have escaped

from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women and children behind,” Joseph said. “We were unwilling to do this.”

The Battle of Bear Paw became a siege. Over the next four days Joseph met directly with Miles. He was held in the soldier camp against his will, but at the same time soldiers were captured by the Indians. After tense negotiations Joseph was allowed to return to his camp, and the soldiers were released as well. Back in the Indian camp, Joseph met with White Bird and Looking Glass. Before any final decision was made, a military sharpshooter killed Looking Glass. This left White Bird and Chief Joseph to lead the Nez Percés. In the end they agreed to follow their own paths.

Chief Joseph said, “I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. My people needed rest. We wanted peace.” He continued, “The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food; no one knows where they are — perhaps freezing to death. I want to have time to look for my

children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands I will fight no more forever.”

Joseph’s surrender speech became the defining statement of his life and of his people.

According to Joseph, Miles had “promised that we might return to our country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed [him], or I never would have surrendered.”

The night of Joseph’s surrender, White Bird and tribal members who followed him escaped and fled to Canada. Of the 700 souls who had camped along Snake Creek near the Bear Paw Mountains at noon on September 29, 1877, Miles eventually held 448 as prisoners of war. Twenty-five had died on the battlefield and the remainder reached Canada. ❏

This article is an excerpt from *Chief Joseph: Guardian of the People*, the Spur Award-winning biography by Candy Moulton.

*The National Park Service uses Bear Paw in the singular for the name of the battle, battlefield and mountains, while the USGS’s official name is Bears Paw Mountains. The NPS spelling has been adopted for consistency in this article.



War correspondent and sketch artist G.M. Holland captured in perpetuity Chief Joseph’s dramatic surrender speech in which he promised “to fight no more forever” to Col. Nelson Miles and the Army.

BY LOUIS KRAFT

Black Kettle:

THE PEOPLE'S PEACEMAKER

THE VALIANT SOUTHERN CHEYENNE CHIEF NEVER STOPPED BELIEVING THAT PEACE AND FREEDOM WERE POSSIBLE FOR HIS TRIBE.

Hoping to end the 1867 plains war, over 5,000 Indians camped on the Medicine Lodge peace council grounds in Kansas on October 14, 1867, but only Black Kettle's band of Tsistsistas (Cheyennes) were present. The rest of the tribe had assembled on the Cimarron River in Indian Territory where Keeper of the Sacred Arrows Stone Forehead would renew them. Three days later Black Kettle attended an impromptu meeting with the commissioners. His attitude wasn't the best. "We were once friends with the whites," he said, "but you nudged us out of the way by your intrigues." He wanted them to stop *pushing* each other. "Why don't you talk and go straight, and let all be well?"

Later that day Tsistsista Dog Men ("Dog Soldiers" is a white man term) chiefs Tall Bull and Gray Head visited the council grounds. Before leaving Tall Bull confronted Black Kettle in his camp. He wanted to know why he wasn't on the Cimarron River to participate in the renewal of the arrows. He told Black Kettle to travel to the



Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer's surprise attack on Black Kettle's camp on the Washita River in the Indian Territory on November 27, 1868, was initially reported as a victory for Custer's 7th Cavalry against hostile Indians, but soon thereafter many contemporary factions viewed the unprovoked sunrise attack as a massacre and "cold-blooded butchery." The battle, which included the killing of Black Kettle and his wife, Medicine Woman Later, remains controversial and a dark moment in American-Indian relations on the Southern Plains.

- COURTESY NPS.GOV -



INDIAN AGENT
EDWARD "NED" WYNKOOP



COLONEL
WILLIAM HAZEN



GENERAL
PHILIP SHERIDAN



LIEUTENANT COLONEL
GEORGE A. CUSTER



Cimarron and tell the Called Out People what good another treaty with the *vi ho' i*—the white man—would bring. When Black Kettle refused, Tall Bull threatened to kill his horse herd. He also warned him not to speak. When the negotiations officially began on October 19, Black Kettle remained silent.

Three days later Dog Men returned to the council grounds in a downpour. They woke Black Kettle and forced him to ride to the peace commissioners' camp. While they waited for the white men to dress, Black Kettle became livid when he argued with Little Robe. No interpreters were present, but an unnamed reporter viewed it, and later wrote: "[B]eing a peacemaker among the Cheyennes in 1867 was a dangerous occupation."

Senator John Henderson appeared and demanded that the Cheyennes attend council. Tempers flared, but Black Kettle stepped between the Dog Men and Henderson and ended the confrontation. Before departing, the Dog Men forced Black Kettle to ride to the Cimarron with them. The chief's abduction upset the peace commissioners and reporters; most feared a Cheyenne attack.

The Kiowas and Comanches signed their treaty on October 21.

Finally, on October 27, Tsistsistas and Dog Men burst from the trees and rode across the creek as they shouted and fired their weapons. Black Kettle rode near the head of the charge. He was disheveled, but alive. It wasn't an attack—the Cheyennes were ready to hear the *vi ho' i*'s words. The Cheyenne and Arapaho council began the next day, but again Black Kettle was *advised* to remain silent.

Only Dog Man chief Buffalo Chief spoke:

"We do not claim this country south of the Arkansas, but that country between the

Arkansas and the Platte is ours.... You give us presents and then take our land; that produces war."

The commissioners ignored Buffalo Chief. There was total silence. The Tsistsista leaders realized that the *vi ho' i* were done talking and began to walk away. Interpreter John Smith saved the day by getting them to listen to Henderson. He told them that they could roam "throughout the unsettled portions of...the country they claim as originally theirs, which lies between the Arkansas and Platte Rivers" to hunt buffalo. Henderson didn't lie, but the treaty was never read to the Indians, and the U.S. government ignored his promise. Instead, the treaty would proclaim that the Cheyennes retained *their* right to hunt buffalo on *their* former land *south* of the Arkansas.

The winter of 1867–68 had been harsh, but the spring would be worse. In March, when Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan, who commanded the Division of the Missouri, blocked the issuing of weapons with the annuity distribution, Black Kettle and other chiefs didn't hide their anger. It happened again in April, but Black Kettle didn't complain as the Tsistsistas were in "a state of starvation." During the May distribution, Black Kettle and Stone Forehead complained to Agent Ned Wynkoop about not receiving the promised weapons but accepted the supplies. Not so at the July 20 distribution, for as soon as Black Kettle and the other chiefs saw they would not receive weapons, they stopped the process. "[Our] white brothers [are] pulling away from [us]

Peace Forsaken for War at Camp Weld

Black Kettle (seated center), with two Cheyenne and four Arapaho chiefs concluded failed peace talks with Colorado Territorial Governor John Evans, who unlike the Indian leaders, never wanted peace with the Cheyenne and Arapaho. Maj. Edward W. Wynkoop (kneeling with hat), who was sympathetic to the warring tribes, played an insignificant role at the meeting at Camp Weld south of Denver on September 28, 1864. Evans did not want peace and Wynkoop was already in hot water for daring to meet with warring Indians without orders and then bring chiefs to Denver to meet with Evans. The military was angry and worked to get rid of him; he would be removed from command at Fort Lyon in early November and ordered to report to Kansas, where he expected to be cashiered out of the military. According to the council minutes, Wynkoop and Chivington were more observers than participants, each only speaking once. When the council ended, Chivington, who was the final speaker, passed the Indians to Wynkoop, while he and Evans had no intention of ending the war.

Wynkoop and the chiefs were fooled, and thought peace had arrived, as did *Rocky Mountain News* editor William Byers (Byers would do an about-face within a few days). Two months later, Col. John M. Chivington led the 3rd Colorado Cavalry in a brutal and tragic attack on Black Kettle's peaceful camp of Cheyenne and Arapaho men, women and children on Sand Creek in southeastern Colorado.



Front row, kneeling, l.-r.: Wynkoop, Capt. Silas S. Soule. Middle row, seated, l.-r.: Cheyennes White Antelope, Bull Bear (a Dog Man) and Black Kettle; Arapahos Neva and No-ta-nee. Back row, standing, l.-r.: Unidentified, unidentified, John S. Smith (interpreter), Arapahos Heap of Buffalo and Bosse, Dexter Colley (trader [Indian Agent Sam Colley's son]) and unidentified.

- TRUE WEST ARCHIVES -

the hand they had given to [us] at Medicine Lodge Creek," an angry Black Kettle said. He refused the shipment, while making it clear he "would wait with patience for the Great Father to" deliver the promised "arms and ammunition."

Realizing the urgency, Wynkoop petitioned to have the arms released, and received permission providing that "no

evil will result from such [a] delivery." On August 9, Black Kettle and other chiefs camped near Wynkoop's Fort Larned agency and agreed not to use the weapons on whites. The agent distributed the previously refused supplies and the guns. Black Kettle and the others were thrilled.

That same day, Lt. Gen. William T. Sherman created a military district for the

Cheyennes, Arapahos, Comanches and Kiowas in Indian Territory that Lt. Col. William Hazen would command.

But on August 10 an intended Cheyenne-led raid on the Pawnees in Nebraska that began on August 2 morphed into days of rape, destruction and death to white homesteaders on the Saline and Solomon rivers in Kansas.

On October 28, 1867, during the second session of the Grand Council's peace negotiations at Medicine Lodge, Kansas, interpreter John S. Smith (center) conveyed Senator John Henderson's (not depicted) promise to Black Kettle (left) and the Cheyennes that they could roam their homelands between the Arkansas and Platte rivers. This saved the day's negotiations. Southern Cheyenne Indian Agent Ned Wynkoop, dressed in his officer's uniform, stood to the right. (Editor's Note: While these important negotiations and translations did take place as described, the English artist placed the event inside when there were no buildings at the peace encampment, and Smith was always clean-shaven.)

– VINCENT, BROOKS, DAY & SON, LITHO. COURTESY BEINECKE LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY –



When Black Kettle, who was still camped near Fort Larned, heard what happened, he yanked his hair and ripped his clothing. Seeing the chief's distress, Wynkoop told him if he "move[d] to Fort Larned he would take care of him." Black Kettle refused the offer. (In mid-November 1864 the military had promised the Tsistsistas protection if they moved to Sand Creek, but that resulted in a massacre of the People on the 29th.) Although he intended to move onto the buffalo's migratory path, Black Kettle decided to get his band as far away from the white man as possible and moved south with his followers into Indian Territory—his destination was the Washita River.

The chief's gut reaction to the future was on target. On September 17, Lieutenant General Sherman declared war on the Cheyennes. There would be no



The United States Congress created the Indian Peace Commission in July 1867 and charged the entity with bringing peace with the Native tribes in the Western states and territories. The October 1867 Medicine Lodge Peace Negotiations, between the U.S. government and five Southern Plains tribes—Kiowa, Comanche, Plains Apache, Cheyenne and Arapaho—was one of its first efforts. Unfortunately, the treaty would fall apart within a year, neither side able to keep the peace.

– TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –



more excuses, no more treaties, for this war would end the Cheyennes' freedom on the central and southern plains.

Moons passed. Black Kettle learned that *vi'ho'i* soldiers hunted the People south of the Arkansas. He also heard of a white peace chief at Fort Cobb, 119 miles east of his Washita village. Braving a bitter winter storm, he and others rode to meet Col. William Hazen.

On November 20, Black Kettle said to Hazen: "I have always done my best to keep my young men quiet, but some will not listen, and since the fighting began I have not been able to keep them all at home." But this was nothing new, and had been said to the white man

time and again. Contrary to false statements, Black Kettle didn't attempt to ransom captives for peace, for he had none.

Hazen sounded sincere, but he wasn't open to Black Kettle moving to the "safe zone" that he commanded for Indians supposedly not involved in the current war. Two days later Hazen reported to Sherman: "To have made peace with [Black Kettle] would have brought to my camp most of those now on the warpath south of the Arkansas."

Black Kettle wasn't on the warpath. Nothing had changed—absolutely nothing—for Black Kettle was considered *the* chief of all the Cheyennes and this made him the foremost war leader.

The evening of the 26th was freezing. Nevertheless, Black Kettle met in council with chiefs in his village. They undoubtedly discussed what they should do.

It didn't matter...

When Indian Agent Ned Wynkoop offered to protect Black Kettle and the Southern Cheyenne if they moved to Fort Larned, Kansas, in August 1868, the Cheyenne chief refused, remembering how they were attacked (above) after accepting a similar promise of peace in November 1864 at Sand Creek, Colorado Territory.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

At dawn, *vi'ho'i* soldiers yelled as they charged into the village and fired their weapons. Women and children screamed in fright. The hell of Sand Creek—four years previous—had again become reality. Black Kettle mounted a horse tethered to his lodge, pulled his wife, Medicine Woman Later, up behind him and attempted to escape across the Washita. A minute later, maybe two, soldiers' bullets ended their lives.

Lieutenant Colonel Custer and the 7th U.S. Cavalry had attacked the village



without knowing its occupants. He would report that he killed 101 warriors, including Black Kettle, as well as some women and children. But, Custer's death count is questionable—and will forever be so—for two mixed-blood Arapahos (Jack Fitzpatrick and John Poisal Jr.) who served under him, disagreed. They claimed that Custer “exaggerated; that there was not over 20 bucks killed; the rest, about 40, were women and children.”

Former Agent Wynkoop received Fitzpatrick and Poisal Jr.'s statement. When invited to speak at the Cooper Institute in New York City in December 1868, he had this to say about Black Kettle: “The whole force of his nature was concentrated in the one idea of how best to act for the good of his race.” Regardless of how the Called Out People viewed him, from the time that he became a chief in 1855 until his death, Black Kettle worked to prevent or end war between the races.



Black Kettle and his wife, Medicine Woman Later, survived the Army attack on their peaceful village at Sand Creek on November 29, 1864, but at the Battle of Washita on November 27, 1868, 7th Cavalry troopers shot and killed the Cheyenne chief and his wife on the banks of Washita River as they tried to escape on horseback.

— DETAIL OF STEVEN LANG'S “BATTLE OF THE WASHITA” PAINTING
COURTESY WASHITA BATTLEFIELD NHS, NPS.GOV —

Louis Kraft is the author of five history books and a novel about Indian-American race relations and conflicts in the mid- to late-19th century. His latest book, *Sand Creek and the Tragic End of Lifeway*, will be published by the University of Oklahoma Press on March 12, 2020.

Eyewitness

Remarkable photographs by German immigrant-turned-soldier Christian Barthelmess offer a window into a soldier's life in the West.

Christian Barthelmess was a teenager when he arrived in the United States from Bavaria in 1876. The 1870s was a decade of major immigration to America from Germany and Central Europe, and thousands migrated into the ghettos of the nation's burgeoning industrial cities, or to the West to homestead and own their own land. Like his peers, Barthelmess first worked as a factory laborer in New York and Ohio. In 1876, he lived in St. Louis, Missouri, enlisted in the U.S. Army's 6th Cavalry and was sent to Fort Apache, Arizona Territory.

Barthelmess would remain an active duty soldier in the Army until 1903. In addition to the 6th Cavalry, he served in the 13th, 22nd and 2nd Infantry regiments. His service also took him to New Mexico's Fort Wingate and Bayard, Colorado's Lewis and Montana's Fort Keogh. The dedicated enlisted man, who would rise to the rank of Chief Musician, 2nd Infantry Band, was



to History

BY STUART ROSEBROOK

A column of troops led by members of the Second Infantry Band pose with their instruments in cases, and a corporal with a bicycle, near the Tongue River near Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, 1896.

— ALL PHOTOS BY CHRISTIAN BARTHELMESS, COURTESY BEINECKE LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY —





As a photographer, Barthelmess was active in all seasons, and had an artistic as well as journalistic eye for an image, as seen in his photo of a mule train and a group of five Zuni Indians in the snow in Nutria, a historic Zuni farming community, New Mexico Territory, 1881.



After hunting rabbits and birds (foreground) Barthelmess had four soldiers and an Indian scout from Fort Wingate pose with their dogs and game in the Zuni farming village of Nutria on the same day as the landscape photo above.





Five heavily armed Apache Scouts posed for Barthelmess at Fort Bayard, New Mexico Territory, circa 1884. According to biographer Maurice Frink, the scout second from the left is wearing "an ancient Apache war cap."

also sent overseas to fight in Cuba and the Philippines during the Spanish-American and Philippine-American wars. During his career he joined the Army band and became an Army photographer. He married

Catherine Dorothea Hansen in Silver City, New Mexico Territory, in 1886. They had eight children. According to Barthelmess's biographer, Maurice Frink, and son Casey E. (see photo of Casey with his son Russell on p. 47), who published *Photographer on an Army Mule* in 1965, Christian "loved his family, the Army, his camera and music, perhaps in that order.... He was dedicated to his self-appointed task of recording the look of that land and the life of its people. No one knows where or when he obtained the camera that he kept at hand until his dying day. After retirement,

he supported his family with his photography, supplemented by day labor."

This portfolio's selection of Barthelmess's images from Yale University's Beinecke Library, plus the "Opening Shot" image on pp. 6-7 from the Library of Congress, are just a small sampling of his first-person primary work



Sixth Cavalry scouts, including two Apache Indian men holding rifles and two white men, were photographed in camp in 1884-86 at Emory Spring, in the Perilla Mountains of Cochise County, Arizona Territory.



Barthelmess's 1888-89 image of soldiers, Indian scouts, women and a young girl (second from right) in front of Fort Keogh's Pony Trader's Store reflects the importance of a general store to everyone in the Montana frontier Army post community. Northern Cheyenne, Lakota and Gros Ventre Indians all served as scouts at Fort Keogh.



Eleven cavalry soldiers encamped on patrol after a practice march outside of Fort Keogh, Montana Territory, circa 1888-89. The photo of the soldiers may be part of a series Barthelmess made near the Tongue River at McDowell's Ranch outside of Ashland.



Barthelmess's record of Army life in the West consistently demonstrated the cooperative role of local tribes as Army scouts. While at Fort Wingate, he observed and served with Navajo scouts, as seen standing with a soldier identified as possibly Capt. Allen Smith, although his uniform shows first sergeant chevrons, circa 1881-84.

as a frontline military photographer. The ten photographs were taken at the two posts most associated with his photography, Fort Keogh in Montana and Fort Wingate in New Mexico. Barthelmess's imagery shows no prejudice and reflects

his inclusiveness and friendship with officers and enlisted men, white, black or Indian, as well as local Indian residents.

Barthelmess died tragically at the age of 51 following an accident when a sewer trench he was digging collapsed on him outside Fort Keogh Hospital on April 10, 1906. He was buried with full military honors at Fort Keogh. In 1908, with Keogh's closure, Barthelmess and the

others buried at the old Montana fort were re-interred at Custer National Cemetery adjacent to Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument. His widow and family eventually put Barthelmess's photos under management of his peer photographer, Robert C. Morrison, of Miles City. Today, over 500 of Christian Barthelmess's photographs are part of the Morrison Collection at the Montana Historical Society in Helena, Montana. ✕



Cheyenne Indian scouts from Fort Keogh posed with Lt. Edward Casey (a good friend of Barthelmess), sitting on a log in the center of the rear row, at their camp on the Yellowstone River, west of the fort in Montana Territory, 1889. Standing l.-r.: Bull Sheep, Zachary Rowland, Hollow Wood, Sweet Medicine, unidentified scout, Casey and "Old Bill" Rowland. Seated to the right are Hairy Hand and Wolf Name.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Interested in reading more about **Christian Barthelmess** and his intriguing life as a soldier, musician, photographer and family man on the Western military frontier? I recommend *Photographer on an Army Mule* by Maurice Frink with Casey E. Barthelmess (University of Oklahoma Press, 1965).

TRUE WEST
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LAST MAN STANDING ON RENO HILL

THE INCREDIBLE FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNT OF THE LAST SURVIVING TROOPER AT LITTLE BIGHORN



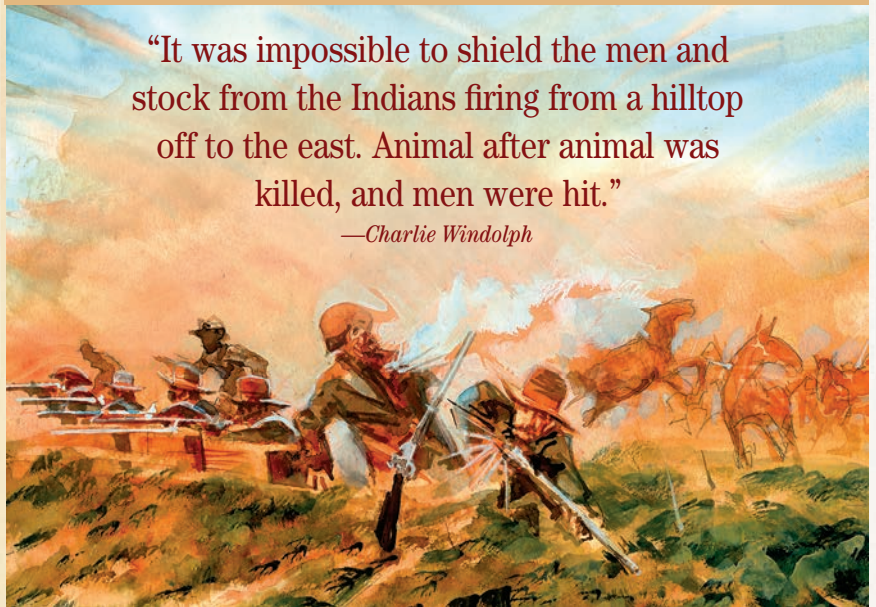
Private Charlie Windolph shows off his shattered butt stock that probably saved his life.

— ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL —

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Based on the research of Robert M. Utley, Michael Donahue, George Kush, Bob Reece and Jim Hatzell

JUNE 26, 1876



“It was impossible to shield the men and stock from the Indians firing from a hilltop off to the east. Animal after animal was killed, and men were hit.”

—Charlie Windolph

Raining Bullets

Private Charlie Windolph of H Company hunkers down as a hail of arcing bullets rains in on Reno's command. Private Julien Jones is hit in the heart and dies instantly while Windolph has his rifle butt stock split in half by a bullet.

Riding with Major Benteen, Private Charlie Windolph finds himself surrounded at a spot that will become known as Reno Hill. Here is Windolph's account of what happened the following morning: “Two shots sounded from the hilltop behind us. Soon there was firing all around.

It had rained a little during the night and some of us had taken our overcoats from the cantles of our McClelland [sic] saddles and put them on. It was cold here on this bleak hilltop, too, and those old Army blue coats felt good.

“My buddy, a young trooper named Jones, who hailed from Milwaukee, was lying alongside me. Together, we had scooped out a wide shallow trench and piled up the dirt to make a little breastwork in front of us. It was plumb light now and sharpshooters on the knob of a hill south of us and maybe a thousand yards away, were taking potshots at us.

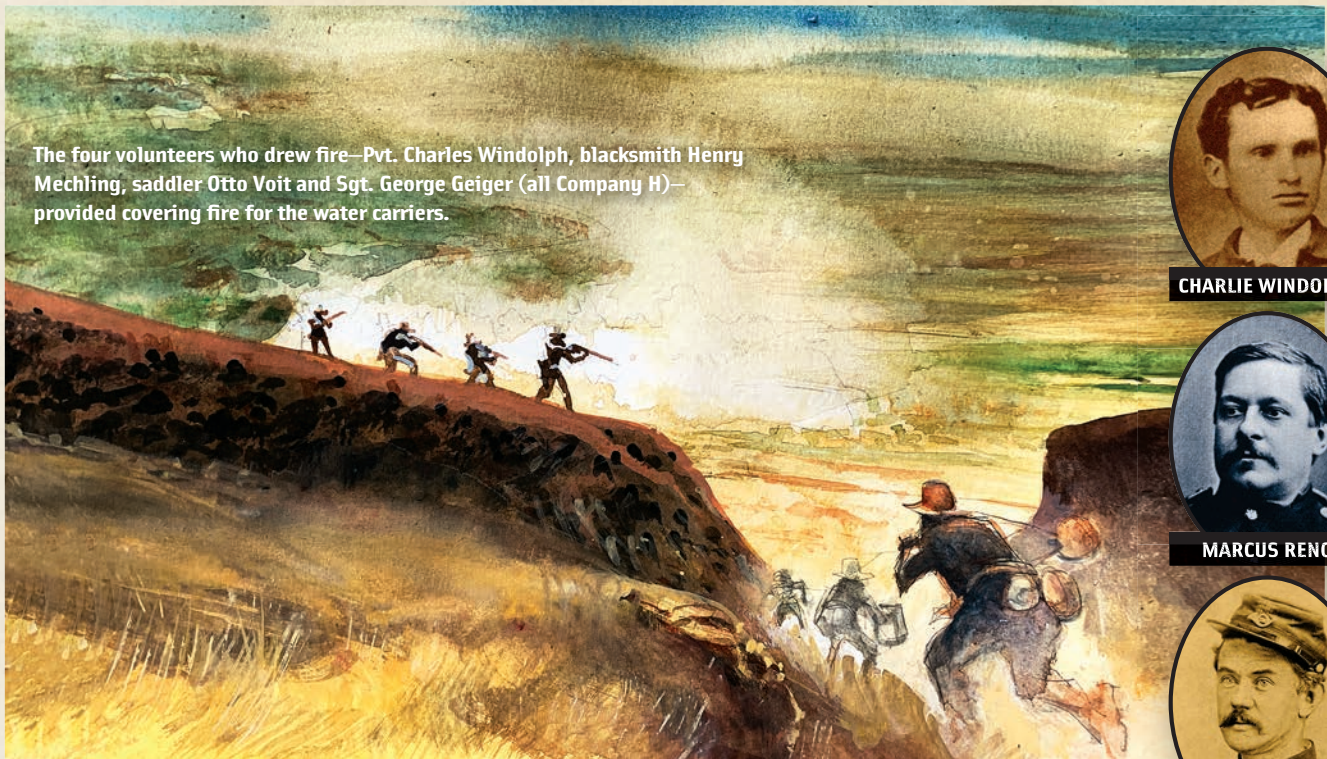
“Jones said something about taking off his overcoat, and he started to roll on his side so that he could get his arms and shoulders out, without exposing himself to fire. Suddenly I heard him cry out. He had been shot straight through the heart.

“The lead kept spitting around where I lay. Up on the hilltop I could see a figure firing at me from a prone position. Looked like he was resting his long-range rifle on a bleached buffalo head. I tried my best to reach him with my Springfield carbine but it simply wouldn't carry that far.

“A few minutes after Jones was killed, a bullet ricocheted from the hard ground and tore into my clothing. About this time the surgeon came up and took a look at Jones. He asked me if I wasn't wounded. I said no, that I was all right ‘Put your hand inside your shirt,’ he ordered. I did, and when I pulled it out it was bloody. The ricocheted bullet had given me a slight flesh wound. The surgeon wanted to bind it up, but I told him there were plenty of badly wounded men to take care of.

“A minute or two later another bullet from the hilltop tore into the hickory butt of my rifle, splitting it squarely in two. I was pretty mad because my Army carbine wouldn't let me return the compliment. Somehow I always figured that the sharpshooter who had killed Jones, hit me and split my rifle butt, must have been either a renegade white man, or a squaw man of some kind or another. He could shoot too well to have been a full-blooded Indian.”





The four volunteers who drew fire—Pvt. Charles Windolph, blacksmith Henry Mechling, saddler Otto Voit and Sgt. George Geiger (all Company H)—provided covering fire for the water carriers.



CHARLIE WINDOLPH



MARCUS RENO



FREDERICK BENTEEN

Protecting the Water Carriers

The wounded were crying out for water. “Finally Captain Benteen called for volunteers. I think there were 17 of us altogether who stepped forward. He detailed four of us from “H” who were extra good marksmen to take up an exposed position on the brow of the hill, facing the river. We were to stand up and not only draw the fire of the

Indians below, but we were to pump as much lead as we could into the bushes where the Indians were hiding, while the water party hurried down to the draw, got their buckets and pots and canteens filled, and then made their way back. It just happened that the four of us who were posted on the hill were all German boys: Geiger, Meckling, Voit and

myself. None of us four were wounded, although we stood exposed on that ridge for more than twenty minutes, and they threw plenty of lead at us. Several of the water party, however, were badly wounded, although we kept up a steady fire into the bushes where the Indians were hiding. Each of us was given a Congressional Medal of Honor.”

—Charlie Windolph



One amazing aspect of the deadly snipers raining bullets on the exposed troopers on Reno Hill is that some of them were 900 to 1,000 yards away. This is far beyond the range of most of the weaponry in use by the Indians that day (see rifle range next page), but as historian Michael Donahue points out: “You couldn’t miss basi-

The Mysterious Sniper on Sharpshooter Ridge

cally as you were looking at a solid blue line of blue coat bodies in a straight line lying side by side. It was like standing next to a skirmish line and shooting down it: you are going to hit someone even if you are not a good shot.”

Although most historians concentrate their research on analyzing the role of the Indian marksmen on Sharpshooter Ridge, there were also Indian snipers shooting at the surrounded troops from the east.

In recent years, Little Bighorn Battlefield researchers have been

able to locate where the snipers were shooting from and what kind of weapons they were using. It was a commonly held belief by most of the troopers that the Indians were not good shots and all sorts of explanations were floated to explain the deadly accuracy of someone shooting from Sharpshooter Ridge. More than likely, it was several Indians who did all the damage. However, after the battle a dead white man was found in a burial tree near the village, dressed in full Indian regalia, and some have speculated a renegade Anglo was the deadly shooter.



Rifle Range

Just to put all of this in perspective, a Winchester has about a 200-yard range (for accuracy), while a Springfield has about a 600-yard range, and Windolph's narrative mentions a bluff where the Indians are firing from approximately 900 yards away. That is nine football fields away!

After the fires of several years ago, researchers were able to locate where the snipers were shooting from and what kind of weapons they were using. One researcher found the main Indian position to the east of Reno Hill about 800 yards from the troopers. He found about 200 45/55 casings and about 76 .44 Henry/Winchester casings (The archeological survey of 1989 discovered that the warriors had taken the carbines from the Custer dead, and turned them against Reno's battalion.) According to Michael Donahue, "that last number is crazy as the distance is about 800 yards. They must have been pointing them high into the sky hoping they would drop onto the soldiers." In fact, many of them did.



The grave of Private Julien Jones

- BOB REECE -

How Were the Indians Dressed During the Fight?



This 1890 group portrait of primarily Cheyenne Indian scouts, shows seven children, 10 women and 14 men, including one white man, near Fort Keogh. As you can see, the men are all dressed in civilian clothing. This trend started much earlier as the Indian Department gave clothes to reservation Indians.

- PHOTO BY CHRISTIAN BARTHELMESS, FATHER OF CASEY BARTHELMESS, COURTESY BEINECKE LIBRARY, YALE UNIVERSITY -

Our perceptions today of how Indians dressed and what their camps looked like are largely based on Hollywood imagery. We just can't seem to shake it. If one reads George Custer's official reports of his fights with the hostiles on the Yellowstone in August of 1873, with temperatures around 100 degrees, he complained very bitterly to the War Department that the enemy were largely dressed in "citizen's attire" courtesy of the Indian Department and it led to confusion on the part of the troops, they occasionally couldn't tell friend from foe.

Here is part of Custer's report: "A large number of Indians who

fought us were fresh from the agencies. Many of the warriors engaged in the fight on both days were dressed in complete suits of clothes issued at the agencies to Indians. The arms with which they fought us (several of which were captured in the fight) were of the latest improved patterns of breech-loading repeating rifles, and their supply of metallic rifle-cartridges seemed unlimited, as they were anything but sparing in their use. So amply have they been supplied with breech-loading rifles and ammunition that neither bows nor arrows were employed against us."

—George Kush

The Model 1865 Springfield rifle had a range of 600 yards.



The Winchester 1873 was accurate to 200 yards.



GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY



The name of the photographer and the date of the photograph of Reno Hill battlefield littered with the bones of the horses and mules killed during the battle is not known.

- COURTESY LITTLE BIG HORN BATTLEFIELD NATIONAL MONUMENT ARCHIVES -

“We buried our dead in the shallow trenches we had dug for the living.”

“I suppose it was early in the afternoon when the firing seemed to quiet down. Now and again bullets would come tearing in, but gradually they became fewer and fewer. Then below across the Little Horn [sic] heavy smoke began drifting southward. Pretty soon it became clear that the Indians were firing the grass. That seemed odd, unless they were getting ready to leave.

“The gunfire had almost ceased and some of us left our trenches and stood in little groups on the brow of the hill. Then something happened that I’ll never forget, if I live to be a hundred [he almost did!]. The heavy smoke seemed to lift for a few moments, and there in the valley below we caught glimpses of thousands of Indians on foot and horseback, with their pony herds and travois, dogs and pack animals, and all the trappings of a great camp, slowly moving southward. It was like some Biblical exodus; the Israelites moving into Egypt; a mighty tribe on the march.

“We thought at first that it must be some trick: that the Indians were only removing their families from danger and that the warriors would soon return and try to overwhelm us. Patiently we waited in our little trenches. The long

June afternoon dragged on. The firing had all but ceased. The smoke in the valley had blown away, and the last Indian had gone.

“While guards kept their posts, the rest of the men led such horses as were not killed down the steep draw to the river. It was the first drink they had had since early afternoon the day before. Gently we buried our dead in the shallow trenches we had dug for the living.

“Then Reno ordered the whole camp to move as close to the river as possible. We would get as far away as we could from the terrible stench.

“There was plenty of water now for the wounded. And towards evening the company cooks made us the best meal they could. At least we had hot coffee and plenty of bacon and soaked hardtack. It was our first meal in 36 hours.

“Then night came down. We were weary, but while those on guard were awake and alert, the rest of the command slept. But it was an uneasy sleep.

“We still had no word from Custer. We began to suspicion that some terrible fate might have overtaken him. What it was we could only guess.”

—Charlie Windolph

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

After the battle, Reno ordered Benteen to take a few officers and 14 troopers to go and find Custer. Charlie Windolph was one of them. “We trotted quietly up and down the folding hills to the northward. Suddenly, we caught glimpses of white objects lying along a ridge that led northward. We pulled up our horses. This was the battlefield. Here Custer’s luck had finally run out.”



Windolph claimed Benteen made him a sergeant on the field of battle and later, in 1880, Charlie was made First Sergeant, where he served until 1883 when he married and left the Army. He ran cattle, but he admits, “I lost money at it.” From there he worked three years for the Army Quartermaster Corps. Windolph then took a job as a harness maker with the Homestake mines in Lead, South Dakota, where he worked for 48 years, before retiring with a pension.



- COURTESY ROBERT M. UTLEY, ART DESIGN BY BOB BOZE BELL -

In old age Windolph loved to sit on his porch and watch the world go by. One of his visitors in the fall of 1947 was a young man by the name of Robert M. Utley who interviewed Charlie before he passed in 1950. That incredible story is next.



Recommended: *I Fought With Custer: The Story of Sergeant Windolph, Last Survivor of the Battle of the Little Big Horn* As told to Frazier and Robert Hunt, Foreword by Newil Mangum, (Scribner’s 1947; Bison Books, 1987).

BY ROBERT M. UTLEY

Little Bighorn's Forgotten Hero

A historian remembers an extraordinary afternoon with Trooper Charlie Windolph and its influence on an extraordinary career.

In 2019 I turned 90. As a Custer aficionado since the age of 12, I was prompted to reflect on my connection with Custer and the Custer Battlefield, now termed the Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument. Errol Flynn in *They Died with Their Boots On* (1942) introduced me to Custer. Captain E.S. Luce, superintendent of the Custer Battlefield National Monument, introduced me



CHARLES WINDOLPH

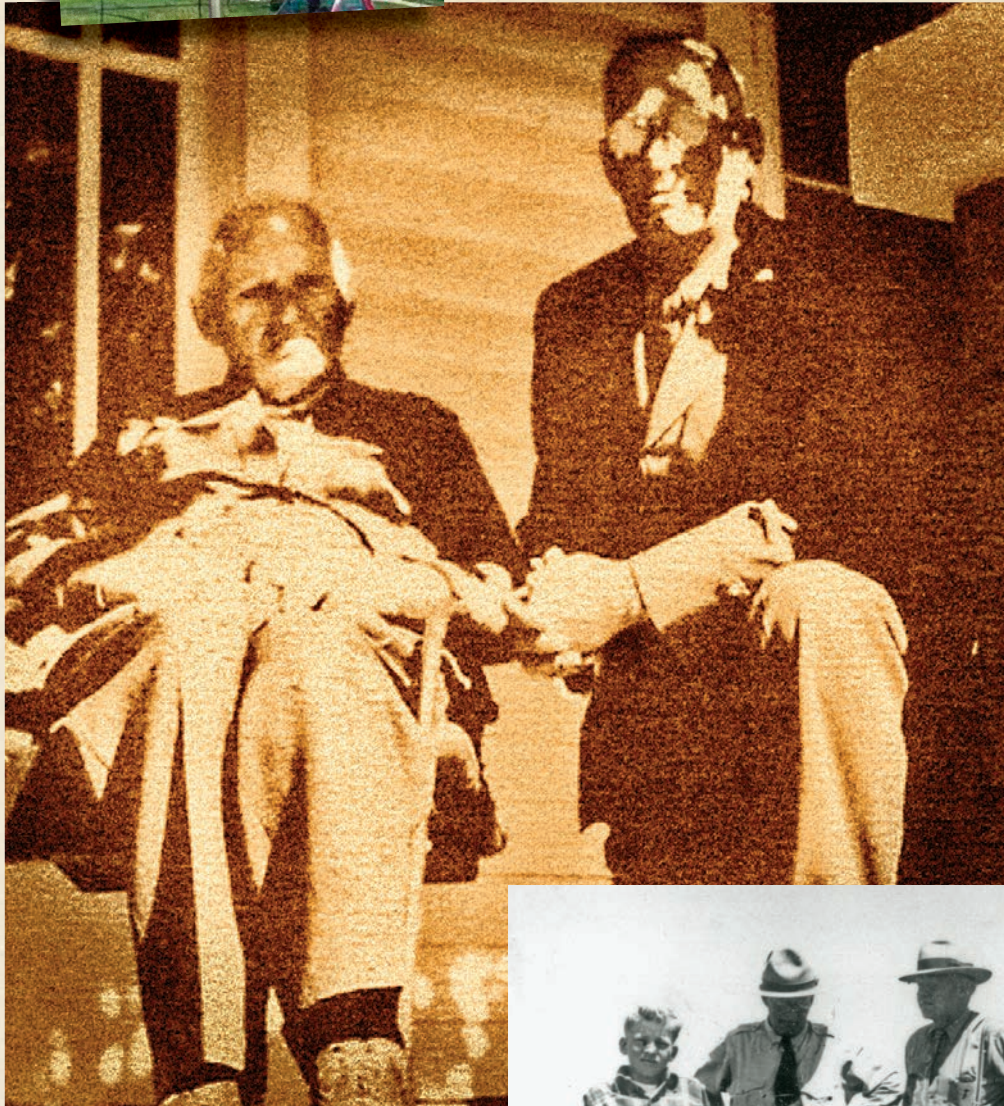
- TRUE WEST ARCHIVES -

to the battlefield. In 1946, I bought a bus ticket, and from my Indiana home, toured the West. At Custer Battlefield, Luce, an old cavalryman, guided me over the battlefield. The following year, he twisted government rules to hire me, at age 17, as a seasonal ranger-historian at the battlefield. I spent six college summers telling tourists the story of the Little Bighorn.



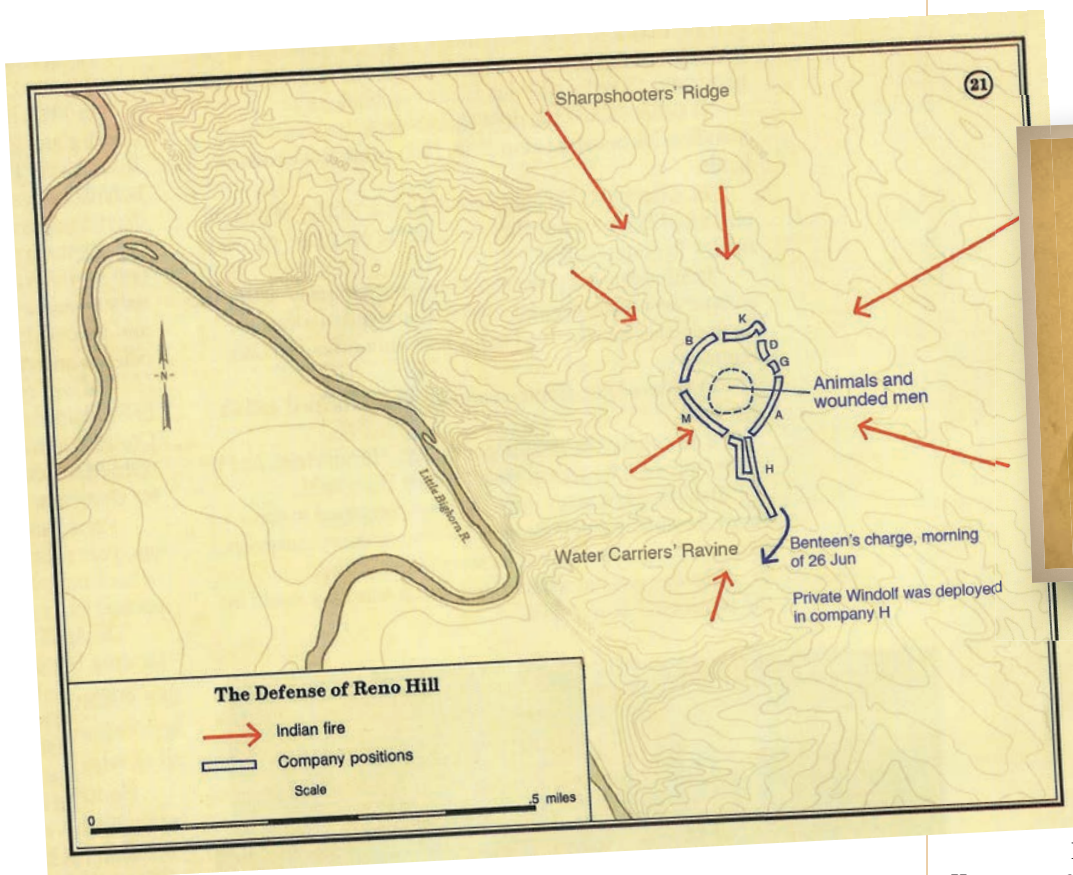
At left is a recent photo of the Windolph home in Lead, South Dakota, where Utley interviewed Charlie Windolph (below, left) on the front porch in 1947. It is on the western fringe of the town's famous Homestake Goldmine where Charlie Windolph worked for 48 years.

- ALL PHOTOS COURTESY ROBERT M. UTLEY UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED -



In the summer of 1947, Robert Utley, age 17, took a bus to Custer Battlefield National Monument (renamed Little Bighorn BNF in 1991). He is seen here (far right) without a uniform, although he carried a badge. In uniform is Superintendent Edward S. Luce, a veteran of the 7th Cavalry. To his left is Casey Barthelmess, a Montana cattle rancher whose father, Christian, was bandmaster and photographer (see his images on pp. 36-41) of the 22nd Infantry at Fort Keogh at the time of the Ghost Dance uprising in 1890. The boy is Casey's son Randal Barthelmess.





It made him look mighty handsome.”

At the Little Bighorn, Windolph fought on Reno Hill with Maj. Marcus A.

Reno commanding. Company

H was one of the seven companies, together with the pack train, that were corralled on a bluff above the river. They did not know what had become of Custer and the other five companies, but they did know that Sioux warriors surrounded them and kept up a steady fire. From hastily scooped-out rifle pits and from behind packs from the mule supply train, they fired back for three hours until nightfall.

The firing resumed at dawn on June 26. A bullet killed the trooper who shared Charlie's shallow trench. Another grazed Charlie's chest, then another shattered the stock of his Springfield carbine. He thought a particular Indian had singled him out for a target and concentrated his fire, now with his dead companion's carbine, on that warrior.

Windolph described for me how Benteen strode along his company line oblivious to the bullets pinging around him. Charlie said he remonstrated with his captain for

Seventh Cavalry, H Company Private Charlie Windolph had a high regard for his commanding officer, Capt. Frederick W. Benteen (inset), with whom he fought side-by-side during the Battle of Little Bighorn. Windolph's courage during the battle would earn his commander's praise—and the Medal of Honor.

— MAP OF RENO HILL AND PHOTO OF CAPT. FREDERICK W. BENTEEN COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

Flynn and Luce may have introduced me to Custer and the Custer Battlefield, but Charlie Windolph made the connection personal. I can now look back over 72 years to meeting and visiting with Charlie Windolph, who 71 years earlier had fought in the Battle of the Little Bighorn. He was 97 and the last survivor of the troopers who fought there.

It happened this way:

During my first summer at the battlefield, in 1947, I met and became friends with R.G. Cartwright, athletic director at the Lead High School in South Dakota. He spent part of his summers combing the battlefield in the never-ending quest to discover what happened there. “Cartie” invited me to visit him in Lead on my way back to Indiana at the end of the summer.

A Trailways bus deposited me in Lead in mid-September 1947. Cartie toured me around the Black Hills as well as Lead and adjacent Deadwood. As the climax to my visit, he arranged for me to meet his longtime friend, Charlie Windolph. A German immigrant in

1870, Charlie had joined the cavalry to learn English. As a private in Company H, 7th Cavalry, he had found himself surrounded by Sioux Indians on the heights above the Little Bighorn River on June 25, 1876.

In 1947, long-retired from Lead's Homestake gold mine, Charlie passed his time sitting in a rocking chair on the front porch of the home of his daughter, who cared for him. There he sat on a bright autumn day when Cartie and I ascended his porch. He received us warmly and invited us to sit on adjacent chairs. He was an old man, but he was still clear-minded, articulate and full of memories. He poured forth stories of the Little Bighorn that he had doubtless told to countless visitors for many years.

Before any stories, and throughout his stories, he dealt with his company commander, Capt. Frederick W. Benteen. Charlie worshipped Benteen. He could not heap enough praise on him as an officer and a company commander. “I thought he was about the finest-looking soldier I had ever seen. He had bright eyes and a ruddy face, and he had a great thatch of iron-gray hair.

EXCLUSIVE ONLINE VIDEO



Watch Robert Utley tell his story in the exclusive video at TrueWestMagazine.com



Robert M. Utley began his career with the National Park Service in 1947 as a summer ranger leading tourists on guided tours of Custer Battlefield National Monument. He would rise to the rank of chief historian of the National Park Service.

exposing himself, only to be commanded: "Windolph, get up here and look at all those Indians." He did stand beside his captain, he said, though only momentarily.

The afternoon was beastly hot, and the canteens ran dry. The wounded began to cry for water. The only water was in the river below the rugged bluffs, and warriors hid in the brush along the riverbank, firing up at the troops. Major Reno commanded, but he was at the other side of the circle, so Benteen called for volunteers to go for water. Charlie was one of the 17 who volunteered. Benteen assigned him and three other marksmen to stand on the edge of the bluff and draw the Indian fire away from the men descending the ravine to the river. None of them was hit, although several of the water-carriers were. (They all were awarded Medals of Honor.)

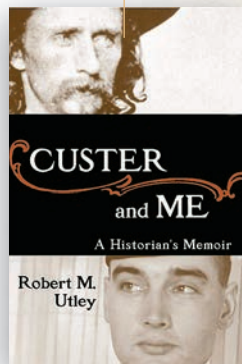
Later in the day, Benteen saw warriors assembling below for an assault. He formed his company, Charlie included,

charged down the ravine and broke up the forming Indian line. Shortly afterward, Benteen had Charlie Windolph stand at attention and awarded him a battlefield promotion to sergeant.

As twilight approached, the Sioux withdrew, packed up their lodges and moved south up the valley. They had spotted the troops of Gen. Alfred Terry and Col. John Gibbon, and the next day they learned from them that Custer and his five companies had been wiped out five miles down the river.

All these stories Charlie Windolph recounted for me on that September day in 1947. He had recently told them to the journalists Frazier and Robert Hunt, who published them that year under the title *I Fought with Custer*. I had not read the book when I sat, enchanted, and listened to the old man tell his stories. That half hour 72 years ago remains a cherished memory.

Charlie Windolph died on



In his memoir, Robert Utley recounts how his six summers (1947 to 1952) as a college-age ranger at Custer Battlefield National Monument influenced his life as a historian.



ROBERT M. UTLEY

March 11, 1950, at the age of 99, the last white survivor of the Battle of the Little Bighorn. That summer, again working at the Custer Battlefield, I rode a bus down to Lead and returned with Charlie's Medal of Honor, Purple Heart and discharge papers signed by Captain Benteen. They are displayed in the battlefield museum.

Author's Note:

In 2004 I published a memoir titled *Custer and Me*. Errol Flynn, in *They Died with Their Boots On* had laid the groundwork for my rise to a Custer aficionado. At 90, I am led to look back on a memorable experience that links me over a century and a half to the battle in which Custer lost his life. ❖



CLASSIC TRUE WEST

FROM THE TRUE WEST ARCHIVES

Editor's Note: Before Texan Joe Small launched *True West* magazine in 1953, the Austin-based publisher sought counsel and advice from the greatest Texas historian and folklorist, J. Frank Dobie. In honor of that friendship, *True West* is launching its monthly "Classic True West" department with an abridged version of Dobie's June 1959 cover story. If you'd like to read the full article, please go to TrueWestMagazine.com and subscribe for full access to 66 years' worth of exciting issues of *True West*.

No Help for the Alamo

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

The whole story of the Alamo is of men willing to die but not to obey.

The main battle of the Alamo was in defense of the outer walls. After the Mexicans scaled them, the fiercest fighting was

at the long barracks. The final stand of the defenders was in the chapel, the roofless walls of which stood 22 feet high and four feet thick. The debris of the fallen roof had been mounded up to serve as a platform for three twelve-pounder cannons. Fifteen to 18 other cannons were mounted at strategic positions along the outer walls. The flag did not float from the church but from a kind of tower room at the southwest corner of the "long barracks."

Everybody knew that Santa Anna was coming, but reports of his coming had been arriving for such a long time that every morning everybody considered that it would be another day, maybe weeks, before he arrived. In February, Mexican families began leaving town for the country. It was not the season for Comanche raids and threats that kept Mexican settlers huddled together most of the year.

On February 22, Americans saw carts carrying Mexican goods and families out of town in all directions. Travis was very uneasy. He kept a lookout in the tower of San Fernando Church.

On the morning of February 23 the lookout rang the bell violently. He said that he had seen cavalrymen to the west, the sun glinting on their spears and that when he rang they disappeared into the brush. He could not show anybody what he said he had seen, and was discredited by men who did not want to believe facts. Dr. John Sutherland and John W. Smith, who had horses in a corral attached to the barracks, got

permission from Travis to ride out on a scout. When they reached the crest of a hill about a mile and a half from the

church, they beheld on prairie land beyond 1,200 or 1,500 cavalrymen, according to their estimate, forming in line of battle, their commander riding up and down in front of them waving his sword. They wheeled their horses and broke in a run for town. The sentry in the bell tower understood and began ringing furiously.

While all was movement within the fortification, Crockett stepped up to Travis and said, "Colonel, assign me to some place, and I and my Tennessee boys will hold it." Travis assigned him a picket stockade running from the southwest corner of the old church to the rock wall.

By three o'clock that afternoon Santa Anna was flying a red flag from the main plaza and had some of his batteries planted. Contrary to common belief, the Texans did not fly a Lone Star, but the tri-colored (red, white and green) Mexican flag with "1824" stitched across the white stripe.

At the sight of the red flag, Travis ordered a discharge of artillery toward it out of range. About the same time, Bowie received a report that the Mexicans had sounded a parley. He sent out a note by a messenger bearing a white flag to inquire if a parley was desired. The answer, signed by Santa Anna's aide-de-camp, was that the only recourse for rebellious foreigners wishing to save their lives was to surrender unconditionally. This was probably Bowie's last official act. The next day he was helpless.

As soon as Travis could get his men together, behind the walls of the Alamo after

the arrival of Santa Anna's forces, he made them a no-surrender oration. He sent Dr. John Sutherland and John V. Smith to Gonzales to plead for men and provisions. "We have 150 men," the hasty note reads, "and are determined to defend the Alamo to the Last."

That night and the next, Texans demolished *jacales* (cabins) within reach along the *acequias* (irrigation ditches) and dragged in wood for fuel. They had been dependent upon an *acequia* for water.

On February 24, Travis sent out the most heroic message in the annals of North American war. One imagines that he spent hours of the cannon-shaken night composing it; it was not addressed to the futile political authorities who had so often been besought, but—

"To the People of Texas and All Americans in the World—Fellow Citizens and Compatriots: I am besieged with a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a continual bombardment and cannonade for 24 hours and have not lost a man. The enemy has demanded or [sic] surrender at discretion, otherwise, the garrison are to be put to the sword, if the fort is taken. I have answered the demand with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender or retreat. Then, I call upon you in the name of liberty, of patriotism and everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all dispatch. The enemy is receiving reinforcements daily and will no doubt increase to three or four thousand in four or five days. If this call is neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible and die like a soldier who never forgets what is due his own honor and that of his country. VICTORY OR DEATH!"



Travis's main hope was in Fannin, stalled in his Matamoros hallucination at Goliad, where he occupied a walled-in mission. It stood on the San Antonio River, about 95 miles south-east of the Alamo. He had been receiving American volunteers and some supplies through Copano, a small port no longer extant. He had around 500 men under his command, some of them away on horse-hunting expeditions under officers as fatuous and unrealistic as he was and no more military in taking orders.

A week before Santa Anna hoisted the red flag over the main plaza in San Antonio, Travis sent Bonham to plead with Fannin for reinforcements and for amalgamation of the separated forces. Bonham did not return until the day Santa Anna arrived. He brought a conditional hope. Until almost the end of the siege, couriers, by following brush-lined irrigation ditches, passed in and out of the fort unintercepted.

On February 27, Bonham again left for Goliad, with orders to return by way of Gonzales and try to spur on forces from that place. Fannin finally

started for San Antonio, but three of his wagons broke down, and he returned to the mission-fort at Goliad, presumably to wait until the ravens dropped serviceable oxen down to pull him out.

On March 3, after six days of hard riding, Bonham got back to the Alamo. Another man, maybe two men, rode with him until they came within view of the besieged fort. Here the man, or men, with Bonham said that to advance farther would be suicide. Even if they got inside, they were doomed. Bonham rode on alone. He had a white handkerchief tied as a band around his hat—a sign of recognition that had been agreed upon by him and Travis. The gate was open as he dashed up “on a cream-white horse all in a foam.” The hour was 11 o'clock in the morning. The Mexicans seemed willing to let in anybody who wanted to enter the trap.

Two days before, on the night of March 1, 32 Texas citizens from Gonzales had been piloted into the fort by John W. Smith, the messenger who went out with Dr. Sutherland the day Santa Anna arrived. Smith went back to Gonzales for more men. When he returned the second time,

The Battle of the Alamo, as painted by R. J. Onderdonk. The artist had done a good job of recreating the intensity of the battle.

— ALL IMAGES COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

Dr. Sutherland and the small company with him saw an advance guard of Santa Anna's soldiers moving toward them, heard no cannon and knew the Alamo had fallen.

The 32 Gonzales men were the only reinforcements received by Travis. They gave him a total of 180-odd men. “Only the cries of their famished children and the smoke of their burning buildings will arouse the settlers,” Travis wrote. About the same time, now in futile desperation, Fannin wrote: “I have but three Texas citizens in the ranks, and tho' I have called on them for six weeks, not one arrived... If I am lost, be the censure on the right head, and may my wife and children and children's children curse the sluggards forever.”



On March 4, unknown to the Texans, Santa Anna called a council of war to consider assault on the Alamo. General Cos, who had returned to Texas in violation of the terms of his surrender at San Antonio, General Castrillon and others advised awaiting the arrival of two 12-pounders expected on the seventh before making an assault. Santa Anna already had more than 5,000 men at San Antonio. He dismissed the council without announcing a decision. An unusually heavy bombardment was kept up all day.

By two o'clock on March 5, a Saturday, Santa Anna had issued confidential orders to his subordinates to begin the assault at four o'clock the next morning. It was to be made by four columns, one to each side of the quadrangle, each supplied with axes, crowbars and scaling ladders. The cavalry was to be stationed in the rear around the fortress to prevent desertion of their own troops and escape of any Texan.

At about ten o'clock at night on March 5 all firing ceased. Travis and other men seemed to have realized that this was the lull before the storm. The Texans worked until midnight strengthening their positions. Three pickets were placed outside the walls to raise the alarm in case of attack; a single sentry stood

or walked somewhere within the fortifications. For twelve days and nights there had been almost no surcease to besieger bombardment and to defender vigilance. Now in the quietness the men fell asleep beside rifles and cannons.

Whether the first charge was made at four or five o'clock is debatable. It was announced by a single bugle blast, and then by shouts of rushing Mexicans. The Mexican artillery could no longer fire without danger to its own men.

"Come on, boys, the Mexicans are upon us," Travis yelled as he ran across the courtyard to a cannon at the northeast corner.

There was evidently enough light from the sky to enable the Texan cannons to rake the assaulting columns. The Mexicans fell by the hundreds. They reeled back twice before making the third rush that carried them to the walls. Here the cannon could not be depressed sufficiently to reach them, but rifle fire on them as they scaled the ladders was deadly. Many fell from blows on the head, knocking down men beneath them. According to one reliable account, out of 830 men in the Toluca battalion, only 130 were left alive. With sabers and pistols, reserves behind the attackers forced them on.

Meanwhile Mexican buglers were blasting

In 1846, 10 years after the Alamo was left in ruins by Santa Anna's Mexican army, the United States Army's Quartermaster Corps began a four-year restoration of the old convent and mission church, including a new roof, second story and the iconic hump over the front doors of the church.

out the dreadful notes of "El Deguello"—the call of fire and death that had come down from Moorish Wars in Spain—*deguello* meaning literally "throat-cutting."

Within half an hour of the first assault, Mexicans were pouring over the walls—"pouring over like sheep," Travis's slave boy, Joe, who survived, said. In the hand-to-hand fighting, the Texans, unable to reload rifles and pistols, used them as clubs; they cut with knives and swords, grappled bare-handed. Travis was shot through the head beside his cannon. Bonham fell at another cannon. Crockett was still defending the picket stockade when he fell. Bowie died on his cot after he had emptied his pistols into invaders of his room; some claim that in a paroxysm of fury he arose from the cot and killed with his knife.

On February 8, 1836, David Crockett arrived with 16 "Tennessee boys." He told some anecdotes to the assembled welcomers and declared that he and his men were there to fight. He bore the rank of private, but his followers had elected him their colonel.



Many Mexicans at San Antonio were against Santa Anna. They knew better than anybody else that Santa Anna was coming with a strong army. In December he proclaimed that all foreigners—volunteers from the United States and elsewhere—operating in Texas would be treated as pirates and that every colonist resisting him would lose his property, to say nothing of his life. By the

end of the year he had collected between 6,000 and 8,000 troops below the border.



While the garrison holding the Alamo was at its lowest ebb, Jim Bowie returned to the mission city with 30 men on January 19, 1836, to prepare San Antonio for defense from a re-invasion of Texas by Gen. Santa Anna. It will be remembered that Bowie had taken part in the battle that drove Mexican forces from San Antonio at the First Battle of the Alamo December 5-9, 1835.

The last retreat was into the chapel. Here Maj. Robert Evans had seized a torch to pitch into the powder magazine when he was shot down.

According to one Mexican account, five empty-handed Texans tried to surrender and were slaughtered.

It is impossible to be absolute on the number of either Texans or Mexicans killed.

There could hardly have been a dozen more than the 187 Texans listed by Amelia Williams, the first scholar on Alamo history. In his official report Santa Anna said that he lost 70 men and killed 600 Texans. His private secretary said that the Mexican dead amounted to 1,544; a Mexican sergeant reported around 2,000. Other reports range between 521 and 1,200. Around 1,500 seems a credible figure.

After the last Texan was killed, Santa Anna asked to be shown the bodies of Travis and Bowie. Then he ordered his cavalry to drag in mesquite wood for burning the bodies of all the Texans. The wood and the dead were piled up layer by layer and fires started.

The dead Mexicans were ostensibly given Christian burials, but the trenches dug in the graveyard were not long or wide or deep enough to hold all the bodies, and many were pitched into the San Antonio River.

Thermopylae had her messenger of defeat. The Alamo had none. None but a woman and a slave who escaped to freedom the next year.

On March 2, the long-awaited Declaration of Texas Independence had been issued at Washington-on-the-Brazos by men elected to form a new government. With full executive powers, General Houston was forming an army to fight Santa Anna even before he heard of the fall of the Alamo.

Two Sundays following the fall, Fannin surrendered to one of Santa Anna's divisions all his men who had not been cut off and cut down. A week later, on Palm Sunday, March 27, the unarmed prisoners were marched out, formed in lines and shot down by their guards. This was the Goliad Massacre.

Now the inhabitants of Texas were abandoning their homes everywhere and fleeing east in what is called the Runaway Scrape. Santa Anna was extending his lines; Houston was shortening his. On April 21, at San Jacinto on Buffalo Bayou, near what is now the city of Houston, the Texans charged the Mexicans, yelling "Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!" Their fury was unbounded. With few losses they annihilated Santa Anna's army. Many a Mexican trying to surrender called out, "Me no Alamo, me no Goliad."

"Remember the Alamo!" That cry, like the shot fired at Concord, has been heard around the world. ✪

TRUE WEST ARCHIVES

For the first time ever, every issue of *True West* magazine is now online, including J. Frank Dobie's unabridged 5,020-word June 1959 classic. Every issue has been uploaded as a digital flipbook. To learn more about how you can read Dobie's complete lost masterpiece and subscribe to *True West* Archives go to TrueWestMagazine.com.

Our past awaits you!

BY CANDY MOULTON

The Legacy of Yellow Wolf

Learn the truth about one of the great Indian leaders while touring historic sites of the 1877 Nez Perce War.

When Yellow Wolf (He-Mene Mox Mox) sat down with Lucullus McWorter to relate his tale of the 1877 Nez Perce War, some questioned his motives, but Yellow Wolf himself said, "I am telling my story that all may know the war we did not want." His account, one of few from the Nez Perce who took part in that epic flight across the West, has been used by every writer who has since chronicled the hejira.

A member of the band that followed Chief Joseph, Yellow Wolf was a top warrior when the tribe found itself in flight and under attack by troops commanded by Gen. Oliver O. Howard. Yellow Wolf's grandfather and Old Chief Joseph's mother were sister and brother, making him a first cousin to Chief Joseph, but in his account, Yellow Wolf uses the term "uncle" to refer to Chief Joseph, the peace chief who became a symbol for the Nez Perce during that fateful year. Their blood ties meant that quite often Yellow Wolf shared a lodge with Chief Joseph and his family.

Born in the Wallowa Valley of northeast Oregon, Yellow Wolf traveled eastward as a young man with other warriors, hunting bison and other game in the area in and around Yellowstone National Park. "We had a good country until the white people came and crowded us," he said.

In 1863, the Nez Perce people gathered in council with representatives of the United States government to try to work out an agreement that would halt the march of white settlers and miners onto their lands. The council document, which became known as the Thief Treaty, led to the permanent fracturing of Nez Perce power.



Nez Perce leader Yellow Wolf was a cousin of Chief Joseph. As a member of Joseph's tribal band, Yellow Wolf fought and surrendered with Joseph in their tribe's attempt to escape to Canada in the summer of 1877.

— COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —



South of Chinook, Montana, Bear Paw Battlefield historical markers memorialize and detail the final skirmishes and the October 4, 1877, surrender of Chief Joseph and Yellow Wolf's depleted Nez Perce band.

- ALL PHOTOS COURTESY NPS.GOV UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED -

By 1877 Chief Joseph had become the chief of the Wallowa band, but there were other important leaders who took part in a council ordered by General Howard. They included Ollokot, Chief Joseph's brother, the recognized war chief of their band, plus White Bird, Toohooloolzote and Looking Glass. Yellow Wolf later said, "To all of us General Howard now spoke: 'If you do not mind me, I will take my soldiers and drive you on the reservation.'"

The Nez Perce tribes, who had not signed the 1863 treaty, resisted. But, with more pressure on them in late May 1877, they left their home valleys and took their families into Idaho. They were gathered in an area south of the planned reservation lands at Lapwai, trying to maintain their freedom and establish a way to avoid following the dictates of the agent, when some young men took matters into their own hands. One of them had suffered greatly when his father was killed by white men, and he and several companions retaliated by killing some white settlers.

This was the tipping point as the military now set out to force the Nez Perce people onto the reservation. The opening attack by military troops on Nez Perce families took place at White Bird Canyon on June 17, 1877.

Yellow Wolf told McWhorter: "We were not expecting war with the whites." In the

White Bird Canyon fight, Yellow Wolf said he "ran to strike one soldier with my bow. I leaped and struck him as he put a cartridge to his gun. I grabbed the gun and shoved hard. The soldier went over backward, but he was not hurt. I wrenched the gun from him, and at some time a warrior back of me killed him."

At the time, Looking Glass and the families who followed him were not with Chief Joseph and the larger group of Indians. They were in central Idaho, where a different group of soldiers found and attacked their camp, burning most of their supplies. This unprovoked onslaught led Looking Glass to join forces with the other bands, adding strength in numbers and setting up a powerful confederacy. With Looking Glass was Yellow Wolf's mother, who had saved Yellow Wolf's rifle from the attack on Looking Glass's camp when she took it apart and put it in her pack to keep it from being seen. "I was glad to see my rifle," Yellow Wolf recalled. "My parents had brought it for me with one good horse. I now had my own sixteen-shot rifle for the rest of the war."

Still attempting to avoid direct fighting with the troops that massed against them, the Nez Perce people moved toward the Clearwater River. They were racing horses on July 11, when the troops once again attacked in a battle that lasted two days.

Yellow Wolf said as the fighting began he "jumped on my horse and galloped down the hill." He saw spurts of dust where bullets struck the earth near him so he "whipped my horse for all in him." Though being shot at, Yellow Wolf said he re-called the instruction of his uncle Old Yellow Wolf: "If you go to war and get shot, do not cry!"

The attack led to the destruction of Indian lodges and possessions.

Those not destroyed were abandoned as the tribe fled east. They headed into the mountains, crossing Lolo Pass, on a route roughly parallel to U.S. Highway 12. They skirted around troops who had moved in from Montana and set up a barrier in the canyon, a place known as Fort Fizzle, and ultimately dropped into the Bitterroot Valley of western Montana. Now they believed that they had escaped the



General Oliver O. Howard received his orders to remove the Nez Perce people from Oregon's Wallowa Valley on January 13, 1877. Little did he know that six months later he would be engaged in a war with Chief Joseph that would define his career and the remainder of his life.

- COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS -



pursuing troops in Idaho, so they trailed south to the Big Hole Valley.

On the morning of August 9, 1877, Yellow Wolf was in a lodge at the lower end of the camp when soldiers under the command of Col. John Gibbon attacked. Yellow Wolf did not have his rifle with him, but when he heard the initial gunfire, he “grabbed my

moccasins and with others ran out of the tepee. I had only my war club.” Once outside, a younger boy gave Yellow Wolf a gun, but it had only one shell. As he entered the fray, he came upon a wounded soldier who had a gun and belt full of cartridges. “I struck him with my war club and took his government rifle and ammunition belt.... I now had a gun and plenty of shells.”

Big Hole National Battlefield west of Wisdom, Montana, details the tragic events of August 9-10, 1877. The battle site, sacred to the Nez Perce people, is open every day of the year, sunrise to sunset, while the visitor center’s operating hours fluctuate with the season.

The battle at the Big Hole was a tough blow to the Nez Percés, with many injured and killed. As the young men like Yellow Wolf fought and held the soldiers at bay, the families, under direction of Chief Joseph, fled south.

After the Big Hole and for the next weeks the people traveled across western Montana, swung south into Idaho, where some of the warriors raided an army camp, stealing what they thought were horses in a night raid at Camas Meadow, only to realize when the sun rose that they had run off with mules.

In late August the Nez Percés crossed into Yellowstone National Park, by following the Madison River, took a tourist party captive for a few days, and forced one of the men

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On July 1877, Gen. O.O. Howard's soldiers won a two-day battle against the Nez Perces near Clearwater River, Idaho, but the tribe escaped to the west. The actual battle site is on private land but a historic marker can be visited on the west side of Idaho Highway 13, two miles south of Stites.



with the party to guide them through the park. The Nez Perce families reached the Yellowstone River, crossed through Pelican Valley and then followed the Lamar River out of the park to the Clarks Fork River. They passed near today's Bridger, Montana, and turned north again. Then they headed across Montana, intending to join Sitting Bull and his followers, who had fled to Canada following the Lakota victory at Little Bighorn the previous year.

By late September they reached the Bear Paw area, only 40 miles from the Canadian

border, and the present town of Chinook, Montana. They believed they had outrun General Howard and would soon be across the Medicine Line—the U.S.–Canadian boundary—and with Sitting Bull, where they could figure out their future.

But the Army had organized a new command led by Col. Nelson Miles that came in from the southeast and intercepted the Nez Perces at the Bear Paw. A five-day battle

and siege led to the death of Nez Perce leaders Ollokot, Looking Glass and Toolhooloolzote. The soldiers captured Chief Joseph, but released him when Nez Perce tribesmen took soldiers as captives. As the weather turned colder and food supplies for the tribespeople dwindled, Chief Joseph made the decision to surrender his rifle in order to save the old people and the

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Travelers following the flight of Yellow Wolf and the Nez Perce people in the summer of 1877 should include a tour stop at the Nez Perce National Historical Park's visitor center and museum in Lapwai, Idaho.

children. White Bird and many of his followers, including Chief Joseph's own 12-year-old daughter, fled north and successfully reached Canada, but Joseph and those most loyal to him, including Yellow Wolf, surrendered.

They were force-marched to Fort Keough on the Yellowstone River and then taken by boat to Fort Abraham Lincoln in Bismarck, North Dakota, before ultimately

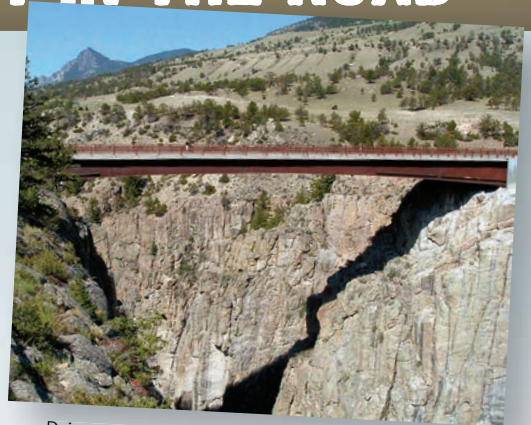
being sent downriver to Fort Leavenworth, Baxter Springs, Kansas, and Indian Territory. They called this new region *Eeikish Pah* ("the hot place") and many of them died before they were ultimately allowed to return to the Pacific Northwest.

Yellow Wolf traveled by train with Chief Joseph and the other members of the Chief Joseph Band to settle on the Colville Reservation in eastern Washington, where

A WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD

Chief Joseph Scenic Byway

You can drive much of this scenic byway year around—the stretch between Cody and Cooke City, Montana/ Yellowstone National Park Northeast gate. Wyoming Highway 296 (Chief Joseph Scenic Byway) crosses through the Sunlight Basin, the Shoshone National Forest and into the Beartooth Mountains. A portion of it winds along the Clarks Fork of the Yellowstone River, which is the path the Nez Perce followed after they exited Yellowstone National Park and refocused their route toward Canada. In summer and early fall, you can take U.S. Highway 212 over the Beartooth Mountains to Red Lodge, Montana, and then pick up the Nez Perce Trail again as it follows the Yellowstone River through Bridger, Montana.



Drivers on the Chief Joseph Scenic Byway, Wyoming 296, will cross 285 feet above Sunlight Creek, the highest bridge in Wyoming.

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Chinook Motor Inn and Grill,
Chinook, MT

Following the war, Chief Joseph became a national figure for Indian rights, fighting for his people until his death in 1904. His cousin Yellow Wolf continued lobbying for the rights of their people until 1935.

— EDWARD S. CURTIS, 1903,
COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —



he would tell his story to Lucius McWhorter and where he died in 1935. He is buried in the small cemetery where Chief Joseph, who had died in 1904, is also buried. Their story is forever entwined.



Candy Moulton is the author of the Spur Award-winning biography *Chief Joseph: Guardian of the People* (Forge), which is excerpted on pages 22-29.



An exhibit on the Appaloosa at the Nez Perce National Historical Park visitor center explains the cultural importance of the spotted breed to the tribe.

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Big Dreams, Far Horizons

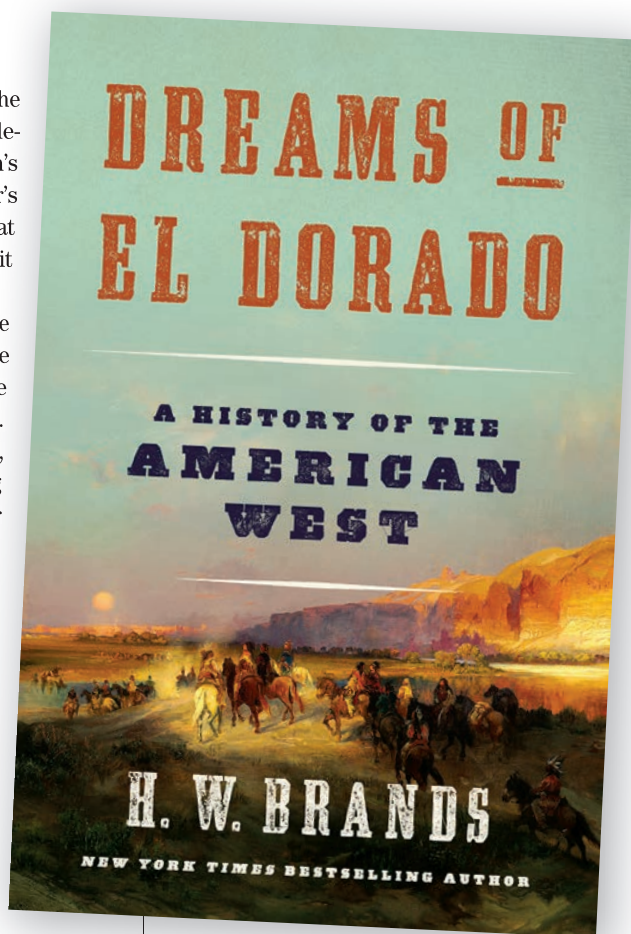
H.W. Brands' ambitious new history of the 19th-century West, plus a new biography of Spotted Tail, a first-person account of the Mexican War and Sandra Dallas and C.K. Crigger's latest Western novels.

American historian and biographer Henry William "H.W." Brands Jr. has been a prolific and consistent chronicler of U.S. history since his first book, *Cold Warriors: Eisenhower's Generation and American Foreign Policy*, was published in 1988. Brands' 30th history book, *Dreams of El Dorado: A History of the American West* (Basic Books, \$32), is a fast-paced, highly readable narrative of the West from the time of the Louisiana Purchase in 1803 to the beginning of the modern West in 1913. Brands, who is also widely published on U.S. foreign policy, economics, presidents and leadership, regularly returns to his native region in his biographies and syntheses. In *Dreams of El Dorado*, he organized his sections and chapters chronologically and topically to thread together events from President Thomas Jefferson's dreams of Western expansion to President Theodore Roosevelt's progressive policies of Western conservation.

The reader will soon recognize the well-known topics—Western expansion and exploration, the Oregon Trail, Texas independence, the Gold Rush, the Transcontinental Railroad construction, the rise of the cowboy and cattle culture and the passing of the West's frontier culture into the modern era. Woven into the larger ideas and topics are violent, jarring clashes of cultures and the Army-Indian wars along with the poignant stories of risk-taking, leadership and sacrifice required to settle the vast Western United States. As Brands writes in his introduction, "The West was where fortune beckoned,

where riches would reward the miner's persistence, the cattleman's courage, the railroad man's enterprise, the bonanza farmer's audacity; but El Dorado was at least as elusive in the West as it ever was in the East."

Written in a popular narrative history style similar to the styles of his highly readable peers Paul Andrew Hutton, T.J. Stiles and John Boessenecker, *Dreams of El Dorado* is a strong contender as a textbook for undergraduate or graduate courses on the 19th century West, supplanting Richard White's *"It's Your Misfortune and None of My Own": A New History of the American West* (University of Oklahoma, 1993) and Robert V. Hine, John Mac Faragher and Jon T. Coleman's *The American West: A New Interpretive History* (Yale University, 2017). For the general reader seeking a fresh interpretation or deeper understanding of the region, Brands' *Dreams of El Dorado* should inspire the reading of his earlier works, including *Lone Star Nation: The Epic Story of the Battle for Texas Independence* (Doubleday, 2004), *The Age of Gold: The California Gold Rush and the New American Dream* (Anchor, 2003), *The Reckless Decade: America in the 1890s* (University of Chicago, 2002) and *T.R.: The Last Romantic* (Basic Books, 1998).



Brands, the Jack S. Blanton Sr. Chair in History at the University of Texas, is a native Oregonian and his section and chapters on the settlement and development of the Northwest, including the trapper and fur trade era through the lens of Joe Meeks, are especially outstanding. I believe from the strength of his research and passion for the topics, it could be possible to see a biography on Meeks or a history of the Oregon Territory from Brands in the future.

—Stuart Rosebrook

ROUGH DRAFTS



— PHOTO BY ROBERT FRAY —

Readers of this issue will quickly realize that we are quite honored to have a special feature ("Forgotten Hero of Little Bighorn," pp. 46-49) from award-winning Western historian **Robert M. Utley**, and bookending the "Old Bison" in the feature section are two Western historians notable in their own right—**Candy Moulton** ("I Will Fight No More Forever," pp. 22-29) and **Louis Kraft** ("Black Kettle" feature, pp. 30-35). In honor of their contributions to Western history, I'd like to draw your attention to a selection of their books on the Indian wars, frontier life and the settlement of the West.

Louis Kraft: *Sand Creek and the Tragic End of a Lifeway* (University of Oklahoma Press, March 12, 2020), *Gatewood and Geronimo* (University of New Mexico, 2000), and *Custer and the Cheyenne: George Armstrong Custer's Winter Campaign on the Southern Plains* (Upton & Sons, 1995)

Candy Moulton: *Chief Joseph: Guardian of the People* (Forge, 2005), *Valentine T. McGillicuddy: Army Surgeon, Agent to the Sioux* (University of Oklahoma, 2015), and *The Mormon Handcart Migration: "Toungue nor pen can never tell the sorrow"* (University of Oklahoma, 2019)

Robert M. Utley: *Sitting Bull: The Life and Times of an American Patriot* (Holt, 2008), *Frontier Regulars: The United States Army and the Indian, 1866-1891, The Indian Frontier 1846-1890* (University of New Mexico, 2003), and *Custer: Cavalier in Buckskin* (Illustrated Edition) (University of Oklahoma, 2001)

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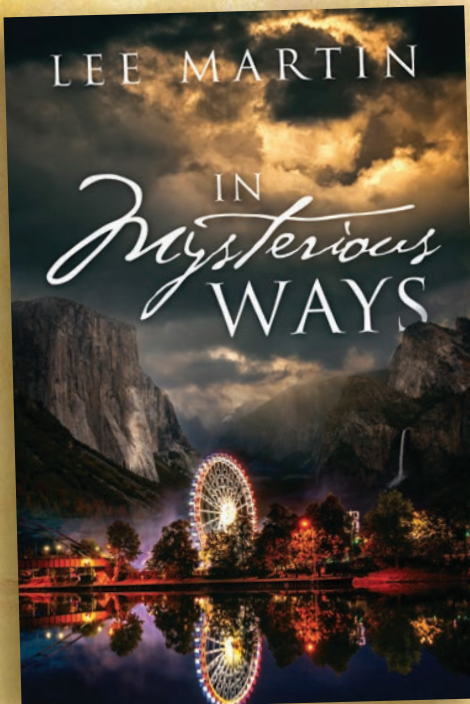
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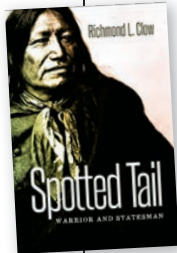
twenty-five years later finds a daughter he didn't know he had, *In Mysterious Ways* grabs hold of readers and refuses to let go till the very last page.

Look for all of Lee Martin's 22 Western novels at Amazon.com or wherever books are sold.
LATEST: Fury at Cross Creek, The Last Wild Ride and The Grant Conspiracy

Western Dreams

New York Times best-selling author Sandra Dallas's newest novel, *Westering Women* (St. Martin's Press, \$26.99), is engrossing and thoughtful, inspiring and touching. It is a tale of more than two dozen eligible bachelorettes bound for California in hopes of making a better life for themselves and finding a husband with whom they can share the experience. The main character is a seamstress with a daughter and a heart-breaking secret she wants desperately to leave behind. If she can meet a man who can look beyond the painful truth, she and her little girl might have a chance at a promising future. Readers will become so invested in the unvarnished struggle and the hardship, they'll gain a new understanding of this chapter in America's history.

—Chris Enss, author of
No Place for a Woman:
The Struggle for Suffrage
in the Wild West



Lakota Statesman

Spotted Tail (*Sinte Gleska*) was the most prominent Brule (*Sicangu*) Lakota during the late 19th century. In *Spotted Tail: Warrior and Statesman* (South Dakota Historical Society Press, \$29.95), Professor Richmond Clow provides a scholarly look at Spotted Tail's life. Born near the White River in today's South Dakota, possibly in 1823, Spotted Tail grew in the traditions of the Lakota and became a noted warrior. The Brule chose Spotted Tail as their spokesman, and he was later recognized as their leader. Spotted Tail realized for his people not only to survive, but flourish, they needed to cooperate with the whites and learn their ways. He believed Brule children needed to learn English, math and mechanical skills. He established Brule cattle herds and promoted the hiring of Brule teamsters to haul goods, creating employment for his people. Every serious student of Lakota history should read *Spotted Tail*.

—Bill Markley author of *Geronimo and Sitting Bull: Native American Leaders of the Legendary West* (October 2020)

Eyewitness to War

At the onset of the Mexican War in 1846, James L. Freamer, a printer for the New Orleans *Daily Delta*, enlisted. He fought at Monterrey, accompanied the U.S. invasion of Vera Cruz and followed the army into Mexico City. Along the way, Freamer evolved into one of the nation's first war correspondents, writing for the *Delta*, often from the front lines. His express couriers sometimes carried his dispatches more swiftly than the Army. *From the Halls of the Montezumas: Mexican War Dispatches from James L. Freamer, Writing Under the Pen Name "Mustang"* (University of North Texas Press, \$39.95), edited by Alan D. Gaff and Donald H. Gaff, presents a complete compilation of Freamer's war correspondences. The editors' exhaustively researched footnotes paint a broader backdrop for the events. This volume is a must for readers who want to understand this controversial conflict in history.

—Mike Blakely, author of
A Sinister Splendor, A Novel of
the Mexican War



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Big Sky Caper

Wilkie, or officially Wilhelmina Van Slyke, learns the tricks of the yeggman's trade of picking locks from "Uncle" Jameson in C.K. Crigger's *The Yeggman's Apprentice* (Wolfpack Publishing, \$10.99). They team up to stop a law firm full of embezzlers in 1905 Butte, Montana, but immediately run into trouble. Jameson dies leaving Wilkie to fend for herself. A young woman with an intrepid attitude, Wilkie soldiers on and meets wanted-man Hix Forry and his motorcycle. Hix, who was simply asked to give Wilkie a ride, finds himself embroiled in this cat-and-mouse chase. And chase it is. This breathtaking story meshes horses with machines, where a horse trumps a motorcycle. It's a fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants caper, one readers can't put down, with nonstop action and intrigue from page one on.



—Melody Groves, author of
Black Range Revenge



Bob Boze Bell and Mark Boardman

—COURTESY MARK BOARDMAN—

HOOSIER OUTLAWS LEFT THEIR BRAND ON THE OLD WEST

As *True West's* features editor and the *Tombstone Epitaph's* managing editor, Mark Boardman is something of a generalist when it comes to Old West topics and personalities. But he has a soft spot for those figures who got their start or maintained a career in his native Indiana. A number of outlaws and lawmen were Hoosiers at one time or another (although several hid that fact). From the obscure to the famous, here are some good books featuring Indiana.

1 **Four Years in a Home Made Hell** by Isaac Wilson (The Herald Printing Co., 1894): Wilson joined Indiana's Reno Gang when he was just 17—and after the outlaws had killed his father. Only one copy of this book is known to exist.

2 **John Reno: The World's First Train Robber and Self Proclaimed Leader of the Infamous Reno Gang** by John Reno (self-published, 1879): The title says it all. Reno wrote this to make money when he got out of prison. It's not very factual, but it's interesting to get his perspective.

3 **Desperado from Cowboy Flat: The Saga of "Zip" Wyatt** by Glenn Shirley (Barbed Wire Press, 1997): Nathaniel "Zip" Wyatt was the subject of the biggest manhunt in Oklahoma history. At one point, he hid out in Indiana—but was caught and sent back.

4 **Alias Frank Canton** by Robert DeArment (University of Oklahoma Press, 1997): Born Josiah Horner in Indiana, Canton was an outlaw, a lawman, and a killer. A very dangerous man from Texas to Wyoming to Alaska to Oklahoma.

5 **Dime Novel Desperadoes: The Notorious Maxwell Brothers** by John Hallwas (University of Illinois Press, 2011): Lon and Ed Maxwell were from Illinois, not Indiana, but they ran roughshod over their home state and other Midwest locales. Ed was lynched in 1881 for killing a Wisconsin sheriff.

Wyatt Earp (1869-1870) The Lost Story

This book confirms why many historians have told us they have always had doubts that the two Charles Dearborn photos shown to the right were Wyatt Earp.

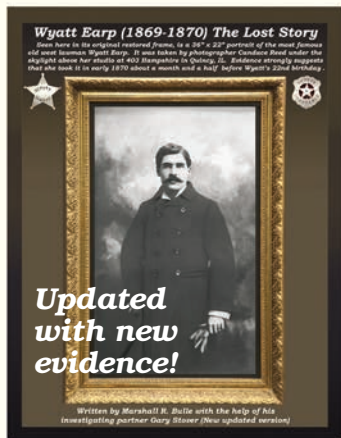


Dearborn photographs

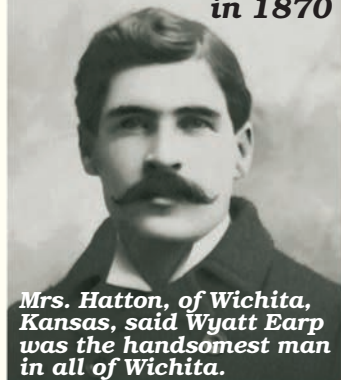
This book contains the incredible story of the largest and most pristine portrait ever taken of Wyatt Earp. Stored in the dark for much of its 150 year existence, it was taken by Candace Reed in Quincy, IL in 1870. Its discovery is causing heartburn for a few western writers who have published misidentified Dearborn photos in their articles and books as being Wyatt Earp.

The evidence in this book was not concocted. It has taken almost four years of hard investigative work to find and compile all of the evidence associated with this portrait. Virtually every reader who has contacted us has told us that they found our story very persuasive.

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A young Wyatt Earp in 1870



Mrs. Hatton, of Wichita, Kansas, said Wyatt Earp was the handsomest man in all of Wichita.

WESTERN MOVIES

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BY HENRY C. PARKE



Smoke in Our Eyes

Hollywood has been making Westerns about American Indians for well over a century, but the question is, have they ever gotten it right?

The very first feature-length movie made in Hollywood, Cecil B. DeMille's 1914 film *The Squaw Man*, was an Indian-centered Western, and D.W. Griffith was making films like *The Red Man's View* five years earlier. Whether factual or fantasy, Indian Westerns have a long, if checkered, history. The points of view run the gamut: when Francis Ford directed and starred in

1912's *Custer's Last Fight*, the Indians were portrayed as savages. When younger brother John Ford directed 1948's *Fort Apache*, there was no doubt that Henry Fonda's Custer character was the savage.

While early films tended to show Indians as the enemy both of whites and of progress, there were always sympathetic portrayals of Indians—whether as noble savages, childlike innocents or simply as human beings. More

evenhanded treatment became the norm by the 1970s, not coincidentally concurrent with the rise of Indian activism. The American Indian Movement's occupation of Alcatraz and Wounded Knee, and Marlon Brando's refusal of his *Godfather* Oscar over Indian treatment in films, were initially greeted by the public with amusement or annoyance, but these actions forced a spotlight on the unfair treatment of Indians by various



With a strong cast of American Indian actors in leading and supporting roles, *Hostiles*, produced in 2017, is one of the most recent Westerns to attempt to tell the story of the American-Indian conflict on the Western frontier.

- COURTESY LIONSGATE -

government agencies. Three of the most visible participants and spokesmen for the Movement would eventually become three of the most respected actors in the new wave of Westerns: Russell Means, Graham Greene and Wes Studi, who in October became the first American Indian to be awarded a career Oscar.

Social justice warriors might dismiss older films simply because the Indians were

portrayed by non-Indians, but that would be foolish. The suddenly widely accepted idea that people should portray only their own ethnic/racial/sexual identity, is of very new vintage. Michael Horse, Yaqui and Apache, who played Tonto in 1981's *Legend of the Lone Ranger*, Deputy Hawk in *Twin Peaks*, and is in the current *Call of the Wild*, reminds us, "The process of acting is to portray something that you're not." He adds, "But if you're doing a cultural piece, and you don't bring somebody who comes with that culture, you're going to cheat yourself."

Michael Dante, an actor of Italian descent, played many a cowboy in Westerns, but also played the son of Victorio, opposite Audie Murphy, in 1964's *Apache Rifles*; Crazy Horse in the *Custer* TV series; and most famously starred as *Winterhawk*. "The problem in those days, there weren't that many Native Americans that had a background in the theatre. They weren't professionals; they weren't given the opportunities."

In the early days of the silent movie, indigenous people often portrayed themselves. In 1908's *The Bank Robbery*, Quanah Parker, the last Comanche war chief, plays himself. In 1920's *The Daughter of Dawn*, Quanah's daughter Wanada, and son White, play lead roles. Shot in Oklahoma, the film tells the story of the struggles between Comanche and Kiowa, and tribe members make up the entire cast. Beginning her screen career in 1908, actress Red Wing was born on Nebraska's Winnebago Reservation, and had appeared in over 60 films when she starred in DeMille's *The Squaw Man*. Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance's swoon-worthy physique made a powerful impression in the Paramount early talkie *The Silent Enemy*, and stardom seemed a real possibility. Tragically, when word leaked out that he wasn't "pure" Indian, but part black, his career collapsed, and he committed suicide.

With the coming of sound, DeMille filmed *The Squaw Man* yet a third time, with Mexican actress Lupe Valez as the Indian

girl. In 1934, Valez would star in the remarkable *Laughing Boy*, based on Oliver La Farge's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel. The tale of a traditional Navajo lad (Ramon Navarro) who falls for "Americanized" city Navajo girl—and kept woman, Valez was so daring and controversial that director W.S. Van Dyke kept his name off of the credits.

End of The Trail, released in 1932, was a B Western like no other. Tim McCoy, who'd lived on the Wind River Reservation, and was adjutant general of Wyoming before becoming an actor, plays Cavalry Capt. Tim Travers, who has made enemies at the fort for being an "Injun lover." Framed for selling rifles to the Arapahos, he's discharged from the service, but leaves only after giving a scathing speech denouncing the military and the government for not honoring any treaties made with Indians. Soon his son is



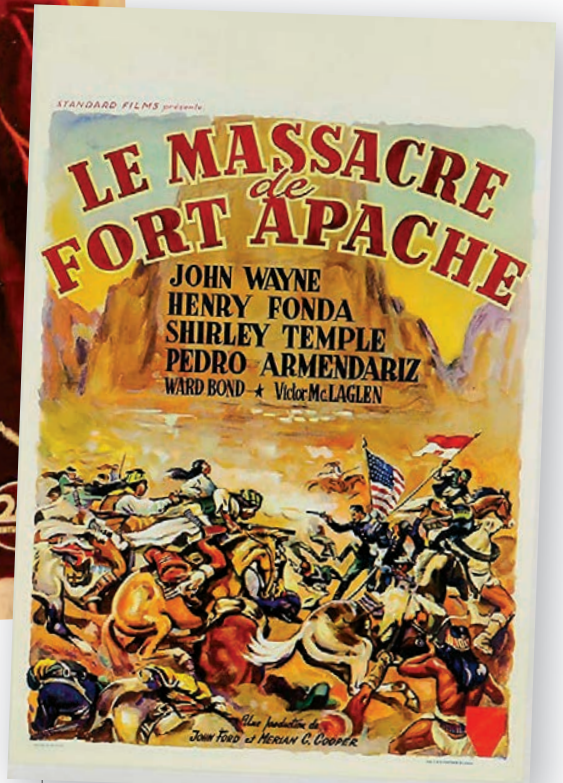
Based on the 1905 Broadway play of the same title, *The Squaw Man* was produced by Cecil B. DeMille in 1914 and was the first Indian-centered Western

- COURTESY JESSE L. LASKY FEATURE PLAY COMPANY -



After World War II, producers, directors and writers began challenging stereotypes in Westerns, as in 1950's *Broken Arrow*, although the majority of the Indian roles were played by non-Indian actors, including Jeff Chandler as Cochise. *Broken Arrow*'s Italian distributor changed the title to the melodramatic *L'Amante Indiana*, "Indian Lover."

- COURTESY TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX -



killed by soldiers, he's wrongly sentenced to death, and this is only partway through this unique 59-minute movie!

Throughout the 1930s and 1940s very few Westerns were built around Indian characters. Then came 1950, and *Broken Arrow*, director Delmer Daves's largely true story of the peace negotiated between former Indian fighter Tom Jeffords (James Stewart), and the Apache Chief Cochise (Oscar-nominated Jeff Chandler). The honor and wisdom of the protagonists is striking. The

unspoken irony is that the peace would not be honored by the government. Jay Silverheels took a break from *The Lone Ranger* to give a powerful though brief performance as Geronimo.

In 1954 *Drum Beat*, Delmer Daves's story of the Modoc War of 1873, starred Charles Bronson as Kintpaush, the Modoc leader known as Captain Jack, opposite Alan Ladd as the frontiersman who's trying to prevent further bloodshed. In addition to being brave and daring, Kintpaush has a sense of humor,

Director John Ford returned to Monument Valley in 1948 to film the first of his cavalry trilogy, *Fort Apache*. Ford cast hundreds of Navajos as extras in the film, which was one of his first Westerns to be empathetic to the intolerant treatment of the Western tribes.

- COURTESY RKO RADIO PICTURES -

and is more sophisticated than the ministers and generals he manipulates. Bronson's parents came from Lithuania. Eastern Shoshone actor and stuntman Cody Jones, who has worked on *The Son*, *Hostiles* and the upcoming *Outlaw Johnny Black*, says, "At the end of the day, acting's acting. Charles Bronson, he was good." Michael Horse agrees. "Charles Bronson used to come pretty close."

Also in 1954, Burt Lancaster played Massai, a warrior who breaks away from Geronimo rather than live on the Florida reservation, in *Apache*. While his and his woman Jean Peters' pale blue eyes are distracting, it's a fine film full of original scenes, like Massai's first terrifying visit to a white man's town, and his meeting with a successful Cherokee farmer. Charles Bronson again excels as Hondo, a sell-out to the Army.

Among the "White Man Who is Made an Indian Because of His Bravery" films, the best is 1957's *Run of The Arrow*, from writer/director Sam Fuller. Rod Steiger plays an ex-Confederate who runs afoul of the Sioux, and when he survives their ritual "run of the arrow," is made a member of the tribe by Chief Blue Buffalo (yes, Charles Bronson). A fine successor, is Elliot Silverstein's 1970 film *A Man Called Horse*. From the pen of Dorothy M. Johnson, whose other filmed stories include *The Hanging Tree* and *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance*, it stars Richard Harris as a British aristocrat whose hunting vacation ends when he's captured and enslaved by a Sioux raiding party. When he's allowed to join the tribe, and marry, the enemies they must contend with are not other whites, but Seminoles, with jarring brutality on both sides. The rituals are historically documented, and unflinching, performed by Iron Eyes Cody. Cody himself is perhaps the best real-life example of tribe adoption. Beginning in silent Westerns in 1926, Cody became the screen's foremost Indian actor, with more than 200 roles in his nearly 60-year career, best remembered as the Crying Indian in the famous anti-littering P.S.A. Most Indians were well-aware that Cody



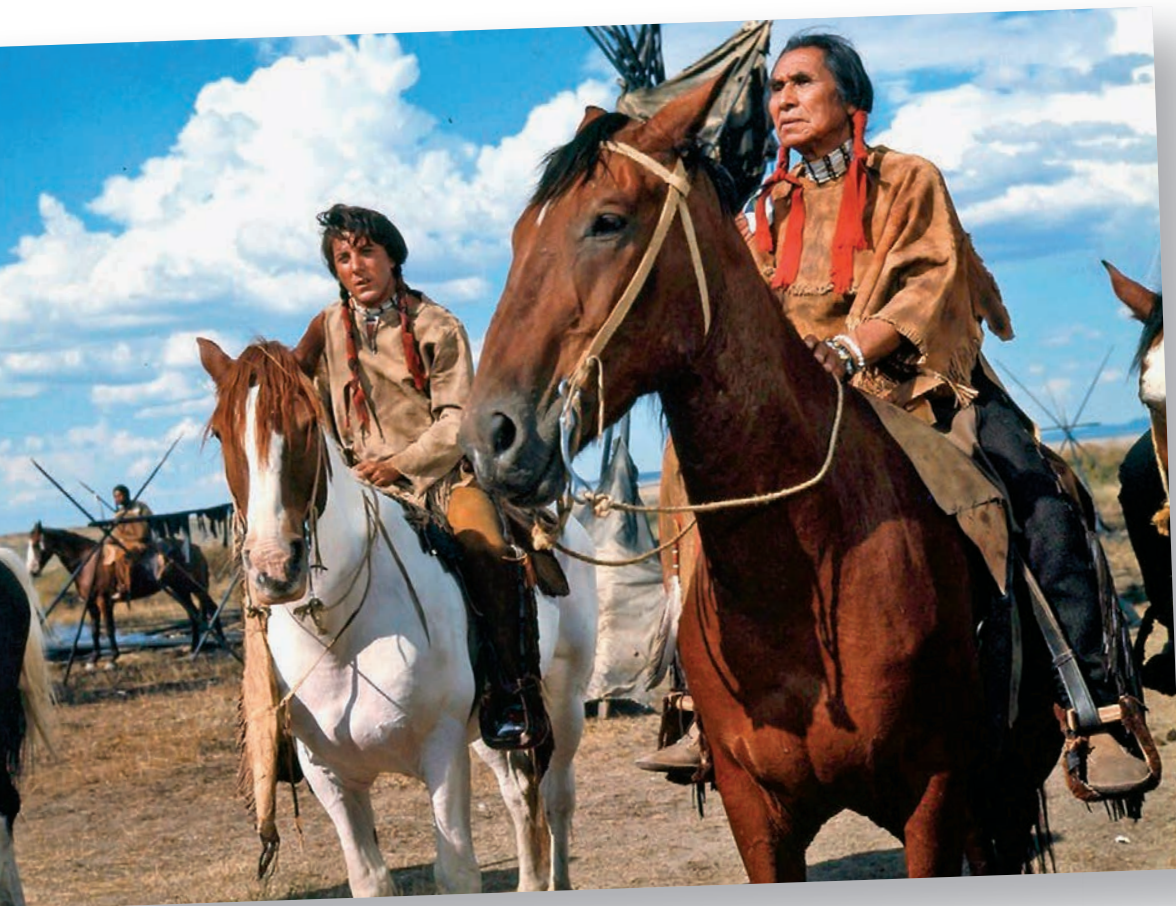
A Man Called Horse, starring Richard Harris (left, tied up) was released in 1970, the same year as *Little Big Man*. Both films were part of a new wave of Westerns with strong Native actor casts and sympathetic Indian storylines.

— COURTESY NATIONAL GENERAL —



In John Ford's 1962 *Cheyenne Autumn*, Carroll Baker (left) starred with Mexican actors Dolores Del Rio as a Spanish woman and Gilbert Roland as Cheyenne leader Dull Knife. The film was the award-winning director's most overt attempt to dramatize the plight of the Western Indians' relocation to reservations.

— COURTESY WARNER BROS. —



In 1970, Dustin Hoffman (far left) starred as Jack Crabb in the title role of the alt-Western *Little Big Man* opposite Oscar-nominated Canadian Indian actor Chief Dan George (near left). A Coast Salish tribal member of the Tsleil-Waututh Nation, George's character, Old Lodge Skins, is Crabb's adopted Indian father and philosophical voice of the film. His dialogue, written by novelist Thomas Berger and screenwriter Calder Willingham, is often quoted, including the famous line, "Sometimes the magic works, and sometimes it doesn't."

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American Indian actor Ned Romero played Nez Perces Chief Joseph in the groundbreaking television production *I Will Fight No More Forever*. Produced by Wolper-Margulies Productions two years before *Roots*, the film featured the largest American Indian cast in television production history.

— COURTESY ABC TELEVISION —



was in fact the son of Italian immigrants, but because he always portrayed Indians in an honorable and historically accurate way, they kept his secret from the general public until after his death.

Horse's screenplay was by Jack DeWitt, whose Westerns were revisionist long before the term was coined. In *Sitting Bull* (1954), starring J. Carrol Naish, DeWitt pulls no punches in his contempt for Custer. And he daringly includes a historically accurate but rarely seen black Sioux (Joel Fluellen), a former slave adopted by the tribe. In DeWitt's *The Battles of Chief Pontiac* (1952),

Pontiac (Lon Chaney, Jr.) must deal with English allies and their homicidal Hessian mercenaries. "The industry has needed a good Indian for years," Chaney had said, "and I'd like to be it." He would be that in 1956's *Daniel Boone—Trailblazer*, and the following year in the Saturday morning series *Hawkeye and the Last of the Mohicans*, in which he played James

Fenimore Cooper's Chingachook to John Hart's Hawkeye.

Although the often-glacial pace requires as much patience from the audience as the Congress expected from the Cheyenne, John Ford's *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964) is a pro-Cheyenne telling of the Army's attempt to force the Cheyenne from their homelands, to a reservation. *Mad Magazine's* parody,

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In 1993, Cherokee actor Wes Studi (foreground, above, left) starred in the title role of *Geronimo: An American Legend*, with a strong supporting cast of fellow American Indian actors, including Steve Reevis as Chato (foreground, above, right).

— COURTESY COLUMBIA PICTURES —

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Cheyenne Awful, features a background Indian commenting, “Notice how the director gave the five leading Indian roles to three Spaniards, an American and an Italian, while we *real* Indians play crummy extras!” To be fair to Ford, the three “Spaniards”—Dolores Del Rio, Ricardo Montalban and Gilbert Roland—were all Mexican by birth, and presumably of Indian as well as Spanish blood.

“Paul Newman nailed it,” Michael Horse says of his performance in 1967’s *Hombre*, Elmore Leonard’s Western take on J. M. Barrie’s *The Admirable Crichton*. Newman is the self-possessed white-raised-by-Apaches whose path crosses with a stagecoach full of “real” whites, including embezzling Indian Agent Fredric March and outlaw Richard Boone. Directed by Martin Ritt, the film makes social points that are organic yet startling.

Michael Horse recalls, “*Little Big Man* was the first time I saw one of those funny old elders that I grew up with, and Chief Dan George was just magic. ‘Am I still in this world?’ ‘Yes, grandpa.’ Dustin Hoffman tells him, ‘I have a white wife.’ ‘Does she

show enthusiasm when you mount her?’” *Little Big Man* (1970) is the story of the only white survivor of Custer’s Last Stand. A jarring mix of broad humor and horrendous slaughter, the brutality in the depiction of the Army, and Richard Mulligan’s portrayal of Custer as a preening halfwit, make it unforgettable.

In *Chato’s Land* (1972), all Charles Bronson’s half breed Chato wants is to enjoy a drink at the saloon, but when a lawman gives him no other choice, Chato kills him. A posse pursues him into the desert, not realizing they’ve become Chato’s quarry. With almost no dialogue, performing almost entirely alone, Bronson gives a calm dignity and perseverance to his character.

In David Wolper and Stan Margulis’s 1975 Emmy-nominated production *I Will Fight No More Forever*, the unpunished murder of an Indian by a white begins an unwanted war. Famed one-armed Gen. Oliver O. Howard (James Whitmore) is ordered to force the Nez Perce onto a reservation. Chief Joseph (Ned Romero) befuddles the general with his superior

tactics, keeping his tribe one step ahead of the Army for over a hundred days, nearly reaching Canada before surrendering with the words that are the film's title. Written by Jeb Rosebrook and Theodore Strauss, the TV movie features a young Sam Elliott as Indian-sympathetic Capt. Charles E.S. Wood.

In 1975, independent rural filmmaker Charles B. Pierce wrote and directed *Winterhawk*. When a Blackfeet village is struck with smallpox, Winterhawk (Michael Dante) goes to a mountain man rendezvous to trade pelts for medicine, but is instead bushwhacked and robbed by badman L.Q. Jones. Winterhawk captures a sister (Dawn Wells) and brother to trade for medicine. Notable for its cast, the pursuers are Leif Erickson, Woody Strode, Denver Pyle and Elisha Cook Jr. Dante notes, "When you're playing a Native American, you have to speak with your hands in the dirt psychologically, to relate to the moon, the wind and stars, the elements, the environment. They're very spiritual. He was not written as a spiritual man. I brought that." It was the last time Dante would play an Indian. "Now they won't hire a white man. They don't need to; they have a lot of wonderful actors. Graham Greene, Wes Studi, Zahn McClarnon, Adam Beach—he's an



Creek Indian Will Sampson, who received great notoriety for his groundbreaking role as Chief Bromden in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, co-starred with Chief Dan George as Ten Bears in Clint Eastwood's Western classic, *The Outlaw Josey Wales*.

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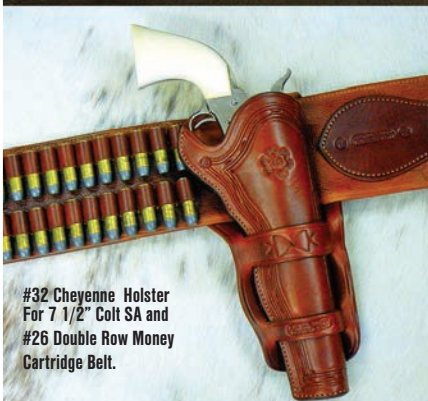
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A groundbreaking film released 30 years ago, *Dances with Wolves*, starring Kevin Costner (far left) won Best Picture for its poignant and empathetic story of a white soldier who is adopted into the Lakota Sioux tribe. The award-winning movie remains the standard bearer for Western films about the 19th-century American Indian experience.

- COURTESY ORION PICTURES -



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The late August Schellenberg, a Canadian actor of Mohawk and European descent, starred as Sitting Bull in the HBO film adaptation of Dee Brown's *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. He considered it his greatest role.

- COURTESY HBO -

outstanding actor." Dante was delighted to learn that one of his favorite current actors made his first visit to a set on *Winterhawk*. "I grew up in Montana," says *Longmire*'s Zahn McClarnon. "They were looking for extra women. My mom is this gorgeous Lakota woman, and she went onto the set to be an extra. And I met Woody Strode. I was like six or seven, I wouldn't go ask for his autograph. But I finally got the nerve to."

What are some of McClarnon's favorite Indian films? "*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Josey Wales*." Cody Jones concurs. "Clint Eastwood used Chief Dan George in *Outlaw Josey Wales*, that's one I enjoy a whole lot. Even today, the image of the Native is the great warrior of the plains, the stoic.



But reality is, American Indian culture has a lot of laughing. And Will Samson: big guy, big presence. It was awesome to see Clint bring the natives into the forefront like he did." At least the first half of *Josey Wales*, one of Eastwood's best films, is about a farmer seeking revenge on the Union soldiers

who slaughtered his family. But it's the humor and the humanity that stays with you.

In *Legend of Walks Far Woman* (1982), Raquel Welch's character, banished by her Blackfoot tribe, tries to make a life with her mother's Sioux people. This is a woman's story full of unusual situations, like dealing

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Plains Cree Michael Greyeyes (left) starred as Sitting Bull in the critically acclaimed *Woman Walks Ahead*. Released in 2017, the indie film reflects a growing trend by filmmakers to cast Indian actors to star in films exploring a broader understanding of American Indian culture.

— COURTESY BLACK BICYCLE PRODUCTIONS —

with her husband after a concussion suffered at the Little Bighorn makes him violent. The only whites seen are the dead cavalymen whose pockets are emptied.

Dances with Wolves (1990) was the game changer. In addition to being an excellent film, and an astounding first-time directing effort by Kevin Costner, no other film had

ever given so many major roles to Native actors: Graham Greene, Rodney A. Grant, Floyd “Red Crow” Westerman, Tantoo Cardinal, Wes Studi and nearly a dozen others. *The Last of the Mohicans* (1992) continued the same trajectory. Michael Mann’s film, the ninth version in America alone, starred Daniel-Day Lewis, Madeleine Stowe and Wes Studi, and introduced many audiences to Russell Means and Eric Schweig. Both films combine thrilling romance and action, compelling characters, and seemingly doomed civilizations. They are both beautifully made films. *Mohicans* made a fortune, and *Wolves* is the most successful Western of all time.

Geronimo—An American Legend is the 1993 masterpiece of director Walter Hill, writer John Milius, and star Wes Studi. A lavish war movie as well as a Western, it follows Geronimo from his surrender to the Army, to his followers’ and his own mistreatment, to his escape to Mexico, and beyond. The problems of the chain of command are highlighted, as Geronimo puts his faith in General Crook (Gene Hackman), and Lieutenant Gatewood (Jason Patric), whose actions are controlled from Washington.

Unlike Chief Joseph, Sitting Bull and his Lakota followers did manage to reach Canada, but not for long. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, the heartbreaking 2007 TV movie, is seen largely through the eyes of Charles Eastman (Adam Beach). As a Sioux

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Wes Studi, who starred in *Hostiles* as Cheyenne Chief Yellow Hawk, recently became the first Indian actor to receive an Academy Honorary Oscar Award.

— COURTESY LIONSGATE —

child he's taken from his parents, and sent to a school to be Americanized: his hair cut, his clothing replaced, forbidden to use his native language, he's even forced to take on a Christian name. But when the educators see how bright he is, he's sent to college and medical school, used as a PR tool by the government, and finally returns to Standing Rock, where he tries desperately to fit in, and to save his people.

In the past couple of years, there have been two impressive Indian-centered Westerns. *Hostiles* stars Wes Studi as a long-imprisoned Cheyenne Chief finally allowed to return to his ancestral home. Christian Bale is the Indian-hating Army captain who reluctantly agrees to escort him. It feels spiritually like a continuation of Studi's earlier *Geronimo*. *Woman Walks Ahead* stars Jessica Chastain as Catherine Weldon, a New York painter who journeyed out west to paint a portrait of Sitting Bull (Michael Greyeyes), and becomes involved in the Sioux battle to protect their land.



Henry Parke is *True West's* Western film and television editor. His book of interviews, *Indians and Cowboys*, will be published later this year. If we missed any of your favorite Indian Westerns, please share them with us. If you'd like to read more of Michael Dante's interview and Henry's columns on Western film and television, go to TrueWestMagazine.com and subscribe for full access to *True West's* Archives.

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WHERE THE WE



Santa Fe Dep.

BY LEO W. BANKS

ST COMES ALIVE



The best Western towns welcome visitors with a great mix of hometown hospitality, annual historic re-enactments and heritage events.

The West is still where Americans go to find a new life, and the risks can be huge. The woman who cashes out her retirement to rebuild a ramshackle mercantile in a lost mountain town is taking a chance.

So is the bespectacled gent from that strange land east of the Hudson who throws it all away to run a small museum, or a hotel where Buffalo Bill slept.

But by showing the frontier spirit in the 21st century, they're keeping the towns of the West alive and thriving. We salute them here, and wonder, if you have a working car and a good pair of boots, why aren't you already on the road?



COLONEL RANALD MACKENZIE

After Col. Ranald Mackenzie (above) and the Army defeated the Comanches, the railroad arrived in San Angelo in 1888 and transformed the West Texas town into an economic hub for the region. Today, the Santa Fe Depot and Railway Museum is housed in the historic station (left).

— COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —





Built in 1867 as a strategic U.S. Army outpost during the post-Civil War conflict with the Southern Plains tribes, Fort Concho served its purpose effectively until it was closed in 1889. The City of San Angelo operates the historic landmark and museum and provides staffing for the preservation of 23 fort buildings.

— BOTH PHOTOS COURTESY SAN ANGELO CVB —

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS

Col. Ranald Mackenzie's name doesn't ring bells today, but his 4th Cavalry's 1874 victory at Palo Duro Canyon helped end the bloody Red River Indian War.

Hear that thrilling story and others at Fort Concho National Historic Landmark in San Angelo, a town that combines rich history with contemporary attractions, earning it recognition as our Top Western Town for 2020.

The fort, once under Mackenzie's command, offers exhibits, artifacts and tours of 23 original and restored structures.

The San Angelo Stock Show & Rodeo, begun in 1932 and dedicated to promoting the agricultural way of life, draws 200,000 people over three weeks.

"The show is great for families and has an old-fashioned Western feel where you see kids

learning responsibility by taking care of their animals," says Diann Bayes, vice president at the Convention & Visitors Bureau.

Enjoy downtown's Concho River Walk, named one of America's best public spaces. It's beautiful anytime, but especially at Christmas when three million lights hang—six million counting their reflection on the water.

Walk the "stairway to heaven" to the second floor above Legend Jewelers to Miss Hattie's Bordello Museum. Watch craftsmen work in the window of bootmaker M.L. Leddy's and visit the Santa Fe Depot and Railway Museum.

Don't mind the fiberglass sheep adorning the sidewalks. They honor San Angelo's status as a major wool producer.

Downtown's best feature might be its 13 large murals. They depict historical scenes such as



For eight decades the San Angelo Stock Show & Rodeo (above) has celebrated the Old West and the heritage of ranching and farming in Texas's Concho River Valley.

a rumbling stagecoach. One commemorates the late-great Western writer Elmer Kelton, a San Angelo resident.

New addition as of last spring: Paint Brush Alley, between Concho and Twohig avenues. Murals there show such scenes as a cowboy lassoing from horseback. Follow boot prints on the ground to learn the Texas two-step.

Walk across Celebration Bridge to the San Angelo Museum of Fine Arts. It has three galleries and a rooftop terrace with great views of a true Western town.

"We're a proud to have that title," says Bayes.

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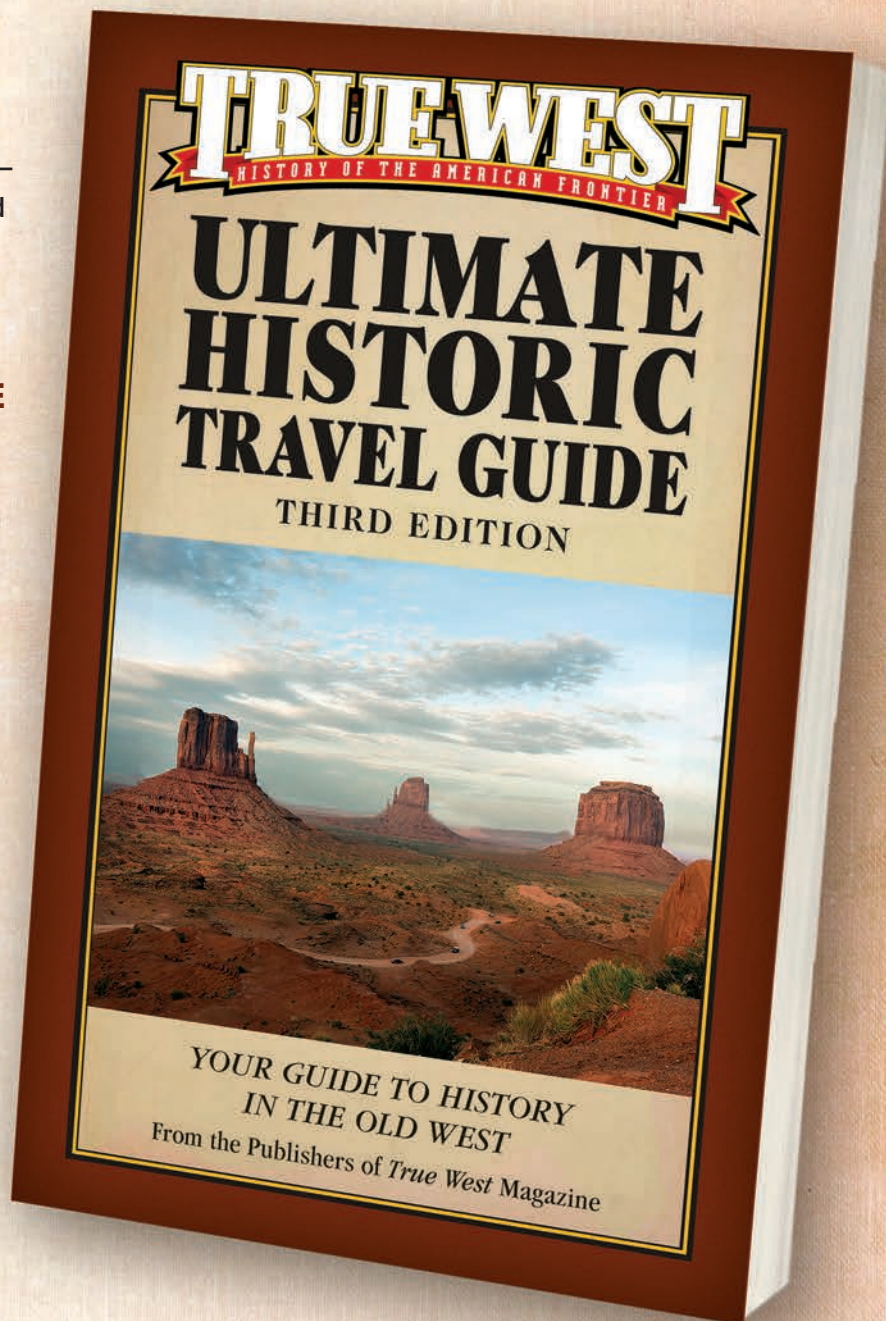
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DEADWOOD, SOUTH DAKOTA

Wild Bill Hickok's 1876 murder by Jack McCall guaranteed this gulch-clinging town would thrive into the 21st century. All of Deadwood is a National Historic landmark with tons to see and do.



WILD BILL HICKOK

The Days of '76 Museum holds a collection of wagons, stagecoaches and carriages that go on display during the Days of '76 celebration. The event includes a narrated parade and a big-time rodeo. This year will be the 98th annual.

The Adams Museum has a .44-caliber Colt owned by Hickok and displays numerous images of him, including an original pencil sketch by N.C. Wyeth.

Wild Bill Days is a weekend of fun, from live music and dancing to gold-panning lessons. See *The Trial of Jack McCall* at the Masonic Temple, one of the West's longest-running stage

shows, and the restored Bullock Hotel, built in 1894 by hardware merchant-turned-lawman Seth Bullock.

Ride a full-sized stagecoach and visit Mount Moriah Cemetery to see the side-by-side graves of Hickok and Calamity Jane.

Deadwood has expanded attractions with the opening in 2019 of Outlaw Square, scene of more than 200 re-enactments and shows a year. The Brothel Museum, expected to open this summer, will offer a look at that side of life, which thrived in the upper floors of many Deadwood buildings until 1980.

The epicenter of the Gold Rush of 1874-'76 that transformed the Black Hills, Deadwood (left) was founded to supply the rush of miners everything they needed to survive. After touring Deadwood, drive up the mountain to tour the historic gold-mining town of Lead.

- COURTESY SOUTH DAKOTA TOURISM -

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TOWNS TO KNOW

CODY, WYOMING

The Buffalo Bill Center of the West features five museums, including the Buffalo Bill Museum, which opened in a log cabin in 1927. See a comical poster of the great performer gleefully waving his hat as he rides a bucking bullfrog. Yes, a bullfrog.

RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

The annual Black Hills Powwow attracts thousands of tourists from around the country to see Indian singers and dancers in traditional regalia. With the potential to win thousands in prize money, the ceremonial singers take their performances seriously. Wonderful photo opportunities.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

See the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum. From Spanish Colonial to modern times, no aspect of cowboy life goes unexplored in the 8,000-square-foot American Cowboy Gallery. Thought barbed wire was pretty simple? Some 1,300 different styles are displayed.

ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

See the house where Robert Ford killed Jesse James, and the Patee House Museum, a National Historic Landmark. At the Pony Express National Museum, visit the Pike's Peak Stables where, on April 3, 1860, the first rider lit out for Sacramento with saddlebags of mail.

SILVER CITY, NEW MEXICO

At Memory Lane Cemetery, see the grave of Billy the Kid's mother, Catherine Antrim. She died of tuberculosis in 1874. The Silver City Museum, located in the 1881 Ailman House, a mansard/Italianate home, holds 20,000 historical and cultural objects and 17,000 photographs.

WICKENBURG, ARIZONA

The Desert Caballeros Western Museum holds a fabulous collection of Western art. Its annual "Cowgirl Up!" exhibition and sale highlights female artists who specialize in Western themes. The event began in 2006 and has become very popular.



3

The statue *Nathan D. Champion* by local artist D. Michael Thomas greets visitors to Buffalo's Jim Gatchell Memorial Museum. Tour the exhibits on Wyoming and learn about Champion, who is famous for his last stand during the Johnson County Cattle War.

— COURTESY WYOMING OFFICE OF TOURISM —

BUFFALO, WYOMING

Frontier aficionados love this town of 4,500 in the foothills of the Bighorn Mountains. The 1880 Occidental Hotel offers an authentic experience in its refurbished rooms and saloon. Drink a toast to Owen Wister, who drew inspiration from the area to write his groundbreaking 1902 novel, *The Virginian*.

The artifact collection at the Jim Gatchell Memorial Museum numbers 15,000 and includes a Springfield rifle owned by the Cheyenne warrior Shave Head.

Take a walking tour of the TA Ranch and hear of the climactic event of the Johnson County Cattle War, which occurred at TA's barn. See the Victorian elegance of the 1903 Mansion House Inn, which

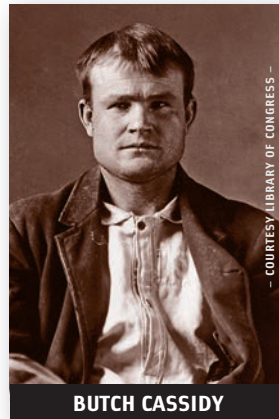
boasts one of Wyoming's most beautiful oak staircases.

All of Buffalo's charming downtown is on the National Register of Historic Places.

See the Fort Phil Kearney Historic Site on the Bozeman Trail. The Fetterman massacre took place nearby, as did the Wagon Box Fight, in which 24 soldiers held off 800 Sioux warriors.

Can't get enough Butch and Sundance? Their Hole in the Wall hideout is 70 miles away.

Buffalo's leaders hope to again host *Longmire Days* in July, named for the now-canceled TV show. "If the actors can come, we'll definitely do it," says the Chamber's Shaynie McRae. "It draws 10,000 people, our biggest event of the year."



BUTCH CASSIDY

— COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —



TOWNS TO WATCH

Stand in front of downtown's Yavapai County Courthouse and look around. History is everywhere in this mile-high town, named the most beautiful in Arizona by CultureTrip.

A sidewalk timeline provides a detailed overview and right there is Solon Borglum's *Rough Rider* bronze honoring Buckey O'Neill, killed at San Juan Hill.

The gorgeous lobby of the Hassayampa Hotel has been called Prescott's living room. Don't miss the Victorian mansions lining Mount Vernon Street.

Stroll west to Sharlot Hall Museum, one of Arizona's finest. The beautifully manicured grounds include the Territorial governor's log mansion, built in 1864.

The Smoki Museum hosts an annual Navajo rug and Indian art auction, and the Phippen

displays fine Western painting, photography and sculpture, including a Remington bronze.

Whiskey Row, once a spot of Wild West mayhem, borders the courthouse. Picture Virgil Earp carrying a Winchester and running along Montezuma Street chasing an outlaw he'd later kill. It happened in 1877.

The Row howls during Frontier Days, a rowdy party that includes a popular rodeo.

Stop at the Palace Restaurant & Saloon for a drink at the cherrywood bar. Any questions about the venerable watering hole? Author Brad Courtney's table is to the right as you elbow through the batwing doors.

Visit Watson Lake to see bizarre rock formations or take an easy hike up Thumb Butte for great views of the city.

The historic and picturesque Territorial capital of Arizona, Prescott is the perfect town in which to take a stroll through history. Start at the Courthouse Square (below) where Solon Borglum's *Rough Rider* bronze (center, right) greets visitors to the park.

— COURTESY THE CAROL M. HIGHSMITH ARCHIVE, LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —



4

PRESCOTT, ARIZONA

APACHE JUNCTION, ARIZONA

Lost Dutchman Days, held in late February, began in 1965 and has grown to become a popular three-day bash featuring a parade, rodeo and carnival.

MEDORA, NORTH DAKOTA

This quaint Badlands town has a population of about 130, four museums and the outdoor *Medora Musical*, billed as the greatest show in the West.

IDAHO CITY, IDAHO

The Boise Basin Museum in this historic gold town displays photographs and artifacts. The Pon Yam Museum and Cultural Center honors the Chinese population, which numbered 1,751 in 1870.

LAWTON-FORT SILL, OKLAHOMA

The Museum of the Great Plains has traditional and interactive exhibits that "explore the human history of the Great Plains."

MESQUITE, TEXAS

The rodeo capital of Texas has great BBQ and a vibrant creative side, brought to life at the Mesquite Arts Center.

PINEDALE, WYOMING

Take a walking tour of rustic downtown and visit the Museum of the Mountain Man, a tribute to the bearded adventurers who began exploring here in the early 1800s.

RED RIVER, NEW MEXICO

Flatlanders should know that bears are everywhere in this mountain playground, elevation 8,750 feet. The Little Red Schoolhouse, built in 1915, is on the National Register.

TRINIDAD, COLORADO

Walk the red brick streets of downtown's historic district to see 143 original buildings. Don't miss the Trinidad History Museum and the A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art.

VALENTINE, NEBRASKA

A buffalo herd roams at Fort Niobrara National Wildlife Refuge. The visitor center tells the story of the fort, which was active from 1879 to 1906. See historic photos.

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

The Yakima Valley Museum has the largest collection of wooden wagons west of the Mississippi. See a horse-pulled tube boiler fire engine from 1889.



5

FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS



Tours of Fort Smith National Historic Site should begin in the fort's former barracks/courthouse/prison (above), including Judge Issac Parker's courtroom. After the museum, enjoy the 1.5-mile self-guided tour of the 37-acre grounds.

- COURTESY NPS.GOV -

Movies like *True Grit* and *Lonesome Dove* have kept this Arkansas River town in America's imagination. So have its contemporary leaders, who understand the importance of frontier history.

The Fort Smith National Historic Site tells of Isaac Parker, the hanging judge who presided over the Indian Territory. His motto: "Permit no innocent man to be punished, but

let no guilty man escape." Seventy-nine souls swung from his rope in 21 years.

See a replica gallows and walk a portion of the Trail of Tears, complete with exhibit panels.

Across from the fort in Judgment Town, an Old West village, watch the Lawbreakers & Peacemakers re-enactment group. The Indian Territory Pistoliers use historically

accurate costumes and props to depict figures like outlaw Belle Starr.

The Fort Smith Museum of History displays items from Parker's courtroom. Every October hear exciting tales on its popular Murder & Mayhem Trolley Tour. Stop at Miss Laura's Visitor Center, the only former bordello on the National Register and restored to its original grandeur. See period furnishings and artwork on guided tours.

The Bell Grove Historic District features beautiful Victorian homes dating to 1870.

Expect the opening late this year of the U.S. Marshals Museum, designed in the shape of a five-star badge. Thousands of artifacts in five exciting galleries will include a pocket watch owned by Bass Reeves, the first black deputy U.S. marshal.

WHERE HISTORY COMES ALIVE LARAMIE, WYOMING



BUTCH CASSIDY - CONVICT #187

WYOMING TERRITORIAL PRISON

Wyoming's oldest stone building, the Wyoming Territorial Prison, housed more than 1,000 outlaws including Butch Cassidy. Built in 1872, the site served as a prison until 1903. Today, the property is managed as a Wyoming state historic site, one of Albany County's many historic museums. Laramie - where history comes alive!



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Boot Hill Museum, named one of the eight wonders of Kansas, is a first-class repository of Old West artifacts and exhibits, including the "Guns that Won the West," gallery and its law and order displays on Bat Masterson (below, right) and Wyatt Earp.

— COURTESY KANSAS TOURISM —

Every part of this onetime Hell on the Plains celebrates Old West history, from the cowboy statue on Boot Hill to the Longhorn steer lording over Wyatt Earp Boulevard. The kids' waterpark is named— get this—Long Branch Lagoon.

Celebrate at this summer's 60th Dodge City Days, a ten-day festival that draws 100,000 people to 50 events. Boot Hill Museum, named one of Kansas's eight wonders, offers "Guns that Won the West" and "Indians of the Great Plains," among other exhibits.

Stroll a recreated Front Street into the authentically appointed Long Branch Saloon for a sarsaparilla or to watch Miss Kitty's long-running variety show.

On the Trail of Fame Walking Tour, see statues and numerous bronze medallions

honoring famous and infamous characters, as well as actors who've played them. The newest attraction is a bronze statue of James Arness—Matt Dillon on TV's *Gunslinger*.

The 1881 Mueller-Schmidt House is the oldest in town, made of limestone. The beautifully renovated 1898 Santa Fe Depot is a must-see, at 45,000-square feet the largest in Kansas. The lobby and dining room appear as they did originally.

Outside the visitor's center, sit at a table with a life-sized statue of Doc Holliday playing cards, one of the town's most photographed spots.



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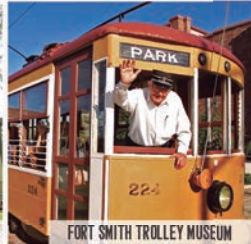
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SHERIDAN, WYOMING

The West's greatest showman still reigns under the picturesque Bighorn Mountains. We're talking about Buffalo Bill Cody, who managed the restored Sheridan Inn in the 1890s. Some believe he conducted informal tryouts for his Wild West show from its wraparound porch.

In the lobby, see original furniture and photos. During the weeklong Sheridan WYO Rodeo, take in the colorful First Peoples' Pow Wow on the inn's expansive lawn.

Relive the June 17, 1876, Battle of the Rosebud, eight days before the Little Bighorn, at Sheridan County Museum. Use a touch-screen to hear a narrative of the fight and see photos and maps. Don't miss the American Indian Gallery at Brinton Museum. Collections include a Blackfeet war chief's shirt and leggings, circa 1830.

The Mint Bar stands out for its famous bucking bronc neon sign. Inside, see buck and ram heads mounted on cedar walls and

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WHERE HISTORY LIVES

BANDERA, TEXAS

See the 1891 county courthouse and cut-stone jail, both on the National Register. Frontier Times Museum has 40,000 artifacts and oddities. A mounted Gila monster anyone?

CAVE CREEK, ARIZONA

Stroll through an expanded Frontier Town, now more than 50 years old, to shop, eat and drink in the saloon, watch gunfight re-enactments and hear Western music.

COUNCIL GROVE, KANSAS

The Old West comes alive at the crossroads of the Santa Fe Trail and the Flint Hills Scenic Byway. Dine at the historic Hays House Restaurant and spend a night in the restored Cottage House Hotel.

LARAMIE, WYOMING

Tour Wyoming Territorial Prison State Historic Park. Talk about hard time. Prisoners had to remain silent all the time, wear white-and-black-striped uniforms and their names were replaced with numbers.

GREAT FALLS, MONTANA

The C.M. Russell Museum has five galleries celebrating Charles Russell, one of America's finest cowboy artists and storytellers. See his log cabin studio built from red cedar telephone poles.

GUTHRIE, OKLAHOMA

In the Land Rush of April 22, 1889, Guthrie's population went from zero to 10,000 overnight. Learn about the state's first capital at the Oklahoma Territorial Museum.

KEARNEY, NEBRASKA

Fort Phil Kearny Historic Site features a rebuilt stockade and blacksmith shop. Built in 1848 to protect westbound travelers, the fort served as a home station for Pony Express riders.

KEARNEY, MISSOURI

At Kearney Historic Museum, see a timeline of town history from 1856, when it was called Centerville. To hear a great story, ask staff about outlaw Frank James's ashes.

LONE PINE, CALIFORNIA

The Museum of Western Film History has exhibits on all the genre's greats, including Tom Mix, Roy Rogers and John Wayne. Duke made 13 movies around Lone Pine.

MOAB, UTAH

Visit this gateway town to see some of America's most stunning landscapes. Watch sunrise or sunset at Arches National Park and Canyonlands National Park.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

At the State Indian Museum Historic Park, see a redwood dugout canoe, traditional baskets,



a period newspaper listing casualties from Custer's Last Stand.

Visit Trail End State Historic Site, home of Sheridan's so-called Castle on a Hill, a 13,748-square-foot home built by cattle baron and future governor and senator John Kendrick.

King's Saddlery, a cowboy hangout on Main Street, boasts a museum off the rope shop. Step around the dancing bear to inspect an array of saddles, and the family's collection of photos, Indian artifacts and guns.

The Brinton Museum complex in nearby Big Horn includes the Historic Brinton Ranch House (left), which is open May 1 to September 30. The main Western art collection is housed in the Forrest E. Mars, Jr. Building, which opened in 2015, and is open year round.

- COURTESY WYOMING OFFICE OF TOURISM -

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beadwork, ceremonial outfits and a wall of photos depicting elders of various tribes.

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

At 43,000-square-feet, Scottsdale's Museum of the West houses everything Old West, from sheriff's badges to buffalo robes, Kit Carson's pistol, and John Wayne's cowboy boots.

SNOQUALMIE, WASHINGTON

Just outside town, a short hike brings you to an observation deck at Snoqualmie Falls, which draws 1.5 million visitors a year. The 270-foot waterfall is truly spectacular.

THE DALLES, OREGON

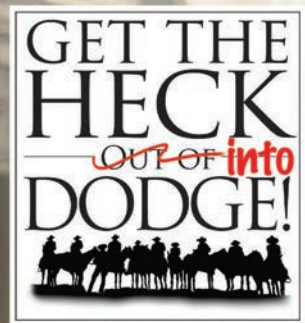
What's new in The Dalles? The National Neon Sign Museum in the historic Elks building. Signs and ephemera from the 1800s to the 1960s fill 20,000 square feet.

WACO, TEXAS

The Texas Ranger Hall of Fame Museum displays weapons Rangers carried, like the 1847 Walker Colt, named for Ranger Samuel Walker. See Clayton Moore's *Lone Ranger* mask.

WILLIAMS, ARIZONA

Watch the Cataract Creek Gang perform shootouts on Route 66, stay at the refurbished Grand Canyon Railway Hotel and ride the train 55 miles to the Grand Canyon.



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8

TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

Every tourist walking the board sidewalks imagines the 1881 encounter between Wyatt, Doc and those rascally Clantons and McLaurys. Let your imagination soar at a gunfight re-enactment at the O.K. Corral site and peruse a map of the encounter drawn by Wyatt himself.

At C.S. Fly's Photo Gallery, see images of Geronimo and other armed Apache warriors taken while still at war.

Visit a period sheriff's office and replica gallows at Tombstone Courthouse State Historic Park. At Bird Cage Theatre, see the balcony cribs where soiled doves worked and artifacts dating to its 1881 opening.

Don a hard hat and walk underground for a 45-minute tour of the Good Enough Mine, Ed Schiefelin's 1878 silver discovery. Stroll through Boothill Graveyard, read headstones and ponder the 250 souls resting there: "Here

Tombstone, "the town to tough to die," is Arizona's most infamous Territorial mining camp. Tour the Tombstone County Courthouse State Historic Park (left), take a walk through Boothill Graveyard and park at one end of Allen Street and walk into history.

- COURTESY TOMBSTONE COUNTY COURTHOUSE STATE HISTORIC PARK -

lies Lester Moore, four slugs from a .44, no Les, no more."

Big Nose Kate's Saloon has great burgers and live music, and the Crystal Palace is as authentic as a Western saloon gets. On select Sundays, the Tombstone Vigilantes, founded in 1946, re-enact historical events and mock hangings on Allen Street.

Helldorado Days, the year's blowout party, features a parade, street gunfights, wild costumes and curling mustaches. Tourists line the streets for the popular Cowboy Walkdown. Dennis Quaid, who played Doc in the movie *Wyatt Earp*, attended Helldorado two years ago.

MORE ROOM TO DISCOVER

More dinosaurs have been discovered in Montana than in any other state. At the world-class Fort Peck Interpretive Center and Museum, Malta's Phillips County Museum and Great Plains Dinosaur Museum and Jordan's Garfield County Museum, discover rare fossils, wildlife and historical exhibits, a cast of a giant T-Rex and much more.

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SCOTTSBLUFF/ GERING, NEBRASKA 9



Early fur traders and westbound emigrants on the Oregon, Mormon and California trails used the 800-foot bluffs above the North Platte River as a landmark. So did Pony Express riders.

Scotts Bluff National Monument celebrates these journeys with photographs and exhibits, and by preserving original ruts and swales still visible on the trail. Sunset in Mitchell Pass is a sight to behold.

The monument also displays select watercolor paintings by William Henry Jackson, an important chronicler of westward expansion.

Oregon Trail Days, the state's longest continuous celebration, happens in Scottsbluff's sister town, Gering. Celebrating its 99th year, the event features a parade,

chili cookoff, art show, and a heritage party honoring homesteaders.

The national championship of the Old West Balloon Festival occurs in August. Watch 75 balloons fill the sky.

The Legacy of the Plains Museum has cool interactive displays. See living history actors and a blacksmith at work and tour the Wiedeman farmstead home.

Drive nine miles to see a replica of the Robidoux Trading Post, circa 1851. There are pioneer graves along the route.

Visit Chimney Rock National Historic Site, another landmark. Passing emigrants wrote

in diaries they were "glad to see that they are going the right direction and it spired to the heavens."

Many climbed the 300-foot cone to carve their names at the top.

Scottsbluff/Gering, Nebraska, celebrates its Western heritage throughout the year, but one of its biggest annual events is Gering's Oregon Trail Days (above), an event beloved and enjoyed by all generations.

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10

CARSON CITY, NEVADA



Carson City has an extensive historic district, including the Capitol grounds, Nevada State Railroad Museum and Nevada State Museum (above) in the former U.S. Mint.

- TRAVELNEVADA -

The 1859 discovery of gold and silver in the Comstock Lode led to the founding of this state capital, named for frontiersman Kit Carson.

The Nevada State Museum offers a mine tour that begins in its basement and takes visitors through tunnels and a replica mining camp. Push a button on a small stamp mill to see how ore was crushed.


The Nevada State Railroad Museum has an exhibit commemorating completion of transcontinental railroad. See the only railroad car still in existence that was at Promontory, Utah, that historic day in 1869.

Ride in a Pullman coach on the V&T Railway from Carson City to Virginia City, a 24-mile round-trip through tunnels and wonderful

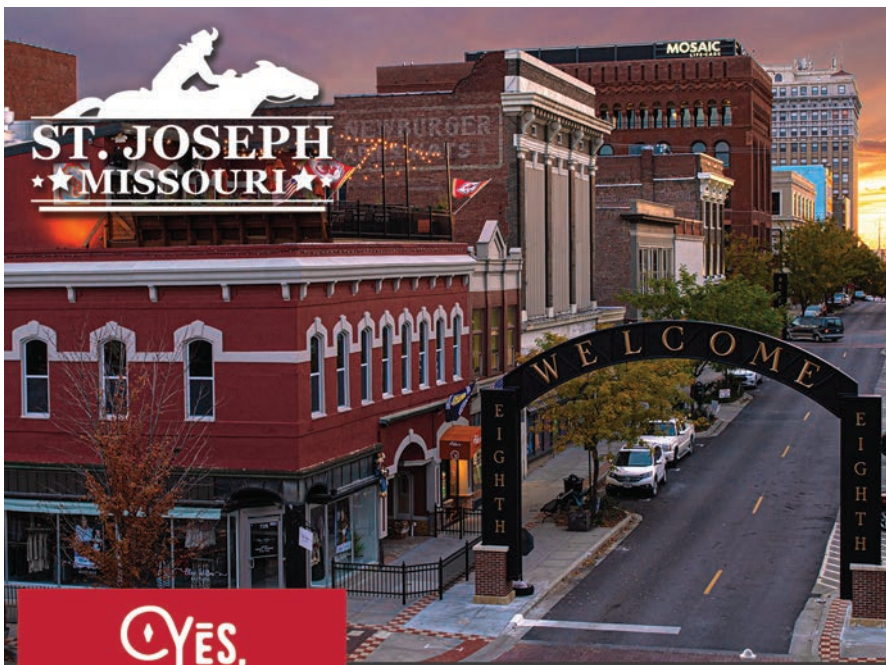
scenery. Watch for wild mustangs roaming the passing countryside.

Get a passport to visit shops and restaurants in downtown's historic district. The classic 1976 Western, *The Shootist*, John Wayne's last movie, was filmed there.

The Carson Farmer's Market was named best in the state three years running. The Kit Carson Trail, a downtown walking path, passes the Nevada State Capitol and grand Victorian homes like the Ferris Mansion, built in 1863 by the inventor of the Ferris wheel.

Take a self-guided tour of the Stewart Indian School, cell phone in hand, and listen to stories of its rich history. It opened in 1890 and is on the National Register. 

Champagne Cowboys, Leo W. Banks' second mystery novel, will be published in March.



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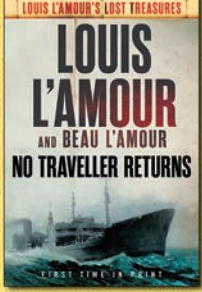
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San Antonio, TX, March
6: The Texas Army and

the San Antonio Living History Association
portray events leading to the Battle of the
Alamo.

210-225-1391 • TexasArmy.org

GOLIAD MASSACRE RE-ENACTMENT

Goliad, TX, March 28-29: The occupation of Fort
Defiance and the 1836 Goliad Massacre are re-
created, with a memorial service on the last day.
361-635-3752 • PresidioLaBahia.org

CRANE WATCH FESTIVAL

Kearney, NE, March 20-21: More than 500,000
Sandhill cranes migrate to the Platte River
Valley during their northward migration.
800-652-9435 • VisitKearney.org

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Gold Canyon, AZ, February 8-March 29: Old West
time travelers take in Medieval arts and crafts,
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520-463-2600 • RenFestInfo.com

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PARADES

**ARIZONA PARADA DEL SOL HISTORIC PARADE
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Scottsdale, AZ, February 7-8: Don't miss the
arrival of the Hashknife Pony Express re-enactors
on Friday and the historic parade through the
heart of Old Scottsdale on Saturday.
480-990-3179 • ParadaDelSol.us

POETRY GATHERINGS

LONE STAR COWBOY POETRY GATHERING

Alpine, TX, February 21-22: Mike Blakely, Dale
Burson, Allan Chapman, Rodeo Kate and others
celebrate the oral and musical traditions of the
American West
432-216-2167 • LoneStarCowboyPoetry.com

ART SHOWS / AUCTIONS

OKC LAND RUN ANTIQUE SHOW

Oklahoma City, OK, March 7-8: Shop a wide
selection of antiques from some of the region's
most prominent and professional collectors.
918-619-2875
HeritageEventCompany.com

WESTERN SPIRIT ART SHOW AND SALE

Cheyenne, WY, March 4-April 16: Dawn
Normali's *Bear Gone Fishing* is among the
Western art by more than 100 artists on exhibit.
307-778-7290 • OldWestMuseum.org

WIGWAM FESTIVAL OF FINE ART

Litchfield Park, AZ, February 14-16: The
annual festival is a promoter-organized event
held at The Wigwam on a weekend in February
featuring Western, Southwestern and American
Indian fine art.
623-935-9040 • LitchfieldPark.org

**COWGIRL UP! EXHIBITION & SALE
OPENING WEEKEND**

Wickenburg, AZ, March 27-29: An opening gala at
the Desert Caballeros Western Museum kicks off
the invitational exhibit of Western art by women.
928-684-2272 • WesternMuseum.org

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

**INTERNATIONAL PEDIGREE STAGE STOP
SLED DOG RACE**

Pinedale, WY, February 1-2: Pinedale is one stop
on this year's sled dog race that showcases the
beautiful state of Wyoming.
307-734-1163 • WyomingStageStop.org

CRIPPLE CREEK ICE FESTIVAL

Cripple Creek, CO, February 8-16: Watch
sculptors carve ice into works of art, plus enjoy a
liquor luge, ice snacks, an ice slide and ice maze.
877-858-4653 • VisitCrippleCreek.com

WINGS OVER THE PLATTE RIVER

Grand Island, NE, February 14-April 5: See the
region's largest art exhibit dedicated to life on
the Platte River.
308-385-5316 • StuhrMuseum.org

BUFFALO SOLDIER HERITAGE DAY

San Angelo, TX, February 23: Join the Fort
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800-942-5242 • WickenburgChamber.com

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Edmond, OK, March 13-15: The best all-around timed-event hands in professional rodeo compete at the Lazy E Arena in five rodeo timed events.
800-595-7433 • VisitEdmondOK.com

WINNEMUCCA RANCH HAND RODEO

Winnemucca, NV, February 26-March 1: Ranch hands compete in rodeo events, plus cow dog trials, horse and bull sales and a trade show.
775-623-2220 • RanchRodeoNV.com

STOCK SHOWS & RODEOS

FORT WORTH STOCK SHOW & RODEO

Fort Worth, TX, Closes February 8: Numerous days of livestock and horse shows, rodeos, concerts and food are offered.
817-877-2420 • FWSSR.com

SAN ANTONIO STOCK SHOW & RODEO

San Antonio, TX, February 6-23: The event features PRCA and ranch rodeo competitions, livestock shows and Country music concerts.
210-225-5851 • SARodeo.com

OKLAHOMA HORSE FAIR

Duncan, OK, February 7-8: Enjoy the Chisholm Trail Ranch Rodeo, the horse, mule and pony show, an equine trade show and working cow dog clinics.
405-226-0630 • OKHorseFair.com

SCOTTSDALE ARABIAN HORSE SHOW

Scottsdale, AZ, February 13-23: About 2,000 horses compete for more than \$1 million at this internationally famous horse show that also features equine seminars.
480-515-1500 • ScottsdaleShow.com

TRADE SHOWS

WYOMING STATE WINTER FAIR & TRADE SHOW

Lander, WY, February 1-2: Celebrating its 50th anniversary, the fair and trade show offer a grand selection of arts and crafts by regional artists.
307-332-4011 • WyomingStateWinterFair.org

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Deadman's Hand, Telegrams and Mules



Ask The Marshall
BY MARSHALL TRIMBLE

Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian and vice president of the Wild West History Association. His latest book is *Arizona Oddities: Land of Anomalies and Tamales*; History Press, 2018. 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



During the summer months, Deadwood Alive Gunslingers re-enact the killing of Wild Bill Hickok three times a day at the Number 10 Saloon.

— COURTESY SOUTH DAKOTA DEPT. OF TOURISM —

What poker hand was Wild Bill Hickok holding when he was killed in Deadwood in 1876?

Sam Malone
Decatur, Alabama

Hickok biographer, the late Joseph Rosa, addressed this many times—including in his book *The Man and His Myth*. He said, "In essence: Ellis 'Doc' T. Pierce, a self-styled blowhard (the opinion I have gleaned from an examination of some of his letters) claimed in his correspondence with writer Frank J. Wilstach in the 1920s that the cards Hickok held were the Ace of Spades, the Ace of Clubs, two black eights, Clubs and Spades, and the Jack of Diamonds, which became celebrated out West as 'The Deadman's Hand.' But," Rosa added, "the bottom line is nobody seems to know what particular poker game they were playing at the Number 10 Saloon in Deadwood that day."

There was complete chaos after Jack McCall pulled the trigger. He pulled it several more times and all rounds misfired except the one that got Hickok.

Cards went flying and people were scattering. I doubt anybody tried to look at the cards.

How were telegraph messages delivered from one town to another?

Mario Raciti
Acicatena, Sicily, Italy

Like a post office letter, in addition to your message, the sender specified who the message was from, who it was intended for, and where they were located. The telegraph station would send it to the next nearest station, which would forward the message on until it got to the destination telegraph station. A California-to-New York message wouldn't have been directly possible until 1861, when Western Union put a transcontinental line across the U.S.

Old West newspapers often referred to the Chinese as Celestials. Any idea why they were called that?

Jim Spell
Marina California

The Chinese used to refer to their nation as the "Celestial Empire." The term Celestials was mainly used by whites to describe the Chinese, whom they saw as strange and foreign. To some whites, the term became a pejorative or an insult.



In the 19th century, Chinese immigrants, who referred to their homeland as the "Celestial Empire," were sometimes known as Celestials, an ethnic term often used pejoratively.

— COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS —



Overland Trail wagon train party members faced innumerable dangers along the trails, and if and when a party member was accused of a crime, punishment was meted out by a judge and jury of fellow travelers.

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What were the most common types of stagecoaches in the Southwest?

Ashley DeMello
London, United Kingdom

The classic image of the stagecoach is the Concord model, but for crossing the rough Western trails, passengers were often switched to lighter, Celerity or mud wagons.

John Butterfield chose Abbot-Downing for his stages because their suspension technology was best suited to the low relative humidity of the Southwest. Their wheels were the only ones that wouldn't fall apart.

The Abbot-Downing Celerity was much lighter-built and often had a canvas roof and wooden sides. They were more common in the Southwest. The Celerity had leather side curtains rather than glass windows. The seats broke down so one could sleep. A Celerity could be successfully operated with a four-up hitch, but they were built for speed. Most often six-up hitches were used for that reason.

The third type was the lightweight and less expensive mud wagon, an extremely lightly built coach with canvas sides and roof. Mud wagons had very wide wheels

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and iron tires and were used primarily in bad weather, when the mail absolutely had to go through.

The Butterfield Overland Mail stagecoach could travel 110 miles in a 24-hour day, with an average speed of a little over 4.5 miles per hour. The cross-country stage road wasn't too mountainous until it reached New Mexico and Arizona.

The Butterfield Stage Line had 100 Concord coaches at its peak and employed nearly 800 men. They owned over 1,000 horses and mules and had 150 full-time drivers. Coach fare from St. Louis was \$100 and the trip took an average of 23 days. Butterfield's contract was cancelled in 1861, at the outbreak of the Civil War. For further reading, I suggest Gerald T. Ahnert's *The Butterfield Trail and Overland Mail Company in Arizona 1858-1861*.

General George Crook preferred to ride a mule. Could an enlisted man choose such a mount?

Paul Gordon
St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada

I did some checking with author John Langellier, and found that in the frontier Army, an enlisted man could request a mule, if the quartermaster had any on hand. Mules were sure-footed in the mountains and withstood the Southwestern desert heat better than horses.

How did travelers on wagon trains hang a criminal in areas where there were no trees?

Ben Allen
Atlanta, Georgia

No trees, no problem. Wagon trains had a code of conduct for extremely bad behavior such as murder and rape. A couple of family diaries told about a murderer's trial and conviction:

"Two respected men were chosen to serve as a judge and a sheriff, who in turn chose a 12-man jury. After the jury had heard the evidence they returned 20 minutes later with a verdict of guilty. Afterwards, a crude scaffold was made by pushing two wagons together. Their tongues raised high and tied together. The hanging rope was anchored to the two tongues then a noose was looped around the convicted man's neck and he was pushed off the wagon seat as the wagon train members looked on." ❏

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What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

Growing up in central California was awesome, but I have no desire to move back.

My first hero was my dad.

Growing up, I loved to read anything I could get my hands on. Luckily, I had a grandfather who kept me supplied with Westerns.

Rodeo is my favorite sport.

My first job was at Templeton Livestock Market, Templeton, California, where I worked from age 13 to 21.

A good horse beats the hell out of walking.

Casey Tibbs was another hero.

My favorite Western movie is *The Cowboys* with John Wayne; I'm a sucker for coming-of-age stories.

My favorite Western novelist... I work with 40 or 50 Western novelists; I can't name a favorite.

A Western writer I wish I knew was Jory Sherman, just to see if all the stories I've heard are true...and I bet he was fun to drink with.

Running a livestock auction... I grew up in a sale barn, I miss the business, but not the hours.

Selling books is fun; I love my job.

Running a book company is challenging and fulfilling. I'm extremely proud of the crew we put together at Wolfpack Publishing. And I'm tickled that the company I helped build will outlive me.

Amazon has leveled the playing field for authors and eliminated the gatekeepers. Indie authors and small presses can now compete side-by-side with the biggest names in the industry.

E-books are obviously here to stay and will continue taking market share from print.

Book publishing in 2019 and 2020... Wolfpack Publishing set a new income record in 2019, but 2020 has me nervous, as I know book sales will suffer when the political noise heats up in front of the presidential election.

Being a father is great, especially when they grow up to be self-sufficient.

Las Vegas... has been my hometown for the last 20 years. I'd prefer living in a rural area, but I can get my adult kids to



MIKE BRAY, PUBLISHER

Mike Bray is the president and CEO of Wolfpack Publishing, which was founded in 2013 with Western genre author L.J. Martin. Wolfpack Publishing hit the ground running by signing up an impressive list of established Western writers and their backlists of out-of-print titles. By December 2016 Wolfpack had sold two million books and since then has averaged over a million sold annually. Martin retired in 2016, selling most of his stake in the company to Bray and took on a consultant role. Currently, Wolfpack publishes 200 plus new titles each year and has over 1,200 titles in its backlist.

visit Las Vegas and we have 400 outbound flights per day, so it's not hard to get out of Dodge.

Novel writing... I cowrote one book with Larry Martin and found it a painful experience. I'll stick to the marketing side of the business.

The future of the Western... I'm very bullish on the Western genre. In fact, I'm bullish on all genre fiction that can be digitally published, marketed and distributed.

Indie authors... I know several Indie authors making seven-figure incomes. If an author has the skill set and discipline to put out a professional product and then market the finished product, self-publishing can be extremely profitable.

Independent bookstores... Sadly, independent bookstores are not a good outlet for Westerns.



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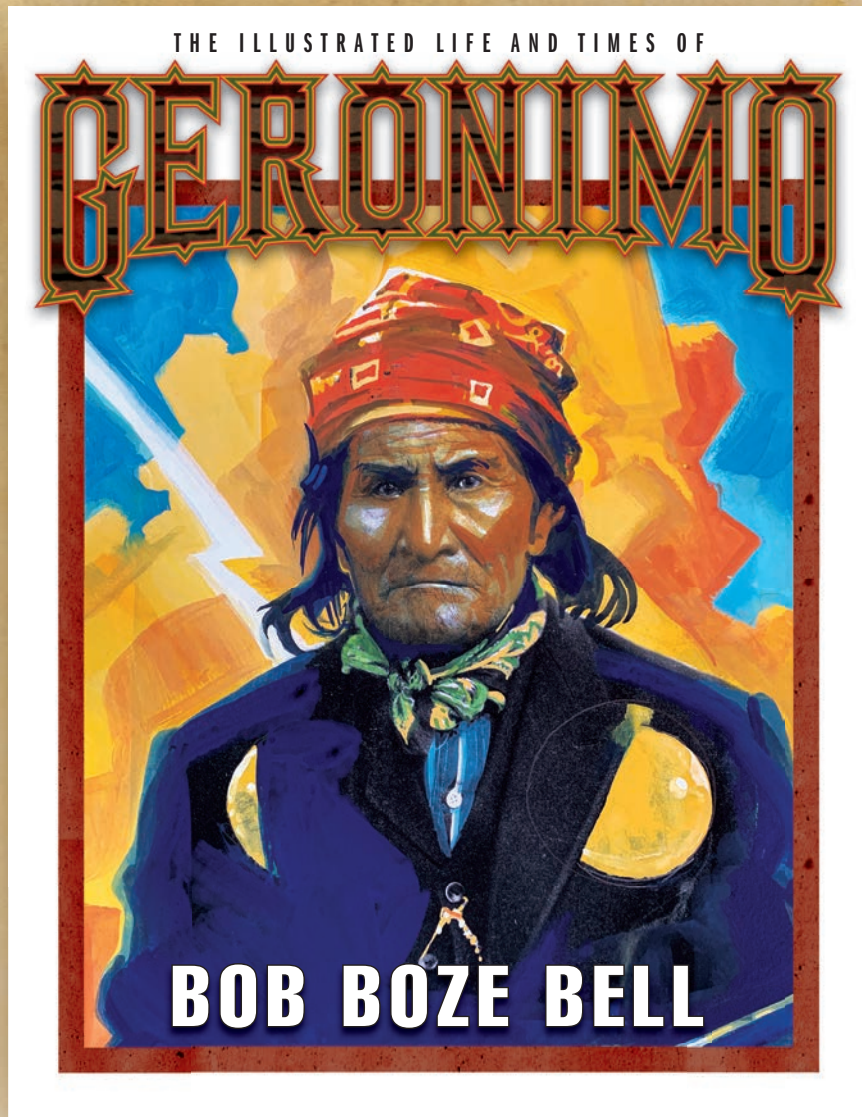
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