

ANNUAL GUIDE TO HISTORIC HOTELS, SALOONS AND DUDE RANCHES

TRUE WEST

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Dalton Gang vs. Coffeyville

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RAN OUT OF LUCK
IN DEATH ALLEY

OUR 69TH YEAR
MAY 2022

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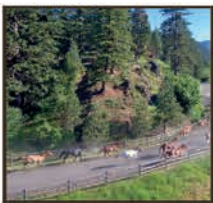




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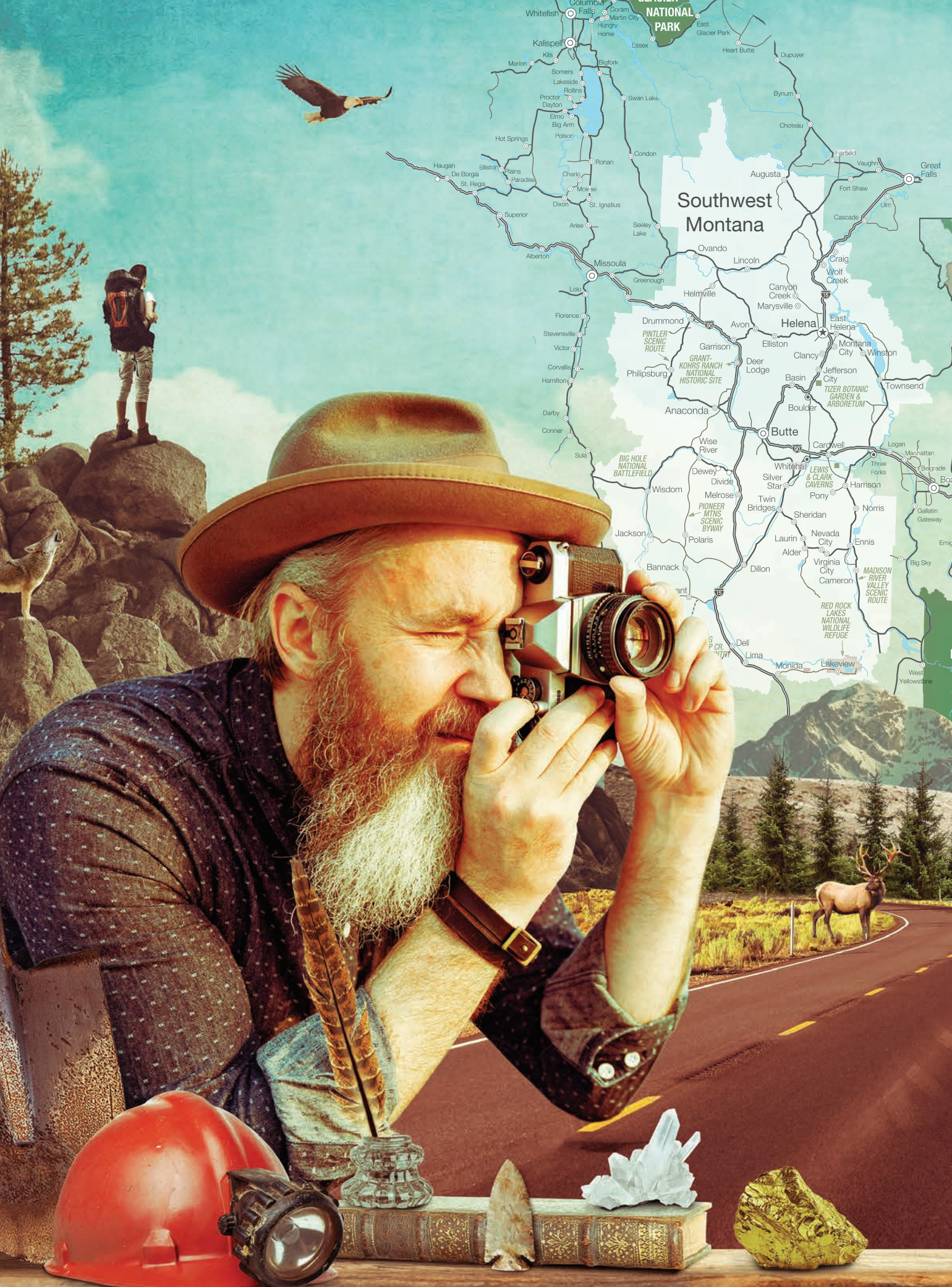
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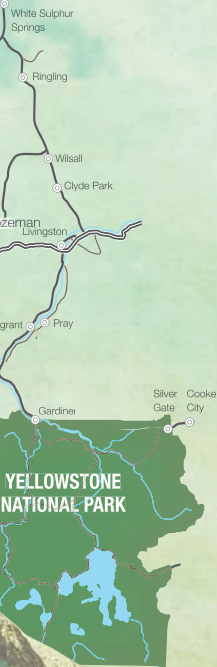
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Bob Boze Bell

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In 1889, Hot Springs, Dakota Territory, was a destination for health-seekers and tourists. In 1887, the Dakota Hot Springs Company built the Hotel Minnekahta, which provided first-class accommodations for guests who enjoyed the acclaimed mineral waters that bubble out of geothermal fissures of Fall River Canyon. Minnekahta is the Sioux word for "warm springs."

John C. H. Grabill, Courtesy Library of Congress



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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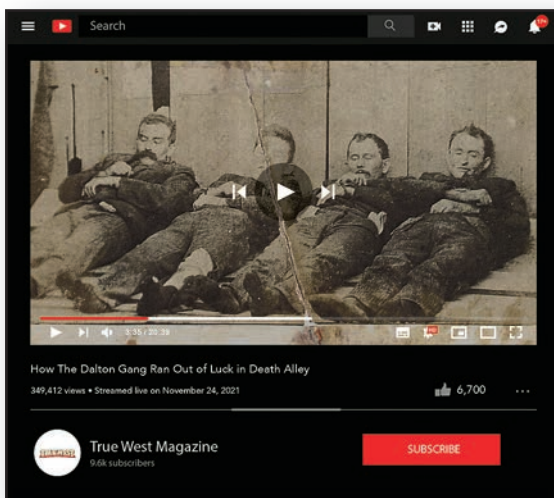
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Illustrations by Bob Boze Bell and Cover Design by Dan Harshberger
Images Courtesy True West Archives



Old Vaquero Saying

“Fear brings more pain than does the pain it fears.”



Quotes

“To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society.”

—Theodore Roosevelt

“I think I understand what military fame is; to be killed on the field of battle and have your name misspelled in the newspapers.”

—William Tecumseh Sherman



General William T. Sherman, May 1865

Mathew Brady, U.S. National Archives

“The art of becoming wise is the art of knowing what to overlook.”

—William James

“One is never more on trial than in the moment of excessive good fortune.”

—Lew Wallace

“Most folks are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.”

—Abraham Lincoln

Hellen Keller, c. 1920, True West Archives



“Love is like a beautiful flower which I may not touch, but whose fragrance makes the garden a place of delight just the same.”

—Helen Keller

“The best revenge is to be unlike him who performed the injury.”

—Marcus Aurelius

“People ask me what I do in winter when there’s no baseball. I’ll tell you what I do. I stare out the window and wait for spring.”

—Rogers Hornsby

“Good writing is supposed to evoke sensation in the reader—not the fact that it is raining, but the feeling of being rained upon.”

—E. L. Doctorow

“A smile is the chosen vehicle of all ambiguities.”

—Herman Melville

“To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.”

—Ralph Waldo Emerson



“And my spittoon will go right about there.”

Gobsmacked!

Tracking the Daltons' epic failure in grisly detail.

Thanks to the late, great Gus Walker ("The Mapinator"), you are about to experience the very best step by step, blow-by-blow maps and visuals on the Dalton debacle at Coffeyville, Kansas, in 1892 (pages 18-25).

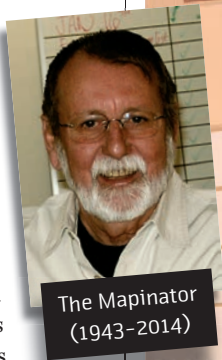
If memory serves me correctly, Gus spent over three weeks on the project, tracking all of the participants and labeling all of the streets and buildings in the dramatic and tragic gunfight. Also deserving kudos for their wonderful work on this feature is our crack design team, led by *True West* art director, Dan "The Man" Harshberger and Robert Ray, our production manager. Excellent editorial tweaks were provided by Mark Boardman and Stuart Rosebrook. The combined effort gives you the best explanation of how a daring raid went south, quickly, and why it's still talked about today.

And, lest you think this is all rah-rah horn-blowing, here is the author's response to the layout and design:

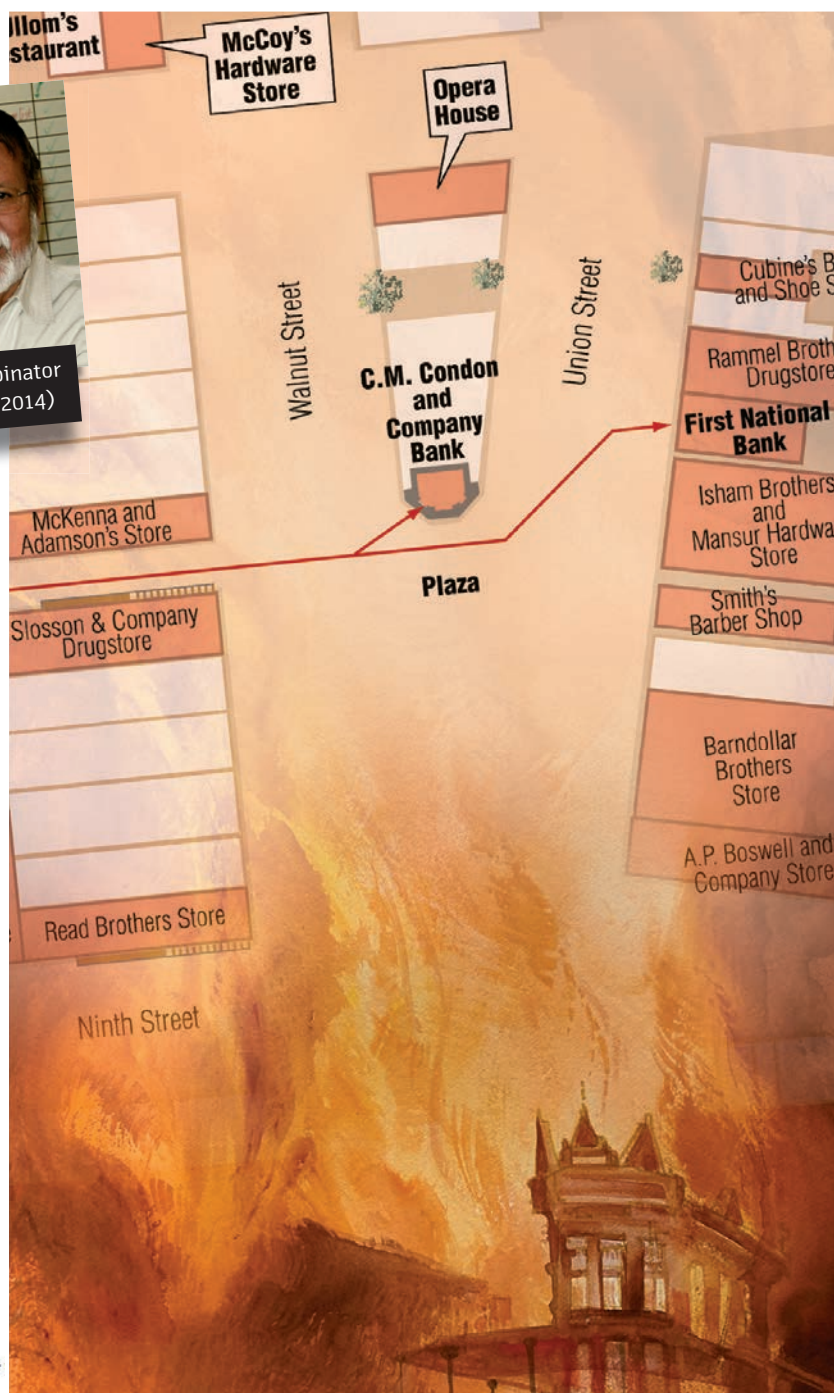
"I have over 400 articles in print, and I've grown philosophical about how magazines have handled the art direction around my work. However, I have never seen a more thorough, tasteful job of enhancing one of my pieces, both verbally and pictorially. I'm [expletive] gobsmacked. Many thanks for doing an absolutely spectacular job."

—Ron Soodalter, author of our cover story on The Daltons vs. Coffeyville

What does "gobsmacked" actually mean? It's a cousin to slack-jawed, or awe-inspiring. Technically, "gobsmacked" is a combination of smack ("to hit") and gob, which was originally a Northern English, Scottish and Irish word for "mouth," which makes it literally "mouth-slapped." Prepare to be gobsmacked.

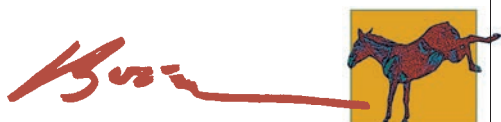


The Mapinator
(1943-2014)



Gus Walker, "The Mapinator" spent three weeks tracking all the moves of the Daltons in their descent into hell. A brilliant point-by-point take down of the entire, bloody event.

All Artwork and Images Courtesy True West Archives Unless Otherwise Noted



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.

AT LEAST TWO MYTHS DISPELLED?

Before I begin, I'd like to thank Bob Boze Bell for taking my question at his talk at the 140th anniversary of the Tombstone street fight this past October. I'd also like to thank *TW* for having the raffle for that Buntline Special, seeing as I was the delighted winner and the revolver now makes its home with me here in West Virginia.

Now to it. In the Feb/Mar 2022 issue of *True West Magazine*, Bob Boze Bell wrote about Johnny Ringo “Did Doc Kill Ringo?,” pages 24-25) and therein he discussed and dispelled a number of common myths and misunderstandings surrounding Ringo's demise. In the final section, The Ringo “Mysteries” Examined, he mentions two oft beaten dead horses: the lack of powder burns and the blackening skin noted on Ringo's body. The powder burns are frequently debated, while the skin blackening generally is not, as it is usually assumed to be accelerated decomposition in the high heat of that afternoon. Occasionally in past discussions elsewhere it has been pointed out by knowledgeable people that postmortem blackening generally doesn't occur in the first 24 hours, high heat or no. Where, then, did the black skin come from? The answer to that may lie with the explanation for why there were also no powder burns.

What those who have delved into the Ringo death scene have missed all of these years is the effect that temperatures have on firearm propellants. The volatile nature of explosive chemical propellants follows a scale of volatility tied to the thermometer. The colder the ambient temps, the firearm chamber and barrel and the powder itself, the lower the energy, degree of combustion and speed of combustion of the propellant powder; the higher the temps, the faster, more powerful and complete the reaction.

Witnesses to the aftermath of the discovery of Ringo's remains who were quoted or who wrote later of the events from personal experience noted the very high summer heat in Turkey Creek Canyon that day. Billy Breakenridge mentioned in *Hellorado* how Ringo shared a sip of whisky with him and the fluid was hot enough to burn his lips. A number of sources all agree it was blazing hot that day. Consequently, Ringo's revolver and the ammunition loaded in its chambers were almost certainly blazing hot as well.

When Ringo turned his gun on himself and committed suicide (I absolutely believe it was suicide) he fired his revolver under high heat conditions that today's knowledgeable authorities on the use of black powder caution shooters to be aware that firing under those conditions may be hazardous due to the powder burning very quickly and completely in the high temperature conditions, producing at best inconsistent bullet performance and at worst, hazardous pressure spikes that could compromise safety when used in older or worn firearms.

There is every reason to believe that the round Ringo fired into his head from close proximity was propelled by an overperforming black powder discharge. The byproducts of such a discharge likely include a total or near complete consumption of the black powder charge before the gas discharge left the barrel behind the bullet; black powder burns are caused by unburned or still burning grains of black powder striking a surface after firing. A complete combustion under high heat conditions would not leave unburned grains of powder, or at least not in any great quantity. (Coarse powder might be an exception, but that wasn't used in pistol



cartridges in the 19th century.) Another very likely consequence: The full, fast combustion would have deposited all or most of the remains of the completely burned powder onto Ringo's body, possibly in the form of a black, sooty coating that the coroner's jury and the others who viewed the body were not familiar with as they probably seldom fired a gun under such hot conditions in close proximity to a surface where such soot could coat it, and took it to be natural decomposition. A third possibility, more remote but plausible, is that the forehead and scalp trauma and missing hair that some thought to have been cut with a knife might have been the result of the aforementioned high temperature complete combustion reaction if it did indeed also result in a high pressure spike. The hair and skin may have been shot away by high pressure gases produced by the higher than normal performance of the black powder. In short, the postmortem viewers, unfamiliar with the higher heat combustion characteristics of black powder probably didn't know what they were looking at.

Here's where this gets good: Even though this event took place 139 years ago, we can test this today to see if the black coloring and lack of powder burns on Ringo's body were the result of a high heat black powder reaction. I'm certain Mr. Phil Spangenberg, whose work I have admired and respected for many years in *TW* and other publications, can not only create a test of this theory, he'd probably jump at the chance. If the above is put to the test and this turns out to be the case, at least two myths and points of contention between those who believe Ringo killed himself and those who think he was shot by someone else can be dispelled.

How about it—*Johnny Ringo CSI* anyone?

—Wayne Sanderson

Berkeley Springs, West Virginia

Author, “Johnny Ringo's One Dollar Inheritance” *WWHA Journal*, September 2019

WESTERN BOOK BONANZA

Local bookstore, you ask? Legends Bookstore in Cody, Wyoming, I reply. Mom and pop outfit, well at least mom, Teresa Muhic, proprietor. What is a small Western town without a good bookstore, you ask? Not much, I agree. The store is located in an old brick building, Western-looking storefront, aroma of fresh brewed coffee when you enter, community events posted on the walls. And they take orders.

I have purchased nearly 200 titles from them, many purchased on the recommendation of TW, by the way, one of the strongest sections of your magazine. The reach of your recommendations go far. Take it from a black powder shooting, pack trips into Yellowstone taking Westerner... you are one my Western Americana lifelines.

—Barry Reiswig
Cody, Wyoming

Thank you for sharing the good news about Legends Bookstore in Cody, Wyoming. We love learning about our readers' favorite local bookstores. And we promise to keep that Western Americana lifeline open and working!



Dick Wooten, Ceran St. Vrain, and Jose Maria Valdez (left to right), circa 1865

Courtesy New Mexico History Museum

CORRECTIONS

Misidentified

I was glad to read Melody Groves' article in the Feb/Mar 2022 issue of *True West*. More people need to know about Dick Wooten and his long and eventful life. I do have one correction to point out regarding the photo on page 42. The man standing in the middle is in fact, Ceran St. Vrain. The man seated to the left is Dick Wooten. Jose Maria Valdez is seated to the right.

—Rex Rideout
Conifer, Colorado

You are correct! Our source had the names mismatched to the photo. Thank you!

1883 Map

In the April 2022 issue, the 1883 map (below) on pages 28-29 unfortunately transposed the numbered listings in the right column for #3 Dodge City, Kansas, and #4 Abilene, Kansas. And #6 South Pass, #7 Miles City and #8 Bozeman were incorrectly paired with the numbers on the map. The corrected map is below.



A SNAPSHOT OF THE WEST—AND AMERICA—IN 1883

If you were an immigrant who stepped off a passenger ship in New York, New Orleans or Galveston with a train ticket to the West in 1883, this is the America you would discover:

- The population of the United States was approximately 50.2 million, Texas was 1.2 million, Montana 40,000 and Oregon 175,000.
- The President was Chester A. Arthur (R).
- There were 38 states, 10 territories and one military district, Alaska. Hawaii was not annexed as territory until 1898.
- The 1880s was the last great decade of emigrant wagon trains on the overland trails.
- The U.S. had four transcontinental railroads and over 100,000 miles of railroad tracks.
- In 1880, 6,679,000 immigrants lived in the U.S.; ten years later it was 9,249,500.
- The three diseases that killed the most Americans were "diseases of the nervous systems," tuberculosis and pneumonia.



- 1 Fort Worth's stockyards became a major cattle shipping point in the Lone Star State. Between 1880 and 1890, the cattle town, notoriously known for its "Hell's Half Acre," went from 6,869 residents to 23,076.
- 2 Doan's Crossing was founded by Jonathan Doan in 1878. For the next decade, a majority of Texas ranchers shifted from the Chisolm to the Western Trail, which headed north from Bandera and the Hill Country to Doan's Crossing of the Red River. More than seven million head of cattle crossed the Red at the river's ford, which was approximately 100 miles west of the Chisolm's Red River Crossing.
- 3 Dodge City was transformed from a dusty outpost of buffalo hidlers to the "Wickedest Little City in America" after Kansas lawmakers moved the quarantine line for the tick-carrying Texas cattle so far west that Texas cattlemen were forced in 1876 to shift their drives to the Western Trail to Dodge City.
- 4 Abilene became Kansas's first "queen" of the cowboys when the first Texas herds arrived in 1867 at the frontier village on the Smoky Hill River. Four years later, after more than 440,000 beaves were shipped out of the former stage stop, Texas drovers shifted their herds to new railheads in Newton, Ellsworth and Wichita.
- 5 Fort Laramie on the Laramie River in east-central Wyoming was still a key frontier Army post and supply center for westbound and eastbound wagon trains, freighters and travelers in the early 1880s. In 1890, the fort was closed and decommissioned.
- 6 South Pass remained the most important crossing of the Continental Divide of the Rocky Mountains in southwestern Wyoming for travelers on the Oregon Trail in 1883.
- 7 Miles City, strategically located in the late 1870s at the confluence of the Tongue and Yellowstone rivers, was a frontier outpost for soldiers and traders and became a key Northern Pacific railroad in 1881-82 for Texas cattlemen who drove their herds over 1,500 miles up the Western Trail to Montana's rich, open-range grasslands.
- 8 Bozeman was incorporated in 1883, nearly two decades after John M. Bozeman founded it as the terminus of his self-named offshoot of the Oregon Trail west of Fort Laramie to Virginia City and the goldfields of Montana.
- 9 Salt Lake City was the capital of the Utah Territory and a key crossroads and supply center for Nevada-, California- and Oregon-bound emigrants since the Salt Lake Cutoff was created in 1850.
- 10 Willamette Valley in western Oregon had been the primary destination for Oregon Trail emigrant settlers since 1841.



Doan's Store, Texas, c. 1880



Abilene, Kansas, c. 1878



Bozeman, Montana Territory, c. 1880s

Map Courtesy Library of Congress
All Rights Reserved. See West.com

BY MARK BOARDMAN

A Grave Concern

About that pipe that marks the last resting place of the Daltons...

Visitors to the Elmwood Cemetery in Coffeyville, Kansas, are generally looking for the last resting place of members of the Dalton Gang. They'll find a nice stone bearing the names of Bob and Grat Dalton and their compatriot Bill Power (or Powers). The boys were dumped into a common grave after the botched robbery of two banks on October 5, 1892.

But visitors will also see a metal pipe jammed into the ground in front of the marker. And therein lies a story unto itself.

Coffeyville residents were angry after the raid. Four esteemed citizens had died, including City Marshal Charles Connolly. There would be no funeral or memorial niceties for the outlaws/killers. Their bodies were quickly interred in an unmarked grave at the very back of the cemetery. The spotlight, the honors, would be on the brave defenders who were willing to give their lives to fight evil.

Apparently, though, someone had a sick sense of humor.

Sometime after the bodies were buried, an unknown person stuck a lead gas pipe in the ground at the grave site. Both ends went into the ground, forming something of a misshapen arch. It was intended as an insult to the dead bandits—or at least that's what the locals thought then (and now). But where there are unanswered questions, myth takes over.

It's not clear when the rumor started, or who started it. But at some point, the story emerged that the pipe was part of a hitching post used by the gang to tie up their horses in Death Alley. That explanation has been floating around for at least a century. It's even on a sign at the cemetery.

It's not so.

Photos of the scene, taken just after the shootout, show that the Dalton horses were



The mysterious lead gas pipe that ignobly graces the grave site of Dalton Gang members Bob and Grat Dalton and Bill Power (or Powers) in the Elmwood Cemetery in Coffeyville, Kansas, has stood longer as a marker of the outlaws' communal grave than the engraved headstone.

Courtesy Mark Boardman

tied to a wooden fence. In fact, there's no lead pipe apparent in any of the pictures. It's believed that someone picked up a piece of metal junk lying on the ground in the alley and stuck it over the Daltons and Power. In effect, the message was that the bad guys were worthless scrap.

Emmett Dalton, the lone outlaw survivor of the stickup, placed a fine and formal marker at the site in 1931. But within a few years, it had been stolen—and nobody came forward to replace it. For almost 30 years, the old lead gas pipe was the only evidence that this was the site of the infamous grave.

In the late '60s, the town put up a replica marker over the Daltons and Power. The grave had become a tourist attraction, so it paid to help visitors know just where the boys were buried (and who knows how many photos have been taken there). That marker, too, was stolen in 2010, but police found it four months later. This time, officials cemented the stone to the base so it couldn't be dislodged.

And all that time, the lead gas pipe stood as a stark reminder of a bloody day in the Old West—and it shows just what local folks think about the dead outlaws who brought death and mourning to Coffeyville in 1892.



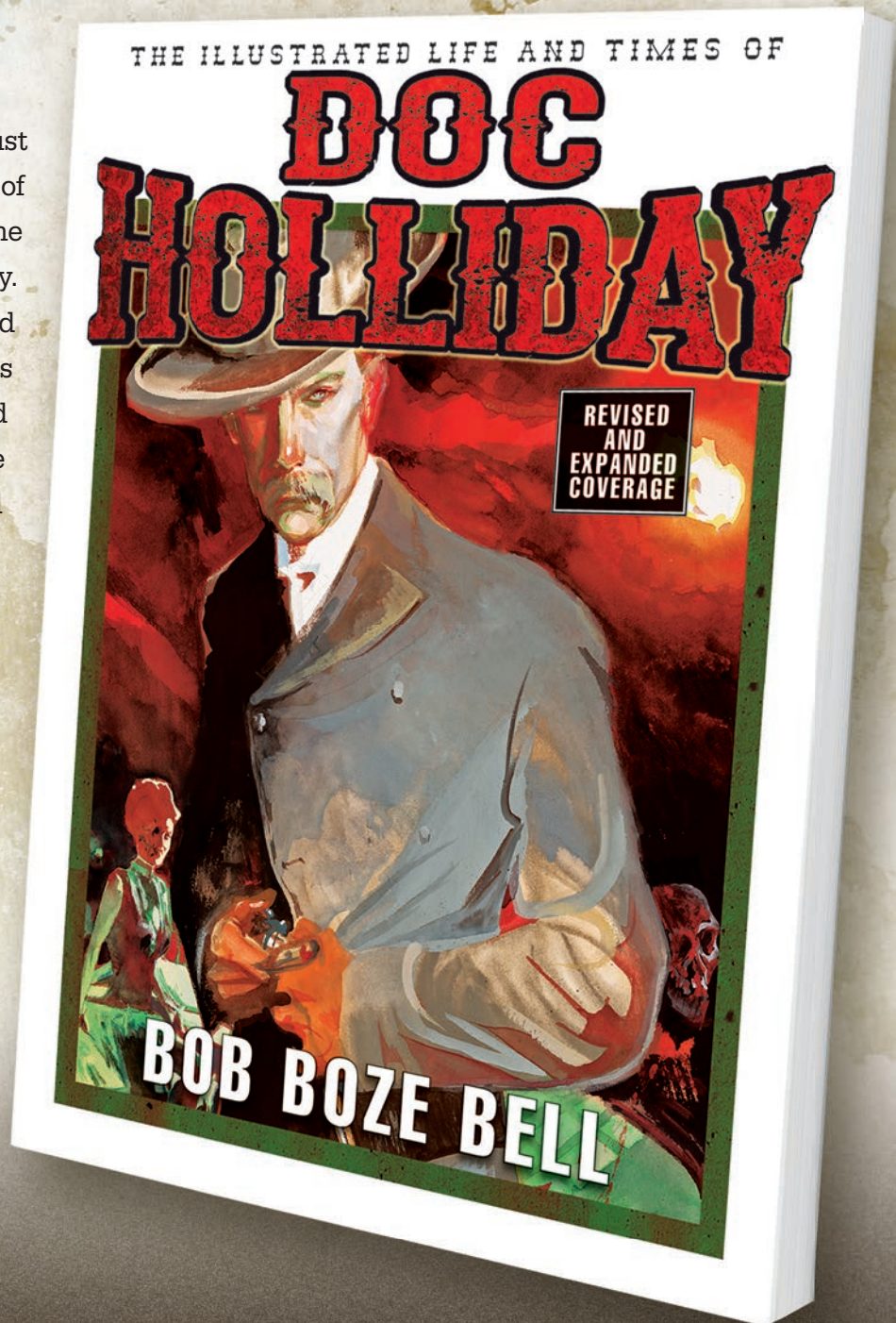
The American West's Most Beloved Gunslinger

Bob Boze Bell has just completed the third edition of his definitive chronicle on the life and times of Doc Holliday.

This completely updated version fills in the gaps bringing forth all the untold stories and discoveries since the first edition was published 24 years ago. *The Illustrated Life and Times of Doc Holliday*, Third Edition, is in full color and features a wide array of Bell's amazing art depictions of the American West's most beloved gunslinger.

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TRUE WEST
HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

BY STEVE FRIESEN

Gold Mines, Photos and Fakes

Navigating the pitfalls of collecting historic photographs is not for the faint of heart.

The sale at auction of a tintype of Billy the Kid for \$2.3 million in 2011 was sensational, sparking a reaction not unlike the gold rush of 1849. People rushed to eBay and other sources hoping to find a photo that would make them rich. But, just like the gold seekers, most people found themselves empty-handed. Thousands of portraits were taken in the 19th-century West and few are gold nuggets.

But there still are photographic nuggets waiting to be found. The nugget might be a rare historical scene, like the steamboat in drydock in Yuma, Arizona, discovered by Jeremy Rowe. Or an \$18 image of a steam-powered electric generator used by Buffalo Bill's Wild West, also purchased on eBay. With a bit of digging, the careful collector can find interesting, rare and inexpensive historical photographs.

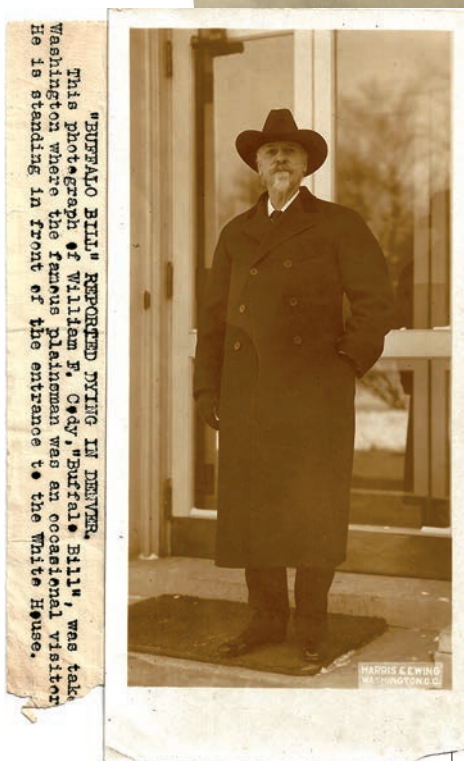
But there are pitfalls. eBay is a tremendous resource to the collector, bringing together artifacts from many sources. But Jeremy Rowe, a collector from Arizona, points out that the algorithms used by eBay have changed over the years. Today a search might not reveal all of the historic images in your area of interest. Rowe suggests doing multiple searches with specific search terms.

Photographs listed on eBay and other auctions can also have misinformation, either by mistake or on purpose. Brian Lebel, whose company handled the sale of the Billy the Kid photo, warns that collectors have to do their homework. That includes learning a photograph's provenance, something that Lebel says is critical. There is also information that is



This albumen print of a steamboat at dry dock in Yuma, Arizona, was acquired on eBay by collector Jeremy Rowe. The poor quality of the image with the listing kept it from exceeding its opening bid, which made it a bargain for Rowe.

Courtesy Jeremy Rowe Vintage Photography



"BUFFALO BILL" REPORTED DYING IN DENVER. This photograph of William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill", was taken in Washington where the famous plainsman was an occasional visitor. He is standing in front of the entrance to the White House.

Buffalo Bill was photographed in front of the White House circa 1913 by the prolific photography firm of Harris and Ewing.

This print was made from the original glass plate negative and, with its caption, was released to the media by Harris and Ewing. It went for \$30 on eBay in 2021, perhaps because potential buyers thought it was a reproduction.

Courtesy Steve Friesen

intrinsic to the photograph. If you have a photograph of Billy the Kid in front of a building that wasn't built until 1885, it's not Billy the Kid. Intrinsic information includes the composition of the photo itself. Learn about the history of photography and photographic processes. Is it a cyanotype, daguerreotype, tintype or something else? If you bought an "old" photograph of Butch Cassidy and it's on resin-coated paper, you've been robbed.

But what if you do buy a fake? Some sellers will refund your purchase and some won't. Years ago, chief curator at the National Park Service Harold Peterson wrote "The chance that you will buy a fake is a fact of life." The serious collector learns from such mistakes. Doing your homework will help you distinguish the gold nuggets from the fool's gold.



Steve Friesen comes to "Collecting the West" with over 40 years of experience in collecting for museums, including evaluating and acquiring artifacts from the American West.



This photo shows Buffalo Bill's Wild West, just outside of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition and with the world's first Ferris wheel visible in the background. The photo, purchased for \$132 on eBay, is of such high resolution that a scan reveals a variety of details ranging from the prices for admission to the names of hotels surrounding the show.

Courtesy Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave, Golden, Colorado

This tintype is reportedly a photograph of William F. Cody as an infant. But Cody was born in 1846, and the tintype process was not perfected until 1856, when he was 10 years old.

Courtesy Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave, Golden, Colorado



Originally listed on eBay as a fire engine named after Buffalo Bill, this was actually one of the electric plants used to illuminate Buffalo Bill's Wild West during nighttime shows. Misidentification of an image can be to the collector's advantage. That, plus minor damage to the corner, kept it at a low bid of \$18.

Courtesy Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave, Golden, Colorado



Traditional auctions are still a great source of historic photographs. Jeremy Rowe was pleased to acquire this stereoview of John Clum and his San Carlos Apache Police in Tucson at a Cowan's Auction.

Courtesy Jeremy Rowe Vintage Photography



Action shots of Buffalo Bill can be hard to find. This image of him shooting glass target balls thrown in the air by one of the Wild West's Lakota performers was purchased on eBay for \$168.

Courtesy Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave, Golden, Colorado

UPCOMING AUCTIONS

June 5, 2022

Antique Firearms, Armor,
Militaria & Civil War Memorabilia
Heritage Auctions (Dallas, TX)
HA.com • 214-528-3500

July 12-14, 2022

Collectible Firearms & Militaria
Morphy Auctions (Denver, PA)
MorphyAuctions.com • 877-968-8880

July 23, 2022

The 2022 Coeur d'Alene Art Auction
Grand Sierra Resort, Reno, Nevada
CDAArtAuction.com • 208-772-9009

BY RON SOODALTER

Death Alley

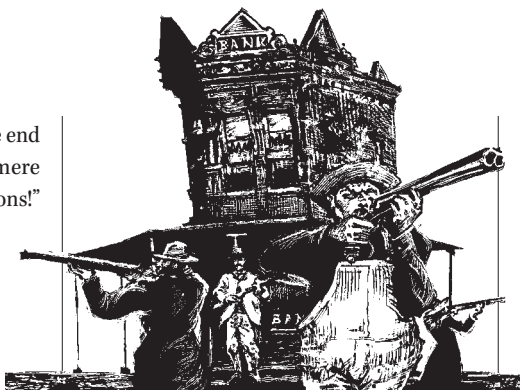
The Dalton Gang's Deadly Demise

THE BLOODY DEFEAT OF THE KANSAS DESPERADOES IS STILL LEGENDARY.

For a brief period toward the end of the 19th century, the mere mention of the name “Daltons!” was enough to send paroxysms of terror through the towns of the Frontier West. Ruthless to a fault, they robbed and murdered at will, outwitting or outrunning hundreds of law enforcement officers—until the crisp October day in 1892 when a group of citizens, in defense of their town, their money and their lives, brought them down in a flurry of gunfire.

Indian Territory in the 1870s and '80s—all 74,000 square miles of it—was a sinkhole of criminal activity. Bootleggers and whiskey runners sold illegal rotgut to the Indians; highwaymen robbed with abandon; and deaths by gunfire were frequent, and often unpunished. Further exacerbating the situation, gangs and individuals who had committed felonies in the States often crossed into “the Nations,” as the territory was more familiarly known, seeking to evade the law’s reach by losing themselves in its vastness. Only a small number of deputy marshals, riding out of “Hanging Judge” Isaac C. Parker’s court in Fort Smith, were assigned the impossible task of keeping order.

By the early 1890s, most of the infamous miscreants from other parts of the so-called Wild West—Jesse James, Billy the Kid, Clay Allison, Cole Younger—had met



Coffeyville citizens armed themselves at local businesses and mounted a tenacious defense of their town.

All Images Courtesy True West Archives Unless Otherwise Noted/
All Maps by Gus Walker

bloody ends, or were securely behind bars. Still, the Nations continued turning out badmen in sufficient numbers to keep the marshals busy.

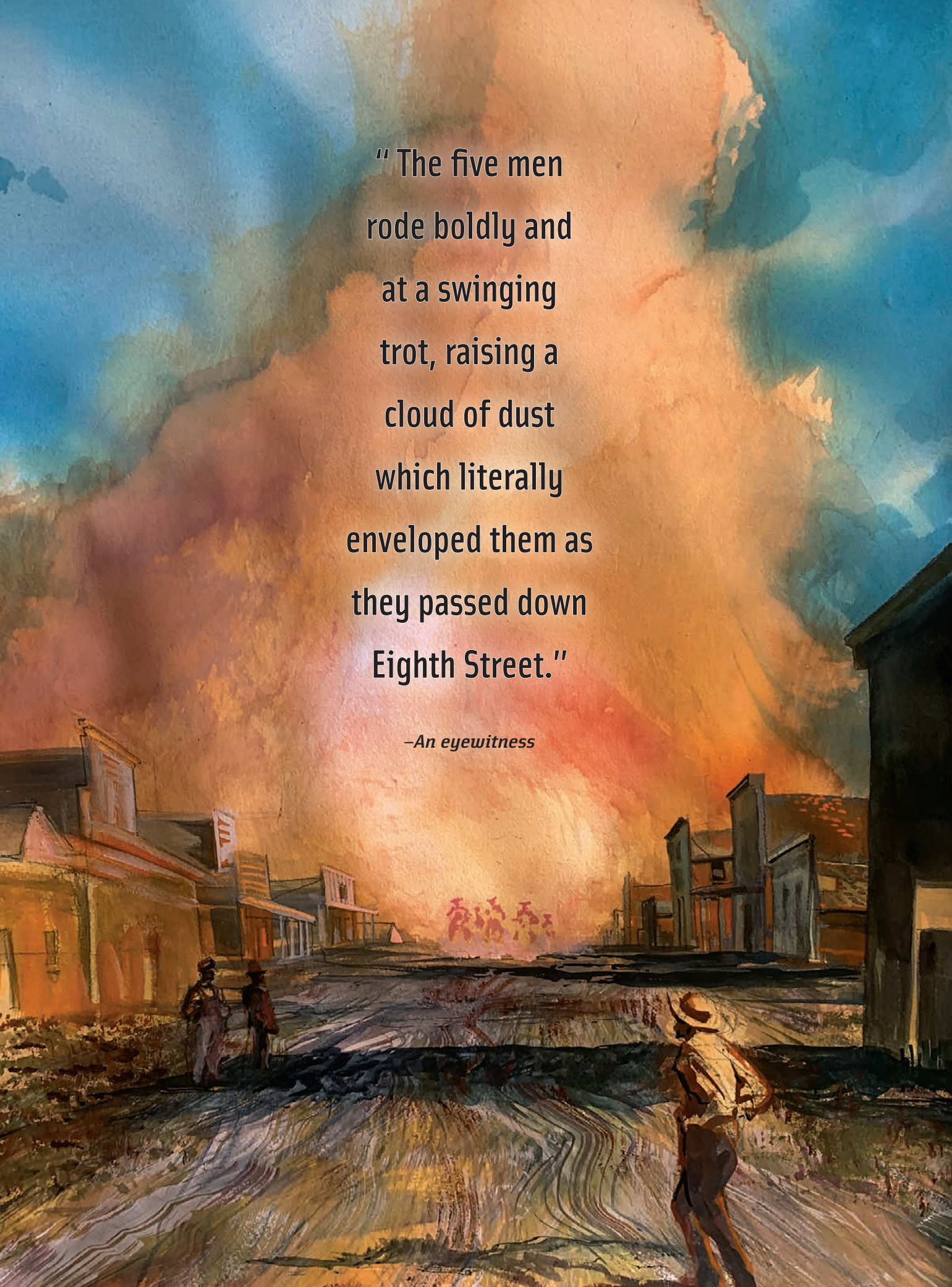
Of these, the most notorious by far was the Dalton Gang. They would ride out of their various hideouts in the Nations, terrorize the citizens of Kansas, Texas, New Mexico and pre-statehood Oklahoma, and rob trains and banks with abandon. The gang was a loosely structured band of brigands, the numbers fluctuating as members came and went. At various times, it included such larcenous luminaries as “Bitter Creek” Newcomb, “Black-Face Charlie” Bryant (a near-miss pistol shot had permanently powder-burned his face), “The Narrow-Gauge Kid,” Bill Powers, Dick “Texas Jack” Broadwell and the redoubtable Bill Doolin.

The core of the gang, however, were three Dalton brothers—Grat, Emmett and the gang’s leader, tall, handsome Bob. A fourth brother, Bill, “rode the outlaw trail” as well, but he only occasionally accompanied his brothers, preferring to work out of Oklahoma and his home state of California.

The three boys were born in Cass County, Missouri, to Lewis and Adeline Dalton, on land left to Adeline by her father. Although she was a member of the notorious Younger family of outlaws, she was never known as anything but respectable and hard-working. Lewis, however, was a fiddle-footed ne’er-do-well, and often left Adeline to provide for the family.

After producing 15 children, the couple separated, and even before Lewis died in 1890, Adeline was raising her large brood on her own. By all reports, she was a kind and diligent mother, and a good provider. One older boy, Frank, served as a deputy marshal, and—as were so many who wore the badge for Judge Parker—he was killed in the line of duty, while shooting it out with a band of horse thieves. Eventually, Adeline would live to bury four of her sons who had died of gunshot.

Bob, Grat and Emmett briefly tried their hands at law enforcement, and found the job provided an ideal opportunity to pilfer, sell whiskey to the Indians and generally disgrace the office. Inevitably, they were fired, and immediately turned their attention to outright banditry.



" The five men
rode boldly and
at a swinging
trot, raising a
cloud of dust
which literally
enveloped them as
they passed down
Eighth Street."

-An eyewitness

Gang of Thieves

Robert Reddick “Bob” Dalton was clearly meant to be the leader. In 1890, 22-year-old Bob—clever, ambitious, and a noted marksman—organized the band of brigands that would become known throughout the West as the Dalton Gang. All evidence points to the fact that older brother Grat, described by one biographer as having the “heft of a bull calf and the disposition of a baby rattlesnake,” was the slowest of the three, or as another historian puts it, “downright dense.” For his part, youngest sibling Emmett idolized his big brothers, and followed them sheeplike on whatever high jinks Bob concocted.

On their first outing as a gang, they rustled three horse herds in the Nations, and sold them in Kansas, just a few jumps ahead of a posse of Judge Parker’s deputy marshals. They would soon graduate to train and bank robbery, leaving the occasional corpse in their wake. Soon, significant rewards were posted for their capture, motivating such intrepid lawmen as Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas and Wells Fargo’s Fred Dodge to doggedly pursue the gang.

Then Bob allowed hubris to direct his plans. It needled him that the now-defunct James Gang had grown to legendary status, and he formed a plan to surpass their boldest deeds. He would rob two banks at one time, a feat that Frank and Jesse never dared attempt, and he chose Coffeyville, Kansas, as his target.

The Dalton family had lived near Coffeyville for a time when the boys were very young. The town’s two banks, diagonally situated from one another across a plaza at the V-junction of Union and Walnut streets: The First National, and the impressive two-story red brick Condon. Since the brothers were familiar with the town, the choice seemed ideal. Selecting Bill Powers and Dick Broadwell to accompany them, they saddled and rode for Kansas.

Fatal Decision

The Coffeyville of 1892 was a far cry from the wild saloon and gambling mecca of its trailhead days of two decades earlier. It was now a respectable, bustling community that catered to farmers and businessmen, as well as cattlemen and cowboys, and contained several mills, a cheese factory, barber shop, livery stable, and family restaurants. It also boasted drug, hardware, lumber, dry goods,

blacksmith, and shoe stores. In fact, years earlier, Adeline had bought shoes for her boys at the shop of George Cubine.

On the morning the Daltons chose to rob Coffeyville’s two thriving banks, an urban development project was well underway to add curbs and gutters to the street fronting the banks. As a result, the street had been torn up, and all the hitching posts—including the one nearest the banks, where the gang had planned to tie up their horses for a fast getaway—had been removed. Although at the time this seemed like a minor inconvenience, it would soon prove to be a grave—and fatal—mistake.

Because the Daltons were known to several of the townspeople, they rode into Coffeyville wearing false beards and sideburns. All five men were heavily armed; in a display of pre-victory largesse, Bob had bought each of them a pair of factory-engraved, pearl-handled .45-calibre Colt revolvers. He himself carried three pistols. But it was their Winchester repeating rifles that would play a deadly part in the drama that was about to unfold.

When they found the street devoid of hitching rails, the five rode into a narrow passageway behind several buildings and tied up to a wooden fence. This unremarkable stretch of ground would soon earn the grisly and accurate epithet, Death Alley.

The outlaws were now well over one hundred yards from their two objectives, across an open plaza. Unlimbering their rifles, they divided into two parties. Grat, Powers and Broadwell entered the Condon Bank, while Bob and Emmett, still wearing their crude fake whiskers, strode into the First National. It was around 9:30, and the streets outside the banks were growing increasingly busy with foot, horse and wagon traffic.

At first, no one paid them any mind; it was hunting season, and the sight of men carrying rifles in town was not uncommon. Then, dry goods merchant Aleck McKenna, who was familiar with the brothers, recognized Grat as he crossed the plaza. McKenna watched as the five split up, carefully following Grat and his two cohorts as far as the outside of the Condon Bank. Peering through a large plate-glass window, he observed one of the men leveling his rifle at the clerk.

The gang no longer possessed the element of surprise, as McKenna set about raising the alarm.

Men immediately dropped what they were doing, and either grabbed their own weapons or rushed to Isham’s Hardware Store, where the proprietor was handing out firearms and ammunition. Citizens took up positions around the plaza, sighted in on the banks, and waited.

Inside the banks, things were not going well for the would-be robbers, who were completely unaware of the reception being prepared for them just outside the doors. After cashier Charles Ball filled a grain sack with money from the counter and cash drawer, Grat demanded that he open the vault. Displaying incredible presence of mind, Ball ran a dangerous bluff; he told Grat that the vault was on a time lock and would not open until 9:30. When Grat asked what time it was, Ball pretended to consult his watch and responded that it was only 9:20.

Ball was risking his life to save the bank’s funds. Had any of the three badmen looked up at the large wall clock, they would have seen that it was 9:40, and the vault was already open. Still unaware of the flurry of activity outside, Grat—in a stunning display of what one chronicler labelled his “glacially slow wit”—decided to wait.

Meanwhile, in the First National Bank, bookkeeper Bert Ayers—despite Bob’s repeated threats to shoot him—was responding to the outlaw’s demands as slowly as possible. And when Bob ordered Ayers to open the safe, he answered that he didn’t know the combination.

Bob and Emmett finally accumulated some 20,000 dollars in gold and paper money. Thus far, no one had been shot, and all that remained was the dash across the plaza to the horses. Forming up the three bank employees and four customers in front of them, they walked out the front door—and into the sights of the townspeople’s rifles.

Suddenly, the street erupted in gunfire, as dozens of citizens dove for cover. Bob’s prisoners ran into the street, as the two brothers jumped back into the bank. Round after round entered the building, as the defenders fired from doorways, rooftops and any form of cover they could find.

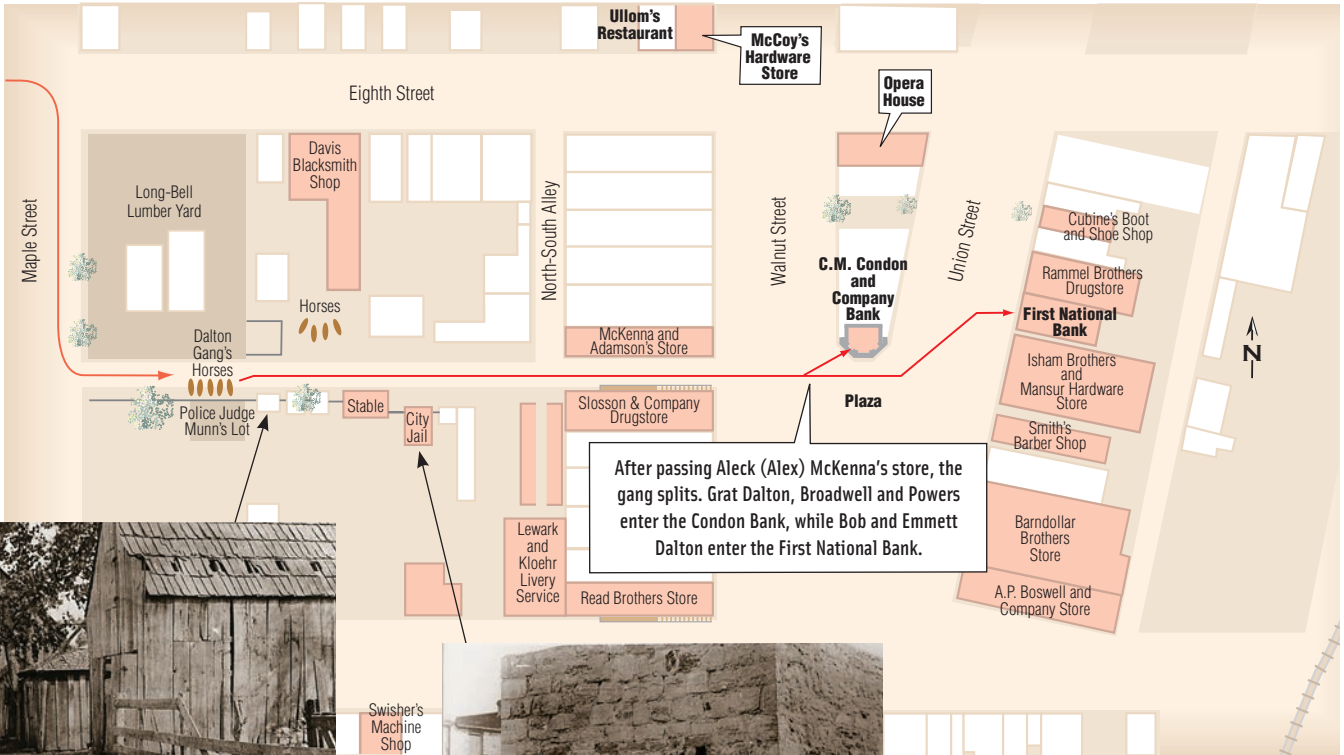
Grat and his men were still dallying in the Condon Bank, as dozens of bullets suddenly pocked the walls and holed the windows. One round caught Dick Broadwell in the arm, rendering his Winchester useless. Shortly thereafter, a hardware store worker placed a round in Bill Powers’s chest.

Continued on page 46

Coffeyville, Kansas: Wednesday Morning, October 5, 1892

PHASE ONE

The gang members intend to tie their horses at McCoy's Hardware store or the Opera House, but they find the street torn up and the hitching posts removed. Instead, they ride south on Maple and enter a narrow alley where they dismount and tie their horses to a fence.



Alley fence (above), where the Dalton Gang ties its horses. Jail (right), on the south side of the alley.



Walnut Street and the Plaza block, c. 1895. The buildings are identified as they appeared in October 1892.

DUMB AND DUMBER



Bob (left) and Grat are the leaders of the raid, and they make at least two fatal mistakes. Grat, 31, is the oldest, but he proves to be a poor leader. His slow-witted actions in the Condon Bank lead to a major debacle. As to the choice of where to tie the horses (see alley fence, above left), Emmett later admits, "There was no worse place in Coffeyville than the place Bob picked!"

- All photos on this page courtesy Coffeyville Historical Society -

Continued from page 44

A citizen later recalled looking in the bank window and seeing the outlaws “running back and forth...and I thought of rats in a trap seeking a way out...” If the outlaws had done proper reconnaissance, they would have known that the bank had a back door, which would have removed them from the immediate line of fire.

At the First National, Bob Dalton did see a back door, and, using the bank teller as a shield, he and Emmett exited the building into a vacant lot. They immediately encountered young Lucius Baldwin, who mistook the outlaws for fellow citizens. After a sharp warning to the confused Baldwin to drop his pistol, Bob shot him down. He was the first townsman to die that morning.

In the exchange of shots, the outlaws were managing to do a fair amount of damage. Either Powers or Broadwell had shot hardware employee Arthur Reynolds in the foot before being wounded himself, and Bob’s Winchester was taking a fearsome toll. He shot one man through the hand, and fired three rounds into the back of bootmaker and old family friend George Cubine. And when Charles Brown, a 59-year-old shoemaker who worked alongside Cubine, reached to grab his dying friend’s rifle, Dalton shot him dead as well.

“The last time I ever saw Bob or Grat was just before the Coffeyville raid, when the three boys came to Mother’s home near Kingfisher. They had been running and hiding for months. Their clothes were worn out. I gave them about all the clothes I had, a good Stetson hat, which Bob had on when he was killed, and a good coat and overcoat. They scarcely thanked me. They expected me to keep on putting up for them indefinitely.”

—Littleton Dalton



COFFEYVILLE, KANSAS

This panorama (above) of the battleground was taken 17 years after the fight. The photograph gives a good perspective on just how far away some of the shooters were from the Condon Bank.



A rare photo of Cubine’s (above), with Charles Brown second from right. Many locals watch the battle from the stores lining the streets. One young girl reports seeing Grat and his men “running back and forth in the Condon bank, and I thought of rats in a trap seeking a way out.” She also remembers the firing as “continuous like bunches of firecrackers exploding, both shotguns and rifles.”

The outlaws enter the Condon Bank at approximately 9:30 a.m. Grat goes to the teller cage (above) and demands the money. Powers guards the bank’s southwest door (top left) and Broadwell guards the southeast door (right side of same photo, where men are standing). Several reports have Broadwell and Powers firing four to six shots. The shooters at Boswell’s (see panorama, above) create a breastwork of wagons and fire some 80 shots at the bank. Broadwell reportedly fires back through the glass in the door, then puts his muzzle against the hole to fire again (see holes, left).

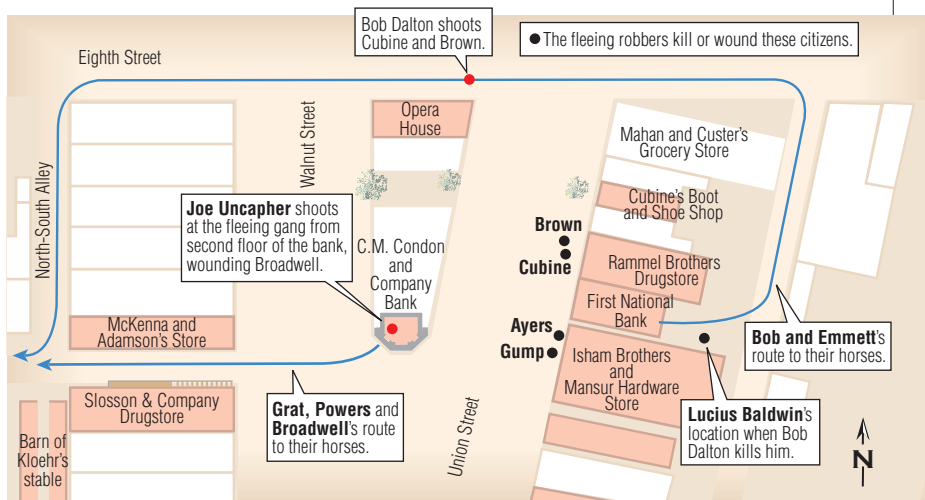
Death Alley

At the Condon Bank, Grat finally decided it was time to make a dash for the horses. He stuffed a wad of paper money inside his vest, and the three outlaws ran out of the bank toward the mouth of the alley, across a plaza that was alive with gunfire. One observer later commented that they ran “with heads down, like facing a strong wind.” Almost at once, Grat and Powers were hit hard—Powers for at least the second time—but the three managed to stagger into the alley.

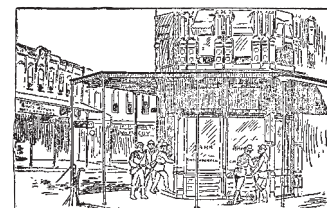


PHASE TWO

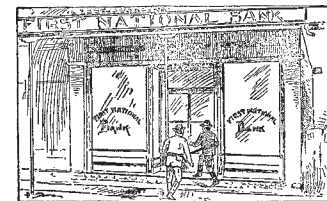
After the shooting starts, the gang's plan begins to go south. Here's what happens:



The Dalton Gang ties its horses in the alley.



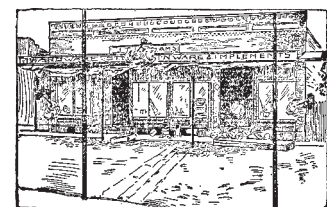
The desperados enter the Condon Bank.



Bob and Emmett enter the First National Bank.



Cubine and Brown, dying in front of Rammel Bros. Drugstore.



Citizens shoot at the gang from Isham's hardware store.

— ILLUSTRATED IN THE DALTON BROTHERS AND THEIR ASTOUNDING CAREER OF CRIME BY AN EYE-WITNESS —

The roar of the firing was constant and deafening—and combined with the screams of wounded and dying men and horses—the town presented a fair impression of Hell. Bob and Emmett were providing their cohorts with what covering fire they could, and when Bob spotted bank employee Tom Ayers, he shot him through the head. Miraculously, Ayers would survive to tell the story for years to come.

The alley now became the focus of the townspeople's fire, as the bandits desperately strove to reach their mounts. Powers received yet another round, killing him beside his horse. Broadwell was shot again as well, but managed to keep his feet. Grat, badly wounded but still able to fire his rifle, managed to find what sparse shelter the alley offered. And when Charley Connelly, the town's much-loved marshal, entered the alley, Grat fatally shot him in the back.

Livery owner John Kloehr, who was acknowledged to be the town's finest marksman, drew a bead on Grat Dalton and shot him through the throat, breaking his neck and killing him instantly.

Dick Broadwell actually managed to mount his horse, but two townsfolk opened up on him

at close range with rifle and shotgun. Somehow, Broadwell stayed in the saddle, clutching the horn as he rode out of the alley, only to fall dead in the road less than a mile outside of town.

Unaware of the fate of their three comrades, Bob and Emmett made for the alley and their horses. Years later, Emmett recalled that his big brother was still confident of leaving Coffeyville alive. "Go slow!" Bob advised. "Go slow, I can whip the whole damn town!"

Immediately upon entering the alley, Bob was hit, and collapsed against a pile of cobblestones, still firing his rifle. Once again, John Kloehr leveled his deadly weapon and shot Bob in the chest, leaving him out of the fight and dying.

Incredibly, up to this point, young Emmett had come through unscathed. Once in the alley, however, he was hit at least twice, one of the shots fracturing his arm. Still carrying the money sack, he mounted one of the two horses left standing amid the withering fire. He was hit several more times, but managed to stay aboard. As he started to ride out of the alley, Emmett saw his dying brother, and he did an extraordinary thing: He turned his horse back

PHASE THREE

Although the outlaws are a little over 100 yards from their horses and freedom, it may as well be 100 miles because Isham's front doors face straight into the alley. For the citizens at the hardware store, it's like shooting fish in a barrel.

Eyewitnesses agree that "volley after volley chased the fugitives."



BATTLE IN THE ALLEY



1

Bill Powers is hit as he tries to enter a locked door. A fatally wounded Powers runs almost the entire length of the alley before he collapses.

2



Grat Dalton tries hard to quiet the guns at Isham's, firing again and again through the staircase on the side of Slosson's. Grat has \$1,100 stuffed in his vest.



8

Kloehr leans out from his stable gate and fires at Grat just as the outlaw turns to check his backtrail.

7



With a borrowed rifle, Marshal Connelly cuts across a vacant lot and probably sees Broadwell run past the jail toward the horses. Perhaps thinking all the robbers have made it to their horses, the marshal sprints to a gap in the fence and looks in that direction. Unfortunately, Grat is right behind him.

6

Kloehr and Seaman split off from Connelly and cut through Kloehr's stable.

5

John Kloehr, Carey Seaman and Marshal Charles Connelly are at the corner of the Read Brothers store when they witness the robbers flee the Condon Bank and disappear into the alley. All three men run west to try and cut them off.

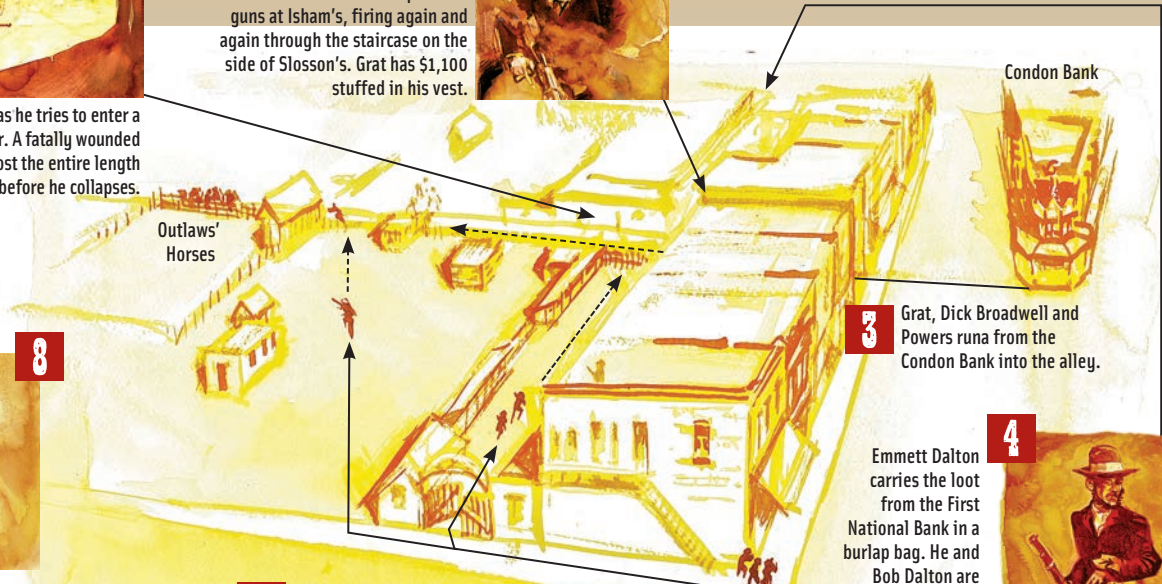
3

Grat, Dick Broadwell and Powers run from the Condon Bank into the alley.

4

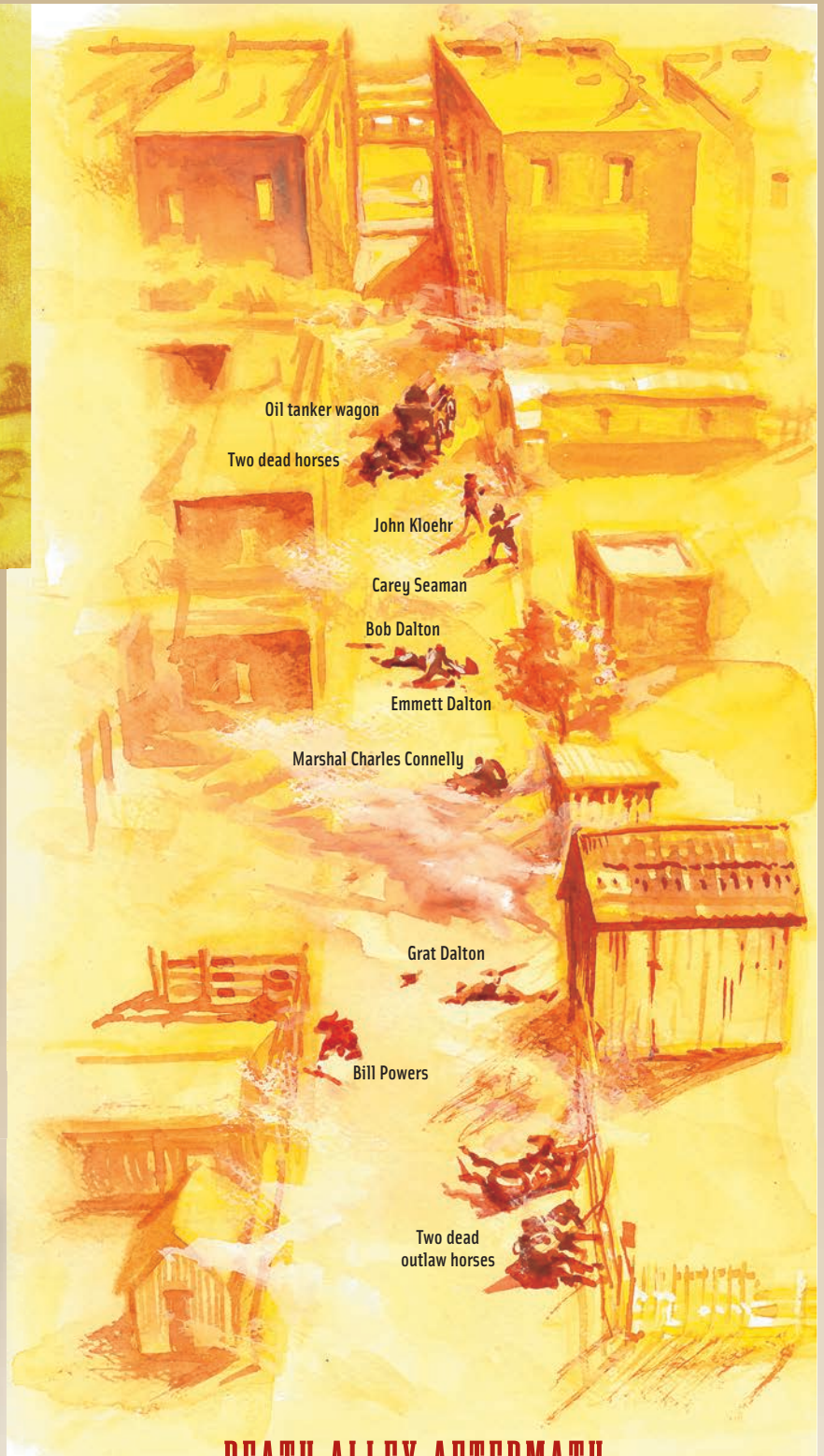


Emmett Dalton carries the loot from the First National Bank in a burlap bag. He and Bob Dalton are working their way back to the alley. Emmett later claims he did not shoot during the entire gunfight.





“Go slow!” Bob shouts to his brother, Emmett. “I can take the whole town.” As the duo reaches the alley, Bob scans the high windows looking for shooters. A bullet from Kloehr’s stable (or Isham’s hardware store) nails him in the chest.



Oil tanker wagon
 Two dead horses
 John Kloehr
 Carey Seaman
 Bob Dalton
 Emmett Dalton
 Marshal Charles Connelly
 Grat Dalton
 Bill Powers
 Two dead outlaw horses

DEATH ALLEY AFTERMATH

“They’re all down,” comes the cry as crowds of people come out of doorways and from blocks away. Describing the scene, a reporter writes, “dead and dying horses and smoking Winchesters on the ground add to the horrors of the scene. . . . Excited men, weeping women and screaming children thronged the square.”

THE TERRIBLE TALLY

4

Outlaws killed
 Citizens killed
 Horses killed
 Wounded



into the hail of bullets. As he later wrote, "All thought of money—of my own life or of escape vanished. I only knew that I had to reach Bob."

Depending on which version one credits, Bob either said, "It's no use," or, in Emmett's more florid recollection, "Goodbye, Emmett. Don't surrender, die game." In all likelihood, he said nothing at all. Either way, Emmett's was a brave but futile gesture, and for a brief moment, no one fired. Then, as he reached for Bob's hand, a shotgun roared, and Emmett fell in the dust of the alley that had already seen the finish of both his brothers and his two comrades.

Someone shouted, "They're all down!" Suddenly, the guns, which had roared steadily since the battle began, were silent, as the townsfolk began to survey the carnage. "Death Alley," wrote one chronicler, "was a charnel house."

Still conscious, Emmett was taken to the doctor's office, amid cries calling for his immediate lynching. The doctor assured the citizenry that a rope was unnecessary since the youth was bound to die soon anyway. Beyond all expectation, Emmett—who had sustained no fewer than 25 wounds—survived.

Boards were immediately set up in the alley, and the four dead outlaws were unceremoniously hauled over to them, laid out side by side, and photographed. Souvenir hunters snipped pieces of their bloody clothing, and when the townspeople had had their fill of staring at them, they were buried in plain coffins in the local cemetery. Until the late '60s, their only marker

was a random lead pipe someone placed ignominiously on their grave. Dick Broadwell's family soon claimed his body, but the other three lie there still.

Shortly after their interment, the long-suffering Adeline came to town, along with two of her other sons, to pay her last respects to her wayward children. Wrote one historian, "Adeline was courteous and quiet, and apparently was treated politely and sympathetically by the people of Coffeyville."

One of the sons who accompanied Adeline to Coffeyville was Bill Dalton, who railed at the town over the deaths of his brothers. The boys were wrong in their purpose, he acknowledged, but "they were right when they shot the men who were trying to kill them!" Bill later formed his own outlaw gang with Oklahoma badman Bill Doolin and himself fell to lawmen's guns less than two years later. Bill's grave is unmarked in his wife's family plot in Turlock, California.

Blaze of Glory

The citizens of Coffeyville had displayed considerable heroism on the day the Dalton Gang targeted their town. For his part in subduing the outlaws, John Kloehr was presented with a factory-engraved rifle, a gesture of the Winchester factory. A humble man, Kloehr for the rest of his life refused to discuss the fight or his part in it. A number of others, equally brave, went unheralded.

With hundreds of rounds fired, the entire fight had lasted no more than 10 or 12

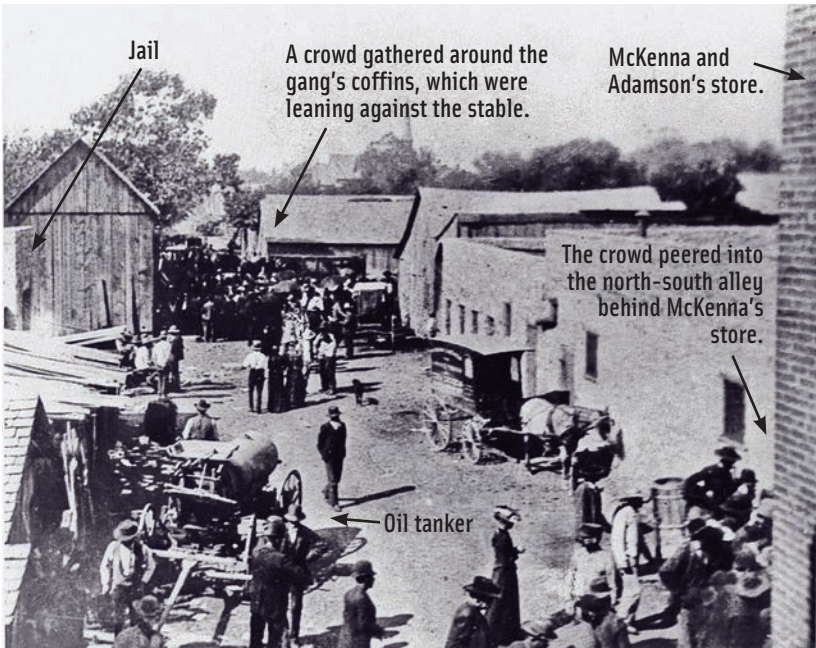
After Broadwell's body was brought in from the edge of town, the dead bandits were all rounded up and a hay rack from a wagon was put on the ground, with hay underneath to prop it up. The bodies were placed on the rack, leaning against a stable wall next to the jail. Left to right: Bill Powers, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell. There are several versions of this setup, one with a rifle thrown across the bodies and another with a young boy peering through the hole in the stable wall behind Powers' head.



The bodies were literally thrown in the jail overnight in a heap.

minutes—but the butcher's bill was terrible. In addition to the four slain outlaws, as a result of the chaos the Daltons had levied on the town, four of Coffeyville's leading citizens lay dead, and several others were injured.

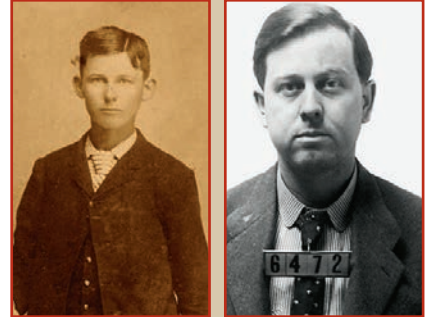
While still recovering from his many wounds, Emmett Dalton was sentenced to a term of life imprisonment in the Kansas State Penitentiary.



Death Alley After the Raid

Looking west from between Slosson's Drugstore on the left and McKenna and Adamson's store on the right. This is as close to an Old West crime scene photo as you will get. The oil tank wagon that Grat hid behind is still at the scene (lower left). The stable where the majority of the dead gang photos were taken is within feet of where most of the outlaws died.

ADELINE'S BOYS



Adeline and Lewis Dalton had 15 children, 10 boys and five girls. Of the 12 who lived to adulthood, one of the boys, Frank (lower, left), died as a lawman, while four of his brothers he had deputized from time to time, turned to outlawry. The outlaws are (from top left) Bob, Emmett, Grat and Bill Dalton. Littleton, lower right corner and his brothers (not pictured) Ben, Cole and Sam lived straight and narrow lives.

However, after spending 15 years behind bars, a rehabilitated Emmett received an unconditional pardon. He lived into his late sixties, during which time he produced two historically skewed volumes on the Dalton Gang (one of which inspired the first of several Dalton-themed movies), and became something of a Hollywood celebrity. He also ordered a headstone to be placed over the graves of his brothers and Bill Powers.

While most Western history buffs would likely be hard-pressed to name even one of the four citizens who died protecting their town on that bright October morning, the sanitized myth of the Daltons continues to flourish. Two photographs of the four dead outlaws recently sold at a Western collectibles

auction for over \$6,000. And less than a decade ago, one of Bob Dalton's pair of fancy engraved Colts hammered down at \$322,000. Ultimately, for the Daltons, crime did not pay; however, the wake they left continues to generate considerable public interest, as well as revenues far beyond what the gang ever dreamed of acquiring through larceny. Americans indeed love their outlaws.



Ron Soodalter is an award-winning author, with three books and over 400 articles in print. He currently serves as chairman of the board of the Abraham Lincoln Institute. Ron currently lives in Cold Spring, New York.

HOMETOWN HEROES



- Bavarian John J. Kloehr (pronounced "Clair") was taking a nap in his stable when the shooting started. Kloehr (left), 34, was one of the best shots in town and often traveled to out-of-town shooting tournaments. Married, with four children, Kloehr was modest and did not like to talk about himself. He was often credited for killing Grat and Bob Dalton, and Dick Broadwell, but Kloehr told a Wells Fargo agent he killed only Grat. The agent noted, "[Kloehr] said that he sighted for his head, but undershot a little for he hit him in the neck right on his Adam's apple and broke his neck."

- A barber by trade, Carey Seaman (right) worked at Smith's barber shop next door to Isham's. He stepped into a battlefield when he returned to work after hunting. Seaman retrieved his shotgun from his wagon, fired both barrels into Emmett Dalton and ended the fight.



TRUE WEST EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS

ADAIR BEFORE THEY DIE

THE DALTON GANG VS KATY RAILROAD GUARDS

THE LAST SUCCESSFUL RAID OF THE DALTONS TURNS TRAGIC



The Dalton Gang's triumph is short-lived.

Illustrations by Bob Boze Bell/Photos True West Archives/Maps by Gus Walker

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Based on the research of Robert Barr Smith, Nancy B. Samuelson, John J. Kinney, Mark Boardman and BBB.

JULY 15, 1892



Dead Men Riding

Eight outlaws ride toward Adair, Oklahoma. In addition to their daredevil ways, they share one commonality: All of them will stop a hail of bullets, but only one will live to tell about it. The robbers are believed to have been Bob, Grat (just escaped from jail in California) and Emmett Dalton, Bill Doolin, Bill Power, Dick Broadwell, Charley Pierce and Bitter Creek Newcomb.

Riding eight strong, the Dalton Gang enters Adair, Indian Territory (present-day Oklahoma). They commandeer the train station, preparing to pilfer Katy Train No. 2 (a Missouri, Kansas & Texas passenger train). When the train glides into the station at 9:42 p.m., the gang boards, capturing members of the train crew without incident and telling them to obey or “have their brains blown out.”

As the crew is marched down to the express car, one of the gang members begins shooting toward the town, evidently trying to discourage townspeople from getting any ideas about joining the party.

After some resistance, the outlaws break into the express car and force the fireman and the messenger to open the

through safe (which contains little loot). The gang then rifles through the car and loads the collected money into a stolen spring wagon. (Although the exact amount taken is unknown, most historians estimate the take at about \$17,000.)

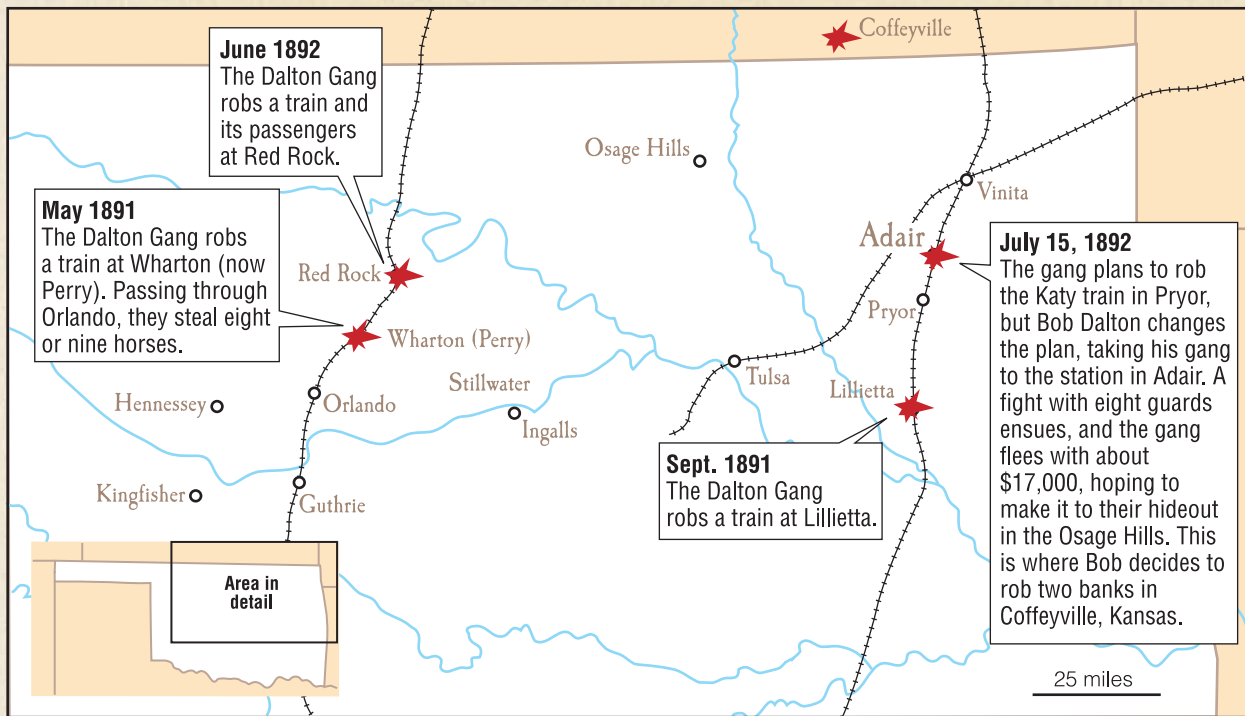
As the robbers load up, Winchester slugs begin whipping very close to the heads of the outlaws. Eight train guards, including lawmen J.J. Kinney and Capt. J.H. LeFlore, are shooting out the windows of the smoking car and at the gang.

With the firing increasing, the lawmen get off the train and “fort up” in a coal house next to the tracks. The lawmen pour a heavy fire at the crowd around the express car. The robbers use their hostages as shields while they shoot into the wood building.

Within moments, three of the lawmen inside are hit and knocked out of the fight.



The outlaws, including Bob Dalton, send a withering fire into the coal shed where the railroad guards have fortified up. Accurate, pinpoint firing knocks them out of the fight.



The July 21 *Indian Chieftain* reported the casualties: “A bullet went through the flesh of Mr. Kinney’s shoulder, another struck Johnson’s watch and imbedded itself in his arm, while Charley Leflore [sic] had the stock of his gun struck with a shot and the slivers driven into his arm.”

Gang member Charley Pierce finally shows up with the horses. While one outlaw returns fire at the guards, the others mount up and clatter down the streets of the small town, sending about 20 shots at two men sitting in front of the Skinner Drug Store. Both bystanders are doctors—Dr. W.L. Goff is mortally wounded; Dr. T.S. Youngblood will lose part of his right foot. (Gang apologists later claim the two men were shot by errant bullets fired by the train guards, yet it is more likely the men were hit by outlaw bullets.)

The gang’s last successful raid is over, but their lawless run is rapidly coming to a violent end.



As the gang rides through the town after the robbery, the outlaws fire shots at bystanders. The promiscuous bullets strike two doctors. With the subsequent death of one of them, Dr. Goff (he lived for three days), rewards for the gang reach \$40,000.

Deadly Daltons' Deadhead

After a flurry of robberies in the Indian Territory (see map, above), Bob Dalton and his gang planned on hitting Red Rock Station. When the gang got into position at 10:30 p.m. on June 1, Bob didn’t like the look of the darkened smoking car as the train pulled into the small, one-horse station.

Bob sensed that the train carried a car full of loaded Winchesters. Bob’s suspicion turned out to be correct. Inside were Wells Fargo detective Fred Dodge and the formidable U.S. Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas, among others.

Letting that train depart, the gang stood by. Soon enough, an un-escorted express train arrived, and the gang moved in for the kill. When the gang strong-armed their way into the car, they unfortunately found little money. The big money had gone through with the first train. The chagrined gang took what was there (less than \$3,000) and then mugged a train employee of his gold watch and pocket cash, and, probably just for spite, took the crew’s lunchboxes.

The gang scattered to confuse pursuit but regrouped at one of their favorite caves, supposedly near Tulsa. There, they discussed raiding the Katy Train at Pryor Creek. But Bob, who noticed an Indian farmer had spotted them and

worried the man would alert the authorities, thought it’d be wise to hit the Katy train at the Adair station instead. The others agreed.

Although the raid in Adair would end up a success, time was running out for the gang.



The Best in the Business

By the time of the train robbery in Adair, the Daltons are already being chased by some of the best lawmen in the business, including Wells Fargo Detective Fred Dodge and Deputy U.S. Marshals Heck Thomas and Chris Madsen.

J.J. Kinney, special detective of the railroad, and Capt. J.H. LeFlore, chief of the Cherokee Indian Police, discover the Daltons by chance, when the gang members board the Adair train.

On July 21, 1892, the *Indian Chieftain* reported the robbery, stating that once the guards became aware of the robbery, they opened fire at the outlaws through the car windows; the robbers responded in kind.

The article also stated, "The railroad and express companies have joined in an offer of \$5,000 each 'for conviction, the aggregate sum not to exceed \$40,000.' Under these terms there will be no pursuit by men of experience in the country. Those who know the Dalton boys, and there can be no doubt but that they were in this hold-up [sic], know they cannot be captured alive. To kill them does not comply with the terms and will not secure the reward but it will expose whoever does to prosecution in the U.S. Court in Fort Smith."

"Nemesis" is what Emmett Dalton called Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas (seated front row, at left). Many believe Thomas' dogged pursuit caused Emmett's brother Bob to attack Coffeyville hastily and contributed directly to the gang's demise. Wells Fargo certainly agreed: "We feel that your work, more than anything, brought about the extermination of this gang ... and are happy to hand you, from our railway and express pool, a check herewith in the amount of \$1,500."



Bob Dalton, in desperation, had one more job planned. It would prove to be his last. He fooled nobody with the fake whiskers.

And Then There Were Five

With several posses less than 24 hours behind and closing in, Bob Dalton makes a hasty plan and the gang heads north to Coffeyville, Kansas. On this raid, there are only five members—the three Dalton brothers, Bill Power and Dick Broadwell.

Not invited, or perhaps declining, are outlaw stalwarts Bill Doolin, Bitter Creek Newcomb and Charley Pierce. Some believe Doolin actually does go along but drops out at the last minute because his horse comes up lame or perhaps he has a brief moment of clarity. Others speculate Bob wants all the glory for the outrageous double heist (besides, the split would be sweeter). In any case, the other members of the so-called Dalton Gang do not have long to run.



(From left) Bill Power, Bob Dalton, Grate Dalton and Dick Broadwell



Aftermath: Odds & Ends

From their hideout near Tulsa, the Daltons, along with Bill Power and Dick Broadwell, headed for their historic, and disastrous, fate in Coffeyville, Kansas, where they tried to rob two banks (see *Classic Gunfights Vol. I*).



Emmett Dalton

The only survivor, Emmett Dalton, served 14 years and lived out his life in California where he became somewhat of a celebrity. The rest of the gang met a more grisly end.



Recommended: *Daltons! The Raid on Coffeyville, Kansas* by Robert Barr Smith, published by University of Oklahoma Press; *Shoot from the Lip* by Nancy B. Samuelson, published by Shooting Star Press; and *Captain Jack and the Dalton Gang* by John J. Kinney, published by University Press of Kansas.



BY TED FRANKLIN BELUE

DANIEL BOONE'S YELLOW

FACT OR FICTION?

Did America's first frontier hero reach the Big Sky land of geysers, scalding springs and "putrefied" trees that John Colter saw and Old Gabe and Black Harris yarned about?

Rumors abound of Daniel Boone's treks to Yellowstone and beyond, even to Idaho and the Pacific. Recent writers hinting of these far-off forays can be vague on details, creating hybrid revelations taken as gospel. Two years past Boone's death's bicentennial we will revisit the most credible of these stories, placing them in the setting of his trans-Mississippian realm that by 1820, when he was buried near La Charette, Missouri, was already vanishing.

Twenty-five miles upriver from St. Louis village—a bustling fur hub dominated by two French half-brothers, Auguste and Pierre Chouteau—and west of Alton, Illinois, Boone and seven families, a few of the enslaved and a passel of livestock forded the Father of Waters into Spanish Upper Louisiana. Like Cumberland Gap to the east and South Pass to the west, this shallow oxbow of the Mississippi was destined to become the western portal for the thousands soon to tread in his wake. The year was 1799. Daniel Boone, at 65, was starting over.

He and his wife, Rebecca, hied to 850 acres of fertile bottomland past the village with its beaver bales, hide men and motley coureur de bois and over the Big Muddy from King's Road—New Spain's 40-mile hike back to St. Louis—to live with their son Dan Morgan at what is now Matson. Here the paterfamilias acted as syndic—Justice of the Femme Osage District—famously settling disputes under his Judgement Tree, claiming land and blazing Boone's Trace.

Boone hunted and trapped the Niangua and Osage (and Marmaton, a Little Osage branch), Gasconade and the Meramec's tributaries clear to the expat Shawnee towns. Samuel Coles saw him on the Lamine—"he caught two beavers. Their skins were worth nine dollars...at St. Louis." A warrior band of hide-hunters, Sacs maybe, nearing his winter camp forced him to hide for 20 days, kindling fire only at night to cook. "He never felt so much anxiety in his life for so long a period," he told John Mason Peck, an early biographer.



STONE HUNT

Scouting for Pelts

Courtesy H. David Wright



Beaver was king. To harvest them, a typical mountain man, a “company man,” say, for the firm of Smith, Jackson & Sublette, toted six heavy hand-forged double-long spring traps. Boone packed no less than 12. Stephen Hempstead watched as the colonel, his son-in-law and Derry Coburn, Dan Morgan’s teenaged slave, landed his wide, fur-laden canoe draped in bear hides to shield a fortune in peltry from the sun and rain at St. Charles’s wharf.

He landed first the stern and the sterns man got out and then the bowman rowed her around ...to not disturb the cargo—the middle being full and covered. Flanders Callaway and the Negro rowed in front and Boone steered in the river. The value of their furs and skins was considerable. It was their practice to go by themselves or with Negroes every winter to hunt—even after their friends were opposed to it—and Boone, I should suppose, to be eighty years of age or upwards.

Osages spied him nearing Kansas’s border with Dan Morgan, Nathan and Derry. The Boones got 900 beaver and considerable otter, fleshing out the beavers and saving their castors for the perfume trade and for lure and lacing their skins on willow hoops. They pulled the case-skinned otter fur-side out down the narrow stretcher boards planed thin and tapered; once dried, they bundled the furs in half-grained bearskins and buried them. After the Boones trapped on down the Bourbeuse, the Osages raised a cache with 100 lush pews.

A year later the tall, proud Osages—shaven heads a-glimmer with sterling earbobs, and tawny with ocher and bear fat and crowned with flamboyant yellow and black porcupine-quilled roaches—saw the aging buckskinned deer-slayer astride a pony, alone but for the Black teen who fled as they charged, jerking Boone from his saddle and out of his capeau and acting as if to whip him. When they reset their ramrods, Boone put Derry to cooking, as he and the Osages, striking flint-and-steel for their catlinitic disc pipes, palavered by sign. He knew what they wanted.

After filling their bellies, powderhorns and shotbags, the Osages scarfed up the pelts and left, one of them in his new blanket coat. Boone backtracked to unearth a tiny cache of DuPont



Of artist Chester Harding’s four Boone portraits painted from life, this one—once owned by Herbert Lee Pratt, Standard Oil’s chief executive—depicting the hunter in an otter-fur bordered buckskin coat, red weskit and wearing an antler-handled hunting knife, is his most refined.

Courtesy National Portrait Gallery

and stubby, finger-long lead bars to run the big .66 caliber balls he used and trapped on, hunkering by day, kindling fire by night. That spring he packed home 200 beaver.

The Boones now lived west of their original Spanish grant with Nathan on Femme Osage Creek. In 1813 when Rebecca died, Daniel moved 20 miles to La Charette (Marthasville) beside his daughter Jemima Callaway and her husband Flanders. La Charette’s meat-getters took native wives and hired out to fur mogul August Chouteau, its blended community offering, said Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, the last Anglo society before Santa Fe.

Wrote Clark:

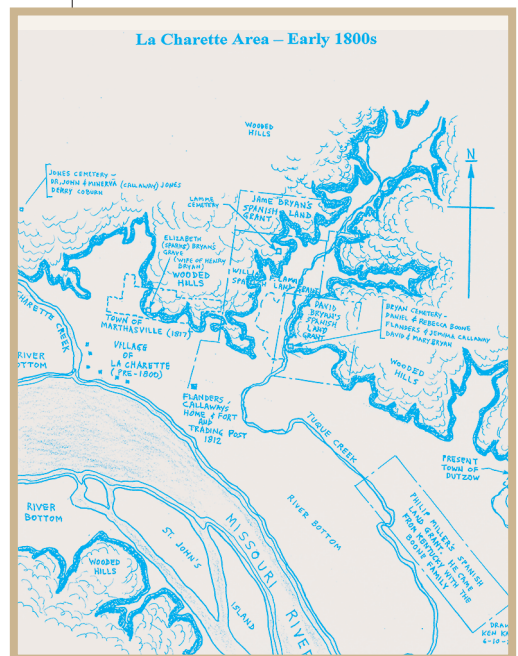
May 25th. Friday 1804—Camped at the Creek called Chouritte, above a Small French Village, settled at this place to hunt, & trade with the Indians.... People at this Village is pore, houses Small, they sent us milk and eggs.... This is the Last Settlement of Whites.

Two years later, the Corps huzzah’d “the French Village Charriton”:

Saturday 20th Sept. 1806—...Saw cows on the bank which Caused a shout to be raised for joy.... French and Americans express great pleasure at our return, and acknowledged themselves much astonished... we were Supposed to have been lost long Since.

Neither man mentioned Boone. Nor did Zeb Pike when he visited July 1806 to dine with Joe Chartran—La Charette’s syndic—and his Osage wife. From this redoubt—the cutting edge of America’s frontier—Boone launched his last hunts. His knowledge of the West was vast. Besides local hunters, he knew James Mackay, St. Charles’s syndic. Mackay’s treks bisected Canada to the Rockies; he canoed with Hudson’s Bay; he mapped the Missouri to the Dakotas; Lewis and Clark used his maps. Senior pathfinders Boone and Mackay surely swapped notes on the West—the day’s most urgent topic.

Territorial Governor Clark was Boone’s friend, as was John Colter—the renowned

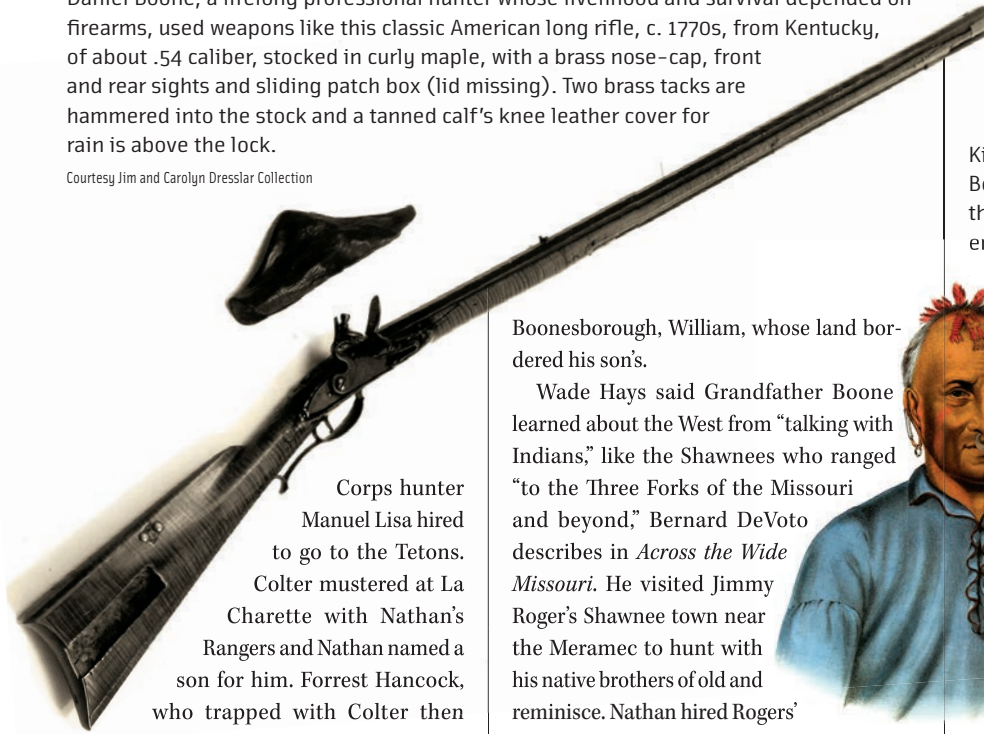


From here, the lost French village of La Charette, Daniel Boone launched his last long hunts. By the time of his death, the township had been renamed Marthasville.

Courtesy Ken Kamper

Daniel Boone, a lifelong professional hunter whose livelihood and survival depended on firearms, used weapons like this classic American long rifle, c. 1770s, from Kentucky, of about .54 caliber, stocked in curly maple, with a brass nose-cap, front and rear sights and sliding patch box (lid missing). Two brass tacks are hammered into the stock and a tanned calf's knee leather cover for rain is above the lock.

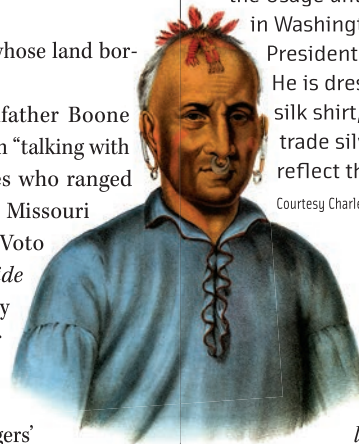
Courtesy Jim and Carolyn Dresslar Collection



Kishkalwa, a Shawnee chief who knew Boone in Kentucky and fought at the Battle of Point Pleasant in 1774, emigrated to Missouri and fought the Osage until mediating treaties in Washington, where he met

President John Quincy Adams. He is dressed in an indigo-dyed silk shirt, bedecked in sterling trade silver and his auricles reflect the fashion of his youth.

Courtesy Charles Bird King, National Portrait Gallery



sentinels. But they were followed no longer ... Indians robbed the beaver traps & leaving their traps, hoping to repeat the procedure.

In recalling this episode of 82 years before, Hays names people and rivers, "Mackinaw boats," tribal affiliations, times and seasons. Adding to his credibility, his tale is told simply, without bombast or romantic nuance, but his dates conflict with factual events in Boone's life that occurred within the same two-year span.

Like:

1) Daniel, William Hays and Derry Coburn trapping near now Lexington, Missouri, came upon an Osage hunter who, through sign language, "invited Boone & his party to his camp." Darting ahead as decoy, the Indian alerted another "twenty or thirty" warriors who charged, forcing Boone's party to gallop off leaving traps and peltry behind.

2) Boone, beset with scrofula's fever, oozing neck sores and lymphatic swelling, was in St. Charles under the care of Dr. John Jones, husband of Daniel's granddaughter Minerva, who was treating his lesions with calomel, a mercury-laced balm.

3) During his medical stay, Daniel dictated his memoirs to Dr. Jones so "that his own words might be left in the hands of a true and trusted friend, penned strictly in accord with his dictation." Jones was later murdered by rustlers who stole Boone's manuscript from his buggy.

4) Boone wrote to Judge John Coburn, formerly of Kentucky, concerning his land claims.

5) Boone petitioned the U.S. Congress for remuneration for his loss of 10,000 acres.

Boonesborough, William, whose land bordered his son's.

Wade Hays said Grandfather Boone learned about the West from "talking with Indians," like the Shawnees who ranged "to the Three Forks of the Missouri and beyond," Bernard DeVoto describes in *Across the Wide Missouri*. He visited Jimmy Roger's Shawnee town near the Meramec to hunt with his native brothers of old and reminisce. Nathan hired Rogers' sons for Army guides. Charles "Indian" Phillips, who ramrod-whipped Simon Kenton in Ohio land and captured Daniel in *Kanta-Ke*, became his Far West camp-mate.

As I write in *The Hunters of Kentucky*: "The old hunter's grandchildren remembered Phillips as being 'tall and spare,' and that he 'wore Indian leggings and moccasins' and 'walked and acted like an Indian.' 'All were afraid of him.' Maybe. But for old Sheltowee—Boone's adopted Shawnee name—feeling his age and rheumatism and the worries Kentucky wrought a fading memory, Phillips the Shawnee was the perfect comrade."

Boone had hunted the Missouri past Kansas, maybe to the Platte, and knew what lay past it. He had kith and kin, a Shawnee and slave for camp-hands, and La Charette's hide-hunters to contract with. In 1890, historian Lyman C. Draper, the State Historical Society of Wisconsin's secretary, corresponded with Wade Hays, Boone's great-grandson, who wrote that Boone and his father, William Hays Jr., hunted the Yellowstone from 1808 to 1809:

Col. Danl. Boone, Wm. Hays Jr., Derry the Negro, & several others were along. Started in the fall of the year—& returned...spending one whole year—& two winters hunting. Went near the junction of the Yellow Stone &...perhaps the Clark & Lewis Rivers...Had good luck—got some Mackinaw boats—& started homewards with the furs. In the act of landing Indians attacked them from the river.... Thinks they were Snake Indians—& landed & camped for the night with

Corps hunter Manuel Lisa hired to go to the Tetons. Colter mustered at La Charette with Nathan's Rangers and Nathan named a son for him. Forrest Hancock, who trapped with Colter then pushed past the Platte with Joseph Dickson and Pierre Menard, lived a mile away. Daniel Boone visited Forrest's father from



This Chester Harding-James Otto Lewis hand-watercolor engraving, released in October 1820, is based on Harding's lost Boone full-length. It is the first known depiction of an American frontiersman and was the first limited-edition art print west of the Mississippi. Discovered in the 1940s, this exacting facsimile was reproduced for Kentucky's bicentennial using the same 1820s technology.

Courtesy Pathfinder Press, Gallatin, Tennessee

Nathan Boone, c. 1850s, youngest of Daniel and Rebecca's ten children, roamed the Midwest with his Army rangers, defending it from hostile incursions during the War of 1812 and the Black Hawk War. Lyman Draper spent several weeks interviewing him and his wife, Olive, producing more than 300 pages of notes. Courtesy Missouri Historical Society



Other issues: Snake Indians—a loose grouping of Bannocks, Shoshones and Goshutes—rarely fired on armed Americans and bypassed the Yellowstone, land of the Blackfeet and Crow, Northern Cheyenne and Arikara. Further muddling matters, biographers have bastardized Hays's quote, cutting and pasting in unrelated stories—like that of George Stoner's, who got to the Big Sky country but without Boone, he says—to craft creatively skewed fabrications now in print.

Draper shelved Wade Hays's story. In truth, it was not new to him. He'd corresponded years before with H.A. Logan, Jr. about Boone's "last and most noted adventure...the Yellowstone trip"—with his late father Henry.

There were about a dozen in the company: Col. Boone, Alex. McKinney, Henry Logan and others. They started July 1817 and returned the next summer. They were attacked several times. Indians besieged their camp but...a snowstorm came up and the Indians raised the siege. They were attacked again as they descended the Missouri...[and] forced to anchor on the opposite shore... Boone ordered the company on board and they moved past the Indian camp. A great many valuable furs were secured.

H.A.'s letter has it all: weather, dates, raids and people like Alex McKinney, a La Charette hunter-surveyor who served in Missouri's assembly. Draper doubted that Boone at 82 was traversing the Far West in the winter. Could it have been 1814?

"No," said H.A. "My father served as a substitute in the War of 1812, so it was after that...probably the winter of 1815-16." He admitted his "scattered fragments of memory" seemed as "faint recollections of a half-forgotten dream," confessing he'd "mixed up" some of his father's hunts—"The Salt River, The Grand River, The Osage and Yellowstone expeditions."

Draper told H.A. of his talks with Nathan Boone who "sd. nothing about the Yellowstone trip." If it did occur, "it might have taken place in abt. 1814, while Indians were hostile,"

Draper mused, referencing the 1815 Portage des Sioux Treaty William Clark and Ninian Edwards (governors of Missouri and Illinois Territories) mediated with a dozen Midwestern tribes; the truce slowed raids along the Big Muddy and animated Western expansion while marking a step in the death march of native lifeways.

"As I stated before, I told you all I knew concerning the trips in which my father accompanied Col. Boone. I know nothing more that can be of interest & shall draw this reply to a close," H.A. said, ending his interrogation by mail.

Draper tabled Logan Jr.'s story as he did Hays's. Little of it pertained to the Yellowstone and Indians harassed travelers up and down the Missouri. And, Nathan and his daughter Delinda, he knew, distrusted Logan Sr.'s "telling tall stories" to inflate his role in Daniel's exploits.

Draper never resolved the Yellowstone matter. Through it all, Nathan, though, is an intriguingly reliable source, though he omits key events in his father's life; maybe because his was not a selfie culture and, like Daniel, he loathed boasting. A clue to this tale's closure may lie in his own recounting of his father's 1816 hunt (verified in the *Niles Register* in an April 29th letter from the Missouri Territory) when Daniel and "a noted woodsman by the name of Indian Philips" visited Fort Osage for two weeks.

We have been honored by a visit from Col. Boone.... The Colonel can't live without being in the woods. He goes a hunting twice a year to the remotest wilderness he can reach; and hires a man to go with him, whom he binds in written articles to take care of him and bring him home, dead or alive. He left this [morning?] for the Platte.

Boone said he wanted to take "two or three whites and a party of Osage, and visit the



James B. Longacre's 1836 engraving of Boone was based on Alonzo Chappell's lost portrait of the woodsman and appears in the book *The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans*.

Courtesy St. Louis Mercantile Library Association

This August 11, 1785 letter from Daniel Boone to Col. Thomas Hart of Hagerstown, Maryland, confirmed that he had surveyed a tract of land for Hart near Limestone (now Maysville), Kentucky: "I shall only ad that the Land I Located for you is good except about 3 or 4 hundred acres in the SE Corner . . . the Land Lyes about 15 miles from the Mouth of Limestone and if you or Col. Rochester should come down the river next Spring I hope to be leving at that place and rady to show you your land."

Myths aside, Boone was an excellent surveyor and in print expressed himself well, writing and spelling phonetically in a "good farmer's hand."

Courtesy Frank T. Siebert Collection

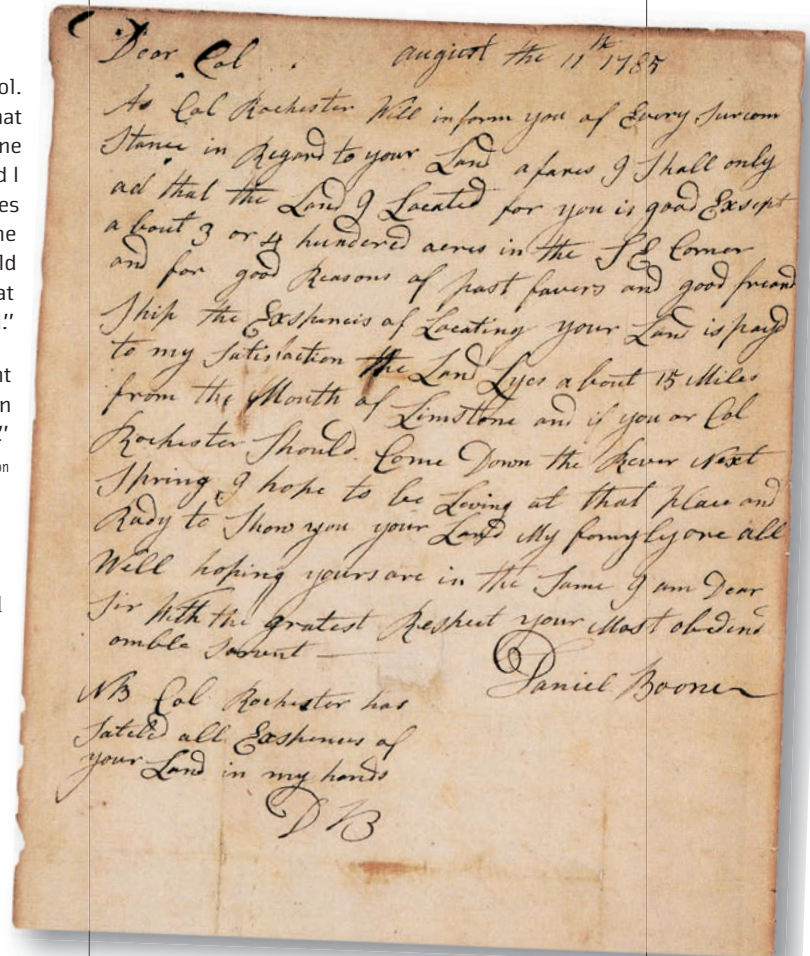
salt mountains, lakes and ponds, and see the natural curiosities of the country along the mountains. The salt mountain was about 5 or 600 miles west of this place." From Fort Osage, up Big Muddy and the Grand they canoed in search of beaver but "Indians and French trappers had caught them pretty much out." When Boone took sick en route to the Platte, they paddled south to Fort Leavenworth, a day north of Kansas City, where he convalesced and met Capt. Bennett Riley.

Did this, his last far western trek foiled by sickness, mark Boone's stab at the Yellowstone? Perhaps. Or did he get there, but Hays and Logan got the dates wrong? Maybe. We all want that Alfred J. Miller oil of him and Colter hunting griz on the Yellowstone or standing a'kilter to Old Faithful's steam plume—hands high, mouths agape. One day, maybe, his lost memoir he dictated to Dr. Jones will surface at Sotheby's and explain all. Until then...

The old hunter died in his 85th year at Nathan and Olive's amid an unbroken circle of prayers and hymns and holding Nathan and Jemima's hands until they heard him say "My time has come"—a triumphal end to an abundant life. A legend in his day and in ours, his indomitable spirit that sought new frontiers, that confronted hardship with courage, is the legacy left by the America's original pathfinder and longest hunting long hunter, Daniel Boone.



Ted Franklin Belue is a prolific frontier writer and 2021 WWA Spur Award winner, whose latest book, *Finding Daniel Boone: His Last Days in Missouri & the Strange Fate of His Remains*, was published in September 2020.



Did Daniel Boone hunt as far West as Yellowstone? Did he use Meriwether Lewis and William Clark's maps or routes up the Missouri? Historians are still searching for Boone's lost memoirs to definitively prove whether the great Kentucky hunter did or did not reach the future national park between 1812 and 1816.

True West Archives

BY JAMES B. MILLS

Slaughter in Seven Rivers

BILLY WILSON AND TOM PICKETT ESCAPED THE
NOOSE FOR THE SENSELESS MURDERS OF
FOUR HISPANOS IN LINCOLN COUNTY.

“**W**here would we get help if it weren't for the Mexicans!” These were the words Billy “The Kid” Bonney said to Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett, Charlie Bowdre, Tom Folliard and Dave Rudabaugh when they were being pursued by Lincoln County Sheriff-elect Pat Garrett’s posse in the winter of 1880. After Tom Folliard and Charlie Bowdre were shot and killed, the Kid and his remaining associates were taken into custody by Garrett and his posse at Stinking Spring on December 23, 1880. Pickett faced charges for rustling in Las Vegas while Bonney, Wilson and Rudabaugh were escorted to Santa Fe.

Tom Pickett was released on bonds and skinned out. Billy Wilson was convicted of counterfeiting and sentenced to seven years’ imprisonment. Dave Rudabaugh was convicted for the murder of jailer Antonio Lino Valdez and sentenced to death. William Bonney was sentenced to hang before famously escaping jail in Lincoln and being shot down by Pat Garrett in Fort Sumner on July 14, 1881. Dave Rudabaugh and Billy Wilson also escaped jail less than a year after their convictions, albeit in a less spectacular fashion. Although Rudabaugh fled the Territory, never to be seen again, Tom Pickett and Billy Wilson showed up again in Lincoln County with grievous consequences.

While their old rustling companion William Bonney remained a heroic figure among much of the Hispano populace in eastern New Mexico Territory, Billy Wilson and Tom Pickett demonstrated an egregious lack of affinity for *la gente* (the people) when briefly becoming a



Billy the Kid respected his hard-working Mexican neighbors in the Pecos River Valley, and in turn, they gave him their respect and friendship.

Above Photo Courtesy Bob Boze Bell/Opposite Page Map Courtesy NYPL Digital Collections and News Clipping Courtesy Author

headline story themselves after participating in a shameful quadruple murder on Tuesday, January 8, 1884. “MEXICANS MASSACERED,” the *Las Vegas Gazette* announced two days later. It was an appropriate headline, with the newspaper accurately describing the incident as “one of the most revolting chapters in the history of New Mexico bloodshed.”

When a contingent of Hispano laborers building adobe and digging an acequia in the lower Pecos Valley had run out of supplies on January 8, 1884, nine of them set out for Seven Rivers to purchase what they needed to finish

their work. The party included Los Ojitos resident Rigino Gutiérrez, Los Esteritas residents Melquiades Flores and Sisto Gutiérrez, Los Colonias residents Saval and Encarnacion Gutiérrez, along with Tiodoro Ulibarri out of La Cuesa, Juan Lermo from Corpus Christi, Texas, and Puerto de Luna resident Juan Roival, who had assisted Pat Garrett’s posse in the winter of 1880. None of them were armed while peacefully heading toward a small *placita* (village) in Seven Rivers.

Billy Wilson and Tom Pickett, “former members of Billy the Kid’s notorious gang,” as the *Las Vegas Gazette* described them, were riding with two rustlers called Pony Williams and Yank Beale. They had spent several days hanging around Bill Griffith’s saloon and draining a large supply of whiskey bottles. Wilson, Pickett and Beale were enjoying some more libations when Pony Williams spotted the nine Hispano laborers approaching outside and stuck his head through the saloon door.

“There’s a gang of greasers coming up the road,” Williams told his companions. “Let’s have some fun with them.”

Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett and the rest of their intoxicated gang quickly ran outside and began readying their Winchester rifles and Colt revolvers. The drunken quartet then charged toward the nine Hispano laborers and opened fire on them. In a hail of unprovoked bullets, Juan Roival shouted at his coworkers to run for it. The unarmed Hispano laborers quickly scattered as Wilson, Pickett and their companions continued firing dozens of shots at them, but only Juan Roival, Rigino Gutiérrez, Saval Gutiérrez,



MEXICANS MASSACRED

Unprovoked Slaughter of Four
Native Laborers at
Seven Rivers.

Tom Pickett and Billy Wilson
Implicated in the Das-
tardly Murder.

SEVEN RIVERS



Mexican farmers first settled the Rio Bonito Valley in the 1850s, naming their village La Placita del Rio Bonito. The farm community was renamed Lincoln when it was made the county seat in 1869.

All Images Courtesy True West Archives Unless Otherwise Noted

Encarnacion Gutiérrez and another *hombre* managed to escape with their lives. Sisto Gutiérrez, Tiodoro Ulibarri, Juan Lermo and family man Melquiades Flores lay soaked in their own blood either dead or dying. Two of them had been gunned down instantly while the other two were shot in the back while running for cover.

The five surviving Hispanos took shelter behind some adobe walls before fleeing into the mountains and heading north. The whiskey-soaked murderers merrily returned to the Griffith saloon and demanded more drinks. “The howling blood-thirsty rustlers seemed to glory in the slaughter of the four natives, and took their time leaving Seven Rivers,” the *Las Vegas Gazette* reported. Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett, Pony Williams and Yank Beale then rode south for the Mexican border after “carrying out one of the most blood-curdling crimes ever recorded in frontier history,” as the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* described it. Melquiades Flores, Sisto Gutiérrez, Tiodoro Ulibarri and Juan Lermo were buried in a single grave by some of their *amigos* in La Cuesta (modern-day Villanueva).

Governor Lionel A. Sheldon responded to the slaughter by issuing a public proclamation that was printed in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* on January 15, 1884:

Now, therefore, I do hereby offer a reward of \$300 for the capture and conviction of the murderer or murderers of each said murdered parties, to be paid out of the Territorial funds, on proof of capture and conviction of such murderer or murderers.

Done in Executive Chambers, at Santa Fe, January 11, 1884.

[Seal]

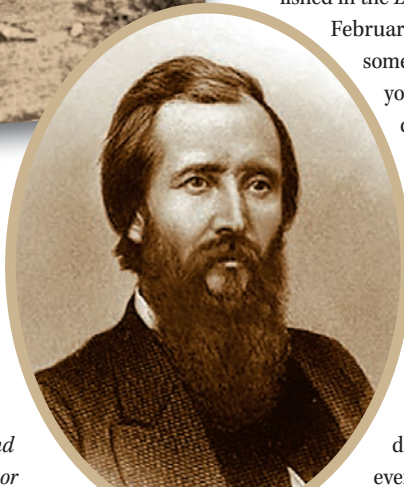
LINEL A. SHELDON,

Governor of New Mexico

By the Governor.

W.G. Ritch, Secretary.

News of the murders was reported by newspapers as far east as Pennsylvania and Connecticut. The *Santa Fe New Mexican* announced on January 12, 1884, that “the total reward for the capture of the gang is \$2,000—which is \$500 in the case of each man who fell victims to their cold-blooded ‘fun.’” As far as the *Las Vegas Gazette* was concerned, Pat Garrett was the man for the job. “It only remains for [Garrett] to go out on the war path again and do up Pickett and Wilson,” the newspaper declared on January 10. It was widely reported that a posse of Lincoln County citizens had pursued Billy



GOVERNOR SHELDON

Wilson, Tom Pickett, Yank Beale and Pony Williams until they eluded capture by crossing the Rio Grande. “No arrests have been made yet,” reported the *Deseret News* in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 19, 1884. “The motive of the killing was pure cowboy deviltry.”

Lincoln County Sheriff John W. Poe was engaging in damage control when writing to Gov. Lionel Sheldon. His letter was soon published in the *Lincoln County Leader* on

February 23, 1884: “I suppose

some of the papers have given you the impression that our county is in a terrible condition: overrun with thieves and rustlers again, etc.,” Sheriff Poe wrote. “I assure you that is not the case. Lincoln county is more orderly and peaceably now than it has ever been.” Poe then tried to deny that the murders had even occurred. “Billy Wilson and Tom Pickett have not been

in this county for nearly three years. There has not been four men killed in this county in the last eighteen months. I am at a loss to know the motives of parties circulating reports of crime in Lincoln unless they envy the county’s prosperity and peace.”



Most of the native New Mexicans had a good impression of Billy Bonney and said “his face went to everybody’s heart!”

SHERIFF JOHN W. POE



While Lincoln County was enjoying more peaceable days than years prior in 1884, the grisly murders were being swept under the rug.

Billy Wilson, Tom Pickett, Yank Beale and Pony Williams were never captured. Tom Pickett eventually got married and fathered children in Arizona. He worked as a stage-driver and became a deputy U.S. Marshal before exhaling his last final breath in Winslow, Arizona, on May 14, 1934.

Billy Wilson moved to Texas, became known as David L. Anderson, and eventually become the sheriff of Terrell County. Wilson alias Anderson also became friends with Pat Garrett. In 1896 the famed lawman helped broker a pardon for Wilson for counterfeiting when he wrote to New Mexico Territory Governor William T. Thornton:

I have since 1891 known Billy Wilson in Texas as D.L. Anderson, where he has enjoyed the reputation of being a good, honest, and straight forward citizen...I know of nothing he has done which would be discreditable to him since his escape. He is a man of family, all of which command the respect of all the people with whom they come in contact.

Enjoying the benefits of Pat Garrett's favor, Billy Wilson never answered for the murders

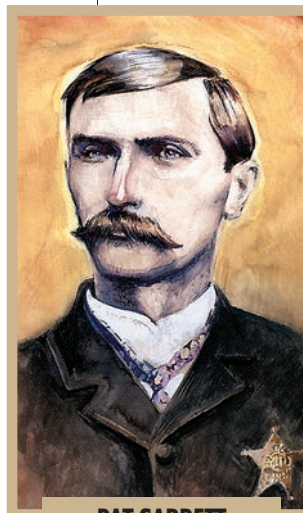
committed in Seven Rivers, and received his pardon for counterfeiting from Governor Thornton. Billy Wilson alias David L. Anderson lived out the rest of his days until death came calling on June 4, 1918, and he was buried in Brackettville, Texas.

"Where would we get help if it weren't for the Mexicans!" William Bonney's words to Billy Wilson and Tom Pickett had counted for naught on January 8, 1884, in Seven Rivers. So too had the lives of Melquiades Flores, Sisto Gutiérrez, Tiodoro Ulibarri and Juan Lermo when the Territory's most famous lawman Pat Garrett helped secure his new pal Billy Wilson a pardon in 1896.

No habría justicia.



James B. Mills is a historian and published writer. He affectionately dedicates this article to his mother, Diane Mills. He resides in Australia and has spent much of his life researching the American West. His biography, *Billy the Kid: El Bandido Simpático*, will be published by the University of North Texas Press in 2022.



PAT GARRETT

After Billy the Kid escaped from the county courthouse in Lincoln in 1881, a new jail was built behind the courthouse. It was torn down about 1930.



CLASSIC TRUE WEST

FROM THE TRUE WEST ARCHIVES

Editor's Note: Emmy award-winning journalist, Arizona Women's Hall of Fame inductee and *True West's* "Old West Savivors" columnist Jana Bommersbach is well-known for her writing and research on Western women. She is currently working with Bob Boze Bell on a new book about women of the West. If you'd like to read more of Bommersbach's articles like "True West Comes Clean" from the November/December 2003 issue, please go to TrueWestMagazine.com and subscribe for full access to more than 67 years' worth of exciting issues of *True West*.

BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

TRUE WEST COMES CLEAN

A look at our mistakes throughout the years.

We were snookered.

Duped. Fooled. Em-barrassed. Sideswiped by a "discovery" that turns out to be fake.

In the 50 years of this magazine, the editors made a fair amount of mistakes. We've parroted popular notions that turned out to be wrong; we've taken as gospel things that later were proved to be false. (We've also exposed a fair amount of fraud, but that's another story and we're not here to crow, but to eat crow.)

That brings us to our issue two years ago, December 2001, when we published a *Collector's Edition* on Doc Holliday. Included in that issue was a story we touted like this:

"Doc's Last Days: A hundred years forgotten, a recently discovered article featuring the memoir of a stead-fast friend, Origen Charles Smith, lays speculation to rest about Doc's final days."

We were told the newspaper story we presented in its entirety had been published on February 14, 1899, in the *Oklahoma Headlight*. We were told no original copies of this newspaper still existed, so all we had was a mangy copy that had been found in a trunk.

The February 14, 1899, *Oklahoma Headlight*, published Charlie Smith's account of Doc Holliday's last moments. We now know the story was a fabrication.

All images True West Archives unless otherwise noted



Doc Holliday was photographed in Prescott, Arizona, in 1879, just eight years before he died at a Glenwood Springs hotel.

Courtesy Craig Fouts

When we printed that story, we thought it was a true representation of Charlie Smith's memory of being at the bedside of Doc Holliday when he died on November 8, 1887, in a hotel in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. So did the co-author of the article, Holliday's descendant, Karen Holliday Tanner. So did the guest editor of the issue, Doc Holliday expert Gary L. Roberts.

After our article appeared, "Charlie Smith letters" were published in the *Tombstone Tumbleweed*, purportedly written by Smith to his parents in the early 1880s. To say the

letters immediately raised eyebrows and suspicions among students of Tombstone history is as close to understatement as we can get.

Since then, guest editor Gary Roberts has done exhaustive research into the authenticity of the Charlie Smith letters. He presented his findings to the editors of *True West*, and this is how we read the evidence.

It doesn't take you long to realize that the Charlie Smith letters are not only fakes, but terrible fakes; sloppy fakes; fakes so obvious, they're stunning. And if the Smith letters are fakes, doesn't it follow that the newspaper clipping based on his "memoirs" is fake too? You bet it does.

The Charlie Smith letters are filled with historical inaccuracies, all of which mirror mistakes made by writers like Stuart N. Lake and Glenn G. Boyer. Consider a few examples:

- Giving Marshal Fred White a wife when he was a bachelor.
- Placing the wrong people at the scene when Curly Bill Brocius killed Marshal White.
- Organizing the Tombstone Vigilance Committee months before it came into existence.
- Electing Johnny Behan sheriff when he was appointed.
- Putting swinging doors on the Oriental Saloon.
- Claiming that Smith went to Tucson to attend Luke Short's trial for killing Charles Storms when there never was a trial.

On top of that, several passages in these letters sound, oh, too-close-for-comfort to contemporary stories written by others. Consider this example:

- In December 1880, Smith supposedly wrote: “The square cut timbers are loaded into wagons pulled by six horse teams, then hauled past Soldier’s Hole, the Sulphur Springs Valley and over South Pass of the towering Dragoons to the distant mines.”
- Compare that to a 1972 article by J. Beller in *Old West*: “The squared timbers were loaded in wagons pulled by six horses, then hauled past the Soldier Holes, Sulphur Valley, and over the south pass of the towering Dragoons to the distant mines.”

But most glaring, the “Smith letters” contradict known facts of Charlie Smith’s life:

- The letters were purportedly written to Smith’s mother and father between 1880 and 1882. But Smith’s mother had died in 1845 when he was not quite two years old; his father died when he was about six.
- In a Christmas Day letter in 1882, Smith supposedly wrote: “Received telegram from Father stating that Connecticut River Valley suffered dangerous and blinding snowfalls and that grandfather Smith arrived safely home.” Two problems here: His father died in 1850 and his grandfather Smith died 39 years before Charlie Smith was even born!
- Newspaper accounts of late 1887 clearly place Charlie Smith in Arizona when he supposedly was at Doc’s bedside in Colorado.

And finally, there’s the “polish” of the Charlie Smith letters. They read as if written by a reasonably well educated man who was skilled as a writer. Like this: “It has been almost a year since I set off to see Doc Holliday again.”

But we do have an authenticated copy of a letter Smith wrote, in the collection of researcher Kevin Mulkins, and it reads: “I am vell hopping you ar the same and Ol of you. . . hier is not mutch news evry ting abut the same as ever. . . .”

Yes, the Charlie Smith letters are fakes, and so are his claims of being at the side of John Henry Holliday as death’s door opened. We don’t like making mistakes.

This one was a doozie.

OTHER GOOFS, GAFFS & CONS

We’ve had our share.

1953

Even though the cover says “All stories true!” almost every article inside is fiction. “Don’t make me kill you, Jim,” Billy the Kid says to James Bell in “Hellacious Young Hellion.” “We’ve been friends an’ I’d sure hate to have to rub you out.” Decent writing, bad history. It took several years before the authentic West caught up to the Pulp West.

1958

True West lets Walt Disney review the opening of Frontierland at Disneyland. Walt proclaims “you’ll find many things to hold your interest.”

1961

One of the most endearing aspects of the early *True West* issues are the many old-timers who were still around, telling their stories. Unfortunately, many of the stories have turned out to be tall tales. Case in point: “Outlaw Exterminators, Inc.,” (Vol. 26, p. 5) is supposedly based on interviews with one Ray Calhoun. The author claimed that Calhoun’s story was published in the *Denver Rocky Mountain News* and *San Francisco Chronicle* on October 12, 1887. Nothing about Calhoun or the events portrayed appears in either paper.

Another most likely phony story is “Flowers for Charley McDaniels,” (first published in Vol. 3, p. 13 and again in Vol. 31, p. 21). The author claims his father, Lewis W. Stone, was a U.S. deputy marshal in El Paso and killed outlaw Charley McDaniels in a fast draw, “walkdown” gunfight. No records or newspaper accounts have been found to corroborate the author’s account.

1993

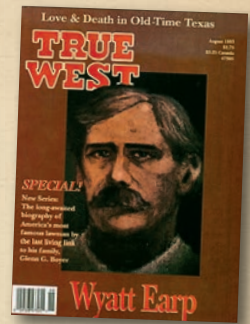
True West begins running a 12-part Wyatt Earp series by Glenn Boyer, which ultimately stretches to 14 chapters (see cover above). The entire opus is riddled with inaccuracies and questionable sources, to say the least. The end result is a serious black eye on the credibility of the magazine at that time.

2001

True West publishes the so-called letters of Charlie Smith who claimed to have visited Doc Holliday on his deathbed.

More falsehoods undoubtedly exist, but these are the most egregious. Our goal has always been to find out the truth, even when it means admitting our own goofs, gaffs and cons.

—Compiled by Gus Walker and John Boessenecker



Boyer's series hurt the magazine's credibility.

TRUE WEST ARCHIVES

For the first time ever, every issue of *True West* magazine is now online, including Jana Bommersbach's original, unabridged article as it appeared in the November/December 2003 issue. To learn more about how you can read all of Bommersbach's articles and subscribe to *True West* Archives, go to TrueWestMagazine.com.
Our past awaits you!

BY JOHNNY D. BOGGS

The Earps' Flight After the Fight

The lawmen's route from Arizona to New Mexico and Colorado is a grand adventure.

The Gunfight That Wasn't at the O.K. Corral was over, Billy Clanton and the McLaury brothers were planted in Tombstone, Arizona's cemetery, and there would be no murder trial facing lawmen Virgil, Morgan and Wyatt Earp or consumptive dentist-gambler John "Doc" Holliday for the most famous half-minute gunfight in Western history.

But payback was hell.

On December 28, 1881—just two months after the gunfight—Virgil Earp was badly wounded on the streets of Tombstone. On March 18, 1882, Morgan Earp was shot to death while playing pool with Wyatt at an Allen Street saloon/billiard parlor.

Wyatt decided it was time to get the hell out of Dodge, er, Tombstone.

The "Flight" of the Earps began, but it was not your run-of-the-mill skedaddle. For a few days, in fact, it became a vendetta.

Arizona

First, Wyatt, Doc and pals knew they needed to get Morgan's coffin and Virgil and family out of Arizona. That led them to Contention City (now little more than dust and memories), where the funeral cortege boarded a train to Benson (Benson Historical Museum) and from there to Tucson (Southern Arizona Transportation Museum). At the depot, the Earp party met up with Earp/Holliday-hating "Cowboys" Frank Stilwell and Ike Clanton. The latter had the good sense to run. Stilwell fell dead from a lot of lead.

Wyatt's "posse" returned briefly to Tombstone, then journeyed on to Pete Spence's wood-cutting place in the Dragoon Mountains' South Pass. Spence had the good sense not to be there, but Florentino "Indian Charlie" Cruz was around, and got shot dead. From there, at least according



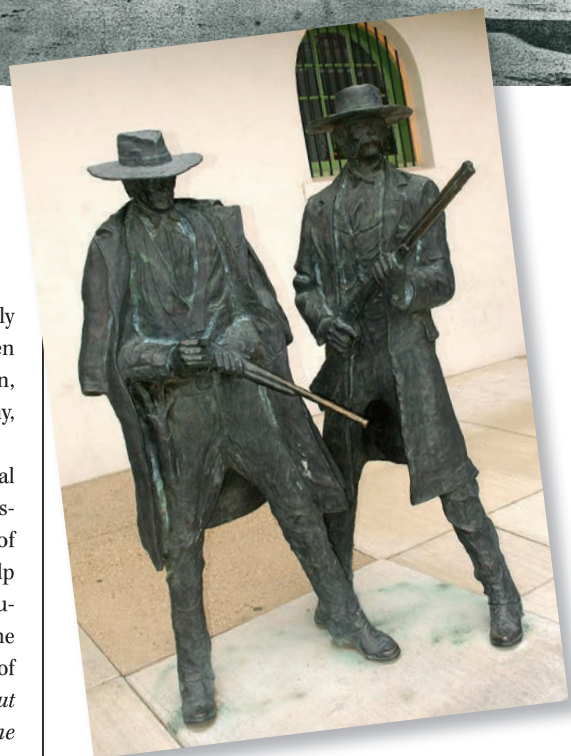
Fifth and Allen was the center of Tombstone during the war between the Cowboys, the Earps and Doc Holliday in 1881-82.

True West Archives

to legend, Wyatt kept traveling and shot Curly Bill Brocius dead at Iron Springs between Charleston and Benson. But John Behan, Cochise County Sheriff and Wyatt-Doc enemy, and a Cowboy posse were in pursuit.

"When Wyatt and Doc began their actual post-fight flights less to avoid arrest and prosecution than to evade posses comprised of Cowboy sympathizers who likely would help Earp and Holliday pass away through unfortunate accidents on their way back to Tombstone and eventual trial," says Jeff Guinn, author of *The Last Gunfight: The Real Story of the Shootout at the O.K. Corral—And How It Changed the American West*. "Wyatt and Doc were quite literally running for their lives."

Wyatt and pals found respite on March 27 at Henry Hooker's ranch at Sierra Bonita (now a National Historic Landmark less than 30 miles north of Willcox, but still a working



Dan Bates's bronzes of Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp were dedicated in 2005 near Tucson's Amtrak station near the tracks where Frank Stilwell was shot to death, which began Earp's quest for revenge.

All Images by Johnny D. Boggs Unless Otherwise Noted



A tour of the historic downtown of Silver City, New Mexico, should include a visit to the city's museum in the Henry B. Ailman home, which was built in 1881.

Courtesy Silver City, NM CVB



Doc Holliday and Wyatt Earp might have taken notice of the Baca House in Trinidad, Colorado. The house was built in 1870 out of adobe on a stacked stone foundation. Today, the home is part of the Trinidad History Museum.

ranch and private residence). Behan wasn't about to attack the Earp gang and Hooker's bunch, so he led his posse away.

New Mexico

Most of the Vendetta bunch "scattered to parts unknown," Guinn says. Wyatt and Doc reportedly landed across the New Mexico border in Silver City (Silver City Museum), selling their horses and traveling to Deming (Deming Luna Mimbres Museum). Both towns were booming.

The Las Vegas Daily Gazette called Silver City "strictly an American city...handsomely situated." Deming "has twenty-eight business houses, covering all the various branches of business incident to and which make a live town," Santa Fe's *Weekly New Mexican* reported.

Eventually the Vendetta boys then started moving north to Albuquerque (Albuquerque Museum) and Las Vegas (Las Vegas Museum). But not together. Wyatt and Doc split up.

Says Guinn: "It's likely Doc had said something insulting, almost certainly anti-Semitic, about Josephine Marcus, Wyatt's lover."

Doc "bought property near the [Las Vegas] railroad tracks and opened a saloon, and ordered new dental equipment for his new office on the plaza in Old Town," Victoria Wilcox writes in *The World of Doc Holliday*. He drank and bet more than he pulled teeth.

He kept wandering. So did Wyatt.

Colorado

Wyatt and brother Warren took the train to Trinidad, Colorado (A.R. Mitchell Museum of Western Art), "where Wyatt's good friend Bat Masterson was marshal," says Bill Markley, author of *Wyatt Earp and Bat Masterson: Lawmen of the Legendary West*. "Later in life, when a detractor was badmouthing Earp in a Denver saloon, Bat defended his friend stating, 'In all America there is not a fairer, squarer, straighter man than Wyatt Earp,' then added punctuation using his fists."

Masterson's sympathy did not extend to Doc. "In mid-May, Doc was arrested in Denver, and Pima County [Arizona] Sheriff Bob Paul arrived with extradition papers," Guinn says. "But Bat Masterson, more for trying to help Doc out of friendship for Wyatt than for any real desire to assist the drunken dentist, who he hated, convinced the Colorado governor that Doc would never reach Tombstone alive. Doc was freed, and that pretty much ended any attempts by Arizona authorities to bring him and Wyatt back to face trial. Besides, in late May, Tombstone practically burned to the ground, and all official efforts there turned to rebuilding, not pursuing Wyatt and Doc."

The Earps traveled to Gunnison (Gunnison Pioneer Museum), where they "hired Arizona lawyers to handle their cases," Markley says, "and Wyatt ran a faro game in one of the saloons."

After that, Wyatt "meandered around Colorado," Guinn says, telling "anyone who'd

listen that once he was pardoned, he'd go back to Tombstone and get everything settled."

Meanwhile, Doc gambled in Pueblo (El Pueblo History Museum), Denver (History Colorado Center) and Leadville (Healy House Museum & Dexter Cabin).

"For a while, he eked out a marginal living as a gambler, sticking to Colorado towns," Guinn says. "He drank heavily and spent considerable time in jail."



The 10,151-foot elevation of Leadville, Colorado, would have taxed Doc Holliday's health while he was trying to make a living as a gambler with a price on his head.

Courtesy NYPL Digital Collections

Doc ended up in Glenwood Springs (Glenwood Springs Historical Society and Frontier Museum). He "tipped bellboys a dollar a day to bring him whiskey," Guinn says, before the dentist-gambler died in a hotel room in 1887. He was 36.

Wyatt eventually hit Alaska, Idaho, Nevada and California, dying in 1929 at age 80.



The healing waters of mountain springs, such as the Glenwood Hot Pool, attract health-seekers throughout the year, just as they did when Doc Holliday arrived in 1887.

Gates Frontiers Fund Colorado Collection within the Carol M. Highsmith Archive, Library of Congress

"There's one happy twist to the story," Guinn says. "Wyatt and Doc didn't remain permanently estranged. In May 1885 it's said—and I believe—that Wyatt and Josephine met with Doc at a Denver hotel. Josephine would recount that the two friends spent three hours reminiscing, and as he told Doc goodbye,

Wyatt had tears in his eyes, since he was certain that Doc didn't have long to live and they'd never meet again."



Johnny D. Boggs has sworn that he will never write a novel about Wyatt Earp, Doc Holliday and the O.K. Corral.



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A WIDE SPOT IN THE ROAD



The National Mining Hall of Fame and Museum “is not a history museum,” executive director Stephen Whittington says, “because mining is still going on. We also focus on mining today and mining in the future.”

NATIONAL MINING HALL OF FAME AND MUSEUM

What brought the Earps and Doc Holliday to mining camps were mines—or, rather, the money miners could lose in games of chance. But in Leadville, Colorado, the National Mining Hall of Fame and Museum—the only one in the United States (granted a federal charter in 1988)—celebrates hard-working miners, owners, inventors and industry supporters.

The 25,000-square-foot facility (housed in an 1899 Victorian schoolhouse) includes exhibits of some 1,000 minerals—including a 24-ounce chunk of crystalline gold uncovered at Leadville’s Little Jonny Mine in 1892—and replicas of mines.

There are stories of the more than 250 Hall of Fame inductees, including Herbert Hoover, who, before sitting in the White House, was a mining engineer/consultant whose translation (with wife Lou Henry Hoover, a 1990 inductee) of Agricola’s *De Re Metallica* won the Hoovers the first Gold Medal of the Mining and Metallurgical Society in 1914.

MiningHallOfFame.org

GOOD EATS AND SLEEPS

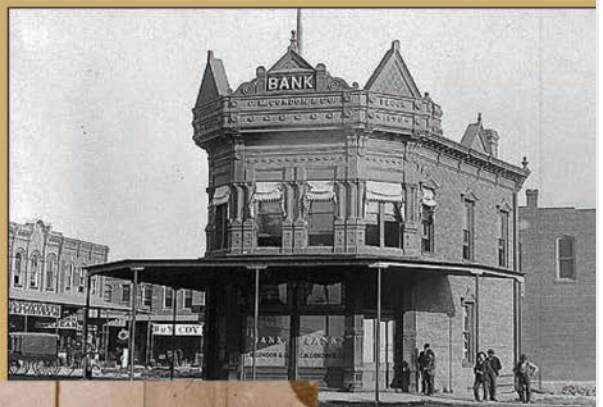
GOOD GRUB: **Pinnacle Peak**, Tucson, AZ; **Charlie’s Spic & Span Bakery and Café**, Las Vegas, NM; **D.C.’s on B Street**, Pueblo, CO; **Chop House & Brewery**, Denver, CO

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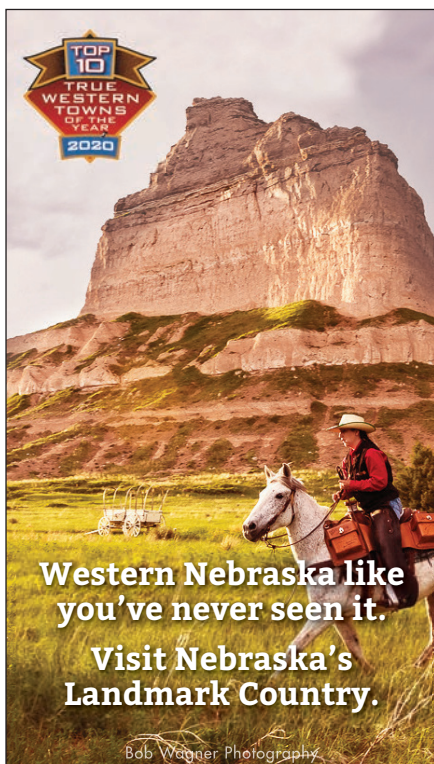
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A Utah beekeeper, circa 1880, demonstrates a Cornwall smoker on his hives. Brigham Young is noted as the first beekeeper in the state, and the importation of bees for both honey and crop pollination was of major importance to Young and Utah's pioneers.

Courtesy Utah State University Collections



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Honey is nature's sugar, and enterprising pioneers in Utah knew that, so they started beekeeping, which became popular in the 1870s. Mr. A.F. MacDonald shared his thoughts on the subject. In 1870, he told *The Deseret News* he believed investing in honey bees for home consumption was good for many reasons. He noted that sugar dependency could go down, and if enough bees were imported, honey could be exported. He noted, "I got thirty pounds of honey from two swarms of bees... and this is only a small part of what can be done." In 1872 the Deseret Bee Keepers' Association was formed, and various other bee associations formed over the years.

By 1880 the delicious nectar was being harvested across the Utah Territory from bees imported from the East as well as from European countries like Italy. In 1882 beekeepers met in Salt Lake City at the Territorial Beekeeper's convention, and men from all around the territory presented their honey production results. Some hives produced as little as 90 pounds to as much as 3,000 pounds. Other topics included how cold weather and brood disease decimated some hives.

Nephi Miller was one of the many beekeepers in Utah, but his company is the only one still in operation. He started Miller's Honey Company in 1894 when he traded five bags of oats for seven bee colonies that began his legacy. He also served as the president of the Cache Valley Beekeepers' Association for several years. Nephi's sons continued the business, and it's still being run by his descendants. The Millers, along with the Gamberes, invented the honey bear container in the 1950s that's seen everywhere today. Ilene Miller, a fourth-generation owner, told me, "Growing up and to this day, we never used sugar. Honey was used for everything that needed a sweetener."

In 1897 honey had become a Utah commodity, and the state senate debated on whether to approve funds for a state bee inspector. Some senators were in favor of it to stop the spread of brood disease, while others argued it was an unnecessary regulation. Some claimed, if approved, beekeepers didn't have to use the inspector but could if they asked for an inspection. Senator Evans argued that a bee inspector was as important as a liquor inspector to ensure poisons did



A Cache Valley, Utah, beekeeper tends his bees in 1940. Nephi E. Miller, founder of Miller's Honey Company, was raised in Cache Valley and is credited as the father of migratory beekeeping.

Courtesy FSA, Library of Congress

not go into the product. *The Daily Tribune* in Salt Lake City reported, "Senator Caine inquired if people were not as likely to be injured by eating honey from diseased hives as by drinking poor whiskey." No one replied to his question and the decision was postponed until the House acted.

By the late 19th century, merchants knew that beekeeping was a good business. Firms like Whitney & Pierce in Springville offered beekeeping supplies. They advertised, "We are now making a specialty of manufacturing bee hives and do it in first-class shape." G.W. Mickel in Provo did the same and noted, "Quality first-class and priced the lowest."

The Salt Lake Herald ran a story about the various uses of honey per the *American Bee Journal*. They noted that honey was used for making candy, pastries, cakes, jellies and jam, canning fruit, curing hams and other meat. They also noted that it was used to make drinks like Meade, cocktails, as well as vinegars and for medicinal uses. Utah restaurants served the golden nectar with cakes and muffins and bills of fare served honey with griddle cakes, biscuits and waffles.



PEACH AND HONEY COCKTAIL

1 tablespoonful honey
1 wineglass of peach brandy

Combine in a small bar glass and stir with a spoon. Serve in the wineglass.

Recipe from *The Bar-tender's Guide*
by Jerry Thomas, 1862.

Sherry Monahan kicked off her journey into Old West cuisine, spirits and places by authoring *Taste of Tombstone*. Visit SherryMonahan.com to learn more about her books, awards and TV appearances.

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The Thrill of the West

Discover the tourist West in *American Dude Ranch*, and read a frontier murder-mystery, a novel of Libbie Custer, a Santa Fe Trail adventure and a bio of acclaimed Western artist Jo Mora.

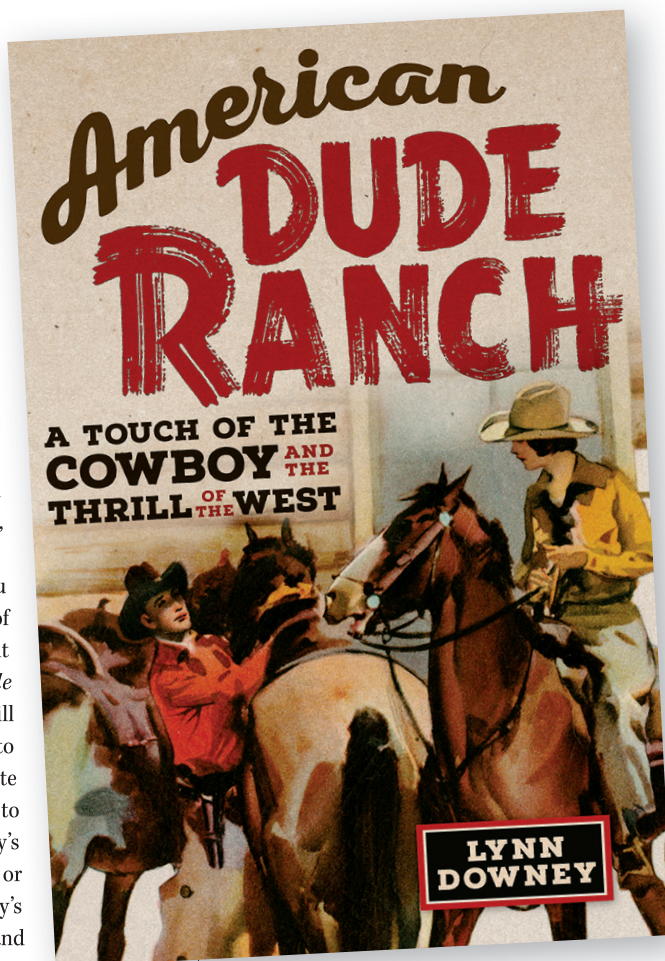
In American Western history, dude ranches have been greatly enjoyed by hundreds of thousands but have rarely been considered for their importance in the growth of the West, the economic stability they brought to rural Western ranches and their direct effect on popular culture. *American Dude Ranch: A Touch of the Cowboy and the Thrill of the West* (University of Oklahoma, \$24.95) by California historian Lynn Downey reverses that and brings us an up-to-date history of the Western guest ranch, from its origins 140 years ago at the Eaton Brothers Custer Trail ranch in Medora, Dakota Territory, to its influence on Western tourism, fashion, film, television and culture. Downey writes, "For 140 years dude ranches have given visitors from all over the world a touch of the cowboy and the thrill of the West. This book tells their story."

An important point about Downey's research—and conclusions—on dude ranches is that her work is neither encyclopedic nor unabridged. She does not tackle the long-standing history between ranchers and federal land management or conservation and wildlife history in regard to ranching. She also makes it clear how she chose the ranches she chronicles in the book. "Except for writing about the histories of the founding dude ranches of the late 19th and 20th centuries," Downey says, "I do not discuss the many ranches still in business today. Every dude ranch has a fascinating story, and writing about all of them could fill a whole book (and would be an interesting read)." Nonetheless, Downey does throw her net wide to discuss lesser-known topics about dude ranches, such

as the important role of women (and women's liberation) in dude ranches, and the history of segregation, anti-Semitism and LGBTQ discrimination in Western tourism. She also adds some levity with a humorous anecdote about burlesque star Sally Rand and her infamous Nude Ranch, a traveling carnival-fair attraction that debuted at Cheyenne, Wyoming's, 1935 Frontier Days.

Without a doubt if you love the popular history of the Wild West you will want to read *American Dude Ranch*, which I expect will inspire readers of all ages to begin saving for that ultimate dude ranch adventure and to decide, based on Downey's research, if they are dude or dudine material. Downey's history of guest ranches and their significance in American Western history will lead to greater interest in the historical aspect of dude ranches in the West and curiosity about modern opportunities to vacation the way the Eaton Brothers envisioned 140 years ago.

And what will be next for self-proclaimed dudine Lynn Downey? I wouldn't be surprised if it is a coffee-table book on guest ranches or



even a history of Wickenburg. Whatever it may be, I am looking forward to reading about her next adventure in search of the West and its gloriously diverse history.

—Stuart Rosebrook



Photo by Robert Ray

The 2022 Tucson Festival of Books was a rousing success with well over 100,000 in attendance for the weekend of March 12-13. Book lovers of all generations flooded onto the University of Arizona campus after a two-year hiatus because of COVID.

The Western Writers of America and *True West* booth greeted hundreds of visitors with Johnny D. Boggs and me at the helm with help from WWA President Chris Enss and WWA members Micki Fuhrman, Melody Groves and Ashley Sweeney.

On Saturday, I moderated "Southwest Tales Read Worldwide" with authors James McGrath Morris and Bob Rosebrough. Our discussion of Morris's latest biography, *Tony Hillerman: A Life* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2021), and Rosebrough's latest book, *A Place of Thin Veil: Life and Death in Gallup, New Mexico* (Rio Nuevo, 2022), was very poignant, and I highly recommend both books.

On Sunday, I moderated "Dude Ranching in the West" with author Lynn Downey and author and dude ranch proprietor Russell True (four properties in Arizona and one in Montana). At the center of our discussion was Lynn's latest book, *American Dude Ranch: A Touch of the Cowboy and the Thrill of the West* (University of Oklahoma, 2022) [see review on p. 50], and True's family history of managing dude ranches, including the White Stallion in Tucson. I am sure all of us were ready to book a dude ranch vacation after the session!

A thanks to Lynn Weiss Sneyd for coordinating my panels and her countless volunteer hours every year on behalf of the Tucson Festival of Books. Guaranteed, *True West's* team will be back next year!

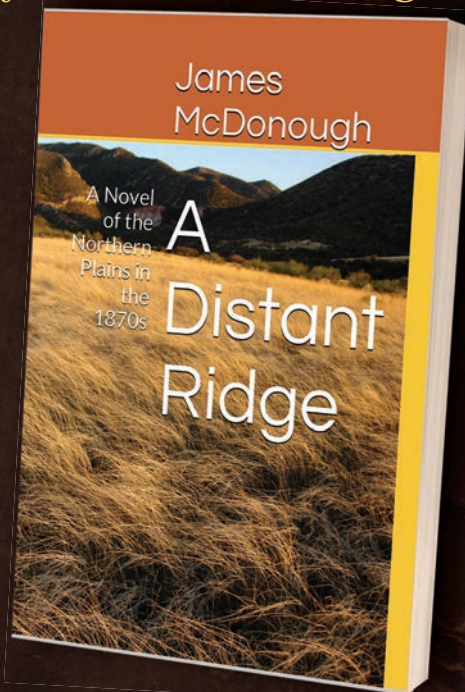
—Stuart Rosebrook

A Distant Ridge by James McDonough

A sprawling saga set in the Post-Civil War American West. The decade of the 1870s was a time of expansion and transition. The land west of the Missouri river belonged to the Native tribes, but was coveted by the Railroads on both sides of the Rockies, seeking to cash in on the steady stream of immigrants flowing into the country. Custer's discovery of gold in the Black Hills served as a catalyst in igniting the region and Grant's increasingly corrupt administration with its disregard for existing Treaties helps fan the flames. This story portrays a young man caught up in these events as he comes face to face with the cold hard reality of this unruly Frontier.

AUTHOR

James McDonough



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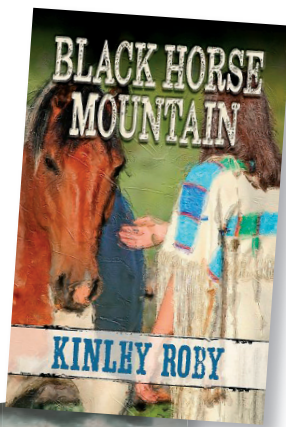
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Frontier Horror Show

The Benders of early Kansas have long been called shrouded in mystery. An immigrant family who ran a roadhouse in Labette County in the southeast corner of the state ran afoul of the law and local citizens when it was discovered they were murdering travelers under their care. With the makings of a great horror movie, *Hell's Half-Acre: The Untold Story of the Benders, a Serial Killer Family on the American Frontier* (Viking, \$28) is the true story of psychopathy and death on the American frontier. It is an exhaustive study of an underserved subject complete with manhunts and national coverage into the bloody killing spree. Author Susan Jonusas deftly sifts through the folklore that saturates the Bender family and their victims while navigating heaps of archival records on a story that will leave readers stunned with its viciousness and cruelty.

—Erik J. Wright, assistant editor of Tombstone Epitaph



Wild Western

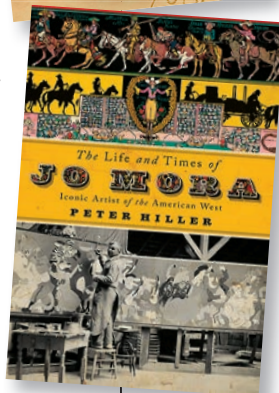
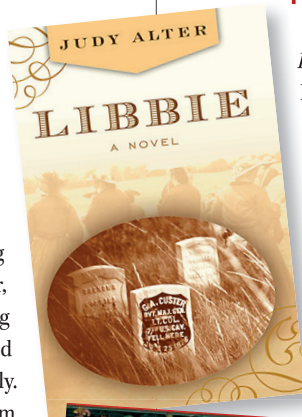
Set shortly after the Civil War on the trail to Santa Fe, Kinley Roby's *Black Horse Mountain* (FiveStar, \$25.95) presents an exciting tale in which everything that ever happened to a wagon train on the trail happens to this train. The protagonist is presented with three beautiful women, one an emotionally damaged frontier gal, another a New England Quaker en route to Santa Fe to free the "Indian slaves," the last is a wise Indian woman who has walked away from the remnants of her tribe. Emotional issues arising from service as a cavalry officer prevent him from committing to a woman until the Indian woman heals his soul. He plans like a general and handily defeats myriad enemies while trying to choose between the ladies.

—Doug Hocking, author of Terror on the Santa Fe Trail: Kit Carson and the Jicarilla Apache

Painting, Sculpting History

First published in 1946, *Trail Dust and Saddle Leather* by Jo Mora has become a go-to source for historians, novelists and Western craft masters interested in the equipment, dress and customs of cowboys. Peter Hiller paints the complete picture of Mora—his life, art and legacy—in *The Life and Times of Jo Mora: Iconic Artist of the American West* (Gibbs Smith, \$30). Hiller, a longtime Mora scholar, traces the life and accomplishments of Uruguay-born Mora, including his two and half years of living with Navajos and the Hopi people. Art lovers will salivate over the colorful images of versatile Mora's paintings, sculptures, murals, maps and architecture while learning about the "Renaissance Man of the West."

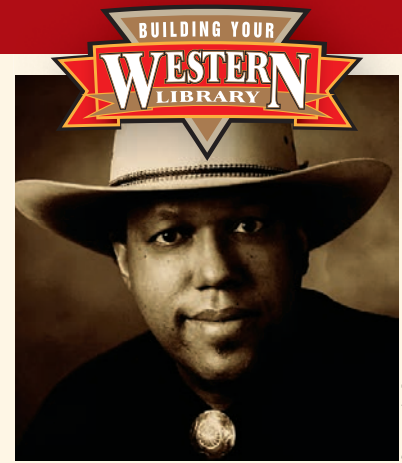
—Johnny D. Boggs, author of The Cobbler of Spanish Fort and Other Frontier Stories



Widow of the Plains

From their beginnings in Monroe, Michigan, through many travels and postings throughout the South and the new frontier, this is a fictional what-if story told from the point of view of Mrs. George Armstrong Custer. Elizabeth Bacon Custer, known as Libbie, falls for young George Armstrong Custer, called Autie by his friends and family. Forbidden by her father to see him, Libbie becomes even more enamored of Autie after his Civil War triumphs and his becoming, at age 23, the youngest general in the U.S. Army. She finds her husband quite passionate, but with a streak of cruelty, and there are suspicions of infidelity on both sides. *Libbie* (TwoDot, \$18.95) by Judy Alter is a fascinating re-creation of life during war, and on the frontier by the side of the enigmatic Custer.

—Brad Courtney, author of Prescott's Original Whiskey Row



Courtesy Art Burton

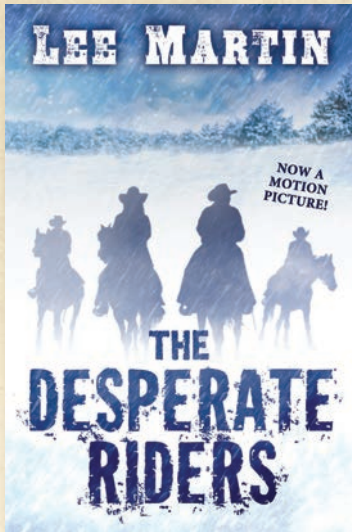
CHICAGO HISTORIAN SHARES HIS FAVORITE AFRICAN AMERICAN WESTERN HISTORY

Retired college history professor Art T. Burton is the author of four critically acclaimed books on African Americans and Indigenous Americans of the Western frontier. Burton is an international authority on African American history and has written numerous articles for *True West* and *Wild West* magazines. He is a noted expert on Bass Reeves and is regularly featured on television documentaries. He was made an honorary Oklahoma Marshal by Governor David Walters. He recommends these books:

- 1 **Exodusters: Black Migration to Kansas after Reconstruction** by Nell Irvin Painter (W.W. Norton): Painter covers the first major migration to the West of ex-slaves. This was the first scholarly study of this migration of African Americans to the Western frontier.
- 2 **Sweet Freedom's Plains: African Americans on the Overland Trails, 1841-1869** by Shirley Ann Wilson Moore (University of Oklahoma Press): Moore's book reveals that African Americans were pioneers also. Her research adds an important new dimension to the classic history of Western migration.
- 3 **Joe: The Slave Who Became an Alamo Legend** by Ron J. Jackson, Jr. and Lee Spencer White (University of Oklahoma Press): This book on Joe, one of the survivors of the Alamo, is quite illuminating. The authors uncovered the fact that Joe was a brother of the famous black abolitionist William Wells Brown and document his life as the slave of Alamo commander William Barrett Travis.
- 4 **Seminole Burning: A Story of Racial Vengeance** by Daniel F. Littlefield, Jr. (University Press of Mississippi): This is a fascinating story of federal law intersecting with mob vengeance in pre-state Oklahoma in 1898. This was a major joint collaboration by federal officials from the Indian Territory and Oklahoma Territory.
- 5 **Deadly Affrays: The Violent Deaths of the U.S. Marshals** by Robert Ernst and George R. Stumpf (Scarlet Mask): Ernst and Stumpf cover incidents from all over the United States in the long history of the U.S. Marshal Service. The most deaths of federal lawmen occurred in the Indian and Oklahoma territories in the 19th century.

LEE MARTIN

TWO NEW WESTERN FILMS, written by Lee Martin and based on Martin's novels, were produced and directed by Michael Feifer and have been released to select theaters, online streaming and movies on demand, as well as DVD.



THE DESPERATE RIDERS, Lee Martin's latest novel, is now a motion picture and stars Drew Waters, Vanessa Evigan, Sam Ashby, Cowboy Troy, Victoria Pratt, Rob Mayes, and with Trace Adkins and Tom Berenger.

Kansas Red, a mysterious gunfighter-preacher, leads a small party of rescuers, including a teen-age boy, a rancher, and a young Texas woman with a deadly aim, on a wild ride through high mountains to save kidnapped women from escaped convicts and their unstoppable leader, moving to a violent climax with secrets revealed.

"Hannah and I loved the movie! We watched it last night and really enjoyed it. The scenery in Tennessee reminded me so much of where Hannah and I grew up in South Carolina, with all the large oak and pine trees. Hannah said she can't wait to read the book. I thought the acting was very nice. The deputy and Tom Berenger as the dentist were my favorites. The whole thing was just really well done and we very much enjoyed it! Great job!"

— *Justin Readett*, US Army Combat Veteran, TX

HANG TOWN is also a screenplay, now under option. *"Joey, a boy of 12, drowns in the swollen South Platte River after being thrown out of house and home by his father, strong man and shootist, Harry Lassiter. On the other side of that river emerges a new man, Ben Cross, determined to make something of himself, to learn a trade, to fear no man."*

"Hang Town follows Ben's journey in discovering his true origins and in righting the wrongs of the past, of his parents' generation - stolen birthrights, false imprisonments, infidelities and a chain of retributive violence. Lee Martin gives the reader a plot and a cast of characters ready-made for a riveting teleplay. Action, romance, and revelation appear on every page."

— *Robert Dwyer*, Author *Hugh Glass*, *The Revenant*

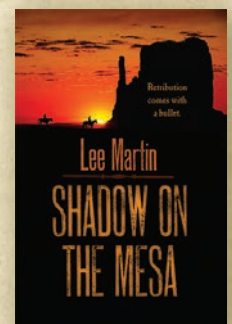
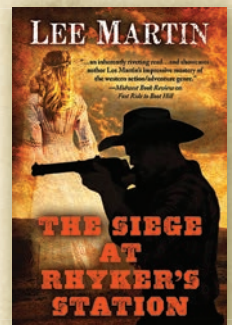
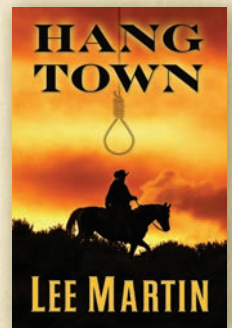
LAST SHOOT OUT, written by Lee Martin and based on Martin's novel *The Siege at Rhyker's Station*, was produced and directed by Michael Feifer. *Variety* and others gave fine reviews. Martin's screenplay has won the coveted **SPUR AWARD** for best western drama script as given by *Western Writers of America*.

Stars include Brock Harris, Skylar Witte, Peter Sherayko, Jay Pickett, David Deluise, Michael Welch, Brock Burnett, Caia Coley, Keikilani Grune, Cam Gigandet, and the legendary Bruce Dern.

"A powerful clan has a vast cattle empire and runs rough shod over New Mexico Territory, but when one's terrified, runaway bride is rescued and taken to a relay station by an old trader and a mysterious young saddle tramp with a fast draw, the clan surrounds it with a deadly siege."

SHADOW ON THE MESA: While a hired gun for the cattlemen, Wes learns his Arapaho mother was murdered. He also learns that his long lost white father is still alive, rich with a family, and may have hired the killer. Wes starts out on a trail for vengeance against his own father.

Martin also wrote the script for the movie, starring Kevin Sorbo, which won the **WRANGLER AWARD** given by the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum.



Look for all of Lee Martin's 28 Westerns at **AMAZON** or wherever books are sold.
Many are on audio with **BOOKS IN MOTION**.

Eye for Eye

L.J. Martin makes a movie.



Entrepreneur book publisher, novelist and screenwriter Larry J. Martin coproduced *Eye for Eye* entirely on location in Montana, much of it on his own property near Missoula.

Co-producer Larry J. Martin kept his budget low by using his own property and neighboring ranches near his home in Missoula as locations for *Eye for Eye*. Actors included l.-r.: John Savage (center, tan coat), Cody Root, Teague Goodvoice, Dennis Tuberty and Christian Ackerman.

All Images Courtesy Wolfpack Productions Unless Otherwise Noted



Western author L. J. Martin, with more than 40 novels to his credit, is not one to wait for things to happen: he makes them happen. Eager to help writers who, like himself, had too many books that were out of print and not generating income, he cocreated the online Wolfpack Publishing. The first writer he took on hadn't made money in 10 years, he said. "And in eight months I would be sending him \$10,000 a month. Thirty-five authors and 500 books later, I sold out to (partner) Mike Bray. It's one of Forbes 500's fastest growing companies."

His wife is Kat Martin, a constant *New York Times* bestselling author of romantic suspense novels. When they met, both were in the real estate business. He had just written his first book, "a 500-page historical. Couldn't sell it: lousy spelling and not the best grammar. She read it, and she corrected my English for me. After we were married, I started writing again in the evening,

and she looked over my shoulder and thought, 'Well, I can do better than that.' And she did."

It's not unusual for an author to write a screenplay from their book, hoping it will become a movie. But for the author to script, then finance, and then direct that movie? That's pretty much unheard of, but again, Martin makes things happen. He chose to adapt his novel *Eye for Eye* (Wolfpack), one of the nine in his Montana series, each of which has the word "revenge" on the cover. "I like revenge stories, and luckily the reading public likes revenge stories. I think we all have somebody we'd like to get even with."

He didn't find the process of adapting the story from one medium to another to be a grueling one. "To be truthful, I skimmed the book, threw it aside and wrote the screenplay." It's the story of a lawman who takes off his badge

Eye for Eye principals Blanca Blanco, L.J. Martin, John Savage and Shane Clouse took a break from filming on Martin's ranch near Missoula.

to track down and kill the men who raped and murdered his pregnant wife, and the man who put them up to it. Why did he choose *Eye for Eye*? "No \$2,000-a-day towns," he explains, referring to renting a Western town to film in. Shot entirely on location, "Almost all of it was [filmed] either in my house or on a friend's ranch, because she had beautiful horses. I wanted to show off beautiful Montana."

Remarkably, Martin got John Savage of *Deer Hunter* fame to play the man behind the



Montana native and Nashville recording artist Shane Clouse starred as *Eye for Eye*'s hero Quint Reagan. Clouse also wrote the songs and wrangled for the low-budget Western.

murder. "I got both Savage and [female lead] Blanca Blanco because they wanted to see Montana, wanted to make a Western together and they were good friends of coproducer David Mirisch," charity fundraiser and nephew of *Magnificent 7* producer Walter Mirisch.

John Savage confirms, "We had fun on this one. I didn't intend to do it. I was supposed to be doing something else overseas, but everything was postponed, so I let the beard grow. [It was] low budget, just a bunch of amateurs having fun, acting like cowboys. The dialogue's the same as his books; he tries to keep that 19th-century language."



Montana-raised actress Ashley Rae McGee costarred as the ill-fated Consuela in *Eye for Eye*.

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Actress and Apsáalooke Nation (Crow Tribe) member Yolanda Goodvoice costarred as Lily in *Eye for Eye* opposite Sean Eden Yi as Hong in *Eye for Eye*.

The casting of the male lead was eminently practical. Shane Clouse is a country singer who scored the film and sang some songs for it. “The movie wouldn’t have been made without that guy,” says Martin, “or it would’ve been made for a lot more money ‘cause Shane shows up with a horse, a mule and his dog.” He got the part, “and he gets credit as the wrangler.”

Savage was concerned about how hard Martin was pushing himself. “Well, he didn’t kill himself. I went to bed late, and he was in his room working. I get up and have my coffee, and he was still in his room working, making changes as we went through the shooting. Larry and his wife, they love to share and open up and really make you a part of the home.”

Now that the film is finished, how can you see it? “Well, I’m throwing it out there to all the bandits in Hollywood. But I’m very attracted to Filmhub. They work with 200 streamers, doing exactly what I did with books: paying 80 percent to the artist, and you don’t invest a dime.”

And there are more movies in the works. “Another one of my Western books, *Mr. Pettigrew*. It’s gonna be in town if I get a little cashflow on this. I’ll be able to get ‘em down to \$800 a day. And my wife has a bestselling novella, a Christmas book. And the sales side of my being says, Christmas stories, if they’re any good, they’re gonna come back every year.”



Courtesy Shout! Factory

BLU-RAY REVIEW

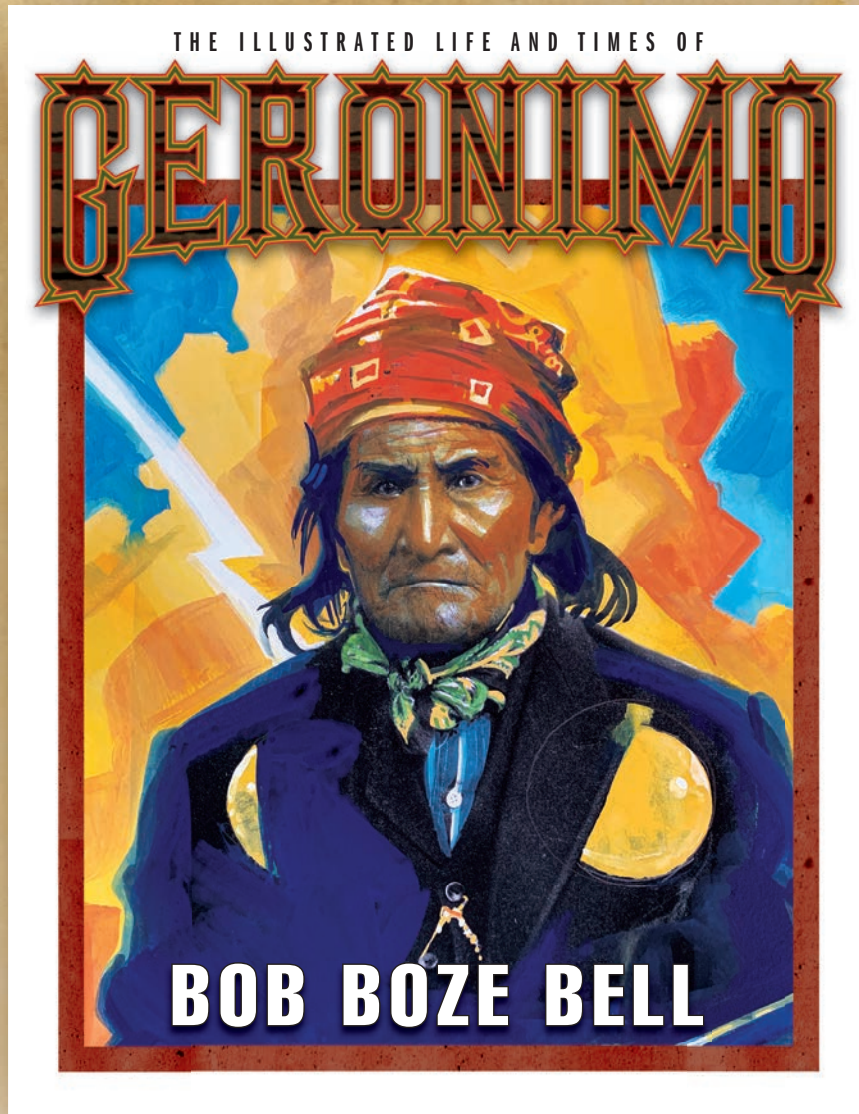
OLD HENRY

(Shout! Factory Blu-Ray, \$22.98, DVD, \$19.98) Tim Blake Nelson, often comic relief in Coen Brothers’ films, is deadly serious, and entirely convincing, in the title role of *Old Henry*. When a widowed farmer takes in a wounded man (Scott Haze) and his saddlebag of cash, he’s confronted by an ominous trio led by Ketchum—Stephen Dorff in a likably lethal performance—and unsure who is the law and who is the outlaw. Assisted only by his callow teenaged son (Gavin Lewis), it will not surprise readers of this magazine that Henry McCarty is capable of making a stand. The film was written and directed with grim elegance by Potsy Ponciroli. ✖

Henry C. Parke, Western Films Editor for *True West*, is a screenwriter, and blogs at *HenrysWesternRoundup.blogspot.com*. His book of interviews, *Indians and Cowboys*, will be published later this year.

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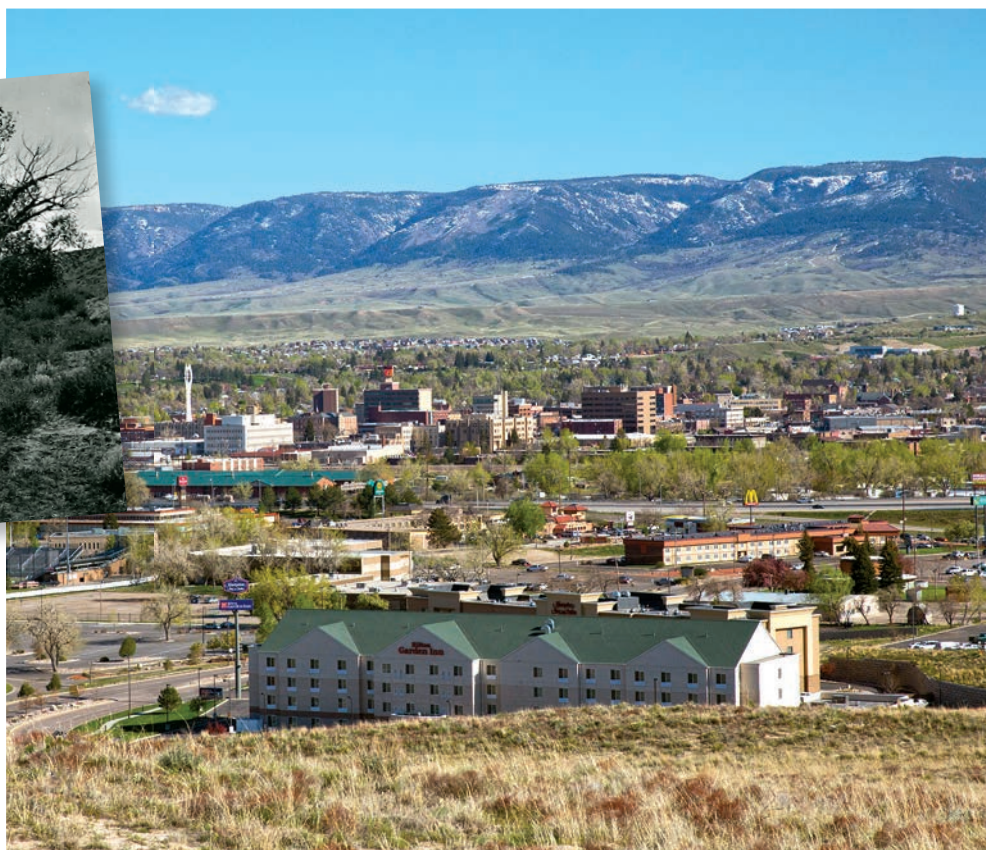
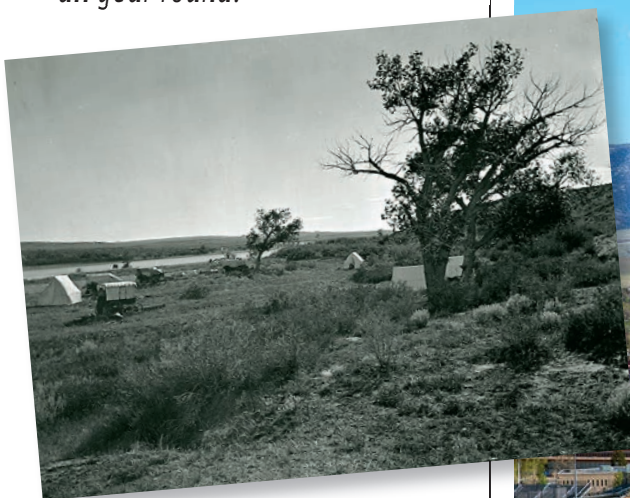
TrueWestMagazine.com



BY PETER CORBETT

Casper, Wyoming

The historic trail town celebrates its Western heritage all year round.



The College National Finals Rodeo in 2021 was not Casper's first rodeo.

The central Wyoming city on the North Platte River in fact has hosted the collegiate finals for two decades in the Ford Wyoming Center. They call it the Rose Bowl of Rodeo, and it's the city's biggest annual event.

Casper's Rodeo Week—June 12-18—will rope in 400 top rodeo athletes and thousands of visitors. Clarendon College of Texas grabbed the Men's Team Championship last year. Montana State took the Women's Team Championship. The local favorite Casper College cowboys finished third.

Tourists who show up to Casper in shorts and flip-flops can get properly attired for rodeo and other Western pursuits by visiting Lou Taubert Ranch Outfitters. The Western wear store got its start in Laramie in 1917 and moved to Casper 30 years later. It carries saddles and tack and boasts of having 10,000 pairs of boots.

"They also have a robust collection of cowboy hats and an expert hat shaper on staff who can customize a hat to your head," said Amanda Scherlin, Casper tourism bureau marketing director. "You can get fully outfitted there. It's just a fun place."

William Henry Jackson photographed the Hayden Survey camp (inset) on the North Platte River near the present-day site of the city of Casper and the old upper crossing/Mormon Crossing of the river.

Historic Photo Courtesy NARA, no. 516882/ Downtown Casper Photo Courtesy Wyoming Tourism

The fun doesn't stop there in Casper. Locals are known to go sneakin' to the Beacon Club, a roadhouse restaurant and cowboy bar on the Yellowstone Highway. Other watering holes include the Backwards Distilling Co. and Gruner Brothers Brewing in the former Casper Oil Club, which got its start in 1949 as a place to do oil and gas deals over cocktails and steaks.

Casper—nicknamed Oil City—has a history of black gold discoveries going back to early explorers in the region. By the 1880s, mineral claims were staked in what became the Salt Creek oil field north of Casper.

In 1922, a Standard Oil refinery in Casper became the world's largest gasoline refinery,

producing 615,000 barrels of fuel per month, according to the Wyoming State Historical Society.

The city of Casper's name is derived from Fort Casper, built between 1865-67 for about 400 soldiers. The fort was named for Lt. Caspar Collins who was killed in an Indian raid near Platte Bridge Station, the fort's previous name. In naming the city and Casper Mountain, the city's founders misspelled Collins's first name.

Visitors can learn more about the history of the North Platte River Valley at the recreated Fort Caspar Museum.

Emigrants on the Oregon, Mormon and California trails traveled these routes for over 40 years, starting in the 1840s. Those pioneers were

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The College National Rodeo Finals, known as Casper's Rodeo Week, will be held June 12-18, 2022. The local Casper College rodeo team regularly competes for the championship.

Courtesy Wyoming Tourism



Independence Rock, a key geologic landmark for overland trail emigrants in the 19th century, is now protected and an oft-visited popular state historic park just southwest of Casper.

Aerial Photo Courtesy Wyoming Tourism

on the trails for six months, walking 2,000 miles with their belongings packed on wagons or handcars. They hoped to reach Independence Rock southwest of Casper to ensure passage through the mountains before winter.

Independence Rock, a 136-foot granite dome, is inscribed with thousands of emigrant names carved in the rock.

The National Historic Trails Interpretive Center in Casper, now its 20th year, shares the history of emigrants who passed through on their way west. One of the center's exhibits

gives visitors a feel for what it was like to ride in a Conestoga wagon as it lurched along the trail and through a river crossing.

If that's not enough, outfitter Morris Carter of Historic Trails West has built replica wagons for trail tours of two hours to five days, covering 55 miles to South Pass.

"We go over Rocky Ridge, which is considered one of the roughest spots on the trail," Carter said of the longer trips. "There's a section of each day that people walk beside the wagon or ride horses."



The Battle of Platte Bridge between 120 U.S. Army soldiers and an estimated 3,000 Lakota and Cheyenne Indians on July 26, 1865, led to the death of 29 soldiers, including Lt. Caspar Collins, for whom the fort was posthumously named. At the Fort Caspar Museum, learn about the history of the battle, the bridge and the crossing.

William Henry Jackson Painting Courtesy Wyoming State Museum

WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



A visit to Casper would not be complete without an opportunity to buy a new pair of boots and a new cowboy hat at the renowned Lou Taubert Ranch Outfitters.

Courtesy Wyoming Tourism

START HERE

Casper Area Convention and Visitors Bureau, 139 W. Second St. No. 1B. VisitCasper.com

WAGONS HO! ON THE TRAIL

Learn about the pioneer caravan experience at the National Historic Trails Interpretive Center. NHTCF.org

RAINY DAY DESTINATION


Nicolaysen Art Museum's "Creating the West" exhibit runs through April 16. TheNIC.org

TAKE A HIKE, DUDE!

See Garden Creek Falls and the Rotary Park at the base of Casper Mountain and hike the five-mile Bridle Trail. VisitCasper.com

DRESS THE PART

Get outfitted for ranching and riding the range at Lou Taubert Ranch Outfitters, a downtown store that's been a Wyoming fixture since 1917. LouTaubert.com

Less rugged travelers may want to explore the trails via a National Park Service Auto Tour Route: NPS.gov 

Peter Corbett moved West to Flagstaff in 1974 to attend Northern Arizona University, where he studied English and American Studies. He's been exploring Arizona and the West since then and had a 35-year career in Arizona journalism.

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HISTORIC HOTELS, SALOONS AND RANCHES

BY PETER CORBETT



The Hassayampa Inn in Prescott, Arizona, opened in 1927. The historic hotel is one of the finest examples of Spanish Colonial Revival architecture and Italianate features in the Grand Canyon State.

Courtesy Prescott CVB

THE WEST'S BEST

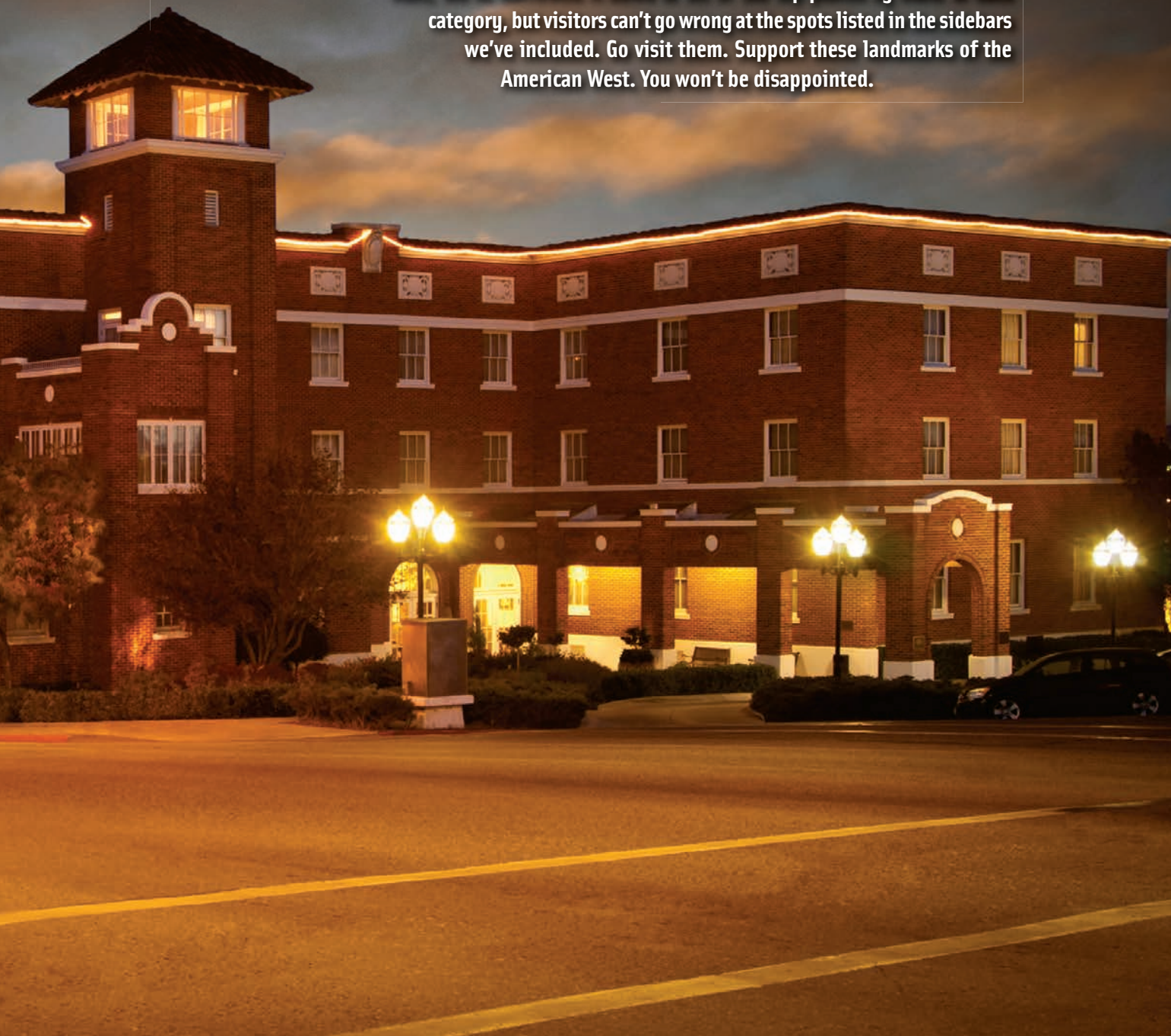
hotels, saloons, restaurants and dude ranches are among the most tangible ties to America's frontier past. Outlaws, lawmen, presidents and stars of stage and screen have slept in these hotels since the late 19th and early 20th century. They drank and dined in these revered saloons and restaurants. Generations of people from all over the globe visited and kept coming back to the places which become social hubs of their communities.

Thankfully, entrepreneurs with foresight have restored and maintained these historic treasures, and there are more hotels across the West that need to be saved.

It's encouraging that the West lives on, not only at hotels and saloons, but also at guest ranches where city slickers get a taste of cowboy life on remote spreads with jaw-dropping scenery.

Ride horses for a few days and relax at night by a campfire under a canopy of starlight.

The tough part is choosing which hotel, saloon, restaurant or guest ranch to visit. We've narrowed it down to six of the top places by state in each category, but visitors can't go wrong at the spots listed in the sidebars we've included. Go visit them. Support these landmarks of the American West. You won't be disappointed.





Hassayampa Inn
Prescott, Arizona

Courtesy Prescott CVB



ARIZONA

Hassayampa Inn

122 E. Gurley Street
Prescott, AZ 86301
800-322-1927

Hassayampalnn.com

Prescott's hilltop Hassayampa Inn has aged well. It is one of six hotels in Arizona built during the last few years of the Roaring Twenties, and it's among the best preserved. The Hassayampa was designed by premier Southwestern architect Henry Trost in a Spanish Colonial Revival style with Italianate detailing. The red-brick inn sits atop a slope within walking distance of the Courthouse Plaza, Whiskey Row and Prescott's central business district, with restaurants, bars, shops, galleries, antique stores and a Western museum. An award-winning renovation in 1985 restored the beautiful lobby and the hotel's 68 rooms. Famous Hassayampa guests have included Tom Mix, Will Rogers, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Georgia O'Keeffe, D.H. Lawrence and Steve McQueen.

Big Nose Kate's Saloon

417 E. Allen Street
Tombstone, AZ 85638
520-457-3107

BigNoseKatesTombstone.com

Big Nose Kate's Saloon was built in 1880 as the elegant Grand Hotel. Wyatt and Virgil Earp and Doc Holliday were among its guests. But fire ravaged Tombstone in May 1882 and the Grand's upper floor was among "the first to kiss the flames." It was rebuilt as the one-story building it is today. Big Nose Kate started life as

Mary Katherine Horony, a Hungarian immigrant who became a prostitute and later Holliday's paramour. The saloon features the hotel's original bar, moved from the basement to the first floor. In addition to a well-stocked bar, Kate's serves an extensive menu of salads, sandwiches, burgers, pizzas, calzones and tortas. Saloon-girl servers dress in period attire. Be sure to visit the mine shaft in the basement.

Palace Restaurant and Saloon

120 S. Montezuma Street
Prescott, AZ 86303
928-541-1996

WhiskeyRowPalace.com

Even people who've never been in Prescott's Palace Restaurant and Saloon may recognize

Big Nose Kate's Saloon • Tombstone, Arizona

Courtesy Cochise County Tourism

the place. With its bat-wing doors and elaborate back bar, the Palace looks the part of a Hollywood Western saloon but cleaned up a bit and not so dusty or rowdy. And the



The Palace Restaurant and Saloon • Prescott, Arizona

Courtesy The Palace Restaurant and Saloon



Tombstone Monument Ranch
Tombstone, Arizona

Courtesy Tombstone Monument Ranch

Palace has been in the limelight with scenes from a trio of 1970s films—*Junior Bonner* with Steve McQueen, *Billy Jack* with Tom Laughlin and *Wanda Nevada* with Peter Fonda and Brooke Shields. Built after a 1900 fire, the Palace became the successor to the 1874 Cabinet Saloon. It's the hub of Whiskey Row and one of the town's prized landmarks. The Palace chefs serve a cattleman's delight of ribs, prime rib and filet mignon, along with an array of salads, chicken, fish, fajitas and tacos.

Tombstone Monument Ranch & Cattle Company

895 W. Monument Road
Tombstone, AZ 85638
520-457-7299

TombstoneMonumentRanch.com

Monument Ranch, a short ride northwest of Tombstone, is on the former Trappman Ranch, founded in 1880. Materials from the old ranch buildings have been reused to create comfortable accommodations with a rustic look. Guests are served three meals per day in the Schieffelin Restaurant, named for Tombstone's founder, and Trappman's Saloon offers nightly entertainment. Daytime activities include horseback riding, off-road vehicle tours and Western shooting on a range using Henry lever-action .22 caliber rifles and Ruger revolvers. There's even a working-ranch option where guests help out moving cattle, mending fences and checking water tanks.



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Rankin Ranch • Caliente, California

Courtesy Rankin Ranch

CALIFORNIA

Rankin Ranch

23500 Walker Basin Road
Caliente, CA 93518
661-867-2511

RankinRanch.com

Walker Rankin founded the Quarter Circle U Rankin Ranch in the Tehachapi Mountains east of Bakersfield in 1863. It's a 31,000-acre spread that's been operated by six generations of the Rankin family. One-hour trail rides are offered for guest ranch visitors twice a day except Sundays. Swimming and hiking are popular, and anglers fish for rainbow trout in the ranch pond. Lodging is in seven duplex cabins that can be booked as singles or two connecting rooms. Breakfast and buffet dinners are served in the ranch dining room, while a buffet lunch spread is on a terrace by the swimming pool. Relaxing evenings at the Rankin Ranch include stargazing beneath dark skies far from city lights.

COLORADO

Strater Hotel

699 Main Avenue
Durango, CO 81301
970-945-6511

Strater.com

The 88-room Strater Hotel grew up with the town of Durango in southwestern Colorado. A three-story Victorian edifice, it survived an 1889 fire that leveled eight business blocks and left only the post office and the Strater standing. The hotel, built in 1887, is named for Henry Strater, a pharmacist who built it with financial help from his father and brothers. Today, the Strater features three dining and drinking establishments—the Mahogany Grille and Office Spiritorium for dinners, and the Diamond Belle Saloon for brunch, lunch and dinner, served by Belle Girls in period costumes. There's also a ragtime piano player entertaining guests. The hotel hosted Western author Louis L'Amour, who wrote his novels in Room 222, above the saloon.

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Historic Occidental



Strater Hotel • Durango, Colorado

Courtesy Strater Hotel



Grand Union Hotel • Fort Benton, Montana

Courtesy Montana Tourism

HISTORIC HOTELS

Travelers seeking an extraordinary property with an Old West pedigree will enjoy staying at a hotel with great history. These 12 are *True West* favorites, but the West abounds with historic getaways. Before traveling, we recommend you check with each hotel for current availability and seasonal hours, as well as checking with Historic Hotels of America at HistoricHotels.org.

Hotel St. Michael

Prescott, AZ
StMichaelHotel.com

The Stanley

Estes Park, CO
StanleyHotel.com

Grand Union Hotel

Fort Benton, MT
GrandUnionHotel.com

Hotel Avron

Great Falls, MT
HotelAvron.com

Gold Hill Hotel & Saloon

Virginia City, NV
GoldHillHotel.net

Skirvin Hilton

Oklahoma City, OK
SkirvinHilton.com

The Lodge at Hot Lake Springs

La Grande, OR
HotLakeLodge.com

The Historic Bullock Hotel

Deadwood, SD
HistoricBullock.com

Crockett Hotel

San Antonio, TX
CrockettHotel.com

Old Central Firehouse Bed and Breakfast

San Angelo, TX
OcfBedandBrew.com

Marcus Whitman Hotel

Walla Walla, WA
MarcusWhitmanHotel.com

Buffalo Bill's Irma Hotel

Cody, WY
IrmaHotel.com

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Hotel Colorado
Glenwood Springs, Colorado

Courtesy Hotel Colorado

Hotel Colorado

526 Pine Street
Glenwood Springs, CO 81601
970-945-6511

HotelColorado.com

In 1893, travelers in Colorado must have been overwhelmed to view the newly opened Hotel Colorado, designed to replicate a 16th-century Italian Renaissance castle. It was called a "Marvel of the Ages." The architecture is impressive but guests also keep coming back to the Hotel Colorado for its hospitality, mountain air, soothing hot springs and stunning Rocky Mountain views. Head up to the bell tower balconies for the scenery. The hotel features the Coppertop Bar, Hotel Colorado Restaurant and Legends Coffee & Gift Shop.

Notable guests have included the Unsinkable Molly Brown, who survived the *Titanic* disaster, President Howard Taft, who declined to bathe in the hot springs because of his rotund girth, and Teddy Roosevelt, who stayed three weeks during a bear-hunting trip.

The Fort Restaurant

19192 Highway 8
Morrison, CO 80465
303-697-4771

TheFort.com

A certain burger chain stopped counting at 99 billion served but The Fort has an equally impressive claim of 80,000 buffalo entrees served annually. Diners choose from a diverse menu of buffalo tenderloin filet mignon, elk medallions, grilled quail, roasted bison marrow bones and peanut butter-stuffed jalapeños. Try the Hailstorm signature cocktail. If that's not enough to lure you in, The Fort's building is truly



The Fort Restaurant
Madison, Colorado

Courtesy The Fort

remarkable. It was designed as an adobe replica of Bent's Fort, built in 1833 at what's now La Junta, Colorado. The foodie Fort opened 130 years later. Initially, the Arnold family built it as a family residence but later decided to open a restaurant on the lower level and reside above it. Since then The Fort has become a landmark restaurant in a southwestern Denver suburb.

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www.castanedahotel.org

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legaltenderlamy.com

Rainbow Trout Ranch

1484 FDR 250
Antonito, CO 81120
719-376-2440

RainbowTroutRanch.com

It got its start as a private fisherman's club in the early 1900s. Two decades later, what's now Rainbow Trout Ranch became a guest ranch with log cabins and an 18,000-square-foot Engelmann spruce lodge. Today anglers can fly



Rowse's 1+1 Ranch • Burwell, Nebraska

Courtesy Nebraska Tourism

NEBRASKA

Rowse's 1+1 Ranch

46849 833rd Road
Burwell, NE 68823
308-346-5530

1plus1Ranch.com

Rowse's 1+1 Ranch pegs itself as a true working ranch where guests learn to ride, work cattle, rope, brand and drive the herd. Nose-to-tail trail rides are not part of the package. Guests saddle up on well-trained quarter horses that stay with them the entire visit. Meals are served in a modern lodge, family style, and there are six bunkhouse rooms with private bathrooms. The lodge has satellite television and wireless internet. Rowse's is in central Nebraska, 90 miles north of Grand Island.



Rainbow Trout Ranch • Antonito, Colorado

Courtesy Rainbow Ranch

fish with a local guide on the Conejos River or nearby streams. The ranch cooks can prepare your catch for any meal or you can get a trophy trout mounted. Meals are served family style. The ranch has close to 100 horses to match all skill levels of riders. Day trips and overnight rides are offered through stunning mountain terrain. The Van Berkum family has been operating the century-old guest ranch for the past 20 years.

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NEW MEXICO

St. James Hotel

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Cimarron, NM 87714
575-376-2664
ExStJames.com

St. James Hotel is an enigma. Cimarron is a sleepy little town an hour east of Taos, but the hotel's frontier history is replete with tales of outlaws, gunplay and bloodshed. Founded as a saloon circa 1872 by French chef, Henry Lambert, it added rooms and the St. James Hotel name some years later. Various accounts claim a list of notable Westerners slept here, including Buffalo Bill Cody, Annie Oakley, Jesse James, Doc Holliday, the Earp brothers, Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid. Historians are skeptical. It is true that Davy Crockett, the 23-year-old relative of his namesake of Alamo fame, fatally shot three Buffalo Soldiers at the hotel in 1876. Later that year, the sheriff and his posse killed Crockett with a barrage of shotgun blasts.

Historic Plaza Hotel

230 Plaza Street
Las Vegas, NM 87701
505-425-3591
PlazaHotelLVNM.com

New York's 1907 Plaza Hotel is more famous, but New Mexico's Plaza Hotel is a quarter-century older and don't discount the charm of the Land of Enchantment inn. Its three-story Victorian facade is a striking bookend to Plaza Park across the street. Nineteen of the Plaza's 70 rooms overlook the park with 14-foot ceilings and tall windows



St. James Hotel • Cimarron, New Mexico

Courtesy Johnny D. Boggs

that add to the spacious feel of those rooms. The Plaza's rooms sat empty for more than 30 years before a major renovation at its 1982 centennial revived the hotel. Vintage hotel whisperer Allan Affeldt, Plaza owner since 2014, has continued with the restoration of the landmark hotel. Dining and drinking options at the Plaza include a coffee shop, Prairie Hill Cafe and Byron T's Saloon.

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Come and hear our Story!



Historic Plaza Hotel • Las Vegas, New Mexico

Courtesy New Mexico Tourism



A Painted View Ranch • Westcliffe, Colorado

Courtesy A Painted View Ranch

HISTORIC GUEST RANCHES & LODGES

Almost every Western state is home to historic dude ranches, ranch guest homes and lodges. Here is a short list of our favorites. For the most up-to-date list of all-inclusive Western guest ranches, contact The Dude Ranchers Association at DudeRanch.org.

Circle Z Ranch

Patagonia, AZ
CircleZ.com

Flying E Ranch

Wickenburg, AZ
FlyingERanch.com

Rancho de la Osa

Sasabe, AZ
RanchoDeLaOsa.com

Tanque Verde Ranch

Tucson, AZ
TanqueVerdeRanch.com

A Painted View Ranch

Westcliffe, CO
APaintedView.com

Trappers Lake Lodge

Meeker, CO
TrappersLake.com

Lone Mountain Ranch

Big Sky, MT
LoneMountainRanch.com

Ranch at Rock Creek

Phillipsburg, MT
TheRanchAtRockCreek.com

Black Butte Ranch

Sisters, OR
BlackButteRanch.com

Cibolo Creek Ranch

Marfa, TX
CiboloCreekRanch.com

Paradise Guest Ranch

Buffalo, WY
ParadiseRanch.com



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www.kayelbar.com



RANCHO DE LA OSA
SASABE, ARIZONA
www.ranchodelaosa.com



TOMBSTONE MONUMENT RANCH
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA
www.tombstonemonumentranch.com



WHITE STALLION RANCH
TUCSON, ARIZONA
www.whitestallion.com



Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch



GeronimoRanch.com

575-772-5157 • 1 Wall Lake Rd. Winston, NM 87943

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32 Main Street
Pinos Altos, NM 88053
575-538-9911
BuckhornSaloonandOperaHouse.com

It might look like it's been closed a few years but don't let the weathered exterior of the Buckhorn Saloon fool you. Inside is a rustic saloon said to be the oldest in New Mexico. It's got a big hearth, ten stools, a cozy dining room and an opera house. Add good food and entertainment, and you've got yourself a night out. Located seven miles north of Silver City,



Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch • Winston, New Mexico
Courtesy Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch

the Buckhorn opened in the mid-1860s during a brief mining era. The menu is concise but includes Hatch Green Chile Chicken Alfredo, a Cowboy Cut Ribeye Steak and a Green Chile Cheeseburger. Wednesday is Spaghetti Night.

Sit at the bar or warm up by the fireplace if it's a cold night in the mountain town at 7,000 feet.

Buckhorn Saloon & Opera House
Pinos Altos, New Mexico
Courtesy New Mexico Tourism

Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch

1 Wall Lake Road
Winston, NM 87943
575-772-5157
GeronimoRanch.com

As the name implies, this guest ranch, surrounded by the Gila National Forest north of Silver City, is within the historic range of Geronimo and the Chiricahua Apaches. Trail rides take guests to archaeological sites of the Mimbres people who lived in this region circa 200 to 1150 A.D. Geronimo Trail Guest Ranch got its start as a hunting lodge in the 1980s and became a guest ranch 20 years ago. The Esterly family from the coast of Maine bought it a decade ago. Meals are served in a dining hall or outdoors for barbecues. There are three cabins with multiple bunking options. The ranch takes just 12 guests at any one time.

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Hamley Steakhouse & Saloon
Pendleton, Oregon
Courtesy TravelOregon



OREGON

Hamley Steakhouse & Saloon

8 SE Court Avenue
Pendleton, OR 97801
541-278-1100

Hamley.com

Hamley & Co. established its world famous Western store and saddlery in 1905 where it continues to operate. J.J. Hamley was instrumental in starting the Pendleton Round-Up rodeo. Fifteen years ago, the family added a steakhouse and saloon next door in a new building meant to fit the look of the historic store. The saloon's century-old mahogany bar is stunning and Tex, an inanimate Longhorn steer, adds to the Western ambience. Bartenders will serve you a Hot & Horny Margarita, Midnight Manhattan or Hamley Ale. The dining room serves steaks, ribs, prime rib and burgers. In 2019, Hamley & Co. sold the entire business to the Confederated Tribes of the Umatilla Indian Reservation. The operation is managed by the tribe's Wildhorse Resort & Casino.

WYOMING

The Historic Occidental Hotel

10 Main Street
Buffalo, WY 82834
307-684-0451

OccidentalWyoming.com

A social media review last year described the Occidental as the perfect historic hotel with "no elevator, no phone, no microwave, no refrigerator and no workout room." What the "Ox" does have is a 140-year history of hospitality with deep Old West roots. The hotel claims its famous guests include some of the usual suspects—Buffalo Bill Cody, Calamity Jane, Teddy Roosevelt, along with Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.

Margaret Smith operated the Occidental for 58 years after her husband and father-in-law won the hotel in a 1918 poker game. In the past two decades, new owners have refurbished the Ox and started a popular Thursday night musicians' jam session that raises money for charities.



The Historic Occidental Hotel • Buffalo, Wyoming

Courtesy Wyoming Tourism

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Willow Creek Ranch - Kaycee, Wyoming

Courtesy Willow Creek Ranch

Miners and Stockman's Steakhouse & Spirits

608 Main Street
Hartville, WY 82215
307-836-2008

WyomingOldestBar.com

Social media reviewers rave about the Miners and Stockman's Steakhouse & Spirits. One said he'd driven 264 miles to try the restaurant in Hartville, two hours southeast of Casper. "I've never been to such a fine restaurant so far in the middle of nowhere," another diner posted. In addition to great steaks, side dishes and desserts, the restaurant serves up dozens of whiskeys and other spirits. It also claims to have the oldest bar in Wyoming. That refers to a hand-carved cherrywood back bar shipped from Germany to old Fort Laramie in the early 1860s. In 1881, the back bar was moved to Hartville on the north branch of the Oregon Trail and Wyoming's first incorporated town. The prized bar has been in its present building since 1910.

Willow Creek Ranch at the Hole-in-the-Wall

210 First Street
Kaycee, WY 82639
307-738-2223

WillowCreekRanch.com

A shepherd named Kenneth McDonald settled the Willow Creek Ranch at the Hole-in-the-Wall in 1882. A small contingent of troops had occupied Fort Houck here but only a building foundation remains. Willow Creek is a 57,000-acre working cattle ranch north of Casper with views of the Big Horn Mountains. Guests can ride horses and herd cattle, hunt deer, antelope and elk or fish for German brown trout along 10 miles of Buffalo Creek. A rugged dirt trail leads to Hole-in-the-Wall, a fertile valley and a remote hideout for outlaws in the late 1800s. A cowboy bunkhouse with four bedrooms, two baths and a ranch kitchen is available along with two cabins.



Peter Corbett moved West to Flagstaff in 1974 and earned a degree at Northern Arizona University in English, with an American Studies minor. He's been exploring the West since then after a career in Arizona journalism.



Miners and Stockmen's Steakhouse & Spirits - Hartville, Wyoming

Courtesy Miners and Stockmen's Steakhouse and Spirits



Billy Bob's Texas • Fort Worth, Texas

Courtesy Library of Congress

HISTORIC SALOONS & RESTAURANTS

Across the West, small towns and big cities are home to historic restaurants and saloons. We recommend you consult the *True West Ultimate Historic Travel Guide* for a state-by-state guide. We also suggest you check hours and days of operation in advance and then have a good meal and cold beverage at one of these great historic saloons and restaurants.

Crystal Palace Saloon

Tombstone, AZ

CrystalPalaceSaloon.com

River City Saloon

Sacramento, CA

TheRiverCitySaloon.com

Buckhorn Exchange

Denver, CO

Buckhorn.com

Diamond Belle Saloon

Durango, CO

Strater.com

Meeker Hotel & Cafe

Meeker, CO

Meeker.com

True Grit Cafe

Ridgway, CO

TrueGritCafe.com

Bucket of Blood Saloon

Virginia City, NV

BucketofBloodSaloon.com

Pioneer Saloon

Goodsprings, NV

PioneerSaloonNV.com

Huber's Cafe

Portland, OR

Hubers.com

Saloon No. 10


Deadwood, SD

Saloon10.com

Billy Bob's Texas

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BillyBobsTexas.com




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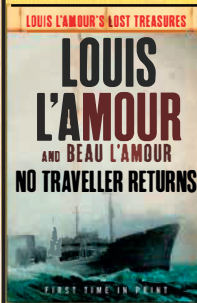
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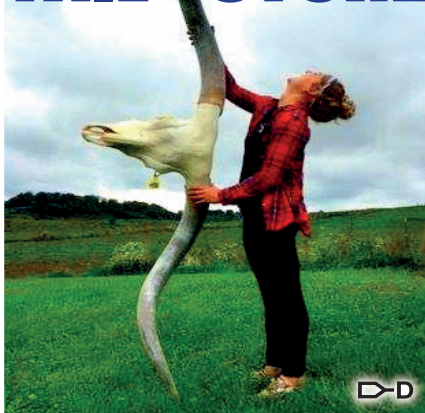


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WYATT EARP DAYS

Tombstone, AZ, May 27-28: In honor of famed Tombstone lawman Wyatt Earp, activities include gunfights, a chili cook-off and an 1880s fashion show.
520-457-3511 • DiscoverTombstone.com

ART SHOWS

PHIPPEN MUSEUM'S MINIATURE MASTERPIECE ART SHOW & SALE

Prescott, AZ, May 1-31: This will be the 18th annual presentation of the museum's much-anticipated Miniature Masterpiece Art Show & Sale. Over 60 successful and established artists are invited to submit small-scale works of art to be sold at fixed prices to benefit the museum.
928-778-1385 • PhippenArtMuseum.org

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

NARROW GAUGE DAY

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

22ND ANNUAL LIVING HISTORY DAYS

Pinedale, WY, May 10-12: American Mountain Men show the day-to-day life of the Rendezvous-era trappers. Stations include demonstrations on black powder firearms, Native American sign language, beaver skinning, constructing tipis and shelters, trade goods and much more.
877-686-6266 • MuseumoftheMountainMan.com

WEST TEXAS HERITAGE DAYS

Uvalde, TX, May 12-15: Fort McKavett State Historic Site will come to life, as historians from around the state gather to portray life as it would have been at the fort in the 1800s, including military drills, Native Indians, Buffalo Soldiers and chuck wagon demonstrations.
800-588-2533 • VisitUvalde.com

JOHN WAYNE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

Winterset, IA, May 27-28: Commemorate the life of John Wayne at this year's birthday featuring Barry Corbin and Lesley-Anne Down joining to help celebrate the opening of the major museum expansion.
877-462-1044 • JohnWayneBirthplace.museum

KERRVILLE FOLK FESTIVAL

Kerrville, TX, May 26-June 12: Singers and songwriters perform at one of the largest folk music festivals in North America.
830-257-3600 • Kerrville-Music.com

RODEOS

BANDERA PRO RODEO

Bandera, TX, May 28-29: This rodeo features PRCA-sanctioned bareback riding, steer wrestling, calf roping and bull riding.
830-522-0054 • BanderaProRodeo.org

GUN SHOWS

COLORADO GUN COLLECTORS ASSOCIATION GUN SHOW

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

TWMag.com:

View Western events on our website.





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. Please always include your name, city and state.

Cattle Queens, Dragoons and Rangers



Famously known as the girlfriend of Harry A. "Sundance Kid" Longabaugh, Etta Place went back and forth with the outlaw to South America, but returned to San Francisco. After 1909, she disappeared.

Courtesy Library of Congress

How were Old West hotel rooms heated?

*Carolyn Childs
Houston, Texas*

Fires were a menace to those wood structures; they could wipe out an entire town. By the 1820s and 1830s, coal was quickly becoming a dominant fuel type. It revolutionized indoor heating. Iron furnaces or stoves helped.

Also coming into play in the 19th century was *steam* heating, which first appeared in the 1850s but gained popularity in the 1880s. This was another form of coal heating, as coal would be used to heat the water, turning it into steam.

Was Etta Place really Cattle Queen Ann Bassett?

*Jeanne Smith
Boise, Idaho*

Linda Wommack, author of the award-winning biography *Ann Bassett: Colorado's Cattle Queen*, says, "Ann never claimed to be Etta. She loved to brag, and believe me, if she was Etta, she would have eventually said so. Ann was never in Robbers Roost. Elza Lay's wife, Maud Davis, was there and knew both Ann and Etta. When Butch, Sundance and Etta sailed for Bolivia, Ann was on her way to Texas. When Etta was in South America, Ann was fighting for her fiancé's estate in a Routt County courthouse."

Was it possible to combine different parts of firearms during an era when mass production was still in its infancy?

*Greg Williams
Apache Junction, Arizona*

Yes, it was. French gunsmith Honoré LeBlanc suggested that gun parts be made from standardized patterns in the mid-1700s so all gun parts could be easily replaced if broken. He wasn't the only one. But it was

American Eli Whitney who popularized them in the first years of the 19th century. He used relatively unskilled workers to produce large numbers of weapons quickly and at lower cost, making replacement of parts infinitely easier.

Can you tell me about the life of an American soldier on the frontier in the pre-Civil War period?

*Udo Zindel
Stuttgart, Germany*

The life of an 1850s American soldier on the frontier posts was mostly boring and dreary. Many were Irish immigrants, escaping the Great Famine in their homeland. Discipline was harsh, and desertions were common. Alcohol was a problem. But the biggest dangers were the dreaded diseases that spread through the forts. Sanitation was terrible. People were not aware of germs. At Fort Mohave during the 1850s, an average of two soldiers a week died of dysentery. They were treated with opium, quinine, lead, bismuth and ammonia.

Meals were lacking in nourishment and generally poor. They included hash, stew, baked beans, salt pork, coffee and bread.

Soldiering was similar to penal servitude and conditions were far worse than today's prisons. Enlisted soldiers were generally viewed as lowlives and scum or outcasts.



American dragoons were a fighting force without equal in the Mexican-American War.

Courtesy Library of Congress

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The California Rangers, circa 1853, were, from left to right: Bill Henderson, Capt. Harry Love and an unidentified Ranger, but most likely William "Bill" Byrnes.

Courtesy Nelson-Atkins Museum of Art

Were there Rangers in California?

Jack Townsend
Los Angeles

In the Old West, "Rangers" was a term used to describe civilian groups like militias. In most cases, they were never a true police force. They were not necessarily trained or deputized. There were Rogers' Rangers in the French and Indian War; Mosby's Rangers in the Civil War; Texas, Arizona, California, New Mexico and even New York Rangers. There were also forest rangers, game rangers, etc.

Are there any stories about women ranching in the Old West?

Joe Staley
Beloit, Wisconsin

The Bassett sisters, Ann and Josie, are probably the best known. They ranched for years in Browns Park, a favorite hangout of the Wild Bunch that straddled Colorado, Wyoming and Utah.

One of my favorite books on ranch life by a woman is *Ranch Wife and Mountain Cattle* by Mary Kidder Rak. Mary was a graduate of Stanford University who married an Arizona cowboy named Charlie Rak. They bought a ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains of Cochise County. She turned out to be as good a cowboy as her husband.

Also, *Ranch Women of New Mexico* celebrates an icon of the American West from a female point of view. This book features 11 women who have "cowgirl" or owned ranches in New Mexico.



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| John Bianchi's Frontier Gunleather <i>FrontierGunleather.com</i> | p. 56 | The Occidental Hotel <i>OccidentalWyoming.com</i> | p. 66 |
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What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME

HISTORIAN

James B. Mills was born in 1983 and raised in the Illawarra region of New South Wales, Australia. He first became fascinated with the American frontier by watching classic Westerns with his mother, Diane Mills, on the weekends when he was around five years old. He has long studied the American West and various other areas of history. His upcoming book, *Billy the Kid: El Bandido Simpático*, which finally gives the Hispanos their rightful voice and place in the Kid's history, will raise some eyebrows for a variety of reasons when it is released by University of North Texas Press this summer. His next book, *In the Days of Billy the Kid: The Frontier Lives of José Chávez y Chávez, Juan Patrón, Martín Chávez, and Yginio Salazar*, is currently in the works.

Growing up in the Illawarra region of New South Wales,

I always did my best to avoid boring yuppies. I still do.

My worst fear is being attacked by a shark, as much as I like them from a distance.

My mama always told me to stop swearing so much.

The first place I plan on visiting when I get to the States is,

well, I wish I could say Salma Hayek's hotel suite, but I expect it will be Lincoln, New Mexico.

I first got interested in history when I was a very young child. I don't know why. I was just naturally drawn to it. As early as kindergarten I was fascinated by cowboys, Indians, pirates and knights.

Growing up I always was the proverbial "square peg in a round hole," as my mother said.

People are shocked when they hear that I do not own a mobile phone, despite being in my thirties.

The best Western ever made is either *Lonesome Dove* or *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*.

Don't get me started on international politics. I can go for hours.

What most people don't realize about Kid history is just how much the Hispanos loved and supported him. He was definitely *their* Billy.

My next book is going to be *In the Days of Billy the Kid: The Frontier Lives of José Chávez y Chávez, Juan Patrón, Martín Chávez, and Yginio Salazar*. I'm currently busy working on it.

My pet peeve is people standing still on escalators. *Move, you bastards.*

To me, Billy Bonney was an essentially good-hearted kid, with an unfortunate penchant for thievery, who simply wouldn't take any s***.

The best book for my money is anything by Hunter S. Thompson.

I absolutely hate imperialism and animal cruelty.

If Bob Boze Bell visited Australia, I expect he would feel welcome, as we are pretty laid back, so long as he doesn't drive on the wrong side of the road.

A favorite meal of mine is enchiladas.

If I could have dinner with Billy and Pat, I would ask if they ever rustled cattle together and watch their response.

A Western novelist I appreciate is Larry McMurtry, although I don't read much fiction.



Photo Courtesy James B. Mills

When it comes to research, I would describe myself as

a 21st-century historian in a field that desperately needs to start taking some baby steps toward coming to grips with the 21st century.

Most books on Billy the Kid are interesting, even if for the wrong reasons.

Most people don't know that I have never liked John Wayne.

The best advice a mentor has given me was when Chuck Usmar told me, "Be a peacock, not a parrot."

What annoys me most in our field of study is comparisons, repeating the narratives of previous historians without looking at the original sources of information, and tiresome soapbox preaching. If you want to preach your own personal moral values, go do it in a church, community center or on a street corner.

What history has taught me is never trust the U.S. government, never piss off an Apache, and there's many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.



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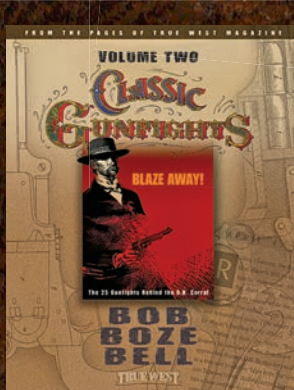
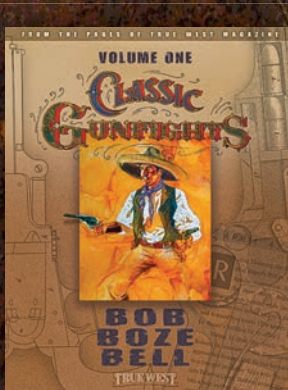
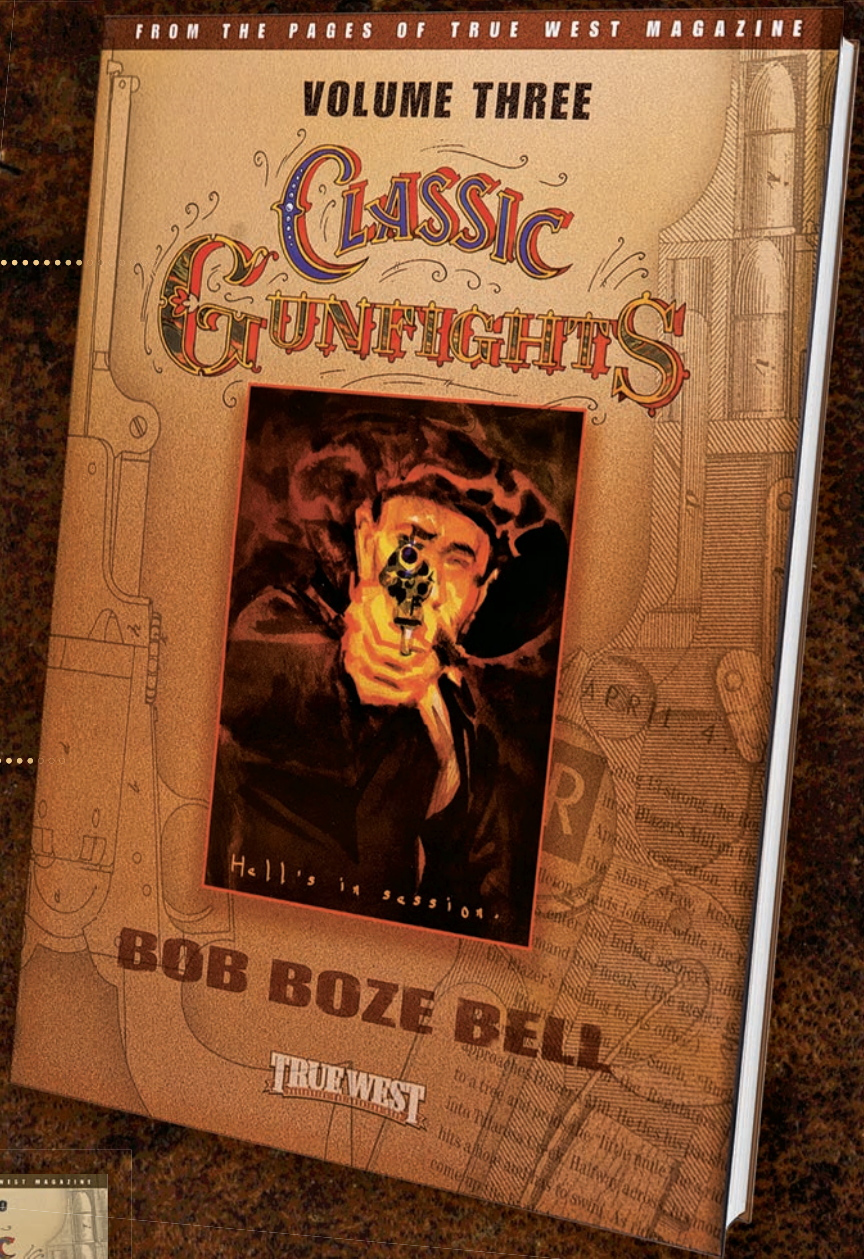
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