POINTS WEST

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER ■ CODY, WYOMING ■ FALL 2006

Honored artist Harry Jackson

Cody & Clemens continues

Walking the Lewis & Clark Trail

Director's Desk

by Robert E. Shimp, PhD
Executive Director

Eight week-long "in-residence" presenters. Four weeks of auditorium performances. 20 workshops. Roughly 175 docent spotlights. 224 hours of gallery presentations.

Now that summer is behind us — at least officially, that is — one word comes to mind: sensational. Yes, from intern Rachel Stiff's "Art in the Garden" afternoon painting and drawing sessions to A.J. Donnell's "Be Bear Aware" campfire talks in the Draper Museum and docent Kathie Noblette's William Ranney spotlights, visitors and locals alike were treated to a wide array of programs and activities this summer at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC).

Curator of Education Maryanne Andrus and her incredibly talented staff brought the art, history, craftsmanship, natural history, culture, music, and science of the West to our summer program schedule. I daresay, the legendary showman himself, William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody—who brought the American West to so many through his Wild West extravaganza — would have been impressed with our exciting summer activities that did the same for today's visitors. Indeed, there was hardly a day this summer when some special activity wasn't underway here at the BBHC.

And that's not all. In June we enjoyed our 28th Larom Summer Institute in Western American Studies, a phenomenal series that brought together, yet again, a group of outstanding scholars who introduced topics on wolves, the art of William Ranney, history of Indian wars in the West, and issues of Native sovereignty. We also celebrated the silver anniversary of the Plains Indian Museum Powwow with pageantry that was, quite simply, unparalleled. We welcomed the Western Writers of America who held their annual convention here with a collective book-signing of 80 authors! Our Rest of the Best dinner and auction in June continues to become more and more popular and more than 80 shooters from some 10 states joined us for our 13th Annual Buffalo Bill Invitational Shootout.

Didn't I say it was a sensational summer? I am so grateful to those who give of their time and treasure to make our summer programming—and all our activities—possible. Their efforts enhance so much our visitor and participant experience. Simply put, we couldn't do it without them. ■

About the cover:

Liam Leslie, age 6, and sister, Lily, age 3, take in Harry Jackson's monumental sculpture, Sacagawea, in the BBHC's Braun Garden. Jackson is the honeored artist for the 25th Annual Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale, September 22–23, 2006.

Harry Jackson, (b. 1924), *Sacagawea*, 1980, Painted bronze, 9.5 feet. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. Cashman, 5.80

307.587.4771
www.bbhc.org

POINTS WEST

Senior Editor:	Mr. Lee Haines
Managing Editor:	Ms. Marguerite House
Copy Editors:	Ms. Lynn Pitet, Ms. Joanne Patterson
Designer:	Ms. Jan Woods–Krier/Prodesign
Photography Staff:	Ms. Chris Gimmeson, Mr. Sean Campbell

Points West is published quarterly as a benefit of membership in the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. For membership information, contact:

Ms. Jan Jones
Director of Membership
Buffalo Bill Historical Center
720 Sheridan Avenue
Cody, WY 82414
membership@bbhc.org

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center is a private, non-profit, educational institution dedicated to preserving and interpreting the natural and cultural history of the American West. Founded in 1917, the Historical Center is home to the Buffalo Bill Museum, Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Plains Indian Museum, Cody Firearms Museum, Draper Museum of Natural History, and McCracken Research Library.

Contents

President Teddy Roosevelt (left), and Mr. John Burroughs (right), naturalist writer, are pictured here as the president toured Yellowstone National Park in April 1903. Photographs of the trip were distributed to tour participants only, and the negatives subsequently destroyed. However, a story about the trip, complete with images, was featured in the quickly defunct Illustrated Sporting News. Now, more than 100 years later, Professor Jeremy Johnston shares the images-most of which have not been seen since the Sporting News article-along with a marvelous story of the president's trip.

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

Visit us online . . .

Remember: the Buffalo Bill Historical Center's Web site has our calendar of events as well as additional information about many of the stories in this issue of *Points West*. Visit us online at www.bbhc.org.

McCracken to Host Rare Book Auction

cutline

Nationally known book dealer and auctioneer, Dorothy Sloan, of Dorothy Sloan - Rare Books, will conduct a book auction at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC) on October 18, 19, and 20, 2006. The auction will benefit the McCracken Research Library (MRL) with the material being offered dominated by rarities on ranching, cowboys, borderlands, as well as Wyoming and regional history.

"This is a great opportunity for the McCracken," Dr. Kurt Graham, MRL Housel Curator says. "It is an important step in our quest to become a venue for great book events."

Bob McCubbin, an MRL Advisory Board member—and noted western rare book collector—adds that this material will be unique, and therefore of great interest to collectors.

Fellow advisory board member and rare book collector Wallace Johnson agrees that this auction will generate enthusiasm throughout the book world. "To have material of this caliber auctioned at the BBHC by someone with the experience and bibliographic knowledge of Dorothy Sloan is a real feather in the McCracken's cap. Dorothy is the best in the business. To have her conduct this event here in Cody will enhance our reputation in the rare book world and will insure the auction is held in a very professional manner."

Auction material may be previewed during the two days preceding the sale, October 16 – 17, in the BBHC's John Bunker Sands Photography Gallery, the auction's location. For more information about the auction, contact Graham at 307.578.4062 or kurtg@bbhc.org. ■

Sample Offerings

✷*Wyoming, the Pennsylvania of the West*, Wyoming Improvement Company, Geneva, Nebraska. C. Shickley, Secretary, n.d., ca. 1888. Although supposedly promoting the entirety of Wyoming, this publication in fact is mostly a promotional for the proposed town of Bessemer, which failed to prosper and is now a ghost town. The majority of the pamphlet promotes the mineral and oil resources of the Territory.

Complete title: *Railroads Now Opening up This Wonderful*

Territory. A Fertile Agricultural Country. Fifteen Thousand Square Miles of Rich Oil Fields....Bessemer, A Great Railroad, Manufacturing, and Industrial Centre Just Starting Up. With, probably as issued: (1) Printed letter from Shickley on stationery of Wyoming Improvement Company touting the pamphlet; (2) Map outlined in green, proposed and existing railroad routes in red: Map of Wyoming, 1888; (3) Uncolored town plan: Bessemer, Carbon County, Wyoming. The Gateway to the Pacific. The Future Metropolis, Great Manufacturing City and Capital of Wyoming. Original grey pictorial wrappers illustrating majestic Wyoming scenery.

✷ *Adventures in Texas*, Chiefly in the Spring and Summer of 1840; with a Discussion of Comparative Character, Political, Religious and Moral; Accompanied by an Appendix, Containing an Humble Attempt to Aid in Establishing and Conducting Literary and Ecclesiastical Institutions with Consistency and Prosperity, upon the Good Old Foundation of the Favour of God our Saviour. McCalla, W. L. Philadelphia. Printed for the Author, 1841.

Presbyterian minister of a journey by sea to Galveston and then to Houston, Austin, San Antonio and Goliad. The first half of the book recounts the controversial minister's trip though Texas "alone on a pony," interspersed with adventures with Native Americans and hunting; the latter sections contain reflections on Texas morals and manners.

✷ *The King Ranch*, Lea, Tom, Kingsville, Texas. Printed for the King Ranch [by Carl Hertzog] 1957. Printer's trial copy, inscribed as such by Carl Hertzog.

Tom Lea's history of the King Ranch is one of the most important books ever to emerge from a Texas background. Its typographical achievement is equally distinguished." The special edition was printed on an all rag paper made especially for this book by the Curtis Paper Company. It is bound in heavy crush linen resembling the King Ranch saddle blanket with the running 'W' brand.

✷ Six original watercolor sketches of New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas, drawn on site in 1855 by Josephy Horace Eaton and Frederic Augustus Percy.

The watercolors are the original art work from which engravings were made to accompany William Watt Hart Davis' El Gringo; or New Mexico and Her People (New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1857), one of the earliest full-length books on New Mexico in English. These watercolors are important, early images of New Mexico, Arizona, and Texas made by eyewitnesses. Images created by trained artists in nineteenth-century Texas are very rare, and somewhat rare for New Mexico and Arizona. Eaton's and Percy's paintings are unpretentious, on-the-spot images.

✷ *A Brief History of the Mail Service, Settlement of the Country, and the Indian Depredations Committed upon the Mail Trains of George Chorpenning on the Several Routes between Salt Lake and California from May 1st, 1850, to July, 1860*. Contains a folding lithograph map that shows Chorpenning's Salt Lake and San Diego or San Pedro Mail Route and the Sacramento and Salt Lake Mail Route, sites of attacks by Native Americans and losses of men and stock.

You're Invited

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center and the McCracken Research Library invite you to join other rare book enthusiasts at a special dinner in the John Bunker Sands Photo Gallery on Wednesday, October 18, 2006 at 6 p.m. Guest speaker is Dr. Paul Hutton, noted author, historian, teacher, and MRL advisory board member. Tickets are $75. For reservations, contact Jill Osiecki Gleich at **jillo@bbhc.org** or **307.578.4025**.

Yellowstone Corner

Roosevelt's Presidential Tour of Yellowstone National Park

by Jeremy Johnston

INTRODUCTION:
Although Theodore Roosevelt was the second U.S. President to visit Yellowstone National Park, his two-week vacation marked the most extensive presidential visit in Yellowstone to date. Roosevelt thoroughly explored the Park and, as a result, forever linked his image with Yellowstone's historic legacy.

Theodore Roosevelt and his companion, famed naturalist writer John Burroughs, arrived at Gardiner, Montana by train on April 8, 1903. The two men were greeted by their host, acting-superintendent Major John Pitcher. Before they departed for Yellowstone Park, a number of Gardiner's residents swarmed around the President, while the elderly Burroughs quietly climbed aboard a wagon. When Roosevelt rode off on horseback, leaving Burroughs behind, the eager wagon driver hurried the team along to catch up—unfortunately, with horses running out of control. Burroughs' wagon forced the Presidential escort off the road. According to his written account of the trip, Camping and Tramping with Roosevelt, Burroughs exclaimed, "This is indeed a novel ride; for once in my life I have sidetracked the President of the United States!"

While Burroughs raced off to the first destination in the Park, Fort Yellowstone at Mammoth Hot Springs, Roosevelt and his entourage observed a variety of wild animals. The apparent tameness of Yellowstone's wildlife greatly impressed the President, and he attempted a number of times to see how close he could approach various wild creatures. Roosevelt spent his first evening in the Park observing deer on the Fort Yellowstone parade grounds. He wrote his daughter, Ethel, "I wish you could be here and see how tame all the wild creatures are. As I write, a dozen deer have come down to the parade grounds…they are all looking at the bugler, who has begun to play the 'retreat.'"

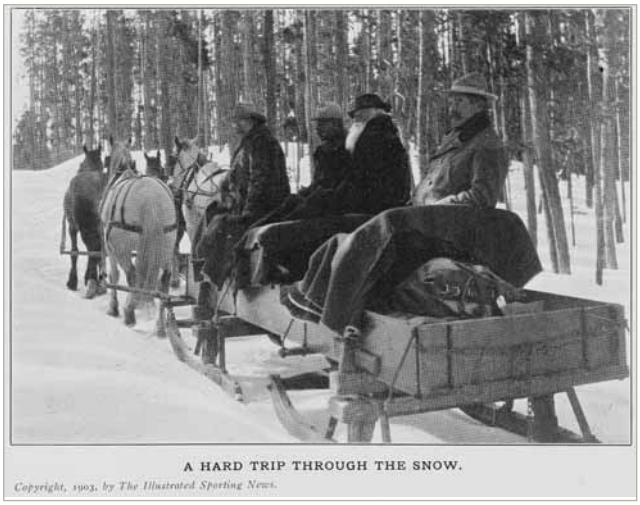
The following morning, the presidential party set out for their camp located near the Black Canyon of the Yellowstone River. Burroughs was to remain at the fort until Roosevelt and his entourage established a comfortable

THE PRESIDENT AND MAJOR PITCHER.
Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

camp. To ensure privacy, Major Pitcher sealed off areas where the President would camp to prevent hordes of curious spectators from bothering Roosevelt. One reporter ignored Pitcher's order and set out, accompanied by his dog, to find Roosevelt's camp for an exclusive interview. A cavalry patrol caught the reporter, however, shot his dog, and then escorted him outside of the Park boundaries with orders not to return.

Roosevelt viewed many elk along his way to the first campsite on the Yellowstone River. "They were certainly more numerous than when I was last through the Park twelve years before," he recalled in his account, "The Wilderness Reserves," which was reprinted in his book, Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter. In one sitting, the President—with the aid of Pitcher and Elwood Hofer, one of their guides—counted 3,000 head of elk. Roosevelt also noticed many elk carcasses and he paid close attention as to what caused their deaths. Two were killed by scab; some were killed by cougars; but the majority was killed by winter starvation.

Roosevelt did not attempt to kill any predators during his trip through the Park, although he had originally planned to turn this visit into a hunt with his former guide and mountain lion hunter, John B. Goff. Roosevelt decided against hunting in Yellowstone, fearing the non-hunting public and his public opponents would severely criticize him for killing an animal in a federal reserve closed to hunting. Buffalo Jones, a game warden and self-proclaimed friend of Roosevelt, was unaware of the President's final decision not to hunt. He determined to entertain Roosevelt by taking him to hunt a cougar using a pack of dogs. When the excited Jones reached the camp, Roosevelt quickly ordered both the dogs and Jones back to Fort Yellowstone.



A HARD TRIP THROUGH THE SNOW.

Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

After the fourth day out, Burroughs joined the party and was surprised to find Roosevelt had gone on a hike by himself. Burroughs noted Major Pitcher seemed nervous about his famous guest setting off on his own, but the President was eager to get away by himself to pursue some elk seen the previous day. Roosevelt soon located the elk and spent the day pursuing them for a closer view. After spending an hour observing the elk herd at a range of 50 yards, Roosevelt returned to camp completing an 18-mile hike. Upon his return, he eagerly described all of the animals he viewed on his solitary trip.

The following day, the men broke camp and set out for Slough Creek. Burroughs attempted to fish the stream, but ice prevented him from doing so. Burroughs instead studied bird calls with Roosevelt. After hearing one strange call, the men followed the source of the sound to find a pygmy owl. "I think the President was as pleased as if we had bagged some big game," Burroughs recorded in his account. "He had never seen the bird before."

While en route to their next campsite near Tower Falls, Roosevelt spied elk and signaled for Burroughs to follow. Burroughs ambled along at a slow pace due to the rough terrain and lost sight of the President until he climbed over a hill. There he saw the President standing 50 yards from an elk herd. "The President laughed like a boy," Burroughs recalled. He and Roosevelt then proceeded to a plateau where they could continue to view the elk. "And then the President did an unusual thing," Burroughs noticed. "He loafed for nearly an hour."

The next afternoon at their new camp, Roosevelt was shaving when someone informed him a herd of bighorn sheep was approaching. Roosevelt, with his face half

THE PRESIDENT, MR. BURROUGHS AND "BILLY" HOFER ON THE TRAIL FROM HELL ROARING TO STERN CREEK.

Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

THE PRESIDENT AND MR. BURROUGHS NEAR A GEYSER.
pyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

THE PRESIDENT PREPARING FOR A TRAMP IN THE WOODS.
Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

covered with shaving soap and a towel draped around his neck, decided to postpone his shave and view the sheep instead. Roosevelt remained oblivious to his comic and half-dressed appearance until Burroughs sent an aid to retrieve the President's coat and hat.

On April 16, the presidential party again packed up the camp and returned to Fort Yellowstone. The day after, Roosevelt, Burroughs, and Pitcher traveled to Yellowstone's famed geyser basins in a horse-drawn sleigh, accompanied by Park concessionaire Harry Childs. Snow in this area of the Park reached levels ranging from four to five feet in depth; thus, Pitcher ordered the roads to be "cleared and packed." Roosevelt rode up front with the driver until they encountered a bare patch of ground when Roosevelt and his companions had to walk alongside the sleigh. "Walking at that altitude is no fun," Burroughs recalled, "especially if you try to keep pace with such a walker as the President is."

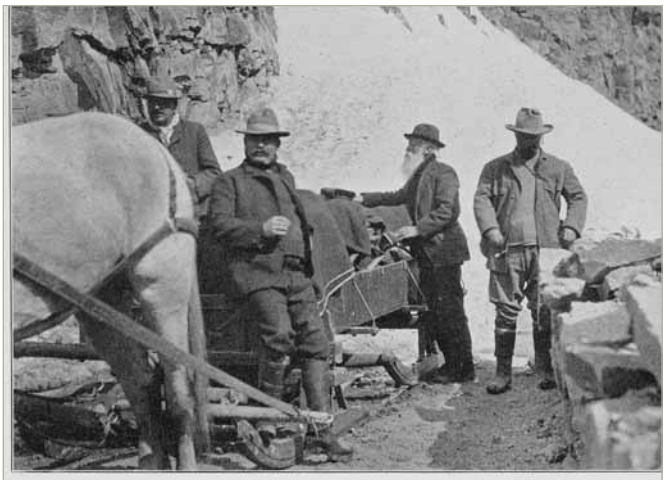
The sleds eventually reached their destination, the Norris Geyser Basin, where the party spent the night at the Norris Hotel. That evening, the President and Burroughs—who shared a single room—decided the room's temperature was too hot. Roosevelt then opened the window, cooling the room with the fresh night air. The next morning, Burroughs recorded the hotel caretaker's surprise: "There was the President of the United States sleeping in that room, with the window open to the floor, and not so much as one soldier outside on guard."

After a cold night's sleep, the President continued traveling to the Fountain Hotel, located near the Lower Geyser Basin. As they were riding along, Roosevelt suddenly jumped down from the sled and captured a mouse under his hat. While the others went fishing in the heated waters of the Firehole River, Roosevelt skinned the mouse and saved the pelt, erroneously believing he discovered a new species. Burroughs later told this story to a newspaper writer, but after telling the anecdote, a disturbing thought occurred to him. "Suppose [the writer] changes that u to an o and makes the President capture a moose," pondered Burroughs. "What a pickle I shall be in!"

From the Fountain Hotel, Roosevelt traveled to the Upper Geyser Basin where he watched the eruption of Yellowstone's most famous geyser, Old Faithful. Unfortunately, Roosevelt did not record his opinions of any of Yellowstone's geysers in his account. Burroughs, however, felt the geysers were a waste of energy. "One disliked to see so much good steam and hot water going to waste; whole towns might be warmed by them, and big wheels made to go round," Burroughs recalled. "I wondered that they had not piped them into the big hotels which they opened for us, and which were warmed by wood fires."

After viewing the famous geysers in the Upper Geyser Basin, Roosevelt returned to the Norris Hotel

for another night's stay. Unfortunately, upon their return, tragedy struck the presidential party. The sleigh driver, George Marvin, died suddenly of a heart attack. Burroughs mourned his passing and praised the man's skills as a sleigh driver. He also recalled Roosevelt hurrying to the barn, where Marvin's corpse lay, to pay his last respects to the man. When he returned to Mammoth, Roosevelt looked up Marvin's fiancée to express his sympathy.



PASSING THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE.

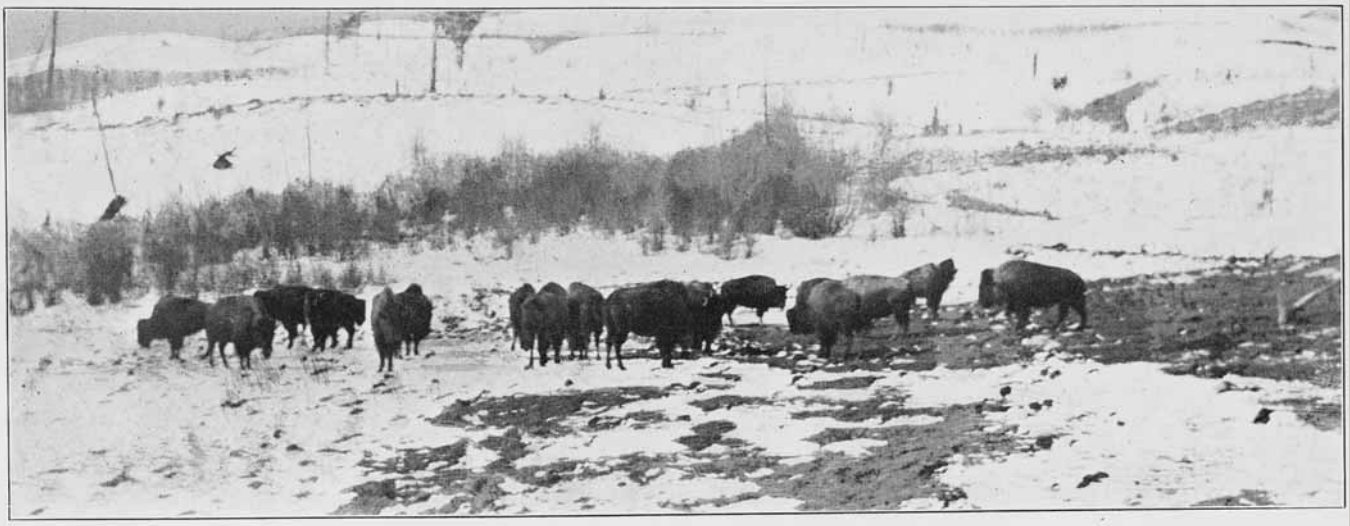
Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.

Roosevelt and his colleagues worked their way from Norris Geyser Basin to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. Beginning from the Canyon Hotel, Roosevelt and Burroughs strapped on skis and proceeded over shoveled paths to scenic vistas of the Canyon. Burroughs believed this to be the grandest spectacle of the entire Park. An ice bridge spanning the brink of the falls fascinated him, especially when he learned coyotes traversed this precarious crossing. After he viewed the Lower Falls of the Yellowstone, Roosevelt visited with a squadron of soldiers in their winter quarters and inquired about their tour of duty guarding Yellowstone National Park. Roosevelt and Burroughs later enjoyed downhill skiing on the low hills near the Canyon Hotel. In their merriment, Roosevelt tumbled into the snow causing Burroughs to laughingly remark about the "downfall of the administration."

As the trip ended, Roosevelt returned to Mammoth Hot Springs, where he agreed to speak at the Masonic cornerstone-laying ceremony for the future archway located at the northern entrance to Yellowstone, which would later bear his name. In his speech dedicating the arch, Roosevelt praised Yellowstone. "The geysers, the extraordinary hot springs, the lakes, the mountains, the canyons, and cataracts unite to make this region something not wholly to be paralleled elsewhere on the globe," Roosevelt proclaimed. "It must be kept for the benefit and enjoyment of all of us." ■

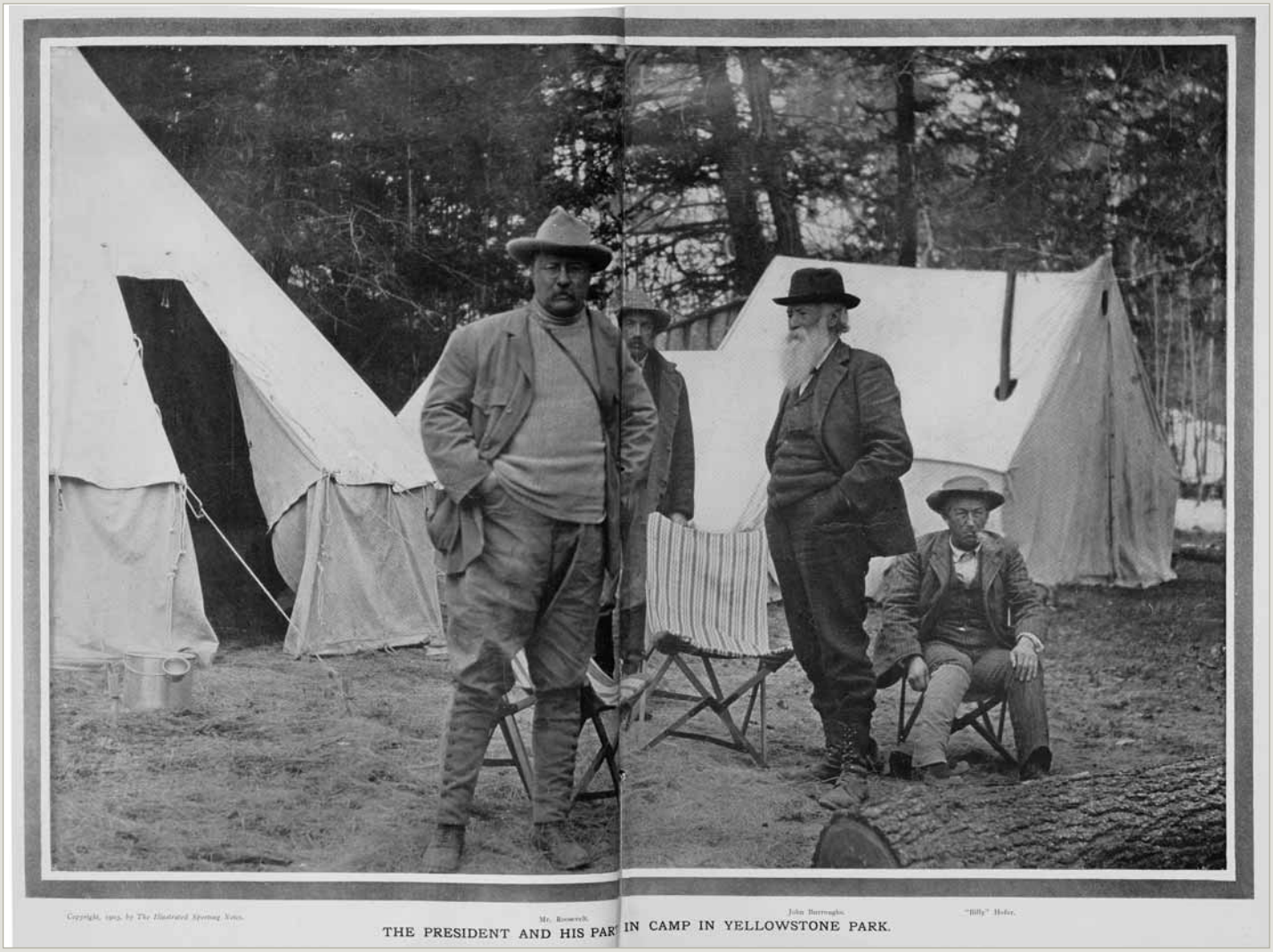
Jeremy Johnston is a professor of history at Northwest College in Powell, Wyoming.

All images are courtesy of the Theodore Roosevelt collection at the Harvard College Library.



A HERD OF BUFFALO IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Copyright, 1903, by The Illustrated Sporting News.



THE PRESIDENT AND HIS PAR[T] IN CAMP IN YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Jeremy Johnston is a descendant of John B. Goff, the Roosevelt hunting guide who was to have helped President Teddy Roosevelt pursue a few mountain lions on his Yellowstone Park vacation. In 1905, Roosevelt arranged for Goff to replace Buffalo Jones as game warden in Yellowstone. "I grew up listening to family tales of Goff and Roosevelt," Johnston explained. "Naturally, this contributed to my great interest in western history and I managed to establish a professional career in the field. So in many ways, this story is a reflection of both my personal and professional interests."

The photographs of the expedition were taken by Major John Pitcher during the trip. "Due to Pitcher's orders to isolate the public and newspaper writers away from the president, these photos offer a rare informal perspective of the visit," Johnston said. "The photos were printed in Illustrated Sporting News in 1903, a short-lived sporting periodical. According to a letter in the Theodore Roosevelt collection at the Harvard College Library, copies of the photos were distributed to each member of the President's party and then the negatives were destroyed. A few of the images have been reprinted since; however, the majority still have not been seen since the article covering Roosevelt's trip appeared in Illustrated Sporting News over 100 years ago." Johnston is writing an article about the photographs themselves for Yellowstone Science.

Johnston has been teaching Wyoming and western history at Northwest College since 1994. While a graduate student at the University of Wyoming, Johnston wrote his master's thesis titled, Presidential Preservation: Theodore Roosevelt and Yellowstone National Park. Johnston continues to research Theodore Roosevelt's connections to Yellowstone and the West as he writes and speaks about Wyoming and the American West. ■

On the Trail with Lewis & Clark

—part one

by Guy Gertsch

In a letter dated June 20, 1803, President Thomas Jefferson wrote Meriwether Lewis: The object of your mission is to explore the Missouri river [sic], & such principal stream of it as by it's [sic] course and communication with the waters of the Pacific ocean whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado or any other river may offer the most direct & practicable water communication across this continent for the purposes of commerce.

Introduction

Guy Gertsch loves history. He especially likes historical treks—so much so, that he decided to embark on one of the greatest treks of all time: commemorating the Lewis and Clark Corps of Discovery. Captain Meriwether Lewis and Captain William Clark left their "Camp Dubois" near present day Hartford, Illinois on May 14, 1804 and arrived at the mouth of the Columbia River at the Pacific Ocean on November 16, 1805. They wintered there at Fort Clatsop, and then on March 23, 1806, the Corps began its eastern return to St. Louis. Gertsch knows the dates by heart, the geography by sight, and the people by a sort of spiritual connection. This is his story . . . and theirs.

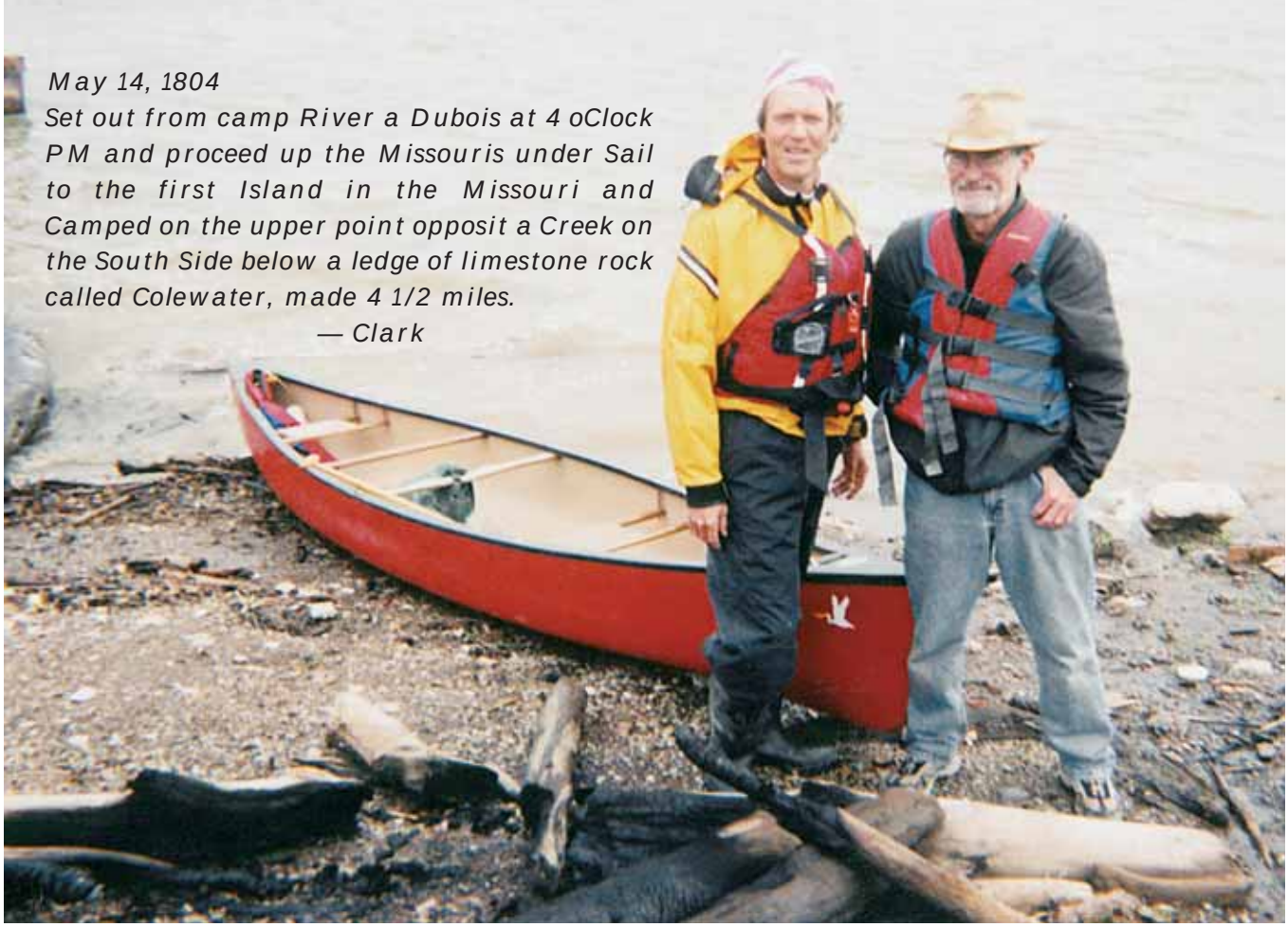
Guy Gertsch prepares to take a flight from Las Vegas to St. Louis to start his adventure. "My three kids weren't happy about all this," Gertsch said. He began his journey "200 years to the day, minute, and place that the Corps began its own trek."

Pomp was the youngest, only a couple of months old, the next youngest being his mother, Sacajawea, who was 15 or 16 years. The youngest official member of the Corps was George Shannon at 18 years. The average age of the group was in the middle 20s; the oldest members, Sgt. Patrick Gass and Captain William Clark, were at 33 years. Apprised of these statistics, my daughter happily announced my "ineligibility" due to my senior citizen status. Armed with parry—Merriam-Webster's "evade by an adroit answer"—I explained that if the Corps were around today it would average 232 years of age, and I at a mere 60 years would be the youngest member.

Rationale confirmed, I boarded a plane for St. Louis, so totally excited that I was agitated: I was to become a corpsman in Lewis and Clark's Corps of Discovery. I had three days to explore prior to launch and made the most of them, first at the Missouri State Historical Society and its Lewis and Clark (L&C) Exposition display. Everything extant from the L&C experience was in evidence: many Thomas Jefferson artifacts, including telescopes, documents, correspondence with Lewis (the real stuff, not copies or prints); Monticello memorabilia; roster signatures; Patrick Gass' actual diary; writings and diaries of both Lewis and Clark, ad infinitum. So comprehensive was this assemblage of artifacts and explanation of the Corps of Discovery in one place that it encouraged at least a two-day examination.

I spent day three visiting St. Bellefontaine Cemetery [the site of William Clark's grave] and explained to Captain Clark that I would be seeing him again, soon and often, for the next 4200 miles. My trek would begin tomorrow [May 14, 2004] at 1600 hours, 200 years to the day, minute, and place that the Corps began its own trek from Camp Dubois, Wood River, Illinois, the site of the junction of the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. I was on the brink of what became the most incredible journey in the world's history of journeys.

Two centuries later the celebrations had been completed; the re-enactors were poised in their motor driven keelboat and pirogues. And then, amid cannon blasts, band blare, and spectator cheers, the moment of launch was at hand. In the most bizarre of encounters,



In the most bizarre of encounters, I met a man named Michael Clark who. . .offered me transport [across the confluence], in manning my own oar, I experienced my first of many admirations for the Corpsmen

I met a man named Michael Clark who was planning to follow the phony flotilla across the Mississippi, around the peninsula, and onto the Big Muddy. He had offered me transport so, in manning my own oar, I experienced my first of many admirations for the Corpsmen. Moving a 10-ton keelboat 1,600 miles upriver must have been a bit on the trying side if this two-man canoe was any indication. Mike dropped me on the west bank of the Missouri and bid me adieu. I made the first of my many bunks in the bush, and it was delightful. The day had been great—an auspicious harbinger of days to come. I didn't deceive myself into believing that they would all be so grand, but I was optimistic enough to believe that this incredible beginning was a fine sign.

With my pack on my back and spirits high, I found the following day's 22-mile hike to St. Charles was not so great. It wound through urban sprawl, but it was well worth the trek to get there. The town was in full L&C promotion, and, with its cobblestone streets and atmospheric restaurants and shops, was really enchanting. The big bonus in being there, however, was that the town marked the head of the Katy Trail, a 180-mile, tree-shaded, strictly pedestrian route that parallels the Missouri River. (The Katy Trail is built on the former corridor of the Missouri-Kansas-Texas [MKT] Railroad—better known as the "Katy.") With trees on both sides of the trail, the shade came in mighty handy. I do confess some measure of guilt, though, when I looked at the river and visualized the specter of the Corps cordelling that keelboat, as they waded along the bank to pull the boat with ropes, compared to my walking a shaded trail with nothing but a backpack for barrier. Plus, there was always a likely spot to drop a bed at night. This was one of the best segments of the entirety. No motorized vehicles at all, a few joggers and cyclists, an occasional village along the route, and a ton of history.

I visited Daniel Boone's house near Defiance, Missouri, his grave (one of two) near Marthasville, then on to New Haven across the river, where John Colter spent the last days of his life and is there (somewhere) buried. Next it was on to Herrman, Jefferson City, Columbia—all so pleasant in many ways.

But for the Corps, I was alone, except for the occasional walkers or cyclists I would meet, and those encounters always seemed pleasant. Near Dutzow I chanced upon a couple named Lewis who invited me

home with them for dinner and a bunk, which I promptly accepted—the dinner, that is. (With Mr. Lewis here, and Michael Clark who had transported me to the west bank of the Missouri earlier, it struck me that I had met both Lewis and Clark for sure.) Along the trail I found a broken-down cyclist, and after putting the chain back on her cycle she offered me "bunk in her back yard in Defiance," which I accepted.

A great second in delight were the places. I'd read about many of them, and now I was here. Coming into a tiny place named Franklin, I found a few houses—no people and no amenities, but the name was enough. It didn't hit me at first, but then the proverbial light bulb turned on: Franklin was the beginning of the Santa Fe Trail where a group of enterprisers, led by William Becknell, had departed in 1821 for the southwest trade, opening one of the great travel routes that joined a growing country.

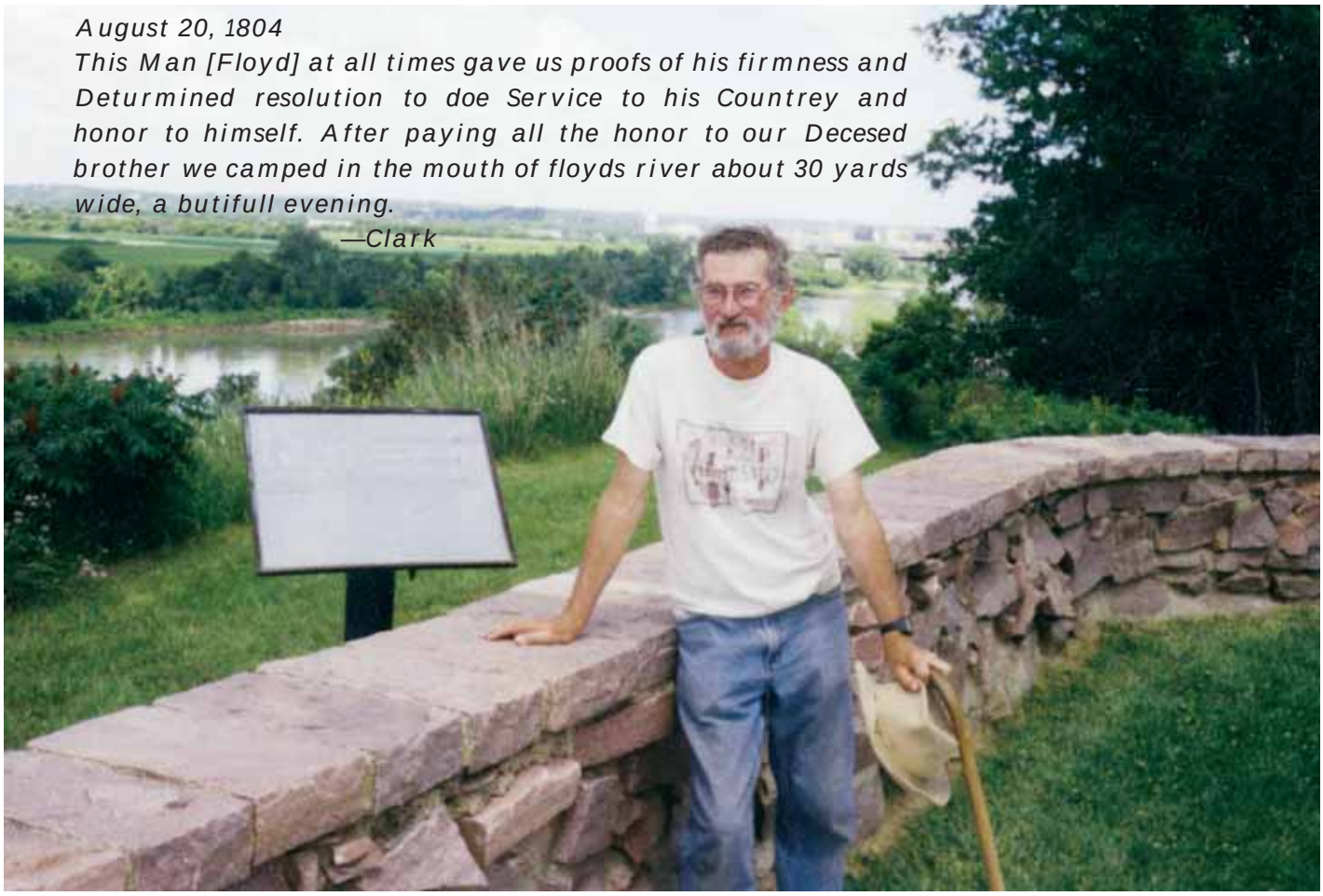
Once I came upon a town called Arrow Rock, where I was offered a site on a knoll overlooking the river by a man named Ray Widel. He'd seen me walking down the road near Blackwater and stopped to offer me a sandwich and lemonade. I pitched my tent on the knoll above a deerpark, counted the dancing red fireflies until late in the night, and slept well. I liked Arrow Rock so much that I started shopping around for a job.

Then, too, there were descriptions of these locations by the journal entries. And there I was where the Corps had been: the same places, maybe even the same campsites.

Ray Widel's property in Arrow Rock, Missouri where I pitched my tent on the knoll above a deerpark, counted the dancing red fireflies until late in the night, and slept well. I liked Arrow Rock so much that I started shopping around for a job.

Alarm clocks are not necessary on these Missouri treks, especially in May—you simply wake up with the rain. It was tornado season and, at times, the winds were ferocious. I had just passed through Westport, found a not-so-great campsite, bedded down, and had scarcely nodded off when I was hit by what had to have been the fringes of a tornado. The wind wrecked my tent, eventually carrying it away. The rain drenched my gear. I was off the

Ray Widel, who'd seen me walking down the road near Blackwater, pulled me over and offered me some lemonade-in the cup on the fence post—and a sandwich.



"I'm at a place in history-unbelievable," Gertsch wrote his family from the Floyd monument.

Katy now, so the next day I hobbled out of Missouri and was in Kansas, the nearest place being Atchison, where I took a room in a motel, dried my gear, bought a tent, visited Amelia Earhart's childhood home and museum, and caught up on railroad history. I visited the Corps campsite on Independence Creek, where they had camped on July 4, 1804. I was moving right along.

Now things were getting serious. Kansas! Not much to look at for a walker. I caught a city bus to get through Kansas City. Then on to Nebraska and more lousy weather. When I came to a town, I generally slept in city parks, but out on the road things were tougher. Several times I bunked in corn fields. One morning I woke up and had momentarily forgotten where I was. But, finding myself surrounded by corn, I swear I heard a voice tell me, "If you build it, he will come."

I was never without sustenance, however. Every day, these cornhusker families offered lunch or dinner or drink. I was beginning to feel like a character from a Willa Cather novel. I have to tell you, when you're on the road you meet some real down-home folks. It is quite a revelation to wake up in a city park, find a package next to my pack, and open it to discover a turkey-cheese sandwich, a cold can of soda, a couple of cookies, an apple, and a small container of fruit cocktail. It was the accompanying note that told the story: "Have a nice day!"

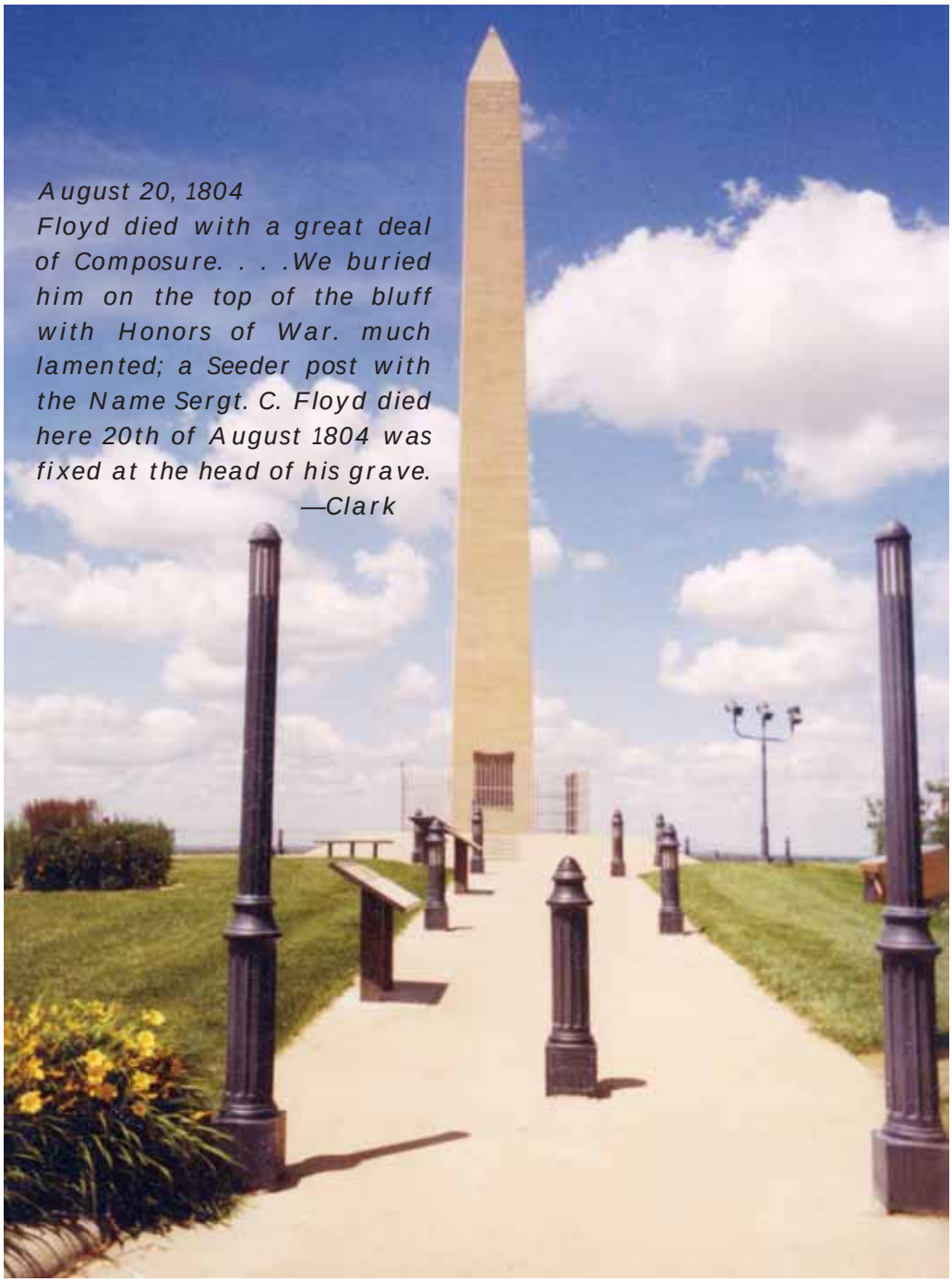
I stepped into Iowa for a short piece and visited the Sergeant Floyd graveside monument in Sioux City. Charles Floyd was the only casualty of the Lewis and Clark journey. He died of what is believed to have been appendicitis.

Once in South Dakota, things started to pick up almost immediately. In Vermillion, there is a park right downtown where campers can take a three-day respite from their travels. I did just that, setting up my tent and striking out for Spirit Mound as had some members of the Corps. This is one of the places that the intervening centuries hadn't changed. Once there, I saw it just as the Corps did and as Clark described it, a place feared by the Native Indians for the legends it inspired. The Mound was six miles from Vermillion. I walked there, climbed it, and knew for a certainty that I was standing in the exact

spot where the visiting Corpsmen stood, the vast plains stretching out beneath.

From there I went north and crossed onto the Lower Brule Indian Reservation to yet another of those chance encounters that made the journey so memorable. As I went through the town of Lower Brule, a car pulled over. The driver, a young Indian woman with two children, inquired as to my health. I explained that I was looking for a camping site and she told me to get in. The lady drove me to a quiet camping spot right on the river and left me there. An hour later she returned with a box of chicken, which I accepted, and several bills of money, which I didn't. Finally, she advised me against further walking travel to Pierre, which was about 50 miles further. As she put it, "There is nothing on that road—not even a gas station—and hardly anybody ever uses it. . . . And there are no people either." ■

To be continued. . .



Sergeant Floyd Monument near Sioux City, IA. Charles Floyd was the only casualty of the Lewis and Clark journey. He died of what is believed to have been appendicitis.

In the next installment, featured in the December issue of *Points West*, Gertsch reaches Pierre, South Dakota, then is off to North Dakota as his trek along the Lewis and Clark Trail continues. Requests for transcripts or questions for Mr. Gertsch, who at this writing is rumored to be following the John Muir Trail in Yosemite National Park, may be forwarded to: Editor, *Points West*, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, 720 Sheridan Avenue, Cody, WY 82414 or Editor@bbhc.org.

Harry Jackson:

by Marguerite House

In 2003, the Buffalo Bill Art Show launched the tradition of naming an annual honored artist as a special way to pay tribute to those artists who have made important contributions to Western art. This year, we're proud to name Harry Jackson as our Silver Anniversary's honored artist. Jackson's works are an important part of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center's collections and his fusion of radically abstract work with realistic western and cowboy themes has earned him worldwide recognition.

—Deb Stafford, Director, Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale

I first met Harry Jackson when I was a seventh-grader in Mr. Gilpin's art class. Because I grew up in Riverton, Wyoming, this inevitably meant a field trip up north to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC) in Cody — especially if one was enrolled in any art or history class.

Obviously, I didn't meet the artist "up close and personal." I do remember, however, seeing his monumental, sequential paintings *Stampede* and *Range Burial* and being totally taken by their enormous size, some 10 feet high and 21 feet long. There were those intricate sculptures of each, too — "complex, but not complicated" as Harry would later say, a distinction he shared with me on numerous subjects. I stared and stared at them from every possible angle, matching up person-by-person and horse-by-horse to the paintings behind them.

Little did I know that a full 40 years later, I'd be writing a story about the 25th Anniversary Buffalo Bill Art Show and Sale's Honored Artist, Harry Jackson. When we met for our first interview, I was that sheepish seventh grader again with questions like: "Is it a stretch to make the leap from bronze to canvas?" "Do your eyes get tired painting something that big?" "Just how many steers *are* in that sculpture?" (At this last question, he looked at me with a half-wince/half-grin and said, "Hell, I don't know! They conjure up Hell turned loose!")

Harry Jackson: 2006 Honored Artist, Buffalo Bill Art Show & Sale.

2006 Honored Artist
Buffalo Bill Art Show & Sale

MYSTIC BONDS

I suppose Harry would call our meeting one of life's "mystic bonds," those coincidences, twists of fate, divine interventions, cosmic occurrences, or just plain meant-to-be's that cause individuals' paths to cross. One of the most consequential for Harry was his life's first encounter with abstract expressionist painter Jackson Pollock who would become his friend and mentor.

Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, and in the fall of 1942, Harry and fellow Pitchfork cowboy Cal Todd had volunteered for the Marine Corps in the fall of 1942. While friend Cal was rejected by the Marines and ended up a gunner in the Army Air Corps, Harry entered Marine boot camp in San Diego, California. Later, he became the sole combat sketch artist with the Fifth Amphibious Corps general intelligence section, and at age 19, PFC Jackson was one of the first Marines to land on Japan's impregnably fortified central Pacific island of Betio, Tarawa, in what has been called the bloodiest amphibious conquest in human history. That 76-hour battle began on November 20, 1943.

That very day, *New Yorker* magazine's art reviewer Robert Coates complimented one of Harry's early combat sketches, *Night Patrol* on display in New York's Museum of Modern Art exhibition *Marines at War*. And, in that same review, Coates complimented Jackson Pollock's first one-man show in Peggy Guggenheim's Art of This Century Gallery. It would be one year before Harry would consciously realized Pollack's and his "mystic bond."

After Harry suffered head wounds at Tarawa in 1943 and leg wounds on Saipan in 1944, he was "shipped stateside," to Los Angeles, where, at age 20, he was made an Official Marine Corps Artist, the youngest ever. While in Los Angeles, he first saw Pollock's *The Moon Woman Cuts the Circle*, which, to Harry, "expressed the bloody madness . . . of Tarawa better than any combat art I'd ever seen." Harry was so taken with Pollack's abstract expressionist painting, that he had to meet "this awesome visionary." It would be five years before he would finally meet Pollock—the artist whom a 1949 *Life* magazine article dubbed "Jack the Dripper" because of his technique of dripping paint on to canvases fixed to the floor. It was Pollock who introduced Harry to abstract expressionism which, according to Harry, "notably energized my earlier realistic paintings."

THE PITCHFORK COWBOY

In chatting with Harry, it's hard to imagine he wasn't born a cowboy. He knows horses; the lion's share of his artwork includes horses, cowboys, and Indians; he can "spin a yarn" with the best of them; and he was a saddle hand—especially at the legendary Pitchfork Ranch near Meeteetse, Wyoming, his "place of birth" according to his Marine discharge papers.

But Harry wasn't born in Wyoming. He was born on Chicago's south side on April 18, 1924, the only child of Harry Shapiro and Ellen Jackson Shapiro. Ellen chose to name him Harry Jackson after her own father, but, for the most part, most everyone called him "Sunny." Harry's kill-for-hire father committed his first murder at age 13 and was subsequently a Mafia hit man who carried out contracts for

Story author Marguerite House reminisces about the first time she saw the work of Harry Jackson, including both the painting and sculpture of *Stampede*, as a seventh-grade art student.

Harry Jackson (b. 1924), *Stampede*, 1965, oil on canvas, 111.25 x 245.75 inches. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of The Coe Foundation. 29.65

Harry Jackson (b. 1924), *Stampede*, 1959, 15 x 56 inches. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of The Coe Foundation. 52.72

Al Capone and George "Bugs" Moran. Harry tells how, in April of 1931, his father who had jumped bail from one of his many incarcerations, was captured in Harry's bedroom. It was his seventh birthday and before four policemen led Shapiro away, he gave his son a fully-loaded Smith & Wesson .45 caliber revolver as a birthday present.

Harry's mother Ellen was "leased to pedophile clients in order to force her to earn her own keep," according to Harry, and young Sunny was destined for the same fate. Harry and his parents lived with Ellen's mother, Grandma Minnie, in Minnie's lunchroom*cum*-bordello/gambling-house across South Halstead Street from Chicago's gargantuan Union Stockyards. With cowboys a-plenty herding cattle through the maze of pens, Harry spent hours listening to tales of range life in the West. On many occasions, the cowboys and traders let Harry ride their horses around the stockyards, and it wasn't long before Harry dreamed of becoming a cowboy himself one day.

As we talked about those early years, Harry abruptly asked if I'd seen the bloody 2002 gangster movie "Road to Perdition." In it, Mafia boss John Rooney (Paul Newman) employs Mike Sullivan (Tom Hanks) as his killer—a kind of archetype of Shapiro. Harry even repeated sizeable portions of the movie's dialog and finally shuddered as he said, "That was my mobster Old Man."

Given the violent nature of his home, it's no wonder Harry became a Dickens-like urchin, roaming the streets of Chicago, "making all kinds of marks and doodles which beat hell out of going to school," Harry said. When he was eight-years-old, teacher Ann Campaign recognized Harry's unique gift and secured a scholarship for him in the Chicago Art Institute's Saturday children's classes. Harry still displays some of those early works in his studio/museum. I commented on their "sophisticated themes" (at age 13 he'd painted a boxer and a nude), and he responded, "I was as precocious as hell."

While dodging school an his terrifying home, Harry regularly visited Chicago's many museums including the Chicago Art Institute, the Field Museum, the Museum of Science and Industry, and the Harding Museum where he was captivated with western artist Frederic Remington's paintings and sculptures. He also learned to ride lively horses by exercising polo ponies for the 124th Horse Artillery's polo team near his Chicago home. "All I was good at was drawing, riding, and running away," Harry explains.

Just after his fourteenth birthday, Harry ran away from Chicago to the rangeland of Wyoming where, ultimately, he became the cowboy artist for which he is best known.

He was determined to be a cowboy illustrator and saved numerous magazine articles as examples. One in particular was the February 8, 1937 issue of *Life* magazine with the photo essay *Winter Comes to Wyoming*, photographed by Charles Belden on the Pitchfork Ranch—the very one that Harry would later call his birthplace. In Chicago, he'd connected with many a cowboy at the stockyards, ridden fast polo ponies for the polo team, studied the works of western artist Frederic Remington, and was totally enamored of this cattle ranch called Pitchfork. So, just after his fourteenth birthday, Harry ran away from Chicago to the rangeland of Wyoming where, ultimately, he became the globally recognized cowboy artist.

THE SEER ARTIST

Harry calls himself a "seer-artist," about which "there's really nothing special," he says. "It is basic to all humans." Of course, the difference between the Harry Jacksons of the world and the rest of us is that only a few seer-artists become what Harry calls "celebrators, those few who follow the call, so to speak."

And my, how Harry followed the call. From his childhood art classes in Chicago to his cowboy escape to Wyoming to his stint in the Marines, Harry always doodled, sketched, or painted. Once he met Jackson Pollock—who, by the way, was born in Cody, Wyoming, in 1912, some 50 miles north of the Pitchfork Ranch—Harry embarked on a period of abstract expressionism as he lived among a number of abstract artists alternately in New York, then Old Mexico, and New York again. Indeed, he was gaining recognition for his abstract work, but, at the same time, was becoming less and less enchanted with modern art dealers who "changed priceless art into a commodity."

So Harry was drawn to Europe in 1954 where he studied the Venetian painter Titian, as well as other Renaissance artists in Italy, Austria, Germany, France, and Spain. Much to the chagrin of his fellow abstractionists, including Pollock, he returned to painting realism, though "notably energized by his recent years of abstract expressionism," according to his online

biography (www.harryjackson.org).

Harry's abandonment of New York's abstract expressionists was big news in the art world. His life-size painting *The Italian Bar* was featured in the July 9, 1956 *Life* magazine photo essay *Harry Jackson Takes the Hard Way*, in which author Dorothy Seiberling commended Harry for abandoning Pollock's expressionistic work for those of the great European masters. On the other hand, *New York Times* art critic Dore Ashton damned Harry for "daring to betray his mentor Pollock's skyrocketing success." Another critic at the *Times*, Hilton Kramer, wrote, "It [Harry's return to realism] has certainly made Mr. Jackson's fortune, but it has all but robbed him of his fame. . . . Most of the cowboy sculptures are unfortunately the sheerest kitsch. Their every gesture is cliché."

As Harry was creating *Sacajawea*, ever in the background of his studio in Camaiore, Italy, was his life-size drawing of the sculpture.

THE PHILOSOPHER

"Don't impose your images on the work. Open yourself, and be as neutrally and lovingly receptive as you can be," Harry advises. "This is the way to look at any work of art, no matter how realistic or abstract it may be. Just let it happen to you." Even though Harry was willing that I take away what ever I could from his work, I suppose I felt, on some level, unqualified to make any kind of analysis or judgment without consulting "one of those so-called 'professionals.'"

Once Harry shared with me a lifetime of stories behind the myriad of paintings and sculptures in his studio — *The Italian Bar, Two Champs*, *The Marshal* (John Wayne as Rooster Cogburn from the movie *True Grit*) for the August 8, 1969 cover of *Time* magazine, a scale model of his circa 22-foot equestrian sculpture *The Horseman* created for the Great Western Financial Corporation headquarters in Beverly Hills, to name only a fraction — he waxed philosophical, as they say, about life and about art.

The questions I had for Harry came fast and furious. I couldn't help but ask questions about his life, his relationships (he's had six wives/significant others), his friends, and his art. When I asked Harry about his talent, he was quick to interrupt as he loathes the word "talent," "because talent in the Bible means money." "No, I prefer to call what I and folks like me do — a gift."

I asked Harry if he felt his gangland father was evil. Harry replied simply and quietly, "He was my father." (Ironically, Harry was to discover years later that his father had actually enrolled in art classes at the Barnes Foundation in Marion, Pennsylvania about 1946.) Then, I asked how his life might have been different had it not been for his art, a question met with yet another of Harry's wince/grins. "I don't know," he replied. "All those wouldas, shouldas and couldas are a waste of time. One's life is simply what it is at every *eternally here and now* moment."

I was also curious how Harry viewed abstract art and discovered a veritable dichotomy. To Harry, even though a piece of art may look abstract, "it ain't necessarily so. In fact, it might be quite the opposite. It can be totally *not* abstract-expressionist, even *not* non-objective." He used the work of Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky as an example of what *is* realistic, by noting the artist's desire to paint music on a flat surface. "He used colors, lines, and inter-relationships that may look abstract, but are in fact music on a flat surface — a very real, palatable subject."

However, in the sense that art isn't truth—one can't eat the bowl of apples in a still life, for example, or hear the noise of hooves in Harry's own *Stampede* — "it's all basically abstract and non-objective," in Harry's view. Oddly enough, it made perfect sense.

Our interview concluded, I looked over my notes and photocopies and realized I could have written volumes more. A story about a life of 82 years is guaranteed to do that, I suppose — especially about an artist as colorful as Harry Jackson. The writing brought me back, full-circle, however, to when I first caught sight of Harry's *Stampede* during that seventh-grade art class visit. And that question about the number of longhorn steers in the sculpture? I counted them. There are 30. ■

Sacajawea

by Marguerite House

Literally every day, I pass Harry Jackson's monumental sculpture *Sacajawea* as it stands proudly in the Cashman Greever Gardens of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC). Until my interview with the artist, little did I know Harry originally intended for it to serve as one of Wyoming's representative sculptures in Statuary Hall in the U.S. Capitol building in Washington, D.C. When I asked Harry why the plan had gone awry, he responded, "Politics."

In the fall of 1975, John Barber of the Pine Bar Ranch near Lander, Wyoming, approached Harry about doing a monumental sculpture of Lewis and Clark's Indian guide Sacajawea to be placed in the U.S. Capitol, along with Wyoming's other representative sculpture of Esther Hobart Morris. "When I asked who was going to pay for it," Harry said, "John told me, 'Don't worry about that; just leave it to me.'"

To find a model, Harry contacted his friend Reverend Patterson Keller in Cody, Wyoming, who asked a chaplain on Wyoming's Wind River Indian Reservation to find a young Shoshone woman, preferably with a small child, to serve as the model for *Sacajawea*. Ultimately, it was Marie Henan Varilek who would pose for hours in Harry's Lost Cabin, Wyoming studio. Harry was quite satisfied with his first studies, noting, "They embody the monumental quality and majesty befitting a statue to stand 10 feet high in the U.S. Capitol, as well as our Wyoming State Capitol."

Yes, negotiations had broadened the original Cheyenne commission to include not only the U.S. Capitol, but the Wyoming State Capitol as well. However, repeated controversy over Sacajawea's actual burial site—indeed whether she'd been in Wyoming at all—left many wondering about her suitability as a subject truly representing Wyoming. In the end, the commission established a competition to choose a sculpture. Not only did Harry enter the competition in 1977, he caused another academic fray by spelling the Indian guide's name with a "j" as the Shoshone Tribal Chairman asked him to do, rather than the "g" that Lewsi and Clark had used."

Harry began working on studies for the sculpture only to have the deal fall through in March of 1978 as another sculptor's work was eventually chosen by the commission. Nevertheless, according to Harry, his work had reached new levels with his efforts to create *Sacajawea*. "My desire to master volume and mass in painting on a flat surface naturally brought me to paint colors directly on to the actual three-dimensional surfaces of my heroic *Sacajawea* bronze. Sculpture for me is a way to be a better painter."

The project languished a mere four months when Helen and Richard Cashman of Minneapolis "came to the rescue," as Harry puts it, and generously donated the funds to cast *Sacajawea* as an outdoor sculpture in conjunction with the newly built Plains Indian Museum at the BBHC. The new commission was signed in August 1978, and in January 1979, Harry returned to his studio in Italy to "[go] to work immediately on the mass of water clay that had been roughed out on the huge armature." By February 20, 1980, the final modeling of *Sacajawea* was complete. It would be cast in six sections — and it would be painted.

"I can't imagine the world without color," Harry maintains. "Walking down an ordinary street or out in a plain piece of unbroken country, even on a gray day, I see everything like it was painted." In their book *Harry Jackson*, 1981 (Harry N. Abrams, Inc., publisher), authors Larry Pointer and Donald Goddard wrote, "Once freed from the absolute demands of realism and historical accuracy, he [Harry] was able to project the total image as both sculpture and painting, rather than just painted sculpture. . . . He was now painting on the massive forms as though they were a three-dimensional field or canvas."

Sacajawea was unveiled and dedicated at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center on July 4, 1980, a completed monumental sculpture, but also a "seer-artist" liberation for her creator. As he finished telling me the story about this, his first monumental sculpture, and the abundant details of researching, creating, and crafting that accompanied it, Harry acknowledged the project was transformed into more than a commissioned work. For him, it became a personal endeavor as he depicted not only Sacajawea, the guide, but also personified pure motherhood. For you see, the more Harry sculpted, the more he connected with a relationship denied him when he was Sunny, a lifetime ago—that of an uncompromised mother. ■

Opposite page: Detail of clay model of *Sacajawea* and baby.

Top: Harry uses an oversized shaping tool to add details to the sculpture

Below: Harry stretches with a brush to put finishing touches on Sacajawea once she'd been placed in the Cashman Greever Garden of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center prior to her dedication on July 4, 1980. Below him are Alfredo Domenici, foreman of the "bronze chaser" (front), Franco Bertoni, supervisor of Harry's Italian studio (rear), and an unidentified BBHC staffer in the center.

Mark Twain and Mirrored through a

by Sandra K. Sagala

In this, the third in a four-part series, Sandra Sagala compares the fame of two of the American West's best-known personalities — Mark Twain and Buffalo Bill Cody — as they made their marks on nineteenth-and-twentieth century America.

William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody, photograph, ca. 1880. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. P.69.1544

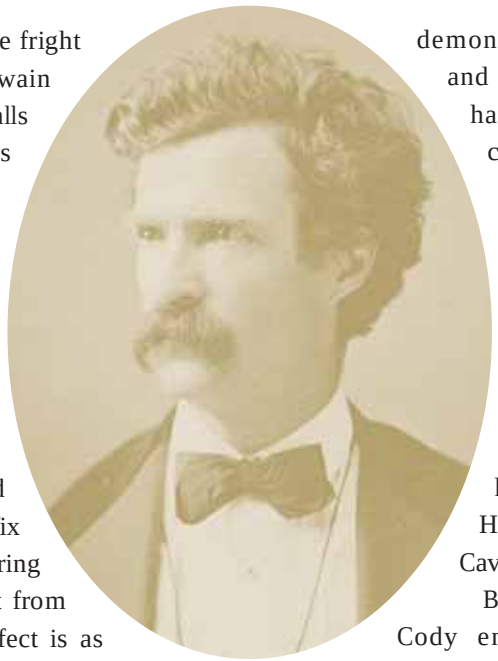
In the nineteenth century, while many of Cody's and Clemens' contemporaries never moved farther than 50 miles beyond their birthplaces, some crossed the country in search of better land, higher wages, or simple adventure. Unlike most of them, Cody and Twain became world travelers. Cody toured the country from east coast to west with his stage plays and Wild West for 15 years. Then he took his show to Europe, for four years at a time. While in England, he held a special command performance for Queen Victoria who was delighted with the exhibition. During one performance, Buffalo Bill drove four European kings — those of Belgium, Denmark, Greece, and Saxony — around the outdoor arena in his Deadwood Stagecoach. In Italy, he presented the Wild West to Pope Leo XIII on the anniversary of the pontiff's ascension to the throne of St. Peter. Cody — for all his homespun, plainsman past — grew comfortable entertaining royalty and world leaders.

Mark Twain traveled even more widely than Buffalo Bill. Sought after as a speaker, he addressed audiences not only across America, but also in Europe where he lived for years at a time. His lecture circuit encompassed the globe, taking him to the Sandwich Islands, India, the Holy Land, Ceylon, Russia, and Australia. Clemens, too, was comfortable with high-ranking, influential people. He was just a fellow writer to his friends — future notables whom twenty-first century readers regard nearly as popular as he — such as Bret Harte, Charles Dickens, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Helen Keller. Twain twice met King Edward VII, successor to Queen Victoria, first in Germany, and again at a Windsor garden party. He grew close to former president Ulysses S. Grant during the last year of Grant's life when a publishing company Twain originated acquired the contract to publish Grant's Civil War memoirs. Twain involved himself in promoting Grant's book. With that success, he secured sanctions for a biography of Pope Leo XIII, a venture which, though profitable, fell far short of expected earnings.

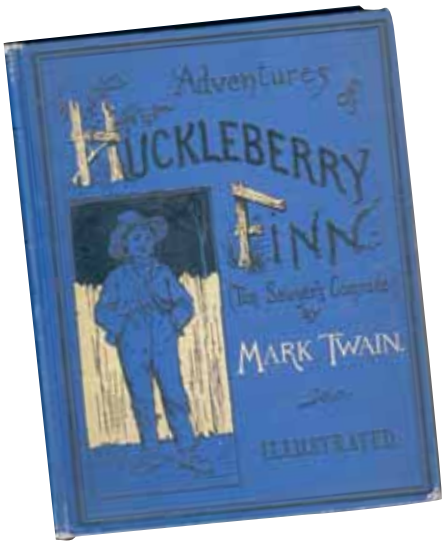
As confident as they were in performing before large international audiences, both men began their careers as frightened as anyone might be, faced with an expectant crowd. "Before I well knew what I was about, I was in the middle of the stage, staring at a sea of faces, bewildered by the fierce glare of the lights, and quaking in every limb with a terror that seemed like to take my life away," Twain admitted. Buffalo Bill Cody, at his theatrical debut in Chicago in December 1872, watched the crowd enter the opera house through holes in the curtain as his "nervousness increased to an uncomfortable degree." When the curtain rose, fellow actor Ned Buntline "appeared, and gave me the 'cue' to speak 'my little piece,' but for the life of me I could not remember a single word." In the wings, the manager attempted to prompt him, "but it did no good; for while I was on the stage I 'chipped in' anything I thought of." Finally, with Buntline's coaching, Cody managed to relate a hunting story the audience greeted with foot stampings and hoots of pleasure.

Buffalo Bill Cody glass darkly (part 3)

While he did overcome the stage fright and develop his own "voice," Twain often resorted to what one expert calls his "system of destruction." His method of humor was to present reality, by "unwriting" what others had done. For instance, in his travel guide Innocents Abroad, Twain wrote about the myriad shrines he visited in Italy: "Some of the pictures of the Saviour were curiosities in their way." He went on to describe the hammer, nails, sponge, reed, and crown of thorns affixed near a crucifix as accoutrements. Instead of inspiring faith as a travel writer might expect from such a display, Twain found "the effect is as grotesque as it is incongruous." He also loved to entertain by insisting he was telling the truth. In *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, Twain, using Huck's voice, writes, "You don't know about me without you have read a book by the name of The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; but that ain't no matter. That book was made by Mr. Mark Twain, and he told the truth, mainly. There was things which he stretched, but mainly he told the truth." Not that Twain was above prevarication. He quoted Thomas Carlyle who said, "A lie cannot live forever," but Twain added in his dry fashion, "It shows that he did not know how to tell them."



Samuel Clemens, also known as "Mark Twain," date unknown. Mark Twain Archives, Elmira College, New York.



Twain's Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (Copyright, 1884, by Samuel L. Clemens; Copyright, 1896 and 1899, by Harper & Brothers; Copyright, 1912, by Clara Gabrilowitsch) is considered by many Twain's masterpiece and certainly indicative of the humor that made him such a popular lecturer throughout the world. Courtesy of the Mark Twain Archive, Elmira College, Elmira, New York.

Buffalo Bill Cody worked to present history as he saw it, real and imagined, but placed himself at the center. In his Wild West shows, Cody featured representations of pioneers' travails with the Indians. Instead of demonstrating the cruel reality of the scalpings and tortures—hardly entertainment—he happily-ever-aftered the stories. Cody charged into the arena in the nick of time to save the settlers from sure destruction. His depiction of Custer's Last Stand always ended with him galloping up after the last soldier had fallen. His crew unfurled a large sign proclaiming "TOO LATE," insinuating Cody had tried to save the hapless general, when, in fact, Cody was hundreds of miles away from Little Big Horn when Custer and the Seventh Cavalry met its fate.

Between 1876 and 1886, Twain and Cody enjoyed very productive years. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1876) and Adventures of Huckleberry Finn (1885) made Twain a household name. With his newly earned wealth, he purchased a large house in Hartford, Connecticut. Since 1869, Elisha Bliss of the American Publishing Company had promoted many of Twain's works but when Twain became unhappy with Bliss over the publisher's increasingly non-Twain book list, Twain started his own subscription book company and set up Charles L. Webster to run it. Within two years the publishing firm found success with *Grant's Memoirs*.

Dime novel writers, in particular Ned Buntline, whom Clemens may have met in May 1868 on a Sacramento River steamboat, discovered Buffalo Bill Cody and aggrandized his heroic adventures in the yellow-paged paperbacks. Borrowing from his own literature, Buntline created Cody's first drama and cast himself in a

William F. Cody traveled all over the U.S. and Europe with his Wild West. This is stock certificate number 9 from a book of certificates for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co. containing the original certificates of stock numbered 1-250 and issued in 1887 to William F. Cody, Nathan Salsbury and others. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. MS6.5.OS1

major role. By 1879, after seven profitable seasons as a dramatic actor in frontier dramas, Buffalo Bill was persuaded to write his autobiography. When he finished it, Elisha Bliss's son, Frank, also of the American Publishing Company, published it, making it perhaps one of the first books sold by subscription, that is, through book agents going door-to-door. Cody was a natural born storyteller. During the times he was hired to guide eastern sportsmen on hunting trips west, he entertained his charges with tall tales around the campfire. In his early years as an actor when he forgot his lines, he adlibbed stories around the fake campfire onstage.

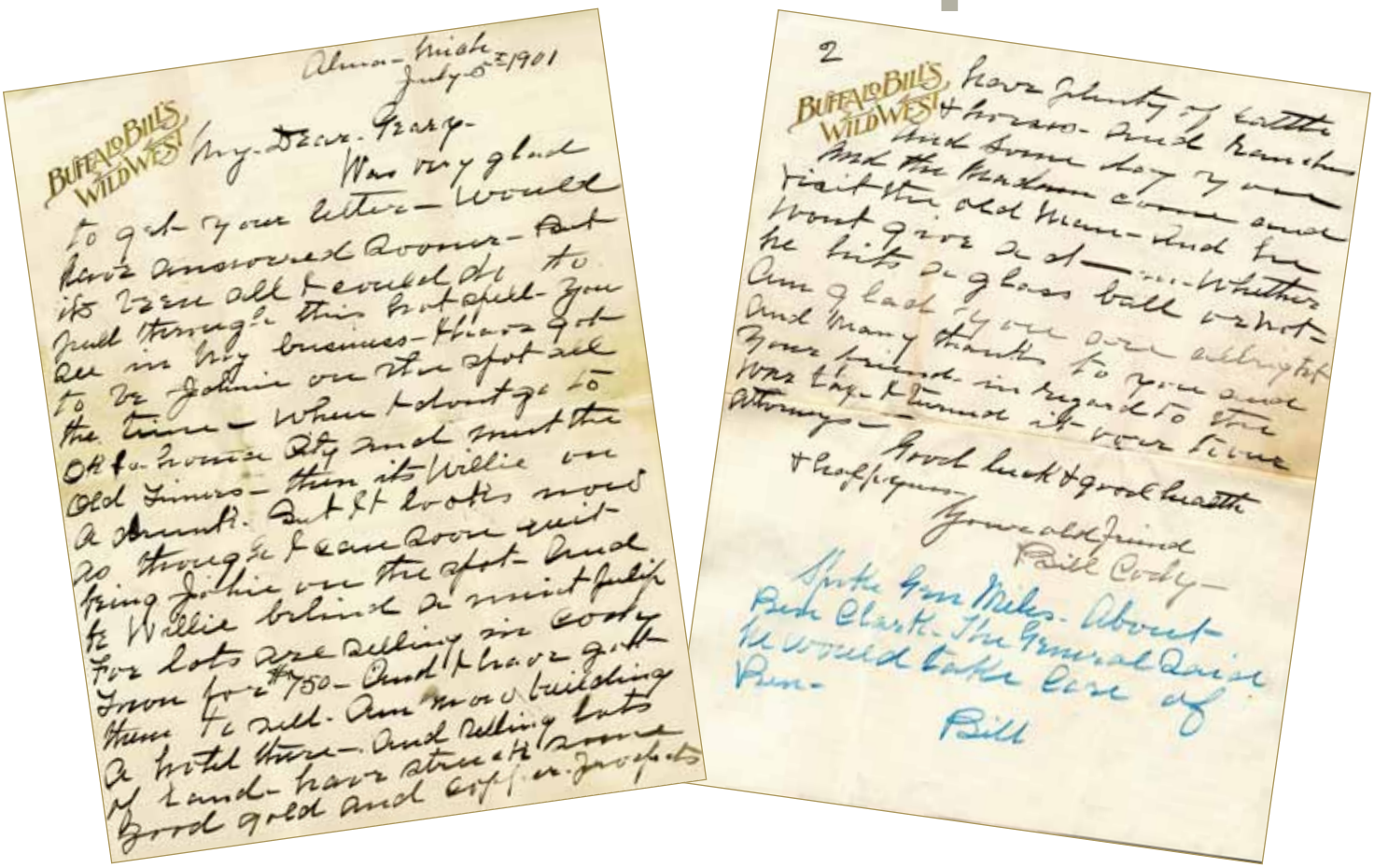
Mark Twain earned his acclaim through his public lectures and writings, many based on his boyhood or his travels. In The Adventures of Tom Sawyer, Tom says in the introduction, "most of the adventures in this book really occurred; one or two were experiences of my own, the rest those of boys who were schoolmates of mine," while in The Mysterious Stranger, the narrator is a printer's apprentice, as was young Twain. Twain's travel experiences inspired *Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It*. During the years he wandered around the West, Clemens learned to tell stories from old mountaineers and miners. While on long steamboat tours on the Mississippi, storytelling helped pass the time. But writing his own story came difficult to him, even though much of his fictional writing is clearly autobiographical. Clemens began his "official" story in 1870, and then put it aside, working on it intermittently over the next 30 years. Becoming more serious about it after the turn of the century, he found he enjoyed the process more of adding to it by dictating to his secretaries and by talking to A.B. Paine, his biographer.

Whether or not the other man read his contemporary's biography, Mark Twain was certainly informed about Buffalo Bill, having attended Cody's Wild West show more than once as his letter indicates. In his 1892 book *American Claimant*, Twain's character Lord Berkeley dons a hat "of a new breed to him, Buffalo Bill not having been to England yet," though in reality, Cody had traveled to England since 1887. In his 1905 novella "A Horse's Tale," Twain used Soldier Boy, supposedly Buffalo Bill's favorite horse, as narrator. In the fiction, after the horse saves a general's daughter from wolves, Buffalo Bill generously offers the animal to her as a gift.

Between his early theatrical seasons, Cody returned to the frontier. Playwrights chronicled his summer's adventures in plays that he performed the following season. One of his plays was based on the Mountain Meadow Massacre, scene of an alleged Mormon attack against an emigrant wagon train in 1857 Utah. Sam Clemens had visited the scene in 1861 and summarized the contradictory explanations heard around the territory in chapter 17 of *Roughing It*. The carnage was possibly "the work of the Indians entirely," or "the Indians were to blame, partly, and partly the Mormons" or "the Mormons were almost if not wholly and completely responsible for that most treacherous and pitiless butchery." Ultimately, it was the Paiute Indians along with Danites, the Mormon guerrillas, who were to blame for the slaughter. Mormon leader John D. Lee was hanged on the spot 20 years later, an event that was featured in Cody's drama. ■

To be continued . . .

Sandra K. Sagala has written *Buffalo Bill, Actor: A Chronicle of Cody's Theatrical Career* and has co-authored *Alias Smith and Jones: The Story of Two Pretty Good Bad Men* (Bear Manor Media 2005). She did much of her research about Buffalo Bill through a Garlow Fellowship at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming. She lives in Erie, Pennsylvania, and works at the Erie County Public Library.



The Buffalo Bill Historical Center recently purchased at auction this letter written at Alma, Michigan, dated July 5, 1901 from William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody to a Mr. Jim Geary, whom currently remains unidentified. In the letter Cody notes the selling price for lots in Cody, Wyoming ($750) and that he's "building a hotel there." Because of that apparent success, Cody notes "I can quit being Johnny on the spot and be Willie behind a mint julep."

Alma, Mich July 5th, 1901

My Dear Geary—

Was very glad to get your letter—Would have answered sooner—but it's been all I could do to pull through this hot spell—You see in my business—I have got to be Johnnie on the spot all the time—When I don't go to Oklahoma City, and meet the Old Timers—then it's Willie on a drunk. But it looks now as though I can soon quit being Johnnie on the spot and be Willie behind a mint julep for lots are selling in Cody from for $750—and I have gotten them to sell. Am now building a hotel there—and selling lots of land—have struck some good gold and copper.

Prospects (?) have plenty of cattle and horses—and ranches and some day you and the madam come and visit the old man—and he won't give a d—- whether he hits a glass ball or not. Am glad you are allright. And many thanks to you and your friends in regard to the way tax (?) turned it—your (?) attorneys. Good luck and good health and happyness (sic). Your old friend, Bill Cody—

Spoke [to] Gen. Miles about Ben Clark. The General said he would take care of Ben. — Bill

Developments

by Steve Greaves, Vice President and Deputy Director for Development

What is this thing called endowment?

Every not-for-profit organization talks about it, solicits gifts to it, worries about its performance, and wishes they had more. But what is an "endowment" anyway? And why is it so important to an organization like the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC)?

Simply put, an endowment is like a savings account. Gifts for endowment are placed in the "account" and invested for the benefit of the BBHC. Unlike most savings accounts though, the principal of the endowment (the initial gift amount) can never be spent. Each year, the endowment account provides operating funds in the form of income it earns through investment or, more likely, a fixed percentage of the principal's value. Typically, that percentage is small enough to allow for growth in excess of inflation. The BBHC currently spends 5.5% of the value of its endowment fund each year.

Endowment and gifts to the endowment are important to the BBHC for a number of reasons. First, they provide necessary operating funds, as well as, a financial cushion for the operating budget. In years when other sources of income lag, the funds "spun off" by the endowment can help "pick up the slack", so to speak. More importantly, endowment allows an institution like the BBHC to try new and exciting ideas. We simply might not be able to pursue those ideas were it not for the funds provided by endowment. In short, endowment is often the difference between business as usual and the pursuit of true excellence. Because endowment is a source of permanent support, it is a way for a donor to perpetuate his or her values and commitment to the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

The Buffalo Bill Historical Center Western Legacy Society

Like most museums, colleges, and other charitable institutions, the growth of the endowment of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center has been due largely to the generosity of individuals who remembered us in their wills, trusts, and other planned gifts. We are grateful for every one of these planned gifts—whatever the amount—and recognize that they represent a vote of confidence and shared values.

A number of years ago, the BBHC created the Western Legacy Society. This group is a means by which we can give thanks and recognition to those who informed us of their intention to remember the BBHC in their wills or trusts. The Historical Center is sincerely grateful for each bequest we receive—no matter the value. As a donor, you won't be asked to provide any details about your planned gift. Should you choose to do so, however, we would be happy to maintain that information in the strictest confidence.

Giving Smart

In the last Developments column, I introduced the concept of the Charitable Gift Annuity as a way to help the BBHC while helping you and/or your loved ones at the same time. In short, the Charitable Gift Annuity is a contract between the donor and a charity in which the charity agrees to pay the donor a fixed annual income for life in exchange for a gift. The charity's obligation to make these payments is backed up by the full faith and assets of the institution. Typically, the donor is entitled to an income tax deduction for the gift and the income received is usually taxed at favorable rates. In this column, I want to talk about how the Charitable Gift Annuity can work as a supplemental retirement vehicle.

Take the not-so-hypothetical case of Dave and Nancy. They are in their 50s: He's 54 and she is 52 to be exact. They first met and fell in love in the C.M. Russell Wing of the BBHC's Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Consequently, they've had a soft spot for the Buffalo Bill Historical Center ever since.

Dave and Nancy were discussing retirement recently and realized that some additional income in

retirement would be welcome. One of their challenges, though, is that they are not sure when they will retire: Dave really enjoys his work, as does Nancy.

After talking with some Development folks at the BBHC, they realized a Flexible Charitable Gift Annuity with the BBHC could allow them to help the Historical Center and, at the same time, put some additional income in their hands when they need it. Here is how it works: Dave gave the BBHC stock worth $10,000. In addition, they identified a period of 10 years (it could be longer or shorter) at some time in the future, during which Dave and Nancy felt they would probably retire. In this case, it was the period between Dave turning 60 and turning 70.

Based on the above information, Dave and Nancy will receive an income tax deduction of $3,502, which they can claim in the year they make the gift to the BBHC. However, the amount of income from the gift will be determined by the date in the future they'd requested the payments to begin. The chart below illustrates the income Dave and Nancy will receive based on a gift of $10,000 and the year in which they choose to begin receiving payments.

It is important to note: The tax law in effect at the time the payments begin affects the rate at which annuity payments will be taxed. Based on a gift of cash and current rules, approximately 23 to 30 percent of the annual payments to Dave and Nancy would be completely tax free. These annuity payments will continue unchanged for their lives and for the life of their survivor(s). At the death of the survivor, Dave and Nancy's gift will be added to the general endowment of the BBHC. They also have the option to make additional gifts over the years to new Flexible Gift Annuities to further increase their income. Should they do so, they would then also be able to discuss their preferences for how the BBHC would use the named endowment fund they'd created.

To learn more about how charitable gift annuities can benefit you and the Buffalo Bill Historical Center please contact me at 307.578.4008 or by email at steveng@bbhc.org. ■

Buffalo Bill Historical Center's Flexible Charitable Gift Annuity Income

Dave's Age	Payout Rate	Annual Lifetime Income
60	7.1%	$ 710
61	7.6%	$ 760
62	8.2%	$ 820
63	8.6%	$ 860
64	9.1%	$ 910
65	9.7%	$ 970
66	10.2%	$1,020
67	10.9%	$1,090
68	11.5%	$1,150
69	12.3%	$1,230

Clip and Send

If the BBHC is remembered in your estate plans, please let us know via the form below and we will be pleased to welcome you to membership in the Buffalo Bill Historical Center Western Legacy Society.

❑ I have remembered the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in my will or trust and am pleased to be a member of the BBHC Western Legacy Society.

❑ Please contact me to discuss how I might best help the Buffalo Bill Historical Center through a bequest.

Name: _____

Address _____

City: _____ State: ____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

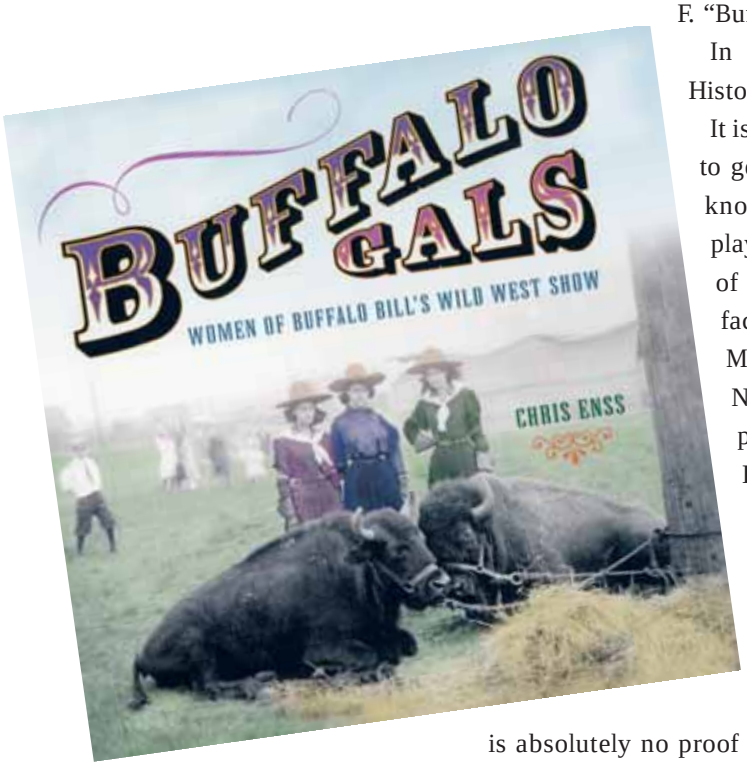
E-mail: _____

Steve Greaves, Development
BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER
720 Sheridan Avenue • Cody, WY 82414

book shelf

Chris Enss, *Buffalo Gals: Women of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.* Illustrated, bibliography. 114p. Guilford, Connecticut: Two Dot, 2006. ISBN 0-7627-3565-1 paperback $12.95.

A quick perusal of the first few pages of Chris Enss' book *Buffalo Gals* indicates that this book has not been properly researched. While the women Ms. Enss honors with their own individual chapters were associated with Buffalo Bill in some way, they were not all in Buffalo Bill's Wild West. Additionally, Enss misnames the Wild West, sometimes inserting "Cody's" after Buffalo Bill and always adding "Show" at the end, which was never permitted by William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody.



In her "Acknowledgements," Enss thanks the Buffalo Bill Cody Historical Center—hmmm, enough said.

It is unfortunate that Ms. Enss' research is so slipshod. She is not able to get a handle on the fact that Buffalo Bill and his troupe of actors, known informally as the Buffalo Bill Combination, performed in stage plays from 1873 until 1885. Throughout the book, she refers to any of the activity surrounding the plays as the Wild West, despite the fact that the first performance of that exhibition was not until May 19, 1883, in Omaha, Nebraska. Additionally, she credits Ned Buntline with creating the Wild West rather than being the person responsible for persuading Buffalo Bill to go on stage in December 1872.

Enss also asserts the phrase "Congress of Rough Riders of the World" was in use in 1875, when in reality Buffalo Bill coined the phrase in 1892, years before Theodore Roosevelt used it during the Spanish-American War.

Martha "Calamity Jane" Canary was not a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West despite her own repeated claims. There is absolutely no proof of her participation. Enss puts Calamity Jane in the Wild West in Denver in 1875 as the driver of the Deadwood Stage. There was no Wild West in 1875; the Combination did not appear in Colorado at all in 1875; and Buffalo Bill did not acquire the Deadwood Stage until 1883. These facts were told to Ms. Enss in a phone conversation in November 2004 by this reviewer, but she never called back to discuss it further, as she said she would.

Several other women highlighted, such as Giuseppina Morlacchi and Kitsipimi Otunna, appeared in the Buffalo Bill Combination but were not in the Wild West; thus they were actresses, not "buffalo gals." Poor research by the author misidentifies John Y. Nelson's Native American wife Jenny as Otunna in a photo of Buffalo Bill and some Wild West cast members, standing with the Deadwood Stage in London, England in 1887. In another chapter, Rosa Bonheur, the famous French artist of the time who painted Buffalo Bill on his horse, Tucker, when the Wild West appeared in Paris in 1889, is highlighted, but she was not a cast member.

There is a great deal more misinformation in this book, even with regard to Annie Oakley, whose life should have been easy to research as it has been documented by numerous scholars, but enough is enough. Ms. Enss is a Hollywood screen writer where poetic license is allowed. It is not allowed in historic non-fiction.

— Lynn Houze, Curatorial Assistant, Buffalo Bill Museum

Dr. Sarah Boehme returns to Texas to head Stark Museum

The tally stands at dozens of catalogs, essays, and books, and six major special exhibitions either curated or co-curated. That doesn't begin to include the additional exhibitions, a well-worn lecture circuit, the hundreds of hours of research, innumerable tours, and countless questions answered for scholars and visitors alike.

In short, Dr. Sarah Boehme, John S. Bugas Curator of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art for 20 years, will be sorely missed at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC) and throughout the Cody community. Boehme has accepted the directorship of the Stark Museum of Art in Orange, Texas departing the BBHC on August 18.

"Sarah's work here is quite simply unparalleled," said Dr. Robert Shimp, BBHC Executive Director. "Her knowledge and insight is clearly evident throughout the Whitney Gallery, as well as with every word written and every lecture given on behalf of the BBHC in the last 20 years. Sarah's work has contributed immeasurably to our increasing stature in the museum community. We wish her all the best in her new position with the Stark."

Dr. Sarah E. Boehme has become the director of the Stark Museum in Orange Texas. Here she stands before a William Ranney painting, part of the BBHC permanent collection at the Whitney Gallery: [William Ranney (181–1857) *The Lasso*, 1846, oil on canvas, 32 x 42.5 inches. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Gift of Mrs. J. Maxwell Moran. 22.99.1]

Actually, Orange, Texas and the Stark Museum are familiar territory to Boehme. She grew up in Orange and worked as assistant curator with the Stark Museum when it first opened to the public in 1978. "The Stark Museum is based on the collection of American western art assembled by Nelda C. and H.J. Lutcher Stark." Boehme explained. "I am very excited about returning to the Stark Museum of Art as director. The museum has a wonderful collection and it has made real progress in its outreach. I am eager to build on that success and to work with the staff and the Stark Foundation to expand the impact of the museum. I hope some of those projects will involve an ongoing relationship with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center," said Boehme.

Walter Riedel, President and CEO of the Nelda C. and H.J. Lutcher Stark Foundation said the Stark Museum was delighted to have Sarah returning to Texas. "After Sarah left us to continue her education, we kept up with her work at the BBHC through her family and through her visits home over the years," Riedel explained. "We were elated when she accepted the position here. Sarah offers the depth we've needed to really develop the director's position. She already knows the collection and knows the industry which will help us move forward in our plans for outreach. Sarah brings new talents for which we are so very grateful."

Boehme is a graduate of Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York. She later received both a masters and a doctorate degree in history of art from Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania. She received the Fort Union Fellowship for research in 1998 and was the recipient of the 1997 Friend of Arts Education award from the Wyoming Arts Education Alliance. Boehme previously worked as Curator at the Stark Museum of Art and as Instructor and Curator at St. Lawrence University.

Boehme admits that leaving the BBHC and Cody is not without mixed emotions. "I will certainly miss the remarkable collections here and the commitment to excellence on the part of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center staff. I'm thankful for the general professional level, the scholarship, and the education programming of this museum. It's a beautiful place to work, and Cody is a beautiful place to live. I know I'll miss the mountains and the people, but I look forward to working with the community in Orange." ■

news briefs

Native arts weave theme for Plains Indian Museum

Since 1977, autumn at the Buffalo Bill Historical Center (BBHC) has included the Plains Indian Museum Seminar. This year's gathering is scheduled for October 5 – 8 with the theme *Memory and Vision: Native Arts of the Great Plains,* and scholars, students, and others interested in Plains Indian arts, cultures, and histories are invited to attend.

Child's tipi, Northern Cheyenne, ca. 1895-1898. Tanned hide, glass beads, dyed porcupine quills, wool cloth, pigment. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. From the Collection of Richard Larremore Livermore given by his granddaughter Ann Livermore Houston. NA.507.123

"The American Indian has tenaciously held on to his arts, not in the sense of the object alone, but rather as a fabric that binds and holds together many dimensions of his very existence," explained Arthur Amiotte, Lakota artist and scholar and Plains Indian Museum Advisory Board Member. "The arts are to him an expression of the integrated forces that tie together and unify all aspects of life."

Registration is limited to seating available in the BBHC Coe Auditorium; with registrants accommodated on a first-registered, first-served basis. The $95 seminar fee includes the opening reception, seminar sessions, coffee breaks and information packets. In addition, BBHC members receive a 10 percent discount. There is an additional charge for Saturday's dinner and program.

Some partial and full scholarships are also available for participants, especially for Native American students. The funds, provided by the Marion and Richard A. Pohrt Indian Art Scholarship Fund, cover registration fees and provide some assistance with travel and lodging expenses. While the application deadline was September 1, some scholarships may remain. For further information, registration forms, or scholarship applications, contact the education department at 307.578.4028 or programs@bbhc.org.

Summer brings test of iScout

Some four years ago, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center began researching a project that would provide additional information about collections objects using a handheld electronic device. At the time, Hewlett-Packard (HP) Corporation had a division who created a system using "beacons" installed next to selected objects that would signal a handheld device—such as a personal data assistant (PDA)—for multimedia information about the object.

However, not long after the project was underway with BBHC staffers writing text, analyzing technology needs, and studying logistics, the HP division was disbanded and their support for the project discontinued. In the mean time, funding had been secured for iScout from the Institute of Museum and Library Services (a federal grant-making agency serving the public by strengthening museums and libraries) and from private donations. Work continued on iScout headed by BBHC Curator of Education Maryanne Andrus with Gretchen Henrich, BBHC Children and Family Programs Coordinator, the collections and

Vacationers Cassidy and Nolan Duborg of Delafield, Wisconsin learn more about Alexander Phimister Proctor's *Panther* as they test their iScout devices.

Alexander Phimister Proctor (1860–1950), *Panther,* 1891, bronze, modeled 1891–1892, cast ca. 1893, bronze, 37.25 x 9.75 inches. Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming. Loan from A. Phimister Proctor Museum, donated by Sandy and Sally Church. L.258.2003.36

education division, and the information technology department. Finally, Antenna Audio, an audio tour company, was engaged to create the iScout devices and programs.

So far, two tours have been created featuring objects in the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and the Cody Firearms Museum. Individuals simply pay a small rental fee for the iScout, don their earphones, tap the screen to start, choose the museum to tour, and look for numbered iScout icons throughout the gallery. The accompanying numbers are entered on iScout and the additional information about the object is played for the listener. The initial test phase has been very successful with more tours being planned for the future. Ultimately, the goal is to have a tour for each gallery, tours in other languages, highlight tours, and programs for children.

CIWAS brings research fellows to BBHC

As one of the eight initiatives of BBHC's Cody Institute of Western American Studies (CIWAS), resident fellowships have begun awarding eleven fellowships for individuals to use the collections and resources of the BBHC for western studies related research. The awards provide a stipend of $5000 which is payable in two installments. The first half is paid when the residency beings, with the remaining half paid upon completion of the in-residency requirements of a public presentation while in residence, preparation of a professional presentation or publication, and a brief summary. Fellowship researchers have until May 31, 2007 to complete their residency. Funding for the fellowships has been generously donated by BBHC Trustee and CIWAS advisory board member Barron Collier. ■

Pictured in the McCracken Research Library are Professor Jeremy Johnston of Northwest College in Powell, Wyoming (back), and Professor Marie Watkins of Furman University in Greenville, South Carolina, some of the first research fellows of BBHC's Cody Institute for Western American Studies. Johnston's work relates to the distant relationship of Buffalo Bill and Teddy Roosevelt while Watkins is studying the artist Joseph Henry Sharp (1859–1953).

On July 3–4, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center's Stampede Parade entry was judged first place in the theme category and mayors choice award. This year's theme was "Wyoming's Memorable Firsts" and the BBHC float featured Devil's Tower and Old Faithful (complete with water). The float was created by Matt Bree, Pat Ankrom, and Phil Anthony in the BBHC facilities department with additional assistance from staff volunteers.

Museum Selections ...

is pleased to present **Waddell Trading Company**

- Featuring unique and stunning Southwestern Native American jewelry.
- Stop in, visit Gene and his family during Rendezvous Royale, and view these magnificent works.
- Other featured vendors displaying fine jewelry and rare art prints include:

- Artie Yellowhorse
- Keith Palmer
- Mary Williams Fine Art

720 Sheridan Avenue
Cody, Wyoming 82414
307.587.3243
www.bbhcstore.com

GET YOUR TICKETS TODAY!

Win this '66 Ford Mustang Convertible or $25,000 in cash!

Take a chance to win this fully restored 1966 Ford Mustang Convertible with 289 cu. in., 200 horse, V-8 engine, automatic transmission. For detailed photographs go to www.bbhc.org. Drawing to be held at the BBHC Patrons Ball, 11 p.m. MST, September 23, 2006. Need not be present to win.

Just $20 per ticket or 6 for $100!

Any applicable taxes are the responsibility of the winner. Void where prohibited by law. Must be 18 or older to enter. All proceeds to benefit the Buffalo Bill Historical Center.

Contact Andrea Brew, 307.578.4008 or andreab@bbhc.org

BUFFALO BILL HISTORICAL CENTER

720 Sheridan Avenue • Cody, Wyoming 82414 • 307.587.4771 • www.bbhc.org