The Center’s
CENTENNIAL MODEL 1873 WINCHESTER
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- Meeting Will James
- 7 days in Glasgow, PART 2
- Announcing the Wild West
O rganization groundbreaker Peter Drucker once wrote, “Trying to predict the future is like trying to drive down a country road at night with no lights while looking out the back window.” And sometimes, doesn’t it seem that way?

As I glance through this issue of Points West, I see more and more references to technology that was either not in place or just getting started when I joined the Center in 2008. What’s more, those mentions have now become quite characteristic—almost routine—of our work at the Buffalo Bill Center of the West. We now consider exhibits and many programs incomplete without attention to video content and interactive technology. Each of you can now be a part of what we do at the Center through technology.

In addition, our Internet presence has grown exponentially through our website (specifically virtual collections, blogs, and added content), our social media sites, and constant and consistent mentions on travel sites. In fact, we added nearly 30,000 new fans on Facebook in 2015 and now have a total of more than 43,000.

Granted, it is difficult to forecast the future—at least with any semblance of accuracy. However, the Center is ambitious and boasts a century-long history of visionaries, including our namesake William F. “Buffalo Bill” Cody. These individuals have a knack for taking what they observe today and projecting it into the future. This is especially true of those who developed our 2015 – 2020 Strategic Plan with its five main goals:

1. Scholarship: Expand our reputation through efforts that enhance knowledge of the American West.
2. Tell the story: Share the story of the American West compellingly to engage, inform, and inspire diverse audiences.
3. Technology: Leverage emerging technologies to reach and engage 21st-century audiences.
4. Energize talent: Energize the talents of staff, volunteers, advisors, and trustees to advance our mission.
5. Sustainability: Create a financially-sustainable, growth-oriented institution.

As we prepare to celebrate our Centennial in 2017, the Plan’s five goals position the Center to meet the future—not like Drucker’s backward-looking model, but with eyes forward, focused on the road ahead. Join us for the ride!


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Managing Editor | Marguerite House
Assistant Editor | Nancy McClure
Designer | Desirée Pettet
Contributing Staff Photographers | Nancy McClure, Kim Zierlein
Credits and Permissions | Ann Marie Donoghue

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The Buffalo Bill Center of the West is a private, non-profit, educational institution dedicated to preserving and interpreting the natural and cultural history of the American West. Founded in 1917, its collections include: Buffalo Bill and the West he lived and loved, historic photographs and documents, firearms, natural science of the Greater Yellowstone region, Plains Indians, and masterworks of western art.

The mission of Points West is to deliver an engaging, educational magazine primarily to our members and friends. Points West will use a multi-disciplinary strategy to connect the reader to the nature and culture of the American West, and the Buffalo Bill Center of the West in particular, through exceptional images and appealing, reader-friendly stories.
Will James and me: new books at the McCracken

In Lone Cowboy, James claims to have been born on the grass of Montana, much as if he were a cow or horse himself. After the untimely deaths of his parents—his father kicked to pieces by a horse—he is raised by a French-Canadian trapper who speaks no English. The book is notable for its complete lack of towns, or even buildings. They live a houseless existence, and after the trapper drowns one morning—at least we think he did, since all Billee, as he is called, ever finds is a dented bucket stuck in the rocks of a creek—young James sets out on his own.

VISIT US ONLINE | Stay in touch with all that's happening at the Center of the West. Keep an eye on our website; follow us in social media; and sign up today at centerofthewest.org/e-news-signup to receive our e-newsletter Western Wire.

HIGHLIGHTS

Finding Frank Richmond | Without recourse to any kind of vocal amplifier, Richmond narrated the spectacle Wild West twice daily to tens of thousands of attendees.

Seven Days in Glasgow with Buffalo Bill, 1904, Part two | Glasgow can rightly count itself as one of the Wild West’s spiritual homes; in the long history of the show, nothing like it would ever be seen again.

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Points West is the magazine of the Buffalo Bill Center of the West, Cody, Wyoming.
Will James & me:

New books at the McCracken

BY ERIC ROSSBOROUGH

Will James was an author who brought the West to life for a child enamored of the West, Eric Rossborough, and youngsters like him. After processing a special gift of western books to the Center’s McCracken Research Library, including several by James, Rossborough recalls all that spurred his own passion for the Wild West.

Wild about the West

When I was ten years old, my older sister Julie moved to California. I was very excited by this, because this was the closest anyone in our family had been to the West. California was the West, right? I was obsessed with the West—the Old West mainly, but the new West would do if that was all I could get. Julie stoked my interest by, in one letter, mailing me a little plastic cowboy that I set on my windowsill. The cowboy is gone of course, but a couple months later she sent me something that would have a much more lasting impact.

As someone whose declared career ambition was to be a cowboy, I was hungry for any and all looks at my future digs. What I didn’t realize was that my sister was living in San Diego, which was not exactly the West the way I thought of the West. One woman, the daughter of a neighbor, lived in Tucson, Arizona, and she obliged me by sending pictures of her condominium with its swimming pool. I studied the picture; surely there was a horse just beyond the fence that rounded the unit. Then my sister’s package came. There were two books. One of them, Life...
of Kit Carson, the Great Western Hunter and Guide, started like this: “As, for their intrepid boldness and stern truthfulness, the exploits and deeds of the old Danish sea-kings, have, since the age of Canute, been justly heralded in story and song.”

What? That didn’t go so well—and it certainly didn’t sound anything like a western tale. The other book, Lone Cowboy by Will James, was much different.

Meeting Will James

In this particular volume, James claims to have been born on the grass of Montana, much as if he were a cow or horse himself. After the untimely deaths of his parents—his father being kicked to pieces by a horse—he is raised by a French-Canadian trapper who speaks no English. The book is notable for its complete lack of towns, or even buildings. They live a houseless existence, and after the trapper drowns one morning—at least we think he did, since all Billee, as he is called, ever finds is a dented bucket stuck in the rocks of a creek—young James sets out on his own.

I ate this up. As someone who intended to be a cowboy, I needed to get all the information I could. Of particular interest to me was James’s description of climbing out of his bedroll on a winter’s night to chase cows, and pulling on frozen socks, encrusted with snow. How was I going to be able to do that?

It wasn’t true, of course. I don’t mean the part about the socks, which probably was true, but the part about being born on the grass. Will James, born Ernest Dufault to a family of middle class hotelkeepers in Quebec, Canada, wanted to be a cowboy too. He ate up western dime novels, attended a performance of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West, and was an indifferent student. North woods trappers frequented the family hotel, and listening to their stories may have given James the inspiration for his putative guardian. Dufault family members describe him lying on the floor, churning out drawings of horses and cowboys. At fourteen, accompanied only by a batch of cookies his mother made for him as a parting gift, James headed to Alberta.

Will James on his own

A photo of James in 1907 shows him with a looped rope, leaning on a saddled horse, still looking a little out of his element. Apparently, the seasoned cowboys hazed him ferociously, but he stuck it out. Early accounts, what few there are, by people who knew him, say James wasn’t much of a rider early on. This changed, though. He did roam all over the West, spending a lot of time in Nevada. Drawings he left behind littered the cow camps he’d frequented. He did time for cattle rustling, chased wild horses, and cowboyed between Canada and Mexico.
While incarcerated in Nevada, James impressed his captors with his horse sketches, probably similar to this drawing, a detail from an illustrated letter James sent to fellow artist and friend, Charlie Russell, May 30, 1920. (Note James’s comment to Russell: “Well sir just got back from a trip in Nevada, had a little business to tend to and also see some of the old boys of course…I didn’t [sic] think I’d be gone quite that long, anyhow I am mighty glad to hear from you…”) Gift of William E. Weiss. 79.60.2a (detail)
I often think of what a time I’d have if I was to follow the same trails I made...If I was to mark them down on a map of the Western country it would look as if a centipede had dipped all its legs in ink and then just sort of paraded around on that map for a spell.

—WILL JAMES

This too seems to be true. Unlike many purveyors of Wild West mythology, James actually lived what he wrote for many years. And unlike Charlie Russell, who was by all accounts—including his own—not much of a rider, James rode the rough string, breaking horses for various ranches.

In 1914, authorities arrested James for cattle rustling and sent him to the jail in Ely, Nevada. He ended up spending a year in the state penitentiary where he charmed his captors with drawings of horses. Upon his release, James resumed his itinerant lifestyle. A broken jaw brought him to Los Angeles for medical attention, where he obtained work as a stuntman on silent westerns. The movie studio thought he was handsome and wanted him to act. He said no, and took a train back to Nevada. This went on until a horse named Happy dumped Bill James—as his friends called him—onto some railroad tracks, giving him a concussion and ending his cowboy career for good.

Not a cowboy anymore

From there the story gets less interesting, or at least less peripatetic. Will James recuperated at the home of a friend where he spent his recovery time drawing.
He was lonely and just wanted someone to sit and listen.

Then, he married Alice Conradt, his friend’s sister, over the objections of her father, who did not want his daughter marrying a shiftless cowboy. Alice recommended he write some stories about bucking horses, “Since that’s all you ever talk about anyway.” Appearances in magazines like Sunset brought him to the attention of uber-editor Maxwell Perkins who shepherded the careers of people like F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. James was off.

His book Smoky the Cowhorse won the notable Newbery Award, recognition for the year’s most distinguished contribution to American literature for children. Wife Alice was horrified by the rootless existence depicted in Lone Cowboy. Such a man, she thought, maybe never should have married. James turned out to be a somewhat inattentive husband himself, walking the prairie by himself smoking cigarettes. He seemed to live in his own world.

Pressure takes its toll

One day when I was eight years old, I looked in my parents’ TV Guide and saw a listing for a filmed version of Smoky; I sat in the basement eagerly. What was more, the producers had the great idea of having Will James sit at his easel and provide narration. I would get to see my man in person. Picture me leaning forward.

James didn’t look like much. He looked gaunt and didn’t have much to say. Even to my young mind, I figured something was not quite right. Later, I read that this narration plan hadn’t worked out the way the movie makers had expected. James was so drunk that most of his footage ended up on the cutting room floor.

In reality, the pressure of his double life was killing him. After he became famous, he wrote a letter to his family in Quebec. “I had absolutely no idea this was going to happen,” he wrote in French, “and if anyone finds out I am really in for it.” I found this out one afternoon walking the aisles of the Boston Public Library. I was doing research for a college paper on Greek mythology, and I stumbled across Will James, the Gilt Edged Cowboy by Anthony Amaral. I didn’t do any more work that afternoon.

Will James died alone in an apartment in Hollywood, California, at the age of fifty, having driven away his biological and adopted families. His last book was The American Cowboy. While his personal life deteriorated, James never gave up writing; he had big plans for his last book. It was to be an epic of the plains which covered the entire history of the cowboy in North America, through successive generations of horsemen—all named Bill. The last line of the book is, “The cowboy will never die.”

Eric Rossborough has been rooting around the West since he took a job at the Center’s McCracken Research Library. He was raised in Massachusetts and comes to the Center by way of Wisconsin, where he worked at a public library, and enjoyed working on prescribed fires and fishing for bass and bluegills. He has a lifelong interest in natural history and the Old West.
Will James sketch, undated.
How the fires affected American culture and how culture affected the fires

What do the fires in Yellowstone National Park in 1988 have to do with Vietnam, or with classic western movies? Sometimes culture is as valuable as science in explaining how people interpret news of devastating events such as the fires. John Clayton explains.

For many people in the Rockies and northern plains, the Yellowstone fires of 1988 are a watershed event like the assassination of John F. Kennedy or the 9/11 attacks. Distinct memories of the freakish weather, the smoky haze, or the national media attention lock the summer in time. But where the Kennedy assassination now has a place in history, representing an end of innocence ushering in the maelstrom of the 1960s, and 9/11 likewise represents the kickoff to the war on terror, how did the fires impact society? In his *A Fire History of America*, historian Stephen Pyne wrote that the enduring narrative of the Big Blowup wildfire of August 1910 (a deadly forest fire across northeast Washington state, the panhandle of Idaho, and western Montana) made it a meaningful event, but 1988 "left the interpretation of the fires—so vast they just had to mean something—unresolved."

I searched for resolution during a week studying the 1988 print media collection in the McCracken Research Library at the Buffalo Bill Center for the West in Cody, Wyoming. I saw how some media outlets—especially regional ones—accurately portrayed the evolution of ecological understanding that led to a shift in fire management philosophy, the so-called "let-burn" policy. I saw how other media outlets gave equal time to non-scientists who doubted both this philosophy and the government’s ability to implement it effectively.
The events of 1988

After a wet April and May, thunderstorms in June of 1988 ignited wildfires across Greater Yellowstone as they do every year. Consistent with a policy that had succeeded for fifteen years, the National Park Service did not actively suppress remote wildfires that did not threaten structures or people. And many of those fires halted on their own. But soon, unusually hot, dry weather with incredible winds created dangerous conditions. Several fires burned uncontrollably. By July 21, Yellowstone was suppressing all fires within its borders. However, ignitions continued both inside the park and in the surrounding national forests—and the different agencies fought those fires with varying techniques, fitful coordination, and little overall success.

On July 23, the Shoshone fire approached Yellowstone’s Grant Village complex, prompting its evacuation and national media attention. Firefighters saved all the buildings except for a campground restroom. Then, crisis apparently averted, many national reporters headed home. By August 5, Tom Brokaw announced on NBC, “The danger from fires in Yellowstone National Park is over.” But in the backcountry, fires continued to ignite, burn, merge together, and stymie suppression efforts. Containment lines failed. Fires jumped roads, rivers, and canyons. Rain never arrived. Experts’ predictions of fire behavior proved laughingly inadequate. On August 20, “Black Saturday,” fires raged across more than 150,000 acres in a single day.

Reporters returned, now sniffing for scandal. Was Yellowstone ruined? Wasn’t this a failure? Who was responsible? They were often uninformed, and ecologists did a poor job of explaining the science. Within scientific circles, the intellectual revolution that came to see fire as a natural process—part of the ecosystem—had been completed by the early 1970s. But the general public was ignorant, and scientists were ignorant of their ignorance. Tensions resulted, especially on September 7, the day a fire nearly burned the Old Faithful Inn.

In mid-September the weather cooled. Snows put out the fires. The overall toll had been amazingly light: Only two firefighters died in accidents outside the park, but there were no fatalities with the 9,000-plus deployed inside its boundaries. Firefighters saved most buildings, including all the architecturally important ones. Most wild animals survived, and the ecological effects—the rebirth of grasses, forests, and ecosystems—were, if anything, stronger than scientists had predicted. Subsequent tourism increased.

In the decades since, it has thus become easy to see the controversies of 1988 as simply a media failure. Reporters and the general public didn’t understand the science, and were often riled up over nothing. But in writing their first draft of history, journalists are not merely reporting on science. They are also reporting on culture.

The fires’ parallels to Vietnam

On Black Saturday, fire behavior stymied the experts and demonstrated the government’s inability to control this nuisance enemy in the forest. In his book Media and Apocalypse, media scholar Conrad Smith called it “fire management’s Vietnam.” Coverage had made the metaphor explicit during the summer. For example, on August 28, the Billings [MT] Gazette editorialized, “Yellowstone National Park has come under fire, and tourists and park workers have been evacuated as soldiers were evacuated from Saigon.”

Comments such as these reflected not so much the news itself as the cultural context in which it played out. The 1980s were a time of repositioning American understanding of the Vietnam War. While it was happening, the war had seemed to be about American failure. By failing to defeat this lesser enemy, America was failing in both its big-picture vision of anti-Communist containment, and the small-picture morality of avoiding atrocities and war crimes. However, in the 1980s, leaders such as Ronald Reagan encouraged a new narrative. In it, the war was honorable, and the only real failures were insufficient domestic support of the troops. This played out in popular culture, as swaggering movie heroes like Sylvester Stallone’s John Rambo battled bureaucratic superiors as much as they did Vietnamese soldiers.

Indeed, producers of 1980s Vietnam movies often framed the films as westerns. Both Rambo in the First Blood series, and Chuck Norris’s James Braddock in the Missing in Action series, are rogue, lonely gunmen surrounded by savages in what amounts to Indian Territory. Their quests to rescue prisoners of war reinvigorate age-old Indian captivity.

In general, media coverage of the fires’ science was better than I expected.

But what if the controversy wasn’t really about science? In the language of print media coverage, I found a surprising indicator of cultural importance: references to Vietnam.
narratives. In the 1970s, when the Vietnam War appeared to be a moral quagmire, western movies reeked of imperialism and fared poorly. But in the 80s, moviemakers could reinvent them in this new setting. Then, the 1988 fires erupted, presenting an opportunity to bring that new moral certainty back to the West.

Thus, many letters to the editor and man-on-the-street quotes regarding the fires in Yellowstone expressed sentiments amounting to “Let the firefighters do their jobs,” while the Park Service imposed rules of engagement. For example, it forbade the use of bulldozers to build fire containment lines in Yellowstone’s wild backcountry. From a scientific perspective, the policy made sense, because a bulldozed line would create a scar that would long outlast the effects of a fire. Building one to contain a wilderness fire was like destroying a village in order to save it—and given the crazy fire behavior, containment lines weren’t working anyway.

But building containment lines was a demonstration of technological power, akin to the ones that had been forbidden in Vietnam, and so culturally, the policy felt like another failure to let the troops win. A grunt on the fire lines told *Time* magazine in its September 5, 1988, issue, “We could have stopped this. They won’t let us.” The quote involved debatable assumptions, and probably was not representative of most firefighters’ views. Still the magazine, recognizing a Vietnam-style sentiment, ignored any nuance and made it the story’s headline.

Such arguments dominated the summer of 1988, to the point where *Casper Star-Tribune* columnist John Perry Barlow vigorously denounced them on October 1. “To propose that the fires of Yellowstone could have been prevented by more bulldozers repeats the lie we tell when we say we’d have won in Vietnam if we’d only tried.” Whether you agree or disagree with Barlow’s view, it’s clear that he was arguing as much about Vietnam as about Yellowstone.

While conservatives used the 1980s to reimagine the Vietnam War with a more vigorous application of frontier mythology and American strengths, liberals in that decade pondered how to extend to other realms what they saw as the war’s lessons. If failure in Vietnam represented the perils of American hegemony and expansionism, how should we learn from that in addressing, say, the environment? This was the cultural context behind the “let-burn” philosophy: Maybe America didn’t need to control every remote wildfire, any more than it needed to control every third-world government. Furthermore, bigger-and-better technology wasn’t always capable of providing that control.

In popular culture, the 1986 movie *Aliens* (the second one in the series) involved a rescue team headed for...
inhospitable terrain where its impressive firepower proves worthless. In many other 80s movies, strength and technology can’t defeat villains, so heroes must step in vigilante-style. In the movies, a villain’s ability to defeat stronger, better-organized foes comes in part from their character: irrational, hysterical, mad, and alien. Again, they resemble how Hollywood portrayed Indians in old westerns. Furthermore, that’s also a good description of wildfire behavior. It’s easy to see how the public wanted to classify fires in that villain role.

Thus, cultural objections arose to ecologists’ claims that fire was not evil—that it was instead a natural part of the ecosystem. Readers and viewers, and indeed many journalists, had trouble getting to a point where they could even evaluate the science, because it was hidden by the predominant societal narrative. Fire was evil in part because Smokey Bear had been telling us so for decades. But it was also evil because the culture of the time villainized behavior of exactly its type.

**Problems we can’t solve**

The 1970s were a troubling time for American culture because we suddenly faced problems that we couldn’t solve. In addition to Vietnam, there was the energy crisis, the Iranian hostage crisis, runaway inflation, the threat of nuclear destruction, and a host of environmental/pollution crises such as Love Canal and Three Mile Island. Disillusionment in government’s ability to solve these crises—given scandals such as Watergate—only added to the glum attitude. America had never met a problem it couldn’t solve, but suddenly unsolvable problems seemed to be everywhere. The 1980s became a backlash: America was eager to prove that it could, for example, get inflation under control, drill for oil domestically, intervene successfully in Central America, and clean up hazardous waste sites with a Superfund.

Consequently, the 1988 Yellowstone fires—the first high-profile wildfires since these cultural cataclysms—posed a cultural question. Is this a problem that we can solve? If the 80s meme extended to the Yellowstone backcountry, then American society should be able to put these fires out. Yet the newly surfacing ecological paradigm suggested that we shouldn’t even try our hardest.

The so-called “let-burn” policy was a hot topic all summer, and much has been made of erroneous television reports that it was still in place in August and September of 1988. But attention to the idea should not be surprising, because this policy was new, different, and counter-intuitive. It made its first appearance in public (as opposed to among scientists) at a time when a superficial reading of events easily challenged it. Furthermore, in the public mind it was tied to the light-on-the-land suppression policy, which did continue throughout the summer inside park boundaries. Taken together, one could see the policies as suggesting that remote wildfires were a problem not worth
solving. Yet as smoke choked the region, and fires eventually approached major tourist destinations, the problem did seem worth solving. Only if you immersed yourself in the issue could you learn the sad truth: It wasn’t even able to be solved.

What would have happened if the Park Service had actively suppressed every fire ignition from the beginning of the summer? The hoped-for answer—the one that fit the 80s culture—was that all the fires would have been put out. But such an answer was an illusion. In 1989, Barry Davis of the Shoshone National Forest said, “Even if there had been no prescribed [‘let-burn’] fires last summer [1988], and all the suppression activity had been perfect, we would still have burned close to a million acres throughout the Greater Yellowstone area.” (The fires’ final perimeters were 1.4 million to 1.7 million acres, with 794,000 acres within the park.) Conversely, in an Audubon magazine article that same year, journalist Ted Williams asked Steve Frye, who had been the park’s fire operations chief, “What if you’d just let the fires go?” Frye told him that they might have burned through an additional 10 or 20 percent of forestland.

These projections show that unrestrained suppression would have had only limited results—at theoretical best reducing perimeters by 41 percent. After all, it’s hard to fight fires in rugged, remote terrain. Ignitions continued all summer long, both inside and outside the park. Fires throughout the summer jumped all sorts of natural and man-made containment lines, roads and rivers, and even the half-mile-wide Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. At one point in the summer, according to National Geographic, only one mile of fire line held for every twenty dug. Regardless of what the culture wanted, the Yellowstone fires were a problem that no one could solve. Culturally, the fires were forcing the nation to come to grips with the limits of its invincibility, fighting a last gasp against a message it had been resisting since the early 1970s.

In the next issue of Points West, John Clayton continues his discussion of the Yellowstone fires and their effects on American culture, as well as the effects of culture on the fires. He suggests, “It wasn’t even about how to live in a post-Vietnam world. The Yellowstone fires grabbed the nation’s attention precisely because they were about Yellowstone—because Yellowstone had come to embody a set of deep national values.”

John Clayton is an independent journalist, essayist, and corporate ghostwriter based in Montana. His articles appear regularly in Montana Quarterly, Horizon Air, Montana Magazine, and dozens of regional newspapers through the Writers on the Range syndicate. His books include Small Town Bound, Stories from Montana’s Enduring Frontier, and The Cowboy Girl, a biography of the Montana/Wyoming novelist, journalist, and homesteader Caroline Lockhart, who owned the Cody Enterprise at one time. Clayton is the 2016 Visiting Writer-in-Residence at Montana State University-Billings. He was also a Center of the West research fellow.
In the summer 2014 issue of Points West, readers took great delight in Mike Parker’s story about the Center of the West’s enormous 1888 Buffalo Bill’s Wild West poster featuring Queen Victoria (Fig. 1). A printer by trade, Parker wrote of the painstaking process to design the 10 x 28 ft. poster, let alone print it. Now, Jennifer Henneman studies the artwork of the poster—and the identity of one man in particular.

The human voice is the organ of the soul.
~LONGFELLOW

Every accent, every emphasis, every modulation of voice, was so perfectly well turned and well placed, that, without being interested in the subject, one could not help being pleased with the discourse; a pleasure
Buffalo Bill’s Wild West took London by storm during the summer of 1887 as part of the American Exhibition at Earls Court. Journalists relished the opportunity to report their impressions of performers and spectators alike. There were descriptions of Buffalo Bill’s excellent showmanship and elegant demeanor, and Annie Oakley’s extraordinary shooting and graceful hosting. Reporters noted Red Shirt’s wise words and noble bearing, and the British Royal family’s enthusiastic patronage. Frequently, the wonderful voice of orator Frank Richmond (Fig. 2) merited special attention.

Without recourse to any kind of vocal amplifier, Richmond narrated the spectacle twice daily to tens of thousands of attendees. This was a feat of vocal athleticism—particularly remarkable since his voice was not especially loud. One reporter noted: “Marvellous [sic] to relate, though no one could have believed it for an instant, every word of Mr. Frank Richmond’s comments was distinctly heard throughout the afternoon.”

After Richmond’s untimely death from typhoid fever while with the Wild West in Barcelona in January 1890, a number of published obituaries reiterated this amazement. One author stated that “for power and carrying qualities” his voice had “rarely, if ever, been equaled,” and another that his “clear, rich baritone, full and round, of great power and penetration” was heard by “thousands…[who were] struck with the ease and distinctness with which every syllable he uttered could be understood.”

Even medical experts turned their attention to the physiological curiosity of his voice. In 1887, the British Medical Journal published an examination of Richmond’s vocal cords conducted by Dr. Robert C. Myles of New York. The doctor found them of “ordinary length, and not much above the average in breadth.” Even so, Richmond’s vocal processes were extraordinarily well developed, allowing the laryngeal muscles “to act to the best advantage with a minimum of effort.” Further, his larynx was found to be quite large, his pharynx “exceptionally roomy,” and the “mucous membrane…remarkably free from granulations or roughness of any kind.” Ultimately, however, Dr. Myles concluded that the secret to Richmond’s delivery was his training as an actor and “the perfection with which he has learned to use his natural advantages.”
While the astonishing fact of Richmond’s voice persists in the historical record, his portrait does not. As a result, he remains a central, though strangely disembodied, figure within the history of the Wild West’s earliest European tours. However, documents with the Buffalo Bill Center of the West’s Papers of William F. Cody, as well as Annie Oakley scrapbooks at the McCracken Research Library also at the Center, suggest that since 1888, a representation of Frank Richmond has been standing confidently in a monumental Wild West poster—roughly 10 feet high by 28 feet wide. The Center’s Buffalo Bill Museum acquired the mammoth sign in 2014 and placed it on display behind an installation of a replica of William F. Cody’s tent.

A Herculean printing task

Created by Calhoun Printing of Hartford, Connecticut, Her Majesty Queen Victoria at Buffalo Bill’s Wild West, London, May 11th 1887, celebrated the performance commanded by the Queen during the Wild West’s enormously successful 1887 London tour. Moving from left to right through the complex, horizontal composition, and embraced within the sweeping curve of the grand stand, the vivid colors and sharp-edged woodblock lines of this mighty feat of printing capture the event’s spectacular scenes.

Lloyd’s Weekly London Newspaper described the “Mexicans in all the extravagance of velvet and silk; Indians painted and tattooed [sic] in every imaginable colour” and “cowboys in sashes and corduroy.” In particular, three mounted Native American figures—including Red Shirt on the right—were printed with particular attention to detail as seen in the minute delineation of beads, quills, feathers, and claws (Fig. 3). The rich color values used to depict their costumes and their horses—including the energetic tonal contrast of the central horse’s pinto markings—visually stabilize the foreground of the “picturesque line” of performers who “parade before her Majesty.”

The composition portrays the moment at which, following the dramatic entrance of his troupe, Colonel Cody rides toward the Royal Box, backs “upon his graceful horse,” and “bows in front of [Queen Victoria].” Dressed in the fringed buckskin of the dime novel plainsman—a costume that references depictions such as that on the cover of Beadle & Adam’s Buffalo Bill, the Buckskin King or The Amazon of the West (Fig. 4)—Cody sits deeply in the saddle as he reins in his horse. His hat is swept off his head, and his hair and buckskin fringe flow behind. This genre of image would have been widely produced in the United States and Britain prior to Buffalo Bill’s appearance in London in 1887. Such images thereby rendered him a readily recognizable representative of a sensationalized American West.

This command performance took place at five o’clock in the afternoon; hence, bright daylight illuminates the faces and features of those within. In contrast, the inset vignette of the grandstand in the bottom left corner of the poster depicts the public attending an evening performance. Poster artists took pains to emphasize the notable degree of electric lighting that allowed the entire American Exhibition at Earls Court to remain open late. Above the illuminated arena in which various participants frolic, thin clouds swathe the full moon, and, along the upper left edge of the entire billboard, extinguished electric lights reflect the blue sky of midday.

While Buffalo Bill shows gentlemanly deference in taking off his hat for the Queen, he remains upright and in powerful control of his steed. The artists leave no doubt regarding the literal and metaphorical centrality of Buffalo Bill’s image. The darkened shadow behind horse and rider push their figures forward. The color pop of Cody’s yellow buckskin and red sash further enhance this eye-catching ploy. Along a horizontal band of stacked vertical figures and static architecture, the body of Cody’s horse presents a dynamic diagonal line that starts from the point of its tail and juts upwards through its body, ending at the forceful point of its knee toward the Queen. Still dressed in mourning twenty-six years after the death of her husband, Prince Albert, Victoria is immediately recognizable by her black attire and stoic visage. Arranged along the same sight line, Cody and Queen Victoria stare into each other’s eyes (Fig. 5).
Who is that man in the red shirt?

The artists took some liberties regarding this particular interpretation of the event, even though they were probably working directly from news reports published immediately after the Queen’s visit. According to Parker, the preparation and execution of this poster may have taken upwards of a year—so production of the blocks could have feasibly begun during the 1887 London (May – October) tour.

For example, although the Washington Post reported that the Queen attended with about forty guests, the crowd depicted in the poster is decidedly smaller. Moreover, Edward, the Prince of Wales, and his wife Alexandra, shown to the Queen’s left, did not attend the May 11 command performance, although they appeared on other dates. The five other prominent female figures around the Queen, representing the “brilliantly attired fair ladies who formed a veritable parterre of living flowers around the temporary throne,” are unrecognizable (Fig. 6). Their standardized large eyes, straight noses, small mouths, and modish attire reduce them to the beautiful types found in mass-produced fashion plates, though viewers may have assumed that the two seated in the front row with the Queen represented Princesses Beatrice and Louise.

The other attendees, scattered throughout the arena, appear to be nothing more than visual space-fillers. Supposedly, the event was very tightly controlled, and the show’s management did not allow entry to the public. A group of detectives were apparently present, but “they occupied seats well down towards the right,” the Washington Post reported May 13, 1887.

In contrast to the tightly packed crowd within the arena, the right side of the composition feels strangely empty, occupied only by the primly seated British contingent, a scattered audience, the printing company’s black crescent-shaped logo, and a lone male figure leaning casually on the banister. Dressed akin to a Buffalo Bill dime novel alter ego in thigh-high boots, sombrero, tan trousers, a red laced-up shirt, blue neckerchief, black jacket, long brown hair, and well-trimmed mustache, this man’s appearance leaves no doubt as to his affiliation with the Wild West show.

That man in the lower right of the poster was formerly identified as Cody’s partner Nate Salsbury, but a comparison with contemporary photographs does not support this attribution. In an 1887 Wild West group portrait taken in front of the London arena backdrop (Fig. 7), Salsbury rests on the ground, his right arm behind his back and his left hand draped across his left knee holding a cigar. Salsbury’s fully bearded face and top hat contrast with the wide-brimmed hat, clean-shaven cheeks, and long hair of his partner Cody, who sits on Salsbury’s left gazing toward the right edge of the frame. The attention

“Victoria is immediately recognizable by her black attire and stoic visage.”

(Fig. 5) The Great Showman and the Queen of England meet eye to eye. (Fig. 6) “Brilliantly attired fair ladies”
given by the poster’s creators to specific portraits of the most prominent figures—particularly Red Shirt, Cody, and Queen Victoria—suggests that, if this foregrounded figure were indeed Salsbury, they would have paid him equal deference in accurately depicting his likeness.

Primary sources support the argument that the standing man in the billboard is, in fact, our elusive Frank Richmond. Another possibility is that the figure represents tall cowboy Buck Taylor, especially considering his long hair and moustache. An account of the command performance relates, however, that Taylor was mounted during the performance, as would be expected, and that he “dashed up and saluted” the Queen while on horseback. The Washington Post reported:

Richmond, the orator, in a picturesque suit of buckskin and beadwork, with his long brown curls floating in the wind, stood just at the left of the Queen, outside the box, and called out in a clear musical voice an explanation of every item of the limited bill. Occasionally the Queen would turn to him and ask him some question.

While the description of Richmond’s clothes does not perfectly correspond, the placement of this figure in relation to the Queen does. This position is further supported by the Daily Telegraph: “The ‘orator’ was not called on to exercise his excellent powers of sonorous elocution from the rostrum, but stood just outside on the left of the Royal box and performed his duties of introducing the various groups.”

In its retelling of a public performance the day earlier, the Sportsman wrote that “a picturesque sombrero-crowned figure in the person of Mr. Frank Richmond did excellent duty as an animated programme,” and the author of an undated clipping from the Daily Telegraph reflected on the fact that Buffalo Bill and Richmond looked very similar: “Great was the speculation as to who Mr. Frank Richmond, the orator, could be. He had long hair—so has Buffalo Bill; he was fantastic in attire and headdress—so, according to the hoardings, was Buffalo Bill!” Physical descriptions given in his obituaries describe him as “a man of magnificent physique” whose rugged appearance lulled viewers into thinking he “had an iron constitution,” an assumption proved sadly wrong by his sudden death.

Is that really Frank?

Seemingly, Richmond has remained out of sight—though not out of mind—in the historical record. Nevertheless, the resurrection of important primary texts available in the collections of the Buffalo Bill Center of the West, many of which are digitally available in the William F. Cody Archive (www.codyarchive.org), helps us regain an estimation of his appearance. The existing descriptions we have of the great orator corroborate the appearance of the tall sombrero-haloed billboard figure. In speaking on behalf of the Wild West, Richmond contributed to
the powerful, multi-sensory spectacle that so firmly impressed audiences—including the representatives of the British Empire who sit bracketed between two incarnations of the western hero in this billboard.

Queen Victoria herself reinforced Richmond’s centrality to the Wild West. At the culmination of her visit on May 11, she saved her final bow for “Orator Richmond, and then the carriage started and in a moment was out of sight,” reported the Washington Post. According to the Sun of New York, she later “presented him with a marble bust of herself in recognition of the pleasure he afforded her by his interesting description of the various features of the exhibition.” In an 1887 photograph (Fig. 8), one can see this bust placed prominently on a table in front of a cowboy tent gazing over the head of a currently unidentified reclining man with long mustache and sombrero. His purposeful placement in this staged photograph under the spatial aegis of such a valuable royal representation suggests that this man may indeed be our Richmond.

Although a convincing photographic identification remains elusive, we might nonetheless return to the 1887 group portrait and scan for a man whose body seems tall and broad, with a face sporting a dark mustache and long hair crowned by a wide-brimmed hat (Fig. 9). Our eyes might fall on a squinting man with laced-up shirt, seated cross-legged behind Cody’s daughter Arta on the left side of the photograph, with long moustache and loose tendrils of hair blowing past his hat: Have we finally found Frank Richmond?

Jennifer R. Henneman is a doctoral student in art history at the University of Washington in Seattle and completed a research fellowship with the Buffalo Bill Center of the West in summer 2015. She earned a master’s degree in art history at Richmond, the American International University in London, and studied studio art and French at Montana State University and L’Université Paul Valéry III in Montpellier, France. After Henneman receives her PhD in March 2016, she hopes to pursue a curatorial career and continue her research, which reflects her own upbringing on a Montana ranch and her interests in Victorian art and culture. She is particularly grateful for the insight and support of the McCracken Library and Cody Archive staff.
Seven Days in Glasgow with Buffalo Bill, 1904, PART TWO

BY TOM F. CUNNINGHAM

In the previous issue of Points West, Tom F. Cunningham shared stories of the weeklong stay of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West in Glasgow, Scotland, in early August 1904, as part of the Wild West’s Tours of Great Britain. Using news accounts of the day, we followed the show’s activities and performances from Sunday, July 31 through Wednesday, August 4, 1904. With part two, we continue the tour for the rest of that famous week in Scotland.

Thursday, August 4, 1904

Gratifying though Wednesday’s record must have been [30,000], it was again shattered within twenty-four hours. Sixteen thousand attended Thursday afternoon and, notwithstanding torrential rain in the evening, there was a capacity crowd of eighteen thousand, with the usual receding tide of disappointed thousands. Clearly the city was experiencing an event which was truly out of the ordinary as Friday’s (August 5, 1904) Daily Record and Mail attests:

Buffalo Bill’s Wild West was one of the “hottest tickets” in America and Europe, as this 1894 lithograph poster reveals. After its 1891 – 1892 visit to Glasgow, the Wild West returned to eager audiences in 1904. Gift of The Coe Foundation. 1.69.167
The show has the biggest seating capacity ever provided for any outdoor exhibition; but it can claim a much greater record. It has visited every capital in Europe, with the exception of St. Petersburg and Constantinople, and it has been left to the present Glasgow visit to beat all records in attendance. “No show on earth,” said one of the show’s chief officials last night, “has ever done the same business in the same number of days as we have done and are going to do in Glasgow this week. It has been phenomenal; we never anticipated anything like it.”

Other news stories developed at the same time the Wild West visited Glasgow in August 1904. Those reports include reactions to show Indians, the use of Wild West jargon in a report about a town council meeting, umbrellas, and a local Masonic Lodge.

SHOW INDIANS DRAW ATTENTION

The “Lorgnette” column in Thursday’s (August 4) Glasgow Evening News bore testimony to an unaccustomed presence:

The Govanhill [a neighborhood on the south side of Glasgow] boys are enjoying life just now, and the fascination of the Wild West has gripped them firmly by the throat. Even shopkeepers and other adults with leisure on their hands are not proof against the spell, and when “Lo, the poor Indian,” stalks solemnly down Cathcart Road, displaying hair which would make six bald-headed men happy, he comes in for a share of attention which probably tickles him to death, though he does not betray any emotion. The infant population of the district do not take so kindly to the noble red man. There is an erroneous impression abroad among them that he bites—with a marked preference for Govanhill babies.

TOWN COUNCIL MEETING

Seventeen years before, a cartoon in Punch magazine had satirized the visit of W.E. Gladstone to the Wild West camp in London on May 7, 1887, depicting the elder statesman as an Indian chief. This established a certain vogue for poking fun at well-known politicians in similar vein. The well-worn template was invoked once again, certain of the better-known figures from Glasgow Town Council supplying the targets on this occasion.

At the most lively and tempestuous meeting of the civic assembly at George Square “for many moons” on Thursday, May 4, the scenes of disorder presented a perceived parallel with the Wild West. Figurative tomahawks flew in the “municipal wigwam.” A Mr. Boyd “emitted several war whoops which were understood to be points of order.” Such was the pretext for the August 5, 1904, Evening News’s “From the Gallery” column which depicted a certain Mr. Ferguson as “A Picturesque Figure” along the same lines as Buffalo Bill. The excitable
figure of Mr. Bruce Murray bore the caption “On the Warpath,” while Mr. Cohen, the youngest member, found himself pilloried as “The Papoose.” The cartoonist so far forgot himself as to suggest a likeness between the energetic Mr. Burgess and Buffalo Bill’s Whirling Dervish.

UMBRELLAS FOR SALE

Back at the real Wild West, as opposed to its George Square municipal counterfeit, the solid throng, as it departed the evening performance, was confronted by a singular piece of opportunism:

Visitors to the Wild West Show last night had one more example of Yankee enterprise, and promptness to turn everything to account. On their way out of the show, after the heavy rain which fell during the performance, and which caused a feeling of dampness even among the vast crowd, so well protected from it, they were confronted by a couple of attendants holding up a stock of umbrellas, and shouting, “Now then, remember it’s still wet outside. You’re sure to get wet. If you want to keep dry you can buy an umbrella here—two shillings for any one in the lot. Two shillings for a nice new umbrella.”

(Ralph Steinmetz, Lorgnette column, August 5, 1904)

RENFREW COUNTY KILWINNING LODGE

A number of members of Buffalo Bill’s staff belonged to Renfrew County Kilwinning (Masonic) Lodge No. 370, having joined during the tour of Barnum and Bailey’s Greatest Show on Earth five years earlier, and were desirous of a return visit. A special midnight meeting was therefore arranged, and they drove out to Paisley at the conclusion of the Thursday evening show. Twenty-one prospective members accompanied them, and the Masonic members duly initiated the recruits.

In addition to Buffalo Bill’s men, there were eleven other candidates, making thirty-two initiates in all. On August 6, the “Clydeside” [“Clydeside Echoes” (Glasgow Evening News)] columnist considered this something out of the ordinary and pronounced it “a record in the history of the craft.” Two days later, the Masonic column, “Square and Compasses” (Glasgow Evening News) took a dim view, considering the number of initiates excessive and at odds with the standard of decorum demanded by the occasion.

A short harmony followed, and the Wild West company returned to Glasgow in the early hours of Friday morning in exultant mood.

Friday, August 5, 1904

Such prodigious crowds inevitably drew questionable characters, and one such was Charles O’Neil, a “well-known thief,” then residing at 144 Trongate. He appeared before Bailie Taggart [municipal magistrate] at the Queen’s Park Police Court, after having been observed acting in a suspicious manner and attempting to pick pockets within the Wild West grounds. The next day, the Daily Record and Mail reported that he was sentenced to forty days imprisonment.

At the afternoon performance, Carter the Cowboy Cyclist created
an even bigger sensation than he had on Monday. As he and his bicycle hung in midair, the audience saw his front wheel swerve to the right so that on touching down on the wooden staging, it ran over the edge. A thrill of horror coursed through the onlookers as man and machine fell together to the ground. Unharmed, he leapt to his feet, mounted his horse in his routine fashion, and rode off to wild applause.

In the evening, it was deemed necessary to adopt further anti-congestion measures at the entrances. As Buffalo Bill himself told the tale, recorded in the Daily Record and Mail on August 8:

I was much touched by their [the spectators’] action on Friday night. So great was the crowd round the entrances two hours before the performance began that we decided to admit visitors from 6.30 [sic]. The seats were crowded by seven, and there was a long and wearisome wait. I walked round the arena, and the way in which the people were packed caused me some uneasiness, and the chief of police shared the feeling. But presently some one started off with a Scotch song, and the impromptu concert was kept up till the performance opened. Everybody sang with great heartiness, and the effect as heard in my tent was remarkably good.

[The doors were routinely opened an hour in advance of the performances, at one in the afternoon and seven in the evening respectively.]

Saturday, August 6, 1904

THOMAS LINDSAY

An excellent pictorial record has been preserved in the form of a collection of five photographs taken by local amateur photographer Thomas Lindsay, then aged twenty-two. Perhaps the most engaging depicts a group of youths trailing some Indians along Dixon Road. A second shows two Indians entering the show grounds. Two more capture the show actually in progress; in one the emigrant train crosses an imaginary prairie while the other records the subsequent battle scene. The fifth photograph alone, a splendid study of a member of the Imperial Japanese Cavalry, appears to have been posed.

The photographs can only have been taken at some time between Monday, August 1 and Saturday, August 6, but it is not possible to be more specific.

GLASGOW HEALTH EXHIBITION

A concurrent attraction was the Glasgow Health Exhibition, held under
the auspices of the Sanitary Institute. Though Samuel Lone Bear had not been present in 1891–1892, his visit, from a Wild West perspective, represented a return to a scene of past glories, since the venue, the Exhibition Buildings on Duke Street, had been its home on that previous occasion. Lone Bear arrived in the morning before the exhibition officially opened. The majority of the stands were therefore still under cover, but those exhibits he did manage to see—among them the model hospital and a modern tenement—left a favorable impression upon him.

The cabinet-bath also aroused his curiosity, and he expressed his appreciation of the luxurious baths and sanitary fittings on display in the main avenue. Purveyors presented him with a sample of baby food and a box of chocolates for the “papooses” at home. Lone Bear expressed his regret that he was obliged to leave early in order to be back at the Wild West in time for the afternoon performance, and that he would not therefore have the opportunity of seeing the exhibition in full swing or of enjoying the Corporation Band and the Band of the Scottish Rifles musical programs.

**INDIANS AND CHILDREN**

The “Lorgnette” column also offered a few observations concerning the manners and habits of the Indians:

To return to “The Poor Indians.” One feature that has been brought out prominently during the week is their kindly disposition wherever
children are concerned. They display the greatest interest in any baby in arms they chance to see, and are all eagerness to have a closer inspection. The fond mother usually, however, while flattered, seems to shrink from encouraging their fond curiosity. Whenever one of their squaws goes out to give her own little ones an airing, she makes them shake hands with the youngsters nearest them, and the little Indians do so, all smiles. Yesterday, during the war dance, one of the little fellows danced into the arena, dressed in all his Wild West finery, and waving gleefully a balloon fixed on a cane, which had been presented to him by an admiring lady.

BUFFALO BILL’S FAREWELL TO GLASGOW

A total of 175,000 people had seen the show in twelve performances and net profits for the week were estimated at between £12,000 and £15,000, according to the “Lorgnette” column of August 12. Glasgow can rightly count itself as one of the Wild West’s spiritual homes; in the long history of the show, nothing like it would ever be seen again. Not one single accident had befallen the spectators since, as Buffalo Bill himself acknowledged, they had been orderly in their conduct and had proven amenable to the directions of the ushers.

At the conclusion of the evening performance, Buffalo Bill fired a parting shot to waiting reporters:

Please express through your journal to the citizens of Glasgow my heartiest thanks for and profound appreciation of the magnificent support they gave us during the week. Glasgow has beaten all records for attendances on this side of the Atlantic, and comes second to the Chicago World’s Fair record in 1893. You may take it from this that I am more than satisfied. I expected much from Glasgow, but not so much.

The fame of Buffalo Bill’s great Scottish successes was heard as far away as western Canada as in this clipping from the Manitoba Free Press on October 1, 1904, a fitting summary of the Wild West’s appearance in Glasgow:

At Glasgow especially the crowds were large. So large that they have been exceeded only by those of Chicago. So Buffalo Bill looks to Glasgow with respect, and Glasgow remembers him as the man who provided the largest and most realistic entertainment that ever visited the city.

For the last two decades and more, Tom F. Cunningham has pursued an intensive study of Native American history with particular emphasis on connections with Scotland. He is the author of The Diamond’s Ace—Scotland and the Native Americans, and Your Fathers the Ghosts—Buffalo Bill’s Wild West in Scotland. He’s conducted research at the Center of the West and is a regular contributor to the Papers of William F. Cody. He currently administers the Scottish National Buffalo Bill Archive, www.snbba.co.uk, dedicated to telling the story of Buffalo Bill’s Wild West in Scotland. 
The images...were of a mind-blowing nature

The one that got away — A PHOTO, THAT IS

BY TOM F. CUNNINGHAM

The ways in which our Points West authors are inspired, driven, and influenced—and sometimes discouraged and disheartened—are often stories in themselves. In this case, Tom F. Cunningham shares the incredible story of the day that he first saw the Thomas Lindsay photographs (page 26) that he includes in his story of the Wild West in Glasgow. He also describes “the one that got away”—a photo, that is...

In 1991, I joined a group based in Glasgow, Scotland, called the North American Indian Association (NAIA). A short while after I became involved, NAIA ran a small but excellent exhibition in the Mitchell Library, Clans and Tribes. It celebrated various connections between Scotland and the Native Americans, almost none of which I had previously known.

One of the themes was two visits to Scotland by Buffalo Bill Cody. Buffalo Bill’s Wild West played a winter season at the East End Industrial Exhibition Buildings in Dennistoun, 1891–1892. It returned to the South Side of the city as Buffalo Bill’s Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World for the first week of August 1904, a story I’ve shared on the previous pages.

It was in connection with Clans and Tribes that I had a meeting around 1992 with Director Barrie Cox in the basement canteen of the Mitchell Library. Also present was another man, whom I was meeting for the first time, Barry Dubber.

Barry (as opposed to Barrie) was then working on a book about Buffalo Bill’s Wild West in Scotland which, sadly, never saw
the light of day. I later took up the baton, and my book *Your Fathers the Ghosts—Buffalo Bill's Wild West in Scotland* was eventually published in 2007.

What made my first meeting with Barry Dubber so utterly memorable was that while the three of us were sitting at a table, engrossed in an animated and fascinating discussion, Barry coolly produced some photographs and spoke the words which have remained etched on my mind ever since: “I can show you these but I can’t tell you where I got them.”

The images which he proceeded to display were of a mind-blowing nature, unlike anything I have seen before or since. Two of the photographs showed Indians (of the Lakota tribe, better known as Sioux) on Dixon Road, rubbing shoulders with the local people, who, given that this was Edwardian times, were interesting enough in themselves. Two other photos capture rare shots of the show actually in progress. There are, of course, many photographs in existence of Buffalo Bill’s Indians, but the vast majority of these are by studio photographers and as such are heavily posed and even contrived. There is a fly-on-the-wall quality to the rare photos that Barry had of the Wild West in Scotland, taken by Thomas Lindsay. I have since realized that the images are very unusual and Lindsay was ahead of his time.

There was one particular image which stood out as truly sensational, even in the context of its illustrious companions. Sadly, this photo was later lost, and years after the event, Barry was unable to account for it. I can still see it in my mind’s eye, and if only I could draw, I would sketch it for you now. It depicted an Indian, with feathers and bone breastplate, standing on a street corner. The expression on his face was aloof, distant, like the impassiveness you
sometimes see on the face of a famous footballer in the midst of a crowd. Even removing the human figures from the picture, it would still be an engrossing record of times gone by. The background was composed of tenements and a factory chimney, which I have since realized was probably Dixon’s Blazes.

What really made the image for me though was not even the Indian, but two local boys standing gazing at the apparition with looks of utter amazement. One, who had either forgotten his manners or else had none, was pointing straight at the Indian, who all the while was vainly trying to look inconspicuous.

I have been researching the subject more or less uninterruptedly since, and have amassed huge amounts of information together with an impressive collection of photographs. However, I hadn’t come across anything quite as astonishing as Barry’s photograph of the Lakota Indian on the Glasgow street corner. Neither have I given up hope entirely that another copy exists somewhere and that one day I might set eyes upon it once again.

That missing photograph sums up everything my work is about—I never ever set out to write exclusively about Buffalo Bill’s Indians. I have always been anxious to set these exotic visitors within the context of the times and to retrieve what I can about the local people with whom they came in contact. That photo brilliantly encapsulates this dualism, bringing together, as it does, both sides of the equation.

Seeing that photograph was a coup de foude moment for me, which completely changed the whole course of my life. I have since written three books and countless articles on this and related subjects. I’ve never been much of a fan of the popular musical group U2, but their song I Still Haven’t Found What I’ve Been Looking For keeps playing in my head!

Tom F. Cunningham
Scottish National Buffalo Bill Archive
www.snbba.co.uk
To celebrate our centennial in 2017, the Buffalo Bill Center of the West is proud to partner with Navy Arms and Winchester Firearms to create the Winchester “Centennial Model” 1873 lever-action rifle.

Using Winchester factory records and original firearms housed at the Center of the West, Navy Arms has created for sale two outstanding replicas—one hand-engraved, the other machine-engraved—to celebrate the Center’s 100th Anniversary.

One hundred percent of the profits support the mission of the Buffalo Bill Center of the West and our Cody Firearms Museum.

Reserve yours today at codygun.com!
Treasures from Our West

Snowy Owl (Bubo scandiacus)

The snowy owl is the heaviest North American owl. These birds nest and spend summers in the vast, treeless tundra, north of the Arctic Circle. They hunt lemmings, ptarmigan, and other prey throughout 24-hour daylight. When summer hunting is good, these owls raise large broods that lead to a population boom. Especially during these population booms, many snowy owls leave the far north to spend winter in wide-open spaces through much of the United States, from west to east coasts, and as far south as Texas.

This snowy owl specimen, currently displayed in the Draper Natural History Museum’s Expedition Trailhead, was found injured near Cody in January 2013. Susan Ahalt of Ironside Bird Rescue tried to save this beautiful bird, but unfortunately it died of its injuries soon after. Ahalt transferred the specimen to the Draper Museum, and master taxidermist Brian Peterson of Cedar Creek Taxidermy in Cedar Creek, Missouri, mounted it in this dramatic pose. Installed as part of enhancements to the Expedition Trailhead in May 2015, the owl has already become a visitor favorite.■
Carl Rungius (1869 – 1959) was a German-born American artist who drew his artistic inspiration from the wildlife and landscapes of the American and Canadian West. Over a two-year period beginning in 1910, he trekked to Canada’s Banff National Park in Alberta to study bighorn sheep. These trips would be the first of many to the area, thanks to invitations from hunting guide Jimmy Simpson, whom Rungius met in New York.

One of Rungius’s chief artistic concerns as a wildlife painter was accurately depicting animals and their natural habitats. Thus, much of his artistic research focused on close observation of wildlife, including the study of seasonal changes in appearance within particular species. His 1912 painting The Mountaineers, an iconic portrayal of bighorn sheep, muscular and majestic against a vertiginous backdrop, benefitted from Rungius’s close visual study and research.

It was Rungius’s belief that hoofed game, including bighorn sheep, were at their physical prime during September and early October. Fall, therefore, was the ideal time at which to paint them. Perched on a rocky outcropping of Cascade Mountain, the sheep are perfectly positioned within the landscape to show off their impressive physiques.

The Mountaineers by Carl Rungius

Cheyenne moccasins, ca. 1890. Gift of Robert F. Garland. NA.202.5

Students from the St. Labre Indian School in Ashland, Montana, undertook a research and exhibition project with the Plains Indian Museum during their visit this past October. As one object for study, they selected a pair of beaded Cheyenne moccasins featuring thunderbird and deer designs. Their assignment was to study the moccasins and determine significant elements such as materials, design, use, and date. The students noted dominant design characteristics found in Cheyenne moccasins, including a slanted cuff with a split back, a slim beaded strip up the heel, a beaded strip across the instep, and a design pattern using strong contrast of colors in its rendition of animal and geometric forms. Cheyenne designs on the circumference also typically occur in odd numbers, with one of the designs located on the toe point. The students determined that these moccasins were used for ceremonies or special occasions, or could have been made as a gift to honor the recipient.

After examining the objects, the students created a new exhibit case, “Young Minds at Work,” now featured in the entry of the Plains Indian Museum—a major accomplishment during a two-day visit as part of their Museum Studies and Culture class. They selected and researched objects, made basic mounts, contributed to labels, finalized the case layout, and installed the objects for an impactful display and intense learning experience. The exhibition case features the Cheyenne moccasins as well as other Crow, Ojibwe, Kiowa, and Sioux objects that represent the students’ interests and cultural histories.
Willis, Will, & the West

BY ERIC ROSSBOROUGH

Recently, our supervisor, Mary Robinson, the Housel Director of the McCracken Library, came in with an interesting haul: a series of books from the collection of Willis McDonald, one of our trustees and a generous donor. Included were Will James’s *The American Cowboy*, *Scorpion, a Good Bad Horse*, *All in a Day’s Riding*, and *Cow Country*. This led to my encounter with Will James, shared in this issue beginning on page four.

I learned that Willis was an important person to the Buffalo Bill Center of the West. A New York attorney, he was also an aficionado of the Wild West. He was a bookman, and in the 1960s, he spent many afternoons with the great bibliographer Edward Eberstadt, compiler of Eberstadt’s *Catalogs of Americana*. Many of Willis’s most cherished and valuable items are now in our collection.

A few months ago, Mary told me of a gathering at Willis’s home here in Cody. It was his birthday, and many of us would be going to pay our respects. I wasn’t sure that I should go, since I didn’t know the guy, and he was unwell. As it turns out, I’m sure glad I did—for several reasons. Mary’s husband, Richard, and I walked in; “I sure like his taste in art,” I said. Frederic Remington engravings lined the walls. Willis lay reclining in his chair, his back to a giant plate glass window which looked out over the mountains. I was glad to put a face with a name.

As we all lined up to pay our respects, Richard and I continued our conversation—this time about his working as a ranger in the Alaskan bush. He lived with former Alaska Governor Jay Hammond, who worked “killing wolves.” Since I haven’t yet figured out how to ford some of the bigger rivers around here, I told Richard of a book I’d read called *Alaska’s Wolf Man*. In it, the main character crossed rivers in winter by taking all his clothes off to keep them dry, wading across, and building a fire on the other side to warm up before continuing. “Oh, it’s no problem,” Richard said. “I’ve done that all the time.”

And so, among all these people who love the West, I had gathered another great anecdote about it—that “new” West I contend would do if that’s all I could get.

I haven’t read the books Willis gave us. In the manner of a child, I just read *Lone Cowboy* over and over. But now I’ll get the chance.

Willis McDonald passed away on September 18, 2015, at the age of 89.
Center welcomes
Dan Miller’s Cowboy Music Revue

This summer, Dan Miller’s Cowboy Music Revue performs every day except Sunday in a live dinner show at the Center’s new Dining Pavilion, now under construction.

For the past eleven years, the popular television and cowboy music personality has performed in downtown Cody. His vocalist, fiddle-playing daughter Hannah, and Wendy Corr on bass guitar, singing harmony and lead vocals, comprise the Empty Saddles Band.

A familiar face and voice to those who follow rodeo, cowboy music, and the great outdoors, Miller produces and hosts a variety of television programming and recently received the PRCA (Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association) Excellence in Broadcast Journalism Award.

The dinner bell rings at 5:30 p.m., followed by Miller’s show, 6:30 – 7:30, leaving time for attendees to take in the Cody Nite Rodeo. Limited seating is also available for those who wish to attend the show only.

centerofthewest.org/visit/dan-millers-cowboy-music-revue

Popular Smithsonian firearms exhibit returns

The Center of the West, an Affiliate of the Smithsonian Institution, has reopened its popular Journeying West: Distinctive Firearms from the Smithsonian. On view since May 4, 2013, in the lower gallery of the Center’s Cody Firearms Museum, the exhibit is now located in the center of the museum’s main gallery.

This is the Center’s second firearms loan from the Smithsonian’s National Firearms Collection. Forty-two objects from the original loan are on display. In addition, eight new objects, including TV’s Hawaii Five-O mainstay Steve McGarrett’s Colt Cobra and shoulder holster, a flintlock grenade launcher, and a sword revolver round out the exhibit.

The Smithsonian exhibit trades places with the Browning Firearms exhibit, which opened simultaneously in the former Smithsonian space.

Complete with a production timeline, the exhibit focuses on Browning’s prototypes.

centerofthewest.org/2015/12/01/buffalo-bill-center-of-the-west-reopens-popular-smithsonian-firearms-exhibit

Curators’ grizzly bear tale wins award

The National Outdoor Book Awards (NOBA) has tapped Wahb: The Biography of a Grizzly as its winner in the Classic Division of its 2015 awards. Originally penned by Ernest Thompson Seton in 1900, Center of the West curators Jeremy M. Johnston and Charles R. Preston have reintroduced the book to a new generation of readers.

Seton’s story details the life of an imaginary grizzly bear named Wahb and his struggles to survive in the Yellowstone National Park region. The curators’ new edition takes Seton’s classic tale and original illustrations, and combines it with their insights into the historical and scientific context for Wahb’s story.

Sponsored by three groups—the National Outdoor Book Awards Foundation, the Association of Outdoor Recreation and Education, and Idaho State University—the non-profit, educational program’s annual awards “honor the best in outdoor writing and publishing.”

centerofthewest.org/2015/11/18/book-awards-grizzly-bear-tale/
NEH names *Papers of William F. Cody* and Dyck Collection in top grant list

The National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) has included the Center’s *Papers of William F. Cody* in a group of stories honoring the grant-administering agency’s 50th Anniversary. This collection of top grants appears online through the “National Endowment for the Humanities Celebrating 50 Years” website, 50.neh.gov. Using NEH funding, the *Papers* published a documentary record of the Wild West’s international phase focused on the British and German tours.

The State of Wyoming launched the project with a $300,000 state appropriation in 2007, subsequently matched by the Geraldine W. and Robert J. Dellenback Foundation. Managing Editor Jeremy Johnston, Curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum, oversees the *Papers*, working with numerous academic and archival institutions in the U.S., Scotland, and the Netherlands.

The NEH also recognized the Plains Indian Museum’s Dyck Collection as one of its top grants.

centerofthewest.org/2015/09/29/papers-of-william-f-cody-neh-50th-anniversary

NEA awards $20,000 for Dyck Collection catalog

The National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) recently awarded more than $27.6 million in its first funding round of fiscal year 2016, including a $20,000 Art Works award to the Center’s Plains Indian Museum for the Paul Dyck Plains Indian Buffalo Culture Collection catalogue.


The Center acquired the Paul Dyck Collection in 2007, and, in 2009, received a Save America’s Treasures grant for its long-term preservation. This collection is known for its strong pre-reservation and early reservation content. Future plans include a traveling exhibition of objects from the collection.

centerofthewest.org/2015/12/10/nea-awards-grant-paul-dyck-collection-catalogue

Check this out...

Center scores two of Wyoming’s Most Significant Artifacts: In celebration of 125 years of Wyoming statehood, treasures from the Center’s Plains Indian Museum (a collection of 1905 ration tickets from the Wind River Indian Reservation) and its Whitney Western Art Museum (Albert Bierstadt’s *Last of the Buffalo, 1889*) have been tapped for Wyoming’s Most Significant Artifacts.

centerofthewest.org/2015/12/14/center-of-the-west-scores-two-slots-on-wyomings-most-significant-artifacts-list

Center collaborates on online catalogue of Alfred Jacob Miller works: The Ricketts Art Foundation has joined with the Center of the West and the Museum of the Mountain Man to launch an online collection of the paintings of an iconic nineteenth-century American artist. Titled *Fur Traders and Rendezvous: The Alfred Jacob Miller Online Catalogue*, the website features high-resolution images of Miller’s paintings from his historic 1837 trip west to the Rocky Mountains, along with essays and video vignettes about Miller, his work, and the world he painted.

alfredjacobmiller.com
**Center hours:**
- Through February 28: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. Thursday – Sunday
- March 1 – April 30: 10 a.m. – 5 p.m. daily
- May 1 – September 15: 8 a.m. – 6 p.m. daily

**Draper Museum Raptor Experience:**
*Included in regular admission.*
- *Relaxing with Raptors,* informal Q & A with our birds and their handlers, every day the Center is open, 1 – 1:30 p.m.

**Family Fun Day:** *Free for members; $10 per family for non-members.*
3 – 7 p.m., with a family-friendly meal from 5 – 6:30 p.m.

**Draper Natural History Museum Lunchtime Expeditions:** *Free, 12:15 p.m.*
**SUPPORTED IN PART BY SAGE CREEK RANCH.**
- March 3, April 7, and May 5. Speakers to be announced.

**Buffalo Bill’s Birthday Events:** *Free.*
- February 26, 11 a.m.: Join the Cody High School FFA at The Scout statue north of the Center of the West for the annual wreath-laying ceremony, 11 a.m.
- February 26, 5 – 7 p.m.: Celebrate William F. Cody’s 170th birthday at the Center of the West with a free party, the Buffalo Bill Band, and birthday cake!

**Spring into Yellowstone Birding and Wildlife Festival**
- May 11 – 15: The Buffalo Bill Center of the West joins the Cody Country Chamber of Commerce and several other partners for this festival exploring the Greater Yellowstone region’s abundant wildlife and vegetation through field trips, seminars, a trade show, and more. For more information visit springintoyellowstone.net.

**Cody Firearms Records Office special gun show coverage:**
- February 13 – 14: Attending Dakota Territory Gun Collectors Association Show in Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
- April 2 – 3: Tentatively attending Wanenmacher’s Tulsa Gun Show in Tulsa, Oklahoma.
- April 8: In office for Big Reno Show, Reno, Nevada.

**Cody Culture Club**
The Cody Culture Club, supported by the Buffalo Bill Center of the West, celebrates the unique culture of Cody, Wyoming, and offers insightful community programs inspired by the Center’s world-class collections.

Ticket packages available; visit centerofthewest.org/codycultureclub or call Rachel Lee at 307-578-4009 for more information and to purchase the right package for you. Appetizers and cash bar at every program.

- **February 18, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m.** at Heart Mountain Interpretive Center. *Behind Barbed Wire* with Brian Liesinger. Feel the effects of wartime intolerance through the heartbreaking perspectives of a resilient community of Japanese Americans interned during World War II.
- **March 17, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m.** at Center of the West. *Grizzly Bear and Human Interaction* with Wyoming Game and Fish Department. Nic Patrick, Luke Ellsbury, and Dusty Lasseter share personal accounts of their humbling encounters with this top-of-the-food-chain predator.
- **April 21, 5:30 – 7:30 p.m.** (location to be determined). *Celebrating the 4th Then and Now* with Ed Webster and Chip Richards. Even longstanding community traditions like the Cody Stampede, 4th of July Parade, and Park County Fair had to start somewhere!
Up until recently I generally subscribed to the contention put forth by a California professor in recent news that the terms “genocide” and “Holocaust” best describe the systematic mass killings such as those carried out in Nazi death camps at Auschwitz-Birkenau, Buchenwald, Dachau, and others, but not necessarily the massacres such as those at Washita, Sand Creek, and Wounded Knee...

Now, however, I must say that I was wrong. Genocide is the word...

I have been privileged to read Law at Little Big Horn: Due Process Denied, by Charles E. Wright. In his book, lawyer and historian Wright amply makes his case that throughout the Indian Wars, genocide was the order of the day on the part of U.S. military forces. And, more often than not, it was authorized and sanctioned in the White House itself, and carried down the chain of command by generals considered the greatest in American history, including William T. Sherman and Phillip H. Sheridan.

Wright uses terms like racist, genocide, and war crimes to describe the treatment of the First Nations and their tribal peoples by the United States because “due process”—that function without which there is no justice—was routinely denied them in the taking of their lands and property, forced removal from their homelands, the destruction of their livelihood, and the taking of their lives in unjustified and illegal military actions...

This book is no syrupy “lo, the poor Indian” dissertation. Instead, it is a hard-nosed interpretation of law, and a solid case made of the U.S. military’s flouting of the laws articulated in treaties, in the Constitution, and in the military’s own General Orders which forbids “cruelty and bad faith.” It also recognizes the rights of the vanquished to the protection of persons, especially women, and prohibits, under penalty of death, “all wanton violence committed against persons of the invaded country, all destruction of property not commanded by the authorized officer, all robbery, pillage, or sacking, and all wounding, maiming, or killing of such inhabitants.”

Replete with original maps and excellent graphics, Law at Little Bighorn is a thorough military assessment of the Custer battle and the actions leading up to the battle and following it. And it is the finest moral summation I have ever read of the injustices of the Indian Wars, and, by extension, of U.S. attitudes and relations with all Indian tribes and their citizens...

Law at Little Bighorn is a thoroughly researched and powerfully presented work of history that all scholars of American Indian history—especially Indian scholars—will appreciate. For those who rightly maintain that U.S. history is essentially a lie without including the ugly truth of genocide against the First Nations of the land, this book is a seminal work and, hopefully, the beginning of the truth, long withheld.

Charles Trimble is past executive director of the National Congress of American Indians and principal founder of the American Indian Press Association.
A THOUSAND WORDS

It looks like a swanky affair is taking place in the ballroom of Chicago’s Hotel Sherman in this photograph dated March 4, 1914. Who better to dress “to the nines” than the Showmen’s League of America—and who better to take the helm as such an organization’s first president than the great showman himself, William F. “Buffalo Bill” Cody? Buffalo Bill is the tallest figure in the front row, and while not wearing the fringed buckskin his life story might conjure up, he is certainly recognizable by his iconic goatee and his likeness on the banner in the background.

The Showmen’s League of America, founded in 1913 and still active today, defines itself, according to its website, as “a community of showpeople dedicated to service and fellowship.” Find out more at www.showmensleague.org.

One picture is worth a thousand words.

The McCracken Research Library at the Buffalo Bill Center of the West offers access to thousands of historic images for research and publication. To learn more, contact the library at 307–578–4063, or search the online collections at library.centerofthewest.org.

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