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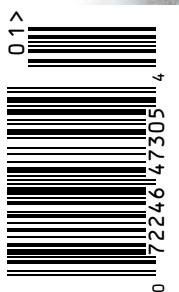
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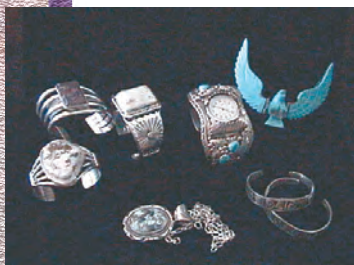
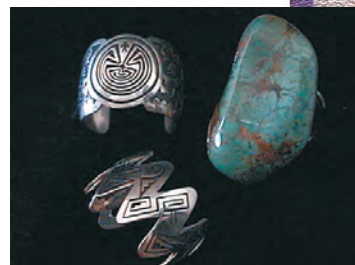
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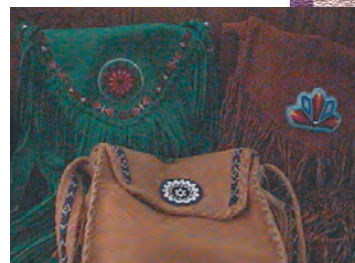
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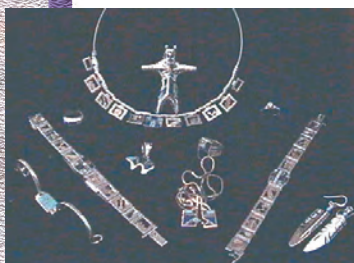


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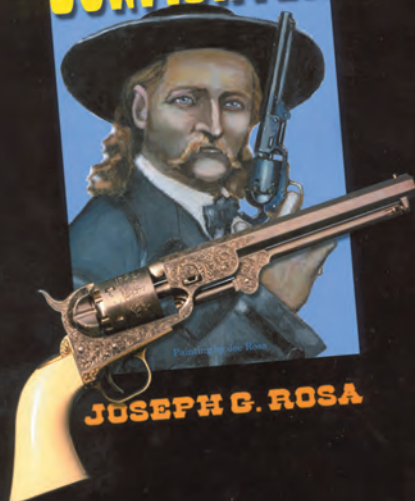
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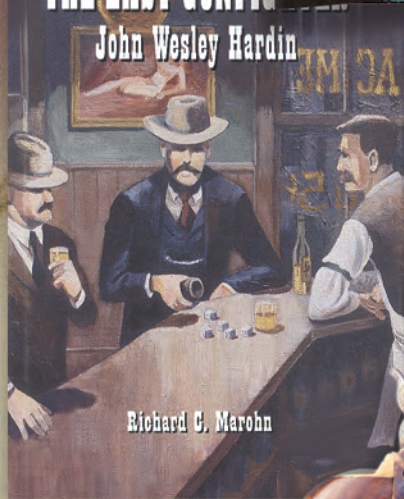
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John Wesley Hardin



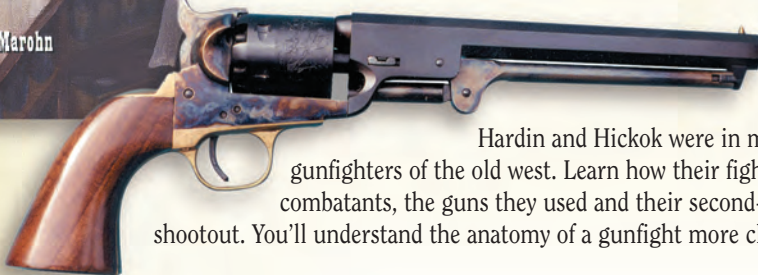
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By Richard Marohn

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FEATURES

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Revisiting the legends of a few fellow Americans, *True West* takes a look at some real-life heroes, and explores what kind of “stuff” it takes to be one.

19 RUBE ROBBINS

In a barroom full of Confederate sympathizers, this Yankee lawman climbs atop a pool table, pulls his pistols and sings a few daringly patriotic notes.

—R.G. Robertson

30 JUSTICE COMES TO NEVADA

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—Richard H. Dillon

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—Tim Simmons

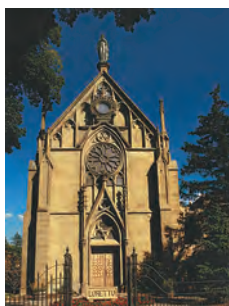
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53 THE BALLAD OF DON EDWARDS

Eastern transplant, balladeer and now “curator” of authentic old-time cowboy tunes proves he is *forever* in a Western state of mind.

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Wild cow milkin'? William Childress shows no mercy on a greenhorn dude and talks long enough to regret it at this famous Texas ranching event.

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OUR COVER

Buffalo Bill, the consummate showman and American patriot.
—Photo courtesy Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming—



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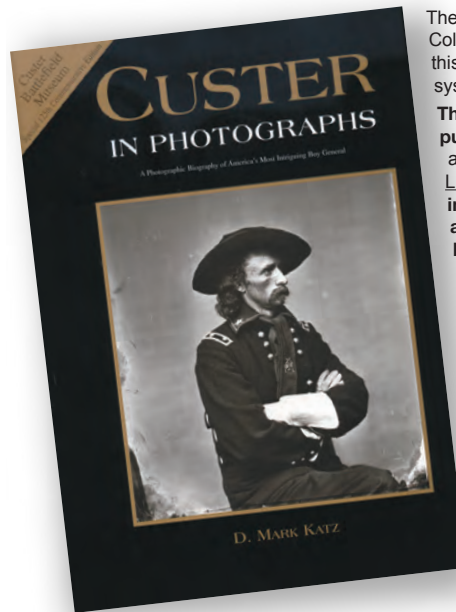
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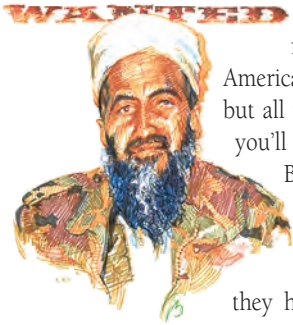
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Big Lessons.

History repeats itself.



posters are back in vogue and the media keeps talking about how America has entered “uncharted waters,” but all we see is history repeating itself. If you’ll remember, we declared war on the Barbary pirates back in the early 1800s, when they were attacking our ships and terrorizing our citizens (sound familiar?). And they had no country. Thanks to several Uncommon Men, **Stephen Decatur** foremost among them, the pirates were handily defeated. It seems our enemies had sorely underestimated this young country’s resolve. The more things change . . .

And speaking of change, it has been exactly two years since we stepped into the traces to pull this big ol’ wagon called *True West*. More than a few predicted failure (some still do), a few burned out, several bailed, but we’re still here, fighting the fight and trying to do what we said we’d do: “expand the editorial tent.” We have learned many lessons (sometimes twice) but we’ve always been appreciative of the Big Chance. In 2003 we will celebrate the magazine’s fiftieth year—a half century! Get ready for big-time, historic fun.

Here are the six biggest realizations we’ve had in our first two years:

- Paid consultants are right about half the time (and of course, the big question is—which half do you believe?)
- Every project looks like a failure in the middle.
- If your gut tells you someone could be reaming you, your gut is correct.
- Almost every business day brings three positives and two negatives (some days it’s reversed).
- No man is against you; he is merely for himself.
- It takes courage to keep writing checks when it looks like the money is going right down the drain.

Coming full circle, it’s no accident that **Buffalo Bill** graced our inaugural issue (January 2000) and this one. We believe he’s an Uncommon Man for the ages.

You may also notice some improvements. Our inaugural issue had seven features and nine departments and clocked in at 64 pages, with no inside color, and printed on cheap pulp paper. The issue you hold in your hands is 96 pages, with ten features, fifteen departments, plenty of color and

glossy paper to boot. It didn’t come cheap, but from here we can see a sliver of blue sky. It is a beautiful thing. Hope we don’t run into any pirates.

Back in 1999, we envisioned the magazine representing various Western ethnic voices. That vision finally comes true this issue with The State of Native America (In NDN Country) and department editor **Patty Talahongva’s** take on her homeland and people.

Western films are at the lowest point they’ve been in several generations and yet we’ve never loved them more. *Lonesome Dove*, *Tombstone* and even *Shanghai Noon* showed us there’s still life in the art form. That’s why it’s time for a regular feature in this magazine to encourage those who want to see Westerns. And maybe we can even help the people who are making Westerns make them more authentic and find a market. If we don’t support Westerns, who will?

DeAnne Giago has appeared in almost every issue since we took over. At first it was a fluke, but as the issues kept going to press with her distinctive visage, we noticed a certain momentum. She has become our good luck charm. She gets her due this issue with a full page photo on page 91.

Finally, we have rolled *Old West Journal* into *True West*. We just didn’t have the ponies to do both. We think the combination makes for a very dynamic magazine. We hope you agree.



On location
 Veteran photographer **John Beckett** (standing in the back of the *Ranger* and inset), sets up our “Navajo Tribute” photo shoot, 10.12.01. That’s **Dave Hellier**, the chauffeur, in the classic 1955 Ford pickup; **DeAnne Giago** ridin’ in the back because she chooses to; and **Art Director Dan Harshberger** standing, foreground.



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SHOOTING BACK

True West readers speak out.

I have been a subscriber of *True West* since the second or third issue. So much of the history and lore of the Old West has been hashed and re-hashed it seems there is little left to say or write about. However, it was refreshing, in the October issue, to read of items besides the "old line." Think you've gone into a new dimension (or maybe back to old Hosstail's expectations?) Well, . . . that ain't bad in my books.

GLEN H. MUELLER
SYLVAN GROVES, KANSAS

NDN Futures

Muchas gracias—I enjoyed every one of the Indian stories (October 2001), and I look forward to more in future issues. Being from Texas, I naturally enjoyed the story concerning Cynthia Ann Parker. I have visited Ft. Parker several times.

DAVID VARDEMAN
VIA THE INTERNET

Little House Of Errors

I strongly suggest that you find someone on your staff who has the time to proofread your product prior to printing. [He refers to *March, April and October 2000*, and *inconsistencies in April and July 2001*.] That is, assuming that someone is still alive who has the ability to recognize the errors.

. . . Expect to hear from me again some day. Unless, of course, I break my neck falling downstairs in a whorehouse. Hell, I ain't 80 yet.

BOYD SCHWARTZ
SANTEE, CALIFORNIA

WILD ABOUT BILL

I've been waiting, for what seems like forever, for the Wild Bill issue to come out. But even with all this anticipation, it still managed to exceed my expectations. With all the pictures and outstanding articles, you have outdone yourselves once again.

It was great to have some insight on

Joseph Rosa. I've read two of his books and understand the man he is writing about, but didn't have much of an idea about the writer. It was neat to compare his first discovery of Wild Bill and what fascinates him to my own situation. Thank you TW and Joseph Rosa for devoting such time and energy to a truly outstanding Western hero.

CASEY STEJSKAL
WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA, CANADA

WE GET IT

I received my most recent issue of *True West* and while going through the magazine I came across a collector's sets advertisement in the center. As a retired command sergeant major I was distressed to see beneath the Custer issue the notation, "Be Like Custer And Get What You Deserve," suggesting that this soldier's death was what he deserved for daring to follow orders. Do you find humor in the deaths of all American soldiers, or just those killed in conflicts which are not politically correct such as the Mexican War, the Indian Wars and Vietnam?

JOSEPH P. HENDERSON
VIA THE INTERNET

WE'RE NOT IN KANSAS ANYMORE

Most of my life I thought I lived in Kansas, but according to your October, 2001 issue of *True West* (map on page 52) it's Nebraska that's just north of Oklahoma and east of Colorado. I think those from Missouri might have similar questions since Iowa shows up just north of Arkansas.

TOM S. COKE
VIA THE INTERNET

LIKES THE AD-DITIVES

I happen to like the way you are publishing *True West* and I happen to like the advertisements. There are some things advertised that I had been looking for and did not know where to find them.

"BETT"
VIA THE INTERNET

CAN YOU SAY SUPPORT GROUP?

May I say what fun it was to complete the questionnaire on whether I was a Tombstone fanatic or not (*Old West Journal*, Fall 2001). My wife and I laughed heartily as I checked the boxes which applied to me—although I was surprised to find that I only scored moderately as I have only watched the film 50-odd times. It would appear that I have other interests as well as *Tombstone*.

DOC (DR. C. TOGDEN)
WALES, ENGLAND

I would personally like to see more of *Tombstone*—now that is gnarly! Val Kilmer/Doc Holliday in *Tombstone* piqued my interest in both *Tombstone* and history. Mr Kilmer created a five-star role and is more or less the highlight in the cast. But Kurt Russell took the lead in the movie as Wyatt Earp. Job well done! I would like to see more about the people of *Tombstone*.

MISS C. BROOKS
WILKIE, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA

HOLLIDAY FEAST

Congratulations on the splendid Doc Holliday Issue (Nov/Dec, 2001)! Gary Roberts and his excellent cast of writers and researchers have assembled a great collection of new facts and informed speculation. It was a feast. Doc is way more interesting than Wyatt. I love what you're doing with the magazine. Don't listen to the croakers.

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would have loved this outfit.
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Bisque Outing Set Great fabric and fit
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8) Velvet Parlor Jacket
Big puff sleeves and lots of buttons.
\$125.00+S/H (S-XXL)
9) Pearl Star Hat Crushable felt, special
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10) Heritage Coat
This is a great wool coat! It fea-
tures black-on-black embroidery
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11) Texas Two-step
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SEEING 50-20

I wanted to tell you that I enjoyed the October issue of *True West* magazine, especially the article on Bat Masterson.

The only thing I wanted to mention is that in the article, "Cattle drive to NYC" by Larry Underwood, mention was made that "Malone and Ponting had already saved \$50 gold pieces to use for purchase."

In the year 1853, the highest denomination was a \$20 gold piece made by the U.S. government. However, since \$20.00 gold pieces weigh 33 grams, and contain almost one troy ounce of gold in them (I know; I have one from 1894), I could appreciate how heavy [they were].

TOM VINCENT
VIA THE INTERNET

MUSIC BY THE NUMBERS

Your "By the Numbers" column last month (October, "To The Point") was great and, I might add, brought out far sooner after the survey than would be true for most publications.

As a 49-year fan who listens exclusively to COUNTRY MUSIC, however, it strikes me as yuppyish, citified and rankly amateurish for *True West* to ask for and then honor such a dichotomy. There is country music and there is OTHER. That's it.

DAN KATZ
VIA THE INTERNET

Corrections

Bertram H. Murphy wrote us about our October 2001 issue: on page 42, the Pueblo Revolt was in 1680 *not* in 1860. (Burt wrote the *Trailing Louis L'Amour* series).

Also, in "Exact Spot," November/December issue, the author is from Weatherford.

We Welcome Your Comments

Feel free to drop us a line and let us know what you think. Send those letters, funny photos, newspaper clippings, and gags to Editor, PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.
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Now through Jan. 20, **Desert Caballeros Western Museum presents "The Art of Western Living":** Wickenburg, AZ. This show and sale features the finest in western-inspired clothing, jewelry, accessories, home furnishings, tableware and custom-made saddles and tack. **Information** call (520) 684-2272 or www.westernmuseum.org

Now through July 2002, **Moving Waters: The Colorado River & The West:** Features seven states and 22 communities and cities, all of which owe their existence to the Colorado River. Activities include lectures, book discussions, exhibitions and six-part radio documentary. Track the project on the website: www.movingwaters.org

Now through Nov. 4, 2002, **Heroes and Villains of the Old West:** Buffalo Bill Museum and Grave, Lookout Mountain, CO. This exhibit features artifacts of the notable and notorious of the Old West. Pieces of Jesse James' coffin, a lock of Wild Bill Hickok's hair, Wyatt Earp's hat and Teddy Roosevelt's gun are just a few items that can be seen.
Information: 303-526-0744 or www.buffalobill.org

2, A Cowboy Christmas with Cody: Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum, Lookout Mountain, CO. Celebrate one of Buffalo Bill's favorite holidays at this free family event. Buffalo Bill reenactor will dress as Santa for the kids. Local musicians present children's songs and stories and families can join together making Christmas crafts and cards. The Museum's exhibits will



Now through Jan. 21, **How The West Was Worn:** Los Angeles, CA. This exhibition organized by the Autry Museum of Western Heritage tells the story of the impact of Western wear on American fashion trends.
Information: 323-667-2000.

be free of charge on this Sunday afternoon, including "Heroes and Villains of the Old West."
Information: 303-526-0744.

6-15, **WNFR Cowboy Christmas Gift Show:** Las Vegas, NV. The "Original Cowboy Christmas" show will feature over 400 vendors from the U.S. and Canada. Everything from western wear to leather goods, custom jewelry and Southwestern Indian arts, crafts and pottery. There will be entertainment, celebrity autograph sessions, fashion shows, and the previous night's Rodeo performances showing on a big screen TV throughout the day.
Information: 702-260-8605 or fax 702-260-8622.

7-8, **13th Annual Cowboy Christmas Poetry Gathering:** Wickenburg, AZ. Join cowboy poets for poems, songs and ideas with a Western theme.
Information: 800-942-5242 or www.wickenburgchamber.com or www.outwickenburgway.com

7-16, **National Finals Rodeo:** Las Vegas, NV. The premier championship event of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association. The top 15 regular-season finishers in each of seven events compete for millions in prize money.
Information: 719-593-8840 or www.prorodeo.com.

8-9, **Pueblo Grande Museum Auxiliary Indian Market:** Phoenix, AZ. Large Native American market featuring arts, crafts, foods and entertainment. Special guests this year: Navajo Code Talkers.
Information: 602 495-0901 or 877-706-4408 or www.pueblogrande.com

29-Jan. 1, **54th Arizona National Livestock Show:** Phoenix, AZ. Annual stock show, Cowboy Classics, Farm Experience, Lil' Buckaroo, ranch rodeo, commercial exhibits and much more.
Information: 602-258-8568 or www.anls.org

JANUARY 2002

9-13, **Arizona National Horse Show:** Scottsdale, AZ. Arizona's second largest Quarter Horse Show plus a Cutting Horse Competition and a 4-H - FFA Horse Show all located at the WestWorld Equestrian Park in North Scottsdale.
Information: 602-258-8568 or www.anls.org

19-20, **2002 High Noon's 12th Annual Auction:** Mesa, AZ. Quality Western and Indian Antiques from some of the most respected cowboy collectors in the U.S. and Canada.
Information: 310-202-9010 or HIGHNOON.Com

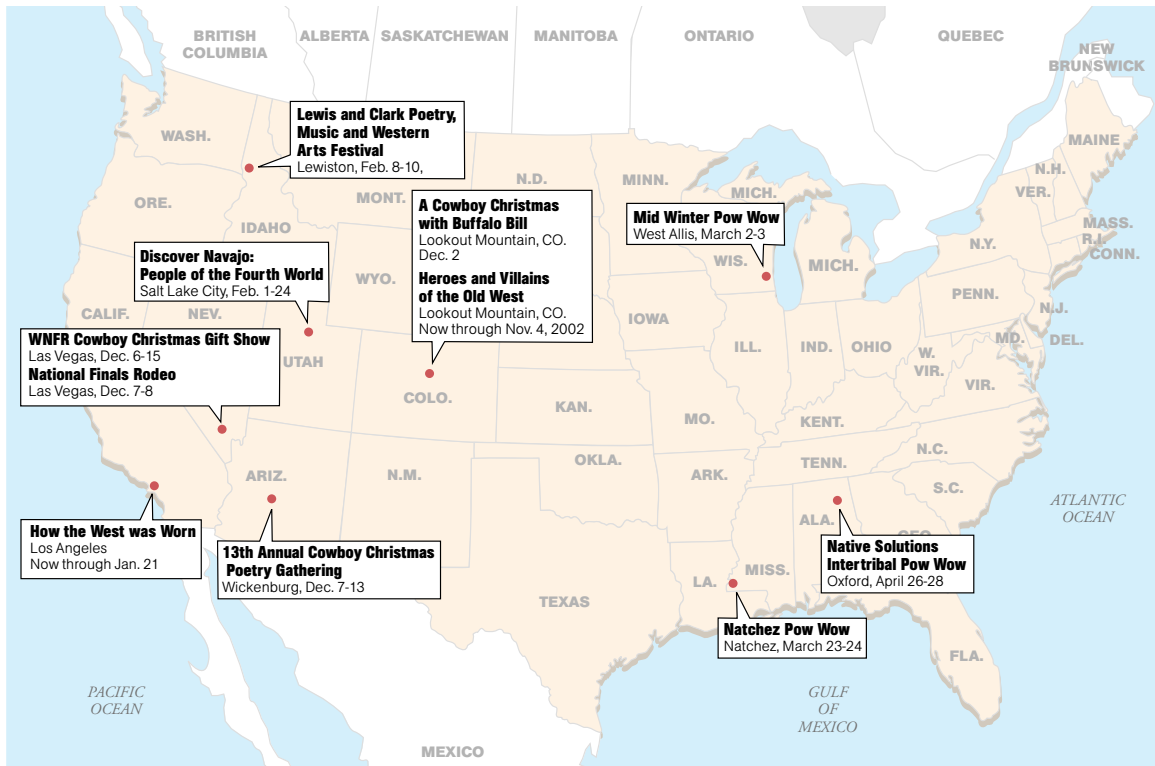
26-Feb. 2, **National Cowboy Poetry Gathering:** Elko, NV. Elko celebrates the ranching Old West with the antics of ranch hand reciters, the wisdom of ranching women, foot-tapping at a rousing fiddle tune, and silent awe at traditional craftsmanship.
Information: 888-880-5885 or www@westernfolklife.org

FEBRUARY

1-24, **Discover Navajo: People of the Fourth World:** Salt Lake City, UT. This exhibit at the Olympic Winter Games 2002 will introduce the Navajo way of life. Visitors will experience the Navajo from Creation Stories to traditional homesteads with Navajo hogan, sheep corral, rug loom and sweat house. Other highlights include a Code Talkers exhibit, storytellers and contemporary arts and crafts.
Information: 801-521-3463 or www.navajo2002.org

8-10, **Lewis and Clark Poetry, Music and Western Arts Festival:** Lewiston, ID. A diverse cultural cowboy experience. Artists, poets and musicians come from as far away as Australia.
Information: 208-937-2352 or CRWHNA@cybrequest.com

WESTERN ROUNDUP



9-11, **Olympic Command Performance Rodeo: North American Challenge:** Farmington, UT. U.S. and Canadian cowboys and cowgirls compete in seven rodeo events for medals and prize money.
Information: call 719-593-8840 or www.prorodeo.com

14-17, **Winter Range 2002:** Ben Avery Shooting Facility, Black Canyon Freeway, Phoenix, AZ. This SASS National Championship of Cowboy Action Shooting is presented by the Arizona Territorial Company of Rough Riders. Team Matches, ten stages, six Side Matches and over 100 vendors.
Information: 480-814-2767

MARCH

2-3, **Mid Winter Pow Wow:** West Allis, WI. An American Indian crafts market with food, traditional dancing and singing, a silent auction, and pull tabs.
Information: 414-774-7119 or www.indiansummer.org or indiansummerfest@mail.com

2-3, **44th Annual Heard Museum Guild Indian Fair & Market:** Hosted by the Heard Museum, this is one of the most prestigious events in the Southwest featuring Native American artisans, music and Native foods.
Information: 602-252-8848.

7-9, **Festival of Native Arts:** Fairbanks, AK. This three-day event features Native dance groups and artisans from the U.S. and some foreign countries. The event is free.
Information: 907-474-6889 or fnch@uaf.edu

23-24, **Natchez Pow Wow:** Natchez, MS. Honor the Natchez Indians and enjoy inter-tribal dancing, arts, crafts, food and more.
information: ncvb@bkbank.com or <http://www.natchez.ms.us>

4-17, **National Festival of the West:** WestWorld, Scottsdale, AZ. Four days of cowboy fun; Western film celebrities, music, poetry, movies, mounted shooting, chuckwagon cooking, reenactments, Western art and cowboy collectibles.
Information: 602-996-4387.

APRIL

17-20, **2002 National Cavalry Competition and Field Days:** Fort Sill, OK. The Cavalry Association presents the equipment, heritage and traditions of the U.S. Cavalry in seven classes of competition. Also experience cavalry camps, sutlers, a pass-in-review, silent auction, dinner and awards banquet.
Information: 785-784-5797 or www.uscavalry.org or cavalry@finhills.com

26-28, **Eagle Valley Muzzle Loaders Spring Rendezvous:** Carson City, NV. Trappers, traders, black powder shoot and encampment.
Information: 775-884-4542 or 775-687-7410.

26-28, **Native Solutions Intertribal Pow Wow:** Oxford, AL. The Native American Warrior Society and Honor Guard are featured. Celebrate Native American culture through food, arts and crafts, fashion and industry.
Information: 256-820-6315 or e-mail at ravenspiritwalker@yahoo.com

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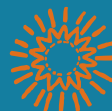
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*"We sleep safe in our
beds because rough men
stand ready in the night
to visit violence on those
who would do us harm."*

—GEORGE ORWELL

Wild Ben of Leadville, Colorado, 1879.

— COURTESY OF BILL SECREST —

Uncommon Men.

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We see the brave hero in our mind's eye: a steady gaze, the square-set jaw, a hint of feline grace, and courage to spare. (Wild Ben, at left, is picture perfect.) There has always been a certain “built-in” admiration for the outlaw’s courage, risking bullets and possible death to achieve their illicit goals. And then there are the brave men who opposed them. Most were lawmen who also chose their adversarial position and practiced its fine art, but there were more than a few occasions in the Old West when ordinary citizens stepped forward and faced off, toe to toe with armed brigands. And many times the ones who stepped out to defend their communities didn’t fit the physical ideal (see photos). More often than not, they were mild-mannered and unassuming—which makes their heroic actions even more astounding. Some were farmers and hardware clerks and even college students home on vacation. So what came over these men? What makes someone suddenly throw themselves into the path of danger, without apparent concern for their own life? Who are these Uncommon Men?

In the movies, screenwriters often have to invent an edge to protect the underdog status of their outlaw darlings. In film after film on the Daltons and Jesse James, the townspeople received “advance warning” by the Pinkertons (*Long Riders*), or some treachery gave them an unfair advantage (*When The Daltons Rode*). The truth is, the townspeople in the two mentioned examples reacted to the attacks with almost

zero advance warning, making their heroic actions even more amazing. But then, incredible actions by ordinary law-abiding citizens battling lawlessness isn’t what sells tickets to an outlaw picture.

Anselm R. Manning, 43, was a mild-mannered hardware merchant working on inventory when he heard yelling next door. Even a pistol shot didn’t arouse his suspicion because he assumed it was only a promotion for a Wild West show coming to Northfield that night. After someone came in and said they were robbing the bank, Manning coolly grabbed a single-shot Winchester, and as an employee handed out weapons and ammunition from his inventory, Manning led his fellow armed citizens out to the street corner where he faced off with five mounted riders. At the time, he didn’t know he was going toe to toe with the most fearsome gang of bank robbers in the nation—the James-Younger Gang. Using textbook guerrilla raiding tactics, some of the robbers were holding reins in their teeth and firing two pistols at anything that showed itself. Undeterred, Manning’s first shot killed one of the outlaw’s horses, but he had the wrong size ammunition and the cartridge jammed. He quickly and calmly went back to his store, banged out the spent cartridge with a ramrod, got the right ammunition, returned to the street and proceeded to hit Cole Younger in the left hip and drop outlaw Bill Stiles at 75



Manning,
*the helpful
hardware man.*



yards, through the heart. An eyewitness said he saw Manning “taking aim, as cool as though he was picking off a squirrel.”

Across the street, Henry Wheeler, a college student home for vacation, also jumped into action, grabbing a bulky, single-shot Civil War rifle from behind the front desk at the Dampier Hotel and proceeded to the second story window where he coolly picked off Clell Miller and hit Bob Younger, breaking Younger’s right arm near the elbow.

When asked to explain why he stood and faced off against such overwhelming odds, Mr. Manning simply said, “You may wonder why I did this, but I supposed they had come to sack the town.” That was it. He felt he had to defend his community.

There were others around the West who felt the same way. The Dalton Gang met their demise at the hands of a very similar group of feisty townspeople in Coffeyville, Kansas. Coincidentally, it was a group of hardware employees who did most of the damage—maybe the moral is *don’t commit crimes around hardware stores.*

Out in frontier New Mexico, young Elfego Baca didn’t like the way Texas cowboys were abusing local hispanics, so he arrested one. Baca had no legal authority but that didn’t stop him from acting. As he put it, after surviving a fusillade of cowboy bullets, “I [wanted] to show the Texans there is at least one Mexican in the county who is not afraid of an American cowboy.” (For the full story, see *True West*, September 2000)

A young man from New York bought a ranch in the Dakotas and was teased for wearing glasses, earning him the derisive moniker: “Four Eyes.” When outlaws took advantage of him and stole his only keel boat, he had his ranch hands build another one, and in a freezing blizzard, tracked them down. While his

ranch hands continued on with the boats, he walked his three prisoners 40 miles through snow and mud to turn them in. “Four Eyes” then became known as “One Fearless Bugger,” and he later became president of the United States—Teddy Roosevelt.

The truth is many (maybe most) men are simply heroes waiting to happen. We can’t spot them and they probably don’t even know it themselves. But somewhere deep inside is the genetic disposition, or some small tic of human instinct that takes hold when a dangerous situation presents itself. When most run away, they run forward. In this issue, we explore a variety of incidents when Uncommon Men stepped to the fore and did what had to be done.



Of Four Eyes.

SIDE ROAD

The Old West bred men of raw courage: settlers, soldiers, cowboys and the lawmakers. But there was also a breed of men who were prepared to risk their lives on a daily basis in the service of the United States Army as frontier scouts and guides. Among these civilian employees were the likes of Buffalo Bill Cody, Wild Bill Hickok, Kit Carson, Captain Jack Crawford, California Joe Milner, and Al Sieber.

Resilient, versatile, and capable of enduring hardships beyond the average person’s abilities, many frontiersmen made incredible personal sacrifices in the face of imminent danger, and showed extraordinary courage and heroism. Some men died in the course of their duties, and others succumbed to the harsh elements of the raw frontier. But they left behind an image every bit as romantic as the cowboy and the gunfighter. So join us in April 2002 and meet some of the frontier scouts who helped shape our country’s destiny, and bravely guided us into the unknown West.

—Thadd Turner and Joseph Rosa



The Dalton’s learn the true meaning of being held up. (The townfolk pose with their prey.)



Elfego Baca, Citizen’s Arrestor.

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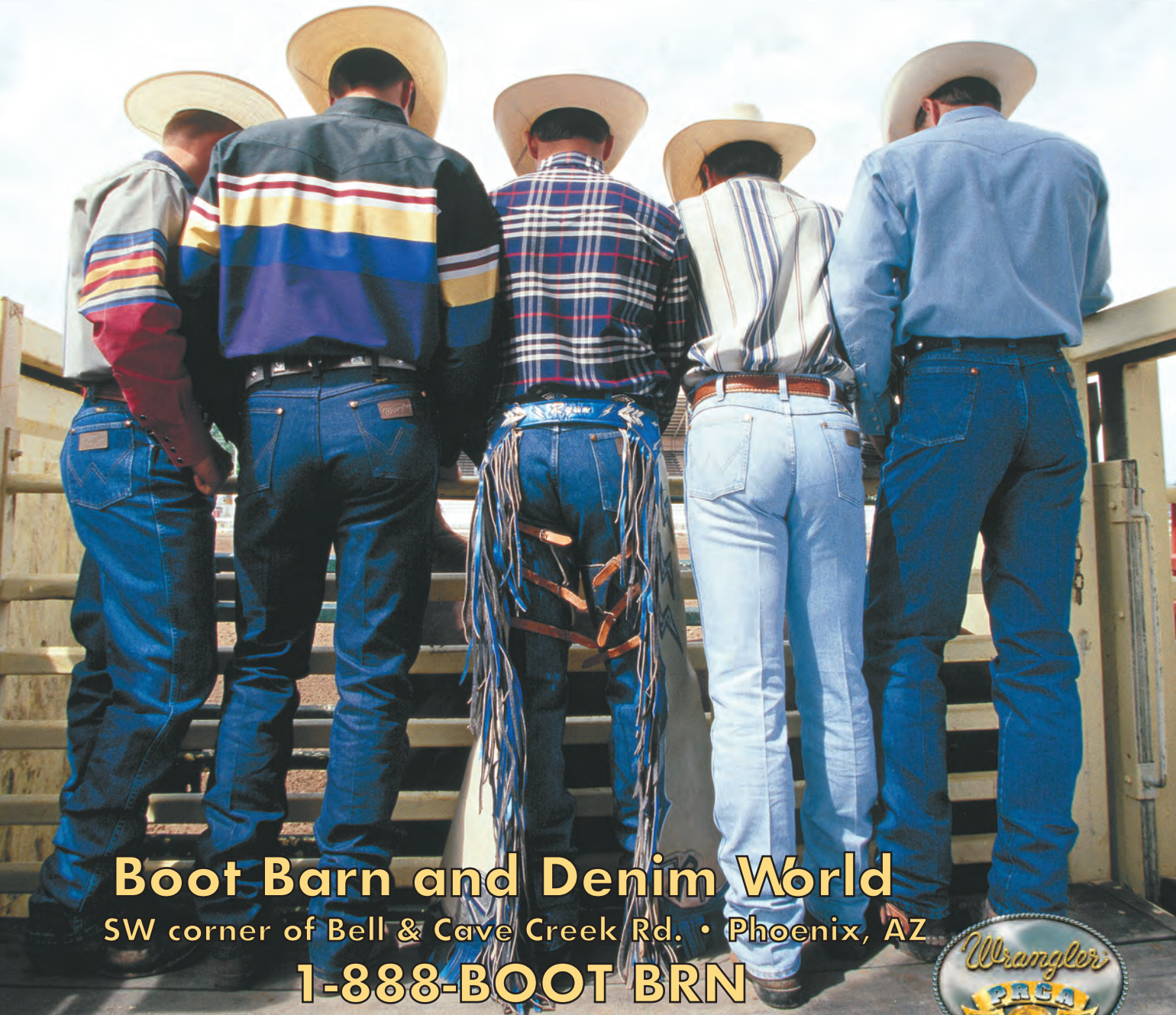
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Orlando “Rube” Robbins

Idaho’s Fearless Lawman.



Ask most Americans to name a few intrepid lawmen from the nineteenth century, and they are almost certain to list Wild Bill Hickok, Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp. These heroes of yesteryear epitomize the bold lawmen who tamed the frontier with their six-guns and tin stars. For nearly a century, Hollywood has immortalized these valiant peacekeepers, embellishing their reputations until it is often difficult to separate fact from fantasy.

Query other Americans about which Western town was the most lawless, and they’re apt to say Dodge City, Tombstone, or Deadwood. Thanks to the movies and the dime novels before them, the mention of these old cow and mining towns brings to mind images of gunslingers, drunken cowboys, gamblers and a gutsy sheriff or marshal who brought them to heel.

Yet, there were more wild towns and daring lawmen than those that are most often brought to mind.

In the second half of the nineteenth century, the Idaho Territory had its share of rowdy towns. The mining centers of Idaho City and Silver City, competed with Deadwood and Tombstone not only for the amount of rich ore their citizens produced, but also for the number of hard men they attracted. While Wyatt Earp and his brothers held sway in the Arizona desert, an equally fearless lawman faced down desperados in Idaho. His name was Orlando “Rube” Robbins.

Robbins was born in Maine on August 30, 1836. When he was a teenager, he acquired a yoke of oxen, which he valued highly. He used

the oxen on his family’s farm and occasionally earned money by hiring them out to neighbors. When Robbins was 17 years old, his father sold the oxen without asking his son for permission. Raging with anger, the young man bid his father good riddance and left home for good.

Robbins eventually found his way to the California mining camps in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. When he was 25, gold strikes along Idaho’s Clearwater River and in Florence Basin (a few miles northeast of Riggins, Idaho) lured him away from California. Two years later, in August 1863, he relocated again, drifting south to the new diggings in Boise Basin (about 20 miles northeast of modern-day Boise).

A year old at the time Robbins arrived, the Boise Basin gold rush was producing the largest stampede of miners and hangers-on since the heyday of California’s Mother Lode. Numerous mining camps—they quickly grew into small cities—dotted the landscape, sporting names such as Placerville, Centerville, and West Bannack. Robbins gravitated to West Bannack, which was the fastest growing of the towns with over 6,100 people. Wanting a name that fit West Bannack’s prominence as the largest settlement in the Pacific Northwest, the Territorial Legislature soon re-christened it Idaho City.

At the time Robbins moved to the boomtown, it boasted a hospital, a theater, two bowling alleys, four sawmills, a mattress factory, nine restaurants, two churches, four breweries, and



Orlando “Rube” Robbins

— IDAHO STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY —

25 saloons, all opened within the first 12 months of its founding. The town also had 15 doctors and more than two dozen lawyers. But what Idaho City needed more than a horde of sawbones and shysters was law and order. And found it in Rube Robbins. In 1864 he became a deputy sheriff.

With the Civil War raging in the East, the Boise Basin miners polarized around the Union and Confederate causes. Fueled by whiskey, Northern and Southern sympathizers often bloodied one another with fists, knives, and sometimes guns as they used force to show their opinions. Many an evening, Robbins had to lock up a drunken loudmouth who was threatening to punch or shoot to demonstrate his political beliefs to an equally intoxicated opponent (who was just as certain that God was on his side).

Early one July, the town's Southern contingent vowed that it would not allow any Yankee to sing the "Star Spangled Banner" on Independence Day. Learning of the bluster, Robbins became infuriated. He was for the Union, and no mob of Rebel-leaning rabble was going to curtail his free speech.

On July 4, he stepped into a barroom overflowing with Southerners. Ignoring the drunken toasts to Jefferson Davis and the Confederate cause, he walked over to a billiard table, climbed atop its green felt, and pulled his revolvers. As everyone stared at the two cap-and-ball pistols, the saloon fell as quiet as a prayer meeting.

"Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light, . . ." The deputy's baritone voice boomed out the song's three-quarter time.

"What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming. . . ?" Robbins watched the crowd as he sang, but no one so much as twitched an eyelash.

". . . O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

With his eyes still locked on the crowd, Robbins holstered his guns and hopped off the table. In place of his singing, a ponderous silence filled the barroom. Pushing his way through a sea of glares, the lawman walked to the front door and into the street. Not one Southerner made a move to stop him.

Robbins' reputation soon earned him a job in Boise, where he served first as a deputy sheriff and then as a United States marshal.

In late February 1868, miners working the Golden Chariot Mine beneath Silver City—a boomtown located in the Owyhee Mountains about 60 miles southwest of Boise—burrowed into a shaft belonging

to the Ida Elmore Mine. For several weeks, the two factions cussed and fumed, each side accusing the other of tunneling beyond its claim.

On March 25, tensions came to a head when a party of armed Golden Chariot miners invaded the Ida Elmore shaft. A subterranean gunfight soon erupted, and then escalated until 100 men were engaged in the battle, which was known as the Owyhee War. For three days, the two underground armies fired at each other, spraying so much lead into the Ida Elmore's support timbers that the mine nearly collapsed.

When news of the war reached Idaho's territorial governor, he issued an order demanding that the two sides immediately end their fighting and settle their feud in court. The job of delivering the governor's proclamation and forcing a truce was given to Orlando "Rube" Robbins.

Averaging an amazingly fast 10 miles per hour over roads that were mud-cloaked by the spring rains and mountain snowmelt, the lone deputy rode from Boise to Silver City in six hours. Soon after arriving, Robbins brought the heads of the warring parties together and read the governor's edict. No doubt he also

informed them that he would personally ensure that the proclamation was obeyed. Knowing his reputation, the Golden Chariot and Ida Elmore owners took the deputy at his word. After calling off their gunmen, the adversaries drew up new boundaries for their mines and never needed to go to court. Robbins had settled the entire affair in a single day.

Facing down drunks and arbitrating disputes were not the only things the deputy excelled at. He also knew how to catch criminals. In February 1876, after six bandits held up the Silver City stage as it neared Boise, Robbins had them in jail within two days of the robbery.

In addition to his duties in law enforcement, Robbins also held the rank of colonel in the territorial militia and was head of scouts. During Idaho's Camas War in the late 1870s, he and his command were part of a larger U.S. Army force that, pursued a band of Bannock and Paiute Indians, led by a Paiute war chief named Egan, into the Owyhee badlands southwest of Silver City (near the Idaho-Oregon border). For nearly two weeks, the Army chased the hostiles across the high desert, some days riding 50 miles.

In late June 1887, as was later recounted by a militia eyewitness, Colonel Robbins and four of his troop were riding over a ridge when they were jumped by a

**“Any criminal having Robbins
on his trail might as well
consider himself already
behind bars”**

party of Bannocks that included Chief Egan. Outnumbered by the warriors, the scouts spurred their horses to a gallop, trying to reach the Army lines. The Indians pressed the pursuit, firing as they rode. Just when it appeared the militiamen would keep their scalps, the Bannocks wounded a scout named Bill Myers and killed his horse. Hearing Myers' cry for help, Robbins wheeled about to go to his rescue.

While Robbins raced toward the fallen trooper, Chief Egan whipped more speed out of his horse in order to cut between them. As the famed lawman and Indian leader drew closer together, they finally recognized one another. Their warrior spirits inflamed, the two combatants charged each other with their Winchesters blazing. Acting like Knights of the Round Table on a battleground in the Middle Ages, Robbins and Egan fired lead with as much abandon as their medieval counterparts had swung sword and mace.

Their rifles empty, the chief and Indian fighter drew their pistols. Sitting atop his dancing steed, Robbins blasted away with his revolvers, impervious to the lead that tore through his clothes and nicked his finger. Chief Egan also showed his mettle, deftly using his horse for cover as he dodged Robbins' bullets. And then one of the lawman's shots found its mark, hitting Egan in the wrist and knocking him off his mount. Quickly regaining his senses, the chief scrambled to his feet, ready for a fight to the death. But before Robbins could renew his aim, trooper Myers raised his gun and shot Egan in the chest.

Leaving the gravely wounded chief to his tribesmen, Robbins helped Myers up behind his saddle and escaped.

Seven weeks later, Robbins again demonstrated his cool head. He was crossing the Snake River in a rowboat with an Army lieutenant named W. R. Parnell, a bugler, and two cavalymen, when a horse they had tethered to their boat panicked. As the soldiers tried to free the animal, it bumped their boat, spilling everyone into the water. While Lieutenant Parnell and the bugler began drifting with the current, Robbins helped one of the cavalymen climb onto the overturned hull. The other cavalryman caught the horse's tail and hung on as it swam to shore.

Seeing the bugler start to founder, Robbins abandoned the safety of the rowboat and went to his aid. No sooner had he maneuvered the bugler into the shallows than Robbins noticed the lieutenant was beginning to tire. Once more, he dove into the river, reaching Parnell as he was about to go under. Robbins kept the sputtering officer afloat until another boat came to their rescue.

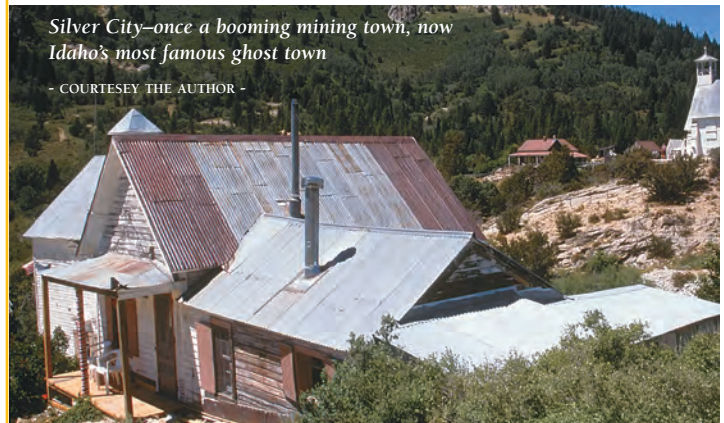
During the 1880s and '90s, Robbins continued

to pursue desperadoes across southern Idaho. In August 1882, shortly before his forty-sixth birthday, he arrested the outlaw Charley Chambers after covering 1,280 miles in just 13 days. Any criminal having Robbins on his trail might as well consider himself already behind bars.

Unlike many lawmen of his day, Robbins had a life apart from gunplay and daring. When he was in his thirties, he became a Christian and joined the temperance movement. Following his baptism in the Boise River, he was elected president of the Methodist Church Sunday School. He also served a term in the Idaho Territorial Legislature, and some years later gained appointment as its Sergeant at Arms.

When Robbins was in his late sixties, he transported prisoners for the Idaho State Penitentiary. Although he escorted men who were often one-third his age, he never allowed any of them to get away.

Idaho's most famous lawman died of a heart attack on May 1, 1908. During his funeral, numerous dignitaries paid him homage, each attempting to take his measure. But none of these orations came close to the tribute spoken years earlier by the outlaw Cherokee Bob.



As he lay bleeding to death from Robbins' gunshot, the bandit said the marshal never jumped to the side after shooting, but "always sprang through the smoke [of his revolver] and advanced upon his opponent, firing as he came."

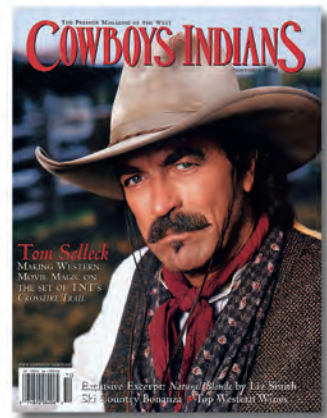
Like Hickok, Masterson and the Earp brothers, Orlando "Rube" Robbins was similar to a paladin of the Old West and an honor to all Americans, "in the land of the brave and the home of the free."



R. G. Robertson a Vietnam veteran, former partner at Hambrecht & Quist in San Francisco and retired options market maker on the Pacific Stock Exchange is also the author of three books, the most recent being *Rotting Face: Small Pox and the American Indian*. R.G. and his wife, Karen, divide their time between Sun Valley, Idaho, and Scottsdale, Arizona.



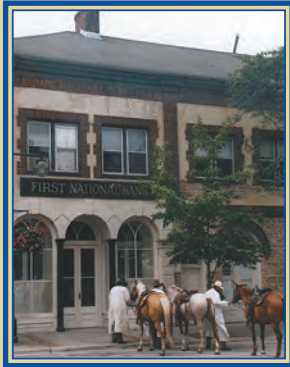
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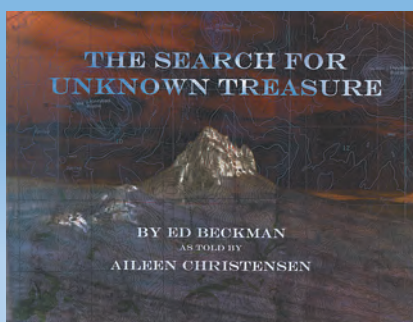
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Vs

THE MADELIA SEVEN

**A THOUSAND MEN—
HUNTERS EVERY ONE**

❧ BLOOD & MUD MINGLE IN A DEATH STEW ❧

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker



September 21, 1876

Four fleeing outlaws, believed to be the robbers of the Northfield Bank, slip into a slough on foot and disappear into a dense thicket of wild plums and vines.

Surrounding the slough, two Civil War veterans, Sheriff James Glispin and Captain William W. Murphy, ask for volunteers to go in and flush out the desperados. Of the dozens of men on the scene, and anywhere from 40 to 150 “sightseers” present, only five step forward.

Sheriff Glispin and his six volunteers make their way down into the river bottom and spread out at 15-foot intervals. Walking forward, they grip their rifle stocks and scan the soggy ground ahead of them. Their orders are to fire only if fired upon, and even then, to shoot low, so that the fugitives might be encouraged to surrender.

“You’re losing the river,” one of them says loudly. “Move off to the right.”

Hunkered down in the dense plum thicket, the Younger brothers, Cole, Jim, and Bob, and Charlie Pitts, ponder their predicament. The approaching hunters are within three rods and closing. “We are surrounded,” Pitts says. “We had better surrender.”

Cole replies, “Charlie, this is where Cole Younger dies.”

“All right, Captain. I can die just as game as you can,” Charlie Pitts responds. “Let’s get it done.” With those words, Pitts stands and fires.

Dropping to one knee, Sheriff Glispin fires back, hitting Pitts in the chest (so much for shooting low). As the outlaw falls backward, the plum thicket is riddled with bullets from numerous posse guns, including those up on the surrounding bluffs.

The Youngers return fire. A bullet hits one of the posse members, George Bradford, on the outside wrist of his trigger hand and exits the through elbow of his



shirt. Another posse member is hit and grabs his side. Muskets and shotguns belch from the high bluffs and puffs of smoke billow through the tops of the trees. In the middle distance, carriage horses whinny and men yell. The branches above the hunters in the slough are clipped by incoming fire, sending splinters and leaves down on their heads. The smoke from the black powder guns completely obliterates their forms, and they hunker down like gray ghosts. Some waver and begin to fall back. "Hold the line!" yells Sheriff Glispin.

As the smoke clears, there is a pause. Captain Murphy quickly checks his side and finds his large, rosewood pipe broken, but no blood. The spent bullet is stuck in his cartridge belt.

"I surrender. They're all down but me!" a voice says from the thicket.

"Hold your fire!" Glispin yells over his shoulder, then turning back to the front. "Step out with your hands high."

"Can't," comes a weakened voice. "My arm's broke."

Glispin eyes the thicket, wary of a trick or a trap. "Come out in the open and raise what you got!"

The hunters look warily down their rifle sites as Bob Younger hobbles out into the clearing. He is waving a white handkerchief in his left hand, but it is more dark red than white. Another shot, this one from back up on the bluff, rips through the trees and the youngest Younger crumples in the grass. "I was surrendering," Bob moans, "and you shot me."

Sheriff Glispin stays down, but turns in the tall grass and yells, "I told you to hold your fire! I'll kill the next man who shoots!"

Now it is deathly silent in Hanska Slough as all the hunters in the bottomland hold their positions and quickly reload.

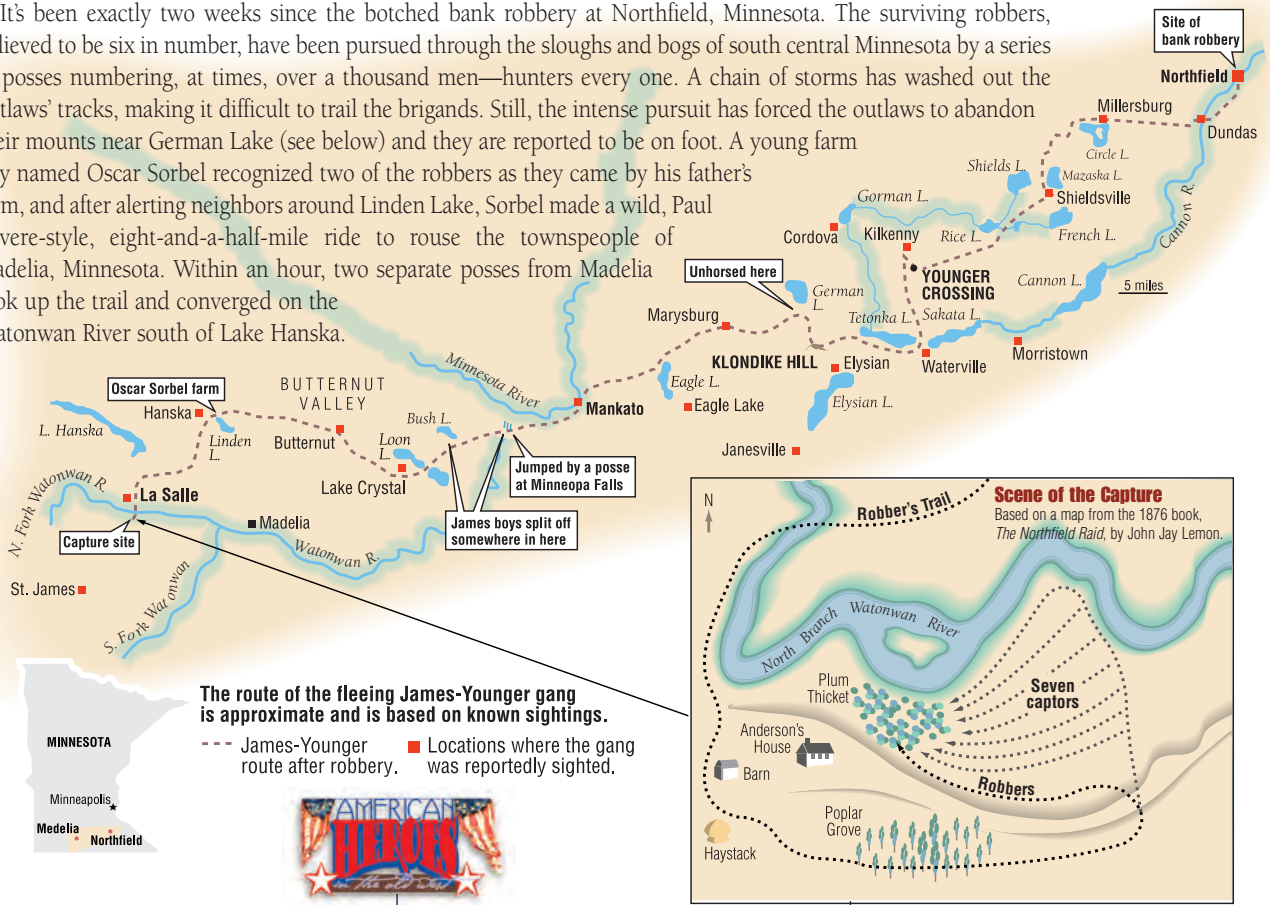
Sheriff Glispin stays crouched but takes a



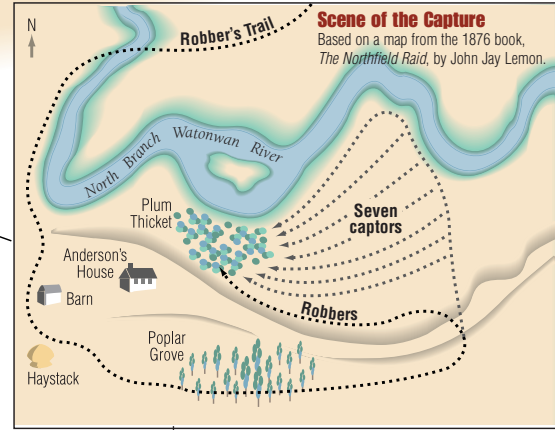
Shootout at Hanska Slough: reenacted on video at Madison Lake, Minnesota, 10.09.01 by members of the Key Cities Cowboys (Key Cities Conservation Club) of Mankato. Shot on DV video by BBB. For a better look at the boys, see page 63.

Youngers Run Down, September 21, 1876

It's been exactly two weeks since the botched bank robbery at Northfield, Minnesota. The surviving robbers, believed to be six in number, have been pursued through the sloughs and bogs of south central Minnesota by a series of posses numbering, at times, over a thousand men—hunters every one. A chain of storms has washed out the outlaws' tracks, making it difficult to trail the brigands. Still, the intense pursuit has forced the outlaws to abandon their mounts near German Lake (see below) and they are reported to be on foot. A young farm boy named Oscar Sorbel recognized two of the robbers as they came by his father's farm, and after alerting neighbors around Linden Lake, Sorbel made a wild, Paul Revere-style, eight-and-a-half-mile ride to rouse the townspeople of Madelia, Minnesota. Within an hour, two separate posses from Madelia took up the trail and converged on the Watonwan River south of Lake Hanska.



The route of the fleeing James-Younger gang is approximate and is based on known sightings.
 --- James-Younger route after robbery. ■ Locations where the gang was reportedly sighted.



wary step forward, then another. He is followed by Captain Murphy, who carries a rifle, and sports two saber scars—one on the head and the other across his arm—souvenirs from the battle of Piedmont. The two adroitly move forward, scanning the thick brush ahead of them with their rifles. The other five posse members follow at a safe distance, until they too pass into the thicket.

Inside the hollow, the outlaws lay scattered in every pose of contorted collapse. "Bring a wagon down," Sheriff Glispin barks. It looks like a tornado has ripped through the tiny hollow and in fact, one has—a tornado of lead. Broken branches, strewn gear, burnt flesh, gaping wounds, blood and mud mingle in a soggy death stew.

The hunters kick away pistols from the robber's hands, picking up anything that looks like it might be used as a weapon. One of the hunters rolls over a heavy-set, dark-headed robber, who stares up at nothing. Charlie Pitts died game.

Several of the posse from up above come crashing through the brush, brave as can be

now that it's safe.

Several of the outlaws are moaning now. Captain Murphy bends over one of the outlaws, quickly pulls open his coat, and reaches in to look for "hideout" weapons. He pulls out two and tucks them in his briches.

Cole Younger rolls up on one elbow, belligerent and woozy, like a bear awakened from a long hibernation. "Come on," he sputters, "I'll fight any two of you sons of bitches." Glispin and his men step back warily.

The outlaw gets up on his knees, tries to stand, but can't. He looks up like a big, wounded bear, leering up with one good eye at the hunters who brought him down. "I'll take on any two of you bastards in a fair fight!" He tries to put up his fists, but can't quite get them both up at the same time. "Come on! Let's go!"

Bob Younger moans, "Give it up, Cole, or they'll hang us for sure."

"What's the difference if we hang tomorrow or today?" the big bear of a man bellows. "Let's get it done."

A lumber wagon crashes through the

underbrush, with several men urging the team of horses on through the water and up the closest bank.

One of the rear posse members wants to know the outlaws' names but they're not talking

"Anybody got a chew?" Bob Younger asks.

The hunters begin loading the wounded Youngers and the dead Charlie Pitts into the wagon. The sky is still heavy with dark clouds, but it looks like it might clear up soon. A late September wind rustles through the willows. For a long time no one says anything as they go about the difficult task of getting the wagon and their captured prey out of the slough and back up on the road.

As the wagon lurches up onto the road, spitting mud from its laden wheels like an overloaded manure spreader, the hunters witness in the clear light just how badly their game is shot up. Finally, Sheriff Glispin walks up close and puts his hand on Jim Younger's shoulder: "Boys, this is horrible, but you see what lawlessness has brought to you?"





Seven Uncommon Men: The members of the Madelia posse who shot it out with the robbers at Hanska Slough. Sheriff Glispin is at left and next to him is Captain William Murphy. Each man received \$246 for their efforts.

“Brave boys were they who fearlessly faced death and fought down the robbers near Madelia. They were worth a whole regiment of police officers and detectives such as pursued the crippled band of robbers about Mankato. Their rewards should be ample and their names should be printed in large capitals.”

—THE MARTIN COUNTY SENTINEL

COLE YOUNGER’S WOUNDS

He took four bullet wounds in the back. Buckshot had penetrated his left shoulder blade, another two inches below, both lodged in fleshy parts and two inches deep. Another entered the middle third of his arm and passed upwards two inches; still another passed behind the armpit. A ball entered just behind the angle of the right side of his jaw, passing over the palate arch, and lodging itself in the left side of the upper jaw. His feet were painful to the touch and his toenails came off when his boots were removed.



JIM YOUNGER’S WOUNDS

Jim Younger was hit by buckshot in the fleshy part of his middle thigh and another ball entered the center of his upper jaw destroying nearly half of the upper jawbone. Witnesses saw pieces of jawbone taken out in which there were two or three double teeth. His upper lip was swollen up and the inside of his mouth was quite sore. It was difficult to understand what he said. A doctor gave the Youngers opiates to help them sleep.



BOB YOUNGER’S WOUNDS

Bob’s broken arm which he sustained in Northfield was nearly healed by the time the doctor examined him. In Hanska Slough, he was hit by a ball that entered just below the right side of his shoulder blade, passing around the body and exiting near the nipple. He was a large man, light complexioned, no beard, and his face looked as if it had been shaved within a week. He was quite intelligent, shrewd, and not as communicative as either of the other two.



CHARLIE PITTS’ WOUNDS

Charlie Pitts was six feet tall, 175 pounds, with thick black hair and a heavy moustache and goatee. The fatal wound entered his left breast, one-inch from the center of the breastbone and approximately three inches from the neck. Pitts’ corpse was shipped to St. Paul where it was put on display in the west wing of the capital building. Over 2,000 of the curious paid ten cents each to file past the dead robber.



ODDS & ENDS

Expecting to be hanged, the Youngers were quite amazed at the warm hospitality given them both by their captors and the townspeople of Madelia. The village was too young to have a jail, so the Youngers were housed in the Flanders Hotel. Mrs. Vought, whose husband helped round the boys up, provided clean sheets for the body of Charlie Pitts, as well as clean underclothing and shirts for the Youngers. Mrs. Guri Sorbel sent flowers. Her son Oscar was the one who alerted the countryside, and she was afraid the outlaws would send other gang members to kill him. She obtained special permission to visit Bob Younger at the Flanders Hotel and pleaded with him for forgiveness. Bob, moved by her emotions, replied, “I have nothing to blame you for, madame.”

Many local women provided food, both for the captives and for the throngs of people who showed up to see the criminal celebrities.

Several church ladies came and spoke to the boys about the terrible lives they had lived and begged them to repent. The boys were tough, but when an older lady, whom they considered kind, brought up the subject of their mother and sisters, the tears began streaming down the cheeks of the brothers, and then all of the women began to cry in “audible sobs of grief.”

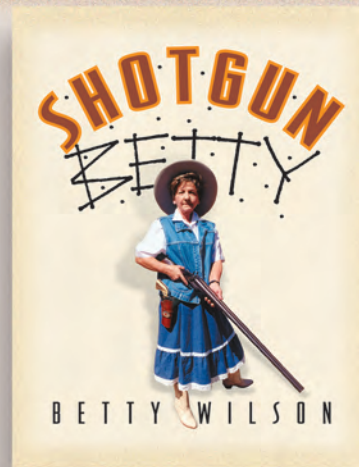
The Youngers received life sentences. Bob Younger died from his wounds in 1889 while still in prison. After 25 years, Jim and Cole were finally paroled and granted partial freedom in 1901 (they couldn’t leave the state), but Jim soon committed suicide. Cole received a conditional pardon in 1903, returned to Missouri, and after a national tour with the Frank James & Cole Younger Wild West Show, he went on the lecture circuit speaking about “What Life Has Taught Me.” He died at age 72 in 1916 with 11 bullets still in his body.

We recommend: *Faithful Unto Death: The James-Younger Raid on the First National Bank* by John J. Koblas, available from the Northfield Historical Society.

(507) 645-9268

or: www.northfieldhistory.org





HANSKA SLOUGH Weapons of Choice

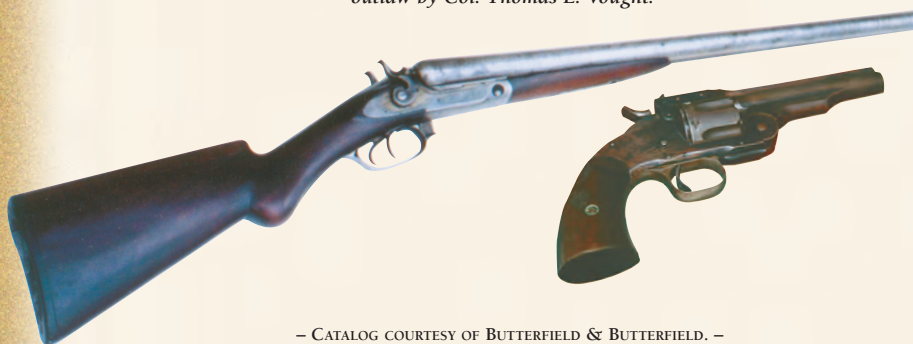
The Younger brothers grew up on a farm, so guns were second nature to them. Quantrill's Raiders, during the Civil War, put revolvers and murder in the hands and hearts of Cole, Jim and Bob Younger.

Cole favored a Smith & Wesson #3, Old Model, .44 Russian, single-action, six-shot with a eight-inch barrel. The .44 S&W special was based on the .44 Russian. For years, the .44 special was considered the most accurate big-bore cartridge. Cole also liked to carry a Moore .32-caliber rimfire, seven-shot revolver, hidden away as a back up to his .44. Moore's revolvers were popular competitors with the Smith & Wesson cartridge revolvers. However, the Moore company had a short life due to a law suit brought by Smith & Wesson. There were a number of Moore .32 rimfire revolvers purchased privately by Union officers and enlisted men during the Civil War.

It's been reported that Captain Murphy was carrying a 10-gauge Parker shotgun with side-by-side barrels and outside hammers—an awesome piece and a good choice for a lawman facing more than one outlaw. Sheriff Glispin was most likely carrying an 1866 Winchester .44, known as the Yellow Boy, or he could have been carrying a new 1873 Winchester .44-40 (the reports only say that he was carrying a "carbine").

Charlie Pitts had a Colt Model 1851 Navy, .36 caliber on him when he was killed at Hanska Slough. It is now in the museum in Madelia, Wotonwan County. These were common Cavalry-issue revolvers during the Civil War.

Sheriff James Glispin (top photo, oval, above) ended up with Cole Younger's Smith & Wesson Model #3 Russian First Model single-action revolver (above), serial number 28009, .44 caliber, eight-inch barrel, with a nickel-plated finish and ivory grips. In October of 1997, this gun sold at a Butterfield & Butterfield auction in San Francisco for \$211,500 (this is believed to be a world record for the sale of an American outlaw's gun). The photo above, is from the Butterfield catalogue showing clippings and photos from the Northfield-Madelia affair. A Parker shotgun (below) with side hammers like the one Captain Murphy carried at Hanska Slough. Also pictured is Jim Younger's Smith & Wesson (below, right), taken off the outlaw by Col. Thomas L. Vought.



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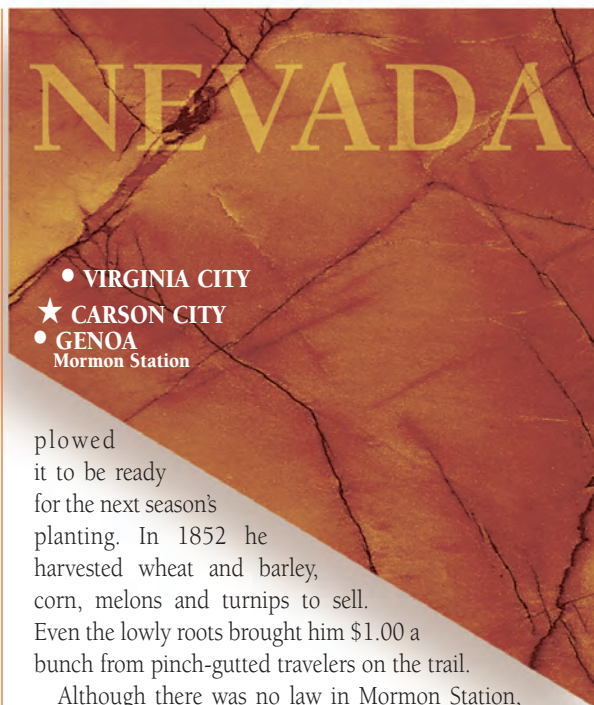
When you think of the far West before statehood, you tend to equate justice with “hemp justice,” Judge Lynch; vigilante stringing up outlaws on the nearest tree. But this was not the case when wild and woolly Nevada was born out of a single tiny community. Before it became a Territory of the U.S. (and before it ended up, alas, as a sort of “mineral plantation” of San Francisco bankers), it was the westernmost section of the Mormons’ 1849 State of Deseret, and it was almost unoccupied, except for Indians.

The very first settlers were only temporary sojourners who located in the Carson Valley, smack up against the Sierra Nevada. The valley was named for explorer Captain John C. Fremont’s scout, Christopher (Kit) Carson. The settlers were members of Brigham Young’s Latter Day Saint (Mormon) flock in Salt Lake City who were tempted to head for California by news of the gold discovery there. En route, some of them decided to halt and to “mine” the emigrants who were preparing to move across the Sierra via the Overland Trail’s Carson River Route.

The hardy entrepreneurs, led by a clerk named H.S. Beattie, bought bacon and flour in California and hauled it over the mountains to sell, at a substantial mark-up, to hungry emigrants. The Mormons did not even bother to build cabins, but just holed up in a makeshift fort, a little stockade of logs without floor or roof. And in the fall or winter of 1850, they packed up and left for Salt Lake City.

But word of the men’s success got around, and in the summer of 1851, Colonel John Reese, for whom the later Reese River Mining District at Austin, Nevada was named, brought 17 followers to the site with horse, mule and ox teams—mostly oxen. He later recalled that he arrived on June 1, but some accounts have him and his men not beginning to build another log fort till Independence Day. This one was a strong stockade, like one of Dan’l Boone’s Kentucky outposts, very rare in the far West. It offered complete protection from any hostile Indians.

Because they set up a supply station (or trading post) for Overland Trail travelers, the settlers called their settlement Mormon Station. It was at the most fertile spot in the Carson Valley although, later, Chinese coolies had to be hired to dig a ditch from the Carson River to irrigate their bone-dry fields. Reese’s first order of business, after the fort was up, was the fencing of his 30-acre field. He then



plowed it to be ready for the next season’s planting. In 1852 he harvested wheat and barley, corn, melons and turnips to sell. Even the lowly roots brought him \$1.00 a bunch from pinch-gutted travelers on the trail.

Although there was no law in Mormon Station, there was no disorder either. The Mormons held a meeting to survey and record their individual land claims and subdivided Carson Valley in the democratic fashion of law abiding, staid Salt Lake City. They even had an ad hoc court to handle land disputes. This quasi-legal “squatters” court, of course, was ignored by everyone outside of the Valley. But the court worked well for the locales, keeping the peace.

The first appearance of justice in the legal, not the philosophical, sense occurred as early as 1853. Acting Justice of the peace E.L. Bernard tried a civil case. It was quite undramatic except for the amount of money involved. It was an attachment for the recovery of \$675—no small sum in Nevada’s pre-silver rush days.

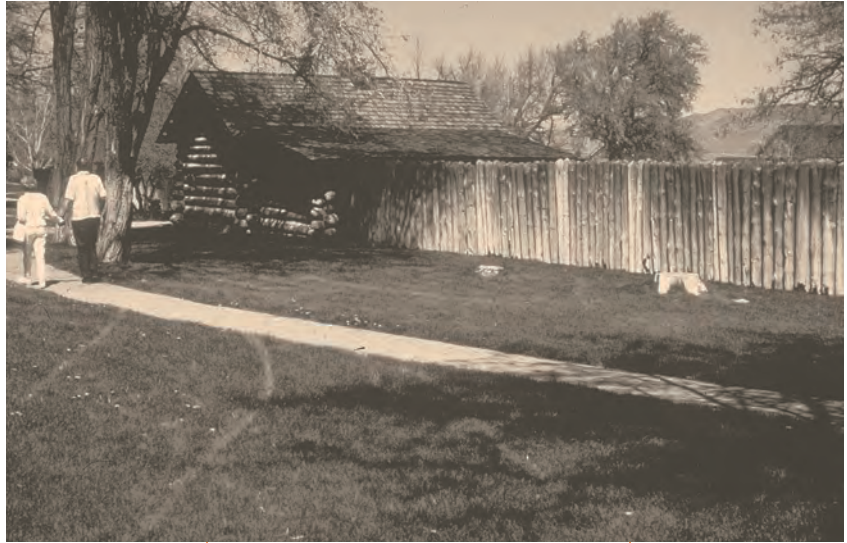
The mid-1850s saw a reverse flow of population as disappointed gold-seekers crossed eastward over the Sierra Nevada to prospect in the Great Basin. This made more business for Mormon Station’s gardeners, but these newcomers were disgruntled Gentiles, non-Mormons, and friction between the two classes of residents quickly grew.

A petition in favor of a Territory separate from Utah was sent to the Federal government, but no one in Washington paid any attention to the appeal by a handful of people on a godforsaken frontier. Next, 43 men signed a petition asking the California legislature to annex the Valley. This, too, was ignored.



By 1854-55, the Latter Day Saints were in the minority, locally. To hang onto Nevada, the legislature of huge Utah Territory (formed in 1850 and enormous, including not only Utah and Nevada, but parts of Colorado and Wyoming) attached the Carson Valley to Salt Lake City County for judicial purposes. Then the legislators organized Carson County, Utah Territory, with Mormon Station the county seat.

At about the same time, Brigham Young, not just the leader of the LDS Church but also the governor of Utah Territory, sent additional colonists and dispatched a probate judge to the little settlement. And he was no ordinary jurist. He was Orson Hyde, one of Brigham Young's right hand men. Indeed, he was one of the Church's ruling Twelve Apostles.



The old Mormon Station stockaded fort has been reconstructed and is today a Nevada State Park.

— NEVADA COMMISSION ON TOURISM —

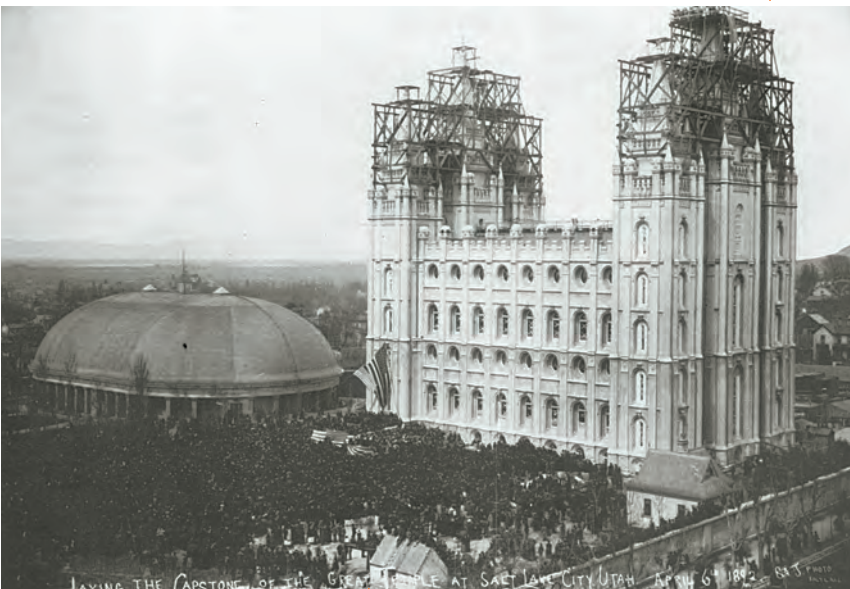
away, as a sawmill town to produce lumber for the growing number of homes and farm buildings.

Judge Hyde convened the first session of his probate court on October 3, 1855. It was held in the home of a family named Cowan, for want of a courtroom. Apparently, his probate court doubled as a criminal court, too, for in that year of 1855, Nevada finally had its first criminal case brought to trial. It was an odd one, hardly the expected case of assault or robbery (much less murder) anticipated in a frontier town growing disorderly, if not violent, from an influx of newcomers. In fact, it was about as far as possible from the shoot-outs of Lincoln, New Mexico Territory, or Tombstone, Arizona Territory, as can be imagined.

The charge was: "Using language of a highly threatening character." And the defendant was no Western hardcase, but a Negro named Thatcher. This hot-head was not only accused of threatening a man—"I have enough spite in my heart against A.J. Wycoff to kill him!"—but also of warning that, "I could cut the heart out of Mrs.

Jacob Rose and roast it on the coals!"

The Judge ordered the arrest of the ex-slave. His intimidating language was proven, beyond any reasonable doubt. But, to the surprise of everyone, Justice Hyde held that the utterances were not legally threats. His Honor observed that a man could have enough malice in his heart to kill another person, but could also have sufficient judgement and discretion to prevent himself from actually committing such a deed. And, while he might feel the urge to cut out a lady's heart and roast it, after some time he most likely would have enough good sense not to carry out the act.



Forty thousand spectators looked on as President (of the LDS Church) Wilford Woodruff pressed the button which electronically lowered the capstone into position at The Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, UT. April 6, 1892.

— UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY —

Hyde's orders were to organize the county, serve as probate judge, and act as temporal as well as spiritual leader of the community. He arrived in June of 1855 and arranged for local elections under territorial laws, thereby putting an end to the squatters' democracy, although the new county did recognize the validity of the latter's records. Hyde also re-surveyed the Valley, renamed the settlement Genoa, and founded Franktown, 25 miles

And it wasn't made of hemp.

So the Judge, obviously a firm believer in free speech, only fined Thatcher \$50 for the cost of the lawsuit. But not entirely p.c. (politically correct), he sternly advised the accused to repair, at once, over the mountains to California and back into the custody of his former master.

Around 1855-56, about 60 to 70 more Mormon families arrived in the Valley to the great annoyance of the non-LDS men. They resented Hyde, his co-religionists, and especially his leader Brigham Young, whom they dubbed the “Mahomet” of the Mormons. After only a year or so of his reign, Hyde was recalled by Young to Salt Lake City to attend to more pressing duties as the undeclared Utah War (1857) loomed between the U.S. and Utah.

Shortly after Hyde’s recall, the Territory abolished the county government in Genoa and tried to rule the Carson Valley again, directly from Salt Lake City. James M. Crane, who became delegate-elect to Washington when Congress created Nevada Territory in 1861, recalled that armed bodies of “Christians” (he did not use the Mormon term, Gentiles) faced equally armed Saints. The latter had tried to expel the non-believers but failed, and had to settle for a truce. Crane claimed that Salt Lake City then “surreptitiously” appointed a new probate judge for a re-organized county, but that the majority of Genoans refused to obey “Mormon statutes.”

So Nevada was on the verge of rebellion against Utah, with the Gentiles particularly worried about the role of the Indians. Crane claimed that “Some of these tribes are professed Mormons, while others are under their influence.”

As the U.S. Army Dragoons prepared to invade Utah Territory, Brigham Young called on all Saints to return

reinforcements were not needed in the bloodless Utah War, which was settled by diplomacy, but few Saints returned to Genoa.

In the meantime, the first U.S. district court arrived in Genoa, in the person of Judge Joseph H. Drummond, on July 18, 1856. He set up shop in various homes and even barns, for Nevada still lacked a courthouse. Drummond’s first sessions were held in the barn of a Mr. Mott in Mottsville (now a ghost town) a few miles south of Genoa.

The Grand Jury chose to hold its deliberations not in Mott’s barn, but in his house. It had to adjourn during the blistering heat of midday to the slightly cooler Mottsville blacksmith shop. (Obviously, the smith was not stoking his forge.)

Perhaps it was Nevada’s notorious summer heat, but Judge Drummond lasted just six weeks on the bench before he decamped, high-tailing it for California, from which he never returned. Drummond’s successor, John Cradlebaugh, was made of sterner stuff. He stuck it out as U.S. district judge for quite a spell, but had difficulty in enforcing federal law in 1860. In fact, only the support—and political prestige—of the rising lawyer Bill Stewart kept the Judge in business.

J. Ross Browne, one of the West’s first humorists, was among the prospectors flocking to the Carson Valley from California in 1860. He found the little town of shopkeepers, teamsters and sawmill workers to be less than prosperous, although every resident he met assured Browne that he had a rich silver mine in the nearby hills. Browne saw that even Carson City was eclipsing its rival, Genoa, while Virginia City seemed destined to become a silver metropolis, a sort of “Frisco” in the sagebrush. He was right. For example, Nevada’s first paper, the Territorial Enterprise, was born in Genoa, but migrated to Carson (the future state capitol), and ended up famous because of its reporter, Mark Twain, in Virginia City.

Browne did not cotton to Washoe, as Nevada was still being called in 1860. Its few little towns, like Genoa, were now disorderly places. In fact, the whole region, thanks to the influx of Californians, seemed to be crawling with swindlers, drunks and fighters. So Browne went back to California.

Even though J. Ross Browne found Genoa “disorderly,” it was never the scene of shootings like those depicted in *Shane* and *High Noon*. Taking the criminal calendar of 1859 as a good example, one finds that the Grand Jury issued five bills of indictment for lewdness and one for adultery. There were just six cases of assault with intent to kill, and only three cases of murder.

The single “classic” case of an outlaw being tried for murder involved that major figure of Nevada’s early history, William Morris Stewart. Bill Stewart was already



Located on Main Street the Salt Lake House was the most prominent hotel in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory during the early 1860s.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

home. About 130 overloaded wagons began to roll out of Genoa for the long drive to Salt Lake City. The Latter Day Saints left all of their property to the Gentiles, a handful of Jack Mormons (apostates), and the Indians. Young’s

And it wasn't made of hemp.

well known in California mining and legal circles when he crossed over the Sierra to become a Washoe lawyer. He was later elected Nevada's first senator. He really became famous when he collided with Samuel Brown in Genoa in the summer of 1860.

Fighting Sam Brown was not content to just run a "station" (store) on the Carson River; the loud-mouthed braggart was determined to become the "Chief" of Virginia City. He boasted that he liked to "have a man for breakfast." He affected Mexican spurs with big rowels on his boot heels, although he was no ex-California vaquero, and he strutted around town with his red side-beards tied together under his chin. His get-up would have been laughable were he not so dangerous. The lying braggart boasted of having killed 16 men in Texas and California. This claim was heavily discounted by the public, but it was known that he had killed his first victim in Texas and had killed three Chilenos and wounded a fourth in Fiddletown, in California's Mother Lode. For these crimes, he was put away in San Quentin Prison, but only for two years.

Nevada historian Myron Angel credited the desperado with three murders in Washoe in 1859-1860. Although the sociopath had a six-shooter always riding on his hip under his coat tails, he preferred to knife men to death. When someone once asked to borrow a knife to cut some slices of bacon, Brown would not lend it, saying that he was "superstitious" about using a blade (that had taken five men's lives) for such a purpose.

In 1859 Brown picked on Bill Bilboa, a loner in a saloon, and stabbed him repeatedly for no good reason other than his own personal entertainment. In January of 1860 he stabbed Homer Woodruff to death and it looked like the desperado planned to open his own private cemetery. His most heinous crime was his stabbing of a man named McKenzie, to death, in a saloon in 1861—and then cutting the victim's heart out! Then the murderous brute laid down and took a nap on top of a nearby billiard table.



Brigham Young (1801-1877) in a C.R. Savage photo taken shortly before his death. Born and raised in New York, Brigham Young joined the Mormon Church in 1832. Arriving in the valley of the Great Salt Lake in 1847, he established more than 300 settlements throughout the intermountain West. He married at least 55 brides and fathered 56 children.

— UTAH STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY —

When a pal of Brown's, whose name has vanished from the records, was arrested in Genoa and charged with murder in the summer of 1860, Fighting Sam decided to spring him. When Brown rode down to Genoa from Virginia City, he found that court was already in session under John S. Child, a Territorial judge, who was reorganizing Carson County with the help of Bill Stewart as prosecuting attorney.

The badman strode into court, his ostentatious spurs jingling a warning that sent jurors and spectators alike sliding under their benches or diving out the window. The panic pleased the bully, of course, but he was taken aback to see one man calmly standing in front of the Judge's bench. It was Stewart, red-haired like the loutish Brown, but a bigger man at six-foot-two (back when few



men were six-footers), and weighing over 200 pounds.

The attorney stood calmly, with aplomb, his arms folded, as the bandit came up to him with a scowl on his ugly

And it wasn't made of hemp.



door, at derringer-point, and sent him packing.

The humiliated Browne returned to his life of crime in Virginia City, but made the error of firing a shot at an innkeeper. This proved to be a bad mistake, for the inn's Henry Van Sickle was a man of Bill Stewart's character. He picked up his shotgun and blew Fighting Sam to hell, thereby winning the congratulations of the citizenry of both Genoa and Virginia City, including the coroner and his duly-appointed jury.

When Congress created Nevada Territory in 1861, the first territorial legislature named Genoa the seat of government for Douglas County. In February of 1862, a committee informed the county's commissioners that it had at last found a building that could be secured and "made available" for a court-house.

This photograph (looking eastward) shows part of Virginia City, Nevada in 1865. The building to the back, and left, is Maguire's Opera House; further back, to the right, is St. Paul's Episcopal Church. More people attended Maguire's than St. Paul's.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

Apparently, the concept of separation of church and state was no worry to the committee, even after the Gentile-Saint fracas. The chosen structure was the local Catholic Church—bought, leased or rented (the records are unclear on the contract) for just \$75.

In 1865 Genoa got its fine brick courthouse, just in time for the town to go into a decline as Carson City and Virginia City grew. The building, near the grave of legendary Snowshoe Thompson, is a historic site/museum that is well worth a visit, along with Genoa's reconstructed stockade-fort, all part of a Nevada State Park today.



Richard H. Dillon, is currently professor of history with the Fromm Institute at the University of San Francisco. He is a contributing editor with *True West* magazine.



The old Piper's Opera House in Virginia City, Nevada was condemned as unsafe long ago.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

face. Stewart was calm because he had three secret weapons. First, he knew—or at least sensed—that the badman was a coward at heart, a villain who preyed on lone individuals, usually

peaceable and perhaps unarmed. Then, as he slowly unfolded his arms while Brown approached him, Stewart revealed his other weapons. In each hand he held a derringer.

To the surprise of the court, Sam Brown, the terror of Virginia City, suddenly became as meek as a church mouse. The lawyer escorted him to the witness stand, swore him in, and persuaded him to give testimony that helped convict his crony. Stewart then escorted Sam to the



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PART TWO OF FIFTEEN

Arikara Toll Gate.

When the Red Man won.

It was in March of 1822 that the now-famous advertisement appeared in the *Missouri Republican*:

TO ENTERPRISING YOUNG MEN. The subscriber wishes to engage one hundred young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two, or three years. For particulars, inquire of Major Andrew Henry, near the lead mines in the county of Washington, who will ascend with, and command, the party; or of the subscriber near St. Louis.

General William Ashley and Major Andrew Henry, veterans of the War of 1812 and close friends, had started a new fur company. They incorporated two new ideas. First, they would hire men as free agents, not just employees. Half of the furs their men got would belong to the company while the other half would belong to the individual. This provided incentive. Second, Andrew Henry would take their first brigade of men up the Missouri River to the Three Forks area, build a fort and operate from there. Henry would act as the field commander while Ashley took care of management and supplies.

Almost a hundred men responded to the advertisement, the most notable being a fellow named Jedediah Smith. They left St. Louis on May 8, 1822, and started the slow, hard process of getting a keelboat up the Missouri River.

Keelboats were river craft from 60 to 75 feet long with a 15 to 18-foot beam and a draft of 3 to 4 feet. Their main purpose was to haul supplies. Sometimes the crew poled the boat, pushing it against the current of the river by using long poles poked into the bottom of the river. Other times the crew went on shore and pulled the boat by a



Bear's Belly, an example of the fierce Arikara, served as one of General Custer's scouts.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

towline or cordelle. On a lucky day, they unfurled the sail and let the wind do the work for them. The normal rate of speed was 10 to 15 miles a day. The crew consisted of 20 to 40 men and they were almost always French engagés. These men had lived and worked on rivers all their lives and knew their business. However, once they were away from the water and their boat, they weren't much good for anything. They were hired to get boats up and down the river and that was all. Other men had to be hired to hunt, trap, trade, scout—and fight.

When Andrew Henry's party reached the mouth of the Yellowstone River in October, they quickly built a fort which was dubbed Fort Henry. Ashley came up the river with supplies about a month after Henry and then immediately went back to St. Louis. The plan was that he would return the following year with more supplies, collect the furs Henry's men would trap over the

winter and then head back to St. Louis to cash in their profits.

At least that was the plan.

That spring, Ashley advertised again for men to go up the river. Many of them came from "grog Shops and other sinks of degradation" as James Clyman, the unofficial chronicler of the expedition put it, but there were several who would make names for themselves, such as William Sublette, David Jackson and Thomas Fitzpatrick. Ashley got two keelboats for the expedition and he left St. Louis on March 10 with 70 men.

Meanwhile, there were Indian problems upriver. Henry's men had a fight with the Blackfeet near Smith's River. Trappers with the Hudson Bay Company, a rival fur company, had two clashes with the Arikaras. In one incident, the Arikaras attacked Cedar Fort which belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. Two Indians were killed and several wounded.

Ashley heard about the Indian problems but he wasn't about to let that stop him. On May 29, Jedediah Smith showed up on the banks of the river and waved at the keelboats. Ashley met with him. Smith had just ridden across the country from Fort Henry. He told Ashley the trapping had been good that winter but Major Henry needed horses. Ashley hoped they would be able to trade for them with the Arikara Indians. Their villages were just up the river a few days.

Ashley's brigade reached two of the Arikara villages on May 31, 1823. They were located about 300 yards apart on the apex of a long slope going up on the east side of the Missouri River. An Arikara village looked like a huge prairie dog town. Arikara lodges were large dirt mounds built over frames of heavy timbers. A stockade of willow logs, driftwood, poles of every type and size surrounded the village. Just below the lower village, the river made a

*On the beach, the white men laid low
behind the dead horses and returned fire
as best they could . . .*



horseshoe curve which created a sand bar and an obvious place to land.

The Arikaras appeared on the shore when they saw the two keelboats and waved at them in an apparent gesture of good will. When Ashley went to the shore in a skiff, two of the principal chiefs, Little Soldier and Gray Eyes, met him. Gray Eyes' son was one of those killed at Cedar Fort and Ashley wasn't sure what Gray Eyes' disposition would be. He asked the two about trading and invited them to come on board one of his keelboats. Little Soldier wanted no part of it but Gray Eyes took him up on the offer. Ashley took that as a good sign. On the keelboat, Ashley gave Gray Eyes gifts and told him he had nothing to do with the death of his son. Gray Eyes told Ashley the headmen of the tribe would have to hold a council to discuss trading with the white men. Ashley nodded and waited. That night, Gray Eyes returned to the shore and sent the message to Ashley that trading had been approved.

The next morning, Ashley had his men bring trade goods to the sandy beach on skiffs. The Indians suggested Ashley bring his goods inside the stockade but Ashley declined stating they would do business right there on the beach. The red men talked quietly among themselves and then agreed. Ashley studied them. He still didn't trust them and let them know he was fully aware of their confrontations with white men lately. The Indians quickly stated they regretted them and wanted to be friends

with the white men. So the trading began. Ashley got 20 horses "but in doing this we gave them a fine supply of Powder and ball which on fourth day wee (sic) found out to Sorrow," Clyman wrote. The white men had to leave their horses on the shore and Ashley left a guard of 40 men with them. Jedediah Smith was left in charge of the shore party and Ashley advised him to keep a sharp watch that night.

The next morning, a storm swept through with strong winds and rain and everybody just sat tight. By that afternoon it cleared up, and The Bear, another leading Arikara man, invited Ashley to his lodge to eat. Ashley accepted and took Edward Rose, a mulatto, as an interpreter. Several chiefs were present and Ashley and Rose were treated well. However, as they were getting ready to leave, Little Soldier took Ashley and Rose aside and warned them the Arikaras planned to attack before they left, if not the keelboats then the shore party guarding the horses. Little Soldier advised Ashley to get his horses to the west side of the river.

Ashley was confused. Were they words of warning or a threat? He had seen Arikara warriors on the west side of the river. Was Little Soldier trying to set him up to have the horses stolen?

That night, Ashley again told Jed Smith to keep an eye out for trouble and then he went to bed in one of the keelboats. Some time after 3:00 a.m., Edward Rose ran out of the Arikara village and down the slope

toward Smith's men yelling that Aaron Stephens, one of their men, had just been killed by the Indians. Apparently, Rose and Stephens had stayed in the village and enjoyed some female company. The Arikara women were not famous for their chastity and sometimes their men used them for profit. Somehow, the amorous escapade of Aaron Stephens went bad and the woman's male relatives harshly intervened. Or perhaps it had been a trap.

Jed Smith didn't ask too many questions. He just got his men up and ready. Word was sent to Ashley. It was still dark and they decided they would just do nothing until dawn. "We laid on our arms expecting an attack as there was a continual Hubbub in the village" Clyman wrote. As the false dawn lightened the eastern sky, a lone Indian stepped out from behind the stockade and called to the white men. If the white men would give him a horse, he would bring out the body of Stephens. He told them Stephens' eyes had been pulled out, his head cut off and his body mangled but the red man would provide all the parts. Jed and his men seethed and didn't even answer. It had to be a trick.

Sure enough, when the sun winked over the eastern horizon, it was a signal. A few guns stuck out over the palisades and one shot was fired at the white men. Arrows sizzled and then there was a roar of gunfire. About 600 Arikara Indians intended to wipe out the white men. Jed Smith and his men stepped behind the horses for cover but it didn't take long for the animals to be mowed down. The white men then hunkered down behind the carcasses.

The keelboats were about 90 feet away from the shore. Ashley was up and ordered his French engagés to take the boats closer in to rescue Smith and the others. The Frenchmen shook their heads like stubborn mules. Getting killed was not their idea of a good way to start the day. Ashley later wrote, ". . . notwithstanding every exertion on my part to enforce the execution, I could not effect it."

James Clyman wrote there were "many calls for the boats to come ashore to take us on board but no prayers or threats had the slightest effect the Boats men being completely paralyzed."

Continued on page 61



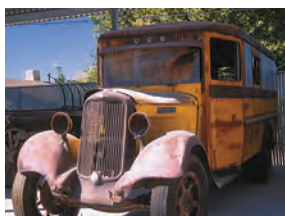
★ RENEGADEROADS ★

In 1986,

Life magazine dubbed Nevada's Highway 50 from Carson City to the Utah State border to be "The Loneliest Road in America." Nevada officials picked up on this and fashioned a "Highway 50 Survival Kit." When you pick up your kit at any of the visitor centers along the way, get the enclosed document validated and send it in: you'll receive a Silver State certificate signed by the governor, a Highway 50 pin and postcard.

Surviving The Loneliest Road In America.

A road trip through historic Nevada.



So, if you choose to make this 287-mile historical adventure across the state (which, by the way, offers a view of the most beautiful mountain ranges in the USA) paralleling the Pony Express trail, here is what you will experience. But before you start—keeping “survival” in mind—have your car engine tuned, tires checked, have a full tank of gas (fill it every chance you get) and always keep a couple of quarts of drinking water with you at all times.

Nevada State Railroad Museum

Let's start with the old “Iron Horse.” Back in the 1930s and 40s, Hollywood studios purchased a great number of railroad rolling stock, much of it coming from the old Virginia & Truckee (V&T) railroad. When Hollywood decided to stop producing Westerns in the 1970s (which, of course, included the good old railroad trains), they put up their stock for sale. The state of Nevada jumped in and bought enough of it that the curator of the present museum says, “It will take several lifetimes to restore all this.” In 1990, the State opened their Nevada State Railroad Museum, located just south of the state capitol in Carson City, on Highway 395, at the corner of Fairview Avenue. Phone: (775) 687-6953.

AROUND FALLON

After your visit to the railroad museum, along the way, travel to Highway 50 and head east. Your first stop will be Fallon, the last town where you might actually find a Wal-Mart. Fallon did not exist around 1900. There was a dusty crossroad where Mike Fallon had his ranch house and Jim Richards had a small store. Local Native Americans called the spot “Jim's Town.” Fallon experienced an “oil boom” in 1924 (back when hotel rooms were going for \$1 to \$2 per week). They drilled 14 wells, but not one gallon of oil was produced.

The Churchill County Museum

Allow three to four hours to visit this free (all museums in Nevada are free) 14,000-square-foot exhibition of the late 1800s Western culture. Some displays are Paiute Indian artifacts and tools, a furnished bedroom and kitchen of the 1860s, cameras, safes, guns and even quilts. Outside, exhibits include horse-drawn farm machinery, steam tractors and remnants discarded by emigrants who crossed the “Forty-Mile Desert” during the gold rush. If you are into cave spelunking, call in advance for a tour of the Hidden Cave, 10 miles east of Fallon. This is a 21,000-year-old archaeological find. The tour is free. Phone (775) 423-3677. Tours are held the second and fourth Saturdays of the month.

Lake Lahonton

The Fallon area has a history of failed agricultural ventures including raising sugar beets (killed by an infestation of “curly crop”) and cantaloupes (killed by competition from California's Imperial Valley and droughts in 1931 and 1932). Agricultural success finally came with growing alfalfa. Today's 30,000 acres produce about five tons of alfalfa per acre.

Part of this failure can be attributed to a water problem in the early years. A reclamation project began around 1903 to bring water from Lake Tahoe and Carson River, which proved inadequate. The construction of the Lake Lahonton dam in 1915 enabled the Lahonton Valley to become known as the “King of the Cantaloupe” for around 15 years. Today, it also serves as a State Park with excellent camping facilities, outdoor programs, watersports and fishing.

Fort Churchill

On May 8, 1860, James Williams returned to Williams' Station, an outpost where he sold food, whiskey and supplies to emigrants crossing the Forty-Mile Desert. Upon arrival he found his two brothers and an employee dead, and the station burned to the ground.

Three Paiutes claimed to a historian named Myron Angel that they were among the nine who attacked the station to retaliate for William's capture of Paiute women. By the time the Pony Express spread the news to Virginia City, the numbers had increased from 3 to 19

SIDE ROAD



Double J Ranch • Callao, Utah

By JOANN ROE

History lives at the Double J Ranch, Callao, Utah, straddling the Nevada-Utah border 75 miles north of the Lehman Caves, near Baker, Nevada. Now as remote as any loner could wish, once the ranch was on the Pony Express Route, the Overland Stage Route, and the Lincoln Highway, the first transcontinental route. A working cattle ranch with 600 mother cows plus calves, Double J tucks visitors into its workaday schedule of cattle drives, branding, repairing fence, and packing salt. Up to 10 visitors live in heated and air conditioned cabins, and relish bounteous ranch food.

It's high desert. The headquarters ranch, homesteaded in 1875, is at a 4,400-foot elevation. The South Ranch, 40 miles away, is up there at 6,200 feet for summer pasture, among peaks of the Deep Creek Mountain Range that soar to 12,000 feet.

One of Double J's customary pastures is in a proposed wilderness area, little changed since frontier days when Indians gathered pinon nuts for food and left rock paintings. You might see wild horses.

Because of its isolation, some Pony Express Stations remain; in fact, one is intact on Double J's neighboring ranch. The station comes to life during the annual re-ride where riders carry the mail from St. Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento, California in 10 days. Every August, visitors and locals whoop it up at Pony Express Days at Ely, about 70 miles southwest as the horse gallops. But even before the Pony Express, enterprising George Chorpene began a mail route that passed through the ranch in the late 1850s from Salt Lake City to San Francisco.

murdered by a tribe of 500 Paiutes. This was why they constructed Fort Churchill,—a project that began in July 1860. The fort was to protect immigrants and local settlers from Paiute attacks, guard the Pony Express and telegraph lines, quell prison troubles, and intervene in miner's disputes. Fort Churchill had a short life, for it experienced little action. The military left on September 17, 1869. The buildings were sold to Samuel Bucklands on March 17, 1870 for \$750. The fort, near Lake Lahonton on Highway 95, is now a State Park with museum, self-guided tours, camping and picnic areas.

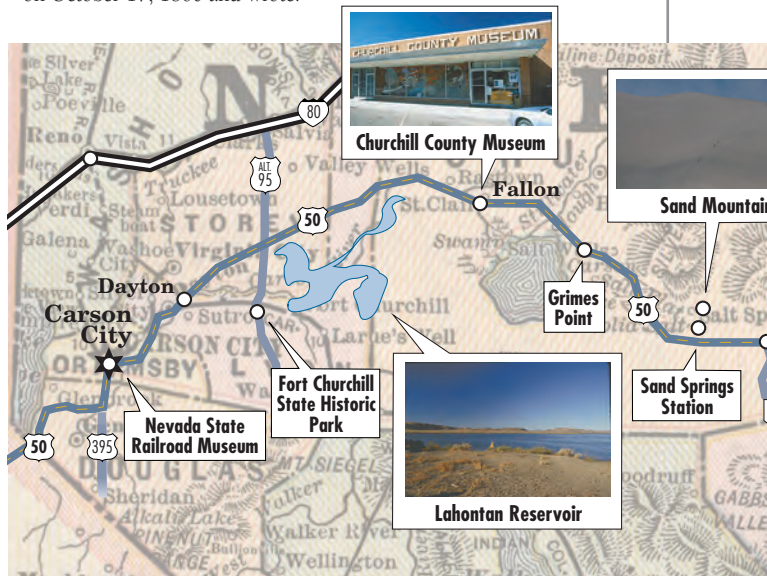
Grimes Archaeological Area

Over 8,000 years ago, tribes of Native Americans camped 10 miles east of Fallon at what is now Grimes Point. They chiseled their art and writing (petroglyphs) on large rocks. A walking trail and interpretative brochure takes you past eight of these archaeological wonders. This is also the location of the Hidden Cave tour, if you signed up for it at the Churchill County Museum in Fallon. Be sure to sign up—you can't do this without a guide.

Sand Mountain and Sand Springs Station

On up the road a bit are two historical attractions—Sand Mountain and Sand Springs Station. Sand Mountain is literally a 600-foot high mountain of trapped sand that is changed almost daily by the gusty winds. At the site is a 40-acre, fenced-

off desert study area with a one-mile interpretive loop that passes by an 1860 Pony Express Station, rediscovered in 1977. Sir Richard Burton, British scholar, visited the station on October 17, 1860 and wrote:



“The water near this vile hole was thick and stale with sulphury salts: it blistered even the hands. The Station house was no unfit object to the scene, roofless and chairless, filthy and squalid, with a smoky fire in one corner, and a table in the centre of an impure floor, the walls open to every wind and the interior full of dust.”

As you walk through the remains, you'll likely agree with Burton's observations. Pony Express station masters had to swear not to drink, but the most commonly found “artifacts” by the 1977 archeologists were liquor bottles—and no wonder!

Berlin-Ichthyosaur State Park

As you venture east, turn south at Middleton on Highway 361 and drive 50 miles (we encountered only one pickup driving on this entire stretch) to the former mining town of Berlin, at 7,000 feet. Today, it's a state park and site of a well-preserved ghost town. Better still, you'll see the remains of 225 million-year-old sea serpents, some around 60-foot long, that weighed around 60 tons, and once swam Nevada's Great Basin.

Ranger tours of the mine, mine town, Ichthyosaur Fossil Shelter and enclosed viewing area are given daily. They have self-guided walking tours, camping and picnicking. Phone: (775) 964-2440.

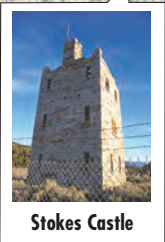
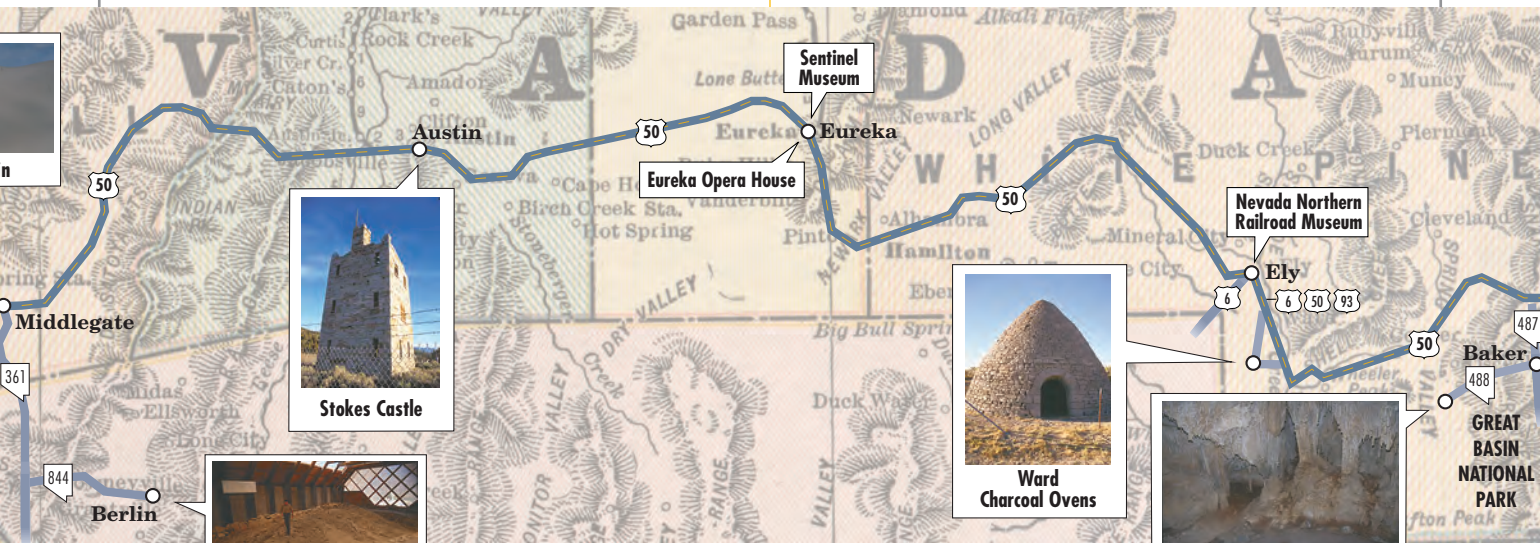
AROUND AUSTIN

Austin became a boni fide boom town when a retired Pony Express rider found silver in a nearby canyon which produced \$50 million. Fire and building wood in Nevada was scarce, so Virginia City's International Hotel was dismantled and every board transported across the desert

SURVIVING THE LONELIEST ROAD IN AMERICA

to be reconstructed in downtown Austin. Today, Austin is a sleepy hamlet of 300 population with some fine antique shops, historic buildings built during the gold rush years and three churches with magnificent steeples.

gambling houses, theaters, numerous churches and hotels and five fire companies. Today's population numbers 1,100. Pick up a copy of the Self Guiding Tour of Eureka at the Sentinel Museum, former home of the *Sentinel*



Stokes Castle



Berlin-Ichthysaur State Park



Ward Charcoal Ovens



Lehman Caves

As you leave town, look for the bike rental shop. You can rent a mountain bike and peddle trails like Cahill Canyon, Emigrant Pass/Pony Express Loop, Gold Venture Loop or Crest Cut-off.

This is also a good place to stop for lunch.

Stoke's Castle

Just a short drive out of Austin is the former project of a rich miner who built this to be a summer home for his kids. It was modeled after one he saw in Italy. His kids used it for one summer and abandoned it.

Eureka

Spend the day in this well-preserved 1860s gold rush town which once supported 100 saloons, several dozen

Newspaper, which kept tabs on this western town for 100 years. It takes you by 47 historical sites and relates vignettes about each attraction.

As you walk through, one of the most impressive sites you'll come across will be the Eureka Opera House. View the stage, balconies and ceiling; imagine what it was like for men and women in the wild and woolly days of the 1860s to prepare for and come to such elegance in horse-drawn, state-of-the-art carriages.

AROUND ELY

The major attraction here is the Nevada Northern Railway Museum. One day in 1982, workers at the rail yard received notice that there would be a layoff. Since this had happened before, they just laid down their tools, expecting to return soon. Three years later, they received their severance checks.

Kennecott Copper Company donated the yard, engines, machine shops, roundhouse, rolling stock and 32 miles of useable track for use as a museum. Today, 45-minute guided tours take you through one of the most interesting railroad facilities in the state. During the summertime, you can take a 14-mile, 90-minute "Ghost Train" ride. Included is a tour through the 1910 Baldwin steam engine cab. For information, call: (755) 289-2085. A good place to stay, if you're not camping, is the Copper Queen.

Ward's Charcoal Ovens

Leaving Ely and driving south on US 93/50/6 a sign points the way to the Ward Charcoal Ovens. Thomas Ward discovered a deposit of lead-silver-



copper ore here in 1872, and a San Francisco company began to dig. A supply of charcoal was needed for the ore smelting process, so a master mason was commissioned to build ovens to make the charcoal.

Six ovens, 30 feet high and 25 feet in diameter were built and are in as good condition today as they were when they were used. Only \$250,000 in silver was reportedly earned and the mining operation closed in 1875.

Great Basin National Park

This is the gold at the end of the rainbow. While driving here from Ely, you'll pass Cave Lake State Park—excellent for camping, fishing and hiking, and viewing elk roaming about in the spring and fall months.

The hub of the park is the visitor's center, located at 8,000 feet. In addition to the ranger station, gift shop and cafe, there is a short trail that takes you by the original cabins of the first few that discovered this site.

Don't get sidetracked though, because the major attraction here is the Lehman Caves. Absalon Lehman discovered these 500 million-year-old caves in 1885 and it's been a tourist attraction ever since. These days, you take off from the visitor's center with a ranger for a half-mile tour into an underground wonderland with a paved trail and very few steps.

A 12-mile drive up to the Wheeler Creek Campground at 10,000 feet brings you to the Bristlecone Pine trailhead,

a trail you absolutely must take if you're at all physically able. Bristlecone Pines are among the oldest trees in the world. One was cut in 1964 to determine its age, which turned out to be 4,900 years old.

Well, this 287-mile trek on the Loneliest Road in America is over—but I'll bet your thirst for other Nevada historic attractions has yet to be quenched, and your next trip is already in the works.



SIDE ROAD

Quarter Circle 5 Ranch • Lund, Nevada

By JOANN ROE

Bunk Out West is the graphic name of a 100-year-old ranch at Lund (pop. 400), about 30 miles south of Ely. Michelle Gubler opened the ranch to guests in 1996—70,000 acres of leased and private land established by her great-grandfather, David C. Gardner, in 1898. The U.S. government gave the Mormons land for cattle and property confiscated from them earlier. Gardner and others then drew lots for the land in the dry, sage-covered White River Valley. North of Ely, prospectors filed claims on copper and silver, but the Mormons stuck to cattle raising and were not lured north.

Gardner began ranching with a team of horses, a wagon and one cow. The desert yielded few trees, and settlers dragged logs from the mountains to build homes. A pug mill opened to create adobe bricks for home building. The families developed the land, utilizing two natural springs for pastures and crops. Gardner called his spread Quarter Circle 5 Ranch.

Today's guests opt for a real-life experience, helping to care for the 700 cows and their calves. Some even sleep along the trail and eat dinner by a campfire; others sleep at ranch bunkhouses. The cowhand's day begins early with breakfast in the handsome lodge. After-dinner recreation includes star-gazing, cowboy poetry, Western dance or music, or crafts, but long hours in the saddle lead to early bedtimes.

In 2001, Michelle has also renovated a 1903, four-bedroom home at Lund as the Sweet Heritage Inn, retaining the vintage decor, but adding more luxurious quarters for a few guests.

PLANNING YOUR TRIP

Nevada is kind of stereotyped as a desolate desert. If you have the wish to be by-your-lonesome, you will have come to the right place—but this can be just the friendly desolation you had in mind if a little preparation is made.

When to Go

The best time to go is in the spring and fall months. Summer is extremely hot, often with thunderstorms and showers in the afternoon, and winter can be extremely cold and unfriendly, with snow and little traffic on the icy roads. And though technically Nevada is mostly desert, in the spring you'll find beautiful wildflowers; in the fall you'll see autumn color in the trees. Often, weather conditions change within hours. Keep an eye on the sky. Bring shorts and ski jackets.

Lay O' the Land

Nevadans are a friendly lot, and the 1930s mentality is still here. This is a place where old ladies can still be seen hitchhiking their way home with a grocery bag, without a care.

At all times, when hiking cross-country or on maintained trails, be aware that this is rattlesnake country. Make noise when you walk and listen for a rattling sound. If you keep away from them, they'll keep away from you. Don't let this scare you off—just a little care is all that's needed.

About gambling: from Fallon to Ely, the only gambling we found was slot machines—no blackjack, dice or roulette.

How Much Time to Plan

You can drive this in a day—but what's the point? A good plan is to stay in Fallon first, for whatever time it takes you to explore the area from there to Austin. This could take a couple of days or a week.

When your Fallon area is covered, drive to Ely and plan to cover the sites from Austin to the Great Basin National Park, with Ely as your base.

Where to Stay

There are many options. Our visitor centers in most every town along the way can help. We have recommended staying in Fallon and Ely.

In Fallon, we can recommend: The Comfort Inn on Highway 50 in Fallon. Phone: (775) 423-5554. Room rates, around \$61.

In Ely, we can recommend the Ramada/Copper Queen Hotel & Casino, 815 7th Street. Phone: (775) 289-4884. The Copper Queen has an indoor spa and small pool just outside your room, microwave and fridge in each room. Rates vary with the season. In the spring, it's \$82 a night.

If you are in an RV, motor home or just camping, do drop in at a visitor's center for information. There are facilities for all of these kinds of accommodations along the way.

Dining

For lunch, I've never gone wrong ordering a Patty Melt sandwich—anywhere. For dinner, your best bet is a tender, juicy steak—this is cattle country.

Don Dachner is a member of Travel Writers of America. He and his wife Jean reside in Dixon, California. This is his first article for *True West*.



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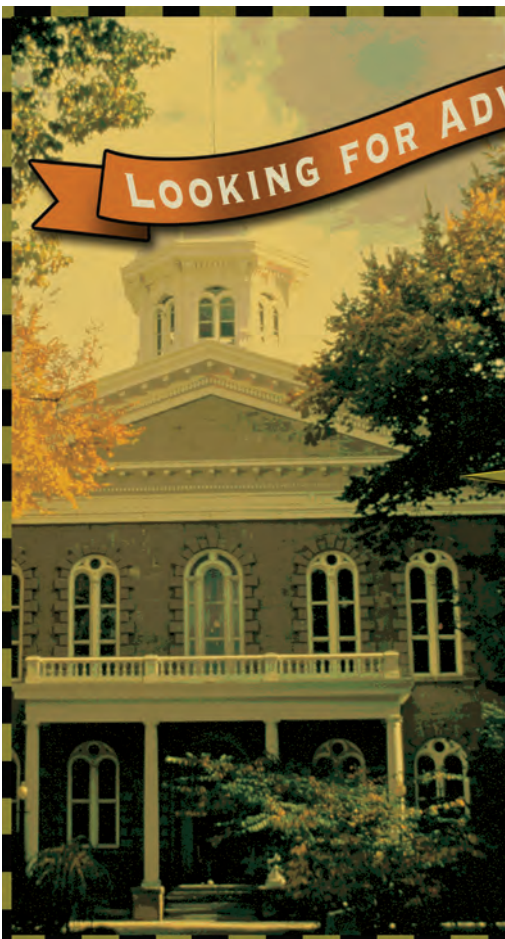


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LOOK NO FURTHER...

SALOON



Imagine entering a town that, technically, no longer exists. Imagine the bustling town; the thousands of people whose hopes and dreams came to life in the now skeletal buildings and empty streets. Imagine a hot and dry wind in your face as you open your car door and enter this eerie scene. The silence. The lifeless hard ground. Out of the corner of your eye, you see a lizard dart from the shade of a rock, then hear the lone cry of a hawk lazily circling above in the white hot sky.

Welcome to Rhyolite, Nevada: a true ghost town.

The town of Rhyolite—named for the volcanic rock and sand that covers the area—was born in August 1904 as the result of a gold strike made by prospectors Shorty Harris and Ed Cross. Several towns appeared due to this strike (known as the Bullfrog Strike), but Rhyolite grew to become the cosmopolitan city that surpassed them all. It is estimated that between 3,500 to 10,000 people lived in Rhyolite during the boom years between 1905 and 1912. By 1919, the prosperous gold vein dried up, and Rhyolite became a ghost town.

Back in her heyday, Rhyolite had three water systems, three train lines, a telephone and telegraph office, electricity wired all the way from Bishop Creek, California, over 50 miles, three newspapers, an opera house, a symphony, baseball teams, tennis courts, three swimming pools, two undertakers, three hospitals, eight physicians, two dentists, 19 lodging houses, 18 grocery stores, over 53 saloons (imagine that), a Catholic and Presbyterian church, and a very extensive red-light district. The *Rhyolite Herald* proclaimed to the world:

OR BUST Rhyolite

BY ROBIN BRONSKY

“Rhyolite is awakening! Are you a live one or a dead one? We have no room here for the man who won't make a hustle for the good of his own town”.

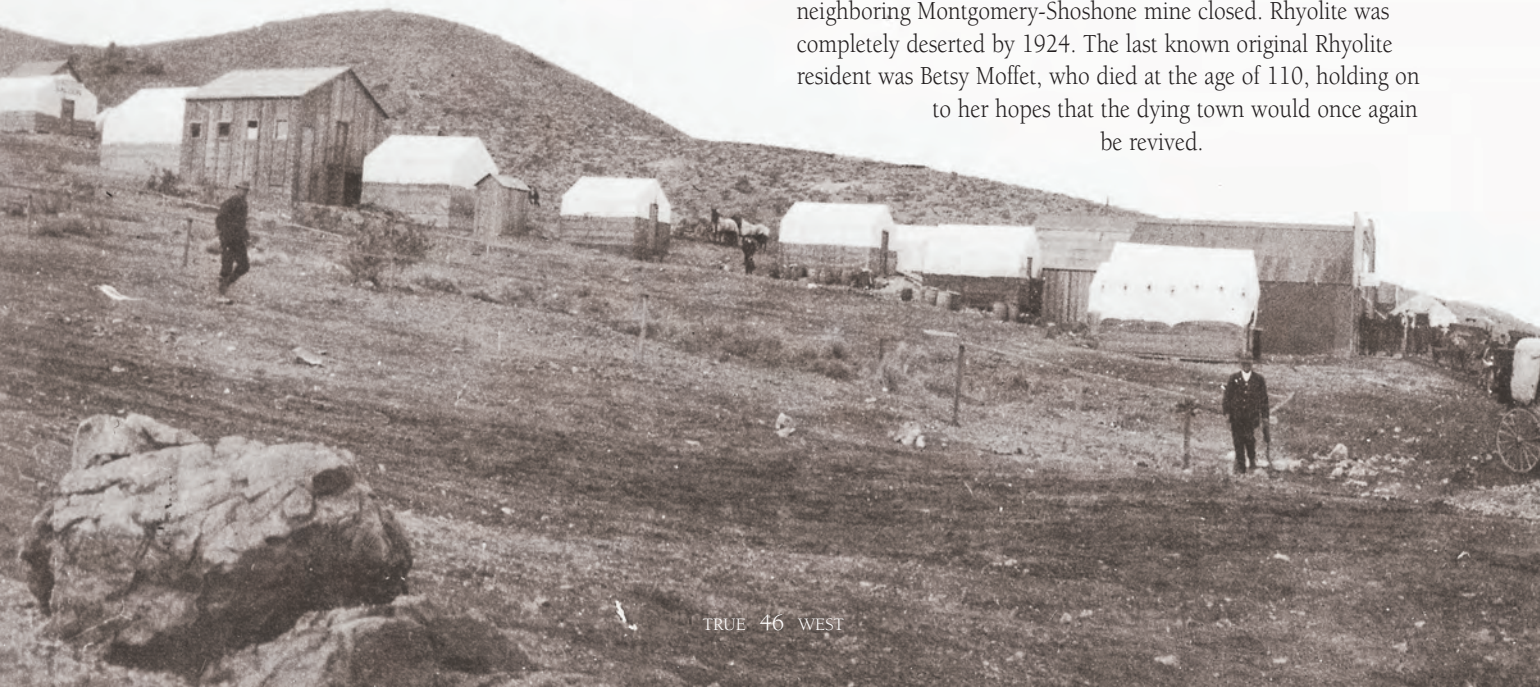
The most famous ruin of Rhyolite is Tom Kelly's Bottle House. Tom Kelly, a 76-year-old Australian, began the unique structure in September 1905 and completed it February 1906.

In 1905, the cost to ship building materials by wagon was very high, and the railroads had not yet arrived in Rhyolite, so Kelly built the house with what was available: bottles and mud. Most of the bottles were beer bottles, some wine, Sarsaparilla, mineral water, Worcestershire sauce, and medicine bottles. By the time Kelly finished the house, he used close to 30,000 bottles. Because water was expensive, Kelly did not bother washing the bottles before adding them to the structure, leaving behind the residue of 90-year-old beer, medicine, and wine, which is clearly visible. One of the bottles still houses the carcasses of 90-year-old crickets.

When Tom Kelly left Rhyolite, the next occupant of the Bottle House was Paramount Pictures. In 1925, the studio came to Rhyolite to film a movie, restored the Bottle House, and used it in their picture. They moved on, and the next occupant turned it into a museum and curio shop. Finally, in 1954, Tommy Thompson, his wife and grandson, arrived to take care of the town. They used the Bottle House as a curio shop and talked to the occasional tourist about its history. They lived there for 35 years and watched over the crippled town, keeping it preserved for future generations.

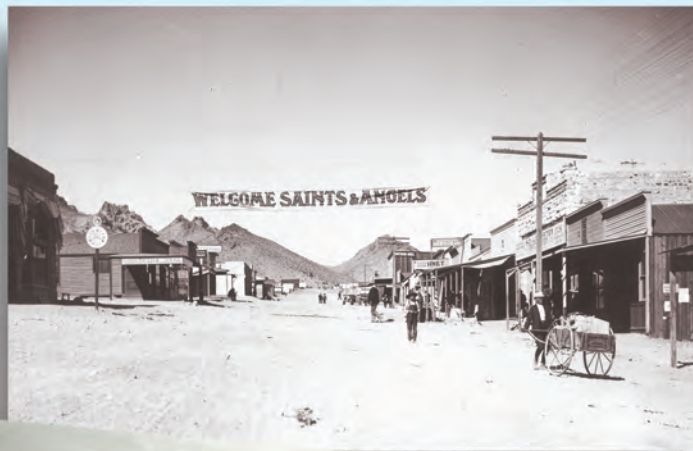
The end of Rhyolite occurred for two reasons: it was founded on speculation and there was never enough gold to satisfy its dreams. In 1907, after the San Francisco earthquake, a financial panic caused investors to lose interest, and they pulled out. By 1910, the streetlights

were turned off, and the Porter Brothers General Store closed. Rhyolite's population dropped down to 675. In 1911, the neighboring Montgomery-Shoshone mine closed. Rhyolite was completely deserted by 1924. The last known original Rhyolite resident was Betsy Moffet, who died at the age of 110, holding on to her hopes that the dying town would once again be revived.



As the years passed, people passed through Rhyolite to recycle its building materials. Houses were taken apart for lumber or moved to new towns. Miraculously, a few buildings, besides the Bottle House, have survived the ravages of time. The \$90,000 three-story Cook Bank still looms over Rhyolite's one paved road. The \$20,000 concrete Rhyolite School, as well as the jail, the Porter Brothers General Store, the Las Vegas Tonopah Railroad Station, and various hearty foundations and walls, brave the desert winds and flash floods. At the main entrance of Rhyolite are modern-day sculptures, which strike an odd contrast to the antique ruins. In 1984, Albert Szukalski, a Belgium artist, created the Gold Well Open Air Museum. The sculptures include an eerie, life-size creation of the Last Supper, made with white sheets and fiberglass. There is an odd jumble of chrome car bumpers and a huge, rusted silhouette of a miner and a penguin. (According to legend, the sculpture is of Shorty Harris. When Shorty was drunk, he would wander through town pretending to have a penguin by his side.)

Today, Rhyolite is protected by the Bureau of Land Management, and closely guarded by rangers and volunteers like 80-year-old Clint Boehringer and his wife Ellen. The couple guards the Bottle House during the winter months, until another couple relieves them for the summer shift. One of their duties includes guarding the Bottle House from vandals and thieves. The Boehringers also make emergency repairs, and educate curious visitors about the historic site. One rule heavily emphasized upon a visit to Rhyolite is: look at it, photograph it, and leave it! To take any part of Rhyolite with you can result in a hefty \$5,000 fine. Each of the 30,000 bottles making up



Top: Main Street, Rhyolite, NV 1909

Middle: Tom Kelly's Bottle House

— COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR —

*Bottom: Porter Brothers General Store, Rhyolite 1900.
(Compare to the present-day photos, next page.)*

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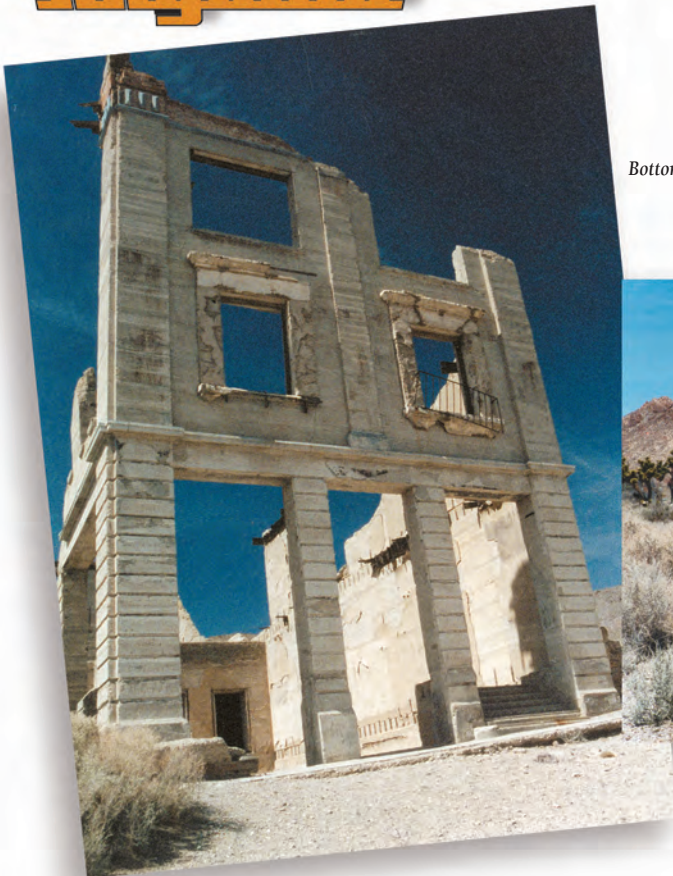
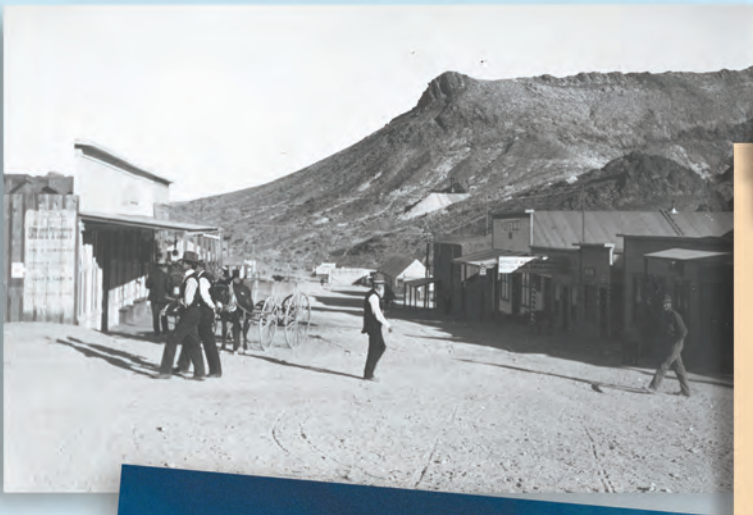


the Bottle House is considered an artifact, thus thieves may think twice before claiming one.

The West is famous for its ghost towns—towns that were built on a dream and quickly abandoned for better opportunities. We are lucky to experience Rhyolite, thanks to the people who recognize its valuable and fascinating history. Every year, approximately 70,000 visitors from around the world pass through Rhyolite with visions of Western folklore stirring their imagination. Imagine the West without ghost towns. It just wouldn't be the same.



OR BUST Rhyolite



Top: a busy day on Main Street, Rhyolite, circa 1909
Middle: remains of the Porter Brother General Store
Bottom left: the Cook Bank Building
Bottom right: Las Vegas Tonopah Railroad Station
 — COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR —



SIDE ROAD

To get to Rhyolite from Las Vegas, Nevada go northeast on US-95 to Beatty, then four miles west on State 374, approximately 120 miles. Admission is free, but a donation is always appreciated.

The proper attire for the region is clothing suitable for hiking, such as long pants (no matter what season) and sensible boots or shoes. Winter in the desert is typically in the 50s; fall/spring low in the 70s; summer could reach 115 degrees. The terrain is rocky, dusty, and scattered with desert brush. Be sure to keep an eye out for desert dwellers such as rattlesnakes, scorpions and spiders when walking through brush and rocks. Always carry water!

If you need a place to stay, communities such as Beatty, Amargosa Valley, Death Valley and Pahrump have hotels and/or RV Parks. For hotel listings, you may visit www.rhyolitejamboree.com/hotels.html. Feel free to contact the Friends of Rhyolite by e-mail: mail@rhyolite.org; or snail mail: P.O. Box 128 Beatty, NV 89003 with any questions regarding the area.

For a complete listing of Nevada ghost towns, visit www.ghosttowns.com/states/nv/nv.html, or stop by your favorite library or bookstore and ask for information on Nevada ghost towns.

Robin Bronsky is a freelance writer and website designer in Freehold, New Jersey who's fascinated with ghost towns. This is her first article for *True West*.

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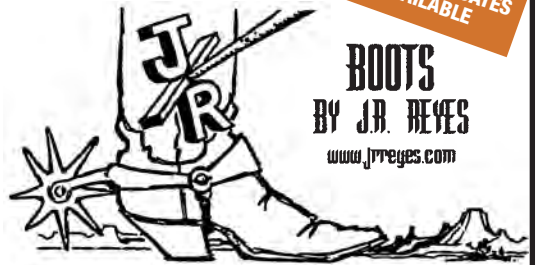


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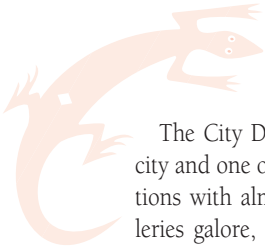
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The best historic attraction is the Loretto Chapel (207 Old Santa Fe Trail) and its famous "miraculous staircase." Legend has it that a mysterious carpenter built the corkscrew stairs using no nails and no support beams. The stairs, which feature two 360-degree turns, were built between 1878 and 1881. Photography is allowed in the chapel, which also sports an excellent gift shop.

Santa Fe, of course, is a shopper's paradise. Liberty Westerns (227 Don Gaspar), Lucchese (a Lyle Lovett fave, 203 W. Water), Nathalie (503 Canyon Road), Back at the Ranch (209 E. Marcy) and Blondi's (122 W. San Francisco) will be happy to outfit you in high-end duds suited for the manure-less West, not the barn.

On the historic Plaza, Simply Santa Fe (72 E. San Francisco) has just about everything, but for the best Santa Fe shopping experience, walk to Packard's (61 Old Santa Fe Trail), look at the stunning jewelry and get a history lesson on Hopi kachinas and fetishes from Don, The Kachina Man.

If art's your game, few can match the Western artifacts at Manitou Galleries (225 Galisteo) or Sherwoods Spirit of America (130 S. Lincoln), while the Joe Wade Gallery (102 E. Water) offers an exquisite selection from contemporary artists such as Buck McCain and Jack Sorenson.

For the overall treat, however, stroll through the sculpture garden at Nedra Matteucci Galleries (1075 Paseo de Peralta) and marvel (as we locals still do) at the various displays inside including an extraordinary collection of Sacagawea Dollar artist Glenna Goodacre's works.

Nor is there a shortage of museums. Palace of the Governors (105 E. Palace) and El Rancho de las Golondrinas (334 Los Pinos) are sure to please history buffs, while Indian enthusiasts have their choice between the Institute of American Indian Arts Museum (108 Cathedral), the Museum of Indian Arts and Culture (710 Camino Lejo), and Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian (704 Camino Lejo).

The "must-see" destination, though, is the Museum of International Folk Art (706 Camino Lejo), featuring 120,000 pieces from more than 100 countries and stunning dioramas. Allow plenty of time to see everything at this museum, which will surely prove a hit for adults and kids alike.

For information, write Santa Fe Convention & Visitors Bureau, 201 W. Marcy St., Santa Fe, NM 87501, call (800) 777-2489, or log on to www.santafe.org.

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On a budget: Harry's Roadhouse

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Best Views

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Pssst: Johnny D. Boggs says September-October is the best time to visit Santa Fe to avoid the Labor Day-Memorial Day peak tourist season. No, you can't stay at his house.



The "miraculous staircase" as it appeared before the railing was added.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —





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The Ballad Of Don Edwards.

Troubadour keeps Western music alive in the twenty-first century.

In some ways Don Edwards is actually a curator, not just an entertainer, himself a kind of living history museum. "I believe that we're all a part of a net of music survival . . . we owe a debt to each other."

In a fast-moving world where MTV has replaced live concerts and music is often delivered digitally off a "jukebox" known as a PC, can there still be room for a real live, old-fashioned balladeer?

Absolutely—if you're Don Edwards, a self-proclaimed minstrel of Western music. "That's how I see myself," he said in a recent interview for *True West*, "carrying on the tradition of bringing music to the people; one person, one song at a time." Edwards, originally an eastern transplant to Texas, proves that the West is truly a state of mind, as well as a region. No one

sings more faithfully the old songs of the cowboy or lives closer to the cowboy code than this authentic musician.

Raised in the era of the singing cowboys, Gene Autry and Tex Ritter to name a couple, Edwards knew by the age of nine that he wanted to sing. His father played the old 78s as he grew up, especially music by Mac McClintock, and Edwards was deeply influenced by the sound and subject of these early Western musicians. By the time the folk-music era blossomed in the '60s, he was already bringing his warm and mellow style to audiences in the East, but they never really understood him. It wasn't until a decade later when he took his act to the clubs of Fort Worth and finally to Elko, Nevada, to the stages of the Western Folklife Center's annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering, that he truly found his niche.

In 1968, Edwards went to Nashville, at the time when the hugely popular country music of the '50s was already on the wane. Audiences there actually told him he belonged in Greenwich Village! Producers didn't understand his brand of Western music and tried to make it sound more like the popular radio music of the time, wanting more frills, more layers. He knew he had to move on.

The Western boom launched by the film *Urban Cowboy* in the '80s came and went, turning Western music briefly into a pop-disco phenomenon and popularizing blue jeans for a new urban consumer. In music, the closest thing to real Western at the time was Kenny

Don Edwards has capitalized on the growing appreciation of authentic, historically based music of the West.

— PHOTO BY DONALD KALLAUS —

Troubadour keeps Western music alive in the twenty-first century.

Rogers, a far cry from Edwards' style.

One night, while playing at the White Elephant Saloon in Fort Worth, someone in the audience told him he ought to head for Elko, which he decided to do. From then on, his life has never been the same. Since his first appearances there, Edwards has tapped into the growing appreciation of authentic, historically based music of the West, and his career has flourished. "Performing at Elko has opened all kinds of doors. I've met so many great people: it's still a very special time and place for me."

Edwards eventually signed with the Western Jubilee Recording Company

in Colorado Springs, Colorado, which liked what he had to offer and took him on, saying, "Just do what you like to do." Credit also goes to Scott O'Malley and Michael Evans who soon became his distributors, largely responsible for making Edwards the familiar face and name in the Western music business he has become today.

If Don Edwards' musical sound is new to the reader, just think back to the "Golden Era" when cowboys were gentle heroes with strong hearts and had compassion for all things. When the simple strains of Western music both inspired and healed and even seduced the listener into believing there was a better world behind us, and just maybe (if we listened hard enough), ahead of us, too. Imagine the quintessential voice of the range drover, singing his cattle to sleep, or the love-struck cowboy longing for his girl. Edwards, a consummate stylist, has a pleasant voice that ranges from the deepest baritone to a full tenor, with a warm and expressive sound, feeling familiar and new at the same time. Maturity has only lent depth and credibility to a voice that almost sounds ageless. From the passionate songs of legendary Marty Robbins to the classic titles of the old Western tradition, Don Edwards handles them all. Also known for his expert yodeling ability (a crowd-pleaser everywhere), Edwards also plays the banjo and is a skilled musician, owning a prestigious collection of acoustic guitars.

"When I was playing for audiences in my early days," he explains, "we sometimes played what was then called 'country music.' I had a string band and liked to perform swing, old cowboy songs, vaudeville tunes, and country blues." Titles of his recorded music today only hint at his rich and extended repertoire. Highlights among 14



Edwards' performances, whether you call them Country, Western, folk, Americana or whatever, are about music as art, not purely commercialism. "It's about not sounding manufactured, but sounding created," Edwards said in a True West interview.

— PHOTO BY DONALD KALLAUS —

popular CDs are "West of Yesterday," "Kin to the Wind—Memories of Marty Robbins," "My Hero Gene Autry," "Saddle Songs," and "America's Singing Cowboy." Recognized by the Western Music Association, Edwards also has twice received the National Cowboy Hall of Fame's Wrangler Award for Outstanding Traditional Music, for *Chant of the Wanderer* in 1992 and *West of Yesterday* in '96.

"What I'm most interested in today," Edwards says, "is the archival music: the old, historic pieces. I believe if we don't preserve these early tunes, they're going to be gone forever. Preserving them means bringing them

to light." Edwards points out that in his own early days, he and other singers were writing new songs in the tradition. "My work was rooted in the Western mentality. Now, I'm more interested in research, trying to put together the threads that built the tradition, taking a look at voices and stories that have been neglected—the work of singer Walt LaRue for example."

By focusing on preservation, Edwards is in fact passing the torch, ensuring a future for a new generation to interpret. "You have to play the music to keep it alive; even if there's just a fragment to work with, you can add to it. At the moment, I'm currently redoing my old songbook with tablature since people who bought it were guitar players and wanted more. Another project was initiated by a performance at Yale University where one of the college deans remarked that my music evoked a sense of the blues, at least to her ear. Further discussion clarified that when I sang, she heard the same delivery and structure of the early black musicians she loved. That clicked for me. I'd always thought there was a link. With the research I've done, now I'm sure of it."

Edwards notes that, in the early days, music was one of the few professions where there was no prejudice; success was about how well you played, not who you were. So the opportunity for enrichment was huge. "Players got together all over the country and shared what they had. A great resource for early work is the anthology created by Jack Thorpe in 1908. Thorpe was the first man to collect and publish the songs of the old cowboys. Like him, I guess I've become a music ethnologist."

Don Edwards' future is one of his own design, geared toward reaching ever-wider audiences through personal

Troubadour keeps Western music alive in the twenty-first century.

appearances. As a result of a brief role singing in Robert Redford's huge film success *The Horse Whisperer*, Edwards gained instant recognition with a nation of filmgoers. A cable TV spot promoting a double CD recorded by Don airs throughout the West and has brought unexpectedly high returns. Warm audience response in terms of packed houses and brisk sales is a testament not only to Edwards' personal success, but also, to quote Bob Dylan, "to the changin' of the times."

"I believe there's a clear return ahead," Edwards says. "A way back to traditional values. When you think about it, we live in a culture that doesn't value much. Audiences often listen to what I have to say with a sense of nostalgia, even in college towns. I feel like America's kids are hungry for something that's real. For personal contact, for the story. And for the frontier that existed long before cyber-space. Remember, the greatest folk hero that ever lived is the American cowboy. Everyone recognizes him."

For every cowboy entertainer, there's a conflict between life on the road and the life that defines the man. Living the cowboy life gives anchor, reference and meaning to Western music, although being a cowboy is not requisite to playing Western music. In Edwards' case, he and his wife, Cathy, live on a 482-acre ranch in Texas that suits his lifestyle. His wife helps him manage his career and often tours with him as well. "She makes me feel grounded," Edwards says, admiration in his voice. "She does all my homework." In any case, when he's home he feels that he is a part of the greater Western community and relates to the cattlemen who live on the land he loves.

"In a way, I represent everybody in the lifestyle and that works for me. I don't try to go everywhere, penetrating the bluegrass market or Country. I know who I am and I'm comfortable with it. In mainstream, where music is manufactured for mass consumption, there are very few people who have succeeded in bringing the Western sound to audiences. Vince Gill, Marty Stuart, and Lee Roy Parnell are three notable exceptions. But America is listening: the recent soundtrack to the film *O Brother, Where Art Thou?*, a mix of bluegrass country and western blues, sold nearly two million units in nine weeks. That's good news for us all."

In a culture that worships youth, Don Edwards is no anomaly, but rather proof that talent has staying power



Historian, author and musicologist, Edwards is well-versed in cowboy lore and varied musical traditions.

— PHOTO BY DONALD KALLAUS —

and sex appeal. More popular today than at any time in his career, Edwards' white hair and piercing blue eyes brand him as an attractive entertainer. Young and old alike think he's "cool."

"What luck," he adds. "After all, in what other industry does one have the staying power I have except in the music industry?" Icons like Johnny Cash would agree. But the point is not that Edwards has grown children and grandchildren, but that his ability to reach the heart of his audience has not been diminished by his years, only enhanced by them. In addition to recognition, he now also has a hard-won, signature style, plus a measure of authority and credibility that can only come from the passing of time and the wisdom gained by it.

When asked if Edwards himself had reached his personal goals, he confirmed, "I believe I've accomplished what I set out to do. And, I'm still doing it. Currently I'm working on a record with Norman Blake and Peter Rowan called *High Lonesome Cowboy*, plus I continue to collect old 78s, songbooks, anything of historical value to further define what I sing."

In some ways Don Edwards is actually a curator, not just an entertainer, himself a kind of living history museum. "I believe that we're all a part of a net of music survival," he adds. "We owe a debt to each other. When you think about the men who got early starts like Ian Tyson and Ramblin' Jack Elliott—gosh, we're all getting up there. But we've continued the legacy of the balladeer and that's what's important."

Edwards points out that words like minstrel or balladeer are terms this culture barely understands. He reminds us that the early songsters were men who sang everything. They told the old stories and the new ones. "No matter what you do in life today," Edwards adds, "you just don't know who you are without the past. I owe a debt to those who went before. So, even if I'm looked at as an elder statesman by some, I know I'm the lucky one. I'm a steward of this music no less than a rancher is a steward of the land."

★
Corinne J. Brown is a Colorado-born Western music wannabe who survived the folk era only to be eternally challenged by flat picks and yodeling. Her first Western novel has just been published by Thorndike Five Star (a trilogy) and will happily keep her writing instead of singing.

Ranch Hand Rodeo.

Hard ridin' fun on the range.

When I was a kid picking cotton in Texas, certain drugstore cowboys sang a song that went:

*When it's roundup time in Texas,
And the bloom is on the sage,
Hear the breakfast horn
In the early morn,
And forget to act your age!*

Well, anyone with half a holster knows I don't have the words right, but the spirit is there—which sort of explains why I'm sitting in crowded bleachers at the Wichita Country Mounted Patrol Arena on an August evening waiting for the Texas Ranch Roundup to begin.

Rodeo cowboys are professional athletes, whereas the Texas Ranch Roundup, which each year sees attendees from some of the biggest ranches in Texas, features only the work that is actually performed by cowboys on the range. The shindig is for charity, but has been sponsored for the last few years by Bud Light. It's an annual event in Wichita Falls.

"When're they a-gettin' this show on the road?" asked a graying, distinguished man next to me. Gratified as I was to be mistaken for a Westerner who knew such things, the answer to his question came from elsewhere as two cowboys suddenly thundered down the arena to rope a rangy cow with wicked-looking horns. The event—team branding, done here with a paint brush but on the range with a hot iron.

A thunder of hooves, and a cowboy—rope twirling like a rotor—has nailed another cow.

"What is this event?" asked my graying seat mate. I noticed that his clothes and hat looked expensive. No doubt he was a dude. I said, "Oh, just some wild cow milkin'."

I was careful to leave off the "g." This fellow

didn't have to know I was from Missouri.

"Is this really practiced on the range?"

Ah. Heaven had given me a chance to be a cowboy, or at least be taken for one. I tugged at the beat-up Stetson I'd bought earlier in a Salvation Army Store, and explained.

"Own th' range," I said (recalling the Texas language from my boyhood in cotton fields), "real cowboys drank lotsa cawffee. If a cowboy desires cream for that cawffee, he has t'git it from th' source."



Let 'er rip boys—A cowboy takes off on a buckin' horse, near Socorro, New Mexico in the 1880s.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —

I could see his eyes widen with respect.

*I'm an old cowhaannnd,
From the Rio Graaande!*

My companion had obtained, perhaps through barter, a rumples program. "It says here that saddle bronc riding is next," he said. "Know anything about that?"

No, I didn't, but with such a willing, even eager, listener I could care less. The Lord's bounty had overflowed. This greenhorn was too good to be true. I leaned toward him.

Continued on page 59

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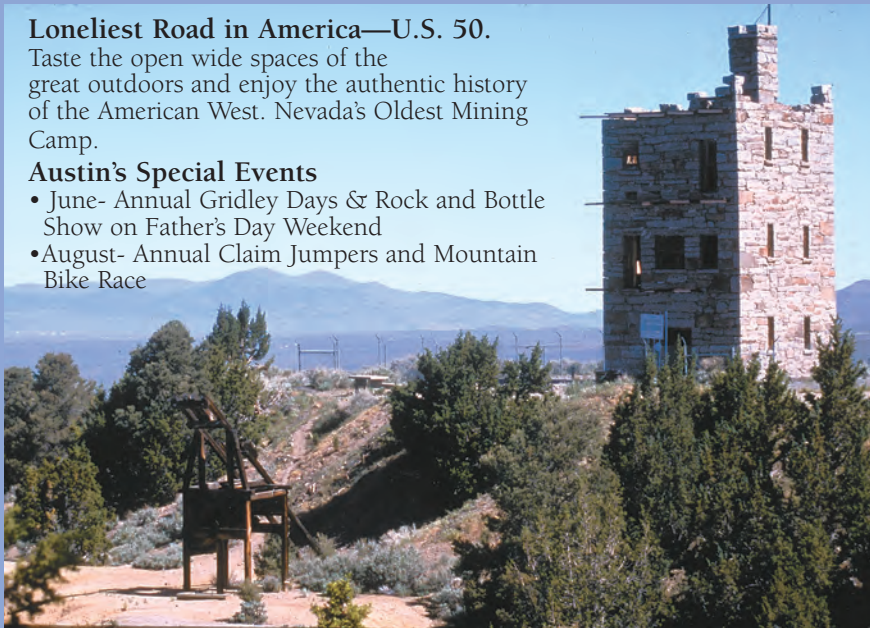
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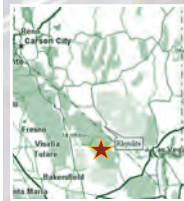
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Early ranch rodeos included rather eccentric competitions like the ring grab, shown above, at Socorro, New Mexico circa 1882.

—TRUE WEST ARCHIVES—

Continued from page 56

“Just between you and me,” I said in a low voice, “they only call it that for the benefit of non-cowboys.” I gave my Stetson a tug. “What they’re really doing is testing saddles. You watch when that rider comes out on that bronc . . . there! See? Lookit him hang onto that saddle horn! He does that a lot, with every part of the saddle, so you can imagine what a testing it gets.”

“My, you really know your stuff,” the dude said admiringly.

“Thank you.”

I confess that the fellow’s gullibility had begun to make me feel a trifle guilty, but only a trifle. As long as he asked questions, I could supply answers. Of course, being from Missouri equipped me to follow the famous dictum of, I think, Mark Twain, who said, “Never relate the facts when you can exaggerate.”

“I suppose . . . well, of course you’ve done some rodeoing, right?”

“In my youth,” I said. “I once beat Casey Tibbs.”

“The world champion bronc rider?” he said incredulously.

“Yup.”

I saw no point in saying I had beaten Tibbs at checkers, out behind a chute, while gathering information for a rodeo story for my college newspaper.

I turned to the dude, touched my Stetson briefly, and said, “Well, podner, Ah gotta hit th’ trail. But Ah hope Ah was able t’ explain a few thangs about rodeoin’ t’ yew.”

“Oh, you did,” he said with a big smile. “Why, I never heard of half that stuff you told me! Reckon I’ve led a sheltered life.”

“Where was that?”

“Oh,” he said, “I’m the owner of . . .”

And he named one of the biggest ranches in Texas. *Editor’s Note: The Texas Ranch Roundup is held the third week in August, Wichita Falls, Texas. For more information, call: 940-723-2741.*



Poet and writer **William Childress** was born in Oklahoma, worships the late Woody Guthrie, plays guitar and banjo, throws tomahawks, served in the Korean War, is an ex-paratrooper with three honorable discharges, and has two Pulitzer Prize nominations. He still has the scars where a sorrel threw him into a bob-wire fence.

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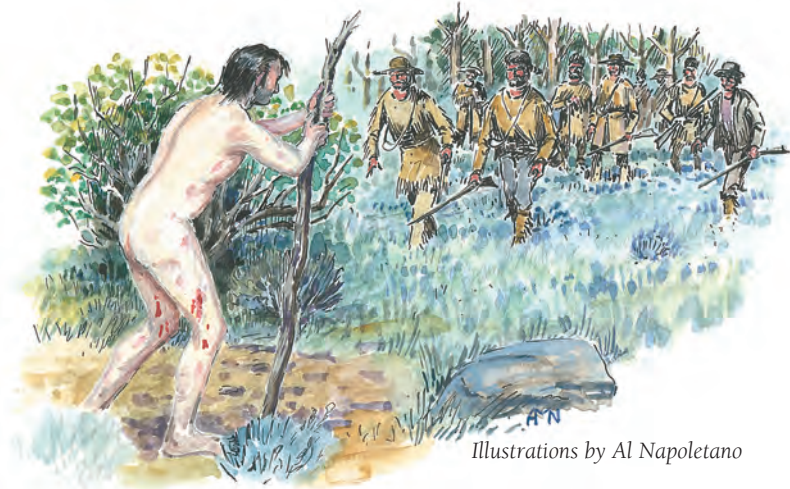
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On the beach, the white men laid low behind the dead horses and returned fire as best as they could but there was very little to shoot at since the red men were well hidden behind the village stockade. Occasionally, one of them jolted or moaned when a bullet or arrow hit. Jed Smith, Hugh Glass, William Sublette, Ed Rose, Jim Clyman, Thomas Fitzpatrick, all men who would become famous in mountain man lore, fought for their lives. Too many of their comrades slumped over dead as the morning reverberated with gunfire and the beach filled with gunsmoke.

Ashley finally got two skiffs headed for the beach. Men on shore scrambled for the boats and almost sunk one when too many clambered in it. After the skiffs took several loads of men to the keelboats, the Arikaras seemed to improve their aim. When another skiff came to shore, the white men hurried to it, but a sudden volley of musket balls sent them scurrying for cover and the skiff went drifting downriver. Jed Smith made one more shot and then hollered for everybody to make a run for it. The surviving white men jumped up and ran for the river. It was every man for himself. A couple were dropped with arrows in their backs. The rest splashed into the water and swam hard for the keelboats. A few of those who were wounded didn't have the strength to make it and drowned.

Jim Clyman struggled against the strong current of the Missouri River but was still swept past the keelboats. He had to get rid of his rifle, pistol, ball pouch and shirt in order to avoid drowning. When it seemed like he was going to go under anyway, he heard a voice calling to him. It was Reed Gibson. Gibson had also been carried down the river by the current but luckily came across the skiff which had gone adrift and climbed in. He helped Clyman into the boat. Clyman collapsed in the bottom of the skiff, completely exhausted. No sooner was he in the boat, however, than Gibson was hit by a musket ball. He paddled a little longer and then slumped forward. Clyman took the paddle and worked the skiff to the shore. He trudged up the bank to look around and get a bearing on his location. That's when he saw Indians

A few days later, Jack Larriison showed up at Ashley's camp naked as the day he was born . . .



Illustrations by Al Napoletano

swimming across the river toward them. Gibson struggled to get out of the boat, holding his abdomen where he had been shot, and stumbled up the bank to join Clyman. He, too, saw the Indians coming.

"Save yourself, Clyman, and pay no attention to me as I am a dead man and they can get nothing of me but my scalp."

Clyman struggled with the moment. He considered getting back in the skiff, rowing out into the water and beating the Indians with the oar. But there were too many.

"Run, Clyman," Gibson moaned. "But if you escape write to my friends in Virginia and tell them what has become of me."

Clyman turned and started a long run across the prairie. Gibson shuffled for the brush along the riverbank and hoped to hide.

Meanwhile, Ashley figured all the men who were going to get to the keelboats had done so. He yelled for the anchors to be hauled up, and the two keelboats drifted downriver, away from the howls of the Arikaras. A few miles downriver they came across Reed Gibson on the shore. He was taken on board but it was obvious he was dying. A little bit further down the river, they saw Clyman standing on the shore frantically waving at them. He, too, was taken on board.

After drifting down the river with the current for about 25 miles, Ashley ordered the keelboats be tied up at a stand of trees. He took an accounting of his losses. Thirteen men were dead or lost. Eleven

were wounded and two would soon die. They had lost all of their horses and a lot of supplies. They couldn't get up the river and past the Arikara villages so he sent messengers back down the river for help. Jed Smith, a devout Christian man, said the prayers over the graves of their fallen comrades. He had already spent one winter in the mountains and seen a lot of things, but nothing like the massacre at the Arikara villages. He hoped and prayed he would never see such carnage again. Sadly, he would.

A few days later, Jack Larriison showed up at Ashley's camp naked as the day he was born, his skin peeling off his body. He had been shot on the beach, the musket ball passing through one thigh and lodging in the other. He told them he laid between two dead horses when the keelboats left. A little later, he stripped off his clothing and jumped into the river to try and escape. The Indians saw him and shot at him but he got away with no further injuries.

Clyman later wrote, "Before meeting with this defeat I think few men had Stronger Ideas of their bravery and disregard of fear than I had but standing on a bear (sic) and open sand barr (sic) to be shot at from behind a picketed Indian village was more than I had contracted for and some what cooled my courage."

Tim Simmons, in addition to writing for *Wild West*, *Persimmon Hill* and numerous other publications, has also written two books, *Up From the Ashes* and *Brothers of the Pine*.

Johnny Boggs talks with Merlin Miller about a new Indie Western.

MERLIN FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF 'JERICHO' and the distribution walls don't come tumblin' down.



This year's *American Outlaws* turned out to be as big a blunder as the James-Younger gang's Northfield, Minnesota bank robbery. The film's wretched reviews and quick box-office demise won't help *Texas Rangers*—in the can but on perpetual hold—ever see a theater screen.

On the other hand, TNT's poorly reviewed *Crossfire Trail* drew a ton of viewers in January, which must mean audiences are interested in seeing horses, shoot-outs and Western vistas—or maybe just Tom Selleck in chaps and hat. Meanwhile, two independent features, *The Long Ride Home* (starring Randy Travis) and *Jericho*, were set for release last fall, and writer-director Barry Tubbs' *Grand Champion*, a modern-day family flick with Bruce Willis and Julia Roberts in small roles, wrapped up production last summer in West Texas.

But can these movies draw crowds and please critics? Well, *Jericho* won the Crystal Palm Award for best feature film at the Marco Island Film Festival and a Platinum Award for best action/adventure film at the Worldfest-Houston International Film Festival. The movie is directed by 49-year-old Merlin Miller, a graduate of the U.S. Military Academy, and the University of Southern California's Peter Stark Motion Picture Producing Program. Miller also helped form Black Knight Productions, which produced *Jericho*.

From his office in a very un-Western setting—Marco Island, Florida—Miller took time to discuss the movie and the state of the Westerns with *True West*.

TW: Tell us a little bit about Black Knight Productions.

Merlin Miller: Our company was formed three years ago with the goal of making high-quality but low-cost films. We wanted to do films that had patriotic themes and were reminiscent of the golden era, in the sense of having values and heroes. *Jericho* was the first project we selected to go into production. It was a high-quality screenplay set in the 1870s in the Southwest. We raised money for it, and did it as an independent feature. We were in production in April and May, and actually brought the film in on budget and on schedule.

Where did you film it?

Most of it was shot in Alamo Village in Brackettville, Texas, where John Wayne built the set for *The Alamo*. We also shot some scenes at Rancho Rio Grande, just south of Del Rio. That area is where all the principal acting was done, and we shot some second-unit footage, mountain scenes and train scenes, in New Mexico and the southern Colorado border.

Who is in the cast?

Leon Coffee, internationally known as a rodeo clown and a bullfighter, plays a co-starring role. The star is

Mark Valley, who has just been cast in *Pasadena*, a new series on Fox, so we're hoping that series really takes off. R.

Lee Erme, who has been in a few Westerns and played the sergeant in *Full Metal Jacket*, plays the marshal. And Buck Taylor, who has been in a lot of Westerns and was in *Gunsmoke*, plays the trail boss.

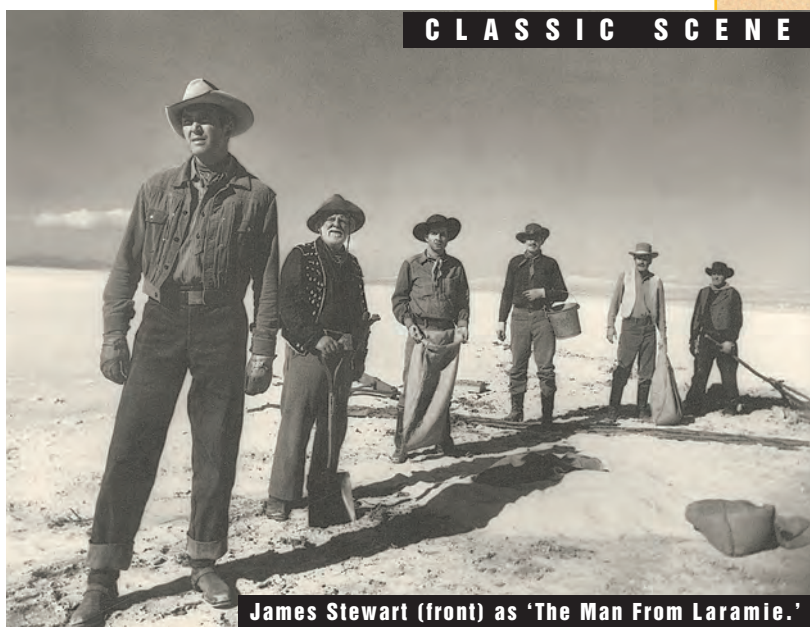
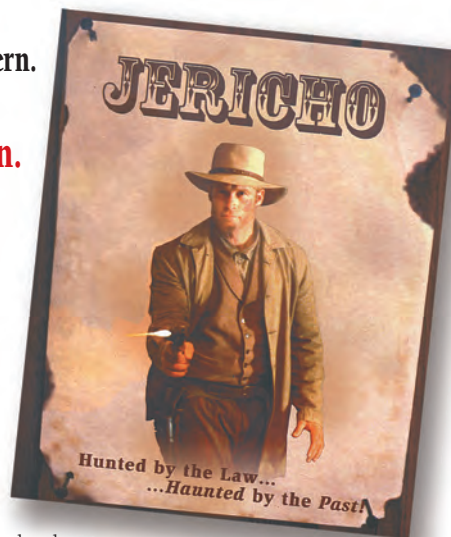
What's the story?

It's a Western, but it's also a mystery. It's about this gunfighter who is found nearly dead and is rescued and befriended by a wandering black preacher.

It's kind of a cross between a Hitchcock movie and a John Ford Western. It's an interesting mix.

You have already won awards at film festivals. Does that help attract viewers or distributors?

Our whole game plan was to try to secure distribution with a major, or mini-major distributor. But they just don't want to even look at the film. It's kind of amazing to me, and we didn't really understand it, but I suspect it goes back to the fact that it's a Western and most of Hollywood's attitude is very much opposed to doing Westerns.



WESTERNS

WESTERNS
IN THE WORKS



HANSKA SLOUGH CREW

Principal photography for a new docudrama produced by True West on the life of Cole Younger was shot near Madison Lake, MN last September 10. Playing members of the Madelia posse and the Youngers were members of the Key City Cowboys, a chapter of SASS (listed with their SASS aliases). Front row, L to R: Larry Schroers (alias Colt Cowboy), Mike Pulis (alias Heck Thomas), Rex Macbeth (alias Coleman Pitts), John Schwartz (alias Slowhand). Standing, L to R: Marty Ahlman (alias Coyote Cap), Les Ennis (alias Outlaw Exterminator), Andy Anderson (alias Bloody Bill), Bill Ruch (alias Black Hawk Bill), Wayne Fisher (alias Brazil), Jared Anderson (alias Jared), Glen Hamann (alias Mad Jack).

Why does Hollywood turn up its nose at the Western?

For the most part, my contemporaries as filmmakers live in a world of gray. There isn't clear right over wrong. Because of that, the spirit, the patriotism, the national attitude about conquering the frontier, are not things that interest the Hollywood crowd [this interview was done prior to the World Trade Center bombing]. I came out of the Midwest, and most of my partners tend to have Mid-America values and attitudes.

What Westerns did you like growing up?

Oh, gosh. I loved *Shane*, *The Searchers*; most anything John Ford did I really liked. I was at a screening of *The Man from Laramie* last year, and remember standing in a long line for a 46-year-old movie that's not even a classic, and hearing a theater worker say, "There's nothing like a Western to get people excited."

Good Westerns don't have to cost gobs of money. Those Budd Boetticher-Randolph Scott films of the late 1950s and early

1960s—*The Tall T*, *Comanche Station* and others—were B movies, but well done. They remain highly watchable and made Randolph Scott a ton of money. Hollywood tends to overproduce these days. Our budget was just under \$2 million. **Randy Travis has a Western, like yours an independent feature, coming out this fall. And TNT makes one or two Westerns a year. Is that the Western's future: independent and cable movies?**

There is a crowd of people who support Westerns. In fact, we had talked to Randy Travis about being in our film, but it didn't work schedule-wise.

But there is an undercurrent of interest in Westerns. They just have to be done right. I really hope the Western can come back, and I think *Jericho* is the type of film that could do it. It's just a question of somehow getting it out to the public and getting people to find us.

A new Indie Western, *The Long Ride Home*, starring country music singer **RANDY TRAVIS** opened last October. Directed by **ROB MARCARELLI** (he also directed 1999's *Omega Code*), this tale of good gunfighter-bad gunfighter was shot on location at the **Paramount Movie Ranch** in Southern California. Also starring is **ERIC ROBERTS** and veteran film star **ERNEST BORGNINE**. Stunt man, horse wrangler and *True West* contributor **THADD TURNER** tells us that on more than one occasion, the octogenarian Borgnine would remind everyone on the set, "Let's get this thing filming. I may not be around after the lunch break!"

COWBOY DAN'S REVIEW

With supernatural undertones **DWIGHT YOAKAM** has delivered an intriguing film that requires a second look. People say "when you die, you're dead." Well, are they dead or are they stuck drifting in the wind *South Of Heaven...West of Hell?*



It's not as good as *Tombstone* but far better than *American Outlaws*. I hated this the first time I saw it, and then decided to see it on DVD, which made all the difference. I saw a lot that I missed at first and now enjoy this film, especially the catchy background music.

After watching the movie, visit the best Western website I've been to in years—www.southofheavenwestofhell.com

Best Worst Review

"By now, about the only way to imagine this genre getting worse is if they did a remake of *The Wild Bunch* starring Corey Feldman, Corey Haim, and the Hanson Brothers."

—Entertainment Weekly's review of *American Outlaws* (they gave it a D+)



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Railway construction into the Valley began in the summer of 1904 and its completion in 1905 stimulated mining in Clark County, which led to the founding of Las Vegas as a freight and passenger depot for southern Nevada.

Fifty years later, the valley of tropical fruit gave way to "Glitter Gulch" and "The Strip" and their cash crop of clubs such as the Tropicana, the Golden Nugget, the Fremont Hotel, and the California Hotel and Casino, to name a few.



Charles "Pop" Squires' Big Tent Hotel Las Vegas (above) was one of several Las Vegas Valley desert facilities in 1905. Here men could eat, drink, gamble, make music, swap stories and sleep. The 40 x 140-foot canvas building was located near the corner of North Main Street and Fremont Avenue. Prefabricated canvas and lumber from Los Angeles were freighted in and assembled on site. The interior of the kitchen and dining room, adjacent to the big tent, can be seen in the inset black and white photo.

— COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA LAS VEGAS —



Today, the California Hotel and Casino occupies North Main and Fremont where "Pop" Squires operated his Big Tent Hotel Las Vegas.

— PHOTO COURTESY BOYD GAMING CORPORATION —

True West would like to thank David Millman, Curator of Collections at the Nevada State Museum and Historical Society for his help with this article.

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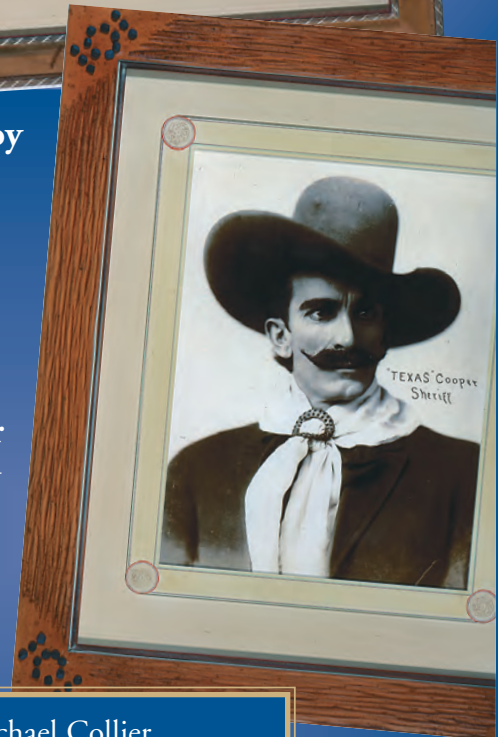
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Clockwise, from bottom left: Doc appears in *Law and Order*, 1932, and is portrayed in a wide range of roles from devoted friend of Wyatt in *Hour of the Gun*, 1967, (top, left and right) to cult hero in *Tombstone*, 1993 (center). Throughout his many screen incarnations, Doc has become a scene-stealer and maybe the most important character at the so-called OK Corral gunfight.

Real To Reel.

John H. "Doc" Holliday in film.



Cesar Romero appears as Doc in the 1939 *Frontier Marshal*, based on the Stuart Lake book of the same name.

It's possible that Doc Holliday never made a house call, yet there are few Americans who don't know him. In fact, it's doubtful that anyone since the 1920s has entirely missed a Hollywood attempt—21 in all—at telling his story. And, though

Holliday is generally cast in a secondary role to Wyatt Earp, he invariably winds up stealing the show.

In a recent interview, Harry Carey, Jr. wondered: "Why didn't Dad play Doc the way he really was?" The answer lies in the on-going dilemma that nobody knows who Doc Holliday "really was."

What is there about John H. Holliday, Southern gambler and educated rogue, that draws authors, scriptwriters and producers back to look at him anew? Few facts are known of his life and personal interviews were limited. Recorded comments about Holliday were generally made by men who disliked him. Wyatt Earp, his closest friend, called him a gentleman, a philosopher and a wit. Yet his words became increasingly ignored by a horde of quasi-historians, many of whom chose to emphasize the less complimentary aspects of what Earp and others had said of Doc Holliday. Bat Masterson, who knew Doc, but vied with Holliday for Earp's friendship, termed him, "of mean disposition, ungovernable temper, and a most dangerous man."

He was vilified by others for an "irascible disposition," and being "the coldest-blooded killer in Tombstone." These would become the sources generally employed for his many film appearances. Additionally, few would-be biographers failed to note Wyatt's further words about Doc: "Perhaps Doc's strong, outstanding peculiarity was the enormous amount of whiskey he could punish: two to three quarts of liquor a day."

Although appearing in Artcraft Pictures' *Wild Bill Hickok* in 1923, it would be W.R. Burnett's novel, *Saint Johnson*, that Edward L. Cahn chose for Doc's unquestioned major film debut in the 1932 *Law and Order*. John Huston's first screenwriting attempt cast seasoned western actor Harry Carey in the Holliday role.

Kindred ties are cemented with the Earp (Johnson) brothers in an early fireside scene evoking remarkable harmony, and there is absolutely no doubt that Holliday is a professional gambler. Doc (Brandt White) appears permanently attached to a shotgun with which he eats, sleeps, and ultimately dies. Despite such verbal threats as, "The only way to clean up this town [is] let me at 'em,"

the 1932 Doc Holliday character may seem to modern audiences to be somewhat of a buffoon. He dresses shabbily with the exception of a silk top hat, while the classic Holliday education is lost in the salty western dialect of the day. Any hint at a proper upbringing is lost when Holliday throws his dirty wash water out the window. Doc's penchant for drinking sangria (with pinky extended) probably produces shudders in his loyal fans today. As with most of his first 20 years in film, Doc dies prior to the famous gunfight and shows remarkably good health throughout, fortified by unswerving loyalty to the brothers.

Law and Order introduces a romantic element with a photograph of a blonde beauty, inscribed "with love, Lotta." Undoubtedly, this refers to the oft repeated, but never proved, Texas affair between Holliday and Lottie Deno, the lady gambler. [See the November/December "Last Stand" for what she really thought of him.]

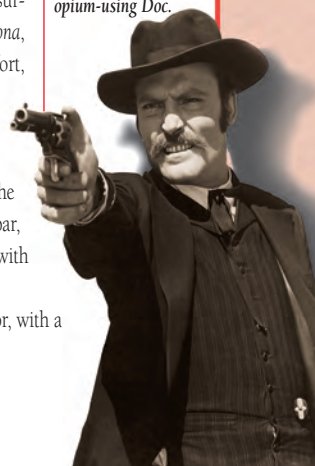
Despite Jon Tuska's condemnation of *Law and Order* as "a concentrated glimpse of human brutality," if for no other reason than as a pace-setter, *Law and Order* is a classic Doc Holliday film.

Lack of knowledge failed to deter creation of the Doc Holliday legend. While until her death, Josephine Sarah Marcus Earp practically threw her prostrate body, as it were, across any cinematic effort at using her husband's name, no one came forward to protect Doc from scriptwriters. Eight additional films in the thirties perpetuated much of the dark moodiness that would haunt the Holliday stereotype.

Frontier Marshal (a 1934 George O'Brien budget Western) starred Alan Edwards as "Doc Warren." Harvey Clark's Doc is an overweight, dirty and obviously drunken character in Universal's 1937 *Law for Tombstone* which is basically a Texas Ranger tale in which Doc is identified following a few clandestine remarks with the hero. Doc made a shadowy appearance that same year in Johnny Mack Brown's *Wild West Days*, and shows up as a surprisingly young Doc with Wild Bill Elliott in *Early Arizona*, Columbia, 1938. George O'Brien's second Tombstone effort, *The Marshal of Mesa City* (1939), presents yet another ineffectual Holliday, but it strengthens the loyalty theme. Dressed in black, the again young and slim Duke Allison (Henry Brandon as this version of Doc Holliday) carries the inevitable ivory-handled revolvers. Shown often at the bar, O'Brien's Holliday never coughs, and worse, is ill at ease with women.

Holliday roles throughout the 1930s are relatively minor, with a

Stacey Keach in *Doc*, 1971, brought Holliday into the drug culture as an opium-using Doc.



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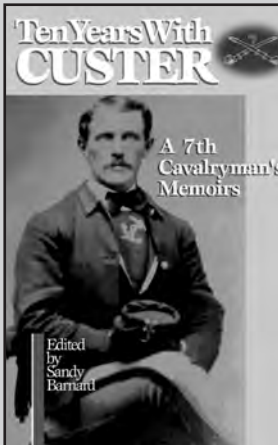
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BY SANDY BARNARD

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Real To Reel.

John H. "Doc" Holliday in film.



Dueling Docs, Val Kilmer (l) in *Tombstone* and Dennis Quaid (r) in *Wyatt Earp*, stole the show in their respective roles as Holliday.

Charles Vidor's *The Arizonian*, in 1936, was by far the banner film of the decade for Doc Holliday. Tex Randolph (played by Preston Foster) is one of the few suave and debonair gamblers to be seen in the next 58 years. Wearing ivory-handled revolvers, it's gratifying to note that Doc shows no propensity for a shotgun, yet remains a decided gambler and drinker.

Blatantly credited with the single-handed and highly successful Benson Stage robbery, Tex is disliked as "having killed three men in that area alone." Holliday's loyalty to Clay Tallant, the Earp figure, is not questioned.

Doc appears in good health; however, there is enough historic accuracy in *The Arizonian* to be recognized. While this film continues to portray the death of Holliday at the O.K. Corral, dramatically shot down in a smoky haze, his parting words, "I'm taking my guns," leave no doubt that he's a true shootist.

Although both Earp and Holliday characters had appeared heavily fictionalized in earlier films, both appeared under their own names in Darryl F. Zanuck's 1939 remake of *Frontier Marshal* starring Randolph Scott as Wyatt. Director Allen Dwan talked Josephine Earp out of a \$50,000 lawsuit for the use of her husband's name. Opening frames declare that the film is "based on a book by Stuart Lake", but screenwriter Sam Hellman consistently misspells Doc's surname as "Halliday."

Eight minutes into the film, the character is declared "the coldest killer in these parts," as Cesar Romero turns in a surprisingly good Doc—unbelievable, but certainly likeable. He is again young and well-dressed, but they portray him as a medical doctor and definitely not from the South. Worse than the sangria, Doc drinks milk in the opening stages of *Frontier Marshal* and (with a sigh of relief) he returns to whiskey midway into the story. His skill with a Buntline Special is early proclaimed, and he is blessed with not one, but two lady friends. *Frontier Marshal* finally shows Doc in fits of tubercular coughing—a matter ignored in film to that date.

Music, of course, had not been an option for silent Westerns, but the sound track for *Law and Order* alleviated some tedium, upped a notch by solos and mournful laments in *The Arizonian*. "Departure" music became somewhat of a mainstay for several decades of O.K. Corral stories, since vaudeville, traveling theater groups and saloon girls were a must to complete the picture of 1880s life. Fortunately, unlike the stories of Billy the Kid and the Alamo, no one has yet attempted a musical O.K. Corral.

Paramount got on the bandwagon in 1942 with its release of *Tombstone: The Town Too Tough to Die*, but it was Howard Hughes' 1943 *The Outlaw* that blew everything out of the water. Decidedly one of the most historically inaccurate of Hollywood sagas, Hughes nonetheless produced the first adult Western with a Doc Holliday character. Although the tale wanders far afield with the gambler in Lincoln County, New Mexico, cavorting with Billy the Kid and Pat Garrett, *The Outlaw* is a surprisingly good Doc

focus on his loyalty and the gambling/drinking aspects. Doc invariably dies prior to the gunfight, except in the second O'Brien film, in which he is identified as "a known killer and notorious murderer," condemned to die at the shoot-out.

Holliday story, with the lead played by Walter Huston. Doc's wit blazes in homespun quotes and philosophy; his poker playing is par excellence; and his flashing twin revolvers drop two deputies in early scenes. Rio (played by the voluptuous Jane Russell) is given questionable medical advice by the good doctor as he rides off displaying a surprisingly controversial knowledge of Indian ways, tracking and staying ahead of a posse. In a final gallant gesture, Doc allows himself to be gunned down by Garrett and is placed in a grave marked "Billy the Kid" (playing to a popular theme that Billy escaped to a better life).

The real hero of Hughes' film is the roan pony over whom Doc and Billy constantly barter. And while Jane Russell's bosom (which was touted as Hughes' reason for the film) gained more fame than *The Outlaw*, "Red," the roan pony, turns in possibly the best performance of the show.

John Ford led the way in making Westerns a leading feature in America's viewing preference. His 1939 *Stagecoach* features a drunken doctor with Southern manners (played by Thomas Mitchell) who can easily be identified as an older Doc Holliday character.

Ford continued in 1946 with the classic *Tombstone* story, *My Darling Clementine*, in which Victor Mature portrays an unusually dark and pensive Holliday. Mature's was not an easy lot as it cast him opposite Henry Fonda in the Wyatt Earp role, and Ford plagued his performance by calling him "Liver Lips."

Doc is, however, a qualified surgeon, educated in the classics, with a touch of mystery added by frequent trips to unknown destinations. He is declared as "owning the [town's] gambling." In a possible effort to white-wash his reputation, Dr. Holliday is given a good woman who shows up from the East to vie for his affections with the bad girl/good girl character played by Linda Darnell. The only shot Holliday fires in *My Darling Clementine* is at his own image in the mirror. His violent fits of coughing play a dramatic part in the Ford film; however, Holliday dies, once again erroneously, at the O.K. Corral.

Despite the rise of Westerns in the 1940s, the glory days of "horse operas" in every media imaginable were just around the corner in those Fabulous Fifties—the wonder years for America and the golden age of Hollywood. America felt good about her past and much of the myth of the West remained unchanged, including Doc Holliday.

Powder River (1953) kicked off Doc's appearance on screen in the fifties, featuring Cameron Mitchell in a drama of drink and depression. Columbia's 1954 *Dawn at Socorro* is strictly a romantic Holliday story in which Rory Calhoun emphasizes the gallant and dashing figure soon to be lost in more dreary portrayals. The little-known *Masterson of Kansas*, that same year, contains an excellent Holliday portrayal by James Griffith who looks the part and conveys the sarcastic wit for which Doc became well known.

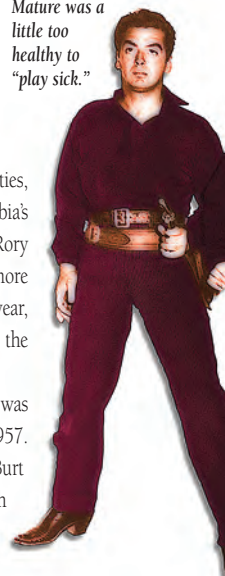
The most popular *Tombstone* movie for at least 35 years however, was Leon Uris' *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, directed by John Sturgis in 1957. Kirk Douglas is a high-strung and morose Doc Holliday, cast opposite Burt Lancaster's almost puritan paragon of virtue, Wyatt Earp. Although



Kirk Douglas as the playboy version of Holliday in *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral*, and as always, a hard drinker—dapper and deadly.

Victor Mature as Doc in *My Darling Clementine* opposite Henry Fonda as Earp. Mature was a little too healthy to "play sick."

Victor Mature as Doc in *My Darling Clementine* opposite Henry Fonda as Earp. Mature was a little too healthy to "play sick."



Real To Reel.

John H. (Doc) Holliday in film.

Douglas' Holliday is bad tempered and a woman abuser, he wins the audience with flashes of character. Doc's skill with knives is a keynote in the Uris storyline, although his speed and accuracy with six-guns actually support the legend.

The Sturgis film introduces a rivalry between Doc and John Ringo, whom Doc kills at the O.K. Corral shoot-out. Doc survives the gunfight but is left alone with his cards and whiskey when Wyatt rides off to a new life in California.

By 1959 television viewers were viewing no less than 48 Westerns weekly. Doc Holliday made cameo appearances in at least 11 of these serials, played by no less than 10 different actors, including Gerald Mohr, Peter Breck, Martin Landau and Jack Kelly. Doug Fowley's performance as an older, surly-but-humorous Doc in *The Life and Legend of Wyatt Earp* was among the more unique impersonations. He was later replaced in the series by Myron Healey. Two pilots for proposed Holliday series featured Adam West (ABC) and Dewey Martin (CBS), but both failed.

The 1959 film, *Warlock*, based on Oakley Hall's novel, is better placed with the 1960s era. Both Holliday and Earp (again played by Henry Fonda) are portrayed as warped personalities and a homosexual relationship is implied. Anthony Quinn as a twisted, club-footed Doc intensifies the darker side of the gambler while excessive violence, both in language and action, leaves little to the imagination.

Several factors in the sixties—John Kennedy's assassination, anger toward the Vietnam situation and political corruption combined to produce an attitude of hero- and tradition-bashing that lasted for three decades. John Holliday did not escape this trend and his image darkened, along with national hope.

Doc Holliday made only two movie appearances in this decade: John Ford's, *Cheyenne Autumn* (1964) introduces a zany, wisecracking Holliday and Earp scenario. Jimmy Stewart, who played the Earp figure, explained this portrayal as an effort "to keep the audience from going to the bathroom," amidst a serious and newly emerging Native American awareness.

The second, John Sturges' 1967 *Hour of the Gun*, is considered another of the classics. In this Mirisch production, Jason Robards, Jr., is cast as a mature, world-weary but wise Doc. Viewers probably had little difficulty believing Doc as a Civil War veteran; he is depicted in almost a father-figure role to James Garner's Wyatt Earp. Playing Doc not as robust and edgy as others, Robards gives the best performance to date of Holliday as a man of wry wit and humor. There is, however, little doubt as to Doc's stoic lack of humanity in *Hour of the Gun*.

In 1968, a Star Trek episode added a science fiction note to the Tombstone saga as Westerns on television, and in the movies, gave way to other themes. The sixties weren't rough on Doc Holliday, although he did emerge as a conflicted, more sinister figure. The following decade would prove tougher.

The seventies were not kind to Doc, identifying him with the rebellious nature of despair and fatalism that marked the decade and proved an all-time low for Holliday in film. Pete Hamill's antiwar/antiestablishment *Doc* in 1971 nearly obliterated any hope for a romantic, mythic view of



Val Kilmer & Kurt Russell in *Tombstone* 1993 earned a cult following as flashy, yet historically-dressed gunmen, even though the film did moderate box office.

Holliday. There are no holds barred as Doc (portrayed by Stacy Keach) and Kate (played by Faye Dunaway) jar the viewer with obscenities, brutality and drunken debauchery. Gratefully, this would not be the last portrayal of the gambling dentist on film.

Ardent antibureaucracy and a renewed interest in pseudo-psychology in the eighties nearly annihilated the Western film genre. Two made-for-television movies kept Doc alive. *Wild Times* (1981) included a small bit of footage with Doc (Dennis Hopper) as a drunk, slow-on-the-draw

and thoroughly disreputable character. *I Married Wyatt Earp*, based on Glenn Boyer's book, was released the same year and featured Marie Osmond in the title role, with Jeffrey de Munn as Doc and Bruce Boxleitner as Wyatt.

It was, of course, in the realm of film that the Tombstone story was told most eloquently in the nineties. Kevin Jarre's *Tombstone* presented the most authentic telling of the Doc Holliday legend yet, and kicked off a new Tombstone fever. Val Kilmer accentuates Holliday's deadliness with a suave, dissolute charm, while his proverbial hot temper is muted ever so slightly through a pallid sheen, bloody cough, and red-rimmed eyes. True to the code of the West, Doc knows his time is undoubtedly up when he tells Earp, "I don't want to play [poker] anymore." Many film critics have cited Kilmer's character as the all-time best Hollywood Holliday, and an effort was made to have him nominated for best supporting actor that year.

Dennis Quaid, despite having lost 40 pounds for his performance in *Wyatt Earp* did a less-than-noble Holliday interpretation in his uncouth, profane-yet-deadly portrayal. Despite a lack of the memorable lines afforded Kilmer, Quaid did bring some life to the humorless, unsympathetic portrayal of Wyatt Earp by Kevin Costner. Some aficionados declare the perfect combination for the ultimate John Holliday would have been a Quaid portrayal with the *Tombstone* lines.

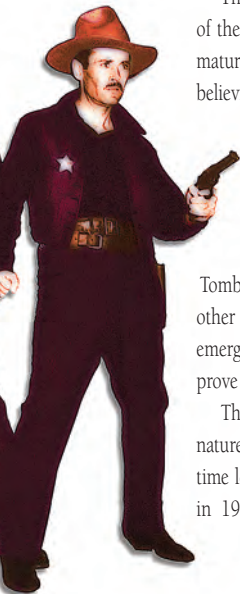
TNT's made-for-television movie, *Purgatory* (1999), was a fanciful film in which Doc and numerous other "bad men" of the West are earth-bound in a mystic town where everyone is given a second chance at redemption. It is questionable that Doc would have wanted one.

So, I asked, Why do scriptwriters and producers continue to return to Doc Holliday? Is he any more lethal? Were his deeds of greater infamy than others? Is it the grin behind the gun, or was it that he merely, as some claim, rode into history on Wyatt Earp's coattails?

None of these, I think. It's the fact that the real Doc Holliday will forever remain a mystery—and the mystery itself will not let us go.



Shirley Ayn Linder has a masters degree in U.S. and U.S. West history from the University of New Mexico and is currently working on a book titled *Doc Holliday: When the Dealing's Done*. She is a former assistant editor for *The New Mexico Historical Review*. This is her first article for *TrueWest*. She can be contacted at www.niroomand.com/mythicalwest.



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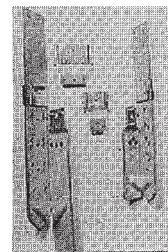
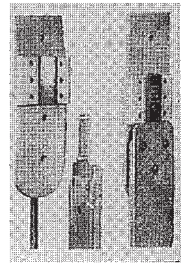
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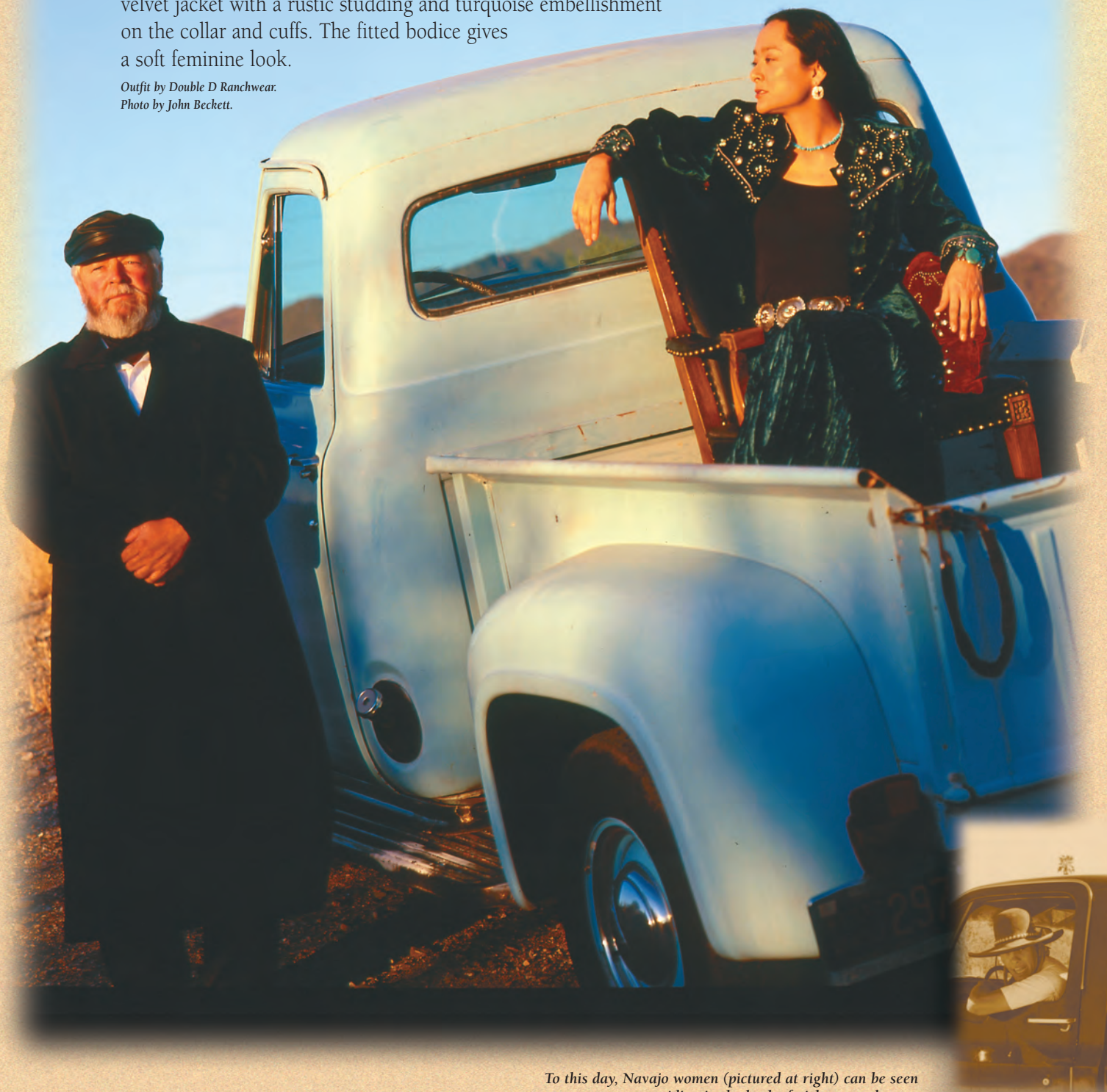
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Riding in the back never looked so good.

It's a very old Navajo custom—women ride in the back. Although somewhat jarring to Western eyes, the tradition lives on and, at least in this case, riding in the back of a pickup has its privileges. DeAnne Giago (Lakota) is outfitted in a plush cotton, velvet jacket with a rustic studding and turquoise embellishment on the collar and cuffs. The fitted bodice gives a soft feminine look.

*Outfit by Double D Ranchwear.
Photo by John Beckett.*



To this day, Navajo women (pictured at right) can be seen riding in the back of pickups on the rez.

Um Pitu? I'm always asked how to say "hello" in Hopi. Truth is, we don't have such a word. Instead, we have a general greeting that simply states the obvious, Um Pitu, "You've come." And contrary to those detestable Hollywood movies, I know of no tribe that uses the word "How."

With that said, welcome to our new department. Here we tackle the unwieldy concept of the State of Native America today. Whew! By now you may have gathered I'm Hopi. You're right. I come from First Mesa, the village of Sitsomovi. In these pages you'll learn things about Native Americans that make you say, "I didn't know that!"

In this first feature, Harlan McKosato, of the Omaha tribe, let's us ride along to the "rez" in northeastern Nebraska to reunite with his grandmother. In this, he offers a tip on asking for directions.

So, if you do find yourself driving across an Indian reservation you'll like the tips we offer . . .

And, if you've never pointed with your lips you can start practicing now.

—PATTY TALAHONGVA

Visiting and Surviving Indian Country

BY HARLAN MCKOSATO

It's the part of America that most of America doesn't want to talk about and knows absolutely nothing about—the Indian reservation. It's simply remote country; islands nobody wanted to use, much less step foot on.

But, oh brother, where have you been? Reservations are becoming some of the hottest tourist attractions in the U.S., and Native people are inviting visitors to their homelands like never before. Not only do folks here in the States visit, but also foreign tourists who are seeking a taste of American culture that has nothing to do with baseball, hot dogs, apple pie, or Chevrolets.

Today, Indian tribes have built plush resorts and offer first-rate one-stop destination travel packages that are the equal of any vacation experience in the country. However, these are often no more than Hiltons, Hyatts and Holiday Inns with feathers sticking out of their respective leather headbands. If you want the real deal, an authentic experience with Native Americans, you will have to make your way off the beaten path.

It had been 16 years since my first and only visit to the Omaha reservation in the northeastern corner of Nebraska, the place where my maternal grandfather was from—and I wasn't exactly sure where her house was. As I turned off U.S. Highway 77 and cruised into downtown Macy (pop. 2,402) I realized that I had misplaced my grandmother's telephone number. So I looked for a pay phone and I spotted one in front of Macy's only grocery store. Damn. The wire was hanging without the handset. Turns out, that was the only public phone in town. I decided to try the tribal police station to ask for directions.

As I entered, I saw the jailer behind the two-inch thick, bulletproof-glass window. She was an old Indian woman, of probably about 65 or 70 years.

"Can I help you?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm looking for my Grandma Sue," I answered.

Then, in a very sharp tone, she said, "You were supposed to be here a long time ago!"

The on-duty tribal officer gave me a police escort to Grandma Sue's house and we had a wonderful reunion.

First two lessons about visiting Indian Country: telecommunications is not very sophisticated, if at all existent, and in spite of it, news travels *fast* through the reservation grapevine. The next lesson: if you do find you need to ask for directions, it's important for you to pay close attention to a Native person's lips. Lips? Yes, lips. Many Native people find it obnoxious and downright rude to point with fingers. Therefore, we have designed a complex set of lip gestures to identify directions. It's a subtle art. And if you're not familiar with its intricacies, you could find yourself sidetracked for hours, even days.

Pay attention. At the precise moment that an Indian tells you which way to go, they will gently and slightly swivel their head, bring up their chin and push their lips outward in the intended direction. The further and longer they extend their lips, the further and longer the distance. If you really want to impress Native people with your knowledge of the local customs of the tribe, try pointing with your lips. But of course, use lip pointing in moderation and with complete awareness of your natural surroundings. For it is a legend among many tribes that if you point your lips toward a rainbow, there's a good chance your lips will stick in that position.

And, finally, here's another no-no. Do not call out to the first Indian man you see, "Hey, Chief!"—unless, of course, he is the elected leader of the particular nation you're touring. It's also appropriate to address former tribal chiefs as "Chief so-and-so." Sometimes, but not normally, traditional elders or medicine men might be referred to as "Old Chief what's-his-name." But for the most part, do not use the term "chief" loosely.

(Check in with us next issue about staying for dinner.) ★

Patty Talahongva is an independent journalist who writes for magazines, produces video documentaries, and contributes to *Native America Calling*, a national hour-long talk show. She is based in Tempe, Arizona and can be reached at: WhiteSpiderComm@aol.com





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*S*urely by now, every so-called expert has told you what to like. And I'm equally certain you've seen the words "style," "influence," "craft" and "quality" till your eyes glaze over and your wheaties threaten to make an appearance. So, for a little fresh air—OK, a gale-force wind—we True Westerners present the first official, unofficial Shoulda-Won-An-Award Category. Come with me, let's shop.

NORTHWEST NATIVE DESIGNS

This definitely doesn't go with our IKEA wall unit, but if my dream came true, I'd be sinking into its plush, groaning leather to revisit *Black Elk Speaks* on the porch (hey, it's a dream)—the one that overlooks Monument Valley. Of course, it would also be a stone's throw from Cave Creek.

And besides making furniture that makes you dream a little—even think some—without going overboard, these people are working to preserve Native American culture while employing folks on the rez—not a bad combo. I hope they succeed beyond their wildest dreams.



HITCHING TAILS

Um, is there a supply store for horse hair, or do they "grow their own?" Either way, don't tell PETA.

This combined effort is pretty in-your-face Western and I might add, boastfully American (though the timing couldn't be better) yet their usual stuff is more subtle. By hand-weaving intricate and original designs, Native American legends are depicted on everyday objects such as belts, mirrors and tack. What's interesting is that by combining the traditional- and I'm guessing relatively-obscure-art of weaving horse hair, with Euro-American objects, they've melded together two cultures that have always been at odds. Their work tells a new story—the story of a unified and uniquely American identity.



Hitching Tails

HONE'S CABINET AND DESIGN

Believe it or not, these are the same people who did the "Moose Bar" that won the People's Choice Award (*which* people and why I can't figure). But, look what else they did.

This bed is a show-stopper. First, it doesn't try as hard to be different and the concept comes off effortlessly. On its headboard, a ghost-like impression of wild horses appear as if they're running through a dream. The rough and grainy wood is left seemingly as they found it without overpowering the form of the posts and frame.



Norseman Designs West

Let's go shopping.



Though each aspect (the texture, the painting, the natural form) is

distinct, there isn't one part that overpowers another—it all works. *This is artistry.*

SUSAN ADAMS

Her medium really works for her—using only silver and gold in a time when we're going crazy for jewels and beads sets her apart. And, in a good way—you really have to know design to pull this off. I also like



that she doesn't resort to anything hokey. Her figures are not stamp-cut silhouettes but life-like action figures, full of motion (though the proportions of the figures could stand another look). The filagree on this bracelet looks like it was lifted right off a saddle, borrowing Western motifs for form and not purely for symbolism. Hope she keeps it that way.

JAMES P. WHITE

This is Western? If you say so. Oh, now I see the trout.

Honduran mahogany and East Indian rosewood on a Shaker-style roll top . . . describe that to your friends back at the ranch and they'll think you've bought into that *feng shui* stuff. But if you wanted to work it in without being too obvious, this is the way to do it (I bet he could work in nine of those trout in cherry).

Seriously, the lines of this piece are so clean it would work anywhere. The workmanship makes this an heirloom—that is, unless your kids decide to do homework on it. The style and craftsmanship that James White brings to Western furnishings is, well . . . let's just say he's a credit to his genre.

RED NATIONS ART

You can say the words "heritage" and "art" and they are meaningless until you actually see it in something like this. Red Nations Art painted hides are the ultimate expression of every aspect of Native American life. Creating what is now considered museum-quality Plains Indian art, it seems as though they have done simply what their grandparents did—which is something downright miraculous in this day and age. The tricky part is resisting all other influences (namely the faster, cheaper, more-money mantra) using buffalo, elk and deer hides to create the real thing. I hope they sell tons of these so that other generations will carry the Plains Indian culture far into the future. Besides, it's beautiful stuff.

MONTANA WAGONS

OK, so the judges and I agree on this one (Martin Harris Gallery Award). For what initially sounded like an idea for people with too much time and a hefty trust fund, they've made some highly-original living spaces. At first look, you have to wonder, why do people buy these when you could have a perfectly spectacular addition on your house for the same money?

Fun. Outhouses and doghouses become "Snor-atoriums," sheepwagons and RVs become extraordinary sanctuaries for creating or just contemplating. Each space is totally unique, subtly incorporating creature comforts like plumbing and electricity while decorating with antiques and plush fabrics. I would've loved playing "fort" with these guys when I was . . . hey, maybe it's not too late.

Let's go shopping.

GRIZZLY CREEK LOG BUILDERS

I've seen pool tables incorporate rough-cut logs, stumps and other natural elements, but Jeff Murphy really does it right. (How's that for an informed opinion?) What I mean is, Jeff has an artist's eye when it comes to proportions. The table top is solid and visually weighty—while the base serves as an accent. Naturally, you find yourself looking at the table top and contemplating a game instead of feeling like you're lost in a petrified forest.

Yet, there's plenty of Nature in his design. I can see why his clients, the world over, can find a way to blend his very Western style with their own: his work goes beyond craftsmanship and into the realm of art. Art transcends style. And all that in a pool table.

already noticed. You can't beat its practicality either. Especially if you find yourself riding the trail for a month or two. (Remember, I've seen the photos.)

Finally, some of this is just what you'd expect. Unlike any other style in an industry that takes a different turn every few years, you have to admit, Western fashion is a constant. Whatever incarnation it takes, it is always uniquely American, thus, it is never one-dimensional. That diversity is apparent, especially with the collections presented in Cody. Not bad for a "bunch of cowboys" (if we do say so ourselves).



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Western Fashion Collections

First big surprise: where are the walking stick figures in dire need of an attitude adjustment? These models look like real

people; well, maybe with above-average looks. I like that you don't have to dismiss half these designs because you're not as thin or tall.

The other surprise is that Western fashion has gone far beyond rodeo wear. Some of these, like Sherry Holt's or Anne Beard's designs, you could wear anywhere in the world and look elegant while presenting a decidedly Western image.

After working at *True West* magazine, and seeing so many buckskin-clad scouts in 1800s photos, I'd call this look an American classic—and it couldn't be more timely. Fringe is back, and in a big way, if you hadn't



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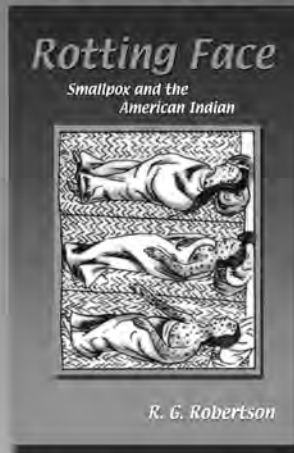
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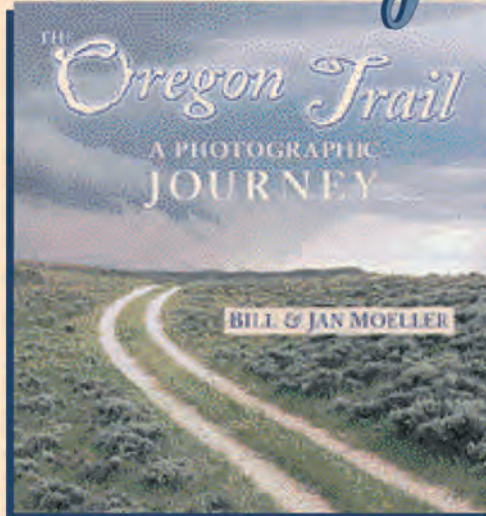
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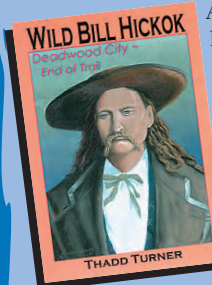
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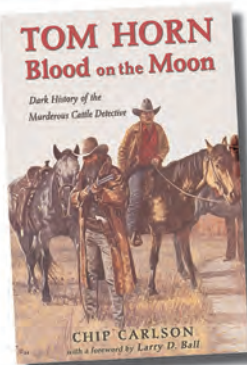
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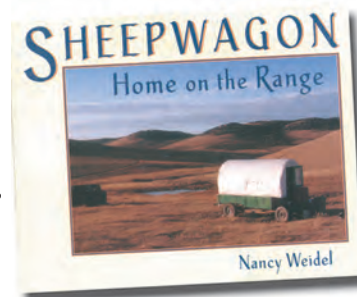
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ASK THE MARSHALL

Q Can you give me any information about a photo where, somewhere in Arizona, a group of cowboys had their picture taken with a corpse? I heard they were drinking a toast to the dead man.

Russell Skelley
Cincinnati, Ohio

A The photo you're talking about was taken at Canyon Diablo. On the evening of Saturday, April 8, 1905, two cowboys, John Shaw and Bill Smythe, walked into the

Wigwam Saloon in Winslow, bellied up to the bar and bought a couple of drinks. They noticed a dice game going on and a few hundred dollars on the table. They pulled their guns, took the money, and ran towards the train yards, leaving a trail of silver dollars.

They jumped a train bound for Flagstaff, but a posse caught up with them at Canyon Diablo. Smythe was captured but Shaw was killed and buried on the spot. The following evening, the Hash Knife cowboys at the Wigwam were discussing the fact that Shaw never had a chance to finish his drink. "He shouldn't have to go to his grave thirsty," one said. So about 15 of them headed for Canyon Diablo, accompanied by a bottle of whiskey, and took a Kodak box camera. There they dug up Shaw.

He was actually wearing a mischievous smile when they propped him up, gave him a drink, and took his photo. Afterwards, Shaw was lowered back in the wooden box. Young Marley sang a couple verses of "Bringing in the Sheaves," and recited a childhood prayer. The unfinished whiskey bottle was tossed into the coffin and the outlaw was re-buried.

Q I seem to recall reading something about donuts being invented in the Old West. Have you heard the story?

Charles Abney
Boise, Idaho

A Yup, there are several claimants to inventing the ubiquitous donut, but the one I prefer tells of young groupie-girls gathering alongside the road as Pony Express riders galloped by. They made cookies and

tossed them to the young heroes, but many were dropped, so they created a cookie with a hole in it so the riders could snare it with their index finger.

Q Why did Army paratroopers during World War II shout "Geronimo" when they jumped?

Joe Riley
St. Paul, Minnesota

A It's said to have started at Fort Benning, Georgia during the war. The troopers had just seen a Western movie about Geronimo. During maneuvers, they began calling each other by that name and it carried over to the jump.

Q I was curious if there are any books or other information on Mickey Free? If not, can you tell me when and where he died?

Bret Burkhard
Tonopah, Arizona

A Mickey Free, aka Feliz Tellez, was the subject of one of the most famous kidnappings in early Arizona history. Cochise and his band of Chiricahua were falsely accused of the abduction and an incident at Apache Pass in 1860 known as the Bascom Affair ensued, setting off a ten-year war between Cochise and the Americans. Feliz grew up and eventually became a famous scout for General George Crook during the 1880s. He died at Fort Apache on December 31, 1913, as A. Kinney Griffith wrote in *Mickey Free, Manhunter*. It's out of print but can be purchased at the Guidon Bookstore in Scottsdale, Arizona.



Mickey Free.
Although Geronimo cursed Free and vowed to see him dead, Free lured Geronimo into a trap and forced him, and almost 100 braves, to surrender to agency authorities.

— TRUE WEST ARCHIVES —



Frank Ketchum, left, holding up John Shaw, April 10, 1905. Shaw appears to be sporting a faint smile.

— COURTESY
MARSHALL TRIMBLE —



Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian. His books include *Law of the Gun and Never Give A Heifer A Bum Steer*.

If you have a question, write:

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PO Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

True West Reviews Books, Music and Video.

TOUGH TIMES IN ROUGH PLACES

EDITED BY NEIL CARMONY AND DAVID E. BROWN. UNIVERSITY OF UTAH, 296 PAGES, \$14.95.

Here, all in one place, is a wonderful, wide-ranging introduction to many of the dramatic adventures that typified the Old West, from 1836—the Goliad, Texas sequel to the Alamo—to 1916 and Pancho Villa's revenge raid on Arizona. The editors, wisely, insert only brief and unobtrusive, yet informative and insightful, mini-essays before each of 15 classic first-hand narratives. Their selections are well-chosen for variety, importance and interest, with a nice balance between accounts of the well-known (Custer, Fremont, Earp) and less familiar protagonists of such stories as Utah's awful Mountain Meadows Massacre and the ordeal of Indian captive Olive Oatman in Arizona. —**DICK DILLON**

THE ARIKARA WAR

BY WILLIAM R. NESTER. MOUNTAIN PRESS, 256 PAGES, \$30 (\$18 PAPER).

The Arikara War (1823) was not much of a war, but it was our first Indian conflict west of the Mississippi. There were only two fights, the ambush and thorough whipping of William H. Ashley's company of supposedly tough trappers by Arikaras, and an answering Army punitive expedition. Nester's well-told story convincingly dismisses old rumors of British involvement with the "Rees"; but he is, perhaps, not critical enough of Colonel Henry Leavenworth, whose confrontation with the hostiles, cautious from the start, was sabotaged completely by his timidity, which the Colonel doubtless considered to be diplomacy and statesmanship. —**DICK DILLON**

THE LETTERS OF JOHN WESLEY HARDIN

BY ROY AND JO ANN STAMPS. EAKIN PRESS, 343 PAGES, \$27.95.

Don't get too excited! No biography of Texas badman "Wes" Hardin here. We just have 280 letters to and from him. They are rather ordinary in content, family gossip and small talk, so that they would be pretty slow going for readers, even were they without bad grammar and misspellings. Alas, the compilers have left them "as is," with no editing for clarity. But NOLA-types will want this volume, to help size up Hardin's character and pick up details of his life. —**DICK DILLON**

THE LAST HURRAH OF THE JAMES-YOUNGER GANG

BY ROBERT BARR SMITH. UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA, 252 PAGES, \$27.95.

Here is a detailed, accurate and very readable account of the 1876 raid by Jesse James, Cole Younger and Company, on a Northfield, Minnesota bank, often confused by readers with the Daltons' raid on Coffeyville in 1892. Smith not only demolishes the Dime Novel myth of Jesse as Robin Hood, he correctly identifies the citizens as the heroes, not the "daring" bandits. Eight well-armed men struck a hick town of peaceful residents. Some of the latter fled and hid, but others, Civil War vets, borrowed guns from a hardware store and drove off the outlaws, while unarmed citizens bravely chucked rocks! —**DICK DILLON**

THE LAST POSSE

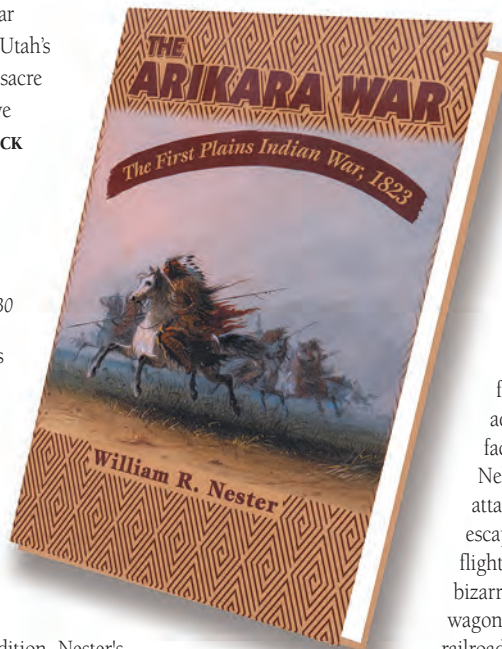
BY GALE E. CHRISTIANSON. LYONS PRESS, 275 PAGES, \$24.95.

In this first-rate "true crime" book, the author skillfully handles details and uses fictional techniques, such as flashbacks, to advance the story without doing harm to the facts. The Warden and Assistant Warden of Nebraska's State Pen were murdered in separate attacks in 1912, after which three prisoners escaped into a blizzard. Christianson tracks their flight into the Platte River bottoms and their bizarre pursuit by posses on horseback, in wagons, buggies, sleighs and bobsleds, even on railroad handcars. From initial murders to eventual shoot-out, trial and execution, the author, a master story-teller, carries the reader along as if the narrative were a novel instead of history. —**DICK DILLON**

THE BURNING

BY ROBERT MASON. PHOENIX PUBLISHING GROUP, 244 PAGES, \$14.95.

Fiction, posing as fact, is anathema to most readers of *True West*. Perhaps an exception can be made here. The author has "reconstructed" the lives of Pat and Annie White for the years that the former was an enlisted man at various Army posts. Imaginary dialogue mars the book's factual content, but with the arrival of the Whites in Arizona (1874), the story becomes quite interesting. Eventually, the ex-corporal bought a Verde Valley ranch just off a military reservation—only to have the C. O. of Fort McDowell burn him out as a



trespasser. After years of the usual runaround from the Army and Congress, the Widow White finally received compensation.

—DICK DILLON

ROTTING FACE

BY R.G. ROBERTSON. CAXTON PRESS, 329 PAGES, \$24.95.

Many more Indians died from smallpox than were killed by the carbines of the U. S. Cavalry. This excellent job of research and writing fills us in on the epidemic introduced to the upper Missouri River tribes, accidentally (for all of the tales of deliberate infection), by a fur company steamboat in 1837. The disease reshaped the Indian frontier and its trade, virtually exterminating Meriwether Lewis' amiable Mandans and devastating their Hidatsa and Arikara neighbors. Although he is not an academic, Robertson's account is scholarly and a very welcome addition to our fur trade bookshelves. —DICK DILLON

THE PLAINS INDIAN PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDWARD S. CURTIS

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, 172 PAGES, \$50.

Curtis is considered the author here because his 91 photographs "wag" the 81 pages of comment by four scholars. He was the most prolific photographer of Indians, but his images must be used with caution. Pictures from the 1890s-1920s pretend to depict the 1870s. They romanticize and dramatize subjects with Pictorialism's soft-focus photography because of his ideology, celebrating a "vanishing race," and his artistic and commercial concerns—marketability. He posed his Indians and supplied them with such props as buckskins and weapons. This theatric treatment weakens Curtis as a documentary photographer. However, the pictures and his captions form a remarkable visual record of Native American life after the Indian Wars. —DICK DILLON

ROUGHSTOCK: THE TOUGHEST EVENTS IN RODEO

BY JOHN ANNERINO. FOUR WALLS EIGHT WINDOWS PRESS, 160 PAGES, \$45.00. HARDCOVER.

They're keeping the Old West alive and lucky spectators on the edge of their plank seats—those daring cowboys facing rodeo's most dangerous challenges. *Roughstock: The Toughest Events in Rodeo* is the first full-color book of photos devoted to the booming culture of Roughstock Rodeo. Jammed with over 100 exclusive shots of bronco busters forking wild-eyed mustangs with hooves of dynamite, it also spotlights the thrill-packed battles between other bareback riders and those

snorting, prong-horned tornadoes called bulls. Arizonan photo-journalist Annerino has been stomped by broncs and hooked by bulls capturing this riveting roundup of Roughstock Rodeo. But readers will hail it as mighty worthwhile. —BILL GARWOOD

WORLDVIEWS AND THE AMERICAN WEST: THE LIFE OF THE PLACE ITSELF

EDITED BY STEWART, SIPORIN, SULLIVAN AND JONES. UTAH STATE UNIVERSITY PRESS, 257 PAGES, \$19.95, SOFTCOVER.

This volume of articles, written by his friends, honors folklorist Barre Toelken. While his worldview sounds a bit esoteric as it describes how a certain culture, such as the West, views and expresses its relation to the world, the 17 pieces in this festschrift, ranging from Borderland Folk Saints to Jesse James, make rousing reading. —BILL GARWOOD

GOOD YEARS FOR THE BUZZARDS

BY JOHN DUNCKLEE. UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA PRESS, 165 PAGES, \$15.95. HARDCOVER

The terrible freeze of 1886 wiped out many western ranches but the Southwest drought of the mid-1950s was just as bad. As for tenderfoot John Duncklee, then breaking into the cattle business, they were only *Good Years for the Buzzards*. His autobiography is a testament to ranching with bulldog determination and coming out on top. —BILL GARWOOD

GREAT SPEECHES BY NATIVE AMERICANS

EDITED BY BOB BLAISDELL. DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC., 218 PAGES, \$2, SOFTCOVER.

When a Timucua chief refused to parley with Hernando de Soto in 1540, he went straight to the point: "With such a people I want no peace!" But there are many instances where Indian orators delighted in using as much flowery language as any Roman Senator. These 82 compelling speeches cover five centuries and are indispensable in understanding Native American history and culture. —BILL GARWOOD

SOMETHING IN THE SOIL: LEGACIES AND RECKONINGS IN THE NEW WEST

BY PATRICIA NELSON LIMERICK. W.W. NORTON & COMPANY, 384 PAGES, \$16.95, SOFTCOVER.

Writer Pearl Buck once penned *The Good Earth*, an award-winning novel about the indomitable folk who sprang from China's soil; now debunking-historian Patricia Nelson Limerick is on the same trail. *Something in the Soil* finds western history alive and well with its layers of collective memory focusing on the West's spectacular past and its pugnacious present. —BILL GARWOOD

BEST OF THE WEST

True West Reviews Books, Music and Video.

Music

CALL YOU COWBOY

BY BRENN HILL. REAL WEST PRODUCTIONS, JULY 2001

The 25-year-old Brenn Hill's fresh voice and self-penned lyrics bridge traditional cowboy songsters and contemporary Western music, presenting a man in love with his musical craft and the lifestyle he praises in his songs. Fortunately, he has refrained from embracing the mainstream Country music scene, preferring instead to polish his art into a popular opening act for entertainers such as Michael Martin Murphy, Chris LeDoux, Ian Tyson, Don Edwards and Red Steagall.

In this, his fourth album, Hill celebrates the splendor of the land, the hard work and often unrequited love of the cowboy in 11 songs and two poems.

Lyrics of the title song begin with "God saved some lucky men to be cowboys." In Hill's case, He saved one lucky man to be a cowboy singer. —GUS WALKER



WESTERNS

BY JON CHANDLER. WRITER'S RANCH RECORDS (WWW.JONCHANDLER.COM)

Chandler's third album is his best, acclaimed by Western music critics for the Coloradan's rich voice and insightful lyrics. (And his first two efforts are first-rate, too.) The first track, "He Was No Hero", is an unromantic look at Jesse and Frank James from the perspective of a woman they made a widow some 40 years earlier. Other songs include "Nancy's Eyes", a Civil War story; "A Cowboy's Christmas", with help from Baxter Black; and the hauntingly beautiful "Crazy Woman Creek". The challenge for listeners is picking the best song, or deciding which is better, Chandler's voice or his stories. —JOHNNY BOGGS

NATIVE TUNES

A TIME LIKE NOW

BY DARRYL TONEMA. GLADIOLA RECORDS, WWW.TONEMAH.COM, NOVEMBER 2001

Darryl Tonemah's fourth CD, *A Time Like Now*, is a work of passion, prayer and playfulness. You'll find yourself swinging and swaying to the music, and then you realize there's a real message in the lyrics. This highly-educated musician (he has a Ph.D.) says, "I wanted the CD to have the intelligence of folk and the energy of rock." He is part Tuscarora, Kiowa and Comanche and says his Native American influence can be heard in the spirituality of all the songs. He also touches on the political side a bit. He feels that the

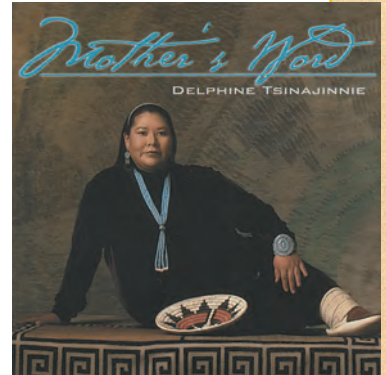
last line of the last song reflects the theme of the entire CD: "I feel the peace, I feel the hope and I feel the love." —PATTY TALAHONGVA

MOTHER'S WAY

BY DELPHINE TSINAJINNIE. CANYON RECORDS, WWW.CANYONRECORDS.COM APRIL 2000

This is Delphine Tsinajinnie's (pronounced sin-a-jinee) first CD. Sung in Navajo, *Mother's Way* was first introduced at the Gathering of Nations Pow Wow in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

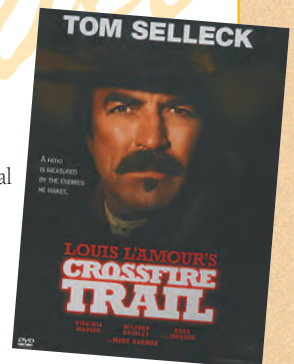
"All of the songs have some attachment to my childhood. . . . Each one represents a stage of my life; each has a personality of its own." These songs are also rare—sung most commonly in the 1930s and after WWII. "After the war, women had more responsibilities . . . women weren't just singing to kids or when they were grinding corn. These songs are not just music . . . they're a teaching tool." (By the way, you should hear her sing the National Anthem in Navajo!) —PATTY TALAHONGVA



Video

THE CROSSFIRE TRAIL

The newest film from the TNT Westerns corral stars Tom Selleck as Rafe Covington, a cowboy trying to remain honest in a corrupt town—and Mark Harmon runs it. The two worlds collide when Covington tries to keep a promise to a dying friend. His task? Take care of Charles Rodney's ranch and look after his wife. Unfortunately, Harmon has already moved into her life. A fight is brewing, and as usual, the wealthy bad guy hires a gunman to do his dirty work. Based on the book by Louis L'Amour, *The Crossfire Trail* is beautifully photographed, historically costumed and authentically armed. With a wonderful supporting cast including Wilford Brimley, Brad Johnson, Barry Corbin and Virginia Madsen, TNT has hit another bull's-eye. Rent it or buy it today! —COWBOY DAN



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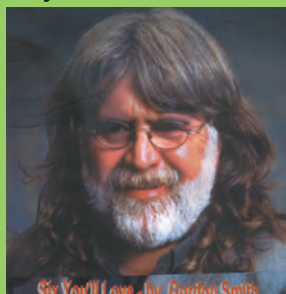
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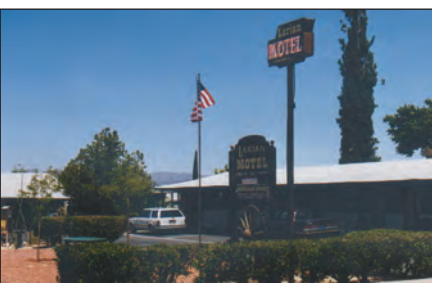
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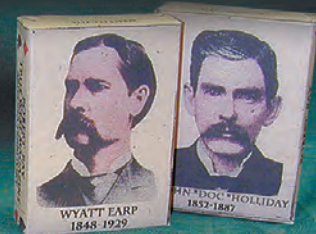
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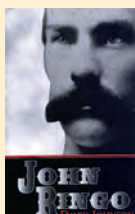
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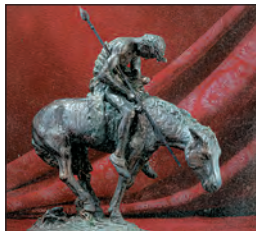
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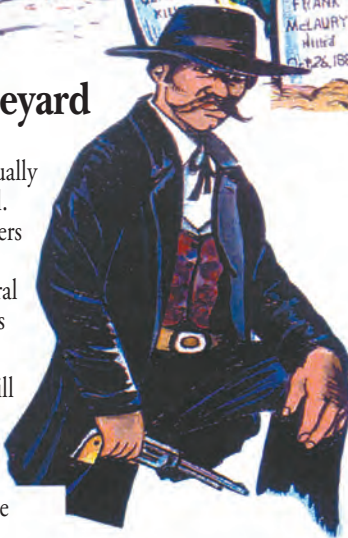
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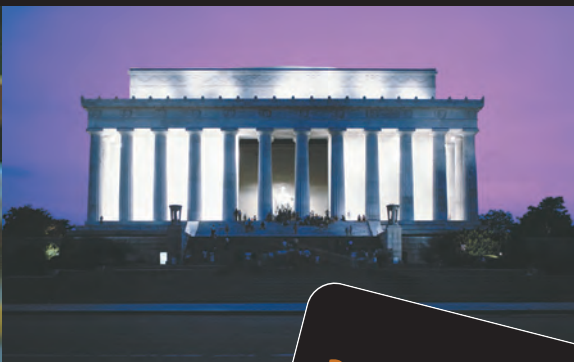


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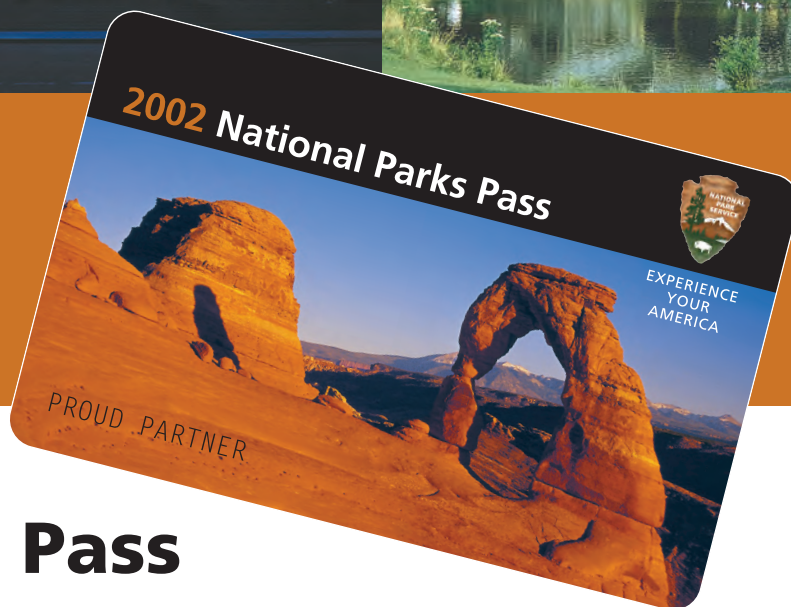
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