THE GRANDEUR OF THE WEST: OUR FIFTH ANNUAL WESTERN ART ISSUE

OUR 65TH YEAR

OCTOBER 2018

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TRUE WEST

HISTORY OF THE AMERI TIER



JUSTICE SERVED

Commodore Perry Owens served a bloody warrant, but what about the rest of his career?

By Mark Boardman

PLUS:

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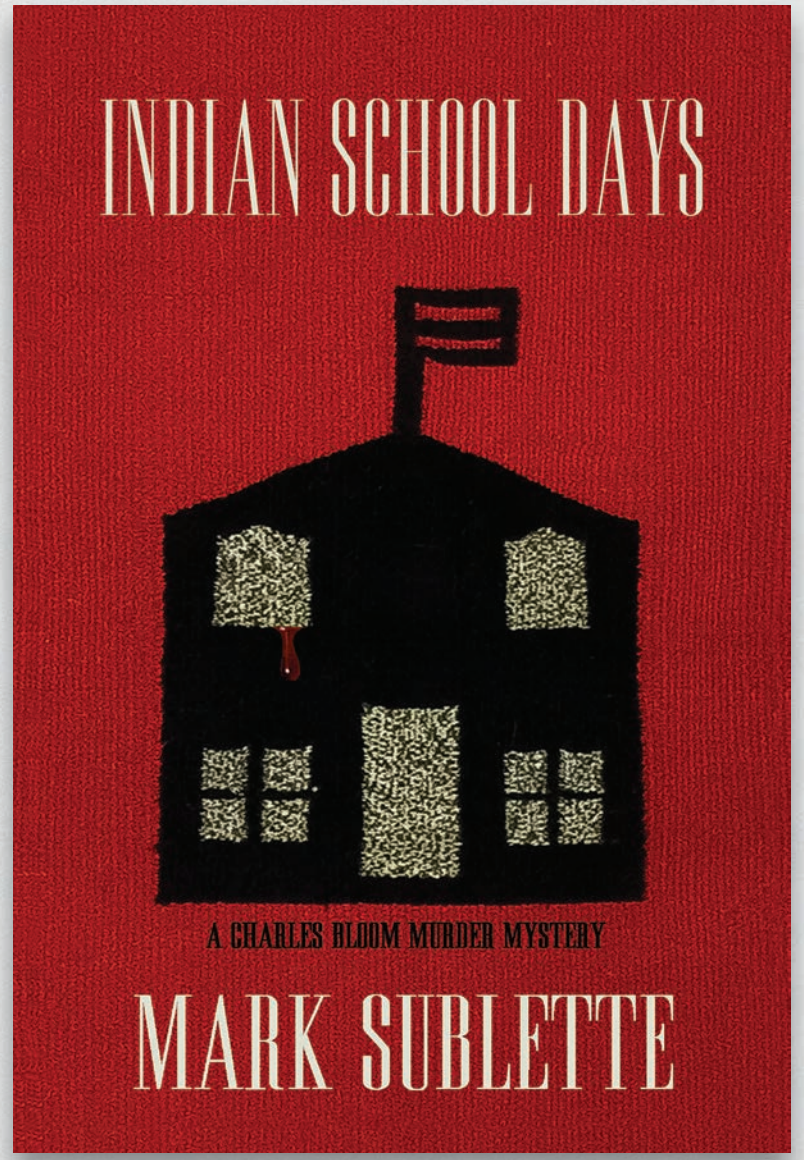
Frederic Remington, American (U.S. 1861 - 1909) ***A Brush with the Redskins,*** c. 1891, oil on canvas

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Beehive on the Brain

An international standard in mining developed at Nevada's Comstock Lode was prominently depicted in this 1876 drawing by T.L. Dawes. In 1860, engineer Philipp Deidesheimer, inspired by the structure of honeycombs, developed the square-set timber method. This life-saving leap in shoring up excavations solved the problem of silver mines caving in regularly.

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True West captures the spirit of the West with authenticity, personality and humor by providing a necessary link from our history to our present.

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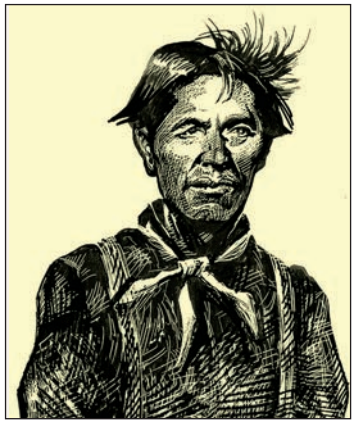
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October 2018 Online and Social Media Content



A civilian scout for the 5th Cavalry, John "Captain Jack" Crawford stands surrounded by furs and a buffalo head in this photograph taken by Ben Wittick of Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory. Find this photo and more historical photography on our "Western History" board.



Go behind the scenes of *True West* with Bob Boze Bell to see this sketch, *Squibe En San Felipe*, and more of the executive editor's Daily Whipouts (search for July 21, 2018).

Blog.TrueWestMagazine.com

Join the Conversation: Getting the History Right

"The issue with history is who is reporting it. If you have two people watch the same event, you will get two stories... Science and reconstruction will help piece it together...we can re-enact the history and get it close, but we can never understand the people's lives and their mindset."

—Robert Port of Billings, Montana



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—By Johnny D. Boggs / Art Research by Stuart Rosebrook





Cover design by Dan Harshberger; Photo courtesy Robert G. McCubbin Collection



COMPILED BY ROBERT RAY

Quotes

"Tolerance is the first principle of community; it is the spirit which conserves the best that all men think."

– Helen Keller, U.S. deaf-blind activist

"The greater our self-esteem, the less hurt we feel when someone is disrespectful."

– David J. Lieberman, U.S. author

"He who has never learned to obey cannot be a good commander."

– Aristotle, Greek philosopher

"I did then what I knew how to do. Now that I know better, I do better."

– Maya Angelou, U.S. memoirist

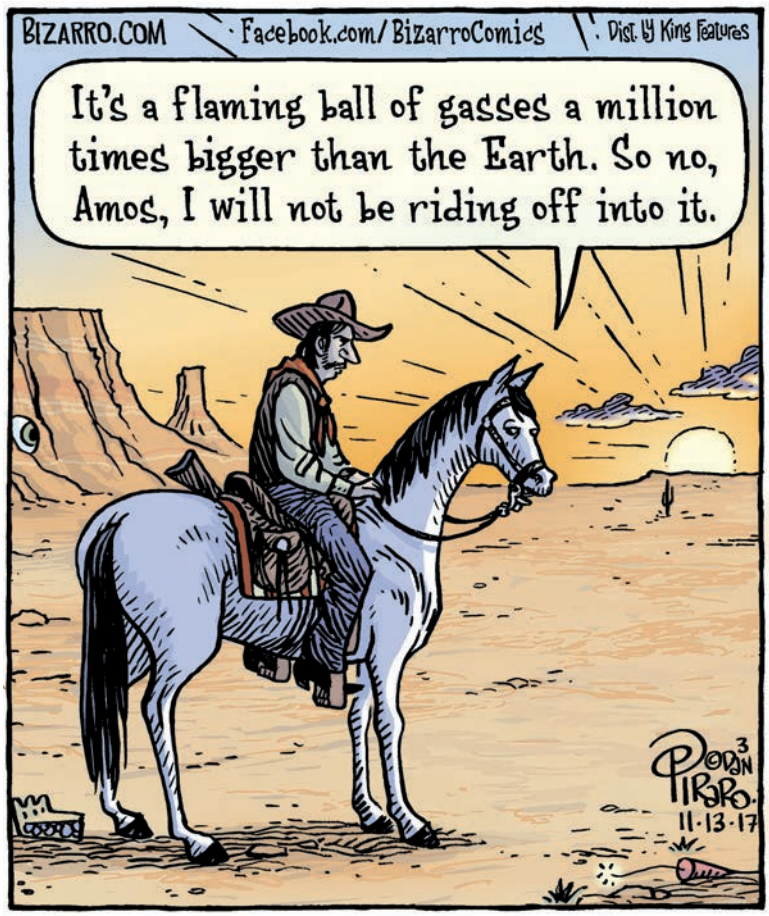
"Let us not despair, but act. Let us not seek the Republican answer or the Democratic answer, but the right answer. Let us not seek to fix the blame for the past—let us accept our own responsibility for the future."

– John F. Kennedy, 35th U.S. President

"The greater the lie, the greater the chance that it will be believed."

– Adolf Hitler, German dictator

Bizarro BY DAN PIRARO

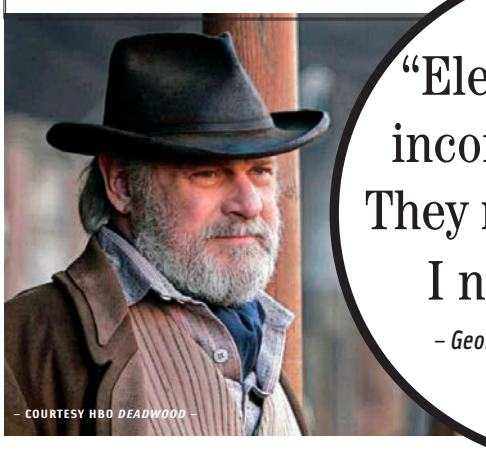


Letter

I really enjoyed the August 2018 article "Convinced by Gold," detailing Henry Fonda's decision to move to television as the star of *The Deputy*. The actual deputy, Allen Case, was a dear friend of mine, and he maintained a personal relationship with your author, Henry C. Parke, for many years after the series was cancelled. I was privileged to join the two of them for an occasional lunch prior to Allen's untimely death. One of my prized keepsakes is the attached publicity photo of Henry and Allen on the set in 1959.

–David Fensch
Green Valley, Arizona





– COURTESY HBO *DEADWOOD* –

"Elections cannot inconvenience me. They ratify my will or I neuter them."

– George Hearst, played by Gerald McRaney, in HBO's Deadwood

Old Vaquero Saying



"Always borrow money from a pessimist; they don't expect to be paid back."

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Propped Up

How prevalent was the use of props in Old West photo studios?

It was a bombshell realization: one of the most iconic photographs of Geronimo—the one of him kneeling with his rifle—turned out to feature a scarf and rifle identical to those worn and held by another Apache, Chatto, taken in the same photo studio. Our magazine staff had never noticed that until an alert reader brought it to our attention.

Wow! The idea that both Apaches were possibly brought into the studio and given the same scarf and the same rifle is rather shocking (see our May 2018 issue).

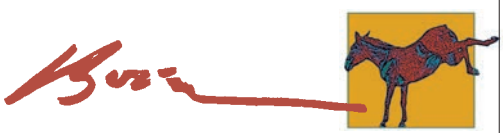
Even more jarring is imagining a "civilian" Geronimo walking into the studio with simple pants, shirt, breechcloth and moccasins, sans scarf and rifle. That totally changes my image of the Apache medicine man and makes me wonder how many other popular frontier photographs were ginned up like these two?

The answer is, probably a lot more than we have ever realized.

This "propped up" speculation has spread to include our cover boy, Commodore Perry Owens, and the famous photograph of him wearing a buscadero rig. Those who believe the rig was a studio prop point to the fact that Owens was never seen wearing this rig again. At the same time, we don't have many photos of him armed.

The idea that prop guns and accoutrements juiced up photos is jarring, and knowing this will force us all to view historical photos with more skepticism.

Special thanks to Features Editor Mark Boardman for his stellar research on this fascinating, but increasingly questionable, character (see p. 22).



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









Four different people from the area of Hillsboro, New Mexico Territory, were all photographed wearing the same fringe coat and possibly even had the same hat and weapons!

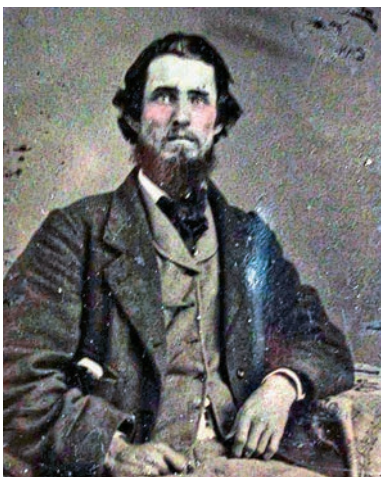
– J.C. BURGE PHOTOS COURTESY PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS PHOTO ARCHIVES (NMHM/ DCA) 76447-76450 –

BY MARK BOARDMAN

The Father of Montana

Granville Stuart blazed a huge trail on the American frontier.

One of the most remarkable men in the history of the West.





Granville Stuart, shown circa 1868, was appointed by Montana Territorial Gov. Benjamin F. Potts to serve as a prison commissioner for the brand-new territorial prison in Deer Lodge, which began housing prisoners in 1871. The above photo of the prison was taken circa 1885, before the three-story cellblock construction was completed the next year.

– STUART PHOTO TRUE WEST ARCHIVES / PRISON PHOTO COURTESY OLD PRISON MUSEUM –

Granville Stuart, who died 100 years ago this October, is one of the most remarkable men in the history of the West.

Born in what's now West Virginia in 1834, Granville moved with his family to Iowa four years later. In 1852, he accompanied his father and brother, James, to the California goldfields.

Like so many others, the men didn't strike it rich as they moved from one location to another. By 1857, they were ready to give it up and head back to Iowa, but they had a stroke of good fortune (it probably didn't seem so at the time). Granville became seriously ill in southern Idaho.

The fierce winter forced the group to move into what would become Montana. Over the next three years, James and Granville dabbled in prospecting, mercantile ventures and livestock trading.

The Stuarts have been credited with first discovering gold in the areas of Deer Lodge, Alder Gulch and Virginia City, but historians have disputed that claim. What is clear is that they were there during the gold rush that inspired the creation of Montana Territory. Granville found something just as good as gold—relationships with many of the men who would become Montana's civic, business and government leaders.

Granville fit in well. A man of intelligence and wisdom, learned and well-read, he also had remarkable leadership skills. As a result, he served in a variety of local and territorial offices. He was the president of Montana's first college, oversaw the territorial prison, served as a colonel in the militia and founded the Society of Montana Pioneers. His book collection was the start of Montana's state library.

As a businessman, Granville wasn't as successful. He never struck it rich in mining or mercantile investments. He helped start one of the region's largest cattle operations, the DHS Ranch. In that capacity, he formed the vigilante group called "Stuart's Stranglers" to combat rustlers. But the DHS Ranch went broke after the killing winter of 1886-87.

Granville had to regroup. He became a state land agent, overseeing some 600,000 acres given by the federal government. In 1894, he became U.S. ambassador to Uruguay and Paraguay. His last formal position was Butte Public Library head librarian, between 1905 and 1914.

Granville spent the remainder of his life putting his copious journals into book form. He didn't live long enough to see the finished book, dying in Missoula on October 2, 1918. But *Forty Years on the Frontier* was published in 1925, and it is still considered to be one of the best and most important accounts of Old West life. For that alone, Granville deserves to be honored.





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BY JANA BOMMERSBACH

Return to Fort Apache

A new life at a frontier fort once despised by Apaches.



The 5th Cavalry on parade in 1903 offers a good view of Officers' Row, the most intact, remaining portion of Fort Apache. The fort's oldest building? A log cabin (inset) dating to 1871.

– PARADE PHOTO BY UNKNOWN PHOTOGRAPHER COURTESY LORI DAVISSON PHOTO COLLECTION, NOHWIKE' BÁGOWA MUSEUM; LOG CABIN PHOTO BY KARL HOERIG –



"One could argue there is enough negative about the history of Fort Apache that people might not want to come," Karl Hoerig admits. "It's a complicated place. What's most exciting is seeing the increasing number of the local Apache community coming to the site."

Hoerig couldn't be happier that one of the most iconic Western forts of the 1800s—and Arizona's most complete U.S. Army complex from the Apache Wars—is finding a new life in a time of peace.

As director of site preservation and interpretation for the Fort Apache Heritage Foundation, Hoerig is one busy man.

Established in 1870—in the midst of the 1861 to 1886 Apache War with Cochise—Fort Apache was seen as both a strategic and a clever site. Major John Green, 1st Cavalry, located the post in the White Mountains, where, he enthused, "The climate is delicious...this one corner of Arizona were almost its garden spot...."

Besides, he noted, "It would compel the White Mountain Indians to live on their reservation or be driven from their beautiful country which they almost worship."

He was right—except for "almost." The site has always remained a revered place to the White Mountain Apaches.

The Army stayed at Fort Apache until 1922. The next year, the Bureau of Indian Affairs created the Theodore Roosevelt Indian Boarding School there.

In 1969, the tribe founded the Apache Cultural Center at the fort. Growing dissatisfied with the bureau's lack of care, the tribe sued, in 1999, over mismanagement. The U.S. Supreme Court ruled in the tribe's favor in 2003. In 2007, the Fort Apache Heritage Foundation was named manager to take over 24 of the 27 buildings. (The school still operates under the bureau.)

Since then, the foundation and supporters—from Arizona State Parks to Arizona Office of Tourism and Preserve America to Boeing—have launched an effort to not only preserve fort history, but also give the fort a future as a site for education, heritage perpetuation and economic development, including tourism.

Fort Apache has already become a community center for the tribe. Hoerig especially appreciates the fort's *Nohwike' Bágowa* (House of Our Footprints) museum, which, he says, is seeing the return of "objects made by ancestors of this community that were taken away 100 years ago."

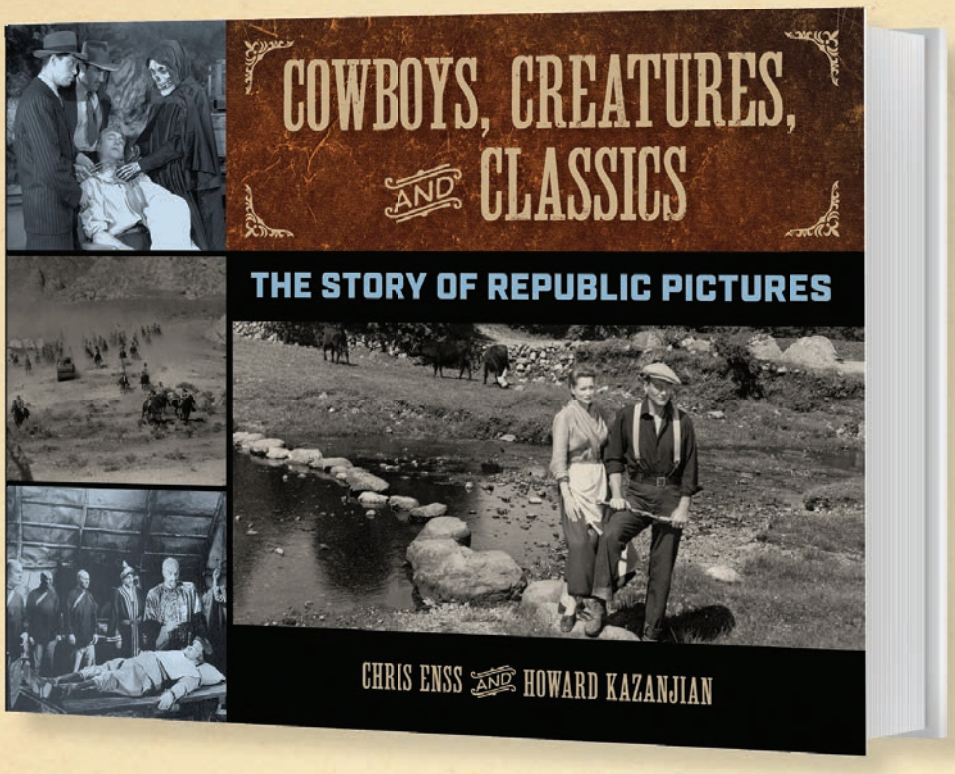
The lawsuit settlement gave the tribe $12 million—half for preservation of the historical buildings, half for an endowment for continued maintenance.

The preservation money is "nowhere near enough," Hoerig admits, but every building has been treated and efforts will continue over the next 12 to 15 years.

Fort Apache deserves its status as a National Historic Landmark, Hoerig says, since it stands as a testament to the troubling nearly 160-year history of U.S. federal Indian policy, "from subdue and control to tribal self-determination."

Jana Bommersbach has earned recognition as Arizona's Journalist of the Year and won an Emmy and two Lifetime Achievement Awards. She cowrote the Emmy-winning *Outrageous Arizona* and has written two true crime books, a children's book and the historical novel *Cattle Kate*.

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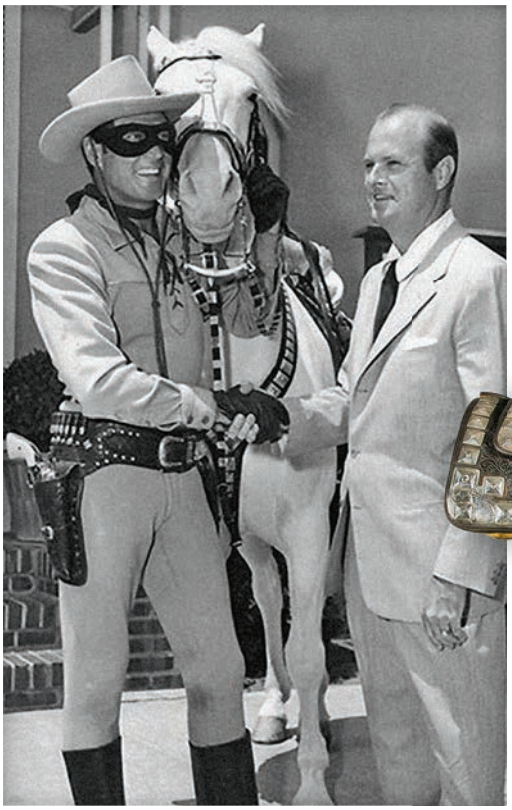
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BY MEGHAN SAAR

Lone Ranger's Iconic Saddle

Another major sale of a collectible Western Americana saddle.



Clayton Moore's Lone Ranger, next to his trusty white horse Silver, shakes hands with Texas native Jack Wrather (photo at left), who purchased the rights to the show in 1954. Wrather's estate sold the Lone Ranger's saddle (inset) used in the ABC series at Brian Lebel's Old West auction. The Edward Bohlin saddle, bridle and breast collar set are in the style of Bohlin's San Gabriel model, with a few variations. A collector successfully bid $130,000 for the saddle, the auction's highest-selling lot.

– COURTESY BRIAN LEBEL'S OLD WEST, JUNE 23, 2018 –





The last saddle (below) of Mexican Revolution Gen. Francisco "Pancho" Villa (above) holds the world record for a Western Americana saddle; $625,000.

– COURTESY HIGH NOON, JANUARY 28, 2012 –

Western Americana saddles are more than just a piece of horse equipment. When coupled with beautiful craftsmanship and outstanding ownership, they can be collector's items. The history of a saddle often drives up the price.

The Lone Ranger's saddle has joined the top-dollar club, hammering down at Brian Lebel's Old West on June 23 for $130,000.

Vintage Western saddles typically sell for under $10,000. Museum-quality saddles sell for much higher, particularly those made by respected saddlemakers, such as Edward Bohlin and Frank A. Meanea; those saddles usually fetch more than $100,000.

Bohlin is the saddlemaker behind the saddle Clayton Moore rode on Silver while starring as the Lone Ranger in the ABC series. This is not the highest auction price paid for a Lone Ranger collectible; that honor goes to A&S Auctions in Waco, Texas, for the Lone Ranger outfit that bid at $195,000. It's also not the record price for a Bohlin saddle. "Roy's saddle is probably the record for a Bohlin. To the best of our knowledge, anyway," says Melissa McCracken, spokesperson for Brian Lebel's Old West Events.



McCracken is referring to the saddle Roy Rogers rode on for his TV series and in most of his films as early as 1942, which is when the singing cowboy actor purchased the saddle from Bohlin. It hammered down for $320,000 at a joint July 14-15, 2010, auction

The Roy Rogers-owned John McCabe saddle that shocked the collecting world in 2002 bid high for $375,000 at High Noon auction (right). A saddle that the singing cowboy actually rode on, as opposed to the 2002 saddle that was meant for promotional display, also brought in a top-dollar bid—$320,000, at a joint auction by High Noon and Christie's New York on July 14-15, 2010 (below).

– ROY ROGERS PHOTO COURTESY HIGH NOON, JANUARY 19, 2002; SADDLE PHOTO COURTESY CHRISTIE'S NEW YORK AND HIGH NOON, JULY 14-15, 2010 –





by Christie's New York and High Noon (the latter is now produced by Lebel).

But that's not even the auction record for a Rogers saddle! In 2002, the saddle collecting world was stunned when a collector earned $375,000 selling the actor's John McCabe saddle at High Noon. The interesting thing about that top-selling saddle is Rogers likely never rode on it. The seat was small, and the saddle was made to be featured in a traveling display case at Sears across the nation, to promote Rogers-branded toys, household items and clothes on sale.

The Rogers saddle stood as the highest price ever paid at auction until a decade later, when a Pancho Villa saddle hit the block at High Noon.

In 1933, ten years after the assassination of Mexican Revolution Gen. Francisco "Pancho" Villa, Howard Hawks got a fantastic parting prize from Villa's widow—the general's last saddle—while filming *Viva Villa!* Jack Conway ended up credited as the director after Hawks got into a fight with MGM over the studio firing actor Lee Tracy. Hammering down for $625,000 at the High Noon auction in 2012, Hawks's Villa saddle has gone down in history for holding the world auction record for a Western Americana saddle.

Who knows if another historical saddle will knock Villa's saddle down a notch or if his will remain in the record books?



The auction record for a Lone Ranger collectible is $195,000 for Clayton Moore's Lone Ranger outfit, crafted by Nudie's Rodeo Tailors, which included Nudie's boots, a Stetson cowboy hat, an Edward Bohlin gun rig and Colt pistols (above) that a collector purchased at A&S Auction in Waco, Texas, on July 12, 2014. Moore wore the outfit at public events after he retired from television.

– COURTESY A&S AUCTIONS, JULY 12, 2014 –

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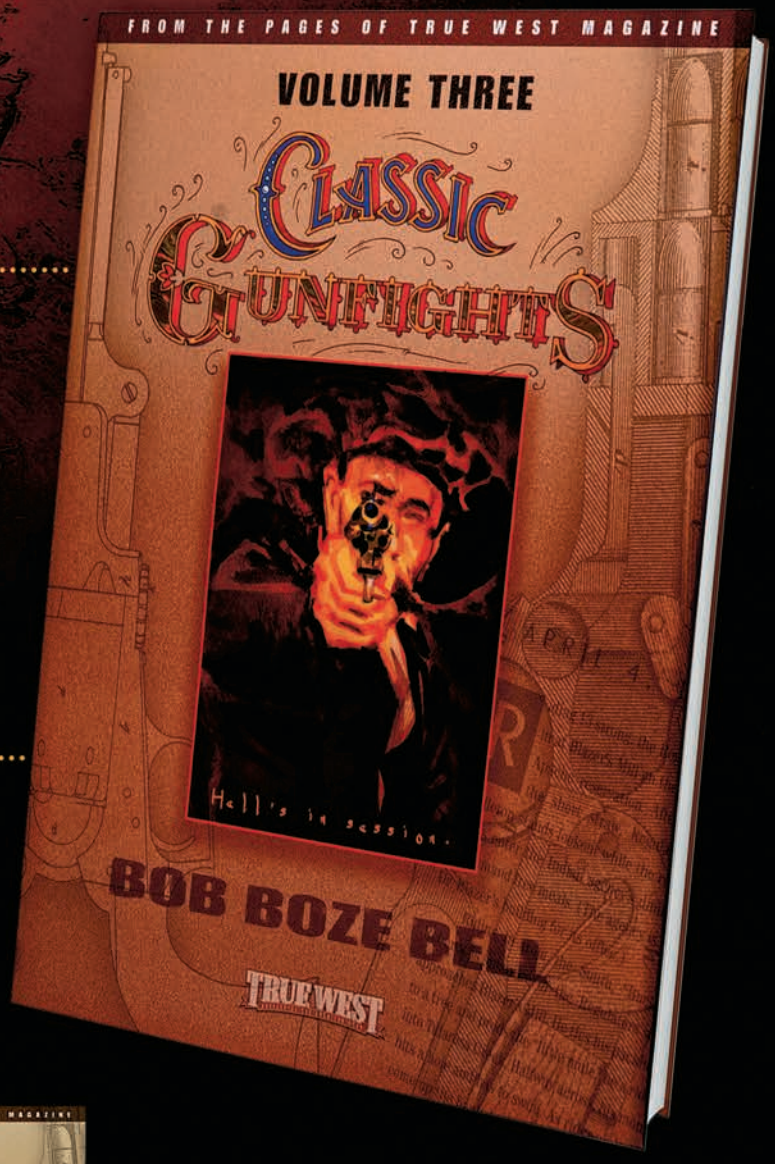
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TRUE WEST

BY PHIL SPANGENBERGER

A Real Western Colt in the Reel West

An Arizona Ranger and Pinal County Sheriff's Colt goes to Hollywood in the hands of cowboy star George Montgomery.

It's a firearms collector's dream to find a gun that is well documented to have been owned or used by someone famous, or was involved in a historical incident. Back in 1975, I unknowingly came across a firearm that later turned out to have two famous owners. That year I found myself assisting Hollywood leading man George Montgomery with some historical details on cavalry equipment for a bronze he was sculpting. One day George showed me several of his guns. Among them was an exquisite, silver-plated and engraved 4¾-inch barreled .45 Colt Single Action Army revolver with pearl grips that had an eagle carved on the right side. The name "Jas. E. McGee" was inscribed on the back strap, but I had no idea who that was at the time.

George asked me if I, or anyone else might want to buy it. Although I admired the Colt, I was primarily interested in percussion Colts at the time, so I passed on it, but did tell fellow gun collector, Erich Baumann, who eventually purchased it. The price tag was in the upper three-figure range—a reasonable price at the time. I have to admit that passing on this fine old Colt was definitely one of my biggest missed opportunities in gun collecting, however I'm happy that my lifelong pal Erich wound up with it.

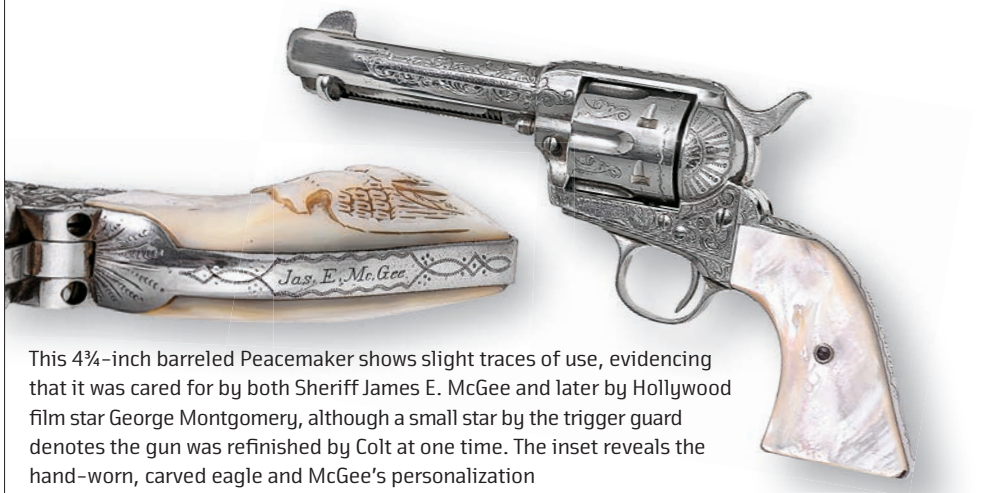
Colt documentation revealed that the revolver was ordered by James E. McGee, and shipped December 15, 1906, to A. Steinfeld & Co., in Tucson, Arizona. After further research we discovered that in 1894, at the age of 23, McGee captured a train hold-up man near Yuma, Arizona. When he brought the felon to the



Silver-plated and factory engraved in Cuno Helfrecht style, with pearl stocks featuring an eagle carved on the right side, this exquisite, personally inscribed .45 Colt Single Action Army revolver was ordered by James E. McGee shortly after he was elected sheriff of Pinal County, Arizona, in 1906. It's likely that this was his personal sidearm throughout his term, and he probably used it in at least one shootout. Western actor George Montgomery was gifted with McGee's Colt Single Action in 1943, and used it in films and for personal appearances.

– PHOTO BY RON PAXTON, COURTESY ERICH BAUMANN COLLECTION/PHOTO OF GEORGE MONTGOMERY COURTESY TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –





This 4¾-inch barreled Peacemaker shows slight traces of use, evidencing that it was cared for by both Sheriff James E. McGee and later by Hollywood film star George Montgomery, although a small star by the trigger guard denotes the gun was refinished by Colt at one time. The inset reveals the hand-worn, carved eagle and McGee's personalization of his prized six-gun.

– PHOTO BY RON PAXTON, COURTESY ERICH BAUMANN COLLECTION –



A stern-looking man, Sheriff James E. McGee (1870-1914) was recognized as one of the most honest peace officers who helped clear Southern Arizona of the bad element that dominated the territory for decades. Upon his sudden death due to stomach complications, he was eulogized as "a courageous officer, a man of the West, and one of the best shots in Arizona."

– COURTESY ERICH BAUMANN COLLECTION –

seat of the United States Court in Florence, Arizona, the officials were so impressed with the young man that just two weeks later, they offered him the position of deputy sheriff, a post he held until 1904. In December of that year McGee joined the Arizona Rangers, and by the following September he had been appointed sergeant under Capt. Tom Rynning, who considered him an "honest, faithful and courageous Ranger."

In 1906, McGee left the Ranger service and moved to Florence where he ran for, and won the position of sheriff of Pinal County. It appears that Sheriff McGee must have ordered this Colt as a gift for himself after winning the election. He undoubtedly carried it throughout his tenure as Pinal County's chief lawman, at a time when the territory was still wild. On August 16, 1913, when he and his deputy ran into a saloon in the town of Ray to stop a fight, he shot one Luccio Mendoza. Less than a year later, on April 20, 1914, while visiting the Carney Mine at the south end of the Superstition Mountains, McGee died of stomach complications—an ailment he had suffered from for years. As the April 25, 1914, edition of the *Arizona Blade Tribune* wrote, Sheriff McGee was recognized as "a courageous officer, a man of the West, and one of the best shots in Arizona."

Enter one of Hollywood's biggest stars, George Montgomery, who amassed over 100 film and television credits between 1935 and the 1980s. His impressive career



During a Great Western Gun Show in Southern California, actor George Montgomery admired his old Colt as he passed it on to gun collector Erich Baumann, who has owned this piece of Old West and movie history since he purchased it in 1975.

– ERICH BAUMANN COLLECTION –

included starring in dozens of action films—especially Westerns, including *Belle Starr's Daughter* (1948), *Canyon River* (1956), and *Badman's Country* (1958)—and starring in his own TV series, *Cimarron City* (1959). Besides acting, Montgomery was a self-taught artist, furniture builder, and designer and builder of 11 homes for friends and family.

George said he'd been presented this fancy Peacemaker in 1943 and he had used it in films and carried it during several personal appearances. He graciously included a personal letter to Erich stating his ownership and use of the Colt. Yep, I goofed on that Colt, but my pal Erich not only has a beautiful Colt revolver, but also an exciting part of Old West history—from the Copper State and the silver screen.

Phil Spangenberger has written for *Guns & Ammo*, appears on the History Channel and other documentary networks, produces Wild West shows, is a Hollywood gun coach and character actor, and is *True West*'s Firearms Editor.



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WildGameInnovations.com

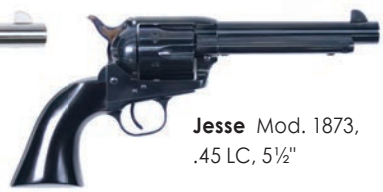
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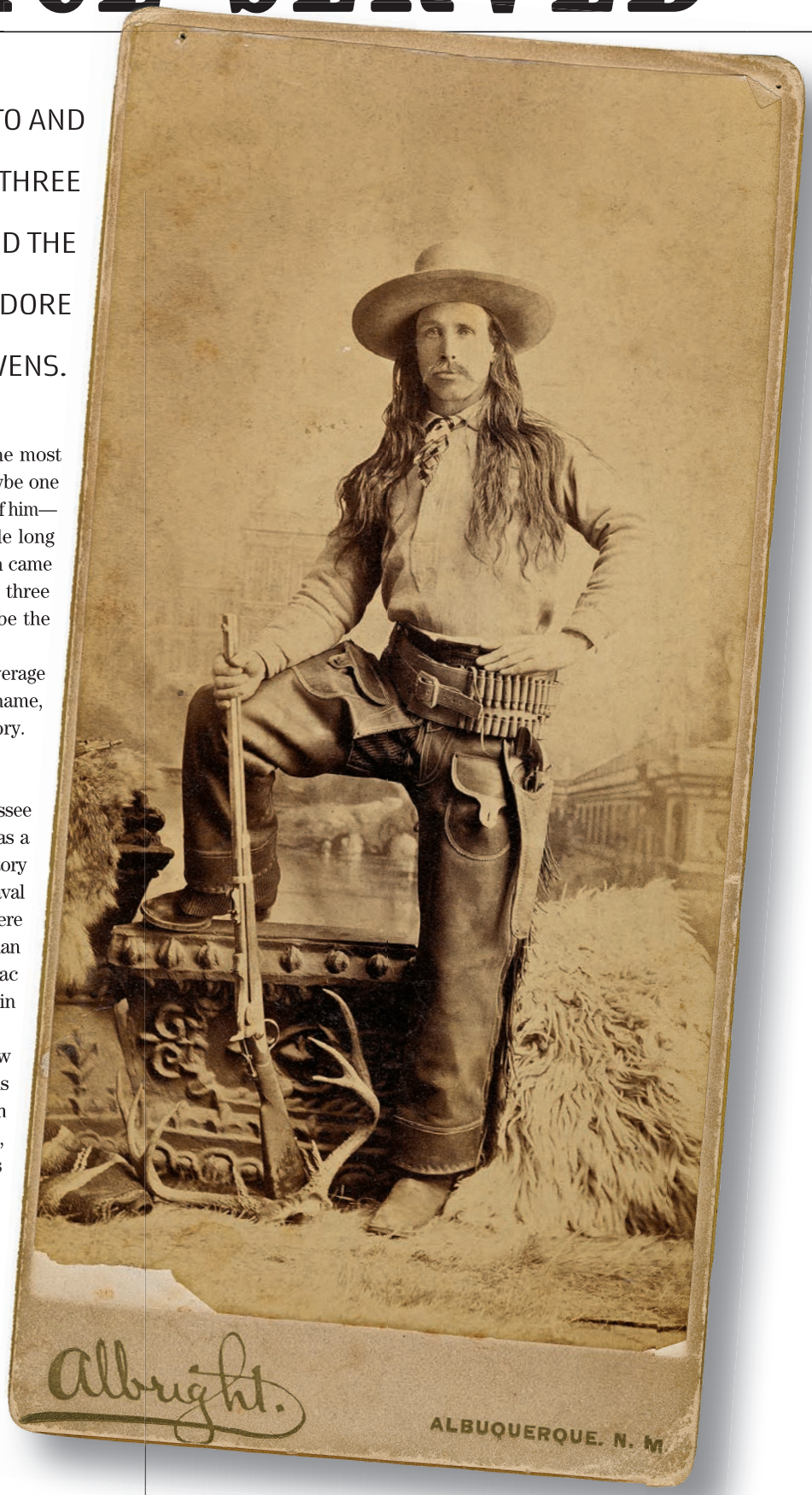
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HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

BY MARK BOARDMAN

JUSTICE SERVED

A NAME, A PHOTO AND A GUNFIGHT... THREE ELEMENTS THAT SPARKED THE LEGEND OF COMMODORE PERRY OWENS.



Commodore Perry Owens. One of the most unusual names in the Old West; maybe one of the coolest. And that iconic photo of him—the stylish Westerner, Wild Bill-style long hair and armed to the teeth. He even came out the winner in a classic gunfight, putting three notches on his gun. Commodore seems to be the epitome of the legendary sheriff.

But a closer look shows a guy who was an average lawman at best—who benefitted from that name, that photo and the one instance of blazing glory.

The Peaceful, Deadly Quaker

Owens had an average start, born in Tennessee on July 29, 1851, and growing up in Indiana (as a peaceful Quaker, no less). His mother was a history buff; she named him after the War of 1812 naval hero. He left home at about 13, and that's where his story get cloudy. The next record of the man appears in 1877, when "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker found him guilty of running whiskey in Indian Territory.

After that, he spent a brief period in New Mexico Territory—highlighted by the famous photo of him, featuring a long-haired man in fine Western duds and a broad-brimmed hat, armed with a rifle and pistol in what appears to be a buscadero rig. By the time Owens became a lawman seven years later, the hair was cut and the clothing was more conservative.

By 1881, Owens was in Apache County, Arizona Territory, serving as a cowboy and stock detective. During this period, he built a reputation as a dangerous man. He was a crack shot with rifle and pistols. Stories said

The iconic photo of Commodore Perry Owens was taken in Albuquerque, New Mexico Territory, in 1880, well before his law enforcement career.

– COURTESY ROBERT G. MCCUBBIN COLLECTION –

that he killed several rustlers (he later claimed he sent 14 men to their dooms). No proof supports that, except in one case.

In 1883, Owens shot and killed a Navajo youngster. Owens claimed the victim and two pals had been rustling cows. The two friends denied it and said Owens just opened fire without warning. Owens was arrested, but never tried; the death of an Indian wasn't considered a terribly criminal act by Apache County officials.

Owens had supporters, men of power and prestige who could always find a role for a man with his talents, real or imagined. In 1886, friends convinced him to run for sheriff of Apache County on the Peoples' Party ticket. The Apache County Stock Growers' Association threw its power behind him, which included endorsements by both local newspapers. It was a close election, but Owens won 500 to 409.

He took office on January 1, 1887, and immediately set out to serve standing warrants on various miscreants—many of whom were outside the jurisdiction. He was on the road for most of the first two months in the job, a pattern he would repeat throughout his tenure, and one that folks would increasingly criticize.

The trek led to more stories. Owens came back with no prisoners, and rumors claimed he'd served a permanent justice by killing several of them. That was never proven. For his part, Owens didn't comment. Still, criminals were on notice, and Owens' benefactors in the stock growers group were pleased. Initially.

Commodore Comes Up Short

But the man had limits, some not his own.



Joe McKinney, shown in 1888, was Commodore Perry Owens's erstwhile deputy, friend and scapegoat.

– ALL IMAGES TRUE WEST ARCHIVES UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –

Three men, including a constable, were killed at the nearby Navajo reservation on February 5. Owens wanted to arrest the perpetrators, but he had no jurisdiction on the reservation. The alleged killers went free, and to some, Owens appeared weak. The criticism started up.

On March 29, four prisoners broke jail in Holbrook. Owens blamed his friend and deputy Joe McKinney and fired him. McKinney was well-respected and folks believed he was scapegoated. Owens later apologized to him, but the damage was done.

McKinney wasn't the only deputy to leave. Jeff Milton—already well-known in the Southwest—spent only a couple of days on the job before quitting, saying he couldn't get along with the sheriff. A number of deputies either left or were fired. The sheriff dumped a fair amount of his paperwork on the deputies, and they resented it. Owens may or may not have been a hard case and shootist, but he was definitely not a people person. Even with his bosses.

As 1887 flew by, stock growers began getting more and more disenchanted with their lawman. Crime, especially rustling, was still rampant. Owens was frequently out of the office and unavailable.

The ranchers thought they were getting a stone-cold killer who would take the law into his own hands. They got a man who wanted to do things up front and legal…and slow. His bosses were impatient, Owens biographer David Grasse states.

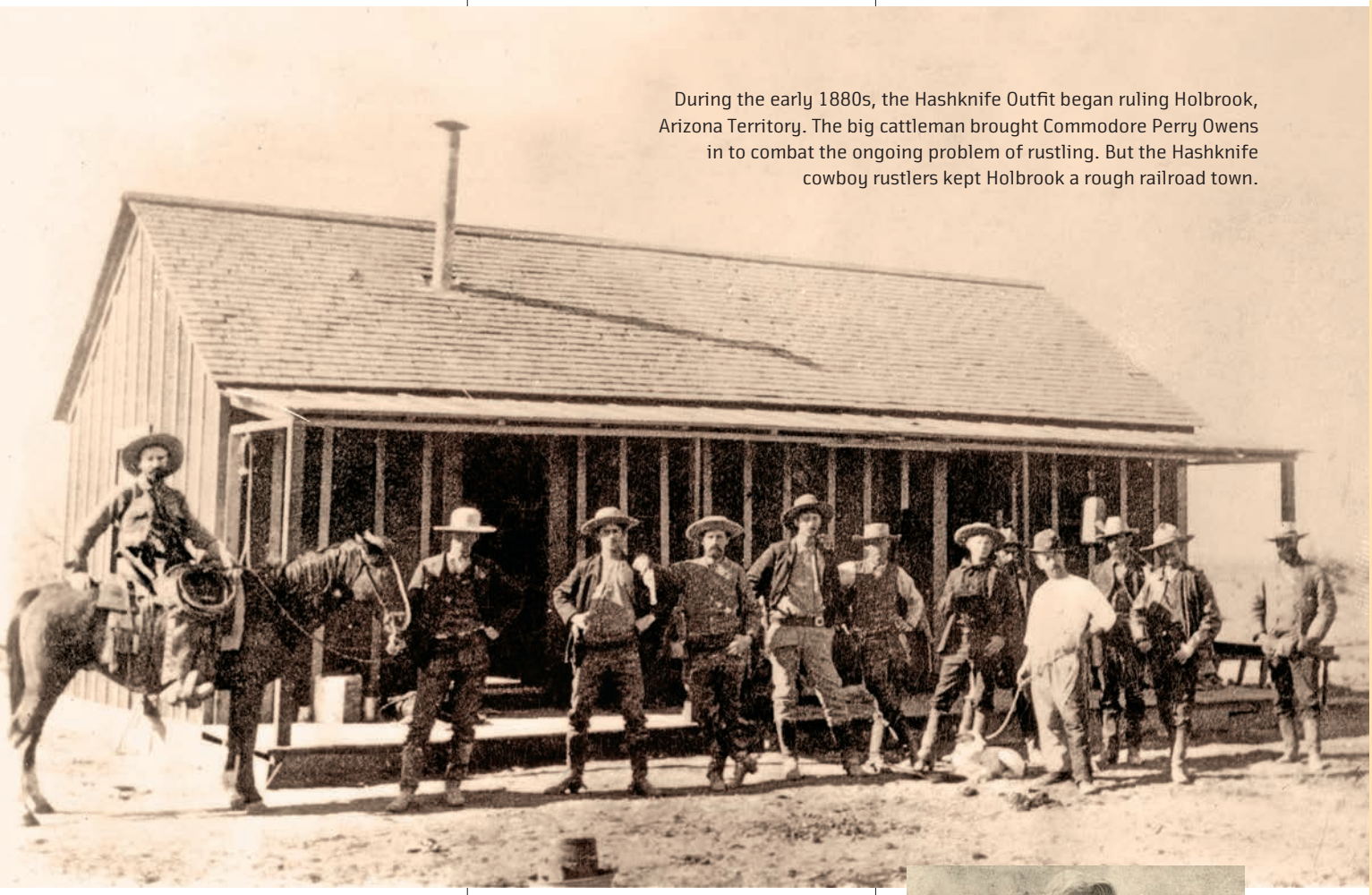
The association hired a stock detective, Jonas "Rawhide Jake" Brighton. Brighton also had a reputation as a killer—and he proceeded to back it up.

On June 1, Brighton shot and killed famed outlaw Ike Clanton, who'd been



Fanny Owens was a history buff, so she named her son for War of 1812 hero Commodore Matthew Perry, shown here.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –



During the early 1880s, the Hashknife Outfit began ruling Holbrook, Arizona Territory. The big cattleman brought Commodore Perry Owens in to combat the ongoing problem of rustling. But the Hashknife cowboy rustlers kept Holbrook a rough railroad town.

rustling cattle throughout the region. A month later, Brighton killed Clanton associate Lee Renfro, and stories circulated that Brighton murdered several other criminals. In some of those cases, Brighton rode with Apache County deputies, giving his actions a certain legitimacy.

Owens was out of the area, serving warrants, perhaps staying away from some bad situations.

The Blevins Fight

The heat was on Owens to prove his worth, which may be why he decided to arrest Andy Blevins, alias Andy Cooper.

Blevins was a major player in the Pleasant Valley War, which was tearing apart nearby Yavapai County. But he and his family were also rustling cows and horses in Apache County. His arrest warrant had been issued a year earlier, in 1886, before Owens took office. Owens decided to enforce it on September 4.

The situation was strange. Owens decided to arrest Blevins on his own, even though help was offered and perhaps needed. He didn't check out the scene before marching to the Blevins family cottage in Holbrook, Owens' home base; if he had, he would have discovered 11 people in the 600-square-foot house—seven of them women and children.

Despite the red flags, Owens went ahead.

In the gunfight that followed, Owens killed three men (Andy, his 15-year-old brother, Samuel, and family friend Mose Roberts) and wounded another (Andy's half-brother John), in under two minutes. The Blevins side got off just one shot.

Critics accused the sheriff of giving the family no chance. Owens got national attention, and the incident made him a legend. It was the high point of his career.

After the Gunfire

In the coming months, four more prisoners escaped Owens' custody. He spent even more time away from Holbrook.

The St. Johns Herald got more and more critical: "…his visits are like the 'second' coming for verily, no man knoweth whence he cometh, or whither he goeth."

Owens couldn't find sureties to put up the bond required for office holders; in fact, over two years in office, 23 people came and went as bondsmen. Most of them were stock growers members or friends—another indication that he was losing key support.

In August 1888, Owens announced he'd seek reelection; he couldn't even garner his party's nomination. He would run for the



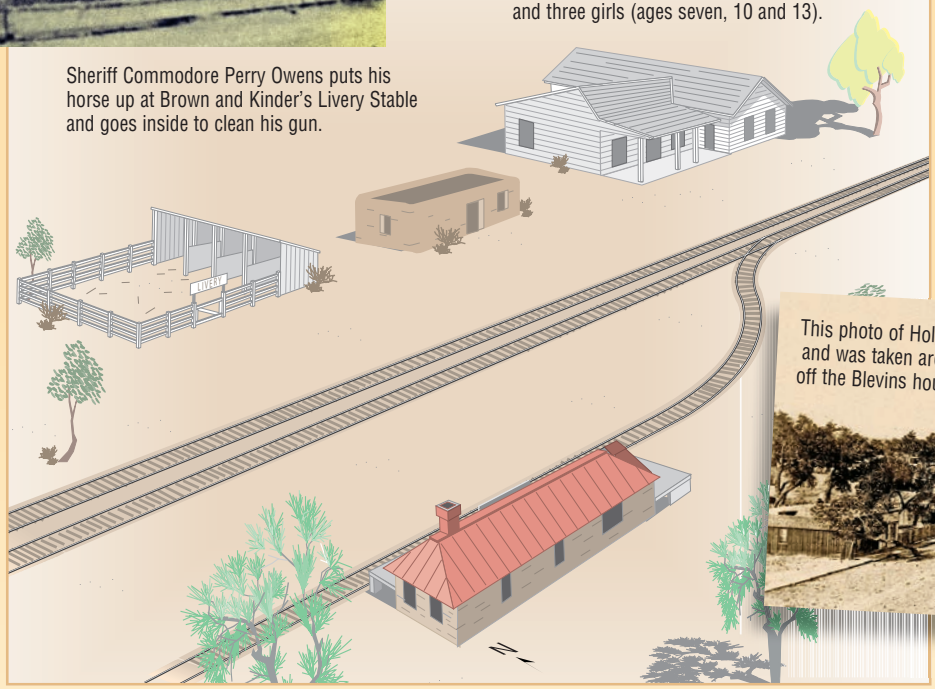
Before going on the straight and narrow, Owens had a fateful appearance in court before this man, "Hanging Judge" Isaac Parker.



Holbrook, Arizona Territory, 1887 (Population 250)

The Blevins House is rather crowded: In addition to the three men and young Houston, there are three adult women and three girls (ages seven, 10 and 13).

Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens puts his horse up at Brown and Kinder's Livery Stable and goes inside to clean his gun.



"Soon as the firing ceased, several citizens went to the house, where a horrible sight met their gaze—dead and wounded in every room and blood over the floors, doors and walls. One little child, seven years of age, was literally bespattered with clots of human gore. The agonizing groans of the wounded, the death rattle of the dying mingled with the hysterical screams of the females made a sight that no one would care to see the second time."

—THE APACHE COUNTY CRITIC, SEPTEMBER 10, 1887

This photo of Holbrook shows the main drag and train depot (center) and was taken around the time of the gunfight. Unfortunately, it cuts off the Blevins house, which would have been in the right foreground.



A CLASSIC GUNFIGHT: SEPTEMBER 4, 1887

Apache County Sheriff Commodore Perry Owens stepped onto the porch of the Blevins home in Holbrook, Arizona Territory, and knocked on the west-facing door. The Apache County sheriff was there to serve a warrant on Andy Cooper, a horse thief.

The door opened slightly, and Andy Blevins, alias Andy Cooper, peered out. The sheriff immediately spotted an ivory-handled pistol in the outlaw's hand.

"Andy," Owens said, "I have a warrant for you. Let's have no trouble."

"Give me a few minutes, I'm not ready yet," Andy replied, as he tried to close the door, but Owens thwarted the maneuver by pushing his boot into the narrow opening.

Ducking behind the door, Andy brought his six-shooter up to fire. Without removing the Winchester from the crook of his arm, Owens fired blindly through the door. His lucky shot hit Cooper in the stomach.

As he backed up, the sheriff levered his Winchester, ejecting the spent shell and slamming another into the breech. He quickly covered all the windows and doors in anticipation of other assailants.

A woman screamed. Before Owens could react, a second door opened slightly and the barrel of a six-shooter protruded and fired about four feet from the lawman. The bullet just missed Owens and instead hit a horse tied to a cottonwood tree in front of the house. The terrified horse broke its reins, ran a short ways and then toppled dead in the street.

Andy's half-brother John attempted to take cover behind a door, but Owens fired another intuitive shot, hitting John in the shoulder and sending him crashing to the floor.

Owens scanned the house through his rifle sights, watching for an attack from any and all corners. He heard a noise, which he recognized as a window being opened.

Owens ran from the front door to the front window, where he saw Andy on his knees, about to get a shot off through the narrow slit. The sheriff fired, and the bullet tore through the thin board siding, hitting an already wounded Andy in the right hip.

So far, the sheriff's three shots at invisible targets produced three direct hits.

As Owens levered another cartridge into his rifle, he heard a woman pleading with someone inside the house. After a commotio and more pleading, the front door opened.

Fifteen-year-old Samuel Houston Blevins boldly stepped out, brandishing Cooper's pearl-handled pistol and vowing to "get" the sheriff. Owens's fifth shot hit the boy squarely in the chest. The lad dropped dead on the doorstep.

His every sense on high alert, Owens stood alone in front of the house, waiting and listening. He had no idea how many more men were in the house. His keen ears caught a noise on the eastern side. He ran to the corner of the house, catching Blevins family friend Mose Roberts as he climbed out a window with a pistol in his hand. Owens fired, hitting Roberts in the chest.

The sheriff chambered another cartridge. By now, the screams and wails inside the house were dreadful. After a few anxious minutes, Owens realized no one else would be coming out to fight.

Satisfied he had finished his work, the sheriff walked up the street toward the livery stable, where he met several townspeople coming his way. "Have you finished the job?" A.F. Banta asked.

"I think I have," Sheriff Owens curtly replied.

—By Bob Boze Bell



Owens is shown in the mid-1890s, around the time that his law enforcement career came to an end.

office twice more and lose—although he occasionally served as a deputy, and, in 1892, he was appointed a deputy U.S. marshal.

Owens did get a top job again, in 1895. The western part of Apache County was carved off and made Navajo County; Owens was named sheriff. But his law aptitude didn't change. Owens fired two deputies in the first year in office. A prisoner escaped from the Holbrook jail under his watch. And some locals resented that Owens was often on the road.

Maybe the lawman didn't need the hassle; he didn't run for reelection in 1896. His law enforcement career was over.

The rest of his life was not exactly the stuff of legend. He moved west to the town of Seligman in 1898, working a variety of jobs. He set up a saloon (nicknamed "Bucket of Blood") and a grocery just off of his house. In 1910, Owens moved to San Diego County, California, and ran a farm. It must not have worked out, for he was back in Seligman the next year.

Family took up the ex-lawman's time. His chief deputy during the Navajo County tenure was his nephew, Bob Hufford. Owens made at least a couple of trips to Indiana to see his siblings and their children. And in 1901, the 50-year-old confirmed bachelor took a big leap: he married Elizabeth Jane Barrett, 22. They would have no children.

Perry's later life was unremarkable, but he wasn't exactly forgotten. Between 1897 and his death in 1919, Owens was the subject of several articles that loved his name, lauded his gunhandling and pushed forward the myth of the long-haired lawman who killed three desperate men in 1887. When he died of dementia and kidney disease on May 10, 1919, those tales were still being told, far and wide.

When the legend becomes fact, print the legend indeed.

Mark Boardman is the features editor for *True West* Magazine as well as the editor of *The Tombstone Epitaph*. He also serves as pastor for Poplar Grove United Methodist Church in Indiana.



In this photo taken around 1887, the year Owens killed three men in Holbrook, Arizona Territory, the lawman no longer has long hair and is wearing a wide-brimmed cowboy hat.



Rustler Ike Clanton (above) escaped the Earp Gang in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, but he fell victim to a hired gun.



Jeff Milton (above) was one of the most lauded lawmen in the Old West, with stints as a Texas Ranger, a deputy U.S. marshal, an El Paso police chief and the first U.S. border patrol agent. But he lasted less than a week as Owens's deputy, because the two didn't get along.

LOW SLUNG GUNS: *A HOLLYWOOD INVENTION?*

A popular misconception among some Old West re-enactors and wardrobe experts is that everyone wore their gunbelts high on their waists and that the low slung gun is an invention of Hollywood.

"If one thing will ding a contender for the title of a historically accurate Western, it's the dreaded buscadero. Purists hate the low slung holster with a passion that is hard to imagine if you've never been around a history buff, like Charles Bleile, who says, 'Overall, I liked the [Kevin] Costner movie, but looking at those holsters was like having a pebble in my boot.'" wrote film history buff John Farkis, in his *True West* article arguing why 1993's *Tombstone* got the look right versus 1994's *Wyatt Earp*.

This judgment may be harsher than necessary.

Yes, most frontier gunfighters did not walk around wearing extravagant buscadero rigs, which were holsters that hanged from the bottom of the gunbelts. But as the historical photos in this article prove, this was a style worn on the frontier.

Even so, two of the buscaderos, the most famous being the one worn by Commodore Perry Owens (see p. 22), date from 1884. The other shows a Flagstaff lawman, next to his horse (top, far right; see close-up of buscadero in inset).

In that same decade, folks who wore a low slung gun included Lt. Powhatan H. Clarke, who served farther south at Fort Huachuca in Arizona Territory, and a buffalo soldier who served under Clarke. Clarke wasn't wearing a buscadero rig, though; he lowered his Mexican loop holster over his gunbelt.

All of these examples point to the low-slung gunbelt possibly being a trend in Arizona Territory. These photos also demonstrate that some of our reverence for history is misplaced. We need to lighten up a bit regarding certain styles and gun usage.

As with the case of the buscadero rig, Hollywood sometimes captured the outfit more accurately than we thought.











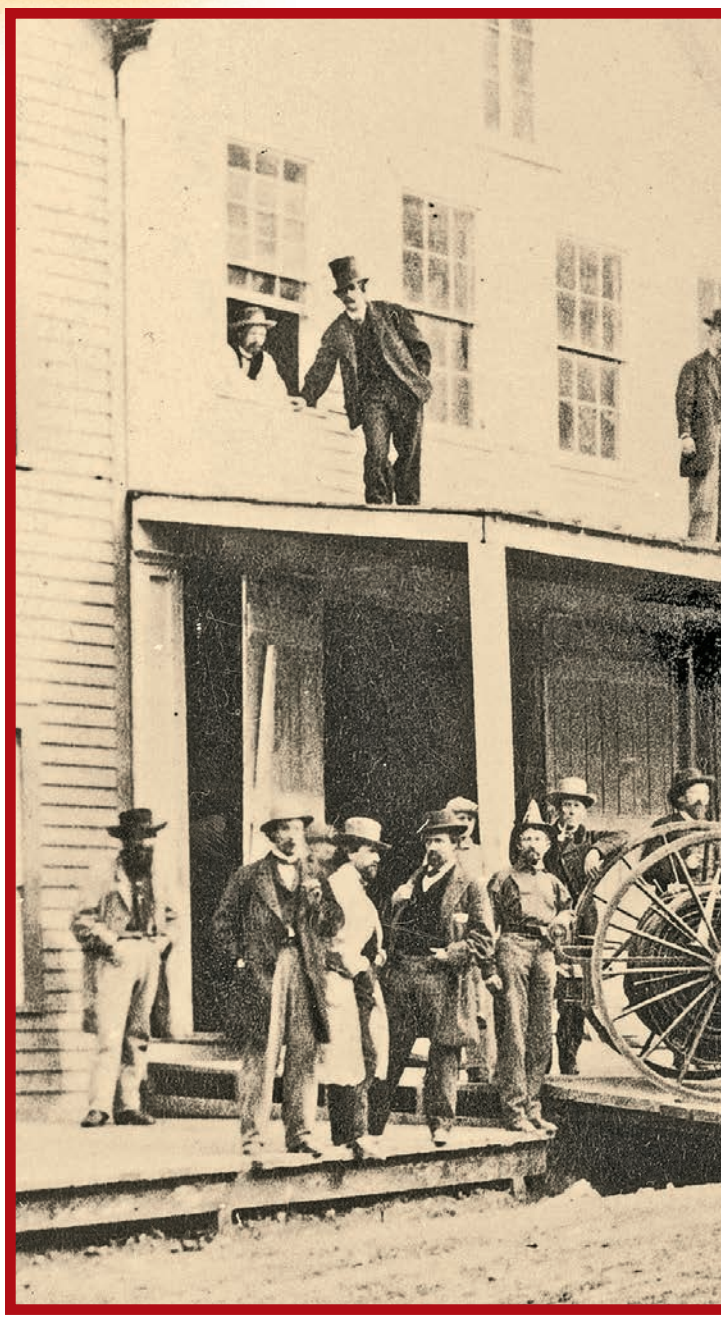
LOW SLUNG GUNS GALORE

A mixture of Hollywood cowboys and historical figures wore buscadero rigs. (First row, from top left): Broadway cowboy, circa 1910; a lawman in Flagstaff, Arizona Territory, circa 1884. (Second row): Fort Huachuca Lt. Powhatan H. Clarke, in Arizona Territory, circa 1886; Broadway cowboy, circa 1915. (Third row, standing center): A 10th Cavalry buffalo soldier who served under Clarke while in Arizona Territory, circa 1886.

BY GREGORY CROUCH

Comstock Inferno

Would the world's richest mine survive the Comstock Fire?



A gray dawn crept into leaden skies over Virginia City, Nevada, on the morning of October 26, 1875. The uniform layer of cloud rushing over the Sierra Nevada Mountains from California portended storm. Fierce winds thundered down the sides of Mount Davidson, churning the dust, thrashing the sagebrush and moaning around the walls of the town.

A booming mining community of about 15,000 terraced onto the mountainside built directly over the world-famous Comstock Lode, Virginia City was the dominant settlement in the state and, arguably, the most important between San Francisco, California, and St. Louis, Missouri.

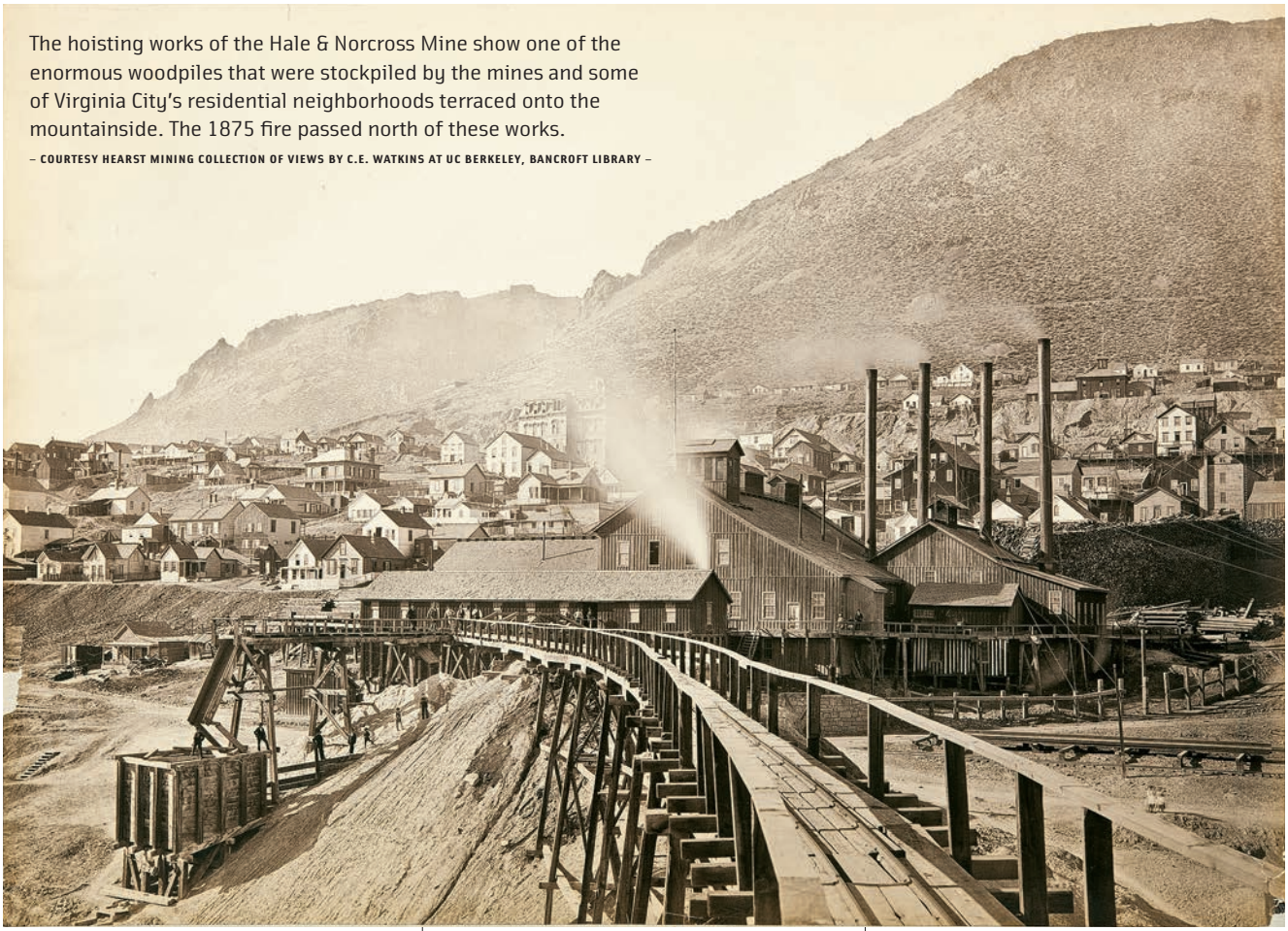
Staggering quantities of gold and silver had been mined from the Comstock Lode in the 16 years since its discovery—around $200 million worth—making it the Silicon Valley of the age. And the ore body recently struck more than 1,000 feet below the downtown streets in the Consolidated Virginia Mine dwarfed anything previously known. The Con. Virginia's riches had been revealed only 10 months before, but the mine was already paying more than $1 million of dividends per month.

One of the few persons out that early morning was 10-year-old Grant Smith, scouting for pigeons to shoot with his slingshot. Passing in front of Mooney's Stable, Smith heard the cry, "Fire!"



Fire companies in Virginia City, Nevada, including the one shown below, responded too slowly to the first alarm in October 1875. Their efforts to stop the spread of the fire were quickly overwhelmed by the wind-driven flames. One man, John W. Mackay (shown in inset, circa 1890), a mine owner who'd risen through the ranks of common Comstock miners, led the fight to save the world's richest mine. Would he succeed?

–FIREMEN PHOTO COURTESY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO LIBRARIES; MACKAY PHOTO COURTESY NEVADA HISTORICAL SOCIETY –



The hoisting works of the Hale & Norcross Mine show one of the enormous woodpiles that were stockpiled by the mines and some of Virginia City's residential neighborhoods terraced onto the mountainside. The 1875 fire passed north of these works.

– COURTESY HEARST MINING COLLECTION OF VIEWS BY C.E. WATKINS AT UC BERKELEY, BANCROFT LIBRARY –

The boy looked uphill into the driving wind and saw a thin stream of smoke trailing from a small, one-story frame boarding house belonging to Kate Shay, otherwise known as "Crazy Kate." People in the adjoining houses had heard a coal-oil lamp break during a drunken fight, one newspaper would later report.

A "garden hose could have put out the fire" at that first alarm, Smith recalled, but scarcely a drop of rain had fallen for months, the town was tinder dry and the fire department arrived tardy.

The firefighters' efforts went for naught as the angry winds whipped the fire fiend loose. Within 15 minutes, 20 buildings were in flames and church bells were ringing the alarm all over town. In the next five minutes, the number of burning buildings doubled.

A few minutes later, an area equal to a whole city block was aflame. People tumbled into the streets in their bedclothes, many just as their houses caught fire.

Smith rushed home. The pair of two-story houses owned by his family caught fire. His mother salvaged a handful of valuables and hustled him and his three brothers up the hillside to the dump of an old mine.

Acre after acre of buildings joined what one eyewitness described as the "sea of fire." Desperate to save something from the impending calamity, families three or four blocks ahead of the flames heaped belongings into the streets. Merchants vomited wares onto the sidewalks and fought to engage wagons. Teamsters jacked prices high and urged their animals through the mayhem, cursing.

Frantic citizens pressed every conceivable conveyance into service, from wheelbarrows to barouches. Without time to rig terrified animals into harnesses, men by the hundreds took the place of draft animals and hauled loaded wagons toward the outskirts of town.

Women and children staggered beneath impossible loads. Horsemen galloped through the crowds, heedless of the foot-bound multitudes. Behind them all, the ravening flames leaped and roared skyward.

By 9:00 a.m., a whirlwind of fire enveloped the county buildings, the International Hotel, the Bank of California and the rest of the city's core above C Street. Twenty-five miles away, the population of Reno could see the black cloud roiling above Virginia City.

A Race Against Time

Telegrams from Virginia City threw San Francisco into a furor. Much of the city's fortune rested on the successful working of the Comstock Lode.

The two best mines were the Con. Virginia and the California, both controlled by four Irish partners led by veteran miner John Mackay, who had walked more than 100 miles over the Sierra Nevada Mountains from California to the Comstock a few weeks after its discovery because he was too poor to afford a mule. Mackay took a job in a mine for $4 per day and worked his way up from nothing.

Mackay and James Fair handled the firm's mining operations on the Comstock; James Flood and William O'Brien, two former



This 1860s view of Virginia City, Nevada, shows a miner pushing an ore cart while two hitched wagons retrieve ore below from the Lower Dump of the Gould & Curry Mine. That company's mining office, built in 1860, would survive the 1875 fire and even become a brief residence for John Mackay. Another famous person who occupied that mansion was George Hearst, a mining superintendent who began the Hearst fortune on the Comstock with a borrowed $400 that turned into millions.

– COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, DECEMBER 11–12, 2012 –

saloonkeepers, fronted their interests in San Francisco financial and stock trading circles. Speculators "below," in San Francisco, pressed Flood for information as a rash of panic selling cratered the market. Flood hadn't heard from his partners, but he expressed confidence that Mackay and Fair were doing their duty, fighting the fire.

Flood knew his partners well. Mackay hadn't made the slightest effort to save his own house, which would burn down. He and Fair had been at the hoisting works of the Con. Virginia since the first alarm. Both miners recognized the extreme danger—the Con. Virginia works were in the heart of town, and the wind threatened to drive the fire right over them. They ordered everyone out of their mines.

Anything on the surface could be rebuilt, the whole town if necessary, but if fire burned down the mine shafts and got into the stopes far below, which were held open by an enormous beehive lattice of dry, compressed timbers, they'd lose the richest mine in the world forever.

With every last man raised from the mine via cages (elevators raised and lowered by the hoists), Mackay directed his men to seal the mine shaft and pile sandbags, dirt and ore on the bulkhead.

Outside, the fire surged across C Street toward D. If it leaped D Street and caught to Piper's Opera House on the east side of the street, the whole block between D and E Streets would catch fire. If that happened, nothing could stop the fire leaping E Street, burning the railroad depot and getting level with the Con. Virginia hoisting works. The slightest northward twitch of wind would doom the works.

Mackay led gangs of miners dynamiting the opera house and a line of adjacent houses in the hopes of creating a firebreak. Thudding explosions added a new horror to the mayhem.

A few blocks away, the wood-shingled roof of the Catholic church caught fire. A pious Irishwoman bustled off to find Mackay. "Oh, Mr. Mackay, the church is on fire!" she said. Perhaps he could save it?

People tumbled into the streets in their bedclothes, many just as their houses caught fire.

"Damn the church!" Mackay exclaimed. "We can build another if we can keep the fire from going down these shafts!"

When the wind began scattering the church's burning shingles into the city, miners dynamited the entire structure. Wind-driven flames vaulted the firebreaks with hardly a pause. Men fell back before the onrushing walls of flame.

Thousands of feet of mine timbers and hundreds of cords of firewood stored in the depot yard and outside the hoisting works caught fire and swelled to infernos. The volcanic heat melted the metal wheels of railroad cars.

Around 9:30 a.m., flames began to envelop the hoisting works. Driven by wind and the hellish heat, the fire raced down the trestle work supporting the car track over which a mule hauled the ore from the shaft to the mill that separated out the gold and silver. Only when the men heard her terrified braying did they realize that no one had loosed her from her stable.

Getting her out was suicide, but Ben Smith, her devoted groom, secured a pistol and tried to find a vantage from which he could shoot his beloved mule. Desperate to shorten her agony, he wriggled into a crawlspace beneath the hoisting works while the building took fire over his head. Heat scorched his skin and singed his hair and whiskers. The mule's screams drove him on, but he couldn't find a vantage point. The mule died in horrible agony. Smith barely escaped with his life.

The fire burned along the trestle work and consumed the Con. Virginia's massive, state-of-the-art mill and the stamp batteries of the California Mine's almost-complete mill. The battle shifted to the new hoisting works Mackay was having built 1,000 feet farther down the hill over the C&C Shaft,





These stereographs offer a rare view of C Street before the 1875 fire in Virginia City, Nevada. Both taken circa 1868, the view at left show a stagecoach in front of the Brooklyn Hotel, with a Republican campaign broadside, while the below view shows a "Head Quarters Democratic County Central Committee" banner hanging over the street.

– REPUBLICAN PHOTO COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, JUNE 13, 2008; DEMOCRATIC PHOTO COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, MAY 22, 2010 –

named as a joint effort of the California and Con. Virginia mines.

The C&C works seemed doomed too. With what the *Territorial Enterprise* described as "his old miner instinct and miner's knowledge," Mackay led the desperate fight to save them. Under Mackay's direction, miners dynamited a line of houses below G Street and dragged away the debris. The *San Francisco Chronicle* correspondent described the effort as "superhuman."

The wind was threatening to jump the flames over the firebreak and drive the fire onto the C&C works when a southward swing of the wind gave the men the chance to complete the firebreak. The respite provided the critical opportunity. The fire never crossed H Street, and the C&C hoisting works survived.

By 1:00 p.m., the worst of it was over. The flames died as they ate the fuel that sustained them, leaving ghastly wreckage.

The half-mile-square heart of Virginia City had vanished. Wraiths of smoke coiled above the charcoal and ashes. Here and there stood remnants of brick walls. The great machinery of the mines and mills stood like iron specters in the writhing smoke, every massive arm and wheel still.

Burned Out

Early estimates of the number of people rendered homeless ranged from 2,000 to 10,000. The fire swept away 200 businesses, including "all the small houses on D Street," which the *Daily Alta California* described as "occupied by a class of population which will be no great loss to the city."

A storm built over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, as burned-out residents wandered around looking for places to lay their heads. The Third Ward School housed as many as possible, but even with it and other public buildings and assembly halls packed to capacity and every surviving bed in town double- or triple-shotted with refugees, the available space didn't suffice. Families sought shelter in old mine tunnels and bivouacked in the lee of boulders and behind sagebrush windbreaks. Campfires dotted the hills around town after dark.

Snow began falling at 8:00 p.m. An hour later, the snowflakes turned to light rain. A series of heavy showers rode through the area on the still-blustery wind about 2 a.m. The Comstock passed a miserable night.

Like so much of the city, the *Territorial Enterprise* had been burned out. The newspaper reappeared, 48 hours after the fire, thanks to a newspaper proprietor who allowed his rival use of his printing presses.





Before-and-after views of Virginia City, Nevada: The panorama at left was taken by C.E. Watkins, circa 1869; The below view was taken by R.J. Waters as Virginia City was rebuilding after the 1875 fire. The hoisting works of the Ophir and the Con. Virginia and the rebuilt Catholic church are visible in a line down the center of the photo.

– WATKINS PHOTO COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, DECEMBER 11-12, 2012; WATERS PHOTO COURTESY SPECIAL COLLECTIONS, UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA, RENO LIBRARIES –

In a brief article titled, "Characteristic," the *Territorial Enterprise* described a "haggard" figure emerging from the successful battle to save the C&C hoisting works, "begrimed with dust, powder-smoke, and the smoke of the fire."

The man was Mackay, looking "like a laborer just ready to drop from exhaustion."

Mackay sat on a berm and watched the fire burn itself out. An acquaintance approached and said, "Mackay, you've lost what would have bought an earldom today."

"Don't speak of it," Mackay said. "It's not any matter and isn't worth mentioning."

He gathered what remained of his strength and said, "Let's see what we can do toward making these women and babies comfortable."

Extreme Danger of Fire

Six years earlier, in 1869, the Yellow Jacket fire had flared up underground. Aside from killing nearly 40 men, it permanently prevented access to the productive stopes on the 800-foot levels of the Kentuck and the Crown Point, despite the pay ore remaining in those galleries.

A number of other mine fires raged underground too, ones that didn't make headlines because they killed only a few people instead of three dozen, but a well-developed mine fire generally ruined that section of the mine forever because it was essentially impossible to extinguish. The fire would smolder for years in the oxygen-starved environment of the mine, even after it was sealed off, and any attempt to reopen the burned section generally re-charged the fire with oxygen and re-ignited the problem.

Everything underground in the Comstock mines was shored with timber. Since electric light hadn't been invented yet, all the mining was done by the open flames of candles and lanterns. The danger of fire was beyond extreme.

In contrast, the 1875 fire was on the surface, in the town, but if the miners had done nothing to stop that fire, it would have burned the Con. Virginia hoisting works, traveled down the wooden-framed shaft of the Con. Virginia and gotten into the "bonanza stopes"—the colossal galleries that housed the Big Bonanza, which were shored by an enormous lattice of square-set timber frames, a gigantic underground beehive structure built of one-foot by one-foot wooden framing timbers—and the most valuable mine in the world would have been lost. ★

Adapted from *The Bonanza King: John Mackay and the Battle for the Greatest Riches in the American West* by **Gregory Crouch**. Copyright © 2018 by Gregory Crouch. Published by Scribner. Visit *SimonAndSchuster.com* to purchase the book.





A woman strolls through Castle Hot Springs in Arizona Territory, circa 1898. This photograph was featured in the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway's September 1899 publication promoting "Arizona Health Resorts."

– COURTESY MCCLINTOCK COLLECTION, ARIZONA ROOM, PHOENIX PUBLIC LIBRARY



BY VINCE MURRAY

Arizona's Legendary Hot Springs

In Arizona, few places possess a local mystique as strong as that of Castle Hot Springs.

Located in the southern foothills of the Bradshaw Mountains, approximately 45 miles northwest of downtown Phoenix, Castle Hot Springs acquired its name from geothermal springs flowing within a small valley adjacent to Castle Creek. Credit for the discovery of the springs is attributed to prospector George Monroe, although the springs were likely known to the Yavapai and Tonto Apaches who lived in, or frequently traveled, the area. Stories vary as to the spring's discovery.

Storied pools of history enjoyed by early-day Arizonans promise respite for pleasure-seekers once again.

A Lovers' Find?

George was born in Indiana, around 1835, and first came to Arizona Territory in 1862 as a private in the California Volunteers during the Civil War. After an honorable discharge in New Mexico Territory, George returned to Arizona Territory around 1864 and pursued a career as a miner. He spent decades prospecting out of Prescott and Wickenburg, north and south of the mountains, respectively. On some of these sojourns, he was frequently accompanied by his wife, Mollie.

Mollie, also known as Mary E. Sawyer, was a local legend. Reportedly George's common-law-wife, she was born in Mississippi in 1846, according to the 1870 census, although other researchers have claimed she was born in New Hampshire. She headed west, supposedly to find a lost love by portraying herself as male prospector Sam Brewer. By the time "Brewer" got to Santa Fe, New Mexico Territory, she discovered her misplaced paramour had been killed in a barroom brawl, so she married a U.S. Army officer who took her to Fort Whipple, just outside of Prescott. When the captain left the fort, Mollie stayed and reportedly met George, around 1870.

Some researchers have given Mollie credit for discovering the springs with George, but that has not been confirmed by the historical record. She was declared insane in 1877 and committed to an asylum for the rest of her life, dying in 1902.

Troops' Tale

Another unconfirmed story, which did not appear until the second decade of the 20th century, claimed Fort Whipple troops discovered the springs. Around 1867, Col. Charles Craig, the fort's commanding officer, chased Apaches into the Bradshaws with 168 troops, *The Arizona Republican* reported in one version on April 6, 1919, in "Castle Hot Springs, Wonder Torrent Wrought by Nature." The account, written anonymously, stated:

"Standing on the mountain crest surrounded by his officers and men, Colonel Craig looked out over the vast expanse before him, a world of silence where mountain peak succeeded mountain peak, many of which resembled castles, and the glory of the rising sun, battlements and towers gleamed and glistened. Each man held his breath almost expecting to see armored knights and swaying banners come forth from the portals and to hear the flare of trumpets.



"Long and earnestly the Colonel gazed at the scene. Into his face and the faces of the men crept the reflection of a sweet and solemn thought, for each in his way, remembered then, having heard at his mother's knee of a certain 'new Jerusalem.'

"'If we find the headwaters of that creek boys, we'll call it Castle Springs in memory of this'—and removing his hat, the colonel inclined his head as though in reverent acknowledgement of the scene before him."

Though an intensely well-written fabrication, which has been repeated in both short and exceedingly long versions, the Craig story has no veracity. Craig does not appear on the Fort Whipple muster rolls for this time period. Plus, the springs are not the headwaters of the creek, the naming of which dates to at least seven years before the discovery of the springs.

Veiled in a Mist

In another story, George was the one being chased by Apaches. Escaping up a ravine, "penetrat[ing] it farther than white man or Indian had gone before," he discovered the hot springs, George's 1897 obituary stated.

Yet another story had prospector John Wesley "Poker" Johnson providing directions for a shortcut between Wickenburg and Prescott to George and a few fellow prospectors. Johnson's knowledge was apparently exaggerated, and the group became lost. After aimless wandering through the mountains, the group came across the springs.

So convoluted were the varying tales that, in George's 1897 obituary, *The Arizona Republican* questioned the stories related to the find, noting, "The manner of the discovery is doubtful, for early events in this territory are veiled in a mist that is little better than tradition."

Arizona's First Health Resort

What is verifiable is that Abraham Peeples, a well-known miner in his own right, had the waters tested and filed a preemptive claim for George and three partners in 1874.

Hot springs promised good health and healing power to both American Indians and settlers. By the mid-19th century, hydrotherapy spread across the nation and encouraged the building of resorts around thermal springs. The first Arizona Territory resort to offer folks the allure of "taking the waters" was Castle Hot Springs, which opened in 1898, and is shown here with guests riding around the grounds on horseback.

– COURTESY CASTLE HOT SPRINGS –



George never developed the springs, and they were eventually owned by Thomas Holland, a prospector from Tennessee. Holland brought in an experienced hotelier and set up a hotel at the springs in 1884, which promptly burned down and was rebuilt.

A decade later, the springs attracted mining magnate and entrepreneur Frank M. Murphy. Born in Maine and raised in Wisconsin, Frank and his brother, Nathan Oakes, came to Arizona Territory in the late 1870s.

Shortly after arriving in Prescott, Frank began a stage line in the Bradshaw Mountains, only to lose out to competitor Virgil Earp. During his brief run, however, Frank became active in mining as a prospector, investor and speculator.

Nathan Oakes became Arizona's territorial governor, serving from 1892-1893 and 1898-1902. With assistance from Nathan Oakes and a pair of prominent Philadelphians, Frank purchased Holland's interests and created Arizona's first health resort in 1898.

One of Frank's mining investors was "Diamond Jo" Reynolds, who had set up a railroad spur to Hot Springs, Arkansas, in 1876. As part of his development scheme, Frank, who helped bring the Santa Fe, Prescott and Phoenix Railway to Phoenix, set up a station at Hot Springs Junction (now Morristown), southwest of Wickenburg, and hired railroad engineers to build a road from there to the hotel at the springs.



Castle Hot Springs resort founder Frank M. Murphy mined in Prescott, Arizona Territory, just like these prospectors photographed there, circa 1880s, by Will R. Beatty. Local miners relaxed in the resort's hot springs among the more affluent Easterners willing to travel for respite.

– COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, JUNE 13, 2008 –

A road already existed from Phoenix, but Frank, like Reynolds, wanted access from the railroad. In addition to serving the local mining community, the new year-round resort, then-called Castle Creek Hot Springs, wanted to also attract more affluent patrons willing to travel from the east to Hot Springs Junction—some via private Pullman cars—and take a stage to the resort. One such guest was artist Maxfield Parrish.

Maxfield, along with his wife, Lydia, visited the resort in the winter of 1901-1902. The artist had contracted tuberculosis in his home state of Pennsylvania and, after a season in Saratoga Springs, New York, he still bore the effects of the pulmonary disease. Hence, he was elated to accept a commission from *The Century Magazine* that sent him to Arizona Territory to illustrate a series of articles by Ray Stannard Baker titled, "The Great Southwest." Maxfield created 19 paintings while at Castle Creek Hot Springs.

In a letter published in *The Century Magazine*, Maxfield detailed his impressions of the Southwest, noting that it had its own local color, different from his home in the Northeast. Describing the landscape in pictorial terms, he compared the formal effects of the desert's palette to the techniques of the artist Titian.

Remarking on the intense color of the sky—"a blue from dreamland, a blue from which all of the skies of the world were made"—Maxfield added, the "more you look, the more unreal it grows," a comment that could just as readily be made about the artist's later iconic landscapes, many of which included crenellated cliffs similar to those at the springs.

By 1905, the resort, renamed Castle Hot Springs, no longer accepted "patients" like Maxfield. Instead, it became a winter







The upper pool has been central to Castle Hot Springs resort throughout its history, with the spring water soothing bare-chested cowboys and ladies in their 1920s swimming attire. Above is a photo showing Victorian-era swimming attire that swimmers likely wore during the resort's earliest years.

– COWBOYS PHOTO COURTESY CASTLE HOT SPRINGS; LADIES PHOTO COURTESY ARIZONA HISTORICAL SOCIETY; VICTORIAN-ERA SWIMMING ATTIRE PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

season retreat and added horseback riding as well as tennis and golf to its amenities. Talented professionals were hired to manage and update the resort, setting a standard that would be followed decades later by Arizona resorts such as Arizona Biltmore Hotel and Camelback Inn.

The crew replaced the horse-drawn stage line from the railroad with a motorized service. Along with hotel updates, the new construction included bathing pools, bath houses and bungalows scattered along a well-manicured landscape

Pools of History

A veritable verdant oasis in the Sonoran Desert, the hot springs gushed hundreds of thousands of gallons of water a day at a temperature that was barely tolerable to the touch. The water flowed into a series of shallow pools and was used in the resort's swimming pool and baths.

Attracted to Castle Hot Springs, the resort's clientele became primarily a who's who of established industrialists and magnates from the Midwest and East Coast. It survived the early 20th-century recessions, the Great Depression and even served the military as a "rest center" during WWII, when one guest included then-future president John F. Kennedy. After Pullman travel went out of fashion, patrons could fly into Phoenix's Sky Harbor Airport and take a chartered helicopter to the resort.

Castle Hot Springs continued to operate until 1976, when the main hotel building burned down. Arizona State University operated it for a few years as a conference facility—promoting the Col. Craig version of its history—but found it unprofitable and sold it in 1987. A series of owners unsuccessfully tried to reopen the resort.

Closed for more than 40 years, Castle Hot Springs will open for business this fall. Arizona's oldest resort is being restored by a long-time Phoenix philanthropist and his wife who, along with Westroc Hospitality, are committed to bringing Castle Hot Springs back to its original grandeur.

A historian and cultural resource advocate, **Vince Murray** is an Arizona native from a pioneer family. He has a master's degree in Public History from Arizona State University. The president of the Coordinating Committee for History in Arizona, he owns Arizona Historical Research, a consulting firm in Phoenix.



A 1976 fire destroyed the main building days before the Castle Hot Springs resort was due to open for the winter. The building shown behind this rider is among the few buildings restored. Renovated structures and new bungalows will welcome guests this fall.

– COURTESY CASTLE HOT SPRINGS –



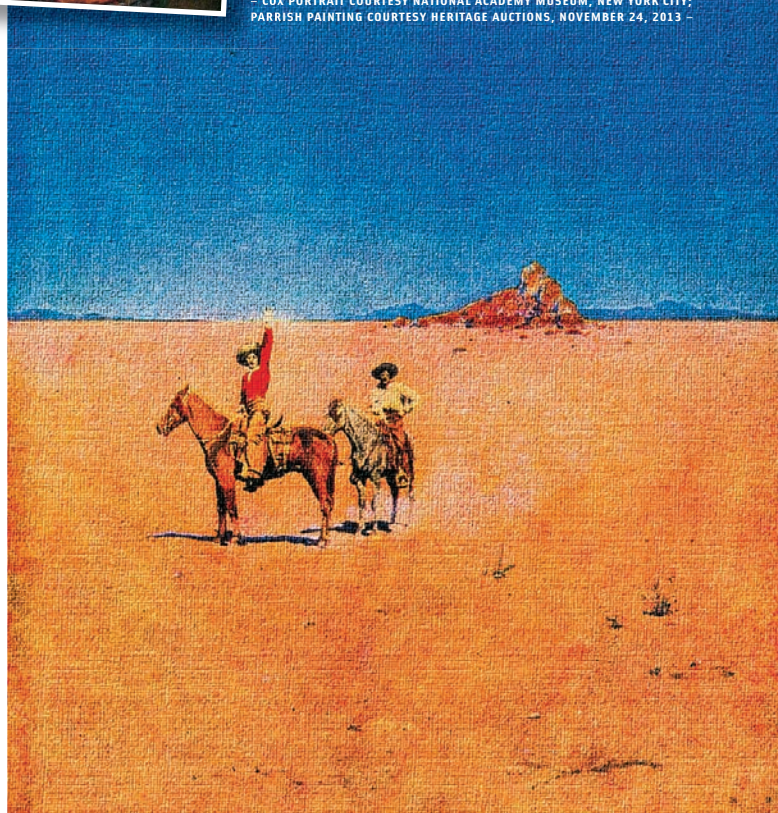




Maxfield Parrish would ironically paint *The Desert Without Water* (shown) while staying at a spot in the Sonoran Desert that gushed hundreds of thousands of gallons of water a day—Castle Creek Hot Springs resort. Parrish was on assignment for *The Century Magazine*, which published the illustration in its May 1902 issue. The artist is portrayed in this 1905 portrait by Kenyon Cox.

– COX PORTRAIT COURTESY NATIONAL ACADEMY MUSEUM, NEW YORK CITY; PARRISH PAINTING COURTESY HERITAGE AUCTIONS, NOVEMBER 24, 2013 –





Early-day guests enjoyed exploring the Sonoran Desert's wonders, climbing mountains for scenic vistas (top), hiking among the saguaros (above) and diving into pools that offered the highest-temperature hot springs northwest of Arizona's capital city, Phoenix (opposite page).

– COURTESY CASTLE HOT SPRINGS –

TRUE WEST EXCLUSIVE

CLASSIC GUNFIGHTS

IKE BITES THE DUST

IKE CLANTON VS "RAWHIDE JAKE" BRIGHTON

"HE SOWED TO THE WIND AND HAS HARVESTED THE WHIRLWIND...."

– *Apache County Critic,* June 18, 1887



Ike Clanton is an expert at running away.

– ALL ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB BOZE BELL UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED –

BY BOB BOZE BELL

Maps & Graphics by Gus Walker

Based on the research of Ben Traywick, Terry Ommen, Harold L. Edwards and David Grasse

JUNE 1, 1887



Detective J.V. "Rawhide Jake" Brighton fires at Ike Clanton from Jim Wilson's porch, hitting Clanton in the chest. No images of Brighton were known to exist until Wild West History Association researcher Terry Ommen found a newspaper clipping of him (below).

Apache County Stock Association detective J.V. Brighton, formerly known as "Rawhide Jack" during his rustling days, and two lawmen have been on the trail of Ike Clanton, his brother Phin and their rustler band for the better part of two weeks. After a ride from Springerville, Arizona Territory, to Solomonville and environs, the lawmen have gone back into the mountains for another pass at the Clanton Gang.

Arriving at Jim Wilson's ranch along Eagle Creek last night, the lawmen join Wilson for breakfast in the morning. While eating, Clanton rides straight up to the door. Recognizing his prey, Detective Brighton gets up from the table, while Wilson walks to the door and exchanges greetings with Clanton.

When Deputy Albert Miller steps to the door, Clanton recognizes the lawman and wheels his horse, spurring him toward the thick cover growing close to Wilson's home. At the same time, Clanton pulls his Winchester from its scabbard.

Brighton and Miller order Clanton to halt. Instead of doing so, Clanton, about 20 yards distant where the trail takes a turn to the left, throws his rifle over his left arm and attempts to fire.

Detective Brighton fires. The ball enters under Clanton's left arm and passes directly through his heart and out under his right arm.



Although J.V. Brighton (illustrated above) told at least one reporter he was a deputy under Commodore Perry Owens, researcher David Grasse found no lawman records to substantiate the claim.

– PUBLISHED IN *THE SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER* ON FEBRUARY 24, 1894 –

As Clanton reels in his saddle, Brighton's second shot passes through the cantle and grazes Clanton's right leg. Clanton falls on the right side of his horse, as his rifle slips to the left.

Brighton and Miller warily approach the spot where Clanton lays. When they get close, they realize he is dead.

Wilson notifies the nearest neighbors of the tragedy. Four men arrive and identify the deceased. They then give Clanton as decent a burial as circumstances allow.

CLANTON COUNTRY

Ike and his brothers roam and rustle across a broad swatch of eastern Arizona and western New Mexico

St. Michaels

2. After Tombstone, Ike and Phin Clanton move to Apache County, and each acquires 160 acres in the Cienega-Amarillo area, near present-day's St. Michaels. Soon, the brothers are riding with rustlers.

Ike even tries his hand at running a restaurant in the early days of Tombstone.



October 26, 1881: In the side yard of Fly's Boarding House, Ike wrestles with Wyatt Earp.



APACHE COUNTY

Holbrook

St. Johns

Little Colorado River

Show Low

Springerville

Eagar

3. Searching for Ike and Phin on criminal charges, Detective Brighton and Deputy Miller stop at the Horton brothers' camp on Black River. One of the Hortons accompanies them into the rugged mountains, where they discover the empty Clanton camp.

Salt River

GILA COUNTY

Black River

5. Brighton and Miller ride back into the mountains. They arrive at Jim Wilson's Eagle Creek ranch where they spend the night. The next morning, Ike rides to the ranch. In a gunfight with Brighton and Miller, Ike is shot dead.

Globe

Blue River

San Francisco River

Eagle Creek

7. After a pardon in 1889, Phin moves to Globe where he lives out his life, dying on January 6, 1906.

Gila River

Fort Thomas

GRAHAM COUNTY

NEW MEXICO

Solomonville

4. Leaving the camp, the officers go to Solomonville and consult with Sheriff Crawford. Following a couple days of rest, Brighton heads for the railroad, while Miller goes to Fort Thomas.

PINAL COUNTY

San Pedro River

Tucson

Willcox

San Simon

Benson

1. In 1880, Ike Clanton and Johnny Ringo file a location notice for 320 acres in New Mexico's Animas Valley.

COCHISE COUNTY

Rodeo

PIMA COUNTY

Fairbank

Clanton Ranch

Tombstone

Clanton Ranch

Babocomari River

Charleston

Lewis Springs

Clanton Ranch

AZ

NM

Area in detail

Yuma

6. Charged with grand larceny, Phin is sentenced to 10 years in the Yuma Territorial Prison.

10 Miles

MEXICO

Aftermath: Odds & Ends

Ike Clanton's body was buried on a ridge near Jim Wilson's ranch. Fifth cousin Terry "Ike" Clanton reportedly found Ike's burial site on June 28, 1996. Terry unsuccessfully tried to have the remains reinterred at Boothill in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1998.

Phin Clanton was behind bars when his brother Ike was killed. Arrested in April and charged with grand larceny, Phin began his 10-year sentence at Yuma Territorial Prison on October 7, 1887. The prison's assistant superintendent was none other than Johnny Behan, who, as Cochise County sheriff and while riding with a posse that included Phin and John Ringo, had tried to serve a warrant on Wyatt Earp's posse during the 1882 "Earp Vendetta Ride."

Phin was pardoned by Gov. Meyer Zulick on March 15, 1889. A witness recanted his testimony and claimed he, A.G. Powell and J.V. Brighton had conspired to convict Phin and split the $250 reward from the Apache County Stock Association. Behan set Phin free on March 24.

Phin moved to Globe and raised goats. With the exception of a charge of robbing and beating up a "Chinaman," which he beat, Phin lived out his life in relative peace, dying on January 6, 1906.



No matter where Ike Clanton went, trouble was not far behind.

J.V. Brighton may have also been the triggerman who killed another Clanton Gang rustler, Lee Renfro, on July 8, 1887. The lawman was not identified, but Brighton was in the area and had been looking for Renfro and other rustlers. Brighton moved on to California where he continued his detective work. He died at the Veteran's Hospital in Los Angeles in 1928.

Recommended: *The Clantons of Tombstone* by Ben Traywick, published by Red Marie's Bookstore; *"A Killer is What They Needed:" The True, Untold Story of Commodore Perry Owens* by David Grasse, published by Graphic Publishers.

BY PRESTON LEWIS

LITTLE KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE OLD WEST

From Slavery to Cattle King

"80 John" Wallace pursued his dream and became a millionaire Texas rancher.





Clay Mann, shown with his wife, Mary, in 1871, helped "80 John" Wallace build his own herd. One of Wallace's homes (above right), scattered across the cattle ranch he would establish, is now preserved at the National Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock, Texas.

– MANN PHOTO COURTESY SCURRY COUNTY MUSEUM IN SNYDER, TEXAS; HOME PHOTO COURTESY NATIONAL RANCHING HERITAGE CENTER –

Born a slave near Inez, Texas, on September 15, 1860, the year before the war began that would free him, Daniel Webster "80 John" Wallace had a dream.

By the time of his death 79 years later, Wallace had overcome prejudice, illiteracy and all calibers of frontier hardships to live that dream as a successful Texas cattleman.

Raised to chop cotton for farms in Victoria and Fayette Counties, Wallace, at 15, ran away and begged his way onto a small 1876 cattle drive to Lampasas County. He earned $1.50 for his efforts and enough experience to start cowboying for ranchers Sam Gholson and John Nunn farther west.

In December 1878, he hired on with Clay Mann, a Coleman County cowman who would shortly establish a Mitchell County ranch just south of the newly formed Colorado City. Mann taught Wallace about cowboying and the business of ranching.

Wallace and Mann developed such a close and trusting relationship over the next decade that Wallace acquired the "80 John" nickname for the "80" brand burned into the side of Mann's cattle. This also distinguished him from another black cowboy, also called John, on John Good's nearby ranch.

To build his own herd, Wallace relied on Mann to withhold $25 of his $30 monthly salary for two years to buy cattle that Mann let graze on his property until Wallace could accomplish his dream of purchasing his own spread.

Likewise, Mann trusted Wallace so much he once relied on him to deliver a $30,000 cash payment for cattle to a ranch three days away.

Even after Mann died in 1889, Wallace continued to work a decade for Mann's widow, while managing his own place.

Realizing in his mid-20s that a successful rancher needed to read and write, Wallace found a Navarro County black school that would let him start the second grade. He spent two winters learning his ABCs and penmanship while courting graduating high school student Laura D. Owen. He married her on April 8, 1888, and they celebrated 50 years together.

In 1885, four years after the Texas and Pacific Railway reached Colorado City, Wallace purchased two sections of Mitchell County railroad land for his ranch. He prospered and gradually added more property, eventually turning 1,200 acres over to cultivation and introducing windmills to the region. Though the drought of 1894 threatened to break him, a white rancher signed a $10,000 note on his behalf, allowing him to get back on his feet.

Ultimately, Wallace owned more than 8,800 acres of Mitchell County land. When "80 John" died on March 28, 1939, his estate was estimated at more than $1 million. One obituary called him "one of the most progressive ranchers and farmers in Mitchell County, white or Negro."

His body was buried near his ranch house, on the first section of land he had purchased to realize his dream.

Preston Lewis is a fellow and past president of the West Texas Historical Association and a Spur Award-winning author of "Bluster's Last Stand," published in *True West*.



Daniel Webster "80 John" Wallace (above) switched from chopping cotton to branding cattle, paving a path of success that turned this Texas pioneer black rancher into a millionaire.

– COURTESY HEART OF WEST TEXAS MUSEUM –

BY CANDY MOULTON

Hell on Wheels

Travel across Iowa, Nebraska and Wyoming to discover how the Union Pacific Railroad built the West 150 years ago.



Andrew J. Russell's 1868 photograph of Citidel Rock and the temporary and permanent Union Pacific Railroad bridges, Union Pacific locomotive, handcart and railroad workers at Green River, Wyoming Territory perfectly captures the rugged, frontier conditions of the construction of the transcontinental railway.

– COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS –

A century and a half ago the Iron Horse galloped across the prairie and plains of Nebraska then over and around the mountains and across the southern Red Desert of Wyoming, spawning a few dozen cities that remain today and dozens more end-of-tracks towns that were brief enterprises.

Thomas C. Durant, vice president and general manager of Union Pacific, president of the Credit Mobilier, and a self-serving financial strategist, managed construction, but the work started slowly. Only 40 miles of track costing more than $500,000, was in place by the end of 1865, described by a newspaper reporter as "two streaks of rust across the Nebraska prairie." Durant hired a young Union general and civil engineer, Grenville Dodge, who had built or rebuilt railroads during the Civil War and with whom Durant had worked on railroad construction in Iowa.

Our journey begins in Council Bluffs, Iowa, at Mile 0—the eastern terminus for the Union Pacific. When in Council Bluffs visit the Dodge House, the Union Pacific Railroad Museum, and the Rails West Railroad Museum. That orientation will prepare you for the journey ahead.

Across the Missouri, stately old Union Station in Omaha now houses the Durham Museum. At the nearby Union Pacific Museum you'll find furniture and other items



The Union Pacific Railroad Museum is housed in the former Carnegie Library in historic downtown Council Bluffs, Iowa. The museum's "Building America" exhibit details the history of the construction of the transcontinental railroad.

– COURTESY UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD MUSEUM –



Following the trail of the Union Pacific Railroad's construction across Nebraska should include a stop in North Platte and a tour of Buffalo Bill Cody's Scout's Rest Ranch (left) where the Western showman developed his Wild West show.

– COURTESY NEBRASKA TOURISM –

closely related to President Abraham Lincoln, who in 1862 had signed the Pacific Railway Act, leading to construction of the railroad.

As the tracks slowly crawled west over Nebraska, William Peniston and Andrew J. Miller opened a trading post near the confluence of the North Platte and South Platte rivers, when they learned it would become a construction camp for the Union Pacific Railroad. Dodge laid out the town of North Platte and, when John Burke moved a log building in from Cottonwood Springs to serve as a hotel, North Platte's birth was complete. Soon the first newspaper, *The Pioneer on Wheels*, began publication in a boxcar. By the winter of 1866-'67 North Platte's population swelled to 2,000 railroad workers and camp followers.

It was described by the *Missouri Democrat* in May 1867 as a "gay frontier hamlet; its citizens a motley crowd of construction camp denizens, roughs, and gamblers, emigrants but a few months from the countries of the Old world. Women from the dance halls, bullwhackers and teamsters."

By June 1867 the Union Pacific track crews had pushed on west to Julesburg, Colorado, and the population of North Platte collapsed to just 300 citizens. But it remained and regrew after the Union Pacific made it a division point for the railroad; by 1879 North Platte had rebounded to 1,600 residents.

Dan and Jack Casement managed the track-laying crews who lived in 20 cars that had dormitory facilities. The workers—track layers, teamsters, blacksmiths, carpenters, mechanics and masons—worked 12 to 16 hours a day and earned an average of a dollar a day.

The Union Pacific pushed into Wyoming. On July 9, 1867, six men and three women set up a camp that became Cheyenne. One early resident said, "Well, one fine day in early July, 1867, four or five hundred of us pitched our tents here, where there wasn't a sign of civilization, and about half of us woke up at daylight the next day to find that the other half was living in board shanties!" This rapid growth quickly gave the town the name "Magic City of the Plains." It grew to 4,000 residents, and in 1868 became the capital of Wyoming Territory. The original UP Depot now houses businesses and a railroad museum.

The rail line pushed west past Cheyenne and the terrain changed. Once across the Sherman summit, named for Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, the railroad dropped into the Laramie Valley where Fort John Buford had been built in July 1866. The city of Laramie—Gem City of the Plains—would grow into almost immediate prominence, ultimately the home of the Wyoming Territorial Prison, now a state historic site.

The Union Pacific, now running parallel to the earlier established Overland Trail, pushed west with end-of-tracks towns popping up every 20 miles along the route. They included Carbon, the first coal production center on the UP railroad line; Fort Steele, a military post established to protect the railroad construction crews from Indian attacks; and Benton, which quickly grew to 3,000 residents with a city government and a daily newspaper.

As the tracks circumnavigated the Medicine Bow Mountains and prominent Elk Mountain, it became far easier to obtain railroad ties. Camps in the mountains as far south as the Sierra Madre put thousands of tie hacks to work from the earliest days of UP construction until well into the 20th century because ties were continually needed for track maintenance. The history of the area tie camps is a prominent feature at the Grand Encampment Museum.



By 1868, Jim Bridger's trading post (a state historic site since 1928) in southwestern Wyoming was a key Army post during the construction of the Union Pacific line along the Overland Trail corridor.

– COURTESY WYOMING OFFICE OF TOURISM –

Rawlins, named for Gen. John A. Rawlins, blossomed because of a spring of good water at the site, and it soon eclipsed Benton, ultimately becoming the county seat.

The Union Pacific crossed the Great Divide Basin and inched its way to Rock Springs, which became a major coal supply center, and Green River, which also became a division point for the Union Pacific.

In late November 1868, Harvey Booth pitched a tent, opening a saloon and hotel in what would become Evanston. The Union Pacific track-layers reached his little enterprise on December 1 and the 600 camp followers and construction workers quickly overwhelmed Booth's accommodations. Soon houses of wood and canvas went up to serve the new population.

Evanston almost died as quickly as it was born when the Union Pacific moved headquarters to Wasatch, Utah. Within a day most people and businesses abandoned Evanston and moved on. But in June 1869, the UP, recognizing the availability of a steady water supply from the Bear River, reestablished division headquarters in Evanston, ultimately building a major maintenance facility there as well, permanently placing Evanston on the map.

Coal mines that opened just north of Evanston attracted a large population of



Chinese miners who established their own community—a shantytown built of scrap lumber, tar paper, packing boxes and even flattened metal cans—north of the railroad tracks. These Chinese residents worked in the mines, operated laundries, and peddled vegetables they grew in large gardens. They also built a joss house—one of three in the United States at the time—where they could practice their religion. While the original joss house burned in 1922, a replica now serves as a museum.

By the end of 1868 the Union Pacific had laid track all the way west from Omaha to Evanston, and was poised for the final stretch across Utah in order to meet the Central Pacific track being laid from California. The two lines would ultimately be joined at Promontory Summit in northern Utah in May 1869.

Candy Moulton is the author of *Roadside History of Nebraska* and *Roadside History of Wyoming.*

Side Roads



Ames Monument, Exit 329, I-80, between Cheyenne and Laramie, WY

– Courtesy Wyoming Office of Tourism –

PLACES TO VISIT

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA: Grenville Dodge House, Golden Spike Park; Union Pacific Railroad Museum; Rails West Railroad Museum

NEBRASKA: Durham Museum and Union Pacific Museum, *Omaha;* **Lincoln County Historical Museum** and **Golden Spike Tower and Visitor Center,** *North Platte*

WYOMING: Cheyenne Depot Museum, *Cheyenne*; **Ames Monument**, *Exit 329 Off I-80 between Cheyenne and Laramie*; **Wyoming Territorial Prison State Historic Site**, *Laramie*; **Medicine Bow Museum**, *Medicine Bow*; **Grand Encampment Museum**, *Encampment*; **Carbon County Museum**, *Rawlins*; **Sweetwater County Historical Museum**, *Green River*; **Chinese Joss House Museum**, *Evanston*

BEST EATS & SLEEPS

GRUB: Drover, *Omaha, NE*; **Canteen Bar & Lounge**, *North Platte, NE*; **The Cavalryman**, *Laramie, WY*; **Rose's Lariat**, *Rawlins, WY*; **The DiVide**, *Encampment, WY*; **Don Pedros**, *Green River, WY*

LODGING: Magnolia Hotel, *Omaha, NE*; **Nagle Warren Mansion**, *Cheyenne, WY*; **Little America Hotel, Cheyenne**, *WY*; **Elk Mountain Hotel**, *Elk Mountain, WY*; **Best Western Dunmar Inn**, *Evanston, WY*

RV PARKS AND CAMPGROUNDS

Holiday RV Park & Campground, 601 Halligan Dr, North Platte, NE, HolidayParkNE.com, (308) 534-2265; Pine Grove RV Park and Campground, 23403 Mynard Rd, Greenwood, NE, PineGroveRVPark.com, (402) 944-3550; Laramie KOA Journey, 1271 W Baker St, *Laramie, WY*, KOA.com,(307) 742-6553; **Western Hills Campground**, 2500 Wagon Circle Rd, *Rawlins, WY*, *WesternHillsCampground.com*, (307) 324-2592

GOOD BOOKS, FILMS & TV

BOOKS: ***Roadside History of Nebraska*** by Candy Moulton; ***Hell on Wheels: Wicked Towns Along the Union Pacific Railroad*** by Dick Kreck; ***Roadside History of Wyoming*** by Candy Moulton

FILM & TV: ***The Iron Horse*** (Fox, 1924), ***Union Pacific*** (Paramount, 1939), ***How the West was Won*** (MGM, 1962), ***Hell on Wheels*** (AMC, 2011-2016)



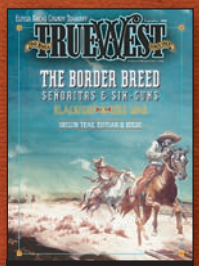


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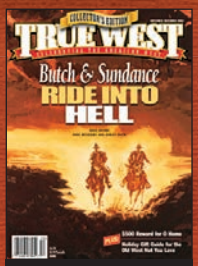


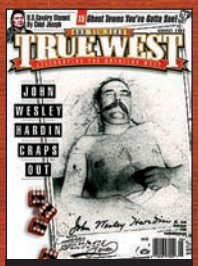
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Aug/Sep-2001
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Defeat of Jesse James


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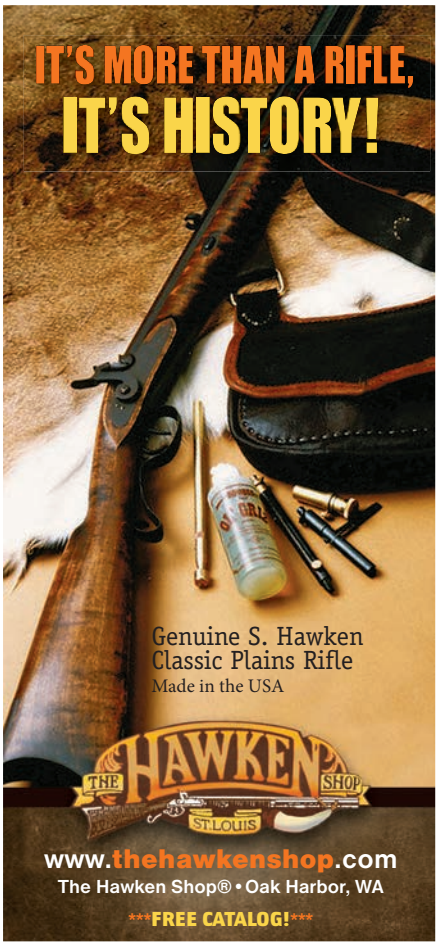
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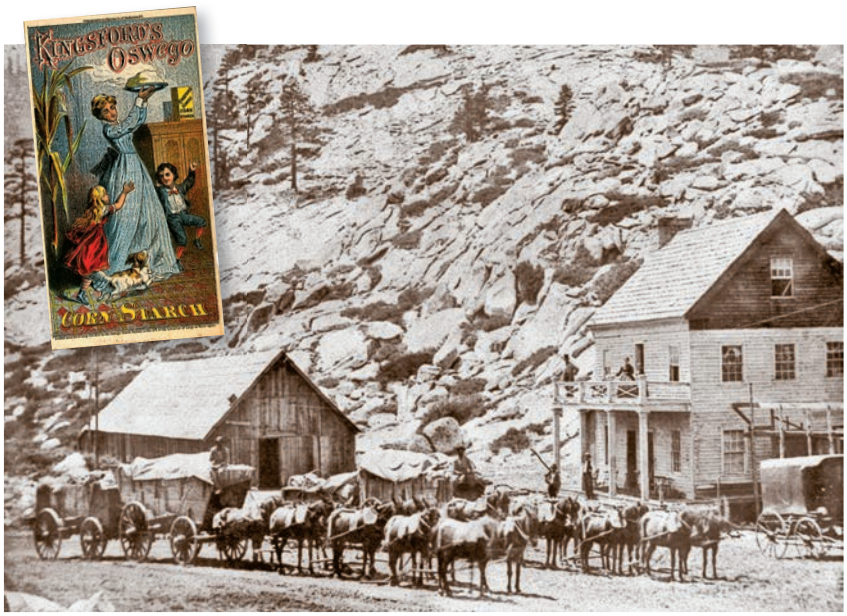




BY SHERRY MONAHAN

Horrors of Stage Station Grub

A hefty price for food prepared in less-than-sanitary conditions.



George Swan built his Slippery Ford House (above) in El Dorado County, California, during the early 1860s to provide food and lodging for roughly 200 daily stagecoach passengers heading for Nevada's Comstock Lode. One never knew, however, if the cook at various overland stations was careful to avoid her dog's fur or her kids' grubby hands while preparing the meals (see inset trade card).

– SLIPPERY FORD HOUSE PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; TRADE CARD COURTESY NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY –

By the 1850s, gold rush fever inspired more and more pioneers to board concord coaches and make their way West. The stagecoach held nine comfortably, but many more often crowded themselves on rooftop benches that jostled and swayed over rough terrain.

The only breaks the travelers received were at "swing" or "home" stations along the cross-country routes, which included the famous Butterfield Overland. Swing stations offered nothing more than a building with a stock tender to assist with horse changes, while home stations were private homes where owners served meals. The stations typically sat about 25 to 50 miles apart along the routes.

Midway between Atchison, Kansas, and Denver, Colorado, sat the home of the Trout family. Daniel Trout and his sisters were known for their hospitality and delicious food. Lizzie's cooking was so good that she was hired by W.S. McIlvain to assist his wife with the cooking at their stop in Latham.

Meals were not included in the ticket cost and ran between 50 and 75 cents. Some frugal passengers decided to fill their pockets and "grub" their journey to save money. Imagine riding next to a fellow passenger carrying bologna, dried herring, dried beef and cheese and crackers for a six-day journey.

> Everyone should eat a peck of dirt.

The food served at most of these stops included bacon, ham and buffalo, elk and antelope steaks. Some had eggs, chicken, roasted turkey, cream for coffee, fresh butter and plenty of fresh vegetables.

Travelers were sometimes appalled at the conditions of the stage stations. Victorians traveling from the East were

often shocked at the laissez-faire attitude toward cleanliness.

One man sat down to eat at a station on the dusty plains and griped about the dirt. The landlord overheard him and told the traveler that he was taught that everyone should eat a peck of dirt. The passenger replied, "I am aware of that fact, my dear sir, but I don't like to eat mine all at once."

Even the drivers could be turned off from eating at some of the stations and claimed a weak stomach. One man often watched Mrs. X make her biscuits, which were known on the Overland line as the best. He also knew, however, that Mrs. X would pet her cats and dogs, and then immediately plunge her hands into her biscuit dough.

Passengers and drivers alike enjoyed dessert, but not the same one at every station. The drivers especially grew weary of dried apple pie. Dried apples were a pantry staple, and pies were a cheap dessert. It became so bad that a song about the dreaded dried apple pie was created; it began, "I loathe! Abhor! Detest! Despise! Abominate dried apples pies...."

Make these soda biscuits, but try not to pet the animals first.

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

SODA BISCUITS

2 ½ cups flour
½ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lard or butter
1 cup buttermilk

Combine the flour, soda and salt in a large bowl. Cut in the butter to form pea-sized pieces. Add the buttermilk and stir; do not overbeat. Gently knead mixture one or two times on a heavily floured surface. Roll out to half-inch thickness. Place in a greased skillet or baking pan. Bake at 450°F for 10–15 minutes or until golden.

Recipe adapted from Texas's *Denison Daily News*, February 3, 1878

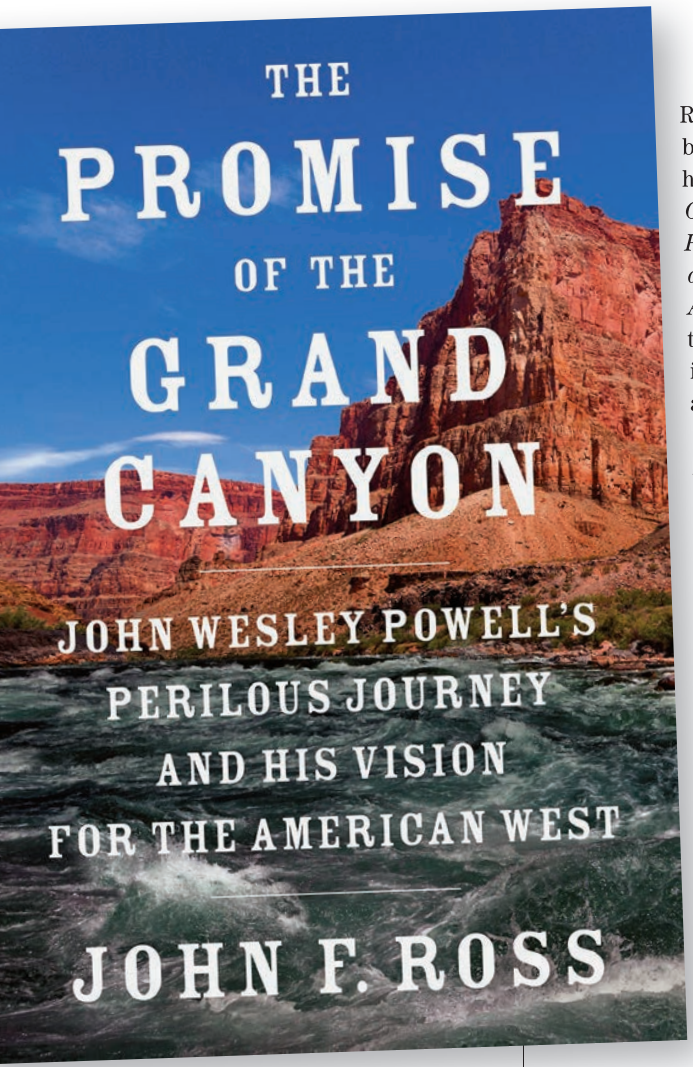
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Powell's Grand West

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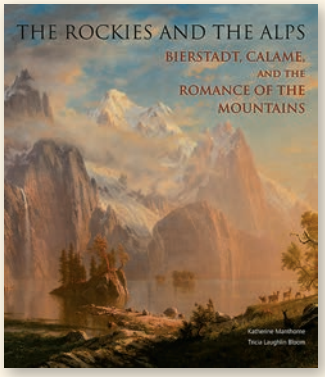
Geologists, conservationists and environmentalists have been anticipating the 150th anniversary of John Wesley Powell's extraordinary first expedition down the Green and Colorado rivers in 1869 as the perfect opportunity to debate the climactic sustainability of the American West. The former editor of *American Heritage* magazine, John F. Ross, has written a dynamic biography-environmental history, *The Promise of the Grand Canyon: John Wesley Powell's Perilous Journey and His Vision for the American West* (Viking, $30), that will definitely find itself in the middle of the dialogue and debate. "This is the story of the most practical of American visionaries…." writes Ross, "…[who] would launch a new vision for America, a bold challenge to the status quo."

Following Dan Lago's *The Powell Expedition* (University of Nevada Press, 2017) and *River Master* by Cecil Kuhne (Countryman Press, 2017) Ross's is the third re-examination of Powell's life, military service and scientific work published to date during the first expedition's sesquicentennial cycle. Ross's *The Promise of the Grand Canyon* is the most comprehensive chronicle of Powell's life and career since Donald Worster's *A River Running West: The Life of John Wesley Powell* and Wallace E. Stegner's 1954 classic, *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West*. And just as others who have journeyed down the research path of one of America's greatest explorers and conservationists, Ross cannot resist the opportunity to add his opinion to the debate on Powell's legacy and its relevancy to the very present national and international climate-change debate. Ross writes in his introduction: "This one-armed scientist-explorer threw down a gauntlet that remains essential and important for the time we live in. Not only for the drought and water shortage now afflicting the West, but for the larger world of climate change. While cautionary, it also offers a clear way forward."

Ross, a highly regarded and award-winning author, is also an adventurer who has led or participated in expeditions from Greenland to the Galapagos. His skills as a researcher and historian, as well as his personal passion for conservation and environmentalism, are combined in a life-pursuing adventure in every climate and continent. His firsthand knowledge of the Grand Canyon and Colorado River, including running its length by dory, as well as his active outdoor pursuits across the West, allow him the perspective to both summarize and share his opinions on the prophetic nature of Powell's conclusions on Western land use, water reclamation and the absolutism of aridity. "This battler and risk taker, this scientist and visionary, ultimately asked Americans to temper their desires with a practical understanding of what the land and its climate was capable of…" Ross says. "[Powell] did not ask for reverence for the land, but rather—more significantly—he asked for humility when regarding it. It was not then, and not today, an easy message for Americans to hear."

—Stuart Rosebrook

ROUGH DRAFTS



Western art and artists are major topics for publishers each year, and 2018 is a stellar year, as reflected in a selection of my favorites and Johnny D. Boggs' feature titled: "Beyond Awesome: The Grandeur of the West in Western Art," on page 62, which was inspired by the Buffalo Bill Center of the West exhibition and book entitled: ***Albert Bierdstadt: Witness to a Changing West*** by Peter H. Hassrick (University of Oklahoma Press, $60).

Bierstadt was also the subject of ***The Rockies and the Alps: Bierstadt, Calame, and the Romance of the Mountains*** by Katherine Manthorne and Tricia Laughlin Bloom (D. Giles, Ltd., $45) (above), another spectacular art book and major exhibit of the same title at the Newark Museum in 2018.

Emma I. Hansen's ***Plains Indian Buffalo Cultures: Art from the Paul Dyck Collection*** (University of Oklahoma Press, $50), published in cooperation with the Plains Indian Museum at the Buffalo Bill Center of the West in Cody, Wyoming, is equally beautiful to read and inspire a visit to the museum to view the exhibit in person.

In contrast to the traditional art and artisanship of America's Plains Indians are the modern styles and mediums–from paintings to photographs to bronzes–in ***Horses in the American West: Portrayals by Twenty-four Artists*** by Heidi Brady and Scott White (Texas A&M University Press, $40).

And while not a coffee table book, Tyler Green's first book, ***Carleton Watkins: Making the West American*** (University of California Press, $34.95), is a must-read for anyone interested in one of the most influential photographers of the 19th-century West.

–Stuart Rosebrook

The Adventures Of Western Heroes & Lawmen, C.J.Mason and Thorn Hickum in turn-of-the-20th Century Coulson, Montana



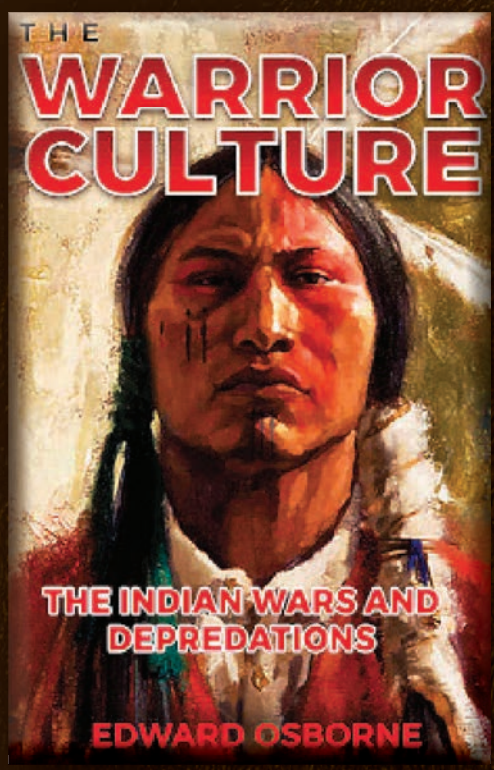
"If you like Louis L'amour and Zane Grey, you will love the adventures of Mason and Thorn "– *Perry King, actor & Western lover*



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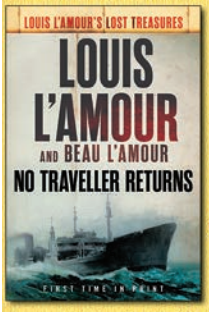
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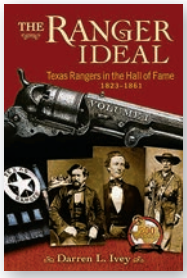
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RANGER HEROES

When it comes to recently published nonfiction on the Texas Rangers, the figurative cartridge belt rides pretty heavy on the waist. In other words, a lot of new Ranger-related books have hit the market of late. A few amount to low-velocity rounds, though most could be taken as standard-issue factory-loads fully equal to the job. But Darren L. Ivey's new book, *The Ranger Ideal: Texas Rangers in the Hall of Fame Volume 1, 1823-1861* (University of North Texas Press, $39.95), is the literary ammo you want. The 652-page book examines the lives of six early-day Rangers along with the man who came up with the Ranger idea, Stephen F. Austin. The Rangers covered are Jack Hays, Ben McCulloch, Bigfoot Wallace, Samuel Walker, "Rip" Ford and Sul Ross. Read Ivey's well-researched and written character studies and you'll have a solid overview of the beginning of the Ranger story and the legend that followed.

—*Mike Cox, author of* Texas Ranger Tales: Hard-Riding Stories from the Lone Star State



FENCING THE WEST

The open range in this country was doomed in 1873 when three men from DeKalb, Illinois—Jacob Haish, Joseph Glidden and Isaac Ellwood—each filed patents on what Glidden perhaps immodestly but accurately termed "The Invention That Shaped the Nation." A new type of fencing was needed for the vast and treeless Great Plains, and barbed wire met that need perfectly. But, as the title and subtitle, *The Perfect Fence: Untangling the Meanings of Barbed Wire* (Texas A&M University Press, $40) of the book by Lyn Ellen Bennett and Scott Abbott indicate, barbed wire has accrued metaphorical and cultural meanings.

After a thorough recounting of the history of barbed wire, debates over its potential cruelty and the fascinating means of promoting its use in Part One, the authors undertake an equally thorough examination of the role of barbed wire in art, film, literature and religion. This informative, readable book is well illustrated; the early advertising posters and fliers are of particular interest.

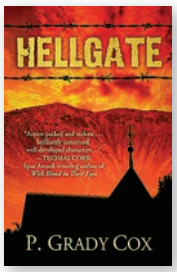
—*Jim Hoy, Director Emeritus, Center for Great Plains Studies, Emporia State University*



MYSTERY SHARPSHOOTER

What's better than a good, old-fashioned murder mystery? An illustrious cowgirl helping to solve a good old-fashioned murder mystery. That's the premise of author Kari Bovee's book *Girl With A Gun: An Annie Oakley Mystery* (SparkPress, $16.95). When sharp shooter extraordinaire Annie Oakley's Indian assistant is poisoned she decides to investigate and find the culprit who took the life of the beloved friend she had worked with since joining Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West show. *Girl With a Gun* is thoroughly entertaining and exciting. Bovee is a clever author and I suspect readers will be clamoring for her to include another Old West character in her next thriller.

—*Chris Enss, author of* Principles of Posse Management: Lessons from the Old West for Today's Leaders



HELL TOWN

Set in the Arizona Territory of 1879, P. Grady Cox's well-researched novel, *Hellgate* (FiveStar, $25.80), opens as a group of outlaws attack a stagecoach bound for Prescott and kidnap a young woman named Rose LaBelle. The men head north to Hellgate, the secluded hideout where Irish-born crime boss Mason McCabe keeps a stockade of captive women and children. Rose witnesses untold atrocities at Hellgate, and soon learns that the sadistic McCabe has special plans for her. She realizes that she might have to devise a little frontier justice of her own if she is to make it out alive. Cox skillfully evokes the harsh, violent realities of the Southwestern frontier and gives readers a strong, memorable heroine.

—*Patrick Millikin, editor of* Phoenix Noir



ARMY HISTORIAN SHARES HIS PASSION

John Langellier moved to Arizona as a child. From then on his fascination with the West, particularly with the U.S. Army in the region, never ceased. Langellier's passion for the frontier resulted in writing of scores of articles and dozens of books including his current project, ***Remington Called Them Buffalo Soldiers***.

Langellier highly recommends these five histories of the Army in the West:

❶ ***The Old Army: A Portrait of the American Army in Peacetime 1784-1898*** by Edward Coffman (Oxford): Published in 1986, Coffman's analysis remains a must-read charting both changes and continuity during the first 115 years of the U.S. Army.

❷ ***The American Military Frontier*** by Robert Wooster (New Mexico): Paired with Coffman's *Old Army*, these two volumes masterfully illuminate the complex role the military played in Western expansion.

❸ ***Regular Army O!*** by Douglas McChristian (Oklahoma): Building on Don Rickey's classic, *Forty Miles a Day*, McChristian weaves together decades of intense research to provide a highly detailed, extremely satisfying picture of post-Civil War frontier Army enlisted men.

❹ ***The Black Regulars, 1866-1898*** by William Dobak and Thomas Phillips (Oklahoma): Many authors have treated the so-called "buffalo soldier," but few as well as Dobak and Phillips in this concise, scholarly narrative that strips away the lore to reveal the real face of black troops west of the Mississippi and beyond.

❺ ***Phil Sheridan & His Army*** by Paul Hutton (Oklahoma): Among the best biographies of officers associated with the American West is Hutton's model study of the irrepressible "Little Phil," whose exploits are set against the background of American military during the Victorian era.



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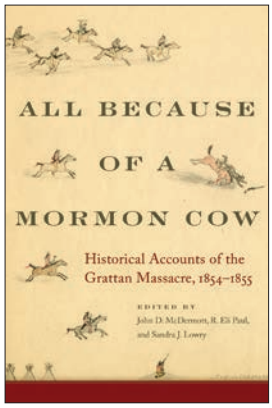


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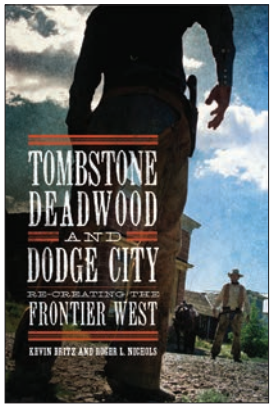
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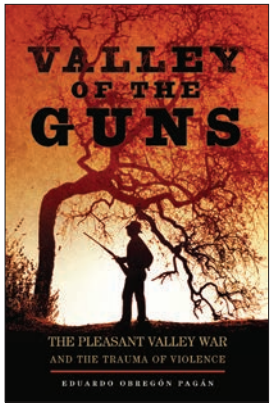
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BY HENRY C. PARKE

Still Blasting Away

The Rifleman *turns 60 years old.*



Johnny Crawford played the son to Chuck Connors' Lucas McCain in *The Rifleman* series, and their relationship still draws fans, 60 years later.

– COURTESY ABC –

Six decades ago this September 30, a Western series premiered, starring a ballplayer-turned-actor and a one-season Mouseketeer as father-and-son ranchers in New Mexico. Despite being a black-and-white drama, *The Rifleman*, distributed by the Peter Rodgers Organization, continues running on cable, Internet platforms and on DVD. Why does it endure?

The answer begins with the creators. Jules Levy, Arthur Gardner and Arnold Laven, who'd met in the Army Air Forces Motion Picture Unit during WWII, were given the chance to create a Western story for *Zane Grey Theatre*, produced and hosted by Dick Powell.

"Powell used *Zane Grey Theatre* as a proving ground for pilots," Gardner recalled. Seven series, including *The Westerner* and *Wanted: Dead or Alive*, had begun on *Zane Grey Theatre*. The problem was, the trio didn't have a story, only a title.

Enter an ex-Marine screenwriter who'd learned his craft by adapting nearly a dozen episodes of the CBS radio series *Gunsmoke* for TV. Sam Peckinpah gave them a script: a skilled marksman enters a shooting contest, but the town powers have bet on someone else. They let him know that if he wins, he'll die. He throws the match: the end.

The trio hated it—this guy was a coward, at least by Western standards.

Then Laven asked, what if he has a son, and the son will be killed if he doesn't lose the match?

That premise, the studio loved. Lucas McCain became an unusually realistic hero for the genre: powerful, wise, independent. But even he couldn't always triumph when the cards were stacked against him, although, in the long run, good won out over evil.

Peckinpah, who grew up on his family's ranch in Fresno, California, based the father-son relationship between Lucas and Mark McCain on his relationship with his own father.

Casting was crucial. Chuck Connors, six-foot-five and lantern-jawed, was a Brooklyn-born natural athlete. After the U.S. Army, he played basketball for the Boston Celtics, then switched to baseball, playing for the Brooklyn Dodgers, then for a Chicago Cubs farm team

in Los Angeles. There, he was given a small role in 1952's Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn comedy *Pat and Mike*.

"They paid me $500 for my week's work in that movie," he recalled. "Baseball, I told myself, just lost a first baseman."

Johnny Crawford, a busy actor from age four, had appeared in more than 30 movies and TV shows by the time he auditioned for *The Rifleman*.

> "...sometimes violence is necessary, but it isn't good."
>
> –Chuck Connors

Obsessed with silent Westerns, "I was a fan most of William S. Hart," he tells *True West*. "I remember my audition vividly. I'd gotten several Western episodes, and I hadn't been so convincing as a cowboy. My mother, who was an actress, gave me lessons in cowboy talk."

Johnny auditioned for the partners, then for Connors. "I didn't see him right away, because he was only 12 feet tall," he recalls with a laugh.

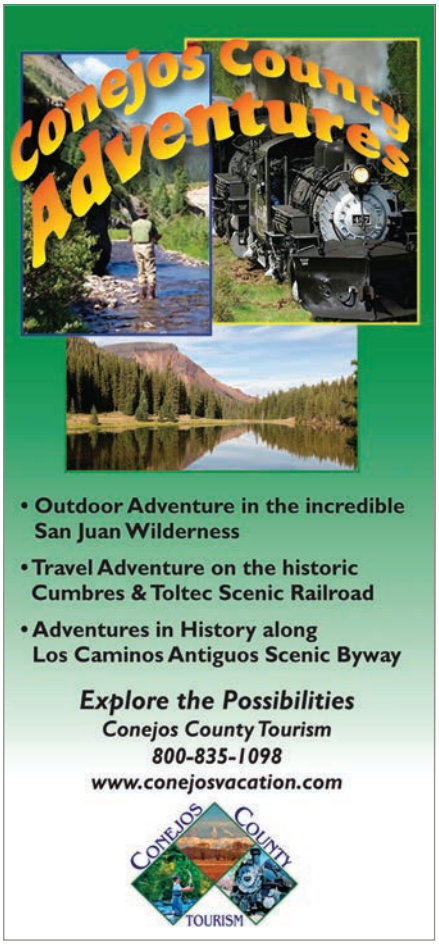
That tall cowboy, Connors, remembered: "We must have interviewed 20 or 30, then Johnny came in and before we even talked to him I said, 'That's him. That's the rifleman's son.'"

In that first season, unprecedentedly, 13-year-old Johnny was nominated for a Best Supporting Actor Emmy. He lost to *Gunsmoke's* Dennis Weaver. The series lost Best Western Series to *Maverick* and never earned another Emmy nomination, but that may have been their own fault: the producers walked out on the banquet because they were seated so far back, and Connors, though seated in front, went with them.

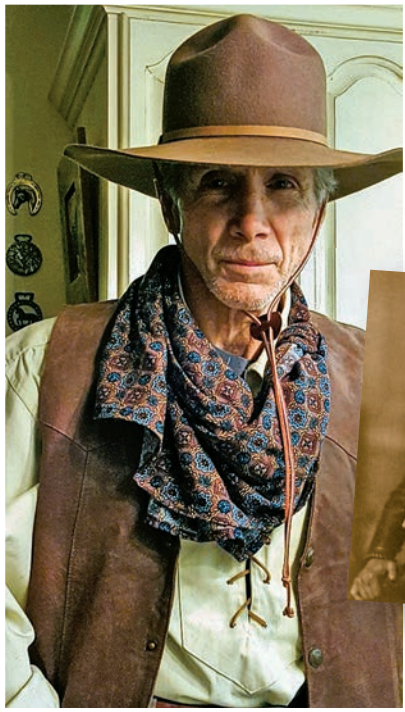
The plots were a blend of stark violence and family values. "I killed on average two-and-a-half people per show," Connors recalled. "We had the benefit of the father-son relationship, so I could have a scene at the end where I would explain to Mark, essentially, that sometimes violence is necessary, but it isn't good."













Johnny Crawford was a fan of cowboy star William S. Hart (inset) when he auditioned for *The Rifleman*. He stars as his idol (left) in this year's *Bill Tilghman and the Outlaws*.

– HART PHOTO COURTESY LIBRARY OF CONGRESS; CRAWFORD PHOTO COURTESY ONE-EYED HORSE PRODUCTIONS –

Peckinpah wrote six episodes and directed four, before quitting. He wanted an evolving story line, with Mark growing to manhood; the producers wanted to keep Mark a kid.

Johnny's brother, *Laramie* star Bob Crawford, guested on *The Rifleman* and remembers, "They had great relationships with their fathers and sons [Chuck had four sons], and John and Chuck had this extra father-son relationship."

Because Johnny was a minor, his grandmother was on set every day. "Chuck could be rowdy now and again, but when Grandma was around, Chuck was a pussycat—a Bengal tiger pussy cat," Bob says.

When *The Rifleman* found itself opposite the new *Lucy Show*, it was time to ride into the sunset. Levy-Gardner-Laven would go on to produce many movies, as well as the series *The Big Valley*.

Connors would have a long acting career in features and TV series, remembered best as the soldier falsely accused of cowardice in the series *Branded*. He and Johnny would remain close friends until Connors' death in 1992.

Johnny, who became a genuine cowboy during the making of *The Rifleman*, would have a rodeo career, an acting career, a stretch in the U.S. Army, a starring role in the Oscar-winning *Resurrection of Broncho Billy* and a singing career, notably as orchestra leader and singer for the Johnny Crawford Dance Orchestra.

He's just finished a new movie, *Bill Tilghman and the Outlaws*, due to be released this October. He stars as his idol, William S. Hart.

Why does *The Rifleman* series endure? Gardner, who passed away in 2014 at the age 104, summed it up: "It has an eternal theme; father and son. It was a good show. We had five years of good directors and writers and actors. It makes me feel very proud."

DVD REVIEW

BLACK JACK / THE BELLE STARR STORY



(Wild East Productions; $21.72) There is no honor among thieves in the first Oater, 1968's *Black Jack*, shot in Spain and Israel. After a fight over a robbery's spoils, mastermind Black Jack (Robert Woods) is maimed, his sister murdered and he's out for bloody revenge. Also released in 1968, *The Belle Starr Story* holds the distinction of being the only one, out of more than 600 Spaghetti Westerns, directed by a woman, Lina Wertmüller. This sexy, historically daft tale stars leather-clad songstress Elsa Martinelli as the bandit queen.

Henry C. Parke is a screenwriter based in Los Angeles, California, who blogs about Western movies, TV, radio and print news: *HenrysWesternRoundup.Blogspot.com*

BY LEO W. BANKS

Virginia City, Montana

Walk the boardwalks, ride the train and spend the night in a National Historic Landmark.



Open from Memorial Day to Labor Day, Virginia City and its neighbor Nevada City are managed by the Montana Heritage Commission. Visitors will enjoy walking the boardwalks of the state's original Territorial capital, being entertained by the Brewery Follies, dining at the Wells Fargo Steakhouse (above) and spending the night in the Nevada City Hotel.

– ALL PHOTOS COURTESY MONTANA OFFICE OF TOURISM AND BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT –

Virginia City roared to life after a gold strike in Alder Gulch in 1863, and by the time Montana Territory was formed the following year, the settlement had blossomed into a commercial center. Banks and other businesses thrived, a library opened, stagecoaches ran and the Territory's first newspaper covered it all.

The early population of about 5,000 is now 150, but it's far from a ghost town. Named a National Historic Landmark District in 1961, Virginia City draws half a million tourists a year to one of the frontier's great mining boomtowns.

"It has more preserved 1860s buildings than any town in the West," says Ellen Baumler, interpretive historian at the Montana Historical Society. "This was a remote, uncivilized place so many were built with false fronts higher than the buildings to give people a sense of security."

Must-see stops include the Hangman's Building where, in January 1864, vigilantes hanged five road agents from a support beam. The building eventually housed the Virginia City Water Company, owned by Sarah Bickford, believed to be the first black woman in the country to own a public utility.

Rank's Mercantile has been operating since Territorial times, and today sells frontier-period clothing and gifts, as well as books about women of the West, Native Americans and ghost towns.

For no reason other than being a dangerous drunk, Jack Slade was hanged by vigilantes behind Rank's Mercantile in 1864. His wife put him into a tin coffin filled with alcohol for shipment to Illinois. Pickled in death as in life, Slade's peculiar sarcophagus took four months to reach Salt Lake, where it stunk so badly he was buried.

Calamity Jane lived in Virginia City as a youngster. An article in the *Montana Post* in 1864 tells of 12-year-old Jane begging in the street while her father gambled.

The Thompson-Hickman Museum, built of locally quarried stone, provides a great source of historical information. Its collections include rare guns and lots of historic photos. The J. Spencer Watkins Memorial Museum displays clothing, guns, photographs, jewelry, a complete pharmacy and Montana's first old-time soda fountain.

For a rare treat, visit the Gypsy Arcade, home to Gypsy, the 112-year-old fortune-teller. Actually, she's a fortune-telling machine, and not one of those that spits out a card. Gypsy actually talks to you. In 2011, magician David Copperfield offered $1 million for the rare item.

Manufactured about 1906, the Montana Heritage Commission restored the machine. Tourists can only hear her speak on special occasions, but when she does, Gypsy goes into all sorts of spooky gyrations before a recorder tells your fortune.

Stroll the town boardwalk to Cousin's Candy Shop for saltwater taffy made with an old-fashioned taffy puller. The yummy treat is made in the front window so people can see the whole process.

Be sure to attend a melodrama by the Virginia City Players, Montana's oldest professional acting company. The group began in 1948 with a couple of fellows singing Gilbert and Sullivan tunes in the local brewery.

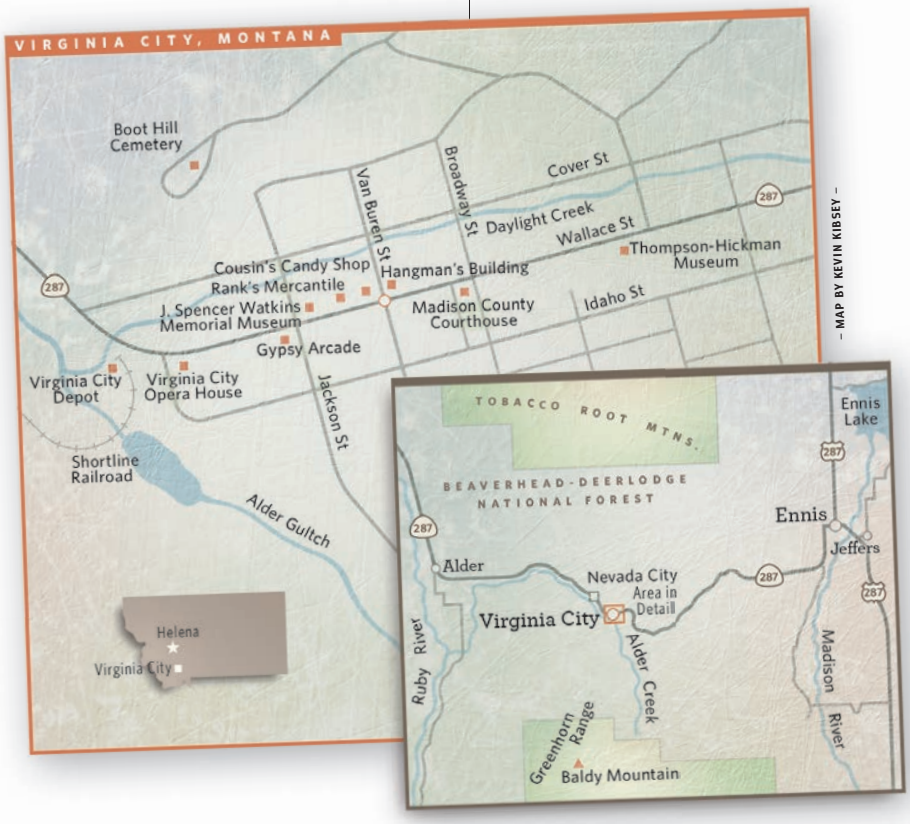
Charles Bovey, heir to the General Mills fortune who'd just begun restoring Virginia City, happened to be present and also a fan of Gilbert and Sullivan. He suggested forming the beloved summer group.

What started over a few beers continues to thrill at the Virginia City Opera House, a 1900 stone barn converted to a theater. The stone part of the building and the front doors and windows remain as they were early in the 20th century.

For a terrific view of Virginia City, Baumler recommends visiting Boot Hill Cemetery, home of the five road agents put to death in the Hangman's Building.

"You can stand there and imagine what it looked like with a thousand buildings spread all over the Gulch," she says.

Leo W. Banks is an award-winning writer based in Tucson. He is the author of the Spur Award winning mystery novel, *Double Wide*.



– MAP BY KEVIN KIBSEY –

WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY



Sleep where history happened at the Nevada City Hotel, Nevada City, Montana.

WHERE HISTORY MEETS THE HIGHWAY

To learn about things to do, stop at the Virginia City Chamber of Commerce, 211 Wallace Street. The Montana Heritage Commission website offers information about activities, events and the Virginia City Short Line Railroad.

VirginiaCity.com and ***VirginiaCityMT.com***

SCENERY BY TRAIN

Ride the Shortline Railroad between Virginia City and Nevada City. The scenic trip takes 20 minutes. Although loads of fun, the train isn't historic. Charles Bovey built it for tourists in 1964. "The town died because it wasn't on route of the Northern Pacific Railroad," says Ellen Baumler. "That's a main reason why the capital moved from Virginia City to Helena in 1875."

VirginiaCityMT.com

WALKING TOUR OF VIRGINIA CITY

Built in 1876, the Madison County Courthouse features a beautiful curved stairway and newel post. At the *Montana Post* building, see an old printing press in a stone building with Gothic windows and façade. The first book published in Montana was printed there in 1866—Thomas Dimsdale's *The Vigilantes of Montana*.

VirginiaCityMT.com

McGOVERN STORE

Sisters Hannah and Mary McGovern operated a dry goods store from 1908 until 1945, when they walked away, leaving everything behind untouched. Although visitors cannot step inside, they can peek in the windows to see the inventory, including corsets and unopened shoe boxes.

VirginiaCityMT.com

RV PARKS & CAMPGROUNDS

Rambling Moose Campground, 1302 Wallace St., Virginia City, MT, *RamblingMooseCampground.com*, (406) 843-5493

Madison Valley Campground, 300 W. Main St., Ennis, MT, *MadisonValleyCampground.com*, (406) 682-4430

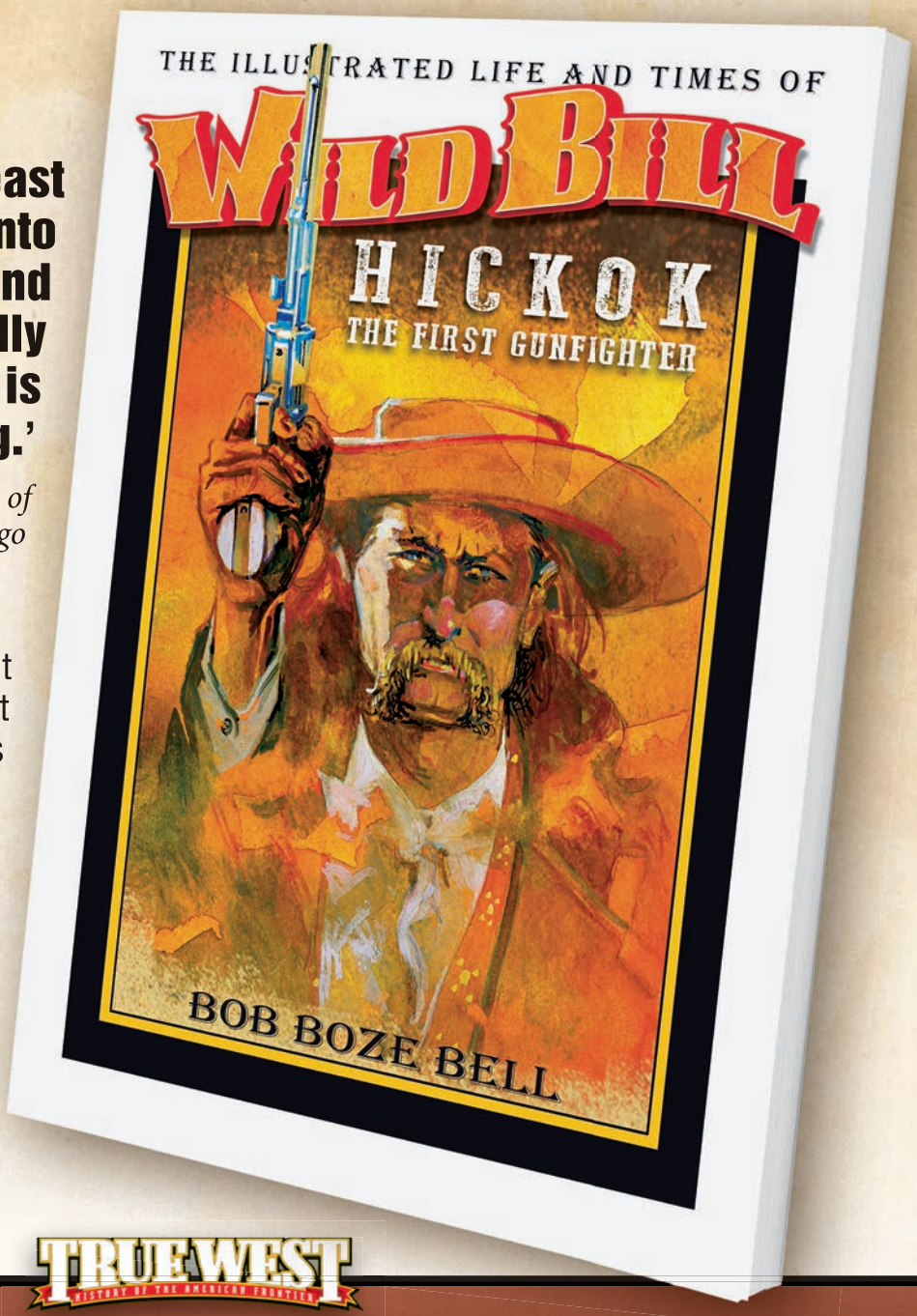
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—John Fusco, Screenwriter of Young Guns, Thunderheart, Hidalgo

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—Ted Simons, host of Horizon on PBS



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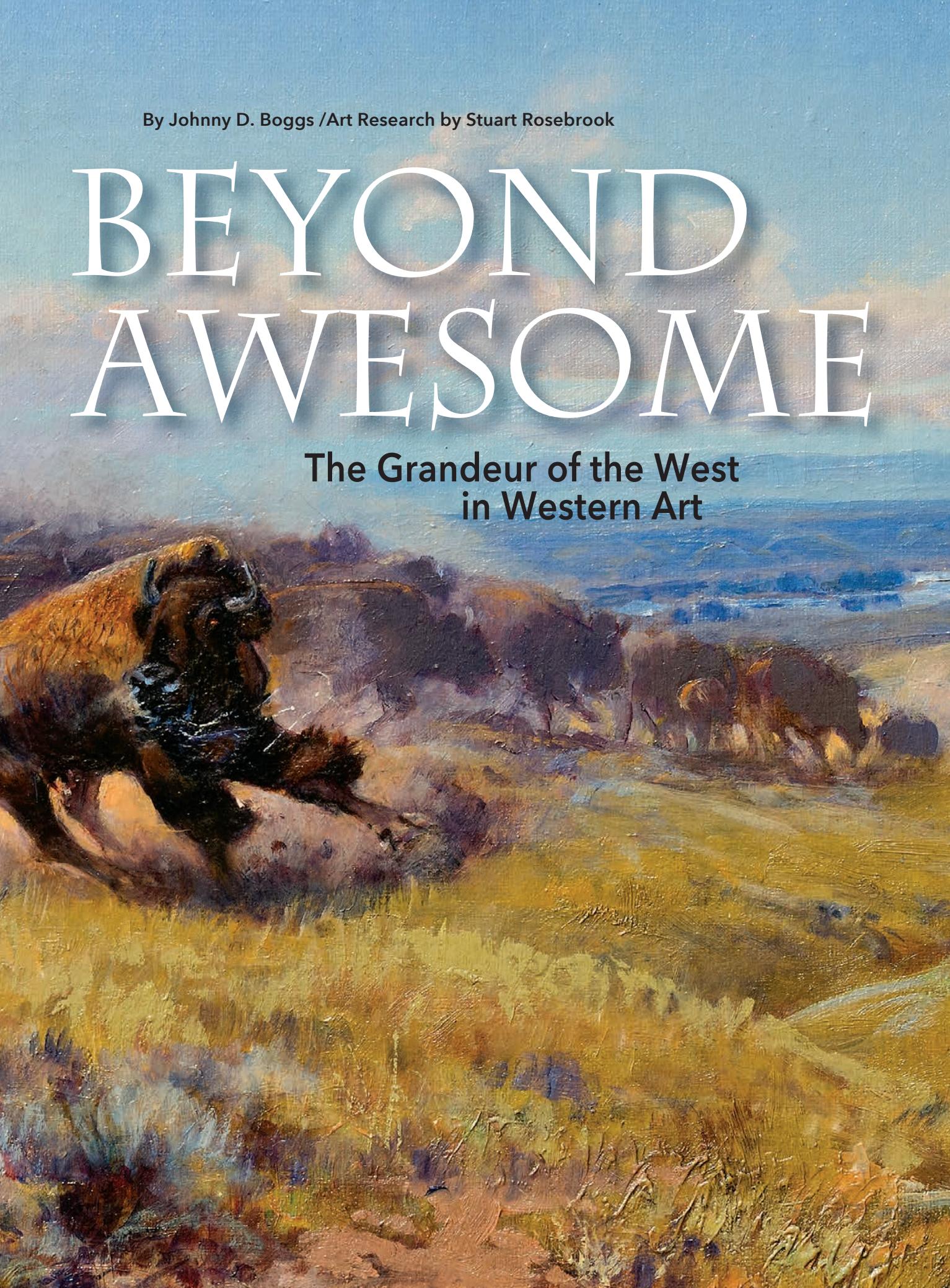
Charles M. Russell's 1919 oil *Fighting Meat* (*a.k.a. Horse and the Hunter*) (15 x 24 inches) reflects the Montana artist's personal knowledge of the Western landscape, Native peoples and nature with the classic Western art style that celebrates the grandeur of the American West.

– COURTESY THE PETERSON FAMILY COLLECTION, ON DISPLAY IN THE EXHIBITION COURAGE AND CROSSROADS: A VISUAL JOURNEY THROUGH THE EARLY AMERICAN WEST AT WESTERN SPIRIT: SCOTTSDALE'S MUSEUM OF THE WEST/*SCOTTSDALEMUSEUMWEST.ORG* –

By Johnny D. Boggs /Art Research by Stuart Rosebrook

BEYOND AWESOME

The Grandeur of the West in Western Art





German-born artist **Albert Bierstadt**'s massive 1863 oil-on-canvas, *The Rocky Mountains, Lander's Peak* (73.5 x 120.75 inches) debuted in 1864 in New York at a fundraiser for disabled Union veterans to great fanfare, selling to an American collector for $25,000. The public embraced his epic, panoramic, exaggerated style that celebrated the West's natural beauty and Native people, as illustrated in the painting by the Shoshone village in the foreground.

– COURTESY THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK, NEW YORK. ROGERS FUND, 1907, 07.123 –

Grandeur is often associated with the paintings of early artists of the American West: George Caleb Bingham, Karl Bodmer, William Jacob Hays, Thomas Moran, Alfred Jacob Miller, John Mix Stanley and especially Albert Bierstadt.

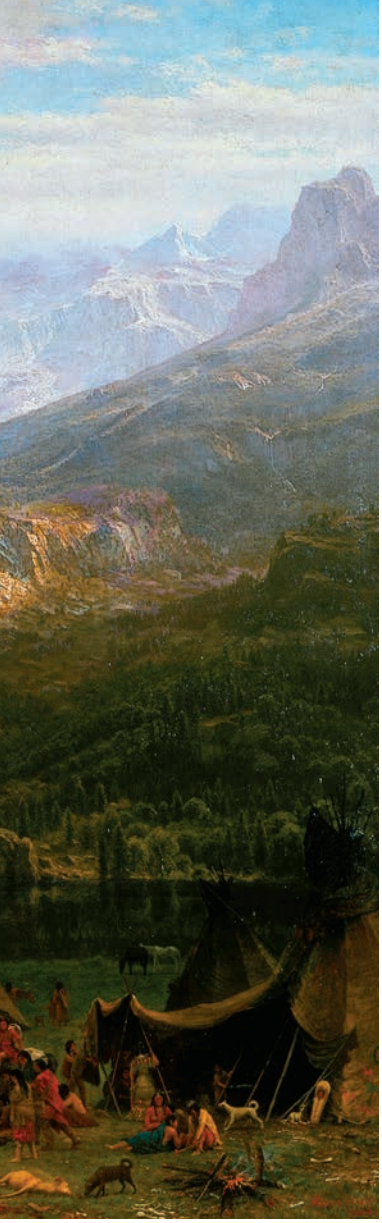
The later is the subject of a new exhibition, *Albert Bierstadt: Witness to a Changing West*, closing at the Buffalo Bill Center of the West's Whitney Western Art Museum in Cody, Wyoming, Sept. 30, 2018, before moving to the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma, Nov. 1, 2018 - Feb. 10, 2019. The University of Oklahoma Press has published a companion book—written by Peter H. Hassrick, director emeritus and senior scholar at the Center of the West, with contributions by other art scholars—that reappraises the career of Bierstadt (1830-1902).

Bierstadt certainly illustrated the West's grandeur, but Karen McWhorter, the Whitney's Scarlett Curator of Western American Art, prefers another word.

"I think of *awesome*," she says, "which has been used in pop culture since the '90s for so many different things, like awe-inspiring, truly awestruck. Words to describe the Rocky Mountains and the Great Plains."

Besides, "the grandeur and sublimity of the Western landscape is a more loaded subject than might be predicted, as the manner in which it has shaped our ideas and aspirations relies as much on fact as on imagination and projection," says Toby Jurovics, chief curator at the Joslyn Art Museum in Omaha, Nebraska.

Jurovics singles out Bodmer and Miller among the earliest Anglo-European artists to visit the West. "Bodmer's careful and deliberate watercolors made along the Upper Missouri are prized for their topographic accuracy and rigorous attention to detail, while Miller's romantic vistas became the backdrop for action and adventure. The





Alfred Jacob Miller, one of America's most influential Western artists of the early 19th century, traveled West with the American Fur Company in 1837. After his return to Baltimore, Maryland, the European-trained artist produced a major exhibition based on his travels, including his 1839 oil-on-canvas *Pipe of Peace at the Rendezvous* (39 x 67.5 inches).

– COURTESY STARK MUSEUM OF ART, ORANGE, TEXAS, BEQUEST OF H.J. LUTCHER STARK, 1965, 31.34.29 –



Hudson River School-trained artist-explorer **Albert Bierstadt** traveled the wild lands of the Rocky Mountain and Sierra Nevada regions of the West during the 1860s and 1870s. His famous 1870 oil-on-canvas *Sierra Nevada Morning* (71.125 x 101 inches) is an extraordinary example of his virtuoso style, meticulous attention to detail and romanticism.

– COURTESY GILCREASE MUSEUM, TULSA, OKLAHOMA. GIFT OF THE THOMAS GILCREASE FOUNDATION, 1955. 0126.2305 –

difference in their approaches reflects the desires of their patrons—Bodmer working for the naturalist Prince Maximilian of Wied, and Miller for the Scottish nobleman Sir William Drummond Stewart—but it also encapsulates the ongoing tension between our romanticized vision of the landscape and the often unpleasant truths of Western expansion that are masked by the beauty of the Western horizon," Jurovics explains.

Bierstadt might have saved his best work for his last great Western paintings, the two versions he created in 1888 of *The Last of the Buffalo*, an allegory for the end of the American bison and the Plains Indians' way of life.

"If you look at the trajectory of his career, you can see the shift from a very idyllic, beautiful and peaceful West to the



Albert Bierstadt's 1865 oil-on-board *Departure of an Indian War Party* (17.125 x 24.125 inches) is a primary example of the master artist's luministic, rarified light for which he and his peers George Caleb Bingham and Frederic Edwin Church were celebrated in the 19th century.

– COURTESY TACOMA ART MUSEUM, TACOMA, WASHINGTON. HAUB FAMILY COLLECTION. GIFT OF ERIVAN AND HELGA HAUB, 2014.6.8 –

opposite, showing the destruction of those things in a very poetic statement," says Laura F. Fry, the Gilcrease's senior curator.

Art, of course, is always in the eye of the beholder.

"You won't often find a group of dyed-in-the-wool genuine cowboys gathered at an art gallery discussing the virtues of any particular piece of art hanging on the wall," says Brent Harris of the Boot Hill Museum in Dodge City, Kansas. "Yet most true cowboys have a deep appreciation for art."

Besides, "cowboy" artists Frederic Remington and Charles M. Russell knew a thing or two about landscapes.

Mary Burke, director of the Sid Richardson Museum in Fort Worth, Texas, points to Remington's 1909 oil-on-canvas *Buffalo Runners-Big Horn Basin*. "The land is expansive, sun-struck," Burke says, "but the human figures are in concert with the land. And in this case, there is a sense of freedom, exhilaration in the figures."





A Hudson River School artist like Bierstadt, **Thomas Hill** traveled with photographer Carleton Watkins to California's Yosemite Valley in 1865. Hill spent much of his career painting grand Western landscapes such as his 1880 oil-on-canvas *Mount Hood; Mount Rainer* (42.75 x 65.5 inches).

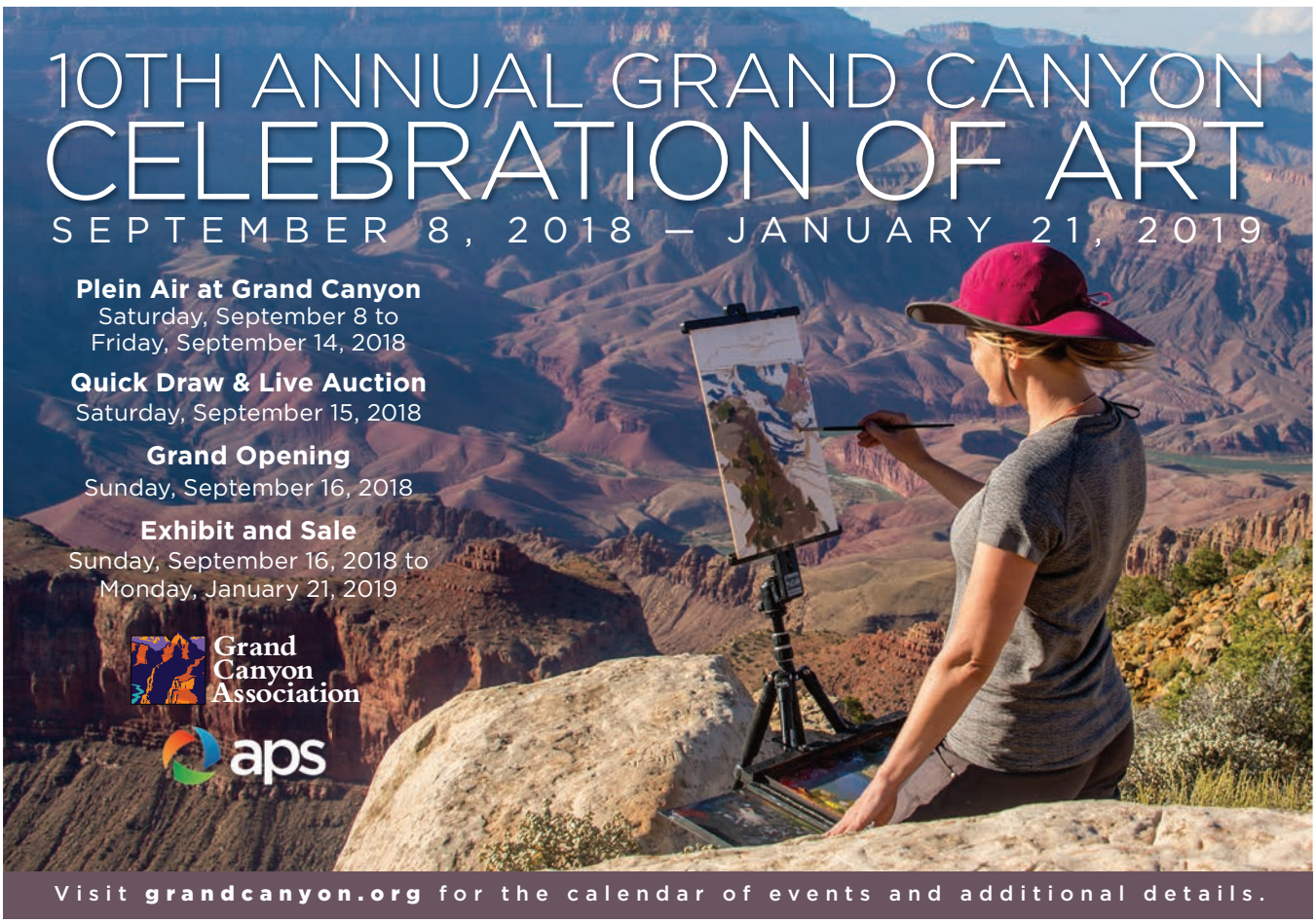
– COURTESY GILCREASE MUSEUM, TULSA, OKLAHOMA, GM 01.1591 –

Adds Emily Wilson, curator at the C.M. Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana: "As a master storyteller, we can think of Russell's paintings collectively as an anthology of the stories-so-far of the Montana landscape—its flora, fauna and wildlife—in relationship to the domestic and the human. They are an echo of its distant history, its present as painted and, for us, as a contemporary audience, its relevance today."

Over time, Bierstadt's interpretations of the West fell out of favor. "He didn't keep up with trends of his time," Hassrick says. It wasn't until the 1960s that Bierstadt's *awesomeness* began to be reassessed.

Twentieth-century artists depicted the West's grandeur in their own styles.

"Maynard Dixon created dramatic images of the Western landscape that convey the power of nature," says Sarah E. Boehme, curator of the Stark Museum of Art in Orange, Texas. "His imagery featured the desert landscape, a different iconography from the towering mountainscapes of



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Thomas Moran was one of Bierstadt's greatest competitors in the panoramic Western landscape marketplace of post-Civil War America. Art publisher Louis Prang helped spread Moran's fame when he reproduced the artist's original 1876 watercolor *The Mountain of the Holy Cross* (13.625 x 90.625 inches) as an affordable chromolithograph.

– COURTESY THE JOSLYN MUSEUM, GIFT OF GAIL AND MICHAEL YANNEY AND LISA AND BILL ROSKENS, 2001.40.10 –

Bierstadt. In the late 20th century, Wilson Hurley addressed the expansive and compelling landscapes of the American West. His use of light and his experience as a pilot bring a heightened sensibility to his representations."

That continues today. In Big Horn, Wyoming, The Brinton Museum recently featured a major exhibition of works by contemporary landscape artist Paul Waldum, whose influences include Moran and Yellowstone National Park.

"Waldum's work is about the mood and atmosphere of the outdoors and using his knowledge and abilities to translate that scene onto paper for the rest of us to interact with, using our personal experiences as translators of the Wyoming and Montana landscape," says Kenneth L. Schuster, the Brinton's director and chief curator.

Today's artists continue to reinterpret the West, much as Bierstadt did in the 1800s.

"There will always be an audience for landscape art that speaks to the West as a spectacular, special environment, images that set the region and its natural monuments apart from other parts of the country," says Amy Scott, chief curator at the Autry Museum of the American West in Los Angeles.

"The desire to look at places like Grand Canyon, the Sierras or the Rockies as emblematic of American exceptionalism is part of our cultural DNA. At the same time, artists have much greater freedom in what places they select to paint

Like his European peers, **Albert Bierstadt** sought out the most significant and magnificent natural landscapes in person before attempting to paint them in all their grandeur. His 188 oil-on-canvas, *Yellowstone Falls* (44.25 x 30.5 inches), was created after his initial visit to America's first national park.

– COURTESY BUFFALO BILL CENTER OF THE WEST, CODY, WYOMING. GIFT OF MR. AND MRS. LLOYD TAGGART. 2.63 –



and how they paint them, whether that means abstraction or the urban West. There is a recognition, and even a celebration, in contemporary landscapes that the West is not one place, and that its experience and meaning vary depending on where you live and who you are."

For years, **Johnny D. Boggs** has written about art for *True West* and several other publications, even though he can't draw anything awesome.



Peter H. Hassrick's ***Albert Bierstadt: Witness to a Changing West*** (University of Oklahoma Press, $35), published in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Center of the West in Cody, Wyoming, is an accompaniment to the exhibition of the same name at the BBCW's Whitney Western Art Museum and the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

– COVER COURTESY UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS; PORTRAIT OF ALBERT BIERSTADT COURTESY SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION –

LASTING IMPRESSIONS
THE WORK OF EDWARD S. CURTIS
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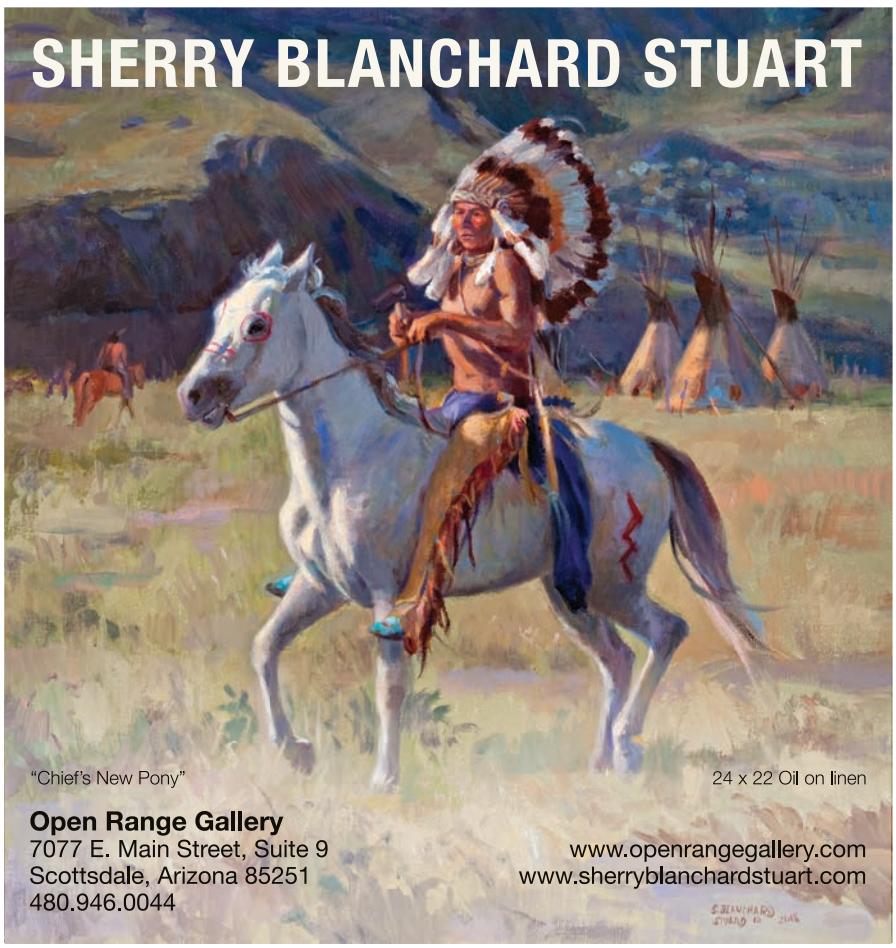


STARK MUSEUM OF ART®

EDWARD SHERIFF CURTIS (1868-1952), **CAÑON DE CHELLY –NAVAHO**, COPYRIGHT 1904, PHOTOGRAVURE ON PAPER, 18.25 × 22.375 INCHES, PURCHASE OF THE NELDA C. AND H.J. LUTCHER STARK FOUNDATION, 2013. 2013.2.1.29

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Albert Bierstadt visited California's Sierra Nevada and Yosemite for seven weeks in 1863. He soon became a great promoter of the area's natural wonder, lobbying for its protection as a wilderness. His circa 1870 oil-on-canvas *Sunrise, Yosemite Valley* reflects his magnificent style and his passion for the future national park.

– COURTESY AMON CARTER MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, FORT WORTH, TEXAS, 1966.1 –



Like many Western artists before and after him, **Albert Bierstadt**'s first foray to the West was with a survey party. The 1860 oil-on-canvas *Wind River Country* is one of Bierstadt's first major works produced from his participation in Col. Frederick West Lander's 1859 expedition.

– COURTESY PETRIE INSTITUTE OF WESTERN AMERICAN ART, THE DENVER ART MUSEUM
THE CHARLES H. BAYLY COLLECTION, 1987.47 –



N.C. Wyeth immersed himself in the American Southwest in 1904. His illustrative early 20th-century oil-on-canvas *Song of the Eagle That Mates with the Storm* is representative of the classic landscapes of the late 19th century.

– COURTESY GILCREASE MUSEUM, TULSA, OKLAHOMA, GM 0127.1545



Albert Bierstadt's 1871 oil-on-canvas *Western Landscape* was known for many years as Mount Whitney, but art historian Gordon Hendricks has demonstrated through careful research of Bierstadt's travels that the painting was created after an 1864 visit to Crystal Lake in southwest Mono County, near Yosemite.

– COURTESY NEWARK ART MUSEUM, PURCHASE 1961 THE MEMBERS' FUND 61.516 –

Western landscape artist **Thomas Moran** accompanied federal land surveyor Ferdinand Hayden on his mission West in 1871. Moran's resulting body of artwork, including his circa 1874–'75 watercolor *Yellowstone Tower Falls and Sulfur Rock, Yellowstone*, influenced the founding of Yellowstone National Park.

– COURTESY WESTERN SPIRIT: SCOTTSDALE'S MUSEUM OF THE WEST, THE PETERSON FAMILY COLLECTION –





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Western landscape artist **Lewis A. Ramsey** moved as a boy with his family to Utah in 1885. In the early decades of the 20th century he became one of the West's leading landscape artists and one of the first to paint Utah's natural wonders, including *The Entrance to Zion*, his 1936 oil-on-masonite.

– COURTESY ST. GEORGE ART MUSEUM, ST. GEORGE, UTAH –

Nebraska native **Dale Nichols**, a peer of contemporary 20th-century Midwestern artists Grant Wood and Thomas Hart Benton, became nationally recognized for his modern interpretation of the classic Western landscape, as seen in his 1940 oil-on-canvas *Evening in the Foothills*.

– COURTESY TUCSON ART MUSEUM –



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Thomas Moran's 1893 oil-on-canvas *Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone*, is a signature piece in the Western artist's storied career as one of the influential painters who accompanied land surveyors during the late 19th-century.

– COURTESY WESTERN SPIRIT: SCOTTSDALE'S MUSEUM OF THE WEST, THE PETERSON FAMILY COLLECTION –



Swiss artist **Karl Bodmer**, considered by many to be the most accurate painter of Plains Indian culture in the early decades of the 19th century, painted *Fort Union on the Missouri* (Tableau 28) after he visited the outpost on the Upper Missouri River as a member of German Prince Maximilian of Wied's Western survey party in 1833.

– COURTESY STARK MUSEUM OF ART, ORANGE, TEXAS, ENGRAVING ON PAPER, 91.121.24 –

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by Charles Fritz
TopOfTheRock.com
– COURTESY THE CHARLES FRITZ: 100 PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATING THE LEWIS AND CLARK JOURNALS FROM THE PETERSON COLLECTION, BIG CEDAR LODGE, RIDGEDALE, MO –



Following in the tradition of the earliest Western artists who traveled West, **Andy Thomas**'s 2006 oil-on-linen *Buffalo Running* captures the sheer energy of an Indian hunter astride his horse hunting with a bow and arrow in the midst of a buffalo stampede.

– COURTESY ANDY THOMAS, MAZE CREEK STUDIOS –



Crack of Dawn, an oil-on-linen by Scottsdale, Arizona, Western artist **Sherry Blanchard Stuart**, typifies her contemporary portfolio of today's men and women who live on the land and work as cowboys and ranchers.

– COURTESY SHERRY BLANCHARD STUART –



California cowboy-turned-artist **Edward Borein**'s undated watercolor *Cowboy Turning Steer*, which depicts both the grandeur of the landscape and cowboys at work, reflects the influence of the first great cowboy-artist, Charles M. Russell.

– COURTESY NORTHEASTERN NEVADA MUSEUM, ELKO, NEVADA –

WESTERN ART ROUNDUP



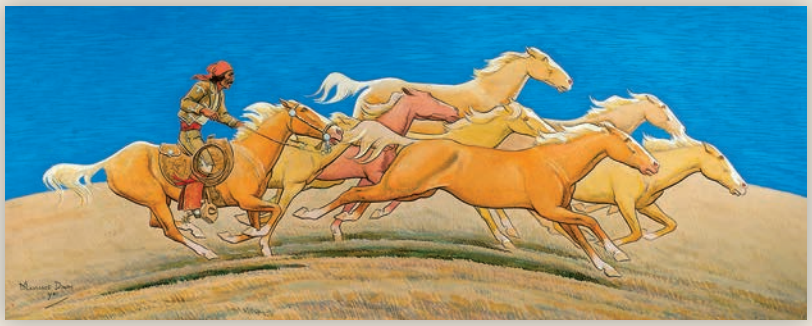
The West's first 19th-century black landscape artist, famed lithographer **Grafton Tyler Brown**, painted this 1891 oil-on-canvas *Castle Geyser, Yellowstone* after his travels to the national park from his home in Portland, Oregon.

– COURTESY EITELJORG MUSEUM OF AMERICAN INDIANS AND WESTERN ART, MUSEUM PURCHASE THROUGH THE GENEROSITY OF HARRISON EITELJORG –



New York City artist **William Smith Jewett** followed the gold to California in 1849. His 1859 oil-on-board *Yosemite Falls* is one of the earliest known paintings of the future national park. Note the artist's fellow travelers in foreground of the park's namesake falls.

– COURTESY NEWARK MUSEUM, GIFT OF MRS. CHARLES W. ENGELHARD, 1977, 77.5 –



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The Palominos by Maynard Dixon / ***MedicineManGallery.com***



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Good vs. Evil in Deadwood
AndyThomas.com



SHEILA COTTRELL
On the Prowl
SheilaCottrell.com



THUNDERBIRD ARTISTS
Group Evening Solace by Ron Stewart
ThunderbirdArtists.com



PHIPPEN MUSEUM
The Crack of Dawn on a Cow Ranch
by George Phippen
PhippenArtMuseum.org



STARK MUSEUM
The Concealed Enemy by George Caleb Bingham
StarkCulturalVenues.org

– COURTESY STARK MUSEUM OF ART, ORANGE, TX, PURCHASE OF THE NELDA C. AND H.J. LUTCHER STARK FOUNDATION, 31.221.1 –



ST. LOUIS ART MUSEUM
Surveyor's Wagon in the Rockies
by Albert Bierstadt
SLAM.org

– COURTESY ST. LOUIS ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS, MO, GIFT OF J. LIONBERGER DAVIS –

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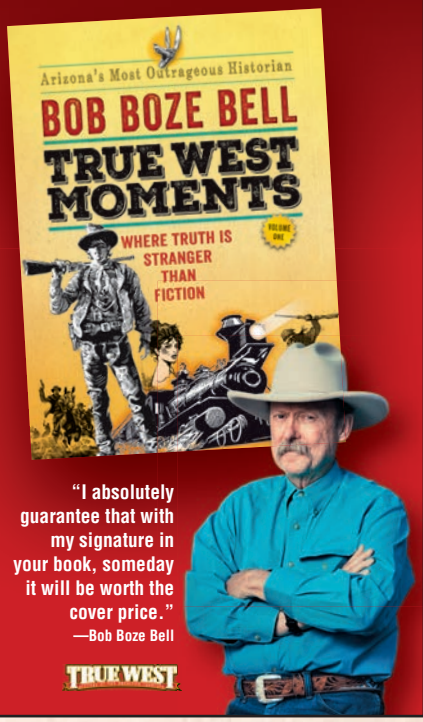
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541-894-2268 • *SumpterValleyRailroad.org*

GEORGETOWN LOOP RAILROAD OKTOBERFEST
Georgetown, CO, Weekends October 13-28: Chug away on a scenic train trip that offers microbrew beer tasting for adults and root beer for kids.
888-456-6777 • *GeorgetownLoopRR.com*

VIEJO PUEBLO GHOST RIDES
San Elizario, TX, October 28: Visitors learn about San Elizario's history with explorations of "Lost and Creepy" sites by a ghost ride.
915-206-8723 • *VisitElPaso.com*

ART SHOWS

WESTERN TRAPPINGS ON THE LLANO
Llano, TX, October 20 through November 3: Celebrate cowboy gear and Western art at the Llano County Historical Museum.
512-557-2229 • *WesternTrappings.com*

FORT CONCHO'S PLEIN AIR ART SHOW
San Angelo, TX, October 25-28: The San Angelo Museum of Fine Arts hosts 30 plein air artists who paint, exhibit and sell their artworks.
325-481-2646 • *FortConcho.com*

LASTING IMPRESSIONS: THE WORK OF EDWARD S. CURTIS
Orange, TX, Opens October 27: Experience the stunning imagery of famed photographer Edward S. Curtis at this Stark Museum exhibit.
409-886-2787 • *StarkMuseum.org*

AUCTION

AMERICANA & POLITICAL AUCTION
Dallas, TX, October 20-21: David and Janice Frent collection of Presidential and Political Americana will be on the auction block.
877-437-4824 • *HA.com*

FRONTIER FARE

LLANO RIVER CHUCKWAGON COOK-OFF
Llano, TX, October 19-20: Head to the banks of the Llano River for a traditional chuckwagon cook-off, plus a heritage festival.
325-247-5354 • *LlanoChuckwagonCookOff.com*

GUN SHOWS

TEXAS GUN COLLECTORS ASSN. SHOW
Denton, TX, October 12-14: Held at Embassy Suites Hotel, this collectors showcase offers historical firearms and edged weapons.
210-323-9519 • *TGCA.org*

HERITAGE FESTIVALS

JAMES-YOUNGER GANG NATIONAL CONFERENCE
Tombstone, AZ, October 4-6: The James-Younger Gang team up for walking tours of historic Tombstone, Boothill Graveyard and speakers.
651-222-9266 • *JamesYoungerGang.club*

REX ALLEN DAYS
Willcox, AZ, October 4-7: Held since 1951, the singing cowboy's hometown rodeo also boasts a parade, tractor pulls, a carnival and music.
520-384-4626 • *RexAllenDays.org*

GREAT HILL COUNTRY PUMPKIN PATCH
Bandera, TX, October 6-29: Activities will include a hay ride, hay jump, scarecrow dressing, visiting farm animals and pumpkin painting.
830-796-4413 • *BanderaCowboyCapital.com*

ALL HALLOWS EVENINGS
Grand Island, NE, October 12-13: The spooks of Railroad Town are waiting for you during this family friendly event in the Haunted Field.
308-385-5316 • *StuhrMuseum.org*

OKTOBERFEST PENDLETON
Pendleton, OR, October 17: Craft beer lovers head to this 1851 commercial center to take in German food, live music and family activities.
541-276-7411 • *PendletonChamber.com*

PRESCOTT'S FOLK MUSIC FESTIVAL
Prescott, AZ, October 6-7: Sharlot Hall hosts Arizona's oldest folk music festival, with four stages and jam sessions around the grounds.
928-830-8236 • *Prescott-az.gov*

HELLDORADO DAYS
Tombstone, AZ, October 19-21: Tombstone's oldest festival venerates the 1880s lifestyle with gunfight re-enactments, music, dancing and a parade.
520-266-5266 • *TombstoneHelldoradoDays.com*

WALK THROUGH HISTORY
El Paso, TX, October 20: Walk through the 1872 cemetery to learn history of John Wesley Hardin, Buffalo Soldiers and other permanent residents.
915-842-8200 • *ConcordiaCemetery.org*

KERR COUNTY FAIR
Kerrville, TX, October 26-28: Head to this 1857 Texas Hill Country town for a prospect show, cook-off, bull rides, downtown parade and dances.
830-257-6833 • *KerrCountyFair.com*

RED STEAGALL COWBOY GATHERING & WESTERN SWING FESTIVAL
Fort Worth, TX, October 26-28: Enjoy Western Swing music, cowboy poetry, a chuckwagon cook-off and a rodeo—all at Fort Worth Stockyards.
817-444-5502
RedSteagallCowboyGathering.com

MUSIC & POETRY

DURANGO COWBOY POETRY GATHERING
Durango, CO, October 4-7: Poets and musicians from throughout the country grace the intimate Henry Strater Theatre stage, performing classic and contemporary poems and songs.
970-749-2995 • *DurangoCowboyGathering.org*

HEBER VALLEY WESTERN MUSIC COWBOY POETRY GATHERING
Heber City, UT, October 25-29: Western musicians and poets share their stories at this cowboy culture gala with a traders camp.
435-654-3666 • *HVCPG.com*

RE-ENACTMENTS

BILLY THE KID BREAKOUT SHOW
San Elizario, TX, October 21: In front of the only jail Billy the Kid broke into, you can watch the outlaw's legendary 1876 jail rescue of a pal.
915-851-0093 • *SanElizarioHistoricDistrict.org*

DALTON DEFENDER DAYS
Coffeyville, KS, October 5-6: This re-enactment celebrates the 125th anniversary of the outlaw Dalton Gang's deadly 1892 bank robbery.
800-626-3357 • *Coffeyville.com*

TWMag.com:
View Western events on our website.

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Marshall Trimble is Arizona's official historian and the Wild West History Association's vice president. His latest book is 2018's *Arizona Oddities: A Land of Anomalies and Tamales*. Send your question, with your city/state of residence, to marshall.trimble@scottsdalecc.edu or Ask the Marshall, P.O. Box 8008, Cave Creek, AZ 85327.

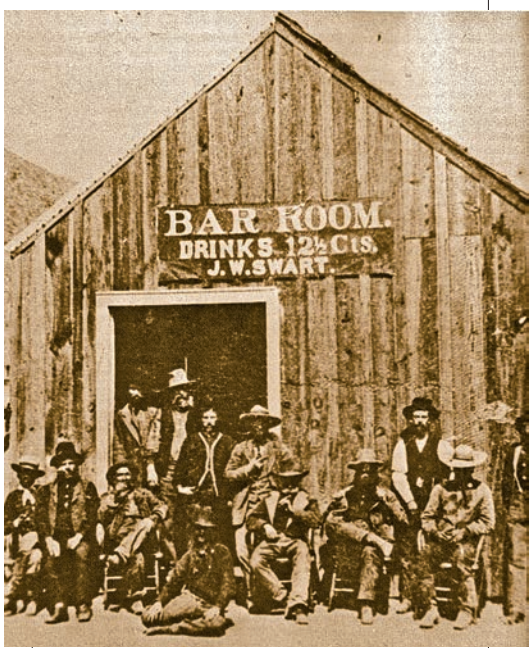
What was the name of Frank Stilwell's saloon in Charleston?

Bill Brooks
Beverly Hills, Florida

Frank Stilwell's place was simply known as "Stilwell's," says Roy Young, an author-historian who is related to the Stilwell family.

The saloon was part of an enterprise that included a livery, stage line (Charleston to Patagonia), boarding rooms and other businesses. Charles "Ham" Light was his partner in the liquor business.

Stilwell came to Charleston, Arizona Territory, prior to the November 1879 killing of John Van Houten. He sold his saloon to James Murphy and Jacob Wise Stwart on April 15, 1881, because he was moving to Bisbee. Cochise County Sheriff John Behan had hired Stilwell as his deputy sheriff that month.



The only picture of Frank Stilwell's saloon in Charleston, Arizona Territory, is this 1885 photo showing the establishment when Jacob Wise Stwart owned it. The sign was never painted on the building and was added to the photo at a later date (note the misspelled "Swart").

– ALL PHOTOS TRUE WEST ARCHIVES –

Why were only the front hooves of mules shod?

Mort Mortensen
Mableton, Georgia

The front legs carried most of the mules' weight, so having shoes on the hind hooves wasn't so important; they didn't chip and wear like the front hooves. Mules also kicked with their hind legs, so unshod hooves helped prevent injury.

Also, if mules are pastured with other horses and mules, the hind legs should be unshod. Some outfits require it.

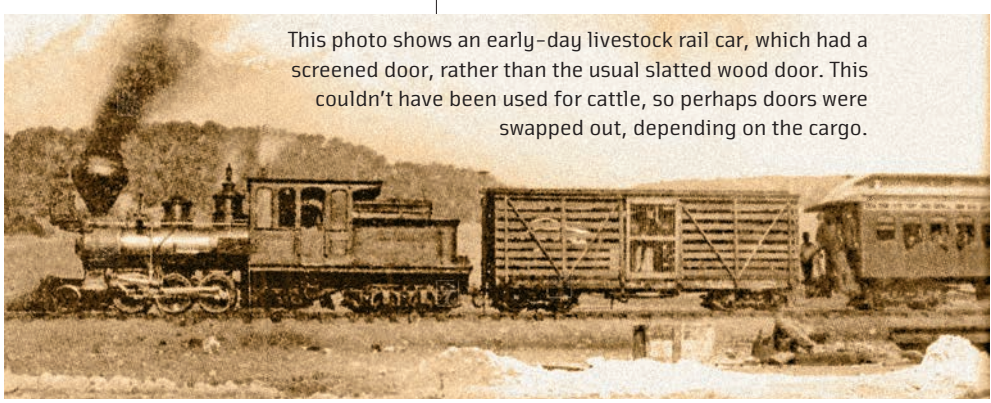
How were cattle cared for when they were shipped to slaughterhouses?

Jim Millis
Cottonwood, Arizona

The first rail car dedicated to livestock arrived during the 1860s. By the 1880s, the wood construction was replaced by steel, food and water troughs were installed, and pens were added to keep animals from trampling each other.

In time, laws were enacted that required railroads to off-load animals roughly every 36 hours, so they could stretch their legs and recuperate. Livestock handlers often rode with their herds in special cabooses.

Still, animals suffered during transit, an inherent problem when shipping livestock over a great distance. Laws to prohibit this maltreatment weren't effective until the Federal Meat Inspection Act of 1906.



This photo shows an early-day livestock rail car, which had a screened door, rather than the usual slatted wood door. This couldn't have been used for cattle, so perhaps doors were swapped out, depending on the cargo.

Were U.S. Army troops allowed to carry their own weapons?

Tim Bumb
Mandan, North Dakota

"American soldiers have had a long tradition of possessing personal weapons, in addition to their issue arms, and those serving during the Indian campaigns were no different. Acquiring commercial guns, especially pistols, and knives seems to have been a fairly common practice," reported Douglas C. McChristian, in his book, *Regular Army O!: Soldiering on the Western Frontier, 1865-1891*.

"There was no prohibition," adds frontier military historian John P. Langellier, "but I have found only officers purchasing

weapons and can't recall an instance of an enlisted man doing so. The reason was, simply at a base pay of $13 a month for a private through $21 for a first sergeant, the cost of the weapon and supplying ammunition, if not in a standard Army caliber, was prohibitive."

Was "Doc" a prolific killer?

Jim McCall
Chico, California

No. John Henry "Doc" Holliday's only confirmed kill was Tom McLaury at the O.K. Corral gunfight in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, on October 26, 1881. He possibly killed Mike Gordon in Las Vegas, New Mexico Territory, in 1879, but many bullets were flying that night; his shot may not have been the fatal one.

Holliday did get into a fair amount of trouble. In 1873, he reportedly shot at black youngsters in his uncle's swimming hole in Georgia to frighten them off.

On New Year's Day 1875, he tried to murder "Champagne Charlie" Austin, a saloonkeeper in Dallas, Texas, but was acquitted of the crime.

In 1880, again in Las Vegas, New Mexico Territory, Holliday exchanged gunshots with Charlie Wright, an acquaintance from Dodge City, Kansas. Holliday thought he killed him when one of his shots dropped Wright. Turned out, the shot had grazed Wright's spine and stunned him.

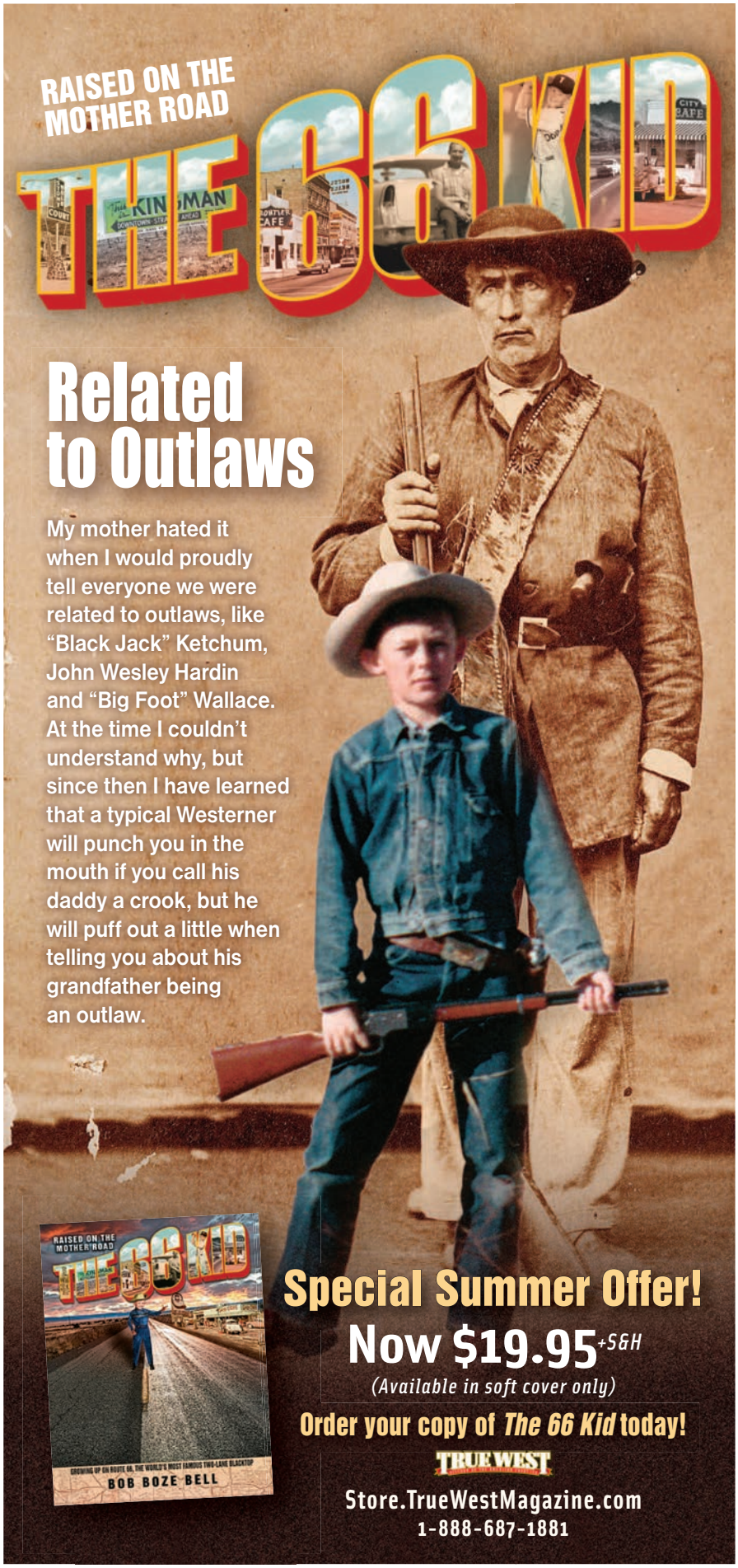
Johnny Tyler humiliated Holliday by throwing him onto Allen Street during a fight that began at Milt Joyce's Oriental Saloon in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, on October 10, 1880. Holliday responded by getting his pistol and firing shots that struck Joyce's hand and a bystander's big toe.

Holliday's final gunfight also left a survivor. On August 19, 1884, at Mannie Hyman's saloon in Leadville, Colorado, Holliday fired a shot that severed an artery in Billy Allen's arm. A bartender stopped Holliday from shooting again.

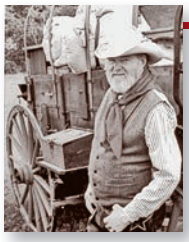
What did American Indians smoke in their peace pipes?

Mark Evans
Clearfield, Pennsylvania

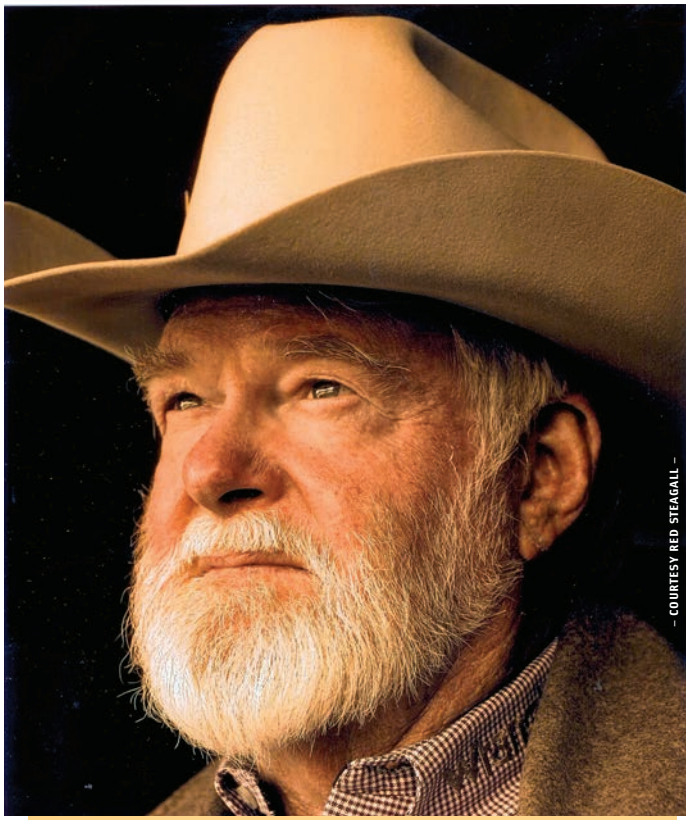
The Eastern tribes smoked tobacco. Out West, the tribes smoked kinnikinnick—tobacco mixed with herbs, barks and plant matter.



What HISTORY HAS TAUGHT ME



Red Steagall will be accepting his Golden Spur this October 13 at the National Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock, Texas. "Red has helped ensure that the stories of the real West don't just fade into obscurity," says Jim Bret Campbell, the center's executive director.



– COURTESY RED STEAGALL –

RED STEAGALL, COWBOY PERFORMER

Red Steagall is a musician, poet and actor who shares stories of the American West. His performances include a White House party for President Ronald Reagan and overseas tours to the Middle East, the Far East and South America. He became the first cowboy poet to be named poet laureate of Texas, in 1991, the year after he launched his Red Steagall Cowboy Gathering at Fort Worth Stockyards, and he is an eight-time winner of the Wrangler music award. He currently hosts *Red Steagall is Somewhere West of Wall Street* for RFD-TV.

With 26 albums recorded and released, I've learned that every release means as much as the first one.

Hearing Reba McEntire sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" at the National Finals Rodeo in Oklahoma City in 1974 sent cold chills down my spine and still does today. I realized what a great talent I was listening to. She is still my very special, close friend.

Riding a bull taught me I could make more money singing and playing a guitar. I was a terrible bull rider.

When I was struck with polio at age 15, my mother gave me a mandolin. It actually saved my life. I used the mandolin to rebuild the muscles in my hand and fingers.

I got into the music business when I moved to Hollywood in 1965. When I found out Ray Charles was recording my song "Here We Go Again," I thought that there would never be another poor day.

My fans tell me their favorite songs of mine are "Somewhere My Love" and "Lone Star Beer and Bob Wills' Music." "Somewhere My Love" was the song I most enjoyed playing for President Ronald Reagan in 1983.

The strangest thing that happened to me during my overseas tours for the United States Information Agency was realizing that music transcends all language barriers.

I switched to writing poetry in 1985 because sad songs and waltzes quit selling that year. My brother Danny and I went to the cowboy poetry gathering in Elko, Nevada. I didn't know I was lost, but Elko is where I found my true calling.

Country music is the voice of the working man. Western music talks about the West and a lifestyle that is indicative of the men and women of agriculture.

Being the oldest of six kids, I learned from my mother that I was in charge. That changed as I got older and the other kids got as big as I was. I still feel like I have a leadership role in my family.

My mother always taught all of us to speak and spell properly, always be courteous and to practice respect and common decency for your fellow man every day you live.

I can trace my family as far back as 1635, when William Steggall [variant] landed at the mouth of the James River on a boat called *The Plane Jane*.

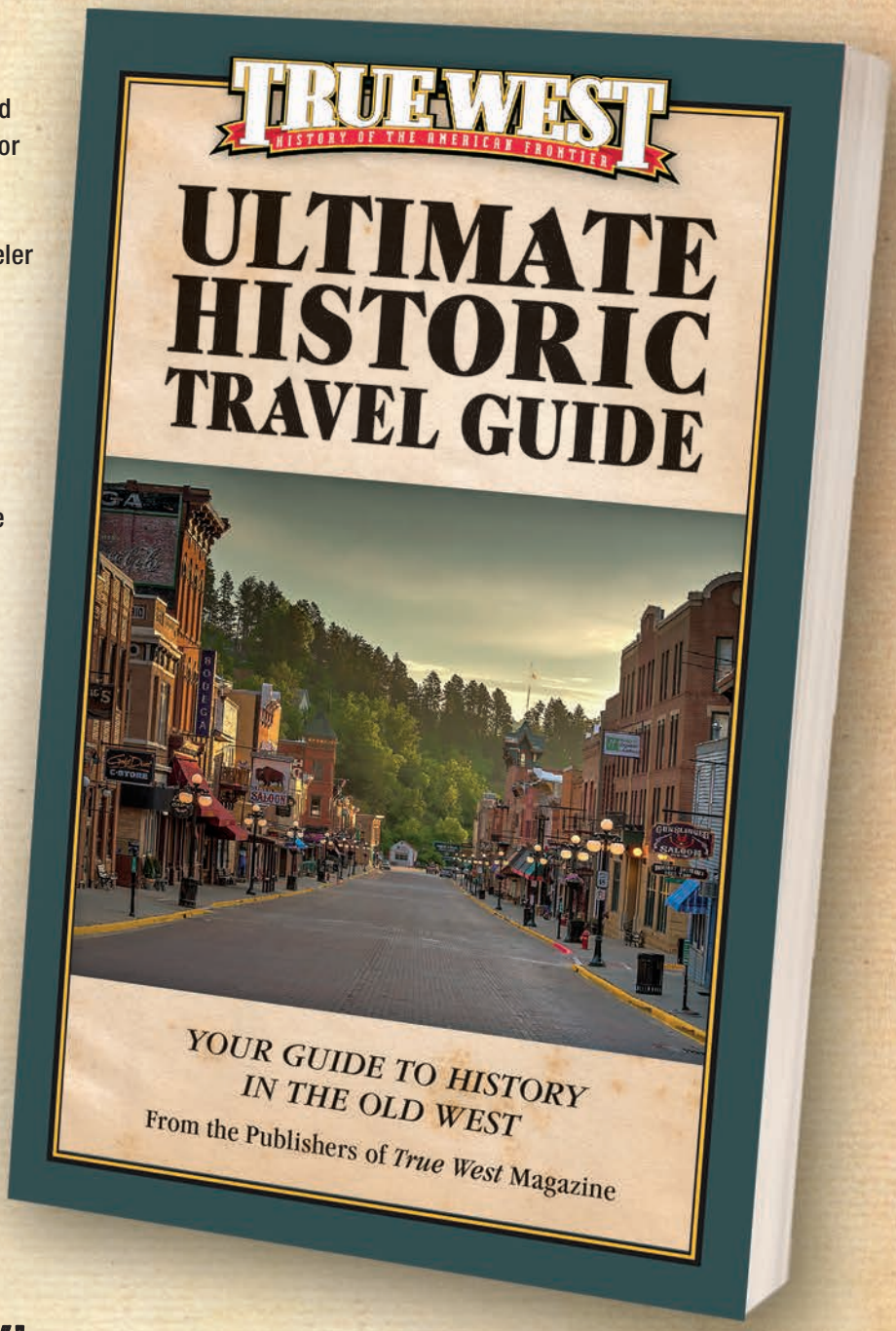
My favorite Western movie is 1989's *Lonesome Dove* because most of the miniseries and the book were based on stories that really happened in the West.

Those who have earned the Golden Spur before me who I admire include, but are not limited to, resident veterinarian of the 6666 Ranch Dr. Glenn Blodgett, Major League Baseball pitcher Nolan Ryan, cattle rancher Jay O'Brien and cattle rancher Jon Means.

When I turn 80 this December, I will be more thankful than ever. I never thought it was possible.

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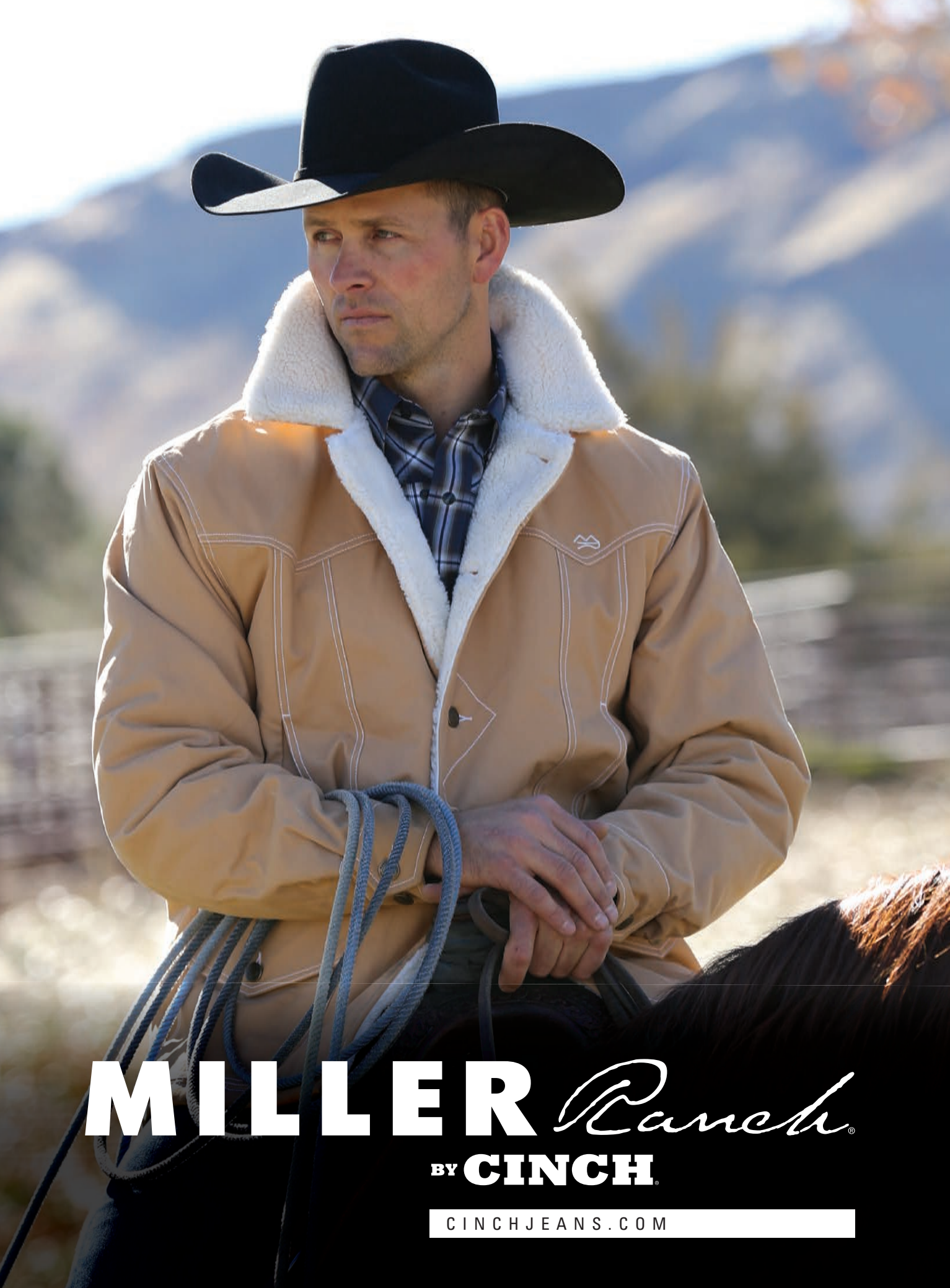
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