



The Border Vidette

Autumn 2021 Volume 2, Number 1



Ink Slinger (editor)

Doug Hocking

doug@doughocking.com or inkslinger@cochisecountycorral.org

Printer's Devil

Jonathon Donahue

jon404@outlook.com

COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL

Sheriff	-	Doug Hocking
Deputy Sheriff	-	Dennis "Nevada" Smith
Recorder of Marks and Brands	-	Gary Smith
Keeper of the Chips	-	Debbie Hocking
Round Up Foreman	-	Liz Severn
Corral Rep	-	Dennis "Nevada" Smith
Corral Rep	-	Doug Hocking
Trail Boss	-	Ilona Smerekanich

The *Border Vidette* is published quarterly by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners. The Corral meets at 7 p.m. the first Thursday of each month at Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone. Schieffelin Hall was built in 1881 as a theater and lodge of the Freemasons. King Solomon Lodge Number 5 still meets upstairs. The Corral is dedicated to preserving Western Frontier History and Legend and to having a good time while doing so. Membership in the Corral is \$20 and entitles the Ranch Hand to attend talks on the Old West, join us on Trail Rides (by automobile) to sites of historic interest, and to our publications: *The Fremont Street Mail*, a monthly newsletter, and the *Border Vidette*, our journal. More information about the Corral can be found at www.CochiseCountyCorral.org and about Westerners International at <http://www.westerners-international.org/>

The *Border Vidette* accepts **interesting** articles about Western Frontier History no matter how short. Articles should be sourced and accompanied by endnotes. An unlimited number of photos (JPG preferred) may accompany the article. If the author has the rights to the article, the *Border Vidette* is willing to republish it. The journal is only published on-line and may be distributed as a PDF via email. Please contact us if you think you have something interesting to share. Contact us at InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org

A vidette is the term used in the 19th century for a mounted (cavalry) lookout.

Cover: Henry Crawford and Martin Knife Chief, living historians sit on the balcony outside the billiard room at Bent's Old Fort during the 200th Anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail. Photo by Doug Hocking

The Border Vidette

Published by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

Doug Hocking

Ink Slinger

Volume 2, Number 1

Jonathan Donahue

Printer's Devil

Autumn 2021

CONTENTS

Wyatt Reads Shakespeare: The Problem of the Resolute Man by <i>C. Gilbert Storms</i>	5
Meeting the Challenges and Keeping the Faith: A Late Twentieth Century Mission to Start a New Church in The Highlands of Northern Arizona By <i>George Van Otten</i>	20
My Life as a Living Historian By <i>John C. Luzader</i>	42
Five Flags Over Arizona By <i>Jay Van Orden</i>	48
Keep 'em Full and Keep 'em Rolling By <i>Natalie Bright</i>	50
The Bisbee Woman's Club (1899) By <i>Ilona Smerekanich</i>	53
Faro and Monte By <i>Doug Hocking</i>	54

Book Reviews

Michael Eberhardt. <i>The Cochise Historical Journal</i> : "Colonel Mike Gray," and stories by Ron Woggon, Jean Smith and Bill Cavaliere. <i>Rosanna Baker</i>	63
Bob Boze Bell. <i>History of the American West, True West</i> <i>Rosanna Baker</i>	63

Nell Murbarger. <i>Ghosts of the Adobe Walls</i> Rosanna Baker	63
John C. Cremony. <i>Life Among the Apaches</i> Rosanna Baker	63
Paul Nickens. “‘Soy Gete, Soy Gete:’ The Apache Captivity Narrative of Jose Maria Mendivil,” The Journal of Arizona History, Spring 2021. Rosanna Baker	63
James B. Mills. “Billy the Kid and the Apaches,” <i>True West</i> , July-August 2021. Rosanna Baker	64
Bob Boze Bell. “Edward S. Curtis Redeemed,” <i>True West</i> , September 2021. Rosanna Baker	64
S.C. Gwynne. <i>Empire of the Summer Moon</i> , 2010. Rosanna Baker	64
Marshall Trimble. <i>Arizona Trivia</i> , 1998. Rosanna Baker	64
David Lavender. <i>The Santa Fe Trail</i> , 1997. Rosanna Baker	64
Roberta (Biff) Lamma, <i>A Place Called Sunnyside</i> , 1982. Rosanna Baker	64
Peter Brand. <i>The Story of Texas Jack Vermillion</i> , 2012. Rosanna Baker	64
Charles C. Mann, <i>1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus</i> , 2006. Doug Hocking	65
Gavin Menzies. <i>1421: The Year China Discovered America</i> , 2008. Doug Hocking	65
David C. Bevreis. <i>Blood in the Borderlands: Conflict, Kinship, and the Bent Family, 1821-1920</i> , 2020. Doug Hocking	65
Lowell Volk, <i>Mystery on Benchmark</i> , 2021. Debbie Hocking	66

Wyatt Reads Shakespeare: The Problem of the Resolute Man

by

C. Gilbert Storms

In 1928, journalist, novelist, and screenwriter Adela Rogers St. Johns was introduced to Wyatt Earp by Mark Kelly, sports editor of the *Los Angeles Examiner*. Wyatt and St. Johns became friends, and St. Johns returned for several visits to the tiny, one-room house at 4004 W. 17th St. in Los Angeles, where Wyatt and his wife, Josie, lived. It was the last year of Wyatt's life. On one of her visits, St. Johns found Wyatt reading Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. When she asked Wyatt about it, he said that he and his friend, cowboy actor Tom Mix, had wondered how Shakespeare would "stand up" if you could judge his work apart from his reputation. A man's reputation, Wyatt said, "will always . . . influence your judgment of him." It was a fitting insight from a frontier lawman, who understood the uses of reputation in dealing with outlaws and unruly types in cattle towns and mining camps. Wyatt had decided to read some Shakespearean plays and draw his own conclusions about the bard's literary talents.¹ He was currently reading *Hamlet* and encountered a troubling reminder of his past.

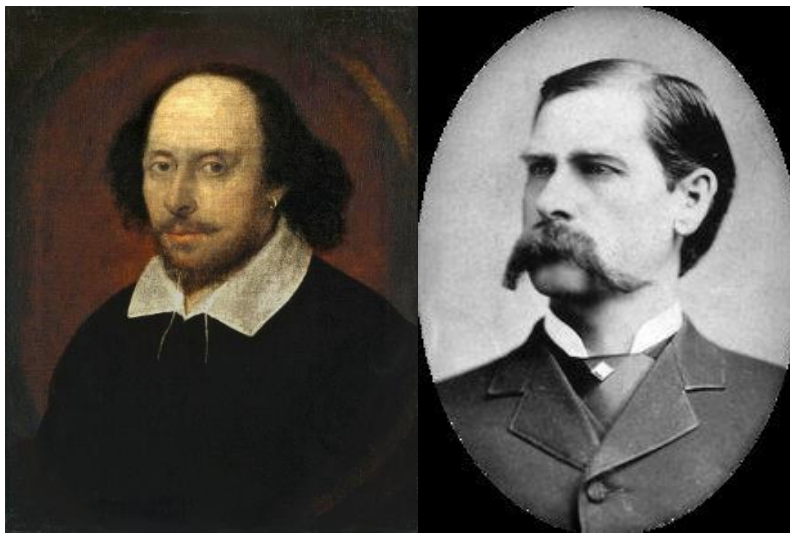


Adela Rogers St. Johns
(Author's collection)

The Problem of the "Resolute Man"

St. Johns asked Wyatt if he would compare Hamlet's quest to avenge his father's murder with Wyatt's attempts to avenge the 1882 murder of his brother Morgan in Tombstone: "Wasn't Hamlet's honor involved in finding his father's murderer, as much as yours in finding the men who killed your brother?" Wyatt became quiet, St. Johns' said, and then replied: "It takes a resolute man not to make mistakes when he gets to acting as his own law."²

Wyatt's statement is remarkable for a couple of reasons. First, it is a perceptive reading of Shakespeare's play. *Hamlet* is a "revenge tragedy," a popular sixteenth- and seventeenth-century English genre, in which playwrights portrayed the dire consequences of individuals taking violent revenge in response to real or imagined injuries. In Shakespeare's turn at the form, Hamlet is urged by the ghost of his murdered father, the king of Denmark, to take revenge on Claudius, the king's brother, who has murdered the king and seized his throne. Hamlet plans to avenge the murder by killing Claudius but makes a terrible mistake. In a rash moment, he unintentionally stabs and kills Polonius, the king's counselor, who is hiding behind a tapestry, eavesdropping on a conversation between Hamlet and his mother. Most of the play's subsequent disasters spill out of this act—Ophelia's madness and suicide, the fencing match between Hamlet and her brother in which both men are killed, and the deaths of Hamlet's mother and Claudius. Shakespeare's meaning is clear: the impulse to revenge can spin out of control and destroy families and even states.



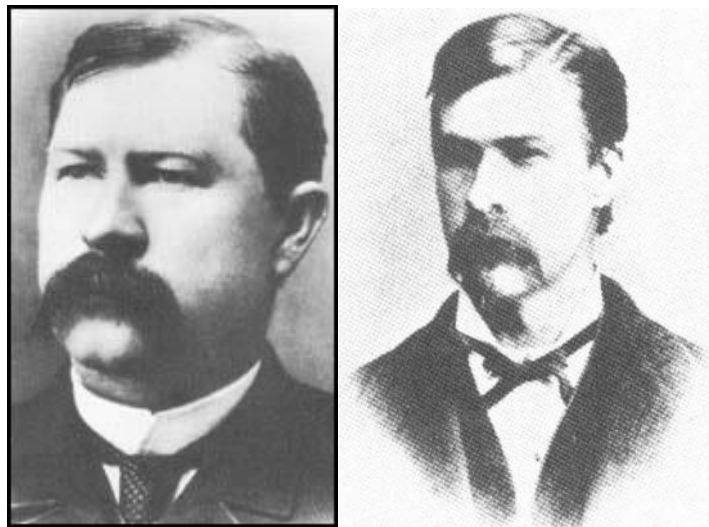
Chandos Portrait of William Shakespeare by John Taylor
(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chandos_portrait);
Wyatt Earp (Arizona Historical Society, #1447)

But Wyatt's remark also suggests a personal response to the play, a reconsideration of what historians have called the Earp "vendetta," a series of violent encounters in which Wyatt attempted to avenge Morgan's death. That is why St. Johns asked Wyatt if he would consider his actions, like Hamlet's, a defense of personal honor. But Wyatt saw *Hamlet* as portraying a different problem—the moral risk of revenge vigilantism, or acting as one's own law. Had reading *Hamlet* compelled Wyatt, after forty-six years, to reassess the rightness of the vendetta?

Grounds for Revenge

The gunfight in a vacant lot off Fremont Street in Tombstone, October 26, 1881 (the "gunfight at the OK Corral"), had killed Billy Clanton and Frank and Tom McLaury and seriously wounded Virgil and Morgan Earp. The Earps and Doc Holliday were arrested on charges of murder, and Wyatt and Holliday were brought to a hearing before Judge Wells Spicer. After a month of testimony, Spicer dismissed the charges on grounds that the Earps and Holliday had killed in self-defense and in the performance of their duty as law officers.³

This verdict only further enraged friends of the slain men, known locally as the “cowboys,” who, on the night of December 28, shot Virgil Earp from ambush outside the Oriental Saloon, fracturing his upper left arm and crippling him for life. Then, on the night of March 18, Morgan Earp was murdered, shot through the back door of Campbell & Hatch’s billiard parlor as he played a game of billiards with owner Bob Hatch. The bullet entered Morgan’s back on the left side, passing through the left kidney and liver and tearing major blood vessels. It also damaged Morgan’s spine. However, Dr. George Goodfellow, who performed an autopsy, said that Morgan had died of “hemorrhage,” or blood loss, rather than from the spinal injury.⁴ Roy B. Young has shown that Frank Stilwell fired the shot that killed Morgan.⁵ A coroner’s jury named Stilwell as a suspect along with Pete Spence; a man named Freis, later identified as Frederick Bode; and two “Indian half breeds,” one called “Indian Charlie” and later mis-identified as Florentino Cruz and the other unnamed, but probably Hank Swilling, a cowboy said to be either all or part Indian and known as “Indian Hank” or “Apache Hank.”⁶



Virgil Earp (left), Morgan Earp (right)
(Arizona Historical Society, Tucson, #1443, #1442)

Wyatt insisted that others were involved but never said what evidence he had of their guilt. He told the *Gunnison (Colorado) Daily News-Democrat*, on June 2, 1882, that Stilwell, Spence, Curly Bill Brocius, and “two half-breeds” were the killers. On May 14, 1893, Wyatt told the *Denver Republican* that Stilwell had killed Morgan, assisted by Brocius, John Ringo, “Florentino,” and Swilling.⁷ In a letter to Walter Noble Burns, March 15, 1927, he named Stilwell, Brocius, Ringo, Swilling, and “the Mexican Florentine” He also said that Spence was not involved in Morgan’s death but “was against us” (the Earps).⁸ While Wyatt followed the coroner’s jury in accusing Stilwell, Spence, Indian Charlie/Florentino, and Swilling, his accusations against Brocius and Ringo seemed to be based mainly on their having been “against” the Earps.

Did Morgan Demand Revenge?

Hamlet is called to revenge by his murdered father’s ghost. Did Wyatt find this an echo of his own experience? That is, did Morgan ask Wyatt to avenge his death? Less than three months after Morgan’s murder, Wyatt told an interviewer for the *Gunnison Daily News-Democrat*, “I promised my brother to get even, and I’ve kept my word so far.”⁹ Wyatt may have told biographer Forrestine Hooker something similar. She portrays Wyatt as vowing revenge as his brother is dying. Morgan

asks Wyatt, “Do you know who did it?” Wyatt replies, “Yes--! And I’ll get them!”¹⁰ But Wyatt seems later to have felt such portrayals not in keeping with the image of himself he wanted to promote, and he denied them. He told biographer Stuart Lake that Morgan never asked him to avenge his death and that he wished writers would “quit writing that “Wyatt Earp nodded grimly as he listened to Morgan’s whispered demand for bloody vengeance after his death.”” It does seem unlikely that a dying Morgan, drifting in an out of consciousness and whispering to Wyatt about the possibility of an afterlife, would have spent his last breaths demanding revenge.¹¹ Yet, even if he did not, Wyatt’s words and actions afterward clearly showed that he felt an emotional obligation to punish his brother’s killers—and that he thought such a course morally and legally justified.

Tales of the Vendetta

Wyatt’s tales of the vendetta, told over forty-six years, are varied but consistent in portraying him as a resolute man—that is, a staunch defender of justice in the murder of his brother. Together, they comprise a larger narrative telling how Wyatt and a group of loyal comrades tracked down the men he believed were Morgan’s killers and gave them the justice that Sheriff John Behan and a corrupt Cochise County legal system would not. That story, Allen Barra says, gives us Wyatt Earp the iconic lawman (Wyatt was a deputy US marshal at the time), who “lives most vividly in western legend and controversy.”¹² But that narrative omits the grief-stricken, frustrated, vengeful Wyatt who emerges in the vendetta stories, the Wyatt who, acting more as vigilante than law officer, stumbled through a series of encounters that brought more violent death and no true justice for his brother’s murder.

The earliest of Wyatt’s stories was told by him during the vendetta to a Tombstone friend, Dick Wright, who relayed it to the *Tombstone Nugget*, where the story appeared on March 26, 1882.¹³ Wyatt spoke of the vendetta again to reporters from the *Albuquerque Evening Review* and *Albuquerque Journal* when he and his posse arrived in that city after leaving Arizona. A brief article describing these interviews appeared in the *Review* on May 13, 1882.¹⁴ Not long afterward, he talked about the vendetta with Edward F. Colborn of Dodge City, whom he met in Gunnison, Colorado. Colborn related the story in a May 20, 1882, letter to the *Ford County (Kansas) Globe*.¹⁵ The stories continued in Wyatt’s interviews with the *Gunnison Daily News Democrat* in 1882, the *Denver Republican* in 1893, and the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1896.¹⁶ They appeared in the biographical manuscripts of Forrestine Hooker in 1919 and John Flood in 1926, in Walter Noble Burns’s *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest* in 1927, and in Stuart Lake’s biography, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, in 1931.¹⁷

Despite the number of Wyatt’s vendetta stories and the variations in them, their underlying narrative is consistent. Following Morgan’s murder, Wyatt and his companions killed Frank Stilwell at the Tucson railroad depot. They then returned to Tombstone, where Wyatt declined to be arrested by John Behan and left town with his own posse to find the others, he believed had killed Morgan. He found Indian Charlie/Florentino and killed him after Florentino supposedly gave him information about Morgan’s murder. The next day, Wyatt and his posse stumbled upon a group of cowboys by a spring in the Whetstone Mountains, where Wyatt said he killed Curly Bill Brocius. The posse then rode to Henry Hooker’s ranch in the Sulphur Springs Valley and left Arizona for New Mexico.

Some historians have dismissed these tales, arguing that the changes Wyatt made to them over the years show that he was not truthful. Some of what Wyatt related doubtless was misremembered and some invented. So, too, was much of what his biographers wrote to create entertaining narratives around the information Wyatt gave them. However, Wyatt's vendetta stories are pertinent because, whether accurate or not, they reveal what Wyatt believed about the vendetta and what he wanted others to believe. British novelist and memoirist Julian Barnes has said, "Memory is identity. . . . what you remember defines who you are."¹⁸ In this respect, the tales define Wyatt's view of himself as a "resolute man," defending his family and pursuing justice for his murdered brother, but not making "mistakes."

The Killing of Frank Stilwell

The first event in which this view is evident is the killing of Frank Stilwell, one of the men identified by the coroner's jury as a suspect in Morgan's murder and one Wyatt was convinced had killed his brother. When Wyatt saw Stilwell at the Tucson railroad station on the evening of March 20, he was accompanied by his brother Warren, Doc Holliday, Jack Johnson, and Sherman McMaster. They were escorting Virgil and his wife, Allie, on the train from Contention City to Benson and then on another train to Tucson. From there, Virgil and Allie would continue to the Earp family home in Colton, California. Morgan's body also was on the train. Wyatt and Virgil had been warned by friends that Stilwell, Ike Clanton, and other cowboys were watching the trains in Tucson for an opportunity to kill the Earps, hence the presence of the escort.¹⁹

How Wyatt encountered Stilwell at the Tucson depot is unclear. In his stories, told in Hooker's, Flood's, and Lake's biographies, Wyatt sees some men on or near flatcars alongside Virgil's train, on the side away from the station. The men have guns and look as though they intend to shoot into Virgil's car and kill him. Wyatt chases the men, recognizes Stilwell, and goes after him. He is followed by the rest of his posse. When Wyatt catches Stilwell, he pushes his shotgun into Stilwell's chest and fires, killing him.²⁰ Then the rest of the escort arrives, and at least some of them shoot Stilwell. A coroner's examination of Stilwell found six shots in his body, four rifle bullets and two loads of buckshot. Both of Stilwell's legs had been shot through. There was a charge of buckshot in his left thigh and one that passed through his stomach and abdomen, delivered at close range, as powder burns on his coat showed.²¹ Tucson saloon owner George Hand saw the body and said that Stilwell was "shot all over, the worst shot-up man I ever saw."²²

Of course, acting the resolute man, Wyatt said that he was justified. He claimed that a gang of cowboys were at the depot waiting to kill him and Virgil, and that he and his party were acting in self-defense. Stilwell, he said, "was one of a gang that waylaid me at the depot in Tucson . . . and . . . he was killed in the attempt."²³ However, the Earp party's acknowledgement that they had acted illegally was that they did not report the alleged cowboy attack or the shooting to local authorities. Instead, they left Tucson on foot, walking east along the track in the darkness to Papago Station, where they flagged down an eastbound freight to Benson. There they hired a wagon to drive south to Contention, retrieved their horses, and rode back to Tombstone.²⁴



Sculpture of Doc Holliday (left) and Wyatt Earp (right) outside the Tucson railroad depot
(Author's collection)

A Confrontation with Behan

In Tombstone, Wyatt and his posse rested for a few hours before riding out to find the other men Wyatt believed had killed Morgan. When they left, Texas Jack Vermillion had joined the group. Wyatt also declined to be arrested by Sheriff John Behan for having killed Stilwell. A coroner's jury in Tucson had named Wyatt and his companions as murderers in Stilwell's death, and a warrant for their arrest had been wired from Pima County sheriff Bob Paul to Behan in Tombstone.²⁵

Wyatt's posse was a rough-edged bunch. Holliday's reputation as bad-tempered and reckless was well established. McMaster and Johnson (real name, John Blount) had ridden with the cowboys. Tombstone historian Peter Brand says that Wyatt did not want for his posse "law and order" men but "men who could step over the line and kill if required."²⁶ The posse was financed by anonymous donations of money from Wells Fargo, who believed that cowboys had robbed their stage shipments, and members of Tombstone's business and professional class, who wanted the cowboys out of Cochise County.²⁷ Wyatt's posse, which left Tombstone that same day, was pursued by another raised by Behan, which left the day after. Its members included John Ringo, Ike and Phin Clanton, and other cowboys.²⁸ Behan biographer Bob Alexander points out that both the Earp and Behan posses included disreputable characters, chosen for their toughness and willingness to fight.²⁹

The Killing of "Indian Charlie"

The day after leaving Tombstone, the Earp posse found the man they thought was Indian Charlie at Pete Spence's wood camp in the South Pass of the Dragoon Mountains and killed him. As John Boessenecker has shown, the man the Earp posse shot was Philomeno Sais, aka Florentino Sais, a bandit implicated in the 1878 murder of John Adams and Cornelius Finley during a robbery in the Santa Rita Mountains south of Tucson.³⁰ An article in the *Tucson Citizen*, April 2, 1882, revealed

that Sais's body had been identified in Tombstone by a man who knew him well. After the killings of Adams and Finley, Sais had been captured and jailed in Magdalena, Sonora, but then was either released or escaped and returned to Arizona, where he took up with the cowboys, worked as a woodcutter for Spence, and involved himself in the murder of Morgan Earp. A coroner's jury assembled to investigate Florentino's death heard testimony from eyewitnesses—Theodore Judah, a teamster, and two Mexican woodcutters, Ramon Acosta and Epimania Vegas. Judah said that when the Earp party approached the camp, he recognized them—Wyatt and Warren Earp, Doc Holliday, Sherman McMaster, "Texas Jack" (Vermillion), and a man whom he heard was called "Johnson" (Jack Johnson). Judah said that the posse asked for Spence and a "half breed" called "Hank" (Hank Swilling). Judah replied that Spence was in Tombstone, Hank was not in camp, and a Mexican named Florentino was out looking for stray mules. The Earp party then rode off toward the road to Tombstone.

Judah said that he and Acosta walked up a hill to watch the posse's movements, but they had not gone twenty feet before they heard shooting. Acosta testified that as the shooting started, he ran up the hill and saw the Earp party on horseback chasing Florentino and firing at him. Some of the posse spread out on either side of Florentino, while some rode behind him. Vegas confirmed that the posse chased Florentino and shot him. Florentino seemed to be running and jumping from side to side; then he fell. When Florentino did not return to camp by the following morning, Judah went to the top of the hill where he had seen the posse and found Florentino's body.³¹

Wyatt said little about this encounter later, probably because there was nothing heroic about it—it was simply a killing, and it accomplished little. But in stories about it, resolute Wyatt argued that Sais' death was justifiable. He told Stuart Lake that when caught by the posse, Florentino identified the men who participated in Morgan's murder as Stilwell, Curly Bill, Hank Swilling, Ike Clanton, and John Ringo—that is, almost all of the men Wyatt believed had been involved. In Lake's narrative, Florentino tells Wyatt that at Frank Patterson's ranch he heard Stilwell confess to killing Morgan and that Curly Bill and Swilling told how they had fired at Wyatt, but the glass in Hatch's back door had deflected their shots.³² That Wyatt was a target of the shooting was likely since at least one bullet struck the wall above his head where he was seated watching the billiard game between Morgan and Hatch.³³

Wyatt killed Florentino, he told Lake, after becoming angered when Florentino revealed that Curly Bill had paid him twenty-five dollars to stand lookout and shoot anyone who tried to interfere while Brocius "killed the Earps." But Wyatt could not just shoot Florentino; he had to act in self-defense. So, he told Lake that he challenged Florentino to a gunfight, in which Wyatt would count to three. Florentino could draw any time after Wyatt counted one, but Wyatt promised not to draw until he reached three. At two, Florentino drew. At three, Wyatt drew and shot Florentino—first in the abdomen, then between the shoulders (had Florentino turned his back?), and finally through the temples.³⁴

Wyatt searches, in both the Stilwell and Florentino stories, for a way to make his actions seem legal and necessary, not a Hamlet-like "mistake." But the killing of Florentino Sais was a mistake in two ways.

First, Wyatt did not know the identity of the man he killed. The true identity of “Indian Charlie” was never established by the Morgan Earp coroner’s jury.³⁵ The name was used by Pete Spence’s wife, Marietta, in inquest testimony, to describe one of the men who had met with Spence, Stilwell, and Freis to plot Morgan’s murder. The coroner’s jury identified him only as an “Indian half breed . . . named Charlie.”³⁶ Witnesses at the Florentino inquest identified the man shot by the Earp posse as “Florentino” but never used his last name.³⁷ The *Tombstone Nugget* and *Epitaph* mistakenly identified him as “Florentino Cruz,” a local Mexican laborer, who, according to a former employer, was “a harmless and inoffensive man.”³⁸ But that mis-identification was not made until after Sais had been shot. Wyatt and the posse would not have known of it when they went to Spence’s camp. When the Earp posse arrived at the camp, they were looking for Spence and “Hank” (Swilling). Judah told them that Spence was in Tombstone and that Hank was not in camp.³⁹ The posse left the camp, saw Florentino, and went after him. Years later, Wyatt told Hooker, Lake, and Burns that he had killed “Florentino Cruz.” For Hooker and Lake, he made up an elaborate story to justify the killing.⁴⁰ It seems that when the posse left Spence’s camp, they saw a dark-skinned man who looked like a “half breed,” perhaps “Apache Hank” or “Indian Charlie,” and they chased and killed him.

Second, Sais clearly was murdered, not shot in self-defense. Dr. Goodfellow, who examined Florentino’s body in Tombstone, found four wounds. The first, the fatal one, was to the victim’s right temple and entered his brain. The second was to the right shoulder. The third struck Florentino in his right side and exited to the right of his spine, and the fourth, which was made post-mortem, went through Florentino’s left thigh. Except for the head wound, none of the wounds Dr. Goodfellow found matched the ones Wyatt said he had inflicted on Florentino.⁴¹

As in the Stilwell killing, the coroner’s jury thought that there were several shooters. They ruled that Florentino had died from gunshots inflicted by Wyatt and Warren Earp, Holliday, McMaster, Johnson, and two men not known to the jury.⁴² Acosta’s and Vegas’s testimony about the shooting shows that there was no conversation between Florentino and his attackers, no “confession,” no revelations of who was involved in Morgan’s death, and no “gunfight,” real or staged.

Another Shootout with the Cowboys

The most dramatic incident involving the Earp posse took place the following day when the posse blundered into a cowboy encampment at Cottonwood Spring in the Whetstone Mountains northwest of Tombstone.⁴³ As with the Stilwell and Florentino shootings, Wyatt told different stories of the event in later years—to acquaintances, newspapers, and his biographers Hooker, Flood, and Lake. The fight started either when Wyatt’s posse surprised the cowboys at the spring (Hooker, Flood, and Lake) or when Wyatt’s posse was ambushed by the cowboys as the posse approached the spring (Burns, the *Denver Republican*, and *San Francisco Examiner*).⁴⁴

In these stories, the cowboys are mostly anonymous and their actions insignificant. The main focus is on Wyatt’s confrontation with another of the men he was sure had killed Morgan, Curly Bill Brocius. In most of the tales, Curly Bill tries to kill Wyatt, once again making Wyatt’s response necessary and legal. In both the Hooker and Flood stories, Curly Bill is cooking food over a fire and snatches up a shotgun to shoot at Wyatt.⁴⁵ In Lake, Curly Bill stands in front of the cowboys and shoots.⁴⁶ In most of the gunfight stories, Curly Bill shoots first, and Wyatt returns fire and kills him in self-defense.

Whether Curly Bill was killed at the spring or whether he was even there has been much debated and was in Cochise County at the time. The warring Tombstone newspapers, the Republican *Epitaph* and Democratic *Nugget*, argued vigorously over the authenticity of each other's shootout reports, the *Epitaph* claiming that Brocius had been killed, and the *Nugget* denying it. Both papers offered one thousand-dollar rewards for anyone who could prove that Curly Bill was (*Epitaph*), or was not (*Nugget*), alive. Both rewards went unclaimed.⁴⁷

Wyatt nurtured images of the encounter for years afterward. Near the end of his life, Wyatt told both Burns and Lake that he had flashbacks in which he saw Curly Bill standing in front of the cowboys, his right eye “squinting” as Brocius sighted at him down the barrel of a shotgun. He told them he remembered his frock coat jerking as Curly Bill's shotgun blast shredded it. Realizing that Brocius had missed him, Wyatt said that he fired both barrels from his shotgun, the blasts tearing through Curly Bill's midsection and killing him.⁴⁸

The Meaning of the Vendetta Stories

Wyatt's vendetta tales tell us that in the wake of Morgan's death, he felt justified in his actions but did not measure up to his standard of the “resolute man.” The self-congratulatory nature of the “resolute man” statement hardly seems justified by the brutal and ambiguous results of the vendetta. Rather, Wyatt became a killer, little different than the men he was pursuing.⁴⁹ And, like Hamlet, he made deadly mistakes.



Wyatt Earp
(Arizona Historical Society, #76620)

These were recognized in southern Arizona's withdrawal of support for the Earps.⁵⁰ After Virgil was shot, many Tombstonans lived in fear that the Earp-cowboy conflict would produce more bloodshed and that gun battles would erupt in the streets.⁵¹ Headlines proclaiming the “Murder in Cold Blood of a Supposed Innocent Man” (*Arizona Daily Star*, about Stilwell), and “Another Assassination” (*Epitaph*, about Florentino) reflected local disgust over the vendetta killings.⁵² Journalist Clara Spalding Brown wrote that “there are many now who denounce the Earps in the strongest language, and look upon the murder of Morgan and the attempted assassination of Virgil

and Wyatt as ‘good enough for them.’ It is a bloody, wretched business throughout, which every peaceable, honest citizen must deplore.”⁵³ In a similar mood, the *San Francisco Daily Exchange* declared a Shakespearean plague on the houses of both the Earps and cowboys: “It may fortunately happen that the slaughter on both sides will leave but a few survivors, and a big funeral, with the Earps and cowboys to furnish the remains, would be the lifting of a great weight from the minds of the citizens of Tombstone.”⁵⁴

But Wyatt felt only the righteousness of the vendetta deaths.⁵⁵ He spoke with pride in the *Gunnison News-Democrat* about fulfilling his obligation to avenge Morgan. He relished recreating for Lake the image of Stilwell’s terror right before his death, when Stilwell grabbed the barrel of Wyatt’s shotgun: “I’ve never forgotten the look in Frank Stilwell’s eyes, or the expression that came over his face as he struggled for that gun.”⁵⁶ He did the same when speaking with Arizona historian Frank Lockwood, who was appalled by the apparent satisfaction Wyatt took in Stilwell’s death: “Earp’s physical reactions that day as he sat talking to us of the way in which he shot Stilwell, the supple slithery fingering of the trigger of his gun as he visualized and reenacted the scene, somehow fixed the impression in the minds of both my brother and myself that he had been a cold and cruel killer.”⁵⁷ In his story of Florentino’s death, Wyatt cultivated a pose of righteous outrage, telling Lake that he had killed the Mexican for being a tool of the murdering cowboys.

Wyatt’s account of the death of Curly Bill may have been true or just wishful thinking. Earp researcher John Gilchriese says that Wyatt told his many versions of the Brocius killing . . . “for reasons only he understood.”⁵⁸ But one reason is evident: Wyatt portrayed himself as destroying in dramatic fashion one of the men he was convinced had murdered his brother. Whatever happened in the Whetstone Mountains, Wyatt believed—and wanted others to believe—that he had killed Curly Bill.

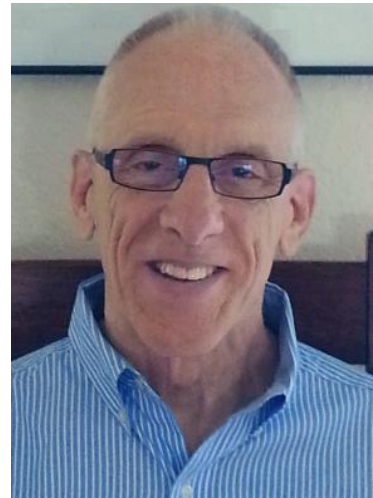
A Resolute Man

Some chose to see Wyatt’s actions as appropriate. Tombstone mayor and *Epitaph* editor John P. Clum supported the Earps in the pages of his newspaper, claiming that Wyatt had killed Curly Bill and concealing the whereabouts of the Earp posse by deliberately misreporting the site of the gunfight in the Whetstones.⁵⁹ George Parsons, hearing of Curly Bill’s alleged death, declared that he was “heartily glad at this repulse and hope the killing is not stopped with the cut-throat named.”⁶⁰ But others saw matters differently. Burns declared that after Morgan’s murder, Wyatt turned from a man “imperturbably calm” and dedicated to law enforcement to one driven by rage and personal vengeance.⁶¹ Several Earp historians have remarked how, after Morgan’s death, Wyatt lost faith in local law enforcement and determined to act as his own law. Steven Lubet says that Wyatt was “pursuing private vengeance entirely outside the law.”⁶² Jeff Guinn argues that Wyatt “no longer believed that the courts were capable of providing justice. Even before the coroner’s jury met three days after Morgan’s murder, Wyatt had spurned the law and begun avenging his younger brother [in killing Frank Stilwell].”⁶³

However, Wyatt never relinquished his belief in the vendetta’s rightness or in his own identity as a “resolute man.” Not long before he spoke with St. Johns, he told Walter Noble Burns that, as a law officer, “I was very careful always that I was in the right.”⁶⁴ *Hamlet* only further convinced Wyatt that he had done right: “We didn’t kill none of the wrong men,” he told St. Johns, “like Hamlet done to poor old Polonius.”⁶⁵ Reading *Hamlet*, it seems, made Wyatt acknowledge the

moral risks of acting as his own law. But he admitted no remorse for the vendetta, even when confronted with Shakespeare's celebrated example of the failure of revenge.

C. Gilbert Storms taught American literature and writing for twenty-nine years at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. He now lives in Tucson, Arizona, where he researches and writes about Arizona history. His book **Reconnaissance in Sonora: Charles D. Poston's 1854 Exploration of Mexico and the Gadsden Purchase** is available at Amazon.com



-
- 1 Adela Rogers St. Johns, "I Knew Wyatt Earp," *American Weekly*, May 22, 1960, repr. in John Richard Stephens, *Wyatt Earp Speaks* (New York: Fall River Press, 1998, 2009), 234.
 - 2 *Ibid.*, 235. Stephens is confident in the authenticity of the St. Johns interview and supposes that, as a professional journalist, St. Johns took careful notes on her conversations with Wyatt. But he suggests that she may have added some "color" to Wyatt's statements (*Wyatt Earp Speaks*, 231). He may be referring to the slang and ungrammatical expressions St. Johns quotes Wyatt as using. Court transcripts and letters show that Wyatt was literate, expressed himself formally (and grammatically) in writing, and was laconic in public speech. Wyatt Earp biographer Stuart N. Lake says that Wyatt was "much better educated and read than most men of his time and place" (Lake to Burton Rascoe, January 9, 1941, in Casey Terfertiller, *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*. New York: John Wiley & Sons, 1997, 326). Wyatt's "resolute man" statement, though a little stilted, sounds like Wyatt. It is what Frank C. Lockwood called Wyatt "talking pretty," or consciously constructing a favorable image of himself in public statements (Lockwood to Charles Wood, November 28, 1926, repr. in Roy B. Young, "Wyatt Talks 'Pretty': A Look at Wyatt Earp's Interaction with Interviewers, Writers and Historians," *Wild West History Association Journal* 4:6, December 2011, 44).
 - 3 *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, December 1, 1881.
 - 4 Roy B. Young, "Who Killed Morgan Earp? 'The Atrocious Assassins,'" *Wild West History Association Journal*, 13:4 (December 2020), 11. Young quotes Dr. Goodfellow's autopsy record in "Coroner's Register Number 2," Case #68, "Register of Actions and Fee Book," Clerk of Court's files, Cochise County Courthouse, Bisbee, Arizona.

-
- 5 *Ibid.*, 42.
 - 6 “Coroner’s Inquest on the Body of the Late Morgan S. Earp,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.
 - 7 “He is a Dude Now,” *Denver Republican*, May 14, 1893, repr. in Stephens, *Wyatt Earp Speaks*, 101-02.
 - 8 Walter Noble Burns Papers, Box 3, Folder 2, University of Arizona Library Special Collections, Tucson. Indian Charlie/Florentino’s ethnicity varied in references to him. He was sometimes Indian, sometimes Mexican, sometimes a half-breed.
 - 9 “The Earp Brothers,” *Gunnison Daily News Democrat*, June 4, 1882. , repr. in Stephens, *Wyatt Earp Speaks*, 119-23.
 - 10 *An Arizona Vendetta (The Truth About Wyatt Earp and Some Others)*, ed., Don Taylor (np: Old West Research & Publishing, L.L.C, 2011), 65.
 - 11 Stuart N. Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1931), 323.
 - 12 *Inventing Wyatt Earp: His Life and Many Legends* (New York: Carroll & Graf Publishers, 1998), 233.
 - 13 “The True Business,” *Tombstone Nugget*, March 26, 1882.
 - 14 “Downed at Last,” *Albuquerque Evening Review*, May 13, 1882, repr. in Stephens, *Wyatt Earp Speaks*, 115-17.
 - 15 The letter was published May 23, 1882, and is quoted in Lyle H. Miller, and Joseph W. Snell, *Why the West Was Wild: A Contemporary Look at the Antics of Some Highly Publicized Kansas Cowtown Personalities* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963, 2003), 160.
 - 16 “The Earp Brothers,” 119-23; “He is a Dude Now,” 97-107; “How Wyatt Earp Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws,” *San Francisco Examiner*, August 2, 1896, repr. in Wyatt Earp, *How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, ed., Neil B. Carmony (Tucson: Trail to Yesterday Books, 1995), 7-15; “Wyatt Earp Tells Tales of the Shotgun Messenger Service,” *San Francisco Examiner*, August 9, 1896, repr. in Wyatt Earp, *How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, 17-24.
 - 17 Wyatt also drew detailed diagrams of three of the vendetta incidents for John Flood and talked with Flood at length about each event. The incidents were the killing of Frank Stilwell at the Tucson railroad station, the shootout with a group of cowboys in the Whetstone Mountains, and the supposed killing of John Ringo. These diagrams are in John Gilchriese, *Wyatt Earp’s Personal Diagrams of Prominent Historical Events: The Street Fight: Gunfight at the OK Corral, The Killing of Frank Stilwell, The Killing of Curly Bill, The Killing of John Ringo* (McLean, Virginia: United States Marshal’s Foundation, 1989) and must be considered an integral part of Wyatt’s vendetta narrative. Wyatt also drew a separate diagram of the Whetstones shootout for Forrestine Hooker that appears in *An Arizona Vendetta*. It is similar to the Flood diagram, with some differences in wording.
 - 18 *Nothing to Be Frightened Of* (New York: Random House, 2008), 140.

-
- 19 “Arizona Affairs” (interview with Virgil Earp), in *San Francisco Examiner*, May 27, 1882, repr. in *The Earps Talk*, ed., Alford E. Turner (College Station, Texas: Creative Publishing Company, 1980), 101-15; Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 68; John H. Flood, Jr., *Wyatt Earp*, ed., Don Taylor (np: Old West Research & Publishing, L.L.C., 2011), 185-86.
 - 20 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 75-76; Flood, *Wyatt Earp*, 174-76; Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshall*, 324-27.
 - 21 “Another Assassination: Frank Stilwell Found Dead,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882; “A Dark Deed,” *Arizona Daily Star*, March 22, 1882.
 - 22 *Whiskey, Six-Guns & Red-Light Ladies. George Hand’s Saloon Diary, Tucson, 1875-1878*, ed., Neil G. Carmony (Silver City, New Mexico: High Lonesome Books, 1994), 228.
 - 23 Earp, *How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, 23.
 - 24 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 77-80; Flood, *Wyatt Earp*, 177-79; Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 328.
 - 25 “Would Not Be Arrested,” *Arizona Daily Star*, March 23, 1882 (from the *Tombstone Nugget*).
 - 26 “Wyatt Earp, Jack Johnson, and the Notorious Blount Brothers,” *Quarterly of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History*, (2003), 44.
 - 27 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 86.
 - 28 *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, March 23, 1882.
 - 29 *John H. Behan. Sacrificed Sheriff* (Silver City, New Mexico: High Lonesome Books, 2002), 191. Even Behan deputy sheriff Bill Breakenridge acknowledged that the posse was “composed mostly of rustlers and cowboys” (William M.; Breakenridge, *Helldorado: Bringing Law to the Mesquite*, Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company, The Lakeside Press, 1982), 298.
 - 30 John Boessenecker, *Ride the Devil’s Herd: Wyatt Earp’s Epic Battle Against the West’s Biggest Outlaw Gang* (Toronto: Hanover Square Press, 2020), 73-74, 348-50.
 - 31 “Coroner’s Inquest Upon the Body of Florentino Cruz, the Murdered, Half-Breed,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882; “The Murdered Mexican,” *Tombstone Nugget*, March 26, 1882. The *Epitaph* and *Nugget* were both inconsistent in reporting Acosta’s name. The *Epitaph* identified him, in its March 27 article, as “Ramon Acosta” and “Simon Acosto.” The *Nugget*, in its March 26 article, referred to “Simon Acosto” and “Ramon Acosto.”
 - 32 Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshall*, 334-35.
 - 33 “The Deadly Bullet,” *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, March 20, 1882.
 - 34 Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshall*, 336-37.
 - 35 Steve Gatto, *The Real Wyatt Earp. A Documentary Biography*, ed., Neil B. Carmony (Silver City, New Mexico: High Lonesome Books, 2000), 174.
 - 36 “Coroner’s Inquest on the Body of the Late Morgan S. Earp,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.

-
- 37 “Coroner’s Inquest Upon the Body of Florentino Cruz, the Murdered, Half-Breed,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.
 - 38 Boessenecker, *Ride the Devil’s Herd*, 349.
 - 39 “Coroner’s Inquest Upon the Body of Florentino Cruz, the Murdered, Half-Breed,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.
 - 40 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 83-85; Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 333-37; Walter Noble Burns, *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap Publishers, 1929), 241-43.
 - 41 *Tombstone Nugget*, March 25, 26, 1882.
 - 42 *Ibid.*
 - 43 Bill Evans, “Gunfight in the Whetstone Mountains,” *Journal Wild West History Association*, (December 2008), 13-22. Wyatt identified the site only as “a certain spring” (*How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, 14) and “a spring in the Whetstone mountains” (“He Is a Dude Now,” 103).
 - 44 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 87; Flood, *Wyatt Earp*, 187-88; Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 339-40; Burns, *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest*, 246; “He is a Dude Now,” 103; *How I Routed a Gang of Arizona Outlaws*, 14.
 - 45 Hooker, *An Arizona Vendetta*, 87; Flood, *Wyatt Earp*, 188.
 - 46 Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 340.
 - 47 “The Facts of History: Truth Crushed to Earth Will Rise Again,” *Tombstone Epitaph*, April 14, 1882.
 - 48 Burns, *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest*, 247-48; Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 340.
 - 49 Terfertiller, *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, 249, 250-51.
 - 50 William B. Shillingberg, *Tombstone, AT: A History of Early Mining, Milling, and Mayhem* (Spokane: The Arthur H. Clark Company, 199), 294
 - 51 George Whitwell Parsons, *A Tenderfoot in Tombstone: The Private Journal of George Whitwell Parsons. The Turbulent Years, 1880-82* (Tucson: Westernlore Press, 1996), 206.
 - 52 “A Dark Deed,” *Arizona Daily Star*, March 22, 1882; “Another Assassination,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.
 - 53 *Tombstone from a Woman’s Point of View. The Correspondence of Clara Spalding Brown. July 7, 1880, to November 14, 1882*, comp. and ed., Lynn R. Bailey (Tucson: Westernlore Press, 1998), 60.
 - 54 *San Francisco Weekly Exchange*, March 23, 1882, quoted in Terfertiller, *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, 235.
 - 55 Terfertiller, *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, 228.
 - 56 Lake, *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 326-27.

-
- 57 *They Lived in Tombstone. I Knew Them*, Chapter IV, “Wyatt Earp,” Frank C. Lockwood Papers, 1913-1946, Box 5, Folder 45, MS441, Arizona Historical Society, Tucson.
- 58 Gilchriese, *Wyatt Earp’s Diagrams*.
- 59 “Battle of Burleigh: Earp Party Ambushed,” *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, March 25, 1882; “The Battle of Burleigh: Two Versions of the Fight,” *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, March 27, 1882.
- 60 *A Tenderfoot in Tombstone*, 214.
- 61 Burns, *Tombstone: An Iliad of the Southwest*, 257-258.
- 62 *Murder in Tombstone. The Forgotten Trial of Wyatt Earp* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 2004), 216.
- 63 *The Last Gunfight: The Real Story of the Shootout at the O.K. Corral—And How It Changed the American West* (New York: Simon & Schuster Paperbacks, 2011), 274.
- 64 Wyatt Earp to Walter Noble Burns, March 15, 1927, Walter Noble Burns Papers, 1908-1932, University of Arizona Special Collections, Tucson. Interestingly, one who agreed with Wyatt’s belief in his ability to act as his own law was celebrated lawman Bill Tilghman, an Earp friend from Dodge City days. Of Wyatt, Tilghman said, “He makes and enacts his own law and rule which I must admit beats all the written code we have or ever will have . . . No man can follow the written law with efficiency or safety to himself. I know, I’ve tried it. . . . Wyatt is a man that can forget his badge, make his own law and rule and enforce them in justice and fairness to all and defend himself at the same time both physically and socially with the legal factions” (Jack Armstrong to Gary L. Roberts, May 3, 1961, Gary L. Roberts Collection, Tifton, Georgia, quoted in Terfertiller, *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, 324-25).
- 65 St. Johns, “I Knew Wyatt Earp,” 234.

**Meeting the Challenges and Keeping the Faith:
A late Twentieth Century Mission to Start a New Church in the
Highlands of Northern Arizona**

by
George Van Otten

Introduction

It is normally not difficult to identify almost any community's historically prominent citizens. Numerous landmarks carry their names, and their biographies are usually well documented. Whereas these leaders normally deserve the recognition they receive, their accomplishments often rest on the contributions of their hard-working neighbors and constituents. While landmarks are seldom named after ordinary folks who risk starting new businesses that offer essential services, work in a variety of crucial occupations, and/or as volunteers in innumerable large and small community projects, it is nonetheless true that without these unsung heroines and heroes, counties, villages, towns and cities could not function or prosper. This is an account of the many challenges Mark and Louise Vandivort encountered as they struggled for more than two decades to establish a Free Will Baptist Church in Flagstaff, Arizona, and of the many contributions they made to the greater community as they worked to achieve their church-planting mission.

I moved to Flagstaff in 1977, to fill a faculty position at Northern Arizona University, but my wife Ruth and I did not meet the Vandivorts until 1982 when we bought a house on the opposite side of the street from where they lived. Shortly after we settled in the neighborhood, there was a heavy snow and Mark came over to help me shovel the driveway. As we worked and visited, I learned that he was the pastor of the Flagstaff Sunset Free Will Baptist Church, and shortly thereafter, Ruth and I became members of his small Congregation until 1998 when we moved to Sitka, Alaska.

Mark and Louise Vandivort met in 1959 at the Free Will Baptist National Convention in Asheville, North Carolina. It must have been love at first sight because they married a few months later and together attended the Free Will Baptist Bible College (now Welch College) in Nashville, Tennessee in preparation for long-term mission work in Cuba. However, by the time they finished their course of study, the Castro regime no longer allowed U.S. citizens to work in Cuba as missionaries. Therefore, in 1960 they accepted an assignment to assist Free Will Baptist Home Missionaries conduct Vacation Bible Schools in Littleton, New Hampshire. During the three years they spent there, their mission grew, and they were instrumental in reopening the Community Baptist Church in Twin Mountain.¹

In 1963, Mark became the Field Secretary for the Free Will Baptist National Home Mission Department in Nashville, Tennessee and later, also worked as the Administrative Assistant to the Director. He promoted Home Missions throughout the United States, Mexico, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. In 1968 Mark and Louise felt called to plant a church in Columbia, Missouri, where over a period of eight years they successfully established a self-sustaining congregation. During their years in New Hampshire, Nashville, and Columbia, they became the parents of five

children (three boys and two girls). In 1976, Mark had a growing feeling that he, Louise and their children should move to the Northern Arizona Highlands and plant a Free Will Baptist Church.²

(Lora) Louise (Underwood) Vandivort was born on October 23, 1932, to Medford (Dude) and Bessie Edith (Hovis) Underwood in Mine La Motte, Missouri where her father worked deep below the ground in the lead mines. Louise attended grade school in Copper Mines and Mine La Motte and graduated from Mine La Motte High School in 1949. When she was thirteen years old, Louise formally joined the Copper Mines Free-Will Baptist Church where her family had worshiped for many years. She graduated from high school when she was sixteen and then studied at Southeast Missouri State University in Cape Girardeau. She completed an undergraduate degree in Elementary Education and English in 1956; but even before receiving her degree, taught for five years in several one-room schools in Madison County, Missouri. After completing her degree Louise taught fifth grade for three and one-half years before leaving to attend the Free Will Baptist Bible College (now Welch College) in Nashville, Tennessee.

Bessie Edith (Hovis) Underwood, the mother of Louise Vandivort, was born in St. Francois County, Missouri. Bessie married Medford (Dude) Underwood in 1923 and their marriage produced eight children. After Medford was stricken with “black-lung” disease, Bessie supported the family by working for twenty-nine years at the Brown Shoe Company in Fredericktown, Missouri.

Bessie was a devout member of the Copper Mines Free-Will Baptist Church, and in the early 1920s, served as church clerk. She also led the singing of hymns during Sunday services. At the time of her death, Bessie Underwood had been a member of the Copper Mines Church for more than seventy-four years.³

Until he became a victim of “black-lung” disease, Medford worked in the lead mines of Madison County, Missouri. After he could no longer work, he grew large gardens to help feed his family. Medford was a member of the Copper Mines Free Will Baptist Church. He died suddenly in 1958.⁴

(John) Mark Vandivort was born in Texas County, Missouri in 1935 and raised with his two brothers in a three-room log cabin on his parent’s dairy farm, nine miles from the small town of Houston. His father, Herbert S. Vandivort was born on a farm in the Oak Grove Community in Texas County. When Herbert was eighteen years old, he left Oak Grove and worked for an automobile tire factory for three years. While there, he put aside almost all of his wages so that when he returned to Oak Grove, he could purchase a farm. Four years after his return, Herbert married Bessie Jane Scott who was the daughter of Rev. George William Scott and Oma Lucinda (Ratterree) Scott. In 1935, Herbert became an ordained Free Will Baptist minister, and for twenty-one years, pastored several churches in Texas and Wright Counties, while at the same time, with the help of Bessie and their sons, operated a grade-A dairy.⁵

Throughout his youth, Mark worked the farm with his parents and brothers. In those days, many Ozark farms had little mechanization and farm work required long days of manual labor. On the Vandivort farm, work started at daybreak with a substantial breakfast, and ended at dusk with a

healthy home-cooked supper; followed by Bible reading and prayers. Bessie Vandivort was the first to rise every morning to prepare breakfast, and the last to retire each night after taking care of the evening meal and making everyone's clothing ready for the next day. She gathered eggs, raised large garden, canned food, and washed clothes without modern appliances or conveniences. When Herbert was away working and/or preaching, she also milked the cows, and managed the farm.

When Mark was old enough to operate an automobile, he helped drive to several churches where Herbert delivered weekly sermons and attended to the other congregational needs. Supporting his father in this way gave him a bird's-eye view of what it means to live a life of service. It also cemented a close bond between Mark and his father.⁶

OZARKS



U.S.G.S. National Water Quality Assessment: 1991 to Present

When the Vandivorts answered the call to leave the well-established Free Will Baptist Church they founded eight years earlier in Columbia, Missouri, they could not have imagined the sacrifices and challenges that would characterize their mission in Northern Arizona. Even at its zenith, the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church was not financially secure enough to support a full-time pastor while at the same time covering the other operating costs of the Church. Even so, despite almost overwhelming trials and disappointments the faith, tenacity, sense of purpose, and work ethic that Louise and Mark developed in their formative years made it possible for them to keep their Flagstaff mission alive for more than two decades.

In 1998 health issues made it necessary for the Vandivort's to turn over the Church to a new pastor and his wife. They retired in Noble, Oklahoma where they now live near their daughters

and grandchildren. A few years after Mark and Louise retired the Flagstaff Free Will Baptist Church closed. Currently, most of the members of the Congregation have moved to other places or have made the transition from this life to the next. Those who are able, keep in touch (mostly through the good offices of Mark and Louise) and continue to support each other as they face the challenges, and joys of life. They take comfort in knowing that they will always be part of the church family that once worshiped together, and quietly served the needs of a wide variety of people who lived in the Highlands of Northern Arizona.⁷



The Vandivort Family in about 1986 Back Row: Phil, Steve, Mark, and Bethany
Front Row: Debbie, Andy, and Louise.

FLAGSTAFF: THE SITE AND SITUATION



FreeWorldMaps.net

Flagstaff is situated at approximately seven-thousand feet above sea level (ASL) on the Arizona section of the Colorado Plateau. This part of the Southwestern United States is an extraordinarily beautiful landscape sculpted by natural processes into wide-ranging mesas, lofty buttes, tall mountains, wind-swept plains, steep-walled canyons, and prolific washes. The Plateau extends almost completely across Northern Arizona, and it is dissected by a sequence of smaller plateaus that rise to elevations between four and nine-thousand feet ASL. Additionally, numerous craters, cinder cones, and the imposing mountains of the San Francisco Volcanic Field stand proudly above the surrounding countryside, with Humphrey's Peak, the highest place in Arizona, rising to an elevation of more than twelve-thousand feet ASL.⁸

The Northern Arizona Highlands

Much of the Colorado Plateau is too dry and rocky to sustain thriving plant communities. Moreover, elevation is a powerful climate control in the Highlands of the Southwestern United States. Whereas intermittent summer convectional storms sometimes bring flash floods below five thousand feet ASL, precipitation is generally minimal and unreliable. Between five and seven thousand feet ASL, summer rains, coupled with winter snows, provide sufficient moisture to sustain juniper and pinon pine forests, and above seven thousand feet ASL, storms sustain healthy stands of ponderosa pine, Douglas fir and aspen.

At their summits, the highest peaks rise to elevations where only an alpine association of plants can withstand the extreme winter conditions. The Highlands generally experience warm summers punctuated by convectional storms, but at higher elevations frost comes early in the Fall, and the beginning of the growing season comes late in the Spring.⁹

Flagstaff

Flagstaff, the seat of government for Coconino County, Arizona, is situated at approximately

seven-thousand feet ASL in the picturesque highlands of the Colorado Plateau and is surrounded by the largest contiguous Ponderosa Pine Forest in the United States. It is known for stunning vistas, low humidity, pine-scented air, snowy winters, and mild, pleasant summers. Nevertheless, those who once farmed in the region knew from first-hand experience the limitations posed by its very short growing season.¹⁰

Photo of the San Francisco Peaks Taken from Flagstaff



Source: goodfreephotos.com

In 1976 when the Vandivorts arrived in the Northern Arizona Highlands, Flagstaff was a community of a little more than 20,000 people. Over the last forty-five years its population has grown by almost 50,000, and it has become a major urban center, but in the 1970s it resembled a rough-hewn, railroad town with a downtown architecture and ambiance that conjured images of the “Old West.”

In 1911, film maker Cecil B. DeMille and his partner, Jesse Laskey hoped to make Flagstaff the setting for Western movies. However, after riding out a Northern Arizona snowstorm, they decided to locate in Southern California instead.¹¹ They were not the first to find the Flagstaff Winter overwhelming. In the Nineteenth Century many pioneers who came to the Flagstaff area intent upon developing farms and businesses soon moved on after experiencing the region’s cold winters, limited water sources, and its short growing season. Furthermore, even after the coming of the railroad in 1881 made Flagstaff a center of economic activity, its growth remained relatively slow for a number of years.¹²

In its early days, Flagstaff had a reputation of being a rough-and-ready frontier town where bars and other such forms of entertainment outnumbered churches and schools. In the 1880s law-abiding citizens found it necessary to regularly deal with wild drunken brawls, gun fights, and other forms of uncivilized behavior. Nevertheless, by the beginning of the 20th Century local law-enforcement officials and local citizens had the situation under control.¹³



Flagstaff in 1882 (Wikipedia Public Domain Photo)

Currently, a small number of the descendants of pioneer families such as the Babbitts, continue to be prominent members of the community, but throughout most of its history Flagstaff's population has been relatively transient. This pattern has been exacerbated by the annual departure of Northern Arizona University students who normally leave the community after they graduate.¹⁴

Flagstaff as Seen From Mount Elden



Brady Smith: Coconino National Forest

Flagstaff Demographics and Culture

Although people of European ancestry have always been the largest racial/ethnic cohort of Flagstaff's population, it is now, and has long been, a multi-cultural city. Flagstaff has a well-established Hispanic Community that accounts for approximately fourteen percent of the city's total. Moreover, people from the local indigenous nations, with approximately seven percent of the total, represent the third largest demographic group of Flagstaff residents. Additionally, residents of the Navajo and Hopi Reservations often come to Flagstaff to shop and take advantage of other services that the city has to offer. There are also well-established African American and Asian communities in Flagstaff.

With an average age of about twenty-five years, the citizens of Flagstaff are in general considerably younger than those who live in most other places in Arizona. For example, the mean age of Tucson residents is approximately thirty-four. Whereas these statistics can be explained by the large number of students who attend Northern Arizona University (almost thirty thousand in the current era), it is also a function of Flagstaff's cold climate and high elevation. Whereas many come to Arizona from colder climates to retire in warm places such as Sun City, Sedona, and Tucson, older folks are generally less attracted to Flagstaff owing to its snowy winters and the rarified air of the Colorado Plateau.¹⁵

Religion

Flagstaff has many churches, but recent surveys show that only thirty percent of the City's adults consider themselves to be religious. Approximately thirteen percent of Flagstaff's population belongs to the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, and about five percent identify with the Roman Catholic Faith. Moreover, many of Flagstaff's indigenous residents follow their traditional religions.¹⁶ Therefore, in the last years of the 20th Century, Flagstaff was a difficult place in which to plant a new church.

Nativity of Blessed Virgin Mary Catholic Church



(Flagstaff City Data.Com)

Putting Down Roots in a Period of Economic Instability

The Vandivort's twenty-year mission in Flagstaff began at a time when the Community had to deal with planning and infrastructure problems that caused many who moved to the city to leave when the local economy experienced periodic downturns. During the 1970s through the 1980s many people were attracted to Flagstaff because of its small-town, rustic ambiance and its location in the middle of the beautiful Coconino National Forest. Therefore, they came to the mountain community hoping to find work and put down roots. Although the Vandivorts did not move to Flagstaff to experience the pleasures of living in the Arizona Highlands, they were among those who believed that Flagstaff was an up-and-coming municipality in which a healthy Free Will Baptist Church could serve the needs of the community.

Given that Flagstaff was the site of Northern Arizona University, the U.S. Department of Agriculture Coconino National Forest, the U.S. Geological Survey headquarters, as well as W. L. Gore and Associates, and the Purina pet food plant, it is not surprising that Flagstaff attracted people who wanted to live in a small town where they could settle down, get a job, start a business, or even plant a new church; and in many ways it was. However, starting in the late 1960s and continuing into the 1980s, as Flagstaff's cohort of young, well-educated residents grew, the number of permanent jobs commensurate with their educational credentials, expertise and skills, did not. During these years, many started new businesses that often did not survive for more than a few years. Moreover, jobs disappeared each time the local economy experienced a downturn.

Poorly maintained roads, limited essential services, expensive housing, high operational costs, and a down-town area in decline, made it difficult for new enterprises to prosper. Additionally,

the local lumber mill closed in the early 1990s thereby eliminating many good-paying jobs.¹⁷

In the current era Flagstaff is a dynamic community with a well-respected, growing university, thriving tourism industry, and the advantage of being the seat of government for Coconino County. Moreover, its vigorous growth over last several decades affirms the city's charm to those who enjoy winter sports, wide-open spaces, and life in a youthful, multi-cultural milieu. In fact, Flagstaff's economy rests heavily on tourism, and therefore, many of its residents are closely connected to recreation and tourist related occupations. Additionally, the city relies heavily on the millions of dollars that Northern Arizona University and several U.S. Government agencies inject into the local economy. For the most part Northern Arizona University students and those who work in the local tourist industry are part of a relatively young demographic cohort who are not heavily represented in most of the local churches.

Conversely, long cold winters, and a community that caters to tourists and younger residents is not extremely appealing to the elderly. Even younger folks are sometimes overwhelmed by the city's highland climate and its high cost-of-living. Accordingly, despite steady growth, the population of Flagstaff remains somewhat more ephemeral than is common in many other parts of Arizona.

Moving to Flagstaff In 1976 and Striving to Plant a Church

In 1976, when Mark and Louise left Columbia, Missouri they could not have fully understood that Flagstaff was environmentally, culturally, socially, demographically, and economically very different from any place that they had previously worked and lived. In the 1970s houses in Flagstaff were expensive, and rents were high. Furthermore, food, clothing, and other staples cost considerably more in the Northern Arizona Highlands than they did in most other parts of the nation. As a result, the small stipend that the Free Will Baptist Board of Home Missions provided to church-planting missionaries was too small to support the large Vandivort family in Flagstaff.

Despite their total commitment to their mission, Mark and Louise could not fully focus on starting a new church until they found a way to support themselves and their five children. Accordingly, Mark worked in a variety of jobs from handyman to substitute teaching. Eventually, he landed a full-time job at Northern Arizona University, and at the same time continued to serve as the pastor of the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church.

Mark and Louise managed to persevere despite Flagstaff's high cost of living in part because they are the epitome of frugality. For example, using electricity, natural gas or heating oil to stay warm during cold Flagstaff winters is expensive. The Vandivort family overcame this budget-busting problem by heating their home with wood they gathered in the Coconino National Forest.

Given the high costs of construction in Northern Arizona, the Sunset Free Will Baptist Congregation was never able to acquire sufficient funds to build a church facility. Instead, Mark initially rented an elementary school gym, and later, at minimal cost, a small chapel from the Indian Bible College in East Flagstaff for Sunday services.

Flagstaff Indian Bible College



Flagstaff Indian Bible College Photo

In spite of the financial challenges they faced, the Vandivort's immersed themselves in the local community thereby recruiting worshipers from a variety of different cultures and subcultures. Eventually, the Sunset Free Will Baptist Congregation included people from the Navajo, Pima, and the Tohono O'odham indigenous communities; faculty, staff, and students from Northern Arizona University; Christian missionaries; Bible translators; local teachers; folks who grew up on farms; medical professionals; business owners; and people from many walks of life, and different parts of the United States.

Building a viable congregation in any community takes effort, energy, dedication, time, and money. In a transitory place such as late 20th Century Flagstaff, support for continuous recruiting is essential because church memberships tend to ebb and flow. When the financial support from the Free Will Baptist Board of Home Missions ended, it was no longer possible for Mark and Louise to dedicate the lion's share of their efforts to bringing new members into the Church. Instead, they had little choice but to minister to active members while at the same time making a living. Even so, they somehow continued to find ways for the Congregation to participate in Christian outreach and service, and by the late 1990s, the church had slowly grown to about forty members.

Some members of the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church used their chainsaws and trucks to cut and haul wood to people in need. The Congregation also provided economic support to missionaries who were engaged in translating the Bible into the Havasupai language. Additionally, it provided support for one member's prison ministry at the Arizona correctional facility in Winslow, Az. Some Church members helped distribute food to the economically disadvantaged, and one member worked for several years with the Hopi and Navajo Nations to restore some of their traditional agricultural fields. Throughout all of this, the Vandivort's provided an example of Christian service that motivated members of the Congregation to do all they could to make a positive difference.

Even though the Vandivort's did not achieve their initial goal to establish a permanent Free Will Baptist Church in Flagstaff, their twenty-year mission was nonetheless a success. Throughout their ministry, they helped hundreds of people, and motivated many others to engage in their own service missions.¹⁸

Answering the Call to Plant a Church in Flagstaff

More than forty-five years have passed since Mark and Louise decided to accept the challenge to plant a church in Flagstaff. Earlier this year (2021) I asked them to describe their call to move to Flagstaff to launch a challenging church-planting mission. The following is Louise Vandivort's account of how it all came together:

Sensing in some strange way that God might have a new direction for our lives, as I picked Andy [oldest son] up from his summer job on a July afternoon in 1976. I said, "Andy, if God calls your father to another ministry, I hope that you children won't stand in his way." Andy replied, "I won't Mom, and if God does, I hope it's Arizona." At this time Mark was attending a church convention in Tulsa, Oklahoma. All of us were happy in our church and had not discussed leaving.

Mark arrived home later that night, and privately shared with me that God was calling us to Flagstaff. This put my faith to the test. It was not as strong as Andy's. My first reaction was, "Don't expect me to get excited. All I can see are mountains!" Actually, I was referring to mountains of problems in moving a family of 7 to a strange city, depending upon faith to see to our needs. Eventually, in His own special ways, God convinced me that the call to Flagstaff was real, that it was a call to our whole family, and I was to trust Him.

*Arriving in Flagstaff on September 11, 1976, at our rented house on N. Manor Street, we began a new venture in faith. Our new neighbors soon made us feel welcome and helped us unload our possession and carry them into the house. Serving the Lord through our mission church and the many other area of witness is a privilege. We rejoice in each life that has been touched by Christ's love through our being here. Our own lives have been greatly blessed in return. On the occasion of our twenty-fifth (silver) wedding anniversary celebration, Mark and I presented the following statement to the Sunset FWB Church on December 26, 1984: "During our 25 years together, we have experienced good times and sad times, a lot of laughter and tears, but through it all, our love for each other has continued to grow. The promise in Isaiah 40:31 blessed us during our days of courtship, and still does. **"But those who wait on the LORD shall renew their strength; They shall mount up with wings like eagles. They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint. – (NKJV).**" On our wedding day, with our hands upon an open Bible we pledged Romans 12:1-2 as our life's verses together. **"I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service. And do not be conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of your mind, that you may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."**¹⁹*

Mark also responded as follows to my request to share his recollections of the call and the move that brought the Vandivorts to the Highlands of Arizona:

*Pausing in front of the Home Missions Department's display booth at the July 1976 Tulsa meeting of the National Association of Free Will Baptist Churches, I noticed a stack of "pale-red brochures" titled: **Cities Where We Need Free Will Baptist Churches**. As I thoughtfully scanned the list, it seemed that God drew a circle around the words, "Flagstaff, Arizona." At that moment I could not have imagined that two-months later my family and I would be parking our U-Haul truck in front of our rented house in Flagstaff.*

During the 1976 National Association of Free Will Baptists (FWB) meeting, I shared a tent in a Tulsa KOA with two brothers who were members of the church in Columbia, Missouri where I served as the pastor. After attending various sessions throughout the first day of the meeting, I drove into the KOA campground with the "pale-red brochure" tucked into my pocket. After exchanging greetings with my friends, I knelt in the grass behind the tent and earnestly prayed to God for insight and guidance.

Years earlier during an early-morning prayer meeting at the Cedars of Lebanon Bible Seminary Compound in Pinar Del Rio, Cuba, I had entered into a covenant with the Lord to go wherever he might lead and do whatever he might ask me to do. As I prayed to God for guidance, the promise I made seventeen years earlier to follow God wherever he might lead dominated my consciousness. It seemed to me that God was telling me that I should go to Flagstaff and strive to plant a new FWB church.

Resolved to go forward with the Flagstaff mission, I returned to the Tulsa Convention Center and listened to the Rev. Bob Shockey preach a soul-stirring sermon as he was gifted by the Holy Spirit to do. At the altar call that night, I asked two of my missionary friends to lay hands on me while they prayed to the Holy Spirit to call my wife, Louise, and our five children to join me in making a commitment to start a new FWB church in Flagstaff, Arizona.

Before I went to the Tulsa Convention, Louise and I had received a monthly bulletin from the First FWB Church, in Tucson, Arizona. Moreover, the Rev. Ed Ledlow of the National Home Missions Department, and his wife had visited our church. At that time Ed explained that the National Home Missions Department (Now North American Ministries) had been praying about planting a FWB church in Flagstaff. It seemed that a "seed of faith" had been planted in our minds, and almost before we knew it, we were preparing to leave our congregation in Columbia, Missouri in order to follow God's call to plant a new FWB church in the rugged mountain country of Northern Arizona.

*Now over forty-five years later that "pale-red brochure" is in front of me as my fingers strike my computer keyboard. It has been kept tucked away between the pages of one of my nearly worn-out Bibles. A verse of Scripture on that page reads; **"I will go in the strength of the Lord GOD: I will make mention of thine only"** Psalm 71:16 (King James Edition). When I worked for the FWB National Home Missions Department in Nashville, Tennessee, that verse guided me during many thousands of miles of travel through 48 states, and four foreign countries.*

Sometime later, Louise told me that in July of 1976, she had sensed that God was in the “calling” business. At that time, while driving our oldest son, Andy, home from his job at Hardee’s, she cautioned him not to object if his Dad came home feeling that God had called our family to another place. Andy’s response was telling. “I will not object, Mom. I hope it is Arizona.” Looking back on it more than forty-five years later, it seems that it all happened so quickly. In any case, Flagstaff became our hometown for the next 23 years until issues of health and age led us to retire in Oklahoma where we could be near our two daughters and their families.

Shortly after consulting with our older children, Louise and I found ourselves (with the help of friends) carrying our few belongings from the small two-bedroom parsonage we had called home for the last eight years and loading them on an orange and white U-Haul Truck. We also loaded everything we could in our Ford Station Wagon and an old car that we decided to tow our new mountain home. Fortunately, Harold Ambrose, a member of our Columbia FWB Church, volunteered to drive the U-Haul to Flagstaff. By the time we had everything loaded and were ready to go, our financial resources had dwindled to less than \$1,000.00. That fact told Louise and me that I would have to find work almost immediately after we reached our destination.

Early on a Fall morning when the leaves were starting to turn throughout the beautiful Missouri countryside, we set off for Flagstaff. I was at the wheel of our family station wagon, and Harold Ambrose drove the truck. I cannot say for certain the thoughts that crossed the minds of our children, but we were all clearly wistful about leaving our many friends and family behind. On the other hand, in retrospect it seems to me that we were also excited about our new opportunity to serve God. While I felt relatively confident that Louise and I could successfully plant a new church, from time to time, I felt barely perceptible pangs of anxiety because we were heading to an unfamiliar place, a different culture, and unknown challenges; the most immediate of which was making it safely from Missouri to Flagstaff.

As we headed west, and the great expanse of the magnificent American landscape loomed in front of us, I became increasingly enthusiastic about our new family adventure and mission. Although I cannot say for certain that Louise and the children enjoyed the long drive as much as I did, from my perspective the trip was invigorating and interesting. Moreover, the closer we came to Flagstaff, the more curious we became about what we would find when we arrived. The day before we arrived in Flagstaff, we spent a cold night camped in a KOA in Albuquerque, New Mexico. The night-time temperature we experienced in New Mexico was a harbinger of the winter-like conditions we would find in Flagstaff.

As we crossed the wide-open, sparsely populated, drylands that surround Flagstaff, the family hoped that our destination would have more trees and be greener than the brown landscape through which we were driving. As we climbed onto the Colorado Plateau and entered the great pine forest in which Flagstaff is situated, our fears were relieved because we were almost overwhelmed by the great beauty we beheld.

We pulled into Flagstaff on September 11, 1976, and the cold wind and threatening snow clouds made it seem that winter had already come to the Arizona highlands. Once we arrived in Flagstaff, we drove to our small rental house in the Greenlaw subdivision, parked our truck and other vehicles and proceeded to start unloading. Shortly thereafter we met several of our new neighbors who were friendly and welcoming. They volunteered to help us move our possessions into the house. Among these new friends were Ed and Evelyn who eventually attended the Sunset FWB Church (the name of the church we planted in Flagstaff). While we were getting the house in good order, our eight-year-old Bethany made friends with Paula who also attended our new church once we were able to secure a place to worship in a local school gymnasium.

Flagstaff winters are cold and snowy and heating oil, natural gas, and electricity are expensive. Therefore, many people who lived in the highlands in the 1970s heated their homes with wood they retrieved from the surrounding national Coconino National Forest. When we arrived, I had no idea how I could go about getting enough wood to see us through the winter. I asked our neighbor Perry if he had any ideas about where I could purchase some wood. He responded that I was welcome to use his truck and chain saw, and he told me where to go in the forest to cut a truck load of wood. As we ventured into the forest, we encountered sleet and snow. Nevertheless, we were able to cut a truckload of wood that allowed us to keep the house warm against Flagstaff's icy winter nights.

Whereas we were impressed with the extraordinary beauty of the area in which Flagstaff is situated, we were also surprised by its high cost of living and somewhat unkempt appearance. Many of the streets were pocked with World-class potholes, and during the day's snowbanks melted, and the melt water on the streets then froze again at night making driving in the early morning an interesting adventure. The city uses volcanic cinder from local cinder cones to coat the icy streets and thereby improve traction.

One of our first encounters with the high cost of living occurred when we filled the rental truck with gasoline. In Missouri unleaded gas went for about ninety cents a gallon, while in Flagstaff, the price per gallon was about a dollar and twenty cents. We were also surprised to find that food was about twenty percent higher in Flagstaff than it had been in Missouri. A year after we settled in a rented house, despite the high cost of housing in Flagstaff we purchased a home that needed work and was therefore within our price range,'²⁰

The First Five Years in Flagstaff

During the Vandivort's first months in Flagstaff, the Free Will Baptist National Home Missions Department Director urged Mark to sign a contract to become a Home-Mission Church Planter. Although reluctant to be away from his family while traveling to raise funds in support of the Flagstaff mission, Mark accepted the offer and traveled extensively until October 1977 when he and Louise were able to advertise the first service of the Flagstaff Sunset Free Will Baptist Church which met in a local grade-school gymnasium.

One of Mark's first tasks was to find land upon which they could build a church. The Copper Mines FWB Church near Fredericktown, Missouri (the church in which Louise was raised) supported the purchase of a church building site with a generous gift.

It did not take long to find a suitable parcel of land, and Mark signed a purchase contract, but soon thereafter, the Highway Department condemned some of the property's frontage making it virtually unusable for the Vandivort's Congregation. Fortunately, Mark sold the property for a 100% profit and then purchased several acres on the north side of the city. Regrettably, the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church was never able to build a physical structure on the land they owned.

Within a few months after the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church began services, the Congregation included a number of families who formed the nucleus needed to move ahead. During these early years, the Congregation successfully hosted yard sales to raise money in support of the newly established Sunset Free Will Baptist youth camp while at the same time interacting with many people, some of whom became interested in joining the church. Additionally, church members hosted barbeques and potlucks to foster fellowship. They also organized camping trips to nearby lakes for local boys and young men. All of these early initiatives brought encouraging results until health issues caused one couple to move to Tucson, followed by others who left because employment opportunities in Flagstaff had become increasingly scarce.

In spite of the loss of some of the founding members, the Congregation continued to push forward with new initiatives. Mark organized a weekly home-Bible study program, and by August of 1978 the Church kicked off a youth-ministry program. Moreover the Vandivort children invited their friends to join church events. Over the twenty years that Mark and Louis served in Flagstaff, dozens of children worshiped and participated in youth-oriented recreation and community service activities sponsored by the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church.

One of Mark's youth outreach efforts involved inviting young folks to the Vandivort home for a home-made, "all-you-can-eat" pizza party during the Christmas break. One year Mark made a pizza that was "unusually hot." Even though he warned them, several young men wolfed down a piece or two and then rushed outside to pack their mouths with new-fallen snow! Young people seemed to respond well to the pizza parties, and some who attended these gatherings became members of the church.

Among the most productive initiatives of the Vandivort ministry was Louise's weekly after-school children's Bible club. She also mentored many associates who helped her work with local children. Additionally, Louise initiated "Five-Day" Clubs that met during the summer (often in the backyard of a host's home). During the Vandivort's years in Flagstaff, many children who participated in Sunset Free Will Baptist activities eventually committed their lives to Christian and public service.

Ebbs and Flows

During the first five years that the Vandivorts ministered in Flagstaff, there were encouraging developments. As the Congregation celebrated its five-year anniversary, it seemed that the Church was growing at rate that would soon reach a sustainable critical mass of members. Unfortunately,

many new members stayed in Flagstaff for only a few years and then moved on. Getting to know and worship with them was a blessing, but when they moved, it was discouraging.

In February of 1986, Mark reported in the *Vandivort Newsletter* that an architect was drawing building plans for a new Sunset Free Will Baptist church. Additionally, church members tried unsuccessfully to raise \$50,000 with which they hoped to begin construction. Everyone involved believed that despite spurts of growth followed by subsequent declines, the long-term membership trajectory for the Church would be slow, but continuous expansion.

During the first years of the 1980s, the demographic characteristics of the Church changed. In the mid-1980s during a period of slightly more than a year, the Church lost many of its key supporting families. A few changed churches, but most found it necessary to move from Flagstaff in order to find work, or for better economic opportunities. By 1984, only about 15 people regularly showed-up on Sunday morning for church services. Moreover, at about the same time, Mark received a letter stating that the Free Will Baptist Board of Home Missions had voted to “phase-out” his meager stipend. This was a staggering blow. A few days later Mark grabbed his Bible and hiked 2,000 feet up the Mount Elden Boy Scout trail where upon reaching the summit, he engaged in serious prayer asking for insights into what he should do. He concluded that it was his destiny to persevere in his Flagstaff mission for as long as possible. He made this commitment even though he had received several attractive offers that would have paid him well to plant new churches in other parts of the nation. He decided to turn these offers down because he believed that the many outreach ministries of the Sunset Congregation were too important to simply abandon.

Moreover, his father had served as a bi-vocational minister and Mark believed he could do the same. Accordingly, he accepted a job as a janitor at Northern Arizona University, and by working the night shift was able to dedicate his daylight hours to seeing to the business of the church.

Even though no one would have blamed Mark if he had decided to move to greener pastures, when I learned of Mark’s decision to honor his commitment as a missionary, I was not surprised. Over the many years that I was a member of the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church, I came to realize that despite his mild demeanor, Mark Vandivort was a man with an iron will. He stood by his word and remained true to his responsibilities and commitments. In short, Mark and Louise Vandivort never gave up.

Mark’s tenacity became apparent to me when I heard about the time he was hiking up a street in East Flagstaff when a big dog appeared out of nowhere exhibiting threatening behavior. Not willing to risk being bitten, Mark returned to his home where he grabbed a large crowbar and again headed up the street as planned. As Mark approached, the waiting dog made the wise decision to allow him to pass unharmed. Mark Vandivort is clearly a man of courage and determination. He believes in finishing what he starts.

Understandably, Mark felt let down by the Home Mission Board's decision to discontinue support for the mission that they had encouraged him to accept only a few years earlier. Still, in the long run this turned out to be more of a blessing than a disaster. Shortly after Mark began working for Northern Arizona University, Louise required major surgery for cancer. The University's excellent insurance paid for almost all the costs of her life-saving medical expenses. Without such coverage, it would have been difficult to pay for the treatments that ultimately led Louise to a full recovery.



Debbie, Mark and Louise Vandivort in mid-1980s at Sunset Free Baptist Intended Building Site North of Flagstaff

The Decision to Retire

In 1998, Mark and Louise had come to retirement age, and were increasingly experiencing altitude-related health issues. Therefore, reluctantly, they retired and moved to Noble, Oklahoma to be near their daughters and grandchildren. Before they left Flagstaff, they turned over the church to a new pastor and his wife and prayed for their success. By that time, the Congregation had retired the mortgage on the land it purchased to the north of Flagstaff. The Home Mission Board eventually sold this land to another denomination and repurposed the revenues gained by the sale. Only a few years after the Vandivorts retired, the Sunset Free Will Baptist Church closed.

Concluding Remarks

Although the Sunset Free Will Baptist Congregation was never able to construct a new church on its land, for more than two decades this small group actively ministered to, and served the needs of, hundreds of people throughout Northern Arizona. While beautiful church buildings and colorful services (complete with rock bands, etc.) get a lot of attention, small congregations

often make immense, but little-known, contributions to the communities in which they are located. Without question the Vandivorts set a mostly unrecognized example of unwavering, selfless service and leadership during their many years in Flagstaff, Arizona.



Mark and Louise Vandivort about 2018

¹ Rehkop, Lon, Edward, (2006), **Copper Mines Free-Will Baptist Church: 1906-2006; The First One-Hundred Years; First Edition**, published by the Kansas City Power and Light Company, pp. 135-136.

² Van Otten, George, Vandivort Mark, and Vandivort Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-Year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Northern Arizona**, Free Will Baptist Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp.87-95.

³ Rehkop, Lon, Edward, (2006) Bessie (Hovis) and Medford "Dude" Underwood, **Copper Mines Free-Will Baptist Church: 1906-2006; The First One-Hundred Years; First Edition**, published by the Kansas City Power and Light Company, pp. 135-136.

⁴ **Find A Grave Memorial 52982362** as found @ www.findagrave.com/memorial/52982361/medford-underwood : memorial page for Medford "Dude" Underwood Sr. (26 Nov 1897 – 13 Feb 1958

⁵ **Find a Grave Memorial** as found @ <https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/20612951/herbert-steaven-vandivort>

⁶ Van Otten, George, Vandivort, Mark and Vandivort, Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course, A Twenty-year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Northern, Arizona**, Free Will Baptist Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp. 67-75.

⁷ Van Otten, George A., Vandivort, Mark and Vandivort Louise, (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-Year Free Will Baptists Mission in the Highlands of Northern Arizona**, FWB Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp 9-21.

⁸ Weir, Bill (2002) **Moon Handbook: Arizona**, Avalon Publishing, Inc. pp. 140-171.

⁹ Van Otten, George, et. al. (1981) **Resource Atlas of Coconino County Arizona**, Department of Geography and Planning, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona.

¹⁰ Meyers, Kurt J. (1993), **The Climate of Flagstaff**, the Transitional Zone Horticultural Institute, Inc., The Arboretum at Flagstaff, Flagstaff, Arizona pp.1-9.

¹¹ Trimble, Marshall (1986) **Roadside History of Arizona**, Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, pp. 238-255.

¹² Cline, Platt (1976) **They Came to The Mountain, The Story of Flagstaff's Beginnings**, Northern Arizona University with Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona, pp 49-138.

¹³ Ashworth, Donna (1991) **Biography of a Small Mountain**, Small Mountain Books, Flagstaff, Arizona, pp. 24-61 and Cline, Platt (1994) **Mountain Town: Flagstaff's First Century**. Northland Publishing, Flagstaff, Arizona, pp. 27-57.

¹⁴ Trimble Marshall (1986) **Roadside History of Arizona**, Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula, pp. 235-248.

¹⁵ <https://datausa.io>profiles>geo>Flagstaff-az>

¹⁶ US Bureau of the Census; 2020

¹⁷ Olberding, Susan, D, (August 18, 2015), *Modern Flagstaff, Arizona* Capital Times as found @ <https://azcapitoltimes.com/news/2014/08/15/modern-flagstaff/>

¹⁸ Van Otten, George, Vandivort, Mark and Vandivort Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-Year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Northern Arizona**, Free Will Baptist Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp. 55-66.

¹⁹ Van Otten, George, Vandivort Mark, and Vandivort Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Arizona**, FWB Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp. 87-96

²⁰ Van Otten, George, Vandivort Mark, and Vandivort Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Arizona**, Free Will Baptist Publications, Columbus, Ohio, pp. 87-96.

Reference Cited

Ashworth, Donna (1991) **Biography of a Small Mountain**, Small Mountain Books, Flagstaff, Arizona

Cline, Platt (1994) **Mountain Town: Flagstaff's First Century**. Northland Publishing, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Cline, Platt (1976) **They Came to The Mountain, The Story of Flagstaff's Beginnings**, Northern Arizona University with Northland Press, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Find a Grave Memorial as found @
<https://www.findagrave.com/memorial/20612951/herbert-steaven-vandivort>.

Find A Grave Memorial 52982362 as found @
www.findagrave.com/memorial/52982361/medford-underwood: memorial page for Medford “Dude” Underwood Sr. (26 Nov 1897 – 13 Feb 1958).

<https://datausa.io>profiles>geo>Flagstaff-az>

Meyers, Kurt J. (1993), **The Climate of Flagstaff**, the Transitional Zone Horticultural Institute, Inc., The Arboretum at Flagstaff, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Olberding, Susan, D, (August 18, 2015), *Modern Flagstaff*, **Arizona Capital Times** as found @ <https://azcapitoltimes.com/news/2014/08/15/modern-flagstaff/>

Rehkop, Lon, Edward, (2006), **Copper Mines Free-Will Baptist Church: 1906-2006; The First One-Hundred Years; First Edition**, published by the Kansas City Power and Light Company.

Trimble, Marshall (1986) **Roadside History of Arizona**, Mountain Press Publishing Company, Missoula.

Van Otten, George, Vandivort Mark, and Vandivort Louise (2021) **Answering God's Call and Staying the Course; A Twenty-Year Free Will Baptist Mission in the Highlands of Northern Arizona**, Free Will Baptist Publications, Columbus, Ohio.

Van Otten, George, et. al. (1981) **Resource Atlas of Coconino County Arizona**, Department of Geography and Planning, Northern Arizona University, Flagstaff, Arizona.

Weir, Bill (2002) **Moon Handbook: Arizona**, Avalon Publishing, Inc.

US Bureau of the Census; 2020



Biography

George Van Otten is a retired Professor Emeritus of Geography at Northern Arizona University. During the Viet Nam War he served as a C-130 pilot. He holds a Ph.D. from Oregon State University. After switching from the Air Force to the Army Reserves, he retired from the military reserves in 1996. During the several decades he spent at Northern Arizona University, he worked closely with the indigenous nations of Arizona on rural development, educational programs, and land-use planning. George is the author and/or co-author of more than twenty-five journal articles, several book chapters, and the co-editor of one book. He currently serves on the editorial board for the Journal of the Cochise County Historical Society, and participates in a number of community-service organizations. He has been married to his wife (Ruth) for forty years. They have five children and eleven grandchildren.

Editorial Note:

Churches don't just "happen." Pastors are sent or called and have to find various sorts of funding to start a new church. This article gives important insight into that process. My own parents were missionaries to the Jicarilla Apache and annually had to make the rounds of their supporting churches to tell them how the work was going and to ask for continued support. They gained support from New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and California.

A pastor I knew in the 1970s thought he had been called to a church in Bapchule on the Gila River Reservation only to find out that he was a missionary. He set about transitioning his church to a self-supporting status. Churches don't just happen.

Towns don't just happen, either. There is a reason why they exist in a particular place, why they grow and why they die. There are patterns. Before refrigeration became ubiquitous after World War II, we ate vegetables and fruit in season. Towns were surrounded by dairy farms and truck farms that were close enough to be able to transport and market vegetables in town. Farther out were farms that grew grain which could be transported over longer distances and beyond them there were ranches. Cattle and produce would be brought to "farmer's markets" where the cattle were slaughtered and sold in sides to butcher shops while the produce went to groceries. Towns had reasons for being growing near mineral resources or at harbors and along transportation corridors.

George and Ruth are Cochise County Corral Ranch Hands and we don't get to see them at meetings nearly often enough. Nonetheless, they are important contributors to everything the Corral is doing.

Inkslinger

My Life as a Living Historian

By John C. Luzader

John Luzader is a widely respected leader in the realm of Living History, Historical Interpretation. The Living Historian/Interpreter attempts to portray accurately the clothing, tools, and lives of our ancestors. He is not a reenactor of the sort we see in spots like Tombstone, acting in skits that portray the past as something between a Hollywood B movie and a Spaghetti Western. These are fun to watch but have almost nothing to do with history. The Living Historian, on the other hand, insists on accuracy in clothing, tools, and behavior. He is a teacher informing us about the past and John Luzader is a teacher's teacher. He has taught the trade to living historians across this nation.

This past May and June mark my 60th anniversary in living history. Growing up back East in Sharpsburg, Maryland during the centennial of the American Civil War had the whole region eagerly awaiting the beginning of festivities and activities of the commemoration of the conflict that split a nation for four years. Civil War units were reforming, newspapers, magazines, and television had numerous specials of the conflict and teachers all over the East coast were covering the conflicts, causes, and outcomes of the war in classes from primary through college courses.

For a boy of seven living in and around battlefields with a NPS historian as a father, I was in childhood heaven. Toy companies, comics, bubblegum cards were all covering the conflict and Disney had films out that inspired youth to be active in the commemorations. Johnny Shiloh was my favorite movie, I collected all the Civil War bubble gum cards that were issued, I haunted the local gift shop just down from the National Cemetery purchasing original bullets, buckles, battlefield finds, souvenirs, and comics books that made the battles come alive. It was also when I became a drummer for one of the local recreated units attempting to maintain a marching cadence for the men as they marched.



The Manassas recreation in 1961 was an event that drew not only numerous spectators, but also had numerous National Park employees pulled in for crowd control, emergency services, and answering the thousands of questions posed by the public from where are the bathrooms to wanting detailed explanations of how and where certain parts of the battle took place.



As post Factor Bent's Old Fort, NHS, La Junta, Colorado 2015

My uncle Charles Harper (not really an uncle but kin to my father and who taught history at Shepard College at the time) ensured I was part of everything.

What could not then be controlled, and still cannot be controlled, was the weather. It was hot the day of the reenactment, no, IT WAS DAMNED HOT! Visitors were melting, water was low, toilets were overcrowded, and the participants in the long battle sequences were sweating and sweltering beyond endurance. I remember how on the hill around the camouflaged statue of Stonewall Jackson and the Henry House, men representing both sides of the conflict would fall in heaps portraying the dead and wounded, and then slowly crawl to the stifling, humid shade of the trees seeking a bit of shaded comfort. Soon, there were no “dead or wounded” on the field, but the tree line was replete with uniformed soldiers, sharing canteens, water-soaked scarves, and

whatever shade they could designate as their own. Father later told us how he had helped numerous people to the hospital tent and ambulances, “nearly as many as he had done in real battles.”

Thus, it started. More battle recreations, more involvement followed. By the next year at Antietam my sister and mother were in the mix as well, mother creating dresses for her and my sister, (I still have my sister's Southern Belle pin and tiny bell each were awarded), and I have the beard growing participant pin that one of the men in my unit had me wear, I hardly qualified at 8 years of age. But I was hooked. It was also the event where Father decided my sister could learn how to run a business. Next to the home we were living in was a snack bar which was part of the property. Father sponsored her in an inventory of snacks and cold beverages to sell for profit. She was to run the snack bar with help from my mother and me. It was a time before OSHA and health restrictions were in place to protect the consumer and the cold drinks came from an ice filled old, rusty, Coke chest that had not had its refrigeration working for years, and the snacks came from boxes places on shelves that a small boy could reach, though in the inside of the shack. Please to understand I embezzled most of the profits away by sneaking sodas and candy bars while mother and sister were busy with costumers, and maybe a few samples were given to friends as well.



Salt Makers Camp, Oregon, Lewis and Clark 200th

Now, allow me to clarify something; this is a reiteration of what was happening for the centennial, my experiences, and NOT a social comment of the war, its causes, abuses, debates, et al, so please take it as it is meant, not as you want to politicize it.

I still have my canteen from that time; made of two old coffee can bottoms with welded strap holders on the side, created at the NPS workshop and painted NPS green and parts of my old uniform, nylon and the permanent press still holding a crease in my inventory.

Since that time I have participated, learned, improved, worked for improvement, studied, gained from the experts in the field of interpretation from the NPS, Freeman Tilden, and so many others and volunteered and worked at sites throughout Virginia, and then ran a consulting business that had me doing programs, symposiums, conferences, and presentations, as well as planning, finding sponsors, and coordinating events through 49 states, as well as in Mexico, Canada, Germany, Belgium, France, and China for 40 years. I have also written articles on the field for The Black Powder Report (formerly the Buckskin Report), Trails End, Interpedge, ALHFAM, MOMCC, NAI, CWAM, The Muddling Stick, and numerous newsletters. I have been honored with awards, covered historic periods from the French and Indian War, the American Revolution, The War of 1812, the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial, the Mexican-American War, the Civil War, the American Fur Trade, the Indian Wars, Homesteading, Building a Town, the Oregon Trail, the Mormon Trail, the Santa Fe Trail, Salt Manufacturing, Cowboy Culture, WW1, and Dude Ranching of the 1920s, plus a few special programs that have covered events from the Pig War, to the start of the Jamestown Foundation in the years prior to 1907. I have been the Director of the former Cultural and Interpretation, Living History section of NAI, a board member of NAI for 15 years, the V.P. Of Programs for NAI, a keynote speaker for numerous organizations and symposiums, presented over 45 professional papers and work with some of the best, most professional people throughout the world. It is a field that has allowed me to travel, teach, learn, contribute, assist, and set standards for in the past 40 years.



Teaching Interpretation at CSU 1991

I saw the basic rudiments of the field in the 60's, watched many locales and programs improve and far too many stay static or stagnant.



Fort Caspar (Platt River Station) 1998

It may sound like bragging and some of this statement is. However, as many know, when I present training programs, and show my first Power Point slide with my vitae on it, I call it my BS slide, because, the past only reflects where and what one has had as an opportunity to learn and practice; if you are not improving with every program, the rest does not mean crap.

I have been lucky, and I have worked hard to improve in every program. I have had to change many aspects of my presentations not only because of new techniques, clothing and material culture knowledge, rediscovery of ancient methodology, better audience techniques, and better knowledge within the audience, but also because in 60 years I have changed. I am no longer young enough to be a drummer BOY in the Civil War, or a trapper in the 1830s, or a soldier during most any war or military program, or an apprentice learning a trade, or, a number of many heritage representations. My age and weight are historically unauthentic for many authentic representations.

My 60 years of historic interpretation/living history must constantly change.

Soon I shall be exploring other options in the field. I shall miss many of my past representations; I shall miss being a drill sergeant, or a field ordnance sergeant, a trapper or hunter for a fur company riding on the prairies or floating down a river with a load of plews. My days of marching for miles are over, trekking through wildernesses, building cabins, or bridges, or homes, and my body can

not comfortably stretch out under the trees very long and just sleep the night through. My body is older, many times broken, and worn and torn by many of the events and life experiences I have suffered, and regaled in.

My new programming will be different; different clothes and material needs, different life representations, different histories to learn and digest, different audiences, and different accolades.

But, oh the stories I can tell...



As Post Factor, Ft. Union, NHS, North Dakota 1990 I look forward, with some sadness, to the next chapters and life I shall “live”. Sixty years is a long period of lifetimes to have experienced, and when I sit on some old rocker, speaking of the past, it will be from personal experiences, not just story tell.

Thank you all those who have contributed to these “lives”, taught and critiqued me, put up with my mistakes and provided me with some amazing humorous moments that are difficult for me to believe though I witnessed them. Bless all who commit themselves to quality, learning programming that break the molds of “just entertainment”, and bring interpretation, quality, authenticity, education, and real humor to our representations.

Most of all, that all of you who have shared a fire, a tent, a robe, a hard bit of ground, stories, a meal, your lives, built cabins, made salt, traveled the land, fought battles, and all the rest of the past with me. I look forward to the next chapters.

Shalom

FIVE FLAGS OVER ARIZONA

By Jay Van Orden

Until recently, five flags hung above the entrance to the Arizona History Museum in Tucson. They represented versions of the five that have historically flown over the territory and state. The flag of the Confederate States of America was removed. It flew over Arizona briefly during the Civil War. The current fever for removing parts of our history saw it taken down. New Mexico, our Mother State, was organized in 1850 and what is now Arizona was a part of it, begging for self-government as administration and law enforcement in Santa Fe was just too distant. The Confederate States granted this wish creating a territory divided from New Mexico along an east-west line south of Socorro. This may have led the Union to adopt the current north-south dividing line.



Flag of Spain – This was the first flag over present-day Arizona, flown at the Presidios of Tubac in 1753 and at Tucson from 1776 to 1821. This flag is the King’s Royal Flag with the crest of the provinces of Castile (castle) and Aragon (lion rampant) in the center. Below it is the flag of the viceroy of New Spain (Mexico).



Flag of Mexico – This is the second flag to fly over Arizona, which flew from 1824 to 1848. This flag’s design is made for the Constitutional Republic, showing the crest of an eagle catching a snake (of Aztec Indian origin). The green stripe stands for independence, white for purity of religious faith, and red for the blood shed during the revolution against Spain.



Flag of the United States of America – This is the third flag flown over Arizona. A version of it was, in theory, flown north of the Gila River from 1848 to 1856, although there were no settlements in that area. When the United States took possession of the Gadsden Purchase in 1856, it flew in southern Arizona until March of 1862. From May of 1862 until Arizona

gained statehood in 1912, a version of it flew over Arizona as stars were added to the field representing states joining the Union. The field of blue represents the Union, the stars the states, and the red and white stripes represent the first thirteen states.



Flag of the Confederate States of America – This is the fourth flag to fly over Arizona. It was flown briefly from March to May of 1862 in Tucson although the Confederate States had declared Arizona a territory in August of 1861. From that time until March 1862, the Confederacy was in possession of Mesilla and a few points along the Rio Grande in New Mexico and did not yet control anything in present-day Arizona. Mesilla was occupied and the territory of Arizona proclaimed on August 1, 1861. Confederate President Jefferson Davis was the first to name the territory of “Arizona” although the name was in use unofficially in the 1850s. On February 14, 1863, President Abraham Lincoln signed legislation creating the new United States Territory of Arizona.



Flag of Arizona – The fifth flag to fly over Arizona has been flown since 1917. The first design was created by Colonel Charles W. Harris in 1910 for a National Guard rifle team competing in Ohio. With a few alterations it was officially adopted on February 27, 1917, for the National Guard of Arizona which was nationalized for America’s entry into World War I. Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912. The copper star represents the mineral wealth of the state once the greatest copper producer in the United States. The seven red and yellow rays recall the original thirteen states and the West’s setting sun and the field of blue is derived from the United States flag.

KEEP ‘EM FULL AND KEEP ‘EM ROLLIN’

By Natalie Bright

“A man who has had a hand in the work and eaten chuck wagon food, while sitting on a pail, is not quite the same again. He has been his own man and lived free.”

N. M. CLARK, Trail Driver

Many of the traditions established over 150 years ago during the great cattle driving era, still exist today. One of those practices is feeding the roundup crews, and it began with Charles Goodnight when he invented a kitchen on wheels.

Supplies on the trail would have been limited to what could withstand the dust and rough ride in the back of a chuck wagon. Cookie had no way to keep perishables cool. His meals had to be hearty and plentiful, enough to satisfy men who spent most of their days and nights in the saddle. Cooking delicate pastries and complicated desserts would have been next to impossible.

The seven basic food stuffs stocked on every drive were beef, salt pork, beans, coffee, flour, dried fruit, and molasses. He only stocked the very basics in spices. Rice is also an important staple that would have withstood the harsh environment. “Air tights”, or canned goods were available. Canned tomatoes were cheap, and cowboys could drink the juice when sources for fresh water grew scarce. “Canned cow”, milk, might also be added to the list of provisions but canned goods did add considerable bulk and weight to an already bulging chuck wagon. Cookie carried enough provisions for about a month before he had to stop for supplies. The trail drive could last anywhere from three to six months.

As the cowpunchers kept the herd moving northward, Cookie urged his mule team to stay ahead of the grazing Texas Longhorns. They averaged from 10 to 15 miles per day. The trail boss determined the best place for evening cow camp, preferably near water and if Cookie had the time, he might construct a simple vinegar pie or molasses cake. More often than not though, dessert was a plate of sourdoughs covered with “lick”, molasses. Another simple and easy dessert was called Spotted Pup.

Spotted Pup uses basic ingredients bringing together the texture of rice, the bittersweet of molasses, and fruity goodness of raisins. It's a pleasant surprise when it hits your tongue. Cookie knew when it was thick enough and done by the spoon that would stand straight up in the Dutch oven like a puppy's tale.

This recipe brings that authentic flavor of the late 1800s. I can imagine cow punchers gobbling this up after a long day in the saddle.

Spotted Pup

2 cups water

1 cup rice

handful of raisins

1/4 cup molasses

cinnamon to taste

1 tablespoon vanilla

Instructions: Put everything in the pot and bring to a boil. Stir frequently until water is absorbed by the rice.

Spotted Pup is one of numerous authentic recipes you'll find in my new cookbook and many favorites from today's ranch kitchens, along with archival and ranch photography. It's a fun mix of all things western. If you want to experience a taste of the trail and bring a little bit of the American West into your home, try ***KEEP 'EM FULL AND KEEP 'EM ROLLIN': The All-American Chuck Wagon Cookbook.***

Published June 15, 2021

TwoDot (an imprint of Rowman & Littlefield Publishing Group)

Reference Cited

Adams, Roman F. *Come an' Get It: The Story of the Old Cowboy Cook*. Oklahoma and London: University of Oklahoma Press 1952.

Hunter, J. Marvin. *The Trail Drivers of Texas*. Compiled and edited by J. Marvin Hunter. 1920.

Hello Doug and Debbie!

Here's a short article and recipe from my book KEEP 'EM FULL AND KEEP 'EM ROLLIN' as requested, if you can use it.

Always a pleasure visiting with y'all! I'm still not happy that I had a conflict with the Tucson dates, but maybe one day I can fit that event in my schedule. Thanks again for thinking of me. What a pleasant surprise and opportunity.

Hope y'all had a wonderful Fourth,

Natalie Bright

Website | www.nataliebright.com

Facebook | [NatalieBrightAuthor](#)

Instagram | [@natsgrams](#)

LinkedIn | [Natalie Bright](#)

Pinterest | [@NatBright](#)

Twitter | [@natNKB](#)

**THE BISBEE WOMAN' CLUB
(1899)**

By

Ilna Smerekanich

The Bisbee Woman's Club is an historic monument from the early 20th century. The clubhouse, situated on Old Quality Hill in Bisbee, was completed in 1902 and has continuously served as a Woman's Club to the present time. The Bisbee Woman's Club has the distinction of the first woman's club building in the Arizona Territory. The forerunner of BWC was the Bisbee Reading Club formed in 1899 with a membership of 6. Two years later on October 24, 1900, the BWC emerged and was federated in 1901. Early membership required sponsorship and approval by vote. The roster was limited in number and included the most prestigious ladies in the community. Bisbee was an active mining town, but with the substantial help from two mining companies, the total cost for the building and furnishings was \$22,805.95. In 1983, the Phelps-Dodge Mining Company deeded the land where the clubhouse stands to the Bisbee Woman's Club. In 1985, the clubhouse was placed in the National Register of Historical Buildings. *From "The Tale Continues" 2002*



The Bisbee Women's Club

Ranch Hands of Cochise County Corral: We want to stress that the *Border Vidette* and the *Fremont Street Mail* are your publications, and we welcome your submissions. No item is too small.

Inkslinger

Faro and Monte

By Doug Hocking

In the Old West, especially New Mexico and the southwest, we read references to folks playing *Monte*. Too often people assume that this refers to Three-Card-Monte, a version of the Shell Game. Monte doesn't refer to this common sleight of hand, but rather to a real gambling card game very similar to Faro. Both derive from the 15th century French card game *Basset*, where the banker (dealer) pays on matching cards. During the 19th century, Monte was considered the National card game of Mexico.

In 1846, when General Stephen Watts Kearny wrested control of New Mexico from Mexico, Doña Tules was dealing Monte in her parlor on Burro Alley, two blocks from the Palace of the Governors. Doña Gertrudis Barcelo, La Tules, was widely known to elite circles in the capital and may have been mistress to more than one powerful man. She is mentioned by many Anglo writers at the time including Josiah Gregg who wrote:

“She still continues her favorite ‘amusement,’ being now considered the most expert ‘monte dealer’ in all Santa Fe. She is openly received in the first circles of society: I doubt, in truth, whether there is to be found in the city a lady of more fashionable reputation than this same Tules, now known as Senora Dona Gertrudes Barcelo.”¹

Susan Magoffin mentioned Doña Tules less favorably, writing:

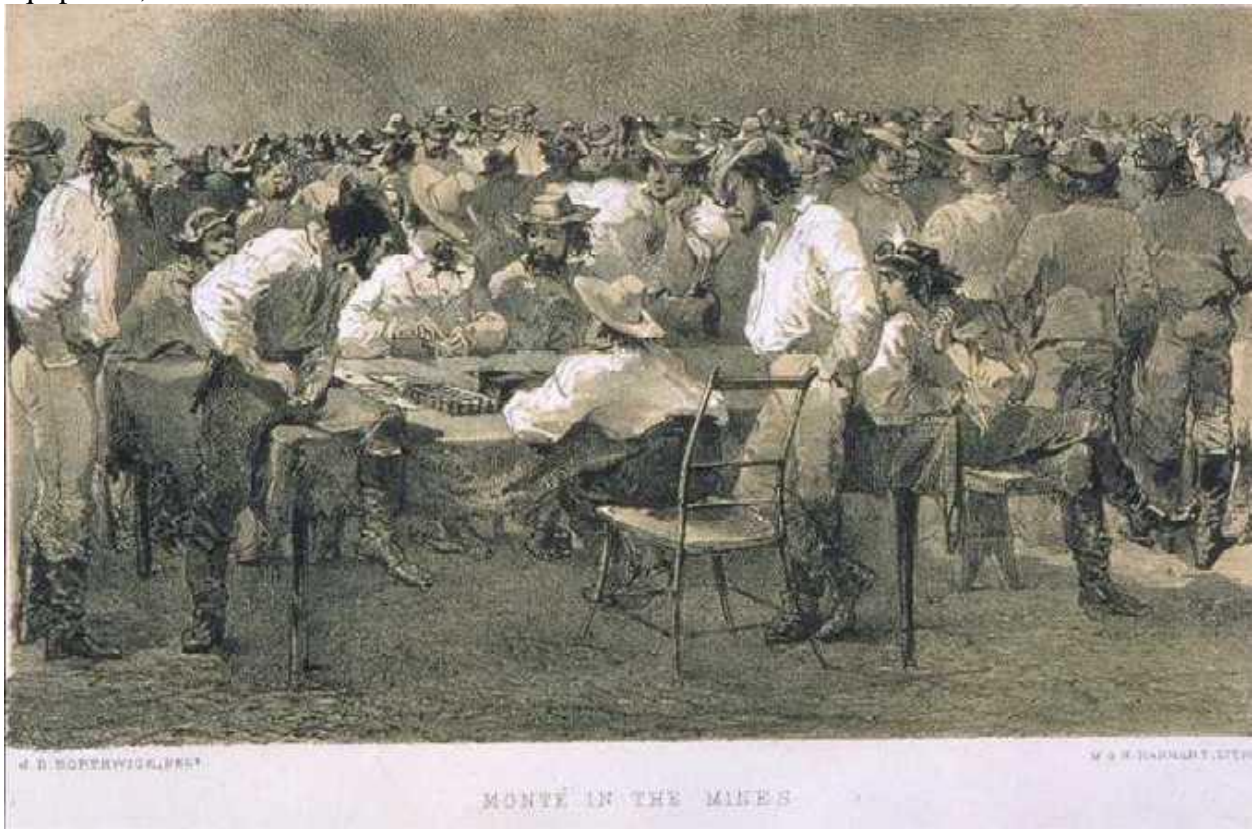
“There was “Dona Tula” the principal monte-bank keeper in Sant Fe, a stately dame of a certain age, the possessor of a portion of that shrewd sense and fascinating manner necessary to allure the wayward, inexperienced youth to the hall of final ruin.”²



Doña Tules playing Monte

Magoffin was scandalized by the Mexican women who smoked cigarettes while dressed in their low-cut dresses and danced the *Cuñá* with male companions. Writers have speculated on the meaning of tules, suggesting that the lady was “thin as a wand or reed” or came from backwater Taos consider to be the sticks, boondocks, ultima thule, “the toolies.” In fact, it’s the New Mexican nickname for Gertrudes. It has been widely speculated that Doña Tules was a go-between in taking a pay-off from General Kearny to Governor Manuel Armijo with the suggestion that he disband his army and leave town peacefully.³ Whatever the case may be the Monte dealer was an individual welcomed at the highest echelons of Santa Fe society.

While we’re on this point, we might note that the status of gamblers, Monte and Faro dealers alike, was considerably higher in society in the 19th century than it is today. In order to sit at the table with gents, one had to be a gent and had to be trusted to play fairly and pay debts. A gambler who stayed in one place for any length of time had to be a gentleman. An itinerant gambler might get away with cheats for a day or two before he had to leave town. We have before us the recollections of a Mississippi riverboat gambler, who prides himself on being something of a wise guy, telling us that all the riverboat gamblers were cheats. Perhaps. They were also the very definition of itinerant. He goes on to describe all the ways one could cheat and most of these required preparation and unbelievable skill.⁴ On the other hand, the play in both Monte and Faro is so fast, as one of the Knights of the Green Cloth showed me, that he could cheat without elaborate equipment, if so inclined.



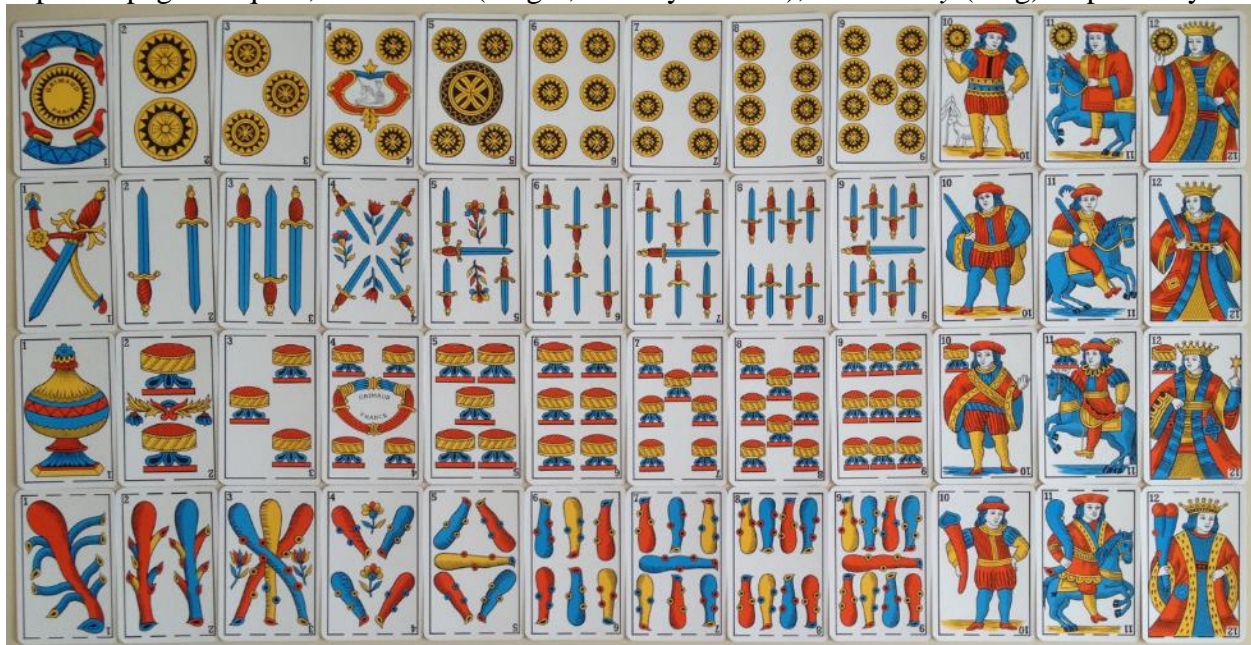
Mexican miners playing Monte

Poker is not the game of choice in modern casinos nor is roulette. Both require that the player have some degree of skill. Faro (and Monte) was dropped from casino play in the 20th century, not because it was so easy for the house or dealer to cheat, but rather because the house’s share was

too small, and the casino bosses wanted a bigger payday for themselves. The game of choice today is the slot machine. It requires no skill at all to shake hands with the one-armed-bandit and one gets to watch the pretty colored lights spin while deciding his fate. The machine is set to pay out a certain percentage and to keep a percentage to the house. The player can never really win. The longer he plays, the closer his play will come to these percentages. It's a bit like paying taxes and the percentages are similar.

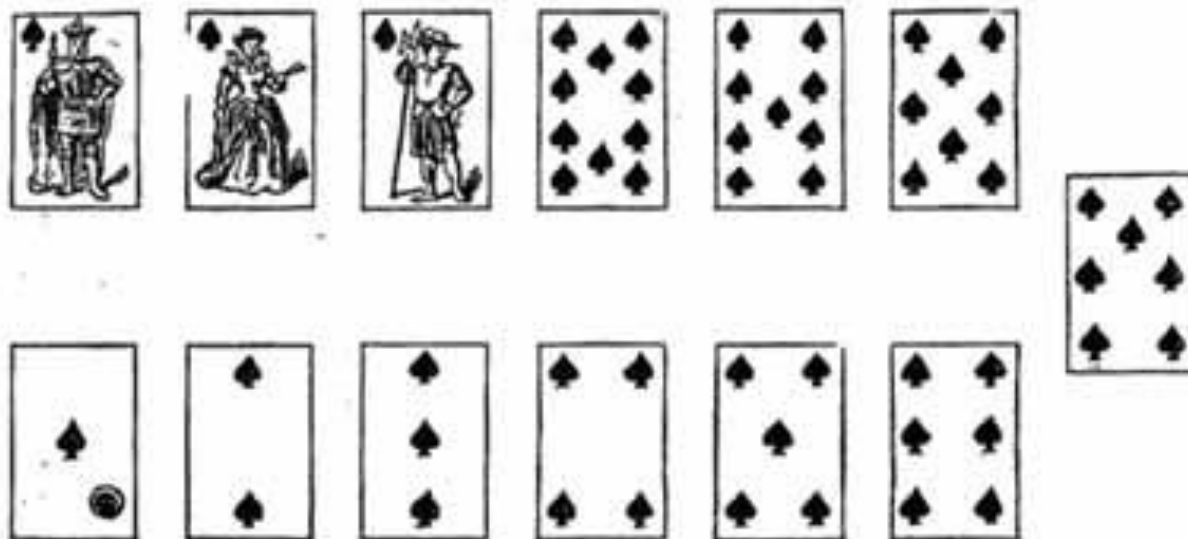
But the punters, the public, likes it. The play is fast and requires a thorough lack of skill. Faro and Monte were similar in speed of play and the lack of skill required. Pick a card, any card, was all that was required of the player.

Monte is played with a Spanish deck of either 40 or 48 cards in four suits: Swords, Clubs, Cups, and Coins. 48-card decks have nine ranks of pip cards (1-9) and three ranks of face cards. Stripped decks have 40 cards, lacking ranks 8 and 9. The three face cards of each suit have pictures similar to the jack, queen, and king. They are the *sota*, which is similar to the jack/knave and generally depicts a page or squire, the *caballo* (knight, literally "horse"), and the *rey* (king) respectively.



A Spanish Deck

As I can't locate a Mexican Monte layout, you'll have to use a little imagination to replace the face cards with the ones shown above and adjust the suits accordingly. Most important, remove the 8, 9, and 10 as these are not included in the 40 cards Mexican deck. This is often handled with a printed layout, or with cards glued to a backing cloth which makes play a little easier. The Faro layout is described as oval, wooden, and covered with green baize with the card layout pasted on. Mexican layouts were probably much simpler. Photos show men kneeling around a blanket stretched on the ground. We are also told that Apache Indians, employing a Spanish deck, often homemade of painted rawhide, also enjoyed the game.



THE LAY-OUT.

Players will place their coins or chips on the card of their choice. The Monte banker, or dealer, will usually have his entire bank, the money that he risks on the game, on the table. He or she, as in the case of Doña Tules, will begin play by drawing one card from the bottom of the deck. This is completely legitimate, and it is placed face up becoming the “bottom card.” A second card is drawn from the top of the deck and placed face up beside the dealer. This card is known as the “top layout.” The remaining cards are placed face down on the table, or in a dealing shoe, or monte box

Betting goes counterclockwise starting with the punter at the dealer’s right who places his bet on the layout card of his choice. Each player is given a chance to bet. The banker then turns the top card from deck or shoe face-up. At this point the online source becomes somewhat obscure:

“After the last player has placed his stake, the banker turns the monte face-up. The card now showing is known as the “gate”. The banker pays, one for one, any bet on a matching suit. The banker takes all the bets from a layout if the “gate” did not match the suit in the layout.”⁵

Unfortunately, in this context suit doesn’t seem to make much sense as this would allow only four outcomes as opposed to ten if the card values without reference to suit are considered. Also, the odds would be heavily in the dealer’s favor such that no one would ever play. Here I refer to Faro and assume the play to have been similar, since up until the payout, everything is much the same. The first card drawn is “burned” and does not enter further into the betting. The second card is the dealer’s card and after it is drawn bets are placed on the layout. The next card drawn, the “gate,”

determines the outcome of the bets. If the Gate card and Dealer's card are different in rank, then bets on the rank of the Gate card will win and bets on the rank of the Dealer's card will lose. Bets on all other ranks will push, that is, neither win nor lose and may be left to ride until the next round or the bet may be changed. The payout is one to one and the odds are even. 6

Faro adds a few complexities. These may show up in the Mexican game of Monte or may exist in a different form. Direct evidence is lacking other than the fact that a great many Americans played Monte.

A game of faro was often called a "faro bank," just as Monte was called Monte Bank. It was played with an entire deck of playing cards. One person was designated the "banker" and an indeterminate number of players, known as "punters", could be admitted. Chips (called "checks") were purchased by the punter from the banker (or house) from which the game originated. A deck of cards was shuffled and placed inside a "dealing box", a mechanical device also known as a "shoe," which was used to prevent manipulations of the draw by the banker and intended to assure players of a fair game.



Apache Playing Cards based on a Spanish deck

The punters now make their bets by placing checks on the layout. A Flat is a bet placed on any of the 13 ranks in the deck. A Split is like a Flat but is placed so it touches two of the ranks in the layout thus splitting the bet and changing the odds and the payout, if any. The punters may also place bets on High Card betting that the Winning or Losing card will be higher or on Odd/Even thus betting on whether the winning or losing card will be odd or even. A "high card" bet wins if the player's card has a higher value than the banker's card, and so on. Finally, when the deck is down to the last three cards, betting may be placed on the order in which they will occur thus Bucking the Tiger. This will require additional explanation.

Now that bets have been placed, the dealer draws three cards. The first card, known as the “Soda,” is exposed and is “burned,” that is, it no longer enters into play, leaving 51 cards in play. The dealer then draws two cards: the first is called the "banker's card" or “losing card” and is placed on the right side of the dealing box. The next card after the banker's card is called the *carte anglaise* (English card) or simply the "player's card," or “winning card,” and it is placed on the left of the shoe

Wagers are now resolved after which new bets are placed and in the next round, two more cards are drawn (not three as in the first round) and play continues until only one card, the “Hock,” remains. The deck is then reshuffled or a new deck called for shuffled and placed in the shoe. If the Winning card and the Losing card are different in rank, then bets on the rank of the Winning card will win and bets on the rank of the Losing card will lose (the dealer wins these). These bets are paid off 1:1. Bets on all other denominations will Push, that is neither win nor lose. Bets that neither won nor lost remained on the table and could be picked up or changed by the player prior to the next draw. If the Winning and Losing card are of equal denomination, then bets on that rank or denomination will lose half their value. This is the dealer’s edge or advantage. 7

To add a little complexity, confusion, and fun, punters may “copper” their bets. This in effect reverses them as they are made. Instead of betting on the Winning card, the bet is now for the Losing card. A player can reverse the intent of his bet by placing a hexagonal (six-sided) token called a “copper” on it. In many cases, a penny was used in place of a copper.

Sound simple? It is but try it when you’re half in the bag and bets are resolved for five or six players within seconds and new cards are drawn.

When only three cards remain in the dealing box, the dealer "calls the turn," which is a special type of bet that occurs at the end of each round. The object is to predict the exact order that the three remaining cards, Bankers, Players, and the final card called the Hock, will be drawn. The player's odds here are 5 to 1, while a successful bet pays off at 4 to 1 (or 1 to 1 if there is a pair among the three, known as a "cat-hop"). This provides one of the dealer's few advantages in faro. If it happens that the three remaining cards are all the same, all twos for instance, there is no final bet, as the outcome is not in question.

This writer has heard this final round of betting referred to as “bucking the tiger.” It is said that a preference for these special bets won William Owen O’Neill, of Prescott, AZ, his sobriquet, Buckey. Former sheriff Buckey O’neill died July 1, 1898, on San Juan Hill in Cuba with the Rough Riders. Bucking the tiger was playing contrary to the odds.



Captain Buckey O'Neill

How could the dealer know that only three cards remained, you might well ask? Keep in mind that certain advantages were reserved to the banker: if he drew a doublet, that is, two equal cards, he won half of the stakes upon the card which equaled the doublet. In a fair game, this provides the only "house edge." In order to keep the game honest and prevent the dealer from counting cards, a casekeep was used. It is employed to assist the players and prevent the dealer cheating by counting cards. The casekeep resembles an *abacus*, with one spindle for each card denomination, with four counters on each spindle. As a card is played, either winning or losing, one of four counters is moved to indicate that a card of that denomination has been played. This allows players to plan their bets by keeping track of what cards remain available in the dealing box. The operator of the case keep is called the "casekeeper", or colloquially in the American West, the "coffin driver." 8

An only slightly unscrupulous dealer might employ a pretty young lady in revealing attire to work as his coffin driver. She might wink and players and squirm a bit now and then and perhaps even catch tips in a way no proper lady ought. Now imagine five or six players, all half lit, trying to focus their eyes on the casekeep as the coffin driver winks and sways enticingly. You know which table the boys are going to and they might not even mind a few losses.

The reader might recall a scene from the 1993 movie, *Tombstone*, in which Faro dealer Billy Bob Thornton is abusing his customers by telling them that it's "worse than playin' with my sister's kids." Apparently, he was referring to the inability of the punters to keep up with the casekeep. Thus, they were making bets on denominations already played out.



Billy Bob and his Coffin Driver Abusing Punters in *Tombstone*

Neither Faro nor Monte is a direct relative of poker. Both descend from *Basset*. Monte's name derives from the deck or pile of card, *monte* being Spanish for mountain. Faro gets its name from the French *Pharaon* meaning Pharaoh. In the 1690s, both Basset and Pharaon were outlawed in France as the aristocracy was losing entirely too much money. The games are fun, fast moving, and the rules are easy to learn. Unlike poker, and much like the One-Armed-Bandit, a total lack of skill is preferred in the punters.

Faro was also called "bucking the tiger" or "twisting the tiger's tail", a reference to early card backs that featured a drawing of a Bengal tiger. By the mid-19th century, the tiger was so commonly associated with the game that gambling districts where faro was popular became known as "tiger town", or in the case of smaller venues, "tiger alley."

Faro's detractors regarded Faro as a dangerous scam that destroyed families and reduced men to poverty. The same can be said of all gambling today recognized as an "addiction." This was a game the workingman could play and on which he could rapidly lose his pay envelope. The game was so simple, so easy to learn, and so entirely dependent on luck at almost even odds, that it would have been irresistible to the math challenged, just as government lotteries are today. These have been honestly described as a heavy tax on the poor and math challenged. Ah, but the winnings go to the government and therefor to a good cause.

Those who know the game recognize its even odds and recognize that a crooked dealer could not long survive in town. Detractors of the game stretch the point by claiming that rigged dealing boxes were available and that crooked faro equipment was so popular that many sporting-house companies began to supply *gaffed* dealing boxes specially designed so that the bankers could cheat their players. They were available and some retired gamblers bragged of all the ways there were

to cheat finding welcome publishers among the detractors of the game. Gaffed boxes may have been available, but so are all manner of novelties from whoopy cushions to x-ray glasses. The complexity and difficulty of cheating in this manner is quite high and the danger of being caught out deadly.

Far better to play the game fast and loose with a pretty coffin driver at your side and well-lubricated punters at the table. The popularity of the game made it a target for those who opposed gambling and low payout for the house made it not worth defending. And so, casinos gave up faro in favor of “honest” slot machines where the house was guaranteed at least 10% of all money played. This is honest because the machines can be inspected and sealed to be tamper-proof. Who needs to tamper when you’re going to get 10% no matter what?

At 3 p.m. on May 3, 1887, Tombstone was shaken by an earthquake. The Crystal Palace was especially hard hit as the Epitaph reported, “At the Crystal Palace saloon the globes from the lamp were shaken from the chandeliers and fractured in thousands of pieces.” But nothing stops Faro and by midnight play was again in full swing:

“Laughable Incident. “Pinkey” who is noted in Tombstone as a joker was the author of a joke last evening. About twelve o’clock “Pinkey” moved quietly to the door of the Crystal Palace saloon having in his hand about a pound of large bird shot. The Morehouse faro game was in full blast and “Pink” quickly threw the shot up in the air guaging his aim so as it would fall upon the faro “layout” and the players surrounding it, and true to its mark the shot came showering down the walls, making a tremendous noise, The boys having the late earthquake fresh in their memory, at once came to the conclusion that their time had come. The dealer shouted “oh my god” and ran like an Apache. The “lookout” man in the chair gave one snort and fell flat to the floor. And the Chinamen shouting “him come again” fled in dismay from the scene. In fact every mouthersoul of them ran like race horses to escape their impending doom. All in all the scene was about as ludicrous as could be enacted, and reflects credit upon “Pinkey” as a quaker.”⁹

1 Gregg, Josiah. *Commerce of the Prairies: Life on the Great Plains in the 1830s and 1840s*. Santa Barbara: The Narrative Press, 2001, pp 160-161.

2 Magoffin, Susan Shelby, with Stella M. Drumm, editor. *Down the Santa Fe Trail and into Mexico*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1982, pp 119-121.

3 Cook, May J. Straw. *Doña Tules: Santa Fe’s Courtesan and Gambler*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2007. Lacompte, Janet. “Doña Tules and the Americans,” *Arizona and the West*, Autumn 1978.

4 Maskelyne, John Nevil. *Sharps and Flats: A Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill*. New York: Longman Green & Co, 1894.

5 https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Monte_Bank#Mexican_Monte

6 <https://wizardofodds.com/games/faro/>

7 <https://wizardofodds.com/games/faro/>

8 [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Faro_\(card_game\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Faro_(card_game))

9 “Earth Shaking.” *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, r May 1887.

Book Reviews

The Cochise County Historical Journal, Spring-Summer 2021 has a number of intriguing articles by several members of our Cochise County Corral, Ronald F. Woggon /Jean Smith and Bill Cavaliere. The story by Michael Eberhardt, *Colonel Mike Gray: A Cochise County “Mover and Shaker,” 1879-1904* reveals his background and how he became involved in Tombstone and the role he played with the characters we read about on each side with the Law and the Cowboys. He was a miner, a rancher, a politician and worked faithfully for Cochise County.

Rosanna Baker

True West, History of the American West, June 2021 has a compelling story about Oliver Loving and Charles Goodnight. They put together a herd of 2000 and blazed a new trail up the Pecos River into New Mexico and on to Denver, Colorado. The following year they repeated the same trail with a herd, but this time Loving made a reckless decision to travel during daylight hours instead of all by night against good advice. They could not completely escape a Comanche raiding party They had to fight for their lives and performed unbelievable feats. I had to finish the story without taking a break.

Rosanna Baker

Ghosts of the Adobe Walls by Nell Murbarger, published in 1964 is an interesting book about Ghost Haunts of old Arizona. She tells about how these places began and what they look like now. She has been to all of these and estimated to have traveled 250,000 miles in the territory west of the Rocky Mountains. She has received the Award of Merit conferred by American Association for State and Local History, in Washington D.C. This is a great reference book that can be read according to what ghost town you are interested in. For example, you will find the stories about Gila City, Contention City, and Arivaca Community in the book. The author lists and locates hundreds of Arizona’s ghost sites with researched history. This book is a “Treasure Chest” of information.

Rosanna Baker

Life Among the Apaches by John C. Cremony first published in 1868 is an important source book for writers and historians. He was an Interpreter for the U.S. Boundary Commission under John R. Bartlett in 1840 up until the Gadsden Purchase. His experiences and communication with the Apaches allowed us to understand more about their culture through his extensive notes and stories. He wrote the first dictionary of the Apache language and his gift of communicating with the Apaches is worth reading for anyone interested in history.

Rosanna Baker

The Journal of Arizona History, Spring 2021, “**‘Soy Gete, Soy Gete’: The Apache Captivity Narrative of Jose Maria Mendivil**” by Paul Nickens. Paul Nickens has found new material to add to the life story of Jose Maria Mendivil. Jose was abducted on his way to school when he was 9 years old by the Apaches and lived with them into his late teens. The story of his escape was accomplished by members of the California Column. Some of the earlier information has been corrected by careful research and availability of prime resources.

Rosanna Baker

“Billy The Kid and the Apaches” by Mills, James B *True West*, July-August, 2021. New stories about Billy the Kid come alive once more. Many stories have been written and it seems that viewers never become tired of reading old and new material written. Books by Bob Boze Bell are very popular and his latest one, *Billy the Kid: The Final Word*, September 6, 2020, contains fabulous illustrations with his own paintings.

Rosanna Baker

“Edward S. Curtis Redeemed.” by Bell, Bob Boze, *True West*, September 2021. This special collector’s issue covers the life of Edward S. Curtis by various authors with some pictures of his photography. The *Art and Techniques of Edward S. Curtis* opens on October 19, 2021. The collection includes audio recordings, photographs and early motion pictures. This will be displayed at the **Scottsdale Museum of the West**. Edward S. Curtis wanted to make the (American Indians) live forever through his photographs and experiences. He devoted his whole life to this endeavor.

Rosanna Baker

Empire of the Summer Moon by Gwynne, S. C. New York: Scribner, A division of Simon & Schuster, Inc., 2010. This book won a Finalist for the Pulitzer Prize. The story spans two impressive stories about the rise and fall of the Comanches and the saga of the pioneer woman Cynthia Ann Parker who was kidnapped by the Comanches as a nine-year-old girl. Her mixed-blood son, Quanah, became the last and greatest chief of the Comanches. This is a history of how the Comanches over 4 decades helped the United States come into being.

Rosanna Baker

Arizona Trivia by Trimble, Marshall. Phoenix: Golden West Publishers, Inc., 1998. *This is a delightful fun book of questions and answers that cover a wealth of information throughout Arizona. This works includes information as well as photos. You will enjoy adding this to your Arizona library.*

Rosanna Baker

The Santa Fe Trail, by David Lavender, published in 1997, is a condensed account of the main historical features, illustrated with pictures and a map for easy understanding. This narrative is a scholastic account from the beginning of the trail in 1821 to the end when the trail was no longer needed with the arrival of the Santa Fe Railroad.

Rosanna Baker

A Place Called Sunnyside, by Roberta (Biff) Lamma, 1982. Roberta grew up in Sunnyside and tells the story of the Copper Glance Mine while including her experiences and dispelling some of the myths while telling some stories that have been written about it that have merit. This fascinating book is worth reading and will encourage you to go on a hiking spree to the South side of the Huachuca Mountains. I have hiked there before and after reading the book. The story told before hiking makes for a very meaningful excursion.

Rosanna Baker

The Story of Texas Jack Vermillion, by Peter Brand, 2012, is a book that took a long time to write with widely researched material from historical writings, personal letters and information kept by

members of the Vermillion family descendants. For many years John Wilson Vermillion was mistaken for John Oberland Vermillion that rode with Wyatt Earp on the Vendetta Ride. This book is priceless for the historian and clears up the debated mystery.

Rosanna Baker

Mann, Charles C. *1491: New Revelations of the Americas Before Columbus*. New York: Vintage, 2006.

One of my pet peeves is reporters who write history. They generally write so well that it hurts but seldom have the least idea what they are talking about. This writer claims to be widely read in American archaeology and so I was astonished that findings from the Southwest are not once mentioned in this book. These Southwest findings tend to refute much of what the Mann has to say. Criticism points to Mann consulting only archaeologists considered to be on the fringe of their profession. Although not impressed by “group think,” this does suggest an agenda. The author’s thesis is that the Americas were extensively cultivated prior to the arrival of Columbus. Even forests were planted and tended by Native Americans. Sounds a bit like Tolkien’s Middle Earth. The European invaders upset and destroyed all of this without ever realizing that it existed. Interesting and fun to read as long as you realize that the author has an agenda and has overlooked quite a bit.

Doug Hocking

Menzies, Gavin. *1421: The Year China Discovered America*. New York: William Morrow, 2008.

Since living in Taiwan (Republic of China) for five years studying the language, culture, and history, I’ve known about the Chung He voyages for 50 years. Back then, the realization was just dawning that the voyages were real and not a Chinese fairytale. Archaeological evidence of Chinese presence along the east coast of Africa was just being uncovered and it was rumored that the mysterious fourth voyage might have been to the west coast of North America. Menzies is a mariner, which makes his work doubly interesting. He’s able to understand and describe the manner in which the Chinese built ships and why, with advanced nautical engineering and navigational skills, they had the equipment to sail around the world. In 1421, while the fourth voyage was at sea, an emperor died and politics in court brought the previous emperor’s expensive hobby into disfavor and the records of the voyage were scattered. China, the Middle Kingdom, the center of the earth, was simply not that interested in what the barbarians beyond her borders were doing. After a very interesting beginning and spot on explanations, Menzies goes a bit overboard having the Chinese map the entire globe including the east coast of the Americas, Europe, and Antarctica. He presents interesting evidence that seems to stretch a point but offers no way to test his thesis. On the other hand, I’ve photographed Chinese characters among 800-year-old Mimbres rock art in the Chiricahua Mountains. Probably not left there by Chung He, but interesting nonetheless and I’ve watched archaeologists dismiss them as Native American work.

Doug Hocking

Beyreis, David C. *Blood in the Borderlands: Conflict, Kinship, and the Bent Family, 1821-1920*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2020.

This is the 200th Anniversary of the Santa Fe Trail and no family was more involved in its commerce than the Bent’s – Charles, William, & George – and their offspring. This is an excellent follow on to Lavender’s *Bent’s Fort* (1954) and Dary’s *Santa Fe Trail* (2000). I’ve only just started

but so far it is promising going into detail on social and business relations. He writes well and the people he is writing about come alive.

Doug Hocking

Volk, Lowell F. *Mystery on Benchmark*, Tucson: Wheatmark, 2021. Lowell Volk has written an intriguing, modern mystery set in Texas, and his home state, Colorado. It features a murder mystery and insights into the workings of law enforcement. Lowell blends in his own experiences as a former sheriff and the knowledge of how things are done. The mystery is great because it details procedure in solving cases. As in all his books, which includes a Civil War series, the book is excellent.

Debbie Hocking