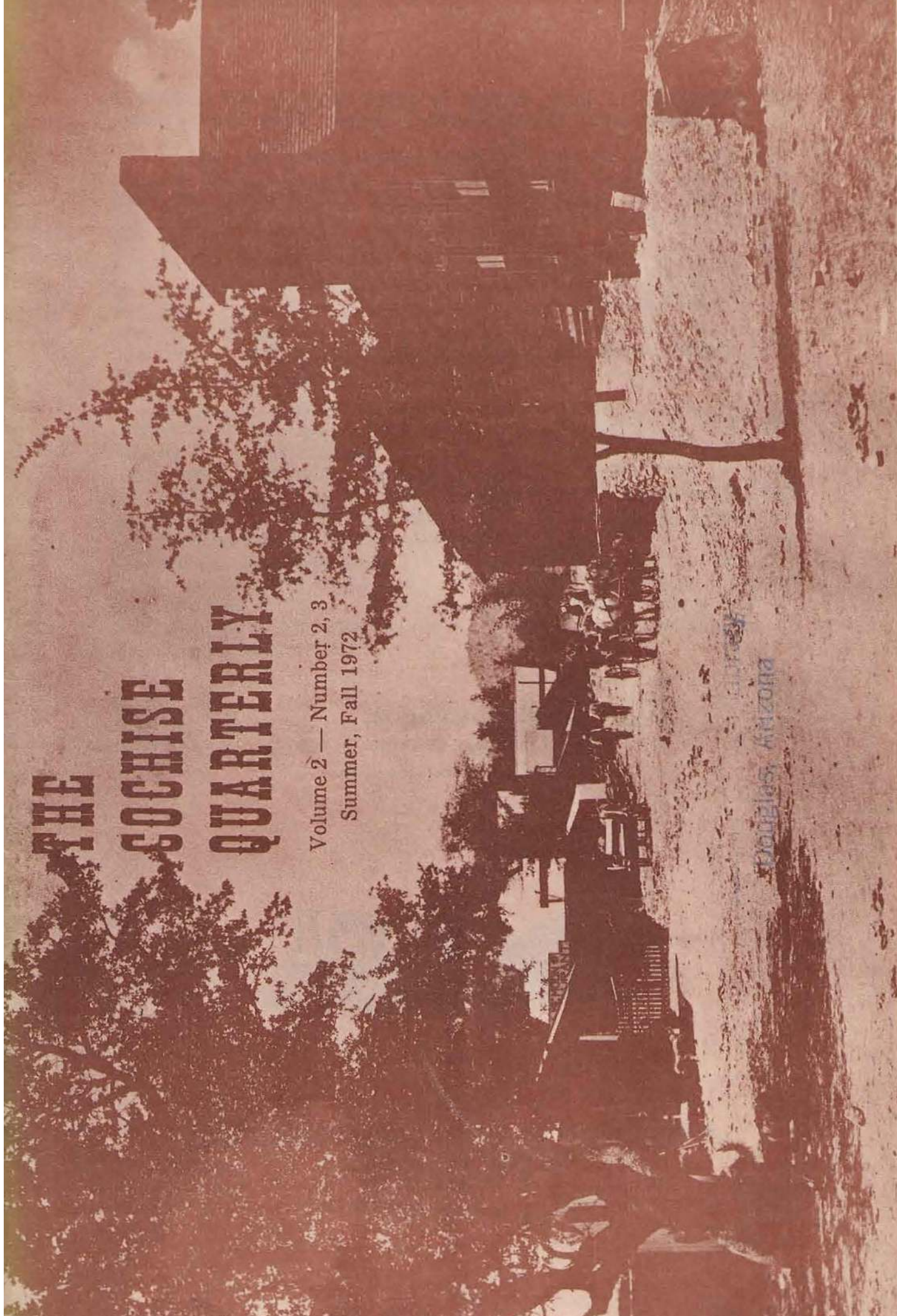


THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

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Paradise, Arizona
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THE COCHISE TRAIN ROBBERY¹

by Glenn Dunham

Train robberies? Yes, we had train robberies in the early days of Cochise County! In fact, there was a regular epidemic of holdups around here in the late nineties. At that time the cattle business was in full swing in all the valleys (Sulphur Springs, San Simon, San Bernardino, San Pedro, and others) and in some areas the mining business was going full tilt. This meant that from time to time great amounts of money were being transported for the purpose of "mine paydays," or as payment for a large herd of cattle. The dispatcher had his problems. At times it almost seemed that it was "touch and go" as to who would get the money first, the hold-up man, or whether the stage or train would get it to where it was supposed to be. There was a bank robbery now and then, but trains were far easier and much more popular on that account. Sometimes the hold-up men were caught, but some of the robberies are still unsolved today.

People who know about it still laugh about a train robbery near Willcox in '96, when Grant Wheeler and Joe George held up a train. They found sixty thousand silver Mexican pesos sacked up in piles in the express car. These were too heavy and bulky to tote off, so they used them to hold down the dynamite they put against the safe to blow it up. The dynamite blew up the safe all right, and the pesos too! They went through the express car into every telegraph pole and cross tie anywhere around. The ground around the train was covered like snow with Mexican silver. Of course those fellows got away with what was in the safe, but were later caught and served time for train robbery.

"The Great Cochise Train Robbery," as it is referred to by writers telling stories of this period, took place in October of 1889. At Willcox the Norton Morgan store handled the payroll for several mining camps around that part of the country. Pearce, Cochise, Johnsonville, and one or two others paid off once a month and drew their payday money from the Norton Morgan Store. Norton Morgan had a young bookkeeper by the name of John Cull. This young fellow kept his brains busy trying to make sure that the payrolls got to the camps safe and sound.

In October of '89 he was scheduled to go to California on a vacation trip. Norton Morgan got another young fellow named Bowles as an assistant to Mr. Cull, and to take his place while he was in California. Mr. Cull showed him all the tricks of the trade, and Bowles worked hard trying to do everything just right. He had learned his way around the store pretty well when one day the payroll money came in.

¹This article was first used in the 1930's on the radio as "Real Stories of the Southwest as told by the Oldtimer," hence the article is written in the first person.

While the two men were checking over the money shipment and making out the necessary papers, Cull turned to Bowles and announced, "I did think I'd start for California today, Bowles, but I've changed my mind. You are well up on all the routine stuff, but I'm thinking about the payrolls."

Bowles replied, "The payrolls? Expecting trouble? You do send them on the train, don't you?"

"Bowles, I'm going to let you in on a little secret. We are always expecting trouble over a payroll, and we never ship by train when anyone thinks it is going to be that way, nor do we ship at the exact time when it is expected." With these words Cull went about the job of getting the \$50,000 Pearce payroll ready, and continued, "You see, Bowles, we send it in various ways. It goes on the train sometimes, yes—if the money gets here early enough so we can send it over a day or two ahead. Sometimes it goes by freighter, or by stage or pleasure trip. I try to send it a different way every time. Once it went over under a load of wood in a wagon driven by a colored man."

"Have you ever had any trouble getting it to its destination?" asked Bowles.

"Yes—that is, we have thought there was trouble, but it always turned out otherwise. Once we arranged with our Pearce manager to send their money over in a case of canned tomatoes. It was easy to remove several cans from the case, put in the money, and nail the case up again. Of course, we marked the case so the manager would know it."

"Did you send it by express?" inquired Bowles.

"No, we sent several cases of the tomatoes to Pearce by a freighter. He thought he was handling just canned tomatoes. When it was almost time for the payoff, and past time for the freighter to reach Pearce, we got a long distance call from the Pearce store. 'We're all out of tomatoes,' they said, 'send us some canned tomatoes right away.' You can imagine how we felt; we knew the money should have reached there several hours before. I told them we had already sent out their order of tomatoes, and suggested that they send someone out to meet the freighter if they were in a hurry."

"What had happened?"

"It had rained the day before," continued Cull, "and the freight wagon had gotten stuck in the mud. We were certainly much relieved to hear the store got their canned tomatoes in time to pay off."

Bowles thought for a moment and then exclaimed, "I don't like to have you put off your trip, Cull, but I must say I'll be glad to be relieved of so much responsibility. That's a pile of money to have to answer for, and besides, I'm not sure you could enjoy your trip without knowing the payroll was safe. You have managed to keep from being robbed so far, and I'm sure it's a matter of pride to keep

up the good work. I take it you don't intend to send the money by train this time?"

"I'm not sure yet—I'd feel safer if it went some other way this time."

Bowles, trying to help out with the payroll scheme, suggested, "Why don't you take it over? Hire a hack and drive over, then take the train to California from there after you've delivered the money."

"If I go to Pearce today, everybody in the country would figure that I have the payroll. That's too obvious."

"Then what can we do?"

"I'll have to think it over. I haven't decided yet."

Bowles, deep in thought, replied, "I suppose you wouldn't trust me with it?"

Cull looked up. "You! I hadn't thought of that. I don't know—"

"Or maybe," continued Bowles, "you wouldn't trust me with it?"

"It's not that—I was wondering if you could get by with it."

"I thought maybe that no one I might meet on the road would connect me with Norton Morgan. I'm not known at all in this state, you know. To tell the truth, I'm not anxious for the job, but of course I'd do anything I could to help."

"I wonder, though," said Cull, "that if there aren't enough people here in Willcox who know you well enough to question your actions if you were seen leaving town. Someone might suspect your errand and follow you. You can depend upon being used sooner or later to deliver the payroll anyway."

"I didn't realize quite what we were up against," commented Bowles. "This business has me worried."

"That goes with the job, Bowles; it'll be all right—we'll get it there."

"I don't suppose the train will be held up on this particular day, anyway."

"Probably not. Here comes a customer," and with these words Mr. Cull picked up the package he had been preparing, and turning to the customer and explained, "Mr. Bowles will take care of you. I have an express shipment to get out right away, if you'll excuse me."

So Mr. Cull sent his express package and came back to the store, and business went on the same as though nobody was worried about a payroll. Late that night the Norton Morgan store got a long distance call from the Pearce store. The train had been held up at Cochise just before midnight, and the express car cleared out. Pearce wanted to know if they were going to have a payroll the next day.

The first thing next morning the Willcox constable, Burt Alvord, came into the store to talk over the holdup with Mr. Cull. The constable from Pearce, Billy Stiles, was with him. After the usual greetings of good morning among the three men, Burt Alvord announced, "We came in about the holdup, Cull. We want you to know we'll do everything we can to get your money back."

Billy Stiles contributed, "Those fellows cleaned out the express car as slick as a whistle."

"Any idea who did it?" asked Cull as he continued the routine of opening up the store for the day's business.

"Four masked men," they say.

"Anyone hurt?"

"No, nobody put up a fight. Took by surprise, I reckon."

"Well, it's always been my idea that life is worth more than money. I don't know that I'd have put up a fight myself—even for the payroll," said Cull.

After a moment's silence Stiles started to speak about the possibility of the payroll not being on the train, when he was interrupted by Alvord. "What do you mean, the payroll wasn't there! Of course it was—this is payday, isn't it?"

Quickly Stiles replied, "I—you didn't understand me, Burt—I said it would have been funny if the payroll wasn't there. Leastwise that's what I meant to say."

Alvord, directing his next remark at Cull, said, "Losing the payroll is kind of awkward, isn't it? What are you going to do for cash?"

"We have to figure something out. The men have to be paid."

"Maybe we'll get it back for you. The sheriff is already on the trail at the head of a posse, and Stiles and I are heading one from here."

"Yeah, there's too much of this stickup business going on. Me and Alvord are going to put a stop to it in this part of the country."

Among other remarks offered by the two law men were such remarks as "You can count on us to stick to the trail until we catch the outlaws this time." "We're going to make it plumb unhealthy for holdups hereabouts." "There's too much disrespect for law and order around here. It's time something was done about it."

The conversation continued until Stiles asked, "Will Wells Fargo have to stand the loss? It don't hardly seem fair for Norton Morgan to lose it."

As Cull replied that he certainly hoped that Norton Morgan would not have to stand the loss, Mr. Bowles entered the store to start his day's work. The two law officers greeted Bowles with a good morning and headed for the door.

Cull and Bowles watched them go and then Bowles turned to Cull and with a voice full of excitement said, "Everything is fine. I got to Pearce right in the middle of the night, and all of the excitement of the holdup. Our manager was really glad to see me when I told him I had the payroll."

"Well, I'm glad the money is safe. That's a load off my mind."

"It was a load off my mind when I turned it over."

"I didn't expect you back so soon."

"I started back right away so I could get here in time for you to take the train out today if you wanted to."

"That was thoughtful of you, but I didn't want you to drive all night."

"Oh, I enjoyed the trip back, but going over was the longest twenty-eight miles I ever traveled. Fifty thousand dollars as a traveling companion isn't conducive to relaxation."

"That little one horse cart was a fine idea. No one would suspect you of going far in a thing like that. Everyone thinks the money was on the train."

"Won't it give away your little plot when people find out the payroll wasn't there?"

"Who's going to find out? If the outlaws aren't captured, no one will know the difference anyway. If they are captured, who will believe them if they didn't get the haul? No, Bowles, as far as the world is concerned, the holdup men got the payroll."

The posse the sheriff sent out after the outlaws tracked them into the Chiricahuas and then lost the trail. They finally had to give up the hunt altogether, and everybody concluded that the Cochise Train Robbery would always remain a mystery. Six months later there was another train holdup at Fairbanks. Some of the outlaws that pulled that one were captured and talked. As one thing led to another, the officers found out that the "Great Cochise Train Robbery" had been done by four men from around Willcox, and two of the four were the two officers who had talked the loudest and hunted the hardest for the robbers—Burt Alvord and Billy Stiles. The two others were cowmen Bill Downing and Matt Burts. All four were taken and served time for the holdup.

For many years people talked about the time Burt Alvord's gang robbed the train at Cochise, and about the fifty thousand dollar payroll they got away with. You couldn't make old timers believe they didn't get it either! Because it was over thirty years before Mr. Cull even breathed a hint that the payroll was never on that train at all.

John Porter Cull was born in Hayward, California, on March 26, 1873. At twenty-four years of age he came to Arizona to work at the Norton Morgan store in Willcox. Later he went into the general merchandising business for himself. He operated stores at Bisbee, Courtland, and Douglas. The Douglas

store was on G Avenue across from the Gadsden Hotel, present location of Surplus City. Mr. Cull bought out "Auto Grocery," so-called because it was the first store in Douglas to use automobiles for delivery, and operated it for many years.

In 1901 Georgina Henninger moved to Arizona from California and became a bookkeeper in the store operated by Mr. Cull. Later they were married and made their home in Douglas. They raised two children: Barbara, who is now Mrs. George Jednoff of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and John, Jr., who now resides with his mother at 1049 Florida Avenue, Douglas, Arizona.

John P. Cull was elected to the State Legislature in 1919 and then to the Senate in 1921, where he served several terms.

After disposing of his merchandising operations he became the owner of the Bar M Ranch at Bernardino, which he operated until his death on January 27, 1955.

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY—STAN JONES AND CAPP WATTS

by Ervin Bond

It was never my intention to write an article about a person who had passed on; rather I have always felt if there were any praise to be given, it should be given while a person was able to enjoy it. But I must make an exception to this philosophy and relate an account about two of the most interesting individuals that ever resided in Cochise County. The story of Capp Watts and Stan Jones, both of whom died several years ago, is well worth recording. From the lives and relationship of these two men came the famous cowboy legend—"Ghost Riders In The Sky."

Since I was personally acquainted with Capp Watts I will tell his story first. I arrived in Douglas, Arizona from the state of Mississippi on August 5, 1926. I was immediately impressed by the mountains and could hardly wait until I had the opportunity to climb one of them that appeared so close. The most interesting one was Saddle Gap in the Perilla Mountains east of town. I was sure this gap was not more than two miles away and it looked so smooth. After lunch the first Sunday, I stood by the side of my uncle's house in the nine hundred block of 19th Street and told him that I would like to walk out to Saddle Gap. He informed me that I had better prepare for a two day trip as it was about ten miles away. A short time later I became acquainted with a young man named Lee Morgan and we planned a trip to the gap the following Sunday. However a breakdown at the Copper Queen Smelter prevented Lee from joining me on the trip.

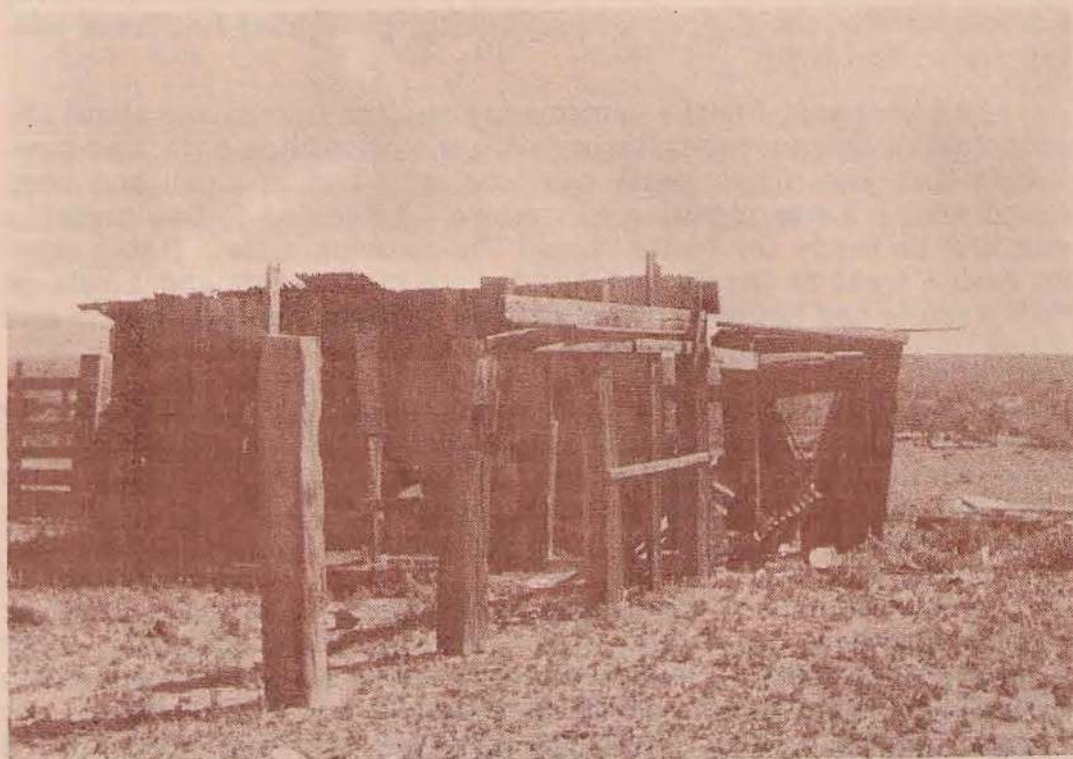
As I prepared for the venture my aunt cautioned me about the area, telling about large rattlesnakes, a mountain lion path, and mentioned that just a few years previous wild Indian signs had been found where I was planning to explore. I decided to buy myself a gun and be ready for battle should the occasion arise. Being short on cash I went to the second hand store of Beecroft and Lewis on "G" Avenue and bought a twenty gauge shotgun for nine dollars and a box of shells for another dollar.

I left the house at 7 o'clock in the morning and drove out to Chevrolet Hill (present day "D" Hill) and turned left on a trail that led passed an old adobe house close to the foot of the mountain. Here I started out on foot with my lunch, a canteen of water and my shotgun to climb my first mountain. It did not take long to find out that the ground was anything but smooth. Finally I reached the top of Saddle Gap and looked down over Camp Harry J. Jones and Douglas; and never before had I been able to view such a large area. After a short rest I climbed the higher ridges to the east, which proved to be another rough climb but the scenic view was well worth it. As I stood there all alone, I felt like a master who had accomplished something. When I started back down the ridge I heard a strange noise in the brush, two things flashed through my mind—was it a lion or an Indian? It proved to be neither as a sow and her two

babies came into view. This was a day of firsts for me, this was my first sight of Arizona's wild hogs.

Arriving on a high rock cliff, I decided to eat my lunch and checked my watch and found it to be two in the afternoon, which seemed to me much later than it should have been. It was time to head back to my car and end an already eventful day. The best way back appeared to be via a small canyon to the south, but I had to backtrack some distance in order to get off the rock cliff. Once at the canyon I started down it and found a clear spring at which I drank and refilled my canteen. I noticed a syphon with a three-quarters inch pipe which led down the side of the creek bed in the canyon. I followed the pipe line a short distance, when I suddenly looked up and saw a long haired, bearded man on a rock within a few yards of my path. This surprised and shook me up to the degree that I would have liked to have run back up the steep incline, but just as quickly I thought better of it and made my way closer to him.

I spoke and he returned with a question as to what I was doing in the area. His initial greeting was very cold, but after a short time he became talkative and friendly. Then I got up enough nerve to ask where he lived. He pointed to a place just below us, which was a dugout in the side of the hill with a rock and mud lean-to. We walked to his home and I looked inside to see a bed made from lumber with some old canvas for a mattress, a small stove with a large pile of ashes in the rear. The smell of stench was so strong that I soon backed away without going inside for a better look.



Part of the old corral at Rogers' Ranch where Stan Jones got his first idea of the Ghost Riders in the Sky.

I realized that I must make my way around the mountain to get to my car, so I told him that it was time for me to leave. He picked up an old battered coffee pot and insisted that I stay and have a cup of coffee with him. Near his home there was a small pond of water created by the syphon from the spring, but instead of catching water from the pipe, he dipped the pot into the muddy pond where his horses had just been walking. I quickly informed him that I did not drink coffee (which was the biggest lie I ever told). I left and made my way back to my car, and drove into Douglas after dark.

This was my first meeting with the man who was commonly known as the Old Hermit—Capp Watts. My day in the mountains proved to be very interesting, it showed me that visual distance in Arizona was different than in Mississippi, and that even smooth looking mountains were tough to climb. But the highlight of my trip came when I met one of the most unusual persons that could be found anywhere.

Capp Watts left Texas and came to Tombstone, Arizona in 1889, where he stayed a short time before moving to the Perilla Mountains. Here he homesteaded one hundred and sixty acres in the Ash Springs area where he lived in a cave until 1905, when he sold to a Mr. Johnson for \$600.00 and then moved to the location of our first meeting where he lived until his death in 1932.

Capp was a line rider for the large Erie Cattle Company and he covered the international border from the San Bernardino Ranch to a few miles west of Paul Lime Plant. His job was to keep rustlers out and was paid \$55.00 per month which was good compared with the normal cowboy wage of \$20 to \$30. During this period he worked with Luke Short, and this association caused some people to believe that Capp was probably a fugitive from justice. Short was known to have killed Charlie Storm in Tombstone and he killed at least one man in Texas, but there is no evidence of Capp's status as a fugitive.

After the termination of his duties riding the line, he worked for some of the neighboring ranchers, but primarily he put more time in raising his own horses. At times he ran more than 200 head. Since none of the ranchers in his area fenced their lands until the 1920's, his horses frequently grazed on the nearby ranches. After fences were put up, Capp showed his dislike for them by cutting the fences in several places so his horses could roam where they pleased. One day a rancher caught some of Capp's wandering horses and tied tin cans on their tails and sent them on their way. Some of the animals with the attached cans made their way home, and this made Capp very mad and he did not hesitate to sound off to this rancher about his act.

He helped produce the sturdy type horse known as "Steel Dust" which was the forerunner of the now famous quarter horse. Capp's foundation stock was from the Texas Sam Bass famous Denton Arabian mare of the late 1800's and his stallion was the imported Paso breed. Steel Dusts were known for speed and endurance, even Pancho Villa rode one, and he claimed the famous seven league

mare saved his life several times. Several of Mr. Watts' horses won fame in the racing field. One of them named Hemelia, after winning several races in Cochise County, was sold to Governor Francisco Elias of Sonora for \$1500.00, a very high price at the time. Mr. Elias sent Hemelia to California where he won every race for sometime. Another horse named Pancho with jockey Ted Bowden did very well between 1911 and 1913 in southern Arizona races.



Windmill Stan Jones climbed to oil when a bad storm came up and he got his second idea of Ghost Riders. Windmill was located a quarter mile up the canyon from home of Capp Watts.

Apparently, Capp never returned to where his family lived, and as far as is known he was visited only once by a member of his family. His brother came and arranged to have Capp send him some horses to Oklahoma. Capp shipped two car loads, but never received any money for them.

Mr. Watts was an unusual yet a consistent person. For when he worked for one of the ranchers he would sometimes eat at the ranch house. At such times he would never pick up a fork or a spoon, but used his knife to eat everything, except soup. With soup he would simply pick up the bowl and and drink the soup. Usually he came to Douglas for groceries every two weeks. He would ride his favorite horse, with six or eight others tagging along, to the back of the Gadsden Hotel and leave them there while he did his shopping. In later years, as more and more cars crowded the streets, he started leaving his horses in a back yard at 7th Street and "A" Avenue, and then walk to and from the shopping area of town with his sack on his back. In 1929 he bought a flat bed truck to come to town, but he had trouble learning to drive it. As long as I, his grocer during the last six years of his life, or anyone else can remember his grocery list never changed.

Illness bothered Capp several years before his death, and he spent most of his money trying to regain his health. As he became weaker, he was sent to the Cochise County Hospital where he seemed to enjoy being kept clean for the first time in many years. Capp Watts passed away in 1932 and was laid to rest in the Douglas Calvary Cemetery.

Despite his unusual way of life, Capp had many friends throughout the county. A recent visit to his canyon dwelling revealed some signs of the old Hermit still exist. His home has been destroyed, for after his death people tore it up thinking they might find some money he never really had. But part of his old corral still stands, and the little watering place for his horses is now dry because there is no one to go to the spring to restart the syphon. The spring has water and the pipe still lies along the canyon bank. The last of the visible signs is an old windmill that still sounds off when the wind blows. If that windmill could talk, it would tell a tale of an experience that occurred to the old Hermit and a young ten year old boy. For probably Capp Watts should best be remembered for the idea and inspiration he planted in this young lad's mind some forty-eight years ago.

The Ghost Herd in the sky.
Their brands were still on fire—
and their hooves wuz made of steel,
Their horns wuz black and shiney
and their hot breath he could feel,
A bolt of fear went through him as
they thundered thru the sky
For he saw the riders comin' hard
And he heard their mournful cry.

The other half of my story concerns the noted song writer Stan Jones, who wrote the above verses. He was born June 5, 1914, the youngest of seven children and the only one not given music lessons in his early years. His childhood days were spent with his family in the nine hundred block on 14th Street in Douglas, Arizona. He entered "A" Avenue School in September of 1920, and later spent a short time in El Paso, Texas with a brother, but he returned to Douglas in 1923. His father died when Stan was only fourteen, and he then lived with his sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hinton in the twelve hundred block on 8th Street.

During these early years he learned to love the wide open spaces, and as soon as he was large enough to ride a burro, he did a lot of riding on the Geromino Trail east of town. The days off from school seldom caught Stan and his friends around the soda fountains of Douglas, the favorite loafing places for most boys his age. Instead he was following a dream, for he had a yen to become a rough riding cowboy. The ranch of the Rogers brothers, south of "D" Hill was one of his favorite stops and the chances were good of getting a delicious home cooked meal. It was here in early 1923 that Stan picked up an old guitar that had a split in it, and tried to pick out a tune. The Rogerses noted his interest and gave him the old music piece, which he fixed and no doubt this guitar was the one on which he first learned to play.

Bigger things were in store for Stan as he roamed east of Douglas. It was around April of 1924 when Stan and three of his buddies rode out to where George Rogers and Capp Watts were about to drive a herd of cattle into a corral. The boys assisted in this chore and when it was finished, Stan saw a big black cloud hanging just across the line in Mexico. Stan told his friends that they had better head back to town before it rained. Capp Watts spoke up and said, "Don't hurry son, that's just the Ghost Riders rounding up those clouds, after they get this done around July or August it will rain." Well as usual for southern Arizona it did not rain that April day, but neither could Stan see any Ghost Riders. However, he probably looked for them every time a cloud came up.

Stan was now experienced and large enough to be of some help around a ranch. He went out to the Hermit's place several times to see Capp's horses. In September of 1924 Stan was helping Capp adjust and oil his windmill. A thunder and lightning storm came up suddenly and got so severe that they had to take refuge under some cliffs. Stan, just a boy of ten, told Capp he was afraid, to which the old Hermit replied, "Don't be afraid, it is only the clouds stampeding and the Ghost Riders will get them rounded up soon and everything will be alright." Again Stan looked for the strange riders, but he could not see them.

Four years later, on a Sunday afternoon, Stan was riding back to town from the Slaughter Ranch and as he reached "D" Hill he pulled his burro jack to a halt. He could see storm clouds hanging low over the Sulphur Spring Valley, as usual he looked for his ghostly riders and their herd, and this time he could visualize them everywhere along the edges of the clouds.

An old cow poke went riding out one dark and windy day,
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way,
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw
A pough-in' thru the ragged skies
And up a cloudy draw . . .

Although Stan had finally caught the vision of Capp's ghost herd and riders, he was not then ready to use them. He had some growing up to finish first. During the summers of 1930 and 1931 he got a job as a fire watcher for the Forest Service. High up in the Chiricahua Mountains Stan had a lot of time to practice on his guitar, and he taught himself to play so well that he played in a western orchestra at dances around Douglas. Perhaps these two summers also helped him decide on his future vocation for he soon became a ranger.

Stan graduated from the Douglas High School in 1932, and moved to California. Here he worked at an assortment of jobs—logging, mining, ranch work, and railroad braking—and attended college when he could. He served a stint in the Navy, and on January 1, 1944 he married Olive Greaves. Stan finally earned his master's degree in zoology at the University of California. He worked for the California Forest Service for a short time before taking a position as Field Director with the American Red Cross.

Next he went to work for the National Park Service as a U. S. Ranger. His first assignment was in Washington at Mount Rainer. Then he was transferred to California to the Death Valley National Monument. As Stan rode on the lonely mountain and desert trails, he began to sing and to write as he sang. It was his hobby and his secret for the verses he wrote were hidden away in a bureau drawer.

One night, June 8, 1948, Stan sat down and wrote what became his greatest song—"Ghost Riders In The Sky." As fate would have it in Death Valley, Stan recalled from out of his boyhood experiences with the tale-telling Hermit the ghostly account of the Devil's herd and the Ghost Riders. The song was written and hidden away, and it took a little of Death Valley's magic to bring it into the public view. It was discovered one day in 1949 when Stan was assigned to guide some strangers on a movie location scouting trip. That night the strangers called for campfire music, and Stan hesitantly obliged with his "Ghost Riders In the Sky." The strangers, who just happened to be in the movie business, were impressed; they bought the song and hired Stan as a technical advisor for their movie company.

Stan Jones went on to become a noted song writer with over 200 songs to his credit, many of which came from his own experiences. His first and most famous song "Ghost Riders In the Sky" has to date sold over two million records, and it is still selling. He made a dozen movies as an actor and specialized in theming many more. He also co-starred in the television serial "The Sheriff of Cochise" and authored a book.

In 1962 Stan Jones died, and in compliance with his wishes, he was given a simple funeral and buried in the Calvary Cemetery in

Douglas, Arizona. He is survived by his wife and a son Stanley Davis Jones.

As storm clouds still come up from Mexico and pass over Calvary Cemetery, there must still be Ghost Riders that look down on the graves of two men—one of them an unusual man who could only sign his name by marking "X", yet gave the other the inspiration that made him famous.

THE BATTLE OF CIBICU

by John H. Monnett

The circumstances surrounding the action fought on Cibicu Creek between the Sixth United States Cavalry and White Mountain Apaches is one of the most unique episodes in the annals of the Indian Wars in the Southwest. The prelude to the action centered around an old Apache Medicine man Nock-ay-del-Klinne who believed he had the power to bring dead Apache Warriors to life and rid the country of the "White-eyes." These circumstances leading up to the Battle of Cibicu were first published in *The Cochise Quarterly*, Vol. 1, No. 1, March, 1971.

The narrative found in this volume is the culmination of those circumstances. It commences with Colonel Eugene Asa Carr, Commander of the Sixth United States Cavalry in Arizona making plans to arrest Nock-ay-del-Klinne for his boasts which have caused quite a stir among the restless Apaches on the reservation at Cibicu Creek.

At four o'clock in the afternoon of August 28, 1881, a bugle sounded with the first notes of "officer's call." The several officers at Fort Apache gathered at the adjutant's office but could not precisely guess what the emergency was. When they arrived they found Colonel Carr waiting for them. He had chosen this moment to tell them the orders he now had to carry out. Solemnly Carr read the orders.¹

The Colonel passed the arrest order around, instructing each officer to read it. The officers read it and agreed with their commander when he made the comment that he feared the execution of the order might well bring on the very out-break they had been trying to avoid. They then took up the question of whether or not to take the Apache scouts. After some discussion, they finally agreed with Lieutenant Cruse's opinion that it would be best to take the scouts along in the event the medicine man should attempt to hide. Only the scouts would be able to find him. In addition their services would be needed in the event shooting should occur. Some officers questioned the scouts' loyalty, but Cruse thought they would prove worthy of their trust.

Of course this was a contradiction of what Cruse had told Carr a few days earlier but with the telegraph lines being down there was no time to exchange Cruse's Company of Scouts for a Company of Scouts from Fort Huachuca. Under the immediate existing circumstances it seemed to be the lesser of two evils to take the scouts along and simply trust them to be loyal.²

Carr finally agreed and ordered Company A of Scouts with pack train to march with Troops D and E the next morning, August 29, at

1. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 101. Cruse states that the final order came from Willcox on August 28, but this cannot be substantiated in any other source.
2. *Ibid.*, 102-103.

eight A.M. The Colonel then reported to Willcox that he would take two days marching time to reach the medicine man's camp on Cibicu Creek.³ After this report the telegraph line went down again and three soldiers were killed before it could be repaired.

During the night of the 28th, the men of the Sixth Cavalry scurried about making ready for the long march the next day. In one instance three troopers were on sick call in the post hospital when their troop was ordered out. They went to the chief surgeon and after quite a lengthy argument, persuaded the surgeon to release them for sick report and restore them to duty. "The most remarkable recovery in the history of the Post" was assistant surgeon McCreary's comment to the troopers as he signed their re-assignment papers and they hurried anxiously to rejoin their commands. The day after tomorrow, two of these three men would be killed in action.⁴

At eight o'clock the morning of the 29th, the entire command of 100 strong was assembled on the parade ground. Carr, as Will C. Barnes noted years later, "was inclined to be spectacular in his movements" and had planned a big review for the column at nine A.M. before they left the Post. Many local Apaches gathered around the parade ground and excitedly watched the activity. The review was superb and after showing off their gallantry to the Indians and ladies present the command "Forward Ho" was given and Colonel Carr led his troops out of Fort Apache to the west.⁵

Most of the officers of the Sixth Cavalry stationed at the Post made the march to the Cibicu that day. Lieutenant William H. Carter, the regimental quartermaster, and Captain Edmund C. Hentig, who was under orders to return to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri for recruiting duty but who had asked permission from Carr to go along, made the march. Unfortunately, Hentig would be killed the next day and never reach his destination. Lieutenant Edwin Stanton, assistant surgeon George McCreary and fifteen year old Clark Carr, the Colonel's son on summer vacation from school and in search of adventure, were all with the command. Then there was Lieutenant Thomas Cruse and his Indian scouts. The Apache First Sergeant of Scouts was named Mose and the next day he would enscribe his name on history's ledger as would one hundred others.⁶

The records are vague as to who was Chief of Scouts on the march. However, we know there was one as Cruse mentions him, but not by name. Tom Horn, in the story of his life, claims that it was the famous Al Sieber. It is very improbable that Sieber was there or he would have been mentioned in the record somewhere; the man of notoriety that he was. Tom Horn wasn't there either but claims he was right along with Sieber and Mickey Free. "Talking Boy" dedicates an entire chapter of his book to the Cibicu affair, describing how he, Sieber and Free beat the renegades to a

3. *Ibid.*, 103; N.A., R. G. 98. Telegram dated August 28, 1881.

4. Barnes, *Apaches and Longhorns*, 53.

5. *Ibid.*, 54.

6. *Ibid.*, 53-54.

high point over the battlefield and "saved the whole party."⁷ Will C. Barnes later asserted that: "Tom Horn's long yarns in his book telling of his presence at the Battle of Cibicu is an outrageous, bare-faced lie from start to finish. I knew every soldier, officer, packer, and scout that took part in that fight. I saw the command leave Fort Apache and met it four or five miles west of the post the afternoon they returned from that unfortunate affair. Tom Horn was not with the command at any time."⁸ Sieber, and perhaps Horn were soon on the scene, after the battle, though what effect, if any, their operations had is not known.⁹

The column left the Fort safely and proceeded on the march to the secluded camp of Nock-ay-del-Klinne. After the column was out of sight Major Melville A. Cochran, Twelfth Infantry, who had been left in command of the post, noticed some strange movements among the Apaches living near the Fort. Some of them were riding their horses around frantically. Others seemed to be packing their belongings and moving away. Later, Cochran noticed that most of the Indians were now heavily armed and that a number of them were setting out on Carr's trail. Cochran hurriedly sent dispatches to Carr to warn him of the activity of the Indians. He then sent a message to Fort Thomas asking where the expected reinforcements were.

During the night of the 29th and all day August 30th, the infantrymen made preparations for defense of the Post in case of possible attack in lieu of the activity of the previous day. In case hostilities occurred, Cochran was sure the Post could hold out until reinforcements arrived. On the afternoon of the 30th however, a courier brought a message from Colonel Biddle at Fort Thomas: "Can't cross the Gila (river), will send two troops as soon as can." The dispatch was dated August 15th. Later another message was received. For some unknown reason, Biddle's orders had been changed and his troops had been sent back to Fort Thomas. Cochran was now thoroughly shocked and telegraphed both Fort Thomas and General Willcox at Department Headquarters. "If General Carr had not expected reinforcements within two days," the message read, he would not have gone out."¹⁰ Cochran knew that without the reinforcements the Post could not hold out if it should be attacked. But for the moment, there was nothing to do but wait and hope for the best.

Most of the soldiers surely had a hard time sleeping that night of August 31, 1881, as they rolled up in their blankets under the clear Arizona sky. Indeed they had problems of their own at Fort Apache, but they had done all they could do now. At the moment, although they were at the Post, their thoughts were with Colonel

7. Tom Horn, *The Life of Tom Horn*. (Norman, Oklahoma, 1964), 94-102.

8. Will C. Barnes, "The Apaches' Last Stand in Arizona," *Arizona Historical Review*, Vol. III, No. 4 (January 1931), 58-59.

9. Thrapp, Al Sieber, 221.

10. N. A., R. G. 98. Telegram dated Fort Apache, August 31, 1881.

Carr who many hours before had reached what was to be hereafter known as "The Bloody Cibicu."

Carr had begun the expedition on Monday, the 29th, with 117 men, including 5 officers, a surgeon, 79 enlisted men, 23 scouts, a guide, and 16 other civilians including Nobles and five assistant packers." After Lieutenant Cruse's report the Apache scouts were not allowed to have ammunition. Permission was granted them to have their guns only on Saturday to clean them for Sunday inspection. Of course General Willcox had not answered Carr's request for the scout replacement from Fort Huachuca, and he could not exchange them without permission.

The first day of the journey, August 29 passed without incident. Cruse describes the events:

"That late August day of our march was one of brilliant sunshine, very welcome after a week of torrential rains. We marched steadily, the scouts leading and going along the trail in single file instead of being scattered on both sides as usual. . . . I think it had been General Carr's intention to make a night march and be at the Cibicu at dawn of the 30th. But the country was very rough, and after a long discussion with Hurle, with the Chief of Scouts and Mose, my Apache First Sergeant, Carr decided to stay in camp until sunrise, keeping our animals close-herded on the flat.

Sergeant Mose asked, and received permission to take two scouts and go ahead into the medicine man's camp. He wanted to explain to Nock-ay-del-Klinne that the march was not made with any hostile intent and to warn the medicine man to keep his followers from firing on us. Also, he would advise him to wait there on Cibicu for General Carr's coming. Carr gave Mose permission to go, and he left us with two scouts at about three in the morning."¹²

When the command went into camp that night Carr had gathered all the Apache scouts together and re-assured them of his peaceful intent, explaining that he had sent for Nock-ay-del-Klinne to ask him about the comments which had been reported—"that the whites would leave the country when the corn is ripe, etc."—and that when Nock-ay-del-Klinne had refused to come, it had become necessary to go after him. When Mose volunteered to go ahead to Cibicu, Carr told him to inform the medicine man that he intended him no harm but only come to ask for an explanation of the statements attributed to him. The scouts all seemed to respond quite favorably to Carr's instructions. Then handing a pair of field glasses to three of the scouts, Carr showed them a comet in the night sky. Nock-ay-del-Klinne had proclaimed that in July, he had "raised" a previous comet. "Perhaps," Carr noted slyly, "These Indians thought that this was my comet."¹³

11. Thrapp, *Apacheria*, 221.

12. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 104.

13. N.A., R. G. 98. Report dated Fort Apache, November 2, 1881.

After Mose left for the medicine man's camp another sergeant of Indian Scouts whose name was Choiseau remained in charge, guiding the command to Cibicu. Late that night the soldiers and Indians spread out their bed-rolls for a few hours sleep. Among them in the Camp of A Company, Apache Scouts, was Sergeant Dandy Jim, a long time friend of the white men at Fort Apache. The next day this man would initiate without warning the most treacherous incident of mutiny in the gallant history of the Apache scouts.

About four-thirty in the morning of August 30th, the remainder of the Apache scouts now armed, were put on the trail, and the rest of the column followed a mile or so in the rear. The trail was a difficult one, especially for cavalry; it led over a high ridge, then followed a precipitous, zigzag course down a rocky slope. About two miles from Cibicu Creek, the trail divided; here Carr decided to leave the regular trail which led to Camp Verde, and strike out directly for the medicine man's lodge. "I had managed the night previous," wrote Carr, "to get out of Mose, without his suspecting why I wanted to know that Nock-ay-del-Klinne lived two or three miles above the Verde crossing. I think perhaps the Indians were prepared to fight at the regular crossing and were disconcerted that I had turned up the valley."¹⁴

About two in the afternoon the column reached the Valley of Cibicu, a pleasant expanse, wooded with Cottonwoods and Aspens along the stream, grassy, and scattered with meadows and cornfields, now as it was then. It lies parallel between two ridges, low hanging, with exposed formations and yellow sand, speckled with mesquite.¹⁵

Until this time, no Indians had been sighted; but when the command reached the Valley they noticed that a scattering of Apaches began to appear from the underbrush. One of them was a chief named Sanchez, who rode toward the command and offered to shake hands with Colonel Carr. Lieutenant Cruse, most vividly relates the events that followed:

"Now he [Sanchez] was painted for battle,¹⁶ brandishing a six-shooter and a Winchester. He jerked his pony in at my stirrup and looked insolently at me. 'What do you want here Natan Eclatten' he demanded and his use of my Apache name—'Raw Virgin Lieutenant'—in a contemptuous tone was highly irritating.

14. *Ibid.*

15. Cibicu Creek, also spelled Cibicue, which is the more familiar usage today, is pronounced Ci-biscuw in the Apache tongue, and means "reddish bottom land," which indeed there is an abundance of today as there was in 1881. General Carr apparently was responsible for applying the name "Cibicu" to the place of the battle, having gotten the name from an Apache. Thus at the time of the battle, the name "Cibicu" was probably used rarely, if at all, and even then, most likely only among the scouts. "Currently Cibicu has a store, a school and traditional Apache dwellings—(rancherias-wickiups). This community is the most primitive and remote on the White Mountain Apache Reservation, located in Navajo County, Arizona, and is about two and half miles north of the site of the battle. See Will C. Barnes, *Arizona Place Names*. (Tucson, 1960), 237.

16. It should be noted that Sanchez was a White Mountain Apache. Among this group a painted face does not necessarily mean war.

"I started to tell him to go to hell and add some thumbnail sketches of his ancestors, but instead I only answered that I certainly wasn't there to see him.

"Now get out of our way! I ordered. He rode off, and my scouts, who disliked Sanchez as much as I did, looked after him. They shook their heads and said emphatically: "Don Juda! all bad!"¹⁷

Sanchez finally told Carr that he was simply returning to his home and rode slowly down the column to the rear and off toward Cibicu Creek. With the appearance of Sanchez, the Apache Scouts grew restless and urged Carr to make camp but the Colonel told them that he had come a long distance to get the medicine man and that he would not make camp until he had done so.¹⁸

Sanchez was not the only Indian to ride with the command. After his encounter with Carr and Cruse, many more Apaches, heavily armed, met the column as Chopeau led the white men through the valley and splashed across Cibicu Creek. However, there was no hostile move and eventually Mose appeared and led the cavalry the remaining distance into the Indian camp. He pointed to a brush and canvas covered wickiup and stated that that was the place where the medicine man would be found. It was late in the afternoon when the colonel entered the shelter and the troops had arrived in the encampment without violence. But what was most important, Carr was now face to face with Nock-ay-del-Klinne.

The medicine man had been so exhausted from the dance of the previous night that he had felt unable to meet Colonel Carr along the trail, it was reported. Lieutenant Cruse and the advance guard of scouts had reached the camp first and had found him lying on some grass and a Navajo blanket. When the remainder of the command reached the lodge, they wheeled into formation facing the wickiup and Carr entered.

Colonel Carr, speaking through Interpreter Hurle told Nock-ay-del-Klinne that he wanted him to return to the Fort with the command and that the dances must stop temporarily. He said that no harm would come to the Indians unless they tried to resist the command. This was told to about fifteen or twenty Indians besides Nock-ay-del-Klinne so that all would understand.

Carr further stated that after the charges against him were investigated, and if they proved false, he would be released.¹⁹ He made excuses for not coming before, Carr wrote:

"that he had a patient to attend, and the Indians would have blamed him if he had left the sick man; but said he had cured him and he had gone home this morning and he, Nock-ay-del-Klinne, was now ready to go with me—I told him that was all right, and if it was all explained he would be released in a few

17. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 105.

18. N. A., R. G. 98. Report dated Fort Apache, November 2, 1881.

19. *Ibid.*

days. I then ordered a guard detailed; told (Nock-ay-del-Klinne) he was in the charge of that Sergeant, MacDonald, Troop D, 6th Cavalry; that if he tried to escape he would be killed. He smiled and said he did not want to escape, he was perfectly willing to go.

I then told him that if there were any attempts at rescue he would be killed. He smiled at that also, and said no one would attempt to rescue him. I also told him he could take part of his family along."²⁰

All during the talks more Indians had gathered around. When Carr's ultimatum was heard there seemed to be a "stiffening in the crowd, Indian by Indian," Cruse commented. "I thought the clash was coming then."²¹

It may be true that during the talks some mis-interpretation occurred. In an interview ten years later Al Sieber stated that the ensuing hostilities were caused by "misinterpretation through ignorance, the interpreter not knowing enough of the Indian language."²² However, Sieber was probably not involved in the battle and Cruse had once mentioned that Interpreter Hurle was one of the only three men he ever met who spoke the Apache tongue fluently.²³ Whatever the case, it will probably never be known for sure.

Nevertheless the talks ended peacefully enough and Carr made arrangements for the return to Fort Apache late that afternoon. He placed the medicine man under the protection of Sergeant MacDonald and told him to permit no one to hurt the prisoner but if he attempted to escape he was to be instantly shot down.

The column then began the homeward march. Carr led with Lieutenant Carter. Captain Hentig's Troop D followed with the pack train. Cruse's scouts and Lieutenant Stanton's Troop E brought up the rear. Nock-ay-del-Klinne called for someone to bring up his wife and his pony and the rear guard waited until this was done. As the command moved up the valley an increasing number of Indians began to stir along the mesas paralleling the line of march. Most of the Indians were stripped for battle, wearing cartridge belts and carrying carbines and pistols. Eventually the rear guard caught up with the rest of the command and Nock-ay-del-Klinne asked them to stay on this side of the stream rather than crossing it as Carr and the main body of the column had done, in order to refrain from trampling the Indians' corn. Stanton and Cruse agreed but their decision proved troublesome because seven

20. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 106-107. Cruse's account of the medicine man's willingness to go differs from Carr's. Cruse relates that Nock-ay-del-Klinne was at first reluctant to go with the command and said that he would come to the post in four or five days. Only after Carr flatly refused this request an dthe medicine man was assured by Mose did he give his consent to go with the column according to Cruse.

21. *Ibid.*, 106.

22. *Arizona Enterprise*, Florence, Arizona, May 12, 1882; Thrapp, *Apacheria*, 223.

23. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 100-101.

months later at a Court of Inquiry, which investigated Carr's activities at Cibicu, it was judged that Carr was guilty of dividing his command in the face of the enemy.

Carr instructed Lieutenant Cruse, the officer of the day, to place Nock-ay-del-Klinne in an enclosure being made of packsaddles and post a guard.²⁴ Stanton's troops escorted the prisoner to the enclosure. As this was being done Captain Hentig reported to Carr and both officers commented on a job well done. Carr said to Hentig; "I was rather ashamed to come out with all this force to arrest one poor little Indian."²⁵ As the two officers were talking, Cruse came over to Carr and called his attention to the great number of armed Apaches who were slowly closing in around the perimeter of the camp, taking note of every movement the soldiers were making. Cruse pointed to a ford where some Indians were crossing dangerously close to the camp. Carr directed that they not be allowed to enter the camp. Carter yelled out the order and Captain Hentig who had been watching his striker unroll his damp bedding, moved toward the ford, his pistol still holstered on his saddle in the center of the camp. He approached the Indians and yelled "U-Ka-She! Get away!" The party stopped with the exception of one whom Hentig grabbed and yelled "U-Ka-She" again. Seeing that this man was Sergeant Dandy Jim, a scout, he let him go, directing him to Carter who was leading the scouts to a camping spot. "Too much ant-hills," said Scout Sergeant Dead Shot. Carter told them to go beyond the anthills which they did, moving close to a group of Apaches apparently led by old Sanchez.²⁶

Then suddenly with no warning at all, the scouts shouldered their carbines, and as Dead Shot gave a war-whoop, fired into the camp. Dandy Jim immediately took careful aim and at point blank range shot Captain Hentig, killing him instantly. Hentig's striker, Livingston, never knew what hit him and fell dead, eight bullets passing through his body.

The war cry of Dead Shot seemed to be a pre-arranged signal since the remainder of the Apaches responded to it with a deadly volley.

The troopers of D Company leaped for their weapons immediately after the first shot and returned the volley. About eight of the traitorous Scouts were shot along with several other Apaches, and the hostiles darted for a ravine to continue the firing. Nock-ay-del-Klinne dropped to the ground and was crawling toward the renegades when Sergeant MacDonald and Trumpter William Benites carried out Carr's orders and shot the medicine man where he lay. His wife threw herself over the body and began her death wail.

"General Carr," recalled Cruse, "appearing as unruffled as if in his own quarters, ignoring the bullets that whined around him from

24. *Ibid.*, 107-110.

25. N.A., R. G. 98. Report dated Fort Apache, November 2, 1881.

26. *Ibid.*

no more than fifty feet distance, began to give his orders for clearing the little plateau."²⁷

Carr noticed E company deploying into a skirmish line and called to Stanton to "sweep out that bottom with skirmishes." Stanton could not hear the order for the gunfire, so Carter, dodging a blistering hail of bullets, ran over to repeat the order to Stanton with the "General's compliments." Stanton dismounted his troopers and hit the hostiles' left flank and across their front, forcing them across the creek. Carr later reported that Stanton's act "saved the day."²⁸

Carr ordered Cruse to defend the small mesa farthest from the creek. Cruse gathered up what men he had left alive from his rear guard and pushed up from what had been the camp of A troop in order to stop any charge from the hostiles on that flank. By this time the Apaches were pouring deadly fire into every square inch of the camp at about a range of three hundred yards. Exposed in the middle of this maelstrom was Dr. McGreery, attending the wounded under a Cottonwood tree in the creek bottom.

About five o'clock Carter and two troopers ran out and brought in Captain Hentig's body.

During the course of the battle Mose clung closely to Carr so that he would not be mistaken for a hostile. Suddenly, the Colonel remembered that he had not seen Clarke, his son, since the firing began. Frantically, he called the boy's name and asked several troopers if they had seen him. Then Clark answered. He seemed to be the only person enjoying the battle, firing his Winchester to his heart's content. (Clarke Carr served as a Major in the Spanish American War and was distinguished for good service in Cuba and the Philippines.) A sergeant commented that the boy had fought "like a seasoned trooper."²⁹

After the first shots the command had lost most of its horses, which had been driven away by Sanchez, who killed Pvt. John Sondregger in doing so. Later, Cruse spotted about five of the animals grazing several hundred yards from his sector of the line. He and a sergeant made up their minds to re-capture them, but instead the horses stampeded toward the hostiles who in turn poured a murderous fire down upon the pair. "I was never so thoroughly surrounded by bullets in my life," Cruse confessed.³⁰

The firing continued until dark, the soldiers building breastworks of packages and rocks. Finally, the gunfire grew sporadic, then ceased. At the beginning of the fight the hostiles numbered about three hundred and increased to about eight hundred by nightfall. For several hours the small command had stood off the superior numbers and at least for the moment, they had won.

27. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 113.

28. N. A., R. G. 98. Report dated Fort Apache, November 2, 1881.

29. *Ibid.*

30. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 115.

Colonel Carr, realized that the hostiles could not be pursued without the services of the Apache scouts, who all except Mose had deserted. Being outnumbered Carr decided upon a night march. Cruse later recalled that the command was so greatly outnumbered that "if the hostiles had owned one leader of consequence, they would have annihilated us. But with Nock-ay-del-Klinne dead, the conglomeration began to fall to pieces, just when coherence would have ensured success."³¹

Before the command left for the dangerous journey back to Fort Apache, the dead were gathered and buried under Carr's bullet-ridden tent.

Sergeant John A. Smith, D Company, was in command of the burial detail. While the bodies were being gathered, Smith observed a movement among the corpses. He ran to them and according to his recollections saw a horrifying spectacle. It was Nock-ay-del-Klinne, still alive, crawling along the ground, blood oozing from the three bullet holes in his head. The medicine man was blinded by his wounds, but his instinctive desire to live led him to crawl where he sensed safety lay. Smith glanced around, a shot would alarm the command but if the medicine man reached the hostiles alive, none would doubt his immortality. An axe lay near by. The sergeant picked it up and struck twice with finality. Nock-ay-del-Klinne crawled no more. Smith then observed a large medallion around the prophet's neck. He tore it off, held it to the light of the camp fire and read the ironic inscription "On Earth, Peace, Good Will Toward Men."³²

After all the dead were buried, the command ate a quick dinner and set about destroying any supplies that could not be taken back. Caution was taken against leaving any guns or ammunition. About eleven p.m. Carr gave the order to move out and the command departed from the camp, leaving their slain comrades behind. Carr later recalled this moment: "When all was ready, I said over them [the dead soldiers] as much as I could remember, and had Taps sounded. This served for 'good night' to them and also to indicate to the Indians that we were going to sleep. To fire volleys over the grave would have been to notify [the] Indians that we were burying them at night with the intention of moving out at once."³³

Care was taken to mark the grave positions of the troopers so that they might be identified when re-interred in the post cemetery.

31. *Ibid.*, 118.

32. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 116; Mazzanovich, *Trailing Geronimo*, 19. There seems to be conflicting accounts of just how Nock-ay-del-Klinne was killed at this point. Cruse states that when the medicine man began to crawl, a trumpeter from D Troop "rushed forward, jammed his revolver against Nock-ay-del-Klinne's head and fired." However Smith seems to be a modest, reliable person, and when his personal friend Anton Mazzanovich wrote of his experiences in *Trailing Geronimo*, Smith begged him not to mention the incident, stating: "Really, Comrade Mazzanovich, it was rather an unpleasant method of bumping the medicine man over the long trail, but it was the only way under the existing conditions."

33. N. A., R. G. 98. Report dated Fort Apache, November 2, 1881.

The command wound its way over the rugged trail without incident during the night. By dawn of August 31, they were miles from the battleground of the bloody Cibicu.

The column, numbering about sixty-eight or seventy, after the desertion of the scouts, had suffered heavy casualties considering the number engaged. Killed were: Captain E. C. Hentig, and Privates Sullivan, Miller, Livingstone, Bird, Sondegros and Sondregger; mortally wounded Private Foran, who died en route that night; wounded, Sergeant McDonald (leg) and Private Berry (shoulder); missing due to desertion in the face of the enemy—some thirty to forty Apache scouts. The hostiles' losses were estimated at about eighteen or twenty including about six of the mutinous scouts.³⁴

By the time the first rays of dawn began to show over Mount Baldy, the column found itself on a mesa overlooking Carrizo Creek. By the time they twisted down the mesa into the valley and followed the stream around a bend, they could see Fort Apache in the distance—unburned. They had feared it might be otherwise. The command had made the march home safely.

During the night the hostiles had sent runners into Fort Apache and San Carlos, claiming that Carr and the majority of the command had been killed, and predicting that the Indians would finish the job in the morning. The news reached Fort Apache about four-thirty in the morning and San Carlos in the early afternoon. The hostiles urged the peaceful Indians to join them as the scouts had done. Some of the young bucks did so, but the majority of these peaceful Indians, fearing the consequences of Cibicu, headed for remote regions of the White Mountain Reservation, as did many of the hostiles who participated in the fight, having second thoughts after it was over.

Hence, as Carr's bedraggled command approached the Fort in the forenoon of August 31, 1881, without their knowledge, word of their deaths was being broadcast across the country under the screaming headline—"CARR AND HIS COMMAND MASSACRED BY APACHES!!"³⁵

In some cases Eastern newspapers reprinted their old accounts of the Custer massacre five years previous, simply replacing the appropriate names. There were obituaries for some of the officers too. For example Cruse was supposed to have been the first victim as he was "shot to pieces" when he tried to force his way in to arrest the medicine man.³⁶ Several days later when Carr read the reports he must have chuckled, himself, never having been an admirer of George Armstrong Custer.

But the most important aspect of these fake reports were the effect they had upon Major Cochran and the men at Fort Apache.

34. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 117-118.

35. *Ibid.*, 119.

36. *Ibid.*, 125.

Reports began coming into the Fort during the early morning hours. "About 4 a.m." recalled Sergeant Will C. Barnes years later, "a half breed known as Sevriano was stopped by the guard as he came through the entrance of the post on a pony that had been ridden almost to death. It was evident that Sevriano had a story concealed about his person. The officer of the day put him through the third degree, and wormed out of him the startling information that Carr's command had been attacked the previous afternoon at the ghost dancing camp on Cibicu Creek, and every soldier and officer killed. He declared the medicine man's bullet-proof shirt had proved its worth and that no Apaches had been killed. He further said that the Apaches were on their way to attack the Fort. At that time there were exactly seventeen able bodied men and four officers in the post."³⁷

Immediately Major Cochran began preparations for defending Fort Apache by building barricades with material available.³⁸

A band of peaceful Apaches led by old Chief Pedro who had lived near the post for some time began to worry for fear of reprisal, since many of his people had attended the dances at Cibicu. The threat of an attack on the Fort also stirred the old man to pull up stakes, and with all his people, he scurried back to his original home near Cooley Ranch, deep in the White Mountains.³⁹

The garrison could only wait and hope. Colonel Carr's wife, Mary, insisted that there wasn't an Indian alive that could kill her husband. Lieutenant Carter's wife believed also that her husband would come back. "I will never forget the sorrow of those bereaved women nor the fortitude they displayed" remarked Barnes.⁴⁰ Cochran, not sure what to do and knowing that the post was probably surrounded by Apaches, decided to find out for himself just what the conditions were. He could not send a message because the telegraph was down and for some unexplainable reason Willcox never sent couriers to Fort Apache after he heard the reports of the massacre.

Early in the afternoon, Sergeant Will C. Barnes, who was in the signal corps and out of a job at the moment with the severed telegraph, volunteered to climb the mesa behind the Fort. With field glasses and signal flags, Barnes intended to signal the post if he saw either Indians or cavalry approaching. Every move he made through the draw sheltering the north fork of White River and up to the mesa was watched by hostiles. They could have shot him down at any time but did not simply because they were curious as to what

37. Barnes, *Apaches and Longhorns*, 55-56.

38. Fort Apache, like many of the forts in the West had no wall around it for the simple reason that Indians very rarely attacked a post. This was one of the very few exceptions in the annals of the Indian Wars of the West where such an attack on a Fort occurred. For a description of the post, see Ray Brandes, *Frontier Military Posts of Arizona*. (Globe, Arizona, 1960), 10-13.

39. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 118.

40. Barnes, *Apaches and Longhorns*, 57.

he was doing up there. Eventually Barnes noticed a soldier in the fort signaling him. The message stated that hostiles had been sighted in the vicinity of the mesa he was on and that he should return to the fort. The sergeant took flags in hand and signaled back that he preferred to stay until night-fall when the Apaches probably would not attack. He lay in the hot sun for awhile and finally sighted a dust cloud rising in the valley. He seized the field glasses and noticed mounted riders in blue, riding single file with outriders on either side. The line grew longer and finally the guidons appeared at the head of the troop. It was a cavalry column and in its front Barnes could make out an officer with a shining grey beard. It was Carr, and the command and they were very much alive. Barnes excitedly signaled back to the post that the command had not been massacred and were returning to the Fort.⁴¹ The hostiles sighted the column at the same time, made their get-away and Barnes returned to the post. For this deed Will C. Barnes was decorated for bravery with the Congressional Medal of Honor. He remained in Arizona and became one of the State's most colorful figures, being elected to the legislature, appointed inspector of the Forestry Bureau, and in later years a successful writer and historian.⁴²

The column straggled into Fort Apache about 2:30 in the afternoon, and Major Cochran, who had been waiting on the parade ground, gladly welcomed Carr back to the command of the post.

Meanwhile preparations to defend the Fort continued as the Apaches were surrounding it on all sides. Carr ordered open areas barricaded and rifle ports cut into the walls of the buildings. The hostiles were closing in slowly. They had already made their presence felt. Some of them had found a dead pack-mule, it was reported, which was laden with much ammunition, although Carr, from his records, had taken measures against this mishap.⁴³ On the 31st they scoured the countryside. They ambushed and burned four Mormons within sight of the Fort. Three troopers of the Twelfth Infantry were killed eight miles from the post.

The dawn of September 1 found a grave-diggers detail interning a dead soldier (probably private Foran) in the cemetery about a quarter of a mile from the Fort. The detail was ambushed by Apaches and hurried back to the post just ahead of the pursuing Indians. Minutes later a work detail and guard at the saw-mill were similarly ambushed and driven back. In a rare instance in western history, hostile Indians were attacking a fort.⁴⁴

The Apaches opened fire from the northeast and the south. Lieutenant Charles Gordon, who had inherited the command of D. Troop from Hentig, crashed to the ground, a slug in his leg. He wise cracked, "well, I got my billet and bullet in the same day." Soon the hostiles set fire to several of the outlying buildings and the attack

41. *Ibid.*, 60-61.

42. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 128.

43. Ogle, *op. cit.*, 204.

44. Barnes, *Apaches and Longhorns*, 68-69.

grew worse.⁴⁵ Captain Alexander MacGowen repulsed a body of Indians attempting to capture the sawmill, and held it until the end of the siege.⁴⁶

The gunfire into the Fort "kicked up little geysers of dust on the parade ground between officer's quarters and barracks" recalled Cruse. About twenty Indians appeared below the Fort, wormed their way up toward the hospital. Lieutenant Cruse's detachment spotted them and sent deadly fire into their position. They quickly lost interest in the hospital and ran for cover. Beyond the reservoir another party of hostiles sent a volley sizzling into Lieutenant Stanton's line near the Adjutant's office. The firing continued until dusk, the Garrison not always firing back due to the long range and heavy cover the Apaches had. Finally the hostiles exhausted their ammunition but the Garrison stood fast at their posts throughout the night. The morning of September 2nd found only a few Indians scattered about the Fort.⁴⁷

Ammunition was short and Carr decided to send a message once again to Fort Thomas for reinforcements. That night Chief Packer Nobles and a scout named John (Cibicu Charlie) Colvig set out with the message as the telegraph wire was still down. They could not get through. On the night of September 3rd, Lieutenant Stanton and E Company attempted the journey and arrived at Fort Thomas on the fourth.⁴⁸ At last the truth was known. The command had not been massacred. Reinforcements from Fort Thomas rushed to Fort Apache to be replaced by troops from Forts Bowie, Huachuca and Grant in case trouble occurred at the Fort Thomas end. By the middle of September, Division Commander Irwin McDowell had sent so many reinforcements that they swarmed over the Fort Apache-San Carlos area. The hostiles began surrendering by the hundreds. Eventually five of the traitorous Scouts came in, including Dead Shot and Dandy Jim.

On September 17 Carr, under orders from Willcox, returned to Cibicu, arriving on the 20th to clean out what hostiles remained there. He found none, but the bodies of the dead soldiers from the battle had been dug up and mutilated. "I reburied them," Carr wrote, "and gave them the usual volleys, parading the whole command."⁴⁹

Later the arrest of Sanchez, who had led the Cibicu battle, was called for and Carr slipped into the hostiles' camp and arrested a large number of leading Indians although an important Chief, Nanti-o-tish, with twelve braves escaped.⁵⁰

The next year General Willcox, who obviously had handled the Cibicu affair miserably, and perhaps to draw attention away from

46. Ibid.

47. Cruse, *Apache Days*, 130-133.

48. Ibid., 130-131.

49. N. A. R. G. 98. Report of Col. E. A. Carr dated November 4, 1881.

50. King, *War Eagle*, 218.

his incompetency, blamed the entire fault for the outbreak on Carr. He preferred charges against him for neglect of duty and a list of specifications which included:

- 1.) Allowing the command "to become separated and thereby putting it in great and unnecessary peril."
- 2.) Camping "in a negligent manner."
- 3.) Failing to take necessary precaution, with resulting disaster.
- 4.) Arming the Indian Scouts of dubious loyalty and taking them along.⁵¹

The dispute between General Willcox and Eugene A. Carr came to a head when Carr demanded a Court of Inquiry to investigate the charges. It convened August 15, 1882 at Fort Whipple, with General Hatch presiding. Through his stubbornness Carr won almost complete exoneration. The findings of the Court were stated as follows:

"The Court is of the opinion that the errors of Colonel Carr seem to have been those of judgment only. The prompt execution of his orders to arrest the medicine man, and his subsequent conduct in action, and the dispositions made to secure his command when the fight commenced are highly commendable. Considering all the facts in the case, and the gallant conduct of Colonel Carr when the moment for prompt action arrived, the charges and specifications embraced in this inquiry should not, in the opinion of the court, be made the subject of trial by Court Martial."⁵²

Later, President Chester A. Arthur, reviewed the case and stated that he was "not satisfied with the condition of affairs in the Department of Arizona" and ordered the General of the Army to "properly admonish" Carr.⁵³ Several weeks later General Orlando B. Willcox was relieved of command of the Department of Arizona.⁵⁴

Before a general court-martial, which convened at Fort Grant, Arizona Territory, November 11, 1881, these were arraigned:

- Sergeant No. 2 (alias Dead Shot),
- Sergeant No. 4 (alias Dandy Jim, Alias Dandy Bill),
- Sergeant No. 2 (alias Skitashe, alias Skippy).

Two other Indian scouts were arraigned on four charges of muntiny, desertion and murder. These five scouts were tried found guilty of all charges. Two of them were dishonorably discharged and sentenced to long sentences on Alcatraz Island and later an

51. N. A., R. G. 94. Document File 4327-1881, Apache Troubles, N.A.R.G. 94.

52. General Orders No. 125. N. A., R. G. 94.

53. N. A., R. G. 94. R. T. Lincoln's endorsement on Willcox's letter to the Adjutant-General dated January 6, 1881.

54. It is not the scope of this article to relate in detail the Court of Inquiry, and a discussion of the Willcox-Carr disputes would take a volume.

army prison.⁵⁵ Dandy Jim, (who killed Captain Hentig), Dead Shot and Skippy were sentenced to be hanged by the proper military authority, on the third day of March, 1882, between the hours of ten o'clock a.m. and two o'clock p.m.⁵⁶

At 12:30 p.m. of that day the three scouts were taken from their cells at Fort Grant and led to the gallows, before ranks of troops at attention, in case trouble ensued. The sentence was read and carried out.⁵⁷ The wife of Dead Shot supposedly hanged herself the same day.⁵⁸

Controversy over the hanging of these three scouts arose afterward. Many believed it was unjust; Lieutenant Cruse included. General George Crook twice commander of the Department of Arizona, wrote:

"I learned to my own satisfaction that the Indians are firmly of the belief that the affair—was an attack premeditated by the white soldiers—I am convinced any attempt to punish any of these Indian soldiers for participation in it would bring on a war."⁵⁹

Will C. Barnes, who knew and liked Dead Shot very well, remarked "there were many who questioned the need for such drastic punishment; I know the writer of these lines certainly did." According to Barnes, Dead Shot "died—game, calm, and unemotional to the very last." Dead Shot's wife left behind her two young boys, about six and seven when she hanged herself. Barnes adopted the boys, and for several years they lived with him on his cattle ranch. The elder boy he named "Riley." In 1936 Riley's son became Chief of Indian Scouts at Fort Huachuca.⁶⁰

Thus ended the Cibicu episode, with its origins in mystic desperation for survival and its end embodied in controversies and disputes. It was one of the most colorful and unusual affairs in the history of the Indian Wars.

As for the Apache Scouts, after the incident, they never again betrayed the trust of the white man. In the five years to follow they led General Crook and Lieutenant Charles Gatewood into the Sierra Madre of Old Mexico, to the last out-post of Geronimo and to final surrender and a subsequent end to the Apache Wars. The Army

55. Both were finally released by executive order and returned to the reservation, June 29, 1884. Will C. Barnes, "The Battle of Cibicu." *Arizona Highways*, (March, 1936), 7.

56. Mazzanovich, *Geronimo*, 208 and 213. For the proceedings of three Court Martials, see Mazzanovich, *Geronimo*, 208-213.

57. *Arizona Star*, March 3, 4, 1881.

58. Barnes, *Place Names*, 95.

59. N. A. R. G. 94. Letter of General Crook to Adjutant General of the Pacific dated September 28, 1881.

60. For the heart warming story of Barnes' friendship with Dead Shot and the consequent adoption of his sons, See Barnes' article in *Arizona Highways* for March, 1936, 7 and 18-20.

simply could not have done the job without them. They knew every mesa and arroyo in the Southwest, not to mention the favorite strongholds of the hostiles. "Catch an Apache with an Apache" was the method employed and it was the only one that worked. Names like Chato, Ki-e-ta, and Maritine, who risked sudden death to bring a final end to hostilities by renegades of their own people, will live as long as Americans care to remember and honor their country's heroes. It was these Apache Scouts, more than any other group of men, who tamed the territories of Arizona and New Mexico.

THE LIFE OF IRENE GLENN BRODIE

by Lucille Wilbourn

At this writing, Mrs. Irene Glenn Brodie is the only living member of the Glenn family that traveled by covered wagon from Texas to Arizona in 1897.¹ Irene Glenn was born in 1893 to J. J. and Josephine Glenn in Water Valley a small farming community near San Angelo, Texas. Here the Glenns raised cotton, cattle and a few horses. There were eleven children in the Glenn family—Mattie, Will, John Henry, Willis, Ira, the twins Arnette and Jeanette, Myrtle, Lester, Irene and the youngest Ruby. Will, the eldest boy, left home and moved to Arizona to work on the Diamond A Ranch. He was so impressed with the country that he encouraged the family to move to Arizona also.

In 1897 the Glenn family with two other families started on the long trek. There were three wagons in the caravan and the trip was slow because they also had cattle and horses to drive along with them. Since there were no roads along part of their route, they traveled where they could get adequate water for their animals and took frequent rest stops. While at one rest stop, fourteen year old Arnette and a girl friend wandered down to a goat herder's camp nearby, and when the party started again the two girls were left behind. The fact that the girls were not with the wagons was not discovered until the party stopped for the noon meal. Ira Glenn saddled a horse for himself and led another back to retrieve the tearful girls. Arnette imagined that she had been left on purpose because her family was so large. Thereafter the parents held a roll call before departing.

These Texas emigrants made their way to Peco, Texas, to El Paso, Texas, then up to Silver City, New Mexico and then southwest to Lordsburg. Entering Arizona they came to Apache Pass and in this mountainous country the people had to walk as much as possible so their horses could get the wagons over the summit. The trek ended in Willcox and Irene recollects the trip from Texas took about one year. The Glenns stayed in Willcox only part of a year and then moved to Turquoise, now called Gleason.

In 1902 Irene's father, J. J. Glenn, purchased the High Lonesome Ranch and moved the family to the new community of Douglas. Schools were at a premium in the new town and were held in almost any available place—most frequently in the early days they were one-room buildings. Eventually a two-room school was constructed where the present Phelps Dodge Clinic is located. In these early schools the Glenn children received their education.

Irene recalled one of her teachers Ed Grindell and his mysterious disappearance. Ed and his brother Thomas Grindell who was the first Superintendent of Schools in Douglas and a former Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, and several other men made an exploration trip into Sonora, Mexico and were never heard of again. Irene recollected how the school children of Douglas assisted in raising money to send a rescue party to search for the missing men. The men were never found and it was assumed that they died of thirst in the Tiburon Desert. All that was recovered was Ed's Masonic ring and a camera.

Irene remembers many changes in Douglas, specifically that the Copper Queen Library was once located on the site of the present Post Office, and the Ord Hotel once stood when the new Valley National Bank was recently built. The 1910-12 period witnessed a great deal of entertainment coming to Douglas. The Orpheum Theater had live shows, and there were several motion picture theaters as well. She recalled that admission to the early motion picture shows as only ten cents.

Irene recalls an incident when Alvaro Obregon, one of the most capable leaders of the Mexican Revolution, came into Agua Prieta. She was about 16 years old at the time and remembers standing on First Street in Douglas with a number of other young people and were listening to the shooting across the line.

Irene married Mr. D. C. Brodie in 1912 and they lived in Douglas for a while before moving to El Paso. While living in Douglas, Irene recalls a time when her mother-in-law, Mrs. Etta Brodie, and another woman had gone to Agua Prieta to buy meat. At the time, Obregon and some of his men had slipped into Agua Prieta unnoticed on a train and the men came off the train shooting. The two women beat a hasty retreat back to the safety of the U. S. as fast as their horse and buggy could carry them; they were not injured by the flying bullets, but were very upset by their experience.

In 1913 the Brodies moved to El Paso where their son, Colin Brodie Jr., was born. About 1915 Francisco "Pancho" Villa, Mexican bandit chieftan, came into Juarez. The Brodies and others went into Juarez to see Villa and his band. The bandit and his group were in a big corral along with their horses and mules. There were several small fires and the women with the group were making tortillas and cooking beans. About the same time, General Pershing and his foot soldiers went into Hatchita, N. Mex. to try to apprehend some Mexican bandits that had crossed into the U.S. from Mexico. Mrs. Brodie remembers seeing the soldiers on their return by foot

to El Paso sitting on the banks of the Rio Grande cooling their feet after the long walk. Some of the men's feet were bleeding.

In 1917 Mr. Brodie signed a contract with the American Smelting and Mining Company to go to the Braden Copper Company in Santiago, Chile where a new smelter was being built. Mr. Brodie was a chief electrician. Since there was no housing for families, Mr. Brodie made the trip to South America alone. Later, Mrs. Brodie and son joined him. The area in which they lived was high in the Andes Mountains and only moss grew as it was above the timber line. However, where the main offices were, the country was very much like the Rucker Canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains. She had two summers that year; they left Douglas in September and went into another summer in Chile.

While Mr. Brodie was aboard ship en route to Chile, they received word that the country was at war with Germany. The men aboard ship registered for the draft. Mr. Brodie's draft notice was sent to him in Douglas. Because of delays, the notice did not reach him in Chile for two months. Needless to say, by this time Mr. Brodie was in trouble with the U. S. Government. A letter from the Selective Service was received later that stated that he would be jailed if he ever returned to the U. S. The young couple was justifiably worried and broke their contract with the mining company and returned to the U. S. as quickly as possible. Mr. Brodie reported to the Draft Board in Tombstone in hopes of explaining the situation. Shortly thereafter the war ended.

William and Marvin Glenn, son's of Ira Glenn, are well known in the Douglas area. Rex Glenn, son of Lester Glenn, now owns the High Lonesome Ranch and the family is pleased that the ranch is still in the family.