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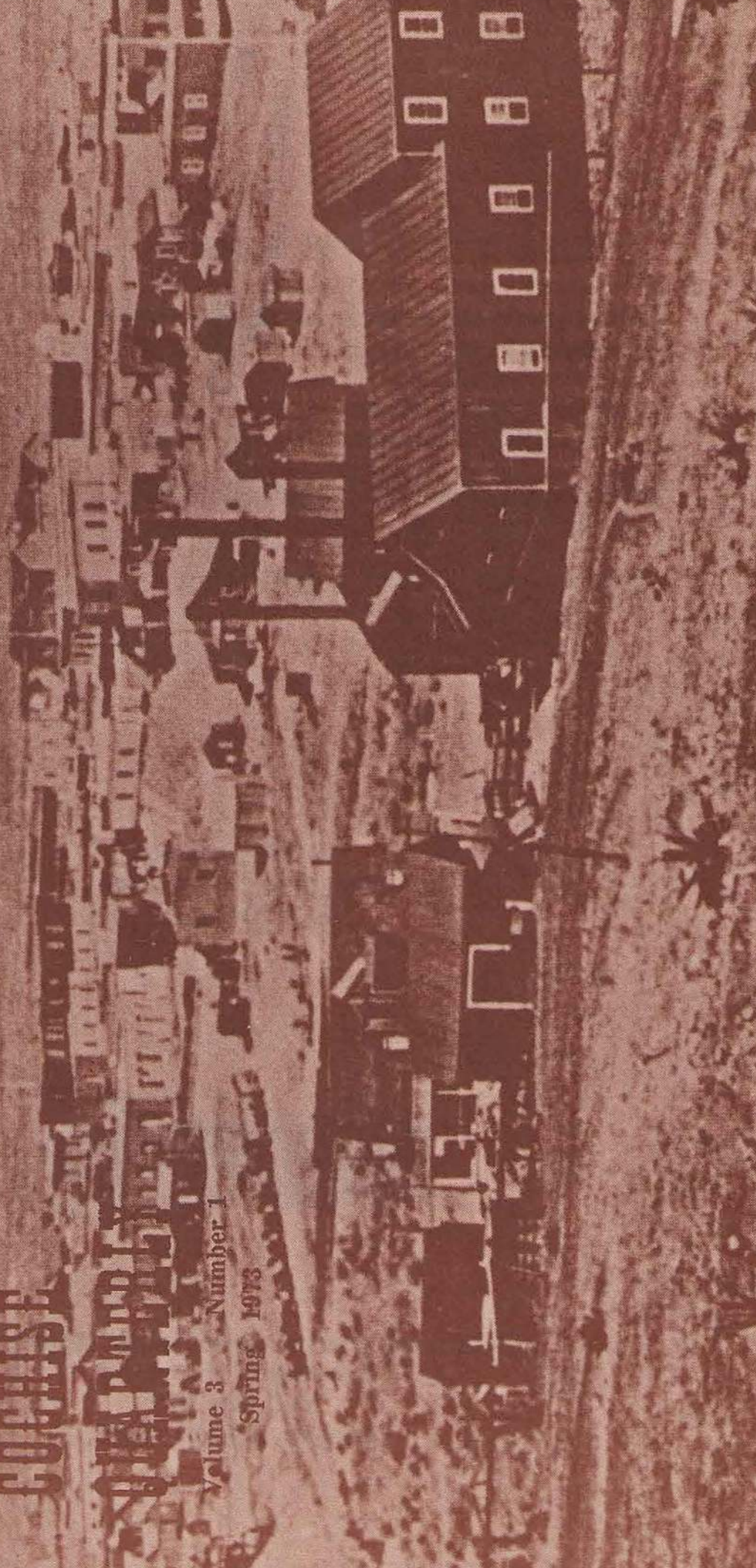
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Cover Photograph
Toughnut Mine—1881
Tombstone, Arizona



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SOME ETHNOGRAPHIC NOTES ON MEXICAN POTTERY

By Richard D. Myers

George M. Foster aptly points out that Mexico, like no other area of comparable size in the world, produces the greatest diversity of ceramic styles. In Mexico more pottery per capita, more forms, designs and colors are produced than any where else. The same is true for methods of manufacture. This, Foster attributes to an acculturative process—the post-conquest assimilation of native Mexican and introduced Spanish practices. At the time of the conquest, the Spanish potter's art was at its peak of perfection and both the "folk" and the majolica techniques were introduced into Mexico. At this time, there was an equally vigorous native tradition of pottery manufacture based upon hand modeling, the use of molds, slipping and painting and firing in open fires (Foster, 1955:1).

Archaeologists working with the prehistory of Mexico report numerous methods and techniques of pottery manufacture, even before the encroachment of Europeans into the New World. Michael Coe (Coe, 1965: 13-22) describes slipped, engraved, incised, excised, polished, smudged and negative painting as decorating techniques of the Pre-Classic period in central Mexico. Isabel Kelly, working at Apatzingan, Michoacan (Kelly, 1947); Robert Lister at Cojumatlan, Michoacan (Lister, 1949); Muriel Porter, at Tlatilco in the Valley of Mexico (Porter, 1953); Alfred Tozzer at Santiago Ahuitzotla, Mexico, D. F. (Tozzer, 1921); George Vaillant at Ticoman near Mexico City (Vaillant, 1931) all report similar techniques in fashioning and decorating pottery in pre-conquest times.

With the advent of Spanish intrusion, the manufacture of majolica has continued to the present time with few improvements. It has been the Spanish "folk" techniques, and particularly the use of the wheel, glazing, and the simple kiln that has modified and improved many of the Mexican methods of pottery manufacture. Not all native regions have adopted the Spanish imports. The more marginal areas continue to make pottery in the native fashion without any apparent changes. Thus it is possible, in Mexico, to see the simplest ceramic techniques and the production of the beautiful Puebla majolica. Between these two extremes can be found many variations.

Most Mexican pottery is made for utilitarian purposes (Foster 1945:45). Valliant (1935:232) notes that black wares were the dominant service pottery in the Valley of Mexico during the pre-conquest periods. This has been carried over into modern times in the Oaxacan area where Paul Van de Velde found the black pottery the "most truly indigenous of all Oaxacan ceramics." (Van Del Velde, 1939:10). This is not to say that all Mexican utilitarian wares are black. Even in the Oaxacan market one finds a multitude of wares in an endless variety of colors, sizes and forms.

Some Mexican pottery is made for gifts, religions and secular purposes, toys, and specialized purposes which includes an ever in-

creasing array of tourist items. As a whole, Foster believes potters to be "conservative" and reluctant to try new methods and to innovate (Foster, 1955:47). This may be part of the reason why the marginal areas continue to make pottery after the prehistoric fashion. The increased tourist demand may have an interesting sociological effect upon the Mexican potters in the future.

Potters often occupy a low level on the social scale because of the feeling that the work is dirty. Many of them view their work as a livelihood and do not enjoy, nor find it interesting. Foster says there is a complete lack of "aesthetic urge." (Foster, 1955:51-52). At Coyotepec, where the people are mostly Zapotec and Mixtec in origin, about one third of the population of the village are potters. An estimate places an average of three members of a potter's household actively engaged in making pottery which brings the family about five pesos a week for the eight months that pottery is made. During the rainy season, the other four months, the men engage in farming (Van De Velde, 1939:10-20).

In surveying the literature, both archaeologically and ethnographically, it becomes apparent that little attempt has been made to summarize and describe the techniques of Mexican pottery making as a part of a comparative analysis. Foster (1955) is the best I have found but it is restricted to southern and central Mexico. A number of descriptions of modern Mexican pottery making have been published, but they tend to cluster around areas of southern Mexico. The northern reaches of the country lack much description except for brief accounts given by Charles Di Peso (1950), A. L. Kroeber (1931) and Carl Lumholtz (1902). Alan Phelps (1964) and Robert Lister (1958) simply describe types of prehistoric pottery found in northern Chihuahua.

Some sort of comparative analysis is needed all the more since many of the contemporary techniques of pottery making are pre-conquest in origin and an understanding would facilitate the interpretation of archaeological data. To cite an example, Foster points out that pottery made from two contrasting clays, which are pulverized when dry, mixed and then moistened, often appear to show temper along broken edges. This is because the pulverizing and mixing are not perfect and tiny "islands" absorb less moisture than the rest of the clay paste. When such a vessel is fired and then broken, the fracture will show spots of varying sizes, clearly visible to the naked eye, which give the appearance of a sand temper (Foster, 1959:9). Kelly complained that her work in Michoacan was hampered because of the limited knowledge of the surrounding areas ceramically, so that a comparative study could not be made (Kelly, 1947:97).

Many archaeologists have employed ceramics as a means of dating and this is evident in many of the works cited at the end of this article. Lister employs this method in his Cojumatlan material in which he uses plumbate ware in dating and associating the site with a known horizon (Lister, 1949:51).

The principal contemporary pottery techniques employed in

Mexico include the following: (1) Hand-modeling from a single lump of clay; (2) Building, either alone, or in combination with other techniques, such as coiling; (3) molding, using convex pottery molds; (4) molding, using concave pottery molds; (5) modeling, using a revolving mold; and (6) wheel-throwing.

Hand modeling, as done by the Sierra Popoluca in the state of Vera Cruz, consists of taking a lump of clay, placing it on a banana leaf on the ground and gradually enlarging a depression in the top of the lump of clay. As the pot takes shape, one hand serves as a support on the inside, while the other hand manipulates a corn cob used to smooth the outside. After the pot has been smoothed on the bottom it is dried and fired in an open fire.

Building a pot employs the technique of adding daubs of clay or coils to a hand shaped saucer which serves as the bottom of the pot in order to build up the walls (Foster 1955:3-4). The Tarahumara use a similar method. A lump of clay is hollowed out in the shape of a cup and from this foundation the pot is built up, thin layers of clay are added successively and smoothed over with wet hands making the walls thinner and thinner (Lumholtz, 1902:251).

Among the Totonac, pairs of thick coils are formed into complete rings which are superimposed upon one another to form a bottomless cylinder. The coils are fused by hand, scraped and smoothed with a corncob and a piece of dried gourd. The bottomless pot is allowed to dry for several days with care being taken to keep the base moist. The pot is then inverted and the still moist paste of the lower edge is drawn together to close the bottom. Firing is done in the open (Kelly and Palerm, 1952:217).

A simple and widespread ceramic method used in Mexico is the mold technique. Many vessels including bowls, cups, plates, comales (clay griddles) and molcojetes (grinding bowls) are fashioned using this method. The potter pounds out paste in circular slabs using a flat stone as a mallet and working on a board. This paste disc is then laid over the convex surface of the mold. This may be only the preliminary step in forming more elaborate vessels. Added steps can include the addition of rims, the use of the potter's wheel to add more paste, or adding a second mold of a different shape (Foster 1955:4-5).

Another method involves molding with concave "vertical halves." This technique is found in the Michoacan highlands. The potter covers a vessel, which is to be reproduced, with paste. While the paste is still damp, the covering is cut on opposite sides so that the near identical halves fall apart. When dried, they are fired. Paste "tortillas" are then pressed inside each half, smoothed into shape and the halves stuck together. After a short drying period, the vessel is removed and the molds are used again. This technique is popular in effigy wares, cooking pots, water jars, pitchers and other forms in which the mouth and neck are narrower than the widest diameter of the vessel (Foster, 1955:6).

Modeling with revolving molds are used in the manufacture of

Coyotepec pottery in Oaxaca. Here two bowls are employed. One serving to hold the vessel to be formed is placed on top of another inverted bowl. This allows the potter to revolve and spin the vessel as it is fashioned (Van De Velde, 1939:30).

Simpler forms which are little more than convenient mobile bases on which to turn pots are found in other Oaxacan towns and in Chiapas.

Wheel throwing involves the use of the true wheel and is a Spanish introduction commonly used in Mexico. It is usually of the traditional Spanish type—a solid wood disc supported by a vertical axis which has a larger wheel at its other end. The potter sits in a position so as to turn the larger wheel with his foot. Wheel thrown pottery is commonly associated with the larger towns and cities where majolica is made.

The types of clay and tempering materials vary from section to section. In Colima, Oaxaca and Jalisco untempered clay, gray to black in color, is used because the natural clay has enough impurities in it to serve as tempering material. Where temper is purposefully added to the clay, sand appears to be the most common material. In Chiapas Village, burned calcite is added to the clay and in another village ground up cave stalactites serves as a tempering medium. Very often, different vegetable materials are used for temper. Cattail fluff is popular in some areas while in other, dried grasses serve the purpose. Animal dung is added to the clays used by the Mayo and Seri Indians of northern Mexico (Kroeber, 1931:17). In central Mexico it is a common practice to simply mix two different kinds of clay without adding, consciously, any tempering material. Apparently the natural clays have a natural consistency which prevents undue loss of pottery vessels by cracking (Foster, 1955:8-9).

The finishes on Mexican ceramics are as varied as the techniques used in making pottery. A white-buff-light brown slip with simple red-brown-chocolate decorations, dating back to post Teotihuacan horizons, is found today in some peripheral areas in the states of Guerrero, Veracruz, Hidalgo and Puebla. Such wares are associated with relatively crude, large water jars. It is interesting to note that this ware is not found in the pottery towns of central Mexico and appears mostly commonly on coiled or hand-modeled pottery. This, at least, suggests a continuation of the prehistoric ware into the 20th century without Spanish influence. Such influence may have more affect on pottery in the towns.

Another popular ware in central Mexico is a red slipped, burnished ware which is found in Michoacan, Guanajuato, Jalisco, Morelos and Guerrero. Smudged wares are common in Oaxaca. Glazing has a central distribution and the green glazes are from Michoacan and Oaxaca. Yellow glazes come from Guerrero, Mexico, Michoacan, Aguascalientes and Hidalgo.

The most unusual of all Mexican finishes is one called the "Mitla Design." This is found today on wheel thrown pottery from

Oaxaca City. A white slip is applied over a brown base, allowed to dry, and then incised to the original brown base. This leaves the design in mosaic-like white and brown base relief. The vessel is then covered with a transparent glaze before firing (Foster, 1955:9-10). This is another contemporary technique dating back to pre-conquest times. Such a technique was employed at Ticoman (Vailant, 1931:80).

Open firing of pottery is generally found in the marginal areas and appears to be associated with coiled and hand-modeled wares—techniques which are indigenous to the New World. The vessels are placed face down on the ground or resting upon low stones, and a fire built around them. The use of a simple kiln with a fire box is common in some areas such as Michoacan, Guerrero, Jalisco, Oaxaca and Mexico. At Puebla the kilns are large vaulted chambers where tons of pottery can be fired in a single firing. Mexican pottery is ordinarily fired once. However, in some cases, if the vessel is glazed it will be fired a second time. (Foster, 1955:10-11).

From the brief comments made above, the reader should be aware of the sparcity of information regarding Mexican pottery. Such a fascinating subject needs to be researched more fully. The diversity of manufacture and decoration alone, as suggested by this article, can keep the interested investigator busy for years. Such a study needs to be made by some interprising individual.

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WHO SHOT JOHNNY RINGO?

by Larry Christiansen

The white rock marker simply reads "John Ringo, July 13, 1882," yet under a mound of rocks lies the earthly remains of one of Cochise County's most mysterious figures. Behind the grave-stone's simple inscription exists a controversy — who shot John Ringo. The exact manner of his death puzzled Ringo's contemporaries, and later writers, historians, and history buffs frequently disagreed as to what happened that last day of Ringo's life. The big controversy concerns whether Ringo shot himself or was the victim of another man's gun. Those who accept the latter position then debate the identity of the supposed murderer. The following narrative will address itself to the question of Ringo's death.



John Ringo's grave in Turkey Creek.

Ninety-one years ago on a hot summer day in 1882 a teamster hauling lumber from a canyon in the Chiricahua Mountains found a dead body in the forks of a tree in lower Turkey Creek Canyon.



Where John Ringo was found dead. Two black jack (right) and two white oak trees.

A local coroner's jury assembled, viewed the body, assessed the visual evidence and issued the following report:

Turkey or Morse's Mill Creek
July 14, 1882

STATEMENT FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE CORONER AND SHERIFF
OF COCHISE COUNTY, ARIZONA TERRITORY.

There was found by the undersigned John Yoast the body of a man in a clump of oak trees about 20 yards north from the road leading to Morse's mill and about a quarter of a mile west of the house of B. F. Smith. The undersigned reviewed the body and found it in a sitting position facing west, the head inclined to the right. There was a bullet hole in the right temple, the bullet coming out on top of the head on the left side. There is apparently a part of the scalp gone, including a small portion of the forehead and part of the hair, this looks as if cut out by a knife. These are the only marks of violence visible on the body. Several of the undersigned identify the body as that of John Ringo, well known in Tombstone. He was dressed in light hat, blue shirt, vest, pants, and drawers, on his feet were a pair of hose and undershirt torn up so as to protect his feet. He had evidently

1. Statement on file in the Cochise County Courthouse, Bisbee, Arizona.

travelled but a short distance in this foot gear. His revolver, he grasped in his right hand, his rifle rested against the tree close to him. He had two cartridge belts, the belt for the revolver cartridges being buckled on upside down.

The undernoted property were found with him and on his person: 1 Colt revolver Cal. 45, No. 222, containing 5 cartridges; 1 Winchester rifle—octagon barrel Cal. 45, Model 1876, No. 21896, containing a cartridge in the breech and 10 in the magazine; 1 cartridge belt containing 2 revolver cartridges; 1 silver watch of American watch company, No. 9339 with silver chain attached; 2 dollars and 60 cents (\$2.60) in money; 6 pistol cartridges in his pockets; 5 shirt studs; 1 small pocket knife; 1 tobacco pipe; 1 comb; 1 box matches; 1 small piece of tobacco.

There is also a portion of a letter from Messrs. Hereford & Zabriskie, Attorney's At Law, Tucson (to the deceased John Ringo).

The above property is left in the possession of Frederick Ward, teamster between Morse Mill and Tombstone. The body of the deceased was buried close to where it was found. When found deceased had been dead about 24 hours.

Coroner's Jury:

Thomas White	A. E. Lewis	J. C. McGregor
John Blake	A. S. Neighbors	John Yoast
John W. Bradfield	James Morgan	Fred Ward
B. F. Smith	Robert Boller	
W. W. Smith	W. J. Darril	

The jury in the absence of witnesses or any other outstanding evidence ruled that the deceased had killed himself. Ringo's revolver contained only five cartridges and presumably the hammer rested on an empty cartridge—although the statement did not so specify. Curious irregularities were noted such as the feet being wrapped in the man's undershirt and the sixgun still held by the dead man. Still what else could be decided right there on the spot without a time consuming inquest involving a trip or two into Tombstone? So the coroner's jury had the body buried a few yards east of the tree where the body had been found. The coroner's jury's statement went to Tombstone, the county seat, where on July 15, 1882 County Clerk George H. Daily signed and certified it, thereby officially ending the investigation into Ringo's death.²

One of the few contemporaries to agree with the suicide verdict was Deputy County Sheriff William Breakenridge. In 1929—almost half a century after the death—he wrote a book in which Breakenridge expressed his feeling about the case. Breakenridge recorded that the day before Ringo's death, John had passed him in the South Pass of the Dragoons. Eastbound and drunk, Ringo offered the deputy sheriff a drink of his whiskey, which Breakenridge found too hot to drink. The deputy continued west into Tombstone and never saw Ringo again, dead or alive. But Breakenridge in his book guessed that Ringo rode east until dark and overcome by his drinking, he got off his horse, took off his boots and placed them on his saddle, and lay down to sleep. When he finally awoke, he found himself afoot since his mount had wandered. He wrapped his feet in his undershirt and started walking. Breakenridge concluded that Rin-

2. *Ibid.*

go "must have been crazed for water and started out afoot. He was within sound of running water when he became crazed with thirst and killed himself."³

Although plausible, Breakenridge's account contains a lot of guess work and some mistakes. He erred in claiming he met Ringo about noon the day before the latter died, for Ringo spent two days at a drinking establishment at Cienega Flats in the Sulphur Springs Valley. He blundered in that he claimed Ringo walked some distance with the undershirt wrapped around his feet and it "had been worn through." The coroner's report suggested that Ringo had not travelled far in his "foot gear." Members of the jury and others viewing the body testified that the "foot wrappings were clean," notwithstanding an early morning thunder shower.⁴

Ringo's horse was found a week later five or six miles from the location of Ringo's body. Someone found one of his boots five miles down the valley, while the second boot remained lost.⁵

Several persons who viewed the body before its removal and burial "quietly" disagreed with the suicide verdict. Years later they more openly expressed their views as Ringo's death became a favorite topic for western writers. Henry Smith and his mother were among the first to see Ringo's body after the teamster found it. They saw the body before the coroner's jury and they always voiced disagreement with the suicide verdict. Even though B. F. "Coyote" Smith, father and husband to the above mentioned parties, signed the coroner's statement. The Smiths—father, mother and son — believed that someone else shot John Ringo. Years later Henry explained his beliefs ". . . the verdict of suicide was returned as the easiest and quickest way out of the affair. The jurors didn't want to lose time in a long coroner's investigation." Henry always maintained that he and his mother saw no powder burns on Ringo's body, and that no one else noticed any burns either. He always cited this as evidence that Ringo did not shoot himself, Henry believed it was impossible for anyone to shoot himself with the old black powder cartridges without leaving powder burns about the wound. The day Ringo died, Mrs. Smith at her home a quarter of a mile away, heard a single shot. She paid little attention to the shot, since her brother-in-law was after a deer.⁶

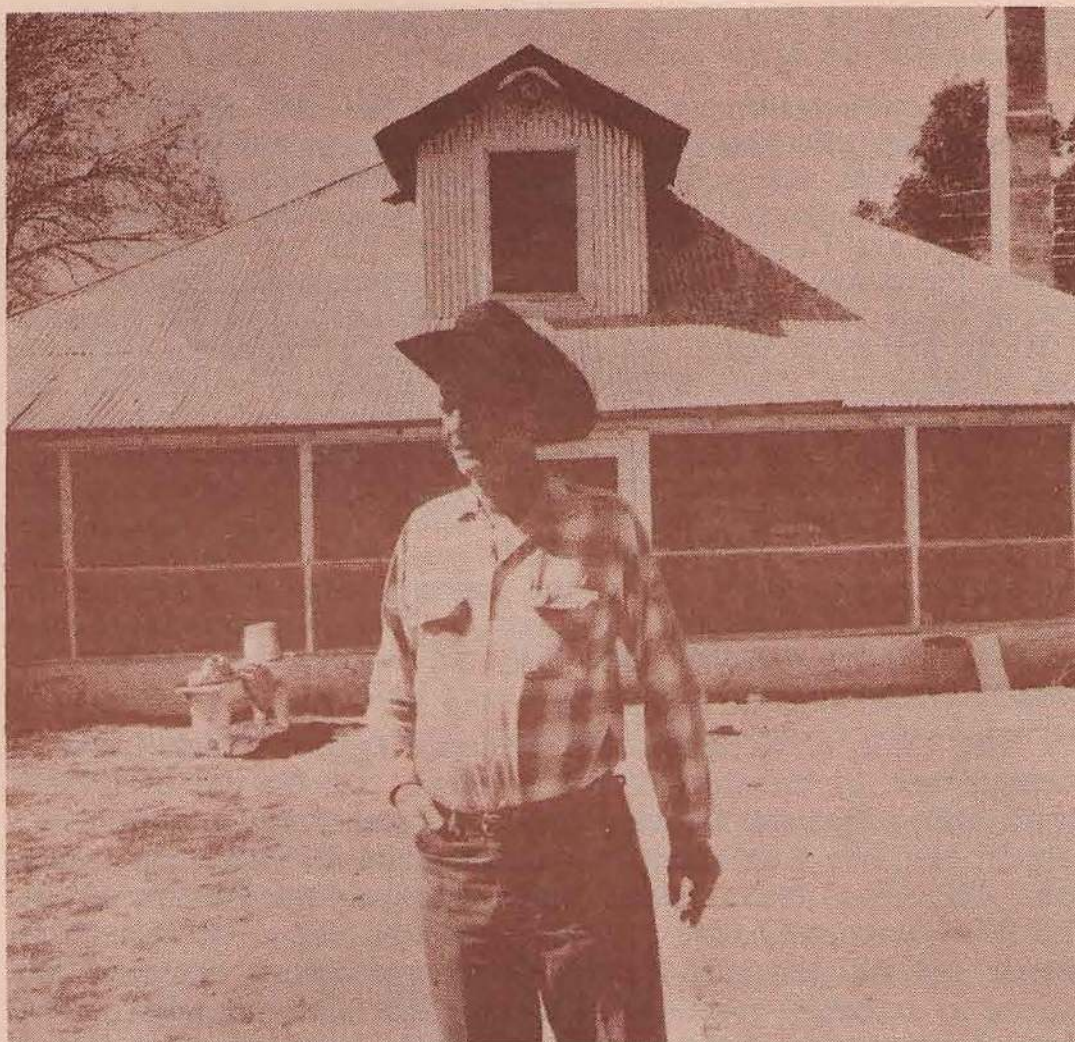
Ringo's friends likewise could not accept the idea of Ringo, even while drunk, taking his own life. They asserted that their friend had met with foul play. Soon after the death rumors circulated around Tombstone that Frank Leslie—a supposed friend of the

3. William M. Breakenridge, *Helldorado* (Glorieta, New Mexico, 1970), 186-189.

4. *Ibid.*

5. *Reminiscences of Rosa Anna Smith*, daughter of B. F. Smith, *Douglas Daily Dispatch*, January 31, 1939.

6. Interview with Ben Sanders, Nov. 11, 1927. Interview with Ervin Bond, who talked to Henry Smith in the Fall of 1928. Walter Noble Burns, *Tombstone* (New York, 1929) 267.



Ben Sanders lives in house his dad built in 1896. Ringo's grave 50 yards behind it.

dead man—had fired the fatal shot. Leslie, of course, denied the story.

However, four months to the day after the discovery of the body, Billy Claiborne (his name also spelled Clayborn and Claibourne, and nicknamed "Billy the Kid") arrived in Tombstone. Billy's friends included Frank Leslie and John Ringo, with the latter being the "Kid's" hero. Claiborne spent most of his time during the previous four months in Globe, Arizona working a double shift in a smelter to earn enough money to travel to Tombstone. He told friends he had to go and shoot Frank Leslie "for murdering John Ringo." On November 14, 1882 Billy wasted little time in finding Leslie tending bar in the Oriental Saloon. At 7:00 a.m. the planned confrontation initially came as a rude interruption by Billy of a conversation between Leslie and some of his friends. Leslie tried to calm Claiborne down, but failing, he hustled Billy out the door. Billy left after threatening Leslie, and shortly returned with a rifle. Leslie after being warned met Billy in the street and with one shot mortally wounded his onetime friend. On his deathbed Billy said, "Frank

Leslie murdered John Ringo. I helped him carry Ringo in there and seen him do it.”⁷

Claiborne's testimony does not settle the case against Leslie, for his dying statement may have been an attempt to have the law or someone else avenge Ringo's death by getting Frank Leslie. But it is generally believed that dying men rarely lie. Claiborne had been with Ringo and Leslie as far as the Cienega Flat saloon operated by Widow Patterson. He could have easily accompanied Leslie in following Ringo, and stayed out of sight when Leslie asked a teamster if Ringo had been seen. After Ringo's death Claiborne suddenly and unexplainably left Tombstone. At Globe he worked in the smelter working a double shift for a single purposed that obsessed him. Billy had never been too fond of hard work when he could get by otherwise. Some have wondered why Billy in his meeting with Leslie did not shout at Ringo . . . “You killed my friend, John Ringo, and I have come to avenge his death in your blood.” Spectators and writers have a greater flair for the dramatic than do actors on the stage of life. If Claiborne's sojourn in Globe was associated with Leslie's shooting of Ringo, then Billy did not need to announce his reasons for reeking vengeance on Frank Leslie.

The chain of circumstantial evidence against Frank Leslie is strengthened by the story of Bill Sanders. On the day of Ringo's death, Bill, a teamster hauling timber to Tombstone from the Chiricahuas, met two men along the road a short distance from where John died. He first met John Ringo riding slumped in his saddle, and Bill waved and hailed the rider whom he knew. He got no response and Bill assumed Ringo's drunken condition explained the failure to exchange greetings or to stop and talk. Sanders traveled three or four miles before meeting Frank Leslie, who inquired if Bill had seen Ringo. Bill told him that Ringo was only a few miles ahead. Leslie hurried off as if to overtake John Ringo. At this point Leslie was no more than a dozen miles from where Ringo's body was discovered.⁸

Billy King, an old time bartender and saloon owner in Tombstone, thought Frank Leslie killed Ringo. But in trying to supply a motive he made a big mistake. In his reminiscences King had Leslie gunning for Ringo because, according to King, Leslie had shot Billy Claiborne in the back, and Ringo met Leslie in a saloon and asked him if he ever took anyone from the front. This piqued Leslie, who then followed a drunk Ringo out of Tombstone and killed him. This account by a contemporary erred in the order of the deaths of Ringo and Claiborne—Billy dying four months after Ringo—so the motive vanished.⁹

7. Tombstone *Epitaph*, Nov. 18, 1882. Burns, *Tombstone*, 275.

8. Interview with Ben Sanders, Nov. 11, 1972. Story of Bill Sanders to Ervin Bond in Spring of 1929.

9. Charles L. Sonnichsen, *Billy King's Tombstone* (Caldwell, Idaho, 1942), 28-32.

William Breakenridge in his 1928 book on Tombstone declared that Leslie had not killed Ringo, but he accused Leslie of saying he did in order to "curry favor with the Earp sympathizers." Breakenridge stated that Leslie would not have dared to tackle even a drunk Ringo. Breakenridge's assessment of Leslie's courage and prowess with a sixgun does not square with what others—including Wyatt Earp—said of Leslie's ability and nerve. Although Breakenridge's account indicated that Leslie bragged of killing Ringo there is no evidence that this was in fact true in the 1880's. Breakenridge's book came out in 1928 and he probably confused the time when Leslie did admit to the killing. The rumors that went the rounds of Tombstone immediately after Ringo's death were undoubtedly due to the circumstantial evidence of Leslie's presence near the deceased on the day Ringo died. Breakenridge accepted the suicide verdict without question. Although a deputy sheriff at the time, he did not view the body.¹⁰

Approximately a decade after Ringo died, Frank Leslie admitted that he killed the desperado. Sometime while he served in the Yuma Penitentiary (January 1890 to November 1896) Leslie told guard Frank King of his meeting Ringo in Turkey Creek Canyon. Leslie stated that when he caught up with Ringo, the latter took a shot at him, he returned the fire in self defense and his bullet hit mark. However, John Behan, superintendent of the penitentiary at the time and sheriff of Cochise County when Ringo died, maintained that Leslie lied and that Ringo shot himself. Nevertheless, Leslie did eventually admit the killing. Did his confession come late due to fear of one of Ringo's friends gunning him down? Did a sentence of life imprisonment remove that threat—for Leslie had no way of knowing that a lucky break would produce a pardon for him? Whether Leslie shot Ringo or not, it is apparent that he hoped to capitalize in some unexplainable way—probably fame—by admitting he killed a desperado whose fame accelerated after his death.¹¹

If Frank Leslie shot John Ringo what was his motive? They had been frequent drinking buddies, and Leslie and Billy Claiborne had accompanied Ringo on part of his trip from Tombstone to Cienega Flat (north of present day Elfrida). The three men stayed two days and nights at Widow Patterson's drinking establishment. The Widow said Ringo drank like crazy, even to raiding the kitchen looking for more whisky the last night. But she noted that Leslie soon tapered off and began deceitfully throwing most of his liquor on the floor and faked drunkenness. Had the drinking partners argued or had Leslie left Tombstone with an evil design to wait the opportune time to eliminate Ringo? Whichever, Leslie's actions were highly

10. Breakenridge, *Hellorado*, 189.

11. Frank M. King, *Maverick* (Pasadena, California, 1947).

suspicious, especially in pretending to be drunk and then following Ringo instead of going with him.

In 1906, almost a quarter of a century after the shooting, Wyatt Earp confessed to shooting John Ringo. Then in the 1920's Wyatt wrote an account of all his famous gun fights and tried to get them published. The publisher turned down Earp's manuscript saying it would not sell, and so a dusty trunk held the manuscript for almost thirty years. Earp fled to Colorado early in 1882 to escape a warrant for his arrest for the retaliatory killing that occurred in the wake of the October 1881 shootout named for the O.K. Corral. In Wyatt's rejected manuscript he told how in the summer of 1882 he returned to Arizona to get Ringo, who he believed was responsible for the shootings of Virgil and Morgan Earp.

Without explaining anything about traveling from Colorado to southeastern Arizona, Earp and some friends arrived in the Turkey Creek area just as Ringo proceeded from Tombstone toward Galeyville. Earp claimed his party caught their prey lying on the ground resting; Ringo jumped up so fast that he forgot his boots and took a position behind a tree. While Earp's friends fired on Ringo from a wash, Wyatt crawled around a point of a hill and came up behind Ringo. Earp called to John "so as not to get him in the back." Ringo turned and fired a shot, then tried to run up a hill. Wyatt shot him on the incline, thus according to Earp explaining the angle of the bullet through the victim's head as noted by the coroner's jury. Then Earp's party placed Ringo in the tree where he was discovered the next day. Then the Colorado party returned home without anyone spotting them in Arizona.¹²

A schoolteacher sister of Ringo visited Earp sometime after he had admitted his part in the killing. In Wyatt's Los Angeles home she asked the famous gunman point-blank if he shot her brother. Earp hedged by neither confirming or denying the shooting. One writer has excused Wyatt by suggesting that he did not want to hurt the lady's feelings by bringing "all that up again." But it could be argued that she had already brought it up, and perhaps the truth would have hurt less than a continued belief that her brother committed suicide.¹³

If the Earp party and Ringo exchanged shots—Wyatt said he fired two or three shots—why had Mrs. Smith heard only one shot? A more serious consideration in the Earp story concerns geography. A Colorado newspaper placed him in Gunnison, Colorado—some 700 miles north of Trukey Creek—at the time of the shooting. Wyatt completely ignored the matter of travel in his account. However, John Gilchiese, former field historian for the University of Arizona and present owner of the Wyatt Earp Museum in Tombstone, has a theory or explanation to solve this dilemma. Perhaps Wyatt "planted" the story of his being in Gunnison in the Colorado news-

12. Robert L. Thomas, "I Think Earp Took Johnny Ringer," *Old West* (Fall, 1972), 53-54.

13. *Ibid.*

paper to guarantee an alibi in case he needed one. Then he could have journeyed a day and a night via the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad to Las Vegas, New Mexico. Then a six day horseback ride would have brought him to the scene of the shooting. After killing Ringo the Earp party hurriedly retraced their steps back to Colorado. Gilchriese believes the explanation feasible since Earp's day-by-day movements cannot be ascertained between June and the end of July 1882—except for the newspaper article placing him in Gunnison.¹⁴

Yet Earp's belated claim of killing John Ringo may have been an attempt to build his own legend, and the attempt to publish the gunfight accounts ring of dollars. Perhaps he planted the article in the newspaper as an alibi; however, the probability of his doing so is about as great as traveling 1400 miles without being recognized by someone who could confirm his July 1881 appearance in Arizona Territory. He had just left the territory a short time before and had fought extradition so he would not have to face the warrant issued for his arrest.

Frank Leslie and Wyatt Earp are not the only ones who received credit or blame for shooting John Ringo. The finger of suspicion has been pointed at others—namely Joe Hill, Doc Holliday and John O'Rourke. Some of Ringo's cowboy friends believed that gambler John O'Rourke—alias Johnny-Behind-The-Deuce—found Ringo in a drunken stupor and killed him in revenge. The tinhorn gambler had shot a man in Charleston in early 1881, and Ringo led a mob intent upon hanging O'Rourke, so the gambler had a motive. Cowboy Pony Diehl, convinced of O'Rourke's guilt, killed him.¹⁵

Who shot Johnny Ringo? The author believes the suicide verdict is suspect—acceptable at the time in lieu of a better explanation of equal power in terminating the case without long discussion. So I believe someone else shot Ringo, and to my mind Frank Leslie is by far the most likely candidate—he definitely was in the area looking for Ringo, his actions were highly suspicious and his confession rings truer than Wyatt Earp's. Yet I would be one of the first to maintain that the data remains inconclusive and even the most solid evidence is circumstantial. No one can positively identify the murderer, and perhaps not even John Ringo knew who shot him.

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JOHN RINGO'S DEATH — MURDER OR SUICIDE?

by Ervin Bond

Tombstone was founded November of 1877. Men flocked in from all parts of the United States and many other countries, among them were good, bad and indifferent people. By the time Cochise County was sliced from Pima County in 1881, it was estimated that more than two hundred outlaws were living here; stage holdups

14. Ibid.

15. Colin Rickards, "Buckskin Frank" Leslie (El Paso, 1964), 36-37.

were almost a daily occurrence; cattle rustling and horse stealing caused a large number of murders and no one felt safe.

Verdicts in courts were almost impossible as jurors were, in most part, selected from men of the same caliber. The few who were honest were afraid to go against such odds which would surely place their lives in great danger. Those accused were usually acquitted on grounds of insufficient evidence or coronor's jurors often rendered verdicts of suicide rather than be entangled in a long court session which again could get them in bad with other outlaws.

There were two types of these bad men: one, the cowboy and the other in most part were fugitives from justice, many with bounties on their heads for crimes committed in other states. Some were known to have been given the opportunity to leave without punishment if they would get out and stay. Cochise County, Arizona Territory seemed where most would come so they could keep living their same life style. Not many worked. Most all the leaders gained employment as gamblers and bartenders, the two positions that kept them best informed as to where to strike next.

Many of the big names who were always leaders were hired to run card games. He would always have a partner sitting in who most times got the right cards to come out the big winner. When the game was over, he and the dealer split the money. The bartender was always listening to loose talk which often gave him leads on when and where big payrolls were coming to Tombstone.

In the early part of 1881 John Ringo, one of the most feared and toughest outlaws of his time, showed up in Tombstone. Born in California to a fine family who saw that he got a good education, Johnney Ringgold became a problem drinker at an early age and drifted into Texas at which time he shortened his name to John Ringo. Here he took part in the sheep and cattle wars from 1870 to 1880. His brother was killed and he lost no time in finding the three who had a part in the murder and killed them. The sheriff and his deputies formed a posse to arrest Ringo. Since he was leaving the country they probably thought it safest not to catch up with him or perhaps his horse was too fast for them to catch.

John Ringo landed in Tombstone and at once joined up with the tough ones who were plentiful. Having a much better education than most such men, he soon became a leader and was credited with being the brains among his gang. He was easy enough to get along with when not drinking too much. However, when drunk he oft-times became overbearing and would even lose fear for his own life; he was known to have threatened several times to kill himself. He once called Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday to an open gun duel in which neither wanted a part. His respect for women was much greater than most others of his caliber and this he demanded of others when he was around. Ringo once stood off fifty of the Law and Order League by standing on one end of the Charleston bridge. His word was always good and several times it was known that he endangered his own life in order to keep his word to someone. Curly

Bill and Billy Claiborne were his closest friends and they were often seen together around Tombstone, Galeyville, and Charleston. Having been drunk for several days, John Ringo rode out of town and headed toward the Chiricahua Mountains. He made stops at Antelope Springs, Soldiers Holes, then on to Widow Patterson's place at Cienega Flats where Buckskin Frank Leslie and Billy Claiborne caught up with him. They stayed here two nights and each hour Ringo became drunker until he could hardly walk.

From this point on is my story, told to me many times by members of the Sanders and Smith families who have lived in Turkey Creek for more than ninety-five years. There have been many stories written about the death of John Ringo whose grave is located near where death came to him July 13, 1882, in Turkey Creek Canyon. These stories express the writers' own ideas; also, songs and a T.V. series were dramatized to make good listening and viewing. All these I will disregard and stick to the story told me several times since 1928 by people who were there. Their stories coincide with early books and newspaper articles written before the turn of the century. In fact, none seem authentic which have appeared in print since the late thirties of this century.

In September of 1928 I had just finished reading **Tombstone** by Walter Noble Burns. Several things caught my interest: the surrender place of Geronimo, the Massacre at Devil's Kitchen in Skeleton Canyon, and the resting place of John Ringo in Turkey Creek.

The late E. K. Capeton asked me to go deer hunting with him the following month of October and when he said we would go to Turkey Creek in order not to run into so many hunters. I was excited as my first thought was that I might get to see Ringo's grave and find out more about his last hours.

I had about two weeks to get ready and give the whole trip some thought. Finally, the latter part of October we left Douglas at four o'clock in the afternoon in a small 1926 Chevrolet sedan. The roads were only trails and after leaving what is now Highway 666, there were several gates to open, and along with fixing a flat tire, we landed at our camping spot near a stream in Turkey Creek after seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Capeton had brought a bundle of kindling and a few pieces of wood and we soon added to this a good supply of wood and built a fire and talked about hunting until close to ten o'clock when we decided to turn in. He spreaded out a tarp and with our two blankets each we were sure we would keep warm. I could not go to sleep due to the excitement of the hunting hints he had given me and wondering if I might see Ringo's ghost. The wind came up sometime before daylight and we both got cold so we doubled up our blankets and I slept until I heard him making coffee. After a good breakfast I took the route selected by Mr. Capeton and went by the much needed advice he gave me. Just east of the Rock Canyon road I started looking and listening for my deer. After about ten minutes he walked within fifty yards from where I was perched on a rock. In a sitting position I drew a fine bead and shot. I had killed my first deer. People had told me about

getting buck fever and I guess that is what I had as I arrived along side of my kill I began to shake and had trouble getting my knife out of my pocket in order to field dress him.

My trouble began when I started down the mountain with my kill. Not knowing how to prepare the deer for packing, I would go a short distance and return to get my gun. About half way down to the road a man rode up on a horse and made the remark that I had got a small one. I had already begun to think the deer was a large one. He also said in cowboy language that I must be a green horn at deer hunting; this, I admitted, was my first one. He got off his horse and told me if I didn't mind that he would fix the deer so it would be easy to carry it on my back at which we were in agreement. He skinned both front legs part way down and pulled them through the ham strings in the hind legs which made a kind of saddle. He told me he would pack it out on his horse but it was young and he was afraid it would not work.

By this time my new, small, tougher-than-nails, bowlegged friend and I had gotten into a conversation. I asked his name and how long he had lived around this part of the country. He told me his name was Henry Smith and he was born a short way down the road across the creek and had lived here all his life. At this point I asked where John Ringo's grave was and he told me that it was just down the road in back of Bill Sanders' house who last saw him before he was killed. At this point I told him about the records which showed it as suicide. He said he knew that was what the coroner's jury said but he and his mother saw Ringo before they arrived and the first thing his mother said was there were no powder burns on his face; someone killed him. He told me that this was general practice since no one wanted to get involved in a long court session when at the time they had no more evidence than they had on any one person that might have killed him at the time the choice was made.

He told me that he knew most all the outlaws that traveled from Tombstone to Galeyville as most of them stopped at his dad's bar and blacksmith shop and many times as many as six or eight would stay three or four days drinking and playing cards. He told me that in the summer they slept at night under the trees using the saddle blanket for cover and the saddle for a pillow. In bad weather and in the winter they slept on the floor in the bar. I asked him if his family were uneasy when they were around. He told me no since a few Indians were still running around and also banditos from Sonora, Mexico, were strolling around giving trouble, but when the outlaws were around they would take care of all of them in good style. He said other than shooting holes through the walls and floor they never bothered anyone and were the best customers his dad had. When the law started closing in on them after the law and order citizens group was formed, they many times showed appreciation for having a place to stay.

I asked my new friend, Mr. Henry Smith, about so many people seeing Ringo's ghost. He replied that most everyone in the canyon

had seen his ghost except his family and the Sanders' family who lived so close. Even some of the teamsters claimed they saw it in plain daylight and the Widow Patterson told them that every time she walked from one room to another in her house there stood Ringo's ghost. He told me that one time Bill Sanders was almost convinced for a few moments. He was riding home late one night and looked over to his left and saw someone in white walking along the site of the grave. He loped his horse around to the front of the house, hitched him to the gate post, and made his way to the backyard with gun in hand only to find a teamster catching his horse which had pulled stake about one hundred yards below the grave where he was camped for the night. Hearing the horse's commotion, he took time only to put on his shoes and was out there in his white cotton undershirt and light colored drawers. Mr. Sanders said that he was glad he found out for sure so that he never did have to join his many friends and neighbors that he had so many times laughed at.

My new friend helped me load my deer on my back and I soon made it back to camp where I had to wait for five hours for my hunting partner to return with his kill. Several times I wanted to walk down the road to see the grave. Each time I was afraid that something might happen to my deer which I prized so much. By the time we had lunch it was time to leave for home if we were to make it before dark so I did not get to see all I wanted to until the next spring when I made a return trip especially to talk with Mr. Sanders who was very friendly and told me about seeing John Ringo the day before he was found dead by a teamster. He told me that Ringo was so drunk that he could hardly sit in the saddle and had a bottle in one hand that was half full of whiskey. He stated that Frank Leslie came along and asked him if he had seen Ringo. After stating that he had passed Ringo on the road a short time before, Mr. Leslie lost no time getting on his way and from the time the shot was heard would have been just right for him to make the trip. He told me that he never did see Billy Claiborne that afternoon but Widow Patterson said he and Leslie left about the same time. This was in 1929 and he told me that he could not say too much about it as several of the outlaws still lived in the county, but he maintained until his death in 1932 that Frank Leslie killed John Ringo. Widow Patterson said they were not getting along very well the last night they were at her place. Billy Claiborne said on his death bed that Leslie killed John Ringo. Leslie mortally wounded Claiborne in Tombstone and it was ruled self defense.

John Ringo's final resting place is just a few feet from the oak tree where his body was found ninety-one years ago. Today the ranch is owned by Bill Sanders' youngest son Ben who lives in the large home a few yards east of the grave. The home was built in 1896, the same year his father saw the teamster in his underclothes and momentarily thought he saw Ringo's ghost. Ben and his older brother Will Sanders Jr., who passed away on December 31, 1969, have both told me the same story about Ringo. They had heard the accounts of their father and others who viewed Ringo's body in the

tree. They definitely did not believe it was suicide and both suspected Frank Leslie as the murderer.

The official record states that John Ringo committed suicide but anyone would have to talk a long time trying to convince any of the ones who were so close and know more about what happened than anyone else. They will all tell you that he was murdered and over the forty-six years that I have known them and talked to them I will go along with their belief. In whatever manner John Ringo died, he surely became a part of Cochise County history.

COCHISE COUNTY CHARACTERS AND CAPERS

By Archie L. Gee

Charles Lee Hines — (1881-_____)

(It seems desirable to the writer to include in this biography some of the historical background of the times in which the subject lived, plus some of the writer's experiences and observations on the many difficulties in getting direct, first-hand information.

We will value greatly letters from our readers giving any additional information on this or any other old-timers. A.L.G.)

Charles Lee Hines is a tough **hombre**; he had to be to survive four score and ten years in this world, particularly since most of his active years were lived with a gun on his hip.

Despite an unhappy childhood he never lost his sense of humor. Honesty and integrity to Charlie was a way of life, and always he left a record among employers of industriousness and loyalty. Yet, from his own admission, liquor was almost his downfall, and he "bummed around a lot."

Charles Hines was ninety-one years of age on November 22, 1972; and since he is the widower of the writer's late favorite cousin, Pearl Keever (nee Smith) Hines, there are some problems in "telling it like it was." Because, as the life of all pioneer peace officers are studied certain characteristics and habits crop up which friends and loved ones ordinarily would tone down.

Like all those great men who, with six-gun in hand, brought law to the West, Charlie is a rugged individualist. In manners and habits, and sometimes in character also, the officer differed little from the outlaw except he was honest and generally believed to be law-abiding and trustworthy. When the battle lines formed it was dog eat dog and diamond cut diamond with the odds generally in the officer's favor because he wore the badge and was assumed to be the good guy.

Captain Thomas H. Rynning, in his book "**Gun Notches**," gave some very succinct evaluations of some of his Arizona Rangers and this brief general description of them:

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"With rare exceptions my Rangers were first-class men in every respect. But in hunting wild **hombres** you've got to use

men who are primitive as hell in their way of figuring out right and wrong. That is, some of our best trailers and fighters are apt to be that way.

"So I had men with all kinds of ways of figuring out what was O.K. and what wasn't, though every last one of them was loyal to Arizona and to me, and clean as ice according to his code."

Charlie Hines was of this mold, but when Harry Wheeler tried to enlist him in the Arizona Rangers one of the Benson hotel operators (probably one of the Castaneda brothers) persuaded him to turn the offer down. If Charlie had made the famous captain's book, he might have characterized him with such words as "he drank too damn much, was onery as a mule, and was often scheming some horse-play, but was a honest man and one you could trust behind your back."

Charlie loved to play, and never settled down to marriage until in October 1924, but during those post-war depression days he "faced up" in a hurry. His bride, Pearl Kever, widowed by the World War I flu epidemic, had two children, Bill and Lucille Kever; and to his union with Pearl were soon added Charles Jr., Mary and Genevieve.

When Charlie lost his Pearl in 1967, their daughter, Miss Mary Hines (the only unmarried child), took over the care of her veteran lawman father, who had been a car knocker for the EP&SW, hotel clerk and barkeeper, hostler and officer for the Industrial School for Boys, call boy for the S. P. crews, cook, chauffeur, soldier and for twenty years a police officer for the City of Tucson.

But arrangements were made for him to sell the old family home at 323 North Norris Avenue in Tucson, and for several years he lived with Miss Mary Hines in her home at 2722 North Wilson in the Old Pueblo. Here in a roomy, sunny suite, Charlie outlived six other Tucson police officers who retired around the time he did in late 1945. He showed a picture taken at a Fraternal Order of Police party in 1950 for seven retired officers. He named them one by one, and reminisced about many of their individual achievements and foibles, and shook his head sadly, "they are all gone but me."

But time finally caught up with Charlie, and when he reached that sad milestone where he required around the clock attention which the family could not provide, he was moved to the Hillcrest Boarding Home at Third Ave. and Adams St. in Tucson.

Charlie is a great baseball fan, and heeds the coach's admonition to "stay alive" with TV, his memories and visits to his children and grandchildren.

His childhood was not a happy one. His father, Alf Hines, was a drunkard farmer near Morgan, Texas, where Charlie was born. He never knew his mother because she did not survive his birth; and he had practically no home life nor schooling except the "bringing



Turf Saloon Bar—1902—Benson, Ariz. (Charles Hines album)

up" contributed by Uncle Henry Hall, who brought him to Benson, Arizona, in 1902.

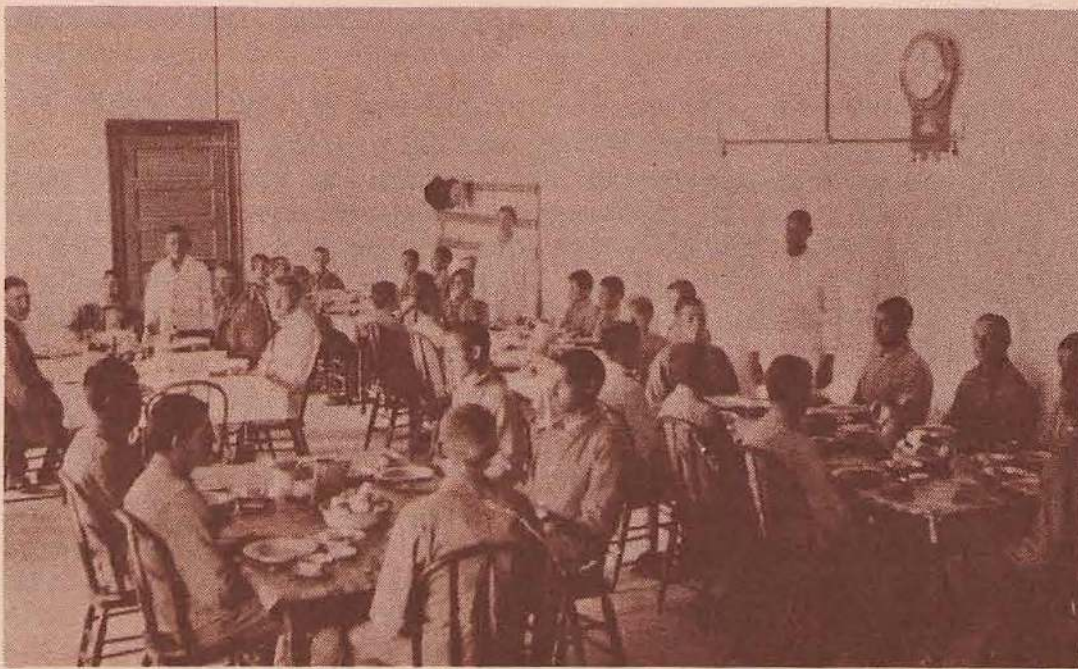
One of his first jobs was that of call boy for the Southern Pacific RR crews in Benson, which was then a division point. He learned to handle guns early in life, but this was his first reference to carrying one. He said he was out all hours of day and night summoning trainmen, adding slyly he needed the gun for dogs and to sound fire alarms. When asked, however, he stated he did carry a deputy sheriff's badge, which was probably his first experience as a peace officer.

Among the fine album of old pictures treasured by Charlie is one of the bar of the Turf Saloon in 1902, with him at the head of the line (Picture No. 1) in cap, kerchief and overalls peculiar to the railroaders, with one elbow on the bar,—typical of Charlie. The only ones he can identify now are: the bartender I. B. Craig; the man holding a pipe to right of bartender, John Norwood, and next to Norwood, backed up to the bar for support, a man remembered as Uncle Sam, perhaps, some say, a Sam Friedman of that day. This is the only picture in the collection which bears a date and label.

The difficulty in identifying persons in the pictures arises from the fact that the few living contemporaries of Charlie cannot remember names any better than the infirm lawman can. Mr. George Kempf, probably the oldest (82 years) living native of Benson, was a pioneer merchant. He and his wife, the former Gladys Holcomb, could furnish but few names and dates, but both say they cannot forget Charlie because he was the happiest person they ever knew. He loved to dance, dressed well, and was very popular both socially and with local businessmen. Mr. Kempf said he had to have been a very reliable workman because he worked for so many different people he could not have been otherwise. Charles Hines said he made arrangements to bring musicians from Fort Huachuca to play for dances, but his greatest problem was keeping the soldiers sober.

According to George Kempf, Charlie Hines was goosey, and his friends would frequently jab him from behind, even on the dance floor, just to see him jump straight up in the air. Charlie would fling with wild abandon anything in his hands, even a dancing partner, and the community rocked with laughter many times at Charlie's expense. Even though the dancing lady was suddenly changed in gyrations described as anything but decorous and lady-like, such incidents were accepted as in the spirit of the times. Most of the celebrants agreed with Charlie that they had come to whoop-it-up; if there was any fun to be had, Charlie was found in the middle of it.

Picture 2 is of the boys having a meal at the Arizona Industrial School for Boys, believed to have been taken soon after the institution was established in Benson in 1903. Picture 3 shows some of the officials of the school. Left to right (with the identification far from certain), Charlie lists them: a night watchman whose name has slipped away; the head captain Fletcher; Charles Hines (hostler); Bob Furr or Fourr; Caryle; and an unnamed school teacher. George



Boys at Arizona Industrial School for Boys having meal—probably soon after school opened in 1903 at Benson, Arizona. (Charles Hines album)

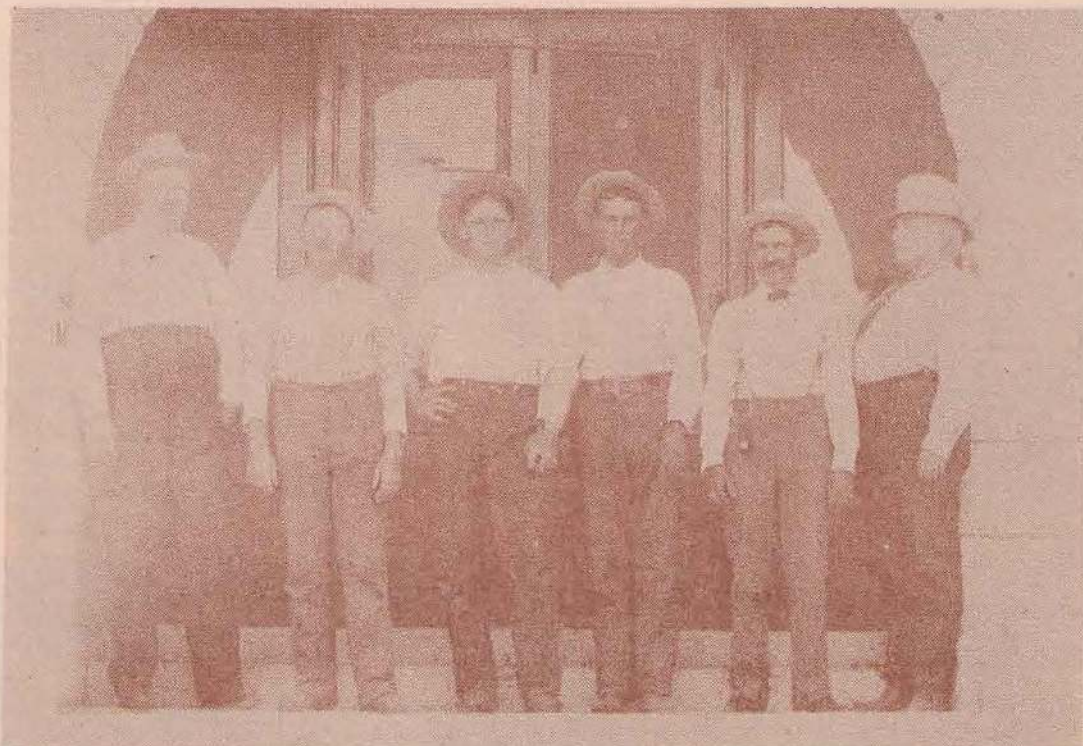
Kempf thinks Charlie once worked as a cowboy, and in his album is a good picture of him riding a horse in the Tucson rodeo parade.

On the same album page with this picture is one of a group of teen-aged girls and one adult woman, about whom no one knows anything. Only two women, employed as matrons, were connected with the school, according to Hines, one of whom was the red headed Cynthia Grey. There are reports, however, that at times the school cared for a few delinquent girls.

Sandwiched in between jobs in Benson as bartender, hotel night clerk, and what have you, Charlie had a short stint as deliveryman and bill collector for the mining company (Copper Queen) store in Bisbee. Here he used a team and wagon, and much ingenuity in collecting from the miners in those rough and tumble days. His integrity was quickly checked by the "company store" officials by slipping an extra bunch of groceries into his wagon and waiting to see what he did with them. It seems some of the delivery boys were not above dipping into some of the orders, and would meet at an agreed spot in Lowell later to divide the "take."

Trusted later to collect bills, Charlie recalled returning to the store one Saturday night after closing time with over \$1,000 in cash collections. This was probably somewhere around 1905, and Charlie did not rest easy until he found someone to "check him in." There are no Bisbee pictures in his album, but Picture No. 4 shows a rig (probably similar to the one he used to negotiate the hills in Bisbee) delivering ice to Newland & Newland Confectionary Store in Benson.

This picture was taken before the 1905 fire, which destroyed

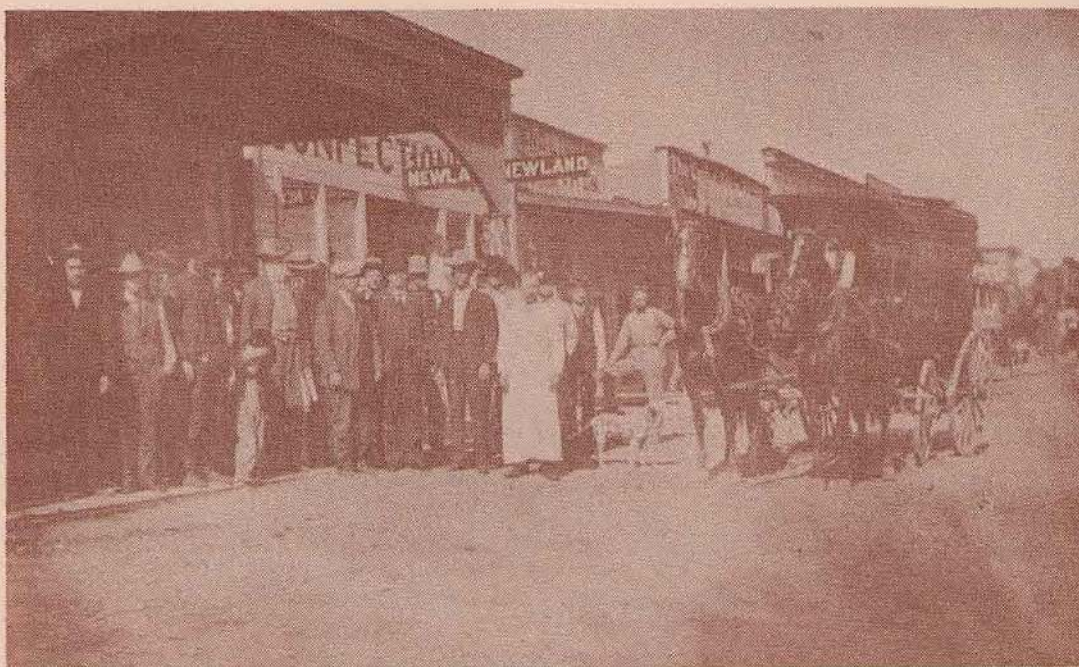


Group of officers at the Arizona Industrial School for Boys in Benson, Ariz.—probably around 1903. (Charles Hines album)

the entire block. From this picture, plus a panoramic view in the files of the San Pedro Valley Historical Society, it is apparent that, reading from left to right, the business were: Mansion Cafe, Mansion Hotel behind the crowd), the Benson Post Office, the Turf Saloon, a Curios-Periodicals shop, the confectionary, English and Kitchen Chinese Restaurant, the Casino Bar run by a man with the appropriate name of Tom Collins, and the Virginia Hotel.

Returning to Benson because of sickness, Charles Hines worked as night hotel clerk and relief bartender for the old Virginia Hotel. His uncle, Henry Hall, was associated with Fred Bennett in the operation of the Turf Saloon. Later, after the fire, the Turf was rebuilt in combination with the Mansion Hotel. Charlie explained a number of devious ways in which night hotel clerks and bartenders "knocked down" appreciable sums when there was no one around to supervise.

An historical sidelight to the Charles Hines store was developed in St. David. In showing the pictures to as many people as possible many good people of the Mormon faith were interviewed. There were: Mr. Calvin Bateman, who is writing a history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints at St. David; Mr. Alvah Fenn, who can put anybody in stitches as he tells of his first encounter with a flush toilet in Douglas along about 1908; Mr. Marion Nagley, a 92-year-old in Pomerene; and Mrs. Ruth Tilton, old-time St. David resident. Many of these mentioned living in Mexico at the time, or "up on The Bench," but Mrs. Tilton brought it all into focus when she



Ice delivery buggy in front of Benson confectionery known as NEWLAND & NEWLAND—probably 1903 to 1905. (Charles Hines album)

pointed out that in the horse and buggy days Benson was an hour-and-half trip for them and they did not go there very often. And then a firm but kind comment, "I never was in a saloon." Although these very pleasant visits are not regretted, the writer learned nothing about the gay swinger, playboy, or however you might describe Charlie today, because the separation between Charlie and the informants was far more than just geographic.

Fine cooperation was also received from Mr. Thomas H. Peterson, Jr., Arizona Historical Society in Tucson, and Mrs. Clara Ann Eder, President of the San Pedro Valley Historical Society in Benson. But it was shocking to see how few good historical pictures are available in the files of the various historical societies.

The one job to which Charlie stuck the longest (before his marriage) was railroad car repairman for the EP&SW (the occupation appearing on his Army papers). The starting date of such work is uncertain, but must have been terminated some time in 1913, because he has several pictures in Pinal County dated in 1914. But he did work in Benson, Bisbee, and Douglas, and for a short time was scheduled for Empalme, Sonora, during a strike. (See Pictures 5 and 6.) In the picture of the car knocking crew, Charlie is second from left (holding wrench) in the row standing. Sitting on heels, the man on the far left Charlie says was the Railroad Bull,—“a tough son-of-a-b . . .,” and on the far right (with vest) was the foreman.

Charlie does not brag unduly about his accomplishments, nor does he gloss over his erring ways. One of his problems is illustrated by his account of a face to face confrontation with his boss when he was working in Douglas. Apparently the bottle was about to get



EP&SW car repair crew, probably in Benson 1910 or later. (Charles Hines album)

toward the women in the brothels in those days. Even though these harlots were known by their age-old epithet, some men actually could and did love them as if they were sweethearts or wives. Charlie says bluntly that the trouble between the floater Jack the Ripper, and Jesse Fisher was "caused by a whore." It seems the "lady" whom Jesse Fisher admired so warmly was "as homely as a mud fence," and the Ripper was constantly teasing Fisher about her lack of beauty. Charlie feels it was these taunts by the Ripper rather than disagreement over financial matters which caused the bad blood between them.

Perhaps Charlie's version of the cause of the killing is not more accurate. But his story, when told recently to a Benson history buff, sounded logical and it was noted that there was a woman known as Gold Tooth Maude in the Green Top Sporting House north of the tracks who certainly would not have won any beauty contests.

In about 1913 Uncle Henry Hall moved to Ray, Arizona, and when the Pinal County Sheriff died in 1913, three names of deputies were placed in a hat, and when Hall's name was drawn he became Sheriff.

While in Ray Charlie did some braking on the old Ray Consolidated Mining Company railroad which hauled the ore from the Ray mine to the Southern Pacific junction at Kelvin on the San Pedro River. He also worked some for his uncle as a deputy. From these days he remembers an association with Percy Bowden, later long-time police chief in Douglas, and the tensions he said existed in

those troublous days with the advent of unions and the pro-German agitators. The pictures and balance of the text regarding Charlie's life in Ray and Sonora, Pinal County, Arizona are omitted from this account.)

While in Cochise County, Charlie had joined the First Arizona Infantry, Company M, the pre-1916 forerunner of The National Guard of Arizona, a unit with headquarters at Naco, Arizona. Charlie was not in the 1916 panoramic picture of this unit, and he is hazy about his service in it prior to February 29, 1917, when his discharge papers show he was drafted into the regular army. It is probable that his draft date coincided with the first time the First Arizona Infantry was federalized, and that some prior service in the State unit was not entered into his record.

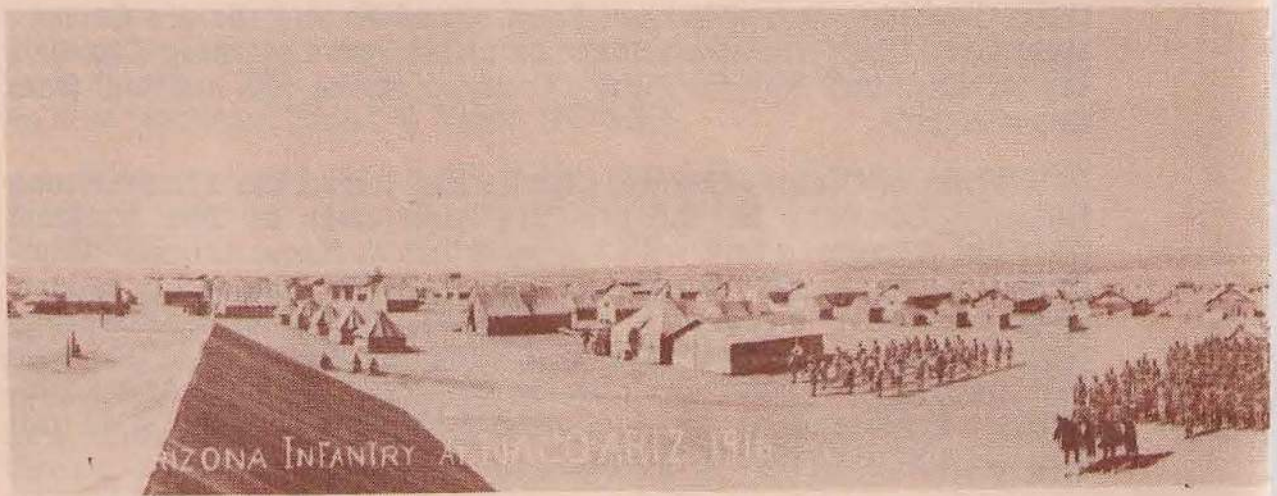
In the Fort Huachuca Museum (courteously shown to the writer by its former director Dr. Bruno Rolak) there is much history on the National Guard of Arizona. One newspaper article clipped from the December 1, 1967, issue of the **Phoenix Gazette**, by Staff Writer Kenneth Arline recounts in detail the history of the famed 158th Infantry up to that date when its colors were retired. His highlights show the First Arizona Infantry was first mustered into federal service on Sept. 19, 1916; that it was mustered out on March 12, 1917, and that such mustering out order was suspended on March 27, 1917.

If the Army was that confused perhaps they did lose some of Charlie's records. At any rate, after promising to keep us out of war, President Woodrow Wilson on May 9, 1916, called forth the organized militias of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, totalling some 159,000 men, to be employed in the services of the United States. With the tense situation along the Mexican border and World War I brewing in Europe, Cochise County was a beehive of military units. After training on the desert between Naco and Ft. Huachuca, practicing in trenches, sleeping in pup tents, braving the heat in the summer and sand and snow storms in season, the unit was finally taken into the United States Army.

Charlie served principally as a cook and tailor's helper and did very little training and had no combat service.

After war was declared April 6, 1917, the Arizona Infantry became part of the 158th Infantry, 79th Brigade, 40th Division, and on August 19, 1918 arrived in Cherbourg, France. This unit served with great distinction and took heavy losses; one general said it was one outfit "to go through a lot of hell." It also had the honor of providing six officers and 251 men for an honor guard detachment for duty at President Woodrow Wilson's Paris headquarters in December, 1918, before returning to the USA and being mustered out of federal service on May 3, 1919.

Although Charlie does not know exactly when his Arizona service started, he knows it all ended for him April 15, 1919 at Camp Kearny, California. Perhaps because of his age he did no rugged military training and combat service. It was not explained how his



Panorama of First Arizona Infantry at Naco, Arizona in 1916.

car knocking experience qualified him as a cook; perhaps it was his experience behind the bar.

From one story Charlie tells of his mess officer, apparently one Lt. Phillips, it appears Charlie was a favorite of the staff at the mess hall. He tells of being sick in the hospital when he heard where there were some eggs available in the war-torn French city. Lt. Phillips commandeered a motorcycle with side car, and Charlie tells with many chuckles of a wild ride through the Cherbourg streets and alleys before finding the eggs. There were the usual references to poker playing and the maintaining of the liquor supply, as well as the regular business of feeding the army.

Throughout the telling of his story, Charlie the Clown, the joker, prankster, frequently emerged. On the occasion of the second interview he very solemnly said he had forgotten to tell that he was in the penitentiary at Florence in 1915. When it was suggested that it was not necessary to cover everything if he preferred, he grinned, and said, "Yeah, I worked there." Then, suddenly serious, he related how he saw five men pay the extreme penalty at the end of a rope.

Again, one day he abruptly asked, "Do you know the meanest thing I did in my life?" He called it "mean," and it was a distorted sense of humor to put it mildly. He pointed to Picture No. 5, and said "I had to fight that man once. Tommy Wright was underneath the car, and I had drilled a hole through the car bottom. I yelled down to Tommy—I asked him to look up through the hole to see if it was big enough, and when he did I spit a big wad of tobacco juice in his eye." Yes, you had to be ready and willing to fight to pull a stunt like that on a fellow workman.

In late 1922 the wrong man was elected Sheriff in Pinal County, and a jobless Charlie ended up in Tucson, where he worked at such odd jobs as truck driver for Wheatley Produce (16 hours a day, he said) and chauffeur for Uncle John Zellewager, a pioneer Old Pueblo



(From files of Cochise County Historical & Archaeological Society.)

merchant who sported two cars, a Cadillac and a Marmon. Through the influence of Pima County Sheriff Walter Bailey he started work on May 1, 1925 as a policeman for the City of Tucson.

One picture of him in **The Arizona Daily Star** on August 15, 1945, showed him celebrating the end of the war by directing traffic at his favorite beat, downtown Stone and Congress, with a long strand of pampas grass.

He tells of a few occasions when the lead was flying, and once when he was actually hit; but his favorite stories concern the humorous incidents on South Meyer Street and other tough neighborhoods during Prohibition days. In one such incident Charlie searched the premises from the ground up to the rafters before he found the still, but then he slipped and fell back—into a 50-gallon barrel of mash.

In one rough and tumble fight in Sabino Alley with some drunks there was some fierce in-fighting. Charlie's rookie partner, Bill Irvine, made the mistake of slugging his nearest opponent in the head with his fist. When Bill yelled in pain that he had broken his hand, Charlie said he yelled right back at him, "You dadgummed fool—it serves you right—that's what you carry a night stick for."

Charlie's closest call came one night in 1925 in a residential district near the University. Instead of halting as Charlie ordered the holdup man opened fire with a "Saturday night special," the first shot hitting Charlie in his right wrist. As he fell the rookie officer put three .45 slugs from his automatic into the burglar's body causing almost instant death. It was learned later the prowler was a dope addict.

Charlie says he will also always remember the date of February 18, 1937 when he was involved in a shoot-out. He had discovered the burglar in the Western Union office, but the man was holed up and Charlie had time to summon help. Instead of surrendering the badman came out shooting. Charlie said simply, "We got him," but he did indicate that during such encounters no one ever knew until the bullets stopped flying who was going to get whom.

Charlie spent many happy days in retirement as security guard for the Cleveland Indians baseball spring training quarters in Tucson. He was also in charge of the boys shagging the balls knocked out of the park. He did a lot of visiting with such famous stars as Bob Feller and others of his day. He also did some security work for Nick Hall at the Santa Rita Hotel (another landmark sacrificed to progress), and also did cross-country transportation of Federal prisoners.

A local sports writer once referred to him as "the cop who uses a Louisville slugger for a billyclub." He was about as colorful "copy" as ball players Jim Piersall, Joe Gordon, Herb Score, Billy Martin, and others he rubbed elbows with in his happy, friendly manner.

In those roaring years, when like Tom Running said an officer has some leeway in figuring out the right and wrong way to handle a given situation, Charlie chose a novel way one evening with a drunken, obnoxious woman. Because she was related to some of his relatives, she was taking advantage of Charlie's good nature. Instead of arresting her he simply handcuffed her hands behind her but around a Congress Street lamp post. He went on his beat for a few minutes, and upon his return found her willing to behave. He did not even bother to advise her of her "rights."

God bless you, Charlie and thank you for the great joy and laughter you have brought to many.