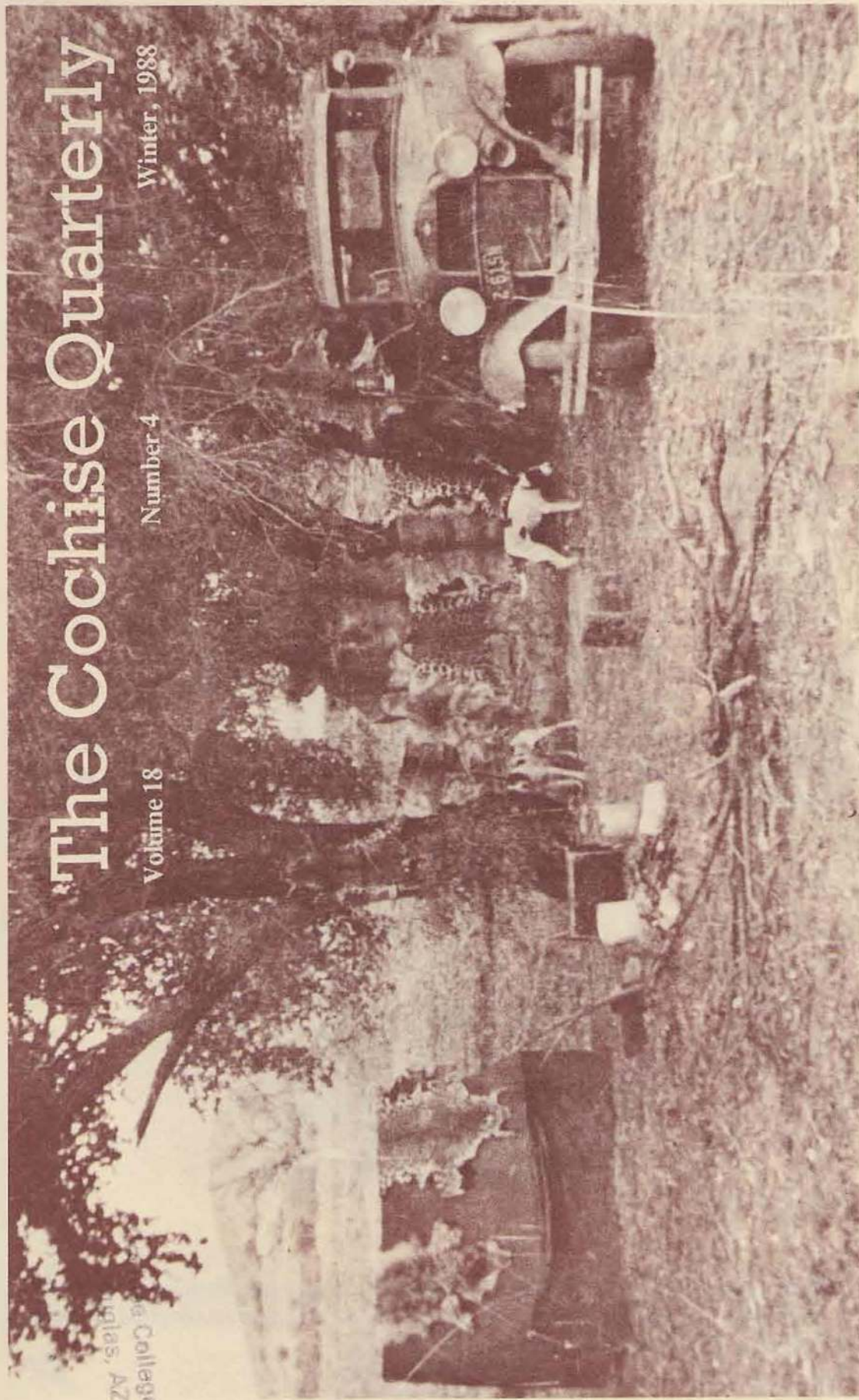


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About the Cover: A Dan Mangum hunting camp with hounds and a vehicle with 1948 license plate. The spotted hides are jaguars and the others wolves. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

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SOME OBSERVATIONS MADE ON A PACK TRIP INTO THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS

By Burt N. Smith

Dan C. Mangum is a resident of Douglas, Ariz., who at the present time makes a living by conducting hunting parties into Mexico. Dan and his family are some of the very first people we met when we moved to Arizona four years ago and although he has often invited me to accompany him on one of his regularly scheduled hunting trips, I have always refused because I have felt that a "kibitzer" on such a party would be considered an intruder by the members.

On May 23, 1951, however, Dan called on me and said that he was going to make an exploratory trip by himself into some new territory in an effort to determine the supply of game for hunting parties scheduled for the 1951-1952 season. When he asked me to go along, I said, "When do we leave?" even though at the time I was suffering from an acute attack of bursitis in the right shoulder.

Dan was also very lame from a splintered bone in his left knee cap and we laughingly agreed that physically the two of us added together would not equal half a good man. So we were in no condition to undertake a real hunting trip, but Dan has to make a sojourn east for about a month when he has the knee operated on so he wanted to get this jaunt over ahead of the hunting parties which start to arrive in September.

I am bringing these points out here so that the reader may understand later in the text why Dan and I did not do more of the shooting. I shot at a tin can with the Krag the first day out in order to test the sights and nearly fainted from the pain in the shoulder, although I had never before noticed that it had any appreciable kick. I decided then and there that my shooting would have to be confined to the .22 caliber rifle.

Object Of The Trip

There were two main objectives which we did hope to accomplish even though we could not shoot very much:

A — To locate a supply of game in new territory not previously visited by Dan with regular hunting parties. B — To give some of his trained lion and bear dogs a workout on the trail before the regular hunting season starts.

Game Animals, Birds And Fish In Northern Sonora

The following game is available in varying quantities depending on conditions mentioned later: Animals: brown bear, grizzly bear, white-tail deer, mountain lion, gray squirrel, wolf, fox, tiger (our jaguar), antelope. Birds: turkey, quail, wild pigeon, turtle dove, duck, geese. Fish: catfish, rainbow trout, speckled trout.

Conditions Affecting The Supply Of Game

There are several factors affecting the supply of game in northern Sonora at this time, among which are the following:

A — Water Supply. It is very dry in this area at this time. Many canyons, which in normal times have a good supply of running water, are bone dry. It is necessary to use care and judgment in scheduling a pack trip in such a manner that water will be available to men and beasts when needed.

B — Lumber Camps. Some big new lumber camps have been established in the Sierras, employing as many as 500 men each and on Sundays a great many of the workmen go hunting, especially for deer. Then there are others who do nothing but hunt and sell the meat to the camps and, as a result, hundreds of deer are being killed. And of course as the supply of deer is exhausted, those animals like lion, tiger and wolves, which largely live on deer, are migrating further south.

C — Forest fires. We saw a number of forest fires on the mountains and approached within three or four air miles of two. As we came up over a high bluff that overlooked others in the vicinity, we could see in the distance the smoke and even the blaze and especially the huge areas already consumed. We could find no evidence that the government provides any fire fighters. Some of the lumber companies send out men to protect their own interests but that is all. In other cases the fires are allowed to burn themselves out and they thereby cause a large migration of game.

D — Scheduled hunting trips. Dan and his hunting parties take considerable game and do much shooting in the locality. As a result, the game disperses and it is necessary to keep in touch with these migrations, for it is not only unsatisfactory but also unwise to do a lot of exploring for game with a regular hunting party. The members of these parties are usually limited in their time and therefore want and expect quick action and therefore it is necessary for the conductor to know at all times just where to locate the particular type of game desired. Dan advertises for business in the national magazines and unless he can promptly show his clients the game they want, they soon lose confidence in him. It was interesting to me to learn that deer and turkey predominate by far in the kind preferred by his parties. Not very many want mountain lion or bear or tiger.

Guns And Ammunition

There is absolutely no limit to the number and kinds of guns and ammunition that can be taken across the border on these hunting trips with Dan. He has the necessary permits and regulatory papers to make it possible to cross with anything from a cannon to an air rifle. A hunter can therefore choose his favorite weapon and certainly he cannot blame the lack of it for poor hunting results because Dan does not furnish the weapon or the ammunition.



Dan Mangum, left, with a jaguar probably taken in Nayarit, Mexico. The guide holds a hollow gourd which produced sounds to call in the jaguar. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

Sleeping Facilities

A sleeping bag of some sort is almost a "MUST" and an air mattress is certainly very desirable. Up in the Sierras it is very cool at night, even midsummer, and in winter it is really cold. The Mexican guides and helpers depend on blankets, mostly those worn by the animals as saddle or pack blankets, but they sleep huddled around the fire and take turns during the night replenishing it. Dan does not furnish sleeping items.

The terrain in the hunting country is really rough and sometimes it is necessary to search for a considerable time in order to find a spot level enough to accommodate the sleeping bag. When it is located, it will often be covered with small pebbles that will feel like real rocks through a sleeping bag but will not be noticeable at all through an air mattress.

Hunting Dogs

Dan is the owner of 15 hunting dogs, eight of which are trained, three are untrained and four are young pups. The trained dogs are as follows:

Badger, age 7, cost \$250, Blue Tick
Ranger, age 7, cost \$300, Blue Tick
Rowdy, age 6, cost \$200, Red Bone
Red, age 5, cost \$100, Mexican mongrel
Joe, age 3, cost \$100, Black and Tan
Kate, age 4, cost \$60, Blue Tick
Barney, age 2, raised, Blue Tick
Bill, age 2, raised, Blue Tick

The mother of the pups is Kate and the father is Badger. We took with us the first four listed above.

These dogs seem nearly human in intelligence. They will bother no scent at all except that of a bear or a lion, although Dan can put Badger on a wolf scent and get him to follow it. In camp they never make a sound nor do they bother the provisions although they are tied to trees or rocks at night so that they will not learn to grub around camp for food.

While working they are fed not more than once a day but given all the water they want. They are fed meat, usually venison, three or four times a week and barley cooked in grease or prepared dog food the balance of the time.

On the trail they remain loose and follow the pack train closely, although on this trip some of them became footsore since they had been in their kennels with little exercise for a couple of months. Tallow was put on their feet at night but Ranger and Rowdy finally gave out the last half day on the trail and were loaded on the mules to bring them in to the truck.

But they would follow a fresh bear or lion scent if only a stub of a leg remained and will gnaw and scratch for hours at the base of a tree or rock where one of those animals has hidden, as will be described later. Rowdy rode on top of the bed rolls on the mule without being tied in any manner but it was necessary to rope Ranger to keep him riding.

If the dogs struggle around on the mule's back in such a manner that his paws touch the mule in front of or in the rear of the packs, the mule will often buck and sometimes run into a thicket trying to unseat the dog. In that case the dog or the mule or the pack or even all three may become injured and also this procedure may excite the other mules in the outfit.

Dan is very careful to caution hunters not to shoot deer while the dogs are on the trail and especially while the dogs are on the scent of a lion or a bear. If a deer is killed in front of the dogs, they will run to the carcass before the hunter can reach it. If they get the scent of the deer with the hide still on it, they will thereafter follow deer scent. It is perfectly satisfactory to feed the dogs venison with no hide on it and in that case they will never pick up the scent.

It certainly is a pretty sight, an enjoyable sound and a real thrill when the dogs get on a fresh scent and vie with each other to see which one can follow it the fastest, their nostrils drawing in great breaths in search of the scent, their tails straight up and wagging vigorously from side to side and that regular baying which starts deep down in their lungs and reverberates from one side of the canyon to the other.

May 28, 1951 — Start Of The Trip By Automobile

We left Douglas at 8 a.m. on May 28, 1951. In the day or two previous we had bought our supplies, made a rack for carrying the dogs on the rear of the 3/4-ton Chevy truck, had the truck serviced and checked over guns, sleeping bags, pack sacks, etc. I took the following :

- 1 Woods Arctic sleeping bag
- 1 Air mattress and one air pillow
- 1 Pack sack of clothing
- 1 .30-40 Krag rifle
- 1 12 Ga. Winchester shotgun
- 2 Boxes of shells for Krag
- 1 Box of .30-30 shells for guide
- 2 Boxes shells for .22 Cal. rifle

Dan took the following:

- 1 Chevy 3/4-ton truck
- 1 .30-30 Remington rifle
- 1 .22 Cal. Winchester rifle
- 1 Box of .30-30 shells
- 2 Boxes of shotgun shells
- 1 Sears sleeping bag
- 1 Sears air mattress
- 1 Pack sack of clothing
- 3 No. 5 Newhouse bear traps
- 8 No. 4 Newhouse wolf traps
- 4 Wooden boxes of supplies and utensils
- 1 Tent
- 1 Tarpaulin
- 4 Hunting dogs
- 1 Dutch oven

We went directly east from Douglas on the Geronimo Trail for 82 miles to Antelope Wells, N.M., where we crossed the border into Old Mexico. The road from this point south into Mexico is better than that distance east.

At the custom house on the American side are Mr. and Mrs. Bolles, both of whom are delightful people. Mr. Bolles is border line rider and Mrs. Bolles does much of the work at the custom house. We gave her the numbers on our guns and passed through the American customs with only five minutes' delay.

The American customs is at a ranch house some three-quarters of a mile from the border fence. The Mexican customs is right at the international fence. There are two points of contact on the Mexican side, viz. the immigration and the customs. The one attends to individuals and the other to the auto. It required about 10 minutes to obtain the necessary clearance at both points. There have been many improvements on the Mexican side since I crossed there before. There is a new adobe building with ample office space and the quarters are kept clean.

The Geronimo Trail passes through the Diamond A Ranch on the American side of the line in New Mexico and this is an enormous cattle spread with over 100,000 animals. We saw antelope on the big plains which had evidently migrated across the line from Old Mexico.

After leaving the Mexican customs, which is in the State of Chihuahua, we

took a road bearing southwest through the Palomas Ranch — or rather through that portion of that ranch which is owned by Alfonso Morales of Douglas. It is very dry on that ranch and the cattle are poor. It gives evidence of being overgrazed.

From the Palomas Ranch we passed through a fence on a cattle guard onto the Gabilondo Ranch. It is dry on that ranch too but the cattle are in better condition because the pastures are not overloaded. I would judge that there are between 3,000 and 4,000 cattle on that ranch.

On the Gabilondo Ranch we passed through a prairie dog colony. We saw literally hundreds of these queer little animals scampering across the fields.

From the Gabilondo Ranch we passed through another fence onto the Carretas Ranch. Here there were between 5,000 and 6,000 cattle; there is more water and consequently the cattle are in much better condition.

After leaving the Carretas Ranch, we crossed the line from the State of Chihuahua into the State of Sonora and we started to climb one part of the Sierra Madre Mountains. The road is very, very rough and awfully steep in places. As the top of the mountain is crossed the view down into the valley on the opposite side is magnificent.

The Bavispe River meanders through this valley and there is much green vegetation along its banks. We crossed the river by fording at the town of Bavispe, where we stopped at a restaurant for supper as it was six o'clock.

In this restaurant they served frijoles, tortillas, meat, onions, coffee and cheese, all of which Dan consumed with gusto. I had to be content with soup, which I asked the cook to make from a can of Gerber's baby food, a supply of which I took along. I did eat some tortillas in lieu of bread.

It is impossible to get fresh meat in Mexico either in restaurants or stores. Jerked beef that has been dried in the sun is always on hand.



One of Dan Mangum's hunting vehicles fords a small creek. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

After eating we drove along the river for 12 miles where we crossed it again by fording and camped opposite the town of Bacerac on the bank of the river. Here we each took a bath in the river and went to bed in our sleeping bags shortly after dark.

We had covered 168 miles in about 10 hours of driving with about half of that on the American side of the line. In other words, we made the 82 miles on the American side in 2 1/2 hours, or at the rate of about 32 mph while the 86 miles on the Mexican side required 7 1/2 hours at the rate of 11 mph. A great deal of lumber is being hauled over the Mexican road and in places it is in terrible shape. The government never spends one centavo on road maintenance in this part of Mexico.

May 29, 1951 — The Fuentes Ranch

We were awakened by the church bells in Bacerac calling the faithful to five o'clock Mass. We arose, threw our sleeping bags on the truck and started on towards the next town on the river, which is Huachanera. There is located just off the main road about two miles before reaching the town, a ranch owned and operated by one Chamaco Fuentes. Dan is acquainted with him and knows that sometimes he supplies pack animals and equipment. Therefore we stopped at the Fuentes Ranch and, although it was not yet six o'clock in the morning, we were welcomed with open arms and invited in for breakfast.

They served for breakfast exactly the same things that were served the night before in the restaurant in Bavispe, viz. tortillas, frijoles, meat, coffee and cheese. Here again Dan ate with vigor and I meekly took in a box of cream of wheat and showed the cook how to fix it. They did have fresh milk fully pasteurized but not so well pasteurized, which was a great treat for me.

At this ranch there were many people consisting of:

Chamaco Fuentes and his wife

Two ladies who seemed to do the cooking

Four men, at least one of whom was a nephew of Chamaco

One boy of eight or nine years

One girl of one year

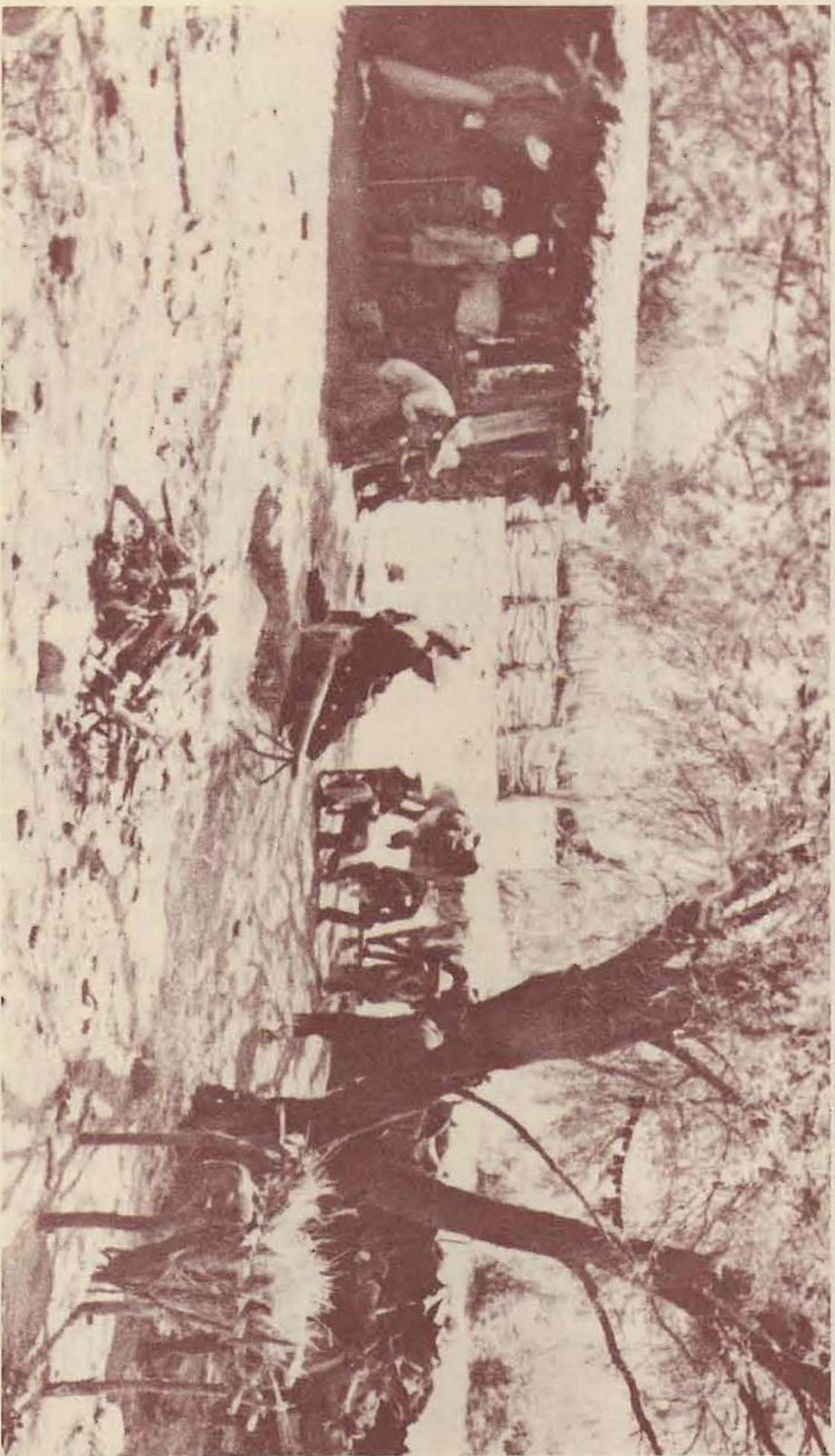
The house was of adobe with two rooms. In one room was a cookstove that heats with wood. There were four beds in one room and a cot in the yard and all of those people sleep somewhere about the house.

There is one custom followed in this part of Mexico that is of interest. For instance, Chamaco Fuentes and his wife have no children of their own. They have lived on that ranch for 38 years and they are about 65 years old. In that case, the oldest brother of Chamaco gives to Chamaco his oldest son in order that Chamaco will have someone to whom he can leave his property. The boy will continue to live with Chamaco, who will provide for him as though he were his own son. The fact that the Fuentes had beds and a cookstove is evidence of their great wealth for in nearly all houses in that part of Mexico one will find neither.

Dan consulted with Chamaco and found that he could supply our requirements for saddle and pack animals. They decided that we would require three pack mules, a cook and a wrangler. With a saddle animal for each of the four men, it made seven animals in the train at the start. I knew that we were going to follow the trail up the mountains to another ranch where we would pick up a guide and more animals. The wrangler was able to guide us to the ranch in the mountains.

Chamaco, of course, had no knowledge that we were coming so he had to have the animals rounded up from the pasture and each one had to be shod. They use flat shoes with no calks and the metal is apparently soft for the shoes wear out in one trip of any length. Chamaco was also short one saddle so we drove into Huachanera where he borrowed one.

Since the Mexicans are not noted for speed, that day was well along before we



Members of a Dan Mangum hunting party are taking a break at a Sierra Madre ranch in this photo. The conical-shaped object at the right is a brajero, used for cooking braiser-style. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

had everything ready. So we took a swim in the river and decided to wait until morning before starting for the mountains. We killed four jack rabbits with the .22 for the dogs and a number of quail with the shotgun, which were cooked and served for our dinner. We slept on the ground in the yard.

May 30, 1951 — The Mule Train

We arose at daylight and there was provided the same breakfast as before. Those people drink gallons of coffee. After eating, the start was made on unloading the truck and loading the mules.

While in Huachanera the day before, Dan had engaged a cook, Pedro. A nephew of Chamaco named Prieto was going along as a wrangler. Both of those people were right on hand at daylight.

The pack mules were loaded, the horses saddled and we got away just before noon for the mountains. All of the animals were in good condition and the equipment, including the western saddles, was in fine shape. Chamaco assigned the saddle animals and I drew a bay horse that weighed about 900 pounds. It was a good assignment for not once during the trip did he stumble and in some of the country we covered one stumble could be disastrous.

We soon were strung along the trail in single file with the pack mules in front and the four dogs loose and usually in the rear. All types of cactus are in bloom and the rainbow especially presented a beautiful sight with their bright red blossoms, which can be seen for long distances across the canyons. There are many beautiful birds seen on the trail such as garnets, orioles, robins, blue jays and many hummingbirds.

The trail up the mountain is rough and very steep and it is a long hard climb to the top. The mules were heavily loaded and we were compelled to take it slowly. We kept on, however, until 5:30 p.m. when we reached a canyon with running water and we were glad to make camp.

We unsaddled the horses and removed the packs from the mules. The cook immediately heated water for coffee and we looked for a level spot for the sleeping bags.

It is fun to see the horses and mules roll as soon as their load is removed. Often they roll completely over several times. Those that cannot accomplish that roll for a time on one side, get up and immediately lie down and roll on the other side.

The animals are left loose for an hour or so to browse around camp but just before dark the wrangler goes out and places hobbles on those which he knows are want to wander during the night. He knows that it will be his job to go after them at daylight the next morning and he does not want them to get too far from camp.

For you neophytes, the hobble is a short piece of rope that is used to tie the animal's front feet together just below the fetlock so that he can take only very short steps. The animals usually proceed ahead by jumping with both feet raised off the ground at the same time and even with hobbles in place it is amazing how far from camp they will wander in search of food.

The cook first made coffee and then biscuits in the Dutch oven. Probably everyone who reads this knows what a Dutch oven is, but anyway it is a big five-quart iron kettle with four short legs with a cover of iron. The kettle is placed in the red hot coals and coals are also placed on top. In that manner the biscuits are baked on the top and the bottom at the same time. Do they taste good after a day's ride out in the open air! Dan can make biscuits that will melt in your mouth.

On the trail only two meals a day are served because it is too much work to unload and repack at noon. Of course one can take some eatables along in the saddle bags.

Into another five-quart kettle the cook put two quarts of pinto beans, four slices of salt pork and three quarts of water and started that concoction simmering on the fire. Those beans form the main item of diet for the Mexicans on the trip. There may be venison, bear meat, fish or whatnot available, but there must also be beans or else the meal is not complete.

In cold months when the camp fire is kept all night, the beans simmer all night too, but in this season, they are boiled until the cook retires and again in the morning before breakfast. Any surplus is carried in the pack outfit to the next camp where they are boiled again.

Give the Mexican a convenient tree to lean against with a pot of American coffee on one side and a can of American tobacco on the other side and a few beans in front of him and he would not change places with the Pope of Rome. They do not get much sweet stuff down there either and they surely do go for Karo corn syrup. They even crumble the cheese on their plate, sprinkle the syrup over it and eat that for breakfast.

It is usually dark shortly after supper is finished and while some members of the party may sit and talk awhile around the campfire, one is about tired enough to go to bed early after a day's ride. It was very cool at night as we climbed the Sierras and the eiderdown sleeping bag was surely a welcome treat. As soon as twilight comes on, the whip-poor-wills begin to sing. How I love to hear them, although I have not had the opportunity in years before.

May 31, 1951 — The Romero Ranch

We arose as usual at sunrise and went through the regular routine of breakfast. Dan and I decided to go on ahead of the rest and look for signs of game, leaving the cook and the wrangler to load the mules and to bring the dogs. We went on for about three hours and stopped at a fork in the trail to await the others.

One branch of the trail led to the ranch of Fulgencio Romero, where Dan had never visited but where Senor Romero had told him that there was lots of game. The other branch led to the ranch of Simon Monje, which is located on the Bavispe River and has been reported as alive with game.

That Bavispe River can be found in various parts of the Sierras, sometimes flowing north and sometimes in the opposite direction. At any rate, Dan decided to first visit the Romero location. We had not been waiting long at the fork in the trail when Badger and Red came bouncing up to us and the others were not far behind so we took the trail to the right.

We arrived at the ranch at 3 p.m. and Romero directed us where to camp about a mile from his house. He went ahead of us on foot with an axe and cut out the trail as necessary to let the pack animals through. It was rough and wild and heavy with brush.

We camped at a nice stream and sent Romero and Prieto out for deer with the guns and they soon brought one in. We fed the dogs a liberal helping and the cook served venison for supper. This location was thought to be too close to the house of Romero for real good hunting, however, so he suggested that we go further away the next day.

June 1, 1951 — On The Trail

Romero had gone home to sleep the night before but he was right on hand at daylight, bringing with him a saddle mule, a saddle horse, a pack mule, a little burro a few months old and his son, Manuel. The burro's mother had been killed by a lion a short time before and the burro had adopted one of the mules as a foster mother.

That little Manuel is the cutest kid I have ever seen. He is nine years and the oldest of eight boys. He has black eyes as big as saucers, perfect white teeth and is just shy enough to be attractive. He has never seen a bed, a tub or shower bath,

a telephone, a radio, a passenger automobile, etc. but he would certainly make some of our Boy Scouts envious of his knowledge of the forest. He showed me fresh lion, deer and bear tracks and indicated the proper place to set a trap in a runway used by wolves.

Shortly after mounting one morning, his horse fell flat on its side on a sloping, slippery rock. But instinctively, and also unconsciously, he pulled his foot from the stirrup in time to prevent it from being crushed and when the horse regained his feet, the boy was still in the saddle. Neither Manuel nor his father gave the incident any noticeable recognition as though it were of every day occurrence.

Clear thinking and bright as a whip, I did so want to ask his father to allow me to bring him to Douglas for a sight of some of our modern miracles. It would be such a pleasure to me to clean and dress him up in style and show him the things he has missed.

But what of the boy? What would be his reaction and state of mind when he had to return to the primitive? Would it be fair to him and to his family, unless he is to be kept out here permanently?

So far I have the thought that it would not be proper to take the chance but I would still like to have him here. If Dan uses his father next winter, as he is thinking of doing, I shall at least send some clothes, shoes and gloves to the boy. He is living on that ranch high up in the Sierra Madres where, in minimum time, a doctor is four days away.

How do they do it? Of course it is not at all proper to compare their mode of life with ours at this time. Theirs should rather be compared with that of our forefathers, many of whom never saw a shower bath, a telephone, a radio, etc. I suppose that they were often compelled to settle and raise families four or more days distant from a doctor.

Well, anyway, we started off on the trail again with Romero ahead and walking much of the way and widening the trail with his axe so that the pack mules could get through. The pack load had now been split among the four mules, which made it better all around on that rough trail. There were now 11 animals and six people in our train.

We traveled along without incident until about four o'clock, when we camped at a stream of running water and near a grave that was fenced in with rails. It seems that one afternoon four years ago, a man and his young son were camped at this same place and eating their supper when two strangers approached from the thicket. The strangers were asked to have coffee and, without any provocation at all, one of them shot and killed the father. The boy ran for some miles to another ranch and summoned help. One of the strangers was caught but the other has never been found. The father is actually buried in Hauchanera, but this grave will always be maintained too.

June 2, 1951 — On The Trail

We started out again and Romero cut some of the long stems that grew out of the center of the maguey plant and told us that it is excellent to eat after it is cooked. At 2 p.m. we came to a fine stream and, not being sure of the location of the next water, we decided to camp.

I thought this was a nice place to take a bath and wash some clothes and Dan decided to bathe and shave. Romero and Prieto want to go out after some game so we let them take our guns.

I finished washing and hanging up my clothes at 3:15 p.m. and started back to camp, for I washed far enough distant so that the cook would not take water from the same hole. As I approached camp, I saw Romero come in at a brisk trot.

When I arrived, he said that he had scared up a mountain lion on the trail not far from camp. We sent the cook on the run for horses. Luckily they had not



Some of the country Dan Mangum hunted in Sonora. This probably is the Bavispe River. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

wandered very far from camp, so Dan and I saddled real quickly, loosened the dogs and followed Romero, who went on foot.

He took us along a trail to a fallen log where he said he had surprised the lion sunning himself. We got the dogs on the scent with no difficulty. They followed it down into a canyon with absolutely perpendicular walls where the horses just could not go. But Romero went on by foot by using tree branches as supports.

It was in a pine forest with trees 75 and 100 feet high and much underbrush. The wind came up quite strong and Dan and I lost the dogs completely with that noise through the pine trees. We stayed around on the rim of the canyon for a time and finally decided to return to camp.

On the way back, as we rounded a turn in the trail, we heard the dogs again and not so far away. We started after the sound of the baying and Dan said that the dogs had the lion treed.

The terrain was almost impossible for the horses to navigate but we urged them through and found the dogs baying, scratching and pawing at the base of a 75-foot pine tree. We looked up and it was very evident that the lion had gone up the tree but he had also gone out on a limb about 50 feet up and had jumped from there to a large rock some 30 feet from the end of the limb.

So we brought the dogs on top of the rock and they followed the scent directly to a large cave in the rocks not too far away. We built a big fire in the mouth of the cave but we could not force the lion out, although we felt sure that he was in there for the dogs just would not leave. After we did force them to leave, Rowdy and Ranger snuck off from camp and remained all night at the mouth of that cave.

We had awfully good luck in scaring up a lion in that manner and then awfully bad luck in having him get away. In 99 cases out of 100, getting the dogs on a trail as fresh as that the lion would have been taken.

I can readily see the extreme difficulty that Dan has in getting his hunters within shooting distance of a lion. In that terrain especially, the lions do not choose the most open sections for their neighborhood but rather those as nearly inaccessible as possible. To follow the dogs closely on horseback when they are on a fresh scent is just nearly impossible.

And so there is another method of hunting lions that is used frequently in that rugged territory and that is to trap them. A deer, burro, steer or horse is killed and the carcass dragged on the ground for a distance by means of a rope on the saddle. Bear traps are then set and if one wishes to train the dogs, the chain on the trap is not fastened but allowed to remain free. Then when a lion is caught the dogs are put on the scent and with the chain and the trap as handicaps the lion will be run down and the hunter will be much more liable to get him.

Dan decided that while it is apparent that there are lions in this vicinity and that therefore there must be deer, it is located too far from Huachanera. It is far too rough and wild to bring a hunting party into and therefore we planned to leave the next morning for the Monje ranch. Romero told us that the country there was more open and besides it is located on the Bavispe River.

June 3, 1951 — On The Trail

Dan and Romero went after Rowdy and Ranger and brought them into camp and fed them. Romero agreed to guide us to the river, from which point we could follow the trail by ourselves to the Monje Ranch since it bears close to the river.

Romero also cooked the maguey. He built a big fire separate from our camp fire and placed thereon the maguey, which had been cut into three-foot sections. He got a good layer of coals and put logs on top. Manuel kept up the fire while the horses and mules were rounded up and being loaded.

It must have cooked for nearly three hours, at which time the maguey is all

blackened and charred on the outside. The outer part is peeled off with a knife and the whole inner part is eaten. It has a sweetish taste and I imagine that one could easily learn to like it. The Mexicans chewed it continually from then on while on the trail.

On the trail this day we scared up six deer and a big bunch of turkeys. There were two big gobblers in the bunch but by the time we could get the guns out of the scabbards and loaded and we had dismounted (since the horses are not trained to allow shooting from their backs), the game had gone. It is not too frequent that game is seen on the trail for with 11 animals and six people there is always noise of some kind.

We camped that night at a fine stream but we had to go down an awfully steep hill to get to it. The dogs' feet were becoming very sore since they had done all of that pawing and scratching after the lion. All of them limped into camp.

June 4, 1951 — In Camp

We decided to remain in camp for a day and allow the dogs to rest. Manuel and I went fishing while Romero and Prieto went after deer. All of us were lucky for they brought in a deer and we caught 10 nice trout, which were served for dinner. In the evening Dan went fishing and caught 18 rainbows.

These streams are not fished much, of course. The trout are not wild at all and we were able to see some beauties. However, we did not have the right bait, for we neglected to take flies, and had to use snails and grubs which we found by turning stones.

Tallow was applied to the dogs' feet and it was not necessary to tie them this day to get them to remain quiet. Not one of them moved a muscle all day.

June 5, 1951 — On The Bavispe River

We were up at daylight and left camp for the river. Dan and I went on ahead up the awfully steep hill that we had descended before and came to the Valenzuela Ranch, where two young chaps are camped to watch over some 50 cows and calves which were pasturing there on the mountain. They move camp when the feed gets short. The owner lives in Magdalena, Mexico.

There is a corral where the boys milk enough to enable them to make a cheese a day and allow the calves to take the remainder. I would like to see the expression on the face of one of our boys of 16 or 17 if he were required to watch over a herd of cattle located on top of the Sierra Madre Mountains and make a cheese a day with the few primitive utensils that those boys have, and wearing torn, dilapidated clothing and on the feet only a flat piece of cow hide held by thongs over the instep, all made by themselves.

We kept on up over a high ridge and waited for the others in a shady grove. They soon arrived with the dogs still showing evidence of very tender feet. We again raised both deer and turkey on the trail and reached the river about 4 p.m. I caught enough fish for dinner.

June 6, 1951 — The Monje Ranch

The trail from here follows the river to the Monje Ranch. The Romeros were going only a short distance with us to a fork in the trail where one branch takes them towards home and the other was for us.

After the packs were loaded and we were about ready to start, I gave Manuel my hunting knife and a leather sheath. Then his father presented me with a horse hair rope that he had made. It is about 50 feet long with two strands from the hair of a black horse and one strand from the hair of a grey horse.

The knife cost some \$5 and it must have required at least 15 days' work to make such a rope. The hairs are first twisted into strands, in this case three, and then the strands are twisted into the rope. It is a beautiful thing. I did not want to take it on account of its intrinsic value but I did not dare refuse on account of insulting Romero.

Manuel, Dan and I went on ahead to the fork in the trail where I said goodbye to the boy. I can still see him sitting there on his horse and waving to us until we disappeared at a bend in the river. A great boy.

Dan and I stopped after a time and allowed the others to catch up with us. We followed the river all day crossing and recrossing it by fording some 30 times and finally made the ranch at about 5 o'clock.

There is a crude, one room, thatched roof house at this ranch in which live Mr. and Mrs. Monje, their daughter of one year, a nephew of seven years, and Mr. Monje's brother of 21. They seemed very glad to see us, for Dan had met the man before and we camped on the river bank not far from the house.

Mr. Monje went out a short distance from the camp and killed a deer for us. He also showed us some turkey roosts and said that the week before we arrived he had watched from his house for two hours while a lion stalked a deer on the side of the canyon across the river from his house. He had no shells for his gun and could not shoot.

During the day's trip, we had left gradually the thick forest and emerged into open country much better than any seen before for hunting. We knew that we were only one day's ride from the truck so we gave the Monjes that night some sugar, syrup, plastic spoons, etc. that we knew would be surplus. We would give each item to the seven-year-old boy to take to the house and it was heart warming to hear him call out each item as he carried it to his aunt and to see the grateful expression when she received it.

There were no beds nor was there a cookstove in that house. They all sleep on the ground and the lady cooks on a stone fireplace in a sort of lean-to. Those people have practically no sweets at all and very few if any cooking or eating utensils. Almost any kind of stick can be used for stirring beans and the tortillas are made by hand anyway.



A day on the trail with Dan Mangum could be exhausting. Here Henry Steeger, publisher of the outdoor magazine Argosy, relaxes. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

Dan talked with Mr. Monje and found that both he and his brother would be glad to act as guides on hunting parties. The location is but one day's hard ride from Huachanera, it is open country, there is plenty of game, it is on the river and seems to be an ideal location, so I think that most of the parties for the coming season will go there.

June 7, 1951 — End Of The Trail

We were up at 4:45 a.m. and left camp for Huachanera and the truck. We left the river here and took off over the mountains as straight as possible. For a portion of the distance, we made our own trail over country they told us no white man had ever been before and I can well believe them. It was wild, it was rough, it was steep, and in some places it was dangerous.

The mules had comparatively light loads now, but the poor dogs were so tired their feet so sore that they whimpered often as they crept along and tried their best to keep up. They were still suffering from all of that scratching and pawing after that lion in addition to a very long time on the trail.

Finally at 1 p.m. Rowdy and Ranger just gave up and we had to put them on the mules. The other two limped along and finally made the truck on their own power but what a satisfied look came over their faces when their feet felt that thick mat of straw in the truck bed. They laid down one in each corner and I am sure that not one of them stirred once during the entire trip to Douglas.

We arrived in Huachanera at 6 o'clock and found a flat tire on the truck. That was changed, we loaded up and left for Douglas after paying Chamaco for the outfit. We stopped in Bavispe for supper at the same restaurant we had visited going down and, strange as it may seem, the very same menu was served as before. We went up over the mountain and camped for the night at 10:30 p.m. on the Carretas Ranch.

June 8, 1951 — The Return Home

We stopped at a windmill on the Morales Ranch and made breakfast and shaved. Dan cooked bacon and eggs and coffee and I had hot cereal. We made the border at 9:30 a.m. and Douglas by noon. Even with all of the physical discomfort, the trip was well worth while. The day-by-day outline is concluded but I wish to add a few more comments that some of the readers will find of interest I think.

Pack Animals

Only mules or burros are used as pack animals in this part of Mexico and for a hunting trip only mules are used. Burros transport innumerable things for the Mexicans but the mule is the hunter's pack animal. These mules weigh from 500 to 750 pounds only and they are loaded with 250 or 300 pounds of pack. The saddle animals are sometimes mules and other times horses, but the Mexicans will never insult a horse by requiring him to carry a pack outfit.

It is impossible to walk up to a mule or to a horse in the pasture without a rope on him. He must be cornered in someplace and a rope thrown on him, not necessarily a lasso around the neck, but at least a loose rope over the withers or the hips. Then a person can approach the animal by carefully walking up to him along the rope. They are trained in that manner. They are perfectly gentle after being roped and I do not understand why they are never trained in such a manner that a person can walk up to them in the pasture.

The mules and horses are driven by the wrangler into camp in the morning and the other members of the party assist in cornering and roping them. With one end of a rope on him and the other end on the ground, the animal will remain quiet. The horses are often saddled first, or at least they were in our case for Dan and I usually went on ahead as soon as our horses were ready.

One of the mules is brought forward for the start of the pack and the first operation is to place a blindfold on the mule. Even though this may not fit snugly,

enabling the mule to see nearly everything either over or under the blinds, he will stand quietly. Without anything at all on the eyes he will be nervous. They are trained in that manner also.

It is interesting to see these pack mules miss with their load a tree or a rock that is much too close to the trail. Most of the trails were apparently originally made by saddle animals or perhaps by just animals alone without any packs or saddles. At any rate, there are far too many trees and rocks too close to the trail.

A saddle animal will take seemingly delight in scraping a shoulder or a knee of his animate load against those obstacles but the patient, little, old pack mule will swing and sway and maneuver his body in such a manner that no part of his inanimate load, no matter how far it protrudes from his body, will touch that same tree or rock. No one would ever think of removing the tree or the rock, for the mule with a heavy pack can get by successfully — provided the mule himself assumes a large part of the responsibility in doing so.

There may be a log across the trail large enough to touch the mule's belly but no one would remove a section of the log. Mules' bellies have scraped that log for hundreds of years and mules' bellies will continue to scrape that same log in that same location for other hundreds of years.

The Pack Itself

It requires two men to pack a mule properly. There is first put on the mule's back a series of gunny sacks or saddle blankets or both to the depth of five or six thicknesses. And on top of this cushion is placed the aparejo (pronounced ah-pa-ray-ho). The aparejo is believed to be of Arabian origin, since it is known that those people were nomadic and employed the horse, camel, burro and mule as beast of burden in the remotest ages. It was probably introduced into Spain by the Moors and the Spaniards brought it to South America and to Mexico.

Upon the discovery of gold in California, the mule was found to be particularly adaptable as a pack animal for carrying supplies into mining camps not accessible to wagons. The mule is short in stature but possesses a large and deep belly and he is a great climber and a hardy packer. The pack mule was also used extensively by the American army in expeditions against the Indian tribes, especially here in the southwest.

The aparejo is made of a strip of cowhide approximately 60 inches long and 24 inches wide. To the outer ends of this strip is sewed or laced cowhide pockets called boots. The opening, or handhole, into these boots is on the underside or the side that will be next to the mule.

These pockets are filled with six pounds of fine, soft, elastic hay called aparejo hay. It is introduced through the handhole and mixed as carefully as possible by inserting the hand or a stick until the boots are filled with a smooth and even layer about three inches thick. Since the handhole is on the underside, no hay will be lost when the aparejo is on the mule.

This aparejo then forms a solid cushion on the mule's back so that boxes and other miscellaneous items can be carried without injury to the mule. That, at least, is the theory of the use of aparejo.

The ideal arrangement would be to construct an aparejo and fit it to each individual mule and never use it on any other animal. In that manner the aparejo would become conformed to the body of that particular mule and fit it properly and kidney sores and body bunches would not result.

That could be and, I believe, was done by the American army when they used the same mules in the same pack trains for days and days at a time. It is not done in Mexico where a pack train is made up suddenly and certain mules that are sometimes used may not be available. I was very glad, however, to see our wrangler on this trip place the same aparejo on the same mule every day, although they were not originally measured for them.



Gear for a Dan Mangum pack trip piled up and ready to be loaded onto burros. The boxes Mangum built and used are wrapped and next to the small boys on the right. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

Over the aparejo and around the mule's body fairly close to his front legs is placed a cinch of webbing, which is drawn very tight and tied. The shape of the mule's body will prevent the aparejo from sliding backwards. To make it impossible for it to slide forward when the mule goes down the very steep grades, there is attached to the aparejo a crouper, which passes under the mule's tail.

This crouper is the one thing in the whole outfit that ought to be abandoned or modified for within a very few days on the trail, the continuous movement of the mule's body as he walks produces a sawing effect so that there is always a raw and bleeding sore both on the under side of the tail and on the extreme ends of the hipbones. The Mexicans claim that a breeching would not serve satisfactorily for when the mules go down the steep grades, and some of them are STEEP, he naturally puts his hind feet so far forward as a brace that the breeching would not hold the load pack from sliding forward on the mule's neck. Something much better than the present crouper should be designed to take care of the situation.

After the aparejo has been securely cinched on, the loading of the pack itself is started. The pack, of course, consists of everything to be carried. In our case, it was made up of the wooden boxes for the food and cooking utensils, the bedrolls, pack sacks of clothes, tents, tarps, canvas, etc.

It is necessary to take from Douglas all of the food and cooking utensils for the entire trip with the exception of meat which may come from game. These supplies, of course, must serve everyone in the party, including the hunters, the cook, the wrangler, the guide, the conductor and, in some cases, something for the horses and mules. It can readily be seen that with a big hunting party a great deal of food will be required.

The wooden boxes which Dan takes have an inside dimension of 21 inches long, 11 inches wide and 15 inches deep. Into these boxes is arranged the food and the smaller cooking utensils in such manner as to equalize, as far as possible, the weight in groups of two boxes. This is so that two boxes of nearly equal weight can be placed on the aparejo on either side of one mule.

The boxes are held by a short rope, one end of which goes over the first box and under the second box and then over the second box and under the first with a cross in the rope in the center of the mule's back between the two boxes. That is, the two boxes are merely held together loosely on the aparejo, one on either side six inches or so down from the mule's spine. This allows considerable space between the boxes into which is placed the bed rolls, the clothes sacks, the Dutch oven, the bear traps or anything too large and bulky for the boxes. Then over the whole load of boxes, bed rolls, clothes, etc. is thrown on one mule the tent, on another mule the tarp and on still another the canvas, etc.

Lashing The Load

The lash rope is about 50 feet in length. Fastened on one end is a forked or hooked stick. This hook is placed up against the webbing on the cinch under the mule's body and held there by one of the men while at the same time he throws the other or free end of the rope over the pack to the packer on the opposite side of the mule. This second packer then engages a loop of the lash rope into the hook and pulls the rope tight, the hook allowing the rope to slide through. The free end of the rope is now passed back up over the pack to the first packer who passes it under one corner of the aparejo on his side of the mule and back over to one corner of the aparejo on his side of the mule and back over to the other packer. This opposite packer puts his end under one corner of the boot on that side and over again to the first packer and under the other corner of the boot and finally over to the second packer and the last corner of the boot and tied. This is called the diamond hitch. There are many different kinds of hitches such as: the diamond hitch, the double hitch, the pole hitch, the Oregon diamond hitch, the crosstree hitch, the stirrup hitch and the squaw hitch.

After the lash rope is in place, it is tightened by the packer putting his knee against the side of the mule and pulling as hard as possible. When properly placed and securely tied, the pack seldom shifts on the mule's back even though the mule lies down with the pack on his back as these mules often do.

The mules do not have halters or bridles on their head while on the trail. One of the mules usually likes to lead and accordingly he goes along ahead on the trail and the others follow.

It is almost uncanny how the leader follows the trail without any help from the wrangler. If there is a fork in the trail, the wrangler yells and the mules will turn in the right direction.

These mules, fully loaded, will go over terrain that one would think a goat could not maneuver and they seldom make a misstep. One of the mules in our train slipped on a sloping rock and went down. There were three dozen eggs in paper cartons in the boxes on his pack. There were 16 broken eggs but it was the packer's fault for not having put the eggs in the barley in the first place.

Topography

I wish I had the proper vocabulary to permit me to describe the scenery. In the text I have frequently used the word canyon, and in the Sierras the surface of the ground is a series of canyons with ridges between of varying heights and different degrees of perpendicularity on their sides. There is very little level ground on top and thus when the top is reached, it means starting right down on the other side. With the exception of the one day when we followed the Bavispe River, our trail ran across the canyons and ridges rather than parallel to them.

The scenery is magnificent and in some places really awe inspiring. When one is at the rear end of the line in an 11-animal pack train and descending one of those really steep grades and he can look almost straight down and see the first animal in line several hundred feet below weaving back and forth, he may well wonder whether there is more danger in sticking to the saddle or in dismounting and trying to walk.



The steep terrain that so impressed Burt Smith seemingly stretches forever in the Sierra Madre. (Photo courtesy Mangum family)

I believe that it is more difficult to go down one of those grades than to go up and I think that applies to both the animal and the rider. In going up the rider can, if necessary, hang on to the pommel or the saddle or even to the horse's mane and one does not have to look continually at that inevitable pile of rocks at the bottom that would receive the body in case of a fall. I have never yet found any of those rocks that possessed any upholstery.

I think an animal is much more comfortable going up. Not that they are afraid to go down, but they seem much more awkward in descending for they must take such terribly short steps with all four feet. The load, whether it be pack or rider, always seems just ready to pitch out over the neck of the animal.

Of course the trail does not go straight up nor straight down these grades. In ascending it will bear to the right for 50 feet or so on a steep incline and then with an abrupt turn to left ascend in that direction for a like number of feet and so on up in a continual zigzag. The descent is maneuvered in a similar manner.

The Bavispe River rises in the State of Chihuahua and enters the State of Sonora a little to the southeast of Huachanera. But at the towns of Huachanera, Bacerac and Bavispe, it is flowing almost directly north. It continues north for 40 or 50 miles, makes a wide sweeping turn to the west and then flows directly south for about 100 miles to near the town of Sahuaripa where it turns west again and connects with the Yaqui River near the town of Tepupa.

The water is shallow now and in only two or three places was it necessary for us to draw our feet up out of the stirrups in fording. However, there is ample evidence in the refuse lodged in trees along the banks to show that sometimes during the flash floods in the rainy season the water in spots is 40 or 50 feet deep and it floods a large area. This river winds around in canyons on the Sierras and is fed by springs.

The density of the vegetation varies a great deal on the mountain. As I have mentioned elsewhere, there are huge pine forests in some spots with thick underbrush or scrub oak, mesquite, etc. There is really much more vegetation than I expected to find there.

There is much scrub oak and mesquite. There is another beautiful tree growing on the mountain called the manzanita tree. It seems to have no bark at all and the trunk or the branches are real red. They say that in the autumn it has berries. It grows to 20 or more feet high.

Hunting Parties

Dan has taken some interesting people on hunting trips. Erle Stanley Gardner, the author, has gone twice and has indicated that he wishes to go again this coming season. The last time he took two young lady secretaries with their typewriters and other paraphernalia and wrote some articles while there. Dan said that the ladies were good sports and no handicap at all. John Nance Garner, former VicePresident of the United States, has also gone with Dan. One party of five hunters brought with them four Negro cooks and valets. Dan already has some reservations for this season.

Hunting Arrangements

Dan will consider almost any kind of an arrangement that will suit the hunter. For instance under one plan, Dan will furnish everything except the guns, ammunition and sleeping items. Under another, if the hunters prefer to furnish their own food and cooks, Dan will then supply the permits for crossing the line, arrange for the guides, wrangler, pack train, etc. Nearly any number of hunters can be accommodated at one time for he has more than one truck for transportation. Most of the trips are planned for a two weeks' period from Douglas.

Guides

It is absolutely unsafe for a hunter to leave camp on a hunt without a guide. It



Erle Stanley Gardner, creator of famous fictional lawyer Perry Mason, shot these game birds during a trip in Mexico conducted by Dan Mangum. A lover of the Southwest, Gardner also wrote nonfictional books about Mexico, including incidents that happened on trips with Mangum. Gardner sometimes brought secretaries, bottom photo, who worked while waiting for their fish supper. Hunting was the focus when another notable, millionaire big game hunter Harry Baldwin, went into Mexico with Mangum. (Photos courtesy Mangum family)



is therefore necessary to take along a guide for each hunter. Once in a while a person will be found to have the necessary sense of direction to permit him to go out for a short time alone, but where you find one of them there will be 100 others who do not possess it and Dan cannot afford to take a chance. To become lost down there could develop into a very serious matter.

General

If any reader of this article wants a wonderful and out of the ordinary vacation, or if any of their friends are interested, I suggest that they write to:

Mr. Dan C. Mangum
817 19th Street
Douglas, Arizona

In addition to the necessary permits, Dan has the following requisites for a good conductor of hunting parties:

He knows the customs of the Mexican people,
He can talk the Mexican language fluently,
He is acquainted with a great many people in the area,
He knows where to secure pack trains, guides, etc.,
He knows the type and quantity of provisions required,
He knows the roads,
He knows many of the trails,
He has many good hunting dogs,
He has the necessary transportation facilities,
He knows where game is located,
He is a real good scout on a trip.

About The Author: Burt N. Smith was a retired American Telephone and Telegraph executive. He moved to Douglas in 1947 and lived there into the 1950s.

Editor's Note: Dan Mangum was born in Pima, Ariz., in 1892. He worked most of his life as a mining operations supervisor in Mexico. He started conducting hunting parties in the 1930s and continued to do so until 1959 when a lung disease forced him to stop.

ONE VIEW OF THE 1929 BATTLE AT NACO

By Celina Sheppard

Editor's Note: The manuscript of this article was given to the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society by a member, Mrs. Pearl Ables. The manuscript is an eyewitness account of the 1929 Battle at Naco, which was part of the Escobar Rebellion.

The rebellion was aimed at Plutarco Elias Calles, who held power in Mexico as "jefe maximo" although he was no longer president and Emilio Portes Gil was. Foundation of the rebellion was the Plan of Hermosillo which was signed by a number of men, including Sonora's governor, Fausto Topete.

Gen. Agustin Olechea, a federal officer in Sonora, was another who signed the plan. Before the rebellion had progressed very far, however, Olechea switched sides and with Col. Vicente Torres Aviles held Naco in the name of the Portes Gil government. Topete's troops, which included many Mayo Indians, tried to take Naco the Saturday before Easter, April 8, but were repulsed by troops organized by Gen. Lucas Gonzales. The Escobar Rebellion fizzled out within the month.

April 9, 1929

On a cold morning early in March, Jim and I sat before a cozy fire when our neighbor Mrs. Harry T. (Rose) Sealey came in for a visit. Quite casually she mentioned the fact that while in Naco the night before they had been told that Mexico was having another revolution, that Nogales had already gone over to the rebels' side and that a force of men was expected in Naco any hour to take it.

Having gone through several of these upheavals, we thought little more about it until the next morning when our local paper announced in loud headlines that Mexico was in revolt and, among the other border towns, Naco had gone rebel. The rebel general had met the federal commander of the small garrison there and after talking things over for an hour or more, the federal officer decided to throw in his lot with the rebels. After informing his men, all the officers wine and dined at one of the cafes there.

A few days later (the rebels in the meantime having sent more troops recruited in the southern part of Sonora to protect Naco, and their commanding general having departed for Nogales), Gen. Olechea, who was left in command at Naco, had a change of heart and decided he and all of his men were federales. This left Naco about the only border town in the hands of the federales.

Rumors were soon circulated to the effect that as soon as the rebels could get ready, Naco would be taken. Cananea already being in their hands, the rebels started making preparations from there, supposedly using the machine shops of the Cananea Copper Company to manufacture air bombs, to armor tractors to be used as tanks, etc.

About two weeks ago a rebel troop train made its appearance at the foot of San Jose mountain and about five miles from Naco. There it stayed, steamed up for immediate action and causing the federal soldiers to put a little more snap into digging their trenches and getting up barbed wire entanglements, which by this time entirely surrounded the Mexican side of the town.

In the meantime, movie outfits, newspaper correspondents and foreign sight-seers, hearing a battle was due, overran the little place, giving it an important air quite out of keeping with its usual "manana" aspect. The correspondents had a hard time holding the public's interest all these weeks and some of the headlines were very amusing. One had a column headed "The Battle of Bulletins," another "The Battle of Naco Still Unfought." Finally the week before Easter

when everyone was losing interest, the rebel general Topete announced that he would not attack until after Holy Week.

Then came Easter. The sound of an airplane was heard overhead and soon three homemade bombs were dropped on the town, which thoroughly aroused the inhabitants but did no damage. In the evening he made a return visit, this time killing two men. They bombed daily until Wednesday morning, then they became overzealous and dropped two "Easter Eggs" on the American side, shattering most of the windows facing the line.

The federals had bought an airplane in Phoenix but had to mark time until our government would allow them to cross it into Mexico. Permission was finally granted and a supply of bombs was sold to them from our army reserve stock. Wednesday afternoon, this plane, with two others sent them from Sonoyta, retaliated by making a raid on the rebels' troop train and supply base.

That afternoon, an unusually warm spring day, we went to view the damage and to visit the trenches from our side. The Southern Pacific Railroad had obligingly left some empty cars on their siding which overlooked the trenches. Newspaper men, camera men and just plain thrill seekers sprawled all over the tops of the cars, sweltering and waiting. Inside of one of these cars a group of men, depending on the lookouts to warn them of any impending excitement, had settled down to a game of poker, apparently oblivious to the strong aroma which still permeated in place from its former occupants.

After the federals' air raid, two of the planes departed for their home base, leaving the one plane to carry on. Early Thursday morning the two rebel and one federal planes were up and doing early. The rebels bombed Naco and the federals bombed their base.

About 9 a.m. the federal plane was back over their base with its second load of bombs, and had dropped three, when a rebel rifle bullet pierced its gas tank. There was a terrific explosion, the plane seemed to part and fall. As it struck the ground there was another explosion. Their one remaining bomb had gone off, completing the destruction. Two men lost their lives and, it was a terrible blow to the federals' as everyone was watching the plane at the time.

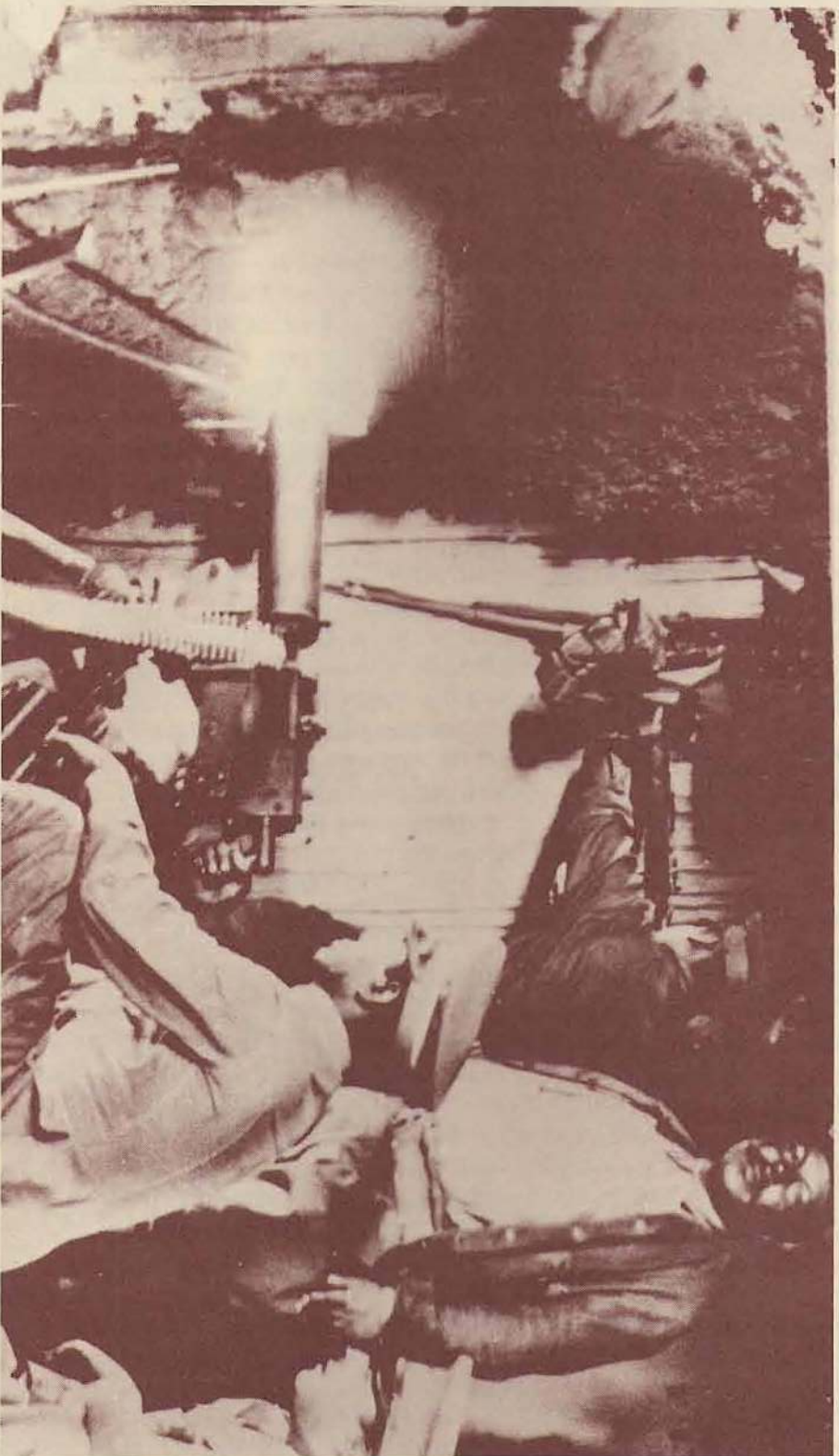
Just a few minutes later we noticed a plane getting ready to land on a clearing in back of us, so we went over there and offered transportation to the American aviator. He told us he would like to go to Naco, that he had seen the catastrophe from above and having a plane to sell was looking for the federal officials to strike a bargain. You might call it luck or just plain efficiency.

This seemed the psychological time for the rebels to make their long delayed attack. About an hour later we could see clouds of dust coming from the troop train and soon realized it was cavalry advancing. They came to within about two miles of Naco, then turned back.

Shortly afterwards we heard the drone of airplane engines. The rebels were making another visit and we witnessed our first air raid at close range. First the monoplane came over and to the tune of thousands of shots from the federals machine guns and rifles, maneuvered into position.

With the aid of field glasses we could see a small dark object drop from the plane. Soon we saw a dense cloud of dust as it struck the ground and later heard a loud explosion. Sometimes one seemed to strike the earth and travel 20 or 30 feet, kicking up clouds of dust and finally ending in a loud crash.

One plane after dropping its third bomb, seemed to falter then rapidly lose altitude. It looked like the federals' fire had surely hit its mark but soon she righted herself and made for a clearing by the troop train where she landed. The other plane kept close to her all the way back until sure she was out of danger, then returned to drop her two remaining bombs. Although we waited most of the afternoon that was all the excitement for that day, so we hastened home in time to as-



Federal troops firing a water-cooled, Browning 30-caliber machine gun during 1929 Battle of Naco. (Photo courtesy of Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Caldwell Collection)

semble a sketchy meal for the heads of the families.

Friday was very quiet. One plane did a little bombing, about 100 rebel cavalymen ventured a little too close to a hidden machine gun nest and a handful of federals peppered them pretty generously before deciding to fall back to the main trenches. The cavalymen were apparently on a scouting expedition and soon returned to their base. That night we heard on good authority that the big attack was to be made at dawn the next morning (Saturday). We hadn't much faith in this information but young Jim had been kept in school under strong pressure and as the air raids usually started early in the morning we decided to take him down early to see it, if there should be one.

There wasn't time for breakfast if we were to get there by dawn but we felt that the bombing would only last a short time and we could then return home. By this time the U.S. had a force of troops camped on the water company's property near Naco and they had established a dead-line at the end of Purdy's Lane. Being early we got a choice location near Purdy's house on a rise of ground thrown up for flood protection and had just stopped when the first bomb dropped.

Jim was not enthusiastic enough about our war to get out that early so young Jim and I went without him. Just as the two planes were dropping their last bombs Jim drove up. Right after we left someone phoned that this was certainly the morning.

A terrific blast had occurred in Naco at 3 a.m. which many heard even up in Bisbee. Lights and telephone connections were severed on both sides of the line and there had been great activity all during the night.

Soon after Jim arrived Helen and John Sanders drove up also and as they had an excellent pair of field glasses we were all glad to see them. Helen had been one of the most faithful onlookers and having glasses had learned every gully, road, house and bush within a radius of five miles.

Just as the first streaks of light cast their rays on beautiful old San Jose mountain she exclaimed that cavalry were advancing and as it grew lighter she announced that large groups of infantry and cavalry were surrounding the town.

We all got turns at the glasses and never will I forget the thrilling sight! It was a cold, windy morning and we shivered with cold and excitement. Finally Helen and I sat on the bumper of the car with our feet wrapped in a heavy blanket.

Long lines of infantry and cavalry are moving in on the Cananea road. As it grows lighter we can see red flags fluttering in each group.

In a grassy clearing directly in front of us is a group of several hundred Indians and we pick out what at first seems to be a little shack. Soon we are aware of the fact that the "shack" is moving and realize it is a lumbering gray tank slowly moving toward the cemetery and landing field just east of the federals' main trenches. It hesitates at what seem to be barbed wire entanglements, then slowly moves forward again. Soon it returns to the group of Indians. Surely they'll follow it out this time, but no — it slowly noses its way back toward the trenches again.

One of the planes has returned and is bombing again and we can see column after column of men and horses with the naked eye. In fact the whole plain takes on a look of vast animation. What had looked like bushes we now perceive to be men on horses, some rushing from one group to another. Bugles on both sides are blowing furiously.

Our tank has returned to the Indians and this time we can plainly hear their war whoops and tom toms beating as they dance madly in the rear of the tank on its way back. One of them is on our side of the machine and we can see him pushing forward ahead of the tank. The long columns are forming in fan shape coming in on the Cananea road. We can see two tanks ahead of the infantry.

All this time there is a rain of machine gun and rifle shots on all sides and the



Federal troops in the trenches during Battle of Naco. Note the railroad cattle cars in the background, which Celine Sheppard mentions in her story. (Photo courtesy of Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Caldwell Collection)

cries of the Indians (it sounds like they let out a shrill yell clapping the fingers over the lips rapidly), together with the tom toms and bugles make a scene worthy of a good movie thriller.

The federals' one field piece, a Hotchkiss one pounder, is getting the range on the Cananea road columns and starts shelling. It gets perilously close and we can see them branch out to avoid it.

A herd of loose horses, including a white one, has been grazing on the plain for several days. These are caught between both fires, first dashing madly toward the trenches, then being driven back toward the rebels. The poor white thing makes a wonderful target but they finally get out of range of the firing.

There is a cloud of dust on the Agua Prieta road and with the aid of glasses we see huge trucks coming in loaded with men and supplies. The federal men in the first line trenches beyond the cemetery (where we understand there is a machine gun nest to protect their landing field) must have retreated with the fire from the tank, for soon we see the Indians take them.

While this charge is taking place another plane is over the town, drops two bombs, then puts on a wonderful aerial show right above them, apparently trying to draw their attention away from the battlefield. The sun glistens on his scarlet wings as he goes from one loop into another. He has dropped only two bombs (the usual load is four) and we are sure that is all he has, when after about a 20-minute performance he straightens out and drops two more!

Things are quieting down now and the inner man is making insistent demands, so we dash home for a belated breakfast at 11:30, throw some food into a bag, pick up Mrs. Sealey, Bobbie and Mrs. Stevens, and are back at the seat of action in short time.

During the charge when the outlying trenches are being taken, a plane which has been on the Warren Ranch clearing takes off. The rebel planes are circling over Naco at the time. This one flies around a bit on our side of the line, then crosses and swoops down to within a couple of hundred feet over the rebel columns. Next we see it around and between on the other two planes.

The bewildered rebels seem to be afraid to shoot at it and it leisurely goes from one group to another. By the time they have finished their inspection the rebels have taken the trenches overlooking the aviation fields, so they make a landing in town on the Mexican side. We almost cease to breathe in fear for their safety and are greatly relieved when they land.

By afternoon the rebels have their positions pretty well established, their planes have dropped another bomb on U.S. soil, demolishing a car and slightly injuring a man. Their bullets also have been flying thick and fast on this side and the commander of our troops sends a very firm message to Gen. Topete. He answers that there will be no more bombs dropped. The rest of the afternoon is rather dull compared to the morning's action.

The occupants of the solid line of cars in Purdy's Lane take a breathing spell and begin to visit back and forth. Food of any kind is very acceptable and soon consumed. The Bisbee Ore has issued an extra and as Bisbee is practically deserted the newsies follow the "trade" to Purdy's Lane. Greedily we buy copies and there in our ringside seats we settle down in the cushions of the car to see what the paper has to say about it.

We think they might storm the trenches tonight or at dawn in the morning but now, aside from spasmodic firing from both sides, they seem to be resting. Rebels can be seen moving about cautiously in the trenches they had taken in the morning and a few have gotten into the little cemetery.

In the early afternoon we see a tank coming down the same road. The big gun begins shelling but it falls short. The tank keeps on doggedly, making short distances at a time and trying out their fire which get closer all the time. Finally it



The aftermath of the Battle of Naco — people looking through the debris in the federal trenches. (Photo courtesy of Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Caldwell Collection)

stops and seems to remain in the same place for about half an hour, when it goes back to a boxcar. Through the glasses we can see there is a white flag waving on this car so think they must have established a temporary hospital there. Later we learned that one of the shells had pierced the armor and set off hand grenades, killing two men and wounding one. The driver was knocked unconscious. When he came to he drove the tank back.

Early in the afternoon three large trucks take up their positions on the road running parallel to the line and stay there most of the afternoon. One looks like a bright red gasoline tank car. Later this one moves over beyond the headquarters house and we can see a steady stream of cars go over to it apparently in need of nourishment. There is also a large gathering of men on horses and afoot gathered about it.

Shortly before dusk six trucks can be seen cutting over from the Cananea road crossing the end of the landing field and floundering off in the brush.

Dusk is creeping up fast now and the supply train, which has again pulled down from the main troop train half way to Naco, is encircled with small fires. We can pick out the different groups we'd been watching in the daylight, for they have started fires and we hope are enjoying a well earned meal and rest.

We faithfals begin to feel very tired and dusty. Our faces are burned from wind and sun and our eyes could no longer be recognized as such. Realizing we could see no more that night we reluctantly depart for home, baths and food, determined to see the decision of the battle next morning.

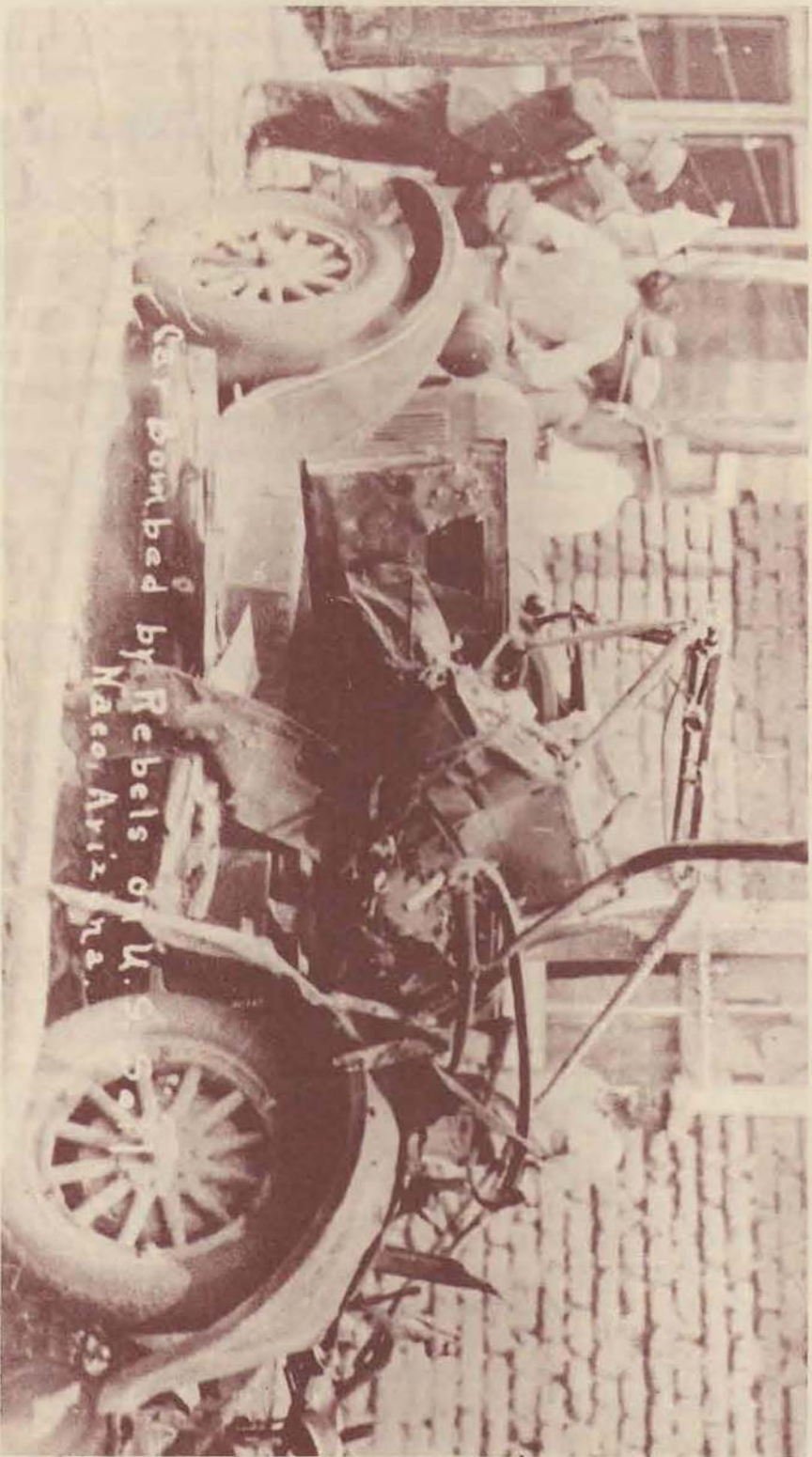
Sunday morning we were up in time for a hasty breakfast and got there before dawn. Everything was strangely quiet except for a little intermittent firing from the trenches. As daylight flooded the battle field we realized the rebels had either taken Naco or retreated. All the men, horses and trucks from the different bases had vanished. Scarcely a single animated thing remained of the previous day's activities. The troop train in the distance was the sole reminder. The loose horses had again found their way back to the good grass and were lazily grazing. The white one was still among those present. As cars came through from Naco we learned that there was great rejoicing in the federal trenches for the enemy had retreated in the night.

The rest of the day dragged out somehow. Tomorrow would be soon enough to take up our neglected domestic duties but today we just rested and wherever there was a group of people you might be sure they were discussing the battle. During the day 18 planes passed over on their way to Ft. Huachuca and more troops and artillery had been ordered here. Uncle Sam isn't running any risk of a repetition of the Columbus raid.

We have often laughed at our friend Mrs. Alice Gatliff's description of the battles in the other revolution and the way she had carefully preserved all the battle scars in her house like a nature lover planning a home about some fine old trees or shrubbery so as not disturb them. She will talk about it by the hour, telling about "The Plan of Agua Prieta" being made there and proudly pointing out the bullet holes to any strangers who may have failed to notice them. We have often remarked that she seems totally ignorant of the fact that a World War has been fought since then.

But no more will I smile for now there is a fellow feeling. Unless I should actually see a bigger one, which God forbid, The Battle of Naco will always remain in my memory as the Battle of the Ages.

About The Author: Celina Sheppard was the wife of James A. Sheppard. At the time of the battle, he was superintendent of the Bisbee-Naco Water Co. The next year he became secretary to James Hodgson, Phelps Dodge general manager in Bisbee.



A car destroyed by a bomb in Naco, Ariz., during the 1929 Battle of Naco in Sonora, Mexico, drew a crowd of spectators. The incident was the first and only time the United States mainland was bombed from airplanes. (Photo courtesy Bisbee Mining & Historical Museum, Valenzuela Collection)

Quarterly Gets Around

Dear Editor:

Thank you for the three Quarterlies. One will go to my daughter and one to my daughter-in-law.

When I knew the story about my father (My Father, The Doctor, Summer 1988) would be in the Quarterly, I wondered if there would be anyone who had ever heard of him — then a letter from Mathew Scott of Phoenix. He was a friend of my brother William. My father was the Scott family doctor. He and his wife are in the area for a vacation and we had a long, interesting visit.

Next surprise — a letter from Margaret Moreford of Abilene. Her mother was my father's office nurse.

Her letter was mailed to the Quarterly. Someone sent it to the Johnson Museum Foundation in Sun City. Finally reached me. I don't think I'll get any further letters but would your people forward them to me?

Adeline Parks
La Jolla, Calif

The editorial committee welcomes letters to The Cochise Quarterly. Letters must be signed and include an address and telephone number. Letters may be edited for spelling and punctuation and to make them more concise.

Looking For Material

David Klanderman, an exhibits worker at the Pima Air Museum in Tucson, is looking for photographs and other material for a new exhibit on the history of aviation in Arizona.

He is interested in historic photos of

the Willcox area, the "Vin Fiz," the Borderland Highway/Airway and the two airfields at Douglas. He also is interested in recent photos of Douglas Municipal and Bisbee-Douglas International airports, the Willcox field and any newspaper clippings or other historical information.

Contact Klanderman at Pima Air Museum, 6000 E. Valencia Road, Tucson, AZ 85706; 602-547-0462/0646.

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Cindy Hayostek, editor of The Cochise Quarterly, is looking for information on Cochise County painter Mrs. A.Y. Smith for a future Quarterly article. The Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society is working with the Douglas Art Association to put together an exhibition of Mrs. Smith's paintings, which will hang in the Little Gallery in Douglas in the fall of 1989.

Anyone who has any information about Mrs. Smith or who has a painting by her they would be willing to include in the show should contact Hayostek through the museum, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608 or at 602-364-3739.

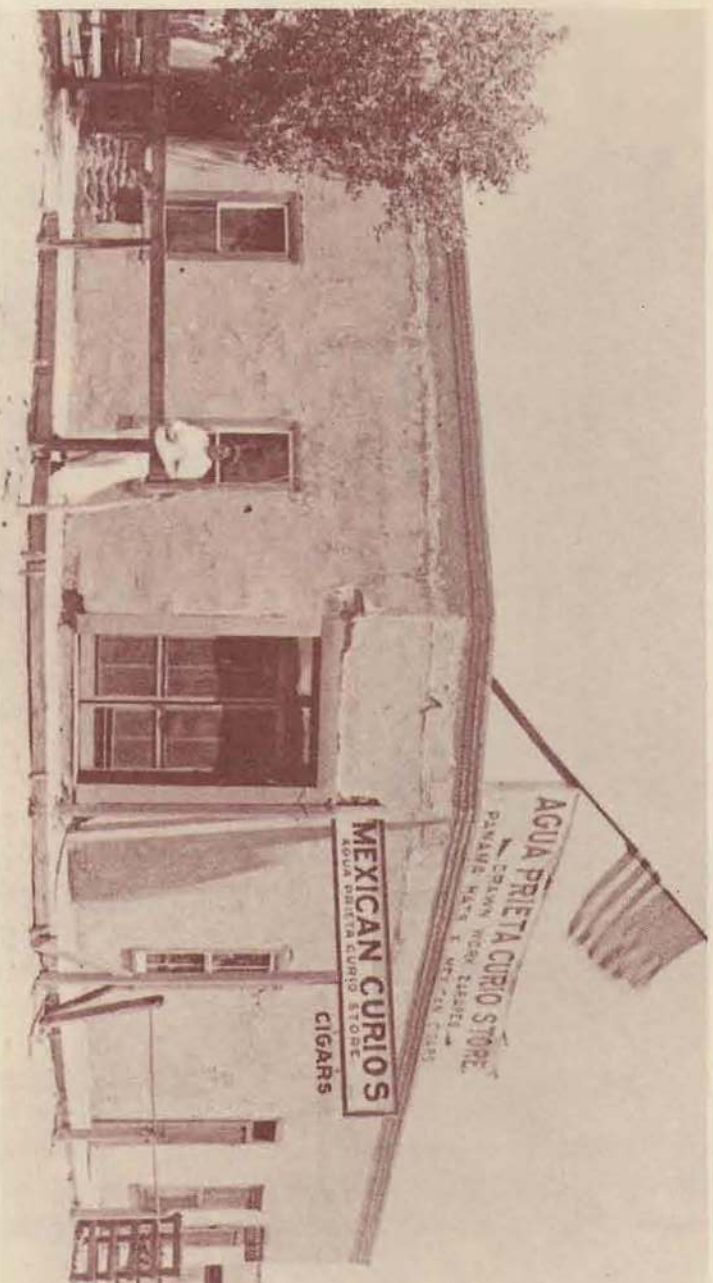
Author To Speak

The Heritage Quest Road Show, a free lecture by author William Dollarhide, will be held Jan. 12 beginning at 6:30 p.m. in the Little Theater on Cochise College's Douglas campus.

Dollarhide, who has written numerous articles and books on geneology, will talk about geneological notekeeping and numbering systems, use of computers, organizing family data and geneological techniques.

Sponsors of the lecture are the Cochise County Geneological Society, Elderhostel and Cochise College's Office of Institutional Advancement.

A Last Look



Mrs. Alice Gatliff, shown standing in front of her Agua Prieta store, was a well-known businesswoman for many years. She survived many revolutions in Mexico and claimed her cafe was where "The Plan of Agua Prieta" was made. The plan, which explained the reasons for the Sonora Rebellion against Venustiano Carranza on April 11, 1920, was the work of Sonoran Governor Adolfo de la Huerta, Generals Plutarco Elias Calles and Salvador Alvarado and lawyer Lic. Gilberto Valenzuela. (Cochise County Historical Museum photo)