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The Cochise Quarterly



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About the Cover — Faraway Ranch in the Chiricahua Mountains welcomed guests for almost 60 years. This photo was taken about 1932 before the house's adobe blocks were plastered over. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

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INTRODUCTION

The history of Bonita Canyon is a story of inter-related people — Apaches, cavalry soldiers, the Erickson and Riggs families, their guests and friends and the National Park Service. Each group is tied to the next, making for more than 100 years of history in a beautiful part of Cochise County.

That Bonita Canyon is a beautiful spot is without a doubt. It lies within the boundaries of Chiricahua National Monument, which is in the northwest portion of the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona.

Bonita Canyon originates in 6,300-foot high Bonita Park. By the time the canyon empties out into the Sulphur Springs Valley, its elevation is 5,160 feet. Bonita Creek, which flowed regularly before the turn of the century, drains much of the 18 inches of precipitation that falls most years.

This above average rainfall for the area and mild climate support a mixed pine and oak forest on the canyon slopes and grassland in the lower canyon bottom. A vast variety of wildlife, typical of an island-type community, has been observed here. Over 100 species of birds have been seen as well as larger animals such as deer and javelina.

The abundance of wildlife, good water and the fact that Bonita Canyon is the only pass through the Chiricahuas is undoubtedly what drew the Apache to the canyon. Encountered first by the Spanish in the 1540s, these nomadic Indians became even more mobile after they acquired horses from the Spanish.

By the time American homesteaders began arriving in southern Arizona in the 1850s, the Apaches were firmly entrenched in a lifestyle that included raiding their neighbors. It was a clash of lifestyles that culminated in the Geronimo Campaign of 1885-6 when U.S. military troops forced the surrender of the last large group of Apaches.

During the latter part of this campaign, a tent camp was established in Bonita Canyon and manned by Troops E, H and I of the Tenth Cavalry. These soldiers denied the Apache use of the canyon's water and also guarded area settlers such as J. Hugh Stafford who lived with his young wife in the canyon, Louis Prue who ranched at the mouth of the canyon, and Brannick Riggs and his extended family who lived north of Bonita.

Also chasing Geronimo was the Fourth Cavalry. Among its members was a Swedish immigrant, Sgt. Neil Erickson. When Neil married, he and his bride, Emma, settled in Bonita Canyon in 1887, living first in a cabin that had housed the officers of Troops E and H.

The Ericksons farmed their homestead and then began acquiring cattle. Their oldest child, Lillian, married a grandson of Brannick Riggs, Edward, in 1923. The couple continued to run the guest ranch Lillian's sister, Hildegard, had started in 1917.

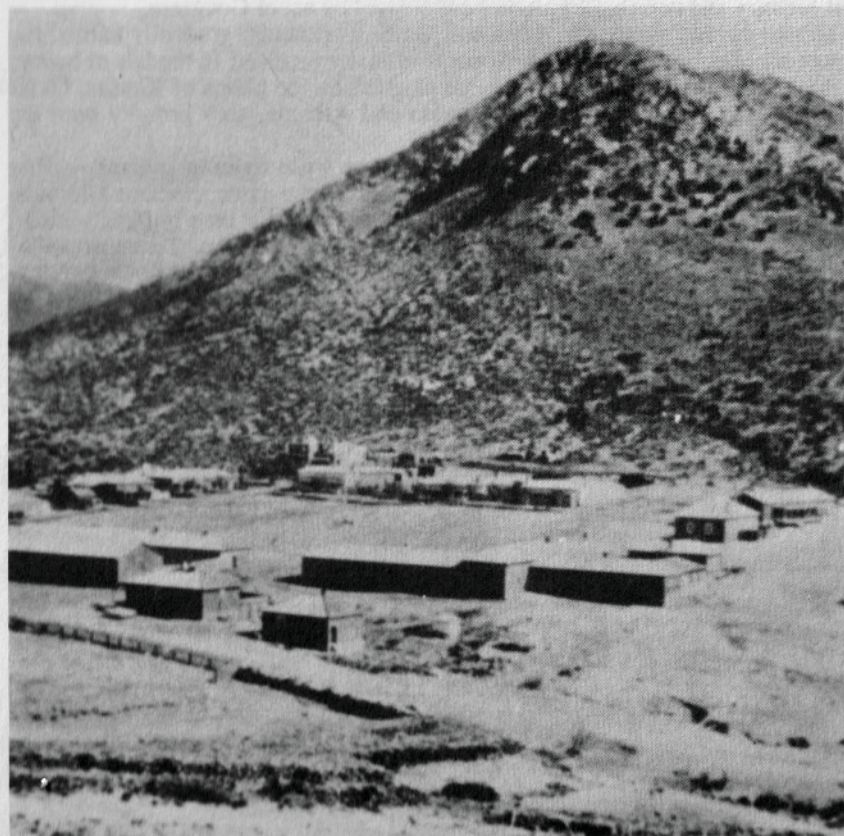
Ed and Lillian were instrumental in the creation of the Chiricahua National Monument in 1924. For many years, riding the trails in the "Wonderland of Rocks" was the principal attraction of Faraway guest ranch.

In 1979, two years after the death of Lillian Riggs, the National Park Service bought Faraway and it became part of the Chiricahua National Monument. A painstaking restoration effort ensued and in August, 1988, Faraway once again opened its doors to the public. Now visitors to this beautiful corner of Cochise County can see exhibits that point out the more than 100 years of history in Bonita Canyon.

For this rigorous duty, the men received food, clothing, lodging and \$13 per month over a five-year enlistment period. Despite the relatively meager pay, black regiments had the lowest desertion rate of all units serving after the Civil War, something probably due in part to a strong commitment that developed between the black soldiers and their white officers.

At Fort Concho, the Buffalo Soldiers encountered Apaches for the first time and played a sizeable role in the lengthy pursuit of Victorio. The often onerous duty in the field created seasoned veterans and proved valuable when, in 1885, the Tenth was ordered to Arizona.

The men left Fort Davis, Texas and marched along the tracks of the newly completed Southern Pacific Railroad to Bowie, Arizona Territory. Here various troops were dispersed among several posts, including Forts Apache, Grant, Thomas and Verde.



Fort Bowie was established in 1862 and soon gained fame as the U.S. Army units stationed there battled Apache leader Cochise and his followers. This photo was taken in the 1880s when Geronimo was the main target of U.S. troops. The ruins of Fort Bowie are now a national historic site and open to the public under the supervision of the National Park Service. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection.)

Within days of the Tenth's arrival, a group of about 150 Chiricahua Apaches, including leaders Geronimo, Natchez, Chihuahua, Mangus and Old Nana, slipped away from the San Carlos Reservation and headed for Mexico. Gen. George Crook mobilized his troops, but the Apaches stole across the border untouched — a foreshadow of the frustrating months to come.

Crook sent expeditionary forces with Apache scouts into Mexico. To protect the civilian population left behind, he strung other troops, including the Tenth, across trails and around watering areas to deny the Apaches access to these critical points.

It was a familiar role for the Tenth. It had done essentially the same thing against Victorio. How the Buffalo Soldiers reacted to the prospect of the hardship and boredom of camp life in isolated outposts isn't recorded but is hinted at in a somewhat derogatory name — the Waterhole Campaign.

One water source the Tenth was sent to guard was a stream and spring in Bonita Canyon about 13 miles south of Fort Bowie, Crook's headquarters. The first soldiers, Troop E commanded by Capt. Joseph M. Kelly, arrived in late September, 1885.

Troop E, along with Troop H commanded by Capt. Charles L. Cooper, had been patrolling in nearby Pinery Canyon as the result of Apaches stealing some horses during a roundup by area ranchers. Portions of both troops pursued the Indians but never caught up with them and returned to the west side of the Chiricahuas via Fort Bowie 10 days later.

While both troops almost surely were in the canyon during October, Troop H probably should receive the credit for creating the semi-permanent Camp at Bonita Canyon, for E left for Fort Grant in November. Capt. Cooper had then 47 of the 67 men on his roster, although neither of his lieutenants were with him. One was sick elsewhere and another had gotten himself attached to the more glamorous and exciting duty with Capt. Emmett Crawford and some Apache scouts in Mexico.

Troop E rejoined H in January, 1886, swelling the men in the canyon to almost 100. By this time, Capt. Kelley was in the same situation as Cooper — both of his lieutenants were on detached service. This means the two captains must have relied a great deal on their veteran sergeants.

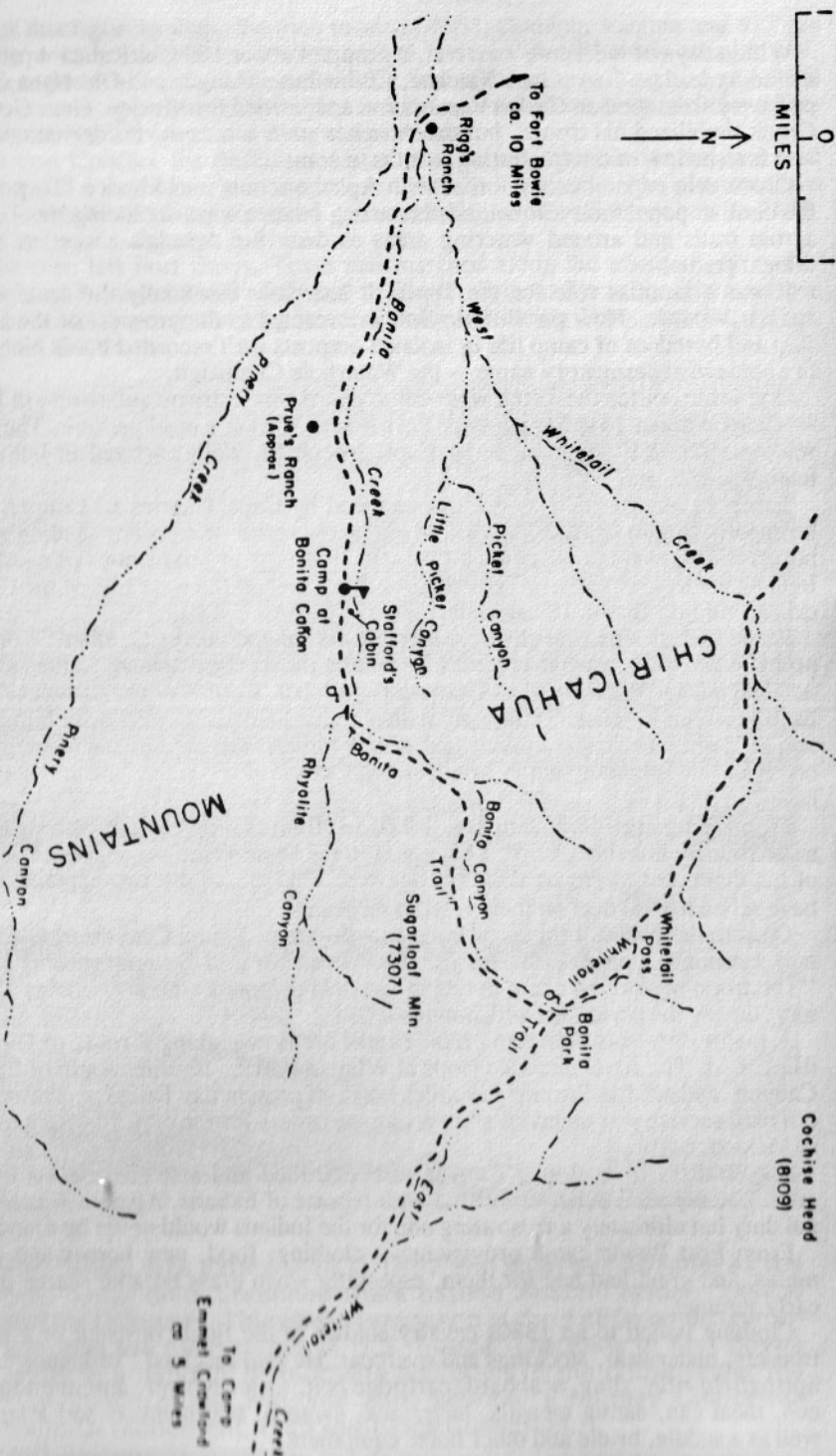
Despite the constant threat of Indian raids, life in Bonita Canyon soon settled into a routine. Cooper's muster roll for November and December sums it up: "The troop performed camp duties in the field at Bonita Canon, Arizona Territory, during the period for which mustered."

A major duty was delivering mail from Fort Bowie along a route to Cloverdale, N.M. The route included stops at White's Ranch, 10 miles south of Bonita Canyon, and at Mud Springs, 10 miles north of present day Douglas. The southern mail service was essential since it carried orders for the expeditionary troops in Mexico.

The soldiers from Bonita Canyon also patrolled and acted as escorts in the area. Usually such duties coincided with reports of Indians. Again it was essential duty but ultimately a frustrating one for the Indians would never be found.

From Fort Bowie came provisions — clothing, food, new horses and pack mules, and grain and hay for them, especially when grass became scarce in the early summer.

Clothing issued to an 1880s cavalry soldier in the field consisted of a shirt, trousers, underwear, stockings and overcoat. He also received "ordnance" — a Springfield rifle, sling, scabbard, cartridge belt, Colt revolver, ammunition, tin cup, meat can, eating utensils, haversack, canteen, two blankets and a tent as well as a saddle, bridle and other horse equipment.



Standard Army food in the field was hardtack, bacon and coffee augmented by locally bought items. Canned baked beans were probably part of the Bonita soldiers' diet. The troop cook received sugar, salt, vinegar, pepper and molasses.

Perhaps because Bonita was semi-permanent, arrangements were made with a rancher at the mouth of the canyon, Louis Prue, to buy beef from him. Another settler, J. Hugh Stafford, who lived a short distance east of the camp, was said to have sold produce to the soldiers. The Bonita soldiers thus fared better than their counterparts in most other places.

Archeological excavations have revealed the soldiers' diet was plenty of beef supplemented by baked items and canned goods such as fruit, sardines and vegetables. They also drank a goodly amount of liquor, mostly beer, and chewed tobacco.

The same as soldiers in the field elsewhere at the time, the men at Bonita Canyon lived in tents. The canvas tents stood about 6-8 feet high and were about nine feet long and eight feet wide. There was a kitchen tent as well as some other smaller structures, including a stable.

The officers lived in a small two-room cabin that was situated where the main house of Faraway Ranch is now. This cabin apparently had been built by an Army deserter named Newton who moved on before the Buffalo Soldiers arrived.

There were apparently three rows of tents. One row faced north and another south. Both looked out onto the Garfield Monument, which was probably on the parade ground. A third row of tents was situated to the east of the monument.

The Bonita soldiers never came into contact with any renegade Apaches. Life undoubtedly was much the same as what Lt. John Bigelow described during his stay in a similar camp in the Patagonia Mountains:

Reveille: Sunrise
 Stables: Immediately after
 Breakfast: 15 mins. after Stables
 Water and Fatigue: Immediately after breakfast
 Drill Call/Mounted Drill: 10:00 a.m.
 Recall from drill: 11:00 a.m.
 Recall from Fatigue: 12:00 p.m.
 Dinner Call: 12:30 p.m.
 Guard Mounting: 3:45 p.m.
 Supper: 4:00 p.m.
 Tattoo (Roll Call) 8:30 p.m.
 Taps (Lights Out) 9:00 p.m.

Such duty wasn't anything new to the men of the Tenth stationed at Bonita Canyon and its repetitiveness must have been boring. In such a camp, there were few things to occupy the men's spare time; drinking and gambling were about the only two available. Diversions such as exploring were limited because it wasn't considered safe to venture too far from camp.

Perhaps because there was so little to do and because Bonita was a semi-permanent camp, the soldiers decided to do something no other post did during the Geronimo campaign — build a monument.

The blocks in the three-tiered monument were made from local rhyolite stones, carefully fitted and chinked together by obviously skilled men. Many stones were engraved with a name or initials of soldiers, sometimes along with a date or place.

The structure came to be called the Garfield Monument because the largest block on the north side was engraved "IN MEMORY OF JAS. A. GARFIELD." Garfield, the 20th President of the United States who had been assassinated.

sinated in 1881, had commanded black troops during the Civil War and was known to be sympathetic to their problems. Another block honored H.O. Flipper, the first black graduate of West Point.

About the time the monument was built, there were several changes at the Camp at Bonita Canyon. Troop I, under Capt. Theodore Baldwin, arrived to relieve Troops E and H. The arrival of I coincided with a change in command.

In March, 1886, Gen. Crook had arranged a surrender by Geronimo and Natchez, but they became drunk from illegally supplied liquor and took off again. Crook also had come under much criticism for his use of Apache scouts and in April he resigned his position.



The Garfield Monument about 1910. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

The new commander was Gen. Nelson A. Miles. Under his departmental command, Troop I moved into Bonita Canyon about April 23 and E and H moved out soon after. Despite this change, life altered little in Bonita Canyon. Soliders continued to carry the mail, mount occasional patrols and escorts and guard the water in the canyon.

In September, 1886, in Skeleton Canyon, Gen. Miles accepted the surrender of Geronimo. He was put on a train for Fort Marion, Fla., and the bulk of his band followed shortly.

The one noteworthy event that happened at Bonita Canyon ironically occurred Sept. 10, two days after the surrender. Seven Apaches escaped on the way to Fort Bowie and the troops at Bonita Canyon were ordered to find them. The two captains involved apparently couldn't agree who was in charge and the Indians were not found.

The Camp at Bonita Canyon was abandoned Sept. 15. Its role and the role of the Tenth Cavalry in subduing Geronimo was largely forgotten, although the Tenth remained in Arizona until 1892.

By that time the Garfield Monument was beginning to fall apart. In the 1920s the monument was in such poor repair that Ed Riggs and his father-in-law Neil Erickson decided to incorporate blocks from the monument into a fireplace they were building at Faraway Ranch. Thus the Garfield Monument became the Garfield Fireplace.

A recently found item in the June 2, 1886 Tombstone Epitaph discussing famous photographer C.S. Fly's visit to the monument clarifies who actually built the monument and when.

"C.S. Fly has a photo which he took recently of an interesting object in Bonita Canyon, Chiricahua Mountains. It is a stone monument erected last winter by men of H Troop, 10th Cavalry (colored) to the memory of the late President Garfield. The monument, which is of stones squared in a quite workman-like manner and built with some pretensions to architectural design, is about 18 feet high and 10 feet at the base. On it is a suitable inscription and on many of the stones are names of some of the men who built the monument."

This is the only piece of contemporary literature currently known concerning the monument. Even in its slighting fashion, it is another tribute to the Buffalo Soldiers who played an important but generally forgotten role in Arizona and Cochise County history

SOURCES

The Camp at Bonita Canyon by Martyn D. Tagg, Western Archeological and Conservation Center, Tucson, AZ, 1987.

The Garfield Monument; An 1886 Memorial of the Buffalo Soldiers in Arizona by Mark F. Baumler and Richard V.N. Ahlstrom, The Cochise Quarterly, Spring, 1988.

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THE ERICKSON LEGACY: FARAWAY RANCH

By Eileen Rowedder

Faraway Ranch, with its sturdy, two-story house in Bonita Canyon now within the boundaries of the Chiricahua National Monument, stands as a memorial to the people who homesteaded the land a century ago. Neil and Emma (Peterson) Erickson, both Swedish immigrants, settled in the canyon in 1888, shortly after Geronimo's surrender brought the Apache Wars to a close.

History abounds in the canyon and the surrounding mountains. From 1885 until 1886, the Camp at Bonita Canyon garrisoned by troops from the Tenth Cavalry, guarded the water supply in the area, in addition to watching for renegade Indians led by Geronimo. These men of the Tenth Cavalry built a monument to President James Garfield, assassinated in 1881. Each man carved his name or initials on a stone and placed it to form a monument 12 feet squared at the base, rising three feet, sloping inward for 18 inches and repeating these formations two additional times, with the corner stone inscribed, "In Memory of Jas. A. Garfield." ¹ The detachment left in 1886, after Geronimo's surrender.

There were other early settlers in Bonita Canyon. One was Hugh Stafford, who lived in a cabin he built a short distance east of Camp Bonita. He later homesteaded the land and created a fruit and vegetable farm. Another early resident, an apparent Army deserter named Newton, built a shack that was later occupied by an officer of the Tenth Cavalry while it was encamped in the canyon. This officer, Capt. Charles Cooper, sold the shack to Stafford when his command left the canyon.

Stafford, while visiting at Fort Bowie, related to Emma Peterson that he had a beautiful place in Bonita Canyon she might like to see and perhaps, even buy. When Emma saw the place in the canyon, "It proved to be the most gorgeous place that any one could desire," she later wrote. "It was imence big trees all around the place and the grass was knee high besides there was a creek with running water in it. Well I simply fell in love with that place right then and there so I descided I would purchase it." ² (Emma's words and spelling.)

Emma Peterson, one of seven children, was born in the Asker area of Sweden on May 24, 1854. After her mother's death and her father's second marriage, Emma decided to seek a better future in America. In 1877 she joined a sister in Chicago and spent the next six years as a domestic servant. Later she moved to Colorado as a housekeeper. Encouraged by a friend, Emma traveled to Fort Craig, N.M., to become a maid for an Army officer.

While at Fort Craig, Emma met Sgt. Neil Erickson of the Fourth Cavalry. Neil had been born in Skane, Sweden, on April 22, 1859. His father had come to America to make a better living for the family and apparently was killed by Indians while working for the Northern Pacific Railroad in Minnesota. Neil had vowed one day to go to America to avenge his father's death; the opportunity arrived while he was still a young man. He lived with an uncle in Massachusetts until enlisting in the Army and volunteering to go to New Mexico to fight Indians.

At Fort Craig, Neil and Emma, encouraged by mutual friends, saw each other frequently, often at social gatherings. Then the Fourth Cavalry received orders to exchange posts with the Sixth Cavalry, stationed in Arizona.

Because Emma was employed by an officer in the regiment, she moved too. Emma chose Neil to be the driver of the wagon she was on but when, somewhere along the way, he proposed, she did not accept him. She said she did not want to marry a soldier. ³

After the Fourth and Sixth Cavalries met at Lordsburg, Emma and her employer's unit separated from Neil's and proceeded to Fort Huachuca, while Neil



Neil Erickson and Emma Peterson about the time of their marriage. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

and his command continued to Fort McDowell. Emma later travelled to Fort Bowie.

At Fort Bowie, Emma eventually ran a hotel or boarding house. She and Neil corresponded on a regular basis; much of this correspondence took the form of love letters for Neil was persistent. Eventually he won her over.

Upon Neil's discharge from the army, he spent some time near Deming, N.M., opening a restaurant and boarding house. He also found time to make some improvements on Emma's home in Bonita Canyon.

Neil and Emma were married in the Cosmopolitan Hotel in Tucson on Jan. 25, 1887. After a two-week stay in Tucson, they travelled to Deming, where Neil had his business.

This venture was doomed to failure, however, since Neil did not have enough business acumen to achieve success. Even though Emma took over much of the responsibility, including the cooking, their losses were so great they were forced to close.



Neil Erickson posed on some rocks in about 1900 in this photo of Bonita Canyon. To his right is the Stafford's cabin. To the left and above his head is his home, which did not yet bear the name Faraway. Notice the irrigated rows of fruit trees between the two homes. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

After a brief stay in Lordsburg managing a hotel, the Ericksons decided to return to their home in Bonita Canyon. By then Neil had filed for a 160 acre homestead and Emma was pregnant with the couple's first child. Lillian Sophia was born Feb. 9, 1888 in the hospital at Fort Bowie.

The house in Bonita Canyon, at that time, consisted of just three rooms. Even though food was plentiful because of Emma's vegetable garden and fruit trees, Neil was forced to go to Bisbee to work as a carpenter to pay off his business debts. Neil built a six-room house there and persuaded Emma to join him. She moved to Bisbee, but became so ill that she had to return to the ranch. She tried to join Neil a second time, but this time her illness forced them to sell the house in Bisbee and return to the ranch.

In 1888 or 1889, Neil built a stone house 20 feet square with walls three feet thick and 10 feet high. The door was made of double-thick boards of oak. The roof of cypress saplings, covered with bear grass, was topped with two inches of sand to make it fire-proof. The stone house also had a fireplace and was to later become part of the main house. ⁴ Resembling a fortress, it was to be used to protect the family from Indian attacks; it also served as a cool room to store food.

The Ericksons came very close to using the stone house as a refuge when the renegade Apache, Bigfoot, passed through the area in June, 1890. Bigfoot, or Massai, as he was known, had escaped being taken to Florida with the rest of Geronimo's band. After living in Mexico, he was trying to return his pregnant squaw to her family in the San Carlos reservation before the birth.

He worked his way through Bonita Canyon where he stole a horse from Stafford. Neil and Stafford set out to track Bigfoot and recapture the horse.

The trail led up to Rhyolite Canyon, but the trees grew so thickly that the men were unable to penetrate the area and were forced to turn back. This was the first recorded visit into that area by someone other than Indians. Neil Erickson thus bore the distinction of being the first white man to have entered the "Wonderland of Rocks." ⁵

Later, because of financial difficulties, Neil returned to Bisbee — this time to work in the mines instead of as a carpenter. While he was working away from home, a son, Louis Benton, was born July 1, 1891. On April 22, 1895, Helen Hildegard was born on her father's birthday.

Emma's dissatisfaction with the building in which she lived, intensified by her loneliness for Neil, caused her to encourage Neil to build a new home — the "box-house" — between 1899 and 1900. The box-house was constructed of wood from the sawmill of Brannick Riggs, another area homesteader. Made of boards with battens, the house was a two-story building containing three upstairs rooms and two downstairs rooms connected by a winding staircase. ⁶

Neil, interested now in earning his living while enjoying outdoor life, took the examination for a position as a ranger with the Forest Service shortly after the Chiricahua Forest Reserve was started. In 1903 he was appointed ranger and was able to work from his own ranch about half the time. The rest of his time was divided between other ranger stations and Arizona district headquarters in Paradise.

During this time, Emma kept busy raising her children and taking care of the ranch. Neil had never liked ranching, so he left that aspect to Emma and the children. She tended the chickens and canned preserves, jams, jellies and all kinds of pickles.

Emma did not allow any of her children to attend school until they reached the age of seven. Instead she taught them to read and write herself and then they went to nearby El Dorado school. When each child was old enough, he was sent



The Erickson family about 1912. Emma and Neil are seated in front of their children, left to right, Lillian, Ben and Hildegard. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

east to school in Galesburg, Ill., to finish eighth grade and then attend high school. The children stayed with Emma's brother in Galesburg, and she always joined them there for the last 10 months of their education.

Lillian studied teaching at Knox College in Galesburg and by 1914 had been teaching for several years — first at El Dorado and later at Bowie. Ben helped with the ranching, then entered the Army, serving during World War I. Hildegard remained at home to assist Emma.

Until this time, Emma and Neil had lived in the box house. Then, somewhere between 1915-1917, the main house was enlarged by an adobe structure. The foundation was of concrete, the outer walls of adobe, the roof of asphalt shingles. Softwood flooring as well as plastered walls were chosen for the interior of the house. The new living room boasted a fireplace. ⁷

There were many changes in store for the Erickson family in 1917. During that year, Neil was transferred to Walnut Canyon, near Flagstaff. He and Emma remained there almost 10 years, until Neil's retirement.

Before 1917, Hildegard had contemplated turning the ranch into a guest facility. She wrote to the school principals in Douglas and Bisbee to offer the ranch for weekend parties. ⁸ Soon a group of five people arrived, turning her idea into a prospective business.



This photo of Faraway guests on a trail ride was perhaps taken in the Barfoot Park area. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

Lillian did not like the idea of operating a guest ranch at her home. She feared that people would look down on the family. But during the 1917 teaching vacation, she began to help Hildegard and even named the ranch "Faraway" because it was so far away from everything. Although Lillian always preferred the cattle raising side of the ranch, she soon resigned her teaching position and took over the guest ranch.

In 1918, Lillian and Hildegard acquired the Stafford homestead to expand Faraway. The purchase included the original cabin as well as other facilities.



Lillian Riggs working cattle in the 1930s mounted on her favorite roan horse. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

In 1920 Hildegard married Jess W. Hutchinson and moved to Bowie and later to California.⁹ Hildegard's marriage and subsequent move left the burdens of the business entirely upon Lillian. She ran the business alone until Feb. 26, 1923, when she married Edward Riggs, grandson of Brannick and a widower with two children — Eula Lee and Edward Murray, Jr.

Lillian and Ed shared the spirit of adventure and a love of nature. Shortly after the marriage while Ed was leading some guests from Faraway on a hunt, a deer was shot and wounded near Rhyolite Canyon. Not wanting to leave an injured animal, Ed and Lillian tried to find the deer the next day. After less than a mile, the canyon became impassable on horseback so they decided to hike. Eventually they lost the trail of the deer but were so impressed by the formations of rock they explored further and further, enjoying the magnificent scenery.¹⁰ This accidental discovery led Ed, using engineering skills acquired during Army service, to open trails into the canyon for the pleasure of Faraway's guests.



Ed and Lillian Riggs at the time of their wedding in 1923. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

As Ed worked to establish the trails, he found time to take photos of some of the formations and put them on display in Douglas. As more and more people became aware of the beauty and significance of the area, a movement developed to make the "Wonderland of Rocks" into a national park. George W.P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona, made a special trip to see the spectacular rock formations. Soon after, President Calvin Coolidge, on April 18, 1924, declared the area a national monument. 11

The Civilian Conservation Corps was responsible for building the road and trails in the monument during the Depression. Ed was employed as foreman, supervising the trail crew. He planned and laid out one of the most scenic trails in the park — the Echo Canyon Trail.



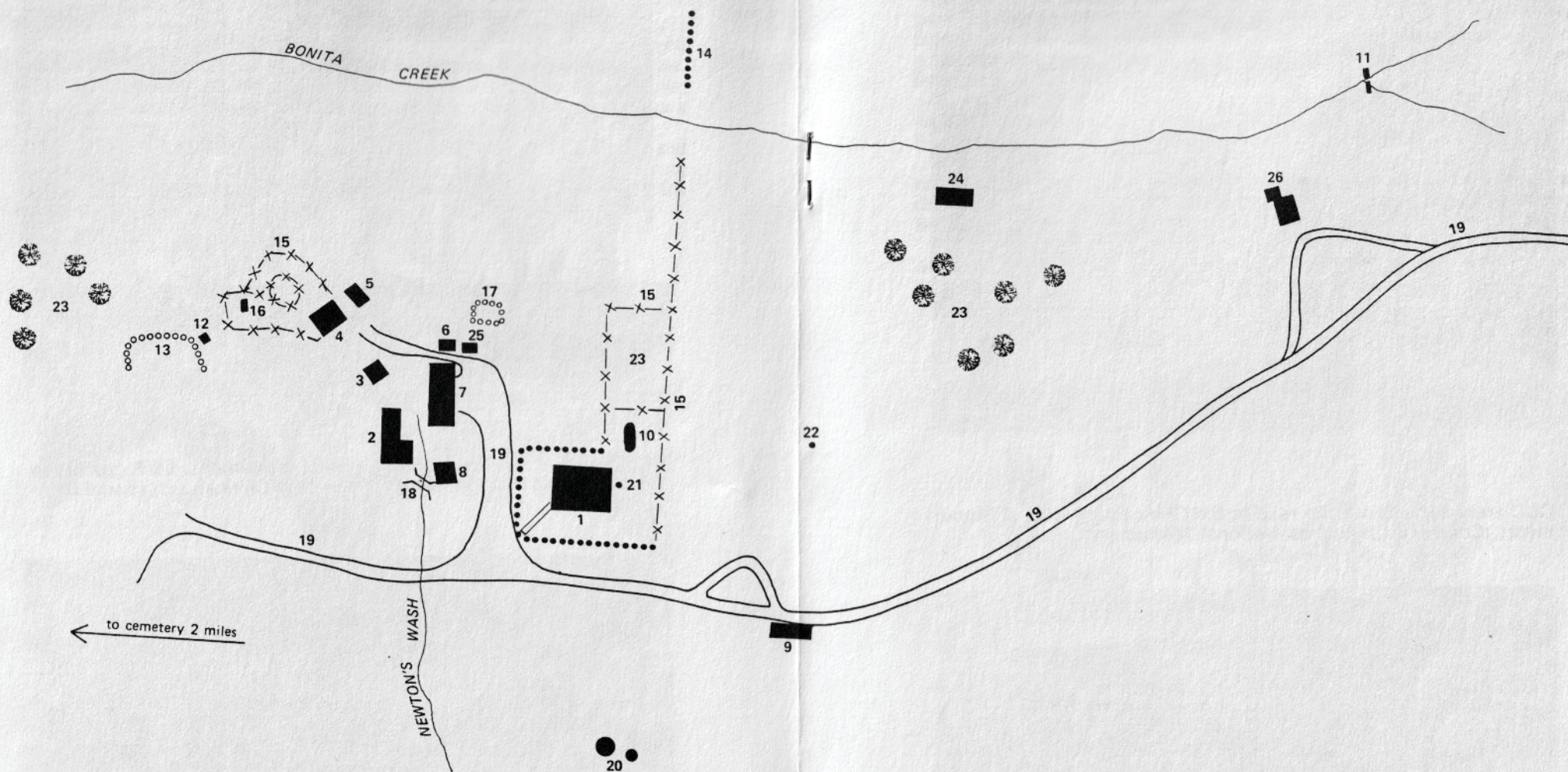
Gov. George W.P. Hunt on his visit to Faraway Ranch. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)



CCC workers at Chiricahua National Monument. Ed Riggs is the first kneeling man on the left. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument)



CCC crew holding trail signs designating formations Ed and Lillian Riggs had named. The Sara Deming trail was named for a Faraway guest who ripped her pants on a horseback trip there. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument)



- | | |
|----------------------------|--|
| 1 Main House | 14 Stone Fence |
| 2 Cowboy House | 15 Corral and Fences |
| 3 Storage Shed | 16 Water Trough |
| 4 Barn and Tool Shed | 17 Pig Pen (ruins) |
| 5 Tool Shed | 18 Bridge over Newton's Wash |
| 6 Generator House | 19 Main Ranch Roads |
| 7 Garage/Storage | 20 Water Tanks |
| 8 Office/Garage | 21 House Well |
| 9 Bunkhouse/Guest Quarters | 22 Well |
| 10 Swimming Pool | 23 Orchards and Garden |
| 11 Dam Swimming Hole | 24 Martha Stark House (ruins and site) |
| 12 Windmill | 25 Foundation of Unknown Structure |
| 13 Tank (reservoir) | 26 Stafford Cabin |

north
 ↑
 (not drawn to scale)

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SITE PLAN FARAWAY RANCH

CHIRICAHUA NATIONAL MONUMENT / ARIZONA
 U.S. Department of the Interior / National Park Service



CCC crew carving out the road in the Chiricahua National Monument. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument)



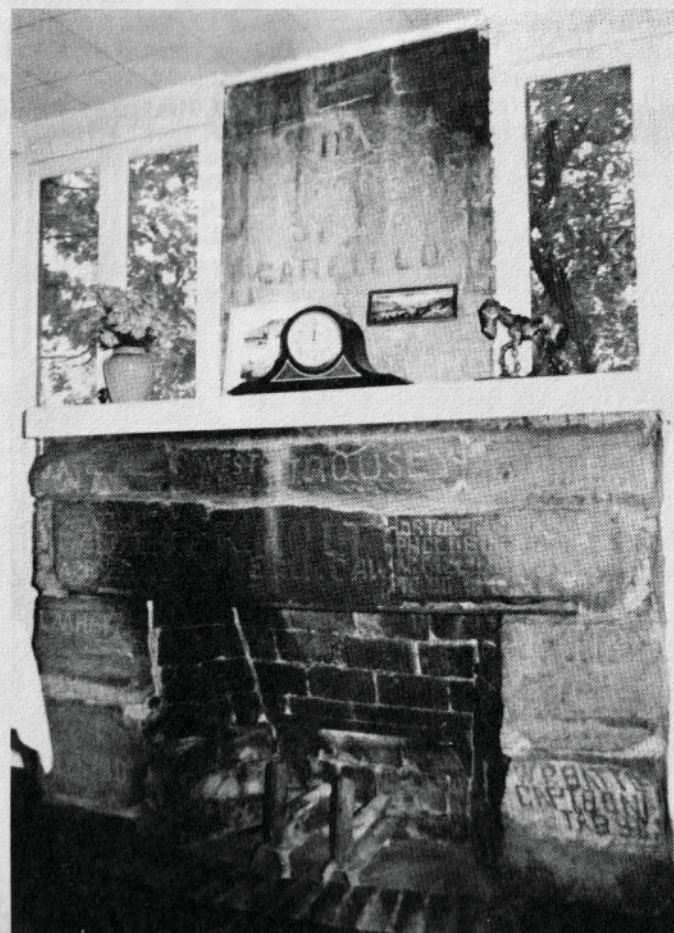
A CCC crew poses in front of the rock formation China Boy. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument)

Creation of the national monument helped the guest ranch business continue to grow. Ed added a balcony to the house and installed indoor plumbing. The Garfield Monument, crumbling quickly and becoming a complete ruin, was incorporated by Ed into the fireplace in the newly enclosed rear porch which became the guest dining room.

The Garfield Fireplace thus became part of the Faraway Ranch, to be preserved for its historical significance.¹² The sensitivity and historical fascination of Ed and Lillian and their families enable us to enjoy this remnant of our past.

When Ben returned from the service he worked as a cowboy and in 1927 married Belle Underwood and became a stepfather to two boys. He became a rancher, homesteaded in Pinery Canyon and later lived in the Camp Verde area. Ben was also employed by the Forest Service and remained with it for 18 years.

Neil retired from the Forest Service in December of 1927, having served nearly 25 years. He and Emma returned to Faraway to spend their retirement years.¹³



Interior view of the Garfield Fireplace. (Photo by Cindy Hayostek)

The family continued operating the guest ranch. During the early 1930s, plans were made for the enlargement and improvement of the facilities. Although most of the ideas never became realities (probably because of the Depression) the lighting system was improved and a swimming pool was added to increase Faraway's appeal to potential guests.

Toward the end of the 1930s, major improvements were again accomplished at Faraway. New shingles were installed and stucco applied to the outside of the house. Changes within various rooms, kitchen, stairs and doors were made inside the house. ¹⁴

Within this refurbished structure, Neil and Emma Erickson celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in January, 1937, with a party for several hundred guests. Later that same year, on Oct. 18, Neil died. He had been caught in a sudden downpour, developed a chill and was hospitalized, passing away in Lordsburg.

After Neil's death, Emma continued to live at Faraway with Ed and Lillian. By then, the guest ranch was doing quite well.



Seated for dinner in the small dining room of Faraway Ranch were, left to right, Emma Erickson, guests Mrs. Stroem and Mrs. Weaver, and Ed Riggs. Mrs. Weaver was the wife of the St. Louis Cardinals' physician. Standing in this 1939 photo is Faraway employee Leagatha Martin. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

In 1941, Lillian opened a Girl Reserve Camp at Faraway. This was a week long camp for children and young people's organizations. The ranch provided dormitory space for up to 100 people. Table tennis, guided hikes, dancing and campfires were furnished by the ranch. Trips to the "Wonderland of Rocks" and horseback riding were available at an extra charge. At a cost of \$7.50 per week, meals were also supplied. ¹⁵ It is not certain how long Faraway Ranch hosted the Girl Reserve Camp.

Emma celebrated her 95th birthday in May, 1949. With friends gathered for the occasion, she enjoyed reminiscing and stated that she thought she was not a good pioneer because she did not ride much on horseback. ¹⁶

Emma died on December 12, 1950, which added to Lillian's tragedies for Ed had died earlier that year on June 29. ¹⁷ Once again, Lillian was left to manage Faraway by herself. It was more difficult than right after World War I for this time Lillian was blind (the eventual result of an accident) and partially deaf.

In 1955 after the death of Belle, Ben returned to the ranch to assist Lillian. In 1957, Ben met a lady from Pennsylvania, Ethel Keller, who was staying at Faraway pursuing her hobby of bird watching. After becoming acquainted through letters, they were married in 1959 and lived for a time in the Stafford Cabin. Later, they had a house built at the mouth of Bonita Canyon.

Lillian continued to operate the guest ranch, assisted by Ben and her various employees until her health failed. She spent about 1 1/2 years in a nursing home in Willcox until her death on April 26, 1977. ¹⁸



Claude and Marion Noland stand in front of the sign that marked the turnoff into Faraway from the road to the monument. The Noland's were employees in the 1950s. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)



Mushroom Rock towers over Marjorie Brown in this 1950s photo. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument)

Hildegard had raised three children in California. After Lillian's death, both Ben and Hildegard agreed to sell Faraway Ranch to the National Park Service for inclusion in Chiricahua National Monument. Shortly after, Hildegard passed away and a few months later Ben died on Sept. 30, 1978.

Before Faraway could become a part of Chiricahua National Monument, the park's boundaries had to be expanded; this required an Act of Congress, which occurred in November, 1978.¹⁹ The National Park Service purchased Faraway in 1979.

Placed on the National Register of Historic Places, Faraway Ranch was then closed to the public while undergoing restoration. In August, 1988, the Erickson legacy, Faraway Ranch, was formally dedicated and opened to the public. The National Park Service offers self-guided tours and an interpreter to relate the history of this enchanting place and its beautiful setting.

"Romance and Faraway seem to be forever linked," Lillian once wrote. "It is indefinable, yet I think I dimly sense that it is. Faraway was founded and nurtured by the love of our parents. First for each other and their new home. Then by the love for their children. Later by the love that their children bore toward them. Still later, by the love of those children for their mates, and by the romances that began here. Faraway, so to speak, has been steeped in love. This love emanates from the very canyon walls, and touches those who come within its lingering shadows. Those who are responsive to its spell love it as no other place on earth."²⁰

These are the sentiments of many people who have visited Faraway.



The main house at Faraway Ranch after its restoration by the National Park Service. (Photo by Carol Wien)

NOTES

1. Faraway program, lecture by Marquetta Torres, historian, Chiricahua National Monument, May, 1984.
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3. Letter to grandson, Jess Stanley Hutchinson, from Emma, June 1, 1943.
4. Torres, Louis, and Bauml, Mark "Historic Structure Report," Faraway, Chiricahua National Monument, July 1984, pp. 29-33.
5. Tombstone Epitaph, April 4, 1929, "Pioneer Resident of Cochise Was First Man Thru Famous Chiricahua Nat. Monument."
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11. Essay, "Edward Murray Riggs."
12. Torres, and Bauml, "Historic Structure Report," Faraway, Chiricahua National Monument, July, 1984. P. 55.
13. Arizona Daily Star, Dec. 22, 1927, "Neil the Norseman, Indian and Fire Fighter, Retires to Live on Faraway Ranch."
14. Torres, and Bauml, "Historic Structure Report," Faraway, Chiricahua National Monument, July, 1984. pp. 57-61.
15. Advertisement for "Girl Reserve Camp."
16. Arizona Daily Star, June 12, 1949, "Mrs. Erickson Thinks She's Poor Pioneer," by Abe Chanin.
17. Ibid., Dec. 13, 1950, "Mrs. Emma Erickson Dies at Ranch Home."
18. Eileen Rowedder interview with Mrs. Ethel Erickson, Sunset Hill Ranch, Nov., 1983; May, 1984.
19. Arizona Daily Star, undated, "Faraway Ranch — Park Service May Buy Land," by Pete Cowgill.
20. Diary of Lillian Erickson Riggs, entry dated March 23, 1957.

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About the Author: Eileen Rowedder, a Dos Cabezas resident, writes and has worked as a volunteer for the Chiricahua National Monument. She currently is working on a history of Dos Cabezas.



Exterior view of the Garfield Fireplace. (Photo by Carol Wien)



The Stafford cabin, which was built in 1880 by J. Hugh Stafford, is on the National Register of Historic Places. Stafford and his family farmed in Bonita Canyon before Lillian and Hildegard Erickson bought the property about 1918. (Photo by Carol Wien)

WORKING FOR THE LADY BOSS

By Larry S. Cannon

My wife and I, and our daughter, Nancy, went to work for Mrs. Lillian E. Riggs down on her Faraway Ranch back in 1959. My wife, Beth did the cooking for the outfit, and Nancy helped her in the kitchen and waited on the table.

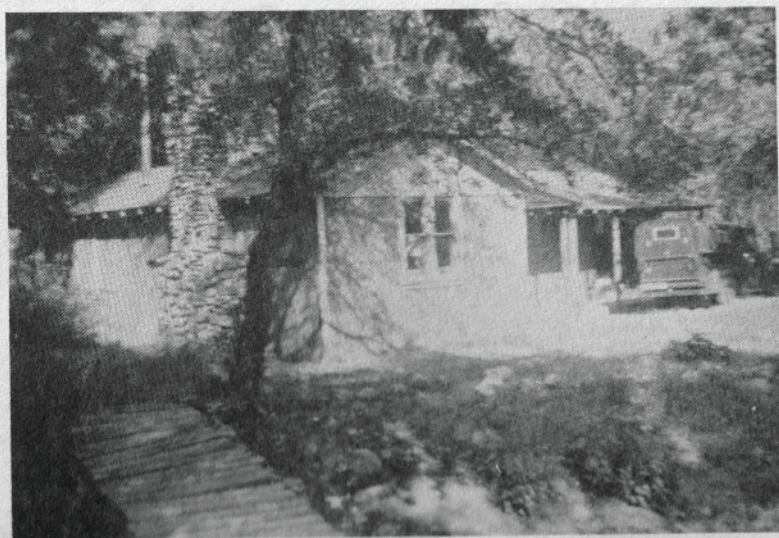
My job was to do the riding and checking of range cattle during the week and fixing fences and corrals and working on windmills at three different locations which were all 20 miles apart. And then shoe the horses, of which Mrs. Riggs had about 15 head, when I had the time and then wrangle some dudes on the week ends. You might say that I didn't need a bedroll, just a lantern on this job.

I also had two cows to milk which most of the time wouldn't come up to the corrals and milk shed to be milked. I had cow bells hung around their necks, but they would try to hide out on me down in the big brushy timber pasture. I believe they quit breathing when they heard me coming. Then is when I wished I had a good dog. Both of those damned milk cows were kickers to boot.

Mrs. Riggs' home ranch was southeast of Willcox about 30 miles. At that time we got all of our mail out of Dos Cabezas, which is a little old mining town with a few people living there. The home ranch consisted of about one section of land up in Bonita Canyon at the foot of the Chiricahua Mountains near the Wonderland of Rocks and Massai Point. The main two-story house with a fence around it is an historic land mark now.

We lived in what was called the cowboy house down near the corrals and saddle room and milk shed. There were a few cabins scattered around for eastern dudes to stay in and they would come to the main house to eat their meals.

Just below the home ranch corrals in Bonita Canyon there had been a cavalry camp where I found old horse and mule shoes, empty .45-70 carbine shells and whiskey and large beer bottles. There was also a small orchard that Ed Riggs had planted years ago below the corrals and loading chute.



The Cowboy House and bridge over Newton Wash in the late 1950s. (Courtesy Larry Cannon)

Kind of west of the home ranch about 20 miles, Mrs. Riggs ran around 200 head of Hereford cows and about seven horned Hereford bulls on the old Holderman Ranch down in Sulphur Springs Valley. There were corrals, a loading chute, one set of cattle scales for weighing cattle out and one windmill on six sections of land. About 20 miles northeast of there, Mrs. Riggs had another six sections on the old Double Z Ranch near Apache Pass, with one windmill, corrals and a steel water storage tank. Years before water was brought down from Wood Canyon in a pipe line made out of wood.

Mrs. Riggs had gotten blind when she got bucked off a horse. When Mrs. Riggs rose horseback with me checking the cattle, she had a rope attached to my saddle that she would hang on to. She had a secretary named Ruth Trask, from England, that took care of her when she wanted to be driven in her car to either Douglas or Willcox once or twice a month and on Sundays to church.

After a while she got some dude woman with money from New York to take over the dude string of horses because I was too busy. I was supposed to show her the ropes and do all of the shoeing for her, but Mrs. Riggs said she would still be my main boss. Well, it went along okay for a short while until this woman decided that she wasn't going to pay me for shoeing the horses. Well, I quit her on the spot and I did get my money after a little pow wow.

There was a feed store up in Willcox where I went to get feed for the horses and milk cows and some medicines. I asked the ole boy if he ever worked for some women bosses and he said, "Hell, I am married to one."

When the grass got short and the well got low for stock water, we would have to move Mrs. Riggs' cattle back and forth from Sulphur Springs Valley to Apache Pass and vice versa. We started rounding up the cows and calves and bulls from the old Holderman Ranch to drive them up to the Double Z Ranch. That was too far for the calves, so Murray Riggs, Ed Riggs' son, said we would only drive them half way.

There was Murray and myself, Mrs. Riggs with Ruth, Ben Erickson, (Mrs. Riggs' brother) the New York woman and Bill Baldrige. The New York woman was sitting on her horse up on a hill when one old cow that had a tight bag came running back by me looking for her calf. I let her go on back so that



Larry Cannon on Pebbles at Faraway Ranch. (Courtesy Larry Cannon)

she could pick up her calf, when this woman kept hollering at me to bring the cow back. I brought the cow and calf back and threw them into the herd.

We had to push the cattle through a couple of Texas wire gates until we got to a barbed wire fence with no gate on the road coming down from Dos Cabezas in the fork of the road from Apache Pass. We held the herd while a couple of the men laid the fence down with rocks and we pushed the herd over the fence and up the lane. Then they came back and put the fence back up. The only reason why we made that 20 miles with those cows and calves and bulls is because we got an early start, didn't push them hard and we had a slight wind in our faces all of the way.

Colleen Adair, who had been a guest with her folks, stayed on at the ranch to help where she was needed just for her room and board. So she drove the old pickup and beat-up two-horse trailer from the home ranch to the Double Z.

I pulled my saddle off of Traveler, a big bay gelding who was part thoroughbred and quarter horse. He was smooth mouthed, had lots of bottom and a good back — a damned good horse for punching cows and wrangling dudes. I put him in the corral and we loaded Murray's horse, Windy, into the trailer and Murray, Ruth and I headed back down to the Holderman.

When we pulled into the Holderman, we spotted a mature horned Hereford bull laying down under a scrub mesquite tree that the women had missed in the drive. Murray unloaded his horse and roped the bull. The bull got on the prod, but Murray had a long dally welta rope and gave that bull plenty of daylight.

I drove the horse trailer, which was made out of plywood and not too stout, over to Murray and the bull and let the tail-gate down. There was Murray pulling the bull from the front of the trailer with his horse, and Ruth and I were pushing him from the rear. I was twisting his tail and of course he was hot and letting go with what ammunition he had. I told Ruth not to worry because it would all wash off — it was only Corral Number Five.

We cross-tied the bull up front of the trailer and I took off for the Double Z. About half way there that damned bull got loose and was going around and around in that trailer. I thought sure as hell he was going to push the sides clear out.

I sure wasn't going to stop so I barreled right up to the bull pasture wire gate, bailed out in a hurry, opened the gate and got back into the pickup and drove down into the pasture a ways. When I got out to come around to let the tail-gate down, that bull was coming over the top of the tail-gate really on the prod this time. It was sure good that I was fleet of foot back then.

I went over to the corrals where I had Traveler and loaded him up and headed on back to the home ranch. About halfway there I had a flat tire. I unloaded Traveler and put on the spare tire, which had patches on top of patches in the tube.

When I got back to the ranch, I unloaded Traveler and had to rope a long yearling heifer that was in the corral, drag her into the trailer at the corral gate and take her over to Ben's 80 acres, which was down out of Bonita Canyon and over on the road going to Rustler Park and Portal.

I drove the horse trailer into Ben's pasture and when I let the heifer out, the whole trailer hitch broke. I went back to the ranch and got some two-by-fours and lots of baling wire and tied it all around that hitch and brought the trailer back to the ranch. To top it all off, I had those two damn cows to milk.

About the Author: Larry Cannon came to Arizona from California in 1916 when he was five years old. He and his father drove here in a Model T over the plank road near Yuma. "I have punched cattle and handled horses on both large and small outfits most of my 77 years," Cannon says.

BONITA CANYON REFLECTIONS

By Cindy Hayostek

Bonita Canyon, that historic and lovely place in the northwestern portion of the Chiricahua Mountains, has always attracted people who were appreciative of its beauty and ready to defend and preserve it.

The Chiricahua Apache fought for many years against overwhelming odds in an effort to stay on their homeland. Looking at the beauty and richness of Bonita Canyon, which was just a small part of the Chiricahuas' homeland, it's easy to understand why the Indians felt as they did.

The white pioneers who followed also cherished the land. Their precocious conservation ethic preserved Bonita Canyon for us and future generations. Neil Erickson worked for many years guarding the land and improving it while an employee of the U.S. Forest Service. His son Ben worked for the Forest Service for 18 years.

Perhaps the ultimate in preservation of Bonita Canyon and the wonders of adjoining canyons came from Lillian and Ed Riggs. The creation of Chiricahua National Monument was the result of their unstinting efforts. The road and trails that enable people to see the wondrous rock formations today are the result of Ed Riggs' engineering expertise.

Ed took many photos, which were put on display around the county in the early 1920s. These caught the attention of Douglas physician Dr. J.J.P. Armstrong, who sent more photos to government officials and the National Geographic Society.

The love the Ericksons felt for Bonita Canyon was expressed by Emma when she told a Faraway employee, "I hate to know that I have to die and leave this place."

It was a love Emma passed on to her daughter, Lillian. In 1954 Lillian wrote in her diary:

"The only sure thing is that I love my home. And there is a feeling of safeness and security in the very walls and in the length and breath of these spacious rooms. ... Death will be far preferable to giving up my Faraway home."¹

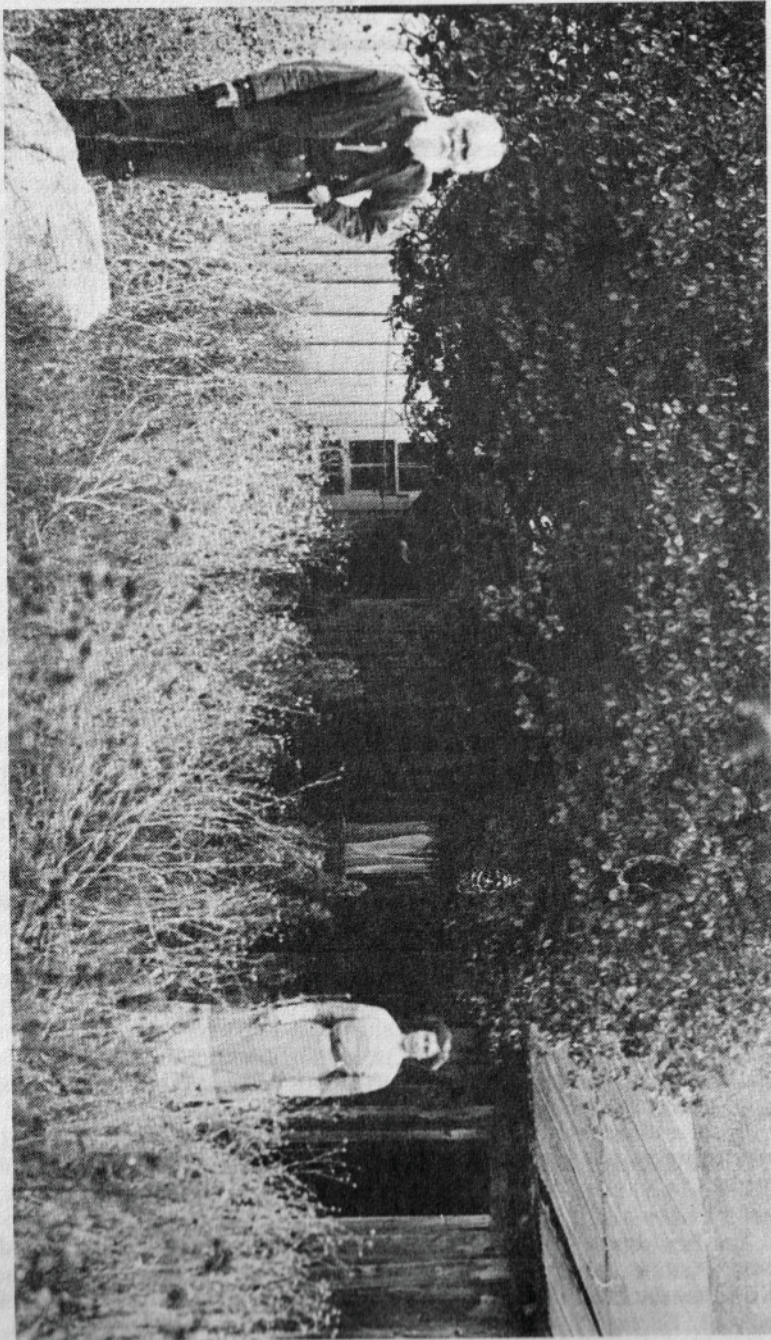
The love for Bonita Canyon was not the only thing Emma conferred on Lillian. Another trait both women possessed was a strong sense of independence.

Emma purchased Faraway before her marriage — a somewhat unusual move for the time — using money she earned by running a boarding house. Emma didn't conform to the Victorian ideal after her marriage either. With Neil forced to support his family by working mainly as a carpenter in Bisbee, Emma ran the farm and growing cattle herd with just the help of her children. The hard work and loneliness this entailed apparently didn't deter Lillian from doing much the same thing in the early 1920s.

Despite its beauty, Bonita Canyon was difficult country. There was no easy way to wrest a living from it. The people who lived there had to prove their mettle.

The first people to live in Bonita permanently were J. Hugh Stafford and his wife, Pauline. Born in North Carolina in 1836,² Stafford traveled across the west after the Civil War. In Utah while in his early 40s, he met Pauline, who was only 13. He stayed with her family for a while and when he moved on, Pauline hid in his wagon. In route to Arizona they were married.

Hugh Stafford and his youngest daughter, Clara, stood in front of their cabin in this 1913 photograph. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)



How they ended up in Bonita Canyon is not known but they were there by 1880. Stafford filed for a homestead that year, declaring he had built a log cabin and put in a vegetable garden. Fruit trees followed and were irrigated by Bonita Canyon Creek and, until an earthquake in 1887, a hot springs.

The Staffords braved the danger of Indian attack and carved out a living in Bonita Canyon. Selling vegetables to other area settlers while waiting for the fruit trees to mature, the Staffords eventually sold produce at Fort Bowie.

The couple had five children. The first, a girl named Reveley because she was born as reveille sounded in the Camp at Bonita Canyon, died at birth. ³ Her grave is near the Stafford cabin.

Pauline died in 1893 and Stafford 20 years later. Both are buried in the Sulphur Springs Valley. Their son Tom and his wife lived in the cabin until Lillian and Hildegard Erickson bought it in 1918.

Their parents, Neil and Emma Erickson, settled in Bonita Canyon in 1888. Although both were Swedish immigrants who had borne hardship in America, when introduced by mutual friends, they did not immediately hit it off. Emma's reaction of "Why he's just an old Swedish farmer" took some time to change. She rejected his first marriage proposal, saying she would not marry a soldier.

The fact that Emma was five years older than Neil doesn't seem to have been the problem. Even after their engagement, they argued in letters about religion, Emma's desire for Neil to become an officer and even a ring Neil sent. ⁴ Despite this, they were married in 1887 and began life in Bonita Canyon the next year on the property Emma had purchased.

The same as the Staffords before them, Neil and Emma discovered life in Bonita Canyon was not easy and required all the toughness they could muster. For example, shortly after the birth of her son Ben, one of Emma's legs became swollen and she had to learn to use crutches. In spite of this, Emma continued her work around her home, doing housework, putting up preserves and tending children.

One day when Neil had to go away, he asked a neighbor girl to come and milk the cow. Emma apparently didn't know this for she went out to milk the cow herself. She tied the calf to the fence but the calf was so spooked at the sight of Emma on crutches that he butted her and she fell down. She couldn't get up so she crawled to a log in the middle of the corral and used it to scramble to her feet. Then she milked the cow. ⁵

Such grit was something she and Neil needed often until Neil's appointment in 1903 to the Forest Service enabled him to live at home. When Neil was working in places such as Bisbee, their separation was especially difficult for Neil. His letters to Emma are full of homesickness and longing.

"My dear Emma," he wrote in November, 1888, "I get so sick and tired of this kind of life that I wish I was away from here and back in the mountains with my own little Dove, everything is alright as long as all are sober, but sometimes we all go to town an evening and then come home drunk, shouting and yelling and I can not bear to be where a Drunken Man is ... but I think I will be able to stand it a few months longer, for your sake Dearest Emma I can bear most everything. I should be so much more satisfied if you had a real comfortable home to live in while I am away. ... I often wonder what kind of wives the other boys have when they can go and drink and carry on the same as if they had no one to

care for at all. but I am glad I am not like them. They regret what they have done after they get sober and say to me that I am the only sensible man in the gang.”⁶

Although this kind of love is much evident in the Erickson family, there was also what Ed Riggs’ daughter Lee called “strife and striving.” The conflicts between sisters and mother and daughters often drove the men out of the house — Neil to his outlying office building and Ben to a boyhood haven of a tent in the yard.

Nor was married life immune. Emma discussed leaving Neil in the early days of their marriage⁷ and Ed considered divorcing Lillian at one time.⁸ But by far the worst conflict in the family coincided with the onset of the Depression.

During a visit to see Hildegard and her family, Neil wrote to Lillian that it was time to “change the management” of the guest ranch business. A surprised and hurt Lillian replied at length to her father’s letter but Neil set a deadline for a changeover.

The argument continued for over a year and while it grew heated, the love family members had for each other remained. In a 1931 letter to Lillian, Neil wrote, “Make your plan like you are to vacate the old home a year from now” but closed with “Kindest regards from us all, Lovingly yours, Dad.”

When Neil gained his Forest Service appointment, it enabled him and Emma to send their children to Emma’s brother in Galesburg, Ill., where they went to high school. Each responded in characteristic fashion.

Lillian, showing the determination that was a hallmark, decided to graduate from high school in two years and did. Ben so loved ranch life that refinements such as violin lessons were a lost cause. Hildegard did not complete high school either but did decide to begin a business in 1917.

Lillian at first was reluctant to go into the guest ranch business. (She always insisted it be called a guest ranch because, she wrote later, “Guest ranch invites a different and better class of people than does a dude ranch.”) Nevertheless she began to help Hildegard with the rapidly growing business and after 1920, when Hildegard married and moved away, became the sole manager.

The main attraction for guests were the peace and quiet and the horseback riding. Guests could stay in the main house or one of several outlying cabins. Whatever their choice, “only a congenial stuffed shirt could fail to melt under the relaxing informality of the place,” wrote A.T. Steele in a 1958 article about Faraway which appeared in *Saturday Evening Post*.

Although Lillian probably didn’t fully realize it at the time, getting into the guest ranch business was much like riding a tiger. Once on, there was no getting off, no getting away from the demands of the place and guests.

In a letter to her grandniece, Evelyn Hutchinson, written in 1947, Lillian talked about the difficulties of running Faraway:

“Remember you are the sole operator and manager of an up and coming guest ranch. Can you write letters that will bring desirable guests who have never seen or heard directly of your place? Have you tact enough to let the undesirables go quickly, once they have come and let them still feel kindly toward you and that yours is a fine place even tho not for them? As to being a splendid hostess and showing your guests a good time — the answer is an unreserved yes. Will you be able to keep and make into good help only mediocre people and keep them loyal? It is SOME job and no one can be perfect at that. What will you do in these

emergencies? Remember that you are not in town where you can call a plumber, an electrician, a carpenter, a mechanic, or a blacksmith, whenever you need one. Also remember that in these days any one man who can do all of these things is almost impossible to find. When the water pipes freeze on the coldest night in forty years? When the drains in the main house refuse to function? When the horses need to be shod and the saddles repaired? It is a very cold night and the butane tank fails to deliver gas? What do you do, since you have a fireplace, when and how do you get wood? How and where are you going to get your milk and fresh vegetables? Who keeps your refrigeration plant in operation? ... Who will take care of your cars and trucks? ... Who will keep your books, pay sales taxes, income taxes, and unemployment compensation tax?”

In an effort to solve some of these management problems, Lillian tried leasing portions of the business. This never worked out, however, and in 1960 a man arrived who would become a de facto manager.



The Lady Boss of Faraway Ranch, Lillian Riggs in the 1960s. (Courtesy Chiricahua National Monument, Erickson-Riggs Collection)

J.P. "Andy" Anderson was a mixed blessing for Faraway; he provided companionship Lillian craved but let the physical plant become run down. Although he alienated family and friends, he saw Lillian through her final years, acting as Faraway's caretaker and faithfully visiting Lillian after she had to be moved to Willcox for health reasons in 1975.

Lillian was always able to turn on the charm and be a gracious hostess to her guests. People seemed fascinated by her, especially the courageous way she coped with being blind and deaf. They admired the way she still rode across her range, checking cattle, the condition of the grass and level of water in tanks.

There was, however, another side to Lillian. Her determination often turned into stubbornness with terrible consequences. Her blindness was the long term result of a fall from a horse she had been cautioned not to ride.⁹ Operations to save her sight were not successful, possibly because she willfully failed to follow her doctor's instructions. The same thing held true following operations on her ears.¹⁰

This side of Lillian also led to troubles with her employees. She could not pay well. One woman worked as a cook seven days a week with only a week's vacation each year for \$50 a month.

But that was not the entire problem. Lillian was, as one former employee put it, "dominating and domineering."¹¹ Her blindness compounded the trouble. Steele pointed out in his Saturday Evening Post article:

"Despite her blindness, Lillian supervises everything and misses nothing. She is constantly moving and asking questions. 'I must know everything that is going on,' she told me. 'If I didn't I would have to quit.'"

Although pride and self discipline kept Lillian going in the roughest of times, it was an often difficult struggle. Sometimes what she termed in a 1937 diary entry "the agony called Living" was almost too much:

"Then to work I so dislike. Guests — and the nicest kinds too — but underfoot and overhead all the time. Riding, lunches, picnics?? cleaning, chickens, saddles, horses; windy days or sunny, pigs and pipe lines, ashes and wood, cows, milk and cream. Letters to write and wires to send, checks to write. The days go by."

If everyday life seemed frustrating to Lillian, it was probably nothing compared to her thwarted ambitions concerning writing.

From her father she had received a love of books and writing:

"To my dear dad I owe so much," Lillian wrote in a diary in 1961. "My love of books must have come from him. My desire to write and what little command I may have of the use of words. He had it too."

Her writing ability, however, was never recognized to her satisfaction. A fictionalized autobiography, *Westward Into The Sun*, was never accepted by a publisher, although Lillian often submitted it.

In 1922, apparently before she decided to marry Ed Riggs, Lillian went to Los Angeles to try her hand at script writing. Her work didn't "take" and she returned to Bonita Canyon to marry Ed. In spite of these failures Lillian's writing could deeply move people and did so probably more times than she ever knew.

At the dedication of Faraway on Aug. 27, 1988, Bob Barrel, who married another of Lillian's grandnieces, Emajoy, spoke of the time he worked at the Chiricahua National Monument in the 1950s.

"As a young ranger here, before I knew the Ericksons, I'd be working at park headquarters and people would drive in. They would have tear streaks on their faces. They would still be as emotional as, goodness, I am now. And it didn't take me long to know why this was. They had stopped at the Erickson Cemetery and read the words that Lillian wrote and put on the cemetery, which are the words which to me describe in a nutshell Neil and Emma. And I think they deserve a reading. ...

"Sacred to the memory of these pioneers. They came when only the brave dared come. They stayed where only the valiant would stay. Born in Sweden, Americans by choice — not by accident of birth, they loved their adopted country, and served her well.

"They carved a home from the wilderness with the warp of labor and the woof of dreams. They wove a pattern of life as beautiful as the sunsets and as enduring as the mountains they loved so well."

Footnotes

1. — Furnishings at Faraway by David H. Wallace, National Park Service, 1968 p. 68
2. — 1910 U.S. Census
3. — A Survey of the Correspondence in the Riggs-Erickson Collection by Betty Leavengood, p. 17.
4. — Ibid., p. 15-6.
5. — Ibid., p. 29.
6. — Ibid., p. 23-4.
7. — Furnishings at Faraway, p. 23.
8. — Correspondence, p. 19.
9. — Interview with Ruth Morse, 1984.
10. — Interview with Myrtle Kraft, 1984.
11. — Morse.

Remembering Dan Mangum

Dear Editor:

The Winter, 1988 issue of *The Co-chise Quarterly*, with the very interesting article on Dan Mangum, brought back nice memories.

In January of 1953, two friends and I hunted with Dan in much of the same area of Mexico described in the article, plus the country from Caborca to Desemboque on the Gulf of Baja. Dan hired several boats from the Seri Indians who lived at Desemboque and we hunted sheep along the shore using the Indians as guides.

Dan told me of his growing up in southeast Arizona with the Indians, San Carlos Apaches, if I remember correctly. The Indians were given a periodic beef ration by the U.S. government and his father had the contract to slaughter the cattle and divide the meat among the Indians. The cattle were driven into a corral, killed, cut up and portioned out right there in the corral.

One day I noticed a large scar on Dan's forearm and he told me that it was a knife wound. Seems his brother and he were coming out of Mexico with a large pack train when they were attacked by hijackers. A gun fight took place with Dan and his brother taking refuge in a cabin. The hijackers rushed them, trying to break the door in. Dan had his arm against the door holding the hijackers out when one of them thrust a knife through a crack into his arm.

The hijackers left after the leader, who was sitting on a white horse some distance from the cabin directing the attack, was wounded by Dan's brother, who had climbed up the chimney of the fireplace in the cabin and was able to draw a bead on him.

A few days later Dan's arm was in terrible condition from blood poisoning and they were still many days from where they could obtain medical aid. Camping by a spring, Dan was laid

next to it by his brother who bathed his arm continuously in the cold water for a day and night. Dan was unconscious most of this time but after 24 hours, he came to and the arm was much better.

Dan led a very interesting life and I enjoyed his narrations. Would have liked to have visited with him again but never got around to it. But I will look his sons up if I am in Douglas.

Dallas Holly
Phoenix

Wants info on tent city

W. Lane Rogers, who is writing the history of Binghampton, Ariz., (which was about six miles northeast of Tucson) is seeking information, particularly unpublished family histories and journals, about the Mormon colonies in Sonora and Chihuahua and the exodus into the United States in 1912. He is especially interested in information about the tent town created by immigrants in Douglas. Photographs are also sought.

Contact Rogers at P.O. Box 58042, Tucson, AZ 85732 or at 602-881-5270.

Book Reviews

Lady of No Man's Land by Jeanne Williams, St. Martin's Press, New York, 1988, 382 pages, \$19.95.

Although this book is not set in Cochise County, its author certainly is. Jeanne Williams, author of over 50 novels, lives in Portal.

Lady of No Man's Land, a western novel, takes place around and in the Oklahoma panhandle during the 1880s. Its themes are universal — an immigrant's struggle to adapt to a new land, the triangular conflict of outlaws and vigilantes and law-abiding people, and the necessity of a woman's touch in the taming of the West.

Kirsten Mordal, a 17-year-old Swedish orphan, arrives in Dodge City, Kan., with her younger sister in the book's first chapter. When the sister

dies from the difficult journey, Kirsten must face life on the frontier alone.

She proves resourceful and works hard to save enough money to buy a portable sewing machine. With it, she becomes a sewing lady and travels to remote ranches and outposts to make clothes. Along the way she becomes involved with a hamstrung but dignified halfbreed, an evil vigilante and two different but equally compelling suitors.

Williams' extensive research shows when she writes about the fashions of the day, the horror of a prairie blizzard or the realities of a frontier homestead. Williams' attachment to the country she grew up in also comes through clearly.

— Cindy Hayostek

♦♦♦♦

The Arizona Rangers by Bill O'Neil, Eakin Press, Austin, Texas, 1987, 222 pages, numerous photographs, \$16.95.

This book is the first ever written about the Arizona Rangers — a group that was headquartered in Cochise County for the eight years of its existence. O'Neil makes a commendable effort to tell the story of the men who wore five-pointed Ranger stars.

The Rangers, created in 1901 by the territorial legislature to combat lawlessness, was patterned after the Texas Rangers. Burt Mossman, a rancher and businessman, was picked by Gov. Nathan O. Murphy as captain.

Mossman in turn chose Bisbee as headquarters and recruited his men. After a rocky start in which a Ranger was killed, the force began to prove its worth, apprehending cattle rustlers and murderers in the waning days of 1901. The next year the Rangers, in particular Mossman, successfully tangled with outlaw Agustin Chacon and the infamous duo of Burt Alvord and Billy Stiles.

After Mossman resigned, Tom Rynning was appointed captain. Rynning moved his headquarters to Doug-

las. There, in one of the town's more famous early-day shootings, Ranger William W. Webb killed saloon keeper "Lon" Bass.

In 1903 the legislature doubled the size of the company. The following year, Harry Wheeler joined the group. Wheeler steadily advanced, becoming captain when Rynning resigned in 1907.

When Wheeler took over, he moved the Rangers to Naco. Like Mossman and Rynning, he oversaw a group of effective law officers who roamed all over the territory.

In 1909 the Rangers were disbanded by the legislature — a politically motivated demise, according to O'Neil.

As valuable a book as this is, it does have its drawbacks.

The dustjacket says the author walked the streets the Rangers did, but when you read the grassy sweep of the Sulphur Springs Valley is a "flat dusty plain," you begin to wonder. When you read the Ranger headquarters in Douglas on 15th Street was "on the south end of town," you have serious doubts. When other errors crop up, your skepticism grows.

This sloppiness extends to the photographs. One is so poorly cropped that the typed identification is visible at the bottom. Another photo, grandly labeled "Author's Collection" shows the tell-tale cross hatching that proves it's not an original but lifted from already screened material. The photo is one included in a Bisbee Mining and Historical Museum calendar.

O'Neil also dons the rose-colored glasses Stuart Lake wore when he wrote admiringly about Wyatt Earp. O'Neil's romance with gunfighters is especially clear in his description of a little-known Benson shooting as "one of the classic mano a mano duels in all of frontier history."

Despite this, O'Neil has written a readable book that presents a chronology of a remarkable law enforcement agency.

— Cindy Hayostek