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THE COCHISE QUARTERLY

21
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About The Cover: This cover appeared on the first issue of The Cochise Quarterly 20 years ago, It was used the rest of that first year of publication and several times since then. The design was created by Douglas resident Ray Levra.

CELEBRATING OUR 20TH

This issue of the Cochise Quarterly marks the 20th anniversary of its publication. In this issue are articles and excerpts of articles that appeared over the past 20 years.

What follows is written by Larry Christiansen, the first editor of the Quarterly. At the time of the first issue, he was a history professor at Cochise College. He contributed a number of articles, including a look at Aimee Semple McPherson's appearance in Douglas and a three-part examination of the Mexican Revolution in the area.

Although Christiansen now lives in North Carolina, his lively interest in Cochise County, its history and CCHAS is unabated. The following history of The Quarterly can be considered Christiansen's latest contribution to CCHAS.

When I arrived in Cochise County in August of 1967, the CCHAS had taken its name and been incorporated. We took the necessary measures to become certified by the Arizona Historical Society and achieved that status. Shortly after certification, we began receiving the annual grant from the state. With the receipt of this money, we had to decide the direction we should go to justify our receiving the grant as well as establishing a functioning program for the benefit of the area we served.

Before this time we were few in number and our only income was the dues of the members, so we were in the category of those who met, ate and retreated. However, in our case the eating occurred seldom, only at our annual dinner meeting. Now we wanted to expand our horizons. We purchased a tape recorder to conduct oral history interviews, but we wanted more.

In the early fall of 1970, the board of directors of the CCHAS met at Cochise College and focused on this problem. One of the first suggestions recommended the establishment of a museum, but a member of the local board and who also served on the board of directors for the state historical society, advised against this. She (I cannot recall her name, but she was from Tombstone) told us that the time, money and effort for a museum at that early stage of the small society would swamp us, if not destroy the society. Her arguments were persuasive enough that we decided to wait for a museum and looked else where for something significant for the society to do beyond meet, eat and retreat. But "what" was not decided by the board at that time.

If my memory serves me right, I was serving as president of the CCHAS at the time after serving as vice president for a two or three

years. I met with Richard Myers, professor of archeology, who had been involved with the initial organization of the CCHAS, and Howard Monnett, who was interested in history and had not attended many of our meetings since he lived way up at Sunsites.

The three of us, after a couple of meetings and much discussion, thought we would present to the board of directors and to the society the idea of publishing a quarterly which would promote and preserve the local heritage and history of the area. We thought the publication would also serve to advertise the society and increase its membership. The board and the society accepted the idea. We had previously met with a publishing establishment to ascertain the costs and with their input decided our first issue would be 32 pages in length — not too big nor too small — after looking at samples in the four page increments at 20, 24 and 28 pages.

Now Myers, Monnett and myself were the editors. All we had to do was find materials to fill that first issue and hope we could attract contributions for subsequent issues. We asked Ray Levra, an instructor of art at the college, to design our first cover and he graciously accepted.

We asked John D. Gilchriese, field historian at the University of Arizona, to speak at the upcoming spring meeting. When he accepted, we told him of our planned new publication and asked if he would submit an article on some character or aspect of Cochise County history. We also asked Charles C. DiPeso, director of the Amerind Foundation, and Jack and Vera Mills, a couple of amateur archaeologists who had a museum with their artifacts in the county, to also write articles.

All accepted our invitations and we were pleased and confident our biggest problems were over. We worked on details and sought filler material in case we needed it in this issue and knew we would eventually need it to hit the four-page increments. We had given our first authors a deadline so we could have the quarterly to pass out at our March meeting.

When the manuscripts arrived in our hands just at the deadline, we had both a big problem and a new decision to make. The article from the Millses was what we wanted and expected. From hindsight, my only regret is that in this issue or later we did not do an article on the Millses themselves and their contributions of the knowledge of early life in the area.

Both the Gilchriese and DiPeso articles were much shorter than we anticipated, and the latter dealt with Mexico instead of Cochise County. We decided fast that we could not tell DiPeso we could not use his article. So we would not just focus on Cochise County but of necessity expanded our earlier geographic limitation.

We had to scramble fast to find a filler which in fact would make up almost half of the first issue. Mr. Monnett's son, John H. Monnett, had written a paper while in college and after quickly reading it, we felt

that if we could move south into Chihuahua, we could extend farther north into Arizona.

The CCHAS meeting in March of 1971 was a red letter day for the society. At the conclusion of the meeting we handled out that first issue of The Cochise Quarterly. Most, if not all, of the members present seemed pleased with it, and the evening's speaker expressed some surprise that it was better than he expected when he wrote his article. He stated this just from viewing the format and printing as he had not the time to read its contents.

It became our greatest tool in increasing the CCHAS membership and stirred interest outside the immediate area. If the Quarterly has achieved no other goal it would have been a success. But it did more, and herein lay its best achievement.

It collected, promoted, and preserved bits and pieces of the area's history which may have been lost without this effort. Its characters have ranged from the familiar to the little known and included Wyatt Earp, Capp Watts, John Slaughter and Robert D. Ellis. Its stories were even more varied, going from archaeology, battles, Chinamen and ranch life to an airport, schools, churches and bibliography.

The first five issues we had to ask for or find the articles as not one paper was sent to the Quarterly, although from its first issue it advertised that it invited manuscripts. Then members began to send in papers. The society's first major enterprise had taken root and would continue.

It was not always easy, but from my perspective over two decades it was worth while. At the start we have neither the time nor inclination to wonder if the quarterly would survive 20 years, but I am sure we all hoped it would not fade and die. I relocated from Douglas in June of 1973 but due in large part to the quarterly, my mind and spirit still roams the land of Cochise, especially when another issue of the Quarterly arrives.

COCHISE COUNTY: Cultures in Conflict

by Charles K. Mills

They came from the West.

About 15,000 years ago, the first people to inhabit what is now Cochise County made their way out of the vast reaches of the Asian continent, crossed the Bering Straits land bridge, and worked their way south and east down the Pacific Coast. It took quite a while for them to find Cochise County, which was apparently balmy in those days, but by about the year 6,000 BC, these Asian nomads filtered into the area from the west. They were hunters and food gatherers, and seemingly loathe to stay in one place too long. Their technology was strictly Stone Age and little or nothing is known about their cultural life.

Millenniums later, students would pick over their bones and implements and, after consultation amongst themselves and much scholarly muttering, decide upon a name for the first residents of the county. The name chosen was: Cochise Man.

Mammoths walked the land in those days and there is conclusive evidence that Cochise Man, in a fashion not much different from Cro-Magnon Man in Europe, hunted and slew these woolly elephant-like creatures for fur, food, and maybe just for the hell of it. They built no permanent structures, apparently carved no messages, and left no legends.

After about 4,000 years of nomadic existence, and for reasons not too obvious today, Cochise Man settled down and became a food producer. There is some evidence that the woolly mammoths were exterminated about this time. Whether this was due to Cochise Man's hunting skill or a changing environment is not too clear. It was probably a combination of both. But, their numbers were few and they were off the beaten track of migration, so they remained in near isolation until about 1,200 AD. Then, they vanished.

Whether they were destroyed or absorbed by the three great Arizona civilizations that followed in rapid succession is not known. When the Athapascan peoples drifted westward from the area of the Great Plains, they apparently found the southeastern corner of Arizona uninhabited. The Athapascan Indians were nomadic by nature and might have just continued to drift on through, but events far to the south and north sent out shock waves that buffeted them to a virtual standstill. The events were manifestations of one phenomenon: the coming of the Europeans.

Now, Cochise County's time clock began to tick faster and faster. Instead of changes taking place over periods of thousands or even hundreds of years, they began to occur in generations and decades. The

Spanish conquest of Mexico had the most immediate effect, but the French colonial enterprise in Canada sent shock waves out that rippled across an entire continent. To the north and east, bands of Indians more numerous, driven from their homes by hereditary enemies who had acquired European firearms, pushed onto the Great Plains, capturing and taming herds of wild horses abandoned by Spanish explorers. The most powerful of these peoples, the Sioux, Cheyenne, and Comanches, drove Apache Indians westward.

Though parts of the San Pedro valley were apparently settled when the Spaniards rode through it, the Chiricahuas found Cochise County uninhabited when they first arrived around the year 1700. There is considerable evidence that the Chiricahuas actually came from Mexico, after a brief sojourn there following their hegira from the Plains.

The Chiricahuas were Apaches, one of the least numerous of a stock of Indians who were Athapaskan ethnically. In 1700, the most powerful Athapascans were the Navajos, Comanches, and the so-called Western Apaches. These three groups — and others — as well as the Spanish Empire to the south essentially “trapped” the lesser Apaches in southern Arizona and New Mexico. Had the time clock been ticking as slowly for the Apaches as it had been for Cochise Man, they might have eventually abandoned their nomadic lifestyle and taken up cultivation of the soil and food producing.

Instead, events caught them in mid-cultural shift. They did not cease their nomadic wandering and food gathering lifestyle, they merely restricted their range, confining themselves to a relatively limited area — south of the White Mountains, east of the Santa Cruz River, west of the Rio Grande River, and north of the Yaqui River in Mexico. With each succeeding generation, their ‘home’ dwindled in size from the pressures caused by the advancing Spanish-Indian culture from the south and the incredibly rapid westward thrust of the English speaking peoples from the east. The Spanish in Mexico were essentially a colonial people, exploiting the native Indian labor and shipping the bulk of the minerals extracted from the land back to the Old World. By 1800, the northward thrust had largely stagnated, due to a lack of immigration and a loss of control over the sea routes. The English (and others) in the east were essentially a settlement people and infrequently intermixed with the native population, choosing to exploit the land and minerals with a steady supply of immigrants from the Old World.

Inevitably, the English speaking peoples and the Spanish speaking peoples came into conflict and, when they did, the battleground was alarmingly close to the Apache homeland: Texas. The result is a matter of historical record. The new American government went to war with

even newer Mexican government and won decisively, taking as spoils of war the vast area north of the Gila River from the Great Plains to the Pacific Ocean.

For the Apaches, the most immediate result was a further diminishing of their newly-acquired homeland. In the same year that the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed, gold was discovered in California. This triggered an even more rapid westward thrust of Americans. Prompted by a desire for a year around overland route to California (and a possibility of more mineral exploitation), the United States in 1853 purchased the 'worthless' Gadsden Strip — homeland of the Apache — which, of course, included Cochise County.

By the time of the Gadsden Purchase, the population of Cochise County was almost exclusively Chiricahua Apache and didn't number more than 1,000. To their west, were the Papagoes, sedentary, Spanish 'protected' and more numerous. To the south, were an amalgamation of lesser Indians and the Spanish-Indian peoples calling themselves Mexicans.

(There was a small band of Apaches in Mexico called Nedhnis, Chiricahuas who had either not yet made the move north to Cochise County a century before — or had gone, stayed a generation or two and returned.) To the east, were the Chiricahuas' "cousins", the Chihenne Apaches. The Chihennes (the "Red Paint People") were variously known as Mimbres, Mimbrenos, Ojo Calientes, Warm Springs Apaches, Coppermine Indians, and Mogollons. Though the designations were often specific to only a fraction of the Chihennes, they were, to all intents and purposes, the same peoples. To the north, were even larger bands of related peoples, and while the Chiricahuas did intermingle with them to some extent, they were not as close as the Chihennes to the east.

The Chiricahuas were not that much different from the rest of the Indians of North America in that they had been rather rudely thrust out of the Stone Age into a highly technological modern era featuring steam engines, firearms, and the printed word. Their isolation had protected them from the worst effects of the culture shock for only a generation or two. Had they been given a little more time, the effect might not have been so drastic or disastrous, but the time clock for long-neglected southern Arizona was ticking madly — like a bomb.

The Chiricahuas were not blind to the changes. They were not so completely bewildered as to become befuddled. And, they did make an effort to adapt. But, their adapting was inept — in the long view. They chose to exploit — or try to exploit — the newcomers. They became scavengers — raiders, plunderers, 'protection' racketeers, thieves — all

in a vain effort to make the most of the new 'civilization'. From a technological point of view, they were hopelessly outclassed. They were also badly outnumbered, though they didn't realize it. Their only hope for survival as a culture was to adapt as quickly as possible, taking the best of the new way and disdaining the worst. Had they been afforded even two generations to ponder the matter and act wisely in their own best interests their history might have been happier. But, they were not given that precious time. The Americans were upon them — in force — in less than 10 years.

The result might not have been inevitable, for the Chiricahuas in the late 1850s had an unusually wise and competent leader. He was in his middle thirties — a tall, strong man with an enviable reputation as a hunter and raiding party leader. He was related by marriage to the chief of the Chihenne peoples to the east. His name was Cochise.

The culmination of events far beyond the boundaries of the Chiricahua homeland broke upon them with a vengeance in the winter of 1860-61. Prior to that time, the Chiricahuas had permitted the Butterfield Overland Stage Company to operate through their land. They continued to depredate into Mexico and even harassed the infrequent immigrant party or individual prospector who blundered into Cochise County, but they left the stage coaches alone. Cochise even permitted the company to build a way station high up in Apache Pass near a natural spring. The reason for this uncharacteristic accommodation is not difficult to guess at, for the stage company needed horses and mules — and hay to feed them. Cochise's people promptly cornered the hay concession and even "rescued" stray horses and mules and returned them to the grateful stagecoach company employees for a "fee". While this petty graft might have been annoying to Butterfield Overland, it was infinitely less expensive than an all-out war with the Indians — especially as the US Army, small in numbers and spread thin, was reluctant, perhaps unable, to grant full protection to the stage line. The newly-acquired Territory was sparsely populated and Washington was preoccupied with other crises.

The most serious of these 'other crises' came to a head with the election of Abraham Lincoln in November of 1860. Almost at once, Southern states begin to talk of secession and begin to take serious acts-in-furtherance of that end. Cochise and his Chiricahuas, already hard at work "adapting" to the swift changes, apparently could not comprehend American politics — which is certainly no criticism of their mental powers; not even the Great White Fathers really understood what was going on.

But, the timing was unfortunate. And, for the Chiricahuas, it was doubly unfortunate. It led to a disastrous misunderstanding that plunged

southeast Arizona into a conflict that was to rage until the Chiricahuas were removed from their home. That misunderstanding came to a tragic anticlimax in Apache Pass in February of 1861 and came to be known to history as the Bascom Affair. It deserves a close look.

The Bascom Affair

In January of 1861, a band of Apaches (probably Coyotereros from the north) raided a small ranch in the Sonoita Valley, making off with a number of oxen and a 12-year old boy, the stepson of the rancher, John Ward. (The boy reappeared years later as one Mickey Free, described rather pungently by the old scout, Al Sieber, as "half Mexican, half Irish and whole son of a bitch".) His stepfather trailed the raiders for a while and then turned back, hastening to Fort Buchanan, south of Tucson, to report the kidnapping. Fort Buchanan's commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Pitcairn Morrison, dispatched Company C of the 7th Infantry (54 strong) under 2d Lieutenant George N. Bascom to Apache Pass. The reason Colonel Morrison sent Bascom to Apache Pass was because John Ward had informed him that Cochise's Chiricahuas were responsible for the outrage and because he had other information to the effect that Cochise's people were "wintering" in Apache Pass.

Lieutenant Bascom and his men arrived at the pass, mounted on mules, on February 3rd. Colonel Morrison had ordered Bascom to demand restitution from Cochise and, failing to get it voluntarily, to use necessary force. Both men were undoubtedly inspired by an earlier incident in which a dragoon officer, Captain Richard S. Ewell (later a Confederate general), secured the release of a young Mexican girl who had been kidnapped by turning the tables, so to speak, on her captors.

Bascom met Cochise the following day, February 4th, and made his demand. Contrary to popular legend, Cochise did not "escape" from this meeting, but was released after promising to see what he could do. (Bascom, emulating Ewell, held 6 Apaches hostage, hoping to insure Cochise's best efforts.)

Cochise returned the next day, February 5th, backed by some Coyotereros in great numbers. Whether he was genuinely outraged by his treatment at the hands of Bascom the previous day or merely fortified by the reinforcements is debatable, but Cochise held Bascom's attention in negotiations while part of his band made an assault on the stage station. An alert sergeant called Bascom's attention to the trick and general firing broke out. In the confusion that followed, the Apaches succeeded in capturing a man named Wallace, employed by the stage company.

On February 6th, Cochise reappeared and offered to exchange Wallace for the six Indians. Bascom refused. The sequence of events after this meeting has been fairly well established in popular legend and needs not be detailed here. Suffice it to say that Cochise and his Chiricahuas and Coyoteros made a concerted effort to block the Pass and capture all the traffic going and coming. They succeeded in killing and capturing more men, but failed to block the pass completely. One of the men who got through was a first lieutenant named John R. Cooke (and, therefore, Bascom's superior). Cooke was ostensibly on a furlough east, but in fact bound to Virginia to offer his services to the Confederates. He took command of the situation at the stage station, where Bascom's men were forced up and apparently advised Bascom to hold firm. Bascom sent a courier to Fort Buchanan.

The courier got back to Fort Buchanan on the 8th, thanks to the strange inefficiency of Cochise's warriors blocking the Pass. The Chiricahuas were loathe to engage in combat at night and the US Army very quickly learned to take advantage of this. The courier rode all night and most of the next day, relatively undisturbed. The next day, Colonel Morrison dispatched a surgeon, Dr. Bernard J.D. Irwin, with the remainder of the troops who could be spared, to go to Bascom's relief. He also dispatched another courier to Fort Breckinridge north of Tucson, for additional help from the dragoons there.

On February 10th, Companies D and G of the 1st Dragoons left Fort Breckinridge. There were 70 dragoons in the column, commanded by 1st Lieutenant Isaiah N. Moore and 2d Lieutenant Richard S.C. Lord. That same day, Dr. Irwin surprised and captured three Coyoteros that he encountered on his way to the Pass. He moved with commendable speed, pushing on to reach Bascom by evening. (Lieutenants Moore and Lord did not arrive until February 14th.)

Bascom, Irwin and Cooke concentrated on maintaining a rather precarious control over the spring located just a few hundred yards from the stage station. Cochise's warriors and their allies rarely showed themselves on the brushy, rock-strewn mountain sides, but they were still there — in force. The stalemate lasted until the dragoons finally arrived on the 14th, and oddly enough, through the following day as well.

The 12-year old captive was by this time forgotten. Bascom, superseded first by Cooke, then Irwin, and finally Moore, was no longer in command. The object had changed, first to sheer survival, and then to an attempt to battle and defeat Cochise. Accordingly, on February 16th, Lieutenant Moore led his 70 dragoons and 40 of Bascom's and Irwin's

infantrymen in a sweep through the surrounding mountains to locate and destroy Cochise. The soldiers found only hastily abandoned camp sites — and burned them.

The next day, February 17th, Dr. Irwin discovered the mutilated remains of Wallace and five other men and buried them. The Army officers conferred and decided to return to their respective posts, as Cochise gave no evidence of wanting to engage in combat with them, the hostages Cochise had taken were dead, and there appeared to be little hope of ever recovering the boy. They departed Apache Pass on February 19th.

As they passed a spot where the Apaches had ambushed a wagon train and massacred its men — near where Irwin had buried Wallace and the other five — the Army officers conferred again. This time, they debated a suggestion by Dr. Irwin that the three Coyoters he had captured and three of the six Chiricahuas Bascom had seized two weeks before be hanged. Bascom protested, but was outranked by Irwin and Moore. The latter, as senior officer present, volunteered to accept full responsibility. The Indians were duly hanged.

From that day until the fall of 1872 — 11½ years later — no white man was safe in Cochise County. The Chiricahuas were incensed, of course, but it seems that they also misinterpreted subsequent events. Almost immediately, Bascom was singled out by the newspapers for "blame" in the incident in the typically simplistic style of American journalism. Four months later, Forts Buchanan and Breckinridge were abandoned. Understandably the Indians regarded events as proof of the weakness of the Americans and concluded that Cochise had won a victory in Apache Pass. This miscalculation was to have tragic effects.

Cochise and his Chiricahuas were not given much time to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Sherrod Hunter's Confederates invaded Arizona from the east and, after a very brief sojourn in the territory, retreated to Texas. The Indians attributed the withdrawal to their own incessant raids on the small bands of Confederates and the capture of many horses and mules. The truth of the matter was that the Confederates were driven out by pressure from the west. Major General James H. Carleton, a pre-war major of dragoons, led a large force of Union volunteers into the territory. This force is known to history as the California Column.

In July of 1862, a company of the 5th California Infantry led by Captain Thomas L. Roberts moved into Apache Pass and were promptly engaged by several hundred Chiricahuas, Coyoters and Chihennes

under the combined leadership of Mangas Coloradas and Cochise. Roberts, using artillery canister, succeeded in gaining control of the spring and re-establishing control of the old stage station that the Indians had burned the year before. General Carleton, realizing the strategic value of Apache Pass, directed that a fort be built and maintained on a hill overlooking the spring. The fort was duly constructed and named in honor of the colonel commanding the 5th California. It was called Fort Bowie.

The rest of the Civil War in Cochise County was relatively quiet. That is to say, there were no major battles, but rather a series of minor skirmishes, patrols, raids and sweeps through the mountains — that neither defeated the Chiricahuas nor caused the Union Army to abandon Fort Bowie. Travellers were safe only when accompanied by a military escort and the Indians were safe only when the patrols returned to the fort.

In May of 1866, the California Volunteers were relieved of duty at Fort Bowie and replaced by the post-war Regular 14th Infantry. Once again, Cochise and his people saw the change as a sort of victory. The infantry troops at Bowie maintained a low profile, content to show the flag and hold the spring. On occasions, their strength dipped below 35 men and it was all they could do to keep the Apaches out of the buildings. Travellers through Cochise County went at their own peril. Except for the small garrison at Bowie, the Chiricahuas had southeastern Arizona to themselves.

In 1868, the site of Fort Bowie was moved about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to the east, athwart the new military road through the Pass. The Apaches apparently abandoned the effort to drive the Army out of the pass, contenting themselves with raids on the horse herds and outlying pickets and just generally making the surrounding countryside unsafe for small groups. The great alliances of the Civil War period between the Chihennes, Coyoteros, and Chiricahuas were largely a thing of the past — as each and every band of Apaches in the Territory now found themselves under attack from Army units in Arizona and New Mexico.

In 1869, the infantry at Fort Bowie were replaced with cavalry as part of a Territory-wide campaign to put pressure on the Indians. Mounted troops had proven superior when it came to surprising Indians in the mountains and were infinitely superior in pursuit. The 8th and 1st Cavalry regiments each sent a company to Fort Bowie. Cochise could be pardoned for thinking that there was something familiar looking about the new troops. The 1st Cavalry was the old 1st Dragoons — reorganized.

Bowie's new commanding officer, Captain Reuben F. Bernard, had been a sergeant under Lieutenant Moore during the Bascom Affair eight years before.

Bernard was no Moore, though. He was in no hurry to leave the Pass. There was no Civil War to divert troops and attention. And, unlike Bascom, Bernard had no orders to retrieve a single boy; his orders were to take to the field and defeat the Chiricahuas. In October of 1869, he began a methodical sweep of the Chiricahua Mountains to the south.

It was frustrating work. The Chiricahuas fled when they were outnumbered or about to be outflanked — and attacked when the soldiers showed signs of weakening or over-extending themselves. On the 24th of October, Captain Bernard, able and competent as he was, came close to being wiped out when he deliberately challenged an Apache ambush. As it was, he was ignominiously coralled and forced to send for help. It wasn't all one-sided, though. Cochise's band was kept constantly on the move and, even given their nomadic nature, this worked a hardship. Bernard kept after them. For the month of October 1869, he could report 32 Chiricahuas killed to 2 soldiers in three major skirmishes. Cochise withdrew to his stronghold in the Dragoons. In January 1870, Captain Bernard invaded the Stronghold, killing or capturing 15 Indians without the loss of a single soldier.

There were no major clashes reported between Cochise and the soldiers out of Fort Bowie until February of 1871. It would seem at first glance that a sort of unofficial truce had been worked out, but this was not the case. Cochise avoided Bernard's frequent patrols, keeping up petty harassing operations and fleeing when pursued. In February 1871, Bernard was transferred — and all hell broke loose.

Captain William Kelly of the 8th Cavalry got into a big fight in the mountains on February 12th, proving that there were still Apaches lurking in the area. One of Bernard's replacements was the remarkable Captain Gerald Russell of the 3rd Cavalry. Russell was an Irish immigrant, up from the ranks, full of fight and blarney. Once, breaking up a near mutiny, he remarked, "I declare to God, th' base ingratitude of them wearies (enlisted men) of moine is perfectly astonishin'. They've just smacked a bran' new skillet over me nice first sergint's head and all because they didn't have enough tomatoes in their God damned soup!"

Captain Russell took his "wearies" into Cochise's Stronghold in April of 1871, but with no apparent success. Cochise remained active, dodging

inset map

Apache Pass Summit

road to Tucson

Chiricahua Mts

Helens Dome

Bowie Mtn

SCALE IN MILES

0 1/2

-
- LOCATION MAP
- ARIZONA

This map illustrates the Fort Bowie area in Arizona, highlighting the international boundary with Mexico. Key features include:

- Fort Bowie (1862-1894):** Located in the center-right, marked with a star and a small inset map showing its location within Arizona.
- Other Forts:** Fort Breckinridge (1860-1872) to the northwest, Fort Buchanan (1856-1861) to the southwest, and Fort Huachuca to the south.
- Towns and Settlements:** Tucson, Tubac, Nogales, Calabasas, Cienega, San Pedro River Crossing, Tombstone, Bisbee, Douglas, and San Bernardino.
- Geographical Features:**
 - Rivers:** Gila River, San Pedro River, Santa Catalina River, Santa Rita River, and San Juan River.
 - Mountains:** Pinaleno Mts, Santa Catalina Mts, Santa Rita Mts, Huachuca Mts, and Chiricahua Mts.
 - Canyons:** Pecos Canyon, Pinaleno Canyon, and San Juan Canyon.
- Other Landmarks:** Butterfield Stage, Driest Canyon, and the Indian Agency.

The map also shows the international boundary with Mexico to the south and west, and the location of various towns and settlements in the region.

DON BUFKIN

the competent and aggressive officers like Russell and Bernard, and swooping down on the unprotected ranch spreads that were — incredibly — being established in his domain.

The most celebrated Army/Apache encounter of the period, the May 1871 ambush and killing of Lieutenant Howard B. Cushing of the 3rd Cavalry, was actually masterminded by Juh, though Cochise was mistakenly given “credit”. Juh was the acknowledged leader of the Nedhnis, the Chiricahuas who had remained in Mexico.

In June 1871, a new commanding general was sent to Arizona Territory: a tough, no-nonsense professional with a reputation for getting things done. His name was George Crook.

Crook had enjoyed considerable success in the Northwest both before and immediately after the Civil War. He brought to Arizona a hard-nosed determination diluted with a genuine liking — and understanding — of Indians. He also brought a novel tactic: the use of Indian scouts. Too much cannot be made of this. Though it was undeniably good tactics in the strictly military sense, its greatest recommendation was in the psychological realm. As long as the Indians were fighting alien white (and later, black) troops, they could draw on an inherent cohesiveness borne of ethnic solidarity, but once the “enemy” became their own brothers and cousins, their morale and determination plummeted.

The Chiricahuas were blessed with magnificent leadership — both in battle and in negotiations with the whites. Cochise, even today, stands head and shoulders above his contemporaries in wisdom and stewardship. He saw the handwriting on the wall and made his move with the best interests of his people in mind.

General George Crook made clear his intentions. He had a whole territory to contend with and the virtually unpopulated Cochise County area was very low on his list of priorities. This gave the Chiricahuas a little time — and Cochise made the most of it. Ten years of ceaseless warfare had taken its toll. His anger was spent and he was casting around in his mind for a way out — short of humiliating surrender.

In September of 1872, Cochise got his opportunity. One of his very few white friends, an ex-Army scout named Thomas Jeffords, appeared in Cochise’s Stronghold accompanied by a pitifully small party that included a one-armed general. The general was Oliver Otis Howard, a pious Civil War hero whose concern for minority groups distinguished him in an era of expansion and imperialism. (He founded the all-Negro Howard University in Washington, D.C.) General Howard came offering peace.

Like most Indian chiefs, Cochise was a leader-by-consensus, which merely meant that he could not unilaterally make decisions that affected the welfare of the people he led. He had to consult with the older men, the raiding party leaders, the others of influence or power within the tribe. These others had to be gathered together, consulted, and be given time to weigh the matter, air their views, and come to a decision that all could accept. Obviously, this was a long, involved process, but Howard was accommodating and seemed to have plenty of time. The negotiations lasted 10 days.

Howard was anxious to conclude a peace, reasoning correctly that there could be no real peace in Arizona until Cochise came off the war-path. Perhaps he was too anxious. At any rate, Cochise was a shrewd negotiator. He bundled Howard off unceremoniously midway through the talks to insure that the troops at Fort Bowie would leave his people alone until the talks were over. Howard dutifully went and returned. Then, Cochise point-blank refused to move his people to the proposed reservation in New Mexico. Howard changed the reservation boundaries to include most of what is now Cochise County, but insisted that Cochise eschew plunder raids into Mexico. Cochise refused to be bound to such a promise and Howard dropped the issue. Finally, Cochise insisted that his friend, Tom Jeffords, be named Indian agent. Howard consented.

In the immediate sense, it was a brilliant piece of negotiation on Cochise's part, gaining almost everything he sought and conceding only Fort Bowie and the sovereignty of the United States government. (On the other hand, he hadn't succeeded in driving the troops out of Apache Pass. They were still there like an aching tooth. And, of course, he couldn't very well ignore the United States government.) Yet, in the long view, it wasn't a very good peace. Aside from the fact that the Army — or at least the government — had shown an almost craven weakness, the peace was predicated on one fallacious assumption. That assumption, though unspoken, was that Cochise County was worthless commercially and that it would be generations before white immigrants arrived in numbers large enough to pose a problem — if ever. Howard and Cochise parted with pledges of peace and friendship.

To give Cochise credit, he lived up to his end of the bargain. There were about 50 "broncos" in the area that he admitted he couldn't control, but he did keep the vast majority of the Chiricahuas in line. There was no way he could have known or guessed that the waves of immigration that had changed the continent in less than 200 years would not cease or abate. Howard believed that the Chiricahuas would have at least 50 years to hang onto their culture, their land, and their traditions while slowly, wisely, adapting to the changes. In fact, they didn't even have 5 years.

General Crook let it be known that he was not satisfied with the peace Howard and Cochise concluded. In fact, he was furious. Aside from a natural jealousy and the blow to his professional pride, he perceived (correctly) that Cochise had yielded only what he absolutely had to and predicted that there would be trouble with the Chiricahuas. He believed strongly that a lasting peace could only be achieved when the Indians were overawed by superior force and viewed the Howard treaty as a kind of surrender.

He was wrong — and right. As long as Cochise lived, the peace treaty was not violated. But, Cochise died on June 8, 1874 and was buried secretly in his beloved Dragoon Mountains. Almost immediately there was trouble, but not for the reasons Crook had dolefully predicted. The Chiricahuas had nothing to gain and everything to lose by violating the treaty and, to give them credit, most of them realized it.

The problem was the leadership void created by the death of Cochise. His oldest son, Taza, was not the man his father was and to further complicate matters, died soon after his father, causing the leadership of the Chiricahuas to devolve on a younger son named Naiche. In the Apache Indian culture, it took years for a young man to gain the reputation and concomitant respect among his peers that Cochise had enjoyed. Naiche might not ever have equaled his father in influence and wisdom, but it is one of the tragedies of Arizona history that he was never given the chance.

While Taza was still living, catastrophe visited the Chiricahuas. The Department of the Interior, Jeffords' bosses in Washington, decided for reasons of economy to transfer the Chiricahuas from their reservation to the White Mountains. Contrary to popular legend, there was very little political pressure from the Territory of Arizona to remove the Chiricahuas. There was very little interest in the southeastern corner of Arizona at the time. And, the Chiricahuas had faithfully abided by the treaty. The reason for the move had nothing to do with any anti-Chiricahua sentiment, but rather was a bureaucratic maneuver. The clerks and secretaries who ran the Interior Department were on an economy kick and infatuated with a "new" policy of "concentration". They reasoned that it would be "best" for the Indians to be put together with "their own kind" and at the same time save the government money by concentrating the support services.

Taza was no Cochise and the proposal as explained to him was reasonable. What no one pointed out (and what Taza lacked the wisdom of his father to see) was that the other Indians already located in the White Mountains had laid claim to the best water holes, camp sites, and

grazing land. The Chiricahuas, believing that they would have approximately the same amount of land to roam on, were bamboozled by a well-meaning but blundering set of bureaucrats. The alternative, of course, was renewed warfare. In the end, about half of the Chiricahuas went to San Carlos voluntarily.

The agent who replaced Jeffords and supervised the move was John P. Clum, an important figure in the history of Cochise County. Clum managed to move about 600 Chiricahuas to the White Mountain reservation agency at San Carlos in June of 1876. He was assisted by Colonel James Oakes and most of the US 6th Cavalry as well as Apache Indian police.

Once the move was accomplished, the Army went to work clearing out the rest of what had been the Chiricahua reservation. It was strictly police work. The remaining Apaches were scattered, demoralized and largely leaderless. There were no major pitched battles as in the days of Cochise.

It may have seemed at the time that the Chiricahuas had uncharacteristically gone out with a whimper rather than a bang, but subsequent events proved that the Chiricahuas still had fight. However, in the final analysis, they had been removed from their homeland — the land they had fought 10 long years to hang on to — with astonishing ease and rapidity. The irony of the whole episode is that they were removed not by embattled settlers or even the US Army, but by a handful of government employees, most of whom had never even been to Arizona. Taza died shortly after the resettlement and Naiche was never able to fully assert his authority.

As a matter of fact, the removal was so sudden and uncomplicated that the people of the Territory were caught unprepared to exploit it. Except for Fort Bowie and a few isolated ranches, the area that became Cochise County was largely uninhabited. But, it didn't stay uninhabited long. Prospectors began to drift into the area, apparently undeterred by the band of holdout Chiricahuas still in and through the area. Mexican bandits also helped fill the void. The Army was kept busy.

In January of 1877, a raid through the region by another group of Apaches, supposedly pacified on a reservation in New Mexico, prompted the new commanding general in Arizona, August V. Kautz, to establish another Army post on the west side of the San Pedro River, close to the Mexican border. He sent two troops of the 6th Cavalry to scout the area and establish the new post. The commanding officer of this expedition was Captain Samuel M. Whitside, a big, bluff Regular who had been an

enlisted man before the Civil War. (In fact, Captain Whitside had risen from private to sergeant-major before the War, been commissioned during it, and remained on active duty with the cavalry until 1902! He was generally regarded as the 6th Cavalry's best troop commander, though he is best remembered today for his role in the Wounded Knee affair in the Dakotas in 1890 — while serving as a major in the 7th Cavalry.)

Accompanied by two companies of cavalry and a young West Pointer, Captain William A. Rafferty, Whitside selected a small canyon in the Huachuca Mountains equidistant from the San Pedro River to the east and the Mexican border to the south. There were two reasons, basically, for the establishment of what became known as Fort Huachuca. First, the Army needed a permanent base for operations in defense of the settlers who would eventually populate the San Pedro valley. Specifically, they needed a base that was closer to the field of operations than either Fort Bowie in Apache Pass or Fort Lowell in Tucson. Second, the Army was committed to a line of picket posts along the Mexican-American border. These posts served two functions: 1) to monitor Indian activity and 2) to discourage Mexican guerrillas from using the Cochise County area as a staging ground and resting place. The border posts had to be supplied, the personnel rotated, and, occasionally, reinforced quickly. The new camp, which was designated Fort Huachuca in 1882, was perfectly located.

In 1878, General Kautz was replaced by General Orlando B. Willcox after a political squabble with the then-governor of the Territory, Anson P.K. Safford. Both Willcox and Safford had towns in Arizona named after them. (Kautz and Whitside were not so honored.) One of Willcox's first acts as commanding general was to launch a major campaign to clear out the remaining hostiles and tighten up the border.

(During this campaign, one of Willcox's second lieutenants had a military installation named after him — under tragic circumstances. One of the campaign's supply bases was located 40 miles south of Fort Bowie in White River Canyon. It was rather prosaically named Camp Supply. During a flash flood not far from there, 2Lt. John A. Rucker of the 6th Cavalry perished in a vain attempt to rescue another officer. Camp Supply was re-named Camp Rucker.)

In the wake of the troop movements this campaign brought, came scores, later hundreds, of prospectors. One of the first — and luckiest — of these men was Ed Schieffelin. Ed, his brother Al, and their partner, Dick Gird, staked claims in the foothills east of the San Pedro River.

Warned by the Army that he would find nothing there but his tombstone, Ed whimsically named his strike "Tombstone" and in a matter of months, thousands of hopefuls flooded the area. Gird and the Schieffelins had found silver.

The event no one had foreseen transformed the erstwhile Chiricahua reservation into the most populous corner of Arizona Territory — all in the amazing time of less than two years.

By the 1880 Census, the town of Tombstone, hard by Schieffelin's first strike and the largest of the boom towns in the area, boasted a population of over 7000 — equal to that of the Territory's largest town, Tucson. Naturally, none of the hostile Chiricahuas still hiding out in the mountains or just passing through were enumerated by the census takers, but the Indian population at the height of Cochise's power couldn't have numbered more than 1000.

Logically — and realistically — the struggle was over. The Chiricahuas, in less than two hundred years, had been driven yet again from a homeland. Only some of them didn't know it. From 1880 until well into the 20th century, small bands of "renegades" continued to operate in and around the area that formally became Cochise County in February of 1881. The most spectacularly successful of these renegades was a raiding party leader whose activities, in the end, were to lead to the most extensive campaign in Arizona's military history and, eventually, to the removal of the Chiricahuas from the Territory. His name was Gokhlayeh, better known as Geronimo. He deserves a close look.

Geronimo

Geronimo was an incredibly complex person and, though his name has come to personify ferocity and fighting skill, he was at times an amazingly inept fighter. He was tall for an Apache (about 5'7") and hardy in the extreme. A Nedhni originally, Geronimo was probably born in Arizona where his father, who had married into the Chihennes of New Mexico, was wandering. Geronimo won early renown as a raiding party leader in Mexico and attached himself, through marriage, to the Chiricahuas. The most remarkable attribute Geronimo possessed was what might today be called extra-sensory perception. He had an ability, unique even among Indians, to "see" what was happening miles away with uncanny accuracy. This and his fighting and raiding skills attracted a following. There is no hard evidence, popular fiction notwithstanding, that Cochise and Geronimo were rivals. In fact, Geronimo was a

"follower" (and close advisor) of Cochise's youngest son, Naiche. Eventually, Naiche "fell under" the influence of Geronimo, but whether this was due to Geronimo's "magic" powers or the fact that Naiche was perceived as incompetent by his followers is an issue that will probably never be resolved.

For all his pugnacity and vision, Geronimo was frequently captured in what might otherwise be termed humiliating circumstances. His first fling at the wild life of the renegade was cut short in 1877 by John P. Clum at the Warm Springs (New Mexico) Agency. Clum, aided by his redoubtable Indian police, captured Geronimo with relative ease and packed him off to San Carlos, where most of the rest of the Chiricahuas had been assigned. Geronimo stayed a few months, gathered a following, and led a break out to Mexico. After nearly starving to death in the Sierra Madres in the winter of 1880, he meekly surrendered and was returned to San Carlos.

No doubt he would have run off again sooner or later, but an ill-advised move by the US Army insured that it was sooner. To be more precise, in the late summer of 1881, Colonel Eugene A. Carr of the 6th Cavalry, in compliance with orders from General Willcox and against his own better judgment, arrested a Western Apache medicine man named Noch-ay-del-klinne at a place called Cibicue in the White Mountains. The arrest triggered an uprising that threatened to plunge Arizona Territory into an all-out Indian war rivalling that of the Sioux War of 1876. Geronimo had nothing to do with the Cibicue uprising, content to merely watch the proceedings with interest — and mounting alarm.

General William T. Sherman, commanding general of the Army, reacted quickly and with characteristic overstatement. He wired General McDowell (Willcox's superior) that "this annual stampede" of Indians was to be stopped once and for all. (Sherman, always free with pungent comments, didn't spare Arizona. He once remarked that the land had been won in a war with Mexico and wished that another war could compel the Mexicans to take it back. On another occasion, an officer's wife remarked that Arizona was not such a bad place, lacking only water and good society. Sherman acidly observed that the lack of those features was all that was wrong with hell.) As a result of Sherman's impatience, Arizona Territory found itself host to the largest concentration of US Army troops prior to World War II. Troops poured in from California, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. Geronimo bolted.

It took a major campaign by General George Crook himself, recalled to the Territory for that express purpose, to root Geronimo out of his

Sierra Madre stronghold in Mexico. Geronimo came back to San Carlos in 1884, having stretched a promise of two months delay into nine months.

The expense and manpower committed to the recapture of Geronimo rose with each "escape", even though Geronimo's following dwindled with each adventure. However incompetent Geronimo might have been as a holdout in the late '70s and early '80s has been wiped away by his remarkable showing in the 1885-86 campaign. He apparently learned from his mistakes and got better with each attempt, while the US Army seemingly got more inept.

The last break out was the most spectacular. In the spring of 1885, in an atmosphere of tension and confusion, Geronimo led a small party off the reservation. They eluded Army patrols and reached Mexico. George Crook's civilian enemies made capital of the incident, which wasn't as serious as many then and now would have folks believe. The famed Apache Scouts made contact in Mexico almost right away. Captain Emmett Crawford's strike force hit the hostiles in the Babispe Mountains and captured 15 of Geronimo's band. A little over a month later, Captain Wirt Davis' strike force captured the same number in the Sierra Madres. Crook kept up the pressure.

In the spring of 1886, as Crook was patiently carrying out his strategy of sealing the border and keeping long range patrols after Geronimo in Mexico, the political climate heated up. General Sherman, in retirement since 1883, kept his peace for once, but his successor, General Philip H. Sheridan, bombarded Crook with unsolicited advice and querulous questions. Crook hung on and in March, after a dramatic surrender conference in the Canyon de los Embudos just over the border, succeeded in bringing the object of the attention, Geronimo, back.

Then it happened.

Geronimo, having been persuaded that he would be shipped to Florida and not turned over to the vengeful Arizona citizenry, was plied with bootleg liquor and frightened off by an unscrupulous civilian trader of the type that had been the bane of Crook's existence. Sheridan lost all patience.

The issue was Crook's use of 43 infantry companies, 40 cavalry troops, and the Indian scouts, who to Sheridan's dismay were almost entirely Chiricahuas. Crook had used the regular troops to seal the border and had sent the Chiricahuas under picked officers into Mexico after Geronimo. Sheridan, mindful of Geronimo's previous nine month

“vacation”, wanted Crook to make better use of the regular troops. He felt that the Chiricahua Scouts, almost all of whom had been hostiles themselves at one time, were basically unreliable. Crook disagreed vehemently and, tired of the squabble, asked to be relieved.

There is good reason to believe that Crook misjudged Sheridan, his old West Point classmate, and that he felt by asking to be relieved that he would instead be given the support he needed. But Sheridan, sensitive to the political pressure from Arizona, had a replacement waiting in the wings — Brigadier General Nelson A. Miles.

Miles was a remarkable man in many respects. For one thing, he was the only general in the Army at that time — except for General Terry — who was not a West Pointer. He had been a clerk in a crockery store in Boston when the Civil War broke out and had risen from the ranks to major general by the war's end. He was married to General Sherman's niece, though the evidence is strong that the relationship actually retarded his advancement until Sherman's retirement. He had added luster to his Civil War reputation on the Plains, mopping up the mess that Custer, Crook, and others had made in the Sioux War of 1876. Ten years later, he was regarded as the best Indian-fighting officer in the Army — except for Crook, the man he replaced.

The two men couldn't have been more unlike in terms of personal style. Crook had made his battered cork helmet, rumpled corduroys, and braided beard symbols of the unorthodox Indian fighter. He had invariably travelled accompanied only by a single aide and a couple of Apache scouts. Miles, on his arrival a scant twelve days after the blowup, showed an entirely different style. He never went anywhere without the proper uniform, tailored and immaculate as circumstances permitted. He was invariably accompanied by whole squads of “spear carriers”, who would not permit him to so much as stoop to pick up a pencil when he dropped it.

Miles' detractors have pointed to his life style as proof that he was a “phony” of some sort. But, Miles was far from a phony. He was, in fact, one of the ablest officers ever to wear a general's star. And, he possessed a political astuteness and flexibility that Crook had apparently lacked. He saw at once that the real problem was not Geronimo and about 40 fugitives hiding in Mexico from 4000 US Army troops, but rather, Arizona politics. The Arizonians wanted Geronimo captured, to be sure, but were divided amongst themselves as to whether they wanted to hang him or shoot him once caught. In the meantime, they didn't want to miss out on any of the revenue the concentration of Army troops had brought to Arizona — not to mention the financial opportunities inherent in a

corrupt reservation system. In short, they wanted Geronimo and his pitiful band back where they could exploit them. Miles was determined to effectively break the vicious cycle of 'surrender-break-out-raid-surrender' that had plagued the Territory since the removal of the Chiricahuas from Cochise County in 1876.

He visited the agency at San Carlos. On the day of his visit, some of the younger Chiricahuas had managed to get hold of some rotgut whiskey and were comporting themselves in a manner not unlike modern teenage hooligans. Miles was appalled and years later remarked: "a more turbulent, desperate, disreputable band of human beings I had never seen before and hope never to see again". He decided on the spot to ship the entire tribe out of the Territory. Incredibly, he was supported by the Arizona politicians when he did just that. In all, some 400 souls were shipped off to military prison camps in Florida and Georgia.

How much responsibility for this turn of events can be laid on Geronimo's escapades will probably never be agreed upon objectively. Since no other Indian tribe in Arizona was ever shipped out en masse, it is hard to pass off Geronimo's actions as irrelevant. (The Navaho removal of 1864 was nowhere near as complete and certainly not as final — or swift.) In the end, Geronimo enjoyed more publicity and attention than did Cochise. Ironically, he did absolutely nothing for the Chiricahuas in their struggle to hold onto their land.

General Nelson A. Miles tried using regular troops in Mexico as per Sheridan's advice. The only significant contact was early in May of 1886 when a patrol of "buffalo soldiers" from the all-Negro 10th Cavalry clashed with the hostiles in the Penito Mountains of Sonora. Miles also reorganized the Department of Arizona into "districts of observation" assigning a specific officer to a particular piece of the Territory with the responsibility of reporting any hostile movement or activity. He brought the heliostat and placed it into widespread practical use for the first time in the United States. He set up a series of heliograph relay stations that were able, in the end, to handle over 2000 messages and transmit from Yuma to El Paso in just 8 hours — a vast improvement over mounted couriers and a telegraph line that could be cut. He maintained the pressure. The famous Henry Lawton/Leonard Wood campaign into Mexico was ordered by Miles. It accomplished little.

Finally, defying Sheridan, Miles took a leaf from Crook's book and sent the Indian (Chiricahua) scouts into action. He did restrict their numbers, apparently hedging his bets. Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood of the 6th Cavalry took a small patrol into Mexico and made contact with Geronimo. The fact that Miles had shipped the Chiricahuas out of the

Terriotry came as a complete shock to Geronimo and influenced him to surrender for the last time.

For all practical purposes, the Apache "Wars" were over. Geronimo surrendered with 39 people — including women and children — on September 4, 1886 and Miles lost no time in hustling them off to the railroad depot at Bowie Station. He also shipped out the loyal scouts who had risked their lives to bring the holdouts in.

This generated a storm of controversy, though it was not the apparent callousness that Miles' critics protested. The "authorities" wanted to turn Geronimo and some of his followers over to the civilian courts for trial. Miles had promised Geronimo and his people that this would not happen, so he blithely shipped them out as fast as he could and answered War Department inquiries in an infuriatingly obtuse manner. President Grover Cleveland intervened and ordered the train stopped at San Antonio. An Army officer was instructed to go aboard and learn from the Apaches what terms had been given — as this information could not be obtained in telegraphic exchange with Miles. President Cleveland was enraged when he learned that Miles had pulled a "fast one", but felt morally obligated to let the terms stand and the train proceed.

General Miles has been severely criticised by historians for this episode, though undeservedly. While the inclusion of the loyal scouts and their families was perhaps unconscionable, the actions of Miles showed a remarkable moral courage. He risked his rank and career to make good a promise to a scruffy Chiricahua brigand everybody else wanted to hang.

Nelson A. Miles was never a modest man and, to Crook's chagrin, promptly took full credit for having pacified Arizona. The newspapers sang his praises to the skies and Miles lapped it up. He went on to become commanding general of the Army, apparently unperturbed by the controversy he had generated — a controversy that rages to this day. His successors — Generals Benjamin H. Grierson and Alexander M. McCook, inherited no Chiricahua problem except for a few fruitless patrols against lone holdouts such as Massai, Mangas, and the Apache Kid.

* * *

They are all gone now.

The Chiricahua culture did not flourish long in Cochise County. In the amazingly brief span of two hundred years, the people who gave the

County its character, history, and its name had come and gone. Little remains. Cochise's bones are hidden somewhere in the Dragoons, kept company no doubt by hundreds of others, red and white, in graves marked and unmarked. Fort Bowie exists only as ruins — and a tourist attraction. Fort Huachuca still thrives, but not even the progressive and innovative General Miles would recognize it today. Tombstone, the first county seat and once the largest settlement in the Territory, has fewer inhabitants than it did when Geronimo passed by it on his numerous trips to Mexico.

THE GARFIELD MONUMENT: AN 1886 MEMORIAL OF THE BUFFALO SOLDIERS IN ARIZONA

by Mark F. Baumler
and Richard V.N. Ahlstrom

The Black troops of the Ninth and Tenth United States Cavalry are most often remembered for their role in the late 19th century Indian Wars of the western plains. History recalls how these troopers, or "Buffalo Soldiers,"¹ performed admirably as well as heroically while under fire on the Kansas and Texas frontiers in the late 1860s and early 1870s and in New Mexico and Colorado in the late 1870s and 1880s.² That they also played a role in Arizona history about this time is perhaps less well known. Few stories of their activities in the Arizona Territory in the 19th century have come down to us, much less visible remains of this early presence.

At least one tangible remnant of history does commemorate the Buffalo Soldiers' tour of duty in Arizona in the late 1880s. It comes from what at first may seem a most unlikely source — the fireplace in a ranch house at the entrance of Bonita Canyon in what is now Chiricahua National Monument. This fireplace was built of local fieldstones in the 1920s, yet on many of the stones are chiseled the names and troop designations of soldiers who served in the Tenth Cavalry in Arizona during the final Geronimo Campaign of 1885 and 1886. By investigating the origin of these stones and the names of the men who are recorded upon them, we hope to focus attention not only upon an important turning point in Arizona history, but also upon the role played in this period by some of its often forgotten participants.



"A Campfire Sketch" by Frederic Remington of Buffalo Soldiers around a campfire.

The Garfield Fireplace

Historic artifacts have a way of communicating the past with an immediacy that no amount of written or oral histories can quite duplicate. Such is the case of the "Garfield Fireplace" in the Erickson-Riggs ranch house of the Faraway Ranch, now the property of the Chiricahua National Monument, National Park Service. ²⁵

The Faraway Ranch, home of former 1st Sgt. Neil Erickson (4th Cavalry), his wife Emma and their children, began as a small property homesteaded shortly after the Geronimo campaign. The Faraway grew rapidly over the turn-of-the-century, becoming a thriving "dude" ranch in the mid-20th century under the management of Neil's daughter, Lillian, and her husband Edward Riggs. As a measure of their success, in 1958 Saturday Evening Post featured the recently widowed and partially blind Lillian Riggs in an article aptly titled, "The Lady Boss of Faraway Ranch." ²⁶ The Faraway main house itself also has merited description in a recent survey of historical Arizona ranch houses. ²⁷ The significance of the property as a historical resource was officially recognized in 1980 with its placement on the National Register of Historic Places. ²⁸

The Garfield Fireplace, consisting of the fireplace proper and associated chimney, is thought to have been constructed by Ed Riggs and others in 1924 or 1925. ²⁹ At that time Ed was adding a guest dining room to the back of the house and decided to include a fireplace into the middle of its exterior wall. He constructed the fireplace with local rhyolitic blocks of stone, joined with mortar.

Of varying sizes and shapes, these stones in many cases were intentionally shaped. What is most notable about the stones is the presence on many of them of engraved writing. The name of the fireplace itself derives from a particularly large central block on the inside above the mantelpiece. The face of this block or slab is carefully engraved in ruler lined letters:

IN
MEMORY OF
JAS. A.
GARFIELD

James Abram Garfield, sworn in as the 20th President of the United States on March 4, 1881, was only weeks later shot by a disgruntled civil servant. He died Sept. 19, 1881, the second American presidential assassination.

Surrounding the dedication to the slain president are numerous other smaller engraved blocks, which appear on the outside of the fireplace as well. These engravings range from light scratching to deep chiseling and consist primarily of the names or initials of the men of the Tenth Cavalry who were stationed in the Camp at Bonita Canon. Often accompanying the names are the soldiers' troop letter and regimental number. Also present on a few blocks are dates, military rank and place names.

We have numbered each of the 59 blocks that bear an inscription in the accompanying drawing. Using muster rolls of the 10th Cavalry troops known to have been stationed in the canyon, we have been able, in most cases, to associate each of the inscriptions with a soldier in one of these troops. Much more than a fireplace, the Garfield Fireplace is a record in stone — a muster roll, if you will — preserving the names of the men who served in Bonita Canyon in the late 1880s.

Along with a name or set of initials, 12 of the blocks are inscribed with the designation of Troop H and fifteen with Troop E, while only one block is signed as belonging to Troop I. This block (#3), appearing on the outside of the fireplace, is also unique in that it carries at least eight different sets of initials. All other blocks, as far as we can tell, are associated with a single individual.

When we consider the blocks inscribed with dates, an explanation for the uniqueness of the Troop I block is evident. Four blocks (#1, 21, 42, 52) have complete dates (day, month, year), ranging from April 19 to April 26, 1886. This tightly clustered series predates by at least several days the known date at which Troop I actually became established in the canyon. From this, it seems reasonable to suggest that the engraving of the Troop I block is a later addition to the others and that the remainder of the blocks were engraved by the soldiers of Troops E and H as they prepared to end their tour of duty in the camp. Indeed, all of our proposed identifications of legible names and most of the initials can be easily accommodated by the rolls of Troops E and H alone.

Military rank is designated on at least two blocks. One of these (#50) carries the title "1st Sgt." above the name "JAS. LOGAN," attributable to 1st Sgt. James Logan, Troop E. The other block (#42) reads in carefully crafted letters "J.W. Robinson /BLACKSMITH.E. /APR. 20.1886" and is unquestionably the handiwork of the Troop E blacksmith, John W. Robinson.

Both Logan and Robinson are represented by more than one inscribed stone. Block #45 is inscribed "J.A. Logan" while block #17 has the initials "JWR" below the representation of a blacksmith's hammer and a horseshoe. Both the lettering and symbols of this letter block are depicted in high relief, unlike the chiseled letters of all the other inscriptions. This certainly attests to the familiarity and skill of the blacksmith in working with the tools that were used in inscribing the stones.

Both block #8, inscribed "WP(B) /H10 APR 2? /1886," and Block #38, inscribed "W.P.BATTLE /CAPT.BONI- /TA(1886)," may also be identified with a single individual: William P. Battle, Private, Troop H. Aspirations notwithstanding, the inscription "CAPT," on Block #38 would appear to be a misspelling for "CAMP." The badly weathered letters of this block have been highlighted in paint at a more recent date and it is possible that the mistake originated then. Alternatively, Pvt. Battle may have committed the error himself. Assuming a misspelling did occur, this is the only stone which refers to the Camp at Bonita Canon by name.

Other troopers who may be associated with more than one block are Cpl. John F. Casey, Troop H (Blocks 2 and 15), Pvt. James Dillard, Troop H (Blocks 21 and 29). Why these individuals and those above elected to engrave their name on two blocks while other soldiers in the camp do not appear to be represented at all is a mystery. Interesting also is that of the two commissioned officers in the camp at the time the blocks appear to have been inscribed, only Captain Kelley's initials are represented (Block 10).

Cities are registered on two blocks. Block #27, attributed to Cpl. Gerard Miller, Troop H, has "WASHINGTON DC" scratched in much lighter letters below the more clearly engraved name. Miller is registered in the muster rolls as having enlisted in Washington, D.C. Nov. 23, 1881.

The other block with a place name (#52) is inscribed "W.H.J. /E1OCV /APR 19 1886 /BALT MD." We have attributed this block to William H. Johnson, Trumpeteer, Troop E. While Johnson is recorded as enlisting at Ft. Concho, Texas, previous headquarters of the 10th Cavalry, it is not unlikely that he was born elsewhere, in this case Baltimore, Md.

Another block (#18), with the initials "F W," has engraved next to it, in descending order, the smaller letters "D C" and either an inverted triangle or a "V". This block may be the work of Felix Wilson, Pvt., Troop E, and the let-

ters "D C" may well represent his home, as he is recorded as enlisting in Washington, D.C..

Perhaps the most interesting of all the blocks, #44, is also unfortunately incomplete on its left side. Four lines of neatly engraved block letters on this stone can be transcribed:

(?) HORTONPRESOF THE-
(?) PHCLUBINHON.OF-
(?) ARFIELD.REPRESENT
(?) TEOF.MO.

We believe that this block owes its origin to George Horton, Troop H. Horton was promoted to saddler from private on Dec. 1, 1885 — that is while the troop was stationed in Bonita Canyon — following the discharge of Saddler Benjamin F. Wallace at the expiration of his term of service. We suggest the following transcription of the block if it were complete: "George Horton, President of the Troop H Club in honor of Jas. A. Garfield, representing the state of Missouri." If correct, this reading suggests that Horton may have played a major role in determining the theme or purpose of the engravings, in particular the dedication to President Garfield on Block 51.

Our information on Horton is limited to his enlistment on Nov. 24, 1884, in Washington, D.C. Assuming that there was some form of club of which Horton was president, it is nonetheless unclear whether this group was spontaneous or chartered and whether it was organized around President Garfield or had its origins in other matters.

Suggestions of a chartered organization to which at least some of the 10th Cavalry Buffalo Soldiers belonged to is found in other blocks as well. On three separate blocks (#3, 19 and 61) is a motif consisting of three interlocking ovals. This motif occurs twice on Block #3, which also bears the multiple initials of Troop I.

The symbol of three interlocking ovals was in use at this time by the Grand United Order of Odd Fellows in America, which received its charter directly from the United Order of Odd Fellows in England in 1843. This all-black fraternal organization was racially segregated from the United Order of Odd Fellows in America which had previously disassociated itself from the English charter. 30

The two other blocks on which the symbol occurs have been affiliated with Michael Finnegan, Wagoneer, Troop H (#19) and Sgt. Charles Faulkner, Troop H (#61). While we do not know whether either of these two individuals were members of the Odd Fellows, we do know from a published biographical sketch that another sergeant in Troop E, Charles B. Turner, was at some point in his life a strong advocate of the organization. 31

Block #53, with the initials "C.B.T.," has been tentatively assigned to Sgt. Turner, but no other symbols are engraved on this block. Given that the Troop I block exhibits the Odd Fellows motif, one wonders whether those members of this troop who decided to add their names to the others may have all been members of the Odd Fellows as well. Perhaps it was this tie that led them to include their names.

Finally, we would be remiss not to single out one other special engraved block. On this stone (#48), now situated just below the mantelpiece on the right side of the fireplace, is inscribed the name "H.O. FLIPPER." Henry Ossian Flipper (1856-1940) was the first black American to successfully complete the

requirements of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point and become a commissioned officer. 32

Graduated June 14, 1877, 2nd Lt. Flipper was first assigned to the 10th Cavalry at Fort Sill in Indian Territory. Later he served at several forts in Texas.

Skilled in engineering, Flipper acted as an army surveyor and construction supervisor and also at various times as a post adjutant, quartermaster and commissary officer. It was in this latter capacity at Fort Davis, Texas, that his military career sadly and abruptly ended. Arrested for embezzlement of funds, he was cleared of the charges but nonetheless court-martialed for "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman" and was dishonorably discharged in the summer of 1882.

Throughout the remainder of his life, Flipper maintained he had been railroaded by certain fellow officers. 33 In 1976, the Department of Defense concurred and exonerated Flipper, issuing him a posthumous honorable discharge and arranging for the re-interment of his remains at a national cemetery with full military honors.

The question has been raised as to whether Flipper himself could have carved his name adjacent to those of the troops in Bonita Canyon. 34 During his military career, Flipper served in Troop A rather than any of the troops associated with the Camp at Bonita Canyon. In his published memoirs, however, he recounts having met Capt. Charles L. Cooper at Fort Davis when the latter was still a lieutenant in Troop M and that he found him and his family to be "nice people."

After his discharge, Flipper put his engineering skills to use working for various mining companies in Mexico and Arizona. At one point, he became a member of the Association of Civil Engineers of Arizona. In the spring of 1886 it is thought that he may have been as close to Bonita Canyon as Northern Sonora, perhaps less than 150 miles from the camp.

It is conceivable, therefore, that Flipper could have visited the camp and personally added his name to the others. On the other hand, perhaps he was simply remembered by his fellow men in the service who had already made a dedication to another fallen soldier, James A. Garfield. Surely more than a few of the "old-timers" in the detachment had met Flipper, and all had at least heard of his history-making entrance into a world previously excluded to blacks.

While we have focused on only a few of the blocks in the Garfield Fireplace, each in its own way is special and personal and deserves greater consideration than can be given in this short document. The variety of engraving styles and fonts suggest that each soldier was responsible for fashioning his own block and thereby adding his own touch. Although we cannot do justice to all the blocks here, we must still address the question of how they came to be set in the fireplace in the first place — a fireplace built almost 40 years after the soldiers themselves had left the canyon.

BISBEE'S TRANSITION YEARS: 1899-1918

by Tom Vaughan

Introduction

Bisbee's history between the years 1899 and 1918 were years of transition from a mining camp to an industrial mining center. It was an exciting period when the population grew from about 4,000 to about 25,000. The wooden buildings of the late nineties gave way to the more permanent brick, block and stone ones of the early 1900s. Horseback and horse drawn conveyances were predominant forms of transportation when this period began but by its end, trolley cars and automobiles were competing for space on the narrow streets. The sturdy burros, bearers of water and wood for so many years were turned loose to roam the hillsides as the modern utilities of piped-in gas and water, telephones and electricity reached all points of the city.

That was a time when trains came into town four or five times a day, when capitalists arrived to invest in mining properties, when hundreds of businesses thrived in Brewery Gulch, Lowell and on Main Street, when hobos, gamblers, con men and prostitutes flocked to Bisbee to make an easy buck, when rich men lived in mansions while the poor died in cardboard shacks.

It was a time when every week there was a huge political rally, a dance, a fraternal meeting, a mining convention, a Mexican fiesta, a carnival, a theater troupe, a wild west show, a huge funeral, a grand wedding, or a dirty murder.

It was Bisbee's wild, gaudy, naughty, proud, honorable, sleazy, dusty, muddy, singing, slinging, digging, exploding, mucking, whoring, corrupt past. Bisbee was alive, Bisbee was well.

World War 1 and the deportation of 1917 ended Bisbee's exuberant period of growth and excitement. By that time laws had been passed against gambling (1908), prostitution (1910) and drinking (1915). When Sheriff Harry Wheeler forced over 1,000 miners into boxcars to be carried to the New Mexico desert he removed the radical labor element but also the dominance of the unmarried, tramp miner. The family orientated, company-dominated town was in place.

These stories are from that period, first published in the Bisbee Review under the author's column "Borderland Chronicles." They are drawn from Bisbee's early newspapers, letters, oral history interviews, photographs and documents from the archives of the Bisbee Mining and Historical Museum, the Cochise County Records office, and the Bisbee Public Library.

BISBEE FIRES

Bisbee has suffered five major fires in its 100 years of existence. Carelessness started most of them, strong winds fanned them, wooden structures fed them and inept firefighting equipment allowed them to continue. Even though large

sections of Bisbee were burned or destroyed in these early fires, there were no fatalities and the mines, for the most part, went untouched in the early fires - a strong factor in the rebuilding of the town.

Bisbee's Main Street has been the scene of three major fires. The main commercial district has always been roughly located on the north and south sides of Tombstone Canyon, as it is today. In the mid 1880s, Main Street was crowded with one- and two-story wooden buildings built very close to one another.

The firefighting equipment was limited to buckets or barrels of water. One method of extinguishing fires was to place barrels filled with water on rooftops and in the event of fire, to take a gun and shoot the barrels full of holes, releasing the water. This novel form of firefighting was not very effective.

An 1885 edition of the **Tucson Daily Star** carried news of a devastating fire under the heading "Bisbee in Ashes." The fire apparently started in some trash in the alley near the A.A. Castaneda store. There was no chance to save the commercial section so all efforts went toward saving the nearby mining works. Luckily, a 70-foot gulch separated the last structure on Main Street from the mining buildings, and the mining operation was untouched.

While the loss from the fire was "estimated at \$100,000 with very light insurance", the spirit of the town was not burned out. The **Star** reported: "The people have commenced to prepare for immediate rebuilding of their houses and large orders of lumber and other building materials have been made at once." The town was rebuilt in 1885, but unfortunately, the same construction techniques were used: many one- and two-story wooden structures were built side-by-side; the only gaps between buildings were small alleys. The firefighting ability did not improve either. It was not surprising that fire visited Bisbee again.

The front page of an 1887 issue of the **Tucson Daily Citizen** read, "Bisbee In Flames" and, "the entire town of Bisbee was destroyed by fire last night. The fire originated in a restaurant. The Copper Queen works being some distance removed from town, were saved." Some residents left Bisbee after the 1887 fire. A.A. Castaneda, who had been burned out twice, was one of them. In an 1888 photograph, however, many wooden, brick and adobe structures can be seen on Main Street, many in the infancy of construction. Lessons were learned from the 1887 fire. Adobe, brick and wood became the preferred building materials for the Main Street commercial area, especially after the arrival of the railroad in 1889.

What is known as the Letson Block building got its start in adobe the year after the 1887 fire. In 1892 the first library building was bricked over; the schoolhouse (where Central School is located today) was built of bricks. In 1891 the stone and brick Copper Queen Store was built. In 1897 the Copper Queen Consolidated Mining Company general office building (now the museum) and about 1898 the dispensary (the Review office) were built of brick and steel.

On Oct. 1, 1894, Bisbee's first volunteer fire department was formed. The headquarters for the department was a shack on Main Street, about where Penney's now stands. In 1898 a brick building was built on the north side of Main Street (about where Nelson's Jewelers now stands) and used as the fire department headquarters. A bell atop this building raised the fire alarms.

By the early 1900s many of the buildings on Main Street were brick, adobe or wood plastered over. This was the result of "good sense" and a fire ordinance adopted by the Bisbee City Council on Sept. 1, 1903. The ordinance outlined a fire district, which roughly borders today's historic district, and required buildings to be constructed of "adobe, brick or stone . . . that if any person desirous to erect a frame building within said district, the same shall be veneered with at least four inches of stone or brick." In May of 1907, fire escapes became mandatory by law in the fire district.

In June of 1907 a gas stove exploded in the kitchen of the Colorado Boarding House on Brewery Gulch at the foot of Chihuahua Hill and the red devil was back licking the hillsides of Bisbee. The **Bisbee Evening Miner** newspaper of June 29, 1907 headline read FIRE THREATENS ENTIRE CITY. The wind-whipped fire totally destroyed 76 houses and damaged another 30. Nobody was killed and the injuries sustained by humans were minor; however, there was \$200,000 worth of damage done to property.

The fire could not be brought under control by the volunteer fire department. The volunteer fire department fought valiantly but they were hampered by a shortage of hose and other equipment and the water pressure was so low that it could not effectively reach the second and third stories of buildings. Added to those problems were carriage drivers who drove over the fire hose as it lay on the street. One fireman was quoted by a **Bisbee Evening Miner** reporter, "That we even stopped the fire when we did is a matter of great wonder to me . . . With equipment entirely ineffective we, by the aid of citizens gathered to help us, managed to put out the fire. A number of buildings had to be dynamited as we had no pikes with which to pull them down; we had but one ax and insufficient amount of hose. That is what we were up against."

The miners finally stopped the raging blaze. Brought to the surface at the first alarm, the miners rigged dynamite charge inside houses north of the Pythian Castle and blew them up providing a fire break. That action not only saved the rest of Chihuahua Hill but possibly the entire town.

Not all the citizens of Bisbee were appalled by the 1907 fire. A group of south Bisbee boys enjoyed watching the fire so much that they attempted to set the south Bisbee Methodist Church on fire. They were caught, the fire put out, and many spankings were heard in south Bisbee. Mrs. Emmanuel Anderson gained some attention as having predicted the fire and the exact time it would start. She had two witnesses to her ability but was undecided if she was going to open a fortune telling establishment.

The 1907 Chihuahua Hill fire brought a crackdown on wood frame buildings in the fire limit district. This was done by another amendment to the fire ordinance which said that any building which was not constructed of approved materials could not be repaired for more than 10% of its value, thereby making it inconvenient to repair old buildings. Five days after the fire, the City Council was approached by a group of Chihuahua Hill and Youngblood Hill residents presenting a petition to extend OK Trail along Chihuahua Hill and make it a street. These residents reasoned a street could save their home in event of fire.

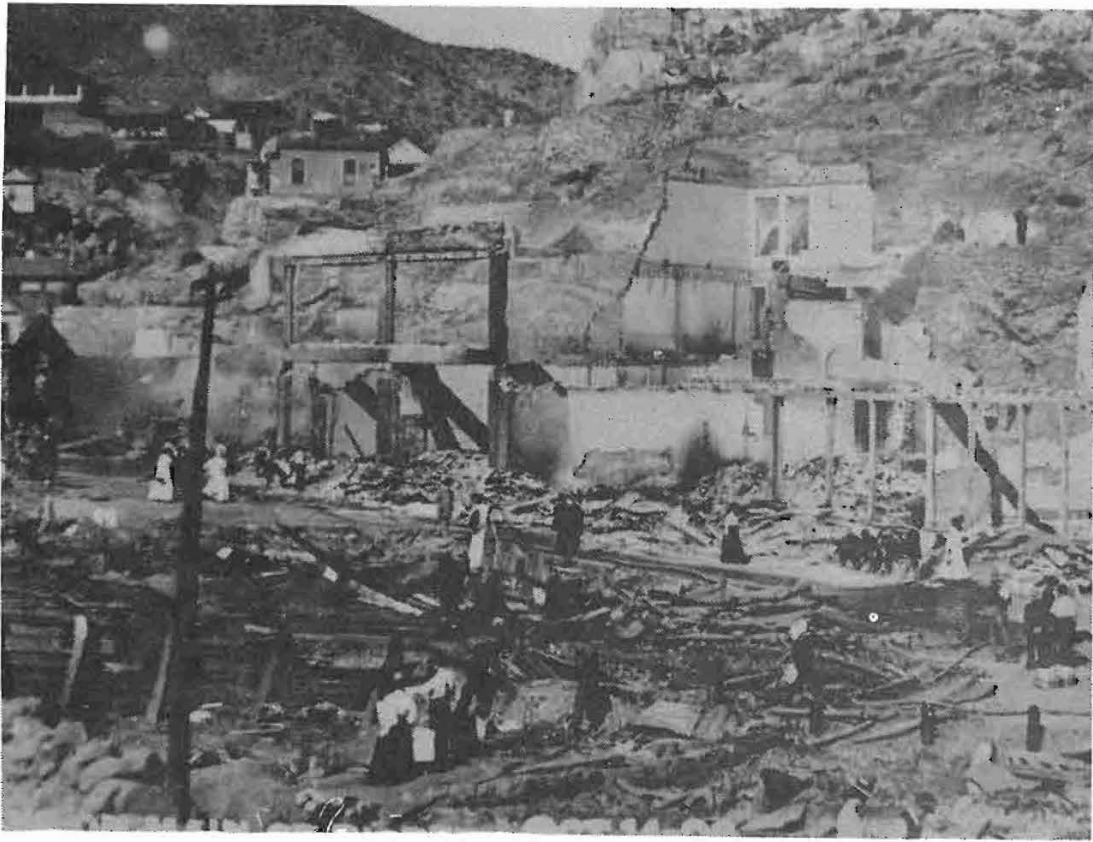
In April of 1908 the City Council passed an ordinance "creating and maintaining the fire department of the City of Bisbee, Arizona . . . " The new department had about 50 volunteer firemen, a volunteer chief and three paid employees. The fire station was moved to Naco road and horses and wagons took the place of hand-pulled hose carts.

On October 14, 1908 the worst fire of all time hit Main Street. Ironically, if a fire hose had been available, the fire could have been extinguished in a few minutes. However, none was available and the fire that was started in the Grand Hotel (located on the corner of Subway and Main Street) by an exploding gas stove soon spread through the hotel and up, down and around Main Street and Clawson Hill. From the Grand Hotel it jumped across the alley to devour everything up to the Woolworth building, which acted as a fire wall and prevented the fire from going any further east on Main Street. Its flames swept across Main Street and destroyed the Angius Block but one wall of that building prevented the fire from going further east also. But the fire devoured every building going up Main Street until dynamite was used on some buildings near Castle Rock. The fire also spread up Clawson Hill destroying many homes.

The fire caused \$750,000 worth of damage to the residential and business district. In a special report to the **Review** from Globe, Arizona came this, "the light from Bisbee's burning was seen from Pinal Peak, near this city, 140 miles from Bisbee by air line."

One man was trapped on the third floor of the Grand Hotel and was "shrieking for help." "Al Stumpf showed the gathering that he could think quickly by diving into a nearby hotel and securing a blanket . . . It was brought barely in time to save the man as he jumped. He and his rescuers rolled several feet down the stairway upon which the blanket was held, but beyond a sprained back the rescued man was uninjured." There was one death the day after the fire had been put out. Ramon Juanez was passing by an adobe wall left standing after the fire of the night before when a wind toppled the wall crushing the man to death.

Committees were formed to distribute food and raise funds for the fire victims as 500 people were left homeless by the fire. So much money was raised in Bisbee that donations were refused from the outside. Miners with dynamite



The aftermath of the Oct. 14, 1908 fire in Bisbee that destroyed many Main Street buildings. (CCHAS photo)

had once again saved the entire city from being burned down. There were not adequate water sources available and the intense heat "turned water into steam."

In December of 1908 the City Council once more amended the fire code and banned the use of gasoline stoves in the fire limit district of Bisbee.

Bisbee's fire fighting ability grew from barrels and buckets of water to volunteers with hose carts to volunteers with horse drawn wagons and finally to motorized trucks. The motorized trucks first appeared in Bisbee in 1917 lowering the serious fires and the insurance rates as well.

Warren began a volunteer fire department in 1907 and remained primarily a volunteer company until the 1940s.

The Lowell fire department organized as a volunteer unit in 1907. In 1915 the members purchased a Willys-Knight chassis and a homemade body that served until 1920 when an American La France fire truck was purchased.

The year 1909 brought the only death, a fireman in the line of duty. On June 29 spontaneous combustion set fire to a boxcar-load of hydrochloric acid.

Firemen responded to the call and extinguished the flames or so they thought. Fireman George Morz began to move one of the barrels of acid when flames leapt from the barrel and caused Morz to inhale the acid. The chemical had no effect on him until later that night when he began coughing. Morz died on the first of July.

Despite improvements in fire departments, disaster again hit the Warren district in October of 1920. The headlines of the **Bisbee Review** that day read RAGING FLAMES SWEEP TOWN OF LOWELL; LOSS \$750,000. The fire which started in the smoke house of the Tovrea market swept "from the lower end of Main St. to the yards of Bisbee Lumber Company at the upper end." The paper goes on to read "fire department handicapped by lack of water pressure."

Looters took to the streets as business people began tossing their valuables onto the street. From the **Review** we read "Police Arrest Ghouls", "Miserable sneaking forms, many of them were seen gliding out of the lighted areas carrying in their arms piles of loot picked up where valuables had been hastily thrown out to salvage from the flames. A number of these were arrested with the goods on them." This time most of the businesses were insured and most of them rebuilt.

As mentioned earlier, the fires that destroyed Main Street Bisbee in 1885 and 1887 were stopped before they damaged the mines. That factor alone kept Bisbee alive economically and allowed for the rebuilding of the town.

The mines did have problems with fires, however; and though they went basically unnoticed by the townspeople, they were serious for the mining companies. Phelps Dodge Annual Report for the year 1911 reports on two fires of that year, "Two fires are still smouldering, one in the Holbrook division and the other in Lowell. They originated in the gob of old sulphide stopes, through the heat generated by oxidation of the ore, and are fed by the timber buried in the waste. They have not seriously impeded production, but the cost of confining the fire and pumping the water for its extinction has added 10.7 cents per ton to the cost of ore extracted."

There are many causes of mine fires including defective electric wiring, careless use of matches, leaving candle snuffers burning, and spontaneous combustion.

"Practical Mining Course", a book published by Phelps Dodge Corporation in 1920, tells how spontaneous combustion occurs in copper mines " . . . after mining has progressed for some time, should the ground be allowed to settle or cave, the results of friction are evidenced by a constantly increasing temperature until the stope in question becomes so hot that it sets fire to the timbers. These, in turn, finally set fire to the sulphur in the ore."

The sulfide fires were almost impossible to put out. The mines could be flooded but that was expensive and did not always work as water would run through the workings and out through cracks. The next best thing would be to build concrete bulkheads or use steel doors to cut off the fire areas and let it burn itself out. But that could take years.

The Briggs shaft of the Calumet & Arizona Mining Company produced a sulfide fire in March of 1920. From the Annual Report of 1920 we read, "This was temporarily extinguished, but broke out again early in April and after being smothered for three weeks, again broke out about the first of May, when it was found necessary to cut off a portion of the mine with concrete bulkheads." In 1928 the fire was written up in the **Bisbee Daily Review**--it was still burning. In fact that fire continued until the early 1970s, and perhaps is still burning today.

At about 12:30 a.m. September 23, 1938 the Phelps Dodge Mercantile Store in Bisbee burst into flames. The Bisbee, Warren and Lowell departments were all called out but the fire was quick and thorough about the P.D. building and it was totally destroyed. The three fire departments were successful, however, in saving the P.D. warehouse about 25 feet to the east as well as the Bank of Bisbee and the dispensary which were both threatened. The fire companies were well trained; there was plenty of hose and good water pressure!

STREETCARS TO THE SMELTERS: AN HISTORICAL OVERVIEW OF THE DOUGLAS STREET RAILWAYS, 1902-1924

by Richard V. Francaviglia

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Introduction and Acknowledgements

Of Arizona's five streetcar lines, three (Phoenix, Tucson, Bisbee) have been the subject of books. Two (Prescott and Douglas) await this distinction. Very little has been written about the streetcar system of Douglas, which operated for nearly twenty years in the early twentieth century. Eugene Van Dusen summarized the obscurity of this streetcar line in a 1967 article on Arizona streetcars:

DOUGLAS — Not much is known about this line. It had a line to the suburb of Calumet of about 10 miles. Some of the cars were received used from San Diego as reported in Dodges book on San Diego. The line quit in the 1920s.

Only an occasional reference — usually a single sentence — concerning streetcars is found in written works about Douglas history, but many old timers remember the trolleys. The paucity of information about the Douglas Street Railway — and the existence of people willing to provide reminiscences on the streetcars — led two transit history enthusiasts, Gene Caywood of Tucson and Cirino Scavone of Phoenix, to visit Douglas in search of material in the mid-1970s. What follows is a result of their findings and the enthusiasm and special interest of one of their contacts in Douglas: Roy Manley, a Douglas native, who has had a lifelong interest in the streetcars, gladly shared photographs of, and information about, the line with Caywood and Scavone.

The author's interest in the Douglas streetcars was fueled by the preparation of the short history of the Warren-Bisbee Railway — entitled *Mining Town Trolleys* — which began in 1979. In contrast to the adequate primary source material available for Bisbee streetcar research, it soon became apparent that very large gaps existed in the information on the Douglas line. This scarcity of information led to published requests for assistance in both the Douglas *Daily Dispatch* (3/10/84) and Bisbee's *Brewery Gulch Gazette* (3/29/84), which yielded some new information. This publication, then, is a collaborative effort outlining the street railway's history and serves as a "progress report" on research conducted to date.

Special thanks is due electric traction enthusiast John Rossman of New York City who gladly shared his postcards and route-related information on the Douglas streetcars — and who encouraged me to publish this work. The original manuscript was typed by Delanne Mihaltian of Columbus, Ohio. Many others deserve thanks for assistance, including Tom Vaughan and Bill Epler

of Bisbee — who located valuable photographs — and long-time Douglas residents Harriette (Mrs. William E.) Glenn, Helen Bollweg, Lillie Wright, Doug Wright, and John Meeks. Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society President Winifred Meskus kindly provided the opportunity to assemble “a round table” discussion involving these people, and others without whose assistance this report could not have been written. That streetcar-related meeting which took place on February 28, 1984, marked a watershed of sorts: it rekindled many fond memories of the days when streetcars trundled along the dusty streets of Douglas and ran out to the copper smelters, whose tall stacks symbolized the region’s dependence on copper.

The Setting

Just after the turn of the century, the industrial community of Douglas, Arizona Territory, was conceived and created in the Sulphur Springs Valley. Located at a point where Whitewater Draw crossed the Mexican border, Douglas was chosen as the site for two major copper smelters and as a division point for the newly completed El Paso & Southwestern Railroad whose rails reached the townsite on February 1st, 1901. Available water, ample space, and a developing railroad network reaching the copper deposits of southeastern Arizona and northern Sonora, Mexico, were cited as reasons to relocate copper smelting away from the congested, smoky Bisbee area to the new townsite twenty-five miles distant. The new industrial town (1901) was named after Dr. James Douglas, president of the Copper Queen Consolidated (Phelps Dodge) mining operations in Bisbee.

As in Bisbee, two friendly rivals, the Copper Queen Consolidated and the Calumet and Arizona mining companies, cooperated. Both saw the advantages of shifting smelting operations to the new site. The fledgling town was platted on an orderly, grid-iron pattern of rectangular blocks, and from its earliest days was designed by the copper companies to include cultural amenities such as parks, churches, and substantial homes. The first smelter (Calumet and Arizona) was “blown in” on October 11th, 1902. (Fig. 1)

The Copper Queen Store, which was to become a landmark in Douglas, was begun at this time. The population boomed, and almost overnight more than a thousand residents had located in Douglas in order to work in the smelters or in the businesses which inevitably sprang up to accommodate the needs of the inhabitants. One need, of course, was transportation: the problem of how to get to work at the smelters and to schools, churches, and shopping would be solved by a comprehensive street railway system — the Douglas Street Railway Company.

The Street Railway Charter

The Articles of Incorporation of the Douglas Street Railway Company were ratified on October 11th, 1902 “. . . for the purpose of forming a Railroad Corporation under the laws of the territory of Arizona”, stating that:

The place from which the proposed railroad is to be constructed is the Town of Douglas in Cochise County, Arizona Territory: and the place to which the proposed railroad is to be constructed is to and upon section fifteen, township twenty-four south, range twenty-seven east, G & S.R. meridian, that said railroad is to be wholly within the limits of the said County of Cochise; that the length of said Railroad, as nearly as may be established is two (2) miles within the limits of the said Town of Douglas, and two (2) miles more running from the limits of the said Town of Douglas to and upon said section fifteen, making a total length of about four (4) miles; it being the intention of the Corporation to operate its said lines within and upon the streets of the said Town of Douglas, and from the westerly limits of the said Town of Douglas as far as the said section fifteen. (Article VI)

It is clear from this description that the proposed line was intended to serve both the Town of Douglas and the Copper Queen and C & A Smelters, which were being constructed to the west of town. Of note is that influential Bisbeeites W. H. Brophy, L. C. Shattuck, S. W. French, M. J. Cunningham and S. F. Clawson were joined by S. F. Meguire of Douglas in signing the articles of incorporation. The capital stock of the corporation was fifty thousand dollars (500 shares of stock at \$100 each). Were it not for the foresight and capital of the copper interests, it is doubtful that a community the size of Douglas would have been able to raise the funding to develop a street railway.

Article VII stated that “This corporation is formed for the purpose of constructing, owning, maintaining and operating by steam, electricity or other motive power a street railway upon the streets of the Town of Douglas.” Although the economy and efficiency of electric traction was well known by this time, the charter gave the street railway additional options: Given the time and cost factors involved in the stringing of electric overhead wires, some traction companies operated using animal (horse or mule) traction, steam power, or other more ingenious technologies such as soda or vapor motors (for detailed, readable accounts of these alternatives the reader is referred to Frank Rowsome’s *Trolley Car Treasury* or William D. Middleton’s *Time of the Trolley*.) In order to avoid frightening horses, and to reduce air pollution and noise, some communities simply prohibited steam (or other) power, requiring that street railways use only electricity. The Douglas charter was more permissive.



Two streetcars passed in front of Phelps Dodge Mercantile in this photo of a Liberty Bond Parade taken about 1917 at 10th Street and G Avenue. (CCHAS photo)

Although several entrepreneurs in nearby Bisbee were attempting to promote trolley lines in their hilly town at this rather early (1902) date, the topographic and developmental situation in Douglas was more favorable, and the Douglas Street Railway was destined to become southeastern Arizona's first street railway, beginning operations five years ahead of Bisbee. Occasionally one hears or reads that the Douglas streetcar system was narrow gauge, at least as it was built in 1902-1903 (see Jeffrey, 1951, p. 13), but all [remaining] evidence points to a line that was standard gauge from its inception.

The Beginning of Operations: Routes

Several recent written reports, including articles in the *Douglas Daily Dispatch* (1/12/84), and Ervin Bond's local history (1976), state that the Douglas streetcar system was built in 1901, but no evidence has been found to support this claim — which, if true, would mean that construction and operation began *before* the charter was authorized. Jeffrey (1951) notes the street railway was “constructed during 1902 and by February of 1903 it was making regular trips

between the smelters (and Douglas)". (p. 13) Consulting the early issues of the local newspaper sheds much light on the line's early construction. The December 27, 1902 issue of the *Douglas Dispatch* provided a summary of developments in the new town, noting that:

Among the many improvements which have been made during the past year perhaps the Douglas Street Railway is one of the most important. This road, almost completed, is three miles in length, and will run from Douglas to the smelters. Rails are now on the ground and will be laid as fast as possible. This road is the property of the Douglas Street Railway Company, S. F. Meguire, secretary.

On January 10th, 1903, the *Douglas Dispatch* reported under a section entitled "March of Progress" that:

The Douglas Street Railway is already constructed from the E.P. & S.W. crossing just above the depot to the bridge, a distance of about a mile and a half. One car and an engine has already arrived and the others have already been shipped.

Progress on the street railway continued rapidly, and on February 7, 1903, the *Douglas Dispatch* proudly reported "Our Street Railway making Regular Trips," after a trial trip was made a week earlier. The *Dispatch* article went on to state that "those who saw the rolling stock glide over the new track to the smelters were greatly surprised that a track could be laid in so short a time, in so substantial a manner." The street railway resulted in "great convenience" for smelter employees, delivering them to work with "good speed". The first trip had provided the street railway's brass and other dignitaries with an opportunity to show off the line, which had cost more than \$35,000 to construct.

There is much disagreement about just where the early streetcars actually ran in Douglas. This situation is exacerbated by the fact that the only known map showing the system is a small scale United States Geological Survey (1:62,500) topographic sheet from 1914. While this map provides our most accurate information, it does not show changes which inevitably occurred in the first ten years of operation. We know, for example, that trackage existed on Railroad Avenue (later called Pan American Highway), but this is not shown on the USGS map. The dearth of maps of Douglas during the early twentieth century leads one to rely on verbal or written descriptions of routes. A careful consulting of early newspaper records enables us to reconstruct the early streetcar routes. The line to the C & A Smelter, which crossed the E.P. & S.W. railroad between 10th and 11th, was the first to be constructed and operated. The *Douglas Dispatch* reported, on February 14, 1903, that the line would soon be extended to the Ord Hotel (10th & G) which advertised "large, airy apartments" and "Sample rooms for commercial men." On May 7th, 1903, it was reported that

work would continue, and that the streetcar line would run south to the depot, turn up 10th Street and go two blocks to G, but that construction had been delayed for want of material. Gene Caywood surmises that this delay may have corresponded to the fact that the E.P. & S.W. Railroad was swamped and had to lease three Santa Fe locomotives in 1903 to handle the additional volume of traffic, as reported by railway historian David Myrick in 1975.

A timetable which became effective on May 10, 1903, was published in the *Douglas Dispatch*. This served until November 1st, 1903, when it was superseded by a new timetable, which in turn was reprinted until 1904. The development of the street railway trackage is complicated, and was accomplished in several increments (see section on "Electrification and Improvements") but it is clear that the early operations were oriented only to the smelters, and that only after 1906 did it become a comprehensive urban streetcar system.

Douglas Street Car Routes: A Synopsis

Ultimately, no location in the city was more than four blocks from a car line. The Douglas Street Railway in effect looped the city, running on G Avenue (which, despite its prosaic designation, was to become the "Main Street" of Douglas), along 16th Street, B Avenue and 4th Street. The important commercial-residential 10th Street was not forgotten: a line ran much of its length — from the depot (later YMCA) location at Railroad Avenue all the way east to Sportsman's Park (the line was later extended out to Camp Harry J. Jones at the east end of 10th Street).

Thus, cars of the Douglas Street Railway connected the business or commercial streets (especially G Avenue and 10th Street) with the several sections of Douglas: the 4th Street line served the "Sonoran" (Mexican-American) section of town while the other lines connected the more prosperous residential areas to the north.

The 4th Street line continued westward across the railroad tracks and on to the Copper Queen Smelter. On the north end of town, the 16th Street line ran out to the Calumet and Arizona smelter. Some old-timers noted that the line may have originally been more direct than the line shown on the 1914 map. (They felt that it paralleled the main railroad line along today's 15th Street, or U.S. 80.) By 1914, however, the line is shown running up North J Avenue (the "Boneyville" section of town) and serving the community of Pirtleville on its way to the C & A Smelter. This line to the C & A Smelter was about 3.5 miles in length. Whereas most sources state that Calumet was nine miles from Douglas, it is suspected that this figure refers to the *total* trackage of the Douglas Street Railway. In 1907-1908, a half mile of track on the way to the Copper Queen Smelter was reportedly improved, the existing 35 pound (per yard) rail being replaced with heavier 60 pound rail.

Street Railway Buildings

A few of Douglas' older residents recall the street railway's car barn, which was located in the block bounded by 10th and 11th Streets, and G and H Avenues — site of today's large parking lot behind the Phelps Dodge Mercantile. It has been described as a long, narrow structure, probably red in color, with wooden sides. The Sanborn Fire Insurance Atlas Maps clearly show the outline of this building, about 28 x 102 feet. It is labelled the "Douglas Traction and Light Co.'s Street Carbarn" on the July 1914 Douglas Atlas Map (p. 11). It was located about 50 feet from H Avenue and it fronted on the north side of an alley which ran east-west between H and G Avenues. Although the map shows no tracks, it can be assumed that this was a single track carbarn which could only hold one full length and two short bobber type trolley cars. Most of the Douglas Street Railway's equipment apparently was kept out of doors, and the car barn was used only for repairs. Sanborn atlas maps imply the structure existed from about January 1905 until the later 1920s.

Given the proximity of this line to the Mexican border, it is somewhat surprising that the cars never ran closer than four blocks from it. Whereas early (1904) plans announced in the local papers called for a line to Agua Prieta which would use gasoline powered streetcars, we can assume that Douglas and its Mexican counterpart were never connected by streetcar. We do know that an occasional special "streetcar" run was made by Douglas Street Railway Company equipment to the bull fights in Agua Prieta over the El Paso & Southwestern Railroad's right of way in 1904.

Basing his research on a detailed 1908 issue of the *Daily International American*, Caywood summarized the routes of the Douglas system by noting that there were really three lines; those to the smelters, the B Avenue (loop) line, and the 10th Street line to the Sportsman's Park. At the peak of service, headways varied from about 30 minutes on the B Avenue (loop) and the smelters, with 15 minute headways to the Sportsman's Park when traffic volume demanded.

The End of the Line

By 1920, drops in ridership due to slow downs at the smelter, a cessation of military build-ups along the border (manifested in the reduction of troops at Camp Harry J. Jones), and increases in private automobile ownership had taken their toll on the street railway. It is presumed, too, that competitive jitneys (privately operated "bus" companies) may have also had an adverse effect on the DT & L Company.

The company announced plant to terminate streetcar service on May 15, 1920. On May 10th, the company posted a "Notice to our Patrons and the Public" in the Douglas *Daily International*, noting that "there has been

\$250,000.00 invested in street car facilities in this community . . . but the conditions have come that clearly indicate that the operation of the streetcars is no longer a convenience to a sufficient number of people of the community to justify further endeavor in running them." This was followed the next day by an article in the Douglas *Daily Dispatch* stating that "the company sustained a loss of \$12,000 in 1918 when conditions at the smelters and army camp were as good as they ever had been, and in 1919 a loss of \$18,000 was shown."

Despite this dismal news, the discontinuation of service was not permitted until a hearing could be held and a ruling made. On May 16, 1920 it was reported by the DT & L Company, that "The Arizona Corporation Commission, having issued an order that the application of this company to discontinue its streetcar service, will be heard by the commission on May 24th, the streetcars will continue to operate till further notice." The decision was delayed until June 16th, when it was announced in the Douglas *Daily Dispatch* that the service had been suspended, but that "... operation may be undertaken again later." It is ironic that the June 23rd issue of that same paper announced a new bus line to Camp Harry J. Jones "... in view of the fact that the street car system has been discontinued . . ." The year 1920, in effect, marked the end of operations for the Douglas streetcars.

In the early 1920s, the streetcar system's fate remained in limbo. Any restoration of suspended service depended on improved conditions. Despite occasional improvements and intermittent optimism, the early 1920s marked worsening prospects for restoration of street railway services by the DT & L Company. Like most street railways, the company faced the prospect of continually increasing maintenance costs to rehabilitate its older equipment. Most of the railway's track work was two decades old and the overhead wiring was nearing the twenty year mark, as well. The company never re-established street railway operations, and the 1921 to 1924 issues of the *Electric Railway Bulletin* list the Douglas Traction and Light Company as one "whose entire traction property has been dismantled or permanently abandoned and not likely to resume operation."

Epilogue

Overall, the Douglas Street Railway System had seen remarkably diverse equipment — especially for a line that only had about a dozen streetcars during its history. Few lines this size could have boasted the variety seen on Douglas streets: the steam dummies, former open horse cars, graceful five window California cars, the more mundane but nevertheless California style San Diego cars, the conventional (Brill) design deck roofed streetcars, and a Birney! This, coupled with the variety of color-schemes (old-timers remember red, green, and light yellow) enables Douglas to rival most urban, longer lived streetcar systems for variety.

THE SAN BERNARDINO RANCH

By Reba B. Wells

One afternoon, probably in the early autumn of 1881, a buggy paused at Silver Creek in southeast Arizona Territory and looked out over the long oval expanse that was the San Bernardino Valley. Since they were no longer newlyweds and were products of the often incommunicative frontier, there possibly were no spoken words indicating the magnitude of the vista before them nor the feelings it evoked; but John and Viola Slaughter were experiencing their first look at the ranch they had just bought — a place that would be the center of their lives for almost four decades. In her later years, Viola Slaughter nostalgically recalled that moment and that view, "... the valley stretching far out before us down into Mexico, rimmed and bounded by mountains all around," and she reflected that she would never forget the thrill of knowing that it belonged to them and that their future lay within it.²

Looking for a ranch to buy, John Slaughter had heard through a friend that the old Mexican land grant, El Rancho de San Bernardino, was for sale, several thousand acres located in the extreme southeast corner of Arizona, extending south into the neighboring Mexican state of Sonora. Without taking time to look at the land, Slaughter made an agreement to buy the vast ranch from Señor Guillermo Andrade of Guaymas who was acting as agent for the land holders, assignees and descendents of the original grant owner, Ignacio Pérez. In the next few months, Slaughter made trips to Nogales and Magdalena, Sonora, and there signed papers which gave him a ninety-nine-year lease on approximately sixty-five thousand acres of grasslands watered by a number of flowing springs and streams.³

Lying one-third in Cochise County, Arizona, and two-thirds in Sonora, Mexico, the land grant occupied the east to west width of the San Bernardino Valley, running from the Perilla and Pedregosa (or Swisshelm) Mountains east to the Peloncillo and Guadalupe ranges, and from the watershed of the San Simon Valley south to Pitaicachi Peak in the Sierra Madres of Mexico. By the time the Slaughters visited the valley that long ago day, the Pérez ranch had been deserted for almost fifty years, the victim of Apache depredations in the 1830s. The once large fortified hacienda lay in crumbling ruins just south of the unfenced international border. John Slaughter probably neither knew the story of Pérez and his unfortunate cattle enterprise, nor cared, although as an experienced stockman he could have appreciated despair at losing livestock whether to Apaches, or rustlers, or the weather. That day, however, Slaughter

only knew that he had found what he had been looking for — a large ranch with a potential for development — and he was ready to get on with the tasks ahead.

If John and Viola had been aware of the valley's rich history, they might have seen in their minds' eyes that day, the long procession of those who had been there before them. There would have been early man with his spear and atlatl traveling the sandy floor of the valley, following, first, the mammoth or bison, then as centuries passed and species became extinct, deer, antelope, and small game. The security of later pithouses and communal homes near the many springs of the valley would give way to nomadic Indians with *rancherías*, followed and harassed by Spaniards who were beginning the conquest of their New Spain — conquistadores, missionaries, soldiers, colonists. The most frequent visitors to be seen over the more than two hundred years of Spanish rule would have been the soldiers as the Crown made its futile attempts to extend settlement by subduing the "wild" Indians.

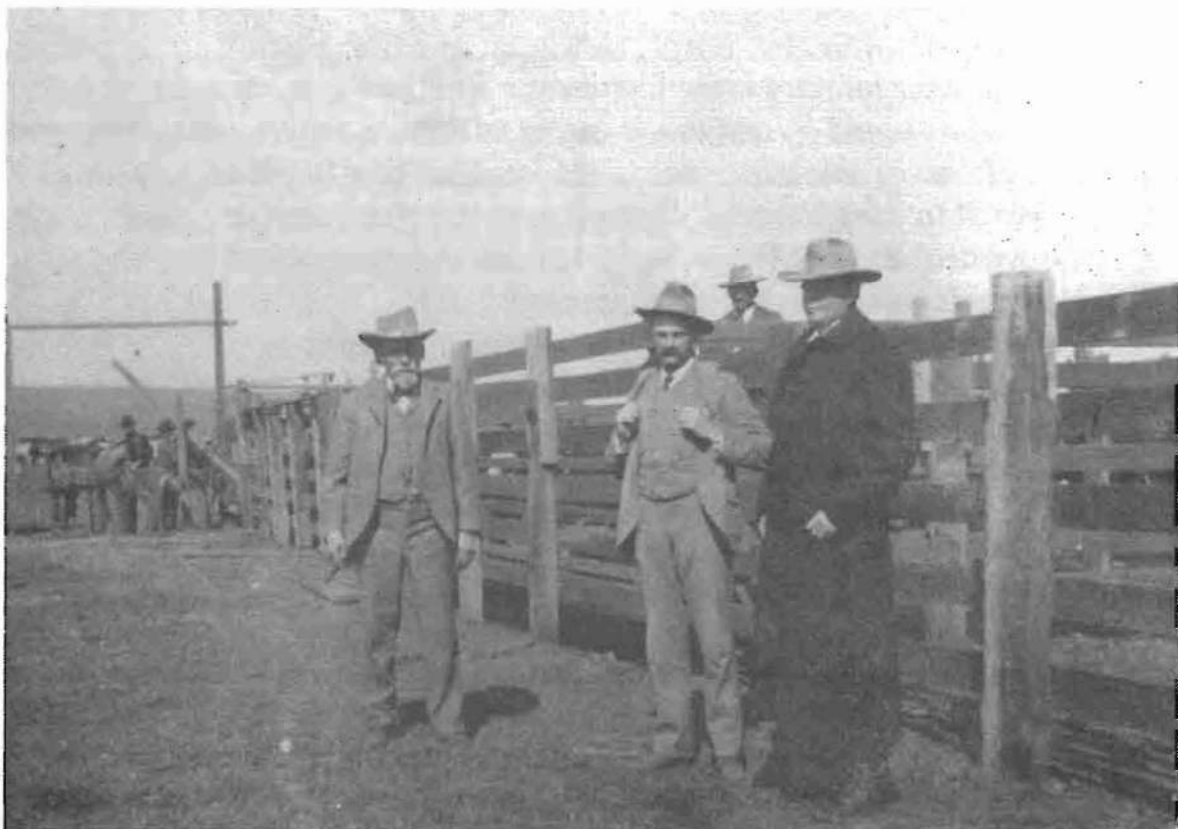
For a brief period in the late 1770s, a garrison of frontier soldiers⁴ from the Fronteras presidio was transferred to San Bernardino. They established themselves near the springs on a high rise of ground which took the name, Mesa de la Avanzada (Mesa of the Advance Guard). Indian pressure was too much and the garrison withdrew. Forty years later, at a time when Apache raids had lessened, another military man, Lieutenant Ignacio Pérez, entered the picture. Twenty-nine-year-old Pérez was a career officer, a native of Arizpe, and a member of one of the most prominent land-holding families in Sonora. His father was Don José Pérez Ortiz, owner of the rich mines at Cananea which Pérez inherited. In his 1820 petition, Lieutenant Pérez stated that the area of San Bernardino was at that time depopulated and he outlined his plans for making the grant a buffer between the settlements in Sonora and the Apaches. Before his petition was acted upon, Sonora had become part of the Republic of Mexico with the successful 1821 revolt against Spain. Pérez, on the winning side, was rewarded with rapid military promotions and the approval of his grant request. The land was surveyed, and at public auction early in 1822, he was permitted to purchase the desired four *sitios*, approximately four square leagues. With related "overplus" or excess lands which were permitted under Mexican law, Pérez' total acreage was almost 100,000 acres, and his cost was ninety pesos plus fees.⁵

After obtaining the grant, Pérez continued his military and political careers, commanded presidios at Fronteras and San Buenaventura, and probably never lived at San Bernardino. There is even some question as to whether he was the

Peace did not last long, however, and in the spring following Slaughter's purchase of the San Bernardino ranch, a large number of Apaches once more fled the reservation and left a bloody trail crisscrossing southeast Arizona and

southwest New Mexico.¹² After months of being chased, most of the fugitives returned to the reservation except for a few who again sought refuge in their ancestral strongholds in the Sierra Madres. Those were trailed and harassed until 1886 when Lieutenant Marion Maus was able to get a commitment for a surrender council. Geronimo was willing to meet with General Crook at Cañon de los Embudos (the Canyon of the Tricksters), in the mountains on the Sonora side of the San Bernardino ranch. The site was about thirty miles south of the border springs where John Slaughter had set up his ranch headquarters.

Slaughter had built two adobe houses on the ranch, one for his in-laws, Amazon and Mary Ann Howell; one for himself, his ranch foreman, and cowboys. He and Viola maintained their Tombstone home¹³ so that the children could go to school — Addie, about twelve, and Willie, about six (Slaughter's children from his first marriage), and Jimmie Howell, Viola's younger brother who was also about twelve. Her older brother, Stonewall, lived at the San Bernardino with his parents. John was traveling a good deal with his cattle buying and selling and the meat market business he had opened in Tombstone, so he was back and forth between Tombstone and the ranch. In 1886, he was



John Slaughter, left, and two other powerful Cochise County ranchers, Hugh Conlon and B.A. Packard, posed in front of some corrals as their cowboys worked cattle. (CCHAS photo)

elected sheriff of Cochise County and reelected in 1888, so during those years spent less time on the ranch.

However, when Crook arrived at San Bernardino in the spring of 1886 en route to his meeting with Geronimo, Slaughter was there and so was Jimmie Howell. Slaughter did not accompany the party into Mexico, but young Jimmie did,¹⁴ although, for some reason, he was not visible in the group photograph taken by C. S. Fly, Tombstone photographer. After hours of tense negotiations, Crook's well-thought-out plans worked, and on the morning of March 27, 1886, the bands surrendered. Crook returned to Fort Bowie and left Lieutenant Maus in charge of escorting the Apaches to San Bernardino where the Indians would officially surrender to Captain Henry Lawton and then be escorted to the San Carlos Reservation.¹⁵

John Slaughter had written to Viola about the expected surrender at the border and Viola and her friend, Emma Ferrington, made a hasty trip from Tombstone to the ranch. But, they did not get to see the momentous event. First, ". . . the officer would allow no one to accompany him or his men, as it was the Indians' request,"¹⁶ so the ladies were not permitted to be at the military camp. Second, ". . . a rascal named Tribollet (Tribolet) who lived on the San Bernardino ranch on the Mexican side of the line,"¹⁷ sold whiskey to the Indians and convinced them that "certain death awaited them once they crossed the line,"¹⁸ so the night before they were to cross the border, Geronimo, Nachez, and a band of thirty-nine once more fled back to the security of the mountains. General Crook, blamed for the escape, was put into such an untenable position by his War Department superiors that the only professional thing he could do was ask to be relieved of his departmental command. It was September 1886 before the wily Geronimo was finally taken again, and Crook's successor in the Department of Arizona, General Nelson A. Miles, received the accolades.

While Geronimo was at San Bernardino, either before he began drinking and bolted, or at another time, he "presented a handcarved wooden spoon to Grandma Howell."¹⁹ The spoon has been preserved and can be seen in the Slaughter Memorial Collection at Arizona Historical Society in Tucson. Addie Slaughter saw Geronimo when he was being sent to Florida from Fort Bowie. She was fourteen and visiting Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hill Olney and Geronimo was waiting for the train. "Geronimo . . . motioned to the young lady and when she stepped up to him, he took from his neck a strand of fine beads and gently placed them about the girl's neck and bowed to her."²⁰ The beads have been passed down in the family, and now belong to Addie's granddaughter, Addie Slaughter Greene.

Along with all other southern Arizona ranchers, Slaughter lost many head of livestock on the San Bernardino Ranch to the Apaches though many stories

have circulated that his losses were less severe than others because the Indians both feared and respected him. The depredations did not cease with the capture and deportation to Florida of the Chiricahuas in 1886, but the bulk of Slaughter's losses were prior to that date.²¹

In addition to the Indians, there were two other types of cattle thieves operating in southern Arizona in the last quarter of the nineteenth and the early twentieth centuries — the open rustlers, and the thieves who posed as honest ranchers. As rancher, and later as the elected sheriff of Cochise County, John Slaughter had occasion to deal often with both classes of badmen. Many stories have been written about his exploits as the fearless sheriff of Cochise County. All seem to have elements of truth, but no factual account utilizing official records has been written. It is clear that Slaughter was an active lawman and brought many criminals to justice. *The Tombstone Prospector* (October 7, 1887 and November 6, 1889) called the Tombstone jail, "Hotel de Slaughter." Some have said that he acted not only as sheriff, but as "judge and jury."²²

By the time his tenure as a lawman was completed, John Slaughter's prestige was high, his niche in Arizona history was secure, and he had become a "legend in his own time." Slaughter liked his job as sheriff, perhaps even more than he loved his ranch, but he did not run for a third term in 1890 even though his party asked him to do so. When the Democratic county chairman, Dr. F. A. Sweet of Bisbee, asked why he declined to run, Viola gave him the answer: ". . . I do not think I could stand another term. . . ."²³

It had been necessary to borrow the money to purchase the San Bernardino, and the years as sheriff had been expensive ones, too. Viola said in her memoirs that ". . . it seemed as if nature, the cattle market, and many things were conspiring against us." The cattle boom had collapsed in 1885 and the next few years were not good ones for the ranching industry in southern Arizona. Ranges had been overstocked and sharp declines in cattle prices took their toll. Cattle that had brought thirty-five dollars a head in 1883, brought ten dollars or less in 1885. Transcontinental railroads had simplified the marketing process, but eastern markets were glutted with cattle from Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, and western Kansas. The search for new markets and the exorbitant prices being charged for shipping, led the Territorial Cattle Growers' Association in 1887 to appoint John Slaughter, Brewster Cameron, and C. M. Bruce as a committee to check on establishing an overland cattle trail to Wyoming and Montana. The committee made a favorable report on the feasibility of such a trail, but no large numbers of cattle ever used the route selected.²⁴

Problems, whether rustled stock or capricious customs officials, were handled by Slaughter in whatever way he deemed most expedient. One time he had been riding his Mexican range and "saw a lot of calves in a corral . . . the person who had stolen them was trying to ween (*sic*) them from their mothers

who stood about bawling for their babies. The mothers all had the Slaughter brand. Mr. Slaughter came back to his ranch and was very disturbed about it, but during his light sleep that night, figured out a plan. Leaving the ranch before dawn, he went to the corral on the Mexican side and let down the corral bars and drove sixty of his calves and their satisfied mothers back to the home ranch on the American side. There he burned out the Mexican's brand and put on his own 'Z'." ²⁵ The Z brand that Slaughter used was that of his father-in-law, Amazon Howell, who had come to Arizona with John Slaughter in 1879. ²⁶ Howell put the Z on the left hip and jaw; when Slaughter adopted it, he ran his iron on the right shoulder. The Z brand passed to Marion Williams when he bought the San Bernardino Ranch in 1937 and currently is in the possession of the Williams family of Douglas.

Once Slaughter bought a "clean" herd from the Gabilondo brothers in Sonora, but when he got it to the border, a "very hard customs official" refused, out of sheer "spite," to let the herd cross. Slaughter sputtered and fumed, then went back to his Gabilondo friends with whom he did much business, and got them to cross the herd over the border as their own stock. The "very same inspector let them go by without question." ²⁷

The San Bernardino Ranch, as it was developed by John Slaughter, was truly a "domain of baronial extent," much more than just the Mexican land grant. Over the years, Slaughter bought up homesteads ²⁸ and leased a large amount of public domain land. When a visitor in the early 1920s asked him how much land he had, he replied in "a drawly voice, 'About one hundred thousand acres, leased and owned.' " ²⁹

When Slaughter acquired the San Bernardino, it had been a truism for some time in southern Arizona that ranching success depended upon the possession of water and an abundance of native forage. Those who controlled the rivers and streams also controlled the unfenced land, even though they did not actually own it. In the late 1880s and early 1890s, one of the trends that emerged out of the difficult period following the deflation of the cattle boom, was the development of artificial water. Wells were dug, natural depressions scraped out, and piping constructed from foothill springs. Even after he lost acreage during the validation process for his private land grant, Slaughter controlled most of the springs and streams that fed the Rio San Bernardino which was the northernmost tributary of Sonora's important Yaqui River. He also had the advantage that many of the natural springs on the ranch could be easily converted to artesian wells. He built reservoirs and channeled the waters of ten warm springs, then had additional wells drilled. Each of those went to a depth of approximately four hundred feet and had a steady flow of approximately seventy gallons per minute. ³⁰ Problems were not lacking. For example, at Astin Dam, "... every year [Slaughter] would take a lot of workmen and horses. . . and fix the dam [because] every year portions of it were washed out

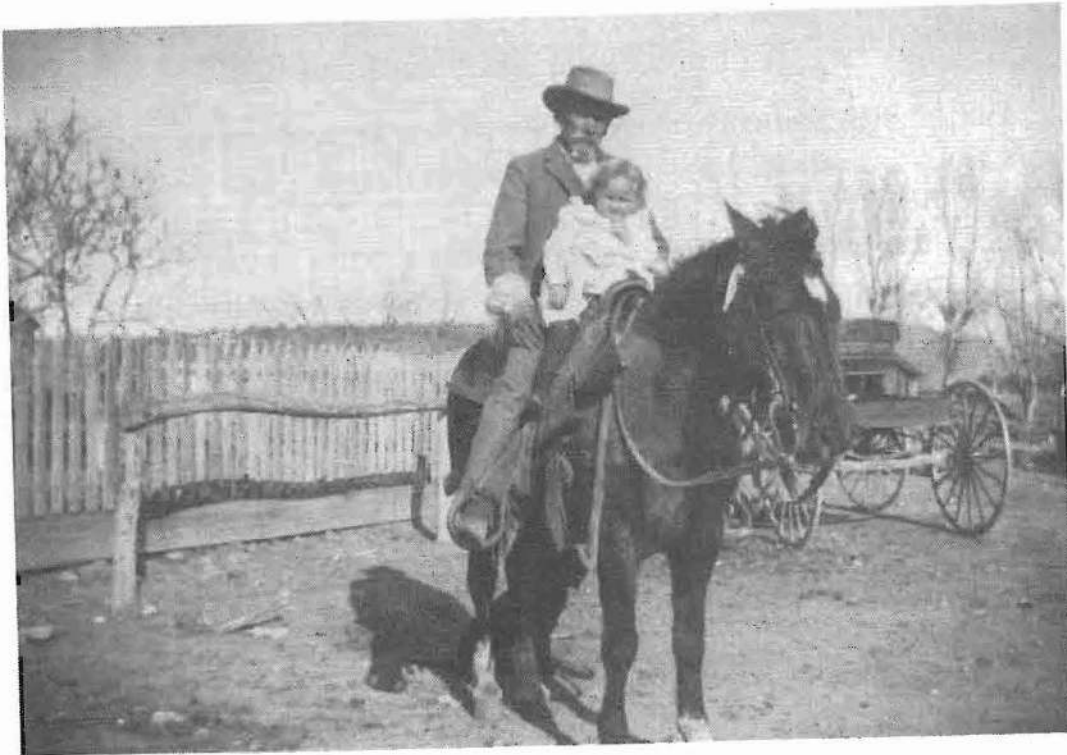
when flood waters came." Viola said she would tell John each time, "Mr. Slaughter, if you'd get a surveyor and really put in a proper dam you'd not have all this trouble, taking up the time of all your workmen, but he. . . simply would not."³¹

In addition to the 20,000 acres of San Bernardino land on the north side of the border, Slaughter paid taxes in the 1890s and early 1900s on "the Smith place,"³² and a ranch in Guadalupe Canyon, possibly the Hall place. It is impossible without more documentation to say how many head of cattle he ran, but between 1887 and 1903, he paid taxes on as few as eight hundred head and as many as seventeen thousand.³³ In the same period, Slaughter lost some grazing land to legitimate homesteaders, along with his loss of land grant acreage to the United States government. He succeeded in discouraging some squatters on "his" range, but others, such as the McDonald brothers in Cottonwood Canyon, stayed, and later became his friends, as well as his neighbors.³⁴

In 1891 after his second term as sheriff was concluded, John Slaughter began to spend much of his time at the ranch. The next year, Viola told him that she was moving to the ranch, also, but he ". . . simply wouldn't listen to that." She insisted, saying, "Yes, Mr. Slaughter, we are. We'll all go out there and put our shoulders to the wheel. We can't give up now and I can help." She told him they would give up the Tombstone house, and she told him, ". . . just you give me a plain house with wide board floors, muslin ceilings and board finishes around the adobes. That's all I want. But I'm coming out."³⁵

As seems to have often been the case, Viola had her way and she moved out to the San Bernardino Ranch. By that time, Addie was twenty, Willie fourteen, and both of them away at school part of the time. The home Viola and John occupied at the ranch was probably the one he had built to replace the original house destroyed in the May 3, 1887 earthquake, the largest quake known to have caused damage in Arizona.³⁶ The epicenter was just south of the Slaughter ranch in the southern part of the San Bernardino Valley, near Bavispe, Sonora. There were fifty-one deaths in Sonora, and major destruction of property in both Mexico and the United States. Fortunately, Viola's parents and brother and other Slaughter employees on the ranch escaped injury, but ". . . out of 7,000 adobes that were used to build the two houses of the ranch, there were but 120 whole ones recovered from the ruins."³⁷ The Howells moved back to Tombstone and Slaughter built another house nearer to the base of Mesa de la Avanzada.

The house Viola Slaughter moved into when she first went to the ranch was "a three room adobe [which was] later used for the school house, still later burned and rebuilt into a two-room house."³⁸ The large, rambling, almost palatial adobe structure which became synonymous with the Slaughter name was probably built in 1893. That year, John Slaughter took out a mortgage



Numerous photos exist of John Slaughter with children up with him in the saddle. The child in this case is May Watkins. (CCHAS photo)

which could have been for construction of the big house, or at least, the first portion of it.³⁹ Prime evidence for 1893 as the construction date comes from an incident which happened when the house was being built. A cowboy was killed by Indians in the mountains on the Mexican side of the ranch and Slaughter used boards from the new house to make a coffin for him. In her memoirs, Viola does not give a complete name but only called the cowboy Bowan, and she did not give a date, saying only that the incident occurred when "the new ranch house was in the process of being built." Further research has revealed that the dead cowboy was probably Jake Bowman who was killed at Cajon Bonito in the Sierra Madres in late April 1893.⁴⁰

After the house was built, other buildings were added to the compound at various times, up to about 1915. There was a board-and-batten bunkhouse, a commissary, icehouse, washhouse, granary, and a shed for the automobiles which John Slaughter about 1912 began to purchase but never learned to drive. One room on the east side of the commissary was utilized for employees, usually the Chinese cook when there was one. When additional hands were needed at the home ranch, they slept in the tack room of the big hay barn, along with

the Mexican cowboys. These men were mostly Yaquis, and it is remembered that they "could ride and rope with great skill. . . and always smelled of sweat." The Mexican-Yaqui cowboys were paid ten dollars a month, and the other ranchhands made about thirty-five to forty dollars a month.⁴¹

Two of Slaughter's employees have almost become legends themselves, John Swain (also known as John Swain Slaughter), and "Old Bat,"⁴² both black, both born in slavery, and both of whom came to Arizona with John Slaughter. John Swain was a household servant, Viola's "first houseboy," she said, and "not a body-guard for John Slaughter." Swain apparently did not "cotton to de fambly," and left Slaughter's employ soon after the move to San Bernardino Ranch. He spent the rest of his long life in Cochise County, and in his twilight years, lived in a small house on the outskirts of Tombstone. He was proud of his association with John Slaughter. In February of 1945, he died, almost one hundred years old, and was buried in the Boothill Cemetery at Tombstone.

"Old Bat," as he was affectionately known, was a respected and beloved Slaughter family retainer and servant, and usually was out on the cattle drives and buying and selling trips with Slaughter. His true age was not known, nor apparently, even his surname because he is referred to in various accounts (including the census records) as John or John Baptiste Henan, Heenan, Henall, Hinnaut, Hennings, and in his January 18, 1919 obituary, simply as John Baptiste.

Ranch hands who had families lived in small houses scattered far and wide over the ranch on both sides of the border. The drilling of wells had made possible the cultivation of several hundred acres of land. This was farmed mostly by either tenant farmers, or Chinese gardeners who raised vegetables for sale in Tombstone, Bisbee, and Douglas. (See two stories elsewhere in this issue, "The Mormon House" and Frankie Howell Stillman's "Memories of San Bernardino Ranch.")

A number of ranch employees had children⁴³ and for their benefit as well as that of the foster children who lived with John and Viola Slaughter over the years, a school operated at the ranch from 1902 to 1911 — Slaughter School District No. 28. Neither John nor Viola had been privileged to have formal education and they were especially concerned that the next generations not be so deprived. The school was held in the house the Slaughters lived in when they first moved permanently to the ranch, near the base of the mesa just across the pond from the big ranch house. It had evolved into a building with a "dog-trot" breezeway wide enough to drive a buggy through. The desk and seats for the school were made by Thomas Rynning, second captain of the Arizona Rangers and a friend of the Slaughter family. He came out to the ranch and stayed with them until he had finished constructing the furniture.⁴⁴ There are few extant school records so it is not certain just how much money was spent,

who the teachers were, the length of the school term, or even whether sessions were held each year. Viola said in her memoirs that the first teacher was a Miss Glasgow from Nebraska, and she listed two others, Rosalie Newenham from Illinois (who later married Willie Slaughter), and Minnie Minus. Miss Minus, a niece of John Slaughter, wrote to Viola and John asking if her brother Clarence who was sick might come and stay at the ranch. Viola responded, "Yes, if you come and teach school here." Miss Minus later married a cowboy, Wiley Fitzgerald, and they lived on the ranch and in the Yuma Valley, near Somerton.⁴⁵

It is likely that Edith M. Stowe also taught at the ranch school although Viola does not list her as such. Miss Stowe did sign the last Slaughter School District census as "School Marshal," just before the school was moved in 1911 to the neighboring McDonald Ranch near Cottonwood Canyon.⁴⁶ Miss Stowe had been a teacher in the Bisbee schools, but made her home with the Slaughters from the early 1900s until her death in Douglas in 1938. She was affectionately known to family and friends as "DeeDee." Over the years, she served as John Slaughter's secretary and bookkeeper, the ranch postmistress,⁴⁷ commissary clerk, chauffeur, assistant hostess, and companion and close friend of Addie and Viola. Addie and Edith were about the same age, had possibly gone to school together, and when Addie was married in 1903 to Dr. William Arnold Greene, Edith was her bridesmaid.

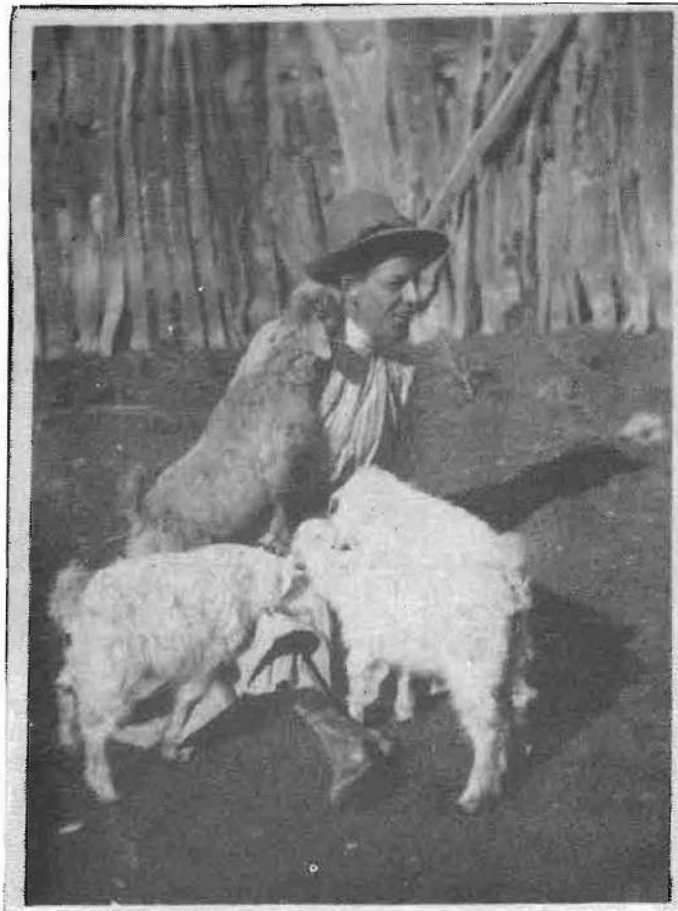
The ranch was somewhat remote — sixty-five miles from Tombstone, forty-five from Bisbee, and eighteen from Douglas which was not founded until 1901. For the convenience of ranch employees and neighbors on both sides of the border, John Slaughter maintained a postoffice and a small store, or commissary, stocked with staples. Mexicans and Yaquis came regularly to get "flour, rice, frijoles, raw coffee beans, sometimes some gaudy cottons and some black, and a little hard candy."⁴⁸ The postoffice operated from 1906 to 1918 and had two postmistresses during that time—Edith Stowe and Elizabeth McAlister who married a young friend of the Slaughters, George D. Stephens.⁴⁹

For a number of years, a group of Kickapoo Indians from a colony near Bacerac, Sonora, made San Bernardino Ranch their headquarters as they came across the border periodically on horse trading trips. They would also go into Douglas and Agua Prieta to make major purchases of clothing, saddles, etc.⁵⁰ In May of 1908, the ranch was the scene for a significant meeting between the Sonoran Kickapoos, the rest of the tribe who had remained in Oklahoma, their agents, and other government officials.⁵¹

The heyday of San Bernardino Ranch was the early years of the twentieth century. Viola Slaughter presided with skillful organization and management over the domestic aspects of the busy establishment. The house was always filled with family members (Grandma Howell, Edith Stowe, foster children, elderly and health-seeking relatives, ranch schoolteachers, and grandchildren) and guests — visiting friends, neighbors, surveyors, outfitters, lawmen, military officers

(both American and Mexican), passersby, boarders. The ranch was a mecca for health seekers, and for several years there were paying guests at the ranch. In some cases, the guests became close friends and associates, as was the case with George Stephens who first came in 1904.³² Frederick Baxter came to stay for a week, "worming his way into the household, begging permission to stay because he loved the place," and stayed on for months. In 1911, he returned with his bride and outfitted at the San Bernardino for a horse pack trip the two of them made from there to Yellowstone National Park. He said his bride "just had to see this place and know how happy I've been here."³³ Mary Phelps, daughter of a Los Angeles judge, was a wealthy young lady who wanted to stay at the ranch so badly that when she was told there was no room and she'd have to sleep on a cot on the porch, she eagerly said "that was just what she wanted — fresh air." While she was at the ranch, Mary received a birthday check for ten thousand dollars, and Viola said it meant no more to her than a hundred dollar check would have to the Slaughters.³⁴

Friends, such as school teachers from Bisbee or Douglas, or Mathilde Hampe from Rucker Canyon, would come for visits of a few days or a few weeks. Picnics and parties were often planned for entertainment. One of the



Viola Slaughter's friend, Mathilde Hempe, ran more than cattle on the ranch she and her husband had in Rucker Canyon. (CCHAS photo)

most popular events was an outing to Cajon Bonito, the site of hot springs in the mountains south of the home ranch. John Slaughter thought the hot water was beneficial, especially for his rheumatism, and often recommended the springs to others. One summer there were seventeen in the outing party.

The San Bernardino was always a working ranch, but as the Slaughters became more affluent, the standard of living change was reflected in the dining room where there was "the finest of linens, silver, china, and. . . excellent service. . . and only the best of manners were allowed."⁵⁵ Mrs. Slaughter used to say "if a man had a cow he ate with us, if he didn't, he ate in the Mexican [cowboy] dining room."⁵⁶ Actually, the cowboys were welcome in the main dining room but were usually pretty dirty so preferred the cowboy dining room. Also, they were expected to wear coats and leave their spurs outside. Only John Slaughter was allowed to wear his military spurs to the table. Women could not come to the table still wearing the divided skirts used in horseback riding. Anyone who came late or after a meal was concluded, no matter who they were, had to go into the kitchen and fix their own food and eat in the Mexican dining room. There were, at least, twenty-five persons to be fed each day, including ten cowboys and the family; at times, that number swelled to as many as forty in the family dining room. This did not include the Mexican cowboys with families who had their own homes on the ranch, nor the Chinese, nor the constant stream of guests.⁵⁷

It was hard to keep cooks on the ranch in the early days because it was so isolated. John Slaughter thought only Negroes could cook, but finally Viola persuaded him to let her get a Chinese cook. He said, "Well, if you can't get anyone else. . . " Viola came home with a Chinese cook. On his first day there, she planned the usual large noon meal — soup, roast with vegetables, salad and dessert — and Addie suggested that since the cook was new and would be so busy, that she would make a pudding for dessert. Slaughter and the cowboys were all making a fuss over having a Chinese cook and one cowboy wouldn't touch anything. When the suet pudding was served for dessert, he decided to take a taste: "Bah! tastes just like a Chinaman made it."⁵⁸ Of course, Addie and Viola enjoyed a good laugh. After that, the Slaughters had several Chinese cooks, and it is remembered that they were all proficient in the kitchen. The cook worked seven days a week, bringing breakfast to the table around 4:30 or 5:00 a.m. each morning, then he would have a rest period in the afternoon. It seems most of the cooks were very particular about the kitchen, keeping it spotless, no easy task when the stoves were wood-burning ones. One family member recalled a cook named Lee who "ran everyone out of his kitchen."⁵⁹ When the young people or summer guests wanted to make candy in the kitchen, they had to build their own fire, make the candy, then be sure they had "taken out every ash," leaving the stove as spotless as Lee had left it.⁶⁰

Baking at the ranch called for thirty-four loaves of bread in one day — biscuits, cornbread, rolls — cakes, pies, cookies, everything in mass production. Food supplies came from many sources to the ranch. Range cattle supplied the

that he never went looking for trouble, but when it came, as was inevitable on the frontier, he could, and did, take care of himself. Any fictional account of Slaughter makes mention of his eyes — “light blue with a sharp glint,” “black eyes that could make a man’s back crawl,” “cold black eyes,” and on and on. Viola said his eyes were brown and just like his daughter Addie’s which were “bright, with much laughter in them.”

John Slaughter was widely respected and well-liked by those who worked with him and knew him well. His friends and employees called him “Don Juan,” but they did not pat him on the back — he was not that kind of man. He had a bad temper but kept it under control so that it was seldom seen. He of course, has enemies and envious detractors. John Slaughter was a heavy smoker and had a cigar constantly in his mouth. He had a very large mouth and was sensitive about it because someone had once called him “fish mouth,” so he wore a beard as a cover-up.⁶⁷

Slaughter never wore levis or overalls and always had a vest. he never wore the large Mexican spurs but preferred the small military type. Viola said he never had a store-bought suit in his life. Once, the tailor in Tombstone made a suit for him with the pants and coat from different bolts of material, and when Slaughter brought it home, Viola made him take it back. The tailor, a man named Harris, was angry with Viola about it and made the remark to a Slaughter friend, Dick Wilson, that he made a suit to fit Slaughter but it didn’t fit his wife. According to Viola, Mr. Harris must have said something else because their friend Wilson knocked the tailor down in indignation. She said Harris never again tried to palm off the ends of his bolts on the Slaughters.

John and Viola had their “ups and downs” of married life, but they apparently had a wonderful understanding of each other and each respected the other’s opinion. Gambling probably caused more problems for them than anything else, but, even that, they were able to work out. Viola’s mother had objected violently to their marriage in 1879, partially because of John’s known addiction for gambling but he had promised Viola then that he would not play for money. Viola said she believed him completely, only to learn that his promise was one that was difficult for him to keep. He would play all night, usually winning, and he gambled for “money, cattle, all sorts of things.” A compromise was effected and John would give Viola a big part of his winnings and she would use the money to buy nice things. For example, she once paid two hundred dollars from poker winnings for a Navajo rug in Phoenix. A few years later, she was offered a thousand dollars for it.⁶⁸

When soldiers were stationed on the ranch during the Apache wars, John began to go to their camp every evening to play poker. Viola said she noticed that he was “very solicitous [and] helpful getting [her and Addie] mounted” for their regular evening ride, obviously wanting them to get started so he could

go play. He assured her that they were just enjoying “. . . social games . . . for a half a cent a point,” but she knew that heavier gambling was going on when she heard that one soldier had lost eighty dollars in one night.⁷⁰ When the soldiers left the ranch, Slaughter missed the nightly poker games. He moped around awhile, then suggested that he teach Viola and Addie to play. He apparently taught them well and Viola became quite proficient. Once, an overnight visitor asked if they ever played cards and the reply was “ ‘once in a while’, in an innocent tone.” The man said he knew right away that he had not brought enough money when they sat down at the table and Viola began to shuffle the cards, causing them to “run clear up to her elbow.”⁷¹

Viola was John Slaughter's second wife and was nineteen years younger. They had met in New Mexico in 1879 and were married a few months later as Slaughter and Viola's father, Amazon Howell, drove their herds west to Arizona together. John's first wife, Eliza Adeline, had died of smallpox in Phoenix in 1878, leaving two small children, Addie and Willie. Viola and John never had children of their own but she raised her stepchildren with a great love which was returned by them. In addition, the Slaughters raised and educated



Although John and Viola Slaughter had no children of their own, they raised the children of John's first marriage as well as a number of foster children, including Apache May, the youngest in this photo. (CCHAS photo)

a number of foster children — orphans, semi-orphans, or offspring of relatives and friends — because they loved children and believed they could help give them a better life through a good education. At one point, in about 1896, they had living with them an Indian child, a Negro child, a Mexican child, and an Anglo child. The youngsters worked along with everyone else on the ranch. None of the children were officially adopted, but most of them remained close friends, and several were remembered in Viola's will. Lola Robles lived with the family for fourteen years. Frank "Pancho" Anderson came about 1901 when he was eleven and stayed until he entered World War I. The little Indian girl, Apache May, was the delight of John Slaughter for four years until her tragic death in 1900.⁷² (See her story as told by Frankie Stillman elsewhere in this issue.)

Viola always called her husband "Mr. Slaughter." She said it came from her Southern background. She had been accustomed to hearing her father addressed by her mother as "Mr. Howell," so she continued the tradition. After the children came to the ranch, she said she sometimes called him "Daddy," as did his own children and grandchildren. Foster children called him Uncle John, except Apache May to whom he was always "Don Juan." When grandchildren began arriving, the first in 1905, Viola said she "put her foot down." She said, "I've been Auntie Slaughter and he's been Uncle John to half of Cochise County and we're not going to be called Grandpa and Grandma!"⁷³

In 1903, Viola's brother, Jimmie Howell, married Frances (Frankie) Todd, whom he had met in California, and Addie Slaughter married William Greene, a Bisbee doctor who had come to Arizona from Rhode Island in 1890. After a short stay away from Arizona, the Greenes returned to Douglas where Dr. Greene served as a dedicated and respected family physician and community leader until his death in 1924. He and Addie gave the Slaughters three grandchildren, John Slaughter, William Arnold, Jr., and Adeline Slaughter Greene [Adeline told the author that her birth certificate reads Slaughter, her baptism record reads Howell]. The youngsters, especially Adeline, spent a great deal of time at San Bernardino Ranch. In about 1908, Willie Slaughter married one of the young women who taught at the ranch school, Rosalie "Rose" Newenham. They were the parents of two sons, William John (who died in 1910) and John Horton. Willie had been in poor health for a number of years, and he died of tuberculosis in 1911.

During the years when John was "slowing down," he and Viola continued to live at San Bernardino. Leasing out the ranch gave them the opportunity to travel and they made trips to Texas, California, and other places. In May of 1921, a close friend and former ranch foreman, Jess Fisher, was murdered in an attempted robbery at the ranch.⁷⁴ John Slaughter was in poor health, and since it was believed that an attempt might be made on his life, or Viola's, they decided to leave San Bernardino and move into Douglas.

By the fall of 1921, the Slaughters and Edith Stowe had moved into the Fisher Apartments on D Avenue, and were living there when John Slaughter died on February 16, 1922. He was just a few months past his eightieth birthday and died quietly in his own bed as he had always predicted he would. The ranch property was transferred by his heirs to a family corporation, the John H. Slaughter Ranch, and the running of affairs was handled by Sam Applewhite and the Bank of Douglas. The ranch was leased, both the Sonora and Arizona portions, until 1937 when there was a division of the old land grant at the international boundary, and the American part was purchased by Marion Williams and his son, Ben.

Except for one brief visit in 1925, Viola Slaughter did not return to the old adobe home at San Bernardino Ranch for fourteen years. She knew that the part of her life which had started that long ago day in 1884 when she and John sat and look out over the valley was gone. It had come to a close, along with, as she put it, "all the happiness our work, struggles, and play gave us at San Bernardino."''

GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY—STAN JONES AND CAPP WATTS

by Ervin Bond

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Capp was a line rider for the large Erie Cattle Company and he covered the international border from the San Bernardino Ranch to

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

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

He helped produce the sturdy type horse known as "Steel Dust" which was the forerunner of the now famous quarter horse. Capp's foundation stock was from the Texas Sam Bass famous Denton Arabian mare of the late 1800's and his stallion was the imported Paso breed. Steel Dusts were known for speed and endurance, even Pancho Villa rode one, and he claimed the famous seven league mare saved his life several times. Several of Mr. Watts' horses won fame in the racing field. One of them named Hemelia, after winning several races in Cochise County, was sold to Governor Francisco Elias of Sonora for \$1500.00, a very high price at the time. Mr. Elias sent Hemelia to California where he won every race for sometime. Another horse named Pancho with jockey Ted Bowden did very well between 1911 and 1913 in southern Arizona races.

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

Mr. Watts was an unusual yet a consistent person. For when he worked for one of the ranchers he would sometimes eat at the ranch house. At such times he would never pick up a fork or a spoon, but used his knife to eat everything, except soup. With soup he would simply pick up the bowl and and drink the soup. Usually he came to Douglas for groceries every two weeks. He would ride his favorite horse, with six or eight others tagging along, to the back of the Gadsden Hotel and leave them there while he did his shopping. In later years, as more and more cars crowded the streets, he started leaving his horses in a back yard at 7th Street and "A" Avenue, and then walk to and from the shopping area of town with

his sack on his back. In 1929 he bought a flat bed truck to come to town, but he had trouble learning to drive it. As long as I, his grocer during the last six years of his life, or anyone else can remember his grocery list never changed.

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

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

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

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

During these early years he learned to love the wide open spaces, and as soon as he was large enough to ride a burro, he did a lot of riding on the Geromino Trail east of town. The days off from school seldom caught Stan and his friends around the soda fountains of Douglas, the favorite loafing places for most boys his



After he became well-known as the writer of "Ghost Riders in the Sky," Stan Jones returned to Douglas and the house he grew up in on 14th Street (CCHAS photo)

age. Instead he was following a dream, for he had a yen to become a rough riding cowboy. The ranch of the Rogers brothers, south of "D" Hill was one of his favorite stops and the chances were good of getting a delicious home cooked meal. It was here in early 1923 that Stan picked up an old guitar that had a split in it, and tried to pick out a tune. The Rogerses noted his interest and gave him the old music piece, which he fixed and no doubt this guitar was the one on which he first learned to play.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One night, June 8, 1948, Stan sat down and wrote what became his greatest song—"Ghost Riders In The Sky." As fate would have it in Death Valley, Stan recalled from out of his boyhood experiences with the tale-telling Hermit the ghostly account of the Devil's herd and the Ghost Riders. The song was written and hidden away,

and it took a little of Death Valley's magic to bring it into the public view. It was discovered one day in 1949 when Stan was assigned to guide some strangers on a movie location scouting trip. That night the strangers called for campfire music, and Stan hesitantly obliged with his "Ghost Riders In the Sky." The strangers, who just happened to be in the movie business, were impressed; they bought the song and hired Stan as a technical advisor for their movie company.

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

In 1962 Stan Jones died, and in compliance with his wishes, he was given a simple funeral and buried in the Calvary Cemetery in Douglas, Arizona. He is survived by his wife and a son Stanley Davis Jones.

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