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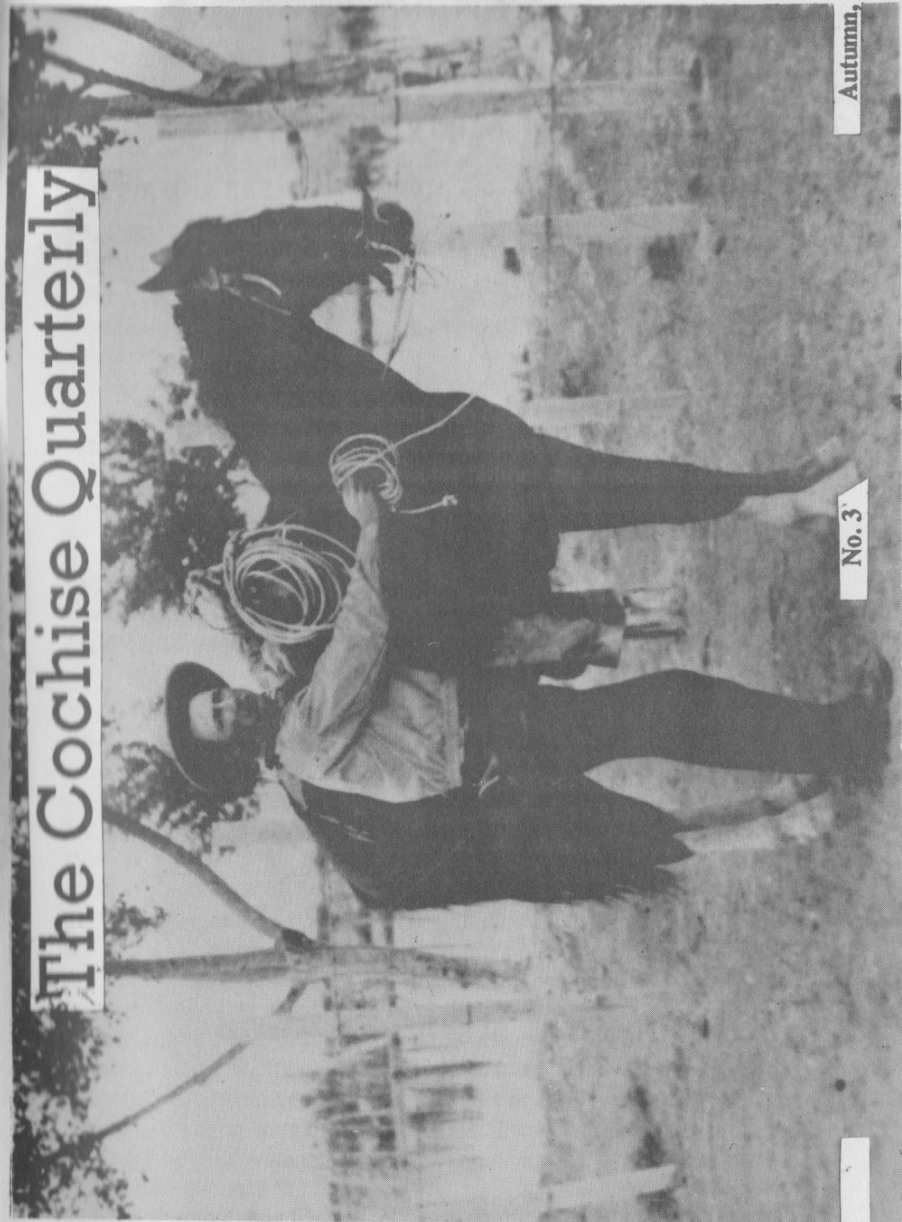
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About the Cover: Photo taken of John Duncan about 1897 at OT Ranch headquarters. Two years later, Duncan was murdered nearby. The article begins on Page 3. (Photo courtesy of Dot Ferguson Hatfield)

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MURDER AT NO SPRINGS

By Homer Ferguson

"Do you remember the day that John Duncan died?" the judge asked the boy sitting in the witness chair at the Cochise County Courthouse in Tombstone. ¹

It was an early winter day in 1902 and a little chilly even for southern Arizona. The question must have brought floods of memories about events over the last few years at NO Springs making the boy, James Finley (Jimmie to his mother, Mattie and stepfather, John Duncan), oblivious to the audience in the packed court room.

Scarcely a sound could be heard from the audience, for the judge asked about a murder that had shocked residents of Willcox, a small ranching town in northern Cochise County.

Jimmie's thoughts may have drifted to numerous days of play at the isolated ranch in the foothills of the Winchester Mountains at what was called NO Springs. NO referred to the brand of his grandfather, E.D. Riggs, ² who had shored up the spring and built a corral around the water trough.

Jimmie probably also thought of the times he helped John Duncan with the cattle and of the peace he'd felt since his mother left Tucson and moved to the quiet little town of Willcox and then on to NO Springs.

NO Springs is located just a mile from the more famous Hooker Hot Springs in northern Cochise County. Located about 26 miles northwest of Willcox, Hooker Hot Springs was well known as a spa for wealthy people from both America and Europe. It had been a watering place for Apaches who once roamed southern Arizona.

At the time of the murder in 1899, NO Springs was operated by John Duncan, John Riggs and Mattie Duncan, John Duncan's wife and John Riggs' sister. The ranch at Hooker Hot Springs was operated by a man named J.W. Mitchell, who was to play an important role in the death of his neighbor, John Duncan. ³

Jimmie was born in Tucson, the son of George Thomas and Mattie Riggs Finley. Their marriage was replete with conflict and ended with Mattie and six-year-old Jimmie fleeing to Willcox after a severe beating by Finley. It is said that Jimmie walked with a limp for some time after reaching Willcox as a result of the beating at the hands of his father. ⁴

Mattie, a tall and beautiful woman, was courted by most of the eligible bachelors in the Willcox area. One of her suitors was a George Morgan who proposed and was rejected. Morgan did not take rejection lightly and apparently never got over his feeling of humiliation at the hands of the woman he desired. ⁵ Unfortunately for Duncan, George Morgan and his brother, Wiley, ranched near NO Springs.

After fleeing Finley, Mattie and Jimmie moved to the NO so Mattie, who was skilled in handling horses and cattle, could help her brother, John, run the ranch. John Duncan, a neighboring rancher, became another of Mattie's

Page 3



Mattie Riggs Finley and her first husband, George Thomas Finley, in 1889. (Photo courtesy of Tom Finley)

suitors, and they were married in 1897. This would be forever a thorn in George Morgan's side and eventually led to the death of John Duncan. ⁶

John Duncan was born Oct. 1, 1872, in Frio County, Texas. His grandfather was one of the original settlers of DeWitt Colony, which settled Gonzales, Texas. His father, Benjamin, was a wealthy cattleman who bought what was then known as the OT Ranch, five miles out of Willcox toward Hooker Hot Springs. ⁷

John arrived at the OT when he was 18, along with his sister and brother-in-law, Rebecca and James B. Cook. ⁸ After his marriage to Mattie, he moved to NO Springs.

George Morgan's emotional wounds over Mattie apparently were deep. He later married a 16-year-old named Mattie. ⁹ His attraction to her may have been only her name because nothing else seemed to go right in the marriage.

He frequently left his bride alone in hostile country, miles from the nearest neighbors. While she was alone, she had a baby which died at birth. She buried it in front of the house, alone without any way of getting help, for George never left horses at the ranch when he was away for fear his wife would leave him. ⁹

Later while George was away, his wife caught a horse that came to water. With this animal, she was able to capture another horse and hitch them to a wagon. She left in fear of her life and reached NO Springs in the middle of the night.

She told Duncan she only wanted food and would be on her way. But she was persuaded to spend the night and the next morning Duncan gave her one of his horses and a saddle that belonged to his wife. Duncan advised the fleeing wife to go straight across the mountains to Fort Bowie. He felt that if she took the road to Willcox her husband would catch her before she got very far.

¹⁰

Later, George trailed the wagon to NO Springs and found the horses in the water corral. Duncan was expecting this and was prepared for a fight, but none occurred. George took the horses and wagon back to his ranch and, as time went on, appeared to accept the loss, Duncan thought the matter had passed. ¹¹

But George Morgan's hatred for John Duncan continued to fester and spread to his brother, Wiley. Together the Morgan brothers aroused the sympathy of J.W. Mitchell, the man who ran Hooker Hot Springs. Unknown to Duncan, a cauldron of hatred brewed virtually at his doorstep. ¹⁴

Duncan's destiny was fast approaching the morning of Sept. 23, 1899 when he and a Mexican boy drove a small herd of cattle past Hooker Hot Springs to the NO. According to one source, the Morgan brothers and Mitchell watched Duncan drive the cattle by and made plans to release Mitchell's milk calf, knowing full well it would get into the herd that Duncan was driving.

At any rate, the three knew the calf was in Duncan's corral that morning and discussed what action to take. They assumed Duncan would become

angry and make some action that would give them a reason to kill him. To make sure the seed for their plan was present, they sent a chore boy named H.K. Abel to check on the calf and report back to them. Abel's excuse for being at the NO was to ask John Riggs to pick up mail when he went to town that day. ¹⁴

Abel reported the calf was still in the corral and the plan began to take shape. The Morgan brothers, Mitchell, Abel and another man named K.E. Patterson gathered a small group of cows, making sure one of them was Mitchell's milk cow, and drove them toward NO Springs.

Duncan was completely unaware of their intentions and showed no animosity at their arrival. His stepson, eight-year-old Jimmie, was playing just 50 feet away, at the corner of a small adobe house. ¹⁵

When Mitchell's milk calf saw its mother it immediately ran to her and started nursing. When the calf started sucking, Mitchell said, "Are you satisfied now John?" Duncan replied, "I'll vent it for you," and directed the Mexican to change the brand. ¹⁶

Mitchell asked Abel to open the gate and the cattle were driven out. Duncan remained in the corral still mounted on his horse that he had saddled earlier to ride to visit a man named Boyett. ¹⁷

Suddenly George Morgan rode back into the corral to within a few feet of Duncan, directly in front of his horse and a little to the left. Wiley and Mitchell followed suit and Wiley took a position on Duncan's left with the head of his horse touching Duncan's saddle skirts, putting himself three to four feet behind Duncan. Mitchell was on Duncan's right and about four feet behind.

Jimmie, from his vantage point, said he heard George say, "John do you see what happens when you meddle in other people's business?" Duncan replied, "Whose business have I meddled in?" George replied, "Mine," and was answered by Duncan with, "That's a goddamned lie."

No one knows what provoked Wiley at this point, but he drew his handgun and fired five shots. The first two shots entered Duncan's back on the right side as he sat on his horse talking to George. According to Jimmie Finley, Duncan's reins and his hat were in his left hand and he was scratching his head with his right hand. ¹⁸

Dr. Aiton, who later conducted an autopsy, concurred that Duncan's right hand was raised because if his arm had been back as if drawing a gun, the first bullet would have penetrated it. As it was, one bullet merely nicked the back side of Duncan's right arm, indicating that his hand could have been nowhere near his gun. ¹⁹

At this point, Duncan's horse spooked and Wiley rode after it. As Duncan began to slump from his horse, Wiley fired three more shots, two of which penetrated Duncan's body. Duncan fell face down onto a small bush as Jimmie ran to him. As Mattie ran out of the house, Wiley was heard to say, "Lady come and get your boy, he's dead." Duncan made one gasp in Jimmie's arms and the murder was complete. ²⁰

Mattie Duncan was devastated over the death of her husband. Mitchell's wife later revealed that Mattie's screams could be heard a mile away at the hot springs. ²¹

The murder occurred Friday morning about 10 o'clock but word did not reach Willcox until Saturday. J.B. Cook brought Duncan's body in for the autopsy by Dr. Aiton on Sunday morning, Sept. 25.

John Duncan's body was buried in the old Willcox cemetery on Sunday afternoon. The funeral was the largest ever held in Willcox at the time. Mourners and onlookers were lined up from the church to the cemetery and attendance was so large that it greatly exceeded the seating capacity of the church. ²²

Constable Alford and J.C. Page brought in George Morgan, J.W. Mitchell, E.F. Patterson and H.K. Abel, and a coroner's inquest was held Sunday, Sept. 25. ²³ Wiley Morgan was still at large then.

Testimony was heard from Jimmie Finley, Patterson and Abel. ²⁴ Mrs. Duncan did not witness the actual shooting and could only testify that Duncan's six shooter was still in his holster when she reached his body. ²⁵

The testimony of Jimmie Finley was exemplary and did not waiver throughout this and later trials. His sharp intelligence and clear speech was impressive throughout both testimony and cross examination.

All three witnesses said they saw Wiley pull a gun and shoot John Duncan in the back several times. No one saw anyone else draw a pistol, although George Morgan and Mitchell had their hands resting on their handguns while the shooting occurred. The Mexican boy who assisted Duncan on the day of the murder was told by Wiley Morgan to leave the country and he was not seen again, as far as can be determined. ²⁶

The trial, which was held in December, 1899, was long and extensive. The verdict was Wiley Morgan was guilty of murder in the second degree. The sentence was 20 years in the territorial prison at Yuma. ²⁷

The prosecution had not been able to prove premeditation or conspiracy, although Mitchell turned state's evidence and admitted that Duncan's hand was not on his gun at the time of the first shot. This indicated Duncan did not give any action which would have provoked or justified Wiley Morgan opening fire into his back. ²⁸

Patterson stated that he was riding Mrs. Mitchell's horse and that she had warned him on the morning of the murder, "If there was any firing it would be better for me to be off the mare than on," indicating that the possibility of shooting had been discussed before they rode to NO Springs. ²⁹

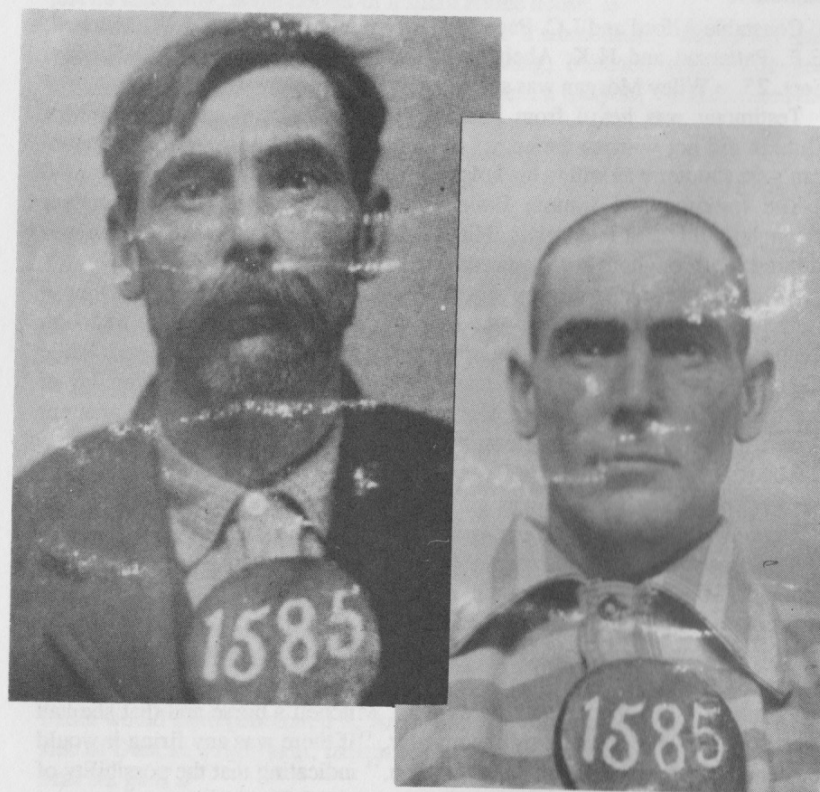
It was difficult to get witnesses to appear during the trial. Mitchell apparently was threatened by Wiley and quotes him as saying "There are two or three other sons of bitches I will have to kill yet." ³⁰

At the trial, Mitchell stated that Duncan did not have his hand on his pistol when Wiley shot him. This was contrary to his statement at the coroner's hearing. When asked on cross examination why he had changed his

testimony, he replied he was afraid Wiley Morgan would kill him if he had not said during the first hearing that Duncan's hand was on his pistol.

Mitchell's testimony created a sensation. It was evident that the prosecution could have gotten further admissions from him, but did not attempt to do so as a result of his mental state. The strain of being charged with murder and then being threatened by Wiley Morgan was more than his psychiatric endurance would allow and his nerve was obviously shaken during the trial.³¹

The charges against George Morgan and Mitchell were dismissed. The 20-year sentence against Wiley Morgan began Dec. 19, 1899.³² He remained at the prison in Yuma until April 4th, 1901 when he was released to Sheriff Lewis of Cochise County on orders of Judge Davis.³³



Photographs of Wiley Morgan taken in Yuma's Territorial Prison. The heads of prisoners were shaved to facilitate phrenology research. (Photos courtesy of Pinal County Historical Museum, Florence, Ariz.)

Wiley was given a second trial as a result of an appeal by his attorney to Arizona Supreme Court. The Supreme Court decision filed March 19, 1901 held that the jury was not properly charged during the trial of 1899 and Wiley was therefore granted a second trial.³⁴

The Tombstone Prospector of June 10, 1902 reports that Attorney Hazzard moved that the case be continued because important defense witnesses were absent. The case was set for the December term.

On Dec. 7, 1902, the second trial began and the following jurors were accepted: J.M. Montana, C.F. Peterson, E. Williams, R.H. Sneed, Pete Bute, E.A. Wittig, Dan Huddy, Steve Henkle, J.P. Long, John Cook and C.E. Murray. Morgan was represented by attorneys Hazzard and Herford with the added assistance of local defense attorney Allen R. English.

Frank Mowry, James Mitchell and H.K. Abel, who testified at the first trial, were not present and considerable time was spent in reading their testimonies to the jurors.³⁵ On Dec. 14, the jury reported it was not able to reach a verdict. As a result of the hung jury, a motion was made by the defense to dismiss the case but it was denied. Another trial was set for June 18, 1903.³⁶

When the case was reconvened, a motion was made by the prosecution to dismiss on the grounds that witnesses for the prosecution could not be reached and it would be difficult to obtain a conviction. Attorney Goodbody explained the former prosecutor, attorney Barnes, did not appear, and it was impossible to secure some of the witnesses.³⁷ It appears that the prosecution simply gave up, because testimony was already on record and the prosecution's star witness, Jimmie Finley, still resided in southeastern Arizona.

The murder of John Duncan was a senseless act whose cause is yet to be determined. He was accused by George Morgan of meddling in his personal affairs and Duncan also stood in the way of the growth of Wiley Morgan's cattle business in the area around Hooker Hot Springs. Duncan was not a member of the Cochise County Cattlemans Association, although his sister and brother-in-law, Rebecca and James B. Cook, were and later became officers in the organization.

The planning, the premeditation for Duncan's murder was disclosed after the trial by Mitchell's wife to Forrestine Hooker, daughter-in-law to Col. Hooker. One thing seems obvious, Wiley Morgan wanted John Duncan dead bad enough to shoot him in the back without warning.

During the trial and incarceration of Wiley Morgan, his wife, Amanda, sold the Mule Shoe Ranch for a reported \$500. After dismissal of the case against him, Wiley and his family moved to Alta, N.M., where they bought a ranch and stayed for a year. They then moved to Cochise, south of Willcox, and after three or four years, moved to another ranch near Klondyke. Wiley ranched there until he died in 1947 at the age of 84.

It is rumored that Mitchell lost his mind and was confined to a sanitarium for the rest of his life.³⁸ He felt that he had betrayed both the Duncans and the

Morgans during the trial, and perhaps he did.

About a year after John Duncan's murder, Mattie married Homer "Doc" Goodin, who was buried in Tucson in 1908. ³⁸ Mattie was buried at Camilla, Ariz.

Jimmie Finley returned to Cochise County and ranched in the Dragoons, where he raised a family. ³⁹ Neither Jimmie nor members of the Cook and Duncan family discussed John Duncan's murder after the trial. In some way, the matter, as far as they were concerned, was put to rest.



James (Jimmie) Finley, circa 1930. He was about 40 years old when this photo was taken. (Photo courtesy of Tom Finley)

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Cindy Hayostek for the many hours she devoted in locating much of the material used in this article and to Alice J. Parsons for typing the manuscript.

Notes

1. District Court Records, Territory of Arizona, County of Cochise, Dec. 1902
2. Arizona Territorial Brand Book, page 83.
3. J.F. Mills, 1981, "Life and Death at Hooker Hot Springs," unpublished manuscript.
4. Ibid.
5. Ibid.
6. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 16, 1899.
7. "Southwest Texas Illustrated, Vol. II," Lewis Publishing Co., N.Y., 1907.
8. Ibid.
9. Mills.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
12. Ibid.
13. District Court Records, County of Cochise, Territory of Arizona, Dec. 15, 1899.
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15. Ibid.
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17. Grand jury inquest, Territory of Arizona, County of Cochise, No. 413, Sept. 25, 1899.
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21. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 16, 1899.
22. Arizona Range News, Sept. 27, 1899.
23. Tombstone Prospector, Sept. 25, 1899.
24. Grand jury inquest, Sept. 25, 1899.
25. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 16, 1899.
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27. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 11, 1899.
28. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 18, 1899.
29. Arizona Range News, Sept. 27, 1899.
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31. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 18, 1899.
32. Ibid.
33. Register of Territorial Prison, Yuma, Ariz., No. 1588, p. 91.

34. Morgan v. Territory of Arizona, No. 150, filed March 19, 1901, Supreme Court records, pp. 224-29.

35. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 8, 1902.

36. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 15, 1902.

37. Tombstone Prospector, Dec. 22, 1902.

38. Mills.

39. Tom Finley, personal communication.

About the Author: Homer Ferguson grew up in Frio County, Texas, and obtained a doctorate in zoology from the University of Arizona. He was a professor of zoology at the University of Idaho for 18 years and is currently a sergeant with the Orofino Police Department in Idaho.

While growing up near Moore, Texas, he frequently visited his grandmother, Eliza Duncan Ferguson. He remembers the photograph of John Duncan that's on the cover in a three-foot oval frame hanging over her mantel. This photo and its inscription, "John Duncan, killed by the Morgan brothers, circa 1900, Willcox, AT" created his interest in discovering the factual details of the case.

THE DAY AMELIA LANDED

By Pete Middleton

It's just the same as any other square yard of Arizona dirt just behind the McNeal post office. A few desolate tumble weeds mix with sacaton clinging to red desert dust spiked with mesquite. To the east, some ranchitos scatter across the prairie to the Swisshelms. To the west, Highway 666 strides north through the small hamlet of McNeal.

In today's turmoil, this yard of desert dirt goes unheeded now, unnoticed and almost forgotten. But this patch is a piece of local aviation history. On Sept. 12, 1928, Amelia Earhart, the lioness of aviation, landed her aircraft right there.

Fred Stolp, retired McNeal school teacher and World War II pilot, recalled the day.

"It was typical McNeal weather. There was hardly any wind and the sun was shining. I was in the fourth grade at McNeal school, seated in the same building that's there today. I heard a noise and looked outside. There was the first aircraft I'd ever seen. Lindbergh who'd just flown the Atlantic was our hero and here was an aircraft about to land in McNeal. My, were we excited.

"The whole class literally exploded right out the window. The aircraft circled. We were beside ourselves with excitement. It was almost like watching a miracle in action."

Shock enough for the McNeal kids and locals for one day? Greater shocks were yet to come. Before their boggling eyes, the plane glided down for a landing in the mesquite-studded prairie. The whole McNeal school enrollment raced for the spot. Then came the greatest shock of all. The airplane taxied near a fence, the engine shut down and out stepped the pilot — a young woman in a dress!

"I remember thinking," said Fred, "a woman? You have to be kidding. That's only for men." Once over his initial shock, Fred began to observe this strange creature from the skies.

"I'd never heard of her as a person," he said. "She wasn't attractive as a woman. Her two front teeth were widely spaced. But there was something about her that I'll always remember. Perhaps it was her quiet determination, her air of control.

"She didn't have a whole lot to say and nobody could get much out of her. But I know someone who did. My uncle Alva was one of the first people there. He refueled her aircraft."

Alva Rich Porter was a young man pumping gas at McNeal Mercantile that fall morning. The same as his nephew, Fred, he hadn't seen an airplane before either.

Such strange birds never flew over McNeal. So when this string bag, biplane of French make swept in from the southwest, it grabbed his attention and held it rigid. He stopped pumping and stared spellbound.

"She buzzed the store," he related, "and when she banked, the engine

started to splutter. She turned quickly, came across Highway 666 and landed into the southeast. There was hardly any wind and she had to dodge the mesquites."

T.J. Leeson was the owner of McNeal Mercantile. He was the first person to meet the aircraft. His first words to the woman pilot? "Hi, I guess," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes.

Alva arrived a few seconds later.

"She'd parked the airplane by the fence and one of the tires was going down. She was calm as could be. Didn't give much away. Didn't say where she came from or where she was going. She was alone and didn't have any maps with her. Just said she was bumming around the country. I heard her later say that she knew she was close to Mexico and she didn't want to land there.

"T.J. asked her, 'How come you lit out here?' She gave him a smile like a young boy. 'My engine started missing so I thought I'd better get it on the ground.'"

By this time, about 10:30, most of McNeal had arrived in the surging wake of the school kids. The McNeal Ladies Aid Society, which was preparing its weekly luncheon in the Taylor place just across 666, forgot their preparations and arrived en masse. Like good country ladies anywhere, they immediately took Amelia over for lunch.

Before she went, Alva and Lewis Burton, under her directions, tied down the aircraft, jacked it up and slipped the wheel from its axle.

"The tire was only two ply," Alva recalled. "Lewis and I took it over to the shop, patched it; then before we mounted it and put the 20 pounds pressure she asked for, we wrote our names and 'McNeal' in indelible pencil inside. We often wondered where our names went to.

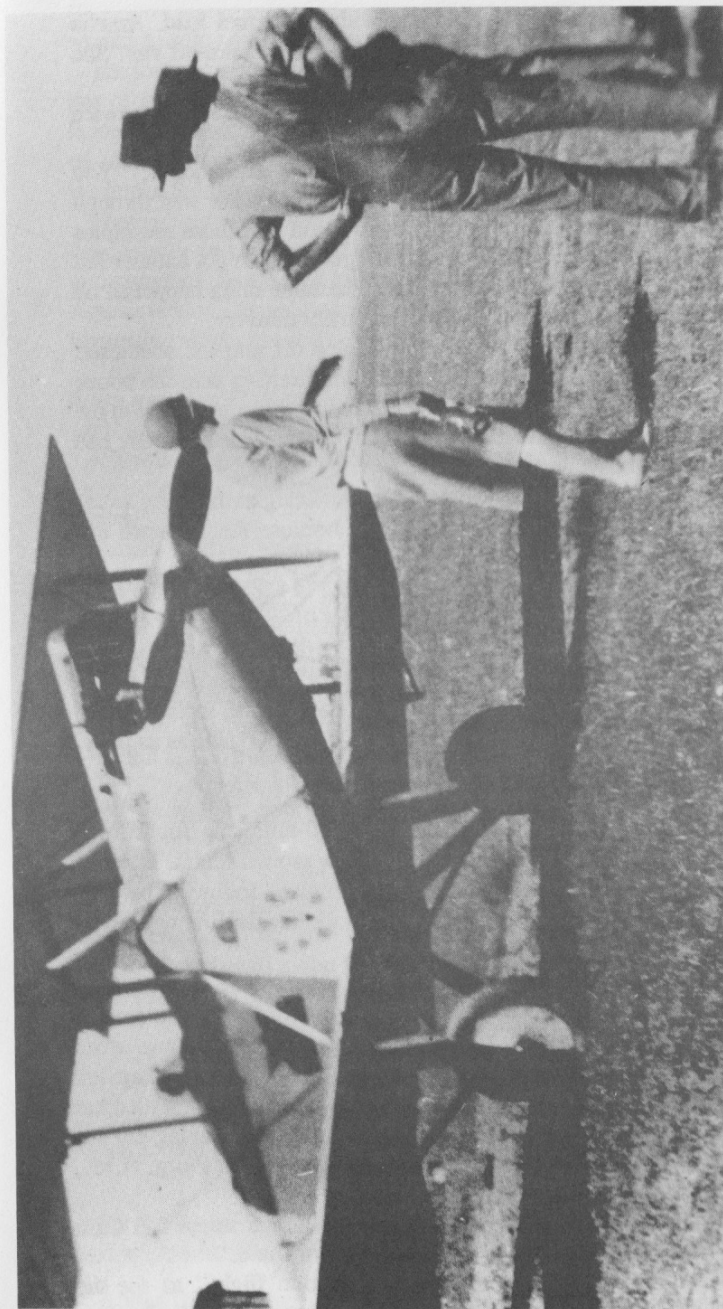
"After mending her flat, we refuelled her aircraft with regular gas from five gallon cans. It took five of them. The filler pipe was just behind the seat. She wanted to strain it through chamois, but we'd have still been there. So she settled for partial chamois in the center of a large wire mesh strainer."

The story goes that a silk stocking was used. "Not so," Alva said. "That's the first time I've heard that one. I was the guy who put the gas in and I didn't see any stocking."

Amelia also needed oil. "I was amazed when she wanted a quart of Zerolene 30W," recalled Alva. "It was the cheapest there was and we used it in the Model T Fords."

About two in the afternoon, Amelia walked back with the ladies and stood around talking prior to taking off. According to Alva, when she took her hat and goggles off, her hair was blond with a reddish tinge. She wasn't that tall but had broad shoulders and a sturdy build.

Just before she left, she wrote out a check for \$10 and gave it to T.J. He said, "I'll go get your change." She laughed. "Leave it at credit for the next time I'm through McNeal."



Amelia Earhart prepares for take-off in a field behind the present site of the McNeal Post Office. T.J. Leeson, then-owner of McNeal Mercantile, stands with his hands on his hips, waiting to assist. He did when he and Rich Porter swung the propeller to start Amelia's French-built aircraft. (Photo courtesy of Lois Wolhart)

The wind was still light and variable and with a full fuel load, Amelia wondered out loud how density altitude would affect her take-off run. She briefed Alva on how to swing the prop.

"With T.J. hanging onto me from the rear," said Alva, "I swung it twice with no result. It fired on the third try."

Amelia taxied back right up to the fence and as Alva explained it, "You could see her almost standing up in the seat as she threaded her way through the mesquites before the tail came up. She was afraid that those mesquites would tear her fabric wings. Halfway down the first run, she got another flat and didn't make it. We mended the tire again. The same thing happened on the second try. We mended it again. She made it on her third try."

"She circled McNeal, waving to us, then headed off into the southeast. From then on, that day seemed more important and exciting than the booze running that was going on here at the time. Her landing never appeared in the Douglas paper. In fact, I doubt if it ever made any paper. McNeal really had one up on Douglas that day."

But Alva Porter was wrong. The Daily Dispatch in Douglas did carry an article, as did many other newspapers in the state because the Dispatch undoubtedly shared its information with the Associated Press.

The Sept. 26, 1928 Dispatch put Amelia's landing in McNeal on the front page, under a headline about "Lucky Lindy's" latest flight and right next to a composite photo of the fliers and planes in a New York-to-Los Angeles non-stop flight attempt. Douglas must have been "air crazy" in those days.

The article reported on Amelia Earhart's visit in some detail, including that her biplane was marked G-E Bug. The airplane was as remarkable as its pilot. It was only the second plane Amelia owned.

It was a small Avro Avian which Amelia had purchased from Lady Mary Heath. Lady Heath had made an adventurous, 8,000-mile solo flight from Cape Town to London in 1927 in it and later flew around central Europe. The two women met in 1928 when Amelia was in England following her trip across the Atlantic as a passenger in a flight that made her the first woman to fly across the ocean.

A separate article in the Douglas Dispatch told where Amelia came from and where she was going that September of 1928. According to the Associated Press story datelined Tucson, "Flying along in an Avian biplane which Lady Heath flew from Capetown [sic] to London, Miss Amelia Earhart left Tucson for points west at 4:30 today. The intrepid young aviatrix settled her plane at a local air field, after having made two landings since leaving El Paso this morning. The first was in the open spaces this side of Lordsburg, N.M., and the second was at McNeal...."

"She is on her way to the air show at Los Angeles and stopped at Casa Grande, Ariz., for the night, according to word reaching here."

Biographies of Amelia say she was on a "vacation flight" to see the National Air Races in California. Completing the trip made Amelia the first

woman to solo coast-to-coast.

The journey was as adventurous as Lady Heath's had been over Africa. On one of Amelia's first stops, she ground looped on landing in Pittsburgh. She landed on the main street of a New Mexican town shortly before her unplanned McNeal stop. On the way back to the East Coast, she made a dead stick landing at Salt Lake City.

Photographic evidence exists of Amelia's visit to McNeal. Arnie Hongo, a local farmer and inventor, also was a very good photographer. Like any good photographer, Arnie took his camera where ever he went. And he had it when Amelia landed. Arnie's widow, Mrs. Ethel Sinnot, kept all his shots (a most interesting album in itself).

"My husband told me," Mrs. Sinnot said, "that he heard the aircraft come down low over McNeal. He saw it land behind the McNeal post office, so he grabbed his camera and ran. He was never without his camera."

"It was a big event for him just to photograph an aircraft. I don't think he ever expected to photograph a woman pilot as well, and in McNeal of all places!"

Amelia Earhart was probably the most famous of a mere handful of world famous aviatrix. She was born in 1898 and learned to fly in California. The same as many famous aviation pioneers, she did it by determination and imagination rather than by actual manipulative skills. She quickly advanced in an aviation world that was macho and confined, especially for women.

In 1932, she soloed across the Atlantic. While she was not the first woman to do this, she was the first person to solo between Los Angeles and Mexico City and later between Hawaii and the USA.

In 1929, Amelia sold the Avian and bought a Lockheed Vega. This was the plane she used to return to southeast Arizona as a contestant in the 1929 Powder Puff Derby.

In June, 1937, she set out to break the round-the-world record, flying as close as practicable to the equator. On July 3, she filed her final flight plan. With navigator, Fred Noonan, she left Lae, New Guinea, on a 2,000-mile leg for Howland Island in the Pacific. Her aircraft disappeared and despite an intense search, no trace was found.

In an aviation world that now has only aircraft and companies to identify with, the names of pilot pioneers remain in human memory as true aviators: Wilbur and Orville Wright, Billy Mitchell, Lindberg, Howard Hughes, Jimmy Doolittle. Amelia Earhart's name is up there, flying right along with them. Credit and fond memories are still waiting in McNeal.

Acknowledgements

My thanks to Lois Wolhart, Cindy Hayostek and Rich Westbrook for their assistance with this article.

About the Author: Pete Middleton began his aviation career in his native Australia. He now lives in Bisbee and is active in Cochise County politics.

THE MCNEAL LADIES AID SOCIETY

By Mabel Brown

The McNeal Ladies Aid Society recently celebrated its 80th anniversary with an "Old Timers Day" at the McNeal Community Center.

The Ladies Aid Society dates back to 1912. It is one of the oldest cooperative extension homemakers clubs in Cochise County. Eight women gathered May 23, 1912 when Mrs. Jennie Barton called a meeting of the community. She later became first president of the club.

Mrs. C.L. Hatch, Miss Maude Rich, Mrs. Edna Du Bois, Mrs. Walter Murphy, Mrs. L.H. Wyatt, Mrs. E.H. Taylor and Mrs. Ralph Burton were all young, enthusiastic and anxious to get to work. Getting together for work was a time of social interaction. Some walked for miles across fields and along roads to attend Ladies Aid. There were no paved roads in those days, so at times there were no meetings because of rains which made the dirt roads impassable.

Those women were homemakers, community-minded leaders and business women living in a rural area. They were always busy. Their accomplishments were truly amazing in giving to a worthy cause. They had countless fund-raising activities.

They had a fair and served chicken dinner and all the fixings and cleared \$58.60 on Thanksgiving Day, 1912. There was an annual dinner for their husbands. They had socials, box suppers, pie suppers, apron and quilt sales, hosted numerous dinners, held receptions for teachers and served food at school track meets. They canned food and made quilts and boxes of clothes, which were sent to the Arizona Childrens Home. They had hat trimming demonstrations as well as sewing and homemaker demonstrations, presided over by Bertha Virmond, Cochise County Home Demonstration Agent.

The Ladies Aid members assisted a local young lady to attend Flagstaff College (now Northern Arizona University) with gifts of clothes, stamps, pin money and \$5 each month. They made clothes for needy neighbor children, helped others with hospital bills and provided groceries when a neighbor lacked food. The sick, injured and dying were remembered with cards, flowers and every assistance, which included singing at funerals.

The Red Cross Auxiliary during World War I was organized by the McNeal Ladies Aid and members donated money, rolled bandages, purchased Liberty and Baby Bonds and served meals.

About this time, members voted to provide a loaf of home-baked bread each week for the local Methodist minister, a Rev. Mr. Prior. They had a church fund and gave regularly to the ministry. They opened meetings with prayer and had Scripture reading during the meetings.

The McNeal Ladies Aid Society was a moving force in caring for McNeal Cemetery. The Society paid for the first well, a windmill, a cement tank and pipe and later a fence. Pipe was secured for a culvert at the cemetery entrance. Cement markers were made and placed on many of the graves. Trees

and shrubs were purchased, planted and a caretaker hired to keep them watered.

The Society provided substantial meals to workers on every occasion. To this day, the Society sponsors a bi-annual clean-up day. There has always been a community dinner following the clean-up.

The McNeal School was another beneficiary of the Society's acts of caring. A gas tank was purchased along with gas lamps, pictures, phonograph records, a piano and National Geographic magazines. Members first held their meetings in their homes but after the McNeal School was built, they painted and furnished the school basement and had meetings there.

After many years of meeting in members' homes and the McNeal School basement, the need for a Ladies Aid building was realized.

According to the records, the land the building sits on was deeded by Herman C. and Cora E. Stolp for \$10 to the McNeal Ladies Aid Society on Dec. 17, 1948. A barracks was secured from the Ft. Huachuca Electronic Proving Ground in January, 1949.

On Sept. 30, 1949, the Ladies Aid deeded the land and building to the McNeal Community Center Association. Herman and Cora Stolp deeded 14 more lots to the McNeal Community Center to extend the property to Davis Road for a park and baseball field on March 24, 1955.

On April 23, 1964, the Community Center deeded to the McNeal Ladies Aid Society the land and buildings.

Members of the McNeal Ladies Aid were always involved in helping every facet of the community. Members' achievements and outstanding accomplishments are written in hundreds of pages of the club's minutes. Here are some excerpts:

Jan. 10, 1917 — Discussion on excavation of McNeal School basement as to height, floor, etc. Motion made to serve lunch to the men who are working on basement.

Feb. 14, 1917 — Gave a social on St. Patrick's Day and proceeds for Cemetery Fund.

Feb. 13, 1918 — A piano purchased from Mrs. Day for Sunday school, Church, School and Community.

Nov. 11, 1920 — Mrs. Critchell spoke on the need of the Ladies calling on their neighbors and showing a friendly attitude to people who come here to live.

Jan. 14, 1931 — First meeting since November due to rain and bad roads. Next Aid day to be spent planting tree and shrubs at the cemetery. That \$10 be allowed for buying a few trees. Members to bring what they have in the way of shrubs.

March 9, 1932 — Plans for cleaning up the cemetery and placing permanent markers on each grave.

July 10, 1935 — Due to heavy winds, necessary to have windmill tower at the cemetery reinforced. Discussion on how to raise money to cover the ex-



Photos of the 50th anniversary celebration of the McNeal Ladies Aid Society in May, 1962. Herman Stolp, the man who donated the land on which the society building rests, is in the bottom photo seated at the left-hand table. He has on glasses and a polka-dot tie. (Photos courtesy of Mabel Brown)



pense after the repairs. Motion to hold a community weiner roast Aug. 4 on the McNeal School grounds.

Oct. 9, 1935 — A report on the windmill was made and a new head was needed. How to raise money was discussed. Decided to make a couple of quilts and sell them.

One of the most memorable entries in the club's minutes was on Sept. 12, 1928:

"It was indeed of great interest to all members of the Aid as well as to other people of the community to have Miss Amelia Earhart land at McNeal and have dinner today with the Ladies Aid. It brought a new spirit to both old and young and left a spirit which will not be forgotten. The noted Girl Flyer was indeed welcome and hopes are that she may again enjoy having dinner with the Ladies Aid of McNeal in the future.

"Members present were: Mesdames W.J. Davis, Jennie Burton, Gladys Taylor, Ralph Burton, Gail Faulkner, Fred Randell, P.A. Ramsower, Ralph Cowan, E.G. Raylor and Carmen Hand.

"Visitors were: Miss Amelia Earhart, Mrs. Rundell, Miss Veinger, Mrs. Portzline, Mrs. Wilcoxson and Annie Appelin.

"Donations from Miss Amelia Earhart — \$1."

The list of Aids members reads like a Who's Who in the Sulphur Springs Valley. The genealogy of many families may be traced in the lines of the minutes recorded throughout the years.

The first recorded baby shower was Feb. 12, 1919. decided to make something for Mrs. H.C. Stolp baby. Mrs. Shrum appointed Mrs. Dannelly, Mrs. Prior, Mrs. Murphy and Mrs. Beauchamp as captains of squads to see to the purchase and making of said articles to be brought to the next meeting.

March 14, 1928 — Mrs. Cowan presented with a stork shower. Mrs. Cowan expressed thanks for many lovely gifts.

Feb. 13, 1935 — Flowers to Mrs. Joe Downs, who is in the hospital.

Nov. 11, 1936 — Surprise stork shower for Mrs. Cecil Wooldridge.

July 14, 1937 — A stork shower for Mrs. Dawn Kipp.

Oct. 27, 1937 — It was suggested and a motion made and seconded to give Mrs. Pat Downs, who is in the hospital, a pair of pajamas and each lady send a greeting card to her by Nov. 6.

Nov. 1934 — Quilt given to the Slover family, thanks to Mrs. Ralph Cowan for her work on the quilt.

March 8, 1939 — Flowers to Mrs. Downs funeral.

Aug. 11, 1943 — A stork shower tendered Mrs. Agnes Downs, which was a surprise to her. Mrs. Downs received many dainty gifts, which she appreciated muchly.

Nov. 8, 1944 — A potted plant to Mrs. Ella Geers, who was ill at hospital.

March 8, 1944 — A suggestion was made and agreed to give a little farewell party for Mrs. E.H. Taylor, who plans to leave McNeal in April.

Acknowledgement

I owe a debt of gratitude to all the Ladies who helped keep and maintain the McNeal Cemetery for all the neighbors, friends and loved ones, including my parents and my beloved husband, who is laid there to rest.

About the Author: Mabel Brown is a long-time resident of Elfrida. Her oral history was published last year in *The Cochise Quarterly*.

MARIA AND HER BOYS

By Lannie Hardesty Hartman

Guiseppe Maffeo was born circa 1852 in an unknown city in Italy. His wife, Maria Negri, daughter of Giacomo and Anna Carbibto, was also born in Italy about 1856. It seems likely that both were from northern Italy near the Swiss border, since the birthplace of their first two sons was Ivrea in the Piedmont. Maria and Guiseppe probably married in 1880 or 1881 because Dominick was born in January, 1882, followed by Henry in 1883.

Family tradition is that Guiseppe, who may have been a teacher, decided to leave Italy because compulsory military service was inevitable for his sons. Dominick has memories of riding in a cart to catch the ship for America. This must have impressed him deeply for he was only three or four years old.

In 1885 or 1886, the family reached an unidentified port of entry. Family legend is that Guiseppe came over first, possibly with up to six brothers, who scattered to parts unknown though some may have gone to Sacramento, Calif. If this is true, he soon sent for Maria and her boys.

Arizona Territory became home to the Maffeos no later than June, 1886, when their third son, Joseph, was born. The census of 1900 documents that he was born in Arizona.

How proud the newcomers must have been to register their livestock brand with the Cochise County Records Office on April 17, 1887! Now cattle bearing the F Running M brand grazed in the range described as Bisbee Canyon. FM probably stood for "Famiglia Maffeo."

Proud, too, the Maffeos were to buy Last Chance Ranch, listed in the indenture as "about nine miles SE of Bisbee and one and one-half miles SE of the ranch owned by John Dolan." Guiseppe is believed to have worked at the Copper Queen Mine. His wages, guarded by Maria's thriftiness, enabled them to first buy livestock and then, on Nov. 8, 1889, the ranch from H.D. Simon for \$100.

The Last Chance was primarily a dairy ranch. Sale of products yielded additional or perhaps the only income for the family since it isn't known if Guiseppe kept working at the mine. A well was dug and the Maffeos built an adobe home, which now had four boys running in and out, for John was born in 1888.

To this young couple from Italy, known as Joe and Mary to the neighbors, it must have seemed that hard work was making their dreams come true. They donated money to help build a Catholic church shortly before a terrible disaster.

Early in 1891, a flood roared down upon the little ranch, carrying away livestock, inundating the house and carrying away most of the family's possessions.

Joe and Mary waded through chest-deep water, each with two small boys clinging to their backs and shoulders. Neighbors took them to Bisbee for shelter and food. Joe developed pneumonia from this ordeal and died March

20, 1891, despite the best efforts of his physician, Thomas Darlington, Jr.

When the flood ravaged their lives, Mary probably didn't know she was carrying a fifth child. That left her with four boys to raise and another one on the way. Friends rode out to gather surviving cattle and any belongings that could be salvaged, but the law was not so kind. Since Joe had died without a will, Mary suffered through the legal process to Joe's estate. On March 28, she filed for letters of administration in the Cochise County Probate Court in Tombstone.

Her petition was granted April 7. She became the owner of "seventeen stock cattle and their calves branded FM on left shoulder on ranch and range of Joseph Maffio [sic] deceased about nine miles SE of Bisbee, and also about five mares and two horses, same brand, same place." The estate's value was "not to exceed two hundred and fifty dollars."

Seven months after the death of his father, James was born in October that sad year of 1891.

In the nights, Mary must have mourned but her days were full of work and caring for her five sons. Gradually, the fortitude of this Italian woman bore fruit. The census of 1900 lists her occupation as laundress, she owns her home in Bisbee free and clear and she and all the boys can read, write and speak English. The eldest, Dominick, 18, is a boiler maker but his brothers are still in school.

The arrival of her brother, James or Jimmy Negri, in 1896, via Philadelphia, must have cheered Mary, especially when his wife and daughter followed a year later to live in the house next door. Mary's other brother, Thomas, and her two sisters, Anna and Theresa, also came to Arizona. Anna or Annie was deaf and took up her home with Mary. Theresa married Louis Petri. When he died, she and Annie returned to Italy, since Annie longed for her homeland.

Mary's boys grew up and all married except for John. Hard-drinking and perhaps a bit of a rake, he lived in Bisbee all his life and had an orchard up one of the canyons. He died of pneumonia in 1918. The family speculates that perhaps he owned "Maffeo's Saloon," which is seen in an old photo taken from Sacramento Hill.

Dominick married Marie Power in 1909 and became a head mechanic for Phelps Dodge. He worked in Jerome, Cananea, Phoenix, Morenci and back again in Bisbee. He and Marie had three children, Joseph, Michael and Mary Elizabeth.

Jimmy married Mary McDermott. They spent their lives in Bisbee and had three daughters, Elizabeth, Margaret and Katherine. Henry and Joseph moved away and reared families in Phoenix and California.

Well known and respected in Bisbee, matriarch of an ever-increasing family, Mary Maffeo is remembered as a sweet and loving person who was always ready to help neighbors and friends. She may have served as a midwife on occasion. Flowers were her joy and her yard was always abloom.

She worked untiringly to provide for her boys and was uncannily shrewd in business. This is shown by her estate which consisted of nearly \$5,000 in cash, stocks, shares in various enterprises and, perhaps most amazingly, complete ownership of nine lots with houses in Brewery Gulch.

This great and gallant lady died of heart problems in the Copper Queen Hospital on May 24, 1931. She had lived her 74 years to the fullest and left to her descendants a shining memory of courage and endurance.

As for Last Chance Ranch, the Maffeo family is still pursuing clues. There's no record of Mary having sold the ranch after Joe's death. Perhaps it reverted back to H.D. Simon but there is no record of that and the wording of the indenture implies that Joe paid the full purchase price in cash.

Even more puzzling is that the crumbled adobe walls that faintly outline the old ranch house lie south of the border in Mexico, although in 1889, legal documents list the Last Chance clearly as part of Arizona Territory. This was long after the Gadsden Purchase. Perhaps there were other border adjustments, but evidence of this has not been found.

Mary's descendants who still live in Arizona gaze across the line at the ruined walls and are sad at the loss of this heritage from the young couple who claimed it so proudly more than a century ago. No border can take away their memories or their pride in Joe, or most of all, Mary.

About the Author: A member of the Maffeo family, Hartman lives in Tucson. She is continuing research in the family's genealogy.

COCHISE, ZWING AND RINGO ... IDEAS, MARKERS AND MYTHS

By Larry D. Christiansen

An issue last year of the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society newsletter told of the dedication of a marker placed on the previously unmarked grave of "Cap" Watts. I was certainly pleased with this development. I would like to chronicle the beginning of the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society's (CCHAS) part in marking historical sites in the county.

Cochise:

In the early 1970s, the CCHAS received by letter an idea from the Women's Club of Cochise, the community named for the famous Chiricahua Apache. The ladies explained that many years before, a rock monument with a plaque had been dedicated in the Cochise Stronghold but that vandals had removed the bronze plaque. The ladies wondered if the society would consider replacing the missing plaque.

The CCHAS liked the suggestion and decided to see what it could do. We contacted officials of the Coronado National Forest and they likewise were extremely receptive to the idea. They would not only give permission but would secure the correct-sized plaque, install it and host a rededication ceremony at the site.

In the early fall of 1972 at the Cochise Stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains, the ceremony was held and the new plaque unveiled read as the same as the original:

CHIEF COCHISE
Greatest of Apache warriors
Died June 8, 1874
in this his favorite stronghold
interred secretly by his followers
Exact place of burial known to only
One white man his blood brother
Thomas J. Jeffords

The CCHAS had served primarily as a catalyst in restoring the monument at this important historic site. We could not fail with the terrific idea from the Cochise Women's Club and the more than willing Forest Service officials who deserve the majority of credit for this worthy project.

Zwing Hunt:

The next project in marking a historic site was for an outlaw buried in Hunt Canyon. The outlaw's death and burial gave the canyon its name.

On the last day of May, 1882, Zwing Hunt, in the process of fleeing the law, was killed by Indians early one morning. The next day, his body was buried in a grave just east of three juniper trees.

In 1896, Ira Glenn homesteaded in the area and later his son, Marvin, took over the ranch. The Glenns knew the location of the remote grave so that even when lightning struck the trees in 1929, the site was still secure. The trees

died from the lightning strike and the following year, Mexican woodcutters cut the dead trees, leaving only the knowledge of the Glenns to pinpoint the rock-covered grave.

In the fall of 1972, the CCHAS secured permission from Marvin Glenn to erect a grave marker for Zwing Hunt. Marvin Follett of Douglas graciously consented to make a concrete marker inscribed with "Zwing Hunt/Killed by Indians/May 31, 1882."

On Feb. 25, 1973, Glenn Dunham, Ervin Bond and myself went to the Glenn ranch where Mr. Glenn transported us in his jeep with water, cement and the concrete marker to the gravesite, which can be reached on foot, horseback or jeep. We positioned the marker containing a short steel post on its bottom side at the head of the grave and placed large rocks at its base and joined the whole together with the cement so the grave marker could not be easily removed. Due to the remote location, we decided to hold no public ceremony. We did our work, thanked the Glenns and departed.

John Ringo:

The third historical marker that the CCHAS became associated with was at the John Ringo gravesite. It came in a roundabout manner.

In the initial stages of the newly organized CCHAS, most of its meetings



CCHAS members installing the Zwing Hunt grave marker on the Glenn Ranch in Hunt Canyon, left. Close-up of the marker, right. (Photos courtesy of Larry Christiansen)

were held on the campus of Cochise College. Three at the college — Richard Mayers, Howard Monnett and myself — were members of the Society and met frequently in connection with **The Cochise Quarterly**. In one of our meetings, it was brought out that I knew Ben Sanders, who owned the property in Turkey Creek that contained Ringo's grave.

Mr. Monnett became quite interested and related a story that claimed that after Ringo's burial, a mysterious woman came at night and dug up the body and carried it off. Mr. Monnett asked if I thought the property owner would let us dig up the grave and see if it was empty. If bones were found, Mr. Monnett requested we have them analyzed by a laboratory to determine if they would be correct for Ringo's age, time period, etc.

After some discussion, Mr. Myers and I said we would go and inquire as to the feeling of Mr. Sanders, but that the actual dig would only be attempted after securing legal permission. We wanted the college to be part of the effort and secure the necessary legal papers through its legal counsel. Thus, the dig, if engaged in, would either be a joint venture of the college and CCHAS or the college, if the Society did not want to participate.

Mr. Myers and I went to Turkey Creek. Ben Sanders listened to our proposal and, while less than thrilled, agreed if we secured all the legal requirements and restored the grave to its original condition when we finished.

When we next visited Mr. Monnett, although he was the number two man in the college administration, he was reluctant to see if the college would become involved. Mr. Monnett thought we should do it on our own or as the CCHAS, but both Mr. Myers and myself remained firm that the college have part in it or Ringo's grave would not be dug up. This proposal was never brought before the college or the Society.

Instead, the CCHAS had a better idea to improve the gravesite and access to it. The Sanders family had maintained the grave over the years with a pile of rocks on the grave and a solitary rock tipped on end at the head with Ringo's name and death date. The grave could be seen from the road if you knew where to look, but the only ready access to it was to stop one's vehicle in the Sanders' yard and walk past their house, hopefully after asking permission. The Sanders were gracious hosts to one and all, but almost any visit to the grave was an imposition on their time and other activities. The Sanders readily gave permission to upgrade the access and the grave and Ben was delighted this time.

CCHAS and the Arizona Highway Department improved access to the grave by placing a sign identifying the gravesite on the road, installing a walk-through cattle guard in the fence line and building a bridge over a small irrigation ditch. At the gravesite, a large rock and concrete monument with a historical information plaque was erected adjacent to the grave itself. The improved gravesite was dedicated Dec. 3, 1973.

I am fully convinced that digging up Ringo's grave offered the potential of many problems, and the question in point was so slight as to not be worth the

effort. I believe CCHAS was correct in the actions it pursued.

I also applaud its effort at "Cap" Watts' grave. There are other points that need historical markers in the county and sometimes all that is needed is an idea from a member or even non-member, such as the Cochise Women's Club.

Brief Sketch of the Lives of Hunt and Ringo

Who was Zwing Hunt? According to Cochise County Deputy Sheriff William Breckenridge, in the early 1880s Hunt was "one of the worst outlaws" in Cochise County.

A young Zwing migrated from his Texas home where his father and a brother were merchants. After he came to Arizona, he worked for the Chiricahua Cattle Co. as a cowboy for a short time. He made enough impression that the company helped him acquire a six-yoke team of oxen and wagon in which to haul lumber from the Morse saw mill in Turkey Creek to the Tombstone mines.

He did not remain in this business long as he decided to try another venture with more appeal — rustling stock. He teamed with fellow Texan Billy Grounds, who probably had assisted him in lumber hauling.

They rustled stock in the United States and Mexico. In July of 1881, they may have joined others in ambushing a party of Mexican smugglers in Skeleton Canyon, killing all of the Mexicans and stealing their treasure.

Later that fall, the Sulphur Springs Ranch, a large spread located near present day Pearce, had 30 head of cattle stolen. The trail of the stolen stock led through the Dragoon Mountains into the San Pedro Valley.

One of the ranch owners hurried to the county seat of Tombstone to report the crime and obtained a John Doe warrant with Deputy Sheriff Breckenridge to finish trailing the stolen cattle. The trail led them to Charleston on the San Pedro River where the stock was found in a corral. From the description of the rustlers, Deputy Breckenridge determined that they were Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds. The two could not be located but they were later indicted for grand larceny for this theft and a warrant was issued in their names.

In late March of 1882, an employee of the Tombstone Mining Co. was killed at the company office in Charleston. Officers investigating the scene believed the killing came as a result of a bungled robbery attempt which occurred just after dark. The company safe was untouched and it was believed the perpetrators fled in haste.

The next day five miles south at a ranch near Lewis Springs, two came out of the hills and requested something to eat, saying they had been without food for 24 hours. As the two men were being fed, a company of soldiers which came by the ranch seemed to unnervise the hungry visitors. The two men remained in the house until the soldiers left the ranch at dark. Later when knowledge of this incident became known, it was determined that the two men were Hunt and Grounds. They also became suspects in the killing at Charleston two days earlier.

A few days later, Hunt and Grounds arrived at the Chandler Milk Ranch nine miles east of Tombstone. The ranch owner was away at Tombstone, leaving a man in charge at the ranch house with two Mexican families in a second house a short distance away. Hunt and Grounds informed the man in charge that the owner owed them \$75 and they needed the money as they were leaving the area.

The man in charge went to Tombstone with the request that the money owed be sent by messenger. But instead the ranch owner informed the sheriff's office that suspects Hunt and Grounds were at his ranch.

Cochise County Sheriff John H. Behan was out with a posse seeking Wyatt Earp, suspected of killing Frank Stilwell at Tucson at the time Morgan Earp's body was placed on a train. So the sheriff's office assigned Deputy Breakenridge to go along with a mini-posse composed of jail guard E.H. Allen and miners Allen (Jack) Young and John A. Gillespie. They carried the grand larceny warrant for the cattle stealing the previous fall.

The posse arrived at the ranch before daylight, not knowing a third party had spent the night in the ranch house. Bull Lewis, a teamster, had come by and spent the night in the house. What happened next is a bit confusing and amounts to two separate versions of events.

The first by Breakenridge was a later recollection of the event for his book published in 1926. His history is not reliable on many points and his story at the age of 81 just three years before his death and more than 4½ decades after the event may cast some shadows on his account. Furthermore, his service as a deputy up to this time had been primarily as a process server. This was his first and possibly last call to important action in Cochise County. Perhaps some of the differences are due to his wanting to make himself look good and decisive. Whether suspect or not, Breakenridge's account went as follows:

The posse tied their horses some distance from the house and moved closer to the house to position themselves for daylight. Breakenridge assigned Young and Gillespie to cover the back door from a pile of wood with instructions to wait until dawn when cowboys customarily came out to look for their horses. It was hoped that the men in the house could thereby be covered and taken peacefully.

Deputy Breakenridge and Allen moved around to the front of the house with the same intention. But just as they reached their position, they heard a knocking at the back door. In a response to an inquiry as to who was at the door, the bold declaration came that it was the sheriff. The back door opened and the vocal Gillespie was shot dead with Young shot in the thigh before they could fire a shot.

Almost at the same instant, the front door opened and Bull Lewis charged out, calling for those outside not to shoot and declaring his innocence. Immediately a shot came out the house's front door and creased Allen across the neck, knocking him momentarily unconscious. Breakenridge dragged his companion to cover and took refuge behind a small tree just as another shot

hit the tree. The deputy saw movement at the front door and fired one barrel of his shotgun at the doorway and heard a man hit the floor.

Just as Allen regained his senses, a man came around from the back of the house calling for his companion, Billy. Allen and Breakenridge, at a distance of about 50 yards, fired at the man, who retreated around behind the house. The shootout had ended before daylight but the participants did not know it.

The wounded Young behind the house yelled that he had been shot. Instructing Allen to remain and guard the front door, Breakenridge moved around to the back and found the wounded Young about 30 yards behind the house. The deputy assisted Young to the Mexican house about 100 yards away and then returned to Allen's position. As it became daylight, they could see feet sticking out of the open front door but made no attempt to check out the house. Breakenridge told his companion he felt sure that Hunt had been shot and could be tracked.

With Allen continuing his vigil of guarding the front entrance, the deputy started to search for Hunt by going up a small creek and soon captured Hunt without further struggle. Hunt had been shot in the chest through the left lung with a hole in his back where the bullet came out.

Allen was dispatched to get a milk wagon, which was used to transport Hunt back to the house. At the house, they found Gillespie dead at the back door with Grounds alive but mortally wounded in the head. Teamster Bull Lewis was sent to Tombstone with news of the incident and asking for the doctor and ambulance. Breakenridge claimed Hunt stated they thought the party was the Earps, otherwise they would have submitted. A differing account was in the **Tombstone Epitaph** a day or two after the affair. While newspapers are many times not reliable on details in their haste to gather the facts, the writer did gain information from some of the participants within hours of the event. Furthermore, this account was not corrected or amended in subsequent issues.

The Epitaph's account was the posse arrived at the ranch before the break of day with the intentions of getting as close without any alarm and waiting for daylight before attempting to arrest the parties in the house. Their plans, however, were frustrated by a pack of dogs whose barking announced their arrival. The posse then decided to proceed to the task and boldly rode up near the house and dismounted. One of the posse knocked on the door and asked who was inside. The response was to the effect those who belonged there.

The posse member then asked that the house's occupants get up and give them some breakfast. He was quickly told to go to the nearby Mexican house. The posse concluded that the men they wanted might be at the Mexican house, so Young and one of the other men started for it. When the two men were part way to this house, they looked back and saw their companions following them.

Then the posse decided that the main house should be watched. So Deputy Breakenridge and Gillespie returned to it and as they arrived, the door open-

ed. Bull Lewis stepped out, followed immediately by Hunt, who opened fire.

One of the participants thought Hunt fired two or three times before hitting Gillespie in the head, killing him instantly. Breakenridge took refuge behind a large oak tree directly opposite the door and several shots directed at him hit the tree.

This activity caused Allen and Young to hasten back to the house where Hunt shot at Allen and creased him on the side of his neck. Allen returned the fire, shooting Hunt through the chest. A few seconds after Hunt initiated the shootout, Grounds came out of the house only to be blasted with buckshot from Breakenridge's shotgun, which knocked him down and out.

While this action was taking place, Young went around the house to block any escape through the back door or windows. He was mysteriously struck by a bullet in his thigh. It was later thought that one of Allen's shots passed through the inside partitions and side of the house to accidentally hit his companion.² This newspaper account suggests that the posse was indecisive and confused in its initial actions. It also is at variance with Breakenridge over the actions and positions of Hunt and Grounds in the shootout.

After the shootout, a messenger was dispatched to Tombstone to report a death and several men wounded. Tombstone Chief of Police Dave Nagle, Dr. George E. Goodfellow with the coroner, and a few interested parties rode to the Chandler Milk Ranch. After immediate medical treatment, the wounded and dead were carried to Tombstone.

Grounds died that evening before regaining consciousness and was buried in the Boot Hill Graveyard. Hunt was placed in the hospital for treatment of his wounds, which were thought to be mortal. The ranchman from Lewis Springs identified Hunt and Grounds as the men who came to his ranch asking for food the day after the killing at Charleston.

While Hunt was in the hospital, the local newspaper gave a description of him, calling him a hard case and one of the worst of the cowboy rustlers. He was described as "a young man, tall and slim, quite sandy complexioned, sandy mustache, and his face, neck and hands badly freckled."³ He was 24 years old.

Over three weeks later on April 28, Hunt, with the assistance of his brother, Hugh, newly arrived from Texas, escaped from the hospital during the early evening. No guard had been posted at the hospital. With no one present, Zwing slipped into the night and disappeared.

There was some recrimination at the county sheriff's office for allowing the possibility of escape. Three or four days earlier, there had been some discussion about removing Hunt to the jail. But the hospital staff rejected the idea, thinking it could prove fatal.

The Hunts, on horseback, made it to the Dragoon Mountains and stayed because Zwing was weak and sick. They lay by the next day until it became dark, then started eastward toward the Chiricahuas. By the 30th of August, they had crossed the Sulphur Springs Valley with intentions of going to the

Morse saw mill, where Zwing had friends and connections.

But they thought it best to linger until the excitement about the escape had abated. For almost the entire month of May, the Hunt brothers wandered among the different canyons of the mountains fastness. On May 30, they moved from the Swisshelms to Russels Canyon, also called "Rustler Canyon," and spent the night in what became called "Outlaw Cave."

The following morning as the Hunts prepared breakfast a few hundred feet below the cave, a party of Apache surprised them with a volley of shots. The brothers initially thought it was a sheriff's posse until they looked in the direction of the fire and observed several Indians. Zwing pulled his gun with an oath to return fire but was struck with several shots, killing him instantly.

Hugh Hunt fired his revolver until empty. Seeing his brother dead, he darted into some cover, running for their horses hobbled a short distance away. With the Indians pursuing him closely, he jumped on one of the hobbled horses and rode a half mile with the hostiles continuing their pursuit on foot. Finally, he gained enough distance to remove the hobbles and rode five or six miles to Camp Price, a scouting and supply base kept by a small cavalry unit at the south end of the Chiricahua mountains. Upon his report, a party of scouts left in pursuit of the Indians.

A lieutenant with 10 mounted soldiers accompanied Hugh Hunt back to the kill site. Along the way, a couple of cowboys from a nearby ranch joined the party. They found Zwing's body with four bullet wounds — one in the hip, another in the abdomen and two in the head. The Indians had also cut off the middle finger of the right hand. The party buried Zwing Hunt near three large juniper trees where he was killed. The dead man's name and death date — Z. Hunt, May 31st, 1882 — was carved in one of the trees.

Hugh Hunt returned to Tombstone and told the story of his brother's death. He eventually claimed his brother's property, which consisted of his gun and horse. Then he returned to Bosque County, Texas, where he and his father kept a store. The family had lived in this location for more than 15 years.

After the Hunts fled Tombstone, Sheriff Behan assigned a deputy to try and find them. The deputy eventually sent back word that reached Tombstone on May 30 that he had located the Hunts' hiding place but it would take a posse to capture them. He advised sending a posse by an indirect route to assist him. The posse did so but arrived after the burial.

Still, the posse dug up the grave and identified the body as that of the escaped outlaw. A short time later, William Lutley, owner of the Bar Boot Ranch, just south of where Hunt was killed, told his friends about his cowboys helping bury Hunt and identified him without any doubt.

Normally the story of Zwing Hunt would have ended here but instead a legend of larger proportion continued and thrives to this day. This episode hinged on the massacre of Mexican smugglers in Skeleton Canyon in the summer of 1881.

This account or tale basically goes, with many variants, that the outlaws in

and about Gayleville learned that a party of Mexican bandits with a fortune in stolen Mexican booty was making its way into the United States. The primary leaders of the Gayleville gang, Curly Bill Brocious and John Ringo, were out of the area, so Jim Hughes gathered seven comrades to waylay the Mexicans and take their treasure. Among those recruited were Zwing Hunt and Billy Grounds. They made their way south to Skeleton Canyon and set up an ambush.

In due time, the Mexicans came into the trap and all were killed in a hail of gunfire. The Mexicans' pack mules bolted down the canyon, littering it with their packs and treasure. The outlaws left the dead to the elements and spent their time collecting their treasure, which amounted to much more than could be carried by the outlaws' horses. The raiders put some in their pockets and saddlebags and buried the majority with the intention of returning later with mules or a wagon to carry it out.

The outlaws returned to Gayleville and engaged in celebrating their recent good fortune with several days of drinking. Jim Hughes, however, planned instead of drinking and brought Hunt and Grounds into his plot to cheat the others out of their share of the loot. Following the plan, Hunt and Grounds with a hired Mexican teamster and a horse-drawn wagon, went to the buried treasure in Skeleton Canyon. They uncovered the loot and loaded it into their wagon and hauled it to one of the numerous other canyons in the area.

They had the Mexican dig a large hole and put the treasure in it. Then they shot the Mexican and buried him with the treasure. The two men reworked the burial site to hide its appearance and disposed of the wagon and horses.

To this point, they had followed the plan but now Hunt and Grounds decided to put a new wrinkle in the scheme. They did not return to Gayleville but double-crossed Hughes by staying in a cave which overlooked their buried treasure.

As the story goes, they planned to stay there during the winter and then take their loot out by wagon in the spring to a country outside the sphere of their double-crossed comrades. Supposedly during his cave period, Grounds sent to his sister in Texas a series of letters by way of a mail carrier who traversed the area every couple of weeks on his way to Shakespeare, N.M. According to this account, Grounds in piecemeal fashion incorporated details of the location of the buried treasure so that with all the letters the place could be found, but no single letter pinpointed the spot.

Then this account becomes somewhat confused. It had Hunt and Grounds going to a ranch near Tombstone and paying \$700 to have a heavy-duty wagon and hearty horses ready for them in March. When news of this transaction leaked out, the double-crossed gang members knew where this large amount of money had come from and began seeking the two double-crossers and found them at the Chandler Milk Ranch.

This account never explains why Hunt and Grounds were involved in penny-ante rustling, robbery and trying to collect a small debt with all that

loot left unguarded on the opposite side of the county. Then it skirts the real killing of Grounds and wounding of Hunt. It claims Hunt made it not to a grave in Hunt Canyon but to Texas where he drew for his uncle a map and gave a description of the treasure area before he died of gangrene.

Hunt's uncle probably wanted to glorify his nephew with his story of Zwing making it back to Texas. He raised the treasure up to \$300,000 including gold, silver, diamonds and two golden life-sized statues all hidden near or in Skeleton Canyon. Prior to Hunt's uncle's involvement, the beginning estimate of the treasure was around \$4,000 but it continued to grow with each new account.

The uncle not only had his story and map but also maps for sale beginning at \$10. The map and directions had the treasure buried at the base of Davis Mountain, which was not anywhere near the Skeleton Canyon site. But the hunt was on and would not stop as no treasure has been located. Hunt's uncle with many others combed the area in and around Skeleton Canyon and found only a few scattered coins.

In 1928, Ervin Bond had lived in Douglas for two years and worked in the Copper Queen smelter. He became aware of a fellow worker who found an advertisement in a magazine of how to find a fabulous buried treasure by sending \$10 for a map and directions. The man received his map and recruited a partner with a car and they spent much time searching for the buried loot.

Their conversations at the smelter seemed to center on the map, but they refused to let anyone look at it. After about six months of unsuccessful searching, they began asking if anyone could help them locate Davis Mountain. Four decades later, Mr. Bond saw a similar Skeleton Canyon treasure map for sale for a quarter.

To add to the confusion, some came to possibly seek the treasure as a secondary motive. These people would mine the bounty of tales and legends with magazine articles and books.

In 1915, a colorful character settled in the west end of Skeleton Canyon. Ross Sloan could be described as a rancher and full-time storyteller. He was a great talker to any and all who came into his sights. He is probably the source for the tale that the skulls of the ambushed Mexicans were collected and used as soap dishes by the local ranchers.

If a treasure hunter or writer came within Sloan's care, he readily escorted them into the canyon and filled them with tale after tale, usually incorporating stories of ghosts and strange noises haunting the appropriately-named canyon. His stories along with letting novices know there were bears, mountain lions, rattlesnakes and Gila monsters in the country added to the adventures and caused some to abruptly depart from the canyon.

The treasure hunt continues today with its ebbs and flows usually associated with some magazine article dealing with it. Its searchers have ranged from tenderfoots who camped right at the front gate of a ranch and dug a huge six-foot hole which bagged the ranch owner one night to those who have spent

time researching the topic before appearing on the scene. They have used picks and shovels, dynamite and sophisticated metal detectors.

Recently, the Hunt maps have taken a back seat to a gleaning of clues from the letters of Billy Grounds to his sister and a map supposedly drawn by Grounds. Still the hidden treasure remains as illusive as ever.

* * * * *

Who then was John Ringo? His name appears in almost every historical or fictional account that covered the ventures of his arch enemies Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday. Most of what has been written about him is fiction. A legend of some proportion developed around him and he was enveloped with a mystic replete with college training, southern chivalry and deep respect for women.

According to this legend, his family roots with the name of Ringgold lead from Georgia to Texas with a stint in Missouri. In the latter, Ringo was with Quantrill's Raiders and a cousin of the outlaw Younger brothers, went to college and became a school teacher before becoming a fugitive of justice and one of the most feared gunfighters in the West. It all made for fascinating and romantic reading but it's all a myth.

The family was of Dutch extraction with the 17th century immigrants spelling the name Ringgold, which was shortened first to Ringoe and finally to Ringo. The American roots were not Southern, but stretched from New Jersey to Indiana where, on March 3, 1850, John Peters Ringo was born in Wayne County. The family moved to Missouri where, in 1859, the father, Martin Ringo, operated a store in Gallatin.

Five years later, the family, consisting of father and mother, oldest child John with another brother and three sisters, decided to journey to California where the mother's twin sister lived. En route to their new home, the father accidentally shot and killed himself, leaving 14-year-old John and his family to finish the 1864 emigration to San Jose. They lived near John's aunt, who had remarried an uncle of the famous Younger brothers.

The new arrivals were on their own and John found work as a mule skinner and took up drinking as his pastime. In 1869, he left his family in California and returned to Indiana where he lived with relatives. He moved on to Missouri and again lived with relatives in Gallatin and Liberty and then he migrated into Texas to stay with an aunt.

Up to this point in his life, little could be claimed for John Ringo except he was a wanderer and loved to drink. But in Texas he cast his lot in life. Mason County was engaged in a long-standing struggle which eventually came to be called the Mason County War. It was between German and American families with roots back to their Civil War sympathies. Ringo joined a gang which operated with the American faction when it served its purpose.

By the mid-1870s, Mason County seemed alive with cattle rustling. In April of 1875, Ringo had his first known indictment for disturbing the peace for brandishing his gun in the public square. When his case came to trial four

months later, the defendant failed to show and his bond was forfeited.

Over the next three years in Texas, Ringo was in and out of trouble, ranging from disturbing the peace, threatening the life of a county sheriff and murder. The latter charge in typical frontier judicial pattern was dismissed by the court in May of 1878 for the reason that over 2½ years after the killing, witnesses could not be secured to make out the case.

In November of the same year, John Ringo won election as a "Constable - Precinct No. 4" but the new position did not fit the man for soon he left Texas. Most of the gang had either left the country or been buried except for Joe Olney (alias Joe Hill). The two friends moved into New Mexico and then on to Arizona sometime in 1879.

Before the year was out, his name was in the Arizona newspapers. At Safford on Dec. 9, 1879, Ringo had an altercation with Lewis Hancock over whether the Mormon settler should have a drink of liquor with him. Upon refusal, the unarmed Mormon was hit over the head with Ringo's pistol and then shot. The bullet struck Hancock's lower left ear and passed through the fleshy part of his neck, narrowly missing a vital area.

Ringo was arrested and released on bond with his trial set for March of 1880. 4 The first part of March, Ringo addressed a letter to the county sheriff explaining that he would be unable to appear for trial due to shooting himself in the foot and being unable to ride a horse.

Ringo and Hill found ready acceptance by the cowboy rustlers who made their working headquarters at Galeyville. Ringo, with Curly Bill Brocius, was a leader of the stock rustlers. In the spring of 1881, Ringo, Joe Hill and Curly Bill with a number of rustlers stole a herd in Mexico and brought the cattle up to the San Simon Valley to rehabilitate them. Then the outlaws drove them to San Carlos and sold them to a contractor who supplied beef for the government troops and Apaches on the reservation.

Ringo identified himself as being in on the massacre of the Mexican smugglers in Skeleton Canyon in July, 1881. His account listed the other ambushers as "Old Man" Clinton with sons Ike, Billy, Frank and Tom McLowry, Jim Hughes, Rattlesnake Bill, Joe Hill, Charlie Snow, Jake Gauze and Charlie Thomas. The outlaws killed the Mexicans, captured the pack mules and divided a loot of approximately \$4,000, which was quickly expended on women, whiskey and gambling at Galeyville and Charleston.

On or about Aug. 4, 1881, the "festive cowboys" rendezvousing in Galeyville included Ringo who entered a game of poker and went broke. He left the saloon only to return a short time later with a companion to hold up the men in the saloon. They went through the party, securing about \$500. As the holdup progressed, some of the citizens in the saloon ran outside and hid in the trees until daylight. The saloon keeper, who had around \$500 on his person, also broke for the outside. he secured a shotgun and returned to find the two desperados had fled taking, besides the money, one the patrons' horse. 5

According to Deputy Sheriff Breakenridge, Ringo made his way to his friend Joe Hill's place in the San Simon Cienega. As he sobered up, he explained to his friend what had happened and that he would not have done it if not drunk. Ringo had Joe Hill take the money back and the matter seemed settled.

Some time later, one of the poker players was in Tombstone and presented a complaint before the grand jury, resulting in an indictment for Ringo, charging highway robbery. The deputy made the two-day ride to Galeyville and arrived at Ringo's room before he got up.

Ringo answered the door with a gun in his hand and, when informed of the warrant, declared that the affair had been settled. The two men had breakfast together and Ringo requested that the matter of his arrest be kept secret. He told the deputy he would go to Tombstone to clear up the matter but needed to secure some money before going and he wanted to wait until his banker returned.

Ringo asked Breakenridge to go to the ranch where he normally stopped en route to and from Galeyville and he would meet him the next morning. Ringo met the deputy as promised and they proceeded to Tombstone where Ringo posted bond. When Ringo received his day in court, the case was dismissed because of no witnesses. According to Breakenridge, this was the only warrant issued on Ringo in Cochise County.⁶

In late October of 1881, Tombstone experienced its famous shootout which has ever since thrust the fabric of its history into lore and legend. Ringo was not directly involved in the shootout as he was away at the time, but his feelings were for his fellow cowboy-rustlers, whose ranks were beginning to thin.

From the time of the shootout, there was continuous feuding between the two factions. Within a month, there was an attempted assassination of Mayor John Clum and the ambush and shooting of Virgil Earp. Ringo, suspected of being a party in the two ambushes of the city officials, confronted the Earp party on the streets of Tombstone on Jan. 17, 1882. Ringo suggested the two factions settle their difference by letting he and Doc Holliday shoot it out in the middle of the street. The challenge, however, was either not accepted or cooler heads stepped in and dissuaded the two men.⁷

According to Breakenridge, a report of this affair reached the sheriff's office that Ringo was uptown trying to start a fight. Breakenridge said he was dispatched and found a portion of the street deserted except for the pacing Ringo. Ringo explained he was trying to end the feud by meeting the opposition man-to-man while his opponents wanted to wait for a chance to shoot him in the back. At the sheriff's office, Ringo was informed that it was against the law to carry arms in the town. He turned over two pistols but then declared he was about ready to leave and reclaimed his guns and departed.⁸

Ringo was not shot in the back in Tombstone, but in short order another of the Earps was shot that way. On the night of March 17, 1882, Morgan Earp

was shot in the back and killed as he played pool in the Hatch Saloon. Frank Stilwell was suspected of doing the killing.

Wyatt Earp accompanied the body to Tucson where it was put on a train for California with Virgil accompanying his brother's body. Stilwell was at the Tucson depot and apparently sought a chance to shoot Wyatt. It is supposed that Earp saw Stilwell, followed him and killed him for Stilwell's body was found the next morning riddled with bullets along side the railroad tracks.

The suspicion fell on Wyatt Earp and a warrant was issued for him. Pima County Sheriff Bob Paul telegraphed Sheriff Behan in Cochise County to arrest Wyatt. When Wyatt returned to Tombstone, he was notified by the local telegrapher of the warrant before Behan received word of it. Earp, with Doc Holliday and others, left Tombstone and Arizona. Along the way, the party killed Indian Charley, who they believed assisted with the killing of Morgan Earp, and they claimed to have killed Curly Bill Brocius.

In an irony of some measure, Sheriff Behan recruited a posse composed mostly of rustlers. It included Ringo and two of the Clanton brothers. The posse trailed the Earp party to Fort Grant before Sheriff Behan gave up and returned home. The Earp party went to Colorado. Efforts to extradite Earp back to southern Arizona were frustrated when the governor of Colorado refused to honor the extradition requests.

Shortly after the posse returned, Ringo began drinking. He left Tombstone in a state of drunkenness and met Deputy Breakenridge in the south pass of the Dragoon Mountains. Breakenridge described Ringo as "very drunk" and reeling in the saddle. Ringo said he was going to Galeyville on that hot day in July of 1882.

In the Dragoons, "Buckskin" Frank Leslie joined Ringo and they moved across the Sulphur Springs Valley. They stopped at Myers Cienega northeast of present-day Elfrida and stayed a couple of days with widow Patterson. During their stay, they remained drunk and continued to drink, but the widow noticed that Leslie was faking his drinking and state of drunkenness. In the final stage of their stay, the two men became quarrelsome and Ringo left the next morning alone with hostile feelings for his former drinking buddy.

Ringo went his way and at the mouth of Turkey Creek, he met Will Sanders, resident of the canyon. Sanders later recalled that Ringo was so drunk he could hardly stay in the saddle.

A short time later, Leslie came along and asked Sanders if he had seen Ringo and was told that he was just ahead in the canyon. Leslie spurred his horse to hurry and catch up. A Smith lady heard shots at her home and thought it signaled her husband had shot a deer, but instead it would be learned later that John Ringo had been cashed in a quarter mile away.

On July 13, 1882, a driver from the Morse saw mill found Ringo dead, shot in the head, sitting in the fork of an oak tree. A local coroner's jury ruled suicide but canyon residents, widow Patterson and many other residents of the county would not buy that decision, feeling the jury ruled such to prevent

a long trip to the county seat if it had ruled murder. Ringo was buried near the tree.

Three men have been suspected of killing Ringo — “Buckskin” Frank Leslie, Wyatt Earp and “Johnny-Behind-the-Duece” O’Rourke. The argument continues on today stronger than it was in the summer of 1882.

The news of death in the *Tombstone Epitaph* stated Ringo “was about thirty-eight years old though looking much younger.” In reality, he was only 32. A couple of weeks prior to leaving Tombstone for the last time, Ringo told a newspaper reporter that “he was as certain of being killed as he was of being living then.” The reporter concluded that Ringo had frequent fits of melancholy and an abnormal fear of being killed. 9

It has been hard to keep some of the old western outlaws in their graves. In this, Hunt and Ringo are no exceptions. I believe both Ringo’s and Hunt’s remains are in their original graves in Cochise County.

Both of the outlaws were in one way or the other involved in the tale of the Skeleton Canyon treasure. If Ringo was there, then the treasure is not except for a possible scattered coin or two. If Hunt was there, the treasure legend had more questions than answers and I believe the vested interests — map and story tellers — have mined the real loot. Furthermore, the two differing accounts of the taking of Hunt and Grounds illustrate some of the pitfalls of and the necessity of research into the sources of historic events.

NOTES

1. William M. Breakenridge, *Helldorado: Bringing the Law to the Mesquite*, Glorieta, N.M., 1970. 180-185.
2. *Tombstone Epitaph*, Tombstone, Ariz., April 3, 1882.
3. Ibid.
4. *The Tucson Star*, Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 14, 1879.
5. *The Daily Nugget*, Tombstone, Ariz., Aug. 11, 1881.
6. Breakenridge, *Helldorado*, 135-136.
7. George W. Parsons, *Journal of George Whitwell Parsons*, (WPA reprint of original journal in Arizona Historical Society files), Jan. 17, 1882.
8. Breakenridge, *Helldorado*, 157-158.
9. *Tombstone Epitaph*, July 22, 1882.

About the Author: Larry Christiansen is a past president of CCHAS and past editor of *The Cochise Quarterly*. Although he now lives in North Carolina, he regularly submits articles to the *Quarterly*.

Cookbook delightful

Apache Pass Cookbook by Lois Merritt Ward. Available from author, 300 Williamson Road, Prescott, AZ 86301. 67 pages with map. \$10 plus \$1 postage.

This book grew out of the author’s association with Fort Bowie and the Fort Bowie Days Festival. Lois Merritt Ward was a National Park Service administrator at Fort Bowie National Historic Site and has for many years sponsored the laundress field camp at the festival.

In this charmingly illustrated book, she tells about the people who came through Apache Pass — Chiricahuas, Spaniards, Mexicans, immigrants, trail herders, soldiers and prospectors. We learn about frontier music, games children played, how the colonel’s wife entertained, what stage passengers ate and how post laundresses worked and made their soap.

The recipes, adapted to modern kitchens, include Apache tamales, ash bread and mescal, Mexican pinole and menudo, the Jenny Lind cake and quail-on-toast the colonel’s lady might have served, a soldier’s hardtack and camp-fried potatoes, and those famed staples of the West — SOB stew and dried fruit pie. Ward describes uses of wild plants and herbs and the unusual drinks range from Mormon tea to Haymaker’s Switchel.

This delightful trove of lore and cookery makes a wonderful gift and

will be enjoyed by cooks and historians alike.

— Jeanne Williams

Hard Places bears flaws

Hard Places by Richard Francaviglia. University of Iowa Press, Iowa City, Iowa 52242. 237 pages, photographs, maps, \$35.

Anyone who’s been to Bisbee or similar areas knows that mining country has an unmistakable look. The environment was pragmatically exploited for economic gain.

This hard fact makes for hard places — landscapes that bear striking visual clues about the area’s past. This book provides an introduction to mining landscapes but it has several flaws that, despite its pretensions of deeper meanings, make it no more than an introduction.

To anyone familiar with Bisbee or similar mining towns, Francaviglia’s examination of the transformation of a raw camp dependent on hard rock work into a settled town with an open pit rings true.

Francaviglia may be remembered by readers of *The Cochise Quarterly* as the author of an article about the Douglas streetcar system. He may also be remembered as the one-time director of the Bisbee Mining Museum.

Francaviglia’s interest in mining landscapes apparently was sparked by his time in Bisbee. He’s ob-

viously visited other mining areas across the country.

Despite this, Francaviglia's book overlooks the fact that all mining locations are different. He's spent so much time looking for similarities, he misses the real story.

In the case of Bisbee, he focuses on the open pit mine. But the real heart of Bisbee is underground. Francaviglia doesn't write about that, apparently since it didn't produce the dramatic, large dumps the Lavendar Pit did.

Happenstance dictates an area's development. Each mining town accommodates to where it is. Yes, all miners live in houses but the personality of, say, Bisbee is much different from Morenci, partly because of its geography.

Another problem is there's no life in this book. As chief of Phelps Dodge's western engineering department, I had tremendous admiration for the ingenuity of early-day miners.

Francaviglia doesn't mention the enthusiasm and energy miners put into each place they went. Francaviglia brings himself to the point of writing about people, the lifeblood of a town, but then drops it.

This is in stark contrast with David Myrick's regional railroad books. Although they are about railroads, he tells the story of the mining towns the railroads served in vivid fashion because he tells of the personalities involved.

There are also minor flaws. One is Francaviglia's knowledge of mining is superficial. It doesn't harm

the book but doesn't enhance it either.

Another minor point is the reproduction of the USGS maps is terrible. The Tonapah map is so black as to be useless, which is annoying since Francaviglia refers to it.

Mining areas and their structures are as historic as farm barns or that other prime example of a company town — the lumber camp. The mining industry harbored men that developed the country but Francaviglia's handling of their efforts is not worthy of them.

— John H. Davis

Of Kirkland, state story

Arizona, Years of Courage, 1832-1910. Based on the life and times of William H. Kirkland by Vance Wampler. Quail Run Publications, Phoenix. 285 pages, photographs, maps.

CCHAS members Fern and Ben Allen contributed information and time toward publication of this book. It is a biography of W.H. Kirkland, who participated in the first raising of the American flag in Tucson.

Kirkland was on hand for other events integral to Arizona history; some covered in this book took place in southern Arizona but not Cochise County. Indeed, much of this volume is an interweaving of the major themes of Arizona history with stories related by Kirkland and his family.

— Cindy Hayostek

Driven from their lands

Trail of Tears, American Indians Driven From Their Lands, by Jeanne Williams. Hendrick-Long Publishing Co. Dallas, Texas. 187 pages, maps.

This latest book published by Portal resident and CCHAS member Jeanne Williams is a volume for juveniles. Although intended for young readers, it contains stories that may be new to adults that certainly are worthy of their attention.

Residents of southeast Arizona are familiar with Cochise, Geronimo and the campaigns against the Chiricahua Apache. Usually histories about them end with Geronimo and his followers forced on a train for Florida.

But there's more. The Chiricahua became prisoners of war for 27 years — until 1913. People still alive today were born as prisoners of war.

The Chiricahua never obtained a reservation in their old home of Arizona after the one in the Sulphur Springs Valley was taken away. Today the Chiricahua live in New Mexico and Oklahoma. This is a story Williams tells with obvious sympathy.

In addition to the Chiricahua, she examines the experiences of the Commanche, Cheyenne, Navajo and Cherokee. While the Cherokees' forced exile resulted in the infamous march that's reflected in the title of the book, Williams

shows the Cherokee, Chiricahua and the other three tribes covered in the book suffered similar fates.

— Cindy Hayostek

Letters to the Editor commenting or amplifying on articles in *The Cochise Quarterly* are welcome. They may be edited for style of conciseness.