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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of history and archaeology of Cochise County and adjacent portions of Hidalgo County, N.M., and Sonora and Chihuahua states in Mexico, contains articles by qualified authors as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in the area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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About the Cover: The entrance to Cave Creek Canyon, Chiricahua Mountains. (Photo used with permission of photographer Karen Hayes.)

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COMMENTS ON WELDON F. HEALD'S "SKY ISLAND" OR "CHIRICAHUA MOUNTAINS"

By Vincent D. Roth

"Sky Island" was published in 1967 by Van Nostrand and republished by the University of Arizona as "The Chiricahua Mountains" in 1975. While the book was essentially accurate, many names of local personages were replaced by fictitious ones. Perhaps in this way, no one could refute the author.

The book is a sort of history of the area during the years the author, Weldon Heald, lived at Painted Canyon Ranch and as such should contain correct names. For this reason, I am adding a few comments and corrections in addition to names. My sources are Bill Reed, son of Stephen Reed, Dr. and Mrs. Pugsley and my own knowledge, gained from living in the area since 1962.

"Copper company executive," page 16. Harry A. Clark, general manager for Calumet and Arizona mining company, which later merged with Phelps Dodge at Douglas.

Heald claims, page 160, that "he and his son were killed by lightning." Only Jerome was killed, reportedly carrying a shovel over his shoulder on his farm near State Line Road during a lightning storm.

"Barker sisters," pages 21-22. Toles sisters. Myriam was a teacher and accomplished painter and Elsie the first woman State Superintendent of Schools. They lived at the present Willy property.

"Super-sophisticated novelist," pages 21-22. Vladimir Nabakov reportedly wrote "Lolita" while at the Toles property.

"Mrs. Hoskins," "Chiricahua girl," page 23. Mrs. Anna M. Roush, later Mrs. Anna Pugsley, also known as Aunt Duck, who was born in Kentucky and was not a "Chiricahua" girl. She ran the Portal store but not while married to Dr. Pugsley. Carson Morrow began calling her Lady Ann in the "Chiricahua Bullshead" and Charlotte Bagwell and others began calling her that too.

"Bill Hoskins," "Lieutenant Colonel from the army," page 23. Dr. Mathew C. Pugsley, usually known as Col. Pugsley, only rarely as Doc. He was a full colonel, surgeon of the 3rd Infantry Division in World War II. He fought through Africa, Sicily and Italy and was wounded twice. Impaired vision from a wound led to his early retirement.

"Manhattanish creature," page 3. Susan Bonnet.

"Lem and Irma Banks," page 39. Ben and Alma Pague, who lived in the last house up Whitetail Canyon.

"Mamie," page 39. Dr. Pugsley's cow who provided milk to neighbors for many years into the 1960s.

"Eminent biologist," page 42. Dr. Charles Bogert from the American Museum of Natural History. Heald refers to the frog *Rana healdi*, a nomen nudum which perhaps is the species described later as *Rana chiricahuensis*,

Page 3

Platz and Mecham.

"A birder photographing a nest," page 41, "Birders in action," pages 44-45. Mr. Eckler.

"Professional lion hunters," page 60. Marvin Glenn and Dale Lee were still hunting there in the early 1950s.

Miguel, the wood cutter, page 72-73, is probably Ignacio "Nacho" Flores, a Mexican who, according to the Pugsleys, claimed he used the shelter cave by the second cattle guard down Cave Creek Canyon where the Maloney Ranch and Coronado National Forest property join.

Jail at Galeyville, page 106, was rebuilt by Mr. Isaacson in the 1960s into his home.

"Retired Ohioans," page 112, Mr. and Mrs. Theodor Troller, owners of the AVA Ranch at Portal in the 1950s.

The bear story, page 74: Pugsley says that the bear came to the porch window, walked around the house and looked into the bathroom window. Mrs. Pugsley insisted on killing it. So he shot it while it was at the garage. It took off and the next morning he followed the bear but could not find it. He called on Elmer Franklin and Slim Miller, who had dogs and horses (Pugsley didn't). They found the bear dead. It was brought back into the midst of a church picnic (from Rodeo). While everyone was looking at the bear, the dogs got into the picnic lunch.

"Apache chief often visited the cabin," page 15. Bill Reed says, "No! Jack Maloney tell tales not true about my father. He said the Indians called Stephen Reed 'crazy Reed' because he would go out and shake his fists at the Indians." Bill says the Indians never came by the log cabin partly because "a bunch were killed on a flat above the station near the rock bridge up the wash opposite the swimming pool."

One surprising comment, page 9, was that "neither of us recall seeing a snake on our drives to Douglas and back." They couldn't have been looking because the common way to see snakes is to drive on the roads and the Rodeo-Douglas road is still great for seeing snakes.

Also sidewinders, page 78, have never been found in Cochise County or adjacent New Mexico.

Portal, page 9, in 1967 had only 52 voters including Paradise. So if the area had "a couple hundred" people then Heald must have included Hilltop to Sulphur Canyon and Healds' to the state line. Portal remained small even into 1990.

The "constant warm spring," pages 16, 100, flows at a constant 78 degrees at least since 1962, not 72 degrees.

Silver Peak lookout, page 133, was used in the 1960s and into 1974. It was temporarily closed in the early 1950s.

The "fenced in plot across Cave Creek," page 15, where Stephen Reed is buried is located on a level above Pugsley's house on land now owned by Ray Mendez and Kate Bennett.

A brief history of the property now known as the Southwestern Research Station of The American Museum of Natural History is as follows:

1879-1916 — Stephen Reed Ranch, 134.47 acres.

1916-1921 — Edward Hands

1921-26 — Frank M. Officer, Bide-a-wee Ranch

1926-46 — Harry Clark family, Painted Canyon Ranch

1946-50 — Susan and Bernhard K. McAndrews, 134.47 acres

1950-55 — Weldon F. and Phyllis W. Heald, 43.75 acres

1955 — Southwestern Research Station, 43.75 acres

1956 — 10.07 acres added from Susan Bonnet (McAndrews)

1977 — 36.5 acres donated by Frank Preston

1990 — Southwestern Research Station, 90.32 acres

About the Author: Vincent D. Roth was resident director of the Southwest Research Station from 1962 to 1986. Between sojourns in exotic places, he and his wife, Barbara, live in Portal.

HOW I WENT TO PORTAL

By Myriam Toles

Cochise County School Superintendent Ruby Fulghum eyed me with shrewd brown eyes. We were standing in her office in Tombstone as she handed me my contract to teach at Portal.

"The school is in the canyon," she said, "at the foot of the Chiricahua Mountains. A beautiful spot but lonely, no house within a mile. The children ride in from scattered ranches on burros or horses. There are 10 children in all eight grades. Do you think you can manage?"

I nodded confidently. I was determined to teach as far away from the noise and confusion of the city as possible.

"You're pretty young to live in such an isolated place," she cautioned.

"I'm 23," I said defensively.

Her eyes twinkled. "Well, you can live on the old Finnicum place. It's within walking distance of the school. Old man Finnicum homesteaded 160 acres long ago; tried to farm it but all he ever raised was a crop of beans. He'll rent the place. It has three rooms and a well. He's in Texas now trying to sell it, but so far no luck, all it is good for is scenery.

"I'd rent it if I were you, otherwise you'll have to live with the Bradfords. They have six children, four little ones and two in school and they have goats all over."

The Bradfords did not present a very attractive picture. "I'll rent it," I said. "Now, how do you get there?"

"Wait a minute." She gave me a dubious smile. I learned later that she was the daughter of a pioneer cattleman and had no illusion about living on a lonely ranch.

"I have an idea," she said. "We have a young Mexican girl just out of school who lost all her family. She has no place to live. She's a fine girl, Maria Lopez. If you'll provide her food, I think she would go with you. She could help with the house and bring in the supplies and you can talk to her. I think it would be a fine arrangement."

I had no intention of taking a companion but such was the force of Miss Folghum's personality, I agreed to see Maria.

She came bouncing into the office, all energy and smiles. She was about 16 with strong, broad shoulders, a mop of curly, dark hair and laughing brown eyes. We took to each other at once and soon settled the matter, although I wondered how my small salary would pay for her food and rent. Little did I know what a treasure Maria would be in the long months ahead.

We bade Miss Folghum goodbye and spent the next two hours shopping for supplies. We took a bus to Rodeo, N.M., and from there we were to go by mail stage to Portal.

The stage was a battered Ford, the driver a wizened old man in Levis and cowboy boots, who ignored us completely as we stowed our boxes and bags on top of two big mail sacks and climbed in.

The road soon turned back into Arizona and toward the deep blue mountains. After nine miles, we crossed a creek. We were at the mouth of the canyon, with a magnificent view of the great cliffs that rose from the canyon bed like a giant portal.

The driver stopped the stage and announced tersely, "This is where you get out. Over there is the Finnicum place."

Tired and dusty, we climbed out and dragged out our belongings, feeling forlorn and abandoned as the taciturn driver threw in the clutch and the rickety stage disappeared into the mouth of the canyon.

A dim track lay to the right. It wound along a creek bed through tangled bushes of mesquite and creosote. We stumbled onto a wide mesa. There before us lay the Finnicum estates.

The worn brown shack was roofed with red corrugated iron and surrounded with three large cottonwood trees. We crossed the weed-grown yard, passed the well and pushed open the back door to the kitchen.

It was a dark little room, sparsely furnished with a wood stove, a table and a cupboard. Beyond it were the two larger rooms, dark as a bat's cave, papered in black tar paper and with only two small windows.

There was a lumpy iron bed in each room with worn blankets but no sheets, a couple of rocking chairs and a table with an oil lamp on it. This was our home sweet home and a dismal sight it was.

We opened the windows to the cool breeze of early September and lit the oil lamp as darkness closed around us. We were tired and hungry but not up to coping with the wood stove yet.

Maria went out to the well and pulled up a bucket of fresh water so we could wash our dusty faces. We dug out some bread and cheese for our supper, then prepared for the night. We blew out the light and tumbled into our lumpy beds.

AN 1864 SCOUT THROUGH THE CHIRICAHUAS

By Alden C. Hayes

By 1862, Gen. James H. Carleton and his California Column had run the Confederates out of Arizona and New Mexico and he turned his attention to the Indian problem.

The Army's preoccupation with the rebellion by the southern states and the consequent closure of many military posts in the territory had encouraged the Apaches to believe that the country was all theirs again. Ranches and mines were sacked, civilians forced into enclaves at Tucson and Mesilla and travel except by large, heavily armed parties was dangerous.

Within a year's time, Carleton had restaffed the abandoned Fort Breckenridge on Avavaipa Creek and established new posts — Fort West at Pinos Altos, Fort Cummings under Cooke's Peak, to be followed by Fort Lowell at Tucson, Fort Goodwin on the Gila River and Camp Wallen on Babocomari Creek. Fort Bowie had been established in July, 1862 at Apache Pass at the north end of the Chiricahua Mountains to protect the San Diego-San Antonio Road.

In May of the following year, the general assigned Capt. T.T. Tidball to that post to be its new commandant as a reward for leading a highly successful expedition against the Arvaipa Apaches. The captain wasn't a stranger to the fort, which was named for his regimental commander, Col. George W. Bowie of the 5th California Volunteer Infantry.

Tidball had a poor opinion of Fort Bowie's facilities. In an official letter, he reported:

"The quarters, if it is not abuse of the language to call them such, have been constructed without system, regard to health, defense or convenience. Those occupied by the men are mere hovels, mostly excavations in the side hill, damp, illy ventilated, and covered with decomposed granite taken from the excavations, through which the rain passes very much as it would through a sieve. By the removal of a few tents the place would present more the appearance of a California Digger Indian rancheria than a military post."

On July 10, 1864, Tidball left the fort to begin a 23-day, 300-mile scout into the Chiricahua Mountains, around the foot of the Mules and across the Dragoons to return to Apache Pass. The descriptions in his journal of some of the locations he visited are the earliest of which we have record, and though most of the place names he uses have now changed, his notes are detailed enough for us to follow his route closely.

His force comprised 32 men of his own Company K, 5th California Infantry, and 25 men of Company A, 1st New Mexico Infantry led by Lt. Juan Climaca Tapia. They were afoot but had a string of mules to pack rations and other necessary gear.

The men were seasoned campaigners, the Californians having returned

only three weeks before from a month-long expedition across the Gila River, where they attacked an Apache camp on the San Carlos River, and ranged to the far side of the Pinal Mountains before returning by way of Tucson. The New Mexicans, recruited from the vicinity of Santa Fe, had just completed a nearly 600-mile march from Fort Union.

Neither was their commander a tenderfoot. Thomas Theodore Tidball was a combat veteran of the Mexican War who had made two trips to California — in 1849 to the mines and again in 1857 to farm in the Salinas Valley.

Most important to the expedition was one who knew the country intimately, its guide and interpreter, Merejildo Grijalva. Though only 21-years-old, Grijalva had already had a lifetime of adventure.

He was born in Bacoachi, Son., in 1843, probably with some Opata Indian in his heritage. At age seven, he was tending the family goat herd when he was captured by Chiricahua Apaches under the leadership of Miguel Narbona. He was ransomed some time later by his father for \$100 in goods but in 1854 he was either taken again or, as some versions have it, ran away from home to rejoin his former captors.

While a captive for seven or eight years, he learned the language and became personally acquainted with most of the Chokonon band, their customs and country. He claimed that Cochise was his "protector" and it is possible that Merejildo had served as the latter's orderly or apprentice warrior.

He left the Indians in 1859 and made his way to Fort Thorne, near present-day Hatch, N.M., where he served as interpreter to Dr. Michael Steck, the first agent to the Apaches. He had been attached to the Army for a couple of years before coming to Fort Bowie with Capt. Tidball, whose journal follows.

"Sunday, July 10 — Leaving this post I marched in a S.E. direction along the foothills of the Chiricahua [sic] range on the S.W., camping in and examining the great canons of these mountains. My first camp was a mile or so above the mouth of Carriso [sic] Canon, about 15 miles by the trail, from this Post. ... The valley of the canon is about half a mile in width, with groves of oak and juniper. ... The upper part has perpendicular walls impassible [sic] even for an Indian."

The party, departing the post above Apache Spring, went down Siphon Canyon and turned a little south of east for a total distance of 11 1/2 miles to camp in Little Wood Canyon, which plunges north off Wood Mountain. A mile above its mouth is an open basin such as the captain describes and, while neither "perpendicular" nor "impassible," the upper reaches rise steeply to gain 2,600 feet in two miles to the top of the mountain. The captain made it clear in his report that the names he used for the canyons and streams were supplied by Grijalva, who told him that they were the correct translations into Spanish of the names used by the Apaches.

"Monday, July 11 — Left camp at 5 o'clock, A.M., following my back trail to the mouth of the canyon, then bore to the S.E. over rolling hills for



Thomas T. Tidball, left and Merejildo Grijalva. (Arizona Historical Society Library photos)

four miles and entered Pino Canon. I followed up this canyon two miles and found good water. The water rises in an arroyo and runs a short distance, in several places, and then sinks. The water is permanent. The canon has a large body of pine timber in the upper part, and much of it can be reached by wagon without difficulty. I think that all the timber and lumber required for building the contemplated new post at this pass, can be obtained at this and Carriso Canon. The transportation will not exceed 25 miles, and will be over an excellent road. An Indian trail crosses the mountains at the head of this canon, and branches at the summit up and down the mountains at the N.E. side. At 6 o'clock, P.M., a heavy thunder storm commenced and lasted until 10 P.M., raining very hard. By stretching our blankets over a frame work of willow rods, stuck in the ground and bent and fastened together at the top, we managed to keep dry."

Emerging from Little Wood, or "Carrizo" Canyon, the soldiers rounded Rattlesnake Point to reach the broad mouth of Wood Canyon, only 3½ miles from their camp of the night before, crossing gently rolling grasslands on the edge of the San Simon Valley. About two miles up the canyon put them at the point where Brad Creek joins from the left and Wood Canyon's south fork comes in on the right. The canyon floor is easily accessible for another couple of miles above those junctions and, from the foot of Timber Mountain at the head of the canyon, trails branch southeast into Indian Creek and East Whitetail and northwest to Emigrant, Marble and Bear canyons.

Up to this point, a case might be made for an interpretation that has the expedition leaving Fort Bowie by going south over Bear Springs Pass for 15 miles to camp the first night in Bonito Canyon at the mouth of Rhyolite (although the range would be on their northeast rather than their southeast), proceeding the next day about four miles to Pine Canyon and up it two miles to camp near the mouth of Green Canyon. The upper part of Bonito would be nearly as impassable as Little Wood, and Pine is so well timbered that in later years it was extensively logged. At its head, too, trails branch out to cross the mountain and run along the crest in both directions.

But the timber in Pine can be reached only by going up Pinery several miles and crossing into Pine via Downing Pass — not a route described by Tidball — and lower Pine is still impassable by wagon. Further, on the west slopes of the mountains there is no way to reconcile the journal entries for the next two days in the country south of Pine Canyon.

So far the hike had been a picnic. They had made relatively short distances over easy terrain and camped near wood, water and shade early enough to wash socks and smoke a pipe before dark.

"Tuesday, July 12 — Left camp at 7½ o'clock, A.M., traveling down the canon the way we came to its mouth, and then turned S.E. Passing over a rolling plain for several miles, I reached the Cienegita, [sic] where my guide expected to find water, but it was dry. From here the trail crossed a high rolling divide and in about five miles entered the Tierra Blanca Canon."

Leaving Wood Canyon, the men reached an open valley and rounded Dunn Springs Mountain, marching to the southeast in a plain which "rolled" by virtue of crossing the shallow arroyos below the openings of Fox, Tangle, Brushy, Keating and Oak canyons. Just beyond the draw leading out of Oak Canyon, they reached Squaw Spring, the guide's dry "Cienegita."

Here they were at the foot of a long ridge running northeast from the main range. They then climbed 300 feet to a divide in that ridge between the Nippers and Blue Mountain from which they looked across the yucca-studded, grassy plain of Whitetail Flats with the dark mountains of the Chiricahua's high country beyond and to their right. Then it was down and across the flats to the opening of East Turkey Canyon.

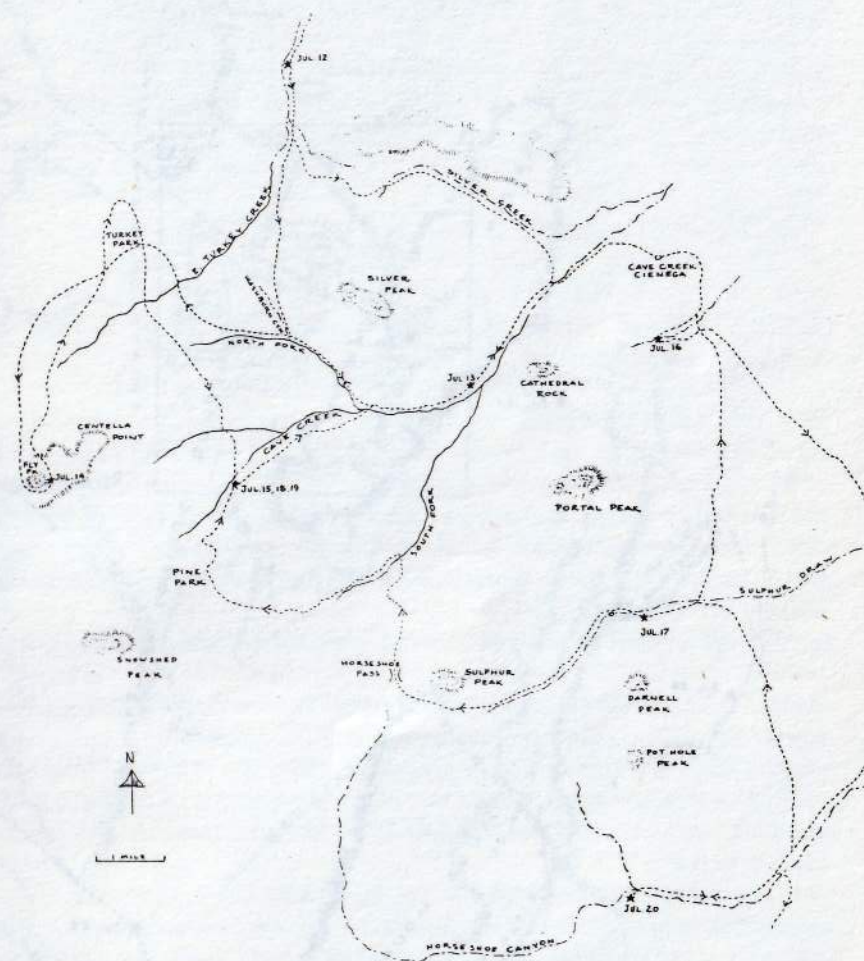
Continuing the log for **Tuesday, the 12th** — "I passed up this canon about two miles, and finding a little rain water in holes in the rocks, encamped at 12, M. There was not water enough for my animals and I sent them two miles above, where an abundance was found — rain water also. During the night a heavy rain furnished us an ample supply. My guide has always found permanent water here. There is ample pine timber accessible in this canon, and a large quantity at its head, possibly inaccessible without great labor."

It isn't clear if Tidball made it seven miles from the divide or from his Cienegita. It is actually about six miles from Squaw Springs to a place at the mouth of East Turkey Creek Canyon where scoured-out potholes occur in a granite dike exposed in a stream bed. A mile-and-a-half upstream would put his mules on water in the vicinity of Paradise. There is timber further up the canyon and it is true that most of it is difficult to reach.

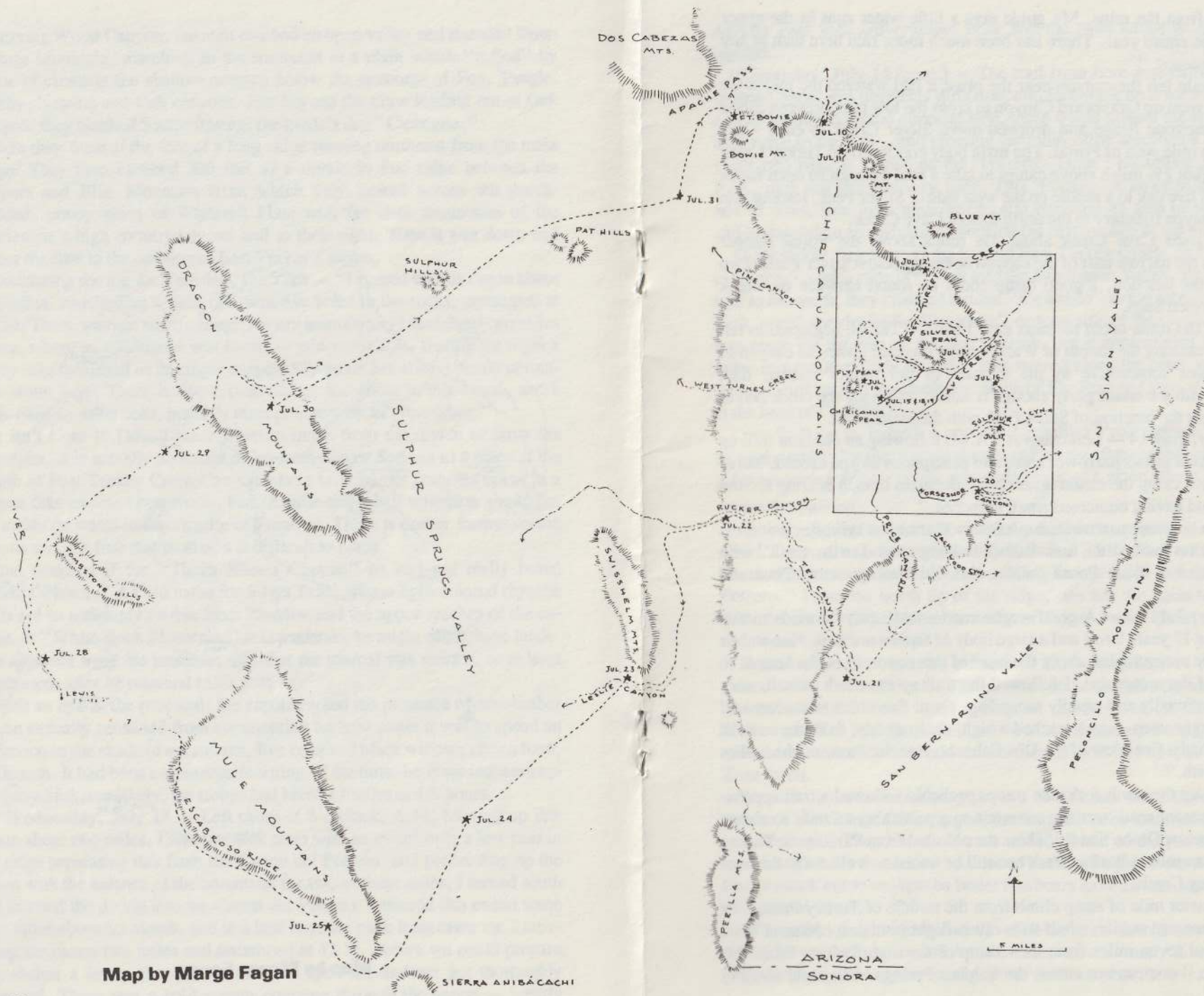
One wonders if for "Tierra Blanca Canyon" he had not really heard "Piedra Blanca." An old name for Silver Peak, whose light-colored rhyolite cliffs are so strikingly visible from Paradise and the upper reaches of the canyon, is "White Rock Mountain." It is a mistake he might easily have made. It is apparent from the tenses he uses that the journal was written, or at least re-phrased, after he returned to his post.

With an eye to the practical, the captain noted the presence of saw-timber but he stoically refrained from commenting on how sweet it was to spend an afternoon in the shade of sycamores, live oaks and black willows after a hard, hot march. It had been a strenuous morning. If the times he recorded were accurate, which is unlikely, the troops had hiked 17 miles in 4½ hours.

"Wednesday, July 13 — Left camp at 8 o'clock, A.M. Moving up this canon about two miles, I sent the pack train with an escort over a low pass in the ridge separating this from the Canon del Potrero, and proceeding up the canon with the balance of the command for two or three miles, I turned south and crossed the divide into the Canon del Potrero. I entered this canon some four miles above its mouth, and in a half hour the pack train came up. I moved up the canon two miles and encamped at 12 M. Before we could prepare any shelter a heavy thunder storm burst upon us, and we got thoroughly saturated. There was a bold stream coursing through the canon — greatly



Map by Marge Fagan



swollen now from the rains. My guide says a little water runs in the upper part during the entire year. There has been much more rain here than at any point we had passed."

The pack train left the canyon near the place it had watered the mules the night before, went up Graveyard Canyon to cross the low pass between Silver Peak and Limestone Ridge and dropped down Silver Creek to enter Cave Creek about a mile west of Portal. The main body continued up Turkey Creek about a mile (but 2½ miles above camp) to take a trail through an open forest of juniper and live oak to a saddle on the west side of Silver Peak, leading into Washburn Canyon tributary to the north fork of Cave Creek.

Washburn joins Cave Creek about 4½ miles above the Portal Ranger Station where the narrow part of the canyon opens up below Silver Peak. Two miles above the junction, a good camp could be found between the creek bottom and Welch Seep.

Because of the route taken the next day, I believe Tidball neglected to tell us that after reaching the mouth of Washburn he traveled down the canyon to meet his mules somewhere in the vicinity of the ranger station, then backtracked with the entire party about 1½ miles, following the creek bed to Sunny Flat near the junction of South Fork with the main creek.

"Thursday, July 14 — Left camp at 7 A.M. following an old faint trail up the canon, which grows narrower and more precipitous as you ascend. Three miles above our camp the canon branches — the main branch bearing around to the south and having numerous small branches."

The canyon becomes narrower above Sunny Flat and in 1½ miles (not three miles) the stream forks, "the main branch bearing around to the south" with many tributaries — from Fossil Saddle, the Old Headquarters, Cima and Round Park.

"Thursday, July 14 — A good wagon road could easily be made to this point [and was 17 years later] and a large body of timber reached. Pine and fir trees cover the entire region about the head of this canon from the bottom to the summit of the mountains. I followed the trail up the north branch, very rough and continually and rapidly ascending, about five miles — the last half mile exceedingly steep — and reached a high, sharp divide, from the summit of which we had a fine view of the Dos Cabezas, Apache Pass and the vallies [sic] to the north."

Preceding up the north fork, the troops probably followed a trail approximating the present road over the mountain to a point about a mile southeast and 350 feet below Onion Saddle. There the old road from Paradise in Turkey Creek to the sawmill in Barfoot Park can still be traced as it climbs to the west through Turkey Creek.

About a quarter mile of steep climb from the middle of Turkey Park, they reached an unnamed saddle, a half-mile raven-flight northeast of Buena Vista Peak and about seven miles from their camp of the night before. From this "sharp divide," one can see across the Sulphur Springs Valley and north to

Apache Pass with Government Peak and the twin knobs of Dos Cabezas beyond.

"Thursday, July 14 [cont.] — The trail from here descended into Tierra Blanca Canon, in a northerly direction, and following up it for a mile ascends a steep mountain on the opposite side, there winds around the steep side of a high ridge to the S.W., and crossing the main ridge descends a few hundred yards into what is known as the 'Potrero'. Here I encamped at 1 o'clock, P.M., men and animals very tired. This 'Potrero' is an open grove of pine and fir trees, free from underbrush, and covering an area of several miles, and is situated on an undulating slope on the eastern side of the mountain."

At the saddle they were at the head of East Turkey Creek, or "Tierra Blanca Canon," which runs northeast into the San Simon Valley. By going up the trail to the south, they climbed a ridge "for a mile" to the foot of Buena Vista Peak, which overlooks the "opposite" or west side of the range. No mileage was given for the rest of the day's march, but it appears that in about five miles in a southwesterly direction they moved along the crest, past Rustler's Park, to curl around the southwest slope of Fly Peak to camp at its north foot at the head of Centella Point.

Centella Point is, indeed, a potrero. Literally a "colt pasture," when used as a geographical term, the word refers to a long, flat-topped spur with steep sides projecting from a larger mountain mass — a place where livestock can be easily confined.

Centella, with a maximum width of a half mile, protrudes out into Cave Creek Canyon basin between the Fly Park and Round Park tributaries. It is a dominate feature of the canyon, providing an apt name for the "Canon del Potrero." From the north tip of the ridge, one has the basin laid out below with the sheer reddish rhyolite walls of Silver Peak, Portal Peak and the narrow of Cave Creek beyond.

The men had reason to be exhausted. They had hiked 14 miles and had gained 4,000 feet in altitude. Tidball went on to describe the valuable timber resources and the cold water springs at the base of the mountain (Bear Wallow and Tub Springs as well as two or three unnamed ones), and the wild gooseberries, strawberries and onions that can still be found in that Canadian Zone forest.

"... it is the most interesting portion of Arizona that I have visited," he writes. "The change from ragged, barren mountains and monotonous plains is refreshing." They found no trace of Indian use of the potrero. Merejildo explained that it was avoided because of bears. The guide was not referring to fear of attack but to an Apache belief that bears have an immaterial power that can cause sickness.

"Thursday, July 14 [concluded] — All the great canons through which we passed between this point and Apache Pass, were formerly favorite resorts of the Indians, as their numerous old 'peels' indicate; but there is no evidence of

their recent residence in any of them. I presume that none have lived here since the establishment of this post. The trails, though wide and formerly much used showed no signs of recent travel. We found one place, immediately upon a plain trail — in an old camp of the Mexican force which was up here in March last — a lance and bayonet; conclusive evidence that no Apaches had passed since."

Five months before this American expedition, a rather large military party of Mexicans from Sonora surprised an Apache camp in the Chiricahuas, probably in Turkey Creek, killing several men, women and children.

"Friday, July 15 — Left camp at 7 o'clock, A.M., traveling in a N.E. direction for about two miles through an open forest of pine. The trail which winds down the narrow ridge after leaving the 'potrero', bears to the S.E. and is faint and difficult to travel. We reached the foothills in about five miles and struck a plain trail which runs along the foothills parallel with the mountains their whole length. I followed this trail for seven miles and reached the Rio Ancho, a rapid and rocky stream from twenty to thirty feet in width and from two to three feet in depth, and crossing to the south side, encamped at 1 o'clock P.M. A rain set in a few minutes after leaving camp in the morning and continued until after we encamped."

The Centella Point camp in the open grove of gray-barked Englemann spruce was the most pleasant the men were to have and they must have been reluctant to leave it. A spur to the northeast off the potrero drops, on a fairly gentle grade, through big timber to where they crossed Fly Peak's meadow and, avoiding the longer trail on the crest of the divide, went the length of Long Park to reach the same ridge by which they had climbed the range the day before.

Still traveling northeast, they dropped down through Turkey Park and well into Turkey Creek Canyon. Allowing for the switchbacks and winding that was necessary in that steep terrain, they may have covered a little more than five miles before they arrived at a place near the end of the ridge dividing Onion Creek from the main course of East Turkey Creek where they could swing south on the trail "parallel with the mountains."

In about seven more miles through a forest of low-growing live oak and juniper and scattered Chiricahua pine, crossing Turkey Creek and the basin of Cave Creek, they reached the middle fork of Cave Creek, probably not far from John Hands Campground. It was a good hike of 12 miles in six hours in the rain but essentially all downhill.

"Friday, July 15 [continued] — ... The stream runs in the direction of Cienega de Sauz [an early name for the San Simon Cienega], and is probably its main source of supply. ... About an hour after encamping, the guard with the heard [sic] discovered several Indians going up a steep mountain about a mile from camp. I immediately dispatched Sergeant Brown of Co. 'K' 5th Cal. Vols., with twenty men in pursuit. Sergeant Brown and party went up the mountain very rapidly and, after passing a little the point where the In-

dians had been seen, was hailed, in Spanish, by an Indian from an almost perpendicular cliff about one hundred feet above them. He said he was a warrior and a brave one, and commenced shooting arrows. After throwing a few arrows without effect he began to throw rocks. He struck Corp'l Bair of my company with a rock and bruised his arm severely. He soon fell mortally wounded, and then called for Berriguildi [sic], whom he recognized. When Berriguildi was satisfied he could not use his bow and arrows, he approached him and tried to get him to talk, but he would not say nothing. ... He soon died. Berriguildi recognised [sic] him as an Apache chief named Old Plume, one of Chies (Co-cheis) old warriors — an Indian guilty of numerous murders and robberies, sullen and tyrannical among his own people and merciless to all others. He could have easily made his own escape with the others, but he either halted to cover the retreat of his women and children, or else considered it unworthy [of] a brave chief to run, and with savage stoicism determined to sacrifice himself; in either case an act of heroism worthy of admiration — even in an Apache. Sergeant Brown, suspecting he had stopped to save his women and children, pushed rapidly up the mountain, but owing to the nature of the place — it being almost entirely bare rock, and very broken and rough, he could not get their trail, and after several hours fruitless search returned to camp. There were five jacals on the side of the mountain near the summit, and several springs near them. The mountain itself is a bold bluff standing prominently out into the valley. It would have been almost impossible to have surprised the Indians in this location. I named it Lookout Mountain. A mescal pit was found within four hundred yards of my camp, from which the roasted mescal had been drawn. This had been hastily abandoned by two or three women. It was by mere chance that we saw any of these Indians at all, as the heavy rains had obliterated all signs by which we might have detected their presence in the vicinity, and prevented their mescal fires from being seen. I allowed the men to take what mescal they wanted and had the balance destroyed."

If I have located the camp correctly in the vicinity of John Hands Dam, the herder may have discovered the Indians in the neighborhood of Herb Martyr Campground. Sgt. Brown and his guide, pursuing them up the hill on the right bank of the creek, were stopped by Plume's shouts and arrows from the high cliffs that frame the falls about a mile up the stream. After killing the warrior, the detail went on up the mountain to their left after fleeing Indians to their empty camp above Fossil Spring, Pine Park or Fossil Saddle.

"Saturday, July 16 — Left camp at 7 A.M., following a plain trail along the foothills, near the base of a high bluff and rocky range of mountains on our right. After I had proceeded about four miles, the Indians were heard hallowing from the cliffs of this range. I halted the command and sent Berriguildi to have a talk with them, and instructed him to tell them to come into camp and make a treaty — assuring them they should not be harmed if they would do so. After a parley of several hours, four Indians came down to have

a talk. He would not come near, and both were required to speak at the tops of their lungs to be understood. The Indian said they would make a treaty and would come to the fort in eight days for that purpose. He said they belonged partly to Mangus' and partly to Chies' (Co-chies') bands, and that they had a treaty and traded with the people of Janos, Chichihua [sic]. Berriguldi insisted on their coming in and making a treaty right now, which they finally agreed to do if I would encamp. I did not have much faith in their promises, but determined to test them, and moving forward a few hundred yards to a favorable location, encamped. Whether they had no intention of coming in, or whether they feared treachery from a few of my men who had gone, without my knowledge, into a ravine merely for water, I do not know; but by the time the mules were fairly unpacked, they had all fled up the mountain. An attempt to overtake them in their position was useless, and after an hour's delay I packed up and moved on. As soon as we moved they commenced building signal fires along the cliffs in the direction we were going. I reached a 'Laguna' in the edge of the Valley de Sauz, where my guide expected to find water, at 3 o'clock, P.M., but it was entirely dry. The signal fires convinced me there were more Indians in the direction we were going, and I was anxious to get forward as speedily as possible, but the necessity of having water compelled me to turn up the canyon to the right and seek it. I followed up this canon about two miles and encamped at 4 P.M., without water. A rain in the evening afforded a supply."

Four miles downstream from the postulated camp up the Rio Ancho, with the bluffs of Reed Mountain and the lower slopes of Portal Peak on their right, they were probably close to the south end of Cathedral Rock when they were hailed by the Apaches. The parley with the four who "came down to the edge of a grove" about a mile away to talk with Merejildo may have taken place near the Portal Ranger Station, and Tidball's show of making camp was a few hundred yards below, where the country begins to open up. If he had "little faith" in the Indians' promises to come in to make a treaty, they obviously had less faith in his promise that they would not be harmed. The capture of Cochise under a flag of truce three years before and more recent killing of Mangus Coloradas by treachery were both fresh in their memories, to say nothing of Plume's death the day before.

The "Laguna" at the edge of the valley was Cave Creek Cienega, or Cienega Spring, a half mile from the creek bed and three quarters of a mile east of Portal, where a grove of cottonwood and hackberry stands at the base of a bare limestone hill. Finding it dry, they rounded the point and made their way south along the foot of Portal Peak a couple of miles to a small unnamed canyon. They had made only 11 or 12 miles in nine hours but had parlayed "several hours," made camp and broken it again.

"Sunday, July 17 — Marched at 6 o'clock, A.M., down the canon and took the main trail. Discovered that two Indians had proceeded us during the night. At 10 o'clock, A.M. reached "Palm Springs", but found no water.

After several hours delay scout found water two or three miles up a canon to the right, and I encamped at 1 o'clock, P.M. Here I found several huts which had been occupied within a few weeks by a small party of Indians — but no fresh signs, the rain here, as below, having destroyed them. Satisfied that the Indians, if any in this vicinity, were on the alert, I determined to march that night and, if possible get in the rear and surprise the rancheria near Rio Ancho. Accordingly at dark I packed up and marched back, and encamped at 2 o'clock, A.M., on the morning of the 18th, in a canon three miles south of where we had last seen the Indians."

"Palm Springs" was undoubtedly named for the palmilla, or soapweed yucca that is so plentiful in this part of the San Simon Valley, but just where it was is not so certain. Anderson Seep was not far enough to have spent four hours reaching it. It may have been a wet spot on Horseshoe Draw south of Rodeo about seven miles from camp.

The water "up a canon to the right" was probably in Horseshoe Canyon at the North Fork or the Pothole tributary. If so, they had made only about 13 miles in seven hours, but had dawdled around the dry hole at Palm Spring while the scouts found water. Most of the day had been spent out in the valley.

After an afternoon's rest, they made a night hike of about six miles back north to the mouth of Sulphur Canyon. This is closer to six miles than three from where they last seen the Indians, but no other spot is possible in light of the next day's activities.

"Monday, July 18 — At day break I directed Lieut. Tapia with the main force and pack train to proceed leasurly [sic] down the trail to our old camp on the Rio Ancho, and if the Indians showed themselves to attract their attention as much as possible. At the same time I started with Berriguldi and 20 picked men of my company up the mountain — hoping to get in the rear, or at least find them somewhere on the mountains. It is useless to attempt to describe the region we passed over. Suffice to say that in all my experience in the mountains, not inconsiderable, I never passed over so rough and broken a region, or made so hard a march. The Indians had left, and owing to the rocky surface and heavy rains we were unable to tell in what direction they had gone. I am confident they were still somewhere high up in these cliffs, the rain suppling them with water and enabling them to occupy positions where they could not live in the dry season. I reached the Rio Ancho at 5 o'clock, P.M. where I found Lieut. Tapia and command encamped. No Indians had been seen."

Lt. Tapia and the main body of the command had a relatively relaxed day of it, but Thomas Tidball and his 20 Californians and Merejildo Grijalva put in a brutally hard day. They went up Sulphur Canyon about 4½ miles — the last mile or so through thick oak brush and manzanita — to cross a saddle between Sulphur Canyon and the head of Horseshoe.

They emerged from the chaparral into a more open forest, went around the

west side of Sulphur Peak and swung north to go through Horseshoe Pass, to drop down into South Fork near Maple Camp, went up the narrow canyon a short distance to climb up again to Fossil Saddle or Pine Park, where three days before they had found the Apache camp.

By then they had covered 10 or 11 miles of truly rugged terrain, climbed 2,500 feet, lost it and regained it. They were still nearly three miles to their bivouac. No one who has any familiarity with off-trail scrambling in this part of the Chiricahuas can wonder at the brevity of the next day's entry in the commanding officer's diary.

"Tuesday, July 19 — Laid over. The stream had fallen somewhat and the water was very clear. Plenty of small fish show that this water is permanent."

"Wednesday, July 20 — Left camp at 2 o'clock, A.M., and marched back to my camp of the 17th, where I arrived at 10 o'clock, A.M."

Monday's forced march under a July sun not only exhausted the men — it dehydrated them. To avoid a repetition of that condition, the captain, from Wednesday's early start until the expedition returned to the post, dodged the heat of the day by hitting the trail at daylight or before.

In eight hours on this day they covered about 18 miles of fairly easy trail, making camp in Horseshoe Canyon again before it got hot — compared to other days it almost made a second day of rest.

"Thursday, July 21 — Marched at 3 A.M., trail bearing to the S.W. Passed a high ridge in two miles from camp and entered the head of the Valley del Sauz, which hear [sic] bears around to the south and west. In six miles reached a 'spring' where [the] guide expected to find water, but it was dry. Six miles further in a S.E. direction found rain water, in a ravine, and encamped at 12 o'clock, M."

Their trail did not bear southwest until they reached the valley and it seems likely that Tidball's "six miles" was counted from the mouth of Horseshoe, rather than from his camp. After rounding that "high ridge," his six miles to the southwest took them just past Two Week Spring Canyon to the entrance of Jack Wood Canyon.

If, as he stated, he actually swung to the southeast from that dry spring, his six miles would take him across the valley where he might end up close to Natural Tank, a mile or so north of Skeleton Canyon. But the following day's itinerary makes it almost inescapable that this "S.E. direction" to the rain water was in error. He went southwest.

The march the following day makes it appear likely that Thursday's route was two miles to the mouth of Horseshoe, six miles to Jack Wood Canyon, then about nine miles southwest over a greening plain, passing between Squaw Mountain and May Day Peak to one of several arroyos between the mouth of Mulberry Canyon and the location of the future, but now abandoned, siding and post office of Chiricahua — a total of 17 miles in nine hours. A relatively easy hike, and once again mostly out on the grassy plain.

"Thursday, July 21 [continued] — Shortly after encamping two Indians

on horseback were discovered following our trail. They ascended a hill within fifteen hundred yards of our camp, and called for Berriguildi. I sent him out with instructions to get them into camp if possible. They would not come within talking distance until he had brought his musket into camp. Finally one came down — the other remaining as a lookout — and approached within seventy-five yards. Berriguildi recognized him as an old acquaintance named Ka-eet-sah. He asked what we wanted, to which Berriguildi replied that we wanted to make a treaty of peace with the Indians. Ka-eet-sah said they had made a treaty with the Mexicans at Fronteras, but that the Mexicans had broken it, and killed about 30 of them in one day — among them all of his family. He said there were no Indians in these mountains except the small band with him and the one at Rio Ancho — all under old Plume. Ka-eet-sah asked what we went back to Rio Ancho for, to which Berriguildi replied that we went back to send an express to the fort to tell them that the Indians would be there in eight days to make a treaty, and must be kindly received. He said Chies (Co-chies) was on the Gila with the Coyotereros. To an inquiry of Berriguildi as to what had caused the spring to dry up — he replied that it was in order that soldiers could not follow the Indians; but afterwards gave a more satisfactory reason — that there had been no rain in that region for two years. He agreed to come into camp but wanted to smoke first, and requested Berriguildi to give him some tobacco. Berriguildi left him tobacco and returned to camp. He went back to his companion, had a smoke, and they mounted their horses and rode off very rapidly. Satisfied that nothing could be done with these Indians at this time, I determined to cross the mountains and pass over to the Dragoon Springs range."

Ka-eet-sah was well-advised not to trust the soldiers and come into their camp. Merejildo wasn't any more candid that the Apache had been with him, because the return to the Rio Ancho had been with the obvious intention of killing Indians, and the guide was disgusted with his captain for not shooting Ka-eet-sah while they talked at the foot of that volcanic hill.

"Friday, July 22 — Left camp at 3 A.M., trail bearing N.W., through a wide canon towards a low pass. I reached the summit of this pass in nine miles, the ascent being very gradual, and gradually descending about two miles, entered the great "Canon de Aliso," and following down it in a S.W. direction, encamped at 12 M. We found good water — some in pools and some that ran a short distance and sank. An abundance of small fish indicated that the water is permanent. Permanent water is found on both sides of the pass, near the summit. The high Mountains of the Chiricahua range terminate here — those to the south of this pass are lower and not so rough. Wagons could be taken through this pass without difficulty, and a little labor would make a road far superior to that through Apache Pass."

The moon must have been full, or close to it, because again the troops left before daylight. From the mouth of the Mulberry it is nine miles to the northwest through a wide Tex Canyon to the low pass leading to Rucker Canyon

by its Cottonwood Creek tributary. Some five miles from the top of the pass, after marching through the alligator junipers festooned with mustang grapes, the walnuts, white oaks and sycamores — Merejildo's alisos — they camped in the lower end of the canyon, having made 15 miles in nine hours. It was an easy day.

"Saturday, July 23 — Marching at daylight down the canon, going S.W. for three miles to the valley. Trails from both sides of the mountains meet here and form one great trail to Fronteras, Sonora." [Here they are on Whitewater Draw at the edge of the Sulphur Springs Valley where this trail meets an old trail from Apache Pass. There are numerous references to a well-beaten trail through the valley to Fronteras.]

"Here the arroyo from the great canon, which is marked by a belt of timber, turns to the N.W., and extends a long way out onto the plain. Permanent water, I am informed, can be found in two places in the arroyo on the plain." [Lined with desert willow and hackberry, Whitewater runs to the northwest for about four miles but then turns sharply around the north end of the Swisshelms to run south into Mexico just west of Agua Prieta. The two water holes referred to were Soldier's Hole, a couple miles northwest of Elfrida, and a little cienega just north of the border.]

"Continuing S.W., over rolling hills for five miles we reached a divide, the waters from which flow into the rivers of Sonora on the south, and the Gila on the north. Near the summit, on the south side of this divide, is a spring of water in a deep arroyo, called 'Alamo.' Eight miles from here in a S.S.W. direction I entered a canon in a great spur which curves out from the Chiricahua mountains and extends a long way to the N.W. down the valley. About a mile from the entrance to this canon I found a little water in a hole and by digging obtained plenty. I encamped here at 3 o'clock, P.M."

Turning south up a tributary to Whitewater for a distance closer to 3½ miles than to five miles, Tidball crossed an almost imperceptible divide onto Mesa Creek and followed it down into Leslie Canyon which cut through the Swisshelms — his great spur of the Chiricahuas. He was mistaken in his statement that the low divide separated the water of the Gila from those of the Rio Yaqui. If he had followed Whitewater Draw to the northwest into the valley he would have learned that it swung south rather than to continue north toward the Gila.

"Sunday, July 24 — Left camp at 2, A.M. and passing down the canon one mile reached the open plain. This canon is narrow but perfectly practicable for wagons, and the water is permanent. I struck across the plain without a trail in a S.W. direction, toward a gap in the Dragoon Spring range, and finding an abundance of water in ponds on the plains in about 15 miles, encamped at 11, A.M."

Captain Tidball was a little optimistic about the permanence of water in Leslie Canyon, having had to dig for it during the rainy season. Rather than heading due west for the pass between the Dragons and Mule Mountains, he

struck out for another obvious gap — that between the south end of the Mules and the north end of the Sierra Naideribachi in Sonora. After an hour's descent from the canyon, they marched for the rest of the day in the open valley. Fifteen miles would put them back on Whitewater Draw somewhere near Double Adobe.

"Monday, July 25 — Marched at daylight. In six miles I struck a plain trail, bearing from the gap towards which I was traveling to Sulphur Springs. A large band of cattle, mules and burros had been driven north over the trail very recently. I judged them to have passed at least forty-eight hours before, and deemed successful pursuit, with Infantry, impracticable. This is undoubtedly one of the greatest thoroughfares of the Coyoteros in their depredations upon Sonora. Following the trail I entered the pass in four miles, and found a small spring about one mile from the entrance, in a ravine to the north of the main trail. There was not water sufficient for my command, and I went about two miles up the canyon to the right, and found plenty of water in a hole in the arroyo, but it was strongly impregnated with minerals and very unpleasant to the taste. We found here veins of alum or something very much resembling it. A very large band of Indians had wintered here — probably last winter. A heavy shower in the evening supplied us with good water."

The men crossed the trail of the Indians and their rustled stock between Twin Buttes and Paul Spur, and backtracking them for four miles, entered the pass just south of Crook Tunnel on the Southern Pacific tracks — about 200 yards on the Mexican side of the international border. They found their bitter water up Gold Gulch below the Ivanhoe mine and about a mile east of the Bisbee airport.

"Tuesday, July 26 — Marched at daylight and in two miles reached an open plain stretching down to the San Pedro River. Wagons can be taken through this pass easily, and could pass without difficulty from the San Pedro over the route I traveled to the head of the Valley del Sauz, and the longest interval without water will not exceed twenty-five miles.

I was anxious if possible, to go down through the mountains to Dragoon Springs, and with this object in view left the trail leading to the San Pedro and struck into the mountains to the north. There was no trail, and after making an exceedingly hard march of fifteen miles, I was compelled to leave the mountains and go to the San Pedro — eight miles farther, when I encamped at 3 o'clock, P.M."

It was probably around the head of Greenbrush Draw that the troops left the direct approach to the San Pedro Valley and headed into the mountains. Passing just west of Red Mountain, they made their way through the ocotillo and over sharp limestone and crossed Escabrosa Ridge. They left the hills via Banning Creek or Sandy Bob Wash and reached the river somewhere between Hereford and Lewis Spring on the San Rafael de Valle Grant. It was not as grueling as the climb up Sulphur Canyon to Rio Ancho on the 18th; still it was another tough day under a July sun in which they covered upward of 23 miles

in 11 hours.

The belt of green cottonwoods was in sight for that last eight miles and one can imagine that not every soldier bothered to remove and carefully fold his clothes before lunging face down into the clear water of the San Pedro River.

"Wednesday, July 27 — Laid over on the San Pedro."

"Thursday, July 28 — Marched at daylight down the river and encamped at 11 o'clock, A.M. at a point on the river about a mile from the San Louis [sic] Silver Mine."

Thursday's camp was near the San Pedro Silver Mine where, just four years before, Frederic Brunckow and two of his partners were killed by their Mexican employees. If the troops followed the meanders of the stream, they made about 12 miles in something like seven hours. After Tuesday's dry, rocky hike through thorny brush, that day's stroll by the water's edge in the shade of cottonwood tree must have been a pleasant break.

"Friday, July 29 — Marched at daylight. Faint trail bearing N.E. over a barren rocky mesa. In twenty miles I reached a marsh, where we attained good water by digging. This march is marked by four sycamore trees — the only tree save mequit [sic] near there."

By swinging around the north end of the Three Brothers and the Tombstone Hills and heading straight for Middlemarch Pass, in 17 or 18 miles he struck Sycamore Spring, which is still an oasis of green hidden in an arroyo in the middle of the broad, barren bajada of greasewood and caliche. A sycamore, a black willow and a cottonwood in a thicket of sapote mark the spot today.

Saturday, July 30 — Marched at daylight and entered a canon in the Dragoon Springs mountains in four miles. The ascent to the summit on the N.W., is very gentle — on the N.E., I traveled south and in two miles found water high up on the side of the mountain. Encamped here at 11 o'clock, A.M."

Four miles northeast of Sycamore Spring, they entered West Middlemarch Canyon. The descent on the east side of the summit is, indeed, much steeper. A mile-and-a-half due south of the mouth of East Middlemarch is Black Diamond Spring — just about 10 miles in a little over six hours, but much of the distance was on steep slopes.

A direct line for Apache Pass, which could be seen from his camp high on the side of the Dragons, would lead Tidball just south of the Sulphur Hills and north of the Pat Hills to his camp in the live oaks and hackberries on Big Sandy Wash about 10 miles from the fort. Heading for the barn, the troops clipped off an average 2½ miles an hour.

"Monday, Aug. 1 — Marched at daylight and reached this post at 9, A.M. — having been in the field 23 days and marched something over 300 miles."

Except for the destruction of stores of mescal and the killing of the sub-chief, Plume, in Cave Creek Canyon, the expedition's mission of punishing the Apaches was a failure. Light-footed and on their home ground, the Indians easily avoided the soldiers for the most part, while monitoring their

every move. Still, it was a remarkable hike, adding to the Army's knowledge of the terrain. A commander of road-bound troops in today's mechanized Army might well envy Thomas Tidball's ability to put his men over such rough country, averaging 13 miles a day, day after day, with only two days rest in 23.

With sweat-gummed woolen uniforms and worn shoes, the soldiers must have been happy to take the rest of the day for sack time at the post, no matter how shabby the quarters. The cool water of Apache Springs must have been welcome to all — officers, men and mules.

About the Author: Alden Hayes, a retired U.S. Park Service employee, lives in Portal. He is working on a book about the area.

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— Cindy Hayostek

After six years of editing *The Cochise Quarterly*, it's time for me to move on to other endeavors. I've put manuscripts in the capable hands of Jeanne Williams. I've met and corresponded with some wonderful people because of *The Quarterly* — thank you, it's been a pleasure.

Cindy Hayostek