

The Cochise Quarterly



SIXTH BRIGADE
DOUGLAS ARIZONA
1915
PHOTO BY J. V. MEDLEY

Vol. 22

No. 3

Autumn, 1993

Per.
COC
Vol. 22
no. 3

CONTENTS

ARIZONA DAYS (An excerpt from The Twilight of the Cavalry: Life in the Old Army, 1917-1942) by Lucian K. Truscott	Page 3
TWO CAMP JONES OFFICERS WHO BOARDED AT OUR HOUSE by Charles B. Fleming	Page 18
NARRATIVE BATT. B 6 F.A. by Edgar H. Yule	Page 21
THE BACK PAGES	Page 31

About the Cover: The Sixth Brigade was headquartered at Camp Douglas in this 1915 photo. It wasn't until 1916 that the Camp was renamed Camp Harry J. Jones. This and all other photos in this issue, with three exceptions as noted, are CCHAS photos.

Contents of **The Cochise Quarterly** may not be used without the permission of the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, Ariz. 85608-0818.

ISSN 019-80626

ARIZONA DAYS

Reprinted from **The Twilight of the Cavalry: Life in the Old Army, 1917-1942** by Lucian K. Truscott, © 1989 by the University Press of Kansas. Used by permission of the publisher.

Douglas, Arizona, in the summer of 1917 was permeated by two odors. Each was characteristic of an important segment of the economy which made the city a flourishing metropolis on the Mexican border at the southern end of Sulphur Spring Valley in Cochise County. One was the acrid smell of sulfuric smoke from the towering stacks of the two great copper smelters just west of the city. The other was the pungent and perhaps more characteristic odor of twenty thousand or so horses and mules and the bubbling of dozens of troop kitchen incinerators in Camp Harry J. Jones on the eastern edge of the city. Copper and horses were two vital elements in the national effort then under way in the mobilization for the First World War. ...

THE CAMP

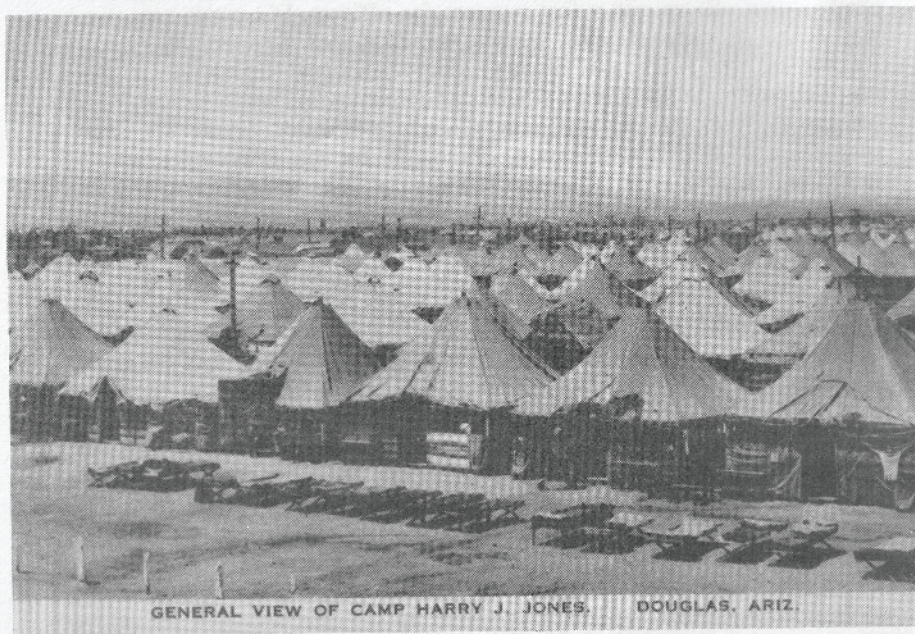
Camp Harry J. Jones was established during the border troubles which began with the Mexican Revolution in 1911 and ended with the Punitive Expedition under General Pershing in February of 1916. It was a semipermanent camp, according to the Field Service Regulation, 1914. This was a formal manner of saying that troops were housed in tents stretched over floored wooden frames. There were some buildings of temporary construction, a few of lumber, and others of adobe brick found in the border areas. These housed kitchens, mess halls, storerooms, latrines, as well as headquarters offices and a few quarters for officers. But predominantly it was a sea of canvas which housed the First and Seventeenth Cavalry Regiments, the Tenth and Eleventh Field Artillery Regiments, a camp hospital, several mule-drawn ambulance companies and wagon trains, signal companies, pack trains, and other assorted mounted units. The camp sprawled out from the eastern edge of Douglas for about two miles, parallel to the high barbed-wire fence that marked the international boundary less than a mile to the south. The road from town led through the length of the camp and continued on generally parallel to the border, a distance of 18 or so miles to Slaughter's Ranch. ...

The layout of the Seventeenth Cavalry area was typical of the times. Facing the border was a row of five or six small adobe houses, the Field Officers' Line, where the regimental commander and several of his senior officers lived. Immediately in rear of this line but facing in the other direction was the regimental headquarters. It was a long, low, tin-roofed building of adobe divided into three rooms each about 24 feet square. The regimental commander and adjutant divided one end room. The central room housed the regimental sergeant-major and his four or five clerks. The regimental supply officer, the supply sergeant, and two or three clerks occupied the other room.

Close by the regimental headquarters building was another tin-roofed adobe building, in one end of which were the officers' showers and on the other end an open pavilion or porch, where officers assembled at Officers' Call to receive the orders of the day. The headquarters building was located

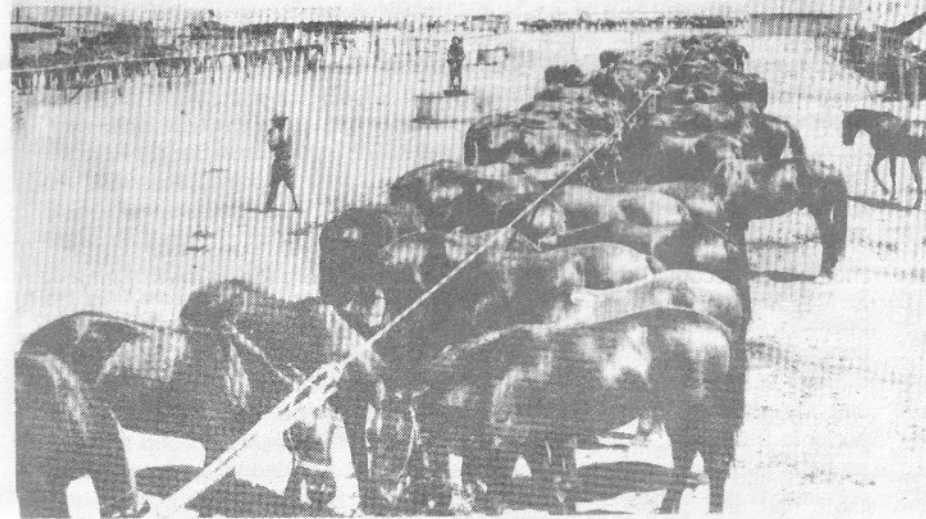
in the center of the end of the regimental area, with the Troop Officers' Line of small wall tents and a few adobe huts on one side and the row of kitchens and mess halls, which stood at the head of each troop street, on the other. By the kitchen doors, cord-wood fires kept the incinerators boiling away the liquid swill while the fire itself consumed any kitchen waste which could not be converted into steam. This was a major part of the characteristic odor of the camp, and our adobe haciendas were rather aromatic when the wind was blowing in the wrong (our) direction.

Each of the fifteen troop streets consisted of seventeen or eighteen tents. At the far end of each were the storerooms, bathhouses, and latrines. The stables occupied the space across the street from the latrines, running the length of the regimental area. In each long, open stable, about a hundred horses stood in pairs in double stalls facing inward across a center aisle down which the stable crew passed with feed carts to fill the mangers with fragrant hay and to measure out the rations of grain into feedboxes of galvanized iron. There were usually two or three box stalls for the accommodation of such special animals as the horses of the captain, first sergeant, and stable sergeant or for sick horses requiring special care. Each stable had tack rooms for the storage of the riding equipment of each platoon, and a separate building furnished space for feed storage and the horseshoers and saddlers. On one side of each stable was a picket line, a cable of rope or wire, for tying out the animals for grooming and saddling. Each stable and picket line were surrounded by a corral with board fences, where the horses were turned loose during some part of the day. The entire



GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP HARRY J. JONES. DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

A sea of tents housed soldiers at Camp Jones in 1917. Note the cots in the foreground receiving an airing.



FEEDING TIME CAMP HARRY J. JONES DOUGLAS, ARIZ.

Horses eating hay underneath a picket line at Camp Jones. The horses have on halters but are not tied to the picket line.

regimental area occupied a rectangular space of somewhat more than a half mile in length and over a quarter mile in width. This is where we lived and learned to be cavalymen. ...

At Camp Jones the bugler of the guard regulated all of our day's activities. He ruled our lives with the clear notes which penetrated every corner of the camp. During those war days, Reveille sounded at half past five in the winter months, so our days began well before dawn. Troop officers took turn standing Reveille with their troops and, after roll call, reported to the officer of the day midway down the regimental street. Such reports were made again at Retreat in the evening and again at Taps at eleven o'clock at night after a bed check by the noncommissioned officer in charge of quarters. The bugle blew on numerous other occasions during the day at prescribed intervals: Mess, Police, Sick, and Drill calls early in the day; and later, Recall, Stable, Officers', and First Sergeants' calls. No bells, PA systems, telephone calls, or radio messages. Just the bugle. And we followed its orders.

Morning drill was usually of three hours' duration, consisting of equitation, squad, platoon, and troop drill at the walk, trot, and gallop; exercises in fighting on foot, which the cavalry had to be prepared to do in war; and other varied and complex cavalry movements. On certain days each week the squadron, regimental, and in some cases, troop commanders, all practiced formations, drills, parades, reviews, or other mounted ceremonies. Two thousand maneuvering horses stirred up great clouds of choking dust that coated men, horses, and equipment with a fine powder.

Officers' Call sounded at 11:45 a.m. daily except Sundays and

holidays. After passing along routine orders and directives for the day, the adjutant usually announced the regimental commander, who then commented in detail and with some degree of displeasure on errors noted in his rounds of the camp area and drill field that day. At the same time, the first sergeants were receiving instructions and details for the troops from the regimental sergeant major. During these early months of the war there were typewriters in each troop and regimental office but no telephones. Routine business was transacted orally or by handwritten or typed memoranda. As a rule, only official correspondence to higher headquarters, especially that dealing with financial and property accountability, was prepared in more than a single copy.

The regimental staff was small, no more than four or five officers besides the commanding officer, and about the same number of noncommissioned officers and clerks. Great stress was placed on form in military correspondence and communications, and the use of the third person and the passive voice were habitual. Files were not extensive. A small portable field desk, about thirty inches on each side, held all troop records, property accounts, the complete file of correspondence, and necessary regulations and manuals. Typewriters were coming into more general use, and the regimental commander required each new second lieutenant to type a report in person to show that if need be, he could type a letter in the proper format. ...

The schooling of the junior officers in the Seventeenth Cavalry was typical of both the place and the times: simple and direct. Immediately after our arrival, Lt. Daniel A. Connor, the adjutant of the Seventeenth Cavalry, took our group of a dozen provisional officers for a ride on horseback to familiarize us with the area and to introduce us to the mounted service. Most had ridden before, having come from towns, farms, and ranches of the Southwest. Few of us, though, had any experience with military equipment or with military riding. After two or three quiet, gentle rides with Lt. Connor, instruction in equitation began in earnest under one of the senior hard-bitten officers of the regiment, Lt. Edwin N. ("Pink") Hardy, a graduate of the Military Academy, class of 1911. [Hardy was commander of Fort Huachuca during World War II.] He was a man of rugged appearance, even more rugged character and a fine horseman. Hour after hour of his suppling exercises at a slow trot without stirrups certainly went a long way toward developing our cavalry seats!

We attended drills and other formations with the troop to which we were assigned. There, under the wing of an experienced noncommissioned officer, each of us gradually acquired the rudiments of the technique of command and learned to apply them in putting our platoons through equitation: "The School of the Trooper Mounted," and the other complexities of mounted and dismounted drill formations by voice command, signal and whistle. The noncommissioned officers who guided us during these days of our early careers almost invariably remained close friends during the many long years of service which followed. ...

THE MEN WHO MADE US CAVALRYMEN

Typical of our instructors was Capt. Roy W. Holderness, a graduate of

the West Point class of 1904, a real "old timer" in our eyes. He was a colorful personality, genial and attractive, and full of endless stories of life in the "Old Army." His instruction usually consisted of assembling our group of a dozen or so young officers in an open-air dance pavilion, which afforded shade from the blazing afternoon sun and some degree of shelter from the desert winds. Then he would read from the manual the lesson assignment for the day. There were no charts, no diagrams, no photographs, no illustrations, no training aids of any sort. No practical work for the students; no question period. He read. We listened. Then, the day's reading done, he would regale us with tales and anecdotes of colorful cavalry personalities and past cavalry history. Most of us doubtless learned more from these sessions than we did from the reading of the dry, styleless military manuals, for Captain Holderness was a storyteller of rare ability.



A cavalry officer of the time, Lt. Charles Stephens.

We young officers received practical instruction in our troop areas. In the orderly rooms, the first sergeants and the troop clerks introduced us to the mysteries of morning reports, sick reports, duty rosters, council books, and the details of troop administration and correspondence. Mess sergeants explained how the rations were managed so that the men were fed adequately on 30 or 40 cents a day. We inventoried property with the supply sergeants and inspected feeding and horseshoeing with the stable sergeants. We made road sketches and practiced signaling, for semaphore and wig-wag flags were standard communications equipment.

One of the most interesting afternoon schools was that of Pack Transportation. The pack train itself consisted of a pack master, a stevedore, a clacksmith, a cook and 10 packers. There were one bell mare, 14 riding mules and 50 pack mules. These last carried loads of 200 pounds or more, divided into top and side loads lashed to a pack saddle of Moorish-Spanish origin called an *aparejo*. A sling rope balanced the loads on each side of the *aparejo*. The top load was placed on top of the saddle and then lashed in place by means of the "diamond hitch," an intricate but most effective way of securing the load to the *aparejo* by means of a long lash rope. The packers worked in pairs, and it was from them that we learned something of the terminology and the techniques of the art of packing. They were civilians, men of long service on the western frontier, all colorful characters with a language all their own. Pack trains had provided most of the transportation through the roadless west, especially in the mountainous areas. Their tales found ready listeners. A pair of these men could lair [layer?] up loads, saddle the mule, place the load, and lash it with incredible speed, all with the exchange of just five words: cinch, rope, go, tie and rope. The pack train on the march was a sight none of us would ever forget: the loose pack mules trailing along behind the bell mare; the packers astride their riding mules along the flanks or in the rear; the swaying loads; and the amazing distances disappearing under the rapid, swinging pace of the animals in a single day. ...

If Captain Holderness was an old-timer in our eyes, Lt. Col. James J. Hornbrook, who commanded the Seventeenth Cavalry during these days, was practically a page out of history, having graduated from West Point in 1890, before any of us were born. His nickname, "Sunny Jim," was not at all descriptive of the personality he exhibited to young officers. He was, in fact, a martinet of the old school, with an eye for minute detail. A ruthless disciplinarian, he was strict, abrupt and treated words as though they were drops of water in a canteen in the desert. His day began long before daylight when, mounted on his big bay horse, and trailed by the commanding officer's orderly — the soldier selected at guard mount the previous day in competition with all others of the guard detail — he rode the length of the regimental street while the troops were standing Reveille. He then retraced the route, examining in detail the condition of the kitchen and mess hall areas. Woe betide the troop commander at Officers' Call whose area at Reveille was in an improper state of police or whose incinerator fires were not blazing away with the swill pans bubbling. "Sunny Jim" was always present for mounted drill, where his high-pitched voice was often heard

correcting some faltering young lieutenant. And any young officer who started to explain some movement to his platoon, beginning with the words: "Now, boys, ..." was certain to bring forth a piercing scream which cut cleanly through all of the drill-field noise, "Mister Truscott, they're men, goddamit! They're men! Every one of them! They're men! Men! MEN!"

Col. Hornbrook believed that the way to instruct young officers was to assign them a task and then let them work out their own solution. The provisional officers had only been in the regiment a few days when we were directed by the adjutant to report to the commanding officer. One after the other we went into his small office, reported, and received our instructions. (It took us several days to figure out that the same thing had happened to each one of us!) When we entered the office, the colonel's stoutish figure was motionless, his face absolutely expressionless, hands folded on the plain table before him, and his blue eyes were fixed coldly on the uncertain young officer standing before him at rigid attention. He spoke with his high, nasal twang: "Lieutenant, I am going to have a Russian ride next Sunday morning. All officers of the regiment will attend. Do you understand, Lieutenant? There will be 24 jumps, Lieutenant, and you are going to build two of them. You will build them at the locations shown on this sketch and to the exact specifications indicated thereon. You will build one sand-bag jump 60 feet long and three feet high and one brush jump 60 feet long and three and one-half feet high. They will be ready for the Russian ride Sunday morning. Do you understand, Lieutenant?" No lieutenant dared to say "No, sir."

So each of us received his instructions for two jumps: either sand-bag, brush, post-and-rail, ditch, chicken-coop, or another variety. Each understood the colonel's words perfectly. But the depressing fact was that none of us



Cavalry troops marching west on 10th Street in 1918 Fourth of July parade. The Elks Lodge is on the left.

had ever heard of a Russian ride, had ever seen such jumps, or had any idea of the details of construction of them in spite of the colonel's sketch. Only three days were available for the work. However, the time-honored mentors of second lieutenants, the first sergeants, came to the rescue. They provided us with the necessary advice, materials and details of men — and construction! (Later, some of us were even brash enough to wonder about collusion between the colonel, the sergeant major and the first sergeants!) Some of the jumps were of a form probably never seen before or since, but all seemed to pass muster, for the colonel led all officers of the regiment over the 24 jumps, spread out over the three-mile course of his Russian ride on Sunday morning. ...

SOCIAL LIFE — SUCH AS IT WAS!

There was considerable rejoicing among military personnel when the Congress in 1917 authorized an increase in pay. Officers received a flat increase of \$50 a month. Pay of privates was increased from \$13 to \$30 a month, privates first class from \$15 to \$35 and pay of noncommissioned officers proportionately. This all seemed enormously generous. However, pressure was soon applied to compel men to make allotments for dependents, for war-risk insurance and for the purchase of war bonds. Since deductions were always made for laundry, post-exchange coupons, lost equipment and other such items, soldiers were soon leaving the pay table with the same or less personal spending money than they had before the seemingly generous raises.

Douglas was a thriving city of about 15,000 during this period, with the cultural and recreational facilities to be expected of a city of that size and at that time. There were churches of various denominations, a YMCA, schools and a small country club that had tennis courts and a nine-hole golf course with oiled sand for greens instead of grass. In the principal business district along G Avenue and 10th Street there were several popular drugstores, restaurants and cafés, billiard and pool parlors, hotels and some excellent stores. Hotel Gadsden was a first-class modern establishment with an excellent dining room, popular among the officers. In Pirtlesville [sic] and other outlying areas there were numerous neighborhood stores, chili parlors and "soft drink" emporiums, always popular with soldiers. In these areas there were many adobe cottages occupied by Mexican laboring folk, and among these areas the usual array of camp followers was to be found.

Arizona was "dry." It had adopted prohibition when it entered the Union in 1912. [Prohibition actually took effect Jan. 1, 1915.] There was plenty of liquor in the Mexican village of Agua Prieta, just across the international boundary, but the border was closed to all traffic. There was no official intercourse between the two cities or between the two countries. There was some smuggling of the potent Mexican beverages such as tequila, mescal and sotol across the border; however, wartime restrictions prohibited alcoholic liquors within 18 miles of any military camp. The camp authorities supplemented the customs and immigration patrols with mounted patrols east and west along the international-boundary fence during the hours of darkness.

New Mexico was still "wet" at this time, and the town of Rodeo, just

inside the Arizona-New Mexico state line some 50 miles to the northeast of Douglas, did a thriving business. Rodeo was a typical western cow town, with more saloons and gambling houses than all other establishments combined. Bootleggers made the trip to and from Rodeo almost nightly. One energetic Cochise County deputy sheriff [most probably Percy Bowden] made himself quite a reputation as a law-enforcement officer by his success in apprehending "rum-runners" along the Rodeo to Douglas road. He also acquired a large measure of unpopularity among officers and men of the camp by these industrious activities.

A streetcar line ran from Douglas along 10th Street to the camp; another followed G Avenue from the customs house north to the village of Pirtlesville [sic] on the northern edge of the city. There were few automobiles, but there was a stage line utilizing Winston touring cars that ran between Douglas and Bisbee, located in the Mule Mountains about 25 miles to the west. A two-lane concrete road connected these two cities. A graveled road led from Bisbee over "The Divide," Mule Pass, to Tombstone, the county seat of Cochise County, another 25 miles to the northwest. South of Bisbee about 10 miles was the town of Naco. The international boundary separated it from the Mexican town of the same name. One troop of cavalry was stationed in Naco for patrolling the border to the east and west.

Recreation facilities in Camp Harry J. Jones consisted of one large recreation hall, operated by the Red Cross, and dance pavilions in each regimental area, where dances were held occasionally when girls could be brought from Douglas and Bisbee under chaperon. There was some baseball during the spring and summer, but never on any well-organized basis. Occasionally, regiments would conduct track-and-field meets for competition among the troops and there would be occasional field days, which would feature such mounted events as gymkhana, races and tug of war.

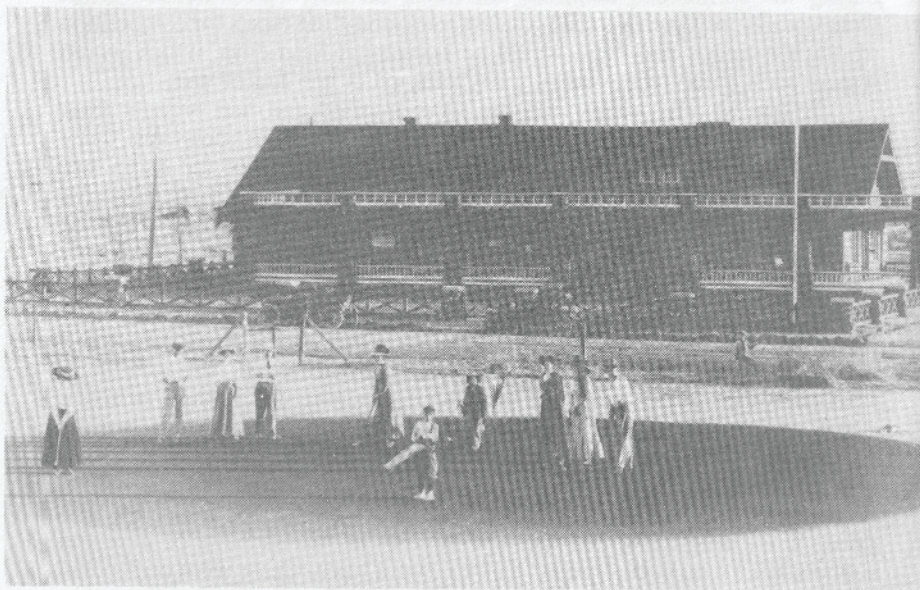
A few of the younger officers were married and had brought their wives to Douglas. No quarters were provided for them, however. They rented and lived in adobe cottages in the neighborhood of the camp, but there was no social life in the camp itself for families — no dinners, bridge or tea parties. Most social activity among the officers was limited to regular dances at the Douglas Country Club, for those who maintained the associate membership that the club extended to officers, and to the occasional dinner dances and entertainments of that nature which the regiments might sponsor there.

For officers and men both, a principal social pursuit was gambling. Poker and dice games were of almost nightly occurrence in some officer's tent or adobe shack. They were continuous in the troop areas around payday, so long as men had money. There was some clandestine drinking, and there was always the "postman's holiday" — riding. In general, however, occasional meals in town, the movie theater downtown, ice cream and soft drinks at the drugstores, and pool and billiards helped bachelor officers and soldiers alike pass such time off as they might have. There were occasional forays on weekends to Rodeo and Bisbee, but these were rather limited in scope because of expense and transportation difficulties. ...

Then there was the colonel's French school. No one in the regiment



The 11th Infantry baseball team posed for this photo after winning the 6th Brigade pennant in 1915 at Camp Jones.



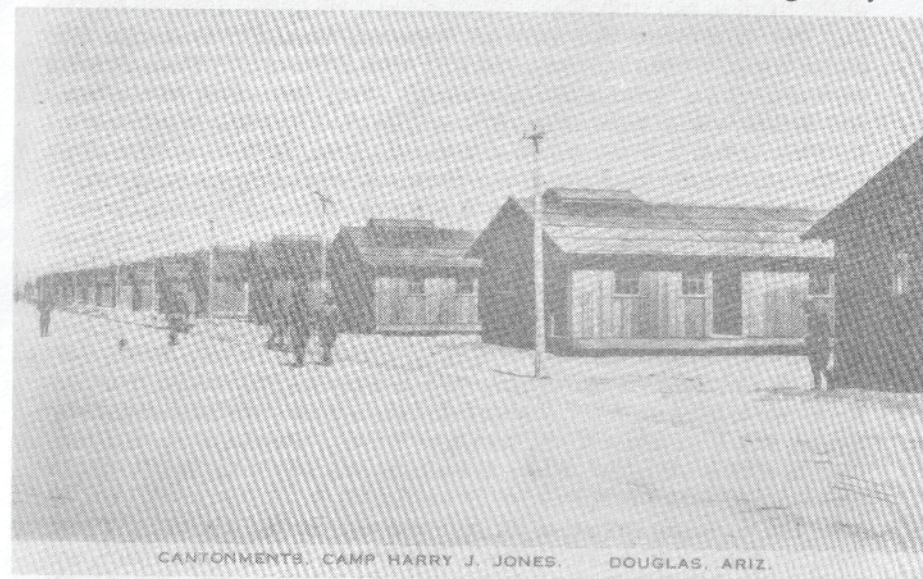
The Douglas Golf Club in 1919. The club house was in the 1500 block of 12th Street.

knew any French, so the colonel arranged for a French priest [Rev. Julius Gheldorf was really a Belgian] from the Catholic Church in Douglas as instructor. There were no texts, but regimental headquarters had received a few copies of the *Oxford English and French Conversation Book for Army and Navy Men*. This was a small cloth-bound phrase book, printed by Oxford-Print, Boston, Mass., which the War Department was beginning to distribute. Classes were held in the evening. Officers of the regiment crowded into a small room, took seats on folding chairs and the class began. No one except the padre, the regimental commander and the adjutant had copies of the text, but the padre began with pronunciation of the French alphabet — ah, bay, say, day, etc. — and the officers repeated after him. He explained accents and some of the peculiarities of the French language. Then he started with useful phrases and sentences. These periods were two-hours long and the padre's English was difficult to understand. Officers of the regiment were relieved when the classes were discontinued after about 10 days. No one acquired a French accent! ...

[The Seventeenth Cavalry remained at Camp Jones through Armistice Day and then in 1919 was sent to Hawaii. While on the islands, the regiment was deactivated as part of a post-war reorganization. It was absorbed by the Eleventh Cavalry and sent back to Camp Jones in 1921.]

BACK TO THE BORDER

Douglas had changed little in almost three years, except that it was not so prosperous and had suffered some loss in civilian and military population. The mountains still frowned down on the mesa where Camp Harry J. Jones stood, but the camp was completely changed. The sea of tents was gone, replaced by a brigade camp of temporary wartime construction, single-story



When the 17th Cavalry returned to Camp Jones in 1921, the sea of tents had been replaced by wooden barracks.

barracks. It stood on the same ground where the tent camp had been and was laid out on the same general plan. Some of the old stables were still in use; others had been removed. A quartermaster, ordnance, and service area had been added, the frame warehouses spreading over a considerable area. The substitution of small wooden cottages for officers' tents and adobe cottages of wartime days and of long low wooden barracks for the long rows of pyramidal tents were the only real changes in the regimental areas. But the camp was far from the beehive of activity it had been during the war.

In the recent reorganization of the cavalry, one squadron of the regiments had been inactivated and the machine gun troop removed from each regiment and concentrated in a machine gun squadron of three machine gun troops. So, in this brigade camp of tar-paper-roofed wooden buildings, the First Cavalry Brigade and the First Machine Gun Squadron found themselves with far more space than they could occupy or even take proper care of. Nothing deteriorates more rapidly than unoccupied buildings of flimsy construction, and such buildings do so even when ample funds and labor are available to maintain and guard them. Such was not the case in these days of severe austerity.

Living accommodations for "single men in barracks," as well as for families of officers and noncommissioned officers, left something to be desired. These structures of green wood had seasoned well in the dry desert heat, leaving cracks through which desert winds whistled and deposited great quantities of dust and sand. Just the upkeep was a great burden. Officers' quarters, except for the commanding officer's set, which was of adobe, were frame, very small and all of identical plan. One could stand in the kitchen and touch the wall on both sides without moving and then cover the length of the room in two strides.

The three years had seen one important international change. The border was now open and one could visit Agua Prieta at will. Since we were experiencing the "great noble experiment," many Americans, both military and civilian, visited there almost nightly. The town had little to offer except for the cantinas and restaurants that dispensed alcoholic beverages of all kinds and Mexican food, which was always popular along the border. Agua Prieta had great attraction for the men in the barracks and for many civilians in the city. ...

Col. A. V. P. Anderson commanded the First Cavalry and the brigade. An 1891 graduate of the Military Academy, he was a man of medium height and build, rather short of leg for a cavalryman, and always carefully dressed in well-cut uniforms of superior quality. He was extremely active, very energetic, nervous in movement, had a pleasant disposition but was somewhat lacking in humor. Rather balding, his most prominent feature was a nose, which gave rise to the sobriquet "Hooky." A widower, his family consisted of a daughter who subsequently married a lieutenant of the regiment.

The lieutenant colonel of the regiment was another who brought back thoughts of the "Old Army." Julian E. Gaujot was indeed a personality, and few men had longer service on the border or knew it as intimately as he. He wore the Medal of Honor, which he had won in 1911 when Pancho Villa's forces had attacked Agua Prieta. [Villa actually attacked Agua Prieta in

1915. Forces led by "Red" Lopez and Gen. Jose Blanco led the revolutionaries in 1911.] When Villa's fire was endangering American lives in Douglas, Gaujot had ridden alone across the mesa to inform Villa that if another shot endangered American lives, American troops would intervene at once. Col. Gaujot was a man of slender build, very dark, almost Indianlike in appearance, with sharp, regular features and penetrating black eyes. He was always immaculate, the perfect picture of a cavalryman. He had a biting and sarcastic tongue which never spared those he considered derelict in their duty, but in spite of this, he was eminently fair in his relations with subordinates and was a brilliant soldier in every respect. He was a frequent visitor to Agua Prieta, where he was very well and favorably known.

During the early postwar years, the War Department was placing great stress on rifle marksmanship. Although American youth presumably grew up familiar with weapons of all types, the distressing fact was that marksmanship in the army had fallen to a very low level. ... In firing a qualification course ... the number of men who qualified was distressingly low and few of the troops ever qualified more than 35 or 40 percent of their men. A figure of 15 to 20 percent was more likely for the troops, even though the army's minimum standard was 80 percent!

In preparation for the "target season," a board of officers was convened "for the purpose of formulating plans for the improvement of the commands in rifle and pistol practice." Nothing much came of this board, but as usually is the case, an individual provided the answer which the board was unable to find in all its deliberations.

Maj. Verne R. Bell joined the regiment that spring of 1922. He had entered the army during the postwar expansion after the Spanish American War. He was one of the finest shots in the United States Army and had won many medals in competition. Maj. Bell was also a very fine pianist, a talent in which he took great pride. He was a small man of rather colorless personality and his artistic temperament and talents did not impress themselves much upon young cavalrymen, at least not on first acquaintance. However, he not only knew how to shoot, he knew how to teach others to shoot. And this was a talent that was impressive and one the regiment was sadly in need of!

Maj. Bell was placed in charge of all range practice. He ensured that the men received the correct preparatory instruction. Then, when range practice began, he used only a small part of the ammunition allowed for the preliminary course. He watched the progress of every individual, and whenever he was sure that a group was sufficiently trained, he had them fire for record. Thus, ammunition was preserved to provide additional instruction for men who required more attention and instruction. The result was that the regiment qualified more than 90 percent of the men for the first time in history. This was twice as many men as any of the junior officers had ever before been known to qualify.

It was rather sad that all of Maj. Bell's military qualifications were not on the same level with his knowledge of rifle marksmanship. He had the misfortune to fall under the so-called Class B Law, by which the War Department hoped to eliminate officers with records that were not entirely

satisfactory or at least were below the level it hoped to maintain. His fate was evidence that shooting ability and piano playing were not sufficient to make a well-rounded cavalry officer — nor would they ensure success in the military profession.

There was a junior polo tournament held under the auspices of the First Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss in June of 1922. The regiment entered a team, as did other regiments and organizations of the division. There were no funds available for the transportation of horses by rail, at a cost of perhaps \$200. Nor were there trucks available to transport them by road. So, the polo ponies were marched overland, a distance of some 200 miles. This little polo detachment of 20 or so ponies accompanied the communications platoons of the First and Tenth Cavalry Regiments, which together formed the First Cavalry Brigade at the time. The platoons were making the march to participate in a division communications exercise. Forage, rations and occasionally water were delivered at appropriate sidings along the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad for the 10-day march. And to make it all worthwhile, the regimental team won the tournament against the favorites in Fort Bliss. Then the same team won the Senior Tournament, which was held that fall.

The Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kan., was just beginning to make its influence felt in the cavalry service at this time. ... The regimental commander, Col. Anderson, left in March to attend the field officers' course at the Cavalry School. He returned to the command filled with enthusiasm for the instruction that he had received — and also filled with an energetic ambition to transmit his knowledge to the command! During July and August, he turned out all officers of the camp on most drill afternoons for a tactical ride. At the assembly point, he would outline an assumed tactical situation orally and indicate that solutions would be required at the first "check." Then he would command "Ride in a Block!" and off we would go, following him at a mad gallop in loose "flock" formation through the hummocks of cactus and greasewood — the real boondocks! At the point the colonel had selected, he would halt, we would gather around him and then he would call upon various officers for their solution to the requirement he had posed. After hearing them and briefly discussing each, off we would go on another wild gallop, another solution, another discussion and so on, for a full afternoon and perhaps 15 miles of cross-country ride.

During the fall of 1922, the War Department decided to abandon Camp Harry J. Jones for two reasons: first, economy, because of the excessive cost of maintaining the temporary construction when a more permanent and far more economical post was available; and second, the desire to move the regiment to Camp Marfa, Texas, where it would be more conveniently located with respect to the Cavalry Division and the Fourth Cavalry at Fort Clark. The two regiments together would form the First Cavalry Brigade. Another reason was the availability of more adequate divisional training areas.

Orders were issued for the change of station. And the change itself would be made by marching — for reasons of economy. Accordingly, we began to pack and make preparations for the move. But political influence in Douglas was brought to bear, and the orders were canceled. Army posts

were always an economic asset to the adjacent civilian communities and, at times in our history, had been essential for their protection. The War Department apparently conciliated the civilian opposition to the transfer of the cavalry units by arranging to move a portion of the Twenty-fifth Infantry Regiment from Nogales to Camp Harry J. Jones, for orders were again issued for the immediate departure of the command. The date of departure was then set for Christmas Eve, but whether through the influence of the local merchants, complaining about the effect on the economy of our before-Christmas departure, or simply a softening of some hearts in higher headquarters, a delay was authorized. The command took to the road on December 26, 1922.

About the Author: Lucian K. Truscott, Jr. spent almost 25 years in the cavalry but earned fame as an infantry commander during World War II. His success as a division, corps and army general led Gen. Dwight Eisenhower to rank Truscott behind only Patton in an evaluation of his army commanders. Truscott's book, **Command Missions: A Personal Story**, chronicles those years. The story of Truscott's early Army days, **The Twilight of the U.S. Cavalry**, was edited by his son, Lucian K. Truscott III.

TWO CAMP JONES OFFICERS WHO ROOMED AT OUR HOUSE

By Charles B. Fleming

A few years after moving to the new town of Douglas, my parents built a brick house at 1100 11th St. It had a large front bedroom my parents usually rented out. For a few months in 1916, the renters were two U.S. Army officers.

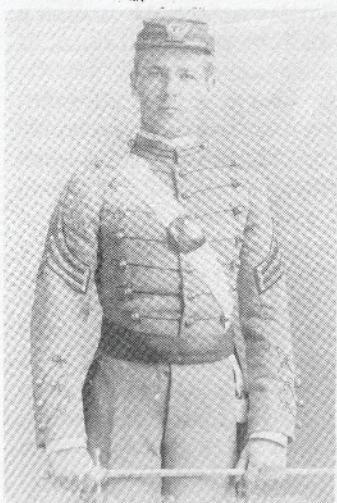
Samuel B. Arnold and Alexander M. Patch were West Point graduates. Arnold served in a wide variety of positions. Patch went on to organize the famed Americal division and became a lieutenant general.

While living in our house, the two officers would walk a block south along A Avenue to 10th Street, where they boarded a street car for a several blocks ride east to Camp Harry J. Jones. The street car line terminated near Sportsman's Park, the baseball field that was next to the camp.

Originally just Camp Douglas, the semipermanent camp had not borne its new name very long. It was renamed for a corporal killed by a stray bullet when Pancho Villa attacked the neighboring Sonoran town of Agua Prieta in the autumn of 1915. Units from the camp participated in the Punitive Expedition and later many men trained there before leaving for France during World War I.

Arnold was a 48-year-old captain when he arrived in Douglas in March, 1916. An 1892 U.S. Military Academy graduate, Arnold had served mainly in the 1st Cavalry and had been in Cuba and the Philippines. He commanded a squadron that appeared at the San Diego Exposition before coming to Douglas.

For Patch, his posting in Douglas may have felt like a homecoming since he was born at Fort Huachuca in 1889. He graduated from USMA in



Samuel B. Arnold, graduate U.S. Military Academy 1892. (Courtesy USMA Special Collections)



Alexander McC. Patch, Jr., graduate U.S. Military Academy 1913. (Courtesy USMA Archives)

1913 and Camp Jones was only his second duty station as a new second lieutenant. He came to Douglas in December, 1915 and commanded Co. B of the 18th Infantry under Capt. Ulysses G. Worrlow.

One summer evening as my father and I sat on the porch of our house enjoying a cool breeze, we saw an elderly Mexican woman walking past the house across the street. Another Camp Jones officer, a Maj. Cabtree and his wife, lived there.

Although Mrs. Cabtree was unable to speak Spanish, she tried to hail the passing woman to see if she'd do laundry work. She tried English but the old woman said, "No sabo. No sabo."—I don't understand.

Mrs. Cabtree then tried Pidgin English. The old woman shrugged her shoulders and once again responded, "No sabo, no sabo."

Then it dawned on Mrs. Cabtree that Arnold and Patch, who were home at the time, could assist her. They had taken Spanish at West Point. Mrs. Cabtree prevailed upon them and they both went with her to give their assistance.

My father watched as they tried to talk to the woman. He became hysterical with laughter when she replied to their efforts with, "No sabo italiano, no sabo italiano!"

My father was fluent in "Border Spanish," which is quite different from the Castilian Spanish which the two officers spoke. Within a minute or so, he had the problem settled to the mutual satisfaction of Mrs. Cabtree and the Mexican woman.

But after that, when they came up the steps of the front porch enroute to their room, my father would kid them to no end with, "No sabo italiano. No sabo italiano." Their faces would turn rosy red as they tried to escape the razzing.

Both officers were promoted while on the Mexican border. Arnold earned a major's insignia before an October, 1916 transfer to Naco, Ariz. Patch was promoted twice, rising to captain before leaving for France with his regiment in June, 1917.

Before arriving in Douglas, Arnold had been detailed to a signal corps unit and been with the 8th and 9th cavalries. The variety continued after he left Douglas for he became an infantry colonel commanding trains and military police. After World War I, he returned to the cavalry and served at Texas posts until his retirement in 1920 as a lieutenant colonel.

Patch saw action in France and commanded several different training units. Back in the United States, he taught at Stauton Military Academy in between attending several military colleges. He began acquiring a reputation as a superior trainer of men.

During World War II, he gathered surplus commands into the Americal Division, trained its officers and then relieved Marines on Guadalcanal. After commanding two corps, he took over the Seventh Army in Sicily. This army also was in Italy, invaded southern France and moved into Germany.

In the summer of 1945, he returned to the United States to train the Fourth Army. After the war, he was part of a special group that considered what the Army's postwar configuration should be. The recommendations included a separate air force.

Patch didn't live to see the controversy the recommendations set off. He died in November, 1945 and is buried at West Point.

Acknowledgements

My thanks to Cindy Hayostek and to the staff at the U.S. Military Academy Archives and Special Collections sections for their assistance with this article.

About the Author: Charles B. Fleming graduated from Douglas High School in 1930. An alumnus of Arizona State Teachers College in Flagstaff and Colorado State Teachers College, he taught in Arizona and California. He also was the second director of the Desert Botanical Gardens in Tempe and worked as a ranger-naturalist at Petrified National Monument. Now retired, he lives in Mesa.

NARRATIVE BATT. B 6 F.A.

**Printed with permission of Cline Library,
Special Collections and Archives,
Northern Arizona University**

INTRODUCTION: Battery B of the 6th Field Artillery arrived at Camp Douglas on Feb. 2, 1915 and was on hand that autumn when Pancho Villa attacked Agua Prieta. Along with the other three batteries of the regiment, Battery B held observation positions to enforce neutrality laws in case the fighting spilled over into the United States.

In March, 1916, Villa raided Columbus, N.M., and the United States responded by directing Brig. Gen. John J. Pershing to conduct a punitive expedition into Mexico. Pershing's command included numerous regiments of cavalry, some infantry, supply troops and Batteries B and C.

A battery consisted of four, three-inch guns. Each gun was drawn behind a limber, a two-wheeled cart with a short tongue. Each cart had a pintle hook to which the gun was attached by means of a lunette in the back.

The limbers were drawn by six or eight saddled horses hitched together by chain traces. The three near (left) horses were ridden. The rest of the eight men that made up the gun crew rode on the limber. Ammunition was carried on horse-drawn caissons along with members of the battery's support crew.

This narrative was written by Battery B's commanding officer, Capt. Edgar H. Yule. He wrote it long-hand and it's been transcribed exactly as he wrote it except some paragraph spacing was added for ease of reading.



Horse drawn artillery marching south on G Avenue in a 1918 Liberty Bond parade in Douglas.

June 30, 1916

From: CO Bty B 6 FA
To: Adj. General. Punitive Exped. Dublan
Subject: Narrative of Expeditions, Scouts and etc.

1. In compliance with telegram from your office June 2, 1916 would submit the following narrative of the operations of this battery during the Punitive Expedition.

At about 6.30 P.M. March 11th at Douglas Arizona I was notified that my battery had been designated to take the field. I went out to camp and the Colonel told me that my battery was to prepare at once to take the field about 10 P.M. that night with the 10th Cavalry. To take Equipment "A", Peace strength caissons, with all limbers and caissons full of ammunition. I asked for 50% Cannon and 50% High Explosive Shrapnel. The Regimental and Battalion Commanders advised that 20% High Explosive would be sufficient which I took. I then reported to Colonel Brown of the 10th Cavalry who informed me that he would leave Douglas at 1 A.M. March 12th. The regimental commander then handed me a copy of the following telegram.

Fort Sam Houston Texas 3/11/16

Comdg Office 6 F.A.

Douglas Ariz.

Thru Comdg Gen 6th Brigade

One battery your regiment now at Douglas will accompany by marching portion of Seventh and Tenth Cavalry marching east to Culbersons, this battery to constitute part of a mounted column which is to be part of Expeditionary force under Brigadier General John J. Pershing. This battery fully prepared for field service with abundance of ammunition. Should be reported to Commanding Officer Second Cavalry Brigade for instructions as to joining other troops. Under one battery of your regiment from Nogales to proceed by rail to Columbus N.M. reporting to General Pershing for assignment to duty with his command. All further instructions should be received from Gen Pershing. H. No xH

Bundy
625 P.M.

In the meantime I received an order from the 2nd Cav Brigade to take ten days field ration and [inserted between lines] one hospital ambulance as much oats and hay as possible.

2. I prepared the battery as above with the exception that I was unable to get an ambulance.

At one (1) P.M. March 12th I left camp at Douglas, joined the 10th Cavalry and marched to Slaughters Ranch. About 17 miles. March 13th Marched from Slaughters Ranch to Hudspeth through mountains. Distance about 18 miles.

March 14th Marched over mountains to Culberson's Ranch. Distance 44 miles. This was a rather difficult march. On one grade of about 100 yards, it was necessary to put 8 horses on each carriage.

Broke spindle of a limber about 20 minutes from Hudspeth. This delayed

two caissons and the wagon train so that they did not reach camp until about 2.30 A.M. March 15. The battery arrived at Culbersons Ranch at 6 P.M. the 14th. One horse was abandoned at Lang's Ranch with heat exhaustion. (This horse was finally returned to the battery at Las Cruces Mexico June 2nd 1916.

March 15th. Spent the day over-hauling and repairing the material and reducing some cincha bunches. During the day we kept getting notices to be ready to cross the border with the 10th and 7th Cavalry as soon as General Pershing should arrive. Also orders to leave all wagon transportation behind, sick animals and men and take 5 days rations and 3 days oats. We put two (2) days rations and 1/3 days oats on foot boards of carriages and three days rations and 1 2/3 days oats on 12 pack mules of the Q.M. train (Mack). On account of the broken limber spindle one caisson, one limber and 106 Cannon Shrapnel was left behind with Wagon Train.

March 16th. During the evening of the 15th the battery bivouaced [sic]. It was very cold and windy. At about 10.30 we hitched the battery on. During the evening Brigade Headquarters drew on us for six horses. Left 8 horses with the wagon train and three sick which left me 144 public and 4 private animals with which to cross the border. With peace strength and book war, I should have had 172 horses in the battery, a shortage of 24 animals. I had 130 men and three officers cross the border, having left ten recruits, 2 Battery teamsters and three Q.M. Corps teamsters behind. At 12.30 A.M. we left Culbersons Ranch equipped [sic] as above with four guns, seven caissons, 13 limbers, battery and store wagons, 189 H E Shrapnel and 716 Cannon Shrapnel, 21 rounds revolver ammunition per man plus 2000 rds boxed.

The battery crossed the border line at 1.14 A.M. immediately in rear of the 10th Cav. The orders were to keep closed up. The slack of two Cavalry Regiments ahead of us, the march of the battery was an alternate walk and trot without regard to road conditions. We passed over two quagmires without difficulty.

The march continued on until daylight arriving at Carrizo Springs at 6.10 A.M. Distance estimated at 23 miles. The march was completed without incident except one martingale broke on the battery wagon which delayed that carriage a few minutes. The first half of the march was a waning moon and the last half pitch dark and through the dust of two cavalry regiments in front. The drivers did wonderful driving considering the tensions under which they must have been laboring. Not much is known of the country through the darkness.

Bivouaced [sic] at Carrizo from 6.10 A.M. until 8 P.M. marched from Carrizo Springs to Ojitas. Distance 26 miles. It seems to me that this distance was greater as it was a very rapid march for the first four hours at which time I slowed down and let the Cavalry go on as the horses were all showing fatigue. As it was one horse was shot for exhaustion and another fell and was brought in by a couple of men.

The country marched over was generally lined with dirt roads but for several miles we were directly across country with some boggy stretches. The spirit of the men was excellent except that due to lack of water one man

dismounted from his horse and laid down. I aroused him and asked him what was the matter and he said he was thirsty. I put him on a carriage and got him in.

The march was conducted in the usual manner but there was a great deal of trotting in order to keep up with the cavalry. It would not be practicable to keep up such a sustained effort for many days. The battery was entirely too heavily loaded to follow cavalry and has been throughout this expedition.

Horse Artillery is not supposed to carry ammunition in its limbers. We have 720 lbs. of ammunition in each limber making 120 lbs. per horse more than he should be pulling. In addition there was something like 30 men mounted on carriages or 4000 lbs. more distributed on 13 carriages or 50 lbs. more per horse [inserted between lines] also two days rations and 1/3 days oats. Also 1600 lbs. making the horses pull individually between 170 and 200 lbs. more each than they should. This is food for thought in organizing flying columns. The matter of overload has concerned me considerable.

I went to Major Evans 10th Cavalry and asked him if he could give me any information as to the distances to be marched or the character of the country. He told me that he could not tell me definitely [sic] but that I might be expected to march 40 to 50 miles for two or three days. This conversation took place at Carrizo Springs on the morning of March 16. Cool weather, well trained horses and men got us to Dublan.

March 17th. At about 11 A.M.

March 16th Colonel Dodd, Brigade Commander, sent for me and stated that there were two roads from Ojitas to Dublan. On the valley route, level, but 15 miles longer (About 60 miles). The other over mountains with shale rocks and asked me which I would prefer to take. I told him, due to the overload I would prefer to take the valley route. He told me he would let me know in the morning, the Generals discussion.

The morning of the 17th the Adj. General, Major Evans, 10th Cav. came over and told me I was to take the valley road with the battery, two Q.M. Cavalry wagons, two ambulances, wireless outfit, and disabled cavalry horses. He also said you have about 65 miles to make and the General says to have the battery there if you have not got a whole trace left. I told him I would be there. At 8 A.M. we left Ojitas with the following

The Battery

Wireless outfit, one carriage 4 S.C. [Signal Corps] men and 6 mules.

Seventh Cavalry Casuals, 35 men, 2 Q.M. [Quarter Master] drivers, 4 Hosp Corps Men, 52 horses, one Escort Wagon and 2 Ambulances, 13 mules.

Tenth Cavalry Casuals, number unknown if any. One Escort wagon, one ambulance. 2 Q.M.C. men Medical Dept Capt. Dumer and 5 Hosp Corps men

Escort. Capt Gardenhier's Troops of 10th Cavalry

With the above command I started on the longest march I ever made. The first hour's march I figured out that I could never make it on any book

rules of marching that I knew of so I adopted the following. The guides said the roads were good so I walked 20 minutes, trotted 10 minutes, walked 10 min, trotted out 10 min, and rested 10 min.

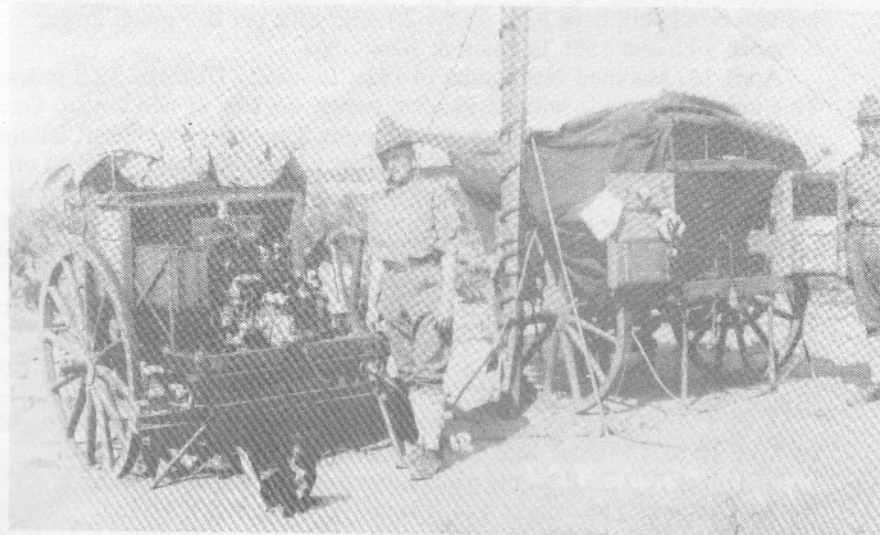
We found water ten miles out and forty miles out. At the latter place, Ramos, we fed, watered and ate a meal, boiled coffee, remaining there from 4 to 6 P.M. The conduct of the men was excellent. Lost two horses, one shot for road exhaustion and the other fell dead from apparent heart failure.

From Ramos to Dublan, four hours, three hours of 18 was in the dark with not so much trotting as during the day. The country was rolling valley with very good dirt roads [words inserted between lines] and good grazing grass both sides of the road. The Battery arrived at 10 P.M. in good condition. The men were apparently not very tired as they sat around and waited until supper was cooked before going to sleep.

March 18th Horses and men were all in good condition from the previous six days outing. They broke bivouac and marched about two miles and established camp on the Casas Grandes River near Colonia Dublan and remained there until April 10th 1916.

During our stay at Dublan two horses died. These horses never recovered from the rapid marches of March 16th and 17th. For two or three days the animals were very quiet on the picket line. After that they seemed to be fully rested up and showed no signs of ill effects of the marches.

April 10th The battery marched from Dublan to Galleana [sic] with Battery "C" 6 F.A. [Field Artillery] Distance 29.4 miles. (While at Dublan I put my cyclometer in condition so now have correct distances marched.) This march was conducted by the Battalion Commander Capt. [Charles] Pulis 6th F.A. Trotted quiet [sic] a little.



A wireless telegraph unit of the type that marched with Battery B 60 miles in one day between Ojitas and Dúblan, Chi.

Country was valley and mountain pass over into the Sante Marie [sic] Valley. Spirit of the men excellent. This was the beginning of a 125.6 miles march from Dublan to Namiquipa. This march was characterized by the following.

On a four day daily average march of 31.4 miles the animals had only 10 lbs. of grain and what little grazing it was possible for them to get during 10 minute halts during the day and one hour grazing halt that we made the third day during the forenoon.

A gradual climbing to a higher altitude. Reported to be a climb of about 3000 ft. during the four days. During this march the carriages were still overloaded with the extra ammunition and between 35 to 40 men from day to day.

April 11th. Marched from Galleana to El Valle 29 miles. Conditions same as April 10th. March was made without incident. Spirit of men Excellent and no trouble with animals.

April 12th Marched from El Valle to Las Cruces. Distance 34.8 miles Country: Rough and mountainous 16 miles out entered a narrow canyon and marched practically in a dry stream bed for three miles and then turned up a steep hill out of the canyon. Going through this canyon would be an ideal place to trap artillery as the present 3 inch gun would be helpless. Spirit of men Excellent.

April 13th. Marched from Cruces to Namiquipa. 32.4 miles. Marched mostly at walk. Along steep hill out of Cruces about 2 1/2 miles long. Country is mountainous. Spirit of men Excellent. Lost one horse. Gave out soon after reaching the top of the hill out of Las Cruces and was unable to move him further so I had him shot. During this four days march no sore backs, shoulders nor necks developed. The horses became thin however and perhaps would not have kept up the 20 mile pace per day much longer.

April 14th and 15th. In camp at Namiquipa.

April 16. Marched Namiquipa to Lake Itascate - Distance 32.6 miles. This march was made without incident except the loss of two horses. One with hemorrhage [sic] of the lungs and the other apparently from heart failure as he dropped [sic] dead on the march before his saddle could be taken off. These losses I attribute to the horses not having recovered much from the march from Dublan to Namiquipa. The days were cold and windy and the night bitter cold. This march we were still more overloaded. There were 42 Artillery Men, 19 Infantry Men and seven sacks of oats on the carriage.

This days march developed four sore backs, 9 sore shoulders and 4 lame horses. All only slight. This is especially mentionable in that it is the first sore backs to shoulders that the battery has had having been in Mexico exactly one month and one day.

April 15th to May 9th - Remained in Camp Lake Itascate from the night of April 10 to 4.55 P.M. May 9th.

May 9th - At 3.30 P.M. the battery received orders to leave camp at 4.15 for San Antonio. Later order was changed to leave at 5 P.M. Left camp at 4.55 P.M. with 42 dismounted men on carriages. Arrived at San Antonio 4 A.M. May 10th Distance 33.1 miles.

This all night march was made without incident over good roads, part of

it rather hilly and the last five hours in total dark. This first part during a waning moon. One horse had a slight touch of colic soon after leaving Lake Itascate. He grew steadily worse and died soon after arrival at San Antonio. Another horse developed colic after arrival and died at 5 P.M. During this march the mens conduct was unusually good. There was not striking of matches and smoking of cigarettes nor loud talking.

May 10th. Afternoon at 4.30 P.M. received the following order. "C.O. Bty B" The Brigade commander directs that you march tonight at 7.15 P.M. with 11th Cav. Refer to Col. Lockett if you cannot get out at 7.15 P.M. Notify Col. Lockett when you can. (sgd) W.B. Scales"

The battery was ready to go on time and followed 11th Cav at 7.26 P.M. Had 46 dismounted men on carriages. Marched 20.4 miles to San Diego del Monte ranch. Arrived there at 12.50 A.M.

The 11th Cav. at times marched two (2) hours without a halt Over rough country. This occurred going over the rough and hilly part of the road arriving to and past Delores and got away from the battery. The animals were in entirely too poor condition to attempt to keep up and I took a chance in falling behind. Arrived in Camp with men and animals in good condition.

May 11th. Left camp at 8.25 A.M. marched to Lake Itascate. Distance 13.4 miles. Arrived at 1205 P.M. Upon arriving on the main road from San Diego del Monte the 6th Infantry was on the road. The 11th Cav marched across country parallel to the road and I followed them.

In doing so I had to cross several gullies which were deep and narrow. But the battery negotiated all of them without accident. However from a tactical stand point the battery should have remained on the road and thus avoided these bad places. Not receiving orders to do this I followed the command to which attached. This was a case of unnecessary strain on overloaded animals, however we arrived without any casualties.

May 12th In camp at Lake Itascate

May 13 In camp " "

May 14 In camp " "

May 15th Left camp at 7.14 A.M. and marched to San Geronimo at 7.23 A.M. to Namiquipa arriving there at 11.25 A.M. Distance 13.8 miles. This was the first really easy, pleasant march that the battery had taken up to this time. 42 dismounted men on carriages. Remained at Camp at Namiquipa May 17th and 18th.

May 19th. Left Namiquipa 2.12 P.M. with 1 squadron 11th Cav. Arrived in Camp 5.43 P.M. at Barrio De Los Carritos. Distance 11.9 miles. Road taken new road through gap then turned to left cross country to old road, thence to camp. This march was made without incident. The wagon of the Field Train remained at Namiquipa to get a load of forage. It arrived in camp late at night. 42 men mounted on carriages and 19 sacks of oats on same.

May 20th. Left Barrio De Los Carritos at 6.06 A.M. Arrived at Las Cruces 12.30 P.M. Distance 22.2 miles. this march was made without incident. Fourteen sacks of oats and 40 men on carriages. Climbing the hills over the new road we had considerable head dust and several horses showed signs of fatigue. The horses did not drink any water in the morning due to

lack of good water, early start and being cold. This contributed to their fatigue undoubtedly. One battery horse in the field train gave out. This is the first instance of any wagon horses or mules giving out.

May 21st to June 20. incl. Remain in camp at Las Cruces.

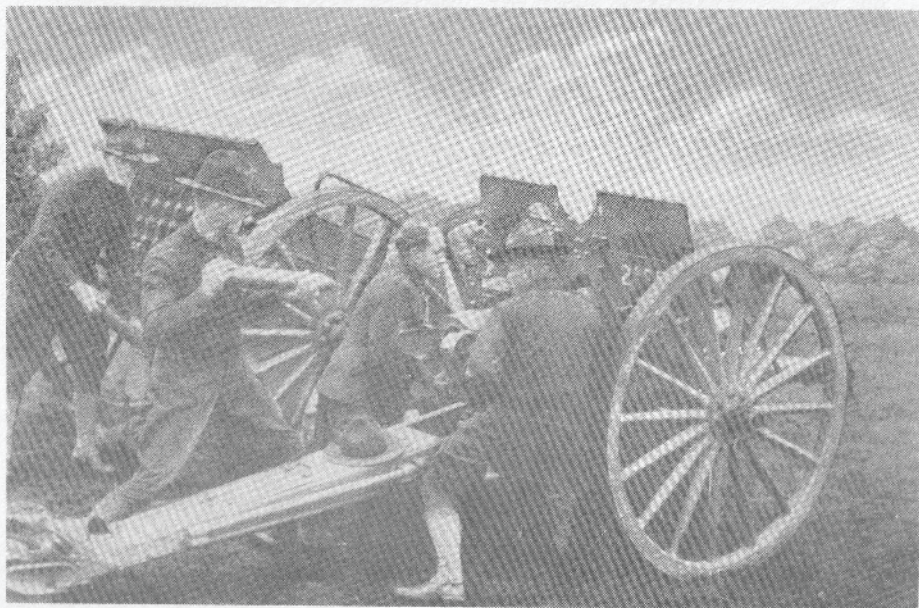
June 21st Left las Cruces at 4.57 A.M. and arrived at El Valle at 5 P.M. Distance 31.5 miles. Two squadrons of 13th Cav marched down the river. Their wagon train and a detachment of Engineers and the Battery took the mountain road.

This march was made over very mountainous road and was made without incident. At 9 A.M. we tried to get water at what is known as the Hog Wallow but were only able to get about 4 buckets full per section. We then continued the march to within about 6 1/2 miles of El Valle where we watered, fed and had lunch. One horse had a slight touch of colic 3 miles from El Valle but came in all right.

During the entire service of this battery I can not say that we have taken part in any expedition or scout except being with the flying columns from Culberson's Ranch NM to Colonia Dublan. This I have described rather fully at the beginning. I would rather that some other officer would narrate that than myself.

The remaining service of the battery has simply been marches up and down the line of communication. No work has been accomplished to speak of other than making long marches without a great deal of loss.

The method of conducting marches has not been different from that prescribed in regulations except the second days march when I did some fast trotting (March 17th) and marching two hours without a halt in following cavalry. This has been a cavalry expedition in a way and I do not feel like



A three-inch gun. (Courtesy Paul Matthews)

commenting upon methods of marching but I do think that greater distances can be covered with less loss by having a slight breathing spell once every hour except when something very important demands otherwise. Certainly an artillery horse carrying a rider and pulling a maximum load needs the rest. It also gives a chance to put in fresh horses without having to cut carriages out of the column.

The character of the country passed over has been up and down valleys and over mountain passes from one valley to another mostly on the lines of communication over roads and country well known to all.

The spirit of the men has been Excellent. They have met every task cheerfully and done the best they knew how. When a horse has been lost it has been noticed that the men take it to heart as though they were losing something of their own.

Other points that should be emphasised [sic] from a military stand point. I am of the opinion that the salt allowance for animals 0.8 per day is entirely too small. Hungry animals will eat dirt if they cannot get anything else. Well fed animals will eat dirt if they dont get salt. As the forage allowance is reduced the salt allowance should be increased. A big percentage of the losses of animals in this battery has been from sand colic and a great many animals have been passing sand in their dung.

Every Arty battery should be furnished horse medicines and a liberal supply and of the kind that the average mounted officer, stable sergeant, and farrier understand and know how to use. A battery should enter Mexico with at least 5 gallons of raw linseed oil and 100 aloe balls and other medicines in proportion. Sand colic can only be handled by preventative treatment and not after the animal has been taken with an acute attack caused by his chronic condition. It is usually to [sic] late then and the animal dies.

[signed] EH Yule

[Edgar H. Yule]

Captain 6 F.A.

Comdg. Bty "B"

September 15th 1916

From: CO Bty B 6 FA El Valle

To: Comdg General Punitive Expedition

Subject: Narrative [sic] of Expedition Etc.

1. In camp with telo from your office June 2/16 would submit the following. for the months of July and August.

2. The battery remained in Camp at El Valle Mexico except Aug 13 to 15 incl the battery marched with the 5th Cav to Angustori and return. Dist about 32 miles. Took part in Field Maneuvers as required by orders.

3. Aug 20 to 22 incl marched 6 1/2 miles south up the Santa Maria River and returned. Held combined exercises with 2 Companies (G and H) of 6th Inf. Aside from the above the battery performed practically garrison duties.

4. On July 15 the Bty lost 51 men & 2 officers by trans. This number actually leaving the battery.

5. Since that date the doing of real Artillery Work has been rather discouraging but we have plodded along meeting conditions to the best of

our judgment. A scheme was worked out whereby the entire Battery Material could be kept moving. Having had a similar experience before while in garrison I had worked the battery at Douglas with reduced numbers, so the task was not a hard one, but the real trouble has been taking care of so many extra animals. The animals have steadily improved in condition and the battery is in as good condition as could be expected under the circumstances.

[signed] EH Yule
Capt 6 F.A.

AN AFTERWORD: On June 3, 1916, Congress created three new regiments of field artillery. Over 500 6th Artillery men were transferred to the new 7th and 8th Regiments. The much put-upon Capt. Yule lost 51 men and two officers.

In December, Battery B left El Valle and went back to its old camp at Dublán. It stayed there until February, 1917 when it marched back to Camp Harry J. Jones, arriving Feb. 12. In summer of 1917, the 6th Field Artillery left Douglas bound for France and the battlefields of World War I.

By the time Battery B went to France, its three-inch guns had been replaced with "French 75s." These guns offered standardization while retaining the three-inch's range and power. There are no documented reports of the three-inch guns being used against Villistas.

Letters

Editorial Committee:

It was my recent pleasure to find a copy of The Cochise Quarterly, dated Spring, 1990. An article by Don Armand prompted me to look through my copy of Douglas Army Airfield "Hot Pilot" class book.

The picture you published in Spring, 1990 is from that book. In that class, 44E, we aspired to be fighter pilots. By that time in the war, there was a greater need for "straight and level" and that is where we were assigned. I happened to be assigned to the 438th Group, Troop Carrier Command immediately following transition training in C-47s and C-46s. Very soon after Normandy, June of '44, we moved to Rheims from the Midlands of England. Our quarters there was a tent city, our runway was a steel mat. After V E Day we moved to Amiens, France.

My intent herein is to relate my D.A.A.F. experience. My group of cadets came from Lancaster, Calif., to Douglas. We arrived at night and started training the next day. By that time Army discipline was not a discomfort. We could easily find room to be unique within the rules. Squadron 13 flew AT-9s. A Lt. Hardgrove was my instructor. A very nice gentleman he was.

As our time of training neared completion, we, like those preceding, were allowed more freedom and flew training missions with just cadets as pilot and co-pilot.

The free time allowed was one night and one day. I remember only one evening in Douglas; a visiting

carnival had attracted our attention. Cave Creek CCC camp held my interest all other free times. We were transported to Cave Creek through Portal in a six-by-six, canvas covered, Army truck, arriving after dark. The Chiricahuas were pure enchantment for this cadet from St. Louis.

A dam in Cave Creek provided enough water for a swim. The swim was somewhat unusual in that we ran and dived into the lake with enough momentum to carry us to the opposite shore. The water was too cold for most of us to swim. Wonderful! Wonderful!

The dining facility, managed by an older mess sergeant, was beyond our wildest dream. He invited us to prepare our own bacon and eggs for breakfast, grill our own steak for dinner and pack our own lunch for the hike to the waterfall.

The graduation ceremony was very unique. During the banquet the night preceding, the quartermaster invited any so inclined to turn in all the issued base property that night to expedite our departure following the ceremony. The base property included the bedding. We had just returned the only chance for any sleeping comfort. Oh Well!

My orders were to Louisville, Kentucky, with 10 days delay enroute. We wished only to spend as much time as possible at home in St. Louis. Trains of the region were all occupied with troop movements. Our orders bore no transportation priority. A companion "Hot Pilot" and I reached the road (666 or 191) immediately following the ceremony, and got a ride with the Holsum Bread truck all the way to El Paso. What a wonderful fellow that Holsum driver. I do

think he did that for every graduating class.

In El Paso, the ticket agent was not at all impressed with our pleas about any urgency to get to Kansas City. We conjured up enough ingenuity to locate a porter who, for a small gratuity, could direct us to the train to Kansas City. He pointed out the train and we boarded it. While in the train yard, we locked ourselves in the men's room until well out of El Paso. As soon as we felt comfortable, we located the conductor to buy a ticket. He would not permit us to buy a ticket. With no seats available, we sat on our luggage to K.C.

In K.C. we rented a room in the nearest hotel to freshen up for our arrival in St. Louis. At the K.C. terminal we were able to buy a berth, upper and lower, for the overnight trip to St. Louis. The Pullman conductor who showed us our berths very soon came to us with a young traveler, who appeared ready to give birth. His plea to give this serviceman's wife the lower berth — she had just bid her husband farewell as he shipped overseas — touched our hearts. We tried to sleep in an upper berth. Soon we flipped a coin to determine which of us would sleep in the men's room.

Returning to St. Louis after the war, I was able to complete my university studies at St. Louis University, marry my sweetheart and move to Montana some 35 years ago. Our nine children are scattered from Brookings, S.D. to Hawaii.

Douglas was a wonderful experience. The climate, the beautiful countryside, the

mountains, the flying training, the warm-hearted people who were so generous to us, all contributed. In spite of the wartime discomfort, those days provided a rewarding opportunity to meet people from all parts of our country.

I notice that Douglas-Cochise County Airport now has a minimum security prison. Cadets there all seemed to think we had little more freedom. In retrospect we all seem happy to visit and sign in, if nearby.

Our troop carrier group has been invited to be guests of honor in Ste. Mere Eglise, France, in June, 1994. We dropped paratroops and pulled gliders into that area on D Day, 1944.

To bring you up to date on the story of the cadet of D.A.A.F. — that pretty little sweetheart I raced home to see, now my wife of 47 years, and I have been in Sun Sites for several months annually, for the past three years. We are all over Cochise County, exploring, reminiscing, delighting in the wonderful good fortune to enjoy. Our permanent home is Bridger, Mont. That is, until we can make the move to Arizona.

**J. Edward Mudd
Pearce**

Reviews

Nelson A. Miles and the Twilight of the Frontier Army by Robert Wooster. University of Nebraska Press. Lincoln and London. 1993.

A competent and relatively successful soldier, Gen. Nelson Miles should be of interest to

residents of Cochise County for bringing about the final surrender of Naiche and Geronimo in Skeleton Canyon in September, 1886. Interesting perhaps, but not a man you would care to know.

He played a prominent part in the 30 years of Indian campaigns following the Civil War, running Sitting Bull to ground after Custer's blunder at Little Big Horn, later bringing Chief Joseph's running fight to a halt. He won grudging praise from his superiors for his military art and his skill in negotiating settlements short of the use of firepower.

The reluctance of his superiors to grant credit for his successes stemmed from the general's vaulting ambition, his arrogant contempt for his peers and his whining jealousy of any recognition they might receive. Miles shared with Custer a self-absorbed ego and a penchant for posing, and though a considerably more competent officer, he lacked the latter's flamboyance and color, and thus Wooster is hard put to keep up a reader's interest.

In the early days of the Civil War, Miles raised a company of Massachusetts volunteers but lost command of the company to a less qualified political appointee. This disappointment apparently convinced young Miles that the road to the top was open only to those who played hard politics.

He was a brave soldier who led his men into battle and suffered several wounds. That courage, and the leadership that inspired the loyalty of his subordinates, won him a brevet lieutenant colonelcy and the command of the 61st New York Infantry Regiment at the age of 23. Of his bravery and one of

the wounds, a veteran said, "the accommodating bullet at Marye's Heights added to the longevity of the 'Sixty-firsters' there present."

But to his energetic and tireless soldiering he added an equally energetic and continuous application of politics, wheedling his superiors for promotion to a larger command and going over their heads to congressman and executive branch officials.

Shortly after Appomattox, Miles married Mary Sherman in Washington. His love for her may have been true and sincere and it may have been only fortuitous that her father was a senator from Ohio and her uncle was William Tecumseh Sherman. Gen. Sherman often suggested that Miles would do better if he tempered his politicking and in later years wrote, "Gen Miles is too apt to mistake the dictates of his ambition for wisdom and I'm sorry to say he is not just and fair to his comrades and superiors."

One gets the sense that though Miles finally realized his ambition and became Commanding General of the Army of United States, it was in spite of his ambition rather than because of it. Wooster suggests that after the Sioux campaigns of the 1870s that "though his record outshone that of every other officer ... his stubborn, quarrelsome attitude and insatiable quest for publicity and power counterbalanced this success."

After Gen. George Crook's failure to bring Geronimo in from his meeting in Embudo Canyon, Miles succeeded to the command of the army in Arizona. Though he despised Crook as a dangerous rival in his pursuit of promotion and ridiculed his methods, he eventually

adopted those methods and brought about the surrender of most of the remaining hostile Apaches. The confusion and lack of direction surrounding the disposition of the captives is well described.

There are a couple of minor errors in this account. The Chiricahuas who Crook had brought in from Embudo Canyon were not "rounded up ... at San Carlos" after the Skeleton Canyon surrender but at Fort Apache. It was not "two weeks" imprisonment that Miles promised Naiche and Geronimo, but two years — surely a typographical error.

Wooster obviously didn't like the subject of his biography, perhaps seeing his work more as a duty to perform than a labor of love. But he is to be commended for toughing it out and providing us with a history of the policies and politics of the frontier army.

Alden C. Hayes

Membership in the Cochise County Historical and Archaeological Society is open without regard to color, race, religion or national origin upon payment of dues set annually by the Board of Directors. For 1993 dues are: Individual, \$15; Life Membership, \$250; Non-Profit Institution or Business, \$20. CCHAS' tax-exempt status under Section 501 (c)(3) was granted December, 1971.

Membership in CCHAS includes a subscription to The Cochise Quarterly, the Newsletter and other mailings, as well as participation with vote in the annual meeting, participation in field trips and, after meeting certain requirements, the right to engage in archaeological activities of the Society.

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.

Editorial Committee

**Alden Hayes
Cindy Hayostek
Jeanne Williams**