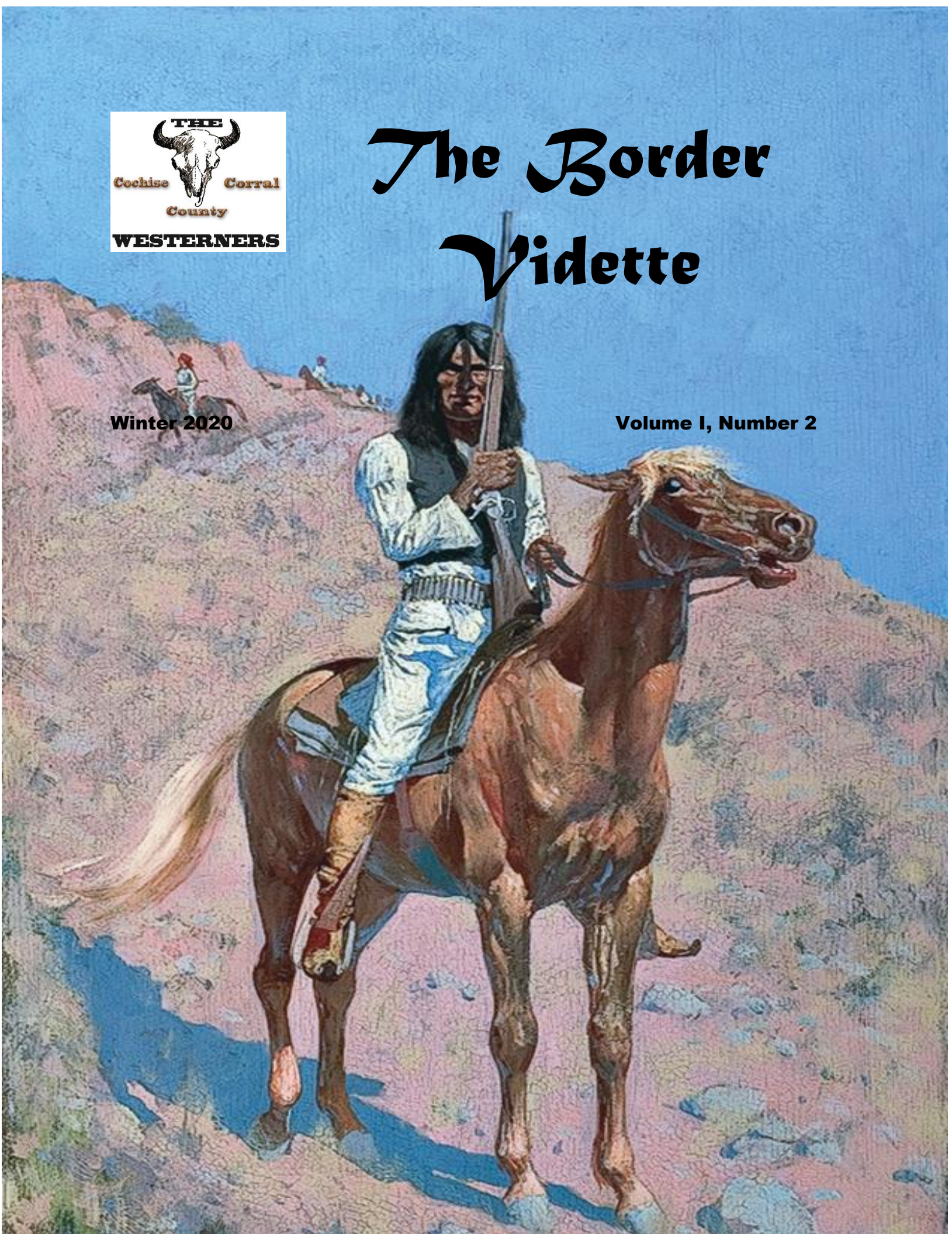
THE Cochise Corral County WESTERNERS

The Border Vidette



Winter 2020

Volume I, Number 2

Ink Slinger (editor)
Doug Hocking
doug@doughocking.com
Printer's Devil
Fred Otto
revfotto@gmail.com

COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL

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The *Border Vidette* is published quarterly by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners. The Corral meets at 7 p.m. the first Thursday of each month at Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone. Schieffelin Hall was built in 1881 as a theater and lodge of the Freemasons. King Solomon Lodge Number 5 still meets upstairs. The Corral is dedicated to preserving Western Frontier History and Legend and to having a good time while doing so. Membership in the Corral is $20 and entitles the Ranch Hand to attend talks on the Old West, join us on Trail Rides (by automobile) to sites of historic interest, and to our publications*: The Fremont Street Mail*, a monthly newsletter, and the *Border Vidette*, our journal. More information about the Corral can be found at www.CochiseCountyCorral.org and about Westerners International at http://www.westerners-international.org/

The *Border Vidette* accepts **interesting** articles about Western Frontier History no matter how short. Articles should be sourced and accompanied by endnotes. An unlimited number of photos (JPG preferred) may accompany the article. If the author has the rights to the article, the *Border Vidette* is willing to republish it. The journal is only published on-line and may be distributed as a PDF via email. Please contact us if you think you have something interesting to share. Contact us at InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org

A vidette is the term used in the 19th century for a mounted (cavalry) lookout.

Cover: An Apache. Painting by Frederic Remington, 1891

The Border Vidette

Published by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

Doug Hocking — *Ink Slinger*
Jonathan Donahue — *Printer's Devil*
Volume 1, Number 2 — Winter 2020

CONTENTS

Book Reviews

The Maker of Butterfield's Overland Mail Company Stagecoaches

by

Gerald T. Ahnert

Until recently, the research by Roscoe P. and Margaret B. Conkling, in their *The Butterfield Overland Mail* published by Arthur H. Clark Co. in 1947, gave the only reference known for the maker of Butterfield's Overland Mail Company stagecoaches and stage wagons.

In the *Preface* of their book, they stated "No documents in the archives in Washington, or in the libraries of New York or St. Louis, or matter from other published sources could give us the information we sought. Thus, it was that our efforts were spurred, and we determined to explore the route from end to end and collect ever available item[s] of interest connected with it." Much of their information collected was from old-timers along the trail and in the *Preface*, they stated "…we grew a little skeptical of the rural bards…We were, however, far from satisfied with the results of this reconnaissance."

This monumental pioneering effort from their 1930 trip along the trail provided a basis to build on for further research. Our knowledge of this Old West enterprise has been expanded by internet sites providing primary sources such as newspaper and university archives.

In their book they stated that the stage (celerity) wagons were made by James Goold Coach Company, Albany, NY, and these were represented by Roscoe P. Conkling's drawing. An explanation for Roscoe giving Goold as the manufacturer is contained in the article "Was Mud Wagon a Sobriquet for Celerity Wagon?" by John and Mildred Frizzell, published in a 1974 *Carriage Journal*. In the article is the reference for Roscoe P. Conkling's claim:

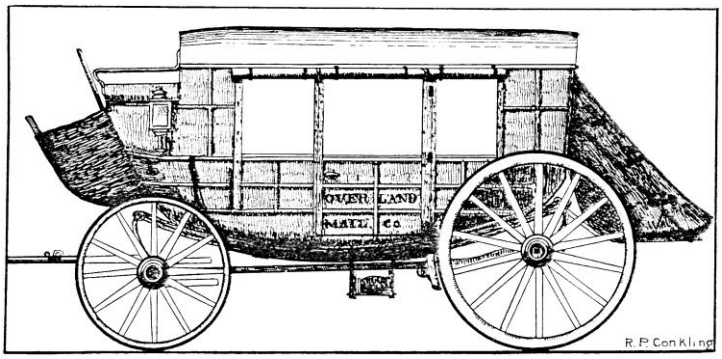
> "The Celerity Wagon was designed in 1857-58 by Stephen Agustus [Augustus] Seymour, a young engineer, working for James Goold Coach Company, Albany, NY. According to his grandson, the late Roscoe P. Conkling, in a letter written Dec. 19, 1964. …As a child Conkling played in a discarded Goold stagecoach and listened intently to his grandfather, Seymour, as he related events of the times to his family. As an artist, Conkling had the innate ability to retain his information and translate it into the accompanying sketch."

Roscoe P. Conkling was born thirteen years after his grandfather died. Stephen Augustus Seymour is listed in the 1860 Federal Census as "Stephen A. Seymour" living in Albany, NY, age 43, and his occupation is "Coach Maker." This confirms that he was probably working for the Goold company in Albany. Seymour was born November 26, 1816 and died October 21, 1864. He is buried in the Albany Rural Cemetery. Although the article stated that he was "…a young engineer…," he would have been 42 in 1858.

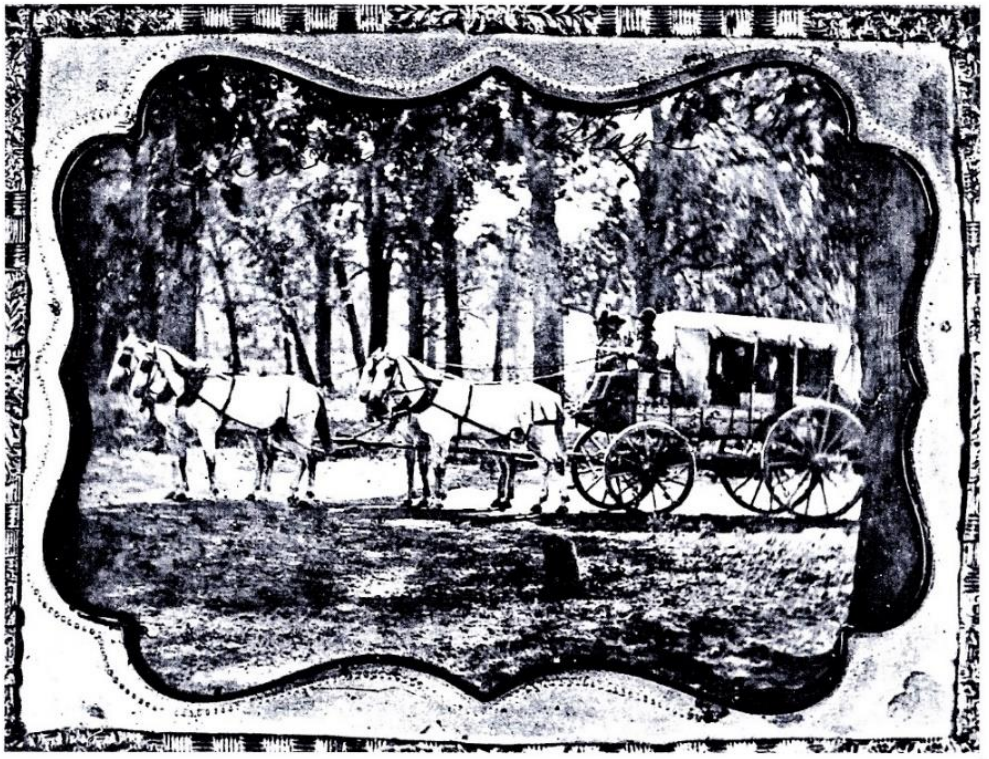
The California Death Index, 1940-1997, lists "Roscoe P. Conkling, Gender: Male, Birth Date: 2 Apr. 1877, Birthplace: New York, Death Date: 9 Jul 1971, Death Place: Los Angeles, Wife: Margaret Badenoch Conkling." This tells us that he was born thirteen years after his grandfather, Stephen Seymour, passed away. We do not know why Roscoe stated in his letter that he got the details of Butterfield stage wagon construction from his grandfather who had died before he was

born. Perhaps it was the result of old age, as Roscoe's letter was sent in 1964 when Roscoe was 87 years of age and his drawing for their 1947 book was done when he was 70 years old.

Butterfield also employed many water and freight wagons and it is possible that Roscoe was told as a child by his father that his grandfather's company made some of these wagons and by the time Roscoe was much older the story had morphed in his memory so that these memories included Butterfield's stages.



This drawing was made by Roscoe P. Conkling and titled 'Butterfield "Celerity" Stage-Wagon.' It has little resemblance to Butterfield's Stage (Celerity) Wagon.



A Butterfield Stage (Celerity) Wagon near the Texas-New Mexico border, and Cottonwood Stage Station, early 1861. The driver was David McLaughlin. From a copy of a daguerreotype and reproduced with the permission of the Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library, Midland, Texas.

This Butterfield stage (celerity) wagon shown in the photo bears little resemblance to Conkling's drawing and it can be seen that the driver-conductor's seat is not elevated, but at the same level as the passenger's seats. Also, they did not have a door as seen in Conkling's drawing. There are other drawings that also show these construction features that were made by William H. Hilton early in October 1858,

Contact was made with the Albany Historical Society, Albany, NY, Troy Historical Society, Troy, NY, Albany Institute of History and Art, and the New York State Museum for any references, such as catalogs, that may have information for these stage manufacturers having conducted any business with the Overland Mail Company. New York State newspapers were searched for articles noting a sale of stages by these companies to the Overland Mail Company. Also, the histories of James Goold's Albany Coach Manufactory and Eaton, Gilbert, & Co. of Troy, were obtained. No references were found for these companies making stages for the Overland Mail Company.

Many primary references have been found to determine the maker of Butterfield's stagecoaches and stage wagons and show that they were all made by J. S. & E. A. Abbot, Concord, NH.

One of the most important is from an article in *The Memphis Daily Appeal*, July 13, 1858, reprinted from the *Fort Smith Herald* (Arkansas), stating that the stage (celerity) wagons were to meet the design specifications of John Butterfield who had ordered them from J. S. & E. A. Abbot, Concord, NH:

> "The Overland Mail Company received by the *Lady Walton* [riverboat], on Tuesday evening last, six stages, and on Wednesday, Mr. Glover left [from Fort Smith] to the direction of El Paso with four of them.... The stages were manufactured at Concord, New Hampshire, according to directions given by Col. John Butterfield. they will accommodate from six to nine passengers...."

A later article in *The Memphis Daily Appeal*, July 21, 1858, reprinted from the *Fort Smith Times* (Arkansas) stated sixty more of the same stage wagons were to be delivered by the *Lady Walton*.

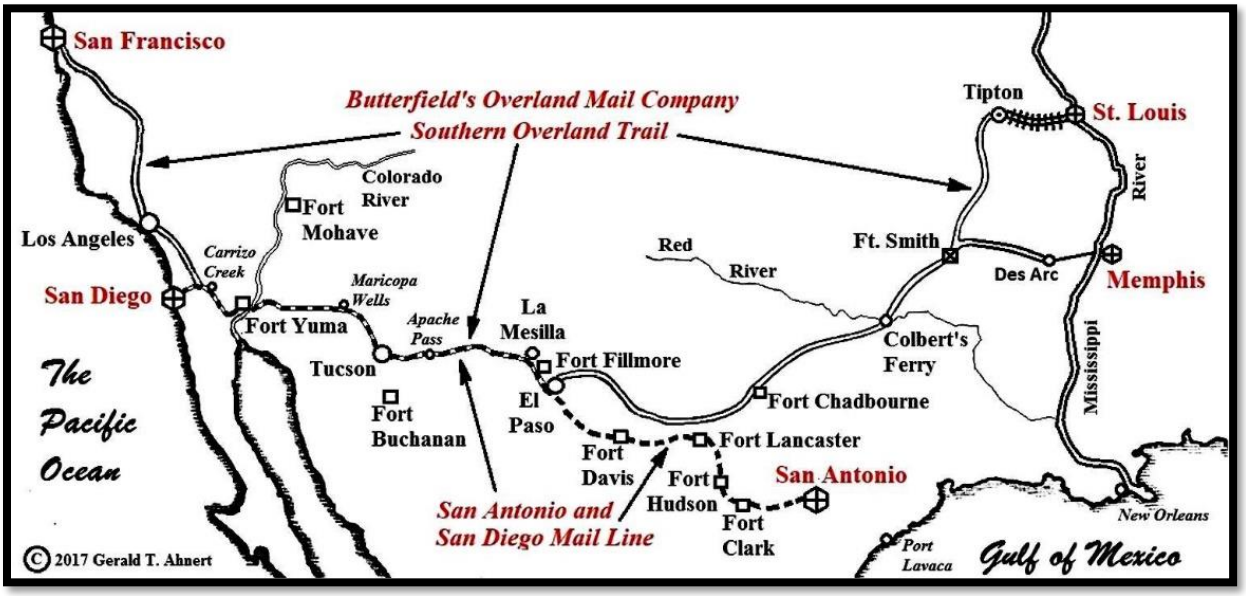
Another important reference is from an official government report by Postal Inspector Goddard Bailey based on this inspection trip as a passenger on the first Butterfield stagecoach to leave San Francisco, CA, on September 14, 1858. In his report to the House of Representatives he stated that the trail was stocked with Concord stages.

In July 1858, an article was published in many newspapers from New York to California about the J. S. & E. A. Abbot factory in Concord, NH, making 100 stages for Butterfield "…to be placed on the route between Memphis and San Francisco." The trail was bifurcated meeting at Ft. Smith, AR, where the stages met those coming from St. Louis, MO, and Memphis, TN. One of these articles was in the *Sacramento Daily Union*, July 31, 1858.

Two visits were made to the New Hampshire Historical Society Abbot-Downing archives in Concord, NH. It is unfortunate that the order for Butterfield's stages early in 1858 is missing from the collection, but a copy of the 1853 company broadside was obtained.

In the section titled “The Establishment of the Overland Mail,” in the Conkling’s report, he stated that there were “…orders placed for two hundred fifty or more regular coaches, and special mail wagons, harness sets and accessories, and also for a fleet of freight wagons and specially constructed tank wagons.” This inaccuracy overstates the total number of coaches the Overland Mail Company acquired by more than 100.

Correspondent for the *New York Herald* Waterman L. Ormsby was on the first Butterfield stagecoach heading west and in his reported he wrote that Butterfield had stocked his route with "…a wagon [stage wagon] or coach [stagecoach] for every thirty miles…." The trail totals 3,000-miles when the mileage of the route from Memphis, TN, to Ft. Smith, AR, is added to the mileage of the route from Tipton, MO, to San Francisco. Thirty divided into 3,000 is 100. In July 1858, many newspapers reported the Overland line having had 100 stages built for the trail. Among these was the *Sacramento Daily Union*.



The Butterfield Trail totals 3,000-miles when the mileage for the bifurcation from Memphis, TN, to Ft. Smith, AR, is added to the mileage from Tipton, MO, to San Francisco, CA. Every thirty miles a spare stage was supplied to stations for a total of 100 stagecoaches and stage (celerity) wagons. Map by G. Ahnert

Not to be Fooled –
How the Army Protected the Integrity of the Medal of Honor In the Case of Private John Baker

By

Michael C. Eberhardt

For Medal of Honor historians, the name "Private John Baker" should mean nothing---and for good reason, despite the written recommendation in 1875 by General William T. Sherman, Commanding General of the Army, that Baker receive the Medal.

The story of Private John Baker sheds interesting light on the internal Department of Army practices in vetting potential Medal of Honor recipients during the Indian War period when, as historian Dwight Mears points out in his excellent book *The Medal of Honor, The Evolution of America's Highest Decoration* (University Press of Kansas 2018), there was:

- a different standard for "gallantry"; and
- the absence of structure (as compared to modern times) regarding any formal board to review both the actions and backgrounds of potential Medal of Honor candidates.

The fact that 439 Medals of Honor were awarded in the Indian War period compared to 464 Medals of Honor for WWII speaks for itself in terms of Mears' conclusion that "the Medal of Honor cannot be viewed as a static decoration …. The medal has had different qualification thresholds at different times …." This contrast is certainly not used to suggest that Medals of Honor awarded during the Indian War period were undeserved compared to WWII. Indeed, in this writer's opinion, the degree of Medal of Honor recognition in both WWI and WWII was woefully limited, and the Medal was deserved by many more military members in those two conflicts. But the differences pointed out by Mr. Mears do bear on what happened with Private John Baker.

Private John Baker's "Medal of Honor" story starts in Clear Creek Canyon, Arizona, on January 2, 1873, where soldiers and scouts assigned to Company K of the 5th Cavalry and Company G of the 23rd Infantry, under the command of Lt. William F. Rice, engaged a number of Apaches who had recently been raiding in the area. Several Indians were killed or wounded and one soldier suffered a serious head wound. The soldier's name, or so it appeared, was recorded as Private John Baker.

The engagement at Clear Creek Canyon was one of scores of similar engagements between the Apaches and U.S. Army soldiers during 1872-1873. While several individual acts of gallantry were recognized with commendations (including Medals of Honor) during this two-year period, the Army thought it important to gather information about other soldiers whose conduct and gallantry had not otherwise been recognized with specific commendations. Accordingly, in April 1873 General George Crook, serving as Commanding General of the Army's Department of Arizona, issued Army General Order 14. That several page Order lists the names of 63 soldiers for various acts of gallantry in connection with specifically identified Indian battles; this included

some of the better known battles of the period like those at Salt River Canyon and in the Superstition Mountains, as well as lesser battles like those at Tonto Creek and in Clear Creek Canyon.

But General Crook's General Order 14 also included an additional list of 22 soldiers, and ten Apache scouts, who were generally recognized and commended for "good conduct during the different campaigns and engagements." Apparently, these 22 soldiers and ten scouts had distinguished themselves on a consistent basis over this same two-year period of 1872-1873. Interestingly, a handful of soldiers were recognized in General Order 14 in association with a specific battle, as well as being one of the 22 soldiers being generally commended. Private John Baker was one of them. He was recognized for his actions at Clear Creek Canyon and he also appears on the general commendation list. To his commanders, he must have appeared as a truly outstanding and deserving soldier.

Between April 1873 (when General Order 14 was issued) and early 1875, the Army scrutinized General Crook's extensive list of soldiers and scouts in an apparent effort to identify deserving Medal of Honor candidates to recommend to General Sherman, who was the final authority regarding Medal recipients. As a result of this process, in a February 22, 1875 letter from the Commanding General, Department of Arizona to the Army Adjutant General, Brigadier General Edward D. Townsend, the General Crook list was whittled down to 36 names to be recommended for the Medal of Honor. The list was comprised of 26 soldiers (including Private John Baker) and the ten Indian scouts.

Thereafter, on March 30, 1875, the Army Adjutant General's Office issued a directive to the Chief Clerk of the War Department, based on the order of General Sherman, authorizing the engraving of 34 Medals of Honor. Between the February 22, 1875 letter with its 36 names and the March 30, 1875 directive to the Chief Clerk, two names were struck from the 36--- they were Corporal Thomas Hanlon who deserted on September 10, 1873 and Pvt. Albert Bross who deserted on February 4, 1874. As a result, as initially issued, the March 30, 1875 order directed the Chief Clerk to engrave 34 Medals, including one for Private Baker.

But fortunately, before actual execution of the engraving order for the final list of 34 Medal of Honor recipients, good old Army attention to detail prevailed. It was discovered that Private John Baker was a fraud in name---albeit perhaps not in his accomplishments. As a result, Baker's name was lined through on the Adjutant General's order to the Chief Clerk, and the order was annotated in handwriting to show that the total number of authorized Medals was "33", and not "34" as originally written.

While the exact details of the how the determination was made to strike Private John Baker's name from the final list of 34 may not be clear some 145 years later, the Army enlistment records of Charles Hoover do reveal why it was necessary to do so.

Charles Hoover enlisted in Atlanta, Georgia on February 16, 1869. He was born in Lexington, Kentucky in 1846. However, Hoover was not long for the Army and he deserted three months

later on May 19, 1869. Three years later, using the name John Baker, Hoover apparently decided to give the Army another "go" and enlisted on May 13, 1872 and entered service anew as part of Company K, 5th Cavalry. (When Hoover first enlisted under his true name in 1869, he also served in the 5th Cavalry but in a Company different than Company K. But Hoover only served for three months before his initial desertion in 1869, so he was not likely a familiar face when he enlisted again three years later as Baker.)
Seven months after Hoover's re-enlistment as Baker, he was wounded in the head in the Clear Creek Canyon battle. But, now serving as Private John Baker, he deserted again on November 9, 1873. He was apprehended two days later on November 11, and it was then that he was discovered actually to be Charles Hoover. Hoover was discharged as a private on August 24, 1874.

However, the review of General Crook's list and General Sherman's subsequent final order continued after Hoover's discharge---both documents still including Baker's name. What appears likely to have happened is that the Chief Clerk, following receipt of the March 30, 1875 list for 34 engraving orders, sought to determine the geographic whereabouts or addresses of the recipients in order to ensure delivery of the Medals to correct locations. There are in fact location entries in the records for the other proposed recipients. In the case of Private John Baker, the Clerk likely started his search for a Baker location by reviewing existing records including Army enlistment records, which by that time in 1875 would have revealed (which they in fact did) the fraudulent use of Baker's name, the documented desertions, and his discharge some seven months earlier in August 1874 under his true name, Charles Hoover.

Baker's name as a presumed deserving candidate had been perpetuated through various reviews starting in April 1873 when General Crook assembled his large list of potential candidates. The Baker fraud was not detected then because he had not yet deserted at the point when General Crook's list was initially assembled ---that desertion occurring in November 1873, some seven months after General Crook's list was published. And while the Baker (Hoover) fraud was not uncovered prior to the engraving order issuance on March 30, 1875 (even though the names of two other deserters were struck), the fraud was detected before the Medals of Honor were awarded to the other recipients some two weeks later on April 12, 1875.

While there was a proliferation of Medals of Honor issued during the Indian Wars (with some documented errors in processing such Medals), the Army in the case of Baker was able preserve the integrity of the award process by canceling the issuance to Baker even after General Sherman's orders --- admittedly almost on the eve of the award to him..

The Army action may have been belated, but the correct action was taken in the end.

In sum, perhaps Baker (Hoover) was a soldier whose conduct at least on one occasion in Clear Creek Canyon in January 1873 may indeed have warranted Medal of Honor consideration, but the discovery of his deception is a credit to the diligence of the Army in a time when vetting practices were far more difficult than today.

No Mules Needed—Just add Water

By

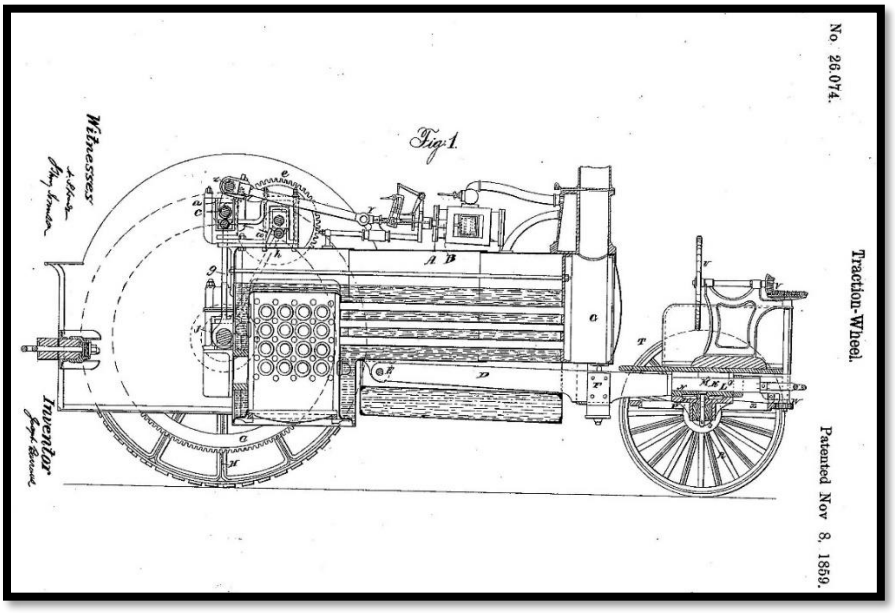
Gerald T. Ahnert

Obtaining stagecoaches that would stand the rigors of the Southwest deserts were crucial for the success of John Butterfield's Overland Mail Company contract. In June 1858, he ordered 100 mail stagecoaches and Stage (Celerity) Wagons from J. S. & E. A. Abbot, Concord, NH. *New York Herald* correspondent Waterman L. Ormsby, who was on the first Butterfield stagecoach to leave Tipton, Missouri, for the 2,700-mile trip to San Francisco, California, wrote:

> "I understand that they have bought horses and mules enough to have one for every two miles, and a wagon or coach for every thirty miles, of the route, while arrangements have been made at all the stations for changing horses, feeding, &c., so that they can run straight through."

Although the idea may seem absurd today, would a new invention replace his stages, mules, and horses, in the deserts of the Southwest? Butterfield's mail service started September 1858, and in late 1859 a fantastic mechanical contraption was invented and proposed to Butterfield to replace his stagecoaches—the Portable Traction-Locomotive that didn't need rails.

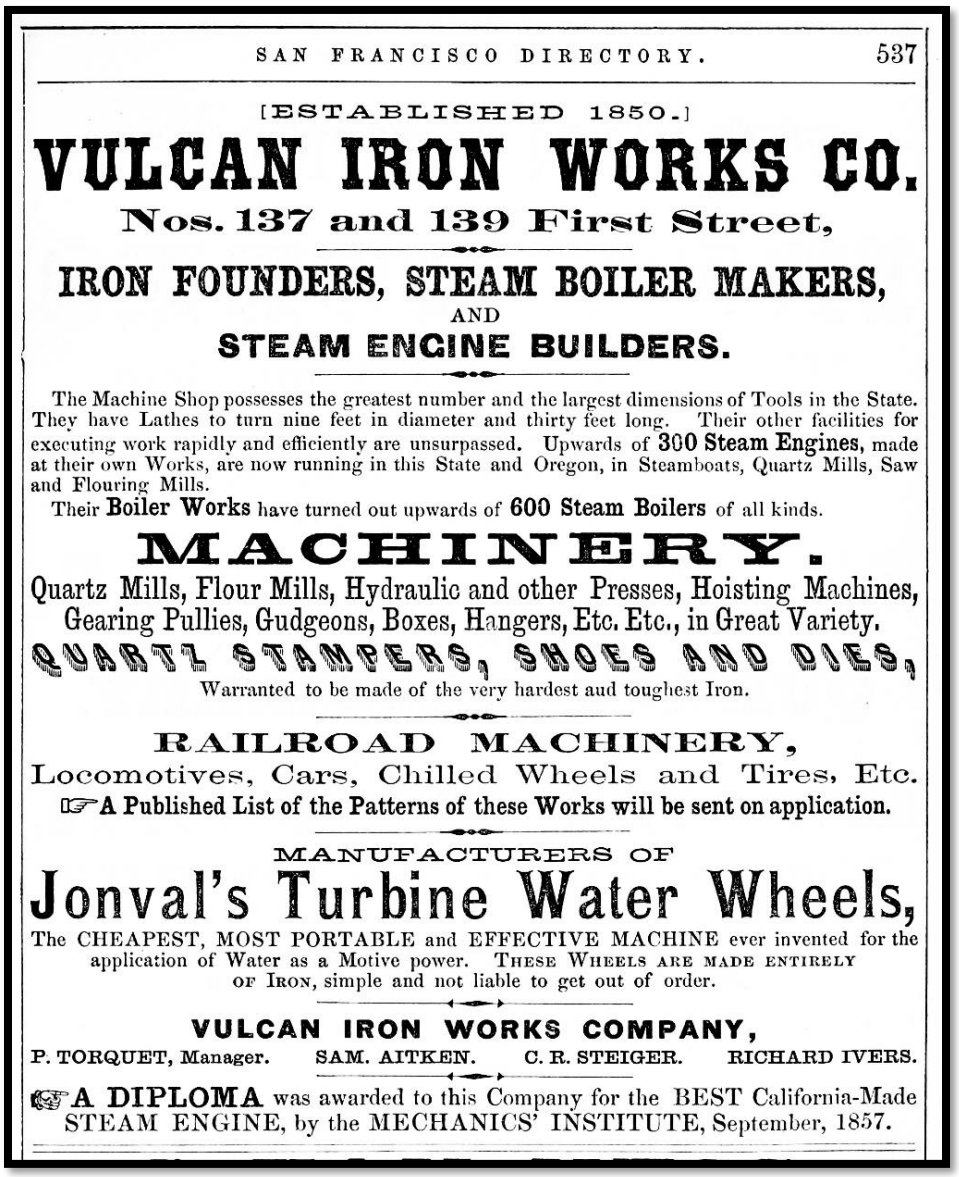
Joseph Barrans, of Peckham, England, was the inventor of this revolutionary work vehicle to replace the mule and horse-drawn wagons and stagecoaches. When American companies took an interest in this mechanical monstrosity, he filed Patent Number 26,074 with the United States Patent Office dated November 8, 1859.



Joseph Barrans Portable Traction-Locomotive was said to be able to tow wagons loaded with thirty tons of mail, passengers, and freight over the deserts of the Southwest.

The *Daily Alta California,* June 10, 1860, reported:

> "The firm of Ogden & Wilson, of this city [San Francisco], have lately imported a steam-wagon, from England, which, in our opinion, is destined to supersede, to a great extent, the vehicles now used on the highways of our country. Mr. Wilson remained long enough in Europe to become fully satisfied that the steam-engine would answer the purpose for which it was built. The engine was, in due time, shipped to New York, and thence to California, arriving in the ship *Starlight,* on the 19th of last month. The locomotive was, in pieces, taken to the Vulcan Foundry, on first street, and put together by workmen of that establishment."



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An 1863 ad for the Vulcan Iron Works. The Portable Traction-Locomotive parts were imported from England and assembled by this company.

Interest in this mechanical beast of burden was expressed by none other than Phineas Banning, the famous pioneer stage man of California. The *Daily Alta California*, July 30, 1860 reported:

> "The wagon has been shipped to Mr. Phineas Banning of Los Angeles, who has contracted with Messers. O. & W. [Ogden & Wilson], conditionally to use it two months and thoroughly test it as a practical and useful working machine."

The *Sacramento Daily Union*, February 16, 1860 told of California companies interested in this new steam-wagon:

> "Duncan, of Salt Point, has rented a mill seat from Wright, at the mouth of Russian River, and is now moving his mills from their present location to this. …The lumber will be shipped from Bodega Point. He is having a steam wagon built at the Vulcan Foundry, San Francisco, on the same plan as the one built for the Arizona Mining Company. Duncan is to pay $10,000 for the wagon, provided it will bear up to thirty tons, and haul ten tons up a grade of one foot in seven; failing to which, the builder is to pay all damages accruing hereby."

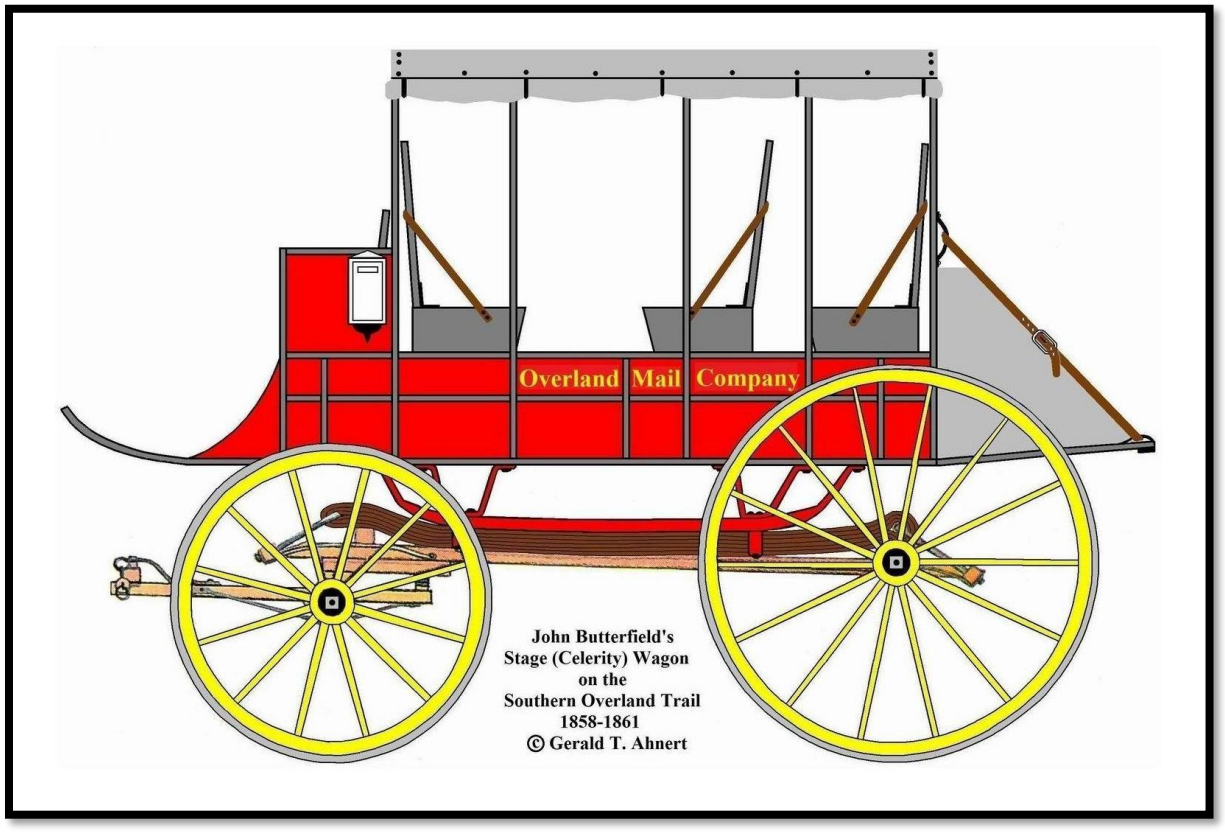
The June 10, 1860 *Daily Alta California* told of the first test, which must have been an amazing sight to San Francisco residents:

> "On yesterday, at half-past eleven o'clock, A. M., everything being in readiness, the engine, with tender attached, containing coal, wood and attachés of the foundry, started for a trip to Mission Delores. The machinery, as the train left the shop, worked beautifully, and after running up to Howard and through Howard to Third turned into Folsom, and headed for the Mission. When the locomotive struck up-grade, the engineer applied the double gearing, whereby the power is, of course, greatly increased. Down the steep grades the steam is shut off, and if necessary, engine reversed, as on railways, but this was avoided on the trip. With the exception of two stoppages—to adjust bolts and screw-pins—the run was made to the Nightingale Hotel in splendid style, and then to the Mission Delores Cathedral. The fuel consumed was inconsiderable—a single bag of coal and a few arms full of firewood sufficing. About two hundred and fifty gallons of water was all that was requisite of the boiler. The running time to the mission did not exceed three quarters of an hour.
>
> "…The engine weighs, with water and fuel aboard, eleven tons, and rests on four wheels working on one driving shaft. The steering part, connected with the boiler, rests on two smaller wheels. The four large wheels are each seven feet in diameter, and the tire seven inches in width. And here is the chief merit of this invention. The four large wheels are so arranged that in passing over level ground, only the two inner driving wheels take the earth, whereas through sand, or up grades, the larger outer wheels on the same shaft are, by an ingenious contrivance, brought down upon the ground, thereby increasing the bearing surface and the attractive power of the engine."

Another Portable Traction-Locomotive was ordered from England. The purpose was to replace Butterfield's stagecoaches as stated in a June 14, 1860 *Daily Alta California* article:

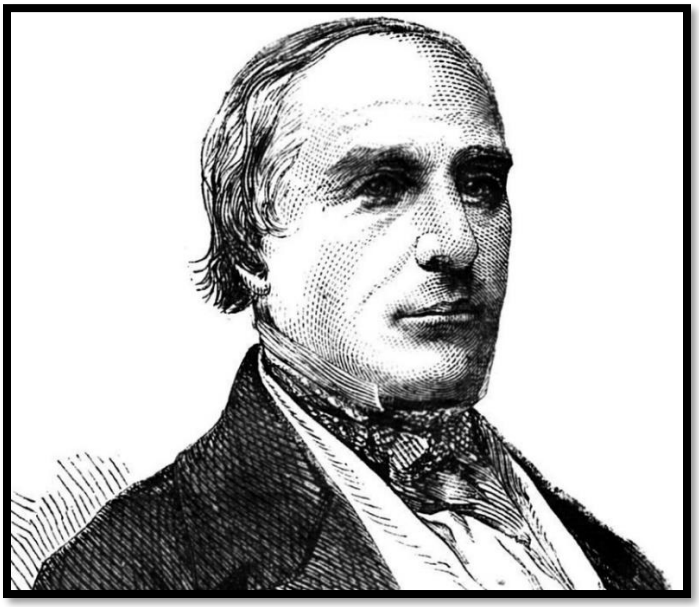
> "Mr. Ogden informs us that he has ordered another in England, which will be completed during the present year, and which is intended for speed exclusively, without great draught power. It will run about eight miles an hour, thus making as good time as the present stage-coaches. Water and fuel can be arranged for along the route, and, to all intents and purposes, the plains will be crossed by steam. The Butterfield Mail Company have already agreed to become purchasers of the "Overland Steam Wagon," in case it will perform anything like what is promised for it, and there is every reason to believe that it will, judging from the success of the one now in the city."

It seems unlikely that John Butterfield would ever entertain the idea to purchase these behemoths to replace the already successful use of stagecoaches on the 2,700-mile-long Southern Overland Trail, as the contraption could not possibly "perform anything like what is promised" when compared to his stages.



Replacing John Butterfield's Stage (Celerity) Wagon with the Barran's Portable Traction-Locomotive would have been a disaster. Butterfield's Overland Mail Company was using this Stage (Celerity) Wagon on the 1,920-mile

section of the frontier trail from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to Los Angeles, California, because of its light weight to aid in traversing the climbs up the steep mesas and through the deep sand.



John Butterfield Sr. just before he took the conductor's seat on the first Overland Mail Company stagecoach leaving Tipton, Missouri, September 16, 1858. From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 23, 1858.*

John Butterfield had had thirty-seven years' experience in staging and had owned forty stage lines in Upstate New York before he won the Overland Mail Company contract in 1857 to start service on the Southern Overland Trail September 1858. The idea of using the Portable Traction-Locomotive, as a substitute for his stagecoaches, is absurd knowing that he had been successful for thirty-seven years using the tried-and-proven stagecoach.

In the articles, about the trials for the mechanical beast-of-burden in San Francisco, it was stated that it weighed 22,000 pounds. In the test running of only a few miles through the streets of San Francisco, from the Vulcan Foundry to Mission Dolores, it used 250 gallons of water. The average distance between Butterfield's stations was fifteen miles. In the dry deserts on the Southern Overland Trail water to supply the boiler would be a serious problem. Mules are easier to feed than the enormous task of providing the fuel of coal and wood that would be needed to keep the steam wagon's boiler going. The 22,000-pound weight would also be prohibitive. The iron wheels were only seven inches wide and Butterfield's much lighter Stage (Celerity) Wagons sometimes had problems in the soft Gila River bottom that had to be crossed twice just east of Arizona's Oatman Flat. Because of the steam wagon's enormous weight, it would certainly become mired in the river bottom and would not be able to be extricated.

Also, the crude bridges constructed by Butterfield across Arizona's San Pedro River and San Simon River were built for his much lighter Stage (Celerity) Wagons and certainly wouldn't support the 22,000-pound Portable Traction-Locomotive. The contraption would be completely submerged in the many rivers that the Butterfield stages had to cross without bridges such as Boggy River in Indian Territory (Oklahoma).

Author Gerald T. Ahnert (left) with Doug Hanson, owner of Hanson Wheel & Wagon Shop. This was in Tubac, Arizona, where Ahnert gave a presentation to the National Stagecoach & Freight Wagon Annual Conference, March 15, 2018, about Butterfield's Overland Mail Company stagecoaches. As part of his presentation he included the story about the Portable Traction-Locomotive.

The Portable Traction-Locomotive as a substitute for the stagecoach soon faded away. But can you imagine the look on the faces of Cochise and his band of Chiricahua Apaches if they sighted this huffing and puffing mechanical beast towing a water wagon and a passenger and mail wagon through Apache Pass? Trains would later replace the stagecoach and would become a familiar sight to the Apache. In 1880 the rails for the train were completed through Arizona and spelled the death knell for the Southern Overland Trail.

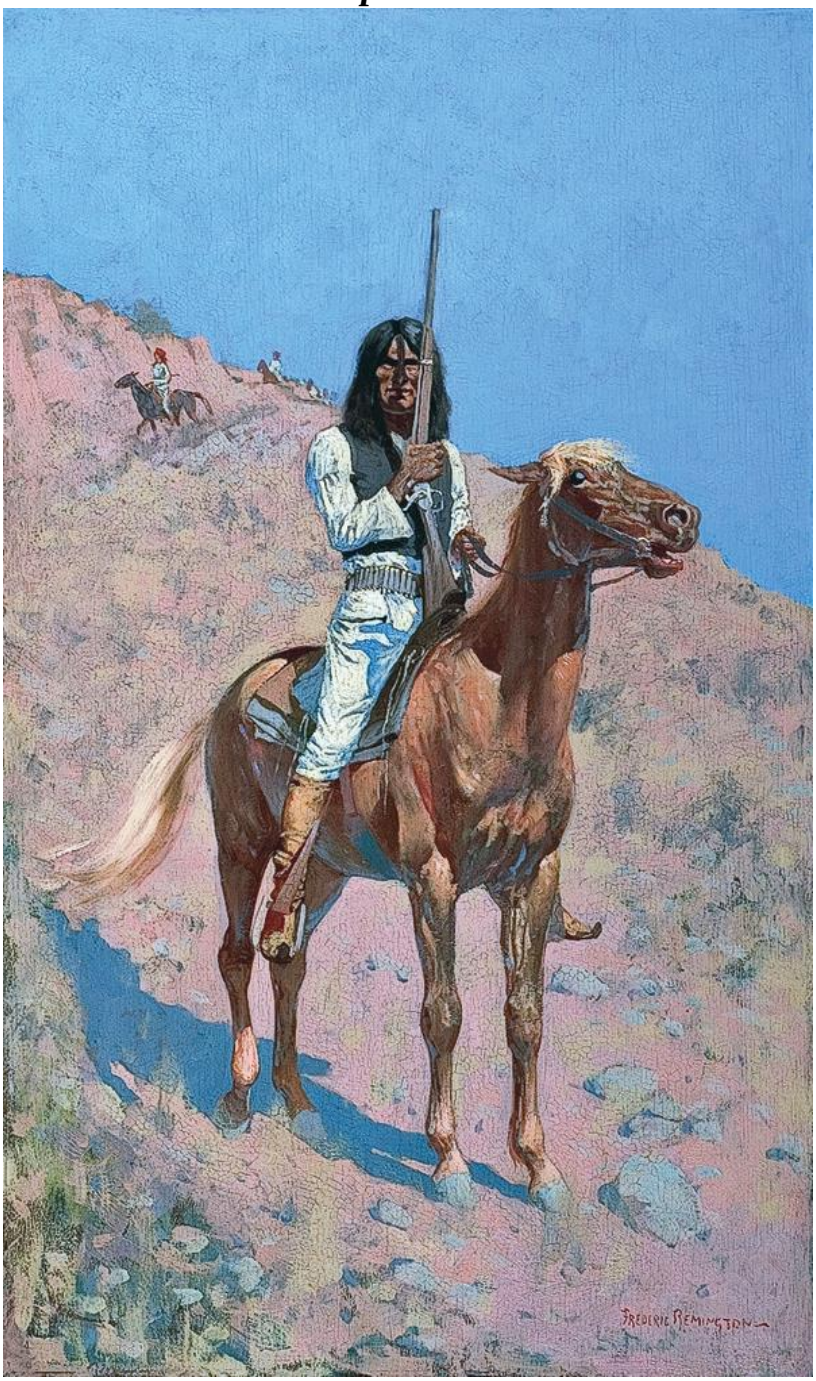
Geronimo and Juh Escape the Chokonen Chiricahua Reservation

By

Michael Farmer

An excerpt from his book

An Apache Iliad



An Apache. Painting by Frederic Remington, 1891

In 1872 General Oliver Otis Howard agreed with Cochise, chief of the Chokonen band of Apaches, on his choice for the site of the Chokonen Chiricahua reservation and as its agent, Tom Jeffords, a man Cochise trusted. Although Apaches didn't normally have hereditary chieftains, Cochise groomed his first-born son, Taza, to take over when he, Cochise, rode the ghost pony. Taza's younger brother, Naiche, who enjoyed dancing, women, drinking, and fighting, was not groomed to be a chief. Cochise wanted Naiche to support his brother, not compete with him. Two years after the reservation began, Cochise died in 1874, but not before making Taza and Naiche promise to avoid, if at all possible, any war with the White Eyes.

With the passing of Cochise, the Chokonens chose twenty-one-year-old Taza to become their chief and he competently led them. Naiche was seventeen. Skinya, one of Cochise's leading warriors, contested Taza as chief, saying he was too young and inexperienced to lead the band. Skinya was supported by his brother, Pionsenay, and about a dozen followers in this view and a factional dispute broke out. Skinya and his followers left the majority of the band to live in their own camp in the Dragoon Mountains. Taza and the rest of the Chokonens camped near the Pinery Springs agency run by Jeffords.

On June 4, 1876, John Clum, San Carlos Apache Agent,[1] arrived at the Chiricahua agency with fifty-four of his armed Apache police and shadowed by a military force supplied by General Kautz, who had replaced General Crook, ready for support if trouble broke out. That day, before Clum arrived, Skinya and his followers went to the Sulphur Springs camp to argue for Taza's camp to reject Taza as chief and to follow him. A fire fight ensued. Naiche shot Skinya and killed him. Taza wounded Pionsenay and six other members of the band were killed. That was the end of anyone contesting Taza's leadership.[2]

The next day Clum met with Taza and Naiche at the Apache Pass agency.[3] They remembered the promise they had made to Cochise, and Clum (with cavalry nearby) convinced them to move the Chokonens to San Carlos. Jeffords informed Clum that another band under Geronimo, Juh, and a warrior named Nolgee also lived on the reservation. They had been included in General Howard's settlement and wanted to meet with Clum. The meeting was held two or three days later on 7 or 8 June at the agency. Clum assumed that Geronimo was the leader because he was spokesmen. Juh chief for the Nednhi band of Apaches stuttered badly when he was excited. He had asked Geronimo, his segundo (number two), who spoke excellent Spanish, to speak for them.

After initial talks, Geronimo told Clum that they were willing to go to San Carlos, but that their people were about twenty miles away. He asked permission to bring them in and Clum agreed but sent some of his police to shadow them when they returned to their camp. The shadow followers later reported to Clum, that upon returning to their camp, Geronimo and Juh gave brief orders to kill the camps dogs (to keep them from barking), break camp, and run for Mexico. By the time the Apache police reported this back to Clum it was too late to even think about stopping the Juh-Geronimo band from slipping across the border.[4]

Once in Mexico, Juh and Nolgee camped in their Sierra Madre strongholds. Six weeks later on July 21,1876, Geronimo with about forty followers appeared at the Ojo Caliente (also known as

Hot Springs) Reservation in west central New Mexico. He had many relatives there and probably wanted to relocate from Mexico where fighting between political factions in both Sonora and Chihuahua made the prospects dim for some kind of peace deal, which Juh wanted, with the Mexicans in either state.

Ojo Caliente was the reservation for the Chihenne Apache band led by the famous chiefs Victorio and Loco. Old, arthritic, Nana, was Victorio's segundo and his son-in-law. Loco, whose left eye drooped from being scarred defending himself with only a knife against a bear, was later to be known as the Chihenne peace chief. Victorio was the war chief and primary Chihenne leader.

Although the agent at Ojo Caliente had been instructed to issue rations to refugees (members of Gordo's and Chato's bands) from the Chiricahua reservation after the Skinya fight, Geronimo stayed a short time at Ojo Caliente, then returned to Mexico and met with Juh. He was unable to convince Juh to move to the Chihenne reservation. Juh and Victorio were not enemies but neither liked the other. Juh believed Victorio was too impulsive and would start a needless war. Victorio thought Juh was too slow to act when quick action was needed.

Juh and Geronimo decided to try to make a peace deal for their 209 followers with the town of Moctezuma on the Sonora River. They enlisted the services of the infamous "White Apache," Zebina N. Streeter,[5] to open negotiations with Moctezuma's prefect. While Streeter was negotiating, Geronimo and a chief, Nat-cul-ba-ye (also known as José María Elías) leading fifty-three people, split with Juh and sent peace feelers to the towns of Bavispe on the north flowing Río Bavispe on the western side of the Sierra Madre and to Janos on the eastern side.

The governor of Sonora, General Mariscal, instructed the prefect of Moctezuma to make a deal with the Apaches under the conditions that they live within one league of any of five military presidios scattered throughout the state, that they surrender their arms, that they be counted daily, that they could not leave the area without permission from an agent who was assigned them, and that they had to live in peace with Mexicans and all other inhabitants of Sonora and not enter another country for the purpose of raiding. In return for satisfying these conditions, the governor agreed to provide the Apaches food and clothing, and if they wanted to grow crops, he would protect them against all attacks.

Streeter met with Colonel Elías, the military commander of the northern presidios, who told him that he would offer the Apaches a reservation at either Santa Cruz or Bacoachi and would allow them eight days to come in. The Apaches never showed. Streeter then went to Ures and then Guaymas where he met with Governor Mariscal in December.

Unknown to Streeter, Juh's patience with the peace negotiations had worn thin. Juh went south up into the high country along the Río Aros where Mexican soldiers were reluctant to go. In early November, Juh's warriors had killed ten and wounded four people on a raid in the Sonoran district of Sahuaripa. In mid-November a Mexican patrol surprised Juh's camp at Chamada overlooking the Río Aros, killed two Apaches, and recovered a large amount of plunder and seven animals. Even so, Governor Mariscal told Streeter he would still make a treaty if Juh complied with the

terms given the prefect of Moctezuma. Streeter returned to Juh's camp with the offer, but Juh decided to reject it.[6]

Geronimo left Juh in November and joined the warrior Esquine camped in southwestern New Mexico. While camped with Esquine, Geronimo with several Bedonkohe Apaches decided to raid in southern Arizona. On December 2, 1876, General Kautz was notified that Indians had taken twenty-one horses from a ranch that included the grounds of the former Camp Crittenden.[7] Kautz forwarded the report to Fort Bowie. Second Lieutenant John Anthony Rucker with ten troopers and Company C of thirty-four Pinal Apache scouts, whose reservation home was San Carlos but were stationed at Fort Bowie, were sent after the raiders on December 11, 1876. Rucker's scouts found the raider's trail by December 16. Geronimo led Rucker north and then doubled back south before Rucker had to return to Fort Bowie and resupply on December 30.

Geronimo made the bad assumption that Rucker had abandoned his pursuit, but Rucker, still following the Apache trail, left Fort Bowie on January 4, 1877. Rucker's scouts found the raider's rancheria on January 8 near the northern part of the Animas Mountains in southwestern New Mexico. They attacked the rancheria at daybreak the following morning. The scouts had to charge the rancheria three times before they drove the Chiricahuas away and captured a nephew of Geronimo about five years old. Geronimo described this event in his autobiography saying that "United States troops surprised and attacked our camp. They killed seven children, five women, and four warriors, captured all our supplies, blankets, horses, and clothing, and destroyed our tipis. We had nothing left; winter was beginning, and it was the coldest winter I ever knew. After the soldiers left, I took three warriors and trailed them back to San Carlos."[8]

*****

In his autobiography, Geronimo said that he heard Victorio was holding a council with the white men near Hot Springs (Ojo Caliente). "We easily found Victorio and his band and they gave us supplies for the winter. We had not the least trouble with Mexicans, white men, or Indians." (See Note 2 below). Geronimo's brother-in-law, Nana, the family of Jason Betzinez (his father, Nonithian, was Geronimo's first cousin) and friends and relatives welcomed them and shared their belongings and provisions to provide sanctuary for him and his followers.

The Chihennes lived in peace with their neighbors, but the arrival of Geronimo and the Chiricahuas in 1877 changed everything. Nana and Loco tried to warn Victorio that the newcomers "will get us in trouble," but Victorio shrugged them off saying, "These people are not bothering us."(See note 3 below)

*****

General Kautz learned hostile Chiricahuas had sought shelter at Ojo Caliente. He wrote Agent Davis there for information about them. Davis, who had run out of patience with the surly, uncooperative Apaches had left the agency, leaving Acting Agent Walter Whitney to take over temporarily. Whitney answered Kautz's request for information, writing that 250 Chiricahuas had come into Ojo Caliente, but that 100 were then present. Receiving Whitney's letter, General Kautz sent Lieutenant Austin Henely to Ojo Caliente to investigate the situation.

Henely met with Agent Whitney on March 16, 1877 at agency headquarters. After the meeting he recognized Geronimo, who he knew from his days at Fort Bowie, "indignant because he could not draw rations for the time he was out." Geronimo, Gordo, Chato, and Ponce had just returned to the reservation with a herd of a hundred stolen Pima horses. Henely believed that about thirty-five Chiricahuas (Bedonkohes and Chokonens) and about fifteen Chihennes had formed the raid in southern Arizona that had killed nine men in February. He reported this to General Kautz who wired his report to Governor Safford. The governor wired Edward P. Smith, the commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington, included Henely's letter to Kautz, claimed that the agent at Ojo Caliente had lost control of the reservation, and that all Indians should be removed to San Carlos or a new agent appointed who could control them.

Commissioner Smith, losing patience with the turmoil at Ojo Caliente, telegraphed Agent Clum at San Carlos on 20 March 1877. Smith's instructions to Clum said, "If practicable, take Indian Police and arrest renegade Chiricahuas at Southern Apache Agency. Seize stolen horses in their possession; restore the property to rightful owners; remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed."(See note 5 below)

Clum was delighted to accept the commissioner's directive. Although Smith referred only to taking renegade Chiricahuas to San Carlos, Clum believed he could convince Indian officials in Washington that it might be best to extend the orders to move the Chihennes to San Carlos as well. He knew Washington officials would give him the jurisdiction he needed without bothering to ask the Apaches how they felt. Clum exalted in the idea that, with the Chihennes also at San Carlos, he would have all the Apaches west of the Río Grande under his control at San Carlos. The wheels were in motion for Geronimo's first and only capture in early May 1877 and was the beginning of the next ten years of Apache war until Geronimo surrendered (General Miles said he was "captured") on September 4, 1886.

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[1] John Clum was sent west by the Dutch Reformed Church to be agent for the Western Apache at San Carlos. H thought it wise that all of the Apache should come under his supervision. Clum would later be the editor of the *Tombstone Epitaph* and support Virgil and Wyatt Earp.

[2] Thrapp, Dan. *The Conquest of Apacheria*, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 1967, p.162n2.

[3] Starting in 1872, the Chiricahua Agency was at the Sulphur Springs ranch of Nick Rogers. At the insistence of the Indian bureau, in August 1873, the agency moved to the San Simon Cienega. In November 1873, it was moved again to Pinery Canyon, and after the death of Cochise to Apache Pass near Fort Bowie.

[4] Thrapp. pp.162 – 163.

[5] Streeter had been raised in California under a Mexican stepmother and spoke excellent Spanish. He had served in the Mexican military fighting against the French emperor of Mexico, Maximillian. He had also served as a packer for Tom Jeffords.

[6] Thrapp. pp.164 – 165.

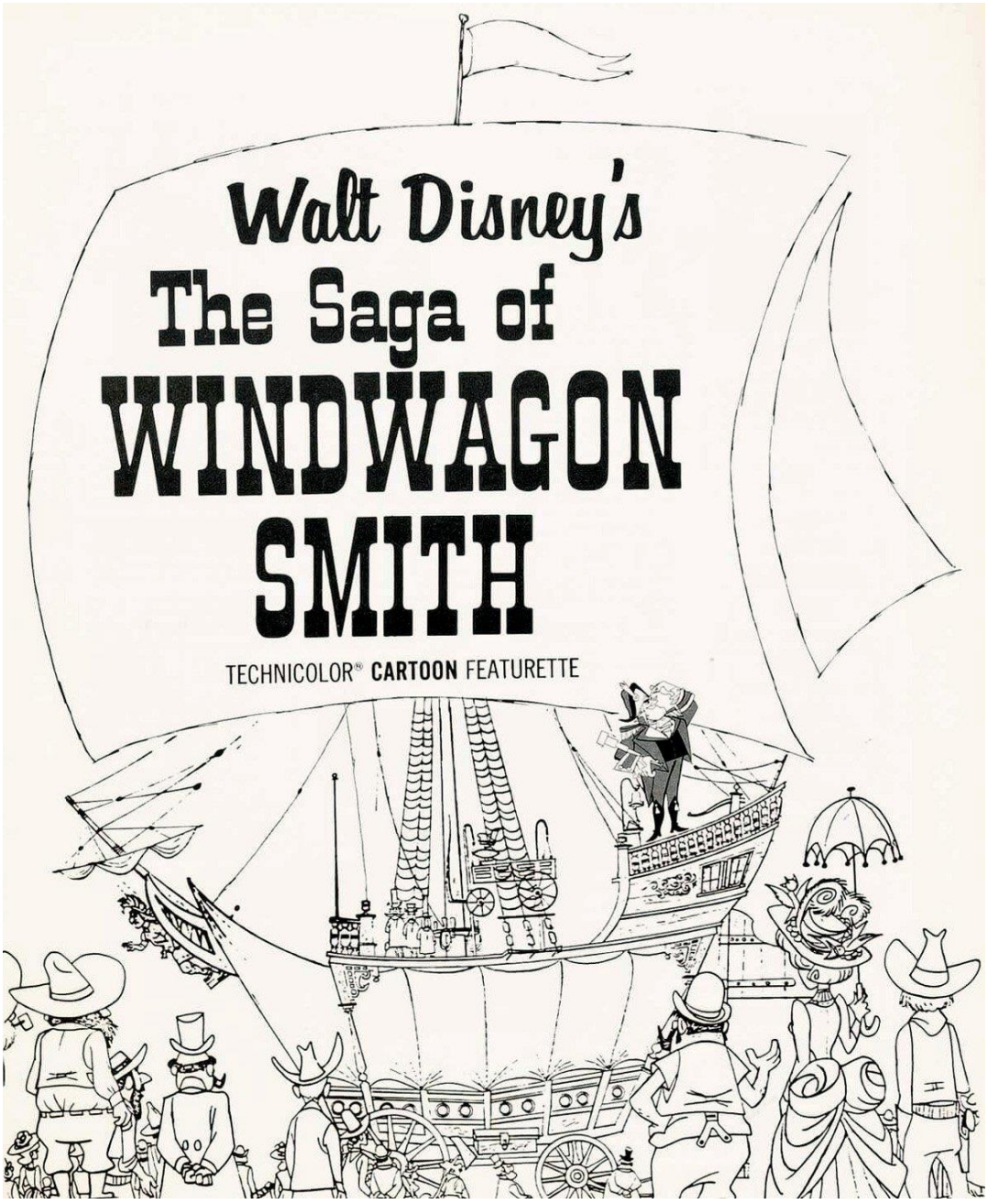
[7] John Wasson was an editor of the *Tucson Citizen,* which led the campaign to have Tom Jeffords removed as Indian agent. Among the published charges were serious ones leveled by Thomas Hughes owner of the "Old Fort Crittenden Ranch." Lynn Bailey speculated that Streeter looked up to Tom Jeffords as "an elder brother," and deliberately led the Apache to attack Hughes's ranch in retribution. Baily, Lynn. *White Apache: The Life and Times of Zebina Nathaniel Streeter,* Westernlore Press, Tucson, 2010, pp. 78-80, 87-92.

[8] Debo, Angie. *Geronimo, The Man, His Time, His Place,* University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 1976, p.95.

The Wind Wagons

By

Doug Hocking



The Disney Cartoon

"How gloriously her gallant course she'll go!
Her white wings flying - not from any foe;

She'll walk the prairie like a thing a life,
And seem to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the smash-up and the wreck,
To move the monarch of her novel deck?"

Border Star, 1859[1]

They called it the prairie sea and wagons were referred to as prairie schooners. For a while, between 1846 and 1860, it seemed possible that wagons with sails would travel to Santa Fe (at least as far as Las Vegas at the foot of the Sangre de Cristo Mountains), Bent's Fort, and Pike's Peak. The story gets lost in legends that end with the Skipper of the Plains sailing off forever across Kansas like some *Flying Dutchman*. The story became an American tall tale, but there was truth behind it. Wilbur Schramm won the 1943 O. Henry Award for fiction with his short story "Windwagon Smith," which was included in *Windwagon Smith and Other Yarns* in 1947. In 1961, Walt Disney released the cartoon *The Saga of Windwagon Smith* narrated by Cochise County's favorite son, Rex Allen. The real inventor behind the nonsense was William Thomas, "Wind Wagon Thomas," of Westport, Mo. Thomas made at least two "successful" voyages, one of about 80 miles with a prototype in 1847, and another of about 120 miles in 1860. In 1860, another genius in a smaller, two-man version that could also be propelled by a crank, sailed from Oskaloosa in eastern Kansas to Denver. In later years, several gentlemen attempted to take credit for these peerless voyages confusing the tale and birthing legends.

The idea is not as mad as it may at first sound. Wheels turn with far less resistance than a ship with half her hull buried in the sea. Ships climb great seas, not unlike a wagon going up a hill. With large enough wheels, Thomas fitted his schooner with wheels eight feet in diameter, small gullies and ravines pose little obstacle. Schooners sail close to the "wind's eye," that is, almost directly into the face of the wind. The headwind causes the sail to form a belly, so that the wind on either side is going a different speeds and creates a vacuum into which the sail is drawn. Today we understand this as the principle that makes it possible for airplanes to fly. We call it Bernoulli's principle's and he deduced that pressure decreases when the flow speed increases.[2] At the same time, the wind is pushing the ship backwards or, if the wind is either side, to the side. Without a keel or a square stern the ship might go backwards or even sideways. A keel actually helps to translate some of that force into forward motion. A ship is also ballasted so a wind from the beam, the side, doesn't flip the ship on its beam ends.

How does one make this work with a wagon? A wide base and very large wheels are a start. How does the wagon function without the equivalent of a square stern to keep it from going backwards? In one of the Aubrey-Maturin novels of the Napoleonic Wars at sea, Captain Aubrey takes command of the fictional HMS Polychrest. The name implies more than one prow for the ship had no true stern. It was fictional but was based on a real class of ships that were briefly in the British fleet, the Dart class, which were intended to fire a secret weapon. Enough time has passed that I can probably let you in on the secret, if you promise not to tell. It was a giant rocket, as in "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air." And it was about as accurate as a bottle rocket and was abandoned for a time. It was a terror weapon, almost as terrifying to the French as to British cavalry. The lack of stern was intended to displace the thrust of the rocket when it was fired by letting the ship go backwards. Unfortunately, it also went backwards in a headwind. This could be truly embarrassing in a navy that fought in "line of battle." One of the ships suddenly sailing

backwards could foul the whole fleet and really annoy the admiral. Thomas would face a similar problem. Not annoying the admiral, but rather, sailing backwards in a headwind.[3]

In 1859, a Kansas Territory newspaper republished an explanation of the science behind the wind-wagon:

> "The pressure of the wind on the wing of a wind-wheel depends not only on the velocity of the wind but also on the velocity of the wing. If you give your wings a surface of forty square feet, and if the wind moves at the rate of fifteen miles an hour (which is the velocity of ordinary winds,) your wind-wagon will have one horse power, if you give the same twelve revolution per minutes - *Westport Border Star*.
>
> "Y-a-a-s ! Precisely! But 'which end at, Col?'"[4]

At this time, Kansas was still a territory only achieving statehood on January 29, 1861. Until then, most of Colorado, as we know it, was in Kansas, including Denver and Pike's Peak. The bit below the Arkansas River was in New Mexico Territory and the part west of the mountains was in Deseret, or as the U.S. government called it, Utah, which included Utah, Nevada, western Colorado and bits of Wyoming and Idaho.

The author hopes this clears the matter up for you as well, both the science and the geography. Too many folks were willing to pronounce the whole thing a farce. Both the geography and the wind-wagon. That same spring another Kansas newspaper pounced on the Wind-wagon.

> "The wind-wagon has made several trial trips of a few miles, and its friends seem pretty well pleased with its performances, but public sentiment pronounces the whole affair a humbug."[5]

As we shall see, it was not a humbug, nor a legend. It almost worked. This is something like the sentiment attributed to Field Marshal Sir Bernard Law Montgomery about *Operation Market Garden* having been 95% successful. As Bernhard, the Prince of the Netherlands, said "My country can never again afford the luxury of another Montgomery success." This was the situation in which Wind-wagon Thomas eventually found himself with his shareholders.

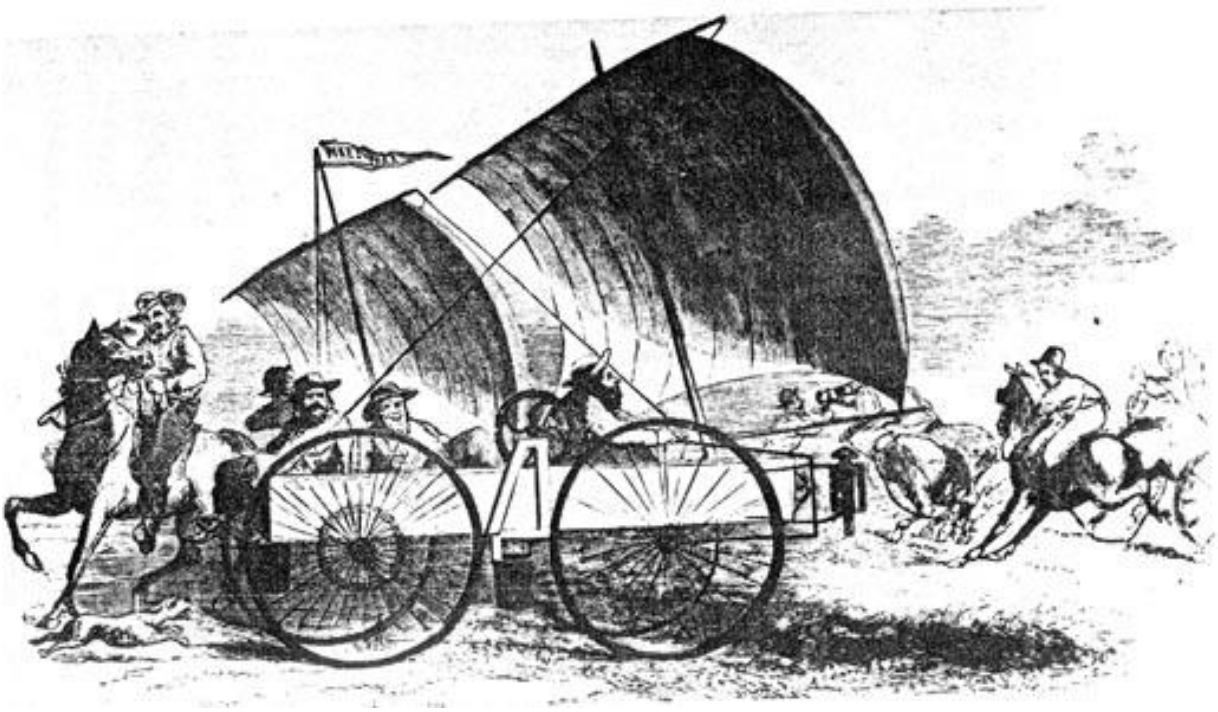
Shortly thereafter a Topeka newspaper reported a wind-wagon spectacular success.

> "A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat writing from Denver City, says:
>
> "The great and long expected "Wind Wagon" arrived on Laramie street yesterday morn, with flying colors. Time twenty odd days across the plains. There were four men in the outfit with their provision, plunder and mining tools. The prairie ship herself is of the size of a wagon, with very large wheels, and gutta percha belt arrangements, a regular boat bow, mast, sail, strong canvass cover, &c. It is not anything like as extensive or scientific in its get up as the wind wagon made by Mr. Thomas, at Westport, Mo., but, nevertheless, it is the wind wagon which first crossed the great American plains and came to "Pike's Peak." Mr. A.J. Dawson, formely [sic] of Weston, Mo., we believe, is the gentleman who is the "owner and master," and who commanded its crew to Denver City - all O.K. The party disposed of it here next day for a considerable sum of money, but for what prospective

purpose or use I did not learn. A crowd of persons flocked around her when she came in skimming along the line of Laramie street about ten miles an hour, and as lively looking as a "thing of life." Every crossed the creek here to get a sight of this new-fangled frigate which,

"'Across the streams and through the sands,

Had made the trip out to Pike's Peak!'"[6]



The Four-Man Wind-Wagon from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper

This clarifies a few points. There were at least two wind-wagons. Starting in 1846, Mr. Thomas built and tested a model at Westport. He "perfected it in 1859 and 60. It was much larger, intended to convey 24 passengers, than the two-man model commanded by Mr. A.J. Dawson, that arrived in Denver after successfully sailing across the Plains from Oskaloosa, KS. Gutta percha is not "fish guts" as one might suppose. It is a naturally occurring resin like rubber that resembles rubber but contains more resin and is used especially as insulation and in dentistry as a permanent filling in root canals. In the 19th century, it was also used to make drive belts. The *Weekly Western Argus* of April 21, 1860, explained that these belts driven by a crank could propel the craft at eight miles per hour when the wind didn't blow.

Others attempted to follow up on the success of the Oskaloosa Eolian Car. The New Orleans *Crescent* of October 2, 1860, recorded that:

> "Andrew Dawson, of Oscoloota, Kansas, recently constructed a wagon furnished with sails, rigging, etc., propelled by the aid of wind, with which he went to the Pike's Peak mines in twenty days. Encouraged by this success, other parties in the same town set about

> the construction of the same kind of wagons, and a few days since a party of eight started out on the prairies to try one which had just been finished. The wind was blowing a gale at the time. Everything worked to a charm. The occupants glided swiftly over the prairies, were delighting themselves with anticipation of a speedy and comfortable trip to the mines, when the velocity of the vehicle created a lively alarm for their safety. The wagon sped onward before the driving wind faster and faster, until the axle-tree broke and deposited them all upon the ground, an in a somewhat damaged condition, from broken heads, bruised limbs and bodies. The speed of the machine is said to have been forty miles per hour."[7]

We live in a world of standard sizes and going outside these presets is costly. Today's world come in 2"x4" and 4'x8' sheets. Only hotdogs and hotdog buns seem to violate the standards coming. The dogs come 10 to a pack while the buns come in packs of 8. You can see the heartache that causes. From ancient China and from European middle ages we see standards of measurement for the length of axles and the width of wagons. We have these measures so that the world fits together better than hot dogs with buns. In the deeply rutted north China plain wagon wheels wore deep into the soil. If you went from an area with 2-1/2 foot long axles to one where the axles were 3 foot long, you had to stop, unload and get a new wagon. So around 220 B.C. Chin Shih-hwang-di, the First Emperor, standardized axle length inflicting on China a marked improvement in trade. Modern M-1 Abrams tanks are greater in width than the standard wagon of medieval Germany. On occasion American forces occasionally widen a road by moving an ancient building off its foundations. In museums you will see "wagon box" pianos that were built specifically for use on the frontier. They are of a size intended to fit in a wagon which had a standard axle length so it would fit in the ruts of wagons that had gone before. William Thomas proposed a huge wagon that would never fit in any ruts and that was only one of his problems and one that was probably surmountable since he did not propose traveling through mountain passes. Others built their wind-wagons upon the 3'x8' bed of a standard wagon.

Now suppose that we add sails and a crank and belt system to propel the thing. In 1859 and '60 our argonauts would be bound for Pike's Peak and would need mining supplies, picks, shovels, pans, etc. Add to this a bed roll, cooking gear, and supplies for at least four weeks. For each man added we need another bedroll – these being about 3-foot-long and 2 feet in diameter, and additional supplies of food. We need to ask ourselves how many men can fit in this 3'x8' wagon. If oxen or mules were pulling the wagon, men did not ride, only the supplies did. They walked alongside. The wind-wagon was supposed to average 8 miles per hour and we're told that some occasionally reached speeded of 45 miles per hour. It seems unlikely that anyone could walk alongside.

The early twentieth century produced Uncle Sam Peppard who for many years had told his story of an 1860 trip to Pike's Peak by wind wagon along with Steve Randall, J.T. Forbes and Gid Coldron. Starting from Oskaloosa, KS, where many wind-wagon adventures begin, they only made it to within 100 miles of Denver before they wrecked.[8] No contemporary record of the travel of these four bold adventurers comes to light. Mr. Andrew Dawson's arrival was reported in the contemporary newspapers while Uncle Sam and his crew were not. Perhaps trips were so frequent as to have become a commonplace and no longer news. Dawson's was a significant journey. As quoted earlier:

> "Time twenty odd days across the plains. There were four men in the outfit with their provision, plunder and mining tools. The prairie ship herself is of the size of a wagon, with very large wheels, and gutta percha belt arrangements, a regular boat bow, mast, sail, strong canvass cover, &c."[9]

Uncle Sam was still living in Oskaloosa at his death in 1916. Perhaps he wrecked within 100 miles of his home, rather than Pike's Peak. It seems amazing that four grown men, as both stories relate, with all their gear fit in a wagon unless they were a circus act of "little people" or clowns. The timing of accounts, Dawson arriving prior to May 26, and a wagon "passing through town" in June, suggests that Dawson's success and Oskaloosa may have produced more than one wind-wagon that season.[10] A bit more faith should be placed in contemporary accounts as opposed to family legend and ancient reminiscence. Wind-wagons always drew great attention even when unsuccessful.

> "Some experiments have been made with wind wagons in Kansas this summer. One of these contrivances took a party from the Missouri river to Pike's Peak in twenty days. Another of these wagons started from Oskaloosa, two or three weeks since, and went on finely for a day or two till it was overtaken by a gale which drove it on at the rate of forty miles an hour until it tumbled into a ravine, smashing the vehicle into fragments and terribly bruising travelers."[11]

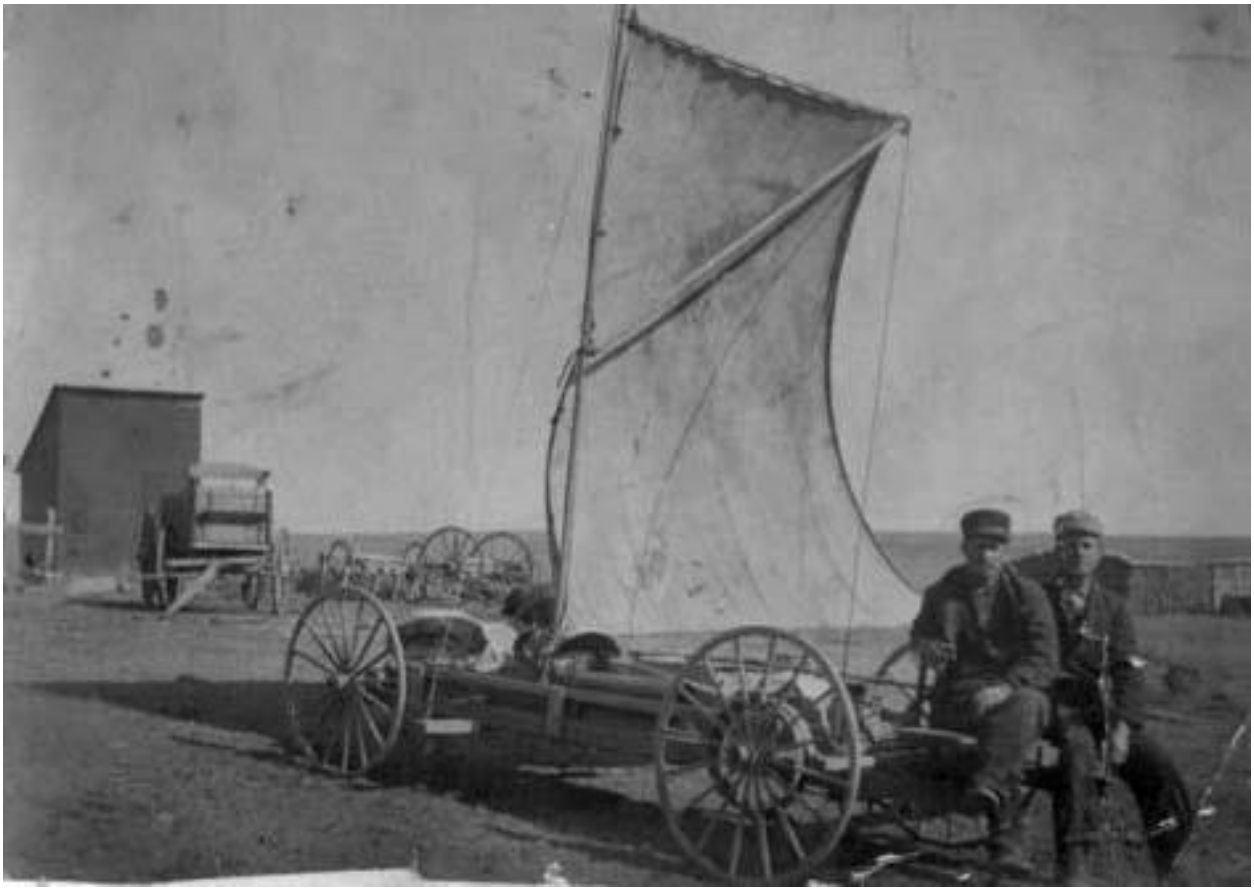


Photo of a wind-wagon. Kansas Historical Society

First mention of the "Wind Wagon" Thomas wind-wagon shows up in 1846[12] and the newspapers continue their interest into 1847. William Thomas was a miller operating his windmill in the Westport area presumably supplying flour to the military and Indian service at Fort Leavenworth, to travelers headed up river on the Missouri for the Indian trade, and to travelers on the Oregon-California and Santa Fe trails. In conversations, he frequently mentioned the intention of establishing regular transportation to Bent's Fort. Fort William, its other name, was a dead end for a wind-wagon close to the foot of the Rocky Mountains and on the Arkansas River, which, in 1846, was the boundary with Mexico.[13] Beyond the river, 80 miles to the south in Mexico, was Raton Pass, a most difficult spot for wagon, especially wind-wagons. Thomas had no intention of breaching the pass. He intended to unload at Bent's and establish other service from there. All of this suggests that large percentage of Thomas's flour went to the Indian trade.

As a miller, Thomas would have known a great deal about the wind, sails and how to set them, and mechanics. In the spring of 1847, he already had a working prototype.[14] Although some accounts say that William Thomas had been a sailor, and this is possible, another account had him, in 1846, hiring an "old Tar" to assist him.[15] Perhaps if this sailor had been with him in 1860, things might have worked out differently. After its successful run to Denver, Andrew Dawson's "boat" was compared as being "not anything like as extensive or scientific in its get up as the wind wagon made by Mr. Thomas, at Westport, Mo."[16] The latter comparison comes from 1860.

The years in which the wind-wagons make the news are significant. In June 1846, Colonel, soon to be general, Stephen Watts Kearney was gathering the Army of the West near Westport in preparation for the invasion of Mexico from Bent's Fort. By 1847, Santa Fe was under United States control. The road to Bent's and Santa Fe were open and improvements in transportation might make a man rich. Those who went to Pike's Peak were known as "59ers" for the year of the excitement 1859. In 1859 and 1860, swift transportation to the gold fields might make a man wealthy. Prospectors seldom struck it rich while those who provided goods and services to them often died wealthy. These were good years in which to attract investors and the press. Between 1847 and 1859, although Thomas continued to work on his project, he drew little attention.

Even in the lean years of reporting, there was an occasional story. In 1855, one newspaper editor thought that "Steam [had been] Surpassed as a Locomotive Power" by Mr. Thompson, a misunderstanding of William Thomas's name.

> "We learn from a very creditable source that Mr. Thompson, of their Territory near Westport, has determined to make a visit to the Rocky Mountains in a wagon propelled by wind. He intends taking 30 person - 17 seats being already engaged. He will start about the first of June, and feels confident that he can find a ridge route the entire distance, and that the experiment will prove successful. He has succeeded very well so far as he has tried his plan."[17]

In 1905, one old-timer, perhaps with faulty memory for he placed events in 1853, recalled Kansas's "dry-land navy" constructed to navigate the Plains. "A genius" turned out a wagon which was to do on land what a schooner does at sea with sails and an upper deck. According to him, it was completely successful, and capitalists wanted to purchase the design, but Thomas wouldn't sell.[18]

His project was for its day "scientific" and he patented parts of his design that he considered unique and original with himself. He designed wheels eight-feet high with a dual-spoke arrangement and hubs the size of beer barrels that were intended to open and carry cargo. He said they were not for water. Perhaps he intended to import whiskey illegally into "Indian country," concealing it in the giant hubs and at the same time cooling his axles. The hub and axle designed of the wood-on-wood, metal-on-metal, or wood-on-metal with a bit of grease added now and then were not intended for high speeds and often cried out plaintively for lubrication. The vehicle was huge. One source said that it was intended to carry 24 passengers. In 1860, passenger traffic to Pike's Peak may have seemed more important than carrying freight or the Indian trade. In the summer of 1860, Thomas set out along the Santa Fe road and in only 48 hours sailed 125 miles to Council Grove where the newspaper effused. "It sails somewhat similar to the sails of the schooners on our western lakes. Who says now that the Santa Fe road is not a navigable stream?"[19] Folks thought regular service was about to begin between Westport and Council Grove.

On April 19, 1859, the wind-wagon was ready for final testing and to have its masts at last raised. This couldn't be done where there were overhanging trees. Men and boys hauled the wagon out of the shop, and teams of oxen drew it a few miles out from Westport.[20] Apparently, all did not proceed as planned. On June 4, the editor of the *Weekly Western Argus* mocked the editor of the *Border Star* who had been a booster for the project with a poem, "Where is the Ship of the Prairie now," intimating that gentleman at the *Border Star* generated sufficient wind to propel the craft.[21] A week later he mocked the craft again as the "only machine in that town [Westport], that is known to be propelled by wind, gas, chloroform and "busthead."[22] It's almost a year before the story picks up again.

In 1905, Judge William R. Bernard, a longtime resident of Westport, recalled Thomas's wind-wagon had come to an inglorious end in 1853. Assuming that the year was really 1860, when final contemporary mention is made our story ends with a marvelous "test flight." The judge also recalled that Thomas had been a sailor and that a trial model had been a great success making the run 120 miles to Council Grove on the way to Santa Fe. Investors came aboard the Santa Fe Overland Navigation company intending to build a fleet.

The company had six members including Dr. J.W. Parker, whose son, in 1931, produced a recollection similar to Bernard's, Henry Sager, in whose shops the craft was built, Benjamin Newson, Indian agent, J.J. Mastin, Thomas M. Adams, and "Windwagon" Thomas, himself. On the day of the trial of the full-sized juggernaut, all climbed aboard except the doctor who was to follow on a fast mule.

Bernard recalled the wheels as being "twelve feet in diameter" and perhaps they were since large wheels were to take in part the place of ballast and keel in a watery vessel. The huge wheels would also help in overcoming obstacles such as gullies. The wagon was twenty-five feet long and seven feet abeam. The width would help with resistance to capsizing as did some specialized rigging that would allow Thomas to swiftly "spill wind" from the sails which towered twenty feet above the deck. The hubs were large as beer barrels. It was covered in canvas like an ordinary prairie schooner. At the tiller stood Captain Thomas.

Perhaps he cried, “Cast off!” And they set sail. Away they went the cumbersome rig scooted across the prairies sailing over gullies. Dr. Parker on his fast mule could hardly keep up. Away they went sailing this way and that broaching hillock with surprising ease. The craft performed as expected and designed, carrying its cargo swiftly over the plains. Obstacles seemed to mean nothing to the behemoth.

The master of the Schooner of the Prairies “intoxicated with success and other stimulants,” cried out to the onlooking crowd, “Watch me run her in the face of the wind!” And that was where the trouble began.

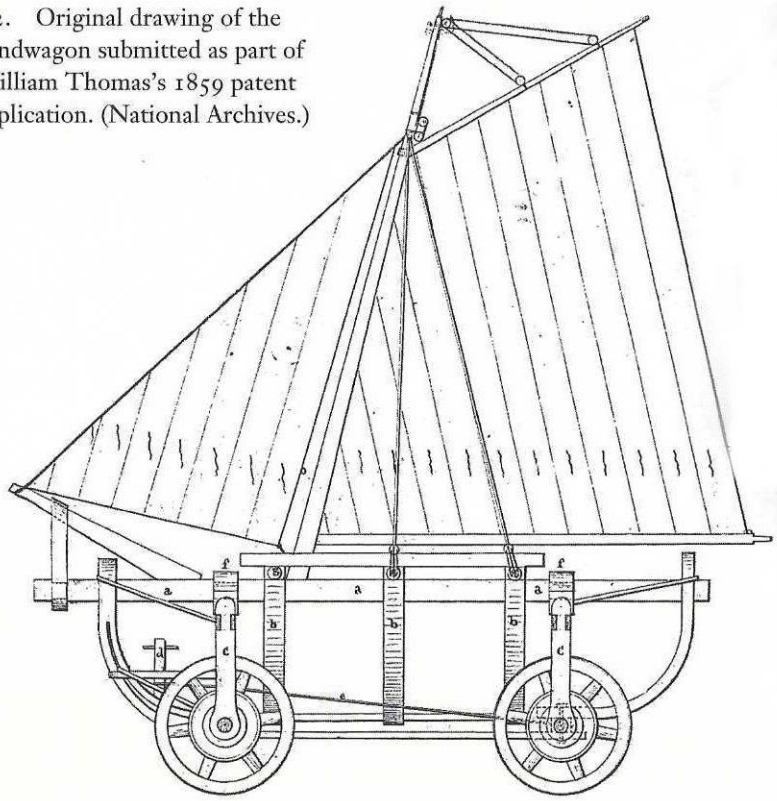
The eye of the wind, the wind’s face is the most difficult point of sailing, hardest to attain. Thomas had built his craft to sail close to the wind’s eye where a wide wheelbase, heavy craft, and large wheels would keep him from running sideways or capsizing. He sailed directly into the wind. There would have been great strain on his tiller as the wind tried to blow him anywhere but ahead. The ship of the Plains came round into the wind when a sudden veering of the breeze caught and filled the big sail from the wrong side. An errant gust caught the craft, which had no true square stern or bulging sides, nor water to provide resistance. Thomas learned, as the skipper of the HMS Polycrest had, that his vessel would sail backwards as easily as forward. In fact, the wind soon had the vessel, like the proverbial Egyptian tank, going backwards faster than it had gone forward. It was then that the “steering apparatus became deranged.”

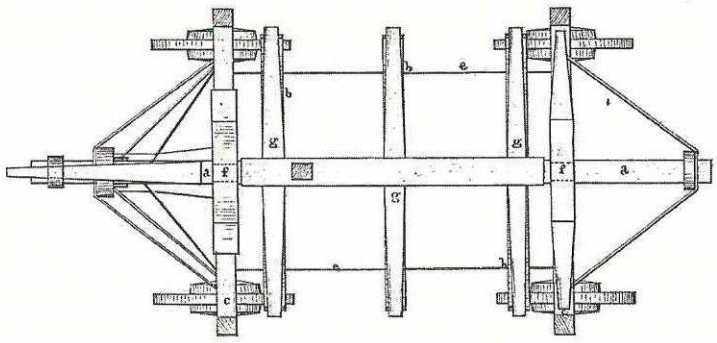
> “Faster and faster went the wind wagon, propelled by a rising wind and guided only by whimsical fancy. Dr. Parker, the only stock owner who did not embark on the cruise, followed on a mule as rapidly as possible, fearing that his professional services would be needed. The rising wind, however, soon made vain the efforts of the mule, for the wagon revolved in a circle of about a mile in diameter with the terror-stricken faces of the stockholders and prominent citizens looking longingly at mother earth.
>
> “As the wagon gathered momentum the stockholders and prominent ones realized that the present state of things would not continue long before something happened; and the spectators of the incident noticed on the next revolution that the wagon shed sundry stockholders and prominent citizens along its orbit. All deserted the ship save Thomas. The inventor stayed until another vagrant zephyr, stronger than the rest, wafted the entire outfit into a ten-rail stake and rider fence near Turkey creek, and there the wind wagon collapsed.”[23]

Thomas was fished from the wreckage, practically uninjured. His investors abandoned him. There were no further accounts of the wagon in the 1860s. The Civil War soon consumed minds and events being particularly horrific in “Bleeding Kansas.” After the war, a golden spike drove a stake through the heart of the wind-wagon. The transcontinental railroad removed the need.

Legend has it that William “Wind Wagon” Thomas resurrected his craft and sailed off into the sunset lost in the endless prairies of Kansas and eastern Colorado.

9.2. Original drawing of the windwagon submitted as part of William Thomas's 1859 patent application. (National Archives.)

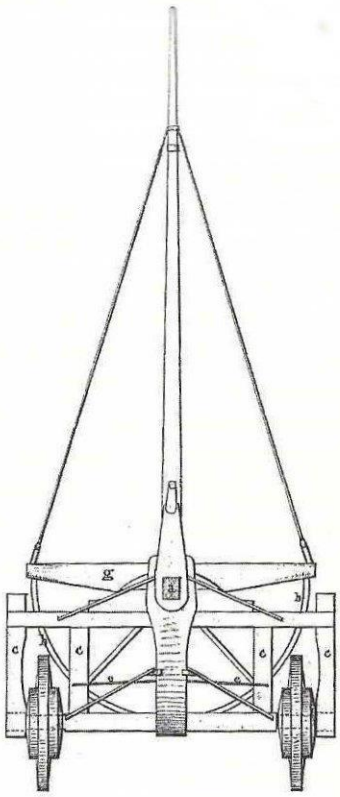




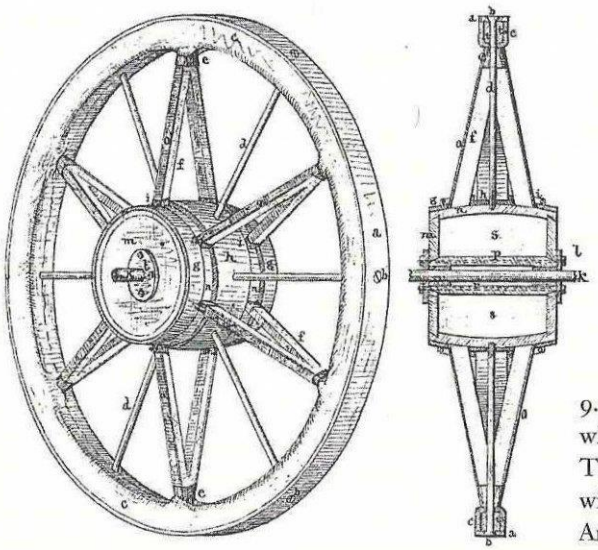
9.4. Top view of windwagon, 1859. (National Archives.)

William Thomas's patented design[24]

William Thomas,
Sail Wagon,
Patented
March 13, 1859



9.3. Front view of windwagon, 1859. (National Archives.)



9.5. The "barrel-hub" wheel invented by Thomas for use with his windwagon. (National Archives.)

Showing the hub design[25]

[1] "Wind Wagon," *Glasgow Weekly Times*, May 12, 1859, repeating a story from the *Border Star*.
[2] "Bernouli's principle," Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bernoulli%27s_principle.

[3] King, Dean and John B. Hattendorf. *Harbors and High Seas: An Atlas and Geographical Guide to the Complete Aubrey-Maturin Novels of Patrick O'Brian*, New York: Henry Holt and Company, 2000, pp. 62-62. "HMS *Dart* (1796)," Wikipedia, https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/HMS_Dart_(1796).
[4] May 21, 1859, the *Weekly News-Democrat*, Emporia, KS.
[5] May 20, 1859, *Daily Missouri Republican* of St. Louis, KS.
[6] "Wind Wagon," May 26, 1860, *Weekly Commonwealth*, KS.
[7] October 2, 1860, *The Crescent*, New Orleans, LA.
[8] "Uncle Sam Peppard's Wind-Wagon," May 5, 1916, *Jefferson County Tribune*. The Gehlings believe the story to be true in part because the same names appear in the 1930s "my grandfather told me" story. Gehling, Richard, and Mary Ann Gehling. "Windwagons West," *Overland Journal*, Vol. XI (Winter 1993), pp. 33-41.
[9] "Wind Wagon," May 26, 1860, *Weekly Commonwealth*, quoting correspondent of the *Missouri Democrat*.
[10] "There Appeared in Our Streets, June 16, 1860, *Weekly Western Argus*. "Wind Wagons on Prairies," October 2, 1860, *New Orleans Crescent*.
[11] "Wind Wagon," December 1860, *Sonoma County Journal*.
[12] "Something New," November 9, 1846.*Democratic Banner*.
[13] Gardner, Mark L., Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade: Wheeled Vehicles and Their Makers, 1822-1880. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000, pp. 125-142.
[14] "Wind Wagon," May 4, 1847, *Evening Post*. "The Mystery is Solved," December 11, 1846, *St. Joseph Gazette*.
[15] "The Mystery is Solved," December 11, 1846, *St. Joseph Gazette*, quoting the *Independence Expositor*.
[16] "Wind Wagon, May 26, 1860, *Weekly Commonwealth*.
[17] "Steam Surpassed as a Locomotive Power." February 15, 1855, *Kansas Free State*.
[18] *"First Flying Machine." September 30, 1905, Winnipeg Tribune. The story was in many papers.*
[19] "Wind Wagon." August 19, 1860, *Daily Missouri Republican* quoting the *Council Grove Press*.
[20] H.C.P. "Pike's Peak Correspondence," April 15, 1859, *Daily Missouri Republican*.
[21] June 4, 1859, *Weekly Western Argus*.
[22] Gardner, Mark L., Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade: Wheeled Vehicles and Their Makers, 1822-1880. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000, pp. 125-142. "Busthead" being whisky.
[23] "Westport's Dry-Land Navy," August 6, 1905, *Kansas City Star.*
[24] Gardner, Mark L., Wagons for the Santa Fe Trade: Wheeled Vehicles and Their Makers, 1822-1880. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2000, pp. 125-142.
[25] Ibid.

The Empire Ranch
How It All Began, 1875-1876

By

Alison Bunting

The establishment of the Empire Ranch began in 1876 with the purchase of a 160-acre homestead north of present-day Sonoita by Walter Lennox Vail and Herbert R. Hislop. Letters written by both partners during the formative years of the Empire Ranch provide a fascinating view of the adventures and challenges they faced.

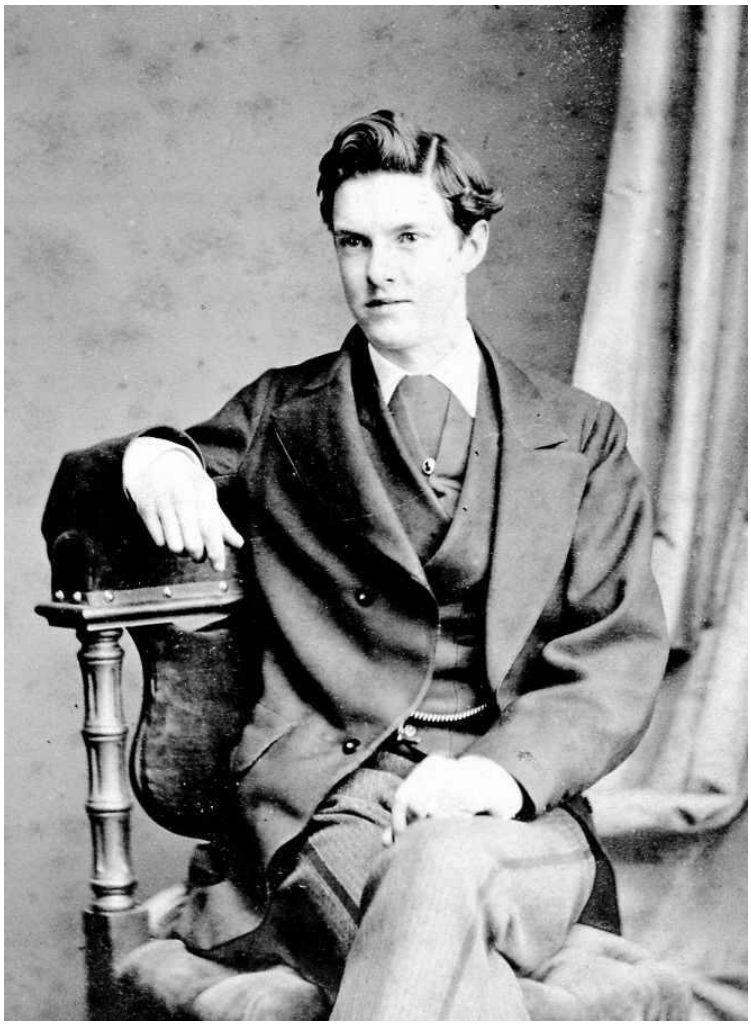
Walter Vail left his family home in Plainfield, New Jersey in mid-1875 to make his fortune in the American West. His first stop was Virginia City, Nevada, where he worked as a timekeeper for a mine, but he wanted to become a rancher. He visited Tucson in late 1875 with Mr. McCartney to explore the possibilities. “I just returned yesterday from a trip in the country. I went out with Mr. Fish to look at a ranch which belongs to Mr. F. and is about 50 miles south of Tucson, which brings it in the middle of a splendid grazing country which is covered with grass the whole season. Mr. Fish's title only covers 160 acres but as he has all that water in his section of the country [so] there is very little danger of anyone settling near there…“ McCartney did not like Arizona, so Walter returned to Virginia City “where I can make a living…”[1]

View of the Empire Ranch Headquarters from the west, 1880s. Courtesy of Empire Ranch Foundation

Herbert Hislop hailed from England. He had met Walter's uncle, Nathan Vail, in London and Nathan persuaded him to partner with Walter in a ranching venture in Arizona. Herbert arrived in New York on May 23, 1876 aboard the ship "The Queen." He wrote to his sister Amy that he went "…through the custom house satisfactorily, though they stopped my gun and rifle and made me swear a lot of stuff about my having used it, etc." After seeing the sights in the New York area he and Nathan Vail "…journeyed on together to San Francisco which took us exactly 5 days and 5 nights constant travelling, sleeping all the time on the Pullman sleeping cars. You cannot form any idea what size America is until you begin to run on the railway which takes 7 days and 7 nights from New York to San Francisco." On June 23, 1876 Vail and Hislop met and the partnership was formed. "Hislop seems like a very pleasant fellow, he is decidedly English… it won't take long to naturalize him I think." The feeling was mutual and Hislop wrote, "I met Walter Vail my partner who is a very nice fellow and seems to be very sharp and quick, knowing what he is about…"[2]

Walter L. Vail, c. 1890. Courtesy of Empire Ranch Foundation

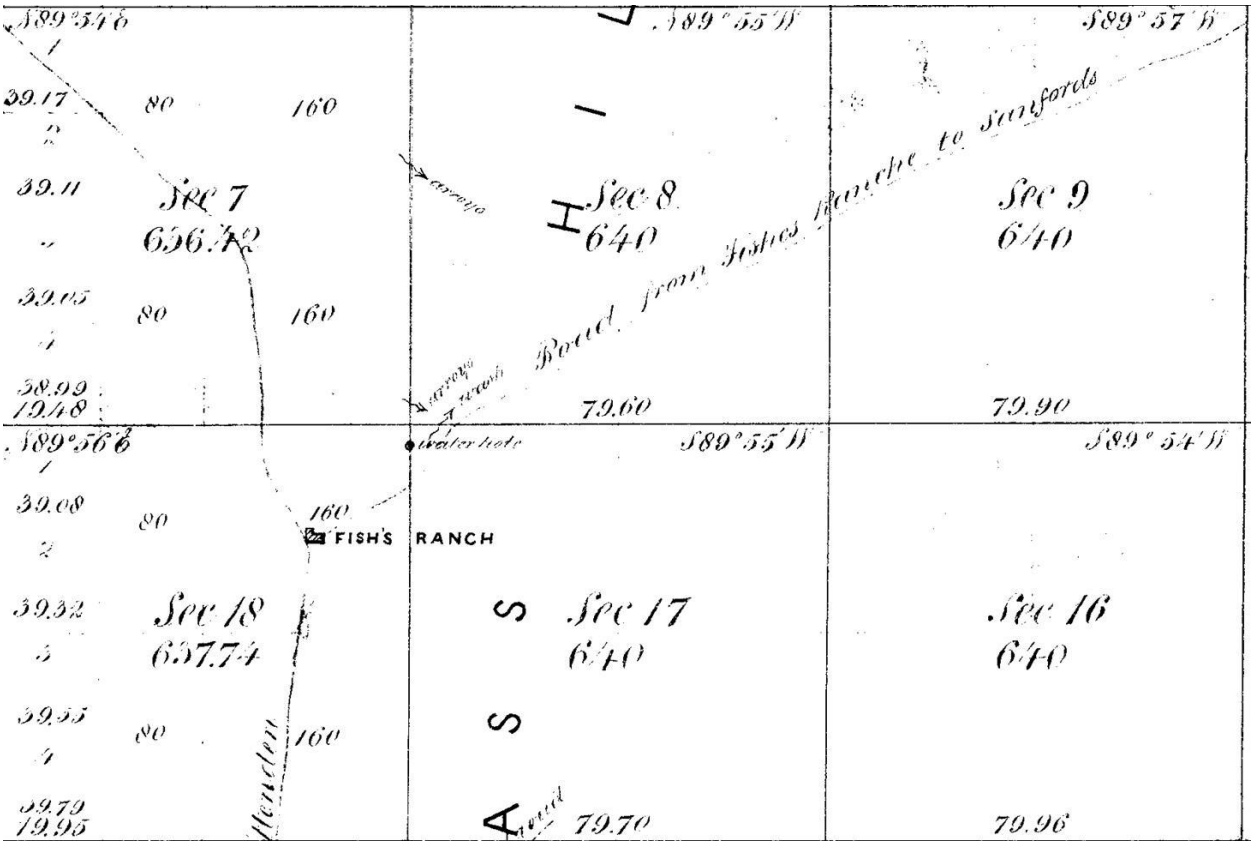
Back in Arizona, William Wakefield transferred the title for his 160-acre homestead claim (NE part of Section 18 of Township 19S, Range 17E) on June 20, 1876 to his brother-in-law, E. N. Fish for $500. This was the same property Vail visited in 1875 that Fish claimed to own. Fish's granddaughter, Virginia Flaccus, provides an explanation in her oral history: "Grandfather, Edward Nye Fish, sent his brother-in-law, William Wakefield, out to homestead the Empire Ranch. Far be it from Grandpa to bother about that! Evidently Uncle Will did a lot of his footwork for him. Grandpa would put up the money, and then Uncle Will would go out and do it. And then after he had proven up on it, then Grandpa paid him off and he assumed ownership of the property."[3]



Herbert R. Hislop, 1876. Courtesy of Nancy Pace

Walter Vail and Herbert Hislop left San Francisco for Los Angeles where they would start their journey to Arizona. Hislop wrote to his sister: "We took steamer to Los Angeles which took us 3 days and 2 nights touching at Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo and Santa Monica for Los Angeles."[4] Walter and Herbert arrived in Los Angeles in the midst of the centennial celebrations of Independence Day 1876. Hislop recorded his experiences between July 3 and August 1, 1876, in a diary-style letter to his grandmother.

Events on 4th of July eve included, "…firing anvils in the streets. The way they fire anvils is this, they bury one anvil in the ground, the bottom side upper-most and fill the little square hole with gunpowder, placing the other anvil on the top and then with a red hot iron about 12 feet in length set fire to the gunpowder and the explosion is just like a huge cannon going off, quite deafening to be anywhere near at the time."[5] They departed Los Angeles on July 5th on the Southern Pacific railroad. "Left Los Angeles for Tucson at 2:30 p.m. having girded on our revolvers and belts. We arrived at the end of the railroad [Indio, California] at 11 p.m. At 10 p.m. we had to stop the train to clear the line as we were caught in a sandstorm which blocked the line like snow."[6]



Fish's Ranch. Government Land Survey map, 1875

The next leg of the journey continued via stagecoach, following the "Bradshaw Trail" through Riverside County, California. "Started in the stage coach with 6 horses at 20 to 1 a.m., travelling all night. When daylight broke you never saw such pictures as we looked, what with the heat and dust. The man that was opposite me at night, when I saw him in the morning I could not believe it was the same man. He looked so strange with the dust all over his clothes and face to the thickness of a penny. Changed horses for the first time at 8:30 a.m., not getting breakfast till 12:30 p.m. Then changed again at Cañon Springs…where we had an accident which might have been very serious. We had 6 horses that were half broken and when the driver wanted them to start they began bucking… and bolted away, the reins breaking. I never heard any man swear like the driver did. I really thought he had gone mad as he kept it up so long."[7]

ROUTE OF VAIL AND HISLOP JOURNEY TO TUCSON, 1876

Map by Alison Bunting

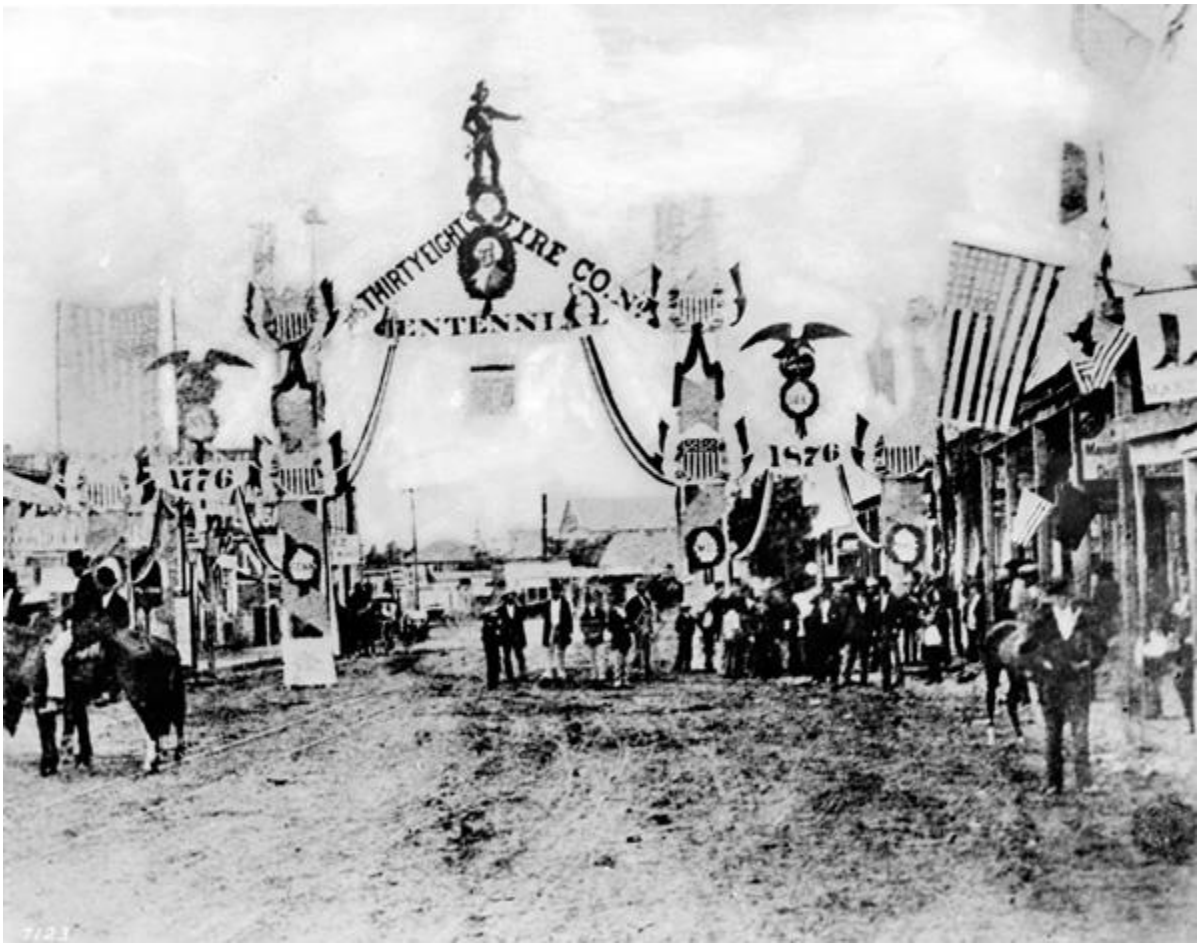
On July 7th they "Arrived at Chuckawalli [Chuckawalla Springs] where we breakfasted off bacon and beans and had coffee. Here we saw lots of varieties of cactus and got some of the fruit which is just like a dried fig and very good. It seems to be the only thing growing on the Mohave Desert, some of them are as high as 40 feet and more. 8:10 a.m. again changed horses and passed some dead horses … The dust was very bad again, it being alkali dust parched one so. Reached the Colorado River [near Blythe, California] at 5 p.m. but had to wait a long time till they ferried us across, which they did after we had fired off revolvers and blown bugles. It took us over an hour to cross and the river is only about 50 yards wide, but the stream is so very swift that they have to be very careful and the little boat, only fit for 4 persons, had over 14 besides baggage."[8]

Map of the Bradshaw Trail. Courtesy of Bureau of Land Management

The next phase of the journey took four days in early July of 1876. On the Arizona side of the Colorado was the community of Ehrenberg, the next stop was Tyson Wells (modern day

Quartzsite) and from there the stage travelled to Wickenburg where the stage road forked, going north to Prescott or south to Phoenix.

Hislop recorded on July 9, 1876: "Nothing particular happened except my nose bled again and we still were enjoying the beautiful desert ride. I now know what a desert is having to drive 45 miles at a stretch without water, carrying 24 gallons with us for the horses on the road, we all had to fill our canteens with putrid water or else die from thirst, sometimes it was full of mud." On July 10th they "Breakfasted at Desert Station, 5 a.m., and then started for Phoenix, reaching it at 11:30 a.m., this being the first signs of cultivation we had seen since we left Los Angeles. My poor nose bled again. Left Phoenix at 12:30 p.m. for Florence with only a pair of horses which had to travel 65 miles with only one feed, and that we stopped for in the desert at 7 p.m., when we took supper, oysters, biscuits, canned meats, melons, etc., as there was no house for 30 odd miles. After supper curled up in blanket and slept again, as one had to sleep when and where they could or else get none at all."[9]



Los Angeles' Thirty-Eighth Fire Company celebrates the centennial of American independence on July 4, 1876. Courtesy of the Title Insurance and Trust / C.C. Pierce Photography Collection, USC Libraries.

They "Arrived at Florence at 4:30 a.m. (July 11th) and had breakfast in hotel at 6 a.m. The hotel, like all the other houses, is built of mud, there being no bedrooms, people sleeping out of doors

and under trees wrapped in their blankets. We were obliged to stay here a day and a night as we missed the other stage that connected at Florence for Tucson."[10] Walter Vail wrote that same day, "It is very aggravating to have to wait here in this place, as there are no accommodations here. Hislop slept in an old schoolhouse with a young fellow I met in Tucson and I slept under a tree. The country around here is much better than I expected to find it, they have plenty of water for irrigation and the crops look very well and there seems to be a good excitement about the mines which seem to be paying well. I see by the paper that Fish has advertised everything for sale in Tucson and amongst other things his ranch, the sale comes off the latter part of this month."[11]

Grant's Stage Station, Wickenburg, ca. 1874. Image source: Wikipedia

Hislop described the last day of their journey: "Got up or at least rolled out of my blanket at 5:30 a.m. and went and bathed in a pool about a mile from Florence. I enjoyed this as it was the first time I had taken off my clothes and washed since the morning of July 5th. Washing is a luxury in this country. They have very little water here. I heard a man describe Arizona like this, he said, 'Get a box of sand and in one corner put a thimbleful of water and in the other a horned toad and you have Arizona.' Left Florence at 7 p.m. for Tucson having for travelling companions two Indian agents going to look after their reservations."[12]

Immediately after arriving in Tucson Vail and Hislop set out to find a ranch to buy. Hislop writes: "Rested and just looked round the town for horses to buy but did not succeed. Had more offers of ranches, it is astonishing how quickly one's business is known in a small place like this. Everybody has the best to sell. It is quite amusing to hear them talk and hear them contradict each other, running down each other as thieves and rascals, but we have our money and intend to keep it unless we get a place suited to our requirements and on reasonable terms."[13] The availability of riding stock had not improved since Walter Vail's visit to Tucson in 1875 when he wrote: "I have been trying ever since I came here to hire horses for a trip through the country but have not been able to do anything until this morning which was to buy a mule which is just the thing."[14]

The E.N. Fish and Co. Store in Florence, AZ, built in 1867. Source: Wikimedia

On July 15, 1876 the partners set out to visit Fish's ranch. Hislop writes: "Started for Fish's ranch, at 8 a.m., 52 miles from Tucson, one of us riding on horseback and the other in a buggy with the owner, Fish, who had a fine pair of horses. The horse we rode to the ranch and back, 104 miles, only had grass to eat and one day to rest so you can judge what wiry little horses they are. We stopped for lunch at 2 p.m. and had a rest of an hour and then on again… We arrived at the ranch at 6 p.m. and had supper, mutton chops, etc., taken from a sheep killed on the ranch and mighty good it was to a hungry man and when it was dark, between 8 and 9 p.m., went to bed which consisted of lying on the mud floor with a blanket round you and no windows in the house, but for all that I slept like a top." [15]

Hislop writes the next day: "Got up at daylight very much refreshed though it was such a hard bed, had breakfast and then the proprietor provided us with horses to ride over the ranch which reminds one of the South Downs, being much the same sort of country and evidently a good place for cattle, which was shown by the condition of the cattle. The house is situated on a hill but is not finished, having no doors or windows in but with a little money could be made very comfortable. We had a great deal of trouble to catch the horses but at last succeeded in getting them into the corrals. In the evening we were without milk as the cows had not come back, so had to milk some goats, it

taking 3 of us to milk one, but it was worth the trouble as the milk was so good. Went to bed at 8:30 p.m. in the same style as before, taking off my boots for a change." [16]

Returning to Tucson, Walter wrote to Maggie: "I have just returned from a ranch fifty miles south of Tucson which is called the Fish ranch as it belongs to a Mr. Fish, it is quite a pretty place it consists mostly of rolling hills which reminds me very much of the Iowa prairie. I had "Oh" such a nice dream about you Sunday night, I thought you and I were taking a walk through our old place in Plainfield and I thought that it seemed and looked to me just as it did when we lived there thirteen years ago, the trees the house and the grounds where just the same as they used to be … I thought I was showing you the places where I used to play … when imagine my disgust when I woke up and found myself rolled up in blankets on the dirt floor of Mr. Fish's house ..."[17] Hislop was able to purchase a horse and expresses his concern about recent Indian raids: "Heard bad news about the Indians that they had broken out in the country where we were going to and had killed 3 men. This scared us a little but for all that we were obliged to go, so bought horses and I bought a fine little horse and saddle... He is as nice a little thing to ride as one can wish for. I take him over 50 miles a day as easily as anything and only feed him on grass. It is wonderful the distances the horses will travel in this country. In the evening I was going to feel a work steer to see what condition he was in when he turned round and gave a kick on my leg but it did not hurt me much, only bruised it a little, but it might have broken my leg. I was thankful it was not worse." [18]

Artistic rendition of the ranch house at Fish's ranch by Bruce Andre. Courtesy of Empire Ranch Foundation.

Walter was also successful in obtaining a horse: “Hislop & I both bought horses when we first arrived in Tucson and we use them whenever we go in the country, he calls his John and I call mine Punch as he is a little thick set Indian pony they are both very gentle and are very good saddle animals. We never feed them anything when we are out in the country but what grass they can get after being picketed for the night so you can see they must be pretty tough as we have ridden them over 50 miles in day with no chance of getting anything to eat for twelve hours.” [19]

The partners next set out to visit the Rincon Ranch [owned by Telles] east of Tucson. Their first attempt was aborted as recorded by Hislop: “Started for the Rincon Ranch at 2 p.m. and lost our way so had to turn back to Tucson, as we could not find any water. If we had camped out we thought our horses would perish and ourselves too, so thought 'Discretion was the better part of valor.’"[20] Walter recorded his impressions of his partner and their search for the right ranch: “Since we arrived here Hislop and I have been looking about the country but as yet we have not decided definitely on anything but hope to before long as it is rather unsatisfactory rambling about but I think it best not to be in a hurry. We expect to start out in the morning to look at a place which is about 30 miles from this place, we will probably be gone about three days. I think it is just beginning to dawn on Hislop what roughing it means but I am in hopes he will not give in if he should it would place me in an awkward position. Where we are going tomorrow we can find all deer & bear we want that is the man that is going as a guide says we can.”[21]

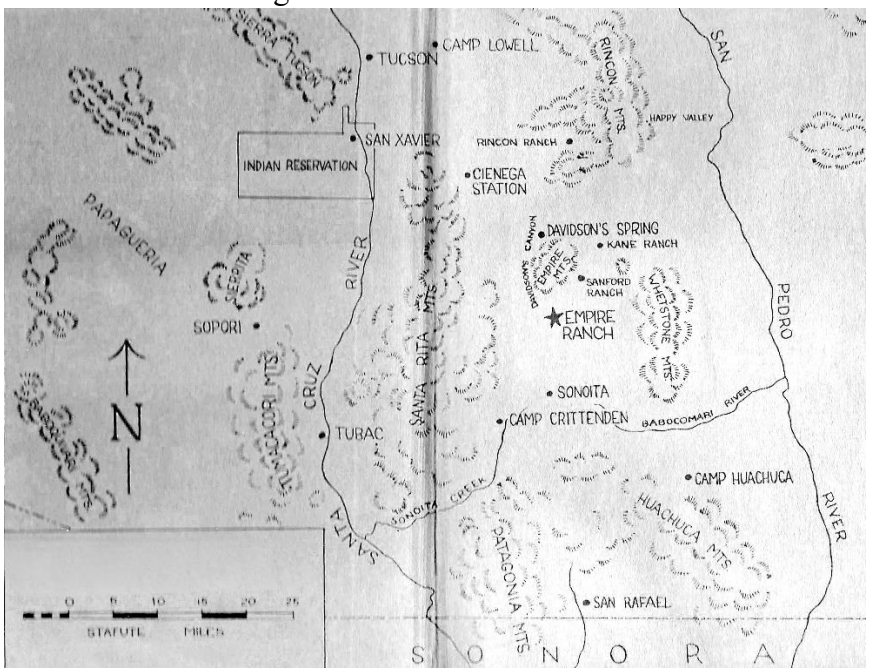
After examining the Rincon Ranch the partners decided to revisit Fish’s Ranch prior to returning to Tucson. Hislop described the difficulties of the trip. “Left the Rincon at 2 p.m. for Fish's ranch, a distance of 30 miles across the mountains and a rough way it was. There being no road we had to guide ourselves by a compass and managed to lose our way even with this. We travelled till sundown, when we could see no longer and a fearful storm catching us, had to camp there and then in the mountains, sitting in our saddles to keep a dry seat. Seeing that it was not going to give over, we made our bed, using our saddles for pillows, having one blanket underneath us and two over us, but the rain soon penetrated through and in the morning when we woke the rain had just soaked us through. I was lying in a pool of water which had drained off my saddle and felt none too lively only having had a couple of biscuits since the day before at 1 p.m. All night the wolves lay round us making night hideous with their yells, it just sounded as though the Indians were upon us, but we had our trusty revolvers with us always keeping them handy.”[22] Walter’s description of the trip is similar: “I left Tucson about 10 days ago since which time I have traveled about 200 miles in different directions which isn’t very easy work especially when one has to sleep all night in a bad storm with no other protection than a blanket and a saddle for a pillow, all this after a heard days ride with no supper and no chance of getting anything to eat until the middle of the next day with thirty miles between you and grub and the wolves making such a row all night that a fellow couldn’t hear himself say his prayers.” [23]

Hislop noted that the next day’s experience was a bit better. “We got up at sunrise and saddled our horses which looked pretty well considering that they had not had any water since the day before at 2 p.m. and rode away to try and find the road. We felt pretty cold and miserable I can tell you and were suffering from thirst and found a place called Davidson's Springs at 11 a.m. where we had a breakfast of eggs and bread and milk. I never felt so pleased before. It seems rather

strange to have to go 50 miles before you see a house but here you have to do it and very often the whole distance without getting water for your horses. From Davidson's Springs we started for Fish's ranch and reached it at 9 p.m. having had quite enough riding for one day." [24]

On August 1st the partners returned from Fish's Ranch to Tucson, much to Hislop's delight. "We returned to Tucson from the ranch, 52 miles, getting at our destination by sundown. Here we had a comfortable bed, having laid on the ground in a blanket since July 21st, pretty rough I can tell you. Here we rested a day or two and tried to deal with a man for his ranch, but with no success, as he wanted just double what we felt inclined to give, but expect he will come down, as he wants to sell." [25]

A few days later Walter wrote to Ned: "Hislop and I expect to start out in the morning to look at a ranch that belongs to Mr. Page and we will probably be gone for about four or five days so if you don't hear from me for some time you needn't feel worried. Page's place is about 45 miles from Tucson and is situated between two high mountains which are as good as a fence as they are too rough for cattle to travel over which would make it a very easy range to manage stock on as they could not be driven off without being found out." [26]



Map showing the location of the various ranches and locales visited by Vail and Hislop. Image source: *An Englishman's Arizona,* 1965

Page's ranch was called Happy Valley Ranch, and Walter and Herbert spent several days there. Hislop wrote: "Waking at day-break, about 5 a.m., we got up and lighted a fire, partaking of coffee and bread and then started for the ranch. After leaving our camping place we killed a large rattle snake about 100 yds. from our sleeping place, and taking away his rattle we left him behind and journeyed on, reaching the ranch at 8 a.m. where we had some curds for breakfast and then started for a ride round the ranch, which took us 4 hours to go over about 10 miles of it as it was very hilly and rocky. On my return I acted as doctor as there was a Mexican woman ill with fever and I gave

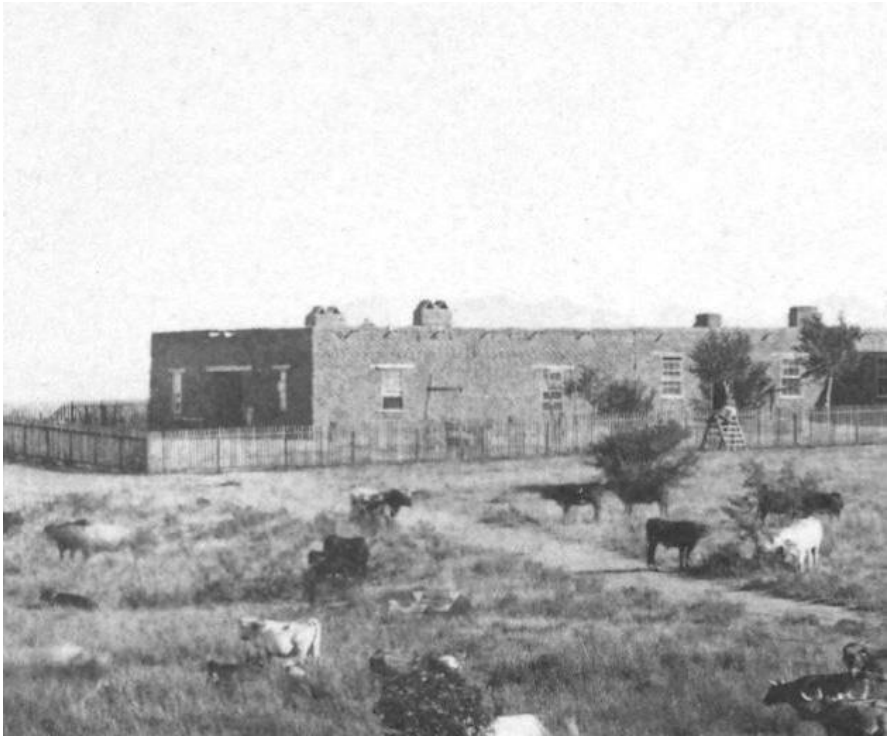
her a dose of Pyretic Saline and then a hot cup of tea afterwards and the next morning she woke up a great deal better and felt very grateful to me for it. For dinner and supper combined we had dried venison with onions and rice, this went down pretty well as we were hungry, and after having smoked the calumet of peace, I retired to my lowly bed and rolled myself in my blanket." [27]

On their second day at Happy Valley Hislop wrote: "The next morning we were up again at dawn of day and had the same breakfast as we had had the night before for supper and started for another ride on the ranch. He (the owner) took us to his marble quarry that he had there and it was one of the prettiest places I ever saw. Between the two sides of the quarry there was a good stream of water running through and over marble as white as snow, having little waterfalls and natural bridges which had been formed by water and time. This went right between two high mountains and was about 20 ft. wide. It was the most picturesque and romantic place I think I ever saw. We returned to the ranch at about 4:30 p.m. and partook of another sumptuous meal of dried venison and baked flour and water, and then the same programme as the night before."[28] [Historical note: Although Hislop and Vail did not purchase the Happy Valley Ranch in 1876, Walter eventually purchased the ranch in 1882 as he expanded the land holdings of the Empire Ranch.]

On August 10, 1876 the partners started back to Tucson. Hislop describes the journey: "We started for Tucson again, having for breakfast a tea-cupful of venison broth and a little piece of tortise [sic], that is baked flour and water, as that was all they had. We had eaten them out of house and home, so thought it was time to leave. We took a trail across the mountains, an old indian trail, to a place called Cienaga [sic] Station 30 miles distant. It was very rough work over the mountains, some parts were so steep we had to get off our horses and lead them down and scramble over the loose rocks as best we could. On our trail we tracked bears and deer but did not see any. The bear was a very large one by the size of his track. We arrived at Cienaga Station about 5 o'clock p.m. having been in the saddle 8 hours without food and our horses as well, but it did not seem to hurt either them or us, they seemed accustomed to it. Here we had a good meal of bacon, eggs, tarts and fruit, and we both ate rather heartily, I think more than was good for us. The mosquitoes were very bad here and we had to sleep under a mosquito guard which was very comfortable." [29]

The next morning Hislop wrote: "… we had a very fine breakfast of broiled chicken and eggs. This was a place like a country inn, they call them stations in this country and for all these luxuries and feeding our horses with barley we only paid $6 which we considered cheap for this place and so it was. We reached Tucson in about 6 hours and then had a good wash and made ourselves look like gentlemen. I should like you to see my travelling costume. I think I must be photographed and send it to you, it would be an ornament for the album and very much admired." [30]

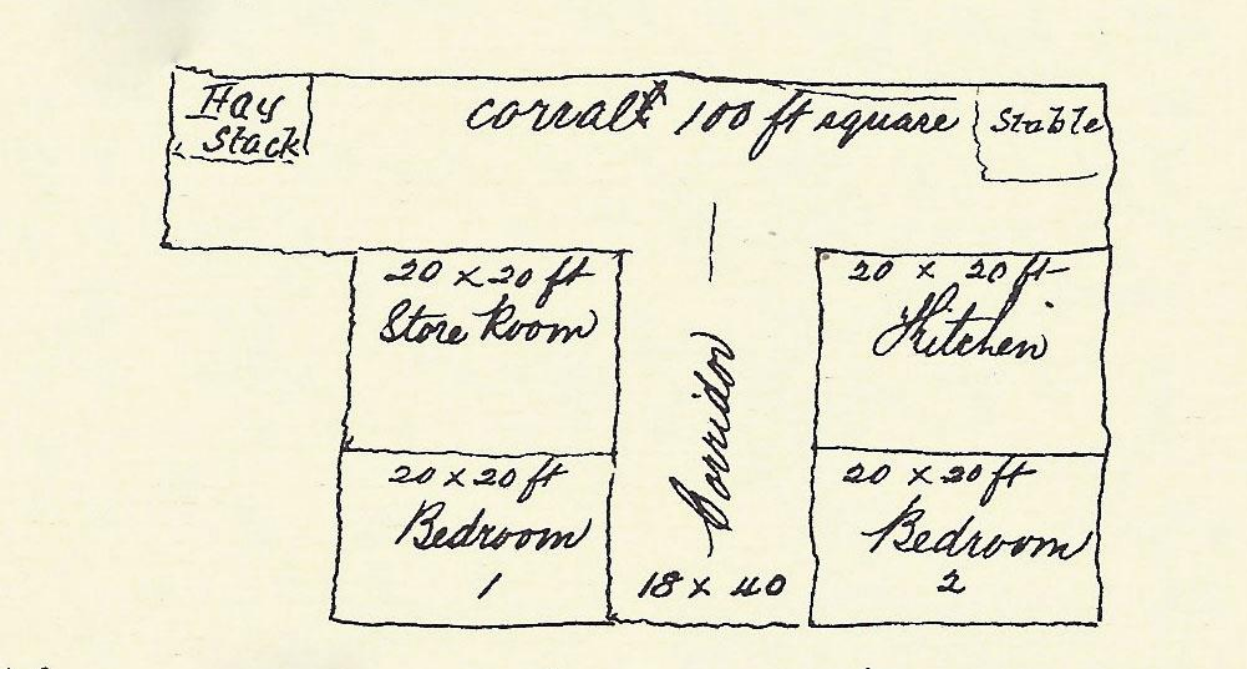
After evaluating the three ranches in the Tucson vicinity Walter L. Vail and Herbert Hislop decided to purchase Fish's ranch, which they begin to call the Empire Ranch. It is not clear who named the ranch. On August 22, 1876, an official Transfer of Property from Edward N. Fish and Simon Silverberg to W.L. Vail and H.R. Hislop is recorded in the Pima County Recorder's Office for a sale price of $2,000.[31]



1870s section of the Empire Ranch House, 1880s. Courtesy of Empire Ranch Foundation.

Walter wrote to Ned to inform him of the purchase. "I have been busy all day making arrangements about getting supplies out to the ranch which is a pretty big job as we have a good many things to take out, and as there has been heavy rains and washed the roads away through what is called Davidson's Canyon which is about 15 miles long it will probably be a pretty tedious job."[32] Hislop's letter to Amy described his feelings about getting settled. "The ranch we own is the one I have called Fishes ranch in former letters and I believe I have described it there. Now we are at work to make it fit to live in and I shall be very glad when all is finished, but as I have a home now I feel more settled. The Governor of Arizona says he is glad we have located here, as he likes to see such men come into the country, and I believe that if we go on steadily we must make money, from all I have seen and heard it is the best business there is, stock raising, and the demand now is much greater than the supply." [33]

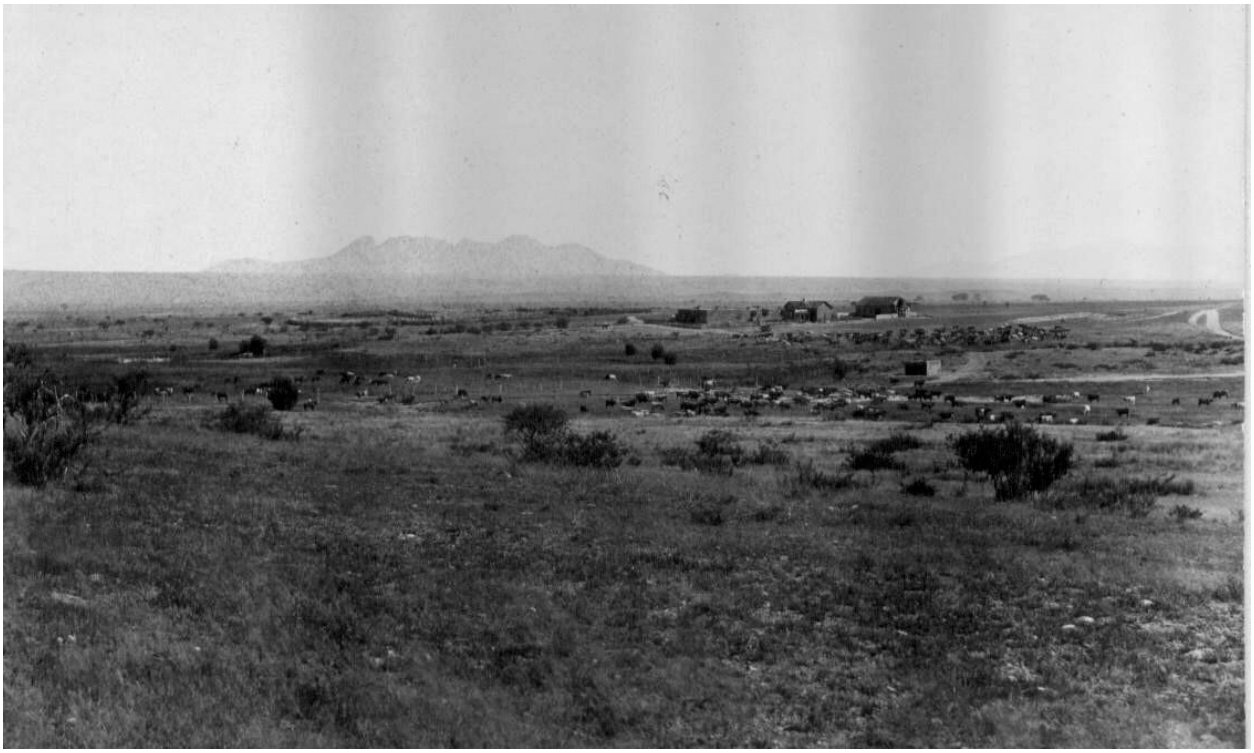
Walter and Herbert had lots to take care of once they completed purchase of the Empire Ranch. The four-room adobe structure was not finished and needed work. In a letter to Maggie Walter notes: "I have been running about in the hot sun until I'm completely tired out. Mr. Hislop and I … have been busy all day with lawyers and storekeepers, as the place is 42 miles from Town we have to take enough provisions to last some time as we won't like to take the trip any oftener than we can help. I expect we will be kept pretty busy for some time as we have to fix up the house which has never been finished on the inside since it was built." [34]



Hislop's hand drawn map of the Empire Ranch house, November 25, 1876. Source:
***An Englishman's Arizona*, 1965.**

The partners also needed to purchase stock. Hislop writes: "We shall perhaps be going into Mexico to buy cattle soon, as our ranch is only 60 miles away from the line. We have begun to do our house up and have had two Indians to do our plastering to the house as we intend to live as comfortable as this country will let us."[35] Walter wrote to Ned: "We may have to go over to New Mexico for cattle this fall but I am in hopes that we will be able to buy cattle nearer home so that we won't have the expense and trouble of driving them, which isn't a very pleasant job." [36]

It's amusing to compare the descriptions the partners wrote of each other: "You would laugh to see Hislop making bread. He can cook a great deal better than I can but he does look so comical running about with his sleeves rolled up he reminds me very much of Will Smith in some things."[37] Herbert wrote: "I am the cook as my partner tried to make some bread one day and failed so it falls upon me to cook. I am getting a rare swell at making bread now and biscuits with a few currants in on Sundays as a treat, as they are too expensive for us to indulge in often, 2/-a pound, but everything in this country is dear except meat and that is reasonable enough."[38] They soon settled into a division of labor. Walter focused on the business operations and outdoor work. Herbert became the cook, medic, and was responsible for household activities.



Should be: View of Empire Ranch from northwest, Mustang Mountains in the background, 1880s. Courtesy Empire Ranch Foundation

To succeed as Arizona ranchers, it was also important to increase the land holdings of the ranch. By September 1876, they had purchased a quarter section (160 acres) from Henry Kemp. The land was east of the Empire, along Cienega Creek.[39] Hislop writes: "We have got another ranch now and 620 sheep on it, we bought the man that owned them out. He was ill with fever and got disgusted so let us have them cheap. We gave him 4/-a head, that is cheap enough and they come in very handy to us as meat and when we can get 50 lbs. of meat for 4/-it is not so bad. I think we shall sell them soon for 9/-apiece so if we do, it will not be a bad trade."[40]

Raids by Apaches were a constant concern. Hislop writes: "The Indians are beginning to be a bit troublesome again here. Last week they killed two ranchmen about 20 miles from our ranch and have run off the horses and mules belonging to another ranchman close to us, that is 20 miles southeast of us. It is beginning to look serious again but I hope that as we are now settled they will not disturb us, there is safety in numbers. They are not the same Indians that you read of in the papers. Ours are the Apaches and the ones that are fighting in the Black Hills are Sioux and are about 500 miles from us, as our ranch is 60 miles from Mexico and the Black Hills are in Nebraska."[41]

John Harvey with his horse "Billy" in the Empire Ranch corral area, 1880s. Courtesy Empire Ranch Foundation

Sometime in October of 1876, John N. Harvey, age 23, an Englishman born in Bermuda, joined Vail and Hislop as a partner in the Empire Ranch venture. His uncle had been a business partner of Walter's uncle, Nathan Vail, and Harvey brought with him some badly needed cash to help expand the ranching operation. Harvey had been involved in various mining ventures in Arizona since 1871. The trio came to be known locally as the English Boys Outfit, even though Walter Vail hailed from New Jersey. Hislop and Vail only mention this new partner in passing in their letters.

Hislop writes: "At the time I am writing there is a company of soldiers on our ranch camping, in search of Indians. They are about 200 yds. from the house and I am all alone again, as my other two partners have gone to look at some corn fodder which we want for our horses during the winter."[42] Vail writes: "I borrowed the amount of Harvey as I had no blank drafts at the Ranch and could not get them without going to town, I just told him that I want some things in New York and wanted a check drawn to your order for the $100 which he of course he gave me without asking any questions."[43]

By November, the partners were still trying to obtain cattle, but had more success with horses: "…bought a lot of horses & colts 35 head all told… You asked in one of your letters what kind of stock we have on our ranch which I am sorry to say is very soon answered as we haven't bought any stock yet of any account we have a small band of between 600 & 700 sheep and about 50 head of horses & colts, but we are trying to buy cattle which we expect to stock the place with them & don't intend to do much in the horses or sheep business.[44]

Horse herd on Empire Ranch range, ca. 1890. Courtesy Empire Ranch Foundation.

Hislop reported on the improved living conditions: "We have got bedsteads and mattresses now and in fact blankets, pillowcases and sheets and I generally manage to sleep pretty comfortably in them. I have also made some blinds for my room and next time I go to Tucson I intend to buy some stuff for curtains, as my maxim is, a fellow may as well live comfortably while he can. I have had a jolly good long time of discomfort now. Coal is not known in the territory, so we always burn wood which makes very jolly warm fires, but it is so abominably hard to cut. It is called mesquite and bears large quantities of beans which fatten the cattle very much."[45]

In December, Walter wrote of the continued search for cattle: "I just returned from the San Pedro River night before last where I have been for the last four days looking at some cattle there have just come from Texas. Hislop Harvey and I all went together we had quite a pleasant time though the nights are rather cold to sleep out now. We camped one night at the foot of the Huachuca Mountains which is supposed to have a band of Apache Indians in them, the next morning we teased Harvey a good deal about laying awake all night as he said he did it to look after the horses. The Indians stole some horses a few weeks ago and it is supposed that they are hidden somewhere in these mountains. Harvey expects to go to town tomorrow to get something for a Christmas dinner. I believe that Hislop intends making a pudding what we will have besides this I don't know but will let you hear what we will have after it is all over with."[46]

Cottonwoods along the San Pedro River. Courtesy Bureau of Land Management.

Hislop did indeed make a Christmas pudding and a fine dinner: "We spent our Christmas as merry as we could, we dined late that day and when all work was over, our sheep and horses corralled, we sat down to the festive meal, which I had taken great trouble to cook and serve up as nicely and prettily as possible, not forgetting the familiar 'Wishing you all a Merry Christmas' stuck in a stick at the top of the first successful plum-pudding at Empire Ranch, the inscription being in Spanish as well, so as our sheep herder could see it, but before he had finished he had to unbutton his waistcoat and the top button of another article of dress, finding that his eye was larger than his stomach. I surrounded the pudding with brandy and set light to it in the regular old style. Though we are in a rough country we try to enjoy ourselves sometimes, not being able to get a wild turkey we got 4 wild ducks, letting them hang for more than a week to give them a flavour and I stuffed and trussed these as best I could and I thought equal to a poulterer, only I had no sage and onions but plenty of bread-crumbs, salt, pepper and butter, a beautiful dish of nice brown mashed potatoes which I ornamented to the best of my ability, along with plum pudding and brandy sauce, good coffee and two bottles of whiskey the best we could get in the country."[47]

[1] Letter from Walter Vail to Nathan Vail from Tucson, AZ , December 11, 1875.
[2] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Los Angeles, CA, July 3, 1876.

[3] Flaccus, Virginia, oral history interview, July 3, 2002. Laurel Wilkening and Jane Woods interviewers. Sonoita, AZ: Empire Ranch Foundation, 2009:3.
[4] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Los Angeles, CA, July 3, 1876.
[5] Letter from Herbert Hislop to his grandmother from Tucson, AZ, August 7, 1876.
[6] Ibid.
[7] Ibid.
[8] Ibid.
[9] Ibid.
[10] Ibid.
[11] Letter from Walter Vail to Nathan R. Vail from Florence, AT, July 11,1876.
[12] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Jane Hislop from Tucson, AZ, August 7, 1876.
[13] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop Tate from Tucson, AZ, August 7, 1876.
[14] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Tucson, AZ, November 23, 1875.
[15] Herbert Hislop, op. cit., August 7, 1876.
[16] Ibid.
[17] Letter from Walter Vail to Margaret Newhall from Tucson, AZ, July 18, 1876.
[18] Herbert Hislop, op. cit., August 7, 1876.
[19] Letter from Walter Vail to Margaret Newhall from Tucson, AZ, August 2, 1876.
[20] Herbert Hislop, op. cit., August 7, 1876.
[21] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Tucson, AZ, July 20, 1876.
[22] Herbert Hislop, op. cit., August 7, 1876.
[23] Walter Vail, op. cit., August 2, 1876
[24] Herbert Hislop, op. cit., August 7, 1876.
[25] Ibid.
[26] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Tucson, AZ, August 6, 1876.
[27] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Tucson, AZ, September 23, 1876.
[28] Ibid.
[29] Ibid.
[30] Ibid.
[31] Transfer of Property from Edward N. Fish and Simon Silverburg to W.L. Vail and H.R.Hislop, Book 3, pages 551-554 in County of Pima, Recorder's Office, Territory of Arizona, August 22, 1876.
[32] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Tucson, AZ, August 23, 1876.
[33] Letter from Herbert Hislop, op. cit., September 23, 1876.
[34] Letter from Walter Vail to Margaret Newhall from Tucson, AZ, August 25, 1876.
[35] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Empire Ranch, AZ, September 23, 1876.
[36] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Tucson, AZ, August 23, 1876
[37] Walter Vail, op. cit, August 25, 1876
[38] Herbert Hislop, op. cit, September 23, 1876.
[39] Bill of sale. Henry M. Kemp to W.L. Vail and H.R. Hislop. September 9, 1876.
[40] Ibid.
[41] Ibid.
[42] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Empire Ranch, AZ, October 22, 1876.
[43] Letter from Walter Vail to Edward Vail from Empire Ranch, AZ, October 24, 1876.
[44] Letter from Walter Vail to Margaret Newhall from Empire Ranch, AZ, November 19, 1876.
[45] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Empire Ranch, AZ, November 25, 1876.
[46] Letter from Walter Vail to Margaret Newhall from Empire Ranch, AZ, December 16, 1876.
[47] Letter from Herbert Hislop to Amy Hislop from Empire Ranch, AZ, December 27, 1876.

Riding Point: Critics

By

Chris Enss

Criticism and rejection are a part of a writer's life. It's certainly not the part most writers like, but as author Elbert Hubbard wrote "To escape criticism – do nothing, say nothing, be nothing."

A few years ago, I wrote a book about the life of Elizabeth Bacon Custer, George Custer's widow. The book is entitled *None Wounded, None Missing, All Dead: The Story of Elizabeth Bacon Custer*. She was a fascinating woman, an amazing writer, a gifted artist, and I wanted to tell her story. I was surprised by the critics who blasted me for not covering the Battle of Washita River or Custer's Civil War career. The title clearly indicates the work is about Elizabeth Bacon Custer's life, so I was a bit confused by the remarks.

I was confused, but not surprised. Over the years, I've had my fair share of poor reviews including one that read, "My family doesn't care much for history. We like magic."

If you're a working writer you're going to face criticism and rejection. From the literary agent who isn't interested in representing you, editors who don't want your manuscript, publishers who give you an insulting advance, to the ultimate rejection and criticism - poor sales. The world is filled with critics. No one is immune, particularly those who are creative. Authors, poets, songwriters, even inventors working on designing better faucets are subject to criticism. Okay, THAT guy is a moron. The faucets are fine, stop messing with the faucets, all right. The ones in airports are like science projects with electronic eyes and motion sensors that never work no matter how many times you wave your hand under the device. Hey faucet guy! Stop it!

I'm not saying there isn't a place for solid, intelligent, constructive criticism, but when was the last time you read a review of a fiction or nonfiction western novel, song, poem, or western film that gave you a real feel of what the author was trying to say? Critics don't always get it right either. In 1884, Mark Twain's book *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* received the following review. "A gross trifling with every fine feeling…Mr. Clemens has no reliable sense of propriety." A reviewer of Owen Wister's work *The Dragon of Wontley* wasn't shy with his criticism when he shared, "Wister's story is a burlesque and grotesque piece of nonsense…it is mere fooling and does not have the bite and lasting quality of satire." An editor reviewing one of Tony Hillerman's manuscript in 1970 noted "If you insist on rewriting this, get rid of all that Indian stuff." After reading Zane Grey's book The *Last of the Plainsmen*, an editor informed him, "I do not see anything in this to convince me you can write either narrative or fiction." Another wrote the following about his book *Riders of the Purple Sage*. "It is offensive to broadminded people who do not believe that it is wise to criticize any one denomination or religious belief." Even John Steinbeck was subject to critics who didn't get it right as evidence in a review for his book *Of Mice and Men* that appeared in the May 1937 edition of *Time Magazine*. "An oxymoronic combination of the tough and tender, *Of Mice and Men* will appear to sentimental cynics, cynical sentimentalists…Readers less easily thrown off their trolley will still prefer Hans Anderson."

What danger is to a cop, rejection is to a writer – always hanging in the air dripping with possibility. And drip it does onto the talented and untalented in almost equal measure. Some days it's hard to

find the drive to keep writing when you consider your work might be ridiculed and or tossed aside but continuing on you must. How you master this challenge will have a profound effect on your career. I once received a rejection letter that read, "Something stinks, and I think it's this manuscript." Did I let it stop me? No, I continued churning out stinky material…wait, that came out wrong.

Louis L'Amour admitted "I do not believe writers should read reviews of their own books, and I do not. If one is not careful one is soon writing to please reviewers and not their audience or themselves." One of the keys to becoming a contented writer is to not let people's compliments go to your head and to not let their criticism get to your heart. If you're one of those writers who have mastered this idea, I'd love to hear from you. In the meantime, I'll be at my desk rereading an Amazon review of my work which simply stated, "Maybe you should think about becoming a mime."

Chris Enss is the author of *acclaimed* ***According to Kate: The Legendary Life of Big Nose Kate, Love of Doc Holliday*** Chris Enss is a New York Times Best Selling author, a scriptwriter and comedienne who has written for television and film, and performed on cruise ships and on stage. She has worked with award-winning musicians, writers, directors, producers, and as a screenwriter for Tricor Entertainment, but her passion is for telling the stories of the men and women who shaped the history and mythology of the American West. Some of the most famous names in history, not to mention film and popular culture, populate her books. She reveals the stories behind the many romances of William "Buffalo Bill" Cody who moved on from his career as a scout on the plains to bring the enormously successful performance spectacle of Buffalo Bill's Wild West to audiences throughout the United States and Europe between 1883 and 1916. And she tells the stories of the many talented and daring women performed alongside men in the Wild West shows, who changed the way the world thought about women forever through the demonstration of their skills. Chris brings her sensitive eye and respect for their work to her stories of more contemporary American entertainers, as well. Her books reveal the lives of John Wayne, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, bringing to light stories gleaned from family interviews and archives. The most famous American couple of the 19th Century, General George Armstrong Custer and Elizabeth Bacon Custer draws her scrutiny as well. None Wounded, None Missing, All Dead reveals the personality of the fiery, lively Libbie and her lifelong effort to burnish her husband's reputation. Chris takes readers along the trail with the Intrepid Posse as their horses thunder after the murderer of Dodge City dance hall favorite Dora Hand, and she turns her attention to the famous Sam Sixkiller, legendary Cherokee sheriff, but perhaps most extraordinary are the stories of the ordinary men and women who shaped American history when they came west as schoolmarms, gold miners, madams, and mail-order brides. Ms. Enss is a former resident of Sierra Vista. You can learn more about her at www.chrisenss.com

Book Reviews

Californio Lancers: The 1st Battalion of Native Cavalry in the Far West, 1863-1866. By Tom Prezelski, Norman: The Arthur H. Clark Company/University of Oklahoma Press, 2015. Maps, illus., appendixes, table, notes, biblio., index, 248 pages. ISBN 978-0-87062-436-0. $32.95.

This is a detailed, well-researched and readable account of a forgotten unit. *Californio Lancers* delves into an important but often overlooked part of the Civil War. Lucid and well-written the book provides a complete account of the unit, its men and challenges. Our sense of that war tends to focus on the divisions between North and South, slave and free and miss the many other divisions that tore at the nation. Union leaders struggled to keep northern slave states in the Union and to keep Illinois and Indiana Butternuts from going south. In the West, the Union had gained huge territories populated by Mormons who had fought an 1857 war against the country and former Mexican citizens who hadn't completely assimilated. To the south in January 1862, the French, taking advantage of U.S. distraction landed an expeditionary force in Mexico. They posed a threat not only to Mexico but to the newly acquired lands of the southwest. California was difficult to tie into the Union because of its distance from the east coast. It also faced threats from outlaws, Confederate sympathizers, and native population not yet assimilated.

On May 5, 1862, a set back to the French was celebrated in distant California where Cinco de Mayo remains a source of pride. Local leaders recognizing both the French threat and native Californian dislike for colonial French, decided in 1863, to raise a mounted battalion of native Californios, fabled horsemen. They would be lancers because that was the weapon of choice of their ancestors. To many the weapon seems archaic, but at the time it was a source of pride.

Each of the four companies was recruited in a different city at in 1863 and 1864, and had a different initial experience. The companies raised in the north did not attract native Californios, instead drawing immigrants from France, South America and Germany. They suffered from slow enlistment and desertion rates in the 50% range. They might have ceased to function had not most of the deserters returned to the ranks. They chased bandits and Indians in California and served to quiet tensions where Confederate sympathy ran hot. The battalion suffered from unsuitable officers, rivalries between leaders and irregular keeping of the unit rolls and pay books. The two companies recruited at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles in 1864, attracted natives and had much lower desertion rates. Finally, in late 1865, the battalion consolidated at Drum Barracks under Major John Cremony and marched, a company at a time, across the desert to Fort Mason, Calabasas, Arizona, south of Tubac. There most of the battalion became sick with fever. They guarded against Maximillian and confronted his forces at Magdelena, Sonora, in a small action that may have been significant stalling the French. They fought one campaign against Apaches before returning to California for discharge in 1866.

Former members of the unit took pride in their service and this was significant in binding California to the Union. They faced prejudice and had officers replaced for indiscretions that might not have been considered so in the Mexican army or in the Hispanic population of the west coast. The Battalion of Native Lancers is something Californios can take pride in.

Doug Hocking

As Far As the Eye Could Reach: Accounts of Animals Along the Santa Fe Trail 1821-1880. Morgan, Phyllis S., Foreword by Marc Simmons, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2015, pp 164.

This is a delightful, entertaining and educational account of animals on the Santa Fe Trail. The author draws heavily on the standard firsthand accounts bringing them all together to focus on one species at a time. She adds relevant new material to increase our understanding of each creature. For an author of Westerns, this is a way to understand oxen, mules, burros and horses as they participated in the march west. What was it like to experience prairie dog towns and the buffalo hunt? The answer is here.

Doug Hocking

Lucas Yates and the Roses. Volk, Lowell F. Covenant Books, 2017.

I really enjoyed this book. It was fast paced with a lot of action!! Lowell Volk has done a great deal of research in what it was like emigrating to the West to make a new home. I loved the detail of how things were done each day yet it was not overdone with plenty of action throughout the book. There was some sadness but there was also hope. He portrays characters that no matter what obstacles they encountered their goals were attained. I have read all six books of his Civil War Series which I would recommend also.

Debbie Hocking

Important Works of Cochise County History

Apache

Hocking, Doug. *The Black Legend: Lieutenant Bascom, Cochise, and the Start of the Apache Wars*, 2018. Provides background on Arizona from 1856 to 1862, along with details of primary sources showing exactly what transpired between Cochise and Bascom.

Tom Jeffords: Friend of Cochise, 2017. Covers the experience of an Arizona pioneer who arrived in 1860 and shows how his friendship with Cochise was instrumental in making the peace of 1872.

Radbourne, Allan. *Mickey Free: Apache Captive, Interpreter, and Indian Scout*, 2005.

Sweeney, Edwin. *Cochise: Chiricahua Apache Chief*, 1991. Highly detailed, best ever biography of Cochise.

Cochise: First Hand Accounts of the Chiricahua Apache, 2014. This is an important collection of accounts by people who actually were face to face with Cochise.

From Cochise to Geronimo: The Chiricahua Apaches, 1874-1886, 2010. Excellent history of the Apaches after the death of Cochise.

Sladen, Frank. Sweeney, Ed., ed. *Making Peace with Cochise: The 1872 Journal of Captain Joseph Alton Sladen*, 1997. Sladen's firsthand account of the peace-making process.

Early Arizona

Ahnert, Gerald. *The Butterfield and Overland Mail Company in Arizona 1858-1861*. 2011. There is no better source on the Overland Mail in Arizona.

Roberts, Virginia. *With Their Own Blood: A Saga of Southwestern Pioneers*, 1992. There is some issue with the secondary sources used, especially Tevis (*Arizona in the 50s*), but still provides important information about one of the leading families.

Gorenfeld, John and Will. *Kearny's Dragoons Out West: The Birth of the U.S. Cavalry*, 2016. The importance of General Kearny in securing peace on the Plains in the 1830s and 40s, cannot be over stressed, nor can his roll in inventing the U.S. Cavalry and in making Cochise County Part of the U.S.

Cochise County

Erwin, Allen. *The Southwest of John H. Slaughter, 1841-1922: Pioneer, Cattleman and Trail-Driver of Texas, the Pecos, and Arizona and Sheriff of Tombstone*, 1965. The title tells most of it.

Hayes, Alden. *A Portal to Paradise*, 1999. This is the story of the northeastern part of the county along the New Mexico border and of the San Simon Valley where the Cow Boys hung out.

Klump, Kathy. *The Last Roundup of the "Y" Cattle Company: The Story of John Walter Klump and His Association with the Partnership of Hurst, Black, Kiehne, and Wiley in New Mexico and Arizona*, 2016. Solid reporting on ranching in Arizona.

Myrick, David. *Railroads of Arizona, Vol. 1: The Southern Roads*, 1975. This classic cover mostly Cochise County. The system of our railroads was that complex.

O'Neal, Bill. *Captain Harry Wheeler: Arizona Lawman*, 2003. Harry Wheeler was the longest serving captain of the Arizona Rangers and the Cochise County Sheriff during the Bisbee Deportation.

The Arizona Rangers, 1987. This is the story of the famed 26 men who rode the Arizona Territory, mostly Cochise County, taming the area to get it ready for statehood.

Smith, Brad. *The Stagecoach through Apache Country: A History of the Stagecoach Companies and Stage Stations in Northeastern Cochise County, Arizona Territory: 1857-1880*, 2013. Stagecoach routes are more complex than you might think.

Tombstone:

Earp, Wyatt et al. Edited by John Richard Stephens. *Wyatt Earp Speaks: My Side of the O.K. Corral Shootout plus Interviews with Doc Holliday and others*. 1998. What Earp had to say rather than what others said about him.

Fattig, Timothy W. *Wyatt Earp: The Biography*. 2003. Much, recent primary research.

Lake, Stuart N. *Wyatt Earp: Frontier Marshal*, 1994 (1930)

Lubet, Steven. *Murder in Tombstone: The Forgotten Trial of Wyatt Earp*, 2006. This book has dropped out of sight, unfortunately. Lubet is a lawyer who understands the conduct of courts in the 1880s, so he's a great historian as well. The trial went on for almost a month and this account provides very clear documentation of what happened in the Gunfight on Fremont Street behind the OK Corral.

Parsons, George W., Lynn R. Bailey, ed. *A Tenderfoot in Tombstone, the Private Journal of George Whitwell Parsons: The Turbulent Years, 1880-82*, 2010.

The Devil Has Foreclosed, the Private Diary of George Whitwell Parsons: The Concluding Arizona Years, 1882-87, 2010.

Reidhead, S.J. *A Church for Helldorado, The 1882 Tombstone Diary of Endicott Peabody and the build of St. Paul's Episcopal Church*, 2006.

Roberts, Gary. *The Life and Legend of Doc Holliday*, 2006. A great account of another gunfighter who wasn't a gunfighter.

Tefertiller, Casey. *Wyatt Earp: The Life Behind the Legend*, 1997. This is an extremely useful and accurate account of Wyatt Earp.

Cochise County Timeline –
Topics in Cochise County History:

Coronado's Entrada	1540 -1542
The Apache Battle with the Sopaiburi	1698
The Presidio de Terrenate	1775 - 1780
The Bobocomari Ranch	1830s
The Battle of the Bulls	1846
The Parke Survey	1854
Gadsden Purchase	1854
The Arrival of the Dragoons (U.S. takes possession of Gadsden Purchase)	1856
The Jackass Mail	1857
The Overland Mail	1858
Massacre at Dragoon Springs	1858
Massacre at Brunckow's Mine	1860
Mickey Free Kidnapped and The Bascom Affair	1861
JJ Giddings Negotiations with Cochise	1861
Confederate Arizona	1861 - 1862
The Burning of Tubac and the Arizona Wagon Train	1861
Arizona Liberation and the Fight at Dragoon Springs	1862
Battle of Apache Pass	1862
Transcontinental Mail through Arizona Resumes	1867
The Battle at Chiricahua Pass	1869
Lieutenant Cushing's Last Fight	1871
Peace with Cochise	1872
Incident at Sulphur Springs (end of Chiricahua Reservation)	1876
Fort Huachuca	1877
Ed Schieffelin at Goose Flats (Tombstone)	1877
Lt. Rucker and the Copper Queen (Bisbee)	1877
Cochise Becomes a County	1881
The Gunfight on Fremont Street near the O.K. Corral	1881
Geronimo's Flight through Cochise County	1881
The Bisbee Massacre	1883
Geronimo's Surrender	1886
Railway Robberies at Willcox and Steins	1895
Railway Robbery at Cochise	1899
Railway Robbery at Fairbank	1900
Arizona Rangers	1901 - 1909
Statehood	1912
Bisbee Deportation	1917
Lavender Pit Closes	1974
Underground Mining Ends in Bisbee	1976
Shootout at Miracle Valley	1982