

FREMONT STREET MAIL



August 6, 2024

Roundup Foreman's Trumpet Gary Smith

Next meeting will be on Thursday, **September 5**, at 7 p.m., at Schieffelin Hall, Doug Hocking will speak on *Escape from Mesilla*. In the spring and summer of 1861, confusion was the order of the day and Apache raids on the rise while the Army did nothing. For some escaping from Mesilla was imperative. There will be an optional no host pre-meeting **dinner 5:30 at the Longhorn Restaurant** on Allen Street. The public and guests are welcome.



October 3 - *Debunking the Myth of Indian Charlie* by Chuck Smith.

November 7 – *Fred J. Dodge: Gambler, Lawman and Wells Fargo Detective* by Ron Woggon & Jean Smith

December 5 – *Poetry and Music for Christmas*.

Recorder of Marks and Brands Jean Smith

Debora Lewis continues work on the Corral's **book of *Short Stories and Poetry!*** It will be called *Running Iron*. We're up to over 300 pages. Thank you all.

The first \$300 made on the book, which will sell for about \$15, will go to supporting the Tombstone Festival of Western Books which will be held on Friday, March 14, 2025. **We need volunteers for the committee.**

Craig Johnson is coming to our festival! Have you seen the *Longmire* TV series or read the books? He wrote them. This is major good news.

Rosanna Baker delivered a moving eulogy to her husband Gene, a longtime member of the Corral who was a major part of making us great.

We also need an assistant **Videographer** to work with Fred learning how to set up and taping Campfires.

Faro Dealer **Mike Costello** is recovering with heart issues.

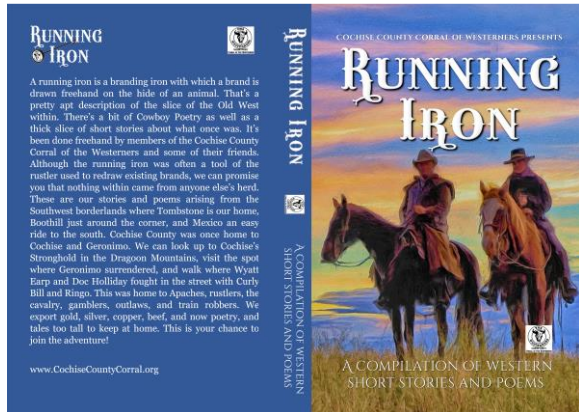
Keeper of the Chips Debora Lewis

As of August 1, 2024:

Accounts have been reconciled.
Cochise County Corral of the Westerners has:

81 Ranch Hands
We have in Checking - \$ 2133.88
We have in Savings - \$ 1020.76
Jun-July Expenses: \$112.68
Jun-July Income: \$73.00

Encourage your friends to visit, join, and stay with the Corral!



Trail Boss's Whip
Bob Spahle

Mark **Saturday, September 14** on your calendar! Planning is in the works from a trolley and walking tour of Tombstone that will include the OK Corral show. It'll cost about \$12, a very special price.

We need a volunteer or volunteers to talk about Tombstone events as we walk around.



Let me know. We're going to try to do this September 14.

Sheriff's Star
Doug Hocking

A sheriff should have a vision for his Corral. It might be to be more welcoming and increase membership or to start an event, symposium, or publication. It might also be to have more fun at meetings and to get more people to participate. Without that vision, without new goals and challenges, the Corral will stagnate. The sheriff is there to encourage, recruit, and guide the Corral.

I'm very proud of Debora, our Keeper of the Chips, who is putting together our *Running Iron*. It was her idea and her vision, and she's carried it through with the contributions of many of the Ranch Hands.

My next goal is to start a writer's group and Arizona-New Mexico speaker's bureau. The group would nurture and encourage new authors and serve as a breeding ground for speakers we can share between corrals. In any event, I've been sheriff a long time and it's time for me to step down at the end of this year.

That brings me to marketing strategies that we use for our Corral book and for the Tombstone Festival of Western Books. I believe in the historic notion that if you pay for advertising, it must return the investment three times over in revenue.

Another dictum is that the public must see an ad ten times before it sinks in. You can do that in the newspaper, but it's expensive and recovering cost close to impossible. Without that constant exposure, that's so hard to afford, the newspaper ad is nearly worthless.

Target marketing is crucial. Marketing to people who will never buy your product is a waste. This is why so many online services track what you buy and look at so they can sell that information to marketers.

Years ago, biologists came up with the concept of mini-maxing and maxi-maxing. A salmon lays a million eggs in hopes that one will grow and return to spawn. That's maxi-maxing. A bear has one or two cubs – eats salmon – and guards her cubs very carefully. That's mini-maxing.

In publishing, the cost of printing and shipping is usually about 40% of retail price. The publisher and author share 20-30%, while the retailer gets the top 30-40%. In other words, the retailer buys at a wholesale price that is 40% off cover or retail price. A version of this works when planning events. If you don't plan to make 20 to 30%, the one thing that is sure is that you **will** lose money.

The Bible says that “the workman is worth of his hire.” The retailer has costs for rent, which is a broad term that includes utilities and furniture. The top 40% isn't all profit. Most of it is cost. I'm happy to maxi-max, keeping the 20% in the middle as profit and letting the retailer have his fair share. Like the salmon who lays a million eggs, I'm happy to take the lower percentage on a larger market share.

As we get ready to market our book, do we want a large number of retailers selling our book like spreading salmon eggs, or do we want to mini-max by being the sole source retailer? *Smoke Signal* is published by the Tucson Corral and you will find it for sale all over southern Arizona. Do we want to encourage our authors by letting them buy *Running Iron* at a significant discount so they can resell it or give gifts to relatives? One way we assure ourselves of many sales at a

guaranteed percentage of profit, the other way, we get much fewer sales at a higher percentage. The new author might buy 10 or 15 books as gifts for relatives, while we'd be lucky to have the relatives buy even one.

Deep Thoughts on History

This may seem to ramble a bit. Let's begin with two thoughts. Facts are facts and there are many things that are not facts. There are no uninterpreted facts. To this we might add, definitions are important. We don't all mean the same thing with the same word.

We are all biased in one way or another, if nothing else, by the facts we choose to consider relevant. As I look across my office, I see plaques on the wall, books, a computer, tools, and lint on the carpet; the cat is exploring a recently emptied box. In writing about this, we would not include all of these facts. Some might find which books are available and recently opened and which plaques hang on the wall is in some way important. Unless we're writing for Good Housekeeping, the cat and the lint will probably be left out.

Consider an account of the gunfight near the OK Corral in which the author tells us: “It was an overcast day, so Doc employed a shotgun to kill a McLaurry.” These all may be facts, but what did the sky being overcast have to do with anything? The weather was often an important factor in battle, but most of us wouldn't think so here. The author is expressing a theory that is so novel that it requires additional explanation.

There are many truthful, fact-based ways to tell the story of a battle or incident. This is not to say that accounts based on lies are valid. They're not. Which facts we include is based on our theory of how things work. We have to be careful of cherry-picking facts, that is,

selecting facts that support our theory and ignoring others that contradict it. A scientist would say, "Here is my theory of the event. This is what would prove it false."

I'm currently reviewing a book by a Marxist author. He might quibble over that title, but since his book openly talks about how the proletariat was exploited, I think I'm safe.

Marxists have a theory of how things should be and how people shouldn't be exploited. Capitalists don't have a theory per se. They rely on economists try to quantify what is and describe it accurately, explaining how things work in the real world. This is Capitalism. Marxist historians spend their time explaining why all the things that disprove the theory, virtually everything that ever happened, are exceptions to the rule.

The referenced author uses the term slavery loosely. It seems all the sailors along the coast in the 19th century were slaves. They came ashore, spent their pay, and now broke, turned to boarding houses to provide for them on the condition that the boarding house could broker their contract when a ship became available collecting the money owed them up front from wages. Sea captains went to the owners of boarding houses to find sailors who were given no choice of whether to sail or not. They owed the money, so they sailed. They were sold as slaves! It was exploitation because the deal didn't go through a trade union.

It would have been very interesting if the author had explored the mechanisms of how these relationships worked instead of just labeling them exploitation and slavery. Nor did he explain how bartering contracts through a trade union was any less exploitive. But, is this slavery?

In the 1860s, as a nation, we stopped using the power of the state to enforce contracts of human sale including those of bond servitude. Were sailors making bond agreements or were these simply contracts for the extension of loans? If you borrow money to buy a house, or get a college degree, you agree to make monthly payments. Are you now a slave?

I have known slaves and there are bond slaves walking amongst us even now. Have you been to a Chinese super buffet lately? Most of the waiters and waitresses are under contract of bond. They live in dormitories until their contract is repaid. The enforcement is entailed in what will happen to their families back in China if they run away. There are even worse bond contracts. There are poor people paying tens of thousands of dollars to cartels to bring them into this country illegally. Some of the younger ones are forced into prostitution to repay their contract. The enforcement is the lives of the family left behind. Others become drug mules or undertake other illegal activities to repay.

Fifty years ago, in Taiwan a U.S. airman of my acquaintance fell in love with a prostitute and wanted to marry her. Unfortunately, as an infant the girl had been purchased by a whore who raised her to be a whore. The plan was that when she got too old for the profession, the girl would support her. The whore mother in turn had been purchased as an infant and raised to be a whore by what we might call the whore grandmother. Mother and grandmother were dependent on the girl they had raised to support them in old age. There were strong ties of dependance and affection going back to infancy. There was also the threat that the girl's family would be disgraced if the girl didn't perform on the contract. The option was for the airman to

buy her by paying cash to the elder women. She was literally on the auction block.

Tombstone Epitaph & Arizonian

Like it or not, the High Five Gang, also known as Black Jack's Gang, was a Cochise County gang. I learn more about them all the time as they were reduced from High Five to Fantastic Four, Terrible Trio, and Dynamic Duo before getting slain at Clifton Black Jack finally got a name, Tom Ketchum.

“His Experience, How Black Jack and Pals Held up Agent Temple,” *Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, 15 November 1896.

Mr. Joseph Temple, the gentlemanly N.M.&A. agent at Huachuca Siding, was in town today on court duty and was seen by a PROSPECTOR reporter for an account of his experience with the robbers who held him up on Saturday last [November 7].

Mr. Temple states that himself and another employee were in the office when suddenly two men entered and without much ado ordered hands up, at the same time both men were peering into the barrels of two ugly looking pistols, manufactured by Mr. Colt. It is needless to say that both complied with the request with alacrity.

Whereupon the dark-complexioned highwayman, presumably Black Jack, acting as spokesman, volunteered the information that they were out for the stuff, saying: “We do not want to rob any individual person, but are after the railroad and express companies. We do not want to kill anyone, but if necessary, it will not trouble us much to do it.” Concluding his speech, he ordered the agent to open the safe under penalty of death accompanied him to the iron box to see that it was properly done.

In the meanwhile, the other employee was being looked after by the other robber who hunted about his clothes for a concealed weapon when he accidentally found the owner's purse containing some money. The robber pocketed it but when the old, gray-haired employee appealed to him saying it was all the money he had in the world the heart of the robber was softened and he returned the purse without opening it.

The money drawer of the safe was placed on the counter and the robber, to make sure nothing was held back, investigated himself and ordered everything in the safe, papers and all, placed on the counter. He noticed a disposition on the part of the agent to reluctantly bring things forth who was promptly told they would stand “no monkey business,” and by the way the guns were flourished they meant it. The agent was ordered to separate the checks and papers from the cash and when finished the coin was tucked away in the robber's capacious pockets.

After looking about and passing jocular remarks about things and persons, the robbers concluded they had got everything of value. Before leaving, however, one took another last look at the safe and seeing some small packages that the agent didn't take out he put them in his shirt front and then the two employees were marched out to where the robbers horses were tied.

The younger robber had Agent Temple in tow and when about halfway the former concluded he wanted some whisky and asked if Tom Smith's saloon was open yet. Tom had closed unusually early that evening, and he was informed so. Then espying a private car on the track, the inquisitive highwayman wanted to know all about it. Again, the desired information was furnished, the car

being that of General Wheaton who was on an inspecting tour of the military posts. Williams, (for that is who the robber is believed to be) stated that he would go over and have a drink with the general himself and was much disappointed when told the entire party were at the post.

Williams declared he had a most elegant thirst and knowing there was some wine in the warehouse told Temple to come back and get some. Both returned, Williams holding the lamp in one hand and six-shooter in the other. The wine was found, and Temple was made to uncork a bottle and sample some first, then Williams gratified his desire for refreshments. Williams next told Temple to take two bottles, uncork them and carry them out to his partner which was done. Black Jack and the aged employee were found patiently waiting, Black Jack being engaged in pastime chat and tearing open the packages he had just taken from the safe a few moments previous, burning the wrappers and seeing what the contents were. Mr. Temple explained the packages were jewelry belonging to private individuals who had left them in his care for safe keeping, and asked that they be returned. Both robbers looked at them by the light of the fire and concluded they would be of use to them and handed them back.

Both bandits were very talkative and gave an account of their holdups at Separ, and San Simon and stated they might call again. They were certain a few officers would be killed if they continued to pursue them.

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Williams passed the bottle for a farewell drink and the two unwilling victims were forced to drink, when the robbers finally mounted their horses and left.

Mr. Temple states that fully thirty or forty minutes were spent by the robbers at the Siding and during the entire time not once did either take their hands off their pistols. Neither was masked and the coolness and utter abandon and fearlessness with which they conducted the robbing would at once impress one with the full force of their remark that they would not be troubled much to put out a life with a leaden missile if necessary to further their ends.

Poetry Corner

Cowboy Hat

By Bob Spahle

A cowboy hat is a useful tool
To be without one you'd be a fool.
It can carry oats and water to your horse
Has 101 uses mostly good of course.

It can swat at flies, When they drive you
crazy,
Cover your eyes when you're feelin' lazy.
Keeps the rain up off your head.
A cowboy only takes it off when he goes to
bed.

A good one lasts for years and years
And when it goes most shed a tear.
For it was a friend through thick and thin
Was in all the scrapes you've ever been in.

You can decorate the band
If you get a snake bit hand.
And after a couple of rains from up above
It will fit your head just like a glove.

So my friends, it has to be
That a cowboy and his hat are the key
From ridin' and ropin' and bein' shot at

A cowboy wouldn't be a cowboy without his
cowboy hat.

Pickles's Cowboy Poem

By Brian Crane

My husband writes poems
About cowboys and stuff
But he never rides horses,
Just sits on his duff.

A Place Untouched by Time

By Jesse Bradfield

(Author of *Arendelle Shield*)

Deep within the depths of the darkness
where shadows walk and living men waste
away
Long ago man once dug for the promise of
wealth
despite the severity of truth foretold

Chip upon chip, the stone shattered beneath
the iron tool
Darkness ensuing, silence surrounding
But little mind dare he heed to the warning
behind
and the doom impending

Further he chiseled at the mountain above
The mind of greed forthward calling — the
pulse of his soul
As little would tell of the remains that would
linger
Unforgotten and unforgiven
for dare he persist in the darkness below

Then in Earthly murmur, a mere rumble
emerged.
The shaken ground cringed in mournful
bellow
Rock to rock upon earth all crumbled
and deep below, a pleading whisper hailed no
reciever

But within the distance below,

the mountain that stood
The boy of youth upon his ears did hear
such a blunder of earth and rubble.

Each in hand with shovels and picks
and even the elders leaning against their worn
sticks
— a town of few proceeded forth.

Long and hard through the seamless hours of
dark they delved
Stone and dirt, they heaved and heaved
Where further they ventured through dirt and
debris

But in vain they dug,
And sorrow they wept — the tears they shed
For one lonely miner deep below
would never more swing the pick against the
mighty stone
upon which formed that mountain tomb

In the distance he sat upon his mare
The the grim of witness hollow in his stare
Forgotten in time, a soldier unearthed and
risen
from the once restless darkness of a coffin
prison

A ghost of war at dusk set forth to ride
With rifle in hand and sword at his side
In depths below where secrets shall keep
A sentry of sorrow that may never weep

For any to come
Where with greed you lived
And at the gates of Death, soon you will bow
to sorrowful sentry — a fate you shall meet
Down and down, one will crumble to bow at
his feet.

Hollywood Trivia

We found a few things on the Internet that
you might find interesting. One is Gene
Autry's Cowboy Code and the other is some

Gene Autry

GENE AUTRY'S COWBOY CODE

1. The Cowboy must never shoot first, hit a smaller man, or take unfair advantage.
2. He must never go back on his word.
3. He must always tell the truth.
4. He must be gentle with children, the elderly, and animals.
5. He must not advocate or possess racially or religiously intolerant ideas.
6. He must help people in distress.
7. He must be a good worker.
8. He must keep himself clean in thought, speech, action, and personal habits.
9. He must respect women, parents, and his nation's laws.
10. The Cowboy is a patriot.

of the things the movie *Tombstone* blessed us with.

TOMBSTONE		
YOU CALLED DOWN THE THUNDER, WELL NOW YOU'VE GOT IT	BOY, I TELL YA I'M SUF' FERIN'... FROM A HANGOVER!	ALRIGHT LUNGER LET'S DO IT
I'M YOUR HUCKLEBERRY		
WHY KATE, YOU'RE NOT WEARING A BUSTLE, HOW LEWD.	IT APPEARS MY HYPOCRISY KNOWS NO BOUNDS	TELEM. THE LAW'S COMING. YOU TELL ME I'M COMING, AND HELL'S COMING WITH ME!
IT'S TRUE, YOU ARE A GOOD WOMAN, THEN AGAIN, YOU MAY BE THE ANTICHRIST	YOU DIE FIRST, GET IT? YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT GET ME IN A RUSH, BUT NOT BEFORE I MAKE YOUR HEAD INTO A CANOE, YOU UNDERSTAND ME?	
I'M A WOMAN, I LIKE MEN. IF THAT MEANS I'M NOT LADY-LIKE, THEN I GUESS I'M JUST NOT A LADY	OH, MAKE NO MISTAKE IT'S NOT REVENGE HE'S LOOKING FOR IT'S A RECKONING	
AND YOU MUST BE RINGO, LOOK, DARLING, JOHNNY RINGO. THE DEADLIEST PISTOLEER SINCE WILD BILL, THEY SAY. WHAT DO YOU THINK, DARLING? SHOULD I HATE HIM?		
YOU'RE A DAISY IF YOU DO!	CHRIST... IT'S LIKE I AM PLAYING CARDS WITH MY BROTHERS KIDS OR SOMETHIN' YOU NERVE-WRACKING S...S...S...S!!	I TOLD YOU WE WEREN'T GETTING INVOLVED.
HEY, WHAT! HOW THE HELL ARE YOU? GOT SOME BOYS BEHIND YOU OVER THERE, GOT YOU CAUGHT UP IN A LITTLE CROSSFIRE, HOW YOU LIKE THAT?		
I SEE PEOPLE AFRAID TO WALK DOWN THE STREETS AND I'M TRYING TO MAKE MONEY OFF THEM LIKE SOME GOD DAMN VULTURE!	LOOKS LIKE WE WIN	
MAYBE POKER'S JUST NOT YOUR GAME, IKE, I KNOW... LET'S HAVE A SPELLING CONTEST!	I HAVE NOT YET BEGUN TO DEFILE MYSELF	JOHNNY, I APOLOGIZE. I FORGOT YOU WERE THERE YOU MAY GO NOW.
HE'S DOWN BY THE CREEK WALKIN' ON WATER		
I HAVE TWO GUNS, ONE FOR EACH OF YOU		

**Coming Events – Telegrapher
Deborah Lawson**

August

August 8-10, **Cowboy Poetry Show**, Prescott

August 9-11, **Doc Holly Days**, Tombstone

August 14-18, **Native Treasures Show**, El Dorado Hotel, Santa Fe Indian Market

August 20, 5 p.m. (MST not MST) **Black Legend, The Bascom Affair, Doug Hocking**, Silver City Corral

August 31 to September 2, **Sonoita Labor Day Rodeo**, Sonoita, book signing

September

September 5, Doug Hocking **Escape from Mesilla: The Confederate Invasion**, Cochise County Corral

September 14, **Tombstone Walk Around and Trolley Ride**, Trail Boss Bob Spahle

September 19-22 Doug Hocking **Jicarilla Apache in the Road of Conquest**, Santa Fe Trail Association, Fort Larned, KS

September 28, **Hike through Apache Pass**, Arizona Chapter, Butterfield National Historic Trail Association.

October

October 5-6, **Art in the Park**, Sierra Vista

October 4-6, **Rex Allen Days**, Willcox

October 11-13 **Patagonia Fall Fest**, Patagonia

October 18-20 **Helldorado**, Tombstone

October 23-27 **Tombstone Territory Rendezvous**

October 26 11 a.m. **Southwest Train Robberies**, Columbus, NM

November

November 2-3, **Cowboy Festival, Empire Ranch**, book signing

December

December 1, **Cochise County Historical Society Annual Banquet**, Douglas

December 14, **Christmas at the Ranch**, Empire Ranch. Book signing

Sources:

TTR <https://tr2022.carrd.co/>
 BJ Bulletin board for TTR Schedule
<https://nediscapp.com/indices/39627?page=1>
<https://www.empireranchfoundation.org/ranch-events/calendar/>
<https://saintdavidheritage.org/events/>
<https://tombstoneweb.com/coming-events/>
<https://tucsonfestivalofbooks.org/>
<http://sonoitafairgrounds.com/labor-day/>
<https://southerntrails.thetaleofthetrail.org/>
<https://visitwillcox.az.gov/local-events>
<https://www.mescalmovieset.com/upcoming-events>
<https://www.tubacpresidio.org/events>
<https://tucsonpresidio.com/calendars/>



Chiricahua Regional Museum

127 E. Maley St., Willcox, AZ 85643

520 384-3971

Hours: 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

The Fort Huachuca Museum Society

is looking for new members and the cost is

only \$20 per year. The society runs the museum store and members get a 10% discount. To join contact Casey Jones at:

HMS

P.O. Box 673

Sierra Vista, AZ 85636-0673

Or call 520-450-0208

Or write luego@mac.com

Blast From the Past

In 1900, a Chinese was found to have died, they thought, of bubonic plague and Chinatown was quarantined. The California constitution made it incumbent on city government to have all Chinese outside city limits by sundown or to have them secured within a Chinatown whose limited points of ingress and egress could be controlled. The Chinese naturally dug tunnels and had their own subterranean routes of ingress and egress. If you saw the 1986 Kurt Russell film Big Trouble in Little China, be aware its closer to the truth than one might guess.

“How Two Girls were Quarantined in Chinatown,” *San Francisco Call and Post*, 29 July 1900.

Miss Isabel Fraser and Miss Carol Bell, two young artists of this city, were quarantined in Chinatown during the plague scare and only escaped the experience of being inoculated through the kindness of the policeman on the block.

The girls are enthusiastic, and as their latest fad in the study of Oriental decorative art they decided to take a studio in Chinatown. So they rented a room in one of those old buildings fronting Kearny street, burnished it with junk and set to work.

Knowing that parents would disapprove of the idea and pronounce the location impossible the girls decided to keep the

whole affair a dead secret. So excuses must be made to account for absence from home every day. Accordingly Miss Fraser said she was taking lessons in china painting and must be at the studio every morning at 9 o'clock. Miss Bell gave out that she was taking a summer school course over in Berkeley. The regularity of hours which these fibs imposed upon them was the great good which came from doing a little wrong. The inhabitants of the 10-cent lodging house adjacent to the studio wondered a little at first why two young ladies from the hills came down there every morning and the Italian who sells grog and groceries on the corner realized his lack of breeding the first time he wrapped up French bread and cheese for them, but he soon became accustomed to it and the girls might have continued undiscovered to the end of the chapter but for the episode of the plague.

The only person who possessed the open sesame was the policeman. He construed it as part of his duty to find out what two genteel young women were doing in the old Hiller house. He noticed that after the door had closed behind them the old place looked uninhabited as it had for many years. The sign of the last tenant still decorated the window - "Inhalatorium for consumption, catarrh, bronchitis and asthma." A faded paper poster continued to proclaim the place to let.

Of course I thought," said the policeman, "that they had come to reclaim the dope fiends of the old apartment house or established a mission of some sort, but, after waiting a week for them to get to business, and they only and and went mysterious like. I developed a cough and bolted in one morning. The young ladies initiated me into the secret and I used to drop in to chat occasionally. It beat everything the way they used to work. I tell you they lived up to their

motto: 'Constant toil is the law of art as it is of life, for art is idealized creation.' It was written on a piece of butcher's paper and nailed upon the wall beside a broken hand glass.

"Another motto read: 'High hopes faint on warm hearthstones.' They had an idea that they could work better in a plain room with nothing to distract their attention. There was something delightfully refreshing about the place. The young ladies called it the artistic atmosphere, and I guess it was.

"Well, I've got to go on, now. They can tell you about how they escaped from quarantine better than I. So long."

* * *

Meanwhile the girls worked on, unconscious of the fact that the germs of bubonic plague had begun to germinate in the minds of certain local physicians and politicians and that the Board of Health was weaving a net to catch bad girls who lie and they went every morning to the studio.

"We were there as usual," said Miss Fraser, "the day the quarantine began, but we didn't know anything about it till the policeman burst into the studio and startled us by saying, 'You girls are in quarantine and I don't know whether I can get you out or not.'

"Carol began to pack up her precious studies and insisted that she must go home because her mother wouldn't know where she was. She wanted to march boldly out the front door, but he told her if she did she would run into the arms of two policemen who had not eaten our bread and salt as he had and that they would not let her pass without a certificate that she had been inoculated. But he agreed that we must act at once, before the vigilance of the officers had become educated by experience.

“The back door opened into a dark corridor, and from there a stairway led into the cellar; but we never thought of that till our policeman asked about it. The really interesting portion of the Chinese quarters is the part which is under ground. We girls had done a little exploring in the cellar, and knew that passageway led off in the direction of that part of Kearny street which was beyond the lines. Our only hope of escape was by this passage. We set out at once, leaving all our sketches behind; and, by-the-by, the studio has been fumigated and they are all spoiled. I fancy we felt as Lot’s wife did, for she left looking backward into dear old Bohemia. We ran along the corridor and down the steps into the cellar, plunged into the darkness of the passageway, and came to the door. It was locked and had to be forced open. We then found ourselves in a room where Chinese junk men sort their treasure. A shriveled old Mongolian was sitting on the floor mending something or other. He might have had the plague for all we knew; he looked suspicious; but we didn’t shun him, our skirts fairly brushed his face as we went up the steps into the rear of a Chinese house, which was constructed on the plan of a Chinese puzzle. The men were in the streets forming a riot, and only a few women and children were left in the house, and they didn’t interfere with us. We could hear the shouts of the mob in front of the Consul’s house. They were excited over the report that the white men had poisoned the water in Chinatown.

“Our guide kept his bearings, in spite of our repeated declarations that we knew we were hopelessly lost, and we finally descended into another cellar. The cave of despair we call it now, because we had to stay there all night. The policeman left us to reconnoiter, and promised that if he couldn’t come back and get us out that night he would send messages to our folks saying that we were spending the night in Oakland. He did, and we girls lived

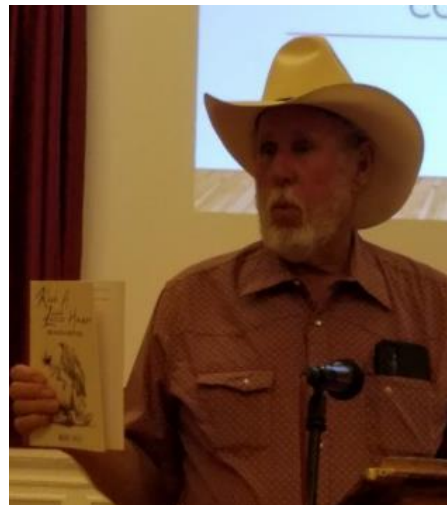
through an eternity in that cellar in a single night. It was horrible - past all telling, and when in the dim light we saw our deliverer coming the next morning we actually wept for joy.

“In running the final gauntlet the policeman pretended to have us under arrest, and we couldn’t have acted our part better if we had been actually guilty. The Chinese were quiet by that time and were standing in groups reading the bulletins and talking them over. They did not seem to mind us much, and we descended into another tunnel and crept through it and came to a subterranean room of considerable size, which used to be a dance hall. An alley ran from his to a flight of stairs and a door on Kearney street beyond the ropes.

“That’s all there is to tell, except that we went home and told the whole story, and our folks were so glad that we escaped that they forgot to disapprove.”

Miss Carol Bell thinks that the old proverb about shunning disagreeables as you would the plague should be changed to shun disagreeables as you would a quarantine.

Last Campfire & YouTube



We had an outstanding Campfire on August 1. Mark Finley, cowboy poet joined as a new Ranch Hand.

Buzzard Bob Spahle, our Trail Boss, gave us another poem, this time about his \$5 hat with the \$90,000 hat band.



Rosana Baker gave us a moving eulogy to



recently departed Gene Baker, sheriff, trail boss, and round up foreman.

Melissa Miller, curator of the Hank Hauser Museum (Sierra Vista history), delivered a talk on the Geronimo Campaign which can be



found on YouTube at *Geronimo Campaign* with **Melissa Miller**, August 1 Campfire. (Good job Fred).

https://www.youtube.com/live/TRS7eyxm9KQ?si=e18Hq3g86CAnHX_Q

We hope Melissa and her husband will join the Corral.

Here are some other uplifting things on YouTube, if you're tired of hearing about assassinations.

Terror on the Santa Fe Trail with **Doug Hocking**

https://youtu.be/j990RJvTbLI?si=BX5gP5Kj_dX65mtz

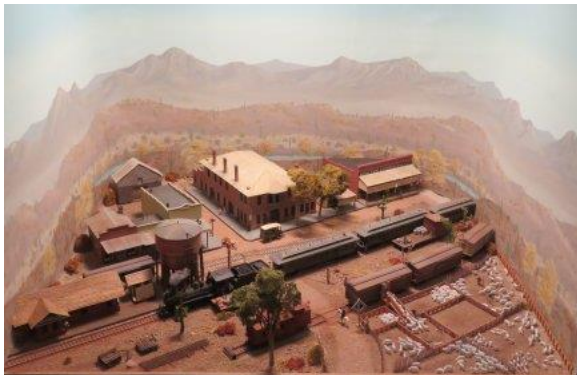
Cavalry, Infantry, Cochise and the Start of the War with the Chiricahua Apache. Black Legend an interview with **Doug Hocking and the Wild West History Association.**

https://youtu.be/wLoD28PrPFY?si=qL5MOmL-6v_0LtQd

Places to Visit

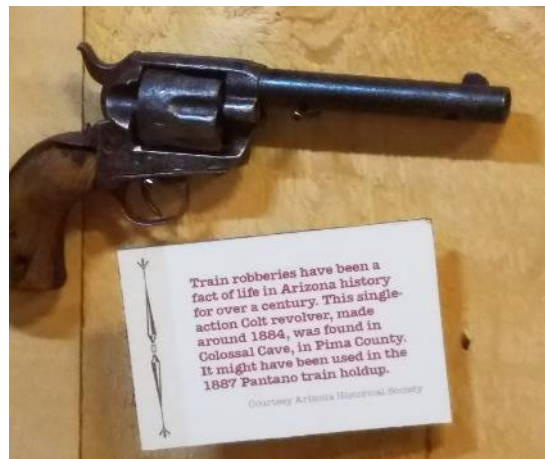
This is going to get a little long, but I hope you enjoy it. There's a beautiful drive to Prescott (pronounced press-cut, not cot or kit; at the time of the Revolutionary War, the Bostonian family in question came up with the new pronunciation to distinguish themselves from the British press-cots.). South of Chandler take the 202 west, to the I-10 west, to the 303 north, to Highway 60, to 89 north. This runs through Wickenburg, Yarnell, Congress, Peoples Valley to Prescott.

Both Wickenburg and Prescott make claims of being the most important and original mining centers and birthplace of Arizona, seemingly unaware of Tombstone, Bisbee, and even Globe. Prescott considers Jerome as a mere suburb. The population of Prescott is only 40,000, about the same as Sierra Vista. Both Wickenburg and Prescott welcome tourists and have almost as much to offer as Tombstone.



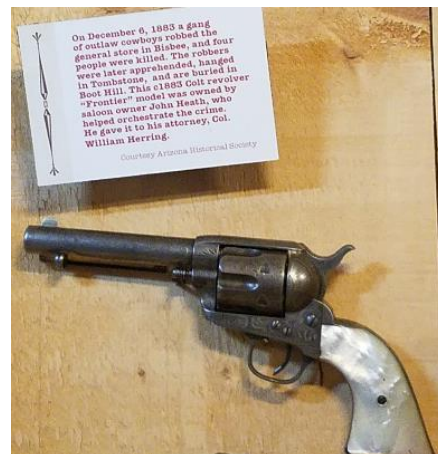
This is how Wickenburg looked in the 1880s. Much of this downtown is still there and the building on the top right has become a museum. Even the train is still there!!

Wickenburg grew up on the Hassayampa River in the 1860s to work the nearby Vulture Mine. Which is located near this odd looking butte.



Oddly, the museum is home to a gun found in Pima County's Colossal Cave which they claim was used in a train robbery at Pantano. If you've read my book, you know that this is nonsense although this is still a fascinating museum.

They also have John Heath's pistol. We have photos of who masterminded the Bisbee



Massacre the last time he hung out in Tombstone before emphysema constricted his lungs.



This “ghost” will give you a tour of the general store located in a rebuilt downtown set.



As you push on north, you pass through Peoples Valley bucolic and grassy, a beautiful spot.



The road climbs past historic mining towns into the mountains from low desert to pine forest.

Prescott has the Sharlot Hall Museum dedicated to the first woman in Arizona territorial government and our first state historian. The museum includes the first governor’s house and Governor Fremont’s daughter’s house.



The downtown, Whiskey Row, contains the Palace historic saloon, and many fine museums, historic hotels, historic saloons, and more.



Granite Dells and Willow Lake are fantastically beautiful and you'll pass Fort Whipple and Bucky's Casino getting there.



**Departments of
The Fremont Street Mail
&
*Border Vidette***

If you have something to share with the Corral, we'll find a place for it!!

The following Departments of the *Fremont Street Mail* are open to your contributions. We can stretch them or add to them if you have an idea:

Blast from the Past, a old newspaper article.
Poetry Corner

Deep Thoughts on History (Philosophy of how to do history) If you have thoughts on how to do history, send them in.

Tidbits from History

Tombstone Epitaph, an article from an historic Arizona newspaper

Places to Visit

Hollywood Trivia

Corral Members at Large, Out and About:

If you did it, we only know about it if you tell us and send photos.

Photo Album

Local Events

Departments of the ***Border Vidette***
We really need some articles right now to get out another edition!!!!

Long Articles

Short Articles

Reviews & Book Reports

Recommended Books & Articles

Frontier Recipes

Send STUFF to the Ink Slinger, Doug Hocking, at dhocking@centurylink.net or InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org

We ask that material be in Word, Times New Roman, 12 pitch, without indentation, single space between paragraphs. Please do not embed photos in text. Photos should be jpgs. Do not send pdfs.

Our website and how to get there:

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/>

What you'll find there:

The *Fremont Street Mail* (monthly):

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/fremont-street-mail>

The *Border Vidette* (quarterly):

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/the-border-vidette>

Our Scrapbook:

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/scrapbook>

Facebook:

Cochise County Corral Deborah Lea is on board as Telegrapher. She can post and highlight, share, and create events. If you want to know what's happening, the information is on our page.

<https://www.facebook.com/CochiseCountyCorral>

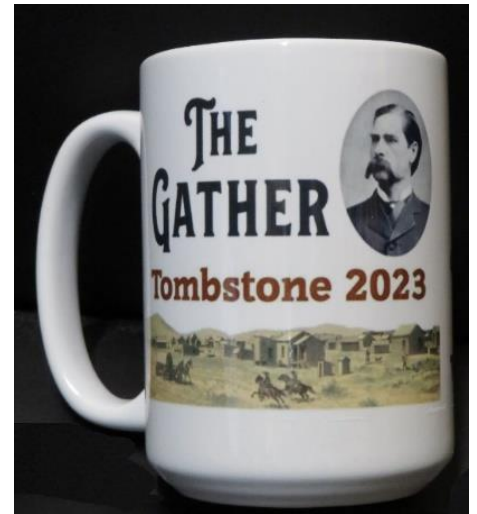
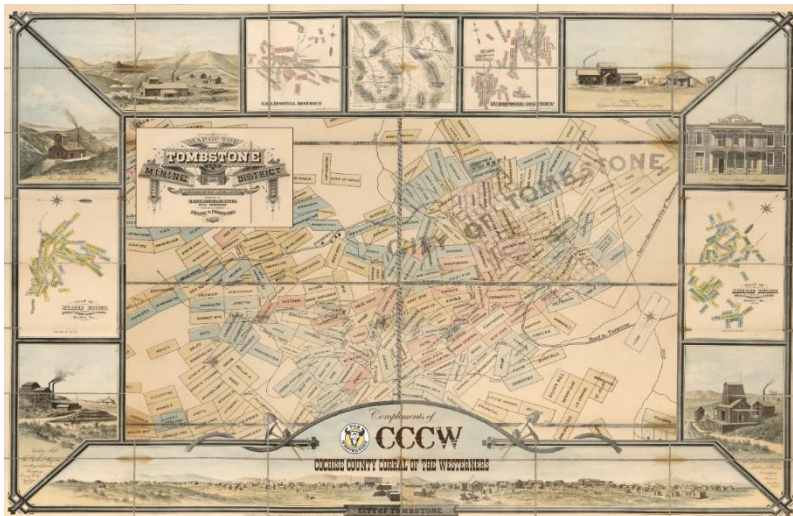
General O.O. Howard-Cochise Peace Agreement of 1872 Commemorative Coins

Kathy Klump of the Sulphur Springs Valley and Bill Cavaliere of the Cochise County Historical Societies had coins struck commemorating the General O.O. Howard – Cochise Peace Agreement of 1872 on its sesquicentennial.

These are available for \$5



The Gather Commemorative Mug Only \$12



**Map of the Tombstone Claims
And Surrounding Communities
Only \$5**

**Get yours from Debora, Keeper of the Chips
Or Faro Dealers Mike & Anne
At the next meeting**



COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS
 September 5th , 7PM at Schieffelin Hall **FREE**

Presenter:

Doug Hocking



Escape from Mesilla

The Winter and spring of 1861 was a difficult and confusing time as the Army departed and the Apaches raided. Events focused on Mesilla. As Confederates invaded, the 7th Infantry, commanded by Major Lynde escaped to the northeast. Soon after, seven Overland Mail employees stole the Confederate commander's ambulance to escape to California, Learn all about it during this fascinating presentation by historian and author Doug Hocking.



See You at Schieffelin Hall
 4th and Fremont in Tombstone

Regular meetings at 7 PM on the first Thursday of each month
 Join a Renowned Corral winner of Heeds Up Award
 for Best Corral 2013, 2014 & 2021

Pre-meeting dinner, 5:30 PM at the Longhorn Restaurant, 5th & Allen



- ★ Enjoy learning about Western Frontier History in a fun, informal environment
- ★ Enjoy Monthly meetings with presentations of Cowboy Poetry, Short History and Western History

- ★ Exciting Trail Rides (field trips) to visit places important in our Western history
- ★ Read the interesting *Border Vignette* and the *Fremont Street Mail*

For more information www.CochiseCountyCorral.org
 Or contact Doug Hocking at 520 378-1833 or InkSlings@CochiseCountyCorral.org





COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS
October 3rd, 7PM at Schieffelin Hall **FREE**

Presenter:
Chuck Smith



Debunking the myth of Indian Charlie

Morgan Earp was killed in Tombstone while playing billiards in a saloon on March 18, 1882. A newspaper listed a number of suspects believed involved in the murder. Among those listed were two half-breeds, one named Indian Charlie, and the other unknown. During the Earp Vendetta ride, the posse encountered and killed a man named Florentino Cruz at Pete Spencer's wood camp in the Dragoons. Historians claim this was Indian Charlie. But was he? Learn all about it during this fascinating presentation by historian, researcher and author Chuck Smith

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2025 Tombstone Festival of Western Books

Friday, March 14, 2025

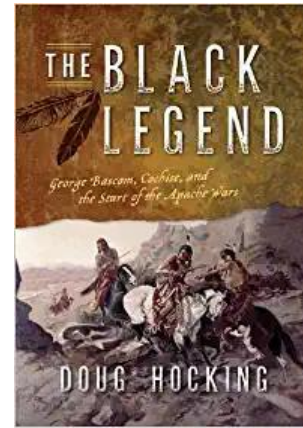
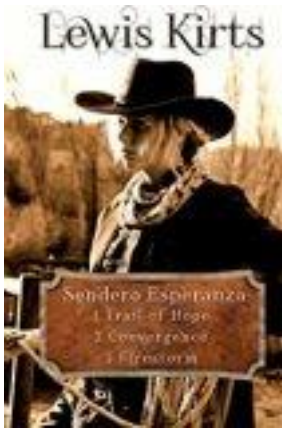
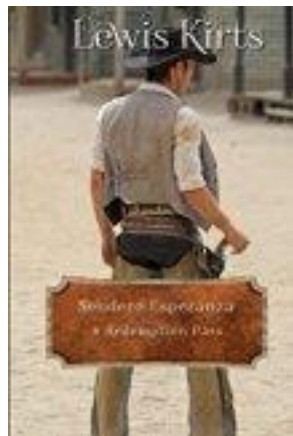
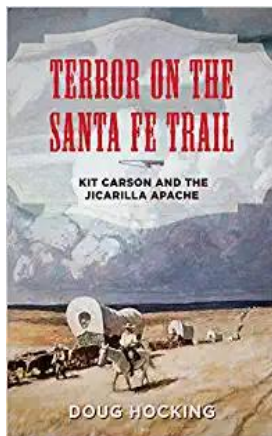
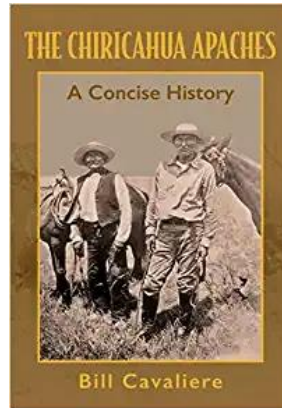
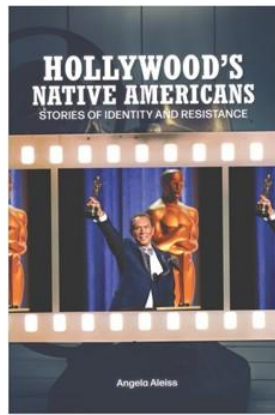
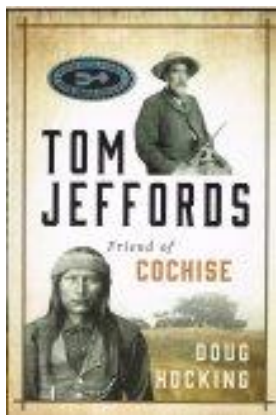
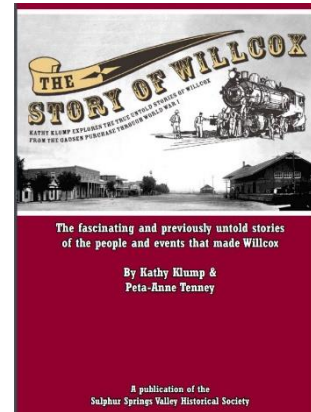
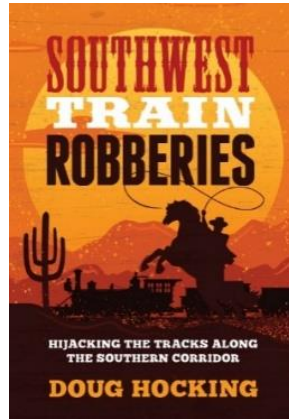
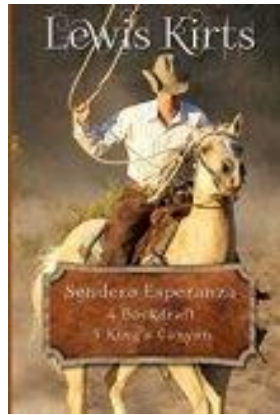
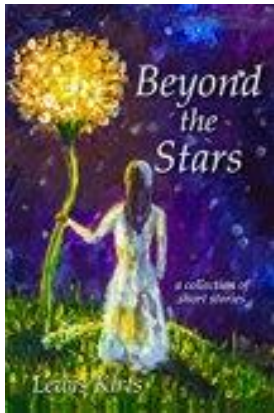
Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone, AZ

The day prior to the Tucson Festival of Books

Authors & Exhibitors Contact

InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org





Membership Form October 2021



The Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

invites you
to join a fun, informal group of people

Every First Thursday of the Month
7:00 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
At Schieffelin Hall
On Freemont Street
Dinner 5:30ish at the Longhorn Restaurant

Membership Benefits:

- ❖ Enjoy learning about Western Frontier History in a fun, informal environment
- ❖ Historians will find this a place to present their new research, make contacts and swap ideas
- ❖ Enjoy monthly meetings with presentations of Cowboy Poetry, Short History and Western Frontier History
- ❖ Pre-meeting dinners and fellowship at a local restaurant; post meeting snacks
- ❖ Four exciting Trail Rides (field trips) to visit places important in our history
- ❖ Support local historical and educational activities and the **Tombstone Festival of Western Books**
- ❖ Subscription to the *Buckskin Bulletin*
- ❖ The Cochise County Corral is affiliated with Westerners International which represents over 148 local Corrals around the world
- ❖ Monthly newsletter – *Fremont Street Mail* – Quarterly journal – *Border Vidette*. www.CochiseCountyCorral.org
- ❖ **Join the Corral that has thrice won the coveted Heads Up Award for Best Corral 2013 & 2014 & 2021 and awards for Poetry, Presentation, Best Article & Best Book**



Membership only \$20 per year

(Feel free to visit a few times before you join)

Yes, I would like to become a member of the Corral - Membership **Only \$20** –
Cochise County Corral of the Westerners, P.O. Box 393, Tombstone, AZ 85638

Name _____ Date: _____

Mailing Address: _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Phone: _____ Email: _____

The Cochise County Corral meets at Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone, AZ
Information contact: Sheriff Doug Hocking InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org or (520) 378-1833

Send Completed Application and check for \$20 to:
Cochise County Corral of the Westerners
P.O. Box 393, Tombstone, AZ 85638