



# *The Border Vidette*

Fall 2025 Volume 5, Number 1



LIEUTENANT HOWARD B. CUSHING

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**Printer's Devil**

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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](http://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](mailto:InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org)

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

**Cover:** Lieutenant Howard Cushing. We have a great article about his last patrol.

# The Border Vidette

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Published by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

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Doug Hocking

*Ink Slinger*

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Fall 2025

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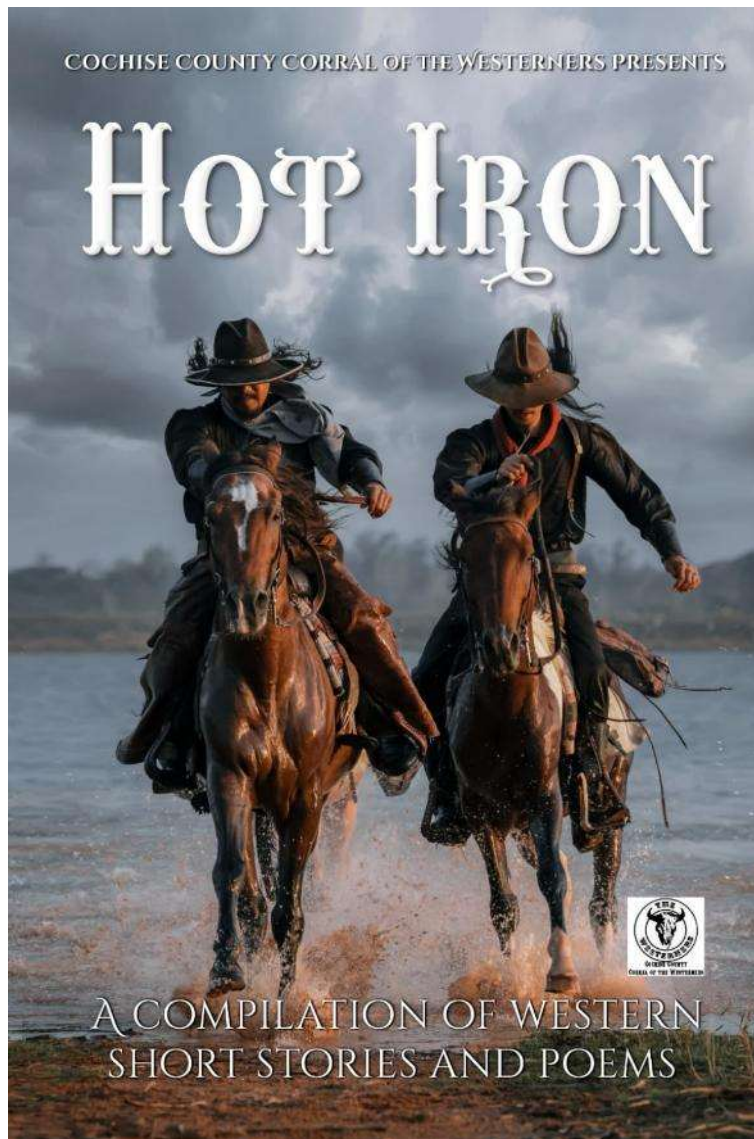
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## Editor's Note

**Challenge from the Editor:** Write a 250-500 word article for publication in Border Vidette. Write about something of interest to you in the old west. You might want to submit a photo with it. Photos can be downloaded from the Internet under fair use.

**Johnny Davenport's stories** here and in *Running Iron* and *Hot Iron* are his true-life experiences as a working cowboy. They are not in any sense fiction.

*Hot Iron* is available. \$10 to authors & retailers. \$16 to all others.





*Special Guest*  
**Anne Hillerman**



**TOMBSTONE FESTIVAL OF  
WESTERN BOOKS**

**Lucky  
Thirteen**

**FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 2026**  
**9 A.M. to 3:30 P.M.**

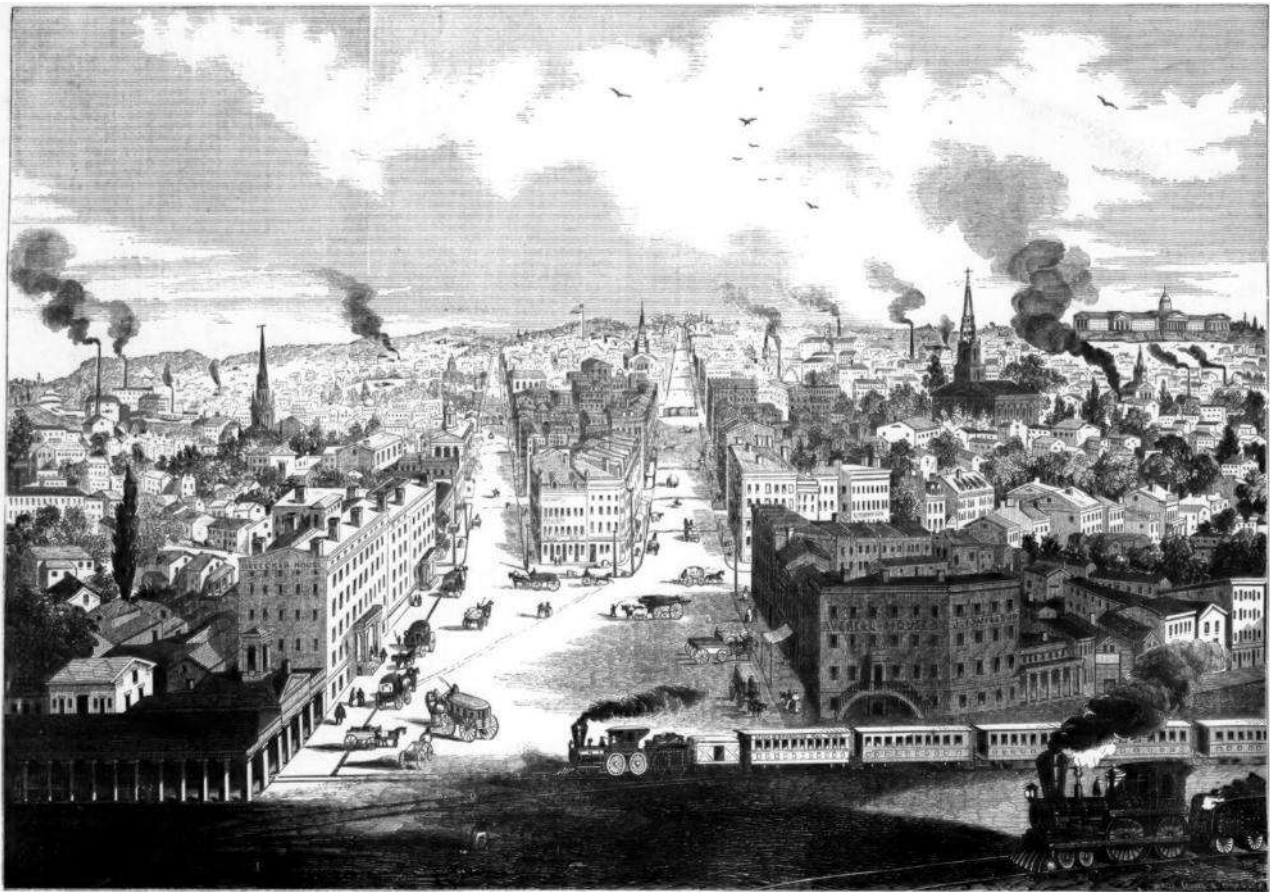
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## The Butterfield Overland Mail Company Connections to Utica and Rome, New York

by Gerald T. Ahnert

Why are there “Killed by the Apache” inscriptions on tombstones in upstate New York when it was the land of the Iroquois and not the Apache? In September 1861 New York Herald correspondent Waterman L. Ormsby was on the first Butterfield stage to leave Tipton, Missouri, for the 2,700-mile trip to San Francisco, California. One of his reports stated: “The employees of the company I found, without exception, civil, and attentive. They are most of them from the East, and many, especially of the drivers, from New York state. Many of the senior managers and others that were temporarily employed by Butterfield’s Overland Mail Company on the Southern Overland Trail from 1858-1861 lived and died in Utica and Rome, New York. Although many returned to upstate New York some remained in the Southwest after this Old West enterprise was ordered to cease operations because of the start of the Civil War.

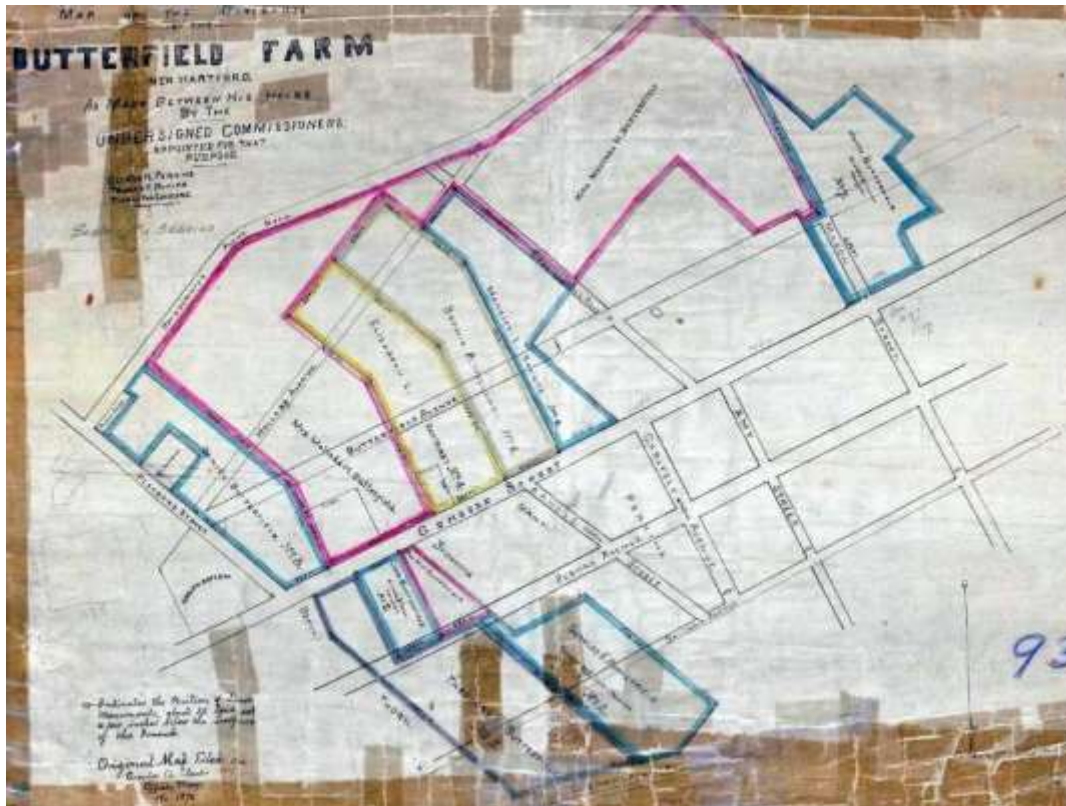


VIEW OF THE CITY OF UTICA, NEW YORK.

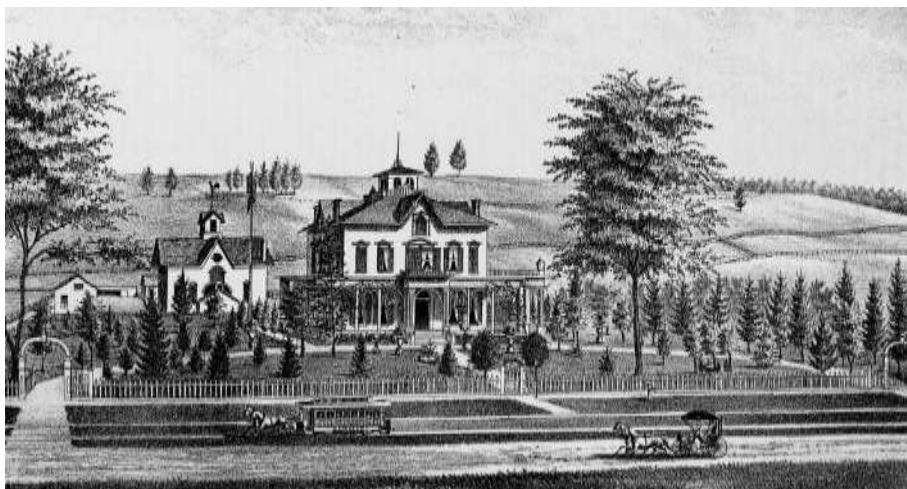
The drawing of Utica, New York, is from *Ballou's Pictorial Drawing -Room Companion*, June 2, 1855. In the lower right are two of Butterfield's railroads about to stop at the terminal to drop off passengers. They would then go to the front of the adjacent hotel where they would board a



Butterfield stage. Several stages are shown. The street in the middle is now Genesee Street which was called Seneca Turnpike. It was used as a “Butterfield Trail” from Utica to Albany and Buffalo.



The 1870 plot of the Butterfield Farm in the New Hartford section of Utica. All four of his sons' plots are shown. John Jr., Charles, and Daniel were employed by the Overland Mail Company. Two of the streets seen are Butterfield Avenue and Holland Avenue. These streets still exist today. Holland Avenue is named after John Sr.'s son-in-law Alexander Holland, Overland Mail Company Treasurer. John Sr.'s daughter was married to Alexander and is seen as the owner of plot "Sophia P. Holland, No. 5."

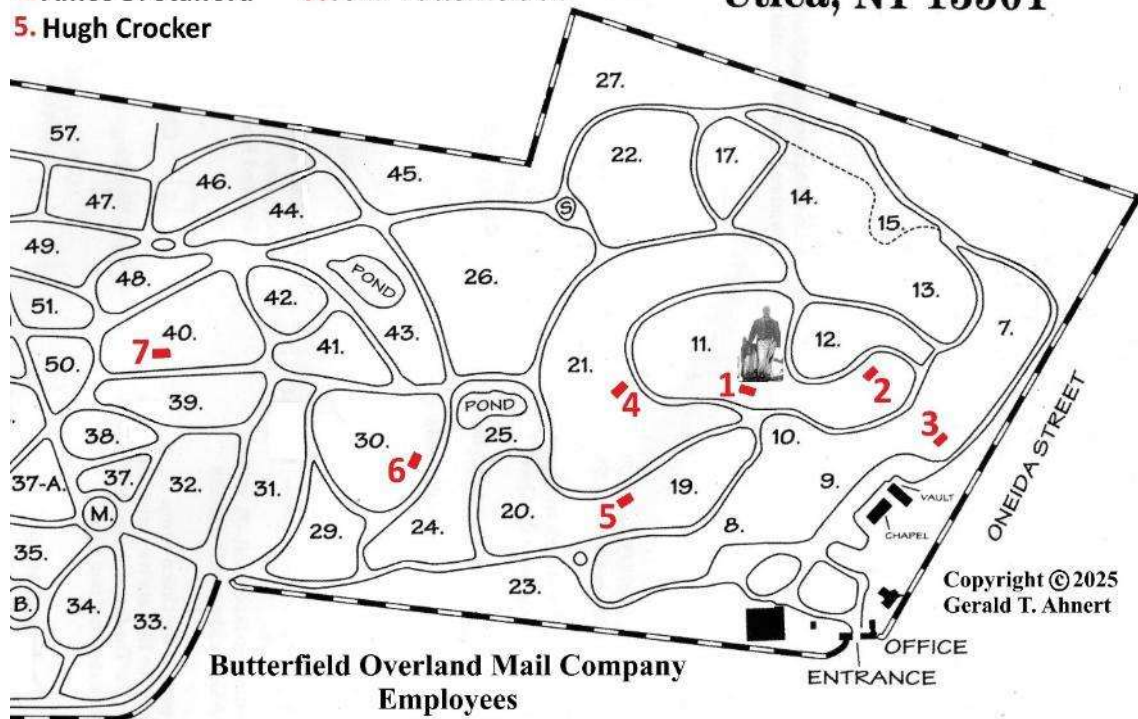


John Butterfield's mansion.



1. John Butterfield Sr.
2. Henry Bates
3. James V. P. Gardner
4. Amos B. Stafford
5. Hugh Crocker
6. Charles Butterfield
- Mary (Balde) Butterfield
- Sophia (Balde) Nellis
7. John Butterfield Jr.

## Forest Hill Cemetery 2201 Oneida Street Utica, NY 13501



Forest Hill Cemetery, Utica, New York, and nine graves of Overland Mail Company employees.

No. 1: The monument and grave of John Butterfield Sr. Plot 11, Lot 41, President and manager of the Overland Mail Company.



John Butterfield Sr. monument and tombstone.



No. 2: Henry Bates, 11A, Grave 6. Superintendent from Preston, Texas to Fort Chadburn, Texas.  
Henry Bates tombstone.

No. 3: James V. P. Gardner, Plot 9, Lot 4. OMC Contractor/Bidder.



James V. P. Gardner tombstone.

No. 4: Amos B. Stafford, OMC stage driver stationed at Fayetteville, Arkansas, Plot 21, Lot 2471.



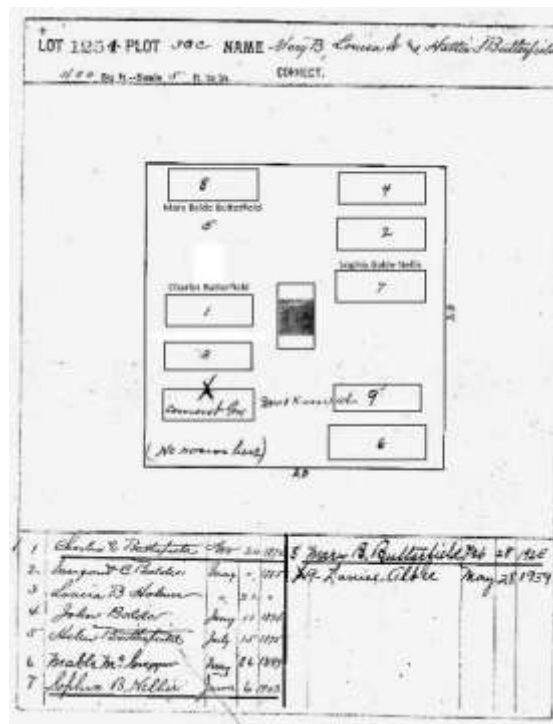
Amos B. Stafford tombstone.

No. 5: Hugh Crocker, Superintendent from St. Louis, Missouri, to the border of Texas, 19A, Lot 298.



Hugh Crocker tombstone.

No. 6: Charles Butterfield, Superintendent stationed in Fayetteville, Arkansas, his wife Mary, and Mary's sister Sophie. Plot 30, Lot 1254.



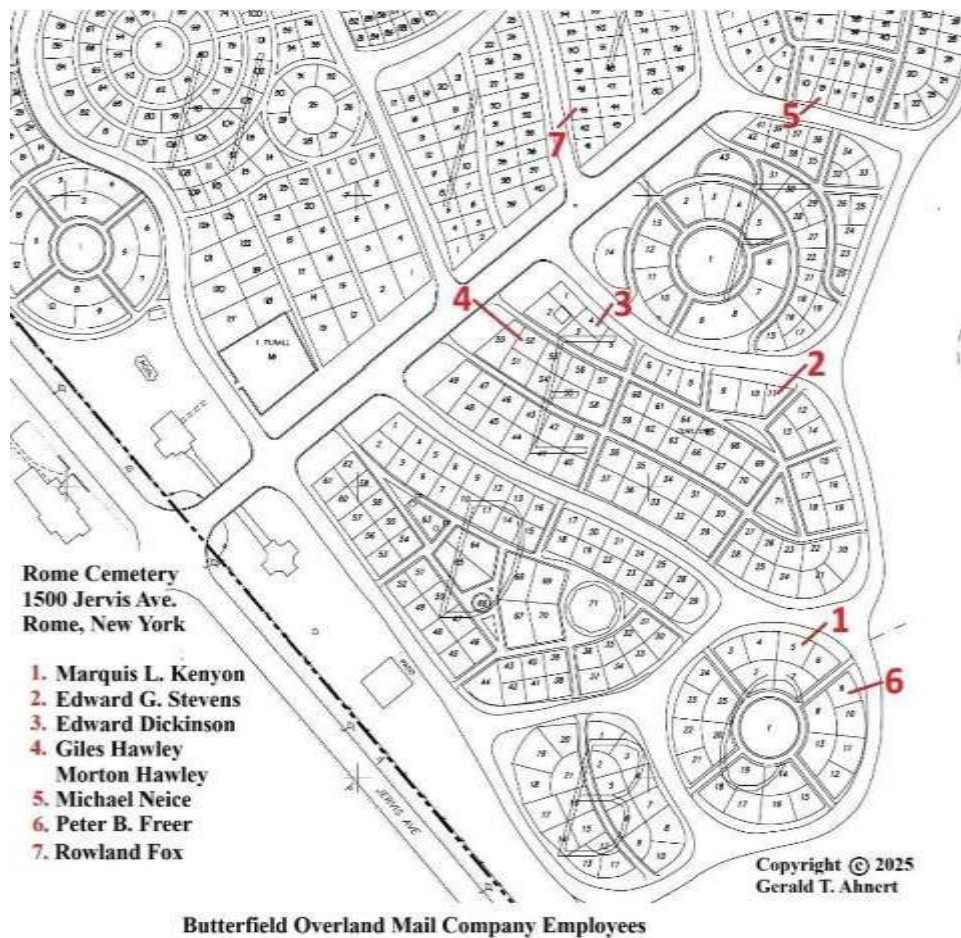
Charles Butterfield family plot.

No. 7 is John Butterfield Jr., Plot 40, Lot 2374. Overland Mail Company Senior Superintendent.





John Butterfield Jr. family plot and tombstone.



Rome Cemetery, Rome, New York, and eight graves of Overland Mail Company employees.  
Rome is twelve miles from Utica.



No. 1: Marquis L. Kenyon, Section C, Stone 5. The architect of the Butterfield Trail and one of the seven Contractor/Bidders. He was also the Fort Yuma to San Francisco Superintendent.



Marquis L. Kenyon tombstone.

No. 2: Edward G. Stevens, Section E, Stone 11. In June 1858 Stevens arrived in California to purchase livestock and to contract for the establishment of stations between San Bernardino and Fort Yuma. In March 1861 after Butterfield's mail service ceased, he was employed at Sylvester Mowry's mine south of Tucson, Arizona. He was killed by the Apache near the mine and was first buried in the mine cemetery. It was later reported that his remains were moved to the Rome Cemetery: "The return of the sealed lead coffin was made in a covered wagon, William Stevens spending a year on the return trip. Mrs. H.T. Dyett, a niece of the Arizona pioneer, remembers her father telling how he came through the territories of nine Indian tribes on his way back home with his brother's body and how at times he guarded the coffin by sleeping upon it."



Edward G. Stevens tombstone.

No. 3: Edward Dickinson, Section E, Stone 4. Stayed in New Mexico after his employment with the OMC. Died at Fort Sumner, New Mexico.



Edward Dickinson tombstone.

No. 4: Giles Hawley and his adopted son Morton, Section E, Lot 52. Giles was a section Superintendent stationed at Mesilla, New Mexico. Morton was with Giles at Mesilla and died there of typhoid.



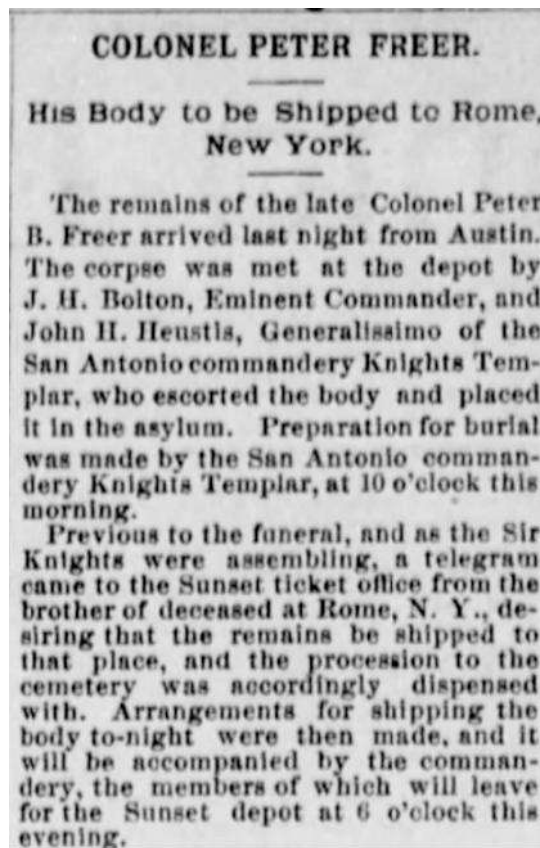
Giles Hawley and son adopted Morton tombstone.

No. 5: Michael Neice, Section J, Stone 13. Road Agent for Superintendent Giles Hawley at Messila, New Mexico. Killed in western New Mexico by the Apache while fleeing ahead of Confederate troops.



Michael Neice tombstone.

No. 6: Peter B. Freer, Section C, Stone 9. He was employed at a New Mexico Butterfield stage station. In 1861 after his employment, he moved to Texas.



San Antonio Light > Mon, Jan 19, 1885 > Page: 4

Peter Freer's obituary.

No. 7: Rowland Fox, Section I, Lot 45. Superintendent from St. Louis-Memphis to Red River (Oklahoma-Texas border).



Rowland Fox tombstone.

There are many more Butterfield Overland Mail Company employees to be discovered in these cemeteries through further research.

**Editor's Note:** *We can't stress how important this Butterfield research is. Tying research together it's important that we have the correct spelling of names. Michael Neice, for instance, has his name given in various primary and secondary historical accounts as Neese, McNeese, McNiece. He was slain in April 1861 at or near Stein's Peak Station by Apaches under Cochise. Although an Overland Mail employee, he was there with J.J. Giddings, younger brother of George Giddings, owner of the San Antonio and San Diego Mail. All of the men on the stage were killed. Four were Overland Mail employees. Giddings was scouting the line to see what needed to be done to reopen it. Apparently, at some point his body was exhumed and moved to New York.*



*The following article appeared in the Cochise County Historical Journal. Volume 30 No. 2-Fall/Winter 2000/2001.*

## **1871 Cavalry Patrol in the Mustang Mountains**

**By Conrad McCormick**

Southern Arizona mountains have long played a major role in the making of Western movies, videos and “made for TV” classics. Numerous Western movie heroes have played out their daring deeds over the years amidst impressive scenery that is unknown to most of the audience as the mountains of the moon. Only those of us fortunate enough to know Southern Arizona recognize our local mountain ranges as they appear, ostensibly in other western locales such as Kansas, Texas or New Mexico.

One of the most distinctive Hollywood backdrops is our smallest mountain group in western Cochise County-the Mustangs.



Whetstone Mountains should be north of the Mustang Mountains

Lying on the Cochise/Santa Cruz County line, just a few miles north of the Huachuclas, the Mustangs are separated from the Whetstones by State Route 82 and Rain Valley. The Mustangs’ western slopes appear behind John Wayne in *Red River*, and in *Winchester 73*, filmed in the same area; Jimmy Stewart joins up with a cavalry patrol, which makes a successful stand against a considerably larger force of Indians. This, of course, is make-believe, and few people know that on the eastern slopes of the Mustangs, there was fought a real life cavalry engagement that resulted in the awarding of five medals of honor. No cameras rolled for this courageous performance, since it occurred in the spring of 1871.



Mustang Mountains

The officer commanding this patrol was Lt. Howard Bass Cushing of Company “F,” 3rd US Cavalry. He was the oldest of three remarkable brothers whose service to the United States has rarely been duplicated in a single family. Captain John Gregory Bourke, in his book, *On the Border With Crook*, called Howard Cushing the bravest man he ever saw. It appears to have been a family trait.

Howard’s brother, William Barker Cushing, survived one of the bravest acts of the civil war. When the Confederate ironclad *Albermarle* threatened the Union Navy’s blockade, William Cushing took a 30’ launch and put a 29’ spar on the bow with an explosive charge on the tip. One dark night, he took the launch out past the Confederate shore batteries and jammed the spar torpedo into the *Albermarle*’s great iron side. He survived the explosion and the corresponding fire from enemy guns as he made his escape. Cushing was considered a hero and the Navy has since named four warships in his honor.

Another brother, Alonzo Hereford Cushing, is known as a hero of the Battle of Gettysburg. The point where Pickett’s charge struck the Union lines, and broke, is called “the high mark of the Confederacy.” It struck a point on Cemetery Ridge called “The Angle,” which was held by Battery “A” 4th US Artillery, commanded by Alonzo Cushing. Today, four guns belonging to

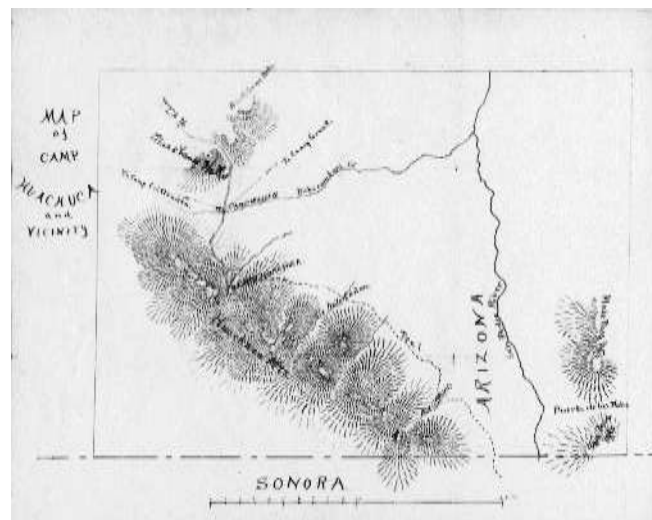
that Battery mark the site. Alonzo Cushing was brevetted to Lt. Colonel on the first day of the battle and might have made a Brig. General if he had survived the third day, the day his Battery blunted the point of Pickett's charge.

This was the family legacy Howard Cushing carried with him on April 27, 1871, as his patrol rode southeast out of Camp Lowell on a long scout into Chiricahua Apache Territory. With him was Sgt. John Mott, 16 troopers, and a civilian packer, William Simpson. English born Simpson, a personal friend of Cushing, was a well-educated and widely traveled mining engineer, not a muleskinner by profession. He volunteered as a way to see the geology of the area.

The route on April 27 was along Pantano Wash to Cienega Ranch, about three miles west of the present day Pantano. All day on April 28 they rode south along the east side of the Empire Mountains, parallel to present day State Route 83, and eventually southwest to Camp Crittenden where they rested throughout the day on April 29, having covered 65 miles the first two days.

On April 30, the route was south to Potrero, along the route of present day State Route 82, where, on May 1, they picked up a temporary guide, the colorful local rancher Pete Kitchen. Cushing wanted to swing east, south of the Patagonia Mountains, and Kitchen got them started that way. About an hour after Kitchen left them, late that afternoon, Cushing and Mott noticed a grass fire being set behind them. They assumed it was Indians trying to alert others to the patrol. Actually, it was Pete Kitchen who had spotted about 30 Indians trailing the patrol and he was trying to alert Cushing. Cushing continued on into Mexico and the weary patrol did not arrive in Santa Cruz, Sonora, until 11:00 that night.

The Commandante at Santa Cruz told Cushing that Indians had been seen in the Huachucas, so an easterly march was made all day on May 2, and late that afternoon they camped at Cienega Huachuca, just southeast of present day Montezuma Pass. On May 3, they traveled north up the east side of the Huachucas, moving slowly across many washes and with everyone on alert because of much Indian sign: many tracks and trails. Camp that afternoon was in a canyon about halfway up the range, somewhere around Ramsey or Garden Canyon. Movement on May 4 was slower still.

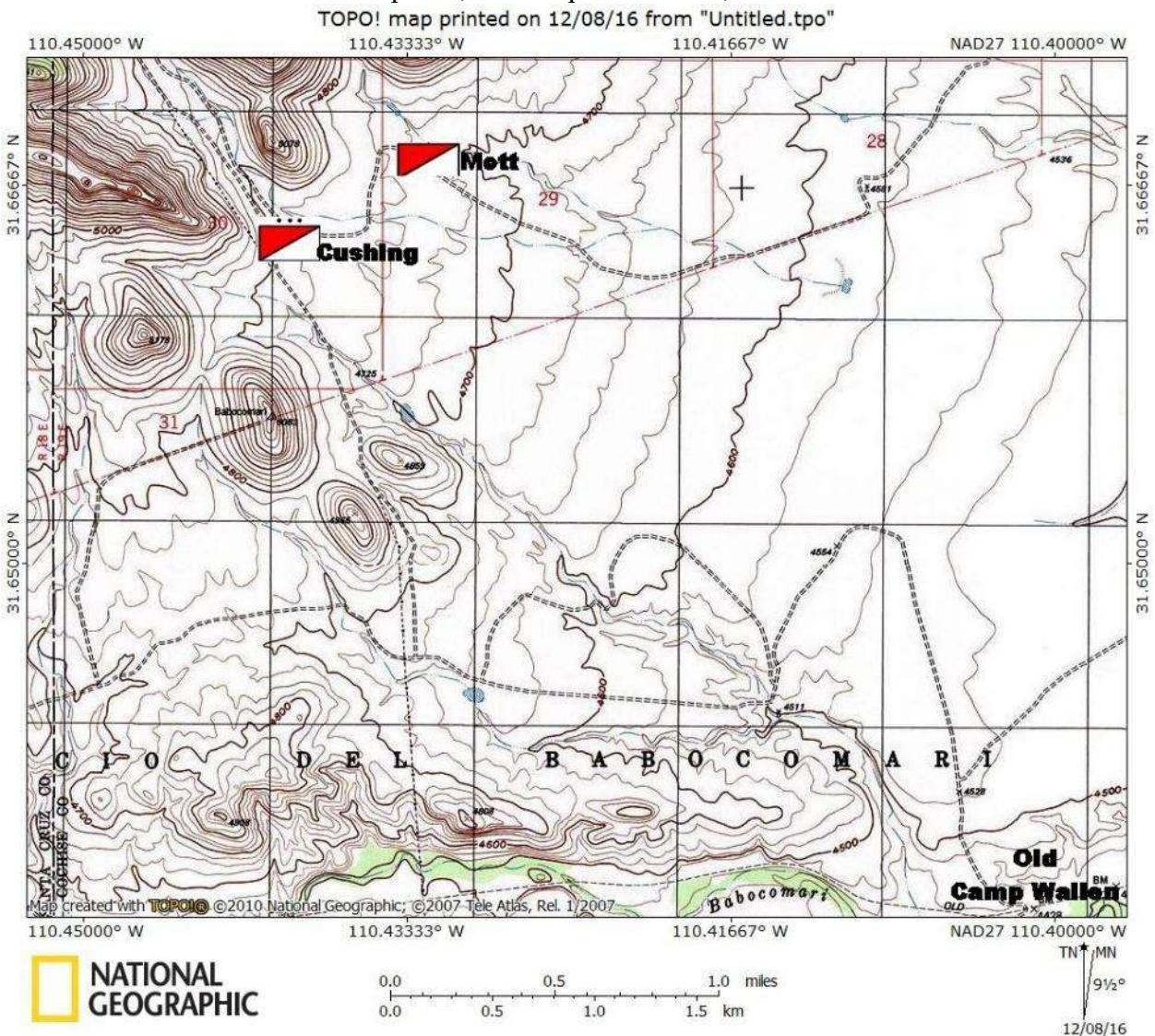


Cushing's Route



The ground was broken and rocky and Indian sign was hard to follow. Grass in the area had been burned off. Camp that afternoon was at “Canyon Alisos” (probably around present day lower Huachuca Canyon).

At 7:00 a.m. on May 5, the march resumed northwesterly toward old Camp Wallen, closed some 19 months earlier. Cushing intended to make camp at Wallen; however, there was no forage for the animals when they arrived. Grass in the area had been burned off and was still burning in some places. Cushing decided to push on another 10 to 12 miles to Bear Springs on the west slopes of the Whetstones. About two miles north of Wallen, the patrol struck Indian sign again: the tracks of one squaw and a pony. Cushing directed Sgt. Mott to take three men and follow this track while the remainder of the patrol, and the pack animals, followed the main trail.



Mott’s detachment followed the track for about three quarters of a mile to a point where it entered a deep arroyo. About this time, Mott decided he was being set up. The squaw appeared to have taken great pains to make a clear print at each step and seemed to be avoiding all stones and rocks



that might obscure her trail. This was enough for Mott. He scrambled up the left wall of the arroyo and as soon as he reached the top, he spotted about 15 Indians hiding in a side wash which joined the one he had just left. They would have cut off his retreat completely, had he passed that point.

Mott, along with Pvts. Green and Pierce, dismounted to make a stand while the third man was sent back to signal Cushing. Almost immediately Mott saw a much larger party of Indians on his left, running toward his rear. His position now being untenable, Mott told his men to fall back. Just as they were mounting, the Indians fired a volley into them. Pierce was severely wounded, Green's horse went down, and both men had to head back on foot. It became a foot race between Mott's men and the Indians. The Indians were so close on their heels that one of them snatched Green's hat off his head.

The third man, having signaled Cushing, swung back to help Mott. He took cover from which his unexpected fire into the pursuing Indians created enough surprise that the front rank of two advancing lines of Apaches, paused long enough for Mott and his men to escape. Lt. Cushing, Bill Simpson and Pvt. Chapman now joined Mott. As other members of the patrol arrived, they formed a line and commenced rapid fire into the Indians. Five of the Indians went down and the rest pulled back into the hills. Cushing had three more horses down and sent their riders back to the pack train.

Cushing now ordered his command forward. In Mott's view, a standing advance over open ground, against an enemy force (under cover), which outnumbered them 10 to 1, was not prudent. He made this suggestion to Cushing and was seconded on this point by Simpson. Cushing seemed to think the Indians were routed. He took a quick count of his party and said, "Eight, that ought to be enough." So, Cushing, Mott, Simpson and five other men advanced toward the hills against a vastly superior force of Apaches.



Babocomari River near where Sgt. Mott crossed

In the ensuing firefight, Cushing, Simpson and Green were killed. Mott pulled his survivors back to the pack train. He had 14 effective men left (Pvt. Pierce was too badly injured to fight). He detached some of his men to move out with the pack train while he and the remainder covered their retreat. After a running fight for about a mile, he had drawn the Apaches from under cover and he halted to make another stand. The Apaches broke off contact in the open and moved off to ambush him on the trail to Camp Crittenden. Mott chose to swing around to the south of the Mustangs and cross the Babocomari about four miles upstream from old Camp Wallen. The Indians did not follow him out into the San Rafael Valley, and he reached Camp Crittenden at about 1:00 in the morning on May 6 without further loss, except for four of his pack mules that he had to abandon during the retreat.



Captain John Gregory Bourke who was with the relief party

Troops were dispatched from Camp Crittenden and Lowell against a reported force of possibly 150 to 200 warriors “under Cochise.” The pursuit was fruitless, as the war party had vanished into Mexico. The remains of Cushing, Simpson and Green were recovered and given temporary burial at the battle site. Six months later they were removed and reinterred with military honors on Nov. 20, 1871, at Camp Lowell. In the late 1890’s, after Fort Lowell was closed, Cushing’s remains were removed to the National Cemetery at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Sgt. John Mott, Acting Cpl. John Kilmartin, Pvt. Daniel Miller, Pvt. Herman Fichter and Pvt. John Yount were subsequently awarded the Medal of Honor. Neither Cushing nor the other men killed in the fight received any awards, since posthumous awards were not yet authorized for the Army of the 1870's. *[ed. note: at this time officers were not eligible for the Medal of Honor, the only medal then authorized. Those shown as receiving it in this period applied for the medal after 1890 when the requirement changed.]*



Near the site of the encounter

Almost every account of the battle refers to Bear Springs and to the Whetstones, this fight, like the Battle of Bunker Hill, was actually fought elsewhere. It was fought in the eastern foothills of the Mustang Mountains, a full eight miles short of Bear Springs. It has been called the Bear Springs Massacre or the Cushing Massacre. I submit that any fight between 19 men and over 100 opposing warriors, with only three dead on the cavalry's side, was no massacre. It was one of the most classic engagements of the Indian Wars.

Cochise denied ever being there, and history seems to bear him out. The war chief that day was probably Juh, a highly skilled and deadly warrior who had participated in many assaults against the white intruders.

Most people who view the Mustangs today, from Reservoir Hill at Fort Huachuca or as they drive by on State Route 82, know nothing about the five Medals of Honor that were won on its

slopes, and nothing about Howard Cushing. Shortly after his death, he was lauded as “the Beau Sabreur of the Border,” “the Custer of Arizona,” and “one of the ablest, most tireless and successful Indian fighters of the Southwest.” His simple gravestone at the Presidio of San Francisco, “H.B. Cushing, Lt, 3 REGT CAV” says none of this. in Tucson, the town that once praised him to the sky, there is one small street that bears his name. It is the same on Fort Huachuca. There is a splendid monument to all three Cushing brothers in Cushing Park in Delafield, Wisconsin and another monument to them in Fredonia, New York. Both towns were once home to the Cushing family. There is no monument to Howard Cushing, or his brave men, in Arizona, except perhaps, most fittingly, the Mustang Mountains themselves.



## Ol' Mexico

By Johnny Davenport

*I want to dedicate this story to a very good friend, **Kate Durmus**.*

*(Editor. This here is Johnny's story just the way he tells it. An/ there ain't no better way to hear a cowboy's story than just the way it is. Understand that every word is true. These are the life and times of a genuine cowboy.)*

Rock Island Ranch, Matador, Texas. I know this picture is not very good, because somehow, light got to the film. It ruined the whole film. I threw away all of it, except this one. Somehow, I just couldn't throw this one away. I guess I just somehow liked this ol' cus!



In the fall of 1959, I came back to Matador, Texas, from the UM Ranch at Buffalo, Wyoming.

I want to say that I worked up north most of the time, when I was younger, because the ranches had some horses that could buck and would. Each fall, sometime in September, I would head back south for the winter.

To my surprise, Jim Cross was now running "The Rock." He was from Kansas. His first good job, when he got grown, was with Fred Koch, who was into oil and gas. He owned "Rock Island Oil and Refinery," out of Wichita, Kansas. Because the checks on the ranch was wrote out on the oil company letterhead, people called the ranch "Rock Island." Mr. Koch owned a really big outfit,

near Dillion, Montana. I had worked for Jim in the spring of '58, and again in the spring of 1959, in Dillion. So, yes, I was surprised to see him in Matador!

I hired on to the "Rock." After the works were over that fall, I went to the bronc pens. The ranch had eight, I believe, broncs to break. This pony was in them.

He was the first one we ran into the round corral. We forefooted him and I put my stake hackamore on him. It had a 30' toss stake rope on it. Before I go any further, let me explain something. The ranch had no mares, so they had to buy horses. These broncs were all bought, so the ranch knew nothing about 'em, except ol' Mexico (I named him Ol' Mexico," because that's where he was supposed to be from).

While we had him down, I mouthed him – he had an eight year old mouth!! I got my saddle horse in the pen and dallied up, and took him outside, sometimes dragging him, sometimes trying to hold a runaway to the stake block (big rock).

You had to tie 'em to something that would move, when they would break, and try to run away, and something they could not drag away.

We did the same, as mentioned above, with one more bronc at that afternoon. That gave me two to ride the next day. After we came back to the corrals, we sat watching them. Rosie Deaton, an older cowboy who had broken broncs on the Matador for maybe twenty years, told me that he thought we should bring Ol' Mexico back in, put my rawhide hackamore on him to soften his nose up some. So we did that. There's an old saying that when an old timer would stand up, clear his throat a time or tow, and started to talk, you better "close your mouth, and open your ears!" Rose said that he thought this bronc "would hurt you."

The next morning, when I led, (mostly dragging him, or holding him back, as he would try to run away), I threw the stake rope over a tall post of the round pen, then went down to near the end of the rope and tied it off near the end of the rope.

Now comes the most dangerous part of starting broncs!

Now you have to get down off of your horse, and work afoot. You should never underestimate how far a bronc could reach with his backfoot or with a front foot to paw you!! As I said, I pulled his head up high and short, so he could not bite me – and believe me he would bite me if he could move his head!! I had to stand up next to his head to tie up his foot. I got my foot rope tied around his neck, went around to his rear, and finally got his leg over the rope. Back around to the front – staying away from him as far as you can, I got his foot tied up.

I had to try to saddle him three times before he stayed upon his feet. He would fight the saddle, and get down. I would have to unsaddle him, so he could get up. On the third try, everything worked – I had him saddled!!

Now to untie his foot, and let his foot down. I got that done, and was still standing next to his head, untying the foot rope, that was tied around his neck. Without any movement, all of a sudden, he

kicked my hat brim!! Sat his foot back down, and stood like nothing had happened. He never jumped, or moved anything except that left rear foot!

If I had been standing a few inches more to the rear . . . Well, you can figure that out! I guess Rosie was right, wasn't he?!!

I kept Ol' Mexico in my string along with a little bay, who I called Snake, as he was bit in the early fall. He was bit on the nose, his head swelled up pretty bad, but he lived. He made a pretty good horse, but Ol' Mexico is what this story is about. After I got these broncs going pretty good, I got moved to west of Roaring Springs to Wolf Creek Camp. Bob Scott was the camp man there. I took Ol' Mexico and Snake with me along with three older horses.

We were feeding our horses grain now. We would hang a morral on their heads each evening then keep up a horse for the next day, which we would feed again the next morning. Ol' Mexico would not let me put a morral on him without I roped him. Then I could morral him. After a few days of this, I got tired of that! So, the next day, I ran him into a little pen in the corral, got my ketch rope, morral, and went in the pen with him. He would keep his rear to me! I whipped his rear with the rope a few time 'til he finally stopped, and turned his head to me, and walked toward me. As he came up to me, I had my morral in my left hand my rope coiled up in my right. I slid the rope upon my arm, still holding the morral in my left hand. As I walked slowly up to him, I started to reach for him with my right hand when he stuck his head in the morral!! I then slipped the headstall over his ears! I didn't know what to think! When they were through eating, I took the morrals off of the other horses, went into the pen with Ol' Mexico. I whacked him on the rump with my rope and he turned and walked up to me. I reached with my right hand to put it on his neck, like you would when you would catch a horse. He ducked away. I walked up to him again. As I got close to him, he stuck his head up to my left hand and I reached and took the morral off of his head. The next morning, when we fed our horses, he would not let me touch him, but he stuck his head in the morral and I slipped the headstall over his head.

I worked for the "Rock" 'til spring of '61. I never did bit him out, because he had such a good handle on him. So, I had started using a small hackamore on him – a pencil hackamore, as we called it, because it was no bigger than a No. 3 pencil. Anytime I caught him, I would hold the hackamore in my left hand, walk up to him with it held out to him, and he would stick his head in the hackamore, and I would slide the headstall over his ears!! He never let me touch him to catch him!! Just hold the hackamore out and he would put his head in it. I was still doing that 'til the day I quit in the spring of 1961.

The only drawback to him was he was a little hard to get on. Back in the day, I could get on anytime, because horses may kick you. If you stood around to the rear of the stirrup, you always turned the stirrup around while standing in front of his shoulder, you would jag the stirrup, which you had just turned loose of and grabbed the saddle horn, and you was mounted. Well, I never did try to break him of this, as when my foot hit the stirrup, he would start to move, because I had a short left rein on him, he would spin as I got on him. That came back to haunt me later on.

By this time, I was married and living at Russellville Camp where the ranch would feed out the calves that they weaned in the fall. Before we started feeding them that fall, they had the steers in



a long strip of pasture, maybe three miles long and maybe a mile wide at the most. It was between the dirt road running east from camp and Tongue River on the south side. We would feed them cake on the west end, nearest to camp, because the feed wagon could not get across the bad ditch near the west end of the pasture. The boys from headquarters were back prowling the ranch looking for calves that were missed in the fall works. Every day or so, we would have one or two or so new calves come in to feed.

This one day, there was a short yearling in the bunch that I was bringing up to the feed grounds. I was on the north side of the pasture and just before you would get to the feed wagon, you had to cross a really bad ditch with trails that crossed it right next to the road. I had a small bunch (maybe 35 or 40), that was coming along pretty good – all but a big short yearling with sawed off horns and dried blood all over his head. When we got to this ditch, the calves were crossing really well, but I could tell that this yearling was looking for somewhere to go. He kept slipping back, and as all of the calves were getting down in the ditch, he threw his head up and whirled and came straight at me. I was riding Ol' Mexico!

I already had my rope down and as he came past me, I whirled Ol' Mexico around and took after him. Ol' Mexico was a pretty fast horse, and he was right on him in just a few jumps. I roped him, and Ol' Mexico stopped. I had roped this yearling, just to show him that he could not just get away anytime he wanted to. Now I had to get loose from this wild thing! I made a dash at him, and as he turned away to run, I dropped the slack over his back and brought it up around his rear, and put a trip on like the steer ropers do in the arena. I let him down pretty hard, and I thought he was down good, so I could get loose from him. Just as I was nearly to him, up he jumped!! I ran back to my horse.



Now I was in a mess. A big yearling on the end of my rope, a horse that would spin as I got on him. Boy, I stood there a few minutes, I guess, trying to figure out how I was going to get on Ol' Mexico.

I finally decided I had to give it a try. I turned Ol' Mexico to the steer, took my pigging string, that I had on my chaps, and tied it up close behind his ears, good and tight with the rope in it. I gathered the reins up, and pulled the off (right) rein up real close to my hand. If I got on, I knew he would be spinning, so I wanted to be able to try jerking his head to the right, to pull him out of his spin that I knew was coming. I stood there a second or two, I guess, making sure I had it all figured out. I couldn't afford to make any mistakes. I jumped at my stirrup, grabbed the horn, and was aboard! But Ol' Mexico was already in his spin. I always carried a really short rope, twenty-five feet, before I tied it up. I was already in the saddle before Ol' Mexico made his first circle. I was jerking on the right rein, trying to pull him out of his spin. Ol' Mexico's butt was right up to the steer's head when I finally got Ol' Mexico to start a spin to his right, and come out of this jam! I thought, boy, I won't let him up next time before I jump off!

Now that I had gotten my breath, I dropped a trip on that beast, three times before I got down, to turn him loose. Each time as he got up, he was a little more docile than the last time, so the fourth time, I could see that he was going to lay, so I jumped off and jerked my rope off his head. I mounted and whacked the steer a couple a times with my ketch rope, and he got up, and walked away – not running!

A few months later after feeding these critters all winter, spring was here. It was time to turn 'em out on green grass. The crew came from headquarters. The plan was to put me out front, to slow down the rush some. It was about a quarter-mile down the fence line to a corner. This same ol' steer was right out front and kept getting further out front. I thought maybe he would hold up at the corner. No dice. He stopped and looked around some, then down from the corner he came, towards me! I had my rope down all the way, because it was obvious that I was going to have to catch this critter.

Here he came. As he got closer to me, he was getting to run faster and faster. I couldn't slow him down, and he got me, I whirled Ol' Mexico around (Yep, I was riding Ol' Mexico again) and caught him in nothing flat. I busted him twice before I got down to tie him down, so he would be there when the herd got there. They untied him while the herd had him surrounded. (We had about 600 head of steers). It was still about a quarter-mile from the corner to the gate to the pasture where we turned them out. We got 'em through the gate and turned 'em east down the fence line to a set of pens with water where we penned 'em to let them settle down some. By the time we got to the pens, this ol' boy was back up in the lead again. We got 'em penned with no trouble. I rode back down there after dinner and opened the gate on them and let 'em walk out on their own . . .

P.S. I think Ol' Mexico and I had a mutual agreement. "You let me keep some of my pride, and I won't try to kick your head off again."

*Johnny Davenport*

## Rowdy Medal of Honor By Doug Hocking

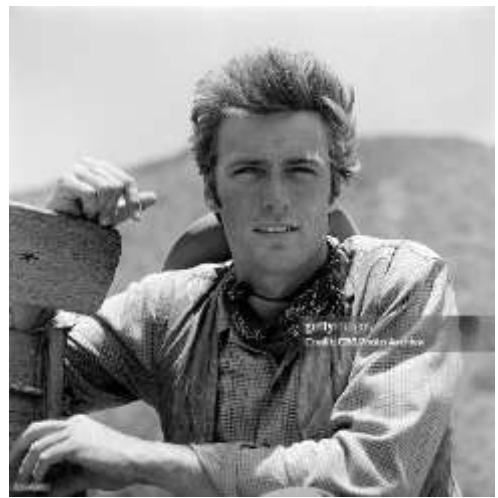
There is some confusion as to Rowdy's tribal affiliation. Everyone wants to claim him, both Yavapai and Western Apache who currently share reservation lands at San Carlos, near Camp Verde and Prescott. The cognomen Rowdy was also much used. This leads to some confusion about fights in which Rowdy may have participated. One source says Rowdy was there at Horseshoe Canyon in 1882, and others give a different list of names of which Rowdy is not one. There are at least three contenders for the "real" Rowdy. One was also known as Yuma Bill, another was known as Yates, and then there was Rowdy the Yavapai scout.



Rowdy



Rowdy, Yuma Bill



Rowdy Yates

In the photo below, the caption stated that Rowdy was standing and the seated figure was another scout who had borrowed Rowdy's Medal of Honor for the photo. Rowdy known from other photos is the seated figure.





This letter from Ken Zoll on behalf of the Western Apache:

For most scouts their personal history remains anonymous other than their records of enlistment and pay stubs. Rowdy however is fairly well known because of his role in the fight at Cibecue.

He was unequivocally a White Mountain Apache. He also won the Medal of Honor for his service to the United States, while serving as a scout.<sup>1</sup>

The mutiny of Apache Scouts at Cibique occurred on 30 August 1881. Rowdy first enlisted on September 24 of that year. However, from 28 January to 10 April 1880, he was employed by the San Carlos Indian Agency as a “horse herder.” It is unlikely that he had any role in that fight. Since this is the only occasion on which Apache Scouts mutinied, albeit given ample



Rowdy, seated right, and three Yavapai scouts

provocation, the event is not complimentary to them, although one can understand the White Mountain Apache’s desire to claim this heroic recipient of the Medal of Honor as their own. It’s fair to say that there is confusion in the record – the Yavapai also unequivocally claim him as their own. There’s seems to be the better claim.

Reba Franco from the Yavapai Nation responded to my query:

I did a little research on Rowdy and came up with a small bit of info on him. In the recollections of the famous frontier army surgeon, Col. W.H. Corbusier in his book 'Verde to San Carlos' there is a picture of Rowdy standing with the "Dandy Scouts" at Ft. Grant 1886 -7. From this picture I would say Rowdy is definitely Yavapai since the other men in the group have Yavapai names. The-ho-auna and Quatha-hooa-hooba (yellow face) are the two Yavapai names so from these names I am convinced they are Yavapai. In fact, in this year 1886 the Yavapai and Apache were barely becoming friendly with each other. We had barely been imprisoned together at San Carlos for eleven (11) years when this picture was taken.<sup>2</sup>

Scout enlistments ran from a few months to a year so there was constant turn over and a parade of reenlistments. Rowdy shows up on some enlistments records as being five foot seven inches tall and on others as five foot nine. Anyone who has read Army enlistment records or suffered through a mass physical exam in time of war will not be at all surprised. Names are more troubling. Among the Apache, all but one's war name is a nickname of sorts. Most of these are unpronounceable and unmemorable in English, so soldiers assigned nicknames to Apache enlistees based on physical characteristics or quirks of behavior. It wasn't the name one was born with and wasn't printed on a birth certificate. It was simply what other folks called you and the name given on your current enlistment papers.

The late Allan Radbourne researched and collated the records of all Apache Scouts during his research into the life of Mickey Free.<sup>3</sup> As a result of appearance and personal habits as something of a rogue, soldiers named him after a character in the book *Charles O'Malley, Irish Dragoon*. In American society he would have been known by his stepfather's name, Felix Ward. In Mexican society, as he was illegitimate, by his mother's Felix Martinez, although his father's name was Tellez. Radbourne provided a complete record of all of Rowdy's enlistments.<sup>4</sup>

Rowdy was a Western Yavapai<sup>5</sup> born about 1862. The Army reported the Yavapai bands as Apache-Yuma (Tolkapaya) and Apache-Mojave (Yavepe, Wipukpaya, Kwevkapaya).<sup>6</sup> These bands were Yavapai and not Yuma, Mojave, or Apache.<sup>7</sup> They spoke their own language and lived in a manner similar to the Apache. Rowdy was of the Tolkapaya. His reservation number was YB-17, apparently indicating that he was of the Apache Yuma Band or Tolkapaya. Rowdy continued to use YB as if these were his initials and his name appears as YB Rowdy on his tombstone. This had led to his being confused with Yuma Bill, another Yavapai scout with whom he was associated.

Rowdy was proud of the name he was given on the Army records when he enlisted as a scout. "Sergeant Rowdy, the Indian scout, is a rather talkative Indian . . . Rowdy's rather euphonious cognomen was given him many years ago by J.T. McDonald . . . from his habits and the title is highly appropriate and pleasing to its owner."<sup>8</sup> He stood between five foot seven and five nine. His photos show a handsome strongly built man with strong features and sharp eyes betraying quick intelligence.

From the time the Walker Party entered central Arizona in 1863 and discovered gold in central Arizona, the Yavapai were under severe pressure. If even half the stories Daniel Conner, a member of the party, relates are true, the slaughter was great.<sup>9</sup> In July 1861, the Army pulled out of southern Arizona to face Texas invaders along the Rio Grande. Mail service ended. Despite the presence of elements of the California Column after June of 1862, the area languished for many years, and it was not until 1872 that the Army turned its attention to the Chiricahua Apache. Prescott remained the capital of Arizona until 1867. The Yavapai and Western Apache were among the first Arizona Native Americans subdued by armed force and thus became a recruiting ground for Apache Scouts to fight against other bands.

Serving as a scout provided a young man with status as a warrior, with adventure and with a substantial income. No longer fighting on their own behalf as a tribe, young men who fought as scouts were able to establish themselves as warriors. As trackers, a skill in which Rowdy stood out from his peers, they worked afoot. They stripped for battle. This may have been a hygienic measure. A bullet driving cloth from a shirt into a wound would cause infection.

The first record of Rowdy comes from San Carlos, where in 1880, he was employed as a horse herder. On September 24, 1881, he enlisted into Company A as an Apache Scout. On March 24, 1882, he signed on again, now as first sergeant.



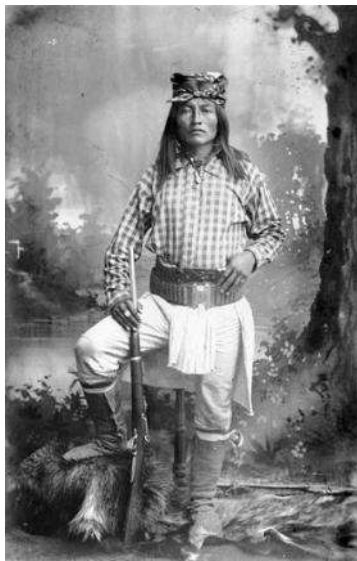
Colonel George "Sandy" Forsyth, 4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry

This places Rowdy in the Apache Scouts at the time of Colonel George "Sandy" Forsyth's abortive operation at Horseshoe Canyon in the Peloncillos on the New Mexico-Arizona border between San Simon and Lordsburg. The colonel's scouts came with his unit from New Mexico. Henry Daly, sometime packer and chief of scouts, linked Rowdy to Yuma Bill, who by his name seems to have been from the same band of Yavapai as Rowdy. A young Rowdy would have been subordinate to the experienced and trusted Yuma Bill. Lieutenant David McDonald asked



specifically for the services of Bill in trying to cut the trail of Apaches including Loco's band fleeing San Carlos after the murder of police chief Albert Sterling.

As the Apache fled southward, Forsyth with the Fourth Cavalry was headed northwest from Steen's Pass station on the railroad to meet them head on. McDonald was sent forward to try and cut trail. In the narrow confines of rocky canyons his Yavapai scouts became fearful of ambush and the lieutenant had to shame them into going further. Bill saved McDonald alerting him to a trap but on April 23, 1882, three Yavapai scouts were lost and Yuma Bill was killed. Yavapai scouts surviving that battle were Moh-kay-nay-hah (Mountain Deer Killer), Quay-day-lay-thay-go (Blood), "The Big Mojave" and an old Yavapai medicine man. Could the Big Mojave have been Rowdy? His photo does not suggest that he was a small man.<sup>10</sup> On March 24, 1882, Rowdy signed up with Captain Emmet Crawford as First Sergeant with Co. D, Indian Scouts assigned to the Third Cavalry at Fort Thomas in Arizona. The Third would have been in pursuit coming from the Gila River in the north headed south. This it is unlikely to have been alongside the Fourth coming from New Mexico. Rowdy is most likely not Big Mojave.



Dutchy



Chato

In March 1883, Dutchy was with the Chiricahua in Mexico and saw action as a participant in Chato's Raid. On 13 March 1884, the recent hostile, enlisted as an Apache Scout. An earlier enlistment does not seem at all likely. Nonetheless, Henry Daly reported that he had served with Dutchy at Fort Cummings, NM. One night, Dutchy, "a drunkard, a thief, and a murderer," got a skin full and ran around threatening other scouts with a butcher knife. Directed to arrest him, Daly called on Yuma Bill and Rowdy. As Yuma Bill got Dutchy's attention approaching from the front, Rowdy went around behind him and disarmed him.<sup>11</sup> We see Yuma Bill and Rowdy working in concert, apparently men of the same band together. Both are trusted scouts and leaders, called upon in a tight spot.

Later, this same Dutchy is mentioned as Lieutenant Crawford's trusted scout. The only problem with the story is that Yuma Bill had been dead for two years before Dutchy enlisted. Was there a second Yuma Bill, an equal of the first in trust and reputation? Or was Daly mistaken about the

name? Either way, in Daly's seemingly faulty memory with years and participants somewhat confused, he remembered Rowdy was a scout to be relied upon. This at least may be deemed reliable information.



Lieutenant Emmet Crawford

On December 25, 1882, Rowdy signed on with Company D, Apache Scouts, as first sergeant under Lieutenant Emmet Crawford and accompanied him on the 1883 Sierra Madre expedition. Crawford penetrated the hostile stronghold, had a brush with Chihuahua's people and succeeded in bringing in 400 prisoners, including many warriors. For a short time, Apache resistance was at a standstill.<sup>12</sup>



SECOND LIEUT. BRITTON  
DAVIS, THIRD CAVALRY

In 1885, Lieutenant Emmet Crawford again recruited Rowdy as first sergeant for another incursion into Mexico. In August, Crawford sent Lieutenant Britton Davis, Al Sieber, Mickey Free, and Chatto with forty-two scouts to follow a trail. Short on rations, Davis's party slaughtered a few cattle at the San Miguel hacienda. Meanwhile, concerned at not hearing from them, Crawford sent Lieutenant C.P. Elliott along with a small party of eight scouts under Rowdy to attempt to make contact and take rations to Davis. A Mexican force pursuing Davis picked up Elliott's trail, and on August 23, lay in wait for them.

After an initially cordial talk, the Mexicans leveled and cocked their rifles and demanded to know why Elliott had killed their cattle. The lieutenant responded that he had killed two for food but a larger force of Apache scouts "just over the hill" had killed three. Instead of killing Elliott's small party, the Mexican leader demanded their surrender. The Apache scouts refused to emerge from



Captain Emmet Crawford and Apache Scouts

the rocks where they had taken cover fearing that they would be slain. Elliott refused the order to emerge explaining that he did not speak Apache. A fight might have ensued but Sergeant Rowdy convinced the scouts to come out. With the greatest reluctance, they obeyed not their first sergeant's order but rather his persuasion. Nonetheless, they emerged clinging to their rifles fully understanding the danger they faced from Mexican forces. A force of nature to be reckoned with, Rowdy had them place their weapons on the ground along with cartridge belts. The smell of liquor on the Mexicans was strong.

In Elliott's words: "I owe my life and the ultimate safety of my small command to Sergeant Rowdy."

The Mexicans bound the Apaches hands and punched those that resisted with the butts of their rifles. Only the force of Sergeant Rowdy's will and his leadership held the Apache back. The Apache and Elliott were held in arrest taken to San Buenventura and paraded down the main street. The crowd hooted and yelled affronting the Apaches with vile and disgusting epithets. The Mexicans locked them in a cell. Fearing they would be slain, none of the scouts slept. They sat up



the entire night ready to resist if the Mexicans came for them. They waited hoping help would come from messengers sent to Lieutenant Davis. On August 24, Lieutenant Davis arrived and fluent in Spanish was able to clear up the matter and get the scouts released.<sup>13</sup> Rowdy had again proved his worth as a sergeant.



Captain Wirt Davis

Captain Wirt Davis enlisted Rowdy on 7 November 1885 for service as a first sergeant with Co. A of the Indian Scouts. Six months later on 21 May 1886, he again enlisted and thus was present for the final campaigns against Geronimo and both his Cañon de los Embudos and Skeleton Canyon surrenders a few months later. We lack details of his service during this time. Packer Henry Daly who had served with both Lieutenant Crawford and Rowdy was present when Crawford was slain by Mexican troops on 18 January 1886.

After the surrender of Geronimo scouts carried out important duties including supervising ration issues, repairing fences, acting as game wardens, searching for illegal weapons, and guiding civilian posses. One of the most important jobs was protecting tribal livestock and enforcing laws against white ranchers who illegally grazed cattle on reservation lands.<sup>14</sup>

In 1889, Rowdy, who had continuously reenlisted, was instrumental in the recapture of the Apache Kid.

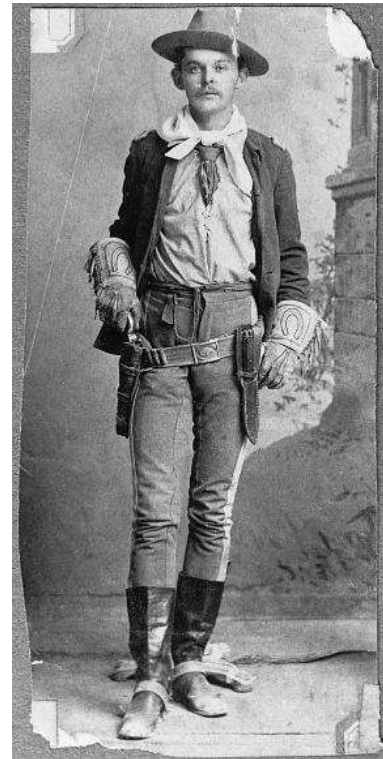
On 7 March 1890, Rowdy was along with Lieutenant J. W. Watson and Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke of the 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry in pursuit of Apache renegades, believed to include the Apache Kid, who had killed a Mormon freighter, Herbert, on March 2, 1890.

Taking up the trail where Herbert was killed, twelve hours after the murderers had fled, Lieut. Watson and command followed them over some the roughest mountain country in Arizona, never halting while there was sufficient light for the trailers to proceed. The renegades, five in number - two mounted on the horses of the man they had killed and three on foot - took a northerly course, in the direction of Fort Apache, striking at once into the Gila range of mountains and selecting the most difficult trails . . .

Lieut. Watson's trailers, chief among whom, was "Rowdy" followed with wonderful celerity, exhibiting a determination to run down the assassins. <sup>15</sup>



Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke by Remington



Lieutenant Powhatan Clarke

Lieutenant James Watson, 4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry in command of Apache Scouts related the story of the pursuit:

Clarke was a typical cavalry officer - an expert rider who could do anything with a horse, energetic, dashing, bold to the point of utter recklessness, and fond of field service. Chief among the scouts and most faithful of them all, and one of the ablest and pluckiest, was Rowdy, then a sergeant. He was young in years - only about twenty-eight then - but old in Indian wars and loved campaigning and fighting and killing even better than he loved whiskey. <sup>16</sup>

This wasn't the ordinary sort of murder that occurred so often on the reservation after a tizwin drunk. The murderers were genuine renegades intent on breaking out from the reservation. The pursuit was long and arduous covering over 200 miles of some of the roughest terrain in Arizona. Finally, the combined force of 4<sup>th</sup> Cavalry Scouts and 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry soldiers ran the renegades to

ground in the Salt River Canyon. There the Apache sought cover among the boulders, and the soldiers and scouts were hard pressed to get close.

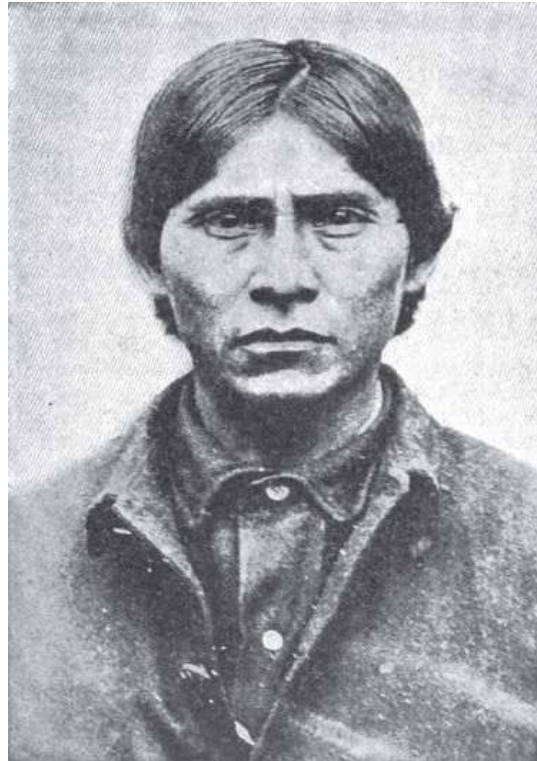
The scouts became disheartened and discouraged and would sit down or lie down and rest instead of looking for the trail. Appeal had to be made to their sensibilities. Rowdy was fond of notoriety, and he was told how all the papers would talk of him if he captured the hostiles; how he would be praised for his good work, even in Washington; how all the people in Arizona would know of him and thank him; and last but not least, of the large reward in money the scouts would get if the murderers were caught.<sup>17</sup>



Salt River Canyon

Lieutenant Watson's chief concern was to approach the renegades without getting any of his men killed. The scouts prepared themselves, stripping off everything except their breechclouts. Even their moccasins were removed so that their feet might find a tighter grip on the rocks. Their long hair was tied back so it wouldn't obstruct their vision. All that could be seen of the Apache renegades was puffs of smoke when they fired their weapons. Watson set up a crossfire so that

they could not escape but he still needed his men to approach close enough to take the renegades captive or kill them.



Apache Kid

Clarke and Rowdy taking advantage of all cover made a rush that took them right among the rocks. A large boulder the size of a boxcar stood between them and the hostiles not more than 40 feet away. Clambering up the rock, Clarke and Rowdy spotted a patch of skin and fired on it. Since it didn't move, they concluded the owner must be already dead and so it later proved. Spotting another such small patch of Indian, Rowdy fired with great deliberation and they soon heard groaning from its owner who remained game. The renegade and Rowdy exchanged fire and Rowdy wounded the outlaw a second time.



Sergeant William McBryar, 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry



The hostiles now surrendered. Rowdy's man was so badly wounded they despaired of ever getting up the hill. Rowdy suggested that they kill him but the man soon expired on his own.

As a result of this action Rowdy was awarded the Medal of Honor. He was not the only one to receive the award that day. Lieutenant Watson wrote both citations but wrote them in such a way that Rowdy was the sole hero of one and Sergeant William McBryar, 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, the sole hero of the other each accounting for most of the renegade casualties. Some authors in recounting this action have overlooked the second medal. A confused news report from a "witness" who wasn't present draws the Apache Kid into the story.

A few days later Lieutenants Watson and Clarke, with a sergeant of scouts named Rowdy and some of his men, ran onto Kid's band, chasing them from a cave near Salt River where Rowdy found Middleton's overcoat.<sup>18</sup>

The story arises from Deputy Sheriff Charles Winston who confused the story with stories of the Apache Kid and of Indians slain in a cave on the Salt River at a much earlier date.

Deputy Sheriff Charles Winston returned yesterday morning from Thatcher, a small Mormon town just below Solomonville, Graham County. From him the Star learns the following particulars of the late Indian campaign: The soldiers under the command of Lieutenants Jim Watson and Powhattan Clarke, after a 300 miles chase, and being without rations for five days, save the game of the country, such as jack rabbits and deer, came upon the hostiles in a cave. Both officers leaped to the front with the intent of gaining the entrance of the cave. Lieut. Clarke encountered one of the hostiles at the mouth of the cave and shot him twice through the body. "Rowdy," the Indian scout, shot the Indian, breaking both arms, thus saving the life of "Tucson's own," Lieut. Clarke. This brave young officer received a shot through his hat and also one between his legs." – *Star*

The cave referred to above, although not as deep as a quart mug, suited Winston's purpose to knock the thrilling adventure of Israel Putnam, of revolutionary fame, into a cocked hat.<sup>19</sup>

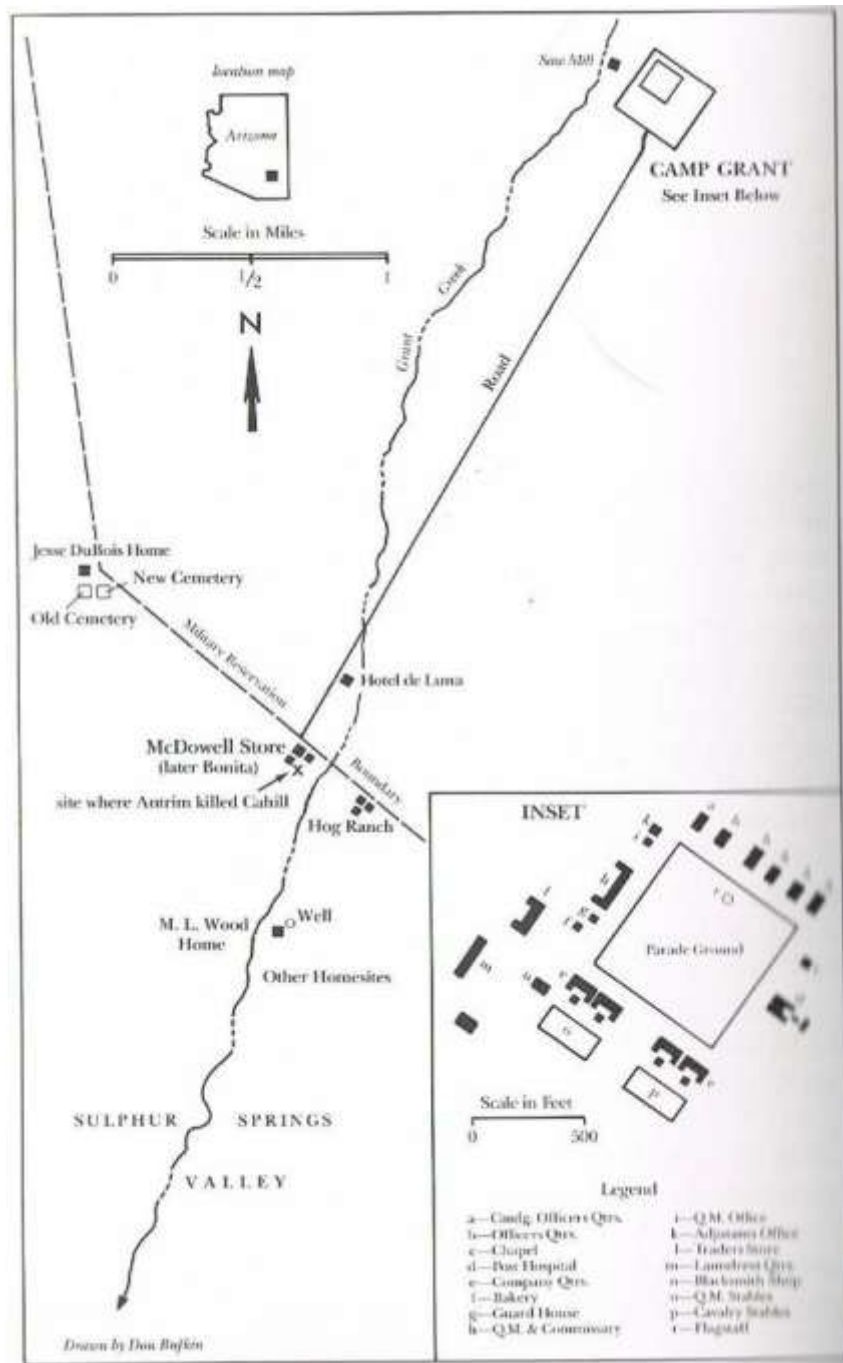
In 1890, the Apache Kid was on the loose again. On 11 October 1890, the *Arizona Silver Belt* reported:

The Indian scout, Rowdy, is reported as saying that the Kid "went into the sub-agency and shot another Indian in the arm and again escaped to the hills. Kid, a devil incarnate, is one of the Indian convicts who escaped from Sheriff Reynolds and W.A. Holmes Nov. 2, '89, while on the way to the Territorial Prison."<sup>20</sup>

Rowdy met his end in March 1893 at Bonita near Fort Grant.

News was received over the wire on Thursday of the killing of Rowdy, the noted Apache scout, in a drunken brawl at the "hog ranch" near Fort Grant, on Wednesday night. A

coroner's inquest was held at which Lemmons, the keeper of the dive, admitted the killing, but claims it was done in self-defense.<sup>21</sup>



Bonita, where Billy the Kid killed his first man in 1877, near Fort Grant

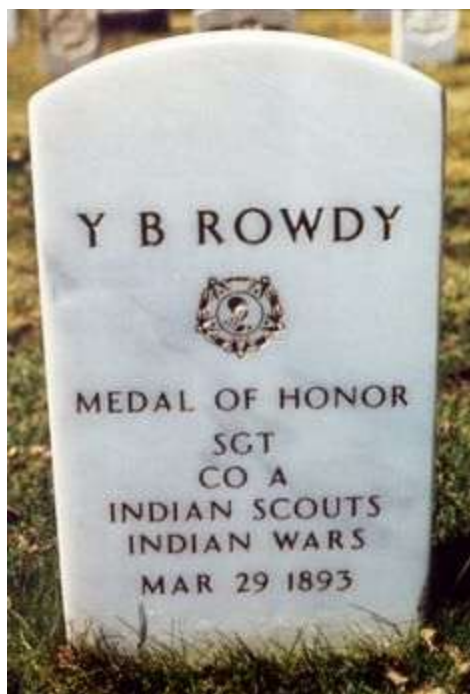
Bonita was a small settlement that catered to Fort Grant, which by 1893 was occupied by soldiers of the 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry, Buffalo Soldiers. It had achieved some notoriety many years before when Billy the Kid killed his first man, a blacksmith and a bully, at Bonita. The story quoted above becomes

the source of a drunken Rowdy tossing people about and a frightened bartender defending himself from a savage, killer Indian that appears in secondary sources later on. A week's reflection produced a new version of the story.

Lemon refused to give Rowdy whiskey, which angered the Indian who went away and returned with a pistol to shoot Lemon. As Rowdy entered the door, pistol in hand, Lemon fired at him with a shot gun [sic] loaded with buckshot which took effect in the left breast. Rowdy returned the fire but the ball went wide of the mark and Lemon got in another shot, killing the Indian.<sup>22</sup>

The bartender refused to give Rowdy a drink. We don't know if Rowdy was drunk or sober, but there is no quarrel with anyone but the bartender. Rowdy armed himself and returned. The bartender, laying in wait, shot him. We might suspect a racial overtone here. Indian enters a white man's bar and is refused a drink. He becomes angry. But this isn't a white man's saloon. This is a hog ranch, that is, saloon and whore house, outside a post occupied by the black 10<sup>th</sup> Cavalry. Lemon was soon in other trouble. We are left to wonder if he shot Rowdy because he thought he could get away with it and earn a reputation. He would be "a brave and bold frontiersman who had killed an Apache."

Under normal circumstances, unless family intervened, Rowdy would have been buried at the installation where was assigned, Fort Grant. In Apache families unless Christianized, and one guesses, Yavapai tradition, families do not visit graves. The bodies of the dead are pollution and disposed of as quickly as possible along with favorite possessions that might draw the spirit back to them. When a military post is closed, as Fort Grant was in 1900, the bodies in the cemetery were transferred to other graveyards usually at district headquarters which for many Arizona posts, including Fort Grant, was the Presidio at San Francisco. Rowdy ended up at the Veterans Cemetery in Santa Fe, New Mexico. His headstone shows that he received the medal of honor.



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- <sup>1</sup> Zoll, Ken, email quoting Chris Coder, 20 February 2018.
- <sup>2</sup> Letter, Franco, Reba, 22 February 2018.
- <sup>3</sup> Radbourne, Allan and Joyce L. Jauch. *Mickey Free: Apache Captive, Interpreter, and Indian Scout*, Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 2005.
- <sup>4</sup> Letter, Allan Radbourne, 7 March 2018.
- <sup>5</sup> Letter, Allan Radbourne, 7 March 2018.
- <sup>6</sup> “Days Past – Yavapai Indian Scouts.” *Daily Courier*, 30 April 2017.
- <sup>7</sup> Yavapai speak a language of the Yuman Family which includes Upland Yuma i.e. Havasupai, Hualapai, and Yavapai which is distinct from Upriver Yuman which includes Mojave, Maricopa, and Yuma. Apaches speak languages of the Athapascan Family.
- <sup>8</sup> “Sergeant Rowdy.” *Arizona Weekly Citizen*, 29 November 1890.
- <sup>9</sup> Conner, Daniel Ellis, ed. Donald J. Berthong, *Joseph Reddeford Walker and the Arizona Adventure*, Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1956. There is good reason to suspect Conner of exaggerating his tale.
- <sup>10</sup> “Days Past – Yavapai Scouts Helped Track Down Geronimo.” *Daily Courier*, 7 May 2017.
- <sup>11</sup> Daly, Henry W. “Scouts, Good and Bad.” *American Legion Monthly* 5 (August 1928) p 69.
- <sup>12</sup> Thrapp, Dan L., *Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography Volume I*, Spokane, WA: Arthur H. Clark and Company, 1988, p.
- <sup>13</sup> Sweeney, Edwin R. *From Cochise to Geronimo: The Chiricahua Apaches, 1874-1886*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2010, p 456-457.
- <sup>14</sup> “Days Past \_ Yavapai Scouts Helped Track Down Geronimo.” *Daily Courier*, 7 May 2017.
- <sup>15</sup> “Avenged: The Apaches Who Murdered Herbert Run Down,” *Arizona Silver Belt*, 15 March 1890.
- <sup>16</sup> Watson, James W. *Journal of the United States Cavalry Association* 10, Number 37 (June 1897), pp 128-35.
- <sup>17</sup> Ibid.
- <sup>18</sup> De la Garza, Phyllis. *The Apache Kid*. Tucson: Western Lore Press, 1995.
- <sup>19</sup> “Here’s Richness.” *Arizona Silver Belt*, 29 March 1890.
- <sup>20</sup> “Rowdy & Apache Kid.” *Arizona Silver Belt*, 11 October 1890.
- <sup>21</sup> “Rowdy.” *Arizona Silver Belt*, 1 April 1893.
- <sup>22</sup> “Rowdy,” *Arizona Silver Belt*, 8 April 1893.



## Old West Recipes

By Debbie Hocking

Recipe from the Trail

*At Bent's Fort on the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail, at some military posts, and in towns some forms of fancy food were possible.*

### Bread Pudding, Spotted Dog, or *Capirotada*

6 Cups	Light toasted bread slices
2 Cups	Brown sugar
1 Cup	Water in small pan
1 Medium	Onion, finely chopped
4	Eggs
2 Cups	Apples, sliced
3 Cups	Milk
1 Cup	Raisins or currants
1/2 lb	Butter
2 Tbs	Cinamon
1 tps	Nutmeg
1 Cup	Cheddar Cheese, grated
	Heavy cream

Boil the sugar in water to make syrup about the consistency of maple syrup. When thickened slightly, add onion. In a bowl, stir eggs and milk together, don't beat. In a large baking dish layer bread, then syrup, raisins, apples, onions, butter, cinnamon and nutmeg until dish is filled. Bake 45 minutes at 350°. After 40 minutes, remove from oven and spread cheese over the top. Replace in oven until cheese is melted. Serve hot pouring a little cold, heavy cream over each portion.

### Scalloped Corn

2 Cups	Corn, frozen or canned
½ Cup	Bread Crumbs
½ tsp	Pepper
½ tsp	Sugar
½ tsp	Salt, or to taste
2 Tbs	Butter, melted
½ Cup	Milk
2	Green Chili, roasted, chopped

Combine in a bowl and pour into a buttered 8-inch baking dish. Bake 25 minutes at 350° or until golden. If using a Dutch oven, cover and place coals on top; bake about 30 minutes.

Goes great with pork chops or ham.

## Cow Camp Stew

Via [Desert Caballeros Western Museum](#)  
Wickenburg

5 lbs.	Stew Meat
10	Potatoes
2 lg	Onions
2 lg cans	Tomatoes
Salt	
Pepper	
4 Tbs	Lard or bacon grease
½ cup	Flour

Cut up stew meat in small pieces and roll in flour to coat. Then brown in fat in a Dutch Oven until all is nicely seared. Add onions diced fine, and water to cover. Let simmer until almost done; give it an hour. Add potatoes cut up in chunks and the salt and pepper to taste. When done after about half an hour and meat is tender, add tomatoes and simmer 15 minutes more. Make this from any meat on hand and add corn, peas, or hominy, if available.

## Cornish Tea Bread with Clotted Cream

*This is one of Debbie's favorite Christmas recipes just the way it's done in Cornwall, which, as you may recall, was home of many of the miners who worked in Bisbee and Tombstone. Flavor is best after bread has stood for a day or two allowing flavors to infuse.*

3	5-3/4 x 3 x 2-1/8"	Bread Tins
or		
2	7 x 3 x 2"	Loaf Pans
¼	cup	Hot Water
½	tsp	Saffron, crumbled & ground
2	cups	Flour, all purpose
2	tsp	Baking Powder
1	tsp	Salt
½	cup	Butter, salted
¼	tsp	Baking Soda
1	tsp	Lemon Rind, grated fresh
¾	cup	Sugar
2	lg	Eggs
2	Tbs	Lemon Juice
½	cup	Water
½	cup	Currants

With mortar and pestle grind saffron until fine. Empty into a bowl and add hot water and allow to steep for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, sift together flour, baking powder, and salt. Set aside.

In a large bowl, blend butter, baking soda, lemon rind ensuring they are well mixed. Beat in sugar. Beat in eggs one at a time.

Combine lemon juice with ½ cup of water. Use this to rinse the remaining saffron from the mortar and pestle. Add this and saffron water to the batter, alternately with the flour. Beat for a half minute. Stir in currants by hand.

Grease and flour loaf pans and divide batter evenly between them. Bake at 350° for about 50 minutes until top is golden and a toothpick inserted in the center comes out clean. Cool in pans about 10 minutes before carefully removing. Finish cooling on cake or bread rack.

Serve alone or with butter, cream cheese or clotted cream.

### **Clotted Cream**

2	cups	Heavy Cream
2/3	cup	Sour Cream
3	Tbs	Confectioners Sugar, to taste

Whip heavy cream until stiff peaks form. Remove from mixer and whisk in sour cream and sugar. Store in refrigerator.

Can be used in tea or on any sweet bread or bread pudding.

## Book Reviews

BRADLEY, CAROL

*Twisting in Air: The Sensational Rise of a Hollywood Falling Horse.*

Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2024

Fascinating account of Cocaine and the stuntman who rode and trained him, Chuck Roberson, set against the background of Hollywood stunt-riding, stunt horses, and unimaginable cruelty to horses. The story, possibly apocryphal, of the day. The stunt riders tried to kill Cecil B. DeMille. We'll never see his movies again without wincing at the terrible things he did to horses and stunt men. We witness how cruelty diminished and then rose again as movies were filmed abroad and the production code changed to give the less control to the humane society. We learn of Cocaine, a remarkable horse, who has trained to preform amazing feats.

BERNSTEIN, MATTHEW

*Team of Giants: The Making of the Spanish-American War*

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2024

Hardcover, pp. 288, 6x9, 9 B&W Illustrations, \$36.95.

ISBN 978-0-8061-9471-4

“The great paradox of the Spanish-American War was that in a time of hyperbole, truth was stranger than fiction.” This is a fascinating story, well-told, that one wishes could continue indefinitely. It's been a long time since I've read a story this good. In 1898, five giants, former Confederate general and U.S. Congressman, “Fighting Joe” Wheeler, Theodore Roosevelt, William Randolph Hearst, Stephen Crane, and Richard Harding Davis, led a willing nation into war with Spain. Cuba, embroiled in revolution against Spanish overlords for decades, was foully treated by its masters who starved its people and confined them to concentration camps. Hearst built a newspaper empire on yellow journalism employing men like Davis and Crane to write stories. Roosevelt exceeding authority set the U.S. Navy on a war footing and proved himself as a warrior in combat. Davis sought adventure as a journalist and took up arms to fight alongside the Rough Riders. Wheeler stood for the ideals of cavaliere knighthood. Crane, who crafted stories that made the blood boil, held the hand of a dying rival journalist and filed the dead man's story ahead of his own.

MENKING, CHRISTOPHER N.

*Quartermasters of Conquest: The Mexican-American War and the Making of South Texas, 1846-1860*

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2025

Hardcover, pp. 224, Illus. 3 B/W, 5 Maps, 2 Tables,

ISBN 978-0-8061-9530-8

An exposition of the logistics of America's forgotten war is a topic that would bore most people. It requires a deep understanding of the division and organization of line and staff in the 19<sup>th</sup> century U.S. military, understanding of logistics and the challenges of the then monetary system of both



the U.S. and Mexico, of seaborne, riverine, and landward transportations systems in the widely scattered theaters of war. Mexico lacking in ports, navigable rivers, and steel found itself with a medieval transport system that could not compete. The author provides us with interesting anecdotes marginally connected in spatially and temporally repeating as fact information not evidenced in the historical record. When quoting statistics historians are well advised to recall that correlation does not demonstrate causation.

MIHALJEVICH, MICHAEL PAUL

*The Birdcage Theater: The Curtain Rises on Tombstone Arizona's National Treasure*  
Denton, Texas; University of North Texas Press, 2024

At last, Mihaljevich has revealed the true history of the Birdcage Theater. It was never the house of prostitution legend claimed. Legend has been growing ever since Alfred Lewis began publishing his Wolfville Tales of a thinly disguised Tombstone. Fredrick Bechdolt grasped the baton and carried on the legend to which Hollywood happily succumbed. The Birdcage tried to be a variety theater for the workingman, something like Vaudeville. Unfortunately, without a properly established circuit bringing in new acts with any frequency this was difficult and expensive. The author tells us about the real acts that premiered and those that never did like Eddy Foy who bragged that he had, the theater being that famous. There was a darker side and that's reported, too. The Birdcage was home to "pretty waiter girls," something like Hooters, except that the ladies sold drinks on commission and sat on men's laps during the hustle. It also functioned as a melodeon or hurdy gurdy where ladies, taxi dancers, danced with customers for pay.

PETERSON, LARRY LEN.

*Edward S. Curtis: Printing the Legends, Looking at Shadows in a West Lit Only by Fire.*  
Helena: Sweetgrass Books, 2024

Beautifully illustrated in a manner befitting the subject matter. This is both a tour of the development of photography from its inception in the 19th century through its recognition as an artform. The story follows Curtis through his lifelong obsession with producing *The North American Indian* in 20 volumes and additional folios of his photographs. It recognizes his contribution to ethnography and motion pictures. This is a book I'm glad to own. I was fascinated and delighted with the detailed explanations of the different techniques of photography and photo printing.

WATTS, STEVEN.

*Citizen Cowboy: Will Rogers and the American People*  
Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2024

Enjoyable and extremely well-written. It's lengthy because the author includes the substance of every stage act Will performed, every column he wrote, and the plot of every movie he starred in. Fortunately, Will was always delightful and we get to know him through his work. The publisher did not do this book justice using small print, small margins, and postage stamp sized photos.

COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS PRESENTS

# HOT IRON



A COMPILATION OF WESTERN  
SHORT STORIES AND POEMS



## RUNNING IRON



A running iron is a branding iron with which a brand is drawn freehand on the hide of an animal. That's a pretty apt description of the slice of the Old West within. There's a bit of Cowboy Poetry as well as a thick slice of short stories about what once was. It's been done freehand by members of the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners and some of their friends. Although the running iron was often a tool of the rustler used to redraw existing brands, we can promise you that nothing within came from anyone else's herd. These are our stories and poems arising from the Southwest borderlands where Tombstone is our home, Boothill just around the corner, and Mexico an easy ride to the south. Cochise County was once home to Cochise and Geronimo. We can look up to Cochise's Stronghold in the Dragoon Mountains, visit the spot where Geronimo surrendered, and walk where Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday fought in the street with Curly Bill and Ringo. This was home to Apaches, rustlers, the cavalry, gamblers, outlaws, and train robbers. We export gold, silver, copper, beef, and now poetry, and tales too tall to keep at home. This is your chance to join the adventure!

[www.CochiseCountyCorral.org](http://www.CochiseCountyCorral.org)

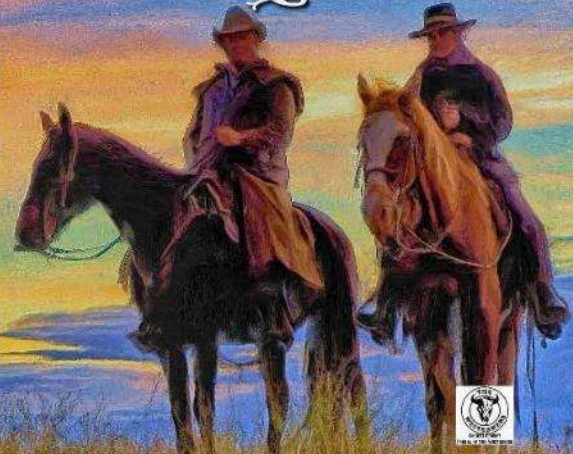
## RUNNING IRON



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COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF WESTERNERS PRESENTS

# RUNNING IRON



A COMPILATION OF WESTERN  
SHORT STORIES AND POEMS

## 2025 WRMA WINNERS Will Rogers Medallion Awards

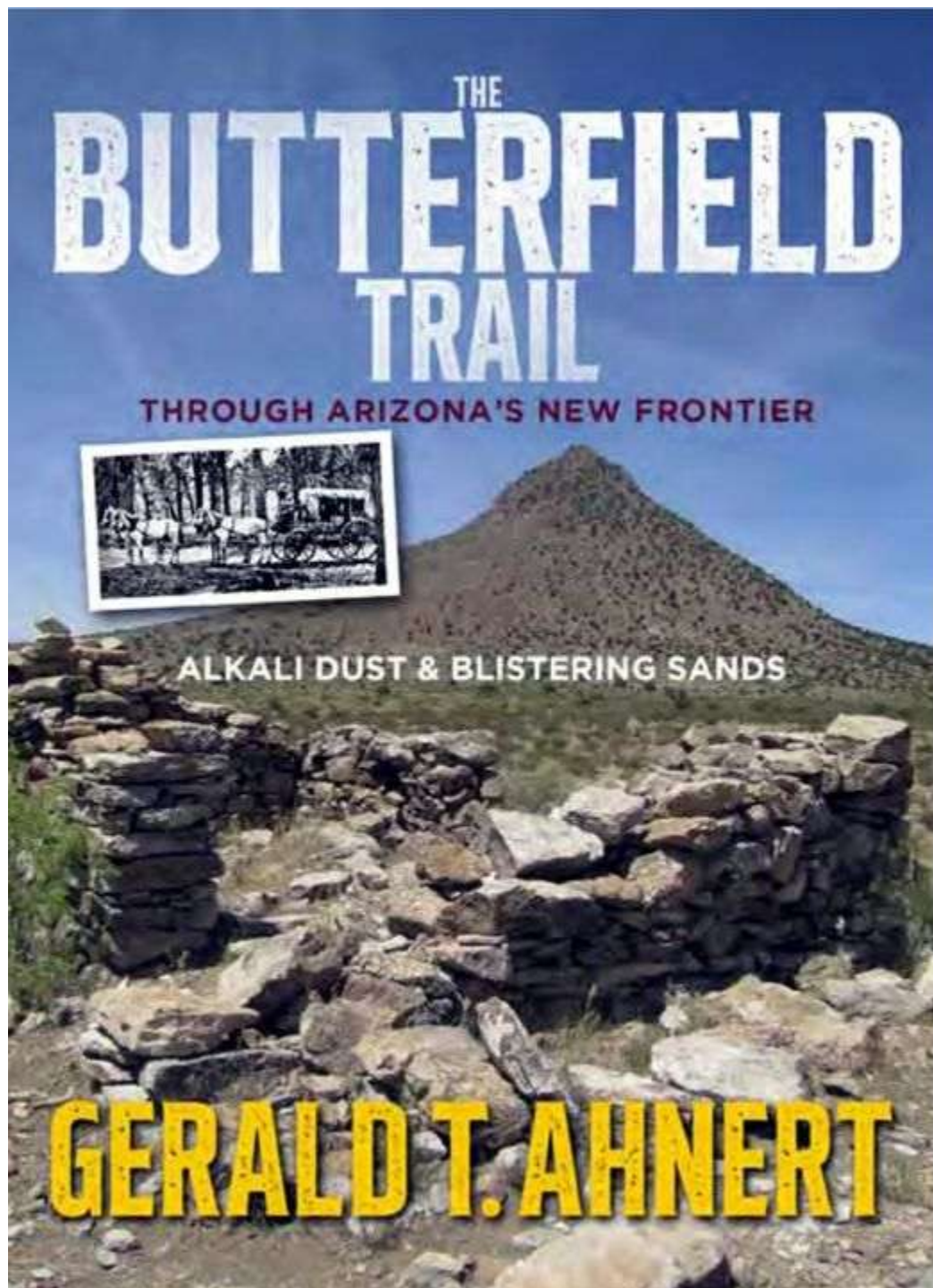
### COWBOY WRITTEN POETRY

#### *Running Iron*

By Jesse Bradfield, Bob Spahle, Bill Cavaliere, Jane Moor, Mark Finley, Craig McEwan, Deborah L. Lawson, Paul Retzlaff, Heather Rose, Carol Markstrom (*Cochise County Corral*)

Cowboy Poetry published in *Running Iron* (2024) by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners has won the top spot for Cowboy Poetry in the 2025 Will Roger Medallion Awards.









## 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](http://www.CochiseCountyCorral.org)
- ❖ **Join the Corral that has thrice won the coveted Heads Up Award for Best Corral 2013 & 2014 & 2021 & 2023 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: \_\_\_\_\_

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The Cochise County Corral meets at Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone, AZ  
Information contact: Sheriff Liz Severn [InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org](mailto:InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org) or (520) 220-6313