



The Border Vidette

Summer 2026 Volume 5, Number 2



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

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

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

Cover: Confederate Sergeant. See The Farthest West Civil War Confederate Graves

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Book Reviews

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AHNERT, GERALD T. *The Butterfield Trail: Through Arizona's New Frontier, Alkali Dust & Blistering Sands.*

BARNES, WILL CROFT *Arizona Place Names*

CHAPUT, DONALD & LYNN R. BAILEY. *Cochise County Stalwarts*

HANCHETT, LELAND J., JR. *Crossing Arizona*

KUHN, BERNDT *Chronicles of War: Apache and Yavapai Resistance in the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico, 1821-1937.*

MICHNO, GREGORY *Encyclopedia of the Indian Wars: Western Battles and Skirmishes 1850-1890*

MICHNO, GREGORY, and SUSAN *Forgotten Fights: Little-known Raids and Skirmishes on the Frontier, 1823 to 1890*

MYRICK, DAVID F. *Railroads of Arizona, Vol 1: The Southern Roads*

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SHERMAN, JAMES E. and BARBARA H. *Ghost Towns of Arizona*

THRAPP, DAN L. *Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography*

VARNEY, PHILIP *Arizona Ghost Towns and Mining Camps*

ARCHULETA, MARK *The Reel Thrilling Events of Bank Robber Henry Starr*

ENSS, CHRIS *The Sharpshooter and the Showman: May Lillie, Pawnee Bill, and Their Wild West Show*

MARKLEY, BILL *The Life and Times of Jim Bridger*

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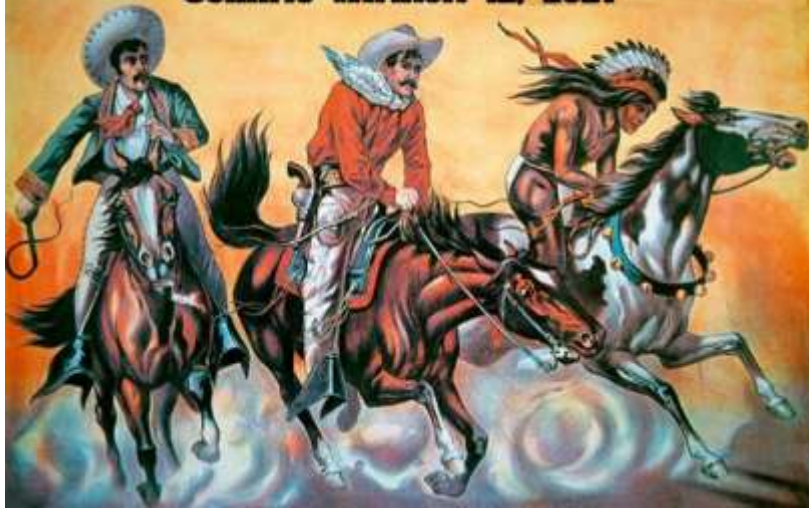
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Library Focus

By
Doug Hocking

Like most things in life, a library needs a focus and a purpose. There are decisions to be made about who the library will serve, how it will handle preservation and lending and what it will collect. Unless you're the Library of Congress, that last answer cannot be every book ever published in the United States. There is only so much storage space and it needs to be used wisely, unless you have a Congress providing money so you can spend like a drunken sailor, no offense to sailor's intended. I know Congress outspends drunken sailors by a lot.

The Cochise County Corral of the Westerners started out in 1983 in Bisbee as the Bisbee Corral. We moved to Tombstone and became the Cochise County Corral when Bisbee raised the rent and demanded crushingly expensive liability insurance. They also broke Old Joe. Poking a bit of fun at Bisbee, we can say that the Corral had some wonderful members, like Christine Rhodes, who is still an honorary member. Others came for the fantastic display of snacks provided as bakery Two-day-olds from Safeway and a few folks too broke to leave when the mining boom ended. These latter were interested in family history, Cochise County and Bisbee history. To this end, the Library had and loaned out copies of the Cochise County Historical Journal, the only real library asset.

With the move to Tombstone, interests changed and people stopped borrowing from the library. The Faro Dealer (librarian) gave book reviews and little else. The library cabinet filled up with everybody else's disorganized garbage and storage. Debbie Hocking and Lindsey Zimmerman cleaned it out and organized the remains.

Since we've lost focus, the question is open, what should be the focus of the library?

It can't be everything ever published on the frontier west or Cochise County. We're not the Library of Congress and the section on Wyatt Earp alone would fill the cabinet and the lobby.

It can't be western novels. Again, we're not the Library of Congress and the volume is huge. It's more than any of us could read in a lifetime.

It could be the books written by our speakers. We could buy them at the time they speak. It would be a disjointed and unfocused collection but one possible to do.

It has been proposed that we make it a reference library of Cochise County and Arizona. You'll find some of the books proposed in this edition's Book Reviews. These are not books that one reads cover to cover. They are encyclopedic and one looks up and reads one or two articles at a time. These would be valuable to anyone starting a research project, preparing a One Minute History, or who wants to know a little more about a person, place, or event.

This is doable. We wouldn't need to purchase all of the books at once. We could add from month to month and year to year. It is a kind of library that might attract people to our membership and attract the kind of folks that do our talks on history.

If anyone else has a doable suggestion for a focus, it would be great to hear it. Otherwise, the library will continue to do what it's been doing, fading away and dying.

This Great Country
May 17th, 2026
by
Johnny Davenport

On America's 250th Birthday



I go to a meeting of a local writing club every third Monday in the Portal, Arizona area. It was suggested, two or so weeks ahead of time, if some of us could write something about this great country that we live in.



Post Office Portal, Arizona

I started mine out with “A Cowboy’s Prayer,” by an unknown author. Then I took it verse by verse, and gave my thoughts on it, on This Great Country.

A Cowboy’s Prayer

Author Unknown

O Lord, I’ve never lived where churches grow.
I’ve loved creation better as it stood.
That day you finished it, so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.

Just let me live my life as I’ve begun,
And give me work that’s open to the sky.
Make me a pardner of the wind and sun
And I won’t ask a life that’s soft and high.

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the hawk that circles down the breeze.

Just keep an eye on all that’s done and said,
Just right me sometime when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long dim trail ahead
That stretches upwards towards the great divide.

Now I’m going to take it one verse at a time, and just let my feelings roll out of my mouth.

First Verse

Oh, Lord, I’ve never lived where churches grow
I’ve loved creation better as it stood
That day you finished it, so long ago,
And looked upon your work and called it good.

I always believed that was the best description of what I thought this country was made of. I was in the second grade in school when a lady would come in our classroom and tell us how God made this ol’ world!

I loved it!!

Second Verse

Just let me live my life as I’ve begun,
And give me work that’s open to the sky.

Make me a pardner of the wind and rain
And I won't ask a life that's soft and high.

That's the way I always wanted to live my life. Just let me live my own life. Do not interfere with what I like to do. I can choose any work that I see that fits my way of life. I don't want the government telling me what and what not to do, or how to do it! Stay out of my way, and let me make my own mistakes. Let me have the wisdom to know how to correct them!

Is that too much to ask?

Third Verse

Make me as big and open as the plains,
As honest as the horse between my knees,
Clean as the wind that blows behind the rains,
Free as the Hawk that circles down the breeze.

When I get out of my bedroll each morning, I see nothing but black of night - Such a lovely site! As the sun comes up, I see miles and miles of lovely flat country, all the way to the mountains, as I mingle with the boys before breakfast. We all wish a "Good morning" to all - not a harsh word in sight. Everyone is happy to see the cook. He is always happy. We have nothing but a bedroll, laying on the ground - not a worry in the world - broke as a sweetheart's promise! Just happy. You have not lived if you have never lived this way of life as free as the hawk!

Fourth Verse

Just keep an eye on all that's done and said,
Just right me sometime when I turn aside,
And guide me on the long dim trail ahead
That stretches upwards towards the great divide.

Now that I have told you all how to live a good life, I do hope all is well on your side of the world. I feel the Good Lord has kept me safe all of my life. Sometimes I wonder why, then I wake up and think how wonderful it is to be in this great country that You made for me! I don't have an enemy in the world - except Rebecca, I guess - Oh well, you can't have it all good all of the time.

I have lived my life as I saw fit to do it - that's why I drifted around so much.

I want to thank You, Lord, for letting me be as free as the open plains! As honest as the horse between my knees, free as the hawk that circles down the breeze!

I have lived a good life!!

P.S. I said I would write whatever came out of my mouth - I hesitated a moment, then put it in like I said I would!

*Johnny lives in Animas, in New Mexico's bootheel cow country. That's the land of the Louis L'Amour novel **Conagher**, made into a 1991 movie with Sam Elliot. Love letters tied to tumbleweeds drift across the land and Conagher falls in love with a woman he's never seen. Thirty miles away, Portal, Arizona, is 'just next door' tucked into one of the most beautiful canyons in the Chiricahua Mountains where Cochise, Johnny Ringo, and Doc Holliday used to roam.*



Animas Valley, New Mexico bootheel, where the deer and the antelope play
and love notes travel on the breeze tied to tumbleweeds

Mill Irons, Turkey, Texas
1962-64
In the True Life of a Cowboy
By
Johnny Davenport

After spending the summer of '62 in Montana at the Padlock (🐴) Ranch, come September, I knew it was about time to head back to Texas for the winter. Besides, Bill Morehouse and his friend that were breaking broncs for the Padlocks were still celebrating our ketching [catching] that wild mustang on the Padlocks. I figured it was time to get out of there before Curley Winstsel (sic) saw that mustang that we had branded with that big ol' Lazy Open A Bar (🐴) on her side. Curley was the ranch superintendent and flew over the ranch in his Cub plane quite often.

I don't remember where we had to go to get the U-Haul trailer to put behind my '48 Chrysler, but we got it loaded up with everything that we owned – except we had to leave the wife's peddle-pusher Singer sewing machine that was her mom's. That is the only time we ever left anything behind when we moved. I hated that so much!! I knew how much Jean loved that Singer! We tried loading the trailer several different ways, but we couldn't get the machine in the trailer! We got into Turkey, Texas, Jean's hometown, a few days later. I got on at the Mill Irons (🐴) east of Turkey. We liked it there! Two of Jean's sisters and their husbands & kids also had camps on the ranch. We moved into Cottonwood Camp.

I picked up three young horses from some of the camp men because they were sort of afeared of them. I also was breaking outside broncs, too. One of them was a two year old, blue roan, thoroughbred looking thing. He was about 15 hands tall and hardly no wider than a fence rail!! I don't remember what

saddling it was, but that thing blew up with me and bucked me off slicker 'an a whistle! Talk about embarrassed, boy, was I ever mad at myself! I was making a pretty good rep for myself up north as a bronc rider! Then that lanky thing blew me sky high! Boy, was I embarrassed! That was the only time he ever pitched with me.

What I want to talk about, though is this. About a year later, the ranch was trying to buy some younger horses. They would buy one, and trade another wore-out one in on the deal.

Frank Derrick was the boss of Billy Lewis's ranches out of Clarendon, Texas. They had the Mill Iron's range leased. They also had a reputation of having some young horses they couldn't get cowboys that could ride 'em. Henry Pope was the foreman of the Mill Irons.

Because Frank didn't want to sell these young horses through the Killer Ring, he asked Henry if he could send some of these ponies down to the Mill Irons for me to ride. If I wanted to keep any of 'em, he would trade 'em to the Mill Irons for one of the older horses that we had. Henry asked me if I would agree to this. Yes!! That would be right down my alley!!.

Well a few days before the fall works began, a sixteen-foot bob-tail truck showed up and unloaded about 15 or so horses at Line Back Pens.

They were four or five six-year-olds, a coupla five-year-olds, some four- and three-year-olds along with three two-year-olds. One of the three-year-olds was a little sorrel that Frank told me that they didn't start him as a two-year-old because he was so small. But as it turned out, no one could ride him!! Big Enough was his name. I don't remember what I rode the first coupla days, but for the third day, I caught Big Enough. The next morning, I got him saddled up after tying up a back foot. I rode him around some in the corral, then he decided to unload me! It was all I could do to stay with him, but I did! Went on outside with him and after we got to the splittin' up grounds he blew up again, he blew up four more times before we got to the hold-up ground. Each time he was a little more weaker at it. I kinda liked him and put him in my string. He was doing really well . . . didn't buck but two or three times after that. I liked him! I don't know what happened to him after I left that late spring when I quit because the Mill Irons were going to sell out and I didn't want to be working for a little "one-man" outfit.

Another one that I remember was a big dun called "Jake's Dun." I think he was a five-year-old. I didn't have any trouble with him 'til I was on drive with him when all of a sudden he blew up! He was the kind that would throw his head up and then take it back down, and then throw it up again. Boy! He had me bucked off all the time but never could get me on the ground! I remember once I had both feet up in the saddle with no stirrups, just my feet in the saddle. But I rode 'em! I don't know how, but I did.

The next time he blew up with me was after we had thrown the drive together. I kept noticing this one cow that was milling around, looking for a way out of the herd. She was over on my right and kept working more and more to the edge of the herd. I could tell

that she was going to break out soon, so I kept working over her way, but old Jake's Dun was not wantin' to move fast in that direction. I thought "he's going to blow up" if I make him move a little faster. I finally decided I had to make him move out, and sure enough, he blew up as this cow broke out of the herd. Not taking any chances that he would get out from under me, I grabbed the horn and spurred him. Sure enough, he came undone, and by the second jump, he threw his head up, but I was not using the reins to balance myself with. Ever' jump he made, I stung him with my spurs as he would hit the ground. I got more and more in time with him as he kept bucking. He would just be leaving the ground, I would be slamming my spurs into his belly. That would make a really hard hit to his belly. As he was coming up, my foot would be coming down and hit him in the belly. The last five or six jumps he made, he was trying to bite my right foot every time I spurred him! He finally gave it up and stopped bucking. I rode him out a little bit more, then turned him around, and took my place around the herd. After a while I had to move him some to my right to block some cows that were fighting. After the commotion was over, I looked back to my left to be sure things were okay. That's when I saw that the ground was bloody where I had been. I looked down at my right foot and saw that my boot and my legging was covered with blood! I got down and went around to Jake's Dun's right side. I was shocked. As I had punched a hole in his side big enough to stick your fist into!! He had a small hole in his left side, but not anything like the one on his right side! – No wonder he was trying to bit my foot!!

After we got through working and was trotting back to line back pens, I knew this was the last time I would be riding Jake's Dun!

Johnny Davenport

Brands:

Padlock



Lazy Open A Bar



Mill Irons

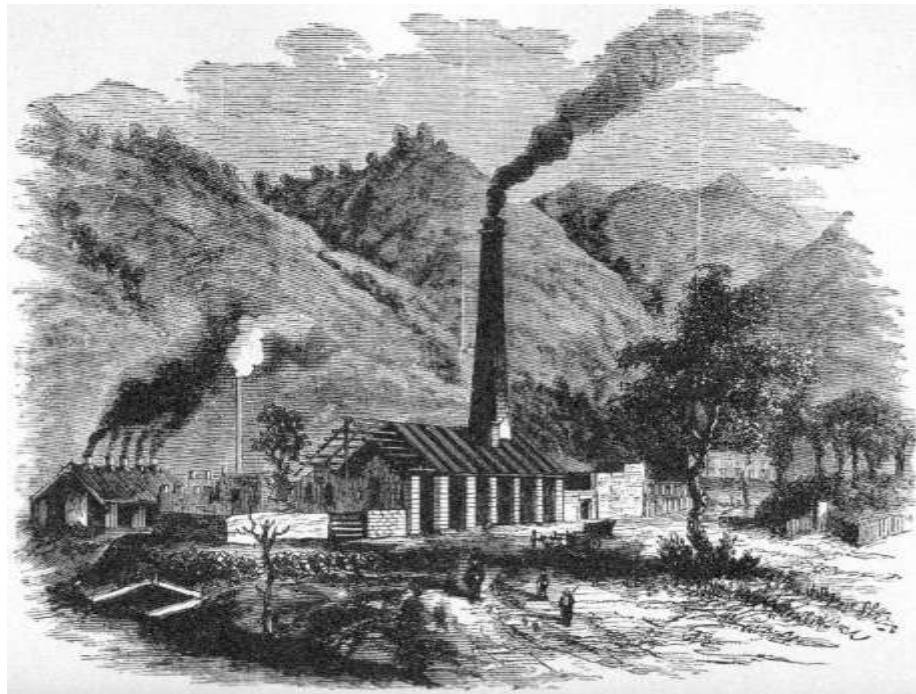


The Farthest West Civil War Confederate Graves

by
Gerald T. Ahnert

In 1861 at the beginning of the Civil War some of the Union officers, such as Captain Richard S. Ewell, who was from Virginia, deserted their posts at Arizona's Fort Buchanan to join the Rebel forces. Others from Arizona's Fort Breckenridge would follow. With the abandoning of the southern Arizona forts the Apache thought that they had finally driven the Americans from their land. Those that remained were under constant threat of Apache attack.

One of the few mines that continued to operate was Sylvester Mowry's Patagonia Silver Mine about 90 miles south of Tucson. One of his employees was John (Jack) Donaldson. Mowry's secretary John R. Mills reported that Donaldson was the Superintendent of the wood choppers and had expressed strong views favoring the Rebellion.¹ The story of John Donaldson's employment at the Patagonia Mine to the time of his enlistment with Confederate Sherod Hunter's forces, his death, and burial location has many references. In late February 1862 Confederate Captain Sherod Hunter and his soldiers entered Arizona to occupy Tucson for the Confederacy. John Donaldson, along with George Pope, Old Man Lamison, and Lamison's son would be killed by the Apache only a few days after joining Hunter's band of Rebels in Tucson. Their graves would be the farthest



west Civil War Confederate graves.

Figure 1. Headquarters and offices of the Mowry Silver Mine where Donaldson was employed. Adventures in Apache Country, John Ross Browne, Harper & Brothers, 1871, p. 210.

In early 1862 a large force of advancing Union California Volunteers was too much for Hunters' small band. They abandoned Tucson in mid-May 1862. The Union occupied Tucson in late May 1862 and arrested all those that they suspected of aiding the Confederates.

Sylvester Mowry, the owner of the Patagonia Mine, was arrested for being "secesh"—a Southern sympathizer. In July 1862 he was taken to Fort Yuma and imprisoned to await his court martial. In preparation for his court martial affidavits were taken from employees at the mine. Much information is provided in these affidavits both for John Donaldson and Sgt. Samuel Ford. Ford joined Hunter's forces after they arrived at Tucson. He would be killed by the Apache on May 5, 1862, at Dragoon Springs in the canyon one mile from Dragoon Springs Stage Station while Hunter's forces were retreating to join the Confederates at Mesilla, New Mexico.



Figure 2. The Butterfield Dragoon Springs Stage Station graves marker. Photo. G. Ahnert.

The marker at Dragoon Springs Stage Station cemetery is based on speculation given in L. Boyd Finch's *Confederate Pathway to the Pacific*. As a result, on the marker is: "There are no markers on the other burial mounds, but one *probably* holds the remains of Captain John Donaldson." Many references show that Donaldson was not buried at Dragoon Springs Stage Station.² His rank with Hunter's forces is not known as he was never officially registered. He was given the rank of Captain when he was in Texas during the Mexican War.

Finch speculated that Sgt. Ford knew John Donaldson because they both had been customs agents.³ Before Donaldson was employed at Mowry's mine, he had been stationed at Calabasas, Arizona, as Collector of Customs. Before Ford joined Capt. Hunter's forces he was a customs patrolman stationed at Las Cruces, New Mexico.⁴ They were conducting their duties 320 miles apart separated by the frontier. These affidavits as well as others mention both Donaldson and Ford in their testimonies. They give a clear itinerary for the time Ford spent at the mine. None of them tell of Donaldson visiting Ford. John R. Mills was Mowry's secretary. In his affidavit to be presented at Mowry's court martial he wrote:

"I recollect of the mine being visited by one Samuel Ford. Ford arrived at 8 o'clock PM and was brought to Mr. Mowry's quarters, he stayed in my room during the night."⁵

Another affidavit by employee Jeremial Riordan gives additional details about Ford's visit:

"During my employment as _____, one representing himself as Sergeant Ford of Capt. Hunter's company of Confederate troops visited the store. . . . To the best of my recollection Mr. Mowry was in the store in company with Sergeant Ford. I am certain he was there on the same day as the Sergeant on this occasion Mr. Mowry examined a lot of the percussion caps which were in the store for sale. I think Sergeant Ford was looking at them at the same time. The quality of the caps did not seem to meet the approval of Sergeant Ford. . . . I think Sergeant Ford left the same day I saw Mr. Mowry examine the caps."⁶

One of the documents presented at Mowry's court martial was a handwritten obituary for John Donaldson. It was written by Mowry and was transcribed by his secretary John R. Mills:

"Mr. Mowry in writing letters would sometimes make rough draughts and would hand them to me to make copies of, which he would sign. . . . Other letters I would simply write at his dictation."⁷

For Mowry's court martial, the handwritten Donaldson obituary as well as the affidavits were all transcribed by Erastus W. Wood, Aide de Camp.⁸ This was the first obituary written by Mowry and was not the one that was later published in a Kentucky newspaper. The transcribed obituary was used by Finch to further speculate that Donaldson was buried at Dragoon Springs Stage Station. But Finch left out some key passages that when cross referenced tell another story.

Finch included from Mowry's first obituary for Donaldson: "Killed by the Apache Indians, May 5, 1862, near [*sic*] Tucson, Arizona. . . . He used *sic* for Tucson to imply that it was a mistake. He does this to tie the rest of his speculation about the location of Donaldson's death. A key passage in the obituary that Finch left out was "*His horse escaped and running into Tucson carried the first news of the catastrophe.*" It was eighty-five miles by the trail between Tucson and Dragoon Springs Stage Station. Finch stated from the obituary that: "Returning to Tucson from a *short expedition he fell in rear of troops* to accompany a friend who had charge of a *large herd of beeves.*" This states that they were on the march when attacked and not at the Dragoon Springs in the canyon one mile from the station. A report from Colonel Carleton, California Volunteers, about the Confederate-Apache battle at Dragoon Springs stated that they captured: "*30 mules and 25 horses.*"⁹ Finch did not note these contradictory statements about the type of cattle.

From a newspaper article published one month after the Confederate-Apache battle:

“From the Correspondent of the Daily Alta California with Gen. Carleton’s Column from California. 23rd [June 1862] . . . Near the stage station are the graves of Hunter’s men, killed by the Apaches. On the graves were these inscriptions, neatly cut in rough stone, executed by one of the Union prisoners they had along: S. Ford, May 5, 1862.’ ‘Ricardo.’ Ford was a Sergeant and Ricardo was a poor Mexican boy the Texans had forced into service at Tucson.”¹⁰

As seen in this report only two were killed and buried north of the station gate. Donaldson is not mentioned. It also confirms that they were buried right after the battle as a Union prisoner carved the names on the grave marker of the two that were killed. The information given in a 1967 U. S. Forest Service desecration report stated: “One of the graves of the historic massacre [of Butterfield employees] on September 8, 1858, was disturbed at some time previous to this inspection of June 6th. The grave of Ford was excavated and the body or its remnants removed.”¹¹

Mowry’s twice transcribed Donaldson Obituary was never published. In July 1862 Mowry was in Fort Yuma prison awaiting his court martial. On July 24, 1862, he wrote a shorter obituary that was published in the *Louisville Daily Democrat*, Kentucky, August 28, 1862. It gives the date that he was killed as May 4, 1862—not May 5. Because the first handwritten obituary was transcribed twice it is probably the cause for the error.

Killed by Apache Indians, May 4, 1862,
near Tucson, Arizona, Captain John Donaldson, a native of Kentucky. Captain Donaldson was an officer of volunteers during the Mexican war, and later held various public positions, among them member of the Constitutional Convention of Kansas, member of the upper House of the Legislature, Auditor of the Territory, and still later Collector of Customs for the Calabazas District of Arizona. He was an ardent Southern man, and at the time of his death was a volunteer to the command of Captain S. Hunter, C. S. A. This brief notice of his death is the only tribute that one of his many friends can pay to the memory of a gallant gentleman. The friends of Captain Donaldson in Kentucky and Indiana will have the mournful satisfaction of knowing that his remains were recovered and interred with respect and affection.
Kentucky and Terra Haute (Indiana) papers please copy. S. M.
FORT YUMA, CAL., July 24, 1862.

Figure 3. The article states: “his remains were recovered and interred with respect and affection.” This again indicates that Donaldson was not killed at Dragoon Springs near the stage station.

In 1854, Nathan Benjamin Appel moved “to Tubac, Arizona, where he was engaged in freighting and merchandising for many years.”¹² In later life, he furnished a “list of names of persons who remained in Tucson and surrounding country when the rebellion broke out, and the country was left entirely to the Apaches.” In his list was: “Pope, Lamison’s Son, John Donaldson, Old Man Lamison, killed by Apaches half way to Rillito.”¹³ Although Appel’s statement was twenty-two years after Donaldson’s death, it confirms Mowry’s statement in the first obituary that Donaldson was killed during “a short excursion from Tucson.”

“Pope” was George Pope listed in the 1860 census for Tucson as “26, Grocer, Value of Real Estate, \$10,000, Value of Personal Estate \$300, Place of Birth, Mississippi.” In 1860 he married Maria Patricia Granilla. On February 1, 1861, Pope and Granville Wheat purchased a house and lot on Main Street in Tucson from Palatine Robinson. On April 25, 1861, he purchased a house west of Tucson along the Butterfield/Overland Trail from Samuel Lewis. Pope was from Mississippi and like Donaldson he joined Hunter’s Confederate forces in Tucson a short time before his death and died along with Donaldson on May 4, 1862. On July 13, 1862, Pope’s widow sold the house and picket corral west of Tucson on the Butterfield/Overland Trail to Hiram Stevens.¹⁴

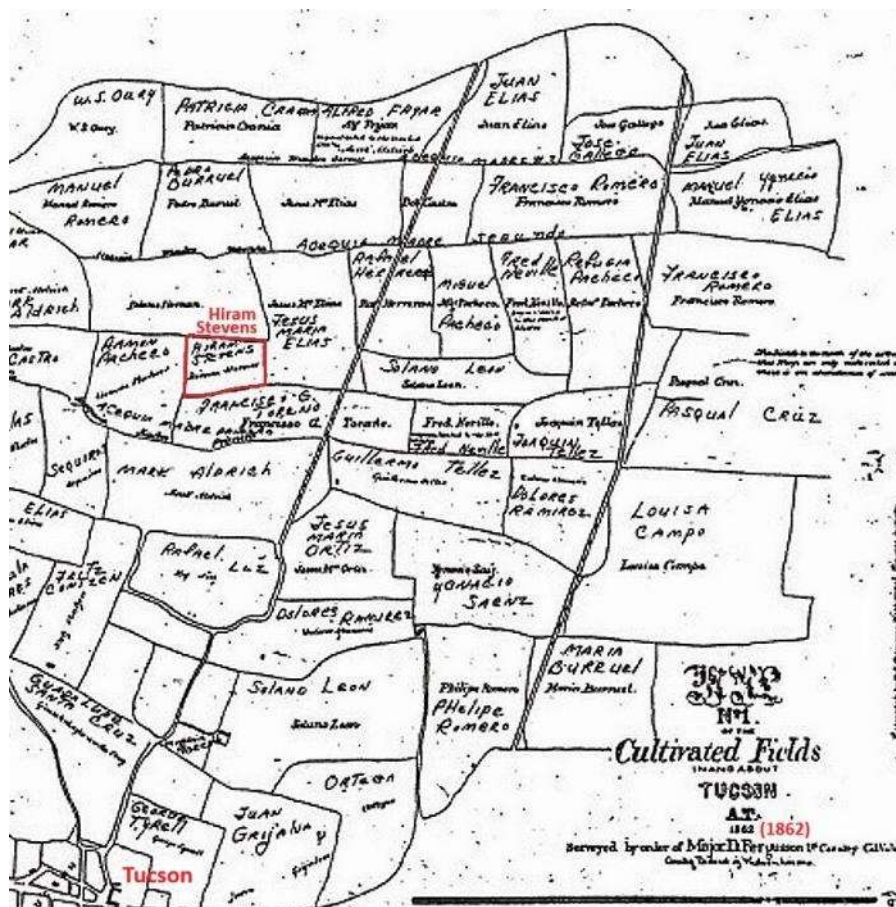


Figure 4. Map No. 1 of the Cultivated Fields in and about Tucson A.T. 1862. Surveyed by Major D. Fergusson. The lot of Hiram Stevens was previously owned by George Pope. *United States Department of the Interior National Park Service National Register of Historic Places, Continuation Sheet, p. 48.*

The Apache were on the warpath to kill or drive the remaining Americans from their territory as stated by Sylvester Mowry in a letter to Brigadier General Sibley, C.S.A., that was presented at Mowry's court-martial. As seen in Mowry's report the Apache were engaged in trying to steal livestock from places other than just Dragoon Springs:

"The Indians have committed some daring depredations of late, appearing near Tucson, it is said 250 strong well-armed, they succeeded in getting away with about 150 head of cattle and horses, but were closely pursued by a few white men, and about 100 Papago friendly Indians, who killed and wounded a number of Apaches."¹⁵

As shown on Major D. Fergusson's 1862 map (*Figure 4*), the plot of Hiram Stevens was previously the corral and house of George Pope and his wife. Donaldson, Pope, Old Man Lamison, and his son, were on the Butterfield/Overland Trail driving cattle to Tucson when they were killed by the Apache. It is possible that they may have been buried near Pope's old house.



Figure 5. Possible location of John Donaldson's, George Pope's, Old Man Lamison's and Lamison son's grave. Annotated US Geological Survey section, Marana Quadrangle.

Nine Mile Water Hole in Section 18 on the map (*Figure 5*) was an important source of water on the Southern Overland Trail. Because of its abundant flow of water, it attracted many cattle to the site. Donaldson, Pope, Old Man Lamison, and Lamison's son may have been killed by the Apache

while herding cattle from Nine Mile Water Hole to Tucson to be combined with other livestock and taken with them on their retreat to Mesilla, New Mexico.

Summation:

The marker at the four Dragoon Springs Stage Station graves is not definitive for John Donaldson being buried there as it states: “one *probably* holds the remains of Captain John Donaldson.”

Finch states that Ford and Donaldson may have been friends for the singular reason that they were both customs agents. Their posts were separated by the frontier 320 miles apart. As a cross reference, the many Mowry mine employee affidavits show that Sergeant Samuel Ford did not visit John Donaldson when he came to Mowry’s mine to buy pistol caps.

Mowry’s first Donaldson obituary had been transcribed at least twice for his court martial. In it Mowry stated that Donaldson was killed while “returning to Tucson from a short expedition.” A short expedition is not a 170-mile trip from Tucson to Dragoon Springs Stage Station and back.

Mowry’s first Donaldson obituary states that Donaldson was killed while they were herding a “large herd of beeves.” In a report by California Volunteers Colonel Carleton, he stated that the Apache stole from the Confederates “30 mules and 25 horses”—no beeves (cows).

A newspaper account written by member of Colonel Carleton’s California Volunteers gave only two names for those with Confederate Captain Sherod Hunter killed by the Apache. Reported was Sgt. Ford and Ricardo who was a Mexican boy that was with them to herd the cattle.

The second Donaldson obituary written by Sylvester Mowry on July 24, 1862, and published in a Kentucky newspaper states that Donaldson was killed May 4, 1862—not May 5. It also states that “his remains were recovered and interred.” Combined with the information given by Mowry in the first Donaldson obituary and presented at his court martial about his horse returning to Tucson after a short excursion shows that he did not die at Dragoon Springs Stage Station. As a cross reference those that were killed at Dragoon Springs Stage Station were aided in their burial by a Union prisoner.

Although it was twenty-two years after Donaldson was killed, Nathan Benjamin Appel reported that Donaldson, Pope, Old Man Lamison, and Lamison’s son were “killed by the Apache halfway to Rillito.” That would be about four to five miles northwest of Tucson. There are those that might suggest that time would have clouded Appel’s statement although it clearly cross references the previous evidence stated.

J. Homer Thiel, Tucson archaeologist and historian, adds important additional information for George Pope leading to his death on May 4, 1862.

Additional:

There are six documented Civil War Confederate graves in Arizona.

In late February 1862, Private Benjamin Mayo of the Confederate States Army was buried near San Simon Stage Station. In 1862, Captain Hunter's personal papers were found at Tucson, and he wrote about the violent winter storms on their march from the Rio Grande and the death of Mayo from exposure.¹⁶ The exact location of the grave is not known.

May 4, 1862, John Donaldson, George Pope, Old Man Lamison, and Lamison's son were killed by the Apache about five miles northwest of Tucson, Arizona. Since they probably joined at Tucson only a few days before their deaths they were not officially registered with the Confederate Army.

May 5, 1862, Seargeant Samuel Ford killed by the Apache. Buried under one of the four rock cairns north of the Dragoon Springs Stage Station. Since he joined at Tucson, he was never officially registered with the Confederate Army. Because the 1967 desecration report states that Sgt. Ford's body was removed, there are now no Confederates buried at Dragoon Springs Stage Station.

¹ Letters received by the Office of the Adjutant General, Main Series, 1861-1870, NARA M619, source www.fold3.com, "In the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of the State of California, Sylvester Mowry vs James H. Carleton," letter by Lieut. Col. E. E. Eyre, 1st Cavalry, California Volunteers.

² Gerald T. Ahnert, *Desert Tracks*, "The Mystery of the Four Rock Cairns at Dragoon Springs Stage Station on the Southern Overland Trail," Publication of the Southern Trails Chapter of the Oregon-California Trails Association, September 2022, pp. 14-21. This article defines the burial order under the four rock cairns seen opposite Dragoon Springs Stage Station gate.

³ L. Boyd Finch, *Confederate Pathway to the Pacific*, "Four Graves at Dragoon Springs," p. 152.

Note: On the dust cover for Finch's book is "An admitted *partisan* of the "Lost Territory of Arizona." Partisan: A strong supporter of a person, party, or cause; one whose support is *based on a feeling rather than on reasoning*.

⁴ *Louisville Daily Democrat*, Louisville, Kentucky, August 28, 1862. This was the second John Donaldson obituary written by Sylvester Mowry July 24, 1862, while he was in the Fort Yuma prison awaiting his court martial.

⁵ Ibid, Mowry court martial. Affidavit of John R. Mills.

⁶ Ibid, Mowry court martial. Affidavit of Jeremiah Reordan.

⁷ Ibid. Mowry court martial. Affidavit of John R. Mills.

⁸ Ibid, Letters received by the Office of the Adjutant General, Main Series, 1861-1870.

⁹ *The War of the Rebellion, a Compilation of the Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Series I, Vol. L, Part I, Reports, Correspondence, Etc., Washington, Government Printing Office, 1897, 1095.

¹⁰ *San Francisco Daily Alta California*, August 10, 1862.

¹¹ Robert B. Tippeconnic, District Ranger, to Forest Supervisor, Coronado N. F., File No. 2760, June 9, 1967, Subject: Withdrawals (Butterfield Stage Station), "Violation of the American Antiquities Act of June 8, 1906 upon the Butterfield Stage Route (Dragoon Springs Station) was found upon personal inspection of the site on June 6, 1967."

¹² Hayden Pioneer Biographies, Arizona State University Library, Nathan Benjamin Appel.

¹³ *Arizona Weekly Citizen*, "Old Timers," Tucson, July 12, 1884. Although additional information has been found to identify Pope, no additional information has been found for Lamison.

¹⁴ J. Homer Thiel, Senior Project Director/Historical Archaeologist, Desert Archaeology, Inc., Tucson, Arizona, *Maria Patricia Granilla*.

¹⁵ Letters received by the Office of the Adjutant General, Main Series, 1861-1870, NARA M619, letter from Mowry to Brig. General Sibley, C. S. A. presented at Mowry's court-martial.

¹⁶ "Personal Papers belonging to Capt. S. Hunter, found in Tucson," *National Archives Microfilm Publications, Microcopy No. 318*, (Washington: The National Archives and Records Service General Services Administration, 1961).

LT Bascom's First Scout

By

John H. Fahey, MD

History tells us that Second Lieutenant George N. Bascom, only two years out of West Point, set out from Fort Buchanan on January 29, 1861, enroute to his fateful encounter with Cochise at Apache Pass.¹ But largely overlooked is that Bascom had gone out a week earlier on another scout that would form the basis of one of the most well-known images in the mythology of the west, that of the wise sergeant and the young shavetail fresh out of West Point.

The coupling of an inexperienced West Point graduate with a veteran senior enlisted man is such a common enough happening that it has lent itself to the creative imaginations of writers and filmmakers up through today. For the screenwriters of the 1930's and 1940's, addicted to telling mythic and triumphal stories of the 'winning of the west', Sidney DeLong's *The History of Arizona from the Earliest Times Known to the People of Europe to 1903* was a treasure trove of exciting historical anecdotes. Many of DeLong's stories are not always accurate, including his account of Sgt. Reuben Bernard and LT George Bascom, which was probably the source of the trope that John Ford made famous. But the true story of Bascom's and Bernard's relationship is every bit as fascinating as the fictional tale that Bernard like to tell.

Reuben F. Bernard loved being a dragoon. Born in rural Tennessee, after a brief stint as a blacksmith, the 23-year-old enlisted in the army in 1855 and was assigned to Richard Stoddert Ewell's Company D, First Regiment of Dragoons, stationed at Fort Craig on the Rio Grande.

Bernard had his first taste of combat in the spring of 1856 during a campaign against a Chiricahua Apache band who lived in the Mogollon Mountains. The fight was a success. Several Apache were killed, over 300 stolen livestock were recovered and the one time blacksmith was hooked on the life of a dragoon.

Private Bernard was with Ewell when Fort Buchanan was established in the spring of 1857 at the head waters of the Sonoita Creek 45 miles south of Tucson. Ewell had established himself as one of the most successful Indian fighters in the Department of New Mexico and had selected the location of Fort Buchanan because it sat astride one of the main Apache plunder trails leading from southern Arizona into Mexico.² For the next four years Ewell and Bernard had no lack of opportunity to chase Indians, usually Apaches, across the arid and mountainous terrain between Tucson and the Mexican border. Unfortunately, chasing Apaches was a frustrating experience for someone who actually wanted to fight.

A large man with a commanding presence, Bernard demonstrated that he was a natural leader and quickly rose to the rank of sergeant. Bernard was with Ewell in June 1860 when the future Confederate general twice tracked stolen livestock from the area around Fort Buchanan to Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Mountains. On his first trek Ewell confronted Cochise and demanded that the Chiricahua chieftain return all stolen livestock. On his second visit, Ewell's 45 dragoons from Company D were accompanied by some 30 angry civilian locals who were tired of the never-ending

depredations being carried out against their ranches and mines.³ A smiling Cochise turned over a few scraggly cows and promised to behave.

In October 1860, LTC Pitcairn Morrison, commanding the Seventh Regiment of Infantry, arrived at Fort Buchanan with two companies of infantry and orders to establish a new post near 'the mines of Arizona.' Fort Buchanan had been built on a low lying cienega that in the rainy season became a malarial quagmire and was to be abandoned. Bernard's dragoons were ordered to Fort Breckenridge, 80 miles to the north, to be closer to the Butterfield Overland Mail route that ran through Apache Pass. Ewell had left Fort Buchanan in September on leave, so LT Richard Lord who was now commanding Company D, departed with Sgt. Bernard and his dragoons for Fort Breckenridge on October 16, 1860.

Morrison and his two companies of infantry, who had just marched almost 1,000 miles from Utah, camped a couple of hundred yards to the east of Fort Buchanan on a broad, level and elevated plain. LTC Morrison spent the next month searching for a new location for a fort that could protect the nearby silver mines. When he returned from searching the surrounding mountains and valleys, he wrote to Headquarters in Santa Fe stating that his present site was as good as any. In December, Morrison's plan to build a new fort near the old Fort Buchanan was approved.

The infantry companies moved into the dilapidated barracks abandoned by the dragoons while they waited for warmer weather to begin construction at the new site. Morrison, 65 years old, was used to his large regimental commander's tent, with its wood floors, stove and favorite bed. He declined to move into the former commanding officer's quarters which then became the post

headquarters. Indian depredations continued throughout the fall of 1860, but Morrison seemed disinclined to send his infantry in fruitless chases of small bands of Indians who would not stand and fight. "The Indians are in a starving condition," he wrote to Santa Fe, "and I cannot see any other course to pursue than to feed or to exterminate them."⁴ In his first three months in Arizona, Morrison only sent out one infantry patrol and that was against Mexican filibusters who had crossed the border only 20 miles away.

The residents of Arizona were not pleased with Morrison. On New Year's Day, Sylvester Mowry, Arizona's delegate to Congress pleaded with the military commander in Santa Fe to send mounted troops to try and stop the marauding Apaches. "Infantry are of no use except to garrison posts," he wrote. "You might as well try to catch a steam engine with an ox cart."⁵

Meanwhile, Seargent Bernard and his dragoons had settled into their new quarters at Fort Breckenridge. The myriad bands of raiding Apaches were just as much of a nuisance for the residents of the San Pedro Valley, but at least the dragoons had the satisfaction of being able to chase them on horseback and disrupt several of their raids.

In the brutal winter of 1860-1861, frigid temperatures and sick soldiers had a greater impact on life at Fort Breckenridge than Apache raiders. Towards the end of December, Assistant Surgeon Kirtley Ryland fell deathly ill and Assistant Surgeon Bernard Irwin had to leave Fort Buchanan and come to Breckenridge to care for the invalid post surgeon and others who were sick. Ewell had called Irwin a 'red headed hot-tempered Irishman,' but he was a good physician. Irwin had gained a reputation for himself a few years earlier when in the words of *True West* magazine he had conducted a "Mercy

Express to Dragoon Springs” and saved the life of Silas St. John.⁶ Irwin had spent four years with LT Lord, Sgt. Bernard and the dragoons of Company D at Fort Buchanan and as they became re-acquainted the talk was all about a large general court martial that was to convene in a few weeks at Fort Buchanan. Over a dozen cases would be tried involving both dragoons and infantry.

Morrison’s regimental headquarters. Irwin probably invited Lord to share his quarters, only a few steps away from the large adobe Commanding Officers quarters where the court martial would take place. (see Fig 1).

The quarters, which Ewell had once complained “were more like a tavern” because of all his visitors, had several rooms



Figure 1 Adobe Ruins Commanding Officers Quarters, Fort Buchanan. Photo Courtesy John H. Fahey MD

By the second week of January, Dr. Ryland had recovered enough that he was able to resume his duties. Dr. Irwin, LT Lord, Sgt. Bernard and 12 dragoons left Breckenridge and traveled eighty, cold, snowy miles arriving at Fort Buchanan on January 12. Since the companies of the Seventh Infantry had moved into their old barracks, Bernard and his dragoons set up camp not far from

which could be arranged to accommodate an anteroom and a room for the court martial table itself. This allowed the court room to be cleared for private deliberations without requiring everyone to stand outside. According to the official meteorological report for Fort Buchanan, on January 15 it was 21 degrees outside and a winter storm had left 2 inches of snow on the ground. Eight inches more snow would fall that night.

At 1000 AM, January 15th, 1861, a general court martial convened at Fort Buchanan in accordance with Department of New Mexico

Special Order No. 169 for “the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it.”⁷ Thirteen cases would be tried over two weeks. Five prisoners from the 7th Regiment of Infantry, stationed at Fort Buchanan, and eight from the 1st Dragoon Regiment, stationed at Fort Breckenridge, faced a variety of offenses dating back over a year. LTC Pitcairn Morrison, Commanding Officer of Fort Buchanan, would be President of the court. Five other officers would be members including Assistant Surgeon Bernard J.D. Irwin, Medical Department; 1LT Andrew W. Evans, West Point class of 1852, now commanding Company H, 7th Infantry, who would shortly switch to the cavalry; and 2LTs Charles H. Ingraham, a competent officer who had graduated near the top of his class at West Point, and his classmate, George N. Bascom, who had initially enrolled in the West Point class of 1857 but was dismissed for conduct deficiencies. Bascom was re-admitted and graduated next to last in the class of 1858. LT Gurden Chapin, West Point Class of 1851, and Morrison’s Regimental Adjutant, would be Judge Advocate. Rounding out the court was LT Richard Lord, 1st Dragoons, West Point Class of 1856, whose horse apparently was the envy of his regiment. The first case was that of Sargent William A. Smith,^{7th} Infantry, who was charged with conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline for bullying a junior enlisted man on sentry duty who had challenged Smith. Several officers, including Morrison, were called as witnesses who testified to Smith’s otherwise good record. Smith was found guilty, but then the court unanimously recommended clemency. When the court martial was reviewed several weeks later, the department commander, COL Thomas Fauntleroy, concurred with the recommendation and Smith was allowed to keep his sergeant’s stripes.

Eight more cases were tried over the next six days. Each session lasted about three hours in the morning, allowing for normal duties in the afternoon. Most of the cases were typical for frontier duty including desertion, disobeying orders, drunkenness and selling government property (usually pistols) to buy alcohol. When the court wasn’t in session the big topic of conversation in addition to Indian depredations was the weather.

On Saturday January 19th, Thompson Turner, a newspaper correspondent, wrote that “more snow fell than I have ever seen in three winters.”⁸ He went on to state that “at Tubac [20 miles from Buchanan] 4 inches of snow fell and the oldest inhabitants fail to remember a storm of greater severity.” The court was not in session on Sunday and reconvened at 1000 AM on Monday January 21st to hear the case of Private Gabriel Magruder, 1st Dragoons.

Magruder had sold his great coat and Navy revolver, both considered property of the government. Sergeant Reuben Bernard was a witness for the prosecution and testified against him. Magruder argued the coat was surplus, but the court ruled that his objection was ‘frivolous’ since the coat was still government property. The fate of the pistol was more difficult to determine. The court found Magruder not guilty of selling the pistol, but guilty of “not properly disposing of his pistol” and sentenced him to four months confinement at hard labor. The court adjourned at 1:00 PM to meet again the following morning January 22nd.

During the afternoon of January 21st, a rider came into Fort Buchanan with word that Apaches had raided a neighboring ranch and taken a 12-year-old boy into captivity. Many historical accounts use the date *January 27th* for the raid based on a typographical error in the Tucson newspaper *The Arizonian* of

February 9, 1861. That paper stated the kidnapping took place on January '27st'. (See Fig 2) The Tucson typesetter had misplaced the '1' with a '7'. When the article was reprinted in other newspapers such as the *Los Angeles Star* it came out as January 27th. Ironically, the correct date had been used in a separate article on the front page of the *Arizonian* of February 9th but had been overlooked: "Jan 21 Indians carry a boy into captivity." (See Fig 3).

And foolish action."

A petition addressed to Col. Fauntleroy, commander of the Military Department of New Mexico, asking for the establishment of a military post at the Reventone, is now circulating in the Santa Cruz valley. It received nearly two hundred signatures in Tucson; and we trust, if consistent with his powers, the Department Commander will grant the prayer of the petitioners.

APACHE DEPREDACTIONS—Scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some new foray made by the savages who infest our border, upon the unprotected settlers. On the 27th ult. a Mexican boy, about twelve years of age, was taken captive by them on the Sonita from Ward's rancho. Nine Indians were seen by Mr. Cole, who was lying sick near Mr. Ward's residence. They tried to capture the women and children at the house, but were prevented by the opportune arrival of Messrs. McCarty and Wilson, who were fortunately in the vicinity. They succeeded, however, in capturing a boy who was several hundred yards from the house. Another party were at the same time engaged in stealing Mr. Ward's cattle. Messrs. McCarty and Wilson pursued the Indians some distance, hoping to rescue the boy, but they did not succeed in overtaking the party, and they escaped with the prisoner and 20 head of cattle. Mr. Ward was in Sonora on the day of this misfortune. A courier was dispatched to Fort Buchanan with the intelligence, and next morning Lieut. Bascom started out to examine the trail. A detachment of dragoons were providen-

Figure 2 Page 3, Column 4, *Arizonian* (Tucson) Feb 9, 1861

John Ward, a 53-year-old unsophisticated Irish Texian had come to Arizona in 1857. Ward was an opportunist who earned his living in a variety of trades including farming, herding and hauling lumber. Ward owned a 160-acre ranch in the Sonita Valley, about 12 miles south of Fort Buchanan where he lived with his live-in Mexican wife and son, Felix, whom Ward considered to be his stepson. On January 21, 1861, a band of

Apache raiders, most likely returning from a foray south of the border, raided the Ward farm. John Ward was away at the time on a business trip in Mexico.

Arizona.

16. The Sonora revolutionists, defeated by Pesqueira's troops, return to Arizona, and make themselves an intolerable nuisance to the citizens near the boundary.

Dec. 18. Pesqueira issues a decree opening the ports of Sonora to the Arizona trade at very favorable rates, which will materially advance our interests.

Jan. 21. Indians carry a boy into captivity. Taken from the Sonita Valley, within twelve miles of the Infantry post at Fort Buchanan. Settlers on the San Pedro were surprised, and some sought safety in flight; abandoning their ranchos, after the wreck of their fortunes by Indian depredations.

Were we to attempt a recital of despoliations

Figure 3 Page 1, Column 2, *Arizonian* (Tucson) Feb 9, 1861

Two parties of Indians swooped over the ranch, one taking the boy captive, and the other driving away 20 head of cattle. Two riders happened by and gave pursuit but the Indians split up and escaped. The skies were cloudy, the mean temperature about 35 degrees and the ground was frozen. A courier was sent to Fort Buchanan. The specific band to which the Indians belonged was not identified.⁹ Colonel Morrison gathered together the officers assembled at Fort Buchanan to discuss a plan of action. LT Lord suggested dispatching Sgt. Bernard with some dragoons to find the culprits' trail. Bernard had often independently and successfully led small dragoon patrols but Morrison preferred that one of his infantry officers accompany the dragoons. Evans and Ingraham had just returned with Company H from three weeks on detached service in search of filibusters, so Bascom was given the task. That would still leave a quorum of five officers to continue the court martial.

Page 2.

Should any officer named herein be prevented
from attending at the time & place specified in
the order, the Court will nevertheless proceed with
the business before it, provided the number present be
not less than the minimum prescribed by law.

By order of Colonel J. C. Franklin
(Scribe) Orlanoy A. Mader.
Asst Asst General.

Fort Buchanan, New Mexico.
Monday January 22nd 1861.

The Court met pursuant to the above order
and adjournments. Present,
Lt Colonel William Menden.

J. W. S. Inf.
President.

Asst Surgeon General J. S. Brown Med Dep. U. S. Army.
1st Lieutenant Andrew W. Evans. J. W. S. Inf.
2nd Lieutenant R. L. G. Lord. 1st Lt. A. S. S. S. S.
3rd Lieutenant Chas. A. Pughham. J. W. S. Inf.

1st Lieutenant Gordon Chapin. J. W. S. Infantry.
Judge Advocate.

Absent.

2nd Lt George A. Bascom. J. W. S. Infantry.

Figure 4 General Court Martial, Fort Buchanan, January 22, 1861. File II-342 p78. Courtesy National Archives

Bascom, a 24-year-old from rural Kentucky, had only arrived in Arizona a few months earlier. This would be his first foray into Apache country. His only previous experience since graduating from West Point was marching – marching from Fort Leavenworth to Utah and then marching from Utah to Santa Fe and then marching to Fort Buchanan. He had never seen action in the field. Sgt. Bernard however, had spent almost four years stationed at Fort Buchanan chasing Indians under the command of CPT Richard Ewell and was very familiar with the territory.¹⁰

At first light on January 22nd LT Bascom, Sgt. Bernard, and twelve mounted dragoons rode out to find the trail of the missing boy. It was 26 degrees and a dusting of snow covered the frozen ground making tracking the 24-hour old trail difficult, if not impossible. The actual interaction between Bascom and Bernard during the scout is not known. Bernard, who would one day rise to become a Brigadier General, not only had a powerful physical presence, but also projected an aura of command. More importantly, he knew the territory. As Bascom headed out on his first field command, he would have no basis for any action other than to follow Bernard's lead.

As Sgt. Bernard started tracking the trail of Felix Ward's captors, the memory of trailing livestock stolen by Cochise's Chiricahuas east towards the San Pedro River and into Apache Pass the previous June was still on his mind. But the Chiricahuas weren't the only suspects.

Only a week earlier an unidentified band of Indians, "half-starved and on foot," had stolen cattle from a ranch adjoining Fort Buchanan, while on the 15th of January all the animals belonging to the Santa Rita Silver Mining Company, ten miles to the west, were stolen. Several bands of Indians – Coyoteros, Pinals, Chiricahuas, Tontos, White Mountain – rode the plunder trails from the Gila River in the north to deep into Mexico in the south. Without hard evidence to guide him Bernard would be forced to conduct a broad search that led his party west into the snow-covered Santa Ritas, south towards the border with Mexico and then east towards Whetstones in what would ultimately be a futile attempt to pick up the kidnappers' trail.

At 1000 AM, on January 22nd, the court martial reconvened. LT Bascom was noted as "absent." LTC Morrison and the court soon discovered that although they had a quorum, they had another problem. As Morrison noted in the transcript of the court:

"The president of the court, Lieutenant Colonel P. Morrison, 7th Infantry, stated to the court that it had become necessary for him as the commanding officer of the post, to detach the dragoons temporarily at the post, to go in pursuit of a band of Indians reported to have been committing depredations in the neighborhood, and that among the enlisted men sent were the principal witnesses in the remaining cases before the court, and the two

remaining prisoners whose cases will complete the court. The court then, upon information that the party would return in three days, adjourned to meet again on Friday the 25 of January at 10:00 AM for the transaction of other business." (See Figure 4).

LT Bascom and the dragoons returned to Fort Buchanan on Thursday, January 24th after literally trying to follow a trail that had gone cold. Bascom's first scout was a failure. As noted in the *Arizonian* of February 9, 1861: "Nothing was accomplished." Since Bascom probably gave his report verbally to Morrison, it is unlikely that any written record exists. Bascom's assessment of Bernard's role during his first scout is unknown. If Bernard had gained a favorable impression of Bascom from their three-day trek, he never shared it. On the contrary, Bernard would become one of Bascom's biggest detractors.

The court martial reconvened on the morning of January 25. Bascom was present and the last two cases, both dragoons, were tried. Sgt. Bernard was a witness for the prosecution in both cases. Cpl. William H. Brown was accused of being drunk and either losing or selling his Colt pistol, property of the U.S. Government. Brown pleaded before the court that he had already been punished, since he had given up the position of second sergeancy of his company, and had paid back for the pistol. The charges were dismissed. The second case was another dragoon, Pvt. David McClellan, charged with being absent without leave and losing his pistol at Fort Fillmore in October 1859. Sgt. Bernard testified that McClellan had missed stable call. LT Lord testified on McClellan's behalf that a merchant had taken McClellan's pistol so he wouldn't shoot anybody. McClellan argued before the court that the event had

happened almost a year and half previously and he had since distinguished himself on several patrols. He was found guilty and fined \$10 and assigned 25 extra hours of stable police. The court then adjourned.

On Saturday, January 26th, LT Lord, Sgt. Bernard, and the 12 dragoons of Company D left Fort Buchanan to return to Fort Breckenridge.¹¹

Rancher John Ward had returned from Sonora and demanded to know what LTC Morrison was planning to do with regards to his kidnapped son and stolen livestock. Despite Bascom and Bernard's failure to definitively identify who had taken Felix Ward, the consensus in the local community was that "his captors are the Apache Pass Indians."¹² Ward shared in this opinion. Ward was known to be antagonistic towards Cochise and his Chiricahua Apaches and insisted to LTC Morrison that it was Chiricahuas who had raided his ranch. Without more definitive evidence to the contrary, on Monday, January 28th Morrison issued Post Order Number 4 directing LT George Bascom to head to Apache Pass, home to the Chiricahuas, to find and secure the kidnapped boy.

The next day, January 29th, Bascom left Fort Buchanan with 54 members of Company C, 7th Infantry, on foot. On the front page of the *Arizonian* for February 9th, Thompson Turner the editor, had listed the events that had occurred during the previous six months in Arizona. He noted LTC Morrison's arrival in Arizona in October 1860 with the comment: "The only instance of his siding with the settlers that we have heard of is the sending of fifty soldiers on foot in pursuit of the party who had captured the lad at Ward's ranch, only 12 miles from the post and this was several days after the abduction."

Instead of Reuben Bernard, Bascom was accompanied on his march to Apache Pass by Antonio, Fort Buchanan's interpreter, and John Ward, who had vowed to hold Cochise accountable for the kidnapping of his son. What could go wrong?

Although he was commended by his commanding officer, LTC Morrison, and the Commander of the Department of New Mexico at Santa Fe, Bascom was generally criticized by his contemporaries for how he had conducted negotiations with Cochise. Even his fellow infantryman, Andrew Evans, noted years later in a letter to Dr. Irwin: "I did not think he [Bascom] acted very judiciously at first, but he was a young lieutenant in a difficult position and under strict orders. He did not realize (as I too should probably not have done at the time) that an Indian chief cannot be taken prisoner in the presence of his tribe. I was probably the last person that ever spoke to Bascom alive; and only a few minutes before he was killed."¹³ CPT Bascom was killed at the battle of Val Verde in 1862 and never got to tell his side of the story of his meeting with Cochise other than what was in his official report. Bernard, on the other hand, went on to boast that he had tried to guide Bascom and had been court-martialed for his efforts.

Reuben Bernard returned to Apache Pass in 1870, this time as a Captain in command of Fort Bowie, the post that had been built in Cochise's beloved Chiricahua Mountains. Bernard often regaled his visitors with tales of his exploits a decade earlier. He vehemently disapproved of Bascom's actions at Apache Pass and stated that he had been present during Bascom's confrontation with Cochise and had argued with Bascom, resulting in charges of insubordination. Bernard's tale was an obvious fiction since he didn't arrive at Apache Pass until after Cochise had left. Nonetheless Bernard's tale

was picked up by others including Sidney DeLong who wrote: "The commanding officer of the fort [Buchanan] sent out a new lieutenant named Bascom, accompanied by twelve men under Reuben F. Bernard, then sergeant...with orders to proceed to Apache Pass."¹⁴

While the details of what happened between Bascom and Bernard during their frigid ride across the frozen landscape of southern Arizona in January 1861 may never be known, the true role of Reuben Bernard in the Bascom Affair is now, as they say, on the record. Ruben Bernard's fictional account of how he risked court martial to rebuke Bascom at Apache Pass is almost as fictional as the characters in John Ford's *Fort Apache* or *She Wore A Yellow Ribbon*. Sgt. Reuben Bernard's true role in the Bascom Affair is that for three days in January 1861 he had the opportunity to influence and mentor the young lieutenant from West Point. Perhaps Bernard's subsequent vindictiveness towards Bascom stems from Bernard's ultimate inability to affect Bascom's decisions at Apache Pass.

The author wishes to express his appreciation to John Deeben, Archivist at the National Archives, for assistance in locating the Fort Buchanan Court Martial records, and to Jennifer Shaffer Merry, Archivist and Historian, Arizona Historical Society (Tempe) for locating the photocopy of the February 9, 1861, issue of The Arizonian.

¹ Post Returns, Fort Buchanan, January 1861, NARA.

² Ewell to Steen, Mar 2, 1857.

³ Post Returns, Fort Buchanan, June, 1860, NARA.

⁴ Morrison to DNM, November 10, 1860 ,LR DNM, NARA.

⁵ Mowry to Fauntleroy, January 1, 1861, LR DNM, NARA.

⁶ "Mercy Express to Dragoon Springs," *True West*, August 1970

⁷ All testimony is from General Court Martial, Fort Buchanan, January 22, 1861. File II-342, NARA.

⁸ *St Louis Missouri Republican*, February 5, 1861,

⁹ This account is from *The Arizonian*, Feb 9, 1861.

¹⁰ Reuben Bernard's role in the Bascom Affair has always been controversial. His prowess as an Indian fighter has never been in doubt. The AGO's *Chronological List of Actions*

etc. with Indians (1891) identifies Bernard as being associated with more combatant encounters with Indians than any soldier, officer or enlisted. A notorious braggart, he claimed to have been at Apache Pass for the confrontation between Bascom and Cochise which clearly was untrue.

¹¹ Post Returns Fort Buchanan January 1861 show Pvt B. McFadden, 1st Dragoons, left Jan 26, to join his company at Fort Breckenridge.

¹² "Latest from Arizona," dateline Feb 8, 1861 published in the *St Louis Missouri Republican* dated Feb 28, 1861, reprinted Altshuler, *Latest from Arizona*, p.170.

¹³ Evans to Irwin, April 3, 1893, Irwin Family Papers.

¹⁴ DeLong, p.26.

Preface
Doing History
Thoughts on How to Write History
By
Doug Hocking

History should be as enjoyable and exciting as reading a good novel. The past is rife with tales of valor and cowardice, of villains and heroes, of gallantry and selfishness. There are events and people of whom we can be proud and some of whom we should be ashamed. Great villains make great heroes. Our ancestors found good reason to fear Indians and needed courage to face them. Indians faced people who were stealing their land and way of life. There were weak and strong on both sides. The march of history has been from east to west and all fell before its tide leaving all of us Indian and European alike living on stolen land. All have been victors for a time, all live on stolen land, and eventually overwhelmed by the next wave.

Our ancestors also wrestled with nature itself. There were hundreds of miles between settlements and the next trading post. Hunger was real. There were great animals grizzlies, rattlesnakes, Gila monsters, mountain lions, and scorpions to contend. Drought and flood threatened life. Their tools were limited. Their clothing and bedding barely proof against the cold. A few rode but most walked alongside wagons with shoes disintegrating and replacements far away.

Artificial intelligence searches on the Internet class me as a revisionist historian. It says that as if it were a bad thing. It means that I don't accept the stories we've been told at face value. I question them. We live in the best of times and the worst of times. We have access to historical sources that were unavailable in the past. Now we can find them on the

Internet without the need to travel to distant places where documents were stories in dusty archives and access often controlled by the guardians of knowledge offended by any change that questioned their official view. On the other hand, we've developed a lazy generation satisfied with the easy answers provided by artificial intelligence. These are folks who no longer question the accepted view.

I'm in good company. Galileo was a revisionist astronomer attacked by the guardians of the official view that the sun orbited earth. Columbus was a revisionist navigator albeit one whose skill in geometry was questionable. In fact, all the great scientists and historians have been revisionists. They have successfully questioned accepted theory and "facts." There are no uninterpreted facts, so even facts are open to question. In his way, Ed Sweeney was a revisionist historian. He presented Cochise and Mangas Coloradas as heroes which was a change from presentations of them as demonic. The guardians of the official view didn't call Sweeney revisionist since they preferred the interpretation he was presenting. Sweeney did marvelous and detailed, well-documented research which makes his work valuable even if you don't agree with his interpretation. Sweeney was prone to a bit of hero worship which led him to overlook more obvious interpretations. He told us that until January 1861, Cochise was always friendly to Americans while presenting facts that prove this was not the case.

The guardians don't call Sweeney revisionist. They reserve this as an ad hominem attack on those who present views of which they don't approve. My readers should know that descent into the personal attack is an indication of lacking a worthwhile view to present. Who are the guardians, the gatekeepers? They are the gatekeepers at schools, news organizations, and publishing houses who would limit acceptable views to the ones they profess. They are the ones who proclaim that something is the settled or established view, suppressing change, and naming change revisionist. They are the ones enraged at having lost control of the gates. Having said this, I need to explain my method in presenting history.

Least you think that his enrollment in such distinguished company has gone to the author's head, recognize that he knows that among the revisionist geniuses, there are many who are just wrong, frauds, and few who are completely insane. The author, historian, relies on you, the reader, to decide into which category this account best fits, genius, credible historian, or lunatic. In doing this the gate is taken away from publishers and academics and granted to my reader who alone should always have been the judges and gatekeepers.

Although I am not Native American, I grew up on the Jicarilla Apache Reservation in the Rio Arriba, New Mexico north of Santa Fe. In the story of the American Westward Expansion there are heroes on both sides. In storytelling, including cinema and the arts, to present a great hero the teller must present a great villain, one who is a threat to civilization, for the protagonist to defeat. In the American southwest, we had the bloodthirsty Apache, skilled in war beyond all others. I grew up with them and know them as something else, as people. At the

same time, I see the westward march of civilization as inevitable and eternal. Superior numbers, organization, and tools will always win out and absorb the conquered. That is what happened to most of our east coast Indians. They intermarried and they joined the larger society. Their blood runs in our veins. My father's people were conquered and absorbed so long ago that our language is mostly lost and if you're aware of us at all, you probably think we're English.

England has been conquered many times and these battles have produced the greatest English heroes. Queen Boudicca fought the Romans to a standstill but eventually lost and England became a Roman province attacked by Saxons. King Arthur, a hero, arose and fought the Saxons eventually losing to them. Arthur may be mostly legend and a composite of several war leaders but as Winston Churchill told us, "If he wasn't real, he should have been." Saxon Alfred the Great, the only English king referred to as great, fought Viking invaders, won and eventually lost. Viking King Harold fought invading Norman French and eventually lost. They heroically resisted the westward advance of civilization and eventually lost making them no less great. Thus I try to see our ancestors through the eyes of the Apache as well as through the eyes of our ancestry.

The story of history should be told as an exciting tale of heroes given life far beyond the simple memory of dates. Chronology must be respected. Poor chronology confuses causation. Failure to recount events in chronological order leads to confusion and possibly to the conclusion that events in 1850 led to difficulties in 1830. We might find Crazy Horse attacking Custer in 1876 as a result of the his anger over the 1890 Wounded Knee Massacre. We should experience history much as the participants did feeling their sufferings, triumphs, fears,

and joy. There were both villains and heroes. The reader may judge which is which for himself. It has become the fashion to tear at heroes proclaiming them human, which anyone with any intelligence already knew. They are destroyed by judging them by the standards of our time. "He smoked a pipe! Therefore, he was bad!" We judge people who held slaves as unheroic forgetting that they were among the first in the world to recognize slavery as wrong.

History should be fair to both sides. To present this, we need to understand the world as they understood it, to present their challenges as they experienced them. The protagonist may have seen his opponent the sum of all evil and feared him. At the same time, the opponent may have viewed the protagonist in the same way. The challenge is to present both sides as truthfully and fairly as possible. It has become the fashion to present minority views as facts even where it was clear that they were mistaken and truth lay elsewhere. They argue that "this was their truth!" It is one thing to sympathize with a person as acting on things he believed to be true and another to accept them as truth. We might as well accept the pronouncements of the voices speaking to the mind of a schizophrenic, though this seems to have become the fashion. Truth may be unknowable but it matters and we should try to get close. John Kessel wrote:

Near the end of volume one in the series, Harry Potter pleads with Prof. Albus Dumbledore, headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, for the truth about his life. "'The truth,' Dumbledore sighed. 'It is a beautiful and terrible thing and should therefore be treated with great caution.'"

At the foundation, somewhere, lies absolute truth - wars take place, Miguel de Cervantes lived, planet earth revolves around the sun. On top of such unassailable facts, however, as time passes, we slather layer upon layer of interpretation, opinion, and emotion. Then we dig back down to pry out "the truth." We want to know who to blame for a war, how did Cervantes survive captivity by Barbary pirates, what is causing global warming?

First off let us ignore the postmodernists' claim that none of us can possibly know objectively what actually happened, only objectively what is said to have happened. As historians, that is our business - to say what happened, to pursue historical truth as objectively as possible. Historians Jacques Barzun and Henry F. Graff suggest in *The Modern Researcher* (1992) that practitioners of the craft apply six rules: accuracy, orderliness, logic, honesty, self-awareness, and imagination (I might add calmness). Evidence gathered in this way one bit reinforcing or challenging another, provides us with the probability upon which to base our "truth," that is, the probability that something actually happened pretty much the way we say it did.¹

Accuracy, orderliness, logic, honesty, self-awareness, imagination and calmness are at the heart of doing history. Many historians would argue that one the written word, and its successors, count. Oral history has little place in our discussions. Oral history poses problems. My grandmother, Emma Drake Pugsley Hocking, of Plymouth and Tavistock, swore that she was descended from Sir Francis Drake. Tavistock borders his

estate. Unfortunately, there is no record of the great navigator producing a child. Exposed to both the American and English secrets of the Freemasons who possess what they claim is an unchanged oral tradition, the differences though small are real. Shortly after 1900, Pliny Goddard recorded the oral history of Casa Maria, a Jicarilla Apache warrior who had fought alongside Kit Carson at the First Battle of Adobe Walls. Kit, by the way, listened to the advice of his Jicarilla Apache scouts and, although greatly outnumbered by Kiowa and Comanche, preserved his force. Casa Maria said:

It was at Cimarron also that they started off with *Gidi* (Kit Carson) after the enemy. There were Ute, Apache, soldiers, and Mexicans. Four different nations went with him after the enemy. They went down the Canadian River to HweLdibade (Mexican name?) [author's note: is this reference to Indian Agent Lorenzo Labadie?] where they found the enemy. There were many tipis there. At evening, when they were approaching the camp of the enemy, men were sent out to observe. There their camp was lying some way off. The party moved on until nearly day when they saw the campfires. The horsemen, leaving the others, rode forward. There were two camps of the enemy, one above the other. All the Apache rode together and commenced to fight. They drove them from the upper camp and pursued them to the lower camp where they fought with them. Taking away their horses they fought with them until night. Many of the soldiers were killed. One Apache was killed and one was wounded in the foot. A spent ball entered his foot but did not pass through it. Another Apache

received an arrow under his arm through his clothing. Many of the enemy were killed and all their tents and goods were brought home on wagons. The enemy drove them away from their lower camp. They came back to Cimarron where they danced until they were tired.²

If you are familiar with Colonel Kit Carson's 1864 First Battle of Adobe Walls, you may find this account a little difficult to reconcile. The Jicarilla saved the day. It's difficult to tell who they fought, when the battle occurred, and how many were on each side. Casa Maria has included many elements that are culturally important to the Jicarilla and ignored others. It is difficult to say if the story has changed due solely to this factor or if memory has changed it as well.

Of the 1849 Battle of Crow Butte between Brule Sioux and Crow raiders, James Hanson writes:

Even though only one confirmed casualty and possibly three, occurred, there are more accounts, over two dozen, of this encounter than any other intertribal Indian battle. In the telling of it, the circumstances often changed and the details became more bizarre. It should caution us to be wary of oral history whether told to us in our own families or by political demagogues.³

Having mentioned cultural differences it is well to stop a moment and consider it. Generally speaking, it is not well used by historians. They paint themselves into a corner and then rely on culture to explain behavior they do not understand. They should be challenged to look a little closer, to expand their understanding. Far worse, the way the term is used in the social sciences it is often

elitist, broaching on racist. Culture is the sum of all learned and shared behaviors including language, tool use and creation, organization, attitudes, prejudices, and techniques. This is not to argue that it does not exist. There are deep rooted ways that the Apache look at things that permeate their society from burial practices to the way they make baskets. The problem is that our social scientists teach that primitive peoples are locked into their culture unable to learn anything new. When presented with a more advanced civilization, they go into culture shock disintegrating into drug use, sexual depravity, and alcoholism. The American Indian didn't know the value of land, so when it was divided up and deeded to them, they soon sold it and used the proceeds to get drunk.

Give 160 acres each to 100 Americans from off the street and by the end of the day, 50 of them would own it all and the other 50 would be busy getting drunk, high, or taking in a show. Unlike many European emigrants of the 19th century, many American Indians recognized that subsistence agriculture on poor land far from population centers was the road to a slow and miserable death. Explore the tools and techniques that they had available to them and their behavior displays explicable and usually intelligent ways of dealing with problems. Consider first that they are not incapable of learning and that culture shock for most is temporary. You and I experience it almost every day.

I'm using Word, a Microsoft product, to prepare this script. Periodically, without warning or my consent, Microsoft issues an update that arrives magically from the Internet changing the position, names, and appearance of tools and adding many new ones. This change has shattered my culture! It has changed everything I know and thought I understood. That is the definition of culture shock: the way I've always done things no

longer provide the results expected. I go into shock screaming war cries at my computer, while searching for my tomahawk, and promising to scalp Bill Gates at the first opportunity. I then have three choices: 1) I can chop the computer to bits and go in search of Gates, 2) I can grab a bottle of whiskey and curl into a ball on the floor totally overcome by culture shock, or 3) I can learn the new controls and get on with life. We all know people who have selected to follow each of these paths. American Indians did the same when met with challenges and most, unless deliberately held back, learned the new techniques and disappeared into the advancing culture contributing bits and pieces of their own at the same time. One of the great villainies of the Westward Expansion lay in actions taken to prohibit this absorption through the reservation system and the expulsion of the Five Civilized Tribes denying the third option and leaving only 1 and 2 open.

Cultural anthropologists gain the trust of one or two informants and learn "the culture of a primitive people" from these few. There are many threads, many values, many ways to get the job done within a culture and many ways to react to a situation. When presenting their informants with their findings, the anthropologist elicits a response that is almost meaningless. The informant agrees that truth is valued and that his people never lie while history shows that like the rest of us who value truth, these folks lie as well as any. The individual's response to his culture is as varied as the use of tools. We have a written canon. Nonetheless, Christians argue over what it means. In cultures without writing the variation is even greater. Where some philosophers have worked out internally consistent patterns of belief, people without writing face greater challenges. Participating in ceremonies with the Jicarilla Apache, I suggested the interpretation provided by the

anthropologist and got several responses. "Maybe in some families." They were aware of variation even in their small group. "That's not how we remember it!" disavowing the anthropologist's interpretation. At a San Carlos Apache ceremony, I sat next to an enraged singer/medicine man. "They've got the colors on their head gear wrong!"

There is a thread that runs through greater Apache culture. Their most important ceremony is a young lady's menarche ceremony that seeks to teach a woman control of her great procreative power. Among the Jicarilla and Mescalero, the young lady sits in a tepee. The San Carlos do not live in tepees, but nonetheless the young lady sits in a frame of tepee poles. Mescalero hunt buffalo while Chiricahua do not. They live in tepees while Chiricahua live in wikiups and yet they raid alongside each other with only the Rio Grande separating them. Anthropologists nit pick at cultural elements so they can claim supremacy of their views and create divisions that are less than real.

There is a thread of impermanence that runs through the culture of all Apaches I have come to know. The Apache throw the goods of the deceased into the grave with him disposing of the body as quickly as possible. Into the grave go his horse, his rifle, his blanket and other material possessions he loved in life. This is not so he'll have them in the afterlife. It is so his spirit will not be drawn back to them. The Apache fears dead bodies. He does not usually take scalps. When he does, he tosses them in the fire as an insult. He does not want the spirit of the dead returning for his hair. Apache culture teaches one not to become attached to life and material things. The Jicarilla basket maker leaves a flaw, an opening, from the center of the basket to the rim allowing her spirit to

escape least it become enmeshed in and trapped in the basket's design.

The view of the afterlife and spirit world, free of the influence and writing of philosophers, is complex and contradictory with elements borrowed from their neighbors. The great fall ceremonial relay race of the Jicarilla that keeps nature in balance was borrowed from the Taos. Every Apache has medicine. We might call it character. It is a personal relationship to some element of the natural world. If he follows its dictates much as we stand by our ethical standards, the Apache succeeds and does well. As Shakespeare wrote: "To thine own self be true."

We need to reject the words chief and tribe which were invented out of the needs of the conqueror in order to have people with whom he could make treaties and tribal boundaries on land that could be ceded. Neither apply to the Apache. Chief is often an insult the way boy is used. Chief implies hereditary leadership which did not exist among the Apache. There were men of great influence like Cochise and Mangas Coloradas. They lacked authority having only influence. There was no government or law to give them authority. This is not to say that Plains buffalo hunting tribes whose villages had hundreds of people did not have some form of organization. The Puebloans living in fixed villages also had formal government. Friction between tribes may in some cases have led to formal government of some kind. This was not the case for the Apache who lived in small rancherias of about 40 people related by blood and marriage. Authority beyond the rancheria did not exist only influence.

When we see the map of where tribes were located, the first thing to ask is "in what year?" Next, we should ask about all the missing tribes, the overlap, and who declared

these boundaries. As surely as the United States was stealing land, the Indians were stealing land from each other. Boundaries were not fixed. Tribe implies land boundaries and among the Apache this did not exist. There was no tribal government. People chose to accompany influential leaders on raids. They were not compelled by law or custom to follow. This was an egalitarian society in every sense. Language, marriage, and trade went beyond the boundaries that the United States recognized. These were recognized because the government needed boundaries so chiefs who lacked the authority could cede the land they did not own. The government knew this and the treaties were signed by as many leaders as they could get to make his mark, his X. Often, the most influential leaders were missing. The greatest land swindle of all time may have been the sale of Manhattan by the Canarsie to the Dutch for \$24 in trade goods. Canarsie lived in Brooklyn and for a few dollars more would happily have thrown in a bridge. Among the Jicarilla, the leading man of the Ollero agreed to settle west of the Rio Grande while ceding the Great Plains land of the Llanero to the U.S.

The general views the battlefield as a great chess board on which pieces are moved and countered. The soldier experiences pain and suffering, death, fear and hunger. Both stories need to be told. We'll try to express the view of the Overland Mail as it fits into the great scheme of the western frontier. At the same time, we'll tell the stories of the men and women who drove the stages and manned the lonely stations. Both need to be told. We need all the parts of the mosaic to understand its nature, but don't need to stare at a single piece and declare it the whole or totally sacred among all others.

As an American, of English and Cornish descent, I believe myself, my nation and

culture to be superior to all others. Having spent much of my adult life abroad in Europe and the Far East, I know that the Koreans, Chinese, Japanese, Germans, and French all believe themselves superior to all others. Thus, we can meet as equals confident in ourselves in a very healthy way. We can hope to appreciate their heroes even as we appreciate our own. If you haven't seen the Clint Eastwood movie *The Outlaw Josie Wales*, you've missed Josie's speech to Comanche chief Ten Bears.

There are many ways to tell a story. Some version will stress points that others largely ignore while still telling the truth. In some tellings, facts are interpreted one way while in others another. Some tellings are more relevant than others to different times and places. Nonetheless, there is only one set of facts, one way that things happened. It is the relevancy of those facts that is open to interpretation. The behavior of actors is governed by how they understood the facts at the time. That makes understanding a misunderstanding important but doesn't make the misunderstanding anyone's special truth. In 1854, Ute and Jicarilla leaders departed in anger from a parlay with New Mexico governor David Meriwether thinking he had set them up to be ambushed by Navajo. He hadn't. He had given the Ute used coats. Those who received the coats returned to their villages with smallpox. The Ute blamed Meriwether and wiped-out Pueblo, Colorado. The governor probably wasn't guilty of germ warfare though he was guilty of stupidity in giving used coats as gifts.

Fading memory, putting a favorable spin on events, lack of actual knowledge, and translation errors all affect the value of memoirs and primary sources recorded long after events. Geronimo recited his autobiography through an interpreter to S.M. Barrett. His account of the February 1861

confrontation between Cochise and Lieutenant George Bascom is so full of errors that one is left to wonder at what went wrong. Geronimo may have been senile or lying or he might not have been present at all. The interpreter and Barrett may have added their understanding of events thus inducing errors. We know these are errors because many reliable accounts agree and contradict Geronimo. Raphael Pumpelly wasn't present with Bascom. In his memoir he includes a wildly inaccurate account that very much agrees with that of his friend Charles Poston who also wasn't present. Nonetheless, Pumpelly provides a piece of information, that Johnny Ward was Bascom's interpreter, that no one else provides. Raphael knew Ward and might well have had this bit of information. In fact, he might be treated as the primary source for this if not for facts of which he had no personal knowledge.

Nonetheless, it is unwise to cast aside primary documents because they were prepared at a later date. Some writers bless us with accounts so detailed and by all standards accurate that we must suspect them of having kept diaries. They may possess knowledge of details unknown to others filling gaps in the story.

Merriam-Webster's dictionary defines *provenance* as the history of ownership of a valued object or work of art or literature. Art and document collectors seek provenance, the chain of custody, of an object or letter as a source of its authenticity. A photo of Billy the Kid purchased for \$1 at a yard sale lacks provenance unless the seller is the great grandchild of one of Billy's paramours and said ancestress is in the photo with him. Recently discovered documents should be examined for their provenance. Likewise, deep suspicion should lie on privately owned documents not available to the public for inspection. Until exposed as frauds, diaries of

the wives of Virgil and Wyatt Earp were represented as making fantastic claims.

The purpose for which a document was prepared should be taken into account. Deeds, land surveys, archival material and military reports were prepared with the understanding that they were accurate and truthful. Military officers' reports might put the best possible spin on matters and would definitely provide the officer's understanding of events but were understood to be truthful and discovery of lies could be career terminating. The U.S. Military Academy at West Point was, in the nineteenth century, one of the finest engineering schools in the United States and perhaps the world. Unfortunately, engineers are inclined towards mathematics and not literature. Many had difficulty writing and kept their reports brief leaving out details the historian would love to have.

We might think of it as the *Buntline Effect* or *Leatherstocking Effect*. Ned Buntline was the author of many dime novels which held a spot in literature akin to the one held today by graphic novels. By the mid-nineteenth century, the public expected stories of the west to be full of terrifying animals and bloodthirsty Indians. If they wanted them to sell, those writing memoirs filled their tales with blood and gore never suspecting that today we'd count these as history. Stories from Alfred Henry Lewis's *Wolfville Days* have found their way into the history of Tombstone.

Primary sources are preferred. These are the accounts of participants. We know some misunderstood the actual circumstances and some were biased in one direction or another. Others didn't tell the truth even though they knew it. A primary source is still primary even though it is written many years after the event.

Newspaper, journal, and magazine articles along with history books are secondary often concentrating on interpreting history. However, newspaper articles when written immediately after an event often have more value than memoirs written years later. If the reporter had interviewed or spoken with participants immediately after an event, their stories often contain more facts than some primary sources.

We might adapt the methodology of the scientist to solve this dilemma of how to know the truth and accuracy of the account. The scientist first proposes a theory in such a manner that it is testable. Second, the test must be repeatable. Third, it must be empirical, the results visible to all. Finally, if two theories conflict the scientist applies Occam's Razor, choosing the more elegant solution. Elegance here means neatness, the fewest exceptions and assumptions and leaps of faith.

In history the theory might be present as: If this is true or accurate, what else must exist? Oberly claimed that in March 1861, against his advice, a wagon train of 200 Texans proceeded through Apache Pass and was wiped out to the last man, woman, and child. Such an event would have found its way into military reports, newspaper accounts, and diaries. No one other than Oberly seems to have noticed. The test for the theory is to find and review all the other places the event should have been recorded. If the accounts are not there, the test fails and the theory is abandoned.

Reviewing the record one more time makes it easy to repeat the test. We should be checking to make sure that we haven't misunderstood or misinterpreted. We may find ourselves correcting dates and the spelling of names. The test is only empirical if documents are

available for review. Accounts that depend on privately held documents not available to the public fail in empiricism. Finally, historians can legitimately argue and disagree on which theory is the most elegant. If competing accounts disagree, we can argue over which is most likely correct.

As historians we should take into account the world as our predecessors knew it. The more we know of their laws, mores and religion the better. We need to know what tools and techniques were available to them along with how they did things. In 1822, Ashley recruited 100 men, later known as mountain men, to go to the Rocky Mountains with him. He took two flatboats loaded with supplies and trade goods. His horses went by another route. The men didn't ride in the boats. They stood in the water and towed them on cordelles. Horses wouldn't have worked. The horses would have pulled the boats toward the banks. Men in the water kept the boats on course. In the 1830s, men walked alongside wagons on the Santa Fe Trail driving the oxen. They didn't ride. Precious cargo space was reserved for trade goods.

We need to see the world as they saw it. Wide open spaces constrict into narrow corridors when the location of water, food and forage are taken into account. Trails too rough for automobiles with water deep enough to drown internal combustion engines are easy for high-clearance wagons. Trails easy for mules and men may be too difficult and steep for wagons.

As Kessell wrote: Evidence gathered in this way one bit reinforcing or challenging another, provides us with the probability upon which to base our "truth," that is, the probability that something actually happened pretty much the way we say it did. Testable theories are the challenge.

Born in 1950, I have been upon this earth 76 years. Seventy-six years before I was born, Tom Jeffords was still Indian Agent for the Chiricahua Reservation and Cochise had only died a year before. The Gunfight Near the Okay Corral was still six years in the future for Tom for whom the Overland Mail was a recent memory. By the time I was six, I'd be watching Broken Arrow and Wyatt Earp on television that was still fuzzy and tended to roll. When I was 11, Robert Utley published a revised timeline for the 1861 Incident at Apache Pass involving Cochise and Lieutenant George Bascom. He still thought that the raid on Johnny Ward's Ranch had taken place in October 1860. The next year, Dr. Ben Sacks corrected him placing the raid in January 1861 and pointing out that Bascom's two reports had not been burned during the opening gambits of the Civil War. In 1969, when I was 19, Constance Wynn Altshuler published correcting the timeline to show that the raid was on January 27, 1861, basing her conclusion on a one misread as a seven. In 2026, Dr. John Fahey turned up the transcript of a series of courts martial held at Fort Buchanan proving that the raid was on January 21, 1861. This is revisionist history at its best.

As a child, I knew a great aunt born before the Civil War concluded. My grandmother was born in Devon nine years before Jack the Ripper began his spree. She was a child in England when he struck and told me stories of Jack and of the Titanic. My grandfather's brother, Uncle Jim, was on board coming to join him in business in America. Grandfather fought for the Canadians in World War I and my father for the U.S. in World War II. I was in Southeast Asia for the Vietnam War and was a teenager when the Beatles became Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band. In graduate school I recorded my notes on 3x5 cards. Today, I've replaced them with a computer program called Scribe 3.5. I can

record long passages and link events and people in a multitude of ways so that I'm blessed with being able to bring up vast amounts of primary data. I look around and see a generation that think research is asking Google a question and letting ChatGPT answer.

¹ Kessel, John L. “So What’s Truth Got to Do with It? Reflections on Oñate and the Black Legend.” *New Mexico Historical Review* 86 (Summer 2011), pp 277-384, quoting Jacques Barzun and Henry F. Graff, *The Modern Researcher*, 5th ed. (New York: Harcourt Brace Javonovich, 1992).

² Goddard, Pliny Earle. *Jicarilla Apache Texts*. Charleston, SC: Bibliobazaar, 2008, p 135.

³ Hanson, James A. *Mato: The Life and Times of James Bordeaux*, Chadron: Museum of the Fur Trade, 2026, p 64.

Old West Recipes

Curate's Cheek

By Debbie Hocking

Inspired by *Great British Cooking*, Jane Garmey

In the Southwest they say that if you find a mine, you'll find a Cornishman at the top supervising and one at the bottom digging. Cornishmen dug the mines of Tombstone and built the beautiful rock walls, Anglican and Methodist Churches of Bisbee. Here's Debbie's favorite Cornish recipe.

"Where there's a mine or a hole the ground that's where you'll find me, that's where I'm bound. . . where the copper and clay, the arsenic and tin, flow in your veins, get under your skin." *Cousin Jack*, by Fisherman's Friends

1	Cup	Dark Brown Sugar
3-1/2	Tbs	English Mustard Powder
Or		
1 or 2	tps	English Prepared Mustard
1	lb	Cooked Ham, thickly sliced
1	cup	Heavy Cream
1	bunch	Watercress (optional)

Preheat Oven to 300 degrees Fahrenheit

Mix sugar and mustard in a bowl. In layers, place sliced ham in a small oven-proof dish, sprinkling each slice with about 1 Tbs of sugar mixture. Put any remaining sugar mixture over the top slice. Carefully pour in heavy cream along the side. Bake covered for

20 minutes and uncovered for 10 minutes. Put a little watercress on each plate before serving.

Serve with steamed wild rice, mushy peas, and salad.

Book Reviews

McEWAN, CRAIG, editor

Cochise County Historical Journal.

This journal has come a long way in the last few years taking in scholarly articles. The journal dedicates itself to cover Cochise County history. The Cochise Country Corral has a collection that goes back to 1983.

Doug Hocking

ALTSHULER, CONSTANCE WYNN, editor

Latest from Arizona! The Hesperian Letters, 1859-1861.

Tucson: Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, 1969.

These are the letters of Thompson Turner, editor of the *Arizonian*, Arizona's first newspaper. His letters were newspaper articles republished in the *Alta California*, in San Francisco, and the *Missouri Republican*, in St. Louis. The articles are difficult to find anywhere else and cover a crucial period in Arizona history.

Doug Hocking

AHNERT, GERALD T.

The Butterfield Trail: Through Arizona's New Frontier, Alkali Dust & Blistering Sands.

Rodeo: Eco Publishing, 2025.

Gerald T. Ahnert is a longstanding member of the Corral who travels between Arizona, upstate New York, and the Yukon where he has a gold mine. He has been researching the Overland Mail since the 1970s and is the recognized authority on its operations. The Overland Mail (Butterfield) was the longest stagecoach line in history at 2,500 miles in 25 days to deliver our first transcontinental mail. 100 miles of that line ran through Cochise County.

Doug Hocking

BARNES, WILL CROFT

Arizona Place Names

Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1988.

Ever wonder how places got their names? This provides the answers.

Doug Hocking

CHAPUT, DONALD and LYNN R. BAILEY.

Cochise County Stalwarts, Vol. 1-2.

Tucson: Westernlore Publications, 2000.

This is a collection of short biographies of people who have been important in Cochise County history. This is where you go when you encounter a name you haven't seen before and want to know who he or she was and what they did. It's also a great place to get ideas for characters in historical novels.

Doug Hocking

HANCHETT, LELAND J., JR.

Crossing Arizona.

Phoenix: Hanchett, 2002.

This is a collection of often first-person articles from early travelers across Arizona. This is where you learn that beaver trappers didn't get very far up the San Pedro and didn't trap all the beaver and where you learn that the mesquite were here and the banks on the San Pedro were 10 feet high and not the result of the river disappearing after the 1887 earthquake.

Doug Hocking

KUHN, BERNDT

Chronicles of War: Apache and Yavapai Resistance in the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico, 1821-1937.

Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 2014.

Kuhn documents every battle and raid with the Apache. His descriptions are brief, his endnotes extensive documenting all of the primary sources that refer to these events. This is an invaluable research tool.

Doug Hocking

MICHNO, GREGORY

Encyclopedia of the Indian Wars: Western Battles and Skirmishes 1850-1890.

Missoula: Mountain Press Publishing Co., 2003.

Michno attempted to document all of the battles of the Indian wars. He gives page-long descriptions of the events and footnotes to primary sources. He concentrates more on the story than Kuhn did.

Doug Hocking

MICHNO, GREGORY, and SUSAN

Forgotten Fights: Little-known Raids and Skirmishes on the Frontier, 1823 to 1890.

Missoula: Mountain Press Publishing Co., 2008.

These are all of the battle Michno forgot to put in the first book. These are not as well documented as Kuhn's book, but the stories are told in much greater detail.

Doug Hocking

MYRICK, DAVID F.

Railroads of Arizona, Vol 1: The Southern Roads.

Berkeley: Howell-North Books, 1975.

Another great reference. There are 6 books in the set, book one covers only southern Arizona. There were hundreds of miles of rail in Cochise County alone. Before semis and interstates, cargo traveled by rail and the tracks were everywhere. Myrick documents who laid track, when, why, and where track was put down and how and when railroads failed.

Doug Hocking

NEARING, RICHARD and DAVID HOFF.

Arizona Military Installations: 1752-1922.

Tempe: Gem Publishing, 1998.

This is the best available source on the location and brief history of Arizona's military posts.

Doug Hocking

SHERMAN, JAMES E. and BARBARA H.
Ghost Towns of Arizona.
Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1969.
One of the best guides to Arizona ghost towns.

Doug Hocking

THRAPP, DAN L.
Encyclopedia of Frontier Biography, Vol. 1-3.
Spokane: Arthur H. Clark & Co., 1988.
Short biographies of Indians, Army officers, mountain men, cowboys, lawmen, and all. Covers the entire West in three volumes.

Doug Hocking

VARNEY, PHILIP
Arizona Ghost Towns and Mining Camps.
Phoenix: Arizona Highways, 1998.
Another fine reference to locating Arizona's many ghost towns.

Doug Hocking

ARCHULETA, MARK
The Reel Thrilling Events of Bank Robber Henry Starr
Denton: University of North Texas Press, 2025.
Excellent. Well written. Interesting. Author has a tendency to make a right villain into a hero and to accept Starr's entirely self-serving statements at face value. Won several major awards.

Doug Hocking

ENSS, CHRIS
The Sharpshooter and the Showman: May Lillie, Pawnee Bill, and Their Wild West Show
Helena: Far Country Press, 2025
The first portion of the book appears to be drawn from promotional material distributed by Pawnee Bill to promote the show and not on anything that occurred in reality. Nonetheless, well written and very interesting even though it tends to trash one of my heroes Buffalo Bill.

Doug Hocking

MARKLEY, BILL
The Life and Times of Jim Bridger
Helena: Far Country Press, 2025.
Very well done. I had started a bio of Jim Bridger and done research and am impressed with how much has been squeezed into a short book. Not in depth but very good.

Doug Hocking



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