



# The Border Vidette

Summer 2024

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## COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL

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

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

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

**Cover:** The painting came from the internet. I can't read the painter's name. Seems to be a 5<sup>th</sup> Cavalryman from First Squadron, and a true vidette.

# The Border Vidette

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Published by the Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

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Doug Hocking

*Ink Slinger*

Volume 4, Number 1

*Printer's Devil*

Spring 2024

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## Editor's Note

As you'll see, our articles are a little short this time around. Length and number of photos is not an issue as long as the article is about something "interesting from the Old West, the American Frontier, that might otherwise be lost." We strongly encourage you to submit articles.

It is best if photos are .jpg. Word is the easiest program to work with, in 12-point, Times New Roman, with minimum formatting. You should double space between paragraphs and use no indentation. We'll have to reformat and this makes it easier for us. Articles should not be handwritten, sent as .jpg or other photos, or pdf. PDF is virtually impossible to reformat. Microsoft Word, 12-point, Times New Roman is the standard.

**FEW BOOK REVIEWS:** There are very few book reviews this time. Rosanna Baker has been busy. Her reviews were great. I've been busy and will have to check what I've reviewed recently. It would be nice for someone to take up this task. **We would love to have someone step up and start doing book reviews!**

**More than anything, we need articles.** Submit one yourself. I think we've captured something very special in Johnny Davenport's *Ol' Yeller*. It is the story of a 1950s cowboy, gosh that's 70 years ago, told in his own words. 1880 was 70 years before I was born, two years after the birth of my grandparents who had vivid memories of Jack the Ripper – they lived in Plymouth, England and Cornwall just across the Tamar River and of the sinking of the Titanic. My grandfather lost a brother. Dan Judkins and Gerald Ahnert have provided us with short articles about the projects they are working on. Michael Farmer has provided us with another great article about the Chiricahua Apache. And Debbie has provided us with some Frontier recipes. Thank you to all of these authors. **But, we need more articles!**

**The Tombstone Festival of Western Books is coming Friday, March 14, 2025. Craig Johnson, author of *Longmire*, is coming.**

**The Corral has published a book. Thanks to Debora Lewsis. The Running Iron will soon be available. Be sure to get a copy.**



# 2025 Tombstone Festival of Western Books

*Friday, March 14, 2025*

**Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone, AZ**

**The day prior to the Tucson Festival of Books**

**Authors & Exhibitors Contact**

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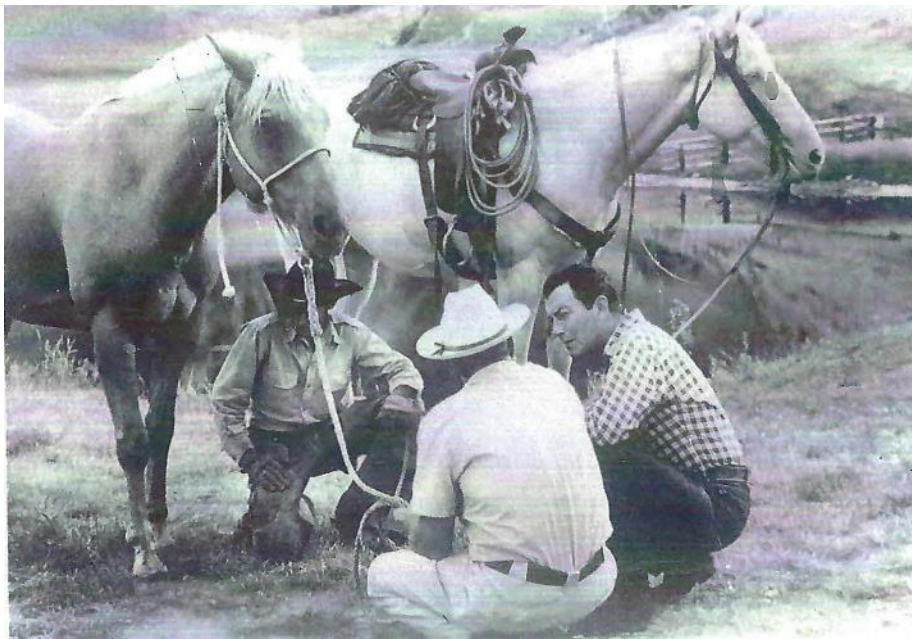


## Ol' Yeller

By Johnny Davenport

*This is Johnny's story as he tells it in his language. I corrected the punctuation a little but left the language as he speaks. If the grammar isn't quite correct or as you might prefer, please feel free to cry by yourself in the corner. It's his story, by gosh, and well worth reading. I hope you and he can hear his authentic voice.*

I spent the summer of 1959 in the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming. I was riding for the "UM" Ranch, out of Buffalo, Wyoming. The ranch headquarters laid right up to the foot of the Bighorn Mountains east side. The ranch had a log cabin up on French Creek in the said mountains for a camp.



Left to right: Johnny Davenport, Clarence Tarbot, ranch owner, and movie star, Robert Taylor, taken on the ranch out of Buffalo, Wyoming, summer of 1959.

I was supposed to come down to headquarters every ten days or so to assure the ranch that I was OK.

On this day, that I'm about to talk about, I had been down to the headquarters for a day or so. Yesterday, I had taken four blocks of salt up to the foot of the mountains in the ranch pickup. A block of salt weighs fifty pounds, so, four blocks weighs two hundred pounds. That's a good load for a horse to carry in the mountains.

This morning, I caught my saddle horse and a pack horse, and got 'em saddled up. I was going to scatter the salt across the mountains as I went back to my camp on French Creek.

It was fairly late, when I got to camp. My saddle horses were not down on water. They may have already watered out and left, because of my being late.



I was told, while once talking about this yellow horse, that “You can’t jingle horses on him.” Well – I needed a change of horses for tomorrow, so up the canyon I went. I left my pack horse at the cabin. I found my horses up at the far end of the canyon, about two miles away. I got aroun’ them and started ‘em down the canyon. We hadn’t gone very far when Ol’ Yeller “swallowed his head,” and the show was on. Is there anyone in the crowd ever heard the saying: “He is a sunfishing son of a gun?” Well, Ol’ Yeller was a “Sunfisher!” He is the only horse I’ve ever rode that did this. There is a trick to this kind of bucking horse.

Because he would jump high enough to twist his body and turn his shoulder “up to the sun.” He wasn’t hard to ride, because he had to “crouch” when he got back to the earth so he could spring himself up high enough to “sunfish” again. Each jump, he would turn the other shoulder up “to the sun.” I’ve heard it said that sometimes, as “sunfisher” would “miss the ground” – meaning he didn’t get his feet back under him. About the fifth jump he made, I was looking up the canyon to my right that fed into this big canyon that I was in that fed into French Creek at my cabin. My horses had ducked off, up this draw when “all Hell had broken loose” with Ol’ Yeller. I felt him go down too far in front. I thought “he missed the ground.” The next thing I knew, we both were laying in a pile, down in this big rock washout! Ol’ Yeller had bucked off a six or seven foot high rock bluff!

I held him down, ‘til I could get my leg out from under him.

I got Ol’ Yeller up, and no one seemed to be injured. I got out of this hole, got my horse out, and checked him out. He seemed to be all right. I mounted and went up the draw to the south and brought the horses back down, then turned them down the canyon towards camp. I didn’t give Ol’ Yeller time to buck this time – we came down in a high run.

All of the racket made by iron shoes on the boulders were echoing up and down the canyon! As we got close enough to see the pack horse, I could see that he was scared to death – he made a dash for the gap in the pole fence where the horses could water out, crossed the creek, and was running up the trail to the east. I dropped the horses and crossed the creek in hot pursuit of him! Now, all of the trails in the mountain were made by cutting down all of the trees to make a wide enough path to ride in, so, there was no way that I could go around the pack horse, so I jerked my rope down to rope him. As I swung my rope, Ol’ Yeller ducked off to the left through the trees. I got the right side of my face skinned up as I was dragged off my horse. I didn’t know if I was knocked out or not. I guess I was knocked out for the next thing I knew, I was laying on the ground and was looking at my horse, standing 40 or 50 feet away. Now, you may wonder why he didn’t keep running after the pack horse.

Well, back in the day, we broke horses different than we do today. We tried to teach ‘em not to run away by staking ‘em out, among other things, etc., which sometimes didn’t work. Anyway, I was glad to see ol’ Yeller standing there! I got up. Boy! I was hurting all over!

I caught my horse, and since the pack horse was no doubt gone by now, I mounted and rode back to the creek where I massaged my head for a while in the water.



Luckly, my horses were still at the barn! I caught me a horse for tomorrow – I had a pack horse to go get. I turned ol' Yeller loose with the others and went to my cabin. I felt sorry for myself and maybe a little lucky!

Tomorrow is another day!

*If this don't sound like Johnny's authentic voice to you, then I hope you get crosswise to a sunfishing son of a gun.*

## Why the Chiricahua Apaches Were Prisoners of War for Twenty-Seven Years

By Michael Farmer



(Government Photograph of Chiricahua Children entering Carlisle Indian Industrial School in 1886. It would be twenty-seven years before the survivors of the group were free.)

This story is the first in a series about the Chiricahua prisoner of war years. It briefly describes events that led up to both the Chiricahua peace and war factions becoming prisoners of war and summarizes what happened to them after Geronimo surrendered to General Miles, September 4, 1886, under terms that were not kept by the government bureaucracy.

Geronimo and Naiche, three days after surrendering to General George Crook in March 1886, broke away with about twenty warriors and their families from the larger main band led by Chihuahua that had surrendered. Geronimo's group continued to raid and fight until late August of that year. Because of the breakaway, General Crook was forced to resign as commander of the army in Arizona/New Mexico Territories and was replaced by General Nelson Miles,

which proved to be a disaster for the Chiricahuas. The War Department and the Bureau of Indian Affairs had long wanted to move the Chiricahuas off the Fort Apache reservation because of the trouble that seemed to follow them everywhere on the reservation and Geronimo's breakouts. However, General Crook had argued against removing the Chiricahuas into exile telling the Commander of the Army, General Sheridan, that most of the Chiricahuas who had settled into reservation life after the Sierra Madre campaign in 1883, were peaceful and hardworking, and that moving them could only cause trouble. Remembering southwestern blood and terror after forcing Victorio to leave the Ojo Caliente reservation where he wanted to stay, Sheridan agreed with Crook and kept the Chiricahua at Fort Apache, but still didn't trust the scouts who policed the reservation.

After Crook resigned, Miles used a fourth of the army (5,000 men) in conjunction with 3,000 Mexican soldiers and hundreds of posses to chase Geronimo and his little band of warriors. Miles didn't catch or kill a single warrior. In a face-saving move, and out of ignorance, Miles proposed that all the Chiricahuas be moved east and held together with the Geronimo band once they were caught. Miles wanted to send the Chiricahuas to a reservation in the Comanche-Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache country of southwestern Oklahoma, then part of the Indian Nations. However, Congress had made it illegal to bring Indians from the southwest to reservations in Oklahoma. Miles also thought the relationship between the Chiricahua Apaches and the Kiowa-Apaches who were in league with the Comanches and Kiowa was like family, when in fact they often had been blood enemies. With Crook out of the picture (Sheridan sent him to manage the plains tribes) there was no one to oppose the foolish idea of moving the Chiricahua out of

Arizona, one of the few policies on which the army and Bureau of Indian Affairs agreed, and the move went forward.

General Crook had accepted the surrender of the Chiricahuas in late March 1886 under the terms that they would probably be held in the east for two years (this had happened to plains tribes earlier) and then returned to the reservation. When the Chiricahua who didn't break away with Geronimo in March 1886 arrived at Fort Bowie, they were immediately sent east and kept as prisoners of war at Fort Marion in Saint Augustine, Florida, and many of their children were separated from their parents and sent to the Carlisle Indian Industrial School in Carlisle Pennsylvania. When Geronimo broke way after the Crook agreement, General Sheridan told Crook, and is a reason Crook resigned, that the promise of two years exile was no longer appropriate. Only unconditional surrender would be accepted, but Crook didn't tell the Chiricahuas that. When Geronimo formally surrendered on 4 September 1886, General Miles told him the band would be held about "two years" in Florida to protect them from white settlers until President Cleveland could decide what to do with them, knowing that was a lie; that Geronimo's band would be reunited with their families in five days, knowing that was a lie; and, that the Chiricahuas would get their own reservation with plenty of land, water, and grass, and that was a faint, desperate hope. Although Miles knew the land he wanted for the Chiricahuas was on the same lands controlled by the Comanche, Kiowa, and Kiowa-Apache he hoped by some ironic twist of fate that the Chiricahuas could live there too. It was a dream that soon vanished into political reality.

Within hours after Geronimo surrendered, in one of the most shameful episodes in American military history, General Miles

directed that the Chiricahuas (about two thirds of the total band) still living at Fort Apache peacefully minding their business and tending their farms and even those who as scouts helped the army track and fight Geronimo and were still on the army payroll, be gathered up and also shipped to Fort Marion. They too were now prisoners of war whose fates were at the whim of the War Department and Bureau of Interior bureaucrats. Chiricahuas with Geronimo were shipped east out of Bowie Station on 8 September 1886, and the Mangas band of eleven, the last to surrender, were shipped out 30 October 1886.

As soon as the train left carrying the band with Geronimo, the telegraph wires between Fort Bowie where General Miles was located and Washington began to hum. The President and War Department wanted to know if Miles had overpowered Geronimo's band to capture them or had they surrendered under terms. Miles's answers were evasive and didn't directly answer the questions. President Cleveland wanted to turn Geronimo and his warriors over to civil authorities in Arizona and New Mexico, where after receiving a trial, it is certain they would have been hung for murder, destruction of property, and stock theft. If the Geronimo band had been forcefully taken by the army, then it was well within the President's purview to treat them like outlaws and hand them over to civil authorities. If on the other hand, the Geronimo band had surrendered after agreeing to army terms then the army was honor bound to the terms it offered. General Sheridan, unable to get a straight answer out of Miles about what terms he offered Geronimo's band, ordered the train carrying the Geronimo band stopped at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio until the President and War Department could sort through the facts and determine under what terms, if any,

the Geronimo band had in fact surrendered. Still unable to get a straight answer out of General Miles, General Sheridan had the Department of Texas Commander, General Stanley, separately interview Geronimo and Naiche on 29 September to determine their understanding of surrender terms. Their answers were remarkably consistent and reflected what Miles had promised on 4 September. Eight days later President Cleveland announced his decision and the War and Department of Interior concurred, to wit the Apaches were to have their lives spared, be sent to Florida and not turned over to civilian authorities in Arizona and New Mexico, and all, including the Naiche-Geronimo band, were to be treated as prisoners of war.

The army kept the Naiche-Geronimo warriors at Fort Pickens in Pensacola Bay and sent their families on to Fort Marion with the other Chiricahuas in Saint Augustine. Six months later the Naiche-Geronimo Band families were reunited at Fort Pickens, and a year later all the Chiricahuas were together at Mount Vernon Barracks thirty miles north of Mobile, Alabama. Six years (1894) later they were moved to Fort Sill and even then the Army had to play political games to get them there. Fort Sill land, intended to be "soon" abandoned as a military facility had been part of the Comanche-Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache reservation and when the army left, the land was to revert back to their reservation. The army planned to close Fort Sill a few years after the Chiricahuas had arrived. Knowing this, the Comanche-Kiowa, Kiowa-Apache had agreed to let the Chiricahuas keep the Fort Sill land as their reservation after the army left (for a small nominal fee of course—Quanah Parker was no fool when it came to business).

As long as the army was responsible for the Chiricahuas and their welfare, it had to



identify them as prisoners of war in order to get budget money to pay for their support. It was also the reason the Army moved them to a different location three times. The Apaches sent to Fort Marion and to the Carlisle School were dying off at a death rate about three times that of the national average. Many of the best and brightest of the Chiricahua children were dying from disease at the Carlisle School. Prisoners had to be held where it was safe for them to live. The extraordinarily high Chiricahua death rate put the army in the national spotlight to keep the Apaches healthy and its decisions of where to keep them. In the meantime, reservation Indians under management by the Bureau of Interior continued to suffer theft of their reservation lands, shortages of supplies, and, often dishonest agents. In terms of long-term management, the Chiricahuas were probably far better off being prisoners of war than reservation Indians.

Until about 1904, the Army and Bureau of Interior had worked on various schemes whereby the Army could turn the Chiricahuas over to the Bureau of Interior where they would be formally managed on a reservation, presumably at an abandoned Fort Sill. However, each time an agreement drew near signing, the Bureau of Interior found some reason for delaying it or determining that it was unacceptable. In May 1903, a secret Army War College Board report emphasized the need for maintaining Fort Sill for military purposes. Ultimately Fort Sill would become the Army's Artillery School, which meant the Chiricahuas would have to give up the lands they had worked years to develop and be moved somewhere else.

By 1905 nearly all the great Chiricahua Apache leaders—Nana, Chihuahua, Loco, Mangas—had died and voices for use of Fort Sill as a military installation grew louder. Only Geronimo and the much younger Naiche remained as major leaders and talk about setting the Chiricahuas free began in earnest. In 1905 Geronimo begged Theodore Roosevelt to return him and the Chiricahuas to Arizona. Roosevelt refused, saying if he did the white Arizonans would attack the returning Apaches, and for their safety and tranquility it was better for them to remain prisoners of war.

When Geronimo died in February 1909, the decision to free all the Chiricahuas from captivity became a certainty. In 1913 their brothers on the Mescalero reservation welcomed the Chiricahuas who as free men wanted to return to the southwest. The Chiricahuas who wanted to stay in Oklahoma were freed in 1914 and promised 160 acres for a farm or ranch. They were lucky if they got close to 80 acres. The Chiricahuas were free at last after twenty-seven years of unjust imprisonment, victims of ignorance and a self-serving bureaucracy.

Next: A retelling of Geronimo's prisoner of war years begins.

Most of the information in the post is from *Geronimo*, by Angie Debo, *The Chiricahua Apache Prisoners of War, Fort Sill 1894-1914* by John Anthony Turcheneske, Jr., and *Indeh* by Eve Ball, Nora Henn, and Lynda Sánchez.

## ***Rodeo, Arizona's Nine Mile Water Hole, and the Butterfield/Southern Overland Trail.***

by  
**Gerald T. Ahnert**

### ***Rodeo: Sp. rodear-to surround. 1. Round up.***

Arizona's historic Nine Mile Water Hole, nine miles northwest of Tucson, was important to the development of the surrounding region. First used by the indigenous peoples and then in the 1820s by American trappers, it became an important source of life-giving water for 60,000 49er's heading to the California gold fields.

"Several 49er accounts describe their use of 9-mile water hole this way —> the challenge was the nearly 90-mile stretch from Tucson to the Gila River with few-to-nonreliable water sources. 49ers often left Tucson in the AM and went north the short 9 miles to the water hole, and stopped there, watering the animals all day, to late afternoon, & filling all their kegs & containers with water. Then in late afternoon or early evening, they set out on the now 80-mile waterless trip. They traveled all night, then all day, only stopping for brief rest stops, then kept going all night the second night, then on the next morning, arriving at the Gila late AM, before lunch. This approach meant they traveled in the heat of day only once (plus two nights of travel, and in the morning only, before it got too hot, of the second day out from 9-mile well). So, not counting the easy first day in AM from Tucson to the 9-mile well, because it was short, easy, and most of the day was resting, the really hard part of the trip started from 9-mile well — this 'reduced' the trip from 90 to 80 miles. And by traveling 2 nights + 1 day + AM only of 2nd day, the 80 miles was made with only 1 long hard & hot day of travel.

Still a very tough trip, but the creative use of 9-mile well just north of Tucson as a staging area & 'real-trip' jump-off point and launching the main part of the trip around sunset, as well as no overnight camping (just a 36-hour slog with only short rest breaks), travel in the heat was reduced, and so was water consumption. It was all about water." (courtesy historian Dan Judkins)

In January 1858 Butterfield Overland Mail Company employees Marquis L. Kenyon, Rome, NY, John Butterfield Jr., Utica, NY, and Frank DeRyther, Rome, NY, road out of San Francisco on mule back to select the route of the Butterfield Trail. They recognized the importance of this water hole in the 90 Mile Desert north of Tucson.

In March 1861, after Butterfield ceased the OMC's service and with the ending of the Civil War in 1865, Americans began heading west to settle along the old Butterfield Trail. The high volume of water provided by Nine Mile Water Hole attracted ranchers to the area. In the early days a ranch near the water hole was known as "Whipple's Ranch." Another was the ranch of Mervin Gay. In the early days of Butterfield's service Gay had been a partner of Butterfield's Apache Pass Stage Station keeper James H. Tevis. They had a small ranch on the bank of the San Pedro River north of present-day Benson. Tevis was illegally supplying the ranch with OMC cattle to be sold to passing emigrants. Tevis was arrested by Sam Bean the brother of notorious "Hanging Judge" Roy Bean. Tevis made restitution and was removed after only 300 days of OMC service. After the Civil

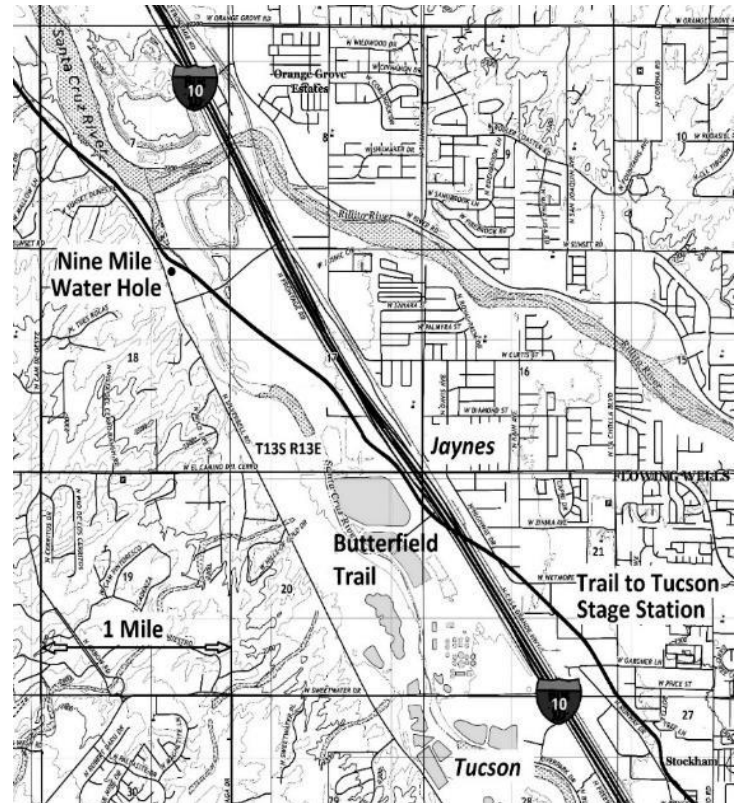
War, Gay built a ranch near Nine Mile Water hole and was a respected Arizona pioneer.

In the late 1800s, newspapers began reporting “Rodeo” in Arizona. At that time, this meant the rounding up of cattle to be shipped to California and other markets from ranches which were situated close to important water sources in Southern Arizona,

Nine Mile Water Hole could also be a dangerous place as it was the site of easy ambush and to steal cattle by the Apache. On May 4, 1862, Jack Donaldson, old man Lamison, his son, and Pope, were killed by the Apache a few miles south of Nine Mile Water Hole. Donaldson had joined Confederate Captain Sherod Hunter’s forces in Tucson (he never was formally registered). Only a few days before, he had been working at Sylvester Mowry’s mine. As the Confederate army was about to retreat from Tucson ahead of the advancing Union forces, they were gathering the cattle from Nine Mile Water Hole to be used by the Confederates and to deny their benefit to the advancing Union California Volunteers.

Although the Butterfield Trail out of Tucson followed near the east bank of the Santa Cruz River, when the Silverbell Mine was discovered in the nearby hills, a more direct road was built to Nine Mile Water Hole from Tucson. This road is shown on modern maps as “N. Silverbell Rd.”

Nine Mile Water Hole and the pioneering Butterfield Trail through the Southern Overland Corridor provided a basic route to be followed by the present interstate highways of I10, I8, Rte., 238, and the Southern Pacific Railroad



**Arizona Citizen  
Tucson, Arizona T.  
July 18, 1874**

In the matter of road running from Main street in Tucson to Whipple's (nine-mile water hole,) it was ordered that the clerk post notices in three public places for two weeks asking for proposals to remove the fence along the southern side of the road as laid out by viewers heretofore appointed, and for building the necessary bridges over acequias, the work to be done under C. G. Jones, road overseer of the district; payment to be made in county warrant on the road fund,

Los Angeles Herald  
May 14, 1893

Rodeos are now in progress. One has been working from Florence, the Buttes, below on the Gila to Picacho, and was at the Point of Mountain ranch Monday. Tuesday it was at Nine Mile Water Hole. Another begins at Arivaca tomorrow working towards Sopari and the Maish ranches. In this region 1500 to 2500 head must be raised by various ranchers. On the 16th one starts at Savadillo, working in this district. On the 28th the Samaniego round-up begins, working from Canada del Oro to Willow. ~~of stock will also be picked out there.~~

**Arizona Citizen**  
**Tucson, Arizona T.**  
**June 10, 1876**

we are sorry that our poor little jokes about the Santa Cruz river should have misled any one abroad, in his ideas of that limpid stream. It is not a river, in the general acceptation of the term in the States. It is nothing but a large brook, rising in northern Sonora and running around the Santa Cruz mountains and into and through the valley in which Tucson lies. As it approaches the town its waters are led off into several acequias which irrigate the low bottom lands lying just west of Tucson, which latter is built on higher or mesa land stretching along the low lands. After irrigating the fields, the water runs together again in an irregular channel and flows into the nine mile water hole, northwest of Tucson. If the writer of the letter wishes to know all about the nine mile water hole, we would recommend him to write to Captain Whipple, who lives there and rules the destinies of that locality, and we have no doubt the Captain will fully post him thereon. As to the Santa Cruz, it is little but it is very valuable, and in this waterless region, the poor struggling river is an inestimable blessing. It grows the grain and runs the mills, and waters the stock and moistens the land and washes our clothes. Long may it flow.



## Butterfield National Historic Trail Update

by  
Gerald T. Ahnert

It is now well into the first year of the two-year planning stage for the Butterfield National Historic Trail. This fall a National Park Service committee led by Jill Jensen will be traveling along the Butterfield Overland Mail Company National Historic Trail to observe some of its historic sites and preserved sections of the trail. After the two-year planning stage will next come the many interpretive projects. The NPS mandate states that the time frame for these projects will only include information between the Butterfield service dates of 1858 to 1861. Our Arizona Chapter—National Historic Trail Association is now in the process of planning field trips which could become a basis for the NPS to include in their final projects.

When I return to Arizona after the first of the year, I will be involved in many projects concerning the National Historic Trail such as the premier of a Butterfield movie that I narrated. Doug Hocking and Bob Nilson also took part in the narrative.

Our committee consisting of Helen Ericson, University of Arizona, myself, Doug Hocking, and Dr. Aaron Wright, Archaeology Southwest, Tucson, are now involved in projects to “fine tune” the route of the trail and its important historical sites. At present is the complex and important history of the Nine Mile Water Hole just northwest of Tucson and the exact route of the trail through Tucson. Another project that Helen and Doug are researching is a more exacting study of the trail through Apache Pass.

I was recently asked by Aaron Wright, Archaeology Southwest, to help him out with

his project to find Leach’s’ trail after it left the Peloncillo Mountains and its route going west. It is fortunate that my article about Sycamore Spring was recently published in *Desert Tracks* as the article details his route in his field notes. The article was particularly helpful to Aaron. This was also an alternate route for some emigrant trains. It is good to know *Desert Tracks* can be a research tool for others.

My third book *The Butterfield Trail through Arizona’s New Frontier, 1858-1861* will be available sometime this fall from ECO Publishing, Rodeo, New Mexico. About 1/3 is dedicated to the background history of the Overland Mail Company which includes John Butterfield’s bio, how the trail was selected and sections built by *turnpiking*, the small armies of employees that went west in June 1858 led by their respective superintendents to build the stations, how they were built by the *vaqueros*, an example of the typical adobe Butterfield stage station, and the type of stages used. Most important, that has not been revealed before, is what happened to the Overland Mail Company after the March 19, 1860, meeting in New York City at which John Butterfield was voted out as president. Not long before I sent my manuscript to the publisher, I came across a “blockbuster” of new information. There was a third OMC meeting in New York City on March 20, 1860. Five of the six original contractors were no longer included in the contract. The only other contractor besides John Butterfield who had any staging experience was Marquis L. Kenyon. He resigned and went back to Rome, NY, where in April he was elected mayor of Rome. The OMC was now rudderless as the company

had no experienced stage men. A new experienced stage man was elected to take over completely the everyday workings of the OMC. He completely ruined the line by elimination some of the stage stations and the mail was being delivered late. The details are revealed in my new book.

## **Nine-Mile Well and the Road from Tucson to the Gila River**

**By Dan Judkins**

Several 49er accounts describe their use of 9-mile water hole this way —> the challenge was the nearly 90-mile stretch from Tucson to the Gila River with few-to-no reliable water sources. Forty-niners often left Tucson in the AM and went north the short nine miles to the waterhole, and stopped there, watering the animals all day, to late afternoon, and filling all their kegs and containers with water. Then in the late afternoon or early evening, they set out on the now 80-mile waterless trip. They traveled all night, then all day, only stopping for brief rest stops, then kept going all night the second night, and then on the next morning, arriving at the Gila in the late AM, before lunch. This approach meant they traveled in the heat of day only once (plus two nights of travel, and in the

morning only, before it got too hot, of the second day out from 9-mile well). So, not counting the easy first day in the AM from Tucson to the 9-mile well, because it was short, easy, and most of the day was resting, the really hard part of the trip started from 9-mile well — this ‘reduced’ the trip from 90 to 80 miles. And by traveling two nights + one day + In the AM only of the second day, the 80 miles was made with only one long, hard, and hot day of travel. Still a very tough trip, but the creative use of 9-mile well just north of Tucson as a staging area and ‘real-trip’ jump-off point, and launching the main part of the trip around sunset, as well as no overnight camping (just a 36-hour slog with only short rest breaks), travel in the heat was reduced, and so was water consumption. It was all about water.

## Spanish Trails and Roads from Tucson to Santa Fé

by Daniel G. Judkins

Access to water, of course, was the driving force about where the earliest trails were made in the Spanish Period (1691-1821, or even 1539-1821) of Arizona. All such Spanish trails and roads followed even earlier Native American trails, which themselves followed the earliest trails in Arizona made by the First Peoples. And those trails adopted even earlier trails made by Pleistocene megafauna, particularly mammoths (see Judkins, “A Mammoth Conjecture,” *Desert Tracks*, June 2023, 17-21).

The very first “Spanish” trail was likely that used by the Moroccan, Esteban (Mustafa Azemmouri), in 1539. Esteban was the first non-native explorer, sent ahead of Fray Marcos de Niza, to scout out the route to Cibola. Francisco Vásquez de Coronado and the main expeditionary force followed this trail the next year. Exactly where that trail was remains of interest to current-day scholars. Most assume Esteban, Marcos de Niza, and Vásquez de Coronado traveled down the San Pedro River, veered a bit east around the north end of the Chiricahua Mountains, and went north to the Gila and San Francisco Rivers near the current-day Arizona-New Mexico border, then north to Cibola (Zuni pueblo). Recent discoveries of Coronado-era artifacts such as crossbow boltheads and caret-headed nails have raised issues about the *assumption* that the San Pedro River, about 50 miles east of the Santa Cruz River, was the main or only route used by Esteban and Vásquez de Coronado. Clearly, some at least elements of the Coronado expedition were on the Santa Cruz River at some point.

There was little Spanish presence in Arizona for about 150 years. Then the Jesuit priest Eusebio Kino arrived at Tumacácori, now a National Historical Park, about 18 miles north of today’s Arizona-Sonora border, on

the Santa Cruz River. Kino entered what is now Arizona from the Altar Valley of Sonora, southwest of Tumacácori, likely passing near Arivaca and crossing to the Santa Cruz River valley through “Hell’s Gate,” a narrow pass in the Atascosa Mountains, about five miles north of today’s border and thirteen miles northwest of Nogales. Kino then, over the next ten years or so, explored further north to the Gila River on both the Santa Cruz and San Pedro river routes, west down the Gila to the Colorado River, and south to the Gulf of California. Geographers at the time were confused about Baja California and today’s state of California to its north, thinking that all of it was an island. Based on his explorations and observations Kino concluded, “*California no es isla*,” confirming that Baja California was a peninsula.

About 70 years later, Captain Juan Bautista de Anza (Jr.) of the Tubac Presidio, four miles from Tumacácori, went from Tubac via a southern route through the Northern Sonoran deserts to the Yuma area on the Colorado River, in 1774, and on through the deserts of Southern California, and on into northern California. The following year he took a group of nearly 300 colonists and soldiers to Monte Rey (today’s Monterrey, south of San Francisco). Anza and his soldiers then explored the San Francisco Bay area and selected a site for a presidio and a nearby site for a mission. The presidio site was at what is today the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge, and the mission site was several miles away, in today’s downtown San Francisco. In the last part of June, 1776, the settlers arrived at the Bay. Tubac residents were the founders of what became the city of San Francisco.

After returning from California, Anza was made Governor of New Mexico, and headed



off to Santa Fé, occupying the Governor's Palace, still there today on the north edge of the Plaza. Tubac's presidio was moved to Tucson, thus Tubac residents were the founder of what became the city of San Francisco. One of the issues Anza took up while in Santa Fé was trying to open a road from Santa Fé to Tucson.

Anza's soldiers from both Santa Fé and Tucson participated in this effort in 1780. Their route went from Santa Fé south along the Rio Grande to San Cristobal (the north end of the *Jornada del Muerto* segment of *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*, a place also known as *El Contadero*), near today's Ft. Craig, south of Socorro), then further south on the west bank of the Rio Grande to near today's Hatch area, southeast to Guadalupe Pass, then along today's Arizona-Sonora border to the San Pedro River and Terrenate Presidio, then at the Las Nutrias site, a few miles into Sonora at the south end of the Huachuca Mountains. From there they went first south to Arizpe, then a NNW route to Tubac and Tucson.

Anza's efforts were not the first, nor the last, to try to open a road between Tucson and Santa Fé. Diego de Vargas tried in 1691 (the same year Kino arrived at Tumacácori). His efforts focused on a southern approach. He explored from El Paso to Janos, then via Guadalupe Canyon (at today's Arizona-New Mexico-Sonora border) and on westward to near today's Douglas, Arizona, thence south almost to Arizpe, Sonora. The plan was to head from that area north and west to the San Pedro and/or Santa Cruz Rivers, then downstream north to Tucson. He was unable to finish his effort.

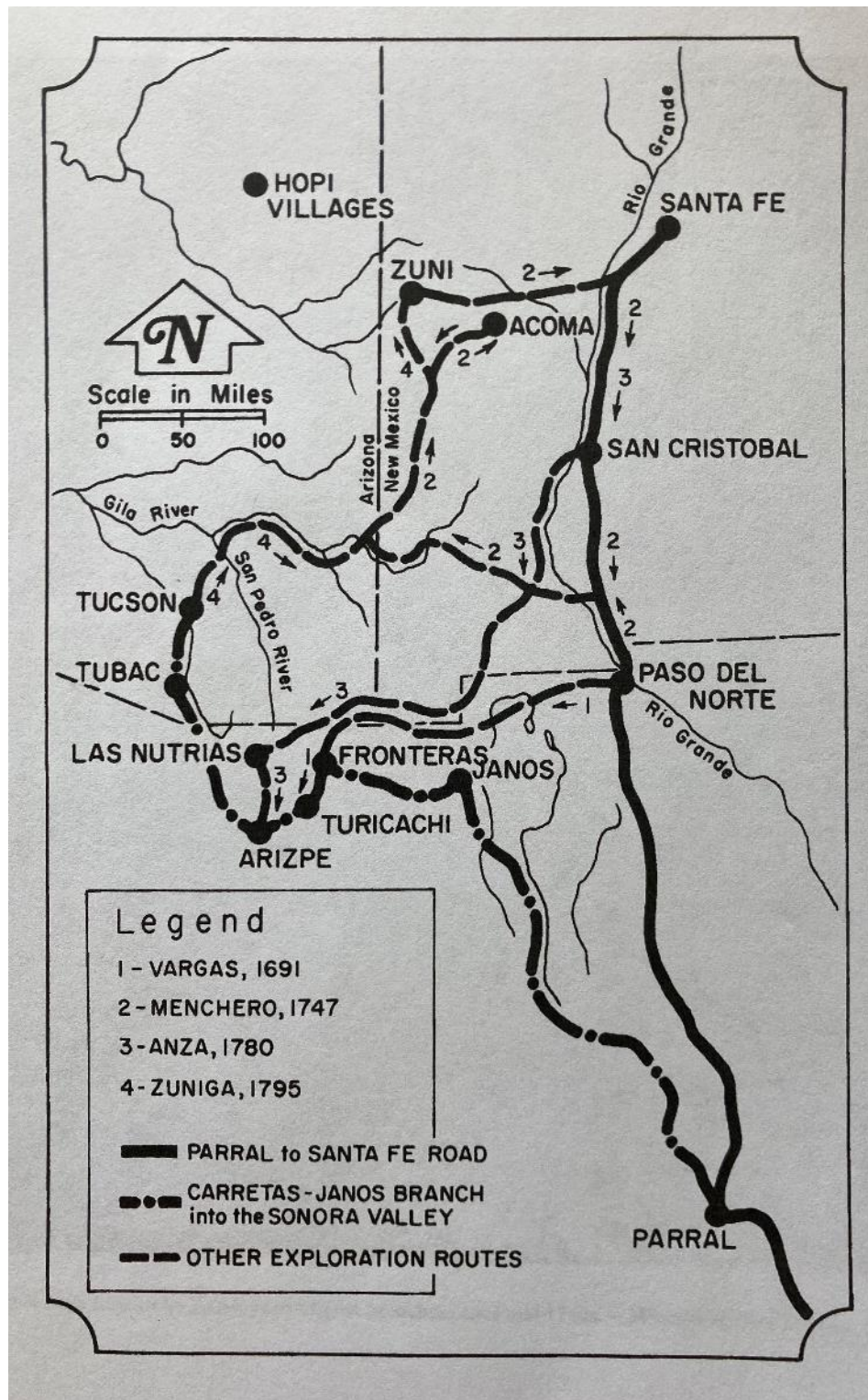
In 1747 Captain Alonso Victores Rubí de Celís of the El Paso presidio, along with the priest Juan Miguel Menchero also tried to open a road from Tucson to Santa Fé. Their

attempt only covered the area north of El Paso (along *El Camino Real de Tierra Adentro*) a ways north of today's Las Cruces, then went west to the area of the Gila River, then north via the San Francisco River and the earlier Vásquez de Coronado route to Zuni, thence to Santa Fé.

Finally, in 1795, Captain José de Zuñiga of the Tucson Presidio went northeast to the Gila River then north to the San Francisco River along today's Arizona-New Mexico line, and on to Zuni and Santa Fé.

The problem remained, however, that none of these efforts yielded the desired result, an open road that travelers and merchants could regularly use. The problems they were unable to overcome were mountains and Apaches. But from today, looking back at a "distance" of 485-to-229 years, these early efforts to open a Tucson-to-Santa Fé road are a siren call to early-trail enthusiasts.

(For more detail, see Marc Simmons, "Attempts to Open a New Mexico-to-Sonora Road," *Arizona and the West*, 17(1):5-20, Spring 1975.)



Map by Marc Simmons, from his article "Spanish Attempts to Open a New Mexico-Sonora Road," *Arizona and the West*, 17(1):5-20, Spring 1975.

## Summer and Fall of 1872

By Doug Hocking

This collection of articles is not intended as an indictment of Apache cruelty or a statement of right and wrong. The Apache took heavy, unsustainable losses, as can be seen. They and their families suffered hunger and privation as they fled from settlers and the Army and found their hunting grounds overburdened. It is presented to provide a sense of what it felt like to live in these times. This author was a little surprised at the level of violence just prior to Cochise accepting terms and intrigued by the citations for the MoH which depict complex skirmish.

*In October 1872, Tom Jeffords took General O.O. Howard to meet with Cochise and talk peace. General George Crook had begun his first campaign against the Apache in north central Arizona near Prescott subduing Western Apache and Yavapai as he worked his way toward the southeast and the Chiricahua. Cochise's people were saved until last, but Howard and Jeffords got there first.*

*These were not the first peace talks with Cochise. In March 1872, Jeffords and Cochise met with the military commander of New Mexico in unsuccessful talks that would have provided a reservation in the Tularosa Valley of far western New Mexico. New Mexico and Arizona were divided between military departments somewhat complicating efforts to bring the Apache to peace. The Chihenne and Bedonkohe Chiricahua were already on a reservation at Cañada Alamosa. Cochise had shown an inclination to settle there, but the Indian Department in its wisdom had decided to close that reservation*

*and move the people to the Tularosa Valley. Cochise would have no part of this.*

*There had been efforts to talk peace with Cochise as early as 1869. Major Perry met with the Apache leader in the Sulphur Springs Valley near the eastern entrance to Middle March Pass suggesting that Cochise's Stronghold was at the place we now call China Camp or Meadow. In 1895, Jeffords took Alice Rollins Crane to China Camp, and we have her photograph of that place.*

*The expedition from Camp Goodwin on the Gila River was strange in that Dr. Handy brought along his wife. We know nothing about her and she disappeared from history and Handy's life before he moved on to Tucson in 1871 to establish a practice there. It was reported of her that:*

*Weekly Arizona Miner (March 20, 1869) is the first to allude to a previous Mrs. Handy who accompanied the doctor on a command to Cochise's camp in the Dragoon Mountains.*

*The lady in question seems to have been a refined and charming Mexican woman. Her status among army wives of one legally married. She remains unidentified in history, however, and her absence in Doctor Handy's life after 1870 is a mystery. (Cammack, Sister Alverta. "A Faithful Account of the Life and Death of Doctor John Chales Handy," *The Smoke Signal* 52 (1989).*

*Here's the full account from the Miner.*

### Occasional

“Letter from Camp Goodwin,” *The Weekly Arizona Miner*, 20 March 1869.

Camp Goodwin, Pima County  
Arizona, February 15, 1869

January 20th, Lieutenant Guthrie, 62 soldiers, three guides and an interpreter, accompanied by an Acting Assistant Surgeon and his lady, all under command of Major Perry, started from here with strong spirits and a Coyotero Indian called Phillippi, who said he would take them into Cacheis' Camp. After fourteen day's hard tramp, they reached Dragoon Mountains, at which place the lady got unwell at night and in the fuss to get some mustard the pickets became alarmed and commenced firing at each other, but no harm was done and the mustard was found. The guide said the Indians were near at hand but the snow being deep and night dark, they concluded to camp. Next morning, the guides captured two Indians. Cacheis saw them, and next time they went out, met them and said but for the fact that he meant peace they should never go back. They told him the Major wished to see him. He said he would come next day and meet him between the camps. His camp was six miles off, up in the mountain. He came down next day with some of his men and met the Major and escort. All hands were soon talking and smoking. The following is the conversation that ensued:

Cacheis - What are you doing out here, Captain?

Major - Come to see you and prospect the country generally.

C. - You mean you came to kill me or any of my tribe; that is what all your visits means to me. I tried the Americans once and they broke the treaty first, the officers I mean this was at the Pass. If I stop in, I must be treated right, but I don't expect they will do all they

say for us. I won't stay Goodwin; it is no place for Indians. They die after being there a short time. I will go in to Goodwin to talk to you, after I hear how you treat Indians there. I will send in two of my Indians who will let me know, (he did send in two squaws). I lost nearly 100 of my people in the last year, principally from sickness. The Americans killed a good many. I have not 100 Indians now. Ten years ago I had 1,000. The Americans are everywhere, and we must live in bad places to shun them. I can't give you any mescal, as there is another scout on the other side, and we can't make fires to roast it. The Coyoteros are stronger than we are and steal stock from us; some of them say you come out to kill us, but some Indians will lie. My Indians will do no harm until I come in, which I may do inside of two months.

M. - I heard you were wounded often, but you walk all right.

C. - I was wounded twice. First, near Santa Cruz, in the leg 12 years ago. I had a bad leg for some time afterwards. Next near Fronteras, two years ago, in the neck. We are known as the Gamo Apaches. I would like some bread and tobacco and a blanket.

He got them, but the soldiers went hungry for three days. Cacheis is about 6 feet 3 inches high, strongly muscled, with mild, prominent features, hooked nose, and looks to be a man that means what he says; age is just beginning to tell on him. He is now 50 years old.

There were three Indians captured, who with Phillippi, were sent to cut mescal, as the Doctor's lady wished for some of the sweets of her native soil. They may be cutting mescal yet, for they never returned. The scout started next to Camp Bowie, where Mrs. Handy, (the Doctor's lady) was the centre of attraction; it being an unusual thing to see a lady with a scouting party. The day after



arriving, the officers were collected (sic) in the sutler's store looking at the brands, when an Indian came in whom they knew to be one who lanced a soldier here last spring, while going from the post to the farm. Their fighting propensities being still alive, revolvers came out, the Indian broke, receiving three pistol bullets, but between buck jumps and snake swimming he got off in the bush, leaving a bloody trail.

*Camp Crittenden was located next to the ruins of pre-Civil War Fort Buchanan about three miles west of modern Sonoita. Hostilities ran hot in the months before Jeffords and O.O. Howard met with Cochise.*

### **Unequal Combat with Indians**

*Weekly Journal-Miner, 3 August 1872*

Lieutenant Hall and ten men, of the gallant Fifth U.S. Cavalry, have won fame and earned the thanks of the friends of civilization every where by having recently followed the trail of a party of Indian thieves, into the Whetstone Mountains, a distance of 40 miles, at the end of which distance the Lieutenant and his men, found a large party of savages strongly posted in rocks above them, which party our brave boys attacked and fought until they became convinced of their inability to dislodge the red brutes.

The fight lasted a good while, and was not given up until after Sergeant Learnord and William Porter had received painful injuries, when the little party retreated to Camp Crittenden, which point they reached about an absence of 40 hours, spent in riding and fighting, on empty stomachs, all for the sake of doing their duty, in endeavoring to chastise a lot of Government pets who had robbed a poor farmer of his cattle.

Justly are the citizens of this Territory proud of the noble officers and men of the Fifth

Cavalry, who with General Sheridan believe that Indians, as well as whites, should be punished whenever they commit wrongs.

### **Battle with Indians**

“Lieutenant Hall and Ten Men make a Gallant Chase, Find Indians, Give Battle and are Obligated to Retreat,” *Arizona Weekly Citizen*, 20 July 1872.

A letter received yesterday from Camp Crittenden, contains these details of Indian and Military movements in that vicinity:

Last Saturday morning, Mr. Gabena, on his way to Crittenden from Hughes' ranch, saw the tracks where Indians had driven some ten head of cattle by and within 300 yards of the Post, in the direction of the Whetstone Mountains. Word was sent to Lieutenant Hall, Fifth Cavalry, commanding the Post, and in ten minutes after getting it, he and ten men were in the saddles on the trail, which they followed 35 miles eastward into the mountains, where he found them strongly posted 200 feet above the troops' position. After fighting for some time, the troops were compelled to withdraw, the Indians being too strong and well fortified to be dislodged by the small force.

In the engagement, first Sergeant Learnord was wounded in one foot, and William Porter quite severely through the right shoulder. One horse was killed and one wounded.

Mr. Gabena who went along as guide, reports hard and brave fighting by Lieutenant Hall and men. The little command expecting to overtake the Indians near the Post, did not take rations along, and were in consequence 40 hours in the saddle without food.

The citizens about Crittenden are delighted with the prompt action taken by Lieutenant Hall, and say he is of the right spirit.

It is very rare that an earnest effort to find Indians in the Whetstone and surrounding mountains is a failure, but too often are found in too great force, and not being dislodged or punished, continue to depredate at their pleasure. In this case, it seems the Indians must have been "at home," for women and children were seen with the warriors during the engagement.

*The engagement of ten troopers of the 5<sup>th</sup> Regiment of U.S. Cavalry against an overwhelming force of Chiricahua Apache in the Whetstone Mountains resulted in the presentation of three Medals of Honor. It appears that they killed at least nine Apache. Citations didn't go into much detail in those days. It would be interesting to know more of what happened. In this party, at least two would have stood aside from the action as "horse holders," called "number fours." Perhaps that's how Nihill became separated from the others.*

### **Medal of Honor Citations**

Michael Glynn Army Private Whetstone Mountains, Arizona July 13, 1872, Company F, 5th US Cavalry Drove off, singlehanded, 8 hostile Indians, killing and wounding 5.

John Nihill Army Private Whetstone Mountains, Arizona July 13, 1872, Company F, 5th U.S. Cavalry Fought and defeated 4 hostile Apaches located between him and his comrades.

Henry Newman Army First Sergeant Whetstone Mountains, Arizona July 13, 1872, Company F, 5th U.S. Cavalry He and 2 companions covered the withdrawal of wounded comrades from the fire of an Apache band well concealed among rocks.

### **More Horrid Murders By The Apaches**

*Weekly Journal-Miner*, 7 September 1872

Second Lieutenant W. P. Hall, Fifth Cavalry, commanding Camp Crittenden, a military post in Southern Arizona, near the Mexican line, writing to Headquarters of the Department, Prescott, under date of August 29, relates how, on August 27 Apaches murdered Second Lieutenant Reid T. Stewart, Fifth Cavalry; Corporal J. P. Black, and two Mexicans. All this in Davison's [Davidson] Canyon, 14 or 15 miles from Camp Crittenden.

Lieutenant Stewart and the Corporal started together in the buckboard, for Tucson. A wagon, with ten enlisted men, followed behind, and on coming up to the scene of the attack, the men found the Lieutenant's dead body, his head being pierced with five bullets. The Corporal's body was not then found. Placing the body of the Lieutenant in the wagon, the escort pushed on to Tucson. A force was sent out from there and found the body of Corporal Black about one-half mile from the scene of the attack. The Corporal's hands were tied behind him; head bruised and body shockingly mutilated.

Four unarmed Mexicans left Crittenden the same day, two of whom were murdered near where the Lieutenant and Corporal were butchered. Lieutenant Hall, with 20 men, interred the Mexicans. It rained hard and the savages could not be followed by their trail.

Comment upon an Indian policy that fruits of which are murder and robbery, is unnecessary.

### **The Bloody Record**

"Horrible Murder of Lieutenant Stewart and Probable Capture and Torture of Corporal Black by the Apaches," *Arizona Weekly Citizen*, 31 August 1872

The sickening news reached us on the morning of the 28th instant of the brutal murder of Lieutenant Reid T. Stewart, G Troop, Fifth Cavalry, by the Apaches, and the probably capture and torture of Corporal Black. We have gathered the following particulars of the tragedy from Corporal Brown: He states that Lieutenant Stewart and Corporal Black left Crittenden at 7 o'clock A.M., on the 27th instant, for Tucson, on a buckboard drawn by two mules; that one hour afterwards he with four mounted men left the same post for Tucson in charge of a Government wagon; that two invalid soldiers and citizen were with the wagon; that at about 12 o'clock P.M. on the same day, two miles after entering Davis' [Davidson] Canyon and about twenty miles this side of the post, he saw a fresh Apache trail and immediately ordered his men to keep a sharp look-out; that one fourth of a mile further on, they found the dead body of Lieutenant Stewart lying beside the road in a state of nudity - the Apaches having taken his gun, watch, a ring from his finger, and all his clothes; that one bullet had penetrated his body just under the armpit, and one through the head - the ball entering the forehead just above the left eye, and a number of marks of the fine shot were also found on his body; that the buckboard was found a few yards from the road the mules, harness and mail bags were all taken. At this point he discovered the foot marks of Corporal Black surrounded by bare foot and moccasin tracks, and from appearance s he was being forced alive toward the mountain. Corporal Brown on arriving at the body of Lieutenant Stewart threwed [sic] out a picket on the bluff above to prevent surprise. On arriving at the summit of the bluff private O'Donnell saw several Indians but a few yards from him crouched down ready to shoot. Before he could fire upon them, they discharged their pieces without effect, and he returned the fire, and believes he hit an Apache. The Indians ran, and just at this time Corporal Renny came up

and fired on them, he thinks also with effect. By this time Corporal Brown saw fifteen Indians coming from one direction and three from another to reinforce those mentioned (a part of them were clothed with soldiers' blouses). Being surrounded by steep hills covered with brush, he very properly saw that the only way to save his party was by flight; he accordingly placed the dead body of Lieutenant Stewart int he wagon and left for Tucson. The Indians in the meantime opened fire on him from several directions, one ball passing through the box of the wagon.

For years and years weeks have been called upon to chronicle day after day and week after week the death and torture of some of our people. the country south of here is and has been one vast field of slaughter. Since April last, in the little valley of Sonoita, with a population of only about thirty, thirteen have been brutally murdered; the wounded (many of them crippled for life or destined to die a lingering death) are to be seen in almost every cabin, and destitute women and orphan children fill the land with their lamentations. We have hoped and prayed that this laughter would have an end, and that peace would be restored to this scourged country, but we have hoped against hope. Months ago, with a sorrowful heart, we advised the people south to abandon the country; we then saw no hope, no future for them but death and torture if they remained. But all they had on earth was there and they replied that death was preferable to going forth into the world with their wives and little ones paupers. At this time there is barely troops enough in all the country south of Tucson to defend themselves, and we again say to the few noble survivors that your only safety is to flee from the country and give it over to the Apaches. True, you have fought bravely to hold it; we know it is the fairest portion of Arizona and you love and are attached to your

homes, but you cannot longer continue the unequal contest.

Lieutenant Stewart graduated at West Point and was a promising young officer, beloved by all who knew him. He was from Erie, Pa., where he leaves an aged father and mother to mourn his untimely end. From the bottom of our heart we sympathize with his bereaved parents, as we do with fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters all over the civilized world who have had their loved ones slaughtered in this unfortunate country. We sympathize deeply with the relatives of Corporal Black, and no one but He who rules over all, and fiends who made him prisoner, know the ten thousand deaths they will inflict on him before the last spark of life is taken from him. To be burned over slow fires and cut to pieces from his extremities undoubtedly has or will be his portion.

Lieutenant Stewart was buried at Tucson the evening of the 28th and was followed to the grave by an immense concourse of citizens.

### **Corporal Black**

*The Arizona Sentinel*, 14 September 1872

Since our last issue says the Tucson Citizen, of the 7th, the body of Corporal Black has been found. It was about three-fourths of a mile from the place where the body of Lieutenant Stewart was found. He had been stripped of his clothing, his hands were tied behind him and his body was pierced with spears from head to foot, and his heart cut out in savage style. It is evident as we predicted, that he was taken alive and afterwards killed by slow torture with spears; there was not a gunshot wound on his person. No doubt the agony and misery the slow torture caused the poor fellow, was highly appreciated by the fiends who murdered him. Would to God his groans could have been heard and his wounds seen by those who are constantly sounding

praises of the noble red man and denouncing the frontiersman. Still, it might not do any good. Professing unbounded humanity and charity, they listen to the tales of the murder and torture of white men and women with perfect composure. Many of them profess Christianity, but do they ever reflect that the just God will hold them to a strict accountability for a share of these murders they are in part responsible for?

*The story following took place as General O.O. Howard was meeting with Cochise. The word had gone out not to attack Cochise's people as they came in for peace talks. The Indians who had made peace refers to those settled at San Carlos, Camp Grant being nearby. It's an oblique reference to the Camp Grant Massacre a year prior to this writing.*

*Breech-loading weapons are referred to more than once. Breech-loading, as opposed to muzzle-loading, weapons were coming into use, initially with percussion caps and paper cartridges. After the Civil War, metal cartridges with built-in primers were becoming available. The Apache were armed with the latest weapons.*

*On October 8, 1872, Captain Sladen, General Howard's aide, had arrived in Tucson to announce that General Howard was still in the Dragoon Pass with Cachise, waiting for Cachise's people to come in.*

### **More Apache Murders**

"A Citizen and Four Soldiers Killed in One Day by Apaches Who Made Peace – An Observation or Two," *Arizona Weekly Citizen*, 12 October 1872.

The Sonoita Valley was again a scene of murder by Apaches, on September 30. In the morning, they attacked Hughes' ranch in the valley almost within sight of Crittenden, and killed citizen Cristorell - a Mexican. They

then surrounded the house wherein was that brave woman, Mrs. Gabena. Through port holes in the walls she watched some animals close by on the outside, and not until she was obliged to give her child attention, did the brave (?) Apaches dare approach near enough to untie and steal them. Word was promptly sent to Crittenden, and with his characteristic dispatch, Lieutenant Hall with his available force of fifteen men of the Fifth Cavalry, went to the ranch. The Indians numbered about 100, were well armed with breech-loading guns, and took up commanding position in the adjacent mountains and even invited the Lieutenant to come on and gith. It was his opinion, and also that of Gabena who is a brave and intelligently prudent man of much experience with the Apaches, that it would be folly to give them battle, and it was not done.

Lieutenant Hall then dispatched six men to advise the farmers down the valley of the Indians' presence. On their return, about 3 P.M., when almost back to Hughes' ranch, the Indians attacked them and killed Sergeant George Stewart, Corporal William Nation and Privates Edward Carr and Jon Walsh - all of the Fifth Cavalry. Shots passed through the clothing of one of the other two. The two survivors say the Indians were right by them, and that they were armed with breech-loading guns.

All the bodies were recovered and buried at Crittenden, and just as this sad duty was completed, Lieutenant Hall received an order by General Howard not to fire upon Indians \*\*\*\*\* [line lost through fold in the newspaper] or words to this effect. The Lieutenant says it is sad to see his good soldiers shot down by a set of enthusiastic murderers, and discouraging to be deprived of trying to avenge their deaths or make some examples which might deter a continuation of the slaughter.

While the probabilities are that those guilty Apaches are direct from the Grant Reservation, there is reason to believe that they were from Cachise's band in the Dragoon mountains, with which General Howard was at the time camping and seeking a peace in the usual way by presents and promises.

When General Howard came here in April last, we could easily see how and why he might zealously labor to get promises of peace, though we were as sure then as now that none of their promises or agreements would be kept; but now the General knows that notwithstanding all the grand pledges of peace made in May at Grant, supplemented by an expensive visit of some of the braves to Washington, who were treated with the kindest, most luxurious and distinguished consideration, murders upon murders, we believe more numerous than ever before, are committed, hence in time he should allow his attachment for the coaxing and bribing policy to give way to the sensible one of slashing war. We are confident the President wants this foolish as well as bloody work to stop, and why don't General Howard act accordingly? Are not the lives of our citizens and soldiers worth more care than those of the blood-thirsty fiends known as Apaches? Honest zeal, as it may be, cannot be excused when good results do not follow a long trial of it.

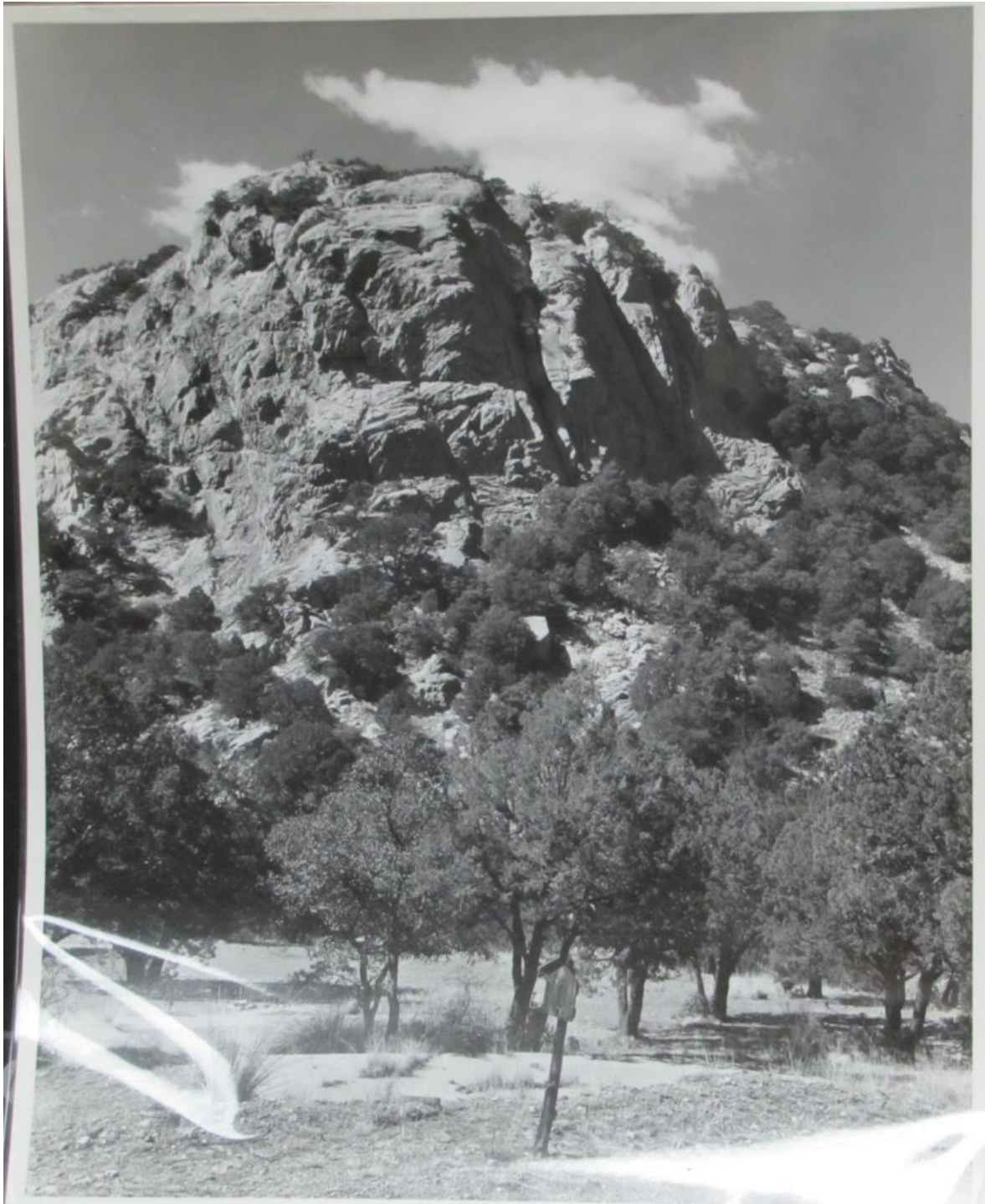
*Howard's negotiations would result in four years of peace. After Cochise's reservation was broken up in 1876, the Chiricahua were moved to San Carlos where, as late comers, they got what was left, the worst of everything in the terrain that was not theirs. It was low desert. They were not friends with the Western Apache who had been there a while and taken all the best camping grounds. They were forced to wear tags and be counted as*

*prisoners. There were minor breakouts but  
the peace mostly held until 1881.*



China Meadow – Cochise's Stronghold Today  
Photo by Author

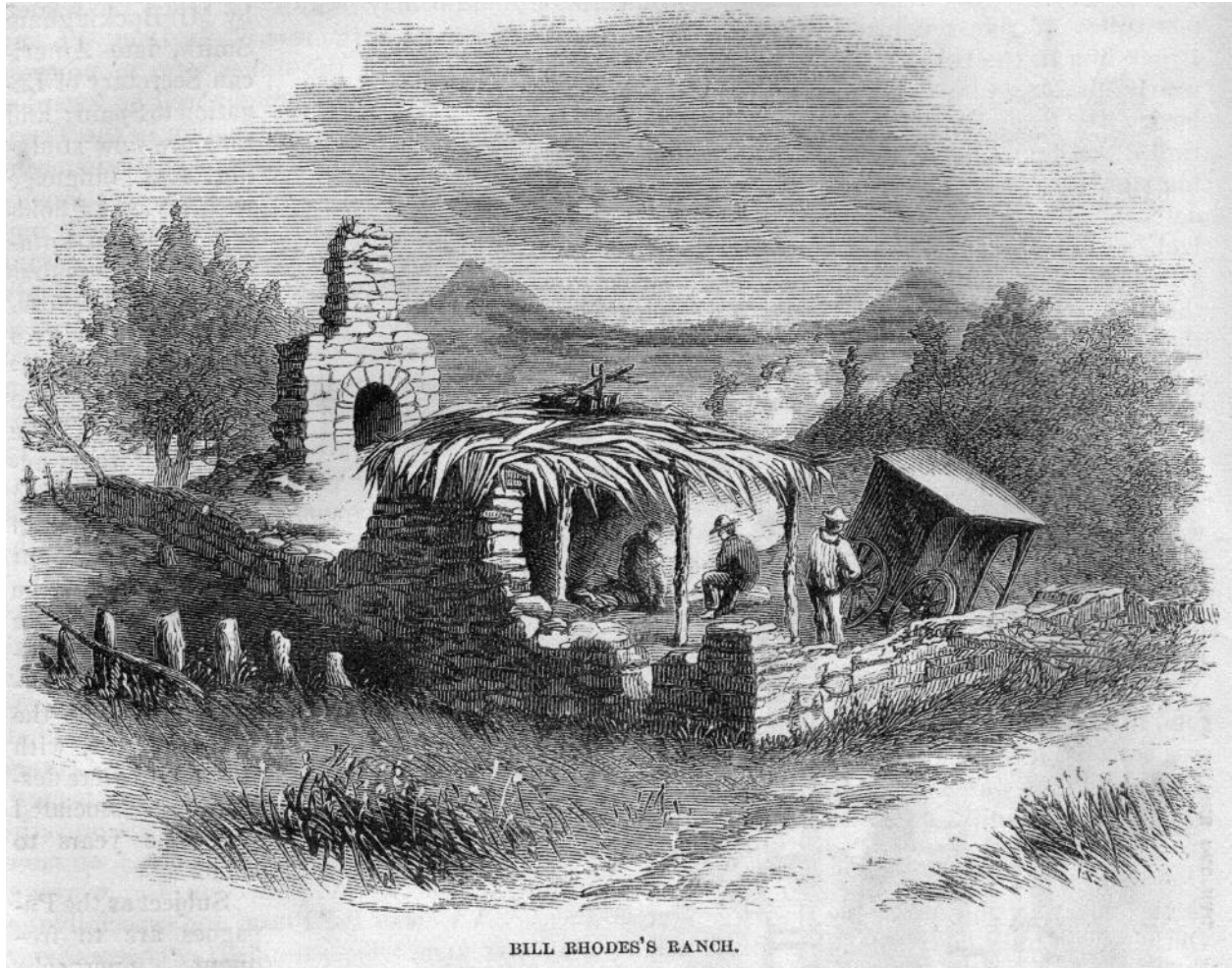




Alice Rollins Crane's 1895 Photo  
Cochise's Stronghold know today as China Meadow

## Bill Rhodes's and the Battle with the Apache

by  
Gerald T. Ahnert



From: J. Ross Browne, "A Tour through Arizona," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, December 1864, p. 28-9.

The history of Bill Rhodes, at whose Ranch we camped, was an example [of Apache attacks]. In the full tide of success this daring frontiersman returned to his house one evening, and found his comrades murdered and himself surrounded by a large band of Apaches. By some means he managed to break through their lines; but his horse being jaded it soon became apparent that escape was impossible. Just as the pursuing Indians were upon him, he flung himself into a willow thicket and there made battle. A circle was formed around him by the blood-stained and yelling devils, who numbered at least

thirty; but he was too cool a man to be intimidated by their infernal demonstrations. For three hours he kept them at bay with his revolver, although they poured into the thicket an almost continuous volley of rifle-shots and arrows. A ball struck him in the left arm, near the elbow, and nearly disabled him from loss of blood. He buried the wounded part in the sand and continued the fight until the Indians, exasperated at his stubborn resistance, rushed up in a body, determined to put an end to him at once. He had but two shots left. With one of these he killed the first Indian that approached, when the rest whirled

about and stood off. They then addressed him in Spanish, calling him by name, and telling him he was a brave man, and if he would come out, they would spare his life. 'No,' said he 'd—n you! I'll kill the last one of you before you shall take me!' He had given such

good evidence of his ability in that way that they held a parley and concluded he was about right; so, they retired and left him master of the field. Bill Rhodes's Apache fight is now one of the standard incidents in the history of Arizona.

## Old West Recipes

By Debbie Hocking

### Dutch Oven Rice Pudding with Fruit

By Debbie Hocking

*(Courtesy of the Caballero Museum in Wickenburg)*

Ingredients:

- |   |      |                               |
|---|------|-------------------------------|
| 4 | Cups | Cooked Rice, cold             |
| 2 | Cups | Apricots, peaches, or apples* |
| 1 | Cup  | Boiling water                 |
| 2 | Cups | Sugar                         |

\*Fruit must be diced. If using dried fruit, soak overnight in water to cover, drain.

In a Dutch oven, place a layer of fruit. Alternate with a layer of rice. Sprinkle rice with sugar. Place another layer of fruit, followed by a layer of rice and sprinkling of sugar. Repeat until ingredients are all in the oven. Pour water over the top. Place the Dutch oven on coals with coals over the top until done. If not using a campfire, place in a 350 degree oven until done, about ½ hour until all water is absorbed.

### Johnny Cakes & Bacon

- |     |        |                         |
|-----|--------|-------------------------|
| 6   | strips | Bacon                   |
| 1   | cup    | Cornmeal                |
| ½   | tsp    | Salt                    |
| 1   | Tbs    | Molasses or Brown Sugar |
| 2 ½ | cups   | Water                   |
| 2   | Tbs    | Unsalted Butter or Lard |
| ½   | tsp    | Cinnamon, optional      |

Combine cornmeal, salt, and molasses (and cinnamon if used) in a mixing bowl. Bring water to a boil in a large saucepan. Slowly

add cornmeal mixture, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and continue to stir until mixture is smooth. Add butter and stir until smooth. Let stand until mixture thickens to the consistency of mashed potatoes, about 15 minutes.

While waiting, fry bacon reserving the grease to cook Johnny Cakes.

Drop the batter into a frying pan in ¼ cup scoops and shape and flatten with a spatula until about ¼ inch thick. Fry in bacon grease until edges start to brown, 3 to 6 minutes. Turn and cook the other side. If you lift them too soon, they will crumble. Let them brown nicely, longer is better, until golden brown on both sides.

Serve plain with bacon, or with butter, syrup, molasses, or applesauce. Makes twelve 3-inch Johnny cakes.

### Squirrel Stew

By Debbie Hocking

- |         |                                    |
|---------|------------------------------------|
| 3       | Squirrels, cut into serving pieces |
| ½ cup   | Butter                             |
| 2       | Onions, sliced                     |
| 3 Tbs   | Wine or cider vinegar              |
| 1 pinch | Thyme                              |
|         | Salt, to taste                     |
|         | Pepper, to taste                   |
| 2 Tbs   | Flour                              |
| 1 Cup   | Cold Water                         |
| 1 Tbs   | Walnut, ground (optional)          |

If squirrels are hard to come by, three Cornish hens may be substituted. (Cornish hens, not

French hens, French horns, or calling birds). Squirrel is fatty, so is the Cornish hen, and has a nutty flavor. The cook may wish to add a tablespoon of ground walnut.

Melt butter in a Dutch oven. Brown squirrel, or Cornish hen, on all sides. Brown, don't cook. Remove and add vinegar, onions, and seasoning, stirring well until onions are transparent. Return squirrel, or hen pieces, and add enough water to just cover the meat. Cover and cook for one hour, then reduce heat.

Mix flour in one cup of cold water, stirring until smooth. Add slowly to pot, stirring constantly, until a thin gravy forms, about 10 minutes.

Serve over biscuits.

## Trail Biscuits

By Debbie Hocking

2 cups	Flour
4 Tbs	Solid shortening
1/2 tps	Salt
1 cup	Milk, Canned
3 tps	Baking powder

Blend flour, salt, baking powder and mash in shortening with a fork until crumbly. Add milk and stir until the dough sags down into trough left by spoon as it moves around the bowl. Turn dough out on a floured surface, knead for 30 seconds, pat out gently until it is 1/2 inch thick. Cut with a round cutter or pinch off pieces of dough and form by hand. Put biscuits into a greased Dutch oven, cover, and bury in bright coals for 5 or 10 minutes or until golden brown. Or cook in the Dutch oven in an oven preheated to 350° F for 10 minutes or until brown.

## Book Reviews

Moore, Stephen L. *Eighteen Minutes: The Battle of San Jacinto and the Texas Independence Campaign*. Dallas: Republic of Texas Press, 2004.

Debbie and I visited the San Jacinto Battlefield this past summer. I wish I had read this first instead of having purchased it there. Getting to the battlefield from Houston was an experience. We were led by a GPS that is frequently wrong into a residential community and then onto a causeway no wider than the road with fisherman sitting on the edge thereof. Arriving at an island on another narrow residential road the GPS suddenly announced: "Get on the ferry." We did. Halfway across Buffalo Bayou the GPS ordered: "Get off the ferry." We waited until we reached shore. The Texans have erected a great pinnacle, resembling the Washington Monument, with a museum, library, archive, gift shop, and viewing station 800 feet above the battlefield. Unit positions are marked out.

The battlefield was interesting and not at all what I expected. Houston's men approached through low ground unseen by Santa Anna's troops. General Santa Anna had set his frontline 100 yards back of a rise perhaps hoping to surprise Houston. Instead, the Texian struck in the late afternoon surprising the Mexicans who had their backs to a swamp. It could have been a slaughter on the scale of the Alamo, but the Texians were halted before they exterminated Santa Anna's army which they could easily have done. Santa Anna was treated well, protected, and a peace treaty was negotiated. Unfortunately, he was deposed before it took effect. The book provides great detail on all that occurred written in over 500 pages that talk about 18 minutes and a bit more. It is interesting and well-written. I recommend it.

*Doug Hocking*

Birchell, Donna Blake. *Frontier Forts and Outposts of New Mexico*. Charleston: History Press, 2019.

This is a colorful little book, handy to have along when visiting New Mexico's forts. Unfortunately, its information isn't always accurate, and the author does not have a great depth of understanding of the 19<sup>th</sup> century military. She does try to provide interesting stories about incidents occurring at each post and does an adequate job of explaining their importance. She writes that Fort McLane was established "to protect the Santa Rita copper mines from Apache attacks, . . . was later abandoned by federal troops on September 16, 1860, and the garrison was moved to nearby Fort Fillmore." She's telling us that the fort was abandoned three months before it was founded. Near the Santa Rita copper mines, it was founded to protect the more important, at the time, Pinos Altos gold mines. In June 1860, the troops moved to Fort Fillmore over 90 miles away, hardly nearby by 19<sup>th</sup> century standards. It's a fun book to have when visiting forts but nothing for scholars to rely on.

*Doug Hocking*

Austerman, Wayne R. *Sharps Rifles and Spanish Mules: The San Antonio-El Paso Mail, 1851 – 1881*. College Station: Texas A&M University Press, 1985.

This is the classic work on the Jackass Mail, the *San Antonio & San Diego Mail*. Sadly, the author stopped, as the title tells us, at El Paso. In 1857, the San Antonio & San Diego Mail, under Birch, won the first contract to California. Birch died early on and George Giddings took over. From 1858 to March 1861, John Butterfield's Overland Mail won the contract from the U.S. Postal Service to run the mail from St. Louis and Memphis to



San Francisco. Across much of Texas and New Mexico, which then included what was already called Arizona, the two ran side by side sharing stations. During this period, the Jackass Mail wasn't licensed to carry U.S. mail across Arizona but continued to operate. The Jackass Mail ran often decrepit buckboard wagons as "stagecoaches" accompanying them across Indian country with spare mules and a heavy guard. Short on stations and only running in daylight, passengers often slept under the wagon or in the corral. Few stations were built and spare mules traveled alongside as change-teams. Perhaps that's why the Mescalero Apache attacked so often. Giddings carried mail for the Confederacy. After the war he spent nearly 30 years trying to collect on his contract with the government and for his losses which may have been overstated. Frequently, the Overland Mail didn't notice that a station had been attacked and everyone killed nor was the massacre reported in the newspaper. Despite its shortcomings, it remains a classic and an exciting read.

*Doug Hocking*

Wason, David. *Battlefield Detectives: Unearthing New Evidence on the World's Most Famous Battlefields*. London: Carlton Books, 2003.

It's been a few years since I read this book. Debbie borrowed it from me, and it disappeared into her lair only to be uncovered amidst her screams of despair as I organized her books and photos. Archaeologists consider themselves scientists and they tend to look down on historians as mere intellectual savages. In truth while archaeologists use some great scientifically derived tools, they are pathetically weak on theory formation, which is why we find so many wildly divergent theories about various

archaeological sites. A happy exception to this is the battlefield archaeologist.

Where other archaeologists speculate in periods of over fifty years as a tight timeline, battlefield archaeologists work in terms of days and hours making them excellent handmaidens to historians. Their work is always interesting. The archaeologist needs to remember that while he may be able to tell us that the ground has been disturbed and over how large an area, without digging, only the historian can tell you if it's a grave and who's in it.

*Doug Hocking*

Mallery, James. *City of Vice: Transience and San Francisco's Urban History, 1848-1917*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2024.

Debbie says I always have to say something nice. This book mentioned numerous incidents about which I'd like to know more. For instance, salt sea sailors found frequently themselves in debt to boarding houses for room and board. Spending their pay, they found themselves without means and went into debt. The boarding houses negotiated contracts captains for whole crews collecting what was owed through an advance on pay. At the end of the voyage, the sailor might find himself without much pay still owed him. It would be interesting to know the mechanics of this system and how it was enforced.

The author is a Marxist. If you're looking for what we normally consider vice, you'll find little of it here. The book focuses on class distinctions and the abuse of the proletariat especially transient men and Orientals. Separating the city into districts where middle class and upper-class families are buffered from districts where single, transient men play and live is also a form of vice. The book brings up many topics that deserve

exploration rather than Marxist conclusions. Nonetheless, it is interesting.

*Doug Hocking*

Huff, William P., and James Woodrick, editor. *The William P. Huff 1849 Gold Rush Wagon Train Journal: Including Henry Smith's "The Stormy Days of 1836."* Texas, 2018.

This is an account of an 1849 journey from eastern Texas along the southern route to California. The account provides accurate information on the trail and terrain and a good deal of information about circumstances of travel. The author's party set out with some well-fixed with supplies and weapons and others weaponless and with little food. It is not a trail journal. We are given to understand that the author took extensive notes along the trail and then at stops expanded them significantly, finally reediting the whole years later. It reads like a novel with the kind of descriptions no one on the trail had time to write up. Consequently, some historians question its authenticity. Nonetheless, it is a fun read that provides extensive information about the trail and life on the trail as well as some great yarns.

*Doug Hocking*

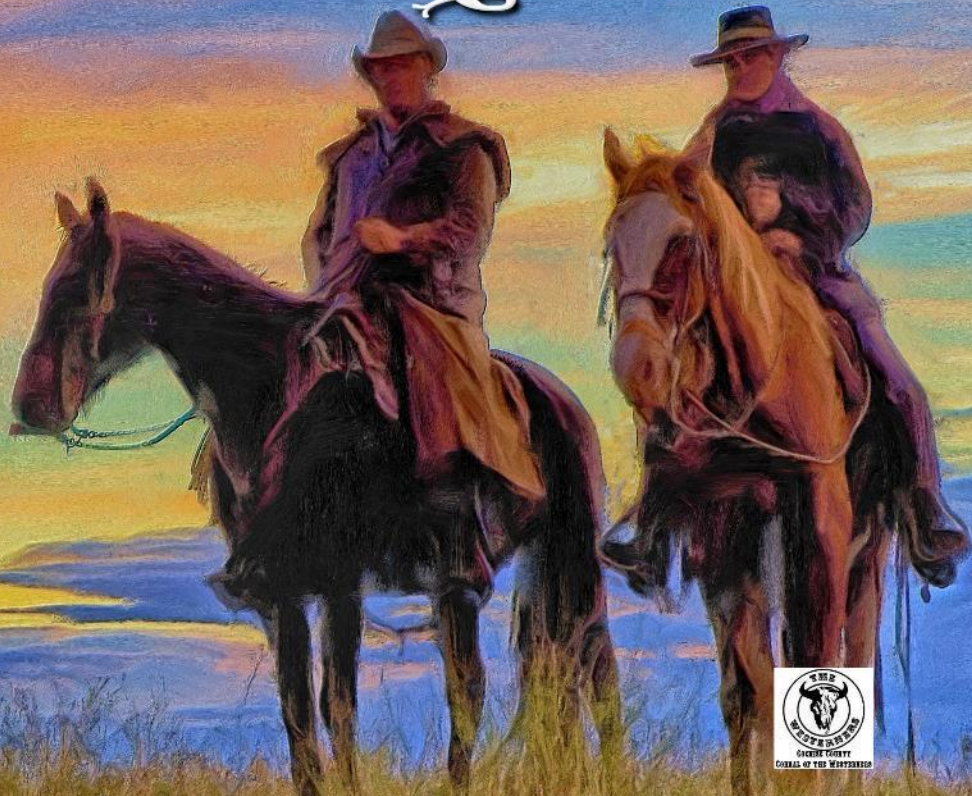
# RUNNING IRON



A COMPILATION OF WESTERN  
SHORT STORIES AND POEMS

COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF WESTERNERS PRESENTS

# RUNNING IRON



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**Available in September**



# RUNNING IRON



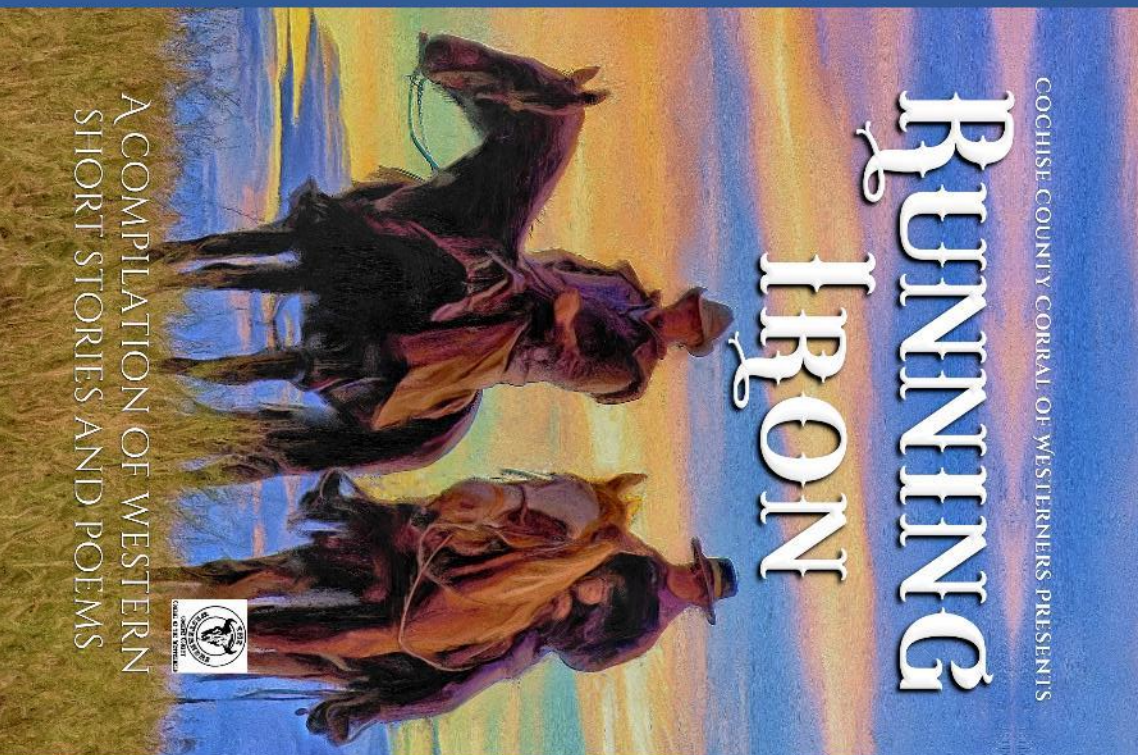
A running iron is a branding iron with which a brand is drawn freehand on the hide of an animal. That's a pretty apt description of the slice of the Old West within. There's a bit of Cowboy Poetry as well as a thick slice of short stories about what once was. It's been done freehand by members of the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

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

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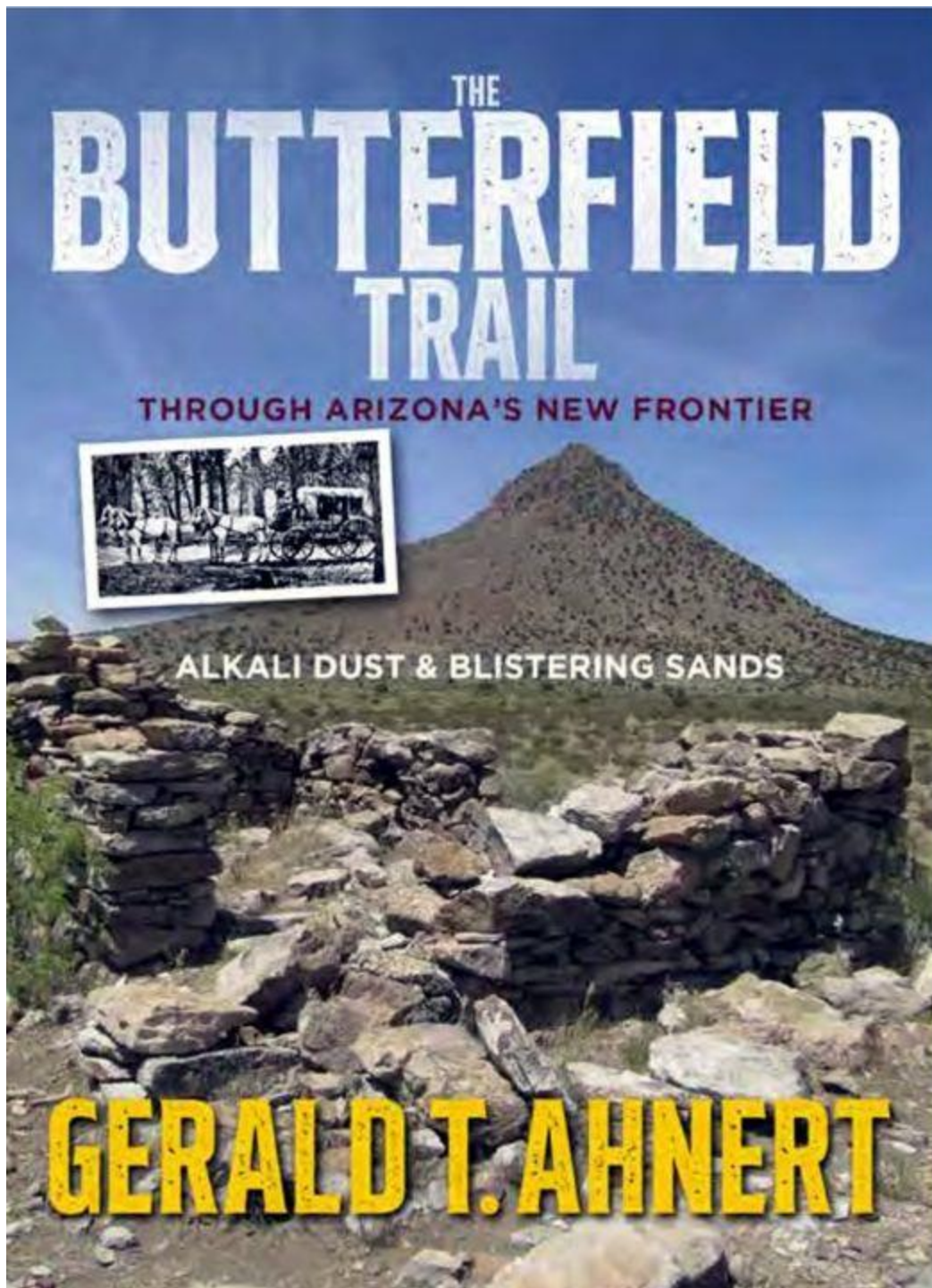


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