

FREMONT STREET MAIL



Roundup Foreman's Trumpet Liz Severn

On Thursday, September 3, 2020 at 7 p.m. our own Ron Woggon will speak about *Tombstone's Other Deadly Dentist, Dr. Warnekros*. Ron has been researching the good doctor for a long time. He was an important Tombstone businessman and partner of infamous Charleston Judge James Burnett. What was it about Tombstone dentists that made them deadly? *Howard Herring's death in Tombstone on November 1st, 1891 changed the history of Territorial Arizona!*



Paul B. Warnekros
Pioneer Tombstone merchant
(Courtesy of Nancy Sosa, a Tombstone historian,
C.S. Fly Photo)

In the future:

- October 1, 2020. Glenn Minuth will speak on *Who Made the West?*
- November 5, 2020 author/historian Jan Cleere will speak on *Levis & Lace: Arizona Women Who Made History*
- December 3, 2020 Butch Farabee will speak on *El Camino del Diablo*

Trail Boss's Whip Matt Greenway

A Trail Ride coming Soon.

Blast from the Past A News Item

In 1875, while serving as agent for the Chiricahua Apache Reservation, Tom Jeffords lay claim to the abandoned Brunckow Mine which had been the scene of the murder of its owners in 1860. The claim was just off the reservation. Tom had his brother John serving as a guard. John was prone to a degree of bellicosity. One day the *Prospector* blazed "Shot in the Head, Not Expected to Live" and not to be outdone, the next day the *Epitaph* responded "Up and Around and Feeling Much Better." The *Tucson Citizen* approached the story more calmly.

“The Shooting of John T. Jeffers [sic]. *Citizen*, 11 September 1881.

From Mr. S.W. Carr, the Nugget gathers the following particulars of a shooting affray that occurred at Charleston yesterday afternoon between John T. Jeffords, at present employed as guard at the Bronkow mine, and Antonio Fleres, a hotel proprietor. It seems that [line missing at fold] to Camp Huachuca, and meeting some friends signalized the occasion by “tossing the ruby” in a manner that soon rendered him irresponsible for his subsequent acts. While in this condition he proceeded to the hotel of Fleres and demanded dinner. There were several ladies at the hotel at the time, including Mrs. and Miss Herring of Bisbee. The loud talk of Jeffords aggravated Fleres, and he informed him that the dinner hour was over and that he must look for sustenance elsewhere. Jeffords then asked Fleres if he was not a Frenchman. Upon being informed in the affirmative he again demanded something to eat, and made the demand in a manner that infuriated Fleres, who started into the house. Jeffords, thinking that he had better call the turn before it was made immediately opened fire on Fleres with a six-shooter, missing him.

In a second or two Fleres returned with a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot, and immediately opened fire on Jeffords, the charge striking him in and about the head, one shot tearing off the upper lobe of the left ear, another striking him above the ear and following around the skull, coming out at the back of the head. Five or six shots perforated his hat also. Jeffords immediately returned the fire from his six-shooter, but owing to the fact of being blinded by blood, and the retreat of Fleres, his shots, three in number, proved ineffectual.

After emptying his weapon at his fleeing adversary, Jeffords ran around Zeckendorf’s building, where he met Justice Holt and Billy Clayborne, better known as “Billy the Kid.” The Judge was armed with a double-barreled shotgun and at once commanded Jeffords to halt, and commissioned “the Kid” to disarm him. This “the Kid” did, and as soon as the Judge was fully assured of the fact he took Jeffords in charge and turned him over to Constable McElvey,

who took him to the American Hotel, where he is at present. Jeffords made no resistance to arrest. His examination will probably take place today before the Charleston Justice. Jefford’s wounds are superficial and he will be all right in a few days. “Such is Life on the border.”

“John Jeffords case dismissed” *Tombstone Daily Epitaph*, 10 June 1882.

Charleston, A.T., June 5, 1882

Editor Epitaph: Knowing the fearlessness of your paper in publishing communications upon public questions, I desire to call your attention to the recent remarkable action of the District Court in arbitrarily dismissing the case of the Territory against Jeffords. One reason for addressing you lies in the fact that suspicion rests upon me, as having received money in the settlement of the case. The man without any provocation whatever, shot at me in my own house, the ball passing within an inch of my head. He shot at me several times immediately afterwards in a desperate attempt to take my life. He was arrested and indicted for assault to murder, and I felt sure that the laws of this country would give an outraged community redress. I was mistaken, it seems, for without a trial, and in mockery of justice, the criminal was let go. Not only myself, but all the people of Charleston, are indignant. I want the whole people of the county to know the facts. I was ready with many witnesses to prove the crime, and was informed by the District Attorney that he would telegraph me when he was ready for the trial. I waited patiently, but he never telegraphed, and finally I was astonished to hear that the case was dismissed, without an effort to punish the man who tried to take my life. The District Attorney says the court ordered the discharge - that he did not ask it. I asked some of the grand jurors to investigate the matter, and they said they had no time - that it was too late. So I present my case to the people, so that no dirt may be flung at me. The main is guilty, but he goes free, without a trial. The law must be wrong or the officers of the court ignorant or corrupt. I shall not be satisfied until justice is vindicated, and I shall lay all the facts before the next grand jury. I do not want the assertion that I had

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settled the case to be believed by my fellow citizens. The defendant told the District Attorney that I had settled the case, and upon his uncorroborated word he was let go. Antonio Fleres.

Photo Album

Recorder of Marks and Brands, Gary Smith, submitted this outstanding photo of the Tombstone Courthouse.

Poetry Selection

Where Have All the Cowboys Gone?

A time so far forgotten
Of men who wore shirts of cotton,
Where truth and honor measured a man,
No fear of life shall stop his plan.
Though the time of cowboys has gone,
Never to be forgotten,
Their legacy lives on.

Author Unknown



Sheriff's Spot

Keeper of Marks and Brands
Gary Smith

Deep Thoughts on History

One of those things historians worry about, and often get wrong, is **anachronisms**. The dictionary calls it: “a chronological misplacing of persons, events, objects, or customs in regard to each other.” We tend to think of things as always having been as we know them now. Take something as simple as the location of Highway 80, the road to Benson. In 1880, it ran down Allen St. to the Schieffelin Monument and then on to Drew’s Station near Contention City. Later it ran to Contention and in 1882, to Fairbank. We tend to think of cowboys as wearing snap-button shirts, which weren’t invented until the 1950s by an East Coast tailor. Every Cowboy on Allen St. these days wears a red sash as a mark of his membership in the 1881 gang, but no one had seen a red sash prior to the 1993 movie *Tombstone*.

Tidbit from History

Allen Street is named for “Pie Allen.” **John Brackett "Pie" Allen** (October 22, 1818 – June 13, 1899) was an American prospector, businessman, and politician. Unsuccessful in his efforts as a prospector, he earned his nickname baking pies for settlers and soldiers in Arizona Territory. His business success made him a prominent territorial citizen and he served three terms in the Arizona Territorial Legislature, two terms as Mayor of Tucson, Arizona Territory, and was appointed Arizona Territorial Treasurer for six years.

Call for Inclusion

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

doug@doughocking.com Photos, historical tidbits you’ve found, Corral news, news of places to visit and events of historical interest. You can have fun mining old newspapers for stories at:

Arizona Memory Project:
https://azmemory.azlibrary.gov/digital/custom/news_papers
and America’s Historic Newspapers
<https://chroniclingamerica.loc.gov/>

Tombstone Epitaph

From the Epitaph, June 10, 1882

DEATH OF ZWING HUNT

**He is Murdered in the Chiricahuas
by Hostile Apaches.**

The restless character who so often faced death unflinchingly, has at last “crossed the divide” into the great unknown valley of the future. Whatever else can be laid to his charge, the fact of his bravery all will admit. It is hardly necessary to state that he was not a saint, but whether he was a mortal or a venial sinner, those who knew him best must determine. From all accounts Zwing was the child of circumstances and a creature of excitement. Generous to a fault, rash to the extremity of foolishness, and as brave as an Arabian fire-worshipper, Zwing would do to go tiger hunting with. But he is dead. The same deadly air, impelled by the same insatiable thirst for the blood of white men, that has caused many a brave man, tender woman and innocent babe to seek the presence of the Creator unusherred, sent Zwing Hunt to the “bosom of his father and his God.” . . .

Local Events

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Places to Visit