

# FREMONT STREET MAIL

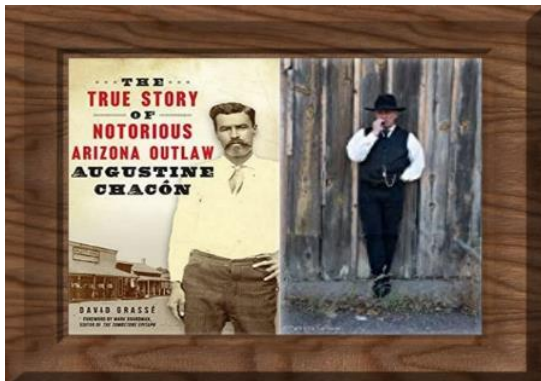


**February 8, 2022**

## Roundup Foreman's Trumpet

Liz Severn

On Thursday March 3, 2022: David Grasse will speak on *Chacon: Arizona's Most Notorious Outlaw*. Augustine Chacon was a Mexican outlaw who rode the Mexican-Arizona border during the late 1800s and early 1900s. He was well-liked by many settlers and was often considered the North American answer to Robin Hood. He has written three books, *A Killer is What They Needed: The True, Untold Story of Commodore Perry Owens* and *The Bisbee Massacre: Robbery, Murder and Retribution in the Arizona Territory, 1883-1884*, and *The True Story of Notorious Arizona Outlaw Augustine Chacon*. The public is welcomed to this free event. There will be an optional no host pre-meeting **dinner 5:30 at the Longhorn Restaurant** on Allen David Grasse will be available to sign his several books.



April 7, 2022: Nancy Sosa will speak on notorious Brunckow Cabin, the scene of many murders. She'll be available to sign her book.

May 5, 2022: Jan Cleere will speak on Legends of the Past: Arizona Women Who Made History. She'll be available to sign her several books.

June 2, 2022: Mike Mihaljevich will speak on The Photos of Charleton Watkins.

## Recorder of Marks and Brands

Gary Smith

**Pre-meeting dinner at 5:30 p.m. at Longhorn.**

**Dues are due. \$20 for 2022.**

**Have you got a Cowboy Poem, Article?  
Are you Eligible for a Prize?**

## How the Chips Fall

Charlie Eyster

As of February 3, 2022:

Accounts have been reconciled.

Cochise County Corral of the Westerners has:

81 Ranch Hands

We have in Checking - \$1,188.08

We have in Savings - \$899.73

January Expenses: \$61.05

January Income: \$300.31

**Trail Boss's Whip**  
**Iлона Smerekanich**

**Trail Ride to Slaughter Ranch, April 23.**  
Picnic lunch. Details to follow.

**Amerind and Fulton House Tour:** June 25th (Saturday). (2) tours, 10:30 A.M. and 12 noon. 20 people maximum, 10 people per tour. The tour includes the Fulton House and the Museum. Amerind members are free, adults \$12, seniors \$10. We have the option of a brown bag lunch at the picnic grounds, 2:00 P.M. One group of 10 will visit the Fulton House while the other visits the museums of art and history.

I'm working on a a repeat visit to Mescal in October or November.

**Sheriff's Star**  
**Doug Hocking**

We want to welcome all stripes of people who are "practicing history:" writers, artists, historians, living historians, reenactors, and a myriad of others. Westerners is a home for them all. Make a point of breaking bread together and getting to know each other.

Look for ways that you want to contribute to the Corral. What is missing? What do we want to do? What do we want to accomplish? Should we continue with Zoom?

There are columns open in the Fremont Street Mail for your contribution: Out and About, Places to Visit, Photographs, Coming Events or even Deep Thoughts on History, Blast From the Past, Odd Bits, and Epitaph. The

Fremont Street Mail comes out the Tuesday after our meeting, so the meeting is the deadline for submission. Anything coming after that, might be saved for the next issue. JPGs and Word (.doc) documents work best.

**Deep Thoughts on History**

We have lots of ways to enjoy history. Time and again the Hollywood Western has been proclaimed DEAD. And time and again someone makes a great Western and exceeds all expectations. Tombstone, once almost a ghost town, has been thriving on a movie made almost 30 years ago. Dozens of folks dressed as Val Kilmer playing Doc Holliday crowd the streets with legions of frock coat wearing Earps and Cow Boys all wearing red sashes that didn't come into style until 1993. What are they celebrating, what are they remembering, what makes a good movie?

In Hollywood they say that to create a great hero, you must have a great villain for him or her to strive against. That makes Nazis popular as foils. Unfortunately, we overlook Stalin, Mao, Pol Pot, and the Kims who if anything were worse. This makes excellent melodrama where there is distinct good and evil with no shade of gray in between. We know who to cheer for and who to boo. The movie Tombstone is probably best ranked as excellently produced and performed melodrama. We never question some of Wyatt's questionable choices, though Doc allows that his hypocrisy only goes so far. The B Westerns were melodrama. There have been a long list of excellent Westerns that still provide clear heroes though now the tones of gray are exposed. And then there are the bad Westerns, unpopular with audiences, where

villains are praised as heroes and values are confused.

Some of us revel in the imaginary history of great heroes and great courage brought to us in the various melodramas. From this we get semi-athletic sports like Quick Draw Societies and Cowboy Action Shooting and the real athletic events seen in rodeo and ranch rodeo, the latter seeking its roots in ranch activities.

We want to believe our ancestors faced the frontier with courage fending off weather, terrain, Indians, and wild animals and semi-wild domestic animals. We need to see that greatness to give ourselves something to live up to.

Can we represent the Indian as noble and heroic? The first frontiersmen, who fought them and fought alongside them seemed to think so. It was only later that Easterners came upon the drunken dregs and thought themselves superior needing to care of our little red brothers. The mountain man and frontiersman knew the Indian as a worthy adversary. And though he might have been enemy, the Indian was not evil. We seldom see this in the movies. The Indian is either all good and the white man evil or the reverse. Too seldom do we see Cochise, the intelligent, brave, and trustworthy facing his equal in Tom Jeffords in a movie like *Broken Arrow*.

The reenactors who dress up as Indians seem to sense the worthy foe. Reenactors, in general, play out melodramas in the street basing them on an imaginary west both better and worse than it was. It amounts to a remembrance of heroes (and villains) and that's a good thing as it builds on our sense of

self and our ideals. Even those who play villains are getting something out of their system. Many of these folks are frustrated actors waiting for parts in plays and on the screen where they get bit parts and serve as extras.

Another version of the street fighters that we see in Tombstone are the battle reenactors more common east of the Mississippi River where they reenact Civil and Revolutionary War battles and even WWII. Since they lack the numbers to be authentic, battle reenactments tend to look like what we did as children but with much better quality toys. It is only east of the big river that I have ever heard the term *Farb*, meaning something that isn't authentic. We understand the concept out here but aren't quite so in-your-face competitive about it.

These folks merge into living history events and living historians who attempt to portray an era as accurately as possible. The best of them refuse to break character and will respond with feigned puzzlement if you present them with an anachronism.

“How do you turn on the electric light?”

“Electric, sir? You mean like Mr. Franklin experimented with? I should think God handles that.”

Living historians make history available to the general public in an interesting way in teaching that is fun. Many of them role play a particular character that they have invented. I recall photographing one fellow at Bent's Old Fort who was playing a Delaware Indian who worked as a hunter at the fort. He proceeded to tell me his life story and would not break character.

Others do personification, taking on the identity of an actual historical figure and attempting to explain the world as that person would have often imitating their speech patterns, if known. It is acting and can be done very well and be very educational. Or it can be done very poorly. In Tombstone we have a gentleman who portrays his ancestor, Wyatt Earp. We've also seen Val Kilmer portray Doc Holliday in some excellent acting that has little to do with history.

There are those of us to preserve the west in speaking and writing. We should encourage local historians who have a place preserving minor events in history that were important locally. There are popular historians who write for a mass market. Usually, they rely on secondary sources and accidentally misrepresent events although some are very good and reach a wide audience. Untrained, they are often prone to illogic and anachronism, though all of us, even the very best, are guilty to some extent.

We should encourage all of these approaches to history where they help to preserve history and inform the public. The public will always be drawn to the uplifting that paints our ancestors as heroes to be emulated, giving us something to live up to. The Western that is dead is the one that many in Hollywood and academia have turned to making out our ancestors to be villains one and all.

### Blast from the Past

*The first train robbery on the Southern Pacific Railroad in Arizona and New Mexico occurred in November 1883. Probably didn't*

*have one before that because the railroad wasn't completed until late 1882.*

“The S.P. Train Robbery.” *The Black Range*, 7 December 1883.

More minute particulars of the train robbery near Deming are given by a correspondent of a Deming paper:

On Saturday evening the Southern Pacific train was reported on time as usual, but it failed to come. About seven o'clock a telegram came from Gage, stating that the train had been wrecked by train robbers and that the engineer and express messenger had been killed. A special train consisting of one flat car and two emigrant sleeper was made up as soon as possible, and started for the scene of the robbery with about fifty well-armed men and Doctors Keefe and McChesney to render medical or surgical aid if necessary. After a cautious run of a little over half an hour, during which time a sharp lookout was kept for obstructions on the track and torn up rails, the scene of the robbery was reached. The first thing noticed was the lifeless body of Engineer Webster, as it lay stretched out on a car door alongside of the locomotive. The particulars of the robbery were then ascertained to be as follows: At 4:20 o'clock as the train was about six miles east of Gage, the fireman noticed a misplaced rail and exclaimed: “My God there's a hole in the track!” Hardly had the engine been reversed and air brakes applied ere the engine was bumping over the ties. The fireman jumped and the engineer was preparing to do so, when he was shot through the chest and fell dying between the rails. Two shots were fired at the fireman who escaped by crawling on his hands and knees away from the train, which was lying in a cut six feet deep. Two shots were fired through the postal car,

narrowly missing the postal clerk. The express messenger was then ordered to come out and hold up his hands which demand was complied with promptly. They requested him to give up his keys and with them they unlocked the safe and took everything that they thought would be of value to them. The leader of the gang was very particular as to what he took refusing Mexican coin and jewelry, which, he remarked was probably intended for Christmas presents. After they had ransacked the car, they were very much dissatisfied with the result of their search, having obtained only about \$800. They then entered the mail car, with the expectation of getting something from there, but the postal agent says they were novices concerning Uncle Sam's valuable mail matter. The registered mail pouch was lying near the mailing table, but was not noticed by them. The leader of the gang opened a drawer where there were some nuts and taking them out he cracked them and picked out the meats with his bowie knife while the others were searching the car for valuables. As far as the mail agent knows there was nothing removed from his car. The passenger coaches were unmolested and only one passenger, Mr. Gaskill, of the U.S. publishing house, Chicago, whose curiosity exceeded his sense, was robbed. He got off the train to "see what was going on," and very suddenly found out a good deal more than he had any desire for knowing. He was relieved of \$155 in cash and a silver watch, but they gave him back his watch on his informing them that it was a present, remarking that it was of no use to them anyhow. From Conductor Vail they took \$200 in money and a fine gold watch. They remained in the cars an hour and then rode away in the darkness. A brakeman got away from the train, ran to Gage and telegraphed to Deming for aid. The fireman

returned to the train as soon as the robbers had gone and found that engineer was dead, and he was greatly effected thereby. The alacrity exhibited by some of the passengers in secreting their valuables is said to be wonderful. One gentleman from New York secreted over \$1,000 in his shoe. Watches, rings and other valuables were dropped in the water coolers, in the coal-boxes, behind the hot water pipes, in pillow boxes and in fact in every conceivable place in the coaches and sleeping car. One man even attempted to secrete himself in the linen in the sleeper. On the arrival of the special from Deming the work of transferring the baggage, mail and express was begun. After everything had been transferred there was a delay of about an hour caused by waiting for orders from Tucson. Immediately on reception of orders the train returned to Deming, arriving about eleven o'clock. The work of clearing the wreck was commenced at once and the train was brought into Deming, about eight o'clock Sunday morning. It is thought that the robbers have made their escape into Mexico. A reward of \$2,000 each has been offered for them. \$1,000 by the Southern Pacific company, and \$1,000 by Wells, Fargo & Co.

## Poetry Corner

### The Burial

By Matt Field (ca. 1840)

In: *Away to Santa Fe: A Collection of Santa Fe Trail Poems* New Mexico State Library, 2021

A poor man dies! What matter then? –  
To is still the doom of men.  
A man is gone, a lump of clay

Has breathed its sense of life away.  
 Still the sun shines, and the world rolls round,  
 And the man lies slumbering in the ground.  
 Our party is one man less,  
 A Spaniard – Cook of Besay’s mess.  
 He sickened, pined, and passed away.  
 Without an English word to say.  
 In the wild desert – None were nigh  
 Who cared to hear his parting sigh.  
 The hands that closed his eyes in sleep  
 Belonged to eyes that could not weep,  
 And those who laid him in the earth  
 Forgot him in the next hour’s mirth.  
 Oh! Poor Bernardo! They lone grave  
 Is by the swift “Arkansas” wave.  
 No friendly tear can bless the spot  
 Where thou are slumbering forgot,  
 None but the wolves shall visit thee,  
 Their howl they requiem shall be.  
 And not unlike, some ripped up bone  
 Shall be thy brief recording stone.  
 Yet shell thou have a glorious rest  
 In the great prairie of the west.  
 No crowded sepulcher of bones;  
 No heavy monuments of stones;  
 But the wild flowers round they tomb,  
 In summer time shall bud and bloom.  
 And no stranger’s foot shall rudely tread  
 Upon they last and lonely bed.  
 Farewell Bernardo! Rest in Peace.  
 One lip has breathed a prayer for thee,  
 Death often is a kind release,  
 Tho’ coming dark and fearfully.  
 The dew drop from the midnight sky,  
 Shall come as from a pitying eye,  
 And the swift rain-drop from the cloud,  
 Shall bathe in balm thy lowly shroud.  
 Over they grave the grass shall grow,  
 And birds shall sing, and flowers shall grow,  
 The “Arkansas” eternal swell  
 Shall ring for thee a murmuring knell,  
 And still they memory shall live  
 With what poor grace this rhyme may give!

## Call for Input

**Here are some of the Departments of the Fremont Street Mail to which you are invited to contribute:**

**Blast from the Past** (a piece of interesting history or an old newspaper article) If you find something good, send it to the Ink Slinger.

**Poetry Corner** (Cowboy and 19<sup>th</sup> Century Poetry especially if you wrote it) We’d like to see some of yours and this counts as publication for the Fred Olds Award.

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

**Tidbits from History** (small items stumbled upon that answer some question) There are all kinds of things out there.

**Tombstone Epitaph** (a story from the Epitaph) We try to pick one from the current month, but we don’t have the morgue for all early editions.

**Places to Visit** (Interesting museums, parks and places) Which places do you like.

**Hollywood Trivia** (fun stuff from the TV and Movies)

**Corral Members at Large** (stories from Ranch Hands who have visited or hiked to some place of historical interest, or received recognition or participated in telling the world about Frontier History)

**Photo Album** (Photos submitted by Ranch Hands)

**Local Events** (flyers and notices of events of historical interest in southeast Arizona and southwest New Mexico)

Departments of the Border Vidette

**Long Articles** (about the Frontier West, with special attention to the local area; reprints are acceptable if the author has the rights)

**Short Articles** (little stories that might otherwise be lost or forgotten; some bit of history the author has stumbled across)

**Reviews & Book Reports** (both long and short, history and historical fiction about the Frontier West)

**Recommended Books & Articles**

**Timelines**

Send STUFF to the Ink Slinger, Doug Hocking, at [dhocking@centurylink.net](mailto:dhocking@centurylink.net) or [InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org](mailto:InkSlinger@CochiseCountyCorral.org)  
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:

**Our website and how to get there:**

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/>

What you'll find there:

The Fremont Street Mail (monthly):

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

The Border Vidette (quarterly):

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

Our Scrapbook:

<https://cochisecountycorral.org/scrapbook>

## Last Campfire

Gil Storms spoke at the last Campfire and was absolutely excellent. I don't have any photos and we weren't on Zoom.

## Tombstone Epitaph

*Tombstone Weekly Epitaph*, 18 November 1882.

**LESLIE'S LUCK.**

**“Billy the Kid” Takes a Shot at “Buckskin Frank.”**

The Latter Promptly Replies, and the Former Quietly Turns His Toes Up to the Daisies.

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Tuesday morning about 7 o'clock another tragedy was added to the already long list that have dotted with crimson the history of our city. The causes which led to the affray, as far as known, are fully detailed in the testimony elicited at the coroner's inquest. The survivor of the sad affair, Frank Leslie, or “Buckskin Frank,” is well known throughout the county. William Claiborne, alias the “Kid,” who precipitated the affray which led to his sudden and untimely taking off, has in the past gained considerable notoriety by his connection with desperate character and participation in deeds of violence. He was arrested something over a year ago for the murder of Hicks, at Charleston, but upon being tried was acquitted. Whatever may have been his record in the past, there is no doubt that at the time he met his death he was engaged in an attempt at assassination, which was frustrated by the coolness and determination of his intended victim. Below we give the statement of Mr. Leslie concerning the unfortunate affair, which is

fully corroborated by the testimony and verdict of the coroner's jury:

#### STATEMENT OF FRANK LESLIE.

I was talking with some friends in the oriental saloon when Claiborne came in and pushed his way in among us and began using very insulting language. I took him one side and said, "Billy don't interfere, those people are friends among themselves, and are not talking about politics at all, and don't want you about." He appeared quite put out and used rather band and certainly very nasty language towards me. I told him that there was no use of him fighting me, that there was no occasion for it, and leaving him joined my friends. He came back again and began using exceedingly abusive language, when I again took him by the collar of his coat and led him away, telling him not to get mad, that it was for his own good, that if he acted in that manner he was liable to get in trouble. He pushed away from me, using very harsh language, and as he started away shook his finger at me and said, "That's all right Leslie, I'll get even on you," and went out of the saloon. In a short time a man came in and said there was a man waiting outside to shoot me, but I didn't pay much attention to it. A few minutes later another man came in looking quite white and said Claiborne was waiting outside with a rifle

#### TO SHOOT FRANK LESLIE

I then went out, and as I stepped on the sidewalk saw about a foot of a rifle barrel protruding from the end of the fruit stand. I stepped out in the street and saw it was Claiborne, and said "Billy, don't shoot, I don't want you to kill me, nor I don't want to have to shoot you." Almost before I finished

he raised the gun and shot, and I returned the fire from my pistol, aiming at his breast. As soon as I shot I saw him double up and had my pistol cocked and aimed at him again when I saw, or thought I saw, another man by him, putting his hands around him, and I lowered the pistol, and when it was discharged the bullet went in the sidewalk. After I fired, I advanced upon him, but did not shoot, when he said, "Don't shoot again; I am killed," which I didn't but watched him, with my pistol at full cock, as I didn't know what game he might play to get me off my guard. At that moment Officer Coyle came up and took hold of my pistol hand. I told him to be careful, as it was at full cock. I then uncocked it and gave it to him, and said I would go with him. I told him I was sorry; that I might have done more, but I couldn't do less. He then placed me under arrest.

Coroner Matthews impaneled a jury, which met at 1 o'clock p.m. at Ritter's undertaking rooms, and the following testimony concerning the killing was elicited:

W.J. MASON,

being duly sworn says: I reside in Tombstone. I recognize the body submitted to the jury as that of William Claiborne; have known him for three years. This morning I came to the Oriental saloon. While I was drinking alone, Mr. Claiborne came into the saloon and had some words with Mr. Leslie, and Claiborne said "I will see you later." Mr. Leslie replied, "While I am in Tombstone you can see me any time." Mr. Claiborne then left the saloon, and I left the saloon to see Mr. Brophy, and met Mr. Claiborne on the corner near the Oriental, Fifth and Allen. I advised him to wait and I would buy some fish and we would go to breakfast together. I advised him to do nothing but drop the matter and



have no trouble. He said he did not propose to drop the matter, but would go and get his Winchester and would settle the matter at once. That is the last I seen of Mr. Claiborne in good health. I saw him next lying behind the fruit stand beside the Oriental. He complained he was mortally wounded, saying, "My backbone is all shot out." I got on the ground in time to see Mr. Leslie hand his six-shooter to the officer, and being taken off by the officers. The next I saw of Mr. Claiborne was in the undertaker's office, dead. I did not see the shooting. I do not know of my own knowledge who killed Mr. Claiborne. Claiborne said that he had some trouble with some one and he was going to get his Winchester and settle the matter, mentioning no names. He passed down Allen street with his gun in his hand towards the Oriental saloon. I was in Mr. Brophy's saloon when I heard the shots. I did not know of any ill-feeling existing between the parties before this morning I seen the officers take a rifle from the ground where Claiborne lay. I do not know the officer's name who took Leslie away. I only seen one rifle on the ground.

DR. G.C. WILLIS,

being first duly sworn says: I reside in Tombstone; physician and surgeon by occupation. I saw Mr. Claiborne this morning a little before 8 o'clock at my office, being brought there by his friends in a condition of shock, bordering on collapse. I cut open his shirt and found a gun shot wound in the left side, and an opening in the back close to his spinal column, probably the wound of exit. He was not bleeding very much. He wanted to urinate, which he did. The urine contained blood. After that act his prostration was more complete. I gave him stimulants. I dressed the wounds. Then he talked about his opponent

and called him a murdering son of a b---. Having no convenience thre, I sent him up to the hospital. There was no pulse at the wrist from the time he came in until he went out. The action of the heart was so feeble that I could hardly detect it. I did not probe the wound. In my opinion the ball might have passed through the spleen and through the left kidney in all probability, which would account for the blood in the urine, and probably injured the spinal column. In my opinion it was a fatal wound. He was not dead when he left the office. He spoke of giving a belt to Mr. Herring. I do not know which one of the Herrings it was. He was not wholly conscious. He said he was a murdering son of a b-- to shoot a man in the back. I was examining the back when he made that remark. I think he received the wound in front.

OTTO JOHNSON,

being duly sworn, says: I am a saloon keeper at Willcox. This morning as I was about to leave Judge Moses' saloon to go to breakfast at the Can Can chophouse, I saw Mr. Claiborne on the corner of Fifth and Allen streets near Mr. Joyce's saloon, with a gun scabbard slung over his left shoulder and a Winchester in his right hand with his thumb on the trigger and the gun pointed downward. I said to him, "Hello, Bill, where are you going? He came up to me and remarked, "I don't allow any man to spit on me, and if he wants to fight to come out here, and if he don't come out I will go in and make him fight." I asked him who he meant by that. He said, "A man in there by the name of Frank Leslie." I tried to talk him out of it and to take a walk down the street with me. He said no, if I interfered he would turn loose on me. Thinking it better to take a walk, I walked into Joyce's saloon. I saw a friend of men

there by the name of Mr. Percy talking to two or three gentlemen there. I shook hands with Mr. Percy and asked him if he knew a man by the name of Frank Leslie. He said yes, and turned around to one of the gentlemen he was talking with, and introduced me to Frank Leslie. I told Mr. Leslie to be careful, that there was a man outside with a Winchester after him. Mr. Leslie asked me whereabouts. Told him outside the saloon. With that he walked to the side door on Fifth street, opened the door, stood there a minute and looked around. He closed the door and walked on the sidewalk. The next thing I heard was shots fired. I went outside, saw Mr. Claiborne lying on the sidewalk and Mr. Leslie about two feet from him with a gentleman holding up the hand that had his pistol in. I walked away after that. I did not see the shots fired. Leslie left the saloon from the second side door of the saloon on Fifth street.

WILLIAM HENRY BUSH,

being duly sworn says: I reside in Tombstone, occupation bootblack. Billy Claiborne came up the street with the gun on his shoulder and said, "I am going to kill Frank Leslie." He came to me and I said, "Billy, don't go over there, give me your gun." He said, "N, you black son of a b---, I will kill you." I got up by the door and saw Billy across the street with his gun, and I hollered to the barkeeper in the Palace saloon that there was going to be a shooting scrape. I saw him raise the gun to shoot Mr. Leslie, and I seen the gun go off, the bullet striking the sidewalk. I heard two shots fired. I seen Mr. Leslie near the sidewalk near the Oriental, with the pistol in his hand. I did not know which was shooting. Claiborne fired first.

JOHN J. REILLY,

being duly sworn, says: I reside in Tombstone; occupation laborer. My attention was directed to Claiborne with a carbine or rifle in his hand. His remaining so long in one position on the sidewalk of the Oriental saloon close to the fruit stand caused me to watch him. He remained possibly ten minutes in the same position; gun pointed downward. When a man emerged from the middle door of the Oriental saloon on Fifth street, Claiborne raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired. The attacked party at once stepped off of the sidewalk back to me and began firing. I was standing at the corner of the Crystal Palace saloon. Being in range of the rifle I retreated behind the corner; heard other shots, but saw neither party fire them. As soon as the man emerged from the door the rifle was discharged. I am acquainted with both parties, Claiborne and Leslie; but did not recognize Leslie. I am positive there were three shots fired, and I think there were four. I am positive Claiborne fired the first shot. The second shot was fired almost instantly by the attacked party.

JAMES COYLE,

being duly sworn says: I reside in Tombstone; am a policeman. About half-past seven o'clock this morning I was standing opposite Cohn's cigar store on Allen street, talking to Dave Cohn. My back was toward the Oriental saloon. I heard a shot fired, and turned. I saw Frank Leslie close to the sidewalk with a pistol in his hand. He fired, and I ran towards him. Before I got to him he fired again. He was standing on the sidewalk when I came up to him. He said, "Jimmy, here is my pistol; be careful, it is cocked." He

laid the hammer down and gave it to me. He said, "I will go with you." He said, "Jimmy, I could have done more, but could not have done less. I did not want to kill him. He was laying to kill me." I picked up a rifle that was lying on Claiborne's knees, across his thighs. I took Leslie as far as the police court-room. I turned him over to Deputy Sheriff Cory there. I gave Cory the pistol and rifle. Claiborne was lying on the sidewalk, close to the fruit stand. I did not see Claiborne until I walked over, and did not know what Leslie was shooting at. I do not know who fired the first shot. There were two of the chambers of Leslie's pistol discharged. I heard three shots fired.

DAVID COHN,

being duly sworn, said: I reside in Tombstone; occupation, merchant. I saw Claiborne raise his rifle and fire the first shot; saw Leslie fire two shots afterwards. Claiborne was back of the end of the fruit stand, near the door of the Oriental saloon. Leslie was standing facing him, about five or six feet from him. He was on the sidewalk. I did not see Leslie until the shooting commenced. I had seen Claiborne about ten minutes before the shooting. I am positive Claiborne fired the first shot. I saw Claiborne fall at the first shot fired by Leslie.

LEON JACOBS,

being duly sworn, says: I reside in Tombstone; occupation, merchant. I have heard the statement of Mr. Cohn, and corroborate his statement.

E. H. DEAN,

being duly sworn, says: I reside in Tombstone; occupation, barkeeper at the Oriental saloon. Mr. Leslie came into the Oriental saloon about one hour previous to the shooting. He and three others were standing at the end of the counter talking, when Mr. Claiborne came in. Mr. Claiborne stepped up to them and interfered in their conversation. He made a remark about Dave Neagle, and said that any one that would vote for Ward was a son of a b---. Mr. Leslie told him to go away from them, as they were not talking politics. He said he would not go away. Mr. Leslie took hold of him and pulled him away and told him he was liable to get into trouble with the other parties. He said that he wouldn't stay away. Leslie took hold of him the second time and threw him towards the opening into the other room. Claiborne told him he would allow no man to handle him in a manner of that kind. Mr. Leslie told him it was for his own good that he was pulling him away. Claiborne then left the house. The next I heard was a man came running in telling Mr. Leslie that Claiborne was outside with a rifle to kill him. Mr. Leslie then went out the side door on Fifth street. I went out the side door, the first one above that. Mr. Leslie jumped off the sidewalk, about ten feet in middle of the street. There was a shot fired from toward where Mr. Claiborne was standing. Mr. Leslie then fired two shots. I did not see Claiborne before the shots were fired. He was standing at the end of the fruit stand, near the third door. I did not hear any threats made before he left the saloon, either by him or Leslie. Both parties had been drinking some. Leslie did not appear to be angry with Claiborne, but told him he was doing it for his own good. Claiborne was very angry when he left the saloon. Nothing was said about meeting later, by the parties, that I heard. It was about fifteen minutes after Claiborne left

the saloon that Leslie was warned. I was on the sidewalk when the first shot was fired. Did not see who fired it. It was not Leslie who fired it.

**THE CORONER’S VERDICT.**

The testimony being concluded, the jury, after a few moments’ deliberation returned the following verdict:

We, the undersigned, a jury of inquest, summoned and impaneled by the coroner of said county to inquire whose the body submitted to our inspection, when, where and under what circumstances he came to his death, after viewing the body and hearing such testimony as has been brought before us, find that his name was William Claiborne, age and nativity unknown, and that he came to his death from the effects of a pistol wound inflicted by Frank Leslie, in the town of Tombstone, Arizona Territory, on the 14th day of November, 1882; and that the shooting was done in self-defense, and in the opinion of the jury, was justifiable.

I.M. Isaacs, Thomas M. Young, Pat Holland, George Williams, J.E. Durkee, Daniel McCann, Charles Littchild, L. Hart.

**Out and About**

**We’re really hoping some of you will start submitting stories to Out and About concerning your travels, adventures, and activities.**

**Odd Bits**

Tuesday, February 22, 2022 will be 2/22/22 and a Tuesday.

**Places to Visit**



**Willcox West Fest, Chuckwagon Cook-off and Ranch Rodeo**

The Willcox Ranch Rodeo is coming in April. While you’re there, stop off and see the Chiricahua Mountain Museum run by Ranch Hand Kathy Klump. Ranch Rodeo features “non-sanctioned” events that reflect what really happens on the ranch. One event involves four cowboys unscrambling their



tack, chasing down their horses, saddling up and chasing down a range cow, knocking her



down and milking her to get milk for the breakfast coffee. Sure, every morning on the ranch. It's a great deal of fun and there are lots of children's events like goat riding. You can get a ticket from your choice of chuck wagon for the chow you want.



**Coming Events**

Feb 10 – Noon - Brown Bag in Willcox\* – **Bob Nilson *The History of Highway 80***

Feb 17 – 5:30 **Zoom Event** Third Thursday History –

Feb 9 - 13 – **Tubac Festival of the Arts**

February 15 – 6:30pm – Silver City Corral – Doug Hocking, ***Workin’ On the Railroad.*** Cross Point Church.

February 19 – 2:00 pm – **Battle of Chiricahua Pass Plaque Unveiling,** Chiricahua Desert Museum, Rodeo, NM

March 5-6 – **Heard Museum Indian Days,** Phoenix

March 10 – Noon – Brown Bag in Willcox\* – **Becky Orozco *Diary of a Woman Near Servos, Arizona.***

March 12-13 – **Tucson Festival of Books**

April 7 – Noon – Brown Bag in Willcox\* - **Thatcher Rodgers *An Ancient Frontier: A Transborder View of Casa Grandes***

April 15 – 17 – **8<sup>th</sup> Annual Willcox West Fest & Chuck Wagon Cook-off & Ranch Rodeo,** Quail Park Arena, Willcox

May 12 – Noon – Brown Bag in Willcox\* – **Jan Cleere *Military Wives on the AZ Frontier***

\* Brown Bag lunch in Willcox at the Palace of Art and Theater on Railroad Ave.





### Chiricahua Regional Museum

127 E. Maley St., Willcox, AZ 85643

520 384-3971

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

### Hollywood Trivia Deputy Sheriff Nevada Smith

There was a syndicated TV series based loosely on James Fenimore Cooper’s tales of the early American frontier. It starred B. Horsley and Native American actor Rodney A. Grant as his blood brother. Who was the lovely female character who earlier had starred in her own TV show from 1975 to 1979?

Lynda “Wonder Woman” Carter.

Who was the first *elected* sheriff of Cochise County who was also involved in the Bisbee Massacre?



He casts a wide loop



From the museum

Announcements

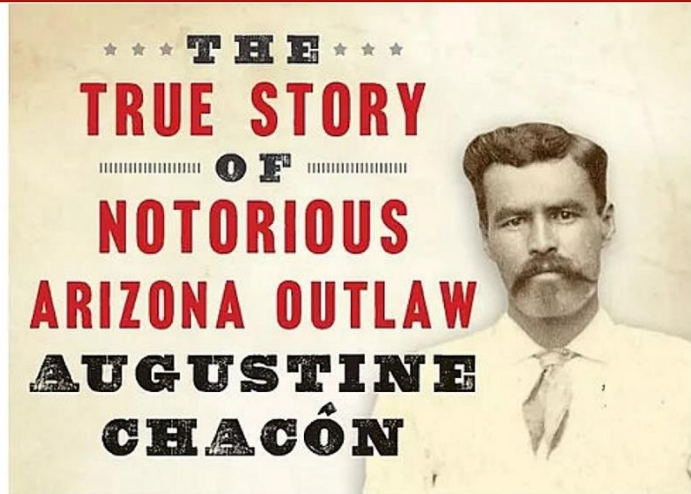


**COCHISE COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS**  
 Thursday March 3rd, 7 PM at Schieffelin Hall **FREE**

**Presenter:  
David Grassé**



David Grassé is a third-generation Arizonian. He is a member of the Arizona Historical Society and the Western Writers of America. Grassé is the author of three published books and several articles.



By the time he was hanged in 1903, Augustine Chacón had become the most notorious Mexican outlaw in the Arizona Territory. His alleged crimes had made him a virtual legend. But, was he truly a bloodthirsty fiend? Fifty-two murders, or just sensational journalism? Join author David Grassé as he uncovers the true story of Arizona's most enduring criminal legend!

*See you at Schieffelin!*  
4th and Fremont, in Tombstone



**Regular meetings at 7 PM on the first Thursday of every month**

FREE talks at historic 1881 Schieffelin Hall, 4th and Fremont, Tombstone

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

**Join up! A great group, Heads Up Award for Best Corral 2013, 2014 & 2021!**

- ❖ Enjoy learning about Western Frontier History
- ❖ Exciting Trail Rides (field trips) to visit places important in our Western history
- ❖ Enjoy monthly meetings with presentations of Cowboy Poetry, Short History and Western History
- ❖ Read the interesting *Border Vidette* and the *Fremont Street Mail*

Contact Sheriff Doug Hocking at 378-1833, [doug@doughocking.com](mailto:doug@doughocking.com) or "Nevada" Smith at 642-7601



# BROWN BAG

## ARIZONA HISTORY

Come and enjoy presentations on Arizona history at the Palace of Art and Theater in downtown Willcox! Co-sponsored by Sulphur Springs Valley Historical Society. This is a walk-in event! Anyone is welcome and no registration is required!

FREE ADMISSION



### THE HISTORY AND CONSTRUCTION OF HIGHWAY 80 IN 1926

*Dive into the history of highway 80 and how it helped transform the surrounding area and communities into what we know today. Learn how this historic highway planned and constructed in the sparse frontier.*

Speaker: Bob Nilson February 10th, 12:00pm at The Palace

### DIARY OF A WOMAN NEAR SERVOS, ARIZONA

*In 1912, 22-year-old Susie Cundiff arrived in the Sulphur Springs Valley with her father and brother to establish a claim on a homestead. She left behind a diary of her time there. Her great-neice will tell her story.*

Speaker: Becky Orozco March 10th, 12:00pm at The Palace



### AN ANCIENT FRONTIER: A TRANSBORDER VIEW OF CASA GRANDES

*The growth and establishment of Paquimé as a regional polity during the late thirteenth and fourteenth centuries had a tremendous impact on communities several hundred kilometers away. Join our speaker as he investigates its development and historical trends often obscured by the contemporary U.S.-Mexico border*

Speaker: Thatcher Rodgers April 7th, 12:00pm at The Palace

### MILITARY WIVES ON THE AZ FRONTIER

*When the U.S Army ordered troops into the Arizona Territory in the 19th century to defend and establish settlement, many men brought their wives and families with them. Join us and learn these women's stories through their letters and journals detailing the daily struggle of the untamed frontier.*

Speaker: Jan Cleere May 12th, 12:00pm at The Palace

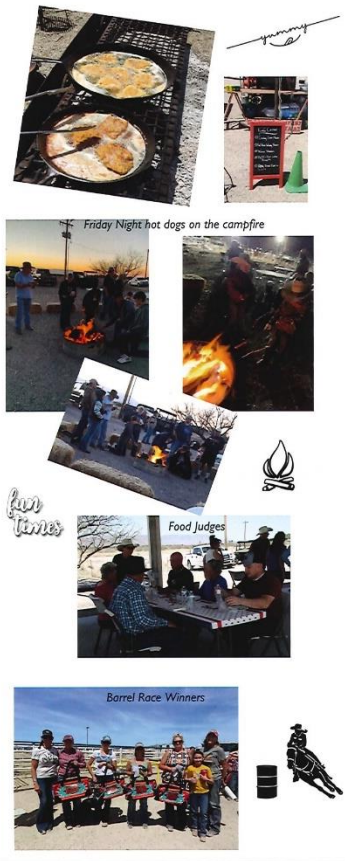




**DATE HAS BEEN SET**

**Willcox West Fest**  
*Ranch Rodeo & Chuck Wagon Cook-Off*

**APRIL 15, 16 & 17, 2022**



**Willcox West Fest**  
 PO Box 44  
 Willcox, AZ 85644  
 willcoxwestfest@gmail.com

**Family Fun**

**2021 Cattle Baron Sponsors:**  
 Maid Rite Feeds  
 RBC Wealth Management  
 Galiuro Feeders  
 New Generation Supplements  
 KHIL Radio

**Willcox West Fest**  
*Ranch Rodeo & Chuck Wagon Cook-Off*  
 Willcox, Arizona

**SAVE THE DATE**

**April 15, 16 & 17**  
**2022**

**Vendors - Food**  
**Ranch Rodeo - Dancing**  
**Campfire - Chuck Wagons**  
**Family Fun Weekend !**

Tax Purposes 501 (c) (3), charity organization

Contact Information  
 (Chuck Wagon) Ron 505-220-5842  
 (Sponsors & Vendors) Cheryl 520-384-4688  
 (Rodeo) April 520-507-0308  
 (Rodeo) Jan 520-678-5396

Facebook

### 2021 RANCH RODEO

Hatchet Ranch, Hachita New Mexico  
2021 Ranch Rodeo Champions



Box Bar Ranch, Wilcox Arizona  
2021 Jr Ranch Rodeo Champions



Top Hand

Carson Lee, Spur Ranch



Wild Horse Race  
1st Place Team Tres Sandrios, Pruitt New Mexico  
2nd Place Team Gently Used, Prescott Valley, Az



### CHUCK WAGON COOK-OFF

2021

Cowgirls Forever, Desert Hills Arizona



Reed Family Chuck Wagon, Queen Creek Arizona



Gummer's Camp chuck Wagon, Pima Arizona



Double K Chuckwagon, Mesa Arizona



Buce Tingle  
Wilcox Arizona



EZ Cattle Company, Sonora Arizona



### 2021 VENDORS



Historic Empire Ranch  
Founded 1878 Sonora AZ  
[www.empirevalleyranch.com](http://www.empirevalleyranch.com)



COCHISE & GUSTAVS



JOIN US FOR THE  
UNVEILING OF THE HISTORICAL MARKER  
COMMEMORATING  
**THE BATTLE OF CHIRICAHUA PASS**

Friday, February 19, 2022, at 2:00 pm

at the

**Chiricahua Desert Museum**

Highway 80, north of Rodeo, NM

The October 1869 Battle of Chiricahua Pass near Rucker Canyon was fought between Captain Rueben Bernard and about 60 soldiers, and Cochise and about 100 Apache warriors. It holds the record for more soldiers being issued the Medal of Honor (thirty-three) than in any 1-day battle in the entire history of the US Army. Amazingly, no marker or monument has ever commemorated this unique record. Until now.

Join us as we unveil a bronze plaque and listen to remarks from our state elected leaders as well as representatives from the Chiricahua Apache Nation. A power point detailing the history of the battle will follow the unveiling. The event will conclude with a reception with refreshments served.

**Sponsored by the Cochise County Historical Society**

For information, contact Bill Cavaliere at (520) 558-2580





The Cochise County Corral Membership 1

Membership Form May 2021



## The Cochise County Corral of the Westerners

invites you to join a fun, informal group of people

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

*Membership Benefits:*

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



**Membership only \$20 per year**  
(Feel free to visit a few times before you join)

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Yes, I would like to become a member of the Cochise County Corral  
Membership \$20 - %Doug Hocking, 6567 E. Barataria Blvd, Sierra Vista 85650

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

Mailing Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

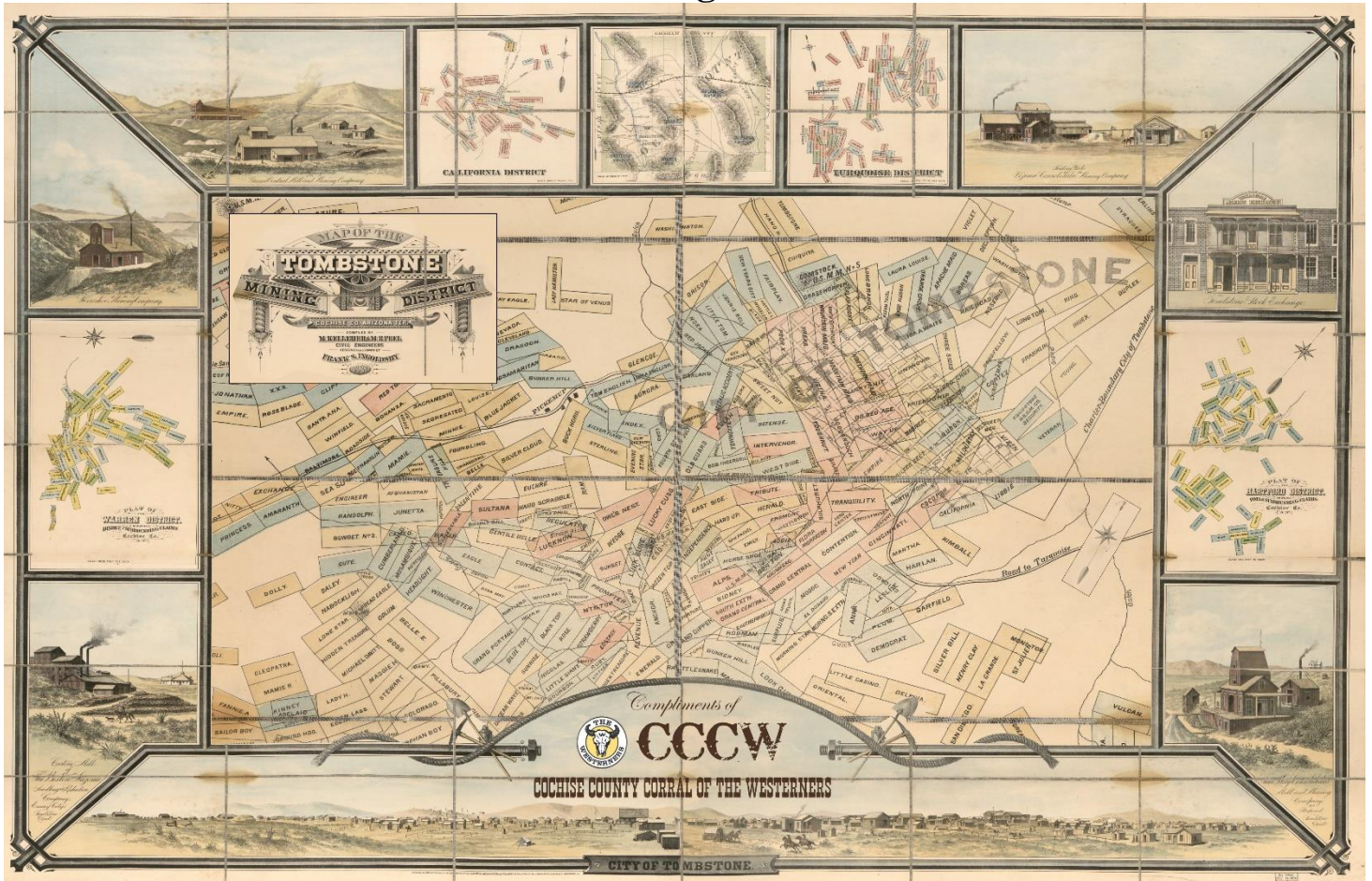
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The Cochise County Corral meets at Schieffelin Hall, Tombstone, AZ  
Information contact: Sheriff Doug Hocking ([doug@doughocking.com](mailto:doug@doughocking.com)) or Nevada Smith at (520) 642 7601

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**Send Completed Application and check for \$20 to:  
Cochise County Corral % Sheriff Doug Hocking, 6567 E. Barataria Blvd., Sierra Vista, AZ 85650**

# Map of the Tombstone Claims And Surrounding Communities



Done on heavy paper, 11 inches by 17 inches

**Only \$5**

**Get yours from Charley, Keeper of the Chips, or Jon  
At the next meeting**