

Desert Tracks

Publication of the Southern Trails Chapter
of the Oregon-California Trails Association

June 2013



Chiricahua Apaches

Desert Tracks:
*Publication of the Southern Trails Chapter of
the Oregon-California Trails Association*

Past issues can be found via a link on the Southern Trails
Chapter website.

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Table of Contents

From the Editors 1
Patricia Etter: In Memorium 2
Chapter Meetings 3
Exchange on Latitude and Longitude 3
Reviews
Peace Came in the Form of a Woman by Juliana Barr (Lawrences) . . 4
Quilts: California Bound by Sandi Fox (Thompson) 5
Geronimo by Robert Utley (Hill) 6
Geronimo: An American Legend (Lawrences) 7
Chiricahua Museums and Sites (Lawrences) 8
Battle of Picacho Pass (Masich) 10
Trail Markers in Oklahoma (Miller) 17
Butterfield Trail in Eastern Arizona (Ahnert) 18
Finding Leach’s Well (McEachron) 22
Trail Turtles Mapping Trip (Greene) 24
Pre-trip Planning (DeVault) 28
Tucson Symposium Inside back cover

On the Cover:
Chiricahua Apaches
Painting by Thom Ross:
Born in San Francisco in 1952.
BR - TR
Now lives in Lamy, NM.
Owner of Due West Gallery in Santa Fe.
Represented by Kneeland Gallery, Ketchum, ID
Gunnar Nordstrom Gallery, Bellevue WA
Wilde-Meyer Gallery, Scottsdale AZ
3 dogs
2 daughters
Victory or Death

From the Editors

The Southern Trails Chapter Symposium, which was held in Tucson from March 14 to 16, was a resounding success, with two days of excellent talks and a day of fine field trips to the Fort Bowie National Historic Site and to Spanish sites along the Santa Cruz River. The keynote speaker, Andrew Masich, president of the Heinz History Center in Pennsylvania and author of *The Civil War in Arizona* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2008), gave an outstanding presentation on the role of the California Column in fighting Confederates and Apaches during the Civil War years. In this issue, we have included a gripping article by Masich on the Battle of Picacho Pass.

The field trip to Apache Pass exposed us to important events in the history of the Chiricahua Apaches. In preparation, we read Robert Utley's recent biography on Geronimo, which is reviewed herein by our colleague Walter Drew Hill, and watched the excellent 1993 film *Geronimo: An American Legend*, which we review. We have also included a brief article on several museums and sites associated with this Apache group that we visited on the way to and from the Tucson meeting.

Gerald Ahnert contributes an article on the changes made by the Butterfield Company when they constructed their mail route in eastern Arizona. Ahnert has recently written a report on the stagecoaches of the Butterfield Overland Mail. A link to the report, initially compiled for the Postal History Foundation, can be found on the California State Parks website at http://www.parks.ca.gov/?page_id=25066. We hope to publish an updated version of the report in a future issue of *Desert Tracks*.

Also in this issue is Greg McEachron's brief article describing the efforts that he and Dennis Wells made in the 1970s to find Leach's Well in the 40 Mile Desert near Gila Bend. The article both discusses earlier (pre-GPS) methods of trail research and serves to honor Wells' memory.

The Trail Turtles' spring 2013 mapping trip focused primarily on sites associated with the southern emigrant

trail in the vicinity of the Mimbres River in southwestern New Mexico. Richard Greene provides a report on the outing; Tracy DeVault contributes an article explaining the details of how such a trip is planned; and Rose Ann Tompkins adds information on the Giants of the Mimbres, a rock formation originally described by John Bartlett.

David Miller and Jack Beale Smith have been engaged in installing markers of the Beale Wagon Road and of the Fort Smith/Santa Te Trail in Oklahoma. Hopefully this activity will lead people living in the area to a greater interest in these trails.

Sue Thompson, an avocational quilter living in Los Alamos, has reviewed a new book by Sandi Fox on historic quilts of emigrants bound to California and those living there in the 19th- and early 20th- centuries. We welcome Thompson to our pages. We have reviewed *Peace Came in the Form of a Woman* by Juliana Barr, who is a forefront scholar of the interaction between Spaniards and Indians in 18th-century Texas.

We are pleased to have Thom Ross, a Santa Fe artist and gallery owner, as our cover artist for this issue.

We welcome Jack Fletcher as the new president of our chapter. Jack and his wife Pat are the leading experts on the Cherokee Trail and have a long-standing involvement with OCTA. The chapter has recently changed its directorate structure to have vice presidents for each state relevant to the southern emigrant trails system. This is in part because the chapter currently covers such a large geographic area that people are needed to encourage membership and trail activities in their local area. The new officers can be found on the masthead on the inside cover of this issue.

The Southern Trails Chapter lost a friend and supporter this winter. Patricia Etter, who died in February, was one of the early members of the chapter. She made important contributions to OCTA's mission as well as to the scholarship of the southern trails. She will be sorely missed.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Patricia A. Etter: In Memorium

Patricia Etter passed away on February 21 of this year. As a promoter of the importance of the Southern Emigrant Trail, as a valuable source of information on trail documents, details, and locations, and as a friend to many, she will be sorely missed by the members of the Southern Trails Chapter.

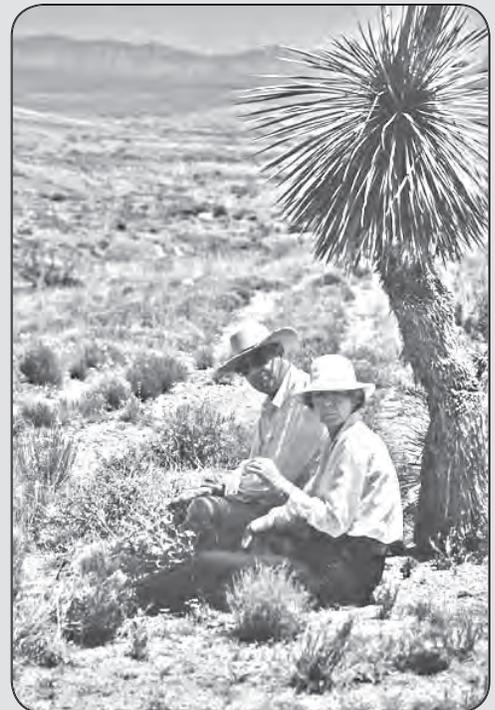
Originally from Manitoba, she emigrated to the U. S. and became interested in the experience of the California emigrants, especially those who traversed the Southwest. Her work as a research librarian at the Arizona State University Libraries enhanced her expertise on the southern trails.

Beginning in 1988 as an assistant archivist at ASU, she was soon appointed curator of the Labriola National American Indian Data Center, where she substantially expanded the collection. She also was an interim curator at the Arizona Historical Foundation.

Her scholarship focused on the history of the southern route of westward migration, an area neglected by many scholars who studied the northern route commonly known as the Oregon Trail. This research led to three books, including a key bibliography of diaries and journals of the southern emigrants titled *To California on the Southern Route, 1849: A History and Annotated Bibliography* (Spokane: Arthur H. Clark, 1998) and an edited edition of the diary of William Goulding titled *California Odyssey: An Overland Journey on the Southern Trails, 1849* (Norman: Arthur H. Clark, 2009). (Further information can be found on the website devoted to her work, <http://patriciaettersouthwest.com>.)

Pat and her husband Paul joined the Arizona Chapter of OCTA (the original name of the Southern Trails Chapter) shortly after it was formed in 1987. They attended many of the early chapter events and helped organize outings. Pat showed great interest in getting the southwest trails to be better understood and in locating the various trails. After Paul's death in 1996, she continued to be active in the chapter and she worked towards the goal of getting OCTA to take an increased interest in the southern trails. To this end, she became a member of the OCTA Board of Directors and contributed a regular column "Southwest Vignettes" for the organization's *Overland Journal*.

Her daughter, Jan Bull, writes: "Our grand, classy lady has escaped the mortal coil, as she called it. She was always a well-turned out, martini sipping, postcard queen; a virtual force of nature." Donations in her name can be made to the Arizona Desert Botanical Garden at www.dbg.org/membership-support/honor-memorial-gifts.



Patricia Etter and her husband Paul enjoy lunch at the top of Whitmire Pass in southwest New Mexico.
photo by Rose Ann Tompkins

Upcoming Chapter Meetings

The Southern Trails Chapter (STC) will hold a meeting of the membership on the afternoon of July 25 during the 2013 OCTA Annual Convention in Oregon City. Information on the convention, as well as a registration form, can be found on the OCTA web page at <http://octa-trails.org/>.

The chapter is planning to hold a membership meeting this fall in conjunction with the 2013 National Scenic and Historic Trails Conference, November 3-6, in Tucson, AZ. The conference is sponsored by the Partnership for the National Trails System to promote the use and preservation of the national scenic and historic trails. Information on the conference can be found on the website <http://www.pnts.org/news-and-events/14thnshstconference>. For information on the STC membership meeting, contact Jack and Pat Fletcher at jpfletcher@wavecable.com.

Plans are underway for next winter's STC symposium, to be held in Temecula, California, from March 27 to 28, 2014. While the symposium is still in the planning phase, there are a number of sites in the Temecula area that relate to the Butterfield and Emigrant Trails, including Wolf's Store, the stage stations at Oak Grove and Aguanga, and the Kimble-Wilson store. More details will be given in the upcoming winter issue of this publication. For further information, as well as suggestions for speakers, contact Anne Miller at DMEAJM@earthlink.net.

A Question about Latitude and Longitude: An Interchange between Bruce Watson, OCTA Colorado Chapter and Phoebe B. McNeally, Ph.D., DIGIT Lab Director, University of Utah

Q: (Watson) We're currently vacationing in southern Arizona. I took my handheld GPS to a very specific location in front of the house, took latitude/longitude readings using NAD27, and logged the numbers. I then changed to WGS84 and recorded the numbers for the same location. The results were as follows:

NAD27 latitude 31.89801N, longitude 110.94297W

WGS84 latitude 31.89815N, longitude 110.94364W

My understanding of latitude is that it is a measurement in degrees from the equator, while longitude is measured from the prime meridian at Greenwich. Aren't these locations and measurements fixed? Can you explain why latitude and longitude are not absolutely fixed?

A: (McNeally) In order to map locations on earth, an ellipsoidal approximation to the earth's surface is used to provide a reference surface. Such an approximation of the earth's surface is referred to as a geodetic "datum." The datum defines the size and shape of the ellipsoid used to approximate the shape of the earth as well as its origin and orientation. Latitude and longitude are calculated relative to the co-ordinate system of the datum being referenced. There are two main categories of datums: locally centered and earth centered. NAD27 is an example of a locally centered datum which uses an ellipsoid that is centered in Kansas to provide more accurate local measurements. WGS84 is an earth centered datum that provides equally good measurement around the world. It is the standard for GPS data collection. NAD83 is also an earth centered datum; you should notice very little difference between NAD83 and WGS84 coordinates. In your case, you were referencing two different datums (NAD27 and WGS84) which cause a difference in the actual coordinates of anywhere from 30 to 700 feet. The National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration has developed a good online training for understanding datums, coordinate systems, and map projections. The link is http://www.csc.noaa.gov/digitalcoast/_/elearning/datums/index.html.

Reviews

Peace Came in the Form of a Woman: Indians and Spaniards in the Texas Borderlands

Juliana Barr

Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2007.

ISBN 978-0-8078-5790-8

416 pages, maps, illustrations, endnotes, bibliography
Softback, \$19.95

Juliana Barr's *Peace Came in the Form of a Woman* concerns the Spanish settlement of Texas in the 1700s. It explores the interactions between the Spanish and the Caddos of east Texas in the late 1600s and early 1700s, the establishment of the San Antonio Missions in south Texas, and the battles and efforts at peace with the Lipan Apaches and later with the Wichita and Comanches. As the title suggests, the book emphasizes the role that women played in diplomacy between the Europeans and the natives. It discusses how women and children were taken as captives by all sides, and how this affected relations between the different groups. And it stresses the fact that the Indians held the upper hand in relations with the Spanish.

The first part of the book spans the decades from the 1680s through the 1720s. Here, Barr compares the relationship between the French and the Caddos with the Spanish experience with the same Indians. Kinship and gender were central organizing principles of these Indian communities. Men held positions of power in warfare, diplomacy, and religious ritual, while women were the leaders of the agricultural economy. When the Spaniards came to visit these villages, they were first vetted by parties of men, and only when the peaceful intentions of the visitors was ascertained were the Spanish men allowed to interact with women and children. Barr asserts that because the French were interested primarily in trade, rather than in domination, they were able to appreciate Caddo values. Most importantly, the French recognized the importance of intermarriage as a way to establish themselves within the kin-based circles of Caddo society. The Spaniards, on the other hand, viewed the Caddos as heathens, and although they attempted to convert them to Christianity, they refused to create kinship ties with them through marriage. Although the Caddos at first thought that the Spaniards' icons of the Virgin Mary were a display of their regard for the feminine presence, they were soon

relieved of that notion. In 1693, prompted in part by the sexual assaults of Hasinai women by the Spanish soldiers, the Caddos drove the Spaniards out of the region. Later, the Spaniards returned to east Texas and attempted to establish missions in the area, but with limited success.

In the second section of the book, which covers the decades between the 1720s and the 1760s, Barr discusses Spanish interactions with the natives of south-central Texas. They created a network of mission-presidio complexes, primarily in the San Antonio area, in order to try to convert the Indians to Catholicism and Spanish culture. According to Barr, this was not a successful effort. The Coahuiltecan-speaking Indians continued their semi-nomadic lifestyles, but when they were in the area, they would utilize the Spanish mission complexes for their own ends. However, because the Indians and Spaniards were both threatened by the Lipan Apaches, they often co-operated in defense of their joint communities. Even then, however, the Spaniards did not condone intermarriage with the natives.

After decades of raids and counter-raids between the Spaniards and the Lipans, diplomatic efforts led to a period of peace between the two groups. This peace was disrupted by the "Norteños," a set of allied tribes including the Wichita and the Comanches. These groups, who viewed the Lipans as enemies, attacked the Spaniards in the course of their wars with the Apaches. Diplomatic efforts to bring peace with these groups began in the late 1760s; ironically, successful treaties in the 1780s (both in Texas and New Mexico) acknowledged the Apaches as a common enemy to both the Spaniards and the Comanches.

As mentioned, a principal theme of the book is the role of women in diplomacy. Whereas men made up war parties, women were members of parties that sought peace. According to Barr, the very presence of women in visiting parties signified peaceful intentions. In the case of the Apaches and Comanches, it was often women who had been captives of the Spaniards, and then were allowed to return to their native villages, who led the parties that began the diplomatic exchange.

A related theme of the book is how slavery and captivity played out in Texas. In *Captives and Cousins: Slavery, Kinship, and Community in the Southwest Borderlands* (Chapel Hill, N.C., 2002), James Brooks discusses the

complicated web of relations between Spaniards and Indian communities in New Mexico that was produced by the taking of Indian women captives. Barr furthers this discussion by demonstrating how the captive-taking in Texas placed women in the “center of violence and diplomacy” (164). According to Barr, the trade in Apache women captives created ties between the Caddos who captured them and the Europeans who bought them. The captive-taking of Lipan women by Spaniards was instrumental in first exacerbating the conflict between the two groups and later in bringing the Lipans to the bargaining table.

Another key theme concerns the impotence of the Spaniards relative to the native groups. While the Spaniards in California and New Mexico were able to control Indians and use them as a work force, in seventeenth-century Texas the case was different. Tejas was dominated by the Caddos, Apaches, Wichitas, and Comanches, and the Indians were able to effectively resist Spanish domination. This was an Indian world where Europeans had to follow native protocols. Barr speaks of “Geographies of Power” to stress that the various native groups had well-defined borders within which they held hegemony.

Peace Came in the Form of a Woman is well researched, clearly written, and logically organized. It is an excellent resource for scholars of the Southwest. Barr’s argument that kinship and gender lie at the center of Indian notions of power and culture deserves serious consideration. By illuminating the ways that kinship and gender are central to the cross-cultural encounters between the Indians of Texas and the Spanish and French settlers during the eighteenth century, Barr expands Southwest borderland studies.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Quilts: California Bound, California Made, 1840-1940

Sandi Fox

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2013

ISBN-13: 978-0971918405

208 pages, illustrations. Softcover, \$40.00

Sandi Fox’s *Quilts California Bound, California Made, 1840-1940* would be not only an attractive addition to anyone’s collection of coffee-table books but also recounts

a perspective of how art in the form of quilts intertwines inextricably with history and human life. When looking at these amazing quilts, we cannot escape questioning the motivation and conditions from which these very personal art forms came to be. Whose hands created this time consuming lovingly made quilt? What was its purpose? Sandi Fox provides fascinating and illuminating answers that give the reader a sense of life at the time the quilt was made or transported from one coast of the country to the other. The century covered in this book reveals a tumultuous but exciting transitional period in U.S. history with pioneers traveling west on the Oregon Trail, migrations during the Dust Bowl and the Depression, and later retirees from the East and Midwest escaping bitter winters for warmth and comfort. Its pages of beautifully published pictures of homesteads, people, and quilts are full of the voices from the past in the form of journals, diaries, newspaper articles, and first person accounts.

Quilting is more than measuring, cutting, and sewing. It is an avenue to express love, to fulfill a need, to show passion for a cause, to commemorate an important event, and to pass on a connection between generations. Fox’s book chronicles many of these avenues, tying specific quilts to fascinating bits of history, making the past relevant and real. Included are quilts inspired by western scenery, the gold rush, cowboys, hardships on the trail, and flowers and trees observed along the voyage and in California. Whether pieced and quilted back east and transported, pieced on the trail, or pieced after settling in California, this art form was important and even necessary to the American pioneers. Quilts from home comforted these quilt-making pioneers and their families, functionally and emotionally.

Drawing on the experience and knowledge of many, Fox amassed a collection of quilts made between 1840 and 1940. Her book compensates all who missed her 2002 exhibit at the Museum and Galleries of The Fashion Institute of Design and Merchandising in Los Angeles. The quilts cover techniques of elaborate applique, embroidery, novel uses of materials, and intricate piecing. While many easterners were creating quilts in the comfort of their homes or in a social setting, i.e. the quilting bee, pioneers heading west carried only the essential pair of scissors, pins, needles and thread, some quilting on the trail but most upon their arrival in California. This has

to be a fascinating revelation to the present day quilter. Where is the sewing machine, the fabric store, the quilt patterns, and the space within which to work? These pioneers are a testament to the ingenuity of using only the basics to create so much with so little.

The quilts themselves reveal cultural norms of their time, whether picturing a family history, recording present-day life, espousing a political view, upholding traditions or showing kindness to friends and neighbors. They tell us about the prevailing styles and quality of materials and dyes by tracing the “fashion” of color and design through the century covered in this book. From plain sandwiched bed covers, gaudy “crazy quilts,” fund-raising quilts and family quilts, we get a sense of the life, work, interests, and traditions of the quilt maker. Through a detailed accounting of people and places, *Quilts: California Bound, California Made, 1840-1940* documents 19th- and early 20th- century history in quilt form. It will interest lovers of history, culture, textiles and quilting itself.

Sue Thompson

Geronimo

Robert M. Utley

New Haven: Yale University Press, 2012

ISBN 9780300126389

348 pages, maps, photographs, endnotes, bibliography

Clothbound, \$30.00

Mythologized by 20th-century novels, films, post cards, souvenir spoons, and T-shirts, Geronimo endures as a symbol of American Indian resistance. He acts as a synonym for anything “Apache.” As a result, confusion veils his real story. Robert Utley’s recent biography, which centers on Geronimo and his small band of Chiricahua, is a dense and highly factual biography designed in part to separate the real Geronimo from the mythic figure.

A Bedonkohe Apache, Geronimo was born in 1823 in the upper Gila River Valley. His parents named him Goyahkla, One Who Yawns. Utley portrays the young Geronimo as being steeped in Apache ways. During his adolescence, he met Juh, a Nednhi who later would become his chief, ally

in war, and his brother-in-law. He also found a mentor in Mangas Coloradas. After he was admitted to the council of warriors, he married Alope, a Nednhi. Because of his new alliances with the Nednhi, Geronimo began spending time south of the border in the Nednhi heartland, despite the fact that the Mexican states of Chihuahua and Sonora were offering a bounty on Apache scalps. In 1851 an army of 400 soldiers from Sonora, led by Colonel Jose Mara Carrasco, attacked Geronimo’s camp near Janos while he was away. He returned to find his mother, wife, and three children dead. The event changed Geronimo forever: from then on, he harbored a hatred of all Mexicans. Although Geronimo was never a chief, he was a military leader. Until his final surrender in 1886, he was almost constantly engaged in raiding and plundering in the borderlands between the U.S. territories of Arizona and New Mexico and the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua.

Utley’s biography is a story of conquest, resistance, and survival. The Chiricahuas lost their homelands and approximately half of their population in a matter of a few years after the federal government’s concentration policy in the mid-1870s forced them to the hated San Carlos reservation. Following his 1886 capture, Geronimo spent the remainder of his life as a prisoner of war, making the best of his fate by becoming a showman, appearing publicly in Wild West shows, at the 1904 World’s Fair, and in President Theodore Roosevelt’s 1905 inaugural parade. Never allowed to return to his beloved homeland, Geronimo died at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, on February 17, 1909.

Instead of presenting straightforward narrative from one perspective, Utley attempts to present key events in Geronimo’s life from both the Apache and the white perspective. Suspended between the tension of two cultures, the reader will find a very balanced history of Geronimo and the Apache Wars. Rejecting the popular assumption that Geronimo was a valiant Apache fighting for his homeland against expansionist forces, Utley provides the historical facts to explain why he captured the imagination of whites. However, while acknowledging Geronimo’s courage, determination, and intelligence, Utley takes issue with the romanticized image of Geronimo as a heroic defender of his homeland, popularized by a genre that includes such works as “Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee” and “Custer Died for Your Sins.” “While Geronimo’s legacy in history is undying,”

Utley writes, “he emerges essentially as a not very likable man.”

Few Apaches had ever heard of Geronimo until he reached middle age, and he was in his fifties before he came to the attention of the white public. Mexican and American versions of events along their common border frequently disagree. These differing accounts of single events coupled with the unreliability of Native American oral history illustrate both the illusiveness of finding the truth about the legendary Apache and how the things that we do know about him are culturally, politically, and historically charged. Consequently, there is very little information about much of Geronimo’s life. Utley’s sources include Geronimo’s memoir, which was told to Asa Daklugie who translated it for J. M. Barrett. Utley recognizes the unreliability of this account, as Geronimo was 83 when he told his story. He also draws on Mexican archival resources and newspapers, military reports, letters, and papers. Regarded as dean of Western American historians, Utley has authored almost 20 books on the 19th-century Western frontier, so despite the lack of information, he is able to rely on his long study of Indians and the West to contextualize Geronimo’s life, including his early years. He also provides insight into the historic bands of Apaches and leaders, such as Cochise, Mangas Coloradas, Juh, Naiche, and others. The text is enhanced by shaded relief maps and photographs.

The former historian of the National Park Service, Utley has written a borderlands history, taking the reader back and forth between southern Arizona and New Mexico, and northern Sonora and Chihuahua. Illuminating a dramatic and frequently misunderstood chapter in American history, this book is for anyone who wants a serious, insightful biography of Geronimo and the story of Chiricahua resistance.

Walter Drew Hill

Geronimo: An American Legend

The 1993 film *Geronimo: An American Legend* was directed by Walter Hill from a screenplay by John Milius; it stars Wes Studi, Jason Patric, Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall, and Matt Damon.

In 1877, the Chiricahua Apache Indians reluctantly agree to move to the Gila River reservation and become farmers. When the soldiers kill a respected shaman as part of an attempt to prevent the Chiricahua from practicing their religious ceremonies, some of the Apaches, including Geronimo, flee the reservation. Geronimo and 34 men, women, and children manage to evade capture by 5,000 U.S. cavalry men. They are finally convinced to surrender by a single soldier who has worked closely with the Indians as a leader of Apache scouts.

The acting in the film is superb. Wes Studi provides an intense portrait of Geronimo that allows the viewer to feel what Geronimo feels – and much of what he feels is not pleasurable. He is dirty, hot, hungry, haunted by the death that is all around him, and angry. Brigadier General George Crook, is played by Gene Hackman, who does a very good job of presenting Crook as an honorable soldier who respects Geronimo and does not want to hurt the Chiricahua unless he has to. Robert Duvall plays Al Sieber, who can track a Chiricahua as well as one of Crook’s Apache scouts and who is as tough as Geronimo himself. Lieutenant Britton Davis, as portrayed by Matt Damon, is the film’s star: a clean-cut, naive West Point graduate about to be radically changed by the Southwest. Davis shows a great deal of respect for Lieutenant Charles Gatewood, played by Jason Patric, the man who tracks down Geronimo’s elusive band and escorts them to their surrender.

The historic details as presented in the film are not always accurate: events covering several years are condensed into one, historical characters are fictively altered and sometimes conflated, and the sequencing of and participants in events are often incorrect. Nevertheless, the film depicts key events and provides a fairly balanced portrayal of the Army and Geronimo and his resistant band of Apache, allowing viewers to come away with some understanding of the history leading up to Geronimo’s surrender. And *Geronimo* is a Western without the usual “good guys and “bad guys.” The film attempts to show how the inevitable western migration of European descendants led to a form of cultural genocide and to the loss of hundreds of innocent lives on both sides. It is this sad story, and the sympathetic portrayal of all the participants, that make the film so unforgettable.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Visits to Museums and Sites of the Chiricahua Apaches

On the way to and from the STC winter symposium in Tucson, we took the opportunity to visit several museums and sites associated with the Chiricahua Apaches.

Geronimo Springs Museum: The Geronimo Springs Museum (211 Main Street, Truth or Consequences, NM) is devoted to the history of Sierra County, New Mexico. It includes a collection of pottery from the prehistoric cultures of the local area, and although little information is given, the pottery (especially from the Mimbres) is quite spectacular. There are exhibits on Apache, Hispanic, and military history. The Apache exhibit features a life-size wax statue of Geronimo and facts about his life, as well as information on Victorio, Nana, Lozen and Asa Daklugie. Woven Apache baskets, a cradleboard, and a bronze sculpture of a Mountain Spirit Dancer are on display. The exhibit on New Mexico history includes artifacts from the early forts of southwestern New Mexico. While these exhibits are not very sophisticated, the information is mostly accurate and informative, and there is considerable material, including newspaper and magazine articles on local history filed in scrapbooks, that might prove useful to an intrepid scholar. The book store has a respectable collection of new and used books of the relevant history.

Pinos Altos: After gold was discovered in the region in 1860, miners arrived and established the town that became Pinos Altos. The Battle of Pinos Altos occurred on September 27, 1861; the Arizona Guards of Pinos Altos and a Confederate Arizona territorial militia company battled Apache warriors led by Mangas Coloradas and Cochise. On January 17, 1863, Mangas entered an army camp near Pinos Altos under a white flag of truce to meet with Brigadier General Joseph H. West, an officer of the California militia. Soldiers took Mangas into custody, and West allegedly ordered his sentries to execute the Apache warrior.

A driving tour of the town takes the traveler past several historic sites, including an old courthouse, an opera house, and Fort Cobre, which is a ¾ scale replica of a fort originally built by the Spanish in 1804 at the nearby Santa Rita del Cobre mining area.

The Chiricahua Museum: The town of Willcox, AZ, at one time referred to itself as the “cattle capital of the nation.” Houses had lookout windows so that residents could watch for Indians coming from the Cochise Stronghold across Apache Pass. The Chiricahua Museum at 128 East Maley St. features exhibits on the Chiricahua Apaches and the leaders Cochise and Geronimo. There are also displays featuring the U.S. Cavalry and relics of the famed Butterfield Overland Stage. In general, the displays and information boards are of higher quality than the Geronimo Springs Museum, but there is less additional local material and the book store collection is minimal.

Geronimo Exhibit: Attendees at the symposium in Tucson were granted a special treat: an exhibit on Geronimo at the Arizona Historical Society’s museum in Tucson. This exhibit, which will be on display from February 25, 2013, to February 28, 2014, attempts to distinguish the man Geronimo from the legend. A highlight of the exhibit is the rifle Geronimo surrendered to Indian Agent John Clum. The famous C.S. Fly sepia-toned photographs of peace negotiations between Geronimo and General George Crook are specially compelling: enlarged to fill the wall, these photos give a very real sense of presence at this important historic occasion.

Fort Bowie and the Chiricahua: At the conclusion of the symposium, we joined the OCTA tour of Fort Bowie National Historic Site. Fort Bowie is located on the unpaved Apache Pass Road which can be accessed from Interstate 10 near Bowie, AZ, or from Arizona Highway 186 just north of the entrance to Chiricahua National Monument. Entrance to the ruins of Fort Bowie and the visitor center is via a 1.5-mile (2.4 km) foot trail which begins at a parking area along Apache Pass Road.

The fort was constructed as a response to the Bascom Affair and the Battle of Apache Pass. The Bascom Affair took place near the Butterfield station in Apache Pass. On February 3, 1861, Lieutenant George Nicholas Bascom questioned Cochise about an Indian raid on the ranch of John Ward where Ward’s 12-year-old stepson was kidnapped. Bascom was convinced that the raid was done by Chiricahua, but Cochise claimed he knew nothing of the affair. Doubting the Indian’s honesty, Bascom attempted to imprison Cochise and the family members who had

accompanied him. Cochise escaped with only a leg wound. The next day Cochise and a large party of Apaches attacked a group of Americans and captured three hostages, offering them in exchange for his family, but Bascom refused. Enraged, Cochise killed the three hostages and began his 11-year war against the United States.

The Battle of Apache Pass occurred on July 15, 1862, when Cochise, his ally Mangas Coloradas, and 160 warriors, ambushed a regiment of the California Column. The soldiers repulsed the Apaches in part by the use of mountain howitzers. Fort Bowie was then established to protect Apache Pass from future attacks and to protect Apache Springs, an important source of water in the area. In 1872, the citizen Tom Jeffords convinced Cochise to sign a peace treaty, and a short-lived reservation (with Jeffords as agent) was established with the agency building near Apache Spring.

Led by Tracy DeVault and Rose Ann Tompkins, our tour visited the ruins of the Butterfield stage stop near the site of the Bascom Affair, Apache Spring, the ruins of Jefford's agency building, and the adobe remains of Fort Bowie. From a hillock, we were able to look out over Bascom's Camp.

Cochise Stronghold: The stronghold is located to the west of Sunsites, AZ, in the Dragoon Mountains at an elevation of 5,000 ft. Ringed by giant granite boulders that stand like sentries, this wilderness area provided a safe haven for Cochise and approximately 1,000 of his Chiricahua Apaches from the time of the Bascom Affair in 1861 until 1873. Cochise died on June 8, 1872, and he is buried in the stronghold in one of the hundreds of crevasses where history and geography intersect. Legend has it that he was buried with his horse and dog.

Today the stronghold affords many recreational activities such as camping at a Forest Service campground, picnicking, hiking, horseback riding, and birding. In close proximity to the campground, the Cochise Stronghold Bed and Breakfast is in one of the few private properties in Coronado National Forest. Following the principles of sustainable technologies, John and Nancy Yates carved their bed-and-breakfast out of the manzanita chaparral in the rugged canyon of the stronghold. It is a delightful location from which to engage in birding or hiking in the stronghold.



The Cochise Trail: The trail into the higher reaches of the stronghold begins in the Cochise Stronghold Campground. The first mile of the trail is along canyon boulders with Mexican pinyon pine, Arizona white oak, alligator juniper, agave and red-skinned manzanita. After the trail passes

by Cochise Spring, it climbs moderately through a few switchbacks to Halfmoon Tank, a primitive dam. Beyond the tank, the trail begins to level off before reaching the Stronghold Divide, three miles from the trailhead. From this high elevation, Apache Pass can be seen in the distance to the east. The ridge separates the eastern stronghold from the western stronghold, where the trail continues downhill for another mile or two.

We emerged from the hike exhausted. Later, in the profound darkness of the desert night, we sat two thirds submerged in the Cochise Stronghold Bed and Breakfast's hot tub, gazing up at the immense pasture of stars and toasting the final day of our expedition. Although our journey had taken place within the borders of the 21st century, we had seen the ghosts of the 19th- century Southwest.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Suggested reading

Howard, Oliver Otis. *My Life and Experiences among the Hostiles.*

Roberts, David. *Once They Move Like The Wind: Cochise, Geronimo, and the Apache Wars.* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1993.

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Picacho Pass Arizona: The True Story of the Westernmost Skirmish of the Civil War

by Andrew E. Masich

Captain William McCleave had ridden 150 miles since leaving Fort Yuma with nine picked men from his own Company A, First California Cavalry. Everyone knew Company A to be the pride of the regiment, and the captain could not help but admire the endurance of these young men, some only half his age, who now rode beside him. They would have done credit to his old regiment, the First U.S. Dragoons. An Irish immigrant, McCleave had been ten years a dragoon sergeant before the war. He left the army in 1860 but re-joined a year later when the Southern rebellion began and he realized that his adopted country needed him now more than ever. He felt privileged to serve once again under his former commander, Colonel James H. Carleton.¹

The riders had been in the saddle for more than a week now (McCleave reckoned the date to be March 9, 1862), stopping only long enough to eat, sleep, and rest their horses at the old Butterfield stage stations that followed the Gila River across southern Arizona. The long ride allowed McCleave time to reflect. It was almost three years since he had last traveled this trail with his company of dragoons and his young bride – fresh from Ireland – *en route* to Fort Yuma. But she was too frail a creature for this harsh desert and had died in agony of a fever not long after reaching the adobe fort perched on the bluff at the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers. With his own hands he had buried her in the post cemetery.²

McCleave was glad to be leaving Yuma behind – only bad memories there. Now he needed to focus on the task at hand. Carleton was depending on him. The riders urged their horses on, and the orange glow of the setting sun warmed their backs and stretched their shadows far ahead as they rode through the dense cottonwood stands along the sandy Gila bottoms. The party moved with greater caution as they neared the villages of the Maricopa and Pima Indians. These industrious farmers were no threat – in fact, they were the best allies the soldiers had in combating their common enemy: Apaches. Some miles back, near Burke's station, the Californians paused to stare

at the desiccated body of an Apache warrior, bristling with Pima arrows, hanging from the limb of a mesquite tree – a warning to enemy raiders.³

McCleave knew he had nothing to fear from the local tribesmen. He was on the lookout for Rebel raiders – Arizona Rangers – said to be riding west from New Mexico. As Colonel Carleton began marshalling more than 2,000 California Volunteers at Fort Yuma in preparation for a full-scale invasion of Arizona, McCleave galloped ahead to see if he could locate an expressman named John W. Jones who might be holed-up at Ammi White's flour mill near the Pima Villages. Carleton had ordered Jones to ride without escort from Yuma to spy on the Rebels reported to be in Tucson, but nothing had been heard from him and McCleave feared he might have run into trouble.⁴

At midnight, the captain halted to water and rest his horses at the Tanks, an old Butterfield stage station on the Gila River just 20 miles short of White's Mill. He saw in the gaunt faces of his men that they too needed rest. These young California Volunteers were the best soldiers he had ever seen, but a week of hard riding had left them exhausted. Behind his back the boys had taken to calling him "Uncle Billy," but he knew they would do anything he asked of them, and more.⁵ Determined to press on in search of the missing scout, he allowed six troopers to stay behind to eat and sleep while he continued with three others. Four hours later McCleave and his companions spurred their tired horses into the corral at White's Mill. A startled voice in the darkness shouted a challenge. But there was no need for alarm: "We're Americans,"⁶ answered McCleave in his thick brogue. Soon helpful men roused from their slumber to unsaddle and care for the horses as the weary travelers were escorted to the main house occupied by miller Ammi White. McCleave and his men received the hospitality of the house, refreshments and even tobacco for their pipes. The unusually curious miller asked more questions than he answered. When the Union captain had finally relaxed enough to unbuckle his saber belt, his hosts drew concealed revolvers and thrust them in his face. Mr. White, it turned out, was none other than Confederate Sherod Hunter, the Arizona Ranger captain who had so recently raised the Rebel stars-and-bars over Tucson. Outraged by the deception, McCleave grabbed for his pistol, but Hunter threatened, "If you make

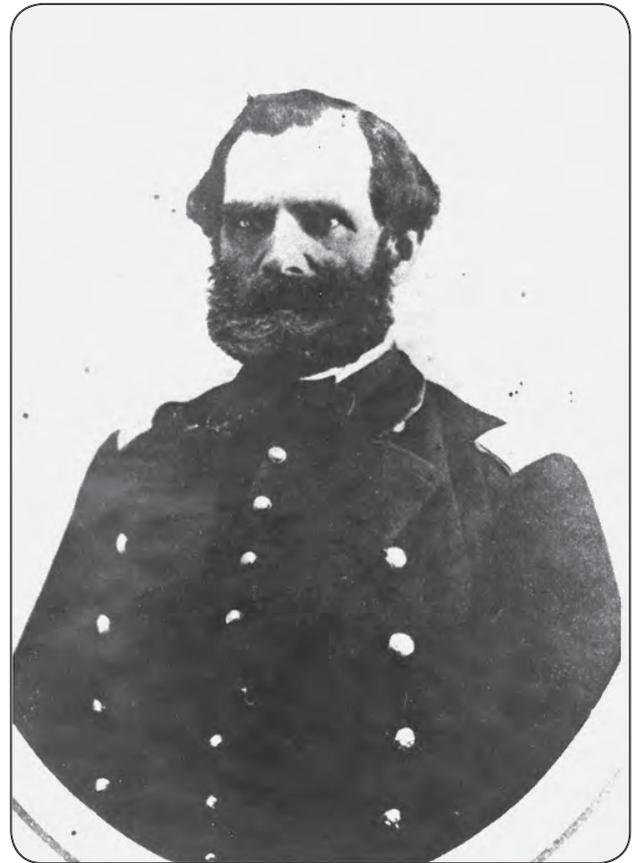
a single motion I'll blow your brains out – you are in my power – surrender immediately.”⁷

Lieutenant James Barrett sat his horse easily, as one accustomed to the saddle. His black army hat shaded his pale gray eyes as he scanned the northern horizon, hoping to catch sight of the California infantry column on the old stage road snaking through the wide valley of the Santa Cruz River. The clean, dry Arizona air allowed a man to see at least 50 miles across the desert, but Barrett saw no sign of the column as he and his men hid low in the chaparral. Scrubby mesquite, greasewood, and an astonishing variety of cacti – barrels, chollas, prickly pears and saguaros – grew miraculously from the rocky soil. The saguaros, in particular, captured the imagination of the soldiers from California. The men admired these green giants rising more than 50 feet, their ponderous arms lifted toward the sun, the sentinels of the desert.⁸

Sentinels. Barrett turned his gaze toward the jagged, red mountain that dominated the landscape midway between the Pima Villages and Tucson. He knew Rebel sentinels guarded the pass. They would be watching from *El Picacho* (Spanish for peak), if they knew their business.

These Arizona Rangers did know their business. Just a few weeks earlier, they had captured Captain McCleave and eight picked men. Barrett still could not believe it. How could McCleave have been taken? They had served together for more than five years – U.S. dragoons they were, and proud. Then the same Rebels had attempted to slow the advance of the Californians by burning the hay stacked by government contractors along the Gila. Eighty miles east of Yuma, near Stanwix Station, Barrett's men had come under fire for the first time, and one trooper had been wounded. Yes, these Rebel rangers knew their business, and he was sure they were watching from Picacho.

Old Powell Weaver, a grizzled mountain man and denizen of the desert, had scouted ahead. The enemy was there all right, not far from the abandoned Butterfield stage station, an adobe shack with a ramshackle corral nestled in the dense chaparral at the base of the mountain. But Weaver had stayed behind at White's Mill, saying, “[I]f you



William McCleave.
photo courtesy Andrew Masich

fellers can't find the road from here to Tucson, you can go to hell!” That was yesterday, April 14, 1862. John W. Jones, an experienced expressman and scout (the same man McCleave had been looking for), had recently given the Rebels the slip near Tucson and now replaced Weaver as scout. Barrett did not trust this cautious new man who seemed reluctant to press on, but the lieutenant's main concern was whether he and his men had eluded the searching eyes of the Rebel picket.⁹

Barrett looked to his men – dismounted, quiet, disciplined – their blue uniforms covered in the fine dust that inevitably coated travelers in this country. These California Volunteers were good men. Most were in their twenties, tall and strong, and tough beyond their years. Hard labor in the California gold fields did that to a man.

Compared to his men Barrett felt like an old hand. Though only 28, he had served as an enlisted man in the First Dragoons ever since his ship arrived at New York from County Mayo. It seemed almost a dream that he was now

an officer, leading men – this command was his alone. As a dragoon he took orders from the likes of McCleave, a first sergeant (hard as they come) and then captain of Company A, First California Cavalry. But now the Rebels had McCleave, and it was Barrett's job to get him back.¹⁰

According to the plan drawn up the night before, Captain William Calloway would strip the white canvas covers from his wagons to make his column less visible. He would then march up the road to Tucson with 250 infantry and cavalry, as well as a mountain howitzer battery packed on mules, while Lieutenant Ephraim Baldwin's cavalry circled Picacho from the west. Barrett's platoon would ride wide to the east through a notch in the nearby mountains that might screen their movement. By reining in their horses to keep the dust down and walking as much as possible, Barrett hoped the Rebels would not observe his approach. Calloway had ordered the mounted flankers to coordinate their attack, then dash in and cut off the retreat to Tucson – and hopefully grab McCleave, if he was there. The plan was simple, but timing was everything.

It was well past noon now. Even in April the Arizona sun burned with intensity. The tangled mesquites offered little shade, and the waiting was hard. The Rebels must be aware of them by now – if the pickets escaped, the Confederate garrison in Tucson would be warned and McCleave lost. Jones again urged caution, but Barrett could wait no longer for Baldwin and Calloway.

Through parched lips he ordered the men to mount and move toward the *chalcos* (shallow water holes) Jones had reported just west of the stage road. Then he saw them – Rebel rangers – no uniforms, just broad-brimmed hats and the practical garb of the frontier but armed to the teeth with revolvers, rifles or shotguns, and Bowie knives. They looked more like a band of Arkansas horse thieves than soldiers, playing cards and lounging in a small grassy clearing, completely unaware. Without warning, Barrett drew his revolver and fired a shot in the air while demanding that the Rebels throw down their arms and surrender.

Those caught out in the open did so immediately, but as Barrett and his men rushed into the clearing a volley of shots boomed from the surrounding thicket, dropping

four of the Californians. Barrett's troopers wasted no time returning fire with their carbines and revolvers, shooting wildly at phantom puffs of white gun smoke.

His heart pounding, the lieutenant dismounted to help tie one of three captured Rebels. Intent on flushing the remaining rangers, he quickly remounted and shouted an order, cut short by a rifle blast. A ball smashed through the back of Barrett's neck – he was dead before his body hit the ground.¹¹

The staccato crack of carbines, rifles, and pistols echoed off the red rock peak that loomed over the site of the skirmish, multiplying the gunshots until it seemed that a hundred men must be engaged. But the California troopers soon realized that they faced only ten Confederates – their leader, a sergeant, and two of his men lay bound hand and foot, out of action. The Union men had also lost their leader. Barrett and Private Johnson, shot through the heart, lay dead where they fell. Private Leonard writhed in pain clutching his throat as blood gushed from his mouth. One soldier had been knocked senseless by a Rebel bullet that struck him square in the forehead – the lead ball deflected by the brass crossed-sabers on his cavalry hat, leaving him a bloody mess but alive. The corporal and another private received shoulder wounds – in fact, the dismounted Rebels had fired their first volley from such close range that all of the dead or wounded Californians had been hit in the head or upper body.



White's Mill.
(J. Ross Browne, 1864)
courtesy Andrew Masich

The command now devolved upon the first sergeant, but it was Jones who took charge of Barrett's platoon. The initial shock of the attack quickly passed, and Jones dismounted the men to fight on foot. He discovered they needed little direction. With five of their comrades out of the fight, the eight remaining troopers instinctively fell back on their training and deployed as skirmishers. Corporal Botsford, only slightly wounded, and another man held the horses and guarded the prisoners while the other six cautiously advanced, loading and firing their breech-loading carbines as they pressed through the mesquite. The sharp-eyed Jones called out enemy positions as the Rebels fired and fell back toward the stage station less than a mile away on the road to Tucson. The Confederates dodged the Californians for nearly an hour, delaying the bluecoats long enough to round up the horses picketed in the occasional patches

of gramma grass scattered through the scrub alongside the Butterfield trail. The gunfire subsided and a cat and mouse game continued in silence, broken only when the clattering of iron-shod hooves alerted the Californians that the Rebels were making a run for

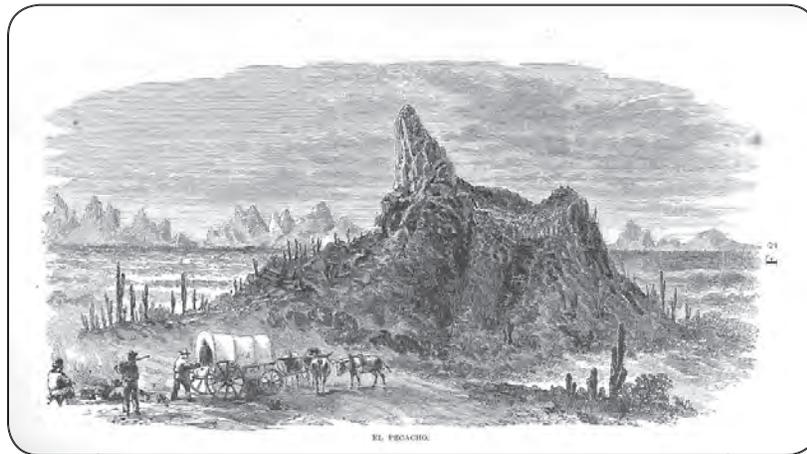
it. But by the time the Union men retrieved their own horses, the seven gray riders were distant specks in a cloud of dust moving fast up the road to Tucson.

With wounded to tend and prisoners to watch, Jones advised against pursuit – better wait for Baldwin and Calloway. Baldwin's mounted platoon, delayed by a circuitous route and broken terrain, arrived late in the afternoon, just ahead of Calloway's infantry, the supply wagons, and Lieutenant Jeremiah Phelan's "Jackass Battery."

Captain Calloway surveyed the scene and tried to make sense of it. Jones laid it out for him: there had only been a

Rebel picket posted in the pass, the headstrong Barrett had rushed the thicket without dismounting his men, he cut off three of the enemy but did not account for their friends in the chaparral who opened up at close range and then high-tailed it for Tucson.

Calloway knew the Rebels were long gone by now, and if those horses and men could endure the 45-mile ride and if Sherod Hunter could mount a counter attack, the Californians might have a real fight on their hands by daybreak tomorrow.¹² The captain usually kept his own counsel, but now he was in a fix. His plan to bag the Rebel sentinels in the pass and then march on Tucson in a quick thrust that would take Hunter by surprise was now impossible. He had four wounded men, three days rations, and a one-day supply of water in six-gallon kegs attached to his eight wagons.



El Pecacho.
(J. Ross Browne, 1864)
courtesy Andrew Masich

First things first. Calloway ordered Captain Nathaniel Pishon to deploy his Company D, First California Cavalry, as mounted skirmishers while Lieutenant Baldwin's Company A rested. Calloway's own Company A of the First California Infantry broke

ranks and collapsed under the 50 pounds of weapons, provisions, and gear that each man carried on the forced march to Picacho.

Lt. Phelan unloaded his mules and quickly assembled his two brass mountain howitzers. Selecting some high ground with a clear field of fire, he aimed the guns south toward Tucson. Lookouts scrambled up the lowest of Picacho's jagged spires and scanned the valley below, squinting fiercely through their field glasses every time a stray wind kicked up a dust devil on the stage road to Tucson.

Unexpectedly, Calloway called his officers together for a council of war. The mood was subdued – any patriotic

bravado that survived the hard 45-mile march from the Pima Villages had evaporated when the men looked upon Barrett's lifeless body and heard the piteous moans of Private Leonard as he gasped for breath and struggled for life. The Rebel bullet had entered between his shoulder blades and exited his mouth – no one expected him to live. Calloway's interrogation of the Rebel prisoners only added to the gloom. Captain McCleave, it was revealed, while held captive in Tucson had refused to be paroled and was even now being taken under guard to the Rio Grande.¹³

Phelan had inventoried and now reported on the supplies – plenty of ammunition on hand, but the rations would only get them to Tucson if nothing delayed their progress. Though a light rain had fallen a week earlier the *chalcos* at Picacho were nearly dry and unable to quench the thirst of the dehydrated men and animals. The water in the command's canteens and kegs would only last the 270 men another 24 hours. Calloway had no surgeon, not even a hospital steward, to doctor his wounded men. They would have to be piled on top of thehardtack and ammunition boxes in the supply wagons when the command moved out.

When Calloway asked his officers if they thought the column should press on to Tucson when the moon rose, both Pishon and Phelan gamely replied that they would follow the captain wherever he chose to lead them – forward or back – brave answers but not much help to the man in charge.¹⁴

The cool dark of night closed in on the encampment and allowed the exhausted men to sleep. Sentries ringed the command. Those assigned to this lonely duty posted high on rocky outcrops or out in the chaparral, far from the glowing campfires, could see the starry outline of Orion, the hunter, with his uplifted club. The constellation emerged from the night sky and appeared to perch on top of Picacho – a celestial sentinel – a good sign.

At about 2 a.m. Private Leonard rattled his last breath, and soon the only sounds to be heard were the clank and scrape of the burial detail's shovels and the howls of distant coyotes. The men spoke in whispers as they tenderly wrapped their dead comrades in gray wool army

blankets and lowered them into the graves that had been excavated in the relatively soft desert earth near the stage road. Thoughtful friends placed prickly pear cacti on each of the mounds to discourage the grave robbing coyotes.

By firelight, a company scribe carefully inked pine boards salvaged from an army cracker box:

Lieut. Jas Barrett	Geo. Johnson, Co. A	W.S. Leonard, Co. D
1 st Cav. Cal. Vols	1 st Cav. Cal. Vols	1 st Cav. Cal. Vols
Killed in action	Killed April 15, 1862	died of wounds
April 15, 1862	aged 25 years	April 16, 1862 ¹⁵
	aged 28 years	

No funeral words were spoken – no fifes, drums, or bugles. In the moonlight officers alerted the sergeants, and at 4:00 a.m. the sergeants roused the men, who swung their knapsacks on their sore backs and fell into line. Only with the order, “Company, right face – forward march!” did the men realize that the command was marching north to the Pima Villages – not south to Tucson. While there was some grumbling in the ranks, most of the officers breathed a sigh of relief that their commander was a cautious man. There would be time enough to whip Sherod Hunter's Rebels in Tucson once the Californians regrouped at the Pimas. Colonel Carleton was even now pushing the 1,500-man “Column from California” up the Gila River. This force would be more than a match for anything the Rebels could throw at them. Solemnly, Calloway's command pulled out. The cavalrymen rode at the head and tail of the column while the foot soldiers marched in the middle, with prisoners in tow, followed by the wagons and “Jackass Battery.”¹⁶

By the light of a nearly full moon, Confederate Lieutenant James Tevis cautiously guided ten men from Tucson to Picacho. Captain Hunter had sent them to learn what the Yankees would do next and to find out what had become of Sergeant William H. Holmes and the two other missing rangers. Tevis found only the silent saguaros guarding the abandoned stage station in the pass. Riding on he found still warm embers in the campfires and, off to the right of the road, three fresh graves. He noted Lieutenant Barrett's name – Hunter would want to know. Far to the north on the stage road, he could just make out in the pre-dawn light the white canvas wagon covers and the glint

of shouldered muskets. Tevis estimated the strength of the enemy force and then returned to Tucson to report. Hunter drafted his own hurried dispatches to Confederate Headquarters at Mesilla, New Mexico. He requested reinforcements but knew they would likely never come. From what Tevis had learned at Picacho and reports from other scouts, Hunter suspected it was only a matter of time before he and his ranger company would have to abandon Tucson. He set about making preparations for an orderly withdrawal to the Rio Grande. By disabling the flour mills, burying the blacksmiths' anvils, and confiscating horses and supplies that might be of use to the Californians, he might at least delay the enemy.¹⁷

On May 20, 1862, Carleton's California Column finally rolled into Tucson, only to find that most of Hunter's men had abandoned the place a week earlier. It took the Californians another month to re-fit the rolling stock and recruit the horses, but eventually they pushed on to the Rio Grande and joined Union troops from Colorado and New Mexico in driving the Confederates back into Texas. Captain McCleave rejoined the Column – exchanged for two captured confederate lieutenants – and pressed attacks against Rebel and Indian adversaries. More California Volunteers followed and regarrisoned U.S. military posts, established Arizona as a territory (separate from New Mexico), re-instituted overland mail service, waged a brutal war against Apache and Navajo raiders, prospected and staked claims, and even guarded the Mexican border against incursions from Emperor Louis Napoleon's invading French army. When the Civil War ended, many of the California soldiers remained in Arizona. They became the backbone of the young territory during the post-war mining boom years and, as the new century dawned, became the staunchest advocates in Arizona's quest for statehood.¹⁸

In 1890 General Richard H. Orton, Adjutant General of California, had occasion to ride a Southern Pacific Railroad passenger train across Arizona. As the steam locomotive chugged through Picacho Pass he saw the familiar jagged volcanic plug standing alone in the broad, flat valley. At the narrowest point in the pass, Picacho Peak loomed large and the engineer began a slow, almost imperceptible, turn to the northwest and into the setting sun. The general's eyes followed the dusty trace that

marked the old Butterfield stage road as it meandered through saguaros and mesquite thickets parallel to the railroad tracks. Then he saw what he was looking for – Lieutenant Barrett's grave. The marker, only 20 feet from the tracks, flashed past his window in an instant and was gone. Orton had last seen this place 25 years before, as a youthful captain of the First California Cavalry. He wondered that Barrett's sister Ellen, last reported to be living in Albany, New York, had never claimed her brother's remains or had them properly buried in California. Even the two enlisted men, Johnson and Leonard, who had died beside him had been reinterred at the military cemetery in Tucson and, when Fort Lowell was deactivated, would be moved again to the national cemetery at the Presidio in San Francisco. But Barrett, the first to fall, had been forgotten.¹⁹

Orton thought of the war and the role played by the California Volunteers in the Arizona desert. Many of his comrades were active in the Grand Army of the Republic – GAR posts had sprung up everywhere, from coast to coast – but the Californians sat silently as the old soldiers from the Army of the Potomac prattled on about great battles in the East: Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Appomattox *ad nauseam*. The march of the California Column had been all but forgotten – buried, it seemed, with Barrett.

In the mixed company of veterans from East and West, it was hard to even broach the subject of desert marches, Apache fights, and saving the gold-rich territories for the Union. But when old California Volunteers got together, they remembered. Some, with grandchildren on their knees, would eagerly scan new history texts and encyclopedias for even a mention of the Civil War in Arizona, only to be disappointed.²⁰

As time passed and the veteran ranks began to thin, interest in the Civil War grew, as if the nation recognized that something precious would soon be lost. Congress authorized the publication of the *Official Records of the War of the Rebellion* (128 volumes in all), and in 1890 (the same year the U.S. Census Bureau declared the Western frontier to be closed) the State of California commissioned a war record of its own. General Orton would compile and publish in a single volume the extant records of the California Volunteers.



Weapons of the California Column.
courtesy Andrew Masich

This flurry of historical activity soon passed, however, and as the twentieth century began only rare mentions of the Civil War in the Far West could be found in print. Arizona achieved statehood in 1912, and stories of the Column from California were still found occasionally in newspaper obituaries. Hundreds of California soldiers had stayed in or returned to Arizona after the war. They had built homes and businesses, raised families, and become community leaders. Newspapermen in the prosperous cities of Phoenix, Prescott, Tucson, and Yuma now wrote sentimentally, even reverentially, of the passing pioneers – “the boys of ’63.” By the time of the Second World War, the last GAR post in Arizona had closed and bolted its doors forever – the records of its California Volunteer members lost or dispersed.²¹

Today only Picacho remains, a silent reminder of the Civil War in Arizona and a time when brave men fought and died in the desert.

End Notes

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2. Constance W. Altshuler, *Cavalry Yellow and Infantry Blue, Army Officers in Arizona, 1851-1886*, (Arizona Historical Society, Tucson: 1991) 209.
3. Julius C. Hall “Wild West,” *National Tribune*, October 20, 1887; George H. Pettis to Annie (wife), April 30, 1862, Pettis Papers, Western Americana Collection, Beinecke Library, Yale; J. Ross Browne, *Adventures in the Apache Country*, (Harper and Brothers, New York: 1869) 99-102.
4. Rigg to Carleton, March 20, 1862, 940, *OR*, 50(1); S. Hunter to J.R. Baylor, April 5, 1862, *OR*, 9:707-08.
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9. Barrett to Rigg, March 19, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):940; Rigg to Carleton, March 20, 1862, *Ibid*; Rigg to Carleton, April 12, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):978-79; S. Hunter to J.R. Baylor, April 5, 1862, *OR*, 9:708; George Washington Oakes, “Reminiscence,” Arizona Historical Society, Tucson.
10. Rigg to Carleton, March 25, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):950-52.
11. Hall, “Wild West;” Samuel Thomas (Co. B, 5th Infantry, C.V.) to his sister, May 4, 1862, Gila River Arizona Territory, collection of John Birkinbine II; *Sacramento Union*, May 23, 1862; *Alta*, May 14, 1862.
12. J.R. West to B.C. Cutler, May 11, 1862, Calloway CMSR, RG 94, NARA; Hall, “Wild West.”
13. *Sacramento Union*, May 23, 1862.
14. Jeremiah Phelan to W.P. Calloway, April 16, 1862, Report of the Acting Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, Calloway CMSR, RG 94, NARA; W.P. Calloway to J.R. West, May 9, 1862, *Ibid*; N.V. Pishon and B.F. Harvey to J.R. West, May 11, 1862, *Ibid*.
15. Hall, “Wild West;” George H. Pettis, *The California Column*, Monograph 11, (N. Mexico Historical Society, Santa Fe: 1908) 10, 24; S.O. No. 15, HQ Column From California, Shinn’s Report, *OR*, 9:599-600; Newcomb Diary, Oct. 19, 1862, James

P. Newcomb Papers, Center for American History, Univ. of Texas, Austin; "William S. Leonard," Hayden Biography Files, Arizona State Univ., Tempe.

16. Richard H. Orton, *Record of California Men in the War of the Rebellion* (State Printing Office, Sacramento:1890) 47; J.R. West to B.C. Cutler, May 11, 1862, Calloway CMSR, RG 94, NARA; Untitled clipping by "Knapsack" [James P. Newcomb] *San Francisco Herald and Mirror*, May 9, 1862, James P. Newcomb Papers, CAH. Richard H. Orton, *Record of California Men in the War of the Rebellion* (State Printing Office, Sacramento:1890) 47; J.R. West to B.C. Cutler, May 11, 1862, Calloway CMSR, RG 94, NARA; Untitled clipping by "Knapsack" [James P. Newcomb] *San Francisco Herald and Mirror*, May 9, 1862, James P. Newcomb Papers, CAH.
17. Boyd Finch, *Confederate Pathway to the Pacific* (AHS, Tucson, 1996) 143.
18. J.H. Carleton to J.R. West, May 3, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):1048; J.R. West to B.C. Cutler, May 21, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):1088; Andrew E. Masich, *The Civil War in Arizona; the Story of the California Volunteers, 1861-65* (Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman: 2006) *passim*. Napoleon III sent an army to collect debts owed by the Mexican government. The French emperor really planned to capture Mexico City and reestablish an empire in

America, but a Mexican army loyal to President Benito Juárez fought the French to a standstill at the mountain village of Puebla on May 5 (*Cinco de Mayo*), 1862, just as Calloway's men were digging in near the Pima Villages (constructing Fort Barrett at White's Mill) and Hunter's men were fighting their way through the Apaches east of Tucson. By 1867 French forces left Mexico and Napoleon's puppet government under Maximillian collapsed.

19. Orton, *California Men*, 5, 47; Hall, "Wild West"; Pettis, *California Volunteers*, 10-24; E.E. Eyre to R.C. Drum, May 14, 1862, *OR*, 50(1):120.
20. Ida Louise Estes Franklin, "In Memory of Alexander G. Bowman [Co. B, Fifth California Infantry]," Special Collections, University of Arizona Library, Tucson. Franklin remembers her uncle, Colonel Bowman, "sat silent in groups of Civil War veterans discussing the battles of Gettysburg and Appomattox."
21. Masich, *Civil War in Arizona*, 129-31.



David Miller and Jack Beale Smith have been engaged in a project to place signs for the Beale Wagon Road and the Fort Smith/Santa Fe Trail in Oklahoma. Above: Dave Miller and Custer County Commissioner Lyle Miller holding Beale Wagon Road Sign. Above left: Smith holding a sign on the grounds of the historical museum in Cheyenne, OK. Left: Smith and rancher Tom Aishman standing on the west bank of the Poteau River. Smith is pointing to the ruins of the first iron bridge constructed on the Beale Wagon Road. It spanned the Poteau River about a dozen miles southwest of Fort Smith. Confederate troops destroyed the bridge during the Civil War.

The Construction of the Butterfield Trail in Eastern Arizona

by Gerald T. Ahnert

During a discussion at a meeting with the National Park Service in Yuma about the importance of the Butterfield Overland Trail, a historian stated that John Butterfield merely followed the route and used the stations of the San Antonio to San Diego Mail Line (Jackass Mail).

The Jackass Mail, however, made only four stops at stations or settlements in Arizona, one being their own crudely constructed “stand” at Maricopa Wells. The others were at the Mission San Xavier del Bac, Tucson, and Peterman’s, not far from the Colorado River.¹ At the start of John Butterfield’s service in Arizona, there were 17 stage stations, of which he had constructed 14. The pre-existing structures at Tucson, Peterman’s, and Maricopa Wells continued to be used as stations. By the fall of 1860, the Overland Mail Company would have 25 stations in operation.

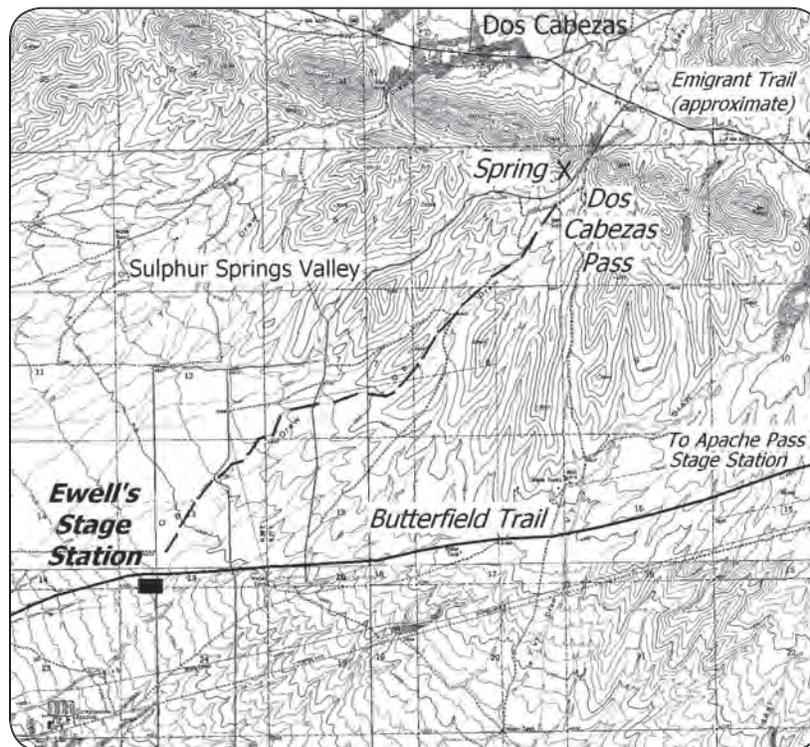
As the first Butterfield stagecoaches entered eastern Arizona, there were four newly constructed stage stations between Tucson and the New Mexico border, and they followed much of the old Emigrant Trail that zigzagged from water hole to water hole. In the following months, to make the

trail more efficient, two of the bends were straightened out by constructing two new stations. A third bend was straightened out by bypassing Mission San Xavier del Bac just south of Tucson.²

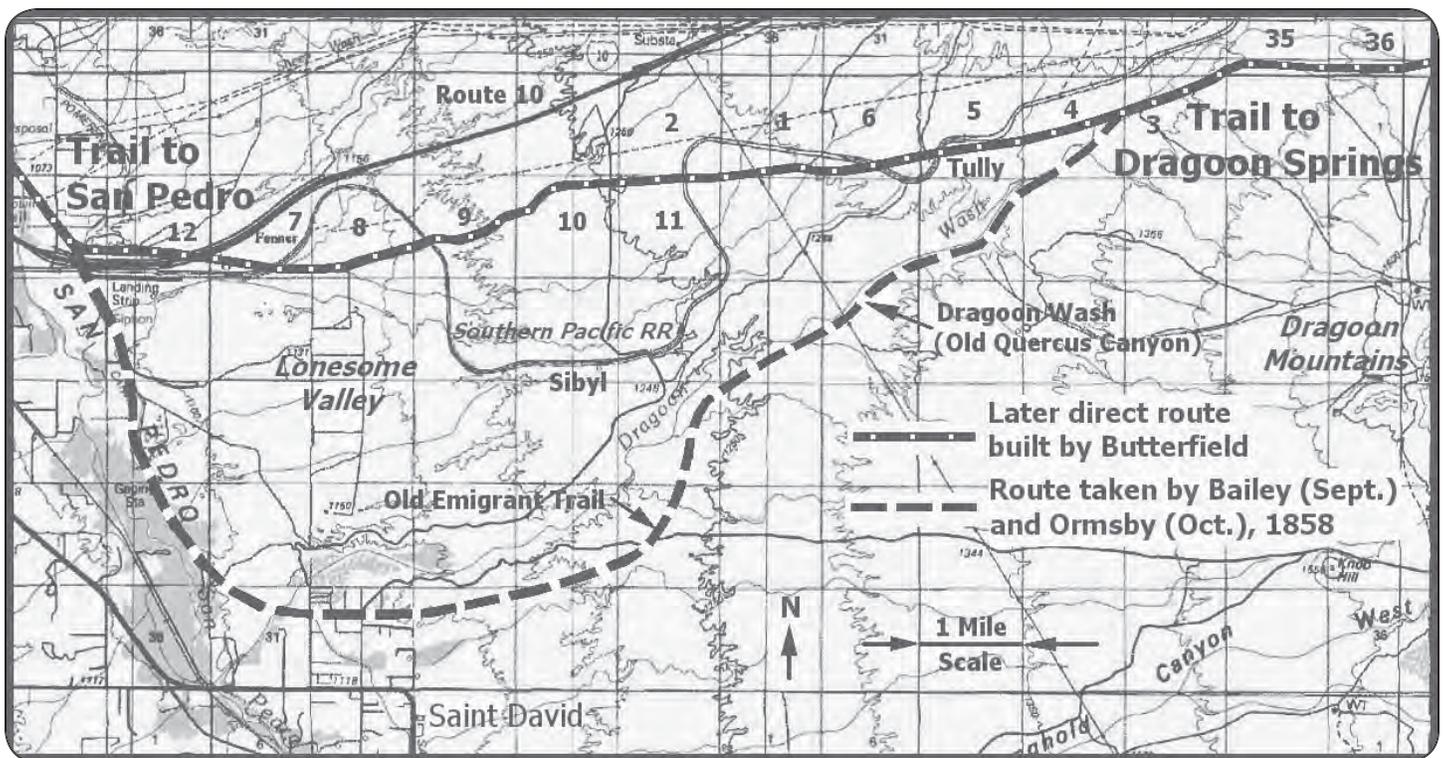
Silas St. John is best known for his survival of the September 1858 massacre at Butterfield’s Dragoon Springs Stage Station. He was employed previously by the San Antonio to San Diego Mail Line. One of the most important references that support the fact that Butterfield built new sections of trail in eastern Arizona is a letter dated November 2, 1915, from St. John to Professor R. H. Forbes of the University of Arizona.³ In the letter, St. John states:

When I took the first coaches on the San Antonio Line East from Tucson, in December 1857, the road was via the Mission [San Xavier del Bac] thence direct to the point of

Whetstone Range, there were two roads, leading to Ft. B [Buchanan] from this road, I cannot locate them, thence to the San Pedro River, which we crossed about 7 miles above where Benson is now located, thence via Dragoon Springs, and zigzagged from water hole to water hole to Apache Pass, thence to Mesilla on the Rio Grande. When we opened the Butterfield route in 1858, we cut off a good many of the angles by the digging of wells [cisterns] in the Sulphur [Sulphur] Springs, San Simone [Simon] and other valleys, giving a more direct and shorter road; that from Dragoon Springs West was changed to cross the San Pedro at where Benson is now located; thence via Vails to Tucson.



This map is a graphic representation of the statement made by Silas St. John in his letter of 1915. When travelers entered the western edge of the Sulphur Springs Valley, they followed the Emigrant Trail to the spring in the pass of the Dos Cabezas Mountains as shown. According to Silas St. John, this bend from the western entrance of Apache Pass was straightened out by Butterfield’s construction crew, who build a station, named Ewell’s, and a cistern. The newly established trail was a straight line over the level plain from the western entrance of Apache Pass to the northern tip of the Dragoon Mountains. Between the arrivals of the stages, the station keeper would travel the four miles north, represented by the dashed line, to obtain water from the Dos Cabezas Spring to fill the cistern at the station. *Map by G. Ahnert.*



The dashed line is the old Emigrant Trail that Butterfield used at the beginning of the Overland Mail Company's service in Arizona. Correspondent Waterman L. Ormsby was on a Butterfield stagecoach traveling this segment on October 1, 1858, and in his article for the *New York Herald*, he describes it in detail. Since Bailey was on the first stagecoach going east, on September 23, 1858, he must also have taken this route. The later direct route built by Butterfield was described by Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Eyre in an 1862 military report. Map from *The Butterfield Trail and Overland Mail Company in Arizona, 1858-1861*, Gerald T. Ahnert, 2011.

In this passage, St. John mentions that a station in the San Simon Valley (the San Simon Stage Station) was built as part of the effort to straighten out the road. The station was constructed where the San Simon River often sank into the sand, so a Mexican style tank was made to trap water when it rained. These tanks were earthen banks across an arroyo of a normally dry stream bed. In a letter dated October 26, 1858,⁴ J. M. Farwell stated that the San Simon Stage Station was built in late October 1858. This gives us a reference point in time for when Butterfield started constructing his more direct routes and building the new stations.

One of the springs referred to in the statement "...and zigzagged from water hole to water hole to Apache Pass" was in the pass of the Dos Cabezas Mountains on the old Emigrant Trail across the Sulphur Springs Valley. This valley is very flat with little to obstruct the construction of a straight road from the western entrance of Apache Pass to the north end of the Dragoon Mountains. Near the mid-point of this newly-constructed straight section of road, Butterfield built Ewell's Stage Station with a rock

and clay-lined cistern.⁵ Since the station keeper of this station had about three days between the arrivals of the Butterfield stagecoaches, he could take his water wagon four miles north to the spring in the Dos Cabezas Mountain Pass to obtain water for the station cistern. In the 1870s, as Arizona was rapidly being settled, the Dos Cabezas Spring became known as "Ewell's Spring" because of its early association with Butterfield's Ewell's Stage Station.

It is not known the exact date for the construction of Ewell's Stage Station, but we know it did not exist at the beginning of Butterfield's service in 1858. G. Bailey was on the first Butterfield stagecoach going east. Postmaster-General Brown assigned him the task of making a report of Butterfield's progress in meeting the requirements of the government mail contract. Bailey does not list a station in the Sulphur Springs Valley. His stagecoach took the old Emigrant Trail through the Dos Cabezas Pass to access the spring.

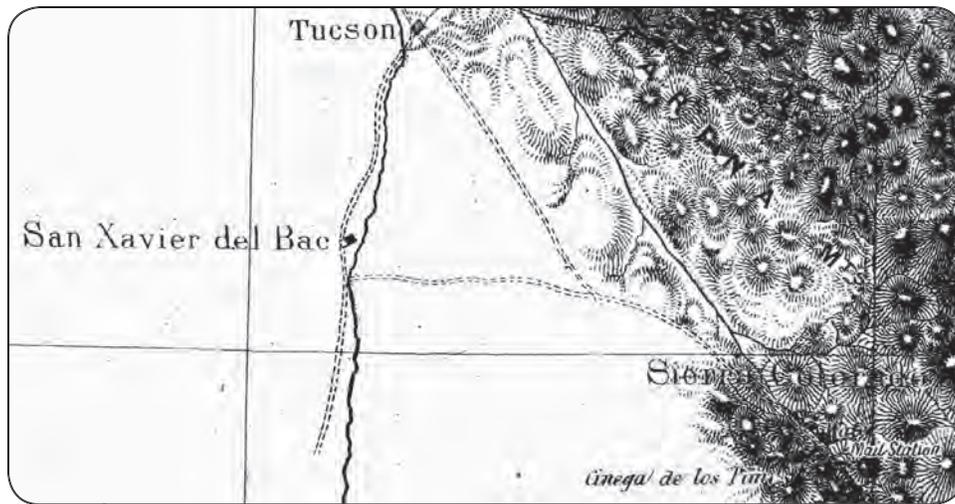
Waterman L. Ormsby, a reporter for the *New York Herald*, was on the first Butterfield stage traveling west.⁶ On

October 1, 1858, Ormsby traveled from Dragoon Springs Stage Station to the San Pedro River Stage Station. His November 11 article for the *New York Herald* described this section of the route in detail. He estimated the distance as 25 miles. After leaving Dragoon Springs, his

stagecoach followed the old Emigrant Trail along the banks of Dragoon Wash (old Quercus Canyon) to the east bank of the San Pedro River just above present-day St. David. It then followed the east bank to the San Pedro River Stage Station and the crossing.

Butterfield shortened this segment sometime after October 1858. In their rush to push the Confederate Army out of Arizona and reopen the Butterfield Trail for mail and emigrant travel, the Union Army's California Column traveled the trail and used the Butterfield stations as camps. A military report⁷ gives a detailed description of the more direct route to Dragoon Springs which shortened the distance by approximately 25%. The accurately surveyed General Land Office maps of the early 1870s show the (mostly unchanged) route of the old Butterfield Trail. The 1873 Township 17S, Range 20E, GLO map shows the earlier longer route going south from the old San Pedro River Stage Station (Schaublin's) and the newer shorter route, marked "Stage road," taking a more easterly direction.

St. John's letter also notes that the trail east from Tucson was shortened by bypassing Mission San Xavier del Bac. The more direct route went from Tucson to Butterfield's Seneca-Cienega Stage Station (25 miles to the southeast of Tucson) and thence to the San Pedro River: "...that from Dragoon Springs West was changed to cross where



Leach's 1858 map shows two roads entering Tucson from the southeast and south. The road that Bailey may have taken, by way of Mission San Xavier del Bac, which was the route taken by the San Antonio and San Diego Mail Line that preceded Butterfield, is the longer route mentioned in Silas St. John's 1915 letter. St. John states that it was shortened by Butterfield to the more direct route which goes through present day Vail. "Mail Station," appearing in the lower right corner, is Butterfield's Seneca-Cienega Stage Station (*Cienega de los Pimos*).

Benson is now located [near San Pedro River Stage Station]; thence via Vails to Tucson."

It should be noted that neither Bailey nor Ormsby mentions going by way of Mission San Xavier del Bac. Ormsby's article for the *New York Herald* gives only a brief

indication of the trail between Seneca-Cienega Stage Station and Tucson: After traveling four miles in the deep sand of Cienega Wash, "[w]e ascend[ed] from the valleys of the Cinique [Cienega Wash], with its beautiful grass and weeds, to the mountainous district approaching Tucson, the first city in Arizona, after leaving Messilla [Mesilla] worthy of any note." The Federal Census taken in the summer of 1860 lists 200 residents and a total of 85 dwellings for San Xavier. It is very unlikely that Ormsby would consider a town of this size as not "worthy of any note," which makes it clear that he did not go there.

In his report, Bailey gives a distance of 35 miles between Tucson and Seneca Springs (Seneca-Cienega Stage Station). This would be the correct distance if he followed the trail by way of Mission San Xavier del Bac. In a study of Bailey's distances between stations in Arizona, however, I deduced that they are 20% to 50% too long. Although there is much to consider for his distances – especially because they were made by him on the first stagecoach going east before Butterfield shortened some sections – he made several significant errors. One of his most erroneous determinations concerns the section between Oatman Flat Stage Station and Murderer's Grave (Kinyon's Stage Station), which was followed by both the Mormon Battalion of 1846 and Bartlett's survey team of 1852. Bailey gives a distance of 20 miles for this section.



Vay Fenn, lifelong resident of Benson, and Gerald Ahnert look at a map of the Butterfield Trail that shows where the trail runs through property once owned by the Fenn family.

photo by Dana Cole, San Pedro Valley News-Sun

In his report, he states, “This was compiled with great care, chiefly from data obtained on the road, and, although it doubtless contains some errors, may be regarded, as approximately correct.” Because of restrictive geographic features, there is only one corridor that can be followed between these stations. This route, which Butterfield also took, measures 13.5 miles. The California Column measured this distance with a wagon odometer and gave a distance of 13.49 miles. Hence, Bailey’s distance of 20 miles is 50% too long.

Bailey arrived at the Tucson Stage Station from the west on September 23, 1858, and Ormsby arrived from the east on October 1, 1858. Since it is evident that Ormsby did not go by way of Mission San Xavier del Bac, then, under the assumption that Bailey *did* go through the mission, the time that Butterfield bypassed the mission is between these two dates. Otherwise, it could have been prior to September 23.

From these references, it can be concluded that the Butterfield Trail in Arizona originally took a longer route following established trails but that a shorter more efficient trail was soon constructed from the New Mexico border to Tucson. These points are important when trying to sort out the Butterfield Overland Trail in eastern Arizona from the many other trails made before and after Butterfield’s time.

End Notes

1. A detailed account of the Jackass Mail route and stations is found in *House of Representatives, Message from the President of the United States*, Ex. Doc. No. 2, 35th Congress, 2nd Session, under the heading of “Extract made from a report in March 1858, to the Postmaster General by the superintendent of the route from San Antonio, Texas, to San Diego California.”
2. Details of the routes and stations and additional references can be found in my book *The Butterfield Trail and Overland Mail Company in Arizona, 1858-1861* (Canastota Publishing Co., 2011).
3. St. John’s letter can be found in the Archives of the Arizona Pioneers Society and is also reproduced as Appendix E in *The Butterfield Overland Mail*, by Roscoe and Margaret Conkling (Glendale, CA: Arthur Clark Co., 1947).
4. J. M. Farwell, letter in the *Daily Alta California*, November 16, 1858.
5. Construction of this type of cistern, as well as the Mexican style tank at San Simon, is described by James B. Leach in *The Executive Documents*, Second Session, Thirty-Fifth Congress, 1858-’59, which contains the report of his improvements to the El Paso to Fort Yuma Wagon Road just as the first Butterfield stagecoaches were passing through Arizona.
6. Ormsby’s letters are reprinted in *The Butterfield Overland Mail*, by Waterman L. Ormsby, edited by Lyle H. Wright and Josephine M. Bynum. San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1942.
7. Report by Lieutenant-Colonel E. E. Eyre, July 8, 1862, in *The War of the Rebellion*, Series I, Vol. L. Part 1, 1897.



Greg McEachron (in his younger days) staring into Leach’s Well. (See article pages 22-23.) courtesy Greg McEachron

Finding Leach's Well with Dennis Wells

by Greg McEachron

Dennis and I hid behind his truck as we lowered a Coleman lantern on a string down Leach's well to determine if there was enough residual methane gas for a potential explosion...

On February 17, 1857, Colonel James B. Leach was given a \$200,000 contract to improve the emigrant road between El Paso and Fort Yuma. The work was completed in September 1858. Travel time was improved by five days, there was an increase of over 70 miles along running water (reducing the greatest distance between camps to 24 miles), and there was a reduction of all grades of slope to accommodate maximum pull loads. This road was later followed by the Butterfield Overland Mail route for a greater part of the 640 miles.¹ One feature of the work described in Leach's report was a "well sunk thirty (30) feet ...but no water obtained"² located in the 40 Mile Desert between Maricopa Wells and Gila Bend.

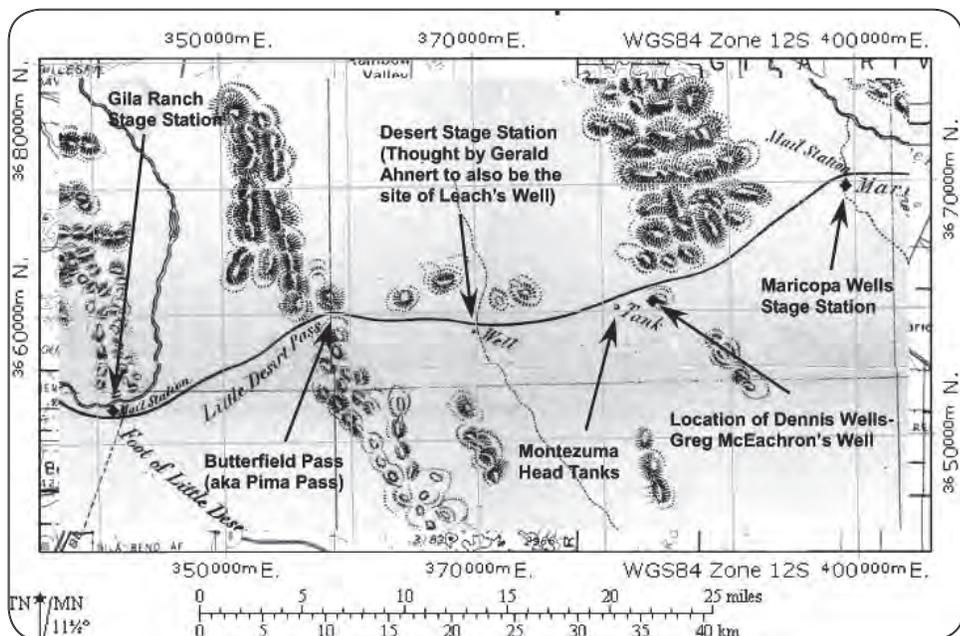
I met Dennis Wells in 1974 when we were engineers working at Sperry Flight Systems in Phoenix. Dennis was researching the Gila Trail and, since we had a mutual passion for the history of the Southwest, he invited me to join him on his adventures. For our first trip I flew a Cessna 172 south from Deer Valley airport to Montezuma's head at the southern end of the Estrellas. We picked up the wagon trace going west. Dennis was particularly interested in seeing what he thought was Leach's well from the air. We were able to spot the well site and follow the road across the 40 Mile Desert through Pima Pass.

After the flight, we decided to trace the trail section we had flown over using his truck. Dennis had previously located what he thought was Leach's well and had the compass bearing readings he had taken. Leach's map shows a "tank" south of the trail

route, whereas the well we located was about 50' north. We were able to locate the hole after taking bearings off the peaks. This 4WD trip was taken in 1975 when there were numerous artifacts still *in situ*, including insulator glass, water barrel hoops, wire, cans, mule shoes, etc.

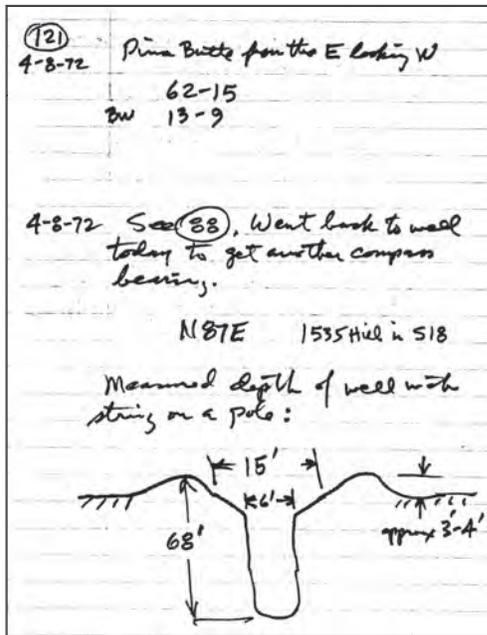
For our next trip, we decided on a flight following the trail west from Gila Bend to Yuma. Once past the Painted Rocks, the trail became traceable from the air. Dennis pointed out where Colonel Leach had made grade adjustments and where the road had crossed to the north side of the Gila. Leach's report states that "the old road crossed seven mesas or low table lands," and that they carried out "a reduction of all grades to a slope, easily ascended by teams drawing maximum loads . . ." Dennis identified each ascent and cut from the plane. Especially apparent was the grade cut above Oatman Flat and the sign near the massacre site. The rock spur containing the pioneer names at Independence Rock (Maxwell Point) was easy to spot as was the trail and telegraph by-pass around this point. Independence Rock was very familiar to Dennis as he had done extensive research on the historic names scratched in the rocks.³ This flight whetted our appetite for further on-the-ground exploration.

Dennis wanted to see what was at the bottom of Leach's well. Leach's 1859 report states, "About the



Leach's map.

courtesy Greg McEachron



Dennis Wells' trail notes.
courtesy Reba Wells Grandrud

middle of the plain a well was sunk thirty (30) feet deep through the sand and clay, but no water obtained.” In order to to further investigate the hole for potential period artifacts, Dennis built a scaffolding ladder to span the hole, peer down the well shaft, and re-measure it. We transported the apparatus to the site in 1975, using his compass bearings to relocate it. We didn't know what to expect with this project so we took every precaution. The sides could have been too soft to support a ladder or sufficiently unstable that we could have fallen in. Or, there could have been some sort of flammable gas in the hole. So we first tested the sides by tossing the ladder against the sides while it was attached by a rope to the bumper of our vehicle. The sides didn't crumble, so we placed the ladder and crawled out onto the structure.

Once suspended over the hole, we couldn't see the bottom without a light. We then tested the hole for methane gas by attaching a lantern to a string that we lowered into the hole. There was no explosion, so we climbed out over the hole and peered in with binoculars. All we could see were 55 gallon drums someone had thrown in. We measured the depth as 68' – apparently the well, which Leach said was 30', had been dug deeper at a later time. After all that work we were convinced that we had possibly found Leach's “30 foot well” about a mile west of the “tank” on the map.

Following the Fall 2012 Trail Turtles mapping excursion, Dan Talbot and I decided to try to find the well. The historic topo feature on Google Maps shows that around 2006 the hole was already filled in. We found the site and followed the trail from there to the old homestead to the east. The old hole that is possibly the “30 foot well” site from 1857 is now a time capsule for future historians to excavate and authenticate.

Trail sleuthing with Dennis Wells (1938-1990) was always an adventure. He will certainly be remembered as a pioneer and expert in Arizona trail and telegraph history. This article is dedicated to his memory.

1. Conkling, Roscoe P. and Margret B. *The Butterfield Overland Mail 1857-1869*. Glendale: Arthur H. Clark Co., 1947. See Volume 2, pages 89 and 172.
2. House Exec. Doc. No. 108, 35th Congress, second session, “Pacific Wagon Roads,” report of N. H. Hutton, engineer, to James B. Leach, superintendent, page 85.
3. “Historic Graffiti: Arizona's Independence Rock,” by Reba Wells Grandrud. *Overland Journal* 27, No. 3 (Winter 2009).



Dennis Wells on the scaffold overlooking Leach's Well.
courtesy Greg McEachron

Trail Turtles' Spring 2013 Mapping Trip: The Mimbres River Crossing

by *Richard Greene*

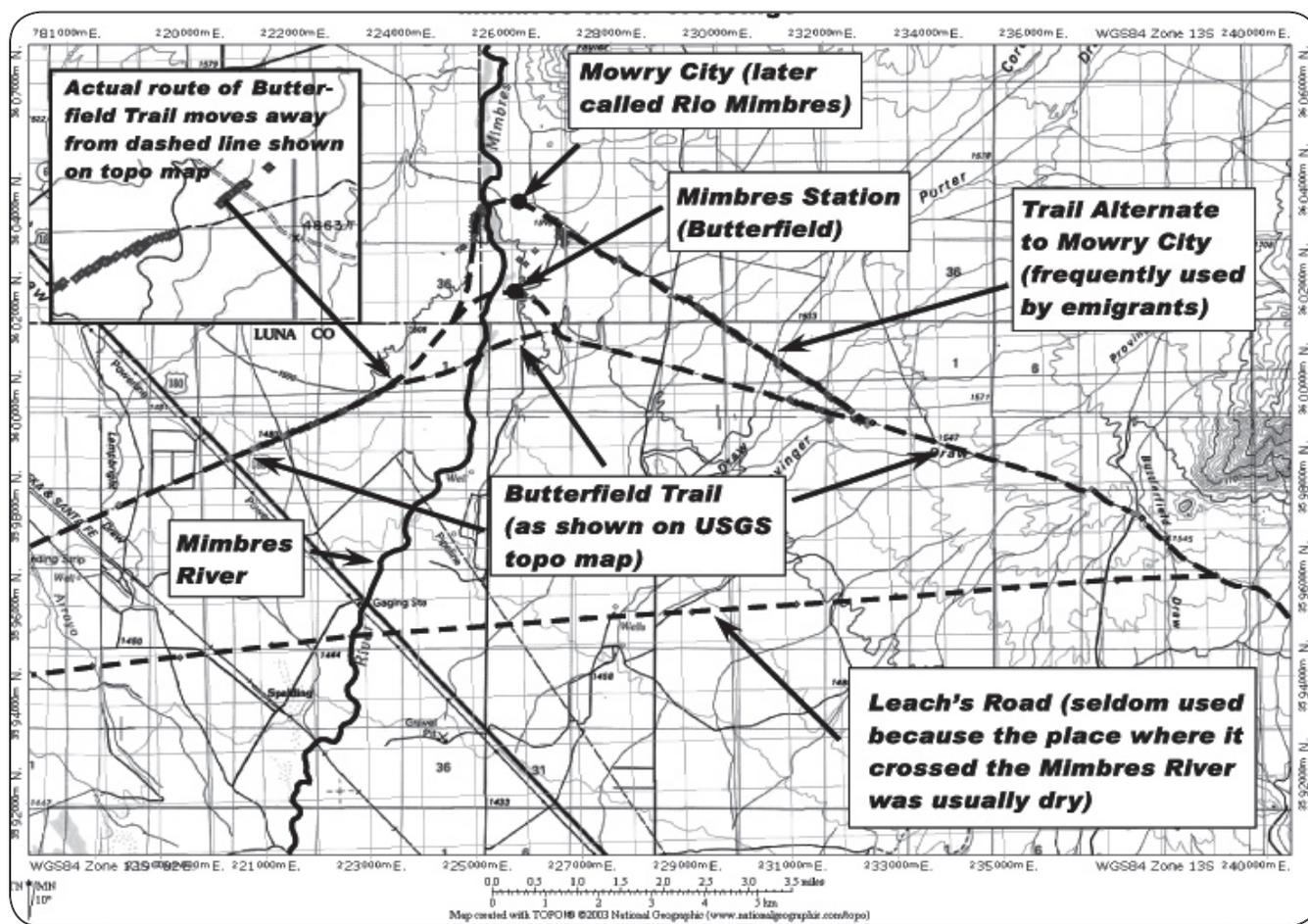
Neal Johns sent in his resignation, complaining that he is too old and tired. After a not too careful consideration, we rejected his resignation. All the Trail Turtles are old and tired. His wife Marian bought him a treadmill and told him he should try to get into Trail Turtle shape. Knowing that "Trail Turtle shape" is a pretty low bar, Neal is going to give it a go. We look forward to seeing the new Neal.

In attendance during the trip were Tracy DeVault, Richard Greene, Brock and Levida Hileman, Greg McEachron, Dan and Geri Talbot, Rose Ann Tompkins, Charles Townley, and Mike Volberg. Everyone arrived in Deming by 4 p.m. on April 9. Deming was chilly and windy and it was a cold night, so all but Richard opted to stay in motels.

Wednesday, April 10: Mimbres Stage Station and Mowry City Road

It was a chilly morning when we met at 8 a.m. at the junction of Perrin Road and Hwy 180, about 10 miles out of Deming. The group proceeded north on Perrin Road to a waypoint for the Butterfield Mimbres Stage Station. We parked by a green gate anchored by railroad ties, walked out in knee-high grass, and found the ground-level rock foundations of the Mimbres station. Not many artifacts could be seen in the high grass. This stage station covered the largest area that we had ever seen.

Next we looked for the trail going east to Cooke's Peak. The actual emigrant trail crossed the Mimbres at Mowry City. (See text box page 25.) The crossing was located about three-quarters of a mile north of the Butterfield stage station. The two trails had forked several miles to the east as they approached the river. We meandered on



Mimbres River area. *courtesy Tracy DeVault*

dirt roads until we hit Porter Draw Road (A018), leading to a locked ranch gate from which we could see ranch buildings – all under the spectacular horn of Cooke’s Peak. We turned around and looked for other access roads

Mike and Rose Ann scouted a ranch road off Dwyer Road to see if we could get to the trail crossing. They planned to pick up hikers as they returned from mapping the trail. Tracy, Greg, Brock, and Richard looked for trail going east from where the trail crossed Dwyer Road. We followed a ranch two-track until we hit a fence. Beyond the fence Tracy and Greg found rust. Not finding any trail before the fence, Brock and Richard joined them. Tracy and Greg mapped on to where they met up with Rose Ann and Mike. As Brock and Richard walked back to the vehicles, they found a spike and flattened cup with handle. By 3:15 we were all back at the vehicles.

We found a place to camp behind a hill which provided a break from the howling wind. Cooke’s Peak was visible in the distance. As we were settling down, a rancher and his nephew came by and informed us that we had to move as we were in the way of their cattle, which needed to get to water. The rancher was apologetic and said that we could move after dinner. He came by later and said the cattle had gone down to the windmill so we could stay the night where we were.



Rose Ann Tompkins and Mike Volberg view part of the Mimbres Butterfield stage station foundation.
photo by Tracy DeVault

It was dark by 8 p.m., but we were in our trucks much earlier. The wind persisted late into the night. There was no moonlight, the stars were clear and bright, and it was cold.

Thursday, April 11 – The Fork of the Butterfield and Emigrant Trail to Mowry City

It was only 28 degrees at 7:00 a.m.; however, the sun over Cooke’s Peak soon warmed our camp. Rose Ann

led the way past the nearest windmill. (Most “windmills” in the area are now actually solar powered pumps.) We came to the waypoint where on the previous day Rose Ann and Mike had found rust going down and out of Porter Wash. Tracy, Brock, Mike, Greg, and Richard walked the trail east to the fork of the Mowry City and Butterfield Trails. There was plenty of rust and one section of trail had a wide swale. We found a few artifacts: two small pieces of iron, a cartridge, some glass, and two parts of mule shoes. A cool wind started up, but as the morning progressed, it warmed up, and by early afternoon the wind was gusting. Mike, Greg, and Brock did another section of the Mowry City Trail and found plenty of rust when they cleared the wash. Tracy and Richard walked the Butterfield Trail back towards camp.

After lunch we headed to where we had been the previous day on Dwyer Road. Tracy went back to the fence to see if he could find any sign of trail and then worked his way to

Mowry City

Mowry City was a town on the Mimbres River located about 25 miles north of Deming, NM. It was founded in the late 1850s by a land scam, where the area was promoted in a Missouri newspaper as the future capital of Arizona and as a thriving peaceful region. However, it in fact was subject to frequent attack by Apaches. When gold was discovered 40 miles away in Pinos Altos, Mowry City began to establish a population. Apparently, Sherod Hunter lived there for a brief period. The Civil War and the resulting increase in Apache depredations led to temporary depopulation. After the war, the town was renamed Rio Mimbres, but it was deserted shortly thereafter, reportedly due to upstream diversion of the river water.



Rose Ann Tompkins, Tracy DeVault, Richard Greene, and Charles Townley in the bed of the Mimbres River.
photo by Greg McEachron

the cars. He found a nice broken bottle but no more rust. It was baffling that there was so much rust on the east side of the fence and nothing on the west side. Mike, Greg, and Richard walked west toward the Mimbres. They found no trail but saw a couple of sardine cans and an old cartridge.

Most of us went to camp at the nearby City of Rocks State Park. Because it was spring break, the park was busy. It was good to have a hot shower and look at the incredible rocks around our camp sites.

Friday, April 12: City of Rocks, Bartlett's "Giant of the Mimbres," and Mowry City

It was a great night for sleeping, not cold like the night before. By 8 a.m. the group met at City of Rocks. Our first challenge was to find the location of the rock formation which John Bartlett of the 1852 Boundary Expedition had drawn and named the Giant of the Mimbres. (See text box, page 27.) We headed east on Hwy 61 and came to the area of the Giant near a local cemetery. The rock formations were a short hike behind the cemetery. The position where Bartlett did his drawing was easily recognizable by the shapes and features of the rocks seen from the same angle of observation. Finding the right angle for the photo taken in 2002 was trickier, but we eventually got it.

We went east down Hwy 61 and took a right on Dwyer Road by the Thistle Dew Ranch and Blue Mountain Ranch signs. We immediately drove past houses in groves of trees and greenery that were around the dry Mimbres River.

There are a lot of people living out there. There was water running in irrigation canals. The dusty, dirt road went through great scenery: on one side were high hills and on the other were several small ranches that ran down to the green line of trees at the Mimbres. We took a right fork and got on Perrin Road. We arrived at the Los Chaparrales Ranch and the last original building remaining from Mowry City. The ranch boards horses. Ranch manager Mike Sangster welcomed us and gave us permission to explore. He told us about the area: Indian ruins, adobe ruins from settlers, low lying earth banks from old irrigation channels, an old grist mill, and a vegetable processing plant. While we found all these things interesting, our focus was on finding the crossing of the Mimbres.

A cactus thorn in Rose Ann's tire produced a slow leak. She and Richard both took the opportunity to put air in their tires. We walked past the barns and horses and down through bushes to the dry channel of the Mimbres. We found lots of rocks with rust marks but decided that this was from cowboys riding the range rather than from the rust of iron wagon tires. There were adobe ruins around the river and we found some iron stove parts. Richard stumbled on one adobe ruin with three seven-foot-high adobe walls and lots of homesteader trash around: iron, glass, and cans. We were all back at the ranch by 2:00. We never found the emigrant crossing or anything like a wagon trail, but at least we found Mowry City.

Wanda Holmquist, who lives on the ranch, drove up while we were having lunch. She related the history of the area. Dan Talbot gave her a copy of his updated book, *The Mormon Battalion and Butterfield Trail*.

Saturday, April 13: Mowry City

Several of the Turtles had already left for home. The rest of us headed back to the vicinity of Mowry City to make sure that we had not missed any signs of trail. It was sunny and warm with no wind as we mapped in gravelly sand. We did not find many rust-holding rocks, since crumbly white and green-hued clay-type rocks covered the area. We found one promising swale with a single large rock worn on top and with rust over the edge; farther on we found an old piece of glass. The swale petered out into tall grass after crossing a fence. Tracy found a piece

The Giants of the Mimbres

John Bartlett made reference to this site in the record of his travels with the 1852 Boundary Expedition.¹ Barlett's expedition was camped at the Mimbres River crossing in order to recruit the animals when he took a day to explore. He made a drawing of this rock formation, which he named the *Giants of the Mimbres*. His original drawings are now located at the John Carter Brown Library as part of the Early American Images collection. In 1867 the site was photographed by William Bell.²

A recent article³ gives information about the location of this site, which is located about three miles east of City of Rocks State Park in New Mexico. It can be seen from Highway 61 and is a short walk up the hill from the highway and past a small cemetery.

Rose Ann Tompkins

1. Barlett, John Russell. *Personal Narrative of Explorations and Incidents 1850-1853*, Vol. 1. Chicago: Rio Grande Press Inc., 1965, page 224.
2. Bell, W. A., 1869, *New Tracks in North America*. London: Chapman and Hall, 1869.
3. Mueller, Jerry E. and C. R. Twidale. "Geomorphic Development of the Giants of the Mimbres, Grant County, New Mexico." *New Mexico Geology* 24 (May 2002): 39-48.

of cast metal that looked like part of a draft horse harness, a large (6"x5") horseshoe, and a Colt 45 cartridge that we thought had been used by a cowboy.

We finished at 11:00 and took Perrin Road to the Hwy 180 Rest Area. We left the rest area at noon to check out the trail used by both the emigrants and the Butterfield stage going from the Mimbres to Cow Springs. We found lots of rust. Tracy believed that we had found the west-side fork leading to Mowry City. Later, Dan was on the radio

saying we needed to get back to our vehicles and get to the highway as the road we had turned off the highway onto was controlled by a gravel pit operation and they were shutting their gates by the highway at 2:30 p.m. We didn't have much time. We stopped mapping and rushed back towards the cars. We made it with some shuttling among people and cars. It had been a productive mapping trip. Most of the Turtles returned home, but during the following two days a few of us returned to the area near Hatch where we had mapped last fall.



Brock Hileman and Richard Greene among the rocks at the Giants of the Mimbres.
photo by Rose Ann Tompkins



Greg McEachron ready to look for trail evidence. Cooke's Peak is on the horizon.
photo by Greg McEachron's camera

Pre-trip Planning to Locate the Mimbres Crossing

On occasion we are asked how we decide where to map and what is involved in our pre-trip planning. The process has evolved over the 20 years that the Trail Turtles have been mapping the Southern Emigrant Trail. For the past 10 years we have been using satellite images to spot faint traces that might be sections of trail. We now can take the coordinates from these satellite image traces and reformat them into files that can be uploaded into our handheld GPS receivers prior to the trip. The mappers can then use the GOTO feature of their GPS receivers to guide them to the area where they can begin to look for on-the-ground evidence of trail.

Our initial plan for this spring's mapping trip was to return to the Fort Thorn area where we worked last fall. However, during a trip that Richard Greene and I made in February to southeastern Arizona, the conversation turned to the area where the trail crossed the Mimbres River. The group had mapped this area in 1996, at which time relatively little trail evidence was found. This was long before the availability of satellite images, and during that trip we utilized the fact that the route of the Butterfield Trail in this area is shown on modern topographic maps. What evidence we did find was along this trace, but one thing we did *not* find was any evidence of the Butterfield station at the Mimbres River crossing.

When Richard and I arrived at Fort Bowie in February, we met with Larry Ludwig, site manager at the National Historic Site. After we mentioned our interest in Mimbres Crossing, Larry suggested that I contact Brendt Kühn, who lives in Stockholm, Sweden. Doug Hamilton, Brendt Kühn, and Larry Ludwig had jointly authored an article titled "Apache Ambush at Cottonwood Wash" that was published in *Wild West* magazine. (The article is now available online at <http://www.historynet.com/apache-ambush-at-cottonwood-wash.htm>.) I wrote an email to Kühn, who replied that he had visited the Butterfield station ruins at the Mimbres Crossing. He suggested that I contact George Hackler who in 2005 had published a book titled *The Butterfield Trail in New Mexico*. (A second edition was recently published and is available through Amazon.com.)

From reading Hackler's book, I immediately understood why we had not found much evidence of trail in 1996: the dashed line showing the route of the Butterfield Trail on USGS topographic maps was not accurate at the Mimbres Crossing. The actual Butterfield crossing was a mile north of where the dashed line crossed the Mimbres River. Hackler said that this was a large station with a corral that was 300 feet on each side. We were able to see the outline of the station on the Google Earth satellite image. We eventually learned that there were a number of crossings. The most popular among emigrants was the crossing at Mowry City, three-quarters of a mile north of the Butterfield station. Mowry City seems to have come into its own in the late 1850s but mileages given by 1849 emigrants seem to indicate that the crossing there was already in use.

Rose Ann Tompkins and I began to scour Google Earth satellite images for possible traces leading to either the Butterfield station or to Mowry City. We were able to locate two forks, one on the east side of the Mimbres where the Butterfield Trail left the earlier emigrant road and headed more directly west, and another fork on the west side of the river where the two trails rejoined on their way to Cow Springs. We also read portions of several emigrant diaries and John Russell Bartlett's account of his crossing of the Mimbres. Mike Volberg reread Conkling's description of the crossing and unearthed information on the route and crossing of Leach's Road. As the spring mapping trip neared, we had enough information to devote an entire trip to the Mimbres Crossing. We decided to make this area the main focus of our spring mapping trip.



Ruins of
Jefford's
Chiricahua
Agency, Fort
Bowie.
*photo by Jon
Lawrence*

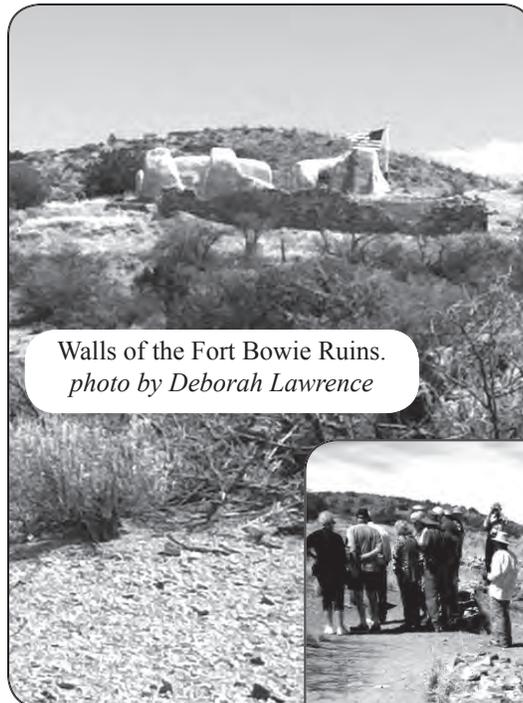
Tracy DeVault

Southern Trails Chapter Symposium Tucson, AZ, March 14-16 2013

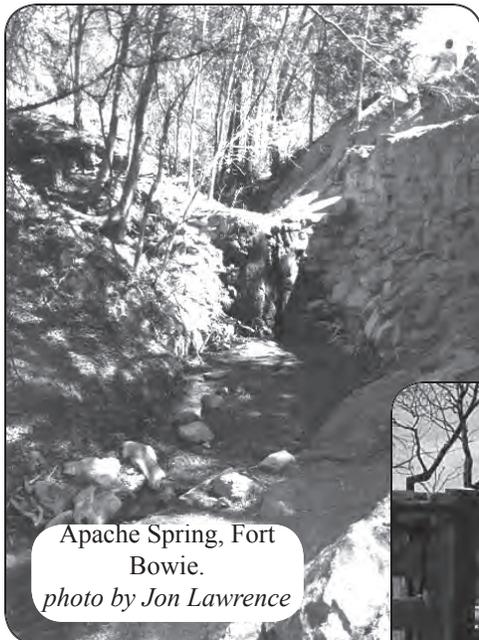
The symposium was held in the Arizona Historical Society Museum, allowing participants to view the excellent historical and archaeological exhibits there as well as to attend the two days of talks. These included lectures by chapter members David Miller (on the Fort Smith/Santa Fe Trail), Tom Jonas (on sites in eastern Arizona of Kearny's 1846 march), and Cecelia Bell (on a Fort Bayard officer's wife). Carolyn O'Bagy Davis spoke on the life of a woman who was a fourth wife in a polygamous marriage; Diana Hadley, a rancher in Guadalupe Pass, recounted the history of that area of southeastern Arizona; Andrew Masich gave the keynote speech on the Civil War in Arizona; Michael Landon presented a paper on the records concerning emigrant travel that can be found in LDS archives; Maureen Kirk-Detberner spoke on the Wilbur-Cruce mission horse; and Tom Sutak spoke on Cooke's Wagon Road. Two tours were held, one led by Jack Fletcher and Greg Scott to historic sites of Spanish occupation along the Santa Cruz River, and the other led by Tracy DeVault and Rose Ann Tompkins to the Fort Bowie National Historic Site.



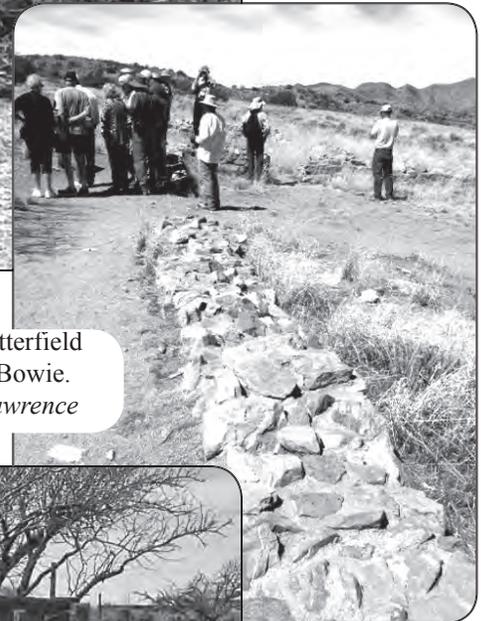
Jan Krakow at San Javier del Bac.
photo by Jere Krakow



Walls of the Fort Bowie Ruins.
photo by Deborah Lawrence



Apache Spring, Fort Bowie.
photo by Jon Lawrence



Tour group at the Butterfield station ruins in Fort Bowie.
photo by Deborah Lawrence



Wilbur-Cruce Mission horses at the Hacienda de la Canoa.
photo by Muareen Kirk-Detberner

Southern Trails Chapter

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The Giants of the Mimbres

**Original drawing by John
Russell Bartlett, and recent
photo by Tracy Devault.**

