

Desert Tracks

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

January 2011



The Great Gila River Canoe Ride

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the Oregon-California Trails Association*

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www.physics.uci.edu/~jmlawren/SWOCTA.html

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**Cover: Tracy DeVault and Richard Greene under the 40th Avenue East Bridge on the
Gila River Canoe Ride. *photo by Betty Mason***

Map of the Emigrant Trail through Southern California, showing the location of Borrego Springs, the site of the OCTA Southern Trails Chapter's 2011 winter meeting, and of Warner's Ranch, which will be visited on a tour during the meeting.



Southern Trails Chapter 2011 Annual Winter Meeting

The Southern Emigrant Trail from the Yuma crossing of the Colorado River to the Pacific Ocean, as well as Warner's Ranch, will be the focus of the Southern Trails Chapter's annual winter meeting. Held on February 25 to 27, 2011, at the Borrego Springs Resort in Borrego Springs, California, this year's meeting will open with a welcome reception on Friday night. There will be guest speaker presentations on Saturday and a guided bus tour on Sunday.

Some of the most interesting and colorful events of the mid-nineteenth-century western migration occurred between the crossing of the Colorado River at Yuma, Arizona, and Warner's Ranch, where the trail forked to either San Diego or to Los Angeles. During the meeting, talks by historians and archeologists, as well as the bus tour, will focus on events that took place over this far western portion of the Southern Trail.

Chris Wray, Southern California author and historian, is the program and tour director. On Saturday, Phil Brigandi, past Orange County Archivist, will give a presentation on the Southern Trail from the Colorado River to Warner's Ranch. (See Brigandi's article in the Fall 2010 issue of *Overland Journal*.) Leland Bibb, a licensed land surveyor in California, will cover the trail across Warner's Ranch and on to San Diego, while Anne Miller and David Armstrong, Southern California geneologists, will give a presentation on mapping the Southern Trail from Warner's Ranch to Rancho del Chino in the Los Angeles area. Sue Wade, an archeologist with the Anza Borrego State Park, will discuss work that she and her team have carried out at the vital Carrizo Creek stop on the Southern Trail. Archeologist Steve Van Wormer will report on his recent work in excavating the foundations of the original Warner's Ranch buildings, as well as the restoration work underway on the Carrillo house and a former Butterfield Overland Mail stage station.

Along with the help of the Save Our Heritage Organization in San Diego, the organizers are especially thankful to Vista Irrigation District, the owner of Warner's Ranch, for special permission to allow us to visit key sites on the ranch during our Sunday tour. Open access to some of these sites has been highly restricted for many years, and we will have an opportunity to see some things relatively few people have seen since the trail was in use. Steve Van Wormer will lead the tour to the recent archeological work that has uncovered what is believed to be portions of the original Jonathan Warner home and store. Leland Bibb will show us results of his research on the Southern Trail across Warner Ranch, including the location of the main fork of the trail to San Diego and Los Angeles.

For those who can arrive early, we are also planning a day trip on Friday, February 25, from Borrego Springs to Carrizo Creek, with stops at Box Canyon, Vallecito, and other historic sites as time permits. The trip will be guided by Sue Wade and Chris Wray. It will require a high-clearance 4x4 vehicle or a ride in one. Participants will return to Borrego Springs in time for the welcome reception that evening.

A detailed meeting agenda, along with information regarding registration fees, lodging, and RV parking, will be sent to chapter members. Guests are welcome. Relevant information concerning the meeting can be found by visiting the chapter website **southern-trails.org** or by contacting Albert Eddins by e-mail at aseddins@msn.com or by phone at 480-575-2733. February is a busy season in Borrego Springs; please make your reservations early.

***Albert Eddins, President
Southern Trails Chapter***

Warner's Ranch

by *Chris Wray*

The most important ranch and supply point along the Emigrant Trail in Southern California was Warner's Ranch. Located in northeastern San Diego County, the ranch was situated at a strategic fork on the Southern Trail, one branch going to San Diego and the other to Los Angeles. Before arriving at the ranch, emigrants had just crossed over a hundred miles of almost waterless desert between the Colorado River at Yuma and the mountains east of San Diego. Native Americans on the desert crossing were few; they tended to avoid contact with the emigrants and did not have much to offer in trade to the travelers. Consequently, Warner's Ranch, located in lush meadows beside a small running stream and surrounded by oak-dotted hills, became an idyllic spot on the trail to obtain supplies and to recuperate.

Jonathan Trumbull Warner came to California in 1831 with the Jackson, Waldo, and Young party, which brought five pack mules laden with Mexican silver coins to purchase horses and mules for the New Mexico and Louisiana markets. Warner settled in California and married an adopted daughter of the Pico family, probably the most prominent family in Mexican California at the time. Becoming a naturalized Mexican citizen, Warner changed his name to Juan José Warner and petitioned the governor for a large tract of land – the Rancho San José del Valle – that he had seen when first arriving in California. His request was granted in 1844, and the Warner family moved to a small adobe house near the Indian village at the Agua Caliente Hot Springs, a few miles north of what would later become the famous Warner's Ranch home site. The ranch began as a cattle operation.

There was a great influx of overland emigrants in the next few years, culminating in the California Gold Rush. Immediately after crossing the desert, the emigrants reached the San Jose Valley not far from Agua Caliente. Warner decided it would be better business to move his operations to a spot right on

the overland trail. In 1849, just in time to reap the benefits, he opened a store to sell supplies to passing emigrants and gold rushers. Warner's new home and store was built on a low hill overlooking Buena Vista Creek, close by the above-mentioned fork of the Southern Emigrant Trail. By choosing this location, Warner made sure that everyone taking either branch would pass by his store.

During the 1849 travel season, the emigrants usually found that Warner was not present at the ranch; his employees supplied whatever goods were in store. Goods sold by Warner were notoriously pricey, with many emigrants complaining in their journals. Cornelius Cox offers a fine example:

Arrived at Warner's Ranch and finding good grass, lay by one day. The road here forks, one leading to San Diego, the other to Los Angeles. Warner has established a grocery and butchery for the accommodation of the emigrants – and this being the first place at which supplies can be obtained, the emigrant has been subjected to the severest extortion... (Cox, 207)

Benjamin Hayes, who became one of California's most noted early citizens, described Warner's in 1850 as having hides stretched across the patio, freshly butchered beef hung on a pole near the front door, and additional outbuildings scattered around the operation. Hays also pointed out that the ranch site was exactly where the road split (Hayes, 288-289).

The ranch was a going concern, making Warner one of the richest men in the San Diego backcountry at that time. However, this situation did not last. Late in 1851 and continuing for several months, an uprising of local Cahuilla and Cupeno Indians, known as the Garra Revolt, made life at the ranch treacherous. In November of that year, Indians attacked the ranch buildings, burning them down with all Warner's possessions inside, and stole the cattle. Warner was not able to defend his property against the raiders and he and his family were forced to flee. Having already become involved in state politics, Warner never moved back to the ranch.

After Warner's departure, the large ranch holding of approximately 44,000 acres reverted back to an earlier Mexican claimant, who then quickly sold it to the Carrillo family. In the late 1850s, probably during 1857 and 1858, the Carrillos built another adobe house near the site of Warner's original burned-out buildings. The Carrillo house would become almost as famous in its own right, since it would be the stop for both James Birch's San Antonio-San Diego Mail and for the Butterfield Overland Mail.

Early on in the Civil War, the South had grand plans to take much of the Southwest and, ultimately, the gold fields and vital seaports in California. The Southern Trail was a ready path for Texas rebels all the way west to the Yuma Crossing of the Colorado River and on into Southern California. In 1861 a number of Union military posts were established to secure Southern California from Confederate forces. One of them was Camp Wright, which was established in October 1861 at Warner's Ranch. It was moved shortly thereafter to nearby Oak Grove, where a Butterfield Mail stage station was converted into a hospital and supply depot.

Just after the Civil War, a small adobe house and a store were built about a mile or so east of the earlier Warner's Ranch house and store. This building, now called the Kimball-Wilson Store after its main owners, has fallen into ruin and was long mistaken for the Butterfield station. The building is noteworthy in its own right, however.

The main Carrillo adobe passed down through several owners and cattle operations until the 1920s when the entire ranch became the watershed for Lake Henshaw, located a few miles to the west. The Vista Irrigation District has owned the historic property since that time. Cattle are still grazed on the rolling hills, while the old Carrillo adobe house sits fenced nearby. Recent efforts have been underway to stabilize and rebuild the Carrillo adobe. Part of the work has been the excavation of materials dropped through the floors by past inhabitants, providing a look into the daily life of the ranchers and stage station keepers.

On the nearby hill, where Warner had his first home and store, archeologists have sunk test units in order to look into the foundations and rubble of the buildings burned during the Indian uprising in 1851.

Research is still underway and field work just completed during the fall of 2010 could bring new and exciting revelations into the history of one of San Diego County's most important sites on the Southern Emigrant Trail.

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Archeological site, believed to be of the Warner's Ranch building.
courtesy Albert Eddins

Book Reviews

Big Sycamore Stands Alone: The Western Apaches, Aravaipa, and the Struggle for Place.

Ian W. Record

Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2008.

ISBN: 978-0-8061-3972-2

xiv + 383 pages. Illustrations, maps, notes, bibliography, index. Hardcover, \$39.95.

Big Sycamore Stands Alone is one of three histories that have been written on the 1871 Camp Grant Massacre in the last four years. Prior to this, no academic histories of the massacre were available. That it has taken so long for such histories to be written is surprising, given the level of violence that occurred when a vigilante mob of white settlers, Mexican-Americans, and Tohono O'odhams attacked and killed more than 100 Western Apaches in Aravaipa Canyon, east of Tucson. Taken together, the three histories provide complimentary accounts that intertwine the history of the massacre with the history and ethnography of the Western Apaches and with the contemporary Western Apaches' attempts to grapple with this difficult part of their past.

The first of the three histories, Chip Colwell-Chathaphonh's *Massacre at Camp Grant: Forgetting and Remembering Apache History* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2007), includes a straightforward description of the massacre and also analyzes how historical memory of the atrocity was constructed. An anthropologist, Colwell-Chanthaphonh emphasizes the need to incorporate Apache descriptions of the event. In *Shadows at Dawn* (New York: Penguin Press, 2008), historian Karl Jacoby recounts the massacre from the disparate viewpoints of each of the four parties involved – Apaches, Tohono O'odhams, Mexican-Americans, and Anglo-Americans. He provides comprehensive historical background to the massacre and furnishes the reader with an idea of the context in which the hostilities occurred.

In a similar manner, Ian W. Record uses a multivocal and multifaceted approach in *Big Sycamore Stands Alone* to articulate not only the Camp Grant Massacre, but the cultural legacy of Aravaipa Canyon, the traditional home of the Aravaipa and Pinal Apaches. And, like Colwell-Chathaphonh and Jacoby, he incorporates the research of anthropologist Grenville Goodwin, who worked closely with the San Carlos Apaches in the 1930s, collecting field notes on pre-reservation life.

Record's intent is to connect the past to the present, allowing the reader to appreciate the ways in which the Western Apaches are inextricably bound to their historical past and landscape. To accomplish this, he utilizes both his ethnographic fieldwork on the San Carlos Apache Reservation and secondary historical and anthropological scholarship regarding the Western Apaches. Record's approach – his juxtaposition of archival evidence and Apache oral histories – allows the reader not only to reconstruct the massacre and its lingering effects on present-day Apache culture and identity, but also provides the reader with an opportunity to appreciate how the Western Apaches regard their history, particularly catastrophic events like the massacre.

A senior lecturer in the American Indian Studies Department at the University of Arizona, Record did his research in consultation with the Apaches and wrote his book with Apache readers in mind. According to Record, the Western Apaches were often blamed for the depredations caused by the less agricultural-minded Chiricahua Apaches. He demonstrates how the Aravaipa and Pinal Apaches, longtime residents of the area, had experienced a relationship with the landscape that American settlers threatened. Using archival documents, he discusses the apprehensive reaction of citizens of Tucson to the establishment of the Camp Grant Reservation. According to Record, many settlers associated the establishment of reservations with an increase in the number of Indian raids. He argues that the businessmen in Tucson didn't want the Apaches to peacefully submit to the reservation system because they were afraid that it would

decrease the need for soldiers, which in turn could devastate the area's economy. The residents' fears were sensationalized by the local press, which did all that it could to fuel the public's anti-Apache attitudes.

The structure of Record's book is similar to that of Jacoby's work in avoiding a single unified narrative thread. Each major chapter contains four sections: the first gives contemporary oral histories from the San Carlos Apache reservation, the second recounts the history of Western Apache relationships to Aravaipa Canyon since the establishment of the San Carlos Reservation in 1873, the third describes pre-reservation subsistence and cultural systems, and the fourth gives a history of the Western Apaches prior to the massacre, from pre-colonial times, through the Spanish, Mexican, and American eras of control. This motion back and forth in time can lead to some confusion for readers not familiar with the basic history. For example, just prior to his description of the attack, Record interrupts his dramatic narrative with a 14-page insertion of contemporary Apache reminiscences of stories about the massacre, a discussion of the attitudes of the descendants toward Aravaipa Canyon today, and a description of the Western Apaches' raiding, hunting, and trading practices. Such interruptions enable the reader to make connections between the past and present, but they can also be disruptive and confusing. Consequently, *Big Sycamore Stands Alone*'s unique approach is also its weakness.

Despite this minor reservation, *Big Sycamore Stands Alone* will prove to be an important read for specialists in Apache history and for scholars interested in the relationship between identity and place. The book not only contributes to the growing body of literature on the Camp Grant Massacre, but it illuminates the impact of the past on present-day Apache culture as viewed by the Apaches themselves.

Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico

John L. Kessell

Norman: University of Oklahoma, 2008.

ISBN: 978-0-8061-3969-2

225 pages. Illustrations, map, notes, bibliography, index. Hardcover, \$31.50.

Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico, a narrative history of seventeenth-century New Mexico, is a small but useful book. Historian John Kessell interweaves stories and analysis to chronicle the 1598 founding and development of the first permanent Spanish settlement in the Upper Rio Grande Valley. In the sections that follow, he traces indigenous alliances and resistance to Spanish control, including the Pueblo Revolt of 1680 and the Spanish reconquest of the area 13 years later.

Spanish settlement of New Mexico began in 1598 when Don Juan de Oñate led a colonial migration of 600 to 700 Spaniards from New Spain northward into the American Southwest and invaded Ohkay Owingeh Pueblo just north of today's Santa Fe. What followed, according to Kessell, was mostly "face-to-face cooperation for economic gain and advantage in war" (4). Kessell asserts that because the Pueblos and Spaniards were so involved in their own internal struggles, they engaged in violence against each other "only in exceptional cases" (5). He describes how these two diverse cultures coexisted, albeit with notable exceptions like the hostilities between the Acomas and the Spanish soldiers that began even before the first year was out.

In October of 1598, fighting ensued when Acoma Pueblo's residents resisted providing the supplies demanded by the Spaniards. One of the men killed in the skirmish was Don Juan de Zaldívar, Oñate's nephew and field marshal. To retaliate, the Spanish declared war on the tribe; Oñate's soldiers destroyed the pueblo, killed approximately 800 Indians, and took hundreds of Acoma men, women, and children as prisoners. Oñate ordered

that the male prisoners over age 25 would have one foot amputated. Some commentators believe that nearly 80 men had a foot severed. Others claim that only two dozen men had a foot removed. Kessell questions whether the punishment was executed at all. Evidence suggests the contrary, he argues: "Passing mention of a one-footed Acoma slave in the subsequent record would help resolve any doubt, and no such mention is known to exist" (42).

Basing his work on secondary and published primary sources, Kessell provides colorful character sketches of meddling Franciscans, unscrupulous governors, and colonists, each bent on personal profit and desire to control native labor and land. Other personalities that people the pages of the book include Diego de Vargas, Esteban Clemente, Bartolomé de Ojeda, Felipe Chistoe, Francisco Gómez, and Fray Alonso de Benavides, an agent of the Inquisition. He describes the governors' and friars' attempts to eradicate all aspects of Pueblo ceremonialism, including the kachina dances. In one case, Spaniards arrested 47 Pueblo men and charged them with sorcery. Four men were hanged and the rest were publicly whipped. Among those who were whipped was Popé, of San Juan Pueblo. A story teller par excellence, Kessell reiterates Popé's attempts to organize the Pueblo Indians' revolt against the Spanish colony. For five years the Indians planned and finally in 1680 they rose in revolt. Hundreds of Spaniards were killed. The survivors fled New Mexico to El Paso del Norte. In their attempts to eradicate the Spaniards' imprint, Indians plundered Spanish homes and demolished their churches.

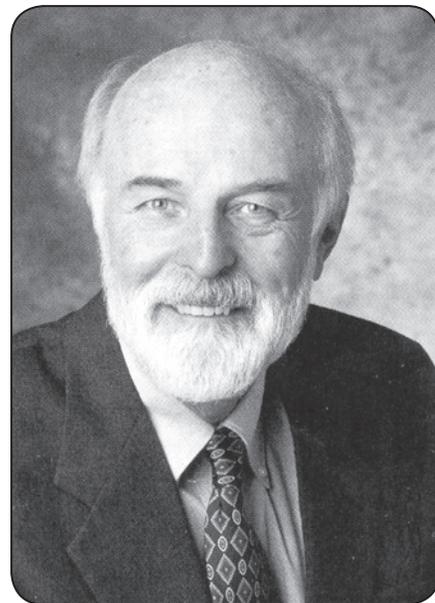
Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico concludes with an account of Don Diego de Vargas's re-establishment of Spanish authority in 1693. The author of numerous books, including *Spain in the Southwest: A Narrative History of Colonial New Mexico, Arizona, Texas, and California*, Kessell draws on his translation of the de Vargas journals to describe the Spaniards' return to New Mexico and the rebuilding of the missions in the Pueblos.

Lively and fast-paced, Kessell's study is evidently written with a popular audience in mind. The writing style is fluid and colorful, and consequently, he is able to make the material he is dealing with absorbing. The chapters are organized topically and chronologically. While a more thorough discussion of the causes and consequences of the Pueblo Revolt and a greater emphasis on the Pueblo perspective would have been useful, *Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico* is an insightful and readable account of this intriguing period. In addition, the book's endnotes and bibliography provide the reader with information that can be used for further investigations into this significant chapter of American history.

A well-told tale of adventure and intrigue in the seventeenth-century New Mexico, *Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico* will fascinate students of Southwestern history and general readers alike.

Walter Drew Hill

In memorium



David Weber
1940-2010

Remembering an Irreplaceable Southwestern Historian: A Tribute to David Weber

by Marc Simmons

On the hot afternoon of August 20, 2010, I received a telephone call advising me of the death of Professor David J. Weber two hours earlier. He had been visiting his summer home in Ramah, New Mexico, when he died. He was freely acknowledged to be one of our nation's most distinguished historians.

I had known him for 45 years. We met upon his arrival at the University of New Mexico in 1965 to begin work on a master's degree. I was in my first year of teaching there, and he signed up for my course on the history of modern Mexico. A year or so later, David asked me to read and critique the initial draft of his master's thesis, dealing with the mountain men who had used Taos as their headquarters. I knew a first-rate manuscript when I saw it, and I suggested that he had the makings of a publishable book. In fact, the University of Oklahoma Press brought it out in 1971 under the title *The Taos Trappers*; still in print, it is considered a standard work.

Years later, after Weber had written more than a dozen books, he returned to another Taos subject in *On the Edge of Empire: The Taos Hacienda of Los Martinez*. It contained the story of Severino Martinez, father of the controversial Padre Antonio José Martinez. Therein, the author dispelled, in his words, "currents of misinformation and myth that ran through many of the accounts of early Taos."

After receiving his doctorate degree in history from the University of New Mexico, specializing in borderlands studies, Weber taught for a number of years at San Diego State College, where he became well versed in California's Spanish and Mexican past. Finally, he was lured to Southern Methodist University in Dallas, whose history department was eager to develop a vigorous program of regional studies. As it happened, David Weber was the right man for the job.

As he noted in 2006, academic research centers and the federal money that flows into them tend to focus on the hard sciences. In the process, centers dedicated to scholarship in the humanities and social sciences are treated as academic stepchildren. Weber got around that obstacle by raising private funds to establish residential research fellowships that could bring younger scholars to the SMU campus for months of uninterrupted study and writing on their first book. Former Texas governor Bill Clements and his wife Rita started the ball rolling by the creation of a generous endowment funding the Clements Center for Southwest Studies. It is now recognized as the premier program on that subject in the country. Quite a few research fellows, including New Mexicans, have enjoyed extended stays at the center and, under Weber's guidance, produced a stream of major books on the Southwest.

Besides his role as the center's director, Weber continued to teach and to produce highly praised books of his own. Among those of special interest to New Mexico enthusiasts (besides the two already mentioned) are *The Mexican Frontier, 1821-1846* (1982); *Trading in Santa Fe* (with Jane Elder, 1996); and *What Caused the Pueblo Revolt in 1680?* (1999). All enlarge understanding of our history. David Weber's finest achievement, however, was his almost 600-page book *The Spanish Frontier in North America* (Yale University Press, 1992), covering that part of Spain's empire reaching from Florida to California. *The New York Times* selected it as one of the notable books of the year and it was nominated for a Pulitzer Prize.

And, oh yes! Weber was knighted by order of the king of Spain and received Mexico's highest honor bestowed upon foreigners, the Order of the Aztec Eagle.

I can testify that while he was multi-talented and ambitious, he remained humble, soft-spoken, and always quick to give bountiful credit to others. In short, David J. Weber stood as a towering figure in the field of Southwestern historical letters, and he cannot be easily replaced.

Reprinted from *The Santa Fe New Mexican*, August 28, 2010.

Gila River Canoe Ride

by *Richard Greene and Tracy DeVault*

Tracy called Richard: “There’s water in the Gila! Let’s canoe to Yuma.” Richard was astounded. For 10 years all he had ever seen in the Gila was sand, rocks, and bushes. What a thrill it would be if there was really enough water to canoe from Painted Rock Dam to the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers at Yuma. Tracy had seen water in the Gila during the great flood of 1993 and had hoped to canoe it then, but missed the opportunity. Tracy said, “This might very well be the last time the Gila will run in our lifetimes. We cannot to let this opportunity go by.” Richard agreed: “Let’s go!”

Darryl Montgomery, a Southern Trails Chapter member in Yuma, kept us posted on the flow of water. Darrell had taken a group of Boy Scouts canoeing for a short stretch and said that the Gila was deep – 10 feet in some places – and flowing close to 4 mph. After they opened the gates at Painted Rock Dam, it took about two weeks for the full flow, at about 2,500 cubic feet per second, to reach the Colorado River.

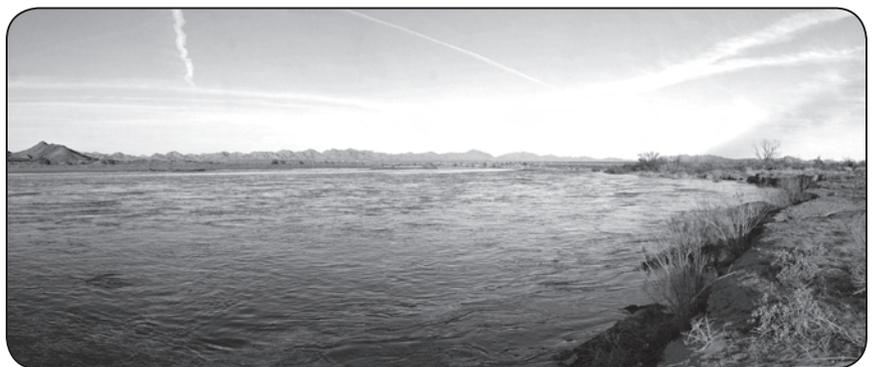
Reconnaissance and Logistics

We needed first to do reconnaissance to check out bridges and low water crossings and to determine where we would put in and pull out each day. It was going to be a 125-mile canoe trip over several days, so good logistics were imperative. We had maps of all the crossings and bridges and decided to run the reconnaissance upstream (east) from Yuma to the Painted Rock Reservoir.

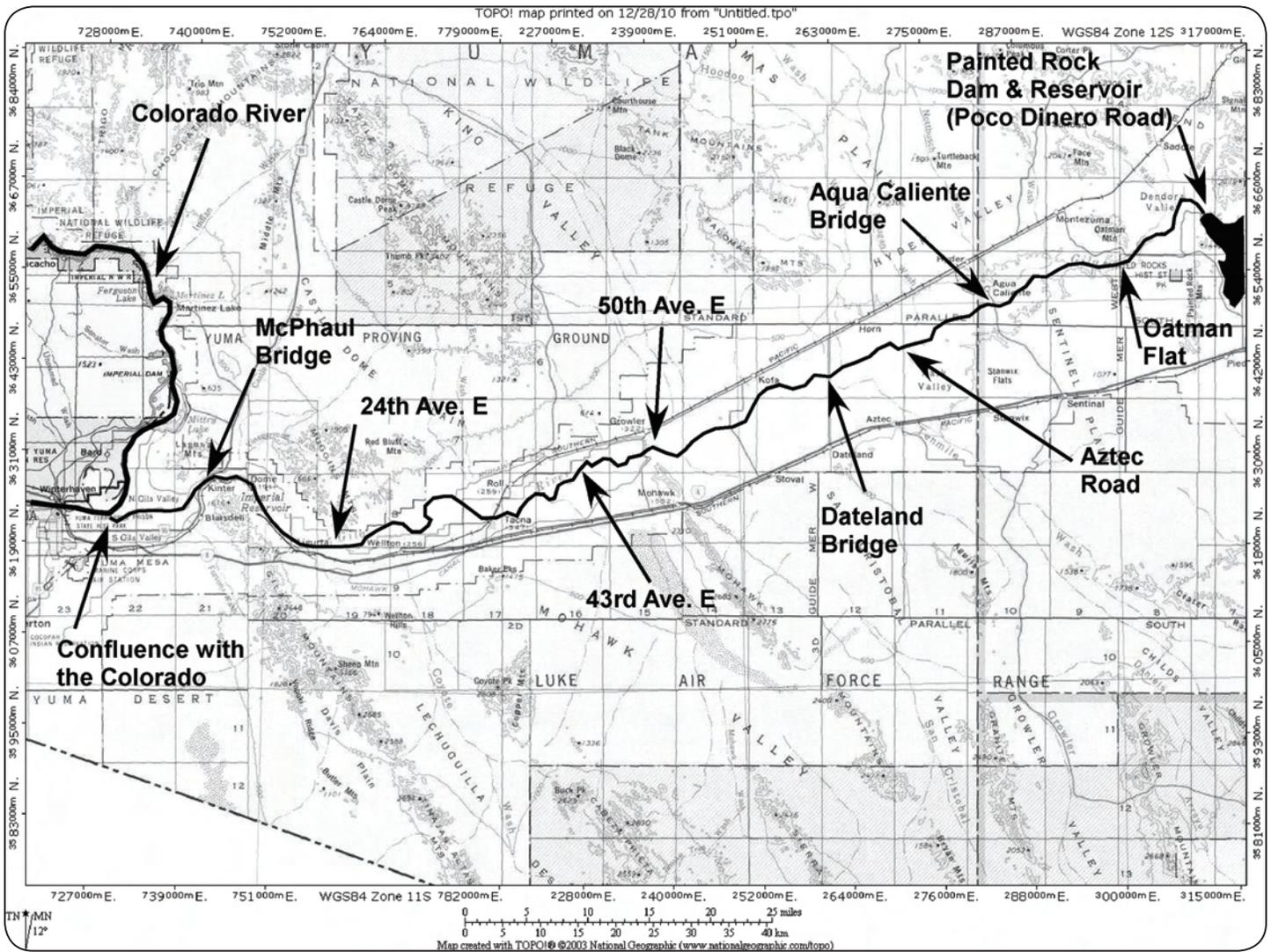
At the confluence of the Gila and Colorado Rivers near Yuma, there is a small sandy park where the visitor can picnic, swim, and walk right up to the merging of the waters. While there, we observed a truck attempting to cross the Gila. The depth of the river was three feet at that location, and the truck got stuck less than a third of the way across. It was still

there when we left. We also stopped at the abandoned McPhaul Bridge, which is 8.4 miles as the crow flies from the confluence. It is an incredible suspension bridge to view – the visitor can park under it and walk across. [See text box, page 10.]

We used Google Earth maps to check out all the road crossings as we headed east from the confluence. As we worked upstream, we found that all the bridges had plenty of clearance and there was no debris to prevent us from passing under them. The river was flowing over the road at Antelope Hill, and the Mohawk Bridge had culverts; we would need to portage at these sites. Although the Dateland Bridge had a lot of tamarisk on both sides, it was passable. The Agua Caliente Bridge was not a problem. On most of the dirt roads that cross the Gila, the ford can only be accomplished when the water is low; these crossings were now blocked by dirt mounds with warning signs that read “Road Closed/ Flood Waters.” We took GPS readings in order to know the exact location of the bridges and crossings as we canoed down the river, and to determine the length of each river segment. We checked for cell phone service at every bridge and crossing, just in case an emergency call would be necessary, and found that there was service all the way. We determined that the Poco Dinero Road crossing, which is a few miles downstream from the Painted Rock Dam, would be a perfect put-in point for our trip. It appeared that we would have no problems putting in, pulling out, or camping along the river between Painted Rock and Yuma.



The Gila River in full flow during the spring of 2010.
photo by Darryl Montgomery



Map of the section of the Gila River traveled by DeVault and Greene. *courtesy Tracy DeVault*

During the canoe trip, we traveled down the river in segments, so shuttling was a big part of the trip. We took two vehicles: Richard's minivan and Tracy's 4x4 pickup. Both vehicles had roof racks so we could carry the canoe on either one. To float down a segment of the river required us to drive both vehicles to a pull-out point where we would leave one vehicle, hauling the canoe upstream on the other vehicle to the put-in point. After unloading the canoe and gear, we floated down the river to the pull-out point where we would load the canoe and gear on the vehicle that had been left there earlier. We next drove back to the put-in point to pick up the other vehicle. Finally we drove downstream to the next pull-out point. This comprised one shuttle cycle. We repeated the process for every river segment.

A single shuttle cycle took us between two and three hours to complete. While it would have been far better to do the entire day's river trip in one segment and shuttle only once at the end of the day, the wind, which generally started between 11:00 a.m. and 1:00 p.m. and which always blew upstream, created a problem. When the wind was strong, it severely impeded our progress. If this happened when we were still a long ways from our pull-out point and vehicle, we would be in real trouble. If, on the other hand, we planned the day's river travel in two segments, requiring two shuttles, and the wind came up early, we could get off the river after the first segment. The real question was: What time would the wind come up during the day? The answer to the question was unknowable. Our worst day was when

The McPhaul Bridge

Built in 1929, the McPhaul Bridge crosses the Gila River just west of the modern concrete structure that spans the river at U.S. Highway 95. It is an impressive, wide-span suspension bridge. The two towers, 800 feet apart, are situated out of the river channel. The main span rides well above the water level, even at flood stage.

Following construction of the Painted Rock Dam in 1961, a wider bridge was built in 1968 about a quarter of a mile from the McPhaul Bridge. The McPhaul was taken out of service but was left standing. The 1968 bridge was constructed with reinforced concrete and supporting stanchions so that it could carry heavier loads. Since the flow in the Gila was now controlled by the Painted Rock Dam and Reservoir, the new bridge did not have to be very high, and consequently it rode much closer to the water.

In 1993, Arizona experienced an extremely wet season. The Painted Rock Reservoir was wholly inadequate to contain the flow of the river, and flood waters running at 26,000 cubic feet per second, over ten times the normal flow rate, poured over Painted Rock Dam's spillway. With the exception of the venerable McPhaul Bridge, the flood took out every bridge between Painted Rock Dam and the Colorado River, including the 1968 bridge. The 1968 bridge was replaced shortly thereafter with the current reinforced concrete bridge on Highway 95.

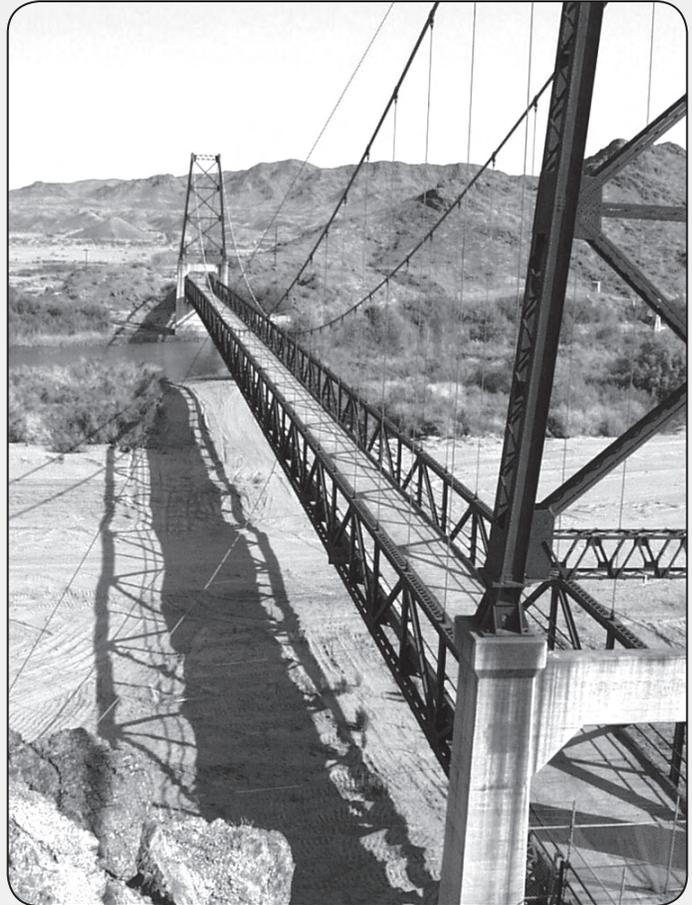


photo courtesy Tracy DeVault

Tracy DeVault

the weatherman predicted no wind at all. In the end we had four one-segment days and two two-segment days. Ironically, the two-segment days would have been better accomplished in one longer segment while the first one-segment day would have been infinitely better if it had been done in two segments.

The Canoe Trip

Day One – Wednesday, April 28: Poco Dinero Road to Oatman Flat

After travelling 150 miles, we arrived at Gila Bend at 10:00 a.m. We had originally planned to canoe the

first day's segment from Poco Dinero Road to Oatman Flat. This segment is only about eight miles long, but because we were going to be starting late in the day and as yet had no experience on this river, we thought it prudent to be conservative. When we arrived at the road to Agua Caliente, however, we realized that we could save two shuttle hours by extending our first segment from Oatman Flat to the Aqua Caliente Bridge. This would add an additional twelve miles to our first day's outing, but since we had arrived at this point an hour earlier than planned, we thought that the additional three hours on the river would go a long way to compensating for the additional twelve river miles. This was our worst mistake on the entire trip.

We left Richard's van at the Agua Caliente Bridge and then drove back to Poco Dinero Road, where we put in at 12:15 p.m. The day was sunny and very windy, and it was incredible to see so much water in the river. The water was knee deep but not cold. Thirty minutes later, we got caught in tamarisk and capsized. We have no idea how we went over. Tracy chased after a paddle while Richard pulled the canoe onto the bank. Some of our gear was tied down, some floated away. Richard's cell phone sank when the canoe capsized; Tracy's cell phone survived, but could not get a signal even when we could see cell phone towers on the nearby hills. We pulled the canoe to a small island and turned it back over. At 1:15, after a break to "get ourselves together," we were on our way again. As we paddled down the river, we found a cushion that had floated away.

When we saw cell towers on a hill to the south, we knew we would soon be at Oatman Flat. At this time, the headwind became so strong that it either brought us to a standstill or pushed us sideways into the bank. We struggled to control the canoe. At 3:30 p.m. we gave up and pulled out close to the Oatman Flat Road. There was no way we could walk another ten miles to the Agua Caliente Bridge before dark, so we decided instead to hike the eight miles back to Poco Dinero Road and Tracy's truck. We left the canoe and started hiking. In order to avoid fighting our way through the thick tamarisk flats beside the river, we walked up the rocky wagon road that Billy Fourn had built to the top of the bluff. (The William Fourn family had a stage station at Oatman Flat during the late 1860s and early 1870s, and Fourn developed a shortcut across the bluff to the east of Oatman Flat.) We followed a game trail and avoided rocky terrain as much as possible. Finally, we found a place to come down from the bluff where we could see that we would be clear of the dense brush in the flats. It was tough working our way through the tamarisk flats. We eventually found a sandy wash that led to a seemingly endless expanse of cultivated fields. Darkness fell, and we saw the lights of a truck. The occupants were checking irrigation and never responded to our flashlight signal. We walked to a lighted barn where three men were working on farm equipment. They drove us back to Tracy's truck at Poco Dinero Road.

At 9:30 p.m. we arrived at the Agua Caliente Bridge where Richard's van was parked. Exhausted, we went to bed without having dinner or washing up. We agreed to try tomorrow to float from Oatman Flat to Agua Caliente Bridge and then decide if the weather would let us canoe farther. We still had 117 miles to go, but things could only get better.

Day Two – Thursday, April 29: Oatman Flat to Agua Caliente Bridge

At 6:30 a.m. we drove to the Oatman Flat Road, which is a good dirt road until it reaches Wild Horse Canyon. The section of road down into Oatman Flat is very rough. We parked and set up waypoints on our GPS. It was sunny with a cool, light breeze when we started out at 8:00 a.m. An hour later, we took our first photo under high rocky bluffs covered with saguaro cactus. (We had hoped to take numerous photos on the trip, but it was not possible while the canoe was underway, unless we were in calm water and we stopped paddling long enough to use the camera.) By 10:00 a.m. the wind had picked up.

The country was beautiful. We canoed through tamarisk and once in a while we floated into bushes, but the river current took us out of the tangle. We noticed a barbed wire fence buried half way across the river with a post and coils of wire. We had to maneuver carefully to avoid getting necktied by the wire. By 11:00 a.m. we were 0.84 miles from the Agua Caliente Bridge. The wind had increased. We arrived at the bridge where we had to pull the canoe across sand bars to deeper water in order to pull out onto the bank.

We drove back to the truck we had left at Oatman Flat. The wind was so strong that we decided to quit for the day. We drove to the Dateland Bridge to spend the night. Our initial plan had been to drive to the Agua Caliente Bridge in the morning, unload the canoe, and travel the segment to the Dateland Bridge. By this time in our canoe trip, however, we had learned that the wind was generally calm until about noon with the wind then increasing until evening. If the wind became bad, we might not make it all the

way to the Dateland Bridge, and we would be forced to make another long hike. Therefore, we decided to travel the Dateland segment in two stages. The first stage would be from Aqua Caliente Road to Aztec Power Line Road, the second stage from the Aztec Power Line Road to Dateland, assuming that the wind would not be a factor.

Since it was highly beneficial to get on the water as early as possible in the morning, the most efficient procedure was to spend the night at the first pull-out point, get up early, drive to the put-in point and launch the canoe. We drove to the Aztec Road off-ramp, arriving after dark. At this time we made what turned out to be our second really bad decision: to drive that night as close to the river as possible in order to shorten the time required in the morning to get to the put-in point at Agua Caliente Bridge. Unfortunately, shortly after we left the good road, Richard's van got stuck in sand four miles from the river. After concerted efforts to get out of this predicament, we gave up and spent the night with our vehicles.

**Day three – Friday,
April 30: Agua
Caliente Bridge to
Dateland Bridge**

By 5:45 a.m., Richard was able to turn his van around. We reverted to our initial plan and drove back to the Dateland Bridge where we left Tracy's truck for the pull out. Then, we headed for the Agua Caliente Bridge, where we put in by 7:35 a.m. Our bad decision had not prevented a reasonably early start.

The weather was perfect: cool, with no wind. Our main problem early that day was deciding which channel to take. The tamarisk was thick and spread

across the river, dividing the water into several channels. We were lucky and eventually wound up in the main channel instead of being dead-ended. A few miles before the Aztec Road, we ran into shallow water and sand bars. After we passed the power line road, we encountered more tamarisk, as well as sandbars that we had to maneuver around while trying to find the main course. Around noon, we encountered some wind, and cotton-ball clouds occasionally hid the sun. We pulled out at the Dateland Bridge at 12:39 p.m. This had been an easy trip segment because the wind held off; our worst experience was the swarm of flies that greeted us at the pull-out point.

We loaded the canoe and gear onto Tracy's truck by 12:45 p.m. and pulled out to shuttle to the Agua



Richard Greene paddles down the Gila. *photo by Tracy DeVault*

Caliente Bridge. We picked up Richard's van at the Agua Caliente Bridge and continued to 50th Ave. E. We drove to the river crossing and parked by the dirt mounds that blocked the road. By mid-afternoon, the wind began gusting on and off. We bathed and made plans for the next day.

**Day four – Saturday,
May 19: Dateland
Bridge to 50th Ave. E
and 50th Ave. E. to 43rd
Ave. E.**

We were up by 5:00 a.m. to a nearly-full moon, a scattering of dark clouds, and a breeze. Before leaving, Tracy concealed his truck behind three of the mounds of dirt that blocked the road to the river. We drove back to the Dateland Bridge and put in by 6:40 a.m. It was cool with no wind, with both clouds and sun. Around 8:00 a.m. we had to pull the canoe over a shallow sand bar. An hour later, we could see Big Horn Mountain in the distance. The river was

not spread out much at that point. By 10:00 a.m., bluffs began to appear on the south side of the river. The Gila had reverted to a single endless ribbon about 80 yards wide and clear of tamarisk. With two miles to go to 50th Ave. E., the river was still clear of tamarisk, the bluffs were gone, and we were almost at Big Horn Mountain. We passed 52nd Ave E. around 11:00 a.m. Twenty minutes later, we had to portage around a bridge with seven culverts and spanned by a power line. It was a 50-yard portage up a sandy slope, across an asphalt road, over the bridge rail, and down a sandy slope through tamarisk. Big Horn Mountain could be seen over our left shoulder. We pulled out at 50th Ave. E. by 11:48 a.m. We had to haul the gear and the canoe up a steep bank to get to the truck. There had been more problems with sand bars that morning than on any other day of the trip.

After driving to the Dateland Bridge, we had lunch and then began the shuttle for the second leg from 50th Ave. E. to 43rd Ave. E. We took I-8 to exit 42 (40th Ave. E - Tacna). Shortly thereafter, we encountered Betty Mason working on the side of road. Betty is a member of the Southern Trails Chapter and a good friend of the Trail Turtles. The trail along the Gila River runs through her property, and the Trail Turtles had stayed at her place before. We stopped to talk. She offered to let us use her showers and join her for dinner after the day's canoeing, and we promptly accepted.

We took 8th Street by a canal, turned south on 43rd Ave. E. to the river, parked the van, and then drove Tracy's truck to 50th Ave. E. Arriving around 2:30 p.m., we got the canoe and gear ready, and put in. It was windy, and hidden sandbars and shallows were a problem. At one point, we crossed over a road where a culvert washed out. We pulled out at 43rd Ave. E. by 5:00 p.m., drove to 50th Ave. E. to get the truck, and then drove to Betty Mason's place. After showering, we took Betty to dinner at Basque Etcheria and then returned to her house where she served Richard huckleberries and yogurt. We were dog tired and so we went to bed in our vehicles, promising to check with Betty before we left in the morning.

Day Five – Sunday, May : 43rd Ave E. to 24th Ave. E.

We awoke at 5:00 a.m. and showered. Betty graciously offered us a bowl of oatmeal and berries. When we left, Betty offered to take photos of us going under the 40th Ave. E. Bridge. We drove to 22nd Ave. E., which appeared to be an easy pull-out. There were cultivated fields and a four-dome peak across the river. We left the truck and drove the van with the canoe to the 43rd Ave. E. river access. We unloaded the gear and the canoe, which we carried 30 yards to the river and put in by 6:45 a.m. At 9:00 a.m. we reached 40th Ave. E., where Betty took a photo of us going under the bridge. Farther on, we had to pull the canoe over a sandbar. The river was 50 yards wide at that point. There was occasional wind, which we found tolerable. Around 10:00 a.m., we could see Antelope Hill in the distance; the quarry on its side was very white. We saw a black-iron railroad span – an older concrete bridge here had been destroyed in the 1993 flood. Betty traveled to the Antelope Hill crossing to take a photo of us getting stuck on the asphalt. Just as we managed to free ourselves, a high wave splashed into the canoe. We passed under the 38th Ave. E. Bridge, which was covered with clay barn swallow nests. Later, we had to get out twice to pull the canoe over sand bars. By noon, the wind had become stronger, but it was pleasantly sunny, not too hot and nary a cloud. A white crane flew away at our approach. (We had seen an incredible number of birds from the first day, especially egrets, herons, and cranes.) For an hour, the crane continued to fly away from us, stop, and then fly away again as we approached. By 2:00 p.m., when we still had three miles to go, the wind had become terrible, and the waves were choppy. We put in to shore, sat, and proceeded to argue about whether it was worth the effort to continue to the pull-out point in the canoe. We paddled for another half hour, making one more mile, and then gave up, pulled out, and left the canoe on the bank. We took the gear with us and walked two miles on a dirt road to the truck. Reconciling our differences, we drove the truck back to the canoe and then went to 43rd Ave. E. to pick up the van, after which we drove to our next pull-out point, the McPhaul Bridge. We camped under the bridge for the night. It was warm with a little breeze and a bright moon. But where was the gusty wind to keep the mosquitoes away?

Day Six – Monday, May 3: 24th Ave E. to McPhaul Bridge and McPhaul Bridge to the Confluence

This was our last day. We woke up at 5:00 a.m., left Richard's van at the McPhaul Bridge, and drove to 24th Ave. E. We put in around 6:00 a.m. It was sunny, perfectly still, with no clouds. We paddled with energy. The river was 120 feet wide with cattails on the south bank and tamarisk on the north. We went under the Dome Valley Bridge. There was no wind, and the going was good. The sun was hot on our backs. We could see a train in the distance. The river was now a single channel 80 feet wide. We passed through a one-mile stretch where cattails spread almost all the way across the river, creating small channels that were 15 to 20 feet long. We saw several muskrats in the river. By 9:15, we could see the McPhaul Bridge suspension towers, Hwy 95's concrete bridge, and a white cross on a peak. As we neared the bridge we slowed down so that Tracy could take a photograph. We pulled out by 9:30, put the canoe and gear on the van, and left for 23rd Ave. E. to pick up Tracy's truck. Tracy had to walk 100 yards to his truck as the van couldn't get through a sand bank.

After breakfast, we shuttled the truck to the confluence and then drove the van back to the McPhaul Bridge to put in. We passed more bamboo than cattails. There were fewer birds now, and tamarisk filled the channel, which was only five feet wide at one point. Caught in the cattails, where finding the right access channel was difficult, we felt as though we were in the *African Queen*. In some places we had to pull the canoe through the cattails by hand. We finally made it to a wider channel.

At 2:45 p.m. the channel became narrow and winding. The current was rapid and at each turn the canoe was forced to the outside bank. Eventually we hit a large tamarisk and capsized. The current carried us swiftly 150 yards downstream. The river at this place is deep and our feet could not reach the bottom. We finally came to a spot where we could pull the canoe up on the bank and empty the water

out. Once again, we watched our cushions and water bottles float away. Fortunately, the paddles were secured.

Back in the canoe, we picked up cushions and bottles as we floated downstream. We reached the confluence by 3:25 p.m., canoed into the Colorado and beached. We took photos and then loaded the gear and canoe on Tracy's truck for the last time. Back at the McPhaul Bridge, we changed out of our wet clothes and left for home.

The great Gila River Canoe Ride was over. Despite occasional disagreements, Tracy and Richard are still friends after 125 miles on the river, 6 days of paddling, and 5 nights camping out . . . after pulling the canoe over sand bars and tangling with tamarisks . . . after two capsizes and the frustration of fighting gusty winds almost every afternoon. We both give thanks to our wives, Judy DeVault and Marie Greene, who encourage and support two aging men to fulfill their dreams.



Tracy and Richard at the confluence of the Gila and the Colorado. The canoe trip is over.
courtesy Tracy DeVault

Trail Turtles' Fall 2010 Mapping Trip: Nugent Pass to Dos Cabezas

by *Richard Greene*

The Trail Turtles attending the fall mapping trip were Tracy and Judy DeVault, Don and Vilma Buck, Rose Ann and Harland Tompkins, Ken and Pat White, Neal and Marian Johns (and their dog Dixie), Brock and Levida Hileman, Richard and Marie Greene, Charles Townley, Bert Eddins, and Mike Volberg. This was one of our biggest mapping groups ever.

Wednesday, October 6: Tracy, Judy, and Richard arrived early in Willcox in order to check out a section of the trail going through a ranch located at the I-10 exit just before Willcox. This exit leads to Highway 191, which we had taken on our last trip to explore Croton Springs. Rose Ann believed the trail from Croton Springs went through this ranch. The three Turtles got off at the exit and crossed the freeway to the frontage road. At an open gate with the sign "The Davenport Cattle Co.," they encountered a rancher. Although he knew about a wagon road, he was reluctant to let the three onto the ranch because he routinely locked his gates due to his concern about illegals in the area. The three Turtles left for Willcox.

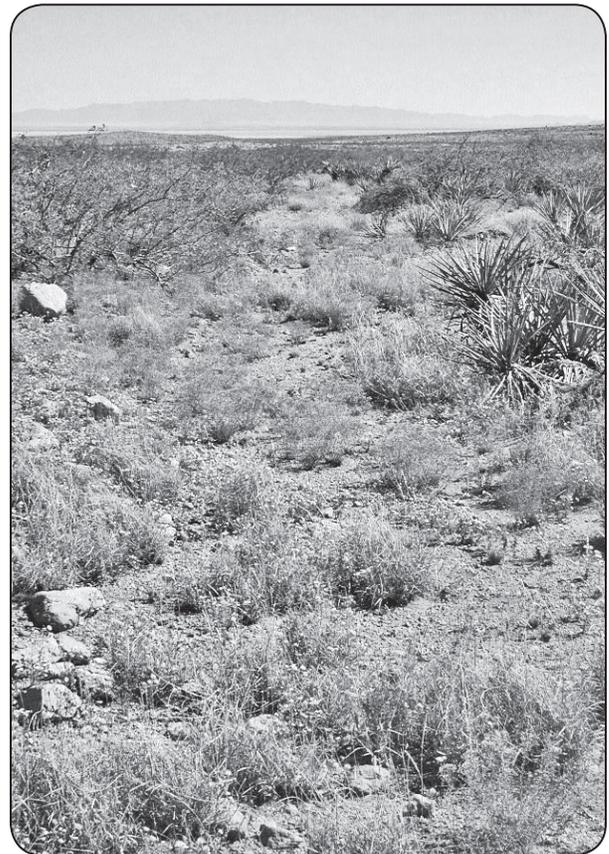
Tracy led the way past the Cochise County Airport to our campsite near Nugent Pass. We had ended the previous mapping trip at the bottom of Nugent Pass, heading west. This time, we camped beyond the pass, parking on a high spot with a great view of the surrounding mountains. Walking up to the crest of the pass, Tracy tried out his new metal detector. He found nails, wire, pieces of tin cans, and two pistol cartridges. Richard found a mule shoe, pieces of glass and miscellaneous iron. Judy stayed with the vehicles to monitor the radio.

The rest of the attendees arrived in camp by 4:30. The wind had been strong in the afternoon, but let up later in the evening. It was dark by 6:30 p.m. making for a long, long night. Books, laptops, and DVD players helped to kill the 12 hours we had to spend in our vehicles. Several Turtles stayed up a little later to enjoy the

stars – Venus and Jupiter were particularly bright – and to listen to the coyotes.

Thursday, October 7: Dawn was at 5 a.m. There was a scattering of clouds but no wind. The ground was a carpet of small foot-high bushes. Dixie howled along with coyotes while Levida serenaded us with her Indian flute. Pat offered coffee to all – a great start to the morning.

Brock decided to explore the Nugent Pass area; he found the artifacts that Tracy and Richard had seen the day before. Tracy, Neal, Marian, Judy, and Bert went out to map from a point far from camp while Rose Ann, Pat, Ken, Don, and Vilma started from camp, planning to meet Tracy's group midway. Richard also walked from camp. Rose Ann provided a set of Google Earth maps with waypoints to verify strong sign of trail.

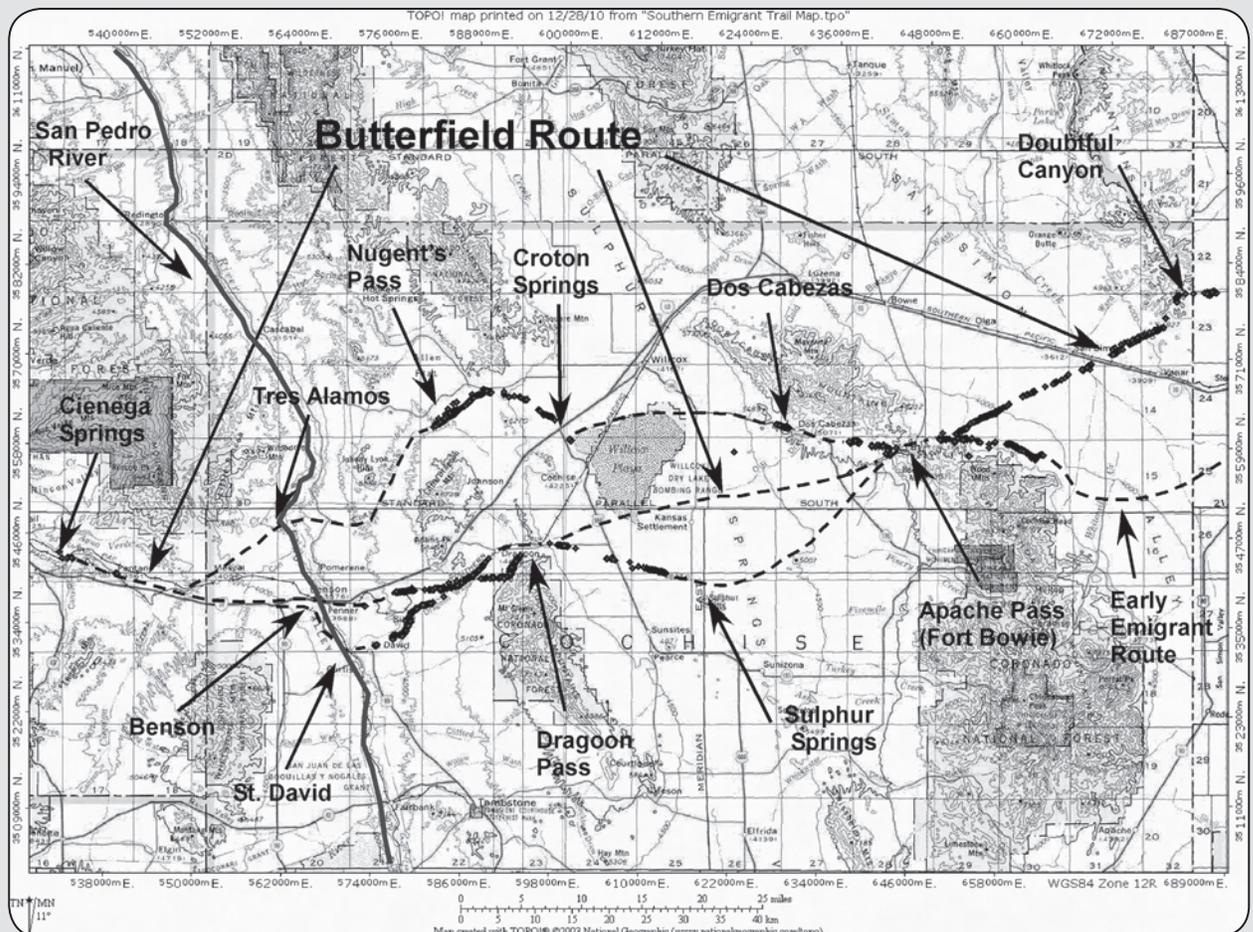


Trail trace, showing up as a change of the vegetation, looking southeast towards the Willcox Playa and the Chiricahua Mountains. *photo by Ken White*

Trail Variants between Apache Pass and Cienega Springs

For the past several years, the Trail Turtles have been mapping a network of three trails that run between Apache Pass and Cienega Springs. 1) The upper trail runs from Apache Pass to Dos Cabezas, across the top of Willcox Playa to Croton Springs, then over Nugent's Pass to Tres Alamos and on west to Cienega Springs. In 1849, two wagon trains with a military escort used this route. The diaries of David Demarast and Robert Eccleston, who were with these trains, chronicle the journey west over this route. This is the section of the trail that the Trail Turtles mapped in 2010. 2) The middle route runs approximately in a straight line from Apache Pass to Dragoon Pass, crossing the lower edge of Willcox Playa. It then skirts some low hills and heads west to Cienega Springs, crossing the San Pedro River close to where the modern town of Benson now stands. This route, which is the most direct of the three, was developed by the Butterfield Overland Mail Company which had to develop water sources to make the route practical. 3) The lower route runs southwest from Apache Pass to Sulphur Springs. From there it turns northwest through Dragoon Pass and then southwest again along Dragoon Wash to the area where St. David now stands. It then goes north along the San Pedro River. South of Benson this route turns west and heads to Cienega Springs. This route was used by the Bartlett Boundary Survey party and by the Butterfield Overland Mail before they finished their shorter route. Wagon trains with large groups of animals followed this variant route because it had better water.

Tracy DeVault



Map showing sites on the fall trip.

courtesy Tracy DeVault

The trail ran on a wide bench between hillsides. The bench is sandy with a wide wash running down the middle, so erosion is rampant. The wash is six feet deep in many stretches and was probably at one time the location of the trail. Along the bench we found glass, cans, and horse shoes. While there were many rocks, only a few had rust. Tracy's group found the stump of a telegraph post, Mike observed a small horse shoe, and Marian saw a two track on the flats above the bench. Neal, Marian, and Bert walked farther out the two track and discovered several artifacts.

Richard and Don decided to investigate what Tracy had glowingly reported as a "wagon road." It was too good to be true; indeed, most of the artifacts Tracy's metal detector found suggested early auto travel.

In an effort to determine whether the road went all the way back to Nugent Pass, Richard walked the road back to where it intersected with the road that Tracy's group had followed from camp. Tracy walked to the end of the road, but he concluded that this was not the wagon trail.

We were all back in camp by 2:30 p.m. Mike left to go to Willcox. Harlie arrived about 3:30 p.m., bringing his home-made astronomical instruments to view Polaris. The weather had been great: sunny, with temperatures in the 80s, and while it was occasionally windy, the wind died down in the evening.

Friday, October 8: It had been another cool night. Sunrise was at 6 a.m. Brock, Don, Tracy, Mike, Neal, and Bert explored the trail west from camp using metal detectors. Rose Ann, Ken, Pat, and Richard drove east to the gates, to walk down the fence line to the wash where we had been the day before. Rose Ann, Ken, and Pat continued mapping west along the wash.

Richard decided to map to the farthest point shown on the aerials. He observed a flat bench with sandy terrain, where the drainages coming down from the surrounding hills had destroyed the trail. The big wash increased in size; it was six to eight feet deep and very wide in some places, with vegetation so heavy that the other bank couldn't be seen. Richard ended up against a wall of grass, as wide as a pasture, on level ground. He had seen no artifacts or rust.

Marie and Harlie drove out to look for access roads to the trail between Nugent Pass and Willcox. They found no roads leading to the trail. Marie spoke with a woman whose ranch bordered the Davenport Cattle Co. – the same ranch we had stopped by on Wednesday. The woman had no problem with us searching for trail on her ranch. Marie and Harlie

checked out the Davenport Cattle Co. – the gate was open, but there was no response at the house.

After returning to camp for lunch, the group split up again. Charles, Bert, Mike, Don, Brock, Tracy, and Richard drove to the gates encountered yesterday. Tracy's group headed west while Don, Brock, and Richard mapped towards camp. They didn't find

much: an old horse strap buckle and lots of wire. The best artifact was a big wagon staple that Brock found.

Back in camp, we sat in the shade of a truck, listening to the murmur of cars racing several miles away. It was dark by 6:30, so we again went to bed early.

Saturday, October 9: We broke camp. Tracy, Judy, Richard, and Marie drove towards Willcox and stopped at a point on the road that would allow Richard and Tracy to hike in and intersect the trail. They walked three miles from Cascabel Road to a waypoint on one of Rose Ann's aerials, but found nothing but a pasture of thorn bushes. They checked



Neil Johns guides Tracy DeVault's van through a bad spot. Others wait their turn.

hoto by Judy DeVault

other sites noted on the aerials and then walked in a circle around the waypoint, hoping to find rust or artifacts, but with no success. There was distinctive vegetation in a slight swale, which they followed until it petered out in high grass.

Ken and Pat found and mapped the junction east of Nugent Pass where the Leach Road left the trail and were successful in finding many artifacts. The group decided this fork should be called “White’s Fork” in their honor.

We spent the night in Willcox.

Sunday, October 10: We met at 8 a.m. to look over aerials for the Dos Cabezas area in order to decide where we would look for trail. With the twin peaks of Dos Cabezas staring at us, we followed Hwy 186. After 16.5 miles, we parked on the road beside the Dos Cabezas Cemetery. There were three potential trails towards Willcox that showed on the aerials: an auto route higher on the slope, a telegraph trail in the middle, and closest to Hwy 186, an old railroad bed that connected the Dos Cabezas mines to Willcox. There was a wide wash between the railroad bed and the highway. We all searched the same area beyond the cemetery, concentrating mainly on the telegraph trail. We found plenty of rust, iron railroad spikes, insulators, wire, and a big dump that suggested either a homestead or station. Mike and Richard walked the auto road to where it became part of a sand and gravel pit and then continued on towards the Kansas Homestead Road area, after which Rose Ann brought them back to the cemetery.

After lunch, Tracy drove up the Stagecoach Road to see what he could find. Mike found a ranch road farther down Hwy 186 that offered access to the trail, which we decided to investigate. Approximately three and a half miles from the Stagecoach Road on Hwy 186, we came to a gate by two water tanks alongside two solar panels. There were no “Keep Out” signs. We drove in this ranch road and found more tanks, solar panels, and a pumping station.



Wagon staple. *photo by Brock Hileman*

It was 3:30 p.m. so we decided to camp at this spot. The remaining mappers – Don, Vilma, Tracy, Judy, Neal, Marian, Ken, Pat, Rose Ann, Richard, Marie, Mike – sat in the shade of their vehicles. As it got dark we could see a line of lights from the Kansas Homestead, from the Sunsite communities, and from Willcox. It was a clear night with a sliver of moon and a starry sky. Venus and the setting sun disappeared quickly over the mountains beyond Willcox. Dos Cabezas was reduced to a single head from this vantage point. We were camped not far from the Apache Pass Road and Fort Bowie.

Monday, October 11: At 6:30 a.m. the sun rose over the Chiricahuas. It had been another nice cold night for sleeping. Dixie howled more than usual as Pat served up coffee.

Tracy asked Richard to check out a ranch road we had passed before arriving in camp in order to determine whether we could get access to a pipeline road that would take us to the trail. Richard met a man named Jack Light, who was renting a house on a ranch that was owned by Richard Riggs. The ranch included the place we had camped the previous evening. Light called Riggs, who came to talk with us. The rest of the mapping group arrived at the same time as Riggs. It was a productive meeting. Riggs convinced us that Stagecoach Road was our best alternative to get to the trail.

Mike ran over a three inch bullet-shaped piece of metal, which caused a flat tire. He carries his own repair kit and air tank, and he handled the repair like a pro. He then led us out on Stagecoach Road, where he had scouted the afternoon before. It was rough and some sections of the road were badly eroded.

We parked at a waypoint on the aerial and found the trail nearby. Tracy, Mike, and Neal used detectors to find trail going towards the Dos Cabezas – Tracy found a military button. The rest of us followed the rust down to a wash. Pat and Ken found trail which Don and Richard followed, finding good rust and glass until the trail disappeared on top of a ridge. Eventually we all returned to the cars for lunch.

Richard joined Tracy and Mike after lunch. Tracy and Richard crossed a big wash, avoiding areas with lots of rock outcroppings. Using his detector, Tracy found a cartridge up on a ridge. On the way back Richard found a horseshoe and Tracy a muleshoe. Tracy took more waypoints. The two arrived back to camp about 4:30 p.m. Most of the remaining group spent the night in camp and left for home in the morning.



The mapping group, left to right. Back row: Bert Eddins, Brock Hileman, Harland Tompkins, Marie Greene, Ken White, Neal Johns, Judy DeVault. Front row: Don Buck, Vilma Buck, Levida Hileman, Pat White, Charles Townley, Marian Johns, Tracy DeVault. Kneeling, next to the agave plant: Rose Ann Tompkins, Dixie, Richard Greene.
photo by Bert Eddins

Threads of Memory **Exhibit to Show in El Paso**

The Threads of Memory: Spain and the United States (El Hilo de la Memoria: España y los Estados Unidos) has completed its three-month run at the New Mexico History Museum in Santa Fe and will open at the El Paso History Museum on January 23. The exhibit examines Spanish heritage in North America, including Spain's role in America's quest for independence. This bilingual exhibition provides an unprecedented opportunity to examine over 136 documents, maps and portraits that are part of our shared heritage. Exhibited only on rare occasions, these artifacts are normally housed in the vaults of the Archive of the Indies.

The exhibit strives to illustrate the impact and cultural influence that Spain held from 1513 to 1822 in the United States, when she controlled the area now occupied by over 15 states, from Florida to Nebraska, through Tennessee, and all the way to Texas and New Mexico. The exhibition is divided into ten sections, from first contact in 1513 through the signing of the Guadalupe-Hidalgo Treaty in 1848.

The Threads of Memory: Spain and the United States Opens January 23, 2011.

El Paso Museum of History, 510 N. Santa Fe, El Paso, TX.

\$6 general admission; \$3 for museum members; free for children 18 and younger.

The exhibit catalog, *The Threads of Memory*, will be sold in the museum's gift shop for \$65. Lectures and educational programs are planned.

For information, call 915-351-3588.

The Pima Villages: Oasis at a Cultural Crossroads Part II: 1861-1873

by *Jim Turner*

Not only did the Civil War have a great effect on the Pima villages, but the Pimas and Maricopas played a key role in the western war. While Arizona was far from the center stage of the fighting and the state's contributions to the national conflict were minimal, the war had a major impact in slowing the pace of white settlement due to the fact that when the army abandoned posts throughout the state in order to send soldiers east, Apache raids increased.

In 1861, Confederate Lieutenant Colonel John R. Baylor recognized the importance of Pima and Maricopa good will. Although Baylor planned to send an agent to establish negotiations with them, other priorities in New Mexico precluded sending an envoy. Like almost everyone who traveled across Arizona, the Confederate soldiers who were there soon availed themselves of the oasis on the Gila. In March 1862, Captain Sherod Hunter's Confederate troops captured Union sympathizer Ammi White's flour mill near the Pima villages. Aware that General James Carleton's California Column of volunteer Union troops was on its way, the rebels, after returning some of White's flour to the Pimas, destroyed another 1,500 sacks.¹ The Pima and Maricopa leaders arranged for the Union troops to buy 143,000 pounds of wheat on credit. This arrangement continued, and by the end of the year, the Pimas and Maricopas had supplied the Union forces with one million pounds of wheat. They also protected the Pacific Coast supply line from the Apaches.²

While Captain Hunter's troops were capturing White's Mill, mountain man Paulino Weaver discovered gold on the Colorado River. As prospectors flocked in, Yavapai and Apache Indians in the area raided their camps. In desperate need of the gold being mined in the area, the federal government re-established Fort Mohave and created

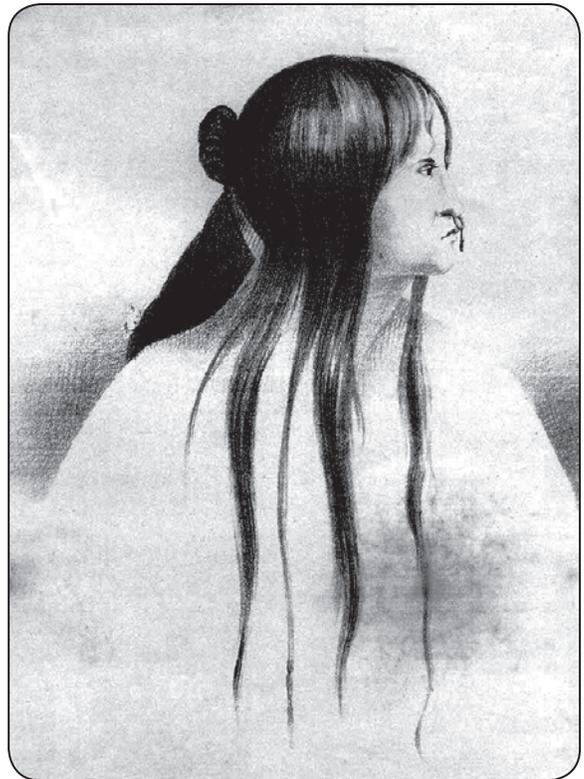
Arizona Territory, eventually placing the capital at Prescott, near the mines.

While the Pimas and Maricopas continued to augment their economic alliance with the whites, they also expanded the other valuable service they had provided since the days of the Spaniards – protection from the Apaches. One of the first accounts of an American/Indian military alliance was recorded on a Pima calendar stick³ which relates that the Pimas and Maricopas joined with white soldiers in a campaign against the Apache chief White Hat, in 1856 or 1857.⁴ As long as whites were just passing through, the protection Gileños provided for their supply trains was sufficient. Pimas and Maricopas fulfilled this need with regular punitive raids against the Apaches several times a year, keeping them away from Pima lands but stopping short of attacking their enemies' mountain *rancherías*. As the white population increased, so did Apache raids.

When gold was discovered in the Weaver and Walker diggings near Prescott, miners flocking to the area found themselves much closer to Apache homelands than was prudent. By the spring of 1863, the Apaches had attacked and murdered several small parties of prospectors and miners. In a letter of outrage to a Sacramento newspaper, "JKS" (probably Prescott resident John K. Simmons) expressed the common sentiment: "The whites have either to leave or the Indians have to be badly whipped."⁵ Irate Prescott citizens petitioned the first territorial governor, John N. Goodwin, who wrote a letter to President Lincoln on February 20, 1864, requesting military escorts for the mail and exploring parties. Goodwin suggested utilizing native Arizonans as volunteers because of their knowledge of the terrain and Apache warfare. At this time, the Federal government was deeply committed to the Civil War and communications between Prescott and Washington, D.C. were very slow, so no immediate action was taken. When the miners asked General Carleton, commander of the Military Department of New Mexico, for troops, he replied: "Until the Navajo War is off my hands, soldiers cannot be sent."⁶

In the mean time, Goodwin appointed King S. Woolsey, miner, rancher, and Indian fighter, as lieutenant colonel to recruit and lead men against the Apaches. The editors of the *Prescott Miner* approved, reporting, “He [Woolsey] is one of our most daring and skillful Indian fighters, and believes fully in the extermination policy.”⁷ Michael Conner, who had come to Arizona’s Weaver mining district with Joseph Reddeford Walker’s prospecting party in 1861, gave a firsthand account of the first major foray against the Apaches, the “Bloody Tanks” expedition, in which Woolsey and about 30 other settlers went after Apaches east of Prescott to recover livestock. After several days’ march they sent to the Pima villages for rations and recruited 15 Maricopas, including Chief Juan Chevereah [aka Chiveria], 25 Pimas, and a Yavapai guide named Jack. When they had traveled farther into Apache territory than they had ever gone before, the Pimas insisted on turning back unless the whites could ensure them safe escort to their villages. The Maricopas stayed, however. Juan Chevereah gave a war speech, many war songs were sung, and the Indians stayed up all night invoking spirits.

On the “pretty, sunny morning” of January 24, 1864, the party lit a campfire in a dry wash next to some water holes, often called “tanks.” Apache fires soon appeared on the mountain tops surrounding them and a band of perhaps 250 Apaches, ominously silent in war paint and feathers, headed toward them from the mountain trail above. Six of their chiefs and five whites met halfway between the two forces to talk. Guessing that none of the Apaches spoke English, Woolsey told his men to attack when he tipped his hat. With a touch of Woolsey’s hat, five of the six Indians were slain instantly. Lennan, half-brother of trader Ammi White, was killed by a lance tipped with a Mexican saber. Disturbed, the rest of the Apaches fired a haphazard volley and retreated up the canyon. About 19 Apaches were killed, mostly by rapid revolver fire, as they reached a bottleneck in their retreat. The attack took place in Fish Creek Canyon about 12 miles from the Salt River Canyon, near present-day Miami. The fracas was mistakenly named “Bloody Tanks Massacre” after a misunderstanding about the location of the event. The well-armed



Pima woman.
from Emory, *Report of a Military Reconnaissance*

band of miners and Maricopas routed the Apaches but learned from the experience that Apache country was unsafe for such a small party.⁸

Eventually Governor Goodwin received permission from United States Provost Marshal James B. Fry to “raise within the Territory of Arizona one regiment of Volunteer Infantry to serve for three years or the duration of the war.”⁹ The War Department intended that the recruitment of native Arizonans would supplement the California Volunteers, who hesitated to go on long scouting missions against the Apaches because their Civil War enlistment would soon be up. The Arizona Volunteers served for one year. The recruitment of Mexicans, Pimas, and Maricopas gave these groups an opportunity to avenge the losses they had received at the hands of the Apaches while acquiring much-needed guns from the government.

Goodwin appointed Thomas Ewing, a teamster from the Pima villages, to recruit Maricopa Indians, and former sergeant John D. Walker to recruit the Pimas. (This was not the same John Walker who was

previously Indian Agent.) On October 2, 1865, First Lieutenant William Tompkins of the Third California Infantry arrived at Maricopa Wells and commissioned First Lieutenant Ewing, Second Lieutenant Charles Reid (who was fluent in the Maricopa language), and Captain Juan Chevereah, chief of the Maricopas. He also mustered in 94 Maricopa recruits, designated as Company B, Arizona Volunteer Infantry. By May 16, 1866, there were 103 men in the company. John D. Walker was commissioned as first lieutenant and William A. Hancock as second lieutenant of Company C, which consisted entirely of Pima Indians. Their chief, Antonio Azul, was made a sergeant and 89 Pimas were recruited to fill out the company. Five more Pimas were added later at Sacaton.¹⁰

A unique Arizona character, John D. Walker was part Wyandotte Indian. He was born in the Mormon town of Nauvoo, Illinois, about 1840. He arrived at the Pima villages as a wagon master in the California Volunteers and was charged with expediting the distribution of the Pimas' surplus wheat and corn to California Volunteer posts as far away as the Rio Grande. When his enlistment was up, Walker married a Pima woman and settled in the Pima village of Sacaton. He compiled the first written grammar of their language and became a leader in Pima councils. He studied medicine and was something of a scientist. Such a background makes the other side of his character even more unusual. According to historian James McClintock, "It is said that when they were in the field you could not tell him from the other Indians. He dressed like them, with nothing but a breech-clout, and whooped and yelled like his Indian comrades."¹¹

The native Arizonans enlisted just as Apache raiding reached new heights, and their orders – to destroy Apache camps, crops, and supplies and kill resisters – coincided with their attitudes toward their traditional enemies.¹² The Indian soldiers received a blue blouse, trimmed in red for the Maricopas and blue for the Pimas, one pair of blue pants, one pair of shoes, and one yard of flannel for a headdress. Most of them wore *teguas* – shoes of untanned hide with broad soles turned up at the toes with a hole to admit air and remove dirt. Scouting parties were often carried out

on foot with packs containing a canteen, a blanket, and some dried beef and *pinole*, a food made of one part sugar to two parts roasted ground corn or wheat mixed with water. The Indians were expected to provide their own horses, but allowances were sometimes made for feed. These intended provisions were not always provided and the Indians often endured the cold without benefit of warm clothes, bedding, or shoes. The Pimas and Maricopas were used to hardship, however, and they were familiar with the country and knew the Apaches.¹³

The two new volunteer companies left Maricopa Wells with Colonel Clarence E. Bennett's California Volunteers on September 4, 1865, to establish a fort seven miles north of the confluence of the Verde and Salt Rivers. Both companies helped construct Camp McDowell to protect farms along the rivers from Apaches.¹⁴ The Indians at Camp McDowell lived in brush shelters. Military reports said their morale was high, and they were allowed to return to their villages almost as often as they pleased. Although Hispanic and Anglo volunteers suffered various forms of typhoid from continuous attacks of fever caused by rain and humidity, not a single individual from Indian companies B or C was reported sick on post returns.¹⁵

The Tonto and Pinal Apaches inhabited the Tonto Basin, bordered by the Mazatzal and Sierra Ancha Mountains on the east and west and the Mogollon Rim to the north. These were some of the last Apache tribes to be subdued, and the Arizona Volunteers became their first considerable foe. Led by Lieutenant Reidt, the Indian volunteers began their first foray on September 8, 1865. They traveled northeast for several days into the Tonto Basin. Maricopa guides took them up Tonto Creek on the east side of the Mazatzal Mountains, through 110 miles of steep banks, canyons, and arroyos thick with underbrush. General Bennett wrote: "It was a trying, sorry march, and the animals and men suffered from the cactus."¹⁶ When one Pima was accidentally shot in the hand, all but fifteen returned to camp with him. The volunteers eventually surprised an Apache *ranchería* just east of Payson. One Apache was killed, several were wounded, and their crops and houses were burned.¹⁷

The Indian volunteers proved their valor in battle after battle. On October 15, 1865, Cuchavenashak, a Company B Maricopa, charged an Apache. The Apache's first arrow went through the Maricopa's horse's ear, the second hit Cuchavenashak's belt plate, and the third hit him in the forehead and glanced off, causing a flesh wound. Cuchavenashak leaped off his horse, clinched the Apache, and killed him. This alarmed a *ranchería* of about 20 families of Apaches nearby. A volley of 100 shots was fired into the Apaches as they retreated.

The Arizona Volunteers were an experiment in cultural coexistence. For the good of the mission, the Indians were allowed to practice their traditional war customs without interference from white soldiers. On March 6, 1866, Lieutenant Ewing took a party near to what he called the Polos Blancos Mountains, on Rattlesnake Creek. Ewing wrote:

The night being quite dark, it was decided to await the rising of the moon. During the wait, the Indian soldiers consulted a prophet or tobacco mancer. A circle was formed around the prophet who began to smoke "cigarettes." As soon as one was consumed another was furnished him by an attendant. After some time, he began to tremble and fell "dead" (stupefied). He lay there for several minutes, during which time not a sound was uttered by the command. When he arose, he said that his spirit had followed the trail that the command was on towards the "Massasahl" and there under the peak it saw two large *rancherías* with a great many warriors. His spirit then followed the trail north, where it found a *ranchería* that had been abandoned because of the death of one of the occupants.¹⁸

After the prophet finished, the Indians slept. When the moon had risen high in the sky, Walker and Ewing led their men up the mountain in search of the *ranchería*. Halfway up the mountain they found an abandoned *ranchería* and later a large camp of Apaches, just as the tobacco mancer predicted.

On March 27, Lieutenant Walker led the largest expedition of Arizona Volunteers on record: an estimated 260 Papagos and Pimas and 40 Maricopas

from Company B left the Pima villages. Those Indians without rifles or muskets fashioned war clubs. They established a temporary supply depot on Tonto Creek. In a fight four days later, 25 Apaches were killed and 16 taken prisoner. Three Pimas were wounded, one of whom eventually died. Because they were in Apache country, the Pima warrior's body was burned along with the mourners' clothes instead of his own belongings, as was the custom in the villages. Although most warriors left the Pima villages well clad, many returned naked.

This is also probably the expedition where the miners were shocked by the smashing of heads. Michael Conner relates that the Pimas would lift a heavy stone above their heads and drop it on a dead or wounded Apache, crushing the skull of their enemy. Sometimes they placed the head of the victim on a flat rock to suitably cave in his face, perhaps so it would not be recognized in the next world. The Apaches, possibly learning from the Pimas, also followed this custom. Conner said he was more disgusted with the whites who looked on with approval, musing that "savage civilized men are the most monstrous of all monsters."¹⁹

In late August, 1866, Colonel Charles S. Lovell became commander of the District of Arizona. He did not appreciate the Pima and Maricopa custom of living in their villages when not in the field, because they were then not subject to the post commanders' orders. Earlier, General Mason had promised the Indians that they could do as they pleased, and the spirit of cooperation had served all parties admirably. As was often the case with army/Indian relations, the personnel changed just as the vastly different cultures began to understand each other. Previous arrangements were nullified and once again the Indians had to adapt. Official feelings were not unanimous on the subject of Indian soldiers, however. In May, while still commander at Fort McDowell, Colonel Bennett asked the Arizona's Adjutant General to extend the volunteer enlistment or create a regular native regiment. If these options proved unworkable, he proposed that the volunteers be allowed to keep their arms when discharged so they could continue fighting Apaches effectively.

Because of the legal difficulties of retaining them, Maricopa Company B was discharged from service at Fort McDowell by First Lieutenant Ewing and Captain Juan Chevereah on September 11, 1866. The records indicate that during the service of Company B, Maricopa Volunteers McGill, Yose, Goshe Zep, and Duke were killed in battle. The same day, Pima Company C was mustered out by Captain John D. Walker, First Lieutenant William Hancock and Second Lieutenant Antonio Azul. For Company C, Hownik Mawkum, Juan Lewis and Au Papat were Pimas listed as killed in battle. All the men released were allotted \$50 pay and allowed to keep their firearms and equipment. Many volunteers who had believed they would get no pay found that all at once they had more money than they had ever had at any time in their lives. In honor of the Arizona Volunteers, in the fall of 1866 the Third Arizona Territorial Legislature passed a memorial for their outstanding service.²⁰

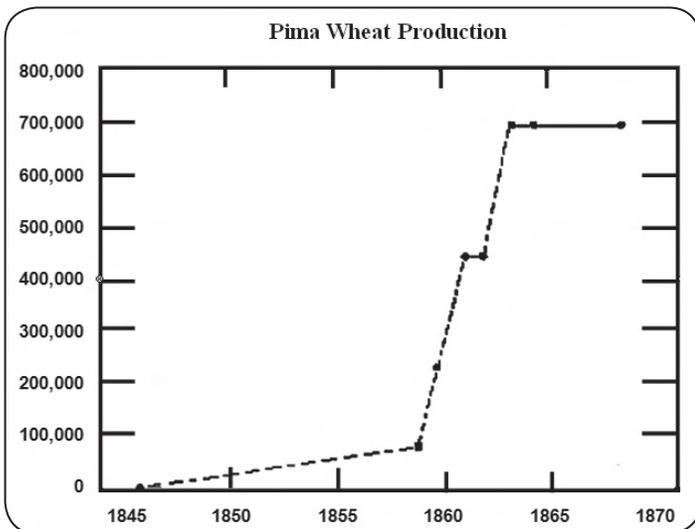
The services of the Arizona Volunteers were definitely missed. In November of 1866, General McDowell let it be known that any Indians enlisting as scouts in the post-war army would be treated the same as when they served in the Volunteers. They would not be required to drill or fight with army methods and could stay in their villages when not on patrol. Pimas and Maricopas continued to work with the military, but the practice peaked in 1869 as more Apaches became willing to serve as scouts. Although appreciated by those who fought alongside them, the general white population remained skeptical, as indicated by the *Prescott Weekly Miner*:

While they were bitterly opposed to the Apaches and had killed a great number, they were too superstitious to be good soldiers. The Indians believed in witchcraft and many were even unwilling to undertake campaigns until their wizards had indicated that the signs were right for them. Upon killing even a single Indian, the Pima and Maricopa soldiers insisted upon returning to their villages to celebrate. There, they sauntered about in indolence pompously arrayed in their uniforms, including overcoats, even when the mercury marks over tropical temperature.²¹

The Indians' hour in the sun was short lived and, as is common for veterans, they came home to new problems. More settlers moved in as the result of land promotions by Indian Agent Levi Ruggles, and the town of Adamsville was founded on the south side of the Gila River, upstream from the Pima reservation, four miles west of present-day Florence, Arizona. In September 1868, Major Andrew Alexander, then commander at Camp McDowell, led a detachment to the area to settle a matter between the settlers of Florence and Adamsville and the Pima and Maricopa Indians. In November, he returned to restore cattle to the settlers that the tribes had stolen. Confrontations multiplied as settlers increased near the Pima villages.²²

Having made the area safe for settlers, the Pimas and Maricopas were upset by these intrusions onto their land. Another change that they did not like concerned the new status of the Apaches. In March 1869, a group of Apaches desiring to make peace came into Camp Reno, 34 miles north of Camp McDowell in the Tonto Basin. They were told to go to Camp McDowell where they would be provided for. Antonio Azul and a band of Pima scouts were outraged that the whites would consider settling their mortal enemies on neighboring lands. They believed that the plan all along had been to eradicate the Apaches and they were shocked to find out otherwise.²³

Tensions on the Gila continued to escalate. In July 1869, the town of Florence petitioned Major Alexander for protection against the Pimas. John D. Walker accompanied Alexander with a cavalry detachment and quieted the situation by arresting some of the disgruntled Indians. They soon released them because the major land holders feared the Pimas would retaliate.²⁴ When Pimas and Maricopas moved onto land claimed by Adamsville settlers, Captain George Sanford ignored the problem, but Captain Frederick E. Grossman, United States Special Indian Agent for Pima villages, showed concern over the growing dilemma. By November, there were over 200 Indians in the area and Grossman and Chief Azul could not convince them to return to their reservation.



Pima wheat production in tons of wheat for different years during the period 1845 to 1870. *courtesy Jim Turner*

Grossman warned the new commandant, Major Milton Cogswell, that the Indians were armed and might use force to remain on the land. The situation never was really resolved, although the reports continued to accumulate. Eventually the reservation was extended.²⁵

By 1871, several years of drought aggravated the situation. In October, as part of President Grant's new Peace Policy which replaced often corrupt Indian agents with Protestant missionaries, Reverend John H. Stout became the Pima reservation's agent. Because of the difficulties between settlers and Indians, plans were being made to relocate the Pimas and Maricopas to Indian Territory, Oklahoma. On May 11, a Council of Pima and Maricopa chiefs and head men reported to Stout:

You say this new country is a good place and you say you have not been there. Now, how do you know it is a good place, if there is plenty of water there. We want water here very much. We used to have plenty of it. Before the Americans and Mexicans settled on our river above us, we always had plenty of water . . . We always raised two crops a year. One of wheat and one of corn. Now, since the Americans and Mexicans have moved on the land above us and taken the water from our river [the Gila] to water their grain, we never raise but one crop [wheat]. Some of us who live on the lower part of the land which you say is ours do not get even

enough water to water our wheat, and much of it is now lying down on the ground, dead.²⁶

By the 1870s, as settlers in nearby American towns diverted the waters of the Gila River upstream from the Pima villages, Indian agricultural enterprise collapsed quickly.²⁷ Indians reported that they could no longer grow beans, pumpkins, melons or corn, and that families were suffering. The Indians were promised food if they remained on the reservation. Some stayed, but over 300 went to new lands on the Salt River, where they had been invited by Mormon farmers who saw them as a buffer against Apaches. In both locations, white farmers complained that Indian cattle ate their grain. The Indians countered that the whites killed their cattle and sold their horses:

You say that the land outside the reservation does not belong to us, we think it does. We have had farms there for many years . . . Both Americans and Mexicans are selling our men whiskey. Many of our young men are getting to drink it very much, and some of the old ones too. When they get drunk they act badly with our women, so do the other people.²⁸

Finally, the chiefs told Stout that "the Apaches have been at war with us for many years. We are afraid they will not make a good peace."²⁸ The Pima villages had been a peaceful junction for many cultures over the centuries, but their traditional enemies were not yet an acceptable addition to the quickly evaporating oasis.

Stout reported that an Indian was slain at the Salt River settlement in August of 1872. The agent said that the Indian was a quiet, peaceable man, who left the reserve because there was no water. The murderer was let go. Stout said, "From a proud, honest, virtuous, hardworking self-sustaining race, they are fast degenerating into utter worthlessness." The chiefs agreed: "Our young men are getting to drink more whiskey every day, and we cannot keep the people from selling it to them, and bad men are doing bad with our women."²⁹

A few months later the chiefs were quoted as saying: "Every year the people take more water from our river, and we have not enough, and the river here gets smaller all the time." Stout knew that relations between the races were deteriorating: "On one or two occasions I have heard men say, 'just wait 'til we get through cleaning out the Apaches, and then we'll show the Pimas a thing or two.'" ³⁰

The Pima finally reacted violently to such treatment. On San Juan's Day, June 24, 1873, the settlers in Adamsville participated in the rain-bringing celebration, which included a traditional ride for a chicken's head, a feast, and a dance. At the height of the festivities, 23-year-old Antonito Azul was knifed in the heart. The son of Pima Chief Antonio Azul, Antonito had been Reverend Stout's prize pupil. He had traveled to San Francisco, New York, and the nation's capital, where he gave a speech before President Grant. The killer was arrested. The next day several hundred Pimas arrived in Adamsville. Three or four Pimas entered the courtroom and motioned for the prisoner to stand up. When he ignored them, they lifted him to his feet and bound his hands with a rope. He was led from the courtroom to the edge of town, where the Pimas formed a circle around the prisoner and killed him with their war clubs. The Indians then returned quietly to their homes. Troops from McDowell and Fort Lowell were called in, but matters had quieted down by the time they arrived. When Stout talked to them, the Indians said that the murderer would have escaped, just as one had last year on the Salt River. This is the first instance of a white man being killed by the Pimas in anyone's memory. Antonito's murder caused many tribal members to regret their friendship toward the white tide that engulfed them.³¹

Because of their location and natural resources, the Pima villages truly were an oasis for travelers of many cultures for almost two centuries. In that window of time, several cultures lived together and met each others' needs at a cultural crossroads. Given their hereditary enmity for the Apaches, the

Pimas and Maricopas were perfect allies for the Spanish, Mexicans, and Americans who came to Arizona for diverse purposes. Arrangements between the cultures worked well for a much longer period than most Indian/European encounters because the balance of needs remained stable. Foreign travelers needed a safe place to recuperate, feed, and water themselves and their stock. The Gileños, in turn, wanted the beads, cloth, and tools offered by the new arrivals.

The diaries of the forty-niners capture a few fleeting years when Indians cheerfully welcomed white men and were glad to help them, enhancing their lifestyle in the bargain. Although relations became strained in the 1850s due to the large number of whites arriving in the area and the unkept promises for supplies, the increased demand for crops and new tools brought about by the stage line and the Civil War brought prosperity to the Pima villages. Ironically, new wealth in the form of tools and livestock increased Yavapai and Apache raiding.

Mining discoveries in hostile territories shifted the need for Pima and Maricopa assistance from supplies to protection. Again, the whites and Gileños had a common goal – to exterminate the Apaches. The First Arizona Volunteers, partially made up of Pimas and Maricopas, were successful in forcing many Apaches to surrender. As U.S. Volunteers, the Pimas and Maricopas were proud to prove their prowess and valor side by side with American troops. The Volunteers were rewarded with pay, uniforms and a legislative memorial.

However, policy changes toward the Apaches turned the tables on the Gileños, who now faced living next to their traditional enemies. The Apaches also replaced the Pimas and Maricopas as scouts, so that the latter were no longer needed by the U.S. Army. The irony was that without the assistance of the Pima and Maricopa volunteers, peace would not have been possible.

Success over the Apaches brought more immigrants to Arizona. Many settled upstream from the longtime

oasis, damming up the Gila and diverting the water into canals for American farms. Livestock and sometimes Indian farmers were killed in the struggle for land and water rights while whiskey took its toll of demoralization and dissipation. The cultures failed utterly to understand each other and although they once had mutual goals, they gradually became diametrically opposed. All too soon, the settlers' traffic jammed the crossroads and dried up the oasis, which moved upstream, excluding the original owners from future prosperity.

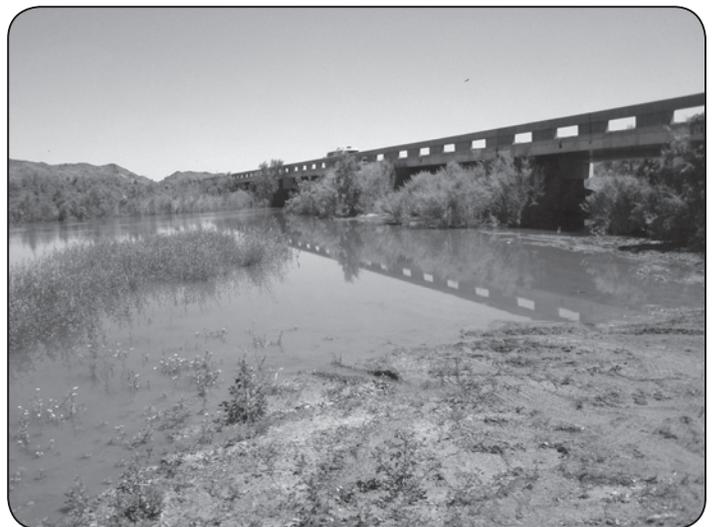
Notes

1. Hunter, "Report," 201. When Colonel James H. Carleton's Union troops arrived a month later, the Indians resold the wheat, potentially realizing the largest profit of the war. Unfortunately, Lt. Col. Joseph R. West could only pay them in promises – he had neither cash nor trade goods.
2. Finch, *Confederate Pathway* 88, 128, 141; Dobyns, *The Pima-Maricopa*, 43; Browne, *A Tour Through Arizona*, 111.
3. The calendar stick was a notched rod used by a trained elder as a device to remember past events. See Underhill, *Papago Calender Record*.
4. Russell, *The Pima Indians*, 46.
5. Woody, "The Woolsey Expedition." Reproduction of a letter published in the *Sacramento Union*, February 10, 1864.
6. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 10.
7. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 6. Reprinted from *Prescott Miner*, March 9, 1864.
8. Conner, *Joseph Reddeford Walker*, 171-76. Thrapp, *Conquest of Apacheria*, 28-35. According to Burt Fireman and an unpublished 1869 map, the fight was in Fish Creek Canyon, not at Bloody Tanks Wash.
9. Palmer, "Camp Lincoln." Acting Assistant Surgeon Edward Palmer was assigned to the troops on the Verde River, October 20, 1865.
10. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 25-29.
11. McClintock, *Arizona*, 217. Altshuler, *Chains of Command*, 35. This is not the John D. Walker who served as Indian Agent in Tucson in the 1850s.
12. Thrapp, *Conquest of Apacheria*, 31. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 34.
13. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 35. Palmer, *Life and Events*.
14. Altshuler, *Starting With Defiance*, 37. The designation "Camp" was not changed to "Fort" until 1879.
15. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 36, 65, 75.
16. Bennett, "Diary and Field Notes."
17. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 38; Brown, "The One Year War," 138.
18. Reed, *The Last Bugle Call*, 19. Scout report, Ewing to Bennett, March 9, 1866, Army Commands, vol. 59.
19. Conner, *Joseph Reddeford Walker*, 220-221; Thrapp, *Conquest of Apacheria*, 35; Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 46-47.
20. Underhill, "Arizona Volunteers," 76, 84, 92. Palmer, "Life and Events."
21. *Prescott Weekly Miner*, April 11, 1866.
22. Reed, *Last Bugle Call*, 43.
23. *Ibid*, 46-47.
24. National Archives, *Returns from United States Military Posts, 1800-1916, Fort McDowell, July 1869* (Returns) and National Archives, *Records of the United States Army Commands, Fort McDowell, Arizona Territory, Endorsements on Letters Received, 1867-1873*, Endorsement dated July 8, 1869. (As quoted in Reed, *Last Bugle Call*, 49.)
25. *Post Return*, October 1869, and Grossman to A.A.A.G., Sub-District of the Verde, dated November 16 and 28, 1869. (As quoted in Reed, *Last Bugle Call*, 51-52.)
26. Stout, *Letterbook*, "Report of a Council."
27. Doelle, "Demographic Change," 9; Ezell, "Acculturation," 140-144; DeJong, "See the New Country," 370.
28. Stout, *Letterbook*, "Report of a Council."
29. Stout, *Letterbook*, to Rev. J. M. Ferris, Aug. 10 and Nov. 10, 1872; "Report of a Council."
30. Stout, *Letterbook*, to General O. O. Howard, March 17, 1873, and to Rev. J. M. Ferris, May 31, 1873.
31. Stout, *Letterbook*, to Rev. J. M. Ferris, June 30, 1873.

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This is the second part of a revised version of an article initially published in the Journal of Arizona History 39, No. 4 (1998). The first part of the article, covering the history of the Pima Villages from 1690-1860, was published in the June 2010 issue of Desert Tracks.



The Gila River flowing under the bridge at Highway 95 in the spring of 2010. photo by Tracy DeVault

From the Editors

OCTA's Southern Trails Chapter will hold a meeting in Borrego Springs, California, in late February 2011. There will be a pre-convention tour to sites associated with the Southern Emigrant Trail in the Anza Borrego Desert, followed by a day of historical and archeological talks. On the final day of the meeting, attendees will have a rare opportunity to visit Warner's Ranch, which is usually closed to the public. As background, we present in this issue an article on Warner's Ranch by Chris Wray, a San Diego County local historian and publisher.

We also include an article on the Pima villages during and after the Civil War by Jim Turner, a recent retiree from the Arizona Historical Society. This is the second and final part of the article; the first installment, which discussed the Pima villages during the period 1690-1860, was included in the June 2010 issue of *Desert Tracks*.

The Camp Grant Massacre was one of the worst episodes of violence in Arizona history, but until recently it has not been explored by scholars. Previously, we reviewed Chip Colwell-Chanthaphon's *Massacre at Camp Grant* (*Desert Tracks*, December 2007) and Karl Jacoby's *Shadows at Dawn* (*Overland Journal*, Spring 2010). In this issue, we review a third historical treatment of the massacre, *Big Sycamore Stands Alone*, by Ian Record, a lecturer at the University of Arizona. These books bring much-needed attention to the tragedy.

The Southern Trail Chapter's Trail Turtles returned this fall to southeastern Arizona to map the emigrant trail west of Apache Pass; Richard Greene writes of their experiences.

During the era of the overland trails, the Gila River occasionally had sufficient flow in western Arizona to allow emigrants to float down the river in rafts. Since the advent of large-scale agriculture, urbanization, reservoirs and dams, however, there is seldom visible water in the river. Last spring, due to heavy rains, the river flowed with full force. Tracy DeVault and Richard Greene took advantage of this situation to canoe down the river from the Painted Rock Dam to Yuma. The story of their journey is given in this issue. To us, it exemplifies the spirit of these two adventurous Trail Turtles.

In the pages of this issue, we also include a review by Sacramento engineer Walter Drew Hill of John Kessell's book *Pueblos, Spaniards, and the Kingdom of New Mexico*. Recently retired from the University of New Mexico, Kessell is a noted scholar on the Spanish and Mexican borderlands that became the American Southwest, with special focus on the re-conquest of New Mexico by De Vargas after the Pueblo Revolt.

In sorrow, we share with you the news of David Weber's death. A leading scholar of the Spanish-American borderlands, Mexico, and the U. S. Southwest, Weber held the Dedman Chair of History at Southern Methodist University. Marc Simmons, himself an expert on the history of the Southwest, provides a tribute to Weber.

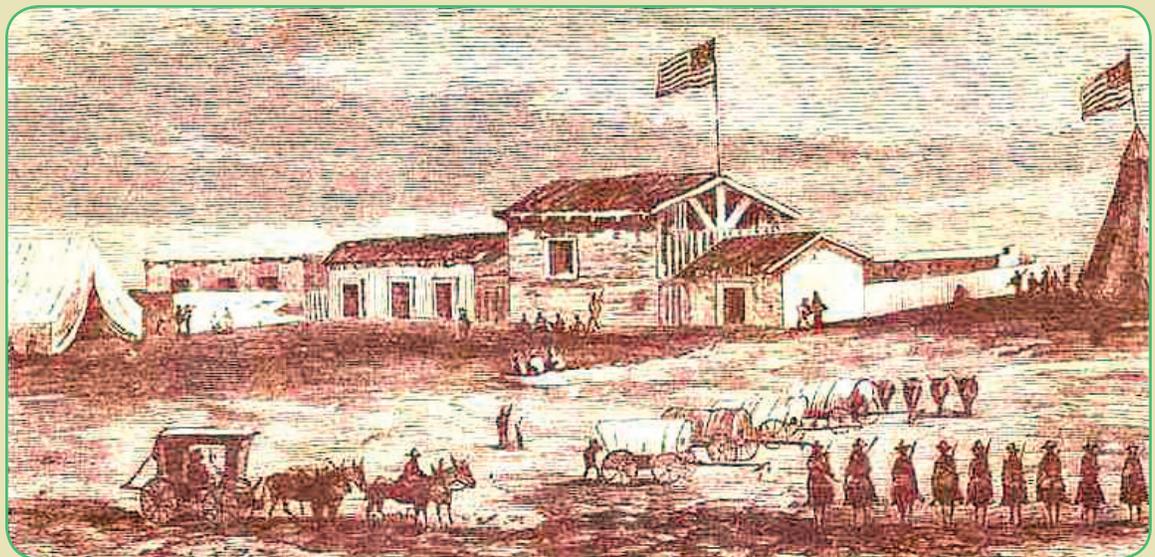
Deborah and Jon Lawrence

Southern Trails Chapter

Oregon-California Trails Association



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White's Mill, near the Pima Villages.
From J. Ross Browne, *A Tour Through Arizona 1864.*