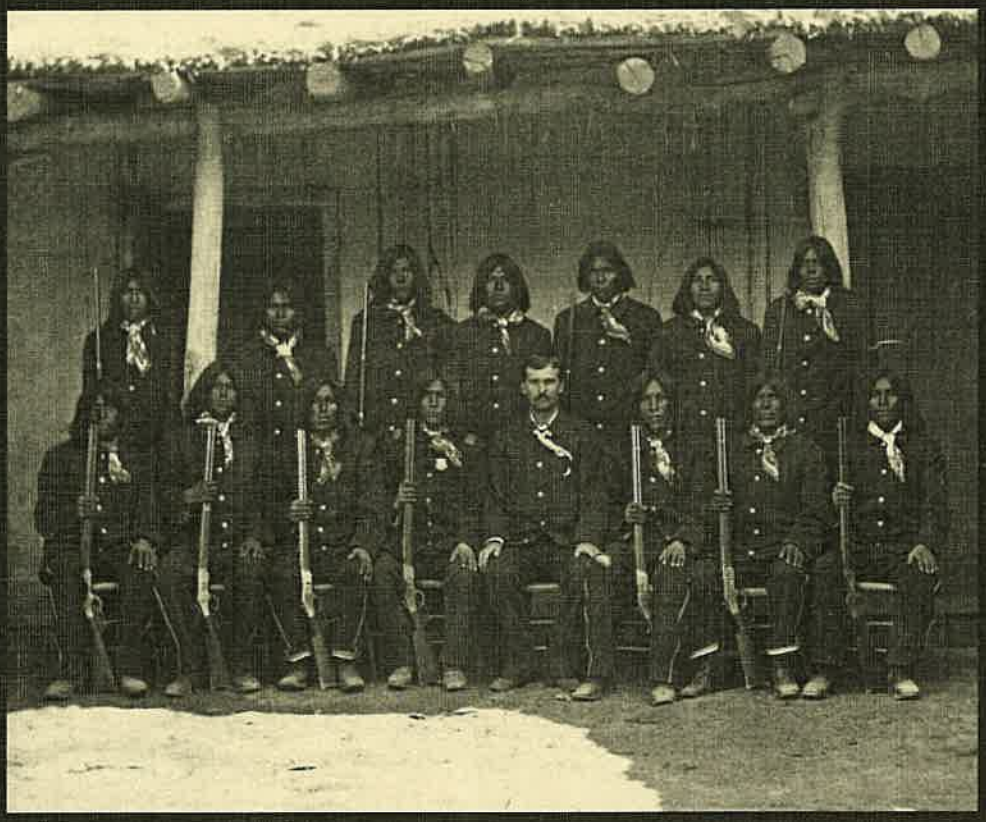
TERRITORIAL TIMES

Prescott Arizona Corral of Westerners International



A publication of the Prescott Corral of Westerners International
Volume VI, Number 2

The ***TERRITORIAL TIMES*** is a publication of the Prescott Corral of Westerners International, Prescott, Arizona, a non-profit organization dedicated to the study, preservation, promotion and dissemination of information with respect to the real history of the American West. Price per copy is $7.50 ($10.00 by mail). Back copies of available issues may be ordered by mail.

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John Huff www.johnhuffdesigns designed the front cover. Bruce Fee did the back page illustration.

Cover Photo: Apache scouts working for the US Army were an essential part of the late stages of the Indian Wars in Arizona. Generally they are seen in field garb in photographs of the time, but here they are shown in their blue army uniforms. For more information about the role of the Apache scouts, see the article beginning on Page 14.

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May 2013, Volume 6 Number 2

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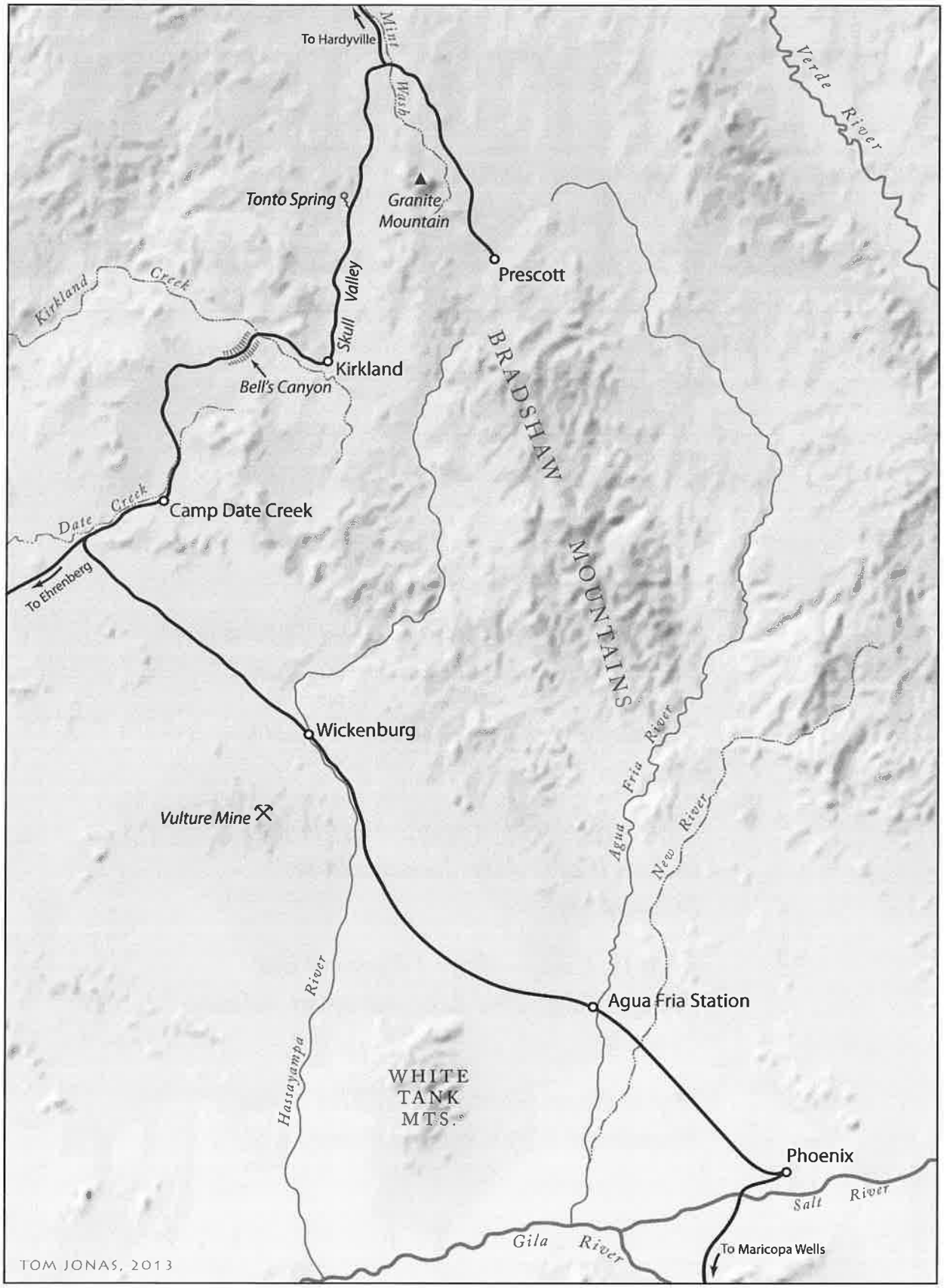
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TOM JONAS, 2013

Notes of an 1871 Trip from Prescott to Arizona City–Part 1: Prescott to Agua Fria Station

By John H. Marion

INTRODUCTION: In the fall of 1871, John Marion, the irascible editor of the Weekly Arizona Miner, and his travelling companion, Charles H. Veil, travelled from Prescott to Arizona City (Yuma) and back over a period of approximately six weeks. Their trip took them through Skull Valley, Camp Date Creek, Wickenburg, Phoenix and the Salt River Valley, Maricopa Wells and the Pima Villages and points between. (See map on preceding page.) Marion's notes of their trip, published in the Miner on January 20 and 27, 1872, provide a contemporary description of the Arizona Territory as it was in the early years of its existence. The article that follows is comprised of excerpts from his published notes with the addition of the editor's comments.[1]

On the evening of October 28, 1871, as the pale moon at high in the heavens with sentinel stars above, below and on every side of her, C. H. Veil and ourself [sic] might have been seen, as the novelists say, seated in a buggy, behind two fine roadsters, whose heads were turning westward, and whose limbs—nimble as those of a coyote's—kept moving rapidly over the hilly road leading westward from Prescott.

It was a delightful night, clear beyond comparison, and just cool enough to force us to call into service great coats, blankets, and gloves. And what scenery did we pass on the way! Huge granite mountains, their tops silvered by the light of the moon and their dark sides covered with noble pines, oaks, etc., presented a rather gloomy, but inspiring, appearance. Inspiring from the fact that they had been molded into shape by the power of the Creator, and gloomy because of the spectral shadows cast from one mountain to another, from tall trees to burly rocks. At every step, we were confronted and reminded of the never to be forgotten idea—in Arizona, at least—that from behind any of the rocks or the shadows might whiz a bullet or arrow—or a shower of either or both—which would prove fatal alike to ourselves and our noble animals. We, at least, thought of this danger and firmly did we grasp our loaded rifles and keenly did we direct our sight at suspicious looking places and objects. Anon, as we proceeded, points where attacks had formerly been made by savages of this Territory upon unsuspecting white men came into view, as did numerous graves in which reposed brave, noble, self-denying American pioneers who had fallen by accursed hands while hewing a pathway through the wilderness for civilization. Houses, in small valleys nestled under superb mountains, were occasionally passed, some of which sheltered slumbering mortals who, for the past eight years, have watched and waited for Death at the hands of the red fiends incarnate who have plundered them of animals, crops, etc., and caused them

John H. Marion

more uneasiness than would be borne by any other people than Arizona pioneers.

We soon reached Mint Valley and knowing that a high, rough and dangerous divide is to be crossed before we again strike level, open ground, we stopped at the house of Mr. McKee, expecting to warm our benumbed fingers at his fire. But to our great disappointment, neither bark of dog or voice of man greeted us upon alighting. A look around the premises satisfied us that the drough [sic] of the past three years, together with the pressure from Indians, had forced Mac to desert a spot so dear to him. He was gone; and this knowledge made us sad, for naught more depresses the spirit of a mountaineer than the sight of a deserted mountain home. The cabin was there, and so, too, was that magnificent pile of rocks–Granite Mountain–with its bleached "cheek-bones," its high and mighty peaks; its corrugated sides; and its nodding trees bathed in mild silvery light from the fully developed Moon which now stood straight over this grand old mountain and flooded it with light. It was a picture to impress one with reverence for the Sublime artist—the author of all that is or ever has been. And the solitude of the scene would have been complete had not a band of cattle belonging to some train encamped close by passed in review, driven by some faithful herder towards an encampment on the Williamson Valley road.

EDITOR: In 1871, the route from Prescott to Skull Valley was a circuitous one that passed north of Ft. Whipple and swung in a northwesterly direction through Mint Valley and around the Granite Peaks before it turned south to Skull Valley. [See map.] A northern fork in the road branched off to Hardyville on the Colorado River. In those days, it was customary to begin trips in the evening hours and travel throughout the night, particularly when the travel route was through areas that were known to present a high risk of an ambush by hostile Indians.[2]

Mint Valley is a large area of fertile farmland located to the north of Granite Mountain and west of the present-day Williamson Valley Road. Abraham McKee and a partner named Harding located a ranch in Mint Valley in the late 1860s on which they constructed a log house. In May 1869 the cabin was ransacked and burned to the ground by marauding Indians. McKee vowed to rebuild and apparently did so. Although not mentioned by Marion, he and Veil most certainly would have passed an adobe house built by McKee's neighbor, Jefferson H. Lee, in Mint Valley in the late 1860s to accommodate his family as well as travelers en route to Wickenburg, or Ehrenberg or Hardyville. Later, in 1876, Lee constructed a two-story house on his American Ranch property that served as a stage stop and had a restaurant, bar, and sleeping rooms to accommodate the traveling public. The ranch house, which is no longer extant, was situated just west of today's Williamson Valley Road.[3]

SKULL VALLEY

The crossing of the divide was accomplished in good time, and glad were we when the last of its favorable points for an Indian attack was left behind. The rolling ground and valleys through which we now travelled were set like gems in the foot-hills and supported a wealth of nutritious grasses, stately oaks and other highly ornamental trees. We soon passed Tonto Springs and on we bounded, arriving at Ed. F. Bowers' place in Skull Valley between 12 and 1 o'clock at night, having made the distance from Prescott–35 miles–in five hours.[4]

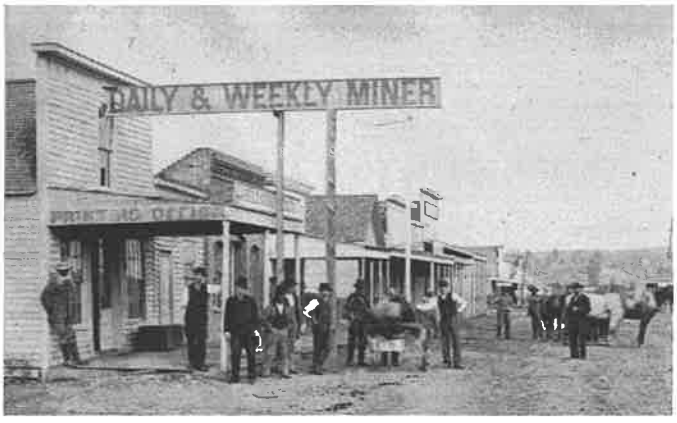
And here, let us say, that for farming and grazing purposes, the foothill portion of the country traversed by our road, is not easily surpassed. Grass meets the eye on every hand, in spite of the three dry years that had

swept over it. To make all of this section subservient for the purposes named, wells will have to be sunk and the never failing supply of water now resting unemployed upon the bed-rock brought to the surface. When this shall have been done, the road from Prescott to Skull Valley will be lined with houses, and horses, cattle, sheep, etc., will be numbered by thousands.

Hemmed in by foothills, Skull Valley is some eight miles in length and about a mile in width. In past wet seasons, almost every acre of the valley has produced excellent crops of cereals and vegetables. A few of the "ranches" are wet the year round, and the lucky owners thereof have thus been able to laugh at the drought.

The valley derives its name from the fact that the first whites who entered it found huge piles of bleached Indian skulls that had once belonged to warriors of contending tribes who had met here, and fought a bitter fight. Tradition says that this fight was between Apaches and Maricopas and that the latter were victorious. Of late, the valley has been the scene of many a combat between whites and Apaches. In 1866, a large party of Apache-Mohaves and Apache-Yumas made a desperate attack upon white men with a freight train then encamped in the valley. The fight was, at first, a hand-to-hand one and the result was that superb valor, arms and intelligence crowned the whites with victory. Some thirty-five of the Indians met a just fate—and well did they deserve it—as, Indian like, they had approached the whites on that fatal day and spot in an assumed friendly manner, but with murder in their hellish hearts. Since the occurrence of this battle, the Indians have been content with shooting at passers-by, stealing animals, and robbing houses and fields.[5]

EDITOR: *The attack on the freight train mentioned by Marion occurred on August 13, 1866. Two days previous, freight wagons led by a man named Freeman had been halted by a large band of Indians, probably Yavapais, demanding that his wagons, freight and mules be turned over to the Indians in return for safe passage through Skull Valley. Freeman refused and wisely turned back. Two days later, Freeman and his train moved out with a military escort led by Lieutenant Oscar Hutton. The Indians surrounded the train and repeated their demands. During a parlay, the Indians pulled out knives they had concealed on their persons and launched an attack. The ensuing battle lasted less than an hour and resulted in a rout of the attacking force. Twenty-three Indians were killed and scores more wounded. The army losses were light, one soldier killed and another wounded.*[6]



Arizona Miner Office in the 1870s

BELL'S CANYON

Leaving Skull Valley on the stage road, we passed through Kirkland Valley and soon reached Bell's Canyon, a long, rocky, dangerous pass in a granite range of mountains lying between Kirkland and Date creeks. Desiring to get through to Camp Date Creek ahead of the stage, which was now close behind us, we proceeded on at as rapid a rate as possible and, just as Old Sol was sinking behind the hills, we entered pass, our minds fully made up to run the gauntlet.

We did run it in safety. But what a frightful place is that old canyon and what bloody, murderous scenes have therein been enacted since white men first ventured to pass through it. Bell, Sage, Superintendent of Indian Affairs Leihy, his clerk, and many other whites were murdered in this canyon by Indians whom they had befriended. Train upon train, and mail party after mail party, had been attacked and plundered by savages whom Vincent Colyer and other cowardly Government bloodsuckers would have the world believe are "peaceable, well-disposed Indians."

EDITOR: Bell's Canyon is situated just west of the Kirkland Valley and the route through it was indeed perilous, as the huge boulders and steep walls provided ideal conditions for an ambush. It was named for Richard Bell, a local rancher, who was killed in the canyon by marauding Indians on May 3, 1865. His traveling companion, Cornelius Sage, was also killed. In a separate ambush occurring in the canyon on the same day, Indians also murdered Charles Cunningham of La Paz. Three months later, George Leihy, the Superintendent of Indian Affairs, and his clerk, Everets, were ambushed and killed in the canyon while en route from La Paz to Prescott. Many other white men, including soldiers, lost their lives in that dangerous canyon during the 1860s and early 1870s.[7]

Vincent Colyer was the secretary of the federal Board of Indian Commissioners who was sent to Arizona in mid-1871 to implement the "peace policy" of the administration of President Ulysses S. Grant, which embodied the concept of "peace through kindness." Colyer's efforts, largely unsuccessful, were a distraction to General George Crook, the recently-named commander of the Department of Arizona, who had to put on hold his plans for a major offensive against the Apaches. Colyer was reviled by those Arizonans, including Marion, who believed that the only effective policy for dealing with the Indians was extermination. Marion used the Miner to regularly rail against Colyer and other Washington peace advocates.[8]

CAMP DATE CREEK

We arrived at Camp Date Creek late at night and found the sutler's store open with the owner, Geo. H. Kimball, ready to receive us, which he did, in a very hospitable manner. The buildings comprising the military post of Camp Date Creek are of adobe—neat, clean and comfortable. The site and surroundings are as good and fair to look upon as could well be found in this section of country. Imagine a bunch of whitewashed houses, many of them covered with shingles, in the middle of a valley surrounded by very rough granite hills which show and grow but few trees; then a creek, in whose bed and along whose banks cottonwood and willow grow thickly and expand to goodly proportions. Upon first glancing at the "creek," a stranger would think it contained no water; but dig down into the debris which fills its bed or follow its course to some point where bed-rock comes to the surface and it will be seen that Date Creek does contain water. The post was located in this valley mainly with the object of rendering protection to mails, trains, and travelers, in which, however it has not distinguished itself for various reasons. It may, however, have done some good. Near it are mines of gold, silver and copper, none of which, however, are now being worked.[9]

We retired for the night and soon after having breakfasted next morning (Sunday) had the "pleasure" of witnessing Lieutenant Ebstein and two assistants issue corn and beef to a lot of Indians. Most all the Indians seen by us wore Apache-Yuma moccasins. Men, women and children appeared pleased and we turned away filled with hope that at last our red brethren to the westward of Prescott had made up their minds to be "good." How badly we

were fooled is known to every person who has heard of the "Wickenburg Massacre" by Indians of the Apache-Yuma and Apache-Mohave bands–Indians, perhaps, who with smiling countenances had on that pleasant peaceful Sabbath morning taken bread and meat purchased with funds supplied by the white people! Oh! Faithless, cruel red men, what demon or demons is it that incites you to murder, rob, and torture your fellow creatures when, were you to do otherwise, peace, plenty, and protection from all harm would most certainly be yours! But, perhaps it is ordained of God that the mission for which your race was sent on Earth is almost accomplished and that, after its final accomplishment, there will be no longer any need for your "services." So be it, say we.

EDITOR: In the early 1870s, Yavapai Indians began to settle near the camp, thus establishing an informal, temporary reservation. Undoubtedly, these were the Indians Marion observed being issued rations at the camp. [See Note 6], On November 5, 1871—subsequent to Marion's visit to Camp Date Creek but before he had penned these Notes for publication—a stagecoach was attacked just six miles west of Wickenburg while en route to San Bernardino, California via Ehrenburg. The driver and five of the seven passengers were killed, two escaping to report the event. Responsibility for the attack remains a point of contention to this day, but ultimately, General Crook arranged a confrontation at Camp Date Creek in September 1872 at which several Yavapai were killed and others arrested for their presumed role in the ambush.[10]

WICKENBURG

It was about 10 o'clock in the forenoon when Major Veil got through with his business at the post, and we again took the road, passing on the way other "landmarks" where the Indian guests just left behind—or others of their tribe—had lain behind rocks and brush and from such safe retreats shot down unwary white men. Only two ranches—those of S. T. Cullumber and Wm. Gilson—were seen by us, yet there is enough good bottom land for several other rancheros.[11]

Arriving at the forks of the road, one of which goes to Ehrenberg; we took that heading to Wickenburg, over the mesa, and found it a very excellent one.

It was late in the afternoon when we passed the Vulture Mining Company's 40-stamp mill and a little later when we entered the town of Wickenburg, where friends and acquaintances condescended to greet us in a friendly manner. It was Sunday afternoon and the streets of the town were alive with people, among whom we recognized many old, familiar faces. Wickenburg! How it had grown since our last visit several years ago, and how different the "lay of the land" around about appeared to us from what it did early in 1864 when we first alighted from the back of a favorite steed (since stolen and eaten by "good" Apaches). At that time, not a house was to be seen between the sink of the Hassayampa and Walnut Grove—a distance of about 40 miles. Only seven men: Henry Wickenburg, (the discoverer of the Vulture Lode); his partner, Jas. A. Moore, now of Maricopa Wells; Jas. A. Young, (Coho), now of Phoenix; Valentine, since murdered by Indians; "Yank" Simmons; Draper; and Fritz Tegener, now a member of the Texas Legislature; were found at or near the present site of Wickenburg.

We also remember the two kind, noble friends who accompanied us to Wickenburg from Agua Caliente on the Gila—P. W. Smith and George H. Wilson—both now residing at Wickenburg. And what a trip we had, over a new road laid out by Col. Woolsey, said road having been very poorly supplied with water,

and so sandy that in many places Wilson and ourself were compelled to help the team through by making our saddle animals tow the wagon along, canal-boat fashion. Sixty-five miles did we make without water or sleep, but when we did strike water we enjoyed it the more.[12]

But all this was now changed. True, the ruins of Wickenburg's pioneer arrastra were yet visible under the point of a hill. Wickenburg's tent had disappeared and given place to an adobe; but, strangest of all changes was that made by the several fine houses that make up the town of Wickenburg, prominent among which are those of A. H. Peeples, Barnett & Block, H. Mannasse, M. Peralta, and those belonging to James Grant, mail contractor upon several routes in this Territory. The great quartz mill, with the village surrounding, was a pleasing feature in the picture. And all this was the legitimate result of working one gold mine—the Vulture—the largest, perhaps, and the best yet discovered on this continent or any other. Looking west, we could see the dome-like *picacho* [peak] near the mine, which lies some 12 or 13 miles from Wickenburg and the mill. The creek bottoms, too, had been fenced and worked into productive ranches. Scarcely anything had been left undone by the good people of Wickenburg and vicinity. The little mill in town was idle, but it will not remain so long as our old friend Bill Smith, its present owner, contemplates fixing it up and setting it to work soon. Its operation will instill new life into the Wickenburgers and, perhaps, do more to develop the Vulture and the Territory than its immense rival further up the creek has done.[13]

Henry Wickenburg, the pioneer of the place, has a good ranch and a wondrous, neat residence chambered in a hill overlooking his ranch. The residence is a curiosity worth seeing, and Henry will be glad to show it. It is nothing more nor less than a long, wide tunnel, well timbered. At one end is a large room where the temperature is always the same and in the hottest season, meat, etc., can be kept in it without spoiling.

EDITOR: Henry Wickenburg was born in Germany in 1819 and immigrated to the United States in 1847. He arrived in Arizona in the early 1860s and by 1863 was situated in Peeples Valley. A year later, he and other began to work a claim west of the Hassayampa River that was the most productive of Arizona's early gold mines. The Vulture mine, however, proved expensive to operate as processing the ore required water and the nearest source was the Hassayampa, a distance of approximately ten miles from the mine. In late 1865, Wickenburg sold his interest in the mine to a group of New York investors for $25,000. The newly-organized Vulture Mining Company invested in a new shaft and a 20-stamp mill and amalgamation facility on the Hassayampa just north of the settlement of Wickenburg. The mill is undoubtedly the one referred to by Marion in his Notes as a 40-stamp mill.[14]

The settlement which ultimately came to be known as Wickenburg, in honor of the founder of the Vulture Mine, grew up along the Hassayampa where the pioneer arrastras noted by Marion were used to process the ore from the mine before the stamp mill was erected. In the early years of its existence, its fortunes were tied to the success of the Vulture Mine. The arrastra process, first brought to the new world by Spanish miners, was a primitive means of processing ore: partially crushed ore, water and mercury are placed in a large stone tub where the mixture is slowly ground to slurry by contact with a large stone suspended on a pole and turned by horses or mules. Eventually, the gold amalgamated with the mercury. The resulting amalgam was then heated in an oven to separate the mercury and the gold.[15]

But here comes Dr. Pierson, who informs us that a buckboard with four good animals awaits us. We jumped into the vehicle, which was nothing more four wheels with an open body and but two seats, one of which was occupied by Major Veil, the driver, and ourself and the other by the late Charles Adams and a Mexican lady. The body of the vehicle being filled with mail sacks, baggage, canteens, etc., our legs had to be poked into very awkward positions, and rifles and pistols had to be watched that premature explosion might not occur. The team, however, was a good one and we rattled along down the Hassayampa at a fair rate of speed, save when, as frequently happened, we had to ride through the water and sand. In passing through the canyon, we met a Mexican train of oxen and carettas, the drivers of which were yelling louder and faster than we have ever heard the Apaches yell. The train was from Altar, and the drivers seemed to think that by yelling they would scare the Apaches should any of those human brutes be hovering in the neighborhood.[16]

We soon reached Tom McWilliams', the last house on the Hassayampa, and learned from Tom that near his house was an old mine, then being explored by W. B. Hellings & Co., the ore of which was very rich in silver and lead. He was also pleased to inform us that from an old shaft in the mine, mining tools, cooking utensils, etc., of pre-historic antiquity had been taken. [17]

AGUA FRIA STATION

Leaving Tom's and the Hassayampa, we travelled in a southerly direction and arrived at the Agua Fria Station about 3 o'clock in the morning. We slept about an hour, got up, ate, took a look at the premises and soon started on our way toward the Salt River Valley. The station is kept by Darell Duppa, formerly of Prescott. He has a deep well in the bed of the Agua Fria out of which he can pump an unlimited supply of water by mule and whim power. It was after daylight when we started for Phoenix, and although our new team was not as good as the old, we made that place late in the afternoon. Most of the country between Wickenburg and Phoenix is what unthinking people would pronounce a desert, yet the soil thereof is rich and covered with brush, stunted trees and cacti. In past wet seasons the whole face of the country was covered with grass, and nought save the want of water prevents it from being a good farming and grazing country.[18]

EDITOR: The remaining part of John Marion's trip through southwestern Arizona, including Phoenix the Salt River Valley, Maricopa Wells, the Pima Villages and Arizona City, will be described in the next edition of Territorial Times.

ENDNOTES

[1] Marion's published Notes were transcribed by Russ Sherwin and edited for this article by Fred Veil. Marion acquired the *Miner* from Territorial Secretary Richard C. McCormick in 1868 and served as its editor until 1875. He was the epitome of the frontier journalist–combative, aggressive and bitingly critical of anyone with whom he disagreed. Charles H. Veil was a Civil War veteran who came to Arizona in 1866 in command of a cavalry troop and served through the early years of the Indian Wars (1866-71). He left the army in early 1871 and in December of that year was managing a distribution depot in Prescott for the W.B. Hellings & Co. flour milling operation in East Phoenix. For more information on these Arizona pioneers see: William H. Lyon, *Those Old Yellow Dog Days, Frontier Journalism in Arizona, 1859-1912 (*Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 1994); Herman J. Viola, Editor, *The Memoirs of Charles Henry Veil* (New York: Orion Books, 1992); and Fred W. Veil, "Charles Henry Veil, Civil War Veteran, Indian War Soldier, and Arizona Pioneer," *Journal of Arizona History*, vol. 50, no. 4 (spring, 2009).

[2] Veil, *Memoirs*, p.140-41.

[3] Leland L. Hanchett, Jr., *Catch the Stage to Phoenix* (Phoenix: Prime Rim Publishing, 1998), p.65. *The Miner* (Prescott), May 8, 1869.

[4] Edward Franklin Bowers is best known for his service as Sheriff of Yavapai County (1875-78). At some point in the latter part of the 1870s he operated a stage station at his Skull Valley ranch. Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, p. 68; Larry D. Ball, *Desert Lawmen, The High Sheriffs of New Mexico and Arizona, 1846-1912* (Albuquerque, University of New Mexico press, 1992), p.352.

[5] Marion's explanation for the name "Skull Valley" is only one of several that have be recorded in history. See Will C. Barnes, *Arizona Place Names* (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 1988), p. 410. For the Yavapai description of the event, which led to the name, see Timothy Braatz, *Surviving Conquest: A History of the Yavapai Peoples* (Lincoln, University of Nebraska Press, 2003), 89-90.

[6] Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 22-23; Braatz, *Surviving Conquest*,, pp. 105-6. The bands of Indians identified by the whites as "Mohave-Apache" and "Yuma-Apache" were not Apache at all but rather Yavapais. Nineteenth century Americans commonly misidentified the Yavapais as Apaches, particularly if the reference was to a band that was engaged in hostilities. Alfonso Ortiz, Editor, *Handbook of North American Indians*, 15 vols. (Washington, DC: Smithsonian Institution, 1983), vol. 9, pp. 38, 53; Braatz, *Surviving Conquest*, pp. 75, 132.

[7] Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 22-24.

[8] David Roberts, *Once They Moved like the Wind: Cochise, Geronimo, and the Apache Wars* (New York: Simon & Shuster, 1993); pp. 84-85; Robert M. Utley, *The Indian Frontier of the American West, 1846-1890* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1984), pp.139-40.

[9] Originally established as Camp McPherson in January, 1867 on the south side of Date Creek, it was renamed Camp Date Creek in November of the following year. Situated on the Wickenburg Road south of Bell's Canyon, it was strategically positioned in the heart of the country occupied by the Yavapai Indians. Constance Wynn Altshuler, *Starting With Defiance, Nineteenth Century Arizona Military Posts* (Tucson: Arizona Historical Society, 1983), p. 25.

[10] Ibid., pp. 25-26; Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 29-35.

[11] The ranch of Samuel Cullumber, which included a stage stop, was situated in the Martinez Valley on the Wickenburg Road just south of Camp Date Creek. In February, 1872 he and Tom Harris, a friend who was helping him run the station, were killed by marauding Indians. A neighboring rancher, William Gilson led a party in pursuit and reportedly killed two of the Indians. Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 71-72.

[12] In 1872, P.W. Smith erected a ten-stamp mill about ten miles downriver from Wickenburg to process tailings from the Vulture Mine. A settlement that grew up around the mill became known as Smith's Mill. Mark E. Pry, *The Town on the Hassayampa, A History of Wickenburg, Arizona* (Wickenburg: Desert Caballeros Western Museum, 1997), p.47. On August 8, 1877, George Wilson, then operating a stage stop in Stanton, a mining town located directly north of Wickenburg, was killed during a dispute with a local miner. *The Arizona Miner* (Prescott), August 10, 1877.

[13] Abraham H. Peeples was the leader of a group that explored the central highlands of the Arizona Territory and made several gold discoveries in the vicinity of the Weaver Mountains, the most significant of which was Rich Hill. In 1871, Peeples was the proprietor of the Magnolia, a popular brewery and saloon in Wickenburg. Pry, *The Town on the Hassayampa*, pp. 16, 25. James Grant obtained a federal contract in 1864 to deliver mail between San Bernardino and La Paz. In 1869, having acquired several Concord stagecoaches he initiated passenger service through an entity known as the Arizona Stage Line between La Paz and Prescott via Wickenburg and later to Phoenix and Maricopa Wells. Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 39-45. Marion's observation of a "dome-like *picacho* near the mine" is probably a reference to Vulture Peak, which lies at the eastern end of the Vulture Mountains about six miles from the Hassayampa River. Barnes, *Arizona Place Names*, pp. 471-72.

[14] Pry, *The Town on the Hassayampa,* pp. 19-26.

[15] Ibid., pp. 21-23.

[16] James H. Pierson arrived in the Arizona Territory in 1868 and served initially as the physician for the Vulture Mine. He married James Grant's daughter Louisa in 1870 and thereafter became associated with the Arizona Stage Company, assuming partial ownership upon Grant's death in 1875. Hanchett, *Catch the Stage*, pp. 43-46. Charles Adams was killed just a few days later, on November 5, 1871, in the Wickenburg Massacre. Ibid., p. 31. A "carreta" is a Spanish word for cart or wagon.

[17] William B. Hellings was the founder and senior partner of a flour-milling operation in East Phoenix.

[18] Darell Duppa, reportedly the prodigal son of a wealthy British family, immigrated to the United States and arrived in the Arizona Territory in 1863. In 1867, he became associated with Jack Swilling, the man who constructed the irrigation canals that opened the Salt River Valley to agriculture and led to the founding of Phoenix. Most historians credit Duppa with suggesting the name for this fledging town in the Valley when it was founded in 1871. Albert R. Bates, *Jack Swilling, Arizona's Most Lied About Pioneer*, Tucson: Wheatmark, 2008. A "whim" was a horse (or mule) drawn winch typically used in mining to lift ore or water.

JOHN MARION, FRONTIER EDITOR

By Claudette Simpson

John H. Marion made a lasting name for himself with his skills editing frontier newspapers in Territorial Arizona and especially for his flamboyant use of the English Language. He wielded words with force as he praised friends, heaped contempt on enemies, and entertained readers with wit and humor. In print his voice had great range. In person, he has been described as a lonely man who talked in a monotone.[1]

Born in Louisiana in about 1835, Marion at age 16 left home for the California goldfields. To support himself he worked as a printer at the mining camp of Oroville and then at Marysville.[2] He picked up experience in the printing trade as he went along. After two years he returned to the South and worked for the St Louis Republican where he learned printer's cases and some journalistic technique. At age twenty he traveled back to California where he joined a party of men to explore Arizona.[3]

As Marion considered exploring central Arizona, it wasn't visions of newspapering that lured him—it was visions of prospecting for gold in the Big Bug Mining District. He and about fifty others left San Francisco on the ship Hidalgo to sail to the mouth of the Colorado River. There they boarded the steamboat Cocopah for Arizona City and Fort Yuma. Most of the party turned around at that point to return to California but Marion and three others made their way up the Gila River to its confluence with the Hassayampa. From Wickenburg, Marion and companions made it to the high country around Prescott, which was then no more than a camp.[4]

There is no evidence he struck it rich but he must have panned enough gold to stay in the area. In 1866, as treasurer of Yavapai County, he ran an ad in the *Arizona Miner* asking delinquent taxpayers to pay their taxes. Next year he paid for an ad touting his services as an auctioneer. Also in 1867, he and some other investors bought the *Miner*. Eight months later, he became Prescott's postmaster. And, as though he wasn't busy enough, he also ran livestock on a ranch in the area that probably financed his other undertakings.[5]

In the beginning of both Prescott and its newspapers, Richard McCormick represented journalism. He was also the first secretary of the territory having come with the governor's party to set up a new territorial capital in the midst of mining activity. Along the way, he had picked up a well-worn press in Santa Fe.[6] Even as the group camped at what would become Fort Whipple, he unlimbered the press and published the first issue of the *Miner* in March 1864.[7] His office, print shop, and the government soon were settled in Prescott in a one-room log hut on Granite Street.[8]

Much happened in the next three years. McCormick moved up from secretary to territorial governor. He used his newspaper to print news and official acts of the territorial legislature. He also printed pamphlets ordered by the government. For a small newspaper, it seemed to be a guaranteed money-maker because of the government printing. Governor McCormick sold his Prescott newspaper to Marion in 1867, but when the Legislature moved the territorial capital to Tucson McCormick took the public printing with him.[9]

Perhaps Marion felt betrayed. He thought McCormick had removed the capital to southern Arizona by fraud and treachery. Even so,

Marion hunkered down to make his little newspaper viable. When he took it over, the paper had a circulation of 75 readers. Cost of a subscription was $6.50 payable in advance. There were 16 columns of advertising, but only half of one column was paid for.[10] In his first issue, Marion wrote that he would advocate the ancient and time-honored principles of the grand, liberty-defending Democratic party. Beyond politics, Marion intended to promote the resources of the territory, including mineral, agricultural and pastoral aspects.[11] He promised that, in the discussion of men and measures, to be "temperate, candid and just."[12] That last part—temperate, candid, and just—went by the wayside within months. He attacked McCormick as "his littleness" who, he said, was filled with "soft soap and flunkeyism."[13]

John and Flora Banghart Marion

Marion had more intemperate words for Negroes and Indians. In an 1872 issue, he began using a masthead that declared the paper as the "Organ of the White People of Arizona."[14] But his slant was evident even earlier. Referring to Radical Reconstruction policy in the South, he wrote: "Had we a few hundred niggers and a Ku Klux Klan in Arizona, Government would send lots of troops here, and Lo the poor Indian would get warmed up."[15]

In general, scholars call Marion a bigot. A graduate student who wrote a paper for a western history seminar at the University of Arizona, seemed to disagree but with tongue in cheek: "No bigot, he [Marion] gave wide publication to his belief that some Indians could be allied to the whites by treating them 'squarely and honestly.' Understanding Indian mistrust after treachery, he was constrained to 'do justice to them by stating why they (the Apaches) are the worst on the continent." Marion, she says, "simply saw that Arizona would not fulfill its potential until settlers came, and that settlers would not come to be killed, tortured, ravaged or burned out by the Indians. He nonetheless vigorously opposed a policy based on a misconception that the Indian was tractable."[16]

In 1871 Marion published a petition to the President of the United States, hoping to show how hard and obstinate Indians really were. In the petition he listed the names of 301 persons killed by Indians since establishment of the territory. He named the site and circumstances of each death and felt those in Washington were out of touch with those in the territories.[17]

In an editorial published in 1870 when word arrived of President Grant's Indian Peace Policy, he wrote (in a style so typical that it is worth quoting in full):

"Congress—that most unfeeling, hypocritical assemblage of stall-fed cormorants—still sticks to its motto of 'millions for the protection of Negroes, but not one cent more than the inadequate amount now paid out, from year to year, for the protection of white citi-

zens of Territories,' or to aid in the development of these Territories. We of Arizona, have asked for better mail facilities, for a regiment or two more of troops, and for a small sum of money to be expended in building a wagon road from New Mexico to connect with other roads in the Territory, but instead of giving us better protection from Indians, troops have been withdrawn, and none have yet arrived to fill their places. Indeed peace men will be sent out among the peaceable Indians, re-kindle hell's passion in their bosoms, back them up in committing crime, and then screen the wretches from punishment."

He focused his ire on Vincent Colyer, the federal agent who was trying to implement the Peace Policy and protect the interests of the Apaches. Marion that wrote Colyer was a "cold-blooded scoundrel, a red-handed assassin and. . .we ought to dump the old devil in a mine shaft and pile rocks on him."[18]

Not all of Marion's prose was raucous. When cupid struck, after living ten years in Prescott, he elevated his emotion to the royal "we" in writing about his intended bride, Flora Banghart: "During all these long years we were not strictly happy; no, indeed. That something which the God of Nature has planted in every man's bosom made us yearn for a partner, a woman, if you please, 'God's best gift to man.' . . . With her we hope to glide down life's rugged pathway in a pleasant way."[19] His glide down life's pathway ended abruptly ten years later when Flora ran off with Marion's good friend, Charles B. Rush, territorial district attorney.

In an editorial Marion scalded his former friend who not only ran away with Flora, leaving her two children behind, but deserted his own wife and two children. "For the semblance of a man who paraded his virtue before the community," wrote Marion, "while plotting the destruction of two families, we cannot find words in our vocabulary to express our condemnation. Judas Iscariot or Benedict Arnold are models of human virtue when compared to this nefarious wretch." He concluded, "A man so lost to all honor and manly principals as Chas. B. Rush has shown himself within the past week, should have the brand of Cain stamped upon his forehead, and should be shunned alike by respectability and the slums of society as a creature too base, too low and entirely too contemptible for their notice."[20] John Marion divorced Flora on March 29, 1887, on grounds of desertion.[21]

Marion's editorial career spanned from 1867 to 1891. The flow of his thoughts and words appear seamless in hindsight. But they were delivered in different newspapers. He gave up the *Miner* in 1877, turning it over to Charles Beach. Sometimes he did other things and sometimes he edited other papers including the *Enterprise*, the *Arizonian*, and the *Democrat*.[22] In 1882, he founded his legacy—the *Courier* of Prescott that is still being published today. He wrote his salutatory in the *Courier* on January 20, 1882: "For the fourth time, necessity has forced me before the people of Arizona as editor."[23] The *Courier* was a daily newspaper, unusual amongst the weeklies published in the territory.

Mary Huntington Abbott says, "The next years were those of his greatest public service to the people of Prescott and the Territory." He apparently was influential, for nearly everything he advocated came about: a waterworks and a good hotel for Prescott, a railroad for Central Arizona and recognition for the pioneers. He also made earnest pleas for range conservation and he battled for twenty years on behalf of the Democratic Party. Abbott concludes, "In no guise was John Marion more attractive than as a free lance in the cause of the public weal."

Editing the Courier not only brought Marion more influence, it also brought another woman into his life. This was announced, not in the *Courier* pages, but in the *Journal*

Miner: "J. H. Marion and his two sons left at 1 o'clock this afternoon, by private conveyance, for Williamson Valley. The former expects to return tomorrow with a wife, and the boys with a new mother. The lady in connection with the affair is Miss Ida Jones, a former typo [typographer] in the Courier office. The ceremony which will unite them as man and wife will take place at the residence of S. P. Behan this evening."[24]

The newspaper clipping from the *Courier* does not identify the writer but presumably was Marion who wrote: "Ida Jones, a long time compositor in the Courier office is a handsome and stylish lady, endowed with many noble qualities of head and heart." The clipping is dated 1888; a year after Marion divorced his first wife.

The years passed but still it was a jolt to friends and foe alike when Marion suddenly died. The account of his death from an 1891 newspaper clipping, said he died "a few minutes after 7 a.m. after carrying a bucketful of water from an adjoining well. He was talking with members of household when he suddenly fell from steps at rear of house." The article said it was probably heart disease that caused the death.

One paper reported, "The flag on the court house, as well as those on a number of private buildings, were placed at half-staff on account of the death of one of Arizona's earliest pioneers." Marion was said to be "between fifty and sixty years of age. . . . He leaves a "young wife and three children . . . to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and kind father." [25] A clip from the *Prescott Morning Courier* (Wednesday, July 29, 1891) adds: "The last sad funeral rites over the remains of Arizona's dead editor, pioneer, and best friend, John H. Marion, were performed yesterday morning. The funeral procession was the largest ever seen in Northern Arizona: all business houses closed, private residences were locked up and deserted as all turned out to honor the illustrious dead."

Marion left his wife an estate valued at $11,279, according to the probate record, which included cash on hand, the materials and stock in the *Courier*, accounts, homestead, household effects, a ranch on lower Granite Creek and 500 shares in Tiger Mine stock.[26]

People did not soon forget John Marion. During World War II a ship was named after him. The Courier reported: "The name of John H. Marion, founder and pioneer editor of the Prescott Evening Courier has been emblazoned on the prow of a Liberty tanker launched at the California Shipbuilding corporation yards at Wilmington, Calif., yesterday." The article listed some of Marion's achievements including his influence in getting the railroad built from Ash Fork to Prescott.

The ship launching was not without controversy. It was christened by Mrs. Roy Wayland, of Phoenix, wife of the vice president of the Valley National Bank. The Courier wondered "Just why Prescott was ignored in the designation of a christener is difficult to understand, since the widow of the late Colonel Rogers, who succeeded Marion as editor, is now living in Southern California. It seems that the two local chambers of commerce might learn why the Phoenix resident was named the christener, since she is a woman in no way connected with Prescott or the newspaper profession in Arizona." The article ends with the mild threat that the Courier intends to investigate and learn who was responsible for slighting Prescott in such a manner.

One wonders if John Marion, observing from a cloud, would be satisfied with such tame words to describe the final controversy about his life.

MARION ENDNOTES

Because of time constraints, the author has relied largely on secondary sources of newspaper clippings in files at Sharlot Hall Museum as well as articles and a book written by others. However, whenever they cited primary sources we have noted that in brackets.

[1] William H. Lyon, Those Old Yellow Dog Days: Frontier Journalism in Arizona, 1859–1912 (Tucson, Arizona Historical Society). p. 11.

[2] Mary H. Abbott, "John Huguenot Marion, Frontier Journalist," seminar paper for Western History (University of Arizona, Tucson: May 4, 1965). Paper in library of the Arizona Hist. Soc., Tucson. [Arizona Enterprise, August 8, 1891; Farish, History of Arizona, Vol. 5, p. 347]

[3] Ibid., [St Louis Republican, May 12, 1887]

[4] Dr. William H. Lyon, "John Marion: Frontier Democrat or Frontier Extremist?" Cactus & Pine (Annual publication of Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott, Nov. 1994), p. 2. [Arizona Miner, December 26, 1868, August 27, 1890; Farish, History of Arizona, V: 347-350].

[5] Ibid.

[6] Ibid.

[7] Ibid.

[8] Abbott, p. 5. [Lutrell, Newspapers, 9, and Schmitt, Fighting Editors, 30. The Arizona Weekly Journal Miner recalled in its issue of March 11, 1895, "They obtained an antiquated press and a limited supply of well-worn type, the refuse of a Santa Fe newspaper office. . . The suns of summer melted the rollers, the frosts of winter solidified the ink, and Indians raided to within a thousand yards of the office."]

[9] Lyon, p. 3.

[10] Abbott, p. 6. [Joseph Miller, Arizona: The Last Frontier (New York: Hastings House, 1940) 126; Lutrell, Newspapers,. 104].

[11] Abbott, p. 6.

[12] Ibid.

[13] Ibid.

[14] Cactus & Pine. From a copy of the masthead at the end of footnotes.

[15] Ibid., p. 4.

[16] Abbott, p. 16. Marion has, in later years, gained an underserved reputation for bigotry. Will C. Barnes in Arizona Place Names quotes John G. Bourke: "Week after week in the columns of the Miner, John H. Marion fought out the battles of America for Americans. Not a word of Spanish, not so much as a Spanish advertisement could be found in its columns." It would seem that Bourke, if accurately quoted, did not see many copies of the Miner.

[17] Abbott, p. 16. [Arizona Miner, October 14, 1871, quoted in Farish, Volume 8, Page 124.]

[18] Editorial by John Marion, Arizona Miner, April 16, 1870, p. 2. Copy from a file at Sharlot Hall Museum.

[19] Abbott, p. 17.

[20] Cactus & Pine, p. 18. [Arizona Miner, September 6, 20, 1873].

[21] Docket No. 1, p. 67 – Case No. 1422, Yavapai County District Court Records.

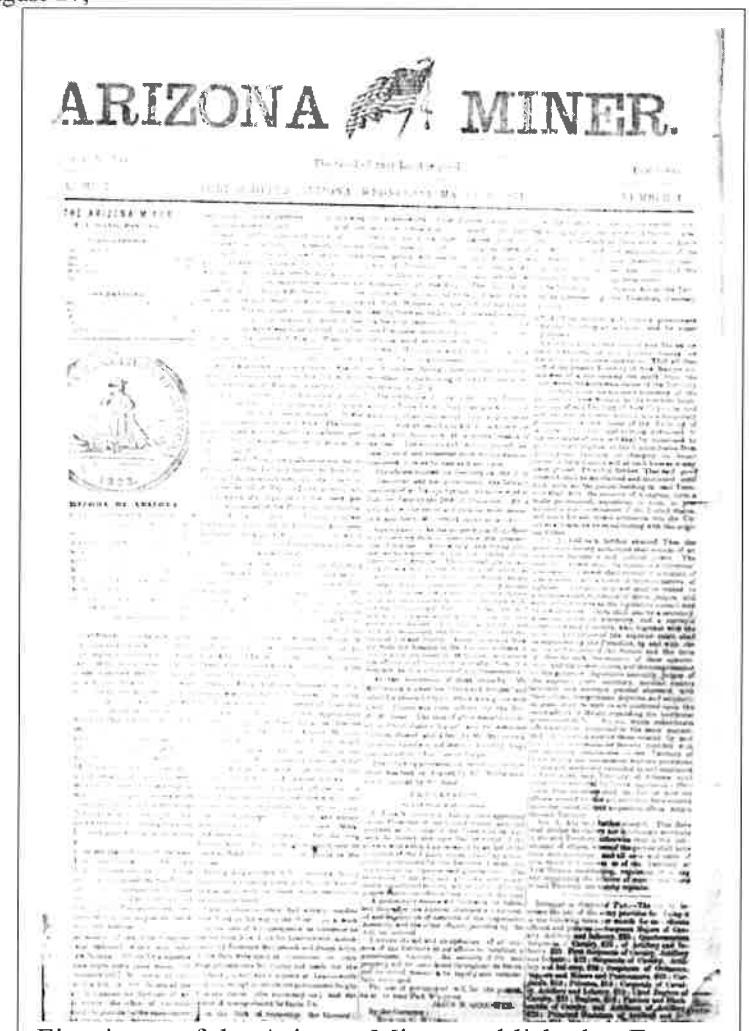
[22] Clipping in scrapbook No. 1 dated November 19, 1884 at Sharlot Hall Museum.

[23] Those Old Yellow Dog Days, p. 11.

[24] Abbott, p. 15.

[25] Newspaper clipping file at Sharlot Hall Museum. If others had doubts about Marion's age, it could be because he muddied the water. From an undated clipping in the Marion File at Sharlot Hall Museum: "In the Great Register for 1876, he gives his age as 39. The Territorial census for 1870 says he was 34. The Territorial census for 1880 says he was 43. On his marriage license in 1888 he gives his age as 49."

[26] Prescott Morning Courier, July 29, 1891.



First issue of the Arizona Miner, published at Fort Whipple, March 9, 1864, Tisdale A. Hand, Pub.

The Apache Scout in Arizona's Indian Wars: Ally, Renegade or Pragmatist?

By Fred Veil

The American Indian has played an important role in the military history of North America. Beginning with the Spanish conquest of Mexico and continuing through America's Civil War, Indian tribes who were allied with Spanish, English, French, colonial, Union and Confederate forces provided an important combat resource in wars and rebellions.

In 1521, Hernan Cortes supplemented his Spanish army of 600 with 3,000 Indians hostile to Montezuma and the Aztec empire to facilitate his conquest of Mexico and establish a major Spanish presence in the New World. Two centuries later, both the French and the British formed alliances with several eastern Indian tribes during the conflict known in America as the French and Indian War. America's War of Independence against Great Britain found the Iroquois Nation and a confederacy of six Indian tribes, split in their support of the white combatants, although they fought mostly on the side of the British. In the War of 1812, the Shawnee, led by the noted American Indian Tecumseh, sided with the British against the forces of the United States. Finally, during America's Civil War, as many as eighteen Indian tribes formed military units and fought alongside the soldiers of both the Union and Confederate armies.

These alliances, mostly informal and adapted to the circumstances and exigencies of the time, also were applicable to the Indian country of the West—before, during and in the immediate aftermath of the Civil War. As that war concluded and the nation turned its attention to the westward expansion that followed, the federal government began to transfer troops west to deal with the "Indian problem" now exacerbated by the ever-increasing encroachment of white settlers on traditional Indian land. Coincident with the build-up of its military presence in the west, the government also took a different tack with respect to the utilization of Indians in its military effort to subdue and pacify the Western tribes. It "regularized" them.

In 1866 the U.S. Congress enacted a statute titled "An Act to Increase and Fix the Military Peace Establishment of the United States." This legislation increased the size of the Army from its pre-War strength of 18,000 to 54,000 and, in obvious recognition of the mobility required to successfully prosecute a war against the Western tribes, increased the number of cavalry regiments in the army from six to ten. Importantly, the Act also authorized the President to enlist a force of Indians "not to exceed a thousand" to act as scouts for the Army. These Indian enlistees would receive the pay and allowances of cavalry soldiers and additionally would be subject to the Army's military justice system. Unlike their non-Indian counterparts, however, the term of their enlistments were at the discretion of department commanders, which meant they could be discharged whenever the commander determined their services were no longer required.

The Apaches in Arizona

The U. S. Army's mission to conquer, subdue and pacify the Western Indian tribes in the post-Civil War period encompassed a theater of operations that ranged throughout the entire trans-Mississippi west—the Northwest,

the far West, the Plains and the Southwest which, of course, included the territory of Arizona, where, ultimately, the Indian Wars evolved into an extended and bloody conflict with the Apaches, most notably those of the Chiricahua tribe.

The people who came to be generally known as Apaches in Arizona descended from a common background—the people of the Athapaskan language group. The exact dates of their migration into the area that ultimately became Arizona are unknown, but their presence there preceded that of the Spanish in the 1500s. In fact, it was from the Spanish that the Apaches first obtained horses and firearms and thereby began to develop their skills as the most formidable warriors of their time and place. The Arizona Apaches were comprised of two major tribes that have come to be called the Chiracahua Apaches and the Western Apaches. The former claimed the mountainous county of southeastern Arizona, western New Mexico and northern Mexico as their homeland, while the Western Apaches were situated principally in the White Mountains.

Despite their common language, it would be wrong to characterize the Apaches in Arizona as a unified society. In fact, the Apaches included various sub-tribal groups, divisions, bands, clans, and families, the social organizations of which were largely independent of the two major tribes. Further, with few exceptions, the Apache tribes had no formal leadership or mechanism of authority that would unite these sub-tribal groupings. To be sure, there were recognized chiefs such as Mangas Coloradas, Victorio and Cochise, and informal leaders like Geronimo, who had the stature and perceived "power" to influence and lead certain tribal groups, but, for the most part, despite the commonality of their language, the various Apache groups—either at the tribal or sub-tribal level—had little affinity with each other. Consequently, the bonds of loyalty between and among the Apache tribes and bands were not as strong as one might otherwise imagine, and provides at least one explanation why an Apache was willing to scout or even fight against "his own people."

The Apache Warrior

The popular image of the Apache Indian is that of a warrior. Historian Thomas Dunlay, in *Wolves for the Blue Soldiers*, noted that the Apache of myth was "fierce, cruel, implacably war-like, and diabolically cunning" and likewise possessed powers of "endurance, elusiveness, mobility, and [a] mastery of guerilla tactics" far surpassing that of his white adversaries. General George Crook, who successfully employed Apaches in Arizona as scouts and combat soldiers, called them the "tigers of the human species."

The Apaches in Arizona were indeed skilled fighters, and undoubtedly there were many who fit the description of the mythical warrior. But they were also human beings. They went to war with the whites or other Indians, but when the raid or conflict was over, they went home to their families and friends. The Apache warriors took wives, had children, and interacted socially with other members of their group or clan. They participated in religious ceremonies. They hunted for game to

General George Crook and Medal of Honor-winning Apache Scout Alchesay.

provide for their families. Within their culture, their family and social lives were not unlike those of the white settlers who were occupying the traditional lands of the Apache. In fact, one could argue with justification, that the Apache warrior led a more normal life than his blue-coated adversary, as unlike the soldier posted to the Western frontier far removed from his home and family, the Apache warrior lived in his homeland with a family that he loved and cared for.

The Indian War in Arizona, particularly in its early post-Civil War phase (1866-1871), was a source of continual frustration to the cavalry and infantry units posted to the territory by the Army. The guerilla war tactics employed by the Indians were unlike anything the Army had been trained or prepared for. Moreover, the Apaches had a huge advantage over the Army regulars. They knew the territory and the Army did not. Further, they had the advantage of mobility, even as compared with the Army's cavalry units. Small bands of Apaches would strike at defenseless civilians, steal their horses, cattle and anything else of value and simply vanish into the nearby mountains. Army units would mobilize and pursue but generally to no avail, as the Apaches would engage the Army only when they had a numerical or tactical advantage, or when they were put in a position of having to defend their women and children, such as those rare occasions when the Army was able to mount a surprise attack on an Apache rancheria.

It was this form of warfare, and the Army's inability to find and engage the hostiles, that led to the utilization of Indians, as authorized by the Act of 1866, as scouts and, eventually, as combat troops on the side of the blue-

Apache Rancheria in Arizona Territory, circa 1880s.

coated soldiers.

Indians as Scouts and Combat Forces

The role of the Indian scout, as it was perceived by Congress, was reconnaissance; that is, the gathering of intelligence respecting the location of hostile Indian tribes. Given the fact that the only effective means of engaging the Apache hostiles in Arizona was to conduct surprise attacks on their rancherias, it was imperative for the Army to employ Indian scouts who were familiar with the territory in which the Army sought to operate, and who could read and follow signs, identify the potential target as a hostile group, and stealthily lead troops to a position from which they could lodge an attack at the first light of dawn. It was a task that required considerable skill, but one that Arizona Indians, particularly Apaches, were trained from childhood to perform.

During the early phase of the post-Civil War campaign against the Indians, the scouts employed by the Army were mostly Mexicans, Mexican Americans, half-breeds and Indians from friendly tribes—the Papago, Maricopa and Pima—all with limited success.

Much credit is given to General Crook for his use of Apaches as scouts and combat forces in Arizona, and deservedly so, as he was an early and strong advocate for the utilization of Apaches in that manner after he took command of the territory in 1871. He was not the originator of the practice, however. This distinction belongs to Major John Green, 1st Cavalry, who had assumed command of Camp Grant in February 1869. In the spring of that year Green led a large and successful expedition against the Apaches, in the course of which his chief scout, Manuel, a full-blooded Apache, proved invaluable in leading the troops to a rancheria situated in Mt. Turnbull. Later that year, Green struck a bargain with Miguel, chief of the White Mountain Apaches, a sub-tribe of the Western Apaches, by which the latter agreed to provide warriors to scout against other Apache bands within the territory. This arrangement led to the establishment of Ft. Apache in the White Mountains as a base of operations against those

Peace-breaking Apache raider Geronimo, far right, and three of his followers.

Apache tribes that remained hostile to the white populace of the territory.

The transition to Apache scouts was not seamless as evidenced by a situation that occurred during Green's Mt. Turnbull expedition. While Green's force was temporarily encamped at Camp Goodwin to rest the troops and horses, and replenish their supplies, two Apaches—who were ostensibly friendly and known to the regulars at Goodwin—offered to guide Green's troops to a place where some hostiles were located. Green accepted their offer over the strong objections of Lt. Charles Veil, who had reservations about the Indians' loyalty. On this occasion the junior officer was right and the commanding officer was wrong. The two Apaches left during the night, presumably to warn their kinsmen of the Army's plans. Several days later, after Green's expedition had departed Camp Goodwin, one of them was spotted near a place on the Gila River where the troops were encamped. He was captured by Manuel's scouts, and shot while trying to escape. Veil's troopers from Company "C," finished the job by hanging him by the neck to a nearby tree with a picket rope.

It was incidents of this kind that caused many officers and men operating in the Arizona Territory to be skeptical of the use of Apache scouts against Apache hostiles. Notwithstanding, the Apaches were considered to be more effective than Indians of other tribes whose loyalty was more readily accepted. Operating on the premise that it took an Apache to track and successfully engage an Apache in combat, Crook ultimately came to rely almost exclusively on Apache scouts in the war of attrition against the Chiracahuas. In fact, their service contributed significantly to the prosecution and successful conclusion of those hostilities. According to Crook, the surrender of the Chiricahua in 1883 and Geronimo and his band of hostiles in 1886 would not have been possible without the service of the Apache scouts. No one who has studied the Apache war in Arizona can seriously dispute that statement.

Motivations of Apache Scouts

The U.S. government's campaign against the Apache tribes in Arizona was a war of attrition. As the Army's noose tightened around the hostiles, depriving them of familiar hunting grounds, access to water, and destruction of their provisions through attacks on their rancherias, individuals and groups of Apaches, large and small, began to seek accommodation with the Army. Accommodation generally came on the Army's terms, which meant relocation to reservations such as San Carlos, an arid, practically uninhabitable place originally situated on the salt flats at the juncture of the Gila and San Carlos Rivers. Author David Roberts uses the words of Daklugie, a Chiricahua Apache, to describe the conditions at San Carlos:

> San Carlos . . . was the worst place in all the great territory stolen from the Apaches. If anybody ever lived there permanently, no Apache knew of it. Where there is no grass, there is no game. Nearly all of the vegetation was cacti; and though in season a little cactus fruit was produced, the rest of the year the food was lacking. The heat was terrible. The insects were terrible. The water was terrible. What there was in the sluggish river was brackish and warm.

In fact, the brackish waters of the rivers spawned millions of mosquitoes, which led to outbreaks of malaria, causing many deaths among the inhabitants of the reservation. The Indians located there were provided government rations, and seed and farming implements, along with instructions as to how to use the latter, futile as those efforts may have been in an environment unsuitable for raising crops. It was a terrible existence for a people who, in Geronimo's words, once "moved about like the wind," and was the cause of

many defections by those who then resumed hostilities in Arizona and south of the border in Mexico.

Initially, the Chiricahua Apaches were not subject to the degrading conditions that existed at San Carlos. In 1872, Cochise, a Chiricahua chief and leader of a large segment of that tribe, recognized the futility of continued resistance and the inevitability of defeat, and negotiated an arrangement with the government by which the Chiricahua would cease hostilities in exchange for a reservation on their homeland in the Chiricahua Mountains of southeastern Arizona. That arrangement lasted only until shortly after Cochise's death in 1874, when the government reneged on its promises to the Chiricahuas and shut down their reservation with the intention of relocating its inhabitants to San Carlos. This precipitous and ill-advised action by Washington caused many Chiricahuas, including leaders such as Juh and Geronimo, to refuse to go to San Carlos. They, along with the vast majority of those who had been peacefully settled on the Chiricahua Reservation, fled to Mexico and ultimately resumed their hostilities on both sides of the border, thereby prolonging the Apache War for another decade.

The continued hostilities provided an opportunity for the Apache warriors who had been settled at San Carlos. Given the choice between farming in an inhospitable environment or scouting and fighting for the army, even against other Apaches, many such warriors opted for the latter alternative. Their choice was not surprising. These were, after all, men who were raised in a warrior culture, who, according to Dunlay, "regarded war as their proper occupation and horses and weapons as the attributes of manhood." Apache scouts were enlisted into the Army and provided rations and pay equivalent to regular soldiers. They were furnished horses—or an allowance if they used their own—as well as firearms and ammunition. They obtained status within their community, as compared with "squaw men," as the Chiricahuas derisively referred to those who chose to toil on the reservation, Moreover, and importantly, the Apache scouts had the opportunity to associate and interact with other warriors—the regular soldiers—and were subject to military rather than civilian supervision and control.

Nor is there any sense of mystery as to why an Apache warrior would choose to scout and, in some cases fight, against members of his own tribe; that is, Chiricahua against Chiricahua. As earlier discussed, the Apaches were not a unified society and their relationships and therefore loyalties were generally with and to groups considerably smaller than the tribe with whom they affiliated, such as a band or family unit or clan. This was particularly so as a leadership void evolved following the deaths of the great Apache chiefs. Even when Apaches went against those with whom they had some level of affinity, as Chato did when he helped track down Geronimo in 1885, the need to support their families—to whom they owed their first duty of loyalty—and maintain their dignity as warriors, overrode any feelings of kinship they may have had toward the hostiles. A scout's decision to ally with the U.S. Army, even against "his own," while considered by some to be an act of disloyalty, was, in fact, the result of a very pragmatic decision made on a very human level.

The Cibeque Mutiny

The Apache scouts in Arizona rendered very valuable service to the U.S. Army, as evidenced by the ten Medals of Honor awarded to them during Crook's winter campaign of 1872-73. Unquestionably, but for their service, the war in the Arizona Territory would have been extended for years if not decades. Their reputation, however, will be forever besmirched by the events on Cibeque Creek in August, 1881.

Nochedelklinne, an Apache medicine man at the White Mountain Reservation, began preaching a vision and teaching a "ghost dance," the essence of which was that the whites would soon vanish from the land of the Apaches and the great chiefs—Mangas Coloradas, Victorio and Cochise—would arise from the dead. Nochedelklinne's activities caused the white authorities on the reservation to become alarmed, and ultimately, Col. Eugene Carr, commanding Ft. Apache, was ordered to arrest the troublesome prophet. At the time, the scout company at Ft. Apache was comprised of White Mountain Apaches who were kin to those residing on the reservation. Carr had concerns about using these scouts on this mission and sought direction from his department commander, Bvt. Maj. Gen. Orlando Willcox, but was unable to communicate because of downed telegraph wires. Ultimately, Carr moved out with two companies of infantry and his Apache scouts. Nochedelklinne's arrest was made without incident; however, a large body of his followers, apparently distrustful of the Army's intentions respecting their spiritual leader, trailed closely behind the column as it returned to the fort. As the soldiers made camp on Cibeque Creek, the Apaches crowded in, a shot was fired—its origin very much in dispute—and a general firefight erupted. Eight soldiers were killed, several of them allegedly by Carr's Apache scouts, some of whom had joined the fight on the side of their kinsmen. Nochedelklinne was shot and killed by a soldier on Carr's orders. The soldiers eventually were able to withdraw under cover of darkness and make their way back to the fort without further incident.

The affair was the catalyst for a resumption of hostilities in Arizona. Retaliatory raids resulted in the deaths of six or more civilians and an attack even was launched on Ft. Apache, prompting Gen. Willcox to order reinforcements to the fort. Moreover, fear of a general uprising of the Apaches caused considerable alarm among the civilian population of the territory.

The so-called Cibeque Mutiny is one of the few recorded instances in history in which Indian scouts turned on their white comrades on the field of battle. Five of the scouts involved eventually were brought to trial in a general court martial proceeding, all were convicted, three of which—Sgt. Dead Shot, Dandy Jim and Skippy—were sentenced to be executed. The sentence was carried out on March 3, 1882 at Camp Grant, thus ending a sorry chapter in the otherwise glorious history of Apache scouting in the Arizona Territory.

Conclusion

The Apache war in Arizona ended in August 1886, when Geronimo and his band of thirty-odd Chiricahuas were taken into custody by General Nelson Miles, who had replaced General Crook in April of that year. Meanwhile, on orders from Washington, all of the Chiricahuas on the reservation at San Carlos—men, women and children—were in the process of being relocated to Florida where they would be treated as prisoners of war. Geronimo and his followers likewise were sent to Ft. Marion, Florida. He was, however, promised that within two years the Chiricahuas would be returned to Arizona and settled on a reservation—yet another commitment to which the federal government would later renege.

The Chiricahua Apache scouts—65 in number, who so ably served the U.S. Army in Arizona and whose service hastened the end of the Apache war—were not excluded from Washington's removal orders. They, too, were sent to Florida and forced to live among those whose defeat they had helped to assure.

The Chiricahua Apache scouts deserved much better. They had served valiantly. Their subsequent treatment by the federal government was an injustice to them and their service to the United States.

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Chiracahua Apache prisoners and their army escort pictured en route to imprisonment at Fort Marion, Florida, following Geronimo's surrender in 1886.

Why I Never Went Prospecting: The Account of an Arizona Pioneer

By John H. Cady

The following is excerpted from an account of John H. Cady's experiences in territorial Arizona. Cady owned and ran a series of stores, restaurants, saloons and dance halls, mostly in southern Arizona, catering to gold prospectors while studiously avoiding the lure of prospecting himself.[1]

It was astonishing how little was required in those days to start a stampede. A stranger might come in town with a "poke" of gold dust. He would naturally be asked where he had made the strike. As a matter of fact, he probably had washed a dozen different streams to get the poke-full, but under the influence of liquor he might reply: "Oh, over on the San Carlos," or the San Pedro, or some other stream.

It did not require that he should state how rich the strike was, or whether it had panned out. All that was necessary to start a mad rush in the direction he had designated was the sight of his gold and the magic word "strike." Many were the trails that led to death or bitter disappointment, in Arizona's early days.

John H. Cady

Most of the old prospectors did not see the results of their own "strikes" nor share in the profits from them after their first "poke" had been obtained. There was old John Waring, for instance, who found gold on a tributary of the Colorado and blew into Arizona City, got drunk and told of his find:

"Gold! Gold! Lots o'vit !" he informed them, drunkenly, incoherently, and woke up the next morning to find that half the town had disappeared in the direction of his claim. He rushed to the registry office to register his claim, which he had foolishly forgotten to do the night before. He found it already registered. Some unscrupulous rascal had filched his secret, even to the exact location of his claim . . . and had got ahead of him in registering it. No claim is really legal until it is registered, although in the mining camps of the old days it was a formality often dispensed with, since claim jumpers met a prompt and drastic punishment.

In many other instances the big mining men gobbled up the smaller ones, especially at a later period, when most of the big mines were grouped under a few large managements, with consequent great advantage over their smaller competitors. Indeed, there is comparatively little incentive now for a prospector to set out in Arizona, because if he chances to stumble on a really rich prospect, and attempts to work it himself, he is likely to be so browbeaten that he is finally forced to sell out to some large concern.

I have never, curiously enough, heeded the insistent call of the diggings; I have never "washed a pan," and my name has never appeared on the share-list of a mine. And this, too, has been in spite of the fact that often I have been directly in the paths of the various excitements. I have been always wise enough to see that the men who made rapid fortunes in gold were not the men who stampeded head-over-heels to the diggings, but the men

who stayed behind and opened up some kind of business which the gold seekers would patronize. These were the reapers of the harvest, and there was little risk in their game, although the stakes were high.

I have said that I never owned a mining share. Well, I never did; but once I came close to owning a part share in what is now the richest copper mine on earth—a mine that, with the Anaconda in Montana, almost determines the price of raw copper. I will tell you the tale.

Along in the middle (eighteen) seventies—I think it was '74, I was partner with a man named George Stevens at Eureka Springs, west of Fort Thomas in the Apache country, a trading station for freighters. We were owners of the trading station, which was some distance south of where the copper cities of Globe and Miami are now situated.

We made very good money at the station and Stevens and I decided to have some repairs and additions built to the store. We looked around for a mason and finally hired one named George Warren, a competent man whose only fault was a fondness for the cup that cheers.

Warren was also a prospector of some note and had made several rich strikes. It was known that, while he had never found a bonanza, wherever he announced "pay dirt" there "pay dirt" invariably was to be found. In other words, he had a reputation for reliability that was valuable to him and of which he was intensely vain. He was a man with "hunches," and hunches curiously enough, that almost always made good.

These hunches were more or less frequent with Warren. They usually came when he was broke for, like all prospectors, Warren found it highly inconvenient ever to be the possessor of a large sum of money for any length of time. He had been known to say to a friend: "I've got a hunch!" disappear, and in a week or two, return with a liberal amount of dust. Between hunches he worked at his trade.

When he had completed his work on the store at Eureka Springs for myself and Stevens, Warren drew me aside one night and, very confidentially informed me that he had a hunch. "You're welcome to it, George," I said, and, something calling me away at that moment, I did not hear of him again until I returned from New Fort Grant, whither I had gone with a load of hay for which we had a valuable contract with the government. Then Stevens informed me that Warren had told him of his hunch, had asked for a grub-stake, and, on being given one, had departed in a southerly direction with the information that he expected to make a find over in the Dos Cabezas direction.

He was gone several weeks, and then one day Stevens said to me, quietly: "John, Warren's back."

"Yes?" I answered. "Did he make a strike?"

"He found a copper mine," said Stevens.

"Oh, only copper!" I laughed. "That hunch system of his must have got tarnished by this time, then!"

You see, copper at that time was worth next to nothing. There was no big smelter in the Territory and it was almost impossible to sell the ore. So it was natural enough that neither myself nor Stevens should feel particularly jubilant over Warren's strike. One day I thought to ask Warren whether he had christened his mine yet, as was the custom. "I'm going to call it the 'Copper Queen,' " he said. I laughed at him for the name, but admitted it a good one. That mine today, reader, is one of the greatest copper properties in the world. It is worth about a billion dollars. The syndicate that owns it owns as well a good slice of Arizona.[2]

Prospecting is continued on page 26

If You Have Wondered Why Cowboys Sing

By Wylie Grant Sherwin

Wylie Sherwin was born in 1895 and worked as a cowboy as a young man in the Bighorn Canyon country of Wyoming. This story was excerpted from his journals. Although it takes place in Wyoming, the art of "cowboying" is pretty much the same throughout the West.

It was mid-afternoon and the herd was dry. They were traveling good and strung out for a mile for they could smell water. We were heading for Lodgegrass Creek a couple of miles away. Walter and I were bringing up the rear. There were no drags, for they were all anxious to travel. And then we heard a dog bark behind us. We looked back up the freight road and there came an Indian in a wagon. He was coming at a trot and approaching pretty fast. The dog was running ahead to bark at us.

Now you can imagine what that would do to a bunch of wild steers. They were hardly used to men on horseback, and they had never seen a dog, and the clatter of that wagon coming up behind was a sure way to start a stampede. A good cowhand doesn't have to take time to think through a situation like this. That is the difference between a cowboy and one who never will be; he knows and he acts by reflex, I suppose. So we both wheeled our mounts at one and the same time and headed for that Indian on a run. I waved my hat and Walter pulled his rope loose. He could shake a loop faster than any man I ever saw, and as we met that dog, he dabbed a rope on him and dragged him about a hundred feet to that wagon, and swung him up and into it before the dog or Indian knew what had happened. We scared the tar out of the Indian and turned him out across the prairie.

A bunch of big fat steers like this is a touchy proposition. They can blow up awfully quick and with very little cause. Once, a jackrabbit jumped out of a bush just to one side of the lead. About fifty steers broke sideways and jumped a deep wash. There was no place nearby for us to get across to them, and it was too wide and deep to jump with a horse. We had to hold up the herd for about an hour while two of us went a long way around to get over there and bring those cattle back around the way we had gone in, for they weren't interested in jumping back.

We were always having little flare-ups like that and sometimes a pretty good run would develop. In daylight these are not serious except they do run off a little fat, but at night a stampede is a cowboy's nightmare. And we had one on this drive.

I remember we were loading at a little siding called Aberdine that year. There were several places where we could load, but Johnny chose that one because we could get there with fewer fences, and there was plenty of grass close by. We held the herd four or five miles out until Johnny made sure there were enough cars there to take care of us, for eight hundred big steers and heifers makes a pretty good trainload. Then we got word to move in close, for we would start loading at daylight the next morning. The agent assured us there would be no more trains that night, and it would be safe to hold them close to the pens.

Cowboys have the reputation for singing quite a lot. And this has led to the belief that a cowboy's life is a happy and carefree one. And maybe it is, or was for some, but how many people ever stopped to think why a cowboy did sing? Sometimes it was because he was lonesome and singing helped to while

away the long hours, but on night herd, regardless of any other reason, he sang because that was the best assurance against startling the cattle.

The darker the night the more nervous they were apt to be, and singing warned them of our approach and they were not startled. If I wasn't singing or humming, I always talked to the herd at night. I don't mean I held forth at great length to the herd in general, I mean I spoke to them more individually, each one, as I came to them on my rounds of the herd. You see, out at night, you usually keep moving all the time, slowly, quietly circling the herd so that none would slip away. As for the cattle, if they were not hungry or thirsty, they usually were all lying down quietly. You didn't dare make a quick move or snap your bridle reins. The flare of a match was a sure way to cause trouble.

On this particular night, it had been dusk when we moved the herd in. We bunched them on a grassy slope about a quarter of a mile from the yards. And because we wanted to corral them early the next morning, we were holding a little tighter herd than usual.

It was cloudy and threatening to rain that night as we ate our supper around the campfire. We had been on the trail eight days and everyone was pretty tired. The cattle had become much more gentle and easier to handle and so we decided to stand one-man guard that night. That meant one and a half hours instead of three.

We rotated the guard each night and Walter and I would have had twelve to three, but by splitting it up, I took twelve to one-thirty. We only had one time-piece in the bunch and when Charley Moore turned the guard over to me, he gave me the watch and said, "Here you are, Boss, be careful you don't spill 'em, they're spooky tonight." They always called me "Boss." I guess it was because I was the youngest of the lot.

I started to put my slicker on before going too close to the herd, but it wasn't raining at the moment and I decided to just carry it across the saddle in front of me for a while. I circled the herd and sang or hummed as I went so as not to startle them. There were quite a few on their feet all right, and any that were moving out were turned back gently. I had made several circles around the herd, but I hadn't looked at the watch for I knew my time wasn't up yet, and I couldn't see without riding away from the cattle and striking a match. And then it happened.

It had been thundering quite a lot or I probably would have heard that train coming. But then, the agent had said there wouldn't be any more trains that night. The train burst around a bend and through a cut, and the headlight stabbed right into the herd. Just at that instant, the engineer pulled the whistle, and I know those cattle were really scared, for I was, myself.

I happened to be on the far side of the herd from the train, and in nothing flat, every animal was on its feet and running. I grabbed my slicker in my right hand and turned with the cattle. As soon as I was able to break out ahead of them, I started shouting and waving my slicker and at the same time I was working my way to the left, for I wanted to try to start them in a circle. I had never seen a foot of this country in daylight and all I could do was pray that there were no fences or cut banks or rims in our way. And then, before you could believe it possible, there was Walter, and right behind him the rest of the boys. Firemen with their greased pole never had anything on those boys.

We were all on one side of the lead, and I had bent them a little by myself, and now we were able to bring more pressure until finally we were really circling and the riders were well spaced now and hollering like wild Indians to keep them from breaking that circle until they had their run out.

There was no more sleep for anyone that night. It took all hands from then on, and at daybreak we corralled them and started to load. I asked the boys how they got there so quick, and from what they said, I guess that train whistle had the same effect on them as it did on the cattle. Anyway, they were all asleep one second and the next they were running for their horses, for they knew what would happen all right. The big danger in a stampede like that is, of course, a pile up. Should the lead go over a bank, or through a fence or something else to cause one or more to fall, then others fall over them and the results can be terrible. We were lucky, for we didn't lose a steer, although we probably lost several thousand pounds of beef [fat].

Transcribed and edited by Russ Sherwin

WHY I NEVER WENT PROSPECTING

Continued from page 22

"Syndicate?" I hear you ask. "Why, what about Warren, the man who found the mine, and Stevens, the man who grub-staked him?"

Ah! What about them! George Stevens bet his share of the mine against $75 at a horse race one day, and lost; and George Warren, the man with the infallible hunch, died years back in squalid misery, driven there by drink and the memory of many empty discoveries. The syndicate that obtained the mine from Warren gave him a pension amply sufficient for his needs, I believe. It is but fair to state that had the mine been retained by Warren the probabilities are it would never have been developed, for Warren, like other old prospectors, was a genius at finding pay-streaks, but a failure when it came to exploiting them.

That, reader, is the true story of the discovery of the Copper Queen, the mine that has made a dozen fortunes and two cities—Bisbee and Douglas. If I had gone in with Stevens in grubstaking poor Warren would I, too, I wonder, have sold my share for some foolish trifle or recklessly gambled it away?

Edited by Russ Sherwin

ENDNOTES

[1] *Arizona's Yesterdays*, 1916, Basil Dillon Woon, pages 64-70. The book can be downloaded at *http://manybooks.net/titles/cadyj2867028670.html*

[2] The Copper Queen Mine in Cochise County, Arizona, gave birth to the surrounding towns of Bisbee and Douglas. In the early 1900s it was the most productive copper mine in Arizona. The original claim to the mine was staked in 1877 by a prospector named George Warren, attracted by outcrops with the lead mineral cerussite, which often carried silver. The surface pockets of cerussite were soon exhausted, but the owners found that the ore body ran 23% copper, with silver and gold as byproducts. The surface pockets of cerussite were soon exhausted, but the owners found that the ore body ran 23% copper, with silver and gold as byproducts, so the Copper Queen ore body was considered extraordinarily high grade. The surface oxide ore was exhausted after three or four years, but miners eventually found even larger ore bodies.

ABOUT US

The award-winning Prescott Corral (www.prescottcorral.org) was founded in 1962 as an affiliate of Westerners International (www.westerners-international.org), an organization dedicated to the preservation of the real history of the American West.

The Prescott Corral has a well-earned reputation for excellence in preserving Western history through its monthly dinner meetings, the annual History Symposium that it co-sponsors with the Sharlot Hall Museum, and its contributions to other area historical preservation groups.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Russ Sherwin has a singular view of frontier life, contained in a journal from his father. The elder Sherwin, Wylie Grant Sherwin was a cowboy and ranch hand in the Bighorn Wyoming area as a teenager in the early 20th Century.

Claudette Simpson is a 40-year Prescott resident, a long-time newspaper person and an ex-librarian. She has written feature articles for both daily and weekly papers including the *Carson* (Nevada) *Review*, the *Prescott Courier*, *Westward Magazine* and the *Prescott Sun*. She also had her own publication, the *Prescott News*, "which I started on a shoestring and published for 18 months until the shoestring ran out."

Fred Veil, a retired lawyer who has lived in Prescott since 2000, is a Past Sheriff of the Prescott Corral (2004). His previously published works include historical articles in the *Journal of Arizona History*, the *Territorial Times* and, most recently (October, 2012), a book on early baseball titled *Bucky, A story of baseball in the Deadball Era.*

ABOUT THE BACK COVER: Ruins of the Wagoner Store

Bruce Fee painted this view of the Wagoner Store ruin shortly before it was bulldozed out of existence. The store was located about a mile north of the failed Walnut Grove Dam and also served as the local gas station with a single non-electric gas pump. (The attendant hand-pumped the desired amount of gas into a glass delivery tank, and gravity did the rest.) Local lore maintains that it was the oldest Sinclair Gas franchise in Arizona.