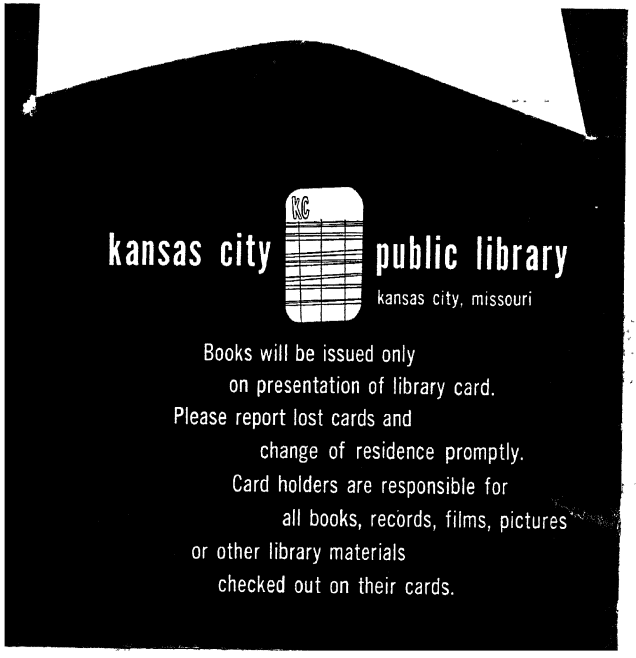
FRONTIER DAYS IN THE SOUTHWEST

By JENNIE PARKS RINGGOLD



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PIONEER DAYS in OLD ARIZONA

by

Jennie Parks Ringgold

THE NAYLOR COMPANY
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This story is lovingly dedicated to the memory of my father W. John Parks, my mother Louise Epley Parks, and all those brave and fearless pioneers who helped to tame a vast wilderness country and to create out of it one of the garden spots of the world.

Preface

TWO WINTERS BEFORE MY MOTHER'S DEATH, I asked her to tell me in great detail of their overland trip to Arizona. The pioneer reunion had been organized about three years before, and great interest was being shown by those who were eligible for membership. I had read each reunion edition of the *Arizona Republic* and had become absorbed in the accounts of pioneer days. Wanting to preserve the story of our family for the younger members who did not realize the hardships our parents had undergone, I began writing down the facts mother told me during the long winter evenings. After her death I found among old legal papers the little diary kept by Sheb Oatman on the trip west. It was a small notebook three by five inches and contained all the dates of the journey and much information about the principal forts they passed and the country through which they traveled.

The dates of the later stories of Indians and outlaws have been verified by search of the court records of Graham County. Only in recent years have the residents of the state begun to realize the debt of gratitude they owe to the pioneers who lived desolate and dangerous lives in the wilderness in order that their descendants might live in peace. Because of this growing interest in pioneer history I was fortunate in obtaining additional material for my story. For such help I am especially indebted to the following:

To the sheriffs of Graham County, A. A. Anderson, W. T. Witt, and James V. Parks, and to the deputy sheriffs, John A. McMurran, John D. and William H. Parks, Joe T. McKinney, and C. E. Gilmer, for information concerning outlaws and bad men;

To Anton Mazzanovich for pictures and information about army officers; Burt C. Mossman, captain of the Arizona Rangers, for information about Chacon; and Frank Mitchell, former paymaster of the Detroit Copper Company, for facts about the Morenci strike;

To Charles B. Yett, of the Graham County abstract office, for securing facts from county records; Bert Snider, a Grant County

official, for dates and records from old files of Silver City newspapers; the following territorial and state newspapers: *Tucson Star, Arizona Bulletin,* Solomonville, *Graham County Guardian* of Safford, *The Arizona Republic* of Phoenix, *Silver Belt* of Globe; and James L. Edwards for information about pioneer monuments;

To Judge W. A. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mauldin, John C. Epley, John H. Brown, who was agent and telegraph operator in Duncan in 1885, and Adam Smith, a pioneer merchant of Clifton, for their accounts of early-day episodes; Ted Fulwood, for help in regard to Indian and Mexican names, places, and several Indian pictures contributed for illustrations; and my husband, Frank Ringgold, for much of the material about the cattlemen and ranchers and Indian massacres on the Frisco and Blue rivers;

To the Arizona state historians, George H. Kelly, Dan R. Williamson, and Effie Keen, and the assistant state librarian, Ruth G. Kelly, for old records of the militia company and other organizations of Duncan; Sergeant Morris Swett, librarian at Fort Sill, Oklahoma; Margurete McGuire, librarian of the Oklahoma State Historical Society; Mrs. Harold H. Royaltey, secretary of the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society; Frederic Haskins, of the Bureau of Information, Washington, D. C.; and the War Department, for records of Arizona Indian affairs.

I am profoundly grateful to many others who have contributed essential material and assisted me in verifying information. I am indeed fortunate to have lived for many years among these pioneers and to have counted them among my early personal friends. To each and all I express my deep gratitude.

Jennie Parks Ringgold.

Contents

CHAPTER I

The Westward Trek

NEARLY A CENTURY AND A QUARTER AGO MY grandparents James W. Parks and his wife Mary were pioneering in the Blue Grass State of Kentucky where they established a home on a farm and also raised horses. Here five of the Parks children were born, three girls and two boys. My father, W. John Parks, the younger of the boys, was born in 1843.

When father was about fourteen years of age, his parents, like many other pioneers in that region, got the Western fever. They sold out and went to Missouri first and then to Texas, settling on a farm at Acton. Among other crops they raised cotton, a new venture for them. It must have been successful, for grandfather built his own cotton gin — one of the very few in the state at that time. In this new Texas home two more children were born, a girl and a boy, and my grandparents lived there until their death. Father lived on the farm for several years, but the life never appealed to him. He liked the stock industry, and his ambition was to own a ranch and raise cattle and horses. When he was about twenty years of age, with the assistance of his father he started out on his own as a stockman.

On March 9, 1865, father married Louise Ann Epley in Mills County, Texas, and until 1879 they made their home at Williams Ranch, a small settlement in the southern part of the county. Always a horse fancier, father owned a good strain of stock horses, which were bred for their hardiness and endurance. He ran the H Bar brand on the left fore shoulder of his horses, the bar being under the H. His cattle brand was PRX on the left side.

Though father prospered in the stock industry, ranch life began to lose its fascination for him about 1876. He began to feel the lure of a region far to the southwest, because of the rumors of great opportunities and the thrilling tales of gold and prosperity

which drifted back from that country. Settlers in the community around Williams Ranch were interested, as well as residents in other sections, and several families indicated their desire to journey westward.

From father's earliest years he seems to have been imbued with the spirit of an explorer, for always beyond the horizon or the next range of mountains was the Eldorado of his dreams. Now the great Southwest was calling to him, and he was eager to go, knowing that he would not be content until he had made a place for himself and his family there. Being of an adventurous nature, he wanted to be on his way. He was offered a good price for his ranch, cattle and horses, and, as he was in a very unsettled state of mind, he took the offer but reserved one hundred head of saddle and stock horses which he later drove west when the family migrated.

Mother's pleas for herself and their small children caused the postponement of the much-dreamed-of journey for a year or two. While father was "between the devil and the deep sea," as he afterward said, he accepted a job as manager of a big cattle company nearby. Their herds were being preyed upon by a gang of cattle rustlers, and the owners, Forsythe and Ford, wanted a man who not only would put fear into the rustlers but would not be afraid to fight it out with them when he caught them on the range. Father was surely the right man, for he had no fear of either a known or an unknown foe.

John C. Epley, mother's cousin, had worked for this company for several years, having started in as a horse wrangler when he was a mere boy. He continued in their employ even after father left for the Southwest, and delivered a large herd of cattle for them to Wyoming before he came to Arizona. During the time father and Epley worked for Forsythe and Ford, they drove two or three herds of cattle to Dodge City, Kansas.

Between the rustlers and the Comanche Indians, father's job was very dangerous. On one trip away from the ranch he was attacked by five Comanches. They were running their horses at full speed, firing at him and trying to cut him off from the home ranch. He coolly dismounted, used his horse as a shield, and, taking deliberate aim, he killed three of them, one at a time, by his excellent marksmanship. The other two fled. Shortly afterward, when father again mentioned the subject nearest his heart, a journey to the Southwest frontier, mother solemnly consented. It seemed to her that the dangers which would confront him on such a jour-

ney and after reaching the frontier could be no worse than those he was facing every day on the ranch.

As mother prepared for the trip, she often thought of the pioneering qualities of her own ancestors. The Spanglers had come from Holland unable to speak English, settled down in Tennessee, and become well-to-do farmers. Her mother, Louiza Elizabeth, had married John Epley, a stockman and farmer, and moved with him to Missouri. When John and Louiza Epley died in Chillicothe in 1851, they left considerable wealth, but the guardian in whose care their three children were placed robbed them of it all. With their aunt, Ann Epley Williams, and her husband, George Williams, the orphans migrated to Texas in 1855, traveling by ox team. The next year George Williams located a ranch in Mills County and built a rock house on land having a good spring of water. Soon there was a settlement of several homes, a store, a church, and a schoolhouse. The community was named Williams Ranch in honor of its locator.

My mother passed her girlhood at Williams Ranch, and she and father were married in the rock house.* She was only seventeen years of age when she took on the responsibilities of homemaking on the Texas frontier, then only a sparsely settled country. And not many years later she made her decision to leave relatives and friends to pioneer with my father in the unknown lands of the Southwest.

As soon as mother was won over, father began preparations for the trip west. He again visited the neighbors who had previously expressed a desire to make the journey with him, for there was greater safety in numbers. But some of them had changed their minds, and only a few families were ready to join the wagon train.

In April, 1879, father started on the long trek, leaving Williams Ranch with two spring wagons drawn by mule teams, and taking along several race horses and about a hundred head of stock and saddle horses. Besides father and mother and their five small children, there were Mr. and Mrs. Mose Fisher and their son and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. Tom Gatliff and their son and daughter, a German family by the name of Sibley and their children, Mr. and Mrs. William Adams and their son and three

* Many years later the rock house was used as the first flour mill in that part of the state. The spring which had led George Williams to decide on that particular spot on which to build long served as a source of water supply for the settlers. It is still a landmark, and the little church is still standing. In 1877 when a railroad was built through the settlement, all the homes were destroyed except the rock house of my great-aunt Ann Williams.

daughters, and Dr. Norman from the capital of the Emerald Isle.

The party headed southwest toward Mason, Texas, but stopped along the way for last visits with friends and relatives. Now and then they were delayed by bad weather. In little settlements through which they passed, they sometimes found other families waiting for the coming of an emigrant train they might join.

At Mason a man named Sheb Oatman attached himself to the caravan. He kept a diary of the trip from there until they reached the Rio Grande at Ysleta. He was a man of considerable education, and his daily account was very informative. According to his record Mason was a thriving village of a thousand inhabitants and was conveniently situated for trade. It had a county newspaper called *The News Item,* a lively paper of four sheets which contained communications from surrounding points. A new courthouse had just been finished and added greatly to the appearance of the town. Oatman also mentioned that a young lawyer from Georgia had joined the party. Though frequent references to the young man appear in the diary, his name was never given.

On the morning of June 11, 1879, the party left Mason for Silver City, New Mexico. The western part of Mason County through which they traveled was suffering from a drouth. Crops were burned up and water was scarce. They continued on to the Peg Leg crossing on the San Saba River in Menard County, which they reached at noon on the twelfth. There they camped and spent the afternoon fishing and hunting prairie dogs, which were plentiful.

Next morning they made an early start and proceeded up along the river through mesquite and chaparral flats. They passed through Menardville, the county seat, a town of four or five business houses. The surrounding region was thinly settled, and the people depended chiefly on sheep and cattle for a living. After leaving this town the party journeyed through a wilderness country and noted that the few homes were small and poorly furnished. Only a short time before this, the Indians had been on a raid and killed the wife and child of a man by the name of Colson.

The next stop was at Kickapoo Springs, which had been famous as a rendezvous for the Indians. In former years the tribes had used this place as a camping ground and a center of their activities. There they ground their corn in mortars, using a round rock or grinder, called a *mano.* a word which meant

hand. They hunted nearby and dried their venison and buffalo meat; they feasted and danced the war dance; and then they divided into small squads before starting out to raid and murder the white settlers east of the springs.

At the time father's party camped at Kickapoo, it was a stage stand, and a little store was kept there to supply travelers. About forty acres of land were in cultivation, irrigated from the springs. Along the branch grew large black walnut trees. After the party had made camp, a huge thunderstorm came up from the northwest just before dark. A violent rain fell, drenching the emigrants to the skin, and they spent a miserable night cramped up in the wagons.

The following day they drove west toward Lappan Springs. The country through which they passed was ideal for a stock ranch, with plenty of feed and timber on the creek to furnish winter shelter for cattle. But father was not to be tempted; his destination was the Southwest. The land from Lappan Springs to Fort Concho was a level plain, scantily dotted with mesquite and chaparral brush. Traversing this almost uninhabited region were Uncle Sam's telegraph wires, which made the travelers feel that they were still in touch with civilization, thanks to the inventive genius of the nineteenth century. On this stretch of dry plain, the sun's rays beat down fiercely on those in the little caravan, causing them to long for cool shelter and cold sparkling water to quench their thirst. But it was evening before they reached the Concho, a good-sized stream of clear pure water, and camped about a mile south of the fort.

Stationed at this post were six companies of Negro soldiers under the command of Major Mills. The Negroes had the appearance of being too lazy ever to be very active in the field after the Indians, and Oatman recorded in the diary his opinion that one company of Texas Rangers would have done more to cope with the wily red man than all the soldiers in the fort.

Concho Post was located on the forks of the Concho River and had the advantage of a healthful location and a good range for stock. As father's party entered the fort early the next morning, they learned that most of the soldiers were away, scouting around for the Indians, who, two nights before, had made a raid near the post. The quartermaster was afraid to send the stock out to graze. The military quarters were substantial stone buildings which housed six hundred men and extended in two rows east and west, with the parade ground between. While the emigrants

waited, they heard several musical selections played by the military band.

North of the post was the citizen town. It contained about a dozen business establishments which served a thriving trade. Reliable residents informed the travelers that some of the most desperate sporting characters and card sharks in Texas frequented this town.

The party remained at the fort until nearly noon, waiting for reports that might be sent back by the soldiers as to the wheareabouts of the Indian raiders. But no word came, and they finally set out up the overland stage road which followed the west bank of the river. All afternoon they journeyed over a beautiful, slightly rolling prairie which was covered with mesquite growth and grass.

For ten days they continued along the Concho River, much of the time over hilly and rocky roads. They passed through the buffalo country and sighted specimens of these animals which even then were threatened with extinction. They saw hundreds of carcasses along the way, for large numbers of buffaloes were shot yearly. The hides, when well dressed, sold for five dollars apiece. A member of father's party bought one at that price. When the animals were slaughtered, only a small portion of the meat was saved – generally the steak – which was dried and taken to market. Oatman noted in his diary that the buffalo meat was much darker and drier than beef, and that it lacked the rich juices of beef and was often very tough.

At one of the stops the party made along the Concho River, a company of buffalo hunters was dressing hides a short distance below them. During the winter these men shot the animals, and then spent the spring and summer dressing the hides and taking them to market.

Not far above the camp of the hunters was an old fort. Next morning, while father's party was preparing to leave, a sudden rise of fifteen feet of water swept down the stream and drowned the wife and child of Major Merriman of the post. Just before the rise, Dr. Norman had crossed the river to get breakfast at the fort and was waterbound. A few hours later, after the waters of the flash flood had passed, he was able to rejoin the party.

Following the river upstream, the travelers had gone about two miles when Charlie, my youngest brother, fell from the wagon and struck the back of his head on the ground, causing a slight concussion. He suffered intensely for many hours, and because of

the accident the party had to go into camp until the next day. While they were waiting at this point, a large wagon train returning from El Paso passed with supplies for the fort.

After Charlie had recovered sufficiently, the journey was resumed. The next stop was at the ranch of a Mr. Sherwood, where they remained three days.

Then the party left the Concho River and struck across the plains toward the Pecos. After passing Bull's Head, a watering place where they stopped to water the stock, they pushed on and camped near Grayson Springs. By the side of the road was a rough monument of stone over the grave of an Indian called Big Jim. At the head of another mound was a large limestone boulder on which had been painted a coffin, a skull, and crossbones. The boulder recorded the names of several persons who had been massacred by the Indians, and gave the date of the tragedy as March 11, 1879. At this point in the diary Mr. Oatman mentions that all along the way from Colson's place they had seen many graves at the roadside. Also tarantulas, rattlesnakes, spiders, and thousand-legged worms were found in such abundance that the members of the party lived in constant dread until they were on their way again.

Next morning they went on to Grayson Springs, where they made a brief stop at noon. A company of United States soldiers was stationed there, with Lieutenant Pratt in command. The alkali water was not relished by either the people in the party or the stock. From Grayson Springs on toward Pecos Station there was a succession of beautiful little valleys from two to three miles wide covered with a bluish grass called buffalo grass. On the north and south of these valleys rose ranges of mountains of a whitish or limestone color.

That afternoon the party reached the summit of the limestone mountains about five miles east of the Pecos River, the famous stream of the Staked Plains, which rises in the Wichita Mountains and flows south into the Rio Grande. They were now on the top of a long range of mountains of irregular shape and varying altitude, with deep gorges and narrow valleys between. The natural grandeur of the scenery was beyond description. The government road, which had been opened the year before, wound around and down the side from one mountain bench to the top of another with a summit a quarter of a mile long, and then down its side to a level plain below, which reached to the Pecos River. The plain was covered with a growth of scrubby

mesquite and chaparral, and the soil was a gray loam free from rocks.

Late in the afternoon they arrived on the banks of the Pecos and camped in the river bottom. At this point the stage company had constructed a floating bridge across the stream and had a station on the east bank. Here Company K of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, with Lieutenant Richards in command, had a large number of wagons loaded with government supplies, and by the end of the day they had crossed the river and made camp on the west bank.

Toward evening a heavy downpour came and the little party, becoming frightened and fearing that the river would overflow, hitched up the teams to drive to higher ground. After going a short distance, however, they became stuck in the mud and had to remain there all night.

Early next morning they started out for Fort Stockton. About noon they came in sight of a large Mexican farm with six hundred and forty acres in cultivation on the banks of the Pecos. The land was watered by means of wide ditches, or "sequia," as the inhabitants there called them. These were the first artificial means of irrigation the party had ever seen. The farm was owned by a white man who was married to a Mexican woman, and all the farm hands were Mexican peons. The Mexicans cultivated the fields, and the owner took their crops in return for the food he furnished them. Their chief crops were corn and small white army beans. Peons and whites alike lived in mud houses roofed with long grass covered with dirt several inches deep.

After the party left this farm, they found the mountains for some distance were more rough and the country lying between more hilly and rocky. During the day they came to a stage station named Escondido, which was blessed with a spring of pure water. Here a company of soldiers was stationed. On the mountains the party noticed several mounds of rocks where the victims of the murderous Indian foe had been buried. That night they camped at Sulphur Springs near an old fortification which had been erected many years before, but it had been deserted.

The route beyond Sulphur Springs traversed a beautiful mountain basin. The soil was black and, judged by the growth, was very productive. But no ranch or settlement was seen. After leaving the basin the party passed by an old stage station which had been turned into a stock ranch by some Mexicans. The country around the ranch was densely overgrown with mesquite

which was loaded with clusters of beans beginning to ripen. My father recognized that this would be a good stock range, for the mesquite beans are excellent for feed. They are very fattening, and in a warm climate are even better than corn, for they are not heat producing.

Before reaching Fort Stockton the party came to a large ranch owned by a Mr. Joyce. The land was irrigated by a ditch cut from Comanche Creek eight miles away. Because the country was level, the ditch did not require much labor to open it up. The water was clear and good. The farm was well supplied with tenant houses made of adobes and covered with the usual roofing of grass and mud thickly laid over poles. Here the emigrants saw their first newly made adobes, sun-dried clay bricks generally about seven by fourteen inches, and six inches thick. The houses had few windows, but each door had an eight-inch ventilator across the top.

The travelers drove on past the ranch and camped on Comanche Creek within sight of Fort Stockton. The stream, which rose about twelve miles north of the fort, was fed by large springs and supplied an abundance of water. Most of the land in this region was sub-irrigated, as the water table was within a few inches of the surface of the ground. At that time about six thousand acres were in cultivation along the creek. Enough grain was raised to meet the demand of Fort Stockton and Fort Davis, and crops brought a good price. Corn was selling at $2.25 a bushel in Fort Stockton.

Early the next day the party drove into the fort. On the edge of town several large springs of crystal-clear water were gushing up and running into the creek. It was the Fourth of July, but the travelers felt that they should not take time to visit the military quarters. Viewed from a distance, the government buildings appeared to be large and roomy adobe structures, more uniformly arranged and more pleasing in appearance than those at Fort Concho. The citizen town was just south of the soldier quarters and consisted of several business houses, a Catholic church, a jail, a public school, and about twenty dwellings.

Beyond Fort Stockton the party journeyed over a flat dry country almost devoid of grass or any other growth. When they stopped at noon, they were visited by a violent rain and windstorm which rocked the wagons. It took all the strength the men had to prevent the wagon sheets from being blown away. They remained in camp until the next morning, and when they started

on their way again, they found that a large number of telephone poles had been blown down by the wind.

Early that day they came to Dog Canyon, which was rough and rocky and had little grass for the stock. Some of the men went hunting but brought back no game. In years gone by this canyon had been the home of the red man, and numerous old camp sites were to be seen in the mountains nearby. At these encampments were the remains of old wigwams and other evidences of a permanent Indian camp.

Dog Canyon was a gulch about half a mile wide and five or six miles long, and resembled the bed of an old river. The walls of the canyon, unusually steep and rugged, were cleft by deep gorges into which the sun never shone. Here the admirers of nature had a feast, for the craggy slopes had a sublime grandeur. That afternoon the party drove along the canyon about four miles. The whole area had the appearance of having been terribly shaken up by a violent earthquake at some time in the dim past, for the mountains seemed to have been forced asunder, leaving vast gulches between. Dr. Norman, who was somewhat of a geologist, was sure that rich deposits of gold, silver, and copper were there. At last the canyon widened into a grassy valley.

Shortly after leaving the canyon, the travelers came to an old Mexican fort which was circular in shape, with a wall of stone and dirt around it. Here they were joined by two men, a woman, and two children on their way to El Paso. The emigrant train now consisted of eight wagons, an ambulance, ten men, five women and fourteen children.

Late in the afternoon they moved up Lympia Creek, which usually was dry but that day was running a good stream of water from the recent heavy rains. Here they saw cattle grazing in the valleys, but the animals were small and in very poor condition. Soon they caught sight of a knoll with a rock wall around it, and a short distance farther on they entered another deep mountain gorge. For several miles the scenery was superb. The brown walls were from two to eight hundred feet high and seemed to close almost at the top. Thrilled at beholding such natural beauty, the party gazed with awe upon the towering walls.

And while they were gazing, enthralled at the magnificence of the scene, they were startled to hear the barking of dogs. Turning around they saw, on a ledge of the gorge, a dugout sheltered by a shelving rock. The lone inhabitant of this novel abode was a ragged Mexican. He crawled out of his den and stared intently

at them as they passed. His only companions in this lonesome place seemed to be two half-grown white dogs and a lamb. His strange way of living formed a subject for much conversation among the travelers.

That night they made camp at a point twelve miles east of Fort Davis and decided to spend the next day resting and hunting. Mr. Sibley killed two deer, and four of the men helped him carry them over a steep mountain to the camp. The deer were fat and the meat was tender; it was a great treat for the weary emigrants.

The next day they slowly drove up Lympia Creek, crossing it many times, and camped at the ranch of Captain Wilson two and a half miles from the fort. The appearance of the country had gradually changed; the mountains were farther apart, the valley was wider, grass was plentiful, and there was more timber than they had seen since they had left the Concho River. The trees were mainly Spanish oak, hackberry, cedar, cottonwood, and mesquite. There were three or four farms on the creek below Davis, and the crops looked promising. Mr. Adams, Dr. Gatliff, and Mr. Oatman visited the fort in the evening. On the roadside they paused to admire a grove of large cottonwood trees, a refreshing sight after so many miles of country destitute of all kinds of timber.

Fort Davis was a six-company post, with two batteries of six double-barrel cannons. The fort was located on the east side and near the head of Lympia Creek at the foot of a cluster of a rugged range of mountains, which formed a curious crooked chain reaching east to Dog Canyon. The men in father's party speculated on what use could ever be made of such artillery on an Indian frontier.

The government houses were constructed of stone, and with the exception of a few new buildings of reddish-brown color, looked dingy. All the private dwellings were adobe with dirt floors and roofs of grass and mud. The outside walls were plastered with lime and sand. The houses were poorly lighted and ventilated. Each had only a few windows, and most of them were covered with board shutters.

South of the fort was the village of Chihuahua, the county seat of Presidio County. It consisted of four or five stores, as many saloons, and fifteen or twenty residences, several of which were large and imposing in appearance. A mixed school was taught in the town, the majority of the pupils being Mexican. The towns-

people tried to induce Mr. Oatman to remain and teach an English school, but he had an aversion to Mexicans and decided to continue west with the party. Mr. Adams and his family remained at the fort.

West of Davis the emigrants traveled across a tableland which was dotted with low, smooth mountains and covered with an abundance of green grass. They stopped for the noon hour at a spring of clear water which issued from the base of a mountain. Then they traveled several miles and camped in a valley. Much post-oak was growing in this valley, and several wagons from the fort were taking on heavy loads of wood.

The next day the party journeyed many hours over a rough road through a barren country. The members passed an old stage station, Bear Springs, and because Mr. Fisher's little daughter, Maude, was taken ill, they went into camp early. Wood had to be hauled two miles in Mr. Sibley's ambulance.

Father and Mr. Sibley went hunting and killed a bear. Dr. Norman went gunning for a wolf which was howling and disturbing the campers, especially the women and children. He saw the wolf, but as he approached, it slunk away and disappeared. As he returned, he thought he saw, a few miles distant, a small herd of horses in charge of Indians. But he drew a sigh of relief when, upon closer observation, he discovered the objects to be a bunch of Spanish bayonet, or daggers, as they were usually called. Several times on the trip the Spanish daggers, which in the distance resembled Indians on horseback, caused much worry and excitement in the party, for people feared they were about to be attacked by a band of marauding red men.

Bear steaks were served for breakfast the following day. Some were very tender. Then the travelers continued across the level, treeless plain. There was plenty of grass and some brush, and mountains began to loom up in the distance. They passed Muerto Station, so called because of the many people murdered there. The station was a short distance from the road, and father went by to learn the particulars of a severe bear fight he had just heard about. The fight had taken place at the station two days before, between a large black bear as the attacker and several of Uncle Sam's Negro soldiers and the storekeeper. The bear opened the fight by furiously charging one of the Negroes. The man retreated at full speed, jumped over a high corral wall, and fell headlong on the inside. The bear leaped over the wall after the Negro and continued the attack until he drove the guard and the

station keeper into the house. Sitting on his haunches in front of the door, he seemed to defy the soldiers, who barricaded themselves in the building. The station keeper seized a gun and opened fire on the bear. He fired six or seven shots before the bear retreated. Altogether, twenty-seven shots were fired, but none took effect.

That night the party went into dry camp at a point twenty miles east of Van Horn. Next morning a stage driver told them that a large band of Indians had crossed the road a few hours after the wagon train had passed the day before. He also told them they were forty-two miles from water, but could probably replenish their barrels at Van Horn.

On reaching Van Horn, they learned that its water supply had to be hauled from Eagle Springs twenty-four miles away. Another stage driver told them that water haulers had seen Indians the day before at Bass Canyon, and warned the party to be watchful in passing through it, as the Indians were likely to attack. They entered the canyon late in the afternoon but pressed on instead of making camp. The canyon was much wider than the gorge east of Fort Davis, but was not as rugged. It gave no appearance of being the dangerous place it was represented to be.

They found an abundance of water near the road in pools, as a hard rain had fallen the night before. After watering the stock, they drove through the night to Eagle Springs, about three miles beyond the point where they left the canyon. Here they stayed in camp all morning and rested until two o'clock that afternoon. Just below the station was a large pool of permanent water fed from a large vein which led from the spring. When they moved on, they found the road rough and rocky for about twelve miles. They were passing from the tableland to the basin between the tributaries of the Pecos and the Rio Grande.

That night they made dry camp five or six miles east of Quitman Canyon. It was a wild mountain gulch about four miles long. The mountains on each side were huge piles of lava rock and presented unmistakable signs of violent volcanic action. The rocks looked as if they had been subjected to intense heat. About noon next day they came in sight of the Rio Grande and went into camp until the following morning. At midday they reached the banks of the river, which at that point was a wide stream with a sandy bottom. From five to fifteen miles of flat, sandy land stretched on each side. The timber along the banks was mostly willow and cottonwood. There was very little grass. Much of the

water was used for irrigating purposes, and there was only a thin stream in the channel.

They passed through Quitman, a deserted post, which was in a state of decay. The buildings were without roofs, doors, or window shutters, and not a human was seen among the ruins. This post on the boundary between Texas and Mexico had had a bloody history. They continued on the sandy road through a region almost devoid of grass, and that night reached Ysleta. They had been traveling for two and a half months.

Ysleta was the county seat of El Paso County. The name, of Spanish origin, means Little Isle, so-called because it was built on a narrow neck of land extending into the Rio Grande. The oldest farm in the United States is near Ysleta. It has been worked continuously since 1540, when it was established by the Franciscan Fathers who came to this country with Coronado's expedition. About three-fourths of the population were Mexicans, and most of the white men had Mexican wives. There was a large acreage in cultivation, besides many small farms along the river bottom where grapes and other fruit were raised. The fruit was hauled to Silver City, a mining camp in New Mexico, where there was a good market for all kinds of produce.

At Ysleta the caravan was compelled to stay for about four months. Victorio and his band of Indians were on the warpath, killing and committing depredations in the area through which the emigrants would have to travel. Some wagon trains went on their way in spite of the danger. Sheb Oatman, who had kept the diary of the trip, Dr. Norman, and the young lawyer from Georgia joined one such train heading toward Silver City, but they were never heard of again. Father always believed they had met a bloody fate at the hands of the Indians, as had so many other pioneers. As the men were strangers in the land, their friends in the caravan never learned what happened to them.

During the stay in Ysleta, the women of the party bought quantities of grapes and hung the bunches on long ropes stretched like a clothesline. When the time came to move on, the hot sun had dried the grapes to the fresh raisin stage, and they were delicious.

While father was waiting until the journey could be resumed, he spent a great deal of time in buying all kinds of staple articles, including groceries, dry goods, quilts and blankets. He intended to go into the general mercantile business in a mining town three

miles from Lordsburg. At that time the village was called Ralston, but later its name was changed to Shakespeare.

Father disposed of some of his race horses and quite a number of his stock horses, the proceeds of which, together with the ready cash he had with him — an amount considered a neat sum in those days — he invested in the supplies he would need for the store.

During the stay in Ysleta father met a man by the name of Price Cooper, who owned many wagons and a large number of ox teams and did extensive hauling for the merchants and saloon men at Silver City. When it was considered safe for the party to start on the journey again, father hired Cooper and his wagon train to transport the stock of goods for the store at Ralston. Cooper used twelve ox teams of two wagons each, with seven yoke of oxen to the team, to move father's supplies. Among Cooper's teamsters were his sons Ben and Joe. Ben Cooper was for many years a resident of Safford, Arizona, where he died in 1937.

By November, father and Price Cooper decided that it was safe for them to leave Ysleta. Just as they were ready to start, two men on horseback rode up and asked to join the party. Both of the strangers were heavily armed, each carrying a Winchester, two revolvers, and two belts of cartridges. One of the horsemen was John Ringo; the name of the other outlaw, for such they proved to be, has been forgotten, but he was probably John Beard, as the families of these two men were intimately connected.

Father often said that John Ringo, who afterward figured in Tombstone's early history, was a man with many good traits. Ringo possessed one quality which counted for much in those days; his word could be absolutely depended upon. He had good principles and a higher standard of morals than most outlaws. He loomed far above the opposing gang of outlaws — the Earps, Doc Holliday, and the Curly Bill faction in Tombstone's early days. Even in his own gang Ringo was a man apart from the others.

Father was glad to have these men go through with his train, as their presence meant added protection for the women and children. Any judge of human nature would have known that the two strangers were brave and fearless and would be of great help to the party in a battle with the Indians. They were so courteous and considerate of the other members of the train that they made many friends. In those days no one asked questions of strangers, and father did not know, until long after he reached the frontier,

that the two men were fugitives from Texas, though he guessed as much. Ringo and his companion were not wholly bad, and on the journey showed that they had many good qualities.

Ordinarily it took fifteen days to travel between Ysleta and Silver City. The party reached Mesilla, New Mexico, without incident. From there it was a two-day trip to the stage station known as Slocum's Ranch. The distance was around thirty miles, and there was no water along the route. When they reached the station, they found very little water there, as it had been a dry fall. The station keeper was hauling water from a source eight miles away and charging twenty cents a head for stock, allowing them to be watered only one time. Because of the water shortage the party left there early the next morning for Fort Cummins, twenty-five miles away.

As they were leaving Slocum's Ranch, a company of thirty-five militiamen passed the wagon train on its way to the place where a family of seven had been killed the day before by Victorio and his band of Indians. Father's party had gone about eight miles beyond the stage station and was nearing the divide of Cook's Range, when they saw at the foot of Cook's Peak a man on a big black horse racing toward them. He did not slow down as he reached the wagon train.

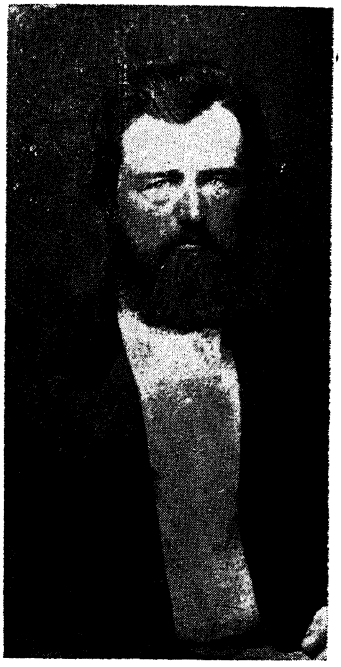
"Go back to Slocum's Ranch," he shouted as he passed. "The Indians are only a few miles away."

This horseman was the captain of the militia which had started out ahead of the wagon train early that morning. They had ridden into an ambush, and many of them had been killed. He was going for reinforcements.

After the captain dashed by, the men of the party gathered to plan what would be best for them to do. They decided to drive the wagons in a circle and dig as deep a pit in the inclosure as was possible before the Indians arrived. They would fight from the shelter of this pit. They knew if they left the loaded wagons, there would be nothing remaining after the Indian attack, and there was not enough time for the ox-drawn wagons to return to the stage station if the savages were so near.

The men began driving the wagons in a circle, but the women cried and pleaded with them for the sake of the children to try to get back to Slocum's Ranch. Finally the men decided to take the chance. It is well the women's prayers were heeded, for otherwise not one of the party would have been left to tell the story.

Hastily the men unloaded the light spring wagons drawn by

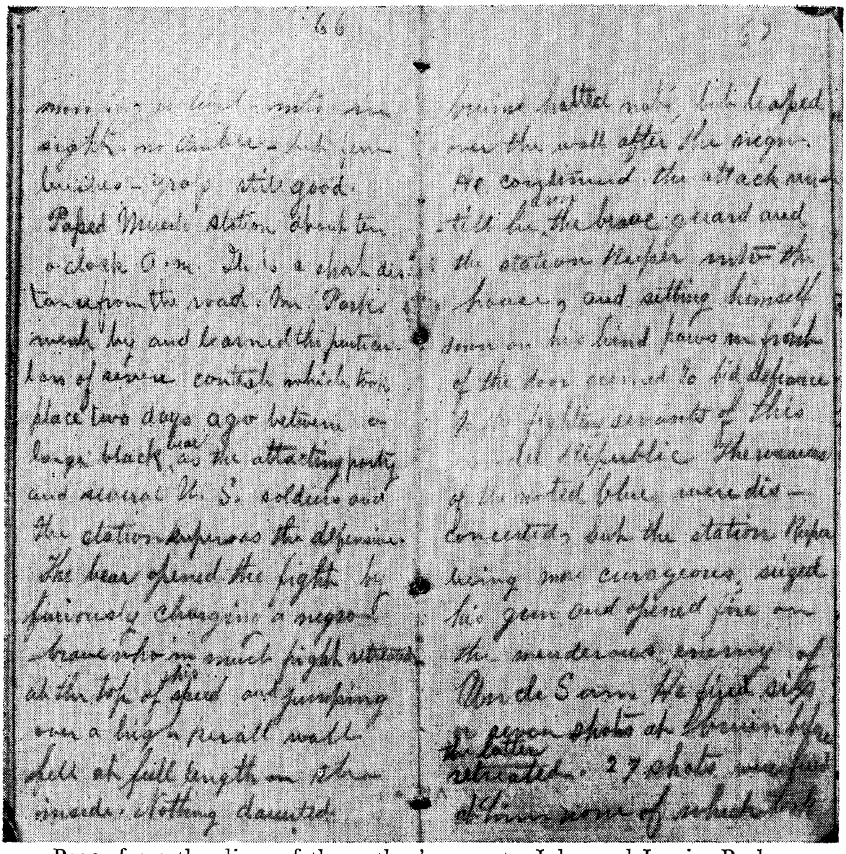


W. John Parks, taken several months before he left Texas for the West in 1879.

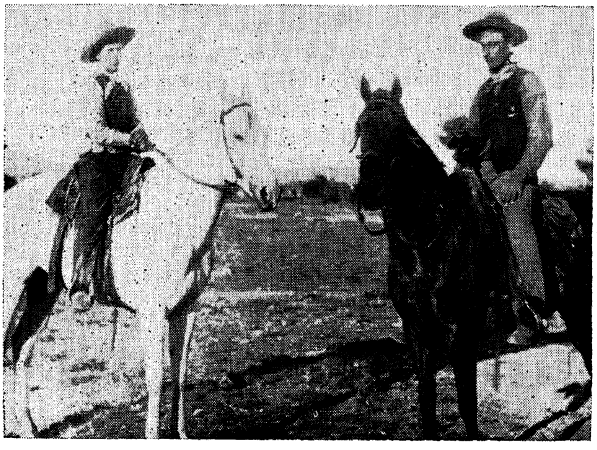
Mrs. John Parks, in 1885

Sheriff Jim Parks and wife. Taken during his first term as sheriff of Graham County

John Parks, chief deputy for his brother Jim for six years, when the latter was sheriff of Graham County

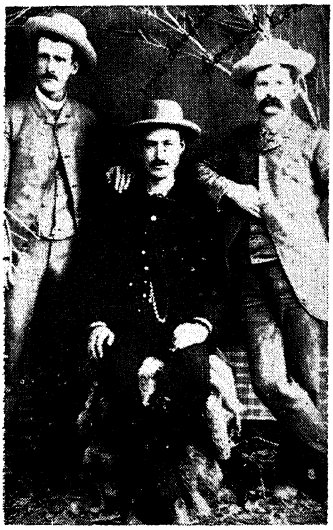


Pages from the diary of the author's parents, John and Louise Parks, kept during their journey west in 1879



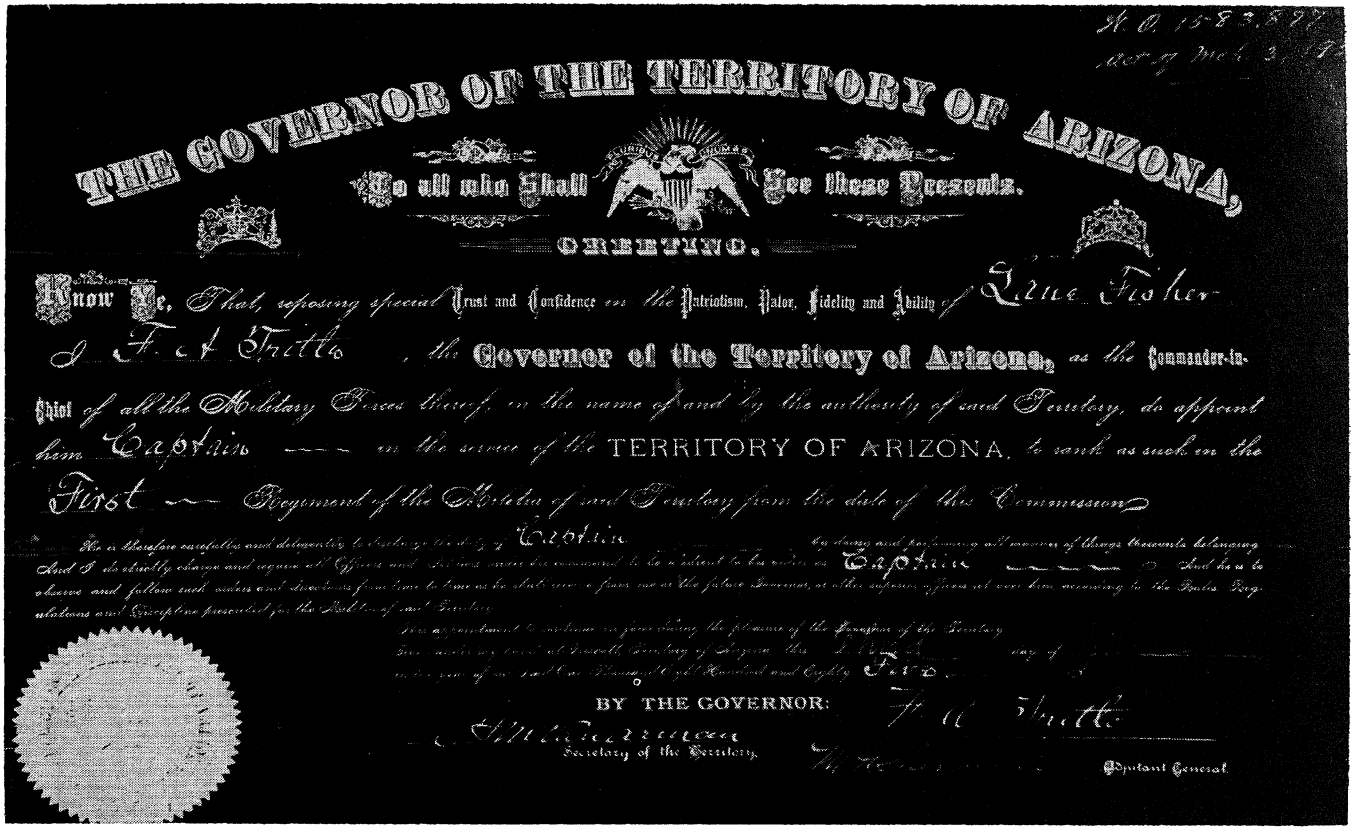
Race horses owned by John Parks. John (L) on "Gray John, Jr." and Jim on "The Kid"

Rufus Nephews (Climax Jim), early-day bad man of the Clifton section



Standing: (L) B. B. Adams and Howard C. Boone. Seated is Captain Lane Fisher. Taken in 1885

The author's father, John Parks, Sr., after twenty-three years of pioneering in the West


THE GOVERNOR OF THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA,

To all who Shall See these Presents,

GREETING.

Know Ye, That, reposing special Trust and Confidence in the Patriotism, Valor, Fidelity and Ability of Lane Fisher

I F. A. Tritle, the Governor of the Territory of Arizona, as the Commander-in-Chief of all the Military Forces thereof, in the name of and by the authority of said Territory, do appoint him Captain —— in the service of the TERRITORY OF ARIZONA, to rank as such in the First —— Regiment of the Militia of said Territory from the date of this Commission.

He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And I do hereby require and enjoin all Officers and Soldiers under his command to be obedient to his orders as Captain —— And he is to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as he shall receive from me or the future Governor, or other superior officers set over him according to the Rules, Regulations and Principles prescribed for the Militia of said Territory.

In pursuance of an Act entitled "An Act defining the Fees of the Officers of the Territory" I hereby certify that the Annual Salary of Arizona this 2nd day of [illegible] in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty Five.

BY THE GOVERNOR:

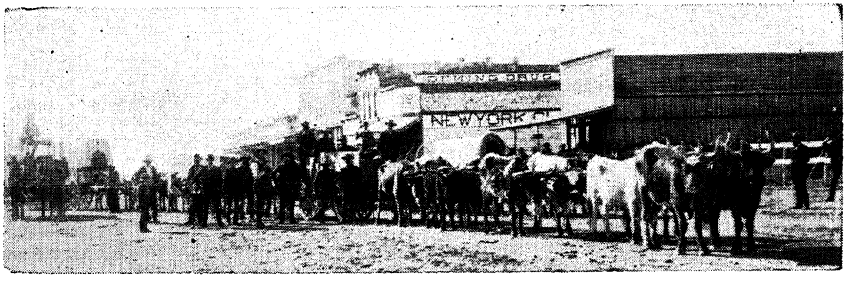
[illegible] Secretary of the Territory.

F. A. Tritle

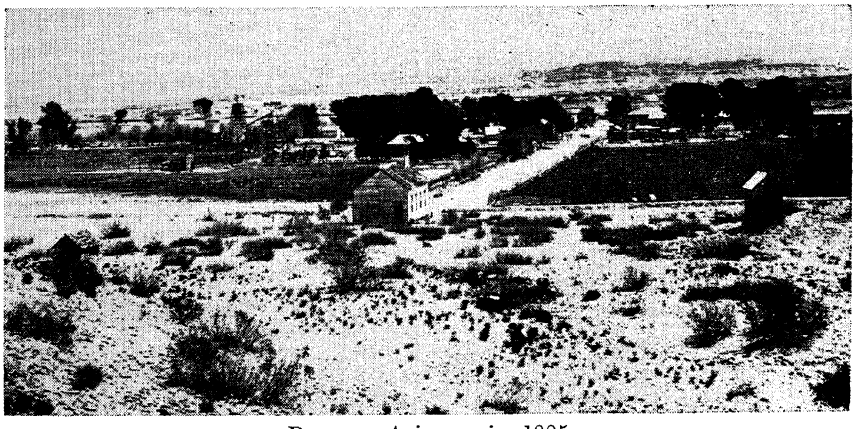
Adjutant General.

Commission as captain in the militia, issued to Lane Fisher by the governor of Arizona Territory in 1885

A small group of the Duncan militia in 1885



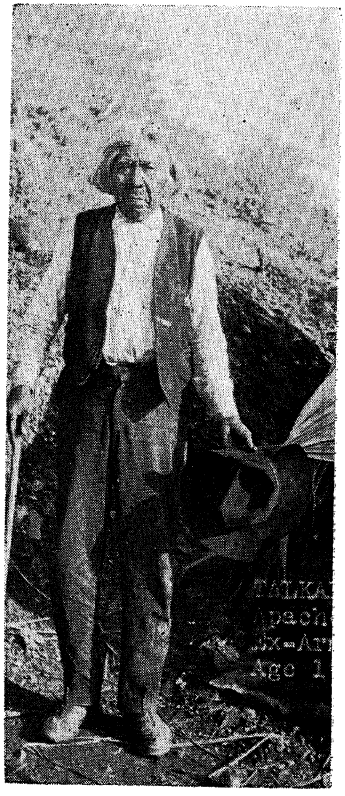
Street scene, Deming, New Mexico, in the early eighties



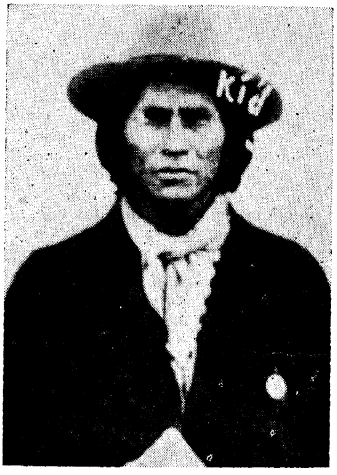
Duncan, Arizona, in 1885

Geronimo, the most bloodthirsty chief of the Apaches

Massia, a powerful warrior who escaped from the authorities while en route to Kansas City by train. He was never apprehended

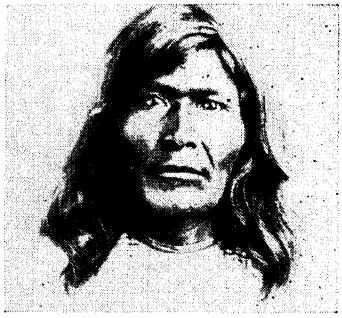


Talkalai, Apache chief and ex-army scout. A friend of the white man, he died at the age of one hundred and two



The Apache Kid, an outlaw for whose capture a reward of $5,000 was offered from 1888 until 1894

Group of Indian prisoners who killed Sheriff Reynolds and Deputy Holmes. The Apache Kid stands fourth from the left



Chief Victorio, whose Indian band attacked the wagon train of John Parks near Slocum's ranch

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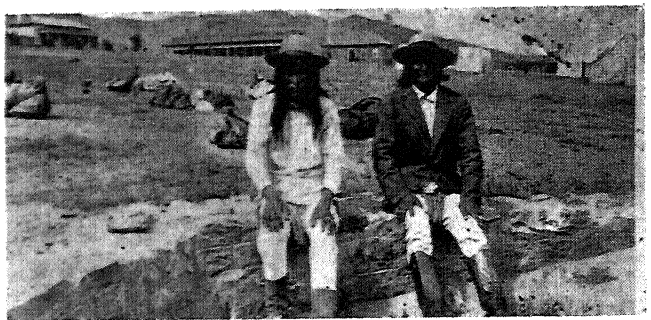
Apache squaw with infant papoose strapped in Indian cradle similar to that in which the Indian papoose Doubtful was found

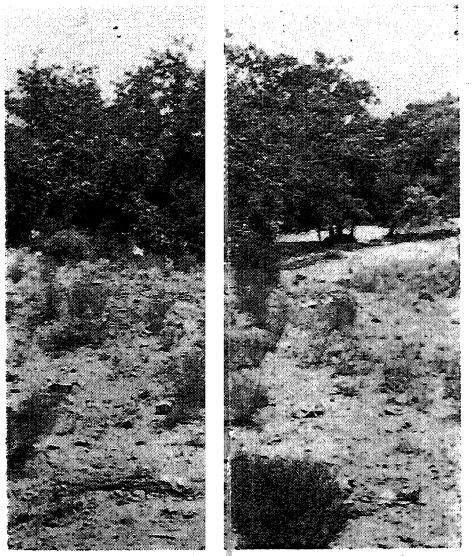
Geronimo bidding farewell to Arizona as he was about to entrain for Florida

An American gentleman who owns a large herd of white-face Hereford cattle, purchased with funds donated by the government

Indian scouts in their native costume, the breech-clout

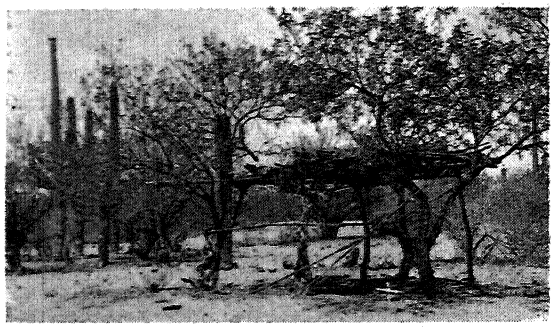


Geronimo (R) at San Carlos in the spring of 1885



Murder Camp, where the Stockton roundup camp when Joe Grammer killed Felix Burris

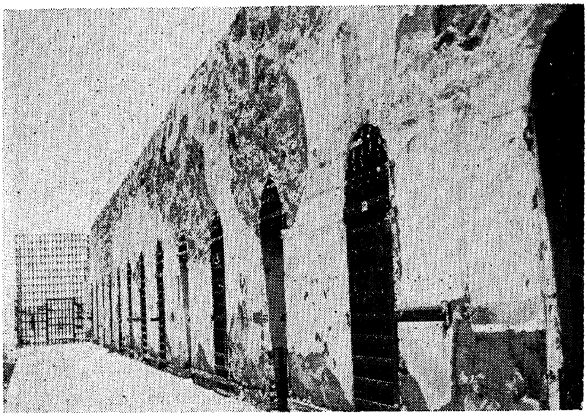
Apache chieftain arrayed in his paraphernalia of the early days



An Apache Indian grave in the branches of a mesquite tree

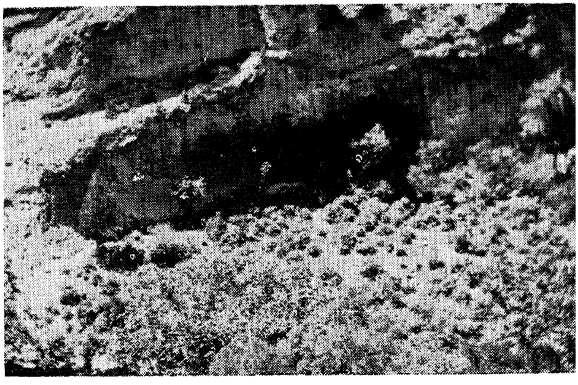
Left to right: Geronimo, Oliver Bekan and Christian Natchez. Taken a few days before the Indian outbreak of May 17, 1885

Hi Jolly, the camel driver



Cell block of the ol Yuma penitentiary, e tablished in 1876. R stored, by the state, a landmark, in 1937

Black Jack's cave on Cole Creek. Rendezvous of Black Jack and his gang

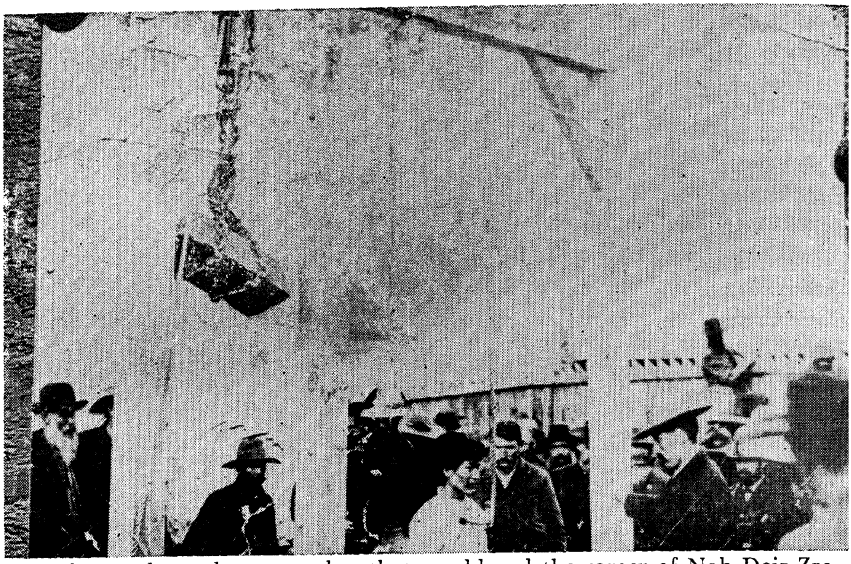


Ed Mitchell, rustler who was captured at Steamboat Springs in Gila County

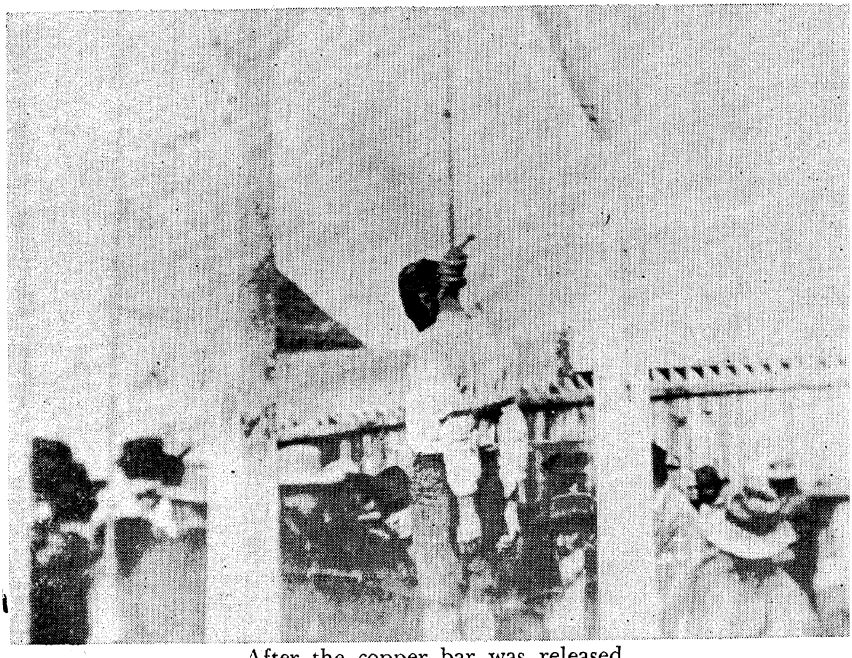
Geronimo and his tribe of Chiricahua Indians at Bowie Station, ready to entrain for Florida to which they had been banished forever

Apache Indian camp on Washita River, Oklahoma, after their transfer from Florida to Oklahoma

Boulder-covered peak opposite Black Jack's cave, where the posse concealed themselves before firing the fatal volley that ended his career

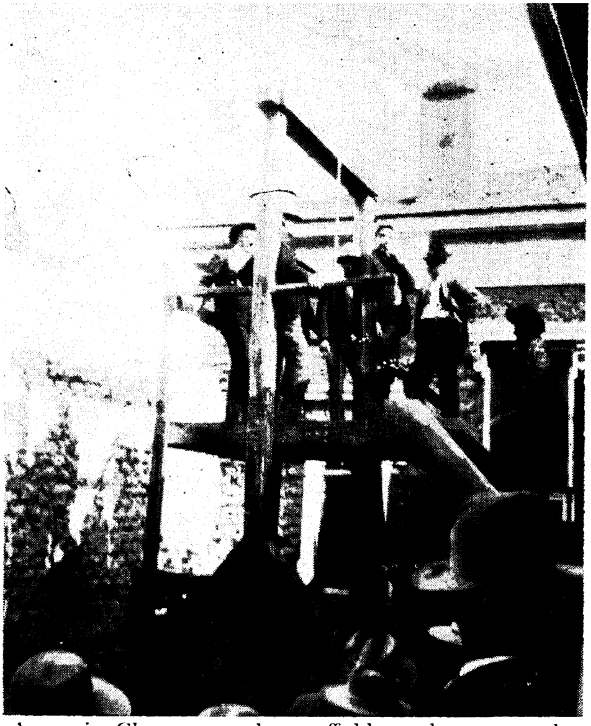


Ready to release the copper bar that would end the career of Nah Deiz Zas, murderer of Lieutenant Mott

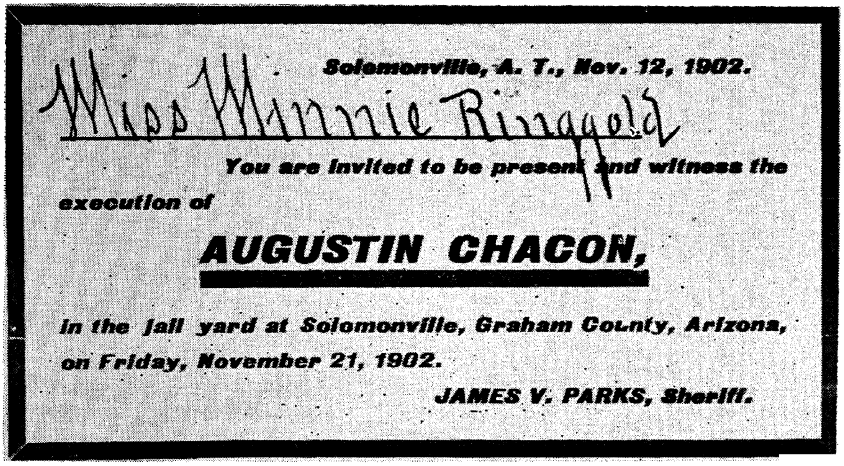


After the copper bar was released

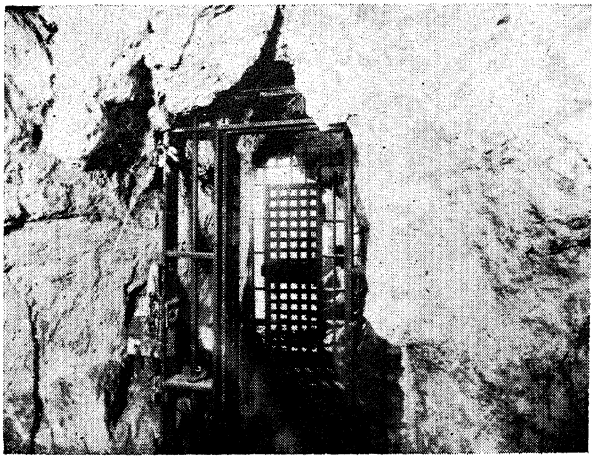
Augustin Chacon, one of the worst outlaws of his day



Augustin Chacon, on the scaffold, ready to pay the penalty for the murder of Pablo Salcido

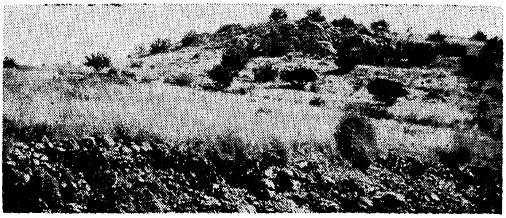


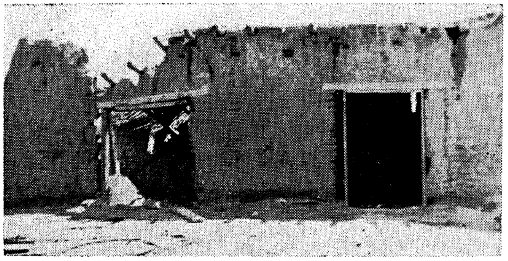
Invitation issued to the execution



Interior view of the Rock Jail, where some of the most desperate characters of the West were confined

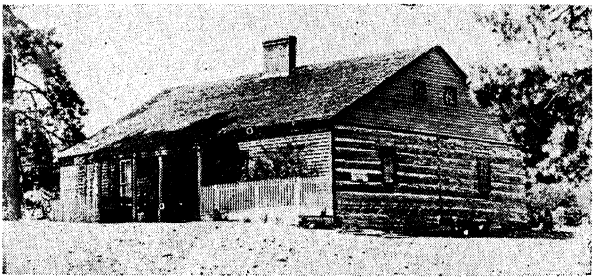
Where the Apache Kid hid out, after killing Merrill and his daughter





The last building standing in old Ehrenberg. It housed the first store of Michael Goldwater who came to Arizona in the fifties

The first capitol of Arizona. Built in Prescott, 1864



teams of horses, and the party drove as fast as possible back over the road they had covered that morning. Before they left the freight wagons, however, the men unyoked all the oxen and started them down the mountain side. Father's bunch of stock horses were driven back to Slocum's Ranch.

The emigrants stayed two days at the station, and during that time a hard rain fell. The large mud tank at Slocum's Ranch was filled with water, insuring plenty of water for months to come. On the third day the party went back to the place where the wagons had been abandoned.

The men found that the Indians had destroyed everything and had tried to burn the wagons. Fortunately the rain had put out the fire. The whole mountain side looked as if a snowstorm had visited it, for the hostiles had emptied out the flour and the feather beds. Bolts of dry goods had been unrolled and scattered in every direction, torn and damaged beyond use. The bedding and all the supplies father had bought for the store had been destroyed. The only things left from our household goods were father's violin and mother's sewing machine, which was tied so securely to the seat of the spring wagon that the men had not taken time to unload them when the party turned back. Someone picked up the key to mother's eight-day clock and a little jewel box of hers. The jewel box, still a family possession, is a much treasured relic.

From certain signs it was obvious that the Indians had approached the wagon train in a very stealthy manner and had concealed themselves among the boulders before firing. Where the red men had hidden behind the rocks, the men of the party found hundreds of empty cartridge shells. Probably the Indians, upon seeing the wagons drawn up in a circle, had become suspicious and were afraid to go too near until they had proved to their satisfaction that no one was there.

In the haste to get away, one of the families had left two small pups in their wagon. The rescue party discovered that the savages had cut off all the feet of one puppy and had hung the other to the reach pole of the wagon. The pup with its feet cut off was still alive when the men found it and was mercifully put to death.

While the oxen were being rounded up, yoked, and hitched to the wagons, the women searched for any small articles which they had treasured as keepsakes. Soon the travelers were on their way again, saddened by their misfortune but glad that their lives had been spared. They covered the rest of the journey mostly during

the hours of darkness, and saw many signal fires at night and smoke signals during the day.

The caravan had not gone far beyond the scene of the disaster when it came upon two abandoned wagons, each drawn by an ox team. The wagons were the old Mexican type, with the big wooden cart wheels and were called carretas. The oxen had been shot but were not dead, and father had them killed. The drivers had tried to escape but were found dead not far from the wagons.

About five miles farther on, at the divide, the party stopped beside a train of thirteen wagons which had been hauling fruit from Ysleta to Silver City. The thirteen drivers had been killed by Victorio and his same band of hostiles who had destroyed all of father's supplies. Quite a number of the oxen had been shot down, and in some cases their mates were left standing. The men killed the injured ones, unyoked the others, and turned them loose on the mountain. The animals had been without feed or water, many of them yoked to dead or wounded mates, for four days, since father's wagon train was the first to travel over the road after the slaughter.

A horseman who had been riding with the fruit train for better protection had escaped to a large yucca about a hundred and fifty yards from the road. With one hand he had fired a .44 Winchester, and with the other he had tried to dig a hole in the ground with a large knife. The hole was about half large enough for him to hide in when he was killed. The men found his body riddled with bullets, and by his side were over a hundred shells which he had fired at the Indians.

Father's party traveled on without other interruptions and reached Silver City about the middle of November, 1879. They were very kindly received by Harvey Whitehill, who was then sheriff of Grant County.

Mr. Whitehill later figured as a prominent character in *Miss Nobody of No Where,* by Archibald Clavering Gunter. The story told of Indian depredations in the early days of Arizona and New Mexico at a time when the East was very much in sympathy with the "poor abused and much-wronged Indians." Easterners seemed to have the impression that the white settlers were trying to exterminate the red man in order to get his lands. The scene of the Gunter story was laid mainly in Lordsburg, New Mexico, which was on the only through railroad line in New Mexico from the East to the West Coast. One day as the train made its customary stop, Harvey Whitehill boarded it and served subpoenas on pro-

testing passengers, men and women alike, to make up a coroner's jury. An Englishman and his wife had just been killed by Indians near the C A Bar Ranch not far from Duncan. The hearing brought the true Indian situation home at least to the few Easterners who had to serve on that jury.

Father stayed in Silver City only a short time. As he had lost his stock of goods and could not open a store, he was on the lookout for some business to get into so that he could earn a living for his family. He heard that Knight's Ranch, a stage station in the Burro Mountains, was for sale. The daily stage between Silver City and Lordsburg stopped at Knight's Ranch to change horses and let the passengers eat dinner. Father made a deal for the station early in December, paying part cash and giving some horses on the trade, for the owners, Knight and Swan, were anxious to get rid of the property. Their wives considered it dangerous to live there, for the place was located near one of the main Indian trails which led to Old Mexico from the San Carlos reservation. Father and mother took possession a few days after the deal was closed. During the time my parents lived there, the Indians were almost constantly on the warpath, raiding and murdering.

Victorio and his band were not annihilated until the fall of 1880. A bounty of a thousand dollars had been put on his head by the Mexican government after the marauders had terrorized northern Mexico. On October 16, 1880, he and his band were penned in and killed, about twenty miles east of Chihuahua, by General Terrasas and a force of two thousand soldiers and two hundred Indian scouts. General Terrasas was made governor of the state of Chihuahua and was given several thousand acres of land and the bounty for exterminating Victorio and his entire band of hostiles.

The westward trek of father and mother and their five small children was typical of the hardships and dangers faced by the emigrants who helped to establish the new frontier. Their experiences differed only in detail from those of other pioneers who blazed the trail and labored to make our frontier states what they are today. When father settled in Arizona in 1881, he seemed to feel that he had found the land he had always been looking for. He made it his home and devoted the rest of his life to its upbuilding and protection.

* * *

Intensely dramatic is the history of Arizona. Flags of Spain,

Mexico, the Confederacy, and the United States have floated over the region since it was first explored by the white man. In 1536, almost thirty years before St. Augustine, Florida, was founded, Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, a Spaniard, had the honor of being the earliest European to set foot on Arizona soil.

Four years later Coronado, with a thousand men, traveled through the Arizona area. In April, 1540, this Spanish explorer entered the region by the Santa Cruz Valley in his quest for gold. He visited many sections of the country in his search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola, where golden treasure was supposed to be found.

In 1604 Don Juan de Oñate, then governor of New Mexico, passed through Arizona with forty men. The expedition had set out to find a large body of water to the west where beautiful pearls had been found. After reaching a small stream, the Santa Maria, they followed it down to its junction with the Colorado. They went to the mouth of the Colorado and returned by the same route, encountering several tribes of friendly Indians whose languages and manners were similar.

The earliest missions in this area were founded in the Hopi towns of northern Arizona by Franciscans who came into the region from New Mexico. In 1629 the mission of San Bernardino de Awatovi was established. Soon others were built in the towns of Shungopovi, Mashongnovi, Walpi, and Oraibi, but all five were destroyed in the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680, and only fragmentary records of the period remain.

In the southern part of Arizona the Jesuits under Father Kino began the establishment of missions among the Pima and Papago Indians. Early in 1691 Kino visited the site of San Cayetano de Tumacácori and said mass. Later that year mass was said at Guevavi, some thirty miles south of Tucson, and the next year at San Xavier del Bac, near the present site of Tucson. No missions were built during these visits, but cattle were left and ranches located. After 1700 the mission buildings of the Jesuit period were started, but none of these structures remain.

During the lifetime of Father Kino, the missions were in a flourishing condition. They owned herds of cattle, sheep, and horses, and cultivated large areas of land which yielded grain, vegetables, and fruit. They also worked rich silver mines near the missions, and produced large quantities of precious metals in spite of the crude reduction facilities of the period.

When Kino died in 1711, there were eight prosperous mis-

sions within the bounds of present-day Arizona: Guevavi, San Xavier del Bac, San José de Tumacácori, Santa Gertrudis de Tubac, San Miguel de Sonoita, Calabasas, Arivaca, and Santa Ana. Also there were small chapels where the Fathers came and said mass, but these chapels were merely visiting places and not missions. Among the chapels were San Cosme near Tucson, Arivaca at the town of the same name today, Quiburi on the San Pedro River, and Sonoita on the Santa Cruz River. Many others were in what is now the Papago country; along the Gila River where lived the Pimas, the Maricopas, and the Cocopas; and even on the Colorado River near the present site of Yuma.

The Fathers visited the missions from time to time, but by 1743 were encountering much hostility from the Apaches, who tried to make them discontinue their efforts. In 1751 the Pimas, under a native chief, plotted to destroy the missions. They attacked the unsuspecting Spaniards and killed nearly a hundred of them, including several priests. The missions, pueblos, and ranches were destroyed after this revolt against the priests and their religion. So serious was this devastation that as long as the Jesuits remained, little was done to reestablish the missions.

In 1767 the Jesuits were expelled by order of the Spanish king, and during the following year fourteen Franciscan Fathers entered under Garces at San Xavier. It is quite probable that the mission of San Augustin in Tucson was the first founded by the Franciscans in the southern part of Arizona.

The present mission buildings are all of this Franciscan period, with the possible exception of Guevavi. Tumacácori and San Xavier were started about 1783, but neither one was ever entirely completed. The Apaches made constant raids on the mission property, driving off the herds of sheep and cattle.

Escalante appears to have been the last of the zealous Fathers to attempt to reorganize the missions, but because of the increasing severity of the attacks of the savage Apaches, who swept down from their mountain strongholds and left death and destruction in their path, the effort was abandoned. When the priests were driven from the missions in 1827, the Papagos took charge of the church of San Xavier del Bac and preserved it from the Apaches. Today it is the only one of the Franciscan missions in Arizona which is in even a fairly good state of preservation.

By 1800 parties of trappers and prospectors began to drift into Arizona. Among these were Sylvester Pattie and his son, James O. Pattie, who has left a record of his journeys. In 1824, shortly after

Mexico passed from Spanish rule and set up its own government, the Patties, with the consent of the Mexican authorities, started down the Gila River, then called the Helay. They were looking for beaver and found good trapping. At the junction of the Gila with the Salt River they met a French captain and a party of twenty-nine Americans who continued with them. On another expedition they followed the Gila to its junction with the Colorado and then up the Colorado into the northern part of Arizona. They went as far as the small stream known as the Bill Williams Fork, near where the town of Williams now stands.

The prospectors who drifted into Arizona, though mining the richest of properties in a very crude way, recovered a great deal of gold. They also found rich silver desposits in abundance. Alluring stories of the new land drifted back to the parts of the country from which these people had come, and parties large and small began to move westward. Because feed and water were plentiful, herds of cattle were brought in, principally from Mexico; and many of the earliest comers went into the cattle business. Apache raids continued, endangering life and property, but the settlers from the East kept coming regardless of hostile depredations. These pioneers were a hardy race and not easily discouraged.

By the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo in 1847 Mexico ceded to the United States the area between the Gila River and the boundary of the Oregon country. In 1854 the region extending south of the Gila to the present boundary between Arizona and Mexico was acquired by purchase. This area, about forty thousand square miles, was called the Gadsden Purchase, named for James Gadsden, the United States minister to Mexico. The price paid was ten million dollars, and Gadsden was ridiculed at the time for throwing away such a vast sum on a worthless desert.

Subsequent to the ratification of the Gadsden treaty the area now known as Arizona became a part of Dona Ana County, New Mexico. The name first chosen for this new area was Pimería, in honor of the tribe of Pima Indians, but the name adopted was Arizona. There are many diversified opinions and statements as to the origin of the word, and probably the question of how Arizona got its name will never be definitely settled. As early as 1582, however, the region was called Arizuma by the Spaniards. When Congress was petitioned in 1856 for the organization of the territory, Colonel Poston* gave it the name Arizona.

* James H. McClintock, *Arizona, the Youngest State,* S. J. Clark Publishing Company: Chicago, 1916.

Whatever its origin, the word is symbolic of the country within its boundaries, and the soft musical rhythm of its pronunciation speaks of Spanish influence.

The people of this new land wanted a territorial government, and in 1857 a bill for that purpose was introduced into Congress but failed to pass. In 1860 another effort was made to pass the bill, but the breaking out of the Civil War postponed the matter indefinitely. Arizona remained attached to New Mexico until February 24, 1863, when President Lincoln signed a bill giving it a separate existence. It was created a territory in May of that year, with Senator Watts of New Mexico and Senator Ashley of Ohio as its advocates. It included approximately 132,000 square miles and was 390 miles long by 340 miles wide. Though it claimed a white population of 6,500, the best count recorded only 600 whites. But the East at that time needed money to carry on the war, and as Arizona was reported to have rich deposits of gold, the bill was passed.

A territorial capital was established at Prescott in June, 1864, and John N. Goodwin was appointed governor. The first executive mansion was a log cabin, which is still standing. It is the property of Miss Charlotte Hall and is used by her as a museum, housing many old records of early days. In 1889 the capital was moved to Phoenix, where it remains. The Capitol was built of native tufa, a beautiful white building stone. Cut in large roughly hewn blocks, the tufa makes an attractive as well as a substantial building. Arizona is one of the three states whose seal has been laid in tile mosaic in the floor of the capitol.

At first Arizona was divided into four counties, Pima, Yuma, Yavapai, and Mohave. By 1861 six additional counties had been created from the original four, and later four other counties were formed, until there are fourteen today. Pinal, Coconino, Navajo, Apache, Cochise, and Maricopa were given names of Indian tribes living in those sections. Gila and Santa Cruz, however, were named after rivers within their boundaries; Graham, from the county's highest peak, which itself bore the name of a gallant army officer; and Greenlee, from Mace Greenlee, one of the earliest prospectors to explore the Clifton-Morenci district.

The appropriateness of naming the counties after the tribes living there has been extended also to the naming of the state highways. One of the best known roads in the state is the Apache Trail, named for the Apache tribe near Globe, whose ancient paths the highway follows. This road passes along Roosevelt Lake

and Dam, and connects Globe with Phoenix. Perhaps the most scenic road is the Coronado Trail, which connects Clifton with Springerville. It follows the approximate route explored by Coronado and his men eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. This highway runs through the northern part of what was Graham County but in 1909 became Greenlee County. Winding through the Crook and Apache national forests, the Coronado Trail is noted for its scenic grandeur.

To commemorate the blazing of the first trail through the Arizona region four centuries ago by Coronado and his army, the early settlers used the name Coronado in many connections. The first mine in the Clifton-Morenci area was named the Coronado. It was a copper mine located eight miles north of Clifton, at Metcalf, and was operated by the Lesinsky brothers. After the Arizona Copper Company bought out the Lesinsky interests, a 3,300-foot incline was built to the top of Coronado Hill from Chase Creek Canyon. This incline, the longest in the world at that time, was called the Coronado Incline. The railroad connecting Clifton with the incline was known as the Coronado Railroad.

A little locomotive, the second shipped to Clifton to run on the twenty-inch-gauge railroad to the incline, was also named Coronado. The narrow-gauge Arizona and New Mexico Railroad, running from Clifton to Lordsburg, had a station, Coronado, midway between Duncan and Clifton. At this station passengers going to the county seat at Solomonville* or to other Gila Valley points took the stage to reach their destination. The first Masonic lodge organized in Clifton was named Coronado Lodge No. 8.

In 1900 a possible relic of the Coronado expedition was unearthed by George Gamble on his farm four miles below Duncan. Gamble, a pioneer resident of Clifton, had come there in 1883 and served for sixteen years as engineer on the Coronado Railroad. Then, tiring of life in a mining camp, he bought a farm near Duncan. While hauling rock to repair a dam at the head of his canal, he uncovered a short thick sword about twenty inches long and three-quarters of an inch thick at the back. It was inlaid with gold on both sides and on the back. According to Dean Frank D. Lockwood of the University of Arizona, the sword was probably lost by Coronado or one of his captains four hundred years ago. Dean Lockwood considers it one of the most valuable relics ever found in the state, and believes that the site where it

* Often spelled Solomonsville

was found was possibly the place where Coronado and his men crossed the Gila River on their return to Mexico.

Though Coronado carried his search for the Seven Cities of Cíbola, where golden treasure was to be found, into many parts of Arizona, he did not see the Grand Canyon. Instead, he sent Don García López de Cárdenas north with twelve men to find a river of which the native Indians had spoken. Thus Cárdenas was the first white man to gaze upon the wonders of the Grand Canyon, at least so far as records show. Astounded as he must have been when he stood on the brink of this great chasm, he could not possibly have conceived of its vast extent or great depth or the antiquity revealed in its solid rock walls.

In recent years the CCC boys, hewing a trail from the rim down to the river, have found in those walls evidences of almost every age of the world's geological records. Of the seven climatic belts found in the world, the Grand Canyon region has six, ranging from Arctic to subtropic; only the tropic is missing. For all the importance of Cárdenas or Coronado in the discovery of the canyon, neither man's name has been connected with the area.

The Spanish explorers also named the Colorado River, which flows through the northern part of the state and forms its western boundary for more than a thousand miles. This river drains an area of 244,000 square miles in seven western states and flows through the full length of the Grand Canyon. Because of its red color brought about by the large amount of silt in the water, the Spaniards named it the Red, or Colorado River.

The first mining railroad in Arizona was the twenty-inch "baby"-gauge built in 1880 by the Lesinskys and operated from their copper furnaces at Clifton to the Longfellow Mine. The first locomotive, named Little Emma, weighed about four tons. It was freighted overland by ox teams from La Junta, Colorado, a distance of about seven hundred miles. At that time La Junta was the nearest railroad point. The locomotive was put together by Henry Arbuckle, who served as engineer on the road for thirty-five years and was known to everyone in the district as Dad Arbuckle. He was a very large man, weighing around two hundred and sixty pounds, and it was about all he could do to get into the cab of the little locomotive. When standing up to clean and oil it, he looked almost as tall as the engine. His many friends often joked with him about his being larger than his engine. Today the bell of little Emma is hanging in an archway in the small park of Clifton.

The Coronado, Little Emma's twin, was brought to Clifton in 1883 by the Arizona Copper Company. Her engineer, George Gamble, had come from Georgetown, New Mexico, in the spring of that year. He lived in Clifton for over forty-five years, and during all that time he was an employee of the copper company. After the mines closed in 1932, the company gave Mr. Gamble the honor of disposing of his engine, and he presented the little Coronado to the Arizona Museum in Phoenix. Having been a pioneer, he was greatly interested in preserving the relics of earlier days for posterity. Mr. Gamble is living at Prescott, a guest of the Arizona Pioneers Home there.

In 1882 construction was begun on the thirty-six-inch-gauge Arizona and New Mexico Railroad from Lordsburg to the copper mines at Clifton, a distance of seventy-one miles. This was soon after the construction crew of the Southern Pacific Railroad had passed Lordsburg, building its transcontinental line from the East to California. The railroad to Clifton was completed as far as Guthrie by August, 1883; from there the passengers continued the trip to Clifton by stage. Freight and other supplies were hauled in by ox teams. The most difficult part of the road to build was from Guthrie to Clifton, as it required a great deal of blasting and heavy grading over the rough country, with many cuts and one tunnel through the hills.

The Morenci Southern, a branch line from Guthrie to Morenci, a distance of twelve miles, was completed in 1901. It was called the corkscrew road of America, for it made three complete loops and several hairpin curves. It was also a narrow-gauge road. After completion, it hauled supplies to Morenci, as well as the finished copper product from Morenci back to the junction with the Arizona and New Mexico Railroad at Guthrie. Before this time, all freight and supplies had to be taken to Clifton, transferred to the Coronado Railroad, again transferred, taken up the Longfellow Incline, and put onto a train at the head of the incline, which hauled the load into Morenci. This short railroad passed through the Longfellow Tunnel.

E. A. Cutter, a railroad contractor and builder for both the Arizona Copper Company and the Detroit Copper Company, constructed the little twenty-inch-gauge road from Clifton to the Coronado Incline. Mr. Cutter was short and very portly, weighing between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and seventy pounds, and measuring fifty-two inches in girth. His propor-

tions called forth an early-day story which became the joke of the day.

At a term of court in Solomonville, Cutter met George Gamble, an old friend he had not seen for some time. Gamble's bright little son Jimmie had accompanied his father that day, and when the two men shook hands and stopped to talk, Gamble said to Jimmie:

"You know Mr. Cutter, son. Shake hands with him."

Jimmie looked up very intently into Mr. Cutter's face and said, "I don't know him by his face, but I know him by his stomach."

An account of railroad activities in the eighties and later, especially concerning the region from Lordsburg to Guthrie through which the Arizona and New Mexico Railroad was built, is preserved in James Colquhoun's *The History of the Clifton-Morenci Mining District.** Mr. Colquhoun had been sent over from Scotland in 1883 to become general manager of the Arizona Copper Company and continued in that capacity until 1904. After he resigned on account of ill health, he was retained for several years as president of the company. The following comments are taken from his history:

> This narrow gauge railroad was 36 inches wide and was called the Arizona and New Mexico Railway. It was built by the Arizona Copper Company, a Scotch corporation of Edinburgh, Scotland. They were instrumental in the development of the great copper mines at Metcalf, Coronado, and Longfellow.
>
> The Lesinskys in the late 70's built the first primitive copper furnaces in that district. The ore was smelted into copper bullion and hauled to Kansas City, Mo., by ox teams, a distance of 1,200 miles, and on the return trip the teams would haul food, clothing, and mine supplies; sometimes the teamsters left Clifton and were never heard of again, and the teamsters who followed would find a few dead bodies and the remains of wrecked wagons which told the fate of the drivers of the ore train and its supplies.
>
> The Arizona Copper Company bought out the Lesinskys' interests in 1882.
>
> Mr. Colquhoun also included a comment about my home and family, showing his appreciation of the conditions facing the early settlers:
>
> Duncan was a small hamlet – the home of the Parks family, a hardy, fearless race of natural pioneers.

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* John Murray: London, 1924.

Though the early families devoted themselves to peaceful enterprise, it was years before Arizona was free from threats of outlawry and hostile raids, and during those years my father gave freely of his services in protecting life and property.

CHAPTER II

Pioneer Life Along the Arizona Border

MY FATHER, W. JOHN PARKS, FAMILIARLY CALLED Uncle John by all his friends, was known far and wide as a man of great courage. He was five feet, eleven inches tall and of muscular build. He was sturdy and strong and weighed a hundred and seventy-five pounds. He did not know what it was to be sick or even to have a headache. He had dark brown hair which did not turn gray until the last months of his life. His deep blue eyes would twinkle in moments of amusement, but were dark and stern when he became angry. He was cool-headed and always used good judgment in the tightest of places. There are few people in this world who are fearless, but my father had an absolute lack of fear.

Generous to a fault, father would give his last dollar to a friend in need. A man who was broke was welcome to our home until he could get a job. In instances where the inclination to work was lacking, mother had a free boarder, sometimes for months at a time. But father was an excellent provider, a good trader, and a big money maker. He never overlooked a real financial opportunity and was either unusually shrewd or extremely lucky. He did not place any great value on money, for he spent it freely on himself, his family, and his friends.

As there were no banks where father could deposit his money, he buried it in baking powder cans. He could dig it up easily and put it into circulation again. Mother was always urging him to put by a nestegg for the future and keep adding to it, but money came so easily in those early days that the men apparently could not foresee a time when it would not always be plentiful.

Father was a lover of fine horses and made a hobby of raising good blooded stock. After he moved to Duncan, he shipped in the first steel dust stallion, and some of that original strain still be-

longs to his fourth son, Charlie Parks, who has a good bunch of saddle horses at his S I Ranch in New Mexico. After we moved to Solomonville, father also shipped out from Kentucky a big bay Morgan stallion called John D. He owned several fast race horses, among them Dogie, Belle, Commissary and Gray John. The latter broke the speed record on the Phoenix track when he was seventeen years old.

Father was a lifelong Democrat and an influential politician. At various times he held political jobs ranging from undersheriff to justice of the peace and deputy United States marshal. Though he made many arrests of so-called bad men or desperadoes, he never had to shoot or kill a man. Deeply and sincerely he felt his responsibility, especially during his first few years in the new land. He was gravely concerned for the safety of his family and other families, for the Indians were a constant menace and an ever-threatening danger. He organized the ranchers and other citizens for the protection of the settlers in that section. There were many good followers but few good leaders, and father was a natural-born leader, one in whom his friends and neighbors had great confidence. He and his men were ready at all times to start in pursuit of any band of marauding Indians who passed through on their murderous raids.

Though the new frontier to which my parents had come had been explored by the Spaniards and had a history dating back for more than three centuries, it was a wild country, and the pioneer mothers helped to transform it into homes for their families. Since the things that are hardest to achieve in this life are the most highly prized, these pioneer women loved their homes in the new land. They had endured untold hardships crossing the wilderness and establishing their homes, and asked only to be allowed to live in peace. They grew to love their adopted land, where the sky was a soft blue by day and a deep blue by night, studded with millions of stars that seemed much closer to the earth than in the states they had forever left behind them.

My mother, like the women of her day, was very modest and retiring in nature. She had black hair, blue-gray eyes, and a kind disposition. She was a good wife and mother and a loyal friend. As a pioneer mother, her part in establishing civilization in her community was as important as that of her more daring and venturesome husband. Without the cooperation of the women, the taming of the West would have taken a much longer time. Often the courageous mothers were the only protection for their

families of small children while their husbands had to be away from home.

There were seven children in our family – five sons and two daughters. Four of the boys, James V., William H., John D., and Charles W., and one girl, Jennie M., were born in Texas. The other girl, Dollie C., and the youngest son, Howard M., were born in Duncan. We were a very happy and congenial bunch, creating most of our good times. We were cheerful and lively and very fond of each other and we found many incidents irresistibly funny.

From mother, who had inherited the wit of her Irish-English father, we derived originality and seemed always to see the humorous side of life. From father we drew courage and determination which were important assets as we grew up, for we would not admit defeat in any worthy ambition. We had the patience and determination to work out the many problems that confronted us, and to encourage each other in every worth-while and honorable undertaking.

The family home at Knight's Ranch had been the first building put up in the Burro Mountains, as well as the first residence. Built by Richard S. Knight in 1874 near the head of Knight's Canyon, it was an adobe with very thick walls and several rooms. Soon Knight's Ranch became a household word throughout the Southwest as a haven of safety for prospectors, travelers, and settlers who were forced to seek protection from the attacks of raiding Apaches.

After the building was completed, it became a station on the stage line which connected with the overland routes to California. The government established a mail route from Lordsburg to Silver City, and a few years later constructed a telegraph line which passed the place. By 1877 extensive commercial relations were being carried on between Silver City, which was the base of supplies for an immense section of the country, and Clifton, Arizona, a remote mining camp. It was over this route that thousands of tons of copper matte were hauled from Clifton to Silver City and on to Las Animas, Colorado, or to Kansas City, by way of El Paso. Kansas City was the principal terminus for the copper matte shipped from Clifton, as well as the main base for the supplies needed in the mining camp.

As soon as father bought Knight's Ranch from Mr. Knight and his brother-in-law, Mr. Swan, he hired a Chinese cook to do the cooking for the family, stage passengers and transients. Then

he began removing the windows of the house, and built the openings up with rock, leaving a porthole in each opening through which to fight if Indians should attack the place. On several occasions while we lived there, hostile bands passed along the old Indian trail in the mountains near the house, but we never had to use the house as a fortress.

We children never tired of watching the freight wagons that usually stopped at our place. The wagons were drawn by eight to ten yoke of oxen, and the drivers were nearly all Mexicans. They had long slender poles of oak or some other tough wood, with a nail or spike in the tip, and they used these prod poles to urge the slow animals on to greater effort on grades or bad roads.

Now and then we had very exciting times. Late one afternoon several men rode up with a herd of cattle and asked permission to pen them in one of the corrals overnight. They had to wait till mother and a hired hand finished milking. Then we children stood at the fence looking through the cedar pickets at the commotion as the men rode around the herd, whooping and waving their hats to make the cattle enter the strange pen.

About a mile down the road came a train of freight wagons. The drivers had heard that Indians were on the warpath and heading toward the Burro Mountains. The men were trying to make it to our place for the night when a fellow who was new on the job was badly frightened. The older men decided to have some fun at his expense and fired several shots into the air. When they started yelling that Indians were coming, the terrified man left his wagon and started on the run for our ranch. In his flight he lost his hat and as he neared the house he was shouting, "Indios, Indios," at every step.

When the cattlemen saw the Mexican running and shouting, they supposed that Indians were very near, and called to us children to run to the house. I was quite small and couldn't go as fast as the others. The first thing I knew, one of the riders galloped up beside me, reached down, and grabbed hold of me. He pulled me to the saddle in front of him and raced to the house.

Soon the other drivers brought in the freight wagons. When the cattlemen learned of the joke that had been played on the new man, they came near lynching a couple of the freighters. They impressed upon the drivers the dangers of trying out a practical joke at such a critical time, when an Indian attack could be expected at any time.

Father and mother had scarcely become settled in their new

home at Knight's Ranch when Christmas came, and we celebrated our first Christmas in the Southwest on this isolated ranch. There were no bright ribbons or tinsel or even popcorn to decorate a tree with, nor were there any toys to hang on it, though our home among the cedars would surely have been an ideal place for Santa Claus to visit. Mother had told us the alluring story of the jolly saint and his sleigh and reindeer, a story which is always new to the children in every clime. We were filled with the happy Christmas spirit and looked forward expectantly to what Christmas morning would bring us.

On the night before Christmas we sat around the fireplace and gazed at our stockings hanging on small nails driven around the mantel. At last we grew sleepy and went to bed, but at the break of dawn we were up and running about to see what Santa had given us. Mother and father got up, too, and we sat before a roaring fire emptying out stockings and exclaiming over each thing we found. We were too excited to think about breakfast.

A week or so before Christmas mother had given the stage driver some money and asked him to buy her some candies, nuts, fruit, and whatever toys he could find in Silver City. But the only things he could get were figures made of white sugar candy, tinted around the edges with pale pink. On Christmas morning I found in my stocking a little candy dog, a rabbit, a kitten, and two candy dolls. In my excitement over the dolls, I dropped one and broke its head. I sobbed bitterly over the accident and could hardly be persuaded to eat breakfast.

Even more bitter was the disappointment of my brothers Jim and Will, for our cousin, John Epley, who enjoyed nothing better than a practical joke, chose this time to play one on the boys. After everyone else had gone to bed on Christmas Eve, he got up, quietly entered the room where the stockings hung, emptied the boys' stockings, and filled Jim's with dried onions and Will's with potatoes. This joke shattered the boys' childish faith in Santa Claus. Cousin John gave them back the gifts he had taken from their stockings, but nothing seemed the same to the boys.

Father still owned a number of saddle and stock horses, and he and Jim, then about ten years old, rode the range during the winter and spring to keep the horses from drifting away and to see that none were stolen by Indians or rustlers. One spring day father found a little fawn and brought it home, carrying it in front of him on the saddle. The boys were delighted to have a pet, as children are who live in isolated places, and with mother's

help they managed to raise him. They named him Billie and put a leather collar around his neck, with a tiny bell attached. Soon he would follow the boys around like a puppy.

When Billie got old enough to graze, the boys took him out on the hills where he could eat the green grass. After a little while the boys would try to slip off and get a good start for home, for Billie could run very fast. Soon he would raise his head, and seeing that they had gone, he would start on the run for the house. The boys would know by the tinkling of the bell that he was catching up, and though they would run their very best, Billie always won the race. We children loved to romp with the fawn, for he would jump and bound about and was so fast we could never catch him. But Billie's life was to be a short one.

When father sold the place a year later, we moved to Lordsburg for a while. He took his horses and two of the best milk cows along, and Billie rode in the wagon. But our house did not have a fence around it, and the fawn had to be kept in a corral at night with the cows to protect him from the dogs. One night Billie was hooked by one of the cows and mortally wounded. Though father at once got a doctor to sew up the wound and bandage it, our pet died the next day. We children, as well as mother and father, were deeply grieved over the loss of the fawn.

While we lived at Knight's Ranch, there was seldom a time when we did not have transients staying in the house. For a while Bowie and Brag Knox, young brothers from one of the Southern states, lived with us. Colonel Donohue from St. Louis spent weeks at a time on the ranch. These men were interested in developing mining claims they owned. Bowie Knox had a good voice and loved to sing. Many evenings which otherwise might have been lonely were spent with father playing the violin and Bowie singing Southern melodies.

After father and mother were established in a new home in Duncan, Arizona, more than two years after disposing of the ranch in the Burro Mountains, the Knox boys visited us on several occasions. They were men of fine character and principles, and remained staunch friends of ours. Later Bowie contracted tuberculosis, and realizing that he was failing fast, he returned to his home in the South shortly before he died.

Colonel Donohue also visited in our new home and once spent Christmas on our cattle ranch three miles above Duncan. At that time father had him order from St. Louis a set of silverware for mother. The set consisted of twelve knives, forks, teaspoons, and

tablespoons, and also a silver water pitcher, a covered butter dish, and a caster with cruets and shakers. Most of the set is still in my possession, highly valued as keepsakes.

Among other things ordered from St. Louis at the same time was a black dress for mother. It was tight fitting, with a draped polonaise, and was trimmed around the bottom with silk fringe six inches long and with steel cut beads scattered thickly through the fringe. It was the first ready-made dress we had ever seen, and mother looked very elegant in her perfectly fitting store dress.

During our stay at Knight's Ranch, perhaps the strangest visitor we had was Billy the Kid. His real name was William Bonney, and up to the age of twelve he had lived with his mother at Silver City. He started on his career as a bad man after killing a man who had insulted his mother. A few weeks before the killing, Billy and his mother, on their way to a store to do some shopping, passed a building where several men were congregated and idly talking. A young blacksmith who was a bully with a bad reputation addressed an insulting remark to Billy's mother. The boy grabbed up a rock and threw it with all his strength at the man's head. The blow only struck off the blacksmith's hat, but if it had hit him it would probably have caused serious injury. The blacksmith started after the boy, but a bystander knocked him down. When the fellow struggled to his feet, the man knocked him down again. The incident caused hard feeling between the two men.

Shortly afterward, while Billy's defender was standing in a saloon, a couple of drunks struck him on the head. The man proceeded to knock one of the drunks down, but both of them turned on him. The blacksmith, who was on the scene, saw his chance to get even with the man who had intervened in Billy's behalf, and joined the two drunks. When Billy, who was watching a card game, saw the three attacking his friend, he pulled out his knife and struck at the blacksmith. The knife entered the man's heart and he fell dead. Billy left that night, a fugitive from justice. In the course of his short life of twenty-one years, he killed twenty-one men.

In 1880, while our family was living at Knight's Ranch, Billy stayed two days and nights at our home. He was then about twenty years of age. Very slight and boyish in appearance, he had a pleasing personality. There was nothing about him to indicate that he was the bad man that rumor gave him the reputation of being. Father knew who he was, but said at the time that he could

not help liking and sympathizing with the boyish young fellow with the iron nerve.

The Kid could not have been altogether bad, for he had many friends in New Mexico. There must have been some good qualities mixed with the bad. He was shot and killed in the dead of night, without the slightest warning or a chance to defend himself, by an officer, Pat Garrett, who had been on the Kid's trail for some time.

Mrs. Paulita Maxwell Jaramillo was a pioneer in New Mexico. She and her husband were very prominent people in the old days, and were well acquainted with Billy the Kid. In comparing Garrett with the Kid, she often said, that in her opinion, Garrett was as cold and hard a character as the Kid, the great difference being that Garrett had the law on his side, while the Kid was outside the law. She felt it was typical of Garrett to waylay the Kid in the home of a friend, while he was cutting off a steak from a shoulder of beef for his supper, and murder him in cold blood.

Father sold Knight's Ranch in October, 1881, to Jack and Tom Brown, who had come from Texas. Jack had earlier left Texas to get away from cyclones. At that time Tom had told his brother to find a country where there were neither cyclones nor northers, and he would come, also. Jack stopped at Knight's Ranch in his search and stayed a while. He liked the balmy climate and wrote Tom that it was exactly what he had been looking for. Soon Tom arrived and the brothers concluded a deal with father for the ranch. They planned to go into the cattle business and to furnish father with beef for the meat market he would open when he moved to Lordsburg.

The Brown brothers bought the beef cattle from Lyons and Campbell, who lived on a ranch called the Red Barn on the upper Gila River and were the largest cattlemen in that part of the territory. The Brown boys, who had come to New Mexico hunting for a quiet place to live, ran into trouble almost at once. It was the time of the Lincoln County cattle war, and on Jack's first trip to Lake Valley he saw five men hanging from the same tree near the road. The Browns lived at Knight's Ranch until 1886, when they sold the place and bought another on the Membres River from a Mr. Price. Here they lived until Tom's death. Then Jack sold out and later drifted to Globe, Arizona, where he died in 1938.

We lived in Lordsburg only two months, as father, who liked to do things on a big scale, found the meat market business too slow. In December, 1881, he located a ranch three miles above Duncan, Arizona, on the Gila River, and settled there as soon as he could build a four-room house for the family. He put up a frame house, which was a rarity in that area, where ranch houses were generally built of adobe. But it was winter, and no adobes were available; besides, a frame structure could be put up very quickly.

Before father left Lordsburg, he bought a bunch of cattle from a man by the name of Dowdy, whose herds were branded with a large heart on the side. To mother's cousin, John Epley, fell the responsibility of picking the cattle, and, with the other cowboys, driving them to the new ranch.

Father had chosen this ranch because of the good range and water supply. It was on the Gila, which rises in the Mogollon Mountains in New Mexico. When the winter snows melted in the spring of the year, the river often reached the flood stage, washing the steep banks and causing them to cave in. One spring the river in front of our house left its channel and cut a new one about two hundred yards farther from the house. At a point directly in front of the house, where the banks were over twelve feet high and very steep, father began the construction of a dugout which could be used as a shelter in case of Indian attacks.

With the help of the two older boys, Jim and Will, father and John Epley dug a large excavation in the river bank. They covered it first with cottonwood poles laid close together, then added a layer of small willows cut from the river bottom, and on top put a covering of grama grass. With a foot of adobe soil over the grass, the roof was made waterproof. This roof extended about a foot above the level of the ground and could hardly be seen from even a short distance. A narrow path led down to the door, which faced the river but could not have been seen for the brush and cottonwoods growing in the river bottom.

The dugout never had to be used as a refuge from the Indians, but it served as an extra bedroom for the family. It was warm in winter and cool in summer. Two double beds were moved in, and John Epley, Jim, and Will slept there. Only once did we see a band of Indians, but they were being pursued and hurried on their way up into the foothills.

We remained at this ranch for about a year and a half before

father sold out to Lane Fisher, a late arrival from Leavenworth, Kansas. The place was afterward known as Fisher ranch.

Father moved to Duncan next, where he bought a large adobe store building with four rooms back of the main sales room. Under the front part of the house was a big cellar where surplus stocks had been stored. The former family had lived in the four rooms at the rear, but father used all the building for our home. Not far from the house was a large corral with high adobe walls.

When the Indians were on the warpath and raiding the country, and the ranchers had to flee from their homes, they always came to our house. With its thick adobe walls and corral, it was considered the best place in town to withstand an attack. The men made portholes all around the corral and stayed there while the women and children remained in the house.

Duncan was a veritable fortress and refuge for the settlers up and down the Gila River and for the surrounding ranchers during the turbulent warfare with the Apache Indians in the early eighties. Many were the times when a party of grim-faced men rode out from town escorting a wagon on its way to bring in the bodies of the latest victims of the hostiles. When any of the ranchers or cowboys were killed, their bodies were brought to our home pending the funeral.

The town of Duncan was founded in 1878. It was named after Duncan Smith, one of the first presidents of the Arizona Copper Company, which was a Scotch organization operating copper mines at Clifton, thirty miles north of Duncan. Through the center of town ran the branch railroad which connected Clifton and Lordsburg.

Located on the banks of the Gila, within a cottonwood grove in a valley that nestled between two mountain ranges, Duncan was a very pretty little town even in frontier days. On each side of the valley the low rolling foothills gradually became higher until they reached the base of the mountains. From these low mesas the river looked like a silver thread glistening in the sunlight, as it flowed smoothly and peacefully along its winding course. At other times, after the melting of winter snow, it became a raging torrent, sweeping away everything in its path. Then it was a most treacherous stream and a menace to the town.

The river bed was about half a mile wide, and after each flood period the current was likely to be first on one side of the broad channel and then on the other. With each big rise the

strong, swift, muddy stream would cut away the bank for many feet, until the town was in danger of being swept away. On one of these rampages it cut a channel on the opposite side of the river bed, leaving the town in comparative safety for several seasons.

In recent years the state highway department has built a bridge across the Gila at Duncan. It has eight spans, not including the approaches, and is a quarter of a mile in length. One of the government projects is to riprap and otherwise fortify the banks of the stream to protect the town from further destruction by flood waters.

There was no schoolhouse in Duncan when we moved there to live, and it worried mother a great deal to see the children growing up without schooling. Quite a few families lived in and around the village, and there were probably twenty children of school age. Mother thought about the problem for a while, and then the idea came to her to raise a fund by public subscription for the building of a schoolhouse. At a cowboy dance she finally brought up the subject.

Once or twice a month the cowboys from the different ranches gathered in town and gave a dance in an old saloon building. During the spring and fall roundups they always had big dances. Everyone from far and near attended. At one of these dances mother, who was the cowboys' friend in sickness and trouble, remarked to a group of the boys that it was too bad there was no suitable place for the dances since they all enjoyed dancing so much. Casually she mentioned that the mothers were anxious to have their children go to school. Why couldn't they get together and raise a fund to build a schoolhouse which could also be used for dances?

This suggestion met with instant approval and a purse was started then and there. Frank Shriver, who owned a cattle ranch a few miles above Duncan, was the first to contribute. He gave mother twenty-five dollars to head the list. Each of the other boys donated liberally.

The building was put up, a teacher secured, and school started. This frame structure was the only schoolhouse Duncan had until the late nineties. It was also used for church services, for occasionally a traveling minister would come to town and preach a sermon. If any of the cowboys were in town, they would hear the preacher. Often, if the crowd were large enough, the

desks would be moved against the wall after services, and the floor would be cleared. Someone would go for Frank Taylor, the fiddler, and the dance would begin.

One day when a minister arrived in town, word was sent out to the different families that there would be preaching in the schoolhouse that evening. But during the afternoon some cowboys came to town, among them Lee Windham, who announced a dance for the evening. He was then informed that the dance would have to be postponed as church services had already been scheduled and the families notified.

The boys did not take kindly to the change of plan and proceeded to load up on Kentucky's Best. The "sky pilot" heard the news and did not show up to preach. The liquored-up punchers were on hand with their fiddler, but there were so few people in attendance that the dance was far from being a success. When the boys sobered up, they were very much ashamed and expressed regret for their conduct. The incident was never repeated.

Lee explained afterward that although he and the other boys were drunk, they figured that as long as they had contributed to the building of the schoolhouse, they should be entitled to have a dance in it any time they chose. The boys were forgiven, for in those days dancing was almost the only pleasure the ranchers and cowboys could indulge in and thus break the monotony of long months of hard labor on the lonely ranches.

Horse racing was a favorite sport of the day, when time could be taken to prepare the track. Several of the settlers owned fast horses, and everybody bet on the races. In those days gambling was a common pastime, and no more was thought of a leading citizen's gambling or betting than would be thought today of his playing bridge.

Father always had three or four speedy horses, and though he often won a great deal of money, he also lost a lot. But the boys of our family firmly believed that father was the best judge of horseflesh on earth. If father had a horse that he would say was a sure winner, the boys would have backed his judgment with their last dollar. Luckily most of them were too young to bet at that time, though both John and Charlie took the defeat of one of father's racers harder than if they had lost money.

John had ridden as a jockey for several years. He was an expert rider, light in weight, had had good training, and could be relied on to carry out the instructions of the trainer. At this

time father owned a bay horse by the name of Chance that had won several races in the vicinity of Duncan, and he felt confident that Chance could outrun any horse in that part of the country. Another resident who owned race horses and followed the game was W. B. Foster. He had recently brought from Texas a gray horse that had a pedigree and a record on the American turf. So a race was matched between Chance and the gray. Father and John Epley, also a good judge of horses, knew from the gray horse's looks that he was fast. But they also knew Chance's running time, and were satisfied that their horse would daylight the gray at the outcome.

After the match was made the men spent their evenings discussing and running the race, and the boys sat around and absorbed everything. The younger boys felt sure the race was already won, even before the day rolled around. As jockey, John was confident. People from far and near planned to see the race. Nothing but an Indian uprising could have kept them away.

In those early days, horse races were matched for a distance of a quarter of a mile. The owners of the two horses would select a stretch of level ground near town and lay out two straight parallel tracks. Then each man would prepare his own race track. First the soil was loosened and removed from the track for a depth of several inches. The bottom of the depression was then leveled, and water which had to be hauled in barrels, was poured in for the full length of the depression. Manure was next brought from a stable or corral, and a shallow layer was spread, wet down, and packed. A layer of soil was put on top to make the track almost level with the ground. Slight shoulders were left to hold water for extra packing and hardening. The layer of manure acted as a cushion; it made the finished track springy and kept the feet of the horses from burning while they were running.

At one end of the track a line was drawn to mark the starting point, and the man who tapped the horses off stood there. The two jockeys rode the horses down past this line about forty feet, then turned quickly, and tried to reach the line at the same instant. Often it would take twenty minutes or longer for them to get an even start. Sometimes one horse became nervous, and his jockey would ride him slowly along the track a few times to quiet him before making another start. Finally the starter would be satisfied and yell "Go."

Across the track from the starter stood the flagman with a white rag tied to a stick. When the horses were tapped off, the flag

was lowered instantly. It was the signal to the man holding a stop watch to time the speed of the horses. Two judges occupied a stand at the finish.

On the day when Chance raced against the gray, a big crowd had gathered. The horses were galloped down the track a few times to warm them up. Great excitement prevailed, and many bets were made at the last minute.

Then the starter tapped the horses off, the flag dropped, and the race was on. Wild cheering broke out after the lull that had prevailed while the start was being made. Soon the crowd at the finish could see that the gray was in the lead, and this lead he held all the way through.

Father and Charlie had stayed at the head of the track to see the horses tapped off, and waited until they could see that Chance was trailing at the judges' stand. Then father mounted, and with Charlie on behind, rode down the track to meet John.

"Well, son, they beat you," he called out to John when they met.

"Yes," said the boy, as tears came to his eyes.

"I see that Chance ran on the outside of the track all the way through," father commented.

John burst into tears. "I couldn't hold him in the track. I whipped him on the other side all the way through, but he wouldn't get back into the track."

At this, Charlie too began to cry. "John," he begged, "go and tell them that Chance flew the track. They will let you run it over."

"Hush, Charlie," said father.

But Charlie was broken-hearted. He couldn't get over the fact that his brother had lost the race, and kept repeating, "Go and tell them that Chance flew the track, and maybe they will run it again."

Father had to get pretty firm. "Charlie, if I have to speak to you again, I will give you a spanking."

The lost race was easily explained. At some previous time Chance's feet had been burned up on a hard track, and this time he had kept to the soft dirt on the outside of the track.

The two boys never forgot their disillusionment, and in after years, when it seemed certain that a favorite horse was sure to win, they always remembered Chance. If there ever was any sporting blood in John and Charlie, the memory of Chance's defeat toned it down, for they were never known to make a bet on a horse race.

During the time when the race horses were not in training for a race, father turned them out in the alfalfa field to exercise and graze. While they were in the pasture, it was John's job to watch them, for one of the Bar W C cows had the habit of breaking through the fence. She would put her head through the barbed wire fence, and with her horns would twist the wire until it broke and let her through to the green feed. The pasture extended to the foothills, with canyons and small washes where the brush grew thick. If the horses should get out at the broken fence and realize their freedom, they might run and injure themselves seriously.

John had to spend so much of his time keeping the cow away from the fence that he hit upon the scheme of loading a shotgun with beans and shooting her the next time she broke in. He told his older brothers about what he was going to do, but the cow did not show up that day, and he left the gun, loaded with beans, at the house.

Soon one of the older boys caught sight of the hawk that had been catching mother's chickens. He ran to the house, removed the charge of beans, and put in a shell containing buckshot. But when he went out to kill the hawk, it had gone. Thinking that it might return, he set the gun back in the house, leaving it loaded with buckshot.

The next day John was due to watch the pasture again, and we children played in the back yard under the big shade trees so that we could help him keep an eye on the field. But we got busy playing and forgot the cow. When John remembered to look, she had broken through the fence and was in the alfalfa field. John got the gun, ran to the pasture, and blazed away. To his surprise and consternation she fell in a heap and was dead when he reached her.

The shot stampeded the race hoses, and they began snorting and dashing from one end of the field to the other. The older boys heard the horses running and mounted the first ponies they could get their hands on. Soon they had the race horses safely inside the adobe corral.

When father came home, he broke off a good limber switch from one of the trees, and, showing no partiality, laid it on us all alike. I doubt if even the neighbor children escaped. I cannot remember that he ever whipped me but that one time.

Father made John go to Mr. Ward, the owner of the Bar W C, and explain how the accident had happened. It took a lot

of courage for John to confess what he had done, for Mr. Ward had the reputation of being very crabbed and unreasonable. But he must have had a great deal of understanding behind his hard outward appearance, for he was very kind, no doubt realizing how hard the ordeal had been. He took a great liking to John, who afterward was a real favorite of Mr. Ward. Father paid for the cow, and the incident was closed, much to our relief, but it made a lasting impression on us. It proved a good lesson, for the next time we were given some little chore to do there was no neglect on our part.

When my brother Charlie was about ten years old, he struck up a friendship with B. B. Adams, a clerk in Boone and Lay's store at Duncan. B. B., as he was familiarly called by everyone, loved to hunt small game, and each Sunday afternoon he would take Charlie along to carry the game. My brother loved to hunt, too, even if it meant wandering around with just his nigger-shooter. Usually the two hunters would go out into the foothills to get quail or dove, or down in the river bottom to shoot wild duck.

After they had gone hunting on many occasions, B. B. presented Charlie with a .22 rifle and taught him how to shoot with it. Soon Charlie became a very good shot. He always enjoyed these little trips, for B. B. was an interesting companion.

One Sunday they started out as usual, and as they passed the schoolhouse a small cottontail rabbit ran under the building.

"Charlie," said B. B., "you go to the front of the schoolhouse and crawl under. Scare him out by the back steps, and I'll kill him as he runs out."

The schoolhouse was built at the foot of a range of little foothills on the west side of town. On account of the slope, the foundation was high in front and low in the back. Charlie could not crawl under far enough, but tried to chase the rabbit out by throwing rocks at him.

"Can't you scare him out, Charlie?" B. B. would call occasionally.

"No," Charlie would answer, and keep on trying.

Evidently the rabbit could see B. B. and would not run out by the back steps. When Charlie saw that he was not going to be able to dislodge the rabbit, he leveled his rifle, got a good bead, and pulled the trigger. Just at that moment B. B., who was getting impatient, stooped down to look under the steps to see why Charlie could not drive out the rabbit.

Bang went the gun. The bullet went through the cottontail and killed it, then hit the ground just in front of B. B.'s face, peppering him with gravel. The man, who had a fiery temper, went all to pieces. He stormed around and tried to make Charlie come out from under the building and take a whipping for such carelessness. When Charlie would not come out, B. B. tried to crawl under the building and catch him. But each time Charlie dodged the angry man.

Finally the comical side of the situation struck B. B., and he burst out laughing. Soon Charlie joined in, and they both crawled out from under the building. Nevertheless, B. B. gave him a good lecture on handling of a gun. Then they continued on their hunting trip and had a pleasant afternoon together.

Several miles above Duncan, on the opposite side of the river from town, lived Fred and Joe Heglar. They had come from Arkansas seeking adventure, but had settled down and become substantial citizens. Everybody around Duncan called them the Dutch boys and liked them.

But with them was an old man who had attached himself to them for the overland journey. He lived alone on a small ranch, and because of his mean, cranky disposition, made no friends. He was known only as Coonskin, for he never wore anything on his head other than a coonskin cap. The old man had the reputation of having killed several men before he came to Duncan, and, when on a spree, was a dangerous character.

Coonskin always wore a belt and scabbard, or holster, in which he carried a long revolver of the type used by the Texas Rangers in the fifties and sixties. The holster was fastened with a buckskin strap around his leg just above the knee, in order to hold the gun close to his body. In case he needed to make a hasty draw, the long-barreled revolver would easily come clear of the holster. This revolver was the muzzle-loading cap-and-ball type known then as a frontier revolver.

Every time Coonskin came to town, he invariably got on a drunk, and when he left for home, always took a gallon jug of whiskey with him. Once he got sore at some of the cowboys for trying to have fun at his expense. Whipping out his revolver, he fired at every cowpuncher in sight. In his drunken state he missed, but the bullets came so near that the men were afraid the next one would not miss. That day he ran every cowboy out of Duncan.

In late winter and spring, Coonskin had trouble getting his

usual drinking done. Then the Gila River would be running at flood stage, sometimes for weeks at a time. It would be impossible to cross unless one was a good swimmer and was willing to take a chance in the treacherous stream. But Mose Fisher, an enterprising carpenter who had made the westward trip in father's party, built a boat with his son's help, and charged fifty cents to row a person across the river.

During a flood Coonskin came down and was rowed to the Duncan side. Late in the afternoon he appeared on the bank and wanted to cross to the other side so that he could go home. He had his jug and was in his usual "stewed" condition. Mose Fisher rowed him across, but Coonskin decided, after reaching the other bank, that he wanted to go back to Duncan.

Fisher objected. "Now, Coonskin, you've got no business there. You'd better go on home."

But Coonskin insisted on returning to town.

"If you go back to Duncan," Fisher warned him, "I'm not going to bring you back across again. You'd better go home now."

Still the drunken man was determined, and so Fisher took him across to the Duncan side, but it wasn't long before Coonskin returned, ready for another trip.

"I told you," said Fisher, "that I would not take you back across, and I don't intend to do it."

"All right, Mose," said Coonskin. "I'll swim across."

"If you try," Fisher warned, "you'll be drowned."

But Coonskin seemed not to hear. He was busy adjusting a leather strap that was attached to the whiskey jug. He put the strap about his shoulders, swung the jug around on his back, and jumped off the bank into the swollen stream with his coat on.

He was evidently a wonderful swimmer when he was sober, for he managed to swim some distance even in his drunken state. Near the middle of the stream the current began to carry him toward the far bank. Coonskin was past swimming by that time, but still managed to keep himself afloat. When he was within a short distance of the bank, he was swept into a whirlpool, and the onlookers felt sure that he would be drowned.

At that time the Duncan Militia Company was camped under some big cottonwoods on the bank near the whirlpool. The men watched Coonskin go under, and one of them began swinging a rawhide lariat around his head, waiting for Coonskin to come up. Then he threw it far out and caught the drunken man around the shoulders and pulled him to shore. Coonskin was more dead

than alive. The militiamen put him over a barrel and rolled him until he gave up some of the whiskey and water he had swallowed. He had to stay in the camp until morning before he was able to make the trip back to his ranch.

Finally Coonskin got into serious trouble. He had an orphan boy about fifteen years old working for him. The boy had worked around for various ranchers, who had hired him not so much because they needed him as because they wanted to help him. Coonskin promised the boy steady work at fifteen dollars a month. Sometime later the boy decided to quit because Coonskin was so mean and hard to get along with.

When it came to settling up, they had a dispute over the amount of wages due the boy. Coonskin became angry and started for his gun. The boy ran outside and climbed into a wagon which had high sideboards. Soon Coonskin came out into the yard with his gun. About that time the boy, having heard no noise, looked out over the sideboards to see if Coonskin was in sight.

Coonskin saw him and blazed away with the shotgun, putting out both of the boy's eyes. As the boy had no home or relatives, so far as anyone knew, a couple of Duncan citizens took him to Carlisle, a mining town eighteen miles away, where he was given medical attention. The boy stayed there until he had partially recovered, and then expressed a wish to go to a distant relative's where he might have a home and care. A collection was taken up in Duncan, and his wish was granted.

Coonskin was arrested, tried, and sentenced to fifteen years in prison. The fate that had overtaken these two people whom we children had seen about the town made a deep impression on us. Our parents had told us that Coonskin was a bad character and must be let alone, but the blinding of a boy not much older than we were was a shock that struck much closer to us than the other lawless happenings of the day.

While we were living in the frame house on the Gila above Duncan, Red Sample, one of the bad men of the border, came to our house. Red had been implicated, along with Tex Howard, Dan Dowd, Bill Delaney, and Dan Kelley, in a holdup of the Goldwater and Castenado store in Bisbee, Arizona, on December 8, 1883, in which one woman and three men were killed. It was afterward known as the Bisbee massacre.

After the holdup the five men traveled together until they reached the Chiricahua Mountains. Then they separated, each going to a different part of the country. Red Sample and Tex

Howard headed for Clifton, Arizona, but by different routes. Howard came in on the Frisco River above Clifton; Red went through the Duncan country, stopping at father's ranch on the way.

That day mother had gone to town to buy supplies. John Epley was alone on the place when Red rode up and asked if he could get something to eat. Epley noticed that the man was heavily armed, but replied that he was cooking dinner and that it would soon be ready. After the meal had been put on the table, they both went to the milk house, skimmed the cream from the pans of milk, and drank it. The rich cream made both of them sick, and Red was unable to continue his journey until late in the afternoon. Epley did not know who Red was until after the fellow had been arrested in Clifton, but felt sure he was a desperado.

Red Sample joined Tex Howard in Clifton, where they gambled and led a high life on the money from the Bisbee holdup. But a few weeks later their identity was made known to the Clifton officers by one of the fancy women of Hovey's Saloon, who was jealous because Howard had given another inmate some valuable jewelry. The gift proved to be some of the Bisbee loot. The two men were arrested and confined in the rock jail at Clifton until the officers from Tombstone came and took them back for trial. There they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Before long, the others were caught, and all five outlaws were hanged in Tombstone on March 28, 1884.

Life on the frontier, however, had many lighter moments. One of the chief diversions in Duncan's early days was to take a tenderfoot on a night of snipe hunting. This sport gave the men around town a great deal of amusement. They would take the stranger down to the river bottom about three miles from town, winding around in the darkness until he had completely lost his directions. When they reached the place, they would begin to argue about which one would hold the sack to catch the snipes. Finally, to settle the argument, someone would suggest that the new man hold it, and he would gladly accept the great honor.

Then the same old play was staged. The newcomer was given a lighted candle and told how to hold it at the opening of the sack so that the snipes could see to run in. The other men started off, saying they would round up the snipes. Then they went back to town, leaving the tenderfoot waiting for the snipes to appear. Sometimes the victim was out all night, unable to find his way back to town until daylight came.

One night the men changed their regular routine. After the newcomer had been waiting for several hours, two men rode up and arrested him for horse stealing. He tried to explain that he had come out with some snipe hunters who had not yet returned, and he insisted that if they would take him to town, he could find friends to identify him. The two men, who had not gone out with the party that night, finally agreed.

The first man they met in town was Anton Mazzanovich,* who had started out on the hunt.

"Here's a man who knows me," cried the tenderfoot.

Mazzanovich looked the stranger over and shook his head. "I never saw you before."

Nor did they find anyone who would admit ever having seen the tenderfoot before. Then they held a kangaroo court, found the man guilty of horse stealing, and fined him ten dollars. As soon as he handed over the money, they set up drinks to the house and paid the bill with the fine.

But the fun was not yet over. Later that night Mazzanovich, who was quite a gambler in those days, tried to start a poker game, but no one seemed to want to play. Finally he reached into his pocket and drew out a bright silk handkerchief. Displaying it, he said:

"I will give this to the man who takes the first pot."

At this offer, three cowboys drifted to a back room of the saloon and held a whispered consultation, during which they removed the bullets from the cartridges in their revolvers. Then they went back and joined the poker game. Before the first pot was taken, the cowboys began to argue and quarrel among themselves. Mazzanovich realized that there was going to be a fight and possibly bloodshed. As he started in haste toward the street door, the cowboys pointed their revolvers at him and began firing. Mazzanovich used all the speed he was capable of and fled without learning that he had merely been playing a part in a new ending to the snipe hunt.

Four of my brothers spent the greater part of their boyhood days in the frontier town of Duncan during the eighties. The area was almost a wilderness, with little law and no order. Yet they grew into manhood, good law-abiding citizens, who commanded the respect of their fellow men. The fifth son of the family was born in 1888, after the country had become more civilized, and

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* Later the author of *Trailing Geronimo* and *The Southwest Frontier.*

thus he escaped the hardships of his older brothers. Many times father and mother were complimented in later years on their extraordinary family of sons, extraordinary because they were raised in the early days when the West was wild, when the law of the gun took precedence over the law of God and man, when temptation and crime were rampant, and life was in the rough. All of them became cattlemen and businessmen, and all came through with clean records.

My brothers Jim and John were the first to break the family circle and leave home. Their absence was keenly felt by the other children. It seemed for a while that something had gone out of the family life never to return, but gradually we adjusted ourselves to the separation. Time, which had seemed to be at a standstill in our lives, began to move forward and shape future destinies.

The two boys left home to accept deputyships under Sheriff George A. Olney. Jim was sent to the town of Morenci, and John to Clifton. Though both mining towns were plenty tough, Morenci was, with the exception of the famous town of Tombstone, the toughest camp in Arizona. It had gained this reputation because of the large foreign element which worked in the mines and the floating population that existed by less legitimate means in or near the camp.

At first we children lived in constant dread of hearing that some terrible fate had befallen one or the other of our brothers, but John and Jim served for several years as deputies under different Democratic sheriffs.

Especially in Jim's case had his early training and experience laid the foundation for his career as an officer. When he was only twelve years of age, he had ridden the range with father, a small rifle in its scabbard strapped to his saddle. During the worst years of the Indian troubles, when the Apaches were continuously on the warpath in the early eighties, he made a cowhand and was constantly exposed to the same dangers that father and the older men faced. He was only eighteen years old when he joined the Arizona Militia Company at Duncan, of which father was first lieutenant. Later he was in the Doubtful Canyon fight when the militia had its battle with Geronimo and his followers.

My brother Will was the "baby" member of the militia, as he joined when he was only sixteen. But he was not permitted to take part in all the skirmishes, as did his older brother. Jim's association at an early age, during the years when the West was

in the making, with the grim determined men of those days whose one purpose was to make the frontier safe for their families, did much to prepare him for his years as an officer.

In 1888, when Billie Whelan of Bonita was elected sheriff of Graham County, he appointed father as undersheriff. Whelan was in office only one term and was succeeded in 1890 by George A. Olney, who was reelected two years later and served until the end of 1894. Brother Jim began his career as deputy under Olney when he was twenty-two years old.

Sheriff Olney was a true Western type. He had come to Arizona about 1883 at the age of nineteen, and had grown up with the new country. After serving four years as sheriff, he held other offices and once was an unsuccessful candidate for governor. He was a man of many friends and was held in high esteem by the public. A large property owner in Graham and Maricopa counties, he was, until his health failed, one of the most successful cattlemen in Graham and Pima counties. Brother Jim was fortunate to have part of his early training in public office under a man of George A. Olney's type.

Jim also served as deputy under Billie Birchfield and under Arthur Wight, the Republican candidate who, in 1895, defeated Birchfield. Two years later Ben Clark was elected sheriff, and Jim continued as deputy. In 1900 Jim was elected sheriff of Graham County. He was in office for three terms and served until the end of 1906.

A product of the old West, Jim was outstanding for his coolness and bravery. He was a good friend and a fearless enemy. His connection with the sheriff's office as a deputy for ten years had brought him in contact with many of the most noted officers of the Southwest, among whom he made many close personal friends. During his service as deputy and sheriff he put terror into the hearts of the bad men of Graham County, and succeeded in ridding the county of most of the outlaw element. Some who were afraid to remain and continue their lawlessness drifted to other parts of the country, and many of the offenders who stayed were caught, tried, and convicted.

Jim had the qualifications necessary to make him feared. He believed in law and order, and enforced both to the best of his ability. He was fearless and daring; he had an eagle eye for trailing; and he had the tenacity to stick to the trail until he got his man. With his real knowledge of the West and its ways, the trackless mountain strongholds of the desperadoes held no fear for

him. Even after several narrow escapes, his courage was undiminished.

Before the end of Jim's first term, James Colquhoun heard of his candidacy for a second term and wrote him a letter. This letter was printed in the *Arizona Bulletin* of Solomonville, preceded by the editor's comment:

A High Comment

Sheriff Jas. V. Parks Received a Letter from

His Friend, Jas. Colquhoun

Sheriff Parks received a letter on Monday from Superintendent James Colquhoun which must have been gratifying, coming from a man who lived so long and stood so high in Graham County. Mr. Colquhoun was for fifteen years connected with the Arizona Copper Company at Clifton and for ten years he was superintendent and general manager. During all his residence in Clifton he kept close watch on the public affairs of the county and in writing this letter from his far-away Scotland home he has paid a high and deserved compliment to Mr. Parks. Mr. Colquhoun will be glad when he receives the news that Mr. Parks has been renominated for sheriff without opposition. The *Bulletin* congratulates Graham County's sheriff and also Mr. Colquhoun. The former has made a good official and the latter has shown his ability to correctly size up a good officer. Following is the letter which was given to the *Bulletin,* reluctantly, by Sheriff Parks:

July 26, 1902

Dear Mr. Parks:

I understand that you are again a candidate for the office you now fill and have filled so well. I am glad of it. I appreciate the good which you have done for the county and territory, to which I have frequently referred in warmest praise, and I desire to assure you that whatever I can do to secure your reelection will be done with the greatest pleasure.

In business when we get a really good man we hold him if we can. I don't see why the same rule should not apply to county affairs.

With kind regards and best wishes for your success, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Jas. Colquhoun.

Naturally our family followed Jim's career with great interest. During our childhood we girls and boys had been so near to each other, so dependent on each other for all our activities, that an unusually close affection had grown up. That affection has continued to this day. In the course of time all of us were happily married and have lived quiet but contented lives. The boys prefer the company of each other to that of outside friends, and when they meet, they usually sit up half the night, talking, laughing, and having a good time generally.

My mother's cousin, John C. Epley, was another early settler who made a name for himself in Arizona. He was born in Cannon County, Tennessee, in 1856, but moved with his parents to Texas when he was a child. As a young man he worked for several years for the cattle company of Forsythe and Ford, who ran the Lazy L brand. Their place was near Williams Ranch, and it was for this company that father also worked just before he set out on the westward journey to Silver City.

In 1879, when Epley was twenty-three years old, he was given charge of three thousand head of cattle to take to Wyoming. He left Fort Griffin with the herd on June 1, and three months later arrived at a place thirty miles north of Fort Laramie, having experienced perilous times on the trail. Hard rains at times made progress slow, if not almost impossible, and at other times long drives were necessary to enable them to reach water and feed. But they had no trouble with the Indians on the trip. The cattle were placed on the ranges of John Sparks in Wyoming.

Epley remained in that area for about two months, and then started for New Mexico by way of Denver. A man by the name of George Homer went along with him as far as Denver, and Epley rode the rest of the way alone. He reached Knight's Ranch about the middle of December, 1879. When father bought the cattle from Mr. Dowdy, Epley was one of the cowboys who drove the bunch to the new ranch above Duncan. Later he moved with our family into Duncan and became interested in the cattle business.

In the spring of 1885 Epley joined the Arizona Militia Company and did much to help subdue the hostile Apaches. On June 5 of that year he took part in the famous fight in Doubtful Canyon. He always stood for law and order, and served one term as a deputy under Sheriff Billie Birchfield and three terms under Sheriff Jim Parks.

In 1890 Epley moved from Duncan to Solomonville, where he

became a partner of Frank Neese, his father-in-law, in the Stockton Pass cattle ranch in the Graham Mountains. He also owned one of the finest alfalfa ranches in the Solomonville section and began raising fine horses. During the early nineties he maintained a stable of fast-running horses, among which were George Hope, May, Peanut, Bar Nine, Bull Maverick, and Gray George.

John Epley was about five feet, ten inches tall and weighed about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He had black hair and blue-gray eyes, and was considered a good-looking young man. Being a good entertainer, he was very popular with both women and the men, and could relate many witty stories. He was original and had a keen sense of humor.

Especially did he love practical jokes. Among his many victims was Howard Boone, a member of the mercantile firm of Boone and Lay, who owned the only store in Duncan until the late nineties. Boone, a direct descendant of Daniel Boone, was born and raised in Jefferson City, Missouri. A handsome young man with a sunny disposition, he was popular among the old and the young. He was especially admired for the good-natured manner in which he took the many jokes Epley and his other friends played on him.

In the late eighties John Epley owned and operated a saloon in the mining camp of Carlisle, New Mexico, eighteen miles from Duncan. It was not one of those rough establishments so often found in the West in the days when outlaws and drunken miners and cowboys would ride inside, shoot out the lights, and shatter the glasses on the bar. Instead, it was an orderly place which was frequented by mining officials and the better class of men in the town. Boone made Epley's place his headquarters when he had occasion to go to Carlisle. He would take along a gun for protection against possible Indian attacks, and on reaching town would leave the gun, along with his other possessions, in the saloon.

Quite often Boone, who owned one of the few buggies in Duncan, drove up to Carlisle to call on a young widow. Once while he was making his call, Epley and another friend, who was always on the job when it came to playing practical jokes, removed the right front wheel and the left rear wheel from the buggy and switched them about. When Boone was ready to start back to Duncan, he called for the buggy robe, his gloves, and the gun, which as usual he had left with Epley. The men at the saloon watched him drive off down the canyon, the buggy wob-

bling from side to side. Boone realized that something was wrong, but didn't know enough about vehicles to figure out what it was. So he made the trip home with the two wheels reversed.

On another occasion Boone took a young lady to a dance at Carlisle. In those days people would go a long distance to attend a dance; they thought nothing of dancing all night, leaving after breakfast for their homes. This time, as usual, Boone left the robe, gloves, and gun at Epley's saloon. During the evening the jokers mashed some limburger cheese to a smooth paste, turned Boone's gloves inside out, and spread the cheese so evenly on the inside that there would be no lumps to be noticed. They they turned the gloves right side out and put them back with the robe and the gun.

When Boone called for his things, he bought a pocketful of good cigars, for he was an inveterate smoker and nearly always had a cigar in his mouth. After he had driven a couple of miles, he took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end, put the cigar in his mouth, and pulled off his glove to get a match. As he struck the match and held it up to light the cigar, he got a whiff of the limburger. Thinking the cigar was bad, he threw it away and took another one, with the same result. He did not attempt another smoke during the journey home, and was terribly embarrassed for fear the young lady had detected the odor. But the joke was too good to keep, and about a month later Epley told Boone what they had done.

Soon Boone was the victim of another joke at other hands. A young woman had come out from Canada to visit her brother and his wife on their ranch above Duncan on the Gila River. Both women were good cooks, and Boone got many invitations to dinner at their home. Before long he was spending each week-end at the ranch. While he was on one of these visits, some of his friends went to his room, packed his trunk, and roped it ready to ship. Then they gave a man five dollars to put the trunk on his buckboard, take it out to the ranch, unload it, and drive away before Boone recognized it and make the man haul it back to town.

Another joke played on Boone grew out of the fact that though he loved horses, he could hardly tell one from another. On an occasion when a number of cowboys was in town, a practical joker among them went to the corral, put his saddle on Boone's brown saddle horse, rode over, and tied the animal to the hitching rack in front of the Boone and Lay store. Then he went in-

side and began to talk about selling his saddle horse. Finally he offered such a bargain that Boone went out to look at the horse. After examining the horse carefully, Boone paid the cowboy the amount asked, and went back into the store. He bragged about the bargain he had got, not knowing that he had bought his own saddle horse.

But Howard C. Boone was also a very substantial citizen. He was a Democrat and took a lively interest in county as well as territorial politics. During the nineties he held important territorial offices. In 1893 he was a member of the legislature and was elected secretary of the council. Also he was territorial auditor and deputy United States marshal.

John Epley, too, was a more serious person than his earlier interest in practical joking would indicate. He was kind and sympathetic to all who were sick or in trouble. Always among the first to offer his services, he was often called on to make a hard ride for a doctor or to bring help to someone who was seriously ill. But his most dangerous experience came at a time when the Gila River was on one of its rampages, and its turbulent, muddy water was rolling like ocean waves. The surface was covered with drift, and frequently a cottonwood tree bobbed up and down on its wild voyage to the Colorado River.

It was a custom for the populace to gather near the bank to watch the stream's mad rush. On this day a small group of people on the far bank were waving frantically and shouting to attract attention. After considerable time the townspeople understood the message. A man who had been seriously ill for days was out of medicine and needed a heart stimulant. Perhaps his condition was intensified by the excitement of the flood, as the river ran near his house. Seemingly, it was an impossible feat for anyone to cross the Gila in its turbulent condition, but John Epley said he would make the attempt.

While someone went for the medicine, Epley came to our home and saddled a big black H Bar stallion of father's called Nig. He mounted Nig, rode to the river, removed his coat and boots, tied the medicine bottle in a bandage on his head in case he had to quit the horse in the stream, and then guided the animal into the water. While everyone watched with bated breath, Nig carried Epley safely to the far bank. Epley was a fairly good swimmer, but his skill would not have counted against the angry current of the treacherous Gila if the horse had failed him.

In 1889, when father became deputy under Sheriff Whelan,

we moved to Solomonville, the county seat of Graham County. Safford had been named the county seat in 1881 when Graham County was created, and the governor had appointed county officials to serve until the fall election of 1882. But the legislature of 1883 moved the county seat to Solomonville, where it remained until Greenlee County was created in 1909. Then Safford, the largest and most centrally located town in Graham County, again became the county seat.

The first land cultivated in the Gila Valley was near Solomonville, then known as Pueblo Viejo, or Old Town. The fields were irrigated from the Montezuma Canal, the first ditch taken from the Gila River. It had been dug in 1871 by men from Tucson, who had grown the first crop in the valley, having found the soil rich and fertile. The valley, which is about fifty miles long, spreads out between the Gila Range on the north and the Graham Mountains on the south. The latter rise to an elevation of over ten thousand feet.

The name Pueblo Viejo was given to the town by early Mexican settlers because of the stone foundations remaining in that area. Evidently the valley had been inhabited at one time by thousands of prehistoric peoples. Later, when settlers dug irrigation ditches and cultivated the land, they found valuable pieces of pottery, mainly bowls, *ollas, metates,* and stone hammers. The valley is a rich storehouse of an ancient race and holds great interest for scientists.

The earliest white settlers included I. E. Solomon, who came to Pueblo Viejo from Clifton in August, 1876. He had a contract to furnish charcoal to the Lesinskys for their primitive copper furnaces in Clifton. At that time the Gila Valley was densely covered with large mesquite trees. The mesquite, a scrubby growth but a very hard wood, made excellent charcoal for smelting purposes. The trees rarely reached a height of more than fourteen to sixteen feet, but the trunks were often two feet in diameter and very knotty. The roots were also used for firewood but had to be dug up or blasted out of the ground with dynamite when land was cleared for cultivation. The wood made a hot fire that lasted a long time. For this reason the lowly mesquite was the favorite firewood of the pioneers.

Mr. Solomon, realizing the value of mesquite for the charcoal to fill his contract, moved his family to the valley and built a stockade house on the site of the present town of Solomonville. After a time a little village sprang up and was named in honor of

the original white settler. At the time Mr. Solomon came to the Gila Valley, his family consisted of his wife and three children, Eva, Charlie, and Rose. Three more children were born in Solomonville, the twins Harry and Lillie, and Blanche.

Mr. Solomon, an enterprising citizen, filed on extensive acreage in the valley. In later years he owned the biggest store in that area and carried all kinds of farm implements as well as a large stock of groceries. He was appointed postmaster, and the post office was located in his store building. He built the first hotel in the town.

Both buildings were made of adobe, the hotel being separated from the store by a court. A wide veranda, running down the side of the long hotel and across one end, made it a cool and pleasant place to stop after a long, hot, dusty journey in the old Concord stagecoach which in those days was the fastest mode of traveling. In the nineties Mr. Solomon erected a large two-story brick store building which for many years was the main merchandise establishment in the town and stood as a monument to his memory.

The Solomon family was one of the few pioneer families which accumulated a small fortune before leaving the valley to reside elsewhere. The Solomons were prominent socially and politically, and were instrumental in organizing the first wholesale grocery company in that section of the country, the Solwico Company, in which they were large stockholders.

At that time the main wholesale house was located at Bowie, in Cochise County, but it was later moved to Safford, with a branch at Globe. When Henry Ford put out his Model T, the Commercial Company, as the firm was known, had the first agency in Solomonville and was among the first in the Gila Valley.

I. E. Solomon and Charles F., his oldest son, were among the organizers of the Gila Valley Bank and Trust Company. The first bank was operated in the Solomon Commercial Store. At present it is the largest banking system in Arizona, the main bank being located in Phoenix with twenty-eight branches throughout the state.

In 1913 the Solomons sold most of their interests in Solomonville and, with the exception of Charlie, moved to Los Angeles. He was elected president of the Arizona National Bank at Tucson and lived there until his death in September, 1930. At one time he was president of the Arizona Bankers Association of the Southwestern states, and was regarded during his entire career as a man of highest integrity. His father did not long survive him, but died at the age of ninety in November, 1930, at his home in Los Angeles.

Shortly after we moved to Solomonville father bought the Pomeroy Livery Stable, where the extra horses, for the stage route between Bowie and Globe, were kept. The stable provided employment for two of my younger brothers, while the older boys looked after the cattle and horses. Along with other citizens in our part of the country, father felt that the Indian troubles were over, never dreaming that people would be harassed and ambushed by small bands of the hostiles for years to come.

In 1891 father filed on a homestead of a hundred and twenty acres one mile above town on the only road that led to the Clifton-Morenci and Duncan districts. Part of the land he planted in alfalfa to raise hay for the saddle horses and the cattle, and part he sowed to grain. He set out an orchard of several varieties of fruit trees; and, with about fifteen hives of bees, the family settled down to a quiet life on the farm.

Father hired Mexicans to plant, irrigate, and harvest the crops. Thus the boys had time to devote to the family's cattle interests and to ride the range. But life on the farm had no chance to grow monotonous. The quiet family existence was shattered before long by reports of outlaws and Indians in the vicinity.

Early one morning my brother Charlie, then about fourteen years old, went to hunt our horses in the Slick Rock section. A short time before there had been a warning that several renegade Indians had left the reservation, but enough time had gone by for them to have passed through the country around Ash Springs and Slick Rock. However, Charlie kept them constantly in mind so that he might be able to protect himself against them if he should see them first. Seldom did the hostiles give their victims such an opportunity.

While going slowly down a small, rocky, brushy canyon, Charlie came upon three horses which were saddled, with the three pairs of bridle reins tied together. He gave one look and at once leaned far over the side of his horse, kicking and urging the animal into the fastest pace possible in the rough canyon. Still thinking that the three horses belonged to Indians, he rode home as fast as he could travel.

A few days later the officers learned that the horses belonged to Augustin Chacon, one of the most notorious Mexican bandits and outlaws of the day. With two of his Mexican *compadres* Chacon was hidden among the black *malpais* boulders awaiting the arrival of some of their *amigos* from San Jose, where they had gone for food.

From time to time Chacon would venture from his rendezvous in Mexico with two or three desperadoes at his side. These bandits would rob ranch houses and stores, and would torture merchants and citizens to make them tell where their money was hidden. Chacon terrorized not only northern Mexico but all of southern Arizona. He had stirred up the Arizona officers to such intense feeling that they were ready to shoot him down on sight. Accordingly he did not dare make an appearance in any town.

At the time when Charlie ran onto the three horses, Chacon had been up in the Eagle Creek country and was on his way back to Mexico. Charlie often remarked about the good laugh the desperadoes must have had at the speed with which he left that section. Perhaps he had been leaning over his horse on the side toward their hiding place, and if they had been Indians, he would have made a good target.

On another occasion John and Charlie rode out to hunt some saddle horses that were running on the range between Solomonville and Ash Springs. It was reported that a bunch of Indians had left the reservation, and the boys wanted to bring the horses home for fear they would be stolen by the raiders.

After the boys reached the range, they separated and went in different directions. They planned to meet at a certain time at Slick Rock on the road between Solomonville and Duncan. Slick Rock was located in a rocky wash or canyon through which the wagon road went for several miles. The surrounding hills were covered with the *malpais* rocks characteristic of that area.

Charlie reached the meeting place first, and after waiting for three hours he came to the conclusion that John had been killed by the Indians. Never before had the boys failed to meet at the designated point. When Charlie arrived at Slick Rock, he had tied his horse out of sight in a small rocky ravine, and had climbed up to a crag where he could watch for John. Just as he made up his mind that there was no use to wait any longer, he saw what he took to be an Indian picking his way among the black boulders on the slope across the canyon. When the man reached a certain high point, he stopped and looked off into the distance. He was dressed in only the white muslin drawers worn by Indians, and a moment later disappeared among the rocks the way he had come.

Charlie was sure then that some awful fate had befallen his brother. As he started down to the place where his horse was tied, he heard the rumble of a wagon coming down the road from the direction of Duncan. He feared that if the travelers came on,

they would be killed by the Indians that probably were hiding among the rocks on the opposite hill. Bending low to keep out of sight, he ran up the canyon to warn the people in the wagon. The men were Fred and Joe Heglar of Duncan, on their way to Solomonville. Charlie told them of his suspicions and also of his fears that John had been killed. The Heglars tried to console him by telling him that John might have changed his mind, but because John never failed before to keep an appointment, Charlie feared the worst.

While they were trying to work out the best way to avoid the trouble that might be waiting them along the road, they heard another wagon approaching. As it came nearer, Charlie recognized the driver as a man who lived in San Jose, three miles above Solomonville. The supposed Indian turned out to be a Mexican who was waiting there for the San Jose man.

The driver of the second wagon told them he had found a small vein of coal which promised to develop into something big. He had hired some Mexicans from Old Mexico to work on his claim, for they worked much cheaper than the Americanized Mexicans. This laborer was expecting his *majordomo* and had climbed up to look for the wagon. Because the canyon was so crooked, Charlie, on the opposite side, could not see the wagon coming from the direction of Solomonville. He naturally jumped to the conclusion that the Indians were hiding, waiting for more victims, for many people had met their death along this road.

When Charlie returned home that night, his brother had already arrived. John had found a bunch of horses and had run them all afternoon, trying to throw them by the point where he was to meet Charlie. Unable to do so, he had to bring them home. After being in the depths for hours, Charlie was very thankful to find John safe, and with his fears settled he made an interesting story of the encounter in the canyon.

In the early days when citizens often had to dispense whatever law and order were to be had, the men who took up the legal profession sometimes had a very limited knowledge of the law, or sometimes made rulings to suit their own convenience. Judge Pete J. Bolan, who was district attorney of Graham County for two terms, remained at the county seat and practiced law after his defeat for reelection to a third term. The judge liked his "likker" pretty well and often became drowsy during an afternoon session of court. Once, when a murder trial was going on, he leaned his head back against his chair and went to sleep. A spec-

tator sitting near him quietly rose from his chair, walked over, and placed a nickel gently on each of the judge's closed eyelids. A roar of laughter came from those in the courtroom. The sound awakened the judge, who, without lifting his head, called out:

"Let the deceased be placed on the stand."

Then realizing that something was wrong with his eyes, the judge discovered the nickels. He removed them and put them in his pocket, then continued in the same posture for a quiet *siesta.*

On another occasion Judge Bolan was defending a very young man charged with horse stealing. It was a hard case to beat, and the judge, in his argument to the jury, tried to work on the jury's sympathy. Near the end of his argument tears were running down his cheeks, and he frequently used his handkerchief to wipe them away. Once when the tears were flowing freely, he reached into his pocket for his handkerchief and out came a pod of red chili pepper which fell to the floor. The presiding judge pounded the gavel several times before order was restored.

Judge Bolan later moved to Los Angeles, and there met death by falling down a flight of stairs in a hotel.

Another judge in the northern part of Arizona became the subject of a story that was widely told in early days. A man had been tried and convicted for stealing a horse. The judge sentenced him to be hanged. Among the spectators was a man who had a fairly good education and some knowledge of law. He rose to his feet and protested:

"Judge, you can't hang a man for horse stealing."

"I cain't, cain't I?" the judge replied. "Well, we will hang him just the damn same."

When I was about nineteen, I was employed by the trustees of the school board at San Jose to teach a Mexican school in that town, three miles from our home in Solomonville. I had not gone any further than the eighth grade, but had always taken advantage of every opportunity to learn. Being very studious, I had often substituted, while still in school, for teachers who were sick. During my last year in school, the teacher was a white-haired old man who loved his nap in the afternoon, and as soon as the afternoon session was called to order, the classes were turned over to me while he napped. I got quite a lot of experience and loved the work.

The public schools in those days taught only to and including the eighth grade, but as I wanted to attend school, I went through the eighth three times. I was then coached at intervals in different subjects by the assistant district attorney, F. L. B. Goodwin, an

elderly gentleman from Kentucky, also by B. B. Adams, county treasurer and an old friend of our family. During B. B. Adams' residence in Duncan he was school trustee for four years and always took such an interest in the school children. He and Judge Goodwin recommended to me a number of informative books to read; later they persuaded me to take the county school teachers examination. I was successful in passing for a second grade certificate, good for two years, which could be renewed for two more years.

I taught my first school in my home town, Solomonville, this grade ABC class and second and third grades.

A year later I was offered the San Jose school. Never having had the entire responsibility of a school room, I was reluctant to accept, but was persuaded to try a term. Teachers were hard to get, especially in small Mexican settlements where there were no accommodations for teachers. Usually these schools were given to teachers who lived nearby and would ride to and from school. I had found the Mexican people very friendly, for I had treated them with every kindness during the years we lived there.

The second year I taught, the Gila Valley, Globe, and Northern Railroad was completed from Bowie to Geronimo. The terminus of the line was to be at the copper mining camp of Globe. Before the road was built all freight to Globe had to be hauled from Bowie on the Southern Pacific Railroad, close to a hundred and forty-five miles over a wagon road that made a long, tortuous trip for the drivers as well as their teams. The road was very crooked and wound around over the mesas, through canyons and washes, wherever the grades were the best. The same wagon trains hauled copper on their return trips to the railroad at Bowie. When the new railroad reached Geronimo, however, it had to stop construction until its president, William Garland, could get permission from authorities in Washington to build across the Indian reservation.

To celebrate the completion of the railroad as far as Geronimo, the superintendent of the road, Mr. B. Jones, planned a holiday excursion. He wrote each teacher in the Gila Valley about a picnic to be held at the end of the road, inviting the school children, many of whom had never seen a locomotive or ridden on a train. Since the regular train at that time had only one passenger coach, the excursion train would have to consist of boxcars. There would be benches of rough lumber to provide seats for the young passengers. The engines were the wood-burning kind and made so many stops that, along with its slow schedule, most of the day

would have to be spent traveling.

Many of the teachers could see only the practical difficulties of such a trip and did not hesitate to point them out. Among the unique replies which Mr. Jones received was one from a very original young teacher who wrote more than a page, using words which were several syllables long. Her letter conveyed no meaning whatever, and Mr. Jones never knew whether she approved or disapproved of the proposed excursion.

My school in the little Mexican village consisted of about thirty small children, and I was the only teacher. When the invitation came addressed to the principal of the San Jose School, I got my cue and answered as follows:

Mr. B. Jones, Superintendent
Gila Valley, Globe, and Northern Railroad

Dear Sir:

Your letter of February 11 received and contents noted. In regard to my school I hardly know how to answer you, for without your assistance I will be unable to take advantage of the excursion you are arranging for the benefit of the public school children in this valley.

Do you furnish stock cars? If so, will you kindly engage the stock pens at Safford, as there are none nearer, and it would be impossible for me to car my school without the convenience of a chute and a number of *vaqueros?*

If you furnish these conveniences, will you stand the expense, or shall I?

I think it will be unnecessary to engage the vaqueros while they are carred, as I think after the long drive from San Jose to Safford, I will perhaps be able to manage them.

I desire very much to have a special car for myself and school, for should they get mixed up with other schools, it would be necessary to use a lasso, for they are very bad to crowd and fight. Do you furnish *sacate* and plenty of *agua?*

An early reply would greatly relieve the mind of the Principal of the San Jose School.

Yours very truly,

Jennie M. Parks.

But Mr. Jones proved to be a good sport. As letter after letter came in, presenting difficulty after difficulty, he enjoyed the joke on himself. He sent several of the letters to Judge C. E. Moorman, the railroad attorney, who lived in Solomonville. Both

men appreciated the viewpoint of the teachers and came to see the comical side of the problems which would have been involved.

William Garland continued negotiations for three years before the Indian Bureau in Washington granted permission for a right of way across the reservation. In May, 1898, construction work was begun out of Geronimo to Globe, and on December 1 of that year, about six o'clock in the evening, the first train reached the terminus, with Mr. Seth T. Arkills at the throttle. That evening Mr. Garland gave a banquet to which Engineer Arkills, his wife, the train crew, and thirty guests were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Arkills still reside in Globe, though he has been retired.

One condition made by the government in granting the right of way was that for thirty years the Indians could ride on all freight trains within the reservation limits, but for points outside the limits, they had to obtain permits from the Indian agent. There was a daily freight from Globe to Bowie, and one from Bowie to Globe, the trains passing at Geronimo. The Indians enjoyed going to Safford to shop, for it had several stores where the squaws could buy bright calico, their favorite material for dresses. They had to remain overnight, for Safford was about thirty miles southeast of Geronimo where the trains passed. It was no unusual sight to see a large number of Indians in boxcars, gondolas, or flatcars on their way to Safford.

In 1894 my father bought the Whitlock Ciénaga cattle ranch from Frank Richardson. This *ciénaga,* as a subirrigated meadow was called at that time, had been named for Captain Whitlock, who with his troops had had a fight there with the Indians in the late seventies. Between forty and fifty hostiles were killed, and their bodies were left where they had fallen. Whitlock Ciénaga is about five miles from the San Simon Valley and is on the Whitlock Draw, a wide canyon which puts into the San Simon at Dry Lake. This lake was about two and a half miles in width and a little over three miles in length. There was evidence that it had once been a permanent body of water, but after seasons of prolonged drouth it had become dry. During rainy seasons, when large volumes of water from the Whitlock Mountains rushed down the draw into the lake, the dry adobe soil gave way from the pressure and cut a channel which drained the lake. Thus it had been given the name Dry Lake.

There is no record of when this ancient inland body of water became a vanished lake, but it was before the early settlers came

to that part of Arizona. At times in the early nineties there was a small body of water in the middle of the lake, but it usually disappeared after a short while. My brothers and other cattlemen remember having seen waterfowl strange to that section of the country swimming in the water and around the banks of Dry Lake.

In 1881 a man by the name of William Charles located the spring at Whitlock Ciénaga, and the next year sold the ranch to O. R. Smythe, who stocked it with Mexican cattle. Smythe built an adobe house with three rooms on the ground floor, a cellar underneath for storage of supplies, and a room about sixteen feet square on the roof at one end of the building. An inside stairway led to the room on the roof, which had portholes in its walls so that it could be used as a fort in case of Indian attacks. There was great danger of such raids, as the ranch was not far from an old trail the Indians used when they were on the warpath.

The ranch house was built on level ground just below the site of Captain Whitlock's fight with the savages, and at the time when Smythe bought the place, the sun-bleached bones of the Indians still covered the battleground. Smythe hired a number of cowboys and put them to work building a large cedar-picket corral. Among these young men was Ike Williamson whose parents had come from California in 1876 and were among the original seven families to locate in Safford.

In the fall of 1882 Smythe held his first roundup. One day when most of the cowboys were out on a drive, two of the boys who had stayed in camp that morning gathered up the Indian skulls. They decorated the corral by sticking the skulls on top of the fence pickets, and after driving nails into the timber across the large gateposts, they hung a skull on each nail. Late that afternoon the cowpunchers came in with the cattle, but when the cattle reached the gate, they tossed their heads and tails and ran on past.

The cowboys whooped and hollered, swung their lassoes and tried their best to drive the cattle inside the corral, but to no avail. When Mr. Smythe came riding up to see what was going on, he gave one look at the skulls and laughed.

"I wondered why the cattle wouldn't go into the corral," he remarked. "Now you two boys take all those skulls and go out on the side of the hill and bury them."

The two boys who had decorated the corral collected the skulls and took them away, but no one knows whether the rest of

the order was carried out. Probably it was not.

About two years after father bought the ranch at Whitlock Ciénaga, he let my brothers Jim and John have it. Father then located the Hundred Eleven Ranch, twelve miles from Solomonville in the San Simon Valley, which he and my brother Charlie maintained until father's death in 1908. Charlie continued to operate it until 1916, when he sold out to the Ellsworth Cattle Company of Safford. He then bought a half interest with John in the Siggins Ranch, fifty-four miles from Silver City. This ranch, which lies at the foot of the Mogollon Mountains, is among the oldest cattle ranches in New Mexico. On account of a shortage of rainfall John sold his interest in the Whitlock ranch to Jim, who thus had more range and water for his cattle. John bought the York ranch on the Gila River and moved his part of the cattle to the new ranch.

During the twenty-two years Jim owned the Whitlock ranch, he added many improvements in order to make it a safe cattle ranch. He fenced pastures, built corrals, and made water tanks by building dams of brush and earth in favorable locations. Thus large reservoirs were created for water storage, to be filled by the runoff during the rainy seasons. He also had a deep well bored which tapped a permanent underground body of water. This water is so hot when pumped from the well that it has to be run into galvanized tanks and cooled for twelve hours before it can be used in the water troughs for the cattle. The well is known as the hot well.

About two miles east of the Whitlock ranch, near the east well, Jim dammed Hackberry Canyon and the hot-well draw at their junction. At this point there was a large depression in the ground. When filled by flood waters flowing down the canyon and draw, it became a small lake. Known as Parks Lake, it has water the year round.

Jim owned the Whitlock ranch until 1918, when he sold it to Cook and Johnson of Willcox. He then bought a ranch on Mule Creek joining the old Stockton ranch, where he still makes his home.

CHAPTER III

Pioneers Against the Indians

THE ARIZONA MILITIA COMPANY HAD NOT BEEN organized when father moved to Duncan. Consequently when an atrocity was committed, ranchers and cattlemen and citizens alike turned out to pursue the marauders. Hardly was father settled in the new home when Bob Hutchinson of the Bar W C Ranch was killed by Indians.

This ranch was situated about a mile above Duncan and was noted for its good saddle horses. The Hutchinson ranch house in those days was a stockade building made of logs. To enable the owners to defend themselves and their horses a long building, which served as a stable, was joined onto the living quarters, with a door at the end. Here the favorite saddle horses were kept at night for safety, not only because of the Indians but also because of the rustlers which infested the country.

One night Indians came to Hutchinson's ranch, evidently with the intention of stealing some of these horses. The men were awakened about midnight by the barking of their dog. Bob Hutchinson decided that a wildcat was after the chickens, for the Indians were never known to attack by night or to fight unless they were crowded. He got his gun and went out, keeping close beside the wall of the building. When he reached the end of the house, he could see that the door to the adjoining stable was open. As he stepped up to the door, an Indian standing just inside shot and killed him.

His friend, Jake McConnell, heard the shot and supposed that Hutchinson had shot a wildcat. But as the dog continued to bark furiously, McConnell got his gun and went out into the night. As he neared the end of the building, the Indian shot at him from such close range that the bullet went through his

shirt and left powder burns. Then the Indian disappeared in the darkness.

Next morning the men inspected the many moccasin tracks and decided that it was the work of Indians, but though they followed the trail away from the scene, it vanished. No trace of the killer was ever found.

Perhaps no other tragedy of Indian warfare stirred such deep feeling along the Arizona-New Mexico border as the killing of Judge McComas and his wife. Both were much beloved by the citizens of Silver City, where they made their home, as well as by a large circle of friends in the surrounding towns. Judge McComas was a circuit judge in New Mexico and traveled from one place to another in his district to hold court.

On March 24, 1883, the *Southwest Sentinel* of Silver City warned the people that the Indians were again on the warpath. The editor regretted "the necessity of constantly warning the settlers to be on their guard against the hostile Indians, and their depredations and outrages." Just four days later the paper reported three Indian attacks: the killing of two ranchers, Emmerich and Haynes, below Duncan, Arizona, near York's ranch; the killing of three men at Swing's Station on the road from Clifton to Lordsburg; and the finding of the body of an unknown man after the rescue party had left the scene of the triple slaying. The newspaper account said that the Indians were traveling rapidly south, leaving a plain trail.

On that day, March 28, Judge McComas left Silver City for Lordsburg and Leitendorf, a small mining camp about three miles from Lordsburg. Accompanied by his wife and five-year-old son Charlie, he set out in the family buggy. The first night they stopped at the Mountain Home Ranch* owned by Mr. and Mrs. Rivers. The next morning, Mrs. Rivers pleaded with the judge and his wife to wait for a day or two and see if the rumors of the Indian depredations were confirmed or denied. Judge McComas replied that his legal business was so important that he should go, adding that undoubtedly the reports of Indian activity were greatly exaggerated.

The route from the Rivers ranch went through the Burro Mountains, past Knight's Ranch, and along Tompson's Canyon, which at one point was crossed by an old Indian trail.

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* This ranch, now called the Burro Mountain Homestead, is the property of Isabella Greenway King, former congresswoman from Arizona.

When the buggy reached the place where the canyon made a turn to the south and opened out into Lordsburg flat, the family was fired on from ambush. One of the horses was killed. Judge McComas, though wounded, made his way to a walnut tree, there to put up a fight for his life. Several empty cartridge shells from his rifle were found where he fell. Mrs. McComas' body was not far from her husband's; both were horribly mutilated. Little Charlie was taken captive.

The bodies were found about noon by Deputy Assessor John Moore and Joe Baker, who drove the stage between Silver City and Lordsburg. Years later both men said that the impression left on their minds by the mutilated bodies had never been effaced. The trail from the scene led in a southerly direction to Apache Canyon, near the present site of Gold Hill. There was a large number of Apache warriors and squaws in the band, and it was afterward learned that they were on their way to join Geronimo in Old Mexico.

That afternoon Colonel Forsythe, with two companies of cavalry, marched toward Apache Canyon, but when he reached Lordsburg flat, he camped for the night in spite of the advice of Bramble B. Ownby, later one of the commissioners of Grant County, and George Parks, father's youngest brother. Ownby and Parks offered themselves as guides and urged the colonel to make a night march and strike the Indians' trail at daybreak. This Forsythe refused to do, also refusing to give any reason for his decision. George Parks, who had a fiery temper and was without fear himself, could not understand Forsythe's attitude, and in the presence of the colonel's command, paid his compliments to the colonel in the plainest of Western English, sparing no invective that he thought suitable for the occasion. Ownby, in relating the incident later, said: "It was the worst cussing I ever heard a man receive."

Early the next morning the dust raised by the Indians on the march could be seen plainly from the camp. Forsythe's attention was called to it, and he was urged to head off the Indians. Instead, he took up the line of march and went to the scene of the murder. The Indians kept on toward the Mexican border, and after they crossed were engaged in combat by Colonel García of the Sixth Mexican Cavalry, who killed sixty of the hostiles.

A large reward was offered for the return of Charlie Mccomas. Throughout the territory, especially in Silver City, many

prominent people interested themselves in the whereabouts of the captured boy. They tried to get news through the Indian agency, hoping to recover the child through the help of the agency, but nothing definite was ever learned of his fate.

The most plausible account was given by an old Indian squaw in 1898, and I heard the story only a short time after she told it. One day when I was a passenger on the old Concord stage which made daily trips from Bowie to Globe, I sat beside Mr. Windmiller, who was then and had been for many years, a merchant of San Carlos, the main agency for the Apache Indians. On the long, tiresome journey we talked of Indian tragedies of bygone days, and I asked him if the Indians had ever hinted at the fate of Charlie McComas. Then he told me that only a month or two earlier he had heard of an old squaw who claimed to have been in the band which killed the judge and his wife. She had told Mr. Windmiller that the little boy had cried so much and caused so much trouble that within a few hours' ride from the scene of the murder they had taken him by the feet and struck his head against a big boulder, killing him. They had then put his body in a crevice in the rocks. She gave a good description of a place that really existed in that section, but the boy's remains were never found.

My parents had known Judge and Mrs. McComas well while we lived at the stage station at Knight's Ranch. Mrs. McComas was one of the first friends mother made after reaching New Mexico. Father and mother were living in Duncan when they heard of the murder, and were shocked and deeply grieved at the cruel fate that had befallen their friends. One of the older McComas boys, knowing of the affection between my mother and Mrs. McComas, sent us a picture of Charlie which is still in our family album.

As early as 1871 the Arizona legislature had memorialized Congress for protection, suggesting that the industrious race of prehistoric people had probably departed from the Gila Valley because of the Apaches, that the white settlers would undoubtedly meet a similar fate if they were not better protected, and that the Indians were not yet thoroughly subjugated by military power. The legislature did not imply that the soldiers were not brave and willing to do their part in conquering the Indians; it merely recognized the fact that they were handicapped by too much red tape in Washington.

Admittedly the old frontiersmen did far more to civilize the

Southwest than did the federal government. Those pioneers were a hardy breed of men, brave and fearless to a fault. They knew only too well that they were opposing a shrewd and cunning foe in a country where everything was in the enemy's favor, and where the white men were outnumbered. The Indians had a code by which they could signal each other over great distances, day or night, and quickly other hostiles could gather for the attack. But the pioneers were not afraid to take matters into their own hands. Fighting to defend their homes, they must have felt, as Colonel Farish* did, that "no troops can begin to cope with the Apaches and hostile Indians of this territory in their mountain fastnesses so successfully and at so little cost as the volunteer organizations."

After father reached the Southwest in 1879, the Indians were almost continuously on the warpath, with scarcely a road or a footpath safe enough for white men to travel. Slight security was to be found in the small towns or even near the military camps. During the times when the hostiles were on their raids, it was unsafe for a person to venture alone a half mile from a settlement or a town, for there was no community of which the Indians had the slightest fear. They would lurk behind rocks or bunches of tall grass or patches of brush, waiting for a victim to come within range of their weapons.

The older members of our family recall instances when the soldiers were hot on the trail of the Apaches, but would have to stop to await orders, thus giving the Indians a chance to escape. Consequently the Indians considered themselves masters of all the vast area of Arizona and New Mexico.

In the early part of April, 1885, the citizens of Duncan decided to form a volunteer organization for the protection of the people in the little towns in their section of Arizona. As father had been a great admirer of the Texas Rangers before he came to the southwestern frontier, he wanted a similar organization. He was familiar with the regulations governing such a company and knew what it could do. But at that time militia companies were being organized in different regions of Arizona, and the majority of the settlers wanted the Duncan group to be a militia company.

On March 8, 1881, Governor Tritle succeeded Governor Fremont. A militia company was organized in Duncan and was taken in as a unit of the First Regiment of the territorial militia. It was

* Thomas Edwin Farish, *History of Arizona,* Filmer Brothers: San Francisco, 1918.

mustered into service late in May by Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. Egan, commanding officer of both the Duncan and the Clifton companies. Commissions were issued by Governor Tritle on June 3, 1885, to Captain Lane Fisher and First Lieutenant John Parks. Adjutant General M. N. Sherman and N. M. Van Arnam countersigned the commissions and the territorial seal was attached to each.

There was a change of national administration March 4, 1885, when Grover Cleveland was seated as president, then the governorship went to C. Meyer Zulick a personal friend of Cleveland. Zulick's regime was a whirl of political incidents.

When the Duncan Militia Company was on the field, as it was on many occasions, the men could be depended upon to continue pursuit of the Indians every time the enemy came into that section of the country. But the wives of the militiamen spent miserable and agonizing days and nights while their menfolk were out on the trail. Alone with their small children, the women were fearful always that the family might be massacred or that their husbands might not return.

Many nights these women slept in father's adobe corral with their children. This high-walled corral was built to serve as a fort, with portholes on all sides to shoot from. A few men were always assigned to guard duty there when the militia was called away. But the corral was fifty yards from the house, and in case of a surprise attack the mothers feared that they could never get all the children safely across that strip of ground between house and corral. So they were willing to put up with all kinds of discomfort to sleep in safety.

About the time the militia was mustered in, but before the commissions were signed, the greatest Indian outbreak occurred. On May 17, 1885, several hundred Apaches left the San Carlos Reservation and went on the warpath. Though the militia was still a volunteer organization, orders came from the headquarters of the territorial militia in Prescott for the Clifton and Duncan companies to engage in active service in the protection of the citizens in Graham County from the hostile Indians. Colonel Egan was to direct the movements of the two companies, taking his orders from General George Crook.

Nothing had been done about funds for the company. The militia decided that it might be necessary to send someone to appeal to the governor for funds to maintain the organization, or to the legislature for an appropriation for the maintenance of

the company. The choice fell on Captain Lane Fisher, who had come from Kansas a year before, and who, as a college graduate, would be a good man for the purpose. John Parks was designated as acting captain because, being a frontiersman, he had had western experience and was familiar with the country, especially its mountainous regions.

On October 4, 1885, the territorial militia was mustered out and reorganized into the National Guard of Arizona, Adjutant General M. H. Sherman having charge of the transfer. Governor Tritle issued new commissions to Fisher and Parks as captain and first lieutenant, respectively, but the general orders stated that they were not to go beyond the boundaries of Graham County in pursuit of Indians unless ordered to do so by the commanding officer of the United States. In his general orders the governor stated:

> No legislative provision has been made to defray the expenses of the militia in active service for the common defense, however great the emergency. This most important subject has been repeatedly presented to the territorial legislature by the governor without receiving favorable consideration, yet the lives of our citizens must be protected.
>
> It can scarcely be apprehended under the circumstances, that the Fourteenth Legislature, to which all vouchers for expenditures will be forwarded, will refuse to discharge a just indebtedness incurred in the people's defense. It is the intention of this order, therefore, that the militia with commendable patriotism perform such duties as may be necessary to the best of their ability, relying on the sense of justice of the people whom they protect through their representatives to fully reimburse all the legitimate expenditures.

After this message from the governor, father felt confident that there would be no question about payment of all bills incurred in the service of the militia. Accordingly he opened an account with the Boone and Lay Mercantile Company of Duncan for hay, grain, and necessary rations for the company, personally assuming all responsibility.

Almost at once the National Guard felt severely handicapped by not being able to go beyond the limits of Graham County without special orders. On December 3, 1885, the company was mustered out with the sanction of Governor Zulick. It was reorganized as the Arizona Rangers, since as Rangers the men were permitted to follow the Indians as far as was necessary, without regard to county lines.

Governor Zulick issued John Parks a commission in the Rangers as captain, Lane Fisher as first lieutenant, and W. B. Foster as second lieutenant. There were thirty men on the roster, including the officers. The organization was maintained until the late spring of 1886 and then disbanded for lack of funds. The members held themselves in readiness for service, however, until after the surrender of Geronimo in the fall of that year. After the surrender Lieutenant Colonel M. J. Egan sent the proper vouchers to the commander-in-chief with his official report made from time to time during the campaign.

The Thirteenth Legislature, which had been petitioned by Governor Tritle for an appropriation to maintain the territorial organizations for defense, was one of extensive graft. Their whole proceedings were so corrupt that they destroyed all their records and went down in history as the Thieving Thirteenth.* A sample of the reckless manner in which they handled the taxpayers' money is found in the fact that they paid out eighty thousand dollars in clerk hire and printing alone.

The Fourteenth Legislature, which was just as bad in a different way, was dubbed the Measly Fourteenth.** Thev spent no money except for their salaries, and they kept no records. When they adjourned, they left only a few papers stuffed into a small pigeonhole. It was to the Fourteenth Legislature, which met in 1886, that Governor Zulick made his appeal for an appropriation for these territorial organizations, but without result.

The Fifteenth Legislature, which convened on January 21, 1889, found no records of any vouchers or claims having been sent to either the Thirteenth or Fourteenth legislatures. Father still felt himself responsible for the debt he had assumed in purchasing supplies for the Duncan organization. On March 9, 1889, when he moved to Solomonville to live, he deeded his Duncan home and twenty acres of alfalfa land to Boone and Lay as part payment of the debt. He sent a claim to the territory for reimbursement, but was advised that such expenses came under federal jurisdiction, since the governor and other territorial officials were appointed from Washington. Through an attorney at Washington his claim was filed with the federal government, but the claim has never been paid.

Many years later Governor John Phillips learned that at the death of Adjutant General Ben W. Leavell, his mother-in-law, in

* McClintock, *op. cit.*, Vol. II, 333.

** *Ibid*, 336.

closing his Tempe home, spent days burning the papers he had left, among them undoubtedly many records of early days. In 1928 other early records were destroyed when the basement of the Capitol was flooded after the breaking of the Cave Creek dam. It is probable that the Fisher and Parks records were destroyed among these papers.

Father tried to collect this just debt for many years, but in vain. He took the matter up with Marcus A. Smith, who was Arizona's representative in Congress for twenty-five years, but nothing was ever done about it. After father's death, other members of the family took up the claim and appealed to senators and representatives, but the only attention paid to the matter was a curt letter from the War Department at Washington stating that there was no record of the existence of the militia company. The Washington authorities take the stand that the records in the Arizona archives and in the office of the state historian are copies, not the original records. They disregard the fact that the federal officials appointed by the government failed to preserve the territorial papers entrusted to their care.

Also the federal government chooses to disregard the original records which have been submitted as evidence that such defense organizations existed: the commissions of Lane Fisher as captain and John Parks as first lieutenant of the Duncan Militia Company and the National Guard of Arizona. These commissions were issued at the territorial capital at Prescott, with the territorial seal attached, facts which should prove that these companies did exist.

On April 16, 1885, Arizona had nine militia companies which, according to territorial newspaper accounts, were being placed on an equal footing with the military forces. Among these companies was the Arizona Militia Company of Duncan. The members of these organizations were never given pensions by the government, though they applied on several different occasions, the last time in 1932. The few surviving members of these militia organizations are old, and many of them are sick and lack the comforts and necessities of life. The Pension Bureau has refused them the monthly pensions which are their due for helping the federal government subdue the Indians and open up a vast wilderness where the American people could build their homes.

Some Western writers criticize the government's broken faith with the Apaches at the time the tribe was exiled. Should they not consider it a greater blot on Western history that the members of these military companies who risked their lives in a vital

cause are wholly ignored in the matter of pensions?

Bill Sparks, a picturesque Arizona pioneer and one of the best-known characters of earlier days, made the following statement in an affidavit under date of February 2, 1927, in support of the claims of the Duncan militiamen:

"There can be no doubt that the Duncan company of Rangers did much to keep the Indians out of that part of the country and thereby saved many lives and much property; that the Duncan company, by having its headquarters at that place near the trail by which the hostile Indians had previously crossed into and out of Mexico, saved the federal government many times its cost by permitting regular troops that otherwise would have been stationed there to operate in other places, and they were given better protection by Captain Parks and his company of Rangers than they had ever had before."

It is fortunate for Arizona that the men who joined the defense organizations took it for granted that the expenses attendant on their services would be met by the government. At that time the Indians were becoming very bold. One night a band of the hostiles passing through the country went into the field surrounding the home of Henry Collins, who owned a small farm at the edge of Duncan, and killed his work team by cutting the animals' throats. The Indians then stole a span of little mules belonging to Nels Mattison, a Dane whose farm joined Mr. Collins' field.

Some time after midnight a Duncan resident left the saloon and started home. He caught sight of a man on a side street and called out, "You're out late tonight." Receiving no reply, he decided the man did not want to be recognized. But the next morning when moccasin tracks were found in that side street and in other sections of the town, he knew that he had seen one of the Indians that had lurked about town in the night. Outside the window of the room where three of my brothers, Jim, Will, and John, were sleeping, at least one Indian had stood and peered inside.

A number of horses was stolen from the settlers that night, and next morning the militia started in pursuit, crowding the hostiles so hard that they abandoned some of the horses along the trail, among them Mattison's span of mules. But the Indians managed to evade the militia and escaped into the mountains.

After the Duncan Militia Company was organized, it was almost constantly in the field trying to track down the savages who had killed settlers or stolen their stock. For a year and a half

following the Apache outbreak on May 17, 1885, the Indians did not return to the reservation. Until Geronimo surrendered, they were constantly on the warpath, murdering settlers, both whites and Mexicans, in southwestern New Mexico, southern Arizona, and northern Mexico. When pursued, they would take refuge in their strongholds in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, where they spent much of their time between raids. During that year and a half over fifty white and Mexican people around Duncan, Clifton, and Carlisle and on the Blue and Gila rivers were killed by the Indians.

The savages never fought in the open and would not engage in battle unless the odds were greatly in their favor. They would fight from ambush or from rocky peaks and canyons, always an unseen foe. A number of times the Duncan company was so close on their trail that the hostiles would scatter, leaving no trail or tracks, thus completely eluding the company. Then they would proceed separately to some designated place. They were excellent walkers, capable of covering long distances at a time.

On June 3, 1885, the Duncan company received word from Silver City that the Apaches, then on the warpath, had killed two men and were heading in the direction of the Pine Ciénaga section near Carlisle. Though the commissions had not yet reached the officers, the militia left at once for Pine Ciénaga. Upon reaching the area, the men found that the Indians had killed two other men only a few miles away, had already passed, and were traveling the old trail north of Carlisle and down Bitter Creek.

The militia camped where darkness overtook them, and at daylight started on the trail again. After the men were out of the rough country and had reached level ground in the wide Carlisle Canyon across the river from Duncan, they rode at a rapid gait and raised a great cloud of dust which was seen for many miles by the citizens of Duncan. When they came to the place where the Indians had crossed the Gila three miles below town, they rode into Duncan for food and fresh horses. They had had nothing to eat since the forenoon of the day before, and their horses were weary and covered with foam.

As soon as the company reached town, one of the men was dispatched to the Bar W C Ranch a half mile above town. This ranch was owned by Ward and Courtney, who had put a big bunch of saddle horses in the Burk pasture two and a half miles below town. They had taken this precautionary measure to forestall the stealing of their roundup horses by the Indians. The militia company wanted to get some of the W C horses for fresh

mounts and also to supply the Clifton company which had come down on the morning train to join in the chase. But Mr. Ward refused to lend any of his horses, not knowing at the time that the very band of Indians whom the militia was pursuing had already cut the pasture fence and stolen between thirty and thirty-five of them.

Father had enough horses in his pasture to remount all but three of the men, and they retained the three best horses they had been riding. But the Clifton company could not be supplied with mounts and the outfit returned home on the afternoon train. As soon as the militiamen had eaten a hasty meal prepared by mother and some of the neighbor women, the men were on their way again.

After the Indians crossed the Gila they traveled up a wide wash. About eight miles up this wash the men found a place where the Apaches had waited in ambush for them. The stop at Duncan for fresh horses had possibly saved many lives. On beyond the wash, the trail went south through the Whitlock Mountains, through Whitlock Pass, and by Old Camp, an outlying ranch belonging to the Lazy B Cattle Company, which was owned by H. C. Day and Lane Fisher.

The men remained at Old Camp that night, as it was too dark to follow the trail farther. They could tell that the Indians were headed south toward Stein Peak Range on their way to Mexico, but knowing the wily character of the foe, the men would take no chances of missing the trail.

As soon as daylight came, they started out again. All that day they rode hard toward the mountains, and when they reached there late in the afternoon, saw that the trail went up and over a big round mountain. To avoid any delay they skirted around it, for they felt sure they would pick up the trail on the other side. Soon they caught sight of the Indians about three hundred and fifty yards away, in the mouth of Doubtful Canyon. Perhaps sixty hostiles were in the bunch, some of them playing and slapping at each other as they rode along. When they saw the company approaching, they began to travel as fast as the rough country would permit. The militia followed in hot pursuit but could not make any perceptible gain on them.

As it was near dusk, the men of the militia began firing at long range with their rifles, and a running fight took place which resulted in the killing of a buck and a squaw. The pursuers chased the savages as long as they could see. As the men rode back

along the canyon, their horses shied away from some boulders. It was too dark to see what had frightened the horses, but one of the men dismounted to investigate and found a papoose laced into an Indian cradle lying among the rocks. Evidently when the squaw was shot, she had thrown the baby to the side of the trail. The cradle was made of small willow branches and had a shield extending over the papoose's head to protect its face from sun and rain. A red bandana, attached to this shield, fell in front of the baby's face and acted as a curtain. The men took the papoose along, cradle and all.

This fight took place on June 5, 1885. That night the militia camped at the mouth of the canyon, and next morning rode back over the trail to the scene of the fight. The men found the two dead Indians and left them where they had fallen. There was much blood along the trail, and they saw bloody rags which had been used by the wounded, but the hostiles had disappeared in the darkness. The men rounded up about thirty-five head of horses and the two mules that had been abandoned by the Indians.

As they came back down Doubtful Canyon with the horses, they met a party of New Mexico Rangers with Captain Black in command. The Rangers had been warning settlers in the San Simon and Animas valleys that a band of Indians was headed in the direction of Stein Peak Range. Father and John Epley took the papoose and rode with the Rangers to Lordsburg, twenty-five miles away. There they would take the train for Duncan, leaving the rest of the militia to return horseback and drive home the recaptured horses and mules.

While father was waiting at the depot for the train, a photographer by the name of Dalton took a picture of the group, with father holding the cradled papoose. This picture, still in our possession, was used as an illustration in Anton Mazzanovich's *Trailing Geronimo.*

When the news was telegraphed to Duncan from Lordsburg that there had been a fight with the Indians in Doubtful Canyon and that father would be home on the train and bring the captured papoose, wild excitement prevailed. According to schedule, the two trains through Duncan each day, one from Clifton to Lordsburg and the other from Lordsburg to Clifton, passed there and stopped for passengers and train crews to eat dinner. When the train from Lordsburg came in, father got off and walked to his home not far from the station. He was followed by the pas-

sengers and crews from both trains, as well as by all the residents and the settlers who had fled to town for safety.

Father took the cradle with the papoose in it into the dining room and leaned it against the wall. People crowded in until the room was packed, and many stood on the outside waiting to get in. The poor little papoose was frightened almost to death and set up a pitiful wail. Then Mrs. Billie Mauldin, who had been staying with mother while the militia pursued the Indians, suggested that they put the cradle under the table, where the baby would be shielded from sight by the tablecloth. Mother acted on the suggestion, and the baby, accustomed to the bandana curtain over his face, stopped crying at once. After the trains pulled out, the rest of the people got a look at the papoose and dispersed.

Then mother put water on to heat and sent for Mrs. Mattison, a Swedish neighbor who often helped in sickness and trouble, to come and bathe the Indian baby and dress him in clean clothes. After two layers of canvas, which had been sewed on with bear grass, were removed, the women found that the papoose was wearing a beautiful dress of a white baby. When he was put into his bath, he raised another howl, as he had evidently been unaccustomed to water. He was about nine months old and, as mother had a baby about the same age, she could provide him with clean clothes.

About the time father's train reached Duncan with the papoose, word had been received that a band of two hundred and fifty hostiles was headed for the country through which the returning militia would have to pass. As scarcely any men were available, father started out with Billie Mauldin and W. B. Foster, who had been assigned to protect the women and children when the militia had set out for Doubtful Canyon. John Epley also went along. Though he and father were wearied by the long chase, they knew they must warn the militia about the second band of Indians. The men who were driving back the recaptured stock had trailed the savages about a hundred miles and spent two days and nights on the trail before they had met and fought the battle in the canyon; they might be so worn out that they would ride into an ambush, especially if they had no hint of the new danger. Father and the three men missed the militia but found that they had passed safely on their way to Duncan by another trail.

Billie Mauldin says that to this day the details of that ride stand out sharp and clear in his memory. He remembers their fearful expectation of finding their friends ambushed, and even

recalls the horses the four of them rode on that trip. Father was mounted on a big bay; Epley on father's black stallion, Old Nig; Foster on a white horse; and Billie on a buckskin.

The Indian baby was named Doubtful for the canyon where the battle occurred. For about a month he was very sick and came near dying. Mother kept him for a while, but he was a great care. With her own family to care for, she told father it would be best for him to get someone else to care for the little Indian. Soon father found a family by the name of Adams, which was willing to take the baby.

The Adamses lived in Duncan until about 1892. Then they moved to Solomonville, where they resided for three or four years and where Doubtful attended school. About that time the Copper Reef Mining Company, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which owned a large group of claims on the segregated strip across the river from San Carlos, began extensive development of their property. The Strip, as it was called in those days, was a section of the reservation set aside by the government for mining purposes. Old-timers in that area still call it by that name. Bill Adams and his family obtained work at the Copper Reef and moved there. Thus Doubtful's schooling ended, as there was no school on the Strip. He never attended the Carlisle Indian School, as has been stated sometimes.

The Adams family kept Doubtful until the late nineties, always treating him as one of the household. The boy addressed his foster parents as papa and mama, and considered their son and three daughters as his brother and sisters. The family was attached to the boy, and he was very appreciative of what they had done for him. When he had money—and he was very industrious—he shared it with the family. As he grew older, he was ashamed of his name and asked to be known as Sam Adams, though he did not object when his childhood friends used the nickname.

Bill Adams's son-in-law, Henry Tift, a blacksmith, was also employed by the Copper Reef Mining Company. He had a violent temper, and, becoming angry at Doubtful one day, undertook to whip the boy with a large limb. Doubtful ran, with Tift pursuing as fast as he could, for the Indian was a swift runner. Doubtful dashed toward a cabin my father had on his copper claims. Father, who always wore a belt of cartridges with a .45-caliber revolver in the scabbard, walked out on the trail to meet Tift.

"Look here, Tift," he said, "you're not going to whip that boy with that big limb."

"I will whip him," Tift insisted, "and if you don't stand aside, I'll use it on you, too."

Father pulled out his .45 and said, "Henry, I don't want to kill you, but don't you come a step farther, or I will."

Tift looked father in the eye, and, seeing that he meant what he said, threw down the limb and walked away. From that time on for several years Doubtful lived with father and was devoted to him. A few months after the clash with Tift, Mr. Adams died and his daughter married. Doubtful felt that he had no family left, and continued to live with father. He was honest and trustworthy in every respect, and, having lived among white people most of his life, he did not care to associate with the Indians.

The San Carlos Indians made much over Doubtful, claiming that he was Geronimo's son. When he was sent to San Carlos for supplies, they would crowd around him to unsaddle and unpack his horses, and when he was ready to leave, they would pack up the animals for him. But he seemed to have nothing in common with his own race. In 1906 father gave up working his copper claims near San Carlos, and Doubtful went to work for Bud Ming, a cattleman who thought a great deal of the Indian boy. Ming speaks of him with the same friendly feeling shown to white friends, and insists that Doubtful was faithful and loyal, a good Indian to anyone who treated him right.

In 1910 Doubtful contracted a severe cold, which later developed into tuberculosis. Ming wrote to Dr. McFady, on the staff of the Old Dominion Copper Company, and made arrangements for the Indian to go to the company hospital for treatment. But Doubtful refused to go. He died in January, 1912, at a cow camp near the lime kiln on the Strip and was buried there. Thus death brought to an end the very unusual and contented life of the son of a savage foe of the pioneers, a loyal friend and brother to the white race which had adopted and cared for him.

One of father's staunchest friends and associates in the early Duncan days was William H. Mauldin. Billie Mauldin, as he was familiarly known, was born in Burleson County, Texas, and lived there until he was grown. He then began working as a cowboy for different cattlemen and often drove herds to Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho. In the spring of 1882 he went to El Paso to visit a married sister, and, while there, met two of his boyhood friends from Burleson County, Frank Rucker and Andrew Cox. They persuaded him to go to Arizona with them, where Frank's brother Dick lived.

The three young men left El Paso about the first of April, making the trip in a big two-horse hack and leading one saddle horse. They crossed the Rio Grande at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and from there on followed the route my father had traveled three years before. They saw plenty of Indian signs but had no trouble with the savages. Along the mountain side where father's supplies for the store had been destroyed, they could still see parts of the damaged wagons which had been left at the scene, and they heard the story of how Victorio and his band had attacked the Parks outfit.

Billie Mauldin and his friends passed through Silver City and then took the road through the Burro Mountains beyond Knight's Ranch. Ten or twelve days after leaving El Paso, they reached the home of Dick Rucker, who lived near the store and post office at Richmond, a small settlement ten miles above Duncan.

About daylight a few mornings after they arrived, a runner came up the river to warn the settlers that Indians were heading that way, killing people and burning the ranches. The families fortified themselves in some adobe homes belonging to Mexicans, who had built the houses so that they could be used in case of Indian attacks. Several people were killed on this raid, and a few ranch houses burned. Shortly afterward another band raided an area nearer Duncan. When the men came home that evening, they found the bodies of most of the family, but some of the children had been taken off by the Indians and were never heard of again. The Indians continued toward the Burro Mountains and the Deming section, raiding and slaughtering as they went. One woman escaped from a home that was attacked, and hid in the bushes, but her hair became so hopelessly entangled in the dense brush that she was held fast and could not get away. She was alive when found next day.

In spite of such an introduction to the country, Billie Mauldin in 1883 married a beautiful young woman who lived near Richmond, and prepared to make his home in Arizona. He bought property above the Fisher and Day ranch on the Gila River not far from Duncan and went into the cattle business. He was living on this ranch at the time of the big Indian outbreak in May, 1885, and joined the militia company which was then being organized in Duncan. As a member of the militia, he was almost constantly in the saddle from the time the company was organized until he left Duncan the following December. According to him the members found it impossible to keep still if an Indian were reported

anywhere in their section. He claims that the militia did more in one day in the field than General Crook did in thirty days. In a letter to me about the early days he says:

"Your father's command was constantly on the watch, day and night, and how well I remember our many hurried trips and ups and downs, eating when and where we could, and never knowing if, when we got home, we would find our dear ones alive or not. . . . But we do thank God that we can have our playground now in safety where we once used to fight the redskins."

In December, 1885, Billie Mauldin sold his ranch and cattle to W. B. Foster, and he and Mrs. Mauldin went to Texas to live. He never returned to Arizona. After the Indian troubles were over, he felt the call of the Southwest again, and he and his wife moved to New Mexico. Billie Mauldin is still living there, but his wife died recently.

Billie was endowed with plenty of energy and courage. When duty called, he never considered the danger. He was always ready in any crisis, regardless of what it might bring. His word was as good as his bond. Such men as Billie Mauldin tamed the frontier and made the Southwest what it is today. Gentle and kind by nature, he was strong of purpose, and endured the hardships and dangers with the fortitude which characterizes the true pioneer.

Late in November, 1885, about twenty-five or thirty Apaches left the San Carlos Reservation on foot, to kill the settlers and pillage the ranches in the area through which they would travel on their way to Mexico. When they reached the Gila River below Clifton, they divided into two bands. One group raided the ranches along the Gila and killed a cowboy, Dick May, and the other pillaged the settlements in the Gila Valley, and, encountering a posse near Ash Springs, slew the Wright brothers. Evidently the two bands had agreed to meet on the old Indian trail that went by Ash Springs and to continue into Mexico with the stolen stock.

Dick May was working for the C A Bar Cattle Company on its headquarters ranch on the Gila River. eighteen miles below Duncan. After the Indian outbreak on May 17 of that year, the Apaches had been very active all summer and fall. Generally they quieted down during the cold months, and for that reason the C A Bar had started the fall roundup late. But the winter proved to be unusually mild, and the Indians continued active.

My brother Will was working for the C A Bar on this roundup. The cowboys took turns, by twos, in rounding up the pasture

about daylight and gathering the horses for the day's work. On the morning of December 1, 1885, Will and another cowboy rode the pasture and brought in the horses. After the horses were in the corral, Dick May and a cowboy by the name of Matt Dry noticed that their mounts were not in the bunch. They rode back to the pasture and soon found their horses, as it was good daylight by that time. When they reached the pasture gate, Dick decided to rope his horse. While he was swinging the lariat around his head, he was shot by an Indian who had hidden behind a large prickly pear cactus on top of the mesa that ran parallel with the pasture fence back of the ranch house. The shot passed through his body just under his arm and killed him instantly.

Later it was learned that the Indians had spent the previous night in a rugged canyon six miles from the river northeast of the York ranch. It was known as the Apache Box, as the canyon was boxed in by steep cliffs. The Indians liked to camp in box canyons when possible, because it was easy to protect themselves.

After shooting Dick May, the hostiles traveled up the Gila River for a few miles and ran into the railroad section crew, of which Billy Blair was foreman. Blair had just started to work, for it was early morning. The Indians fired several shots at the section men, who rushed to the handcar and made their way to Duncan. The marauders then headed toward the foothills of the Peloncillo Mountains.

Dick May's body was taken to the ranch house for the day, as it was not safe to travel during daylight. That night the body was brought to Duncan in a light spring wagon drawn by a span of mules. At one point on the road the mules began plunging and snorting. It was all the driver could do to keep them from running away, and he felt sure that some of the Indians were still lurking nearby. Dick's body was brought to our home pending the funeral in the little cemetery at the foot of the mesa.

In those days there were no funeral services or flowers to cover the coffin or the grave. The family and friends stood by, sadly and silently watching while the men with ropes lowered the homemade pine coffin and filled in the grave with the rocky soil. Then they returned to their homes with no word of consolation from a minister of God, with only grief and bitterness at the fate of the victim. Each time the men were more grim and determined that their lives would be dedicated to the extermination of the cruel foe of this vast new country.

After Dick's death his friends remembered that often, when he was about half drunk – most of the cowboys drank to a certain extent in those days – he would say that he had a presentiment of his early death at the hands of the Apaches. He never mentioned the matter at any other time, and it took on an added significance that the fate he had dreaded was the one which finally overtook him.

Dick was a good cowhand and shared honors with W. B. Foster as the best roper in that section. Both men always roped their calves by both hind feet. On several occasions their friends matched them in calf-tying contests, but since they were equally good with the rope, the outcome was never certain. They would have made a fast team in the rodeo contests of today.

The band of Indians which went to the Gila Valley entered the small Mormon settlement of Layton, and while the people were at church in the evening, raided the town. They stole all the horses except those at the church. When the services were over and the men found that their horses had been taken, they immediately organized a posse and set out, by the dim light of the moon, to follow the wide trail made by the stolen horses. Among those in the posse were Seth and Lorenzo Wright, Robert Welker, and Bill Morris.

When the posse reached Solomonville, they learned that the Apaches, becoming bold, had entered a livery stable there and taken all the horses, including some that had been left there for safekeeping. Among the Solomonville men who joined the posse was Pete Bolan, district attorney of Graham County, who was an Irishman and a prominent citizen of the community. The posse followed the valley for three miles above Solomonville, and then crossed a stretch of country consisting of numerous little rolling *malpais* hills which were intersected by many washes and brushy canyons. After topping the mesa, the road kept on along the level for several miles. This road was the connecting link between Gila Valley points by way of Ash Springs to Duncan.

About twelve miles above Solomonville, as the posse rode along hoping to cut the trail, the Indians caught sight of them and lay in ambush in a brushy canyon. When the posse was almost opposite, with the Wright boys in the lead, the Apaches opened fire and killed the Wright brothers. The horses of the other members began rearing and plunging and trying to run, and though many other shots were fired by the hostiles, they failed to hit their mark.

Bolan's horse wheeled and headed for town, and the rider made no effort to stop him. Instead, Bolan urged him on to a faster speed and covered the twelve miles in forty-five minutes. The other men in the posse also escaped unharmed. When citizens later returned with a wagon for the bodies, they found both badly mutilated. A rock monument was built on the spot where the brothers fell, and the place was named Bolan's Run. It is so called to this day.

This monument to the Wright brothers stood until the spring of 1938. At that time an asphalt highway was completed in Graham County from Solomonville to Duncan. It passes within a mile of the spot where Seth and Lorenzo Wright met their death. On this site a small monument of concrete was erected to replace the native stone marker, which had stood for fifty-three years to designate the spot where Seth and Lorenzo had met their death. Beside the new highway a large and imposing monument was placed, bearing a plaque inscribed in honor of the Wrights. It was unveiled at sunset on September 24, 1938, and dedicated to the memory of the slain men by the Mormon church in the presence of more than eleven hundred people, many of them relatives of the two men.

After the death of Seth Wright, his wife disclosed that she had had a strange premonition of his fate. While intensely worried and fearful because of the dangerous mission her husband was on, she heard him call her name as plainly as she had ever heard him speak it in life. Thinking he had returned and was in the yard, she went to the door and looked out. No one was there. They told her later that Seth had died about the time this feeling came to her.

When word reached Duncan of the new Indian activities, telegrams were sent to many Arizona towns in the section of the country through which the hostiles were headed. Couriers were sent to warn the settlers, and families fled at once to reach places of safety. The Duncan Militia Company and the Clifton National Guards started in pursuit, but always when the Apaches had a few hours' start on the soldiers or posses, it was almost impossible to overtake them. They had a way of separating and eluding their pursuers, leaving no trail or sign to indicate the direction they were taking. They always kept to the high, rough country which slowed down their followers and made trailing difficult.

The Indians continued on their way toward the Willcox area, cutting the telegraph wires between Fort Grant and Willcox. Mr. Lord, the military operator at Fort Grant, warned the ranchers

who were in town to go home at once and protect their families. He also sent a runner from D. H. Smith's store to warn the people living in the Stockton Pass section, but the runner was fired on by the Indians and returned to Fort Grant without reaching the settlers.

Governor Tritle in Prescott, on receiving information from Clifton that the Indian depredations were of an alarming nature, issued orders to the territorial militia to hold itself in readiness for immediate service. When the hostiles were also reported in Grant County, New Mexico, which was on the Arizona border, Governor Tritle met Governor Ross of New Mexico at Lordsburg and proceeded with him to Clifton. There they remained for several days, looking into the extremely critical situation and discussing measures for meeting the crisis.

Only a few weeks later came another death at the hands of the Indians. About eight miles above Duncan on the Gila lived the Windham brothers, Drew and Bob. They owned a small farm and a bunch of cattle. Drew, the older brother, looked after their cattle, and Bob worked for Tom Jones, another cattleman who lived nearby. Three days before Christmas, Bob said to Jones:

"If you will stay with the women and children, Drew and I will go get a beef for Christmas."

Their cattle range was between the Gila River and Carlisle. Though they expected to be back home before Christmas, they were still riding the range on the afternoon of December 24, having had a hard time finding an animal fat enough to kill. Between Pine Ciénaga and Carlisle, they were attacked by a band of Indians, evidently coming from the Mogollon Mountains in New Mexico. Bob was fatally wounded, and Drew was shot in the leg. It was eight miles to the mining company's doctor at Carlisle, but Drew managed to get Bob to the hospital. Bob died at four o'clock the next morning.

As soon as Drew reached Carlisle, he sent a telegram to militia headquarters and the company left at once to take up the trail from the scene of the killing, eighteen miles away. The hostiles followed the old Indian trail, going around north of Carlisle and down Bitter Creek, then heading north of Clifton for the Frisco River. There the Indians scattered. It was impossible to trail them, and the militia had to return home.

Bob Windham's body was brought to his home on the Gila

River and laid to rest in the little cemetery nearby, where other victims of the Apaches had been buried.

The terror of Indian attacks made every settler feel a sense of personal responsibility for the safety of his neighbors, but on one occasion the alarm proved to be false. When the Duncan Militia Company received word, on the morning of June 3, 1885, that the hostiles on the warpath were heading toward Pine Ciénaga, they took every available man and set out on the trail of the Indians. Second Lieutenant W. B. Foster and Billie Mauldin, a member of the company, were assigned to stay and protect the women and children. The only other men left in town were John H. Brown, the station agent and telegraph operator; Howard C. Boone and Alfred Lay, the store owners; their clerk; and B. B. Adams, the postmaster. These men composed the fighting force at home in the event of an attack.

As soon as the settlers around Pine Ciénaga had seen and talked with the militia, they fled to Carlisle for safety. There they told of the small guard left in Duncan to defend the women and children of the town as well as those who had left their ranch homes and come to Duncan for protection. The Carlisle citizens, fearing that a band of roving Indians would take advantage of the absence of the militia to massacre those left in the little town, organized a party and set out for Duncan to strengthen the number of defenders.

When the Duncan people saw a large party of horsemen coming down Carlisle Canyon, they naturally concluded that the Apaches were preparing to attack the town. The terror created by this alarm, until it was proved false, caused a member of the Carlisle party to write the following verses which were published anonymously in the *San Francisco Bulletin* shortly afterward:

IN THE LAND OF MISTRUST

We spared not the spur as to Duncan we went.
Though broncos were jaded, their strength almost spent;
'Twas the ride of a year from the mines at Carlisle,
And we grudged the few moments that measured each mile;
So we dashed into town in a halo of dust,
Speechless, all fearful, with faint hope or trust.
For the place had been stripped of all who could fight,
And the cursed Apache had turned in the night;
He had doubled his trail as we hunted him down,
And the tracks of his *teguas* were set to the town.

PIONEERS AGAINST THE INDIANS

We had gathered at Duncan the morning before,
A motley assemblage, some forty or more —
Cowboy and miner, and Yankee and Scot,
Tenderfoot, gambler, clerk and what not;
Each roped his own bronco as best he knew how,
Or swore at his neighbor for starting the row.
And oaths strange and new, and vows as profane
Some uttered, some echoed, some muttered again.
So we rode to the east at an easy jog trot
And bragged what we'd do when Apaches we caught.

A day in the saddle, a night riding sign,
From valley to mountain, from cactus to pine;
A ride that was silence, except for the hoof
That struck a strange cadence, beat rhythmic reprooof,
Men from Clifton and Guthrie, from York's in the van,
We were out for the hunt, and our quarry was man,
And the signals flashed warnings to them whom we sought,
And the zigzag we trailed with sign meanings were fraught
From Gila to Mesa, past lone Steeple Rock,
Then our gallop we broke to the long running walk.

Round Mayflower we swept to the valley again
To follow the trail of Geronimo's men.
Where hoofs on moist earth beat a muffled tattoo,
With river and ranch house and stations in view,
We picked up the tracks. They were moccasin shod,
And they led straight ahead quite across the broad
Dusty way that would take them to Duncan. Then
Like a whirlwind we rode, some forty odd men.
Not a man dared to speak, for he fancied he knew,
For his brain was aghast with the picture he drew.

But at Duncan they watched. They looked to Carlisle.
And they saw the far dust cloud grow dense with each mile.
Then they acted, and wisely, for men there were three.
Two guarded the hamlet, one sat at the key
And ticked a brief message to Clifton for aid:
"Apaches are coming, they're out on a raid,
Fire up your best engine, don't wait a whole year;
For our wives' sake send help. My God, they are here."
'Twas a false alarm; 'twas our halo of dust;
'Twas an hour of wild fear in the Land of Mistrust.

Charlie Montgomery, who had come from Oklahoma to the

mining camp at Clifton in the eighties, had a narrow escape in a clash with two Indians early one morning. He followed hunting and trapping for a livelihood, having located on the Blue River, about fifty miles above Clifton, where in those days only a few scattered ranches had been located. Shorty, as he was called by his friends, was a little man who wore his hair to his shoulders and dressed in the usual Western garb of blue jeans and jumper. He always went well armed with the customary .44 Colt revolver and had a cartridge belt buckled around him and a Winchester rifle strapped to his saddle.

Early one morning in the summer of 1888 Shorty appeared at a cattle ranch on the Frisco River about fifteen miles from Clifton. This ranch was owned by A. S. Hickey and his nephew, Frank Ringgold, who had arrived in Clifton from Philadelphia on the day, three years before, when the Apaches had made their famous outbreak from the San Carlos Reservation. Hickey and Ringgold were working on a drift fence they were building about three miles below the ranch across the river to keep off their range the cattle of the Norte brothers, who had recently shipped in a bunch of scrubby stock.

When Shorty rode up to the place where the two men were working, they asked him to get down and stay a while, but he shook his head and explained:

"I'm in a big hurry to get to Clifton, but stopped to show you a new kind of game I just killed. Frank, untie the gunny sack from behind my saddle."

Frank removed the sack, and on looking inside, saw a lot of black hair.

"Pull it out," Shorty said. "It won't hurt you."

Frank reached into the sack and brought out a ghastly object, the head of a young Apache buck about thirty years of age. He had been shot in the left cheek bone, and the bullet had emerged from the right jaw.

Shorty then told of the fight he had with two Indians, and the killing of one of them. "I've killed these savages in the Indian Territory," he went on, "and when I'd bring in the scalps, the people would say I'd just killed a bear or some other wild animal. So I thought I'd bring in proof this time that I'd killed an Indian."

Then the hunter turned to go, adding that the partner of the dead Indian might be on his trail seeking revenge. This news alarmed Hickey and Ringgold, and they stopped work at once,

got their horses, and went to Clifton with Shorty. It was seldom that two Apaches were out on a raid alone, and the ranchers were afraid that other hostiles were lurking along the Blue River.

As soon as Shorty reached Clifton with his trophy, the citizens made up a purse of a hundred dollars as a reward. The head was hung on the gatepost of Pomeroy's Livery Stable. A few days later some of the C A Bar cowboys came to town, and seeing the head, shot it from the post. Probably they wanted to show that they still remembered the fate of their friend and fellow cowpuncher, Dick May, who had been killed by the Indians at the home ranch of the C A Bar Cattle Company.

A number of Clifton citizens decided to send the Indian head to President Cleveland, as an indication of their disapproval of the government's tactics in handling the Indian situation. The majority of the settlers in the territory believed that too much red tape had handicapped the soldiers and caused the Indians' lack of respect for their authority. But the more conservative citizens felt that such an act would be disgraceful.

The head was finally sold for ten dollars to S. W. Pomeroy, who owned the livery stable. He sent it to Dan R. Williamson, agent for the Southern Pacific at Bowie, who had a little museum on the station platform. The collection consisted of Indian relics, Gila monsters, mineral specimens from the different mines in Arizona, and many other things that were strange and interesting to train passengers. Later when a young lady friend of Mr. Williamson wrote from San Francisco asking him to buy her an Indian scalp, the scalp was taken from the head of the Indian Montgomery had killed, and was sent to her.

This Indian was an uncle of Jimmie and Willie Stevens, being their mother's brother. The boys' father, George H. Stevens, was one of the earliest treasurers of Graham County. Today Jimmie Stevens is a bookkeeper and Indian interpreter at the Indian agency at San Carlos. Willie Stevens was for years Indian court interpreter for Gila County at Globe and is now living on his Ash Flat cattle ranch.

Charlie Montgomery spent his last years in the Soldiers' Home at Sawtelle, California.

Few men in the early days of the Southwest made much of an effort to understand the Indians and their problems. According to records, Captain Emmett Crawford, General Nelson A. Miles, and Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood were the best men in the Army when it came to handling Indians. The Apaches had con-

fidence in them and believed what they promised in any talk about treaty or surrender.

Captain Crawford was especially liked by the Indians, who considered him their friend, and his influence over them prevented many an outbreak. Crawford was equally wise in discussing with the settlers the problems of protecting themselves against Indian attacks. While camped at Duncan for a few days with a small detachment of troops, Captain Crawford advised my father how to go about organizing a militia company and what military rules to follow. The captain's untimely death, on the trail of Geronimo, was a blow to his many friends.

At the time American troops had made camp near Fronteras, Mexico. Early one morning Mexican troops began firing into the American camp, but ceased after the American soldiers had shouted at them. Soon another fusillade of shots was fired. Captain Crawford jumped up on a large rock and began waving a white handkerchief. He shouted to Captain Maus, who spoke Spanish fluently, to tell the Mexicans that these were American troops. Maus gave the message, but a Mexican standing about thirty steps away shot and fatally wounded Crawford. He died three or four days later.

At first the question arose as to whether Captain Crawford should be buried in Mexico. Captain Maus decided the matter, remarking that the country for which he had given his life owed him a grave. Emmett Crawford's body was brought back and buried at old Fort Bowie.

Bushrod Crawford, who came to Arizona in 1871 and was a continuous resident until his death in Globe in 1937, was said to have been a cousin of Emmett Crawford. Shortly after his arrival in the Southwest, Bushrod Crawford bought a bunch of Mexican cattle from some Mexican cattlemen who owned what is now known as the E 3 Ranch. He drove the cattle from the E 3 to his ranch near Tucson. At that time the E 3, about fifteen miles west of Globe, was the only cattle ranch in the Globe country.

Bushrod Crawford and my father had been friends when they were boys in Texas. Bushrod had often visited at my grandfather Parks' home at Acton, Texas, and there saw one of the first cotton gins in that state.

For a time after the big Apache outbreak in 1885, the ranchers on the Frisco and Blue rivers, who had fled to Clifton for safety, remained in a camp they had established about four miles above Clifton. The place, which had been located by an Italian couple,

was called De Parti's Flat. There was plenty of feed and water for the horses. Perhaps twenty-five ranchers, who were afraid to return to their isolated ranch homes, spent the summer camped at the flat.

Among the campers were Mace Greenlee, for whom Greenlee County was named; Abe and Dick Boyle, who raised horses; E. K. Marsh, who lived with the Boyles; Wood Dodd; George Packer; Jim Randall and his partner, Si Ruggles, one of the best hunters and trappers in that section; Bill Sparks, a trapper, afterward a noted peace officer of the early nineties, and in later life the author of *The Apache Kid* and other stories; Frank and George Blucher, ranchers on the Frisco; Jim Rasberry and Frank Manning, ranchers on the Big Blue; Arte Hickey and Frank Ringgold, who owned a ranch and the H E brand of cattle on the Frisco.

The Indians were active all summer and fall. Consequently, the ranchers had to stay away from their property for weeks at a time, but occasionally some of them would make a hurried visit to see if their cabins had been burned or their stock driven away.

Jim Rasberry, a sandy-complexioned, tall, lanky fellow, who always carried an old-fashioned octagon-barrel Ballard rifle, became restless at having to stay in camp so long. In the fall he decided to return to his cabin in the Big Blue. His friends tried to persuade him not to make the trip, but he left for home, anyway. When he failed to return within a few days, his friends became uneasy, and a posse left Clifton to look for him. Reaching the Rasberry place, they found that he had been murdered by the Indians.

The posse continued on a few miles to the Benton ranch and found the body of William Benton, who had been killed by the same band of Apaches. He had been plowing in his field when shot down. The Indians cut the buckles from the harness of the plow horses, then went to the cabin and took Benton's gun and ammunition. They carried off what provisions they wanted, and destroyed the rest, dumping the flour on the dirt floor of the cabin.

From the Benton ranch the Indians crossed over the Little Blue on their way to Alma, New Mexico, and killed the two Luther brothers, better known as the Dutch boys. The Luthers owned a ranch and about a hundred head of pure-bred cattle. Most of the cattle on the other ranches in that section were Mexican cattle, a small breed of longhorns of an inferior grade.

Next the Indians reached Frank Manning's ranch. He, too, would have been killed but for his shepherd dog, Dandy. He

heard the dog barking and went to the door. As he opened it, several shots rang out. The bullets imbedded themselves in the log walls of the cabin, and Manning was wounded by a bullet in the leg. He jumped back and called Dandy into the cabin, barricaded the door, and remained inside until after dark. Taking the dog, he returned to Clifton that night.

After he recovered from the wound, Manning left for Minas Prietas, Mexico, where he worked as pumpman for the La Colorada Crestone Mining Company, a Cleveland, Ohio, company with headquarters in that city. He never returned to Clifton.

The campers on the De Parti Flat found life drab and monotonous, and often rode into Clifton. One day Frank Ringgold, who, at fifteen, was the only young member in camp, decided to visit some of his young friends in town and set out for a leisurely ride down the canyon by the road which paralleled the Frisco River. Suddenly several Indians emerged from the river bed, which had a dense growth of young willows along its course. Galvanized into instant action, Frank began using his leather quirt and digging his spurs in both sides of his animal.

He was making good speed when he heard loud laughter from the Indians. But his fears were not allayed, and he continued on his wild flight to safety. About a quarter of a mile farther down the road a small detachment of cavalry appeared from the river bottom. The Indians were scouts, the advance guard of the troops who were passing through the country. Frank stood a lot of good-natured raillery over the incident for quite a while afterward.

The Apaches passed into the Alma country near the foot of the Mogollons in New Mexico, leaving a bloody trail and many dead ranchers in their wake.

According to old newspaper files, after the killing of Bob Windham in December, 1885, the Apaches centered their operations around the Tucson and Benson country, committing many crimes and keeping Uncle Sam's soldiers constantly on the move. A dispatch from Pantano, not far from Tucson, told of the murder of a ranchman, Robert Lloyd, four miles from that settlement. When found, his body, with his legs tied together, had apparently been dragged for some distance, presumably while he was still alive. The dispatch to the *Tucson Daily Star* read as follows:

> J. A. Barrock and a few citizens, who left here at 2 P.M. yesterday to bring in the body of Bob Lloyd, murdered by the

Apaches, were attacked by five hostiles. Shots were exchanged, the citizens pressing them so closely that one Indian's horse was shot and the Indian took to the brush. Barrock secured a gun that the hostile dropped. The inquest on the body of Bob Lloyd was held last night. A special train, with troops from Calabasas, under command of Captain Lawton, passed through this morning. They will disembark at Pantano. The hostiles are still in the Rincon Mountains.

Captain Lebo, with two troops of cavalry, had gone to Tres Alamos to head off the Indians, while Lieutenant Johnson and the remaining troops of cavalry had taken up the trail. The hostiles had crossed over the San Pedro, stolen fresh mounts, and escaped to the Whetstone Mountains, thus outwitting the soldiers.

About the same time a dispatch from Tucson stated that the Samaniego posse, which had recaptured a little Mexican boy from the Indians, had reached Tucson after a long and arduous pursuit. They turned back at the San Pedro River, and the trail was taken up there by Lieutenant Weaver and two companies of cavalry accompanied by two cattlemen named Vail and Murray, and a large number of Mexican trailers with fresh horses.

The same week a dispatch from Fort Lowell reported that a courier had just arrived there from the Martínez ranch, twenty miles east of the fort, with word that the hostiles had reappeared and recaptured the horses taken from them by the Samaniego posse, together with a number of other horses that had been left at the ranch. The courier stated the soldiers had a running fight with the Indians, but there had been no casualties on either side; the Indians seemed to be heading for the Santa Rita Mountains, with a supply of ammunition which would indicate that they had a cache in the vicinity.

On May 26, 1886, the following account appeared in the *Tucson Daily Star*:

It is said that the murderous Chiricahuas have divided into small bands and are being hotly pursued by the troops. It seems strange that these hostiles, who, since the middle of last May, have killed over two hundred men, women, and children, should think they would find greater safety at the reservation than any other place. This is because of the leniency which has too often been exercised toward them. On no less than three different occasions did these Chiricahuas, after making incursions of slaughter and robbery throughout the frontier country, come back to the

reservation, where they were fed on govenment rations without receiving punishment. So far as we can ascertain, General Miles has adopted a different policy for the treatment of the savages he is after. If late reports are true, they are to be shot down wherever found, whether approaching the reservation or moving in some other direction. They have not perhaps been made aware of the fact, and it is not necessary they should be, considering the bloody trail they have left in the section through which they have depredated. The sooner they are disposed of, the better.

An Associated Press dispatch from Clifton on June 2, 1886, appeared in the *Tucson Daily Star,* reporting further tragedies:

> The cowboys of the Hampson ranch on Eagle Creek, while looking for stock twelve miles west of the ranch, were chased by Indians, thirty-one in number, mounted and having a pack train, and coming from the direction of Fort Apache. The Indians captured two mules.
>
> The cowboys escaped and reached the ranch the next day. There they found Tom Creech and Ed McGinley had been killed the day before by another band of Indians, while milking. The Indians took provisions, clothing, guns, and ammunition, and camped on Nantach Hill, and headed toward Fort Thomas.
>
> A third band of Indians about thirty in number was seen by Guadalupe Lerma, a Mexican who was employed on the cattle ranch of George W. Wells on Pigeon Creek. They will probably strike toward Mule Springs, New Mexico.

Such dispatches continued to appear at frequent intervals in the territorial newspapers until after Geronimo surrendered in September, 1886. As bands of the hostiles would return from the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico to raid areas in Arizona and New Mexico, citizens were notified of the directions in which these bands were headed. But many lonely graves and small cemeteries near frontier towns bore witness to the Apache activity during their sixteen months of constant raiding.

Geronimo had long been a name to be feared. This chief was a medicine man and a prophet of the Chiricahua Apaches, and had acquired notoriety through his opposition to the federal authorities. His native name was Goyathlay, meaning brave or fearless, but the Mexicans called him Geronimo, the Spanish for the name Jerome. His father, Taklishim, the Gray One, was not a chief, but his grandfather had assumed to be a chief without heredity or election. Geronimo's mother was known as Juana.

He was born about 1834 at the headwaters of the Gila in New Mexico, near the site where Fort Tulerosa was later established. This fort was founded in the early seventies by Captain Colson and his detachment of infantry after an endless number of depredations by the Apaches had occurred. The main lateral of the Indian trails was from the Mogollon and San Francisco mountains in Grant and Sierra counties in New Mexico, and through all the southern part of Grant County touching the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona, the great stronghold of the tribe. Formerly this tribe had lived in Sonora, Mexico, but when the Mexican government complained of the devastation of which the tribesmen were guilty, the Chiricahuas were moved to the Indian reservation at San Carlos on the southern frontier of Arizona.

Geronimo and other young chiefs broke away and fled back into Old Mexico. Later he was arrested with his band when he returned to Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, and they were sent to San Carlos again. In 1882, while raiding with his hostiles in Sonora, Geronimo was surrounded by General Crook's troops in the Sierra Madres and surrendered. For a time after this raid, the Apaches made an attempt to farm and live quietly on the reservation, but early in 1884 they became discontented again. The cause this time was a government ban on the making of tiswin on the reservation. This crude beer was highly intoxicating and brought out the worst traits in the Apache character. But occasional tiswin parties were held in spite of the efforts of the Indian police to enforce the order. The tiswin-crazy Apaches fought among themselves, injuring and often killing some of their fellow-tribesmen.

Because of the ban against tiswin Geronimo gathered his band and went on the warpath, terrorizing southern Arizona and New Mexico, as well as Sonora and Chihuahua in Mexico. This action was known as the Indian campaign of 1884-1885, though it lasted until September, 1886. General Crook proceeded against the band with orders to kill or capture the chief and his followers. After almost three years of bloody warfare, General Miles was placed in command, and at last a truce was made.

At the conference held to consider terms of surrender, Geronimo refused to discuss the matter with anyone but Lieutenant Gatewood, in whom he had confidence. After a three-day parley the Apache chief agreed to these conditions: The Indians were not to surrender their arms until after their talk with General

Miles; Captain Lawton and his troops, who had been in Mexico for several months in pursuit of the Apaches, were to act as an escort to protect the Apaches from both the American and the Mexican troops in the field, for Geronimo knew that the feeling against his band was intense. Until the arrival of General Miles, who was expected from day to day, Captain Lawton and his soldiers guarded the Apache band in Skeleton Canyon.

At the time of Geronimo's surrender, my brother Will was working for the Bar W C Cattle Company, owned by Ward and Courtney, whose ranch was one mile above Duncan. The foreman had sent Will and two other cowboys to the headquarters ranch of the San Simon Cattle Company in the upper San Simon Valley to attend the roundup. This company ran the H H H brand. After the roundup the cowboys were to bring back the Bar W C cattle that had drifted to that range.

When the roundup boys heard that Geronimo was being held at Skeleton Canyon, only a few miles from the ranch of the San Simon Cattle Company, the roundup stopped. All the cowboys rode over to Captain Lawton's camp and begged for permission to take Geronimo out and kill him. Lawton talked to them and induced them to return to the ranch, but they came back each day for three days, trying to get Lawton to hand the old chief over to them. Each time Lawton reasoned with them and persuaded them to wait.

By this time Geronimo was getting suspicious and restless. No word had come from General Miles, though there was probably a fair degree of certainty as to when he would arrive. Finally Captain Lawton promised the cowboys that if General Miles had not arrived by three o'clock the next afternoon, the boys could have their revenge. The captain agreed not to say a word or to lift his hand to save Geronimo's worthless life a day longer.

When the cowboys returned the next day, they found that General Miles had reached Skeleton Canyon a short time before. The Indians were taken to old Fort Bowie and held there by the military authorities until they were deported. General Miles explained to Geronimo the reasons for the government order:

"You have murdered, stolen, and broken your promises. That is why the Great White Father at Washington has said that no Chiricahua Apache shall be allowed to stay in Arizona."

During this conference Geronimo realized that his treachery had ruined his entire tribe. He was a reader of men's faces, and knew that because he had never granted mercy, none would be

granted him. After a few days at Fort Bowie, the Apaches were taken to the Southern Pacific station at Bowie and loaded on a train bound for Florida. Geronimo sadly accepted the fact that he had lost his last fight.

The night before the band was to leave the fort, three bucks, one squaw, and several children slipped away in the darkness. They were missed the next morning, and scouts were sent out to locate them and bring them back. Soldiers in the field were notified of the escape. But the little group was never heard of. After evading soldiers and scouts, they probably reached a secret camp in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

At last the train steamed out of Bowie with the treacherous band of four hundred and ninety-eight Apache prisoners, including Geronimo, the last of the fighting chiefs. In charge of Colonel J. F. Wade and Major Dickey, they were on their way to exile in Florida, the area having been selected to remove them as far away as possible from other Apache tribes which were still in their native home. A great prayer of gratitude went up from the hearts of the Arizona settlers, for a new day seemed to be dawning for the white people, while the sun was setting forever on the murderous Apaches.

After being constantly on guard against Indian attacks, the pioneers found relaxation from fear a new experience. But if any one of the old Apache chiefs had ever returned to the native hunting grounds, the settlers would have made instant armed preparations for defense, so terrible and lasting was the memory of the Apache raids.

When the Indians reached Florida, they were imprisoned at Fort Pickens and Fort Marion. Many of the boys were sent to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The change from the hot dry climate of the Southwest to the damp climate of the East Coast, as well as other conditions, did not agree with the Indians, and in April, 1887, they were transferred to Mt. Vernon Barracks in Alabama. At that time only three hundred and eight of the tribe were alive. As the death rate continued high, they were again transferred, this time to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where they arrived on October 4, 1894. There they were encamped on the military reservation under the control of the garrison. The able-bodied were enrolled as Indian soldiers and held under strict military discipline.

The tribe remained there until April 1, 1913, when the two hundred and fifty-seven Apaches at Fort Sill were given their

choice of land in Oklahoma or transportation to the Mescalero Apache Indian Reservation in New Mexico. One hundred and seventy of them chose the old hunting ground of their fathers, and the others were given eighty-acre allotments in Oklahoma.

General Miles's campaign in 1886 practically disposed of the Indian problem in the Southwest, except for an occasional Indian who went wild, as did the Apache Kid. In April, 1890, troops were ordered withdrawn from the Arizona posts of Fort McDowell, Fort Verde, and Fort Thomas. Abandoned since that time, these posts are now only adobe mounds, silent witnesses to the fact that once they were lively, active forts where many of Uncle Sam's soldiers were stationed. To the pioneers this mute evidence of the early days brings back sad recollections of the days before the Old West was tamed.

Geronimo lived out his years at Fort Sill. In 1905 he and several of his warriors were taken to Teddy Roosevelt's inauguration, and were given an audience by the president. Geronimo made a simple, though eloquent, appeal to be allowed to end his days as a free man, but the request was denied. In consequence of the many atrocities committed upon the settlers in the Southwest by him and his band, Geronimo was returned to captivity. The realization that he had been banished for life from the region that had belonged to him and to his ancestors before him weighed on his mind, and he began to drink heavily. He lost influence with the strong men of his tribe and prestige with his people. Shunned and left alone, he died, a degraded drunkard, in his tepee at Fort Sill on February 17, 1909. He had been dead for three days before his body was discovered.

Chief Natchez, standing beside the grave of Geronimo and speaking to his people, recalled the old chieftain's bravery and valor as a warrior, but declared that Geronimo was not to be followed in time of peace. "He could fight, but he had never learned to control himself and, therefore, could never continue to control others," concluded Natchez.

Only the old Indian squaws mourned his death. "Everybody hated you," they wailed. "White men hated you, Mexicans hated you, Apaches hated you, all of them hated you. You have been good to us. We love you. We hate to see you go."*

Geronimo was given decent burial, and a small marker was placed over his grave. For years the spot was visited by the

* Information received from the Oklahoma Historical Society.

curious, and in 1930, when a monument to Geronimo was proposed, it was reported that the grave had been found empty. An Associated Press dispatch carried the account to the newspapers of the country, and various rumors arose. In 1914 the grave had been disturbed by ghouls who believed that valuable jewelry had been buried with the body, and the word circulated that the body had disappeared. The story was that a few nights after burial the old chief's body had been taken away by his people, who wanted his remains to rest in the mountains of his homeland, surrounded by his own people. Other rumors were that the grave robbers had not disturbed the body, but that the report had gone out so that the grave at Fort Sill would not suffer further desecration. Whatever the truth of the rumors, the proposed monument to Geronimo was erected, a white column topped with a thunderbird, and the fact that the thunderbird is the insignia of the Navajos instead of the Apaches does not detract from the significance of the monument.

After the exile to Florida of Geronimo and his followers, which included all the Chiricahua and Warm Springs tribes of Apaches, the other Apache tribes, of which there were several, stayed close to the reservation. The government appointed white men skilled in agriculture to teach them farming. Weekly rations were issued, but this way of life was so different from the customs of their earlier days that they never thrived under the white man's rule.

Dan R. Williamson, who, as railroad agent at Bowie in 1886, had routed Geronimo and his band on their trip to Florida, later served as forage agent at San Carlos. He was state historian for Arizona in 1930 and was well qualified for the position. As an early pioneer, he had seen the state grow from a wilderness to the great commonwealth it is today. For several years prior to his death in 1940, he was United States commissioner at Globe.

The conquered race has gradually given up its age-old tradition of roaming from place to place, murdering, raiding, and committing other lawless deeds. A symbol of the vanishing Indian traditions might be found in the statue named *The End of the Trail, by James Earle Fraser,* which shows a weary Indian mounted on an exhausted Indian pony. The man astride the bareback pony slumps forward with head lowered in an attitude of utter dejection and despair, and the little pony stands on a rocky point at the edge of a sheer precipice.

Time has softened the bitterness and eliminated the hatred

of the white man for the one-time deadly foe of the early settlers of the Southwest. Civilization and kindness and a better understanding have probably softened the hearts of the Indians and the old warriors. At least a friendlier feeling exists between the whites and the Apaches today than pioneers sixty years ago would ever have considered possible.

When Geronimo surrendered, among his band was a powerful warrior named Massia, equally as cruel and crafty as the old chief. Massia was loaded on the train at Bowie with the rest, but somewhere along the way before they reached Kansas City, he escaped. Each Indian was counted as the band entered the train, and the number that left Bowie tallied out exactly on their arrival in Florida, for a child was born on the trip.

It may never be known just where Massia escaped from the train, but it was probably a long distance from Arizona, for it took him a year to make the journey back to his native land. He traveled at night and hid during the day. How he procured food on the long trip, no one ever knew. Even after he reached Arizona, he remained in hiding from his own people. He was afraid the soldiers would learn of his return, hunt him down, and send him away again.

But his people finally learned that Massia was among them. He had been the only Indian on the reservation to use a forked stick on which to rest his gun while taking aim at a victim or at wild game. He carried such a stick with him as part of his equipment. Two years after the Apaches had been exiled, one of these forked sticks was found on an Indian trail on the reservation. Though his people thus knew that he had returned, none of them had seen him.

One day while in hiding near Fort Apache, Massia saw a squaw and her young daughter gathering black walnuts. The girl was in the tree shaking down the nuts, and the mother was putting them in a gunny sack. From his hiding place Massia also saw an Indian buck ride by on a mare with a half-grown colt following her, and noted that the man rode on a few miles to his camp.

When Massia thought it safe, he slipped from his place of concealment, and in that stealthy, silent manner of the Indians, was under the tree before the two women knew he was near. He killed the mother, captured the girl, and tied her hands. Warning her that he would kill her if she tried to escape, he told her to remain under the tree until his return.

Then Massia took up the trail of the Indian buck and found the place where he had staked the mare to graze. Stealing up silently, he untied the rope and rode her off, the colt following. When he returned to the tree where the girl waited beside her dead mother, Massia put the girl on behind him and started for Mexico. They rode hard, and when the colt gave out, Massia killed it and kept going. Finally the little mare became exhausted, and she, too, was killed. Massia and the girl continued on foot and eventually reached Mexico.

Massia joined the Apache Kid in his secret hide-out where they remained for some time. Then he and the Kid began their raids into Arizona. Later they had a falling out over a squaw, separated, and ever afterward tried to avoid each other on the trails. Equally bad, cruel, and crafty, the two men probably realized that if they should meet again, there would be a fight to the death. If either of them, traveling from Mexico to Arizona, saw any Indian sign on the trail, he would take another route.

After Massia reached Mexico with the Indian girl, he never went back to the reservation. More than a year later the girl became desperately homesick and begged to go back to her people. Though Massia finally consented for her to leave, she refused to go alone for fear the cowboys would kill her.

"You have obeyed me and been good to me," Massia told her, "and I will take you back."

He accompanied her until Fort Apache was in sight, and then let her go on alone. Afterward he dropped from sight, and was never seen or heard of again. There is no record of his being killed, and he may have died a natural death, for he was an old man when he escaped from the train. Where, when, and how he came to his end is a mystery to this day. The passing of Massia and the Apache Kid closed the careers of two of the most malignant characters of Apache warfare.

The Apache Kid was raised in a tepee on the mesa near Globe, his parents having moved there when he was quite young. He is still remembered by a few of the old-timers who recall that he was not as lazy as most members of his tribe. As a boy he did chores and odd jobs, ran errands for the white people, and helped around the saloons. He became a favorite with the miners and the saloon element, and they gave him his name, the Apache Kid, which stayed with him the rest of his life.

In his boyhood he showed none of the vicious traits which characterized his later years. As he grew up he worked for a

butcher, looking after and herding beef cattle. During his association with the white people he learned to speak English and to know the ways of the settlers as well as those of his own people. This training proved a valuable asset to him in his years of outlawry and crime.

The Apache Kid was often confused with the Carlisle Kid in newspaper accounts of crimes and in some of the stories written about the early Indian troubles. The Apache Kid had no education, but he learned to speak English fluently from the associations of his youth.

When the Apache Kid was eighteen years old, Al Seiber, chief of the scouts at San Carlos, prevailed on the boy to enlist as one of the Indian scouts. Because the Kid spoke English and knew the ways of the whites and could cook, Seiber made an orderly of him and took him on many trips.

In 1888 an Army officer took Seiber to the sub-agency on White River, and the Kid was left in charge of the Indian scouts. Knowing that Seiber could not get back for several days, the scouts proceeded to go on a tiswin spree. When Seiber returned, he found all his men drunk and ordered them locked up in the guardhouse. The scouts began shooting up into the air and yelling, and during the confusion Seiber was hit by a bullet which broke his leg. He always believed that the Kid fired the shot, even though two government employees claimed, as eyewitnesses to the shooting, that a scout by the name of Curley was the guilty man.

All the scouts were arrested and tried on the charge of mutiny. They were given long terms in a U. S. prison, but in less than a year, through influence, they were pardoned by President Cleveland and returned to the San Carlos Reservation.

Al Seiber was bitter toward the Apache Kid, whom he held responsible for the shot which had crippled him for life. Other charges were soon found, and the scouts were arrested again. They were tried in Globe at the fall term of court in 1889, along with other Indians who had committed various offenses.

Among the Indians on trial was Ah De Nazez, a Navajo, who, in a fit of anger, murdered Lieutenant Mott. He was tried, convicted, sentenced to death, and hanged in Globe. He was the first Indian to be legally hanged in Gila County. Jimmie Anderson of Globe is the only man living today (1943) who took part in the execution.

Instead of a scaffold with a trap door, a platform was built on

a level with the street, with two large upright timbers and a crossbeam strongly braced. A rope was thrown over the beam and a noose on one end was placed around the Indian's neck. Attached to the other end was a copper bar, a product of the Old Dominion copper mine, weighing around two hundred and ninety pounds, when the bar was released, it jerked the Indian's body up with such force that his head struck the crossbeam and his neck was broken.

Eight other Indians were convicted at the same term of court, the Apache Kid included, and each was sentenced to a long term in the territorial prison at Yuma. As soon as court was adjourned, Sheriff Reynolds and Deputy Holmes made preparations to start with their prisoners for Yuma. They left Globe on November 1, 1889, with the eight Indians and a young Mexican, Jesús Avott, who was sentenced to three years for horse stealing.

It was a hundred miles by stage to Casa Grande, where they were to take the train for Yuma. They started out, with Eugene Middleton as the stage driver, and traveled over the Old Pioneer Road through the Pinal Mountains. The road was narrow and rough, with many steep grades along the way. The first night they spent at Riverside, a stage station, and early next morning went on. A few miles from Riverside they came to a long sandy wash, with a heavy grade. To lighten the load, the Mexican and six of the Indians were taken out of the stage. The Apache Kid and another Indian prisoner, both shackled and handcuffed, remained in the stage. The stage driver was to keep an eye on them.

The party started up the steep wash, the stage going first. A short distance behind walked Avott, then came Sheriff Reynolds, next three of the Indians, behind them the other three Indians, and Deputy Holmes in the rear. Once when the stage was some distance in the lead, Middleton stopped to let the horses rest. He noted that the Kid and the other prisoner were sitting quietly. Just as he started the horses again he heard a shot, and a few seconds later, several more shots. He looked back to see the cause of the shooting, and caught sight of Avott running toward the stage. By that time one of the Indians who had been walking appeared beside the stage, with a gun aimed at Middleton's head. Before the driver could move, the Indian fired. The bullet struck Middleton in the cheek and came out at the back of his neck near the spine, temporarily paralyzing him. He fell face down, unable to move, but conscious of all that was going on around him.

It was never known just how the tragedy occurred, but supposedly the three Indians back of Reynolds shortened the space between them and the sheriff, while those in front of Holmes lagged back in order to be near to him. When the first three Indians seized Reynolds, the other three grabbed Holmes, wrenched his gun from him, and killed him instantly. He was shot only once, but the bullet passed through his heart. Sheriff Reynolds put up a desperate fight before he was killed. There were several wounds in his face, his skull was crushed, probably by a rock, and he was terribly disfigured.

The Indians rifled the pockets of Reynolds and Holmes, taking watches, money, and the keys to the handcuffs and shackles. They also made off with a shotgun, a Winchester, three six-shooters, and all the ammunition. After releasing the Kid and the Indian in the coach, they escaped over the Pinal Mountains.

As soon as the Indians had disappeared, Avott, the Mexican prisoner, made his way to a ranch and told of the tragedy. He was pardoned by the governor for this act. His story of the attack on the officers was the only eyewitness account, and he had not known what had happened at the beginning, for he was in advance of the walking party. On hearing the first shot he had looked back, and seeing the struggle going on, had run to the stage to get word to the driver. Middleton finally recovered and lived in Globe for many years. He died of heart trouble on April 24, 1929.

The Apache Kid and the Indian prisoners joined the outlaw Apaches in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Old Mexico and were not heard of for many months. A large reward was offered for the Kid, alive or dead, by Arizona, New Mexico, and the Mexican states of Sonora and Chihuahua. But he was never captured. Later three of his band were killed in Sonora in a battle with the *rurales,* and on their bodies the Mexican troops found a watch with Sheriff Reynolds' name engraved on the case, and a six-shooter with his initials cut on the handle. These articles were returned to his widow in Globe.

After the Kid became an outlaw and defied the United States troops, his own tribe, which feared him as much as the white people did, gave him the name of Go-ya-thle, meaning wise or foxy. Hating all the Apaches but his own clan, he fought them as mercilessly as he persecuted the whites. He knew that the soldiers would not have been able to trail him if it had not been for the scouts who belonged to his own race. Because of this bitter

hatred, he slew at every chance, purely in revenge for being tracked and hunted by the Indian scouts.

At frequent intervals the Kid returned to the reservation to kidnap young squaws, and he killed most of his victims while raiding between the Sierra Madre and the reservation on these trips. He seemed to crave the excitement of the hunt and the ease with which he eluded soldiers and posses.

Many telegraphic dispatches of the nineties told of Apache forays in which the Apache Kid was suspected or known to have taken part. In the *Phoenix Daily Herald* for May 26, 1891, appeared the following Associated Press dispatch from Clifton:

> The murder of Nat Whittum on Blue River forty-five miles north of Clifton seems to have been done by the Apaches. The Clifton search party that investigated the scene became satisfied from moccasin tracks that two Indians had concealed themselves behind some rocks near the front gate of the yard. Two Winchester rifle cartridge shells were found near the place, and the supposition is that the unfortunate man had just reached home and entered the gate when he was shot, but reached the house before he fell. He was shot twice, two bullets entering the right side under the arm and passing through the body. The premises were looted. A justice of the peace declined to hold an inquest, because the ride from Clifton was too long and uncomfortable.

On May 28, 1892, the *Arizona Silver Belt* contained the following direct identification of the Kid:

> A telegram was received from San Carlos last Saturday evening stating that the notorious renegade Kid killed a squaw May 17 at the Black River crossing on the trail to Fort Apache, and had stolen the dead squaw's daughter, taking her with him in the direction of the Sierra Anchas and Four Peaks. Kid has been pursued by soldiers and scouts for some time, but there is no prospect of his being captured.

A dispatch from Washington, dated August 17, 1892, was published the next day in the *Arizona Daily Star*:

> Acting Secretary Grant received a telegram this morning from General McCook at Los Angeles, California, in regard to the case of two men murdered at Davenport's ranch, sixteen miles north of Separ, New Mexico, on the eighth, from which it appears that the

act was probably committed by a party of eight renegade Apaches under the notorious Kid recently seen in that vicinity. General McCook says he has four parties in search of the marauders, two from San Carlos, one from Bowie, and one from Grant, and that troops with the boundary commission are also keeping watch for them.

The *Phoenix Daily Herald* of October 27, 1892, reported the following word sent from Globe the day before:

> The renegade Kid and three or four Chiricahuas are desperading in this vicinity. On Sunday James Hall, who was hunting horses near the mouth of Canyon Creek on the Salt River north of McMillin, was fired on by two Indians. Fifteen shots were fired by Hall, who escaped unhurt. Yesterday the same band killed an Indian and captured a squaw at Black Bear Springs near Gilson's ranch. Today at ten o'clock John Keyser and another cowboy were chased by a party of three Indians seven miles south of Globe. Keyser escaped and came to town. Sheriff Thompson and a posse of nine men and the scouts promptly started out to take the trail which leads south toward San Pedro. Several detachments of troops and scouts are already in the vicinity of San Pedro, and others are following the trail. Strong hopes are entertained of the capture of the renegades.

Albert Bellmeyer, who came to Morenci when the Apache Kid was the subject of almost daily dispatches, was later to become one of the Kid's victims. Morenci was one of the most thriving copper camps in Arizona, but Bellmeyer was a cattleman and was looking for a ranch. Soon he met and struck up a friendship with William R. Church, general manager of the Detroit Copper Company. Later the two men formed a partnership and bought a ranch about twelve miles northwest of Morenci on Eagle Creek. Bellmeyer adopted the Turtle brand for the cattle, figuring that it would be one which the cattle rustlers would find hard to alter.

A cowboy by the name of Johnnie Gordonier, a very fine and likable fellow, was working on the ranch and occasionally went to Morenci with Bellmeyer. One fall day when the two men were in town, three Eagle Creek Mexicans whom they knew reported that a band of Indians had been seen near the ranch. The Apaches seldom went on a raid without passing through the Eagle Creek country, for it was near the San Carlos Reservation, and one of the main Indian trails led through that section. Bellmeyer and

Gordonier at once set out for the ranch to prevent the hostiles from stealing a bunch of good saddle horses they had left in a pasture. The Mexicans who had given the alarm begged the men not to go, but in vain.

Late that afternoon some ranchers who had fled from the Indians reached Morenci and reported that Bellmeyer and Gordonier had been killed by the band, which later proved to have been led by the Apache Kid. Though it was near evening and very cold, a posse was organized to find the bodies. My brother Jim, then an officer, was a member of the party which took up the trail.

Early next morning they discovered Bellmeyer's frozen body among some large boulders where he had been thrown by his horse. Then the posse picked up the trail left by the other horse, which showed that he also had been running. After following it to the top of the mountain and part way down on the other side, the men came to Gordonier's frozen body. Both bodies were packed on horses and returned to Morenci for burial.

The Indians had made off with the horses, and because Gordonier's saddle was new and heavy, with fancy leather skirts and *tapaderos* on the stirrups, they kept cutting off bits to lighten its weight. The posse trailed the band of hostiles for many miles by following the leather pieces that had been dropped.

After Bellmeyer's death, his partner disposed of the ranch and cattle to Billie and Johnnie Wood. Two years later the Wood boys sold the cattle to my brother John, who was then a deputy sheriff at Clifton. Afterward John bought the Dripping Springs ranch, twenty-five miles from Globe on the south side of the Pinal Mountains. John shipped his cattle from Graham County to the ranch in Gila County, where he still runs the Turtle brand of cattle. Billie Wood, former owner of the brand, lived in Miami, Arizona, a mining town six miles from Globe, until his recent death.

As far as is known the Apache Kid's last killing took place on December 5, 1896, when he was traveling with his squaw in the Ash Springs section. At that time we were living about three-quarters of a mile above Solomonville on the Ash Springs road. Our farm and farms on the opposite side of the road were fenced, forming a lane about two miles long, known as Parks Lane because father had built the first house out that way. Our home was a two-story adobe. Between the house and the two corrals, one an

adobe and the other a barbed wire joining it, was a large open yard where father kept his wagons and farm implements.

December 4, 1896, was a cold, windy day. Just about sunset a man drove up in a covered wagon with his daughter, about sixteen years old, on the seat beside him. He asked father if they might camp in the yard for the night, and father gave permission. The man said that he was Horatio Merrill of Pima and that he and his daughter Eliza were on their way to Clifton. As the night was very cold, father insisted that the Merrills spend the evening by the big fireplace with our family, and they were glad to join us. Eliza was a very pretty, sweet girl about my age, and I asked her to share my bed that night, as my sister Dollie was away at school. How thankful I have always been that I was kind to this girl who was a stranger to me!

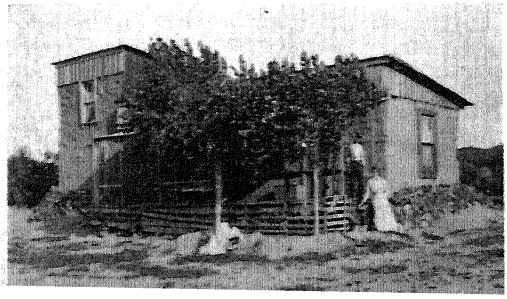
Early next morning the Merrills left, intending to camp at Ash Springs, but late in the afternoon they were found murdered about six miles from Ash Springs. They had been walking at the time, evidently to keep warm. Mr. Merrill was walking beside the wagon and driving the team, and Eliza had been gathering wood for their evening fire. She had fallen with her arms full of wood. When they were found, they had been dead less than an hour.

The tragedy was discovered by J. L. T. Waters, who was on his way from Duncan to Solomonville. He came to Solomonville and notified Arthur Wight, then sheriff of Graham County. Wight wired to Duncan for a posse to leave there for the scene of the murder, about twelve miles from Duncan. He organized a posse in Solomonville. Among the men who answered his call were my father and my three brothers, Jim, Will, and John; John Epley, Albert Schwerin, and Ben W. Olney.

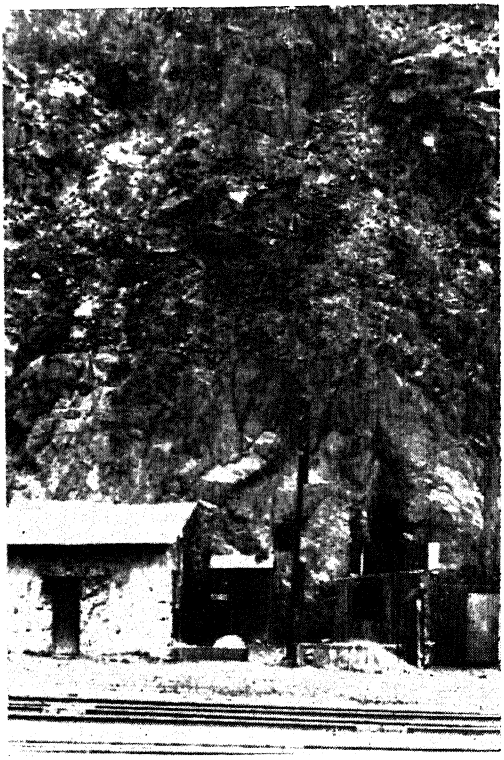
When the Solomonville posse reached the scene shortly after daylight the next morning, they found that the Duncan party, under the leadership of John Wood, foreman of the Lazy B outfit, had arrived during the night. Among them were Frank Courtney, Joe Terrell, Lee Windham, and four or five others. Sheriff Wight asked if the trail of the Indians had been found, but the Duncan posse said that it had not, as so many trails led to and from the wagon. The Duncan men had decided, however, that between fifteen and thirty Indians had been in the raid, from the signs left around the wagon.

Will and John Parks, hearing the Duncan boys say that the trail had not been found, started off at a gallop to cut sign for the

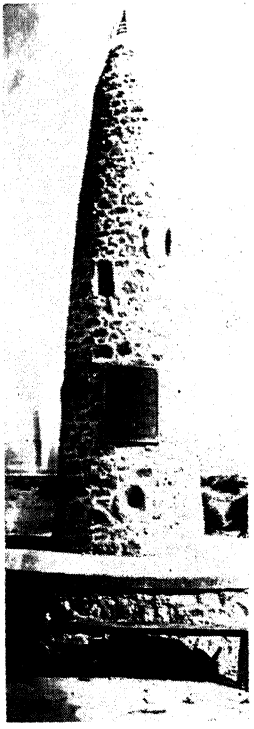
Ehrenberg monument, erected to the memory of the pioneers and nameless dead buried in the cemetery



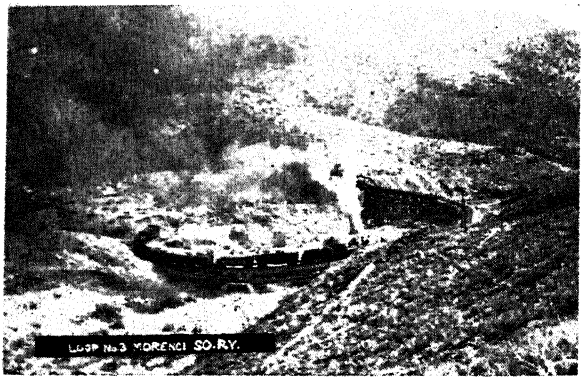
Whitlock Cienaga ranch as it looked in 1896



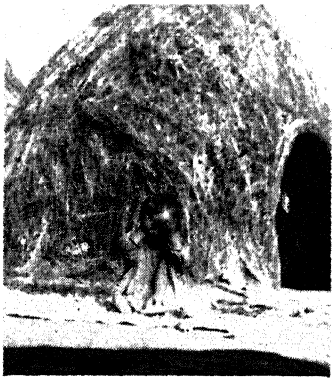
The famous Rock Jail in Clifton. Entrance was through the rock house on the left



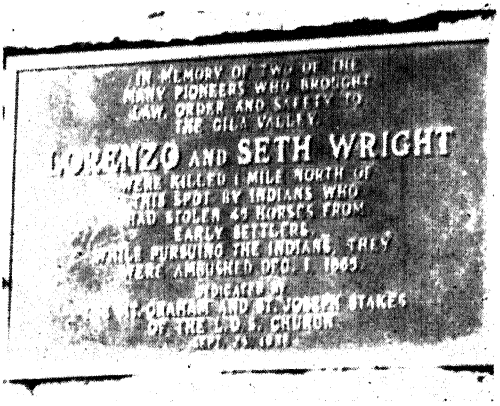
The Douglas monument, near Douglas, Arizona, commemorating the surrender of Geronimo on September 5, 1886



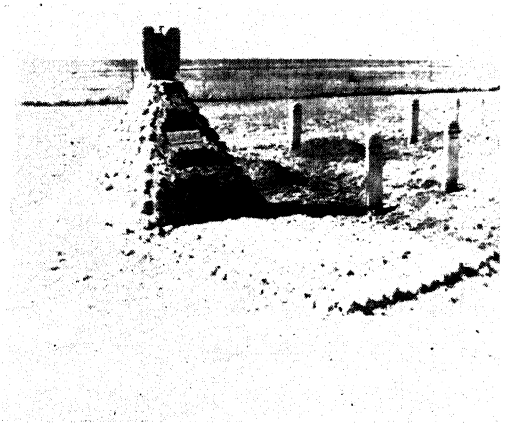
A loop on the Morenci Southern Railroad, the corkscrew road of America. Owned by the Phelps Dodge Copper Company of Morenci



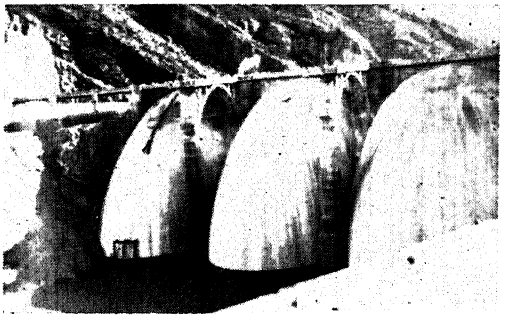
An Apache Indian tepee



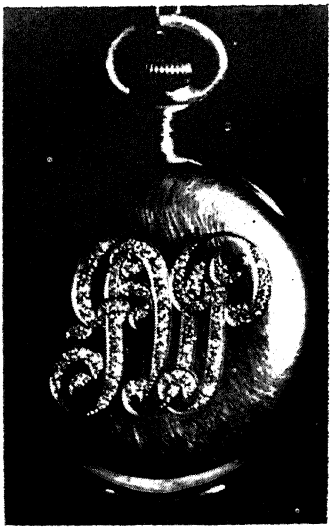
Inscription on the memorial erected to the memory of Lorenzo and Seth Wright. Dedicated September 24, 1938



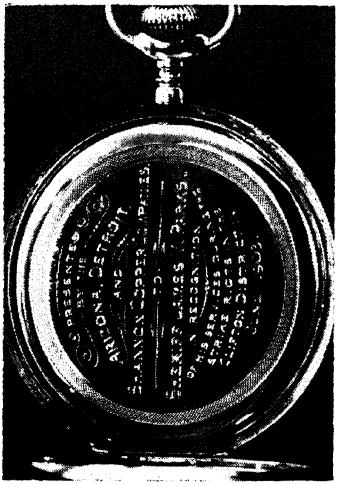
Geronimo's grave at Fort Sill, Oklahoma



Coolidge Dam. The only multiple dome dam in existence

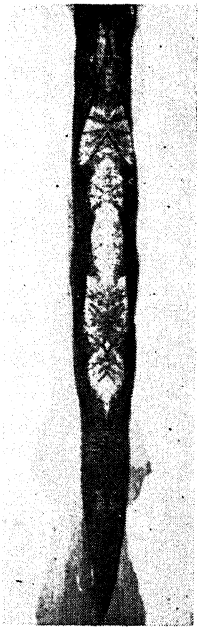


Watch presented to Sheriff James V. Parks by the Arizona, Detroit, and Shannon Copper companies

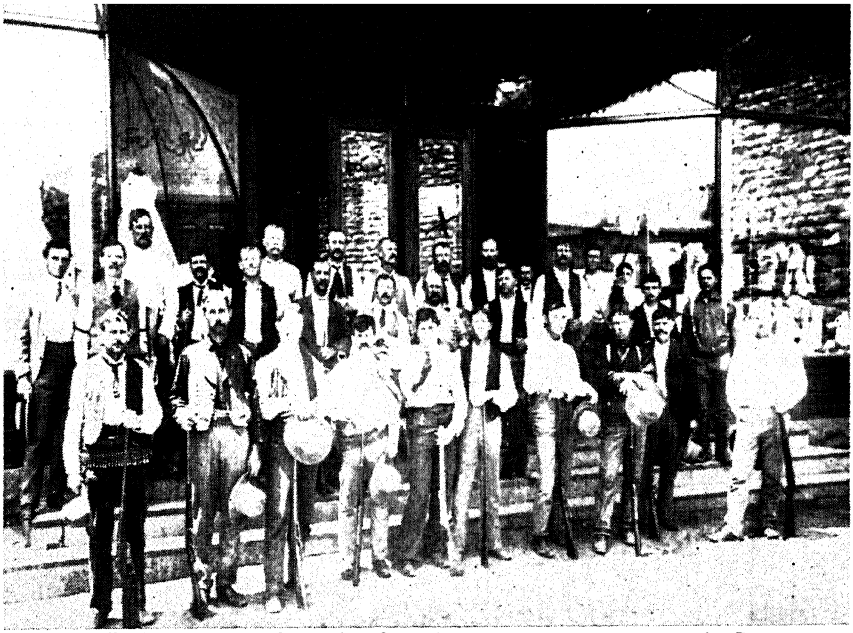


Inscription on inside of the watch

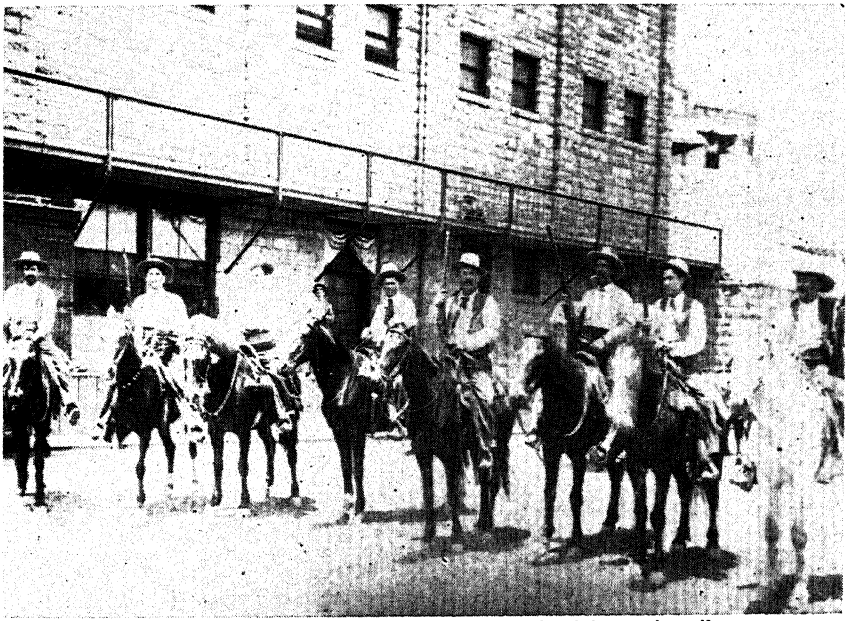
Monument erected to the memory of the two Wright brothers who were massacred by the Apaches, December 1, 1885



The "Magic Arrow," seen at Roosevelt, Arizona, only during high water when the water acts as a mirror



Sheriff Jim Parks and special deputies on the steps of Detroit Copper Company store

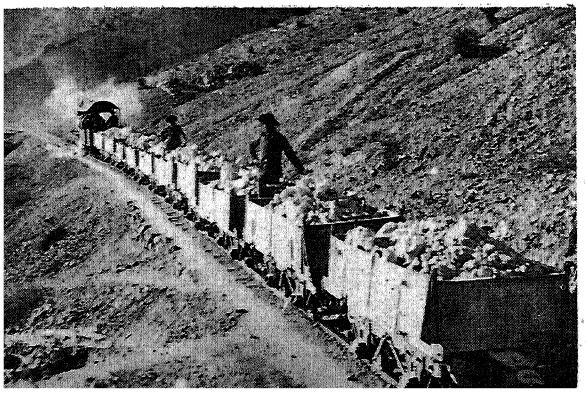


Sheriff and mounted deputies during the Morenci strike

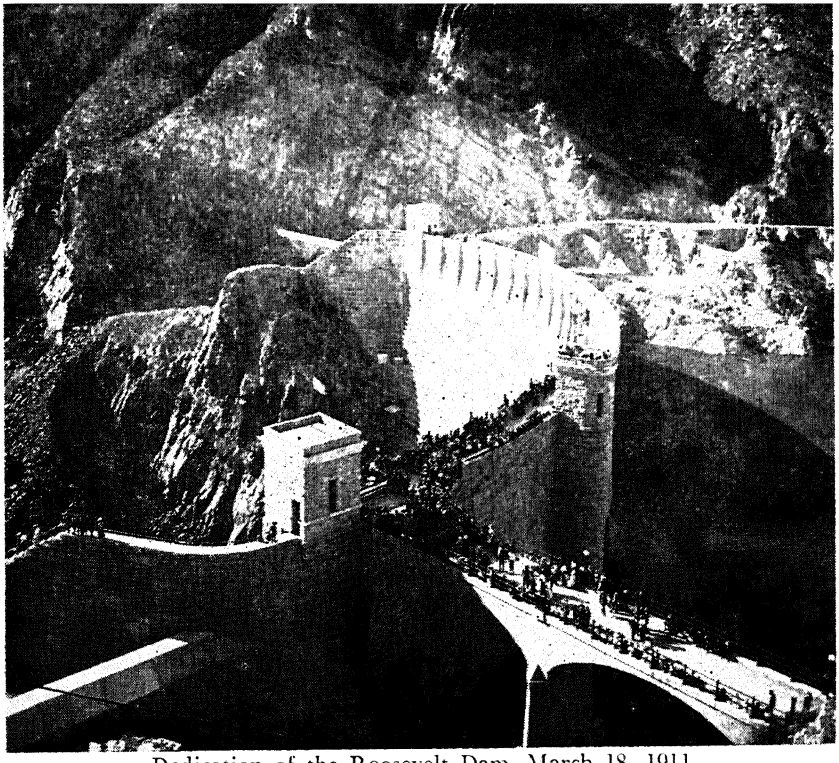
Strike leaders during the Morenci strike of 1903

Strikers on their way to Solomonville jail

The Coronado engine, twin to "Little Emma." The engineer, George Gamble, and wife



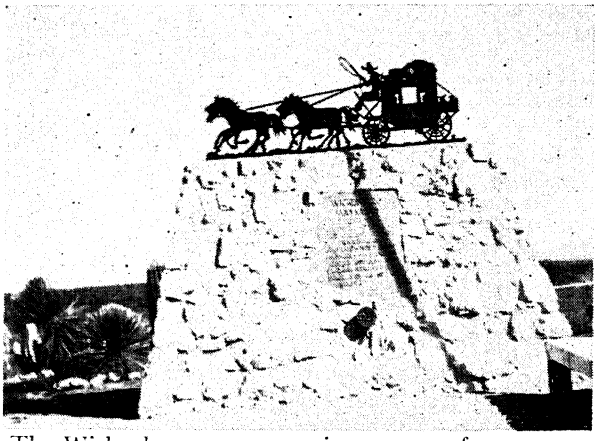
Ore train from the mines at Metcalf. The train was pulled by "Little Emma," the first engine to be brought to the territory, in 1880. Dad Arbuckle was the engineer



Dedication of the Roosevelt Dam, March 18, 1911

The Globe - Phoenix stage, taken at the site of the Roosevelt Dam, during the early days of construction

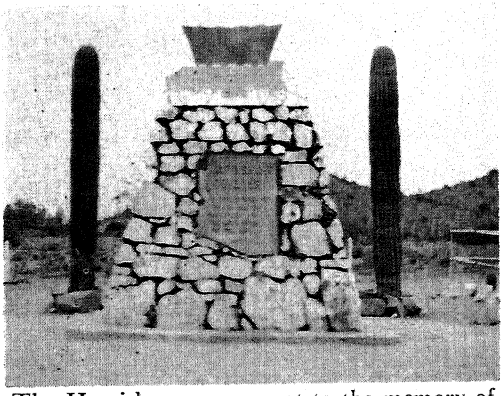
Roosevelt Dam



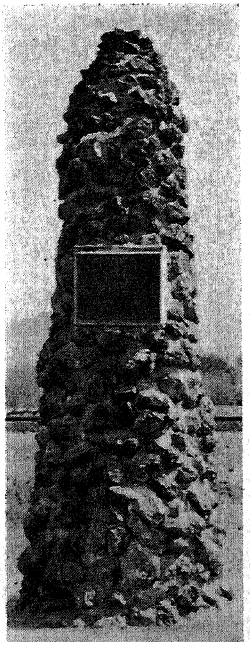
The Wickenburg monument in memory of seven persons killed in stagecoach massacre

Hi Jolly's tomb at Quartzite, Arizona

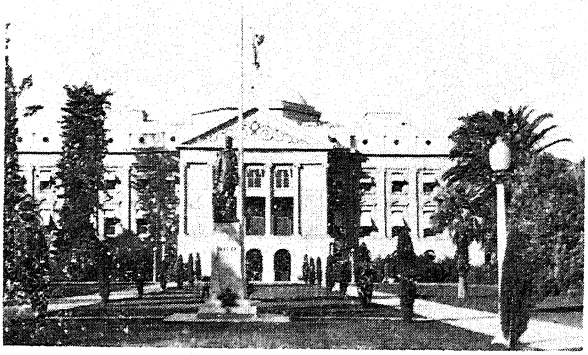
The Madonna of the Trail monument. Erected in honor of the Pioneer Mother of the West



The Harrisburg monument to the memory of emigrants who met tragic fates at the hands of Apaches

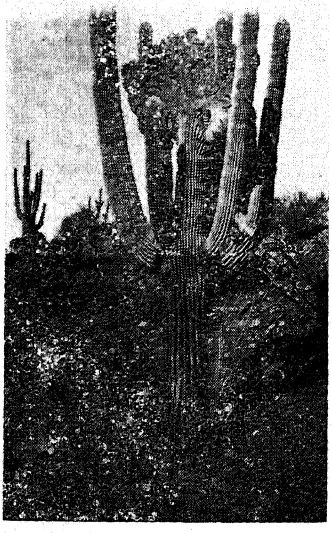


Monument erected at the foot of Picacho Peak, commemorating the only battle of the Civil War fought in Arizona

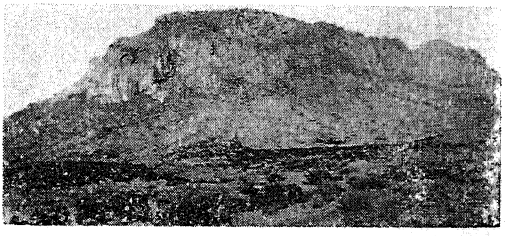


State capitol building, Phoenix, Arizona

The Saguaro cactus. State flower of Arizona



A unique species of the seldom-seen Saguaro cactus



Hall Mountain. It was here that the Hall brothers were murdered

trail, Will going to the south and John to the north. They made a half circle about three-quarters of a mile from the Merrill wagon. Will struck the trail, and, stopping, took off his hat and waved to the posses, which immediately started toward him.

While Will and John were cutting sign for the trail, the men put the bodies in Mr. Merrill's wagon, hitched the horses to it, and two of the men who had come with Sheriff Wight started back to town with the bodies. The posse then rode on to overtake Will and John, who, by this time, were riding up the hillside. When my brothers climbed to the top, they found where the Indians had camped among a pile of large boulders and fed their horses the grain they had taken from the Merrill wagon. Undoubtedly the hostiles had waited for the moon to rise, as was evident by the way they had picked their path through the rocks upon leaving.

The Apaches were probably heading for the Whitlock Mountains, and my brothers knew that if the posse did not overtake them before they reached the mountains, it would be almost impossible to catch them because of the extreme ruggedness of the area. As soon as Will and John were on ground where they could travel, they followed the trail at a gallop for several miles. Finally, Arthur Wight caught up with them and called out, "Boys, don't ride the trail so fast. You'll ride into an ambush and get killed." But they continued to make as good time as possible, for they knew they had rough country ahead and the trailing would be hard and slow. John knew every foot of the Whitlock Mountains, as he owned the Whitlock ranch and cattle.

As the posse came near the foot of the mountains, they saw a bunch of horses about three-quarters of a mile away, on the other side of a big canyon. John recognized them as being the range mares that Old Morg, a big brown stallion of Will's, ran with. Will had bought Morg from a man by the name of Foster, and the horse was branded with an F on his left shoulder.

Some of the posse wanted to ride over and look through the bunch to see if the Indians had left their mounts and secured fresh ones. So the men divided, part of them going across the canyon to the right; my three brothers, Frank Courtney, and Lee Windham went to the left toward the foot of the mountain where there was a big rock slide. On the way John saw something glistening in the sunshine about half way up.

"Boys," he said, "I don't know what that is, but it's something that doesn't belong there."

They rode to the foot of the mountain, dismounted, and left

Lee Windham to hold the horses, as the rock slide was too rough for the horses to climb. Then they started up the slope on foot to inspect the shining object, planning to continue to the top for a better view of the surrounding canyons and hills. Windham was to wait for the other part of the posse, and then lead the horses around the mountain to the meeting place.

John and his party reached the spot which had aroused his suspicions and found Old Morg, the brown stallion. The Indians had killed him and cut a large chunk out of his hind quarter. It was about ten thirty in the morning, and the sun was striking the fresh cut at such an angle that it glistened like a piece of tin.

The Indians, camped in the canyon about a quarter of a mile above where the larger posse was crossing to look at the horses, were cooking the piece of horse meat. They saw the party, but the men did not see them. A squaw jumped on her little black Indian pony, and started to climb the mountain. The Apache Kid, dressed in dark clothes, stayed about fifty yards behind her to protect her if the posse should discover them and start in pursuit.

As yet the Indians had not seen the smaller group of men on the left of them, about five or six hundred yards away. But these men had seen the hostiles and were climing around the mountain on foot in order to head them off. The little posse was too far away for their guns to reach the Indians, for the lead bullets used in those days would not carry a great distance.

When the Apaches detected the men on the left, they returned to the canyon and made their way, protected by the brush, up to the mountains, visible to the posse only occasionally. Each time they came into view, the posse would fire a volley, even though the distance was too great for their aim to be accurate. This posse fired about a hundred shots at the Kid and his squaw.

After the Indians had topped the mountains, the men lost sight of them, though they followed the trail the rest of the day. When dark came part of them went to Old Camp, a horse camp belonging to H. C. Day, and the rest spent the night at the Whitlock ranch; but at daylight they were back in the mountains where they had left off the evening before. They continued to trail until late in the afternoon. Then the soldiers arrived and took up the pursuit, trailing the Indians into Old Mexico. The band had headed for the Sierra Madre, the stronghold of the Chiricahua and White Mountain renegade Apaches, with lofty, rugged peaks and with many rough canyons slashing the mountain sides. There

the Indians had many hidden camps where they could evade both the American and Mexican soldiers.

The posse returned by way of the Kid's camp and found that during the night of the sixth he had doubled back to get his pack outfit and horse which he had left behind in his haste to escape. At the camp brother Jim picked up Eliza Merrill's purse containing a small set ring which was said to be her engagement ring. He also found a few hairpins and brought these articles home. A short time afterward I sent them to the girl's mother by Miss Minnie Wilson, a friend of the Merrill family.

Mr. Waters, who found the bodies of Mr. Merrill and his daughter, was for years postmaster at Duncan. He lived until nearly ninety years of age.

Though the Apache Kid was never captured and his fate is still unknown, his last squaw told a story of his death which might easily be true. According to her he died of tuberculosis after a long illness. He coughed a great deal and lay on his blankets all the time. One day he told her he was going to die soon, and because she had always been good to him, he would let her go home to her people. It had been his custom to kill his squaws when they became too sick or worn out to travel with him, for he had a constant fear that they might tell their people of his secret camps and hiding places. Since the Kid was never heard of after his squaw returned to her tribe, her story was believed by many.

During the fall of 1894 my brother Will, who owned one of the few hay balers in the Gila Valley, found his services in great demand. He and my father had large alfalfa acreages near Solomonville, and after the cutting and baling were over, he moved the baler to the Duncan area where the crops were a week or two later. H. C. Day had written to ask Will to bale the hay on the Day ranch three miles above Duncan. Mr. Day owned rich farm land as well as a large herd of cattle, running the Lazy B brand.

Will accepted Mr. Day's terms and took his younger brother Charlie along to help bale the hay. After my brothers had been gone two or three weeks, Will's wife, Lois, decided that she would like to go up to Duncan and come home with the boys. She had never been to that section and asked me to go along. As Duncan had been my old home, I was delighted with the prospect of a visit there.

Since there had been no renegade Indians off the reservation for several months, father and mother decided that it would be

safe for us to make the trip if we would ride behind Noah Green's stage which made daily trips from Solomonville to Duncan.

Lois was riding her own saddle horse named Walter, a big red roan and a fine-gaited animal. I was riding Toughy, a dapple-gray race horse that belonged to my brother Jim. Both were high-spirited mounts, and it was hard to hold them down to the snail's pace of the stage. Often we would drop behind and then gallop to catch up. Though it was only thirty-five miles between the two towns, the stage trip took from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon. The only stage stop was at a mud tank near Ash Springs where the driver watered his horses. At that point the road left the Ash Springs Canyon and went over the rolling mesas, leaving Ash Springs a mile and a half to our left.

About noon, as we were riding along the winding road up a long rocky canyon before we came to the water tank, we spotted a small clump of hackberry trees. Our lunches were tied on our saddles, and we were getting hungry. We looked longingly at the shade of the hackberries but decided against stopping to eat, for we had promised to stay near the stage.

When we reached the mud tank, a horse was standing at the edge drinking. He was covered with lather, and the mark of a saddle blanket and saddle showed up plainly on the sweaty animal, indicating that he had been unsaddled just a short time. But no one was in sight. Lois and I were alarmed, as were the two passengers and the stage driver. After watering our horses, we all started on our way, and Lois and I kept close to the stage.

It was twelve miles more to Duncan. Our fears began to leave us after we had traveled for several miles, and now and then we rode ahead of the stage. At last we decided that it was safe the rest of the way, and galloped off, singing and feeling happy that our journey was almost at an end.

At Duncan we found the people greatly excited. H. C. Boone and his brother, Dan Boone of Kansas City, who was visiting him, had gone on a hunting trip in the hills on the Carlisle road. They heard gunshots in a canyon and decided other hunters were out for game. Not until they returned to Duncan, just before we arrived, did they know that Indians had fired those shots. A cowboy from the Rail N Ranch had ridden in with information that Indians had passed the ranch eight miles below Duncan on the Gila, and had wounded one of the cowpunchers. Three or four of the

Rail N boys had set out in pursuit, and this cowboy had come to get a Duncan posse to go with him and take up the trail.

The party followed the Indian trail across the road over which we had just passed, and the men believed, from the time the cowboy was shot to the time the Indians crossed the road, that the hostiles had missed us by the small margin of fifteen minutes. If they had seen us, they would have killed us for our mounts, even though they were closely pursued. We decided that the tired horse at the tank had been turned loose by an Indian who had found a fresh animal.

When the cowboy told his story to the Boones, Dan said that he could feel his hair standing straight up. He took the first train for his home, and later said that the cold chills didn't quit chasing up and down his spine until he was half way to Missouri.

The Ash Springs country was good horse range, and during a drouth horses from many of the cattle ranches would drift to the range because of the two water holes in Ash Springs Canyon. Once, while my brothers Jim and John owned the Rail N Ranch, John left for the Ash Springs section to hunt some of their horses. After riding range all day, he headed for Ash Springs late in the afternoon and reached there after dark. As he rode up, he saw several horses standing around the springs but thought they were loose horses.

Being thirsty, he got off his horse and knelt down to drink out of the barrel that had been sunk where the spring bubbled up. Just as he leaned over, a figure jumped up and leaped to the back of one of the horses. In the dim light John saw the Indian's long black hair flop straight up. Promptly John forgot his thirst. He and the Indian parted company hurriedly and left for parts far distant from each other. It had been a surprise to both to find that they were drinking from the same water trough. John rode to the Rail N that night, for other Indians appeared out of the darkness. Each of the supposedly loose horses had an Indian rider.

Indians feared and had a great deal of respect for cowboys. On that night the hostiles probably thought that other cowboys might be riding to the springs any minute, and they made as quick a getaway as John did.

Ash Springs was the only permanent water in that section of Graham County, and for that reason father located the springs for a horse ranch. His stock horses ranged there, and during the dry seasons, when the constant tramping of the horses and cattle

around the water holes below the springs turned them into mudholes, it made it necessary for my brothers to leave the main cattle ranch, where they were badly needed, in order to blast them out and wall them up with rock to increase the scant water supply.

In the summer of 1896, when Will and Charlie were going to do this work, Lois and I went along to cook for them. A year or two earlier they had built a one-room frame house on a flat knoll above the springs. We had a feeling of safety there, as it was only a short distance from the road. The Apaches had remained quietly on the reservation for possibly a year, but at intervals a small band of renegades would leave on a raid. We were especially cautious because one of their favorite trails from the Blue Range north of Clifton and through the Whitlock Mountains went near Ash Springs.

While staying at the springs, we had supper before dark to avoid having a lamp burning. According to a superstition of the Apaches, the soul of one who killed at night would walk in eternal darkness. For this reason many of the pioneers traveled at night and camped during the day. We felt safe from attack during the hours of darkness, but if the Indians should see a light in our cabin, they would know an enemy was there, and unless they were in a hurry they would lie in wait until early morning, kill their victims, and then go on their way.

One evening while we were sitting in the shadow of the building, some cattle drifted in for water, quenched their thirst, and lay in the bed of the canyon. Horses came down from the mesas, drank their fill, and stood around the water hole. We were telling Indian yarns and wishing that the rocky bluffs above the springs could talk, for they could have told of bloodcurdling massacres that had taken place at these springs.

Soon we heard the sound of horses' hoofs striking on the rocks in a little side canyon which put in from the north. We thought little of it at the time, as bunches of stock horses were coming in to water. As the sounds came nearer, one of my brothers remarked that from the way the horses traveled, they had riders. When they were in full view from the house, we could see in the hazy moonlight that there were five or six horses in single file.

By this time the loose horses at the springs were snorting and trotting up the canyon, and the cattle jumped up and began to move away. We sat watching as the dark forms passed on to the springs. They stopped, evidently drank, and watered their horses, all in absolute silence. Then they took the main trail leading over the mesas toward Whitlock. As the horses topped the mesa in

single file, the boys could see that each animal had a rider, no doubt an Indian.

The next day while my brothers blasted out a seep in the canyon half a mile below the spring, Lois and I took our guns and went along. We stationed ourselves on a large boulder where we could look up and down the canyon and give warning if Indians were approaching. The boys lost no time in finishing their work that day, and the following morning we left for home, very grateful that the Apaches had not known of our presence at the Springs.

In the early days this road through the crooked Ash Springs Canyon was the only road from the eastern border of Arizona through Duncan to the Gila Valley points of Solomonville, Safford, Fort Thomas, and on to the mining camp of Globe. Because of the Springs at the foot of Ash Peak, many pioneers had camped there on their way to other parts of the territory. The peak had been named for Captain Ash, who, with his company of soldiers on the trail of a band of Apaches, met the hostiles at Ash Springs and fought a battle there. This rocky canyon afforded many lurking places for the Indians to conceal themselves and wait for the coming of their victims. It had been noted for the crimes committed there from pioneer times until the murder of Horatio Merrill and his daughter in 1896, the last victims of the Apache Kid.

CHAPTER IV

Pioneers Against the Outlaws

THE ACTIVITIES OF THE BAD MEN OF THE SOUTHwest were as serious a threat to the safety of the early settlers as were the Indians. Cattle rustlers and outlaws were a constant challenge to the lives and property of the pioneers, a challenge which had to be met by the cooperation of the entire community.

Not long after father moved to Duncan two ranchers were murdered by a gang of Mexican rustlers. The two men, Wisecauber and Clemons, had recently come to the Duncan section looking for a cattle ranch and had settled at a place between Duncan and Clifton. It was about six miles east of the C A Bar Ranch and was called Linden Springs. A few weeks later the two owners were found dead. Nicolás Olguín, a cattle rustler, and his band, who operated extensively in that section, were accused of the crime. They were afraid that the new men would interfere with their cattle stealing.

Father organized a posse and followed Olguín and his eight or ten men to Clifton to arrest them. As the posse neared town, they could see that the Frisco River was at flood stage and had spread out from mountain to mountain. As leader of the posse, father led his men over the hills and came into Clifton on the east side near the main business section. This part of town consisted of a large adobe house called the Casa Grande, a row of small adobe buildings known as Bedbug Row, and a number of tent houses.

When the Mexican people heard that a posse had come to arrest Olguín, they armed and barricaded themselves in their homes, preparing to make war on the posse. Knowing that the Mexicans outnumbered the whites in town about three to one, father decided to delay his efforts for fear any action at the moment would cause the white residents of the mining camp to

be murdered. He felt sure there would be other opportunities to arrest Olguín without endangering the lives of Clifton people, for the gang operated in the area between Duncan and Clifton. So he and his posse departed for home.

For a week or two nothing was heard of Olguín. Then it was reported that he had been seen around the Rail N Ranch below Duncan. John Epley and a few of the men who had been in the Clifton posse decided to scout around the Rail N in hopes they might be able to arrest Olguín or his gang. After a short time they caught sight of Olguín on horseback, but he had seen them, too. Like other Mexicans, he always used a Spanish bit on his bridle and wore Mexican spurs with sharp rowels in them. At sight of the pursuers he jerked at his horse's head, spurred the animal with both heels, gave him a few keen cuts with a rawhide quirt, and was on his way.

When Epley and his men saw that they were not going to be able to get near the outlaw, they opened up with their guns. One of the bullets knocked Olguín's big sombrero from his head, but the rustler made his escape. The hat was taken to town and nailed up on the wall in one of the saloons as a souvenir as well as a warning to the rustlers.

Olguín was eventually arrested and tried in Graham County court at Solomonville, but he was acquitted of the murder of Wisecauber and Clemons because of the many alibis he proved with the aid of a multitude of his countrymen. The residents of the Duncan section knew, however, that if he had not personally committed the crime, some of his gang had, for these outlaws were intensely interested in getting rid of anyone who was living near the scene of their operations. They feared such a person would report or interfere in some way with their unlawful occupation.

For several years my brother John was the Clifton deputy sheriff and jailer. He acted in that capacity during the three terms of brother Jim's administration as sheriff, and also served during a part of George Olney's four-year administration. As jailer, John had charge of Clifton's unique and picturesque Rock Jail, one of the oddest as well as the strongest in existence, one which offered impervious walls to any methods of escape tried by the most desperate characters.

The Rock Jail was blasted out of the solid rock of the mountain side on the west bank of the Frisco River, which flowed down the deep canyon in which Clifton was located. Chase Creek

Canyon came down from the west and emptied into the Frisco about a hundred yards above the jail, at the Arizona Company's smelter and near other plants. The town of Clifton was built on both sides of the river for a distance of two miles.

The entrance to the jail was almost on a level with the road which wound down on the west side of the river toward South Clifton and Hill's flat. The interior consisted of two compartments. One was a large cell about twenty feet square which housed the common drunks, misdemeanor prisoners, and others of a less dangerous type. It had two ventilator windows about twenty feet above the floor. The other cell was much smaller and had no windows or ventilators. Here the dangerous criminals were confined. Both cells had the regulation steel-barred door closing them off from the main entrance tunnel.

The walls and ceiling of the cells were of solid rock, as was also the floor, which was slightly lower than the tunnel. Six feet above the floor holes had been drilled into the walls, and steel drills made fast into the holes. On these drills the prisoners hung their hats and clothing. In the early days the cells were lighted with miners' candlesticks stuck into crevices of the rock wall.

The jail was originally constructed to house the desperadoes and murderers who infested that region during pioneer days. Such characters were lodged there temporarily until they could be moved to the county jail at Solomonville or taken to other sections where they were wanted for crimes they had committed. Ordinary drunks were locked behind the iron doors of the jail until they sobered up, or if the offense were a misdemeanor, until they had served the sentence as a county boarder.

Many classes of criminals were lodged in the Rock Jail, from horse thieves and cattle rustlers to the most cold-blooded murderers and notorious outlaws. Among the outlaws held in the jail were Black Jack Christian; Augustin Chacon, who was later hanged in Solomonville for the murder of Pablo Salcido; Red Sample and Tex Howard, who were later hanged in Tombstone for robbery and murder; and Climax Jim, who was a robber and forger.

Climax Jim, whose real name was Rufus Nephews, was a Houdini when it came to removing handcuffs and shackles. Once when he was a prisoner in the county jail at Solomonville, the county officers, knowing his reputation, had Henry Tift, the blacksmith, make a pair of heavy iron shackles and rivet them on the outlaw's ankles. When the riveting job was done, Doc Nicks,

the jailer, feeling much relieved, remarked to the officers:

"There, I guess these will stay on the son of a b—."

Quickly Climax Jim replied: "When you sons of b — s come back in the morning, I'll have these things off and a damn nice corkscrew made out of them for you."

True to his word, he had removed the shackles by morning and twisted them into a shape resembling a corkscrew.

My brother John, while jailer at the Rock Jail, always carried the keys with him. Once when he returned from a business trip to Morenci, seven miles away, he found that Chase Creek and the Frisco River were raging torrents, the flood waters filling the canyon from one side to the other. Immediately he thought of the prisoners in the jail, with no one able to remove them to safety. As the road from Morenci had brought him into Clifton on the west side of the river, he decided to swim his big bay horse, Prince, down to the jail. They plunged into the swollen stream and kept as close to the mountain side as they could.

At the jail door John found the flood waters surging above the lock. He leaned from the horse and after several attempts managed to unlock the door. The five prisoners were hanging to the steel drills in the wall to keep above the water. One at a time he rescued them and took them on horseback farther up the slope. The Rock Jail, with John as jailer, was the subject of an illustrated article written by an Englishman who visited in Clifton at the turn of the century. It was published in the *New World Magazine* in London and featured the picturesque jail and the noted prisoners it had housed.

Sometime in the early nineties Billie Hamilton was the deputy and jailer in Clifton when the Frisco went on another rampage. Many houses were washed away, and the swinging bridge, which was the only means of getting from the east to the west side of town, went out. Much damage was done, and great excitement prevailed in the town. At the time there was only one prisoner in the jail, Old Friday, who had been put in until he sobered. Old Friday was a strange character, well educated and poetical. Several of his poems on the philosophy of life adorned the walls of the Rock Jail, and a number had been published in the *Clifton Era.*

As the flood waters crept higher and higher, Billie Hamilton, who was stranded on the east side, the business section of the town, grew more and more worried about his prisoner. After the bridge had gone out, it was impossible for him to get across the

river. So he got a large piece of canvas and painted on it a message in such huge black letters that the people on the west side could read it: "Let Friday out of jail."

During Colonel Ingraham's term as jailer, a Mexican mob sought vengeance on one of their countrymen locked up in the Rock Jail. The man had been arrested for killing another Mexican and wounding his companion on the trail between Granville and Metcalf, and was being held in jail awaiting his preliminary trial. He was an all-round bad man, a gambler who had lived in Clifton for some months, incurring the ill will of a large number of the Mexican citizens.

About twelve o'clock one cold winter night, when the ground was covered with snow, a party of nearly one hundred Mexicans went to the home of the jailer. They were headed by Romulo Chavez, called Old Square Game, who was the Democratic wheel horse among the Italians and Mexicans. They overpowered the jailer, took his keys, and went to the Rock Jail. They had planned to take the prisoner to the railroad bridge across the river at the lower end of town and hang him to the bridge, but after they had him out on the street he made such a loud outcry that they were afraid the officers had heard him. So they shot and killed him right under the window of the Wells-Fargo Express office, about fifty feet from the jail.

Frank Ringgold, who was working for the express company and had a room in the depot, heard the shot and rushed out in time to see dark forms scattering in every direction. Billie Hamilton, who had a room on the east side of the river opposite the depot, also heard the shot and ran over. By this time the Mexicans had disappeared. Hamilton and Ringgold lifted the body and laid it on a pile of lumber. Then they returned to their rooms and went to bed. The next morning the body was frozen stiff.

Romulo Chavez and several others who were suspected of being in the party were arrested and tried before Judge George Hormeyer. But there was no evidence to connect them with the killing, and the case was dismissed.

In recent years, through the generosity of the Morenci branch of the Phelps-Dodge Corporation, electric lights have been installed in this historic dungeon. It is now one of the show places of Clifton, and, as one of the oldest landmarks, it is visited by hundreds of tourists every year.

My brother Jim, in his career as an officer, usually had serious conditions to contend with, but now and then a note of comedy

was mixed with the tragic. Sheriff McAfee of Grant County, New Mexico, had left Silver City on the trail of Red Johnson, a criminal, and had overtaken and arrested the man near Pine Ciénaga. Almost immediately after the arrest the sheriff became ill, dismounted, and lay down on the ground. The prisoner seized his opportunity, mounted McAfee's horse, and leading his own horse, rode away. When the sheriff was able to get up, he walked to the nearby ranch of Tom Hall in Pine Ciénaga, told his story, and asked Tom for the loan of a horse and saddle, saying he was sure the prisoner had headed for Clifton. Tom fixed him up with a mount and went with him to Clifton.

They arrived about dusk and looked up my brother Jim, who at that time, was a deputy sheriff. When they explained about the man they were trailing, McAfee said:

"I have been tipped off as to his whereabouts three times, and when I got to the place, he either saw me first and disappeared, or I was tipped off to him, and he got away. I think he's in Clifton."

"Give me a description of the man," said Jim. "Then you boys go and get your supper. Stay out of sight."

Jim took the men into a restaurant, and while they were waiting for their supper McAfee described the criminal he was trailing. Then Jim left to look for the fellow. It was dark, and McAfee, who was very anxious to get his man, slipped out and slowly followed to make sure the criminal did not escape in case Jim located him.

Most of the saloons were located on the east side, and Jim visited each one of them. Nowhere did he see anyone who resembled the man he wanted. He walked up the street toward George Wiley's barbershop. At the side of Wiley's door was a big cottonwood tree with a bench against it, and from there a row of trees extended down the side of the street. McAfee was dodging in and out among the trees, trying to keep out of sight, and Jim, seeing the dodging figure, thought surely this was the man he was after.

"Stick them up," Jim ordered, "and come out with your hands up."

When McAfee came out, Jim saw his mistake.

"Don't you tell this on me," McAfee begged. "It would be too good a joke to get back to Silver City."

In the barbershop were four chairs, all occupied by customers with towels around their faces and white aprons tucked around

their necks. One man was sitting in a chair near the end of the room with a newspaper before his face as if he were reading. His head was hidden. Jim walked around behind the man, and from a glance at his features was sure this was the criminal. He touched the fellow on the shoulder and said:

"I want you."

As the man jumped up, he reached inside his shirt, which was unbuttoned, for his gun. Jim grabbed his right hand, and they began to struggle. The customers, realizing that something unusual was going on, bolted for the door, tearing off their towels and aprons as they ran. The barbers followed, and George Wiley, the head barber, held his razor high in the air.

While Jim and the outlaw were engaged in a desperate struggle inside, McAfee stood outside unable to help because the fleeing barbers and customers barred the door. When the man was overcome and his gun had been removed, McAfee and Jim started with him to the jail and locked him in. McAfee insisted on putting a guard over the jail that night.

"There's no use to do that," Jim said. "I'll guarantee he'll be here in the morning."

The next day, when the officers went over to get their man, the prisoner said as they took him out of the Rock Jail:

"Wait a minute. I'd like to look this place over." And after he had inspected the rock walls, he added, "This is the damndest hole to put a white man in I ever saw."

Among the appalling crimes of the early days some were committed by unscrupulous white men for greed or revenge. Often bigger outfits wanted to get rid of smaller owners who had locations the big men wanted. Such was the situation which led to the killing of the Hall boys. The family lived at Pine Ciénaga, which was about eight miles from the mining camp of Carlisle, New Mexico. It was composed of the father, mother, four sons, Dick, Bob, Pete, and Tom, and two daughters, Lou and Belle, who were the most popular girls in that section.

The father and four sons were in the cattle business and owned small ranches from which they earned a good living. Bob and Dick were married, but Pete and Tom lived at home, sharing an interest with their father. The Halls were a congenial family, devoted to each other and working together toward a mutual interest.

Pine Ciénaga was located in a little valley between two ranges of hills high up in the pines. This valley was dotted with a num-

ber of cattle ranches and was like a small colony. Many dances were given at the different ranch homes, and people would come from Carlisle, the Gila River section, and ranches forty and fifty miles away. These affairs were very enjoyable, for everyone appreciated the cordiality of the Pine Ciénaga people.

In 1890 the quiet, contented lives of these ranchers were disturbed by rumors of a disquieting nature of an agitation on the part of the large cattle interests whose ranges bordered on the line between the territories of Arizona and New Mexico, embracing the Clifton-Duncan area or adjacent to it. For selfish reasons these big interests wanted to get rid of the cattlemen in the Pine Ciénaga section. They accused the little ranchers of stealing calves, burning out brands, and killing other people's cattle for beef. Such accusations continued until, unknown to the Pine Ciénaga ranchers, the big interests decided to hold a surprise roundup to trap the unsuspecting ranchers. My brother Jim was sent on the roundup as a special deputy to see that the small ranchers were treated fairly and given a chance to prove their rights.

The roundup showed that there was no wholesale stealing or burning out of brands, as was suspected. In fact, it was a great disappointment to the large cattle interests, who had hoped to find such irregularities as would warrant arrest or court procedure. But the Pine Ciénaga ranchers realized that they must either move out or get into serious trouble. They began to look for new locations, and two men, who went to the Globe section, sent back word about the possibilities of the area as a cattle country.

Bob and Dick Hall decided to investigate that section, too, with a view to getting a ranch and moving their cattle there, for they knew that serious trouble was brewing. On September 5, 1891, they left Pine Ciénaga for Globe, and two days later disappeared. They had started out on the journey with their bedding and camp outfit packed on a one-eyed dun horse. About nine o'clock that night they reached the Gila River eight miles below Duncan at the Rail N Ranch, where the fall roundup was in progress. Being strangers in that section, they called and awakened some of the cowboys and inquired the way to Ash Springs.

After they had gone, the cowboys asked among themselves who these strangers were. Along with the Rail N boys were Bill Trailor, whose home was at Pine Ciénaga, and Bob Galloway, who represented a cattle company near Mule Creek, New Mexico.

They recognized the voices of the two travelers and identified them as the Hall boys.

When the cowboys had again settled down for their night's rest, Steve Nixon, foreman for the Rail N, Bill Trailor, Bob Galloway, Sam Hatch, who was working for Nixon, and a cowboy of the C A Bar whose name cannot be recalled got up to talk matters over. They decided to get an early start and follow the Hall boys and arrest them; at least that was the way they put it that night.

The Hall boys rode on to Ash Springs about eight miles distant, and reached there about eleven o'clock. After watering their horses, they woke up Jasper Shoat, a cowboy, and asked him to direct them to a camping place where they would find feed for their horses. He told them to ride about two miles up the road, turn to the left, and go toward a hogback mountain. There they would find plenty of feed. The brothers found the place and camped, but they got up and were on their way at daylight, as it was later figured out by men who were familiar with the country; otherwise they could not have reached the spot where they were overtaken.

Early that morning the party of five men left the Rail N Ranch on the trail of Bob and Dick Hall. At Ash Springs, which at that time was the Rail N, horse camp, Nixon asked Shoat, who was there to look after about a hundred and twenty-five head of saddle horses for the Rail N, what time the two men had passed there, and Shoat told them. They rounded up a bunch of saddle horses near the springs, changed horses, and started in pursuit.

When the Hall brothers started out from camp near Ash Springs, they evidently took a trail across country. Possibly they had a feeling of impending danger that caused them to avoid the highway. At least Noah Green, who owned the stage line between Duncan and Solomonville, did not meet them on the road. Early in the forenoon he was stopped several miles from Ash Springs by five men on horseback who asked if he had passed two men with a dun pack horse, and Green said that he had not.

Bill Trailor was one of the men in the party that stopped Mr. Green. He returned to his home in Pine Ciénaga the day the Hall brothers disappeared, arriving between eight and nine o'clock, just as a big dance was getting under way at a neighboring ranch home. During the night he got drunk and told a story which has always been considered the true account of the fate of the Hall boys.

The story Trailor told implicated Steve Nixon, Sam Hatch, Bob Galloway, a C A Bar cowboy, and Trailor himself. They had set out after the Hall brothers and overtook them about two miles above Solomonville on the San Jose canal where they were watering their horses. The leader told the Halls that he had warrants for their arrest and that they would have to return with him. They all started back on the Duncan road. Before they reached Ash Springs, however, they left the road and went across country to the left, where there were no roads or travel of any kind. As soon as they headed toward the rough Peloncillo Mountains to the east, the brothers realized that the men intended to kill them. Dick cursed them for everything he could think of, but Bob begged and prayed for their lives. Knowing that an attempt to escape would be futile, Bob got off his horse at the spot the band had selected for the murder, and kneeling down, he begged again for their lives, promising to do anything demanded of him if only their lives would be spared. In spite of his pleas, the Hall boys were murdered.

Thus Trailor ended his story, apparently thinking that the few friends he had whispered the story to would approve of the fact that the brothers had been disposed of. Instead, the men were aghast at the cold-blooded murder. They repeated the story to others, and soon it was generally known that the Halls had been killed. As soon as Trailor saw the reaction of everyone toward the cruel and cowardly act, he became afraid of being mobbed. Hastily he denied the entire story, saying that he could not possibly have returned to Pine Ciénaga when he did if the Halls had been killed where he had told, in the drunken story, they had met their fate. But the Hall boys were missing, and no trace of them could be found after they had been seen by Jasper Shoat at Ash Springs.

A posse was quickly organized at Solomonville under the direction of my father, and a hunt for the bodies began. Seaching parties combed the hills for many days, and every few weeks a new search would begin, but no trace of the missing men could be found. The murdered men's wives came to Solomonville several times during the first year and stayed at our home while the futile search went on. After more than a year the remains of the dun pack horse were found in an almost inaccessible canyon, and the search was renewed in that section of the country. But the horse had apparently been led many miles from the scene of the murder before he was killed.

Then my brother John, in order to prove whether or not the ride Trailor had made was possible, decided to make it himself. Without saying anything to anyone else at the time, John and W. T. (Skeet) Witt, a cattleman who was elected sheriff of the county a few years later, made the ride. They beat Trailor's time by forty-five minutes. Then they knew that Trailor's story of the murder was plausible, and they believed it to be true.

On the strength of the story Trailor had told and the discovery of the dead pack horse, Nixon and Trailor were arrested and held in the Solomonville jail for over a year. Sam Hatch, known to have been a witness to the murder, had disappeared. Though he had been one of the gang that had arrested the Hall boys, he had told the others that he would not be implicated in such a cold-blooded murder. Shortly afterward he had been paid a big sum of money to leave Arizona.

During one of brother Jim's terms as deputy sheriff, he received a tip as to Hatch's whereabouts. Jim made a trip to Texas and succeeded in locating Hatch. Having known him for many years, Jim told him of the purpose of the trip and persuaded him to agree to return to Arizona without extradition papers and testify in the case so that the guilty men could be punished. Hatch claimed that he was tired of being on the dodge, and, though acknowledging that he was with the party the night of the murder, said that he had taken no part in the crime. He asked to be allowed to make some business arrangements before leaving, and because he seemed so willing to return as a witness, Jim granted his request.

Hatch was living on a ranch two or three miles out of town. Since going to Texas, he had married and was the father of two small children. He invited Jim to go home with him and stay at the ranch until he could arrange to return to Arizona, but Jim declined. He always thought that if he had done so, Hatch would have accompanied him back.

They had a long talk before Hatch went home that night, and he told Jim the story of the murder, substantially the same story Trailor had told, but Hatch knew nothing about what had been done with the bodies.

When Hatch went home and told his family of his intentions, they were opposed to him returning to testify in the case. His wife's people urged him to stay in Texas, saying that the outcome of the case could be far more serious than he and Jim expected,

for the other four men would no doubt implicate him in some way.

The next day Hatch failed to meet Jim as he had agreed. When Jim went out to see why he had not kept the appointment, Hatch had already departed. His wife told Jim that they had advised against him going to Arizona. Hatch was never heard of again.

As the only witness had disappeared, and no bodies had been found to prove that a murder had actually been committed, Nixon and Trailor were released from jail for lack of evidence.

Over five years later, my brother John was hunting horses in that section of the country, and as he had been unable to find them, he rode up on top of a high rocky hill to get a better view of the canyons and surrounding country. Glancing down toward a craggy point below, he noticed a lone cedar tree that had been burned black on one side, indicating that a camp fire had probably been made there at some time. While he was wondering who could have camped in such a rough, isloated spot where neither road nor trail crossed and where no water was available, the murder of the Hall boys flashed into his mind.

John rode down to the tree and investigated. He could see evidence, after several years, that the fire had been a big one. Digging around the tree, he found a lot of boot tacks, copper rivets from overalls, and pieces of saddles and burned leather. Then he began to hunt for bones, but found none on the spot where the fire had been, though he picked up a drinking cup and a rifle stock which bore similar brands. Wrapping these articles in his jumper and tying them on the back of his saddle, he mounted and rode into a brushy canyon about a hundred and fifty yards away. There he found a skull with what appeared to be a bullet hole in it.

The evidence was taken to Solomonville, and once more a party set out to search, this time with a definite location to assist them. But no further evidence was found after several days of investigation, and the following supposition was advanced: The murderers returned some days after the crime, burned the bodies, the bedding, and the saddles, and buried the evidence which had not been destroyed by fire. The skull found in the canyon below might have been dragged there by some small animal between the time the crime was committed and the time the murderers returned to dispose of the evidence.

Tom Hall, a brother of Bob and Dick, was living in Deming,

New Mexico, at the time. He was notified of the discoveries and came to Solomonville. By the brands and other marks on the cup and rifle stock, he was able to identify the articles as positively the belongings of his brothers.

The murderers were never convicted or punished by law for the crime, since the bodies were not found. But they were justly dealth with by the unrelenting hand of fate. Prior to the time when Nixon was implicated in this dastardly murder, he had many friends, was a respected citizen, owned a good bunch of cattle, and was doing well. It took all his cattle and money to pay off the eye-witness, and by the time he was released from jail, he was broken in body as well as in spirit. His friends had deserted him and he left Arizona, never to return.

Bill Trailor, who had always been known as a bad character, was killed by a sixteen-year-old boy, Ray Gourley, at the mouth of the Blue River near Clifton. After repeated abuse at Trailor's hands. Gourley killed him in self-defense. Later the boy was exonerated in court and openly commended by the people in the Clifton district. Trailor had a savage, piercing eye, and was distrusted and feared by everyone who knew him. He was implicated in the murder of Shorty Miller, a small rancher on High Lonesome near Pine Ciénaga, and was also accused of dynamiting the Wilson ranch home a few miles from the Mule Creek store. Wilson and another man were killed by the explosion, and thus one more squatter, as the small rancher was called by Western cattlemen, was put out of the way.

Trailor's son Bill followed in his father's footsteps. When he was only nineteen years old, he and another young man killed Shorty Dallas, an inoffensive rancher living at the mouth of the Blue River. Dallas, a respected citizen, had never been known to have trouble with anyone. He was killed in the door of his cabin, supposedly over a burro belonging to him. The real facts were never known, for the only people present when the crime was committed were Dallas, Bill Trailor, and his partner. The two young men were never convicted because of the lack of witnesses and evidence.

In the summer of 1894 there was very little rain, and when winter came the range was destitute of feed. Father's horses and cattle were going into winter in poor condition. He had a friend living at Eden in the Gila Valley, Treadway by name, who had two sons, Frank and Jeff. The Treadways had a good ranch at Ash Flat near the White Mountains. As they did not own much

stock, they had plenty of good range. One day when father complained to them of the poor condition of his range, a favorite topic with stockmen and ranchers, the Treadways told him that he was welcome to put his horses on their range at Ash Flat.

My brothers John and Charlie drove around two hundred head of horses there and established a camp at a spring in a small side canyon that put into Markham Creek. This creek was a big wash that emptied into the Gila and drained a large area of the country. The boys stayed at camp for a while, locating the horses. Then they came home, but every two weeks or so, would go back to see that the horses were not straying off or that the Indians had not stolen any of them, as Ash Flat was on the reservation.

On one of their trips, they were riding over the hills hunting for the horses. They wanted to gather a small bunch and take them back to Solomonville. After finding a few they wanted, they threw the bunch into a small canyon. Then they noticed a black horse about two hundred yards away on a mesa, and Charlie rode over to investigate.

When he got near, he could see that it was a small black Indian pony staked out. He got off and stooped down to see if there were any moccasin tracks or other Indian signs. When he rose, he saw that John was motioning frantically for him to come, and pointing off to Charlie's left.

Looking in that direction, Charlie saw an Indian coming toward the staked pony. The Apache was about four or five hundred yards away and had not yet seen Charlie, as he was gazing the other way. Charlie turned to see what was attracting the Indian's attention, and noticed four horses just coming up on top of the mesa, all ridden by hostiles. Two of the horses were carrying double, and there was one Indian each on the other two horses. The Apache who was afoot made seven.

Charlie mounted his horse and rode hurriedly toward John. Together they went on a dead run for the canyon where they had thrown the small bunch of loose horses they had gathered. Then they started the horses down the canyon as fast as they could travel. They turned up the canyon where they had their camp near the spring, quickly packed their camp outfit on a horse and headed for home.

The Indians chased them for nearly three miles and then stopped, probably remembering the fate of some of their tribesmen two years before. At that time a roundup was camped at the same spring where the boys had made their camp. The Indians,

not knowing of the roundup, chased some cowboys up this canyon and the roundup men made a slaughter, killing many of the Indians. Possibly the hostiles were afraid the same thing might happen again.

That night John and Charlie rode into Eden and put their horses in the Treadway corral. While Charlie stayed at Eden, John rode on to Solomonville and told what had happened. A posse was organized and went back to Ash Flat with John the next morning. They found plenty of Indian signs and trailed the band out of the Ash Flat country, but never saw a red man.

During the year and a half that my father's horses were at Ash Flat, he had not only the Indians to contend with, but other horse thieves as well. About once a month Frank and Jeff Treadway and John went to Ash Flat to stay a week or two and look after their stock. On one of these trips they found about thirty-five head of horses missing and soon located the trail over which the bunch had been driven from the range. Frank and John decided to follow the trail and left Jeff to ride and look after the rest of the stock while they were gone. They told him to notify my father if they were not back within ten days or two weeks.

The trail was several days old but easy to follow. It led toward Snowflake, a Mormon settlement. At one of the ranches where they stopped they told the owner they were trailing two horse thieves. The rancher told them that a few nights before Joe Hershey and another Mormon boy had stayed all night there and that they had thirty-five head of horses they were taking to Snowflake. John and Frank knew Joe Hershey and pushed on toward the Snowflake country.

When they arrived at the settlement, they could find no trace of the horses or anyone who would tell them anything. They rode to many farms and ranches but could not locate the horses, and though they found Hershey at Snowflake, his partner was not with him.

John and Frank were both young, neither being over twenty-one years old. They had had no experience and did not know the legal way to proceed in such a matter. After they had been gone almost three weeks, John decided that he would arrest Hershey and take him back with them. He made the arrest, and that night a Mormon rancher gave them permission to sleep in his hay barn. John borrowed a padlock and chain, and when they went to the barn to sleep, he chained the man to him. But all night he was afraid he had exceeded his right in arresting Hershey; both he

and Frank might get into trouble. When morning came, he released Hershey and decided to return home.

When Jeff Treadway had not heard anything from the boys at the end of ten or twelve days, he came to Solomonville and notified father. About the same time a rumor reached there that John and Frank had been killed at Snowflake. Father got the deputy sheriff, Ben Olney, Jerry Smith, a big six-footer who was a candidate for sheriff on the Democratic ticket, and another man, and the four of them started for Snowflake. It took several days for them to make the trip on horseback.

As they were nearing the settlement, they saw two men riding toward them and soon recognized Frank and John. Father was so glad to find them alive that he said to let the horses go. He knew from what the boys told him that they had searched the immediate section thoroughly. Also he knew that the horses had been taken to some isloated place where it might take weeks to find them, as the country was sparsely settled. Since they were strangers in that area, they could not expect help or information; so they all returned home.

The murder of Mrs. Lee Morgan was another crime that could probably be attributed to greed. The Morgans lived on the upper Gila River near the Red Barn in New Mexico, not far from the Arizona border. When Morgan got into some kind of trouble, he left between suns, abandoning his wife and three-year-old daughter Rosie. He went to Globe, and, deciding to make it his home, wrote his wife to sell the ranch and small bunch of cattle and join him. Within a few months she disposed of their property except for a part of her household effects. Reserving one wagon and two teams of horses, she set out for Globe. She had hired Joe Miller, a neighbor and perhaps the only friend Morgan had there, to drive her and Rosie and the rest of the furniture to their new home.

On February 22, 1895, they started on the journey, and three days later their bodies were found near Ash Springs. The man and the woman had been shot, and the woman's throat cut. The murderers had taken little Rosie by the feet and swung her head against the wagon tire. Then throwing her under the wagon, they had left her for dead. Trunks were broken into, the feather bed was ripped open, and feathers were scattered about the hillside; every place where money might be concealed was explored. Then the murderers had cut loose the horses and ridden them away.

The tragedy was discovered about noon on the twenty-fifth

by a sewing-machine agent who had hired a horse at Duncan from Noah Green to ride to Solomonville. When he arrived at his destination about five o'clock, he reported the murder. Sheriff Arthur Wight organized a posse to go to the scene of the killing, taking with him Ben Olney, Albert Schwerin, John Epley, my father, my brother Jim, who was the deputy sheriff of Graham County, and my brother Will.

When the posse rode up to the wagon, the two Morgan watchdogs charged them viciously, and it was some time before the men could make friends with them and dismount. It was a bitter cold night, and the posse quickly gathered brush for a big fire. There was not much they could do until daylight, but they began looking around as soon as the fire burned up so that they could see. Father discovered the child under the wagon and drew her out, almost covered with feathers and apparently dead. As he caught hold of her foot, he noticed a slow movement of the leg just as if she were trying to pull her foot away. He got her out, wrapped her in blankets, and held her near the fire. As she gradually regained consciousness, she became deathly sick.

The next morning the two bodies were taken to Solomonville. Little Rosie was left with mother, who kept the child for several months and might have continued to keep her if the worthless father had not come and decided to make his home with our family, also. Then Rosie was sent to her mother's sister in Texas.

As the posse went carefully over the ground, they found the place where the murderers had waited for their victims. A little rocky point jutted out to the wagon road about eight miles beyond Ash Springs, and on its top was a lone cedar tree. Indications showed that men had waited for hours hidden behind the tree. They had wrapped their boots in sacks or were wearing socks over them so that the ground would look patted down as if by moccasins. When the wagon came around the rocky point, the men had probably started firing. Evidently they had killed Miller first, for only a short distance beyond the running horses swung out of the road on the right-hand side, going around the side of the hill. In making the turn, the wheels had cramped and stopped the runaway team.

The murderers had left many kinds of Indian signs around the wagon so that the hostiles would be blamed for the crime. Then they had gone to a small cave about three miles away where they cached a few things, mainly moccasin tops. They ate dried mescal cakes and left bits of this favorite Apache food to be discovered.

The posse followed the murderers to the cave and from there trailed them to the upper San Simon about seventy-five miles away. They found the Morgan horses near Skeleton Canyon, where the men had secured fresh mounts. Then the posse found that the fugitives had changed from moccasins to high-heeled boots. The trail was lost in the rough country of Skeleton Canyon, but by that time the men were convinced the crime had been committed by some of the dead woman's neighbors who had followed the lone wagon to rob her of the money she had received for the ranch and cattle. The murderers were never brought to justice.

It was evident to the posse that the Morgan crime had been carefully planned, for the men had made particular use of the Indian fondness for mescal. Of all the native plants mescal was the most useful to the Apaches. It grew profusely on the foothills and mesas. Mexicans and Indians used it to make a potent drink, called mescal, which contained a high percentage of alcohol, was as clear as gin, and had a strong smoky flavor much like Scotch whiskey.

The head of the mescal was used as food by the Apaches. They pulled off the heavy outer leaves and baked the young tender leaves. Their oven was made by lining a hole in the ground with large flat stones, which were heated by a hot fire made of mesquite wood. The mescal head was put in this oven and covered with hot ashes and earth, and the roasted mescal provided a real Indian feast.

The soft roasted mescal leaves were also mashed, formed into flat cakes, and partly dried in the sun. Often such cakes were the only food carried by the Apaches on their long and bloody raids. When the murderers of Mrs. Morgan and Joe Miller dropped bits of mescal cake at the scene, they were endeavoring to leave as much Indian sign as possible to throw the blame on the Apaches.

Now and then train holdups were added to the long list of crimes committed by outlaws. On January 31, 1895, Burt Alvord and Billie Stiles held up the Southern Pacific passenger train near Vail, Arizona. They compelled the engineer to detach the express car and run it west for some distance, and then forced him to pry open the car door with a pick.

The bandits had little difficulty in opening the way safe, but the through safe was a harder job. They put several sticks of dynamite on top of the safe, and over the dynamite they piled several sacks of Mexican dollars which were being shipped to the

Orient. The blast opened the safe but also scattered silver dollars over a wide area. For many years afterward, people found silver dollars on the Vail flat.

Stiles, Alvord, and William Downing were arrested for this robbery, in which ten thousand dollars was taken. The men were lodged in the Tombstone jail. Stiles, who received only a few hundred dollars as his share, became angry and confessed, implicating Alvord and Downing. For his confession he was held as state's witness and was allowed many privileges pending the date set for the trial. Soon he regretted making the confession, and one day held up the jailer and took his gun and keys. He released Alvord, and the two escaped to Mexico. There Stiles went to work as a miner for a mining company in Cananea.

Downing refused to leave with the other two, thinking that by his refusal he would be given complete immunity or a light sentence if convicted. He served only a few years, and with time off for good behavior, his term in Yuma was very short. While in prison, he was a model prisoner and gave the officials no trouble. But he had a violent, impetuous temper, and was feared by all who knew him. He claimed that he was the Jackson who had escaped when Sam Bass was killed at Round Rock, Texas. At any rate he had the reputation of being a bad man and a very dangerous one.

After he was released from prison, he opened a saloon in Willcox. The town officers dreaded him, for they knew his return to Willcox meant serious trouble. The constable wanted to resign in favor of Joe T. McKinney, an early-day peace officer and a fearless one, but Joe refused the job, saying:

"The man who takes your job here and does his duty will have to kill Downing, and I don't want that job."

But Downing finally met a violent fate. Like other saloonkeepers of the day, he rented rooms in the rear of the building to women habitués of the saloon, known as saloon women. Downing was arrested while beating up one of his saloon women, and was killed by Billie Speed, an Arizona Ranger.

Augustin Chacon, a bandit and outlaw of Old Mexico, operated on both sides of the border for about ten years. At first he confined his activities mostly to horse stealing and cattle rustling. He would raid the ranches north of the border, drive bunches of cattle or horses into Old Mexico, and dispose of them to the Mexican people; or he would raid the Mexican ranches and de-

liver the stock to his confederates on the Arizona side of the line, one of whom was Burt Alvord.

Chacon was one of the worst type of Mexican outlaws. He trusted but few of his own people and only one white man. That man was Burt Alvord, who eventually betrayed him.

When Mexico would get too hot for Chacon and when he saw that he would have to clear out, he would go to Morenci, Arizona, for a few months. He had a number of *amigos* there among the criminal element who would protect and hide him until the excitement in Mexico blew over.

For about two years Chacon made his headquarters in Bisbee, which was in Cochise County near the border. He confined his activities to smuggling, but on several occasions was in the hands of officers for petty offenses. Then he changed the scene of his operations from Cochise County to Graham County, where he stole horses and cattle and escaped into Mexico with them.

While he was in the Morenci district he and his friends would carry on their thieving, but as time passed, he became bolder and added robbery to his list of crimes. Through choice he followed a criminal career, and several notches on his gun told of the number of men who had been sent on their last journey by a bullet from his revolver or rifle.

About a year before Chacon committed the crime for which he was given the death penalty, he had murdered two young clerks of the Detroit Copper Company store at Morenci. The young men had gone on a hunting and fishing trip and were camped on Eagle Creek a few miles below the ranch of the Double Circle Cattle Company. There Chacon and his gang murdered the clerks for their guns and ammunition.

The crime that sealed Chacon's fate was planned as only a burglary. With his partners in crime, Pilar Franco and Leonardo Morales, who were in Morenci, Chacon planned to enter the store of Mrs. William McCormack. He selected Christmas Eve for the job, knowing that the people would be enjoying their Christmas trees and holiday festivities. About eleven o'clock on the night of December 24, 1895, the three outlaws crawled through the transom over the door and into the store. Hardly had they made their entrance when Paul Becker, the manager of the store, returned to his room in the rear of the building.

The burglars were taken by surprise, but were well armed and had the advantage of numbers. They tried to force Becker to open the safe, but he refused. He grabbed at the gun of the bandit

nearest to him, but while they were struggling, one of the others, presumably Chacon, seized an eight-inch butcher knife from the meat block and drove it through Becker's body. The bandits then escaped through the door by which Becker had just entered.

The wounded man managed to reach a nearby saloon and gave the alarm before he collapsed on the floor. Alex Davis, a Morenci deputy who was in the saloon, held Becker down with his foot and removed the knife. Becker was taken to the hospital of Detroit Copper Company and lay very ill for several weeks. Finally he recovered and lived in Morenci for more than twenty-five years after his injury.

As soon as Becker had been taken care of, Davis and several citizens rushed over to the store in time to see the outlaws fleeing up the side of the hill. It was useless to try to follow them that night, but early next morning a posse headed by Davis took up the trail. In the posse were Dutch Kepler, John Smith, G. W. Evans, Pablo Salcido, who was a prominent citizen and merchant of Morenci, and several others.

The trail led to a Mexican cabin on the hillside overlooking the town of Morenci. The outlaws saw the officers approaching and ran from the cabin toward some large boulders higher up the hill. The posse gave chase, and an exciting battle took place. Smith, Evans, and two others mounted their horses and ran up the canyon and over the hill to head off Franco and Morales. Both bandits were killed instantly, and Chacon took refuge in a pile of boulders from which he fired at every opportunity.

Salcido, who knew Chacon well, recognized him as he was climbing toward the rocks. Salcido suggested that he go up and talk Chacon into surrendering. The officers protested, for they knew how treacherous Chacon was, but Salcido felt sure, because of the friendly feeling that had existed between him and Chacon, that he would be in no danger. He started up the hill and had proceeded only a short distance when there was a report of a gun, and he fell dead.

When the officers saw Salcido fall, they renewed the battle and kept up a fusillade of shots. Shortly there was no return fire from Chacon, and believing that he had been killed, they climbed up to the pile of boulders. There lay Chacon. A bullet had struck a rock and glanced, hitting him in the shoulder and making only a slight wound, but it had touched a nerve and caused temporary paralysis. He could talk but could not move. The officers carried him down to the town and lodged him in jail.

After Chacon had recovered from the numbness, he was taken to the Rock Jail in Clifton. There he was held to await his preliminary hearing, at which he was bound over on a first-degree murder charge without bond. He was then removed to the county jail at Solomonville. At this time Arthur Wight was sheriff, Ben W. Olney deputy, and Joe Reaves jailer.

Chacon was tried at the spring term of court in 1896, Judge Owen T. Rouse presiding. He was convicted of murder in the first degree and given the death penalty. His attorney, J. M. McCollum, appealed the case to the supreme court of Arizona, but the judgment of the lower court was sustained. At the spring term of court in 1897, Chacon was sentenced by Judge Rouse to be hanged, and the date of the execution was set for June 19.

The county jail in Solomonville was an old adobe with very thick walls lined with two-by-twelve timbers. There were no cells in the jail in those days, and the prisoners were kept in one big room called a bull pen. Chacon was shackled and chained to what was known as a bull ring. But on June 9, ten days before the date set for the execution, he escaped from jail. Friends had smuggled him a saw, and he had spent the night cutting his way through the heavy timbers and digging a hole in the side wall which connected with the sheriff's office. He escaped through a window and fled to Old Mexico.

Sheriff Birchfield put forth every effort to capture the fugitive, and his deputies covered the country thoroughly, but no trace of Chacon was found. He was free for over five years, the terror of Cochise and Graham counties. On his last raid into Graham County he was given a hard chase by Sheriff Jim Parks, but made his escape across the border into Sonora.

In the summer of 1902, during Jim's first term as sheriff, he received definite information that Chacon was in Sonora and often came to the vicinity of Cananea and Naco. At that time Captain Burt Mossman of the Arizona Rangers and Sheriff Parks succeeded in arranging with Burt Alvord and Billie Stiles to try to get Chacon across into Arizona on the pretense of stealing horses. Alvord and Stiles were fugitives from justice because of the train robbery in Cochise County, and Stiles was still working in Cananea. As the first act in the capture of the noted outlaw, Stiles rented a house owned by a relative of Chacon, his object being to cultivate the acquaintance of the outlaw. But Chacon was of a suspicious nature and trusted few men. However, he did trust Alvord, who was a half-breed Mexican, a fact which partly accounted for Chacon's faith in him.

Several weeks passed without much progress, although Stiles had his headquarters in Chacon's vicinity. Sheriff Parks made several trips to the border in working out the details of the capture. Finally Chacon agreed to accompany Stiles on the horse-stealing expedition the last week in August, but he would not agree to cross the border into the United States. The horses were in Sneed's pasture a few miles north of the border. It was decided that Stiles and a supposed-outlaw who would meet them there would round up the pasture and bring the horses into Mexico, where Chacon would join them. After the arrangements had been completed, Stiles notified Alvord of the exact date they would be near the Sneed pasture, and on the last day of August Alvord sent Sheriff Parks a telegram summoning him to Naco at once.

Jim was at his ranch in the Whitlock Mountains thirty miles away when the message came. It was impossible for him to be notified and reach the border on the date specified. Since no time was to be lost for fear Chacon might leave, Alvord had also wired Captain Mossman of the Rangers. Mossman went at once to Naco, hoping to capture Chacon with the assistance of Stiles, if Parks had not yet arrived.

Mossman was playing the part of the outlaw friend of Stiles and hinted that he had just escaped from the Tombstone jail. He met Stiles and Chacon about eleven o'clock at night in Sonora. The night was too dark for them to see the loose horses in the pasture, and they decided to round up the horses at daylight. They spent the night telling stories, all of which Chacon seemed to enjoy.

At dawn they built a small fire, fried bacon, and made coffee. Before long, Chacon began to watch Mossman in a nervous manner, but he examined Mossman's rifle and cartridge belt, which he admired. In some way the outlaw suspected that he had been trapped, but he did not betray his feelings. After breakfast, when Chacon and Stiles were rolling cigarettes, Mossman walked over and asked Chacon for one. The bandit handed over his tobacco and papers, and Mossman walked back to the fire and rolled a cigarette, then turned around and faced Chacon.

"Well, Bill," he said to Stiles, and shoved his gun into Chacon's face.

Instantly Stiles drew his gun and poked it into the bandit's side. Chacon never moved. While Mossman kept Chacon covered, Stiles disarmed and handcuffed him.

"Kill me, why don't you?" Chacon looked at Mossman with a sarcastic smile. "Go ahead and kill me."

The arrest was made between daylight and sunrise on September 4, 1902, at the foot of the San José Mountains, eight miles below the border, in Sonora, Mexico. It was not advisable, however, to admit that Chacon was taken inside Mexican territory, as such an act would have been contrary to international law. But the only way to get Chacon was by using strategy.

Almost at once Captain Mossman and Billie Stiles started with their prisoner for Naco Junction, where they took the train. At Benson they delivered him to Sheriff Parks, who was on his way to Naco. He had received Alvord's message by runner and had ridden to Bowie to catch the train for the border town. Chacon was returned to the Solomonville jail and again sentenced to be hanged, this time on November 14, 1902.

The efforts of the Mexican consul at Nogales to have the sentence commuted to life imprisonment failed, and when he heard the news that there was no hope for him to escape the death penalty, Chacon remarked:

"I will meet death like a man, and consider it to be the great day of my life."

When the hour for the execution came, they marched from the jail to the scaffold, which was built in the adjoining yard and inclosed by a fourteen-foot adobe wall. Two officers, John Parks and Lee Hobbs, walked on each side of the condemned man, holding him by the arm in the belief that he would need their support. But he asked them to stand back, saying, "I am man enough to walk to the scaffold alone." He climbed the thirteen steps, and, standing on the scaffold, asked Sheriff Parks if he could have a cup of coffee. A man brought coffee from the Solomon Hotel, and the condemned outlaw, perfectly cool and composed, drank three cupfuls. Then Parks asked if he had anything to say. Chacon looked around and noticed several of his nationality present, then said, "Yes, I have a statement to make to my people."

He told his people that he had been a bandit all his life, but that there was nothing to be gained in leading such a life—nothing but trouble. They could see what it had brought him to. He asked them to profit by his experience and not lead the kind of life he had led. Then he said goodbye to his people, and asked Sheriff Parks to let him pull the black cap down over his head. Slowly Chacon adjusted the cap and secured it, showing no sign

of nervousness. Then his hands were tied, and at once the trap was sprung by the sheriff.

Previously Jim Parks had offered Red Kinsey fifty dollars to spring the trap, and when Red refused, Jim said, "Well, I guess it's my job, anyway."

The body was turned over to Sisto Molino, a relative of Chacon, who lived at San Jose above Solomonville. Sisto had a wagon and a fast team at the courthouse, and as soon as friends placed the body in the wagon they rushed with it to the Catholic church in San Jose. Previous arrangements had been made that the priest would be present and pray for Chacon.

All that day and night the Mexicans worked over the body, rubbing him with alcohol, trying to pour whiskey down his throat, and praying. When their efforts proved unavailing, he was buried in the little Catholic cemetery in San Jose.

For their assistance in capturing Chacon, Alvord and Stiles were given immunity from prosecution for the crime for which they had been held. But Alvord was one of the worst kind of outlaws and a criminal as well; while he and Chacon had been operating in Cochise County he had murdered Billie King. Alvord went to South America before long and worked with a bridge gang. While on this work, he received an injury from which he died. Stiles drifted to Nevada, where he dropped his last name and went by the name of William Larkin. He was killed a few years after Chacon's capture.

According to Arizona law, the sheriff was required to issue invitations to a hanging. Even in the early days, as well as after public executions were done away with, invitations to these gruesome affairs were sent out. Some of the hangings were more like festivals until the citizens appealed to the governor to rectify this condition. He then appointed a committee to draft an invitation to be used for executions, and this form has been adhered to ever since.

Chacon's execution was the only one for which my brother Jim had to issue invitations during his six years as sheriff. When the legislature convened the following January a law was passed requiring that all prisoners under sentence of death be taken to the territorial prison for execution. One invitation to Chacon's hanging has been preserved in our family. It was sent to my sister-in-law, who had been born and reared in Philadelphia. She had visited in Arizona the year before the hanging, and my brother had sent her the invitation in the spirit of a Western thriller.

A few years ago I was talking over old times with Captain Mossman, who spoke again and again of his good friend, Jim Parks, adding, "I depended upon him more than on any other officer in Arizona."

In the fall of 1901, when the roundup of the Stockton ranch was under way, trouble arose among the boys at the roundup camp, and one of them was killed. The Stockton boys and their father owned a large herd of cattle and the best ranch on Mule Creek, New Mexico. Formerly they had lived in Wagon Mound, New Mexico, but about 1890 they drove their large herd overland to the new ranch.

The Stocktons were hospitable and kept open house the year round. They were prominent, well liked and generous, and had all the good qualities of the real Western pioneers, enjoying the friendship and admiration of a large circle of acquaintances. Their ranch was noted for its hospitality and the dances and good times shown their friends from the surrounding towns as well as the settlers in that section.

It was the custom then, as now, for cattlemen to hold a roundup in the spring and another in the fall for the purpose of branding their calves and getting rid of all stray cattle on their range. In those days the country was all open range. Outside of a big pasture at the home ranch and a pasture or two on the horse ranges, there was no fencing. On these semi-annual roundups every cattleman within a radius of fifty miles sent one or more cowboys to represent his interests and bring back to the home ranch all of his cattle found there that had strayed from his range. There would usually be from twenty-five to thirty cattlemen and cowboys on such roundups.

A few months before the fall roundup in 1901, two brothers, Felix and Walter Burris, came to New Mexico from Texas and went to work for P. M. Shelley, a cattleman whose main ranch was on the Gila River about four miles from Cliff. He also had a small outlying ranch in a big canyon heading into the Mogollon Mountains and opening into Duck Creek. This canyon was known as Sacaton Canyon. The Burris boys were from a good family and had been well off financially until they got to drinking and carousing. When Felix's health failed, they drifted to New Mexico in the hope that the climate would be good for him.

When the Stocktons began preparations for the fall roundup, they were unable to get a cook. Bill Stockton went to the Shelley ranch to see if anyone there knew of a man he could get for the

job, and Mr. Shelley suggested Felix Burris. Felix was willing, and borrowing his brother's saddle with the idea of getting to ride a little or wrangle horses, he returned to Mule Creek with Bill Stockton. The roundup started early that fall, the Stocktons moving to Cole Creek, just across the line into Arizona, late in August. They camped in a grove of sycamore trees at the foot of what is now called Black Jack Hill, where there was a stream of clear mountain water running down Cole Creek.

Among the cowboys were two from the L C ranch at the Red Barn, one of them known as Joe Grammer. Two days after the Stockton roundup had camped on Cole Creek, a third cowboy, by the name of Newman, joined them. The day after Newman arrived Grammer asked to borrow Felix Burris's saddle, saying that if he liked it, he would buy it. After riding all day in the rough country, he complained that the saddle hurt his horse's back. He was very angry and jumped on Burris, using no mild language in expressing his feelings. The argument ended in a quarrel and hard feelings, but finally the two men quieted down.

The next evening, when the cowboys came off the drive, Grammer again started on Burris about the saddle rubbing his horse's back. Burris replied that he had been good enough to lend the saddle and couldn't help it if it had hurt the horse's back. He added that he'd heard all he wanted to hear about the saddle. One word brought on another, and they got into a fist fight. Even though Grammer was the huskier man, Burris, then about twenty-five years of age, was a more scientific fighter and got the better of his opponent.

That night after supper Grammer and Newman went down the canyon and talked until about eleven o'clock. The next morning Grammer told the man who was to wrangle horses that day that he would like to change wrangling days with him. The man said he would just as soon wrangle one day as another; it made no difference to him. When the cowboys left on the drive, Grammer went to wrangle horses. After giving the cowboys time to get several miles from camp, Grammer and Newman came back to camp. No one ever knew just what happened, but when the roundup boys returned to camp that evening of August 29, 1901, they found that Burris had been shot and killed; Grammer and Newman had disappeared.

Bill Stockton dispatched one of the cowboys to Clifton, twenty miles away, to notify officers. My brother Jim was sheriff at the time, and John was his Clifton deputy. Gus Hobbs, the Morenci

deputy, and John were sent to investigate the murder. John and Gus were young fellows, but were brave and fearless. They rode to the roundup camp that night, arriving about ten o'clock. After talking to the Stocktons and their cowboys, they found that hard feelings had existed between Grammer and Felix over the saddle incident. All were certain that Grammer had committed the crime and that he would make his way to the headquarters ranch at the Red Barn.

The two officers remained at the camp that night. The country toward Cliff was rough and rocky, and trailing would be slow work. At daylight they started on the trail to the Red Barn, riding hard all day. They reached the ranch at supper time but did not find Grammer. As they were not invited to eat or stay all night, they rode to the Shelley ranch, where Gus had worked as a cowhand when he first came to the country from Center Point, Texas.

It was sunup before they reached the Shelley ranch. After Mr. Shelley heard what their business was, he said, "We have heard nothing about it, but Burris's young brother is working for me. He is down at the barn milking the cow, and I'll call him."

Walter Burris, who was about twenty-three years old, came to the house and met John and Gus. They told him that his brother had been killed two days before by Grammer.

Mr. Shelley spoke up. "Then I know where you will catch your man. He has gone to the L C cabin on Sacaton, for the man they keep at the cabin is a friend of Grammer."

He told the boys to put their horses in the corral and feed them, and then to come to the house and get some breakfast.

When they had finished eating, Mr. Shelley advised them, "You boys had better lie down and rest for a few hours. You can't do anything in the daytime. If anyone knows you are here, your man will get wise and be gone."

They slept and had an early supper so that they could be on their way. When they told Mr. Shelley that neither of them had been in that part of the country before and did not know how to find the L C cabin, he said:

"Well, I'll take you boys and show you where the cabin is, for you would never find it alone. But then I'll have to come home, for I cannot afford to be known in this affair."

The boys told him that all they wanted was for him to show them the place.

The Shelley range joined the L C range in Sacaton Canyon near the foot of the Mogollon Mountains. Near the head of

Sacaton was the log cabin of the L C, where at least one cowboy always stayed to keep up the pipe lines and look after the cattle in that section, as the company holdings were large.

The cabin was in a very lonely, rough, wild, but beautiful country on a clear mountain stream. To the east of the cabin was a corral which had a small saddle and grain room built in one corner. The front part of the corral was built of pickets, and the rear was a rail fence with the rails laid close together. Along the back of the corral ran a ditch, the dirt from which had been thrown against the rails, making a bank about three feet high. The water from the ditch was piped about three miles to a large mud tank on the Sacaton mesa, where the L C had a large pasture.

Between sundown and dark Mr. Shelley, John, and Gus left the Shelley ranch and rode up Duck Creek, then on to Sacaton Canyon. It was nearly midnight when they came within about half a mile of the cabin. They tied their horses in a brushy thicket and proceeded on foot. When they reached the corral, Mr. Shelley led the boys to the high bank against the rails. He showed them where the water in the ditch had washed out under the bank, causing the rails to lean outward, and told them they must spend the night there. He had already warned them that they must surprise Grammer and the cowboy at daylight, and that they must take no chances, for both were bad men. The cowboy, Bud Gillette, was better known as Double Barrel, because he always carried two revolvers in his belt. Then Mr. Shelley went back to the thicket, got his horse, and rode home.

It was a cold night, and John and Gus huddled close together for warmth, covering themselves with Gus's overcoat. They did not sleep, for they soon discovered a dark object in the corral which looked like a man sleeping in a camp bed. Occasionally they would see the object move and supposed it was someone turning over in bed. At daylight they discovered it was a big L C bull penned up. Then they heard someone moving around in the cabin, building a fire. Soon a man came to the fence where the boys were lying, climbed up on the rails directly over them, and looked in every direction. Seeing nothing, he gave a long whistle, waited a moment, and whistled twice more. From across the canyon, about a quarter of a mile away, someone whistled in answer, evidently the signal that all was well. The cowboy climbed down, went back to the cabin, and started breakfast.

In a few minutes the boys heard horse hoofs on the hill opposite them and saw Grammer riding along the slope toward the

crossing above the cabin. He stopped his horse a time or two, rose in his stirrups, looked around, and listened intently. One time he seemed to be looking directly at the boys. Gus was sure they had been seen and wanted to shoot at him with the Winchester.

"Wait a minute, Gus," said John. "Let's be sure he's seen us before we fire. If we don't kill him the first shot, he'll get away."

But Grammer settled in his saddle and started on at a brisk trot. When he passed behind the cabin, John and Gus jumped up and started forward, keeping the cabin between them and Grammer so that he could not see them. Trotting along at a lively gait, Grammer was riding up to the back door when the boys reached the end of the cabin. Gus went to the front door and covered Double Barrel with his gun, and John stepped out from the end of the cabin, covering Grammer just as he got off his horse. But Grammer caught sight of him, and quick as a flash, started for the door. John called to him to throw up his hands, and after he did so John disarmed him.

When they went into the cabin, John and Gus decided to eat breakfast before leaving with their prisoner. Double Barrel then became abusive, saying that the boys were cowards to sneak up on a man the way they had. He refused to let anyone eat there who would take such an unfair advantage of a man.

Gus, who had a fiery temper, burst out with, "Look here, pardner, you can do as you please, but I'm going to have some coffee before I leave here." And as Gillette kept talking about their nerve, Gus stormed out again: "Look here, you son of a b—, here's your gun. I'll show you whether I'm afraid of you or not. We'll shoot it out right here and now."

Double Barrel made no effort to take the gun. Finally John saw that Gus could not goad the fellow into fighting, and said, "That will do, Gus. He hasn't got the guts to fight you. So let's eat and be on our way."

The boys took Grammer to Clifton that day and locked him up in the Rock Jail. After his preliminary trial, he was taken to the Solomonville jail, where he was held until the spring term of court began on April 5, 1902. Judge E. J. Edwards, who had the reputation of being one of the best defense lawyers in the territory, was engaged to defend Grammer. He was assisted by Attorney Lee N. Stratton of Safford. Grammer felt confident that they would get him out of his trouble, no matter what the evidence was, for there were no eyewitnesses to the killing of Burris.

Many people were convinced that Newman was the one who

had done the killing, but the rumor got around that the two men were relatives, maybe brothers, and that in order to save Newman, Grammer had confessed to the crime. He testified that he had fired in self-defense when Burris was attacking him with a knife. But he was convicted and given fifteen years in the Arizona prison at Yuma. Ever since the killing of Felix Burris, the sycamore grove has been known as Murder Camp.

From the earliest days of the mining camps of Clifton and Morenci, the wild, rough country of Eagle Creek had been the haunt of outlaws and rustlers. There was scarcely a time when two or three gangs were not operating in that section from their hold-outs on Eagle Creek. In 1902 it was known that some of the toughest outlaws of Old Mexico were living there, but nothing was known or reported about their activities. One particular gang was living in an old adobe house twenty miles from Morenci in a rough locality, with immense boulders scattered along Eagle Creek. The house was an old Mexican type, with a step down from the door sill to the floor of the room. There were two outside doors, one in the front and one in the rear.

Eagle Creek was on the edge of the range of the Double Circle Cattle Company, one of the largest companies in Arizona, with its ranch and range in Graham County. Eleven miles from Eagle Creek was a rock cabin owned by the Double Circle. There they started their fall and spring roundups and worked toward the home ranch.

In the spring of 1902 the roundup was started as usual at the rock cabin. Joe Terrell was the Double Circle foreman, and sent four cowboys to work the Turtle Mountain and Eagle Creek country where they usually branded a large number of calves. Among the cowboys were John McMurran and John Bunton. The four boys worked out both places thoroughly without finding a calf, but on Eagle Creek they found where one had recently been killed.

Following the trail, they saw that it led to the old adobe house occupied by the outlaws. They went back to the rock cabin where the roundup was, and notified Terrell. He sent McMurran and Bunton to Morenci to call up Jim Parks at Solomonville, who was then serving his first term as sheriff. The cowboys had been instructed by Terrell to remain in Morenci until they could bring Jim and his deputies out and show them the house to which the trail from the dead calf led.

When Jim and John Parks reached Clifton, they got Lee Hobbs, the deputy, and went on to Morenci, where they got Gus

Hobbs, the deputy there. The little group of sheriff, three deputies, and two cowboys left for Eagle Creek and arrived just before dark. They could see that the outlaws were at home, and realized that there would be a battle if they attempted to make an arrest. So Jim decided that they should stay among the rocks until daybreak and then surprise the outlaws. In that way they might capture the gang without anyone getting hurt.

Just as day was dawning the four officers started for the house. The cowboys watched from their hiding place to see the battle they knew would take place. Jim sent Gus and Lee to the back door in case the outlaws tried to escape, and he and John went to the front door. Jim turned the doorknob gently, and finding it unlocked, threw it open and stepped in.

Early as it was, the rustlers were up and dressed, but it was so dark in the house that the officers could scarcely see. Jim, not knowing about the step down into the room, stumbled as he entered. John was right behind him and saw a Mexican kneeling down and aiming his rifle at Jim. Just as John called out, "Look out, Jim, he's going to shoot," a shot rang out in the early morning stillness. Jim's stumbling probably saved his life, for the outlaw's shot went wild. By this time Jim had regained his footing, and a second shot rang out, this time from Jim's rifle, ending the outlaw's earthly career.

During the few seconds of this first clash, the other twelve rustlers were reaching for their rifles beside their beds. Two men were killed during the battle, and a moment after Jim fired the shot that killed the first outlaw, he called out, "Throw up your hands."

One of the Mexicans recognized him or his voice and called out to his companions, *"Deje caer sus rifles. Es el Big Jim."* ("Throw down your rifles. It is Big Jim.") The others followed this advice and did not resist arrest. Most of the Mexicans knew Jim Parks as Big Jim, for he was five feet ten inches tall and weighed two hundred pounds.

All of the outlaws were armed with old government Springfield rifles. A search of the adobe revealed one room nearly half full of jerked beef which the outlaws had dried to take to Morenci and Metcalf. There they had been selling the jerky to the Mexicans at seventy-five cents a pound. The pack burros which were used to transport the jerky to the mining camps were grazing on the side of the mountain nearby. One of the officers rounded them up and brought them to the house. This time they provided trans-

portation for the dead bodies and the Mexican prisoners on the trip back to Morenci.

The arrest of this gang put an end to the wholesale cattle rustling in that section for many months. Seven of the outlaws were convicted and given twenty years each in the Yuma penitentiary. Joe Terrell gave Jim a fine chestnut sorrel saddle horse for capturing the gang of rustlers.

In the turbulent early days there were two or three Black Jack gangs operating in Arizona and New Mexico, but Black Jack Christian's gang was supreme. He had come west from Texas, a fugitive from justice, with stories of many crimes trailing after him. His lawlessness was not surpassed by that of any other outlaw. He was accused of robbing banks and post offices, holding up express trains, and committing murder; he was wanted for crimes in Texas, Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona.

After a train holdup on the border between New Mexico and Arizona, which was laid to Black Jack Christian and his men, the gang scattered for a time to evade the officers. The combined rewards offered for Black Jack by the express company and the postal authorities totaled ten thousand dollars.

About this time another outlaw who was called Black Jack and had a gang of about nine men came to Cole Creek. Only four of his gang were with him: Sid Moore, at one time foreman for the Double Circle Cattle Company; a man by the name of James; Red Pitkin; and Slim Traynor. They proceeded to their secret hide-out, a large cave in Cole Creek Canyon about twenty miles from Clifton.

This canyon was very rough and almost inaccessible, being covered with trees, oak brush, and massive boulders. It is now on an excellent highway over the mountains to Mule Creek and Silver City, and from the highway which skirts the mountain side about a quarter of a mile above the bottom of the canyon can be seen the entrance to the cave where Black Jack and his gang took refuge. It is about three miles up the canyon from Murder Camp, where Felix Burris was killed by Joe Grammer. At this camp the canyon opens out to some extent, with rolling foothills on the south and north sides. About three miles on the north the hills rise abruptly to rough, high mountains which form the canyon side opposite the big cave.

Just below the cave and a quarter of a mile away was a goat ranch owned by Charlie Williams. His two-room adobe house in a grove of oak trees faced up the canyon toward the cave. Williams

was a big, strapping fellow, light complexioned, about five feet, eleven inches tall, and weighing about a hundred and ninety pounds. He was very friendly with Black Jack and his gang, and gave the outlaws their breakfast at his ranch while they were hiding in the cave. Bill Jones, one of Williams' friends, lived at the ranch, and his wife did the cooking there. This arrangement made it possible for Williams to go to Clifton frequently and stay for several days mixing with his friends in town.

Jim Shaw was also a frequent visitor at the Williams ranch. He had once been a member of Black Jack's gang, but had quit when bad feelings had sprung up among them. A few months afterward, Black Jack met Shaw and asked him to come back and join them again, but Shaw was suspicious of the invitation and refused. He was afraid that the outlaw wanted him back only to kill him and get him out of the way, and as later events proved, his fears were justified.

Shaw was a slender fellow, about five feet eight inches tall, dark complexioned, rather good looking, and very witty. He and Mrs. Jones had been carrying on a clandestine love affair for some time until her husband discovered that she was keeping a suit of Shaw's in the bottom of her trunk. Jones, who was a short heavy-set man, was very jealous and swore that he was going to kill Shaw. When he made the threat in Black Jack's presence, the outlaw said:

"You don't have to kill him. Get him up here, and we'll kill him for you."

Mrs. Jones overheard the plot, wrote Shaw a letter warning him of their intention, and managed to have it smuggled out to him. As soon as Shaw knew that he was marked for the vengeance of the gang, he went to Ben Clark, the Clifton deputy under Sheriff Billie Birchfield, and tipped off the hiding place of the gang. He even offered to guide the posse to the cave.

About that time United States Marshal Hagan and Sheriff Charlie Ballard of Roswell, New Mexico, arrived in Clifton on the trail of a gang which had robbed the Nogales Bank. The same gang was accused of previous post office robberies at Cliff and Rodeo, New Mexico. The officers were sure that the crimes had been committed by Black Jack Christian's gang, and when Clark organized a posse, Hagan and Ballard joined them. Others in the posse were Billie Hart, Charlie Paxton, William T. (Crookneck) Johnson, Billie Hamilton, and Fred Higgins. They left Clifton about dark and traveled at night, guided by Shaw. Just before

daylight they reached a small brushy canyon at the foot of a high, rocky hill directly opposite the cave. They tied their horses in the brush and climbed the hill, the top of which was covered with immense boulders. Here the posse hid.

"You watch that cave," Shaw told them, "and you'll see them come out." Then he started back to the canyon where they had left their horses.

"Aren't you going to stay with us?" one of the men asked.

"Hell, no," Shaw replied. "I've shown you where they are."

The men waited for a long time. They were getting ready to leave and return to Clifton when they caught sight of one member of the gang near the spring a hundred and fifty feet below the cave. They fired a volley of shots, and after the smoke had cleared away, they could see no sign of life. So they got on their horses and rode back to Clifton, not knowing they had fatally injured the man. They were sure if they went down to see about him, they would be ambushed and killed. Later they learned that the outlaws were hidden among the boulders and brush, waiting for them.

It was about eight thirty or nine o'clock when the posse fired on the man. The gang was on the way to breakfast, but as the mountains were high on the north, south, and east, the sun did not shine in the bottom of the canyon until later in the morning. For that reason the posse had not seen the other outlaws when they left the cave.

An hour after the shooting, a teamster passed by, hauling lumber from Ira Harper's sawmill to Clifton. This mill was the only one in that section of the country at the time. When the teamster reached Cole Creek, he unhitched his horses and drove them up the canyon a short distance to a water hole. While at the pool, he heard groans, and found a man who was mortally wounded.

The wounded man asked for a drink of water and said, after the teamster had brought it, "There's nothing more you can do now. I can't live much longer."

"But I can't leave you here like this," objected the teamster.

The wounded man then asked to be taken to the little ranch house down the canyon. By half carrying and half dragging him, the teamster got the man to the house and stayed there until he died shortly afterward. Then the teamster went on his way with the load of lumber. When he reached Clifton, he met one of the men who had been in the posse.

"Did you fellows know that you killed a man this morning?" he asked.

"Christ, no," answered the posse man.

The teamster told his story, and after the posse had talked the matter over, they made him a proposition. They would pay him seventy-five dollars if he would go back for the body and bring it to Clifton. But when the teamster returned, they refused to pay him. He threatened to bury the body and not let them know where the grave was if they did not keep their promise. Members of the posse wanted to collect the reward, and, realizing that they must produce the body, made up the amount and paid the teamster.

When Black Jack did not return to the cave, the outlaws knew that he had been wounded or killed, but they had not seen the posse leave and were afraid to look for him for fear the posse would fire on them. So the outlaws remained in hiding, thinking the posse would return for the body. And while they waited, two other men came within the range of their vision, but fortunately they were not carrying firearms.

The day before the Rev. G. H. Adams of Phoenix, who was agent for the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company, and Adam Smith, who was a prominent Clifton merchant and also a representative of the same company, planned to drive to Harper's sawmill to insure a man by the name of Callahan. They were to get an early start and hunt on the way, but when they reached the stable, they found that one of Smith's horses was sick. By the time they had arranged for another horse, they had been delayed, and in the rush of starting, forgot their gun. They did not miss it until they came to the head of Ward's Canyon, several miles from town. They discussed returning, but decided they had better keep going.

When they reached the sawmill, Callahan was away. They stayed overnight and the next morning began the return trip to Clifton. After they had traveled several miles, they met a man on horseback. The horse was covered with foam and showed that he had been ridden hard. When the man slowed down to let the buggy pass, Smith asked why he was in such a hurry.

"I have to meet a man on Sacaton at eleven," was the reply.

This would have been an impossible ride, for Sacaton was about twenty-five miles away. As it later proved, the rider was one of Black Jack's gang and had hurried away after the volley fired by the posse.

Adams and Smith continued on their way until they reached a point on the road opposite the Williams goat ranch about eleven o'clock. There they decided to tie their team and walk down the long hill to have dinner at the ranch. Smith knew Williams well, as the rancher traded at his store. They started down to the bottom of the canyon where the ranch house was, walking slowly, for Adams was almost blind. He was using his walking cane in his right hand, and Smith was leading him by the left arm. Smith later said that if he had not forgotten the gun that morning, he would have been carrying it, as he would have been afraid to leave it in the buggy.

Many months afterward Smith heard the story of that day from Sid Moore, one of the outlaws. Moore said that as the outlaws watched the men leave the buggy and start down the hill, they thought the two men were United States marshals. As the men came near enough so that it would have been easy to pick them off, one member of the gang raised his gun to aim, but Moore said to him:

"Don't shoot. That man in the gray suit is Adam Smith of Clifton, a friend of mine."

"Who is the drunk man with him?" the outlaw asked.

"He's not drunk," Moore answered. "He's nearly blind, and Smith is leading him." And when Moore later told the story to Smith he added, "If you'd had your gun that day, you would have been killed."

When Smith and Adams reached the cabin, no one was there but Bill Jones, and he seemed to be in an excited state. Smith, not wanting to say anything to alarm Adams, took him into the house, gave him a chair, and told him to rest. Then Smith walked outside and asked Jones what was going on there.

"A man was killed here this morning," Jones replied.

Black Jack's body was still lying in front of the cabin and was covered with a canvas. Smith went over and, raising the canvas, looked at the dead man but did not recognize him. Just then Charlie Williams came up, and Smith said to him:

"I think we'd better be getting out of here."

"Wait and have something to eat," Williams answered. "Then I would advise you to leave at once." He was expecting the posse to return any moment, and knew there would be a battle between the officers and the outlaws.

The two men ate dinner and left. After they reached the buggy and started on their way, the Rev. Mr. Adams said:

"You know, I had a very strange feeling while I was at that ranch. It was as if something terrible was wrong, and we were in great danger." But he did not learn the situation until after they got back to town.

When they reached Clifton, Marshal Hagan came to Smith and said, "I understand you were at the Williams goat ranch today."

"Yes, I was," Smith answered.

"What did you see?" Hagan asked.

"A dead man the posse killed."

"Can you describe him?"

"He was tall and very dark, weighed about two hundred pounds, and was about thirty-five or forty years old."

It was an accurate description, for Black Jack was about thirty-seven years old, six feet tall, and weighed about two hundred pounds.

When the teamster returned to Cole Creek to get the body, the members of the gang knew the posse would not return. They secured their horses, and, taking Black Jack's horse, saddle, and outfit, they rode away. If there was any loot, they took it along, for nothing of any value was ever found in or about the cave. The Cole Creek gang was without a leader. The men either disbanded or drifted to parts unknown, for they were never heard of again.

The express company and the postal authorities each sent a man to Clifton to make an investigation. But the reward was never paid, for it was not definitely proved that the outlaw who was killed on Cole Creek was Black Jack Christian, for whom the reward was offered. Those in the posse contended they had killed Christian, but just as many others who knew Black Jack Barrett and had worked with him swore that the man was Barrett.

The spring before, Barrett had worked as a cowboy on the Rail N roundup, and my brother John worked with him. John identified the dead man as Jack Barrett. Toll Bell and Barrett had both worked for the Double Circle Cattle Company for six months and had slept in the same bed. Bell said he considered Barrett as good a friend as he had, and could make a positive identification. He also was supposed to be able to identify Black Jack Christian. Having known both men, he was sought by Clark to go to the morgue and view the body. Though Bell recognized the dead man as his friend Barrett, it made him so mad to think that Jack had been killed by the posse that he turned to Clark and said:

"I have never seen this man before."

Jack Barrett was not to be classed as the same type of outlaw as Black Jack Christian. Barrett had worked for several different cow outfits, but when work was slack, he was a rustler, confining his activities to horse stealing. He was never accused of murder or train robbery. After attempts to identify him as Black Jack Christian had failed, his body was buried in the Clifton cemetery.

Charlie Williams and Ben Clark had been friends in Mississippi before they came to Arizona. Several months before the killing of Black Jack, Williams had told Clark that the gang had a hide-out near his ranch, thinking that by giving the information, he would get a cut if the officers did anything about it, but no action had been taken until Marshal Hagan and Sheriff Ballard arrived on the scene.

Ben Clark was elected sheriff of Graham County in November, 1898. He had planned, before taking office on January 1, to return to Mississippi and marry a boyhood sweetheart who was then the widow of a noted doctor of the South. A few days before he left, he and Charlie Williams met in a Clifton saloon and had a few sociable drinks together.

"Ben," began Williams, "when you get back to Mississippi, I know you'll see my brother. Tell him how I'm getting along. Tell him I have plenty of range. If he'll send me seven or eight hundred dollars, I'll buy more goats and then will be in shape to make a lot of money."

They continued to talk and have some more drinks, and Williams repeated himself with variations.

"Ben, I know you'll see my brother while you're back home. If he asks about me, tell him I'm doing fine."

After an hour had passed, and they had had a few more sociable glasses, Williams grew more talkative.

"Ben, when you get back home, you tell my brother I'm doing well, and if he needs any help, to let me know, and I'll send him whatever amount of money he needs."

A number of years later Charlie Williams disposed of his goat ranch and moved to another part of Arizona. As the years rolled by he was forgotten except when old residents recalled the happenings of early days. Many years later he was living in the small mining town of Winkelman in Gila County. He had married and was the father of two sons. He was then an old man in very poor health, his mind gradually failing, and financially broke.

On November 3, 1937, Williams became a patient in the Gila

County hospital, where he remained until April 4, 1938. He was released much improved in health, and having been granted an old-age pension, returned to his home in Winkelman. On January 2, 1940, he was brought back to the county hospital, very feeble in body and mind. Now seventy-five years old, he did not respond to treatments and gradually grew worse.

As one of the few men now living who really know the inside facts of Black Jack's gang, Charlie Williams has been sought after by writers wanting to learn what took place during the last moments preceding the sudden death of the leader, but Williams has never revealed these facts to anyone. During his first commitment to the hospital, writers called to see him and took him driving in the hope that they would be able to get his story of Black Jack. But whenever the past was mentioned, he became silent and suspicious, and refused to talk on any subject.

To one writer, however, Williams remarked that he did not know why anyone would want to murder his son. He was referring to Henry Towner, who was killed by Cecil Fipps, a twenty-year-old cowboy, at Haunted Corral in Aravaipa Canyon in May, 1937. A feud had existed for many years among the cattlemen in that locality, and numerous acts of violence had been committed which had never been solved. Thus the place was known as the Haunted Corral.

Given such an opportunity to talk about Williams' son, the man asked why Henry had gone by the name of Towner instead of his father's name, and Williams replied, "I adopted the name Towner for my son because I did not want any act of my past life to cast any reflections on my boy." However, when Henry Towner grew up, he had the reputation of being a very tough character and a man to be feared.

Williams brooded constantly over the death of his son, and would sit for hours in moody silence. At times he was haunted with the belief that his life was in imminent danger and that he was being followed constantly by someone seeking revenge for an act Williams had committed in the past. Under this strain his mind snapped completely, and the hospital authorities, fearing that he would become violent and unmanageable, had him removed on March 14, 1940, to the state institution in Phoenix, where he is now confined.

Williams' former home on Cole Creek has long since become a lonely, deserted spot. The front wall and one end of the cabin are still standing today, but the other walls are a crumbled mass

of adobe ruins. The mountain spring above, which had an abundant supply of fresh, cold mountain water and was in easy access to the bandits' cave, has ceased to flow. Long ago it became a dry hole. The grove of sycamore trees still flourishes at Murder Camp, where Felix Burris was killed by Joe Grammer. And the only familiar landmark that time and mountain storms have not eliminated is Black Jack's cave, where he was mortally wounded by a bullet from one of the rifles of the posse.

The mining town of Morenci always had more than its share of bad men, and many crimes were committed in and around the town. As late as 1912 occurred one of the old-time tragedies when two deputies were murdered by Eusebio Arviso, a Mexican who had an evil reputation and was known as a bad *hombre* by the officers in the district. Arviso lived in Globe. One night at a big Mexican *baile* the usual number of drunken fights were pulled off as a diversion. In one of the fights Arviso hit another Mexican over the head with an iron bar and killed him. Then Arviso skipped out.

The Globe authorities were confident that Arviso would head for his father's ranch on Eagle Creek above Morenci, though his father was at that time in Globe visiting some of his *amigos*. The deputies notified the Morenci officers to be on the lookout for Arviso, warning them that he was a bad man and that they would have to surprise him at night if they wanted to get the drop on him.

The deputy's job in Morenci was a real one, with plenty of action and bad *hombres* to deal with, for the population was two-thirds foreign and many were outlaws who were wanted in other states. Albert Mungía, John Campbell, and Dutch Kepler were then deputies under Sheriff Thomas G. Alger. Mungía and Kepler had been deputies under different sheriffs for over twelve years. Campbell had not served as long as the other two but had already proved himself a valuable man on the sheriff's force. He had moved from Safford to Morenci to accept the deputyship, and had married just a short time before the Arviso affair.

Some Mexican rustlers on Eagle Creek, who were afraid of the Morenci deputies, framed up with Arviso to trap the officers and kill them. The rustlers sent a tip by someone whom the deputies would not suspect, advising the officers that Arviso could be found at his father's ranch.

The deputies left Morenci late in the evening of September 23, 1912, intending to surprise Arviso after he had gone to bed

and to arrest him without a fight. As they approached the place, they were riding up a box canyon with steep rocky sides covered with trees and small growth. The bed of the canyon was very rough, and the officers had to ride single file along the narrow trail. Mungía was in the lead, and John Campbell was next, with Kepler in the rear.

Arviso was expecting the officers and had chosen a vantage spot from which to shoot. He lay in wait until they reached the place, then fired, killing Mungía and Campbell instantly. Kepler, riding at the rear, had time to turn his mule back down the canyon. Though wounded in the leg, he returned to Morenci and reported the killing. A posse was quickly organized and left for Eagle Creek, but because of the roughness of the country, Arviso made his escape. His father, who was still in Globe, got *mucho borracho* to celebrate the killing of the deputies, fell from his horse, and broke his neck.

The outlaw rode away on Mungía's saddle horse, a big brown single-footer named Brownie. Not long afterward a cowboy at Deming, New Mexico, saw the horse and bought him from Arviso for forty dollars. The cowboy rode him to Lordsburg, where someone recognized the animal as Mungía's. Albert's brother, Manuel Mungía, was notified and came to Lordsburg. He identified the horse, paid the cowboy a hundred dollars for him, and rode Brownie back to Solomonville, where the family lived and where Albert had been born and raised.

Arviso fled to Mexico and joined Salazar's army. He was traced there by Graham County officers, but Salazar, in command of the rebel troops, refused to surrender him. He was never brought back to be punished for his crime.

My youngest brother Howard was born two years after the surrender of Geronimo, and even the outlaw element was partially tamed and civilized before he was old enough to take any interest in law and order. He always regretted the fact that he should have been the one member of the family to have missed all the Indian excitement. Like many other children, he was always saying, "Tell me another Indian story."

It was not until May, 1930, that Howard had the opportunity of experiencing all the excitement attached to a real fight with a regular old-time bad man. Then, as a member of a posse, Howard helped subdue an outlaw who had established himself on Howard's cattle range.

Ed Mitchell, a bearded and gigantic bad man, was known

along the Colorado River between Arizona and California, but he had just come into the Steamboat Mountains, twelve miles north of Ray, Arizona, and appropriated a rock house on the Dripping Springs ranch of the Parks brothers. During his brief residence in the canyon, he had earned a bad reputation for being quick on the trigger. He had fired at several persons riding on the range and was known to be armed at all times.

Mitchell's first open break with the law came when officers tried to serve on him a warrant sworn to by Howard Parks, charging him with killing cattle belonging to the Dripping Springs ranch and selling the beef to road construction camps. Deputy Sheriff C. E. Gilmer of Pinal County was accompanied by State Cattle Inspector Arch Sanders of Globe, Howard Parks, and other special deputies, among them Chester McGee, A. Gardner, Fred Pascoe and Bill Tuttle.

Deputy Gilmer and his companions approached cautiously, and, halting within a stone's throw, called to Mitchell to surrender. Without hesitation, the outlaw lifted his rifle to his shoulder and plowed up the dust beneath their horses' feet, forcing them to run for shelter.

For more than a day and a night bullets from rifles whistled through the windows of the cabin where Mitchell had barricaded himself. Calmly he returned the fire, and with a rapidity and accuracy which kept more than twenty deputies and cattle inspectors from two counties at a respectful distance. Reinforcements were called, but Mitchell remained unharmed by the rain of bullets. During the night the officers guarded the cabin and kept up an irregular bombardment.

As the battle progressed, and volley after volley was fired in rapid succession into the rock walls of the cabin, small bits of rock flew from the walls where the bullets struck, knocking dust into the outlaw's eyes. But he was skilled in the art of Western gunplay, and seldom exposed himself to the fire of the attacking party.

Finally it became apparent that Mitchell could not be shot from his barricade and that he was well enough provisioned to keep from being starved out. Deputy Sheriffs Pascoe and Tuttle of Globe crept to the window on one side of the cabin while attackers threw a heavy fire against the opposite side to hold the outlaw's attention, and released tear-gas bombs within the cabin. Then they ran for cover while Mitchell tried to fight off the choking fumes.

In a few minutes the firing from the cabin slowed down and soon stopped. With a blanket wrapped around his head in an effort to protect himself from the tear gas, Mitchell stumbled out and collapsed on the ground in front of the door. Before he could recover, he was seized by the officers. He had suffered no injury aside from the effects of the tear gas. The battling officers escaped unhurt, and, beyond a few scratches, had nothing to show for their struggle to subdue the vicious outlaw. Inside the cabin they found several hundred pounds of jerked beef, evidence of Mitchell's occupation in the canyon.

The officials of Gila and Pinal counties, who had been held at bay by the outlaw for more than twenty-four hours, investigated his activities and brought him for hearing before Justice T. E. Martin of Ray, on charges of shooting at officers and resisting arrest, in addition to cattle theft. When Mitchell entered the courtroom, he surprised the judge by pleading guilty to the charge and was promptly fined one hundred dollars. He was convicted of cattle stealing and given a long sentence.

The bombardment which echoed across the Steamboat Range brought back to the old-time settlers strange memories of the days when they had fought with the once-warlike Apaches. Not since the times when the Indians had put on their war paint and started out on their murderous raids had officers been forced to use so much ammunition in effecting a single capture. Several hundred rounds of ammunition had been used during the battle. Bullets had whizzed through the underbrush, had glanced off the boulders in the canyon, and had fallen with a dull thud from the rock walls of the cabin. But the outlaw had given up when a modern weapon had driven him, gasping and helpless, into the open.

CHAPTER V

The Morenci Strike

THE BLOODIEST BATTLE IN THE HISTORY OF GRAHAM County, and possibly all Arizona, threatened during the strike in Morenci in 1903. At that time Jim Parks was serving his second term as sheriff, and John Parks, who lived in Clifton, was his chief deputy. The handling of this dangerous situation demanded of the sheriff and his deputies the utmost of courage and cool-headed ingenuity.

Morenci, a copper mining town, was built on the steep mountain sides at the head of the Morenci canyon, seven miles north of Clifton. The only road into the town was a wagon road from Clifton which went up the canyon as far as the company store and ended there. Morenci had no streets, only trails that led to the houses built on the slopes which had been graded out to provide sites for the homes of the employees. The boarding house, store, library, and other company structures were built down in the hole, as the canyon was called. The store department used pack mules for delivery purposes, delivering even pianos and furniture by the pack-mule system.

The copper mines in Morenci were owned by the Detroit Copper Company; and just over a long rocky ridge, called Longfellow Hill, was the Longfellow Mine, owned by the Arizona Copper Company of Clifton. That company also had a store and homes for their officials. Morenci and Longfellow were connected by a tunnel through Longfellow Hill, and at the end of the tunnel on the Longfellow side was the head of the Longfellow Incline, three thousand, one hundred feet long.

The ore cars were let down the incline by a large steel cable which revolved on a big drum and was released by a brake. The cars passed on a double track half way down the incline, which

was operated by a tram man. For years coke, mining timbers, and supplies were brought up on the incline for both of the mining companies. If a heavy load were to be hauled up, and the ore cars were empty going down, the tram man would use a big steel car, heavier than five loaded cars, to pull up the load.

The freight for the incline was brought from Clifton over the little railroad known as the "baby" gauge, which had its terminus at the foot of Coronado Hill. On top of this hill was the Coronado Mine, also owned by the Arizona Copper Company. The ore from this mine was brought down the Coronado Incline, three thousand, three hundred feet long. The twenty-inch "baby" gauge from Clifton to the foot of Coronado Hill was built up the wild gorge of Chase Creek Canyon for a distance of ten miles. All the ore from the Arizona Copper Company's mines at Coronado, Metcalf, and Longfellow was hauled to the Clifton smelter over this road.

About two years before the strike, the Detroit Copper Company completed the building of the Morenci Southern Railroad from Morenci to Guthrie, where freight for Morenci was transferred from the Arizona and New Mexico Railroad. This road was owned by the Arizona Copper Company and connected with the Southern Pacific at Lordsburg, New Mexico. Later the Arizona and New Mexico Railroad was extended to Hachita, New Mexico, to connect with the El Paso and Southwestern, which was owned by the Phelps-Dodge Company.

The Morenci copper mines employed principally Mexicans and foreigners, and put white bosses over them. Jack Laustenneau, a half-breed Spaniard better known as Three Fingered Jack, had been working for the company nine or ten months before he began to stir up trouble. A shrewd fellow with some education, he got the men to demand better working conditions and a wage increase of twenty-five cents a day. Existing conditions were deplorable enough, for the company had no change rooms. After the men came off shift in the mines, they had to walk over the hills to their homes in their wet working clothes, even during the cold winter weather. When the miners made their demands to C. E. Mills, the general manager for the Detroit Copper Company, he turned them down.

Before the strike was called, the miners sent across the border to Nacozari, Sonora, for a man by the name of Alvarez to come and act as their official mediator. Alvarez, a sensible man, was a well-educated leader of the Mexican people and had a lot of in-

fluence with them. As soon as he arrived, the strike was called.

John Parks had been acquainted with Three Fingered Jack almost since Jack had been in the district, and they had become good friends. John had encouraged the friendship, realizing that Jack had a great deal of influence with the Mexicans. At Clifton, as well as Morenci, the majority of the population was Mexican and foreigners, and both towns were infested by a bad element. Whenever the officers saw one of the foreigners becoming a leader, they cultivated his friendship, more for political reasons than any other. In many cases these leaders would tip off the officers to the hiding places of outlaws from Old Mexico who were terrorizing the district.

Among the deputies in Clifton was Dave Arzatte, an Italian, known in Clifton and Morenci as Little Dave. A good officer and a fearless one, he was valuable to the sheriff's office, for he could be depended on to be loyal to the force and could usually get information which the other officers were unable to get for themselves. Little Dave made such a fearless deputy that he had the job under all the Democratic sheriffs. As Graham County was Democratic in politics, the sheriffs were for many years all Democrats, with the exception of Arthur Wight and A. A. Anderson, who were elected for one term each. But Dave Arzatte's activities as an officer made many enemies for him among the Mexican people.

The strike, called about May 28, affected the Morenci Mine and the Longfellow, Metcalf and Coronado mines as well. C. E. Mills then notified Sheriff Jim Parks, who lived at Solomonville, to come and take charge of the situation. Mills hoped that the officers could help bring about a settlement with the strikers and prevent the destruction of property, for the strikers were threatening to dynamite the company's plants. Jim deputized many experienced, cool-headed men from Solomonville and the Gila Valley, and they left with him for the scene of the strike.

When Jim arrived in Morenci and saw how serious the situation was, he deputized many of the cattlemen, cowboys and ranchers in the Clifton, Morenci, and Duncan sections. With the regular deputies he had around a hundred and twenty-five men he could depend upon in any crisis, while the strikers numbered about two thousand. Among the special deputies were many of the old pioneers who had come west in the early eighties and had gone through the Apache Indian warfare. As their courage and skill had been proved many times in conflict, these hardy Westerners

did not in the least fear or dread an enemy in the open. Among the special deputies whom Sheriff Parks showed sound judgment in selecting were the following:

Frank Richardson, Bill Sanders, John Epley, W. J. Parks, Jim's father; three Wood brothers, Charlie, Bill, and John; Bill Kinsey, Joe Johnson, Bill Jones, Frank Campbell, Dave (Little Dave) Arzatte, four Kepler brothers, Dutch, Will, Charlie and Johnnie; Billie Birchfield, the former sheriff, Bill Hagan, Dave Andrews, Bill (Crookneck) Johnson, Gus and Lee Hobbs, John Parks, Charlie Rawlins, Albert Mungia, Billie Crawford, Jim and Doc Nicks, Hollis Holliday, Alex Davis, Sid Henry, Jesus Alvarez; Ed Follett, Sam Henry, Al Bishop, Oscar Felton and W. T. (Skeet) Witt. It is regretted that the list is incomplete, but the names of many of these brave deputies cannot be recalled; their courageous support of law and order will, however, never be forgotten by the people who lived in the Morenci section during that difficult time.

Some of the deputies talked with Three Fingered Jack, the main strike leader, who told them the strikers' demands. At that time there were no labor unions in the territory and none were organized for many years later. Then Jim and his deputies talked to C. E. Mills, general manager, and told him that the strikers' demands were not unreasonable, that the miners were underpaid and that their working conditions were deplorable. So, rather than have any loss of life or destruction of property, the officers advised Mills to grant the men's demands. But Mills, who was an obstinate man and much disliked by the employees, refused to grant anything.

When the miners heard of Mills' refusal they began holding their meetings at the old lime quarry near Longfellow and made incendiary speeches and dire threats against company property, Mills and Sheriff Parks. They made plans to capture and hold Mills and Parks as hostages to compel the company to grant their demands. Three Fingered Jack boasted that the sheriff could not arrest him. So, to meet these threats of violence, deputies were kept stationed around the smelter and the reduction plant of the Detroit Copper Company.

On one of Sheriff Park's inspection trips to see how the guards were getting along, he saw Three Fingered Jack and a few other strikers on the side of the hill above the plant. Jim walked up to them and asked what they were doing on company ground. Jim told them that he, and all the deputies, were in sympathy with

their cause and that they all felt the miners were entitled to higher wages and decent change rooms but that they could not gain their demands by violence and the destruction of the company property. Jim then asked Three Fingered Jack and his men to keep off company property until the matter had been settled. Three Fingered Jack became insolent and Jim said to him:

"Jack, you've been bragging around what a bad man you are and that I couldn't arrest you. I'll just show you that you're not half as bad as you think you are."

At this he grabbed Jack by the arm and started down the hill toward town nearly a quarter of a mile away, yanking Jack about four feet at each step. Intending at first to lock Jack in Jail, Jim had decided, by the time he reached there, that it might precipitate a gun battle with the strikers, the very thing the officers were trying to avoid. They hoped to settle the strike without bloodshed or destruction to the company property. So Jim released Jack with another warning for him and his men to stay off company ground.

The officers had taken possession of Longfellow Hill when they first came to Morenci. This ridge was a high vantage point where they could watch the movements of the strikers better than from any other place. It also commanded a good view of the lime quarry, where the strikers held their meetings. Jim Parks scattered small scouting squads over Morenci and Longfellow to check activities of the strikers. At every opportunity these squads talked to the men and told them that the officers were not their enemies but were there to prevent destruction of property. Whenever Jim and his deputies had the opportunity, they reasoned with the strikers that any unlawful act which might be committed would injure their cause. The first thought of the deputies was always to protect the two men whom the strikers were trying to get possession of. Therefore Jim stayed with the main body of deputies on the ridge, while Mills was usually in hiding. The few spies who mixed with the strikers kept Jim advised as to how things were going.

After several days the strikers began to realize that the mine officials were not only refusing to grant their demands but were not going to offer any kind of compromise. Then the mob became threatening, for their money and food supplies were getting low.

Company officials, who had already appealed to Governor Brodie, sent another message stating the seriousness of the situation, and at once the Arizona Rangers, commanded by Captain

Rynning, and the National Guard were ordered out. As soon as word came that these companies had been ordered to Morenci, deputies were sent to guard all bridges on the Morenci Southern to prevent the mob from dynamiting the bridges and wrecking the train by which the companies would come. They arrived by special train early on the morning of June 8. The members were divided into small squads and placed around the reduction plants to reinforce the special deputies, as well as around all company business houses throughout the town.

That afternoon the strikers held a meeting at the lime quarry and evidently agreed upon a plan of action. Then hundreds of them went to New Town and proceeded to get drunk. They had heard news that precipitated the crisis next morning.

Mills, who had become fearful for his safety, had left Morenci at two o'clock on the morning of June 7 with one man as an escort, by way of the old Indian trail which passed east of San Jose and Solomonville. At Tanque, eighteen miles above Solomonville on the San Simon, he boarded the Arizona Eastern train. His horse was returned to Morenci by the man who had accompanied him over the trail. When the news leaked out that Mills had left Morenci, the strikers realized that their cause was lost unless they used drastic means to force the copper companies to make a settlement of some kind.

On the morning of June 9, deputies on the Longfellow ridge could see hundreds of strikers gathering at the lime quarry, and the Mexicans from the Metcalf mine coming by the hundreds down the Metcalf canyon on their way to the quarry. They were swarming like an army of ants. When the two thousand strikers had assembled, first one and then another speaker would mount a huge boulder, and there would be yelling and cheering and waving of red flags.

The country around the quarry was very rough and broken up, with canyons leading off in different directions. After the big demonstration, the strikers left the meeting place and went down one of the canyons. The officers were unable to follow their movements but were not in suspense very long as to their destination. Soon a scout returned to the ridge and reported the mob was gathering in front of the Longfellow store, with threats to dynamite or burn the building. The strikers were well armed, more or less drunk, and in a dangerous mood.

Jim said he must go to the store and talk to the strikers, but John objected, knowing that Jim was one of the two men the mob

wanted. Instead, John suggested that he and Little Dave should go, for Dave could talk good Mexican. Though John talked well enough to get along under ordinary circumstances, he wanted Dave in this emergency.

When John and Dave reached the foot of the ridge which was the head of the Longfellow Incline, they saw that the strikers had Atkinson, the tram man who operated the incline, and several other white men whom they had disarmed. The railroad track was swarming with strikers. John began to push through the mob toward the store, which was about three hundred feet around the bend, but suddenly he noticed that Dave was not following him, and realized that it had been a mistake to bring the little deputy along. A lot of the strikers were angry at Dave for doing his duty as an officer, for they thought his sympathy should be with his own people instead of with the deputies. John continued pushing his way toward the store.

Paul Nicholas, superintendent of the Longfellow mine, had come to the store early that morning from his home which was nearby. Seeing the strikers coming and knowing that they were drunk and desperate, he locked the store door, went into the tunnel at the rear of the store, and closed the tunnel door. This tunnel connected with the store as a kind of store room, and fresh meat was kept there. Nicholas was well liked by the employees, who felt that he could help their cause if he wanted to, but he feared that if he did not help them, he would be killed.

When John reached the building and mounted the store platform, he found Three Fingered Jack standing on a box, and tried to talk to him. The strikers recognized John as one of the deputies and began to crowd around him and try to pull him off the platform. But he kept them back by constantly swinging his gun in front of him, even while he was trying to talk with Jack.

Shortly Jack raised his hand to silence the strikers and told John to speak.

John began, "Jack, the strikers can gain nothing by resorting to violence and destroying property and committing murder. I'm your friend. I can see your side of this thing, and I'm willing to help you."

"I thought you were my friend," Jack replied, "but since this thing has come up, I've found that you are not."

"You're wrong, Jack," John went on. "I am your friend, and I'll do all I can to help you if you will listen to reason."

"Will you talk to Paul Nicholas for us and ask him to talk to

the Morenci officials?" Jack asked. "Maybe Paul can do us some good. If he says he will do this, we will believe him, for he is a good man."

"I don't know if we can get Paul to do this, but if he says he will, I want you to promise me that you won't let your men harm him. They must let him go to Clifton, where he can talk to the other mine officials."

When Jack agreed, John went to the store door and pounded on it. He called to Nicholas, who finally recognized John's voice and came to the door but refused to open it. John told him of the talk with Jack and the conditions outlined, but Nicholas was afraid to trust the strikers. John admitted that Nicholas was taking a chance, but pointed out that he would probably be killed anyway if he did not go to see the officials, for the strikers intended to dynamite or burn the store. Then Nicholas sent to Three Fingered Jack his promise to use his influence with the mine officials and get the best terms he could for the men. But he refused to come out of the store and go down the incline until after the strikers had gone.

When Jack heard what Nicholas had said, he promised to handle the men.

Then John said, "Now, Jack, I want Little Dave."

When Jack and John reached the place where Dave was being held, the strikers had taken his gun and were slapping and punching him. The mob did not want to give him up but finally released him at Jack's order.

"Jack," began John, as soon as the men had let Dave go, "I want them to give Dave back his gun."

Jack made the strikers return the gun. When Dave and John, on their way to the ridge, tried to push through the crowd, the mob began to hurl epithets at them and spit at them. It was plain that Jack was losing control over the men.

When John and Dave got to the ridge and told their experiences, the other officers seemed to think that the worst was over for that day. They felt that the strikers would remain quiet until Nicholas had time to intercede for them. But John and Dave felt uneasy. They had seen and heard so much while among the mob, that they felt as if they were over a powder magazine with the fuse lighted.

About ten thirty in the morning the strikers scattered and went home, taking the Metcalf miners with them. Shortly before noon the officers decided it would be safe for them to go to the

company boarding house for dinner, but they left a guard on duty. Among the fifteen men who stayed at the ridge were John Parks and Gus Hobbs, the Morenci deputy, who had their horses tied nearby. John would not leave, fearing that something might happen any minute.

The strikers had planned to make their next move when the officers left the ridge. Suddenly men began to pour out of the Mexican homes in every quarter of Morenci and Longfellow. When the guards saw what was happening, John mounted his horse and started for the boarding house to notify the sheriff. The route was through Burro Alley in the Mexican part of town, which John found swarming with strikers. The men were on their way toward a high, rocky mountain on the opposite side of the canyon overlooking the ridge which the officers were holding. When John found that the crowd was so dense he could not ride through, he turned back up the ridge and tried two roundabout trails. But they were also blocked by the mass of moving strikers, and he could only return to the squad on the ridge.

In the meantime, Jim and his deputies at the boarding house learned of the strikers' move and started for the ridge. When they reached Burro Alley, they could not get through until the crowd had passed out of the alley. Then Jim and his men continued to the top of the ridge. As the strikers climbed the steep slope, they began to drop out of sight behind big rocks. Soon the whole side of the mountain was covered with strikers, most of them concealed behind boulders, with their rifles leveled in the direction of the officers.

The sheriff and his deputies, reinforced by the National Guard and the Rangers, took up places behind boulders, rested their rifles on the rocks, and drew a bead on the strikers. Each side waited for the other to fire the first shot. There were many cool-headed men among the officers, and they knew if one shot were fired a bloody battle would be on, with loss of many lives on both sides. No one could foresee where it would end. If the strikers won — and they were greatly in the majority — much company property would be destroyed. The deputies had been cautioned, throughout the strike, not to resent anything that was said to them, and not to do one thing that might cause the strikers to start the fight. So the two sides waited, facing each other from opposite sides of the canyon and expecting to hear a volley ring out any moment.

The day had been very hot, and black clouds began gathering over the mountains. About two o'clock the heavens opened up in

a rage of fury. It seemed as if God was manifesting his disapproval, for never before or since has such a cloudburst and flood occurred in that section. As it was out of season for the summer rains, which never came before the last of June or the first of July, it seemed providential that such a downpour should occur on the ninth day of June, at such a critical hour. Thunder roared and crashed, lightning streaked across the sky, and rain came down in sheets. It fell with such force that the men could scarcely get their breath. Water rushed down the mountain sides in such torrents that it ran through the houses and flooded them to a depth of three or four feet. A wall of water ten feet high swept down the Morenci canyon.

The Arizona Copper Company mill was located on the Longfellow side, and farther down in Chase Creek Canyon were the tailings dump and tailings dam. The dam held back the flood waters for a while, but when it finally broke it let a tremendous wall of water go down Chase Creek, covering the canyon from hill to hill with the white tailings. Chase Creek emptied into the Frisco River right in the town of Clifton, and at its mouth the Arizona Copper Company smelter, concentrators, converters, and bluestone plants were located. Water flooded the company's works and ran through the round house as high as the running board of the railway engines.

Just above these plants Chase Creek Canyon was thickly built up with stores, saloons, restaurants, markets, and homes. Seven people were drowned, and nearly all the homes were damaged, as well as most of the business houses and their stocks of goods. Many lawsuits were later brought against the Arizona Copper Company for damages done because of the breaking of the tailings dam, but the cloudburst had averted a greater loss by preventing a desperate battle between officers and strikers.

After the cloudburst the mob, though seeming to realize that the strike was lost, met at the lime quarry about five-thirty that afternoon. They made speeches, waved their red flag, shouted, and planned another attack on the officers on the ridge. Jim and his deputies saw the strikers leaving the quarry and watched as they came toward the ridge. They were carrying Winchesters and other firearms, knives and bottles of whiskey. When the officers began discussing the best plan of meeting the attack, Captain Rynning said:

"It seems certain death to stay up here on the ridge. We had better move down to Morenci."

As the town was built in the canyon, the officers told him it would be certain death to try a move to Morenci, insisting that they stood a better chance where they were. Rynning insisted that they would all be massacred if they stayed, but the officers refused to give up the ridge, considering it the most strategic point in the district. If they should give it up and move down into the town, the strikers would have them bottled up.

Among the Rangers was a man named Jack Foster. He was small of stature but was Captain Rynning's head man. He had been in the Spanish-American war and understood military tactics, and since Rynning had no sand to begin with, Little Jack, as he was called, was practically the head of the Rangers. Rynning did little but hobnob with politicians for the pull such associations would give him; he liked to be banqueted in the different towns while Foster commanded the Rangers.

When Rynning saw the sixteen hundred or more strikers moving toward the ridge, led by two drunken leaders, about a hundred yards in advance of the body of men, he went to pieces. He left his place and lay down behind a soap weed. Foster went over to him and said:

"For God's sake, Captain, if you can't pull yourself together, leave before you demoralize the men."

Foster then walked over to John Parks, and the two men, after talking together for a few minutes, decided to walk down the hill and meet the strikers. When they told the other officers what they intended to do, their friends protested, saying it would be suicide to advance against the mob.

"We're going to be killed, anyway," John said, "and there is a chance we might do some good."

They walked down the hill several feet apart to prevent the strikers from potshooting them. Three or four of the strikers were climbing faster than the others, advancing with their rifles in their hands, as Parks and Foster were doing. When the strikers saw that only two officers were coming to meet them, the others dropped back and let their two leaders go ahead.

As the two strikers neared the officers, Foster said to John, "I'll take care of the man on my side, and you take care of the one on your side. Neither of us will pay any attention to the other fellow's man."

Then Foster, who spoke the Mexican language fluently, called on the strikers to halt. Still they advanced. Again he ordered them

to halt, and this time they stopped. The two officers walked up to the Mexicans, and John spoke first:

"What do you fellows mean? Don't you know that our men have you covered, and that we have enough men on that hill to kill every one of you?"

Then Foster began to talk Mexican to them. The strike leaders started to argue and wave their guns and threaten what they were going to do, finally trying to push Foster and Parks aside with the barrels of their guns. But the two officers grabbed the guns, twisted them out of the men's hands, and threw the weapons on the ground. Foster talked to the strikers in Spanish for a few minutes more. The Mexicans, deciding that the officers had large reinforcements on the ridge, picked up their guns, and with many oaths, went back to their friends who had been watching. After talking among themselves for a while, the mob began to disperse. It was evident that their courage had deserted them; their nerve was gone.

The next day the strikers met and talked and milled about, but there was no leader, no one to tell them what to do. They had lost confidence in their leaders, and, according to word which came to Sheriff Parks, they were rapidly becoming disorganized.

That evening a group of strikers congregated near the store of the Detroit Copper Company. When one member of the National Guards asked the men to move away, a Mexican, who was standing beside a telephone pole, made a pass to show that he did not intend to obey the order. The guard pulled his bayonet and jabbed it through a fold of the Mexican's blue jumper, pinning the man to the pole. From that time on, the strikers had great respect for the orders of the National Guards.

A day or two later, many of the special deputies who had been away from home for two weeks or more were released and left for their homes. Sheriff Parks and the regular deputies remained longer, arrested the strike leaders, and stayed until order and peace were established. About fifteen or twenty leaders of the strike were arrested and tried at the fall term of court at Solomonville. Three Fingered Jack, the main instigator, was convicted and sentenced to seven years in the penitentiary at Yuma, but he was killed in a prison riot before his term expired. Three other leaders were given terms of five years each, and the rest received sentences ranging from a year and a half to three years.

Altogether the strike lasted about three weeks. The miners went back to work about a month after the leaders were arrested,

and were given raises in wages about three months later. Change rooms were built, and better working conditions prevailed.

In appreciation of the way in which Sheriff Parks handled the strike without loss of lives or property, the three copper companies of the district presented him with a gold watch. The story is told in an issue of the *Arizona Bulletin,* published in Solomonville, the county seat of Graham County:

OUR SHERIFF'S REWARD

Clifton-Morenci Copper Companies

Give Handsome Watch

Wednesday morning Sheriff James V. Parks was the recipient of one of the most handsome watches that has ever been seen in Arizona. The gift came from the Detroit, Arizona, and Shannon Copper companies, operating in the Clifton-Morenci district, and is given in recognition for services rendered by the sheriff during the strike of June, 1903.

The watch is strikingly beautiful, being of pure gold and one of the highest grade Walthams, and is one of Tiffany's artistic creations. On the front of the watch are the sheriff's initials, J. V. P., wrought in diamonds and in large script letters. Ninety-four diamonds of the purest grade are set into the initials. They are set in openings in the lid and can be seen from either side when the watch is open.

On the inside of the case is the following endorsement: *Presented by the Arizona, Detroit, and Shannon Copper Companies to Sheriff J. V. Parks in recognition of his services during the strike riot in the Clifton District in June, 1903.*

Sheriff Parks is as proud over the watch as a small boy with his first long pants. The sheriff almost refuses to wear the watch, thinking he might lose it. It is a fitting testimonial to a popular officer who has the esteem and good wishes of all in Graham County.

CHAPTER VI

Sundown

WHEN OUR FATHERS PIONEERED IN THE SOUTHwest fifty or sixty years ago, they came to settle the vast frontier and to build homes, ranches, and cities. They endured years of conflict and bloodshed, hardships and struggles, before they accomplished their object, for they were not the type of people who could be easily discouraged. Gradually they saw the subjugation of the Indians and the growth of various industries. And many of them lived to see the passing of the pioneer ways of living, and even the decline of early industries. As grazing land was needed for other uses, the extent of the cattle business waned.

Back in the eighties the Double Circle Cattle Company had its range on the San Carlos Indian Reservation. Also the Chiricahua Cattle Company, which runs the C C C brand, obtained a permit to use this land as grazing range for their herds. At one time the Double Circle had between thirty and forty thousand head on their range, and the owners were rated among the big cattle barons of Arizona. The Chiricahua had between thirty-five and fifty thousand head and paid a yearly fee of around seventy thousand dollars for the range.

When these companies were first given their permits, this section of mountainous country had no stock on it. Later the companies took a lease on the area, for it was fine grazing range, with never a shortage of forage. In spite of cattle rustlers and Indians preying on the herds, the companies prospered.

But the Indians on the reservation were restless, for the government had done little toward providing them with interesting activity. They had always been a nomadic people, free to roam as they pleased. As the years passed, the Bureau of Indian Affairs bought small herds and started the Indians in the cattle business in a small way. The work was a success, for it gave the tribesmen

the opportunity to ride their little mustang ponies over the hills and mountains they knew so well. They loved the free life, and their herds grew. As the business prospered, the government bought pure-blooded white-faced Herefords for the ranges.

After the building of Coolidge Dam below the old town of San Carlos, the Indians were permitted to select land elsewhere to take the place of the ground which would be submerged by San Carlos Lake. The Indians chose the Ash Flat country, a selection which meant that the Chiricahua Cattle Company would have to vacate its range. In 1928 the Indian agent gave the company notice, allowing them two years to gather and move their herd. Train loads of their cattle were shipped from Calva, mostly to the California market; the pure breds were moved to a ranch in the Winchester Mountains in Cochise County; and the rest of the herd was transferred to the Kennedy ranch in Aravaipa and to a ranch at Arivaca between Tucson and the Mexican border.

In October, 1934, the Double Circle Cattle Company was notified to move off the reservation within two years, and the big roundup started. In 1935 they rounded up and shipped half their herd, and the following summer, made the final shipment. A few years before the notice was given, the Double Circle had around twenty-five thousand head of cattle, but, realizing that their time was short, they began shipping out thousands of head to market. When the time came to move off, they had only about ten thousand head, most of which were sent to California and Texas.

For many years the Double Circle had shipped each spring and fall from two railroad points, Clifton on the Arizona and New Mexico Railway, and Calva on the Arizona Eastern from Globe to Bowie. Sitting at the stock pens at Calva, one could see great clouds of dust as the last of the herds was driven through the Gila Gap of the Gila Range ten miles away. The animals reached the Gila River, a mile from the stock pens, tenderfooted and weary, with heads drooping. They seemed to sense that they were writing the last chapter in range history. Once more the Indians were victorious over the white men, only this time no guns were used in this last battle over grazing land. The Bureau of Indian Affairs had made the decision and had given the best cattle range in the state to the Indians.

In addition to the withdrawal of the reservation lands, and the restrictions and regulations of the forest reserves in Arizona, it was a gloomy outlook for the cattlemen for several years. But grad-

ually they adapted themselves to the changed conditions, and today a cattleman with a good range and a herd of eight or ten thousand head of cattle is rated as a cattle baron.

Since the days of Apache warfare, a new generation of Indians has grown up, and old hostilities have generally been forgotten. Now and then, when attention is directed back to those early days, one realizes how long the trail has been from the savage tribesman of the seventies and eighties to the civilized Indian of today. When plans for the dedication of Coolidge Dam were made, and the date was set for March 4, 1930, old Chief Talkalai was asked to take part in the ceremonies. Talkalai was one hundred and two years old, the oldest living Apache, and had always been a friend of the white people. It was fitting that he should have been chosen, for he had labored earnestly and incessantly to bring about peaceable and friendly relations between his people and the white men.

Soon after the first United States troops came to Arizona, Talkalai offered his services and organized a band of fifty-six scouts. In 1874 he received a commission as chief of scouts under Al Seiber. From that time on, he went with the cavalry, helping to run down outlaws, whether Indians or white men. On several occasions Talkalai was sent to bring Geronimo in from the hills, and was always successful in persuading the old chief to come peacefully. The last trip Talkalai had to bring Geronimo back in handcuffs. At the time of Geronimo's surrender, Talkalai had a detachment of scouts holding a pass north of the place of actual surrender. Not long afterward, Talkalai was taken to Washington to receive the thanks of the nation for his faithful services.

On his return Talkalai was given a strip of land on the San Carlos River and settled down to a quiet life, but because of his friendship for the white people, he was hated by the Apaches. In 1899, he was attacked and suffered a broken jaw at the hands of the Apaches, who sent him word, while he was still under the care of an army physician, that he could no longer live among his people. After that Talkalai lived in Globe and Miami, and saw no more of his people. He had become a forgotten man in his tribe. But though he had served the government for years and had been honored by the War Department for his faithful services, he had never been given a pension or received any aid from the government. When he was too old to work and was almost blind, he lived on the charity of the citizens of Miami.

Then came the honor of taking part in the dedication ceremonies at Coolidge Dam, but the day before the dedication the spirit of Talkalai departed from the frail body of the old chief of scouts. He died at his home in Miami on March 3, 1930, at one hundred and two years of age. A public subscription was taken up among the townspeople, and he was given decent burial. A suitable marker was erected over his grave to honor the Apache who had never broken his word to the white man.

In recent years several organizations have been founded to perpetuate the memory of the pioneers and keep alive for future generations their many brave and fearless deeds. In 1921 Mr. Dwight B. Heard conceived the idea of a pioneers' reunion and organized the Arizona Pioneer Association. Mr. Heard was a pioneer, having come to Arizona for the benefit of his health. He was deeply grateful for his complete restoration to health and devoted himself to the interests of the people. After his death in 1929, his wife continued his benefactions and made it possible for the associations to continue to hold the annual celebration in April of each year. Several counties and towns in the state have formed local reunions to keep alive the memories of the struggles and hardships and deprivations and tragedies of their section of the state.

At the pioneer reunion at Phoenix in 1935, the members presented a large plaque to be placed in the archives of the Arizona Historical Society as a tribute to Mr. Heard's memory. The plaque is of copper, the principal metal of the state, and its inscription reads:

In Memory of
Dwight Bancroft Heard
1869 1929
Founder and Patron of the
Arizona Pioneer Association
Dedicated by the Members
April 10, 1935

There are several museums in the state which are interested in preserving pioneer records and all kinds of relics from the early turbulent days, anything from a lowly ox shoe to the first locomo-

tive, a "baby" gauge, which was brought by ox teams overland from La Junta, Colorado, to the mining camp of Clifton. The Heard Museum contains relics of early American culture and artifacts, as well as relics of the first settlers in Arizona. Valuable records and relics are also preserved by the Arizona Historical Society of Phoenix.

The Arizona Pioneers Historical Society of Tucson, one of the most important in the state, is housed on the grounds of the University of Arizona and has a wide and varied collection of records, relics, and antiques, as well as the old territorial newspaper files and the first printing press to enter the territory. This press, the twenty-fifth to be made by the Cincinnati Foundry Company, was brought around the Horn in 1858. It was set up in Tubac, where the first newspaper, the *Arizonian,* was published.

In recent years a movement was started to mark the sites of historic events in the state. Among the first of these monuments to be erected is one to the memory of the Oatman family, which was massacred in 1851 by the Apaches. The memorial, of native rocks, is on Highway 80 a short distance from Gila Bend. The Oatmans were on their way from Missouri to California. While camped at this spot, they were attacked by the Indians and brutally killed. The mother, the father, and a baby in arms were clubbed to death; the only son, Lorenzo, was beaten insensible and left for dead; and the two daughters, Olive, aged sixteen, and Mary Ann, aged ten, were taken captive.

Several months later the girls were traded to the Mohave tribe of Indians. Mary Ann died shortly, but Olive lived with the Mohaves for five years. Lorenzo regained consciousness and made his way to a Pima village, where he joined an emigrant train and went on to California. For years he searched for his sisters and sought aid from United States troops and others to recover the girls. There are conflicting stories as to how Olive was located and why the Indians consented to give her to the rescue party, but she was eventually restored to her brother.

On April 29, 1934, a monument was dedicated near Douglas, Arizona, to the surrender of the Apaches. Erected by the citizens of Douglas, it stands as a symbol of the fact that the Indian menace to life and property in the state has passed forever. The monument stands in Skeleton Canyon, not far from the scene of Geronimo's surrender. The actual site where the hostiles laid down their firearms had been marked by a small boulder, which later was replaced by a white shaft.

The Douglas monument rises twenty-two feet above an eighteen-foot base. It is built of boulders from the mesas and has an occasional Indian metate cemented into its surface. A picture of old Chief Geronimo is sunk into the monument and glassed over for protection. The inscription on the copper tablet reads:

> Near here Geronimo, last Apache chieftain, and Nachite, with their followers, surrendered on September 5, 1886, to General Nelson A. Miles.
>
> Lieutenant Charles B. Gatewood, with Kieta and Martine, Apache scouts, risked their lives to enter the camp of the hostiles to present terms of surrender offered by General Miles.
>
> After two days Gatewood received consent of Geronimo and Nachite to surrender.
>
> The surrender of Geronimo in Skeleton Canyon on that historic day forever ended Indian warfare in the United States.
>
> This memorial erected, A.D. 1934, by the city of Douglas with federal CWA funds.
>
> U.S. Government property.

The site, so near Skeleton Canyon, a natural pass, is a fitting one for the monument. Many early-day tragedies occurred in this canyon as the Indians fled into Mexico after bloody raids in Arizona and New Mexico, and for many years the blanched bones of the victims of the Apaches could be found scattered along this route.

At Ehrenberg, on the Colorado River, a monument was dedicated in 1934 to the memory of the pioneers and nameless dead who were buried in the old cemetery there. In the early days Ehrenberg was a shipping point where boats plying the Colorado picked up cargoes of rich gold ore from the Vulture Mine. The Vulture had been discovered and worked by Henry Ehrenberg when there were no roads in that part of the country. Rich gold quartz ore from the Apache Mine near Harrisburg was also loaded at this point, the shipments from both mines going to Swansea, England, for smelting.

The Ehrenberg monument is built in the old cemetery about a hundred feet off Highway 60-70. It is constructed of black *malpais* boulders put together with white mortar. From the base, which is eight feet square and three feet high, extends a shaft ten feet high, surmounted by a hieroglyphic rock with a sign painting made by the prehistoric people who inhabited the region. The bench from which the shaft rises is of concrete in which, securely

imbedded, are pioneer relics of the days of the sixties and seventies. Among these are a double-barrel muzzle-loading shotgun, a .45-caliber Winchester rifle of the 1873 model, two muzzle-loading rifle barrels, a Colt's cap-and-ball revolver, branding irons, silver spurs, bridle bits, miners' tools, picks, mortar and pestle for pounding up gold ore, cow horns for gold panning, a gold pan, cradle blade, parts of old stagecoaches and old river boats, and many other small articles. Also there are specimens of petrified wood, copper matte, and the ore that was shipped from Ehrenberg.

On the face of the monument is a copper tablet about two feet square, with the following inscription:

> Ehrenberg Cemetery. This monument built to perpetuate the memory of the Pioneers, Trailblazers, and Adventurers that rest in these unmarked graves. Arizona Highway Department, 1934.

Underneath the copper tablet is a steel vault in which, on the day the monument was dedicated, were placed an account of Ehrenberg as a shipping point and a history of Arizona and Arizona roads. The old cemetery in which the monument stands has been made into a cactus garden. In one corner of the grounds are the running gears of an old wagon which landed in Yuma in 1853. The wagon came from east of the Mississippi and was drawn by oxen. It had an old log chain which had been used on a Mississippi River steamboat, and in the early days in Arizona was used to haul gold ore from the mines in northern Yuma County. After the wagon was left in Yuma, it became the property of a Spanish family by the name of Martínez. Many years later members of the Scott family of Yuma County, who were related to the Martínez family, became the owners and donated the wagon to Mr. James L. Edwards as a relic.

To Mr. Edwards, highway maintenance foreman, and his employees belongs the credit for erecting many of the historical monuments along Highway 60-70 between Phoenix and Blythe, on the Colorado. With his own money and scrap material from highway projects, he, in his spare time, and with the aid of his men, built these picturesque monuments.

At the little town of Quartzsite, twenty miles east of Ehrenberg, is a monument to a Syrian cameleer who was a figure in Arizona during the fifties. At the instigation of Jefferson Davis, secretary of war under President Pierce, the government in 1856 imported a bunch of forty camels from Syria. It was hoped that

these animals would solve the problem of transporting mail and freight over the long dry stretches of desert. Hadji Ali and another camel driver known as Greek George were brought to this country to care for the animals. The venture was a failure, for the spongy feet of the camels could not stand the rocky surface of the ground over which they had to travel.

The two foreigners fell heir to the camels, and since the animals could carry much heavier loads than burros, the men took contracts to pack ore from the mines to a shipping point. But they had no better luck than the government had. Eventually the camels were turned loose near the present site of Florence, Arizona, and left to shift for themselves in the desert. They scattered to many areas along the river bottom of the Gila and other streams. But the Syrian cameleer remained, to be known throughout the rest of his life by the name of Hi Jolly.

The monument to Hi Jolly stands over his grave in the Quartzsite cemetery. A driveway bordered by giant saguaro cactus leads from Highway 60-70, which is about four hundred feet south of the cemetery. The monument is built in the shape of a pyramid nine feet high. It is made of colored stones, mineral samples, and petrified wood in blended tones of red, white, and blue. On top of the pyramid stands a three-foot copper figure of a camel. On the face of the monument is a copper tablet with the following inscription:

> The last camp of Hi Jolly. Born somewhere in Syria about 1828. Died at Quartzsite December 16, 1902. Came to this country February 10, 1856. Camel driver, packer, scout. Over thirty years a faithful aid to the U. S. Government. Arizona Highway Department.

Another monument to the pioneers is located in the old graveyard near the ruins of Harrisburg, which once was an important stage station on the trail between Wickenburg and Ehrenberg about three miles south of Salome. There are about thirty graves here, most of them marked "Unknown." The monument stands in the center of the cemetery on a little round knoll. It is built of white quartz flaked with gold from the Apache Mine near Quartzsite and is inlaid with black mortar, which creates an interesting contrast. Across the top of the monument is a covered wagon three and a half feet long and twenty-eight inches high. The wagon is made of copper, and the wagon sheet of silver. On one

side of the monument is a copper tablet shaped like the map of Arizona. The inscription reads as follows:

> Harrisburg Cemetery. In remembrance of the pioneers who gave their lives to the development of the West. Arizona Highway Department, 1936.

The covered wagon was chosen to symbolize the tragic fate of a small party of pioneers on their way to California during the gold rush of '49. The party had camped at a water hole, and while there, was attacked by a savage band of Apaches and met a horrible death. The tragedy was not discovered until months later when another emigrant train passed by. The travelers gathered up the bones of the victims and carried them to the top of the little knoll for burial. The graves were unmarked, for no one knew who they were or whence they came.

A number of Harrisburg pioneers were laid to rest in this early cemetery. In 1891 Mary Bear, wife of Bill Bear, was buried there. Old Bill, as his friends in that part of Arizona called him, was a colorful character. He was a storekeeper at Harrisburg and one of its earliest postmasters. An early prospector in that section, he had traveled over much of the desert country, as well as the rugged mountains, in his search for gold.

In 1920, just before Bill Bear died in Yuma at the age of eighty-five, he expressed a wish to be buried beside his wife at Harrisburg, and asked that a burro carry his body to the grave. But it was not until 1935, a hundred years after the birth of both Mary and Bill Bear, that he was buried beside her. In that year, with the aid of the highway department, Mr. James L. Edwards brought Bill Bear's remains from Yuma in a highway truck to a point near the Harrisburg cemetery. Then the casket was transferred to a burro, which was led by an old prospector. Among the many friends who formed the procession were nine of Old Bill's prospector friends. A small granite marker records the names of Bill and Mary Bear and the dates of their lives.

In the years after the emigrant victims had been buried there, the knoll had grown up thickly with cactus and desert growth. Since Harrisburg had been abandoned for nearly half a century, the cemetery had been forgotten, and only in recent years was it discovered by a sheep herder. Mr. Edwards and his men cleared the ground of brush and weeds, and left a giant cactus as a sentinel to guard the unmarked graves of the unknown pioneers.

Beside the highway three miles west of Wickenburg a monument has been erected to the memory of a stagecoach driver and his six passengers who were ambushed by the Indians in 1871 at that point. The six men were killed, and the only woman passenger was so badly wounded that she died a few months later. The monument is built of white quartz from the Apache Mine not far away, one of the early gold producers of Arizona. In the sunlight the quartz sparkles, giving the effect of being set with precious stones. On top of the monument is a stagecoach and four horses, made of bronze, three feet high. The driver is sitting on the seat, with the lines in one hand and the whip in the other. In one side of the base is a copper tablet cut in the shape of the map of Arizona, with the inscription:

> Wickenburg Massacre. In this vicinity November 5, 1871, Wickenburg-Ehrenberg stage ambushed by Apache Mohave Indians. John Lanz, Fred W. Loring, P. M. Hamel, W. G. Salmon, Frederick Shoholm, and C. S. Adams were murdered. Mollie Sheppard died of wounds. Arizona Highway Department, 1937.

Underneath the copper tablet is a small steel vault built into the monument. Among the papers placed in the vault on the day of dedication, April 25, 1937, was a story of the westward trip my parents made in 1879, which Mr. Edwards had asked me to prepare for the purpose. Also a history of the Wickenburg massacre, a history of Arizona, a state flag, and a copy of the dedicatory program were sealed in the vault.

To the right of the monument is a sixteen-foot flagpole. Its cone-shaped base is made of ore specimens of white quartz, which glisten like nuggets of gold. On top of the flagpole stands the figure of an Indian who seems to be peering at the stagecoach. Nearby is a sun dial of petrified wood from Arizona's petrified forests.

Other monuments to pioneers were under contemplation by Mr. Edwards at the time of his death on June 20, 1940. In particular he had planned a memorial to be erected in Globe to the late George W. P. Hunt, seven times governor of Arizona. As a youth interested in mining, Mr. Hunt had come to the territory driving his burro along the trails ahead of him. Ore specimens from every mine in the state were to be used in the monument, and copper figures of a prospector and his faithful burro were to top the shaft as symbols of the rich metals of the area.

Springerville was the Arizona town selected by the Daughters of the American Revolution as the site for the monument, the Madonna of the Trails,* which memorializes the pioneer mother of frontier days. The calm figure, with a frontier rifle at her side, is advancing with a babe in arms and a small son clinging to her skirts, her whole bearing an indication of her firm faith in God and her unswerving purpose to meet courageously whatever lies ahead. In September, 1928, the statue was unveiled by Mrs. Eliza C. Rudd, the oldest woman in the northern part of the state at the time. With her husband, Dr. Rudd, she had come to Arizona fifty-two years before, in an ox-drawn wagon, and it was considered fitting that she should assist in the dedication of the monument to all pioneer mothers.

The memorials raised in honor of the settlers of the Southwest frontier are evidence that Arizona recognizes the debt it owes to those men and women who braved unknown dangers to establish homes in the new land. Those dangers have passed. The adobe forts and houses in many cases have crumbled to mounds of dust. My parents have passed on to the Great Beyond, as have most of the pioneers of their day. After early years of struggle and hardship and turmoil, they sleep peacefully in the land where they spent the active part of their lives helping to civilize. But the results they achieved stand today as proof that they wrought well.

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* It was the plan of the D.A.R. to mark the Old Trails Highway by a statue erected in each of the twelve states through which the highway passes. The statue was visioned by Mrs. John Trigg Moss, national chairman of the D.A.R., designed by her architect son, John Trigg Moss, Jr., and executed by the sculptor Joseph Kleitch.

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* *Often spelled Solomonsville*

NEW
MEXICO

TEXAS