

My Desert Memories

SADIE E. MARTIN

Grace G. Bean

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Casper, Wyoming

given by the author -

Affectionately Inscribed

To My Daughters

Gladys and Marcella

Sadie E. Martin

(Mrs. John B.)

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"MY DESERT MEMORIES

It was early on the morning of the 22nd of August, 1888, when my train rolled into the most desolate little town I had ever seen or ever expected to see. Nevertheless my heart was beating high as I was to meet my husband, who had preceded me to Arizona five months before. As I stepped from the train I could hardly realize that the young man coming toward me was my John. He was as dark as an Indian and only his height, eagerness and familiar smile made me recognize him.

It was a happy reunion. We had been married less than a year, when he left me behind in Iowa and the five months had been long and lonely ones for us both. Early as it was, it was hot; but I could say nothing, as he had tried to warn me and had advised me to wait one or two months longer, but I would not listen. I was so tired visiting around and was homesick for him, so I had no one to blame but myself and was not going to complain.

As we walked toward the little home of the Southern Pacific agent to get breakfast, John was telling me how the agent had talked to him far into the night, trying to persuade him not to take me into that (as he called it) "God forsaken country". And I am afraid he had dampened my husband's ardour, as his ideas had changed somewhat since his letters, which had been so full of the future and promise of the land when water should be developed.

And while we were eating our simple meal, the agent commenced again. He said we were so pitifully young and inexperienced for pioneer life on the desert. But what was there to do? My father-in-law had come to Arizona a year before to take a contract to build a large canal—"The Toltec"—in the vicinity of what was called the Gila Valley. His wife and youngest son had come with him — my husband following later. Shortly before John came, the company Father was working for had failed with their pay checks and Father had to file a lien on the property. This meant a long delay, so while waiting for the case to be tried, he and the boys

went ten miles below Agua Caliente and each had filed on a quarter section of land where they had established a home. Sentinel was the railroad station, and was twelve miles from Agua Caliente and such a long twelve miles in the hot sun. Our conveyance was a lumber wagon without any cover. Fortunately I had an umbrella, which proved to be a life saver. I had been told before leaving Iowa to take as thin a garment as I had to put on when I reached Arizona. So I made up my mind that my new "Peek-a-boo" blouse, which had three rows of coarse lace running the length of the sleeves, was the very thing. Shall I ever forget that ride? It took us all day long, the sun growing hotter and hotter (and I mean hot, not warm). There was nothing to look at but sand — and not a house nor a tree until we were near the Gila River. I had taken a wash cloth out of my grip and John wet it with water from his canteen. I held it up in front of my face. It was cool for the time being, but was the very worst thing I could have done, I found, when I looked in the mirror that night. A boiled lobster could not have been any

redder.

We reached Agua Caliente, about noon and stopped to rest and eat our lunch. It was a picturesque place with many mesquite trees and little streams of water. We found a nice tree and sat down under it to eat our lunch and look at the scenery. There was a store building and little shacks and tents here and there. The tents were mostly occupied by people taking baths for their health, as the water was warm and of medicinal value, much liked for rheumatic ills. The man who owned the springs had a good sized house and nice surroundings, but the bath houses were made of ocatillos standing upright close together without roofs. In later years, after we left the country, this place became quite a health resort and more substantial bath houses were built. There were better facilities for taking care of the sick after they built a hotel and installed nurses. I was loath to leave the pretty spot, but if we reached home by sundown, we must go, as it was so hot the horses were obliged to walk every step of the way. From there on, there was little more to see.

The first home was about a mile below the Springs and we stopped and bought some honey and melons. I met some of our future neighbors. This family had five or six children, who wore very little clothing. Their little tummies podded out full of melon. I never tasted such honey. It was light in color and made from the mesquite trees. That was chiefly the business of this family -- honey.

Houses were a mile or so apart now. One held a Mexican family, with little naked children playing around the door. Another, an old man, who had the reputation, John said, for killing snakes. All the Arizona settlers killed snakes, but this man was particularly skillful in tracking a snake to its hole, where he would dig it out and do battle to the death.

The ranchers up and down the valley, for twenty or twenty-five miles, had formed what was called the "Farmers' Canal Group". Once in a while, we would pass a camp of men working on one of the smaller connecting canals, as the principal canal ran at the foot of the mesa, not far from the road we were traveling.

Little did either of us realize then the long years of struggle, hardships and disappointments that lay ahead of us. But we were young and together again: and now the future began to look as bright and prosperous as it had before. We were already beginning to come under the hypnotic influence of the desert and we said to each other that with the completion of this canal, life in Arizona would be little short of Paradise for us.

We reached the ranch about sundown, tired, warm and hungry and were met by the members of the family who had preceded us. My! What a sight I was -- my face burned to a deep and unbecoming red and down my left arm were three rows of blisters in the design of the lace in my sleeve. It was so good to have that sun go down and to take a long cool drink of delicious water from the great Mexican olla -- a porous clay vessel, which was kept cool by a covering of wet gunny sacks. There was no ice on the desert, but I was soon to find that we could keep our milk and butter cool and sweet, by wrapping damp cloths around the receptacles

that held them and setting them in the air. And as we were everlastingly thirsty it was a relief to find there would be no dearth of cooling drinks.

The family consisted of John's father, mother and brother and four or five Indian helpers. These were the first Indians I had ever seen and I must say I was greatly disappointed. Of course, I was not exactly expecting to see war paint and feathers, but I was hardly prepared for such harmless looking creatures in overalls. One of them had a light blue handkerchief draped around his neck in picturesque fashion and was grinning in an embarrassed way. They told me afterwards that he had been to school at the Yuma reservation, that his experience there had rather dissatisfied him with life among his own people and he was the laziest one of the lazy bunch.

I found that the family was living in the tents Father had used at the Toltec camp and were quite comfortable while the cabin of cottonwood logs (cut from the river bottom) was being built for a permanent home—how permanent you are soon to hear. And I was soon to

ask myself, "Is there anything permanent made by the hand of man on this great beautiful desert?"

Our great interest was the building of this log house. The Indians of the Yuma Apache tribe were there for the purpose of "chinking" and "mudding," as they called it, and for making adobes for the fire-places. The one in charge was named Steve and he had been a scout in one of the Indian wars and was mentioned in some of Captain King's novels. His father was one of the old timers -- no overalls for him -- nothing but a "gee string". His skin was like wrinkled leather. I was quite pleased to find him, as he more nearly typified what I was expecting to see in the way of an Indian. I was greatly impressed by the Indian story John had told me on our way to the ranch that day. It was called the Oatman Massacre and had occurred in the year 1851. The father, mother and one child were murdered. Two daughters were taken captive and a boy who had been clubbed and left for dead, had been rescued later. The girls were sold to a visiting band of Indians on the Colorado river, where the younger one soon died. Oatman

flat was only about thirty miles above Agua Caliente — which to me seemed altogether too near.

Father had taken plenty of time to consider the site for the new home. He did not want to build too close to the river, the mischievous Gila, that had a reputation for changing its banks in heavy rains, he did not want to build too close to the road, so he chose a beautiful spot about a half mile from the river and the same distance from the main road. John's piece lay west and his brother Rube's north.

And now, after I had been there only three days, I was to experience my first sand storm. When the desert does things, it seems to do them in a great big way. It may only have been doing what it conceived to be its duty, but sometimes I have felt that back of it all there was a sort of resentment toward human beings who dared to come in there and meddle around in a puny way, to make things more comfortable for themselves. The longer I lived there, the more I felt this Spirit of the desert, sometimes benign, but often the opposite, as though it must make up for those heavenly days of smiling sunshine

by a tremendous blast which would show those humans their absurd insignificance.

A neighbor had killed a beef and sent word to father, as was the desert custom. I went with him for the meat and we were all anticipating the great treat, as fresh meat was scarce on the desert. We cooked some delicious, tender steak for our evening meal and set the table outside, as was our custom. Just as we were ready to sit down someone shouted, "Sand Storm!" That was all that was necessary to start things moving. We covered the food with dish towels and aprons. The boys picked up the table to carry it inside — mother and I running along by the side to hold the covers. We couldn't see three feet in front of us. I stumbled and fell and the covers took wings. The food was coated with sand in a second and we could not eat a bite of it. When the worst was over, Father called the Indians and we had the rueful enjoyment of watching them dispose of it — sand and all.

We were indeed glad when the house was finished and I think we were in it by October. It was such a comfort-

able, rambling house (if only a log one) with a dirt roof. It was built in two parts with a twelve-foot alley way between. In one part was the long living room and two bedrooms, in the other part a dining room, long kitchen and another bedroom. A ten-foot porch ran all the way around the house, but with a dirt floor like the alley way. The folks had cots, tables, chairs, etc., which they had used at camp, and the boys made other things that we needed until we could have our furniture shipped out from Iowa.

In order to prove up on our quarter section John and I had to sleep on our own land. I did not like the idea of sleeping outdoors on account of snakes, so John made a high bedstead of lumber and we sewed gunny sacks together for a mattress, which, when filled with straw, made a bed so high that I had to get on a chair to climb up to it. What fun John had watching me make the ascent! I told him I could almost hear the snakes "gnashing their teeth" at my having eluded them!

There were few settlers in the valley at that time and it would be two or three months at a time that

Mother and I would not see another white woman. Men would stop in often and sometimes Indians would come around — the squaws appearing without a sound and put their faces against the window pane to peek in at us. It took me some time to get used to this, but they were quite friendly and meant no harm and really were just as curious about us and our methods of living as we were about them. After a few years, they moved their tepees nearer us, as the men worked on the ranches and the women washed for us. What a boon that was for the boys, who up to this time, had insisted on doing the rubbing for us, which John said was the hardest work a woman could do. He was always considerate and helpful, so that life was well worth living even under such conditions. I was extremely lonely at times, but through it all felt that I had much to be thankful for.

The boys often had to go up on the canal to do their share of the work, and once in a while, they allowed me to go along. But during the time that Father was going back and forth to Phoenix to attend to his law suit, I had to stay with Mother. At such times, the

boys always came home at night, as it was not considered safe to leave us alone. But the law suit was finally decided in Father's favor and great was our rejoicing to have things settled. He succeeded in getting a lien on the property and the next thing was to form a new company, which he was fortunate enough to do in Phoenix, through a banker whom he had known in Iowa.

It took so much time and many trips to and from Phoenix for the men of the company to thoroughly examine the property. The head waters of the Toltec were about twenty-five miles above Aqua Caliente, I think, not far from Gila Bend.

The boys, when not working on the farmers' canal, were getting part of our land fenced and ready for water. One of the first things they did was to plant some potatoes in the river bottom, where the soil was moist and needed no irrigating. And one of our recreations was to walk down every Sunday morning to see how they were doing and if they needed hoeing. One day was quite exciting. We were walking single file, John first, I next and Mother bringing up the rear. We had gone a little

way, when Mother called John. I had stepped right over a snake that was crawling across our path. It was not a rattle snake, however, tho' quite as exciting. As we were returning we were startled by the real thing. On the opposite side of a bush — his head at least two feet in the air — was a rattler — coiled ready to strike. Mother and I stood guard until John secured a shovel to kill it. When the cool October days came, the boys went to the river duck hunting. I always went with them as any form of recreation was acceptable in those days.

Mother and I took pleasure and pride in our chickens. We had a number of hens and had them all named. Some of them developed almost human qualities and we made great pets of them. One of them — a black one, we named "Molly", was unusual. She would sneak into the living room (before the screens were hung) and we used to watch her tip-toe across the room and go way back under the bed in the bedroom to lay her egg, then tip-toe out again, before she commenced to cackle. Another thing that happened before the screen doors were put

on was not so pleasant. A side-winder had coiled behind the outside dining room door and when I was sweeping, he did not seem to like it, nor did I. These snakes were new to me though I had been told to look out for them, so I ran for Indian Steve. This snake was small and so vicious that I shudder to think of the consequences if it had crawled just a little farther to our bedroom, which only had a curtain for a door. By the way, that curtain was a pretty piece of satine which I had brought from Iowa for a dress, and it was only a short time until I had to take it down and put it to such use.

Clothes were a problem on the desert. Mother Hubbards happened to be in style at that time and a veritable God's blessing they were. Made of a material called cheese cloth, they were very cool and comfortable. It seems absurd now, but they even seemed to be stylish in those days. There was a store in the little nearby settlement called Palomas, where we had a limited choice of dress material and we made the most of it, just as the Indian squaws did, who appeared in wonder-

ful creations made of turkey red calico. When Arizona winter came and the days began to get cooler, we decided we must have warmer dresses. I can't remember how we got the idea, or the goods, but I remember the dresses very well. They were made of tan bed ticking with fancy stripes. I think Mother's had navy blue stripes. Both were made with tight waists and full skirts. Such splendid dresses for winter and how we did enjoy them! No thorns or brush could tear them and I am not sure but that Mother and I set the style for the Valley that winter. It was a pleasant occupation for us too, as we were by ourselves so much. When Father was on the ranch, I could go occasionally with the boys, but when I had to stay at home day after day, the days were so long. We spent the time knitting yards of lace and all the sewing we did was done by hand.

Mother was invited to go to Phoenix with Father on one of his trips and the dress question loomed prominently. Bedticking was definitely out. We looked through her wardrobe and found a black and white satine, which I thought I could make over for her. I had been sewing

ever since my stepmother came into the family, when I was thirteen years old, but what was I to do without a machine? There was a woman in Palomas who had a machine and we thought that she might loan it to us to make the dress, but she was not willing to do so. I asked if she would let me stitch the long seams at her house. But no — she may have thought I was too young to know how to sew, or something may have been wrong with the machine — anyway I had to do every stitch by hand and it was such hard work and Mother and I were both so proud when it was finished. Mother was a pretty woman and liked pretty clothes and I still remember how she looked when she drove away with Father that day. She was worrying up to the last moment for fear we would starve while she was gone or that something dreadful would happen to us. But we were glad to have her to go, for the ranch life was taking its toll and she was very frail and needed a change badly.

She returned with Father, in September, much improved. Father was very much encouraged and enthusiastic about making improvements. He made a driveway

around the house and excavated for a pond, which fate decreed was never to be finished or enjoyed.

Now that Father and Mother were home, I went with the boys to camp and we were gone two or three weeks. They were all so anxious to get the water turned on in the canal so we could get things started to growing on the ranch. Everything depended on the success of the canal. One afternoon, Rube was away and I offered to drive the mules for John who was plowing. It was great fun. The mules were lively and I had to go so fast that John could hardly hold the plow straight for laughing. At this time, we had to go back on the mesa to get hay for the horses. Gulleta was a wild hay and did not grow everywhere and we were at some trouble to find it, but amply repaid by watching the horses and mules enjoy it. Other hay was expensive and had to be hauled even farther.

Quail were so thick that first year that we had all we could eat. Trappers were up and down the river and shipping them out. Father loved to hunt and he was called on to do most of it. He would stand almost in

the back door and kill enough birds for a meal. After that year, they were never so plentiful and we missed them very much, as they helped out wonderfully with our menus.

Snakes were our greatest worry (especially mine) that first summer. I did not venture far from the house alone. We had one building that had never been finished. One morning, Mother had gone inside and I was standing by the door talking to her when she screamed "Snake". I turned and saw a big rattler coming right toward me. Instead of jumping to one side, I stepped in beside Mother, never dreaming the snake would follow, but it came as far as the door sill. We both got up on boxes. I grabbed a broom and struck at it several times. When it finally turned, Mother ran out and saw it disappear around the corner. She followed and found it was trying to push through between the logs, but it was too large. When I reached the scene the snake had coiled, but was able to keep out of its way, until Mother brought help. Father would come any distance to kill a snake, as he said it was

his greatest pleasure. This was the closest call I ever had. Finally, I became quite expert at killing them and tried never to let one get away.

For some time, all of our trips had to be made in the lumber wagon. John and I drove in it to Phoenix, and were two and a half days on the road. We slept in the wagon going, but on the return trip, it was loaded with provisions and supplies for the ranch, so we had to sleep on the ground, which was always a trial to me. On the way up, when we came to the Buckeye country and saw that little stream, the green fields of alfalfa and big trees, I just begged to get out and put my feet in the water and feast my eyes on the trees. John was glad to humor me as it had been so long since we had seen any thing so lovely. It looked like heaven to us. We stopped quite a while and nothing ever seemed so restful and cool.

On our trip back, we noticed new tents and strangers, at Aqua Caliente. We could hardly wait to return and make their acquaintance. The etiquette of the desert was at that time on a basis of complete informality.

There was little class consciousness. Settlers of education and refinement made no distinction among their acquaintances, so long as they were decent and law-abiding. If the loneliness was at times so intense that even dogs, horses and chickens seemed to take on a personality, to encounter a human being of any description assumed the proportions of an adventure.

We found the newcomers at the Springs very interesting and made many trips to visit them. There were the father and mother (elderly people from Phoenix) with a daughter and grand daughter. The daughter was crippled with rheumatism and in a wheel chair. The grand daughter was a charming young girl who was especially attractive to John's brother Rube. They remained three months at the Springs and we all made the most of our time during wonderful moonlight nights, with Rube playing his banjo and all of us making heroic attempts to vocalize on such current hits as "After The Ball" and "The Band Played On". Of course, we couldn't remember all the words, but we carried on any way and felt well repaid for the long trips back and forth. No,

Rube didn't marry the pretty girl. The pretty girl went back to Joliet, Illinois, with her invalid mother, and neither the girl nor her mother lived very long. Rube continued to be a perfectly contented bachelor until past middle-age. This family thought it was too bad for us to spend our young lives in this desert country and constantly urged us to go back to a more settled condition of life, but we never even considered it.

Soon after this, on Father's next trip to Phoenix, he brought back a light spring wagon, with two seats and canvas top. This was quite an innovation for that desert country and a blessed relief after the lumber wagon.

Naturally, there had been from the very first, at the back of John's head and mine, the thought of a home of our very own on our own land. We did not say much about it, only when we were by ourselves, but it helped us over the roughest trials and made our heavy tasks seem lighter. And now in November of 1889, there was a very real reason for having our own little home, for we were getting ready to welcome a permanent guest, who would make the journey via Stork, and we wanted as fine

a landing place as possible for the gallant bird and his precious cargo. But the dream of having our own cozy place was not realized so soon nor so easily.

John used to work in the cool of the afternoon, clearing a piece of land for the house and I would go with him. One night he was burning brush and I was helping him, when my dress caught fire, which frightened us both so much that I could help no more.

Our furniture came and we had great fun unpacking and arranging it. A bed was put up for me in the living room and there our baby boy was born the 18th of November, 1889. I think we were all more or less nervous on account of a dream I had about six weeks before this time. I thought I was walking with a stranger up a beautiful wide street and seemed to be hunting for some one. My own dear father was at the top of a hill (he had passed away the winter before) when there appeared in the sky a hand holding a wreath of flowers, which turned to evergreen as I watched. Three times as I went along, the wreath appeared. It seemed an omen some way, and afterward, John told me that he and

Mother had been afraid for me. Later, I was to think of that dream.

However, everything went well with me. Brother Rube went for a neighbor and John had to cross the river and ride ten miles below, for the doctor, a stranger who had come into the valley with a colony from St. Louis. Both the doctor and nurse gave me good care and from this time, little Brayton was the center of our universe, and the family his devoted and admiring subjects. There was nothing to use for a bassinet, so we took a wooden canned goods box, cutting it low in front and at the foot, but leaving it high at the head and back. I lined it and used a pillow for a mattress, putting it on a chair by the bed and it answered the purpose very well for a few months. By summer, the baby was big enough for a larger bed, so John made one as high as ours and we moved out in the alley way to sleep, as it was cooler. One night I was in the house getting ready for bed, when Brayton cried. John took him up, and as he did so I opened the screen door to go out, when the light from the lamp fell on a big rattler

crawling toward him. I screamed "Snake" and John jumped just as it coiled. I brought the light and the snake was killed — another narrow escape.

A little later, one of the men interested in the canal, offered us his house, in Phoenix, for a couple of months. We were glad to have the vacation. John clerked in a grocery store while there and we did enjoy the change. The owner wanted John to stay on in the store, but he knew he was needed on the ranch, so we went back. Sometimes, I have wondered what our life would have been if John had accepted this offer. While in Phoenix I secured a second-hand baby buggy, not a very good one, nor safe, as we were soon to find out. When Brayton was eleven months old, I had him in it and had pushed him up to the back door to get something inside. I was gone only a minute — as it seemed to me — when I heard him scream. I rushed out and found that he had evidently turned around and when he stood up the buggy had tipped backward with him. Right under it on the ground was a twenty-pound lard pail, and the baby had cut his lip clear through on that. The edge of the

ail was as sharp as a knife. Father took four stitches in the wound, but Brayton sucked his thumb and try as I would to keep it out of his mouth, some of the stitches pulled out and a lump formed on his lip.

Our own little house was being completed and that winter we moved into it. It was not far from Father's which was handy. In February, John's eldest brother, Ancil Martin (a doctor), came out from Iowa to visit us, and also to look around Phoenix with the intention of settling there to establish a practice. While with us, he and John took Brayton over to our house, gave him chloroform and Ancil operated on his lip. After a year, we could hardly see the line. That Spring, the doctor settled in Phoenix. He was the first oculist in the state of Arizona and became nationally known for his skill as a surgeon.

Along in the Spring, Brayton became ill with a fever. My sister-in-law was with us at the time and she said we must "make him sweat". So we filled bottles with hot water and put around him, using such simple remedies as we knew. When the doctor came, he said she

had saved his life. It took some time for him to recover and as the sister was there to help Mother, John thought it would be wise for me to take Brayton and go back home for a visit. Father had a friend who was warden of the penitentiary at Yuma, so John applied for a position as guard, and secured it. The first day of June John went to Yuma and Brayton and I were on our way to Iowa. We were gone six months and on our return, stopped off at Yuma, but we found it was too expensive to try to live there, so the baby and I went back to the ranch. It was quite different living on the ranch without John. It had been fine so long as he was with us. I was not of a despondent disposition, but the days were so long and unbearable, I could not stand it. So John came home in the Fall and again we lived in our little house across the way and we were all happy and contented.

Brayton was two years old now, full of life, and into everything. We had a team of large mules and they were so mean that even the men were afraid of them. One day when Brayton was missing, we looked every place

for him and found him right up in the manger of one of the mules, feeding it. After that we enclosed the porch with a fence to insure his safety.

So far there had been no picnics or parties of any kind, so when an invitation came from a family several miles down the valley to attend a dance, I was thrilled. I was so fond of dancing and of course wanted to go. My brother and sister-in-law were going, but I could not persuade John to go. He said I could go and he would stay home and take care of Brayton. The last thing I saw as we drove out of the gate and down the road was John with Brayton in his arms, watching us. Some way it took all the pleasure out of the trip. I kept trying to think it was right for me to go, but in my heart I was sorry I had ever considered it, and it was the first and last party for years that I ever attended without John.

Our outside pleasures were few. We were too far from Yuma to have church services. As I remember, only three or four times a year, a wandering preacher would stop in Palomas for one meeting. But what a sermon it

would be! It was good for us to be reminded of our short comings, but some times we came away with the feeling that the preacher thought we were more wicked than we actually were. We had a Sunday School for a little while but so few came or showed any interest, that we had to give it up.

More settlers were coming in to the valley now that we had some water, but were the wandering "covered wagon" kind from Texas and the South — nothing against them, but they were the shiftless type who took no pride in improving their places, thinking perhaps they might move on, which many of them did. So the better families began to stand out in the community, and we came to the point where we could pick and choose our acquaintances.

Little Brayton was now two and old enough to enjoy Christmas. We were determined to have a Christmas tree for him. We had to use a branch of a mesquite tree, but when it was decorated with silver balls made of cotton, covered with tin foil (which came with tobacco or cigars) and strings of popcorn, and other

home made decorations, it all looked very lovely to us. Of course there were toys for Brayton. My Christmas gifts that went home that year were made from pieces of lace and silk from wedding gifts and from my trousseau, but it gave me pleasure to make them and our friends understood.

Father's place was lovely now. Little trees were leaving out and one was in blossom. We had all worked so hard to accomplish our hearts' desire — a real home on the desert. Little by little we had developed improvements and conveniences that made the work easier for all of us. But we were so soon to have nothing left of that precious spot but memories.

In February of that year the treacherous river ran true to form. In fact, it out did itself. We had been notified that the river was on a rampage, but we had no idea that the flood waters would reach us so quickly or run so high. The boys were piling up the furniture as fast as they could, but before they knew it the water was around the house. The adobe fire-places melted and things began floating away. So many

articles were ruined, not being put up high enough. However, the water began to recede a little, when in a couple of days, a "Paul Revere" rode through the valley shouting that Walnut Creek dam had gone out. Then there was scampering in every direction. We had a pretty good idea by that time what this would mean to us. When everything in Father's home was piled as high as possible the bedding and articles the family most needed were brought over to our house, as it was on higher ground. It was in the evening, so we made beds on the floor, but were careful to have things ready to move out in case of an emergency. Then we all went to bed, leaving John and his brother Rube sitting in front of the fireplace to keep watch.

Along in the night John's sister woke up and looked out of the window to find water completely surrounding the house and the boys sound asleep. It did not take long to load the wagons that stood ready — the horses being near at hand — and I, being the last to leave, Father had to jump me over the water. We went up on higher land and camped under a mesquite tree for

three weeks. We had two tents with a large piece of canvas stretched between, so we got along pretty well, but it was very cold. The river was three miles wide I was told, and it certainly looked it. We saw all sorts of things floating down the stream. There were great hay stacks, little shacks, wood piles and one log appeared to have a man clinging to it.

As the water receded, the ground began to cave -- sometimes six feet at a time. Father and I walked down one day to look at it and he reached over and picked an almond blossom off the little tree he had planted, and the next minute the tree was gone. Father's ground was going so fast they knew there was no hope for the house, so the neighbors assembled and tore it down, afterward re-building it on Rube's land which was much higher. Every foot of Father's land caved off into the river and about a quarter of John's. When Father rebuilt, there was just one large room with a smaller one at the side, to cook and eat in. We all lived there together again, as our house though still standing, was right near the edge of the bank now six feet above the river

bed.

Here was another period of adjustment not easy for any of us, but far less trying on the younger ones than on Father and Mother, who had already passed through so much. However, they were courageous. We were all of the "tender foot" variety, but were beginning to feel like seasoned pioneers. We never complained even to each other, but it was all pretty discouraging.

If it hadn't been for Brayton in those trying days, I do not know what we would have done. He was growing dearer each day.

We had beds in three corners of the big room and a trundle bed for Brayton. He seemed to heed everything we tried to teach him, never forgetting anything. As it grew warmer, we had a little fence made around the porch so he could be outside most of the time. He loved to ride, but I began to notice along in May that he wanted to be held so much, and if riding, would put his head in my lap and his feet on John and ask me to sing about Jesus. About that time a friend spent Sunday with us, and he and Brayton had such a nice time. When he went

home he said to his mother, "That little boy of John's is too sweet to live." That does not seem an exaggeration now. The next Sunday we buried him. He must have been ailing for some time, as I have described, but he was only dangerously ill a day and a night. We sent to Yuma for a doctor, as it took so long for John's brother to reach us. When he did come it was too late. Brayton was gone and the Yuma doctor could only attend to sending a little grey casket. We buried him on Sunday morning at Aqua Caliente. We had a few wild flowers and father read the burial service. It seemed that our one bright star had set. When I look back on that time, and think what that loss was to John and me, I can hardly see how we could have gone on, had we not meant so much to each other. We were so young and there was so little in that country for us, living as we were, with no home of our own. Our house had been given to a man (with a family) who was putting in a vegetable garden for all of us. I went every where with John, and I would sit by the hour on a bank and watch him plow or irrigate and every Sunday we went to

the little grave.

In 1893 Father and Mother took a vacation and went to the World's Fair in Chicago. They needed a change badly. Of course, after the flood, there was nothing left of the head gate as it had not been finished and what work was done had been washed out, so it was decided not to go on with it. This was a great disappointment to Father and he was very much discouraged, as there was nothing to do now but farm, and not a real farmer in the family. It was a problem to know what was best to do. Many advised we should leave while the boys were yet young.

John and I were looking forward with pleasure to an "event" in the Fall and he was unwilling to have me to remain on the ranch. Some time before, we had become acquainted with a woman who came out to Arizona with the St. Louis colony. She had been a nurse and had gone to Phoenix with the idea of continuing her profession. She and her husband had bought a small ranch about four miles out from Phoenix and John thought this would be the very place for me at this time, so we left

the home in July and I was placed in her care. An old family physician of my father's from Iowa was now in the office of John's brother, so John made all arrangements with him to look after me and we were both so satisfied and happy, when he left me to return to the ranch.

The house was small, but it was really a lovely little place and I was quite contented until the nurse rented the two front rooms and put me in a back bedroom which had only one window without any glass in it. A curtain hung over the opening. The furnishings were very meagre but I told John nothing of this for I knew how angry and worried he would be. Our baby girl came the 14th of October. All went so well that the nurse thought we didn't need a doctor, so she did not send for him. John's brother was down in Mexico on a vacation or he would have inquired for me. Time went on and I was neglected in some way and for three weeks I had chills and fever.

At last I became frightened and insisted upon seeing the doctor. Several times the nurse sent her husband for him, each time he returned, saying the doctor

was not in. Knowing him to be a drinking man --I doubted his word. Finally I insisted upon the woman writing a note to the doctor and sending it in by some friends who were visiting with her. That brought the doctor out to see me early the next morning -- and such an indignant doctor. John's brother had gotten back by this time, so he came out with Dr. Ward and John came that night. When they saw my condition and realized how I had been neglected, they were all very angry. John stayed right beside me and would not permit the woman even to make my bed. The doctors agreed I would not have lived three days longer. To make a bad matter worse, I had gotten "milk leg" and was obliged to remain there ten weeks more. Such a serious time! And it had all looked so right and bright in the beginning.

At last the terrible nightmare was a thing of the past and I was leaving that place with my precious baby in my arms. We named her Gladys. My days were never to be so lonely again and the anguish of Brayton's passing was to grow less keen as this little one

developed and my time and strength were taken up in ministering to her needs.

That summer while I was gone, the boys had added three rooms to the south side of the house and it made the greatest difference in our comfort. The rooms were small, but it gave us a bedroom and later, we used the others for dining room and kitchen. You cannot imagine how childishly delighted we all were over every added improvement. And the fact that it was the work of the boys themselves made us prouder still. Father and Mother came back that Fall and John's sister was also with us.

About this time John began to have trouble with dysentery. He grew so weak and white with the heat of summer, that we became frightened and wrote his brother for advice. As our Phoenix Doctor had moved to Los Angeles, he suggested that John go there without delay and put himself under the care of Dr. Ward, which he did. He was there six weeks and began to feel much better. He became quite interested in the oil business, going to the fields every day. One day he ran on to a

little place for lease — with one well producing, and room for drilling others. There was also a small furnished house on the property. It looked good to John and he immediately wrote the folks about it. Father went in to Los Angeles to look things over. I think John had hoped to lease the property for himself, but when he saw how eager Father was to have it he didn't say a word. That was John — he always gave up to others. He came back on the ranch and soon began to run down in health again. My story might have been very different, if a cousin had not written Mother of a simple remedy which cured him. Just two cubes of sugar crushed and mixed with the yolk of an egg, taken every night. I have passed it on to so many and it has proved a wonderful cure.

There had been great excitement over the finding of gold in the Harqua Hala mountains about seventy-five miles north of us. I can't remember what year it was — but some time in 1892 to 1893, and Oh how the boys longed to go up there! But help was not easy to find at that time so they could not leave the ranch.

However, they always kept the "mining bug", as you will see later. There was much activity in the valley, with people coming and going all the time. We were two miles from Palomas where the road to the mine lay; many came to us to buy hay for their horses, and freight teams often camped on the ranch, so we felt the excitement too.

Father and Mother were getting ready to move to Los Angeles now and as we were expecting another "arrival", I was to go with them so I could be near our doctor. I had been suffering with rheumatism in my hands and arms all Fall and didn't know how I was going to manage. The neighbor who had cared for me when our little boy was born, told John of a remedy if I would use it — I consented, and he was so faithful with it. I am going to tell you what it was. He took dry cow manure and powdered it, then heated it thoroughly, put my hand and arm down in it and wrapped something around all to keep in the heat. It was a heroic remedy but it brought results and we could not be too particular about methods in the desert. John would get up about

three or four times in the night to re-heat the mixture. Mother made more of a fuss about it than I did, as the odor was most unpleasant. I could only use it on my left arm, as I had to take care of Gladys with the other. I wondered what I was going to do when I went to Los Angeles, but from the first night on leaving home I was free of pain in both arms and it never returned.

Father, Mother and I were very comfortable in the little house in Los Angeles — but how I missed John! Dear little Marcella, our second daughter, was born on New Years day, 1895. I stayed about a month longer then started home with two babies. Fortunately there were no complications this time. Gladys could not walk, but there is always some one to help on the train and John met me in the middle of the night at Aztec. So we got along very well.

Soon after the folks left, Rube went with a surveying party into Mexico, so we were alone on the ranch. John had a good Mexican boy and persuaded an Indian to move near, so he could irrigate for him. His tepee

was across the canal on the mesa and his squaw washed for me. Mollie had washed for us before, but had been living down in the valley until now.

We had a very nice school teacher at this time. Her school was at Palomas, but she lived with her family about two miles east of us and was much company for me. She stopped often when going by, and when John had to be away over night, she would come and stay with me. On one of these nights we had a very unpleasant experience. I was awakened by the barking of the dogs and knew in a moment what was the trouble. We had a wonderful watch dog, a hound, but once in a while he would wander too far from home and encounter our neighbor's dog and then there was mischief to pay, as the two would chase the hogs. I knew that was what they were doing. I tried to call the Mexican boy but could not make him hear. I knew I could do nothing myself, yet I could not go back to bed, knowing a nice fat hog was being killed. The teacher begged me to go to bed and told me I was sure to take cold, which I did — and a fearful one. What a time I had with those babies! They were both as

good as could be and I could dispose of Marcella by putting her in her basket on a table. But it was so cold on the floor for Gladys and I was afraid to hold her. I sat by the kitchen stove, my feet in the oven, suffering agony with a sore throat, but nature finally came to my relief.

Our Indian had not been well for some time — "tuberculosis," they said. So many of them died of it during those years. They would work on the ranches in shirt and overalls, then go home at night and take them off and lie on the cold ground. The morning before John got home I was awakened by much weeping and wailing at the Indian's camp. I had heard the "medicine man" at times all night, so I knew that Indian Jim had passed on. When the Mexican boy came that morning he showed me the smoke away back on the mesa where Jim and his pony (he told me) and everything belonging to Jim, had been burned. Even Mollie's clothes were burned, for about nine o'clock when she came to tell me she was going away, she had on the dirtiest rags I ever saw. Such a sudden weird incident it was and it left

me very down-hearted all day and so very sorry John had to be away. He was fond of Jim and might have been able to do something for him. There was nothing to be done now, because when there was a death in an Indian family, those that were left were supposed to move away. We missed them both very much.

Now that Rube was gone we had been thinking of moving into his little place. The house wasn't much, but it had two rooms and John added two more. It was under one of the largest mesquite trees I ever saw, and around it and enclosing the dining room door, a fence was made to protect the children. There was a nice little orchard that extended from the house to the main road and a line of tall poplar trees west, along a fence, which was a protection for the house and orchard. We were more content and cosier here than we had been since coming to Arizona — no doubt because we were by ourselves.

The following winter my niece from Iowa came to be with us and we were so thankful we were in this place, yet we wondered what we could do to entertain

so lovely a young girl. She was as happy as a lark all the time she was there, and we need not have worried about that.

One day a young man from the St. Louis Colony came along and seeing John busy digging a well, stopped to talk with him. John liked his appearance very much and finally asked if he would like to work for him. Frank Snowden was with us for over a year. He was one of the family, more like a younger brother, and such a comfort to us. One day when John was in the saddle his horse reared and fell, crushing John's knee. I do not know what we would have done without Frank. He picked John up as if he were a child, took him to Aztec and put him on the train for Phoenix, where he would be under the care of his brother.

The year that Frank was with us on the ranch we decided to celebrate Christmas in a big way. My niece was there to help and we asked our friends to send us scraps of silk and lace and any ideas for making little gifts, also fancy pictures, tissue paper and patterns for cloth dolls. I was so surprised and delighted at

the outcome. Everyone was keen about helping me, even sending me dolls already made and so many ideas.

It was a grand success and there were sixty-five at that Christmas celebration. John and Frank dug a barbecue pit and roasted in it an immense piece of beef and a whole pig. I asked the neighbors if they would help with the dinner by bringing cakes, pies, and bread, and we did the rest. One woman brought a cake and when John tried to cut it he could not make a dent in it with the knife. Something was wrong, but we could not bother to investigate, so when no one was looking John slipped the cake under the cupboard on the floor. He was pretty embarrassed when the woman asked him for the plate as she was leaving. John happened to think where he had put it and told Frank to engage her in conversation until he could get it out.

We put the big tree over in Father's house and it really looked lovely and the children loved Santa Claus. At night the guests danced in the big room — a few playing cards at our house. A number of the neighbors wanted another Christmas party the next year, but John

and I remembering the hard work and responsibility were not so keen about it though we were very glad we had given it the year before.

After Frank left us he went to the "Fortuna" mine near Yuma, then moved to California and married, settling in Orange. We did not see him again until February 1937, when we were living in Arcadia, California. I was returning from a trip to Los Angeles and Gladys met me at the train. She had a strange man with her, who greeted me with, "Well, how are you, Aunt Sadie?" I should have known it was Frank, but forty years makes quite a difference in one's appearance. He had been out on the Arizona desert and heard someone talking about the Martins, so he was able to secure our address. We had a little visit and I have seen him once since, but would give a good deal to see him again and talk over those old days.

But to resume my story —

The "prospects" in the Harqua Hala country had developed into a real gold mine and a lively little camp had been opened. The property had been taken

over by an English company who had engaged an American mining engineer to run it, and by this time there were a number of men employed, many of whom had brought their families. We had become quite well acquainted with a few of these people and they had entertained my niece quite royally. She was such a sweet girl, whom everyone loved and missed when she went back home. Many times we had entertained the people from the mine when they would be passing through Palomas. Occasionally some of the ladies would come down from the mine and wait with us to meet their husbands who might be returning from a business trip. It was such a pleasure to us as we saw so few people. We had often been invited to go up to the mine and at last we accepted the invitation. It was a long day's drive over desert roads. We arrived about dark and as we came up out of a wash, a beautiful sight met our eyes. The camp was electrically lighted and the cyanide plant was a mass of brilliant lights. We were so splendidly entertained while there, and it was hard to return to the ranch after so much excitement.

However we were not quite so lonely as we had been a few years before. My father had an old-fashioned organ that had been stored from the time he remarried. When he died the relatives sent it to me, knowing I had no instrument and would appreciate it. I loved it and John and I sang often in the evening. Especially was it a joy, when a young lady who was visiting her brother (the agent at Aztec) came to see us. She was a brilliant girl, full of fun and with such a sweet voice. She could play and sing anything and I am afraid we over taxed her as she was always willing and we enjoyed the music so much. She also was invited to visit at Harqua Hala mine and later became engaged to the manager of the mine, whom she married. In all the years that have passed, we have kept in touch with each other and I esteem her friendship very highly. The summer following her visit we were away and we let our nearest neighbor use the organ. While we were gone their house burned and with it the dear old organ. I was very sorry but as things turned out, there was no telling what fate would have

befallen it anyway. As I have said before, "nothing seemed permanent on the desert".

Our land had been advertised for sale or trade and in the spring of 1897, John had a letter from a man who asked him to meet him at Axtec, as he wanted to look over the ranches, and if satisfactory, trade a place in Los Angeles for them.

The ranches looked lovely when he arrived, all in alfalfa and all so green. We had three jersey cows, a number of fat cattle, hogs and horses. I fed the gentleman everything he could eat with cream; also cottage cheese, and gave him all the milk he could drink. John said that was what made the trade. The house in Los Angeles was furnished, so the hogs were traded for the furniture. We left the ranch \$200 in debt. We were rather sad about leaving, for after all, it had been our first home. However we could never have been successful there. When the crops were good there was apt to be some trouble with the canal — or rain to spoil great stacks of wheat ready to be thrashed. When we had fat steers, prices were low — same with hogs, and

when later John made the remark that those nine years were the only part of his life that he regretted, I could hardly blame him. Nine years out of a young man's life when he could have been getting a valuable start in some business. By that time we were sure he was a business man, not a farmer. Often we were to remember the advice of those friends from Joliet, who begged us to leave and not bury ourselves in that desert life, when we were so young. We were not in any way fitted for such a life, nor was John strong enough. Hard work and disappointment took its terrible toll and he looked much older than his years.

It seemed now we were to start out all over again. John's health was a handicap. He had been on the desert so long he felt he was incapable of starting a business life. This was probably the reason he decided to send the children and me into California. Father and Mother were now moved and settled in their beautiful new home in Los Angeles, in one of the best residential districts. Now John felt at liberty to go out to some gold mining claims that his doctor brother had

gotten hold of. His younger brother, Rube and my brother went with him.

The new home in Los Angeles was very lovely and we were comfortable and well taken care of, yet it was the longest year and a half of all the years I have experienced. The children had colds all winter long, besides Marcella had membranous croup and typhoid fever during that time. As the boys were living in tents again, and had to have water hauled in barrels for all uses, for a distance of six miles, and had to go six miles in another direction for mail and food, with one burro for transportation, there was no immediate hope of our going to John. However after two summers and a winter in Los Angeles, I wrote and begged John to let us come to him even if we had to live in a dugout. I knew we would be happier together and no one blame me. Of course he told me to come. He never refused me anything.

We were all so happy to be back with him. The camp was arranged very well. There were three tents, one to cook and eat in, one for the boys and one for us.

In the boys' tent and in ours, they had ripped up the corner and built a stone fire-place in each. You can't imagine how wonderful these seemed to us. When I looked at the boys I felt that they needed me. They showed plainly that they were happy to transfer the cooking and dishwashing to someone else, after they had been down in the mine all day. The children and I did not get away from camp very often but we were satisfied. We did go a few times when it was John's turn to go for the mail. We would go as far as the Reid ranch (about five miles) — John and I walking and the girls riding on the burro.

Our camp was in a lovely spot on the side of a mountain and we could see many miles in three directions. If anyone was coming on the main road we could see the dust at least twenty miles away, the air being so clear and dry. The August sand storms would come rolling down the valley in great clouds and faster than a team could travel, but we would just get the edge of it and were so grateful to escape. We were never really lonely. Someone came by nearly every day and our

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Quinn, drove out from Harrisburg to see us from time to time. The water wagon came now twice a week, so there was almost always something to look forward to.

About this time we experienced a snow storm — most unusual in this part of Arizona. One morning we were awakened by the boys scraping snow off the tent and as this was their first snow, the children were delighted. John helped them make a snow man which was of good size, but it was about gone by noon. Later in the winter we had a terrific rain. We tried to protect the beds as much as possible and then we only had a dry space as big as a card table — to eat our supper on. We could cook nothing. I can't describe "the wetness" of it. The next morning I had everything out on the lines and on chairs drying, when in came Rube bringing the teacher from Harrisburg to spend the week end. Needless to say we found a way to take care of her.

In the early fall when the weather was settled and beautiful a friend came out from Phoenix for a visit. I was rather expecting her yet had not heard

definitely when she was to arrive. Rube brought her in one night when he came home with the mail, and her letter was in the mail bag. The poor girl had been through quite a distressing experience and showed it. She had arrived at Congress during the night and soon after started out in a light rig with a Mexican driver. On that long drive of about sixty miles, it seems the driver would fall asleep and then my friend, quite unused to the easy going ways of our Mexicans, would poke him, for fear the horses would leave the road. When they finally reached "Pete's Well," (where our water came from) and no one was there to meet her, the Mexicans persuaded her to go on to Harrisburg. When nobody met her there, she was told to sit in the boarding house and if no one came for the mail they would find a way to get her out to our camp. Imagine her relief when Rube arrived. We had a wonderful time while she was with us. The boys liked her so much. She was clever and full of fun, there was something doing every minute, and we missed her so when she left.

Our next excitement came a few days later when a

man rode into camp, asking if a Mexican riding a horse, had passed that way. The store keeper at Harrisburg had been murdered the night before and there was a search warrant out for the murderer. It seems this merchant, Mr. Moffett, had his cot on the porch in front of the store, so it was easy for the man to approach from the rear and hit him over the head with a drill, then steal the gold dust from under the pillow. It looked as if Mr. Moffett had tried to get his gun which was also under the pillow. The Mexican had removed his shoes but he was easily traced to the place where he had tied his horse some distance away. He had not planned very well. They first found where he had changed horses, then soon caught him. It was a bold and brutal murder and created great excitement for some time. Harrisburg had been quite a mining town and there was still an old mill there, but at this time it was quiet. A nephew of the murdered man came out from the East and stayed until things could be settled and the store sold. Two old men took it over for a time, but finally John bought them out and we moved to

Harrisburg.

And now another adjustment had to be made. We had left the camp life behind us and were to live in a house again. There were two buildings alike made of adobe, one housed a saloon and the other a store with the Post Office in one corner. Then there was a boarding house, a school house and a few tents and houses scattered about. The house we were to occupy was adobe and at least a quarter of a mile from the store.

That first summer I was called upon several times to cook for strangers passing through, but it was too hard for me; so in the Fall John hired a Chinaman and started the boarding house which was just across the street from the store and quite handy. We took our meals there also as there was no need of running two houses. We had friends who lived at the other end of town and about two miles away -- was the ranch I have mentioned, where we enjoyed going and where we could get fresh meat and vegetables -- a rare treat on the desert.

It was really the first little town we had lived

in since coming to Arizona and we found it quite entertaining. Our house being rather isolated, we thought we should have a dog, so the doctor sent a large black one out from Phoenix. He proved to be just what we needed. A stranger could not get inside the fence and at night, when we went home before John, he would find our dog lying right in front of the door, on guard. He hated the Mexican dogs and there were many fights in consequence. Even my Mexican washerwoman could not get in until I rescued her. We had a living room, two bedrooms and a large kitchen, so when it was necessary for the teacher to live with us, John took some space off one end of the kitchen and made a bedroom for the girls.

At this time there was much excitement about the new railroad going through from Wickenburg to California. The surveyors were busy and according to their stakes, the railroad would run about six miles from Harrisburg, quite different from the way it now was — sixty miles by stage to the place where we took the train.

I think they started work on the road west from

Wickenburg about 1904. This was when we met Dick Wick Hall. He and others expected to build a town on the new railroad and made their headquarters in Harrisburg. That town is now Salome. The survey had been made a half mile west of where it is now, so that later (before the road was finished that far) the buildings were moved to the present site of Salome. I understand the town acquired its name a short time before Dick Wick had opened his Laughing Gas station. A covered wagon rolled in to town and a comely barefoot girl jumped out. Finding the sand too hot she started dancing. Dick Wick was amused and asked her name. She replied, "Salome". He gazed at her bare feet for a while. "I know what I'm going to name my town. It will be Salome." (where she danced.)

A short time before Dick moved to Salome we gave a Hallowe'en Party and he was the life of it. As it was seldom he attended any social gatherings, we felt quite honored to have him. He was so witty that night and so full of stories he seemed to enjoy our party as much as we did. Dick was well known as a wild and tall

story teller. That evening there was a young man — a tenderfoot from the East — (visiting his sister) who sat entranced, drinking in every word of Dick's and believing it all. But we who understood, enjoyed watching the boy quite as much as the boy enjoyed watching Dick.

There was another interesting young man in Harrisburg who was on the desert for his health. He was clever and full of fun and we were all fond of him. He was around the store so much and was good company for John. He came from a Chicago family (one of six children). They visited him at different times, as did his father and mother. We came to know and like them all and the friendships started then have lasted through all these years, though I regret to say there are only three of that family left.

During the last year of our stay in Harrisburg (we lived there about four years) John, through a man from New York who was prospecting in our vicinity, became interested in the mines at Harqua Hala. By this time the English company had gone. The property had reverted

to the owner and had been idle for some time. John made several trips to see him and finally an agreement was reached to buy the property. We planned to move to the camp in 1906. That summer the mine was bonded to the Ironwood Michigan Co. and we went to Los Angeles and then as far east as Chicago, before returning to Harqua Hala. John had been given the privilege of running the store and boarding house there. He had sold the store in Harrisburg before we left on our trip. When we returned, we found John had been nominated for a position in the Arizona legislature. He refused to run as he knew he was due in Harqua Hala to get the store and boarding house started, also he had to build a home for us. But men came to him from Yuma and plead with him until he finally consented to run and was elected.

Until the house was finished at Harqua Hala, we had to live in a room adjoining the store (which later became John's office). We took our meals at the boarding house.

The father of the young man from Chicago, (whom we

first met in Harrisburg, Mr. Scales,) now became interested in some mining claims in the vicinity of Harqua Hala, and built a home at the camp called "Hercules". He wanted his family to be comfortable when they came out on their frequent visits, and he was particularly concerned for the welfare of his invalid son, who, I am sorry to say, passed away that summer in Prescott. One of the daughters, Elizabeth Scales, applied for the school and we were delighted to have her, but by Christmas time she found it too hard and thought best to resign. We were fortunate in locating another teacher immediately through the State Normal School and John felt relieved as he was soon to leave for the legislature. John's brother had found a capable young man to run the store and boarding house for him. Also a good Chinese cook was employed. A niece from Iowa came to visit me and the teacher had a room with us.

We moved into our house the day before New Years, and the next day found that we had nearly burned out during the night. Mexicans had made our fire-place of rocks and there were cracks which had not been filled

with cement. The wall boards had been charred half way through, so they had to cut out the boards and put a cement wall back of the fireplace.

The mining company brought their own officials. Two of them had families and there were some unmarried men. There were also several Mexican families, so we had a good sized school that year.

When a mine is running it does not take long for men to wander in, seeking work. A number came up from old Mexico, unmarried and not desirable. I believe it was along in February when our deputy sheriff was murdered. He had come to camp in the late afternoon and laid down to rest just inside the bunk house. He was there when the miners went to their evening meal. According to the testimony there was one Mexican who reached the bunk house quite late and he met two other Mexicans as he was coming over. There had been a dance a short time before and these two had attended in a drunken condition, causing some trouble, so the deputy took their guns from them. They vowed they would "get him" and he had been warned, but did not take it

seriously. It was proven that they stopped at the bunk house and while one of them held the deputy, the other shot him with his own gun. Then they left him. He tried to reach the store, but fell on the way and when a boy who saw him fall reached him, he was just able to say, "Well, they got me."

The Mexicans were arrested, tied to posts on the office porch and guarded until the sheriff and coroner arrived the next day. The deputy died toward morning. In his delirium during the night he kept repeating the name of one of the men.

How I did long for John who was so calm in an emergency and always knew just what to do. The mine superintendent did not understand nor know how to manage Mexicans. He drove them all over in their part of camp, called them "dogs" and much worse names, not realizing that there were many decent ones among them. Naturally the Mexicans hated him and I was afraid there would be a riot. A day or so after this the superintendent came to our house wanting any firearms we might have and said he expected trouble that night, that they

had planned to put all the women and children in the store, so the men could protect them better. I was not afraid; I told him our Mexicans would protect us instead of harming us. John came in on the stage that afternoon and he certainly told the superintendent what he thought of him for creating such a commotion, and there was no trouble then or later.

We were in for all kinds of frights that Spring, while John was away. One night we were sitting in front of the fire-place after dinner, when we saw a light flash on the corner of the porch and a man climbing up. The porch was quite high at that point and the steps were not far away, so we wondered at such a performance. As he passed the window I could see his face plainly and it was not only a strange face to me, but it was so white and wild looking. My niece ran into the other room and the teacher rushed for the stairs, but the children sat perfectly still. I was at the door by the time the man was and put my knee against it, so he would not hear me turn the key. As the upper part of the door was glass, I could see him

and I asked him what he wanted. He mumbled a name and it was hard to persuade him to go to the store, where I said this person might be found. We heard afterward that he was inquiring for himself. He had delirium tremens. Someone took him home, which was to a saloon, the allotted distance from camp. His father was the owner of the saloon and had left his son with a trusted Mexican in charge, but he had made his escape and later that night got away again. Nearly every man in camp was out looking for him, but finally, an Indian discovered him after searching two days and a half. He was hanging dead over a limb of a tree.

As I have said, the camp was full of strange men that winter, mostly Mexicans, and many tents were scattered around. At the foot of the hill, where our house was located, we were not so far from some of these tents, and we could hear the people quarreling and fighting over cards, which seemed to be one of their principal pastimes, but they never came near us, nor did any harm on the outside, that we could see.

When John came home from the Legislature, he

brought the Speaker of the House with his wife and sister. John hired a three-seated rig with four horses and driver and we had several nice days with them.

The mining company operated for about two years, when the president got into some kind of trouble in Michigan and had to give up the property. He was a banker — but a gambler by nature — and had misused bank money or something to that effect. We had liked him and felt sorry for his wife and children. After a time another company of Prescott men was formed, but it was never a great success. The president of the company went East to raise money and sent it back to the mine, but he found on his return that his money had been spent on road building, instead of in the mine; and under the contract, a certain amount of work was to be done underground within a specified time, so the president was displeased and discharged everybody. John was placed in charge, as watchman, and acted as such for several years.

Engineers came to examine the mine and at times the mill would run. The greatest disappointment was

when an engineer was with us for a week and gave John every encouragement as to the report he was handing in. Then we read in the Los Angeles Times that some members of the company which he represented, had been in Los Angeles and had gone to an Arizona mine. They never came, however, and after some time, John found that they had been ready to make a deal, but the president of our company was not willing to give them control and the deal was off. We always felt a little hard toward him. He never accomplished anything for the property.

We lived on at the camp for several years, having many disappointments, but much happiness as we went along together. Our new home was comfortable and we had many good friends.

The railroad was finished about 1912. In 1909 Gladys was ready for High School, so we sent both children to a Girls' School in Los Angeles. This was the year the railroad was finished past Salome. So they came home for vacation by way of Wickenburg, and on a caboose as far as Salome. John had remarked to me when they left for school, in the Fall, "Well Sadie,

this is the beginning of the end." We both believed they would never again be happy and satisfied on the desert." But we were wrong. Imagine our joy when they were so eager to get home that they never stayed for any final exercise, until Gladys graduated in 1913. She went to Flagstaff Teachers College the next year, and while there, met a young man to whom she was married in 1917, just before he went into a training camp during the World War. Marcella had gone into a bank in Phoenix, so we were alone again that winter. Gladys' husband, Fred, was over seas for eighteen months and on his way home she met him in New York and they went to Iowa to visit his people. Fred lost his father in January of that year; then they came to Arizona and settled in Phoenix.

In August, John and I went to Phoenix for a month to be with Marcella, and while there, he had the flu, and was never strong again. It was thought best to go to Los Angeles, out of the heat. I felt now that my pioneer days were over. John passed away in July, 1920.

In conclusion, I want to say I realize, that my life was an ordinary one, but it was a different kind of a life from that which most people experience and so very trying at time, that if I had not had the love and devotion of one of the finest men that ever lived — tender, sympathetic and understanding — it would have been unbearable. If I have gone into detail about the happenings from day to day in our desert life, it is because I want my children to know and appreciate (and their children after them) what John was to me and to them. He never failed one of us in any relation of life and no sacrifice was too great for him to make, where the welfare and happiness of his family was concerned. He did not accumulate much of this world's riches, but he left us a heritage far more precious than silver or gold — and he died as he had lived — smiling.

Years later I had an opportunity to return to Arizona and visit some of the old familiar places. I was reminded of my early prophesy — "Is there anything permanent on the beautiful desert"? In Harris-

burg I found only ruined walls of the adobe buildings and not a trace of anything resembling a house. At Agua Caliente I visited the little knoll where we buried our baby boy. I was not quite sure that I found the little grave — as many others had been placed around it.

When we neared the location of our ranches — imagine my astonishment and bitter disappointment at not being able to find one of them. Not a tree, a fence post or even the ruins of either house could be seen anywhere — search as I did I could see nothing but desert.

What was the cause? I could not say — perchance the river was in sympathy with the sand-storms and seemed (as I had said) to have a resentment for human beings who dared to come and change things for their own comfort and pleasure.



Arizona Home



In my Cal-yard.

Sadie -