

THE ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

Vol. IV.

January, 1932

No. 4

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Published Quarterly by the
ARIZONA STATE HISTORIAN

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The publication is not responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

Subscription \$3.00 a year. Single copies \$1.00.

*Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, under
Act of Congress, October 3, 1917, Sec. 395.*

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DR. JAMES DOUGLAS

By JOE CHISHOLM

Doctor James Douglas was an empire builder.

Looking back through the perspective of half a century I see his lean and energetic figure—serious eyes blending the fires of seer and worker—looming against the back drop of Arizona's past as the Far-Southwest's most useful pioneer.

Many other homeric characters stand out vividly in my memory of Apacheland. Bill Greene, gambling and dynamic copper king. John Slaughter and Tom Rynning, the law bringers. General George Crook, most efficient and yet most humane of soldier warders against the Apaches. John P. Clum, courageous and honest Indian agent, who perhaps did more than the military to keep the savage red men within bounds.

They were all magnificent men, all essential to founding and upbuilding of a state out where white men had planted their last precarious outposts on the farthest rim of Anglo-Saxon civilization. But Douglas, when all of their achievements have been weighed, was the greatest builder of them all.

Up in the Mule Mountains in the lower right-hand corner of Arizona where he began that work which has meant so much for the state and contiguous regions, there were other useful men, iron pioneers without whom that *terra incognita* never could have been won and held for our breed: Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, my revered dad who, with his pick-handle and prayer book maintained law and order at the head of Mule Gulch. But Professor Douglas was more useful than they because his aristocracy, learning, and world-wide contact with institutions gave him a greater leverage in doing things.

When he first went into the Mules he was already known to the mining world as a man who understood just about all that could be learned of metallurgy and its

practical application to mining. But he was heralded by no brass bands or chambers of commerce. The most popular bartender in Mule Pass (now Bisbee) in those days was the nearest institution they had to what we now call chambers of commerce in Phoenix or Los Angeles. The Professor had to take the best or worst of it along with the rest of the hard-boiled frontiersmen, going in there on horseback if he missed the Sandy Bob stage from Tombstone.

In the beginning we used to regard him as what might nowadays be called a high-hatter, although as I grew older I came to realize that he didn't even think about himself. He was too busy for any self-esteem. He was the busiest man I ever knew. It was that abstracted air of his as he went among the miners, mule-skinners and the rest of the r'aring boys, intent always on his work, that led them to misunderstand him in those first far days.

A story related of him, if it be true, illustrates that abstraction of his. It is to the effect that once when the stage-coach was held up between Tombstone and Bisbee the highwaymen found it necessary to tell the Professor a second time to get out and "stick 'em up," but Douglas asked them in his courteous if absent-minded way, not to bother him, please. Probably he was figuring out how much copper ore he could gather in the Mules for the new electrolytic process of which he was the foremost expert in the United States.

But, busy though he might be, he was always courteous. If he wished one of us kids to run an errand for him he would not speak to us in the only language to which we were accustomed—"Hey! You little son of an asterisk, I'll give you two-bits if you'll run over to Kate Sweeney's or Sol Israel's and git me a noospaper."

No sir! When Professor Douglas wanted a newspaper and was too busy to gallop over on his own long legs and get it himself, he would say, "Young man, could I induce you to get me a newspaper from Miss Sweeney's

news-stand? And I shall be up at the Queen shaft by then."

Or by the time I caught up with him he would probably be away off at the Atlanta shaft he was just starting. Always I'd have earned my ten-cent tip by the time I would have caught up with the striding Professor. He was always working like a government mule and naturally saw no reason why the rest of the world shouldn't be on the job, too.

He was a cultured man who spoke correct English. For instance, he pronounced the word "induce" properly, but to our ears, used to our own pronunciation of "indooce," he seemed to say "injuce." And the Professor certainly "injuiced" people to do things, what with his superior knowledge and unceasing work.

He was a doctor of literature and a lot of other learned things before he laid off for his well-earned eon or two of rest; but he was Professor to us in the frontier days, and that title has always stuck with the old-timers.

It was only natural that later James Douglas had an LL. D. conferred upon him and came to have other titles added to his name, for among his forbears were many distinguished men. The Douglas family, in fact, is one of the most powerful and romantic in the stirring annals of Scotland.

Professor Douglas' grandfather was a man of talents, and his father one of broad culture and one of the most distinguished men of science in Canada. The latter, also James Douglas, took his career in his own hands at an early age. Complaining when twelve years old that the standard of education in the Academy at Woodhouse Grove, Scotland, was below that to which he was accustomed, he ran away from the institution where his father had placed him and became indentured to a physician.

Later he entered the medical department of Edinburgh University. His first summer holiday was spent aboard a Greenland whaler. After graduating as a surgeon at Edinburgh and London he entered the services of

the East India Company, but later returned to England and took charge of Sir Gregor MacGregor's fatal colony to the Mosquito Coast of Central America. More dead than alive he was rescued from the Black River by a Yankee skipper and taken to Boston.

After his recovery his success as a surgeon led to his appointment as Professor of Anatomy at the Auburn Medical College. From there he went to Canada, where he built up a large practice, became noted for his scientific attainments, and founded the Dominion's first public institution for the care of the insane.

His son, the James Douglas of this narrative, was born in Quebec, November 4, 1837. As a boy he was much in the company of his brilliant father and received much inspiration from him. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1855. After two years he returned to Canada and completed his studies at Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, receiving his A. B. in 1858.

He then returned to Edinburgh, took a course in theology and was admitted as a licentiate of the Church of Scotland. This theological training, along the broadest lines of scholarship, proved to him a valuable asset, for not only was all his life to be dominated by deep religious conviction and Christian spirit, but the experience he received in public speaking and the literary tastes he developed during this period colored his whole career.

And Professor Douglas' religious outlook was as broad as all humanity. In the early days of Bisbee, when the monthly advent of the Catholic priest afforded the wild camp's only public worship, I have seen the Professor and my dad, one of the Church of Scotland, the other a Roman Catholic, kneeling devoutly on the floor of the ramshackle wooden school house in Brewery Gulch, before the altar—the teacher's desk surmounted with burning candles whittled to fit into the necks of empty beer bottles—as each pored over his own bible while burly Father Gallagher celebrated mass.

After Douglas' second return to Canada he travelled extensively with his father in Europe and the Orient, visiting Egypt three times and bringing back important archaeological collections which today may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

When his father's health failed James Douglas studied medicine that he might assist the elder Douglas and carry on the work of the Quebec Asylum for the Insane which his father had established and which was still largely in an experimental state. His father also had invested heavily in gold and copper mining properties in Canada and the United States; so, while studying medicine, the son interested himself in mining and metallurgy in an endeavor to conserve his father's investments.

Thus he was led away from his chosen path of literary and religious work, and his father's mining properties proving for the most part unfortunate, James Douglas was compelled to make a living as best he could out of an occasional fee and lectures on chemistry and metallurgy. But he entered these new fields of endeavor with the same keen intelligence, enthusiasm and honesty of purpose that he always displayed in whatever he attempted.

And that honesty of Douglas' cannot be over estimated. It was to that quality as much as to his profound knowledge and energy that the Phelps Dodge mining and concomitant industries throughout the Southwest became such tremendous assets to the country. Never a dollar of their money was used in speculation. Every penny of it went into honest development and faithful upbuilding, and other capitalists in their region were held to that line of straightforward industry by the conditions Douglas had established.

He was professor of chemistry at Morrin College, Quebec, for three years, and while there began, in association with his life-long friend, the late Dr. Thomas Sterry Hunt, experimenting with the hydro-metallurgy of copper. Those methods have since proved invaluable to the copper industry.

His keen powers of observation and description, coupled with his wide scientific knowledge, soon created a demand for his services as an investigator and mining expert. It was in this capacity that he became acquainted with Mr. Dodge and Mr. James, of Phelps, Dodge & Company, and it was upon his advice that they became interested in the Detroit Copper Company and later acquired the Atlanta, Copper Queen, and other copper properties at Bisbee and elsewhere in Arizona and Mexico which developed under his management into the greatest factor in the building of the Far-Southwest.

When one considers that background of ancestry and education, and the man's eternal energy, it is not difficult to reach the conviction that once Professor James Douglas had gone into the Apache-infested Mule Mountains in quest of ore it was just about certain he would find it, and develop it, if those crags contained any.

He came into that community of a few hundred souls when it was known only as Mule Pass. Jack Dunn, George Warren, Pie Allen, and a few more of that now half-forgotten vanguard were there ahead of the Professor. Mayhap Judge Duncan, Horace Stillman, Jim Kreigbaum, and my dad were also there before him. But he was one of the first.

Although my dad was one of that region's most colorful pioneers, this is not his story; yet I'll have to touch upon his life somewhat to tell the story of Douglas. I have known few more useful men than my father. He was a carpenter, justice of the peace, coroner, maker of coffins, conductor of funerals, reader of the burial service over the dead of all creeds, and, as possessor of the camp's only legal library, was rated by the miners, cow-punchers, gamblers and rounders as the court of last resort in all legal squabbles. The "library" consisted of a badly battered book containing the Revised Statutes of 1873 of the Territory of Arizona. He held court in the rear of the White House saloon, where he often found it necessary to break up a game of stud that he might use

the poker table as a desk to open court with the necessary pomp and circumstance.

Division Superintendent Longstreet of the Southern Pacific had sent my father down to Tucson from San Francisco in 1879 to erect some buildings there at the rail's end: a freight house, loading platform, etc. He sent about twenty carpenters along in charge of my dad. But the morning after they arrived there wasn't a single wood-butcher on the job. The mining excitements of Tombstone, Silver King, the Quijotoas, Total Wreck and Harshaw held too strong a lure for the boys.

Even the regular Southern Pacific telegraph operator had succumbed to the excitement and joined one of the morning rushes. But my father dug up an emergency brass-pounder somewhere and got a message through to Longstreet asking him to send another load of carpenters. Then he went over to where his bedding was rolled up and sat down on it to inhale his old corncob.

A lanky man, probably ten years younger than my dad, say just past forty, came along and engaged the disgruntled carpenter in conversation. It must have been a wild talk-fest. The younger man was Professor Douglas. Both he and my dad were as full of conversation as most Hoot Men. Both were Scotch Canucks. But finally they chiselled out of each other that the darned country was nothing to get over-excited about.

Then in the course of another period, probably an hour, they learned each others' names, that dad was going to build a railway station if he could make any condemned carpenters stand hitched long enough, and that the Professor was going up into that misbegotten defile in the Mules known as Mule Pass in quest of copper ore.

I haven't got the straight of it yet as to which of them got into Mule Pass first. Neither the Professor nor my dad was what you might call voluble. But later when the Professor was sinking the Atlanta shaft at Bisbee and there really were about four hundred people in that wild pass my dad was framing timbers to hold the shaft up.

I used to carry my father's lunch up the steep mountainside at noon and listen to him and the Professor spilling conversation around at the rate of about twenty words an hour while my dad smoked his rotten old corncob and the Professor looked at it askance and sniffed in profound disapproval. Not that he would ever let down from the courtly consideration he showed to everybody. But he would sometimes suggest that he might bring some good tobacco on his next trip from New York. My father would get that and let his eyes twinkle a bit and ask the Professor if he believed in tariff reform, or maybe it would be predestination.

The only thing they ever got a good argument worked up about was something to do with General Sherman. It seemed that he came through Tucson while my dad and the Professor were "visiting" there. President Grant or some other president had sent Sherman down that way to see if the United States could induce Mexico to take Arizona back without fighting about it. Some of General Sherman's folks were mixed up with "demonetization" of silver, as I remember it. The Professor wasn't much to discuss politics, but I heard him tell my dad that Cleveland probably was right about the gold standard. My father, though, was lined up with the rest of the Westerners of those days, who thought that without plenty of silver money we'd never amount to much.

But, both being Scotch, they couldn't see the use of wasting wind on something that wasn't bringing them in any money. The Professor was looking for ore and my dad was pulling for him so that his own good four bucks per day would continue rolling in for timber-framing. Most of the talk during the noon hour was about the Atlanta shaft.

Anyhow, eventually Douglas caught Ballard, Riley & Martin—original owners of the Copper Queen—with the goods on them. He lined them up into a regular bunch of copper producers and finally bought them out. Beginning there he founded the greatest industry the Far-South-

west has ever had. So a word about the beginning of it will not be amiss.

The Professor had a shrewd Cousin Jack (Cornishman) by name of John Prout as mine foreman. The Professor, I realized later, was shrewder than Prout, was watching him. And my dad was an interested observer of the game. My father would come up out of the shaft after swinging the timbers in place so that the miners wouldn't lose any time, and probably have to tell a messenger from town that he couldn't come down to the White House to try another horse thief for a day or two, until they got another set or two of timbers in place and blocked up. Then while he caught his breath he and the Professor would talk things over. I would listen while I waited to take home the empty dinner pail.

The Professor would tell my father that he had induced his people to put another ten or fifteen thousand into the sinking of the shaft and that he hoped they would strike ore before the funds gave out. My dad would grunt hearty assent while he chewed his grub, and would hope too. I know that my father knew where the ore was. I think the Professor thought that my dad knew, but he wouldn't ask him anything. That wasn't the Professor's way. And that needs explaining.

The Rundle boys, who were working for the adjoining Copper Queen Company, lived in the same building with our family. Mrs. John Rundle rented half the house from us and her husband's two brothers boarded with her and her husband. Evenings they would sit on the porch and talk. And sing. All the Cornish people are fine singers. Prout, Professor Douglas' foreman, boarded with the Rundles. In the evening the conversation would go something like this:

"Damme, John Prout, we can 'ear thy boys in Atlanta shaft 'ammering right above we. And us belong being in rich ore right below thee."

One day Professor Douglas said to my dad: "I had almost decided to quit trying to induce my people to in-

vest more money in this Atlanta. But my foreman said he felt so sure, because of the present formation being cut by the shaft, that we would strike ore within another fifty feet, that he would put up his savings of five thousand dollars to keep the work going. I don't care to have him invest in the venture, but such positive belief on the part of an experienced miner like John Prout has almost convinced me that I should go a little deeper."

Then the Professor regarded my dad intently, whether in expectation of some comment or in disapproval of the rotten corncob I did not then know. But after letting it sink in a while the dad grunted, removed the corncob and said: "John Prout never had five thousand dollars in his life."

The Professor made no comment on that. Perhaps he had found out what he was after. Those canny Scots may be short on words but they do a lot of thinking.

So the Professor went a little deeper and caught the Copper Queen people drifting in his ground—and in ore.

In his writings about the Warren (Bisbee) district's ore development the Professor said nothing about that incident. Perhaps he would have considered any talk about that to be gossip. I think, though, the Professor had a strong hunch right along that John Prout had inside information about how deep the ore lay. The two companies had a law suit and later compromised and consolidated and the company came to be known as the Copper Queen Consolidated. Anyhow the Phelps Dodge people took their plunge into copper as a result of Douglas' activities up in the Mules. For a long time after the consolidation of the two properties most of the ore whose mining and reduction built cities and railroads and cattle industry in that region came out of the Atlanta claim.

From the very beginning Professor Douglas took an intense interest in the people whom he considered dependent on his mining activities. I remember hazily how he deplored the necessity of denuding the Mule Mountains around Bisbee of their trees. I know he was laughed at

by the miners because he even went among the lowly Mexican wood-choppers in his desire to find some way of replanting oaks, cedars, and junipers his mines and smelter were using for fuel. He would even talk to us kids about it, for although he learned to speak and read and write Spanish he didn't have time to acquire the cross-cut-saw Mexican-Yaqui lingo we knew. He needed us as interpreters now and then.

Every summer in the early eighties the folk of the mining camps died off like flies from dysentery and the other dread maladies that came along with typhoid. And then Professor Douglas would come hurrying into the Mules and induce the miners to come to the little school house—later to the library building he induced his people to build—and lecture them about adopting the best methods of sanitation known in those days. And he didn't limit himself to lecturing. Plenty of work he did along that line himself.

A lot those booze-fighting, faro-playing hombres cared about that sanitation fad of his. They got their clothes washed by the Mexican women every few months and "lived natural." But the Professor was shrewd, diplomatic. He got one of those projectors they called magic lanterns in those far days and had it always salted away there some place. Then when his thirst for travel and scientific research would be cut short by a hurry-up message that the deadly typhoid was once again slithering through Mule Pass he would come rolling in on the stage-coach with one of those old-fashioned valises full of photographic plates he had collected from everywhere—among the turreted cities of England and Scotland, in France, Germany, pictures of natives along the Nile hoisting water with wheels.

I don't remember if he ever brought any pictures of Sullivan and Kilrain and their contemporaries, but he would have had he thought that would get the miners interested in his illustrated talks and gathered in the hall so that he could explain sanitation and other essential mat-

ters for their welfare. He was a resourceful man. He wished the boys to listen to things they must understand if Bisbee were to be fit to live in. And he surely made them listen.

Long before the days of sewers and the other necessities without which we could not now live the Professor had that camp in the Mules on a health basis that was something to talk about among miners and cowpunchers throughout the Far-Southwest.

Before then you could see the stricken miners lying on canvas cots in Brewery Gulch and along Mule Pass (today's Main street of Bisbee) white as sheets, their scared but game partners fanning them to keep down the fever. No chance of getting over it they knew. The last of Jimmie Carr's prairie-schooners had unloaded their coke and store supplies and started back with all the sick boys they could pull over the grade to Tombstone and the overloaded hospital.

But after the hard-working professor had pounded some sense into those wild but not unreasonable boys and had got things cleaned up something as Leonard Wood did later in Cuba and Gorgas in Panama, there were no more clean sweeps by Old Man Death in the Mules.

James Douglas had six children, two sons and four daughters. We knew only the two boys in Arizona. They were Walter and James S. Walter Douglas for years was head of the great mining industry which owed its existence to the Professor. And Walter kept the Bisbee mines and the other Phelps Dodge camps up to the high grade the founders of that great institution aimed at. There never was a stockade in any Douglas mining or smelting town. You could trade with the company store in any of those communities or with the smallest independent merchants. It was all O. K. with the Phelps Dodge folk. They made up the deficit of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. and kept up country clubs for those who wished to play golf and tennis.

Of course I could think, if I tried hard, of some things for which Walter Douglas should be censured. Such, for instance, as buying controlling interest in the newspaper known as the Bisbee Review so that he could fire me. But even in that fell deed he has been commended by some benighted folk who say that all that ever was the matter with Arizona journalism was the misfortune of me being mixed up with it.

The Professor's other son, whom we used to call "Rawhide Jimmie," fooled the whole family by developing one of the greatest copper mines of the Southwest, the United Verde Extension; so they don't call him "Rawhide Jimmie" any more. It may be well to explain that in the early days a small mine, or partly proved mining prospect, was always known as a rawhide outfit. While Walter was placed at the head of the famed Copper Queen from the beginning, the Professor's older son used to be put in charge of rawhide prospects all over the Southwest and Northern Mexico. So naturally he came to be known as "Rawhide Jimmie."

In connection with this I recall an amusing circumstance. A teamster by name of Jim Durnell, who needed a jerkline for his mule team, was said to have purloined the boarding mistress' clothesline at the Senator mine when James S. Douglas was in charge of that property up in the Bradshaw Mountains. Thereafter whenever they met they would greet each other caustically as "Rawhide Jimmie" and "Clothesline Jimmie."

When James S. Douglas had established himself as a mining millionaire in his own right he was now and then moved to ask me when we cut each others' trails around Arizona, as if his memory were vague about the matter, if my father wasn't the carpenter who used to live in Bisbee. Considering that I was always a good hobo hard-rock miner who had never asked the Douglasses for anything, not even a job, that used to get me wringy, which probably was Jimmie's intention. I considered that as a carpenter my grand old dad was as top-hand in his line

as any mining millionaire who ever came down the pike.

But when Jimmie and I got Woodrow Wilson elected I decided to overlook all that sort of thing. One thing the Douglas clan and I always agreed about was that matter of the immortal principles—whatever they are—of Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson. Jimmie's son, Lewis, is now Arizona's Democratic congressman.

How we got Wilson elected was like this. I hit the border from up Gila county way somewhere around midnight the night of the presidential election in 1916. It looked rocky as the mischief for us Jeffersonians and Jacksonians. Uncle Billy Plaster, last of the first Texas Rangers, was standing on a corner champing his spitting tobacco. He was also demanding of an outraged Democratic world, "When th' battle of Noo Orleans was fit, whar was Andy Jackson?"

Along about three o'clock in the morning Major George Kelly came boiling out of his Douglas newspaper office and told us that Ohio and California had gone Democratic. Right then and there Major Kelly, Uncle Billy and I started a three-man parade. We hadn't gone far until we encountered a disconsolate mining millionaire who looked as if he hadn't more than fifteen cents, Mex, left between him and the poor house. That was James S. Douglas.

But when we imparted the glad news he glowed like an arc-light, figured right away that he might be able to pull a few dimes out of the wreck after all. Then we started a four-man parade. We went over to the Gadsden hotel and Jimmie hired the Seventeenth Cavalry band, or as much of them as could still navigate after helping the black Republicans celebrate Hughes' victory all night. Then we visited every prominent Republican in Douglas, especially those who had political jobs or had gone to bed early after betting their last cartwheel on Charles Evans Hughes.

I suppose there are still indignant Republicans in Douglas who think we should be prosecuted to the full

extent of the law for our daylight-saving efforts at that time, making leading citizens come out on the front porch at three in the morning and stand at attention while the band played "Dixie" and Uncle Billy Plaster told 'em about the great achievements of the gal-lorious old Democratic party.

But all Arizonans are good sports. After they got over their first paroxysm of cussing and caught the spirit of the thing they would tuck their nightgowns into their pants and come along with us to dig out some other overjoyed Hamiltonians to stand around in their shirt-tails and shiver while the Seventeenth Cavalry band discoursed popular Tammany melodies.

A few prominent Republicans escaped over to the U. S. Cavalry post or across the border to the Mexican customs house. You couldn't be expected to capture all of them, travelling light like that in their shirt-tails and our technique being cramped by the reports coming our way regularly that the provost guard was trying to run down the Seventeenth Cavalry band and us.

Sometimes I have thought that Doctor Douglas would roll over in his grave if he knew what an awful time his son Jimmie and the Cavalry band had raised along the border.

But the Doctor's sense of humor was healthy. Otherwise he couldn't have been so kind and helpful. Moreover, Jimmie made a thorough job of mopping up the border Republicans that night, and Doctor Douglas always admired thoroughness.

Bisbee, Douglas, Naco, Globe, Morenci, Clifton, Nacosari down in Mexico, with their modern mining plants and smelters and railroads; the El Paso & Southwestern Railway System; the coal mines of New Mexico and the rail lines that tap them—all those great enterprises and many others allied with them have sprung from Professor Douglas' hustling thoroughness around the Mule Mountains when it was a toss-up whether the Apaches or the whites would make their claim to Mule Pass stick.

LOLA OURY SMITH

By *EFFIE R. KEEN*

In passing through Riverside, California, recently, I had the pleasure of a visit with Col. Cornelius C. Smith, U. S. Army, Retired, and members of his family. The country home of the Smith's is at 4933 Jurupa Avenue, near Riverside, and is a treasure house of trophies gathered from the far places of the world where his duties as an army officer carried the colonel during his years of service.

Col. Smith is a native of Arizona, and a contributor to this magazine. I had heard of his mother and had some data concerning her. This data, and information given by Col. Smith, make up this sketch, which will interest old timers of Southern Arizona.

Dolores Oury Smith, affectionately known to old Tucsonians as Lola Oury—the eldest child of the late Wm. S. Oury, prominently featured in "Some Unpublished History of the Southwest," by Col. Smith, and now being published in this magazine—was born in Sacramento, California, in 1852. When a little girl of four, she came in a covered wagon with her father and mother to Tucson. Her sister, Louise, who afterwards married Col. J. B. Girard, Surgeon, U. S. Army, was born on this journey.

At the age of ten, Lola was taken by her father to St. Louis, Missouri, and placed in the Sacred Heart Convent in that city, where she remained until she was sixteen, returning to Tucson early in 1868. In July of that year she married Capt. Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. Army, then stationed in Tucson. The wedding was interestingly reported in the *WEEKLY ARIZONIAN*, of Tucson, under date of July 4, 1868, as follows:

"Wedding in Tucson"

"Although cupid is not young, he is not the least the worse; his locks are still golden; his cheeks glowing, and the bright, twinkling glance of his eye is a radiant as ever.

"So we must judge from his success in Tucson, for we, today,



Lola Oury Smith

LOLA OURY SMITH

have to chronicle a wedding celebrated with much good cheer. On Wednesday evening Capt. Gilbert C. Smith, U. S. Army, long the popular quartermaster at this place, was joined in the holy bonds of matrimony to Lola, daughter of William S. Oury, Esq. The prominence of Capt. Smith and the Oury family, one of the best known in Arizona, makes the event the great one of the season. The din of generous preparation had been heard for many weeks, and the ceremony was witnessed by perhaps the largest gathering of notables ever convened at a wedding in the territory. The governor and all the civil officers living below the Gila; Gen. Crittenden, his staff and officers from nearly all the military posts; the leading American and Mexican citizens of Tucson and other towns, and the ladies (God bless them!), were all in attendance. The house had been tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and was brilliantly lighted, the guests were dressed in a manner that would have been creditable in the large cities of the Atlantic, and the supper was a complete triumph. To say that 'all went merry as a marriage bell' is to give but a poor idea of the hilarity of the occasion. Everyone seemed in glowing spirits. The parents of the blushing bride were wreathed in smiles and had a hearty welcome for their guests; the bride herself was exquisitely dressed and looked better than ever before, which is saying much. The vicar and his assistant performed the wedding service according to the interesting form of the Roman Catholic Church, and the bride and bridegroom sustained themselves with admirable dignity, seeming fully to realize

'That marriage rightly understood
'Gives to the tender and the good
'A paradise below.'

"We won't pretend to say how many warm kisses the bride received, or how many cordial, and we believe, most sincere congratulations were showered upon her and the gallant captain. If good wishes avail anything, then indeed must their wedded life prove a 'paradise below.' After the congratulations the dancing began, the music being furnished by the Camp Grant troupe, and it was kept up until broad daylight, with a proper interval for the feast of edibles and drinkables which had been so lavishly spread. Those who call Arizona a dry desert country should have seen the groaning tables and tasted the various luxuries. The substantial were washed down by some of the choicest wines ever brought to the territory, and the health, long life and complete felicity of the newly married was the ever ringing merry toast."

Mrs. Smith was a beautiful, a clever and a remarkable woman, possessed of wit and charm, and early took a prominent place in the social life of the old army, and

in communities near wherever her husband happened to be stationed. She is remembered by her friends as a talented and accomplished woman. She danced perfectly, sang well, was a brilliant conversationalist and a superb horsewoman. She possessed to the highest degree that attribute which made the person to whom she was talking think that he or she was the one being in the world in whom she was thoroughly interested. Among her Mexican friends, who were legion, "Lola" was "muy simpatica," and what more could a Mexican say in praise and admiration?

On her periodic visits to Tucson she never forgot to see the lowly, as well as those in her own sphere. She was known throughout the entire army for vivacity and hospitality, and her home at the various posts where she lived was always an open house; a place sought by officers and their ladies, and where there was much social activity. She numbered among her friends, in early days in Arizona, many officers who later in life gained distinction—General Chaffee, commander of the American forces in the Boxer troubles in China; General Shafter, commander of the army in Cuba which defeated the Spaniards; General W. H. Carter, who became adjutant General of the Army; Generals O. B. Willcox, Geo. S. Anderson, J. B. Kerr, George Crook, E. A. Carr, Nelson A. Miles, Zenas Bliss, Thomas Slavens, MacArthur, whose son is the present chief of staff of the army, and many other old time officers.

Mrs. Smith had three sons and two daughters, the sons all becoming army officers, and the girls marrying in the army—surely a creditable record of a mother's influence. She was a proud and spirited woman, accepting the sufferings of her long last illness—cancer—with the patience and resignation of a martyr. She died in Washington in 1909, at the age of fifty-seven. She had been a widow for ten years; when she passed, her body was placed beside that of her husband, Colonel Smith, in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY WAR OF 1887

Its Genesis, History and Necrology

By WILL C. BARNES

(Concluded)

William Graham.

Killed near Pleasant Valley in the latter part of July, 1887.

From all available information this, the youngest of the Graham family, was shot from ambush as he rode down a lonely trail between Payson and Pleasant Valley. The boy was but eighteen years old when he fell a victim to the feud that was to engulf his whole family.

As to who did it, there are two claimants to the rather doubtful distinction. John Tewksbury is said to have once claimed that he did it. Earle R. Forrest, who has written a very full account of this war, states plainly that "William Graham, a boy of eighteen, was shot by J. D. Houck, a Tewksbury partisan who had been driven to the brush and was fighting alone."

Some years after the war Houck, then living at Holbrook, told the writer the story of the killing. He was in his cups at the time but knew very well what he was saying and to whom it was said. The gist of his story was that he was over in the valley scouting round with a warrant for the arrest of Jim Stott for horse stealing when he and young Graham met almost face to face on the trail not far from the valley. "We both drew at sight of one another," said Houck, "but I shot first and got him."

Houck was very quick on the trigger and a dead shot. In June, 1931, Charles E. Perkins told me the following remarkable story of this killing which has never before been made public.

Be it remembered that Perkins never left his store during that eventful summer of 1887 except to go out and help bury some unfortunate victim of the feud. His

store was used openly by both sides as a source of supplies and he probably knows more real facts about the whole trouble than any other living person.

"Bill Graham was not alone when he was killed," says Perkins, "but was with a cowboy named Ellenwood. Graham was some distance ahead of Ellenwood when the shooting took place. Ellenwood hurried away from the spot just as fast as his horse could carry him. He wasn't a partisan of the Graham faction, but merely a foot-loose cowboy riding the chuck line. He laid low for an hour or two and then crept back to the point where the shooting occurred. On the way he met poor Bill seriously wounded but able to crawl along with terrible suffering. Ellenwood, with great difficulty, helped the poor devil till they came to a ranch where he stayed with Graham for nearly two weeks, doing his best to save his life. He was too badly wounded, however, and died at last. The ranch where he laid was known as the Haigler place, owned by a cattleman of that name. It was on Haigler creek just above its junction with Marsh creek, about half way between the valley and Payson."

John Paine.

Killed about August 9th, 1887, at the Newton, Middleton, or Wilson ranch, on Wilson Creek. Best known as the Newton ranch.

Paine was a cowboy in the employ of the Aztec Land and Cattle Co. (the well-known Hashknife outfit). He was living with his family at what was known as "Four Mile Spring," a few miles southwest of the town of Taylor, in Navajo County. His main job was to see that no sheep herds watered at the springs or grazed on the adjacent range.

The man was unusually well qualified for such a job. He feared nothing that walked and loved a fight. He was pretty bad, drank excessively and was always ready to make a "six shooter play."

He had a wife and three children. I recall we took

up a collection around the Hashknife wagon on the round up to send his family back to Texas after he was killed.

Fish says Paine was a bold, bad man and used to attack lone sheep herders and beat them up. As I recall Paine's operations, no sheep herders ever got that close to him. They surely gave the gentlemanly guardian of the Four Mile range a wide berth.

When the news of the Pleasant Valley trouble and the disappearance of Old Man Blevins reached the north side of the mountain, Paine, always ready for a scrap, joined Tom Tucker, Bob Gillespie and Hampden (Henry) Blevins on an excursion to the valley ostensibly to look up the old man. Fish says there was another man in the party whom he calls "Thomas Covington, alias Edward Clark." This man I cannot identify. I certainly never saw him and I saw the party start for the valley. Tucker and Gillespie were working for the Hashknife outfit. Blevins was a stray. He had no job nor any visible means of support that any of us could locate.

We were camped at the Big Dry Lake some thirty miles south of Holbrook on the summer round up. There were two wagons, the Hashknife and my own. Tucker and Blevins rode into camp about sunset as we were eating supper. That night all sorts of conferences and "medicine talks" were going on around the camp.

Ed Rogers, foreman of the Hashknife wagon, told me that Tucker, Paine, Gillespie and Blevins were going over to Pleasant Valley to try and find out something about the old Man Blevins, and as they put it "start a little old war of our own." Rogers and I did our very best to talk them out of going but were unable to convince them there was any danger in the trip. After borrowing all the surplus ammunition in camp, they left at daylight the next morning but without a pack horse or supplies of any kind, except those of war. This was on or about August 3d, 1887.

The rest of their expedition comes in piecemeal but is fairly well substantiated.

On August 9th these men rode up to what is known in Pleasant Valley circles variously as the Middleton, the Newton or the Wilson ranch, on what is now known as Wilson creek but at that time called Middleton creek. It is a short distance below the old Ellison ranch. Old Man Middleton brought one of the first herds of good cattle into the valley from Oregon about 1875 or '76. Vosberg and Newton bought him out later on and established the Flying V Brand and ranch. This place was their head-quarter ranch. Wilson, by the way, was a brother-in-law of Middleton.

They rode up to the ranch boldly and, without dismounting, hailed the house and asked if they could get something to eat. "We are keeping no hotel for such as you," was the surly reply to their inquiry. The cabin was loop-holed—as in fact were probably all cabins in Tonto Basin at that time,

A few words passed. Tucker and his party swung their horses and started to ride away. A volley from the house killed Paine and Blevins and wounded Tucker and Gillespie. Also two horses dropped at the fire.

Just who was in the cabin and did the shooting is not known nor probably ever will be. It was not Tewksbury property. Newton nor Vosburg, nor their manager, Ketcherside, were, none of them, on the side of the Tewksburys. They were trying awfully hard to be neutral—a difficult part at that time. The Grahams, however, always maintained that the cabin was occupied only by Ed and Jim Tewksbury. There are indications, however, that possibly Jim Roberts was with them. In all probability the Tewksburys were scouting round looking for some of their enemies and found the cabin open and unoccupied—nobody locked their doors in those early years. It didn't look hospitable to do so.

They made themselves at home. Some unkind fate threw four of their enemies directly into their hands.

Jim Roberts was a horseraiser with a little place on the head of Tonto Creek "Under the Rim." He declared

he had lost several horses, especially a valuable stallion. This he charged to some of the Graham crowd. To even matters up he threw in with the Tewksbury side.

"Jim was their very best fighting man," one old timer who went through the war tells me. When Mulvenon came through the valley on his second trip he coaxed Roberts to join his posse, which he did. Roberts, in 1927, gained considerable fame and notoriety when at Clarksdale and acting as deputy sheriff, he, single-handed and alone, shot and killed a fleeing bank robber who, after holding up the bank, was escaping in an auto. He was 73 years old at the time.

This fight at the Newton or Middleton ranch was the actual opening battle of the Pleasant Valley war. When Sheriff Mulvenon and his posse reached the place, about August 2, 1887, they found the log house and barn burned. There were two newly made graves near by and the bodies of two dead saddle horses not far off. Charles E. Perkins, the store keeper at Pleasant Valley, says he and John Meadows from Payson went over and buried the men a few days after the fight. Nobody knows who burned the buildings. The Grahams, according to two different men, always declared they did not do it.

Mulvenon looked the place over carefully for some evidences that might lead to the detection of the crime but found nothing worth while. He realized that his posse of but five men was far too small to meet the situation and went back to Prescott, where they arrived safe and sound on September 4, 1887.

Meantime, the territorial papers and also the San Francisco and Los Angeles dailies carried rather lurid stories to the effect that Sheriff Mulvenon and his whole party had been ambushed in Tonto Basin by some of the factions, and everybody killed.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 2nd, 1887, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and all of his posse have been killed in Tonto

Basin. We have wired Holbrook and Globe but get no reliable information from either."

The issue of the next day, September 3, carries a short announcement covered by a wire from Camp Verde announcing the safe arrival of the Sheriff and party at that military post.

The Globe Silver Belt of August 3d, 1887, carries a short interview with George Newton, who had just returned to Globe from a hasty visit to his ranch (the Middleton or Newton ranch). Newton said that all that was left of the ranch property was the huge stone chimney and fireplace. Near at hand were two new graves and beyond them the dead bodies of two saddle horses. Newton estimated the loss to the firm at above \$1,500.

Hampden Blevins

He was commonly known as "Hamp" among the cowboys at Holbrook. Fish in his story calls him Henry. He was one of the four who came over into Pleasant Valley with Paine and Tucker, the son of Old Man Blevins, and, as the writer remembers him, a very peaceable, decent sort of a chap. He was a half brother to Andy Cooper, killed later by Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. Had Hamp remained in Holbrook he no doubt would have fallen in that fight which swept the whole male side of his family out of existence.

He was killed on August 9th, 1887, with Paine at the Newton or Middleton ranch, and was buried there by Charles Perkins and John Meadows a few days after the affair.

Henry Middleton.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"On September 1, 1887, John and Ed Tewsbury and John Roberts killed Henry Middleton and wounded Joe Ellenwood at the Tewsbury ranch in Pleasant Valley."

Just who this man was is not very clearly known. Charles E. Perkins feels sure he was a wandering Hashknife cowboy. He must have changed his name when he

went over into the Basin looking for trouble, for as far as my recollection goes there was no man working for the Hashknife company at that time by that name. Men acquainted with the Middleton family that first settled on what is now known as Wilson Creek, declare he was not of that family. He was likely a "stray."

At any rate a man by this name was killed. Of that there is clear evidence. Mulvenon reported his death as occurring "near Perkins store." This could well have been for Perkins' store was not far from the old Tewksbury ranch. Perkins says Middleton came into the valley with some other men but left it and joined forces with Joe Ellenwood whom he met one day.

They drifted round the region for several days and were waylaid by the Tewksburys and Middleton killed and Ellenwood wounded. Three days later John Tewksbury himself lay dead in front of, or very close to this same ranch.

Mr. Perkins says he helped bury Middleton, furnishing the rough box in which he was placed. It was fashioned from pieces of old packing boxes in which goods for his store came. He says further that the first time he ever saw Middleton he noticed the thumb on his left hand was missing.

John Tewksbury.

The Flagstaff Champion of September 10th, says:

"On September 3, 1887, one of the Graham gang killed John Tewksbury and William Jacobs. Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies Francis and Odell and a posse again started for the Basin. They were to meet Jim Houck and a party from Apache county at Payson."

This was Mulvenon's second trip into the Basin to make arrests and try and put a stop to the war.

John Tewksbury and Bill Jacobs had come to the family home in Pleasant Valley for some unknown purpose. Tewksbury's wife was at the ranch as was John Tewksbury, senior, the aged and nearly helpless father of the Tewksbury boys. There is no question as to who did the killing. The Grahams had lost a member of their fam-

ily, young Bill Graham, and at least four of their adherents and sympathizers. It was high time for reprisals before all of them were wiped out.

Securely entrenched on an adjacent hillside, the Graham men watched the Tewksbury cabin. As their victims rode towards it, both were riddled with bullets fired from ambush. They fell from their horses and lay there staring at the sky with sightless eyes, in plain sight of the home.

Much romance has been woven around this killing. The favorite story is to the effect that the Grahams from their secure position, their rifles trained on the bodies night and day, kept Mrs. Tewksbury or the father from coming out into the open and burying or securing the two bodies. They lay in plain sight, rooted around by the loose hogs, common all over the valley in those days, and in fact being devoured under her very eyes.

She is said finally to have defied the attackers, and with her own hands and facing the rifles of the enemy, went out from the cabin and, alone and unaided, buried the two torn, sun-swollen bodies. Nor was a shot fired at her.

A very romantic, compelling story. The actual facts are that for several days the Grahams did keep guard over the cabin, in all probability hoping that more of the Tewksburys would ride along and they could cut more notches in their rifle stocks. However, over at Payson, a little hamlet some twenty-five miles to the northwest, Justice of the Peace John Meadows, than whom there was no braver, more daring man in all the valley, hearing of the affair saddled up his horse and rode over to the Tewksbury place to investigate. Whether he forced the Grahams to withdraw or they did so before he arrived on the scene is not known. Perkins says they had gone before Meadows arrived. Doubtless they knew he was on the road. News travelled fast in those days.

With Perkins' help, Meadows dug two graves and buried the bodies just where they fell. "It was not possible

to move them. They were badly torn by the hogs," says Perkins, "and decomposition had gone so far that burying them was a most disagreeable task. All we did was to dig two very shallow graves and roll the swollen, mutilated bodies into them with our shovels."

None of the old timers can explain how or why the Graham crowd dared remain on guard over the Tewksbury home for these days. They must have known that Perkins was in his store, and that there was bound to be more or less travel through the valley, which would naturally carry the news to the outside world. Yet according to Perkins they certainly did stand guard over the bodies for at least three, if not four days.

Up to this time the Tewksburys seem to have had by far the best of the war. Excepting the Indian sheep herder shot in February, none of their men had even been wounded, while they had inflicted terrible punishment on their opponents. It was, however, the last real pitched battle between the factions.

William Jacobs.

Killed with John Tewksbury on September 3d, 1887. Jacobs and John Tewksbury were said to have been fast friends. They died together without a chance to fire a shot or escape from the trap they rode into. We know very little as to Jacobs' part in the general warfare. If he took an active part in any of the affrays, there is no reliable record of it. From all accounts Jacobs was just an ordinary sheep herder of German descent, with very little education. He had a band of Daggs Brothers sheep which he was running on shares. It has been claimed that it was his bringing these sheep into the valley which brought on the trouble.

Contrary to the general belief, especially among historians and writers, the Pleasant Valley War was not one between sheep and cattle men. The sheep were merely an incident in it, a part of the Tewksburys' plan to harrass the Grahams.

John Graham and Charles Blevins.

The exact date of this double killing by the posse under Sheriff Mulvenon at the Perkins store in Pleasant Valley cannot be given. The warrants on which he acted were sworn out and issued from the office of Justice of the Peace John Meadows, of Payson. The records of his office were all destroyed by fire and cannot be examined for this information.

The Prescott Journal Miner of September 8th, 1887, states that:

"A conference over the Tonto Basin troubles was held yesterday in the Governor's office between Governor Zulick, John C. Herdon, District Attorney, and Sheriff Mulvenon. At this conference it was decided to raise a strong posse to go over into the Basin and clean things up."

The same paper of September 9th, says:

"Sheriff Mulvenon and Deputies George Bristow, E. M. Tackett and S. J. Sullivan will leave for Pleasant Valley tomorrow. They will be joined at Payson by Deputy Dan Francis and a posse of men from Flagstaff making a party of some 16 or 17 men."

On September 15th, the Journal Miner says editorially that the whole party was held up at the Verde river crossing by unusually high water in that stream.

The Globe Silver Belt of October 1 carries an account of the killing of Graham and Blevins by Mulvenon, which would indicate its occurrence in the latter days of September. As nearly as Mr. Perkins can give the date, the Sheriff's party reached his store about September 29 or 30, 1887. In order to keep his movements secret, Mulvenon, when he got into the Basin, held up and took with his party every person they met on the road. From men who were in the region and know the facts, it is learned that Mulvenon came to the Perkins store ahead of his posse, talked the situation over with one or two men there, and rode off. At that time Perkins was building a stone residence adjoining his store building. The walls were up, about five or six feet with a number of openings for doors and windows. Mulvenon returned that afternoon, sent

about half of his party down the trail with all the horses and kept the dismounted men with him.

They busied themselves during the night in turning the unfinished building into a very snug fortress. The windows and doors were partly filled with rock laid so as to provide plenty of port holes. This is the building that still stands, the only stopping place for travellers in the valley.

This sending away of part of his posse and all the horses was a clever stunt. It was also doubtless the origin of the item that appeared in many of the territorial papers in the early part of October, 1887, to the effect that "rumors had come from the Pleasant Valley that Sheriff Mulvenon's whole posse had lost their horses at the hands of some of the outlaws and were afoot."

Mulvenon's ruse was a success. Early the next morning his men saw two mounted men ride into the valley, stopping some distance from the store. They carefully surveyed the scene, rode slowly and at some distance from the buildings in a wide circle entirely round them. Apparently satisfied the place was deserted, they rode slowly up to the new building. As they reached it and leaned forward in their saddles trying to discover what, if anything, was behind those walls, Mulvenon stepped out from one corner of the new building, a double barrelled shot gun in his hands.

"Boys," he said, "you know me. I have warrants for your arrest. Surrender."

Both riders wheeled their horses as one. Both drew, or attempted to draw their guns. Both fell from their horses, dead. A charge from Mulvenon's shot gun tore a great hole in the neck of Graham's mount. At the same instant came a volley from inside the wall. Blevin's body was fairly riddled. Graham had two holes clear through him. Mulvenon afterwards told a friend that he simply couldn't bear to shoot Graham and shot at his horse, hoping he would give up and surrender.

Mulvenon's party buried the two and continued on their way round the valley.

Thus John Graham was the second member of the family to fall in the feud. Charley Blevin's father and one brother, Hampden, had been killed early in the war while but three short weeks before, a brother, Sam Houston Blevins, a half brother, Andy Cooper, and a brother-in-law, Mose Roberts, had gone to death before the rifle of Sheriff Owens at Holbrook. A brother, John Blevins, wounded in the same fight at Holbrook, was the sole remaining male member of the tribe.

Al Rose.

Rose was killed a few days after the fight at Perkins store. The exact date is not known. It was undoubtedly in the latter part of October. The Globe Silver Belt of October 15th, 1887, carries this item:

"George A. Newton returned to Globe on Tuesday last from Payson. He says Al Rose and Miguel Apocada were examined before Justice of the Peace Meadows and discharged. Ed and Jim Tewksbury, Jim Roberts and Joe Boyer were bound over to the Grand Jury to meet at Prescott on November 7th."

Rose then was alive on the fifteenth of October. Rose had previously been reported killed in many of the of the territorial papers. The Globe Belt of October 1st has this item:

"Sheriff Mulvenon went to Al Rose's cabin and found he had not been killed but only shot at. Mulvenon asked Rose to come along with him. Rose refused to surrender at first but finally gave it up and went with his party. With him Mulvenon brought a man named Miguel."

Some of the papers called this man McGill. He was Miguel Apocada. Nothing more is heard of him in this trouble. He dropped completely out of sight when turned loose by Meadows.

Fish in his manuscript says:

"A few days after the killing of Blevins and Graham in Pleasant Valley, Al Rose who was a Graham sympathizer, was found dead over on Spring Creek with eleven bullet holes in his body."

The Prescott Courier of November 7th, 1887, says:

"An unsigned wire from Camp Verde to John Marion of Prescott says, 'A man came here today who says Al Rose was murdered by masked men. This man helped bury Rose.'"

An editorial in the same issue says:

"Mr. Sixby of Tonto Basin says that Louis Naeglin told him that Rose was killed at the Houdon ranch. Naeglin says he was present at the killing, having stopped over night with Rose. After the killing the men left the ranch without any further attempts at shooting or trouble."

It is evident from this testimony that an attempt was made to kill Rose some time in September but no harm was done him.

Then, some time after the trial at Payson on October 15th, when he was turned loose by Justice Meadows, Rose was shot and killed at or near his ranch on Spring Creek, or the Houdon as it was often called. This closes the list of deaths of well known men in the war. Mr. Perkins believes sincerely that at least six more men were shot down along lonely trails by partisans of one side of the other. He gives the name of only one, however, which he can vouch for. He helped two other men bury a man named Elliott in a lonely glade not far from the valley some time after the Rose killing. Of this man nothing is known beyond the fact that he married a widow in the valley by the name of Mrs. Bishop. He was a sort of drifter and as far as Perkins knows, had taken no part in the trouble on either side. Doubtless all of these unknowns were men passing through the valley or lured there by the tales of warfare. Drifting round the valley they were bumped off as suspicious characters, their names not asked nor known. They were strangers and the warring men on both sides were taking no chances. They shot first and investigated afterwards. It was the safest way.

The list of wounded men is not as long as might be expected. Usually in war the wounded outnumber the dead two to one. Here, however, the matter was reversed. Those Pleasant Valley feudists surely shot to kill.

John Gilliland.

This man whom Fish calls Gillen and some writers Gilman, was James Stinson's range foreman in 1886. That fall he and Ed Tewksbury met one day on the range. They exchanged some rather heated words over the alleged disappearance of a number of the Stinson cattle and several first class saddle horses.

Gilliland was not afraid to speak his mind on this subject and Tewksbury naturally resented his insinuations. A friendly exchange of shots closed the incident.

Ketcherside tells me that Tewksbury once told him of the affair with considerable merriment.

"We was both a foot," Tewksbury explained, "Old John got sort of wringy an' was talking pretty strong about some folks stealin' some of Jim Stinson's cows. Nachelly I denied it. John he gits madder an' madder an' starts to draw his pistol. We both fired together. He missed me clean. I gits him through the leg. John he broke an' ran one way an' I sure hit the grit the other. Didn't want to hurt John nohow."

It's probably safe to say that this was the first shot fired in the Pleasant Valley War.

Tom Tucker.

Tucker was wounded in the fight on August 9, 1887, at the Middleton or Newton ranch, when Blevins and Paine were killed. Tucker, I believe, was born and raised in New Mexico. He had been working for the Hashknife Cattle Co. over near Holbrook for some time and was a first class cow hand. He was a big, good-natured chap, not hunting trouble of any kind. Old Man Blevins was missing, however, and he was willing to help find him.

Tucker was badly wounded, being shot in the right side just above the nipple. His horse carried him from the fight until he slipped from his saddle, exhausted from loss of blood and pain. He fell unconscious. How long he lay he never knew. He was roused in the night by a tremendous rainstorm followed by plenty of hail, a not uncommon thing in that region. The cold revived him. In this condition, with an iron nerve he dragged himself al-

ternately unconscious, and then able to move slowly, for an hour or two.

He finally reached the ranch of Robert Sigsby, or Sixby, who took him in, dressed his wounds and cared for him as well as he could. Sigsby said afterwards that when Tucker came, his wound, which was wide open and uncovered, was fly-blown and maggoty, and the man was in a frightful condition.

Tucker stayed with Sigsby for some time until his wound was healed sufficiently to enable him to ride. Then he slipped away from Sigsby's one dark night for Holbrook and safety. Accompanied by Bob Gillespie the two came to the round up wagons which, oddly enough, were camped at the Big Dry Lake, the very spot from which they started for the basin some time before.

Both showed plainly the effects of their adventure. They stayed exactly one night with us and at daylight the next morning "drifted yonderly" for New Mexico. In 1905, when the writer was Secretary of the New Mexico Cattle Sanitary Board, Tucker was our cattle inspector at Socorro.

"When I crossed the line into New Mexico," he once confided to me, "this country over here looked awful good to me. I headed straight for the old Rio Grande and never again had any hankering to see Arizona." Perkins agrees with the story of Tucker's wound being fly-blown. Says it was in terrible shape. He probably saw Tucker soon after he reached the Sigsby place.

Bob Gillespie.

Like Tucker, Bob was working for the Hashknife company over on the Holbrook range. He was a Texan of rather low mentality. To be led rather than a leader. He followed Tucker blindly and looked only for adventure—which they both secured in rather large measure.

Several historians and writers mention Gillespie's name as among the killed at the Newton ranch on August 9th, 1887. But I myself saw him when he and Tucker

rode into our camp at the Big Dry Lake in September, 1887. He was even then sitting sideways in his saddle from the effect of his wound. The bullet that struck him first went clear through the cantle of his saddle, then in and out of the fleshy part of his buttock.

"I was a leanin' down low over my hosses neck," he explained, "a ridin' for dear life an' a lammin' the old skate with my quirt; me aimin' to git out there jist as fast as I could, when I gits this here little souvenir."

Gillespie never told any one of us where he had been in the meantime, but in all probability he had been with Tucker while he was in hiding for the two came out of the valley together. No one, not even Tucker, ever knew what became of Gillespie at the New Mexico line. The two chastened and sobered warriors parted, each going his own way.

Joseph Ellenwood.

Wounded on September 17th, 1887, near the Tewksbury place in Pleasant Valley.

Ellenwood, or Underwood as some call him, was evidently a roving cow person. Nobody seems to know where he came from or where he went to after the fighting was over. He first came into the picture when young Bill Graham was killed. According to Perkins, Ellenwood helped the badly wounded boy to a place of safety, where he nursed him till the latter died. He again broke into the lime light when riding near the Tewksbury place in the valley with Henry Middleton. Here the two were ambushed.

The story of this fight comes from a reliable source. Middleton fell from his horse, dead at the first volley. Ellenwood, unhurt, dismounted and ran to the shelter of a nearby tree. There, gun in hand, he was attempting to get a pot shot at some of his attackers. The tree was rather small and he accidentally exposed one leg. This caught the eyes of one of the concealed warriors, who promptly drew a bead upon it, planting a calibre 45 rifle bullet below the knee. Suffering agonies, Ellenwood held his

ground till dark. Then with the aid of some friendly sympathizer he was placed on a horse and rode to the nearest doctor, at the San Carlos Apache Indian agency. Here he evidently recovered fully, for the *Globe Silver Belt* of January 14th, 1888—almost five months later—says:

“Joseph Ellenwood was brought yesterday from San Carlos, where Doctor Davis has been treating him for a gunshot wound received in the Pleasant Valley trouble. Ellenwood is under arrest on a bench warrant issued from Yavapai county. Sheriff Mulvenon reported this man as being wounded by the Tewksburys in Pleasant Valley, in the Belt of Oct. 1, 1887.”

This closes the list of known killed and wounded in the Pleasant Valley war. Several writers have listed a few other names but close investigation proves them in error.

Jake Lauffer, for example:

He is reported as wounded at the Houdon ranch on Spring Creek on August 4th, 1888. This, be it noted, was almost a year after the war in the valley, which ended in the fall of 1887.

One well known man has told the writer that:

“Jake Lauffer talked too d—d much for his own good of things of which he knew nothing. That’s why they took a shot at him.”

The *Flagstaff Champion* of August 18th, 1888, carries the following item:

“Jim Houck, who is from the Tonto Basin, says Jake Lauffer was shot at and his arm broken by ambushed assassins, at his ranch about two weeks ago, August 5. Two other men, Cody and Colman, on their way to Lauffer’s ranch were shot at. Only Cody’s horse was wounded. This, says Mr. Houck, was done by Jeff Wilson, Jim Scott and Jim Stott who were arrested by Houck and his posse, on warrants sworn out for their capture. The persons, however were taken from them by an armed mob of some 40 masked men who hung them after taking them some distance down the road.”

This refers, of course, to the triple hanging in Apache county on August 12, 1888, at a point on the Verde road where the trail from Heber crossed it. It had absolutely no connection with the Pleasant Valley troubles of the year before.

George A. Newton of Globe.

Newton has also been listed by several writers as having lost his life in this war. Newton was a jeweler in Globe and was also a partner with J. J. Vosburg in the Flying V cattle in the Valley. It was at the Newton or Middleton ranch that Paine and Blevins were killed and Tucker and Gillespie wounded.

The claim was made that Newton had started for his ranch but never reached it. "He disappeared in some very mysterious manner," one report states. His widow was said to have advertised a reward of one thousand dollars for the discovery of his body or evidence of his death, in order that she might secure a ten thousand dollar life insurance on her husband.

The facts are that Newton was alive and well as late as September, 1891. About that time he started from Globe for his ranch, leading a large, very long-legged pack horse loaded with supplies. A few miles from the Redman crossing of the Salt River, a man named Crampton met Newton and warned him that the crossing of the river could not be made because of high water. He advised Newton to turn back and wait till the river was lower. Newton, however, said he could put his pack on his saddle horse and ride the long-legged pack horse and make it in perfect safety. They parted, Crampton going to Globe and Newton continuing his journey.

Jim Ketcherside and Crampton have both told me of the long hunt for Newton's body. The river was searched on both sides for many miles. The pack horse, with pack intact, was found half buried on a sand bar, but Newton's body nor his saddle horse was never discovered. In the pack was a bunch of letters Newton was taking to the ranch for the neighbors. Among them was one for Ketcherside, water soaked and blurred but still legible. It is understood that Mrs. Newton finally received from the insurance company the full amount of his life insurance policy.

YUMAESQUE

By CON P. CRONIN

Years ago I knew Yuma personally, knew every man and every woman and almost every child, that walked the streets. Now things have changed. I am a stranger amid the scenes of my youth. I am unknown excepting to a very few of the oldest old timers.

Many changes have occurred. New buildings have taken the places of the old adobes. The streets are nicely paved. The Mesa is all built up. It has a metropolitan air. But the old familiar faces are missed. The soul of the old town seems to have changed.

At eight-thirty in the evening I take my place in one of the soft easy chairs, in the window of the hotel on Main street. I think, "I will sit here and some one whom I know will pass." It is very quiet and I cannot but contrast with the same time of day, the same hour, during the gay nineties. Nine o'clock comes and with it comes a quietness and a peaceful calm, and in a reverie I live again through the summer evenings in the gay nineties. I picture the gulley that was Main street before Mike Nugent filled in the ruts and hollows with blue dirt from the Hill.

There were no clubs, no social organizations where men met and fraternized in the early nineties. The saloon was the only man's club—and there he congregated. Big man and little man, merchant prince and pauper, professional man, miner, cowboy and day-laborer, all congregated at some time or other in the man's social club, the saloon. Most everybody drank, some more, some less. Some gambled. Many played solo and panguingui. All is changed.

It is now almost half past nine o'clock and the streets are deserted. Everyone is at home.

I start up; I must have been partly asleep, as I imagined myself back in "Cap" Meeden's, playing sluf with Harry Carpenter, Mr. Ewing and Martin Pool, and a Mex-

ican boy came in with an oil can partly filled with dry manure and *bubach*, crying, "Fuma, cinco centavas!" Yuma, in the gay nineties, bought and sold smoke. The mosquitoes were very bad in those days. Like incense bearers, the boys swung their cans for a few moments, drove off the little pests, collected either a nickel or a dime and moved off to the next place.

I arouse myself, but again memory peoples the streets.

I sit on a truck near the old depot hotel and with several cronies, listen to Jesse Grant relate his experience in London when he dined with the Queen. Jesse was but a boy when he accompanied his father, who had just finished his term as president of the United States, on the memorable trip around the world. At Winsor he was advised that he would "dine with the *Family*." "No, he would not dine with the Family. He would dine with the Queen (Victoria), or he would dine at the American Club in London." Diplomats, ambassadors, statesmen, implored, beseeched, pointing out to the youthful American what an honor it was to dine with the Royal Family. Young Mr. Grant had made up his mind. He would dine with his father and mother and the Queen or he would dine at the American Club in London. English diplomacy yielded to American firmness and Jesse dined with the Queen; international complications were avoided. I believe Mr. Grant still lives. I know that all of the other members of the party have passed on.

Coming down the street, staggering slightly, comes a heavy lumbering man, with heavy lowering brows. I remember, although it is so many years,—that is Sam Temple, the villain of the story "Ramona." He told me once that Alessandro was a worthless, no account Injun and not at all the kind of an angel that Helen Hunt Jackson painted him. He just *had* to kill him! Sam Temple has also crossed the divide. Dreams and reveries!

And who is that solemn, quiet, dignified man with the drooping mustaches? That is Wyatt Earp, on his way

to open up his game at Jack Dunne's. How he was vilified and maligned in those days! But he lived to see his name and reputation vindicated. He also has joined the long list of the departed.

Stephen W. Dorsey—"Star Route" Dorsey—was a familiar character in those days. From his room with Harry Carpenter, to Bill Meeden's saloon was his route. Grey, pointed beard and chin resting on his breast, he was always scheming, for millions.

Many celebrities lived, sojourned and visited in Yuma in the old days. Jim Fair used to come here annually for the good the climate did for his asthma. Carrie Nation paid us a visit for half a day once, and I remember, read me a lecture on the evils of smoking cigarettes. Jim Jeffries, Champion of the World! He was world famous, in all his glory as champion when he visited me. We went on a hunting and fishing trip down to the Gulf. His huge form towered above all admirers as he wended his way from one saloon to another. He still lives and enjoys life. I attended the last Tunney-Dempsey fight with him. He likes Yuma. It all seems like yesterday. But it is today, and the old figures of my memory have departed to the land of shades.

We had good times in the gay nineties. We thought nothing of driving and riding thirty-odd miles to Fortuna to attend a dance, dance all night and drive or ride back the next morning. Some of us drove, while many of the young folks, both boys and girls, rode in the saddle.

And those dances given on the Hill! How we looked forward to those occasions. The dance floor was built right over the Colorado river, the prison band rendered the most romantic music, and we danced many times until day-break. The parents of many of the youth of Yuma today, first met and loved, and plighted their troth at the parties given on Prison Hill. Dreams and reveries!

We gave a circus once, the young men of the town. We were mostly members of the newly organized lodge of Elks, and conceived the idea of an amateur circus. It

was a wonderful success. Harry Clark was the bearded lady. Mulford Winsor and myself did several stunts—teamed up. One of them was a shooting stunt. Everyone pitched in to make it a success. We had the most sedate and solemn members in the most ridiculous positions. John Gandolfo sold balloons and C. D. Baker sold peanuts!

Buffalo Bill came to town and we entertained him.

It was a year or two after the Spanish-American War, and "The Bill Show" featured the Battle of San Juan Hill, with a score or more of actual members of the Rough Riders. Bill was an Elk. It was a very hot Sunday in May. I remember part of the committee on refreshments consisted of "Doc" Robinson, Dick Renick, Frank Lee and Lew Alexander. The committee prepared a wonderful repast for Bill, Annie Oakley, Johnnie Somebody and the distinguished members of the "Bill Show." There were sandwiches of all kinds, and a wonderful assortment of ice cold beer, ice cold beer, ice cold beer and more ice cold beer. There was ice cold beer in barrels, and ice cold beer in tubs and barrels. It was a very hot day. The reception committee, consisting of the more distinguished members of the lodge, waited on Bill and Annie Oakley to escort them in style befitting the repast. But in the meantime, some unofficial committee had secured the presence of the Rough Rider contingent and the cowboys of the show. Imagine the onslaught on that ice cold beer! Imagine the devastation wrought by that score of Rough Riders, aided and abetted by a dozen cow waddies! Sandwiches and beer disappeared like sin before the wrath of justice, and when Bill and Annie and the select of the invited arrived, an emergency committee was drafted to bring relief from the premises of Honest John Shanssey, located just below.

The first house on the Mesa,—aside from the one at the Orange Ranch,—was the Blaisdell house. I built right across the street—the second house on the Mesa, where the city is now situate. The old timers will remember.

YUMAESQUE

But, how many of the old timers realize the wonders of that site!

One evening as the shadows lengthened, I sat with my wife on the back steps of our new home. It suddenly occurred to my mind that I was envisaging a panorama unique in all the world. From my back door step I see, in one stupendous sweep of country, two nations, two states, two territories, and five counties.

It is nearly eleven o'clock! I stretch, reach for my cane and walk out doors. There is not a soul in sight. A solemn stillness reigns.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

CHAPTER V.

AN OLD DIARY FOUND IN MEXICO

(Continued)

Written by MRS. GRANVILLE H. OURY

and anoted by

COLONEL C. C. SMITH, U. S. Army Retired

July 5th—Monday: Dr. Smith arrived last evening and Judge Terry has gone to call and ascertain something relative to the road, etc. Some of our boys learned through him that the road we expected to take is impassable on account of scarcity of water, this will compel us to go to Parras,* which is a much more pleasant and desirable route, except that it necessitates considerable expense in the purchase of corn for the animals. Col. S. tells me we will pass through some pretty towns and find abundance of fruits and wine. I am anxious to taste the far famed Parras wine, that which they export being much inferior to that kept for home use. I am also desirous of seeing a better part of Mexico than that which we have seen. Last night, the monotony was broken by a visit from one of Dr. S.'s mules who unceremoniously relieved us of half a sack of sugar, for which offense "the boys" threatened him with being "tied up" of nights hereafter.

Many thanks to Messrs. Wilson and Oury, we had a nice mess of fish for breakfast. At eight o'clock broke camp and at eleven nooned. The boys scattered out and soon returned with armfuls of wood, made coffee, fried meat and some very nice fritters, which we ate with syrup made of the "peloncillos."**

We all enjoyed our meal greatly, having amazing appetites.

Dinner dispatched, each made a break for a shade, and now, as I sit in the ambulance, I can see a human figure stretched on a blanket under every bush, there are no trees, only a bush called "Huisache." Mr. Oury is snugly spread out on my bed in the ambulance and

Note: *Near Parras is the home of the wealthy Madero family. Later, Francisco I. Madero became president of Mexico, driving out Porfirio Diaz. Madero and his vice-president, Pino Suarez, it will be recalled, were murdered by Victoriano Huerta. The Parras wine Mrs. Oury speaks of, with other liquors, has been made by the Madero family for several generations.

**The name used to denote a loaf or brick of crude cane sugar. In many parts of Mexico panocha is another term for this sugar loaf.

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Addy on his blanket underneath. Declares he wouldn't swap places with anybody. "Billy" I imagine is having some trouble with the sun, every few minutes I notice his head pop up and he looks wistfully at the others, who are able to sleep. The animals are mowing the greenest and juiciest of mesquite grass with surprising activity. It is refreshing to see them revel. We have been passing all day, perfect seas of waving green grass, the finest I ever beheld, and not an animal of any kind to be seen upon it. Indeed, there are no cattle in this part of Mexico. We have not been able to buy a beef thus far and it seems to me that no country could be better adapted to stock raising. There may be no certainty about water, which I presume is the difficulty, 'tho there is an abundant supply at present, in consequence of the late rains, standing in pools everywhere, perfectly clear and equal to cistern water.

So far we have been highly favored in every respect, the weather has been remarkably pleasant, much of the time cloudy. I have not suffered at all from heat. At nights we have a strong breeze, followed by cool, bracing mornings. I sleep with a pair of blankets over me and don't think I shall ever be willing to sleep in the house again in summer.

Well, "the boys" have all finished their "siestas" and we are lazily crawling out, the sky looks very threatening, dark, cloudy and low rumbling thunder. It rains in the mountain gaps every day. We frequently see the rain distinctly ahead of us. We came through one gap this morning and still mountains are looming up in front of us. They say we are never out of sight of mountains while in Mexico. I enjoy it, having been brought up on a dead level prairie. Traveled yesterday eighteen miles, camped near a pretty "Charco" (pond). Plenty of nice grass.

About 9 P. M. a band of "Liberal" soldiers came dashing into camp and frightened me greatly. They wanted "pan" (bread) and tobacco. We gave them bread, but before the tobacco could be got out the sergèant ordered them away and impressed the order by several severe cuts with his quirt. The poor starved wretches are under perfect subjection and are miserably treated, driven like dogs and do not average one full meal once in three days. Several had their wives* with them. Mr. Oury was out on guard, and was sitting alone in the ambulance, the gentlemen outside near, but they (the "Liberals") came rushing up with such a noise and rode right over the tongue of the ambulance, so that I got uneasy and *got out my pistol*, ready for the emergency, but they were quite harmless.

Note: *It has long been the custom in the Mexican army for the women called "galletas" (crackers or cakes, because they cook and rustle food), to accompany the troops. These camp-followers, with their children, are to be seen at or near all garrisons and camps.

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July 6th,—Thursday: Before leaving camp, a Mexican officer and some men came back in search of two deserters, whom they intended to hang, if caught. One of the soldiers asked me for bread, which I freely gave him (he offered me 50c for it), seemed very grateful and divided it with the others. We traveled about ten miles and nooned at a nice "charco." The Terry party watered and drove on without ceremony. The question had been pending several days, whether we should take the Parras road or not. Judge Terry had decided to go, but our party still hoped to hear something in favor of the other which was much shorter and cheaper. When we started in the afternoon, Mr. Oury left it to the men and the majority voted in favor of Parras, so the Parras road we took. It is now nearly dark and we have just succeeded in finding a very small hole of water and not good grass. The Terrys were already camped here. Don't know whether we continue together or not.

July 7th—Friday: The Col. and Mrs. Terry came over and made "all things straight." They had no intention of separating, but Mrs. Terry had some work to do and wished to get to camp early. After traveling several hours, we learned that two miles back we had taken the wrong road, so we cut across and had some rough jolting. When we came to the road there was much diversity of opinion and much parleying, at last somebody made a break and we all followed, crossed a stream, ascended a steep hill, and then traveled in the blazing sun a short distance. We halted at some ruined Missions.* Here our mules rested, but found an indifferent dinner. We found butter—made coffee, a "stem" of mutton, boiled eggs and corn. We have had mustard pickles all the time and the finest El Paso onions. The water was horrid, a beautiful clear running stream, but strongly alkaline. We frequently find it so.

One of the gentlemen caught twenty-five perch in a few minutes. Judge Terry and some of the boys remained to fish in the evening. In the forenoon, Capt. Dodson, Addy and some others went by a "Hacienda," which they say is the grandest one they have ever seen. It is situated in a lovely valley in a gap of the mountains. The "Lord" owned a large number of "Piones," whose dwellings were built regularly around a large square and numbered. His dwelling was handsome and contained a chapel richly furnished. We passed some celebrated hot springs enclosed with a high stone wall, belonging, I think, to him. In the afternoon, they (our boys) called at a ranch on the roadside and frightened the poor resident creatures painfully. They all hid, except one man who sputtered French at them industri-

Note: *I believe Mrs. Oury refers to the old mission or missions at Nadadores, founded early in the settlement of Mexico. A string of these missions developed from Mexico City, through Zacatecas, to the northeast; and another string from Mexico City, through Guadalajara and Durango, to the northwest.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

ously, but learning that they were not French soldiers,* come to annihilate them, they poured forth in swarms, and the mystery is, upon what do they subsist, living on a dry hill with nothing edible in sight save a flock of goats! The intense heat now reminds me that we are going South. We traveled twenty-five miles. I was quite tired and retired immediately upon making camp. One of the boys slew a big wild cat.

July 8th—Saturday: Passed some pretty farms, wheat already harvested. The ranches resemble small towns, often there are two or more stores. At 11 o'clock, reached a town where the boys stopped and got "Mescal," **etc., one mile further we came to "Monclova," a real Mexican town, containing 1000 or 1200 inhabitants. We camped in a large corral close to an "Acequia." Bought corn and green stalks for the mules. Addy "confiscated" some brush from a fence and made me a cup of tea and got me some "Mex." bread. I had eaten neither supper nor breakfast and the tea almost cured my head.

In an adjoining corral there were twenty-five deserters from our army*** in a most pitiable condition. They had enlisted in the "Liberal Army" and now, too late, repented their folly. The authorities had stripped them of their arms and horses and left them powerless. They are poorly clothed, poorly fed, have no quarters and no opportunity allowed them of earning a cent wherewith to alleviate their wants. They perhaps deserve such a fate, but my heart aches for the wretched creatures. Some inquired "if the Confederacy wasn't about played out." Monclova, like all Mexican towns, has narrow streets, flat-roofed "adobe" houses, large Catholic Church, high stone pavements, narrow doors, carved in diamond shapes, windows of wooden grates projecting in front of each, filled with women and children. Indeed, every corner, door and street is literally lined with men, women and children of every age and class. The men generally shirtless and often hatless. The women almost without exception wear only a chemise and dress skirt, while two-thirds of the children are perfectly nude. Generally the women are dark, homely, slovenly and utterly devoid of taste. I have seen few that are fair and I noticed two or three *handsomely* dressed men in Monclova. One attractive feature of the towns in Mexico is the verdure, though water is carried in ditches through every part of the town and these are bordered with splendid tall pecans, willows and other growths. Green fields and gardens greet the eye at every turn, in which grow luxuriantly the fig, quince, pomegranate, peach and grape (onion was the only vegetable

Note: *It will be recalled that at this time (July, 1865) French soldiers were in Mexico supporting Maximilian's occupancy.

**A very strong alcoholic drink made from the plant of this name. When refined this drink is called Tepemete and Tequila.

***The late Confederate army.

I noticed). None of the fruit was ripe, to my intense regret. The garden and field fence is usually of brush, thickly matted with green vines. Occasionally in town they use high "adobe" walls, tho' on the ranches you oftener see hedges of "bear grass" which grows here to perfection.

Each town of any size is provided with a long promenade, "Alameda" in a retired spot, where the pleasure seekers repair to enjoy rest, quiet, music and social chats. Magnificent trees of a century's growth line the broad avenue and effectually shut out the almost torrid sun. While, for the weary, are seats, in the shape of divans, at every few steps—made of cement and nicely painted. The further end is closed by a seat in the form of a semi-circle in front of which is a tall white pillar. They have also flowers but no fountain. We nooned beneath the inviting shade of immense pecans (in the corral) planted in rows and more than a century old.

Capt. Dave Terry and Mr. Kavanaugh (one of his mess) own several nice race horses* and lose no occasion of testing their speed. "The Judge," and indeed all the party, participate in these races. After much parleying, they succeeded in getting up a *foot race*, which all the sporting men of the party remained to witness, while we sober folks jogged on to camp. The Mexicans would only risk \$50.00 on the race, outsiders declined to bet, and those embryo sports failed to realize the "young fortune" they anticipated. We intended stopping at "Castano," nine miles from Monclova, but, being informed that in three miles we would find good grass, we filled the kegs, watered the animals, and moved on.

Mile after mile and no grass, dark overtook us. However, it was bright moonlight. The "Capt." was back at the race and nobody willing to take the responsibility of saying what was best to do. At last we halted and held a conference. Our men went out half a mile and found not a blade of grass. Two wagons determined to stop. At this crisis, "The Capt." came galloping up, and not in a decidedly amiable mood, as all soon ascertained who ventured near his battery. Col. S., less guarded than the others, received the full brunt. "We had been instructed to camp at Castano, where we could buy corn, and instead, we had come six miles from anywhere and camped on a rocky, barren hill. No grass, no corn and the mules tired." The Mexicans evidently were afraid of us and meant to send us some distance. It was late, so we made coffee and retired, everybody out of humor.

Note: *The taking of race horses into the southwest (and into Mexico) seems to have been quite customary in the early or pioneer times of that section. After the Civil War, Genl. G. W. Cole, late of the Union Army, took some fast horses to Texas; and in 1878 Lieut. J. B. Kerr, 6th U. S. Cav'y, took to Arizona, from Kentucky, two horses, Butcher Boy and Childers, and "cleaned up" on the sports who brought horses over from California, looking for "easy money."

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

July 9th—Sunday: Started early in search of grass, which luckily we found not far off, also a nice pond of water, and decided to remain 'til next day. Some Mexicans drove a beef in and sold it to the Terry party for \$15.00. Could not be induced to part with another. The Terrys are very kind and obliging at all times, particularly Capt. Dave. He offers us a part of everything he buys, so we had a share of the beef, the first we have had in Mexico. And we relished it, though it was not fat. At dinner Mrs. Gillock, whom I have never spoken to, sent me some grape pie. They have no servants and she and her adopted daughter, Mrs. Gillett, do their own cooking. They buy chickens and everything they see to eat. The only ladies of the party so far, who interchange any civilities, are Mrs. Terry and myself and the credit is due entirely to her, for I called once only at her tent. Mrs. Strobe, I have barely seen passing at a distance. She has three children. All their negroes have left them except one woman, who was a "plantation hand." Capt. S. and his half brother, Geo. Jackson, were wealthy planters on the "Caney" and have still a good deal of money.

July 10th—Monday: Bought our first water from a tank belonging to a Mexican, found good grass. It is worthy of note, being the first offense of the kind, that Messrs. Oury and Wilson actually bestirred themselves and made flap jacks for dinner!!

Four P. M. and I've just awakened the Capt. to give the "hitching up order." We are still between two ranges of mountains. The sight is so novel to me that I have strained my eyes gazing at them. Thousands of peaks, at times bathed in sunshine and dazzling bright, again black as Erebus, frowning ominously through the slowly fading mist or fog. The flower season is past, tho I have noticed Cacti of every variety abounds. There are several varieties of Bear Grass. The "Meque" from which a liquor called "Mescal" is made, resembles the Bear Grass, leaf much wider, thicker and a paler green, the root is roasted for food, and, indeed, the plant is put to innumerable uses. The dagger grows tall here and has a trunk the size of an oak tree. But the terror of both man and beast in Mexico, is the thorns. Everything is armed with them. The sharpest, longest, fiercest thorns in the world. You can't avoid them, they are everywhere, on everything. The very atmosphere seems to bristle with them. One of our mules has been disabled several days from the prick of a mesquite thorn in his leg.

We drove back to the tank, watered and filled the kegs, preparatory to making a dry camp. A pedestrian enroute to Buena Vista,* took supper with Col. S.'s mess, and seemed inclined to continue with us.

Note: *Probably Buena Vista near Saltillo, where General Taylor defeated Santa Ana on February 23, 1847.

July 11—Tuesday: Took coffee and started early, camped at 12 o'clock on the side of a mountain, used water out of holes in the road and had to *pay* for it. We are feeling the cunning meanness of these people now. They deceive us daily, tell us we will find grass and water in one or two miles and we have to travel ten to fifteen miles to find it.

In the afternoon we passed a ranch where there was a large tank. The Mexicans were, I presume, afraid of us and told us there was plenty of water and grass a short distance ahead, so we did not fill the kegs. Fortunately, Mr. Neville would fill one and with this we cooked supper and breakfast, as we traveled 'til dark and found none. Those who had no water fasted.

July 12th—Wednesday: Started very early, expecting to find water and grass in a few miles, but such a barren country as we have come over today exists nowhere outside of Mexico. Naked as a pine floor, occasionally a brush, cactus, dagger or mesquite, but not a blade of grass. At last we halted at 12 o'clock at water, but the grass is very poor. I imagine some of the men are nearly as hungry as the poor animals. Whew! What a feast is in store for us, a nice fat cow, which we engaged at a ranch and they have just driven in. Well we had a "square" in reality, broiling steak, fried steak, liver, tomatoes, coffee and splendid biscuit, made by Addy, who thereby secures the "situation," the others asserting emphatically that they will never attempt it again. Mr. Neville says that with his twenty years constant practice, he never once succeeded in making such biscuit. Now, how can I employ myself,—I have nothing to read and have finished my shirt making, slept all morning (traveling). Mrs. Terry is not close by and I couldn't venture out in this blazing sun. Our boys are all asleep and I am alone. We are finding a fruit (Pitahaya)* now, which is creating a mania in our camp, and is delicious. It is about the size of an egg, when ripe the thorns fall off and you can peel it with the fingers as you would an orange. The inside is bright pink dotted with millions of tiny black seed; resembles the strawberry in flavor, is very palatable in its native state, much improved, they tell me by the addition of sugar and cream. We use the sugar but cream is scarce here.

After much deliberation and a short nap, I mustered courage, donned a clean dress and collar and paid Mrs. Terry a call, found her knee deep in patching, etc., says these resting days are her working days.

Note: *The fruit of a certain cactus which grows from Northern Mexico to Central America. It is something like the fruit of the sahuaro or giant cactus of Arizona, but larger and more delicate. Another fruit of this kind is the tuna or Indian fig, which is the fruit of a certain species of the prickly pear plant or nopal.

July 13th—Thursday: We had camped on the side of a little hill near a ditch, a flat between, where there was a little grass for the mules. At breakfast we discovered that the flat was filling with water and there was a great rush to get the mules, which was barely effected before several feet of water covered the ground. Evidently a heavy rain had fallen above, indeed, all the country over which we have come lately appears to have been deluged. We got off at six o'clock with the prospect of having to drive twenty-one miles to grass.

Capt. Dave Terry succeeded in making a race with a Mexican, so "the Judge" and several of his party went back to the ranch to witness it, but all overtook us at eleven A. M., considerably crestfallen, both their horses having lost. Luckily the Mexicans could only be induced to risk \$20.00, else they could have bankrupted the Terrys. They do not seem to realize the fact that their horses are in no condition to run, being jaded from constant travel. This little defeat may save them a great deal. The Mexican being too timid to risk anything against the second horse, they ran him anyway, and lost.

A Mexican overtook us in hot haste in search of medical aid for a sick woman. Capt. Strobe has some knowledge of the science of healing and agreed to return. Both his and the Terry animals are upon the point of giving out. The Gillett's have already halted. The Mexicans stated that there was no grass from there to Parras (a literal fact) and offered to pasture all the animals gratis. Judge Terry wisely overtook his teams and turned them back. They couldn't have made the trip and there was certainly excellent grass only three miles back.

Col. Showalter, Capt. Sharp and Capt. Oury drove ahead steadily, with no interruption till night. Twelve hours constant pulling and only to find a little patch of grass literally black with mosquitos, which effectually prevented the poor creatures from eating. As there was nothing to stake to, they were tied up for the night after an hour's grazing and turned loose at daylight. We overtook in the afternoon a train loaded with cotton, which detained us an hour, as they were stretched across the creek, preventing our crossing. They drove oxen and unhitched upon a bare hill. Perhaps they carry forage.

I was startled about nine o'clock by a tremendous cracking of whips and jabbering of Spanish, and our men calling out to the others to "look out" for the horses, but they passed without molesting us. The Gilletts came up at daylight, owing to the wretched condition of their animals. We never expected to see them again. They had rested at noon, driven 'til dark, fed with mesquite* beans (which are abun-

Note: *These beans make excellent forage for stock—they are much relished by cattle. In the days of the Civil War, and just after, in Arizona, the Quartermaster's Department of the army paid \$2.50 a sack for mesquite beans for army animals.

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dant here, much better and sweeter than in Texas, and considered good food for mules), rested again and caught up. They report that the Terrys expect to remain two or three days at the ranch, if so, we will see no more of them.

July 14th—Friday: Let the mules graze 'til 8 o'clock, then started in search of good grass, which we soon found, but it was unavailable on account of the mosquitos, and we kept onward. This land has all been submerged, and is perfectly smooth, level and clean, and being white, is very trying to my eyes. The only relief afforded to the wearing monotony, being the fantastically shaped peaks towering up on each side of us. Addy and several of the boys witnessed the "mirage,"* which I missed by being asleep. I can stretch out comfortably on my mattress and sleep as though in a room, as we travel, to the envy of all the other ladies, most of whom have children and have to "sit up." The ambulance is immense and my large mattress being doubled back in day time, fills the back part, leaving comfortable seats in front, and I vibrate from bed to seat at will. Am leading rather a luxurious life.

At half past ten we halted. The grass is excellent but those ravenous mosquitos are determined to devour man and beast, the poor mules are dancing round and keeping up a desperate switching. Mr. Neville has put on "Frijoles"*** and as they require a long time in cooking, the boys ate a cold lunch and have gone to sleep, 'tho from sundry ejaculations I deduce that something (perhaps the mosquitos) is disturbing their perfect repose, notwithstanding the precaution of gloving their hands and *batting* their faces.

Again, I am at a loss for employment. O! for something to read. In sheer desperation I must make somebody else some shirts. Mr. Oury, Mr. Wilson and Addy are getting short. I will get cloth in Parras and be kept busy hereafter. Goodness!! what am I to do with myself, the sun is pouring down without mercy or remorse and I am being roasted alive. Not a tree within ten miles. Not a breath of air stirring. The ambulance is standing on a sheet of white ground. God deliver me from another sight of this portion of Mexico.

Dinner at four. We were just seated when a little shower came up which greatly refreshed the temperature. Riding so constantly

Note: *A distant false lake or body of water, caused by heat waves, often seen on the plains in our Southwest and in Northern Mexico—frequently false trees and houses appear near these false bodies of water. Mirages have lured to their death inexperienced, weary travelers who are deceived by never reaching the false water.

***Beans of the red or brown variety, a staple food in Mexico. This is not a Spanish word as many suppose—the Spanish word for bean is "haba." The dictionary of the Spanish Academy gives the word frijol as an American word, probably meaning an Aztec word. In Columbia the word for bean is caraota. Since the true Spanish word for bean is haba; and in Mexico and Columbia it is frijol and caraota, it would seem that in the latter two countries the words for bean are Indian, or, as the Dictionary of the Spanish Academy states, American.

SOME UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE SOUTHWEST

without a particle of exercise is beginning to tell on me unfavorably, so I concluded to take a little jaunt to a mountain which to me appeared within a stone's throw, tho some said it was two, others four miles off. Mr. Wilson assured me I would find Pitahayas at the base, and in company with Addy I started to it. There was a strong breeze and we walked briskly but the mountain seemed no nearer, while the camp was becoming a mere speck in the distance. Nothing discouraged, I increased speed, tho the sharp rocks and still sharper daggers pricked me at every step. But I reached the goal and tho I found no fruit, felt better for the run, the distance being about three miles, I think.

The loud peals of thunder and threatening rain warned us to hasten our return. Inadvertently we caused them a serious alarm in camp, and when we arrived found them all armed and equipped, coming to rescue us from the Indians. Addy had proposed my attempting to hit a prickly pear with his pistol, which I fired three times, he twice. Mr. Oury feared we had been attacked.

When the wind lulled, the calm brought myriads upon myriads of the most ravenous mosquitos, that had resolved upon a feast of American blood, and all our efforts to thwart them were ineffectual. The boys tied their heads up in towels and handkerchiefs, each armed with a brush fought desperately with the malicious foe. Some made smokes. "No sleep tonight, boys," and they walked around looking disconsolate. Mr. Oury and Col. S. had mosquito bars, which they stretched and succeeded in outwitting the famished fiends. I burned sugar in a frying pan and while it lasted, kept them off, but afterwards they came in scores and devoured my face, neck and hands. Capt. Dodson burnt an old sugar sack, but the rest of the boys had no means of defense, and not silently, *endured*. They look drowsy and worse from the unequal struggle today.

July 15th—Saturday: We bade the mosquitos adieu at an early hour, came eleven miles and nooned, have nice grass and water. I took a jaunt to the top of a mountain near by and got a pan full of "pitahayas." The exercise has made me perspire, and relieves me. Usually I do not perspire and suffer intensely with the roasting heat.

We all relished our dinner of "Picadio," splendid biscuit (Addy retains the situation), good coffee, mustard pickle and the pitahayas with sugar. Mr. Neville is toasting a supply of coffee. Addy has washed the dishes and scrubbed out the mess chest. The others are stretched out asleep. In the afternoon we came ten miles over very bad roads, boggy and rough, camped on the side of a mountain, where a Mexican presently came to collect pay for the grass. His master lives four or five miles off.

Mr. Oury told him to tell his master to come and he would settle with him in the morning. However, he did not come and some others, belonging at the same ranch, say he acted without authority,

which we suspected. It requires all our wits now to ward off their low, mean cunning.

Immediately after supper, we had a hard storm which created a sensation in camp. Mr. Oury came into my domicile and kept dry. Addy crawled into the wagon and out soon again. Capt. Dodson had a full benefit, being on guard. Mr. Neville lay and took it, but "Billy" kept up a terrific racket. Got under the ambulance and nearly root-ed it over. It was a woebegone, forlorn looking set that stood round the fire drying next morning.

July 16th—Sunday: Started at ten, came over rough road and up one very steep hill, coming through the gap. Mr. Oury at the head of the Cavalry (he has ridden Addy's horse for two days) came to a ranch in three miles of Parras, and then learned that we are on the wrong road. So back we turned, took another road, which soon gave out. Mr. Oury galloped on to hunt a road, went round a moun-tain, back to the ranch, overtook us and turned us again. They had misinformed him regarding the road, refused to sell us corn, saying the French* had taken it all. Assured us we would find excellent grass two miles off.

Imagine our feelings, when halting after a long, hard day's travel, at finding a field full of weeds, and not one blade of grass, the mules tired and hungry and nothing to give them. Mr. Oury had ridden dinnerless all day on the roughest of horses, and now, such a prospect. No wood for miles around, ground soaking wet and muddy, a heavy storm almost upon us and those poor, tired, hungry mules begging for supper. It was one of our darkest, gloomiest hours so far, and I promise that a gallon of Brandy would have been acceptable just then. Well, these difficulties must be met, so the boys wandered off and gathered some dry weeds with which they could cook supper, in spite of the rain, and now, the question arose, what could be done for the mules, which were tied up to the wagons. After some delib-eration, Mr. Collins (our driver) known only as Ben in camp, who is faithful and trusty—he belonged to the old Regular Army as team-ster, afterwards served in the same capacity through our war—gives his undivided attention to his team, and under his care our mules have improved daily, while those of all the others have broken down; and the new Mexican, who had voluntarily "attached" himself to us, went back to the ranch to get some wheat to feed with, but as diffi-culties seemed to multiply with us, a furious storm came up, lasting during most of the night. The darkness could be felt. Withal, they found their way back to camp with some wheat, but the mules breakfasted instead of suppering. This ranch,** which resembles a small town, is the property of an immensely wealthy Mexican. He has

Note: *The French soldiers supporting Maxmillian on his throne in Mexico.

**The Madero family has for many years been making wine and brandy, hence the 640 acres of grapes mentioned above.

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one vineyard of 640 acres square, enclosed within a wall 14 feet high, another large one at his residence, where also are many fruit trees, mostly pomegranates. A large granary occupies the center of the grounds and there is an air of system, neatness and order throughout.

July 17th—Monday: Mr. Oury rode Dick in search of grass, which he found two miles distant and we moved up. The grand sensation of the day was a visit to Parras. So we all donned our "Sunday clothes" except Mr. Oury and Addy, who persisted in wearing their flannel over-shirts and road clothes. The ambulance* was cleared of everything except the seats, my basket and a keg for brandy. Col. S. took a seat with Mr. Oury and myself, the others rode horseback.

At eleven o'clock we drew up on one "plaza" in front of the main hotel and soon I was abundantly supplied with peaches, apples, figs and grapes. The grapes are delicious, from them the "Parras Wine and Brandy" is made. I remained in charge of the stores, while the boys rushed around catering and having the animals shod. Mr. Oury had to visit the French "Commandante" and secure from him and the Mexican "prefecto" permission (and a passport) to continue our journey.

Parras is a place of considerable importance. The main plaza is very handsome, is laid out in walks, bordered with lovely roses, dahlias and other flowers. The triangles, diamonds, etc., as plots, intervening, are thickly carpeted with luxuriant grass, dotted with shubbery and flowers. The wide stone walk surrounding it is provided with numerous seats, made of cement, painted dark red and considerably ornamented. Each side of these divans would accommodate six or eight persons and they are on both sides of the walk. They have a fine brass band, which discourses enlivening music during the evening and altogether it appears to be an inviting resort. A handsome, highly ornamented church occupies the opposite corner, and I regret not being able to see inside, but Mr. Oury was too busy to take me anywhere. The streets were full of French Soldiers. The officers wear elegant uniforms, scarlet pants trimmed with black, dark green and black jackets fitting closely, and the whole elaborately ornamented with silver braid and buttons. They are superbly mounted on beautiful Arabian horses, and it is a dazzling spectacle to see them fully equipped and mounted. No expense has been spared in fitting them out. The soldiers wear yellow linen blouses and pants with wide red belts, pants tight at the ankles but very wide in the legs. Tiny red caps, tassel behind and no brim, adorn the back of their heads. Several now have loose slips of linen over the blouse and pants, extending to the knee. The Colonel in command has been very polite and courteous to Mr. Oury, but of this, more anon.

(To be continued.)

Note: *Ambulance at the time this diary was written, and for many years after, was a sort of stage-coach, not, as understood now, a conveyance for the sick.

A SHORT BIBLIOGRAPHY
of
Works in English, on the Spanish Missions
of the Southwest

By RUFUS KAY WYLLYS

The following bibliography is intended as a reading list for those interested in studying the Spanish missionaries of the Southwest and their work. It is not offered as being in any sense a complete guide to reference works on the subject. Only those works are listed which are more likely to be encountered in the average library; but many of those listed contain much more extensive bibliographies which will be found useful for those interested in further investigation.

It is hoped that this list will form a convenient guide for the conduct of study courses on the subject of the Spanish missionary frontier.

TRANSLATED SOURCES

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Anza's California Expeditions*. (5 v., Berkeley, 1930). An excellent collection of diaries and documents relating to the planting of the presidio and mission of San Francisco. 1774-1776. Volume I is especially recommended, as being the editor's own summary and interpretation of Spain in our Southwest. It is soon to be issued in a separate volume, as *Outpost of Empire*. Volume IV. contains the famous diary of Padre Pedro Font. All of the diaries are revealing of the life and work of the missionaries of the Southwest. (See review, in this number of the *Arizona Historical Review*). Contains excellent new maps.

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*, 1683-1711. (2 v., Cleveland, 1919). This is one of the standard reference works on the career and accomplishments of Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, greatest of the Arizona missionaries. It is to be supplemented in the future by another collection of additional and hitherto unpublished Kino diaries, edited by the same scholar. Fine maps of Pimeria Alta.

Bolton, Herbert E. (editor) *Spanish Exploration and Settlement in the Southwest, 1542-1706*. (New York, 1916). An excellent short collection of first-hand accounts of exploration from the days of Cabrillo to those of Padre Kino. Contains the well known *Kino Relacion*.

Coues, Elliott (editor) *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer: the Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garces, 1775-1776*. (2 v., New

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York, 1900). A good edition of the writings of Fray Francisco Garces, missionary-explorer of the Southwest. Coues' edition contains some errors corrected by later editors and writers, but is still the standard work on this subject.

Hammond, George P., and Rey, Agapito (editors) *Obregon's History of 16th Century Explorations in Western America; entitled Chronicle, Commentary, or Relations of the Ancient and Modern Discoveries in New Spain and New Mexico: Mexico, 1584*. (Los Angeles, 1928). This quaint old 16th-century history, by a Spanish soldier, narrates the penetration of his Spanish contemporaries into Sonora and Sinaloa.

Hodge, Frederick W., and Lewis, Theodore H. (editors) *The Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543*. (New York, 1925). A collection of the narratives of Cabeza de Vaca, Coronado and De Soto.

Wilbur, Marguerite Eyer (editor) *Miguel Venegas, Juan Maria de Salvatierra of the Company of Jesus, Missionary in the Province of New Spain, and Apostolic Conqueror of the Californias*. (Cleveland, 1929). This is the story of the life of the greatest missionary of Lower California, friend and associate of Padre Kino, and founder of the long chain of peninsular missions which antedated those of Alta California.

REFERENCE WORKS

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Arizona and New Mexico*. (San Francisco, 1888). The old and still fairly reliable history of Arizona and New Mexico, and the basis of many popular histories of these two states more recently written. Although there have been many corrections of Bancroft's work, yet its main features are still accepted.

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of the North Mexican States and Texas* (2 v., San Francisco, 1889). An excellent work, and still the standard reference for the background of our Southwest. Consult especially Volume I, 1531-1800, for a discussion of the missions of the far Southwest.

Bancroft, Hubert Howe. *History of Mexico*. (6 v., San Francisco, 1883-1888). Also useful as a background, although the material on missions is more scattered than in the preceding work.

Blackmar, Frank W. *Spanish Institutions of the Southwest*. (Baltimore, 1891). An old, but still very useful work, especially good for a detailed treatment of the social life of the missions, and for an estimate of their significance.

Bolton, Herbert E. *The Spanish Borderlands*. (New Haven, 1920). A short treatise on the Spanish Southwest as a whole. It contains excellent summaries of the mission systems.

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Bolton, Herbert E. *Texas in the Middle Eighteenth Century; Studies in Spanish Colonial History and Administration*. (Berkeley, 1915). This is a very scholarly, thorough treatment of the early Spanish missions of Texas.

Bolton, Herbert E., and Marshall, Thomas M. *The Colonization of North America, 1492-1783*. (New York, 1920.) A comprehensive text-book, covering the whole colonial history of North America, with emphasis on Spanish colonization. Very useful for reference.

Chapman, Charles E. *The Founding of Spanish California*. (New York, 1916). One of the most scholarly treatments of the spread of Spanish missions into California in the 18th century.

Chapman, Charles E. *A History of California: the Spanish Period*. (New York, 1921). Contains much the same material as the above, but in more condensed form.

Cleland, Robert G. *Pathfinders*. (Los Angeles, 1929). This work is of a distinctly popular nature, and deals in part with the Spanish explorations in the Southwest.

Denis, A. J. *Spanish Alta California*. (New York, 1927) A not particularly original, but still convenient, summary of the founding of the California missions.

Eldredge, Zoeth S. *The Beginnings of San Francisco, from the expedition of Anza, 1774, to the city charter of April 15, 1850*. (2 v., San Francisco, 1912). Although now superseded by Dr. Bolton's *Anza's California Expeditions*, this old work may still be found of some value.

Engelhardt, Padre Zephyrin. *Missions and Missionaries of California*. (4 v., San Francisco, 1908.) This comprehensive work covers both the peninsular and Alta California missions, and will be found most valuable as a reference. The same author has long been at work upon individual treatises dealing with each of the California missions, which are appearing in single volumes from year to year.

Farish, T. E. *History of Arizona*. (8 v., Phoenix, 1915). Although not very original, Farish's work is perhaps the most comprehensive history of Arizona yet published.

Forrest, Earl R. *Missions and Pueblos of the Old Southwest*. (Cleveland, 1929.) This work is by no means reliable as to its text, for it contains many errors of statement. But it has an excellent collection of photographs of the old missions.

Hallenbeck, C. *Spanish Missions of the Old Southwest*. (Garden City, N. Y., 1926). Like the preceding, this work is most useful for its handsome photographs.

Lowery, Woodbury. *Spanish Settlements with the Present Boundaries of the United States, 1531-1561*. (New York, 1911.) Should be used to supplement Hodge and Lewis, cited above.

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Lumholtz, Carl. *New Trails in Mexico*. (New York, 1912) A fine first-hand description of the old missions of Sonora, as they existed twenty years ago. Has a splendid map of the old mission frontier country.

Lummis, Charles F. *The Spanish Pioneers and the California Missions*. (Chicago, 1929). A popular and very readable account of Spain in America, with special reference to the Southwest.

North, Arthur W. *The Mother of California*. (San Francisco and New York, 1908). Not very reliable, but the only attempt at a complete history of Lower California, including the missions of that region.

Priestley, Herbert I. *The coming of the White Man, 1492-1848*. (New York, 1929). The first few chapters of this book contain a readable interpretative history of New Spain and the Spanish Southwest, with emphasis on social and economic factors.

Priestley, Herbert I. *Jose de Galvez, Visitor-General of New Spain, 1765-1771*. (Berkeley, 1916.) A scholarly biography of the man who conceived the last push of the Spanish missionary frontier northward into California. The work contains graphic pictures of 18th-century Sonora and Arizona.

Richman, Irving B. *California under Spain and Mexico, 1535-1847*. (Boston and New New York, 1911). A detailed work which contains a good summary of the deeds of Padre Kino and deals with other missionaries of the Southwest.

Sanchez, Nellie V. de G. *Spanish Arcadia*. (Los Angeles, 1929). A popular description of mission and ranch life in Spanish California.

A FEW ARTICLES AND DOCUMENTS IN PERIODICALS.

Bolton, Herbert E., "The Mission as a Frontier Institution in the Spanish American Colonies," *American Historical Review*, Volume XXIII, No. 2.

Chapman, Charles E., "The Jesuits in Baja California, (1647-1768)," *Catholic Historical Review*, Volume VI, No. 1.

Hammond, George P., "Pimeria Alta after Kino's Time," *New Mexico Historical Review*, Volume IV, No. 3.

Wyllys, Rufus K., "Padre Luis Velarde's *Relacion* of Pimeria Alta." *New Mexico Historical Review*, Volume VI, No. 2.

THE ARMY AND THE APACHE

An Open Letter

4933 Jurupa Ave., Riverside, Calif.

October 14, 1931

The Editor,
The Arizona Historical Review.

Dear Madam:

In the Arizona Historical Review for April, July and October, 1931, appear articles—under the caption of "Apache Misrule"—by Mr. John P. Clum, whose purpose seems to be to glorify the Apache, and censure the army.

With considerable hesitancy, it is desired in the paragraphs following to controvert some of the substance matter of these articles. I say with considerable hesitancy, because of a dislike to enter into a difference (which this letter will in all likelihood start) where little, if anything, is to be gained at this late day, so long after the events Mr. Clum writes of. But, on the other hand, in the interest of authentic history; and since I lived in Arizona and knew many of the people Mr. Clum writes about, in his "Apache Misrule," who would not subscribe to much of what he says, I feel that something ought to be said in disapproval of his articles.

Not only do Mr. Clum's articles make statements to glorify the Apaches, and censure the army, but the Los Angeles Times, through Mr. Harry Carr and Mr. Lee Shippey, prompted by Mr. Clum, frequently publishes like articles.

My motives—in showing that the Apache was ever, until conquered by the army, a cruel, blood-thirsty savage; and that the army did its work in Arizona, as it has always performed its duty, without fear or favor—no doubt will be questioned by the gentlemen above; and perhaps some others who hold themselves as philanthropists and peace at any price disciples. They may ask what I know about Arizona, the Apache and the army?

I was born in the Territory, and lived there during much of the Apache troubles. My service in the army amounts to thirty years on the active list, and almost twelve on the retired.

It is true that at the time of the Cibicu affair (of which Mr. Clum makes much adverse comment) I was but twelve years old; but it is also true that after I entered the army much of my service was with the officers (known to me as a boy) Clum criticises; and from talking with them, and reading what some of them wrote, I have formed conclusions which do not agree with Mr. Clum's articles. It might be added that during my active service in the army considerable of it was in Arizona.

When arguing any case it is fair and proper to show every incorrect and inaccurate statement made by the party, or parties, argued against—it is my purpose to do that in this letter.

Mr. Clum says, page 58 of the April, 1931, issue of the *Arizona Historical Review*, "During the summer of 1881 Agent Tiffany committed a 'stupid and stupendous' administrative blunder." This "stupid and stupendous" blunder was not trusting the Indian police, and calling on the military to arrest the fanatical medicine-man, Nocke-da-klinsky. How will an unbiased person reconcile what Mr. Clum says with what Genl. Carter—a fine officer and scholarly man, who was at the Cibicu as a lieutenant, and there decorated for bravery—states in his "History of the Sixth Cavalry?" I will quote:

"Nockay-det-Klinny had been promising to raise the dead and drive out the whites for some time, and was growing rich on the credulity of his fellow-tribesmen. Genl. Carr was sent from Ft. Lowell to Ft. Apache to handle a most delicate situation. Nockay-det-Klinny was summoned several times to appear before Agent Tiffany at San Carlos, but ignored all orders, and retired to his camp on Cibicu creek, 40 miles from Ft. Apache. Tiffany requested Carr to arrest the medicine man.

"On the 29th of August, 1881, Genl. Carr paraded his little force of 79 soldiers and 23 Indian scouts and marched to Cibicu creek. When near the Indian camp the well-known chief Sanchez, rode out

and met the officers with whom he shook hands; then deliberately rode along the column and counted Carr's men. While Sanchez was thus engaged Apaches were noted to approach the command from behind bushes and rocks. Genl. Carr directed Capt. Hentig to warn them away, and as the latter entered on this duty, he was shot and killed by a young Apache buck which precipitated a hand-to-hand encounter in which the troops fought two to one, the scouts having joined Nockay-det-Klinny's reserves. In the melee Genl. Carr shouted, "Kill the medicine-man!" which was done by a young buglar. The Indians were driven off, but not until Capt. Hentig and six soldiers had been killed."

Certainly Genl. Carter's account above indicates no stupidity on the part of Agent Tiffany. How was he (Tiffany) to know that the Indian police had not had their minds poisoned against the whites, by the preaching of the medicine-man, as the scouts had theirs, as shown by Genl. Carter? Again, what did Mr. Clum know about what was going on at the agency in 1881, when he left the Indian Service in 1877? Mr. Clum is over zealous for the good name of the Apache, at least it would look that way to an unbiased person.

These articles of Mr. Clum's, plus those of Mr. Carr and Mr. Shippey, are somewhat on the order of the book "Massacre" by Robt. Gessner, who attempts to show that the affair at Wounded Knee, S. D., Dec. 29th, 1890, was an uncalled for and merciless slaughter of the Indians. The book is a series of misstatements, falsehoods, and utterly uncalled for attacks on the soldiers—a maliciously false representation of the conduct of our army. The truth is that the soldiers were attacked by the Indians (as they were at the Cibicu). I was in this campaign and know whereof I speak.

Gessner says: "It is my duty as an American citizen—it is every citizen's duty—to launch myself into the positive struggle of placing the living Indian on the respectable, human plane of a self-sufficing, culture-effusing American." That is correct, but not at the expense of the good name of the army. There are too many of these self-constituted defenders of the Indian, who know noth-

ing about him, or the conditions under which the army performed thankless tasks for the protection of the settler, who always asked for troops when his life and property were in danger. Why do these defenders of the Indians wait so long after what they write of has passed before they write their articles and books? That in itself should make a reader suspect an ulterior motive, rather than regard for the Indian and censure for the army.

Such books as "Massacre," and articles as "Apache Misrule" accomplish no good, even if their authors think they are called upon to defend the Indian. From living all my life in an army environment I deny most emphatically that our army ever knowingly acted unfairly with the Indians. Nor does it institute any propaganda of heroics. It is called upon to do a duty and it does it.

Mr. Clum criticises Col. Carr for having Lieut. Cruse take the arms from the scouts on August 14, fifteen days before the affair at the Cibicu, and then says that Genl. McDowell quotes his (Carr's) telegram (referring to the disarmament of the scouts) in his report, and "makes the following caustic comment:" "The temper of his Indian scouts being such as to make it his duty to disarm them, thus causing them to feel they were distrusted; the belief in their disposition to treachery being general, and that they could only be relied on till the next pay-day; it was injudicious, as events have shown, in Colonel Carr to take them, with arms in their hands, to aid him in the arrest of one of their leaders."

While the criticism of Genl. McDowell is well founded, Carr accomplished what he was sent to do; and, in the general argument as to whether or not he blundered, commendatory criticism would seem to be more appropriate than "caustic comment." The more is this so when considering Col. Carr's record: He was graduated from West Point in 1850; had a most gallant record in the Civil war, and against Indians prior to, and after that struggle. He was severely wounded by the Mescalero Apaches in 1854, and was thrice wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, Ark-

ansas, March 6-8, 1862. He was a Brigadier General of Volunteers in the Civil war while a Captain in the regular establishment. He led the expedition to Summit Springs, Colorado, July 11, 1869, against the celebrated Cheyenne chief, Tall Bull; and after a long, difficult march, to keep the Indians from knowing that he was coming, charged their village and utterly routed them. For this, as I remember, he was thanked by the legislature of Colorado. He was in command of the Sixth Cavalry in the Sioux war of 1890-91, and all under him—including myself—at that time had every confidence in him as a leader. His "blunder" at the Cibicu did not keep President Harrison from making him a Brigadier General when he was retired for age February 15, 1893. He died in Washington, Dec. 2, 1910.

Genl. Carr was a peppery and courageous man, and, had he lived to see Mr. Clum's articles, I am quite sure would have replied in a vigorous and convincing manner to much that he (Clum) has said of the Cibicu affair. And here it can be said that it is unfortunate that most, if not all, of the officers who were at the Cibicu are now dead, or else some might reply to Mr. Clum's articles, and give an entirely different version than the one presented by him at this late day.

When one wishes to present his case as he would have it appear to others, it is easy to criticise adversely, but in so doing one must be prepared for a boomerang.

Mr. Clum says: "Thus it is plain that if Agent Tiffany had sent the dependable Agency police to arrest Nock-e-da-kinny, the opportunity would not have been created for Colonel Carr to make his very grievous blunder." The Agency police may have been dependable in 1874, '75, '76 and '77, when Mr. Clum was at San Carlos. But on what does he base his assertion that they were dependable in 1881, at the time a fanatic was stirring up their relatives and friends; and when he (Clum) was not at San Carlos, and could have known nothing, at first hand, of the conditions there then?

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He criticises Genl. O. B. Willcox for having additional troops sent into Arizona; that the "military arm" had been "set in motion." Reply to that is that there never were troops enough in Arizona to efficiently cope with the Apache; not because of the expertness of the Indian as a soldier, but because of the vastness of the country to be scouted over, and the favorable terrain for the Indians. Proof of this is shown in fifty-one engagements or skirmishes officially recorded (the names and dates of these fights, with the troops engaged, can be given if called for) between Indians and troops in Arizona from Jan. 4, 1874, to Aug. 15, 1882. In addition there were a great number of skirmishes in the neighboring Territory of New Mexico. I fear Mr. Clum has not fully represented the conditions as they were in Arizona in his time there. Forty-three of the above fifty-one engagements took place between Jan. 4, 1874, and Aug. 29, 1877, the years Mr. Clum was with the Indian Service, yet from reading his articles one would think the army was not needed in Arizona in his time, and that his Indian police were sufficient to hold hostile Apaches in check.

Not satisfied with lambasting Col. Carr and Genl. Willcox, Mr. Clum goes after Genl. Sherman, the commander of the army. Such wholesale censure of prominent officers, favorably known to many old time Arizonans, holds water only with modern blind philanthropists, and those who think they could have done better with the Indians than the army did in Arizona. And here it might be said that army officers were often appointed as Indian Agents. They were noted for their knowledge of the Indians, the country they live in, and conditions generally pertaining to their wards on reservations. There were no better or more efficient agents than Capt. Frank D. Baldwin, at Anadarko, I. T., Capt. Jesse M. Lee at Pine Ridge, S. D., and Capt. Constant Williams at Ft. Defiance, in the Navajo reservation. All these gentlemen I knew and served under, and in the Indian country, at one time or another, all rose to be general officers. These are

only a few of the army men appointed as agents, so the reader may judge for himself as to whether or not Mr. Clum's articles against the army in Indian matters are warranted. In fact, it has often been stated by the Indians themselves that they preferred an army officer agent to a civilian. The army man had no axe to grind—simply did his duty.

Clum's views have brought him disciples, among others, Mr. Harry Carr and Mr. Lee Shippey of the Los Angeles Times. With respect to the latter the following may be said:

Mr. Carr's attempts, in his Lancer column of the Times, to cast discredit on the army and praise the Apache, are like his attempts at quoting Southwestern history and use of the Spanish language—often erroneous.

Carr says, in effect, that the Apaches out-marched, out-maneuvred, and out-fought the troops. On this Mr. Carr follows in spirit the lead of his preceptor, Mr. Clum, though the latter in his articles makes no such assertions, nor is there any intimation that such is the truth. On the contrary, Mr. Clum blames the army for killing Indians, by innuendo, if not by actual statements, which is one way of saying that the Apaches were whipped—which means out-marched, out-maneuvred and out-fought. The last result—the pacification of the Apaches by the army—shows the white man to be the better soldier. It is to be granted that the Apache was a hard nut to crack, but never, as Mr. Carr has stated, that he was the best soldier in the world—or words to that effect.

This statement of Mr. Carr's is like the one he once made in his Lancer column—that Sandino, in Nicaragua, had more brains than the 2000 U. S. marines in Nicaragua. I happen to be familiar with Sandino's "Operations," since in 1928 I was a member of the American Electoral Mission to Nicaragua, and there learned that he was looked upon, by both the Conservative and Liberal parties, as a renegade, with no standing whatever; and that he was always along the Honduran border and could step over

THE ARMY AND THE APACHE

into Honduras when, on occasions, with much superior numbers he attacked small detachments of marines, who usually put him to route.

About Oct. 7 or 8, Mr. Shippey came out in the Los Angeles Times with a garbled story, which was an interview with Mr. Clum. Mr. Shippey said, among other things, that the Indian police of San Carlos were mustered into Arizona's militia, and protected the citizens of Arizona from hostile Apaches.

The letters below will answer Mr. Shippey's claim that any Apache police from San Carlos were ever in the Arizona militia:

"4933 Jurupa Ave., Riverside, Calif., Oct. 17, 1931.

"Mr. Lee Shippey,
"Los Angeles Times,
"Los Angeles, Calif.

"Dear Sir:

"Referring to your recent Lee Side O' L. A. article (an interview with Mr. John P. Clum), in which you stated his (Mr. Clum's) Apache police were mustered into the militia of Arizona, etc. I am sending you two letters which are self-explanatory.

"Very respectfully,

"C. C. SMITH,
"Col. U. S. Army, Retired."

"4933 Jurupa Avenue, Riverside, Calif., Oct. 12, 1931.

"The Adjutant General, State of Arizona,
"Phoenix, Arizona.

"General:

"Will you kindly let me know if a company of Apache police, from San Carlos, was ever mustered into Arizona militia, and, if so, did they ever operate as troops, under orders from your office, in the protection of citizens from attack by hostile Apaches? Thanking you, I am,

"Very respectfully,

"C. C. SMITH,
"Col. U. S. A. Retired."

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

"STATE OF ARIZONA
"Military Department
"Office of the Adjutant General
Phoenix, Arizona 15, 1931.

"SUBJECT:

"Apache Indians in State Service.

"To: Colonel C. C. Smith,

"U. S. Army, Retired.

"My dear Colonel:

"Replying to your inquiry of 12th. inst., as to whether or not there were ever any Apache Indians from San Carlos mustered into Arizona Militia, would say that there is no record in this office to that effect and I do not believe there were any from San Carlos ever in State Service.

"We do have retained Muster Rolls in this office for the Pima Indians who were mustered into the old 1st. Arizona Infantry during the Civil War and are now drawing pensions from the Federal Government.

"I just called Colonel McClintock and he says that he is sure there were never any Apache Indians in the National Guard.

"Yours sincerely,

"OSCAR F. TEMPLE,

"Adjutant General of Arizona."

My vehement defense of the army; and condemnation of the old day Apache, in this letter, is because of such long standing and contrary vehement statements by those who take the opposite, and to my notion, unjust view.

As for the Apaches of today, I would be inconsiderate and unjust if I did not give them due credit for their present good behavior, but this has nothing to do with the savage and cruel Apache of my boyhood days in Arizona.

You have published Mr. Clum's articles (which have inspired Mr. Carr and Mr. Shippey to write in the same vein). Now, in justice to the other side of the question, I beg you to publish this letter; and just as it is written, even though it may be lacking in literary niceties.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very respectfully,

C. C. SMITH,

Col. U. S. Army, Retired.

BOOK REVIEWS

WYATT EARP, FRONTIER MARSHALL. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. 1931. Pp. 392.

The new book "Wyatt Earp—Frontier Marshall," by Stuart N. Lake, is the most satisfactory story of the old West that has been published. The biography of this famous peace officer is presented in a vivid, but sincere and dignified manner, and includes a wealth of most valuable, as well as entertaining information regarding general conditions associated with the development of the frontier—particularly in that period when the picturesque buffalo hunters held sway over the vast plans of the middle-west.

I knew Wyatt Earp for nearly a half-century—from 1880 until his death in 1929. I visited him frequently during his final illness, and spoke to him the night before he died. As a last expression of friendship, I was permitted to serve as one of his pall-bearers.

I know the very trying conditions under which Wyatt was called upon to uphold the law in and about Tombstone. Situations demanded a quick, keen brain, unerring judgment, nerves of steel and absolute fearlessness—a test for the best. Wyatt Earp met these tests with equanimity. Wyatt never feared anyone who would face him in the open.

I have often said that one of our greatest assets in the peaceful enforcement of law and order in Tombstone was the personality of Wyatt Earp. The desperado-outlaw element had a wholesome respect for his courage and prowess, and when any of those blustering, pseudo "bad men" come face to face with Wyatt they obligingly quit before shooting began. The result was "peace without victory." The single exception to this rule was the street battle with outlaws on October 26, 1881.

Wyatt Earp played an important and strenuous part in shaping the orderly stride of Empire on its westward course. He well deserves the candid story of his spectacular and colorful career which Mr. Lake has written with such patient care and arduous labor.

I have no doubt that this fine tribute to Wyatt Earp will be eagerly sought and widely read, and that the story will grow in popularity and interest with the passing years—thus securing for this foremost frontier marshal the public recognition and appreciation that his heroic services on behalf of the public welfare have so well merited.

JOHN P. CLUM,

Founder and Editor of The Tombstone Epitaph, (Tombstone, Arizona, 1880); First Mayor of the City of Tombstone, 1881.

BROTHERS IN THE WEST. By Robert Reynolds. Harper and Brothers, New York and London, 1931. Pp. 299. \$2.50.

Although widely advertised as the winner of the Harper Prize Novel Contest for 1931-1932, it is difficult to see why this literary effusion should attain the honor of being classed with its more worthy predecessors.

Undoubtedly it possesses certain merits of style and diction. As to plot, however, its quality is questionable. A rambling, unrelated series of incidents is loosely tied together by discussions of sex. Fortunately, this is a "first" novel. One may hope for better ones in the future from the author.

The two stalwart, lusty brothers, red-bearded Charles and dark David, typify the western frontiersman of the middle nineteenth century. Gradually their magnetic personalities attract to their service a band of devoted followers. Their wanderings and adventures, amorous and otherwise, form the central theme of the novel.

"They remembered themselves, but not where they were born or who might have been their parents. Even as children they had moved through wild countries with wandering folk, and as younger men than now had set out together, following the stars of chance. They hadn't any special ambitions and no long-lasting desires. They had toiled through desert heat, parched and weary; they had stood on the low dunes of the Gulf of Mexico; they had panned gold in California creeks; they had lived with Navajos in their country; they had followed adventures through the ragged Mexican sierras, and many a long trail had found them afoot; they had grown to be plain big men, used to the wilderness, to day and night, and any sort of weather; they had been hungry and thirsty together; they had been drunk and ribald together; they had enjoyed women and left them; they had kept each other warm lying body to body under a buffalo robe on high plateaus. In all things, they were brothers together."

This quotation indicates the general style and plot sequence of the novel. Here and there, pictures stand vividly out from the medley of rough frontier life and horse-play: the pioneer Smith family and its fate; a Mexican hacienda; an abandoned mission and its padre; a wide expanse of blazing desert; a spacious mountain meadow. Such pictures do much to relieve the sordidness upon which the author loves to dwell.

Perhaps, indeed, the best quality of the book lies in its glowing descriptive passages. Reynolds, clearly, knows his West and his Mexico. As he reproduces them with pitiless realism, one willingly follows the picturesque trail of the brothers through the West, for the sake of seeing another picture just beyond each distant mesa.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

BOOK REVIEWS

LIFE IN MEXICO: During a Residence of Two Years in that Country. By Mme. Calderon de la Barca. With an Introduction by Henry Baerlein. New York, E. P. Dutton and Company, Inc., 1931. Pp. xxxviii, 542. \$3.00.

This new edition of an old classic of the nineteenth century is sponsored, according to the publishers, by the Junior League of Mexico City. Although it is reprinted from the original plates, apparently, the work now appears in a much more attractive format, and one more suited to modern readers than was the case with the original, in the old *Everyman's Classics* series.

I first read Madame Calderon de la Barca's collected letters while residing in Mexico, and as a guide-book to social customs and mannerisms of the Mexican people, the work proved as freshly stimulating as it must have been when it was first published in complete form in London in 1843. In the passage of nearly a century, it has lost none of its applicability to Mexican life.

Consisting of fifty-four letters, the collection ranges in the topics discussed and described, from "Mexico in the Morning" to a description of the evil genius of Mexico, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, or as he later had himself styled, "His Supreme Highness." Here and there appears a touch which connects the sojourn of Madame Calderon de la Barca with our own history, such as a brief glimpse of the unfortunate prisoners taken in the Texan Santa Fe expedition of 1841, and a comment on the success of the brilliant actress, Fanny Elssler, who swept audiences off their feet in the United States of the forties. But the book should be read solely for a vivid portrayal of Mexico, the little-changing.

The publishers are to be praised for such a neat, readable reprint of this famous and substantial classic.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

THE GREAT PLAINS. By Walter Prescott Webb, Associate Professor of History, the University of Texas. New York and Chicago, Ginn and Company, 1931. Pp. xvi, 525, maps and illustrations. \$3.80.

For those who desire to read a truly brilliant study and interpretation of the plains and mountain country of the Southwest, no better work could be recommended than Professor Webb's THE GREAT PLAINS. Here is the cream of history, of geography, put succinctly into a scholarly and fascinating discussion of the region which has produced the real West. Nearly every page contains shrewd comments upon and analyses of, the factors that have made the West and its society.

So all-inclusive is the work that it would be difficult to say which of its features are most outstanding and noteworthy. Logical-

ly, the subject is introduced by a definition of the Great Plains, as "the High Plains in the center, the Prairie Plains on the east, and the arid mountainous section on the west." Such a broad definition (with which not all students may agree), includes, of course, the Rocky Mountain plateau. The author devotes much space and detail to a discussion of geographic factors and the flora and fauna of the region affecting human life. Equally detailed and revealing is the treatment of the Plains Indians, with an unusually good appreciation of the significance of their becoming horsemen.

Two excellent historical chapters, on the Spanish and American "approaches" to the Great Plains, form neat summaries of the coming of the white man, Latin and Anglo-American, to the area. Why "the Spaniards never did more than nibble around the margins of the Great Plains;" why the myth of "the Great American Desert" arose; why the six-shooter solved the problems of the Texan frontier; and why the South and its economic system were checked by the Great Plains,—all these questions are thoroughly handled in these two chapters.

From a treatment of early Spanish and American pioneers, Professor Webb turns to economic history. His discussion of the Cattle Kingdom and its trails, its expansion and its folkways, is in itself better than nearly any one of a host of entire volumes on the subject. Fully as important is his handling of the vital matters of railroads, fencing (which section contains the best short history of barbed-wire), the problems of water and farming on the Great Plains, and the various homestead laws applying to the region west of the 98th meridian.

The work closes with two chapters on the literature of and about the Great Plains, and the significance of the Plains in American life. Herein are discussed such topics as "Why is the West considered Spectacular and Romantic?;" "Why was the West considered Lawless?;" and "Why is the West politically Radical?" All of these queries, and several others, are most satisfactorily answered.

The chief criticism which occurs to the reviewer is that Professor Webb is unduly influenced by his own Texan environment. Perhaps a fuller treatment of the northern Great Plains and of the Rocky Mountain West would give the volume a wider appeal. He is, however, correct in his assumption that what was true of the Texan plains is in some degree typical of other areas in the Great Plains.

It is safe to predict that some time will elapse before there will appear a better interpretation of the whole range of Southwestern history than is this fine volume. It easily supersedes all previous discussions of the Cattle Kingdom and the homesteader, and as a whole should maintain a permanent place high in the annals of the Southwest.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

BOOK REVIEWS

ANZA'S CALIFORNIA EXPEDITIONS. Edited by Herbert Eugene Bolton, Professor of American History and Director of the Bancroft Library, University of California. University of California Press, Berkeley, California, 1930. 5 vols. (I, pp. xxi, 529; II, pp. xii, 473; III, pp. xviii, 436; IV, pp. x, 552; v. pp. xviii, 426.) Illustrations and maps. \$25.00.

Here, in five handsome volumes, are the complete records of one of the greatest epics in the history of the Southwest. This truly profound work, the product of twenty years of patient, scholarly research, provides all students and lovers of Southwestern history with the materials necessary to understand one of its imperishable episodes. Students, librarians and readers who profess an interest in the chronicles of Arizona and California cannot well do without this splendid collection of first-hand accounts of the last great colonial "push" of Spain into North America.

By its general scheme, the work is divided into two main portions, an introductory volume and four volumes of documentary material. Volume I, *An Outpost of Empire*, is a synthetic and vivid account of the two expeditions of Juan Bautista de Anza, 1774-1776, from the Arizona-Sonora frontier to northern California. Part One of this volume, entitled, "The Setting for the Drama," successfully places the founding of San Francisco in its proper relation to the history of the Spanish New World. Part Two, "Opening a Land Route to California," is the narrative of Anza's first or exploring journey from Tubac down to Caborca and thence over the Camino del Diablo to the Colorado and the coast, and on to San Francisco Bay, thus carrying out and extending the explorations of Padre Eusebio Kino in the seventeenth century. Part Three, "The San Francisco Colony," deals with the heroic trek of Anza's 240 colonists from Culiacan to Monterey in 1776, and with the actual founding of San Francisco in that year. Part Four, "Anza and Palma in Mexico," describes the return of Anza and Garces to the Pimeria and to Mexico. Salvador Palma, who accompanied Anza on his return to Mexico City, was the vigorous and yet mystical Yuma chieftain who figures so picturesquely in the whole story as the friend of the Spaniards.

Volume I, serving as an introduction to the other four volumes of documents, is the editor's own interpretation and summary of the documentary records which compose the bulk of the entire work. It is written in a clear, simple, direct style, and with a rare enthusiasm born of long study in the archives of Mexico and careful personal retracing of the routes of Anza. Beautifully illustrated with photographs, reproductions, and ten detailed maps of the Anza trails, compiled by the editor, it is in itself a worthy addition to any library.

Professor Bolton's metaphor of the dog and its tail helps to place the Anza expeditions in the history of the Spanish Borderlands, and will appeal both to those who are most interested in the role of Spain

in our Southwest, and to those who appreciate the history of Spanish America in its larger sense: "The real Spanish America, the dog, lay between the Rio Grande and Buenos Aires. The part of the animal lying north of the Rio Grande was only the tail." Such a thought-provoking statement helps us to see the Spanish viewpoint toward our Southwest.

Volume II, *Opening a Land Route to California*, contains a group of diaries relating to the first Anza expedition, of 1774. Anza's diary A is his complete diary ("Diario de la Ruta, i Operaciones . . ."), covering the same ground, but not identical with his other two diaries of the expedition (B, Tubac to San Gabriel; and C, return diary), and is taken from the original in the archives of Mexico. It is followed by Anza's diaries B and C. Then come the 1774 diaries of Fray Juan Diaz; Fray Francisco Garces' diaries of 1774 and his "Brief Account" of the expedition; and Fray Francisco Palou's diary of the expedition to San Francisco Bay. The volume is illustrated by photographs and facsimile reproductions of diary pages.

The third volume, *The San Francisco Colony*, consists of Anza's and Fray Pedro Font's diaries of the second expedition, 1775-1776, and Fray Thomas Eixarch's diary of his winter spent at Yuma and in Sonora, 1775-1776, in preparing the Yuma Indians for the planting of a mission among them. In addition, there are two accounts of the founding of San Francisco in 1776, written by Fray Francisco Palou and Lieutenant Josef Joachin Moraga, both participants in the event. The illustrations are similar to those of Volume II in character. An interesting preface relates Dr. Bolton's personal retracing of the Anza routes, a labor which is also described in the footnotes of Volumes II-IV.

Next to the Anza diaries in point of historical interest, and more entertainingly written, is the complete "Diary of an Expedition to Monterey by way of the Colorado River," by Padre Fray Pedro Font, the incomparable diarist of Southwestern history, which records the entire journey from Horcasitas to San Francisco Bay and return, 1775-1776. Taken from the original manuscript in the library of Brown University, it is now published as Volume IV of this collection. Most fascinating of all the diaries, it is an outstanding item among them. Here are to be found the gossip of the trail, the peoples encountered, the personnel of the expedition, and many a dry, humorous comment. A reading of Font's diary, with its photographs and reproductions, bring back most vividly the days and deeds of those hardy pioneers who were rounding out a frontier of the Spanish Empire in the same years which saw a North American frontier of the British Empire convulsed by revolution. Font's diary is the prize of the entire collection.

The last volume of the work consists of correspondence and lesser documents relating to the expeditions. Herein are found letters

BOOK REVIEWS

dating from 1769 to 1777. Many of these letters are from Anza; others were written by Bucareli, viceroy of New Spain and promoter of the California colony as an offset to the advancing threat of Russia; still others by Fray Junipero Serra and other officials and friars concerned with the founding of the California missions. There are numerous facsimile reproductions of the letters. As side-lights on the motives and methods of these empire-builders, the specimens of their correspondence form an admirable supplement to the diaries of the preceding three volumes. And the intelligence and culture which they reflect, quite shake our Anglo-Saxon self-esteem.

Regarded as a whole, one can but praise this excellent group of historical records. Only four of the total of 123 documents have been published before, and these in scattered periodicals. Here is a complete and authentic collection of all of them. The format is simple and attractive, the printing clear, and it is evident that expense was not spared in the effort to make this production a fine specimen of the book-maker's art. Minor errors in printing are so few as to be too trivial to mention. Each volume is fully indexed, and has complete explanatory footnotes, while the editorial preface of each forms an illuminative introduction to the contents.

It should be noted that this work is not the result of mere office speculations by a pedant. It is, on the contrary, the product of diligent out-of-door expeditions, retracing every mile of Anza's journeys through our deserts and mountains. As a demonstration of the unity of Southwestern history, and particularly of the close connection of the annals of Spain, Spanish America, Arizona and California, it should prove to be a contribution of permanent and most enduring value.

RUFUS KAY WYLLYS.

ARIZONA PIONEERS' HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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Through the courtesy of the State Historian, Mrs. Effie R. Keen, the Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society will hence forward be given a page in the Arizona Historical Review by which to keep in touch with its members throughout the State.

Call to meeting: In compliance with the constitution the annual meeting of the society will be held Dec. 29, 1931 (anniversary of Arizona's admission as a Territory) at 2:30 in its headquarters at the Stadium of the University of Arizona.

It might not be amiss in this first issue to tell something of the organization:

The first meeting of the Arizona Pioneers' Society was held in Tucson, January 31, 1884, at the call of Chas. D. Poston, father of Arizona. The Society was incorporated March 4, 1884, and its name changed to Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society in 1897.

Qualification for membership: Originally any male citizen who came to Arizona before 1870; since 1897, any citizen who has been in Arizona thirty years.

Aims: Social, charitable, and historical.

Historical collection: The Society owns 3500 pieces of literature on Arizona and the Southwest, and many original manuscripts. Other matter, both current and old, is constantly being added.

Material sought: 1. State and Government reports—the revised code of Arizona specifies that we are to have a complete set of all State publications. 2. History and yearbooks of social, fraternal and industrial organizations. 3. City histories, directories, charters, reports, and documents. 4. Newspapers—back files. 5. Magazine excerpts. 6. Diaries, letters and letter presses. 7. Maps, pictures, books, and relics.

Care of material: Offices of the Society are housed in a fire-proof building, and cover about 2500 square feet of floor space. Equipment includes steel files, book cases, map draws and other equipment for caring for material.

Among pictures recently presented to the society by pioneer Morris Goldwater is one of the Steamship Mohave with a picnic party on board, taken in 1876.

Mrs. Chas. Thomas has presented to the society a bronze money box from the old Spanish mission San Jose de Tucson.

Edward Vail is running in the Citizen a series of letters written by his brother Walter, who came to Arizona in 1874.

ARIZONA MUSEUM NOTES

By ELIZABETH S. OLDAKER

On the evening of November twentieth, Dr. Byron C. Cummings of the State Museum at the University of Arizona, presented a former pupil, a native of Phoenix, Mr. Karl Ruppert, who gave an interesting lecture on "Mayan Civilization." Mr. Ruppert has been, for the past seven years, with the Carnegie Institute Field Expedition in Yucatan, and in charge of the excavations carried on by that institution at Chichen Itza. His lecture was illustrated with numerous slides showing the remarkable architectural structures which have recently been unearthed in that section.

Mr. Ruppert has just completed the excavation and restoration of the "Caracol" or observatory at Chichen Itza. The round structure rests on a large platform, which in turn rests on a huge pyramid structure with a grand staircase leading up to it. One of the unique features of Mayan building according to Mr. Rupert is the presence of more ancient and primitive buildings beneath present massive structures. Mayan builders never evolved the true arch, and it has been a mystery to archaeologists how, without any metal tools of any kind, they were able to do the beautiful stonework and remarkable carving which they did.

Mr. Rupert also showed pictures of modern Mayans, descendants of the ancient people. He also exhibited and left in the museum for visitors to see, a number of articles used today; a hammock, a modern woman's dress, rebosa, native embroidery, etc.

The Arizona Artists's Guild held an exhibition of local artists work at the museum, in December. The exhibition opened December 12 and continued through the holidays.

LAST FRONTIER

MRS. ELIZABETH JANE GUIRADO

Mrs. Elizabeth Jane Guirado, sister of Edward Schieffelin, founder of Tombstone, died at 80 in a Los Angeles hospital during October, 1931. She had lived in California 51 years, and her husband was a nephew of Pio Pico, last of the Spanish governors of that state. She rode in one of the old wagons in the Helldorado parade of 1929.

B. HEYMAN

B. Heyman, November 1, 1931, in San Francisco. Founder of the old furniture house, Dorris-Heyman Co. of Phoenix, Mr. Heyman came to Arizona from Virginia City, where he had been a furniture dealer in the prosperous days of that gold camp in the '80's. He first went to Tombstone, then larger than Phoenix. Upon the decline of Tombstone, he established his firm in Phoenix in 1885. He continued his business to within five years of his recent death. He is survived by his daughter, wife of a San Francisco physician, and Mrs. A. Goldberg of Phoenix, a sister-in-law. Mr. Heyman was a member of the first board of the capitol site commission and at various times of the old Phoenix city council.

J. F. KEARNEY

J. F. Kearney, aged 86, at the Pioneer's Home, Prescott, November 13, 1931. Like B. Heyman, he was at Virginia City before coming to Arizona by mule-back from Los Angeles. He was associated with many of the famous early mining men of the state.

EDWIN FRANCIS JONES

Edwin Francis Jones, 78, at Tucson, Oct. 15, 1931. Born in Alabama in 1853, he came to Arizona in 1906 after a distinguished legal career which impaired his health. Here he lived to become again noted in his profession.

W. W. PACE

W. W. Pace, 74, at his home in Thatcher, Sept. 8, 1931. Born in Idaho, he married in Utah in 1879, going to Arizona the following year by way of Lee's Ferry, the great gate from the Mormon country to the south. His first visit to Graham county was with a posse trailing horse-thieves. He was one of the earliest cattle ranchers there, served in both territorial and state legislatures, was prominent in the affairs of the Latter Day Saints, serving as a missionary to England.

LAST FRONTIER

ELIAS A. SAWYER

Elias A. Sawyer, 73, at Phoenix, September 4, 1931. Following the mining camps, he went from Leadville to New Mexico, to Tombstone in 1880. He was first mayor of Winslow, going there in 1885 and engaging in a mercantile business. He was also a prominent rancher, mining man, Indian trader, and state and county official in various capacities.

MARY O'NEAL DIAL

Mary O'Neal Dial, 80, at Safford, in the last days of August, 1931. Born in Missouri in 1850, she came across the plains with a colony of 20 families. In 1887 they reached Arizona. They passed the bodies of people murdered by Apaches. She lived the stringent life of a pioneer woman, often taking her children into the brush for days and watching raiding Apaches drink from her well. Many a time she rode horseback through the dark and the cold and danger to nurse and succor some frontier friend.

MRS. JOHN J. FILLEMAN

Mrs. John J. Filleman, at Clifton, Oct. 9, 1931, 67, a daughter of George Chisholm, for whom the famous Chisholm trail was named.

STANLEY C. BAGG

Stanley C. Bagg, at Santa Barbara, Calif., Oct. 1, 1931, veteran Arizona editor and mining man. He came to Arizona in 1879, founded the Tombstone Prospector, and consorted with the figures of the town's El Dorado days.

JOHN CALVIN JONES

John Calvin Jones, 81, at Douglas, in September, 1931. Born in Georgia he came across the plains before the civil war. He was a scout with Buffalo Bill, Al Seiber, and Tom Horn.

Other pioneers to go are: Mrs. Susan Monihon, 58, at Phoenix, Nov. 1, 1931; Louis Ezekiels, 73, in Tucson, Sept. 22, 1931; Joe W. Stinson, 70, in Tucson, Sept. 20, 1931; A. Y. Smith, 62, at Pearce, Oct. 13, 1931; David John Davis, 53, in Duncan Valley, Sept. 21, 1931; William G. Dickinson, 63, at Flagstaff, Sept. 10, 1931; E. H. Martin, 62, in Phoenix, Nov. 5, 1931; Ira L. Moore, 68, in Glendale, Nov. 10, 1931; George A. McDonald, 61, in Phoenix, Oct. 22, 1931.

ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of Arizona Historical Review published quarterly at Phoenix, Arizona, for October 1, 1931.

State of Arizona)
) ss.
County of Maricopa)

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Effie R. Keen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Publisher of the ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Editor, Effie R. Keen, Phoenix, Arizona;
Managing Editor, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona;
Business Manager, Sidney Kartus, Cave Creek, Arizona.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

The State of Arizona, State House, Phoenix, Arizona.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) There are none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and condition under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

EFFIE R. KEEN,
Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of October, 1931.

ANNA THOMAN

(My Commission expires, January 22, 1933).