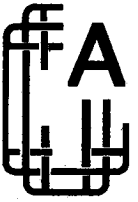
PREHISTORIC AND HISTORIC

GILA COUNTY ARIZONA



BY
DAN ROSE
GLOBE, ARIZONA
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PREFACE

This book is dedicated to the memory of the pioneer mothers and fathers of Gila County, Arizona, to the prospectors, miners, ranchers, and cattlemen, and to all others who came to the territory and faced the dangers, privation, and isolation that existed here. The writer has not mentioned the individual bravery and fortitude of these old scouts of our pioneer days, though they were many, but instead has pictured the isolated, dangerous region in which they lived, fought, and died to secure for you, of this later day, a peaceful country to live in.

THE AUTHOR

PREHISTORIC AND HISTORIC GILA COUNTY, ARIZONA

From the time the Jamestown colonists landed on the verdant coast of Virginia, and the Pilgrim Fathers set foot on the bleak and wintry shores of New England, the white man, the pioneer of America, has faced dangers of the most terrible kind in his endeavor to civilize the territory which is now the United States of America.

These dangers were not alone the rigor of winter, the scarcity of food when famine threatened, nor the isolation in a wilderness far removed from kindred and home when death stalked apace; no, it was not only these terrors which threatened the old pioneer, but the constant presence of a menace more subtle, more horrible, and more merciless — it was the savage Indian tribes of America.

Within the boundary of every state in the Union those savage beings committed horrible crimes of rapine and murder, but in none of them were their inhuman deeds consumated more completely than in Arizona. Arizona was the last frontier and the last stand of that daring and vengeful foe of the pioneers, the American Indian, and in no part of Arizona was there a more dangerous spot than that which forms the territory of what is now known as Gila County.

A thousand years before the Red Man came, Cliff Dwellers — human bats — lived in their aeries high up on towering mountain walls. What remains of their ancient dwellings are holes in the walls which suggest the eyes of gnomes, peering in hate down on the hills and valleys below where the white man holds his ruthless sway. Along the winding rivers and creeks, on the margins and on the mesas hard by, hundreds of communal dwelling sites are to be seen, where thousands of diminutive people lived in hope and fear, and died, exterminated by a more powerful race. Only rocks, laid in squares eight by ten feet, remain on the surface of the ground to mark the sites of houses buried from five to ten feet below in earth and debris, deposited there by thousands of years of erosion, the elements, and time.

Gila County, when the first white man came, was no doubt one of the most transcendent works of the God of nature; surrounded by towering mountain ranges — the Sierra Anchas and Mogollons to the north, the Mazatzals and Superstitions to the west, and the Pinals and Dripping Springs to the south. From their sides and summits dense forests of pine, manzanita, and oak darkened the contour of their bulk. While down on the lower reaches, among the foothills, immense groves of juniper and red oak grew; and in the valleys, among the hills, fields upon fields

of black gramma grass, upon which herds of antelope and deer were to be seen grazing, waved with the will of the wind.

From mountain sides gushed many springs of pure and sparkling water, which, augmented by the lingering snow, melting slowly, formed ever-running streams and creeks. These poured their limpid waters into the Gila River to the south and the Salt River to the north. Along these streams and creeks, namely, the Cherry, Tonto, Coon, Rye, Canyon, Cibicue, San Carlos, Pinto, Mineral, and Pinal were vales of rich soil in which grew sycamore, cottonwood, willow and walnut. In the spring and summer sunflowers grew tall and dignified, bowing their bright yellow faces to the gentle breeze, their black eyes coquetting with other wild flowers near by. Ruling over this wonderful domain were three branches of the merciless Apache tribe; the dark, scowling warriors of the Tontos in the north and west along Tonto Creek and the Mazatzals, the lighter hued Cibicue, ferocious and vengeful, at the base of the towering Mogollons, and the Pinals or San Carlos Apaches to the south along the Gila River. They were never at war with one another but at times banded together and swooped down on the peaceful and industrious Pimas, pillaging their rancherias, stealing their grain and stock, and returning again to their mountain fastnesses.

This was the primitive aspect and danger that greeted King Woolsey and his daring band of Indian fighters on the trail of the Tonto Apaches on the war path, in the year 1864.

THE PINOLE TREATY OR MASSACRE AT BLOODY TANKS

The following thrilling event, taken from the Farish History of Arizona, will impress the reader's mind as to how dangerous the situation was in the early days in what is now Gila County, Arizona.

The Tonto Apaches had been raiding the ranches in Peeples Valley and along the Verde River and Walnut Grove. King Woolsey was enroute to Prescott from Agua Caliente with his wagon train loaded with flour. The settlers of Peeples Valley insisted that he send his teams on to Prescott and take command of a volunteer company in a raid against the Apaches.

There were about sixty men in the company. Woolsey dispatched couriers to the chiefs of the Maricopas and Pimas and each of them joined him at the mouth of the Verde River with thirty warriors from each tribe. They took the trail of the Apaches, following it into Tonto Basin where the chief of the

Pimas, fearing an ambush, decided to go no further and withdrew his followers. However, the chief of the Maricopas, Juan Chiavria, who was a great friend of Woolsey, stayed with the whites with his warriors. They followed the trail across the Tonto, up Salt River to Pinal Creek. Up this creek the trail led them into what is now Miami Wash. Here the signs were still fresh and when the pioneers entered a narrow canyon they found themselves surrounded by some four hundred Apaches. Knowing that unless diplomacy was resorted to they would all be massacred, King Woolsey had an interpreter talk to the hostiles. Jack, a Yuma Indian who had acquired their language when one time captured by the Apaches, was the orator for the occasion. He talked long and loud, begging them to come closer and assuring them that they would be treated kindly. Jack told them that Juan Chiavria of the Maricopas was present and that he himself was chief of the Yumas, that the three white men were great American captains who came from Washington to make a treaty with them, that they were not there for war but to make peace.

After many hours of persuasion the Apaches concluded that they would come down and have a talk. It was arranged that each party should meet in council without arms, the chief of the Maricopas, Jack, King Woolsey, Joe Dye of Los Angeles, and Young Lennon, who was to record the treaty. The rest of the white men and the Maricopas were left about sixty yards away, armed with rifles and shotguns, with instructions to take an active part when the fighting commenced; those armed with shotguns to come to the relief of Woolsey, and the riflemen to fire upon the Apaches in the hills. The white men and chiefs in council were each armed with two six shooters under their coats.

The Apaches, big chiefs and little chiefs, numbering about thirty, were seated on the ground in a half circle. One of the big chiefs complained at sitting on the bare ground so King Woolsey sent off and got a fine scarlet blanket for him, seating him next to where he himself was standing.

The Maricopas had brought a quantity of pinole and tobacco. The pinole was placed on a blanket near by and the Indians pretended to be smoking the tobacco. After the Apaches were seated and the conference began an Apache entered the council dragging two lances at his heels; another came with a handful of knives which were distributed among the hostile savages. Immediately afterward an Indian boy rushed in, almost out of breath, and told the Apaches that the order from the big chief was for them all to get out of camp and they would kill the last one of the whites and Maricopas.

The signal agreed upon by Woolsey and his men for the firing to commence was for him to put his hand upon his hat.

Before the Apaches had time to do anything Woolsey gave his signal, at the same time shooting the Apache chief seated upon his blanket. Joe Dye, Young Lennon, the Maricopa chief, and Jack did the same, every bullet finding its mark.

The shotgun men rushed in and killed every Apache who had come to the council, while those having rifles were picking off the Apaches in the hills.

After the fight was over they examined the blood-covered hills but found no dead, as it was the invariable custom of the Apaches to carry off their dead and wounded whenever it was practicable to do so. Woolsey and his men retraced their steps through the canyon, but not an Indian was in sight.

In the fight Woolsey lost only one man. He had warned Young Lennon to look out for a lame Apache who had a lance, but in the excitement Lennon had forgotten his warning. The Indian ran him through the body with his lance and Lennon shot the Indian with his revolver almost at the same time, both dying together.

The Apaches received such a severe punishment that they were good for some time after.

The above account was given to Thomas Farish, the Historian for Arizona, by Mrs. Baxter, the wife of Judge Baxter of Yuma, Arizona, who was the wife of King Woolsey before his death. It may be considered the true story of what is known as "Pinole Treaty" or "The Massacre at Bloody Tanks." This historic canyon lies about three miles west of the present mining town of Miami on Highway 180.

On another war trail King Woolsey, with his brave and daring band of volunteer Indian fighters, followed the ever-menacing Tontos into the Sierra Anchas where they met the merciless and savage foe. So deeply learned in the knowledge of wood-craft and Indian warfare, these brave pioneers beat the Apaches in their own school, surprising them and killing a hundred and twenty warriors, the whites not losing a man.

On this same expedition King Woolsey and his victorious band came on to Pinal Creek, where they discovered a wheat field which had been planted by the Indians. They thrashed out all the wheat they wanted, and parched it, making it into pinole. After doing this they turned their horses into the field and destroyed the growing crop, while the squaws who had fled to the surrounding hills were bewailing their loss. The place today is known as Wheatfields and is located northeast of Globe on the Roosevelt Highway.

THE FIRST PROSPECTOR

In 1868 there arrived in Florence a gabby, good-natured, sandy-haired, blue-eyed, swaggering sort of a man, a prospector, who was forever singing a song entitled "Honky Dory Dandy." When he introduced himself, whether through pride in the song or the name no one knew, he would say, "I'm W. H. Holmes, Honky Dory Holmes." As soon as he heard of the mineral prospects on the north side of the Pinals his venturesome urge knew no restraint. "Apache or no," he was "a-goin' thar." After winning to his side two other men as daring as he, they loaded their pack animals with grub and struck out to blaze a trail and locate mineral deposits which were destined to create one of the greatest mining sections in the world. It is with deep regret that the writer must omit the names of the men with "Honky Dory" Holmes, but they were never learned.

Holmes and his partners crossed the Pinals from Florence, coming down Pinal Creek to a deep wash which entered it, now the side of the Globe Foundry. They followed it to its head, then crossed the foothills to where Copper Hill is today. Here they found mineral float which looked good, and decided to prospect there for a time. They had seen no Indians as yet, but to insure themselves a protection against an attack from the savage, they built a small corral of rock to fight behind. Part of this corral or fort, which has stood the elements and time, can be seen on the trail from Copper Hill to the Little Johnnie mine today.

One evening later, when the daring prospectors thought they were in a safe situation to go to work on their discoveries, two of them came down to the clear running stream with a pack horse carrying small kegs and canteens, for water for camp. Where the Copper Hill wash enters the valley by the Jimmie Anderson home, the two men were frozen to their tracks when, above the primitive quiet of that far away evening, they heard from across the stream the boisterous chanting of an Apache war song. The dense foliage of willows and trees screened the view, but they hastily tied the horse to a catclaw bush and, with rifles in hand, crawled toward the voices of the Apaches. These brave men were not urged by mere curiosity to discover the cause of the merriment or linger in as dangerous a place as this. No, it was to find out the worst and so prepare for it. In an opening, the present site of Thomas J. Long's coal and feed yard, fifteen Indians, armed with but three rifles and bows and arrows, could be seen by the prospectors. The hilarity continued for a short time, and then they struck out down the stream, their voices soon dying away in the distance. A close call for both sides, as they would have looked at it,

had the Apaches known their hated foe, the pale face, was watching them. Filling their water vessels they returned to camp and held a council. It was decided, since the Indians had not seen them and had not come across their trail, to go back to Florence for reinforcements, for it would not be long until they would be discovered. So, early the next morning, they packed out of camp and hit the trail. These, then, were the first white men who dared the Apache in his lair, discovered, and made camp in what is known today as the great Globe-Miami mining district of Arizona.

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THE FIRST MINE LOCATION

It seems Holmes and his partners departed for other fields, and did not return at once. But in 1870 another band of hardy and daring men were lured into the district by reports. In this year the Anderson brothers, Barney Reagan, and Charles Mason came to the scenes of the Holmes party. They discovered the Globe mine where the Old Dominion Mining Company is today. They did not tarry long, but after prospecting in the neighborhood and discovering good indication of mineral down the creek, which they located and named the Dominion, the party pulled out for Florence again. They were brave and daring men, those old time prospectors, but as intelligent frontiersmen they used that knowledge with reason and keen judgment. When danger was apparent they did not court it; neither did they fear it, but the realization that an Apache rifle or arrow was as deadly as the white man's, and that life was sweet, made them shun foolish risk and when there was but a few of them they followed the sane logic — to go while the going was good. In 1871 William T. (Bill) McNelly, first sergeant of A troop of the 8th United States Cavalry, while on a scouting expedition after Apaches on the warpath, camped on Pinal Creek with his command. Mr. McNelly, living today, claims that on the long and dangerous trail from Fort Bayard, New Mexico to central Arizona there never was seen a more beautiful spot to camp and rest in than beside the clear, cool water of Pinal Creek, with its deep, inviting shades of sycamore and cottonwood.

At the same time B.F. (Bush) Crawford, a little sandy-haired, wiry, brave, and venturesome man from Missouri, and Capt. Adams, drove a herd of cattle on to the creek; the first cattlemen to locate in this part of Arizona and dare the Apache in his own hunting grounds.

There were but three trails entering this section at that time, all old Indian trails. One came over from the Verde River

through Reno Pass and down to Tonto Creek; another ran through what is now Miami Wash, and from there on over the west end of the Pinals, down Devil's Canyon and Queen Creek at Superior, and into the desert beyond. The other trail led up Pinal Creek and branched about where the Standard Oil Station is now, one branch heading down to the Gila River at San Carlos, and the other around the east end of the Pinals. It was over the trail through Reno Pass that Bush Crawford and Capt. Adams drove their herd of cattle.

In 1871 two members of The Minor Expedition, which passed along Pinal Creek, were greatly attracted by the district. These men, Jim Bell and Lafayette P. Nash, later became identified with the Globe district and the Territory. Nash, the sire of the Nash family of Gila County, was a member of the territorial legislature and Justice of the Peace at Miami for many years.

A few of the more daring prospectors came into the district but did not tarry. The Anderson bothers, Reagan, Mason, and Copeland came back in 1874, relocated their old claims, did some work, and pulled out for Florence. This time, however, a rabbit's foot was in every man's pocket, for, at a spot four miles north of Superior, they discovered the famous Silver King Mine, which was, while it lasted, one of the riches silver mines in the world. This new strike at the Silver King and the good prospects in this district caused a prospecting rush which, with new and rich discoveries in this vicinity, started the mining camp of Globe.

In the year 1875 the territorial legislature created Pinal County, which embraced the greater part of what is now Gila County, but until the following year no laws functioned. Then, P.R. Brady, sheriff of the new county, appointed Mike Whealen as deputy sheriff and constable, to uphold the dignity of the law. It was certainly needed, as the small new camp of Globe was fast becoming of the type of other wild, wooly, and hell-roaring camps that existed in other sections of the untamed west.

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STARTING OF THE BOOM

By now John Ramboz had discovered the Ramboz claims, rich in silver ore; then followed in fast succession the finding of the Silver Era, Fame, Champion, Centennial, Rescue, Irene, Mexican, Cox and Copeland, Isabella, the El Capitan in the Pinals, and others. The deep Boom! Boom! of powder blasts in the mines reverberated over the silent hills and awoke the sleep of countless ages past.

All these mining claims and all other claims on the eastern bank of Pinal Creek, Globe included, were on the Indian Reservation and, in order to work them a permit had to be obtained from the government at Washington, D.C. However, John Ramboz and partners thought of a plausible scheme for overcoming the government ruling. They approached Grant Oury, Arizona's delegate to Congress, with the proposition that, if he could have Congress segregate the mineral districts adjacent to Globe from the reservation, they would deed him an interest in their valuable silver claims. Oury put the deal over and the rich mineral districts of Ramboz, Silver Era, and later Richmond Basin, McMillanville, and Champion were free for location and occupation by the miners of the district.

When the news of these rich silver discoveries reached Silver City, New Mexico, it was the people from that booming frontier mining camp who started the rush to the latest El Dorado at Globe. Dr. C.C. Stallo led the van by loading a four mule team and wagon with flour, potatoes and a barrel of whiskey, blazing the wagon trail from Silver City to Globe. At this time the United States Government at Washington, D.C., had established the reservation for the Apache; the reservation border line on the west was the Pinal Creek from the mountains to its confluence with Salt River. There were some hundred people then living in tents and shacks scattered up and down the creek. As most of them lived on the reservation side, on which the law forbade the sale of liquor, they had to go across the stream to obtain their liquor, but the Doctor, a resourceful soul, thought out a feasible scheme to beat the law. He offered to give a bottle of whiskey for a certain amount of flour or potatoes bought. The scheme worked, the settlers buying their provisions and "toting home their liquor," happy in the assurance that they were within the law. Needless to say, the Doctor was soon sold out.

THE FIRST MERCHANTS

Shortly after, Logan and Vossberg opened the first store, followed by Sultan, Shyrock and Hise, and Alexander Pendelton. Jerry Barton, the notorious "Jerry" who could kill men with his bare fist, opened the first saloon, soon followed by Jim Hamilton and others, including Wm. T. McNelly and Felix Knox. The Knox and McNelly Saloon was where the first Christmas tree celebration was held in Globe.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE IN GLOBE

The holding of the celebration to commemorate the birth of Christ, the Saviour of mankind, in a saloon, was the talk of the Territory at the time. But, with due respect to churches that are dedicated to celebrate this transcendent event and impress its divine inspiration upon the minds of their votaries, let it be said here that no gathering of people in cathedral hall or simple church ever paid a more reverent homage to the Master of mankind's higher ideals, than the rough-hewn denizens of the mining camp of Globe that memorable Christmas Eve in the year 1876.

The Knox and McNelly Saloon was one of the finest in the southwest. Its bar was of bronze oak and mahogany surface, which shone as glass. The back bar too was highly ornate, with its wonderful long mirror, decorated with glass chandeliers and beautiful vases, goblets and drinking vessels. Huge Rochester oil lamps suspended by other glass chandeliers illumined the large spacious hall as if it were day. Gambling layouts, faro, roulette, monte, and poker games were played in the back part of the saloon and the respective tables were crowded every day and night where thousands of dollars were won and lost.

When the news that Knox and McNelly were going to have a Christmas tree in their saloon with everybody invited, and that the bar and gambling would be closed during the event, reached the miners and prospectors in the hills and the people in the camp, the novelty and unique proposition took hold of their minds. They approved heartily and vowed to make the celebration an honored success. For, with all their wild, boisterous, rough, and daredevil mien, there was a tender cord in the souls of every one of them. The sentiment that played that cord was memories of Mother, Home, and Childhood -- Christmas Eve! What a feeling of joy it brings to millions of the Christian faith all over the world, and to the hardy and indomitable pioneers of Globe, its cheer and joy were none the less.

Committees had been appointed to select presents for the pioneer families in the district, the John Branimans, Richard Freemans, Mr. Clover, John Hise, John C. Clark, grandfather of Mrs. Tony Neary, Mrs. John Griffin and Mrs. Doc Perry, now living in Globe, and a few others whom the writer has failed to learn. The exemplary pioneer family of William and Miriam Middleton, were living at Wheatfields at the time.

A beautiful young pine tree was brought down from the Pinal Mountains and set up in the saloon, its balsam fragrance filling the space with pleasing odor. Eight inches at the base, ten feet

high, with its numerous branches one to four feet in length tapering to its top, it was indeed a wonderful tree fit for the gods to adorn. Red, white, yellow, green, blue, and brown ribbons were draped and twined around its boughs and trunk. Candles were arranged to shed a soft glow over its verdant beauty and then the presents were placed.

The saloon had been closed during the preparation, and its bar, back bar, and gambling tables were covered with white muslin cloth, as one of the gamblers said, to clear the minds of the most pious and prove to the sceptical that the celebration was in spirit and truth a real Christian affair.

It had been gently snowing through the day and when night came the little camp was wrapped in a mantle of white. The road, or street, through camp and rough board sidewalks shone brilliant where the lights from shacks and buildings along the way illumined the frozen gems of snow.

At eight o'clock the doors were opened and the people came to the saloon. As they entered, any sense of ridicule or banter, toward the event, was soon banished and reverence and silence gripped their minds instead. An usher directed them to where they were to stand during the ceremonies and, as they crowded in and took their places, and officer asked, "Did you leave your gun at home?" "Yep," "Sure," and "You bet your life," were the replies; one brawny miner, known for his fighting ability, cried out, "Any man that would start a rumpus on a night like this orter be strung up on the sycamore," (the hanging tree on main street).

As the crowd awaited the coming of the women and children to receive their presents, they represented a true type of the west; tall and short, stalwart, broad-chested, bearded men from the mines and trail, wearing hobnail or cowhide boots, blue overalls or jeans, blue, red, and brown shirts, low-crowned felt hats and mackinaws or blanket-lined ducking and buckskin coats. The town folks wore "store clothes" and kept up with the times, while the gambler and his class wore the most immaculate dress suits, boots and shoes, hats and derbys.

Subdued and low were the tones in which they addressed one another. No levity or expressions of ridicule escaped their tongues. Rather, a feeling of supressed emotion masked their faces as the memories of childhood had taken hold of them again and with that same tense feeling of pleasant expectation they waited patiently for the most honored guests.

Finally they came, the women and children of Globe's earliest days, hesitant in their plain, neat clothes, coarse shoes and scarfs or shawls over their heads, timid as they approached the wonderful tree with boys, girls, and babies. Their timidity was soon dis-

pelled when W.T. (Bill) McNelly, master of ceremonies, tall, Debonair, and handsome, spoke in kindly tones to them. Then Felix Knox, a dead game gun man, gambler, and gentleman, assured them that wonderful Christmas tree was for their pleasure and everybody would be disappointed if they did not enjoy it.

The reserve was broken and one lady spoke, saying, "Mr. McNelly, I wonder if we cannot have a few words in prayer from someone?" This was a stickler for Bill; he had overlooked a bet. But his mind was active, he answered, "Sure ma'am." Then he called out, "Is there anyone here who has real honest religion enough in his toughened soul to give us a word of prayer?"

Out from that hardened crowd of rough frontiersmen a tall, powerful man with black beard, blue eyes, and raven black hair hanging down to his shoulders, blue shirt opened at the throat, brown jeans tucked in cowhide boots, a wonderful specimen of physical and intelligent manhood of the west, stepped to the side of the tree and in a clear, mellow voice told of that Divine Hour at Bethlehem centuries ago, when Christ, the Son of God, was born to the world to teach mankind of the true and only God that they might enjoy eternal life. He painted, in words, a picture of the sufferings of the Saviour and His death and final victory over mortality and His ascension to the throne of God.

His hearers stood spellbound as he discoursed to them. Handkerchiefs were to be seen wiping away starting tears upon women's cheeks. Men, when their emotions were about to overcome them, drew back into the crowd to hide their weakness.

"And now, my friends," he concluded, his face aglow with zeal and fervor, "I will close by quoting a verse which I feel you will all agree is appropriate to this assembly of people and the celebration:

> `Whether it be in cathedral hall,
> Or the snow bound north where the moose herd calls
> Or out upon the raging main,
> Or the Dantic regions of our western plain,
> The spirit of Christ abides in men.
> And to those who are of a rougher mien
> With that self same spirit, we say, Amen'."

After these simple truths were expressed a short prayer was said by the lay preacher, then he withdrew to the crowded doorway and disappeared in to the night. No one tried to stop him; no one knew who he was, but his mellow fervent voice and the sermon he gave to them lingered in their minds and it was some time before the spell or its soothing influence was broken.

The distribution of woolen mittens, scarfs, and other valuable necessities for the women, and nuts and candy for the children

and gifts from personal friends to each other climaxed the occasion; the merriment and rejoicing waned and the families departed, happy and bubbling with glee.

The bar and tables were stripped of their coverings and opened for business. Those who remained were hesitant and shy at beginning their wild life again, as if the event, just over, was too sacred to mar by the spirit of Bacchus being presented to the saloon. However, the urge to maintain the standard of life they lived was too strong to resist and soon the scenes of Christian prayer and festivities were turned into a wild, boisterous roar of mingled songs and happy greetings; the old carefree life of the frontier was in full swing again.

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RICH DISCOVERIES

The newly found mines were turning out great quantities of commercial ore, and, since there were no reduction works in the district, freight outfits to haul the ore to market were in great demand. The stamp mills at Silver City was the nearest point to treat the ore, so the first shipment of silver ore from the Globe mining district was hauled in make-shift freight outfits over the dangerous Apache trail, that Dr. Stallo had marked with the first wagon wheel, to Silver City 228 miles away.

The little mining camp of Globe grew steadily until the fall of 1877 when a new discovery twenty miles northeast of Globe set the mining world ablaze with tales of its great richness. Charley McMillan and Dory Harris, two prospectors from Nevada, were lured to this district by tales of rich silver finds. Finding the ore was rich but the veins small and that the valuable claims were already taken up, they decided to move on. Their destination was the Mogollon country, drawn by tales of the rich gold ore to be found there.

On the old Indian trial leading to Fort Apache at a point some twenty miles from Globe there is a wide yellow porphyry deposit which extends north and south, about three miles in length. On a hillside through which the deposit extended and where the old trail wound its way, there was a small grove of pinon and juniper trees. Their inviting shade decided McMillan, drowsy from drinking heavily of liquor in Globe, to stop and take a little nap, never dreaming the decision would verify the old adage, "A drunken man for luck."

While Charley was snoring loudly under the shade of a tree, Harris, cursing liquor and McMillan too, was sitting on a moss

covered ledge bordering the porphyry deposit picking into the moss, when suddenly the pick stuck tight. This aroused the curiosity of Harris and turned his mind from the plight of stopping on a trail to let his partner sleep off a drunk.

Finally picking off a piece of the ledge he discovered it was quartz held together by strings of metal he had not seen before. Approaching McMillan he shook him. "Wake up, Charley, and tell me what this is," he begged trying to make the other look at the ore.

"Hell, Dory, let me sleep a while longer will you," Charley pleaded.

"All right," Dory agreed, "but first let me know what this piece of rock is."

"Well, let me see it," McMillan replied.

One look was enough. McMillan, sobered in an instant, jumped to his feet and bellowed, "It's native silver, Dory, whar' in hell did you find it?"

Harris led him to the spot, and there on the old, old trail where Indians, soldiers to Fort Apache, and prospectors had almost brushed its moss covered surface was discovered the richest body of native silver in the world, by the fact that Charley McMillan was too damn drunk to keep on riding. If he had ridden on, this rich deposit of silver might have been there to this day.

Over the Apache range, west of McMillan, Robert Dickey soon after discovered another native silver mine, the McMorris, at Richmond Basin. This was another rich find which can be handed to the goddess of luck and a man stumbling on to a fortune.

Dickey was camped in the basin for over a week prospecting around, but, not finding worthwhile material, he decided to leave. The evening before his departure he thought he would make up a batch of bread. Looking for dry wood to bake with he espied a dead cedar tree in a gulch hard by. Reaching the tree, as he stooped to pick up a piece of wood, his eyes glimpsed a chunk of white quartz streaked with wire native silver worn smooth by floating. Bob dropped his job at once, knowing silver when he saw it, and trailed the quartz up the gulch until finally he came to its source, a ledge loaded with native silver ore, which turned out to be one of the largest producers in this district.

A few miles south of the Bob Dickey find, the Nugget Mine was discovered by a Dutch prospector, Henry Waggoner, who by chance or luck, if you will, picked up a small black boulder to kill an obstinate bull-headed burro that was always straying away. Before he committed the act of killing the burro his mind was drawn to the weight of the rock; it puzzled him and cooled his

mind at the same time. The burro was saved; the Dutchman came to Globe a short time after and met Eme Chilson, showing the rock to him and asking, "Say, pardern, vat would you call dis rock?"

Eme Chilson, an old prospector, took the rock, looked at it for a moment and replied, "Well, I think it's iron."

"Vell," the other answered, "dat's vat I thot too."

"But where did you find it?" Chilson inquired. The Dutchman told him.

"That's a sorry looking pack outfit you've got," Eme told him and made him this proposition, "I'll give you a fine little saddle mule if you will show me the place." The ignorant Dutchman showed Chilson the ground and got his good little mule, while in time Eme Chilson got $60,000.00 for the Nugget Mine, the piece of iron-looking rock being malleable silver.

The writer cites the three rich extensive discoveries to prove that there is more downright luck and chance connected with finding of mineral deposits than there is in scientific knowledge.

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PIONEERS FROM SILVER CITY

The spring of 1878 saw Globe a hell-roaring, boisterous, busy, mining camp. Freight outfits loaded with mine and mill machinery, miners, merchants, and others were lined out on the road from Silver City to Globe. Among the merchants and miners were Jack Eaton, Alonzo Bailey, E. F. Kellner, George Strong, J. R. Nickol, A. H. Morehead, James F. Patton, G. W. Allison, Wm. (Billy) Ransome, G. S. Van Wagenen, Wm. Kellner, and M. W. Bremen who erected the first saw mill in the Pinals to furnish lumber for the new mining camp. Other important in the future life of Gila County and Globe were A. W. Hackney, who started the first newspaper, the Arizona Silver Belt, Charles M. Clark, telegraph operator, Alec Grayden, blacksmith, Wm. Zimmerman, undertaker, Charles Slack, John Gill, Silas Tidwell, and E. O. Kennedy, experienced mill men. Among the miners were William J. Rose, Pat Rose, Frank Thorton, and scores of others who helped make the district a properous and thriving community. Among the large freight outfits were Haverly, Gilson, Moore, Shanley, and Fitsgerald, who hauled the thousands of tons of freight from Silver City to Globe, and later from Willcox and Casa Grande, the distributing points on the Southern Pacific Railroad.

In this same year, 1878, the first church, a Methodist church, was established with a Mr. Calby as its pastor. The first school was built at the corner of Cottonwood and Broad Streets, the site of the Mary Clark rooming house which has just recently been torn down. About this time Tom Hammond was killed by Apaches on Pinto Creek and was the first body to be interred in the present cemetery.

MILLS AND STAGE COACH

Stamp mills were being erected feverishly to treat the thousands of tons of ore mined daily. The Isabella Mill, where the Miners Union Hall and the Powell Drug Store are today, the Centennial Mill where stands the Arizona Steam Laundry, the Irene below that, at Burch below Miami, the Cox and Copeland, the Golden Eagle and Townsend Mills, a smelter at Bloody Tanks above Miami, and the Richmond Basin Mill and Smelter at Wheatfields were the reduction works erected to mill and smelt the ores of the Globe mining district into silver bullion; pounding, pounding, night and day, the roar of their stamps dulling every sound in camp.

This same year, Dan Lacey established a four horse stage line on the road to carry the mail, express, and passengers from Silver City to Globe, the trip one way requiring five days travelling. The stage line was taxed to its full capacity. Another route in to Globe was from Phoenix. This went up the Verde River to old Ford McDowell, then through the famous Reno Pass down to Tonto Creek, crossing the Salt River at Grapevine Springs and on into Globe. This route, used for mail, express, and passengers from California and other points west, was covered by buck-board drawn by mules because of its steep and at times almost impassable grades.

Later in the year, however, when the Southern Pacific Railroad reached Casa Grande, a freight road was built from Globe around the east end of the Pinals by the El Capitan Mine, down to Dripping Springs over the mountain to Kelvin and the Gila River, then to Florence and the railroad at Casa Grande. This new route practically eliminated the two old ones.

McMILLANVILLE

The rich discovery by McMillan and Harris was named the Stonewall Jackson Mine and the camp given the name of McMillanville. The property was sold to Santa Rosa, California people and was soon on the way to a big producing mine. The rich, native silver ore had been freighted to Casa Grande and then shipped by railroad to the Selby Smelting Company in San Francisco, California. To eliminate this haulage a stamp mill was erected. As to be expected a camp was started which grew into pretentious adobe stores, hotels, and saloons, and the mining camp of McMillanville soon rivalled the older town of Globe.

When news of the rich new strike of the Stonewall Jackson Mine by McMillan and Harris spread throughout the Globe district and the Territory in general, a rush was made for the new El Dorado. It wasn't long before adobe-makers, carpenters, and others were busy rushing buildings to completion, and a substantial camp was established along the same lines as other camps, two saloons to one of any other business.

Among the first to enter business in the new camp were George Strong, Chas. T. Martin, Wm. (Billy) Ransome, J. R. Nickols, Wm. Sedow, and Tom Boyd, merchants, Pat Shanley, hotel and freighting, John Jones, corral man, Ah Moon, the Chinese laundryman, Butler Fox, Winthrop House, Judge La Rue and others.

Of course the saloon was there. The Hannibal, a long and spacious adobe building with an ornate bar and back bar, was the most popular one. It was crowded at all times, the doors were never locked and the keys were lost. Gambling and drinking were its chief attractions. Frank Luke, Arizona's present Tax Commissioner, was one of the genial dispensers of tarantula juice and other fiery liquors over the bar.

Among the first families in McMillanville were John May and family, Pan Shanley, Andrew Moreno, J. L. Clark, E. O. Kennedy, Albert and Emma Beach, Fred Medlar and their families, and Mrs. Beston and children, Frank and Katie.

The mine was producing tons of rich, native silver ore and the mill was retorting it into bullion. J. K. Smith was superintendent, Frank Sippi, foreman, J. L. Clark, amalgamater and mill foreman. The miners who worked in this famous mine in its early days were, physically, the finest group of men the writer ever saw working in a mine. Among them were Con Ryan, Wm. (Billy) Murphy, James (Jim) Lewis, Wm. J. Rose, Pat Rose, Jack McCormack, Charles Slack, Jack Gallager, Frank Burke, Ed Malonson, Butler Fox, James (Jim) Fredricks, Ben Fox, Henry

Morgan, Con Crowley, and others, many of whom have worthy descendants throughout Arizona.

During the boom days thousands of dollars worth of ore were high-graded, or "sacked out," by various people and sold to other mills or shipped to some smelter.

An incident happened one day that will convey to the reader's mind how the "high-grading" racket worked out. The writer's brothers had a little store, which he looked after for them. One day J. K. Smith, the superintendent of the Stonewall Mine, came in about one o'clock to purchase some cigars. As he was about to light one of them the whistle on a little quartz mill below town blew the hour. Old J. K. Paused in the lighting process and bawled out: "Do you hear that whistle, Danny?"

"Yes," was the reply, "What of it?"

"Well, that damn thief ain't satisfied with buying stolen ore from my mine, but, by Gad, he's blowing his whistle to let me know it," he said with a snort of anger. It was true, too, but nothing was done about it. It was a case of mistaken confidence and was considered a joke.

The McMorris at Richmond Basin and the Nugget Mine also erected mills to treat rich ores and their respective camps grew apace.

With the great productions of rich ores flowing from the mines in all the districts adjacent to Globe one could find the proverbial twenty dollar gold pieces rolling in the streets; naturally everybody was "loaded with dinero." Business was booming, so were the saloons. Buggies, saddle horses, mules, the ever faithful burros, and freight outfits of from six to eighteen mules, horses, and oxes lines the one main street of every camp. The whole scene during the day and night was one of roaring bedlam of calls, cries, boisterous greetings, swearing, and drunken brawls. Gun plays and death were twin factors in settling many a hot headed dispute; disputes which today would be settled by a few words of wisdom and cool reasoning. But it was the code of the day, and a man was "yaller" indeed if he failed to draw and shoot when insulted by another who was armed as he was. When a man insulted another or provoked a quarrel, when armed with a 45 Colt or any other gun, his intention was to kill his man or get killed if the other had a gun also. As very nearly everyone carried firearms it was naturally an act of self-preservation to beat the other "hombre" to the draw. "He was the quicker on the draw and got his man," was the exonerating verdict rendered to the victor in nine gun plays out of ten that were pulled off in the old west.

THE LAW AT GLOBE

Globe was not incorporated at this time but a town government was organized. George Allen was Justice of the Peace, and Mike Wheelen was town Constable and a deputy sheriff; of course a calaboose or jail had to be built to hold those guilty or suspected of crime.

To tell the truth as it was applied in those "Good Old Days" the law was hardly necessary, as every honest man was considered, by virtue of the dangerous situation, an officer, and they were in great majority. Whenever a crime was committed the miners, cattlemen, and town folks were, aside from the legal side of the procedure, just as competent to try and judge the case as any legalized court; in many criminal acts they proceeded to do so with good results.

Every mining-camp and cow-town had their sensational killings or gun fights, and Globe, McMillanville, and Richmond Basin were no exceptions. The Sam Bullock and Fred Hatch shooting scrape on the street of Globe, the Billy Price and Tom Boyd shooting at McMillanville, and the Jim Carter and Dan Cleary shooting at the Basin were outstanding. These duels, for that is what they were, pure and simple, were fought face to face on the street, and, for that reason, they stand out as dead game gun plays and were elevated to a higher standard of daring than the ordinary "pull and shoot" affairs that took place in saloons and on the trail. Sam Bullock got his man, as did Tom Boyd and Dan Cleary, and strange to say none of the victors were even scratched. "They were damn lucky," was the laconic comment of the people interested.

THE PIONEER RANCHERS

While the booming mining camps were carving out fame and fortunes and luring hundreds to their El Dorado, there was another section of Gila County that lured only the most daring, indomitable, and God-fearing pioneers, who dared the Apache, privations, and isolation to establish homes — ranches — in the valleys along remote rivers and streams. North of Globe where the wonderful Roosevelt Dam in cemented into the sides of towering granite cliffs and its bulwark of cement and steel holds back the raging torrents of flood waters, which pour into Salt River and the Tonto from scores of creeks and streams, and forms a lake twenty-five miles long and two to four miles wide, was, in 1874, as primitive as a thousand years before the first settlers

came. Too little has been said in deed and praise to raise those remarkable and courageous people to the standard of great men and women to which they so rightfully belong. It was not the honor of being the first in any section of the old west that impelled them to face the dangers they did. It was rather the inherent urge born in them by ancestors for centuries back which led them on — to find a suitable place for a home. A home and ranch were the things their hearts most desired. A home where independence, freedom, and self-preservation would be the code of living. Nothing daunted them and, where the unfortunate failed, others came and carried on until victory emblazoned the banner of the pioneer, over the dangerous trails he blazed and the primitive solitude he aroused from its countless ages of sleep by the axe of civilization and the subsequent roar created by the white man's busy hands.

The only sounds that disturbed the silence of the eternal hills, mountains, and valleys along the course of the Salt and the Tonto Rivers, and the streams that fed them, were the songs and chattering of birds, the fierce cry of the bear, cougar, and buck deer, the dismal howl of the mangy coyote, and at times the war song and paeans of victory from the throats of vengeful Apaches.

THE FIRST RANCHERS

It was into such scenes and conditions the first pioneer families of Gila County came, located their homesteads, and settled down to conquer the wilds. Among the first white people on the Tonto were B. F. (Bush) Crawford, John Cline and family, J. Q. Adams and family, Archie McIntosh, the famous government scout, and Albert Sieber, his comrade of the trail. Later came Bill McDonald and Bill Blake who settled in Green Valley, now Payson; then Florence Packard at Greenback, Dave Gowen at Gisela, Sigbee and Hoodon at Pleasant Valley, and William Middleton and Miriam, his wife, and family at Wheatfields. In the later seventies came Henry T. Armer and family, the M. C. Webb family, Charles Livingston, Fred Medler, George Shute who married the Middletons' charming daughter Ella, and the Horrell family, who settled on Indian Creek south of Globe.

These daring pioneers took up homesteads on Salt River. These were the first settlers on ranches in what is now Gila County, Arizona. The descendants of these courageous pioneers are numerous and among the most respected citizens in the state.

Mrs. Louise Bowman, mother of Austin and Hoyt Medler, helped to erect the first school house on Salt River and was the first teacher.

OUR PIONEER MOTHERS

Whenever the writer's mind dwells on the charming and benevolent character of those pioneer women, who followed their mate with their brood of sturdy children into the wilderness of the old west, and suffered the tortures of a mind fear-ridden by the dangers that surrounded them, he pictures the life of his own mother in those perilous times. If the hardships and dangers they endured made them seem callous and care worn, beneath this brand of life they led was the charm and graciousness of pure womanhood which shone brilliantly, radiating its benign influence on all who came within its beautiful light. Whatever feeling of distrust or lack of confidence they may have had for the deep-chested, bearded, and rough-hewn mates they followed along the old trails was to them a secret too sacred to unfold, for fear of seeming cowardice. They were brave, those mothers and daughters of our pioneers, brave in venture, brave in constancy and honor, brave in the rectitude of their benevolent conduct, and above all brave in the fear of God and devout in their Christian religion.

Searching through the dictionary for words to express the deep reverence and esteem the writer holds for the character of those pioneer mothers of ours, the search revealed these simple lines:

Like the rose in its blooming, shy, bashful, and innocent,
When full blown its sweet fragrance and charm
Reflect a character of love, honor, and purity,
And, when its velvet petals fall to mingle with the earth,
Its beautiful life leaves pleasant and cherished memories.

The women folks of those olden days were deeply respected by the men of the wild and wooly west. Let anyone with a glib tongue say a word to defame or even disparage the character of our pioneer mothers and daughters and a dozen hands were eager to beat him down. For they were as their own folks at home and that fact alone was a guarantee for their protection from insult or injury.

THE MAIL

In the year 1880 Chris Peterson had the mail contract between Globe and McMillanville. The stage or buckboard was too slow traveling over the rough wagon trails, so he established a horseback or pony mail, and the writer, sixteen years old, was hired to ride. There was a relay of three horses; the relay mount

was at Champion Mine, twelve miles northeast of Globe. The start was made at McMillanville at eight o'clock A. M., changing horses at the Champion Mine, then on to Globe to await the stage from the main line. After securing the mail, just the first class letters, the writer would hit the trail back for home. The most important incident to the mind which leaves an everlasting vivid picture of that time, was the reckless manner in which he used his six-shooter, a Colt 45. Not on human targets, but at trees, stumps, and other objects which took his fancy, as imaginary Apaches or hold ups. Since Colt 45 ammunition cost three dollars for a box of fifty shells, the fun and practice indulged in by the juvenile Kit Carson cost him most all his wages.

MINE PROMOTERS

The year of 1881 witnessed the "playing out" of many of the old mines and the discovery and development of the new. The discovery of the Pioneer Mine on the south side of the Pinal Mountains brought W. B. Hellings to the Globe mining district. His coming and subsequent operations branded him as the first high-powered mine promoter to operate here. There was nothing small about old "W. B.", as he was called, neither himself nor his business, for he was a big stalwart man and did business in accord with his size. All a mining claim had to show was a body of commercial ore. Whether the ledge was two feet or two inches on the surface and its depth was fifty to seventy feet, was enough to urge Hellings to buy it, and forthwith a stamp mill was erected and a boom was on. It might play out in the next fifty feet, but that didn't faze him as he would simply move on to some other promising property and do the same again. "What in hell is mining money for, if not to find out what's in the ground," he'd say with a roar.

Capt. Burbrige was another mining man of the same type as Hellings; he erected a smelter at Bloody Tanks above Miami, and smelted the ore from the Dominion and Keystone Mines.

This same year brought to Globe many other men and their families who were to play an important part in the history of Gila County: J. W. Wentworth, Richard (Dick) Barclay, George F. Wilson, William Gibson, the Jake McLane family, W. W. Brookner, J. F. Jerrold, Denis Murphy, John Gleason, Frank Gill, James Anderson, William Ryan, Ben Pascoe and family, Jim Pascoe and his brother Tom, Bud Woodson, Bill Beard, Hugh Higdon, Mills Van Wagenen, George W. P. Hunt, Ed Higdon,

the Crampton and Moore families, John Clark, Ed Arhilder and Albert Kinney.

In the year 1881 the Territorial Legislature created the County of Gila, and the first county officials appointed were: Samuel H. Whildy, District Attorney; J. K. Smith, Joseph Chamberlin and George Danforth, members of the Board of Supervisors; C. C. Myers, Clerk; Charles T. Martin, County Recorder; William (Bill) Murphy, Sheriff; George H. Swasey, Justice of the Peace; George Turner, Constable; and C. C. Stallo, Probate Judge. Judge J. H. Kibbey of Florence in Pinal County presided at District Court as Judge, and A. T. Sutherland acted as Clerk of the Court. The present Police Judge, Hinson Thomas, was deputy sheriff of Pinal County, and afterward editor of The Chronicle, a newspaper at Globe.

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MIDDLETON RANCH MASSACRE

All the Indians in Arizona of warlike tendency were rounded up in 1875 and moved to the reservation at San Carlos, and the white people of Gila County were living, in 1881, in seeming peace and security, never dreaming but that the days of Apache terrors were over, when suddenly, like voices from hell, the war cry of the Apache rang out again on Cherry Creek, and a battle of death took place at the Middleton Ranch.

The indomitable pioneer family of William and Miriam Middleton had moved from Wheatfields, and in 1881 they were located on Cherry Creek on a ranch which to them was home and contentment, but was soon to be turned into an atrocious murder scene by the hands of a band of merciless Apaches.

On this memorable sanguinary day, in early April, the family was happily entertaining two young men, George Turner, former constable at Globe, and Henry Moody who had come, no doubt, to visit the charming girls. There were nine children in the family, six boys and three girls. The Middletons, all inside the house and unaware of the impending danger, were laughing and joking with the young men who were sitting on the broad steps of the ranch house, when out from a cope of trees several Indians approached, with heavy blankets wrapped over their shoulders. One of them raised his hands and asked for a pot or vessel of some kind to cook meat in. The pot was given them and they turned, walked a few feet away, and then, dropping the blankets from them, they brought to sight firearms which had been hidden by the blankets. With deliberate aim they poured a deadly volley of bullets into the bodies of the two young men and continued to fire into the

door and window of the home, while inside, the family, horror stricken at what had occurred, but not unnerved, quickly gathered their guns and returned the shooting. The Apaches soon fled from the withering fire leaving behind the dead bodies of two bright and honorable young men, and a gaping wound in the side of Frank Middleton.

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OTHER RAIDS AND KILLINGS

In the year 1882 Jhu and Nacha, chiefs of the Chiricahua Apaches at San Carlos Indian Agency, broke out, killing Capt. Albert Sterling and four Indian scouts. The writer was a witness to this murder, as he was on the road to Willcox on the Southern Pacific Railroad for a load of freight, with Bill Warnack. When the killing started, before sun-up, he was trailing the mules the Apaches had stolen in the early morning, and, from a vantage point on the road across from the Apache Camp, saw the killing. After the Chiricahuas had departed from the Agency they left behind them a trail of bloodshed and mutilated victims clear to the Mexican border. If it had not been for the cool judgment and wise council of Dan Ming, ex-chief of scouts, the blood-crazed and frenzied Apaches of the Cibicue and Tonto, who had gathered at the Agency by the hundreds chanting war songs, would have massacred every white man at the Agency, so eager were they to participate in a pale face killing once again.

On the heels of this event of Chiricahua Apache vengeance the Cibicue or White Mountain Apaches, as they were known, sneaked up on John Gleason, a prospector and rancher, and murdered him in cold blood at his ranch on Salt River. Herman Sidow and Ramon Bustillo, a Mexican, escaped and brought the news to McMillanville, warning the people to prepare for an attack. Their warning was timely, for the blood lust savages were bent upon destroying all the whites in that section.

McMillanville at this time was almost deserted since the native silver had "petered" out; the mine had all but closed entirely, only a few leasers remaining. Most of the stores, saloons, and other business places had closed their doors and moved to Globe. Pat Shanley's and Billy Ransom's were the two business places open at the time, with only a few families remaining in the camp. They all gathered at Shanley's Hotel and Ransom's store to defend themselves. Toward evening the merciless Apaches came. Their shrill war cry ringing over the now quiet camp sent terror to the hearts of men, women and children behind the adobe walls. Volley after volley of shots were fired by the Apaches as they raced up the main street. Their fire was met by the whites and

several Indians were seen to waver in their saddles as if hard hit by bullets from the defenders. Frank Ross, a young clerk in the employ of Billy Ransom, was wounded in the arm. The Apaches withdrew as night fell and by the next morning had disappeared.

Soon after this Pat Shanley loaded his hotel fixtures into his freight outfit and moved to Globe, later returning for Ransom's stock of merchandise and freighted it to Globe also.

The once prosperous and busy mining camp of McMillanville, with the exception of a few leasers, was soon deserted, and today its pretentious adobe buildings are but mounds of ruins, where the coyotes have their lairs and the main street is a cow trail again.

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LYNCHING OF HAWLEY AND GRIMES

It appeared that the years of the eighties were to be recorded as the greatest killing epoch of Gila County's existence. First the Apache depradations and murders, and finally the lynching of two cowardly, would-be, highway men. They were Hawley, a coal burner in the Pinals, and Grimes, a photographer, the last two men in the county that would be suspected of committing the deed of "holding up" the Wells-Fargo Express and killing two good and highly respected citizens. The old pack mule outfit of Wells-Fargo Express used to travel the trail from Globe over the Pinals by the Pioneer Mine, then on to Florence and Casa Grande on the railroad. One day as Andy Hall, messenger, and Jack Porter, packer, were coming over the trail from Florence, with the twelve-mule train loaded with express and a considerable amount of money, at a point on the north side of the Pinals, Limburger Rock, they were suddenly halted by a cry of "throw up your hands." Two men, masked, stepped from the side of the road, guns levelled at them. Andy Hall was a brave man and his bravery was his undoing here, for, at the command of the robbers, his hand went for his gun and the hold-ups blazed away at him, shooting him down with serious wounds in his groin, which paralyzed him completely for a time.

Jack Porter, unarmed, broke for the timber and escaped to Globe. The killers and thieves secured the pack mule with the money express box, broke it open, and looted it of some thousands of dollars. In the meantime, having examined the condition of Hall and believing him mortally wounded, they took his gun and left him to die. They struck out in a round about way for Globe. Andy Hall was not dead but in terrible pain from which he struggled to follow the killers. He had not trailed them far when

they espied him, and this time made sure he was dead before they left him again.

A short distance from the scene of the killing of Hall the murderers came upon Doc Vail, a prospector, and asked him bluntly, "Did you hear any shooting?" Unaware of the reason for the question he answered innocently with a smile, "Yes, I did, and it sounded like a gun battle to me." This answer sealed his death warrant, for the fiends, without mercy, shot him down.

Porter had reached Globe, informed the sheriff, and a posse was soon on the trail; Dan Lacy was the officer. The body of Andy Hall was found and further on they found Doc Vail, alive and conscious. Before he passed on he gave the posse a good description of the desperadoes. It was some time, however, before they were apprehended.

The whole town of Globe turned out to the funeral of the slain men. Among them was a man dressed in a salt and pepper suit of clothes, brand new hat and stylish shoes, and to all appearances was deeply affected by the touching funeral rites. The man was Hawley, but no one suspected him then. However, he and Grimes were finally arrested on suspicion and Grimes gave the whole affair away. When the news of their arrest was shouted from every lip, a frenzied and justified mob of indignant citizens stormed the jail. With a two foot drop at the end of a staunch piece of hanging rope they strangled the cowardly killers on the old sycamore tree which grew in the main street, where Joe Rais' store now is, 200 feet south of the bridge on Broad Street.

THE PLEASANT VALLEY FEUD

The writer believes there were, or are today, very few people who ever knew the real cause of the broken friendship which culminated in the bloody feud between the Graham and Tewksbury families. As in the famous Hatfield and McCoy feud, which lasted for twenty-five years, it was over a trivial matter. The famous Kentucky feud started over a little shoat supposedly stolen by a McCoy; the Pleasant Valley war really started over the arrest and trial of one of the Tewksburys for the alleged stealing of a small pack mule.

Tewksbury was acquitted of the crime by the Yavapai County Court at Prescott. But, on his way back over the eighty mile trail to Pleasant Valley, he rode with vengeance and retaliation in his soul. The stigma and disgrace of being arrested for such an "onery" act rankled in the soul of the man. His plight also enlisted the sympathy of the Grahams.

The Grahams and Tewksburys were the best of friends and neighbors, living in their respective ranches along Cherry Creek, and no doubt would have continued to be such, indefinitely, were it not for the fact that they entered into a partnership to commit certain acts against Judge Stinson, the cattleman who prosecuted Tewksbury. The partnership lasted but a short while and, through some bitter dispute, led to the feud in which Tom, John, and Bill Graham lost their lives, as did John Tewksbury and some twelve others who took sides with one or the other of the factions.

The writer will not go into the details of this unhappy, vengeful, killing affair, but will record the fact that it was one of the most bitter ever fought, and, as old timers will tell you with bated breath, the Valley was the most dangerous spot on earth at the time. No man knew when he was going to feel cold lead boring through his body if he but opened his lips in favor of either side.

Riders of the night could be heard as they rode to a kill or rode like specters away from someone they had killed. Travellers were terrified by the cry of "Halt," and the question, "Who the hell are you, and what are you doing here?" etc., with both factions trying to enlist others to their respective sides, the Tewksburys with their sheep, and the Grahams with their cattle. The battle raged until both parties, exhausted by the lust of killing and utter inhuman folly of their impulsive hate, finally tired of it all, the feud ceased, and Pleasant Valley, the scenes of bitter war and blood-shed, came into its peaceful, pleasant life again.

THE APACHE KID

One other event which shocked the people of Gila County was the killing of Glenn Reynolds, sheriff of Gila County, and our old friend and first prospector, William "Honky Dory" Holmes, deputy sheriff, and wounding of Eugene Middleton, stage driver, by the notorious "Apache Kid" and two other Indian convicts.

The Apache Kid and his companions had been tried and convicted for a crime committed at the San Carlos Indian Agency, and the officers were taking them to the territorial prison at Yuma. On the road to Florence there was a very steep hill, and, as the stage was heavily loaded, Eugene asked the officers to take the prisoners off the stage and walk up the grade. The three Indians were handcuffed to each other, leaving the two on the ends each with a hand free; this fact and sheer carelessness on the part of the officers gave the "Kid" the best break he could wish for. For, as they were walking along, Reynolds and Holmes ahead

of the convicts, talking and laughing, seeming unaware of any danger, suddenly the Apache Kid with the quickness of a panther whipped the six-shooter from Holmes' holster and shot him dead. In the space of a second he fired again and killed Reynolds. Eugene Middleton, the stage driver, told the writer years after that he had warned the sheriff to be more watchful, and, when he heard the shots and saw the bodies topple over, he felt a fear and horror of his own fate which he knew would soon follow. He was looking square into the distorted and malignant face of the Apache murderer when the "Kid" blazed away, shooting him down. The bullet entered the neck close to the jugular vein, the wound being one of a few on record from which a person ever recovered; but Eugene Middleton lived for many years after and was one of the Gila County's most respected and useful citizens. The "Apache Kid" and his comrades made their escape and were never captured. It was reported he was killed by other bandits in Mexico.

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THE TRANSITION FROM SILVER TO COPPER

The price of silver values kept dropping until the richest of the silver mines were compelled to close down. By the year 1885 the once booming, busy, and prosperous silver mining camps of the Globe district were virtually and practically "on the bum," busted and down, but not out.

Copper, the base and much cursed metal that had interferred so much and reduced the values of gold and silver ores by its baser qualities in the simple process of amalgamation, was soon to be the metal at the end of the rainbow trail, and its pot of gold that almost every prospector headed his burro outfit into the hills to find.

Along the course of the Old Dominion ledge were numerous mining claims that carried commercial copper ore, the Dominion, Buffalo, Alice, Hoosier, and Globe.

The first body of commercial copper ore was found on the Globe and Hoosier claims, and a bond and lease was secured from W.H. (Bud) Woodson and partners by Garrish and Van Arsdale who organized the Globe Mines Company. In 1879 they erected a small water-jacket smelting furnace on Pinal Creek where the Union Oil Company plant stands today.

By the year 1885, under the new management and with plenty of money to operate on, a new smelting plant was erected on the site of the present Old Dominion smelter. To feed the blazing maw of the furnace, fuel had to be brought in by freight teams,

using from two to ten animals. Outfits were soon lined out by the dozens on the road from Wilcox and Bowie on the Southern Pacific Railroad hauling coke, coal, and general supplies.

Hundreds of people, miners and their families, business men, and others who had departed in the dull, dead times were coming back again, the old Globe days were revived and she was again the roaring, hustling camp of yore.

Never was there a more reverse of feeling for copper nor more appreciation for its existence than that which was manifested by the very ones who had condemned its baser qualities in days gone by. The Old Dominion Mine was for fifty years the great source of Globe's prosperity and maintenance. By its development and production of copper ore it has climbed to one of the foremost copper mines in the west. By its generous employment and fair dealings to its employees it has built up the little mining camp of Globe to be one of the most up-to-date and pleasant mining towns to live in, anywhere in the mining regions of the Union.

THE RAILROAD ENTERS GLOBE

In 1898, an event took place which to Globe was a very important one, as it drew it nearer to what is called civilized progress, The Arizona Eastern Railroad was built, under the management of William Garland.

It is needless to say that the event was the inspiration for miners, prospectors, cattlemen, town people, and ranchers from all over the county to gather in Globe for the celebration. There were perhaps half of these people who had never seen a locomotive, the cars it hauled, nor the rails they were run upon. When that first train, hauled by a diminutive engine fired with wood, came puffing and snorting into town their surprise and wonder brought forth exclamation so ridiculous they are beyond words to express.

It was the Apache, however, who gave to the amused white man the best exhibition of incredulity, doubt, and fear when they beheld the train for the first time at the San Carlos Indian Agency. They ran like scared rabbits, hiding behind trees, brush, and rocks, yelling and screaming with guttural exclamations, pronouncing the event a curse from the evil spirit, as the locomotive came into the agency depot, belching black smoke, bell ringing and whistle blowing.

The road bed through town was laid down along the banks of Pinal Creek and its terminus at Globe was where the Globe Hardware Warehouse is today below the Old Dominion Library.

It was not long after the completion of the Railroad that the old familiar freight outfits, prairie schooners with four feet front and five feet rear wheels, inch thick and five to six inches wide tires, and lesser wagons were soon in the discard and stand today, as picturesque reminders of those olden times.

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THE ROOSEVELT DAM

In the spring of 1906 the pioneer ranchers on Salt and Tonto Rivers were aroused to a certain sense of curiosity when a party of civil engineers appeared. They told the ranchers that their "Uncle Samuel" at Washington, D.C. had authorized them to hold a conference with the ranchers in the district to notify them that the government was going to erect a dam at the mouth of the "box" where the Salt and Tonto Rivers met.

The dam, according to the plans, was to be over two hundred feet high. The water, as it was impounded in the dam, would back up to where most of the homes were snuggly located and cover them up; it was the wish of the government to make this survey to ascertain, to a certainty, the holdings that would come under the water-covered area and purchase the property for a reasonable sum.

At first these sturdy, indomitable home-making pioneers were incredulous, then amazed, as the proposed plan of construction was unfolded and a vision of the giant structure, to be named the Roosevelt Dam, was pictured to them. The homes they dared the dangers of the past so much to build and maintain, the birthplace of all their children, the lean and good times, the sorrow and happiness, the plans for extension of their ranches and cattle range now that the dangerous days were past and gone, the very peace and contentment was all to be buried deep beneath many feet of water to gratify the onrushing race of civilized progress.

With saddened hearts the old pioneers agreed to part with the most cherished possessions of their eventful lives. As the giant bulwark of cement and steel arose at the mouth of the "box" the ranchers sold to the government, some moving farther back into the mountains to establish new homes, others moving into Globe or some other place that suited their fancy.

The Roosevelt Dam was finished in 1911. In 1915 its depth of 284 feet at the dam proper was filled to overflowing and its backwater extended 25 miles up Salt River and 14 miles up the Tonto, inundating every vista of the pioneers' homes. It was indeed a wonderful and inspiring sight to the old timers who had ridden the rocky trails now buried beneath this great body of water.

MIAMI, THE WONDER TOWN

In the year 1881 the writer rode up Miami wash to where a small smelter was being built by Capt. Burbrige at Bloody Tanks. Aside from a few teams hauling material for the smelter and an occasional man on foot or horseback, there was brooding silence over all that vicinity. After the smelter failed and activity ceased and all concerned moved away, the silence increased manifold until it seemed that the spirit of primitive life ruled again.

In June, 1885, there was not a soul living in the area of what is Miami today. Deer grazed in peace over the hills and valleys. From Lower Miami down was a dense garden of sunflowers and other blossoms.

The land was open for anyone to locate, except where the Golden Eagle mill at Burch was, and remained so for many years. The mineral claims on the hills where the great Miami and Inspiration Copper Mines rear their imposing mining, milling, and smelting structures today were located and relocated, year after year, by different miners and prospectors only to be abandoned because of the low value of the ore.

Up Live Oak Gulch where the great porphyry deposit bulges out into the canyon, the beautiful copper stained ores were the main attraction which drew many prospectors to locate the ground, hoping against hope that a little development would yield a bonanza of rich silver ore. But, alas, its contents were "so damn low and onery" you couldn't buy a mess of frijole beans with all the gold, silver, and copper in the whole hill. This is the way those pioneer miners, and prospectors felt and expressed themselves on the outlook for commercial ore under the old process of treating such ores. It continued until there was a rumor afloat and was circulated throughout the mining world that a new process was discovered that would treat two percent oxidized copper ore and make it pay.

Whether it was based upon this encouraging prospect or a hunch that sooner or later such a process would be worked out, the last locators of the often abandoned mining claims held on to them and were the only ones of the long list of owners who made money in the end. Herman Sidow, an old time prospector, was the last man to locate the Red Springs group, renamed the Miami Mines, and abandon them. Then Jack Newman, Jack Kincade, and Black (Bill) Beard relocated the property and held it until J. Park Channing became interested. He bonded the claims and eventually bought them out for a good round sum. Channing developed the property until it stands out today, one of the greatest copper mines in the world.

Pine, juniper, and oak covered the hills and gulches where the Inspiration and Porphyry Mines are now located and was the stamping ground for hundreds of wild animals, especially deer, — a hunter's paradise — and many a pack and wagon load of game came to Globe, killed in that vicinity.

The mining claims in this section were for years like the Miami group, located only to be abandoned. Finally "Big Ed" Fondren located the Inspiration group and deeded to Bud Woodson a half interest for doing the assessment. work. The next year "Big Ed" didn't come through with his part in sharing the work on the claims so Bud Woodson and Bill Beard became the sole owners. In time they sold the property to John Coplen and son for $80,000.00 and they in turn sold it to the Inspiration Consolidated Copper Company.

A significant and at the same time rather amusing incident developed in connection with the $80,000.00 to be paid to Woodson and Beard. The money came to Globe through the Wells-Fargo Company in gold and currency. Dan R. Williamson, agent, made a proposition to J. N. Porter, president of the local bank, to place the money in the vault until it was legally disposed of.

"Hell, no," was Porter's answer, "I wouldn't have that much money in my bank at one time at all; it would be too damn risky."

While all these transfers of title were being transacted in the copper fields on Miami, D. C. Jackling, of Utah, was introducing to the mining world the process of "flotation" for the recovery of copper in low-grade ores. It was then that the wonder camp of Miami sprang to life with an energy and boom never equaled in any mining camp in the west.

Under the able management, first of T.R. Drummond, and later of "Charlie" Mills millions of dollars were spent in exploration and development. Diamond drill holes were bored in a hundred places, hundreds of thousands of feet deep, to determine the location and extent of ore bodies. Railroads and spurs were built around and over the once silent hills. Thousands of miners, muckers, laborers, and skilled mechanics were given work; great mills and a large smelter were erected before a single ingot of copper was shipped to market. Never before in the history of mining was there ever such an immense amount of money spent before a cent of profit was realized from the investment.

Sensing the possibility of a great boom at the new mining camp, in 1912, a stranger to this district came from Warren, near Bisbee in Cochise County, and, before the very eyes and from under the very feet, you might say, of the old timers of Globe and Miami, Cleve Van Dyke filed a homestead claim at the door of the entrance to the great mining companies' holdings. The town-

site of Miami was established, to the surprise and chagrin of men who had seen and traveled over the homestead for years past but never dreamed of taking it up.

As the mines developed, the mining camp of Miami grew and today is one of the largest and most unique mining towns. For besides the main part of town with its modern street improvements and fine business houses, its residential section of steep hills and deep washes or gullies are covered with beautiful homes and pretentious, well-equipped schools.

Non one but the old timer can realize the marked contrast of those older primitive days of peace and quietness to the roar and rumble of the modern mining camp. Today, the huge tailings dumps of millions of tons of residue from the mills and slag from the smelters are mute evidence of the great volume of ore taken from the Inspiration and Miami mines and enormous open chambers which lie a thousand feet underground. These chambers have gradually been closed by the caving of ground from the surface.

After the International Smelter was erected it supplied a long felt want for the smaller mines, the Van Dyke, Gibson, Inspiration-Needles, Cactus, and other Pinto Creek mines and numerous copper claims throughout the Globe-Miami district.

At Hayden and Winkelman, in the southern part of Gila County, are located the concentration mill and smelter of the Ray Consolidated Copper Company from which millions of dollars of copper concentrates and bullion have been recovered from the oxidized body of low grade copper ore at Ray, Pinal County, Arizona.

MINERAL DISTRICTS

In the Dripping Springs range of mountains, east of Winkelman and Hayden, from the Christmas Mining Company on the southern end of the range to Troy on the north, some twenty miles distant, gold, silver, and copper ores have been discovered in large quantities and richness. The Standard, Christmas, Idaho, Cowboy, Troy, and many other claims have yielded their share of mineral values in the mining fields of Arizona.

The mineral belt of this section extends northwest up and along the Mineral Creek district and the south and west side of the Pinal Mountains to contact the great copper district of Gibson and the Inspiration and Miami; from the gold fields at Payson in the northern part of Gila County along the eastern base of the Mazatzals; in the Sierra Anchas range along the Tonto River, Spring Creek, Cherry Creek, the southern side of the mountain

and Coon Creek; then into the old time rich silver camps of McMillanville, Richmond Basin, Champion, Nugget, Rambo, Copper Hill, The Globe-Miami district, Pinals with Gibson, Pioneer, Cleveland, El Capitan, Buckeye, and into the Dripping Spring mining district in the south are to be found gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, quick-silver, barium and asbestos. In no other mining district in the west is there such a diversity of valuable minerals to be had as in Gila County, Arizona.

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HIGHWAYS AND RESORTS

Obliterated now are the old, old trails over which the aborigines and their descendants traveled for centuries and where the pioneer white man followed their footsteps. Covering these old trails: to the west through the Miami Wash, Devils Canyon, Queen Creek and the desert beyond is one of the finest scenic highways in the nation, with its breath taking, safe traveling horse shoe curves, and grotesque rock formation; to the northwest over the Roosevelt dam and skirting the base of the towering Mazatzals; along the Tonto Creek and Rye Creek, over Ox Bow Hill into Green Valley, or Payson, with its beautiful little valley, surrounded by pine and juniper clad hills, and its quaint old village and old fashioned homes; then on again to Pine and Strawberry Valleys where the Randall family and others have turned these primitive mountain vales into fine farms and comfortable homes; then over the Goodfellow Natural Bridge and the Fossil Creek grade to the Verde River. At the places mentioned and the mountains and hills close by are to be found and enjoyed the most delightful summer resorts and spots to camp during the summer months.

Another scenic highway and one which leads into the historical battle grounds of the Graham and Tewksbury feud, is the Pleasant Valley road, due north of Globe and Miami, which crosses Salt River at the intake bridge where the river empties its waters into the Roosevelt Lake. Up and up the mountainside the excellent highway winds its way, past asbestos mines, forests of timber and wonderful mountain scenery, and into Young, the post office and village center.

With a reticence born of apprehension, as though the feud was yesterday and one might be brought to account for what he says, the old timer will, in a well controlled voice, point out to you the rock house where Al Rose was killed, the spot where John Tewskbury's body was eaten by wild hogs, the place where Bill Graham met death, and the ranch house where Marion McCann shot George Blaine, the bad man from the old Hash-Knife cattle

outfit of the Little Colorado River, the first blood drawn by a gunplay in the long drawn feud of hatred, recriminatory murders, hanging of horse thieves, the severance of old time friendships, sorrow and remorse. The old timer will heave a deep sigh of relief when this task is over and throw all the pent up bitterness and hatred for the side he was opposed to in the feud, by cursing the "damn ornery murdering Apache who killed George Turner and Henry Moody at the Middleton Ranch," and as he leads you over the place his rage knows no bounds.

To the writer the most wonderful sight to be seen is to stop at some vantage point on the mountainside of the Pleasant Valley highway at night, a place where the great Roosevelt Lake can be seen shimmering with a silver screen under shining stars or glorious moon, and the electric lights gleaming on the barriers of the roadway across the dam. Space will not permit dwelling on the inspiring vision this magnificent scene creates in one's mind. It is sufficient to say, to all old timers especially, who have seen the primitive aspect of this part of Salt River's domain and the little ranches that dotted its margin, the groves of cotton wood trees and the herds of cattle, horses, and other domestic animals that found shelter under them, before the great Roosevelt Dam was built and the water impounded, inundating the whole scene, it is indeed a wonderful and awe-inspiring sight.

About three miles north of the Salt River bridge on the Pleasant Valley Highway there is a good road which leads over rugged hills into Coon Creek where the largest fig tree in the world can be seen, and farther up on the creek is really the capital of all the cliff dwellings in Arizona. For here their ancient adobes can be seen in all their rugged splendor. Over the hills east from Coon Creek runs the now famous Cherry Creek. There is no section in Arizona where the prehistoric race of countless ages past has left a more direct and conclusive evidence of their one time existence than in the vicinity of the Alf De Vore ranch. Here are to be found scores of communal sites and a towering block of roch, some twenty-five feet high and fifteen feet at its base, was used for ritual service at one time as the outlines of broken steps can be seen on its sides. Then again near by under a curve of a cliff, sheltered from storms and other elements, are to be seen hieroglyphics drawn thousands of years ago with red paint and that same paint seems as fresh as though it was used but yesterday.

Up and down Cherry Creek from its source above Pleasant Valley to its confluence with Salt River and the wonderful horseshoe bend, are located the scenes of many prehistoric and historic events and with its towering mountain scenery it is indeed a place worth while to visit.

Highway 60 heading east from Globe through the ruins of the old famous mining town of McMillanville and rolling hills to an-

other great bridge over Salt River, then upward through awe-inspiring, rugged, and timber forests of the Mogollons, is another scenic route of Gila County that will make it one of the most wonderful sight-seeing rides in the West.

On Route 180 of the state highway east from Globe is another one of the old pioneer trails, obliterated now by a modern concrete and macadamized road bed over which one can travel in a few hours the distance it would take weeks to make in the old days.

Crossing the wonderful, colorful, and substantial Coolidge Dam above a deep rocky gorge, about five miles east, at a certain point one can get a grand view of the site of where the famous San Carlos Agency once stood in all its glory and importance relative to taming the Apaches, their subsequent lives and conduct. The agency ground, upon which many hair-raising events were enacted, where more than once hot headed, cold blooded, and merciless renegades secretly and in the open threatened the lives of the whites at the agency, has been inundated by the back water of the Coolidge Dam and for this reason another of Gila County's historical land marks has been buried beneath the crushing heel of civilized progress.

Skirting the eastern base of the towering Pinal Mountains is another old wagon trail which played an important part in transportation in the early days of Gila County's history. The trail runs by the old El Capitan Mine to Winkelman and Hayden, the desert, Florence, and Casa Grande.

In concluding this brief history of this wonderful section of Arizona it is the writer's wish to impress upon the reader's mind that there is no place in the west, California not excepted, where the climatic conditions are as enjoyable as Gila County, Arizona.

The delightful winter climate of Globe is without comparison, and its summers are never unbearable with the much advertised Arizona heat. It is replete with prehistoric ruins along its numerous rivers and streams and on its mesas, mountainsides, and ridges of the low lying hills.

From the rim of the expansive rugged Mogollons in the north to where the Gila River in the south borders the desert wastes, and from the picturesque Mazatzals in the west to the San Carlos in the east there is nowhere to be found such a diversity of attractions to appease every whim or desire of the human mind. He who craves pleasure and good health can live here and enjoy the natural blessings that Gila County offers to everygone. There is mountain climbing, riding over historic trails, boating and fishing on the Roosevelt and Coolidge Lakes, or just living in quiet and peaceful contentment in any of a hundred spots of mountain fastnesses in prehistoric and historic Gila County, Arizona.