

# ARIZONA Historical Review

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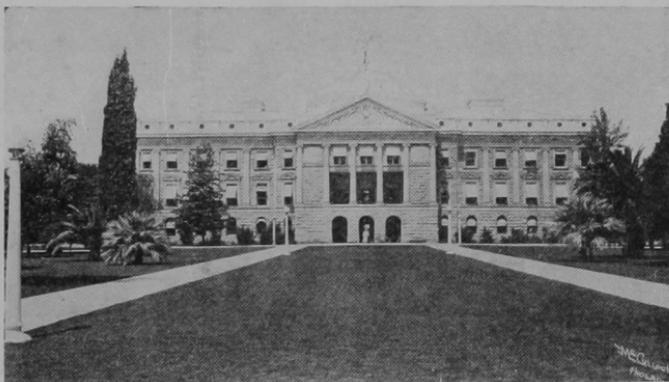
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*Volume 3*

APRIL, 1930

*Number 1*

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STATE CAPITOL BUILDING

# ARIZONA HISTORICAL REVIEW

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## Arizona Historical Data

The territory now included within the limits of Arizona was acquired by virtue of treaties concluded with Mexico in 1848 and in 1854. Previous to that time this country belonged to Mexico as a part of Sonora.

The act cutting Arizona away from the territory of New Mexico was passed by the United States congress and signed by President Abraham Lincoln on February 24, 1863.

Governor John N. Goodwin and other territorial officials reached Navajo Springs, now in Apache County, on December 29, 1863, where, on that date, the governor issued a proclamation inaugurating the territorial government.

The first Arizona territorial legislature was convened in Prescott, the temporary capital, September 26, 1864. Territorial capital located in Tucson, November 1, 1867, under an act of the legislature. The territorial capital was relocated at Prescott the first Monday in May, 1877. On February 4, 1889, the territorial capital was permanently located at Phoenix, where it has remained since.

Arizona became a state on February 14, 1912, by virtue of a congressional act passed in 1911.

The officers appointed by President Lincoln, who were responsible for the first Arizona territorial government were: John N. Goodwin, of Maine, Governor; Richard C. McCormick, of New York, Secretary of the Territory; William F. Turner, of Iowa, Chief Justice; William T. Howell, of Michigan and Joseph P. Allyn, of Connecticut, associate justices; Almon Gage, of New York, attorney general; Levi Bashford, of Wisconsin, Surveyor General; Milton B. Duffield, of New York, U. S. Marshal; Charles D. Poston, of Kentucky, Superintendent Indian affairs.

The first Arizona State officials, elected in 1911, included the following: George W. P. Hunt, Governor; Sidney P. Osborn, Secretary of State; J. C. Callaghan, State auditor; D. F. Johnson, State treasurer; C. O. Case, Superintendent of Public instruction; W. P. Geary, F. A. Jones and A. W. Cole, Corporation Commissioners; Alfred Franklin, Chief Justice; D. L. Cunningham and H. D. Ross, Associate Justices of the Supreme Court.

## DO YOU KNOW THAT?

Arizona, with its 113,956 square miles, ranks fifth in size of states—nearly as large as New England and New York combined.

Coconino County is the second largest county in the United States.

Arizona contains the longest unbroken stretch of yellow pine timber in the world.

Arizona contains the greatest variety of plant life, even including ferns, of any state in the Union.

Arizona's population has shown greatest percentage of increase of any state in the United States since 1910, more than doubling since that time.

Arizona is the greatest COPPER producing state, the 1929 production being around 833,626,000 pounds, with a value of about \$149,200,000, while the value of the five principal minerals—GOLD, SILVER, COPPER, LEAD and ZINC for 1929 is about \$158,433,300.

Arizona ranks first in the production of COPPER; first in the production of ASBESTOS; third in GOLD; fourth in SILVER, sixth in LEAD and very high in ZINC, TUNGSTEN, VANADIUM, QUICKSILVER and other minerals.

Arizona's mines employ 19,000 men and their pay rolls amount to \$30,000,000 annually.

In the excellence of her public schools and school buildings Arizona ranks among the very highest.

Arizona's 1929 hay crop was worth \$12,222,000.

Arizona's 1929 grain crop was worth \$3,941,000.

Arizona's 1929 cotton crop was worth \$15,000,000.

Arizona ships more than 9,000 cars of lettuce annually.

Arizona ships more than 5,500 cars of cantaloupes annually.

Arizona's lumber production is worth about \$5,000,000 annually.

Arizona is the only state owning its own BUFFALO herd; this state having about 85 head running on the open range in House Rock Valley.

Arizona contains the largest number of DEER of any state in the Union; the Kaibab forest alone containing about 30,000 head.

Arizona, in the Thompson Arboretum at Superior, has the only arid climate arboretum in the world.

Arizona has about 888,000 head of cattle, valued at about \$39,418,000. Arizona has about 1,189,000 head of sheep, valued at about \$9,493,000.

Arizona's Indian population, around 33,000, is second largest in the United States.

Arizona is fast becoming famous for the excellence of its PECANS, DATES, FIGS, ORANGES, LEMONS, GRAPE FRUIT, GRAPES and MANY OTHER FRUITS.

In the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River, Arizona possesses one of the seven great wonders of the world.

In the San Xavier Mission, near Tucson, Arizona has the finest example of early Spanish mission architecture on the North American Continent.

Arizona has within her borders some three hundred miles of sparkling trout streams.

Within the borders of Arizona there are undoubtedly 100,000 old ruins, the largest and most important being the "CASA GRANDE" near Florence. Many well preserved cliff dwellings are tucked away in the mountains and canyons away from the haunts of man.

The present day great canal system of the SALT RIVER VALLEY, and the Casa Grande Valley as well, are built on the ruins of prehistoric canals built by a vanished people, and that these same prehistoric people domesticated the wild turkey and possibly the deer.

In Northwestern Arizona ten townships have been reserved for oil by the United States Government.

Within the Navajo Indian country there is known to be something like twenty-nine billion tons of coal.

Large bodies of 65 per cent iron ore are found in the Apache Indian Reservation, and that six of the steel hardeners (manganese, vanadium, tungsten, chromium, titanium and molybdenum) are found in Arizona.

The second largest meteorite found in the United States was discovered on the Santa Fe Railway near Sanders, Arizona. Named "Navajo Meteorite" and sold to Field Museum, Chicago.

Arizona leads in irrigation and contains the most comprehensive system of dams for irrigation and power purposes in the world

WITH ROOSEVELT DAM and ROOSEVELT LAKE,  
HORSE MESA DAM and APACHE LAKE,  
MORMON FLAT DAM and CANYON LAKE,  
STEWART MOUNTAIN DAM AND LAKE,  
CAVE CREEK DAM AND RESERVOIR,  
GRANITE REEF DIVERSION DAM AND RESERVOIR,

COOLIDGE DAM and SAN CARLOS LAKE, Arizona contains many lakes of rare beauty which constitute the largest acreage of artificial reservoirs or lakes extant, with more dams to be built in the near future.

ARIZONA is full of beautiful wonders—LAKES, MOUNTAINS, GRAND CANYONS, VALLEYS, PAINTED DESERTS, PETRIFFIED FORESTS, NATURAL BRIDGES, PREHISTORIC RUINS, CLIFF DWELLINGS, STREAMS, DESERTS, CACTUS, HIGHWAYS, SUNSETS, COLORINGS, as well as having the most invigorating and salubrious climate in the world.

## CURRENT COMMENT

DAN R. WILLIAMSON

### William Babbitt

William Babbitt, aged 66, an outstanding Arizona pioneer, died at his winter home in Phoenix on February 27, from a heart attack. This is the third death among the men of the Babbitt family since last July. A brother, David Babbitt, died on November 8, 1929, and the latter's son, David Babbitt, Jr., died in Phoenix last July. The death of William Babbitt leaves but two of the five brothers living, all of whom founded Babbitt Brothers Trading Company at Flagstaff. One of these, C. J. Babbitt, lives in Flagstaff and is actively engaged in the management of the affairs of this company; the other, E. J. Babbitt, is a practicing attorney of Cincinnati. William Babbitt is survived by a wife, who was Miss Elizabeth Roach, of Flagstaff, and a dozen nieces and nephews. He was a native of Ohio.

Mr. Babbitt had been in failing health for more than a year, but was not confined to his bed for much of that time. Death followed an acute heart attack of only a few hours' duration. His wife and a family friend and relative by marriage, Mrs. John Verkamp, were with him when he died. The Babbitts had spent most of the winter in San Francisco, where Mr. Babbitt had business interests. They had come to Phoenix about a month before his death, and were living at 760 East McKinley Street.

Funeral services were held from the Church of Nativity at Flagstaff, and interment made in the Catholic Cemetery there, on March 1.

### Gustav Anton Hoff

Gustav Anton Hoff, born in New Carbe, Germany, December 7, 1852, and a resident of Tucson since 1880, died at the family home, 127 West Franklin Street, that city, on February 18, from a stroke of paralysis. He is survived by his wife, the former Miss Alice Ford, of California; four daughters, Mrs. E. B. Winstanley, Mrs. G. B. Quickenstedt and Mrs. Walter Hall, of Tucson, and Mrs. E. Haskell of Santa Barbara; a son, Louis

Hoff, of Guadalajara, and a brother, Julius Hoff, lives in Yorktown, Texas.

At the time of his death Mr. Hoff was secretary of the L. H. Manning Company, of Tucson. He had been connected with this company for many years. For many years he was in the mercantile business on the corner where the new Consolidated Bank Building now stands. He was a prominent and active member of the Masonic and Knights of Pythias lodges, and of the Hiram Club.

Mr. Hoff was a member of the Sixteenth Territorial Legislature, and during the early days of the territory was a very active democrat. He served as a councilman for Tucson for several terms, and was mayor of that city for one term, beginning in 1900.

Funeral services were held from the Masonic Temple, with the First Church of Christ, Scientist, and Knights Templar in charge.

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### John Alexander

John Alexander died in a Globe hospital on January 17, following an operation. He was in his sixty-sixth year, and he had been a resident of Arizona for forty-four years, coming first to Tucson in 1886, where he lived for a year. He went to Ft. Thomas where, with a brother, Andrew, he started a store known as Alexander Brothers General Merchandise Company. In addition to this, they acquired the famous hot springs near Ft. Thomas. In 1904 Mr. Alexander moved with his family to Globe and bought the Globe Commercial Company. He also bought and operated the Dreamland Theater on Sycamore Street. This theater was the center of many civic activities until it was destroyed by fire during a big Odd Fellows' convention in 1913.

Following the disposal of his interest in the Globe Commercial Company in 1916, he became affiliated with the Solomon-Wickersham Company in Globe. He remained with this company almost continuously until he was injured in an automobile accident last September. He never fully recovered from this injury.

Mr. Alexander was buried in the Elks' plot in the Globe cemetery.

Surviving relatives are the wife, Mrs. Clara Burns Alexander; three daughters, Mrs. Charles Tupper of San Diego, Mrs.

Herbert Finnegan and Miss Ruth Alexander of Globe; a brother, Andrew, of San Diego, and two sisters, Mrs. L. B. Jones of Alhambra, and Mrs. C. Birdwell of Los Angeles. Another sister, Mrs. Louise Rupkey, preceded him in death by just two weeks. She was also an Arizona pioneer and she passed away in El Paso, where she had gone to visit a son.

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### Sylvestre Peralta

Death claimed Sylvestre Peralta, a resident of St. Johns since 1875, on January 4, at the age of 57. He was stricken with paralysis a few days before his death, and did not rally.

Mr. Peralta was one of the most prominent citizens of Apache County, and held many public offices. He was sheriff of that county from 1903 to 1912, and during the Campbell administration he served as a guard at the state penitentiary. Following this service he served as a prohibition officer under John H. Udall, state prohibition director. He resigned this position several years ago to engage in business at McNary. At the age of eighteen he became interested in sheep raising, and was successful in this business for a number of years.

Surviving members of the Peralta family are the widow and seven daughters, all residents of the northern part of the state with the exception of one of the daughters, Mrs. Gregorio Garcia, who lives in Phoenix.

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### F. E. A. Kimball

F. E. A. Kimball, who came to Arizona from San Diego, California, in 1899, died at his home in Tucson on February 25. He was a native of New Hampshire and was 67 years old.

During his thirty-one years' residence in Tucson Mr. Kimball was most active in the city's affairs. He was a member of the lower house, from Pima County, of the Fourth and Fifth and Eighth and Ninth Arizona State Legislatures. He was the author of the Mill Tax Bill for the University of Arizona, and obtained passage of Arizona's first child welfare bill. He was an

organizer of the Tucson Natural History Society and an ardent worker in the Game Protective Association. At the time of his death he was secretary-treasurer of the Summerhaven Land and Improvement Company.

Before coming to Arizona, Mr. Kimball was in the newspaper business. He established the Coronado Evening Mercury in 1887, which continued in existence under different names until 1899, when it was bought by the Spreckels interests from the company to whom Kimball and his partner had sold it three years before. Mr. Kimball continued in the newspaper game when he first came to Tucson, having been a reporter on the Arizona Daily Star until he established a book and stationery store, in which business he remained almost continuously during his residence there. During the summer season Mr. Kimball was postmaster at Summerhaven, a popular mountain resort near Tucson. He was a member of the Typographical Union for more than forty years, and by lodge affiliation he was an Odd Fellow.

Surviving relatives are the widow, Mrs. Mabel Kimball, two brothers, a sister and numerous nieces and nephews.

According to the Coronado California Journal, Robert W. Hornbeck, with whom Mr. Kimball established the Coronado Evening Mercury in 1887, died just twenty days before Mr. Kimball.

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**Frederick W. Perkins**

Judge Frederick W. Perkins, city attorney of Flagstaff and state representative from Coconino County, died of pneumonia in a Phoenix hospital on January 6. Judge Perkins was a native of New Hampshire, was 78 years of age and had resided in Arizona continuously for 25 years. He was first judge of the superior court of Coconino County. He was past president of the Hiram Club of Flagstaff; past master of the Blue Lodge of Flagstaff, and grand master of the Grand Lodge, A. F. and A. M. of Arizona in 1916. He had served as state representative from Coconino County for three terms.

Funeral services were held in Flagstaff, under the auspices of the Masonic Order of that city.

Surviving relatives are a sister, Jephena Wright Perkins; one daughter, Mrs. G. A. Pearson, both of Flagstaff; three sons,

Fred Hough Perkins, Phoenix; Edwin Thompson Perkins, Joplin, Missouri, and Warren Otis Perkins, Williams, Arizona. There are also fourteen surviving grandchildren.

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<b>David Morgan</b>
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The death of David Morgan, Arizona pioneer, miner and former member of the legislature, occurred in Los Angeles on January 11.

During his residence in Arizona he became general foreman for the Congress Gold Mining Company, and superintendent of the Imperial Copper Company and the United Verde Extension. He is credited with the discovery of the rich ore bed of the United Verde, which was largely responsible for that company's growth. At the time of his death he was vice president and general manager of the Zenda Gold Mining Company at Barstow, California. He was a member of the Arizona Territorial Legislature in 1907; member of the state senate in 1920, being chairman of the senate committee on mines.

Mr. Morgan is survived by his widow and a daughter, Virginia.

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### ARIZONA'S ANNUAL PAGEANT

The fourth annual presentation of the Casa Grande Pageant closed Sunday night, March 30th, in a blaze of glory.

This annual pageant has become a regular institution and wins wide support from the lovers of Arizona romance and history.

Being held as it is on the grounds of the age-old historic ruin of the CASA GRANDE, the theme of the mode of living of these interesting but unknown people is carried out by our best thinkers, builded on traditions and legends gathered from where they may.

Dean Cummings, of the University of Arizona, Tucson, and Mrs. Mark Twain Clemens of Florence, assisted by many others, deserve the thanks of all for their untiring efforts in making this year's pageant the outstanding success that it proved to be.

## DEDICATION OF COOLIDGE DAM

In our opinion the outstanding event in our state's history was the dedication of the great Coolidge Dam, by Calvin Coolidge, at the request of President Hoover on March 4th last. Coolidge Dam is built on the Gila River not far from the historic location of the old San Carlos Indian Agency, and the great lake that will cover all of this ground will be and is known as San Carlos Lake.

Governor Phillips met Mr. Coolidge and wife and personally escorted them from Yuma to the dedication.

The great event was witnessed by some ten thousand happy people who reveled in Arizona's glorious sunshine during the ceremony.

The age-old enemies, the Pimas and the Apaches, smoked the peace pipe, and Will Rogers smilingly talked in the "Mike."

This dam is in our opinion the finest and most beautiful major structure built by the hands of man, and is a creation of the brain of Major C. R. Oldburg, who is now in Russia.

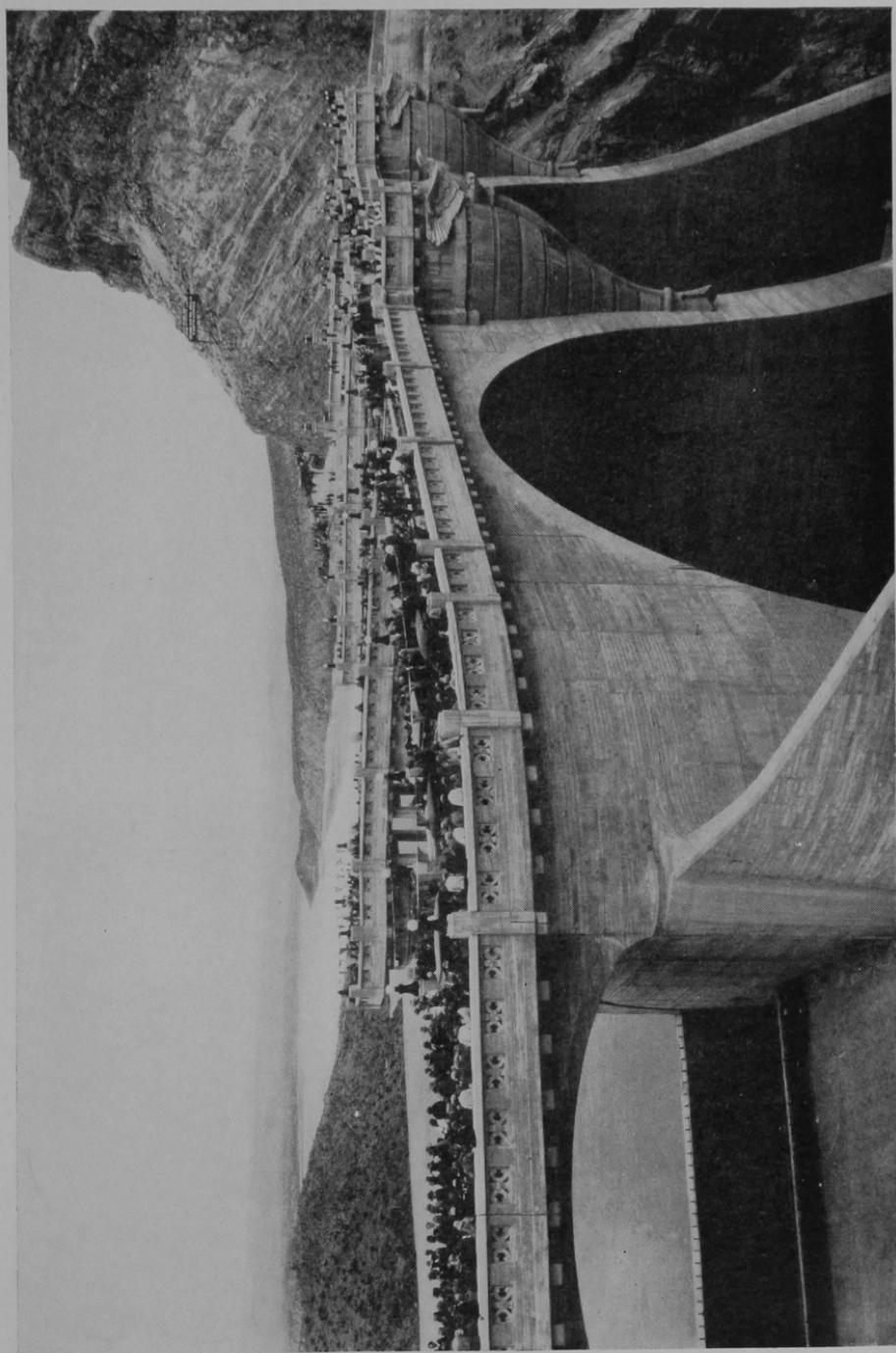
Old Chief Talkalia, most prominent of the old-time Apaches, was to take part in the dedication, but his soul was gently wafted to the happy hunting grounds during that interesting ceremony. He was buried in the Pinal cemetery between Globe and Miami, where loving friends will erect a monument to his memory.

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## INVITATION TO COOLIDGE

(Mailed thru the Office of Governor Phillips)

To the Honorable Calvin Coolidge,  
 And his good wife, if you please,  
 Who are now in the land of the "Golden West,"  
 Enjoying the ocean's breeze.  
 For that is a land of beauty,  
 Powerful, grand, sedate,  
 The home of the "Sunkist" orange,  
 Well known as the "Golden State."  
 And we hear in Arizona,  
 Our sovereign state supreme,  
 The baby state of our country,  
 And brightly our records gleam.  
 We are proud of our hills and valleys,  
 Our mountains and cactus plain,  
 We are proud of our upright people  
 Who strive to our rights maintain.



We are proud of "Our Colorado,"  
 Winding its way to the sea,  
 And our marvelous canyon that named it,  
 Proud work of the Diety;  
 We are proud of our mines of Copper,  
 Silver and Lead and Gold,  
 The whole wide world enriching,  
 Like the "Midas" mines of old.

We are proud of our fertile valleys,  
 And proud of the homes they bring,  
 We are proud of our dams and rivers,  
 While the world their praises sing,  
 We are proud of our great Dam, Roosevelt,  
 We are proud of its inland sea,  
 For its waters come in as the snows melt,  
 In the lands of the great pine tree.

I am proud I was there with "Teddy,"  
 In March of Nineteen Eleven,  
 When he came to dedicate Roosevelt,  
 Then the greatest Dam 'neath heaven;  
 And now to you both we're appealing,  
 Another great work has been done,  
 Please come and dedicate Coolidge,  
 The finest dam 'neath the sun.

When softly the shadows are falling,  
 As over the waters you scan,  
 There before you in lines that are classic,  
 Is the noblest work of man.

Yours most sincerely,

DAN R. WILLIAMSON,

February 19, 1930.

State Historian.

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Then Coolidge came to our calling,  
 And there in the afternoon,  
 'Midst the splendor of sky and mountains,  
 With our pulsing hearts in tune,  
 Were the magical words then spoken,  
 Dedicating this work, well done,  
 To the love of God and religion,  
 And pleased was everyone.

Ten thousand were there to see it,  
 Ten thousand who were as one,  
 Many of them were Indians,  
 Children of Earth and Sun;  
 Calmly they smoked the peace pipe,  
 Those who had fought for years,  
 For the love of God was over all,  
 And that allayed all fears.

And now to the River Gila,  
 May ever your waters flow,  
 Filling our lake "San Carlos,"  
 With run off from rain and snow;  
 May the beautiful land below you,  
 And rich is its virgin sod,  
 Be the home of prosperous thousands,  
 All blest by, and loving, God.

DAN R. WILLIAMSON,  
 State Historian.

March 25, 1930.

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### COOLIDGE DAM DIMENSIONS

(Arizona Republican, Phoenix, March 5, 1930)  
 Elevation of top of dam, 2,535 feet above sea level.  
 Height of dam above bedrock, 250 feet.  
 Height of dam above stream-bed, 250 feet.  
 Thickness of domes at bottom, 21 feet.  
 Thickness of domes at top, 4 feet.  
 Length of dam on top, 880 feet.  
 Length of dam on bottom, 300 feet.  
 Distance from rear of dome to toe of buttress, 286 feet.  
 Buttresses spaced 180 feet on centers.  
 Buttresses from 60 to 24 feet thick.  
 Area of land submerged, 22,000 acres.  
 Reservoir length, 23 miles.  
 Reservoir capacity, 1,200,000 acre feet.  
 Will irrigate (present designation), 100,000 acres.  
 Concrete in dam, 205,000 cubic yards.  
 Steel (reinforcing), 3,500 tons.  
 Rock and gravel excavation, 280,000 cubic yards.  
 Present total stored water supply, 170,600 acre feet.  
 Present available above penstocks, 145,100 acre feet.

Area cultivated this year, 55,000 acres.

Annual runoff Gila river, 385,000 acre feet.

Duty of water, 3 acre feet per acre on land.

Congressional act authorizing construction, June 7, 1924.

Preliminary construction started March 1, 1925.

Construction contract let November 1, 1926.

Contractors, Atkinson, Kier Bros., Spicer Company, Los Angeles.

Construction work started January 1, 1927.

Dam completed January 1, 1929.

Storage of water started November 15, 1929.

Appropriations for dam construction, \$5,500,000.

Estimated cost entire project, \$10,000,000.

Project, lands all in Pinal county, 100 miles below dam, immediately adjoining Salt River project on south.

Ownership, 50,000 acres Indian; 50,000 acres white.

Railroad, Southern Pacific through center of project, running from Tucson to Phoenix.

Principal towns, Florence, Coolidge, Casa Grande.

Climate: Average maximum temperature, 113 degrees F.; average minimum, 31 degrees F.

Precipitation: 10 inches.

Soils: Gravelly loams to heavy silt.

Crops: Cotton, cantaloupes, lettuce, alfalfa, oranges, lemons, dates, grapefruit, figs, olives, grain, watermelons, and others.

Power plant at base of dam.

Installed capacity, 10,000 kilowatts.

Average annual revenue, \$200,000.

Reservoir area involved submergence of old town of San Carlos established in 1872 as military post for Apaches. Notable for locale of Geronimo, Apache Kid, Naches, and other Apache chieftains.

Involved removal of 20 miles of Southern Pacific railroad running from Bowie to Globe. Cost of removal \$2,400,000, of which government paid \$1,000,000.

Indians removed: 550 in over 100 homes or teepees; 50 government and traders' buildings torn down and salvaged.

# TUCSON—THE OLD PUEBLO

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By DEAN FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

University of Arizona

and

CAPTAIN DONALD W. PAGE

One time City Inspector of Buildings, Tucson

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Copyright Applied for by Frank C. Lockwood

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## PREFACE

Tucson is one of the American towns that has distinction. It possesses a character all its own. For decades travelers have recognized this fact, and each one in his own way has enjoyed it, pondered over it and sought to explain it. Tucson somehow piques a stranger's curiosity and stirs his imagination. Its starry skies, its perpetual sunshine, the silence and vastness of its surrounding desert and mountains, the incredible purity of its atmosphere, the tender blue of its undimmed heavens—all these no doubt entranced the primitive dwellers of remote times as much as they do the modern inhabitant. But we have much more to wonder at and enjoy than did the denizens of a hundred and fifty years ago; for, now, to the charm of Nature has been added the allurements of antiquity, mystery, tragedy and romance.

It is not likely that anyone will ever be able to give a full and true account of Tucson's past. The "dark backward and abysm" of time has swallowed up forever the details of the human drama enacted by the prehistoric dwellers in this valley. But research and inquiry have enabled us to reconstruct the past in outline and, during some periods, with a good deal of detail. Much can be related with entire confidence, and to this a great deal can be added by intelligent conjecture.

Who that comes under the spell of this old city does not desire to know all about its past? However, citizens and transients alike have found themselves as much confused as fascinated by all that they hear about the early days of Tucson. All sorts of contradictory and colorful stories are told, much to the delight but little to the illumination of the stranger within our gates.

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Note—This is one of two sections of a book by Dean Frank C. Lockwood and Captain Donald W. Page, the second section to appear in the July issue of the Review. The book will be out in the fall.



#### COAT OF ARMS OF THE CITY OF TUCSON

This seal was first suggested and sketched by Fire Chief Joseph A. Roberts; Reverend Victor Stoner, Chancellor of the Diocese of Tucson, supplied historic data concerning the respective emblems of the Franciscan and Jesuit orders, and Captain Donald W. Page executed and copyrighted the design as it now appears.

For full explanation of the interwoven symbols, see Appendix.

Unfortunately, the living raconteur is not alone at fault in this matter. Much that gets into print and into books, even, is also wide of the mark or grotesquely unreliable.

It is the purpose of this guide-book to tell as much of the truth about Tucson as can be crowded into these brief pages, and to tell it interestingly and in order. The authors have themselves for years felt to the full the glamour and romance that hangs mist-like over this ancient desert city. It so happens, though, that their training and habits make it necessary for them to seek exactitude as well as picturesqueness and dramatic effect. Their endeavor has been primarily to satisfy themselves by tracing things to their sources, and now having been able to accomplish this in some measure, they think it worth while to give others the results of their studies through this modest book.

We have thought it best to clear our pages of foot-notes and continual references to the authorities upon which we rely. We desire that the book shall be read with ease and pleasure. We make our statements and draw our conclusions after satisfying our own minds as well as we can, and then leave it to the reader to accept or reject our account as he may see fit. It goes without saying that the authors themselves are not always in agreement upon moot points. The book will be convincing, therefore, just to the degree that our trustworthiness has been established. To this we may add that what we set down here is based upon wide reading, long and diligent inquiry among old settlers, and careful physical surveys of the city and the surrounding region. At the back of the book, too, we list a considerable number of the most important books and documents to which we have had access.

The authors take this opportunity to express their great obligation to Mr. G. H. Schneider for his excellent pictorial map of the region about Tucson, and to Mrs. Luella Haney Russell for her drawing of the walled city of Tucson as she and the authors imagine it may have looked. The authors are also under deep obligation to Dr. J. G. Brown, of the University of Arizona, who made several of the rare photographs included here.

## CHAPTER I.

## TUCSON, PRE-TRADITIONAL TIMES TO THE FOUNDING OF THE PRESIDIO

By DONALD W. PAGE

As a community, Tucson is old far beyond the power of the imagination to grasp, so old indeed that if we consider its aboriginal origin the present city's beginning may truthfully be said to be lost in the mists of Time. That the locality has been the home of man from the remotest ages there can be little doubt, for in the beginning its strategic and economic value must have instinctively appealed to the first meat-eating humans to wander into the valley, and early man, once he found a place good, was loath to abandon it until forced into the change.

In bygone times, the country hereabouts was far more pleasing than it is today. The hills and valleys were clothed in a riotous semi-tropical vegetation; the stream that we know as the Santa Cruz was a series of broad shallow fens, girt with deep fringes of cool rushes and surrounded by vast expanses of rich wild grasses, the home of countless water fowl and beaver and the drinking place of great herds of deer, antelope and peccary; every need of early man might be satisfied by stretching forth the hand.

As the race rose in the scale of culture, the seed-eaters, too, found Nature lavish in her provision of the fruits of the several grasses, the algarrobo, the sahuaro and the pitahaya, and, responding to man's growing knowledge of husbandry, the rich alluvial bottom lands of the river produced abundant crops of maize, beans, squash and pumpkins, as attested by the innumerable chirpas (or mortar holes) to be seen along the base of the Tucson Mountains. Later on, when the agriculturists, the relatively opulent storers of grain, were attacked by their fiercer neighbors from the north and east, these same mountains provided a haven for the harassed people, whose temporary retreats and fortified positions may still be seen along the eastern slopes and the crest of the range where they sought refuge until such time as the mauraunders withdrew from the valley.

Coming down to traditional times, the mists of the ages gradually begin to clear and we are able to catch our first actual glimpse of the hitherto but vaguely visualized inhabitants of the valley, emerging from the earliest crude circular pit-house dwellings, passing through the period of the rectangular type of struc-

ture and developing the great-house or Gila culture, the progenitors perhaps of those sturdy nations that centuries later swept irresistibly southward to build up the mighty empire of the Montezumas. The Nahua or Aztec civilization of the Valley of Mexico, overthrown by Hernando Cortez in 1521, represented the culmination of seven great waves of migration that rolled down upon Central Mexico from the remote northwest and successively dominated that country. First came the Xochimilcos, then the Chalacas, Tepenecans, Tezucans, Tlatluicans, Tlascalans, and finally the Mexica or Aztecs, who conquered all who were before them and consolidated the land into the grand Nahua nation.

Briefly, the history of these migrations, as handed down by tradition, substantiated by such hieroglyphic records as the Aubin, Tepechpan, Vatican, Mendocino, Cumarraga and Telleriano-Remense Codex (all that has survived of the wealth of Nahua records), is to the effect that these seven tribes or nations had a common origin in a region lying far to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico and known to all seven as Chicomoztoc, which translated literally signifies the Land of the Seven Caves, standing undoubtedly for the Country of the Seven Nations. Greatest amongst these was Huehuetlapallan, or the Old Red Country, huehuetl in Nahua, meaning old and tlapallan, the place of red earth. Granted that the overwhelming weight of tradition to the effect that Chicomoztoc was located a great distance to the northwest of the Valley of Mexico carries significance, and that it is a proven fact that the Nahuas were wont to name their cities after some outstanding topographical feature to be found in the vicinity, then the conclusions of the brilliant Mexican historian, the late Don Alfredo Chavere, may be accepted as highly reasonable, and Huehuetlapallan identified with the region of the Casa Grande Ruins. If this be the case, then the vicinity of Tucson must also be included in this great birthplace of civilization, for ruins identical with those at Casa Grande have recently been discovered a scant eight miles from the center of the city, tradition naming them (in common with those at Casa Grande) "La Casa de Montezuma."

With the departure southward of the last wave of migration, there is little doubt that Huehuetlapallan and its dependent cities or provinces entered upon a period of more or less gradual decadence, that terminated finally in the loss not only of all of its past glories but of its very identity as well. How long this period was, and what progress and retrogression in culture occurred, it is impossible to state with anything approaching accuracy. If, however, we accept the date of the Aztecs' departure

from Aztlan (an intermediate abiding place on the route of their migratory movement, probably located on an island in the Laguna de Mexcaltitan, on the coast of Nayarit) as the year 583 A. D., and the time occupied by the last portion of their journey from Huehuetlapallan to the Valley of Mexico as 300 years, it follows that at the same rate of progress they must have departed from their home on the Gila River in the year 58 A. D., and that no less than 1,480 years must have elapsed between this date and the year 1538 when, with the arrival of the first Spaniards known to have penetrated into what we today know as Arizona, the veil of mystery that had hitherto hidden the region began to be drawn aside.

As to the changes in culture that occurred during these fifteen centuries, it is safe to say that the decadence already mentioned as following the departure of the Aztecs was not immediate. The Tlapanecs (the generic name for the seven nations of Chicomoztoc) may even for a time have progressed, as may be deduced from the great-house ruins at Casa Grande, Tucson and elsewhere in this region, as these structures must perforce have replaced earlier and perhaps cruder types; for it is a physical impossibility for such buildings to have survived the ravages of almost two thousand years. The remnant of the Seven Nations may therefore have prospered for a time and then sunk slowly to the humble estate of ramada (or arbour) dwellers such as the Spaniards found upon their arrival, and such as may be seen today; for, excepting the matter of clothing, the modern Pimas and Papagos are much as they were then.

Entering upon historical times, the year 1538 may be said to mark the beginning of this period of Tucson's history, or more correctly speaking the beginning of the history of the great Southwest; for it was not until one hundred fifty-four years later that the name Tucson first appears in the annals of Spanish discovery and conquest. Before taking up this portion of the tale, however, it may prove interesting to examine briefly the several more or less fantastic claims respecting the city's antiquity that have from time to time been advanced by writers who have endeavored, from the standpoint of Spanish settlement, to make of Tucson the oldest town in the United States. Easily the most ambitious amongst these is one advanced by certain ultra-enthusiasts to the effect that the Valley of the Santa Cruz was settled by Carmelite fathers as early as 1508, and that these ghostly pre-pioneers were the discoverers and (it may be presumed) the original operators of the "lost Spanish mines" of the region, so celebrated in song and story!

“Treasure Land,” an encomium of south-central Arizona, published by the Arizona Advancement Company in 1897, says: “According to authentic records, Marcos de Niza and the negro, Estevanico, explored Arizona in 1539, passing through the Santa Cruz Valley and the Gila settlements. He made such a wonderful report of the country, which he swore to, that the question of establishing a settlement in that section was seriously considered, and in 1552 the matter was reported favorably and the settlement ordered established. The proof of this is contained in a stained and time-worn document written on vellum, signed by his Catholic majesty, Charles the First of Spain and Fifth of Germany, the successor of Ferdinand and Isabella, the patrons of Columbus, and countersigned by the Viceroy of Mexico. It was discovered recently among the relics of the ancient mission of San Xavier, nine miles south of Tucson, and was forwarded for safe keeping to the Librarian at Washington, in whose custody it now is, or ought to be. The date on the vellum is 1552, and, allowing three years for good measure, we can place the date of Tucson’s settlement at 1555, at which time San Augustine (Florida) was merely a strip of coast line, and Santa Fe (New Mexico) a prairie-dog village. Attached to the vellum is an interesting account of the founding of Tucson, written in the fair, round hand of Marcos de Niza.

“The town was never afterwards abandoned. It moved along the river, following the most fertile land as it was discovered, and finally located where it now is. For years at a time it was cut off from all official connection with Mexico and lost sight of. The church neglected it and the government ignored it, but the Indians were friendly, and the European settlers, cut off from home and friends, dwelt among them and became almost as they were. When the missionaries, more than a century later, entered the country again, they found many of their own race to welcome and aid them, and this accounts for the easy manner in which the people were converted. It took only three years (1690-3) to establish a chain of prosperous missions along the Santa Cruz Valley, and Father Kino was never able to induce more than a few priests to come to his assistance!”

Roberts, in his “With the Invader,” says: “Tucson is an ancient city. Antedating Jamestown and Plymouth, it was visited by Coronado in 1540, lived in by Europeans in 1560, and had its first missionaries in 1581. But long before 1540 there was an Indian village existing on the site of the present city.”

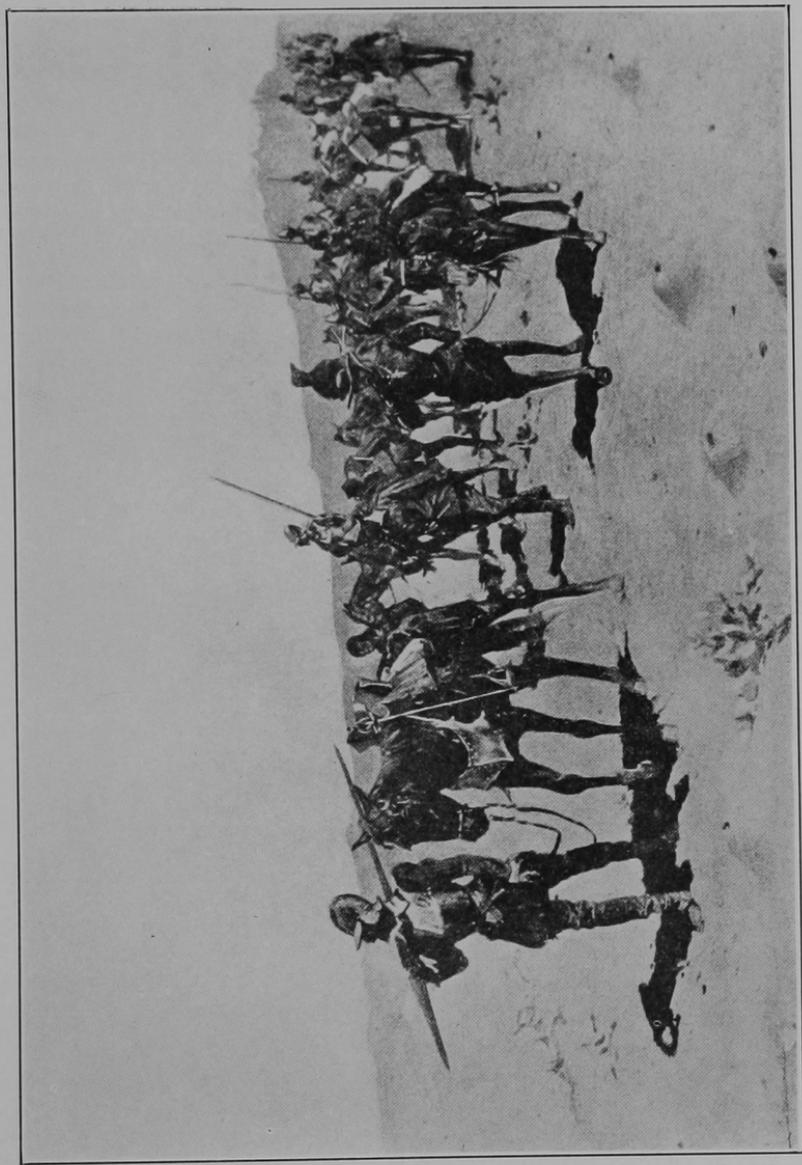
In “Arizona as It Is,” Hodge writes: “About the year

1560 a permanent settlement was made by the Spanish explorers and Jesuit fathers near where Tucson now is.”

Referring to the earliest of the foregoing claims, historians seem to be fairly well agreed that whilst de Solis sighted and sailed along the shores of Yucatan as early as 1506, and Ponce de Leon landed upon the Atlantic coast of Florida in 1513, it was not until six years later, when Cortez disembarked on the island later named San Juan de Ulua, that the Spanish penetration which one hundred seventy-three years later reached the Santa Cruz Valley began. There would seem to exist, therefore, certain weighty difficulties in the way of the settlement of Tucson at least prior to the last date cited, unless indeed we cast back to Martin Deham's planisphere of 1492 and, including Tucson amongst the seven cities said therein to have been founded by the Bishop of Lisbon somewhere west of the Island of Antilla when fleeing before Tarik ibn Zijad and the Moslem invasion that swept over the Peninsula in 711, seek to build up a pre-Columbian civilization therefrom.

Nor do the remaining claims, when subjected to the cold light of historical analysis, present any more convincing proof of their authenticity. The case so painstakingly elaborated from the timeworn old cedula of Charles First would seem to be rudely shattered by a letter which we have before us from the Librarian of the Congressional Library, disclaiming all knowledge of such a document, as well as of any communication from Fr. Marcos de Niza, be it in fair, round or other handwriting. And even though the charter were a fact, in the total absence of any historical confirmation it would not necessarily prove that a settlement was really effected at that time; for the governments of those days, in common with their modern prototypes, were prone to be lavish with favours that cost them nothing and from which there was a sporting chance of realizing a return.

Unfortunately, neither Roberts nor Hodge quote their authority for the statement that Tucson was settled by Europeans in about 1560, and we are therefore forced to the conclusion that either they assumed the correctness of the cedula story or that they were in possession of historical data unknown to us, and in either case there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of these authors in the use that they made of their material, whatever that was. As a matter of fact, the first Europeans known to have arrived anywhere near the site of Tucson were Alvar Nunez Cabeza de Vaca and his three companions, Captains Andres Dorantes de Carranza, Alonzo de Castillo y Maldonado,



SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE DESERT  
By Frederick Remington—From Old Santa Fe Trail—Crane and Company

and the negro slave Estevan, or Estevanico, sole survivors of Pamfilo de Narvaez' ill-fated expedition into Florida, who wandered across the continent between the years 1528 and 1536. But here again there is no evidence to prove that they were at any time closer to Tucson than perhaps the southeast corner of New Mexico. It is true, indeed, that the Adelantado Don Juan de Onate founded the Spanish settlement of Santa Fe in about 1606, and that thereafter there were various explorations undertaken westward from that point, but we can only repeat that there is nothing to indicate that the vicinity of Tucson was visited.

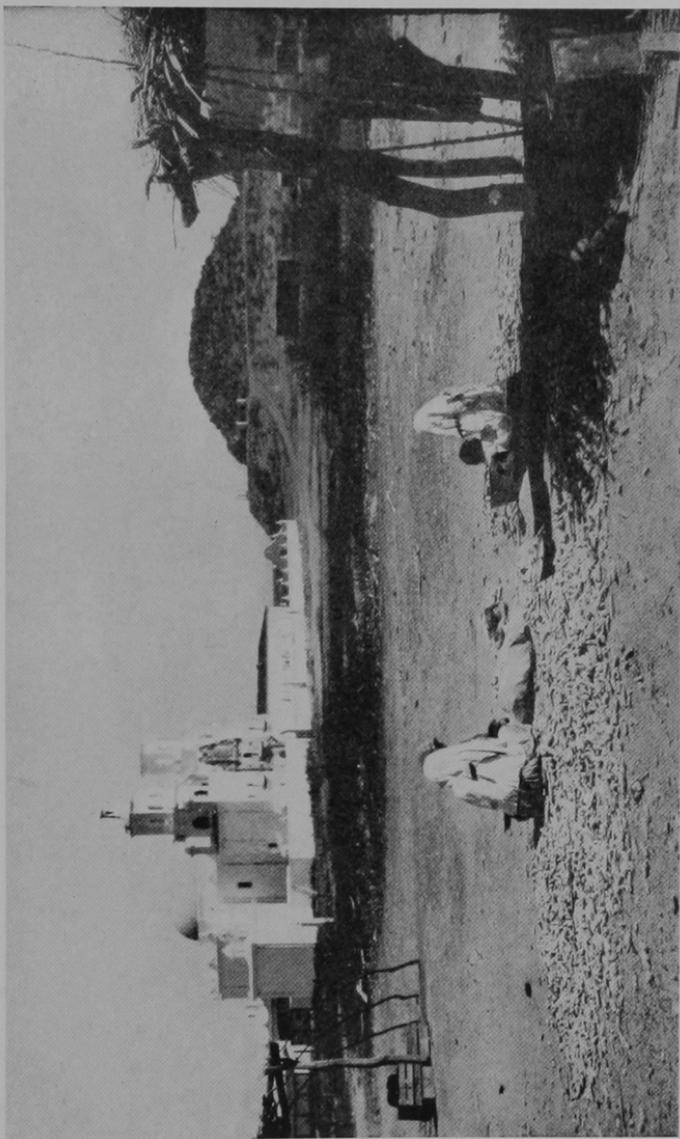
The first definite record of exploration in what was hitherto the *terra incognita* of modern Southern Arizona occurs in 1538, when the Franciscan fathers Juan de la Asuncion and Pedro Nadal are said to have been dispatched by the Viceroy in search of the fabled Chicomoztoc, the mysterious land of the Seven Caves. Departing from the City of Mexico in January of that year, the two padres proceeded to Culiacan, then the northernmost outpost of Spain in that direction, and from thence they journeyed northwest for some 270 leagues, when further progress was effectually barred by a broad, deep river. Here Fr. Nadad "observed the altitude of the pole, which he found to be 35 degrees", and they retraced their steps, having covered a total distance from the City of Mexico of 700 leagues. Excepting the latitude reached, which is evidently in error, it appears that the padres must have arrived at some point on the Colorado River, and that to them belongs the honor of being the first Spaniards to enter Arizona. The expedition was undertaken with the view of substantiating Cabeza de Vaca's glowing hearsay description of the wonders of the Seven Cities of Cibola, but it appears that the route bore too far to the west, and in consequence nothing but additional hearsay evidence was gathered. In passing, it may be observed that Cabeza de Vaca's tale, as learned from the Indians during the latter part of his eight years' wanderings, was probably no more than a more or less garbled and certainly but imperfectly understood version of the history of the seven nations of Chicomoztoc, tintured no doubt, by the account of the activities of the Bishop of Lisbon, a legend well known to the Spaniards even before their arrival in Mexico.

The year following, Fr. Marcos de Niza, stationed at the time at Culiacan, was sent forth to try his hand at unravelling the mystery of the Seven Cities, but despite the amplitude of his report there is no real reason to believe that he visited the site of Tucson. On the contrary, a careful analysis of all of the

evidence makes it appear that he passed considerably to the west of the place both in coming and going, and we are constrained, however regretfully, to exclude him from any participation in the town's early history. The same arguments apply to Francisco Vasquez de Coronado's military expedition of 1540, undertaken on the strength of Fr. Marcos' recital of the wonders seen by him in the golden land of Cibola, as none of the several journals and reports chronicling the movements of the expedition offer anything to warrant the assumption that the place was visited, and we must abide the passing of many more years before we may hope to successfully discuss the arrival of the first Spaniard.

In fact, from Coronado's time no less than one hundred fifty-four years elapsed before we may say that Tucson was visited by other than Indians. During this century and a half there is not one iota of evidence to prove that a single Spaniard (or, for that matter, any other foreigner) was in the region, and as it is during this period that the several earlier dates of settlement are claimed, the fallacy of such contentions is self evident.

In the fullest sense of the word, the first true pioneer of the Santa Cruz Valley was Padre Eusebio Francisco Kino, or Kino, as his name is popularly spelled, and no account of the early days of this region would be complete without however brief a sketch of the life of this truly wonderful man. Born August 10, 1644, at Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, Eusebio Kino received his education at Ola, in the Tyrol. Graduating with high honors, he devoted himself for several years to science, until a severe illness brought him to death's door. In fulfillment of a vow conditional upon his recovery, Kino incorporated the name of San Francisco Xavier (patron saint of the Indies) with his own and, refusing the offer of a professorship of mathematics at the University of Ingolstadt, Bavaria, assumed the habit of the Jesuit Order and sailed for New Spain, where he arrived in 1681. Assigned to mission work in the Californias, he was at his own request transferred to the Pimerias in 1687. Here, from his mission of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores, in Northern Sonora, for twenty-four years he journeyed through the length and breadth of Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, traveling untold leagues afoot and alone, through the furnace heat of summer and the biting cold of winter, oftentimes suffering the agonies of thirst and the pangs of hunger, and building for himself a deathless place in the hearts of the simple Indians, whom he gathered into the fold literally by the thousands. Apart



SAN XAVIER MISSION NEAR TUCSON

from his wonderful work of conversion, Fr. Kino's greatest contributions to the development of the Southwest were the discovery that the Californias were not an island, as had hitherto been believed, and the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac (not to mention a dozen other missions and churches in Sonora and Arizona). Worn out by hardships and privations, he died at the comparatively early age of sixty-seven years and was buried, according to his wish, at the feet of his patron saint at the mission of Magdalena.

Whilst Fr. Kino penetrated as far north as the Sobaipuri Rancheria of Bac in August-September, 1692, it was not until November, 1694, that it is safe to state that the site of Tucson was visited by a foreigner. In that month the padre passed through the place on his way to the Gila River, where he celebrated mass in the Casa Grande Ruins. In January of 1697 he returned to Bac, bringing with him grain wherewith to sow the fields and cattle to stock the pastures of the mission that he had already visualized at that place, and between November 21 and 27 of the same year, returning to Dolores from Casa Grande (which he reached via the San Pedro River), he records for the first time visiting the rancheria of San Agustin de Oyaut, from where he continued up the river to Bac—but makes no mention of Tucson, although this was the second time that he must have passed through the place.

Finally, in November of 1698, we find that first known mention of Tucson when Fr. Kino and Lieutenant Juan Matheo Manje, journeying from Bac to Oyaut, record passing through the rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson. Whilst it is certain that the padre must have passed the place at least twice before this date, his omitting any mention of it would appear to minimize its importance, even as his frequent references to San Agustin de Oyaut undoubtedly stresses that of the latter place, an inference that has an important bearing upon the location of the first Spanish settlement in the vicinity of Tucson.

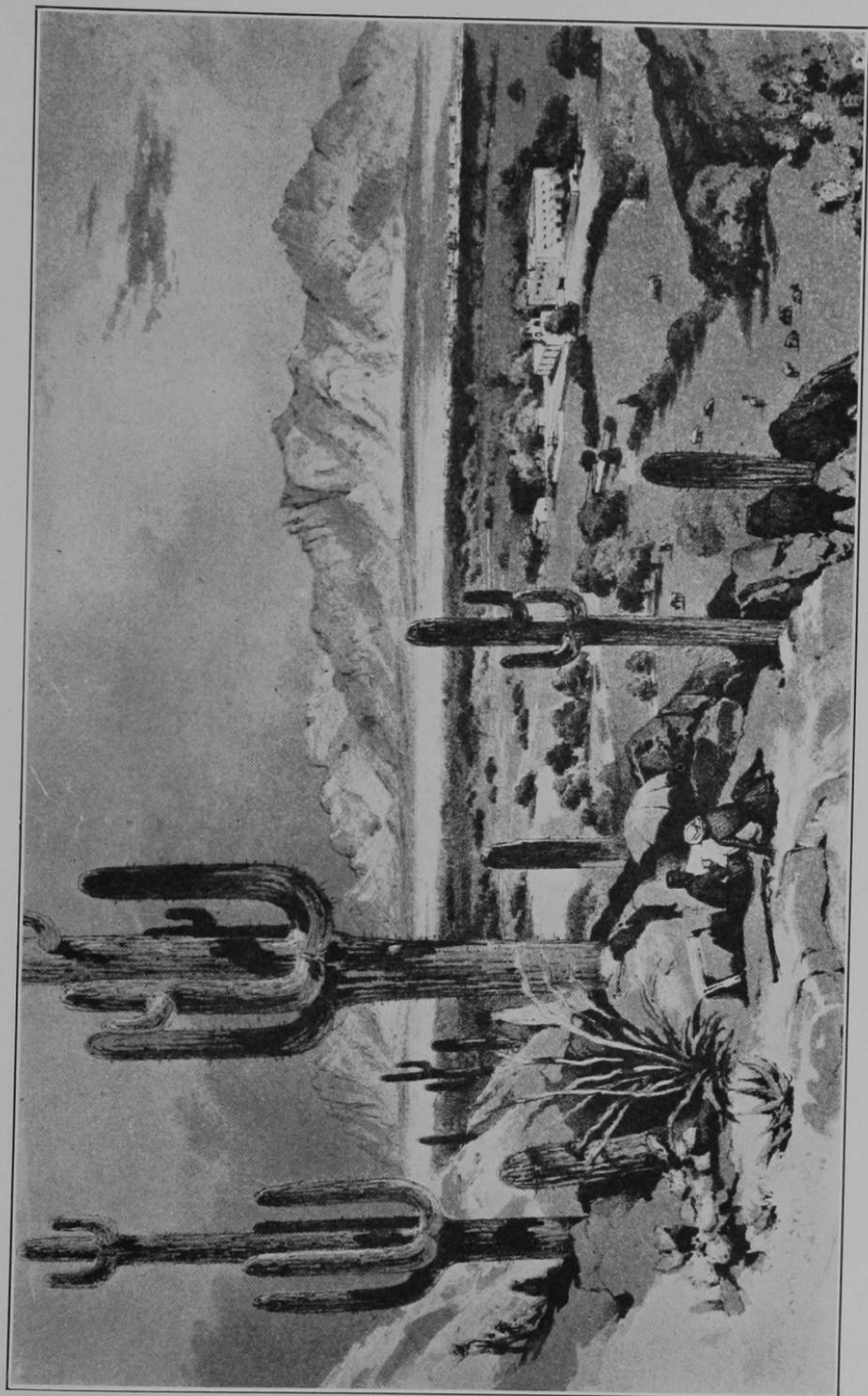
From now on the trail, although an increasingly well travelled one, becomes somewhat involved, and to fix clearly in the reader's mind the several places and peoples to whom we shall have occasion to refer a moment's digression may be pardoned to permit of a few words upon the ethnography of the region under discussion, together with a brief geographical sketch of the places most intimately associated with the story of Tucson. Pimeria Alta, as the Spaniards designated all of this region at the time, was bounded on the west by the Mar de California (or

the Gulf of California) and the Rio de los Tizonas (the Colorado River), on the north by the Rio de los Apostoles (the Gila River), on the east by the Rio de San Jose de Terrenates (the San Pedro River) and extended southward to about latitude 30 degrees 45 minutes north, where began Pimera Baja.

Speaking broadly, the inhabitants of this region were Pima Indians, who claimed descent from the builders of the Casa Grande Ruins, although by the time of the arrival of the first Spaniards they seem to have forgotten all but the vaguest traditions of the once great Tlalpaltec nations. At the time of which we write, they were divided into two major branches, the Pimas proper and the Sobaipuris, the latter dwelling in the valleys of the Rios de Santa Maria and San Jose de Terrenates (or the Santa Cruz and San Pedro rivers, as they were later called). The Papagos formed a third and later branch, their designation, "Long Haired," being adopted to distinguish them from the original Pimas and Sobaipuris who readily accepted the mission life, cutting their hair in imitation (or at the instance) of the padres.

Beginning with the southernmost of the Spanish settlements in Arizona to which we will refer, the presidio (or military post) of Tubac was located on the west bank of the Santa Cruz River, at the site of the modern village of the same name, and about 14 leagues to the south of Bac, the Spanish league of that day being the equivalent of 2.6 miles. The Sobaipuri rancheria (or village) of Bac was on or close to what is now the east bank of the river, just southwest of the ruins of the little village of Los Reales and a little more than a mile east of the present mission. San Cosme del Tucson, San Jose de Tucson or San Agustin del Pueblito de Tucson, as it was successively called, was originally another Sobaipuri rancheria, three leagues to the north of Bac on the west bank of the river and at the base of the conical black hill that from time to time has been known as the Sierra de la Frente Negra, Picacho del Sentinela, Sentinel Peak, Warner's Hill and finally as "A" Mountain.

At Tucson proper, that is to say the site of the modern city, it is doubtful whether there was any settlement at the time of Fr. Kino's arrival, although excavations have disclosed abundant evidence of a much earlier civilization. It is interesting to note that aside from the original Sobaipuri name which was probably "Stookzonac," meaning the Place of Dark Springs, which in the first place seems to have been applied to the site of San Cosme because of certain springs that formerly existed at the



THE PRESIDIO AT TUBAC

base of the hill, the place has been known at various times and to various people as Fruson, Fucson, Lucson, Teuson, Toison, Tuboon, Tubso, Tubson, Tucsson, Tuczon, Teuson, Tugson, Tuguison, Tuison, Tulquson, Tuozon, Tuquison, Tuson and Tuquison.

San Agustin de Oyaut or Oiaur was a third rancher located on the east bank of the river and about two leagues north-northwest of San Cosme, where there are still to be seen indications of a flourishing community extending from early pre-historic times down to approximately the Jesuit period. San Agustin de Tucson, which was originally a little Spanish settlement and later the site of the first location of the presidio of the same name, was on a ridge lying about two miles southeast of San Agustin de Oyaut and a quarter of a mile east-northeast of the intersection of the Casa Grande Highway and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, just three miles north-northwest of the city hall, on the old Yuma stage road. With this picture in mind, we may again turn to the Tucson trail, one that was broken by the feet of a migrating nation, explored by the sandals of the padres, widened by the iron shod hoofs of the Conquistadores' chargers and destined later as the Camino Real, the King's Highway, to resound for centuries with the sonorous echoes of the might and majesty of Spain.

The next event of note to occur in the valley was the founding of the original mission of San Francisco Xavier del Bac. Padre Kino's plans with respect to his projected mission at that place now being ripe, on April 28, 1700, he laid the foundations of a spacious church and abode for the fathers at the spot already described. The following year Fr. Francisco Gonzalvo was assigned to the new mission, although he does not seem to have been stationed there permanently nor do the buildings appear to have been completed for at least two years more. The opening up of the region by the Spaniards was now well under way. The fields at Bac were planted to European grain, the pastures stocked with horses, cattle, sheep and goats, and many of its thousand-odd inhabitants were housed in adobe dwellings. About April of 1702 several rich mines were discovered near San Cosme del Tucson and San Xavier del Bac, and some time between 1701 and 1706 a church and a dwelling for the padre were built at San Agustin de Oiaur, where also were to be found broad fields of wheat and maize, horses, cattle, sheep and goats.

Development went forward apace, and thirty years later,

in 1736, the population of San Agustin had increased to 1,300 souls and the place was designated as San Xavier's only official visita (or call). Again no mention is made of San Cosme del Tucson, from which it is to be inferred that the place was still of little importance. In November of 1751 a short-lived but fierce Indian outbreak against Spanish authority began, that resulted in the plundering and destruction of the mission of San Xavier, and the burning of several other establishments. Peace was restored in the following year, the missions were repaired and reoccupied and a presidio, garrisoned by fifty soldiers, was established at Tubac for the future protection of the Santa Cruz valley missions and their dependencies. In the ten years following this rebellion, San Cosme's population increased until by the year 1761 it was claimed that there were sufficient people and conveniences to be found there to warrant the founding of another mission.

By 1763, the little Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson had been founded two miles above the Indian rancheria of San Agustin de Oiaur, but immediately after this date the renewed Apache depredations forced both Spaniards and Christianized Indians to abandon both of these places, together with San Cosme and San Xavier, the sole exception being the Jesuit missionary at the latter place. Fr. Alonzo Espinosa, who, despite the ever present menace of the Apaches and the widespread and growing dissatisfaction with the members of his order, remained at his post until the bitter end. Proof of the importance attached to the settlement of San Agustin de Tucson is to be found in the agitation caused by its abandonment. The Governour of the Pimerias, Jose Tienda de Cuervo, and his successor, Juan Claudio de Pineda, were in turn greatly exercised over the matter. An investigation was ordered, and the Padre Visitador Manuel Aguirre and Fr. Espinosa exchanged several letters upon the subject. Suggestions were made and plans formulated looking toward repairing the damage but it all came to naught, as the state of unrest of the Indians upon the one hand, together with the bitter opposition to every proposal of the Jesuits upon the other, combined to erect a barrier that effectually halted for the time being all further development in the valley. The anti-Jesuit movement culminated in the Pimerias in August-September of 1767 with the expulsion of all of the members of the order, and in June of the following year Fr. Francisco Tomas Hermingildo Garces, of the Order of St. Francis of Assisi, assumed spiritual charge of the mission of San Xavier and of the surrounding region.

Whilst to Padre Kino and the Jesuits unquestionably belong the honor of the first work of Christianization in the valley, no less credit is due Padre Garces and the Franciscans for their splendid development of this initial effort, which resulted in the true civilization of the region, and as Tucson's founder Fr. Garces' biography is entitled to the place of honor in the city's annals. Fr. Garces was born at Villa de Morata del Conde, in the ancient Kingdom of Aragon, in northern Spain, on April 12, 1738, his parents being Juan Garces and Antonia Maestro. His early education was entrusted to his paternal uncle, Mosen Domingo Garces, curate of the Villa de Morata, under whose tutorage he remained until he reached his fifteenth year. At this early age he sought holy orders, and was sent accordingly to the Franciscan convent at Ciudad de Calatayud to study theology, being graduated at the age of twenty-five, his first act of abnegation being a pilgrimage afoot from Calatayud to Madrid. A brief survey of the life of the Court led him to solicit an assignment in the Indies which, in view of his excellent record, was promptly granted and he was commissioned as a missionary to the Colegio de la Santa Cruz de Queretaro, where he arrived in the same year, 1763.

Upon the expulsion of the Jesuits from New Spain in 1767, the padre asked that he be assigned to one of the vacant missions in the District of Sonora. His request was acceded to and, after a stormy passage between San Blas and Guaymas, he arrived at the Presidio de Horcasitas, from where he was ordered to the mission of San Xavier del Bac, reaching his new post on June 30, 1768. His real life's work now began, and for ten years he labored amongst the Indian tribes of Pimeria Alta, who at this period were, oftener than not, either semi-hostile or openly so to the padres and their work of Christianization and civilization. Like Padre Kino, Fr. Garces was a man of ample education, simple, and wonderfully sincere, but above all possessed of a boundless sympathy for and insight into the lives of his humble charges. If Kino was the Christianizer of the valley of the Santa Cruz, Garces was its civilizer and, although it is a little known fact, it is to this humble Franciscan martyr that Tucson owes its beginning as a Spanish settlement.

Ever laboring for further triumphs of the Cross, Padre Garces received his crown of martyrdom at the hands of the Yuma Indians at the newly established mission of Las Purisima Concepcion (close to the site of Fort Yuma) on July 17, 1781, when the Spanish padres, settlers and soldiers at that place and at San Pedro y San Pablo de Bicuner, eight leagues down the

Colorado River, were massacred. No blame attaches to the padre's memory for this tragedy, the responsibility resting squarely upon the high-handed policy adopted by the military authorities, against which Fr. Garces protested in vain. That his death was lamented by even the Yumas is attested by their giving his remains decent burial and heaping his grave with flowers. A punitive expedition sent against the murderers removed the padre's body to San Pedro de Tubutama, where it was reinterred with all of the honors due a fallen Soldier of the Cross, and thus passed Tucson's founder.

In the nine months intervening between the expulsion of the Jesuits and Fr. Garces' arrival, San Xavier, San Cosme and San Agustin were again plundered by the Apaches, and the padre was barely installed when in August a third raid was made, the fiercest of them all. Fortunately for him, a mild stroke of apoplexy confined him to the mission of Guevavi at the time or worse might well have befallen, as the native governor of San Xavier and a number of the mission Indians were killed, and two Spanish soldiers were captured and dragged off into the mountains to be tortured. As we have seen, all three of these places had been abandoned by this time and in the course of the several raids the beginnings of civilization, such as the church at San Agustin, the houses, fields and young orchards were destroyed, the mission at San Xavier being the sole survivor of the savages' fury. The crisis was now passed, however, and under Fr. Garces' able and sympathetic administration the outposts of the Cross were again pushed northward, recouping the territory lost in the Jesuit debacle. A few Spaniards began again to find their way to the fertile fields of Bac and San Agustin, but the greatest stimulus of all to the pacification and settlement of the vicinity of Tucson was due to two noteworthy occurrences that now took place. The first of these was the expedition undertaken by Lieutenant Colonel Juan Bautista Anza in 1775, whose mission was the founding of the new presidio at San Francisco, in Alta California, and the second was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac to San Agustin de Tucson.

The story of Colonel Anza's expedition is a fascinating one in itself, but as our present interest is confined to its bearing upon the history of Tucson, we must confine ourselves to watching its progress for one day only, October 26, 1775, the date upon which the column reached the site of the future city. The expedition was composed of Colonel Anza, Commandante of the Presidio de Tubac, Lieutenant Jose Joaquin Moraga, Padre

Pedro Font, the Chaplain, Padres Garces and Tomas Eixarch (who were to go only as far as the Colorado River), the purveyor, Mariano Vidal, Sergeant Juan Pablo Grijalva, 38 soldiers (of whom 23 were Spaniards, 7 mulattoes, 6 mestizos and 2 Indians), 20 muleteers, 3 herders, 3 Indian interpreters, 4 Indian servants belonging to Padres Garces and Eixarch, 165 settlers and their families (including 29 women, the wives of soldiers), 695 horses and mules and 355 head of cattle.

On the day we speak, Padre Font having said early mass at San Xavier (where the column arrived the preceding afternoon) and breakfast being dispatched, at half past eight Colonel Anza gave the order to mount, "Vayan montando!", and the command was under way, the padres intoning an Alabado, or hymn of praise, in which all joined as they marched. First came the advance guard, composed of four mounted soldiers; Colonel Anza followed with his personal escort of ten veterans from the garrison at Tubac; the padres and their servants were next in the line of march; the settlers and the families, with a strong guard, made up the main body of the column, and Lieutenant Moraga and the balance of the soldiers formed the rear guard. The baggage train, spare mounts and cattle, under guard, marched some distance to the rear because of the dust raised.

The column followed the east bank of the Santa Cruz River as far as San Cosme, their progress being not above two miles per hour, for whilst no midday halt was made it was one o'clock before camp was made a league to the north of the pueblo de Tucson (otherwise known as San Cosme del Tucson and later as San Jose). The spot selected for a camp site was on the western bank of a shallow lagoon formed by a broadening of the river, the place being later known as El Vado del Sauce and its ancient bed still being visible a quarter of a mile west of the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks, on the Vado del Sauce Road.

The camp was an imposing affair for those days, and must fairly have awed the simple Indians. A large bell tent housed the Colonel and served as headquarters of the expedition. Another was set aside for Padre Font, whilst Frays Garces and Eixarch shared a third. Lieutenant Moraga was assigned a tent somewhat smaller than that of the Colonel's, and nine others covered the families of the settlers. The soldiers and camp servants slept in the open, wrapped in their cloaks and zarapes. A field altar was set up under a little ramada, where

mass was said at eventide and in the early morning, before commencing the day's march. The expedition, of a strength and armament unseen since the days of Coronado, must have created a deep impression on both hostile and pacific Indians, and peace (even though of a temporary nature) followed in its wake. So impressed indeed do the local natives seem to have been that in their eyes the very camp site became a place of virtue, where a small settlement sprang up that survived until fairly recent years.

Padre Garces returned from the Colorado in September of 1776, and at about this time, or perhaps a little earlier, he effected the first regular Spanish settlement recorded in the immediate vicinity of what is today Tucson. At a point about 300 yards northwest of the El Paso & Southwestern stockyards he established a hacienda or ranch, known in earlier days as El Rancho de Tucson and remembered today by a few of the very old timers as El Ranchode los Padres. The place consisted of an adobe dwelling and "tienda de raya" or time keeper's office, where the laborers were paid, that measured about 24x30 feet, a somewhat smaller building located 75 yards to the south thereof and occupied by a guard of three or four soldiers, a tanning vat, a little soap factory and a few other similar simple industries, the whole being surrounded by a stockade formed of hewn mesquite logs that were about 10 inches square and 6 feet high. The object of this hacienda was the dual one of reaping the harvests from the rich river bottom lands of the vicinity and of educating the Indians in the ways of civilization, and a little village of Sobaipuris, Pimas and Papagos sprang up just east of the stockade that has survived to this day in Papagoville.

Still a third circumstance now occurred that materially assisted in the settling of the locality. For some time past there had been growing dissatisfaction amongst the settlers at Santa Cruz del Cuervo (or del Jaibanipitca), on the San Pedro River, due in part to the unhealthfulness of the locality and in part to its situation, exposed as it was to the unopposed attacks of the Indians from the north and the east, and it was resolved to abandon the place. It appears that many of the colonists, accompanied by their Indian retainers, moved west to the Santa Cruz valley, where a number of these settled at San Agustin, which, as we have seen, had been abandoned in 1763. Here with the help of their Indians, they built adobe houses and a church, which was dedicated to the patron saint of the place, and about a mile due west, and a hundred feet or so east of the Silverbell Road, another ecclesiastical establishment similar to

El Rancho de Tucson was founded, this place being recalled today as La Casa del Padre.

Greatly as these events aided in the reclamation of the region, the deciding factor was the transfer of the presidio from Tubac. The "Reglamento e Instrucciones para los Presidios" of 1772 provided, amongst other matters, for the transfer of the post established at Tubac in 1752 to the pueblo of Tucson, but this had not been accomplished up to 1776. In the preceding year however, Inspector General Hugo Oconer arrived at Tubac on a tour of inspection of the frontier posts, and the transfer was effected shortly thereafter, probably either under the General's personal supervision or under that of the Marquis de la Croix. However that may have been, it is certain that the new post was established between July 1776, and November 1777.

The site selected for the new presidio was naturally the again important Spanish settlement of San Agustin de Tucson, which accounts for the name Presidio de San Agustin de Tucson. Here may still be seen a portion of one of the original buildings, the well, the remains of the foundations of the stable or the barracks, and, up to a few years ago, the original acequia or irrigation ditch that watered the fields and the represo or dam for the storage of a reserve supply of water, together with many other evidences of the Spanish occupation. There is nothing to indicate that San Agustin was defended by walls, as was Tucson in later years, but this is not surprising as the new post was no doubt more or less a replica of the old one at Tubac, which was a haphazard collection of buildings located on a slight elevation overlooking the river, the strong point being the combined residence of the Commandante and the barracks, the fields lying below and to the east of the settlement. The major topographical features of the two places are almost identical, except that where Tubac was on the west bank of the Santa Cruz the new post was located on the eastern side of the stream.

In the course of three quarters of a century, the Pimas had come to look upon the mission of San Xavier del Bac as peculiarly their own, and when the present building was begun (probably just prior to 1778) they refused the Indians of San Agustin (amongst whom were counted many of the Jacomes from Santa Cruz) and those of Tucson all participation in the benefits to be derived from the new establishment. To this the latter objected, claiming not unjustly that if they must pay the mission tithes they were entitled to representation, and to this end they petitioned Padre Garces for a mission of their

own. The padre was doubtless only too glad to acquiesce, and the site of the original rancheria of San Cosme del Tucson was selected, the new mission being called San Jose del Tucson. This location was no doubt selected both because of the richness of the land and of the progress already made in the vicinity by the Indians affected and with the view to establishing a half-way post between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The new mission was designed as a somewhat elaborate industrial school, and seems in part to have been a development of the more modest beginning made at the Rancho de Tucson. The church, which measures about 20x35 feet, was of brick, the roof was vaulted and it was plastered inside and out, the inner walls being covered with mural frescos similar to those at San Xavier and the outer walls painted a rich vermilion. The main doorway faced to the south and a side entrance opened into the southeast corner of the building. The main altar was at the northern end of the atrium and was raised three steps above the floor thereof, which was of large unglazed bricks. There were several oil paintings on canvas of scenes from the lives of the saints, and these were represented by a number of figures, amongst which were to be found San Jose, San Agustin, the Virgin and the Savior. There were candlesticks, platters, an incense burner and a chalis, all of virgin silver from the mines of Tumacacori, and hung in arched openings in a superstructure reared above the front wall of the building were three bells cast of copper mined in the Guachapa Mountains (the Santa Rita range).

Some 20 feet east of the church was the dwelling of the padres, an adobe building that was enlarged and added to until it grew into the two-story structure the ruins of which are to be still seen on the west bank of the river. The main entrance was to the west, whilst other doors gave access to the interior of the building from the north and from the south. Along the northern side of the structure ran a covered corridor, the supporting arches of which looked out upon a little garden. At the western end of this corridor was a small room, not above 15 feet square, known as the Capilla de Nuestro Senor de Esquipula. There was a window in the north wall of this chapel and in an arched recess in the thickness of the western wall the Crucifix of Our Savior of Esquipula reposed upon an adobe altar. The floors were of the same large unglazed bricks as were those of the church, and the roof was supported by hewn mesquite rafters, whitewashed (as were the walls) and adorned with a red scroll work design. The doors and shutters were of heavy mesquite

planks, and the windows were protected by turned wooden bars. At a later date, when the second story was added, the original roof of ocotillo stems covered with earth was replaced by the same type of bricks of which the floors were laid, covered with a thick coat of smooth mortar, an adobe stairway was built and a low turret added at the northwest corner of the building.

A few feet north of and in line with the western face of this dwelling was a small kitchen; a large granary was located opposite and about 150 feet west of the church; and several auxiliary buildings, all of adobe, were scattered to the north and west of the two principal structures, such as dwellings for the mission servants, a tannary with a mortar-lined vat, a carpenter shop, a smithy, a soap and candle factory, and buildings wherein spinning, weaving and other simple trades were taught.

There were two cemeteries, a small one adjoining the church on the west wherein the Spaniards, the "gente de razon," were interred, and a larger one that extended across the mission enclosure adjacent to the northern wall, which was reserved for the Christian Indians. The establishment was surrounded by a stout adobe wall, 18 inches in thickness and about 10 feet in height, that measured some 400 feet on the side. The main gate faced south and was located between the church and the padre's dwelling, access to the interior of the enclosure being through the lane formed between these buildings. The gate itself was of heavy mesquite timbers, iron-strapped and studded, and across the top, from gate-post to gate-post, extended a heavy beam. The gateway gave upon a road that later came to be called El Camino de la Mision, but which at the time that the mission was founded was a part of the highway between San Xavier and San Agustin.

The Indian village, wherein dwelt the Indian neophytes, was located to the south of the mission enclosure and just across the Camino de la Mision. Here were a few adobe dwellings and a considerable number of ramadas or brush wickiups, and a hundred yards or so to the west was the mission orchard, which was another walled enclosure of about the same size as the mission, with an adobe house in the center of the eastern wall. About 125 feet north of the center of the mission's northern wall was the padre's brick kiln, where the first bricks to be made in Tucson were burned. Here, in a little adobe building, was posted a guard of three or four soldiers, a similar detachment being stationed a little to the south of the Indian village, whilst as we have said a third picket of like strength was quartered at

the Rancho de Tucson, about half a mile southeast and across the river.

Unfortunately, before the mission was completed, and probably just prior to 1786 (when a twenty years' peace began), serious dissatisfaction arose amongst the Indians engaged upon the work, which resulted in a part of these attacking the padres and the pacific neophytes, driving off most of the stock and cattle and joining the Apaches (who were more or less continuously on the war-path), so that one thing with another it began to go hard both with the new mission of San Jose and with the older establishment at Bac. The few soldiers forming the guards at the two missions were barely able to withstand the Indians' attacks, and the troops at San Agustin, two leagues to the north of San Jose and five leagues from San Xavier, were too far away to lend aid in the sudden emergencies that now arose with increasing frequency. Nor must it be supposed that time hung heavily upon the latter's hands. The total strength of command consisted of the Commandante, perhaps an alferaz or ensign and seventy-five men, including four or five sergeants and corporals. This force was reduced by small detachments stationed at Tubac, San Xavier, San Jose, a half-way post located between the two latter places, the Rancho de Tucson and such escorts and patrols as it was necessary to send out from time to time, so that the effective strength at the Presidio cannot have been much above thirty or forty men, not an excessive force with which to hold the frontier!

The padres made the strongest of representations to the Governour, pointing out the dangers to which the missions were exposed and their relatively greater importance than that of the little settlement at San Agustin, and prayed that the presidio be transferred to some spot closer at hand, where not only would the troops be available to repel the Indians' raids but a greater concentration of forces might be accomplished. There is no reason to suppose that their plea met with any amount of opposition, for not only were the facts in the case clear but as early as November of 1777 certain of the settlers at the new post had urged that it be returned to Tubac, its location at San Agustin being considered entirely too isolated for safety. The upshot of the matter was that the Governour ordered the Commandante to select a new location that would permit the presidio to afford adequate protection to the missions. To have gone south of San Jose would have left that establishment in as bad a plight as it was then in, so the logical decision was to pitch upon the most strategic position to be found in the im-

mediate vicinity. The result was the selection of the spot where the Presidio de San Agustin de Tucson was finally established, for when the post was transferred to its ultimate location the name was brought along as well.

The site determined upon was as good a one as could be found anywhere in the vicinity. It was on high ground, less than three-quarters of a mile northeast of the mission of San Jose, which it overlooked, and was protected on the north and east by the deep Arroyo de Tucson and on the south by a series of smaller arroyos. Water could be brought by acequia from a short distance up the river, and barely a mile to the west were several hills that offered ideal lookout posts from which ample warning could be given of the approach of an enemy from any direction. Despite these strategic advantages, the reader may well wonder why the presidio was not established at the mission itself, as such an arrangement would appear to have been the ideal one from every point of view. The reason why this was not done is to be found in the padres' inflexible objection to the quartering of troops in the same settlement with native neophytes, their claim being that the morals and the example set by the former were such that the Indian apostates outnumbered the converts whenever this experiment was tried. Another reason (although not the official one) was the clash of authority that invariably resulted between the fathers and the military authorities whenever the two found themselves thrown together for any extended period of time.

The new presidio was much more formal affair than either the Tubac or the San Agustin establishments, and seems to have been modelled upon the general lines of the post founded by Colonel Anza at San Francisco. In relation to the present city, it was roughly bounded by what are now Washington, Council, Church, Calle del Arroyo or Pennington and Calle Real or Main Streets, and consisted of an outer wall built of  $3\frac{1}{2} \times 11$  inch adobes, 22 inches thick and 12 feet high, in the form of a rough square measuring approximately 750 feet on each side. Two torreons or low towers, the walls of the second stories pierced with loop-holes and the roofs crowned with parapets, flanked the approaches from the northeast and the southwest corners of the enclosure. At a height of 8 feet from the ground a platform or firing step was built about the inner perimeter of the wall, the remaining 4 feet forming the parapet. This platform, which was 12 feet in width and sloped slightly toward the inside, was of earth packed upon layers of ocotillo stems that were supported by rough mesquite rafters, and formed

the roof of a continuous line of barracks and dwellings, stables and store rooms, the inner partition walls of which were also of adobe. The rooms were windowless, and the doorways were indifferently closed either by ocotillo stems laced together and hung on rawhide thongs or by simple rawhide curtains. Here and there rude ramadas, or brush arbours, afforded a little additional room, and under these the soldiers did all of their cooking and most of their living.

The house of the Commandante was located about 150 feet east of the gateway and faced south on what is now Alameda Street. This was a more pretentious affair, as was only meet, for, aside from its importance as the administrative and social center of the military district, it was the keep, or last line of defense in case the enemy penetrated the outer wall of the fort. The walls were of adobe, thick and plastered inside and out. The floor was of unglazed brick and the roof of earth and ocotillo, surrounded by a low parapet. Doors and shutters were of thick mesquite planks, iron studded and looped, and from a short flagstaff above the main doorway floated the standard of Spain, the raguled and arms tipped cross of the Spanish Bourbons. The gateway of the Presidio was in the center of the western wall, about 10 feet east of the eastern property line on Main Street and approximately in the center of Alameda Street. It consisted of two great mesquite gateposts, jointed at the top by a heavy transverse beam, and hung from the former by immense iron hinges of crude manufacture were the massive double gates, 5 feet in width and 8 in height, iron banded and studded and secured by a great lock, reinforced by a stout iron crossbar.

As I have stated, the garrison was normally composed of two or, at most, three officers, and seventy-five non-commissioned officers and men, the famous "soldados de cuero" (leathern soldiers) of the frontier, so called from their defensive armour which, aside from steel morion and target, consisted of a long skirted sleeveless jerkin made of several thicknesses of well tanned deer hide, and heavy horsehide jack-boots that reached to halfway between the knee and thigh. Their offensive arms were the broadsword and dirk or dagger, common to both infantry and cavalry, the arquebus and carbine and light lance. They were a hard-bitten lot, the padres were quite right. Nominally stout Catholics all, their religion at no time interfered with the riotous pursuit of pleasure in whatever form it might come to hand, and they drank, swore, fought, gambled and caroused whenever and wherever the opportunity offered. But

when we stop to consider that this rude soldiery was almost daily in contact with a cruel and treacherous enemy, under campaigning conditions that would fairly appall the professional soldier of today, and all for a few maravedi, it is no wonder that they sought the readiest anodyne with which to induce forgetfulness of their lot. Withal, they were a brave and hardy race, these frontiersmen of old Spain.

## CHAPTER II

## TUCSON AS A WALLED CITY

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

At just about the time that the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia was ringing out the news of American Independence in 1776, Tucson became a Spanish presidio. It is not easy for us to visualize the little military settlement within its stout walls of adobe as it then existed. Yet by patient research we have been able to revive the past with considerable certainty and to live over again the life of that far-off time.

The old city wall ran north from the intersection of our present Main and Pennington Streets, where the Orndorff Hotel now stands, to the far corner of Knox Corbett's yard; thence east to a point about sixty feet west of Church Street; thence south two blocks to the south wall of the new Court House; and from that point west along Pennington Street to Main. The wall was ten or twelve feet high and eighteen inches thick and was constructed of adobe brick. At the northeast corner (perhaps at each of the four corners) was a tower two stories high pierced by port-holes that commanded all the outside approaches to the wall. There was only one gate in ancient times. It faced the west, where Alameda Street now enters Main Street and was called **Puerta del Presidio**. This gate was constructed of heavy mesquite timber. At night, and always in times of danger, it was closed and fastened with great iron bars. It was provided with a massive iron lock, also. Above the gate, forming a sort of roof to it, was a station where the sentinel was posted. He was protected by a parapet that overlooked the Camino Real, now Main Street, then the last lap of the King's Highway from the City of Mexico. This platform over the gate where the sentinel stood guard was reached by means of a ladder placed in the southwest corner of the barracks that ran along the west wall, from the north side of the gate. Beginning at the south side of the gate and extending some distance along the wall was a building consisting of two rooms in which also the soldiers were quartered. Just east of the barracks, on what is now the little green, was a granary, a single large square room with supporting pillars. The commandante's house was located just west of the old L. M. Jacob's home, and in the plaza in front of the quarters of the commanding officer was a cannon. People still living remember in Mexican days seeing the soldiers who constituted the garrison, marching up and down what is

now Alameda Street, in front of the commandante's house, to the music of drums and bugles in the early morning and at sunset.

Along the north wall were the stables. The space in front of the stables was called Plaza de la Caballariza. Close up against the east wall in what is now Alameda Street was the original Church of the Presidio, and both to the north of the church and to the south was a small cemetery. There were, moreover, some burials within the walls of San Agustin, as this earliest church was called. The front arched, and entered through large double doors, faced west. The edifice was without towers, and very plain, except for a somewhat decorative parapet wall that extended over the doorway. By the mid-fifties the structure was going to ruin. The decaying roof was falling in, and the doors were closed, as it was considered dangerous for children to enter the building. The floor was probably of earth. The walls had been frescoed, but little of the color or designs could be made out. In front of the church was Plaza de la Iglesia. An open space on the south side of the town was known as Plaza de Armas. Most of the houses were built close up against the wall, with the roofs sloping somewhat toward the inside. The rear was built up several feet above the flat roof and thus served as a rampart from which the inhabitants could shoot in safety when attacked by the Indians. The houses were of adobe, small, square, without windows, and of the rudest construction.

In early days Tucson was a military community. It was occupied almost wholly by soldiers and their families. Ranchers, mining men, and travelers, of course, often sought its walls for supplies or protection. But the population up to the time that the Americans came was never large. The regular garrison very likely numbered about fifty. Yet generations ago, even in this cramped, fortified hamlet, men and women lived and loved, brought forth children, played, sang, danced, feasted and worshipped just as men and women do now. Tiny brown-skinned, soft-eyed toddlers, naked, or at best in scant breech-clout, built play-houses of dry sticks and bits of caliche, played "Hide-and-Seek" or "Ring-Around-Rosy," and on hot July days, when the fierce dust-storm gave place to dashing sheets of rain, disported themselves in the downpour with shouts of glee, and afterward waded in the puddles or made mud-pies. The sun came up then each morning with rosy radiance as it does now; the turquoise sky bent over them day after day and month after month as it does over us; and at night the cloudless blue vault was hung with the same brilliant stars and gem-like

constellations that throb down to us their intimate messages of peace or of passion.

A hundred years ago the valley of the Santa Cruz was very rich. There was then no ugly river bed, but a large part of the land directly to the west and south was highly cultivated. The water level was several feet higher than it is today and the water in the river was more constant and abundant. Little acequias ran here and there among the cultivated fields tilled by both ranchers and soldiers. Grain, beans, peas, chili, squash, pumpkins and watermelons were produced in large quantities when the Apaches could be kept at a distance; and as to fruit, there were quinces, pears and pomegranites. Game, too, abounded, even the wild turkey being not uncommon in this region.

In Spanish times enormous herds of cattle roamed over the surrounding country. The herds were so large on some of the trails that travelers could with difficulty make their way through. Except for their hides and the tallow that was useful in many ways, the cattle were considered of little value. A good steer would bring only about three dollars in the markets. Such goods as the settlers could not supply for themselves were brought from Sonora by pack-train and paid for in silver coin that bore the King's stamp. Wagons and carts were unknown at that time and there was then no traffic with California. The ordinary citizen scarcely knew that such a country as California existed.

A very little seemed to make people happy in that golden past. Their wants were few and easily supplied. Their amusements were very simple. Crime was almost unknown. To be sure there was plenty of mescal, but it does not seem to have been used to excess; and when men did get drunk, if ancient reports are to be trusted, they did not quarrel, but were as amiable in their cups as sworn comrades or brothers. It was a rare thing for a wrong-doer to be punished except to the extent of being confined in the calaboso for a few days. Religious services were conducted in the little church inside the walls. The priests made no charge for marriages, baptisms, and burials, nor did they ask pay for conducting the religious services of the community. They were well supported by a regular portion set aside for them from the annual products of the settlement. If it had not been for the ever-dreaded Apaches, life in "The Old Pueblo" a hundred years ago would have been very happy indeed.

But, alas! The Apaches were rarely at rest. They were a continual thorn in the flesh. Often a father, husband, son or

brother while at work in the fields within sight of his home and family was murdered by these savages. Time and again the settlers tried to make peace with them, but invariably the friendly agreements that had been entered into were violated after a short time and stealing and killing would go on again as of old. Sometimes Apaches who wanted to live at peace would come and settle near the presidio and would help to work the fields, but such Indians were pursued, attacked and murdered by their bloody tribesmen at every opportunity. The Pima and Papago Indians were almost continuously well-disposed toward the white man, and were at the same time at deadly enmity with the Apaches; so these tribes and the Spanish frequently joined forces in attacks upon the common enemy.

Previous to 1843 Tucson on more than one occasion was besieged by bands of Apaches—sometimes aggregating as many as a thousand warriors. There are accounts of two bold attempts on the part of the Apaches (perhaps soon after the year 1800) to raid and capture Tucson. Indeed, the presidio, at the outermost limit of white occupation, thrust out as it was like a spear-point, was the natural point of entrance to the prosperous ranches and settled communities toward the south. The first attack to which I refer was made when the soldiers and nearly all the other male inhabitants were away, and had it not been for the timely assistance of the Pima and Papago Indians the town, no doubt, would have been taken and all the people murdered or carried into captivity. The second time an attack was made in force the sentinel posted on the hill to the west of the city discovered the approach of the enemy soon enough to sound the alarm, so that all were able to get within the walls and lock the gates. The Indians came on and made a hard fight, but at that time they were not in possession of firearms. Their spears, and bows and arrows proved ineffective against the thick walls of the besieged, defended as they were by men with guns and powder and bullets.

And so the years and the decades passed by. The flag of Spain was replaced by that of the Mexican Republic, and in turn the Mexican Government was compelled to yield to the growing power of the United States. Only at rare intervals during this long lapse of time do we get glimpses of life as it went on in this forlorn little outpost of civilization. We know that it continued to hold its own. In 1807 Captain Zebulon M. Pike traveled rather extensively in Mexico. Writing about Sonora at that time, he states that the regular military force of that province was nine hundred dragoons and two hundred in-

fantry. Tucson, he states, was garrisoned with one hundred dragoons. Now and then a band of trappers came this way, for beaver were plentiful on the Santa Cruz a hundred years ago. Priests visited the community from time to time. Pack-trains from the south came and went occasionally, and now and then a military expedition entered the gates, tarried awhile, and then proceeded on its way.

The American Flag, the third national ensign to float above the walls of Tucson, was first unfurled here in mid-December, 1846, when Lieutenant-Colonel P. St. George Cooke, in command of The Mormon Battalion, entered the city gates. He was **en route** to California and was breaking a wagon road from Albuquerque to the Coast. On December 14, when his column was near Benson, he came across four or five Mexican soldiers. He was informed by them that the commandant of the presidio of Tucson had been joined by the garrisons of Fronteras, Santa Cruz and Tubac, and that orders had come from the Government of Sonora not to allow an armed force to enter the town. Cooke sent word to the commandant that the people need have no fear, as he merely wanted to enter the city to secure supplies and that he would at once continue his march to California. In response to this message two officers came out to meet him with the request that "a special armistice" be entered into. Cooke replied that he would require that two carbines and three lances be delivered to him as a sign of surrender and that the inhabitants pledge themselves not to "bear arms against the United States unless they were exchanged as prisoners of war."

When the American force drew near the walls a cavalryman came out to say for Captain Comaduran that he would not accept the terms of surrender. The Battalion now prepared for battle, but soon two other soldiers appeared and reported that the garrison had retired, taking with them two brass cannon. Cooke thereupon marched into the gate and through the town. They were well treated, and in return they treated with respect and courtesy the few citizens who remained. From a large supply of public wheat that was stored in the granaries Cooke took as much as he could carry in his wagons as feed for the animals. Some of the soldiers bought beans, fruit, and unbolted flour. The Battalion camped near the town, and on December 17 proceeded toward the Gila River, their next main objective being the Pima Villages.

Many emigrants passed through Tucson during the next few years, but no satisfactory picture of life in "The Old Pueblo" comes to our notice again until July 15, 1852. On that

day Honorable John R. Bartlett, the Commissioner appointed by the United States Government to run the boundary line between the United States and Mexico after the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, reached Tucson at ten o'clock in the morning. As he passed the garrison he saw a body of Mexican soldiers entering. He learned that they had just arrived from the south after a campaign against hostile Apaches who had been raiding and slaughtering in the vicinity of Santa Cruz, Tubac and Tucson. When he was informed that the Mexican General Blanco was within the walls, he went at once to pay his respects to him, leaving his escort to find a suitable camping place a mile above the city on the banks of the Santa Cruz.

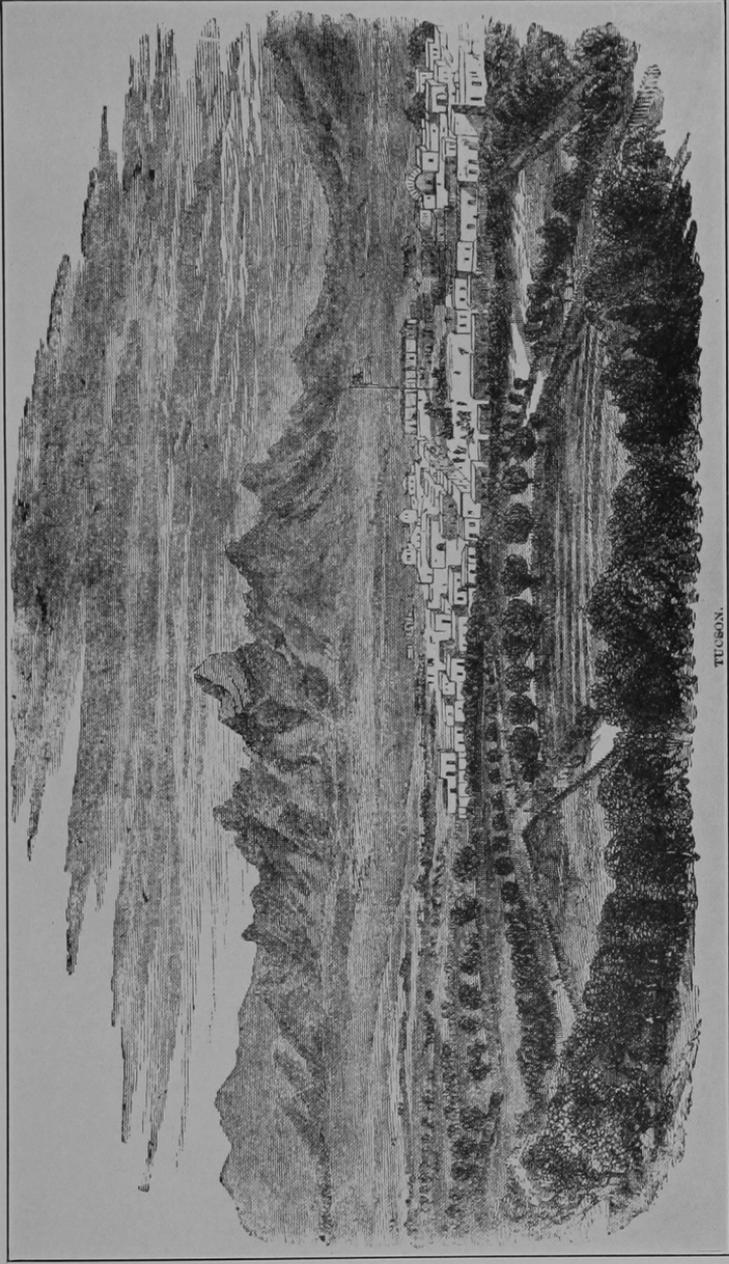
Near the place where his party had halted, he found an American named Coons encamped with a herd of fourteen thousand sheep that he was driving through to San Francisco. He had a band of sixty well-armed men, mostly Americans to help him guard and care for the sheep. In the afternoon General Blanco and his staff escorted by a troop of lancers visited the Commissioner at his camp. The lancers were well uniformed and equipped and made a striking appearance. It is interesting to note that a July rain came up while the official visit was in progress, so that everyone was driven to shelter. The summer rains do not seem to have varied in regularity between that distant date and the present. The two dignitaries talked together as to the best means of dealing with their common enemy, the Apache, and General Blanco offered Mr. Bartlett the use of his blacksmith shop to make repairs on his broken wagons. As his own private conveyance, a light wagon, needed repairs, also, and as his animals required shoeing, he decided to remain in camp here a couple of days. He was the more willing to do this as he could at the same time recruit his mules on the good grass that abounded on the banks of the Santa Cruz. It rained all night, but his party were able to make themselves comfortable in their good tents.

Bartlett makes the following comment on Tucson as he found it in 1852: "It has always been, and is to this day, a presidio or garrison; but for which the place could not be sustained. In its best days it boasted a population of a thousand souls, now diminished to about one-third that number. It stands on the plateau adjoining the fertile valley watered by the Santa Cruz River, a small stream which rises ten miles northeast of the town of Santa Cruz, whence it flows south to that place. It then takes a westerly direction for about ten miles, after which it flows northward through Tubac and Tucson, and soon

becomes lost in the desert. The lands near Tucson are very rich, and were once extensively cultivated; but the encroachment of the Apaches compelled the people to abandon their ranches and seek safety within the town. The miserable population, confined to such narrow limits, barely gains a subsistence, and could not exist a year but for the protection from troops. More than once the town has been invested by from one to two thousand Indians, and attempts made to take it, but thus far without success. These Apaches have become reduced quite as much as the Mexicans; so that two hundred warriors are about the largest force they can now collect."

Bartlett states that the average number of soldiers stationed in Tucson for a few years previous was not more than twenty. The houses were all of adobe and most of them were in a sad state of ruin. There seemed to be no attempt made to repair a house that was going to decay; instead, the wretched tenant would creep into some other house not quite so near ruin and there continue to eke out his miserable existence. It was hard, indeed, that these poor people should have been compelled to endure such poverty when nature all about them was so productive. There were bottom lands a mile wide adjacent to the town, well watered by irrigating ditches. The courses of these rivulets, or acequias were indicated by rows of willows and cottonwoods, and the whole landscape was very agreeable to the eye. The soil was so fertile that almost any vegetable, fruit, or grain could be raised. Among the products that Bartlett saw growing were peas, beans, onions, pumpkins, wheat, maize, apples, pears, peaches and grapes.

Bartlett says that at the base of a hill, a mile to the west of Tucson, there were some fine springs of water, and at a little distance a hamlet and a large hacienda, somewhat neglected, which he thought must at one time have been very rich. He spent parts of two days on the rough hillside near Sentinel Peak making a sketch of the valley to the east and the northeast, with the town and the Santa Catalina Mountains in the distance. In the foreground appears in distinct outline the hacienda with its white walls and gateway. In reality, the hamlet and the hacienda were all that then remained of the mission Jose del Tucson, which ante-dated the walled city of Tucson. Bartlett's sketch is here reproduced. It is, perhaps, the earliest picture of Tucson that exists.



TUCSON IN 1852  
From a Drawing by John R. Bartlett

## CHAPTER III

## FROM THE GADSDEN PURCHASE TO THE CIVIL WAR

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

The Gadsden Treaty was entered into December 30, 1853, but it was not promulgated by President Pierce until June, 1854. The Mexican troops, consisting of about twenty-six men, remained in Tucson until March 10, 1856, when they were replaced by four companies of the First United States Dragoons. But before that date a few wide-awake Americans had come here to live. Among the first to arrive in Tucson were Hiram S. Stevens, Pete Kitchen, Charles D. Poston, John B. ("Pie") Allen, John Davis and Mark Aldrich. These men did not follow the Flag; they preceded it. William H. Kirkland, who has the credit of raising the first American flag in Arizona after it became United States territory, says that when the Mexicans evacuated the Presidio, Fritz and Julis Contzen, Green Rusk, Pete Kitchen, Nicholas Van Alstine, White, Paddy Burke, John Davis, William Finley, John Muncie, V. S. Shelby and Edward Miles were present. An American flag that belonged to Edward Miles was unfurled on a rude flagstaff made by splicing together several mesquite poles.

The names of a number of Mexican families are firmly fixed in the pioneer history of the community. Among the best known are Jesus Elias, Juan Santa Cruz, Solano Leon, Guillermo Tellez, Ignacio Pecheco, Francisco Romero, Ignacio Sais and Ignacio Ortiz. Estevan Ochoa, D. Valasco, and Leopoldo Carillo were not born in Arizona, but came here in the late fifties. These names and many more native inhabitants deserve celebration in song and story.

Americans moved in rather rapidly after 1856. The population was very diverse and was augmented from many sources. All the early writers make it clear that not a few undesirable citizens flocked in about the time the American troops took possession. It was not considered polite for one man to ask questions about another man's past; since it was well understood that the San Francisco Vigilance Committee and the County Sheriffs of Texas were among the most powerful promoters of immigration into Arizona at that time. Previous to 1860 there was scarcely a semblance of law in Arizona. Every man had to look out for himself. Murders were very common, and morals exceedingly lax. From the first, however, citizens of a clean, sturdy type came to find their fortunes here, and it is to men

of this order that Tucson owes its solid beginnings. There was much to attract adventurous and energetic young men to this region. It was believed that Arizona contained great mineral wealth, so men came to prospect or to work in the mines. The climate, too, was as attractive then as it is now. Many a good man was simply stranded here and had to make the best of the situation. After the war discharged soldiers who had become attached to the country remained and threw in their lot with the now thriving town.

By 1856, just as a growing boy finds his jacket and breeches too short and tight to hold him within bounds, the population of Tucson began to break through the enclosing wall and spread to the West and the South. A street, later called Ott Street, was cut through the South wall by Tellez, in order to avoid going around to the main gate. In exchange for the ground occupied by this new street, "Uncle" Sammy Hughes took a lot on which the Congregational Church afterward stood. Court Street, likewise, was cut through the south wall to afford a more direct way to the Plaza on the property of an old timer named Cruz. A gate was opened through the east wall at the back of the church and a new cemetery was laid out a block or two to the east. Soon the wall began to disintegrate rapidly. Adobe blocks from it were used in the construction of houses, and before many years had gone by people almost forgot that Tucson was once a walled presidio.

### Tucson About 1860

What were men and women and boys and girls doing in Tucson about 1860? We can reconstruct the picture with considerable detail. The fields about the town were being cultivated by Mexican ranchmen, though most of the work was done by Indians. The Americans who came went into one business or another. John Davis and Mark Aldrich were the first Americans to open a store in Tucson. Among the earliest to arrive was J. B. ("Pie") Allen. He was all but penniless. Someone suggested to him that he make pies and sell them to the soldiers. This he did, and the soldiers were glad to buy them at a dollar each, for they were large and thick and just like mother made. He took in so much money that he was soon able to start a store. Very likely Solomon Warner, who came to Tucson in 1855, was the first Solomon to bring in a stock of goods. Warner brought his stock from Yuma by a pack train consisting of thirteen mules. He opened his store March 21, 1856, only eleven days after the departure of the Mexican troops, and from

that time did business on a rather large scale. There was a flour mill in Tucson by this time, also. About two years later Sam Hughes began selling butcher's meat. Indeed, Mr. Hughes took a main hand in half a dozen growing enterprises. As he expressed it, "I had a spoon in every soup." He was a wise, sober and sound citizen who left a salutary impress upon the town in a hundred ways.

In 1857, the Overland Stage from San Antonio to San Diego began making two trips a month. This was an event of very great moment. Tucson was no longer completely shut off from the world. A year later the Overland Stage from St. Louis to San Francisco came through twice a week. The arrival and departure of the mail and the advent of a passenger now and then were the supremely absorbing events in the arid life of this pin-point of pioneer civilization. Raphael Pumpelly tells how he arrived in Tucson by stage one day in the autumn of 1860, delirious and half dead for want of sleep after his continuous journey from Missouri. "I was told that the safety of all the passengers demanded that I should keep awake; and as the only means of effecting this, my neighbors beat a constant tattoo with their elbows upon my ribs. During the journey from the Rio Grande to Tucson my delirium increased, and the only thing I have ever remembered of the route was the sight of a large number of Indian campfires at Apache Pass. My first recollection after this is of being awakened by the report of a pistol, and of starting up to find myself in a crowded room, where a score or more of people were quarreling at a gaming table. I had reached Tucson and had thrown myself on the floor of the first room I could enter. A sound sleep of twelve hours had fully restored me, both in mind and body."

A great variety of travelers came and went. Being on the main highway from the Rio Grande to Yuma and San Diego, Tucson became a center of trade with Sonora to the Southwest. There was no hotel in Tucson as early as this, but "the Tucson bed" was famous all the way from Texas to Sonora. The traveler made this bed by lying on his stomach and covering that with his back. It was sometimes spread within the walls of some tumble-down and deserted adobe house with the stars for candle-light, but, perhaps more often it was laid in the corral or on the plaza.

There was no lack of food. Bread and beef were plentiful and wild game was not uncommon. Chickens and eggs could be secured from the ranchers if one could pay the price. Peas, beans, chili, squash, mushmelons and watermelons could be had.

And for the one who could afford such luxuries, there were, besides, currants, pomegranates, quince, peaches, apricots and pears. Pack-trains from Sonora brought oranges and panocha. No one can say when the first saloon was opened in Tucson, but there never was a time up to 1914 when alcoholic liquor was not as plentiful as water.

Life in the little pueblo was simple in those days, though the ingredients did not differ from what people need, do not need, and enjoy and suffer from at present. I suppose that small boys who did not have to work in the field or look after the stock played the same games that they do now, and stood in absorbed, open-eyed wonder leaning against the corner of an adobe wall, watching their elders as they swore or fought or gambled, or struggled with their refractory mules. The little girls were carefully trained and guarded by their good Mexican mothers. They were not allowed to go out much. They sewed, making their own pretty dresses as soon as they were old enough and doing fancy Spanish drawn-work. Some of them even played the harp, and though there was no public school, a Miss Rosa Ortiz gave private instruction to some of the more favored children. For young and old there were sometimes picnics in the nearby mountains, and moonlight dances in the patios. Sometimes simple home tableaux and theatricals were enjoyed. It seems that in those days the girls were able to occupy themselves contentedly at home.

There were four or five celebrations or merry-makings in the course of the year—San Juan's Day, Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, the Fourth of July—and most exciting and festive of all, The Feast of Saint Augustine. This last was held four or five days at a time, and on the part of the men there was a good deal of reveling, drinking and gambling. It was a time of prolonged and very boisterous enjoyment. But none of the self-respecting Mexican women of that day, whether rich or poor, drank or smoked or gambled. From time to time from Mexico came wandering rope-walkers, jugglers and tumblers. There were, too, occasional circuses and Marionette shows. These entertainments were given in the streets outside the wall, or on the Plaza inside. These companies would sometimes remain for days, and of course they afforded much amusement for young and old. Dances were not uncommon, but they were not public dances. Only those who were invited came, the mothers always accompanying their daughters as chaperones. The music was supplied by a fiddle and a kettle-drum, made of rawhide. The drums would beat the time. On occasions there was also the accompaniment of a harp.

In the fifties there was no regular priest in Tucson. The original Church of the Presidio by the east wall had become so dilapidated that it could no longer be occupied with safety, and as the roof was about to fall in, the doors were closed so that the public could not enter. A tiny church, La Capilla de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, with only one room, and a cubicle at the rear used by the priest as a place to robe and unrobe, took the place of the old building. It stood just inside the gate, to the right as one entered from Main Street. People continued to worship to some extent in the old mission across the river near Sentinel Peak. In those days the priests came to minister at Tucson only once or twice a year. Sometimes the desire of the people for the offices of a priest grew so urgent that a score or more of the citizens would go to Sonora and bring a father back with them.

The Gadsden Purchase, taken from the states of Chihuahua and Sonora, was added to New Mexico as Arizona. It was natural that this territory should come under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Santa Fe, and, accordingly, the Church authorities in Rome placed it in charge of Bishop John B. Lamy. As a number of matters now had to be adjusted between Bishop Lamy and the Mexican prelates, Father Joseph P. Machebeuf was sent to Arizona and Sonora to make all necessary arrangements. He made the journey by way of El Paso. Early in December, 1858, he was in Tucson, which he alludes to as "a village of about 800 souls, built around an ancient Mexican fortress." Speaking of San Xavier, he says, "I had the pleasure of finding there a large brick church, very rich and beautiful for that country. It was begun by the Jesuits and finished by the Franciscans."

This zealous missionary, Father Machebeuf, is the original of Willa Cather's Joseph in "Death Comes for the Archbishop." He later became Bishop of Denver. He made a second trip to the valley of the Santa Cruz in the summer of 1859 and spent two months in and about Tucson. Night and day he was busy, baptizing, hearing confessions, solemnizing marriages, preaching, holding mass and repairing the churches—neglected so long that they were going to ruin. The old Church of the Presidio, in Tucson, was too far gone for restoration and was not safe or fit for services. But Father Machebeuf, always equal to the circumstances, contrived to have a place of worship in a very short time. A little house, composed of two small rooms, was given to him for the purpose by Don Francisco Solano Leon, one of the prominent citizens of the town. The building was really too limited in proportions, but at the request of the Vicar General, it was enlarged by the voluntary work of the faithful by

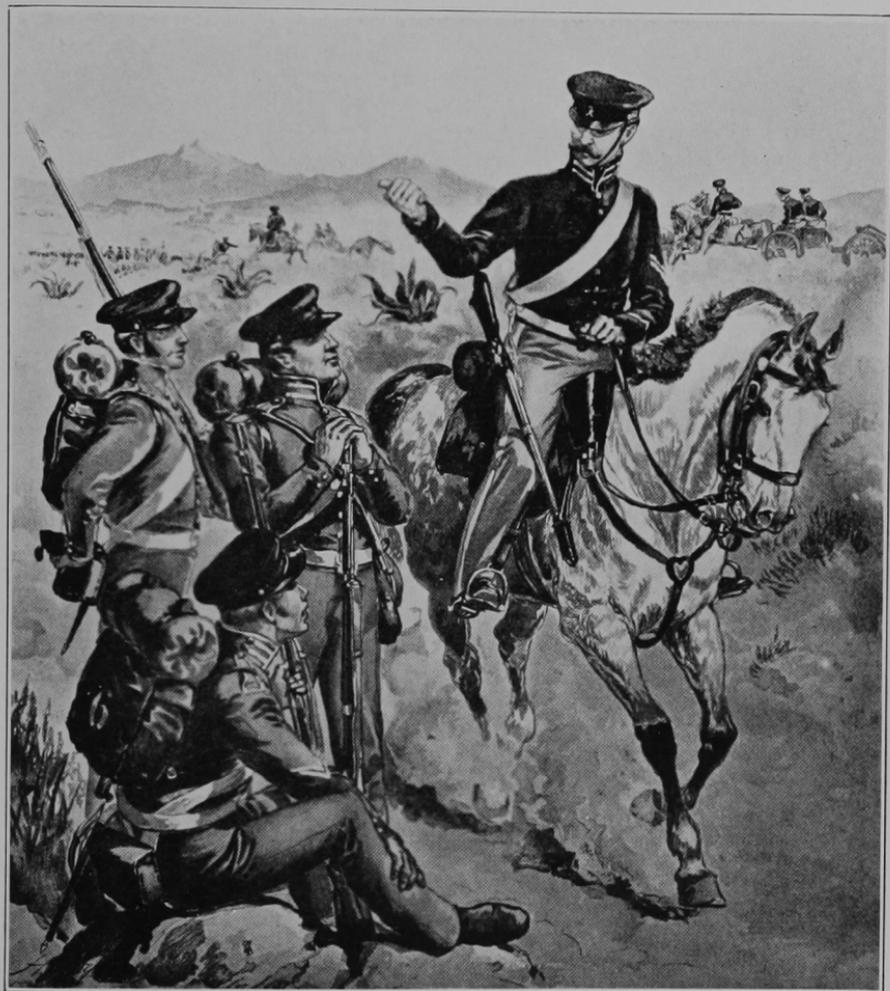
adding a good sized, rough wooden porch to one of the rooms. This, poor as it was, was the first church used in Tucson since the Territory of Arizona had been attached to the diocese of Santa Fe. Many people remember yet the instructions they received from the "Senor Vicario" in this provisional church; they remember in particular how forcibly he spoke one morning at mass against murder, without knowing that the night before an American had killed a man in self-defense, and how seriously the priest was called to answer for his words. After some explanations, the offended man was satisfied that the preacher knew nothing of what had happened during the night, and had spoken in a general way against those who take unjustly the life of their fellow-men. Nevertheless, from this day the priest was not allowed by the Catholics of Tucson to travel alone, and even in town, when he had to hear confession at night, there were, without his being aware of it, some men standing around the church until he would come out, when they accompanied him to his residence.\*

Bishop John B. Lamy visited Tucson during Holy Week, 1864. He was entertained in the home of W. S. Oury, on Camino Real. No royal personage could have been received with greater favor and distinction. A triumphal arch of cottonwood branches was erected for him at the entrance to the city. A tarpaulin was spread for him to walk upon. Everywhere there were decorations of paper flowers and greenery; on porches and balustrades the citizens displayed their most beautiful Mexican blankets, and the ladies decked themselves out with their finest Spanish shawls and other heirlooms that had been passed down from generation to generation, each one vieing with the other to make the best display. After the Bishop had been lavishly banqueted, he conducted mass and ministered in other ways to the wants of the people.

### The Beginnings of Civil Government

From 1851 to 1854 Arizona north of the Gila River was a part of New Mexico. As there were no settlements in Arizona at that time, there was, of course, no civil organization. But in 1855, the Gadsden Purchase having been taken over, in which there were three or four villages, Arizona was added to Dona Ana County, and it remained a part of this county of New Mexico until 1863. During this period crime was rampant in and about Tucson. The records show that a criminal was sent now and then to Mesilla, the county seat, three hundred miles across

\* "Soldiers of the Cross." Bishop J. B. Salpointe.



UNITED STATES DRAGOON (Mounted)

the desert for trial, but usually criminals were either dealt with by direct action or permitted to have their own sweet way. To be sure there were justices of the peace in Tucson, and their ways were both unique and effective.

As early as 1856, soon after our troops (a squadron of the First United States Dragoons) took possession in Arizona, a convention met in Tucson and memorialized Congress to organize Arizona as a territory. Two hundred and fifty names were signed to this document, and Nathan P. Cook was sent to Washington as delegate. Mark Aldrich presided at this convention. Among others present were Colonel James Douglass, of Sopori, Henry Ehrenberg, Granville Oury and Ignacio Ortiz. Cook went to Washington but was denied a seat. Congress did not ignore the urgent prayer and cry of Arizona, but no legislation was put through. In September, 1857, another election was held in Tucson; Sylvester Mowry, of the Mowry Mines, was elected delegate and a new petition was addressed to Congress. As Mowry was already in Washington his certificate of election was sent to him there. However, he was not admitted, nor was anything done to relieve Arizona. Again, the following year, Mowry was elected, and he worked hard to secure recognition for Arizona, as did the citizens here at home, but to no avail. Other conventions were held, one at Mesilla and two in Tucson, but nothing came of all the agitation, elections and representations to Congress.

At last, early in April, 1860, a Constitutional Convention made up of thirty-one delegates came together and ordained and established a Provisional Constitution to operate so long, and only so long, as Arizona should be left unorganized by Congress. Much wise and constructive work was accomplished. The full record of the proceedings of this convention, printed in Tucson in 1860, is believed to be the first book published in Arizona. Some officers were elected and others were appointed, but there is no evidence that this temporary government ever functioned. Soon after this Jefferson Davis introduced a bill into Congress to organize Arizona into a territory, but it did not carry. Again, in 1862, Congress now being Republican, another measure was introduced of like character. It hung over until February, 1863, and was then passed, but not until the clause that named Tucson as the capital had been eliminated.

## CHAPTER IV.

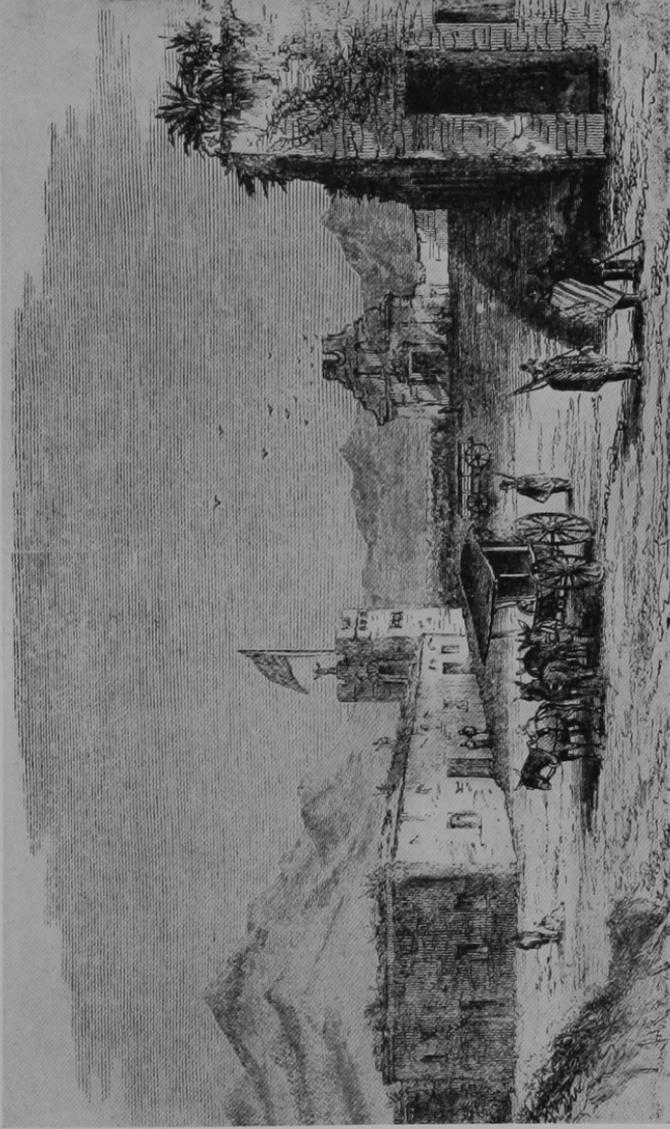
## FROM THE CIVIL WAR TO ABOUT 1870

By FRANK C. LOCKWOOD

Meanwhile the Civil War had broken out. It struck Tucson like a blight. Public sentiment here in 1861 was predominantly for disunion. There were only sixty-eight American voters in Tucson in the summer of 1861, but in convention assembled they voted that the "Eleven starred banner" be tossed to the breeze. No doubt the chief cause of Washington's neglect of Arizona during the years just preceding the opening of the Civil War was due to the out-spoken spirit of secession known to exist in Tucson. In July the troops were withdrawn from Arizona, and Tucson became the only place where the citizens could rally for safety from the increasingly deadly attacks of the Apaches. A force of perhaps two hundred Texans in February, 1862, under command of Captain Hunter, occupied "The Old Pueblo." Hunter met with no opposition, for, already, in August, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel John R. Baylor had proclaimed Arizona Confederate territory. The few Union men in Tucson sought safety in Sonora.

But "the Stars and Bars" did not long wave over the battered walls of the ancient town, so often a prey to change and vicissitude. On May 20, Hunter retreated to the southward as Colonel West, leading the vanguard of the California Volunteers, once more unfurled the Stars and Stripes in the streets of Tucson. Mrs. Sam Hughes told the writer that as a child of twelve, on that May morning, she remembered seeing the column march in with glittering bayonets and deploy on the hillside to the west, near where the El Paso and Southwestern Station now is. The Union troops were called the Northerners by the people of Tucson, and the Confederates the Southerners, not because the inhabitants knew anything about the rebellion, but because the Union soldiers entered the city from the north and the Texas troops marched off to the south.

Colonel Carleton, commander of the California Column, reached Tucson in June, at once declared Arizona a territory of the United States, and forthwith placed it under martial law. He is determined he says, "that when a man does have his throat cut, his house robbed, or his field ravaged, he may at least have the consolation of knowing that there is some law that will reach him who does the injury." Nine gamblers, loafers and cut-throats who had held peaceable citizens in terror he arrested and



TUCSON IN 1862  
From a War-Time Photograph



MAP OF  
**TUCSON**  
ARIZONA TER.

SURVEYED BY JOHN W. CALDWELL, C.E.  
MAY 1862, UNDER THE  
COMMISSIONER DISTRICT OF WESTERN ARIZONA

SCALE 100 FEET



LATITUDE 32° 12' 54.5" N  
LONGITUDE 110° 32' 55" W  
U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY

MAP OF TUCSON IN 1862

sent to Yuma to be imprisoned there until the end of the war. He laid an occupation tax upon all merchants and required saloons and gambling rooms to pay one hundred dollars a month each. The money so collected he spent for the benefit of sick or wounded soldiers.

Major David Ferguson was in command of the Arizona garrisons in the latter part of 1862. During his occupancy of Tucson he had a map made of the village. So far as we know this is the first official map ever made of Tucson. It shows the decided growth the town has made since the first Americans came. It will be seen that a few houses have been built to the west of the original walled area, and that the population has pressed beyond the wall three or four blocks to the south. Calle Real is modern Main Street (alas that it should be so!). Calle del Aroyo is our Pennington Street (not inappropriate, as old Elias Pennington used to use this arroyo as a saw-pit where he whip-sawed lumber). Calle del Indian Trieste is the Maiden Lane of a later date (now no more, since the wedge was removed in 1902). Calle de la Alegria is modern Congress Street. Calle de la Mesilla is Mesilla Street, and La Plaza de la Mesilla is the little square in front of old St. Augustine Church. The small black oblong marks at the extreme southwest are, no doubt, the homes of the Oury's and one or two other old-timers.

### Following the Civil War

Up to the coming of the railroad, Tucson was always and chiefly a military center. Just after the Civil War the army became the dominant factor in the growth and control of the town. With the coming of the California Column Tucson took on new life. By the time the war was at an end the population had leaped to twelve or thirteen hundred people, and counting the military population perhaps one-fourth of this number were Americans. After the war many soldiers made Arizona their home. Throughout the sixties the community depended almost wholly upon the government for its prosperity. Everyone looked to the United States Army Paymaster as the prime magician. He came seldom—only twice a year—but in his wake came plenty and hilarity. Between pay-days vouchers were issued by the government to Mexican laborers and ranchers, sometimes to the amount of two or three hundred dollars for labor or for supplies of hay, wood, beef, etc. The merchants accepted these vouchers for goods, and sometimes the holders were allowed cash advances on them. When the paymaster came, money was free as water or sunshine. These were harvest days for the saloons

and gambling halls. Drinking and gaming went on to excess. For about two months the merchants, also, would do a great cash business, but after that the voucher system would again go into vogue.

Freighting in those days was a leading occupation. Pack-trains frequently came from Sonora, of course, with fruits and panocha, but all heavy articles, and, indeed, supplies of almost every kind had to be freighted in over vast distances by ox or mule teams. Oxen were used chiefly in the very early days, since they were gentle, easily controlled, and required no harness—a very expensive article in the west at that time. They were slow to be sure, but grass was abundant and nutritious, so feed cost little or nothing. By the middle of the sixties grass was giving out as a result of over-grazing, so it now became necessary to carry along grain for the animals. Under these conditions oxen were more expensive to feed than mules, so now mules began to take their place. Freight rates were, of course, fabulously high. From the East goods were brought as far as Independence, Missouri, by rail or water, but from there in wagons across the dry, interminable plains and desert. It would sometimes require three or four months for a wagon-train to reach Tucson, and so hostile were the Indians that a guard had to be maintained continually. Goods coming from San Francisco were sent by sea as far as the mouth of the Colorado River. At this point they were transferred to barges or steamers of light draught, and so transported to Yuma and thence by wagon two hundred and fifty miles to Tucson. During this decade when Tucson was growing rapidly and army posts were being established throughout Arizona to hold the Apaches in check, Tucson was the depot of supplies and the distributing point for the whole Territory. Main Street was almost constantly lined with long wagon-trains, and sometimes in the procession prairie schooners would be seen with emigrants making their slow way to California. At night the corrals were crowded with army mules, and the freighters were frequently camped with their wagons and teams on the outskirts of the town.

John Spring came to Tucson as a soldier in 1866 and he gives this graphic picture of the Old Pueblo as he then saw it:

“The buildings that deserved the name of houses were of adobe with flat roofs. Those of the poorer class of Mexicans were of mesquite poles and the long wands of the candlewood, the chinks being filled with mud plaster. With the exception of the soldiers and teamsters in transit there were not over a dozen white men in the town, and not one white woman. The doors of

many houses consisted of raw hides stretched over rough frames, the windows being apertures in the walls barred with upright sticks stuck therein. . . .

“When I visited the town toward evening in order to present our ration return to the commissary of subsistence (Captain Gilbert C. Smith), with a view of obtaining our rations, I found that the one street of Tucson was fairly bubbling with life and motion. Its whole length was taken up by a long train of army wagons, and another of prairie schooners carrying flour from Sonora, Mexico, while heavy loaded hay wagons were trying to make their way to the government corral where numberless horses and mules were constantly coming and going. . . . Cursing teamsters, rollicking soldiers, rustling gamblers and the usual nondescripts of a frontier town jostled each other in the narrow street devoid of sidewalks.

“As soon as I had received and loaded up our rations, of which the long untasted and coveted fresh meat was the most desirable article, I started my ration wagon to camp, then looked for a store where I might purchase a much needed paper of needles and thread. The only store worthy of the name was quite easily found and the desired articles were produced. To my horror and the great financial detriment of my purse I found that a paper of needles cost seventy-five cents and a spool of thread twenty-five cents. As I gave vent to my astonishment at such exorbitant prices, the store-keeper observed, somewhat sarcastically, I thought, ‘It is not the value of the article but the cost money on the freight, you know.’ Freight on needles, indeed! However, the thing worked both ways as I found later when I brought to this same store our surplus rations and received for them per pound: Coffee, seventy-five cents (it sold for a dollar); brown sugar, fifty cents; bacon, sixty cents; from all of which our company derived a substantial benefit.”

John S. Vosburg, a civilian paints Tucson in somewhat mellow colors than does John Spring, the sergeant. He did not come until 1869, and no doubt by this time The Old Pueblo had improved somewhat. Vosburg was a locksmith. He was, too, a good deal of a sage and was of a mild and humane temper. There were no banks in town at this time. The leading merchants had safes; and as Vosburg was the only one who could fix them when they got out of order, he knew how to open every safe in town. The bailes, Mr. Vosburg states, were almost the only social functions. Of course the only ladies in attendance were Mexicans. Miss Larcena Pennington was married to Mr. Page in 1858, but she did not long retain her residence in Tucson at

that time, and it was not until about 1872 that American women came to remain permanently.

If some respectable man wanted to give a baile, he would go to someone's shed, sweep it out, and get someone to play a bass drum and Old Jose to play the harp. Then the gallants and the belles would come. The mothers always came along as Duenas (caretakers). Everyone was well behaved; there was little rowdyism. If anyone got drunk, he would be put off somewhere to sleep. Everyone wore his best. If a fellow was in love with a girl, he would buy her a pair of shoes. The girls all danced well. The man who gave the dance had to pay the Mexican harpster and provide the candles to light up with. The only refreshment served was limonado from an olla. There were *cascarones* (eggshells filled with finely-cut colored paper); and if a man was in love with a girl, he would crush the eggshell over her head, so that the content would shower into her hair."

**SAN CARLOS BLASTED INTO DUST**

**The Historic Apache Indian Agency at San Carlos, Arizona,  
Leveled by Dynamite.**

(By JOHN P. CLUM.)

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Another spectacular stride in the westward course of empire was measured when the echoing detonations of heavy charges of dynamite shattered to dust the last of the structures at the old San Carlos Apache Indian agency on February 16, 1930.

The sturdy and hopeful pioneers who laid the firm foundations of the main agency building and with unfeigned pride and satisfaction watched those substantial walls slowly but persistently rising along lines that were straight and plumb, did not dream that in a little more than half a century this most desirable scenic building site on the border of an arid mesa would be included within the basin of a spacious artificial reservoir, and that those same stout walls would be deliberately shattered into fragments in order that they might not intrude as dangerous obstacles to navigation when their stone foundations are submerged many feet below the rippling surface of a vast man-made lake.

That world-old natural law involving the principle of the survival of the fittest has been again exemplified in the recent blotting out of this old Apache Indian agency. The waters impounded behind the noble Coolidge Reclamation Dam will submerge this ancient agency site and several hundred acres of farming lands formerly cultivated by the Apaches, but in generous compensation for the flooding of this comparatively limited area, these impounded waters will make possible the reclamation of more than 100,000 acres of fertile valley and mesa lands to the westward.

This abstract statement of the potential results of the Coolidge reclamation project is highly gratifying, as well as a splendid tribute to the superior intelligence and dauntless courage so persistently displayed by the pale-faced race in the winning of the West, but when it is understood that none of the water impounded by the massive Coolidge Dam is available for irrigation purposes within the limits of the San Carlos reservation, this splendid reclamation enterprise presents an exceedingly pathetic aspect as far as the future welfare of the Apache Indians is concerned.

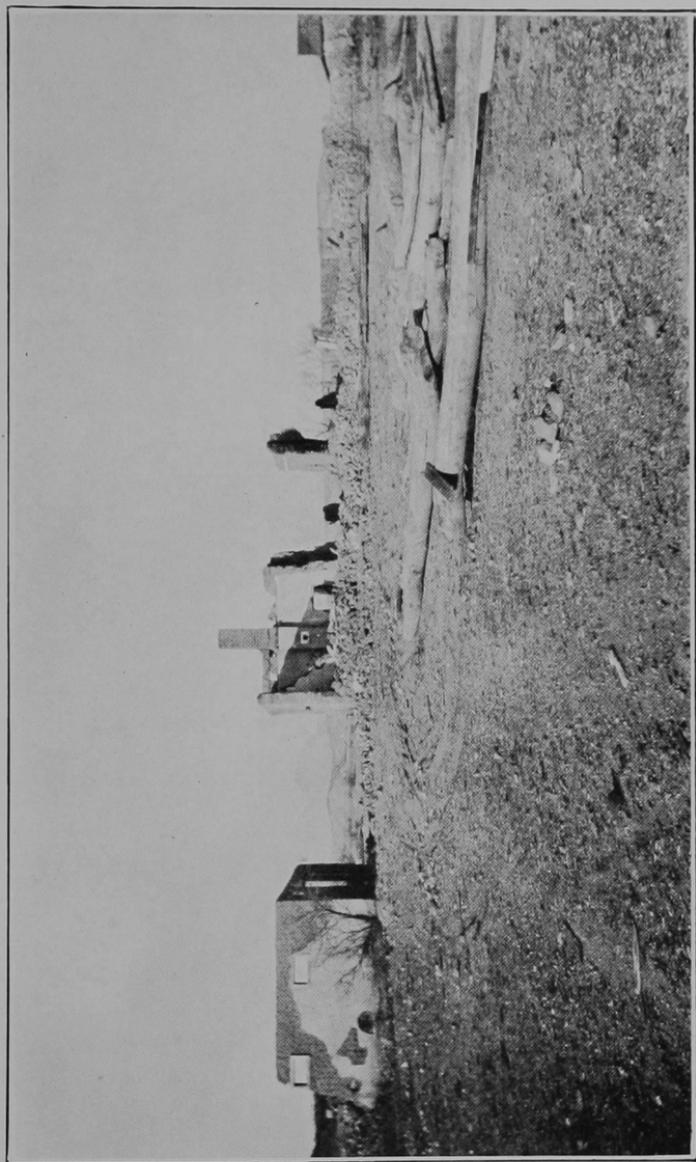
Although the old Apache agency has been thus ruthlessly blotted out, there remain many thrilling pages of its spectacular history that will continue to hold a resistless romantic appeal to generations yet unborn. For the purposes of this article it will suffice if we recall a few facts in connection with the establishment of the agency, supplemented by some of the details of the thrilling episode which resulted in the killing of Chief Disalin at the agency on December 22, 1875.

In the spring of 1871 several bands of Pinal and Arivaipa Apaches under Chief Es-kim-in-zin were permitted by the military authorities to assemble at Old Camp Grant, on the Rio San Pedro, near the mouth of the Arivaipa Canyon. What is known as "The Camp Grant Massacre" occurred there at dawn on April 30, 1871, when about 125 of those Apaches were killed by a party of Mexicans and Papago Indians led by several citizens from Tucson.

In 1872 General O. O. Howard, one of President Grant's Indian Peace Commissioners, visited Old Camp Grant, and at that time he promised Es-kim-in-zin and his followers that an agency would be established for them at the confluence of the Rio San Carlos with the Rio Gila. General Howard's promise was fulfilled by the government, and the name of the San Carlos River was adopted as the name of the new agency, as well as for the southern part of the Apache reservation. Chief Es-kim-in-zin and his followers (about 800) were removed from Old Camp Grant and located at San Carlos in February, 1873.

For a little more than a year thereafter these Indians were quite continually under the control of the military, and the affairs of the agency during that period were subjected to the vicissitudes of five separate administrations. As might be expected, these five temporary administrators contented themselves with the crudest sort of temporary quarters for the accommodation of the agent and employes and the storage of supplies. The walls of these primitive specimens of the builder's art were constructed of stout poles set upright in the ground and chinked in with adobe plaster, while the roofs consisted of more stout poles which served as rafters, over which was spread a covering of brush and mud. Such were the rustic and picturesque residential edifices that greeted my youthful vision when I arrived at San Carlos and assumed charge as agent for the Apaches on that reservation on August 8, 1874.

Inasmuch as I contemplated an indefinite residence among the Apaches I felt that suitable agency buildings should be constructed with the least delay possible, not only to provide proper



The room at northwest corner of the main agency building at San Carlos is shown in this photo, and was the last of that old building to be dynamited on February 16, 1930.

housing facilities for myself, my employes and the agency supplies, but as an example of the better mode of living which we hoped the Indians might eventually be induced to adopt in lieu of their wickiup shelters and nomadic habits.

The temporary agency and the temporary military camp were located on the eastern border of the mesa lying immediately north of the Gila and west of the San Carlos and overlooking the valley lands adjacent to the point where the San Carlos flows into the Gila. A little prospecting revealed an ideal site for the permanent buildings on the western border of the same mesa and within a mile of the temporary quarters. This site overlooked a broad section of the Gila Valley that stretched away westward several miles to the opening of the grand canyon where the gigantic Coolidge Dam now stands. To the south loomed the pyramidal form of Mt. Turnbull, while the western skyline was elevated along the towering and undulating crest of the majestic Pinal Mountain range. Having been reared in the charming valley of the Hudson, with those lovely Berkshire Hills to the east and the renowned Catskill range to the west, I early developed a great love for the beautiful in Nature. A residence of three years in the quaint and historic pueblo of Santa Fe, New Mexico, stimulated my admiration for the grandeur of the mountains. It is admitted, therefore, that the inspiring scenic view commanded from the western border of the mesa was potent among the conditions that determined me to select that location as the site for the permanent agency.

Within a week after my arrival at San Carlos I had selected the site, made the necessary preliminary surveys and employed a mason, who, with the aid of several Apache helpers, forthwith began laying the stone foundations of the main agency building and making adobes for its sturdy walls. This building was constructed in the form of a hollow square with a frontage of 135 feet and a depth of 200 feet. In the rear was added a corral 135 feet by 175 feet, surrounded on three sides by a stone wall seven feet high and two feet thick. A dozen or more years later when the agency was under military control, this corral wall was taken down and the stone utilized in the foundations of other buildings.

When I visited San Carlos in November, 1929, the work of demolishing the numerous structures at the old agency was already in progress. The roof, doors, flooring, etc., had been removed from the main agency building, but about three-fourths of the staunch old adobe walls were still standing quite as firm and solid as they were when constructed in the fall of 1874—FIFTY-

SIX years ago. And these were some of the walls that were shattered into fragments on February 16, 1930.

The Apache guardhouse that so recently succumbed to the devastating force of the detonating dynamite was not the famous old hoosegow in which the notorious renegade Geronimo was confined when I brought him—a prisoner in chains—from Ojo Caliente, New Mexico, to San Carlos in May, 1877. That ancient calaboose was a rude adobe structure that was long ago replaced by a modern prison with stone walls and steel bars, but which today is a shattered mass of debris.

As a thrilling chapter in the unwritten history of the old San Carlos Apache Indian agency I am persuaded to enter here some of the details of that tragic episode which ended with the killing of Chief Disalin on the afternoon of December 22, 1875. A special official report of the fatal affair was promptly submitted to Washington. But in my next annual report, written the following October, the matter was covered in a few lines, and that exceedingly brief statement was all that was included in the published report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs relative to the death of Disalin.

This very serious incident, however, is worthy of presentation in more complete detail for several reasons. It was an acid test of the loyalty and efficiency of the San Carlos Apache Police Force at that early period of its organization. It wrought just and swift retribution to the only would-be deliberate assassin encountered among the Apaches during my entire administration, and, furthermore, it is most desirable that these vital details should be given a permanent place in the spectacular story of the famous old agency that has so recently been reduced to mounds of desolate ruins.

Disalin, with his band of about 150 Apaches, had formerly lived in the Tonto Basin country, but had been located at San Carlos about two years prior to his death. Polygamy was a common practice among the Apaches, and Disalin had two wives. In the domestic affairs of these Indians the head of the family exercised supreme authority. If the wife offended she might be punished in any manner that the indignation and wrath of the husband might dictate—no one interfered.

It so happened that Disalin was extremely jealous of one of his wives. This woman finally came to me and complained that her husband had a playful habit of beating her, and that sometimes he would tie her to a tree and then amuse himself by throwing a wicked hunting knife at the tree in a cheerful en-

deavor to determine how closely to some part of her anatomy he could imbed the knife into the tree. The beatings, the woman said, were often very painful, while the knife-throwing exercises caused her acute mental anguish. She appealed to me for protection.

The offending husband was summoned to the agency and I had a heart-to-heart talk with him relative to the matters complained of by his wife. Disalin was naturally austere and reticent, but I had regarded him as in every way friendly to me and to my administration. I explained to him that all Indians on the reservation were entitled to protection from bodily harm, or cruelty of any sort—the women as well as the men; that in my official position I could make no exceptions; that I hoped he would thereafter be able to administer his household affairs without employing either a club or a knife, and that if he could not get along with this particular wife without maltreating her he had better allow her to return to her own people.

During this interview Disalin did not exhibit any signs of serious displeasure, and as several weeks passed without further complaint from the wife I supposed peace had been declared. In fact, I had quite forgotten the episode until it was recalled by another—and final—visit from Disalin.

Some details as to the plan of the new agency building are essential to a proper understanding of the movements of Disalin on the occasion of his final visit. The plan was a hollow square, thus providing an inner court, or **patio**. All rooms opened on the patio with two exceptions, one on the northeast corner and one on the northwest corner. I occupied the latter. The room adjoining mine to the east was the office, and the room next to that was used as a courtroom and for general conferences with the Indians. My room was entered either from the office or from the room next south of mine. My north window overlooked the **parade ground** and showed the quarters of the Indian police and the guardhouse about 200 yards distant. Chief of Police Beauford had fitted up a room for himself adjoining the police quarters. My west window commanded that inspiring scenic view terminating with the glorious Pinal range.

From a climatic standpoint the afternoon was ideal and every aspect indicated peace and contentment. Beauford was lounging in his quarters. Mr. Sweeney, the chief clerk, was in the office absorbed in his quarterly accounts. His table extended along the north wall of the office and as he sat with his face to the wall he did not observe the stealthy entrance of Disalin. I

was seated near the west window in my room reading, with no thought of an impending tragedy.

Suddenly, and almost noiselessly, Disalin opened the door from the office, walked into my room, closed the door behind him and halted about two paces in front of me. He wore a white cotton shirt, trousers and moccasins. A small blanket was draped over his shoulders and reached to his hips. I did not know that the chief purpose of the blanket was to conceal a six-shooter which he had shoved under the waistband of his trousers well to the rear. He was too cunning to wear a tell-tale pistol-belt and scabbard. His dark, clean-cut features wore a serious mien—but such was the habit of Disalin. There was no display of emotion, nor the slightest indication of excitement. I am compelled to admire his nerve from the time he entered my room until he fell dead a few moments later.

While I was most democratic in my intercourse with the Indians, I reserved my own room as the one spot on the reservation where the Indians might not intrude—uninvited. Whether or not Disalin was aware of the exclusiveness of my personal quarters I never knew. Fortunately for me, as well as for the continued peace and good order of the reservation, he had come at that moment to reconnoiter and not to kill, for, as I was lounging in a rocking chair with no suspicion of danger, he had me at a great disadvantage. He stood silent for an instant and then made some reference to his domestic troubles. Although I was a bit nettled at his intrusion I spoke quietly, telling him to find the interpreter and come to the courtroom where I would have a talk with him. He hesitated for a moment and then turned quite deliberately and went out. But instead of going through the office whence he came, he went through the room to the south, again closing the door behind him—thus shrewdly assuring himself that there was no one in that room. His reconnaissance was now complete. There was no one in that section of the building but Sweeney and myself, and we were oblivious to the danger that threatened us. Without further delay he would kill both of us and then take his chances on picking off Beauford. We were the three persons active in the administration of the affairs of the reservation—and all three of us were on Disalin's **death list**.

Disalin had not been gone more than two minutes when he re-entered my room from the office, again closed the door behind him, and then assumed a defiant attitude in front of me. Without concealing my annoyance I spoke sharply to him, demanding to know why he had not brought the interpreter, etc. At that

instant the agency physician happened to come in from the office and stopped at Disalin's right. A few seconds later the door of the south room opened and the janitor, a husky young negro, entered with an armful of wood which he deposited quickly at the fireplace and then stood at Disalin's left. I have no doubt that the timely entrance of these two men utterly ruined the first scene in Disalin's deadly plot. His presence in my room and the harsh manner in which I was telling him to find the interpreter, startled both the doctor and the janitor. Instantly they sensed danger and both stood, fully alert, intently watching Disalin. But even then I did not suspect Disalin's treacherous purpose. He did not utter a word during his second visit. He had not returned to talk—but to act. And then, in a twinkle, the Fates that had favored his plot thus far turned against him. Even though he might be quick enough to shoot me, his immediate capture would follow and his plot would fail. Briefly he meditated—then backing to the door, he opened it, passed into the office and closed the door behind him.

Disalin having withdrawn his austere presence from my room, the janitor left also. The negro had just disappeared by way of the south room when a shot sounded in the office. Instantly I sprang to the mantel and seized my six-shooter. The doctor grabbed a convenient Indian club. Then another shot sounded in the office as Sweeney burst into my room shouting the name of Disalin. We had scarcely assured ourselves that Sweeney was uninjured when a third shot echoed from the entrance to the inner court. Two or three seconds later the sharp reports of rifle shots resounded from the vicinity of the police quarters and the silence of that beautiful afternoon was further disturbed by a chorus of fierce Apache yells—the battle was on. As I glanced out of my north window across the parade ground a thrilling and more or less disquieting scene met my vision. Pandemonium had broken loose. A score or more of apparently frantic Apaches were running and jumping and yelling and shooting as if all had suddenly gone mad. We wondered how many of those fighting Indians were supporting Disalin—for we did not know that he was playing his desperate game single-handed. About that time the negro returned to my room armed with an ax. It seemed to us a matter of defense. However, we were not left long to ponder over the situation, for the yelling and the shooting ceased quite as suddenly as it had begun, and an Indian policeman came running to tell me that Disalin was dead.

I went at once to learn the details of all that had happened

outside of my room during those three or four exceedingly hectic moments. When Disalin re-entered the office from my room Sweeney was writing with his face to the wall. Disalin stepped behind a convenient bale of blankets and, taking deliberate aim, fired at Sweeney's head. But the bullet missed its intended victim and merely spattered some plaster from the wall into Sweeney's face—much to his surprise and annoyance. As Sweeney jerked open the drawer containing his six-shooter he turned his head just in time to discover Disalin aiming a second shot at him. It was then that Sweeney sprang from his chair and burst into my room as Disalin's second bullet sped too high, bored through the upper panel of the door and lodged somewhere in the mud roof over my room.

An Indian policeman standing in the court entrance saw Disalin fire his first shot, but, being unarmed, he ran for his rifle and to notify the other policemen. After his second shot Disalin ran to the court entrance where he met an Indian laborer who attempted to impede his progress and at whom he fired the third shot—which also missed its mark. This ill-luck should have discouraged Disalin. But not so. He still had Beauford on his death list, so he ran swiftly toward the guardhouse. It was then that the police joined in the fray. Beauford rushed out to learn the cause of the shooting just as Disalin dropped behind a convenient wood-pile. A second later Disalin sent a bullet whizzing close to the head of the chief of police. Then Beauford understood.

Disalin had been struck by two bullets but was not seriously wounded. When his shot missed Beauford he sprang from the wood-pile and leaped into the shelter of the thick adobe wall at a side door of the trader's store. A few seconds later he was running along the outside of the west wall of the corral in the rear of the store. An Apache policeman had rushed around on the east side of the store and halted at the northeast corner of the corral. Another policeman, Tau-el-cly-ee (also spelled Tal-kalai), had taken a position about fifty paces from the fatal corner and quite directly ahead of Disalin as he raced recklessly to his death. The instant Disalin passed the corner of the corral both of these policemen fired at him. The bullet fired by the policeman at the opposite corner pierced Disalin's skull through and through just back of the eyes, while the leaden missile from Tau-el-cyl-ee's gun ploughed a diagonal course through his chest from left to right. Disalin's wild dream of revolution and reform was thus rudely and forever ended.

We soon learned more of Disalin's desperate plot and the

motives that had inspired it. He had again administered severe punishment to the troublesome wife for some real or imagined offense, and it appeared that, acting upon my suggestion, she had deserted Disalin and fled to her own people. It was quite evident that Disalin felt that I had exceeded all reasonable bounds of my official authority by interfering with his domestic affairs, and that if he submitted a direful precedent would thus be established. In fact, he felt that the offense against his personal dignity, both as a husband and as a chief, was of such a grave character as to fully justify him in breaking off all diplomatic relations and declaring war—and in doing his killing first and stating his reasons later,—even as some alleged civilized nations have done in more recent years.

Disalin had also decided not to take anyone into his confidence until he had given his solo-revolution a thrilling and bloody start. Happily for his plans, all troops had been removed from the reservation about two months previous. Now if he could kill the three men active in the administration of the affairs of the agency he might compromise all of the Apaches on the reservation (about 4200), and demonstrate his prowess as a bold, resourceful and daring warrior. In short, he reasoned that within the few moments occupied with the killings he would flash before the astonished Indians as a hero—and ideal war-chief—ready and capable to lead them in successful combat with whomsoever might oppose.

Disalin had many good qualities and I had always found him friendly and tractable. About a year previous to his tragic death he had rendered a splendid service to the territory by leading a scouting party of his own men many weary miles over the mountain trails on a determined hunt after the desperate Apache renegade Del-shay, and Disalin did not falter in his pursuit until he had captured the renegade and carried his head into Camp McDowell.

Doubtless prolonged brooding over his domestic troubles had brought him to a state of temporary insanity, but even then he displayed his daring spirit—without which he would not have undertaken, single-handed, the desperate and bloody work he had set himself to accomplish.

While the purposes of Disalin were altogether evil, he unwittingly rendered a splendid service by offering an opportunity for the Indian police to demonstrate their loyalty and efficiency in a very sudden and very grave emergency. Those policemen were not only all Apaches, but two of them were members of Disalin's band—one of whom, Tau-el-cly-ee, was a half-brother of the

mad chief who was running amuck. And yet the police not only met the exigencies of the occasion with promptness and efficiency, but they acted entirely upon their own initiative and responsibility.

We must visualize the absolute peacefulness of that lovely afternoon. All were relaxed until Disalin fired his first shot. The policeman who witnessed that shot and noted the look of savage desperation on Disalin's face, ran at top speed for his gun, meantime shouting to his comrades that Disalin was killing the white men in the office. No one hesitated. In an instant all were armed, alert and active, and within a minute they were shooting as Disalin ran toward the guardhouse. They did not need to be told what to do. When Beauford rushed from his quarters and demanded to know why they were shooting at Disalin—intimating that he felt there must be some mistake—the policeman nearest him dropped on one knee for a steadier aim and fired at Disalin just as he ducked behind the wood-pile. The policeman knew why he was shooting at the mad chief, and Beauford grasped the seriousness of the situation, when, an instant later, Disalin raised his head above the wood-pile and sent a bullet close to the head of the chief of police. "Kill him," was Beauford's order. The police had merely anticipated that order. It is true that, at that moment, the police did not know whether they were defending Sweeney and myself, or avenging our deaths. They only knew that they were performing their highest duty, and that nothing should stop them until Disalin was either captured or killed.

Doubtless it will be asked how Disalin was able to avoid the many shots fired while he was running from the main agency building to the north corner of the corral at the trader's store. It must be remembered that the police were compelled to exercise the utmost caution in order to avoid maiming or killing some of their own comrades. This would account for some of the shots that missed their mark. Another thing, Disalin was nimble and did not offer himself as an easy target by running in a straight line—no true Apache warrior would do that. He leaped and zig-zagged and dodged as he advanced. It is also probable that, at first, some of the police who were friendly to Disalin fired over his head in the hope that he would surrender rather than be killed.

Just after I had viewed the body of the dead chief I met Tau-el-cly-ee. At first he simply shook my hand and said: "Inju"—meaning "it is good," or "it is well." And then, alternately stroking his gun and his chest, he said in a most seri-

ous manner, "I have killed my own chief and my own brother. But he was trying to kill you—and I am a policeman. It was my duty." With equal earnestness I told him that he had proved himself a brave officer and a good friend, and that I would be his chief and his brother and his good friend, always. We then sealed that pledge of mutual friendship with another clasping of the hands—and that pledge was kept inviolate to the day of his death.

The following June Tau-el-cly-ee served as sergeant of the company of Apache police that accompanied me to Apache Pass. With 20 of his men he arrested the murderer Pi-on-se-nay on June 9. At Ewell Springs on June 12, we spread a blanket over Pi-on-se-nay and then Tau-el-cly-ee and myself weighted down the overlapping ends of this blanket with our own precious bodies as we stretched out for the night on opposite sides of our dangerous prisoner. The next day we delivered this murderer into the custody of two deputies sheriff of Pima County.

Tau-el-cly-ee passed on to the Happy Hunting Grounds while the more or less spectacular ceremonies in connection with the dedication of the Coolidge dam were in progress on March 4, 1930. He was a little older than myself, and I would fix his age at the time of his death at about 90. Neither the state nor the nation ever rewarded Tau-el-cly-ee for his very efficient services as a peace officer—rendered at a time when those services were sorely needed. The last decade or more of his life was passed in ill-health, poverty and blindness. During this period he lived most of the time in the mining camp of Miami, where some good friends had a cabin built for him and who sometimes contributed small amounts for food and clothing. Occasionally I was permitted to add my mite to this fund. Even then he was often in want. My last meeting with him was in November, 1929. His condition at that time was most pitiful. Age and infirmities, including near total blindness, had rendered the former robust and efficient policeman almost helpless, and his environment bespoke abject poverty. At that time I urged a plan to provide for his care and comfort, and while the response was favorable, the action was too slow to afford any relief to the aged sufferer. Let us hope he has entered upon the just recompense that was denied him here.

I can never efface the mental picture of Disalin's prostrate form stretched upon the ground near the corner of the corral where he fell. The dead chief was of medium stature, straight and lithe, and his general demeanor was always dignified. The last two bullets, either one of which would have proved fatal, must have struck him simultaneously and snuffed out his life in

an instant. Ordinarily the body would have crumpled into an ungainly heap. But not so with Disalin. He had fallen with his face downward. His body was stretched to its full length and straight as an arrow. His long black hair trailed to his hips. None of his ghastly wounds was exposed to view. His left arm was lying straight beside the body, while the right arm was bent under his head so that the forehead rested upon the forearm. Every line was graceful and the body perfectly composed—as if Disalin had deliberately arranged every detail of his position for a long and restful sleep. Often I think of Disalin as he stood before me in my room the last time—but far more frequently I see him stretched there so gracefully upon the ground—ASLEEP.

**AN OUTLINE OF SOUTHWESTERN PRE-HISTORIC**

(By H. S. GLADWYN, Director Gila Pueblo, Globe, Arizona.)

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It is impossible to form an intelligent estimate in terms of years of the various periods of development in the Southwest. In general, it can be said that the extremely ancient periods have been under-estimated, while the more recent have been over-estimated. It came as a surprise to most archaeologists to learn that Pueblo Bonito and Mesa Verde had been occupied as late as 1200-1300 A. D.<sup>(1)</sup> Most men had thought that they had been abandoned about 700-800 A. D. On the other hand, at Folsom, New Mexico, arrowpoints of excellent workmanship have been found in association with the bones of an extinct bison in a Pleistocene deposit, estimated to have been laid down from twenty to forty thousand years ago, whereas it has been repeatedly declared that man has lived in America for less than ten thousand years, or since the retreat of the ice of the last Glacial Epoch. The earliest remains which can serve to identify a people were discovered in the Lovelock Cave in Nevada by M. R. Harrington, working in behalf of the Museum of the American Indian. This culture is known as that of the first Basketmaker period. The people depended primarily upon hunting; their decoys and other paraphernalia reached a degree of excellence which has never been surpassed. They had no pottery, and knew nothing of agriculture, and it is to be supposed that they moved frequently and covered a wide range of territory, making use of caves and rock shelters. Nothing is known of their origin or where they went, but their knowledge of basketry bears some relationship to that of the later Basketmakers and some of the California tribes.

The second Basketmaker period is characterized by the knowledge of corn growing. Corn is believed to have been developed from Teocentli, a native Mexican grass growing today in the highlands of Mexico. This knowledge shows contact with the south and it may be that pottery, which made its appearance in the later stages of this period, may also have been acquired from Mexico, or Central America, where it is known to occur in horizons which antedate the time of Christ. No houses have been found; caves were used in which to store corn and to bury the dead. Square-toed sandals, twine-woven bags, the use of human hair in weaving, and the atl-atl, or spear-thrower, are characteristic of these people. It is significant that the atl-atl

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(1) Dr. A. E. Douglass in National Geographic Magazine, Dec. 1929.

was not in general use in America, but is known amongst the Eskimo, the Maya, the Islands of Western Polynesia and the Magdalenian period in France. It is extremely doubtful if a device of this kind could have sprung up independently in so many different areas. It is much more probable that there was some common point of origin although this may never be traced. Remains characteristic of this second Basketmaker period are widely scattered over the Southwest; stations have been reported from Coahuila, Texas, Oklahoma, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. Due possibly to more intensive exploration, the greatest number have been reported from the San Juan drainage in Southern Utah.

The third Basketmaker period is a direct out-growth of the earlier stages. Pottery, which began with primitive attempts at tempering with cedar bark, developed rapidly and reached marked excellence before the end of the period. Houses were built in the open, partly subterranean, the foundation supported by slabs set on edge. Above ground, walls and roofs were made of wicker upon which mud was daubed. Much remains to be done in defining this period. Up to a few years ago, it had been supposed to be a uniform culture wherever found, but recent work in Nevada, at Pueblo Grande,<sup>(1)</sup> and on Mesa Verde<sup>(2)</sup> has shown that it persisted into later horizons and embraced a span of development greater than was at first suspected.

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### Pueblo Periods

An abrupt break occurs with the beginning of the Pueblo periods, the most important item of which is a change in head form. The Basketmakers, like early people in all parts of the world, were Dolichocephalic, or long-headed, whereas the Pueblos were a Brachycephalic or broad-headed race. This was further emphasized by skull-deformation caused by the use of a hard cradle-board. Physical change, due to environment, takes place imperceptibly over a long period of time and an abrupt change can only be explained by the advent of an alien people. The change is most marked in Chaco Canyon and in Marsh Pass, and from this we can guess it was here that the first thrust of invasion was felt. The success of the invaders can be traced to their use of the bow and arrow, a weapon which gave a tremendous advantage at the outset, but which could readily be copied by a people familiar with the use of darts such as were thrown with

(1) Harrington, M. R., on behalf of the Museum of the American Indian.

(2) The Medallion.

the atl-atl. The various changes which occurred in the Chaco are not all found on Mesa Verde where the Basketmaker population was particularly dense, and it may be that they were able to equip themselves with this weapon and meet the attack so that subsequent changes took place gradually.

On the foundations which had been laid by this time, cultures had become specialized and definite traits established. The drainage of the San Juan River was the centre of this evolution, and contained three major areas: The Chaco, Kayenta, and Mesa Verde, with outlying districts on the Virgin River and in Utah.

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### Chaco

More is known of this culture than of any other in the Southwest, and it has ranked first in importance to that of any other area. Pueblo Bonito was the largest unit of the group. It was partly excavated thirty years ago by George H. Pepper for the American Museum of Natural History, but the work there of Neil M. Judd, on behalf of the National Geographic Society, and the United States National Museum, has given us the most complete cross-section of pre-history in the Southwest. It has shown that, from the earliest period, growth was steady and rapid up to the climax of the Classic or Pueblo III period. Distinguishing features are excellent pottery, decorated with hatched designs; typical masonry, laid in horizontal courses, chinked with small stones, and a high standard of excellence in work in bone, shell, wood and textiles. Kivas reached their highest development here and are distinct from those of other cultures.

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### Kayenta

The centre of this culture was in Marsh Pass. If anything, the pottery was better than that of Chaco. Distinguishing features are polychrome decoration; the prevalence of negative designs, and characteristic vessel shapes. Masonry is not as good as at Pueblo Bonito, and owing to the character of the environment, cliff-dwellings are more common. Both square and round kivas were built, the square type probably being later than the round, judging by conditions to the south where the round kiva disappears in late horizons. The peak was reached at Betatakin and Kiet Siel where, possibly because of the remoteness and beauty of surroundings, a lasting impression is received of the ability of these people to adapt themselves to their environment.

### Mesa Verde

Due to the spectacular quality of the major ruins the Classic Mesa Verde culture is widely known. Much work has been done in the great Pueblos and Cliff-dwellings but, up to the present time, little is known of the introductory stages which led up to the crest of civilization reached at Cliff Palace, Sun Temple, and Farview House. In the summer of 1929 a survey was made by the staff of Gila Pueblo which showed that, from a beginning in Basketmaker III, the culture developed gradually and naturally from Slab-house, through Small-house, to Large-house, with addition of kivas and direct development into typical Pueblos. Pueblo I and Pueblo II stages, as identified in the Chaco and near Kayenta, are almost completely lacking, and, judging from surface appearances, the people were not overwhelmed by the invasion which swept over the regions to the South.

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While these major cultures were developing locally, increments had broken away at intervals and had sought to solve their problems in their own way; smaller cultures had become established in the Mimbres; near St. Johns; near St. Thomas, Nevada; in the Rio Grande; and near Flagstaff.

Toward the latter part of the 13th Century, forces, which had been gaining momentum for some years, became active. Population had been growing, communities were becoming increasingly dependent upon the favour of crops and climate, the vicinity of the great settlements in the Chaco, Mesa Verde and Marsh Pass had been denuded of timber with consequent evaporation and, beginning in 1276, a drought set in which lasted, in varying degrees, until 1299. It is generally agreed that at this time the pueblos of the north were abandoned and a great churning took place which continued for many years.

The severity of the drought is attested by the tree-rings of the beams which were cut to carry the roofs of cliff-dwellings, etc., <sup>(1)</sup> and it was undoubtedly this drought which was the primary cause of the evacuation of the northern pueblos. However this may be, if we, today, should be the victims of such a drought, our tendency would be to seek the perennial streams of the Rockies near at hand rather than to move south over a desert plateau where water is scarce even in the best of times. It may or may not have anything to do with the case, but it is at least significant that northeastern Asia was the scene of violent turmoil during the early 13th Century when Genghis Khan went on

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(<sup>1</sup>) Douglass, 1929.

the rampage, and, while my imagination may be running away with me, it is not difficult for me to think of the Athabascans (the Navajo, followed by the Apache) as fleeing before him and seeking refuge in America. Their arrival in the Southwest would coincide with the theory and might account for the southward exodus, hastened by the combination of drought and nomadic persecution.

For us to appreciate the magnitude of the disturbances which, at various times, have harassed eastern Asia, it will help if we can, for a moment, imagine the state of mind of a people who, at an earlier date, were driven to such lengths as to undertake the building of the great wall of China. This was built in 214 B. C., and we may confidently expect to find a wave of migrants, probably Uto-Aztecs (1), having entered America at about the same time, driven forth from Asia by the agitation.

The first step toward bringing order out of the chaos resulting from this churning would be to make a survey of the entire region using common characters as criteria to establish boundaries and routes of migration. Pottery has been selected as the most obvious medium for such interpretation, and attempts have been made in various focal areas to establish sequences of types by means of stratigraphic tests in rubbish deposits.

At the present time, April, 1930, sherds from 3000 ruins have been collected and deposited at Gila Pueblo. While these ruins are chiefly situated in the southwestern section of Arizona, enough work has been done to give a basis for speculation, although it will require much investigation and exploration before these theories can be confirmed.

Briefly, this survey can be said to suggest:—

**First:** That the Chaco area was the first to be abandoned: the people moved southeast toward Mount Taylor, south to Gallup, but chiefly southwest along the Rio Puerco of the west to Holbrook where their identity became merged with the St. Johns' settlements. Their trail is marked by large ruins at Kin tiel, Navajo, Kinahzin, etc.

**Second:** The Mesa Verde exodus was chiefly to the south and southeast via the Animas, La Plata and San Juan. Some colonies drifted off to the west to the Navajo Mountain country, but most of them moved south. Pueblo Bonito was reoccupied

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(1) The Pueblo people are a part of the Shoshonean linguistic stock which, in turn, is included under the major heading of Uto-Aztec. A date of 200 B. C. would roughly coincide with the postulated date at which the Long-headed Basketmaker culture was succeeded by the Broad-headed Pueblo cultures.

for a time, and remains are numerous along the eastern slopes of the Chuska Range, near Newcomb, and as far south as Fort Wingate. The chief emigration, however, was southeast, the Chaco settlement at Aztec was reoccupied and the drift continued over the divide to the Chama, their influence being seen up and down the valley of the Rio Grande.

**Third:** Marsh Pass was abandoned about the same time as Mesa Verde, and the factor of drought assumes less significance, as water is nearly always obtainable, while the factor of persecution looms larger. The people moved southwest along the western border of the basin of the Little Colorado River. Many traces are to be found around Flagstaff, but their impetus carried them south as far as the Verde and Tonto. Later, in the 14th Century, they recoiled, joining other colonies of their own people together with increments from the east, to become the modern Hopi.

**Fourth:** About the headwaters of the Little Colorado River, near Springerville, another culture had grown to large proportions, but its origin is not clear. A few early sites have been found near Luna, and its ancestry may be hidden in the mountainous country of the Upper Gila drainage. Houses of masonry, Cliff-dwellings, pottery technique and articles found in caves all link this culture to those of the north but various discrepancies, such as the absence of kivas, imply that they parted company in the early days of Puebloan growth. Increments from the north, particularly from the Chaco and possibly a few from Mesa Verde by way of the Rio Grande Valley, contributed to keeping the level of culture abreast of the northern groups.

Red pottery with black decoration, characteristic of this culture, has been found widely distributed in Classic horizons: sherds have been found at Mesa Verde, Pueblo Bonito, Pecos, Betatakin, Wupatki, Casa Grande, Casas Grandes, the Mimbres, and afford valuable aid in cross-dating the ruins of the period.

**Fifth:** Two hundred miles southeast of the focus of the Upper Gila culture, another group of people colonized the Valley of the Mimbres. The boundary to the east has not yet been defined and it is not possible to estimate properly their importance or point with any degree of confidence to their source. In many respects, their culture resembles that of the Upper Gila, particularly in the geometric decoration of pottery.

Cross-finds are common, and there was undoubtedly frequent intercourse, but their early stages do not correspond and the Mimbres people, serving as a buffer to the plains tribes to the east, acquired traits which distinguish their remains wherever found.

### The Canal Builders

During the years that cover the origin and growth of the northern cultures a distinct and unrelated people colonized Southern Arizona. Dr. Turney has called these people Canal Builders, and I believe it to be the best name so far suggested. In all of our work up to date I have referred to their remains as the Red-on-buff culture. This, however, applies only to their pottery which is characterized by a red decoration on a buff background. Their outstanding achievement was their development of irrigation, an engineering accomplishment which was not surpassed in aboriginal America. It is thought that these people came up from Mexico, probably along the western coastal plain, bringing pottery and agriculture with them. They settled in what I have called the Gila Basin, a region that runs from Florence on the east, to Gila Bend on the west, to the Phoenix Mountains on the north, and to an, as yet, undefined extent to the south. Whether they brought a knowledge of irrigation with them is still to be determined. Dr. Turney believed that they began the practice near Phoenix. We shall know better when their origin and the route of their migration is traced. Investigations were begun in the hope of settling some of these questions, but it was found that little is left of the ancient civilization which could be used as a base upon which to build. The remains of their small scattered houses have entirely disappeared from the surface of the ground. In wet seasons there is usually a week or two when the outline of a room can be discerned by the straight lines of grass which sometimes grow in cracks beside the wall. With few exceptions the depression of an old irrigating ditch and broken pottery fragments are the only existing evidence of human activity.

Attention has accordingly been concentrated on potsherds and a definite sequence of types was worked out under the author's direction in the rubbish heaps at Casa Grande in the spring of 1927. The criteria established at that time have been used to define the bounds of the culture at various periods. These show that, during the earliest or Colonial phase, the culture was widely dispersed, reaching almost to the Colorado and well up the Verde towards Flagstaff. It occurs in Roosevelt Lake and up the Tonto, but the centre of density was around Sacaton near Casa Grande.

The second, or Sedentary period was more restricted and was confined to the Gila Basin, large colonies being found on the Salt River near Phoenix and on the Gila at Casa Grande, Sacaton, Snaketown, Sweetwater, Casa Blanca, and near Cashion.

This phase has been called Sedentary as I have imagined the people as settling down after the period of colonization, and, judging from their pottery, there seems to have been little development within the period. House remains were identical with those of the modern Pima, a thin wall about 8 inches thick built up on a frame work of mesquite or cottonwood poles. In most instances these have entirely disappeared and the ground lies smooth. The date of their advent is pure speculation as is also the length of the various periods. No logs have been preserved which could serve as a basis for dating and their mode of life was such that any estimates based on culture changes would have little value.

The peak of the culture was reached in the Classic period at Casa Grande. The scattered farming units of the early periods had grown into compact communities of one-story houses of the re-inforced type,<sup>(1)</sup> pole and brush, caliche-covered, the remains of which are to be found in numerous mounds in the Gila Basin. Both Cushing and Fewkes have stated that these mounds were planned as pyramids on which more substantial dwellings were built, but excavations at Adamsville and at Casa Grande in Compound B <sup>(2)</sup> showed that the mounds consisted of the demolished remains of earlier houses. Cushing in 1890,<sup>(3)</sup> and Dr. Turney in his recent paper on Prehistoric Irrigation<sup>(4)</sup> refer repeatedly to the scattered outlying rooms which surround the "Temples" or "Clan Castles." In my opinion these are typical dwellings of the Canal Builders, authors of the Red-on-buff culture.

At the height of the Classic period as reached at Casa Grande,<sup>(5)</sup> and at about the beginning of the 14th Century, the Gila Basin was invaded by a Puebloan people from the east. I have used the word invasion advisedly as there is no settlement of considerable size of the Classic period in either the Gila or Salt River Valleys which escaped. In this I do not agree with Dr. Turney who felt that the association was a friendly one; the imposition of the new culture was so sweeping that I find it hard to believe that the meeting was amicable.

The newcomers were Puebloan, and, until recently, have been called the Polychrome people,<sup>(6)</sup> a classification based on

(1) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 34.

(2) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 28.

(3) Cushing, 1890.

(4) Turney, 1929.

(5) The Medallion, the Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 28.

(6) "The Central Gila Intrusives" of Dr. Turney's article. I have hesitated to accept his nomenclature through fear of confusion with unrelated Gila cultures.

their pottery which consisted of a black decoration on a white slip on a red base. Recent work in Roosevelt Basin has demonstrated that these Polychrome people were the outgrowth from an earlier Black-on-white culture which came down the Upper Salt River from the vicinity of Springerville, and the name "Salado" has been suggested to cover this culture. The migration took place at the end of the 13th Century at a time when all Southwestern people were milling around due to the great drought.

Surface collections of sherds indicate that the Black-on-white forerunners came down from the northeast and settled in the neighborhood of Roosevelt Lake, where they built pueblos and cliff-dwellings in the Sierra Ancha (Pueblo Canyon, etc.), and in the Mazatzal (the Tonto National Monument). Polychrome pottery was originated during this period and gradually replaced Black-on-white and its later Black-on-red companion. Sherds of the early types are found in the Gila Basin during the Sedentary period and point to contact between the peoples, but at the time of invasion Polychrome pottery was the only decorated ware made by the invaders.

Again, in my opinion, based on the association of sherds at Casa Grande and many other sites, the Great House was built by these Salado (Polychrome) people who, in the absence of stones and boulders, used caliche as the only material available, and constructed their walls three to four feet thick to carry the load of multi-storied pueblos. It is immaterial whether these buildings are called temples, clan castles or fortresses, in all essentials they were pueblos adapted to desert conditions.

The two peoples lived together side by side for some time; long enough to cover the span of architectural development which evolved a specialized building, such as Casa Grande, from the earlier and more typical pueblo construction of Pueblo Grande. While the two cultures appear to have fraternized there is no evidence of their having merged, on the contrary their respective handiwork can be distinguished throughout the joint occupation. The Salado-Pueblo-Builders continued the making of Polychrome pottery and associated wares; they buried their dead in the earth; they made walls of masonry with stones laid in courses; they built multi-storied pueblos; they bound the heads of their babies to hard cradle-boards; they made axes of diorite of a specialized shape; they adorned themselves with pendants covered with minute squares of inlaid turquoise, the under sides of which were bevelled, and with bracelets of petunculus shell on which they sometimes carved frogs.

Each item here enumerated has its counterpart in ruins of the Salado culture in the Roosevelt Basin and at Gila Pueblo.

On the other hand the Canal Builders continued the making of Red-on-buff pottery; they cremated their dead; they continued to live in huts or wickiups of thin walls of caliche laid up on a framework of poles; they carved shell effigies of peculiar shapes and designs; they do not seem to have given up anything, and the only things which they can be said to have acquired are a negative technique in pottery decoration during the late Classic period which suggests that of Kayenta, and possibly the use of a compound wall. These compound walls, or walls of circumvallation, as Bandelier calls them,<sup>(1)</sup> were in general use in the Upper Salt drainage, in Roosevelt Basin, in the Lower Verde,<sup>(2)</sup> and it is this class of ruin, Casa de Piedras, which Dr. Turney describes<sup>(3)</sup> from the foothills to the north of Phoenix. They were Salado (Polychrome) ruins, although decorated sherds are always hard to find as it seems probable that they ground them up for tempering material as in Zuni at the present time.

At the same time compound walls are also found in pure Red-on-Buff sites as at Sacaton :9:6,<sup>(1)</sup> and it remains to be determined whether this architectural feature spread from the Salado-Pueblo to Canal Builder or vice versa, at present the burden of evidence favors the former supposition.

During the period of greatest development at Casa Grande and immediately prior to the Salado invasion, pottery is found of a kindred culture<sup>(2)</sup> which developed in the Papaguera to the south. This had its origin in the same type of Colonial Red-on-buff as that found throughout the Gila Basin and is believed to have been local and indigenous.

The Classic period seems to have been closely confined to the Gila Basin, although there may have been a separate branch on the Upper Santa Cruz near Tucson. To the east, at Gila Pueblo, near Globe, and up the Gila River towards Solomonville, a reversed operation took place in that a specialized type of Red-on-buff, highly polished and with black interior is found in Salado ruins. Work is now in progress which may help to decipher this complex. No trace of the Classic period is found to the west or north of the Gila Basin.

(1) Bandelier, Final Report. 1892.

(2) Mindeleff's "Boulder marked sites," 13th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

(3) Turney, 1929.

(1) The Medallion, The Red-on-buff Culture of the Gila Basin. p. 32.

(2) The Medallion, The Red-on-buff Culture of the Papaguera. p. 121.

A fourth and possibly decadent period has been postulated to cover the late stages of the culture. The Salado people staged an hegira when they were apparently on the crest of the wave. The great settlements were abandoned, and they drifted to the south and east. Traces have been found as far southwest as Ajo, at Nogales to the south, and to the southeast at Casas Grandes in Northern Chihuahua, Hermanas and at a site sixty miles east of El Paso. What became of these southern migrants is not known. They may have been absorbed by the people of Chihuahua, there are architectural resemblances between the Casa Grande of Arizona and the Casas Grandes of Chihuahua, but this is sheer speculation as no analysis has yet been made of the Mexican culture.

To the northwest there was a recoil from the Roosevelt Basin, and numerous Salado ruins of late type are to be found along the Mogollon Rim west of Springerville. While the opinion is based on superficial evidence, I am inclined to believe that these people form a large percentage of the modern Zuni.

This hypothetical Decadent period is also called upon to cover a class of ruins to be found at the mouth of the Verde, and irregularly along the foothills north of Phoenix. Houses were built of stones and mud with sometimes as many as twenty rooms. No decorated pottery has been found, but the plain sherds are plentiful and resemble the plain ware which is found in association with Red-on-buff. Absence of decoration has been interpreted as an implication of decadence, but I realize that the analysis is open to question. Dr. Turney disagreed with me<sup>(1)</sup> in my classification of these ruins as decadent and preferred to regard them as possible introductory to the true Canal Builder culture, but I cannot imagine an early Canal Builder phase wherein masonry walls preceded the flimsy shelters of the typical Canal Builders. An alternative theory might account for these houses as belonging to a late stage of the Tusayan culture which is known to have settled the Upper Verde, in Oak Creek and south to Camp Verde.<sup>(2)</sup> <sup>(3)</sup> The masonry is, to all appearances, Puebloan. The plain sherds strongly resemble the plain ware found in association with Red-on-buff.

The last stage of the Canal Builders and their Red-on-buff culture is the Historic phase running back to the 16th Century. When the Spaniards marched north from Sonora they found Southern Arizona occupied by the Pima and Papago. Traditions

(1) Turney. 1929.

(2) Fewkes. 28th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

(3) Mindeleff. 13th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

varied as to their relationship with Hohokan, "the Ancient Ones," some saying that there was no connection,<sup>(1)</sup> others that they were their ancestors.<sup>(2)</sup> Tradition, at best, is unreliable and often leads astray and deduction in this instance has been based on material evidence. In support of the belief that the Pima and Papago are the descendants of the Red-on-buff people it can be said that their houses are identical with those of the Canal Builders at all periods, as indicated by their ruins. The Papago today make a buff pottery which they decorate with red paint the sherds of which can easily be mistaken for typical Red-on-buff from comparatively early horizons. They are an agricultural people who have adapted themselves to desert conditions apparently as a result of long experience; they are familiar with irrigation and live exactly the type of life which one would suppose the Ancient Ones to have lived. It does not seem reasonable to me to suppose that the former population of the Salt and Gila River Valleys could have completely disappeared from the face of the earth, whereas it requires little effort of imagination to believe that the present occupants are their lineal descendants.

I know of no instance of the complete obliteration of a race; as archaeologists it is our business to attempt to identify the traits of various peoples as they have been absorbed or merged with other tribes. Until very recently, when European influence has made itself felt, it has been possible to recognize the persistence of Upper Gila and Salado characters in modern Zuni wares, of Tusayan and Kayenta characters in Hopi pottery. When people evacuate a country they are almost certain to leave traces of their route, in the form of sherds, if nothing else.

The most convincing evidence would be a comparison of head form. Before such a comparison could be made, however, it will be necessary to arrive at an agreement as to the material to be studied.

Dr. Turney has stated that "the Piman and the <sup>(1)</sup> Canal Building races had brachycephalic skulls." In this, I believe Dr. Turney was mistaken.

First, as to the Pima; the only anthropometric work amongst the Pima which has been recorded is that done by Hrdlicka for the American Museum of Natural History in 1902, and by Ten Kate in 1892 when he was working for the Hemenway Expedi-

<sup>(1)</sup> Russell. 26th Annual Report. Bureau of Ethnology.

<sup>(2)</sup> Bandelier. Final Report. 1892.

<sup>(1)</sup> Turney, 1929, p. 44.

tion. In a paper on "The Indians of Sonora Mexico" Hrdlicka states definitely in the American Anthropologist, New Series, Vol. VI, page 86:—

"The Pimas are the most dolichocephalic of the Indians of the region, closely approaching the ancient cliff-dwellers of Southern Utah."

Ten Kate, in the Journal of American Ethnology and Archaeology, 1892, Vol. III, page 125, et seq., shows that the cephalic index of 77 Pima men was 79, and of 51 Pima women 78.53. These figures are compared, page 140, with 56 skulls from Zuni ruins which show an average of 89.18.

Second, as to the Canal Builders of the Gila Basin; owing to the custom of cremation I know of no perfect skulls which have been recovered from a pure Red-on-buff site, by pure site I mean one where no trace of Polychrome has been found. The skulls to which Dr. Turney refers as Brachycephalic and posteriorly flattened are those which have been found in or adjacent to the so-called "Clan Castlers," accompanied often with plain or polychrome funerary offerings of pottery but never with Red-on-buff; furthermore I know of no instance, in the Gila Basin, of bones of cremations having been buried in Salado (Polychrome) vessels.

In my opinion the Brachycephalic skulls which have been found at sites containing multi-storied buildings, are those of the Salado (Polychrome) people and I further believe that when an unquestionable Red-on-buff skull shall be found it will turn out to be Dolichocephalic or Long-headed.

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The last acts of the Pueblo drama are a repetition of the swirling and merging of former years. Some cultures have almost lost their identity, as in the Mimbres, while others have appeared from unknown origins, as in Chihuahua. Little work has been carried on in peripheral areas and knowledge is scant. To cover this region briefly and in broad terms it can be suggested that the modern Hopi culture is based chiefly on the older Tusayan, with a heavy percentage from the people who hung on in the Canon de Chelly, the Chuskas, etc., after the northern pueblos had been abandoned. Their connection with the cliff-dwellers of the San Juan is natural and direct. Their basic stock is Shoshonean and their language is Tanoan, which links them by blood and language to the modern pueblos of the Rio Grande.

These Rio Grande pueblos have become so cosmopolitan that it would be almost impossible today to resolve them into their

original elements. Pottery decoration and technique usually offers the best means of drawing fine distinctions, but it is necessary, in the Rio Grande Valley, to go back of the Spanish conquest in order to find Puebloan culture clear of European influence. The Valley had become settled sparsely back in the days of Basketmaker III but there seems to have been such a steady infiltration from the west and northwest that, speaking ceramically, the early culture bears no individual distinction but rather suggests the influence of Mesa Verde. It was not until the beginning of the glazed paint decoration that the true culture stood forth and the scarcity of these sherds in the rubbish heaps of other cultures implies that the fashion was local and occurred comparatively late in Pueblo chronology.

The Zuni have no known relatives or identifiable origin. Zuni, Acoma and Oraibi all date back to the Spanish conquest and stratigraphic evidence from their rubbish heaps will go far towards clearing up many points at present in doubt. Excavation in occupied pueblos is not welcomed, however, and other methods should be employed. I have already suggested that the Zuni may be the modern descendants of the Salado Polychrome people, but I am afraid that my feeling is based on little more than a hunch. The Zuni language is unlike the other Puebloan languages and this would agree with the theory, as the Salado people must have broken away from the northern pueblos in very early times as they were originally a part of the St. Johns settlement. The Zuni, I believe, are the only people who grind up their sherds for tempering material, a custom which was almost certainly practised by the Salado people. Two circular kivas are recorded from an early site near Hawikuh<sup>(1)</sup> and this probably represents the southernmost penetration of this feature. During historic times the Zuni have not used either circular or subterranean kivas, their ceremonies are conducted in square rooms which, to all outward appearances, are the same as the rooms in which they live, and in this they must resemble the Salado people who, if they used kivas at all, built them square, as no circular rooms or kiva features have been found. Salado (Polychrome) sherds are to be found in numerous ruins along the crest of the Mogollon Rim, north through Showlow and Shumway to Winslow, and northeast through Springerville to St. Johns. At some ruins, notably at Showlow (Holbrook :12 :2) the customary Black paint decoration of Polychrome changes to a green glaze-paint decoration on a white slip with a red pottery base and therein shows an inter-relationship with the Zuni glazes

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(1) Hodge, 1923.

classified by Dr. Hodge,<sup>(1)</sup> in which black, green and purplish glazes were used.

In the southern area the Pima and Papago have occupied the stage during Historic time and are believed to be the descendants of the Canal Builders. To the west in the Valley of the Colorado River there are a series of Yuman tribes of whom the Mojave, Chemehuevi and Havasupai are the most noteworthy. They possess some traits which can be said to be Puebloan, but it is probably correct to regard these as acquired by contact rather than by relationship or parallel development. This applies first to corn culture, which is the chief food staple, and secondly to pottery. The Mojave, up to recent times, have made a Red-on-buff ware which, when found as fragments, often closely resembles that of the Gila Basin<sup>(2)</sup> although complete vessels show the decoration to be typically Yuman. Further to the north in the region lying west and northwest of Prescott another ware is found which has been classified as Verde Black-on-white<sup>(3)</sup> although it is more correctly a dull Black-on-grey. The theory that this pottery is Yuman is the result of deduction based on surface collections of sherds. Little work has been done in the area and confirmation of the theory will depend upon the results of more intensive investigation.

Nothing has been said in regard to the cultures south of the Mexican border as nothing is known about them. A highly specialized Puebloan culture flourished in the San Diego Valley of Northern Chihuahua in the vicinity of Colonia Doublan. Early stages of this culture have been discovered on the Hearst Ranch at Baviocora but there is little data on which to form any ideas. A related and possibly decadent culture obtained a foothold for a time to the west in Sonora, and sherds of both branches are found in Southern New Mexico from Lordsburg east into Texas.

While much remains to be done in the Southwest to amplify and correlate the true Puebloan families, it is safe to predict that the most important step to be taken will be to connect the pueblos with the major civilizations to the south in Mexico. I confidently believe that connections existed at one time and it is because of this belief that we, at Gila Pueblo, are concentrating all of our energies on the attempt to trace the source of the Red-

(1) Hodge, 1923.

(2) The Medallion, 1930. The Western Range of the Red-on-buff Culture. p. 139.

(3) The Medallion, 1930. The Western Range of the Red-on-buff Culture. p. 140.

on-buff culture. It has developed into a sort of paper-chase, the trail being laid by Early Red-on-buff sherds. Using Casa Grande as a centre, we have worked south as far as Altar in Northwestern Sonora, west as far as the Colorado River, north to Flagstaff, northeast up the Valley of the Salt, and we are now trying to cover the eastern and southeastern regions along the Gila, the San Pedro and the Santa Cruz. Early traces are most numerous on the Gila River from Florence to Liberty, but the early sites are more widely distributed than those of any of the later periods and have been found scattered through the Papagueria almost down to the border; as far west as the Dendor Valley 25 miles west of Gila Bend; to the northwest at Bouse; to the north near Camp Verde; to the northeast in Roosevelt Basin, and a few scattered sites near Globe. In every instance we have pushed beyond the farthest points of diffusion into territory where all Red-on-buff traces disappear, and, as a result, we believe that these outposts indicate extremes of penetration from a focal centre in the Gila Basin. By process of elimination the possible routes of entry have been narrowed down to the southeastern quadrant of the circle. This general direction pointed to the river systems of either Chihuahua or Sonora as possible channels of migration and we selected Lordsburg as a strategic point from which to work. Lordsburg lies at the northern apex of the Sierra Madre, a mountain chain which forms an almost impassable barrier between Chihuahua and Sonora. No trace of Red-on-buff was found east of Lordsburg and this, combined with the knowledge that no Red-on-buff sherds have been found in any Mimbres sites, has convinced us that the entry was not made by way of Chihuahua. A few early Red-on-buff sites were discovered near Tombstone and in the pass between the Dragoon and Little Dragoon Mountains. A more intensive search is planned for the near future with the expectation that the trail will lead to the border and over the divide to the drainage of the Rio Sonora. In all probability this was the same route that Coronado followed in entering the Southwest; to people moving north from Sonora the choice of two routes lies open after crossing the divide at the head of the Rio Sonora, either to follow the San Pedro north to its junction with the Gila at Winkelman, or the Santa Cruz into the Gila Basin.

At the present stage of knowledge of the archaeology of the Southwest it would not be wise to be dogmatic or positive in attempting to present the case. One is justified, however, in building up an hypothesis to cover new data as they come to light and to rely upon reason and common sense in their interpreta-

tion. I have tried to outline a theory to include the culture sequences which have been established by excavation, the migration trends indicated by surface sherd collections and the interplay of such forces as drought, environment, and persecution, which are known to have influenced men in all countries, at all times.

This theory is tentative and I wish to assert, on behalf of myself and my associates at Gila Pueblo, that we shall welcome additional data, advice or criticism which will assist us in correcting our impressions and in establishing the truth in regard to the native problems of the Southwest.

We earnestly believe that a civilization was in process of evolution here which, if studied with sympathy and intelligence, has lessons of value to our own day and generation. It is a mistake to group the many various races of native Americans under the mantle of Indians and to judge the accomplishments of the Pueblos by the standards of hatred and prejudice which many people still feel toward the nomadic Apache. They all share the common heritage of Mongol blood, but in this there is no disgrace. When Europeans landed on the shores of America and met the natives it was not the first meeting of the two races. Two hundred and fifty years before the discovery of America the ancestors and collateral descendants of the American Indian had overwhelmed the armies of Europe at the field of Mohi, had burnt Buda-Pesth and were ravaging Central Europe. These people have in them the stuff of which empires are made and there is cause for wonder, not in what they did, but that, possessing man-power, territory and a social organization, leaders and dynasties did not arise to lead them on to those stages which we call great. The record of the Old World is really not so much the story of the might of the people as it is of individual leadership; it has been the great Khans, the Alexanders, Caesars, Attilas and Napoleons, combined with the indispensable power of recording events, that have given us our History. In the New World we lack a written record to guide us, but who is prepared to say that the impulses and passions which were so active in Europe were unknown to prehistoric America? As archaeologists and as individuals engaged in studying a cross-section of human development we are treating the past of the native people of the Southwest with the respect which we believe is their due.

## THE CANYON DIABLO TRAIN ROBBERY

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On March 19, 1889, the writer and a cowboy in his employ, William Broadbent by name, rode into Winslow, Arizona, about dark, in the midst of a blinding snowstorm. All day we had been trailing up four mounted men who had broken into and robbed our ranch at the mouth of the Box Canon of Chevellons fork of the Little Colorado River. After the robbery the men had crossed Chevellons, which was bank full from melting snows, by means of a rude raft, swimming their horses. Clear Creek, six miles farther west, was likewise bank full. One of the men swam across and brought back the small boat kept there by the Waters Cattle Company and crossed the bunch to the west or Winslow side. We crossed both creeks in the same way. The trail was not hard to follow. The right forefoot of one horse had been shod recently with a second-hand shoe from which the nail heads protruded, making a clearly defined track in the soft soil. Moreover, the robbers were evidently short of nails, for there were but three on the inside, instead of the usual four. He was a good big horse, because he wore at least a number two shoe, an unusual size for our cowboy ponies of those days. Another had been fitted with a second-hand shoe on a hind foot and in his haste the boy who did the job nailed it on somewhat out of line with the hoof. This also was a large-sized shoe. Any experienced trailer could pick both these tracks out of a thousand.

A third horse was evidently a "side winder"—a pacing pony—easily told by the little piles of dirt thrown back by the "snap" of his hoofs as he picked them up—a trick of all pacers.

Not only did their tracks make trailing a fairly easy job, but also due to these peculiarities we were able by them to locate the riders almost to a certainty.

They were cowboys who had worked for a big cow outfit the previous summer. Two of them should be big men and a third, a small chap, who wore a large fancy Mexican sombrero and carried an ivory-handled six-shooter. The fourth we were not so sure of, but not more than two guesses would locate him.

About a mile east of Winslow the road forked. One led into the town, the other struck off to the southwest towards the Sunset Pass. The four men took the road to the Sunset Pass. The snow was falling in blinding sheets. Trailing was out of

the question. We decided to call it a day. With our horses comfortably located in Breed's Corral in Winslow, a bed engaged at "Doc" Demorest's Hotel and a supper at the Harvey Eating House, we felt considerably better.

A wire was sent to the sheriff at Holbrook informing him of the robbery of the ranch and the possibility of our following the robbers if the storm cleared the next day. In those early days the railroad operators did the Western Union business. About one a. m. we were awakened by a knock on our door at the hotel. It was the Santa Fe Division Superintendent, John O. Dodge, with his chief dispatcher, Al Miller. Both had heard our wires to Holbrook. They told us the Santa Fe passenger train No. 2 had been held up and robbed within a few minutes by four men at the Canyon Diablo station some 24 miles west of Winslow, according to the train-conductor's wire. One of them wore a Mexican sombrero and carried a white-handled six-shooter. Did I think it might be the four men we had been following the day before? If so, did we want to take up the trail again?

Did we? Well, there wasn't anything we wanted to do more.

"Good, get down to the stock yards as soon as you can!" They were on their way to order the cars and train crew.

We each carried 44-calibre six-shooters and Winchester carbines. Breed's clerk, who slept in the store, was awakened. He sold us two boxes of cartridges from which we filled every loop in our belts and put the rest in our saddle pockets. We might need it before we got home again. Quien sabe?

Also he unlocked the big corral gate out of which we rode our horses into the darkness of the night. A yard engine with a stock car and a caboose took us down to the Canyon Diablo station in fifty minutes. By the time our horses were unloaded it was nearly 4 o'clock of March 20. The storm was over, the air was clear and snappy. About four inches of soft snow covered the ground. The only man at the station who could give us any definite information about the robbery was the telegraph operator, a young chap about 22 years old. We plied him with questions. His story was fairly clear.

"About ten minutes before the train whistled for orders down the track," he explained, "I found my line wide open. Somebody gone and left his key open, I says to myself. Quick tests showed the line 'dead' on both sides." Before he could locate the break the train was at the station. Later on, he found

both the incoming and outgoing wires had been cut just outside the building. "Those chaps surely were onto their job," was his comment.

"First intimation I had of anything wrong was the crash of a bullet through the office window, which buried itself in the wall above my head. 'There I was,' he explained, 'sitting at the desk in the bay window with a lamp blazing away and me an easy mark for anyone out gunning for telegraph operators. I caught a glimpse of an armed man standing by the engine. Also of the fireman and engineer right in front of him holding their hands above their heads. Men think quickly in such emergencies. A hold-up, says I to myself. One quick puff and the lamp was out and I was like Moses—in the dark. A long jump and I was away from that bay window and out of the danger zone. Then I did some fast thinking. I remembers there was a standing reward of one thousand dollars offered by the railroad company, plus two thousand dollars from Wells-Fargo and Company for the capture, dead or alive, of each and every person attempting to rob their trains or express cars. Think I to myself, what's wrong with me bagging a train robber all by my lonesome and raking in that reward money?'"

He was a mere boy, but he had the enthusiasm of youth and a desire to win both wealth and fame. This young telegraph operator was plainly keen on business propositions.

Over in one corner stood his Winchester rifle with which he occasionally hunted antelope or jack rabbits. Picking it up he stepped carefully out of the back door of his office into the dark, and peered cautiously round the corner of the building. The torches held by the engineer and fireman and the glare from the fire-box outlined clearly the scene.

"I could see old Jack Woods, the engineer, and his fireman, with a cowboy standing guard over them—just as plain as broad day. I noticed the cowboy had a big Mexican sombrero on and that the handle of his six-shooter was white. Looked like I had the opportunity of my life to bag me a train robber or two and pick up a few thousand pesos and not take much risk. 'Dead or alive' the Wells-Fargo bulletin says. It's the open season on train robbers, says I. Here goes for a pot shot."

However, as he was working the muzzle of his rifle into position for a shot at the robber with the big hat, our young friend got the surprise of his life.

Out of the darkness to his right came a shot. He saw its flash plainly. A rifle bullet crashed into the wooden building

not six inches from his body. The robbers evidently had a confederate on guard who was right on the job. As the operator dropped to the ground, a second shot from his friend somewhere out in the darkness tore through the corner of the station.

"Three times and out, I says to myself, there's too much going on 'round here for yours truly. Me for a change of scenery; an', anyhow, my contract with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company didn't call for any intervention on my part to protect the company's property from armed gents that would just as leave bore a hole through you as not." He rambled on with his story at a great rate. "The company has a lot of special agents hired for just such jobs. Let them do the fighting."

About ten feet from the station there was a pile of wooden railroad ties. Toward this he wormed his way, as silently as a caterpillar walking over a velvet dress. Safely behind it he felt much better. "Now, let 'em shoot!"

From his new position he could see down the side of the trail. Alarmed by the shots, two men had jumped from the express car. Each carried a gunny sack full of plunder in one hand, his six-shooter in the other. They joined the man guarding the engineer and fireman. Then the three slipped quietly and quickly away from the train and were swallowed up in the darkness.

"Why didn't you take a shot at them?" we asked the operator. "You had all the best of it behind that fort of railway ties." He grinned and shook his head: "Not me. I'd had all the thrills I wanted for one night. Far be it from me to detain those man-killing hombres a moment longer than was ab-so-lutely necessary."

The clatter of horses' hoofs convinced the engineer that the bandits were gone. Opening the express car they found the messenger lying in one corner, tied hand and foot, still hazy from a blow he received from the butt of a six-shooter when he stuck his head out of the door of the car, thinking the agent was there. The messenger's name was Ed Knickerbocker.

A hearty breakfast at the section house and we were on the robbers' trail. The snow was disappearing fast, but the soft ground made trailing an easy matter. The tracks indicated that the robbers had left their horses in care of one man at a little corral a hundred yards from the station. From the scattered grain they had evidently borrowed some barley from a sack in

the corral and taken it along to feed their horses when they had a chance.

It didn't take Broadbent and me five minutes to pick out the tracks of our friends of the day before. There plainly in the soft earth were the footprints of the two big horses. Each with one unusual shoe, while the little pacing pony had left his characteristic signs with each step.

Out into the Canyon Diablo plains we followed them at a fast trot. They had at least four hours' start of us, but we figured they had been riding most of the night and would be forced to stop and rest somewhere.

Ten miles out from the station the trail swung into some heavy cedars, where a rough trail crossed the canyon. We decided the robbers were heading for Flagstaff. As we neared the canyon, the smell of cedar smoke came to us very plainly. "Mebbeso one of Hank Lockett's sheep camps. He winters along the canyon hereabouts," was Broadbent's remark. But a sheep camp means sheep tracks and we had seen nothing of the kind. Two against four meant taking no chances. If it was smoke from the robbers' fire, they weren't planning on anyone man following them. If it was a sheep camp we might learn something of our quarry.

Leaving the horses tied to a cedar we crawled up to the edge of the canyon. We each had a six-shooter in our hands. "There are four of them and only two of us, Bill." I whispered in his ear. "If it's our friends, shoot first and holler 'hands up' afterwards. We can't take any chances on these birds." Bill nodded.

As we neared the edge we could see a blue wisp of smoke rising lazily in the clear frosty air. I can't say just how I did feel but Broadbent afterwards said his heart "was thumping so hard that he was afraid the robbers would hear it down below."

Right on the brink grew a couple of yuccas. With these for a screen we peered cautiously over the edge of the canyon. I was dead certain we would see all four men sitting round a camp fire, right under us.

Instead a huge black shadow swept upward almost into my startled eyes. The hoarse "caw, caw, caw" of a desert raven burst upon my ears, the swish of its black wings beat the air like the flapping sail. We were both completely unnerved for several minutes. But it was plain that our men were gone and the

coast was clear. Fearful of a trick, however, I left Broadbent at the top to keep watch while I slipped away and down the trail. Here I found they had come back up the trail on our side and headed for the mountains to the south. They weren't going to Flagstaff after all.

We found their camp fire on a little "bench" about 30 or 40 feet below the edge of the cliff. They had built a fire, made coffee and eaten a hearty breakfast of crackers and a can of chipped beef. Not far away the ground was covered with barley where they had fed their horses on a blanket. The grain they had stolen from the corral at the canyon. All around the place were torn Wells-Fargo envelopes, wrapping paper and twine, with the big red seals of that company, all mute evidences of the robbers' work. Poking around in the fire we found a five dollar gold piece, evidently overlooked in their hasty rifling of the envelopes. We gathered up a number of pieces of the half-burned envelopes for evidence if we ever got the rascals into court. As far as we could figure, the robbers had spent at least two hours here. This would give them about two hours' start of us from this point. We decided we must use care in following them from here on.

With one of us riding right on the trail, the other would gallop ahead and swing in a big circle until he "cut the sign." Then he would follow it carefully while the other man loped ahead and repeated the trick. Thus we were able to follow very fast. We were anxious to overhaul them, if possible, before they got into the mountains when trailing would be more difficult and much more dangerous for us.

Once we lost the trail absolutely. The shod tracks went onto a bunch of flat sandstone rocks and then disappeared into space. We "cut for signs" on foot and on horseback, all to no avail. Suddenly, Bill gave a yell. I rode over to him. He was pointing excitedly to a bright red woolen thread hanging from a sage bush. We read it like an open book. They had ridden their horses onto the rock, cut an old Navajo saddle blanket into pieces, tied one around each horse's foot for a muffler, then ridden boldly off the rock. We looked for large "quashed out" paces on the soft ground and soon picked up the trail. But for that telltale bit of red Navajo yarn torn from one of the pieces, we might not have suspected them of such a trick. An hour later we found the same old shod tracks in evidence again. We were curious to see how closely we had guessed the truth. A little scouting round showed us a large flat "pancake" rock that

had been disturbed. The two of us lifted it up. There snugly hidden away lay the worn-out bits of blanket. We surely felt ourselves rather smart trailers.

Again we lost them in a maze of horse-tracks but soon worked it out. They had rounded up a bunch of wild range mares and while three rode ahead, a fourth drove the loose horses over the trail and blotted it out. However, we guessed what their trick was. When we came onto a large bunch of range mares scattered out feeding, we simply swung round them and soon picked up the trail made by our four friends, which now swung to the southeast.

The huge bulk of the two mesas that form the "Sunset Pass" loomed up ahead. We guessed they would go to a horse camp of the Hashknife Cattle Company and either borrow or steal fresh horses. Instead of going round the mesa they drove directly for it and fought their way up its northern slope over slide rocks and through cedar thickets to its crest. Here they rode the full length of the mesa, stopping at a water hole in the cedars to rest and eat. One of them had ridden over to the edge of the mesa where he could look down into the pass and see the corral and horse camp below. Just why they didn't make it a visit we never learned. We spent the night at the same water hole.

From this camp they plunged straight off the Sunset mesa at its northeastern point down onto the open prairie below. Here they had stopped for several hours while two of them—so they told us later—scouted round trying to pick up some fresh horses from several hundred cow ponies which the Hashknife outfit grazed round the Pass. Their search proved fruitless. None of the horses could be caught unless corralled and they dared not drive them to a corral for fear of discovery.

Coffee and two jackrabbits they shot and cooked furnished them their meals at this place. They had the best of us for we had only rabbits.

From here, Broadbent rode alone into the horse camp at the Pass, and without divulging his errand, learned that the two men at the camp had had no visitors recently nor had they heard about the train robbery. Our friends now rode boldly ahead to the north. They told us they felt quite sure no one was on their trail. "If we had suspected anything, what we'd have done to you two would have been a-plenty," was their bitter comment on our success in following them when we talked it over with them in the jail at Prescott some time later.

They crossed the Santa Fe track about 10 miles west of Winslow riding as straight to the north for Lee's Ferry on the Big Colorado as a crow could fly. At the railroad track we stopped to decide on our plans. We were half-starved and our horses were about done up. About half a mile down the track a section gang was at work. I told Broadbent to ride on over the trail for six or eight miles until certain the men were headed north and had not swung around either into Winslow or Flagstaff and come back to this point and wait for me. While he did this I was to get the section foreman to take me into Winslow on his hand-car to see the railroad people. In the superintendent's office I learned to my surprise that two parties had been out in the hills looking for not only the train robbers but for us. We had been out three days. Both parties had come back the second day at dark only to report their failure to find either our trail or that of the robbers. How they ever missed the plain trail left by six men—four hunted and two hunters—I never yet have been able to understand. The general impression was that we had been ambushed and both killed. Our news of the robbers' trail stirred things up. Canon Diablo was then in Yavapai County, Coconino County not yet having been created. The sheriff of Yavapai County was the famous William O'Neill, stenographer, court reporter, editor, politician and all round sport, commonly known as "Bucky," from his well known propensity for "bucking" the faro games in his home city—Prescott. He was at Flagstaff. A wire started him and his deputy, Jim Black, down from Flag on the first train. Carl Holton and Fred Fornoff, two railroad special officers, were at Gallup, New Mexico. Leaving behind full information as to how they were to follow our trail, and carrying grain for our horses and grub for ourselves, I went on the hand-car back to where Broadbent was waiting for me.

We were to hang onto the trail until overtaken by O'Neill's posse. We took pains to leave plenty of signs along the way. A pile of stones, a broken sage brush, a bit of rag tied to a yucca-stalk was all they needed to keep them straight. The robbers had apparently made no attempts to hide their trail. We met a Mexican sheepherder below the mouth of the Canyon Diablo wash who said his camp had been raided the day before by several men while he was away with the herd. Not content with taking what they could carry off, they dumped a sack of sugar and one of flour upon the ground, done in sheer wanton devilment.

Due north the trail led into the very heart of the Painted

Desert. There on the Navajo Indian reservation we ran into a wild-eyed shrill-voiced Navajo squaw herding a band of sheep. Like most Navajos she spoke considerable Spanish. "Had she seen any mounted men recently?" She certainly had. Four—she held up four fingers—"Belicanos"—Americans, had visited her camp while she was out with the herd and feasted upon everything eatable in it. Also they carried off with them a whole mutton she had killed and dressed that morning and left hanging in a cedar tree. She was somewhat mollified by finding three silver dollars lying on her bed which the raiders had left to pay for her hospitality.

Here O'Neill and his party overtook us. It consisted of the Sheriff Bucky O'Neill, his Flagstaff Deputy, Jim Black, and two Santa Fe special officers—Fred Fornhoff and Carl Holton. Our horses were about worn out, and we, too, were considerably the worse for wear, and mighty glad to turn the trail over to him. They were well mounted and had a good pack mule on which to carry grub and bedding; two things we had sadly lacked. As near as we could learn from the squaw the robbers were about out of horse-flesh themselves and were not making any fast time.

From this point O'Neill sent a frowsy-headed Navajo kid with a message to the railroad people at Winslow, telling them the direction taken by the robbers and urging that the settlements in Southern Utah, towards which they were undoubtedly heading, be wired of the fact and the officers in that region put on the lookout. We bade the O'Neill party good-bye and good luck and struck across country for Holbrook, which we reached several days later, ourselves and horses about all in.

O'Neill reached the Crossing at Lee's Ferry to learn that the fugitives had crossed only two days before. The ferryman was mad clear through. The robbers had coaxed a man by the name of Will Lee, with whom they had struck up an acquaintance along the way, to cross on the boat ahead of them and then by waiting for night, steal the boat and cross the four robbers while the ferryman was asleep. In this way they hoped to get across without leaving any trace behind at the ferry. It leaked out, however. On April 13, 1889, a correspondent of the *Deseret News* at Salt Lake published a story detailing the way the robbers crossed. The big ferry-boat had been hauled out of the river for repairs, which delayed the sheriff's party a few hours, but were finally ferried across together with their horses and plunder and took up the trail on the north side of the river.

Like all experienced man-hunters, O'Neill knew that with his fugitives making a plain trail ahead of him it was only a question of time until he overtook them.

Up through that vast uninhabited region in Northern Arizona, known as the "House Rock Valley" O'Neill and his men followed the four robbers. He was making two miles to their one. Also he was taking no chances. He knew the kind of men he was after. They would stop at nothing. He realized that if the robbers got the least suspicion they were being followed they would lay in ambush for him. Hence his party used every artifice known to frontiersmen to protect themselves from a surprise attack.\*

On Sunday afternoon they rode into a little Mormon settlement close to the Utah line, but still inside the territory of Arizona. It was a hundred and fifty miles to the nearest railroad point and about as far out of civilization as it was possible to get, even at that date. They found the place bubbling and seething with excitement. A number of badly demoralized men were milling round like a lot of stampeded cattle. When they found out who O'Neill was they poured their story into his ears. About ten o'clock that morning four men had ridden into the settlement. At the first cabin one dismounted and asked the woman if they could get something to eat. She agreed to cook dinner for them. She also called a boy, who for a silver dollar, brought four *morales*, or feed bags, full of corn which they hung onto their hungry horses. Meanwhile, the four men, their Winchester in their laps, sat down on the steps of the little front porch to wait for their meal—the first real one in many hours. Travelers were few and far between in that region. Being Sunday a few of the men were at home. One of them was the village constable. He had just received by the local mail carrier a description of four men wanted down in Arizona for train robbery, and who were supposed to be working up in that direction. This local Hawkshaw quietly got together four men who, after reading the notice he had received, agreed that the description fitted the four exactly. They didn't dare examine too closely, but the white-handled six-shooter was there in plain sight. They were not a bloodthirsty bunch, those Mormons, but the reward of three thousand dollars each for the apprehension of the train

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\*On April 11 the Salt Lake, Denver and local Arizona papers published dispatches to the effect that O'Neill's party had had a fight with the robbers and two deputies had been killed. How such false news got out was never established. There was nothing to it.

robbers looked like easy money to them all. Lulled into a sense of security, the robbers took no note of what was going on about them. They were out of the world of telegraphs, telephones or railroads. What was there to worry about? There was nothing to fear from these homespun yokels. Sitting around the woman's well-filled table the first thing they knew they were looking into the muzzles of four old-time sheep-herders' rifles, using those huge calibre-fifty cartridges that bored a hole into a man's anatomy into which one could stick his fist. Like sensible men they threw up their hands when commanded to do so, and accepted the situation, hoping for some favorable turn of fortune's wheel to enable them to escape. After being searched and disarmed they were allowed to finish their meal, while the four Mormons stood guard over them. They stacked the robbers' weapons in one corner of the room. Their one weak action was their failure to notify the other men in the village of what was going on, because, doubtless, they wanted as few to share in the reward as possible. One of the robbers finished his meal, and pushing back from the table drew a sack of tobacco from his vest pocket. Having manufactured a cigarette he asked the nearest guard for a light. As the man drew near, the robber yawned, threw out his arm in a mighty stretch as if at peace with all the world. The guard, a mere lad in years, stood before him fishing in his vest pocket for a match. His rifle rested comfortably in the hollow of one arm. Like a bolt from Heaven, the outlaw's fist shot an uppercut to the man's chin that would have done credit to a world's champion. He went down in a heap for the full count. As he fell the robber, now very much alive, grabbed his captor's rifle. Before the rest of the amateur sheriffs could make a move he had the calibre-fifty trained on them at full cock. He swung the rifle slowly back and forth to cover them all. Under his persuasive words they dropped their rifles clattering to the floor. "They weren't nothing else to do," the leader explained to O'Neill, "That feller sure looked mighty dangerous and would just as soon do a little shooting as not. We done let him have his own way."

The four hard-boiled train robbers then herded them all, including the woman, into a little cellar sort of an affair and locked the door on them. Having first broken over a handy stump every gun belonging to their late captors, they mounted their horses and rode away.

O'Neill and his bunch lost no time in taking up their trail. They felt sure the end was close at hand, for the men said the

robbers' horses were badly used up and unable to travel fast. The road they took led through a rough canyon.

Just at dark, Bucky, who was ahead, caught sight of one of them just turning a corner in the canyon. He got a snap shot at him which brought down the robber's horse. The four officers with O'Neill in the lead dashed up the canyon in hot pursuit. A chance shot struck O'Neill's horse squarely between the eyes. As he went down he found himself pinned helpless under the dying animal. Holton dropped from his horse and helped him get loose, then hurried on after Black and Fornhoff. Five minutes later the fight was over and the four men were prisoners without any further casualties.

When they returned to the Mormon settlement for the night, the man upon whose jaw the robber made the scientific uppercut had considerable to say to his late opponent. Mostly it related to his maternal ancestry and his doubtful origin. However, when O'Neill threatened to remove the prisoner's handcuffs and let them fight it out unless he shut up, he calmed down and said no more. The woman who furnished the meal for which the robbers failed to pay asked one of the renegades to settle up. He advised the indignant female, however, that the sheriff was acting as their financial manager, and handling all their funds and that if any paying was done it would be done by him.

A thorough search of the four men, including their saddle pockets, unearthed a large amount of currency, some of it still in the original express envelopes. Also considerable gold coin, and a gold watch so new that it still bore the original tag of the jeweler who sold and shipped it by express to an Arizona point. They also had two fine razors and some of the boy's clothing, stolen from our ranch, all of which O'Neill knew would be excellent material when placed before the grand jury of Yavapai County in the near future. They gave the names of J. J. Smith, D. M. Harvick, W. D. Sterin and John Halford.

O'Neill was a brave, resourceful man. Miles from the nearest railroad point, with four desperate prisoners on his hands who would be charged with robbing a railway train carrying the United States mail, he dared take no chances.

Oddly enough, on March 6, two weeks before the Canyon Diablo affair, the Arizona Legislature had passed, and the governor had approved, a law under which the penalty was death for train robbery where firearms were used. He doubted if the robbers knew this fact, but nevertheless it behooved him to watch

his step and never for a moment relax his vigilance or that of the men under him. In conference with his men he studied the best way to get back to Northern Arizona. To retrace their steps via Lee's Ferry meant a journey through an absolutely uninhabited region for nearly 400 miles over an atrocious road. They must camp nights, which would mean extra guards. The alternative was to go north to Salt Lake. It was 150 miles to the first railroad point and 250 more to Salt Lake. From there to Prescott was a long round-about journey over three lines of railroad, but it was by far the safest road and he had no desire to waste any of his captives on the way back. Bucky told them frankly that he proposed to get them back to Prescott alive or dead,—it was up to them which it should be. At Panguitch, Utah, he had leg irons riveted on them all by a local blacksmith.

They made the journey to Marysvale, Utah, the first railroad point, by wagon, with the four prisoners chained together hand and foot as securely as they could possibly be made. It was a tiresome ride for all concerned. O'Neill once said he was never in all his life so glad to see a railroad train as he was the day they arrived at Marysvale.

The party reached Salt Lake the evening of April 10. O'Neill took his prisoners straight to the city jail and locked them up for safe keeping. They all needed a bath and clean clothes so early the next morning a blacksmith cut the irons off them and they took baths and changed clothes. Then he shackled them all anew with ordinary lock irons. The Salt Lake papers of April 11 contained full accounts of the affair.

At Denver, the papers played up the bunch in great style. Among other things, they expatiated on the new law and the chances the prisoners had to escape its penalty. To O'Neill's disgust they got hold of a copy and learned the bad news.

When the long Santa Fe train rolled down the westward slope of the Raton Pass and reached the town of Raton, O'Neill made his usual evening inspection of his captives, who had an entire tourist pullman to themselves. The four robbers were paired off in lower berths. Each man had his legs shackled together with the most up-to-date "leg irons" known to the thieving fraternity. Besides this, the right wrist of one man and the left of the other was encircled by a steel bracelet joined together by a steel chain about two feet long.

O'Neill and his three men occupied berths in the car across the aisle from the prisoners, one of them always on guard while the rest were not far away. The sheriff looked the prisoners

over very often. He was taking no chances on an escape. At Trinidad, Colorado, on the eastern slope of the Ratons, the prisoners had their supper, after which O'Neill satisfied himself they were perfectly secure. Soon after this they had their berths made up and went to bed. When the long train neared the little town of Raton, New Mexico, on the western side of the mountain where it changed engines, O'Neill decided to take a good-night look at his "Gold Dust Twins" as the paired off robbers had been nick-named. Nodding to the deputy on guard, he swept back the curtains of the berth occupied by the first couple. Both men lay there sound asleep. Satisfied with his inspection, he opened the curtains to the next berth, gave a casual look at the reclining figure in front and was on the point of dropping the curtain. Suddenly his figure stiffened. He pushed the curtain wide apart and dived into that berth over the recumbent figure on the front side. He swung his arms wildly around in the now-empty space at the rear of the berth, seeking the fourth man—the prisoner's "twin." Underneath the blankets his hand struck a long steel chain with a single handcuff attached. Its opened "jaws" showed the lock had been picked in some way. The other end was still fast to the wrist of the remaining man. With a smothered oath, O'Neill yanked fiercely at the loose chain bringing the prisoner, to whose wrist the other end was attached, to a sitting position with a snap. But the prisoner's face was as stupid and his eyes as innocent as a babe's. Nor could O'Neill or any of his men force him to reveal the secret of the escape. O'Neill knew he had them all at Trinidad, and was short one at Raton two hours later. A little study of conditions convinced him that his man could have escaped in but one place and that was in the long tunnel that entered the top of the mountain on the Colorado side and came out the New Mexico side. Entering the tunnel the grade was heavy which forced the trains to run very slowly until about half way through, when the grade turned sharply down and the trains speeded up. A hasty "council of war" with his deputies convinced O'Neill that the missing man, having slipped his handcuff, had managed to squeeze through the pullman window while the train was crawling slowly up the grade in the tunnel and had dropped by the side of the track. With his legs chained together, the officers were quite sure the man could not get far away if indeed he was not ground to death under the wheels of the train. The instant the train stopped at Raton, O'Neill got hold of the division superintendent and asked for an engine and caboose with which to run up the mountain to the tunnel and search for the missing man. While this was being made

ready, the three remaining prisoners were driven to the county jail and locked up for safety. On top of the mountain a snow storm was raging. There was a foot of snow on the ground and more falling every minute. For any human being to escape handicapped as was Smith—the robber—seemed wholly out of the question. O'Neill was terribly chagrined over the man's escape but never for a moment did he doubt he would have him safely back again before daylight. With half a dozen local officers familiar with the tunnel and its vicinity, the caboose and engine tore off up the mountain side in the face of the blizzard. They were all agreed on one point, that if the man dropped off after the train started down the hill, his mangled body would mark the spot where he fell. If on the other side of the grade, they were quite sure he was alive and would be found hidden away in the dark tunnel. Never for an instant did any of them believe he would attempt to leave the shelter of the tunnel and face such a storm as was then raging.

A keen-eyed deputy standing on each side of the foot-board at the front of the yard engine, pressed into service for the occasion, scanned every inch of the right of way. At the west portal two men dropped off to watch that end of the tunnel. The rest rode slowly through to the east portal, examining as they went every foot of the tunnel with bull's eye lamps. Yet when they reached the east end they found no sign of their man. The only living thing they found in or near the eastern portal was a bunch of hobbled burros wandering round in the deep snow, nibbling at the tops of the mahogany brush to appease their hunger. But not a single man track anywhere. While the engine and crew ran down the track towards Trinidad and roused the several section crews and put them on guard, O'Neill and his posse walked back through the tunnel, six-shooters in hand, ready for any emergency. But they reached the western portal empty-handed, although there wasn't a single nook or corner of the mile and a half they didn't search. When the yard engine and caboose came back from Trinidad, O'Neill kept one of his own men with him at the east portal and sent the rest through the tunnel with orders to drop his other two men there and take the rest back to Raton. The men left behind were to search once more for signs of the man leaving the tunnel and nab him if he came out.

Six hours later, having exhausted every resource he had, O'Neill flagged a westbound passenger train at the east portal, climbed aboard, picked up his other two men at the west portal and rode empty-handed down to Raton. Not a trace of the es-

caped train robber had they found. "If he had had wings, he couldn't have vanished any more completely," was O'Neill's statement when he returned. Very wisely he decided to get the other three robbers safely inside the walls of the county jail at Prescott with as little delay as possible. With them off his hands he could come back and do a little more man-hunting.

On April 15 the county jailer turned the keys on the three prisoners. They, at least, were safe enough. But like the Ninety and Nine—it was the one lost lamb that the Shepherd most ardently craved.

Inside of three weeks the three were indicted by a grand jury and their case set for trial at an early day. The new law had them thoroughly scared. The unchallenged testimony of Broadbent and myself, together with that of O'Neill and his officers, convinced the attorney who took the robbers' case that their conviction before a trial jury was a foregone conclusion. After numerous conferences between the district attorney, the robbers' attorney and the legal representatives of the railroad and Wells-Fargo, the three outlaws agreed to plead guilty with the understanding that they would be sentenced to 25 years in the Yuma penitentiary. This was done, and the case was closed as far as the three were considered. Each served his full time, less reductions for good behavior.

That gallant officer, O'Neill, saw the convicted men safely locked up in cells hewed out of the solid rock cliff at Yuma, and then started for New Mexico to work out the mystery of the disappearance of Smith, who had given O'Neill the slip somewhere in the Raton Pass.

Smith's father was said to have been a Baptist minister in Central Georgia, but local officers were never able to get any trace of him in that neighborhood. Smith had worked at several cow ranches in the Texas Pan-Handle, and it was in that region that O'Neill confidently expected to find him. How Smith was finally run to earth at a round-up outfit in the Pan-Handle and again escaped with a bullet from O'Neill's revolver through his leg, to be later captured by a Texas Ranger, is quite another story. He was taken back to Prescott on June 8, 1889, where on learning of the action taken by his confederates, he decided to follow their example and plead guilty. He was sentenced on Nov. 22, 1889. Considering the trouble he had caused the state and its officers, and that he was the real leader of the four, the judge gave him thirty (30) years, or five more than the rest got.

There was considerable of a mix-up in the names of the robbers as reported by the press dispatches.

The Salt Lake and several Arizona papers had them as follows:

Tobe Quince, Charles Clark, William Sterin and J. J. Smith.

Other papers gave the names as: Sterin, Long John Halford, John J. Smith and D. M. Havrick.

To settle the matter definitely the records of the State Prison have been examined. They show the names and other data as follows:

William Sterin. No. 594. Received July 28, 1889. Sentenced to twenty-five years. Discharged by unconditional pardon, Nov. 1, 1897.

John Halford. No. 592. Received July 22, 1889. Twenty-five years. Discharged by unconditional pardon Nov. 1, 1897.

Daniel Harvick. No. 590. Received July 22, 1889. Twenty-five years. Pardoned by Governor Franklin, Dec. 25, 1896.

J. J. Smith. No. 621. Received Nov. 24, 1889. Thirty years. Released August 13, 1893, by pardon from Governor Hughes.

Smith, therefore, served four years; Harvick seven and Halford and Sterin eight each.

The story of the rescue of a school-teacher from good old Boston town, who was lost on the Texas prairie, which rescue was the incidental cause of Smith's final capture, and which by that same token was the absolute cause of his parole by Governor Hughes after he and his predecessor in office, Governor Murphy, had been driven nearly to distraction by her pleadings, is also another story; one of the most romantic and interesting in the annals of Arizona.

(Editor's Note—Mr. Barnes is a former resident of Arizona, having come to Phoenix in 1879 with the army. He was for many years a stockman in Arizona and New Mexico; was a member of the legislature of both states as well as chairman of the live stock board of both states. For Distinguished Service during the Apache campaign he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He was a real pioneer trail-blazer of the southwest. He went to Washington D. C., more than twenty years ago, and is now with the United States Geographic Board. He is a brother-in-law of Mrs. Ancil Martin of Phoenix.)

## EARLY DAYS IN ARIZONA

As Seen By

THOMAS THOMPSON HUNTER

In the fall of 1867 I entered the Territory of Arizona with a herd of cattle gathered in Central Texas and driven across the plains, seeking a market at the Government Post, the only beef supply available at the time for the different army posts. The trip was a dreary one from the start, accompanied by dangers and hardships innumerable. Every inch of the distance across was menaced by hostile Indians, who never lost an opportunity to attack our outfit. For weeks at a time we subsisted solely upon our herd; beef straight being our only ration. Apache Pass was the first place of any note reached in Arizona. A small company of U. S. Infantry occupied the military post there, known as Fort Bowie. On the day of our arrival at Bowie, it looked pretty gloomy and lonesome for the few soldiers stationed there. The Indians were hooting and guying the soldiers from the cliffs and boulders on the mountain sides. They spoke mostly in Spanish, but several of their number could make themselves understood in our native tongue (English).

A few days before our arrival at Fort Bowie a sad accident happened that impressed me very much. The commander, a captain of the post, could not believe that there existed such a thing as a hostile Indian. He had never been close to one. An alarm was given by some of the herders that they had been attacked by Indians. The captain indiscreetly mounted his horse, and with only one assistant, galloped off to where the Indians were last seen. The wily Apaches concealed themselves, and when the captain approached near enough instead of shooting him, as they generally did, they roped him, jerked him off his horse and dragged him to death. On the day of our arrival one of the Indians rode up on the captain's horse, charged around, yelling and hooting and defying the soldiers. I could relate other just such performances by the Reds.

It was near Bowie a few years later that Col. Stone and his escort were murdered by Apaches. Old Fort Bowie, now abandoned, is a dreary, lonesome place, and it gives one the shivers to go through that pass and recall the horrible deeds that have been committed thereabouts. While there in 1867 I looked at the little old stone cabin built by Butterfield's men, and while I am relating dark tales of Old Apache Pass, I'll tell an incident that I never heard of in print. A friend of mine was stationed

there at about the time that Butterfield's lines were drawn off. A fine looking young man, known to the employes as "John," who was an Ohio boy, I think, was the keeper of the station. The stages brought in from the Pima villages what little grain was used by the stage company's horses. At this time, old Cochise's band was friendly with the whites, and would camp in and around the station. On one occasion, John, the keeper, discovered one of Cochise's men stealing corn out of a little hole in one of the sacks. John, acting upon the impulse of the moment, kicked the Indian out of the cabin. In a little while old Chief Cochise came and made a bitter complaint to John about his abusing one of his best warriors—said it was the act of a coward, and demanded that John fight his warrior like a brave man; that he could not tolerate such an insult to one of his best men. Cochise staked off the distance. His man toed the mark, with an old Colt's cap and ball six-shooter. John, the boy keeper of the station, accepted the challenge readily, and took his station in the door of the cabin facing his antagonist, with a duplicate of the same arm that the warrior had. He looked the true specimen of frontier manhood that he was, with two white men his only backers. The Indian had his able chief with his tribe to back him. The critical moment had arrived. John, the Ohio boy, represented the white race of America, while the Indian represented the Indian world. Would John weaken? Would John face such an ordeal? The great chief stood for fair play, and he gave the signal by dropping something from his own hand. The two fired nearly together. John's dark, curly locks touched the wooden lintel over his head. The Indian's ball was a line shot, but too high by about half an inch. John's ball centered the Indian's heart, and he fell dead in his tracks. The old chief stepped forward and grasped John's hand and told him he was a brave man. This closed that particular incident, and the white boys and the Chiricahua Indians remained good friends until the stage line was taken off—an act of the Civil War. About this time there were many terrible crimes committed. Arizona was certainly a bloody battlefield.

Entering the territory north of Stein's Pass, we crossed through Doubtful Canyon during the night. At the divide where we turned down on the slope of the San Simon, we ran into a grewsome sight. A number of dead men were scattered around. We passed along as rapidly as we could in order to reach the plains before daylight. At the very time that we were passing through Doubtful Canyon, the signal fires were burning on the mountain side (Apaches), telling each other of our move-

ments. We passed on to Fort Bowie as fast as we could. In going up the mountain side entering Apache Pass, we saw where a battle royal had been fought. Prior to our arrival, the person who had contracted to deliver the U. S. mails was very hard pressed. So many riders had been killed, and so much stock lost, that the contractor would hire men by the trip to carry the mails from Bowie to Las Cruces and return. One hundred and fifty dollars would be paid for the trip. The boy who made this particular fight was named Fisher, and he had agreed to make the trip to Las Cruces. He left Bowie one afternoon mounted upon an old condemned government mule, and armed with two forty-five six-shooters. When about half way down the slope toward San Simon the enemy attacked him, and if he had had a decent mount it is my belief that he would have won out. They forced him to zigzag along the side of the mountain, their numbers driving him to the hills and preventing him from getting them in the open. All along the trail were dead ponies that Fisher had shot. We never knew how many Indians he got as they removed their dead. After he had exhausted his ammunition they finished him. The equal of this fight, that of a lone boy against such fearful odds, was never known of in Arizona's Indian wars. Fisher—and all I ever knew about him was just his name—was one of God's own boys, and the splendid leather in his make-up was duly respected by the Apache nation. The Indians honored the brave boy in his death, and nature did the rest by erecting the grand old brown mountains for his monument, which will last through Eternity.

We leave Apache Pass now and travel on toward Tucson, the next place of any importance, with the possible exception of Pantano, the historic place where W. A. Smith made one of the best fights on record. He and three companions were attacked early one morning by the Indians, and he was the only one of the four men left to tell the tale. Is there anyone in Arizona today who can possibly realize or appreciate the position of this man, fighting for his life; his three dead comrades piled around him, while he with his big old shotgun carried death and destruction at every discharge of the terrible old weapon? He justly earned for himself the name of "Shotgun Smith." The Indians afterwards said, in relating of the battle, that the man who handled the shotgun killed or wounded seven or eight of their number. Old "Shotgun Smith" lived to be an old man and died at the Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica, California. He was a personal friend of thirty years standing—a friendship that had grown with the years.

Many other horrible deeds were committed in and around Pantano, but I got through all right, and arrived in Tucson in 1867 in time to take my Christmas dinner, which I might state consisted of a can of jelly and piece or two of Mexican sugar panoche. This was a luxury for cowboys after our long drive and after a fare, principally, of beef broiled upon a stick. Oft-times there was not even that much. Oh, how I did love the old city then—a place of rest; a place of refuge. With my system relaxed, I could spread my blankets on the ground and sleep so sound—no horrible dreams; no nightmares. I was happy and contented, for once, and had no desire to move on and hunt something better. I felt, at that early date, that Arizona was good enough for me. Already I loved her grand old brown mountains. I felt at home in the strange unknown land of my adoption.

As we take the western trail from Tucson we pass on to the Gila River and enter the Pima and Maricopa Indian country. These Indians were found in a pitiful condition, poverty stricken in the extreme. They made their boast to us that they had never taken white blood. It was very easy to see why this was the case. They were being hard pressed by the Yumas, Apaches and other tribes. They were compelled to accept the whites as allies, otherwise they would have been exterminated root and branch in a few years. Among them we felt safe from the hostiles. The greatest trouble was their stealing propensities, which were thoroughly developed. Our stock were getting so poor and worn out from travel that we camped some days in this section. Quite a number of immigrants fell in with us for protection from the Apaches, and while at Maricopa a few pioneers came over from Salt River to tell us about the wonderful country over there, and induce the immigrants to settle with them. One of the inducements held out was that there was plenty of grass there, and it would be a fine place for our cattle. So our plans were changed, and about the first of January, 1868, we entered the Salt River Valley and pitched our camp just west of the Hayden Buttes. In crossing the Gila River the order was issued to cross over light—to establish camp on Salt River, then send light teams back for provisions. Unfortunately, both rivers rose to a point past fording. We could get neither way, and were reduced to the necessity of subsisting upon poor beef straight. What little flour was in camp was turned over to the women and children, and we men got along as best we could without that luxury. We waited patiently until the 16th of February, 1868, when we crossed over to the north side of the river. Before this crossing

we had procured provisions from the Bushard Government Indian traders, then running a little mill on the south side of the Gila River. In crossing the Salt River on the 16th of February, we lost an old man—W. H. Cooper, who drowned. We found a few pioneers on the north side of the Salt River, who were pioneering the first canal ever taken out of the Salt River, and known afterwards as the Swilling Canal. The business men of the territory were assisting the enterprise, and the government policy at that time was to assist all the infant settlements, and Fort McDowell, thirty-five miles from us on the Verde River, helped the little settlement a great deal. Jack Swilling was the first settler on the canal; old man Freeman came next, then McWhorter, whose settlement was abandoned not long afterward. Coming back from a business trip to Fort McDowell, the Indians murdered poor old McWhorter, as he was called. Then came Pump Handle John, then Lord Duppa and Vandermark; then myself, Hunter and McVey, then the Irish boys, then Jim Lee, Fitzgerald and Tom Conley; after them the Star Brothers, Jake and Andy, then old man John Adams and family, then One-Eyed Davis and Bill Bloem. Frenchy was located somewhere near the Irish boys, and he built the first house erected in the valley, and it consisted of four cottowood forks set in the ground and covered with mud, making a nice retreat on a hot day. While sojourning in Pima and Maricopa counties, I witnessed several incidents which are hard for me to forget. I will relate the one that impressed me most. We turned our poor cattle loose to forage. They were compelled to range away for ten or fifteen miles. It was my custom to cut sign every morning; go outside of all cattle tracks among the sand-hills. The squaws would occasionally band together and go away out to procure mesquite wood. I was out some ten or twelve miles the first time I witnessed this sight. From the top of a sand-hill, looking back toward the river, I saw the strange sight. There were two hundred and fifty Indian women in a long line, with their three-cornered baskets and long slick sticks. They at first resembled a herd of cattle, their sticks looking like horns. The wood being reached, they began filling their baskets, and when filled, each had a good burro load. It was a sight to see them, loaded with their heavy burdens, start back, in a little trot peculiar to themselves. I noticed, too, what struck me forcibly; a picket-line being maintained along the crest of sand-hills by the Pima warriors. They were armed with bows and arrows, and each sentinel stood with his bow slung ready to fire on the first sight of an enemy. This was frontiersmanship being maintained by these naked, poverty-stricken, ignorant savages; the price of

peace, self-preservation; the first law of nature, even among these savages. Just a little negligence on the part of this frontier army, and the Apache might rush upon their women and take them off to captivity and slavery. From the bottom of my heart I pitied these poor, helpless, starved people who were fighting their battle of life and making their struggle for existence in their own peculiar way. We call them savages because, for one thing, they make beasts of burden out of their women, and we were taught in our childhood that no Christian nation ever did that. The first sign of civilization was to place our women on a level with men. While with these Indians the condition of their women is the same as it was 40 years ago.

While we held our cattle on the Salt River plains, I was the herder. On Churchill's Addition to the City of Phoenix was a low, heavy soil that I designated as El Filaree Flats. Several hundred acres were well-set with el filaree, and it was the first of its kind that either the cattle or myself had ever seen. The cattle took kindly to the new forage and were soon as fat as butter. I would always turn them loose about daylight, and they would go no farther than El Filaree Flats. There they would eat their fill and lie down, and about the noon hour I would start them back to the river for water. El Filaree had begun to mature, and it seemed to me that in one night every bunch of it was covered with a varicolored caterpillar, and the cattle would not touch it that morning, and lit out to hunt pastures anew. I mounted my pony and started after them, and had to ride hard to turn them back, as in a little while more they would have been in the Apache country. It was probably mid-afternoon before I got them back to Filaree Flats. In examining the weed, I found out for the first time what the trouble was—the worm. Then I saw a funny sight. A long line of Indians of all kinds were breasting across the flats. On approaching near enough I discovered that they were gathering these worms and eating them raw, happy and innocent as children in a huckleberry patch. After getting their fill, the maidens of the tribe strung the worms through the middle with needle and thread. They would then double the strands several times and place them over their necks, and the live worms would wiggle upon their naked breasts. The sun shining on the varicolored collars made them appear to be beautiful necklaces. Of course, they were beautiful until we discovered them to be repulsive, live worms.

Some time in the spring of 1868 a little girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. John Adams. I understand that this girl is living today in Phoenix, happily married and the mother of a large family.

The first little home was started about the month of April, 1868. William Johnson, one of our cowboys, and the oldest daughter of John Adams, were married. Difficulty number one appeared and had to be overcome, but how to do so proved a difficult problem. In so far as we knew, there was no preacher in the whole of Arizona, and no justice of the peace nearer than Prescott. I told my friend Johnson that Fort McDowell was a six-company fort, and the government always looked after the spiritual welfare of the soldiers; there must, of necessity, be a chaplain stationed there, and inquiry proved this to be the case. On a most beautiful, sunshiny day in April, the prospective bride and groom, with a party of friends, armed to kill, and acting as escort to the happy couple, hiked to Fort McDowell. Our wishes were made known to the old, white-haired man whom the soldiers told us was the chaplain. This appeared to the old preacher as a most extraordinary occasion, and he communicated with the commander of the post, who agreed with him. In a short time the usually quiet military camp, situated in the far west, upon the banks of the beautiful Verde River, witnessed one of the most unusual scenes that had ever taken place in Arizona—the birth of the first little home in the Salt River Valley. The soldiers were formed in a hollow square around the big flagpole, on whose top floated the Stars and Stripes. The military band was discoursing beautiful music; the old preacher stood with uncovered head in the wonderful sunshine; the parade ground, as well as the entire surrounding country, was covered with gorgeous wild flowers, and the grand old brown mountains added dignity to the scene. Everybody looked happy, and why not? It was surely a red-letter day for Arizona, for it marked the establishing of the first home in the Salt River Valley—1868. I fail to recall the day of the month. The descendants and pioneer relatives of these first families still live in Salt River Valley. Old man John Adams and his wife were my personal friends—good people they were; true pioneers and true friends; ever ready to respond to the needs of their fellows. They would divide their last crust with the needy prospector who chanced their way. If still alive, they are very old. I would assume, however, that they both have passed to their reward in the Great Beyond.

Up to August, 1868, a number of new people came into the valley. Among them were Lum Gray and family; Grenhall Patterson and the Rowe family, and an old fellow known as Red Wilson, who formed a company with old man John Adams and others to take out what was known as the Wilson Canal. It came out of the river below the Swilling Canal. Old Red Wilson

made life miserable for me. Every time I met him he would insist on telling me of the future of the Salt River; that I was young, and that I would live to see a city built there, etc. I could not see it as he did, but I visited the valley just twenty-eight years afterwards, and realized the correctness of old Red Wilson's prophecy. Phoenix had risen from the ashes—from nothing, as it were—and was in the midst of her first-mid-winter carnival. She was gaily decorated, and presented one of the most beautiful sights that I had ever witnessed. I felt, indeed, that I was another Rip Van Winkle. The same Maricopa and Pima Indians were in plentiful evidence, the same as twenty-eight years ago, but the present Indians were from the government schools at Phoenix. What a change in so short a time! They were forming on the Churchill Addition by platoon to take part in the parade through the city—my old Filaree Flats of the long ago. Twenty-eight years before their mothers and fathers were eating raw caterpillars on the very same spot where their children were now forming for parade, with an Indian youth leading the procession with a brass band made up of their own, followed by little boy corps of drummers. The maidens—descendants of those women who so proudly wore the caterpillar necklaces of the long ago—were dressed in uniforms, and marched by platoons with the regulars of the army. Everything was changed but the old brown mountains—they looked just the same—they and Arizona's marvelous, everlasting sunshine.

A very few of the then old-timers remain. The prominent one are all gone to their reward. King Woolsey, Andrew Peeples, Sam McClatchy, Tom Dodge, Jack Swilling, George Monroe, Jerome Vaughn, Murphy Dennis, Jim Cushingberry, Bill Smith, Bronco Billy, Buckskin Tom, Bob Grooms, Joe Fugit, Joe Fye, John Montgomery and many others who figured prominently in Arizona life in the long ago, have, as far as I know, passed away. Andrew Peeples, Jack Swilling and old Negro Ben were the discoverers of the Weaver district. Jack dug out with his butcher knife thirty-thousand dollars in nuggets. Nigger Ben dug out between six and ten thousand. I do not recall the amount that Andrew Peeples got. The Indians took the life of Negro Ben some time in the seventies.

I will relate some happenings of 1867, concerning a boy who had a great part in the early history of Arizona. A warm comradeship had grown up between him and me. We had fought side by side and suffered privations together until we were as brothers. We met first in the spring of 1867, and both were employed to drive cattle across the plains. We were both about

the same age and temperament, and became fast friends and companions the first night we herded together, so it was natural that the boss should call on the two young friends to go back on our trail between Las Cruces and El Paso and gather up some stray cattle which had been dropped on the river. We started, with a few days' provisions and no extra horses. Some time in October, 1867, we found our lost cattle, all right, on the Mexican side of the river, and the Mexicans would not let us take them back. Disappointed and discouraged; our provisions exhausted; some forty miles from our camp and friends, we started for the camp, situated a few miles down the river from Las Cruces. When only a few miles from camp; tired and hungry and with night coming on fast, we rode right into a band of Mescalero Apaches. They allowed us to ride into a trap that they had set for us, at a point where the road passed on both sides of a thick mesquite bush. They waited until we were within a few feet of them, then fired upon us with both gun and arrows. Fortunately for us, they missed our horses, but poor Billy caught the bullet and arrow in his right leg. The bullet pierced his thigh and passed through his body, and the surgeons took it out afterwards from the left hip. An arrow went between the bones of the shin on the same leg. Our horses reared up so straight that my rein passed over the head of the horse I was riding. The horse was so badly scared that I could hardly hold him, and for a little while I left Billy in the rear. A line of sand-hills ran along here across the road, and the Indians had concealed themselves and their ponies behind these hills. When we turned we were confronted from the rear by some thirty well mounted warriors. They were formed directly across the road, cutting off our retreat entirely. At this time I heard the voice of Billy; his splendid judgment had taken in the situation at a glance. "Don't leave the road," he said, "but charge straight at them and break through their line; let us sell out as dear as possible. This is our only chance." We had drawn our six-shooters at the first attack. He had a dragoon Colt's Shooter, and I a Colt's Navy size. "Hold your fire until the last," he said, "as they may get us on the ground." We rode straight at them, and they gave way on either side of the road. We passed through the line without a scratch, but they threw many arrows at us. One fellow ran on my left and made it interesting for me. For more than a mile I could feel the wind of the arrows as they passed my-head. I did not intend to fire, but my horse stumbled and came near falling. In this shaking up I accidentally pulled the trigger, and the Indian fell from his horse. Billy always in-

sisted that my ball punctured the Indian's carcass. About the same time Billy turned his old dragoon loose on a fellow behind him, who was reaching for him with his lance. I happened to be looking around and had the pleasure of seeing that fellow turn a somersault and land in the road behind us, and I always maintained that Billy got him. At any rate, they did not crowd us any more, but they kept up the chase for several miles, but we finally reached Chamberlain's Station safely. We helped poor Billy from his horse and did all we could for him. We pulled the arrow from his leg and discovered he was badly wounded, but he insisted that he would live to fight the red devils another day, and he did. Next day we took him to Camp Sheldon, and the surgeon cut the ball out. He was confined to his bed for a long time, and when discharged from the hospital was in a badly crippled condition. He could hardly drag himself around. At about this time Col. H. C. Hooker was starting with a big herd of steers for Arizona, and as Billy was a good man with a team, Col. Hooker gave him the job of driving the chuck wagon and assisting in cooking for the punchers. Afterwards, while driving through Tucson, he caught smallpox and came near dying, but he recovered and his lameness left him, along with the smallpox, and with the exception of the shot through the left foot, he was strong and active up to the day of his death, which occurred about 1887. At Fort Apache, in the fall of the year, he and Bill Waldoo were surprised in their camp near the post by a part of Geronimo's band, and killed. Their bodies were found later in the day and buried at the fort. Waldoo was instantly killed; Billy was shot through the neck, the bullet severing the jugular vein on both sides. That kind of wound means instant death, but Billy grabbed his faithful Winchester, and no doubt would have used it before his death, but a bullet cut it in two. He died with it in one hand, and had his knife clinched in the other. With this death shot he probably lived a minute before losing consciousness. He managed to reach a little gully and lay down on his stomach, and was probably dead by the time he lay down. The Indians evidently saw him do this, but apparently thought he was only wounded, and knowing full well the make-up of Billy Harrison, they left there too quick, for fear he would get one or more of their number; not knowing that he was already dead. A braver or truer friend I never knew. From 1867 to about 1887 he was prominently known from Prescott to the Mexican line. The numerous encounters he had with the Apaches during these years would fill a good sized volume. As best I can I will relate a few incidents regarding him, just to show the kind of leather in his make-up. On one occasion Col.

Hooker, who was supplying the government post with beef, had a big herd of cattle heading toward Camp Apache; not particularly needed in that section, but greatly needed in the southern part of the territory. Something had to be done at once. It was about two hundred and fifty miles or more from the headquarters ranch southwest of Tucson to Camp Apache. There was no telegraph line then in the territory, and it was just about impossible for a man to get through alive, but Billy Harrison no sooner knew of it than it was all solved. With one man and the best mount on the ranch, and with a little provision tied behind their saddles, they pulled out on that perilous trip—the chances ten to one that the Indians would get them sure. The trip was accomplished all right, and the cattle turned in the right direction. Two incidents in particular will go far toward revealing the shrewd judgment of this brave plainsman. They had to pass near what is known as Eureka Springs, on the head of the Aravaipa. At that time it was one of the main camping places of the hostiles. The two boys reached this place at the wrong hour. During those times we did all our traveling at night, as it was almost sure death to attempt it in the daytime. The wrong hour of the night was in the small hours before dawn. Should the Indians be camped there, and they could pass them, daylight would come too quick. The Indians would take the trail and run them down shortly after daylight. Billy's good judgment served him well on this occasion. He reasoned with his companion that if the Indians were camped at the spring, their duty would be to approach just as near as possible without discovery; then charge them at the same time firing their pistols. Sure enough, they saw an Indian fire burning, and they kept advancing until the Indians heard the tread of their horses. They were then only a few hundred yards away, and they charged with a yell, sending bullets in the direction of the Indians. They then rode right on their way, and left the trail a few hours later. At daylight they tied their horses out to grass, then concealed themselves and slept until dark. The Eureka Indians, thinking that they were jumped by scouts, probably did not stop running until daylight drove them also to shelter. Billy and his companion made the rest of the way by daylight, after crossing the Gila River. Cautiously feeling their way, on the last day of their trip near Camp Apache, they discovered a lone Indian in an open glade digging roots for food with a stick. Billy decided at once to capture him and take him to the post. Accordingly, he placed his companion, and instructed him what to do. Billy said he would go around the Indian; get as near as possible, and when the Indian discovered him, the companion was to let himself be seen; the In-

dian would be compelled to run in the open, and Billy would rope him before he could get to the brush. He got within a hundred yards of the Indian, who, without looking around, darted for liberty. Billy's horse was swift and he started full tilt, the rope ready to throw. Billy said he never had any idea that any animal could run like that Indian did. The latter, in spite of everything, steadily gained upon them until he struck the brush at least two hundred yards ahead of them. There was no Indian that day to exhibit as a trophy of that memorable trip.

Following this trip, and while Billy was resting leisurely at Camp Crittenden, after delivering some beef steers to be used at that post, a really funny thing happened. The incident is apparently forgotten, and I do not recall of ever having seen it in print. At the time there was a government outfit consisting of something like two hundred of the best horses ever seen in Arizona. This outfit appeared to be an independent organization for scouting purposes only. They had just come into that post for rations and to recuperate. Seven or eight mounted men were guarding these horses, along with the regular horses of the post, in herd, near the post on fine Grama grass. A good many Papago Indians were cutting hay with sickles for the use of the post. The Papagoes are friendly, and partly civilized by the mission fathers at Tucson. They always wore loose white pants, white jumpers and large straw hats. Old Chief Cochise planned to capture these horses, and his strategy in this instance showed him to be an able man. He dressed six or eight of his most trusted men in the garb of the Papago hay cutters. They rode right through the parade grounds and on to the herds, which were quietly grazing. Some of the herders were sitting sidewise on their horses, when all of a sudden the Indians gave a war whoop, at the same time firing their guns at the herders. The result was that every herder was afoot before I can tell it, and watching their stock going like the wind toward the nearby mountains, with Cochise's whole band in the rear of the stampeded horses. Great excitement and consternation prevailed, with everything about the post gone wild, and no head to be found. Orders were given for the soldiers to saddle and mount the mules and follow the fleeing herd. It was not very funny for the soldier boys, but the cowboys had the laugh of their lives. One fellow saddled a fine looking mule and mounted him to start in the chase. He hardly got seated before Mr. Mule landed him on the ground. The soldier was not stuck on that kind of cavalry horse, so he went right on as though nothing had happened. Another fellow, seeing a chance for a good mount, jumped on the

mule and met the same fate, and during the prevailing excitement there were probably twenty soldiers who mounted that mule, only to meet the same fate. They finally tumbled to the situation.

Another bad place for Indian attack was the Picacho, between Tucson and the Gila River. Our outfit passed all right. The fighting force with us consisted of about eight men. Norbo and Sloan came on behind us in 1868 with a herd of something like three thousand head, and probably sixty or seventy men, and following close behind the cattle was a good-sized train of immigrants. They were very confident and a strong outfit, compared to our weak one. Many people made this great mistake—on account of their great strength they became very careless, forgetting, for the time, that the Indian is ever watching the movement of their expected victim. A man by the name of Johnson was driving the chuck wagon with two yoke of oxen. He pulled out ahead, and the cowboys, jumping at the chance to get rid of their guns, put them in his wagon, as they felt no more danger of an Indian attack. So as Johnson pulled out, he had about all the guns owned by the outfit. He had gotten to the first of Picacho Peak, when the Indians killed him and, arming themselves with the guns, attacked the cowboys in charge of the herd. The latter were armed with cap and ball six-shooters only. The Indians whipped them in short order; drove them to cover and started the herd off on a run in an easterly direction, and reached the rough mountains ahead of everybody and everything. The report reached Camp Lowell at Tucson. A party of troops accompanied the herders, but they never even caught the dust of that herd; the latter were completely lost to the owners, and the outfit completely paralyzed. While our outfit was small, it was vigilant; we were never caught napping. We always had our guns in our hands, ready for the expected attack. The Apache reasons well, too. He will not attack a lone man unless he has all the advantage, and if there is the least chance of getting shot, he will not take that chance. Many times have I reached the scene of their murders, and have figured out the situation. Rarely ever were their victims shot in front. As the unsuspecting victim reached the spot selected as the place of execution, while they could easily have shot him as he advanced, they invariably waited until he passed, then shot him in the back. At Picacho Peak, after this fight with Norbo and Sloan, an immigrant woman took sick and died on this battlefield, and she was buried beside the victims of the Apaches. In those days we could not bury a body without the coyotes digging it up. We found this to be the case when passing this little lonely ceme-

tery. The animals had reached the bodies in their graves, and were digging them out. We reburied the victims, and cut the roots of the Cholla, a species of cactus, full of thorns and stickers, and shook them over the graves. The cactus balls would soon take root, and the coyotes could never dig them out. These little cactus mounds were plentifully scattered all along the high-ways, telling the passerby, plainer than words, that this mound bristling with cactus was the resting place of one of the Apache victims of the pioneer days of Arizona.

In 1868 the mail was carried from Yuma to Tucson on light buckboards, pulled by two small wild Mexican mules. They would be blindfolded, then it required about three men to harness and hook them up. The driver would get into his seat, the blinds would be raised and the mules would go like the wind, as long as their wind lasted, or until they reached the next station. A man by name of Leonard drove this buckboard from Blue-water Station to Tucson. On one occasion, he had passed Pica-cho Peak and was nearing Nine Mile water hole, a noted place for Indians, near Tucson. The heavy mesquite timber up the Santa Cruz to Tucson afforded the Apache the best of opportunities for their depredations. They lay for Leonard, ambushed him and shot him through and through, but he stayed with the mules and buckboard and reached Tucson. The doctor located the ball just under the skin on the other side, and cut it out. The Indians were short of ammunition, particularly lead, so they put the threaded ends of iron bolts in the gun in place of bullets. They would pick those bolt ends up around the blacksmith shops, where they were cut off by the wagon repairers. It was one of these threaded bolts which went through Leonard's body. He soon recovered, and held his job for a long time after this, and finally made a big enough stake to pull out for new pastures.

The appearance of Gen. Crook during the early seventies made it appear that the war would soon be ended. He and his scouts were sure bringing the Apache to a state of subjugation. The policy of Gen. Crook was to make them fight each other, and when they failed to obey his orders to come in to San Carlos to draw rations and go to work, he threatened extermination without mercy. I will relate a few instances of sacrifices that tried men's souls; in the years to come, they may make interesting reading for those who will follow us. There was a noted Indian—brave, reckless and bad, by name Coch ah Nay, who was a leader among his following. He was also patriotic, and had sworn a determined oath never to surrender to a pale-face.

He loved the country of his fathers, and would die in defense of his rights, but retreat—never. Gen. Crook, with his scouts, was waging war to the knife against old Coch ah Nay and his band, and even the ordinary Indian could see plainly that it was only a matter of time when the last one of his tribe would be exterminated. About this time there came to San Carlos a withered old Indian woman, who wanted to talk with Gen. Crook. Through an interpreter, she told the general her story. She stated that she was the mother of Coch ah Nay; that he would never surrender, and she saw that her other children and grandchildren would all be killed. She asked permission to bring in this family in order that their lives might be spared. Gen. Crook's answer to her was that not one of the tribe could come in, except upon one—and only one—condition—that Coch ah Nay's head should be brought to him in a bag. As soon as that demand was complied with—and not until then—the whole tribe might come in and draw rations. The poor old savage woman retired to a lonely spot on the side of the mountain, where she remained for something like twenty-four hours in close communion with her God, as she saw Him. Though we did not hear what she said, her shrieks were painful to hear. The brave, rough, hardened men looked on in pity for the poor old thing in her greatest distress. She would wrap the hair of her head around her fingers, and pull it out until she was nearly bald. The terrible agony of this poor savage mother was distressing to behold. I did not know then, but I know now that this mother was asking her God, in her own way, that, for the sake of her loved ones, this cup with its bitter dregs might pass her by. Instead, her God sent the comforter to this withered, savage soul. At the end of this long devotional, she dried her tears and came back for another talk with Gen. Crook. She told him that it was better for Coch ah Nay to die than for all the women and children of the tribe to perish; that if he would send the scouts to accompany her, she would point out her son, and that the general's demand would be complied with. The general ordered Clay Buford, chief of scouts, to go with the old woman, and bring back Coch ah Nay's head in a bag. They traveled a long way into the Catalina Mountains near Tucson. The mother pointed out the hiding place of her son, who was surprised and the whole outfit duly killed. The poor old woman never faltered, but came forward and fell upon the body of her brave son; told Buford that this was her son, Coch ah Nay, whereupon the head was cut off, put in a bag and brought to old Camp Goodwin. Gen. Crook made good his promise to the old mother, and had her people brought in to the reservation at once. The war was over. This mother would be

cared for by the government for the balance of her life, and she could spend the evening of her life in peace and quiet.

Clay Buford was for many years chief of scouts for Gen. Crook. He was a personal friend of mine, and prominently known throughout most of Arizona. A braver man never lived. He was an athlete of powerful physique, and was capable of enduring as much hardship and privation as the best of the Indians. For these qualities he was greatly respected by them, and few men ever had the control over them that he had. He died a few years ago of a disease of the stomach, after passing unscathed through many struggles in the Apache War.

About this time in the seventies there came a lull in Indian depredations, and the country settled up rapidly with cattlemen and their families. Things looked good to the pioneers. This lasted until the Cibicue outbreak in 1881. At about the same time the Chiricahuas broke loose from the sub-agency above San Carlos. This tribe had never been whipped into submission. A part of the tribe had been left behind in Old Mexico, and they kept up a continual warfare along the borders of the two republics. They kept in communication with their chiefs, Hu and Geronimo, but never made any big raids into the interior until the whole tribe went out in 1881. From then on it was something fierce, until Gen. Miles fought them to a finish in 1886.